



The
British Musical Miscellany:
or, the
Delightful Grove:

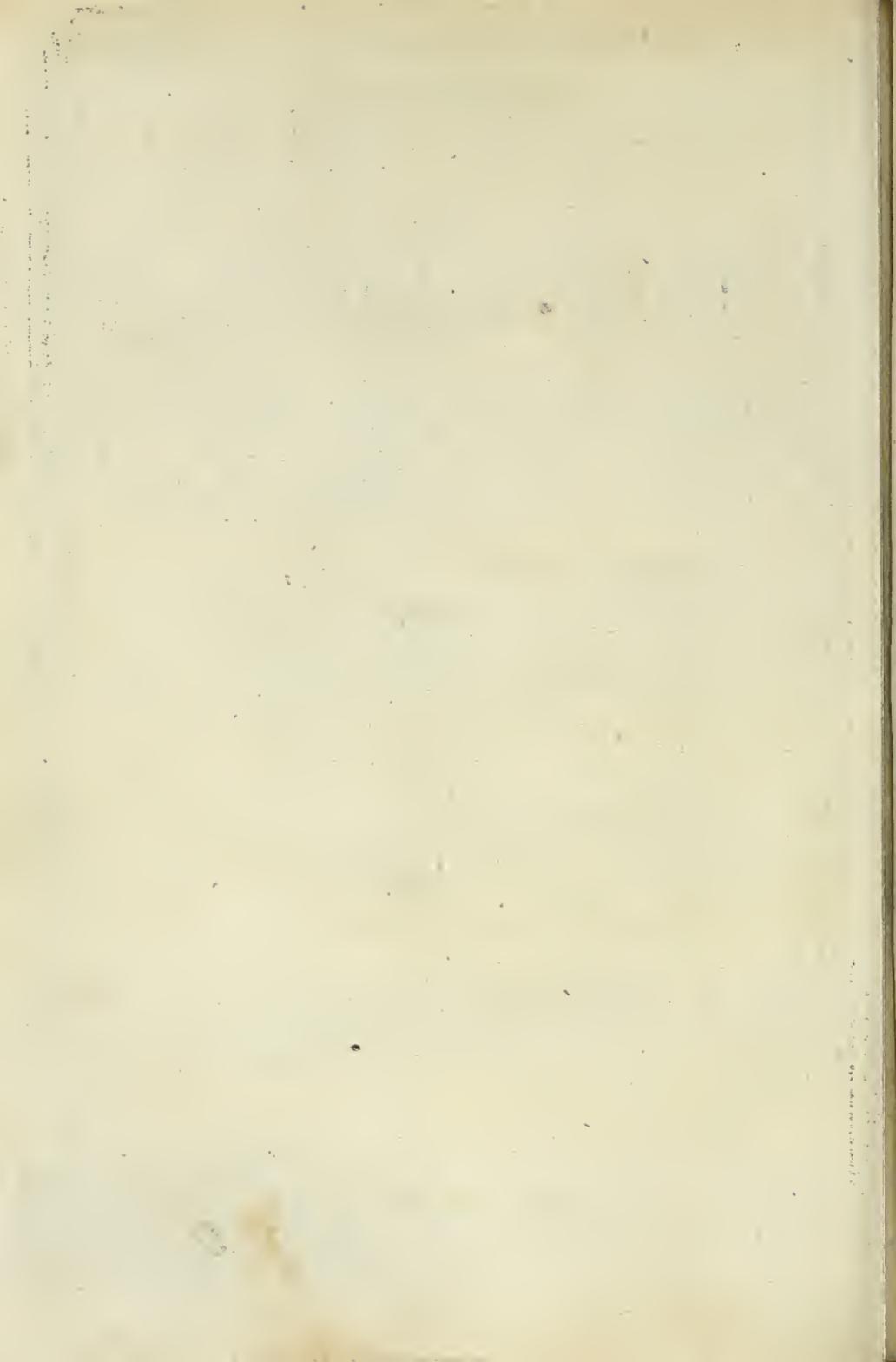
Being a Collection of Celebrated
English, and Scotch Songs.
By the best Masters.
Set for the Violin, German-
Flute, the Common Flute,
and Harpsicord

VOL. VI.

Engraven in a fair Character, &
Carefully Corrected.

A. Wrighton Dundee 1833

London. Printed for & Sold by I. Walsh, Musick
Printer & Instrument maker to his Majesty, at the
Harp & Hoboy in Catherine Street in the Strand.



A

As CELIA in her Garden	12
As walking forth to view the Plain	17
At Polwart on the Green	37
A Curfe on all Care	40
As I faw fair CLORA	65
As from a Rock	86
A Cock Laird fu Cagie	85
Again the Gods fhall wooe thee	89
A Lafs that was loaden with Care	95
Ask not the Cause	114
As I came in by TIVIOT fide	129
As I beneath a Myrtle fhade	134
As mufing I rang'd	138
A young fair Maid	140

B

Bright CLOE innocent and fair	26
By the delicious warmnefs of thy mouth	131

C

Could Gold immortalize a Man	14
CELIA miftake not	29
Can any Transports equal thofe	53
Come let's have mair Wine	92
COSMELIA'S charms	108
Ceafe to demand	125

F

Flutt'ring fpread thy purple Pinions	3
Fair SALLY lov'd a bonny Seaman	5

TABLE of the SONGS.

Eye pretty DORIS	16
For ever Fortune wilt thou prove	74
Fame of DORINDA'S Conquests	94

G

GILDEROY was a bonny Boy	54
----------------------------------	----

H

Honest man JOHN OCHILTREE	76
-----------------------------------	----

I

If Love my dearest treasure	1
I eny not the Proud their wealth	24
If all that I love is her face	25
Jolly mortals fill your Glaffes	36
If you by fordid views misled	42
If Mufick be the voice of Love	58
I will awa wi my Love	83
I cannot change as others do	102
JOCKEY faid to JENNY	113
In you ye folitary fhades	121
In January laft	133

K

Kind ARIADNE	41
----------------------	----

L

Like thofe in favour	30
Love O Love infpire my Soul	49
Late in an Evening	59
Love never more fhall give me pain	97
Logan water	109

M

M

MARIA when my fight you blefs	13
My PATIE is a Lover gay	57
My PEGGY is a young thing	106
My Soger Laddie	111
My Daddy left me gear enough	117

O

One day I heard MARY fay	51
O let us Swim	38
O forbear to bid me flight her	43
O what a fool was I	45
O VENUS beauty of the Skies	77
Oft I'm by the women told	110
On Etrick banks	118
O had away frae me DONALD	135

R

Restrain'd from the fight of my dear	67
--------------------------------------	----

S

Since all thy vows false maid	98
Soft engaging mild and fair	100
See whilst thou weep	137
SAPHO to VENUS	142

T

The pleasures that I now possess	8
To hug your self	10
There liv'd long ago	19
'Tis not your outward charms	20
The charms of bright beauty	21

Thou rising Sun	28
The wheel of Life	34
The Lads that would know	55
The croudèd Mall	62
Tell me dear Charmer	73
The Pride of every Grove I chose	81
There's auld Rob Morris	87
The Widdow can Bake	105
The Lads of Bromhall Green	101
Tho' for seven years	123
The Night her fable	127

W

Why hangs that Cloud	6
Why all this whining	9
When Trees did bud	33
While CELIA is flying	69
WILLY was a wanton wag	115
When Love and Youth	120
When we came to London Town	144

Y

Ye Virgin Powers	52
Young Cupid thought	61
Ye Surgeons of England	64
Ye Gods if e'er it prove my Lot	79
Young PHILANDER woo'd me long	93
You Nymphs that would true pleasure learn	103
Ye Highlands and Lowlands	141

Z

Zephir who with Spring returning	130
--	-----

A Favourite Air by MR. HANDEL in ATALANTA

Sym.
C
Larghetto

Pia.
C
Pia. IF

Love my dearest treasure, you by my death will measure, soon may it

end your Slave, soon may it end your Slave, my dearest,

my fairest, soon may it end, soon may it end your

Slave, soon may it end your Slave. for If Love my dearest

treasure, you by my death will measure, soon may it end your Slave. If

Love my dearest treasure, you by my death will measure, you

by my death will measure, soon may it end your Slave, soon.

soon may it end your Slave. *Sym.* for.

soon may it end your Slave.

But think when we're a-

Mild Ar-ca-dians ever blooming, Nightly nodding o'er your Flocks,

Seeing we-ry days con-suming, All beneath yon flow'ry Rocks.

Thus, the Cyprian Goddeſs weeping,
Mourn'd ADONIS Darling Youth;
Him, the Boar, in ſilence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.
CYNTHIA, tune harmonious Numbers,
Fair Diſcretion ſtring thy Lyre,
Sooth my ever waking flumbers,
Bright APOLLO lend thy Choir.

Gloomy PLUTO, King of terrors,
Arm'd in Adamantine Chains;
Lead me to the Chryſtal Mirrors,
Watring ſoft Elyſian Plains.
Mournful Cypreſs, verdant willow,
Gilding my AURELIA's brow:
MORPHEUS hov'ring o'er my Pillow,
Hear me pay my dying Vow.

Melancholly footh MEANDER,
Swiftly purling in a Round,
On thy Margin, Lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry Chapletts Crown'd.
Thus, when PHILLOMELLA drooping,
Softly ſeeks ſome ſilent Mate;
See the Bird of JUNO hooping,
Melody reſigns to Fate.

The BONNY SEAMAN

Andante.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of six systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system.

Fair SALLY lov'd a Bonny Seaman, With tears she sent him

out to Roam: Young THOMAS lov'd no other Woman, But left his

Heart with her at home. She view'd the Sea from off the Hill, And

as she turn'd the Spinning Wheel, Sung of her Bonny Seaman.

The Winds blew loud and she grew paler,
 To see the Weather cock turn round:
 When lo! she spy'd her bonny Sailor,
 Come whistling o'er the fallow Ground;
 With nimble haste he leapt the Stile,
 And SALLY met him with a smile,
 And hugg'd her bonny Sailor.

Fast round the waste he took his SALLY,
 But first around his mouth wip'd he,
 Like home bred spark he cou'd not dally,
 But press'd and kiss'd her with a Glee,
 Thro' Winds and Waves and dashing rain,
 Cry'd he, thy TOM's return'd again,
 And brings a Heart for SALLY.

Welcome, she cry'd, my constant THOMAS,
 Tho' out of fight, neer out of mind;
 Our hearts, tho' Seas have parted from us,
 Yet they my thoughts did leave behind:
 So much my thoughts took TOMMY's part,
 That Time nor Absence from my heart
 Cou'd drive my Bonny THOMAS.

This Knife, the Gift of lovely SALLY,
 I still have kept for her dear sake;
 A thousand times in am'rous folly,
 Thy Name I've carv'd upon the Deck,
 Again this happy pledge returns,
 To tell how truly THOMAS burns,
 How truly burns for SALLY.

This Thimble didst thou give to SALLY,
 Whilst this I see, I think of you;
 Then why does TOM stand still - I shall - I
 While yonder Steeple is in view,
 TOM never to occasion blind,
 Now took her in the coming Mind,
 And went to Church with SALLY

Hallow E'en.

WHY hangs that Cloud up-on thy Brow? That beauteous
 Heav'n e'er while serene? Whence do these Storms and Tempests

flow, Or what this Gust of Passion mean? And must then Mankind

lose that light, Which in thine Eyes was wont to shine, And lye obf-

cur'd in endless Night, For each poor fil-ly Speech of mine?

Dear Child, how can I wrong thy Name,
 Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all hands,
 That could ill Tongues abuse thy Fame,
 Thy Beauty can make large Amends:
 Or if I durst profanely try,
 Thy Beauty's powerful Charms t'upbraid,
 Thy Virtue well might give the Lye,
 Nor call thy Beauty to its Aid.

For VENUS every Heart t'ensnare,
 With all her Charms has deckt thy Face;
 And PALLAS with unusual Care,
 Bids Wifdom heighten every Grace.
 Who can the double pain endure?
 Or who must not resign the Field
 To thee, celestial Maid, secure
 With CUPID's Bow and PALLAS' Shield?

If then to thee such Power is given,
 Let not a Wretch in Torment live,
 But smile, and learn to copy Heaven,
 Since we must sin e'er it forgive.

Yet pitying Heaven not only does
 Forgive th'Offender and th'Offence,
 But ev'n itself appeas'd bestows,
 As the Reward of Penitence.

The CONSTANT LOVER A BALLAD Set by Mr LEVERIDGE

THE Pleasures that I now possess, For Empire I wou'd
 not for- sake; SALINDA's Eyes my Jo- - -ys encrease,
 From ev'-ry look, from ev'- - -ry look new life they take.

Her Beauty, like an April Sun,
 Makes Love spring up in ev'ry part;
 The Conquest that her Charms begun,
 Her Wit has rooted in my Heart.

While her soft smiles forbid despair,
 No restless thoughts torment my mind,
 For INDIA nor BOMBAY repair,
 But how to make her yet more kind.

The greatest Hero owes that Name;
 To Slaves, who have his Laurel's won;
 I chuse yet a nobler Fame,
 To live or dye for her alone.

Why all this Whining why all this Pining Love is a Folly and

Beauty is vain Nothing so common as Wealth and Woman

To raise the Vapours and so dull the Brain To him that's

Merry that's Frolick and Airy Nothing is Grievous nor

nothing is Sad Then rouse thy Spirit and take off thy

Claret In one smiling Bumper a Cure's to be had

IF CLOE fly thee and still deny thee
 Never look sneaking nor never repine:
 If tis her Fashion to flight your Paffion
 Then seem most easy and deny her thine.

Yet filly wooe her and clofely Purfue her
 Or fhell prove a Tyrant and laugh thee to fcorn
 When fhè seems Waggifh Coquettifh and Prudifh
 Then give her her Humour and let her be gone.

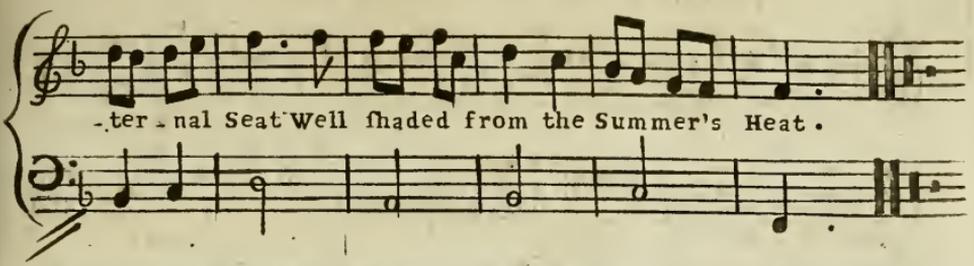
When next you meet her again intreat her
 And if you find ftill fhed make you her Tool
 Ne'er let it vex you or once perplex you
 Shell foon repent it and find who's the Fool.

Then to requite her defpife her and flight her
 And what you commended as much Difcommend:
 But if Love grive thee and ftill will not leave thee
 Then e'en love thy Self firft and next love thy Friend

The Way to Content .

Set by M^r DIEUPART..

To Hug your self in perfect Ease What would you
 wish for more than these A healthy clean Pa...



ter - nal Seat Well shaded from the Summer's Heat .

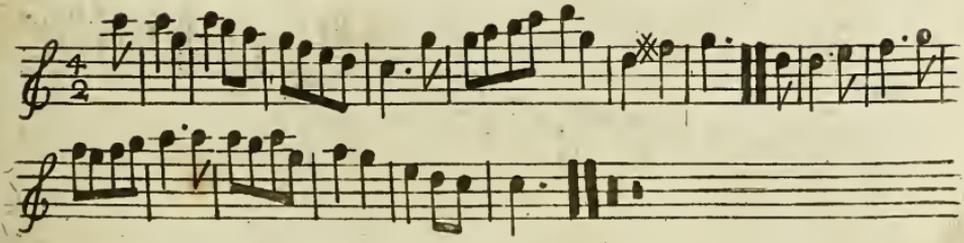
A little Parlour Stove to hold
 A Constant Fire from Winter's Cold
 Where you may Sit and Think and Sing
 Far off from Court God Bless the King

Safe from the Harpies of the Law
 From Party Rage and Great Man's Paw
 Have choice few Friends of your own Taste
 A Wife Agreeable and Chaste .

