



Glen 187  
J. W. ...

Scrimshire

# CALLIOPE

Scrimshire

OR

## ENGLISH HARMONY

### A Collection

*of the most Celebrated English and Scots Songs  
Neatly Engravid and Embelish'd with Designs  
adapted to the Subject of each Song taken from the  
Compositions of the Best Masters in the most  
Correct Manner with the thorough Bass and  
Transpositions for the Flute (proper for all Teachers  
Scholars and Lovers of Musick Printed on a fine  
Paper on each side which renders the Undertaking more  
compleat than any thing of the kind ever Publish'd*

VOL: the first

LONDON Engravid & Sold by Henry Roberts  
Engraver & Printseller at his Shop in New turn-  
stile over against the Wine Tavern in High Holbourn of  
Whom may be had Compleat Setts or any odd Numbers  
Likewise all sorts of Prints Maps Drawing Books &c.

MDCCLXXXIX.

John Scrimshire



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**NB.** on Monday July the 2<sup>d</sup>. will be Publish'd Number 1. of Volume the 2<sup>d</sup>. to be Continued every 3 Weeks.

To my worthy Subscribers.  
Gentlemen & Ladies

The encouragement I have received from you in this Undertaking, obliges me in Gratitude to return you my hearty thanks; And I hope for a continuance of your favours in the next Volume, And also such Recommendations as the Work may justly merit, it being generally esteemed to be y. most compact, and useful Collection, of any thing of this Kind extant; However, to make it such, shall be the utmost endeavour of

Your most Obliged  
humble Servant

New-Turn-Style-Hillbourn  
May 31<sup>st</sup>. 1739.

Hen: Roberts.



Van. Roberts fecit

The Bush aboon Traquair for the German Flute.

Hear me, ye Nymphs, & ev'ry Swain, I'll tell how Peg-gy Grieves me tho' thus I Languish, and  
 complain, alas, she ne'er believes me. My Vows and Sighs, like Si-lent air, Unheeded  
 ne-ver mo...ve her; at the Bony Bush a boon Traquair, 'Twas there I first did, lo'e her

That Day she <sup>2</sup>smill'd, & made me glao,  
 No Maid seem'd ever kinder,  
 I thought my self the luckiest Lad,  
 So sweetly there to find her.  
 I try'd to sooth my am'rous Flame,  
 In words that I thought tender,  
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,  
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she <sup>3</sup>scornful flies the Plain,  
 The Fields we then frequented,  
 If e'er we meet she shews Disdain,  
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.  
 The bony Bush bloom'd fair in May,  
 Its Sweets I'll ay remember,  
 But now her Frowns make it decay,  
 It fades as in December.

<sup>4</sup>  
 Ye Rural Drovers who hear my Strains,  
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me?  
 Oh, make her Partner in my Pains,  
 Then let her Smiles relieve me.  
 If not my Love will turn Despair,  
 My Passion no more tender;  
 I'll leave the Bush aboon Traquair,  
 To lonely Wilds I'll wander.

Flute





*Blooming Fanny for the German Flute*

When Fanny, Blooming fair, First met my ravish'd Sight, laugh  
 with her Shape & Air, I felt a strange delight: Whilst ea-gerly I gaz'd, ad-  
 -miring ev'ry part, I ev'ry Fac-ture prais'd, She stole in-to my Heart.

In her bewitching Eyes,  
 Young smiling Loves appear,  
 There Cupid basking lies,  
 His Shafts are hoarded there;  
 Her Blooming cheeks are dy'd,  
 With Colour all their own,  
 Excelling far the pride,  
 Of Roses newly blown.

Her well turn'd limbs confess  
 The lucky hand of Jove,  
 Her Features all express,  
 The Beauteous Queen of Love;  
 What Flames my Nerves invade,  
 When I behold the Breast  
 Of that too lovely Maid,  
 Rise suing to be prest.

Venus round Fanny's waste,  
 Hath her own Castus Bound,  
 With Guardian Cupids grac'd,  
 Who sport the circle round;  
 How happy will he be,  
 Who shall her Zone unlose,  
 That bliss to all but me,  
 May Heav'n and she refuse.

Flute

Flute musical notation for the final section of the piece, including a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 12/8 time signature. The notation consists of two staves with various rhythmic values and dynamics.



*The Kind Laps of Polwart.*

*At Polwart on the Green, If you'll meet in the Morn;*

*Where Lapses do conven, To dance about the Thorn*

*A kindly welcom you shall meet, Fra her wha likes to view A*

*Lover and a Lad complete the Lad and Lover You*

*At Polwart on the Green,  
 Among the new mann haz;  
 With sangs and dancing keen,  
 We'll pass the joyfull day.  
 At night if beds be oer thrang laid,  
 And thou shoudst miss of thine;  
 Thou shalt be welcom my dear Lad,  
 To take a part of mine.*

**FLUTE**



*Colin's Request for the German Flute.*

Help me Each Harmonious Grove, gently whisper all ye Trees, Tune Each

warbling Throat to Love, and cool each Maid n'ith Softest Breeze

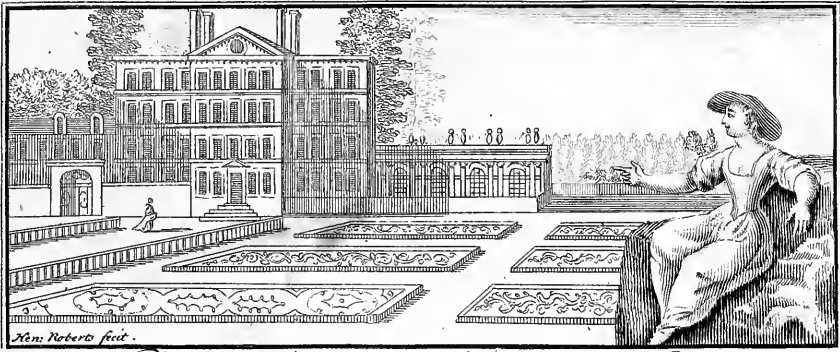
Breath sweet Odours e'ery Flow'r, all your Various Paintings show; pleasing

verdure grace each Bow'r, around let e'ery Blessing flow.

*Glide ye Lympid Brooks along,  
Phæbus glance thy Mildest Ray;  
Murmuring Floods repeat my Song,  
And tell what Colin dare not Say.*

Flute

*Celia comes! whose charming Air,  
Fires with Love the rural Swains;  
Tell, a tell the Blooming Fair,  
That Colin dies if she disdains.*



*The Complaining Lover for the German Flute.*

Long have I strove his Heart to gain But he no Pity, He no Pity,

pity shows; yet cruel He, cannot Disdain, the Love that

from me flow s, the Love that

from me flows .

Of have I try'd to win his Love,  
But that could ne'er attain:  
Now Cupid tell me where to rove,  
And ease my Love sick pain.

Ye Gods Omnipotent whose pow'r  
Can help the injur'd Fair:  
Pity my Tale, my peace restore,  
And banish my despair.

Flute

Flute musical notation for the piece, including a key signature change to one flat and a final cadence.



*Charming Moggy for the German Flute;*

What beauties does Flora disclose? How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed? Yet

Moggy's still sweeter than those Both nature & fancy exceed :

No Daisie nor sweet blushing Rose, Nor all the gay Flowers of the Fields, Nor

Tweed gliding gently thro' those, Such beauty and pleasure e'er yields

*'Tis she doth the Virgins excel,  
No beauty with her may compare;  
Loves graces all round her do dwell  
She's fairest where Thousands are fair;  
Tweeds murmurs should lull her to rest,  
Kind nature indulging my bliss;  
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,  
I'd steal an Ambrosial kiss.*

Flute



### The Apology

From not my Dear, nor be Se...vere Because I  
 did Ca...rin...na kiss For all th'Intent, was Compli-  
 -ment And truly no...thing else but this

2  
 No Single Charm,  
 Of hers can warm,  
 Like yours my whole devoted Heart,  
 She can't subdue,  
 My Soul like you  
 Nor such Cælestial Joy impart

3  
 Call me not base,  
 In such a Case,  
 Nor misinterpret my Design;  
 For I averr,  
 I love not her  
 But am with Resignation thine.

### Flute

Flute musical notation consisting of two staves with treble and bass clefs, showing a melodic line and a supporting bass line.



*A Scotch Song for the German Flute*

Oh my tender panting heart, Why so young and why so sad? why does

pleasure seem a smart, or I wretched while I'm glad? oh loves Godd's!

why wer't form'd, from cold and joy, joy Seas; Instruct me why I,

am thus warm'd, and darts at once can wound and please?

*What is Love, and Whence its charms,  
That it beareth such a rule?  
To make Soldiers quit their arms,  
Kings turn Slaves, the wise-man Fool?  
Fain I'd chace thee from the field?  
And with cool thoughts resist thy yoke;  
Next tide of blood, alas! I yield,  
And all those high resolves are broke!*

Flute



*Solitary Lover* Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup>. Lampe

Blow on ye Winds; de-scend soft Rains, To sooth my ten-der Grief;

Your so-lemn Musick lulls my Rains, And gives me short Re-lief.

In some lone Corner would I sit,  
Retir'd from human kind;  
Since Mirth, nor show nor sparkling Wit  
Can please my anxious Mind.

The Sun which makes all Nature gay  
Torments my weary Eyes;  
And in dark Shades I spend the Day,  
Where Echo sleeping lies.

The sparkling Stars which gayly shine,  
And glittering deck the Night;  
Are all such cruel Foes of mine,  
I sicken at their Sight.

*FLUTE*





*A Song in the Conscious Lovers.*

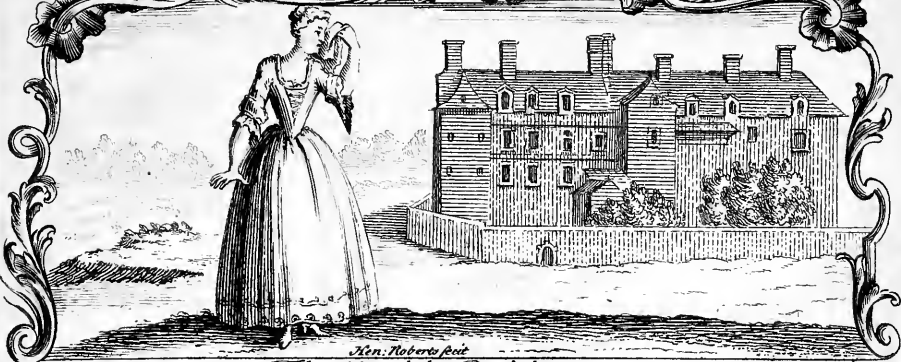
*From place to place forlorn I go, with down cast Eyes,*

*down cast Eyes, down cast Eyes a silent Shade Forbidden to de-*

*clare, declare my wo, to Speak, to Speak till spoken to afraid.*

*My inward Pangs, my secret grief,  
My soft consenting looks betray:  
He Loves but gives me no relief,  
Why speaks not he who may.*

*F. LUTE*



Ken. Roberts poet

*Largo e affettuoso.*

*The Maids Petition*

Cruel Creature can you leave me can you

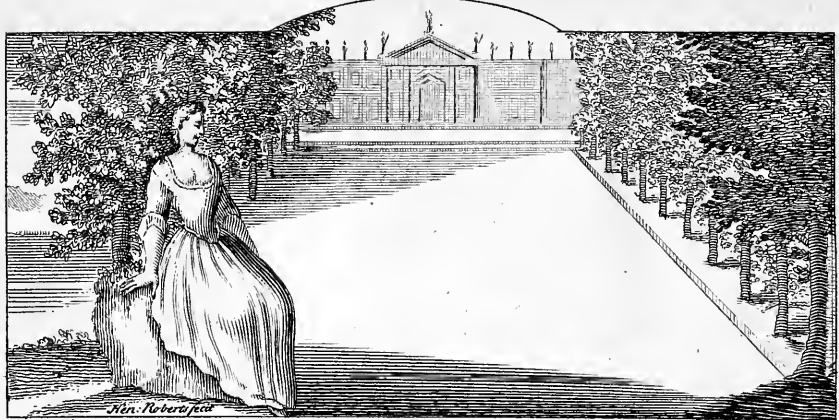
then Ungrateful prove? did you Court me to deceive me

and to slight my Constant Love?

<p>False Ungrateful<sup>2</sup> thus to woe me,          Thus to make my Heart a Prize;          First to ruin and undo me,          Then to Scorn and Tyrannize.</p>	<p>Shall I send to<sup>3</sup> Heav'n my prayer,          Shall I all my Wrongs relate;          Shall I curse the dear betrayer?          No, alas! it is too late.</p>
---	--

Cupid, pity my<sup>4</sup> Condition,  
 Pierce this unrelenting Swain;  
 Hear a Tender Maids Petition,  
 And restore my Love again.

**FLUTE**



### Bonny Jean

Loves Goddess in a myrtle Grove, said, Cupid, bend thy bow with Speed, Nor

let thy shafts at random rove, For Jeany's haughty heart must bleed.

The smiling boy with Cunning art, From Paphos shot an Arrow keen, which

flew unerring to the heart, And kill'd the pride of Bonny Jean.

<p>No more the Nymph with haughty Air,          Refuses Willie's kind address;          Her yielding blushes shew no care,          But too much fondness to suppress.</p>	<p>Her Charms disclos'd She looks more bright,          Than Troy's great prize the Grecian Queen;          With breaking day he lifts his Sight,          And pants to be with bonny Jean.</p>
--	---

Flute



*Non Nobis fecit.*

*The Maids Request Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup>. Lampe*

Glide swiftly on thou Silver Stream, Pursue the Lad I

Love; In gentle Murnurs tell my Flame and

try his Heart to move, and try his Heart to move.

<p>So may thy Banks be always Green,          Thy Channel never Dry;          If e'er thy Spring be failing Seen,          My Tears shall that supply.</p>	<p>May gilded Carps thy surface skim          In Place of uselefs Weeds;          May painted Flowers adorn thy Brim          And Knots of bending Reeds.</p>
--	---

Flute



Set to Musick by M. Monro

My Goddess Cecilia Heavenly Fair, as Lillies sweet, as

soft as Air; Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms, &

to my love give fresh allarms,

Give me Ambrosia in a kiss.  
That I may rival Jove in bliss  
That I may mix my Soul with thine  
And make the Pleasure all divine

Why draw'st thou from the purple flood  
Of my kind heart, the vital Blood  
Thou art all over endless charms  
Oh take me dying to thy arms  
Flute



*The Lovers first Address.*

*adagio*

Charmers, permit me to make a Sur ren---der of an un artful and  
 innocent-Heart. Slight not my Pa--sion because it is tender,  
 Think on yo' Charms and you'll pi---ty my Smart.

*You are the first that e'er made me to Sanguish,  
 And to the last I shall love you alone;  
 As you occasion'd O pity my Anguish,  
 And let your smiles for your Rigour atone.*

**FLUTE**





*A. Roberts fecit.*

*The Fly, Set to Musick by D<sup>r</sup>. Green*

*Busy, curious thirsty Fly, drink with me & drink as I, Freely welcome*

*Busy curious thirsty Fly, drink with me & drink as I, Freely welcome*

*to my Cup couldst thou sip & sip it up, Make y<sup>e</sup> most of Life you may*

*to my Cup couldst thou sip & sip it up, Make y<sup>e</sup> most of Life you may*

*Life is short & wears away, Life is short & wears away.*

*Life is short & wears away, Life is short & wears away.*

*Both alike are mine and thine,  
Hasten quick to their Decline,  
There's a Summer, mine no more,  
Tho' augmented to Threescore,*

*Threescore Summer's when they're gone,  
Will appear as short as one  
Will appear &c.*

*Flute*

Flute musical notation on a single staff.





*A New Song by M. Tho. Phillips,  
Within Compass of the Flute.*

How happy are we just coming from Sea full Bumpers merrily Boozing  
Thus happy as here the hardships we bore of hardships we bore at sea we forget in carousing

<sup>2</sup>  
Yet bravely again  
We'll tempt the main  
When ever our King and the Nation  
Command us on board  
Each heart hand & sword  
Each & c.  
Is devoted to their preservation

<sup>3</sup>  
Tho' the Spaniards invade  
Our Intrest and Trade  
And often our merchant-men plunder  
Give us but Command  
Their force to with stand  
Their force & c.  
We'll soon make the Slaves truckle under

<sup>4</sup>  
Tho' now they ride  
The waves in pride  
We'll curb their every Motion  
And soon let 'em know  
No insolent Foe  
Provokes unreveng'd  
The Sovereign Lords of the Ocean

<sup>5</sup>  
Then Fill e'ry Glass  
And round let it pass  
Success to each honest endeav'our  
That trade wealth & peace  
With glorious increase  
With & c.  
May attend on our Country for ever



*Gold a Receipt for Love.* set by M. Morro.

When Love and Youth can not make way, nor with the Fair a-vail,  
 to bend to Cupid's gentle sway, what Art  
 --- t what Art can then pre-vai --- l, what art can then pre-vail.

<p>I'll tell you Straphon a Receipt,        Of a most Sovereign Pow'r;        If you the Stubborn would defeat,        Let drop a Golden Show'r, let drop &amp;</p>	<p>This Method try'd enamour'd Jove,        Before he could obtain;        The cold regardless Danae's Love        Or conquer her Disdain. Or &amp;c.</p>
---	---

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

*Flute*



Ben. Roberts fecit.

Clarissa,

set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup>. Moore

Clarissa shines along the Plains where ere she moves Clari-sa reigns, & every heart demands. Displays her sparkling sable eyes each rash beholder they sur- prize & lead in gentle bands.

Thus reigns the Charmer I adore,  
 With awful and Majestick Pow'r,  
 Yet with an Air most free.  
 Her looks are so divinely fair,  
 Ye Gods who can with her compare,  
 Must more then Mortal be.

Thou God of love now hear my pray,  
 Let me enjoy this Matchless fair,  
 And then I shall be blest.  
 Do thou so fix me in her heart,  
 That she and I may never part,  
 But prove each others guest.

Flute



H. Roberts fecit

*The Careless Sheppard, the Musick by Corelli*

Moggy & Jenny both do undo me Moggy love but Jenny pursues me

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one is unkind the other too Civil did ever shepherd meet n<sup>o</sup>. such Evil ?

one is unkind & the other too Civil did ever shepherd meet n<sup>o</sup>. such Evil ?

*Moggy she frowns whilst Jenny looks smiling;  
 One is severe the other beguiling:  
 Often I say Lords Jenny be easy,  
 Moggy replies the man sure is crazy!*

*Thus am I plagu'd 'twixt one & the other  
 Moggy my dear oh! help your poor lover  
 If you're unkind, & will not be Civil  
 Jenny and you may go to the Devil .*

*Flute*



*A Song in the Colombine Courtezan*

Who to win a Woman's Favour would solicit long in vain; Who to gain a

Moment's Pleasure woud endure an Age of Pain; Idle toying, neer enjoying, pleas'd

with, suag, fond of Ruin, made y' martyr of Disdain, made y' Martyr of Disdain.

Give me Love the beauteous Rover,  
Whom a gen'ral Passion warms;  
Fondly blessing ev'ry Lover,  
Frankly proff'ring all her Charms;  
Never flying,  
Still complying,  
Tru'd to please you,  
Glad to ease you,  
Circl'd in her snowy Arms.

*Flute*



### Dumbarton's Drums

*Dumbarton's Drums beat bonny O, when they mind me of my dear Johnny O, How*

*Happy am I when my Soldier is by while he kisses and blesses his Annie O,*

*'Tis a Soldier alone can delight me O, For his graceful Looks do invite me O, while*

*guarded in his Arms, I'll fear not Wars Alarms, neither Danger nor Death shall e'er fright me O.*

*My Love is a handsome Laddie-O,  
Gentle but ne'er Poppish nor Gaudy O  
Tho' Commonsims are dear,  
Yet I'll buy him one this Year,  
For he shall serve no longer a Laddie O,  
A Soldier has Honour & Bravery O,  
Unacquainted w<sup>th</sup> Rogues & their Knavery O  
He minds no other thing,  
But the Ladies or the King,  
For ev'ry other care is but Slavery O*

*Then I'll be the Captain's Saddy O,  
Farewel to my Friends & my Daddy O,  
I'll wait no more at home,  
But I'll follow with the Drum,  
And when e'er that beats I'll be ready O,  
Dumbarton's Drums sounds bonny O,  
They're sprightly like my dear Johnny O,  
How happy shall I be,  
When on my Soldier's Knee,  
And he kisses & blesses his Annie O.*

**Flute**



Hon. Roberts Fecit

An Invitation to a Robin, set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup>. Sandford

Domestick Bird whom wintry Blasts to seek for human Aid Compell, To me for

Warmth & shelter fly, Welcome beneath my Roof to dwell Supplies thy

Hunger to relieve, I'll daily at my Window lay, should that daily

those supplies w<sup>th</sup> grate ----- ful Song w<sup>th</sup> grateful song thou wilt repay.

Soon as the niern<sup>2</sup> returning spring,  
 Shall call thee forth to Woods & groves  
 Freely revisit then the Scene,  
 Which Notes so sweet as thine approves  
 But if another Winters frost,  
 Shall bring me back my Guest again  
 Again with Musick come prepar'd,  
 Thy friendly Host to entertain.

The sacred Pow'r of Harmony,  
 In this its best Effect appears;  
 That Friendship in the strictest Bond  
 It both engages and endears,  
 In musick's ravishing delight,  
 You feather'd Folks with Men agree;  
 Of all the animated World,  
 The only Harmonists are We.

Flute



### The Bonny Boat man

*Ye gales that gently wave the Sea, And please the Jolly Boat-man; Bear  
me from hence, or bring to me, my brave my bonny Scot-man; In  
holy bands, we joyr'd our hands, Yet may not this dis-cover: while  
Parents rate, a Large estate; Before a faithful Lover.*

*But I wou'd chuse in Highland Glens,  
To herd the Kid and Goat-man;  
E'er I cou'd for such little ends,  
Refuse my bonny Scot-man;  
Wae worth the man, who first began,  
The base, ungenerous fashion;  
From greedy views, loves art to use,  
While Strangers to its passion.*

*From foreign fields, my lovely Youth,  
Hast to thy longing Lalsie;  
Who pants, to kiss thy balmy mouth,  
And in her bosom press thee;  
Love gives the word, then haste on board,  
Fair wind and gentle Boat-man,  
Hast ore wae ore from yonder shoar,  
My blyth, my bonny Scot-man.*

Flute





*A. Roberts fecit.*

*The Plain Dealer* Set to Musick by *Mr. Lampe*

Why do you fix your Eyes on mine? Why do your spreading Blushes rise?

Oh tell me what is your Design, say do you love me or Despise?

If you despise me whosoever turn, You not your Eyes from me a---way

And if you do with Puffs or burn, To speak it why should you delay.

Do not my looks declare my Heart,  
 To pity thee too much inclin'd;  
 But should you scorn me, use no Art,  
 To hear my Fate I stand resign'd:  
 My Love as yet a lambent Fire,  
 By Kindness fann'd may soon increase;  
 Or damp'd with Coldness will expire,  
 And leave both you & me at ease.

**Flute**



*Her Noboru fecit.*

### On Zelinda

On dear Zelinda's Charms I gaze and drink Destruction from her Eyes, In  
 those bright Orbs, Love gayly plays, and laughing bids his Arrows fly, He wounds without

ceasing, the Pain is yet pleasing so sweet is the Anguish I love & I languish I love and I languish &  
 n' from my Charmer methinks I could dye, & when from my Charmer methinks I could dye.

