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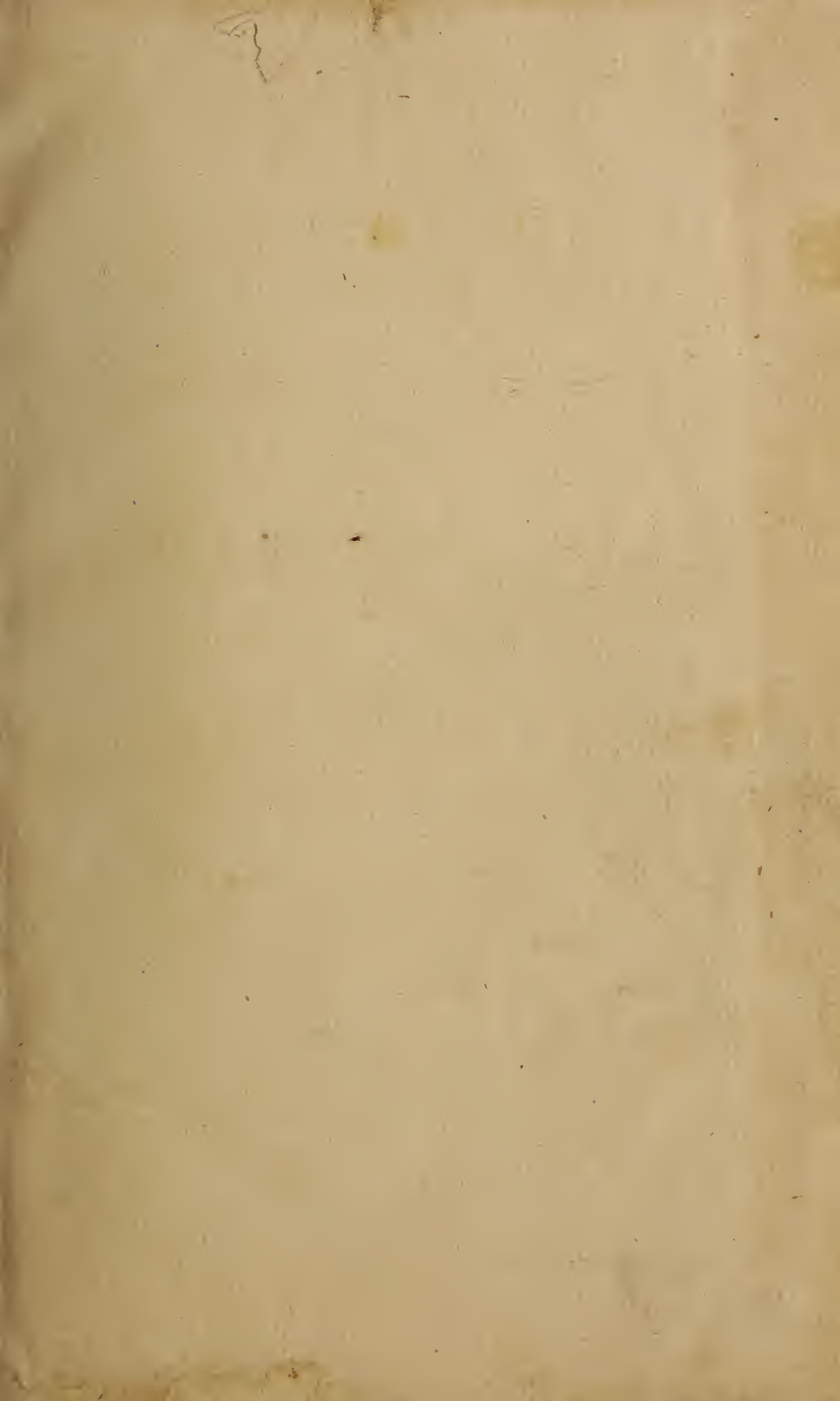
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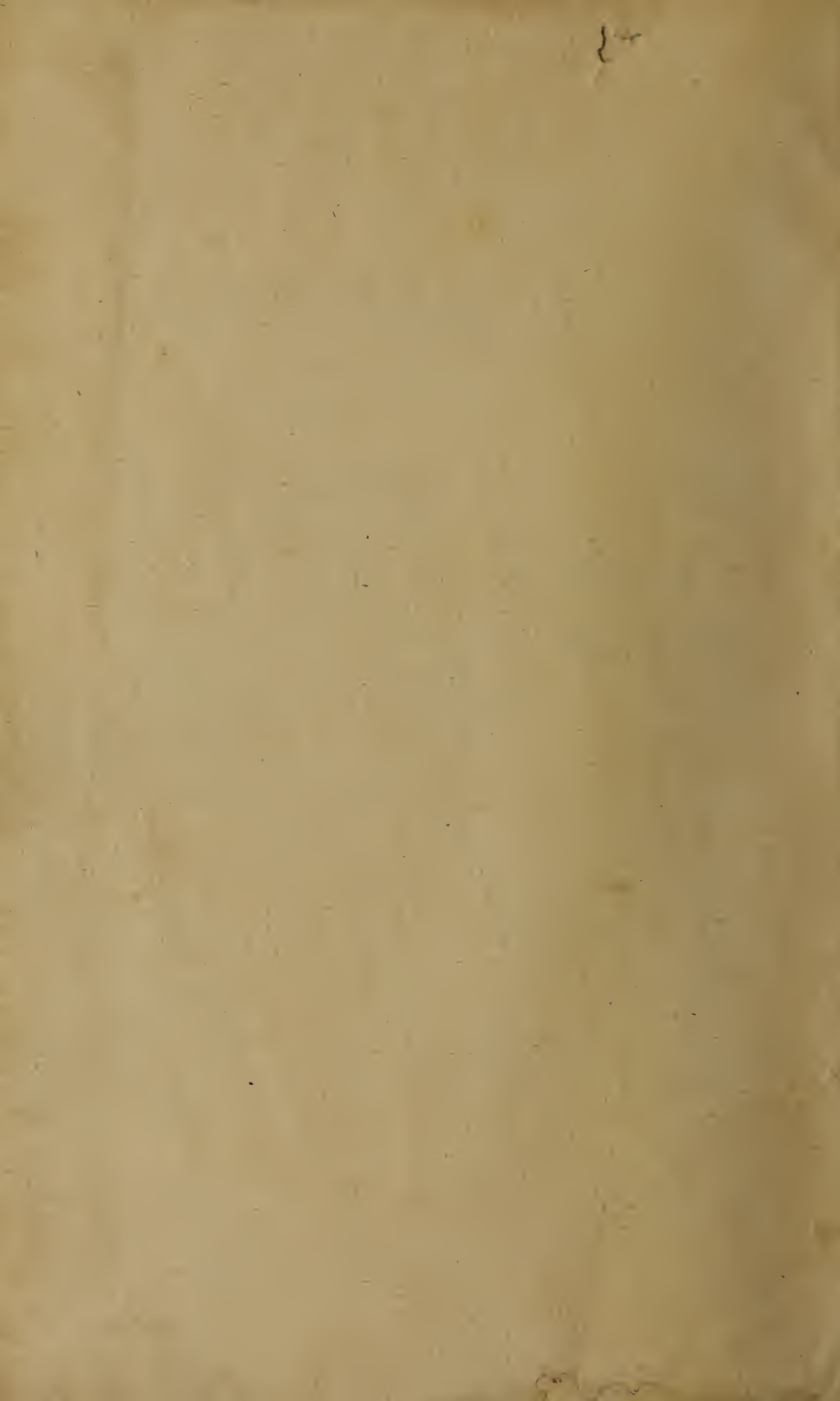
Mr. Croft,

From his sincere friend

H Bone

Jan<sup>th</sup> 30 1840











# CALLIOPE

OR

## ENGLISH HARMONY.

### A Collection

*of the most Celebrated English, and Scots, Songs, Neatly Engrav'd, and Embellish'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 Published.*

VOL: the second.

*London Engrav'd by Henry Roberts.*

*Printed for & Sold by John Simpson, at the Bass, Viol & Flute in Sweetings Alley, opposite the East Door of y<sup>e</sup> Royal Exchange of whom maybe had the first Volume*

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*Wholesale and Retail*

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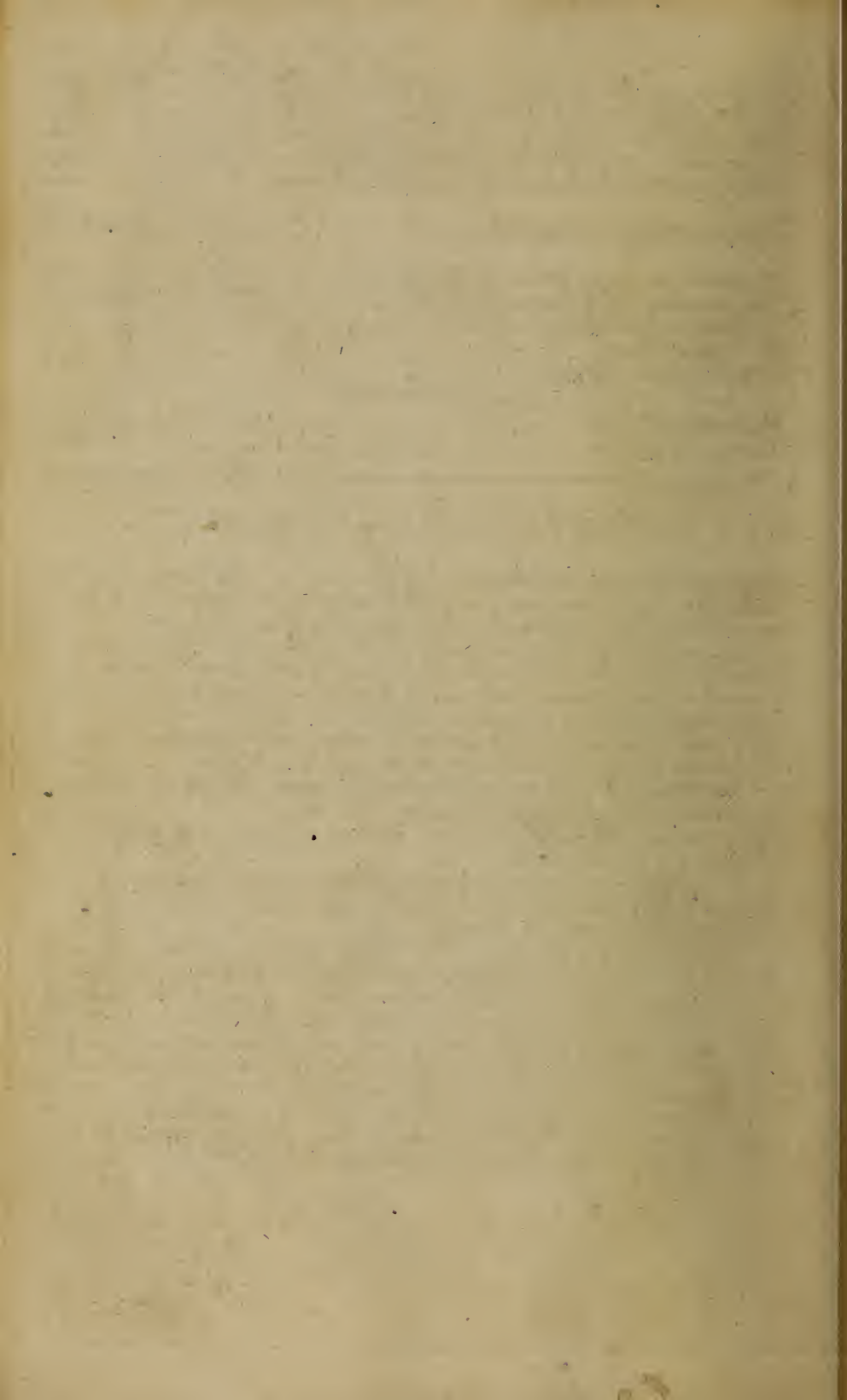
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Hen. Roberts fecit 1778.

*A New Song*, the Music by W. John Hudson

Love once was my joy and my Pleasure, but ne'er shall be so a--gain If the  
 fair one had been constant I had ever faithful prov'd; Thus cheerfully  
 with my darling liv'd Innocent and lov'd. When I call to mind her  
 Charms so Enduring ever pleasing they prompt afresh to love's alarms.  
 Love once was my joy & my pleasure, but ne'er shall be, so a--gain

Flute

The musical score consists of ten staves. The first six staves contain the vocal line with lyrics. The seventh and eighth staves are a repeat of the first two lines of the song. The ninth staff is a flute part, and the tenth staff is a continuation of the flute part. The music is in a minor key and 3/4 time. There are various musical notations including notes, rests, and ornaments.



*The Diffident Lover* Set by M. Howard

When Clo-e was by Damon seen what heart could be unmov'd she

6 6 6 5 6 4 3 6 6 5

look'd so like the Cyprian Queen he gaz'd admir'd and lov'd he lov'd alas but

6 6 6 5 6 4 3 6

lov'd in vain, & full of Grief and Care He knew he never could obtain the

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

lov'd by charming fair, the lov'd by Charming fair.

6 6 6 6 7 5 6 4 3

*Clo-e deserv'd a better Swain,  
 He not so fair a Bride;  
 Yet still he slogg'd the fatal Chain,  
 He lov'd despair'd and dy'd;  
 Take pity then thori charming Maid,  
 For Cloe's case is thine,  
 I dare not ask, so much I dread,  
 Must Damon's fate be mine.*

Flute





*The Departure* set to Musick by D.<sup>r</sup> Green

*She. tender.*

Musical notation for the first staff, featuring a treble clef, a 3/4 time signature, and a key signature of one flat. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Hence thou Deceiver never Ah! never wilt thou return to thy Chloe a--gain

Musical notation for the second staff, featuring a bass clef and a 3/4 time signature. It includes figured bass notation with numbers 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, and 6.

Musical notation for the third staff, featuring a treble clef, a 3/4 time signature, and a key signature of one flat. The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes.

Grown in your leisure fond of new Pleasure some fairer Rival will laugh at my Pain

Musical notation for the fourth staff, featuring a bass clef and a 3/4 time signature. It includes figured bass notation with numbers 8, 6, 6, 6, 6, and 6.

*He*

Musical notation for the fifth staff, featuring a treble clef, a 3/4 time signature, and a key signature of one flat. The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes.

Dry up those Show'rs sweeter than Flowers; looks in y<sup>e</sup> fountain to see thy self there

Musical notation for the sixth staff, featuring a bass clef and a 3/4 time signature. It includes figured bass notation with numbers 6, 6, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6, and 6.

Musical notation for the seventh staff, featuring a treble clef, a 3/4 time signature, and a key signature of one flat. The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes.

Where is the Creature, throughout all Nature half so engaging so sweet & so fair.

Musical notation for the eighth staff, featuring a bass clef and a 3/4 time signature. It includes figured bass notation with numbers 8, 6, 6, 6, 6, and 6.

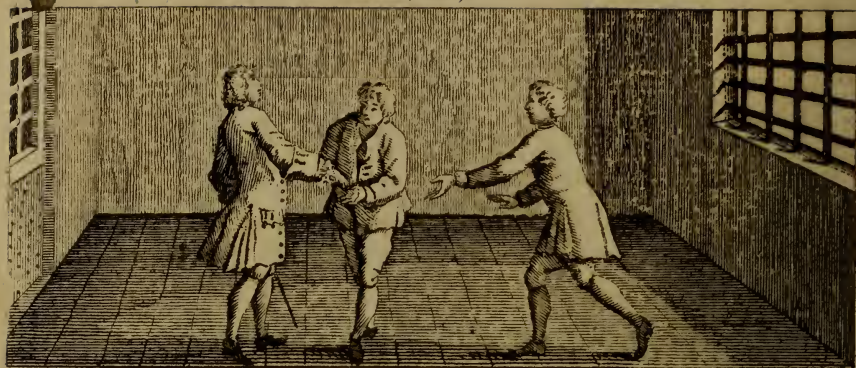
*She.* Go - you'll deceive me -  
 No - I'll believe thee -  
 Lean on my Breast, & thy Constancy swear  
 Should you deceive me,  
 O'er ever leave me,  
 Chloe woud languish & die with Despair.

*He.* My sweetest Treasure,  
 Every Pleasure,  
 Every Charm in my Chloe I find  
 And all the Graces  
 Of new-est Faces  
 Call but my Chloe back into my Mind

**Flute**

Musical notation for the ninth staff, featuring a treble clef, a 3/4 time signature, and a key signature of one flat. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Musical notation for the tenth staff, featuring a treble clef, a 3/4 time signature, and a key signature of one flat. The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes.



*The Debtors welcome to their Brother* *N. Roberts fecit 1759*

*Welcome welcome Brother debtor to this poor but merry place where no Bayliff dun or*

*Settor dare to show their frightful face But kind Sir as you'r a stranger down if you must*

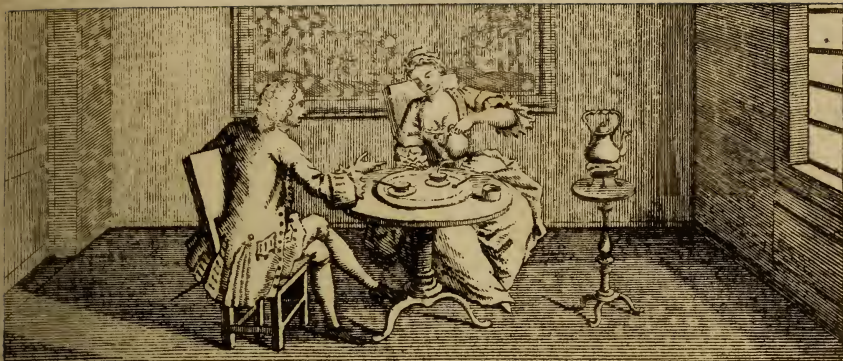
*lay or your Coat will be in danger you must either Strip or pay.*

*Near Repine at your Confinement  
 From your Children or your Wife.  
 Wisdom lies in true Resinement  
 Through the various scenes of Life  
 Scorn to shew the least Resentment  
 Though beneath the frowns of fate  
 Knaves & Beggars find Contentment  
 Fears and cares attend the Great.*

*Though our Creditor's are spiteful  
 And restrain our Body's here  
 We will make a goal delightful  
 Since there's nothing else to fear  
 Ev'ry Islands but a Prison  
 Strongly guarded by the Sea  
 Kings and Princes for that Reason  
 Prisoners are as well as we.*

*What was it made Alexander  
 Weep at his unfriendly fate  
 'Twas because he could not Wander  
 Beyond the World's strong Prison gate  
 For the world is also bounded  
 By the Heavens and Pairs above  
 Why should we then be confounded  
 Since there's nothing free but Sore*

**FLUTE**



H. Roberts fecit 1750

*The Advice*

Set by Galliard

*The Lass that would know how to manage a Man let her listen and learn it from*

*me: His Courage to quail or his Heart to trepan As the time and Oc-*

*casions a-gree a-gree as the Time and Occasions a-gree.*

*The girl that has Beauty tho' small be her Wit,  
 May wheedle the Clown, or the Beau;  
 The Rake may rebel, or may draw in the Cit  
 By the use of that pretty Word--No.  
 When the Powder'd Toupies in crowds round her Chat,  
 Each striving his Passion to show;  
 With-kiss, me & love me my dear, and all that,  
 Let her answer be still no, no, no.  
 When a dose is contriv'd to lay virtue a sleep,  
 A Present a Treat or a Ball;  
 She still must refuse, if her empire she'd keep,  
 And no, be her answer to all.  
 But when master Dapperwit offers his hand,  
 For Partner in Wedlock to go;  
 A house, and a Coach and a Joindre in Land  
 She's an Idiot, if then she says no.  
 When'er she's attack'd by a Youth full of Charms,  
 Whose Courtship proclaims him a Man;  
 When press'd to his Bosom & clasp'd in his Arms,  
 Then let her say No, if she can.*

Flute



## Going out in the Morning

Flark away 'tis the merry toid horn calls the hunters all up with y' morn; to y' hull & y' Woodlands we

steer to unharbour y' out-hyng Deer. And all the day long this this is our Song, still

hollowing & following so frolic and free. Our Joye know no bounds when we're

after the Hounds no mortals on Earth are so Jolly as we -

Round the Woods when we beat how we glow,  
While the hill they all Echo Floto;  
With a Bounce from his cover when he flies,  
Then our Shouts they resound to the Skies;  
(Chorus) And all the Day long &c.

When we sweep o'er y' Valleys or climb,  
Up y' health breathing Mountain sub-lime,  
What a Joy from our labours we feel,  
Which alone they who tast can reveal,  
(Chorus) And all the Day long &c.

Flute



Chloe

set by D<sup>r</sup>. Green

Tender

In vain the force of Female Arms, In vain their offer'd Love: Their

Smile, their Air nor all their Charms, my passion can remove For all that's fair &

Good I find in Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind, In Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind.

Let Celia all her Wit display,  
That glitters while it kills;  
My heart disdains the feeble ray,  
Nor light, nor heat it feels;  
For all that's bright and gay, I find  
S: In Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind.

Fair Flavia shines in Gems and Gold,  
And uses all her Arts;  
Not richest Charms my heart can hold,  
Unpierced by Diamond darts:  
For all that's rich and fair I find  
S: In Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind.

Those Notes, sweet Myra, now give o'er,  
That once had Pow'r to wound;  
When Chloe speaks they are no more,  
But mix with common Sound:  
All Grace, all harmony I find  
S: In Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind.

FLUTE



## Bessy Bell

H. Roberts fecit 1739.

*O. Bessy Bell & Mary Gray they are twa bonny lassies they Biggid a Bow'r on  
yon burne & thee kid it o'er wi' Pashed Fair Bessy Bell I lo'ed yestreen & thought I  
neer could alear but Mary Grays twa parky Gen they gar my fancy falter.*

*Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-top;  
She smiles like a May Morning  
When Phaebus starts frae Shelia's lap,  
The hills with Rays adorning;  
White is her Neck, soft is her hand,  
Her waste and Feet's fu' genty;  
With ilka Grace she can command  
Her lips, O wow! they're dauntie.*

*And Mary's locks are like the Cran  
Her Gen like Diamonds glances;  
She's ay sae clean, redd up & brava,  
She kills w'hen'er she dances,  
Blyth as a kid, w'ith Wit at will,  
She blooming tight and tall is;  
And Guides her Ows sae gracefu' saill,  
O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.*

*Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,  
Ye unc' sair oppress us,  
Our fancies jec between you twa  
Ye are sic bonny Lassies;  
Waes me! for baith I canna get,  
To ane by law w'e're stented;  
Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,  
And be w'ith ane contented.*

## FLUTE



H. Roberts fecit  
Allegro.

*A Hymn to Venus*

set by M. Stablesy

Blest as thimmortal Gods is he, The Youth who fondly  
sits by thee and hears and sees thee all the  
while so soft-ly speak and sweetly Smile.

'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Rest  
And mis'd such Tumults in my breast  
But while I gaz'd in Transports tost  
My breath was gone my voice was lost

My bosom glon'd the subtle Flame  
Ran quick thro' all my vital Frame  
O'er my dim Eyes a darkness hung  
My Ears with hollow hummurs rung

In denvy damps my limbs were chill'd  
My blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd  
My feeble Pulse forgot to play  
I fainted sunk and died away .

**FLUTE**



*The two Curious Swain.* Set by M. Lampe

On thy fair Banks Oh Medway long A Youth his Sheep had fed  
 On thy fair Banks his future Care The tender Lambskins stray'd  
 Happy had fate detain'd at home The simple Youth too fond to roam.