An open but yet cautious Mind
 Where guilty Cares no Entrance find
 Nor Misers Fears nor Envy's Spight
 To break the Sabbath of the Night

Plain Equipage and temp rate Meals
 Few Taylor's and no Doctor's Bills
 Content to take as Heav'n shall please
 A longer or a shorter Lease .

Flute



On a LADY ftung by a Bee . Set by M^r VINCENT .

As CÆLIA in her Ganden strayd Secure nor Dream of Harm

A Bee approach'd the lovely Maid And rest ed on her Arm

The Curious Infect thither flew
 To taste the tempting Bloom
 But with a Thousand Sweets in view
 In found a sudden Doom .

Her nimble Hand of Life bereay'd
 The daring little Thing
 But first the snowy Arm receiy'd
 And felt the painful Sting .

Once only cou'd that Sting surprize
 Once be iniurious found:
 Not so the Darts of CÆLIA'S Eyes
 They never cease to Wound .

Oh . woud the short liv'd burning Smart
 The Nymph to pity move
 And teach her to regard the Heart
 She fires with endless Love .

FLUTE

MA-RI-A when my Sight you Bles Each Morn beneath your
 Cow How can the Swain his Joy Exprefs to fee thee in thy rural
 Drefs And hear thee Singing too

Thy Milk white Waiftcoat free from Stain
 Denotes thy purer Thought
 As clear from falshood as Diftain
 And in thy foft and chearful Strain
 My Cares are all forgot.

Thy Breath excels the Breath of Morn
 More fragrant than the Hay
 Or Flow'rs tho in thy Bofom worn
 Or Clover Grafs or green eard Corn
 Or Cows more fweet than they

Thy modest Cheeks out blufh the Rofe
 Whilst I thy Charms recite
 Thy Lips are Cherries Eyes are Sloes
 And thy engaging Smiles difclofe
 Two Rows of Ivory white

But Oh the Burden of my Song
 Those Charms may fall a Prey
 And be commanded right or wrong
 By some dull Clown whose vulgar Tongue
 Can neither Sing nor say.

The Vilet thus that in the Mead
 Regal'd our Smell alas
 No more must rear its bloomy Head
 Stamp'd in by some black Ox's Tread
 Or chew'd with common Grafs.

The chearful Mornings once so blest
 Soft Ev'nings too are o'er
 Ye Cow's whose Teats MARIA preft
 Farewel my Pipe has done its best
 MARIA smiles no more.

FLUTE .



The VANITY of RICHES

Could Gold Im-mor-talize a Man or stretch his Days be-yond
 their Span. Could it retain our parting Breath Or blunt the point-

- ed Sting of Death I'd cringe I'd write I'd fawn I'd pray all Parties
fa - vour all o - bey to raise vast Treasures of the precious Clay

But since these Toys these glitt'ring Baits
These little Arts these hateful Cheats
Since all their Stores will nought avail
When drooping Nature once does fail
Why all this Clutter why this Pain
Why all this Sweating still in vain
For great Preferments and a gaudy Train

Death makes the Bays the Robes the Gown
To lay their fading Honours down
Nor can their Bribes make him relent
Or their impending Fate prevent:
Then since these mighty Men and I
The Rich the Poor and all must die
Why should I heap up Wealth O tell me Why

FLUTE

To the Difconfolate DORIS .

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Eye pretty Doris weep no more Doubtlefs your Love is safe on
 Shore Defpight of Wave and Wind The Tears which y^e fo freely the'd
 Are much too precious for y^e dead and for y^e Quick too kind

Eye pretty DORIS figh no more
 The Gods your DAMON will reftore
 From Rocks and Quick fands free
 Your Wifhes will fecure his Way
 And doubtlefs he for whom you pray
 May laugh at Diftiny

Still then Thofe Tempefts of your Breaft
 And fet that pretty Heart at reft
 The Man will foon return
 Thofe Sighs for Heav'n are only fit
 ARABIAN Gums are not fo fweet
 Nor Off rings when they burn .

On him you lavifh'd Grief in vain
 Can't be lamented nor Complain
 Whilft you continue true
 That Man difafter is above
 And needs no Pity that does love
 And is belov'd by you .

As Walking forth to view the Plain upon a Morning

Ear-ly while MAY'S sweet scent did clear my Brain from

Flow'rs which grow so rarely I chanced to meet a Pret-ty

Maid the thind tho it was Fogie I ask'd her Name sweet Sir she

said my Name is KATHERINE OGIE

I stood a while and did Admire
 To see a Nymph so stately
 So brisk an Air there did appear
 In a Country Maid so neatly
 Such natural Sweetness she display'd
 Like a Lillie in a Bogie
 DIANA'S self was ne'er array'd

Thou Flower of Females Beautys Queen
 Who sees thee sure must prize thee
 Tho' thou art drest in Robes but mean
 Yet these cannot disguise thee
 Thy handsome Air and graceful Look
 Far Excels any Clownish Rogie
 Thou art Match for Lord or Duke
 My charming KATHERINE OIGIE

O were I but some Shepherd Swain
 To Feed my Flock beside thee
 At Boughting time to leave the Plain
 In Milking to abide thee
 I'd think my self a happier Man
 With KATE my Club and Dogie
 Than he that hugs his Thousands ten
 Had I but KATHERINE OIGIE

Then I'd Despise th' Imperial Throne
 And Statesman dangerous Stations
 I'd be no King I'd wear no Crown
 I'd smile at conquering Nations
 Might I careifs and still possess
 This Lafs of whom I'm Vogie
 For these are Toys and still look less
 Compar'd with KATHERINE OIGIE

But I fear the Gods have not decreed
 For me so fine a Creature
 Whose Beauty rare makes her Exceed
 All other Works in Nature
 Clouds of despair surround my Love
 That are both dark and Fogie
 Pity my Case ye powers above
 Else I die for KATHERINE OIGIE

There liv'd long ago in a Country. Place A clever young

Lad that lov'd a young Lads She lov'd him again and O

Wonder to hear No offers could move her she lov'd him so

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

2
The Lord of the Village took it in his Head
To Tempt her to leave him and come to his Bed
He offer'd her Jewells and Baubles and Rings.
But she flighted his Love and refus'd his gay things

3
He told her he'd make her as fine as a Queen
Her Gown shou'd be Silk and her Cap Colberteen
But she said Linsley Woolsey and Bone Lace wou'd serve
And rather than please him she'd venture to Starve

4
He told her he'd give her a Pad to ride out
Or a Coach if she Lik'd it to Visit about
She thank'd him but said she could very well walk
And shou'd she have a Coach how the Neighbours wou'd talk

He said for the Neighbours he'd make it is Care
 That not even the Parson on Sundays should dare
 To find fault with her Conduct or offer to blame
 Her Manner of Living or Blast her good Name

She told him in Short he must e'en be content
 For Jewells or Gold should neer Bribe her Consent
 Her Heart was anothers, and so Should remain
 And The Scornd to be false for the Lucre of Gain.

Set by M^r Edward Purcell.

Tis not y outward charms alone can Captivate our Hearts

Sweetness of Temper more invites more Solid Blifs imparts

your easy shape and sparkling Eyes tis true may raise desire but tis

good Nature Mixt with Witt that keeps a live the Fire

The Charms of Bright Beauty A SONG Set by MR COURTIVILL

The Charms of bright Beauty fo Pow-----

er full are for

that we make peace and for that we make War then tell

me no more no more then tell me no more no more of Re

ligion and Laws your Caot of Injustice your good and bad Cause f

Con - - - quest f Con - - -

quest your Conquest and Tri-

umphs your Captives and Spoils could never incite me no-

never could never incite me could never in- cite me to hazardous-

toils Could never in cite me to hazardous toils

To be great Wise and Wealthy I never would choose Should the

Nymph I a-dore should the Nymph I a-dore her

Favours refuse But let my Eugenia be

Faithful and kind I'll weather the Winter and Wea -

-ry the wind I'll ra - - - - - vage Seas I'll ra -

- - - - - vage the Seas the Earth and the Air and

com - - - - - bate for

her even Death even Death Death and Despair

Set by MR VINCENT .

The Words by a LADY .

I Envey not the Proud there wealth

there E-quepage and state give me but In - no -

-cence and Health I ask not to be great

I in this sweet Retirement find

A Ioy Unknown to Kings

For Sceptors to a Vertuous Mind

Seems Vain and Empty things

Amoroso

If all that I love is h

Face, From looking I sure can refrain; In others her likeness may trace, Or absence

may cure all my pain. This said, from her charms I retir'd, Nor knew I till y I

lov'd, What present my Passion admir'd, In absence my Reason ap- prov'd.

Ritornel.

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

FLUTE.

Amoroso

Ritornel

LOVE Preferable to LIBERTY. The Words by R. COURTIVIL Esq.^r
Set by Mr. MARKWELL.

Bright CHLOE, Innocent and fair, Of Wit divine and Heav'nly

Air: Chaste, sprightly, gay, and free. Upon young THIRSIS cast an

Eye, Which made the Lovesick Shepherd cry, adieu ma Liberte?

adieu ma Liberte?

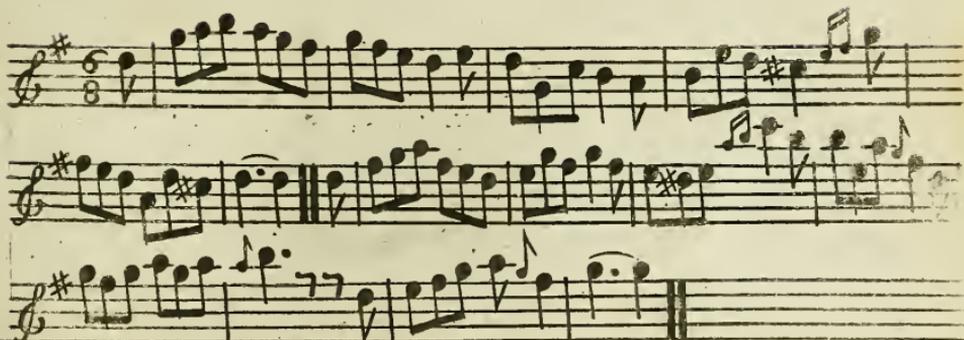
No more, the Youth, with jocund Song,
 Attracts the merry laughing throng,
 With all his wanton Glee:
 But, pensive sits beneath the shade,
 While thus resounds th'echoing Glade
 adieu ma Liberte?

No more from Fair to Fair he roves,
 No longer with a Loose he Loves,
 But full of Constancy:
 He for bright CHLOE only sighs
 By her o'ercome, poor THIRSIS cries
 adieu ma Liberte?

The Nymphs, who now his Passion know
 With pity mix'd, with envy glow,
 While unattentive He
 Thinks only of his CHLOE's Charms,
 And musing, cries, with folded Arms,
 adieu ma Liberte?

Yet would the smiling Maid approve,
 My first Desire, my constant Love,
 Still would I faithful be:
 With joyful Heart I'd marriage try,
 With joyful Heart would THIRSIS cry,
 adieu ma Liberte?

F L U T E .



Slow.

Musical score for 'A Lapland Song'. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are: 'THOU ri_sing Sun, whose gladfome Ray Invites my Fair to ru...ral Play, Dispel the Milt and clear the Skies, And bring my OR...RA to my Eyes.'

Oh! were I sure my Dear to view,
 I'd climb that Pine-Tree's topmost Bough,
 Aloft in Air that quivering plays,
 And round and round for ever gaze.

My ORRA MOOR, where art thou laid?
 What Wood conceals my sleeping Maid?
 Fast by the Roots enrag'd I'll tear
 The Trees that hide my promis'd fair-

Oh! I cou'd ride the Clouds and Skies,
 Or on the Raven's Pinions rise:
 Ye Storks, ye Swans, a moment stay,
 And wait a Lover on his way.

My Bliss too long my Bride denies,
 Apace the wafting Summer flies:
 Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
 Not Storms or Night shall keep me here.

<p>Alas! they for strength with Steel compare; But cruel Love enchains the Mind.</p>	<p>No longer then perplex thy Breast, When thoughts torment, the first are best; 'Tis mad to go, 'tis Death to stay, Away to ORRA, haste away.</p>
---	---

A Favourite Minuet by M^r Leveridge. 23

Celia mistake not my def- - - sign when I endeavour your
worth to pro - claim, By Off'ring up a Verse off mine,
to your Dis - tinguish'd good Nature and Name

The Muses were Ordain'd to shew,
The Shining graces, and worth of your sex,
If so, why shou'd what's sung of you,
Your modest sweetnesss, and Vertue perplex.

At thoughts of you my Muse takes wing,
And with a fierce desire my Bosom Warms,
Indulge me than, with leave to Sing,
Or lay aside those all inspiring charms

No Gratefull answer I desire,
No single favour from you I implore,
All that I want, or can require,
Is that you'd give me still leave to adore.

FLUTE

HAPPINESS. in CONTENT. by M^r. Leveridge

Like those in favour with their Stars of Honour and Proud

Titles Boast, Whilest I, whom Fate such Triumph Bars,

do Ioy in that, I Honour most, Thrice happy I, that

Love, and am belov'd where I may not remove or be re - move.

Fav'rites to Kings their fair leaves spread,
 As Marigold at the Suns Eye,
 Yet in themselves their Pride lies Dead
 For at one frown their Glories Die.

Thrice happy. &c.

The Painfull Soldier fam'd in fight,
 By Chance, or Victory once Foild,
 From Honours Book is Blotted quite
 And all's forgot, for which he Toil'd.
 Thrice . &c .

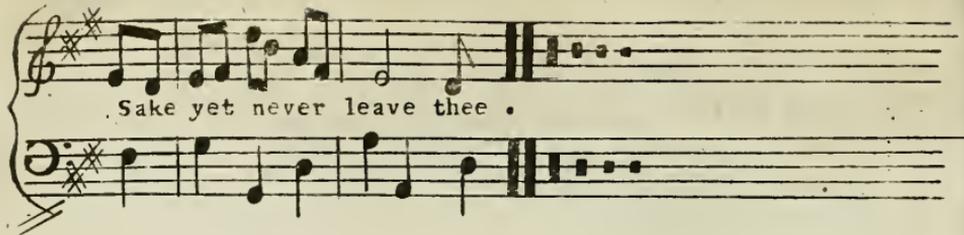
FLUTE

On DAY. I Hear'd. MARY. fay .

One Day I heard MARY fay, How shall I Leave thee, thy dearest

A - DONIS, stay why wilt thou grieve me. Alas ! my fond heart

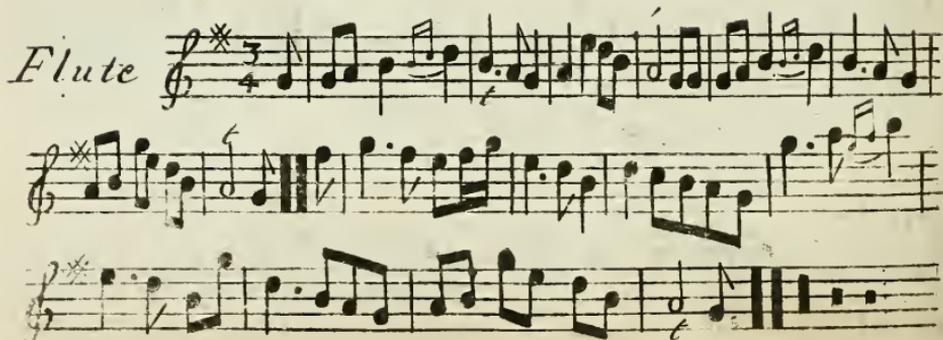
will break, if thou should leave me, I'll live and Dye for thy



Say, lovely ADONIS, say,
 Has MARY deceiv'd thee?
 Did e'er her Young Heart betray
 New Love, that has griev'd thee;
 My constant Mind ne'er shall ftray,
 Thou may believe me:
 I'll love thee, Lad, Night and Day,
 And never leave thee.