With Venus when on Ida's Grove,  
 For Charms Zelinda may compare;  
 She looks and moves the Queen of Love,  
 As fair her Face, divine her Air,  
 Bright Youth & good Nature,  
 Light up ev'ry Feature,  
 With Wit all inviting,  
 Her's gay and delighting,  
 Inviting delighting,  
 O Cupid assist me my Charmer to move,  
 O Cupid assist me my Charmer to move.

Flute

With Venus when on Ida's Grove,  
 For Charms Zelinda may compare;  
 She looks and moves the Queen of Love,  
 As fair her Face, divine her Air,  
 Bright Youth & good Nature,  
 Light up ev'ry Feature,  
 With Wit all inviting,  
 Her's gay and delighting,  
 Inviting delighting,  
 O Cupid assist me my Charmer to move,  
 O Cupid assist me my Charmer to move.



*The Nymph that undoes me, set to Musick by D. Green*

*The Nymph that undoes me, is fair and unkind; No less than a Wonder by  
Nature design'd; She's the Grief of my Heart the Joy of my Eye, and is cause of a  
Flame that never can die, the cause of a Flame that never can die.*

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a bass line (bass clef). The first system is in 3/8 time, the second in 6/8, and the third in 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

*Her Mouth from whence Wit still obligingly flows,  
Has the beautiful Blush & the Smell of the Rose;  
Love & Destiny both attend on her will,  
She Wounds with a look with a Frown she can kill.*

*The desperate Lover can hope no Redress,  
Where Beauty and Rigour are both in excess:  
In Silvia they meet; so unhappy am I.  
Who sees her must love, & who loves her must die.*

**FLUTE**

The flute part is written on two staves. The first staff is in treble clef and the second in bass clef. The time signature is 3/8. The music features various ornaments and dynamic markings.



Sen. Roberts fecit

*The Happy Toper, set to Musick by Mr. Lubman*

Will you credit a Miser, tis Gold makes us all w<sup>e</sup>: & Blifs of his Life, & Blifs of his Life, &

Blifs of his Life, & the Joy of his Eyes And ask a fond-Lover were Wisdom he places, to be

sure in his Mistress her Charms & her Graces; But let the free Lad speak the

Joy of his Soul, tis a Sparkling Glass a Sparkling Glass and a smiling full Bowl

2

3

The Miser is wretched unhappy & poor;  
He suffers great Want in the midst of full store  
The Lover's disconsolate, moping, and sad,  
For that which when gain'd n<sup>o</sup>: soon make him mad,  
The Miser's a Fool & the Lover's an Ass  
And he only's Wise, who adores the full Glass

Let the Miser then hugg up his ill-gotten self  
And to feed empty Bags may he starve his own self;  
Let & lover still languish in w<sup>o</sup>t Hope & Despair,  
And doat on a Face, as inconstant as fair;  
But still may his Blifs be as great as his Soul  
Who pays n<sup>o</sup>: Devour but to Wine & the Bowl.

Flute



A Roberts fecit.

## The Lads of Broomhall Green

The Lads of Broomhall Green when coming from her Cow, drest like the

Cyprus Queen, Love triumph'd on her Brow: Her Rail surpass'd a Crown, &

ris--ing Sun her Eyes, Majestick Robes her Gown, a Goddess in Disguise.

Her Breath perfum'd the Air,  
 Not Paradise so sweet,  
 Like shining Pearls her Hair,  
 As Indian Silks her Feet,  
 And when she sung my Ears,  
 Were ravish'd with her Voice,  
 The Musick of the Spheres,  
 To hers was jarring noise.

I left her with regret,  
 So graceful was her mein,  
 That I shall ne'er forget,  
 The Lads of Broomhall Green,  
 Nor dare th' admiring Tobs,  
 Perfume to court for she,  
 Must when the next life drops,  
 The Landlords Heriot be.

FINIS



H. Roberts fecit.

*The Charmer* - to a Celebrated Air in Demetrius.

Stella darling of the Muses, Fairer than the blooming Spring, sweetest thorn of

Po-et chuses, when of thee ----- he strives to sing:

While my Soul w<sup>th</sup> wonder traces, all thy charms of Face & mind, all the Beauties

all y<sup>e</sup> Graces, of thy Sex ----- in thee I find

Love and Joy and Admiration,  
In my Breast alternate rise,  
Words no more can paint my passion,  
Than the Pencil can thy Eyes.

Lavish Nature thee adorning,  
O'er thy Lips & Cheeks hath spread  
Colours that can shame the Morning,  
Smiling with Celestial Red.

Could the Gods in Bless'd condition,  
Ought on Earth with Envy view,  
Lovely Stella their Ambition,  
Would be to Resemble You.

Flute



*Florimel, set to Musick by D<sup>r</sup> Green*

*The Charms of Florimel, no force of Time or Art shall sever from my*

*Heart, But ever to the World I'll tell, The charms of beautiful Florimel*

<sup>2</sup>  
*Each Rock and Sunny Hill,  
 The flow'ry Meads & Groves,  
 Shall say Martillo Loves,  
 And Echo shall be taught to tell,  
 The Charms, & c.*

<sup>4</sup>  
*Each Brook and purling Rill,  
 Shall on its bubbling Stream,  
 Convey the Virgin's Name,  
 And as it rolls in murmurs tell  
 The Charms, & c.*

<sup>3</sup>  
*Each Tree within the Vale,  
 That on its Back doth wear,  
 The Triumphs of my Fair;  
 To future Times, in Verse shall tell,  
 The Charms, & c.*

<sup>5</sup>  
*The Sylvan Gods that dwell,  
 Amidst this Sacred Grove,  
 Shall wonder at my Love,  
 Whilst ev'ry Sound conspires to tell,  
 The Charms of beautiful Florimel*

*FLUTE*



*The Lady's Lamentation for the Loss of Senifino*

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble clef, a 3/4 time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (F#).

Musical notation for the second system, including a treble clef, a 3/4 time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (F#).

Musical notation for the third system, including a treble clef, a 3/4 time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (F#).

Musical notation for the fourth system, including a treble clef, a 3/4 time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (F#).

*As musing I rang'd in th' Woods all alone, A beautiful Creature was making here Moan.*

*Oh the Tears they did trickle full fast from her Eyes, & she pier'd both th' Air and my Heart w<sup>th</sup> her*

*Cries. Oh the Tears they did trickle full fast from her Eyes, & she pier'd th' Air & my Heart w<sup>th</sup> her Cries.*

*I gently requested the Cause of her moan, She told me her sweet Senifino was flown, And in th' sad Pasture she'd ever remain, Unleas'd by dear Charmer w<sup>o</sup>uld come back again I'll bring you another, to give you relief*

*Perhaps 'tis some Linnet, some Blackbird, or swail, Perhaps 'tis your Lark, that has soared to th' sky, Come dry up your Tears & abandon th' grief*

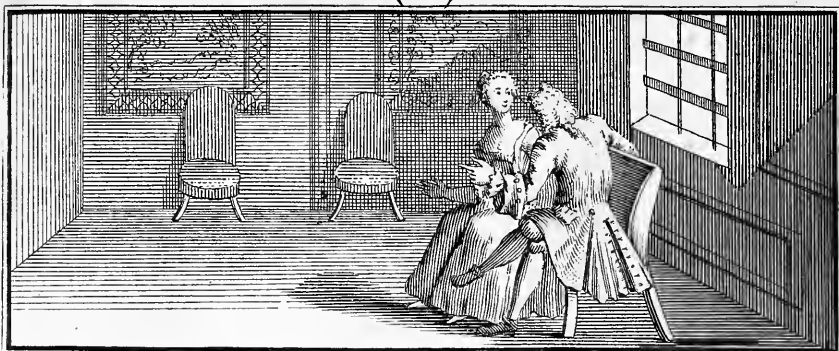
*Why who is this Mortal so cruel said I, That draws such a stream fr<sup>o</sup> so lovely an Eye, So Beauty so blooming, what Man can be blind, To Reason so tender, what Monster unhang.*

*No Linnet, no Blackbird, no Sky lark said she, But one much more tuneful by far than all these, My sweet Senifino for whom thus I cry, To sweeten than all th' wing'd songsters that fly.*

*'Tis neither for Man, nor for Woman said she, That thus in Lamenting I water the lee, My warbler Celestial, sweet Warbler of Fame, To a shadow of something, a far without Name*

*Adieu Farinelli Cuzzoni likewise, Whom Stars & whom Carters extol to the Skies, Adieu to the Opera, adieu to the ball, My darling is gone, & a fig for them all.*





*See. Before first*

*Advice to the Unwary, set to Musick by Mr. Kayne*

*The Wounded Deer flies swift a way, The bearded Arrow*

*in his Side; Still vainly hoping that he may, Mix'd with the*

*Herd escape un spy'd, mix'd with the Herd escape unspy'd*

*But oh the Moment that they see,  
The steaming Blood flow from his Wound;  
They shun him in his Misery,  
And leave him dying on the Ground.*

*Thus the poor Nymph who sore distress,  
Has gaz'd her Liberty away;  
To all the World becomes a Jest,  
And falls of Stand'rous Tongues the Prey.*

**FLUTE**



A. Roberts fecit.

# The Supplication

Divinest Fair, oh ease my

Care and kindly cheer your dy-ing Swain No longer fly

no more deny, but give me Love for Love again, no longer

fly no more deny, but give me Love for Love again.

Loves pow'rful Dart,  
 Has pierc'd my Heart,  
 Shot from your irresist'le Charms;  
 Nor can I rest,  
 Untill I'm blest,  
 Embrac'd in your snowy Arms.

Flute



*The Maids Husband, The Words & Musick by M.<sup>r</sup> Carey*

*Vivace*

6 \* 6 6 6 6 \* 6 \* 6 5

*Gentle in personage, Conduct, & Equipage.*

5 4 \* 6 \* 4 6 6 6 6 6

*Noble by heritage, generous & free ; Brave, not romantic,*

6 6 8 \* \* 6 5 6 5 \* 5 4 4 3

*Learid, not pedantic, frolic, not frantic, this must be he*

6 \* 7 5 4 \* \* 6 5 6 \* 6 5 4 \* 5

*Honour Maintaining, Meanness disdaining,  
Still entertaining, Engaging & New :  
Neat, but not finical, Sage, but not cynical,  
Never Tyrannical, But ever true .*

*Flute*

*So*





H. Roberts fecit.

## The Slighted Lover

Believe my Sighs my Tears my Dear, Relieve y<sup>e</sup> Heart you've win Believe my

Vows to you Sincere, Or Moggy I'm Undone, You say I'm Fickle & apt to

Change at ev'ry Face that's new Of all y<sup>e</sup> Girls I ever saw I ne'er lov'd one but you,  
My Heart was like a Lump of Ice; Then take & try me & you shall find,

Till warm'd by your Bright Eye,

And then it kindled in a Trice

A Flame that ne'er can die.

That I've a Heart that's true,

Of all the Girls I ever Saw

I ne'er lov'd One like You.

# FINIS



*A Song set to a Favourite Minuet of M.<sup>r</sup> Handel's*

When I survey Clarinda's Charms folded within my circling Arms; no endless

Pleasures move a-long; Nobly soft and sweetly strong; every smile invites to

Love balmy Kisses Am'rous blisses every rising Charm improve.

2  
 Immortal Bliss that neer will cloy,  
 Always attends her Angel form,  
 Softest repose and blooming joy,  
 In her conspire the Soul to Charm,  
 All that can Joy or Love create,  
 Beauteous blessing,  
 Past expressing,  
 Round the tender Sair one wait;

3  
 Love on her Breast has fix'd his Throne  
 And Cupid revels in her Eyes  
 Who can the Charmer's power disown  
 When in each Glance an Arrow flies,  
 Yet when wounded we feel no Pain,  
 No 'tis Pleasure,  
 Above measure,  
 Raptures flow in e'ry Vein;

*Flute*



*A. Roberts fecit*  
*A Song the Words by M. Langford*

By Men believ'd, how soon we're mov'd: How easily they persuade: How easily they per-

suade, they please us so who can say no? or who would dye a Maid? Males for females,

Heav'n intended: so that heav'n may it be Offended, He that first makes Love to me,

shall find I'll be as fond as he, shall find I'll be as fond as he.

*A Tender Maid at first tho' said,  
 When once she thinks of Love, &c.  
 Will freely own, that lying alone;  
 Is what she can't approve,  
 Fruit when Young Cats then the Sweetest,  
 Looks the Gayest & the Neatest,  
 Women too 'lay all Confest,  
 When Young they're kiss'd Kifs then the Best;  
 When Young they're kiss'd Kifs then the Best.*

Flute



Stiles Inv.

St. Robert Sculp.

according to Act of Parliame 1757

*Corn Riggs are Bonny*

My Pa-tie is a Lo-ver gay, his Mind is never muddy, his

Breath is sweeter than new hay, his Face is fair and ruddy. His

Shape is handsom, middle size, he's stately in his wanking; The

Shining of his Een surprize; tis Heaven to hear him tawking.

Last Night I met him on a Bank,  
 Where yellow Corn was growing,  
 There morny a kindly Word he spake,  
 That set my Heart a glowing.  
 He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine,  
 And lo'd me best of ony;  
 That gars me like to sing sinsyne,  
 O Corn Riggs are bonny.

Let Maidens of a silly Mind,  
 Refuse what maist they're wanting  
 Since we for yielding are design'd,  
 We chastly should be granting :)  
 Then I'll comply & marry Patie,  
 And syne my Cookermorny,  
 It's free to twuzle air or late,  
 Where Corn Riggs are bonny.





The Words from the Spectator set to Musick by M. Digard

*Andante*

Thou ri-sing sun whose Gladsome ray invites my Fair to ru-ral Play

Dispel the mist and Clear the Skies & Bring my Orra to my Eyes

1  
O when I sure my Dear to View,  
I'd climb that Pine trees topmost Bough,  
Aloft in Air that Quivering plays  
And round & round for ever Gaze.

2  
My Orra. How where art thou laid  
What woods Conceals my Sleeping maid  
Fast by the roots engag'd I'll Fear  
The Trees that hide my promis'd Fair

3  
Oh I could ride the Clouds & Skies  
Or on the Ravens pinions Rise  
Ye Storks ye Swans a moment stay  
And waft a Lover on his way  
Flute

My Bliss to Long my Bride denies  
Grace the wisting Summer flies  
Or yet the wintry blasts I fear  
Not Storms or Nights shall keep me here

4  
What may for strength w<sup>th</sup> steel Compare  
Oh Love has Fetters stronger far  
By Bolts of steel are Limbs confin'd  
But cruel Love Enchains the Mind

5  
No longer then perplex thy Breast  
When thoughts torment if first are best  
Tis mad to go tis Death to stay  
Away to Orra hast away.

Flute



Music Inv. H. Roberts Solo. According to Act of Parliament 1738

*The Modest Concealment* set to Music by M. Sampe

Dear Collin prevent my warm Blushes, since how can I speak without Pain; My  
 eyes have oft told you my Wishes, Oh can't you their Meaning explain; My Passion would

lose by Expression And you too might cruelly blame. I dont you expect a  
 Confession of what is too tender to Name, Of what is too tender to Name.

Since yours is the Province of speaking,  
 Why should you expect it from me;  
 Our Wishes should be in our keeping,  
 Tell you tell us what they should be;  
 Then quickly why dont you discover  
 Did your Heart feel such Toroures as mine  
 I need not tell over and over,  
 What I in my Bosom confine.

**FLUTE**

Since yours is the Province of speaking,  
 Why should you expect it from me;  
 Our Wishes should be in our keeping,  
 Tell you tell us what they should be;  
 Then quickly why dont you discover  
 Did your Heart feel such Toroures as mine  
 I need not tell over and over,  
 What I in my Bosom confine.



*The Cautious Maid* set by M<sup>r</sup>. Stanley

Leave me shephard leave me, give o'er your art-ful Wiles, ev-ry look Deceives

me & ev'ry word be guiles, If I yield you will fly I must repent & mourn

Shephard 'tis too soon to try, n<sup>o</sup> 'tis to be for-lorn.

Why are you <sup>2</sup> pursuing, —  
To urge me to my fate,  
To contrive my Ruin,  
And prove your self Ingrate,  
If I yield you will fly, —  
I must repent and Mourn,  
Still I can't forbear to try,  
'What 'tis to be forlorn. —

Joys which <sup>3</sup> Lovers borrow,  
Some few sweet moments make,  
Years of grief and sorrow,  
They in exchange must take,  
It is madness to be wise,  
When Cupid bends his bow,  
Every sense then open Lyes  
To entertain the foe.

FLUTE



### The Country Girls Farewel,



Farewel Tom, Dick, and Harry,  
 Farewel Moll, Nell and Sue;  
 No longer must I tarry,  
 But bid you all Adieu,  
 For Time it will retire,  
 When amidst the Quality,  
 Where many a Knight & Squire,  
 Will gladly wait on me.

Farewel ye shady Bowers,  
 Where Lovers often meet,  
 And pass the silent Hours,  
 With melting Kisses Sweet,  
 Of all th Country Pleasures,  
 I'll take a long Adieu,  
 For I have no more Leisure,  
 To spend away with you.

*Flute*





*A Song* set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup>. Anthony Young

With arts of Practis'd and admir'd, a youthful Swain by Love in-

6 6 6 3

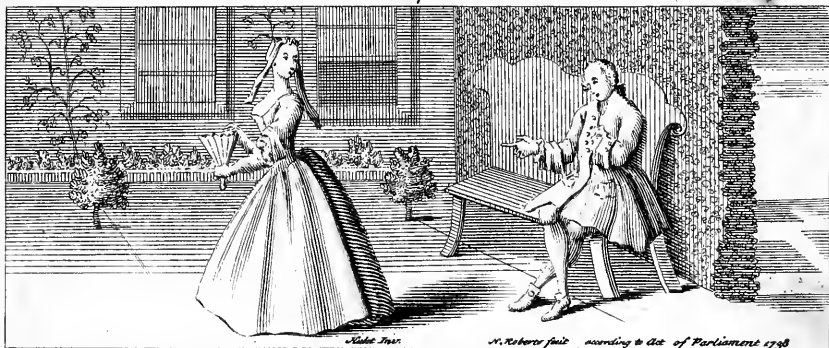
spired, Long time pursued a fair. Her Coldness equal to his Love, repuls'd his

hope, his fears, improve, & ad-ded to his Care, and ad ded to his Care

<sup>2</sup>  
 With Sighs and tears in vain he cries,  
 But Deaf to all his Pray'r's She flies,  
 As fast as he Pursues,  
 To which he answers in Disdair,  
 By trying to augment her Pain,  
 Your self the conquest-Life.

<sup>3</sup>  
 'Tis true I lov'd you Cruel Maid,  
 But Love with Love should be repaid,  
 To make our Bliss Compleat,  
 Since I've requested you've Denied,  
 My Love as well as yours is try'd,  
 And I with ease Retreat.

Flute



Stake Fair. N. Roberts built according to Act of Parliament 1798

Love Relaps'd. set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup> Arne.

*Amoroso*

If all that I love is her Face, from looking I sure care

refrain; in others her likeness may trace / absence may all my pains this s<sup>t</sup> from her char<sup>t</sup> I retir'd

nor know I will if home I lov'd W<sup>h</sup> present my passion admir'd. In absence my reason approv'd

Ah! why should I hope for relief,  
 Where all that I see is disdain,  
 No pity on her for my grief,  
 No merit in me to complain,  
 Nor yet do I fortune upbraid,  
 Tho' rob'd of my freedom & ease,  
 Still provid of the choice I have made,  
 Tho' hopeless, it ever can please.

Adieu



engraving by W. M. of Parisienne 1718

Table No.

N. Robertson del.

*The Power of Drinking* see by M<sup>r</sup> Monro

Since Drinking has Pow'r, for to give us Relief, come fill up the

Bowl, and a Box on all grief, if we find y<sup>e</sup> won't do, we'll have such an

other, and so we'll Proceed from one Bowl to the other, all like Sons of Apot-

to, we'll make our wits soar, or in Homage to Bacchus fall asin on the Floor

*Apollo and Bacchus were both merry souls,  
They Each of them lov'd for to toss off their Bowls  
Then lets try to show our selves Men of Merit,  
By tasting those Gods in a Bowl of Good Claret,  
And then We shall all be deserving of Praise;  
But the Man that Drinks most shall go off w<sup>th</sup> the Bays*

*Flute*

Flute musical notation



H. Roberts fecit

according to Act of Parliament.

# The Blind Boy

Written by Colley Cibber Esq.<sup>3</sup> Set to Musick by M. Leveridge

O say what is that thing call'd light which I must ne'er In---joy

what are the blef-sings of the sight tell your poor blind Boy

2  
You talk of wondrous things you see,  
You say the Sun shines bright,  
I feel him warm, but how can he,  
Then make it day or night?

3  
My day or night my self I make,  
When e'er I wake, or Play;  
And could I ever keep Awake,  
With me 'twere always day.

4  
With heavy Sighs I often hear  
You mourn my hopeless woe;  
But sure with patience I may bear,  
A Loss I ne'er can know.

5  
Then let not what I cannot have,  
My cheer of mind destroy;  
Whilst thus I sing, I am a King,  
Altho' a poor blind boy!





Flute Solo. *Allegretto Vivace*

according to Act of Parliament.

## The Enjoyment

I know I shant envy him who e'er he be, that stands upon the Battlements of

State stand th<sup>o</sup> who n<sup>t</sup> for me I'd rather be secure then great. In being so high if

Plea-sures are but small but lon- - - - - g's the ruin, if I chance to fall.

*Let me in some sweet shade, secured lye,  
Happy in Leisure and obscurity,  
Whilst others place their joys,  
In Popularity and noise,  
Let my soft Minutes glide obscurely on,  
Like Subterranean streams unheard unknown.*

*Then when my days are all in silence past,  
A good plain Country man I dye at last,  
Death cannot choose but be,  
To hem a Mighty misery,  
Who to the world was popularly known,  
And dyes, a stranger to himself alone.*

Flute



*Vain Belinda, Set to Musick by M. Monro*

*Vain Bel-linda are your Mises, vain are all your artful Smiles*

*while like a Bully you in-vite, And then de-cline th'ap-proaching*

*fi-ght, then de-cline th'ap-proaching fight.*

*Various are the little Arts,  
Which you use to Conquer Hearts;  
By empty threats, he would affright,  
And you by empty hopes invite.*

*Conqu'rs may, by him be Brav'd,  
Fops may be by you enslav'd;  
Then would he vanquish or you bind,  
He must be brave, and you be kind*

*Flute.*



*Flute Solo* *The Address to Silvia.* *Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup>. Handel*

*Blast n<sup>th</sup>. my Silvia life proves a*

*pleasure, but st<sup>r</sup>. my treasure is nought but pain* *Fondly Loving*

*constant moving, sweetly flowing, smiles to st<sup>r</sup>. ing; With joy*

*If Silvia fly to y<sup>e</sup>. Lover, you'll th<sup>e</sup>. discover how n<sup>th</sup>. y<sup>e</sup>. reign* *If when y<sup>e</sup>.*

*find my soul sincere, n<sup>th</sup>. sh<sup>d</sup>. y<sup>e</sup>. fly me n<sup>th</sup>. can y<sup>e</sup>. fear; n<sup>th</sup>. sh<sup>d</sup>. you fly me n<sup>th</sup>. can you fear. D.C.*

**FLUTE**



*according to case of Parliament*  
*Advice to Celia* set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup>. Stanley

*Oh Celia recall thy lost Flowers, And duty and reason obey, De-*  
*spise Love and all those false Powers; that first gave young*  
*Scorpion the Sway: Believe me the Swain is a rover, Nor*  
*constant to any can be, then prithee discard discard such a*  
*Lover - & once more resolve to be free, and once more resolve to be free.*

*Plute*



*A Song, set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup>. Wood*

What can a surge of pain man  
feels when bus-y cares disturb his breast And modest sense his want conceals n<sup>th</sup>.  
thousand thoughts if bar his rest n<sup>th</sup>. thou sand thoughts that bar his rest

Can Wine one gloomy thought remove No no they're trifling Pleasures all,  
Can tides, wealth or mirth give ease, The Rich enjoy them but a day,  
Can Women's charms or thoughts of love Within their Breast they deign to call  
Recall his Soul or mind to Peace. Ne'er rest, but vanish soon away.