*Happy alas till curious late  
 He listen'd to the Tale  
 Near Tunbridge salutary Springs  
 What beautys grace the vale,  
 Beautys that make the barren Soil  
 And craggy Rocks of Tunbridge smile.*

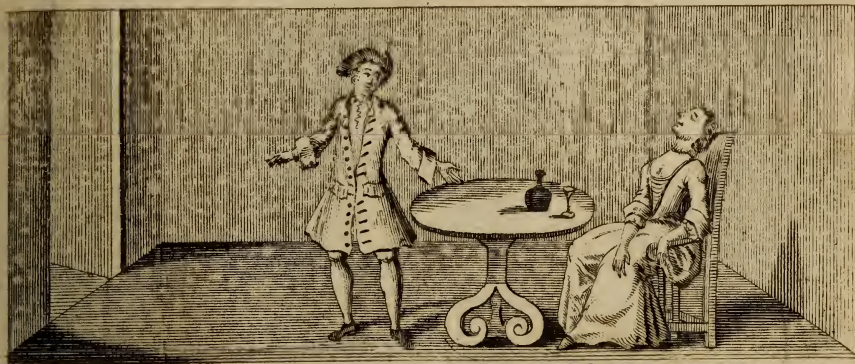
*He came and Celia's dangerous Charms  
 Beheld with eager gaze  
 So round a Torch's glimmering light  
 Th' admiring Insect plays  
 Like that he gaz'd, & in his turn  
 He saw it shine and felt it burn.*

*Th' unhappy Youth by Love undone  
 By late experience found  
 That Celia's scorn deny'd the Cure  
 Whose Eyes had giv'n the Wound  
 Helpless & hopeless pin'd away  
 In tears by Night & Sighs by Day*

*By Collins's fate be warn'd to view  
 The fair with cautious Eyes  
 This Place is Cupid's Empire Seat  
 And who can shun surprize  
 Since few can hope & all must fear  
 Where Kingsley Mead & Byer appear*

Flute





*Ye Gods ye gave to me a Wife*

set by M<sup>r</sup>. Seede

Ye Gods ye gave to me a Wife out of your wonted Favour,

To be the comfort of my life to be the comfort of my life & I was

glad to have her But if your Providence divine for something else de-

sign her. To 'bey your will at any time to 'bey your will at any

time I'm ready, *sym* I'm ready to re--sign her.

Flute



H. Roberts fecit

Published by order of Parliament, 1739

Sym.

# A Favourite Song in *Comus*

Song

*Allegro*

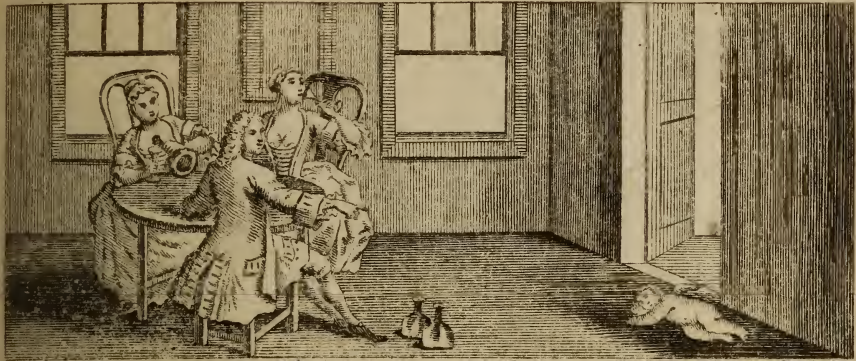
wanton God who pierces hearts dips in Gall his pointed darts but the

Nymph disdains to pine who baths *ſ.* wound with rosy wine rosy wine

rosy wine who baths *ſ.* wound w<sup>th</sup>. rosy wine Sym.

Farewel Sym. Farewel Lovers when they're cloy'd

If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd sure the squeamish fops are free too rid me



A Roberts fecit

set to Musick by M. Arne

Published according to Act of Parliament, 1739

of dull Company sure they're free sure they're free too rid me of dull  
 Company. Sym

 Musical score for the vocal line and symphony accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics. The symphony accompaniment is on two staves. The music is in a minor key and features various time signatures and ornaments.

# FLUTE

Sym.  
 Song  
 Sym.

 Musical score for the flute part, consisting of six staves. The music is in a minor key and features various time signatures and ornaments. The first staff is marked 'Sym.', the second 'Song', and the third 'Sym.'.



## The Request

set by D.<sup>r</sup> Green

Can there be ye Pow'rs above Perfect Happi nefs 'tis Love

can Man know a greater bliss than the sweet & balmy Kifs. Soothing looks each

grateful smile all that can the heart beguile all that can the heart beguile

Why so often do I sigh  
Pine alone yet know not why  
Love has surely vanquish'd me  
And makes me own his Deity  
Mild as Queen of fond desires  
Is the fair my Soul Inspires  
Is the fair my Soul Inspires

God of Love and pleasing Charms  
Give the fairest to my arms  
You who sighing Lovers aid  
Warm with love the lovely maid  
Only this Task of thee  
Conquer her as thou hast me  
Conquer her as thou hast me

Wanton Cupids search around  
Allaracias verdant Ground  
Tell the fair for her I sigh  
Tell the fair for her I die  
Venus Queen of fondest Love  
To my wish propitious prove  
To my wish propitious prove

Flute



# The Forsaken Lady

set by M. Lampe

*Andante*

Not this blooming April season can relieve my aching heart  
 spite of all the force of reason still I act a frantick Part As the  
 Canker eats the Roses And the springing green destroys, To de  
 spair my Rest op---po--ses, and con-sumes my rising Joys

Gry Valley, field and Mountain  
 Flor-ry Plain and verdant Grove  
 Warbling Bird & sparkling fountain  
 Minds me of my luckless Love:  
 When the Cowslip I discover  
 Springing o'er the Primrose fair;  
 There I sigh my gentle Lover!  
 Would have crvpt to deck my Hair.

If I sadly sit reflecting  
 By some bloomy Fleawhorn Tree;  
 All my sorrows recollecting,  
 Love Jery resembles Thee;  
 He all flowery can appear  
 To conceal his noyson'd dart,  
 But the Wretch that trusts him near  
 Grasps a Thorn, & wounds the heart.

## Flute

Flute accompaniment consisting of two staves of musical notation with various ornaments and trills.



J. Roberts fecit

## The Carle came o'er the Croft

The Carle he came o'er the Croft and his beard new Shaven glowrid at me as

he'd been daft the Carle trows if I'll hae him Hont awa I winna hae him no for sooth I'll

no hae him Nent hose and new Shoon & his beard new Shaven.

He gae to me a Pair of Shoon,  
And his Beard new Shaven,  
He bad me dance till they were done,  
The Carle trows that I'll hae him.  
Hont awa, &c.  
He gae to me a Pair of Gloves,  
And his Beard new Shaven,  
He bad me stretch them on my soops,  
The Carle trows that I'll hae him  
Hont awa, &c.

He gae to me an Ell of Lace,  
And his Beard new Shaven,  
He bad me wear the Highland dress,  
The Carle trows that I'll hae him.  
Hont awa  
He gae to me a Harn Sark,  
And his Beard new Shaven,  
He said he'd kiss me in the dark  
For that he trows I'll hae him.

Hont awa I maun hae him,  
I forsooth I'll eem hae him,  
Nent hose and his new Shoon  
And his Beard new Shaven

Flute



*Despairing Silvia* set by M. G. Strange

*Hard Fate to sigh to sigh in vain Des-pair-ing*  
*Si-l-via Cries. De-ward the Free-dom*  
*to Com-plain but through a Lov-ers Eyes*

And those unguarded ever speak  
 Betrayers of my Heart  
 For Ah! our wiles are all to weak  
 These to Disguise by Art.

Thus hopelefs must I e'er Remain  
 Like Ghost about their Treasure  
 Till spoke to first ne'er speak again  
 Still waiting Strephons leisure.

Dear thoughtlefs man a Stranger to  
 The Secrets of this Breast  
 That's his from Inclination true  
 More Constant than tis Blest.

There could he see & Conciuous know  
 The Torments of Neglect  
 They soon would teach him how to show  
 More Love & less Neglect.

*Flute*



A Song

Set by M. Harris

Since Celia's un-kind and my Passion disdains, A Bottle a  
Bottle and friend shall ease all my Pains thus thus remove from my  
Heart that absolute that absolute Fair and with Bumpers of Claret & with  
Bumpers of Claret I'll dri ----- ve I'll  
dri ----- ve I'll drive away Care.  
Flute





*The Provident Damsel* set by M<sup>r</sup> Clarke

*The* Fullers and dochers who cunningly know the way to provide themselves

*Merit,* Will always provide them two strings to their Bow and munnage their

*Business* with spir-----it and munnage their business w<sup>th</sup> Spirit

*So likewise the Provident damsel should do  
Who would make the best use of her Beauty  
If the mark she would hit, or her h<sup>er</sup>son play through  
Two lovers must still be on Duty  
Two lovers &c.*

*Thus arriv'd against Chance & secure of supply  
Thus far our revenge we may carry:  
One spark for our sport we may fill & set by  
And tother poor soul we may Marry  
And tother &c.*

*Flute*



*Sym* The Noon tide Air

*Andante*

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with notes and rests.

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves with notes and rests.

Would you taste of your sick Air to your fragrant bow'r repair where

Musical notation for the third system, including treble and bass staves with notes and rests.

no oven in the poplar bough if mantling vine will shelter you the mantling fore will

Musical notation for the fourth system, including treble and bass staves with notes and rests.

Sheren you Down each side a fountain flows briskling

Musical notation for the fifth system, including treble and bass staves with notes and rests.

murmuring as it goes lightly o'er the Mossy ground

Musical notation for the sixth system, including treble and bass staves with notes and rests.

lightly o'er the Mossy ground subry Phœbus searching round subry Phœbus searching round



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

*Round of languid herbs & Sheep strachid oer sunny hillocks sleep*

*while on the heacynth and rose the fair does all alone repose the fair does all a*

*lone repose* *Round the* *all alone yet in her*

*Arms your breast may beat to love's alarms* *till blest & blessing*

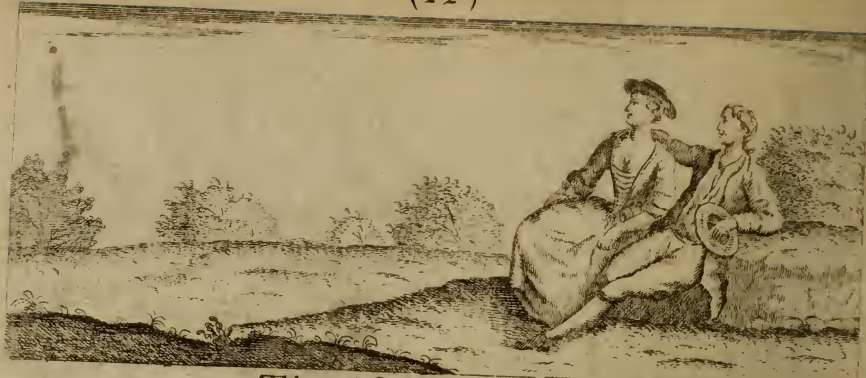
*you shall orn blest & blessing you shall orn if Joys of love are Joys a lone the*

*Joys of Love are Joys alone ad<sup>o</sup> Da Capo*

The musical score is written on ten staves. Each staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and dynamic markings. Performance instructions are placed throughout the score:

- Ad<sup>o</sup>* (Allegretto) is marked above the third staff.
- Andante* is marked above the fourth staff.
- ad<sup>o</sup> Da Capo* is marked above the final staff.

Lyrics are written below the staves in an italicized cursive hand, with some words in a smaller font size for better readability.



# The Nightingale

set by M<sup>r</sup>. Carey

*Gently*

While in a Bond w<sup>th</sup> Beauty blast the lov'd & lov'd Amintor lies

while sinking on Lucinda's Brest he fondly fondly kiss'd her Eyes

a wakeful Nightingale who long had mourn'd had mourn'd within the shade

sweetly remem'd her plaintive Song, & warbled through the Glade.

Melodious Songstress cry'd the Swain  
 To shades to shades kiss happy go  
 Or if thou wilt with us remain  
 Forbear forbear thy tuneful Woe  
 While in Lucinda's Arms I lie  
 To song to song I am not free  
 On her soft bosom while I die  
 I die and find in thee

Flute



*A Favourite Song in Coriolanus*

Charmer hear your faithful Lover nor dis-dain to admit his Flame

Cease to slight your scorn give over constant e- - - ver

I'll remain Charms surround those lovely features

tender pit-ty grant your slave turn and be so

kind a Creature haste and heal the wounds you gave

Flute



### The Bob of Dunblane

Come Lapsie lend me your brava Kèmp Kèckle, And

I'll lend you my Tripling Kame; For Fainness dearie I'll

gar ye keckle if you'll go dance the Bob of Dunblane.

*Hast ye gang to the Ground of ye'r Frunkies  
Bask ye brava, and dinna think Shame;  
Consider in Time of leading of Monks,  
Be briter than dancing the Bob of Dunblane.*

*Be frunk my Lapsie lest I grow sickle  
And tak my Word & offer again,  
Synne ye may chance to ripent it Mickle,  
Ye did na accept of the Bob of Dunblane.*

*The Dinner the Piper & Priest shall be ready  
And I'm grown donre with lying my lame  
Anway then leave bath Minny & Dady  
And try with me the Bob of Dunblane.*

### Flute



## Orpheus and Euridice

See by Mr. Boyce

When Orpheus went down to the Regions below which *Moss* are forbidden to See He  
 find up his Lyre as old Histories Show to Set his Euridice free to Set his Euridice  
 free All Hell was astonish'd a Person so wise should rashly endanger his Life and  
 venture so far but how vast their surprize when they heard that he came for his  
 Wife how vast their surprize when they heard that he came for his Wife.

To find out a Punishment due to the Fault,  
 Old Pluto had puzzled his Brain;  
 But Hell had not Torments sufficient, he thought,  
 So he gave him his Wife back again, he gave him &c.  
 But judy, succeeding soon vanquish'd his Heart,  
 And pleas'd with his playing so well,  
 He took her again in Reward of his Art,  
 Such Power has Musick in Hell, In Reward &c.



## The Protestation

Set by Mr. Boyce

No more Shall Meads be deck'd with Flowers nor Sweetness dwell in Rose-y Bowers nor greenest

Buds in Branches spring nor Warbling Birds delight to sing nor April Violets Paint the

Grove if I forsake my Celia's Love if I forsake my Celia's Love

<p>The fish shall in the Ocean burn And Fountains Sweet Shall bitter turn The Humble Vale no Floods shall know When Floods shall Highest Hills o'er flow Black Lethe shall Oblivion leave If e'er my Celia I deceive If e'er &amp;c.</p>	<p>Love Shall his Bow and Shafts lay by And Venus Doves want Wings to fly The sun refuse to Shew his light And Day be turned into Night And in that Night no Star appear If e'er I leave my Celia Dear If e'er &amp;c.</p>
--	--

## FLUTE





*The Advice*

Prithce foolish Boy Give o'er lease thy Bosom to torment Prithce sigh and  
 Whine's no more come with me and taste Content Love's a foe of Thine and mine

Let us drown --- n the God in Wine let us drown the God in Wine

Stella's fairer Shape and Eyes | Leave the silly gaudy train  
 Charms too Lovely to Behold | And believe me when I say  
 Let us seek to Crown our Joys | All the Joys they give are vain  
 Where the Best Champaign is sold | Leave them then and come away  
 Love's a foe &c | Love's a foe &c

*For the Flute.*

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



*The Toper's Request.*

*See by M<sup>r</sup> Galliard*

Kind God of Sleep since it must be, that we re-sign some hours to thee

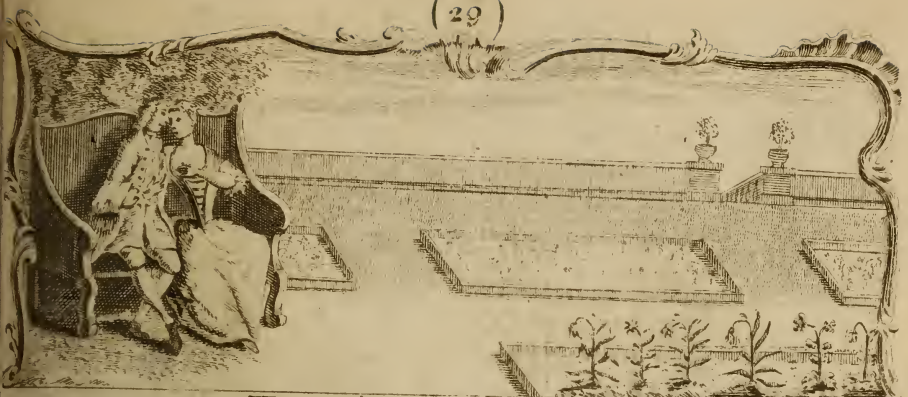
Invaide me not when  $\dot{g}$  full Bowd glows in my Cheeks & warms my Soul

Then only I thy Aid impl<sup>e</sup> Soe When I can laugh and drink no more

Short very Short be then thy Reign I haste to laugh and drink again

But Oh if melling in my Arms, Then prithee gentle Slumber stay  
 the Nymph admir'd with all her Charms, And slow and slowly bring the day  
 In pleasing Dreams Should me surprize. If Eany can such Bliss bestow  
 And grant what waking she deny's: Who would not be deluded so.

Flute



*Allcov.* **The Snow Drop.** *Set by Dr Green*

With Head inclin'd the Snow Drop see the first of Flora's Pro---ge-

nie In Virgin Modes---ty appear to hail and welcome in the Year

Fearless of Winter it defies the Rê gour of inclement, skies, &

early hastens forth to bring h' Teadings of the approaching Spring

The humble in its dress and plain  
 It whors in a beauteous Train  
 And claims how gaudy e'er they be  
 The Merit of Precedency

All that or gay or sweet disclose  
 The Pink the Tulip or the Rose  
 In fair Succession as they blow  
 Their glories to the Snow Drop owe

Flute



### The Rose

Go Rose my lilies bosom grace, how happy tho' I prove in it I supply that  
 Envid plac'd with ne...ver fading Lovethere Phoenix like beneath her Eye in-  
 -volv'd in Raptures burn and die Involv'd in Raptures burn & die

Know happy'st Flower that thou shall find  
 More fragrant Roses there  
 I see thy With'ring head redin'd  
 With Envy and despair  
 One Common fate we both must Prove  
 You die with Envy, I with Love

### FLUTE



*The Lovers Lesson*

Set by M<sup>r</sup> Broder

*1<sup>st</sup>*

*Damon if thou wilt believe me 'Tis not sighing tis not sighing*

*o'er the Plain. Tears and Sonnets can't relieve thee Faint At-*

*-tempts in Love are vain, faint Attempts in Love are vain*

*Urge but home the fair Occasion,  
And be Master of the Field:  
To a resolute Invasion,  
Tis a Madnes not to yield.*

*3*

*Love gives out a Large Commission  
Still indulgent to the brave  
But one Sip of base Omission  
Love nor Woman yet forgave*

Flute



## Jockey and Jenny A Scots Dialogue

*Al music!—kle Jemmy while there was not any in au the North had pow'r to*

*win ye but Jockey only to his Arms Nere a Laird in au the Nation was*

*in so happy a Station as Jockey when in possession of Jenny in her early Charms*

Jenny) Had you still address'd me,  
As eance you carest me,  
Nean other Lad had e're posses't me,  
But thine elean I now had been:  
Had I only been in vogue w' ye,  
And had you let none else collogue ye,  
Nor rimbled after Kathern Coggie,  
I'd sped as wuel as ony Lucen.

Jockey) Moggie of Dumferling,  
Is now my only Darling,  
Whos sings as sweet as any Starling,  
And dances with a bonny Arie;  
Moggie is so kind and tender  
If fate was ready now to end her  
Cou'd I but from the stroke defend her:  
I'd dye, if he wad Moggie spare.

Jenny) Sawny me carestes,  
Whose Bagpipe so pleases,  
That never my poor Heart at ease is,  
But when we are together beath.  
I'd so heartily befriend him,  
If Fate was ready now to end him,  
Cou'd I but from the Stroke defend him  
A thousand times I'd suffer Death

Jockey) Come let's leave this frooling,  
My Heart ne're was cooling,  
Nean e're but Jenny there was ruling  
But thus our Hearts we fondly try,  
Jenny) So thy Arms if thou wostore me,  
Shou'd au the Lairds ith lond adore me,  
Nay our Gued King himsel send for me  
With thee elean I'd live and Dye.

Flute



## An Address to Vulcan,

Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Fisher Tench.

Vulcan contrive me such a Cup, As Nistor us'd of Old.

try all thy skill to trim it up, Try all thy skill to trim it up, And

damask it round with Go-ld, And damask it round with Gold.

Make it so large, when fill'd with Punch,  
Up to the swelling Brim;  
Vast toasts on the Delicious Lake, fast &c.  
(Like Ships at Sea) may swim like &c.

Carve me thereon a Curling Stone,  
And add two lovely Boys;  
Whose Limbs in am'rous folds entwine, &c.  
The Types of future Joys &c.

Cupid and Bacchus my Gods are,  
May Love & Wine still reign;  
With wine I wash away my Care  
And then to my Love again.

Flute



*The Cuckoo, a Favourite Song.*

*sym*  
*Allegro non troppo*

*When daisies  
 When shepherds  
 pipe & Violets blue and Ladies smocks all Silver white & Cuckow buds of yellow hue do  
 are Ploughmens Clocks & Turtles tread & Kooks & Daws &*

*paint the Meadows w<sup>th</sup> delight  
 Maidens bleach their Sun. Smocks*

*The Cuckow then on every Tree*

*Mocks marri'd Men Mocks marri'd men Mocks marri'd men for thus sings he Cuckow Cuckow Cuckow Cuckow*

*Cuckow Cuckow*

*O word of fear O word of fear unpleasing to a marri'd ear unpleasing to a  
 marri'd ear.*

*sym*





## The Inamour'd Swain

Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Howard

Tell me dear charmer tell me why all other joys so quickly cloy all but the joys of loving  
 thee & they alone immortal be they neither dull the mind or sense nor loose their pleasing  
 influence, they neither dull the mind or sense nor loose their pleasing Influence

For ever I with fierce desire,  
 Could gaze on thee & never tire;  
 My ravish'd ears could all day long,  
 Feast on the Musick of thy tongue;  
 And when that fails yet still in you  
 I something find that's always new.

Flute



## Lovely Nancy

There never was nor e'er will be another such a Charming She so  
 formid to please the Fancy another with such tempting grace such  
 sparkling eyes & blooming face as has the lovely Nancy.

Her shape so rare & breast so white,  
 Give admiration and Delight,  
 And at first sight entrance ye,  
 Her taper leg & tempting thigh,  
 Do all comparison deſpiſe,  
 For ſuch alone has Nancy.

No borrow'd charms the fair one needs,  
 In vain for her the Ruby bleeds,  
 Or diamond ſtarrs you can ſee,  
 Thoſe jewels give but glim'ring ray,  
 Compared to the reſplendant day,  
 Shines all around of Nancy

Flute



## The Jolly Bacchanalians,

set by M<sup>r</sup>. Galliard.

*Jolly Mortals fill your Glasses no---ble deeds are done by Wine*

*Scorn the Nymph, scorn the Nymph & all her Graces, who'd for love or beauty,*

*pi-----ne who'd for Love or beauty pine.*

<sup>2</sup>  
*Look within the Bowl that's flowing  
 And a thousand Charms you'll find  
 More than Phillis tho' just going  
 In the Moment to be kind  
 In the &c.*

<sup>3</sup>  
*Alexander hated thinking,  
 Drank about at Council board;  
 He subdu'd the World by drinking,  
 More than by his Conqu'ring sword,  
 More &c.*

Flute



*By Dimpled Brook*

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/7 time signature, and a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature.

Musical notation for the second system, with lyrics: *By dimpled brook & fountain brim the wood nymphs deck'd with daisies trim the merry Maids &*

Musical notation for the third system, with lyrics: *Pastimes keep who has night to do with sleep he has night to do with sleep* 34

Musical notation for the fourth system, with lyrics: *Night has better sweets to prove Venus now wakes & wakens love* 34

Musical notation for the fifth system, with lyrics: *Come let us our rights begin tis on---by daylight that makes*

Musical notation for the sixth system, with lyrics: *sin tis on-by daylight that makes sin* 34



# The Circling Glass

*Tempo di Gavotta*

*By the gayly*

*cer-cing Glass we can see how minutes pass by the hollow Cask are told*

*how the raining night grows old how the waining Night grows old*

*Soon too soon the busy day drives us from our*

*sports away What have wee with day to do sons of care 'twas made for*

*you sons of care 'twas made for you.*

*musical notation with treble and bass clefs, notes, rests, and repeat signs (:S:)*



## The Lads of S<sup>t</sup>. Osyth.

set by M<sup>r</sup>. Howard.

At S<sup>t</sup>. Osyth by the Mill, there lives a lovely Lass; Oh had I her good

Will! how gayly life would pass. No bold intruding Care my

Bliss should e'er destroy; her Smiles would gild despair, & brighten ev'ry Joy.

Like Nature's rural Scene,  
Her artless beauties Charm,  
Like them with Joy serene,  
Our wishing hearts they warm.  
Her wit with sweetness Crown'd  
Steals ev'ry sense away;  
The listening Swains around,  
Forget the short'ning Day.

Health, Freedom, Wealth & Ease,  
Without her tasteless are,  
She gives them pow'r to please  
And makes them worth our Care.  
Is there ye Fates a Bliss  
Reserv'd my future care,  
Indulgent hear my wish,  
And grant it all in her.