ADONIS, my charming Youth,
 What can relieve thee?
 Can MARY thy Anguish sooth?
 This Breast shall receive thee.
 My Passion can ne'er decay,
 Never deceive thee:
 Delight shall drive Pain away,
 Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, Lad,
 How shall I leave thee?
 O! that Thoughts makes me sad
 I'll never leave thee.
 Where would my ADONIS fly?
 Why does he grieve me?
 Alas. my poor Heart will die,
 IF I should leave thee.



Down the Burn DAVIE

When Trees did bud and Fields were green, and Broom bloom'd.

Fair to See; when MARY was complete Fifteen, and Love laugh'd

In her Eye; Blith DAVY'S Blinks her heart did

Move, to speak her mind thus free Gang down the Burn,

Davie, Love, and I shall follow thee.

Now DAVIE did each Lad surpass,
 That dwelt on this Burn-side,
 And MARY was the bonniest Lass,
 Just meet to be a Bride;
 Her Cheeks were rosy, red and white,
 Her Een were bonny blue;
 Her Looks were like AURORA bright,
 Her Lips like dropping Dew.

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

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless Play,
 And naithing sure unmeet;
 For ganging hame, I heard him say,
 They lik'd a wa'k sae sweet;
 And that they aften shou'd return,
 Sic Pleasure to renew.
 Quoth MARY, Love, I like the Burn,
 And ay shall follow you.

FLUTE

The Wheel of FORTUNE

The wheel of Life is turning quickly round, and nothing in this

World, of certainty is found, The Midwife wheels us in, and Death
wheels us out, good lack; good lack; how things are wheel'd about,

Some few aloft on Fortunes wheel do go,
And us they mount up high the others tumble low,
For this we all agree, that fate at first did will,
That this great wheel; should never once stand still,

The Courtier turns to gain his private ends,
Till he's so giddy grown he quite forgets his friends,
Prosperity oft times deceives the Proud and vain,
And wheels about, so fast, it turn them out again,

Some turn to this, to that, and every way,
And cheat and Scrape for what can't purchase one poor day,
But this is far below the generous hearted man,
Who lives, and makes, the most of Life he can,

And thus we're wheel'd about in Lifes Short Farce,
Till we at last are wheel'd of in a rumbling Hearse,
The Midwife wheels us in, and death wheels us out
Good lack; good lack; how things are wheel'd about,

FLUTE

A Song Set by Mr GALLIARD.

Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses; Noble Deeds are done by Wine;

Scorn the Nymph, scorn the Nymph, and all her Graces: Who'd

For Love, or Beauty, pi-----ne! Who'd for

Love or Beau ty pine!

Look within the Bowl that's flowing,
 And a thousand Charms you'll find;
 More than PHYLLIS, tho' Just going
 In the Moment to be kind.
 In the Moment to be kind.

ALEXANDER hated Thinking,
 Drank about at Council-board;
 He suddn'd the World by drinking
 More than by his conqu'ring Sword.
 More than by his conqu'ring Sword.

At POLWART on the Green if you'l meet me the Morn where
 Laſes doe Conve - ne to dance about the Thorn A kindly
 welcome you ſhall meet frae her wha likes to view A Lover
 and a Lad compleat the Lad and Lover you .

Let dorty Dames fay na
 As lang as eer they pleaſe
 Seem caulder than the Sna
 While inwardly thev bleez
 But I will frankly ſhaw my Mind
 And Yield my Heart to thee
 Be ever to the Captive kind
 That langſ na to be free

At Polwart on the Green
 Among the new mawn Hay
 With Sangs and Dancing keen
 We'll pafs the heartſome Day .
 At Night if Beds be o'erthrang laid
 And thou betwin'd of thine
 Thou ſhalt be welcome my dear Lad
 To take a Part of mine

A Health to BETTY

The image shows a musical score for the song 'A Health to BETTY'. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system has a treble staff with a 6/8 time signature and a bass staff with a 5/8 time signature. The lyrics are: 'O Let us swim in Blood of Grapes the Richest of the Citty and.' The second system has a treble staff with a 6/8 time signature and a bass staff with a 5/8 time signature. The lyrics are: 'Solemnize up on our Knees A health to noble BETTY'. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many eighth and sixteenth notes.

O Let us swim in Blood of Grapes the Richest of the Citty and.

Solemnize up on our Knees A health to noble BETTY

The Muses with the Milk of Queens
 Have fed this comely Creature
 That she's become a princely Dame
 A Maracle of Nature .
 O let us & c .

The Graces all both great and small
 Were not by half so pretty
 The Queen of Love that reigns above
 Cou'd not compare with BETTY .
 O let us & c .

Had DAVID seen this lovely one,
 No Sin he had committed
 He had not lain with BATH SHEBA
 Nor slain the valiant HITTITE .
 O let us & c .

Had SOLOMON Heav'ns Minion
 View'd her Perfections over
 Then SHEBAS Queen relected had been
 Tho clad with Gold of Ophir
 O let us & c .

The Dons of SPAIN could they obtain
 This Magazine of Pleasure
 They'd never go to MEXICO
 For all its INDIAN Treasure
 O let us &c.

The Christian King would dance & sing
 To have her at his Pleasure
 And would confine great MAZARINE
 Within the Banks of TIBER
 O let us &c.

The TURK for all his great Empire
 Would Prostrate him before her
 And Would Lay down his Golden Crown
 A Goddess like adore her
 O let us &c.

Her Eyes are full of Majesty
 None but a Prince can own her
 She's fitted for an Emperor
 A Diadem must Crown her.

O let us swim in Blood of Grapes
 The richest of the City
 And solemnize upon our Knees
 A Health to noble BETTY.

The Topper.

A Curse on all Care we'll Never despair Whilst our Bottle is
 full of good Claret Let Effeminate Asses still follow wild Lasses we'll
 stick to our friends who have Merit Let Effeminate Asses still follow wild
 Lasses we'll stick to our friend who have Merit

Then here my Brave boys
 This never will Cloy
 But ripen our time Each Hour
 This this is true pleasure
 Gives Joy out of Measure
 And thus we support our own Power

flute

A Song Set by Mr JOHN SHEELES

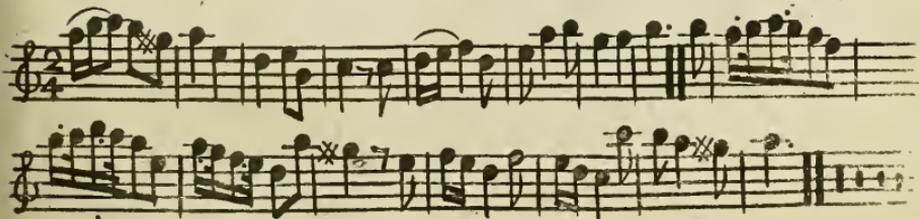


Kind ARIADNE drown'd in Tears, Upbraids the faithless
GRECIAN Chief, 'Till BACCHUS, Jol- - - - - ly
God, appears, And heals her Woe, and lulls her Grief.

The Moral of this Tale implies,
When Woman yields her Virgin Store,
Away the sated Lover flies,
New Mines of Pleasure to explore.

A while she tries each Female Snare,
The loud Reproach, the sullen Grief;
But tired at length with fruitless Care,
Flies to the Bottle for Relief.

F L U T E



To a YOUNG LADY Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.

If you, by fordid Views mis-led, Pre-fer old GRIPUS to your
 Bed, You'll bit-ter-ly la-ment it; For Twenty ne'er Did
 Fifty wed, But both did soon re-pent it

His Peevishness, and Thirst of Gain,
 Wou'd of each CHINA Cup complain;
 Each Ribbou, Patch, and Finner;
 And TIT, and BRISK, must ne'er again
 Eat from your Plate at Dinner.

Alarm'd by groundless Jealousy,
 He'd to each random Word apply
 Some base Interpretation;
 Each meanless Smile, or casual Sigh,
 Wou'd be an Affignation.

Or tho' you're from these Torments free,
 Indulg'd all Day in Visits, Tea,
 And all that you petition;
 Ev'n then, alas! all Night you'd be
 But in a poor Condition.

For then he'd all Endearments shun,
 And vainly boast what Feats were done,
 When he was Young and Mighty;
 But now, alas! those Days are gone,
 And so, my Dear, Good-Night t've.

But if by Inclination led,
 A Youth of equal Bloom you wed,
 No Cares by Day will tease ye;
 At Night such Joys will bless your Bed,
 As cannot fail to please ye.

While therefore you to chuse are free,
 Chuse One whose Years with yours agree,
 By Love alone directed;
 Assur'd that happy Days may be
 From happy Nights expected.

FLUTE

The Words by AARONHILL Esq
 Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.

Oh, forbear to bid me slight her; Soul, and Senses,
 Take her Part: Cou'd my Death it self delight her,

Life wou'd leap to leave my Heart, Strong, tho' soft, a

Lover's Chain! Charm'd with woe, and pleas'd with Pain. Strong, tho' soft, a

Lover's Chain! Charm'd with Woe, and pleas'd with Pain.

Tho' the tender Flame were dying,
 Love wou'd light it at her Eyes;
 Or, her tuneful Voice applying,
 Through my Ear, my Soul surprize.
 DEAF, I SEE the Fate I shun!
 BLIND, I HEAR—and am undone!

FLUTE

A Favourite Air by M^r. Handel. 45

The image shows a page of handwritten musical notation for a piece titled "A Favourite Air by M. Handel." The page is numbered 45. The music is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). The tempo is marked "Allegro". The score consists of several systems of staves. The first system includes a treble clef staff with a melodic line and a bass clef staff with a bass line. The second system continues the melody and bass line. The third system features a treble clef staff with a more active melodic line and a bass clef staff. The fourth system shows a treble clef staff with a melodic line and a bass clef staff. The fifth system includes a treble clef staff with a melodic line and a bass clef staff with the lyrics "O what a fool o what a fool was I at". The sixth system features a treble clef staff with a melodic line and a bass clef staff with the lyrics "Celia's Feet to lye and languish for her Char...". The seventh system shows a treble clef staff with a melodic line and a bass clef staff with the lyrics "VOL. VI." and various musical symbols. The page is filled with musical notation, including notes, rests, and clefs.

O what a fool o what a fool was I at

Celia's Feet to lye and languish for her Char...

ms o what a fool was I at Celiass feet to lve and

languish for her charms her charms

o what a fool was I at Celiass feet to lve and languish for her Char

ms and languish for her charms o what a fool

VOL. VI.

O what a fool was I at Celias feet to lye and languish for her

charms and languish for her charms O what a fool was I to languish

for her Charms her Charms to languish for her Char

to lan_guish for her Charms

My Bottle and my friend have

5 6

pleasure without end and keep me from all harms and keep me from all

4 6 4 6 6 6

Harms and keep me from all harms my Bottle and

7 6 6 6 6 6 6 4 # 6 6

my friend have pleasure without end and keep me from all harms

6 6 6

LOVE, O Love inspire my Soul, with most exalted Lays, with most exalted

Lays, That I from Pole to Pole, may sound MIRANDA'S praise, in gayest mea-

sure, in gayest mea-

sure. Sym-

O Love inspire my Soul, that I from

Pole to Pole, may sound MIRANDA'S praise, in gayest mea-

... sure in gayest mea

... sure O Love, O Love, O Love inspire my

Soul, O Love inspire my Soul, that I from Pole to Pole, may find MIRANDA'S

praise, in gayest mea... sure, in gayest mea... sure. for. Sym

In her bright Eyes the Graces keep their Court, Graces keep their

Court, whilst CUPID'S round her sport, dispersing Plea

6 6 4 6

sure, whilst CUPID'S round her sport, dispersing Plea

6 5 6

Court, whilst CUPID'S round her sport, dispersing Plea

5 6 6 5 4 6

sure dis-

6 6

persing Plea... sure. for.

4 5 6 6 6 6

Da Capo

6 6 6

YE Virgin Pow'rs defend my Heart, from am'rous looks and smiles;
 From sawcy Love, and nicer Art, which most our Sex be-guiles.

Fingerings: 6 6 * 7 6 5 4 3, 6, 6 6 5 6 5 * 6 6 6 5 6 4 5 4 *

From Sighs and Vows and awfull fears
 That do to pity move.
 From speaking Silence and from Tears
 Those Springs that water Love.

But if thro' Passion I grow blind
 Let Honour be my guide.
 And where frail nature seems inclin'd
 There place a guard of Pride.

The Heart whose flames are seen tho' pure
 Needs ev'ry Virtues aid.
 And She who thinks herself secure
 The sooneft is betray'd.

FLUTE.

Flute score with trills (tr) and dynamics.

The FOND MEETING. The Words by Mr. LOCKMAN.

CAN a-ny Transports equal those Which two fond

Lovers feel, Who meet, that thought to meet no more, And

their past Woes reveal. Their Joys, too great to

be ex...press'd, So croud the fault ring Tongue, Fain wou'd they

breathe their Soul in Words, But Passion strikes them dumb.

Yet do their Eyes, at the blest Sight,
 Enraptur'd Glances dart;
 By these, and Sighs, their wishes paint,
 That flutter round the Heart.
 Like Statues fix'd, amaz'd they stand,
 Survey their mutual Charms:
 Then, when the Extasy gives leave,
 Fly to each others Arms.

GILDEROY.

GILDEROY was a bo...ny Boy, When he came to the

Glen, With filken Stockings on his Legs, And Roses in his Shoon:

He was a comely Sight to see, My Dear, and on-ly Joy; But

now he hangs high on a Tree, My poor, pale GILDEROY.

GILDEROY was as brave a Man,
As ever SCOTLAND bred;
Descended from a HIGHLAND Clan,
But a Caper till his Trade.
Our Fathers and our Mothers baith
Of us they had great Joy;
Expecting still the Wedding-Day,
'Tween me and GILDEROY.

When GILDEROY went to the Glen,
He always choos'd the Fat;
And in these Days there were not ten,
With him durit bell the Cat:
For had he been as WALACE stout,
And tall as DALMAHOY,
He never mist to get a Clout,
Frae my Love GILDEROY.

The Queen of SCOTS possessed nought,
That my Love let me want;
For Cow and Ew he brought to me,
And e'en when they were scant:
All these did honestly possess,
He never did annoy,
Who never fail'd to pay their Cess
To my Love GILDEROY.

But ah! they catch'd him on a Hill,
And baith his hands they tied;
Alledging he had done much ill:
But Sons of Whores they lyed:
Three Gallons large of Usquebaugh,
We drank to his last Foy,
Before he went for EDINBURGH,
My Dearest GILDEROY.

To EDINBURGH I followed fast;
 But long e'er I came there,
 They had him mounted on a Mast,
 And wagging in the Air.
 His Relicks there were mair esteem'd,
 Than SCANDERBEG and CROY;
 And ev'ry Man was happy deem'd,
 That gaz'd on GILDEROY.

Alas! that e'er such Laws were made,
 To hang a Man for Gear;
 Either for stealing Cow or Sheep,
 Or yet for Horſe or Mare:
 Had not the Laws then been ſo ſtrict,
 I had never loſt my Joy;
 But now he lodges with auld NICK,
 That hang'd my GILDEROY.

The ADVICE. By MR. CONCANEN.

Set by MR. GALLIARD.

THE Laſt 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 Occaſions agree, agree;
 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 repel, or may draw in the Cit,
 By the Use of that pretty Word.....No:
 By the Use of that pretty Word.....No.

When the powder'd Toupées in Crowds round her chat,
 Each striving his Passion to show;
 With...Kiss me, and love me, my Dear, and all that,
 Let her Answer be still, No, no, no:
 Let her Answer be still, No;no,no.

When a Dose is contriv'd to lay Virtue asleep,
 A Present, a Treat, or a Ball;
 She still must refuse, if her Empire she'd keep,
 And, No, be her Answer to all:
 And, No, be her Answer to all.

