William Baily. His Book Anno Domni

Universal Harmony

OR, THE

Gentleman & Ladies Social Companion:

CONSISTING

Of a great Variety of the Best & most Favourite English & Scots Songs, Cantatas &c. &c.

With a Curious Design,

By way of Head piece,

Expressive of the Sense of each particul.r Song

All neatly Engraved on Quarto Copper Plates,

And set to Music for the Voice, Violin, Hautboy, German & Common Flute, with a Thorough Base for the Organ, Harpsich.d Spinet, &c.

By the Best Masters.

The whole calculated to keep People in good Spirits, good Health, & good Humour, to promote Social Friendship in all Comp.y and Universal Harmony in every Neighbourhood.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Newbery at the Bible & Crown, without Temple Bar. 1745.

The Shepherd's Invitation.

set by Mr. Lampe

Andantino

The new flown birds, the shepherds sing, And welcome in the may Come Pastorella
now the spring makes e--very Landskip gay Wide spreding trees their leafy shade, O'er
half the plain ex--tend, Or in reflecting fountains play'd, their quiv'ring Branches be--
-nd, their quiv'ring Branches bend, Or in reflecting fountains play'd their quiv'ring branches bend

2

Come taste the season in its prime
And bless the rising year
Oh! how my soul grows sick of time
Till thou, my love appear
Then shall I pass the gladsome day
Warm in thy beauty's shine
When thy dear flock shall sport & play
And intermix with mine

3

For thee of doves a milkwhite pair
In silken bands I hold;
For thee a firstling lambkin fair
I keep within the fold
If milkwhite doves Acceptance meet
Or tender lambkin please
My spotless heart without deceit
Be offer'd up with these

The Faithfull Shepherdess

Lively, but not too fast

At setting day, and rising morn. With soul that still shall love thee I'll ask of heav'n thy
safe return, With all that can improve thee I'll visit oft the birken bush where first thou
kindly told me sweet tales of love and hid my blush, whilst round thou didst enfold me

To all our haunts I will repair,
By Greenwood- shaw or fountain;
Or where the summer day I'd share,
With thee upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd, and tender;
By vows you're mine; by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander

Flute

A New Song in Solomon

set by Mr. Boyce

sym

Andante

Tell me lovely shepherd where, sy where tell me where thou feedst at noon thy

fleecy Care sy For direct me to the sweet Retreat, that guards ye from ye midday heat sy for.

Left by the flocks I lonely stray without a guide and lose my Way sy for.

Where rest at noon thy bleating Care. Gentle shepherd tell me where sy. where sy where sy

where tell me where where rest at noon thy bleating care, gentle sheph.d tell me where tell me gentle sheph.d where

Flute

A New Song in Solomon

set by Mr. Boyce

sym

Fairest of the Virgin throng, dost thou seek thy swain's Abode?

see yon fertile vale along, the new-worn path the flocks have trod, pursue the prints their

feet have made, and they shall guide thee to the shade, and they shall guide thee to the shade. Fairest of the

Virgin throng, dost thou seek thy swains Abode? see yon fertile vale along, the new-worn path the

flocks have trod, pursue the prints their feet have made, & they shall guide y.e to y.e shade & they shall guide y.e to y.e shade.

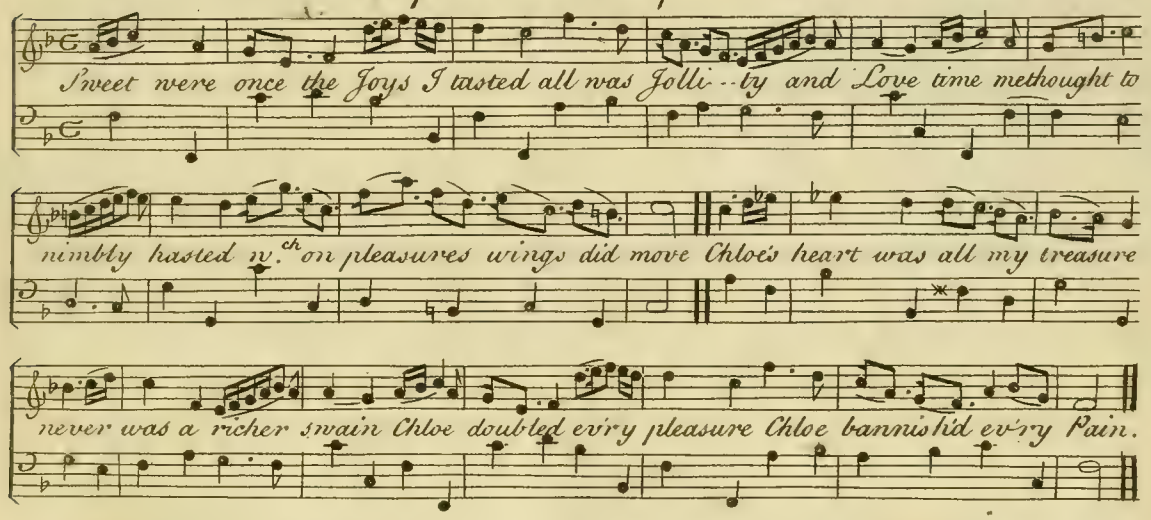
Flute or German Flute

sym. so. sym. so.

Published according to Act of Parliment April 23. 1743

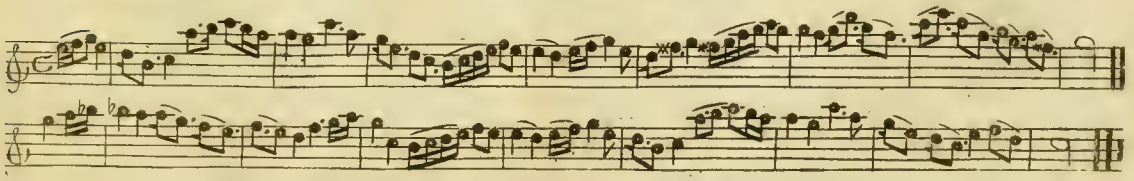
The Shepherds Complaint

set by Mr Rusel



But the envious Gods repining,
So much Bliss on earth to see,
All their bitt'rest Curses joining,
Dash'd my Cup with jealousy;
Now where ers't my Pipe resounded,
Steals the sigh and heart felt Groan,
Love by doubts and fears surrounded,
I'll dispute a tott'ring Throne.

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

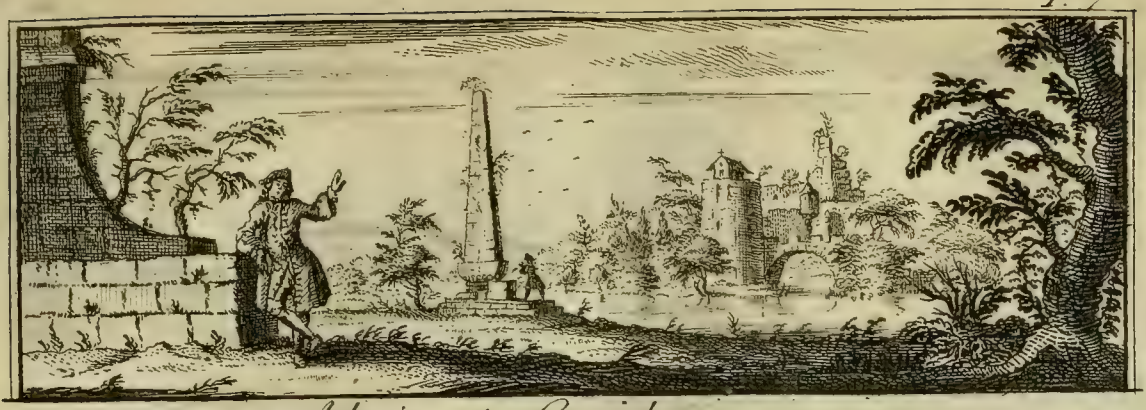


Stella and Flavia set by Mr Howard

Stella and Flavia ev-ry Hour Do various Hearts surprize In Stella's Soul is all her Pow'r And Flavia's in her Eyes In Stella's Soul is all her Pow'r and Flavia's in her Eyes More Boundless Flavia's Conquests are & Stella's more confind All can discern a Face that's fair but few a Heav'nly mind

Stella like Britain's Monarch reigns
O'er cultivated Lands
Like Eastern Tyrants Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren Sands

Then boast fair Flavia boast thy Face
Thy Beauties only Store
Each day that makes thy Charms decrease
Will give to Stella more



Advice to Cupid

set by Mr. Vincent

Not too fast

sym.

How can they taste of joys or grief, Who beauty's pow'r did never prove.

Love's all our torment's our relief. Our fate depends a-lone on love. Our fate depends a-lone on love.

2

Were I in heavy chains confin'd
Neaera's smiles would ease that state
Nor wealth, nor pow'r could bless my mind
Curs'd by her absence or her hate

3

Of all the plants which shade the field,
The fragrant myrtle does surpass;
No flow'r so gay, that does not yield,
To blooming roses gaudy dress

4

No star so bright that can be seen
When phœbus glories gild the skies
No nymph so proud adorns the green
But yields to fair Neera's eyes

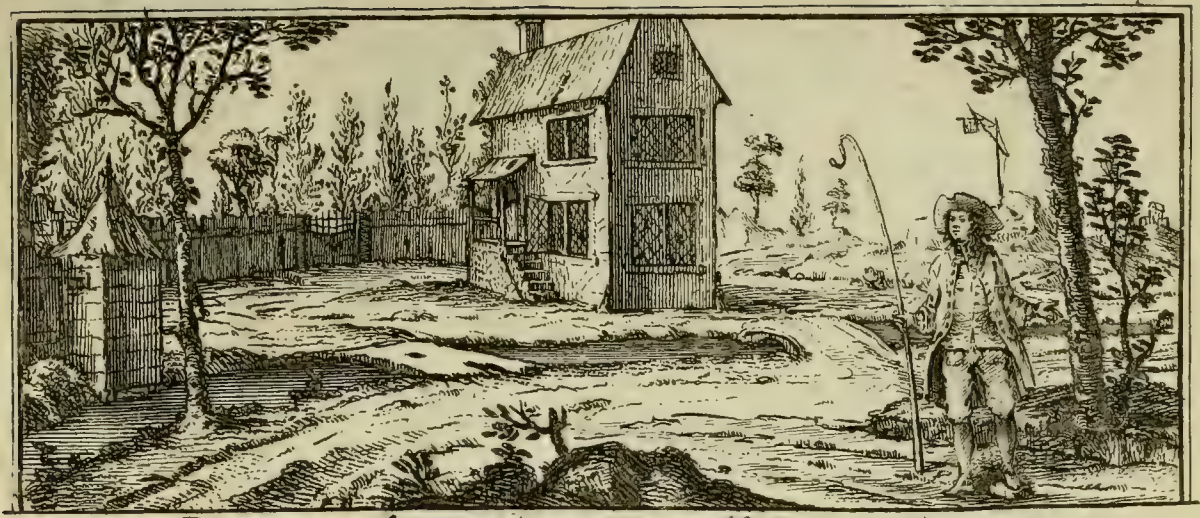
5

The am'rous swains no Off'rings bring
To cupid's alter as before
To her they play to her they sing
And own in love no other pow'r

6

Cupid thine empire to regain
Upon this conqu'rer try thy dart
Oh! touch with pity for my pain
Nera's cold disdainfull heart

Flute



The Nut-Brown Maid,

set by Mr. Howard

:S:

'Twas in the bloom of May When odours breathe around, when nymphs are blithe and gay, and all with mirth abound that happily I strayd to view my fleecy care, where I beheld a maid no mortal eer so fair no mortal eer so fair.

2

She wore upon her head
A bonnet made of straw
Which such a face did shade
As phœbus never saw
Her looks of nut-brown hue
A round-ear'd coif conceal'd
Which to my pleasing view
A sporting breeze reveal'd

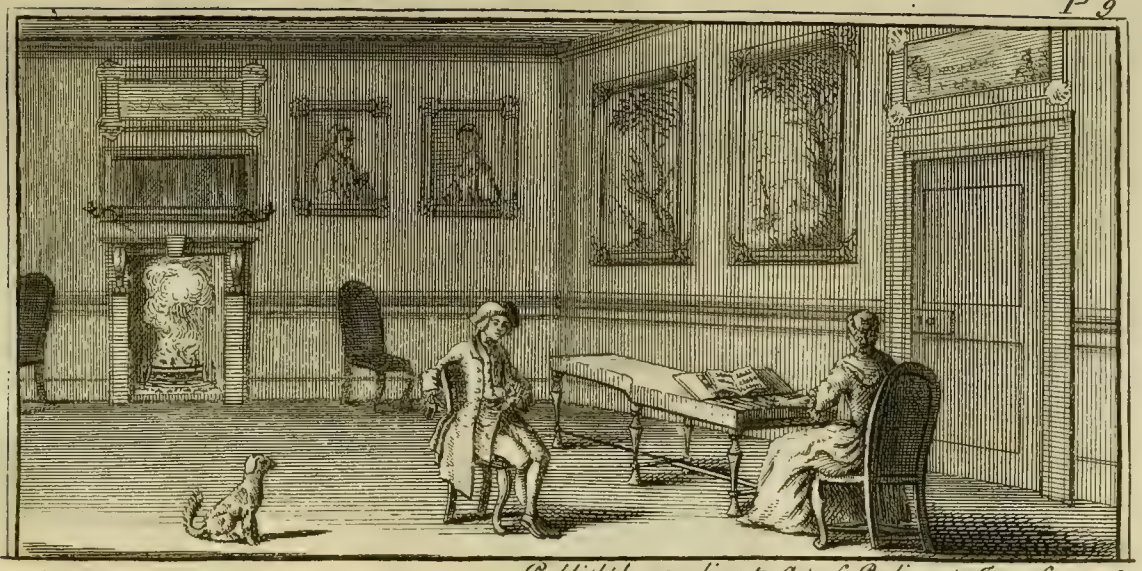
3

Around her slender waste
A scrip embroider'd hung
The lute her fingers graced
Accompand with a song
With such a pleasing note
Cuzzoni might regale
Or philomela's throat
That warbles thro' the vale

4

Not long I stood to view
Struck with her heavnly air
I to the charmer flew
And caught the yielding fair
Hear this ye scornful belles
And milder ways persue,
She that in charms excells
Exceels in kindness too

Flute



Publish'd according to Act of Parliment June 6. 1743

The Power of Musick and Beauty

set by Mr. Stanley

Musick has Power to melt the Soul. By Beau-ty Na-ture's

sway'd, Each can the U-niverse controul, Without the o-ther's

aid. Each can the U-niverse controul Without the o-ther's aid.

2

But here together both appear
And force united try
Musick enchants the list'ning Ear
And Beauty charms the Eye

3

What Cruelty these Pow'rs to join
These Transports who can bear
Oh! let the sound be less divine
Or look the Nymphs less fair

Flute

The Sleepy Fair

set by Mr. Howard

One summers eve as strephon roví wrapt up in thought profound, surprizd he saw his best belovd lye sleeping on the Ground Awake my pretty sleeper wake a-wake to strephons call be careful for your lovers sake 'tis night the dew-drops fall.

2

Then to her cheeks his lips he laid
And gently stole a kiss
She still slept on he not dismayd
Repeats the transient bliss
She wakes and thus with angry tone
Away Away she cries
Then faultring bids the swain be gone
Then sighd and closd her eyes.

3

Tho' cruel are your words sweet maid
Can sighs proceed from hate
My doubts are gone then down he laid
Resolvd to share her fate
Defended from the noxious air
Within his Arms she lay
And tho' the swain oft wakd the fair
She said no more till day.

Flute

To Delia.

set by Mr. Howard

Delia, in whose form we trace, All that can a virgin grace; Hark! where pleasure, blithe as may

Bids us to Vaux-Hall away. Verdant vistos, melting sounds, magic echoe; fairy rounds: beauties ev'ry

where surprize Sure, that spot dropt from the skies! Delia in whose form we trace all that can a

Virgin grace; Hark! where pleasure, blithe as may, bids us to Vaux-Hall away.

For the German Flute

To Zephyrus

set by Mr. Howard

Sportive Zephyrus, fondly blow--ing, Spreading Odours through the Air; Bloom--ing

Life on Groves be--stow--ing; To Vaux--hall my Delia bear. Flora cant more

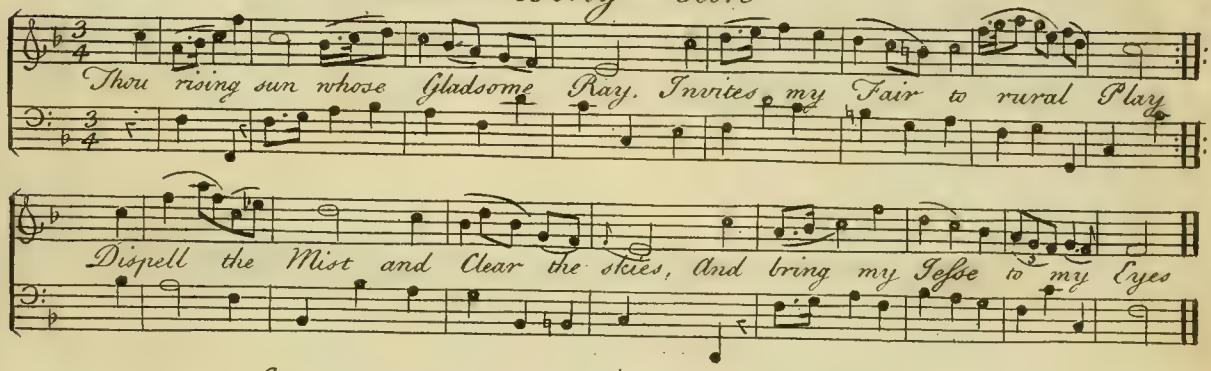
sweet--ly bless the, Play--ing, Stray--ing, round her Charms Then when

Delia's smiles ad--dress me; Sigh--ing dy--ing in her Arms. Sportive

Zephyrus, fondly blow--ing; Spreading Odours through the Air Bloom--ing

Life on Groves be-stow-ing; To Vaux-hall my Delia bear.

Thou rising Sun



2

Oh! were I sure my Dear to view
I'd climb ye pine trees topmost bough
Aloft in air that quivering plays
And round & round for ever gaze

3

My Jesse fair where art thou laid
What wood conceals my sleeping maid
Fast by the root enrag'd I'll tear
The trees ye hide my Jesse fair

4

Oh! I could ride ye clouds & skies
Or on ye ravins pinions rise
Ye storks ye swans a moment stay
And waft a lover on his way.

5

My bliss too long my bride denies
Apace ye wasting summer flies
Nor yet ye wintry blasts I fear
Nor storms or night shall keep me here

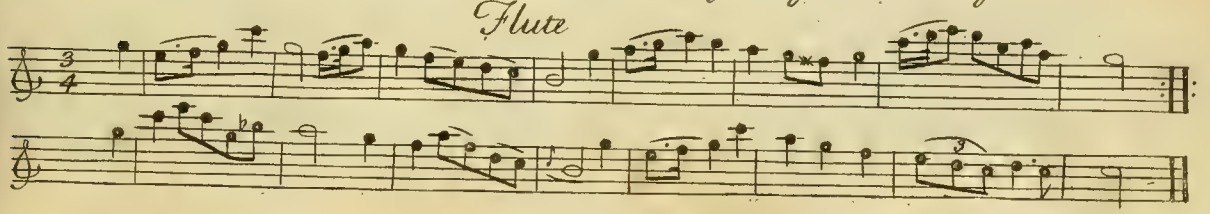
6

What may for strength wth steel compare
Oh! love has fetters stronger far
By bolts of steel are limbs confind
But cruel love inchants ye mind

7

No longer then perplex thy breast
When thoughts torment ye first are best
Tis mad to go tis death to stay
Away to Jesse hast away

Flute



Publishd according to Act of Parliment July 16 1743

Arno's Vale

set by Mr. Holcombe

When here Lucinda first we came when Arno rolls his sil--ver stream: how brisk ye nymphs ye swains how gay Content inspird each ru--ral lay. The birds in livelier concert sung the Grapes in thick--er clusters hung all lookd as joy could never fail, among the sweets of Arno's Vale.

But now since good Palemon dyd
The chief of shepherds and the pride
Now Arnos sons must all give place
To Northern swains, an Iron race
The taste of pleasure now is o'er
Thy notes Lucinda please no more
The muses droop, the Goths prevail
Adieu the sweets of Arno's Vale

Flute

Chloe

set by Dr. Greene

Tender

In vain the force of Female Arms, In vain their offer'd Love: Their Smile, their Air nor all their Charms, my passion can remove For all that's fair and Good I find in Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind, In Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind.

2

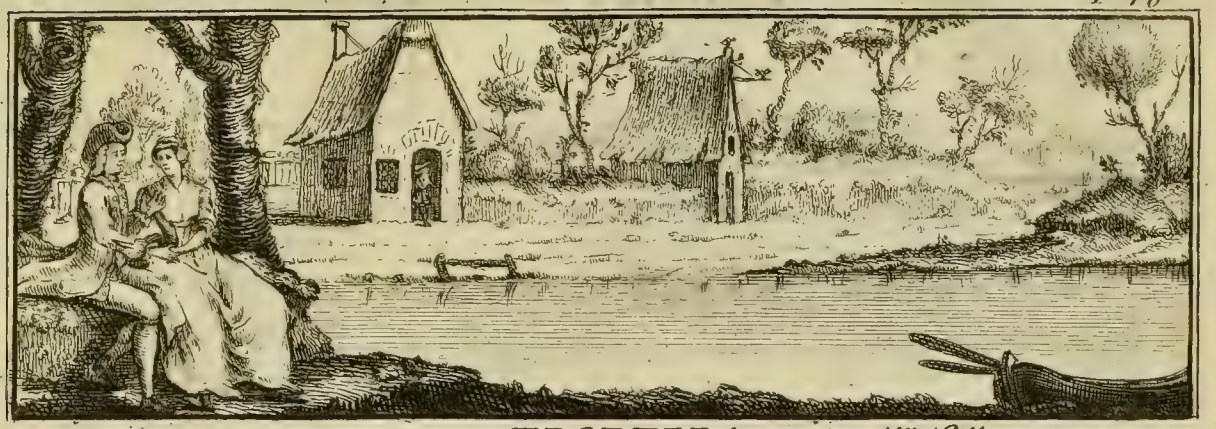
Let Celia all her Wit display,
That glitters while it kills:
My heart disdains the feeble ray,
Nor light nor heat it feels;
For all that's bright and gay, I find
In Chloe's form in Chloe's Mind.

3

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

4

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



FLORELLA Set by Mr. Kilburn

Florel-la lovely Nymph, forbear to cloud a Face like thine, With
frowns, that nought but smiles should wear, to please & bless Mankind.
With envious Haste Old Time and Care Will tarnish every Bloom, Then
do not by Im-prudence mar What will be lost too soon

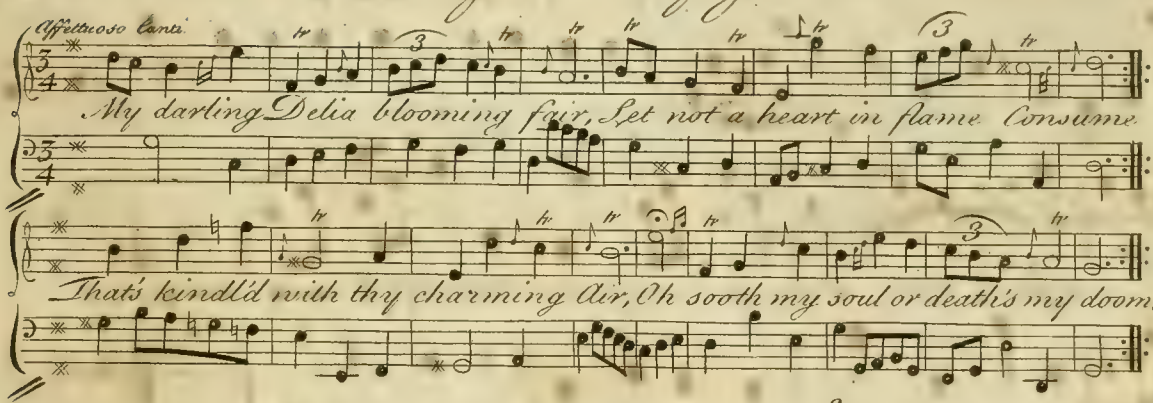
See! with what Pleasure ev'ry Swain,
The chearful Chloe views:
See! with what Joy they wear the chain,
All pleas'd whom she subdues.
Tho' fair her face divinely fair,
Yet she her Conquests owes;
To that good nature that appears,
In every thing she does.

And that will please, when ev'ry Joy,
That Beauty gave is dead;
And friendly smooth the wrinkled brow,
Of Age's hoary head.
Then give to smiles & mirth the hour,
Enjoy the present store:
Defraud not beauty of that Pow'r,
That soon will be no more.

Flute

Darling Delia.

A New Song set to Musick by a Gentleman



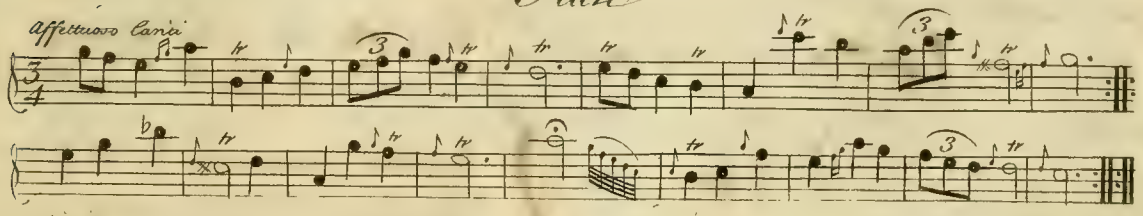
2

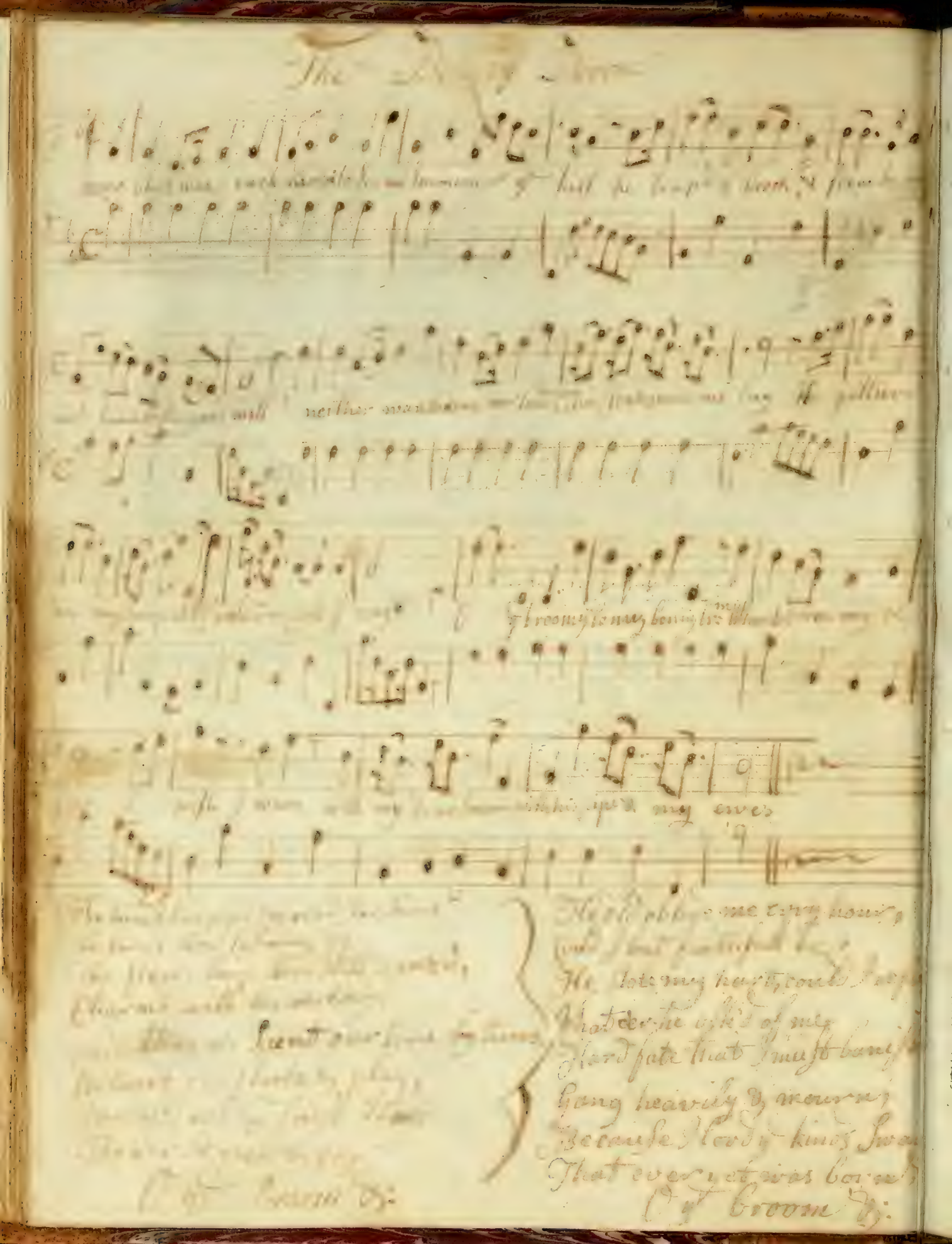
I gaz'd I lov'd in raptures fell,
Your sparkl'ing eyes has pierc'd me thro
No poet's song no tongue can tell,
How many beauties shine in you.

3

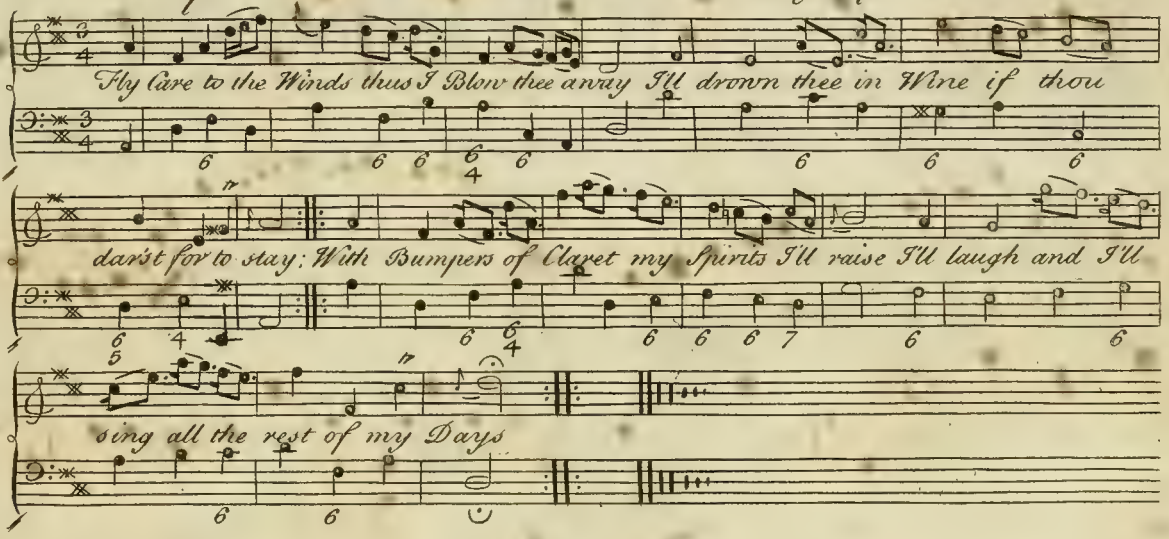
Let kingdoms the Ambitious fire,
Their wealth and power I despise,
To nobler Conquests I aspire,
For Delia's the more glorious prize.