Content alone can make us sing,  
When wanton Fortune is unkind,  
That sets a Wretch above a King;  
And quiets ev'ry ruffled Mind.

**F L U T E**



*As the best first, according to Act of Parliament*

### Chast Lucretia

Chast Lucretia, when you left me, You of all things dear be-  
 refest me, Tho' I shen'd no Discontent: Grief is strongest,  
 and the longest, When to o' great to find a Vent.

How much fiercer is the Anguish,  
 When we most in secret languish!  
 Silent streams are deepest found;  
 Noisy grieving,  
 Is deceiving;  
 Empty Vessels make most sound

Had I words that could reveal it,  
 Yet I wisely would conceal it;  
 Tho' the Question be but fair:  
 Grief and Merits,  
 Love and Spirits,  
 Always lose by taking Air.

Guardian Angels still defend you,  
 And surprizing Joys attend you;  
 Whilst I'm like the Winter Sun:  
 Faintly Shining,  
 And declining,  
 Till thou charming Spring returns.

### Flute



*The Lass of Patties Mill.*

*The Lass of Patties Mill, Sa bony blith and gay; in spite of aw my*

*skill, she stole my heart away When talking of the hay, bare headed*

*on the green, Love midst her locks did play, and wanton in her eyne.*

*Her arms white round and smooth,  
Breasts rising in their down;  
To age it would gi youth,  
To press them in his hand;  
Thro' all my spirits ran,  
An waste of blis;  
When Ie such sweetness faund,  
Wraipt in a balmy kiss.*

*Without the help of art,  
Like flowers that grace the wild,  
She did her sweets impart,  
When e'er she spoke or smild;  
Her looks they were so mild,  
Free from affected pride;  
She me to love beguild,  
I se wisht her for my bride*

*Oh! had Ie aw the wealth,  
Hopton's high mountains fill;  
Insart long life and health;  
And pleasure at my will,  
I'd promise and fulfil,  
That none but bonny she,  
The Lass of Patties Mill,  
Should share the same wi me.*

**FLUTE**



*A Song set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup> Barker of Coventry*

*Gentle God of pleasing pains, God of Love and soothing joys,*

*Fly where Flora matchless reigns, Tell her Strephon loving Dyes!*

*on her Cold & Snowy Breast, Let thy Silken Pinions rest!*

*In melting whispers, moving sounds,  
Softest wishes, gentle sighs,  
Tell her she ravest self's wounds  
With the lightning of her Eyes!  
Sweetly pleading Pity move,  
Pleasing, painful God of Love!*

*Whilst for me, you're fondly suing,  
Gentle God of Love, beware!  
Lest you meet your own undoing!  
Flora's so divinely fair,  
What if she thy self disarm?  
She has more than Psyche's Charms.*

Flute





*A Favourite Aire in Alcina by M<sup>r</sup>. Handel*

*Bird of May, leave the spray, leave the spray, Bird of May, thy to. Grove n<sup>o</sup>. my br.*

*O there, & Dove slumbering lies, Warble an Air, Till & Fair speaks a Passion n<sup>o</sup>. her Eyes.*

*But if my grief finds no relief, Whisper her & Thyself dies, Bird of May, keep the spray,*

*keep the spray, Bird of May Chloe smiles, my Soul's all gay, Chloe smiles-my Soul's all gay*

Flute



*A Song by M<sup>r</sup> Carey*

Cupid God of gay desires, Hymen with thy sacred fires.

smiling Zephyrs hast away, Grace this happy happy day,

Grace this happy happy day, this hap- - - - - py, happy day

*Loves & Graces all attend,  
All ye Nuptial Powers befriend,  
Make them your peculiar Care  
Bless the Hero bless the Fair.*

*FLUTE*



*According to an old Tradition*  
*A Song* Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup>. Hayward

Too long thou tyrant love I've borne Belindas unrelenting scorn who  
 boasts her guarded breast Oh le---vel now thy keenest dart that  
 in her cold ob---durate heart thy power may be con---fess

The prayers too Just to be deny'd  
 Behold tis done the God reply'd  
 The shaft has pierc'd her home  
 Thy pain now feeling in her own  
 She sighing cries, in piteous moan  
 Come Philander come.

Flute



*A Song by M. Breverton*

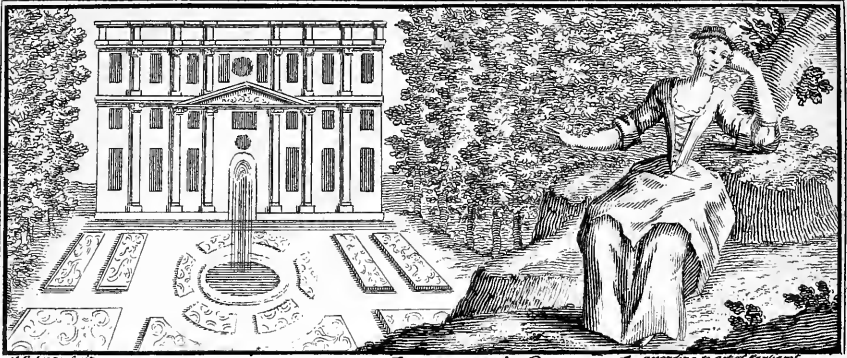
*according to the use of Parbass's*

When Chloe first, begins her Song, In rap-----tures motion—  
 less I gaze; Thus could I stand, thus all day  
 long, Lost in a gid-----dy sweet, a-----maze.

*So when th' enchanting Syren sings,  
 The allur'd Mariner is wreckt:  
 Thus, whirling Gulphs attention bring,  
 And overwhelm what they attract:*

*Those very sounds that sweetly flow,  
 That soft, that lovely, tender breath,  
 Do pity, joy, compassion, show,  
 And who could e'er believe it Death*

**F L U T E**



By Robert Peck

According to Act of Euripides

## The Forsaken Nymph

Guardian angels now protect me, send to me thy swain I love, Cupid w<sup>th</sup> thy bow direct me  
 help me all ye powers above. Bear him my sighs ye gentle breezes, tell him I love & I despair,  
 Tell him for him I grieve say as for him I live, O may thy Shepherd be sincere.

Through the shady Grove I'll wander,  
 Silent as the Bird of Night,  
 Near the brink of yonder fountain,  
 First-leander blest'd my sight.  
 Wither'd ye groves and falls of water,  
 Echo's repeat the vows he swore,  
 Can he forget me will he neglect me,  
 Shall I never see him more.

Does he love & yet forsake me,  
 To admire a Nymph more fair,  
 'Tis so I'll wear the willow,  
 And esteem the happy pair,  
 Some lonely Cave I'll make my dwelling,  
 Fear more the cares of life pursue,  
 The lark & Philomel only shall hear me tell,  
 What bids me bid the world adieu.

Flute



*M. Arborea scilicet. according to act of Parliament.*

*To Celia, set to Musick by M. F. Lacton*

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

Why cruel Creature, why so bent to wax a ten-der heart; To Gold & title

Musical notation for the second system, including a bass clef and figured bass notation (6 6 5 4 3 6).

you re-lent, Love throws in vain his Dart ----- Love throws in vain his Dart

Musical notation for the third system, including a bass clef and figured bass notation (4 6 6 5 6 6 6 2 6 4 6 6 4).

Let glittering fools in courts be great,  
For pay, let, let armies move;  
Beauty should have no other bait,  
But gentle vows and Love.

If on those endless charms you lay  
The value that's their due,  
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,  
A thousand worlds too few.

But, if a passion, without vice,  
Without disguise or art;  
Ah Celia! if true Love's your price,  
Behold it in my heart.

**FLUTE**

Musical notation for the flute part, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.



*Mary Scot the flower of Yarrow*

*Happy's y love that meets return, When in soft Flames souls equal burn; But*

*words are wanting to discover Inetor-ments of a hopeless Lover*

*If registers of Heavn, relate, If looking o'er the rolls of fate,*

*Did y. there see me mark'd as mar rrv, To Mary Scot the Florir of Yarrow*

*Oh no, her form's to heav'nly fair,  
Her love the Gods, above must share  
While Mortals with despair explore her  
And at a distance due adore her.  
O lovely maid, my doubts beguile!  
Revive and bless me with a smile,  
Alas if not you'll soon delar, a  
Fishing in vain the banks of Yarrow.*

*Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,  
My Mary's tender as she's fair;  
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish;  
She is too good to let me languish;  
With success's Crownit, I'll not envy  
The folk who dwell above the Skie,  
When Mary Scot's become my marron  
We'll make a Paradise on Yarrow.*

Flute



# On Masonry A New Song

The Words by M. Digby Cole, set to Musick by M. Carey.

*'Tis Masonry unites Mankind to Gen'rous Actions forms the Soul*

*'Tis Masonry unites Mankind to Gen'rous Actions forms the Soul*

*In friendly Converse all Conjoind One Spirit animates the Whole*

*In friendly Converse all Conjoind One Spirit animates the Whole*

<p>Where'er aspiring Domes arise,          Where ever sacred Altars stand,          Those Altars blaze unto the Skies,          Those Domes proclaim y<sup>e</sup> Mason's hand.</p>	<p>Tho' still our Chief Concern &amp; Care,          Be to deserve a Brother's Name;          Yet ever-mindful of the Fair          Their kindest Influence we claim.</p>
<p>As Passions rough the Soul disguise,          Till Science cultivates the Mind;          So the rude Stone unshapen lies,          Till by the Mason's Art refin'd.</p>	<p>Let wretches at our Manhood rail!          But they who once our Order prove,          Will own that we who build so well,          With equal Energy can Love</p>

Sing Brethren then, the Craft divine!  
 (Best Band of Social Joy & Mirth)  
 With Choral Sound, & chearful wine,  
 Proclaim it's Virtues o'er the Earth!





*The Forsaken Maid, Written by Shakespear*

Fond Echo for ear thy light Strain and heedfully hear a loft

Maid Go tell the false Ear of the Swain How deeply his

vows have betray'd Go tell him what Sorrow I bear See

yet if his Heart feel my Woe 'Tis now he must heed my de-

spair Or Death will make Pity to Slow

FLUTE

Flute accompaniment for the piece.



Ken Roberts sculp

# The Lovers Vow.

Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup>. Popely

*Siciliana*

No more shall Buds or branches spring Nor Violets paint the Grove; Nor

crackling birds delight to sing, If I forsake my Love, The sun shall cease to spread his Light, if

stars their Orbits leave, And fair Creation sink in Night, When I my Dear deceive.

# Lute

*Siciliana*





*Mr. Acton's comic assembly or scene of parliament 1738*

*A New Song set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup>. Digard*

*hes & Director of each quaffing soul to Bacchus our Master les fill up & Bowl for his & Director of*

*Symp.*

*each quaffing soul Commands & brave tapers & Governors & Vint his Influence only can make our fronts shine*

*Song*

*then booze away*

*Symp.*

*Song*

*tapers then booze away tapers & Glasses turn down your Glasses turn*

*down he & tapers & most our Prince we will Crown will Crown*

*he that Tyles the most our Prince we will Crown*



*The Bashful Swain, set to Musick by Mr. Lampe*

Long have I lov'd e'en to Despair; Yet ne'er durst own it  
 to the Fair, Then gentle Cupid try thy Art,  
 And to her Soul my Love impart

6 6 6 7 7 6 6 6 6 6  
 6 5 4 3 6 5 4 3

Watch her when she is laid to Rest,  
 Then softly steal into her Breast;  
 Change all her Coldness in to Flame,  
 And kindly whisper her my Name.

Tell her the Pains which I endure,  
 Which she and only she can cure;  
 Do her once to pity move,  
 That she at last may Crown my Love.

Oh do but grant me this Request,  
 And I shall be so silly blest;  
 That all what Fate has else in store  
 Who will may take, I'll ask no more.

Flute



*The Wandering Lover. set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup>. Lampe*

*Pensive alone the desert Plains I trace And slow and  
ling'ring step the measur'd Pace, My eyes I glance around with  
jealous Fears, To shun the Path where human Foot-steps*

*In vain I strive in Coverts to Conceal,  
And hide from Man the Anguish that I feel;  
Because my lifeless form & careless Mind,  
Betray the flames which smother'd burn within*

*Ye Rocks! ye Hills! ye Streams & weeping foun!  
Ye Groves & Alleys! ah too well ye know;  
What with my life I would a secret hold,  
In vain for such a Passion must be told.*

*Long have I try'd, but should I always stray,  
In worlds remote through ev'ry pathless way;  
From all Mankind o'er Hill or Dale or Grove,  
I cannot fly from the pursuit of Love.*

Flute



## The Yellow-Hair'd Laddie

In April when Prim-roses paint the sweet Plain And Summer ap-  
 -proaching rejoiceth the Swain, The Yellow hair'd Laddie wou'd often times  
 go To wilds and deep Glens where the Hawthorn-trees grow. Hawthorn-trees grow

There under the Shade of an old sacred Thorn,  
 With Freedom he sung his Loves Ev'ning & Morn;  
 He sang with so soft and in chanting a Sound,  
 That Silvans and Fairies unseen danc'd around.

The Shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Maya be fair,  
 Her Beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud Air;  
 But Susie was handsome and sweetly could sing,  
 Her Breath like the Breezes perfum'd in the Spring.

That Madie in all the gay Bloom of her Youth,  
 Like the Moon was inconstant and never spoke Truth  
 But Susie was faithful, good humour'd & free,  
 And fair as the Goddess who sprung from the Sea.

That Mamma's fine Daughter, with all her great Dowry,  
 Was awkwardly airy and frequently sorry;  
 Then sighing, he wished, would Parents agree,  
 The witty sweet Susie his Mistress might be.

Flute







St. Roberts sc.

## Cupid and Venus

Cupid & Venus one day strove to War----- in Amintors heart

and give him all the Joys of Love the Joy ----- s with out the Smart,

Says Venus then let Every Maid be-stow be-stow a fav'rite Grace,

No mamma Cupid smileing smileingsaid let's shew him Celia's Face.

## Flute



*J. Roberts Inv. et fecit*

*Published accord<sup>t</sup> to act of Parliam<sup>t</sup> 1738*

## A Song

*Long from thy force of Beautys charms long have I wander'd free, en-dur'd no*

*Grief felt no allarms, reserv'd to fall*

*serv'd to fall to fall by thee.*

2

*Thou fair one thou alone canst move,  
This passion in my Breast,  
Thou thou alone canst teach me Love;  
O teach me to be Blest.*

3

*In safety thus from all Allarms,  
The roving Turtle flies,  
Till some unerring hand conveys;  
The Shaft by which he dies.*

## Flute



W. Roberts fecit

according to list of Parliament

# Castalio's Complaint set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup>. Boyce

Not too fast

Come all ye Youths whose hearts are bled, By cruel Beauty's Pride, Bring each a  
 Garland on your head, set none his Sorrows hide: But hand in hand a-round me  
 move singing of saddest tales of Love, And see when your complaints ye  
 join, If all your wrongs, If all your wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest Mortal once was I,  
 My heart no sorrow knew;  
 Pity the pain of which I die,  
 But ask not whence it grew:  
 Yet if a tempting fair you find,  
 That's very lovely, very kind,  
 Tho' bright as Heav'n whose stamp she bears,  
 Think on my fate, & shun her snares

## FLUTE

Flute musical notation consisting of two staves with various notes and rests.



*Roberts fecit, according to Act. Des. Gardien*

*The Insensible Mistress set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup>. Gouge*

*Ye Nymphs & ye Swains, from y<sup>e</sup> Groves and y<sup>e</sup> Plains, at--tend my Com-*

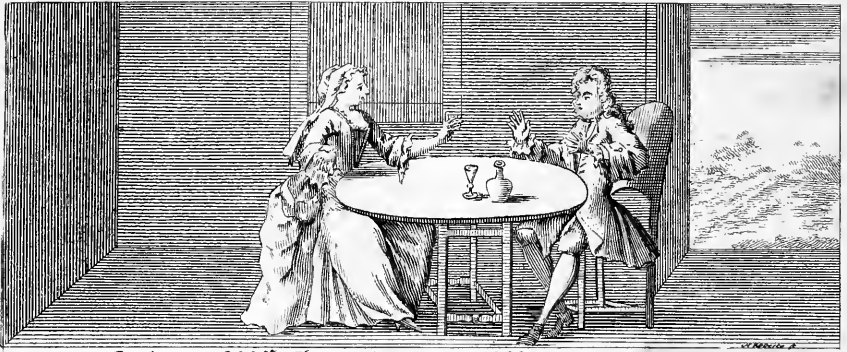
*plaints, & give ear to my Strains no Lover in Story, or*

*Ancient or new : e'er Suffer'd so much from a Passion so true, no*

*The Nymph I adore, neither cruel nor kind, I tell her I'm dying, she asks what I ail?  
To love seems averse, to my friendship incline, I fall at her feet, but alas in vaint avail :  
She smiles when I'm gay, & I sigh she looks grave, She wonders why I fremble sigh & complain,  
She admits me her friend, but disowns me her slave. And pity's my case while she laughs at my Pain.*

*A bosom so frozen what Lover can bear  
Then say O ye Pow'rs ! shall I hope or despair?  
Or fly to a warmer and kinder than she :  
Who'll soon ease my Pains, & as soon set me free*

*Flute*



The Words by M<sup>r</sup>. Phillip's to a Minuet of M<sup>r</sup>. Handell's

*Clo-e when I view y<sup>e</sup> Smiling joys celestial round me move. Pleasing Visions*

*Care begui-ling guard my State & Crown my love To behold Thee gayly shining*

*is a Plea-sure past defi-ning every Feature charms my sight But O heav'n when*

*I'm carols-ing thrilling Raptures never cea-sing fill my soul w<sup>th</sup> soft Delight ;*

Oh thou lovely dearest Creature,  
Sweet Enslaver of my heart,  
Beauteous Master piece of Nature,  
Cause of all my Joy and smart,  
In thy Arms enfolded lay me .

To dissolving Bliss Convey me,  
Softly sooth my Soul to Rest,  
Gently kindly Oh my Treasure,  
Bless me let me dye with Pleasure,  
On thy Panting Snowy Breast.

Flute



*A Song, Set to Musich by M<sup>r</sup>. Ravenscroft*

First system of musical notation for the song, featuring a treble and bass clef with a 3/8 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. There are various musical notations including notes, rests, and ornaments.

Second system of musical notation with the lyrics: *Foolish Woman fly mens Charms fly their cringing fly their arms.* The lyrics are written in a cursive script below the notes. The music includes a treble clef and a bass clef with a 3/8 time signature.

Third system of musical notation with the lyrics: *For should you by chance comply, tis not they but you must dye.* The lyrics are written in a cursive script below the notes. The music includes a treble clef and a bass clef with a 3/8 time signature.

Fourth system of musical notation, labeled *Racinet* in the treble clef. It features a treble and bass clef with a 3/8 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef.

*Men with pleasure soon are cloy'd, When that you them over Pow'r,  
And forsake you when enjoy'd, Reserve your self untill the Flour,  
Shrive their winning arts to shame, Of y<sup>e</sup> Matrimonial Noose,  
If you slight them they're undone. Then false men you may abuse*

**Flute**

Flute part of the musical score, consisting of two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in the treble clef and the bottom staff is in the bass clef, both with a 3/8 time signature. The music features various notes, rests, and ornaments.



## A Song.

Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup>. Kempton

Wanton Cupid cease to hover, thus around the Smiling fair;

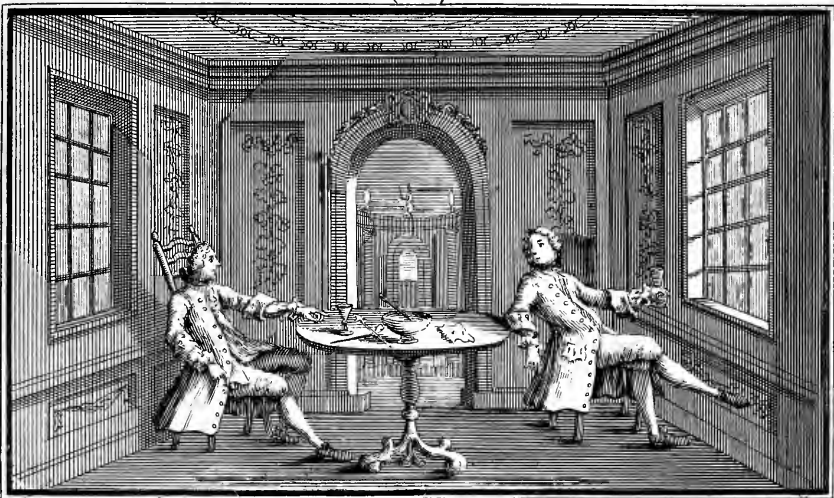
you exclude a faithful Lover, with your too officious care;

whispering breezes hast begone, to some remo--ter Silent Grove;

& leave Alexis here alone, to tell a Thousand tales of Love.

How I'm charm'd with e'ry Feature,  
That adorns her lovely Face;  
How she's ev'ry thing that Nature,  
Can ere give with ev'ry grace;  
If she listens to my story,  
And for me have equal Love;  
I'll not envy humane Glory,  
But be blest as those Above.

Flute



words: to Act of Parliam.

J. Roberts fecit

# The Northern Lass

Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup>. W<sup>m</sup>. Fisher of Hereford

Come take your glass if Northern Lass so Pritily Adviz'd I drank her health & really

was Agreeably Surpriz'd her Shape so neat her voice so sweet her Air & Mien so

free the Syren Charm'd me from my maat but take your Drink said She .