But when Master DAPPERWIT offers his hand,
 Her Partner in Wedlock to go;
 A House, and a Coach, and a Jointure in Land...
 She's an Ideot, if then she says No:
 She's an Ideot, if then she says No.

Whene'er she's attack'd by a Youth, full of Charms,
 Whose Courtship proclaims him a Man;
 When press'd to his Bosom, and clasp'd in his Arms,
 Then let her say No, if she can:
 Then let her say No, if she can.

FLUTE.



Corn RIGGS are BONNY.

MY Patie is a Lo-ver gay, his mind is never muddy, his
 Breath is sweeter then new Hay, his Face is fair and ruddy. His
 Shape is handfom, middle fize; he's stately in his wawking; the
 Shining of his Een surprife; tis Heaven to hear him tawking.

The musical score consists of four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The music is in common time (C) and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff of each system.

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

Let Maidens of a silly Maid,
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chafly should be granting:
 Then I'll comply, and marry PATE,
 And fyne my Cockernony,
 He's free to touzle air or late,
 Where Corn Riggs are bonny.

ON A LADY Playing upon the HARPSICORD

IF MUSICK be the voice of Love what Mortal Ear's se-
cure with with ULYSSES I must fail or with his Friends endure
Ah! poor evasion of my fate I court her to be dumb whose
Guilty Eyes have thousands slain as thousands hath her Tongue.

Absence the vulgar cure of Love
 (A fruitless Balm) I try,
 Absence may cure a flower flame,
 Mines too intense to die,
 Return then CELIA ease the smart
 Your presence lately gave,
 The same fair Hand that's skill'd to wound,
 The same fair Hand can save.

FLUTE

The AULD GOODMAN.

LATE in an Ev'ning forth I went, a little before the

Sun gade down, and there I chanc'd by Accident, to light on

A Battle new begun. A man and his Wife were fawn in

Strife, I canna well tell ye how it began, but ay She wail'd her

Wretched Life, and cry'd ever, alake My Auld Goodman.

HE.

Thy auld Goodman, that thou tells of,
 The Country kens where he was born,
 Was but a silly poor Vagabond,
 And ilka ane leugh him to scorn:
 For he did spend, and make an end
 Of Gear, that his Forefathers wan,
 He gart the Poor stand frae the Door,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld Goodman.

SHE.

My Heart alake, is liken to break,
 When I think on my winfome Iohn,
 His blinkan Eye and Gate fae free,
 Was naithing like thee, thou dofend Drone.
 His roffie Face and flaxen Hair,
 And a Skin as white as ony Swan,
 Was large and tall, and comely withal,
 And thou'lt never be like my auld Goodman.

HE.

Why dost thou pleen; I thee maintain,
 For Meal and Mawt thou difna want;
 But thy wild Bees I canna please,
 Now when our Gear gins to grow scant,
 Of Household Stuff thou haft enough,
 Thou wants for neither Pot nor Pan;
 Of ficklike Ware he left thee bare,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld Goodman.

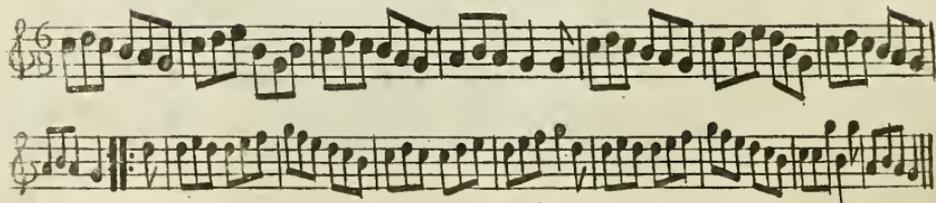
SHE.

Yes I may tell, and fret my fell,
 To think on these blyth Days I had,
 When he and I together lay
 In Arms, into a well-made Bed.
 But now I figh, and may be fad,
 Thy Courage is cauld, thy Colour wan,
 Thou falds thy Feet, and fa s asleep
 And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld Goodman.

HE.

Then coming was the Night fae dark,
 And gane was a' the Light of Day;
 The Carle was fear'd to miss his Mark,
 And therefore wad nae langer stay:
 Then up he gat, and he ran his way,
 I trow the Wife the Day she wan,
 And ay the o'erword of the Fray
 Was ever, Alake my auld Goodman.

FLUTE



MR. HOWARD

Young Cupid thought from Cloe's Eyes to send a fatal Dart to fill my

foul with soft surprise and steal away my Heart this Dart I'm sure

says he will do then smiling took his Aim with Wondrous force the

Bow he drew let fly but mist his Game

2

3

Surpris'd to see his Arrow Miss
 He gaz'd on Cloe's Face
 When Just where Strephon stole a Kiss
 He found out Cloe's Cafe
 No Wonder Cry'd the subtle Boy
 My Power prov'd so faint
 The foolish Girl has spoild my Toy
 With Various sorts of Paint

Enrag'd to Venus straight he fly's
 And humbly thus He pray'd
 Bestow a Curse on Cloe's Eyes
 And make her Dye a Maid
 The Goddess granted his Request
 Her Charms no more excell
 To all shes now become a Jest
 And must lead Apes in Hell

62 • *On Vaux Hall.*

The croud'd Mall that us'd to shine with Bèaux and Belles so Bright its

gaudy train must now resign sad fortune: Ev'ry night must

yeild its Toasts and sparklers all to hear the Musick at Vaux

Hall with a fa la la la la la la . .

Not only from the Mall, but ring
 From Opera, and Play
 This new, this dear enchanting thing
 Has drawn them all away
 Each Night they flock both great and small
 To hear the Musick at Vauxhall

The Comfort fine the Ev'ning clear
 The Company so good
 Tho' some no doubt, you think there are
 No better than they shou'd
 A few may trip a few may fall
 Yet no discredit to Vauxhall

You chuse perhaps a private walk
 Sequester'd from the rest
 There with your Nymph you chat and talk
 And do what you like best
 Do what you will the Crime is small
 And not uncommon at Vauxhall

Fond of Intrigue some Dame of Qual
 Or City Wife you meet
 Some foolish ripe unthinking Girl
 So compass with a treat
 There's whores enough within your call
 To cool your Courage at Vauxhall

Perpetual here they stream along
 And draw their humid train
 Ev'n Maids of Honour in the Throng
 Tho' few without a stain
 Honour they ye nought to do withall
 For that's excluded at Vauxhall

These shades for gallantry design'd
 Yeild all you can desire
 To make the cruel Virgins kind
 And set their blood on fire
 What is a Masquerade or Ball
 Compar'd to more Polite Vauxhall

Here's Musick Wine and Jellies rare
 To raise your spirits high
 An Arbour snug is always near
 For more Conveniency
 See such a gain you never shall
 These things are only at Vauxhall

The FEMALE BONE Setter. to the Tune of a Cobler there was

Ye Surgeons of England who Puzzle your Pates to ride in your
Coaches and Purchase Estates give over for shame for y^e pride has a fall the
Doctrefs of Epfom has outdone you all .Derry down down down derry down

2

What signifies Learning or going to school
When a Woman can do without reason or Rule
What Poses our study and Baffles our Art
For Petticoat Practice has now got the start .
Derry down &c .

3

In Physic as well as in Fashions we find
The newest has always its run with Mankind
Forgot is the Comfort twixt CLUTTON and WARD
Shes all the Town talk and her Fame's on Record .
Derry down &c .

4

The Devil has sure giⁿ her Doctor's Degrees
For she gets all the Patients and Pockets the fees
So if we dont Blow her and Prove her a Cheat
She'll roll in her Chariot while we walk the street .
Derry down .

As I saw fair CLO - - - - - RA walk a lone the

As I saw fair CLORA walk a lone the

fea - - - - - ther'd show came softly down softly

fea - - - - - ther'd show came softly down

down softly down softly down softly down came softly soft - ly

softly down softly down came softly soft - ly

soft - ly down As IOVE descending descend - ing from his

soft - ly down As IOVE de - scen - ding from her

Tow'r to Court her in a silver show'r as IOVE de -

Tow'r to Court her in a sil - ver show'r as IOVE de -

- - - - - .scen - ding, from his Tow'r to courther to Court - - - - -

- - - - - .scen - - - - - ding from his Tow'r to Court - - - - -

her in a silver shower The Wan - ton
 her in a silver show'r The
 Snow flew to her Breasts as lit - tle little Birds in
 Wanton Snow flew to her Breasts as little Birds in
 to their nests But being o'recome with
 to their nests But being o'recome with
 Whiteness their for grief disolv'd for greif di -
 Whiteness their for greif disolv'd for grief di -
 solv'd in to a tear Thence fal - ling
 solv'd in to a tear Thence fal - ling
 on her Gar - - - ments Hem to
 on her Gar - - - ments Hem

deck
to deck
her froze her froze
froze in to a Gem

froze in to a Gem D C al signo ad libitum

A Song by In^o Allcock

Re strain d from the light of my Dear no Object with
Pleasure I see Tho thousands all round me ap
pear the World s but a de - fart to me

Evry morning her charms to sur-vey fol's absence I'd Gladly ex-
 -cuse tis her eyes y^t restore me y^e Day tis right when their lustre I lose

In vain are the verdures of spring
 The fields dress'd so bloomingly gay
 The Birds that delightfully sing
 Delight not when CEALIA'S away
 Oh give the dear Nymph to my Arms^d
 And the seasons unheeded may roll
 Her presence like Midsummer Warms
 Her absence out freezes the pole

Reclin'd by soft murmuring streams
 I weeding disburden my Care
 I tell to the rocks my fond themes
 Whose echo's but sooth my despair
 Ye streams that soft murmuring flow
 Convey to my love e'ery tear
 Ye rocks that resound with my Woe
 Repeat my complaints in her ear

O tell her I languishing lie
 In the midst of life's vigorous bloom
 That tis only herself can supply
 The cure that retrieves from the Tomb
 And if the dear charmer shall deign
 To equal my amorous fire
 That moment will ease all my pain
 New life and new pleasure inspire

A Favourite Air by M^r. Handel 69

6
6
6
6
6

While Celia is flying poor Damon is dying re

6
6
6
6
6

gardless of his Anguish she leaves him to lan

6
6
6
6
6

guish while

6
6
6
6
6

Celia is flying poor Damon is dying regardless of his

5 6 6 5 6 6

Anguish she leaves him to languish re-

6 6 6 6 7

regardless of his Anguish regardless of his Anguish she leaves him to

7 6 7 6 7 3

languish to anguish While Celia is

6 6 7

learn to despise her she'll soon grow relenting complying consent

ting soon relenting but should he grow wiser and learn to de-

spise her she'll soon grow relenting complying consent

ing complying consent - - - ing Da Capo

Tell me dear Charmer tell me why all other Ioyes fo

Quickly Cloy all but the Ioyes of Loving thee and they a -

- lone Immortal be they neither dull the Mind or fence nor

loofe their pleafing In fluence they neither dull the Mind

or fence nor loofe their pleafing In fluence

For ever I with fierce desire
 Cou'd gaze on thee and never fire
 My ravish'd Ears cou'd 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

TO AMANDA set by MR HOWARD

Not to fast

For ever Fortune wilt then Prove an un-relianting

Foe to Love and when we meet a mu-tual Heart come

in be tween and bid us part bid us Sigh on from

Day to Day and with and with the foul a way till

youth and Genial years are Flown and all the Life of

Life is gone

But Busy Busy still art thou
 To bind the Loveless Ioyless Vow
 The Heart from Pleasure to delude
 To bind the Gentle with the rude
 For once O Fortune hear my Pray'r
 And I absolve thy Future Care
 All other Blessings I resign
 Make but the dear Amanda mine

FLUTE

Honest man, John Ochiltree, mine ain auld John Ochiltree,

Wilt thou come o'er the Moor to me, and do as thou was

wont to do .

Alake, alake! I want to do!
 Ohon, Ohon! I want to do!
 Now want to do's away frae me,
 Frae filly auld John Ochiltree .

Honest Man John Ochiltree,
 Mine ain auld John Ochiltree,
 Come anes out o'er the Moor to me,
 And do but what thou dow to do .

for the German flute

Alake, alake! I dow to do
 Walaways . I dow to do
 To whost and hurple o'er my Tree,
 If a that I dow do to do

Walaways John Ochiltree,
 For mony a time I tell'd to thee,
 Thou'd tine the speed thy fell waddi
 Poor, filly, auld John Ochiltree .

4

The Birds difmift while you remain
 Bore back their empty Carr again
 Then you with Looks divinely mild
 In ev'ry heav'nly Feature fmild
 And ask'd what new Complaints I made
 And why I call'd you to my Aid

5

What Phrenzy in my Bofom raged
 And by what Cure to be affwaged
 What gentle Youth I would allure
 Whom in my Artful Toils fecure
 Who does thy tender Heart fubdue
 Tell me my SAPPHO tell me who

6

The now he fhuns thy longing Arms
 He foon fhall court thy flighted Charms
 Tho now thy Offerings he defpife
 He foon to thee fhall facrifice
 Tho now he freeze he foon fhall Burn
 And be thy Victim in his Turn

7

Celestial Vifitant once more
 Thy needful Prefence I implore
 In Pity come and eafe my Grief
 Bring my diftemper'd Soul Relief
 Favour thy Suppliant's hidden Fires
 And give me All my Heart defires

FLUTE



The LADYS Petition in Choice of a HUSBAND .

A New Song by M^r BOWMAN .

Ye Gods if e'er it Prove My Lot In Wedlock to a -
 - gree From One that's false in Deed or Thought
 Good Gods de - li - ver me

2	Let him have Youth to know ^e Charms In Loves' sweet Extasie But from the Aged Lovers Arms Good Gods deliver me	3	His Person whether tall or short I leave to Destiny But from the dull ill featur'd fort Good Gods deliver me
---	--	---	---

4

In Drefs let him so far advance
 As Maids term Decency
 But from a Beau AL²MODE DE FRANCE
 Good Gods deliver me

5

In Learning let him know himself
 Neither too frank nor free
 But from the Bookish Pedant Elf
 Good Gods deliver me

6

In Faith let all his Actions shew
 His-firm Integrity
 But from the POPE and all his CREW
 Good Gods deliver me .

7

His MIND and TEMPER let it suit
 With Chast sobriety
 But from a SOT and senseless Brute
 Good Gods deliver me .

8

In WEALTH let him have just astore
 To save from Poverty
 But from the Miser's scanty Door
 Good Gods deliver me .

9

His Passion let it be sincere
 Free from Impurity
 But from the Jealous Lover's snare
 Good Gods deliver me .

10

In ev'ry scene of painful Life
 Contentment let me see
 But from a Marriage mixt with strife
 Good Gods deliver me .

11

If then a Man to blefs these Arms
 In Love can thus agree
 To let him reap my youthful Charms
 Good Gods send him to me .

flute

The pride of ev'ry Grove I chose, the Violet sweet, and Lilly fair, the

Da-pled Pink, and blushing Rose, to deck mv charming Cloe's Hair. At

Morn the Nymph Vouch-saf'd to place up-on her Brow the Various Wreathy

Flow'rs lefs blooming then her Face ^{y^e} loent lefs Fragrant than her Breath.

The Flow'rs she wore along the Day
 And ev'ry Nymph and Shepherd said
 That in her Hair they lookt more gay
 Than glowing in their Native Bed
 Undrest at Evening when she found
 Their Odours lost their Colours past
 She chang'd her look and on the Ground
 Her Garland and her Eye she cast .

That Eye dropt sence distinct and Clear,
 As any Muse's Tongue could speak,
 When from its lid a pearly Tear
 Ran trickling down her Beauteous Cheek.
 Dissembling what I knew too well,
 My Love, my Life, said I, explain
 This change of Humour: pr'ythee tell:
 That falling Tear—what does it mean

She sigh'd, she smild, and to the Flow'rs
 Pointing, the Lovely Moralist said;
 See! Friend, in some few fleeting hours,
 See yonder, what a change is made,
 Ah me! the Blooming Pride of MAY,
 And that of Beauty are but one:
 At Morn both flourish bright and gay,
 Both fade at Evening, pale, and gone,

At Dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung;
 The Am'rous Youth around her Bow'd,
 At Night her fatal Knel was rung,
 I saw and Kifs'd her in her Shrowd.
 Such as She is, who dy'd to Day,
 Such I alas' may be to Morrow,
 Go DAMON, bid thy Muse display
 The justice of thy CLOE'S sorrow.