Flute



## The Power of Drinking

*Play Care to the Winds thus I blow the a way I'll drown thee in*  
*Wine if thou dar'st for to stay With bumpers of Claret my spirits I'll*  
*raise I'll laugh & I'll sing all the rest of my Days*

*raise I'll laugh & I'll sing all the rest of my days*

*God Bacchus this moment adopts me his Son*  
*And inspir'd, my breast glows with transports unknown*  
*This sparkling liquor a new Vigour supplies,*  
*And makes the Nymph kind, who before was too wise*

*Then dull sober Mortals! be happy as me,*  
*Two bottles of Claret will make us agree*  
*Will open your Eyes to see Phillis's Charms,*  
*And her coy pret's wash'd down shall fly to your Arms*

*Flute*



## The Bee,

set by M<sup>r</sup>. Duncafe

To suck the flowers — sweet a little wanton Bee; The liquid Air did

beat and flew from tree to tree Dazzl'd by flow'ry scent and

eke by flow'ry hue, On Rosy sweets intent, to Delia's Check it flew

Surpriz'd, the tim'rous Fair,  
It's fluttering Pinions prest,  
Death arm'd him with despair,  
He stung and sunk to rest.  
Be still young Thirsus cry'd,  
Some Magick words I'll say;  
There's nought so sure beside,  
Can Charme the Pain away.

This said, his lips he laid,  
Close to the fair one's face;  
Just where the wound was made,  
And kiss'd th' envenom'd Place,  
He suck'd the fatal Wound,  
And drew forth all the smart;  
But soon, alas! he found,  
The sting had pierc'd his heart

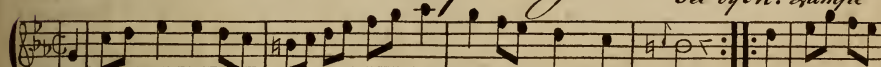
## Flute.



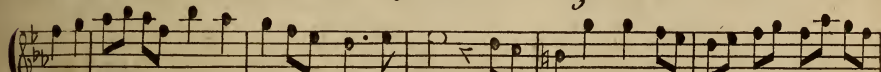
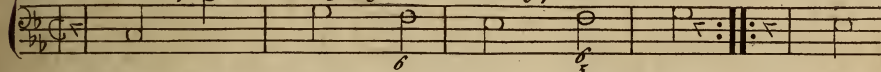


# Chloe Weeping

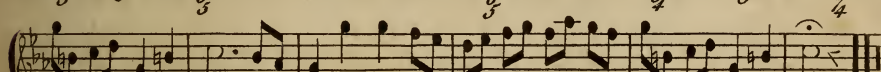
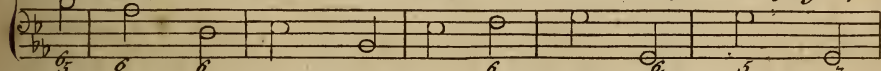
set by M. Lampe



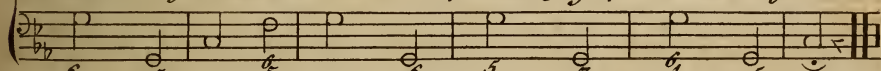
What mean fair Cloe's mournful eyes, those sighs  $\dot{y}$  heave her breast, oh speak dear  
Sure some curst fate in ev'ry trye t'invade my fair one's Rest



Nymph declare  $\dot{y}$  cause of so much anxious Pain; methinks those tears pronounce  $\dot{y}$  loss of

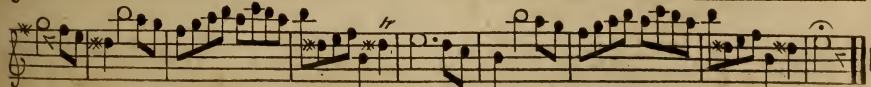
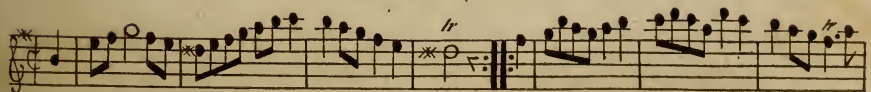


some dear lovely Swain; methinks those tears pronounce  $\dot{y}$  loss of some dear lovely Swain



Those blooming Cheeks like Roses dy'd,  
Thro' sorrow seem to fade;  
Those Eyes the radiant Sun out vid  
O'er cast a gloomy Shade.  
Sooner than they shall close with Grief,  
Or Cloe near the Willow,  
Kind Cupid send us both Relief,  
And bless me on her Pillow.

Flute





*A Favourite Song in Acis and Gallethea*

*sym*

*Would you gain the tender Creature softly gently kindly treat her <sup>sym</sup> Suffering*

*is the Lovers part softly <sup>sym</sup> gently <sup>sym</sup> softly gently kindly treat her suffering is the*

*lovers part <sup>sym</sup> would you gain the tender Creature <sup>sym</sup> the*

*tender creature softly gently kindly treat her softly <sup>sym</sup> gently <sup>sym</sup> softly gently kindly*

*treat her suffering is the lovers part <sup>sym</sup> softly <sup>sym</sup> gently <sup>sym</sup> kindly treat her*



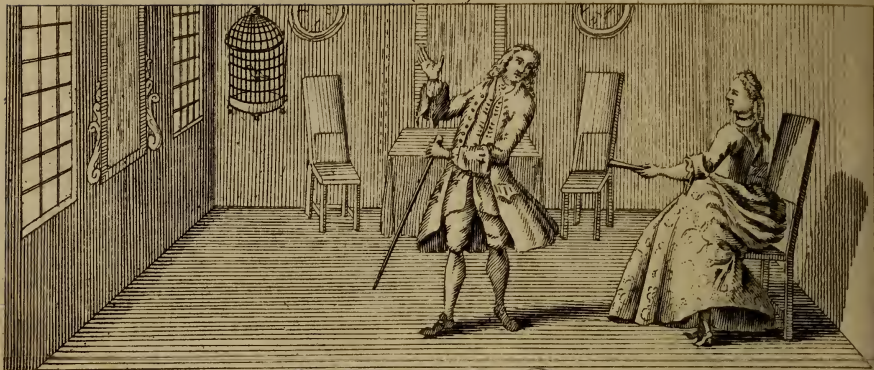
Compos'd by M.<sup>r</sup> Handel

suffering is the lovers part *sym*

possessing you enjoy but half the blessing lifeless charms without *of heart* lifeless char. without *of heart*

beauty by constraint possessing you enjoy but half of blessing lifeless Charms without *of heart*

Flute *song*



*A Favourite Song*

The Charms w<sup>th</sup> blooming beauty shews, In fancy's heavenly fair, We

to the lil-ly & the Rose, With semblance apt compare, w<sup>th</sup> semblance apt for Ah! how

soon how so on they a--ll decay, the Lil-ly dro-ops, the Rose is

gone and beauty fades awa-----y and Beauty fades a way

But when bright Virtue stands confest,  
With sweet discretion join'd;  
With mildness calms the peaceful breast  
And wisdom guides the mind

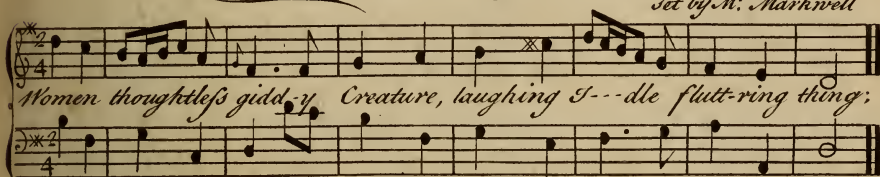
When Charms like these conspire,  
Thy person to approve,  
They kindle generous chaste desire,  
And everlasting Love

Flute



## The Whining Lover,

set by M<sup>r</sup>. Marshwell

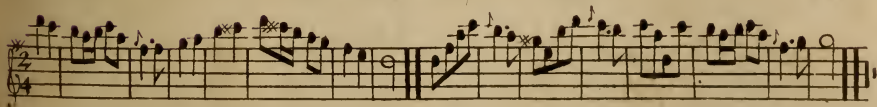


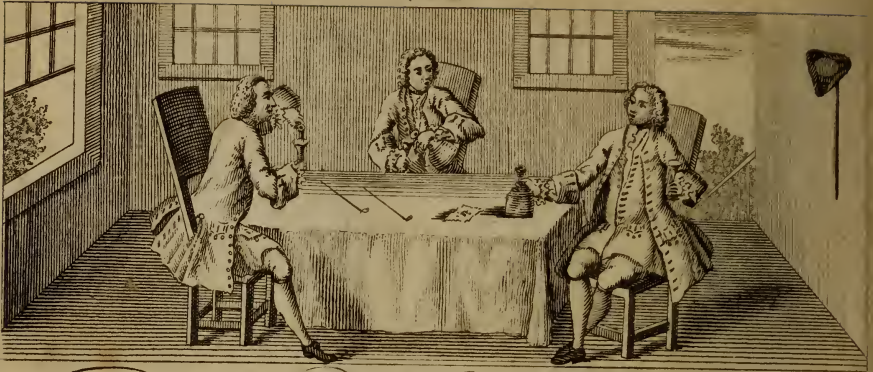
<sup>2</sup>  
Slaves to ev'ry changing Passion,  
Loving hating in extrem;  
Fond of ev'ry foolish fashion,  
And at best a pleasing dream.

<sup>3</sup>  
Lovely trifle! dear Illusion!  
Conqu'ring weakness, wish'd for pain;  
Man's chief glory and Confusion,  
Of all Vanities most vain.

<sup>4</sup>  
Thus deriding beauty's power,  
We will call it all a Cheat;  
But in less than half an hour,  
Kneel'd and whin'd at Celia's feet.

FLUTE





The Advice,  
Set by M.<sup>r</sup> Handel

Mortals wisely learn to measure life by the extent of Joy; life is

short and fleeting Pleasure then be gay,

whilst you may, and your hours in Mirth employ

Never let a mistress<sup>2</sup> pain you,  
Tho she meets you with a frown;  
Fly to Wine, it will soon unchain you,  
Chear thy Heart,  
And all smart,  
In a sweet oblivion down.

If loves fiercer flames should sieze thee  
To some gentle Maid repair;  
She'll with soft Endearments ease thee  
On her Breast,  
Lull'd to Rest,  
Cas'd of Love and free from Care

Friendship, Wine and Love united,  
From all Ills defend the Mind;  
By them guarded and delighted,  
Happy State,  
Smile at Fate,  
And leave sorrow to the Wind.

Flute

Flute musical notation with various ornaments and dynamics.



# The Amazon set by M<sup>r</sup>. S. Howard

Swains I scorn who nice and fair, Shiver at the morning Air,

rough and hardy bold and free, be the Man that's made for me.

rough and hardy bold and free, be the Man that's made for me.

Slaves to fashion slaves to dress,  
Fops alone them selves care's;  
Let them without Rival be,  
They are not the Men for me.

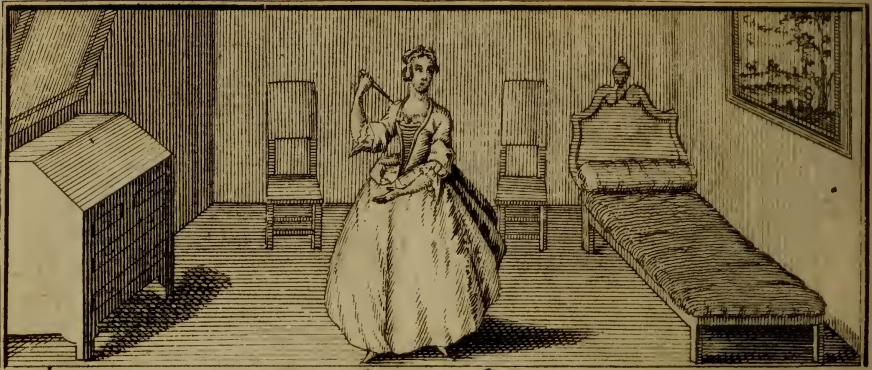
4  
While his speed outstrips the wind  
Loosly wave his locks behind;  
From fantastick Popp'ry free,  
He's the Man that's made for me.

3  
He whose nervous Oym can dart,  
The Javlin to the Dygers heart;  
From all sense of danger free,  
He's the Man that's made for me.

5  
Nor simpring smile, nor dimpled cheek,  
Spoil his manly sun burnt cheek;  
By weather let him painted be  
He's the Man that's made for me

6  
If false he proves my Javlin can  
Revenge the Perjury of Man,  
And soon another brave as he  
Shall be found the Man for me

Flute



### The force of Love

Ah! cruel Blood, of fate what canst thou now do more ah! 'tis now to late! Phi-

6 5 6 6 6 6 4 6 8 8

lander to restore Why should the heavenly pow'rs persuade poor mortals to be

6 4 6 5 6 5 6 6

lieve they guard us here & reward us there yet all our Joys deceive.

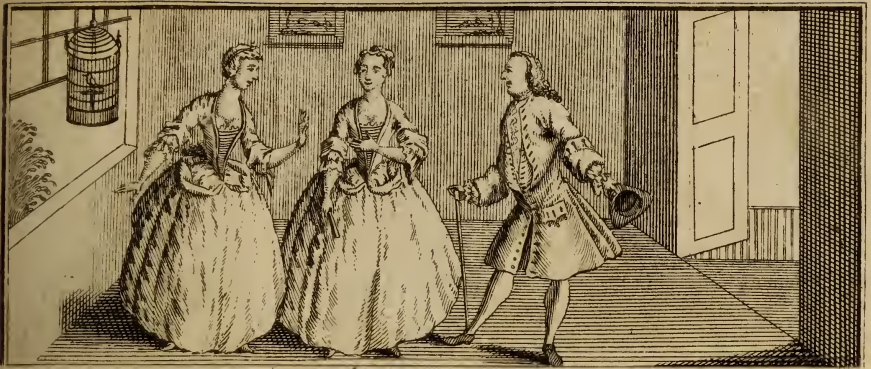
8 5 6 5 6 5 6 4 3

Her Ponyard then she took and held it in her hand  
 And with a dying look cry'd thus I fate command  
 Philander ah my Love I come to meet thy shade below  
 Ah I come she cry'd with a wound so wide there needs no second blow

<sup>3</sup>  
 In purple waves her blood ran streaming down the floor  
 Unmov'd she saw the Flood and blest her dying hour  
 Philander ah Philander still the bleeding Phillis cry'd  
 She wept a while then forc'd a smile then clos'd her Eyes & dy'd

Flute,





### The Friendly Adviser

set by M<sup>r</sup>. Carey

Trust not Man for he'll deceive you Treachery is his sole intent  
 first he'll court you then he'll leave you Poor de-lu-ded to lament:  
 Listen to a kind ad-viser Men pur-sue but to perplex,  
 would you happy be grow wiser and a-void the faithless swain

Formid by nature to undo us,  
 They escape our utmost heed  
 Oh! how humble when they woo us  
 Oh! how vain when they succeed.

So the Bird when once deluded  
 By the artful Fowler's snare,  
 Mourns out Life in Cage secluded;  
 Virgins then in time beware.

### Flute



## A Favourite Song

As Cupid roguishly one day had all alone stole out to play & Muses caught &

little little little knave & captive love to beauty gave the Muses caught & little little little

knave & captive love to beauty gave The Saug- - - - - ing done soon

mist her son & here & there & here & there & here & there distracted ru- - - - - n dis

trac - - - - - ted run & here & there & here & there & here & there distracted run and still his

liberty to gain his liberty to gain offers his Ransom but in vain in vain in vain the



Compos'd by M<sup>r</sup>. Eccles

willing willing Pris'ner still hugs his Chain & vows he'll neer be free and vows he'll neer be

free no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no he'll neer be free a gain no

no no no no no no no no no no no no he'll neer be free a gain

Flute



# The Lark

Set by M. Lampe.

Oh pretty tuneful flut'ring thing, raise rise thy gently thrilling Note, Oh mount & cut thy  
 Mark! the fond echo's roundly sing & steal thy Music from thy throat

yielding Air, with spriding wing & downy breast, see Phoebus waits to meet thee

there & greet thee now a welcome guest & greet thee now a welcome guest.

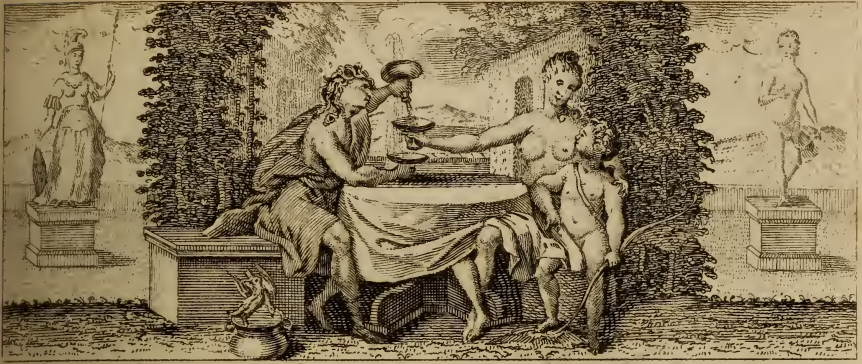
Thou soon the piping Shepherd hears,  
 And imitates thy warbling strain;  
 With sweeter sounds you charm our ears,  
 And silence the presuming swain.

Glad thro' the bending Corn I stray  
 While you aloft at pleasure rove  
 And hovering hail the new born day  
 With songs of Mirth & Notes of Love.

Aid with thy Harmony my Muse!  
 And to thy Music tune my Song  
 May all the Nine their Warmth infuse  
 But soft as thine, as sweet and strong

My Fanny then thy Voice shall charm  
 With me thro' flow'ry fields to rove  
 Whilst taught by thee, my lays shall warm  
 Her tender breast to glow with Love

## Flute



# Bacchus & Venus United,

*Claudio to manly sports & generous wine twelve circling y<sup>e</sup> his spo  
A Jol. by Son of Bacchus uncontrou'd stranger to care his hou* ----- *rrfil*  
*heart inclin'd; The God of wine so much engro* ----- *sd his heart Venus with*  
*all her charms possess'd no pa* ----- *rt Venus th. all her char<sup>ms</sup> possess'd no part.*

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

Cupid enrag'd drew his unerring dart, | Love triumph's now o're Claudio's manly, <sup>soul</sup>  
 And in revenge shot quite thro' Claudio's hea. | But still allows the life-reviving bowl  
 The jound s'nain still loath to leave his glass, | When love & Wine in mutual converse meet  
 Or to confess fair Delia's Charms surpass, | Mortals like Gods are render'd then compleat  
 Now pensive strives in vain to avoid Love's arm, | Bacchus & Venus should be hand in glove  
 Wine but his second, Delia, his first Care. | He that would life enjoy must drink & love.

## Flute

71



The  
TELL TALE

Blab not what you ought to smother honours lams should sacred be boasting favours

from another neer will favour gain with me neer will favour gain w<sup>th</sup> me.

But inspir'd with indignation sooner I'd lead Apes in Hell, eor I'd trust my

Repu-tation, with such spoils as kiss and tell w<sup>th</sup> such spoils as kiss & tell

He who finds a hidden Treasure,  
Never should the same reveal,  
He whom beauty crowns with pleasure  
Cautious should his joy conceal,  
Cautious should his joy conceal.

Him with n<sup>o</sup>m my heart I'll venture,  
Shall my fame from censure save,  
One where truth and prudence center,  
And as sacred as the Grave,  
And as sacred as the Grave.

Flute



# The Amorous Lad.

*Volinò Unisoni*

*Set by M<sup>r</sup> Alland*

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble clef, a 2/4 time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written on a single staff.

Musical notation for the second system, labeled *Symphony*. It features a bass clef and a 2/4 time signature, with a melody written on a single staff.

Musical notation for the third system, with lyrics: *Give me give me a Bottle & a Glass that*

Musical notation for the fourth system, continuing the melody.

Musical notation for the fifth system, with lyrics: *has a Lucky hour tho' puff from amorous sport free from Uln..... rous spr..... ting free.*

Musical notation for the sixth system, continuing the melody.

Musical notation for the seventh system, with lyrics: *who more by no nice by Deans darest whisper*

Musical notation for the eighth system, continuing the melody.

Musical notation for the ninth system, with lyrics: *run into my Ears & urge y' Ecstasy and ur..... ge y' Ecstasy*

Musical notation for the tenth system, continuing the melody.

Musical notation for the eleventh system, concluding the piece with a double bar line.



# The Sweet Rosy Morn.

Set by M<sup>rs</sup> Levedige.

The sweet ros<sup>y</sup> Morn peeps over y<sup>e</sup> Hills With Blushes adorning The

Meadows & fields The merry merry merry Horn call come come come a

way A wake from your slumbers and hail y<sup>e</sup> new Day The

<sup>2</sup>  
 The Stag seiz'd before us,  
 Away seems to fly,  
 And pants to y<sup>e</sup> Chorus  
 Of Hounds in full cry.  
 Then follow, follow, follow;  
 The Musical Chace,  
 Where Pleasure & Vig'rous  
 Health you embrace.

<sup>3</sup>  
 The Day's Sport when over,  
 Makes blood circle right,  
 And gives the brisk Lover  
 Fresh Charms for y<sup>e</sup> Night.  
 Then let us, let us now enjoy  
 All we can while we may,  
 Let Love crown the Night,  
 As our Sports crown y<sup>e</sup> Day.

FLUTE.





## The faithful Courtship.

Set by Mr. Lamp.

My Lobia let us live, & love, let crabb'd Age talk what it will; Kiss me a  
The sun the down returns a-love, But we oncedead must be so still.

thousand time & then, give me a hundred Kisses more, now kiss a thousand

times a gain, then th'other hun dred as be-

fore, then th'other hun dred as be-fore.

And if, when we have done all this, — Thus we will love & thus we'll live, —  
That our sweet Pleasures may remain, While all our passing Minutes stay,  
We will continue on our blifs, — We'll have no time to vex or grieve,  
Unkissing of them all again. — But kiss, & unkiss till we die. —

Flute.



### A Favourite Song

*Symphony*

Musical notation for the first staff of the symphony, featuring a treble clef, a common time signature, and various rhythmic values including eighth and sixteenth notes.

Musical notation for the second staff of the symphony, continuing the melodic and harmonic development.

Musical notation for the third staff of the symphony, showing a continuation of the instrumental piece.

Musical notation for the fourth staff of the symphony, featuring a variety of rhythmic patterns.

Musical notation for the fifth staff of the symphony, leading into the vocal section.

*Song:*

Musical notation for the sixth staff, marking the beginning of the vocal melody.

Ye Mortals that love drinking apply your selves to me tis I destroy dull

Musical notation for the seventh staff, with the vocal line and accompaniment.

thinking I'm nought but Sol-ti-ty

Musical notation for the eighth staff, continuing the vocal line.

*Sim;* *Song;*

Let Whining pangs thro' con-

Musical notation for the ninth staff, including performance markings like 'Sim;' and 'Song;'.

-temn the quaffing Lad We'll freely take our glasses and never once be

Musical notation for the tenth staff, with the vocal line and accompaniment.

Musical notation for the eleventh staff, continuing the instrumental accompaniment.

Musical notation for the twelfth and final staff of the piece.



Compos'd by M<sup>r</sup> James

*Sim;*

sa. . . . . d and never can be sad

Instrumental accompaniment for the first system.

*Song;*

Our joys must all be fasting whilst

Bacchus ne pursue o' Pleasure still we're fasting Each Bottle makes it new Our

future bliss we'll think on when all the claret's gone but now we'll bravely drink on and

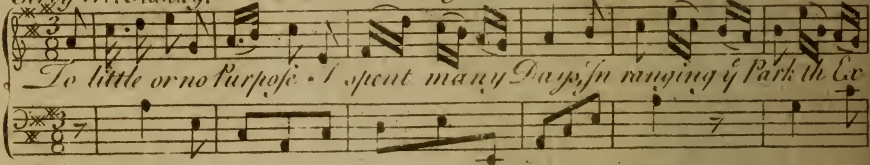
*Adagio.*


Quite Exhaust the Sun . . . . . and Quite Exhaust the Sun. D.C.