If from the North <sup>2</sup> Beauty Comes  
 How is it that I feel  
 Within my breast that glowing flame  
 No Tongue can er' reveal  
 Tho' Cold and Raw the North wind blows  
 All Summers on her Breast  
 Her Skin was like the driven Snow  
 But Sunshine all the rest

Her Heart may Southern Climates melt  
 Tho' frozen now it seems  
 That Joy with Pain be equal felt  
 And ballanc'd in Extreams  
 Then like our genial Wine She'll charm  
 With Love my panting Breast  
 Me: like our Sun her Heart shall warm  
 - Be - Ice to all the rest

Flute





*The Grateful Lover, Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup>. Gunn*

*Largo*

*Falsetho' she be to me and Love I'll neer pursue Re-*

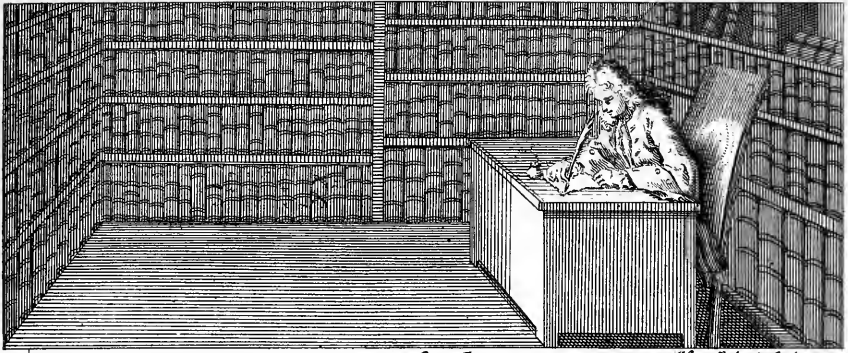
*venge For still y<sup>e</sup>. Charmer I approve, Tho' I deplore re her Change*

*Allagro*

*In hours of bliss we oft have met, tho' could not always last*

*And tho' y<sup>e</sup> Present I regret I'm grateful for y<sup>e</sup> past I'm grateful for the past.*

*Flute*



## The Syren of the Stage

Hen. Roberts Sculp

*Little Syren of the Stage, Charmer of our Idle Age, Empty Warbler, Breathing Lyre,*

*wanton tale of fond desire, Bane of ev'ry manly Art, sweet enfeebler of the Heart,*

*Oh! too pleasing is thy strain, hence to Southern Climes again, Oh! too pleasing is thy strain,*

*hence to Southern climes again hence to Southern climes again in tuneful mischief, vocal spell,*

*To this Island bid farewell, leave us, as we ought to be, leave of Brit' tons rough & free.*

### Flute



second to the of Parliament

J. Roberts fecit

## Celia Sighing

slow

Sigh no more my so-rry Celia, Why ah n-ry, those mournful Sighs

Where ah, Where's y. Beautifous Lustre, Once adorn'd those Bril-iant Eyes.

2  
See how briny floods overwhelm them,  
Breaking on the blushing Shore,  
And like Summers dew on Lillies  
Decks the Besom I adore.

3  
Flow'rs that's form'd by Nature drooping,  
Yet their fragrant Odours rise:  
And my Celia tho she's weeping  
Hath those charms she can't disguise.

## Flute

slow



## Charming Cloe

The Words by M<sup>r</sup>. Jexey

Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup>. Gladwin

When charming Clo-e gently walks, Or s<sup>weetly</sup> smiles, or gayly talks,  
 No Goddeſs can with her compare, So ſweet her look, ſo ſoft her Air

In whom ſo many Charms are plac'd  
 Is with a mind as nobly grac'd,  
 With ſparkling Wit and ſolid Senſe  
 And ſoft perſuaſive Eloquence.

In ſtaring her divinely fair,  
 Nature employ'd her utmoſt Care,  
 That we in Cloe's form ſhould find,  
 A Venus with Minerva's Mind.

Flute



*The Amorous Protestation* set to Music by M<sup>r</sup> J. Lampe

How can I well describe the Joy, When first I set my Eyes On one who only  
 could employ, my <sup>voice</sup> thro' in great Surprize Charming face low, exciting comely Grace  
 all, delighting who can look on one so fair, And not the force of Love declare

But when I labour'd to address  
 The Tenour of my Suit;  
 Fear did my fault'ring speech oppress,  
 And I continu'd mute;  
 But my smart more abounded;  
 Cupid's Dart has me wounded;  
 And I longer can't conceal  
 The Arrogance for your sake I feel

Yet if you disregard my Pain,  
 I bid this World adieu;  
 For all my hopes of Life are vain,  
 If not sustain'd by you;  
 With disdain do not grieve me:  
 See my Pain & relieve me;  
 Sure you can't severely treat,  
 A Lover dying at your Feet

Pity and Love should in the fair  
 Inseparably Joyn  
 To extricate from deep Despair,  
 Such am'rous Hearts as mine:  
 Sweet replys, kind behaviour;  
 Pleasing Eyes gentle Favour:  
 Are what lovers must employ,  
 Or else they can exist no more.

**FLUTE**

Flute accompaniment for the piece, consisting of two staves of musical notation.



*The Swain's Complaint* Set to Music by M. Monro

*M. Roberts Sculp.*

*Alor*

Ah! stay ye wanton Gales & lend a Friendly moment to my Tale, to the dear Nymph my

Sorrows send in tend'ring sighs if can prevail In secret Murmurs Oh convey what Love sug

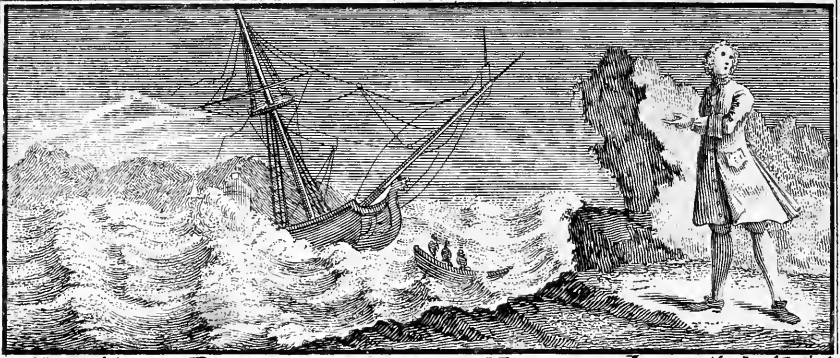
gests in sad distrests and let her know if any way she Slights by Swain sheought to Bless.

Or if the winds refuse to bear,  
The voice of love to the dear Maid:  
Some pitying God then lend an Ear,  
And guard my Heart from being betray'd  
Propitious Heav'n! direct my steps  
To the Bless'd Mansion, where my Dear,  
Each day she wakes each night she sleeps,  
With pity may my Passion hear.

Within her downy Arms Embrac't,  
I'd glut with Joys beyond Compare,  
My Nymphs seal'd to her fragrant Breast,  
Overflowing blessings let me share:  
Or should the Deities refuse,  
Immediate aid to my request,  
Nor let me not for ever lose,  
But soon or late let me be Bless'd.

In pleasing Dreams let tender Love  
Invade her sleep & let her know,  
O Cupid and Almighty Jove;  
How much for her I undergo  
On her lov'd Bosom Night and Day,  
Where interruption finds no Rest;  
There let me breathe my Soul away,  
And bid adieu to Human Race.

*Flute*



A. Roberts fecit

second: to Act of Parliament.

## Peggy I must Love thee

*As from a Rock past all Relief; The Shipwreck Colin spying, His native Soil overcome<sup>th</sup>.*

*Grief, Half sunk in waves & dying; With the next morning sun he spies A Ship, n<sup>th</sup> gives ur*

*hopid Surprise, New life springs up, he lifts his Eyes with joy, & waits her Motion .*

So when by her whom long I lov'd,  
I scorn'd was and deserted  
Saw with Despair my Spirits mov'd,  
To be for ever parted:  
Thus droopt I, till diviner Grace  
I found in Peggy's Mind and Face,  
Ingratitude appear'd then base,  
But her Grace more engaging.

Then now since happily I've hit,  
I'll have no more delaying,  
Let Beauty yield to manly Wit,  
We lose our selves in staying;  
I'll haste dull Courtship to a Close,  
Since Marriage can my Fears oppose,  
Why should we happy Minuets lose,  
Since, Peggy, I must love thee

Men may be foolish if they please,  
And deem't a Lovers duty,  
To sigh, and sacrifice their Ease,  
Doating on a proud Beauty:  
Such was my case for many a Year,  
Still Hope succeeding to my Fear,  
False Betty's Charms now disappear,  
Since Peggy's far outshine them.

### Flute



H. Roberts fecit

*The Betray'd Maid* according to Act of Parliament 1738  
 by M<sup>rs</sup> W<sup>m</sup> Fisher of Hereford

Why does my looks my thoughts betray and sudden Blushes in me fly

why do I sigh and faint a-way Since what I love would have me Die

2	Could I but once on him Prevail	3	Attractive Cupid be my Care
	To mingle with his Joy my smart		A look with Pity on my Flame
	That he might feel what now I ail		Oh! break the Chains if now I ware
	But I'm too young to shew such Art.		Or bind Amintor in the same.

4  
 Hast to thy Mother tell my Grief  
 To help a harmless injur'd Maid  
 That she may quickly send Relief  
 And save a Heart that is betray'd.

*Flute*





A. Roberts fecit

## Sad Musidora

slow

Sad Musidora all in Woe a Silent Grotto seeks, no more her

Self on Plains does show but sighing thus she speaks: Why was I born

of high degree? An humble Shepherdess had been much happier

far for me than all this gay-dress

A sumptuous palace full of Joy  
 To me a dungeon is  
 And all that Mirth does me annoy  
 Which others count for Bliss  
 Then lost in Grief the lovely Maid  
 Retir'd from all the Throng  
 And on a Bank reclin'd her head  
 While tears ran trickling down

Flute

slow



*J. Roberts fecit*

## Florella

Why will Florella when I gaze my ravish'd eyes reprove And  
 chide them from the on---ly Face they can be hold with Love. To

shun your scorn & ease my care I seek a Nymph more kind And  
 while I range from Fair to Fair, still gentle u--sage find.

But Oh! how faint is ev'ry Joy  
 Where Nature has no part  
 New beauties may my Eyes employ  
 But you engage my Heart  
 So restless axles as they roam  
 Meet pity ev'ry where,  
 But languish for their native home  
 Tho' Death attends them there.

Flute



W. Roberts fecit

# A Message from Mars to Venus

Set to Musick by N. Monro

Thou little blind deceiver go and tell thy beaucious Mother, a strong resentment I will

Show since she since she does love another Thou little blind deceiver

go, a strong resentment: I will show since she does love another a stro

ng resentm. I will show: since she, since she does love another.

all tho' her face & shap'es divine,  
 Yet I can still with stand her;  
 I'll make the sporting youth repine,  
 And show him I'm Commander

And if true love has no effect,  
 On that delightful treasure;  
 The power I have I'll not neglect,  
 But seize her at my pleasure.

Flute



# The Surprise

*Affettuoso*

Once fair Se-ve-na panting lay n<sup>th</sup> thought of Lo-----ve oppress'd hoping to Slumber  
 might at lay the fe-ver in ----- her Breast her sleeping Souse at last was caught &  
 Slumber soon made known by transports she enjoy'd in thought she Wa-----king durst not own

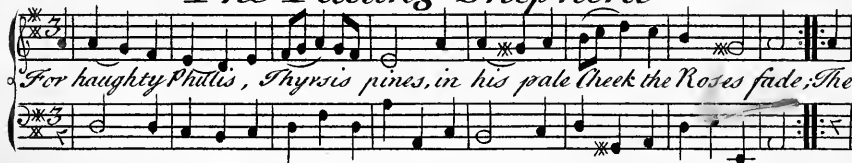
<p>Smiling she lay with longing Arms          Grasping the fleeting Air,          Melting with thousand am'rous Chams          Fancy cou'd e'er declare:          Her swain surpriz'd to hear her tongue,          And all her Love repeat,          Strait in her arms light'ning flew,          Her wishes to Complet</p>	}	<p>The Maid asham'd to be thus Caught,          Sight blusht and strove to rise          Accusing that her Swain was naught,          Her Vertue to Surprise;          She vow'd by all the Gods above,          Her scorn she wou'd not hide,          But melting with rapturous Love          The Nymph forgot to Chide.</p>
---	---	---

Flute



M. Roberts fecit

## The Tatting Shepherd



2  
*Now by the Stream supine he lies,  
 Or o'er the Mead does frantic stray,  
 Or to the Rocky Mountain hies,  
 As Love directs the various way,*

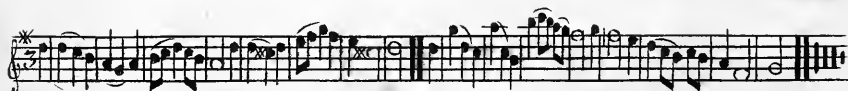
3  
*To Groves to Streams to Wilds alone  
 The fire that thrills his veins reveals  
 Nor to the Rock pours forth his moan  
 Since babbling Echo ne'er conceals*

4  
*At length the Nymph for Thyrsis burns  
 And cools his Swift consuming flame  
 Pleas'd Thyrsis smiles sad Phillis mourns  
 And rising blushes speak her shame*

5  
*To mute abodes the perjurd Youth,  
 No more repeats a Passion feign'd;  
 The Village rings with the sad Truth  
 For Thyrsis boasts a Conquest gain'd.*

6  
*If only to the field or Stream,  
 When the kind Maid his Passion eas'd,  
 Had Thyrsis told the Golden Dream,  
 Then Phillis had not been displeas'd.*

## Flute





By Robert Peck

according to Act of Parliament

Affettuoso

## Dying Swan

*Tras on a Rivers verdant side, Just at the Close of Day a*

*dying Swan with Musick try'd to Chase her cares away.*

2	And though she neer had stuttit her throat Nor tuid her Voice before; Death ravish't with so sweet a Note, A while the stroke forbore	4	Farewel the tender whisling reeds, Soft scenes of happy Love; Farewel ye bright enamell'd meads, Where I was usid to rove
3	Farewel she cry'd you silver streams Ye purling streams adieu; Where Phoebus usid to dart her beams And blest both me and You.	5	No more with you may I converse See yonders setting Sun Attend whilst I my last rehearse And then I must be gone.

6

Weep not my tender constant Mate  
We'll meet again below;  
It is the kind decree of Fate,  
And I with pleasure go.

## FLUTE



Love is the cause of my Mourning

By a murmuring Stream a fair shepherdess lay, be so kind, O ye Nymphs tofimes heard her say tell Strephon I

dye if he passes this way, & if love is the cause of my mourn- ing? else shepherds if tell me of Beauty &

Oh! you deceive me for Strephon's old heart never warms yet bring me this Strephon let me dye in his Arms, Oh Strephon the

cause of my mourn- ing. But ~~she~~ said she let me go down to y<sup>e</sup> Shades below Ever ye & Strephon know y<sup>e</sup> I have

lov'd him so that on my pale Cheek no Blushes will shew That love was y<sup>e</sup> cause of my mourn- ing

Her eyes were scarce closed, when Strephon came by  
He thought she'd been sleeping & softly drew nigh:  
But finding her breathless, Oh Heavens did he cry  
Ah Chloris the cause of my mourning  
Restore me my Chloris, ye Nymphs use your Art;  
They sighing reply'd 'twas your self shot the Dart  
That wounded the tender young Shepherd's heart

And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning,  
Ah then w Chloris dead,  
Wounded by me? He said,  
I'll follow thee, chaste Maid,  
Down to the silent shade  
Then on her cold snowy breast, leaning his head  
Expird the poor Strephon with mourning.



*M. Roberts fait according to Act of Parliament.*

*The Modest Petition A New Song*  
 The words by M. Tho Phillips, set to musick by M. Boyce

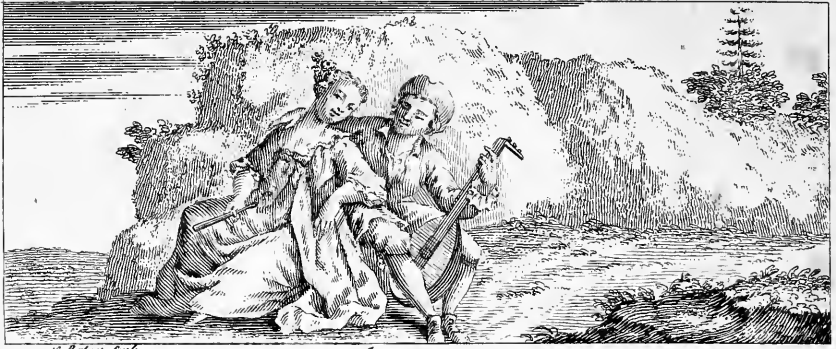
Now wretched is a Maiden's fate when love invades her Heart In secret she de-  
 plores her state nor dares reveal the smart If love a Shepherds breast engage no nicer forms res-  
 train He woe, he sighs & sighs of woe y. agonizing pa... in the agonizing Pain.

*We torn to Love and be be lov'd  
 A fate like Echo's try  
 Ah worse! for when we're strongest mov'd  
 We hesitate and dye  
 Then point out Love, the happy way  
 To make our wishes known;  
 Our hearts unconsur'd to display,  
 And all thy rigour own.*

*Flute*

Musical notation for the Flute part, consisting of two staves of music.





H. Roberts sculp

## A Song

How dully wise the grave disdain the Pleasing Passion Love; Out grown all sense of  
 How dully wise the grave disdain the pleasing Passion Love; Out grown all sense of

Joy and pain by artless spleen they move. I'll Nature sit in Judgments place n<sup>o</sup>.  
 Joy and pain by artless spleen they move. I'll Nature sit in Judgments place n<sup>o</sup>.

Love like mine they blame who can i<sup>n</sup> glowing heart but praise n<sup>o</sup>. Merit makes the Flame  
 Love like mine they blame who can i<sup>n</sup> glowing heart but praise n<sup>o</sup>. Merit makes the Flame

Like them but sway'd by Reasons Rule,  
 Amaz'd I view the weak;  
 Who learning love in folly's School,  
 Mistake the joys they seek,  
 Too oft alas! the face that's fair,  
 With faint good Rumour gay;  
 Conceals the Soul that's insincere,  
 And Clouds the promis'd Day.

To her my heart its Homage owes,  
 O'er true Desert Patent;  
 Whose sense of Nature's Blessing goes,  
 No farther than Content,  
 Such beauty's some it self shall spare,  
 Or what that self supplies;  
 Virtue shall make her Reasons care,  
 And Cheat the Lovers Eyes.

Her face imperfect Conquest made,  
 And could but greatly charm;  
 Her mind the subtle fire Conveys,  
 With which my soul is warm;  
 Then guiltless let me hope the Flame  
 My reach at last so far;  
 To catch the Cause, from whence it came,  
 And bless a faithful Pair.

Flute



The Words by M. Tho<sup>s</sup>. Phillips, the Musick by M. Handel

Bacchus one day gay by striding, on his never failing Ton ;

Sneaking A-quapotes de-riding thus adrefs'd each Toaping Son :

Praise y<sup>e</sup> Joys that never vary, and A-----dore the Liquid Shrine ;

All things ho-noble, Bright & ai-ry , are perform'd by Gen'rous Wine

Pristine Heroes crown'd with Glory,  
Owe their noble rise to me ;  
Homer wrote the flaming Story  
Fird by my Divinity ;  
If my influence is wanting  
Musick's charms but slowly move ;  
Beauty too in vain lies panting ,  
Till I fill the Swain with Love.

If you crave eternal pleasure,  
Morals ! this way bend your Eyes  
From my ever flowing Treasure,  
Charming Scenes of bliss arise ;  
Here's the soothing Balm'y blessing  
Sole dispeller of all pain ;  
Gloomy Souls from care releasing  
He who drinks not, lives in vain

Flute



A Roberts Sculp

# The Despairing Lover

*Viol: 2da*

*Violino*

*A Swain of Love despairing thus wail'd his cruel*

*Fate his grief the shepherds sharing in cir-cles round him sate the Nymphs in kind com-*

*passion the luckless Lover now wail'd a W who had heardy Pafion A sigh for sigh re-*

*turn'd* *Viol: 2 do*

*for* *for* *for*

*O friends your plaints give over,  
Your kind concern forbear;  
Should Cloe but discover,  
For me you'd shed a tear,  
Her eyes she'd arm with vengeance,  
Your friendship soon subdue;  
Too late you'd ask forgiveness,  
And for her mercy sue*

*Her chains such force discover,  
Resistance is in vain;  
Spite of yourself you'll love her,  
And his the gauling chain;  
Her wit the flame increases,  
And ravets fast the dart,  
She has ten thousand Graces,  
And each could gain a heart*

*But oh! one more deserv'ing  
Has than I'd her frozen breast  
Her heart to him devoting  
She's cold to all the rest;  
Their love with joy abounding  
The thought distracts my brain  
O cruel Maid then sounding  
He fell upon the Plain*

Flute

Flute musical notation



H. Roberts Sculp

# The Happy Inconstant

Happy the youthful Swain, that feels no Lovesick Smart;  
 But without Grief or Pain, can win a Virgins Heart:  
 Happy beyond expressing is he who can obtain  
 that most transporting Blessing which others seek in vain.

Love and the Graces smiling,  
 In all his Actions meet;  
 Cupid the fair beguiling,  
 Still makes his Conquest sweet;  
 Love is his only Treasure,  
 Beauty his only Gain;  
 Ever he finds the Pleasure,  
 But never feel the Pain.

Flute

Flute musical notation with treble and bass clefs, 3/4 time signature, and various notes and rests.





J. Roberts Sculp

# Celia's Conquest.

Slow

Whilst Ce-li-a's Eyes my heart sub-dues, I listning blest her tuneful tongue

But doom'd my ruin to Pur-sue, I sigh'd; 'twas the fatal So-

ng. I sigh'd and beg'd the fa-tal Song

The heavenly sounds my sense oppress'd;  
My fluttering heart, forgot to beat:  
The sighs forsook my heaving breast,  
I sunk and faint'd at her feet.  
I sunk & c.

She smil'd to see her conquest sure,  
Whilst I insensibly Revive:  
Yes, vain's neer wonder at the Cure,  
'Tis in her Smiles alone I live,  
'Tis & c.

Flute

Slow



*H. Roberts Sculp.*

## Generous Love.

Love's a gentle generous Passion

source of all-sublime delights: Which n<sup>th</sup>. mutual In-----clinations

two fond hearts in one unites Two fond Hearts in one unites.

What are Titles Pomp, or Riches,  
If compar'd with true content;  
That false Joy which now bewitches,  
When obtain'd we may repent,  
When &c.

Lawless passions bring vexation,  
But a chas and constant Love;  
Is a glorious Emulation,  
Of the Blissful state above,  
Of the &c.

Flute



*A. Roberts Sculp*

## John Hay's Bonny Lassie

By smooth winding Tay a swain was reclining, oft cry'd he, Oh, hey, Maam I still live

pinning my self thus & way and darra discover to my bonny Hay that I am her

lover. A'e mair it will hide, the flame waxes stranger, if she's not my bride my days are nae

tanger; then I'll take a heart and try at a venture may be lov' n' part my won's may content her

*She's fresh as the Spring & swat as Aurora,  
When birds mount & sing bidding day agood mornow,  
The swart of the Mead enamell'd with Daisies,  
Look wither'd and dead when thwind of her G'graces.  
But if she appear where verdures invite her,  
The fountains, run clear & Flowers smell the sweeter,  
To heaven to be by, when her wit is a flowing,  
Her smiles & bright eye set my spirit a glowing.  
She mair that I gaze the deeper I'm wounded,  
Stuck Dumb with amaze my mind is confounded:  
I'm all on a fire, dear Maid, to care's ye,  
For a my desire is Hay's bonny Lassie.*

*Flute*

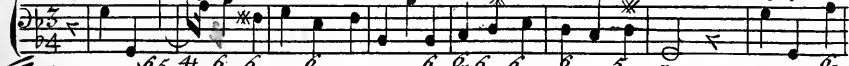


H. Roberts Sculp

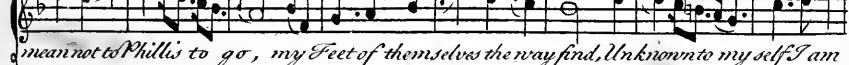
# The Confession A New Song, Set to Music by M. French

*Slow*

Wherever I am & what ever I do My Phillis is still in my mind When angry I



mean not to Phillis to go, my Feet of themselves the way find, Unknown to my self I am



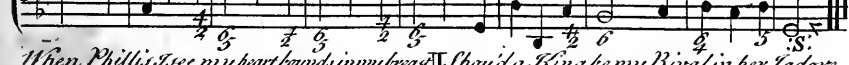
just at her Door and when I woud trail I can bring out no more Than Phillis the Fair & unkind.