Flute




neither
broome
my eyes
He lov'd me very dearly
and I had pitied him
He lov'd my heart, could I help
Whatever the ills of my
Hard fate that I must be
Long heavily & mourn
Because Cloddy kind Swain
That ever yet was born
of broome

Fly Care to the Winds sung by Mr Lowe



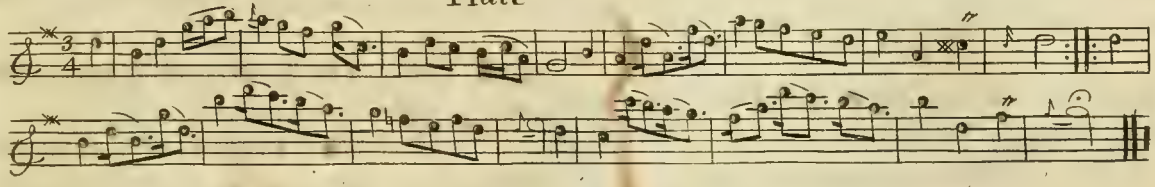
2

God Bacchus this moment adopts me his Son
And inspir'd my Breast glows with Transports unknown
The sparkling Liquor new Vigour supplies
And makes the Nymph kind who before was too wise

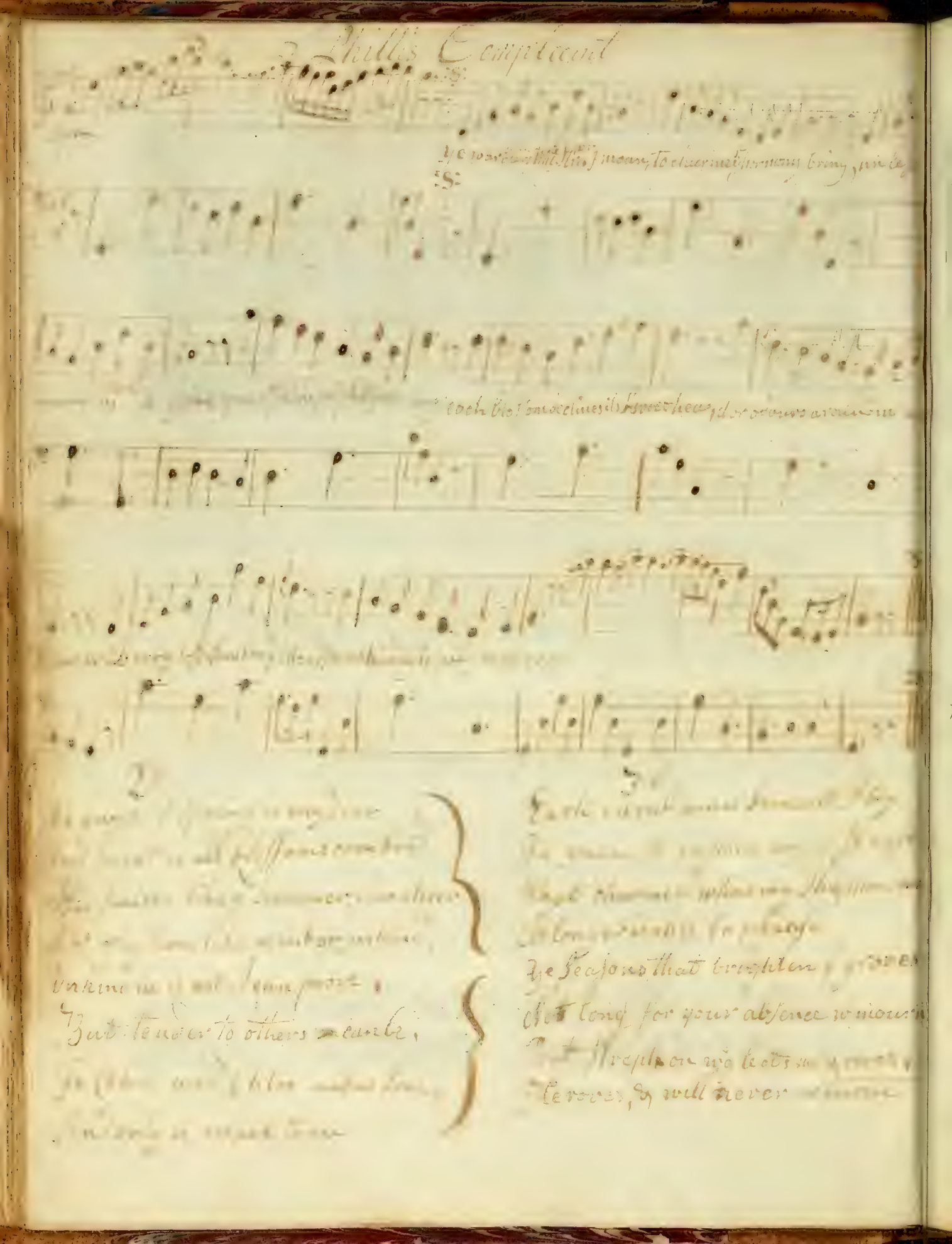
3

Then dull sober Mortals! be happy as me
Two Bottles of Claret will make us agree
Will open your Eyes to see Phillis's Charms
And her coyness wash'd down shell fly to your Arms

Flute



Phillis Complicant



2

Unknown [illegible]

But tender to others [illegible],

[illegible]

3

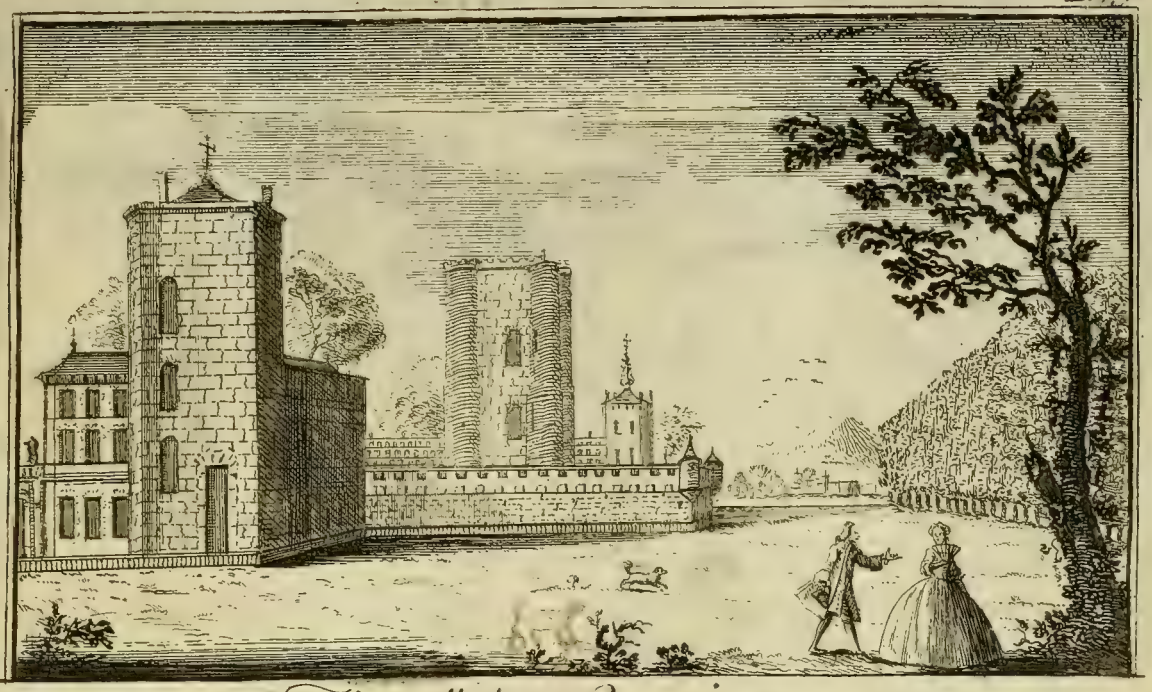
[illegible]

The seasons that brighten [illegible]

Not long for your absence [illegible]

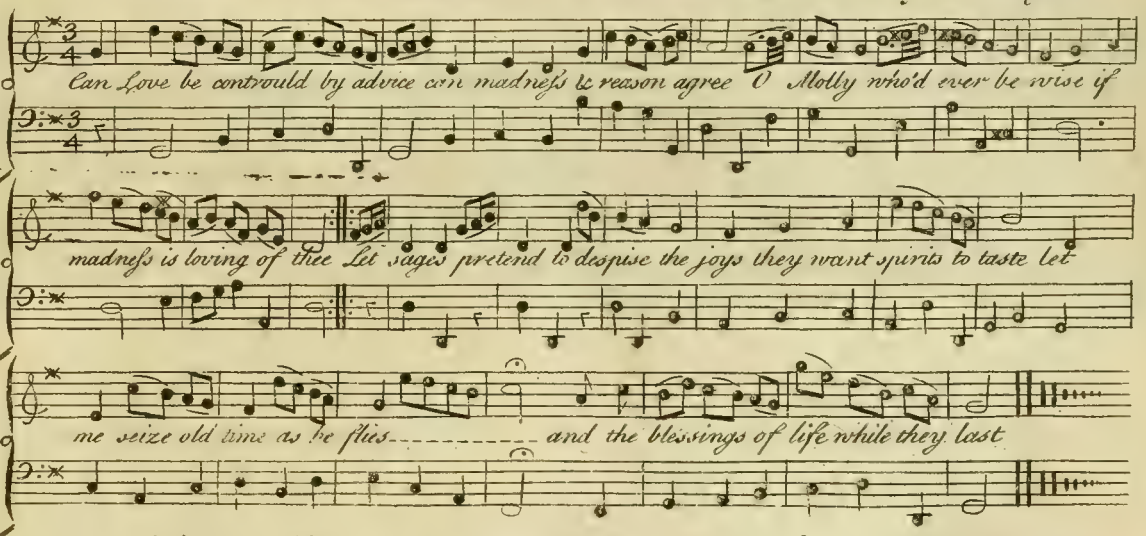
[illegible] Phillis [illegible]

Lovers, & will never [illegible]



The Modest Question

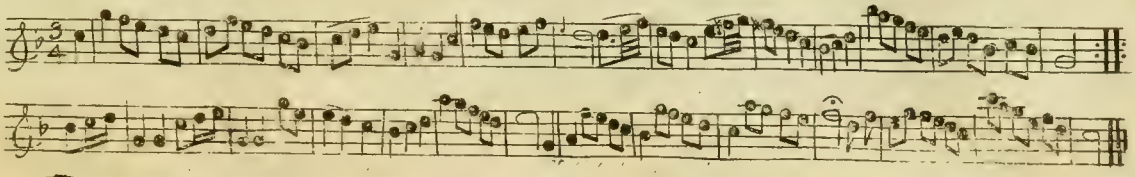
set by Mr Russel



Dull wisdom but adds to our cares,
Brisk love will improve every joy;
Too soon we may meet with grey hairs,
Too late may repent being Coy:

Then molly for what should we stay.
Till all our best blood does run cold,
Our youth we can have but to day,
We may always find time to grow old.

Flute



COLLIN set by Mr. Kilburn

Collin, One day in angry Mood, Because Myrtilla whom he lov'd, laughd at his flame & mock'd his

sighs, thus fervently to Jove applies O! Jove, thou sov'reign God a-bove who know'st y

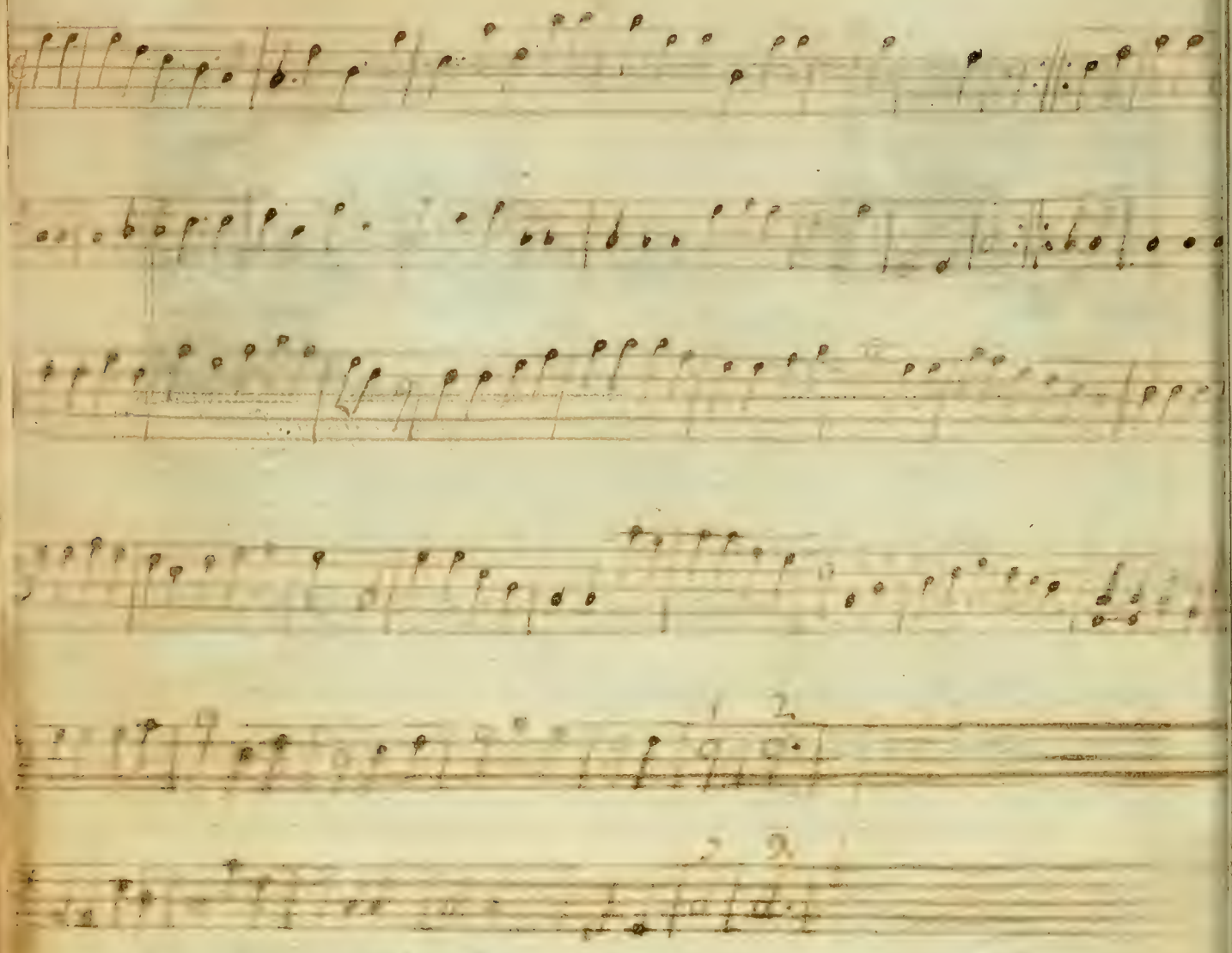
pains of slighted love; hear a poor mortal's pray'r & take, all y whole sex for pity's sake, & then we men might

live at ease, secure of happiness at peace, & then we men might live at ease, secure of happiness at peace.

Jove kindly heard; He pray'd not twice,
And took the Women in a trice;
When Collin saw the Coast was clear,
For not a single Girl was there
Reflecting with himself, twas kind

Says he, to gratify my mind
But now my Passion's o'er, O! Jove
Give me Myrtilla back, my Love
Let me with her on Earth be bless'd
And keep in Heaven all the rest

Flute



On Greenwich Park

set by Mr. Jackson

Hail Greenwich crown'd with sweet delight, throughout thy parks display'd, there nature's lavish charms invite, each youth and blooming maid. To taste the joys of rural shade, where nou-ght but love and mirth invade, where nought but love & mirth invade

2

Thy ranging groves of lofty trees
With spreading shades repell
The heat of phoebus sultry rays
There feathered songsters dwell
In pleasing emblems of true love
Melodious warbling thro' the grove

3

Each rising hill new prospects yields
And captivates the mind
The grazing flocks the pleasant fields
Yield ratures unconfin'd
Fair flora paints the verdant scene
And decks with fragrant sweets y. green

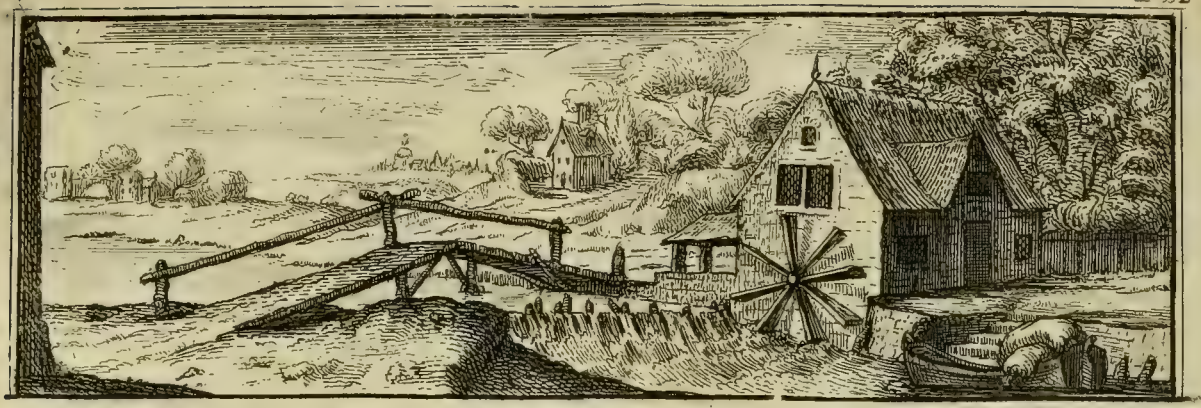
4

The silver Thames glides gently by
With peace and plenty crown'd
Its glittring surface chears the eye
Green Oziers mantling round
With wanton wavings as it goes
In various forms new beauties shews

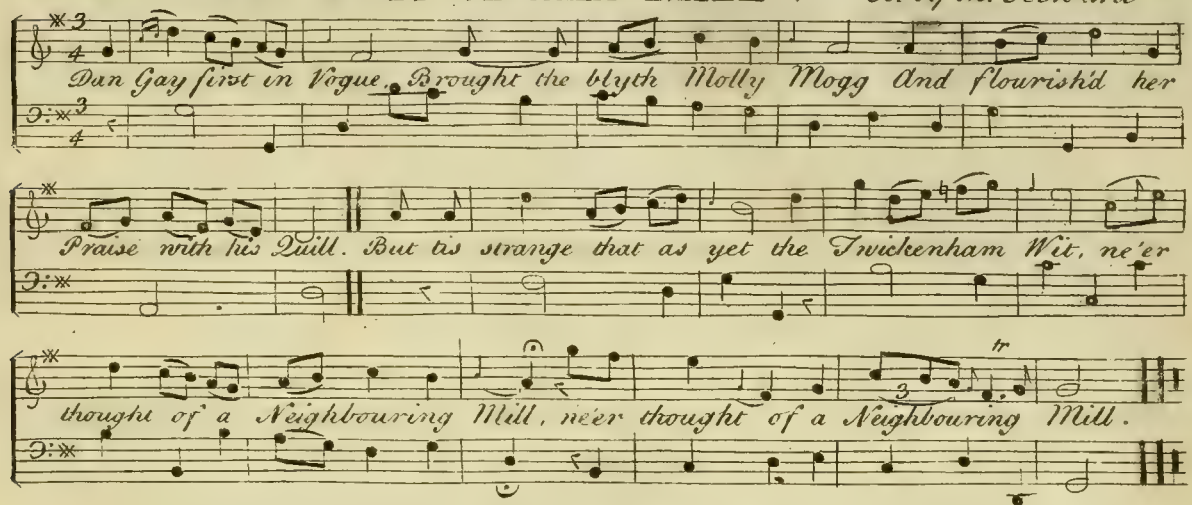
5

From hill to dale from dale to grove
Thy splendours shine around
That viewing each we fully prove
Transporting joys abound
Whilst ecstasy inspires the soul
And praising one, we praise thy whole

Flute



THE LASS OF THE MILL. Set by Mr. Howard



That the Seas[2] foaming Juice
Did Venus produce
Let Poets insist on it still
I stoutly aver
That a fairer than her
Took her rise from the froth of a mill.

[3]
But say O ye Nine
How a Nymph so divine
Could the Lap of a Miller's Wife fill
Unless that some God
Stray'd out of his Road
And set up his staff in his Mill.

[4]
Once Juno's good Man
In the shape of a swan
Did Leda so lovingly bill
That Helen she hatch'd
Who never was match'd,
But by the fair Lass of the Mill.

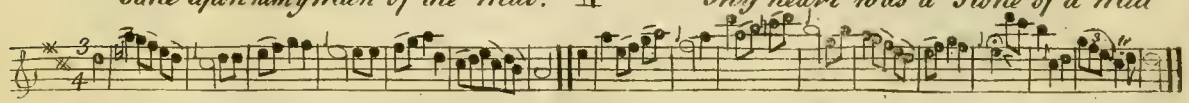
[5]
In another Disguise
Alcmena he plys
Like Amphitrion he frolicks his fill
Then why might not Jove
As a Cloak for his Love
Take upon him y Man of the Mill.

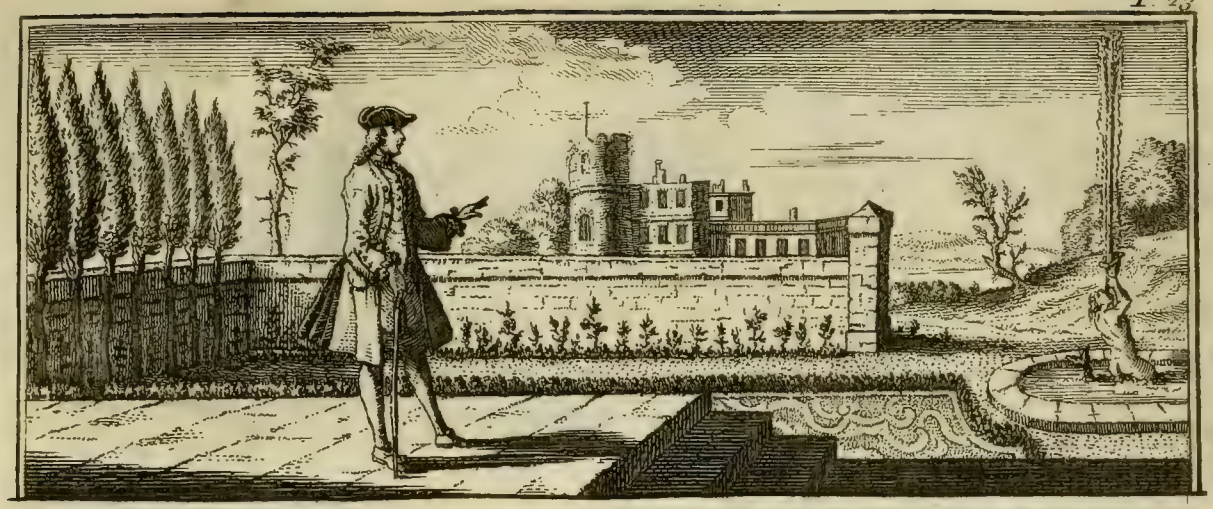
Once Homer[6] inflam'd
An hundred tongues claim'd
Some Arderous Work to fullfill
Let me tell the Old Bard
This task were to hard
Tho' thou hadst all the Clacks of y Mill

[7]
But fie Muse, forbear
'Tis better by far
No more of these charms to reveal
Least thereby you might
New Rivals excite
And carry more sacks to the Mill

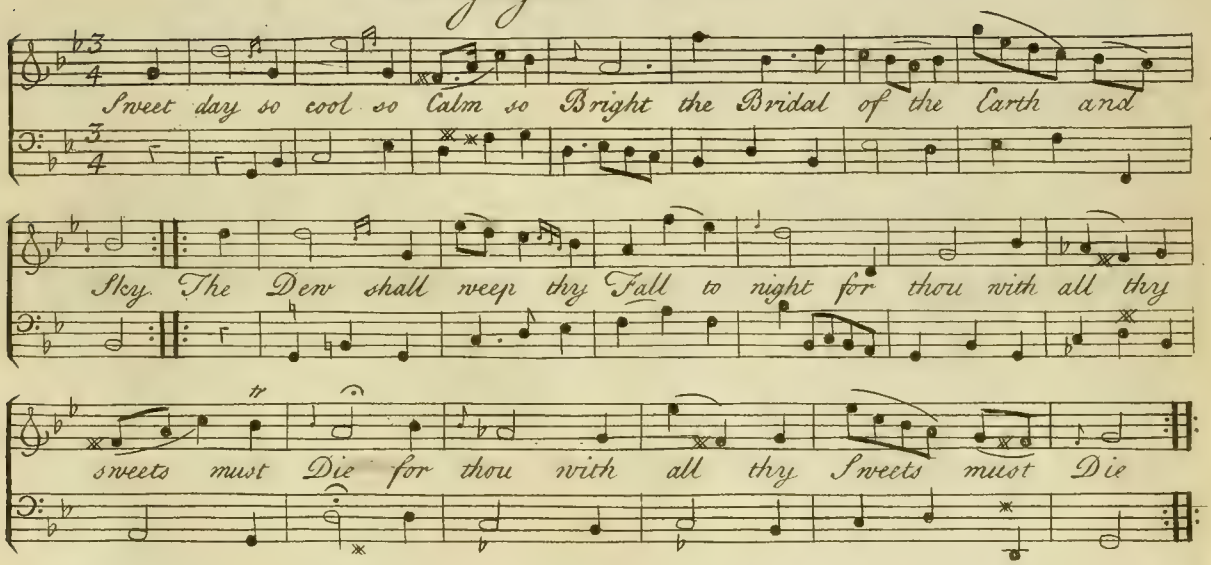
[8]
With Influence benign
Oh! would she incline
With my stars but to favour my will
So it might be with her
I would be raptures I swear
And musick to live in a Mill.

Then fair One[9] be kind
Nor with Water and Wind
I now want turn round with y Wheel
Lest when I am dead
It should truly be said
Thy heart was a Stone of a Mill





Conjugal Love

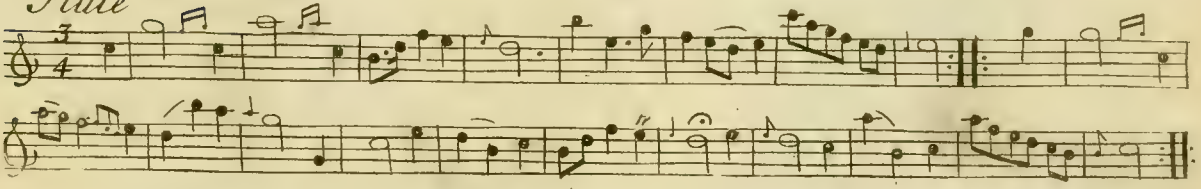


2
Sweet rose so fragrant and so brave,
Dazling the rash beholder's Eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou with all thy Sweets must die

3
Sweet spring, so beauteous & so gay
Store-house, where sweets unnumberd lie
Not long thy fading Glories stay
But thou with all thy sweets must die

4
Sweet love alone, sweet weded Love
To thee no Period is assignd.
Thy tender joys by time improve
In death it self, the most refind

Flute



The happy Couple

Staccato

Symphony

Song

At Upton on the hill, there lives a happy Pair the
Swain his name is Will; and Molly is the fair; Ten years are gone and more since
Hymen joind these two, their Hearts were one before the sacred rites they knew.

Since which Auspicious day
Sweet harmony does reign
Both love and both obey
Hear this each nymph & Swain
If hapty Cares invade
As who is free from Care
Th' impressions lighter made
By taking each a share

3

Pleas'd with a Calm retreat
They 've no ambitious view
In plenty live nor state
Nor Envy those that do

Sure pomp is empty Noise
And cares increase with wealth
They Aim at truer Joys
Tranquillity and health.

4

With safty and with ease
Their present life does flow
They fear no raging seas
Nor rocks that lurk below
May still a steady Gale
Their little bark attend
And gently fill each sail
Till life it self shall end

Flute

Barberini's Minuet the Words by Mr. Leveridge

Think when to Pleasure the Sports do invite you, Time's on the wing & is fleeting away; & as ye bright

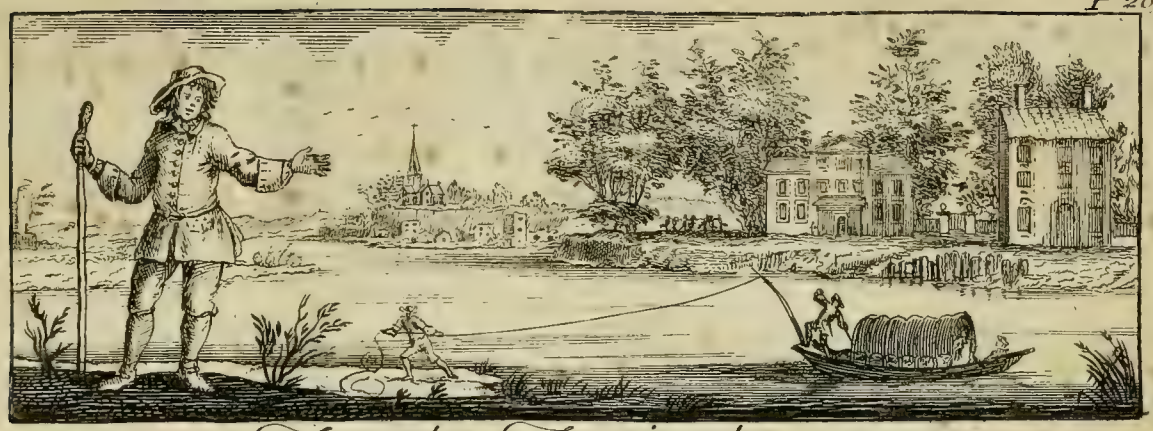
Season of youth does excite you, Crown ye dear moments wth mirth whilst you may; As time approches by

kindly advances, with truly graceful & free open fancies, of Songs & brisk dances intreat him to stay, his golden treasure then

prudently measure, Let innocent pastime & Virtue delight you, Virtue & innocence always are gay; those who inherit such

sweetness of Spirit. Live, live, live, live, Those who inherit such sweetness of Spirit, live & enjoy true delights ev ry Day.

Flute



Female Fortitude

set by Mr. Rufsel

Sym.

Andante

Young Daphne brightest Creature, that eer did heart ensnare was blest wth all that nature could lavish on the fair, could lavish on the fair. For her each youth did languish, and told their amrous smart: What tho she mockd their Anguish yet Strephon won her heart, yet Strephon won her heart.