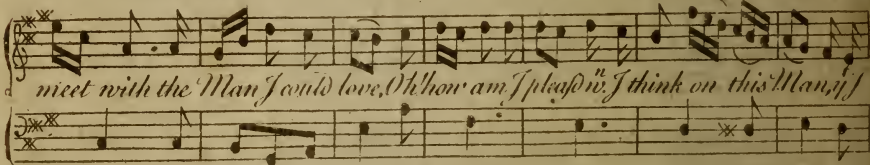


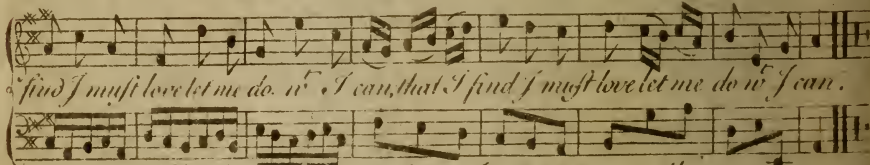
# The Ladies Passion Sixth.

Set by M. Stanley.

To little or no Purpose I spent many Days, in ranging y<sup>e</sup> Park th<sup>e</sup> Co  


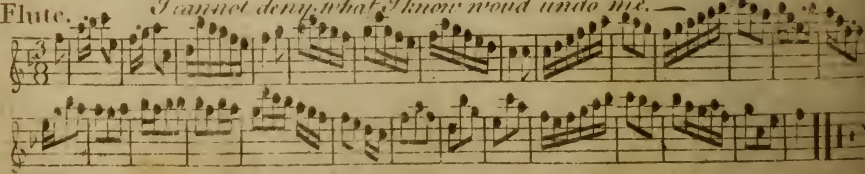
change y<sup>e</sup> Plays, for n<sup>e</sup>er my Rumble till now did I prove, so lucky to  


meet with the Man I could love, Oh how am I pleas'd w<sup>th</sup> I think on this Man, if  


find I must love let me do w<sup>th</sup> I can, that I find I must love let me do w<sup>th</sup> I can.  


*How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,  
 Than had I a Fever when I should be well;  
 My Passion shall kill me, before I will shew it,  
 And yet I would give all y<sup>e</sup> World he did know it,  
 But Oh! how I sigh, w<sup>th</sup> I think, should he wou<sup>d</sup> undo me;  
 I cannot deny what I know wou<sup>d</sup> undo me.*

Flute.





# The Faithful Shepherdess.

*Lively but not to fast*

*Set by M. S. Hon. 1710*

At setting Day, & rising Morn, With soul that still shall Love thee; I'll

ask of Heav'n thy safe Re-turn, With all that can improve thee; I'll

visit oft the Birken Bush, Where first thou kindly told me, sweet

Sales of Love and hid my Blush, Whilst round thou didst en-fold me.

To all our Haunts I will repair;  
By Greenwood shaw or Fountain;  
Or where of Sommer Day I'd share,  
With thee upon yon Mountain.

There will I tell of Treas & Flow'rs,  
From Thoughts unfeign'd & tender;  
By Yours you're mirac'ly Love is yours,  
A Heart which cannot wander.

Flute.



## Sylvia Wounded

How happy I live upon the plain the Envy of each Lass  
 all fate presented to my view the Charming M<sup>r</sup> Glass

But melancholy now and sad,  
 The tedious minutes pass,  
 All wonder at the fatal Cause,  
 But oh! the Cause is Glass.

When I sprightly Musick us'd to play,  
 I tripp'd it on the Grass;  
 No Dance or Musick now can please  
 Like Voice of M<sup>r</sup> Glass.

My parents with Industrious care,  
 Did mighty sums amass;  
 No one deserves those sums to share,  
 So well as M<sup>r</sup> Glass.

Let other nymphs try every art,  
 To wed a wealthy Lass;  
 But had I millions to bestow,  
 I'd give it all to Glass.

I us'd to be devout at Church,  
 As any Nun at Mass;  
 But all my adoration now,  
 Is plac'd on M<sup>r</sup> Glass.

Then cease your plaints ye am'rous Swains  
 Vain are your sighs alas,  
 My Pity all you can obtaine,  
 My Love for M<sup>r</sup> Glass.

## FLUTE



*Advice to Celia.*  
*a New Song.*

Shun not Ce-lia Loves soft Pleasures, Cause they will not  
 always last, Thus the Miser least his Treasure Eer should  
 end Dares never Fast, Eer should end Dares never Fast.

<sup>2</sup>  
 Beauty's but a fading Air -  
 Would you therefore Love refuse -  
 Or because there's one last Noisr  
 Would you all the others lose.  
 Would you &c.

<sup>3</sup>  
 Wisely seize y<sup>e</sup> present Blessing  
 What the soon y<sup>e</sup> Blessing ends -  
 Oft repented Joys possessing -  
 Bid the Number make o'mends.  
 Bid the ye.

*Finis.*

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



# The Modest Question.

Can Love be con-trould by Old-vice, Can Madneſs and Reaſon a-

grec: O Molly who'd ever be wiſe, If Madneſs is loving of Thee.

Let Sages pre-tend to deſpiſe, the Joys they want Spirits to Taſte, let

me ſeize Old Time as He flies And y' Bleſſings of Life while they laſt.

Dull Wiſdom but adds to our Care,	Then Molly ſorn'bat ſhould we ſtay,
Briſk Love will improve ev'ry Joy;	Till our beſt Blood begin to run Cold;
Too ſoon we may meet w <sup>th</sup> grey Hairs,	Our Youth we can have but to Day,
Too late may repent being Coy:	We may always find Time to grow Old.





# The Invitation

*Andante.*

Come dear Amanda quit the Town, And to the rural Hamlets

fly: Behold if wintry storms are gone, a gentle Radiance glads the Sky.

The Birds awake, if Flowers appear, Earth spreads a verdant Couch for

thee, tis Joy & Musick all we hear, tis Love & Beauty all we see.

<p>Come, let us mark if gradual Spring, How peeps if Bud, if Blossom blows, Till Philomel begins to sing, And perfect May to spread if Rose</p>	<p>Let us secure the short delight, And wisely crop if blooming Day, For soon, too soon it will be Night, Arise my Love &amp; come away.</p>
---	--

Final musical notation for the piece, including a repeat sign and a double bar line.



*Cantata.*

*ALEXIS.*

*Se! from y<sup>e</sup> silent Grove Althes flie and seek in ev'ry pleasing Art to ease the*

*Recit.*

*pain in<sup>ch</sup> lovely Eyes created in his Heart, to shining that she now repairs to learn Ca*

*Slow*

*millas moving Arts re. thus to Musicks power y<sup>e</sup> Swain address his Pray'rs* ARIA

*Charming sounds y<sup>e</sup> sweetly languish Musick O Compose my anguish every*

*passion yields to thee every passion yields to thee Charm<sup>ing</sup> sounds y<sup>e</sup> sweetly languish Musick*

*O Compose my anguish every passion yield to thee every pas<sup>sion</sup> yields to*



ALEXIS.

*Thou Phœbus quickly then relieve me, Cupid shall no more deceive me, 'till to*

*sprightly joys be free to sprightly joys I'll be free, 'till to sprightly joys be free. Adollo heard of sedition*

Recit.

*In vain he knew w<sup>th</sup> Daphne once he lov'd, how weak t<sup>an</sup> was w<sup>ag</sup>. Am'rous pain his own harmoni<sup>ous</sup> art had*

*prov'd & all his healing herbs, vain, then y<sup>et</sup> he strikes y<sup>e</sup> speaking strings precludin<sup>g</sup> to his voice*

Aria

*Viol. Cimbalo*

Violoncello



ALEXIS.

*Sounds tho' charming cant re lieve thee* *Sounds tho' charming cant re*

*lieve thee do not Shepherd then de ceive thee. Musick is the Voice of Love.*

*Musick is the Voice of Love* *Sounds tho' charming cant re lieve thee*

*do not Shepherd then de ceive thee. Musick is the Voice of Love. Musick*



ALEXIS.

is the voice of Love Musick is the voice of Love

Musical notation for the first system, including a vocal line and a keyboard accompaniment line.

is the voice of Love Musick is the voice of Love

Musical notation for the second system, including a vocal line and a keyboard accompaniment line.

*If the tender maid be*

lieve thee soft re-lenting kind on-senting will a lone thy pain re move will a

Musical notation for the third system, including a vocal line and a keyboard accompaniment line.

lone thy pain re move soft re-lenting kind on-senting will a lone thy pain re move

Musical notation for the fourth system, including a vocal line and a keyboard accompaniment line.

D.C



*Set by M<sup>r</sup> Howard*      *The Lover.*

If Love be a Fault & in me thought a Crime how great my offence bear you  
witness O Time, The Days & y<sup>e</sup> Nights, & y<sup>e</sup> hours as they roll'd, y<sup>e</sup> know may be  
felt, but are neer to be told. One Day past away, & saw nothing but love, & I  
neither came on, & y<sup>e</sup> something did prove. The Sun it grew tir'd still to  
look on the same, but I grew more pleas'd as y<sup>e</sup> next moment came.

I find you all Day, & all Day with new gust,  
And yet ev'ry Day was to me as the first.  
Thus fleeting Time passes w<sup>th</sup> Down on its Wings,  
And whilst this remains, rest unenvy'd ye Kings.  
If this be a Crime, be my Judges ye Fair,  
And if I must suffer for what is so rare,  
True Lovers hereafter this wonder shall tell,  
The Cause of my Death, was for loving too well.



*Allegretto* **The Lass of the Hill.** *Set by M. Lampe.*

*At the Brow of a Hill a fair Shepherdess dwelt, Who y<sup>e</sup> Kings of Ambition Or Love had neer felt;*

*A few sober Maxims still run in her Head, that was best for to earn e'er she eathen brow'd, y<sup>e</sup> to*

*rise with y<sup>e</sup> Lark was con-dusive to Health, And to Folks in a Cottage Con-tentment was Wealth.*

Young Roger that liv'd in y<sup>e</sup> Valley below,  
 Who at Church & at Market was rich on a Bear,  
 Would often times try o'er her Heart to prevail,  
 And cast on his Pitchfork to tell her his Tale,  
 That w<sup>h</sup> case his Addresses soon gain'd on her heart  
 Being artless herself, she suspected no Art.

But no sooner had melted y<sup>e</sup> Ice in her Breast,  
 The heat of his Passion y<sup>e</sup> Moment decrased,  
 And now he goes stauning all over y<sup>e</sup> Vale,  
 And boasts of his Conquest to Richard y<sup>e</sup> Hall,  
 Tho he sees her but seldom he's always in haste,  
 And n<sup>e</sup>'er he mentions her makes her his Jest

He flatter'd protested he kneel'd & implor'd,  
 And his lies he w<sup>h</sup> Oaths w<sup>o</sup>uld still grace like a Lord,  
 Her Eyes he commended w<sup>h</sup> Language well dress'd,  
 And enlarg'd on y<sup>e</sup> Tortures he felt in his Breast,  
 With sighs & w<sup>h</sup> Tears he so softend her Mind,  
 That in downright Compassion to Love, she inclin'd.

Take heed therefore Maidens of Briton's gay, Woe,  
 How you venture your Hearts for a look or a smile,  
 For young Cupid is artful & Virgins are frail,  
 And you'll find a false Roger in every Vale,  
 Who to Court you & tempt you will try all his skill  
 But remember y<sup>e</sup> Lass at the Brow of y<sup>e</sup> Hill.

*Another Tune to the Same Words.*



## The Amorous Protector

set by M. Lempie

Of e'ry sweet that glads the Spring, a tribute  
to thy Charms I'll bring; I'll i-mi-tate the bu-sy  
Bee, to make a fra-grant Crown for thee.

When from thy plains we're chasd away, And when to rest her Eyes incline,  
By the fierce God that rules the Day; And light nor they no longer shine;  
I'll lead thee to thy shades and Streams, The fairest fleece of e'ry Sheep,  
To shield thee from his scorching Beams, My love shall press in peaceful Sleep.

From all the Ills that Night invade,  
I'll guard the dear, the beautiful Maid;  
My tender faithful Care shall prove,  
None watch so well as those that love.

Flute





## The Maids Repentance

set by M. Goussier

Ye Gods! I foot-ish---ly de--ni'd my Strephon's lust Adress,  
Pro--vok'd he now no more re-ply'd, but left me in distress,

Oh Cupid! send your surest dart, & streight Command his stay let  
him once more but Ask my heart, I'll ne-ver more say nay.

Thus happy moments oft we lose,  
By some ill fate inspir'd,  
At once Capriciously refuse,  
The thing we most admir'd;

No more I'll blame loves ruling Pow'r  
Or Curse his just Decree;  
'Twas I that fix'd th' unlucky hour,  
And 'twas confirm'd by me.

### Flute



*Advice to Britain.* By M. Sparrow

*Sym*  
4/4  
*Allégo*

Rouse Britons, Drive the foe would stily work thy  
Woe, Let haughty Bourbon know we will be  
Dreaded still: Assert thee on the Main make all  
their Efforts vain, whose wiles makes Discord reign and  
fill the world with pain, Am-bitions vilest Ill,



Compos'd by Mr. Henry Burges junior:

*Am - bitious vildest All.*

Should Bourbons Force appear  
 Against this Isle in War —  
 Cease we th' intestine jarr —  
 And in one Mind unite —  
 Then vainly whats design'd —  
 We'd give up to the Wind —  
 And to their cost they'd find  
 With an unconquer'd Mind  
 A Briton still can fight.

The Bloody Front of War —  
 O Britons! never fear —  
 But let us bravely dare —  
 And make our Annals shine  
 And let 'em once more see —  
 We can set Europe Free —  
 And plough each distant Sea  
 With lawless Liberty —  
 In spite of Bourbons line.

For the German Flute.



*Address to Celia* set by M. Vestrup

*If beauty's lure a- lone in-vite, Absence may heal our*

*pain, But prudence vainly quits her sight, whose sence & worth re-*

*main. But prudence vainly quits her sight, whose sence & worth remain.*

<i>The fairest Face we may Despise,</i>	<i>Caught by thy Person &amp; thy sence,</i>
<i>Which hides a Foolish Mind,</i>	<i>'Tis both alike I fear,</i>
<i>But Reason guides y. Lovers Eyes,</i>	<i>For if the Eye could make defence,</i>
<i>When charms &amp; Wit are joynd,</i>	<i>You'd conquer by the Ear.</i>

*Flute*



*The Moderate Lover*

set by M. Lampe

Tell me not of a face that's fair, nor lip & Cheek that's red, Nor of a rare se-  
 nor of the tresses of her hair, nor curls in order spread;

raphical voice, like an Angel sings, Tho' if I were to take my Choices

would hav all these things, But if thou wilt have me love, & it must be a She; The

only Argument can move is if she will love me, Is that she will love me

The glories of your lady, be,  
 But Metaphors of things,  
 And but resembles what we see,  
 Each common object brings,  
 Roses out red their lips, and Cheeks,  
 Lillies their Whiteneſs stain,

What fool is he that shadows seeks  
 And may the substance gain?  
 Then if thoult have me love a Lays,  
 Let it be one that's kind,  
 Else I'm a servant to the Glass,  
 That's with good Claret lin'd.

*Flute*

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



# Love's Bacchanal.

Set by M<sup>r</sup> Vincent.

Strophon why that Cloudy Forehead Whiso vainly cross'd those Arms silly Swain thy Aspect  
 horred rather frightens her y<sup>n</sup> Charms Rouse each dull & drooping Spirit sting away thy

Myrtle Wreath Bumpers large of gen'rous Clarit makes thee love & raptures Breath.

Sacrifice this Juice prolificke — See if high charg'd Goblet smiling —  
 To each Letter of her Name — Bids thee Strophon drink & prove  
 Gods they deem'd it a Specificke Wine's the Liquor most bequiling  
 Why not Mortals do y<sup>e</sup> same Wine's y<sup>e</sup> Weapon conquers Love.

Flute



# Polly Willis

Set by M. Cox

Attend ye ever tuneful Swains that in melodious lulling strains of  
 Doe sing or Phillis,

Tho' weak my skill tho' rude my verse  
 braid me not whilst I rehearse, the Charms of Polly Willis.

Tho' languid I and poor in thought  
 No simile shall here be brought  
 From Roses Pinks and Lillies  
 Some meaner Beauties they may hit  
 But sure no Simile can fit  
 The charms of Polly Willis.

She's not like Venus on the Flood,  
 Nor as she once on Ida stood,  
 For mortal Amavillis;  
 From all that's lovely bright and fair  
 Of pleasing Shape & killing Air,  
 And that is Polly Willis.

A Simile to match her hair  
 Her lovely forehead high and fair  
 Beyond my greatest skill is,  
 How then ye Gods! can be express'd,  
 The Eyes, the Lips the heaving Breast,  
 Of charming Polly Willis.

Tho' time her charms may wear away  
 All beauty must in time decay,  
 Yet in her pow'r there still is  
 A charm which shall for life endure  
 I mean the spotless mind and pure  
 Of charming Polly Willis.

( Flute )

Flute accompaniment for the song.



# Stella and Flavia

Set by M. Howard

Stella and Flavia ev'ry hour do various hearts surprize in Stella's Soul is  
 all her pow'r & Flavia in her Eyes in Stella's soul is all her pow'r &  
 Flavia's in her Eyes. more boundless Flavia's conquests are and Stella's  
 more confin'd All can discern a face that's fair but few a heart 'n by Mind.

Stella, like Britain's Monarch, reigns  
 O'er cultivated Lands;  
 Like Eastern tyrants Flavia deigns,  
 To rule o'er barren Sands  
 Then boast fair Flavia boast thy face  
 Thy Beauties only store  
 Each day that makes thy Charms decrease  
 Will give to Stella more.





## THE COQUETS

set by M. Worgan

*slow*  
 4/4  
*Sym* *Pia* *F*

At the close of the day when the bear flow'r and hay breath'd Odours in

ev'ry Wind, Love enliven'd the veins of the damsels and swains, each

glance & each action was kind each glance & each action was kind

Molly wanton and free,  
 Kipp'd and sat on each knee  
 Fond extasie swam in her eyes  
 See thy Mother is near,  
 Hark! she calls thee to hear,  
 What Age and experience advice

First thou seen the Blithe dove  
 Stretch her neck to her love,  
 All glossy with Purple and Gold  
 If a kiss he Obtain,  
 She repeats it again  
 What follows you need not be told.

Look ye mother she cry'd  
 You'll instruct me in pride  
 And men by good manners are won  
 She who trifles with all  
 Is less likely to fall  
 Than she who but trifles with one

Prithce, Molly be wise  
 Lest by sudden surprise  
 Love should tingle in ev'ry Vein  
 Take a short end for life  
 And when once you're a Wife,  
 You safely may trifle again

Molly smiling reply'd  
 Then I'll soon be a bride  
 Old Keger has gold in his Chest,  
 But I thought all you'll oves  
 Chase a Man for your livas  
 And trifled no more with the rest



# Bacchus Defeated

*the Words & Musick by M. Philips*

Bacchus must now his power resign I am the only God of Wine I am the only

God of Wine It is not fit if wretch should be in Competition set with me

who can drink ten times more who &c. ten times more who &c. ten times more than he ten times

more ten times more ten times more ----- re who can drink ten times more than he

Let other Mortals vainly wear  
A tedious life with Anxious Care  
A tedious life &c.  
Let the ambitious toil and think  
Let States and Empires swim or sink  
My sole ambition is  
My sole &c.  
My sole ambition is to drink

Make a new world ye powers divine  
Stock it with nothing else but Wine  
Stock it with &c.  
Let Wine its only product be  
Let wine be Earth be Air and Sea  
And let that wine be all  
And let that &c.  
And let that wine be all for me.



## The happy Beggars

*Tho' Begging is an honest trade th<sup>o</sup> wealthy knaves despise yet rich men may be beg<sup>m</sup> made &*

*we that beg may rise, The greatest kings may be betruj'd & lose their sovereign pow'r But*

*he that stoops to ask his bread but he th<sup>o</sup> stoops to ask his bread can never fall much lower.*

*Tho' Foreigners have swarm'd of late and spoild our begging trade,  
Yet still we live and drink good beer, tho' they our rights invade  
Some say they for Religion fled, but Wiser People tell us  
They were forc'd here to seek their bread, for being too rebellious*

*Let heavy taxes greater grow, to make our Army fight,  
Where tis not to be had you know, the king must lose his right  
Let one side laugh the other mourn we nothing have to fear  
But that great Lords will beggars be to be as great as we are*

*What tho' we make the World believe, that we are sick or lame  
Tis now a virtue to deceive, our teachers do the same,  
In trade dissembling is no Crime and we may love to see,  
That begging in a little time the only Trade will be.*

Flute



# The Sleepy Fair.

Set by M. Howard

One Summers Eve as Striphon rovd wrapt up in thought profound, sur-

priz'd he saw his best belov'd lye sleeping on the Ground

Awake my pretty sleeper wake! awake to Striphons call Be

careful for your Lovers sake 'Tis Night the dew-drops fall.

Then to her Cheek his lips he laid  
 And gently stole a kiss  
 She still slept on he not dismay'd  
 Repeats the transient bliss  
 She wakes and thus with angry tone,  
 Away Away she cries  
 Then fault ring bids the Swain be gone  
 Then sight and clos'd her Eyes.

Tho' cruel are your words sweet maid  
 Can sighs proceed from hate?  
 My doubts are gone then down he laid  
 Resolv'd to share her fate,  
 Defend'd from the noxious Air  
 Within his Arms she lay  
 And tho' the Swain oft wak'd the fair,  
 She said no more 'till day.

Flute



## The Jealous Swain

Set by M. Russell

Sweet were once the Joys I tasted all was gollie-ty and love time me thought too

nimbly hasted n<sup>o</sup>. on pleasures wings: did move Chloë's heart was all my treasure never

was a richer Swain Chloë doubled ev'ry pleasure Chloë banish'd ev'ry pain

But the envious Gods repining,  
So much Bliss on Earth to See,  
All their bit'rust Curses joining,  
Dash'd my Cup with jealousy;  
Now where ev'nt my Pipe resounded,  
Steals the sigh and heart felt G<sup>r</sup>an,  
Love by doubts and fears surrounded,  
I'll dispute a tott ring Throne.

Fool that ever art pursuing  
What conceal'd is always best,  
Jealousy loves Child and ruin,  
Leave oh leave my torur'd breast,  
With the slave thy pow'r confessing  
Thou to Venus mildly deal,  
They who shun or slight thy Blessing  
Shoud alone thy torments feel.

Flute



# A Cure for Love

set by M<sup>r</sup>. Stanley

Long by an Idle Passion tost by love undone my reason lost how many fruitless

taurs it ayt to free me from the smart to free me from smart

I ravid I sigh'd but all in vain could not my liberty regain or break the little

tyrants chain alas how weak my Art Alas how weak my Art

At length I flew to Bride for Aid  
But equally by that betray'd  
To every Power in vain I pray'd  
But none would pity show.

Fill reason to my breast once more  
Did all my former peace restore  
And brought Content not in the power  
Of Strephon to restore.

Flute



## The Inconstant.

Set by Mr. Lampe.

When fading Beauty does de-cay, Will dost think that love will stay;

To love elsewhere sin not to blame, Phillis is no more if same, A

change in all we dai-ly see, Constant in In-constan-cy.

Chloe triumphant rules the Day,  
Then for Celia must give way,  
But when Clarissa comes in sight,  
Cecilia is forgotten quite —  
No fair one long can pleasure me,  
Constant in Inconstancy.

Almighty Love disdain restraint,  
Ever will for Freedom pant,  
Nor can you me Inconstant call,  
Who by turns love always all,  
Then blest'd be dear Variety,  
Constant in Inconstancy.

Flute



## Philander's Vow.

Set by M.<sup>r</sup> Boyce.

*Tender*

In vain Phi-lan-der at my Feet you urge your Guilty

Flame With well dis-sembled Tears entreat New Oaths &

impious Vows repeat and wrong Loves sacred Name

Ah! cease to call that passion Love  
 Whose end is to betray  
 Too soon should I comply you'd prove  
 What sensual views your Ardour move  
 And your Affection sway.

And when to all my fondness blind  
 You'd chase me from your Breast  
 I cluded Wretch! when could I find  
 That calm Content that peace of Mind  
 Which I before possess





## Arno's Vale

*Set by M. Holcombe.*

When here Lu-cinda first we came Where Arno rolls his Sil-ver Streams

How brisk if Nymphs if Swains how gay Content in spirit each ru-ral Lay The

Birds in livelier Concert Sung the Grapes in thicker Clusters hung

all look'd as joy could never fail Among if Sweets of Arno's Vale.

But now since good Palemon dy'd  
The chief of Shepherds & the Pride  
Now Arno's Sons must all give place  
To Northern Swains an Iron race

The Taste of Pleasure now is o'er  
Thy Notes Lu-cinda please no more  
The Muses droop the Goths prevail  
Adu' the insects of Arno's Vale.