FLUTE

The musical score is written for a flute in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of four staves. The first three staves contain the main melody, which is characterized by frequent sixteenth-note runs and various ornaments (marked with asterisks). The fourth staff shows a continuation of the melody, ending with a fermata and a final cadence.

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system has a common time signature 'C'. The lyrics are: "I will awa' wi' my Love, I will awa' wi' her, tho' a my Kin had". The second system has lyrics: "Sworn and faid, I Will awa' wi' her I'll O'er Bogie, O'er Scrogie, O'er Bogie". The third system has lyrics: "wi' her, Tho' a my Kin had Sworn and faid, I will awa' wi' her".

If I can get but her Consent,
 I dinna care a Strae,
 Tho' ilka ane be discontent,
 Awà wi' her I'll gae.
 I'll o'er Boggie, &c.

For now she's Mistress of my Heart,
 And wordy of my Hand,
 And well I wat we shanna' part,
 For Siller or for Land.
 I'll o'er Boggie, &c.

Let Rakes delvte to swear and drink,
 And Beaus admire fine Lace,
 But my chief Pleasure is to blink,
 On BETTY'S bonny Face.
 I'll o'er Boggie, &c.

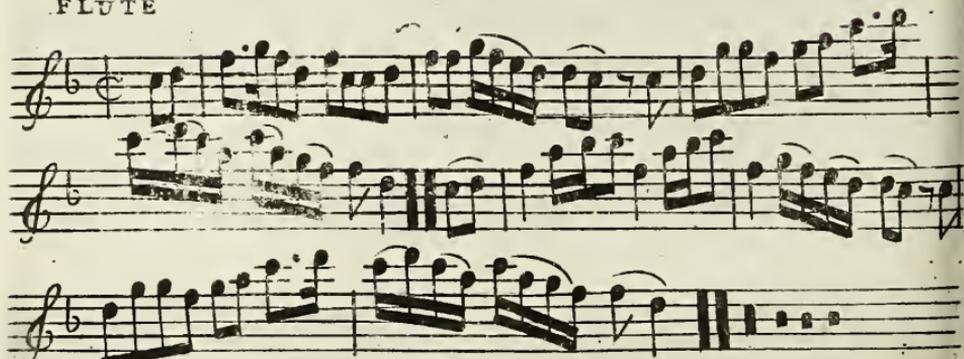
There a' the Beauties do combine,
 Of Colour, Treats, and Air,
 The Saul that sparkles in her Een,
 Makes her a Jewel rare.
 I'll o'er Boggie, &c.

Her flowing wad gives shining Life
 To a' her other Charms
 How blest I'll be when she's my Wife,
 And lockt up in my Arms.
 I'll o'er Boggie & c.

There blythly will I rant and sing,
 While o'er her Sweets I range,
 I'll cry, Your humble Servant, King
 Shamefa' them that wa'd change.
 I'll o'er Boggie, & c.

A Kifs of BETTY, and a Smile,
 A bet ye wad lay down,
 The Right ye ha'e to BRITAN'S ILE,
 And offer me ye'r Crown.
 I'll o'er Boggie, o'er Scroggie,
 O'er Boggie wi' her,
 Tho' a my Kin had fworn, and said,
 I will awa' wi' her.

FLUTE



A Cock-Laird fu' Caigie, with JENNY did meet, he hawf'd her, he
 kifs'd her, and ca'd her his sweet, Gin thou'll gae along wi' me,
 IENNY, Quo' he, thouse be mine am Lemmanè Jo, IENNY, JENNY.

Gin I gae along with you ye ma' na fail,
 To feed me with Croudie and good hakit Kail;
 What needs a' this Vanity, IENNY, quo' he,
 Is not Banocks and dribly Berds good Meat for thee?

Gin I gae along with you I man' ha'e a filk Hood,
 A Kirtle Sark wylie Coat, and a filk Snood,
 To tye up my Hair in a Cockernonie .
 Hout away thou's gane wood I trow, IENNY, quo' he.

Gin you wa'd ha'e me look bonny, and fhine like the Moon,
 I man' ha'e Katlets and Patlets, and Camerel-heel'd Shoon,
 And Craig-cloths, and Lugg-babs, and Rings twa or three,
 Hout the Deel's in your Vanity, IENNY, quo' he.

Sometimes I am troubled with Gripes in my Wemb,
 Gin I get nae Stouries, I shall my fel'f'ham; .
 I'll rift at the Rump and gar the Wind flee.
 Deel stap a Cork in your Doup, IENNY, quo' he.

Gin that be the Care you take, ye may gae loup,
 For fick'na filly Hurtcheon shall ne'er skelp my Doup,
 Hout' away, gae be hang'd loufie Laidie, quo' fhe:
 Deel fcoup o' your Company, JENNY,

FLUTE

PEGGY I muft LOVE thee .

As from a Rock past all relief, the shipwrackt COLIN Spying, his

Native soil, o'ercome with Grief, half sunk in Waves, and dying; With

the next Morning Sun he spys, a ship which gives unhop'd surprize, new.

Life springs up, he lifts his Eyes with Ioy, and waits her Motion .

So when by her whom long I Lov'd,
 I scorn'd was, and deserted,
 Low with Despair my Spirits mov'd,
 To be for ever parted:
 Thus droopt I, till diviner Grace
 I found in PEGGY'S mind and Face,
 Ingratitude appear'd then Base,
 But Vertue more engaging.

Then now since happily I've hit,
 I'll have no more delaving,
 Let Beauty yield to manly Wit,
 We lose ourselves in staying:
 I'll haste dull Courtship to a Close,
 Since Marriage can my Fears oppose,
 Why should we happy Minutes lose,
 Since, PEGGY, I must love thee.

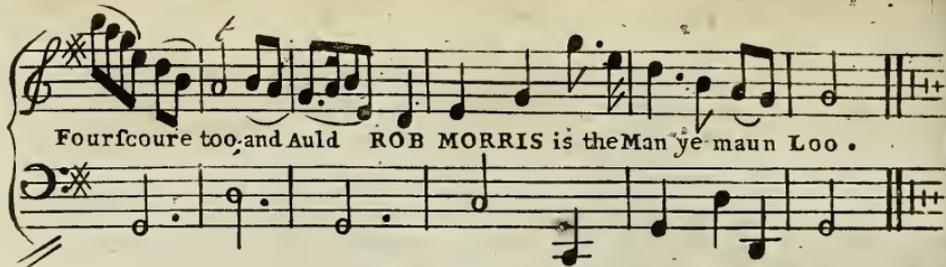
Men may be foolish, if they please,
 And deem't a Lover's Duty,
 To fight, and sacrifice their Ease,
 Doating on a proud Beauty:
 Such was my Case for many a Year,
 Still Hope succeeding to my Fear,
 False BETTY'S Charms now disappear,
 Since PEGGY'S far outshine them.

Auld. ROB. MORRIS.

Mither.

There's Auld ROB MORRIS $\frac{t}{y}$ wins in yon Glen, he's the King of good

Fellows, and wale of auld Men, has Four score of black Sheep, and



Fourscore too, and Auld ROB MORRIS is the Man ye maun Loo .

DOUGHTER .

Ha'd your tongue, Mither, and let that abee,
 For his Eild and my Eild can never agree:
 They'll never agree, and that will be seen!
 For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen .

MITHER .

Ha'd your tongue, Doughter, and lay by your Pride,
 For he's be the Bridegroom, and ye's be the Bride;
 He shall ly by your side, and kifs ye too,
 Auld ROB MORRIS is the Man ye maun loo .

DOUGHTER

Auld ROB MORRIS I ken him fou weel,
 His A — it sticks out like ony Peet — creel,
 He's out shind in kneed and ringle ey'd too .
 Auld ROB MORRIS is the Man I'll ne'er loo .

MITHER

Tho' auld ROB MORRIS be an elderly Man,
 Yet his auld Braf's it will buy a new Pan;
 Then, Doughter, ye shoud na be fae ill to fhoo,
 For auld ROB MORRIS is the Man ye maun loo .

DOUGHTER:

But auld ROB MORRIS I never will hae,
 His Back is fae stiff, and his Beard is grown gray:
 I had titter die than live with him a Year;
 Sae mair of ROB MORRIS I never will hear .

Flute


Again \bar{y} God shall woo thee, and Languish in thy Arms, A -

-- gain, again, a- gain the God shall woo thee, and Languish in thy Arms -

and Languish in thy Arms, again, a -

gain, again the God shall woo thee, again shall Languish in thy

Arms again the God shall woove thee and Languish in thy Arms shall

Lan--guish shall Lan--guish a gain the God shall woove thee

and Languish in thy Arms shall Languish in thy Arms

Who gazes must pursue thee who gazes must pur-

-sue thee so pointed are thy Charms so pointed are thy Charms

who gazes must pursue thee so pointed are thy Charms so

pointed are thy Charms

The TOAST. To the Tune of Saw ye my PEGGY.

Come let's ha'e mair Wine in BACCHUS hates repining Venus Loos nae

dwining Lets be blith and free. Away with dull, Here t'ye, Sir: ye're

Mistress, ROBIE, gies her, we'll drink her health wi' Pleasure,

Wha's beloy'd by thee.

Then let PEGGY warm ye,
 That's a Lafs can charm ye,
 And to Joys alarm ye,
 Sweet is she to me.
 Some Angel ye wad ca' her,
 And never wifh ane brawer,
 If ye bare-headed saw her
 Kiltet to the Knee.

PEGGY a dainty Lafs is,
 Come let's join our Glaffes,
 And refresh our Haufes
 With a Health to thee.
 Let Coofs their Cash be clinking,
 Be Statefmen tint in thinking,
 While we with Love and Drinking,
 Give our Cares the Lie.

Young Philander wo'd me lang, But I was peevish, and for

bad him, I wad-na tent his loving Sang, But now I wish I

wish I had him: ilk Morning when I view my Glafs, then

I perceive my Beauty going, when the wrinkles feize the face, then

Maids may bid a - dieu to wooing .

My Beauty, anes so much admir'd,
I find it fading, fast and flying,
My Cheeks, which Coral like appear'd,
Grow pale, the broken Blood decaying:
Ah! we may see our selves to be,
Like Summer Fruit that is unshaken,
When ripe, they soon fall down and die,
And by Corruptioⁿ quickly taken .

Use then your Time ye Virgins fair,
Employ your Day before 'tis evil,
Fifteen is a Season rare,
But five and twenty is the Devil.
Just when ripe, consent unto't,
Hug nae mair your lanely Pillow:
Women are like other Fruit,
They lose their Relish when too Mellow

DORINDA By JOHN HUGHES Esq Set by Dr PEPUSCH

Fame of Dorinda's Conquests brought The God of Love her
Charms to view To wound th'un wary Maid he Thought But
soon became her Conquest too

He dropt half drawn his feeble Bow
He look'd he ray'd and fighting blind
And wish'd in vain he had been now
As Painters falsly draw him blind.

Disarm'd he to his Mother flies
Help Venus help thy Wretched Son
Who now will pay Us Sacrifice.
For Love Himself's alafs undone.

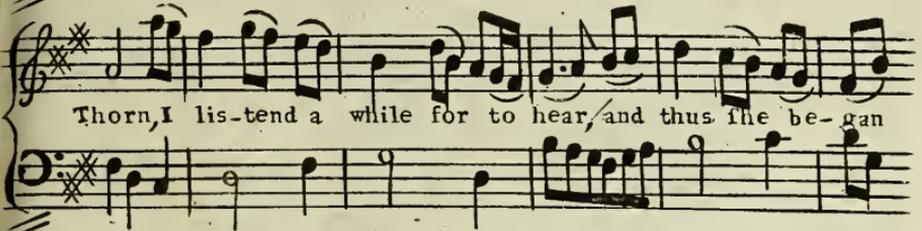
To Cupid now no Lover's Pray'r
Shall be address'd in suppliant Sighs.
My Darts are gone but Oh. beware
Fond Mortals of Dorinda's Eyes .

FLUTE

A LASS that was LOADEN with CARE . A Scotch SONG 35



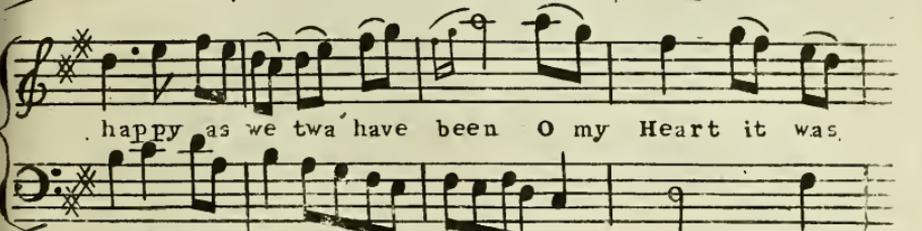
A LASS that was loaden with care, Sat heavily under a



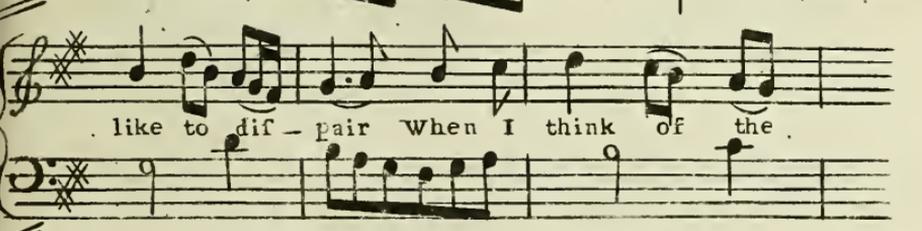
Thorn, I lis-tend a while for to hear, and thus she be-gan



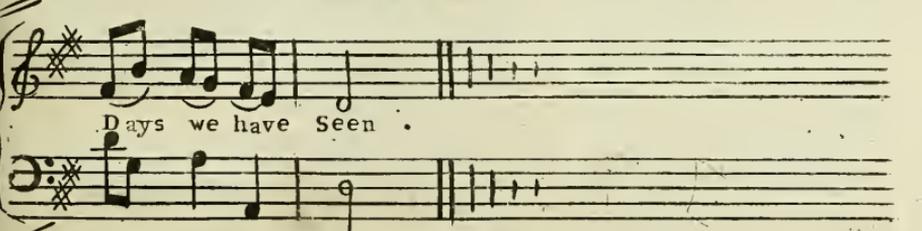
for to Mourn . So merry as we have been, So



happy as we twa have been O my Heart it was



like to dif - pair When I think of the



Days we have Seen .

When you my dear Shepherd was there,
 The Birds did Melodioufly Sing.
 And the Cold nipping Winter did wear,
 A Face that Refembled the spring,
 So merry et c .

My dear he would oft to me say,
 What makes you hard hearted to me,
 Or why do you thus turn away,
 From him that's a Dying for thee,
 So merry et c .

But now he is far from my Sight,
 Perhaps some advices may Prove,
 Which makes me lament Day and Night,
 That ever I granted him Love .
 So merry et c .

At the Eve when the rest of the Flock,
 Were sett on their Crouches to spin,
 I sett on my self under his oak,
 And I heavily Sighed for him,
 So merry et .

FLUTE

The musical score for the Flute part consists of four staves of music. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The music is written in a treble clef and features a melodic line with various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

My Deary if thou Die

The image shows a musical score for the song "My Deary if thou Die". It consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line of each system.

Love never more shall give me pain, my fancy's fix'd on
thee; Nor e-ver Maid my heart shall, gain my Peg-gy if
thou Die. Thy Beauties did such Pleasure give, thy
Love's so true to me: without thee I shall never Live,
my Peg-gy, if thou Die.

If fate shall tear thee from my Breast,
How shall I lonely stray?
In dreary Dreams the Night I'll waste,
In Sighs the silent Day.
I ne'er can so much Virtue find,
Nor such Perfection see:
Then I'll renounce all Women-kind,
My Peg-gy, after thee.