2

The stripling swore for ever
He'd true and constant prove
He was a youth so clever
That she repaid his love.
But death their joys resenang
Of Strephon made a prize
Oh! powrs unrelenang
To close the shepherds eyes

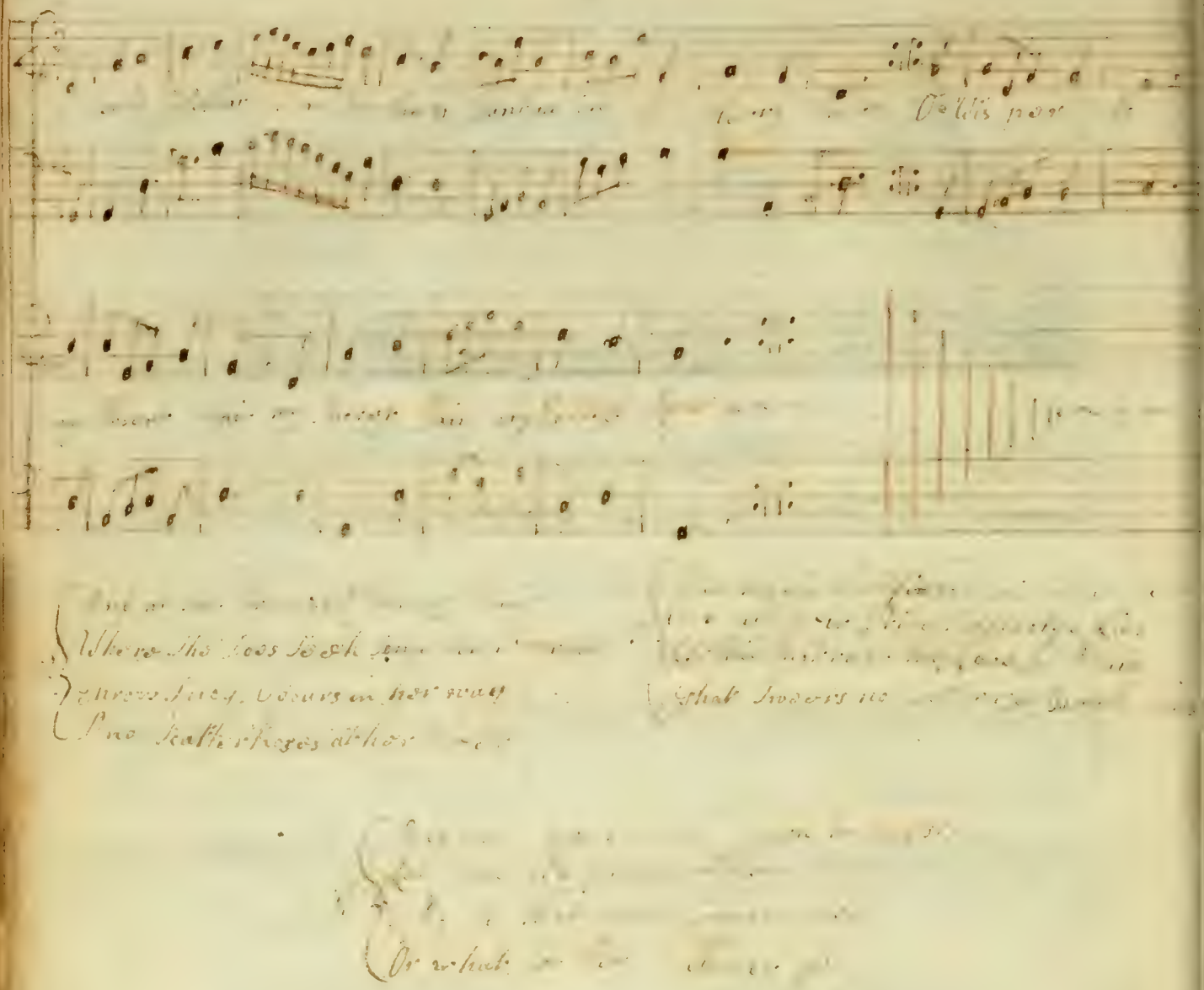
3

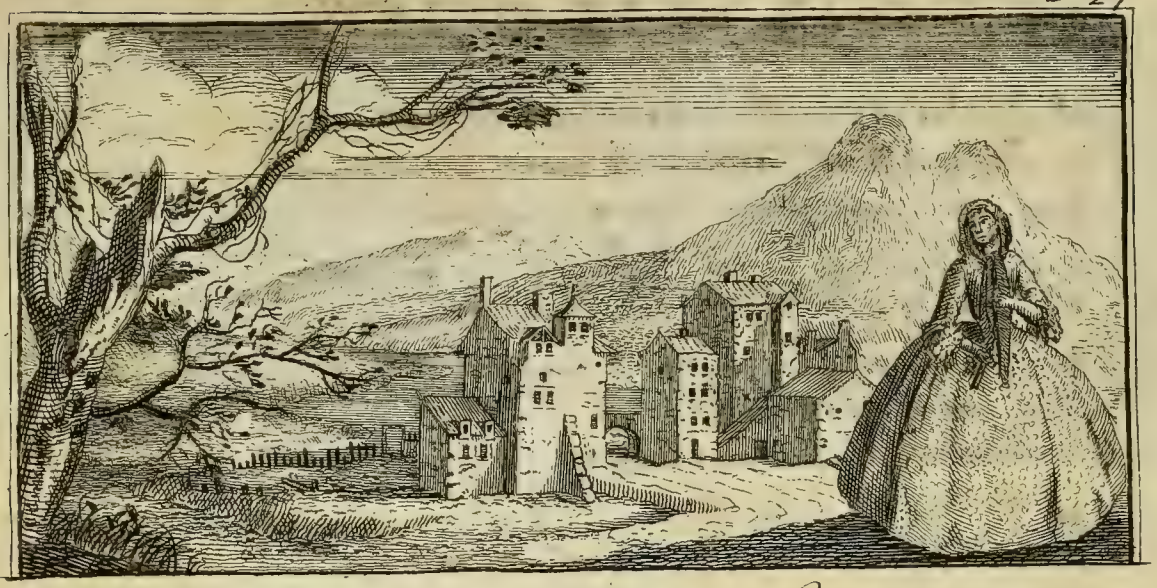
Now sobbing, pining, crying,
The beauteous widow ran;
And vowd, in endless sighing
To weep her constant man
But Corydon, the rover
To court her did prepare
And thought a nother lover
Might not displease the fair.

4

With boldness he advances
The fair his love denies
Till irresistless glances
Shot flaming from his Eyes
With Oaths and vows assaling
He wips each tear-swoln cheek
Untill his love prevailing,
He weds her in a week

Flute


O'ldis pov
Where the loos fesh
Where fuce, Odours on her wing
No feathr'd roges at her
That Invades me
Or what



The Beauty of true Love

set by Mr Carey

Andante

Loves a gentle Gen--rous

Paſsion source of all sublime Delight When with mutul Inclination Two fond

Hearts in one unite Two fond Hearts in one unite

What are Titles Pomp or Riches
If compaird with true content
That false Joy which now benritches
When obtaind we may repent

Lawleſs Paſsions bring Vexation
But a chaste and constant Love
Is a glorious Emulation
Of the Bliſsful state above

1 Once more I'll tune the vocal Shell
To hills and Dales my passion tell
A flame which time can never Quell
But burn for thee my Peggy
Yet Cupid bars the Lyre should hint
Or say what Subject is more fit
Then to record the sparkling wit
And Charms of lovely Peggy

2 The Sun first rising in the Morn
That paints the Dew bespangl'd thorn
Does not so much the Lay adorn
As does my lovely Peggy
I stole a kiss the other Day
And truth me never but truth Say
The fragrance of the blooming May
Is not so sweet as Peggy

3 Where she assist in rustic weed
With the the bleating Flock to Feed
And Pipe upon the Eaten Reed
To please my lovely Peggy
Oh how a Cottage would delight
All happy when she is in my Sight
But when she gon his endless Night
Alls dark with out my Peggy

4 When Passion stirr to Pleas shall rove
Now limpid wanders through the Grove
Or stately Swains the Water Love
So long shall I love Peggy
And when Death with his powerful dart
Shall strike the blow that divides my heart
My Words shall be when I depart
Adieu my Lovely Peggy

Bright Author &c.

Andante

Bright Author of my present flame am I awake or do ---- I dream

Art thou an Angel that I see come down from heavn to comfort me, bright me Or art a fu-ry

lately made escape from hell to chea---t me to chea-t me in---a fairer shape er shape

Affet.

Thou like a Commet dost ap-pear in this our less fre-quented sphere sphere at

once to dazzle and surprize with Love our hearts, with light our Eyes with love our hearts with

light our eyes at eyes

But if thou come portending fu-ture

pain een like a Blazing star retire again But if thou come portending fu-ture pain een like a bla--

zing star retire again een like a bla-

zing Star retire again

Flute

Affet.

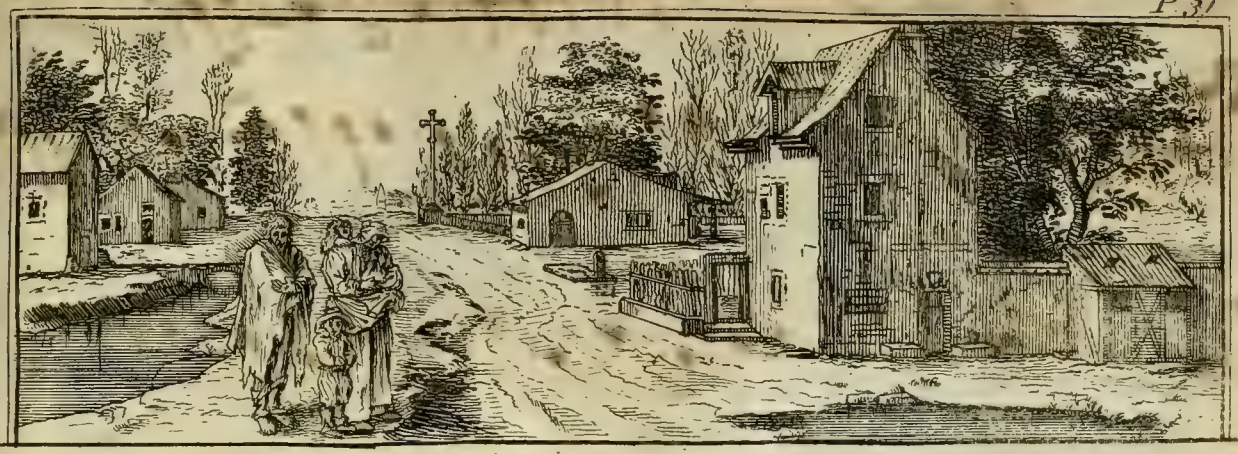
By Men Belov'd

set by Mr Stanley

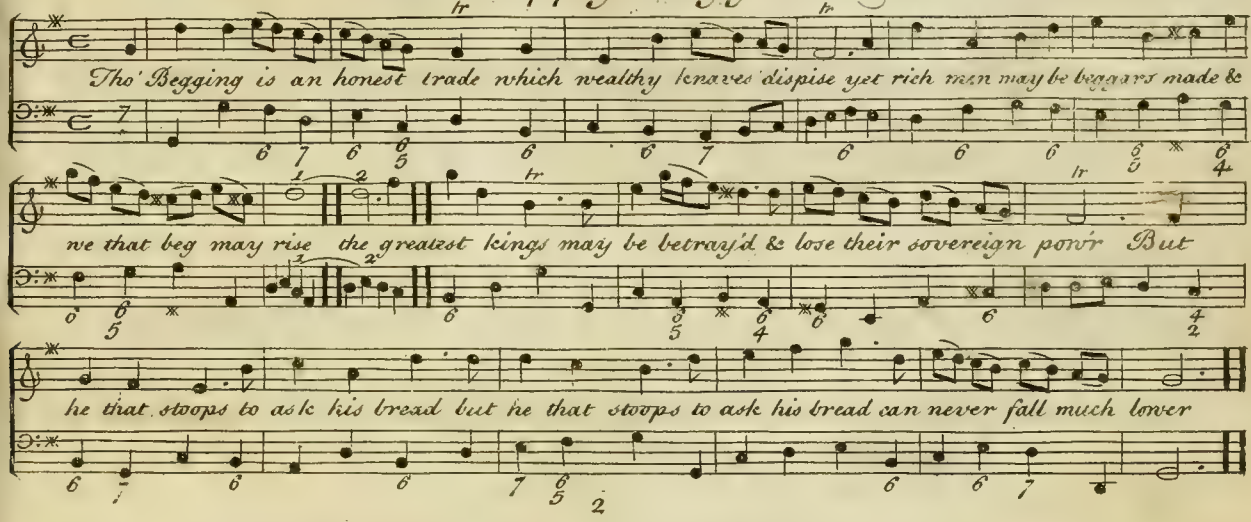
By Men belov'd how soon we're mov'd How easly they perswade How easly they perswade they please us so who can say no or who wou'd dye a Maid Males for females Heav'n intended so that Heav'n mayn't be Offended he that first makes Love to me shall find I'll be as fond as he, shall find I'll be as fond as he.

A Tender Maid at first tho' staid,
When once she thinks of Love, &c,
Will freely own that lying alone;
Is what she cant approve,
Fruit when young eats y^e^ y^e^ sweetest,
Looks the gayest & the Neatest,
Women too by all Confest,
When young they're kist Kiss then y^e^ Best
When young they're kist Kiss then y^e^ Best

Flute



The happy Beggars.



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

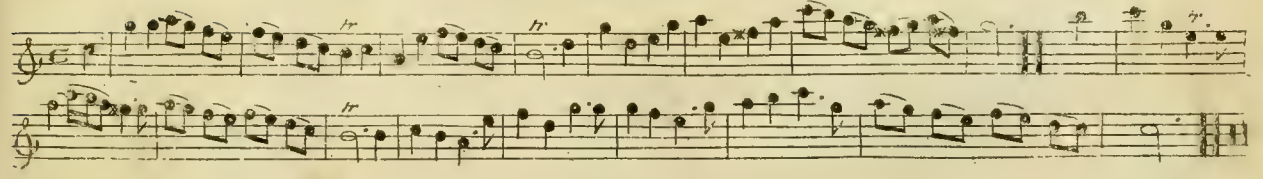
3

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

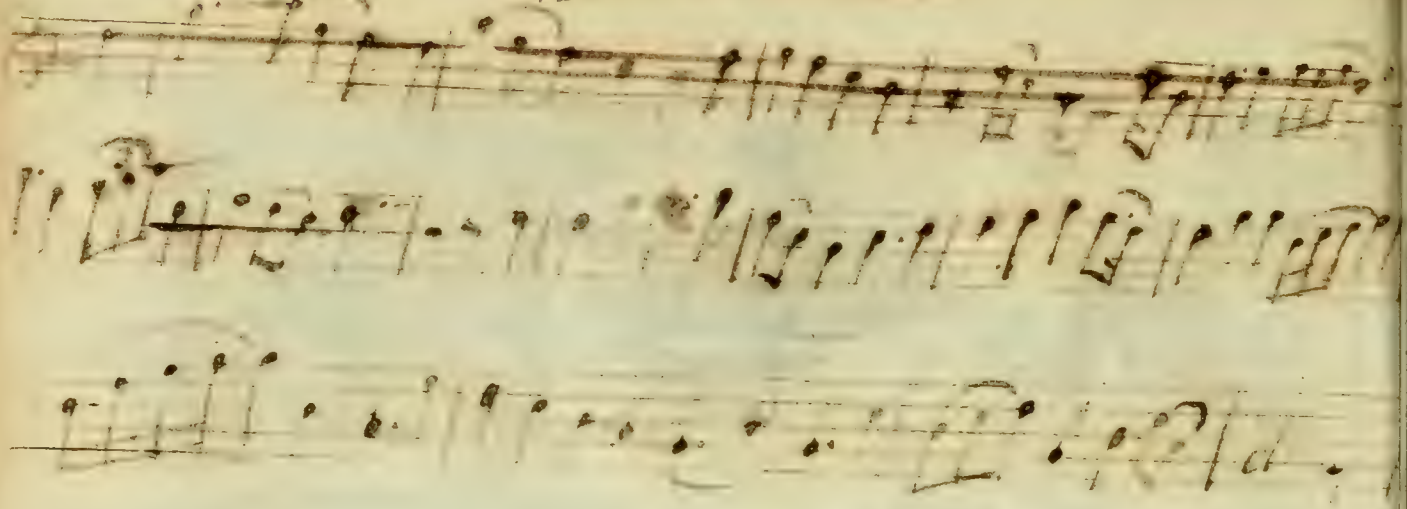
4

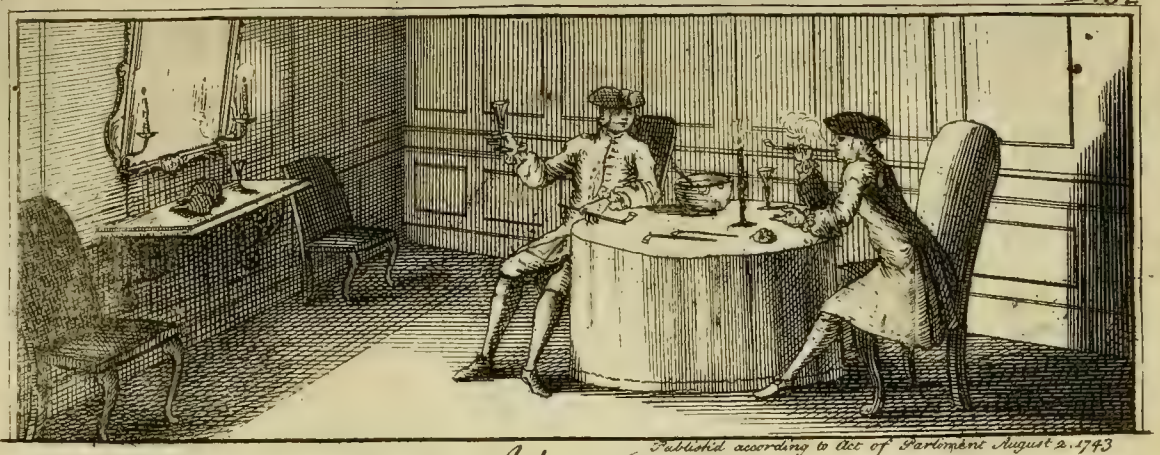
What tho' we make the world believe, that we are sick or lame
'Tis now a virtue to dexive, our teachers do the same.
In trade dissemsling is no Crime and we may live to see
That begging in a little time the only trade will be.

Flute



Baurrous





Published according to Act of Parliment August 2. 1743

Cato's Advice

set by Mr. Carey

What Cato advises most certainly wise is not always to labour but sometimes to play to

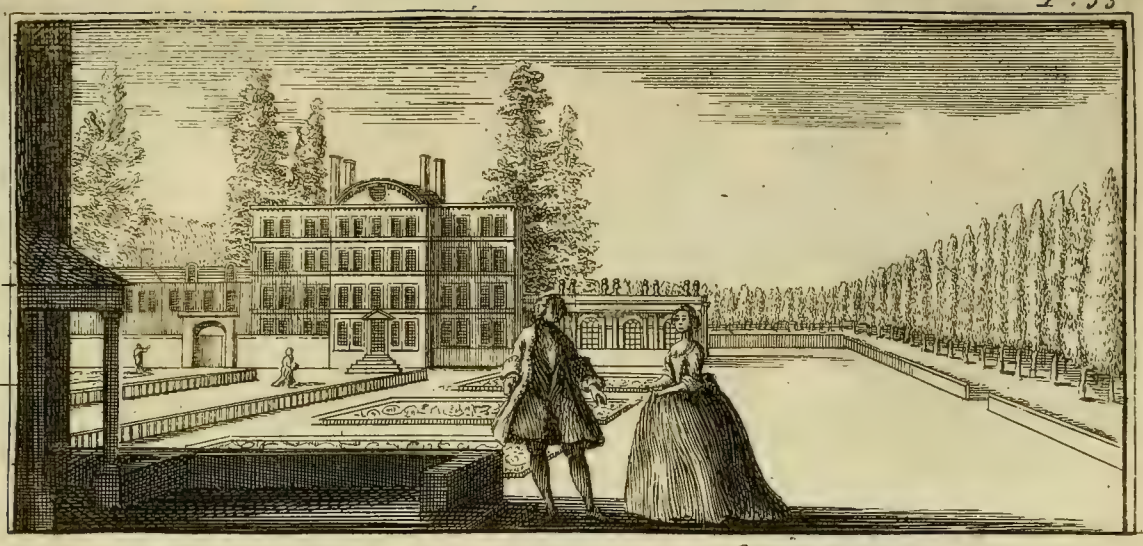
mingle sweet pleasure nor search after treasure. indulging at night for the toils of the Day.

And while the dull miser esteems himself wiser his bags to encrease he his health will de-

cay. Our souls we enlighten. our fancies we brighten. and pass ye long evnings in pleasure away

All chearful and hearty We set aside party
With some tender fair each bright bumper is crownd
Thus Bacchus invites us thus Venus delights us
While care in an Ocean of Claret is drownd
See here's our physician we know no Ambition
But where there's good wine & good company found
Thus happy together in spite of all weather
Tis sunshine & summer with us ye year round

Flute



The Ardent Lover

Believe my Sighs my Tears my Dear, Relieve y. Heart you've won believe my

Vows to you Sincere, Or Moggy I'm undone, You say I'm Fickle & apt to change at

every Face that's new Of all y. Girls I ever saw I ne'er Lov'd one but you.

My heart was like a Lump of Ice,
Till warm'd by your Bright Eye;
And then it kindled in a Trice,
A Flame that ne'er can die.

Then take & try me & you shall find,
That I've a heart thats true;
Of all the Girls I ever saw,
I ne'er Lov'd One like you.

Flute

Published according to Act of Parliament July 9. 1743

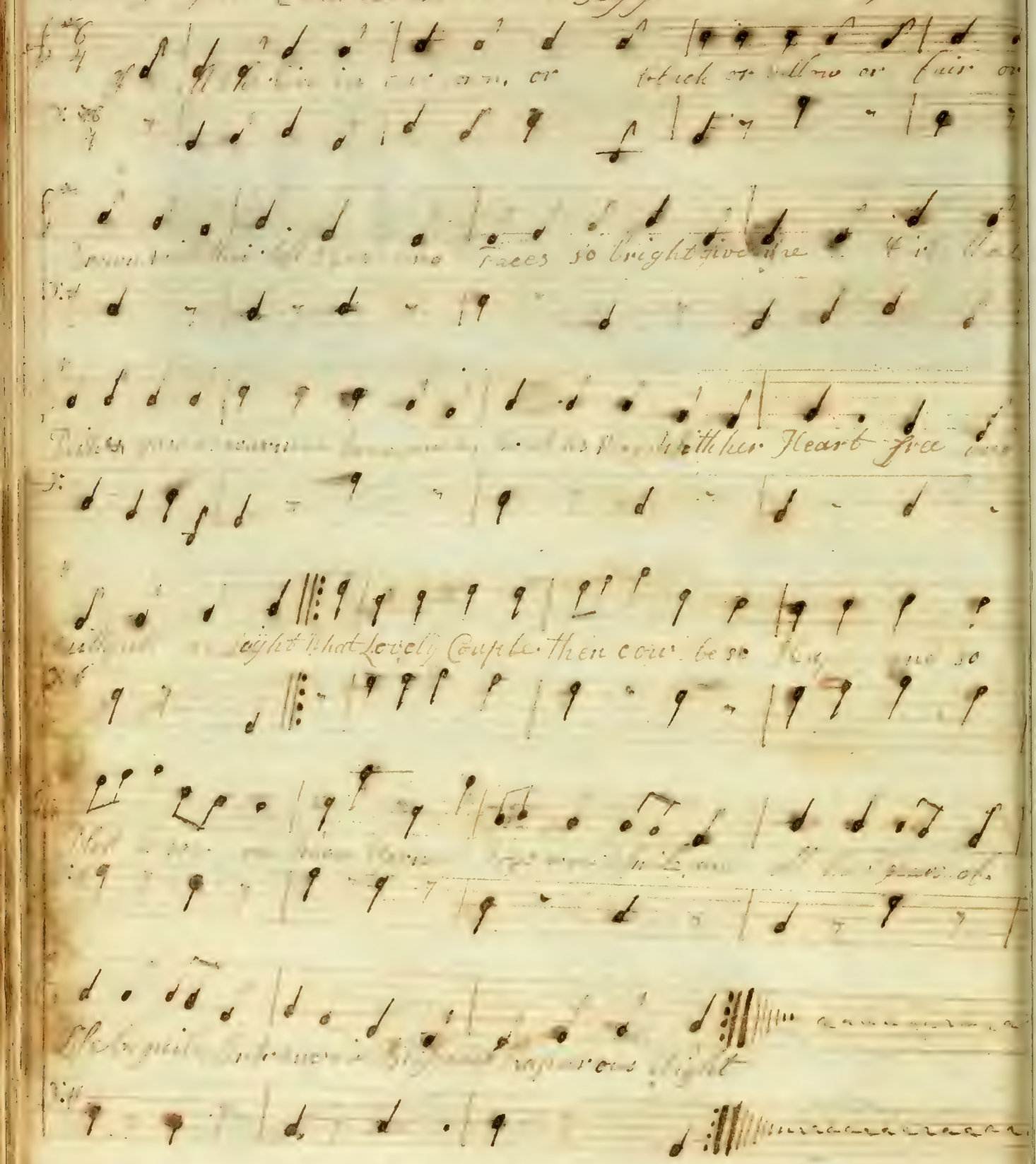
Orpheus and Euridice set by Mr. Boyce

When Orpheus went down to the Regions below, which men are forbidden to see he wind up his Lyre as old historys shew to set his Euridice free, to set his Euridice free All hell was astonishd a person so wise should rashly endanger his life and venture so far but how vast their surprize when they heard that he came for his wife, how vast their surprize when they heard that he came for his wife

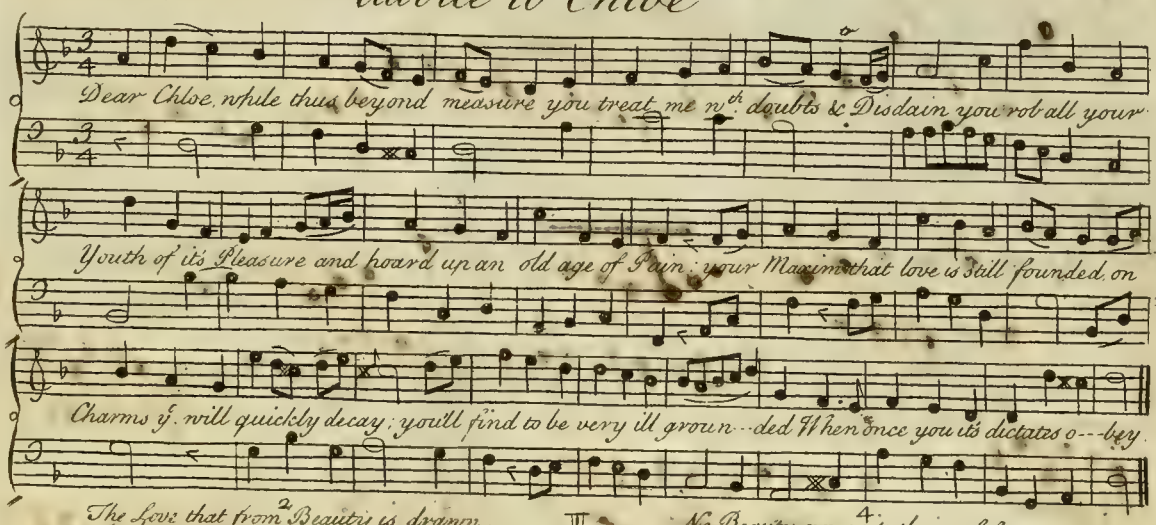
To find out a punishment due to the fault
Old pluto had puzzld his brain
But hell had not torments sufficient he thought
So he gave him his wife back again, he gave him &c.
But pity succeeding soon vanquishd his heart
And pleasd with his playing so well
He took her again in reward of his art
Such power had musick in hell, in reward &c.

Flute

Coal Black Joak
Charlotte the Beggar's Wedding



Advice to Chloe



2

The Love that from Beauty is drawn,
By kindness you ought to improve;
Soft looks & gay smiles are the dawn,
Fruition's the sun shine of Love:
And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes,
Should be clouded that now are so gay;
And darkness obscure all the skies,
You ne'er can forget it was day.

3

Old Darby with Joan by his side,
You've often regarded with wonder;
He's dropsical she is dym Eyd,
Yet they're ever uneasy a sunder:
Together they totter about,
Or sit in the sun at the door;
And at Night when old Darby's pot's out,
His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

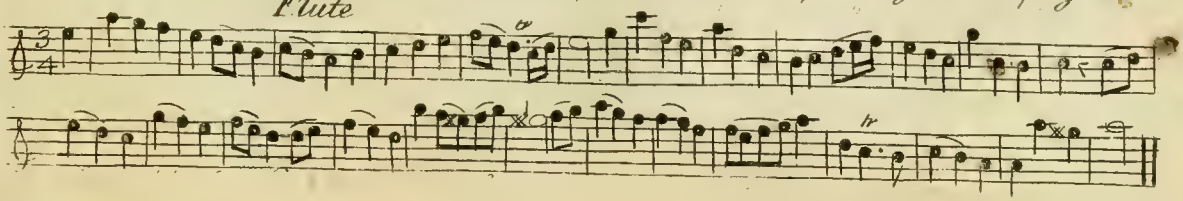
4

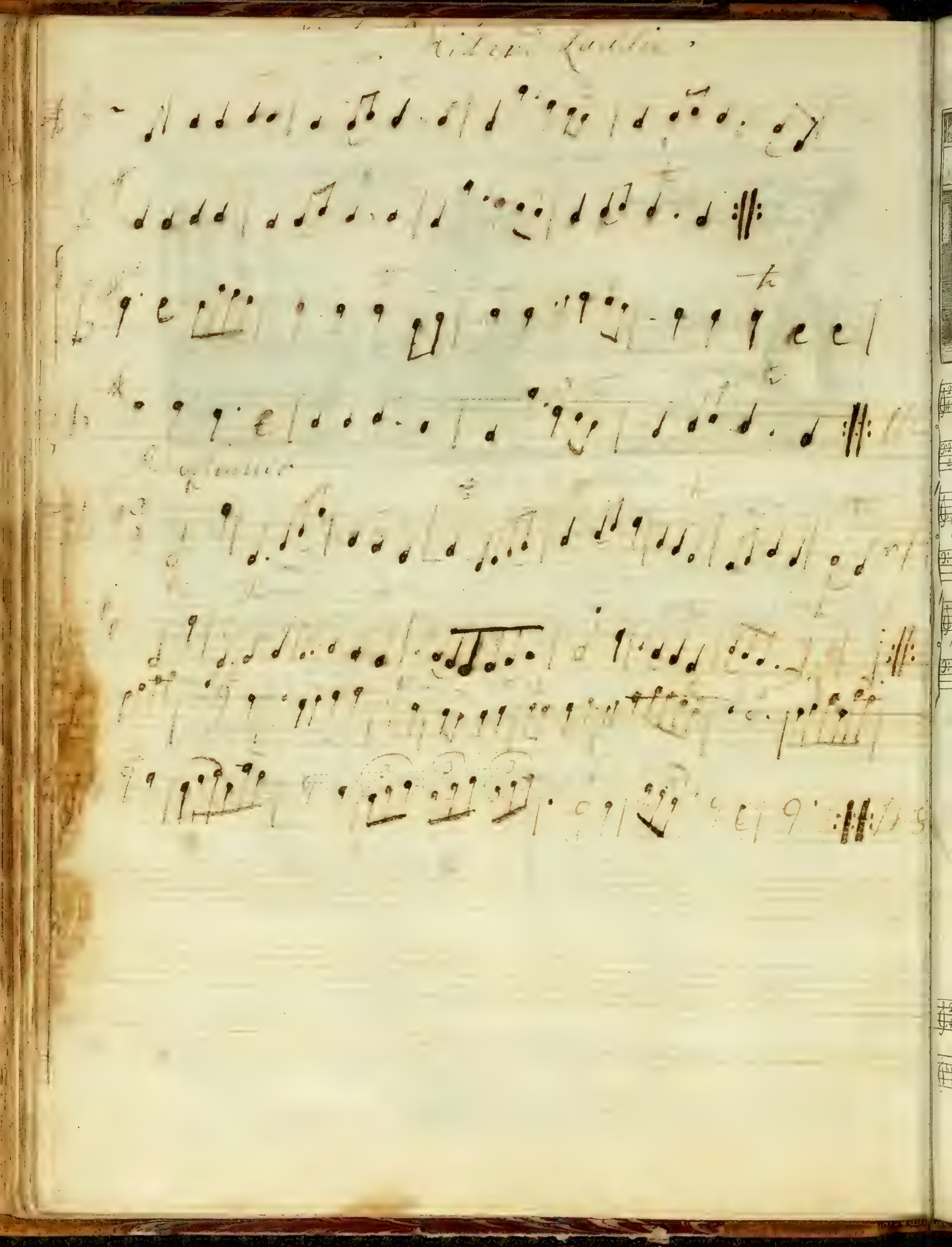
No Beauty nor wit they possess
Their several failings to smother;
Then what are the charms can you guess
That makes them so fond of each other:
'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
The Endearments which youth did bestow;
The thoughts of past pleasure & truth,
The best of our Blessings below.