### HAPPY PAIR

*Was at the Royal Feast for Peria'non by Philip's Wartike'son Aft in an full State the*

*Godlike Sic'rs fate On his Imperial Throne his valiant Peers were plac'd around their Brons n<sup>th</sup>*

*Roses and with Myrtles bound so Should Desert in Arms be crown'd The lovely 'Thais by his*

*like fate like a blooming Eastern Bride in flow'r of Youth and Beauty Pride*

*Happy happy happy pair*

*He nob but brave he nob but brave*



# A FAVOURITE Song.

*None but thy brave deserves to be thy Fair* *None but thy brave None but thy brave None but thy brave deserves to be thy Fair*

*happy happy happy Pair happy ha*

*ppp* *happy happy happy Pair*

*None but thy brave None but thy brave None but thy brave deserves to be thy Fair* *None but thy brave de*

*deserves to be thy Fair* *None but thy brave*

*None but thy brave deserves to be thy Fair None but thy brave deserves to be thy Fair None but thy brave deserves to be thy Fair*



## The Lover's Complaint

Set by M<sup>r</sup>. W<sup>m</sup>. Hodson.

*Ameroso.*

*Syn*

*I Love I deat I'm all She says No tongue can*

*tell my Pain My Breasts in Agony my Hearts on fire In murmurs*

*complain in murmurs I complain.*

- 2 *Thro' every Feature reigns a Charm  
Immortals own her Sway  
Her Frowns tenthousand Breasts alarm  
So rob their Guls of Day.*
- 3 *Her Smiles extatic Pleasures give  
Dispell my gloomy Woe  
Make drooping Nature learn to live  
No anxious Cares I know.*
- 4 *Some soul enchanting pow'r oh! more  
This too divinely fair  
Tell her how I'm distress'd by Love  
How tortur'd by despair:*



## The Mutual Lovers.

*Amoroso* Set by M. W. M. Hodson.

*Sym* Say mighty Love &

teach my Song to whom if sweetest joys be long & who the Happy Happy

*Rain* Whose yielding hearts & Joining hands find Blessings twisted

with their Bands to soften a - - - - - All their Care to soften all their Care.

Not if wild Herds of Nymphs & Swains  
Who thoughtless fly into the Chains  
As Custom leads the way  
If there be Bliss without Design  
Ivy and Oaks may grow & twine  
And beas blast as they.

Nor minds of melancholly Strain  
Still silent or that still complain  
Can the dear bondage bless  
As well may Heav'nly concerts spring  
From two old Lutes with ne'er a string  
Or none besides the Base.

Two kindest souls alone must meet  
'Tis Friendship makes if bondage sweet  
And feeds their mutual loves  
Bright Venus on her rolling Throne  
Is drawn by gentlest Birds alone  
And Cupid's Yoke if Loves.



H. Roberts fecit

# The Constant Lover:

Set by Miss Morgan.

*Sops'd in doubts & fears, I rove, On the stormy seas of Love; Far from*

*comfort far from Port, Beauty's Prize & Fortune's Sport, Yet my Heart disclaims dis-*

*pair; While I trace my leading Star; While I trace my leading Star.*

But reser'dness like a Cloud,  
 Does too oft her Glories shroud,  
 Since if Gloom reviving Sight,  
 Be auspicious as your Bright;  
 As you hide or dart your beams,  
 Your Ardour Sinks or Swims.

Flute



Hen. Roberts sculp.

*Love and Honour.*

*Set by Mr. Lampe.*

*I wish & long for that which I by custom forc'd must needs deny by custom*

*forc'd must needs deny how hard a Virgin's Fate To srown Alexis I am bid & if I*

*smile am frownd & chid and if I smile am frownd & chid who'd live at such a Rate.*

*In vain alas is all disguise  
My words but contradict my Eyes  
my words &c  
He reads my passion there  
O love! what is there to be done?  
Must I what most I covet shun  
must I &c  
And bid if Youth despair:—*

*Forbid it all y<sup>e</sup> powers above!  
Cupid prevailing God of Love  
Cupid &c  
Decreed us for each other—  
Let Hymen light his torch I dare  
Be his without a blush or fear—  
Behis &c  
To immitate my Mother:—*

Flute.



## Hail Windsor:

Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Travers.

*Larghetto* *Hail Windsor crown'd w<sup>th</sup>*

*of thy Joys w<sup>ch</sup> Nature wantons at her Will decks ev'ry vale with fruits & flowers w<sup>ch</sup>*

*wa ving trees adorns each Hill* *Like*

*Mars w<sup>ch</sup> Venus in his Arms like his thy Strength like hers thy*

*Charms like his thy Strength like hers thy Charms*

When o'er thy Plains I stretch mine eyes,  
Pleas'd w<sup>th</sup> thy Prospects unconfin'd,  
A thousand Scenes before me rise,  
A thousand Beauties charm my Mind,  
Tho' different each, yet each agrees,  
Nor this, nor that, but all things please.

Thus Stephen Views his lovely Fair;  
From charm to charm in raptures tost,  
Yet not her Face, nor Shape, nor Air;  
Nor yet her Eyes transport him most,  
But tis the Heavenly finish'd whole,  
With matchless Grace delights his soul.





*A Preservative against Love.* Set by M. Lampe

*tritta*

How frail alas! we Mortals are how lost to Sense how vain! In vain we would his  
 When once w<sup>th</sup> Pow'ful Love we dare a fancy'd war maintain.

Pow'r withstands; so.....ree by force re pell He has more

Absolute Command of ma.....re we would re bell.

'Tis only flight can make us blest —  
 And free us from Loves Dart  
 One Moments stay destroys our Rest  
 But this preserves the Heart  
 So shall our Lives in peace be Free —  
 Each day new pleasures prove  
 We thaws possess'd of Liberty —  
 Defies the Shafts of Love. —

FLUTE



Bright Author of

*Con Spirito*

Bright Author of my present flame can I awake or do I dream

art thou an Angel if I see come down from heav'n to comfort me Bright me or art a Su-ry

lately made scape from hell to cheat me to cheat me in a fairer shape Or shape

*Affettuoso*

Shou like a Comet dost ap-pear

in this our loss fre quent'ed Sphere Sphere all once to dazzel



*my present Flame.*

*Set by M. Travers.*

and sur prize w<sup>th</sup> Love our Hearts w<sup>th</sup> light our Eyes with Love our Hearts with

light our Eyes At Eyes *But if thou come por-*

tending fu ture Pain en like a Blazing Star retire again But if thou come por-

tending fu ture Pain en like a Bla...

zing Star retire again en like a Bla...

zing Star retire a gain.



*The Relief.*

Now if busy day is o'er, So if Bottle let us fly, if our Spirits will restore, & delight the  
 Heart w<sup>th</sup> joy..... & delight y<sup>e</sup> heart w<sup>th</sup> joy. Banish  
 sorrow, spleen & care, Ev'n anxious thought remove, raise y<sup>e</sup> mind above despair, fill y<sup>e</sup> soul w<sup>th</sup> nought but love.  
 Fill the Soul w<sup>th</sup> nought but Love.

FLUTE



## Barberini's Minuet.

Set by Sig. Hofse.

Think' to Pleasure if sports do invite you times on if thing & is fleeting a way and as if bright

Season of youth does excite you Crown'd dear moments in mirth whilst you may As time approaches by

kindly Advances With truly graceful and free open fancies of Song & brisk dances intreat him to

Stay His golden treasure if prudently measure let innocent pastime & virtue delight you

virtue & innocence alway are gay those who inherit such freedom of spirit live live

live live those who inherit such freedom of spirit live & enjoy true delight every Day.



# Myra

Set by M.<sup>r</sup> Howards

*Jay Myra why is gentle Love (A stranger to y<sup>e</sup> Mind that Pity and Esteem can*

*move w<sup>ch</sup> can be just & Kind Is it because you feare to know y<sup>e</sup> M<sup>rs</sup> Love molest the*

*ten der care y<sup>e</sup> anxious fear w<sup>ch</sup> racks y<sup>e</sup> amrous Breast. A lass by some degree of*

*w<sup>ch</sup> we ev<sup>er</sup> ry bliss obtain y<sup>e</sup> heart can never truly know, w<sup>ch</sup> never felt a Pain*

Flute.



## The Happy Man.

Arietta.

I envy not Sir Courtly Nice Secure from Pomp and free from Vice I pass my day w<sup>th</sup>

Ease I pass my Days w<sup>th</sup> Ease The Man who cannot be a Knave nor to be a

fawning slave has but him<sup>self</sup> to please has but himself to please.....se

has but himself to please the man who cannot be a knave nor to be a fawning

slave has but himself to please has but himself to please has but himself to please

The World & all its glittering Toys  
 Consist in Hurry, Show and Noise  
 Whilst in a Crowd we live  
 Thank Heav'n! I share a better Fate  
 And blest enjoy in humble State  
 The sweets that Quiet give

My Book my Garden, field & Fair  
 Are all my Pleasures, all my Care  
 Nor wish I greater Bliss  
 Each Day to vie fresh beauties rise  
 From these and Isabell's Eyes  
 Still sweetned by a Kiss.



*The Truth.*

*Set by M. Ruytel.*

To curb our Will with vain pre tence Phy. lo. so. phy her force em.

plays And tells us in dis pight of Sense that Life af fords us real Joy

Such Idle whims my Heart ab jures Envy me not Im mortal

Jove. If I pre fer my Bliss to Yours claspid in the Arms of her I Love

Since you have given desires to Men—  
 Leave us at least th' Enjoyment free—  
 Must I be happy only then  
 When I alas! shall cease to be —  
 Such Idle whims my heart abjures —  
 Envy me not immortal Jove —  
 If I prefer my Bliss to yours —  
 Claspid in y' Arms of her I love —

For the German Flute.





*Paternal Love.*

*Set by M. Lampe*

The parent Bird whose little Nest is by its tender Young possess'd with

Spreading Wings & downy Breast does cherish them with Love (But soon as Nature

plumes their Wings & guides their flight to Groves and Springs quite unconcern'd the

parent Sings re-gardless where they rove re-gardless where they rove.

Whilst hapless we of human Race —  
 The lasting Cares of Life embrace —  
 And still our best affection place —  
 On what procures us pain —  
 Tho' Children as their years increase —  
 Increase our fear & spoil our peace —  
 Paternal Love can never cease —  
 But ever will remain.

Flute.



*A Song in Praise of*

*Of good English Beer our Songs lets raise We've right by our freeborn*

*Charter And follow our brave fore fathers ways Who lived in y<sup>e</sup> time of King Arthur*

*Of those gallant days loud fame has told Beer gave y<sup>e</sup> stout Britons Spirit In*

*Love they spoke truth & in War they were bold And flourished by dint of Merit*

**Chorus**

*Then like them Crown our Bowls our plentiful brown Barks & take em off deliver to all*



# old English Beer

By Mr. Leveridge.

*true English Souls to all true English Souls & old England old England for ever*  
*hurrah old England for ever*  
*hurrah old England for ever*  
*old England old England hurrah old England for ever*

The glory in Love or War they won —  
 By fighting retreats and sallies —  
 Was from y<sup>e</sup> production of their own —  
 Good Beer & roast Beef in their bellies —  
 All foreign attempts they did disdain —  
 To fird with Resolution —  
 For Liberty y<sup>e</sup> they woud bleed evry vein —  
 To keep their old Constitution. —  
 Chorus

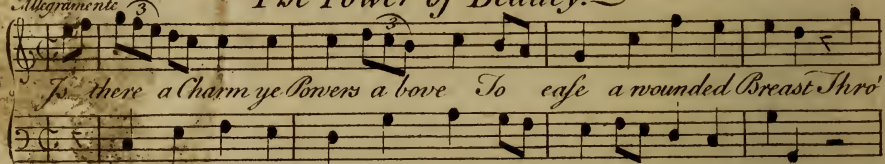
Like them let us fill & drink & Sing —  
 To all who our state are aiding —  
 To Commerce y<sup>e</sup> all our wealth does bring —  
 And every branch of our Trading —  
 By Commerce all grandure we sustain —  
 That makes us a pow'rful Nation —  
 Then let us agree & with vigour maintain —  
 Our Trade and our Navigation. —  
 Chorus

## FLUTE.

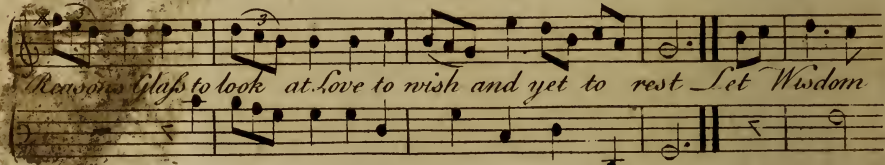


*The Power of Beauty.* ∞

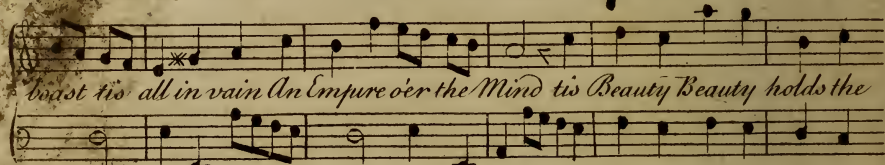
*Allegretto* 3



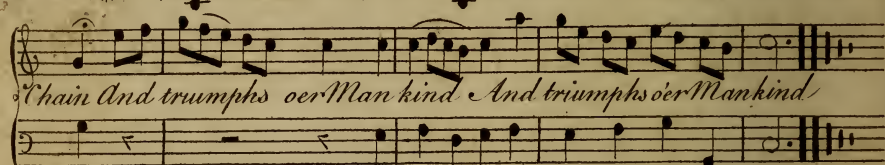
Is there a Charm ye Powers above To ease a wounded Breast thro'



Reason's Glass to look at Love to wish and yet to rest Let Wisdom



boast tis all in vain An Empire o'er the Mind tis Beauty Beauty holds the



Chain And triumphs o'er Man kind And triumphs o'er Mankind

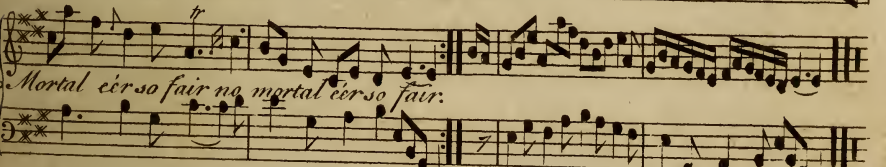
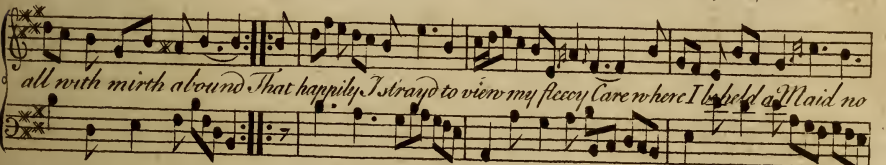
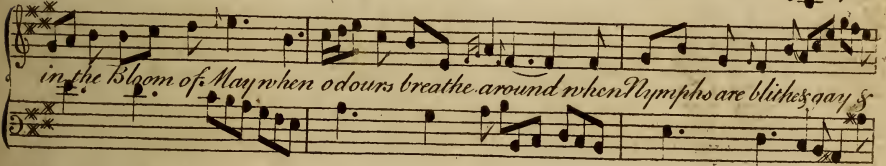
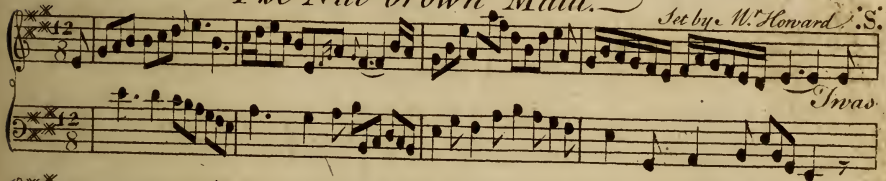
Thrice happy Birds who on the Spray  
Unartful Notes prolong  
Your feather'd Notes reward the Lay  
And yield to powerful Song  
By Nature fierce without Controul  
The human Savage ran  
Till Verse resign his Stobborn Soul  
And civiliz'd the Man

Verse turns aside the Tyrants Rage  
And cheers the drooping Slave  
It wins a Smile from hoary Age  
And disappoints the Grave  
The force of Numbers must succeed  
And sooth each other Ear  
Tho' my fond Cause should Phoebus plead  
Hid find a Daphne here  
Hid find a Daphne here

Did Heav'n such wondrous Gifts produce  
To curse our wretched Race  
Say must we all the Heart accuse  
And yet approve if Face  
Thus in the Sun bedropp'd with Gold  
The basking Adder lies  
The Swain admires each shining Fold  
Then grasps the Snake & dies  
Then grasps the Snake & dies



*The Nut-brown Maid.* Set by W. Howard. S.



She wore upon her Head —  
A Bonnet made of Straw —  
Which such a Face did shade  
As Phœbus never saw —  
Her looks of Nut brown hue  
A round card Coife conceald  
Which to my pleasing view  
A sporting Breeze reveald —

Around her slender Waiste —  
A Scrip embroider'd hung —  
The Lute her Singers grac'd  
Accompany'd with a song —  
With such a pleasing Note  
Current might repale —  
Or Philomelas Throat  
That Warbles thro' the Vale —

Not long I stood to View —  
Struck with her Heavenly Air  
I to the Charmer flew —  
And caught the yielding Fair —  
Hear this ye scornful Belles  
And milder ways pursue —  
She that in Charms excells —  
Excels in kindness too —



*The Happy Couple.*

*By Roberts Sculp.*

Staccato.

Sym.

*At Myton on the Hill There lives a happy Pair The  
Swain his Name is Will And Molly is the Fair Ten Years are gone & more Since  
Hymen joind these two their Hearts were one be fore The sacred rites they Knew*

*Since which Auspicious Day  
Sweet harmony does Reign  
Both Love and both obey  
Hear this each Nymph & Swain  
If haply Cares invade  
Is who is free from Care  
Th' impressions Lighter made  
By taking each a Share.*

*Pleas'd with a Calm retreat  
They've no ambitious View  
In Plenty live not State  
Nor Envy those that do  
Sure Pomp is empty Noise  
And Cares Increase with Wealth  
They Aim at truer Joys  
Tranquillity and Health.*

*With Safety and with Ease  
Their present life does flow  
They fear no raging Seas  
Nor Rocks that lurk below  
May still a steady Gale  
Their little Bark attend  
And Gently fill each Sail  
Till life it self shall end.*

FINIS



## The Power of Gold

Set by, *Michael Morjan*

The Bloom of Beauty quickly fades an age des-pis'd as  
 Soon-suc-ceeds loathing the Lover flits a face des-  
 -poid of Youthfull Charms and Grace Yet Gold will we do  
 thee Enjoy we need no other Charms Employ Medea's drs to  
 thee belong when old thou makst us fair and young.

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a basso continuo line. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The piece features various musical ornaments, including mordents and grace notes, and concludes with a double bar line.



# AMYMONE

*Cantata.*

Rec: Upon the Coast of Aegys Rocky Shoar where the Impetuous Billows Foam and

Roar. Amymone the Young the Fairist of the Wood was by a Satyr eagerly persued

weary with Flight by fears Opprest She thus th'immortall powrs th'immor..... tall powrs addrest

*Air*

*Largo*

Neptune God of

all the Ocean

Neptune God of





# AMYMONE

all the Ocean hear a tender Maid's devotion Ease my A..... anguish Set me free

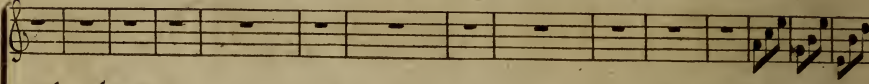
Ease my A..... anguish Set me free from Furious love de...liver

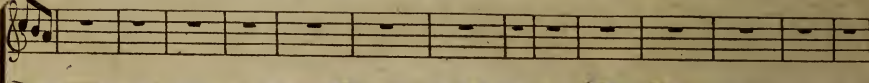
me from furious love deliver me

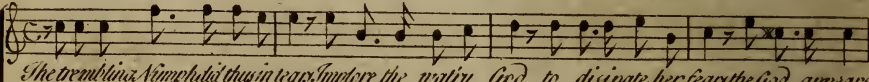
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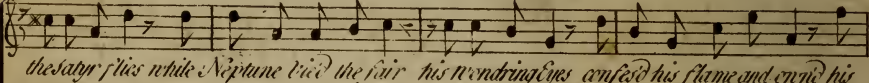


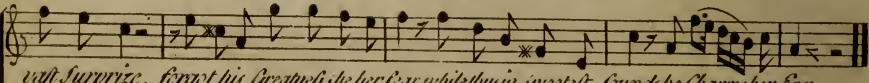
# AMYDONE


  
*...shall it be lost shall it be lost shall it be lost in heedless air...*


  
*...no refuge they remain for me remain for me but by De... of abyss of sea*


  
*The trembling Nymph had thus in tears Implore the wrothy God to dissipate her fears the God appears*


  
*the satyr gl'ous while Neptune view'd the fair his wond'ring Eyes confes'd his flame and ev'n'd his*


  
*vast Surprise. forgot his Greatness, he her fear while thus in sweetest Sounds he Charms her Ear.*



# AMYTONTÉ

*Vivace*

*Triumph triumph*

*Triumph triumph Charm the creature over your prey... mptious Vanquish ever tri...*

*...umphantly Conquer of your Charms While Neptune Courts you to his Arms*



Solo *AMYMONE*

*Tri.....umph Tri...umph in the conquest the*

*conquest of your the*

*me Tri - umph in the conquest the conquest of your charms*

The musical score consists of ten systems of staves. Each system typically includes a vocal line (treble clef) and a bass line (bass clef). The notation includes various rhythmic values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words like 'Tri' and 'umph' appearing multiple times with dotted lines indicating a triplet or a specific rhythmic pattern.



# AMYDONE.

Musical notation for the first system, consisting of three staves. The first two staves contain a melodic line with various rhythmic values and accidentals. The third staff contains a bass line with fewer notes, including some rests.

*Beautiful creature how if ever*

Musical notation for the second system, consisting of three staves. The first two staves are mostly rests, with some notes appearing in the second half. The third staff contains a melodic line with lyrics underneath.

*you intend to Bless a lover yield to me yield to me if both can no.....*

Musical notation for the third system, consisting of three staves. The first two staves are mostly rests, with some notes appearing in the second half. The third staff contains a melodic line with lyrics underneath. The system ends with a double bar line and the letters 'DC'.

*ve thy tender Soul thy tender Soul to softest love thy tender Soul to softest love.*



### A Favourite Song

Set by M<sup>r</sup> Handel.

*Siciliana* *Let me wander not unseen by Hedgeron*

12/8

12/8

*Flms on Hillslocks green.* *There the Plowman near at*

7 7

*hand whistles over the furrow & Land there y<sup>e</sup> Plowman near at hand whistles over the furrow*

*Land* *and the Milkmaid, together blithe & y<sup>e</sup> Mower whets his scythe and every*

*Shepherd tells his tale under the Hawthorn in the Dale* *and every*

*Shepherd tells his tale under the Hawthorn in the Dale.*

7



# Love reveal'd.

Set by M.<sup>r</sup>. W. Hodson

*Affettuoso*

Why should I my Passion smoother Or the Man I love torment

my Iron may drive him to a nother then too late I may

repent then too late I may repent.

How often he has fondly woo'd me  
Yet I always seem'd Coy  
Tho' in melting Strains he sued me  
Against my Will I did deny

Thus we force our Selves to suffer  
And slight w<sup>t</sup> we so much prize  
Yet tis easy to discover  
Our own Thoughts within our Eyes

I cannot resist no longer  
Hes y<sup>t</sup> only Man I love  
And my Passion grows y<sup>t</sup> stronger  
Since he does so constant prove

All Endeavour to regain him  
And his constant Love requite  
Tho' so long I did disdain him  
In him alone I take delight

Sweet Endearments may allure him  
Never can I be at rest  
Till for ever I secure him  
Its he alone can make me blast

Flute



*A Favourite Song*

*Set by Mr. Boyce*

*Fair of the Virgin Throng dost thou seek thy Swains Abode*

*See you fertile Vale along the new worn Path of Flocks have trod Peruse of Prints their*

*Feet have made & they shall guide thee to the Shade and they shall guide thee to the Shade Fair of the*

*Virgin Throng dost thou seek thy Swains Abode see you fertile Vale along the new worn Path of Flocks have trod Per-*

*use the Prints their Feet have made & they shall guide thee to the Shade & they shall guide thee to the Shade*

*Flute*





## Rural Life.

Set by Mr Howard

How happy is the Maid who

lives a rural life By no false views be trayd to know domestick strife No Passion sways her

mind or wishes to be Great So humble hopes confind she shuns y<sup>e</sup> flattering Bait To

humble hopes confind she shuns y<sup>e</sup> flattering Bait

Her soul with calm disdain,  
Above the Pomp of Pride,  
Behold y<sup>e</sup> Rich and vain,  
—  
In gilded fetters tyd;  
—  
While Titles Wealth & Pow'r;  
—  
The gaudy Scene display;  
—  
And Pageants of an Hour,  
—  
In darkness glide away.