When Phillis I see my hart bounds in my breast And the Love I woud stife is shown



But asleep or awake, I am never at rest When from my Eyes Phillis is gone



Som times a sad Dream deludes my sad mind But alas, when I awake, & no Phillis find



How Tough to my self all alone

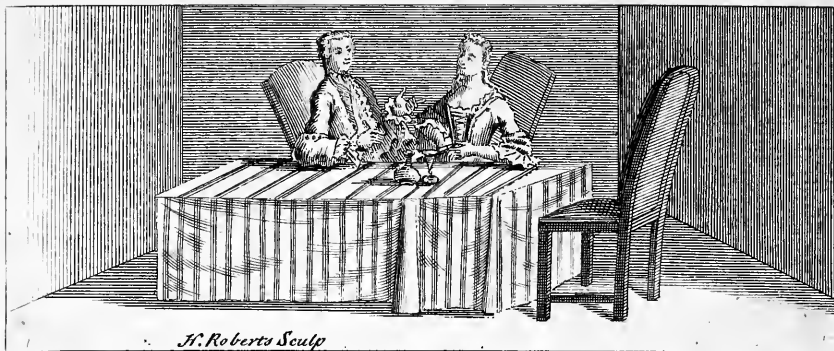
Should a King be my Rival in her, I adore  
He shoud offer his treasure in Iain  
O let me alone to be happy and poor  
And give me my Phillis again  
Let Phillis be mine & for ever be kind,  
I could to a Dwarf wish her be confin'd  
And envy no monarch his Reign

Alas! I discover too much of my Love  
And she too well know's her own Pow'r  
She makes me each day a martyrdom prove  
And makes me grow jealous each hour  
But let me each minute torment my poor mind  
I had rather love Phillis both false & unkind  
Than ever be freed from her For ever

## Flute

*Slow*





*H. Roberts Sculp*

*Written by Esq. Jenings set to musick by M. Hawkins*

*As Northern winds yother Day, The frozen Globe had bound, Julia & I went*

*forth to Play Julia & I went forth to Play when snow conceald y. Ground; Julia &*

*I went forth to Play Julia & I went forth to Play w<sup>th</sup>. snow conceald the Ground*

*White as her hand the wanton thren,  
A ball of silver snow;  
The frozen Globe fir'd as it flew,  
My bosom felt it glow.*

*Strange pow'r of love whose dire command  
Can thus a snow ball arm;  
When sent fair Julia from thy hand,  
E'en Ice it self can warm*

*How shou'd we then secure our Hearts  
Loves pow'r we all must feel;  
Who thus can by strange Magick Art,  
In Ice his flames conceal.*

*'Tis thou alone fair Julia, know,  
Canst quench my fierce desire;  
But not with water, Ice, nor snow,  
But with an equal Fire.*

## FLUTE



*The Doubtful Shepherd* set to Musick by M. Holcombe

*When Delia on the Plain appears, and by a thousand  
tender Fears, I would approach, but dare not move Tell me my heart if  
this be Love Tell me tell me my Heart if this be Love*

7 6 6 6 5 4 6 6 6  
6 5 3 7 5 4 6 4 6 5  
6 5 4 7 5 6 5 6 6 5 4

*When e'er she speaks, my wish'd Ear,  
No other voice but hers can bear,  
No other Wit but hers approve,  
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love. &c*

*When she is absent, I no more  
Delight in all that pleas'd before,  
The dearest spring or shady Grove,  
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love &c*

*If she some other Swain commend,  
Tho' I was once his fondest friend,  
That instant Enemy I prove,  
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love &c.*

*When arm'd with Insolent disdain  
She seem'd to triumph o'er my Pain,  
I strove to hate, but vainly strove  
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love &c.*

*Flute*

7 6 6 6 5 4 6 6 6  
6 5 3 7 5 4 6 4 6 5



*M. Roberts Sculp*

*The Happy Man* Set to Musick by *M. Holcombe*

*Happy hours, all hours excel-ling, when retir'd from crowds & noise. Happy is that si-lent*

*dwelling fill'd w<sup>th</sup>. self posse-ssing joys. Happy that conten-ted Creature, who<sup>th</sup>. fewest*

*things is pleas'd, And consults f<sup>r</sup>. voice of nature, when of ro-ving fancies cas'd*

*Every Passion wisely moving,  
Just as Reason turns the Scale;  
Every state of Life improving,  
That no anxious thought prevail:  
Happy man, who thus possesses,  
Life with some Companion dear;  
Joys imparted, still increases,  
Griefs when told, soon disappear*

*Flute*



*In Praise of Burgundy* By M. Theophilus Phillips

Hail Burgundy thou juice divine inspirer of my Song; y<sup>e</sup> praisus gin to other nine to the a-

lone belong. Of manly n<sup>o</sup>it & female charms th<sup>e</sup> canst y<sup>e</sup> n<sup>o</sup>r improve; care of its sting, thy baln<sup>o</sup> dis-

arms & makes us blest as Jove care of its sting thy baln<sup>o</sup> disarms, & makes us blest as Jove

Bright Phoebus on the Parent vines  
From whence thy Current streams  
Smiling amongst the Tendrils shones  
And lavish darts his Beams  
The pregnant Grapes receive his Fire  
And all his Power retain  
With the same warmth our Brains inspire  
And lead the Sprightly Strain!

From Three fair Cloes potent Eye  
New sparkling Beams receives  
Her cheeks imbibe Arosic Dye  
New heat her Bosom heaves  
Summond to Love by thy Alarms  
Oh with what nervous Heat  
Worthy the Maid, we fill her Arms  
How oft that love repeat?

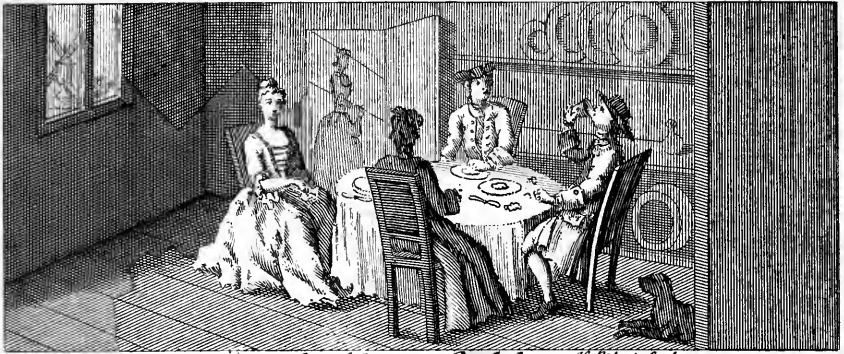
The Swick prone to Thought intense  
Thy softness can unbend  
A cheerfull Gaiety dispense  
And make him taste a Friend  
His brow grows clear, he feels content  
Forgets his pensive Strife  
And n<sup>o</sup>ll concludes our spanwell spent  
In honest social life

Even Tops, — those doubtfull gender things,  
So fond of selves and Dress  
Quite lost to the delight that springs  
From sense — Thy Power confess;  
Each foolish puling, Maudlin Face  
That dares but deeply drink  
Forgets his Cue and Stiff Grimace  
Grows free, and seems to th<sup>e</sup>nk

Flute

Flute

Flute



*The Miller of Mansfield* H. Roberts Sculpt.  
Set to Music by M. Ame

How happy a state does y<sup>e</sup> Miller profess, Who would be no greater nor fain to be less, On his

Mill & himself he depend for support n<sup>o</sup> is better than servilely cringing at Court 'till that tho' he all dusty and

white as does go, the more he's beyondent y<sup>e</sup> more like a Beau a Clown in this dress n<sup>o</sup> be honest far thane

Courtier n<sup>o</sup> who struts in a garter & star, than a Courtier n<sup>o</sup> who struts in his garter & star.

Tho' his hands are clau'd, but they're not fit to sew  
The hands of his betters are not very clear,  
A Polite more Polite may as dirtily deal,  
Gold in handling will stick to y<sup>e</sup> fingers like heat.  
What if when a pudding for dinner he lacks  
He crie without scruple from other mens faks  
In this of right noble examples he brags,  
Who borrow as freely from other mens Bags

Or should he endeavour to heap an Estate  
In this to he mimicks y<sup>e</sup>ools of the state  
Whose aim is alone their Coffers to fill  
As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill  
He Eat's when he's hungry, he drinks n<sup>o</sup> he's dry  
And down when he's n<sup>o</sup> very contented does lie,  
Then rises up cheerful to work & to sing,  
If so happy a Mill then whod be a King.

**FLUTE**

Musical notation for the flute part, consisting of two staves of music.



*Silvia to Alexis ,*

*H. Roberts fecit  
Set to Musick by M. Lampe*

*Alexis , how artless a Lover ! how bashful and silly you*

*grow. In my Eyes can you never discover I mean Yes, when I often say*

*No say No I mean Yes when I often say No ?*

2  
*When you pine & you whine out of passion  
 And only entreat for a Kiss,  
 To be coy, and deny is the Fashion,  
 Alexis should ravish the Bliss .*

4  
*If I frown, it's my Blushes to cover,  
 It's for Honour & Modesty sake ;  
 He is but a Pityful Lover  
 Who is foiled by a single Attack*

3  
*In love as in War it's but Reason  
 To make some Defence for the Town,  
 To surrender without it were Treason ,  
 Before that the outworks were won*

5  
*But when we by force are o're-power'd  
 The best & the bravest must yield ;  
 I am not to be won by a Coward,  
 Who hardly dares enter the field.*

*Flute*



St. Roberts's Sculpt

# A Scotch Dialogue

*Mither*

There's Auld Rob. Moris that wins in you Glen, He's the King of good  
 Fellow's, and Wale of auld Men, He's fourscore of black Sheep & four score  
 two; And Auld Rob. Moris is the Man ye maun loo.

*Daughter* 2  
 Pray ha'd your tongue mither, & let it abee,  
 For his Child & my Eld will never agree;  
 They'll never agree & that will be seen,  
 For he is fourscore, & I'm but fifteen.

*Mither* 3  
 Then had your tongue Daughter & lay by your  
 For he's be the Brideg room, & ye's be the Bride;  
 He shall lye by your side, & kiss you too,  
 Auld Rob. Moris is the Man ye maun loo.

*Daughter* 4  
 That auld Rob. Moris I ken him fou weel,  
 His A- it sticks out like ony Peet-Creel,  
 He's outshind, in-kneed, & ringle-eyd too;  
 Auld Rob. Moris is the Man I'll neer loo.

*Mither* 5  
 The auld Rob. Moris be an elderly, Man,  
 Yet his auld Broys it will buy a new Pan;  
 Then Daughter, ye should na be sae ill to shoo,  
 For auld Rob. Moris is the, Man ye maun loo.

*Daughter* 6  
 But auld Rob. Moris I never will hae,  
 His Back is so stiff and his Beard is grown gray;  
 I had titer die than live wi' him a year  
 Iae ma' of Rob. Moris I never will hear.

## Flute







## *Lucio's Advice to Damon*

*Lucio found Damon lying in tears upon the Plain, And laughing at his*

*crying, Enow said poor Damon's Pain: Cry's Damon Mortal fly me, Or by the*

*Power Divine, Cry's Lucio don't de-fie me, And shew's a Flask of Wine.*

*This Foolish pining Lover,  
Will teach thee how to Storm,  
Thy Saity recover,  
And make the Maid grow warm:  
Come prethee Damon try it,  
Tis lov reign prethee do,  
Damon could not deny it,  
He drank full Bumpers too.*

*Soon Damon felt the Siquor,  
His Cheeks grew rose red,  
Then Lucio fill'd out quicker,  
Twas out they went to Bed,  
Next Morning Damon straying  
To breath the fragrant Air,  
He heard poor Delia praying,  
A last and fervent Pray<sup>er</sup>  
Flute*

*Yes yes I must implore him,  
Damon the kind the true,  
Ye gods she cry'd restore him,  
Else love and life adieu;  
On Lucio's Humour thinking,  
He sprung into her Arms,  
And find with last nights drinking  
Would revel in her Chams.*

*The Maid deep Crimson blushing  
Reclind her Head and Sight'd,  
Whilst eager Damon fushing,  
Loves strongest Efforts try'd;  
Ah, whether am I flying,  
Her fault'rind tongue express'd,  
Then Clasp'd, Panting sighing,  
They murmur'd all the rest.*



H. Roberts Sculp

# The Inconstant Swain

Young Thirs is once the jolliest Swain that ever Charmid y, listening plain at  
 tentative to his Glee ; While nymphs around y Rover throng, he tunc'd his Pipe, &  
 all his Song, was *faimé la Liberté!* Was *faimé la Liberté!*

Bright Chloe, ev'ry Shepherd's Care,  
 And Flavia fairest of the Fair ;  
 Are now no longer free ;  
 Coy Delia felt unusual Pain,  
 All grieve to hear y' Shepherd's strain,  
 was *faimé la Liberté!*

The Youth by Inclination sway'd  
 A softer Tune had often play'd  
 To ev'ry charming she  
 None fear delusion from his tongue,  
 For all he said, and all he sung,  
 was *faimé la Liberté!*

The trach'rous boy, thus play'd his part,  
 In Triumph o'er each Female Heart ;  
 Oh! who so blest as He,  
 Who had each Nymph a Mother made,  
 While all he sung, and all he said,  
 was *faimé la Liberté!*

## Flute

Musical notation for the Flute part, consisting of two staves with treble clefs and a key signature of one flat. The notation includes various rhythmic patterns and rests.



St. Roberts Sculp.

# A New Cantata

Recit:

Whist strephon on fair Cloc hung & gently wood & sweetly sung The Nymph in

*Aria Andante*  
a disdainful air thus smi-----ling mock'd if shepherds care In vain I know if you dis-

cover In my form a thousand charms Can you point me out a Lover

worthy my Encircling Arms Boy no more approach my Beauty till you

equal Merit boast to-----a-do-re me i-----s a Duty 4 thousands witnefs

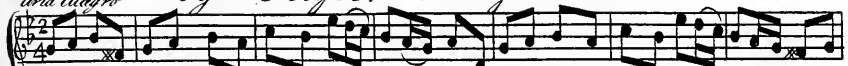
*Recit.*  
to their Cost Sung to y heart of redking swam on y vain braud reto-----ts again



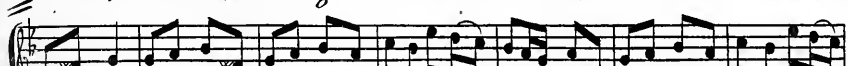
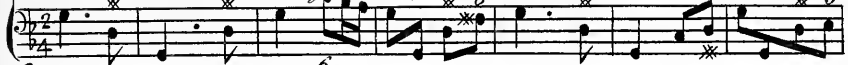
Gen. Robert Sings

Aria Allegro

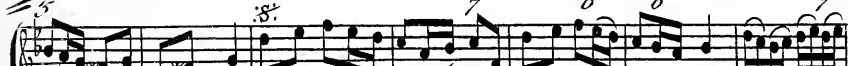
by Seign. Anglosini



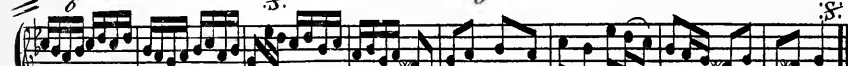
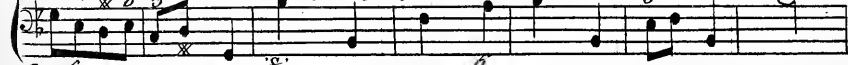
Foolish creature did each feature bloom beyond its pride of Nature artful feigning Coy disdaining vain Coquet det



troys the mall go o'erbearing, Proud on mairing lay a thousand Toys despairing then complying sighing dying



To some fool a victim fall Nymphs like you whilst they're deceiving, Angels all in front appear But the So---

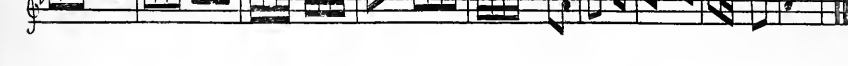
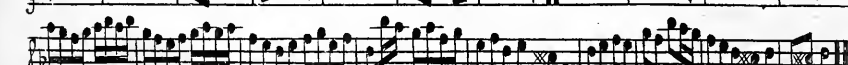
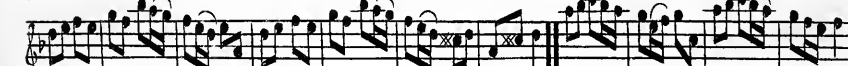
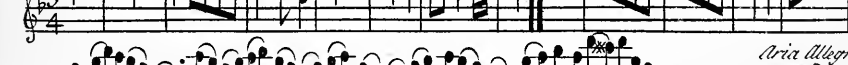


---t their A---ris believing but if set their arts believing finds by devil in the rear.



Aria Andante

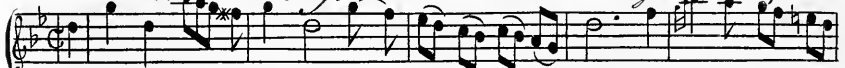
Flute



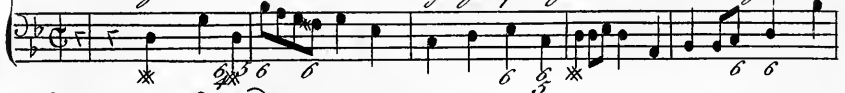
Aria Allegro



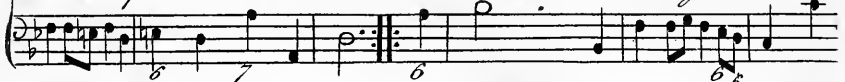
*The Address to a Bottle* By *M<sup>r</sup>. J. J. J.* J. Roberts Sculp



*Couldst thou give me a Pleasure like the Mistress of my Heart I'd drink beyond all*



*Measure, & from the never Start. A Pleasure so alluring, I never*



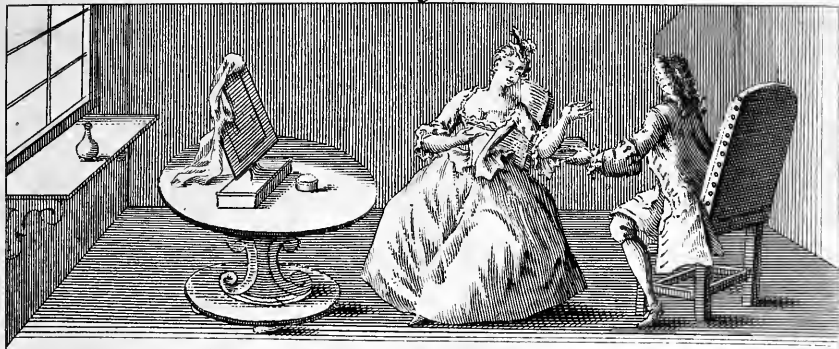
*could refrain, till Life not worth enduring, in a Tun I'd drown my pain*



*But since there's no comparing,  
With Raptures she can give;  
Whose Extasy (past bearing)  
I scarce can taste and live.  
To brighter Joys resigning,  
I'll quit thy sparkling Charms,  
And die without repining,  
To be buried in her Arms.*

*Flute*





*The Coquet* setto music by M<sup>r</sup> Vanbrugh &c

*Andante* *From White's and*

*Wills to purling Rills, The Love-sick Strephon Flies; There*

*full of Woe, His Numbers flow, And all in Rhime he Dies.*

6 6 6 6 7 6 7 6 5 3 3

6 6 5 6 4 3 6 6 4 5

6 6 6 6 4 3

*The Fair Coquet,  
With feign'd Regret,  
Invites him back to Town;  
But when in Tears,  
The Youth Appears,  
She meets him with a frown.*

*Full oft the Maid,  
This Prank had play'd,  
Till angry Strephon swore;  
And what is strange,  
Tho' loth to change,  
Would never see her more.*

*Flute*

*Song*



H. Roberts Sculp

## The Dejected Lads

A Lad that was loaden with Care, Sat heavily under a Thorn, I

lis-tend a while for to hear, And thus She be---gan for to Mourn, So

merry as we twa have been, So happy as we twa have been, O my

Heart it is like to dis---pair, when I think of the Days we have seen

When you my dear Shepherd was there,  
The Birds did melodiously sing,  
And the Cold nipping Winter did n-car  
A face that resembled the Spring,  
Our Flocks feeding close by his side,  
As he gently pressed my Hand,  
I had the wide World in my Pride,  
And could all its Glory withstand.

My Dear, he would oft to me say  
What makes you hard-hearted to me?  
Or why do you thus turn away  
From him who is dying for thee,  
But now he is far from my sight,  
Perhaps new advice may approve,  
Which makes me lament day & night  
That ever I granted him Love.

At the Eve when the rest of the Folk,  
Were merrily seated to Spin,  
I sat myself under his Oak,  
And I heavily sigh'd for him.

### FLUTE



H. Roberts Sculp.

*Damon and Celia*, By M. Cannington

Published according to an Act of Parliament 1739

As Celia near a Fountain lay her Eyelids clos'd with Sleep; Sleep the  
 As Celia near a Fountain lay her Eyelids clos'd with Sleep; Sleep the  
 Shepherd Damon chanc'd y way to drive his Flock of Sheep, to dri  
 Shepherd Damon chanc'd y way to drive his Flock of Sheep to dri  
 ve drive his Flock, of Sheep.  
 ve drive his Flock of Sheep.

<sup>2</sup>With awful step h' approach'd the fair  
 To view her Charming Face,  
 Where ev'ry Feature wore an Air,  
 And ev'ry part a Grace.

<sup>4</sup>Whilst slumbering thus fair Celia lay  
 Soft wishes fill'd her mind,  
 She cry'd cry'd come Thy ris come away  
 For now I will be kind,

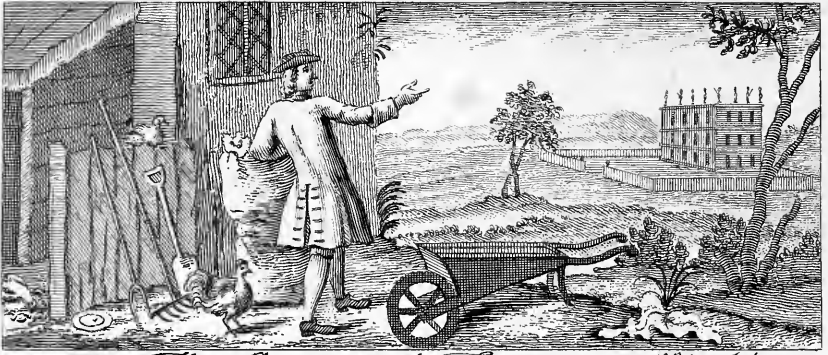
<sup>3</sup>His heart inflam'd with amorous Pain  
 He wish'd the Nymph would awake  
 Tho' ne'er before was any Swain,  
 So unrepard to speak.

<sup>5</sup>Damon embrac'd the lucky hitt,  
 And flew into her Arms,  
 He took her in the yielding fit,  
 And rish'd all her Charms.

*FINIS*

Musical notation for the final section of the piece, including a treble clef, a 4/4 time signature, and a repeat sign with a double bar line and a repeat sign.