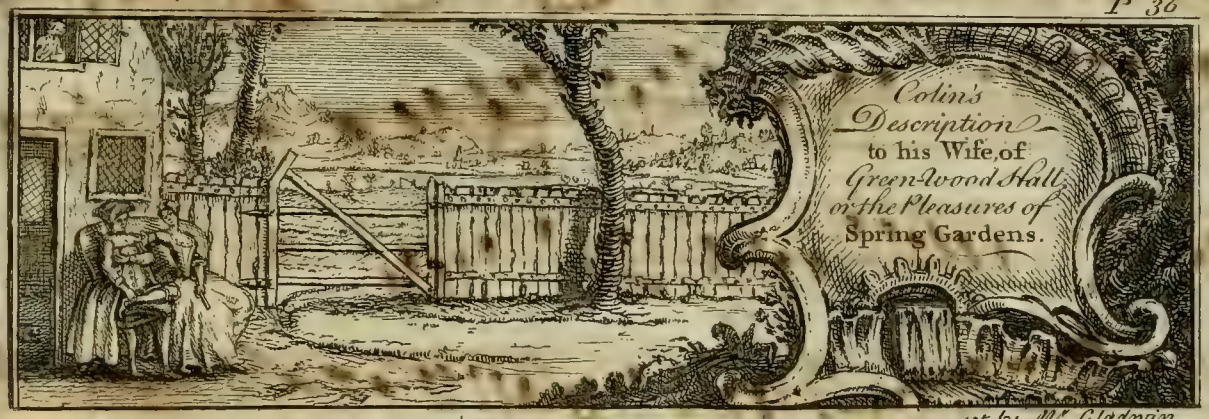
5

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

Flute







set by Mr. Gladwin

O! Mary soft in fea-ture, I've been at dear Vauxhall: No Pa-ra-dise is sweeter Not that they E-den call At Night such new va-ga-ries such gay & harmlefs sport. All look'd like Gi-ant fai-ries And thus their Mo-narch's Court

Methought, when first I enter'd
Such splendors round me shone
Into a world I ventur'd
Where rose another sun
Whilst music never cloying
As sky larks sweet I hear
The sound I'm still enjoying
They'll always sooth my Ear

Here Paintings sweetly glowing
Where e'er our glances fall
Here colours life bestowing
Bedeck this green-wood hall
The King their dubs a Farmer *
Their John his doxy loves *
But my delight the charmer
Who steals a pair of gloves. *

As still amaz'd I'm straying
O'er this Inchanted grove
I spy a Harper † playing
All in his proud alcove
I doft my hat desiring
He'd tune up Buxon-Joan
But what was I admiring
Odzooks! a man of Stone

But now the Tables spreading
They all fall to with glee
Not ev'n at Squire's fine wedding,
Such dainties did I see
I lang'd (poor starv'ling rover)
But none heed country elves
These folk with lace dawb'd over
Love only dear themselves

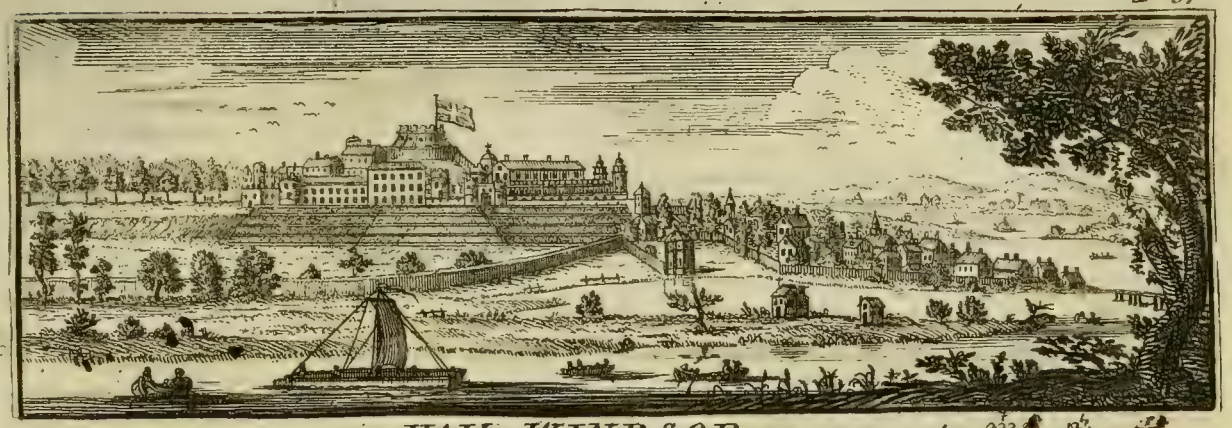
Thus whilst 'mid joys abounding
As grasshoppers they're gay
At distance crouds surrounding
The Lady of the May. ‡
The Man i'th' moon twee'd slily
Soft twink'ling thro' the Trees
As tho' twould please him highly
To taste delights like these

* Alluding to three pictures in the pavilions, viz The King and the Miller of Mansfield. The Sailors in a tippling house in Wapping: And the girl stealing a kiss from a sleeping Gentleman.
† Mr Handels Statue. ‡ Her Royal Highness the princess of Wales sitting under her splendid pavilion,

Flute

Bellize Minuette

Lovely Peggy



HAIL WINDSOR

Unisoni sung by Mr. Bowq.

Larghetto

Hail Windsor crown'd w.th lofty Tow'rs where nature wantons at her will decks ev'ry Vale w.th fruits & flowers with wa---ving trees adorns each hill

Like Mars w.th Venus in his Arms like his thy strength like hers thy charms like his thy strength like hers thy charms

When o'er thy Plains I stretch mine eyes.
Pleas'd with thy prospects unconfind;
A thousand scens before me rise,
A thousand beauties charm my mind.
Tho. different each, yet each agrees,
Nor this, nor that, but all things please.

Thus Strephon views his lovely Fair
From Charm to Charm in raptures lost
Yet not her face nor shape nor Air
Nor yet her Eyes transport him most
But 'tis the Heavenly finish'd whole
With matchless Grace delights his soul

Flute

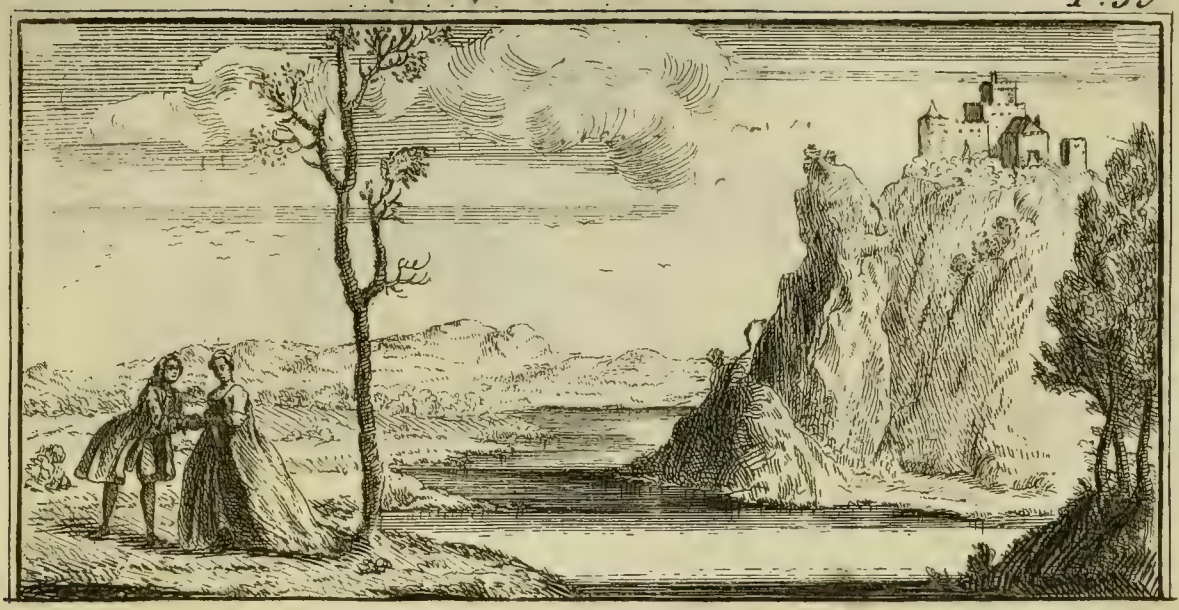
When Fanny, Blooming fair, First met my ravish'd sight, Caught with her shape & air, I felt a strange delight: Whilst ea-gerly I gaz'd, admiring ev-ry part, I ev-ry Fea-ture praisd, she stole in-to my Heart

In her bewitching Eyes,
Young smiling Loves appears,
There Cupid basking lyes,
His shafts are hoarded there;
Her Blooming cheeks are dyd,
With Colour all their own,
Excelling far the pride,
Of Roses newly blown,

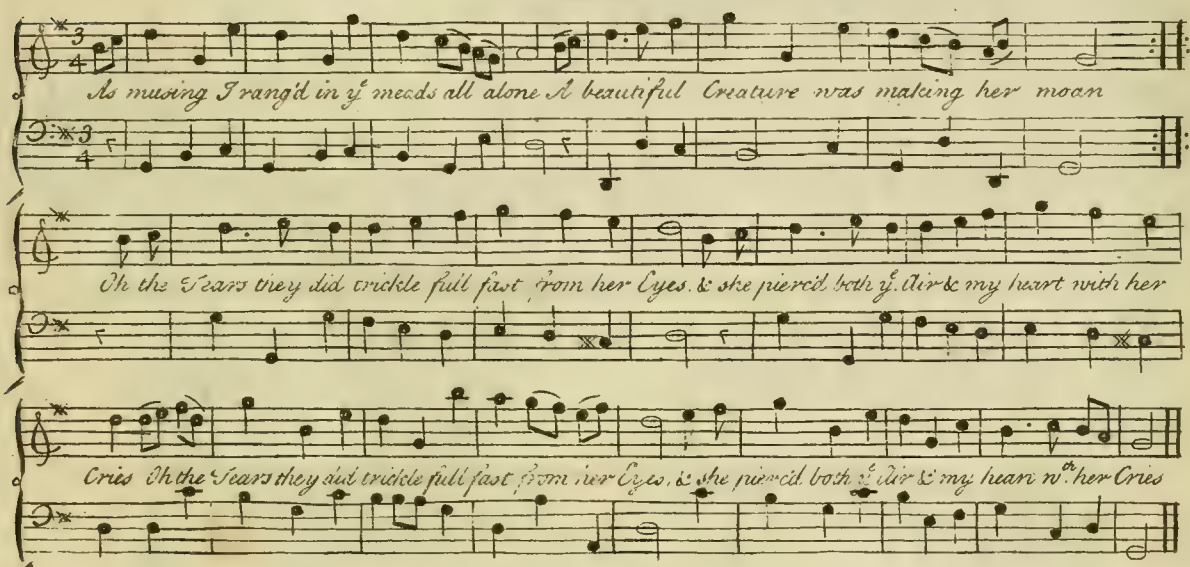
Her well turnd limbs confess
The lucky hand of Jove
Her Features all express
The Beautious Queen of Love
What Flames my nerves invade
When I behold the Breast
Of that too lovely Maid
Rise swing to be prest

Venus round Fanny's waste
Hath her own Cestus Bound
With Guardian Cupids gracd
Who Sport the circle round
How happy will he be
Who shall her Zone unlose
That bliss to all but me
May Heav'n and she refuse

Flute



Senisino



2

I gently requested the Cause of her moan
She told me her sweet Senisino was flown
And in y^e sad Posture she'd ever remain
Unless ye dear Charmer would come back again

3

Why who is this Mortal so Cruel said I
That drains such a stream from so lovely an Eye
To beauty so blooming, what man can be blind
To Passion so tender: what Monster unkind.

4

Tis neither for Man, nor for Woman said she
That thus in Lamenting I water the lee
My warbler Celestial sweet darling of Fame
Is a Shadow of something a Sex without Name

5

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

6

No Linnet, no Blackbird no Sky lark said she
But one much more tuneful by far than all three
My sweet Senisino, for whom thus I cry
Is sweeter than all y^e wing'd Songsters that fly

7

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

Fair Sally set by Dr. Greene

Hearty

Fair Sally lovd a bonny Seaman With tears she sent him out to roam Young Thomas

lovd no other woman, But left his heart with her at home She viewd ye sea from off the

hill, and while she turnd ye spinning wheel, Sung of her bonny Seaman.

1
The Winds blew loud and she grew paler;
To see the weather cock turn round;
When lo! she spyd her bonny Sailor,
Come Singing o'er the fallow ground:
With nimble haste he leapd the style,
And Sally met him with a smile,
And hugd her bonny Sailor.

2
Fast round the waste he took his Sally,
But first around his mouth wipd he;
Like hometred spark he could not dally,
But kissd, and pressd her with a glee:
Thro winds and waves, and dashing rain,
Cryd he, thy Tom's returnd again,
And brings a heart for Sally.

3
Wellcome she cryd, my constant Thomas,
Tho' out of sight, 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,
Could drive my constant Thomas

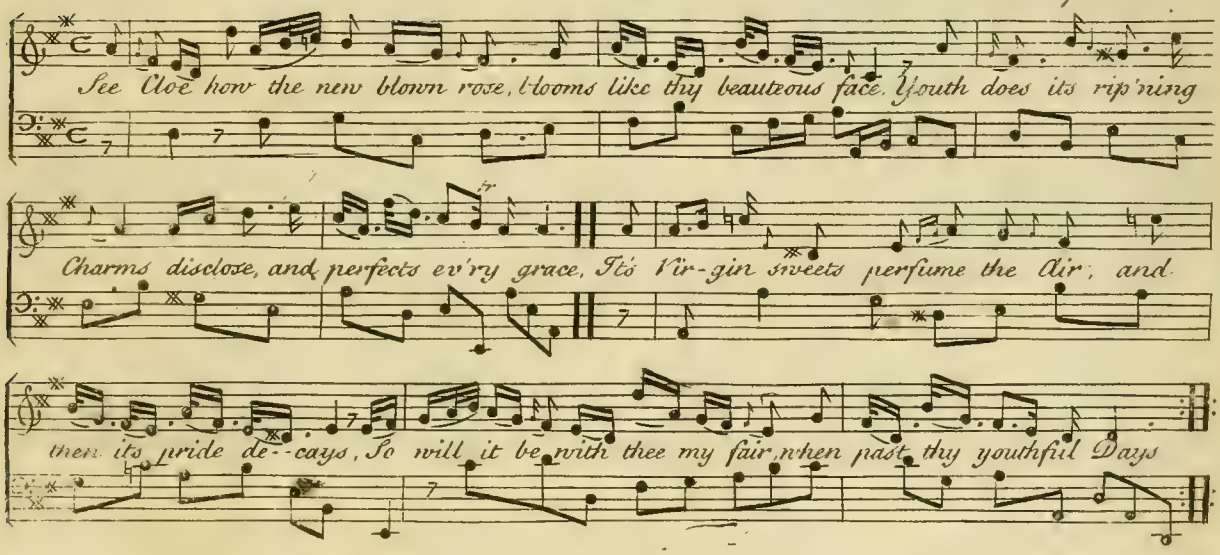
4
This knife the gift of lovely Sally
I still have kept for her dear sake
A thousand times in am'rous Folly
Thy Name I've carv'd upon the Deck
Again this happy Pledge [illegible]
To tell how truely Thomas burns
How truly burns for Sally

5
This thimble didst thou give to Sally
Whilst this I see I think of you
Then why does Tom stand shill I shall I
While yonder Steeples in our View
Tom never to occasion blind
Now took her in the coming mind
And went to Church with Sally

Flute

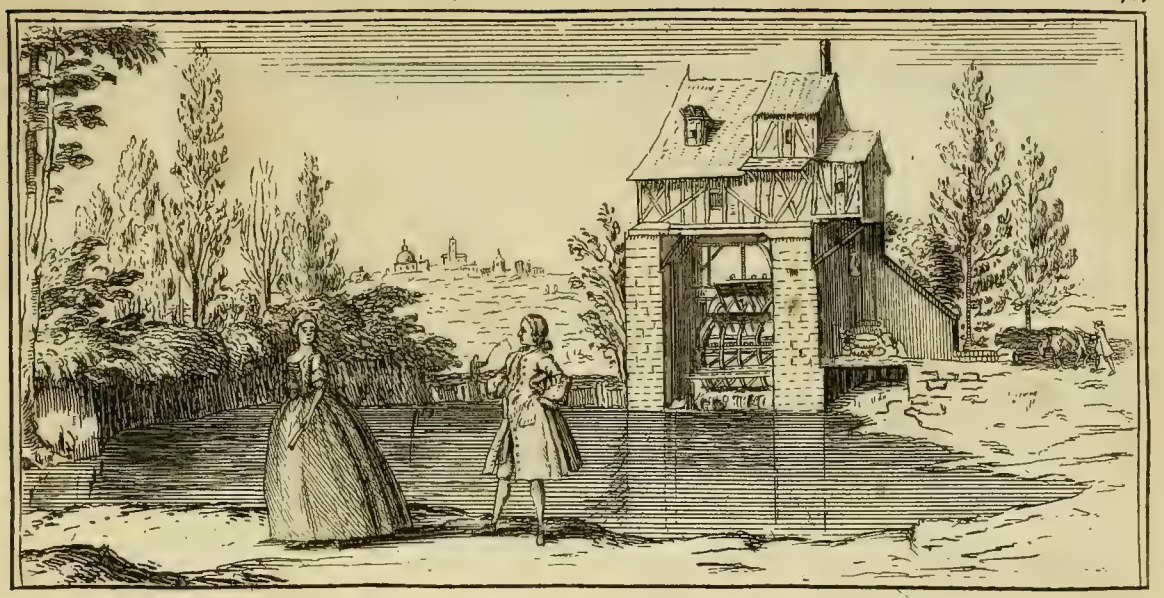
Advice to Cloe

Set by Mr. Howard



2

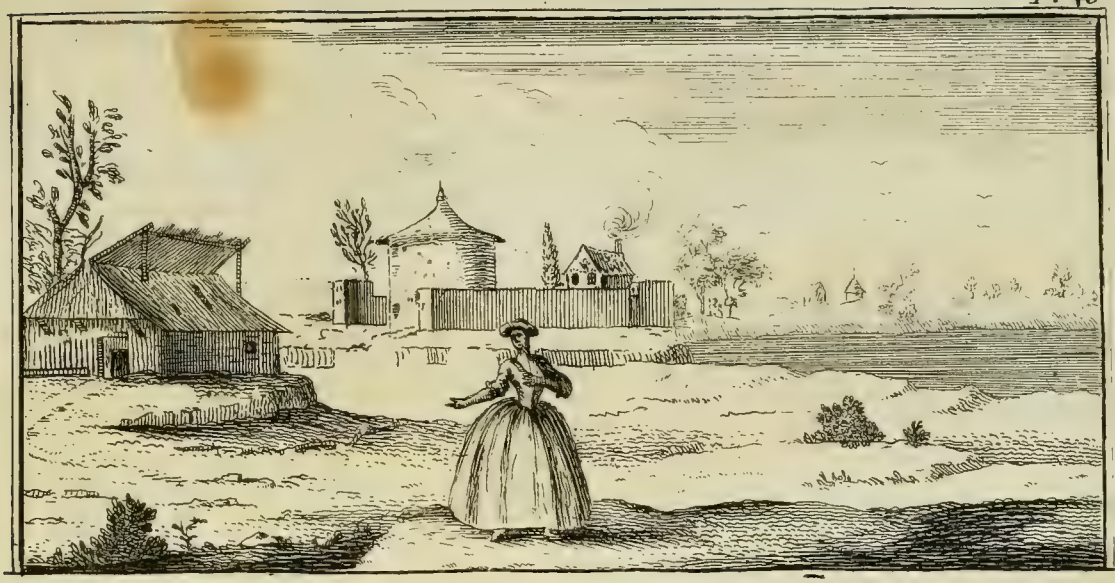
No April can revive thy Charms,
No Sun can light thine Eyes;
Soft Love will leave thy snowy arms,
When age begins to rise:
Then Cloe let my passion move
Thy pity for my pain
Obey the voice of gentle love
Love, and be Lov'd again



A Truth, set by Mr. Prelleur

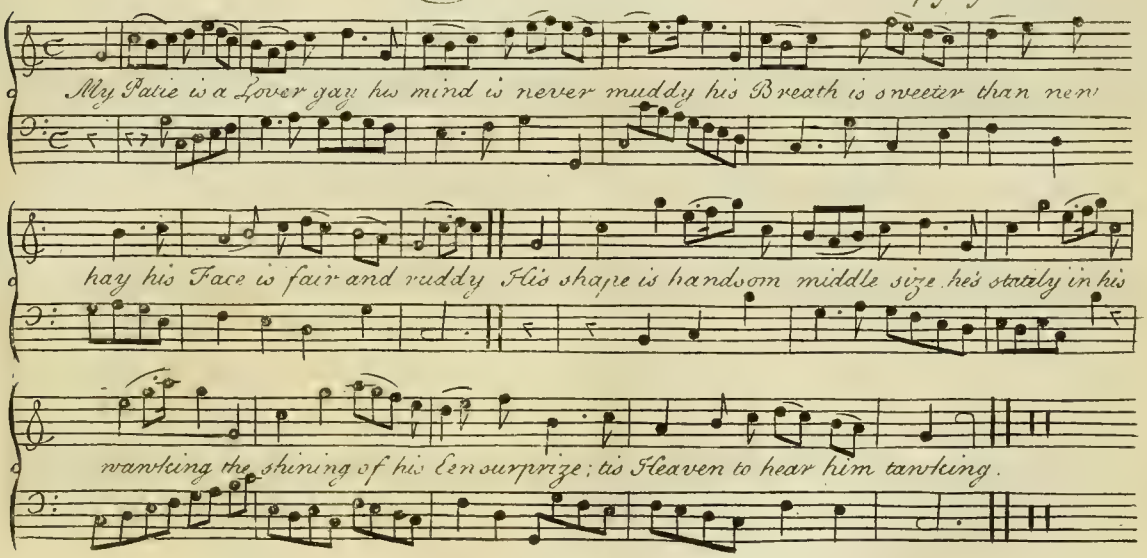
Women formd by Nature Coy, blush to give or take joy. Joy Man by nature warm & brave must to win them be a slave Fawn & flatter sigh and whine Call their mortal Charms call their mortal charms divine When the Idol thus we please Female pride deceivd Female pride deceivd obeys

For the German & Common Flutes



Corn Riggs are Bonny

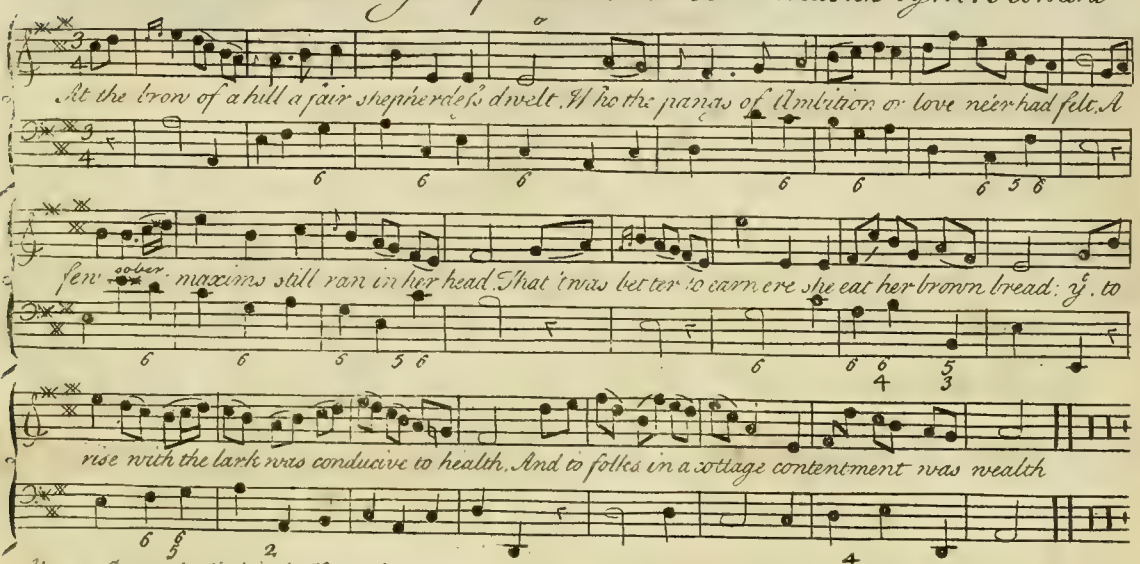
in Compass of the Flute



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

Let Maidens of a silly a mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting
Since we for yielding are designd
We chastly should be granting
Then I'll comply & marry Pate
And syne my Cockernony
He's free to touzle air or late
Where Corn Riggs are bonny

The Lass of the Hill set to Musick by Mr. Howard



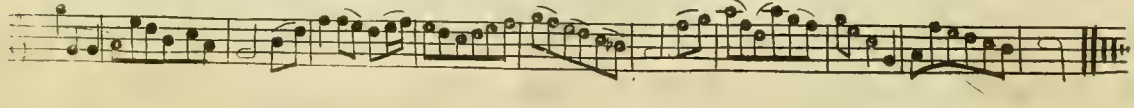
Young Roger that lived in the Valley below
Who at church and at market was reckon'd a beau
Would oftentimes cry o'er her heart to prevail
And would rest on his pitchforke to tell her his tale
With his nannung behavior he so wrought on her heart
That quite artless herself she suspected no art

He flatter'd, protested, he kneel'd and implor'd:
And would lie with the grandeur and air of a lord
Her eyes he commended w. language well dreft
And enlarg'd on the tortures he felt in his breast
With his sighs and his tears he so softend her mind
That in downright compassion to love she inclin'd

But as soon as he'd melted the ice of her breast
The heat of his passion in a moment decreas'd.
And now he goes flaunting all o'er the vale
And boasts of his conquests to Susan and Nell
Tho he sees her but seldom he's always in haste
And whenever he mentions her makes her his jest

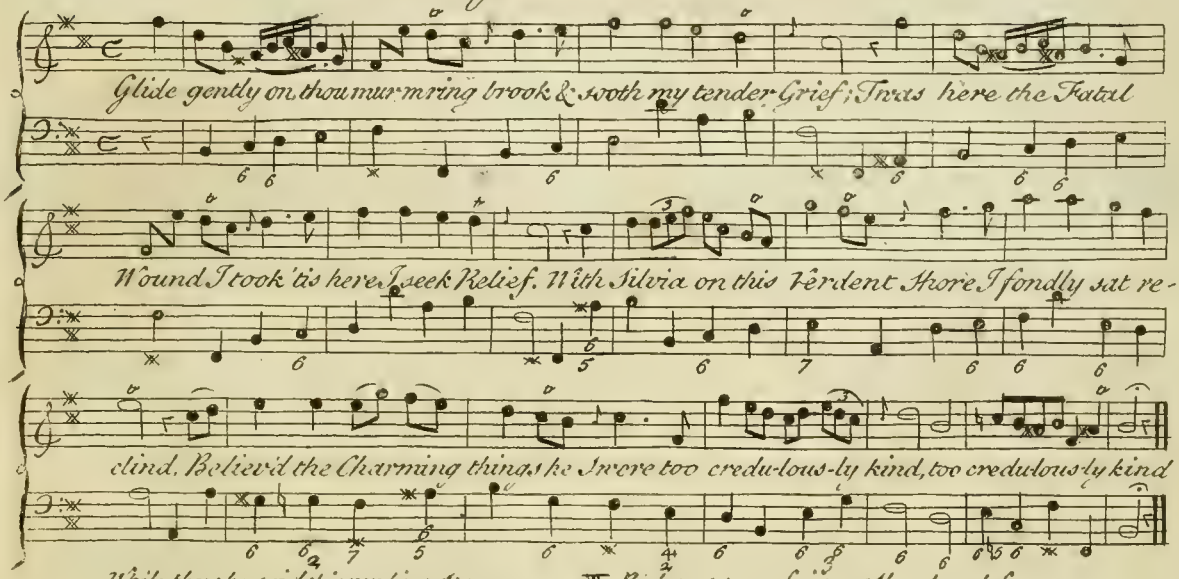
Take heed ye young Virgins of Briton's gay Isle
How you venture your hearts for a look or a smile
For young Cupid is artful and Virgins are frail
And you'll find a false Roger in every vale
Who to court you and tempt you will try all their skill
But remember the lass at the brow of the hill

Flute



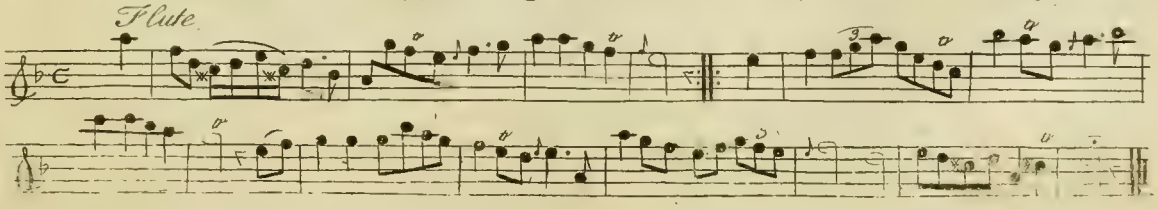
1st I'll sing you a very a story I know, Concerning a Sailor whos Name it
Who had lately been at Sea but now was come on Shore
Rago apparel Like one that was poor
He hastens to his Lodging he hastens away
To hear what unto him To hear what unto him, His Lady thus say
2d You are welcome home dear Young you are welcome home to me
This night my Daughter Molly has dreamed of thee
I hope Dearest Young you have made a good trade
Then straight Replies Young Young a broken Voyage is made
Call down your Daughter Molly and let her down by me
I'll Drown all my sorrow I'll drown all my Care that we may Merry
3d My Daughter Molly Bride & Gunner Come to you
But yet John I'll Trust you for one hour or two
The night was Coming on Young hung down his head
Then he Calles for a Candle to show him to Bed
The Beds are all Taken and has been for a Week
So for a week Lodging so for a new lodging Young Tommy Tried to
4th To Castle Hospital Where he

The Forsaken Maid



While thus he said this purling Stream
Back to its Spring shall flow,
O Pasterella, e'er my Flame
The least decay shall know.
Ye conscious Waves roll back again,
Back to your Chrystal head
The false ungratefull perjur'd Swain,
Has broke the Vows he made. Has broke &c.

Perhaps some fairer Shepherdess
His faithless breast has warm'd,
And those kind Vows & soft address
Her Guiltless Heart has charm'd.
But tell the Nymph thou gentle Stream
If e'er She visits Thee,
The trech'rous Youth has vow'd the same
Yet broke his Faith with me Yet broke &c.



welcome hour

Quite wrong that

moved in Quite new and Rising

Head moved now. Quite Dry and Hoa

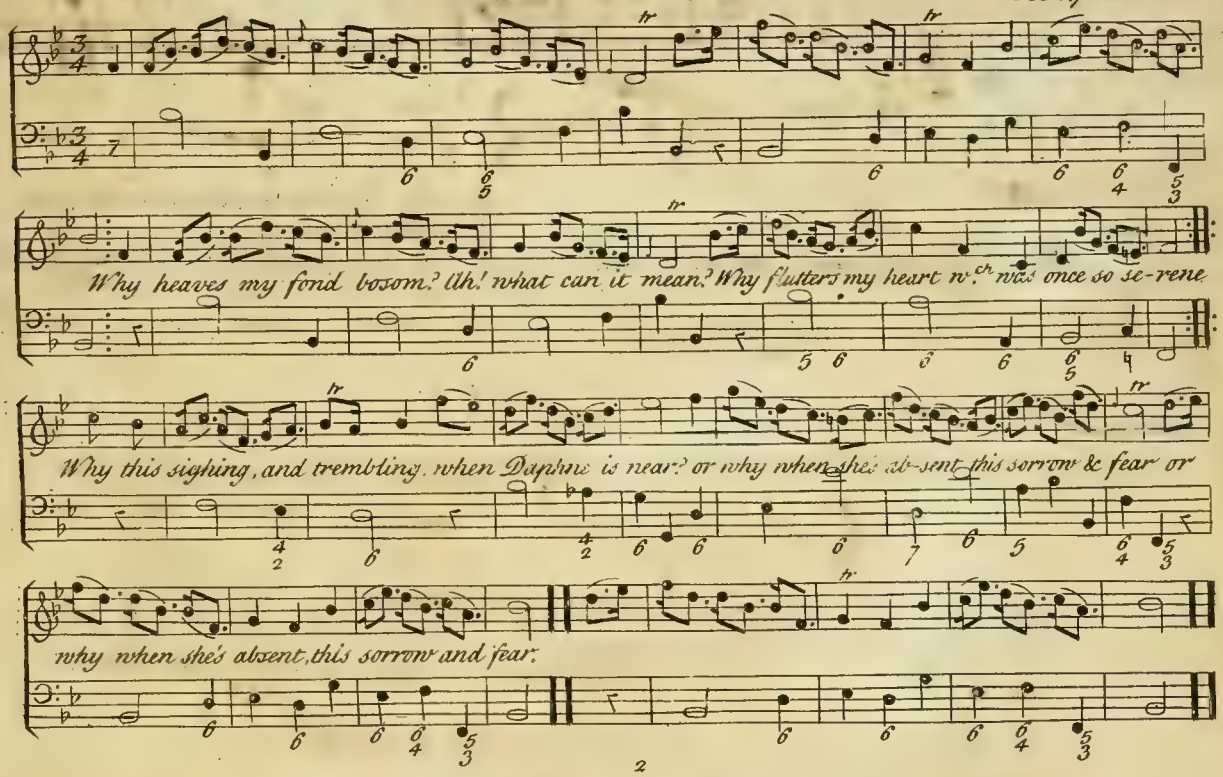
Quarts met brought mean goo Stove

one Cut of Loves Night Fleur

mother others more

The Disconsolate Lover

Set by Mr. Howard



2

For ever, methinks, I with wonder could trace,
The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face;
Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find,
With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy mind.