No new blown Beauty fires my Heart
 With Cupids raving Rage
 But thine which can such Sweets impart
 Must all the World' engage .
 Twas this that like the Morning Sun
 Gave Joy and Life to me
 And when it's destined Day is done
 With Peggy let me Die

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous Love .
 And in such Pleasure share
 You who it's faithful Flames approve
 With pity view the Fair .
 Restore my Peggy's wonted Charms
 Those Charms so dear to me
 Oh. never rob them from these Arms :
 I'm lost if Peggy die .

CROMLET'S LILT

Since all thy Vows, false Maid, are blown to Air, and my Poor Heart

betray'd to sad despair; In-to some Wilderness, my grief I

will express, and thy hard heartedness O cruel Fair .

Have I not graven our Loves
 On every Tree:
 In yonder spreading Groves,
 Tho' false thou be:
 Was not a solemn Oath
 Plighted betwixt us both,
 Thou thy Faith, I my Troth,
 Constant to be.

Some gloomy Place I'll find,
 Some doleful Shade,
 Where neither Sun nor Wind
 E'er Entrance had:
 Into that hollow Cave,
 There will I sigh and rave,
 Because thou do'st behave
 So faithlessly.

Wild Fruit shall be my Meat,
 I'll Drink the Spring,
 Cold Earth shall be my Seat:
 For Covering
 I'll have the starry Sky
 My Head to Canopy,
 Untill my Soul on high
 Shall spread its Wing.

I'll have no funeral Fire,
 Nor Tears for me
 No Grave do I desire,
 Nor Obsequies:
 The Courteous RED BREAST he
 With Leaves will cover me,
 And sing my Elegy,
 With doleful Voice.

And when a Ghost I am,
 I'll visit thee:
 O thou deceitful Dame,
 Whose Cruelty
 Has kill'd the kindest Heart,
 That e'er felt Cupid's Dart
 And never can desert
 From loving thee.

LOVE'S OCULIST. By MR. W. BEDINGFIELD Set by.
MR. DIEVPART .

Soft engaging mild and fair As the Gentle Morning.

Air Ro-fes among Lillies fet And her Hair off shin-ing

Jet Hearts surprize in Cupids Net

Blest with ev'ry pleasing Grace
Ev'ry Charm of Mind and Face
Doubly blest the happy Swain
In so fair a Breast to reign
Nothing could encrease his Gain

Gaining her who'd more desire
Farewel then each wandring Fire
Ev'ry Vanity Good night
Love at last restord to Sight
Deals his Arrows by her Light

FLUTE

The Lafs of Bromhall Green when coming from her Cow drest
 like the Cyprian Queen Love triumph'd on her Brow Her
 Pail surpass'd a Crown the rising sun her Eyes Ma-jestick
 Robes her Gown a Goddeſs in Diſguiſe

The musical score consists of five systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system has a treble staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The second system has a treble staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The third system has a treble staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The fourth system has a treble staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The fifth system has a treble staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat and a common time signature.

2
 Her Breath perfum'd the Air
 Not Paradise so sweet,
 Like shining Pearls her Hair,
 As Indian Silks her Feet
 And when she sung my Ears
 Were raviſh'd with her Voice
 The Muſick of the Spheres
 To hers was jarring noiſe .

3
 I left her with regret.
 So gracefull was her mein
 That I ſhall ne'er forget
 The Lafs of Bromhall Green
 Nor dare th admiring Fops
 Preſume to court, for ſhe
 Muſt when the next life drops
 The Landtords Heriot be .

I cannot change as o - thers do tho you un - justly un - justly

scorn since that poor I wain & sighs for you for you alone a

- lone was Born No Phillis no y Heart to move a furer furer

way I'll try and to re - venge my flighted Love will still love

on will still love on and die will still love on and die

on will still love on and die will still love on and die

When kill'd with Grief Amintas lies
 And you to Mind shall call .
 The sighs that now unpity'd rise
 The Tears that vainly fall:
 That welcome Hour that ends this smart
 Will then begin your Pain:
 For such a faithfull tender Heart
 Can never break can never break in vain .

The COUNTRY WIFES Complaint . Set for the
GERMAN FLUTE .

You Nymph y wood true pleasure learn there is no Mufick in . a .
chur n the milkmaids fetts beneath her Cow where sheep does bleat Oxendo
Low if this be y pleafurs for a wife fate defend me from a Country Life

The Team comes home the Plow boy whifels
 The great Dog Barks and the Turkey Cock Brifsels
 The Raven does croak the Magpy does Chatter
 Ducks they cry quak quak in the Watter
 And if this be the Pleafurs for a Wife . .

Fate ct c .

All Mallancholly crows the Cock
 Dull is ^e y^e foun^d of a Village Clock
 Whilft Maudling hours pafs flowly away
 And Yawning Mortals loofe the day
 If this be the Pleasures for a Wife

Fate ct c .

To live upon Buttermilk Curds and Whey
 Deliver me from it I Heartily pray
 Lean Beef and fat Pork for to mend the Matter
 And flovenly Broth in great Wooden Platter
 If this be the Pleasures for a Wife

Fate ct c .

The Hoggs they grunt for Wash and fwill
 In comes the Dairey Maid calls for Will
 To give them some meet to keep from Bawling
 The Gees and the Peacocks they make fuch a fqualling
 So if this be the Pleasures for a Wife

Fate ct c .



The Widow can bake, the widow can brew, the widow can shape, and y^e
 widow can sew, and many braw things the widow can doe, then
 wap at the Widow my Ladie. With Courage attack her baith early
 and late, to Kifs her and clap her ye mauna be blate speak, will and doe better
 for that is the Gate, to win a young widow my Ladie

The Widow she's youthful, and never ah Hair
 The War of the Wearing, and has a good Skair
 Of every thing lovely, she's witty and fair,
 And has a rich Jointure, my Laddie.

What could ye Wish better your Pleasure to Crown
 Than a Widow, the bonniest Toast in the Town,
 With naithing, but draw in your Stool and sit down,
 And sport with the Widow my Laddie.

Then till'er and kill'er with courtesie dead,
 The stark Love and Kindness be all ye can plead,
 Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed,
 With a bonny gay Widow, my Laddie,
 Strike Iron while 'tis hot; if ye'd have it to wald,
 For Fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
 But ruins the Woer that's thowless, and cauld,
 Unfit for the Widow, my Laddie.

The Wawking of the FAULDS

My Peggy is a young thing, Just enterd in her Teens, fair as the
 Day, and sweet as May, fair as the Day and always gay, My Peggy is a
 young thing and I'm not very auld, yet will I like to meet her, at the
 wawking of the Fauld. My Peggy speaks fae sweetly, when e'er we

The musical score consists of six systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is in 6/8 time and G major. The lyrics are written between the staves, with some lines appearing below the bass staff. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

meet along, I wish nae mair, to lay my Care, I wish nae mair, of

a' that's rare, my Peggy speaks fae sweetly, to a' the lave I'm cauld,

but she gars a' my Spirits glow, at wawking of the Fauld

My Peggy smiles so kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper Love,
 That I look down on a' the Town
 That I look down upon a Crown.
 My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld,
 And naithing gives me sic Delight,
 As Wawking of the Faul,
 My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 When on my Pipe I play,
 By a' the rest it is Confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best.
 My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 And in her Sangs are tald,
 With Innocence the Wale of Sense,
 At Wawking of the Fauld.

.COSME'LIA By James MOORE Esq. .

COSME'LIA'S Charms inspire my Lays Who fair in
Nature's Scorn Blooms in the Winter of her
Days Like GLASSEN BURY THORN

COSMELIA'S cruel at Four score
As Bards in Tragick Plays
Four Acts of Life pass'd guiltless o'er
But in the Fifth she flay's

If e'er impatient for the Bliss
Within her Arms I fall
The plaister'd Fair returns the Kiss
Like This thro the Wall

FLUTE

For ever, Fortune, will thou prove, on un relenting foe to Love? and

when we meet a mutual heart, come in between, and bid us part.

Bid us fight on from day to day, and wish, and wish the Soul a -

- way, till Youth and genial Years are flown, and all the

Life of Life is gone .

But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless, joyless Vow,
The Heart from Pleasure to delude,
And join the Gentle to the Rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my Prayer,
And I absolve thy future Care,
All other Blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Almada mine .

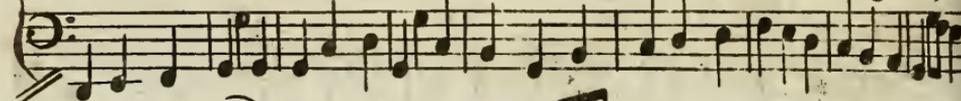
OLD AGE. The Words from ANACREON. Set by
MR. LEVERIDGE.



oft I'm by the Women told, Poor ANACREON, poor ANACREON,



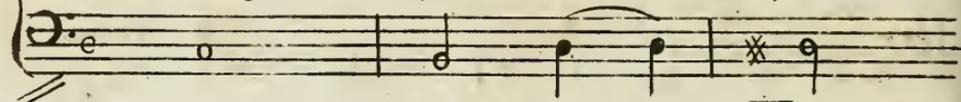
thou grow'st old, thou grow'st old: See how thy Hairs are fall - ing all,



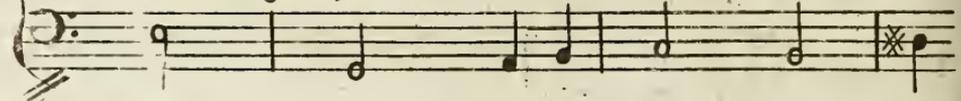
See, fee, poor ANACREON, poor ANACREON thou grow'st old.



Whether I grow old or no, Ry th'Effects I do not know, This I -

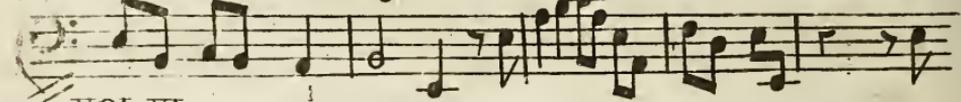


know, without b'ing told, 'Tis time to live, tis ti - - - me to



live, tis time to live, if I grow old.

Tis time short



Pleasures now to take, of little Life $\frac{f}{y}$ best to make, and manage wi - - -

fely the last Stake, Tis time short Pleasures now to take, of

little Life $\frac{e}{y}$ best to make, and manage wi - - -

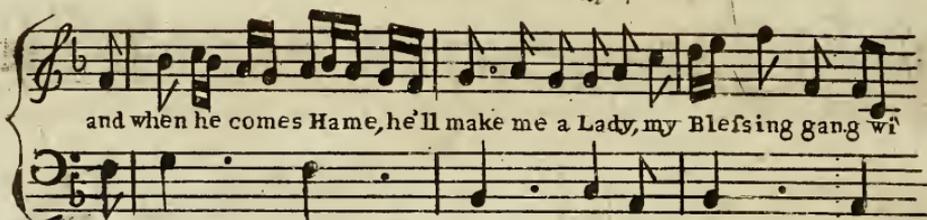
fely the last Stake .

Detailed description: This block contains a musical score for a piece. It consists of two systems of staves. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The music is written in a style typical of 18th-century manuscript notation. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words like 'wi' and 'fely' appearing to be part of a larger phrase. There are various musical notations including notes, rests, and clefs. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

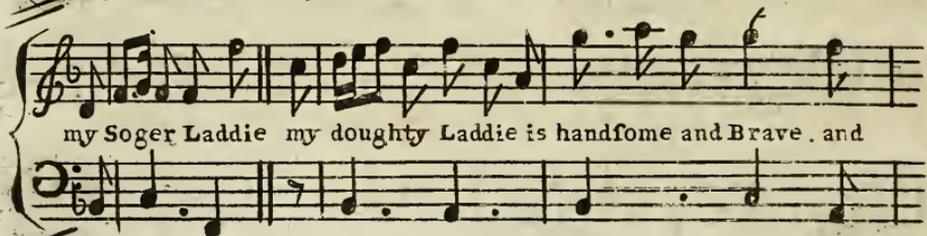
My Soger Laddie

My Soger Laddie is over the Sea and he will bring Gold and Money to me

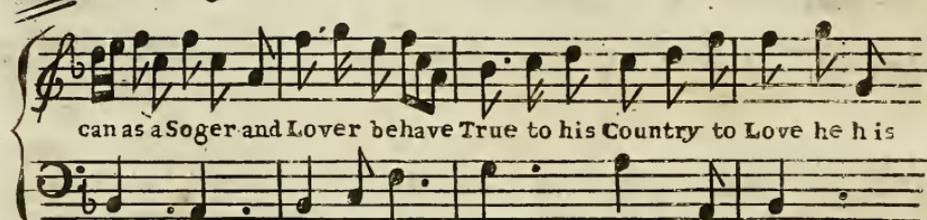
Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the song 'My Soger Laddie'. It features a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music is in 6/8 time, as indicated by the '6' over the treble clef and '8' under the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.



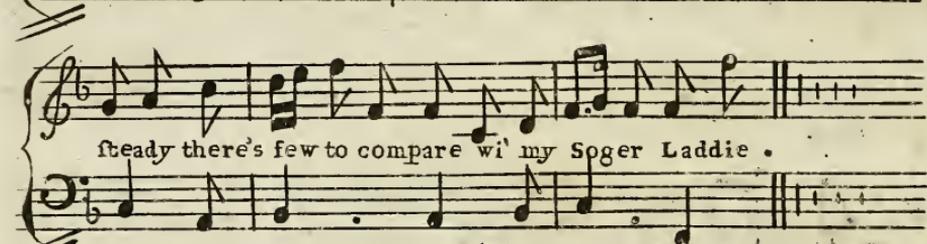
and when he comes Home, he'll make me a Lady, my Blessing gang wi'



my Soger Laddie my doughty Laddie is handsome and Brave, and



can as a Soger and Lover behave True to his Country to Love he his



steady there's few to compare wi' my Soger Laddie .

My doughty Laddie
Is handsome and Brave,
And can as a Soger
And Lover behave,
True to his Country,
To Love he is steady,
There's few to Compare
With my Soger Laddie .

Shield him, ye Angels,
Frae Death in Alarms,
Return him with Lawrels
To my langing Arms .
Syn'e frae all my Care
Ye'll pleasantly free me,
When back to my Wishes
My Soger ye gie me .

O soon may his Honours
Bloom fair on his Brow,
As quickly they must,
If he get his Due :

For in noble Actions,
His Courage is ready,
Which makes me delight
In my Soger Laddie .

IOCKY say'd to IEANY

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/2. The lyrics are written below the treble staff of each system.

System 1:
 Iocky said to Ieany, Ieany, wilt thou do't, ne'er a fit, quo Ieany, for
 my Tocher good; for my Tocher good, I winna marry thee .

System 2:
 E'ens ye like, quo Ionny, ye may let me be .

I ha' Gowd and Gear, I ha' Land eneugh,
 I ha' feven good Owfen ganging in a Pleugh;
 Ganging in a Pleugh, and linking o'er the Lee,
 And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be .

I ha' a good Ha' Houfe a Barn, and a Byer,
 A Stack afore the Door, I'll make a rantin Fire;
 I'll make a rantin Fire, and merry shall we be,
 And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be .

Ieany said to Iocky, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the Lad, I'll be the Lass my fell:
 Ye're a bonny Lad, and I'm a Laffie free,
 Ye're welcomer to take me, than to let me be .

Ask not the Cause why full len spring so long delays her Flow'rs
to bear Why warbling Birds forget to sing and Winter storms invert^y Year
Cloris is gone and fate provides To make it Spring where she reside Cloris is
gone and Fate provides To make it spring where she re fides .

Cloris is gone the cruel Fair
She cast not back a pitying Eye:
But left her Lover in Despair
To sigh to languish and to die
Ah how can those fair Eyes endure
To give the Wounds they will not cure.
Ah . how &c c .