St Roberts's Sculpt

*Vivace forte* *The Contented Farmer*

*What care's for affairs of State, or who is Rich or who is Great:*

*How far a proud & Ambitious roam, to bring or Gold or Silver home*

*What is to me, if France or Spain are sent to Peace, or Wars maintain.*

*I pay my Taxes, Peace or War,  
Aid wish all well at Gibraltar;  
But mind a Cardinal no more  
Than any other Scarlet Whore;  
Grant me ye Pow'rs but health & rest,  
And let who will the World contest.*

*Flute*



J. Roberts Sculp

# The Farmer's Wish

*Lento* 6/8

6 6/8 6/8 6/8 6/8 6 6 7/8 4 3

Near some smooth Stream: Oh let me keep my liber-ty and feed my Sheep

6 6 8 6 6 4 :S:

A shady walk well lined with Trees a Garden with a range of Bees;

6 8 6 6 4 :S:

An Orchard n<sup>o</sup>. good Apples bears, where spring a long green Mantle wears

6/4 5 4 3 5 6 :S:

Where Winters never are severe,  
 Good Barley Sward, to make good Beer,  
 With Entertainment for a friend,  
 To spend in peace my latter end,  
 In honest ease, and home spun grey,  
 And let the Evening Crown the Day.

## FLUTE

4/4



*The Early Horn for the German Flute*

6  
8 7

6  
8 7

7 7

*With early Horn salute the horn of golds this charming Place With chearful cries bids*

7 7

*echo rise & join the jovial Cha* ..... *ce and join the jovial Cha*

*ce and join the jovial Chace* ..... *With early horn sa*

*lute the horn of golds this charming Place. With chearful cries Bids echo rise*

*Bids echo rise* ..... *And join the jovial Cha*



Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup>. Galliard.

With cheerful cries birds echo rise and join the jovial Chace and

*Adag.*  
join the jovial Chace

*Adag.*  
The vo-cal hills around the waving woods; Crystal floods

all all return their livening sound The vo-cal hills a round the

waving woods; crystal floods, all all return their livening sounds D.C.



Published according to act of Parliament

To Cloe

J. Roberts Sculp 1738

When'er my Cloe I begin, thy Breast like mine to move;

You tell me of that crying Sin of unchast Lawless

Love of unchast Lawless Love

<sup>2</sup>  
How can that Pleasure be a Crime,  
That gave to Cloe, Birth;  
How can those Joys but be divine,  
That make a Heav'n on Earth.

<sup>4</sup>  
You say how Love's a Crime; content  
Yet yet alone you must;  
More Joys in heav'n when one repents,  
Than over Ninety Just

<sup>3</sup>  
To wed Mankind the Priest trapannit  
By some sly fallacy;  
And disobey'd Gods great Command,  
Increase and Multiply.

<sup>5</sup>  
Sin, then dear Girl for Heaven's sake,  
Repent and be forgiven;  
Bless me and by repentance make,  
A holiday in Heav'n.

Flute



H. Roberts sculp

Published accord to act of parliament

# Advice to Chloe

Dear Chloe, while thus be young Measure, you treat me w<sup>th</sup> doubts & Difdain, You rob all your

Youth of it's Pleasure And hoard up an old age of Pain: Your Maxim that love is still founded on

Charms if will quickly de-cay; you'll find to be very ill grown--ded When once you it's dictates o-bey

The Love that from Beauty is drawn,  
By kindreds you ought to improve;  
Soft looks & gay smiles are the Dawn,  
Fruition's the Sunshine of Love  
And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes  
Should be clouded that now are so gay,  
And darkness obscure all the Skies  
You neer can forget it was Day

Old Darty with Joan by his side  
You're often regarded with wonder  
He's Drowsical she is dym Cyd  
Yet they're ever uneddy a sunder;  
Together they totter about  
Or sit in the Sun at the Door,  
And at Night when old Darty's pots out  
The Joan will not smoke a Whiff more.

No Beauty nor Wit they possess,  
Their several failings to smother  
Then what are the Charms can you guess  
That makes them so fond of each other?  
'Tis the pleasing remembrance of Youth  
The Endearments which Youth had below  
The thoughts of past pleasur & truth,  
The best of our Blessings below.

Those traces for ever will last,  
No sickness or time can remove;  
For when youth & Beauty are past,  
And age bring the Winter of Love:  
A Friendship insensibly grows,  
By Revivrs of such Captives as these  
The current of Fondness still flows,  
Which decrepit old Age cannot freeze.

## PLATE 6



## Jenny's Lamentation

M. Roberts Sculp

In a bonny sad wee Sanny & Jocky, Sanny was lew'd, but Jocky unlucky, Sanny was tall well favour'd &

and witty, but Jocky was all, because he was pretty, For n<sup>o</sup>. he woo'd me vield me fud me never was sad so

like to un-do me Fye I cry'd, almost dy'd least it should rue me, if Jocky should gang & come no more to me.

Jockey could love but he would not marry,  
And I was afraid least I should miscarry,  
His cunning tongue with wit was so gildet,  
That I was afraid least I might have ill did:  
For when he blest'd me prais'd me & kiss'd me  
Soft was the Flour I thought when he kiss'd me  
Crying denying and sighing I woo'd him,  
And mickle ado I had to get from him.  
But cruel fate robd me of my jewel,  
For Sanny would make him to fight in a duell,  
Down in a Dale with Cypress surrounded,  
Oh! there to his Death poor Jockey was wound;  
For when he fell'd him, thrill'd him & kill'd him,  
Who can express my Grief that beheld him,  
Sighing I tore my hair for to bind him,  
And vow'd to spire I would not stay behind him.

Thus Jenny for Jockey lay sighing & weeping,  
For y<sup>e</sup> loss of her dear whilst others are sleeping;  
And Sanny to see her thus sorely distress'd,  
For y<sup>e</sup> loss of her dear in his heart was oppress'd.  
But when this Deluder woo'd her & suit'd her;  
She bid him be gone & call'd Intruder; —  
And said should you die for my love I would morky  
You have been the Cause of y<sup>e</sup> Death of my Jockey.  
Oh! Jockey there's none that is left to inherit,  
The tythe of thy virtue thy wondrous Merit;  
Thy goodings by me shall ne'er be forgotten,  
Allsing out thy praise, when thy carcase is rotten:  
For thou wert the fairest rarest and Dearest  
And now thou art gone like a saint thou appearst  
I'll have on thy grave stone this Motto inserted  
Here lies lifeless Jockey n<sup>o</sup> he dy'd broken hearted.

FLUTE



*Engraved by J. B. de la Motte, according to a drawing by J. B. de la Motte, 1738*

*To a young Lady Courted by an Old Man set by M<sup>r</sup> Howard*

Dear Chloe at---tend, to th' advice of a Friend, And for once be ad-

mo-nish'd by me; Before you en-gage To wed with old Age Think how

Summer and Winter a-gree Think how Summer and Winter a-gree .

*So ancient a Fruit,  
For want of a Root,  
Is doom'd to a speedy decay;  
Youth might ripen your Charms,  
But old Age in young Arms,  
Is like Frosty Weather in May  
Set Men of Threescore  
Think of Wállock no more,  
They need not be fond of that Noose;  
The cripple that begs  
Without any Legs  
Can have no great occasion for Shoes.*

*But now in a trice,  
Pray take my advice,  
And be sure you follow it too  
Since my mind you discover  
Shake off an old lover  
And try what a Young one can do .*

*Believe me dear Maid,  
When the best cards are play'd  
You seldom can meet with a Trump  
And to help the jest on,  
When the Sucker is gone  
What a Plague would you do w<sup>th</sup> a Pump  
A Clock out of repair,  
Doth but badly declare,  
The Hour of the Day or the Night,  
For, unless my dear Love,  
The Pendulum move  
'T wou'd be strang if y<sup>e</sup> clock should go right*

Flute





## The Birks of Endermay

The smiling morn the breathing spring, Invite the tuneful birds to sing and

while they warble from each spray Love melts the universal Lay Let

us Amanda timely wise like them improve the Hour that flies and

in soft raptures wast the Day among the Birks of Endermay.

For soon the Winter of the Year ;  
 And Age, life's Winter, will appear :  
 At this thy Lovely Bloom will fade,  
 As that must blast each verdant Shade.  
 Our taste of Pleasure then is o'er,  
 The feather'd Songsters Love no more ;  
 And when they Droop, & we decay,  
 Adieu the Birks of Endermay.

### FLUTE



*A Song to a Favourite Minuet of Geminiani's*

Know Madam I never was born to wear your Sex-as Pride & scorn, all all all all your grand

dis your soft smiles & false Tears are but Jeax, Know Madam I never was born to wear your

Sex-as Pride & scorn Freedom shall still attend on my will, whilst vengeance shall take my pa---

rt & rack your proud foolish heart Know madam I never was born to wear y<sup>r</sup> Sex-as pride & scorn.

*F*ute.

Musical notation for the flute part, consisting of three staves of music with various notes, rests, and ornaments.



*Slow* *The Dying Nymph* set by M.<sup>r</sup>. Lampe

*Whilst endless tears and sighs declare, Thy slighted Love and*  
*tra---king Heart The little warblers of the Air, in thy soft*  
*sorrow seem to share, And plain-tune notes, like sighs impart.*

*The Rose that late adorn'd thy Brow, The God of Love, evn he thy Foe,  
 And near thee glon'd, w<sup>th</sup> brighter Grace Unstrings his Bow, neglects his dart  
 And ev'ry Flou'r that bloom'd but now And soften'd with Louisa's Woe,  
 Their fragrant Beauties pensive bow; Does all his cruel Wiles forego,  
 Sweet drooping Copies of thy Face. And silent, Weeps his Fatal Art.*

*Flute*





## The Inconstant

*Sair & safe, & gay & young, all chid: s he play'd she danc'd she sung there was no way to scape the*

*dart no care could guard a lovers heart Ah why cry'd I, & dropt a tear ado'ring Yet de*

*sparring e'er to have her to my self alone was so much, sn' retrefs made for one.*

*But growing bolder, in her Ear,  
T'yn soft Numbers, told my Care,  
She heard, and rais'd me from her Feet,  
And seem'd to glow with equal heat,  
Like Heav'n's, too mighty to express;  
My joys could be but known by guess;  
Ah fool, said I, what have I done,  
To wish her made for more than one.*

*But long I had not been in view,  
Before her Eyes their Beams with drew;  
E'er I had reckon'd half her Charms,  
She sunk into anothers Arms,  
But she that once could faithless be,  
Will favour him no more than me,  
He too will find himself undone,  
And that she was not made for one.*

## FLUTE



*The Dream, The Musick by M. Handel*



What extacies of Pleasure,  
She gave, to tell's in vain,  
When with the hidden Treasure,  
She blest her amirous Swain:  
Could nought our Joys discover,  
And I my Dream believe,  
I so could sleep for ever,  
And still be so deceiv'd.

But, when I wak'd, deluded,  
And found all but a Dream,  
I fain would have eluded,  
The melancholy Theme.  
Ye Gods! there's no enduring,  
So exquisite a Pain;  
The Wound is past all Curing  
That Cupid gave the Swain.

*FLUTE*





*Who's my Heart that we shou'd Sunder*

*With broken words and down-cast Eyes Poor Colin spoke his Passion tender, and*

*parting with his Grisy, cries, ah! wo's my heart that we shou'd sunder.*

*To others I am cold as Snow, But kindle with thine Eyes like Tinder from*

*thee with pain I'm forc'd to go, It breaks my heart that we shou'd sunder.*

*Chain'd to thy Charms I cannot range,  
No Beauty new my Love shall hinder,  
Nor time nor place shall ever change  
My vows tho' we're oblig'd to sunder.  
The Image of thy graceful air,  
And Beauties which invites our wonder,  
Thy lively wit & Prudence rare  
Shall still be present, tho' we sunder.*

Flute

*Dear Nymph, believe thy Swain in this  
You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder,  
Then seal a promise with a Kiss,  
Always to love me, tho' we sunder.  
Ye Gods, take care of my dear Lass  
That as I leave her I may find her  
When that blest time shall come to pass  
We'll meet again, & never sunder.*



*The Melodious Songstress* See by Sig. Putti

*Andante*

*Beauty & wit, Illus-trious Maid bri-ght as to you belong ;*

*Charm all mankind without the Aid of Soft melo-divous So-ang Song*

<p><i>Why will you add, Enchanting Fair, The Magick of your Voice ; By which in us you cause Despair, Yet make our Fate our Choice</i></p>	<p><i>In vain to tempt, Lucre's heir The songs the syrens try'd But could their notes w<sup>th</sup> thine Compare He must have heard and dy'd .</i></p>
--	--

*Sing on bright Maid, repeat each strain,  
Tho' in each strain's a dart ;  
We dye by pleasure not by pain,  
While thus you pierce the heart .*

*Flute*

*Andante*





*The Colliers bonny Lassie*

The Collier has a daughter And O she's wonder bonny a saird he was that

sought her bairn Rich in land and Money; The tutor's watch'd the Motion, Of

this young honest Lover, But Love is like the Ocean: n'ha can its depth discover?

He had the Art to please ye,  
And was by a' respected;  
His airs sat round him easy,  
Gentle, but unaffected  
The Colliers bonny Lassie,  
Fair as the new-blown Lilly,  
As sweet, and never saucy,  
Secur'd the heart of Hilly.

He lov'd beyond Expression,  
The Charms that wore about her  
And pant'd for Possession,  
His life was dull without her.  
After mature resolving,  
Close to his breast he held her,  
Th' softest flames dissolving,  
He tenderly thus tell'd her.

My bonny Colliers daughter,  
Let nothing discompose ye,  
Tis no your scanty tocher,  
Shall ever gar me lose ye;  
For I have gear in Plenty,  
And Love says, tis my dilly  
To ware what heaven has lent me,  
Upon your wit & Beauty.

**FLUTE**



*The Perfections of true Love*

Set to Musick by *M<sup>r</sup>. Lampe*

There liv'd long agoe in a Country Place a clever young Lad that lov'd a young Lass

She lov'd him again and no wonder to hear, No Offers Could Move Her

lov'd him so dear. No Offers could move her she lov'd him so Dear.

<sup>2</sup>  
The Lord of the Village took it in his Head  
To tempt her to leave him & come to his Bed;  
He offer'd her Jewells & Baul'les & Rings,  
But she slighted his love & refus'd his gay things.

<sup>3</sup>  
He told her he'd make her as fine as a Queen,  
Her gown should be silk & her Cap Col'berjean;  
But she said, fowey! Hoobey & bene lucc n' serve  
And rather than please him she'd venture to starve.

<sup>4</sup>  
He told her he'd give her a Pad to ride out,  
Or a Coach if she lik'd it to visit about;  
She thank'd him but said she could very well walk  
(And should she have a Coach how 't' Neighbour's ill

<sup>5</sup>  
He said for the Neighbour's he'd make it his Care,  
That not even the Parson on Sundays should dare  
To find fault with her Conduct or offer to blame  
Her manner of living or blast her good Name.

<sup>6</sup>  
She told him in short he must e'en be Content,  
For Jewels or Gold should ne'er bribe her consent;  
Her Heart was anothers & so it should remain  
And she scorn'd to be false for the lucre of Gain.

**FLUTE**





J. Roberts sculp

The Generous Confession, to a New Tune by M. Digard

*Andante*

Too Plain dear youth these tell-tale Eyes my heart your own declare but for

Hear's sake let it suffice You reign Triumphant there Forbear your

ut--most power to try nor further urge your sway pers' not for what I

must deny for fear I should O--bey for fear I should O--bey.

But could your Arts Successful Prove  
 Would you a Maid undo  
 Whose greatest failing is her Love  
 And that her love for You  
 Say would you use that very Power  
 You from her fondness Claim  
 To ruin in one fatal Hour  
 A life of spotless Fame . Flute

Oh; Cease my dear to do an' ill  
 Because perhaps you may  
 But rather try your utmost skill  
 To save me than betray  
 Be you your self my virtues Guard  
 Defend and not pursue  
 Since 'tis a task for me too hard  
 To strive with love and you .

*Andante*



*True Love*, Set to Musick by *M<sup>r</sup> Green*

Charming *Chloe* look with Pi-ty on your faithful Lovesick Swain

hear oh hear his doleful Ditty and relieve his mighty Pain Find you

Musick in his Sighing, Can you see him in distress, Wishing

trembling Panting Lying, Yet afford no kind Redress.

Strepson woo'd by lawless Passion,  
For no favours rudely Sue's,  
All his flame is out of Fashion,  
Ancient honour for him woe's.  
Love for Love's the Swains Ambition  
But if that is deem'd to great,  
Pity, pity his Condition,  
Say at least you do not hate

Flute

Should you sinder of a Rover,  
Practis'd in the Art of Gaule,  
Slight so true & kind a Lover,  
Chloe might not Strepson smile.  
Yes; n'ell pleas'd at thy undoing,  
Fulgar Lovers might up'nd,  
Strepson conscious of thy Ruin,  
Soon wou'd be a silent Shade.



## Bright Aurelia

When bright Aurelia tript the plain how chearful then were

See! The looks of every joy----ly Swain who

Amid Aurelia's heart to gain with Gamballs on the Green.

Their sports were Innocent & Gay,  
Mixt with a Manly Air,  
They ran they danced, did Sing & play,  
All strove to please their different way,  
This Charming lovely Fair.

The Ambitious strife she'd still admire,  
And equally approve,  
Till Phaon's tuneful voice and Lyre  
With softest Music did inspire,  
Her Soul to generous Love.

Their wonted sports the rest decline,  
Their Arts are all in vain,  
The Nymph is Constant as divine,  
The more they envy and Requeire,  
The more she loves her Swain.

## Flute



## The Address to Sleep

Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Jonathan Martin Late Organist to his Majesty

*Sento*

To thee, O! Gentle Sleep, alone is owing all our peace, by  
 thee our Joys are Heighten'd shewn, by thee our Sorrows Cease.

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 4 3

6 6 6 6 5 7 4 3

The Nymph, whose hand by Snares or force  
 Some Tyrant has possess'd,  
 By thee, obtaining a Divorce  
 In her own Choice is blest

Oh! stay; Ah! pangs bid thee stay  
 The sadly weeping Fair  
 Conjures thee, not to lose in Day  
 The object of her Care.

To grasp whose pleasing Form she sought;  
 That Motion chas'd her sleep;  
 Thus by our selves, are of finest wrought,  
 The Grievs, for which we weep.

# F L U T E

*Sento*

Flute musical notation with dynamics *h* and *h<sup>r</sup>*.



*A New Song by M.<sup>r</sup> Tho.<sup>s</sup> Phillis*

*with in Comp<sup>s</sup> of 4 Flute*

*Slow*

Too lovely fair one I Confess I Swain whom you will deign to bless might sigh an Age a way.

In Ex-pec-ta-tion of Joy when you no longer cold or Coy shall all his Pains allay.

*Indulgent Heaven has made thy form  
So soft so Perfect and so Warm  
Who gazes must adore  
But I so long in vain have try'd  
To move thy heart that sat of Pride  
That here I give it o're.*

*Allegro*

But non-Proud fair a Cure I've found I'll be no longer carnely bound in hope less flames to Bu-----

----- in in hope less flames to Burn vain Maud Sl: Shaken of my Chain by nine a conquest I obtain &

triumph in my turn & Tri-----umph & Tri-umph in my turn.





*The Desponding Lover, set by M<sup>r</sup> Boyce*

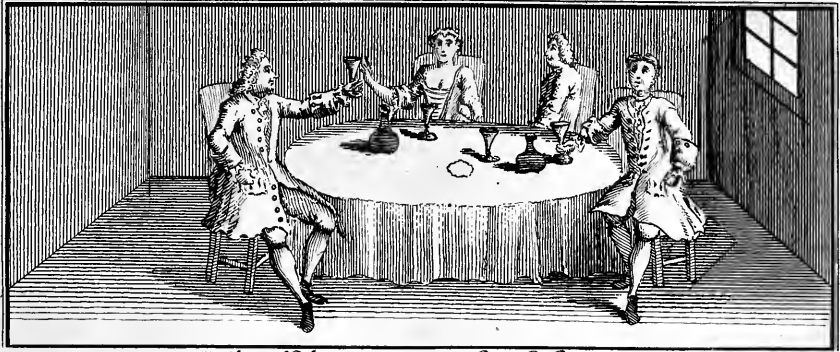
Of all the Torments all the Cares, By which our lives are Curst of all the

sor-rows that we bear, A Reveal is & Worst By part-ners in another kind, Af-

flictions easier grow. In love a-lone we hate to find Com-panions in our woe

*Silvia, for all those Griefs you see,  
Arising in my Breast;  
I beg not that you'd pity mee,  
Would you but slight the Rest:  
Howe're Severe, your Rigours are,  
Alone with them I'd Cope,  
I can endure my own Dispair,  
But not another's Hope.*

*Flute*



*The Pleasures of Life by M<sup>r</sup>. Tho: Phillips*

Save Women & Wine there is nothing in life, that can bribe honest souls to endure

it, save Women & Wine there's nothing in life that can bribe honest souls to endure it

When y<sup>e</sup> heart is perplext, & surrounded w<sup>th</sup> care dear Women & Wine only cure it: When the

heart is perplext & surrounded w<sup>th</sup> care dear Women & Wine dear Women & Wine dear Women & Wine only cure it.

Come on then my Boys we'll have Women and Wine,  
And wisely to purpose employ them; Come on & c.  
He's a Fool that refuses such Blessings divine,  
Whilst Vigour and health can enjoy them, He's a fool & c.  
As Women and Wine dear Woman and Wine,  
Whilst Vigour and Health can enjoy them

Our wine shall be Old bright & sound my dear Jack  
To heighten our Amorous Fires, Our & c.  
Our girls young and sound & shall kiss with a smack  
And shall gratify all our Desires  
The Bottles we'll Crack, & the girls we will smack  
And gratify all our Desires.

Flute





to a Favourite Air of M<sup>r</sup> Handel's

*& lives in Clover*

*I'm glad my sonasino has thousand's got fifteen 0* *& lives in Clover.*

*Col: After Popoia or Handel  
Where dye think y<sup>e</sup> Gonn will dandle  
Or which must hold the Candle*

*Pu: But Harlequin o, Lun o  
Ray took a deal of Fun o  
Of Antomine and Fun o  
And expects a might by Run o  
at Covent garden*

*Col: I shall n<sup>e</sup> go and see the Fun o  
at Covent garden*

*Pu: In Play houses full Six o  
Ong know's not where to fix o  
Till they let us in for Six o  
Whate punches Bargain*

*Both We'll see em roind all six o  
If they'll let us in for Six o  
That's allway our Bargain*

**FLUTE**



## Down the Burn, Davie

When Trees did bud & fields were green, And broom bloom'd fair to see when Mary

was compleat fifteen And Love laugh'd in her Eye blith Davie's blinks her heart to

move, to speak her Mind thus free Gang down y' Burn Davie love & I shall follow thee

Now Davie did each sad surpass,  
That dwelt on this burnside,  
And Mary was the bonnest Lass,  
Just meet to be a bride;  
Her Cheeks were rose red and white,  
Her Eens were bonny blue;  
Her looks were like Aurora bright,  
Her lips like dropping Dew.

As down the burn they took their way,  
What tender tales they said;  
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,  
And with her bosom play'd,  
Till bath at length impatient grown,  
To be mair fully blest,  
In yonder Vale they lean'd them down  
Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harm less play,  
And naething sure unmeet;  
For ganging hame I heard them say,  
They lik'd awa'k sae sweet,  
And that they aften shauld return,  
Sic Pleasures to renew:  
Quoth Mary, love, I like the Burn,  
And ay shall follow you.

Flute



*Fair Chloe* set by M<sup>r</sup>. Allcock

As Chloe o'er the Meadow past, I view'd the lovely Maid. She

turn'd and Blush'd, re-nov'd her Flair and fear'd by me to

be Embrac'd, my Eyes my Wish be-tray'd.