3

Untainted with folly, unsullied by pride,
There native good humour, and virtue reside;
Pray heaven that virtue thy soul may supply,
With Compassion for him who without thee must die.

[illegible] Royal Highness [illegible]

Cum

Fortunia [illegible] William [illegible] Victorious [illegible] Full Britons [illegible]

Chorus

[illegible] Voices raise to [illegible] glory to his [illegible] his [illegible] to his [illegible]

2 [illegible] no more [illegible] read

[illegible] Invasion at its head

While William has Command,

3 [illegible] Protestant Religion

[illegible] Danger shall [illegible]

For [illegible] valiant in his Country's

The Duke has [illegible]

Cho:

George only Rules to keep us free;

[illegible] William [illegible]

[illegible] Britons [illegible]

[illegible] all [illegible] unite

Cho: [illegible] Voice in Chorus raise

To George's glory to his Praise

The Contented Farmer. Set by Mr Carey

Vivace forte

What care I for affairs of State, or who is Rich or who is Great How far a-
broad the Ambitious roam, to bring or Gold or Silver home what is't to
me, if France, or Spain consent to Peace or Wars maintain

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

Flute

The Farmer's Wish.

Set by Mr Carey.

Lento

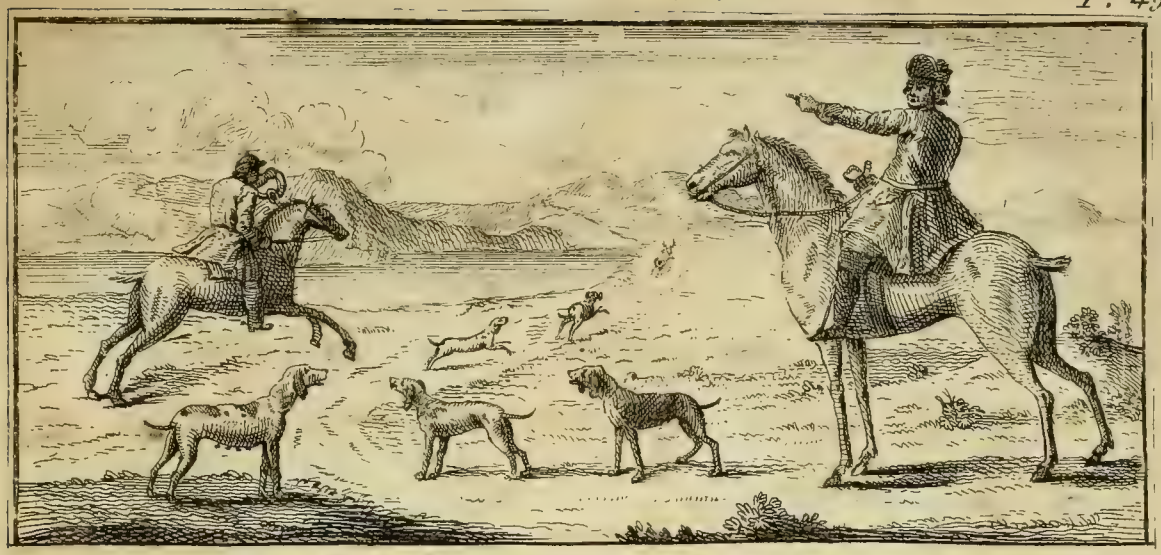
Near some smooth stream Oh let me keep my liber-ty & feed my Sheep

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

an Orchard which good Apples bear where spring a long green Mantle wears

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

Flute



The Hunting Song in Apollo and Daphne

The sweet Rosy Morn peeps over the Hills with Blushes adorning the Meadows

:S: Cho.

and Fields the Merry Merry Merry Horns calls come come come away a-

:S:

wake from your slumber and hail the new Day the

2

The Stag rouz'd before us
Away seems to fly
And pants to the Chorus
Of hounds in full Cry
Cho Then follow follow follow follow
The Musical Chace
Where pleasure and Vigrous
Health you embrace

3

The Days sport when over
Makes blood circle right
And gives the Brisk Lover
Fresh charms for the night
Cho. Then let us let us now enjoy
All wee can while wee may
Let Love Crown the night
As our sports Crown the Day

Flute

:S:

The Answer to the Song Two.

1

Since fate decrees that we must part you know we must be gone
Farewell my deare & kind sweet heart we shall meet again anon

2

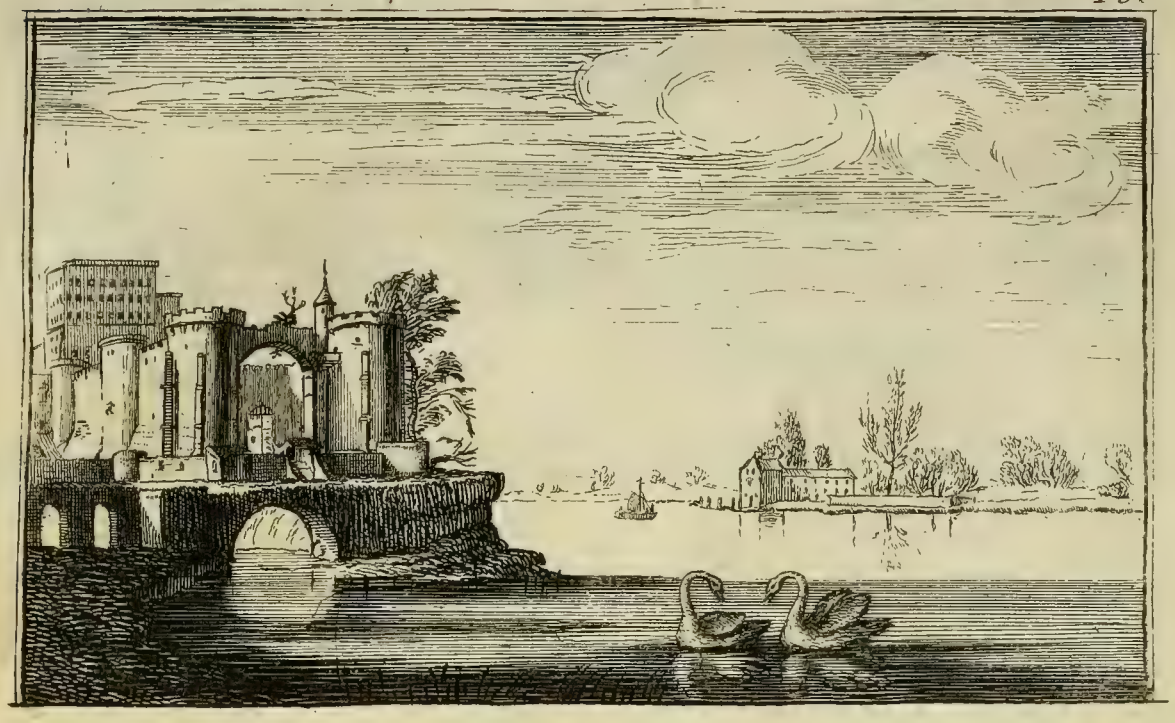
I'll hate no more for the dear sake, never incline thy breast
Thinking on thee my heart will break with grief and want of rest

3

Like the turtle dove will I mourn the loss of my dear mate
Never shall I rest in my grave or more wretched state

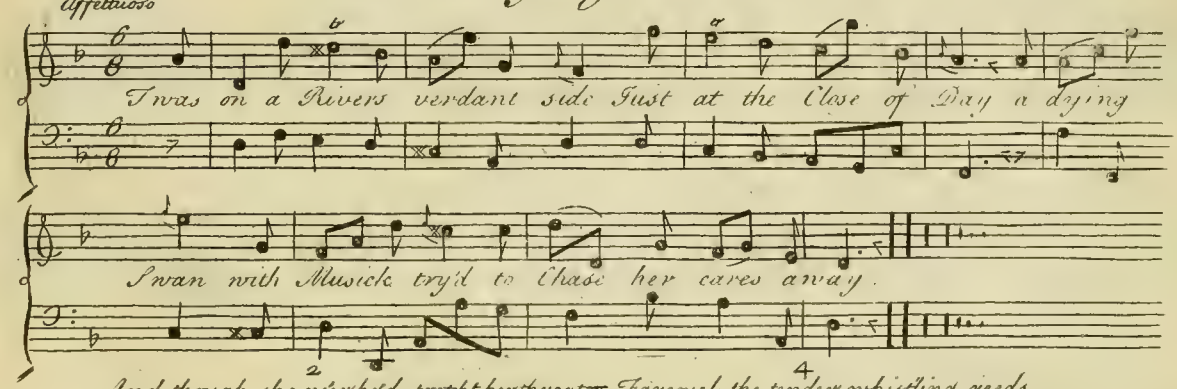
4

But when kind fate shall bring me I'll go out of all fear
Hoping for to find some [illegible] to meet me more my dear



The Dying Swan

Affettuoso



2

And though she ner had stretcht her throat
Nor tun'd her Voice before
Death ravisht with so sweet a note
A while y stroke forbore

3

Farewel she cry'd you silver streams
Ye purling Streams adieu
Where Phœbus us'd to dart her beams
And blest both me and you

4

Farewel the tender whistling reeds
Soft scenes of happy Love
Farewel ye bright enamel'd meads
Where I was us'd to rove

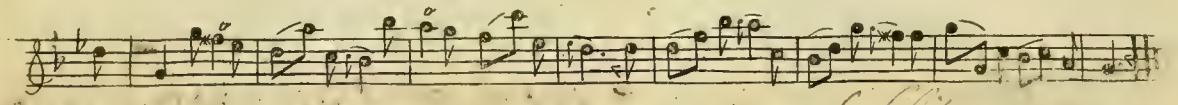
5

No more with you may I converse
See yonders setting sun
Attend whilst I my last rehearse
And then I must be gone

6

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

Flute



TO SYLVIA

set by Mr. Lampe

Affettuosa

If Truth can fix thy vav'ring heart, let Damon urge his claim, He feels the passion void of art the pure and constant Flame. The' sighing swains their torments tell their sensual love contemn, they only prize the beau--teous shell, but slight the inward Gem, but slight the inward Gem.

Possession cures the wounded heart,
Destroys the transient fire;
But when the mind receives the dart,
Enjoyment whets desire.
Your charms each slavish sense controul,
A Tyrant's short liv'd reign,
But milder reason rules the soul,
Nor time can break the chain.

By Age your beauties will decay
Your mind improves with years
As when the blossoms fade away
The rip'ning fruit appears
May heav'n and Sylvia grant my suit
And bless each future hour
That Damon, who can taste the fruit
May gather ev'ry flower

A New Cantata by Sig.r Anglosini

Recit.

Whilst Strephon on fair Chloe hung, & gently woo'd & sweetly sung, y. nymph in a disdainful air thus smiling mock'd y. shep.d

Aria Andante

Care swains I know that you discover in my form a thousand charms. can you point me out a lover worthy my encirling arms

:S:

Boy no more approach my beauty, till you equal merit boast, to a-dore me i-s a du-ty thousands witness to their

:S: Recit

Cost. stung to the heart the redining swain, on the vain maid re-to-------rts again foolish creature did each feature

Aria All.o

bloom beyond the pride of nature. Artfull feigning, Coy disdaining, vain coquet destroy them all, go o'erbearing proud ensnaring,

:S:

lay a thousand fops desparing, then complying, sighing, dying, to some fool a victim fall nymphs like you whilst their de

S

ceiving. Angels all in front appear but y. So--------t their A--rts believing but y. sot their arts believing finds y. devil in y. war

:S:

Ariadne. set by Mr. Handel

How is it possible, how can I for-bear So many charms all a-round you wear

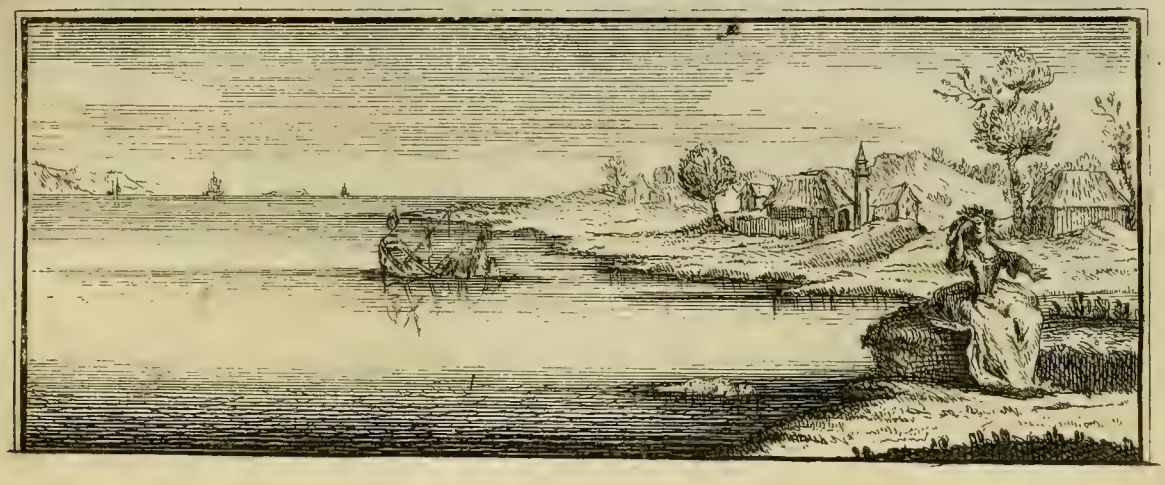
Thy ev'ry part hath such power to move, who sees admires, & who knows you doth

Love & who knows you doth Love In vain you do command away, methinks to thee I'd

e---ver grow while you remain then must I stay, when you depart then I must go. D.C

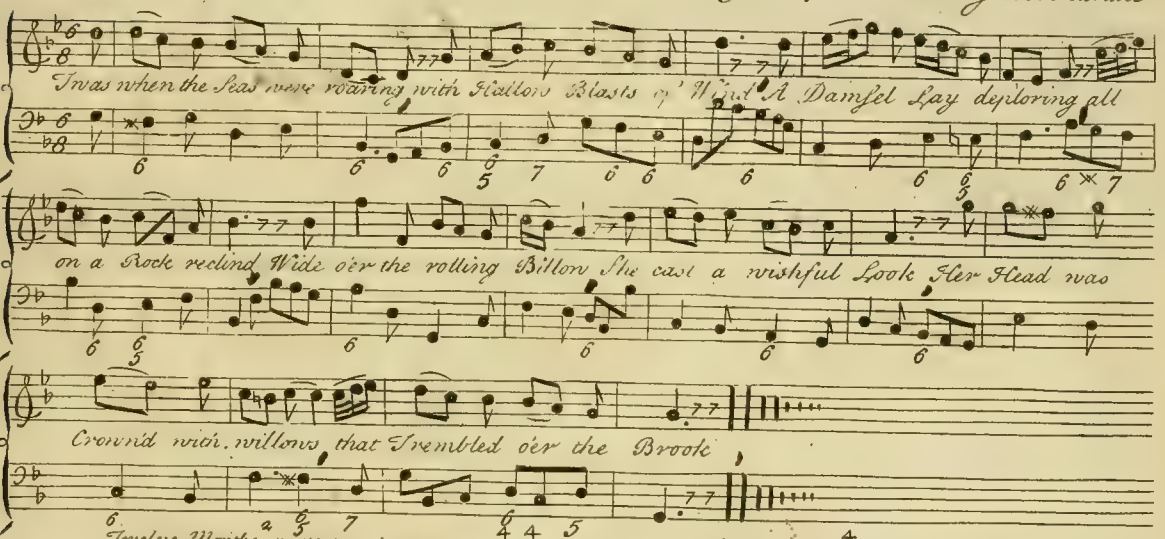
Flute

D.C



The Melancholly Nymph

set by Mr. Handle



Twelve Months were gone & over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou ventrous Lover,
Why didst thou trust the Seas:
Cease cease then Cruel Ocean
And let my Lover rest
Ah! what's the troubled motion
To that within my Breast

3

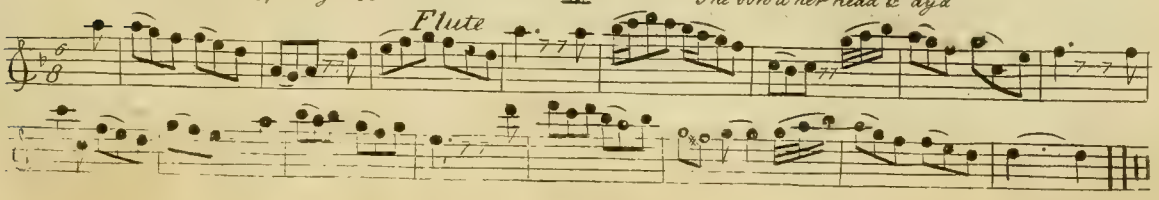
The Marchant robd of Plezsure
Views Tempests in despair
But what's the loss of Treasure
To the losing of my Dear
Should you some Coast be laid on
Where gold and Diamonds grow
You'd find a Richer Maiden
But none that loves you so

How can they say that Nature,
Has nothing made in Vain;
Why then beneath the water
Doe hideous Rocks remain
No Eyes the Rocks discover
That lurk beneath the Deep
To wrack the wand'ring Lover
And leave the Maid to Weep

5

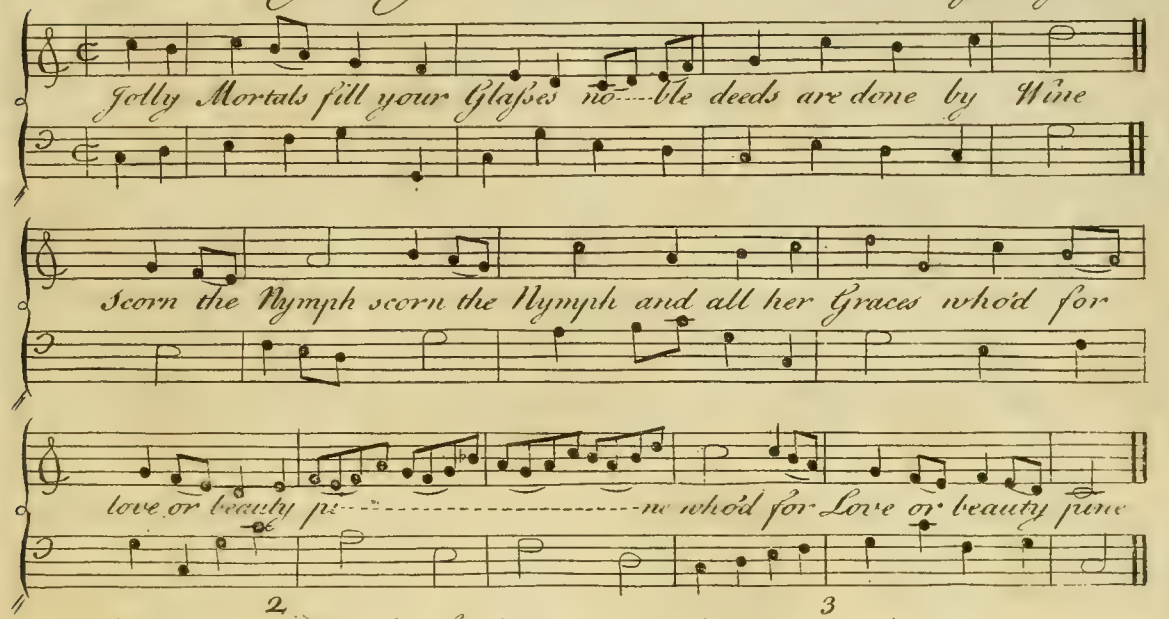
All Melancholly Lying,
Thus wail'd She for her Dear
Repaid each blast with sighing
Each Billow with a Tear
When o'er y^e white waves stooping
His floating Corps she spy'd
Then like a Lilly drooping
She bow'd her head & dy'd

Flute



The Jolly Bachanalians

set by Mr. Galliard



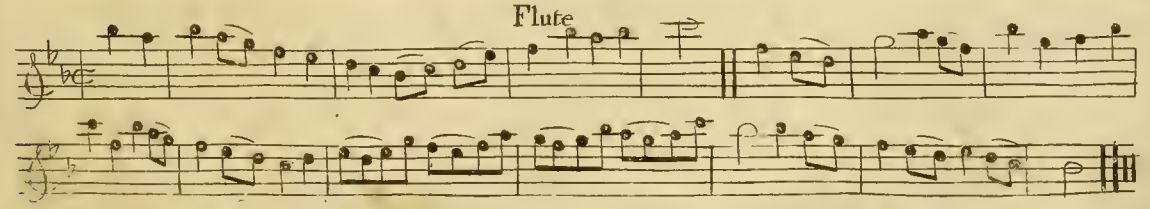
2

Look within the Bowl thats flowing
And a thousand Charms you'll find
More than Phillis tho' just going
In the Moment to be kind. In the &c

3

Alexander hated thinking
Drank about at Council board
He subdu'd the World by drinking
More than by his Conquering sword. more &c

Flute



The Wish

Set by Mr Lampe

Larghetto

Come gen----tle God of so---ft repose, and charm my soul to rest; In thy embraces let---- me loose the cares that rack my breast. Ari--se ye dear deceits, arise, and dress'd in Da---------mon's form, my lo--ng expecting, wi---shing eyes wth his re-semblance charm, with his resem--blance charm.

Why rove my thoughts on fancied bliss
Which only dreams bestow
For oh_ wheneer the morn appears
I wake to real woe
The envious light, from my sad eyes
Drives every sence away
With night the lovely phantom flies
And leaves me lost in day. & leaves &c.

Since waking, then, I'm so distress'd
And pleasures fled with him
Since sleeping, only, I am bless'd
Let life be all a dream
Those melting sounds still let me hear
That did his flame impart
Which, bleft with love my listning ear
And pierc'd my yielding heart. & pierc'd &c.

The Advice

set by Mr. Handel

Morals wisely learn to measure Life by the extent of Joy Life is

sho------rt and fleeting Pleasure.

then be gay whilst you may And your Hours in Mirth employ

2

Never let a Mistress pain you,
Tho' she meets you with a frown
Fly to Wine 'twill soon unchain you
Chear thy heart
And all Smart
In a sweet Oblivion drown

3

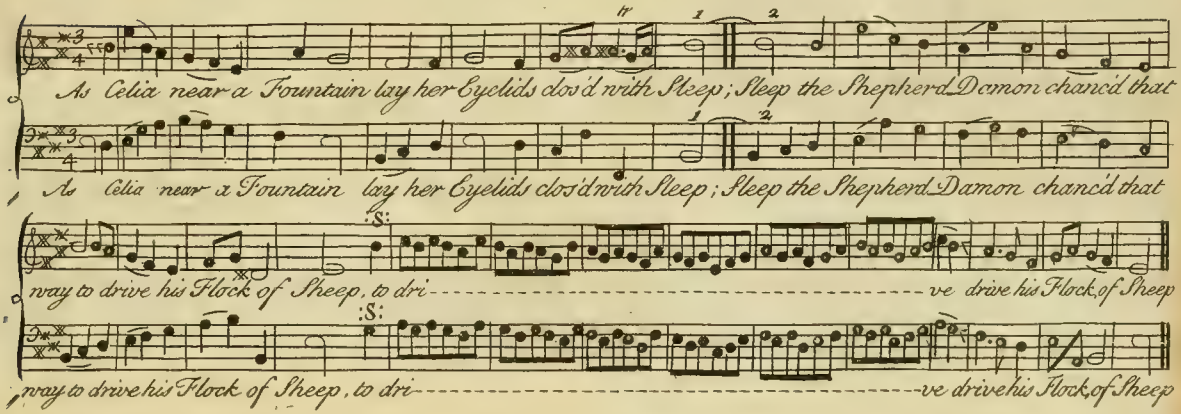
If Love's fiercer flames should sieze thee
To some gentle Maid repair
She'll with soft Endearments ease thee
On her Breast
Lull'd to Rest
Eas'd of Love & free from Care

4

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

Flute

Damon and Celia, set by Mr. Cannington



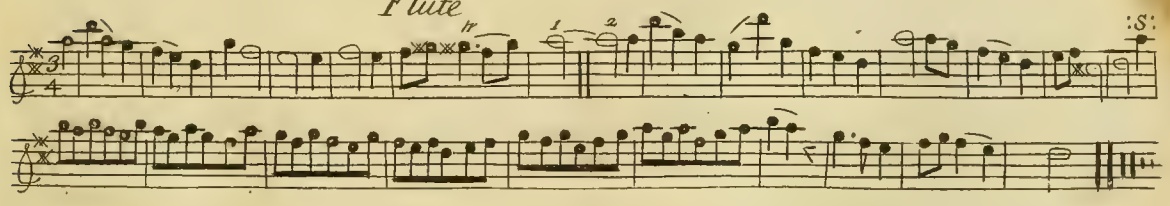
2
With anxiful step h' approach'd the fair
To view her Charming Face,
Where ev'ry Feature wore an Air,
And ev'ry part a Grace.

3
His heart inflam'd with amorous Pain
He wish'd the Nymph would wake
Tho' neer before was any Swain,
So unprepar'd to speak.

4
Whilst slumbering thus fair Celia lay
Soft wishes fill'd her mind,
She cry'd cry'd come Thyrsis come away
For now I will be kind.

5
Damon embrac'd the lucky hitt,
And flew into her Arms,
He took her in the yielding fit,
And rif'd all her Charms.

Flute



RURAL LIFE

set by Mr. Howard

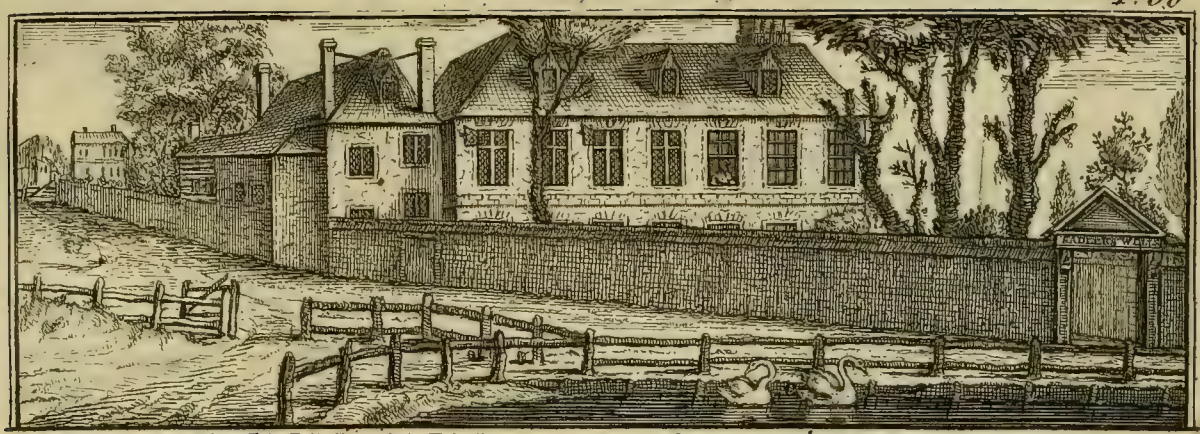
How happy is the Maid, who lives a rural life; by no false Views betray'd, to know domestic strife no passion sways her mind, or wishes to be great, to humble hopes confin'd, she shuns the flattring bait, To humble hopes confin'd, she shuns the flattring bait.

2

Her soul with cold disdain
Above the pomp of pride
Beholds the rich and vain
In gilded fetters tied
While titles wealth and pow'r
The gaudy scene display
And pageants of an hour
In darkness glide away

3

But if some gentle boy
Her faithful bosom share
He doubles all her joy
And lessens all her care
Their moments on the wing
The mutal bliss improve
And give perpetual spring
To virtue truth and love



A NEW SONG on SADLER'S WELLS.

Set by Mr. Brett.

Sym

At Eve when Silvan's shady scene is clad with

speading branches green & vary'd sweets all round dis play'd, to grace the pleasant flow-ry meads

then those who are willing Joy-s to taste where pleasures flow & blessings last &

God of health in transport dwells & God of health in transport dwells must all re-pair to Sadler's Wells

There pleasant streams of Middleton,
In gentle Murmurs glide along;
In which the sporting Fishes play,
To close each weary'd Summer's day:
And Musicks Charms in lulling sounds,
Of Mirth and Harmony's abounds;
While Nymphs & swains wth beaus & belles,
All praise the Joys of Sadler's Wells.

The Herds around o'er Herbage green,
And bleating Flocks are sporting seen;
While Phœbus with its brightest Rays,
The fertile soil doth seem to praise:
And Zephyrs with their gentlest Gales,
Breathing more sweets than flowry Vales;
Which give new Health, and Heat repells,
Such are the Joys of Sadler's Wells.

Flute

Old Chiron's Advice to Achilles

Largo

Old Chiron thus Preach'd to his Pupil A-chilles, I'le tell you I'le

Old Chiron thus Preach'd to his Pupil A-chilles - I'le

tell you young Gentleman what ye Fate's will is; you my Boy you my Boy must

tell you young Gentleman what ye Fate's will is; you my Boy you my Boy must

go must go the Gods will have it so, to the Siege of Troy thence never to re-

go must go the Gods will have it so to the Siege of Troy thence

turn, thence never to return, never to return never to return to Greece a-

never to return thence never to re-turn never to return to Greece a

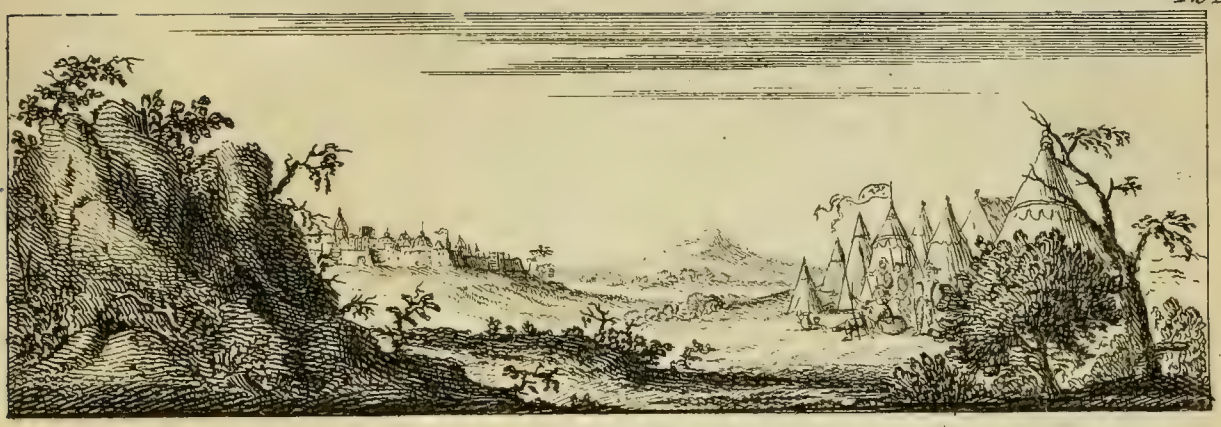
gain, but before those Walls to be Slain, but before those Walls to be

gain but before those Walls to be Slain but before those

Slain be-fore those Walls, those Walls to be Slain.

Walls to be Slain be-fore those Walls to be Slain.