Great God of Love why hast thou made
A Face that can all Hearts command
That all Religions can invade
And change the Laws of ev'ry Land
Where thou hadst plac'd such Pow'r before
Thou shouldst have made her Mercy more
Where thou &c c .

When Cloris to the Temple comes
Adoring Crouds before her fall .
She can restore the Dead from Tombs
And ev'ry Life but mine recall
I only am by Love design'd
To be the Victim for Mankind
I only &c c .

WILLY Was a Wonton WAG .

Willy was a wanton Wag, the Blitheft Lad ^t e'er I saw At Bridals itill he

bore the Brag and carried ay the Gree awa His Doublet was of

etland Shag and wow but Willy he was braw and at his Shoulder

hang a Tag that pleat'd the Lafses best off a

He was a Man without a Clag,
 His Heart was frank without a Flaw,
 And ay whatever Willy said,
 It was still hadden as a Law.
 His Boots they were made of the Iag,
 When he went to the Weapon-shaw,
 Upon the green nane durst him brag,
 The feind a ane amang them a .

And was not Willy worth Gowd?
 He wan the Love of great and sma',
 For after he the Bride had kifs'd
 He kifs'd the Laffes hale fale d'.
 Sae merrily round the Ring they row'd,
 When be the Hand he led them a'
 And Smack on Smack on them bestow'd,
 By virtue of a standing Law .

And was na Willy a great Lown,
 As fhyre a Lick as e'er was seen?
 When he danc'd with the Laffes round,
 The Bridegroom speer'd where he had been .
 Quoth Willy I've been at the Ring
 With bobbing, faith, my Shanks are fair
 Gae ca' your Bride and Maidens in,
 For Willy he dow do nae mair .

Then rest ye, Willy I'll gae out,
 And for a wee fill up the Ring,
 But, Shame light on his fouple Snout,
 He wanted Willy's wanton Fling .
 Then straight he to the Bride did fare,
 Says, well's me on your bonny Face,
 With bobbing Willy's Shanks are fair,
 And I am come to fiff his Place .

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the Dance,
 And at the Ring you'll ay be lag,
 Unless like Willy ye advance
 (O! Willy has a wanton Leg)
 For we't he learns us a to steer,
 And for me't ay bears up the Ring,
 We will find nae sic Dancing here,
 If we Want Willy's wanton Fling .

My Daddy left me Gear enough, a Counter, and an auld Beam Plough, a

nebbed staff, a nutting Tyne, a Fishing wand with Hook and Line, with

two auld stools and a Dirt House, a Jerkinet scarce worth a

Loufe, an auld Patt & wants the Lug, a Sprtle and a Sowen Mug.

A Hempen Heckle, and a Mell,
 A Tarr-horn, and a Weather's Bell,
 A Muck-fork and an auld Beet creel
 The Spairks of our auld Spinning wheel,
 A Pair of Branksyee and a Saddle,
 With our auld brunt and broken Ladle,
 A Whang-bit and a Sniffle-bit
 Chear up, my Bairns, and dance a fit.

A Flailing-staff a Timmer Speet,
 An auld Kirn and a Hole in it,
 Yearn winnles, and a Reel,
 A Fetter lock a Trump of Strel,
 A Whifle and a Toup horn Spoon,
 With an auld Pair of clouted Shoon
 A Timmer Spade, and a Gleg Shear,
 A Bonnet for my Bairns to wear.

A Timmer Tong a broken Cradle
 The Pillion of an auld Car Saddle
 A Gullie knife and a Horfe wand
 A Mitten for the Left hand
 With an auld broken Pan of Brafs
 With an auld Sark that wants the arse
 An auld Band and a Hooding How
 I hope my Bairns ye re a well now.

Oft have I born ye on my Back
 With a this Riff raff in my Pack
 And it was a for want of Gear
 That gart me steal Meis Johns gray Mar
 But now my Bairns what ails ye now
 For ye hae Naigs enough to plough
 And Hofs and Shoon fit for y^r Feet
 Chear up my Bairns and dinna greet.

Then with my fel I did advise
 My Daddy's Gear for to comprize.
 Some Neighbours I ca'd in to see
 What Gear my Daddy left to me.
 They fat three quarters of a Year
 Comprifing of my Daddy's Gear
 And when they had gi'en a their Votes
 Twas scarcely a worth four Pounds Scots.

ETRICK BANKS

On Etrick Banks in a Summers night at Gloming when the
 Sheep drove hame I met my Lafsie bra and tight came wading

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The first system covers the first two lines of text, and the second system covers the next two lines.

barefoot a her lane . My heart grew light I ran I flang my
 Arms about her lilly neck and Kist and clapt her there fu
 lang My words they were nae mony feck .

I said my Laffy will you go
 To the Highland Hills the Ersh to learn
 I'll beath gi thee a Cow and Yew
 When you come to the Brigg of Earn
 At Leith auld Meal comes in ne'er fash
 And Herring at the broomy Law
 Chear up your Heart my bonny Lafs
 There's Gear to win we never faw .

All Day when we ha wrought enough
 When Winter's Frost and Snow begin
 And when the Sun goes West the Loch
 At Night when you fa fast to spin
 I'll screw my Drons and play a Spring
 And thus the weary Night we'll end
 Till the tender Kids and Lamb time bring
 Our pleafant Summer back again .

GOLD'S Superiority in LOVE set by MR MONRO .

When Love and Youth cannot make way, Nor with the fair a veil,

To bend to Cupid's gentle Sway, What Ar

--- t, what Art can $\frac{7}{8}$ prevail? What Art can then prevail.

I'll tell you, Strephon, a Receipt
 Of a most Sov'reign Pow'r,
 If you the stubborn would defeat
 Let drop a Golden Show'r
 Let drop a Golden show'r,

This Method try'd enamur'd Love
 Before he cou'd obtain
 The cold regardless Danae's Love
 Or conquer her Disdain
 Or conquer her Disdain

By Cupid's Self I have been told
 He never wounds a Heart
 So deep as when he tips with Gold
 The fatal piercing Dart
 The fatal et c.

flute

The deceiv'd SHEPHERD Set by Mr LAMPE

In you ye fo...li...ta...ry Shades My aching

Heart seek for Re pose Hoping a-mong your silent

Glades To lose the Mem'ry of my Woes

Those Objects which might others please can bring no Comfort

to my Breast since I have lost my former Peace

And wretched do my self detest

Tell me ye shades whether my Fair
 Is here alafs my search is vain
 The lovely Obiect of my Care
 Phillis has Left the flow'ry Plain
 How often have you Friendly Trees
 Shelter'd from Heat the Beautious Maid
 How swift you happy Hours of Peace
 Alafs how swiftly arè ye fled

Say Verdant Trees if once again
 I of her sight the Ioy shall know
 The Eccho answers to my Pain
 And seems methinks to tell me No
 Yet hark I hear a murm'ring Noife
 Perhaps the Voice of her I Love
 Who says she will restore my Joys
 And with her Presencé blefs the Grove

Ah no it is the bubbling Flood
 Which thro the Rocks in Windings flows
 Nor does it murmur by the Wood
 And weeps in Pity to my Woes
 If Phillis does not soon return
 Her Pity then will come in vain
 Vainly she'll weep upon my Urn
 When I am dead thro her Difsdain

FLUTE



Tho for Seven Years and mair honour shou'd

reave me to Fields where Cannons rair thou need na

Grieve thee for deep in my Spirit thy sweets are in - -

- dented and Love shall pre-serve ay what Love has Im -

- printed Leave thee leave thee I'll never leave thee
 Leave thee leave thee I'll never leave thee

gang the world as it will dearest be-lieve me
 gang the world as it will dearest be-lieve me

O IOHNNY, I'm jealous when'er ye discover
 My Sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loofe Rover,
 And nought i'the World wad vex my Heart fairer,
 If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer.
 Grieve me, grieve me, Oh it wad grieve me!
 A'the lang Night and Day, if you deceive me.

IOHNNY

My NELLY, let never sic Fancies opprefs ye,
 For, while my Blood's warm, I'll kindly carefs ye:
 Your blooming soft Beauties first beeted Loves Fire,
 Your Vertue and wit make it ay flame the higher.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the World as it will, Dearest, believe me.

NELLY

Then, IOHNNY, I frankly this minute allow ye,
 To think me your Mistrefs, for Love gars me trow ye.
 And gin ye prove fause to ye'r fell be it said then
 Ye'll win but sma' Honour to wrang a kind Maiden.
 Reave me, reave me, Heavens! it wad reave me
 Of my Rest Night. and Day, if ye deceive me.

IOHNNY

Bid Icefhogles hammer red Gauds on the Studdy,
 And fair Simmer Mornings nae mair appear ruddy:
 Bid BRITIONS think ae gate, and when they obey ye,
 But never till that time, believe I'll betray ye.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 The Stars shall gang witherflins e'er I decive thee.

FLUTE



First system of musical notation, featuring a treble staff and a bass staff. The bass staff contains a complex sequence of notes and ornaments, including a triplet of eighth notes and various grace notes.

Second system of musical notation with lyrics: "CEASE to demand the Cause why I, Am." The treble staff shows a melodic line with a fermata over the final note. The bass staff continues with a rhythmic accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation with lyrics: "late so penfive grown; 'Twere fitter, IRIS, I shou'd dye, Than". The treble staff features a melodic line with a fermata. The bass staff includes a triplet of eighth notes.

Fourth system of musical notation with lyrics: "make the Reason, known. And yet, my Tongue can scarce for." The treble staff has a melodic line with a fermata. The bass staff contains a triplet of eighth notes.

Fifth system of musical notation with lyrics: "bear To ut... ter my complaint, while ev'ry filent". The treble staff shows a melodic line with a fermata. The bass staff includes a triplet of eighth notes.

Sixth system of musical notation with lyrics: "drop... ping Tear, Still adds to the Restraint." The treble staff has a melodic line with a fermata. The bass staff contains a triplet of eighth notes.

So, in a Fever's painful Throws,
 The wretch scarce draws his breath;
 He feign wou'd drink, but drink he knows
 Wou'd bring immediate Death.
 With dying Eyes his friends he sees,
 Lamenting by his side,
 Yet dares not beg the dang'rous Ease,
 For fear to be deny'd.

In a worse Fever, more distress,
 Do I tormented lye;
 Yet dare I not my Pains express,
 For who wou'd ease apply.
 My Friends perhaps might wish me well,
 And each exert his Art;
 But who a remedy can tell,
 For an afflicted Heart.

The dang'rous Syntoms I will give,
 Of what I now endure;
 Then judge, in what a state I live,
 How difficult the Cure.
 My only Musick is my Sighs,
 Which constant Concert keep;
 Two Torrents gush from my swoln Eyes,
 My Eyes which know no sleep.

And may I dare, I then declare
 The cause of this my Pain,
 And wou'd my IRIS, wou'd my Fair,
 Restore my health again.
 One only Medicine I can see,
 That to my ease can prove;
 Let IRIS my Physician be
 The Application, Love.

FLUTE.



THE Night her filent sable wore, And gloomy were the

Skies; Of glitt'ring Stars appear'd no more Than those in

NELLY'S Eyes. When at her Father's Yate I knock'd, Where

I had of...ten been, She, shrowded en-ly, with her

Smock, Arose and loot me in.

Fast lock'd within her close Embrace,
 She trembling stood asham'd;
 Her swelling Breast and glowing Face,
 And ev'ry Touch enflam'd.

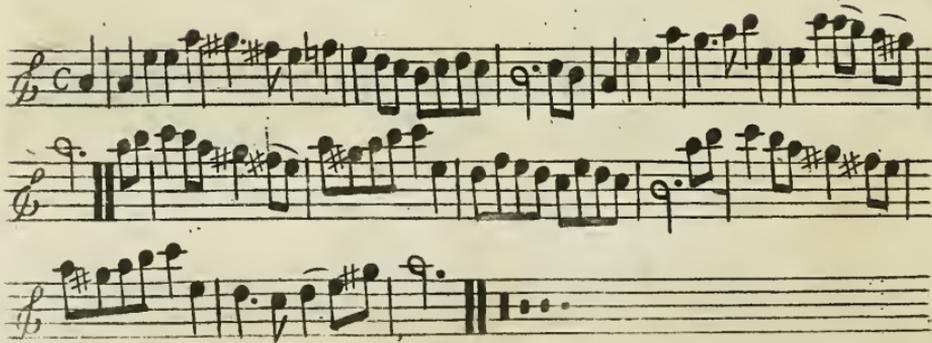
My eager Passion I obey'd,
 Resolv'd the Fort to win;
 And her fond Heart was soon betray'd,
 To yield and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expressing,
 Transporting was the Joy;
 I knew no greater Blessing,
 So blest a Man was I.
 And she, all ravish'd with Delight,
 Bid me oft come again;
 And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry Night,
 She'd rife and let me in.

But ah! at last she prov'd with Bairn,
 And sighing fat and dull,
 And I that was as much concern'd,
 Look'd e'en just like a Fool.
 Her lovely Eyes with Tears ran o'er,
 Repenting her rash Sin:
 She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal Hour,
 That e'er she loot me in.

But who cou'd cruelly deceive,
 Or from such Beauty part:
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave
 The Charmer of my Heart;
 But wedded, and conceal'd our Crime:
 Thus all was well again;
 And now she thanks the happy Time
 That e'er she loot me in.

FLUTE.



As I came in by TIVIOT side, and by the Braes of

Branksome, there first I saw my Bon-ny Bride young,

Smiling sweet and handsome; her skin was fatter

than the Down, and white as A-la-bla-ster her hair a

shining wavy Brown, in straightness none surpass her.

Life glow'd upon her Lip and Cheek,
 Her clear Een were surprizing,
 And beautifully turn'd her Neck
 Her little Breasts just rising;
 Nae silken Hose, with Gossnets fine,
 Or Shoon with glancing Laces,
 On her fair Leg, forbad to shine,
 Well shapen native Graces :

Ae little Coat and Bodice white,
 Was sum of a' her Claithing;
 Even these o'er mickle mair Delyte
 She'd givenclod wi' naithing.
 She leand upon a flowry Brae
 By which a Burny trotted :
 On her I glow'd my Saul away
 While on her Sweets I doated.

A thousand Beauties of Desert,
 Before had scarce alarm'd me,
 Till this dear Artlefs struck my heart
 And bot defigning, charm'd me.
 Hurry'd by Love close to my Breast,
 I graspd the Fund of Bliss'es ;
 Wha smil'd, and said, without a Priest,
 Sir, hope for nought but Kifs'es .

I had nae Heart to do her Harm,
 And yet I coudna want her,
 What she demanded, ilka Charm.
 Of hers pled, I should grant her,
 Since Heaven had dealt to me a routh,
 Straight to the Kirk I led her,
 There plighted her my Faith and Trowth,
 And a young Lady made her .

The Words Translated from the Italian Opera of PHARNACES .

Set by MR. I. SHEELES

Zephir who with spring re- turning Wasted soft o'er opening
 Flow'rs Breathing in the Face of Morning Wakes Au- ro- ra from her
 Bowers While with Love's fierce Flame I languish in these dry and
 desert Plains Gently breathe and sooth my An- - guish

Fan my Breast and ease my Pain .

PATIE and PEGGY .

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth and rowing Eye which

Smiling tells the Truth I guess my Laffie that as well as I you're

made for Love and why and why should I de-ny But ken ye

Lad when we confes o'er soon ye think us cheap and

lyne y' woodings done the Maiden that o'er quickly tines, her



Pow'r like unripe Fruit will taste will taste but hard and Sow'r

PEGGY. But ken ye, Lad, gin we confes o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and fyne the Wooing's done :
The Maiden that o'er quickly tines her Pow'r,
Like unripe Fruit, will taste but hard and sour.

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the Tree,
Their Sweetness they may tine, and fae may ye:
Red-cheeked you compleatly ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd along haff Year.

PEGGY

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
Into my **PATIE'S** Arms for good and a'
But flint your Wishes to this frank Embrace,
And mint nae farther till we ye got the Grace.

PATIE.