But if some gentle Boy,  
—  
Her faithful Bosom share;  
—  
He doubles all her Joy,  
—  
And lessens all her Care;  
—  
Their moments on the wing,  
—  
The mutual Bliss improve,  
—  
And give perpetual Spring,  
—  
To Virtue Truth and Love.

Flute



### A Favourite Song

*Sym:*

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 7/8 time signature.

*Andante*

Musical notation for the second system, featuring a bass clef and a 6/8 time signature.

Musical notation for the third system, including the lyrics: *Tell me lovely Shepherd where where tell me*. It includes dynamic markings *F:* and *P:*.

Musical notation for the fourth system, including the lyrics: *where thou feedst at Noon thy fleecy Care* and *Direct me to y<sup>e</sup> sweet Re*. It includes dynamic markings *F:* and *P:*.

Musical notation for the fifth system, including the lyrics: *treat y<sup>e</sup> quards thee from y<sup>e</sup> Midday Heat*. It includes dynamic markings *F:* and *P:*.

Musical notation for the sixth system, including the lyrics: *Left by the Flocks I lonely stray Without a*. It includes dynamic markings *P:* and *F:*.

Musical notation for the seventh system, including the lyrics: *Guide & lose my Way* and *where rest at Noon thy bleating*. It includes dynamic markings *F:* and *P:*.



*in Solomon.*

*Set by M<sup>r</sup> Boyce*

*Care Gentle Shepherd tell me where where *Sy:* where*

*where tell me where where rest at Noon thy bleating Care Gentle*

*Shepherd tell me where tell me gentle Shepherd where*

*For the Flute, or German Flute.*

*Sym.*  
*Andante*  
*Sy:* *Sy:*  
*Sy:* *Sy:*  
*Sy:*  
*Sy:*  
*Sy:*



## The Doubtfull Lover.

Set by M<sup>r</sup> Howard

Tell me my Delia tell me why my kindest fondest looks you fly

What means if frown up on thy Brow have I of send ed tell me how

What means if frown up on thy Brow have I of send ed tell me how

Some change has happen'd in thy Heart,  
 Some Rival there has stol'n a part;  
 Reason, those fears might disapprove,  
 But Oh I fear; because I Love.

Flute



## The Secret Kiss.

Set by Mr Oswald

At the Silent Evening Hour Two fond Lovers in a

Bower. Sought sought their mutual Bliss Tho her Heart was

just relenting Tho her Eyes seem'd just Consenting Yet

yet she fear'd to Kiss

Since this secret Shade he cry'd —  
Will those rosy Blushes hide —  
Why why will you resist —  
When no tell-tale Spy is near us  
Eye not sees nor Ear can hear us  
Who, who would not be kiss'd.

Galia hearing what he said —  
Blushing lifted up her Head —  
Her Breast soft Wishes fill —  
Since she cry'd no Spy is near us  
Eye not sees nor Ear can hear us  
Kiss, kiss or what you will.

Flute



## The Despairing Shepherd

*Large*

See by M. Lampe

Cl-- on whose Heart Fore-told Despair thus mournd his hap-les Fate  
 Long have I tast-- ed pining Care which Cru-- el Feas Cre-ate

How did y<sup>e</sup> pleasing Minuits wast whilst Silvia blest the Grove but Minuits  
 te dious A ges last now torn from her I love now torn from her I love.

See how the Villiage Blithly gay —  
 Is all a Joyous Scene  
 The rural Nymphs all hail y<sup>e</sup> May  
 Like them I've happy been  
 But now no Pleasures sooths my Care  
 Their happy Sports I shun  
 And fond my Sylvias griefs to share  
 Am Gloriously undone.

Flute



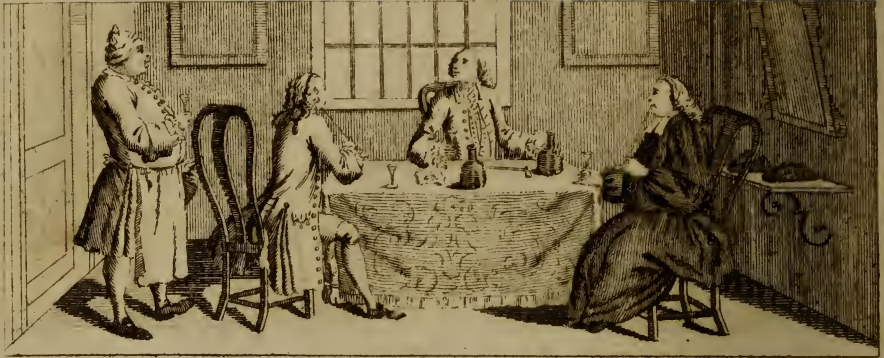
## Advice to Cloe.

Set by M. Howard.

See Cloe how the new-blown Rose, blooms like thy beautiful Face; Youth does its ripening  
 Charms disclose, and perfects ev'ry Grace; Its Virgin sweets perfume the Air, and  
 then its Pride decays; So will it be with thee my fair, if past thy youthful Days

No April can revive thy Charms,  
 No Sun can light thine Eyes;  
 Soft Love will leave thy snowy Arms,  
 When Age begins to rise:  
 Then Cloe let my Passion move  
 Thy Pity for my Pain;  
 Obey the Voice of gentle Love,  
 Love, and be Lov'd again.

For  $\hat{v}$  German Flute.



*A. Favourite Song*

*Allegro*

*And for*

*Zeus Plato Aristotle all were Lovers of the Bottle Sy: Poets Painters & Musicians*

*Churchmen Lawyers & Physicians all admire a pretty Life all require a cheerful Glass Zeu*

*Plato Aristotle all were Lovers of the Bottle Poets Painters & Musicians Churchmen Lawyers & Physicians*

*all admire a pretty Life all require a cheerful Glass Poets Painters & Musicians Churchmen Lawyers & Phy*

*icians all admire a pretty Life all require a cheerful Glass Sy:*





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

Musical notation for the first system, consisting of a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature.

Lyrics: *Ev'ry Pleasure has its lesson Love and Drinking are no Treason*  
 Musical notation for the second system, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Lyrics: *Ev'ry Pleasure has its lesson Love and*  
*Drinking are no Treason Love and Drink...*  
*king Love and Drinking are no Treason.*  
 Musical notation for the third system, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Musical notation for the fourth system, featuring a complex piano accompaniment with many sixteenth notes.

Musical notation for the fifth system, continuing the piano accompaniment.

Musical notation for the sixth system, continuing the piano accompaniment.

Musical notation for the seventh system, concluding the piece with a final cadence.



Allegro

*A Favourite Song,*

On his Face the Ver-nal Rose blended with the Lil-ly Glow.

Syn: His Locks are as the Raven black in Ringlets wa-ving

down his Back Syn: His Eyes with milder Beauties

beam than billing Doves beside y stream his youthfull Cheeks are Beds of

Howers En-ri-pend by refreshing showers

His Lips are of the Rose's Hue dropping with a fra grant



Set by M.<sup>r</sup> Boyce.

*Larg.* Tall as y<sup>e</sup> Cedar he appears & as Erect his form he bears

Tall as y<sup>e</sup> Cedar he appears And as Erect his form he bears

*Largo* *pia.* This this O ye Virgins this is y<sup>e</sup> Swain whose fance causes all my Pain.

FLUTE.

Flute accompaniment consisting of seven staves of music with various dynamics and articulation marks.



*A Favourite Song.*

*Set by M<sup>r</sup> Pédleur.*

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with notes and dynamics like *tr*, *p*, and *f*.

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves with notes and dynamics like *sf*.

*Women formid by Nature Coy, blush to give or take the Joy.*

Musical notation for the third system, including treble and bass staves with notes and dynamics like *sf* and *Favre*.

*Man by Nature warm & brave must to win them be a Slave.*

Musical notation for the fourth system, including treble and bass staves with notes and dynamics like *ms*.

*flatter sigh and whine call their Mortal Char. .... ms call their Mortal*

Musical notation for the fifth system, including treble and bass staves with notes and dynamics like *ms*.

*Charms divine. When the Soul thus we please Female pri. ....*

Musical notation for the sixth system, including treble and bass staves with notes and dynamics like *ms*.

*deceiwil's Female, Bride deceiwil ob eys.*



## A Favourite Song

Set by Mr Oswald.

Moderato

Silly when your lips you join  
 Lovely Pointing Lips to mine  
 So the Bee the flowery Field  
 Such a Banquet does not yield  
 Not the dewy morning Rose  
 So much sweetness does inclose  
 Not the Gods such Nectar sip  
 Its Collin from thy balmy Lip  
 Its Collin from thy balmy Lip  
 Kiss me then with rapture  
 Kisse, Well surpass the Gods in Bliss  
 Well surpass Well surpass  
 Well surpass the Gods in Bliss  
 Well surpass the Gods in Bliss



## False Damon.

Set by M. H. Carey

If you would keep your Damon true, & constant as before; Let him perceive no change in

you, & he'll be false no more. 'Tis not that Celia is more fair; or has more charms y<sup>e</sup>

you; But that she's less disturb'd with Care *If he be false or true.*

Why then shoud you disgrace with Tears,  
That Face which once was gay;  
Or why shoud you distract with Tears,  
That Heart which once was May.  
Let Smiles again adorn your Face,  
Again be gay and glad,  
And he'll again resume his Place,  
Or else by Jove he's mad.

Flute



## Delia.

Set to M.<sup>r</sup> Howards favorite Musette.

*tr*  
*Delia in whose form we trace All that can a Virgin Grace Hark where Pleasure*

*tr*  
*blicke as May Bids us to Vaux Hall away. Vardant Vistos melting Sounds*

*tr*  
*Magic Echoes Fai-ry Rounos Beauties ev'ry where surprize Sure if Spot dropt*

*tr*  
*from y<sup>e</sup> Skies Delia in whose form we trace All that can a Virgin grace*

*tr*  
*hark where Pleasure blicke as May Bids us to Vaux-hall away.*

For the German Flute.



*Soft God of Sleep?*

*Set by W. Rufel*

*Soft God of Sleep when thou dost seal the gay The gay Clarin-das Eyes*

*In gentle dreams to her reveal how Damon Damon for her dies*

*But if the fair one be displeas'd at the un wel come un wel come*

*Theme fly her and let her Soul be easid in finding it a Dream*

*Flute*

Flute musical notation consisting of three staves of music.





To Silvia. *tr*

Set by M<sup>r</sup> Howard

*tr* *S:* *tr*

He Truth can fix thy war'ring heart let Da men  
 urge his Claim he feels the Passion void of art the Pure and constant Flame  
 Tho' sighing Invaits their tell their sensual love con  
 tem they on by prize of beauteous shell but slight of inward Gem.

Possession cures the wounded Heart;  
 Destroys the transient Fire,  
 But when of mind receives of Hart,  
 Enjoyment whets Desire.  
 Your charms each slavish sense controul,  
 A Tyrant's short liv'd Reign,  
 But milder Reason rules the Soul,  
 Nor time can break the Chain.

By Age your Beauties will decay,  
 Your mind improves with Years,  
 As when the Blossoms fade away,  
 The ripning Fruit appears.  
 May Heav'n & Sylvia grant my Suit,  
 And bless each future Hour;  
 That Damon, who can taste of Fruit,  
 May gather ev'ry Flower.



## Cloe's Resolves.

Set By D.<sup>r</sup> Greene 2<sup>d</sup> 1<sup>r</sup>

As Cloe on Flowers reclind o'er the Stream she sight to the  
 Breeze & made Colin her Theme, tho' Pleasant the Stream & tho' Cooling the  
 Breeze & the Flowers tho' fragrant she panted for Ease, and the Flowers tho'  
 fragrant she panted for Ease

The Stream it was sickle and hasted away,  
 It hid'd its sweet Banks but no longer would stay,  
 The Beauteous Inconstant & Faithless tho' Fair,  
 Ah! Colin look in and behold thyself there!



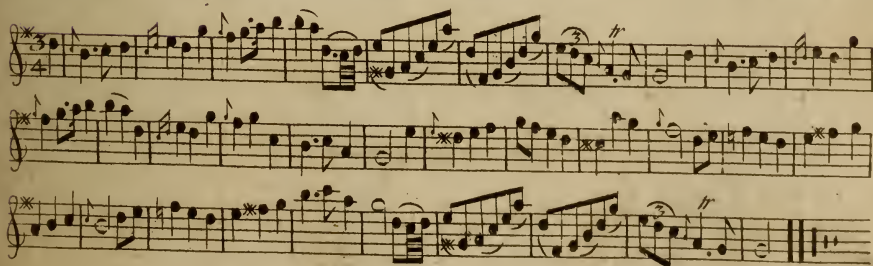
*The Breeze that so Sweet on her Bosom did play,  
Now rose to a Tempest and darkned the Day,  
As soft as the Breeze and as loud as the Wind,  
Such Colin when Angry and Colin when kind.*

*The Flowers when gather'd so Beauteous & sweet,  
Now fade on her Bosom and Dye at her Feet,  
As fair in their Bloom and as foul in Decay,  
Such Colin when Present and Colin away. —*

*In Rage and despair from the Ground she arose,  
And from her the Flowers so faded she throws, —  
She weeps in the Stream and she sighs to y<sup>e</sup> Wind,  
And resolves to Drive Colin quite out of her mind.*

*But what her resolves when her Colin appear'd,  
The Stream it stood still & no Tempest was heard,  
The Flowers recover'd their beautiful Hue,  
She found he was kind and believ'd he was True.*

For the German Flute.





## Ye Virgin Powers.

Set by M<sup>r</sup> Howard.

Ye Virgin Pow'rs de

Send my Heart from am'rous Looks & Smiles from saucy Love and nicer Art which  
oft our Sex beguiles  
From sighs & Vows & saucy fears w<sup>th</sup> most to  
Pity move from speaking silence & from tears these strings w<sup>th</sup> water Love.

But if thro' Passion I grow Blind  
Let Honour be my Guide  
And where frail Nature seem inclin'd  
There place a Guard of Bride,

The maid whose Charms are seen tho' Pure  
Needs ev'ry Virtue's Aid  
And she who thinks herself secure  
The soonest is betray'd.



## A Song

See by M<sup>r</sup> Howard.

Good

Mother if you please you may place others to observe my ways: Or be yourself y<sup>e</sup>

watchful spy keep me ever in your eye keep me ever in your eye.

Unless y<sup>e</sup> Will y<sup>e</sup> self restrain y<sup>e</sup> care of others is in Vain And if y<sup>e</sup> self I

do not keep instead of watching you may sleep instead of watching you may sleep.

<p>When you forbid what Love inspires          Forbidding you but fan its fires;          Restraint does appetite enrage,          And Youth may prove too strong for age.</p>	<p>Then leave me unconfin'd and free,          With Prudence for my Lock &amp; Key,          For if myself I do not keep,          Instead of watching All may sleep.</p>
--	---



*Florellio and Daphne.* Set by M. Howard

See Daphne see Florellio cryd and learn y<sup>e</sup> sad effects of Pride yon shelterd Rose how  
close conceald how quickly blasted when revcald *The Sun w<sup>th</sup> warm at-*  
*tractive Rays tempt us to wanton in y<sup>e</sup> blaze* *A Gale succeeds from*  
*eastern Skies & all its Blushing radiance dies all its Blushing radiance dies*

*To you, my Fair, of charms Divine, —  
Will quit the Plain, too fond to shine —  
Where Flames transporting Rains allure,  
Tho' here more happy, more secure —  
The Breath of some neglected Maid, —  
Shall make you sigh, you left the Shade,  
A Breath, to Beauties Bloom, unkind, —  
As to the Rose, the eastern Wind. —*

*The Nymph replyd, you first my Swain,  
Confine your Sonnets to the Plain; —  
One envious Tongue, alike disarms —  
You of your Wit, Me of my Charms; —  
What is, unheard, the tuneful Thrill, —  
Or what, unknown, the Poets skill, —  
What, unadmird, a charming Mein, —  
Or what the Roses Blush, unseen. —*



*Why heaves my fond Bosom*

Why

*heaves my fond Bosom Oh what can it mean! thy flut'ring miss heart was once so serene*

*Why this sighing and trembling? Daphne is near or 'tis when she's absent this*

*Serren and I fear or why when she's absent this serren and fear.*

*For ever, methinks, I with wonder could trace  
The Thousand soft Charms that embellish thy Face  
Each moment I view thee new Beauties I find  
With thy Face I am charmd, but enslaved by thy mind  
Untainted with Folly, unsullied by Pride  
There native good Humour, and Virtue reside  
Pray Heaven that Virtue thy Soul may supply  
With compassion for <sup>us</sup> ~~us~~ who without thee must die.*



## The New flown Birds Set by H. Lampe

The new flown Birds the Shepherds sing & welcome in y<sup>e</sup> May come h<sup>is</sup>torilla

now the Spring makes e vry Land/kip Gay th<sup>is</sup> Spreading Trees their leafy shak o'er

half the Plain ex tend, or in reflecting fountains playd their quivring Branches Bend their

quivring Branches Bend or in reflecting fountains playd their quivring Branches Bend

Come taste the Season in it's Prime  
 And bless the Rising Year  
 Oh how my Soul grows sick of Time  
 Till thou my Love Appear  
 Then shall I pass the Gladfom Day  
 Warm in thy Beauty's Shine  
 When thy dear Stock Shall feed & play  
 And intermix with mine

For thee of Doves a milk white Pair  
 In Silken Bands I hold  
 For the a firstling Lambkin fair  
 I keep within the Fold  
 If milkwhite Loves acceptance meet  
 Or tender Lambkin please  
 My Spotless Heart without Decout  
 Be offerd up with these





*A Favorite Song* Set by M.<sup>r</sup> Waldman

Joy Enlightens all my Senses when I view the

Charming Fair Every Pleasure she Imparts

Every wish I find in Her I unlike a wandering Lover

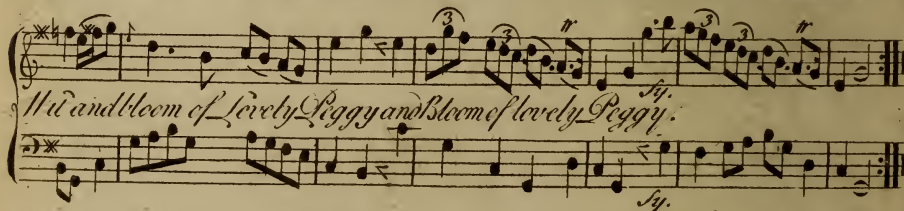
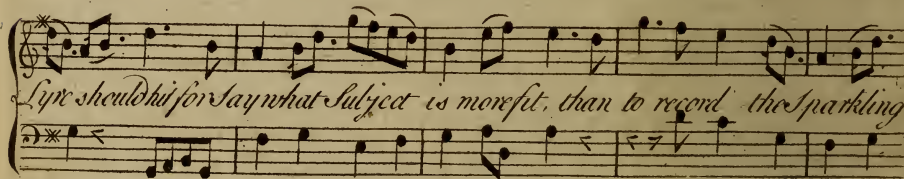
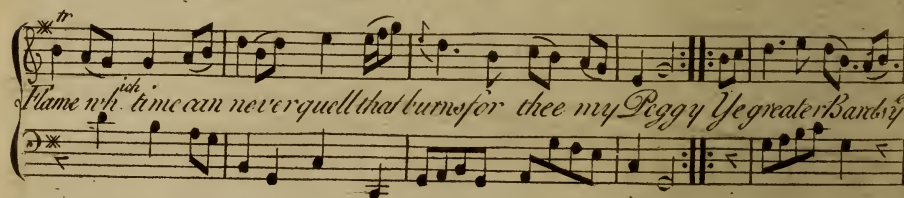
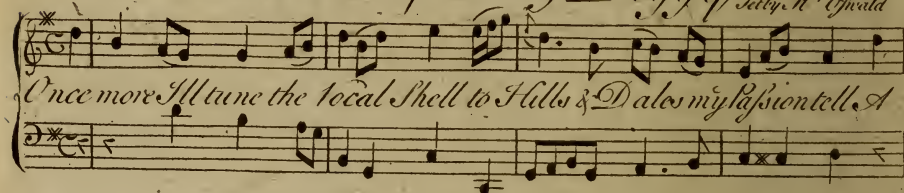
who to ease his roving mind thinks in thousands

to discover what in her alone I find

Whilst Mankind their Hours are wasting  
 Every Fair by turns to move  
 My Delights are true and Lasting  
 Bless'd with Innocence and Love  
 In one Charmer place your Treasure  
 Happiness is only there  
 Constancy's the greatest pleasure  
 When two Hearts united are



*The Charms of Lovely Peggy* *Sally. M<sup>r</sup> Op. 102*



*The sun first rising on the Morn  
That paints the Dew bespangled Thorn  
Does not so much the Day adorn  
As does my lovely Peggy  
And when to Thicket's lap to rest  
He streaks with Gold the ruddy West  
He's not so beautiful as undrest  
Appears my lovely Peggy*

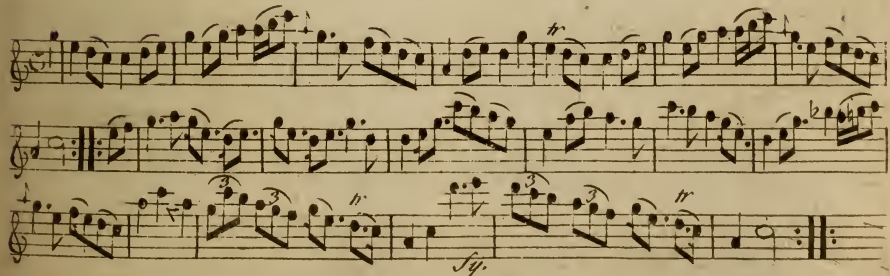


When Zephyr on the Violet blows  
 Or breaths upon the Damask Rose  
 He does not half the Sweet disclose  
 As does my lovely Peggy  
 I stole a Kiss the other Day  
 And trust me, nought but truth I say  
 The fragrant Breath of blooming May  
 Was not so sweet as Peggy

When she's arrayed in rustick Weed  
 With her the bleating flocks I'd feed  
 And Pipe upon my Oaten Reed  
 To please my lovely Peggy  
 With her a Cottage would delight  
 All's happy when she's in my sight  
 And when shes gone tis endless Night  
 All's dark without my Peggy

While Bees from Flower to Flower rove  
 And Linnets wander thro' the Grove  
 Or Stately Swans the Water love  
 So long shall I love Peggy  
 When Death with his Sharp pointed Dart  
 Shall strike the Blow that rives my heart  
 My Words shall be as I depart  
 Adieu my lovely Peggy

Flute





*The Contented Man* Set by M<sup>r</sup> Leveridge

Give me Health give me Mine that is the Top of my De sign if those Joys may be

mine I am quite con ten ted Some there are that have got whims of

this and whims of that and at last know not what al ways Discon ten ted give me

Health give me Mine that the Top of my De sign if those Joys may be mine I am quite con ten ted

Some again do adore,  
 Restless State to give em Pow'r  
 Craving Still more and more  
 But if once Prevented

He who gives up his Reign  
 To put on the Lovers Chain  
 What by that can he gain  
 But to be Lamented

Then they Frett and are seen  
 Full of vapours greif and Spleen  
 Yet woud saign Seem Screen  
 Tho the Heart is Tormented

'Tis the cool eary Man  
 Lives in quiet thro his Span  
 This the Wife have made plain  
 And what must be granted



*Musick and Beauty* Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Stanley

*Musick has pow'r to melt the Soul By Beau ty, Na ture*

*Spyd Each can the Uni verse controul, without the o thers Aid*

*Each can the U niverse controul without the o thers Aid.*

But here together both appear,  
 And force united try  
 Musick enchants the listening Ear:  
 And Beauty charms the Eye.  
 What onely, these Pow'rs to join,  
 These transports, who can bear  
 O let the Sound be less Divine  
 Or look the Nymphs less fair.



## The Rapture.

Silly. H. Op. 111

Whist on thy dear Bosom lying Celia who can speak my Bliss  
Who the Rapture I'm enjoying When thy Balmy Lips I Kiss

Every Look will Love inspire me Every Touch my Bo..som Warms

Every Melting Murmur fires me Every joy is in thy Arms.