Let not &c



Set by Mr. Wise

Allegro. Let not your noble Courage be cast down Let not yr. noble Courage

Let not yr. noble Courage be cast down Let not yr. noble Courage be cast down

be cast down Let not yr. noble Courage Let not yr. noble Courage be cast down

Let not yr. noble Courage be cast down Let not yr. noble Courage be cast down

but all the while you lye before the Town Drink all the while drink all the while you

but all the while you lye before the Town Drink all the while drink all the while you

lye before the Town drink and drive care away drink and be Merry, you'll

lye before the Town drink and drive care away drink and be Merry

neer go the sooner you'll neer go the sooner you'll neer go the

you'll neer go the sooner the sooner you'll neer go the

sooner to the Stygian Ferry

sooner to the Stygian Ferry

Florimel

The Charms of Florimel, no force of Time or Art shall sever from my heart; But ever to the world I'll tell the Charms of beauteous Florimel

Each Rock and Sunny hill,
The flowry meads & Groves,
Shall say Martillo Loves,
And Echo shall be taught to tell,
The Charms, &c.

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

Each Brook and purling rill,
Shall on its bubling Stream,
Convey the Virgins Name,
And as it rolls in murmurs tell
The Charms, &c.

The silvan Gods that dwell,
Amidst this Sacred Grove,
Shall wonder at my Love
Whilst every Sound conspirs to tell
The Charms of beauteous Florimel

Flute

The Life of a Beau

sung by Mr. Clive

How brimfull of Nothing's the Life of a Beau, they've Nothing to think of they've
Nothing to do. Nor they've Nothing to talk of for Nothing they know such such is the
Life of a Beau, a Beau a Beau, such such is the Life of a Beau

2

For Nothing they rise but to draw ye fresh Air
Spend the morning in nothing but curling their hair
And do nothing all day but sing, santer & stare
Such Such is the Life of a Beau

3

For nothing at night to ye Playhouse they croud
For to mind nothing done there they always are proud
But to bow, & to grin & talk - nothing aloud
Such Such is the Life of a Beau

4

For nothing they run to th' Assembly & Ball,
And for nothing at Cards a fair partner call
For they still must be beasted who've - nothing at all
Such Such is the Life of a Beau

5

For nothing on Sundays at church they appear
For they've nothing to hope nor they've nothing to fear
They can be nothing no where who - nothing are here
Such Such is the Life of a Beau

Flute

Guardian Angels

set by Mr Handel

Guardian Angels now protect me send to me the swain I love Cupid with thy Bow di-

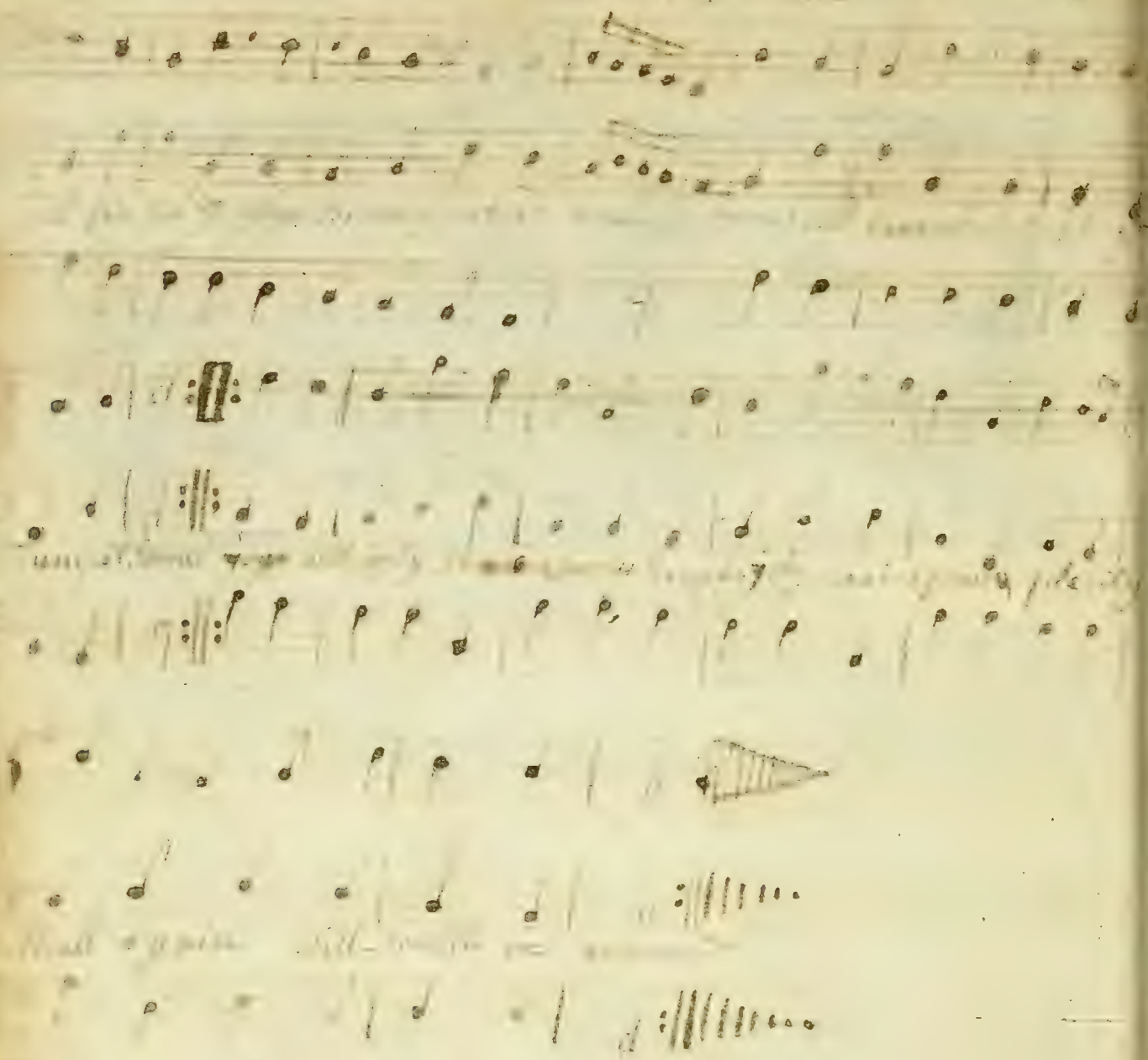
rect me help me all ye Pow'rs above Bear him my sighs ye gentle Breezes tell him I love &

I despair tell him for him I grieve say tis for him I live O may the shepherd be sincere.

Through the shady Grove I'll wander
Silent as the bird of Night
Near the Brink of yonder fountain
First Leander bless'd my sight
Witness ye Groves and falls of Water
Echos repeat the Vows he swore
Can he forget me will he neglect me
Shall I never see him more

Does he love and yet forsake me
To admire a Nymph more fair
If tis so I'll wear the Willow
And esteem the happy Pair
Some lonely Cave I'll make my Dwelling
Ne'er more the Cares of Life pursue
The Lark and Philomel only shall hear me tell
What bids me bid the World adieu

Flute



The Request

Goddess of ease, leave Le---the's brink, Ob--se--quious to the muse & me for once en-

dure the pain to think, O sweet In-sen-si-bi-li-ty, sister of peace, & in-dolence, bring

muse, bring numbers soft and slow, elaborately void of sense, and sweetly thoughtless

let them flow, sweetly thoughtless let them flow.

2

Near to some Cowslips painted mead,
There let me doze away dull hours
And under me let Flora spread
A Sopha of her softest flowers
Where philomel, your notes you breathe
Forth from behind the neighbouring pine
Whilst murmurs of the stream beneath
Still flow in unison with thine

3

For The, O Idleness! the woes
Of life we patiently endure,
Thou art the source, whence labour flows
We shun The, but to make The sure.
For who'd endure wars toil & waste
Or who th' hoarse thundering of the Sea
But to be Idle at the last
And find a pleasing end in thee.

THE GARLAND

set by Mr. Weidman

The pride of evry grove I chose, the Violet sweet, & Lil--ly fair; the
dapled pink, and blushing rose, to deck my charming Clo----------e's hair
At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place upon her brow the various wreath, the
flowers less blooming than her face, the sent less fragrant than her Brea--
----------th, the sent less fragrant than her Breath

2

The Flow'rs she wore along the day;
And evry nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay,
Than glowing in their native bed.
Undrest at evning, when she found,
Their Odours lost, their colour past,
She chang'd her look, & on the ground,
Her garland and her eye she cast.

3

That eye dropt sense, distinct & 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, captain
This change of humour: prythee tell:
That falling tear - what does it mean?

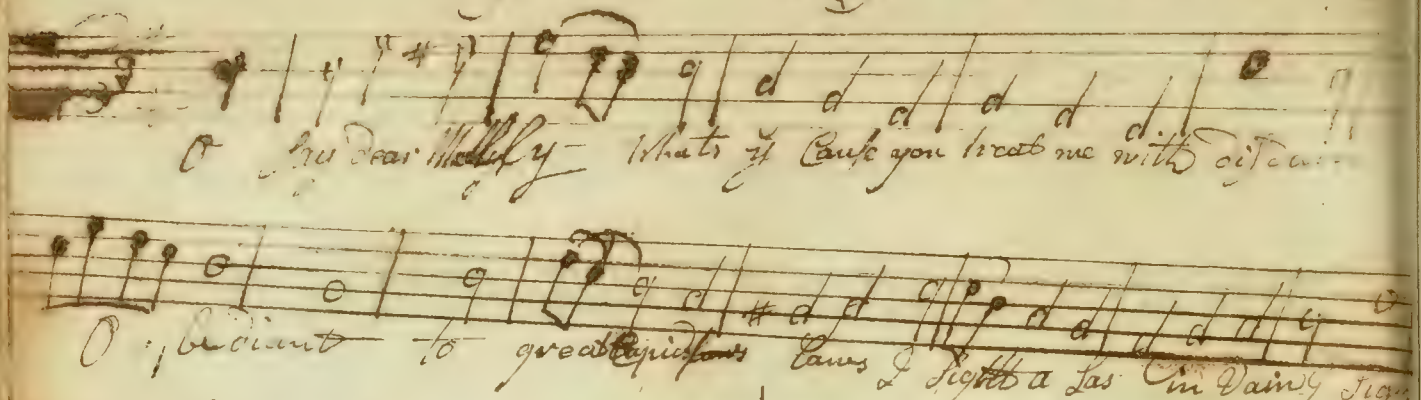
4

She sigh'd, she smild, & 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.

5

At dawn, poor Stella danc'd and sung;
The am'rous youth around her bow'd:
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud;
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 Chloe's sorrow.

Fickel Molly or the Blind Boy



You oftentimes have vow'd and swore
That you would constant prove
My Love, tis done you therefore
How can you slight that love.

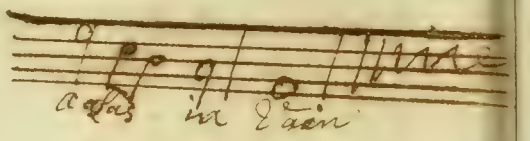
When first I view'd thy blooming Charms
Most Cupids stroke touched my Breast
Encloses in thy lovely Arms
No man was ever so blest.

Each Summer's day, and Winter's night
Our Time we did employ
In pleasing sport and sweet delight
None could our Bliss annoy

But now those happier Hours cease
My Rival fills those Arms
And robs me of rest and Peace
In hopes he may enjoys those Charms

Say what's the Cause what have I done
You turn away those Eyes
From him whose Heart is yours alone
Thou Spring of all my Joys

O lovley Molly quickly turn
And my fond wishes crown
Since you can ease my sighs and moans
Never kill me with a Frown



The Lantern

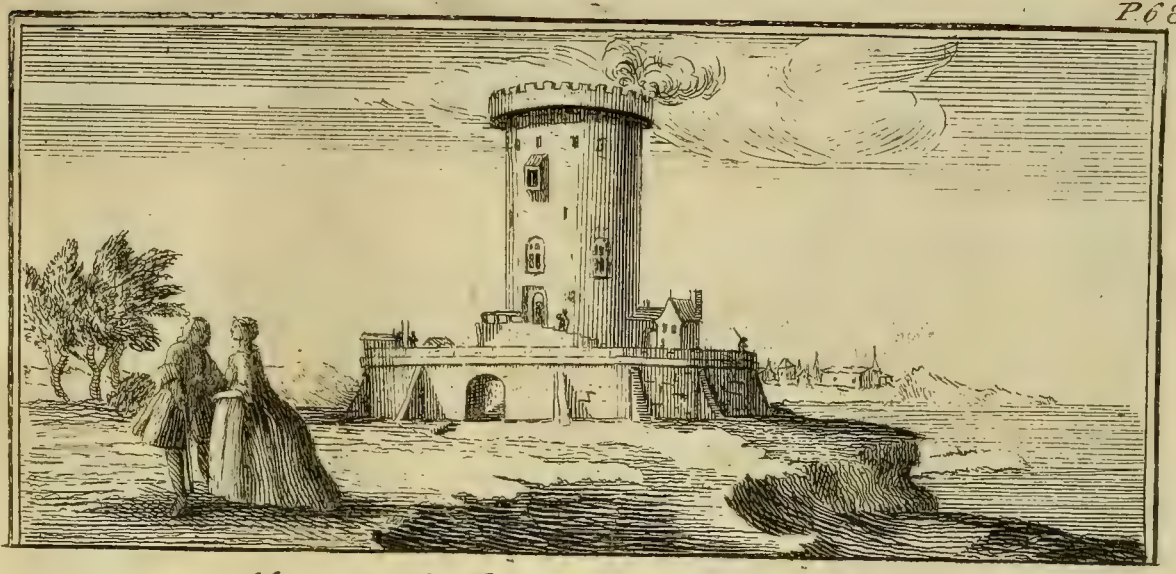
Oh Strephon what makes you so sad
To have thus to complain
If one who has her Reason lost
By loving you in vain

Tis true, I often vow'd and swore
That I was true to you
And since you are yourself perjured
I'll prove it to be true

But fair Clarinda told me plain
That you was false to me,
And for to love you was in vain
For you love none but she

But since I find my Dear that
are true to end all strife
I'll marry you whatever run
and be your lawful wife

Forgive that jealousy my Dear
that stole into my heart
I hope ever long to be your
till Death shall us part



Matchless Clarinda Set by Mr. Handel

When I survey Clarindas Charms folded within my Circling Arms; nr endless

Pleasures move a-long; Nobly soft and sweetly strong; ev'ry smile invites to

Love balmy Kisses Amrous blisses every riseing Charm improve

2

Immortal Bliss that ne'er will dye,
Always attends her Angel form;
Softest repose and blooming Joy:
In her conspire the Soul to charm,
All that can Joy or Love create,
Beauteous Blessing, Past expressing,
Round the tender fair one wait.

3

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

Flute

Published according to Act of Parliament April 30. 1743

Love's Bacchanal

set by Mr. Vincent

Strephon why that Cloudy Forehead Why so vainly crossd those Arms silly swain thy Aspect

horrid rather frightens her then Charms Rouse each dull and drooping spirits fling away thy

Myrtle Wreath Bumpers large of gen'rous Claret makes thee love and raptures Breath.

Sacrafice this Juice prolifick
To each Letter of her Name
Gods they deem'd it a Specifick
Why not mortals do the same

See the high charg'd Goblet smiling
Bids the Strephon drink and prove
Wine's the Liquor most beguiling
Wine's the Weapon conquers Love

Flute

The Circling Glass

pia

Tempa di Gavatta

By the gayly cir--cling Glass we can see how minutes pass by the hollow Cask are told how the waining night grows old how the waining night grows old soon too soon the busy day drives us from our sports away What have we with day to do sons of care twas made for you sons of care twas made for you

The Mournful Fair

Largo

How gentle was my damon's air, like sunny

beams his golden hair, his voice was like ye nightingale's more sweet his breath than flow'ry vales

how hard such beauties to resign, & yet ye cruel task is mine.

Amoroso

On ev'ry hill in ev'ry grove, along ye margin of each stream dear conscious

scenes of former love I mourn & damon is my theme. The hills the groves the streams remain but

damon

Set by Mr. Arne

damon there I seek in vain y. hills y. groves y. streams remain but damon there I seek in vain.

From hill from dale each charm is fled. groves flocks & fountains

please no more each flow'r in pity dropps its head all nature does my loss deplore all all re-

proach y. faithless swain yet damon still I seek in vain. all all reproach y. faithless swain yet

damon still I seek in vain.

Stella darling of the Muses.

Stella darling of the Muses, Fairer then y^e blooming spring, sweetest theme y^e poet chuses when of

thee ---------- he strives to sing While my Soul wch wonder traces all thy

charms of Face & mind all ye beauties all ye Graces of thy Sex ---------- in thee I find

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

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

Pallace Venus too must never,
Boast their charms triumphant yet;
Stella bright out vieing ever,
This in Beauty that in Wit.

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

Flute

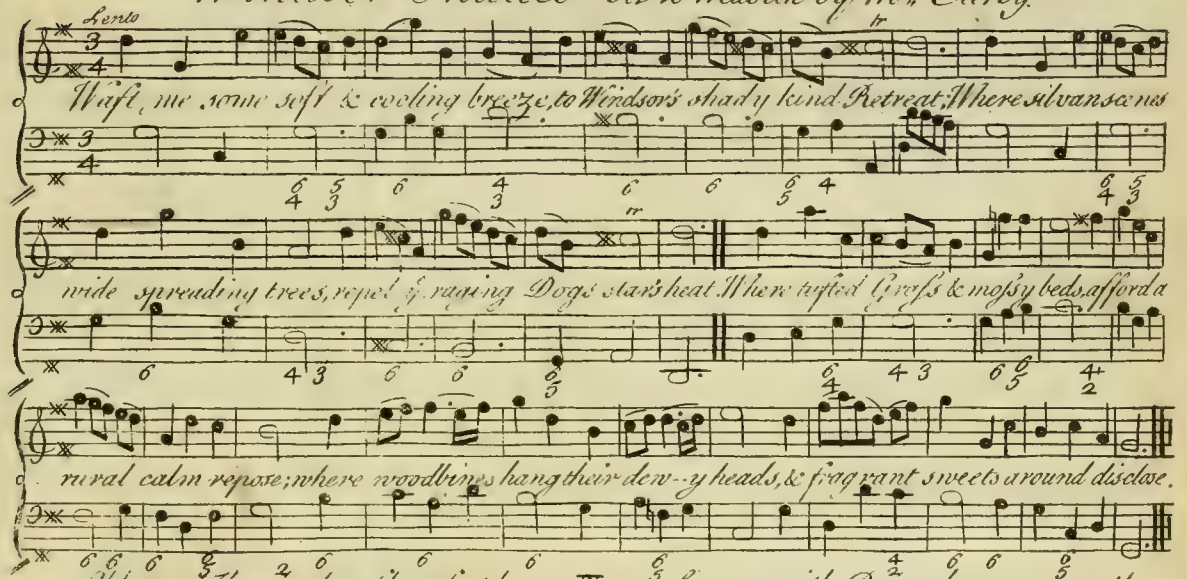
The Protestation within Compass of the FLUTE

No more shall Meads be Deck'd with Flowers nor sweetness dwell in
Rose-----y Bowers nor greenest Buds in Branches spring nor warbling
Birds delight to sing nor April Violets Paint the Grove if I for
sake my Celia's Love if I for sake my Celia's Love.

The Fish shall in the Ocean Burn
And fountains sweet shall bitter turn
The Humble Vale no floods shall know
When floods shall highest hills o'er flow
Black Lethe shall Oblivion leave
If e'er my Celia I deceive If e'er &c.

Love shall his Bow and shafts lay by
And Venus Doves want Wings to fly
The sun refuse to shew his light
And fair Creation sink in Night
And in that Night no star appear
If e'er I leave my Celia Dear If e'er &c.

Windsor Shades set to Musick by Mr. Carey.

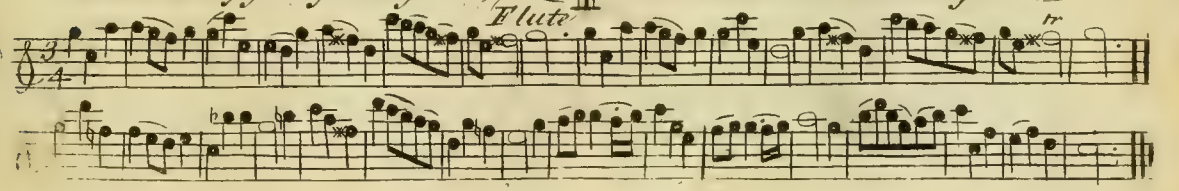


Old Lazy Thames that flows fast by,
Along the smiling Valley plays;
His glassy surface cheers the Eye,
And thro' the flowry meadow strays:
His fertile Banks with herbage green,
His Vales with Golden Plenty swell,
Where e'er his purer Stream is seen,
The Gods of health & Pleasure dwell.

Let me thy Clear thy yielding wave,
With naked Arm once more divide;
In thee my glowing Bosom lave,
And stem thy gently rolling Tide,

Lay me with Damask roses crown'd,
Beneath some Ozier's dusky shade,
Where Water Lillies paint ye Ground,
And bubling springs refresh ye Glade.

Let chaste Clarinda too be there,
With azure Mantle lightly drest,
Ye Nymphs bind up her silken hair,
Ye Zephyrs fan her panting Breast;
Oh haste away fair Maid & bring,
The muse the kindly friend to Love;
To thee alone the Muse shall sing,
And warble thro' the vocal Grove.

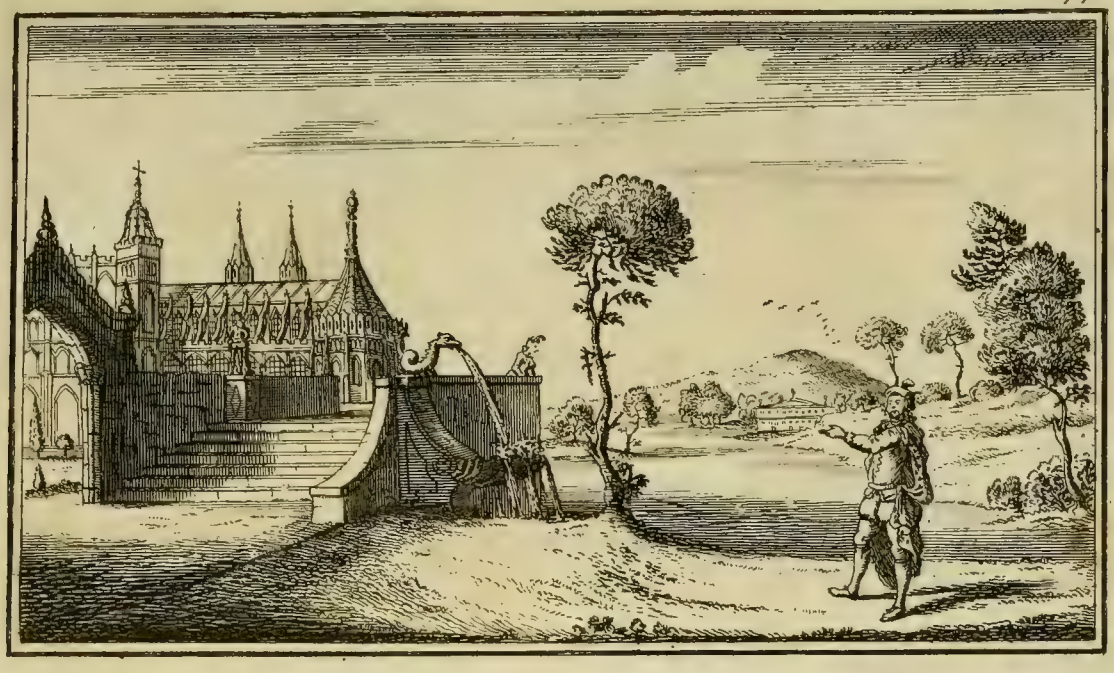


Let me Wander

Set by Mr. Handle

Siciliana

Let me wander not un-
seen, by hedgerow elms on hillocks green. There the
Plowman near at hand, whistles over the furrow'd land there ye plowman near at hand
whistles over ye furrow'd land & ye milkmaid singeth blithe & ye mower whets his
sycthe, and ev'ry shepherd tells his tale, under the hawthorn in ye dale.
and ev'ry shepherd tells his tale under the hawthorn in ye dale.



Was ever Nymph like Rosamond.

Andante.

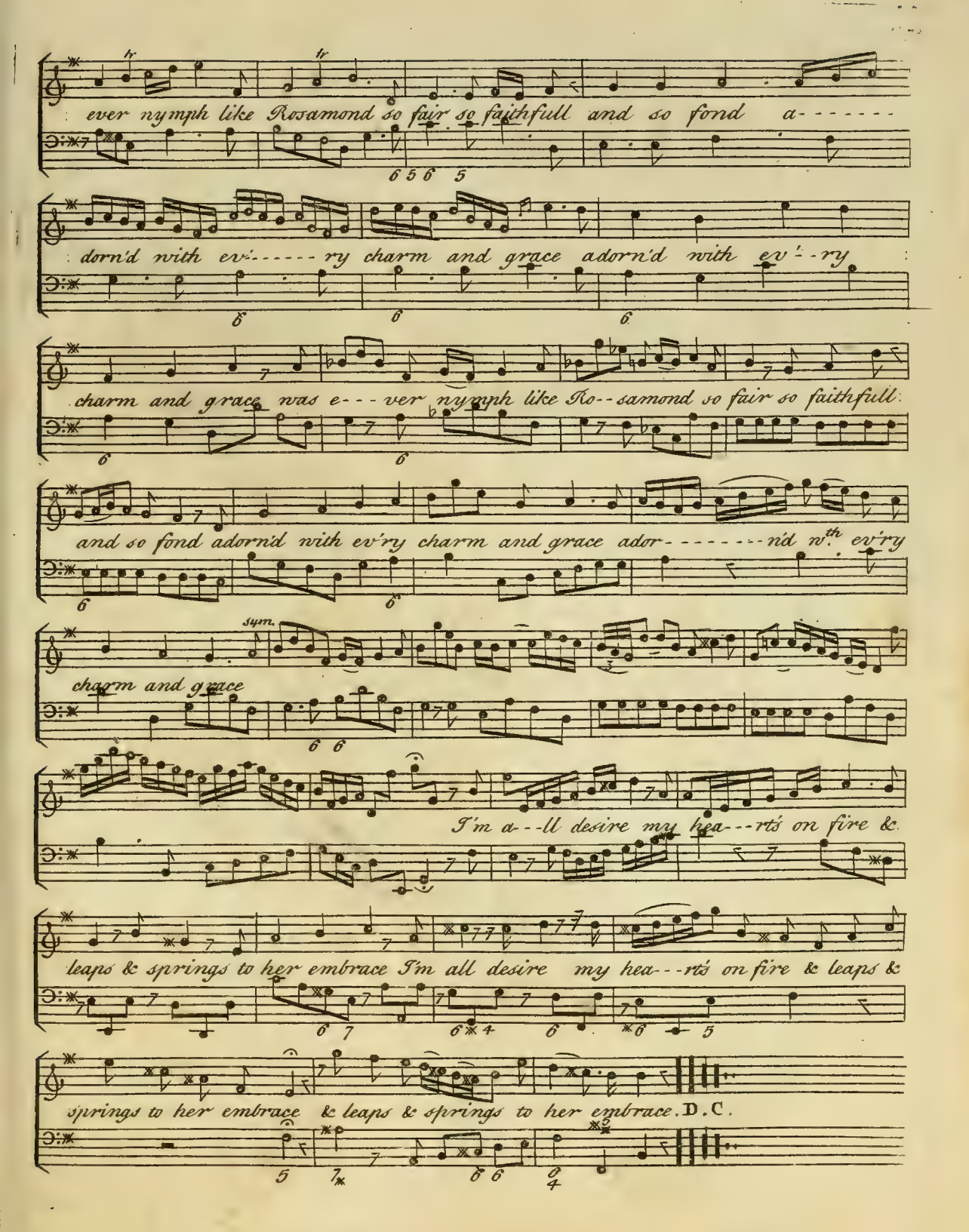
sym.

Was e---ver Nymph like

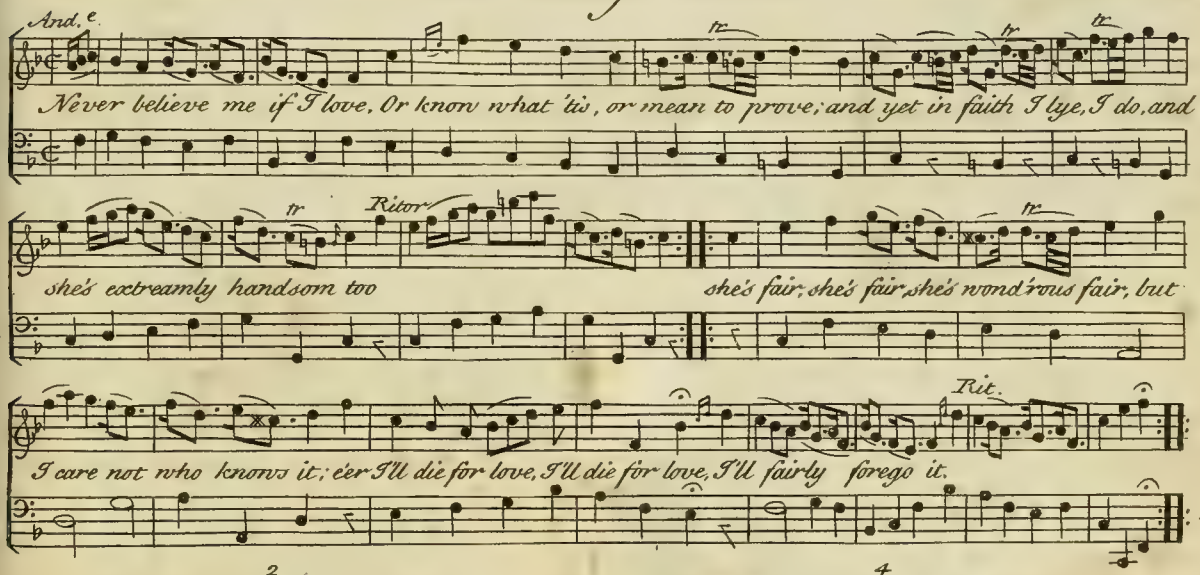
Ro--samond so fair so faithfull and so fond adorn'd wth. ev'ry charm & grace a-

sy.

dor-----nd with ev'ry charm and grace Was


ever nymph like Rosamond so fair so faithfull and so fond a-------
dorn'd with ev'------ry charm and grace adorn'd with ev'--ry
charm and grace was e---ver nymph like Ro--samond so fair so faithfull
and so fond adorn'd with ev'ry charm and grace ador-------nd wth ev'ry
charm and grace
I'm a--ll desire my hea---rt's on fire &
leaps & springs to her embrace I'm all desire my hea---rt's on fire & leaps &
springs to her embrace & leaps & springs to her embrace. D.C.

The Careless Lover



2

This heat of hope, or cold of fear
My foolish heart cou'd never bear
One sigh imprison'd ruins more
Than earthquakes have done heretofore
She's fair &c.

3

When I am hungry I do eat
And cut no fingers 'stead of meat
Nor with much gazing on her face
Did e'er rise hungry from the place
She's fair &c.