I trembling felt the rising Flame,  
The Charming Nymph pur-suit,  
Scaphire was not so bright a Game,  
Thy great Apollo's darling Dame,  
Nor with such Charms endu'd.

I follow'd close, the fair still flew,  
Along the Grassy Plain,  
The Grass at length my rival grew,  
And catch'd my Chloe by the Shoe,  
Her speed was then in vain.

But oh! as tott'ring down she fell,  
What did the fall reveal,  
Such Limbs description cannot tell,  
Such charms were never in the Mall,  
Nor smock did e'er conceal.

The Shriek I turn'd my ravish'd eyes,  
And burning with desire  
I help'd the Queen of love to rise,  
She check'd her anger & surprize,  
And said rash youth retire.

Be gone and boast what you have seen,  
It shan't avail you much,  
I know you like my form and mien,  
Yet since so Insolent they have been,  
Those parts you neer shall touch.

**FLUTE**



# A Pastoral

by M<sup>r</sup> Carey

Violin I staff with musical notation.

Sym: Cello/Double Bass staff with musical notation and figured bass (6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6).

Violin II staff with musical notation.

Viola staff with musical notation and figured bass (6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6).

*Flocks are sporting Doves are courting warbling juncos sweetly*

Violin I staff with musical notation.

Song for: Tenor staff with lyrics: *joy & Pleasure without Measure kindly hail the glorious*

Violin II staff with musical notation.

Viola staff with musical notation and figured bass (6 6 6 6 6 6).

Cello/Double Bass staff with musical notation and figured bass (6 6 6 6 6 6).

*Flocks are bleating,  
Rocks repeating,  
Valleys echo back the sound;  
Dancing singing,  
Spring springing,  
Nought but Mirth and joy goes round,  
Nought but Mirth and joy goes round,*

## FLUTE

Flute staff with musical notation.

Sym: Flute staff with musical notation.

Song: Flute staff with musical notation.

Ritornel: Flute staff with musical notation.



*The Happy Shepherd* Set to Musick by D.<sup>r</sup> Green

Come fair Nymphs to this sweet Grove, constant swains make haste away And behold my

chaming, love, joyce with me this happy day: Silvia at length has chang'd her mind she

pity shew's no more disdain never flying, nor denying, her heart to me she

has resign'd; I no more shall sigh in vain, my faithful Tōw's she now will hear,

Joy's delighting Charms inviting, in fair Silvia do appear.

Flute

Flute





## Fond Celadon Set by D<sup>r</sup>. Green

As Celadon once from his Cottage did stray, To Court his dear

Jug on a Hilllock of Hay, What aukard Confusion opprest the poor

In vain, when thus he deliver'd his Passion in Pain.

<p>O! Joy of my Heart &amp; delight of my Eyes, Sweet Jug as for Thee faithful Celadon dies; My Pipe I've forsaken tho' reckon'd so sweet, And sleeping or waking thy Name I repeat.</p>	<p>Sweet Jug He a hundred Times o'er does repeat, Which makes People say that his voice is so sweet Alth' why do'st thou laugh at my sorrowful Tale, Too well I'm assur'd that my Words won't prevail</p>
--	---

<p>When in vain to an Alehouse by force do me beg Instead of Pitcher I call for a Jug; And sure you can't chide at repeating yo' Name When the Nighthingale every Night does y<sup>e</sup> same</p>	<p>For Roger the Thatcher possesses thy Breast As He at our last Harvest supper Confest; I own it says Jug He has gotten my Heart His long curling Hair looks so pretty and smart</p>
---	---

His Eyes are so Black and his Cheeks are so Red  
They prevail more with me than all you have said  
Tho' you Court me; Kiss me and do what you can  
I will signify Nothing for Roger's the Man.

### Flute



### The Merry Huntsmen

Away away we're Crown'd of Day we're crown'd of Day away away we're Crown'd the

Day the Hounds are waiting for their Prey The Huntsmans Call for us ye all of Huntsmans Call for

us ye all, Come in Come in Boys while you may Come in Come in Boys while you may

The Jolly Horn, the Rosie Morn, the Rosie Morn  
 The Jolly Horn the Rosie Morn, with Harmony of deep Mouth'd Hounds  
 These These my Boys, are Heavenly Joys  
 These These my Boys are Heavenly Joys  
 Come in Come in Boys while ye may, Come in & c.

The Horn shall be the Husband's Fee, the Husband's Fee  
 The Horn shall be the Husband's Fee, & let him take it not in Scorn  
 The Brave and Sage in ev'ry Age, the Brave and Sage in ev'ry Age  
 Have not Disdain'd to wear the Horn, Have not & c.

### FLUTE



*Celia has a thousand Charms*

*Celia has a thousand thousand thou - - - sand Charms, tis Heav'n tis Heav'n to*

*ye within - - - - her Arms while I stand gazing on her face some new & some resistless*

*grace fills with fresh magickall - - - - the place while I stand gazing on her face some new & some resistless*

*grace fills with fresh magickall - - - - - the place;*

*But while y<sup>e</sup> Nymph I thus a - - - - - dove But while the*

*Nymph I thus I thus a dove I should my wretched wretched fate deplore, for oh Mir:*



*Set to Musick by the late M.<sup>r</sup> Henry Purcell*

*tillo oh Mirtillo have a care have a care her Sweetness is a love compare, but*

*then she's false, she's false but then she's false she's false as well as fair have a care have a*

*care have a care Mirtillo have a care Mirtillo have a care have a care have a care.*

*Flute*



## The Fond Lover

Set by. M<sup>r</sup>. R. Vincent

See Phillis yonder Bower, With e'ry Beauteous Flower and twining Green ar-

my'd; Sweet Jonquils, Daffodillies, Carnations, Roses Lillies, Invite us

to the Shade, — us to the Shade

There clasping Thee, my Treasure,  
In Extacy love measure,  
I'll on your Bosom lye;  
While you're with Looks expiring,  
My Blissful Death desiring,  
My Soul with joy shall fly.

With balmy melting Kisses,  
I'll crown my Dying Blissess,  
Whilst you, in pity, cry;  
My Love, I'll not be cruel,  
But in this am'rous Duel,  
We'll both together die.

## Flute



Philosophical Jovial *Life is Chequer'd* set by D<sup>r</sup>. Green

*Life is Chequer'd Soil & Pleasure fill up all it's various measure See if, Crisp in Stennel, Jeykin's, dipping toaping*

6 6 6 6 6 6

*Pin by its knees & as they muse join to their happy lip on's Deck is heard no other sound but prithee Jack prithee Dick prithee Sam prithee Tom*

6 6 6 6 6 6

Chorus for as many as can

*let by long wind Then hark to it's Boatswain's whistle whistle it's Boatswain's whistle whistle Buzle Buzle my Boy let us*

4 3 2

*sit let us toil but let's drink all's while for labour's s; Price of our Joys for Labour's s; Price of our Joy*

6 6 6 2 6 6 6 4 3

*Life is Chequer'd—Toil and Pleasure  
Fill up all the various measure,  
Hark! the Crew, in Sun burnt faces,  
Charming blackey'd Jussan's Gmecs;  
:S: And as they raise their Notes  
Thro' their rusty Throats,  
On the Deck is heard no other Sound,  
But prithee Jack, prithee Dick,  
Prithee Sam prithee Tom,  
Let the Can go round...*

*Life is Chequer'd—Toil and Pleasure,  
Fill up all the various measure,  
Hark! the Crew, their cars Discarding,  
With Rustle-Cap, or with Chuck-farthing:  
:S: Fill up amerry Pin,  
Let em loose or win;  
On the Deck, is heard no other Sound,  
But prithee Jack, prithee Dick,  
Prithee Sam, prithee Tom,  
Let the Can go round...:S:*

*Chorus: Then, Hark to it's Boatswain's whistle! ke (No: Then hark to it's Boatswain's whistle! ke c.*

*New Jolly*



*The Tipler's Wish by M<sup>r</sup>. Wight. See by W. D. Digard*

*O Greedy Midas I've been told if, n<sup>r</sup>. you touch'd you wou'd be Sold if, what you touch'd you*

*wou'd be Sold I had I but a Pow'r like thine I had I but a pow'r like thine I'de tu-----*

*----- in I'de turn't ere I touch to Wine I'de turn n<sup>r</sup>. ere I touch to Wine*

*Each purling Stream should feel my force  
Each fish my fatal Power mourn  
Each fish &c .  
And wondring at the Mighty Change  
And wondring &c .  
Should in their native Regions Burn  
Should in &c .*

*Not should there any dare t'approach  
Unto my mantling sparkling Shrine  
Unto my &c .  
But first should pay their Votes to me  
But first &c .  
And stile me only God of Wine  
And Stile &c .*

**FLUTE**



Engr. Roberts Sculp. 1728

According to Act of Parliament

# The Judgment of Paris

When for a Silly glittering Toy, Three Goddesses were in dispute; Each try'd to bribe the gentle Boy, And gain the Golden Fruit.

5 7 6 4 6 6 5

# 6 6 6 6 6 5

4 3 4 6

To me, said Juno, give the Prize;  
 A Kingdom shall be your Reward:  
 I'll give you Wisdom Pallas cries,  
 More worthy your Regard.

Here Venus artfully step'd in;  
 My Present will more tempting prove  
 A Beauty promis'd let me win,  
 And quit all else for Love.

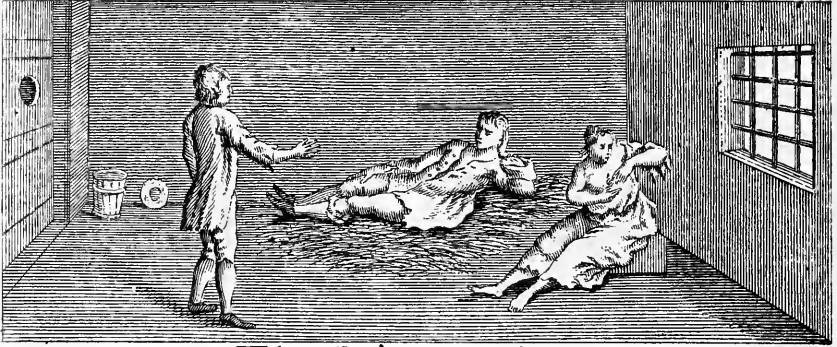
She said: he bow'd & thus replies,  
 Goddess, I can't but take this part:  
 What King so great, what Sage so wise  
 As he who rules a Heart!

Like Paris I would scorn a Crown,  
 To possess my sordid Riches blind;  
 I'd learn my slight, my Books lay down  
 Would Emma but be kind.

## FLUTE

Flute musical notation for the piece, including treble clef, 3/4 time signature, and various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and triplets.





## The Prisoners Song

A starving life all day we lead, No comfort here is found, At Night we make one

Common bed, upon the Boarded Ground; Where fleas in troops, & Bugs in shoals into our

Bosoms Creep, and Deathwatches spüters round, by Walls, disturb us in our Sleep.

2  
 Were Socrates alive, and Bound  
 With us to lead his life,  
 'T would move his Patience far beyond  
 His crabbed, Scolding Wife;  
 Hard Lodging and much harder fare,  
 Would try the wisest Sage,  
 Nay! even make a Parson Swear,  
 And curse this sinful Age.

3  
 Thus, we Insolvent debtors live;  
 Yet we may Boldly say,  
 Worse Villains often Credit give,  
 Than those that never pay,  
 For wealthy Knaves can with applause  
 Cheat on and ne'er be try'd,  
 But in Contempt of human Laws,  
 In Coaches Safely ride

## Flute

*Lucretia,*Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Betts

*Lucretia the Empire of Rome did destroy, and Helen they say was the*

*ruin of Troy The one was too wanton the other too nice, Excesses shall prove*

*fatal in Virtue and Vice*

*To be Ship wrack'd on either, I never design,  
But to Sail between both in a Sea of good Wine;  
What tho' some dull Matron our mirth disapprove  
Tis safer for Ladies to drink then to Love.*

*Here's a health to all those that are better then wise,  
Whosom to be licious yet are not precise;  
What tho' some dull Matron our mirth disapprove,  
Tis safer for Ladies to drink then to Love.*

*FLUTE*



*Old Chiron's Advice to Achilles*

*Adagio*

Old Chiron thus Preachid to his Pupil Achilles, I'll tell you I'll

Old Chiron thus Preachid to his Pupil Achilles, I'll

tell you young Gentleman what the Fate's will is: You my Boy you my Boy must

tell you young Gentleman what the Fate's will is: You my Boy you my Boy must

go, must go the Gods will have it so, to the Siege of Troy, thence never to re-

go, must go the Gods will have it so, to the Siege of Troy thence

turn, thence never to return, never to return never to return to Greece a-

never to return thence never to return never to return to Greece a-

gain, but before those Walls to be Slain, but before those Walls

gain, but before those Walls to be Slain but before

to be Slain before those Walls, those Walls to be Slain.

those Walls to be Slain before those Walls to be Slain.



within Compass of the Flute,

set by M<sup>r</sup> Wise

*Allegro* Let not y<sup>e</sup>. Noble Courage be cast down Let not y<sup>e</sup>. Noble Courage  
 Let not y<sup>e</sup>. Noble Courage be cast down Let not y<sup>e</sup>. Noble Courage be cast down  
 be cast down Let not y<sup>e</sup>. Noble Courage Let not y<sup>e</sup>. Noble Courage be cast down  
 Let not y<sup>e</sup>. Noble Courage be cast down Let not y<sup>e</sup>. Noble Courage be cast down  
 but all the while you lye before the Town Drink all the while drink all y<sup>e</sup>. while you  
 but all the while you lye before the Town Drink all the while drink all y<sup>e</sup>. while you  
 lye before the Town drink and drive care away drink and be Merry, You'll  
 lye before the Town drink and drive care away drink and be Merry  
 neer go the sooner You'll neer go the sooner You'll neer go the  
 You'll neer go the sooner *s.* the sooner You'll neer go the  
 sooner to the Stygian Ferry *s.*  
 sooner to the Stygian Ferry



*The Passionate Lover, set by M<sup>r</sup>. Webber*

Tell me tell me charming Creature, will you

never ease my Pain; Must I dye for ev-ry

Feature, must I al-ways Love in Vain.

The desire of Admiration,  
Is the pleasure you pursue;  
Prithee try a lasting Passion,  
Such a Love as mine for you.

Tears and Sighing could not move you  
For a Lover ought to dare;  
When I plainly told I lov'd You,  
Then you said I went too far.

Are such giddy ways be seeming,  
Will my Year be sickle still;  
Conquest is the Joy of Women  
Let their Slaves be what they will  
Your neglect when torment fills me,  
And my desperate thought increase,  
Pray consider if you kill me,  
You will have a Lover less

If your wand'ring Heart is heating,  
For new Lovers let it be;  
But when you have done Coqueting,  
Name a day and fix on me.

**FLUTE**



*Stand by! Clear the Way*

What tho' they call me Country Lass, I read it plainly in my Glass, y. for a Dutchess

I might pass, Oh could I see the Day! Would Fortune but attend my call, at

Park at Play at Ring at Ball I'd Brave y. Proud of em all, With a Stand by! Clew y. way!

Surrounded by a Crowd of Beaux  
With smart Toupets, and Order'd Cloaths,  
At Revuls I'll turn up my Nose;  
Oh could I see the Day!  
I'll dart such glances from these Eyes,  
Shall make some Nobleman my Prize,  
And then, Oh how I'll Tyrannize,  
With a Stand by! Clear the way!  
Oh then for Grandure and delight,  
For Equipage and Diamonds bright,  
And Flambeaux, that outshine the light;  
Oh could I see the Day!  
Thus ever easy, ever gay  
Quadrille shall wear the Night away,  
And pleasure Crown the growing Day;  
With a Stand by! Clear the way!

Flute



Here Escherich. calc.

*The Melancholly Nymph, s + b, M. Kündel*

*It was when y<sup>e</sup> Seas were roaring with hollow blasts of Wind, A Tempest lay de-  
ploring all on a Rock reclind Wide o'er y<sup>e</sup> rolling billows She cast a wishful  
look, Her Head was crown'd w<sup>th</sup> willows that trembled o'er the Brook.*

*Twelve Months<sup>2</sup> were gone keover,  
And nine long tedious days;  
Why didst thou ventrous lover,  
Why didst thou trust the Seas,  
Cease cease then Cruel Ocean,  
And let my lover rest;  
Oh! what's the troubled motion,  
To that within my Breast,*

*The Marchant<sup>3</sup> sold of Pleasure,  
Thou'st<sup>4</sup> Tempests in despair;  
But what's the loss of Treasure,  
To the losing of my Dear,  
Should you some Coast be laid on,  
Where Gold and Diamonds grow;  
You'd find a Richer Maiden,  
But none that loves you so.*

*How can they say that Nature,  
Has nothing made in vain;  
Why then bereave the water,  
Doe hideous Rocks remain;  
To Eyes the Rocks discover,  
That lurk beneath the Deep;  
To wrack the wandering lover,  
And leave the Maid to weep.*

*Oh Melancholly<sup>5</sup> Lying  
Thou'st<sup>6</sup> aid the forlorn<sup>7</sup> Dear;  
Repaid each blast with sighing,  
Each Billow with a Tear;  
A hen o'er y<sup>e</sup> white waves stooping,  
As floating Corps she spy'd;  
Then like a silly drooping,  
She bow'd her head & dy'd.*

**The lute**

Musical notation for the lute accompaniment, consisting of two staves with treble clefs and a 6/8 time signature. The notation includes various rhythmic values and ornaments.



Published according to Act of Parliament 1739

of Robert Duncanson

### The Topers Sentence on a Sneaker

To the God of Wine, my Song & my design With a grateful spirit will I raise, 'Tis my

Heart's delight, to give him ev'ry Night, & to Carrol Merrily his Praise a Monarch

Bacchus gay & young Free to save us, & relieve us, when th' World goes wrong, sound his Name

raise it high doing his fame to the Sky all the wise World joyn in our Song

Should a Mortal dare,  
 His merry Subjects sneer  
 Let him dread the Fate decreed:  
 A new Law well weigh'd  
 The drinking Court has made  
 And to Justice thus they'll proceed  
 Set the Rebel to the Bar;  
 That the Traytor, bound in Fetter,  
 May his Sentence hear;  
 Let the Rogue, in a String,  
 Like a Dog, Take a Spring,  
 Or be drown'd in Rot-gut Small-Beer

Flute

Musical notation for the flute part, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is a lively, rhythmic piece.





H. Roberts. Sculp.

## The Mournful Shepherdess

Glide gently on, thou murmuring Brook & sooth my tender Grief, 'Twas  
here the fatal Wound I took, 'tis here I seek Relief. With Sistris on this  
Verdant Shore I fondly sat re-clin'd, Believ'd the Charming things he Swore too  
credulous by kind, too cre-dulous by kind.

While thus he said, this purling Stream  
Back to its Spring shall flow,  
O Pastorella! 'er my Flame  
The least decay shall know.  
Ye conscious Waves roll back again,  
Back to your Crystal head,  
The false ungrateful perjur'd Swain,  
Has broke the Lóvs he made.  
Flas broke &c.

Perhaps some fairer Shepherdess  
His faithless breast has warm'd,  
And those kind Lóvs & soft address  
Her guiltless Heart has charm'd.  
But tell the Nymph thou gentle Stream  
If 'er she visits Thee,  
The brechless Youth has vow'd y' same  
Yet broke his Faith with me  
Yet broke his &c.

Flute



H. Roberts Sculp.

## The Coquet

Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Lampe

Crows of Coxcombs thus de-luding, cringing chattering ogling flattering by co-

quetting and by pruding all are Victims to my Art While at will the Fools I'm

leading they for Favours in-ter-ceed-ing with vain Hopes th' fancies feeding

still untouched I keep my Heart still untouched I keep my Heart.

Each imagines he shall gain me,  
Thinks I prize him,  
Who despise him,  
All their Wiles shall ne'er obtain me,  
Born to Baffle all Mankind,

Like the Winds & waves still changing  
Never Constant ever ranging  
Cupid from my Heart estranging  
That's as Cold as he is blind  
That's &c.

### FLUTE



## Fair Clora

As I saw fair Clo ----- ra walk a lone, the  
 As I saw fair Clora walk a lone the  
 fea ----- ther'd snow came softly down, softly down, softly  
 fea ----- ther'd snow came softly down softly  
 down softly down softly down came softly softly soft-ly down  
 down softly down came softly softly soft-ly down  
 As Jove descending de-scending from his Ton'r to court  
 As Jove de-scending from his Ton'r to court her  
 her in a Silver Show'r as Jove descending from his Ton'r to  
 in a Silver Show'r as Jove descending from his Ton'r  
 Court her to Co ----- urt her in a Silver Show'r.  
 to Co ----- urt her in a Silver Show'r.





# The Jolly Breeze

set by M Eccles

*The jolly jolly Breeze, that comes whistling thro' y<sup>e</sup> Trees, from a-----ll the*

*blisful region brings, Perfum-----ms upon its spicy Wings, on its spicy Wings, n<sup>o</sup> its*

*no-----nton motion cur-ling cur-ling*

*cur-ling cur-ling curling the Crystal Hills, n<sup>o</sup> down down down down down y<sup>e</sup>.*

*Al-lur-n run run run run o'er Golden gravel purling*

*Flute*

The musical score consists of ten systems of staves. The first system is a vocal line with lyrics. The second system is a piano accompaniment with lyrics. The third system is a vocal line with lyrics. The fourth system is a piano accompaniment with lyrics. The fifth system is a vocal line with lyrics. The sixth system is a piano accompaniment with lyrics. The seventh system is a vocal line with lyrics. The eighth system is a piano accompaniment with lyrics. The ninth system is a flute part with lyrics. The tenth system is a piano accompaniment with lyrics.



*On Gallant Moor of Moor Hall.*

*It's a Man ev'ry Inch I saw You stout vig'rous active & tall There's none can from danger se-  
 cure you like brave Gallant Moor of Moor Hall no Giant or Knight e'er quell'd him he  
 fills all their hearts w<sup>th</sup> alarms no Virgin yet ever beheld him no virgin yet ever beheld him no  
 Virgin yet ever beheld him but wish'd herself caspid in his Arms wish'd herself caspid in his Arms*

*FLUTE.*

Flute accompaniment for the piece, featuring various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings like *adag.*



Published according to Act of Parliament 1710. St. Roberts St.

## Stephon's Complaint

How can you lovely Nancy thus cruelly slight A Swain who is  
 wretched when banish'd your Sight, Who for your sake a--lone, thinks  
 life worth his Care, But n<sup>o</sup>. soon if you frown on must end in Despair.