Those dear Eyes how soft they languish  
Feel my Heart with Rapture beat  
Pleasure turns almost to Anguish  
When the Transport is so sweet  
Look not so divinely on me  
Celia I shall die with Bliss  
Yet, yet turn those Eyes upon me  
Who'd not die a death like this

### Flute



H. Roberts, Sculp

# Sacharissa

Set by M. W. Hayes of Oxford

*Andante*

Dear un-re-lent-ing 'cry, el Fair how cou'd you first my Heart en-

snare? Then leave that Heart to bre-ak Then leave that Heart to break

How cou'd you first ob-tain a Prize By those dear, sweet delu-ding Eyes And

then that Prize for sake And then that Prize for sake.

Like the dose everlasting Flame —  
 My Heart is doom'd to burn & same  
 Whilst you the Heart inspire —  
 You like the Vexat void of Sleep —  
 Within eternal Vigils keep —  
 And feed the fainting Fire. —

Dear cruel Nymph these Flames suppress  
 O Love me more or plague me less  
 Too much you know I've bore —  
 For shame throw off that haughty Air —  
 And shew the soft complying Fair —  
 Or let me love no more. —

Flute

Flute accompaniment musical notation.



# The Power of Wine

Set by M. J. Corpé

*Blessing Bacchus*  
 e ver young sweet & sive ger of all care

When in vohed by fall tony Tongue e ver ready they to hear

e ver ready thou to hear hear Let us by thy influence first lead y mad fancy thro

Let us by thy influence first lead y mad fancy thro  
 round thro thy conspicy of inspi'd louder & still still louder & and lower still still louder & louder sound

round thro thy conspicy of inspi'd louder & still still louder & and lower still still louder & louder sound

Thou dost make the Coward brave  
 Thou dost frozen & chage warm  
 Thou dost wisdom give the Slave  
 And thy Sons protect from Harm  
 Let us & c

Thou dost in y Fair ones Breast  
 Soft desires kind wishes raise  
 When y Amorous Swain is blest  
 Shine y Conquist thine the Praise  
 Let us & c

To our tena pompuous prove  
 Ho by thy assistance may  
 Triumph over the God of Love  
 Triumph over the God of Day  
 Let us & c





*A Loyal Song Sung by W. Beard*

From *Barren Caledonian Land* <sup>he rose</sup> *in vain* <sup>an untrod</sup> *Comin* <sup>and</sup> *The Rebell Clans in*

*Search of Revenge over y' Hills and far away* *O'er the Hills and far away, O'er the*

*Hills & far away* *The Rebell Clans in* *Search of Revenge over the Hills & far away*

<i>A regardless, wether wrong or right,</i>	<i>The Poynt's Priests among us, Rule</i>
<i>for Beoty, not for fame they fight</i>	<i>Eaci weak deceiv'd, believing fool</i>
<i>Banditti like, they storm they stay</i>	<i>When Justice does her Siverd display</i>
<i>They flunder Rob &amp; run away</i>	<i>She'll drive these Locust far away</i>
<i>O'er the Hills &amp;c.</i>	<i>O'er the Hills &amp;c.</i>
<i>With these a vain Pretenders come,</i>	<i>Set Bailons firm, in Freedom's Cause</i>
<i>And Perjur'd Traitors Dupes to Rome</i>	<i>Assert our Rights, support our Law</i>
<i>I determine all, without delay</i>	<i>I send our Faith our King obey</i>
<i>To conquer Dye or run away</i>	<i>And Treason, soon shall lose its name</i>
<i>O'er the Hills &amp;c.</i>	<i>O'er the Hills &amp;c.</i>
<i>Our sons of War with Martial flame</i>	
<i>Shall bravely merit lasting fame</i>	
<i>Great George shall Britons' scepter sway</i>	
<i>And chaur' Rebellion far away</i>	
<i>O'er the Hills &amp;c.</i>	

Flute



*A Favourite Hunting Song*

*The Chace is over yon y<sup>e</sup> Plain y<sup>e</sup> Howlids y<sup>e</sup> Lusty Slaghas, slain Let y<sup>e</sup> Horn w<sup>th</sup> sprightly*

*Tone allour sportive Pleasures from n*

*Of Britons thus y<sup>e</sup> Ancien<sup>t</sup> trace w<sup>th</sup> nerious Toil pursud y<sup>e</sup> Chace.*

*By ne un generous Tho' convoid their hearts w<sup>th</sup> slonght Free & Bold their Heavis w<sup>th</sup> Honest free and*

*Bold Free & Bold Free & Bold*

*Bold Free & Bold Free & Bold*



*Sung by M.<sup>r</sup> Beard*

*Of Britons thus of Ancient Race* *with nervous Toil pur*

*sued of Chace* *Of Britons thus of Ancient Race n<sup>o</sup> nervous Toil pursued of Chace*

*with nervous Toil pursued of Chace* *pursued of*

*Chace* *By no ungenerous*

*Thought controuls th<sup>e</sup> Heart n<sup>o</sup> honest free & Bold* *their Heart th<sup>e</sup> honest*

*free & Bold their Heart n<sup>o</sup> honest free & Bold their Heart th<sup>e</sup> honest*



Set by W. Howard

Free & Bold their hearts new bought Free and Bold

Like them a gain no

Hairs to Courts let Bri tans still purfue their sports like them a

gain shall Britons be as Brave as Honest and as Free like them a

gain shall Britons be, as Brave as Honest and as Free D.C



## The Constant Lover.

Set by M<sup>r</sup> Poyce

*tr tr tr tr*

If you my wand'ring Heart would find, if Heart you say is like of Wind that vanes here that  
wand'ers to every Nymph of kind & fair I say if you this Heart would find turn to if e'ne an  
set told mind if e'er it wanders tis to be, in wand'ring constantly w<sup>th</sup> thee

How can it settle when you fly  
And thou this faithful votary  
Hast a Nymph that's fair doth find  
But never yet the Nymph that's kind  
If you would fix this wand'ring Heart  
Joy'd with yours will never part  
But in the Wings of Death will prove  
It wand'ers ill to fix your Love

Flute



H. Roberts Sculp.

# Cloe Pursu'd.

Set by M. Ruyfel.

When Cloe by your Slave pursu'd Why should you fly so fast? So

the stray'd Fawn i'th' path less Wood To her lost Dam makes hast

Each noise a-larms and all things add new Ter rors to her Fear she

starts at ev-ry dan-cing Shade each Breath of singing Air

With evry Leaf each Bush that shakes  
 Throughout the murm'ring Grove  
 Her sympathetick Heart partakes  
 She trembles as they move  
 Fond Maid unlike the Wolf and Boar  
 I hunt not to destroy  
 My utmost Prey would be no more  
 Than you might give with joy.

Urg'd on by soft and gentle Love  
 I harmlesly pursue  
 Your flight to me may cruel prove  
 But not my Chance to you  
 Cease idle Dreams of fancy'd Harm  
 To Childish fears Injurious  
 Leave running to thy Mothers Arms  
 Who now art fit for Mans.

Flute



*A Song to a favourite Air* Set by M<sup>r</sup> Worgan

*The Meadows & the groves in fresh*

*verdure shone gay & Philomel chanted her love labour'd Song When the Nymphs & the*

*Swains in their brightest array to chuse a May-Lady mov'd sportive a - long, each Youth burnt with*

*ardour his Nymph to create, each Nymph w<sup>th</sup> soft glances fast caught her fond Mate and each one im*

*patiently wait'd her fate*

*How vain were their wishes, Mania appear'd  
 Like Beauty's fair Goddeſs, incircled with Love  
 With Graces attractive each heart, the endeard  
 In Majesty paſſing the Conſort of ſore  
 The ſwains round her moving glad the mage did pray  
 The Nymphs with wreath'd Garlands no longer delay  
 So Crown Beauty's paragon Queen of the May*



## Baucis and Philemon

Tho' Baucis and I, are both  
 a ncient & poor we never yet dwelv'd distress from our door but still of our little a  
 little can spare to those who like us Life's Infirmities bear

Come come my good Friends let us go in together  
 A Cup of good liquor will keep out the Weather  
 Our Hearts they are great tho' our Means are but Small  
 You're hearty welcome and that's best of all

You're welcome at our humble Board to partake  
 Of a fugg of good Ale, and a good Barley Cake  
 A good roiling fire as high as your Nose  
 And cleanly warm Bed your old Limbs to repose

We know no Ambition we have no Estate  
 Nor Porter to worry the Poor from our Gate  
 We care what we Spend and we pay, as we go  
 It were not a misse if the Rich wou'd do So.

Flute





*Happy Paper* Set by M. H. Holcomb

Go happy Paper gently tread and in her neck her Pillow  
 lay there in soft Dreams my love reveal that love which I must  
 still conceal and wrap in awful silence dye.

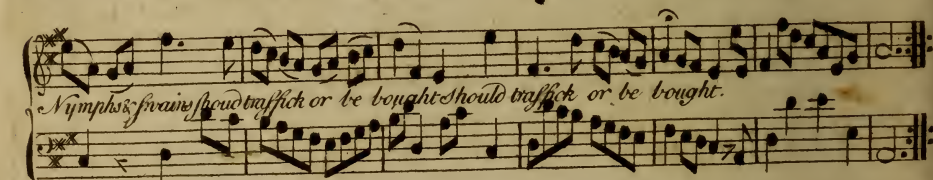
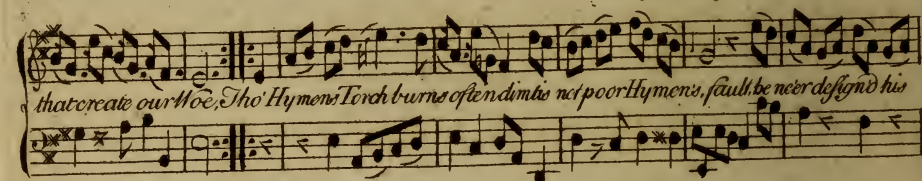
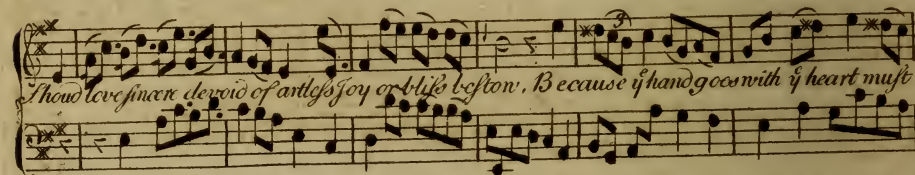
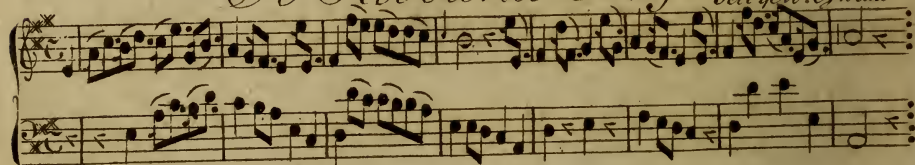
Should flames be kind to thy hapless fate  
 So Atom thou wouldst quickly burn  
 My Ruins may bear a longer Fate  
 For should I live & should she Hate  
 In endless Torments I should burn  
 Of all I should my reviv'd Eye  
 Her Beauty should be thy supply of Grace  
 Bold Raptures stroke & Titans Eye  
 Should but in vain presume to eye  
 With her immutable face

Sec'aire Urelia she has Charm  
 Might in a Hermit her Desire  
 Tattain'd Heaven that in her Arms  
 I'd quit y' Worlds alluring Charms  
 And in a Cell content retire  
 No more I'd wish for Thebes Ray  
 To gild the Object of my Sight  
 Much less y' Paper fainter Blaze  
 Her Eyes should measure out my days  
 And when she slept it should be light

Flute



## A Favourite Song Set by W. Oswald



2

*But Plutus & Coe to generous Love,  
His Ruin Curse and Bane,  
Resolv'd that Gold should only move  
The youthful Nymph & Swain:  
Thus Riches joins unequal Pair  
Neglecting care and Rule  
The Ugly with the blooming Fair  
The witty with the Fool  
The wily with &c.*

3

*Let sense & merit fix y<sup>e</sup> Choice  
Good Nature too should aid,  
Attend to Truths unerring Voice  
And let not wealth persuade  
A Partner thus by reason chose  
Your tenderness repair,  
No Chains nor fetters will impede  
But soothe your Nights & Days  
But soothe &c.*



## Love and Reason. *Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Oswald*

*Ye hear nly fow'ns who guard the*

*Fair, let Celia's charms employ y<sup>r</sup> care may each such hour to her be blest & may no fears her mind invest*

*Direct herto receive y<sup>e</sup> Love which Heav'n & she must needs app<sup>r</sup> for at loves shine w<sup>h</sup>ere deere's for her my*

*tender Heart should bleed For her my tender Heart should bleed.*

2

Check not my Fair, what Heav'n inspires  
That Flame which burns with chaste desires  
Where Joy n<sup>o</sup> where Love alone preside  
O'erl<sup>y</sup> eyes dull, & ev'ns to be our guide  
Where Honour, Truth & Virtue joynt  
At once improve & cheer the mind  
Ther' social Pleasures ever last,  
And mutual glide from Brea<sup>s</sup>t to Brea<sup>s</sup>t  
And mutual &c.

3

Has then my beautiful Fair to Crown  
My Bliss & make my Joy your own  
Shun what el<sup>y</sup>structs kindle hear n<sup>o</sup> desig<sup>n</sup>  
In making lovely Celia mine;  
Let Love each rising Fear controul  
O'west each Care & fill your Soul  
Ther' mutual Bliss shall sw<sup>e</sup>ll each Brea<sup>s</sup>t  
Till pre<sup>s</sup>id<sup>d</sup> with Age we sink to rest  
Till pre<sup>s</sup>id<sup>d</sup> &c.



## Walley's Complaint

Oh Who is me poor Walley Cryd. Ie how I'm Wasted in a ffian. My

Heart's Lost when first I spyd. That Lovely Smirking Milked Man. Im

Green so weak the Gentlest Breew of Dusty Rogers Whining fann can

Waste me ore you Beachey Trees and all for the sake of my Smirking Man

The Me Wife miss'es me of late There's Dick of y<sup>e</sup> Green y<sup>e</sup> Dirty Den  
 I us'd to tope an a Hearty Cann. Last Sunday to my Mistris Ran  
 But I can neither Eat nor Drink He stole a Kiss I Knock'd him doon  
 But what is Bakid & Bread by Man Which longly pleas'd my Smirking Man  
 The Baker Bakes the finest Bread But Oh the Roaring Soldier Comes  
 He Uses y<sup>e</sup> Flower & leaves y<sup>e</sup> Bran Withhw Ran tan tarara rara ran  
 Like Bran to me is evry other Maid Her Lov' is the quils for y<sup>e</sup> West Drum  
 And when come pair'd to my smirking Man Oh Me is me Ie lost poor Van

### FLUTE



## A Loyal Song

*God save great George our King long live our noble King God save the*  
*God save great George our King long live our noble King God save the*  
*King Send him vic to ri ous happy and glo ri ous*  
*King Send him vic to ri ous happy and glo ri ous*  
*long to reign o ver us God save the King*  
*long to reign o ver us God save the King*

O Lord our God arise  
 Scatter his Enemies,  
 And make them fall  
 Confound their Politicks  
 Frustrate their Knavish tricks  
 On the our Hopes we fix  
 God save us all

Thy choicest Gifts in Store  
 On him be pleas'd to pour  
 Long may he reign  
 May he defend our Laws  
 And ever give us Cause  
 With Heart & Voice to sing  
 God save the King

Flute



# Mutual Love

Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Sarken

How few amongst the Thousands Pair, By Wedlock doom'd to constant cares; Are fit the Yoke to

bear; Are fit the Yoke to bear The Husband claims his sov'rain right, The Wife runs counter

out of Sight, And does her Vows forswear And does her Vows for I swear

2

But some there are n<sup>o</sup>m mutual Love  
Does prompt with free Consent to move  
Submissive to their Fate, Submissive &c.  
Thrice happy is that prudent He  
Thrice happy is that prudent She  
Blest with a kind a Mate: Blest &c.

3.

Should I & CELIA ever join,  
I would be hers and she'd be mine  
For we two would be one, For &c.  
Complying with each others Will  
Of generous Love would take our Fill  
Our Joys should ne'er be done; Ours

Flute



A Song Sung by M<sup>r</sup>. Lowe

Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Worgan

*Sym.*

When mighty Sol at noon of

day with sultry beams began to play I wander'd thro' verdant Glades seeking if most ob-

liging Shade seeking if most obliging Shade where on an easy Moss reclind I

Oh! to sleeping charm'd to find.

The Trees Ambitious, see mid to be  
With meeting Arms her Canopy  
A Brook hard by did softly creep  
As if it fear'd to break her Sleep  
Whose Streams transparent smooths Char  
Of her Chast mind the Emblems were

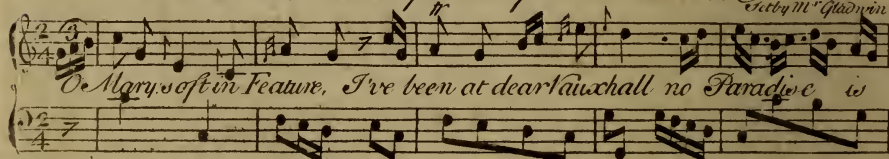
The Sight & Charming could if Sun  
Have Seen had stoppt to Gaze upon  
Down by the Nymph softly layd  
And did at length my self persuade, And  
So steal a Kiss & n in the Gloues  
And who my boldness disapprove

Flute

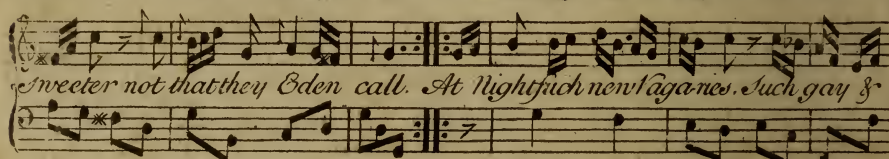


## Colin's Description of Vauxhall

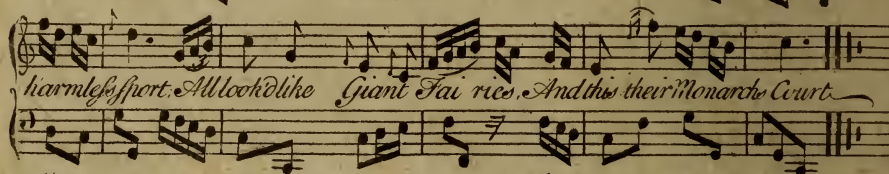
Set by M<sup>r</sup> Gledwin



O! My soft in Feature, I've been at dear Vauxhall no Paradise is



Sweeter not than they Eden call. At Night such new Saganes, such gay &



harmless sport. All look like Giant Fairies, And this their Monarchs Court

Methought when first I enter'd  
 Such splendours round me shone  
 Into a World I ventur'd  
 Where rose another Sun  
 Whilst Musick never cloying  
 As Sky Larks sweet I hear  
 The sounds I'm still enjoying  
 They'll always sooth my Ear  
 Hear Paintings sweetly glowing  
 Where'er our Glances fall  
 Here Colours life bestowing  
 Bedeck this green wood Hall  
 The King there dubs a Farmer  
 There John his Lacy loves  
 But my Delights the Charmer  
 Who steals a Pair of Gloves

As Willamard Im Straying  
 Ever this enchanted Grove  
 I spy a Squire playing  
 All in his proud Accord  
 I doff my Hat desiring  
 I led tune up Buxom Joan  
 But what was I admiring  
 O'erlooks a man of Stone  
 But now the Tables Spreading  
 They all fall too with Glee  
 Not e'en at Squires fine Wedding  
 Such Paintings did I see  
 I long'd poor starrling Rover  
 But none heed Country Elves  
 These Folk with Face dant'd over  
 Love only dear themselves

Thus whilst mid joys abounding  
 As Snaps hoppes they're gay  
 At Distance Croud surrounding  
 The Lady of the May  
 The Man with Moon twice red'ly  
 Soft twinkling thro' the trees  
 As the Inward pleases him, hardly  
 To see - I thought she he'd see





# The Mutual Kiss

Set by M<sup>o</sup> Oswald

Affetto

Cælia by those Smiling Graces Which my panting Bosom warms By the  
 Heaven of thy Embraces By thy wondrous power to Charm By those  
 soft be-ni-ching Glances Which my i-nmost be-son move. By these  
 Lips whose Kiss en-trances She and She a-lone I love

By thy Godlike Art of loving  
 Cælia with a Blush replies  
 By thy heavenly power of moving  
 All my Soul to Sympathize  
 By these eager soft Caresses  
 By these Arms around me thrown  
 By that Look which Truth expresses  
 My fond Heart is all thy own

Thus with glowing Inclination  
 They indulge y tender Bliss  
 And to bind the lasting Passion  
 Seal it with a mutual Kiss  
 Close in fond Embrace staying  
 They together seem to own  
 Such a supream Delight enjoying  
 As true Lovers only know

Flute

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



## Bumper Esquire Jones.

Ye good fellows all who love to be told where there's Claret good store, Attend to the call of  
 one when near frighted but greatly Delighted with Six Bottles more (Be sure you dont  
 pass a good house Money Glass to the Jolly Red God so peculiarly own, It will well suit your  
 Humour for pray what would you more then Misch in good Claret & Bumper Esq. Jones.

Ye Lovers who pine  
 For sasses of soft prove as cruel as fair  
 Who whimpers and whine,  
 For sillies and Roses,  
 With E. yes, Lips and Noses,  
 Or Tip of an Ear,  
 Come hither: All, then ye  
 How Phillis and Chloe  
 No more shall occasions such sighs & such groans  
 For what Mortal so Stupid,  
 Is not to quit Cupid  
 When call'd by good Claret & Bumpers Esq. Jones.

Ye Poets who write,  
 And brag of drink, said Helens Brock  
 Tho' all you get by't,  
 Is a Dinner oft times  
 In Reward for your Rhymes  
 With Humphry the Duke  
 Learn Bacchus to follow  
 And quit your Apollo  
 For sake all of Musick, tho' sense & field & lines  
 Cur jingling of Glasses,  
 Your Rhyming, & suspens,  
 When crown'd with good Claret & Bumpers Esq. Jones.