4

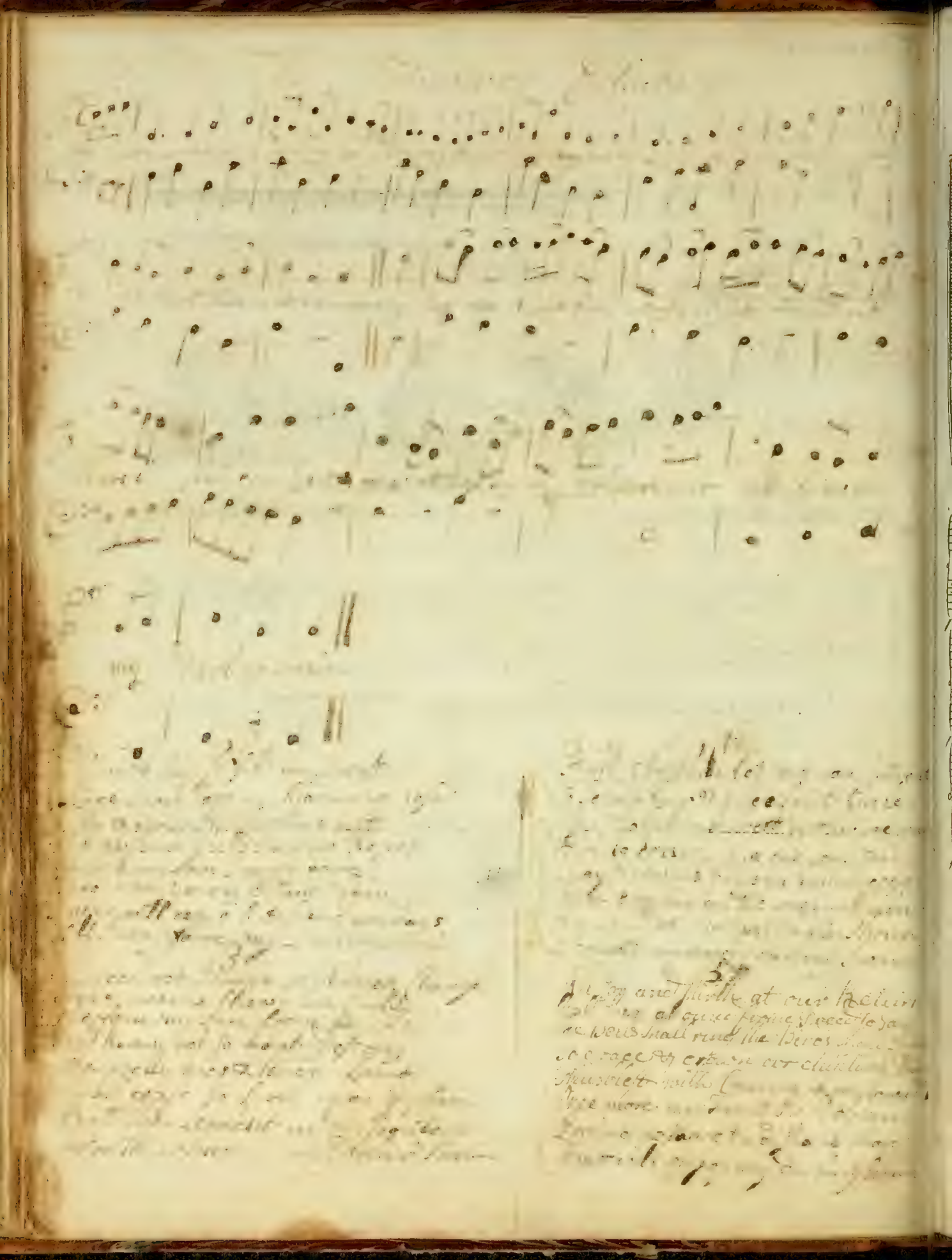
A gentle round fill'd to the brink.
To this and t'other friend I drink
And when 'tis nam'd, another's health
I never make it hers by stealth
She's fair &c.

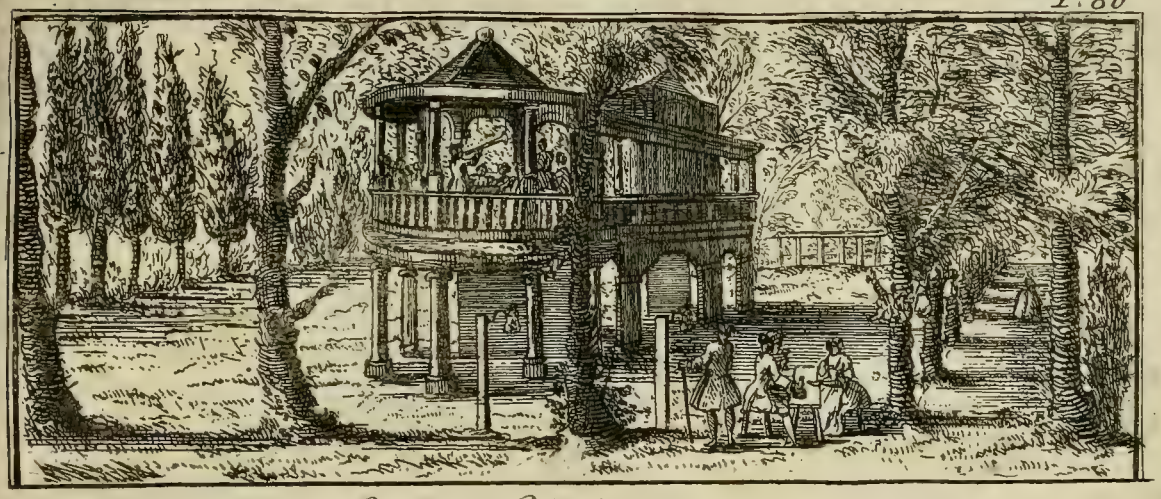
5

Black fry'rs to me, and old whitehall
Is ev'n as much as is the fall
Of fountains on a pathless grove
And nourishes as much as love
She's fair &c.

6

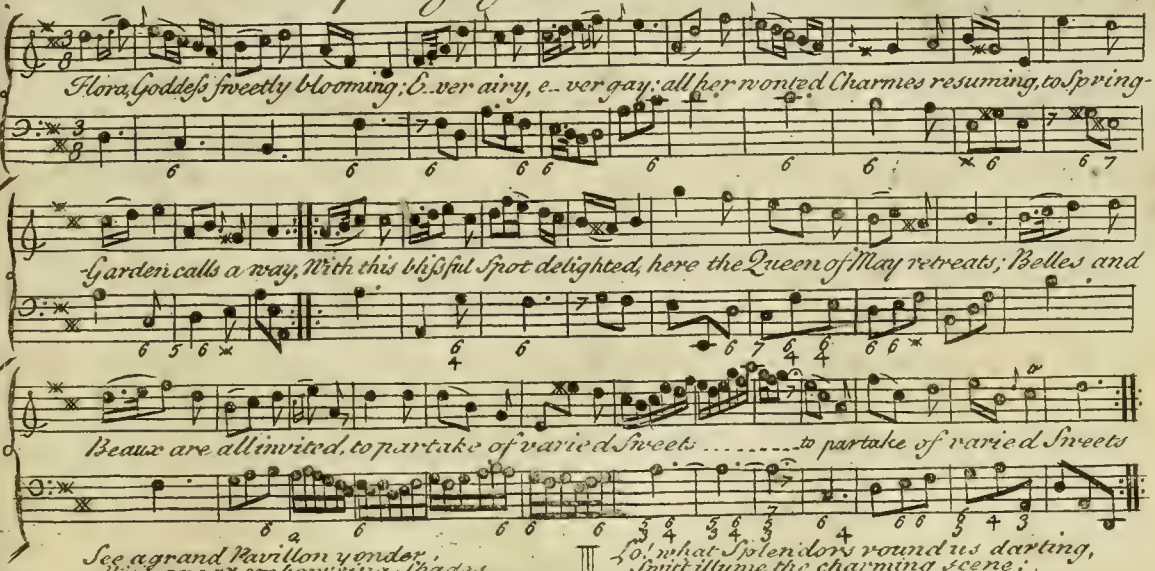
I visit, talk, do business, play.
And for a need laugh out a day
Who does not thus in Cupid's school
He makes not love, but plays the fool.
She's fair &c.





Spring Gardens

set by Mr Boyce



See a grand Pavillon yonder,
Rising near embow'ring Shades,
There a Temple stroke with wonder
In ful view of Colonades;
Art and Nature (kindly lavish)
Here, their mingled Beauties yield
Equal here, the Pleasures ravish,
Of the Court, and of the field.

3

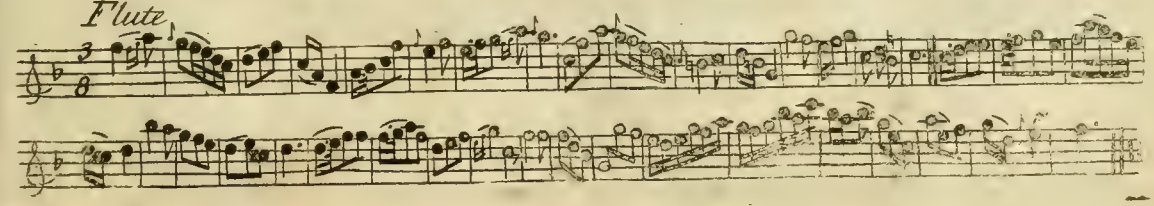
Hark! what heav'nly Notes descending,
Break upon the listning Ear;
Musick all its Graces lending
O'us Ecstacy to hear.
Nightingales the Concert joyning,
Breathe their Plaints in melting Strains
Vanquish'd now, their Groves resigning
Soon they fly to distant Plains.

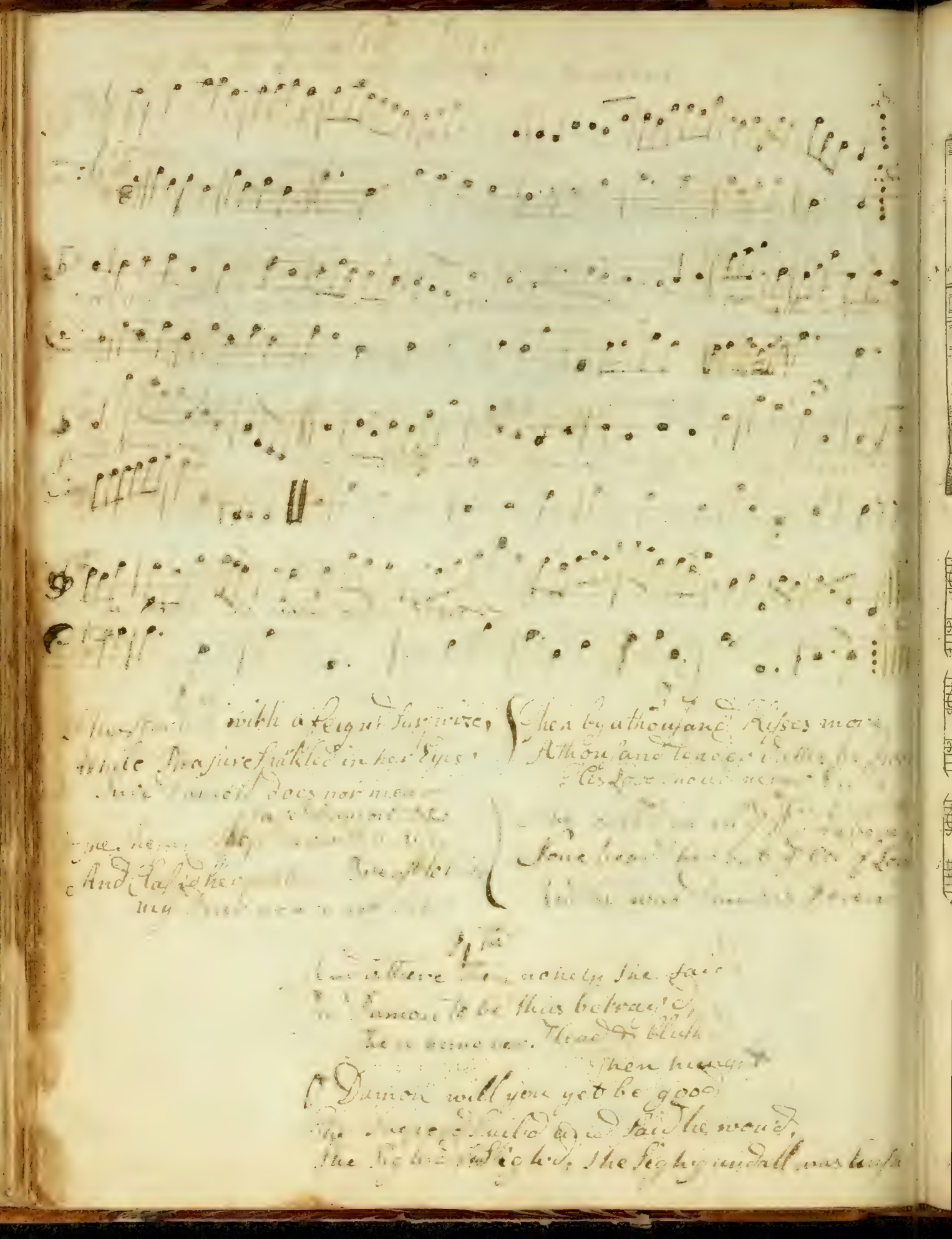
So! what Splendors round us darting,
Swift illume the charming Scene;
Chandeliers their Lights imparting,
Your fresh Beauties o'er the Green.
Glitt'ring Lamps, in order planted,
Strike the Eye with sweet surprize:
Adam scarce was more inchanted
When he saw the Sun first rise.

5

Now the various Bands are seated,
All dispos'd in bright Array;
Business o'er, and Cares retreated,
With gay Mirth they close the Day.
Then, of Old, the Sons of Pleasure
Pass'd, in Shades, their favrite hours;
(Nectar cheering their soft Leisure)
Press'd by Love and crown'd with Flowrs.

Flute




with a feigned surprize,
while pleasure sparkled in her Eyes,
Then by a thousand Kisses more
And lastly her
Damon will you yet be good

The Tim'rous Swain

When Clo--e was by damon seen, what heart could be unmov'd, she look'd so like the

Cyprian Queen, he gaz'd, admir'd and lov'd; he lov'd alas but lov'd in vain, & full of grief &

care, he knew he never cou'd obtain, the lov'ly charming fair, y. lov--ly charming fair.

Clo deserv'd a better swain,
He not so fair a bride;
Yet still he hugg'd the fatal chain,
He lov'd despair'd and dy'd.
Take pity then thou charming maid,
For clo's case is thine,
I dare not ask, so much I dread,
Must Damons fate be mine.

Now Phœbus sinketh in the West

Andante

Now phœbus sinketh in ye west

welcome song & welcome jest midnight shout & revelry tipsy dance & jollity midnight shout & revelry.

tipsy dance & jollity Now phœbus sinketh in ye west welcome song & welcome jest :

midnight shout & revelry tipsy dance & jollity Braid yr locks with rosy twine

dropping odours dropping wine braid your lo- - - - - - - - - - cks with rosy twine dropping odours

Adago

dropping wine dropping odours dropping wine dropping odours dropping wine

Allegro

Rigour now is gone to bed and advice with scrup'lous head strict age and sov'r se

verity with their grave saws in slumber lye with their grave saws in slumber lye. D. Capo

The Noon-tide Air

Sym.

Andante

Would you taste y^e. noon-tide air, to yon fragrant bowr re-

pair, where woven wth the poplar bough, ye mantling vine will shelter you; ye mantling vine will

shelter you. Down each side a fountain flows, twinkling,

murmring, as it goes lightly o'er the mossy ground;

lightly o'er the mossy ground, sultry phœbus scorching round, sultry phœbus scorching round

Sym Round ye languid herds & sheep streach'd o'er sunny hillocks sleep

while on the hiacinth and rose, the fair does all alone repose the fair does all a-

lone repose Sym. Round the all alone yet in her

Ad.go Andante

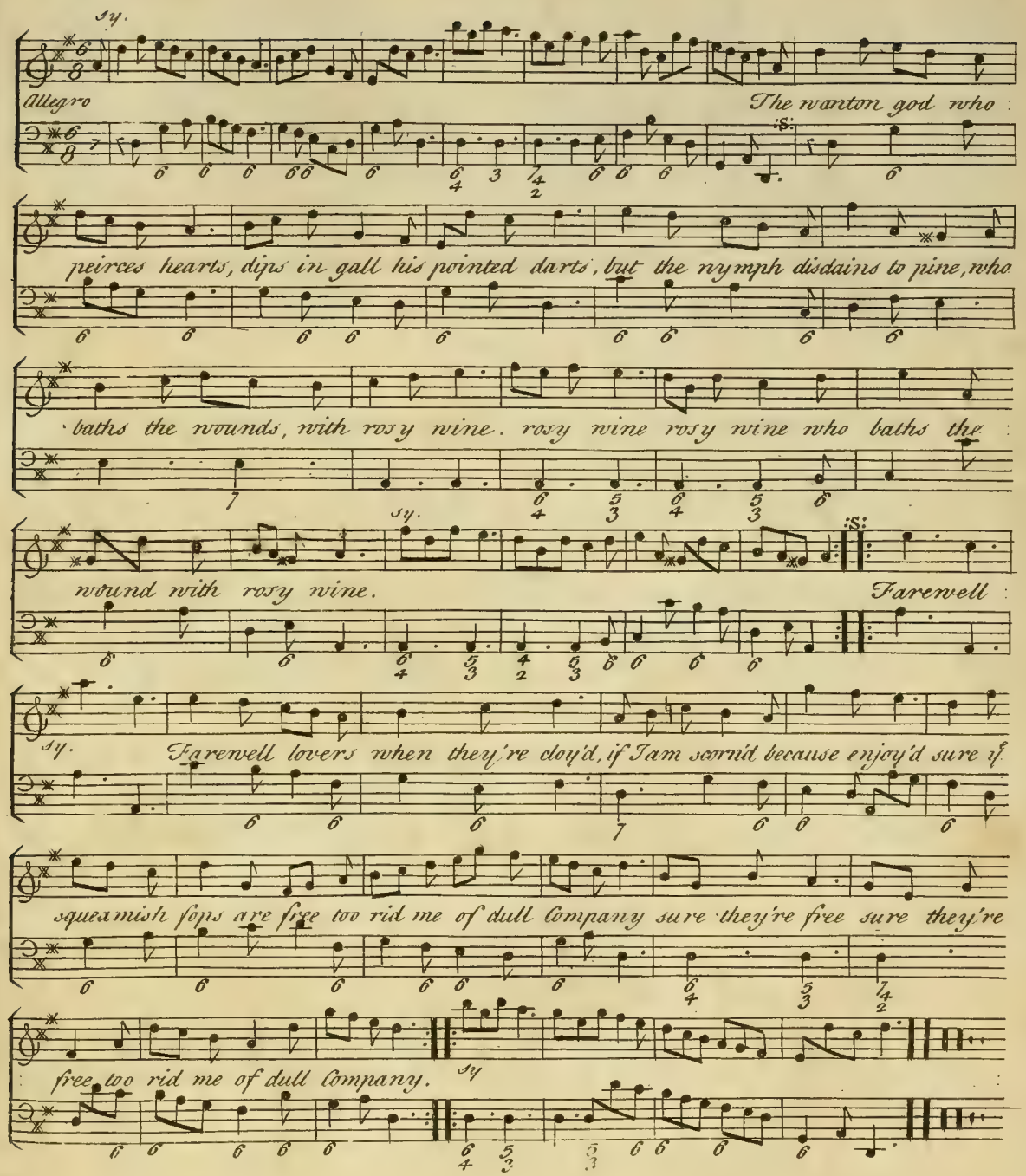
arms, your breast may beat to loves alarms; Sy. till blest & blessing

you shall own, blest & blessing you shall own, ye joys of love are joys alone, the

joys of love are joys alone.

Da Capo

Set by Mr. Arne



A NEW SONG

Set by Mr Oswald, the Words by Mr. Smollet.

Aria

When sappho tun'd the rapture'd strain the listning wretch forgot his pain.

with art divine the lyre she strung like the she play'd like the she sung

like ye she play'd like thee she sung

sym.

2

For while she struck the qwev'ring wire
The eager breast was all on fire
And when she joyn'd the vocal lay
The captive soul was charm'd away. The captive &c.

3

But had she added still to these
Thy softer chaster pow'r to please
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth
Thy native smiles of artless truth. Thy native &c.

4

She neer had pin'd beneath disdain
She neer had play'd and sung in vain
Despair her soul had neer possess'd
To dash on rocks the tender breast. To dash &c.

See! Amanda,
A NEW SONG.
set for the German Flute

by a Gentleman

Vivace

See A-man-da bloo-ming Nature, paints the meads with gay de-light,

Flora's ev-ry beau-teous fea-ture, Chears the heart and charms the sight

Hast my fair one come a-way, Each fresh bles-sing we'll im-prove

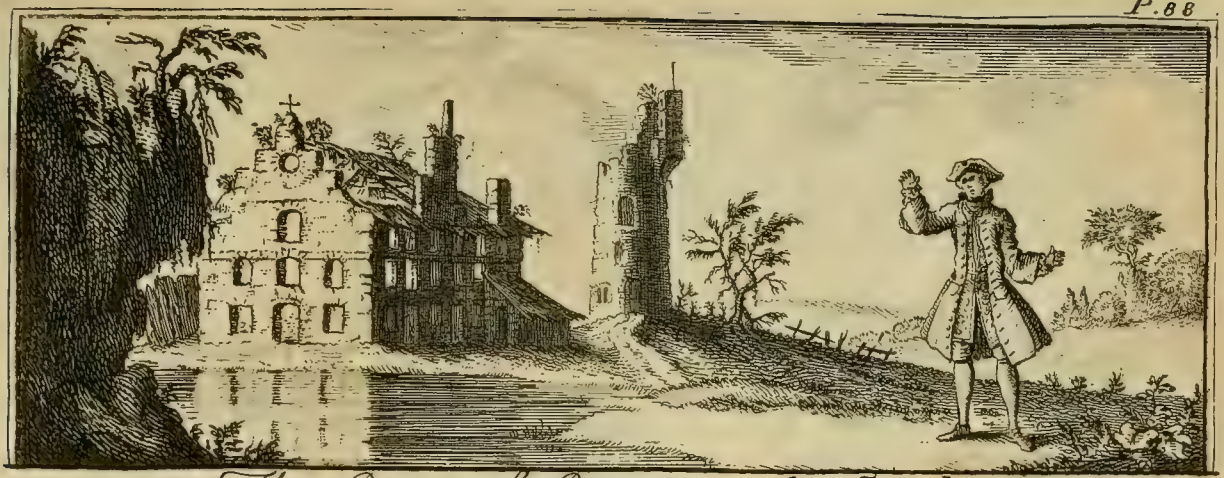
Da Capo

Give to Syl-van sports the day, The night to love Mis-teri-ous love.

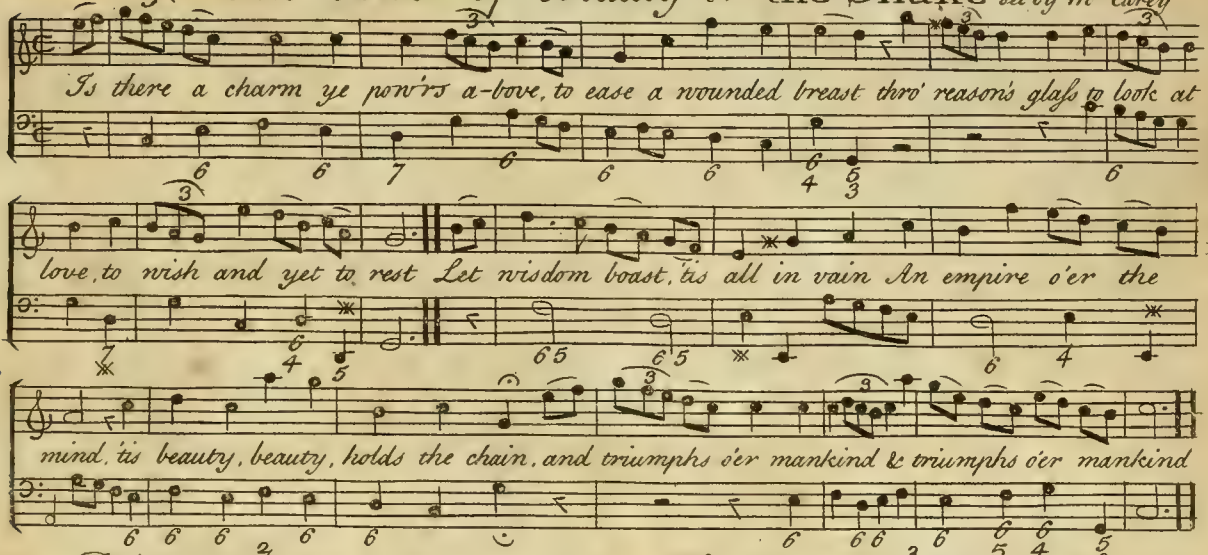
Quit the Towns tempestuous Ocean,
Pleasure here has fix'd her seat;
Hymen claims our just devotion,
Hymen loves this calm retreat.

Here the wanton Graces sport,
Care far hence an exile roves;
Cupid here maintains his Court,
Here Cupid shall unite our loves.

Quit the Towns &c.



The Power of Beauty or the Snake set by Mr Carey

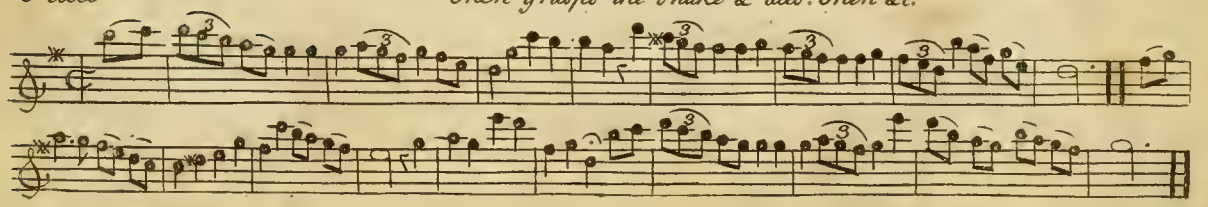


Thrice happy birds who on the spray
Unwarrid nows prolong
Your feather'd mates reward the lay
And yeild to pow'rfull song
By nature fierce, without controul
The human savage ran
Till love refind his stubborn soul
And civilizd the man. And &c.

Verse turns aside the tyrants rage
And cheers the drooping slave
It wins a smile from hoary age
And disappoints the grave
The force of numbers must succeed
And sooth each other ear
Tho' my fond cause should phœbus plead
He'd find a Daphne here. He'd &c.

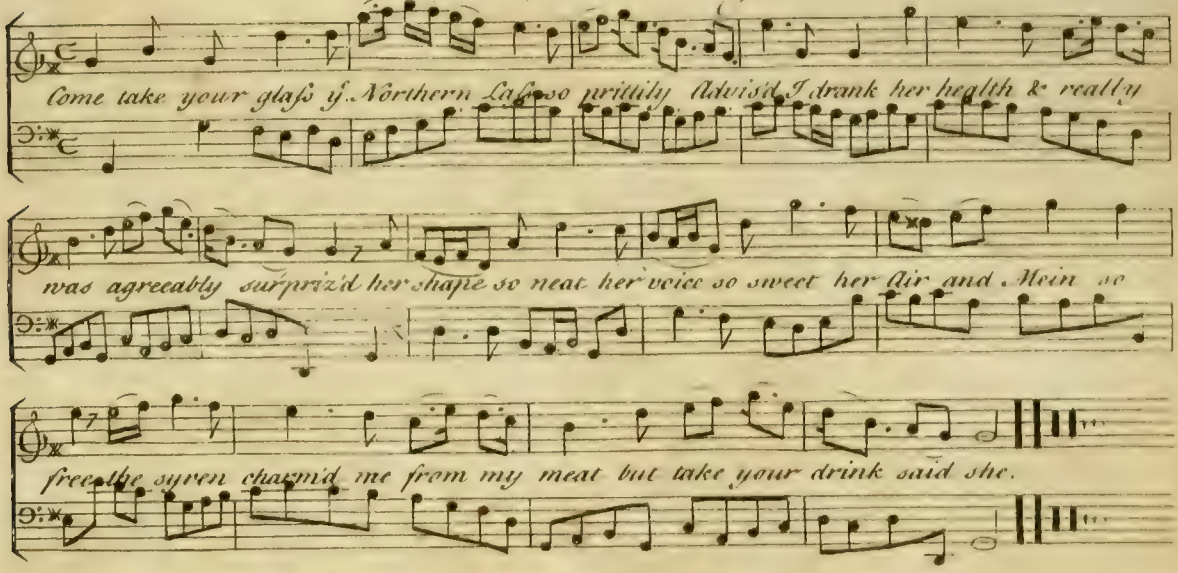
Did heav'n such wond'rous Gifts produce
To curse our wretched race
Say, must we all the heart accuse
And yet approve the face
Thus, in the sun bedropd with gold
The basking adder lies
The swain admires each shining fold
Then grasps the snake & dies. Then &c.

Flute



The Northern Lass. —

Set by Mr. Fisher.



2

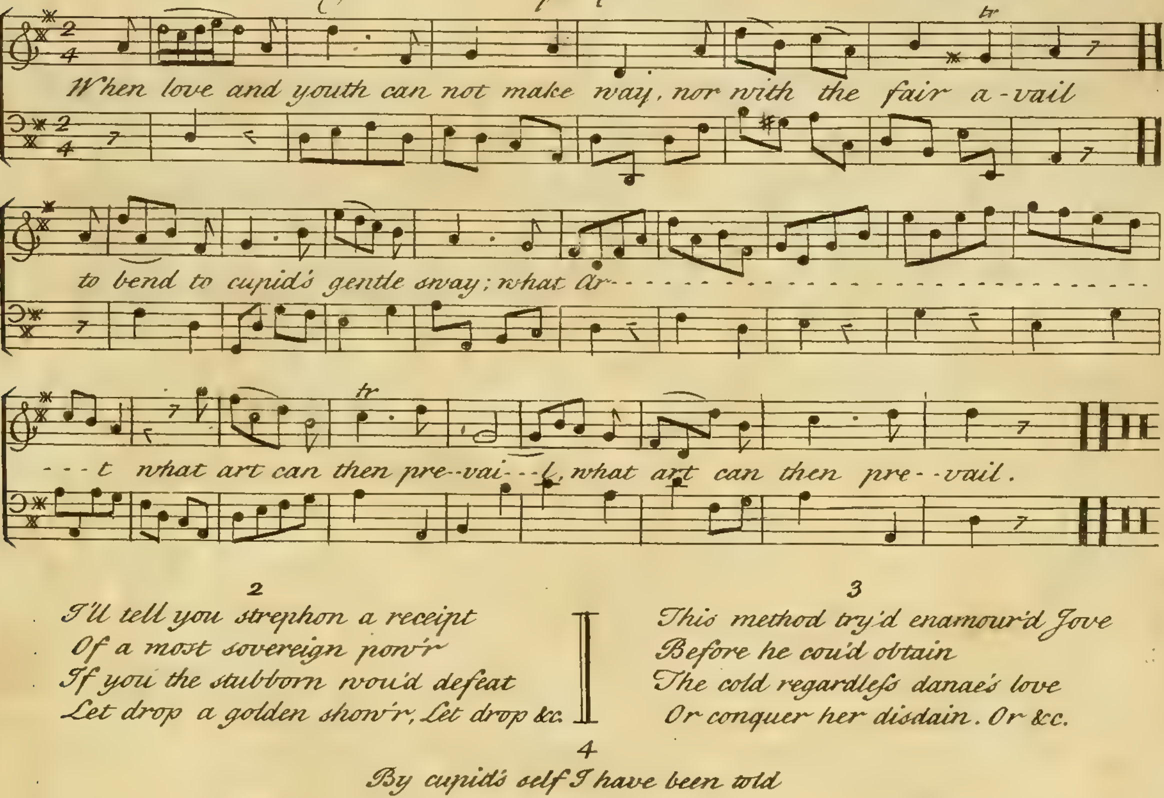
If from the north such beauty comes
How is it that I feel
Within my breast that glowing heat
No tongue can e'e reveal
Tho cold and raw the north wind blows
All summer's on her breast
Her skin was like the driven snow
But sun-shine all the rest.

3

Her heart may southern climates melt
Tho' frozen now it seems
That joy with pain be equal felt
And ballanc'd in extreams,
Then like our genial wine she'll charm
With love my panting breast
Me, like our sun her heart shall warm
— Be — Ice to all the rest.

Gold a Receipt for Love.

Set by Mr. Monro.