<p>If you meant thus to torture Onhy did y<sup>e</sup> Eyes          Once express so much softness &amp; sweetly Surprize          By their lustre inflam'd I could not believe,          As they shed such mild influence they e'er would deceiv</p> <p>But alas! like y<sup>e</sup> Pilgrim benvider'd in Night,          Who perceiv's a false Splendor at distance invide          Overjoy'd He hastens on, pursues it and Dies; --          A like Ruin attends me if away Nancy flies</p>	<p>O forget not the Raptures you felt in my Arms,          When you call'd me dear Angel &amp; unweild all y<sup>e</sup> Charms          When you wou'd lasting love &amp; swore with a kiss          That in my fond Embraces was center'd all Bliss</p> <p>Fairest, but most o-bdurate consider that Woe,          Will like sickness neglected, more desperate grow          That your heart may relent I implore y<sup>e</sup> kind powers          Since I'm constant as y<sup>e</sup> Sex, be not Pickle as Ours.</p>
---	---

## FLUTE



H. Roberts. Solo. 1730.

# The Thirsty Toper

*Presto*

*Sym.*

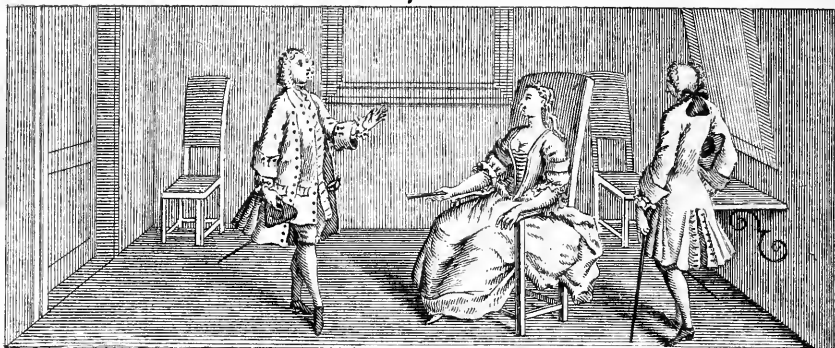
If the Glasses they are empty, Fill again my Souls a Dry Sure such Wine as  
 this will tempt ye to Carouse in Sympathy; Thirsty Souls like Plants aspiring, Moisture  
 ever are desiring Thus carefing, Nature's Blessing, We'll y. sober World despise. D.C

See the Bottle how its Beauty,  
 Smiles in ev'ry Ruby Face;  
 We to Bacchus owe a Duty,  
 Drink brave Heroes, drink a pace.  
 Could the Globe be fill'd with Claret,  
 Souls like mine woud never spare it,  
 Ever drinking 'till out of thinking,  
 We'd the happy Hours embrace.

## Flute

Flute musical notation with treble clef and 3/8 time signature. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the marking "D.C".





Published according to the Order of Parliament 1758. *England's Lamentation for the loss of Farnelli* J. H. Roberts Delin.

What did his fortune hath he

fell, Each Quivering Beau & tuneful Bell, lost Fa--ri-nel-lis kil-ling Note, For Spain has caught him

by the Throat Far far a way he's forc'd to stay kil-ling thrilling thrilling

kil-ling Ruin'd lost & quite undone, Charming Fari-nelli's gone.

Our Tears had scarcely ceas'd to flow  
That Senesino needs woud go,  
When straight a heavier Loss we know,  
Dear Farnelli's Kidnap't too,  
Farnelli, Senesino,  
Senesino, Farnelli,  
Ruin'd, lost and quite undone,  
Both the Warblers, both are flou'n.

Fute

O Cruel Spain will nought suffice,  
Will nought redeem the lovely prize,  
Take all our Ships, take all our Men  
So we enjoy but him again,  
O send him straight, or: Nobles wait  
O send him quick, We all are sick,  
Ruin'd, Lords and Commons all,  
From St. James's to Guildhall.



Published accord. to Act of Parliament.  
1739

*A Pastoral Courtship* Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Young

Gentle Breezes Silent Glades, Purling Streams &

cooling Shades; Senses pleasing Pains ap---peasing,

Love each tender Breast invades.

Here the Graces beauty's bring  
 Here the warbling Linnets sing  
 Love inspiring, All desiring  
 To adorn the infant Spring

Here behold the Am'rous Swain,  
 Free from Anguish free from Pain!  
 Nymphs complying, Cars beguiling  
 Venus smiling glads the Plain.

Let not us too charming, Fair  
 Be the only hapless Pair  
 Believe me! Cease to grieve me  
 Ease your anxious Lover's care.

In thy air and Charming Face,  
 Dwells an irresistible Grace,  
 Ever charming, Ever flaming  
 To pursue the blissful Chase.

Let me touch this panting Breast!  
 Here for ever let me rest!  
 Bliss enjoying! Never cloying  
 Ever Loving ever Blest

Flute



H. Roberts Sculp. 2739.

### The Lady's Ramble to May Fair.

From grave Lessons & Restraint I'm stol'd out to Revel here, yet I tremble and I  
 part in the middle of the Fair. Oh oh oh wou'd fortune in my way, thro' a  
 Lover kind & Gay, non's the time non's y' time non's y' time, he soon may move a young heart w/  
 us'd to Love. Shall I venture no no no shall I from y' danger go, oh, no, no, no, no, no,  
 no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, I must not try, I cannot fly, I must not durst not, cannot  
 Fly----- I must not try, I cannot fly, I must not durst not cannot Fly.



H. Roberts Sculp. 1739.

Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Weldon for the German Flute

Help me Nature, help me Art, why should I de----ny my heart, Help me Nature,  
 help me Art why should I de----ny my heart, If a Lover will pursue, like the  
 wisest let me do, I will fit him if he's true, If he's false I'll fit him too.

FLUTE



Pub. accord to Act of Parliament, 1739

## The Desperate Lover

H. Roberts Solo

Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Carey

Sooner than I'll my Love forego and lose the Man I prize and

lose the Man I prize I'll bravely combat e'ry noe I'll bravely combat

e'ry noe or fall a Sa-cri-fi- - - - - ce or fall a Sa-cri- - - - - fice .

NB. the lines that have this Mark :S: are Sing twice over.

2  
Nor bolts nor bars shall me controul,  
I Death and danger dare :S:  
Restraint but fires the Active Soul :S:  
And urges fierce despair :S:

3  
The window now shall be my Gate,  
I'll either fall or fly :S:  
Before I'll live with him I hate :S:  
For him I love I'll die :S:

## FLUTE



Published according to Act of Parliament 1739

By Robert Scaup

# Autumn

Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Brown

Re--turn re--turn my love--- by Nymph, for Summer's

6 6 \* 6 \* 6 6 6

Pleasures now will fade; The trem---bling-Leaves begin to

4 3 6 6 6

drop, All Nature se-ems as if-----decay'd

\* 6 \* 6 6 \* 2 6 4 \* 5

*Th' harmonious Nightingale's retir'd,  
Th' Approach of Wintry Nights to mourn;  
The Lark forgets to mount the sky,  
Ah lovely Celia quick return .*

*The blushing Roses Charms decay,  
The Lilly droops it's lovely Head;  
Sweet winding Thames begins to swell  
And visit th' unfrequented Mead.*

*The Shepherd's Pipe neglected lyes,  
The Vallies now no more delight;  
Soft pleasing Scenes of Country life,  
Have taken to their Annual Flight .*

## Flute

Flute musical notation with treble clef, 3/4 time signature, and various ornaments.



## The Present State of Little<sup>r</sup> Britain

Britons where is your great Magna ni-mi-ty where's your  
 Britons where is your great Magna ni mi-ty where's your  
 boasted Courage flown; Quite perverted to Pu-si--la  
 boasted Courage flown; Quite perverted to Pu-si--la  
 ni-mi-ty scarce to call your Souls your own.  
 ni-mi-ty scarce to call your Souls your own.

What your Ancestors<sup>2</sup> won so victoriously,  
 Crown'd with Conquest in the Field;  
 You'd relinquish & C! most Ingloriously,  
 To oppression tamely yield.  
 Freedom now for her Flight makes preparative,  
 See her ne' ceasing quit the Shore;  
 Britain's Loss will be then just Comparative,  
 A'ever to behold Her more.  
 Gracious Gods to assist avengitate,  
 Stretch forth thy vindictive Hand;  
 Make oppressors their Plunder regurgitate,  
 And preserve a sinking Land.

### Flute

Flute musical notation, consisting of two staves with treble clefs and a 3/4 time signature. The notation includes various notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as *tr* and *f*.



J. Roberts sculp. 1739

### The Distracted Lover set by M<sup>r</sup>. Boyce

I love I doat I rave with Pain, No Quiet in my Mind Tho' ne'er could be a

happier Swain nor Silvia left unkind. For when as long her Chain I've worn I ask Re-

lief from smart, She only gives me looks of Scorn, Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

My Rivals rich in worldly Store,  
 May offer Heaps of Gold,  
 But surely I a Pleas'n adore,  
 Too precious to be sold,  
 Can Silvia such a low comb prize,  
 For Wealth and not Desert,  
 And my poor sighs and Tears despise,  
 Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

When like some panting hovering Dove,  
 I for my Bliss contend,  
 And plead the Cause of eager Love,  
 She coldly calls me Friend,  
 Ah Silvia thus in vain you strive,  
 To act a healing Part,  
 'Twill keep but lingering Pain alive,  
 Alas! and break my Heart.

When on my lonely pensive Bed,  
 I lay me down to rest,  
 In hopes to calm my raging Head,  
 And cool my burning Breast,  
 Her Cruelty all ease denies  
 With some sad Dream I start  
 All drown'd in Tears I find my Eyes,  
 And breaking feel my Heart.

Then rising thro' the Path I rove,  
 That leads me where she dwells;  
 Where to the senseless Waves my Love,  
 Its mournful Story tells,  
 With sighs I dew & kiss the Door,  
 Till Morning bids Depart,  
 Then vent ten thousand sighs & more,  
 Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

Buddivia when this Conquest's won,  
 And I am gone and Cold;  
 Renounce the cruel Dred you've done,  
 Nor glory when tis told,  
 For ev'ry lovely generous Maid,  
 Will take my injured Part;  
 And Curse thee Silvia I'm afraid,  
 For breaking my poor Heart

### Flute







*Fair Silvia.* set by *M.<sup>r</sup> Boyce* Gen. Roberts Fecit

*Silvia the fair in the Bloom of fifteen, felt an Innocent Warmth as she lay on the Green, she had*

*heard of a Pleasure, & som etill she quest, by their tong<sup>s</sup>, by tumbling & touching her breast she saw y<sup>e</sup> men*

*eager but was at a loss, w<sup>h</sup> they meant by th<sup>e</sup> sighing & kissing so close, by th<sup>e</sup> praying & whining &*

*clasp<sup>ing</sup> & twining & panting & wish<sup>ing</sup> & sigh<sup>ing</sup> & kiss<sup>ing</sup> & sigh<sup>ing</sup> & kiss<sup>ing</sup> so close*

<p><i>Ah! she cryd Ah! for a languishing Maid, In a Country of Christians to die without aid Not allig or a Torj or Trimmer at least, Or a Protestant Planson, or Catholick Priest, To instruct a young Virjin who is at a loss What they mean by their sighing &amp; kissing so close By their praying &amp; c.</i></p>	<p><i>Cupid in shape of a swain did appear, As an y<sup>e</sup> sad Wound &amp; in Pity drew near Then shew'd her his Arrows, &amp; bid her not fear For y<sup>e</sup> Pain was no more if a Maiden may bear When y<sup>e</sup> Balm was infus'd she was not at a loss What they meant by th<sup>e</sup> sighing &amp; kissing so close By their praying &amp; c.</i></p>
--	---

Flute



H. Roberts sculp 1739

### The Wakeful Nightingale

The Wakeful Nightingale

The Wakeful Nightingale takes no

Rest while Cupid warms while Cupid warms his little Breast

all Night how Sweetly how Sweetly he <sup>lures</sup> comp. & makes us

fear that, so ----- ve has Pains. No, no, no, no tis no such thing no, no, no,

no, no, no, no tis no such thing for love & makes him Wake for love & make him Wa-----



Hen. Roberts Sculp 1739

set by M. Weldon

ke makes him sing no, no, no, no, tis  
no such thing for love y. makes him Wa  
ke makes him sing

FLUTE



John Roberts fecit

Cease the Rovers

set by M. Hen Purcell

Cease ye Rovers cease to re- nge to ra- nge the Rovers Cease to

Cease the Rovers cease to ra- nge the Rovers Cease to

ra- nge pleasure re-

m- nge pleasure

vels, pleasure re- vels least in Change

re- vels, pleasure re- vels pleasure revels least in Change

Wandering still & still uneasie still, still uneasie, nought can fix ye, nought notie, can plea-

Wandering still & still uneasie still, still uneasie nought can fix ye, nought nought can plea-

se ye nought can please ye whilst true love like heav'nly joys

se ye nought can please ye whilst true love like heav'nly joys

never never dies never never never dies & never Cloys Cloys.

never never never never never never dies & never Cloys, Cloys.



Then, Roberton's edit

### The Chaplet

set by D.<sup>r</sup> Greene

Cheerful

Ye purple-blooming Roses, Whom Love in wreaths disposes, Why guard ye

so your Treasures, And grudge y<sup>e</sup> Boy his Pleasures. So mixt w<sup>th</sup> sweet & sower,

Life's not unlike the Flower; It's sweets unpluck'd will languish, And gather'd

'tis with anguish It's sweets unpluck'd w<sup>ll</sup> languish, & gather'd 'tis with anguish.

Then, lovely Boy, bring hither  
The Chaplet, e'er it wither,  
Steep'd in the various Juices  
The Cluster'd Vine produces:

Flute

This, round my moisten'd Tresses,  
The use of life expresses:  
:S: // ine blunts y<sup>e</sup> Thorn of Sorrow;  
Our Rose may fade to morrow: S:



## Off on the Troubled Ocean

Ben. Roberts Sculp 5730  
set by M<sup>r</sup> Galliard

Off on y<sup>e</sup> troubled Ocean's face loud stormy Winds arise, The murmuring Surges swell apace, &

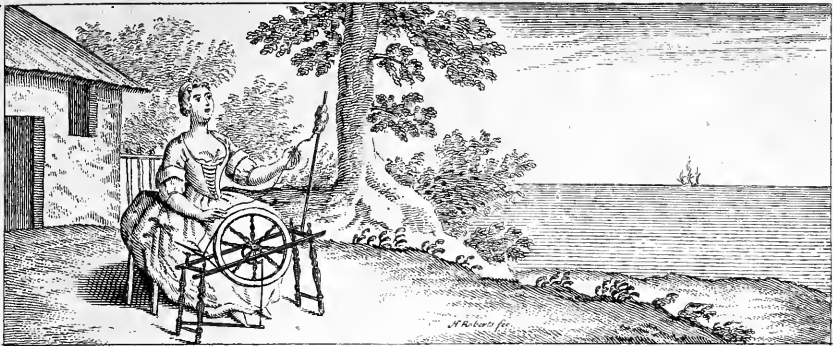
Clouds obscure y<sup>e</sup> Skies: Skies: But when y<sup>e</sup> Tempest's Rage is o'er, soft Breezes smooth y<sup>e</sup> Main, the

Billow's cease to lash y<sup>e</sup> Shore, & all is Calm a-gain Not so in fond & Am-raus

Souls, if tyrant Love once reigns, there one Eternal Tempest rools, & yields unceasing

Pains not Pains: Ah! cruel God our Peace restore or wound us with thy Shafts no more

Oh! cruel God, Oh! Cruel God our Peace restore or wound us w<sup>th</sup> thy Shafts no more.



Published according to Act of Parliament, 1739.

## Fair Sally

set by D.<sup>r</sup> Green

Heartly

Fair Sally lov'd a bonny Seaman With Tears she sent him out to roam Young Thomas  
 lov'd no other Woman, But left his heart with her at home She view'd by Sea from off the  
 Hill, and while she turn'd by Spinning Wheel, Sung of her bonny Seaman.

The Winds blew loud and she grew paler,  
 To see the Weather cock turn round;  
 When lo! she spy'd her bonny sailor  
 Come singing o'er the fallow Ground:  
 With nimble haste he leap'd the stile  
 And sallie met him with a mile  
 And hug'd her bonny sailor.

Fast round the Waste he took his Sally,  
 But first around his Mouth wip'd he;  
 Like homely red spark he could not rally,  
 But kiss'd, and press'd her with a Glee;  
 Thro' Woods and Waves, and dashing Rain,  
 Cry'd He, thy Tom's return'd again,  
 And brings a Heart for Sally.

Welcome she cry'd, my constant Thomas,  
 Tho' out of sight ne'er out of Mind;  
 Our Hearts, tho' Seas have parted from us,  
 Yet they my thoughts did leave behind:  
 So much my thoughts took Tommy's part  
 That Time nor Absence from my Heart  
 Could drive my constant Thomas

This Knife the Gift of lovely Sally,  
 I still have kept for her dear Sake;  
 A thousand times in am'rous Folly,  
 Thy Name I've carv'd upon the Back;  
 Again this happy Pledge returns,  
 To tell how truly Thomas burns,  
 How truly burns for Sally.

This Humble didst thou give to Sally;  
 Whilst this I see, I think of you  
 Then why does Tom stand still, I shall I,  
 While yonder Sleep's in our View?  
 Tom, never to Occasion blind  
 Now took her in the coming Mind  
 And went to Church with Sally.

## FLUTE





J. Roberts fecit 1739

## The Flea

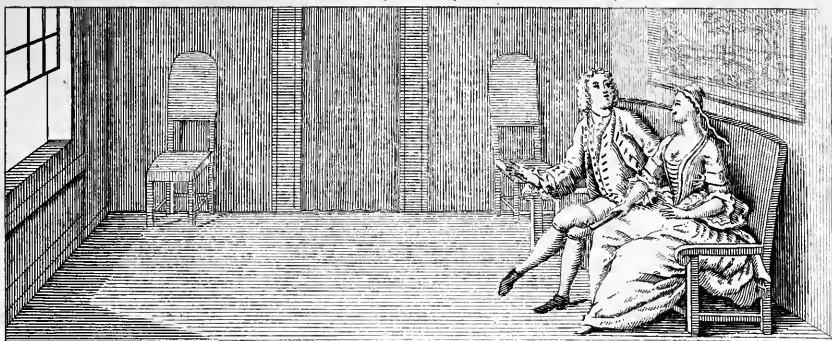
set by D<sup>r</sup>. Green

Little Flea why so Bloodthirsty thou'st drunk till it has almost burst ye thou'st  
drunk till it has almost burst ye, thou'rt now too full of Pride I warrant, To  
stir a step on Strephon's Errand To stir a step on Strephon's Errand.

Yet prithee sweet sincere Backbiter,  
:S: To Chloe go, that false Delighter;  
Go hide thy self within her Bodice,  
And make her own, She is no Goddess :S:

Tell her the Shafts of Cupids Quiver,  
:S: So from her Eyes have pierc'd my Liver  
And when she holds Thee 'twixt her Fingers,  
Say, thus your lovesick Strephon lingers :S:

## FLUTE



J. Roberts fecit

Published accord<sup>t</sup> to Act of Parliament. 1739

### *Tis thee I Love*

*Tis thee I Love I'll constant prove you are the*

*Charmer of my Heart Heart Dearest be--lieve me*

*I'll ne'er de-ceive thee from Clo-e bright Cloe I ne'er can part.*

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system is in 3/8 time. The second system is in 4/4 time. The third system is in 4/4 time. Fingerings and other performance markings are indicated throughout the score.

2  
*Be kind as Fair,  
 Oh be not severe,  
 But shew Compassion on your Swain;  
 You'll ne'er repent it,  
 No ne'er relent it,  
 Dear Creature, dear Creature now ease my Pain*

### *FLUTE*

The flute part consists of two staves of music. The first staff is in 3/8 time, and the second staff is in 4/4 time. The music features various melodic lines and ornaments.



W. Roberts fecit

Printed and sold by A. S. W. in the Strand, 1770

## My Dady's a Delver of Dykes

My Dady's a Delver of Dykes, my Minny can Card and spin and I'm a  
 bonny young lass & the siller comes linkin in. The siller comes linkin in and  
 it is fou fair to see, and it's won won won what ails the lads at me.

When ever our Bauty does Bark,  
 Then fast to the Door I do rin,  
 To see gin ony young Spark  
 Will light and venture in,  
 But nêr a ane comes in,  
 Tho' mony a ane gaes by,  
 Syne Ben the House I rin,  
 And a weary night am I.

I had an auld Wife to my Minny,  
 And (won) gin she kept me lang,  
 And now the Cartlin's Dead,  
 And I'll do what I can,  
 And I'll do what I can,  
 Wi' my Twentry Pound & my Cow,  
 But won it's an unco' thing,  
 That na Body comes to woe.

## FLUTE



Ken Roberts fecit

Published according to Act of Parliament, 1739

## The Disappointment

Damon ask'd me but once And I faintly de---ny'd Intending to

snaph him y. next To me he try'd; but alas he's determin'd to ask me no

more And now makes his suit to the fam'd *Leanore*; But alas he's de-

termin'd to ask me no more And now makes his Suit to the fam'd *Leanore*.

Yet why should I grieve, for I am well assur'd  
 Had he lov'd me, he ne'er would have ta'en the first Word,  
 Tho' he fawns, & he cringes, I'll venture to say,  
 That Man is a Fool that will take the first Nay  
 Had his Love been sincere, & he really in Pain,  
 He then would have ask'd me again and again;  
 But adieu, let him go, for I never will vex  
 A Swain that's in Earnest allows for our Sex.

Flute



J.C. Roberts fecit 1759

## Clorinda

Clorinda hear my Moan my Boon do not deny if you'll not be my  
 own your martyr I must die: Remember that my Love to you is ever  
 true I can't my Passion move, its fix'd till Death on You

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If you my Life will save,  
 Receive me in your Arms;  
 Or sink me in my Grave,  
 A Victim to your Charms,  
 But when I'm dead and gone  
 Let this then be your Guide;  
 Engrave it on my Tomb,  
 For you I liv'd and dy'd.

## F L U T E



J. Roberts fecit 1739

### Charming Phillis

Dear charming Beauty you're my Pleasure, 'tis you alone that I a-----dore ;  
 grant me you're love my on-ly Treasure and all my Care will now be o'er  
 Ah do not fly me my dear Jewel lest you kill your faithful Slave  
 you ne'er was known yet to be cruel to destroy what you can save .

Had I ne'er seen you charming Phillis,  
 Such Torture I should ne'er have known;  
 But thank my Stars if that your will is,  
 To smile and over be my own,  
 No greater blessing I'd desire,  
 Than your matchless Charms my Fair;  
 For you are all that I admire,  
 And all I love and all I fear.

### Flute



Non Robertus fecit

## Scots Sang

Published according to Act of Parliament 1739  
set by D. Green

Tender

Sweet Annie fra the Sea Beach came, where Jockey spaild y<sup>e</sup> 1 of his side Oh! what can keep her

heart at home, w<sup>h</sup> Jockey's toyl aboon y<sup>e</sup> Tule Far off all distant Realms he gangs, But Ie be true as

he ha bin And when ikk gys a-raund him thrangs he'll think on Annie's faithfu Teen.

Our Wealthy Laird I met yestreen,  
With Gov'd in hand he tempt'd me;  
He prais'd my Brown, and rounan Gem,  
And made a Brag of what he'd gie  
What tho' my Jockey's far an'dy,  
Blaw'd up and down the awesome Main  
Ie keep my heart an'uther Day  
Syne Jockey may return again.

Nae mair fause Jamy sing nae mair,  
And fairly cast your Pipe away,  
Thy Jockey wad be troubled sair,  
To see his Freen his loo' betray,  
Yer sangs, and a yer Fense is vain,  
While Jockey's Notes do faithfu flow,  
To hush my Heart sal true remain,  
Ie keep it for my constant Jo.

Blaw fast, ye Gales, rair'd Jockey's Head,  
And gar ye waves be cawn and still,  
It's hameward Sails with Brexes speed,  
And down a my Pleasures spill.  
Tho' full o'erlang will be his Stay,  
Yet then he'll bray in filler shine,  
Ie keep my Heart an'uther Day;  
Syne Jockey will again be mine.

## FLUTE