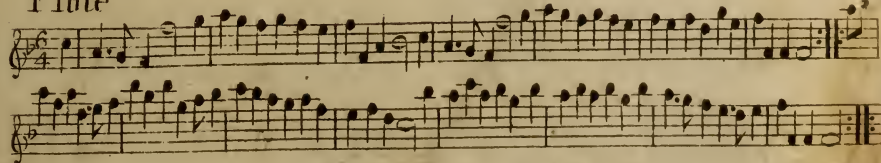


*Ye Soldiers So Stout,*  
*With Plenty of Oaths & home Plenty of Coin,*  
*Who make such a Rout,*  
*Of all your Commanders*  
*Who serv'd us in Flanders,*  
*And eke at the Boyne,*  
*Come leave off your Rattling*  
*Of sieging and Battling*  
*And know you'd better to sleep in whole Bones*  
*Were you sent to Gibraltar,*  
*Your Note you'd soon alter,*  
*And wish for good Claret & Bumper Esq' Jones.*

*Ye Clergy So wise*  
*Whose Myst'ries profound can demonstrate clear*  
*How worthy to rise*  
*You preach once a Week*  
*But your Sythes never seek*  
*Above once in a Year*  
*Come here without failing*  
*And leave off your railing*  
*Gains by shop & wrong for dull stupid Drones*  
*Say the text is divine*  
*What is life without Wine*  
*Then away with good Claret & Bumper Esq' Jones*

*Ye Fox Hunters cho*  
*That follow if Call of y<sup>e</sup> Horn & y<sup>e</sup> Mound*  
*Who your Ladies forsake*  
*Before they're awake*  
*To beat up the Break*  
*It here the ermines found*

Flute



*Ye Lawyers So just*  
*Believe what it will who is claim'd by plead*  
*How worthy of Trust*  
*You know black from White*  
*Yet prefer Wrong to Right*  
*As you're chanc'd to be fe'd*  
*Leave musty Reports*  
*And forsake the Kings Courts*  
*Where dubn'gs & Dyscord have set up their thrones*  
*Burn Salkeld & Ventris*  
*With all your damn'd Entries*  
*And away with good Claret & Bumper Esq' Jones*

*Ye Physical Tribe*  
*Whose knowledge consists in hard Words & grimace*  
*When e'er you prescribe*  
*Have at your Devotion*  
*Pills Bolus or Potion*  
*Be what will the Case*  
*Pray where is the Need*  
*To purge, Blister and Bleed*  
*When ailing your selves y<sup>e</sup> whole Faculty owns*  
*That the Forms of Old Galen*  
*Are not so prevailing*  
*As mirth with good Claret & Bumper Esq' Jones*

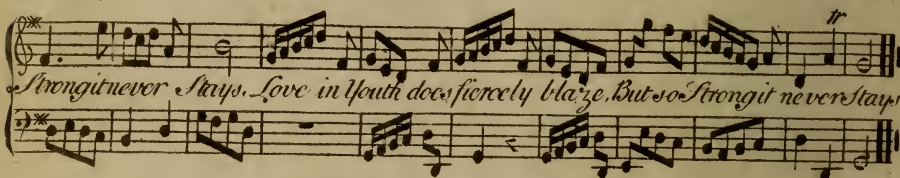
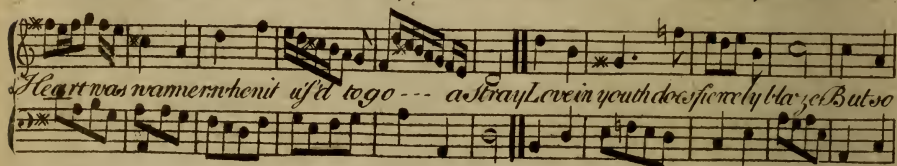
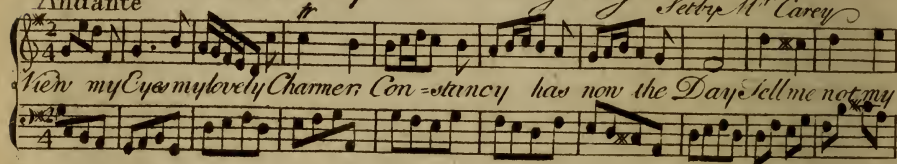
*Leave Pimper and Blueman*  
*Shrill Dutchess and Treman*  
*No Musick is found in such dishonant Tones*  
*Would you ravish your Ears*  
*With the songs of the Sph'eres*  
*Hark away to good Claret & Bumper Esq' Jones*



## Reason for Ranging

Andante

Set by M<sup>r</sup> Carey

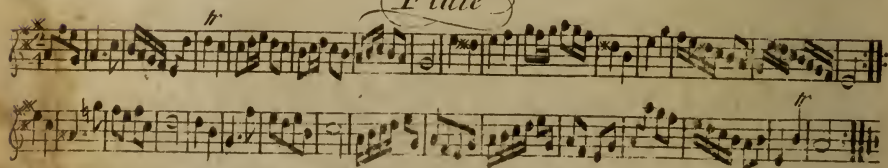


If I follow'd it every Creature  
Sure the fault may be forgiven  
Tis the frailty of our nature  
Who can change the will of Heaven  
Tho' the Object might be new  
Yet Love I still was true

Cupid Guardian of my heart,  
Set it loose to range a while,  
In each Eye it found a Dart,  
And engaged by every smile,  
Thus it was for you design'd,  
Form'd by practice to his mind.

Cupid to me ever kind  
Kept the purest of the fire  
Dross consumed my heart refine  
Made it flame with soft desire  
Such a flame as will be true  
Such the God reserv'd for you

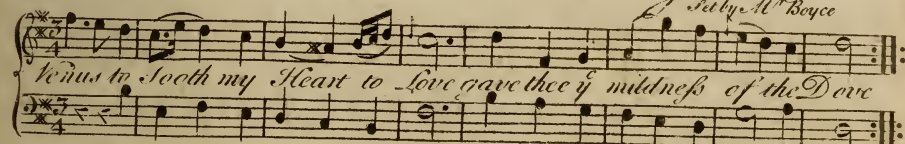
Flute

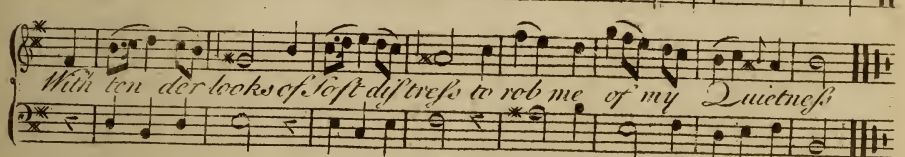




## A Favourite Song

July. M<sup>r</sup> Boyce

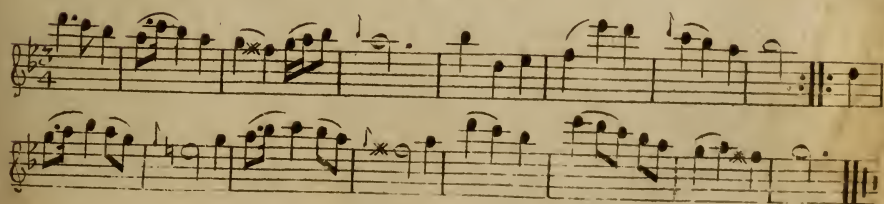

  
 Venus to sooth my Heart to Love gave thee thy mildness of the Dove


  
 With ten der looks of soft distress to rob me of my Quietness

Appollo with Her does conspire  
 And lends thee both his Skill & Lyre  
 Compell'd to Serve by joint decree  
 In vain I struggle to get free

I call on Reason to resist  
 But she refuses to assist  
 Verdars oppose the mighty odds  
 Since she is Human They are Gods

## FLUTE





## The Indifferent Lover

Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Corelli

What means this nice new of late, since time if truth does prove, Such distance may con-  
 sist w<sup>th</sup> the state. But ne ver will n<sup>o</sup> Love; For neither cunning or disdain if does such way, altho' The  
 first is false if left is vain, may neither happen you may neither happen you

For if it be to draw me on  
 You over act your Part  
 And if it be to have me gone  
 You need not half that Art  
 For if you chance a Look to cast  
 That seems to be a Frown  
 I'll give you all if Love that's past  
 The Rest shall be my own  
 The Rest shall be my own

Flute



*Advice to Sylvia* Set by Sig. Jortonia

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

Musical notation for the second system, including a bass clef and a common time signature. The lyrics are: *wilt thou wed thy Prime Stranger to thy Joys of Love thou hast youth & that thy Time, Every Minute*

Musical notation for the third system, including a treble clef and a common time signature. The lyrics are: *to improve Rounder thou wilt thou never hear little wanton Girls & Boys In thy Sounding*

Musical notation for the fourth system, including a bass clef and a common time signature. The lyrics are: *in thy Can, sweetly sounding in thy Can In thy Bay & No other Joy.*

Only view that little Dove,  
Softly cooing to its Mate;  
As a further Proof of Love,  
See her for his Rybes wait;  
Hark the charming Nighthingale  
As it lies from spray to spray  
Sweetly tunes an am'rous Tale, Invely &c  
I love, I love it strives to say

Could I to thy Soul reveal,  
But at least a Thousand th Part,  
Of those pleasures Lovers feel,  
In a Mutual change of Heart  
Then repenting, wouldst thou say  
Virgin Tears from hence remove  
All thy Time is thrown away, All &c.  
That we cannot spend in Love.

Musical notation for the fifth system, including a treble clef and a common time signature. The melody continues across two staves.



## Goddeſs of Eaſe

Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Boyce

Goddeſs of Eaſe leave ſe theſ Brink of ſequacious to the Muſe and

me for once endure the Pain to think Sweet In ſenſi bili ty

Siſter of Peace, and Indolence bring Muſe bring numbers Soft and ſlow &

laborate ly void of ſenſe and Sweetly thoughtleſs let them flow

Sweetly thoughtleſs let them flow. for

<p style="text-align: center;">2</p> <p>Near to ſome Cowſlips painted Mead There let me Dore away dull hours And under me let Flora Spread A ſepha of her ſoſteſt Flowers Wherethu mel, your notes you breath Forth from behind y neighbourng Pine Whiſt murmurs of the Stream beneath Shall flow in uſon with thine</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">3</p> <p>For Thee, O Idleneſſ the woes Of life we patiently endure Thou art y Source, whence labour flows We Shun Thee but to make thee Sure For whoid endure Wars toil &amp; waſte Or who th'hoarſe thundring of y Sea But to be Tidle at the laſt And find a pleaſing End in Thee</p>
--	--





*Fill each Bowl* Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Galliard

Fill each Bowl with flowing measure Till its sparkles o'er y<sup>e</sup> Brim: The Grave of

Care & Spring of pleasure Is when y<sup>e</sup> Brains in Nectar swim. Fill your

veins with generous Wine: That's woman a lone refine & raise mor.....take

and raise mortals to Divin. Crown w<sup>th</sup> Beauty all our Glasses Beauty best our pleasures

guides: Give us but wine & blooming lapses, take back ye Gods, all y<sup>e</sup> gifts & Tide

Flute

Two staves of musical notation for the flute part, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a final double bar line.



# Till me a Bowl

*sf: tr tr*

*Spizzoo*

*tr tr*

*sf:*

*Till me a Bowl a mighty Bowl large as my Capacious Soul*

*tr*

*Till me a Bowl a mighty Bowl large as my Ca pacious*

*Soul*

*As my thirst is let it have depth enough to be my grave*

*tr*

*I mean the Grave of all my Care for I de sign to burry't there*

*sf:*

*tr*

*Let it of Silver fashion'd be worthy of*



Setto Music by M<sup>r</sup> Corse

Wine worthy of me *ff* Worthy to adorn the

Spheres worthy to adorn the Spheres as that bright Cup as that bright Cup a

mongst Stars Fill me a Bowl a mighty Bowl large as my Capacious Soul

Flute

Flute part with musical notation, including dynamics like *ff* and *fo*.



Largo *The Likewarm Lover* Set by M<sup>r</sup> Ofwald

gaze on Chloë trembling, straight her Eyes my Fate declare, when She  
 Smiles I fear dissembling, when she frowns I then despair jealous of some  
 rival Lover if a wandering look she give, Fain I would resolve to  
 leave her but can sooner cease to live

Why should I conceal my Passion,  
 Or the Torments I endure  
 I'll disclose my Inclination  
 Anful distance yields no Cure  
 Sure it is not in her Nature  
 To be cruel to her, Slave  
 She is too divine a Creature  
 To destroy what she can save

Happys he whose Inclination,  
 Harms but with a gentle heat  
 Never flies up to a Passion  
 Loves a Torment, if too great  
 When the Storm is once blown over  
 Soon the Ocean quiet grows  
 But a constant faithful Lover  
 Seldom meets with true Repose



*Sportive Zephyrus* Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Howard

*Sportive Zephyrus fondly blow ing; Spreading Odours, through the Air*

*Blooming Life on Groves be slow ing; to Vauxhall my Delia bear.*

*Flora can't more Sweetly bliss Thee Playing, Traying, round her Charms*

*Then when Delia's Smiles address me sigh ing dy ing in her Arms*

*Sportive Zephyrus fondly blow ing; Spreading Odours through the Air*

*Blooming Life on Groves be slow ing; To Vaux hall my Delia bear*



*The Lady of the May* set by M<sup>r</sup> Corfe

*Moderato*

Petty Wanton come away, Love's month is always May, long have I too long to say, had I Man any thing to play,

But alas & well o' day when I see you cry men ay when I see you cry me nay To requite my loving stay

Pay me never never pay, Nature smiles, all is gay — y. All woe cheereless away

Petty Wanton come away, let us love the Month of May

Little Wanton let us rove,  
Thro' the fragrant Myrtle Grove,  
There to hear the Turtle Dove  
Cooing Sonnets to us Love:  
Ev'ry Turtle equals Love,  
Tho' the God for Beauty's Grove  
Let us then our time improve,  
Sonnets may your Scorn remove  
Coyne's doth not thee behove  
Wear the Wreath as Shepherd wove  
Little Wanton, let us rove,  
Thro' the fragrant Myrtle Grove

Pr'y thee Wanton come a way  
Might not love with cold Delay,  
Ev'ry field is green and gay  
Ev'ry Hawthorn's crown'd with May  
Joy and Birds on ev'ry spray,  
Warble out the live-long Day  
Ev'ry Swain in the pines doth Grey  
Tunes his fav'rite Roundelay  
Tender Lambskins Sportive stray  
Blossom buds their Sweet Display  
Come my Wanton come away  
Let us love the Month of May



## To Cælia

via Setty M<sup>r</sup> Crome

*Slow*

Why Cælia thst Mavings & doubting of  
 mind Why one minute cruel & one Minute kind; The season for Love is to short for delay. And  
 Beauty a flower is soon faded away And Beauty a flower is soon faded away

Gay Hopes and warm Flours are to fleeting to loose,  
 And they are the Blossoms each Lover must use  
 Unsettled by Nature they quickly take Wing,  
 They die in the Autumn & bloom but in Spring. They die &c

That Air and that Shape so adapted for Love,  
 Those Eyes & the soft Features delusive will prove,  
 My Feelings so tender with time will expire,  
 And y<sup>e</sup> Ague of Age, extinguish my Fire. And the &c.

Oh! think then dear Fair one, resolve me in haste  
 The moments so precious & more, Treason to wast,  
 To Feare bid adieu from these Whimsies be free  
 And let us downy'd Love & Beauty agree. And let &c

Flute

*Slow.*



*Florella and Chloe* by M. Merdan

*Florella* lovely Nymphs bear to cloud a face like thine with frowns & nought but

Smiles should wear to please & bless mankind *sym.*

With envious haste old Time and Care will injure the liveliest Beauty then do not by ill judgment

marry what will be lost too soon. What will be lost too soon. *sym.*

Seen with what pleasure ev'ry Swain  
The cheerfull Chloe views  
Seen with w<sup>h</sup> joy they wear the Chain  
All pleas'd whom she subdues  
The fair her Face, divinely fair  
Yet she more Conquest owes,  
To that good Nature that appears,  
In ev'ry thing she does.

And that will please when ev'ry joy  
That Beauty gave is Dead,  
And friendly smooth & wrinkled Brow  
Of Aged Hoary Head  
Then give to Smiles & Mirth of Flour  
Enjoy the present Store;  
Despise not Beautyes of y<sup>e</sup> Power  
That soon will be no more





# A. New Song

Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Oswald

*Sym.* How long *Q. L. 2 a*

must I languish and waste my Soul in tender Anguish. How long thus drag out

Life in vain *Sym.* Consider Time is Swift... by

flying Consider: ev' ry Day is dying And never will re... turn a

gain. And never will re... turn a... gain. *fg.*

O let not Pride and selfish Fashion,  
 And too much Prudence starve my Passion.  
 Consult, some times the generous Breast:  
 There is the seat of real Pleasure,  
 There Love creates the noblest Treasure  
 'Tis solid Wisdom to be best: 'Tis solid &c



*A Favourite Cantata. Sung by*

*Ye tender Sen's how shall I move, A*  
*careless maid that laughs at Love*      *Sen shall I move Ye tender Sen's a careless Maid that*  
*laughs at love*      *Cupid to my succour fly: Cupid to my*  
*succour fly: Ye tender Sen's how shall I move*      *A careless Maidly laughs at love: Ye*  
*tender Sen's how shall I move a careless Maidly laughs at love Cupid to my succour fly*  
*Ad? Cupid to my succour fly*



*M<sup>r</sup> Love at Vauxhall*

*Come with all thy thrilling darts thy melting flames to soften hearts Thy*

*melting flames to soften hearts Thy melting flames to soften hearts Conquer for me or I die. Ye*

*Thus in a melancholy shade A new wife lover to his aid I roach the God of vain desire*

*Love heard him and to gain the Maid did his successfull thought inspire*

*Allegro ma non troppo*

*Take her Humour, smile, be gay, In her*

*charm will make her thine That's the Charm will make her thine*



Set to Musick by W. Morgan

Thats y Charm will make her thine Take her Humour

Smile be gay In her favour let us join Thats y Cha... me will make her thine Take her Humour

Smile be gay Take her Humour Smile be gay In her fa... vrite tollies join Thats y

Charm will make her thine Thats y Charm will make her thine Thats y Charm will make her thine

Canst thy know lay away freely courting Toying sporting Sooth her Houer with

Amorous lay freely courting Toying sporting So... th her Houer with Amorous lay



*On a Lady being Drown'd*

John F. Meighstun

*Slow*

*First by the*

*Margin of the Sea and on the damp & Shell by Shore* *Sym.*

*Swain in pensive Posture lay and thus his hard mishap de plore*

*his hard mishap de plore.* *Sym.*

*Cruel Fate, Ah! hapless, How*  
*When I and Celia, sail'd the Deep*  
*When hush'd by some deluding Power*  
*The Winds & Waves were laid to sleep*  
*The Winds were laid to sleep*

*Too soon alas! the peaceful Scene,*  
*Chang'd to a Storm the tempest roar,*  
*The Sky look'd black, & smacking main,*  
*I dash'd us percellaves against thear:*  
*Their waves against us thear.*

*Swastha my Heart went drops of Blood*  
*And like the Ship was rent in twain*  
*When Celia sav'd in the Flood*  
*Sunk, Struggl'd, rose, & Sunk again,*  
*Sunk, rose, and Sunk again,*

*Thrice did I plunge beneath y<sup>e</sup> Waves*  
*To catch the Link, & panting Pair*  
*Thrice made a vain attempt to save,*  
*4th rich'd I rav'd in mad Despair*  
*I ru'd in mad Despair*

*How soon we'd I amon the have dy'd*  
*and hurry'd to the World beneath,*  
*To seek his love, and by her side*  
*Lament her too untimely Death*  
*ner too untimely Death*



## The happy Swain Set by H<sup>r</sup> Morgan

As Damon in a Summers day Beneath a shade, began his Lay, the Waters murmuring

pass'd along Well pleas'd to hear their Damon's song His Theme was love for

Delia's Charm that now is, shepherds her arms Had now a Shepherd to her Arms

Humble am I who only know,  
The joys of Love that ever flow  
Dear Scenes of Pleasures now appear  
And Love is all a Damons Care  
Hear then ye warbling Birds & Groves,  
That Delia's kind & Damon Loves.

Delia as Morn is true and Fair,  
Sweet as the Rose and Violet are:  
Our Hearts in mutual bliss shall live,  
(No more can bounteous Nature give.)  
And every Tree our Passion tell  
That shepherds, liv'd & lov'd so well

FLUTE



*A new Song* — *Set by M<sup>r</sup> Crookenden*

*Sym.*  
*All.* *When with good Wine*

*Sally crown'd, Ouzy full Bumpers move around* *How briskly does the Spirits*

*flow the Countenance how lovely glow* *How briskly*

*does the Spirits flow, the Countenance how lovely glow.*

*The Countenance how lovely glow.*

*Beauties may boast the Charms of Paint  
 These Graces to the Eyes are faint  
 Nought but the Bottle Charms supply  
 And gives a Lustre that never dies*



## Roger and Sue a Ballad

*Andante*

One morn sweet Sue, a pail or ten of water down<sup>m</sup> slipshod shee, where she was newly set; on, when

falling from the Rumpstap<sup>d</sup> dash upon her Rump a great & mighty bump fell on her Buttocks salumpt

smart, it burns it akes by turns, all over I'm sure she loud did woe I neer shall more my wase restore to

Chamasias was wont be fore; alas, oh cruel cursed distri my woud if Devil had the Rump for

me Young lledge who nbrkd hard by her, from pig stye chanced to spy her which

raisd the Clowns do sure, soon as he heard her woe & yelp he ran & offerd her his help; he





To a Favourite Air by Sig: Haffse.

gone she cryd you saw cynd help & leave me: but for this sad disaster, I woe must have a playster, then

if you can relieve me Oh straight if cure begin Oh Rogor, Rogor quick Oh Rogor, Rogor quick Oh quickly."

Take applye Suchys oorn will faint & die Oh quick your talve applye or suchy bon will faint and die

For the German Flute

Instrumental musical notation for the German Flute, consisting of seven staves of music.



## Female Fortitude

Sym

Set by M<sup>r</sup> Rebel

*Andante*

Ye Gods! O Sph're brightest Creature that e'er did Heart enflame, Was blest w<sup>th</sup> all that Nature could lavish

on the Fair: could lavish on the Fair. For her each Youth <sup>did</sup> languish & told their am'rous smart, What

tho' she mock'd their anguish, yet Steph' on won her heart, yet Steph' on won her heart

The stripling swore, for ever  
He'd true and constant prove  
He was a youth so clever,  
That she repaid his Love  
But Death their joys resenting  
Of Steph' on made a Prize  
O' Powers unrelenting  
To close the Shepherds' Eyes

Now, sobbing, pining, crying,  
The Beautif'ul Widow ran,  
And vent' in endless sighing,  
To weep her constant Man:  
But Cryden the River  
So Court her, did prepare  
And thought another Lover  
Might not do please of Fair

With Boldness he advances,  
The Fair his Love denies,  
Full irresistible Glances,  
That flashing from his Eyes  
With Caths & Tears assailing  
He wipes each Tear with cheek  
Until his Love prevailing  
He Weds her in a Week



*A Favourite Song*

*See Stella as your Health re turns all Nature does her Charms re new*

*Phœbus with greater Lustre Burns whe lèts his Face in Sines for you*

*No longer I ris Sheds her Tears at the Zephyrs Softer Breezes Blow*

*Flora in all her Pride ap pears & Streams in Dimpling gladness Flow*

*Wonder not then too charming Maid  
To see your Shyfts Sympathize  
Excess of joy has Love betray'd  
And No longer can disguise  
Nec Adam when in Eden blest  
Did a more rapturous transport prove  
When the fair Partner of his Breast  
First methis Eyes & taught him Love*

Flute



## The Fickle Swain

Set by M. J. Hudson

*Sy:*  
*Affetuoso*

*tr* *tr* *tr*

From Clime to Clime my Heart does rove Smells ev'ry Sweet yet

dares not love & mds ev'ry Sweet yet dares not love With wanton

Beauty of ten first But ah! how vain when'ter admir'd

*I sing I Joy with ev'ry Art,  
 Invade the tender Virgins Heart.  
 In gentle murmurs tell my pain,  
 But Tears are Idle, Tears are vain.*

*With strict Scorn I'll treat the Sex  
 And ne'er with Love my Heart perplex  
 Till Cupid sends some generous Fair  
 To ease my Grief & end my Care*

*O ye Gods! am I the man alone  
 Of Love & Beauty doom'd the scorn  
 Must sordid Gold the mind controul  
 Or have the will, & bribe the Soul.*

*As thus the pensive Sycwan stood  
 And sighing view'd his restless Flood  
 The Strions gaz'd to hear him mourn  
 And thus replis'd from vocal Horn*

*So tears Dear Youth the plaintive Song  
 Her kindly censure take with wrong  
 The fickle Stephen coldly flies  
 And constant Amaryllis dies*

Flute



# Celia

Set by M<sup>r</sup> Crookenden<sup>tr</sup>

*Is Celia in her Garden stray'd, secure nor Dreamt of harm. 1*

*Bee approach'd, lovely Maid & rested on her Arm. *ff**

*The Curious insect thither flew To taste the tempting bloom: But*

*with a thousand sweet invidious sounds a sudden doom.*

*Her nimble hand of life bereav'd  
 The darling little Thing  
 But first the Snowy Arm receiv'd  
 And felt the painful Sting  
 Oh would it short had burning smart  
 The Nymph to pity move  
 And teach her to regard the heart  
 She gives with endless Love*

Flute



*The Dream on Anacreon* Set by J. Houghton

*Balletto.* When gentle Sleep hath charm'd my Breast &

lull'd my Senses all to rest, n<sup>o</sup> my deluded Eyes seem'd I seem'd to view Anacreon when I

dream'd A Garland on his Head he wore & in his hand a Lyre he bore

Harmonious sounds around him when melting strains were he spoke

And as he touch'd the dancing strings  
The Loves that never sleep'd their Powers  
As he appear'd but thro' a Veil  
That made y<sup>e</sup> maid he lov'd had much to fair  
His Beauties like the Roses, thine  
His smiles were chearful as his Wine  
A Cupid led his reins, his hand  
At once his Conduct and his Guard

His Wreath he took his Wreath that spread  
Fresh blooming Glories round his Head  
And with a Smile said he receive receive  
The noblest Present I can give  
With joy I'll give my homage paid  
Behold the Present which he made  
The fragrant flow'rs breath'd sweets divine  
That smelt of him and he of Mine

Then unawar'd with heedless haste  
The Chaplet on my Brows I plac'd,  
The Chaplet warm'd with gay desire  
Breath'd gentle gentle Flames of love inspire  
Now in my Blood Anacreon reigns  
Love and Anacreon fill my Veins  
Till his soft Strains my Passion move  
Untill I'm wholly lost in Love

FINIS



cell conflict III

pt 33-40 strongly improved

110-16 muddy

low e 20 ft damp reflection of waves.

occasional waves

not wind coming