O charming Armsfu'! hence, ye Cares, away,
I'll kifs my Treasure a' the live-lang Day;
A' Night I'll Dream my Kiffes o'er again,
Till that Day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

For the German Flute



In January laft, on Munoday at Morn, as through the Fields

I paf, to view the winterCorn, I looked me behind, and

faw came o'er the Know, ane Glancing in her Apron, with a

bonny brent Brow .

I faid, good morrow, fair Maid;
 And the right courteoufly
 Return'd a Beck, and kindly faid,
 Good Day, sweet fir, to you .
 I fpear'd, my dear, how far awa'
 Doye intend to gae .
 Quoth fhe, I mean a Mile or twa,
 Out o'er yon broomy Brae .

She

Kind Sir, ye are a wi' miftane,
 For I am nane of thefe,
 I hope ye fome mair breeding ken,
 Than to ruffle Woman's Claife;

Fair Maid, I'm thankfu' to my Fate,
 To have fic Company,
 For I am ganging ftraight that Gate,
 Where ye intend to be .
 When we had gane a Mile or twain,
 I faid to her, my Dow,
 May we not lean us on this Plain
 And kifs your bonny Mou .

For may be I have chofen ane,
 And plighted him my Vow,
 Wha may do wi' me what he likes,
 And kifs my Bonny Mou .

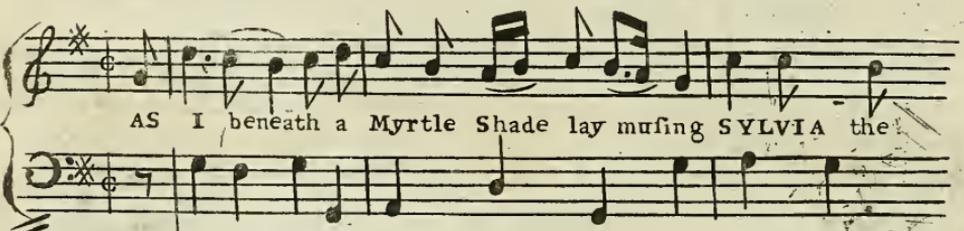
He

Na, if ye are contracted,
I hae nae mair to say:
Rather than be rejected,
I will gie o'er the Play;
And chuse anither will respect
My Love, and on me rew;
And let me clasp her round the Neck,
And kifs her bonny Mou .

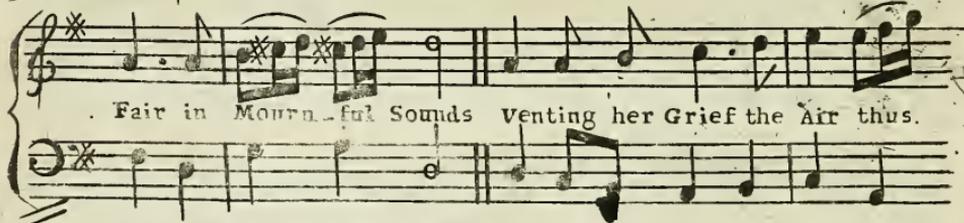
She

O Sir, ye are proud-hearted,
And laith to be said nay,
Else ye wad ne'er a started
For ought that I did say:
For Women in their Modesty
At first they winna bow;
But if we like your Company,
We'll prove as kind as you .

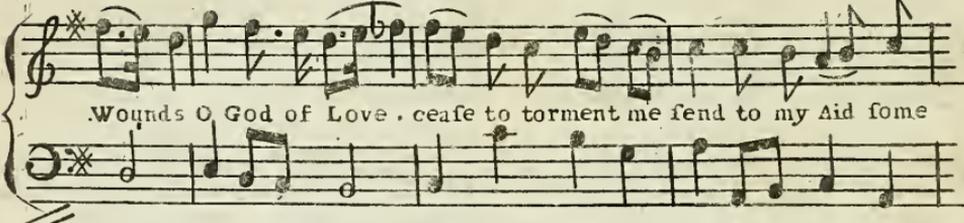
She WOUL'D and the WOUL'D not. Set by M^r RAMONDON .



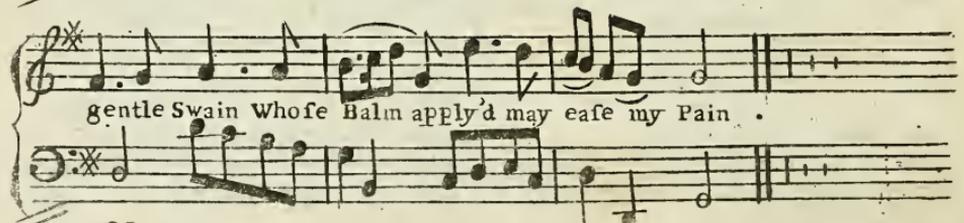
AS I beneath a Myrtle Shade lay musing SYLVIA the



Fair in Mourn-ful Sounds venting her Grief the Air thus.



Wounds O God of Love . cease to torment me send to my Aid some

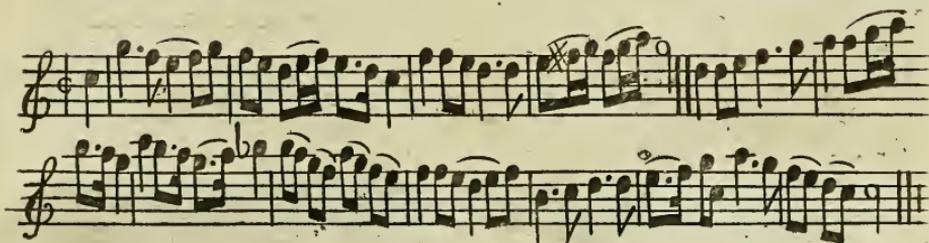


gentle Swain Whose Balm apply'd may ease my Pain .

Aloud I cry'd and all the Grove refounded
 Heavenly Nymph complain no more
 Love, does thy wish'd for Peace restore
 And sends a gentle Swain to ease thee
 In whom a longing Maid may find
 A Balm to cure her love sick Mind.

She blush'd and sigh'd and push'd the Medicine from her
 Which still the more encreas'd her Pain
 Finding at length she strove in vain
 O Love . she cry'd I must obey thee
 Who can the raging smart endure
 She suck'd the Balm and found the Cure .

FLUTE



Had away frae me DONALD .

Ohad a way, had a way, had a way frae me, Donald, your heart is
 made o'er large for ane, it is not meet for me, Donald:

Some fickle Miftrefs you may find, will jilt as faft as thee,
 Donald, to Ilka Swain ſhe will prove kind, and nae lefs kind to
 the, Donald .

But I've a Heart that's naething ſuch,
 'Tis fill'd with Honelt, Donald
 I'll ne'er love mony, I'll love much,
 I'll hate all Levite, Donald,
 Therefore nae mair, wth Art, pretend,
 Your Heart is chain'd to mine, Donald
 For Words of Falſhood I'll defend,
 A roving Love like thine, Donald .

Fiſt when you courted, I muſt own,
 I frankly favour'd you, Donald
 Apparent Worth and fair renown,
 Made me believe you true, Donald
 Ilk Virtue then ſeem'd to adorn
 The Man eſteem'd by me, Donald
 But now, the Maſk fallen off, I ſcorn
 To ware a Thought on thee, Donald .

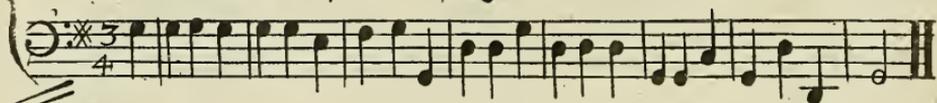
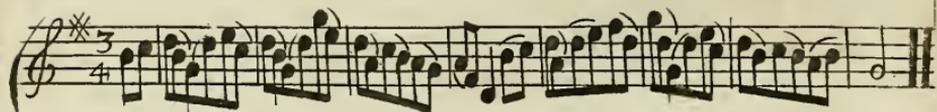
And now, for ever, had away,
 Had away from me, Donald
 Gae ſeek a heart that's like your ain,
 And come nae mair to me, Donald:
 For I'll reſerve my ſell for ane,
 For ane that's liker me, Donald .
 If ſic a ane I canna find
 I'll ne'er loo Man nor thee, Donald .

See whilst thou weep'st fair CLOE See the World
 in Sym-pa-thy with thee Thee the Cheerful Birds no
 Longer sing but Drop the Head and Hang the
 wing.

2	Lower	3
The Clouds have Bent their Bosom And shed their sorrows in a shower. The Brooks beyond their limits flow And lower Murmurs speak ^r Woe.	The nymphs and swains adopt thy Cares They heave thy sighs and weep thy Tears Strange Tears whose Power can soften ^{all} But ^t y Dear Breast on which they fall.	

The LADIES Lamentation for the Lofs of SENESINO Sung by

Mr. ROBERTS. Set for the GERMAN FLUTE &c.

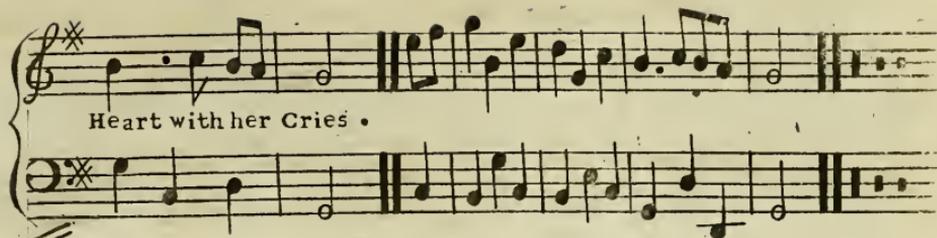


As musing I rang'd in Meads all alone . A beautifull Creature was

makeing her Moan . Oh the Tears they did trikle full fast from her Eyes .

And the peirc'd both the Air and my heart with her Cries . Oh the Tears they

did trikle full fast from her Eyes . and she peirc'd both the Air And my



Heart with her Cries .

I gently requested the Cause of her Moan
 She told me her sweet SENISINO was flown
 And in that sad Posture shed ever remain
 Unless the dear Charmer would come back again .

Why who is this Mortal so Cruel said I
 That draws such a stream from so Lovely an Eye
 To Beauty so blooming what Man can be Blind
 To Passion so tender what Monster unkind .

'Tis neither for Man nor for Woman said she
 That thus in Lamenting I water the lee
 My warbler Cælestial sweet Darling of fame.
 Is a Shadow of something a Sex without Name .

Perhaps 'tis some Linnet some Blackbird said I
 Perhaps 'tis your Lark that has soar'd to the sky .
 Come dry up your Tears and abandon your grief
 I'll bring you another to give you relief

No Linnet no Blackbird no Skylark said she
 But one much more tunefull by far than all three
 My sweet SENISINO for whom thus I Cry
 Is sweeter than all the wing'd Songsters that Fly .

Adieu FARINELLI CUZZONI Likewise
 Whom stars and whom Garters extol to the skies
 Adieu to the Opera adieu to the Ball
 My darling is gone and a fig for them all .

FLUTE



A Fair MAID Throwing a SNOW BALL. Set by Mr E. BETTS.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "A young fair Maid with her soft Hand a Snow-Ball at me threw, But as it went was strangely chang'd and in to Fire grew." The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ornaments, and dynamic markings like '6' and '#3'. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with sixteenth and thirty-second notes.

2
 Who could have thought it Possible
 That snow should ever Warm
 Yet found it Heat to fire my Breast
 When thrown by her fair Arm

3
 In Vain we think our selves secure
 In Vain is ev'ry Art
 When Water froze to Ice has Power
 T'inflame the Coldest Heart.

4
 Say Virgin wouldst thou quench this flame
 Do thou the like return
 Ice Hail and snow are uselefs all
 With Equal Ardour Burn

The musical score consists of five systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the treble staff of each system.

Ye Highlands and ye Lowlands, Oh! where ha'e ye been,
 they have slain the Earle of MURRAY, And they
 lay'd him on the Green, they have slain the Earle of MURRAY,
 and they lay'd him on the Green .

Now wae be to thee HUNTLY,
 And wherefore did ye fae,
 I bad you bring him wi' you,
 But forbad you him to flae .

He was a braw Gallant,
 And he rid at the Ring,
 And the bonny Earl of MURRAY,
 Oh! he might have been a King .

He was a Braw Gallant,
 And he play'd at the Ba',
 And the bonny 'Earl of MURRAY,
 Was the Flower among them a .

He was a braw Gallant,
 And he play'd at the Glove,
 And the bonny Earl of MURRAY,
 Oh! he was the Queen's Love .

Oh! lang will his Lady,
 Look o'er the Castle-DOWN,
 E'er she see the Earl of MURRAY,
 Come sounding through the Town .

O VENUS Beauty of the Skies To whom a thousand Tem -

ples rise Gay - ly false in gentle Smiles full of Love perplex -

- ing Wiles O Goddeſs from my Heart remove The Waſting cares

and Pains of Love The waſting Cares and Pains of Love

If ever thou haſt kindly heard
 A Song in ſoft Diſtreſs preferr'd
 Propitious to my tuneful Vow
 O gentle Goddeſs . hear me now
 Deſcend thou bright immortal Gueſt
 In all thy radiant Charms Confeſt .

Thou once didſt leave Almighty JOVE
 And all the Golden Roofs above:
 The Carr thy wanton Sparrows drew
 Hoſring in Air they lightly flew .
 As to my Bowr they wing'd their way
 I ſaw their quiv'ring Pinions play .

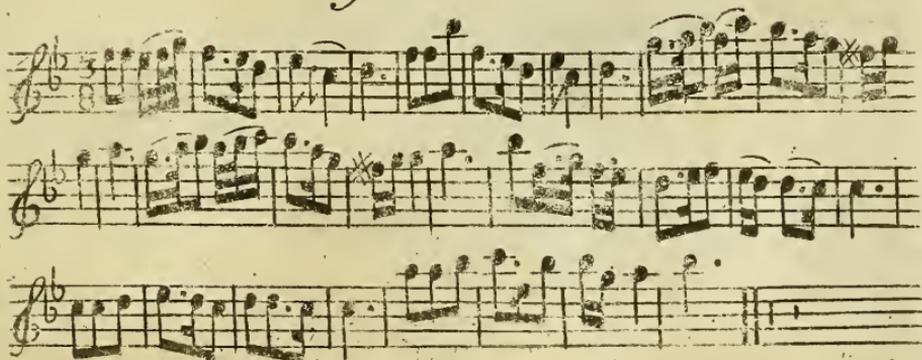
The Birds dismist While you remain
 Bore back their empty Carr again :
 Then you with Looks divinely mild
 In ev'ry heav'nly Feature smil'd
 And ask what new Complaints I made
 And why I call'd you to my Aid .

What Frenzy in my Bosom rag'd
 And by what Cure to be asswag'd
 What gentle Youth I would allure
 Whom in my artful Toils secure
 Who does thy tender Heart subdue
 Tell me my SAPPHO tell me who .

Tho now he shuns thy longing Arms
 He soon shall court thy slighted Charms
 Tho now thy Off'rings he despise
 He soon to thee shall Sacrifice
 Tho now he freeze he soon shall burn
 And be thy Victim in his Turn .

Celestial Visitant once more
 Thy needful Prefence I implore
 In Pity come and ease my Grief
 Bring my distemper'd Soul Relief
 Favour thy Suppliant's hidden Fires
 And give me all my Hearts desires .

Flute



For our lang bidding here

flow

When we came to LONDON Towne, we dream'd of

Gowd in Gowpings here, and rantinly ran up and down, in

rifying Stocks to Buy a Skair .

We daftly thought to row in Rowth,
 But for our Daffine pay'd right dear,
 The Lave will fare the War in trouth,
 For our lang bidding here .

But when we fand our Purfes toom,
 And dainty Stocks began to fa'
 We hang hur Lugs, and wi' a Gloom,
 Girn'd at Stock-jobbing ane and a'.

If we gang near the SOUTH-SEA House,
 The Whilly-Whas will grip ye'r gear,
 Syne a' the Lave will fare the War,
 For our lang bidding here .