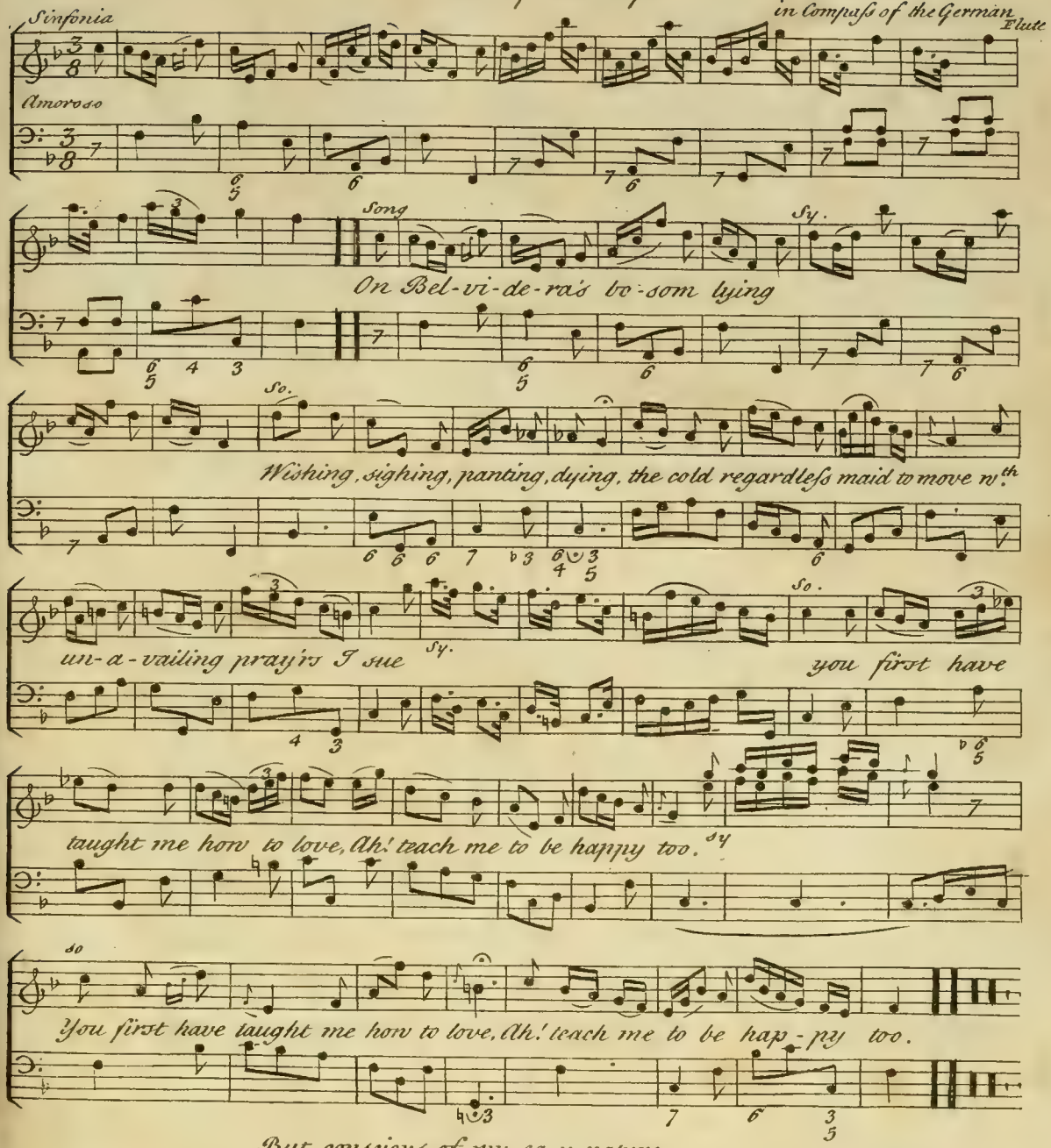
2
I'll tell you strephon a receipt
Of a most sovereign pow'r
If you the stubborn wou'd defeat
Let drop a golden show'r, Let drop &c.

3
This method try'd enamour'd Jove
Before he cou'd obtain
The cold regardleſs danae's love
Or conquer her disdain. Or &c.

4
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 &c.

A New Song

Set by Mr. Pryn



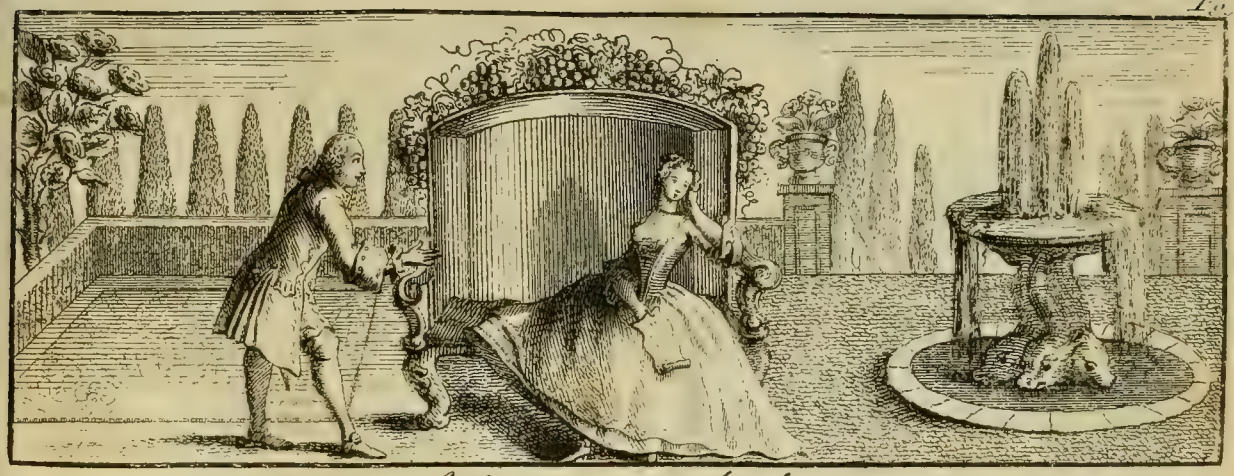
But conscious of my easy nature
Thus replies the careful creature
'Tis every prudent maid's concern
Her lover's fondness to improve
If to be happy you should learn
You quickly would forget to love

Gentle Parthenissa

Sung by Mr Sullivan.

When gentle Parthe-nis-sa walks, or gay-ly smiles, or sweet-ly talks. A thousand Charms a-round her fly, A thousand Swains un heed-ed dye, a thousand Swains unheed-ed dye.

If then she Labours to be seen,
With all her killing Airs and Mein;
From so much Beauty so much Art,
What mortal can secure his Heart.



Advice to Sylvia.

Set by Sig.r Tortoriti.

:S:

Sylvia wilt thou waste thy Prime, Stranger to the Joys of Love? thou hast Youth &

:S:

thats the Time, Every Minute to improve. Round thee wilt thou never hear,

:S:

Little wanton Girls and Boys, Sweetly sounding in thy Ear; Sweetly sounding

in thy Ear, Infant Prate and Mothers Joys.

Only view that little Dove,
Softly cooing to its Mate;
As a further Proof of Love,
See her for his Kisses wait;
Hark! the charming Nightingale,
As it flies from Spray to Spray,
Sweetly Tunes an amrous Tale,
Sweetly &c.
I love, I love it strives to say.

Could I to thy Soul reveal,
But at least, a Thousand'th part,
Of those pleasures Lovers feel,
In a Mutual Change of Heart:
Then repenting wouldst thou say,
Virgin fears from hence remove,
All the Time is thrown away,
All &c.
That we cannot spend in Love.

The Tell Tale within Compass of the FLUTE by Mr. Carey

Blab not what you ought to smother, Honour's Lawes should sacred be, Boasting

favours from another, ne'er will favour gain with me. ne'er will favour gain wth. me

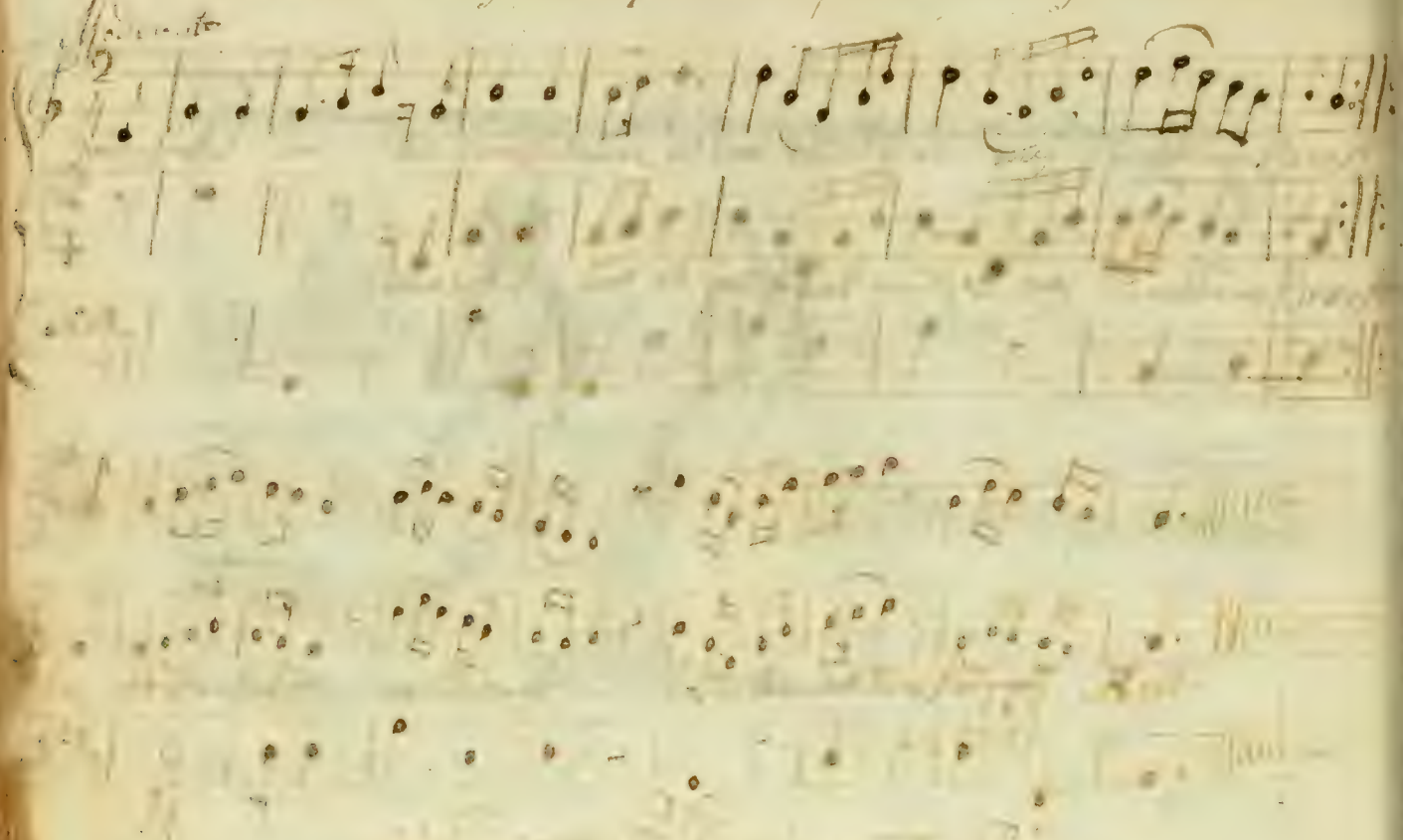
But inspir'd with Indig-nation, sooner I'd lead Apes in Hell, ier I'd trust my Re--pu

ta-tion, with such Fools as kiss and tell. with such Fools as kiss and tell.

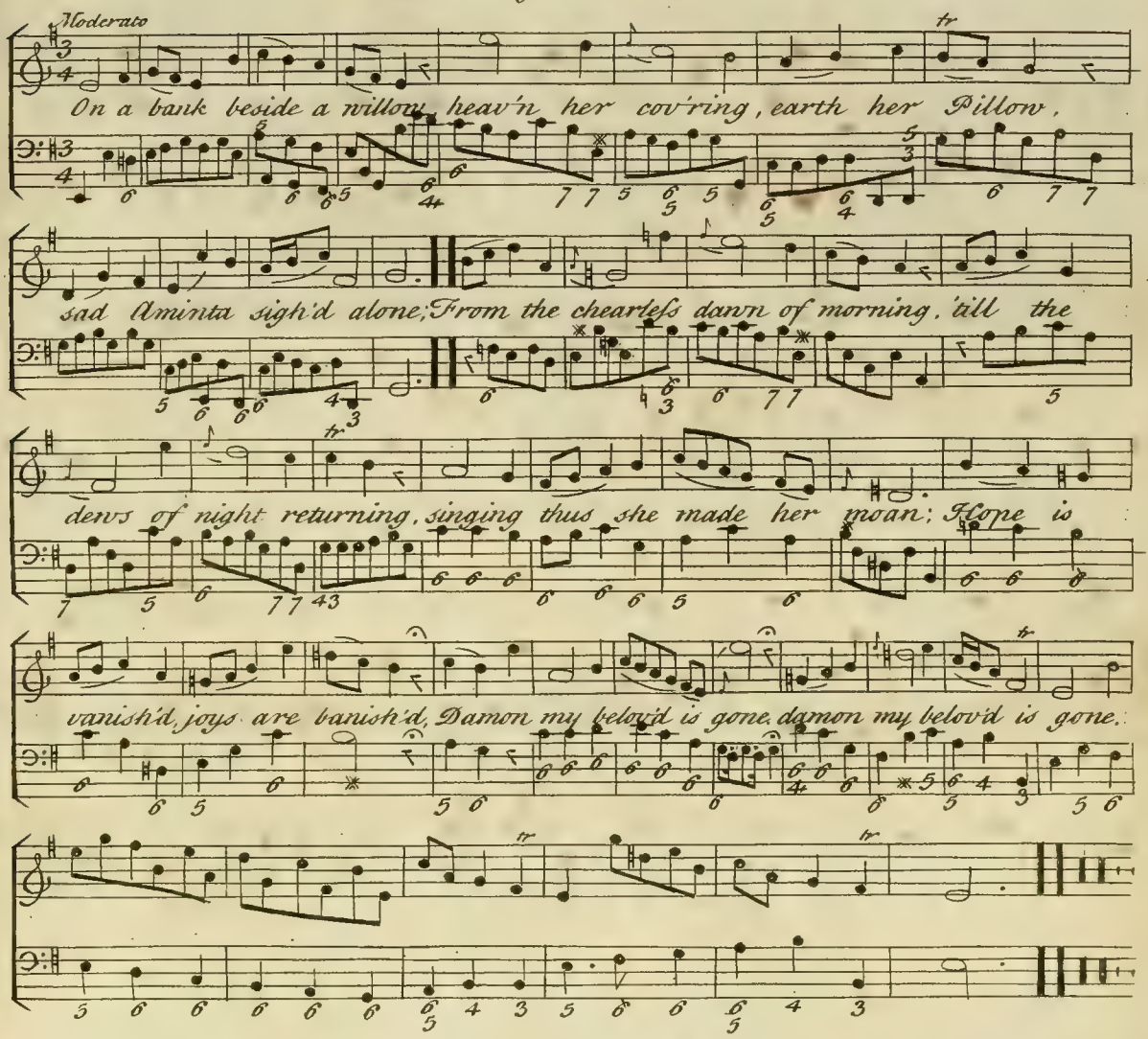
He who finds a hidden Treasure,
Never should the same reveal,
Him whom Beauty crowns wth. pleasure,
Cautious should his Joy conseal. cautious &c.

Him with whom my Heart I'll venture,
Shall my Fame from censure save
One where Truth and Prudence center,
And as secret as the Grave. And as &c.

A song sung at the publick Gardens



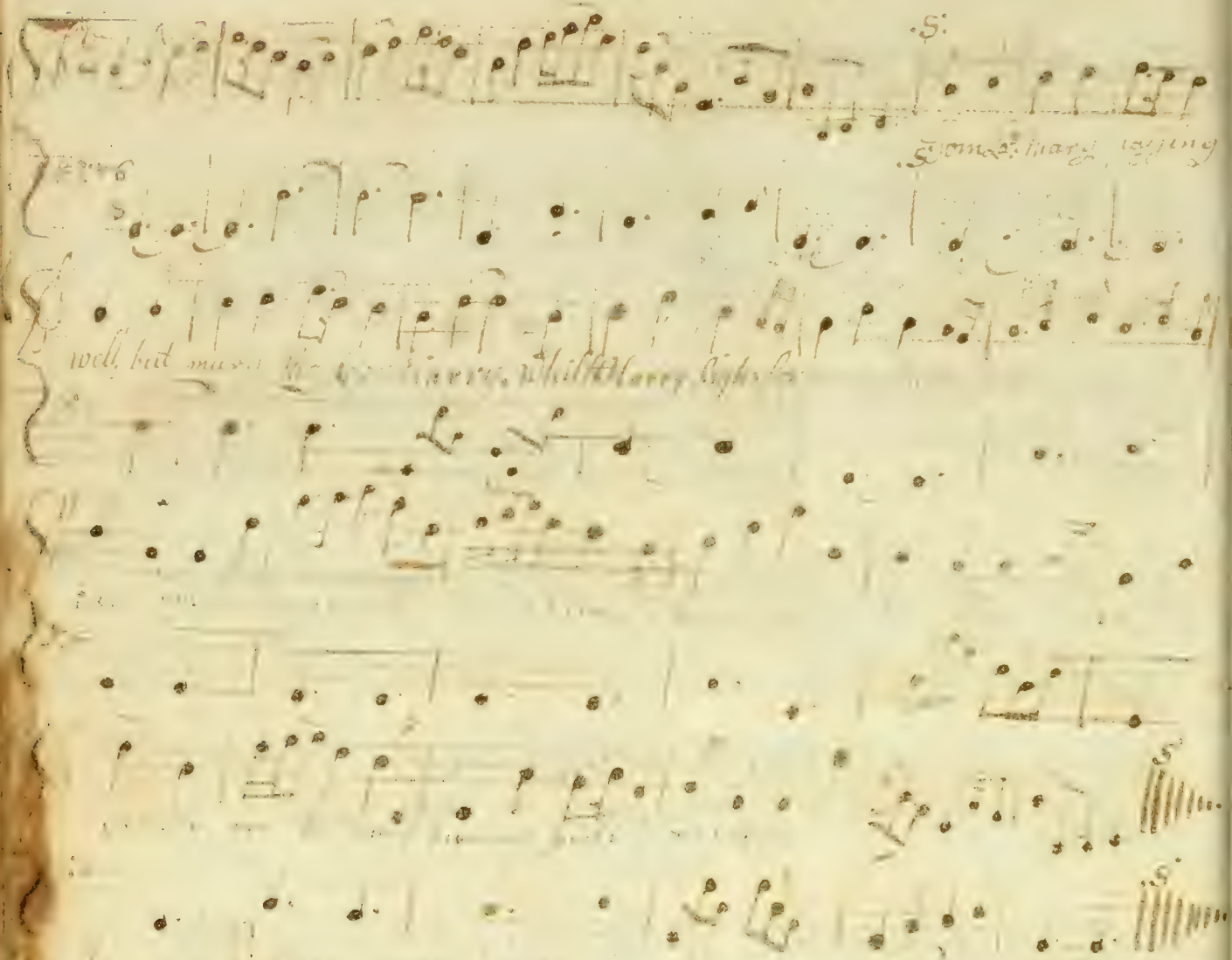
Set by Mr. Oswald



Time I dare thee to discover,
Such a youth and such a lover,
Oh! so true so kind was he;
Damon was the pride of nature,
Charming in his ev'ry feature,
Damon liv'd alone for me,
Melting kisses,
Murmuring blisses,
Who so liv'd and lov'd as we.
Who so &c.

Never shall we curse the morning,
Never bless the night returning,
Sweet embraces to restore;
Never shall we both lye dying
Nature failing: love supplying,
All the joys he drain'd before;
Death come end me,
To befriend me,
Love and Damon are no more.
Love &c.

Cries Responses of the Beard



THE EARLY HORN,
in full Score; set by Mr. Galliard

Recit:

The rosy morn w.th golden tresses crown'd, now leaves her gay Pavillion in ye skies, to usher in the

sun: before his steps she strews ye glittring dew drops o'er ye ground that pave like sparkling gems his radiant

way. The hunters horse breaths hard & neighs aloud, & snuffs the air; and

pans ye sounding earth. The op'ning hound exalts all nature's pleas'd & ev'ry object

to the chase invites. But most these shades where oft in silent night Phebe her

be virtuous you'll listen to what I say your Mother say, you must be an

I've a green mance to a row - for I've got husband for a day

I'll be have no more like a fool, but I'll be have no more like a fool I will I may

if I do if I do I wish I may die if I do

oth night & day She prates away

But if Pedare would make you stare

Young Lemon gay the other day

Spiteful & cross & cry'd to him did chide

with what do you mean by this

So wonderous nice that you'll entertain

When I have to off for

I wish I may die if you don't make me cry

Then I'll be free which I know I do

by my mother's side

I'll despise being quite as wise

Until I am quite as old

I'll forty three as prude I'll be

But I'll tell them with I shan't do

If I don't wish I may die

So I wish I may die

kindest influence sheds, and feeds the mind with thoughts contemplative as

oft she wakes Aurora with her chearful cries & early summons to th' harmonious Chase.

Horn

Violins 1.

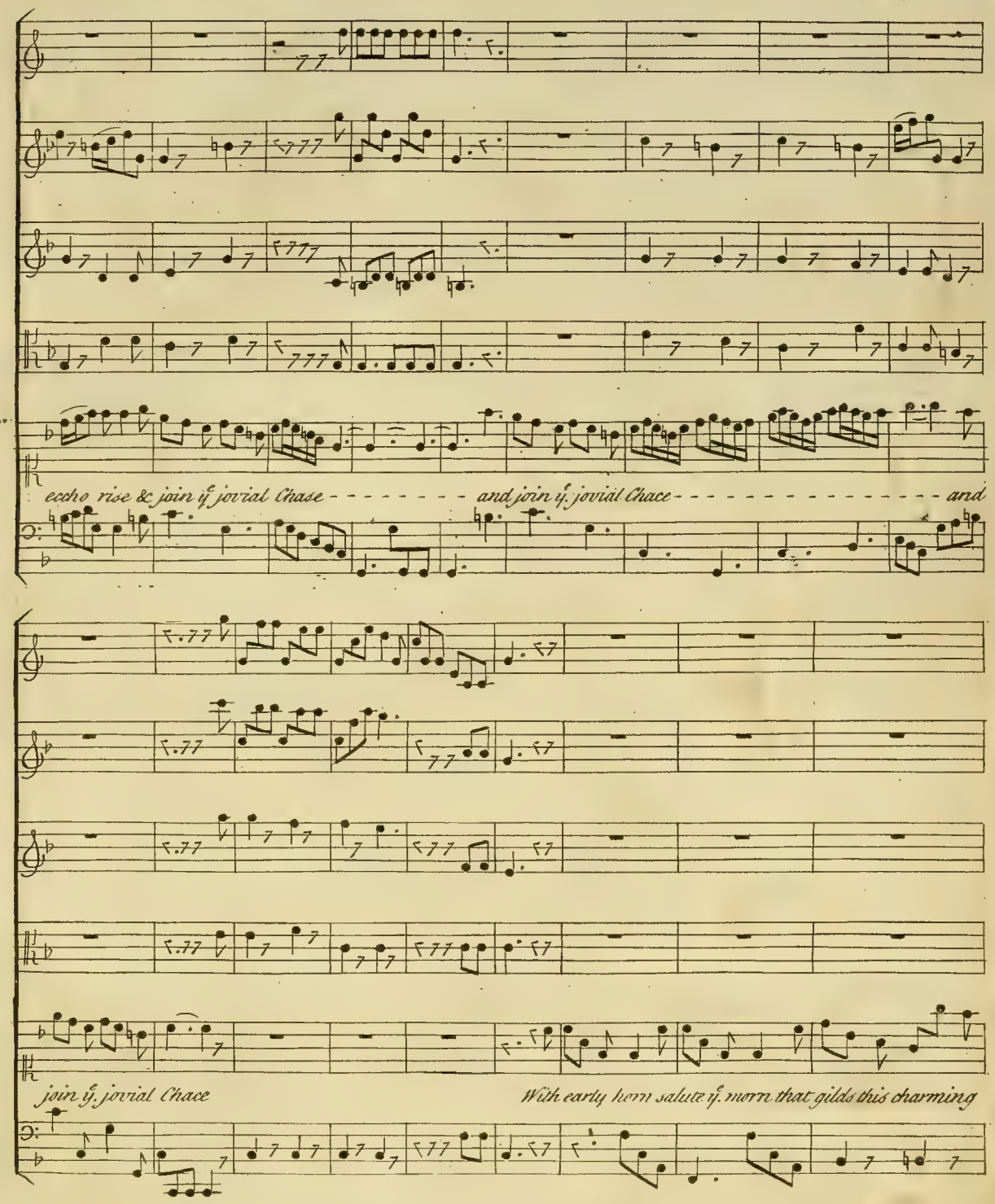
2

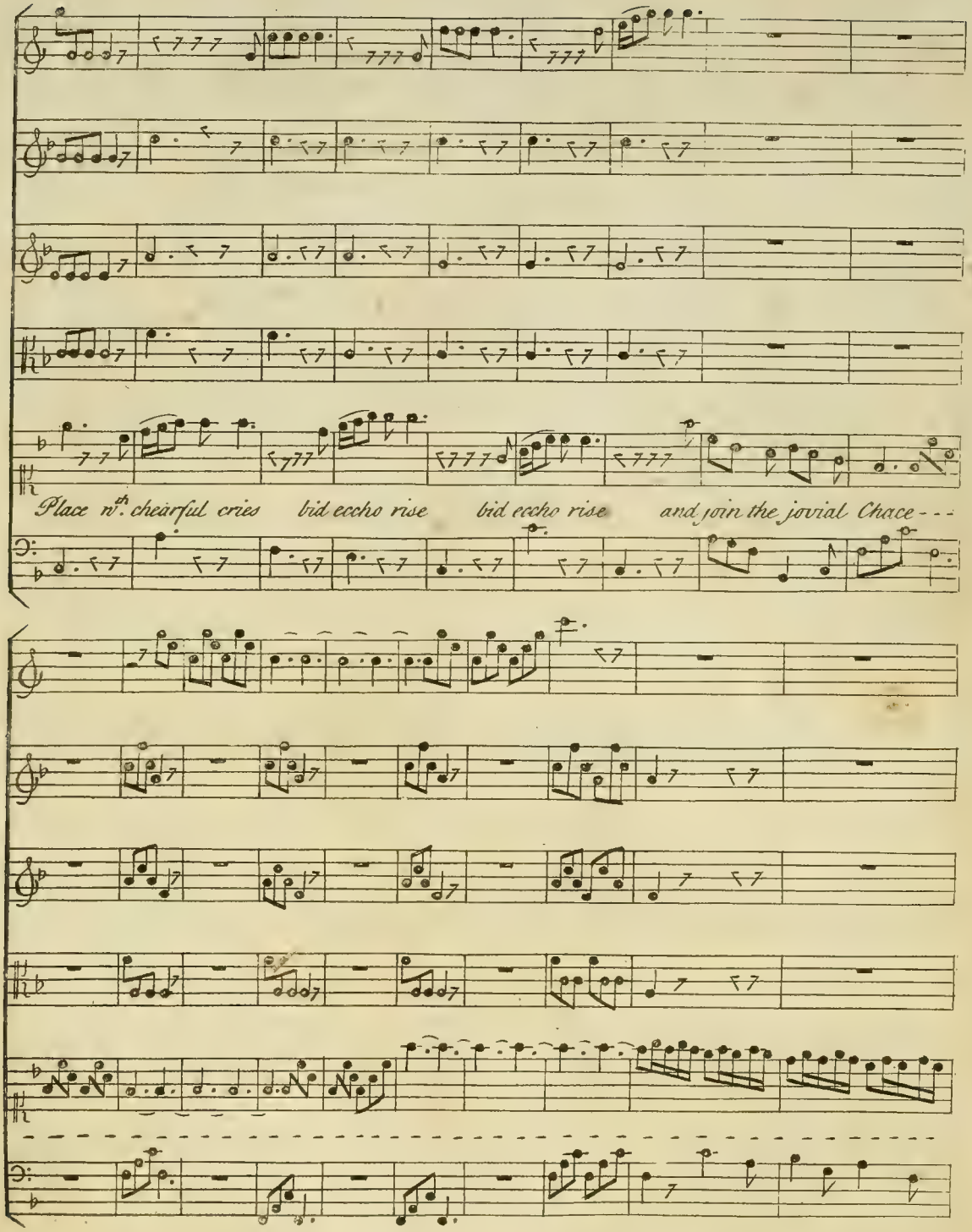
Tenore

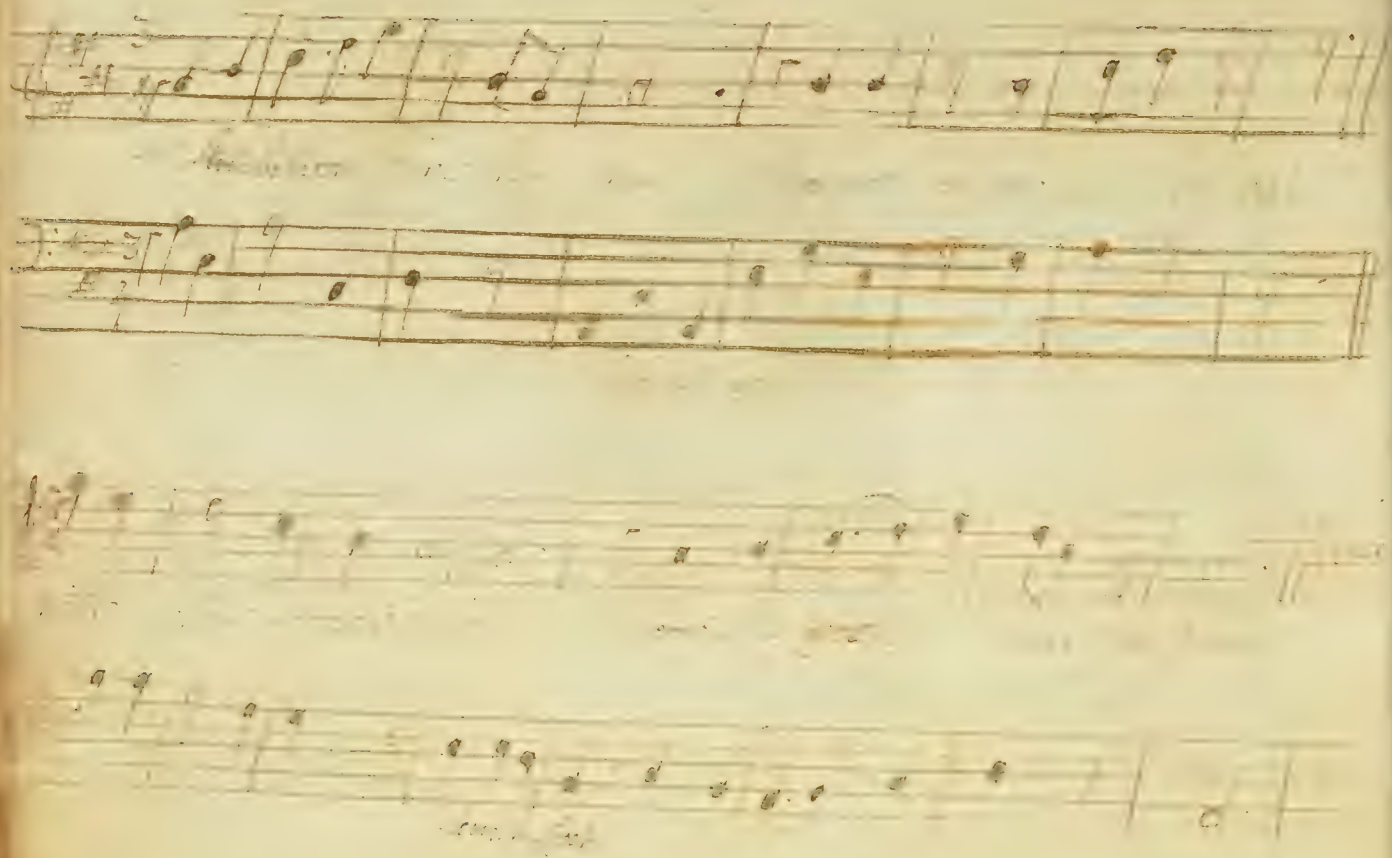
Voice

Basse

With early horn salute y^e morn that gilds this charming place wth chearful cries bids


echo rise & join ye jovial Chase - - - - - - - and join ye jovial Chace - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - and
join ye jovial Chace
With early horn salute ye morn that gilds this charming


Place wth. cheärful cries bid eccho rise bid eccho rise and join the jovial Chace - - -



Allegro

Allegro

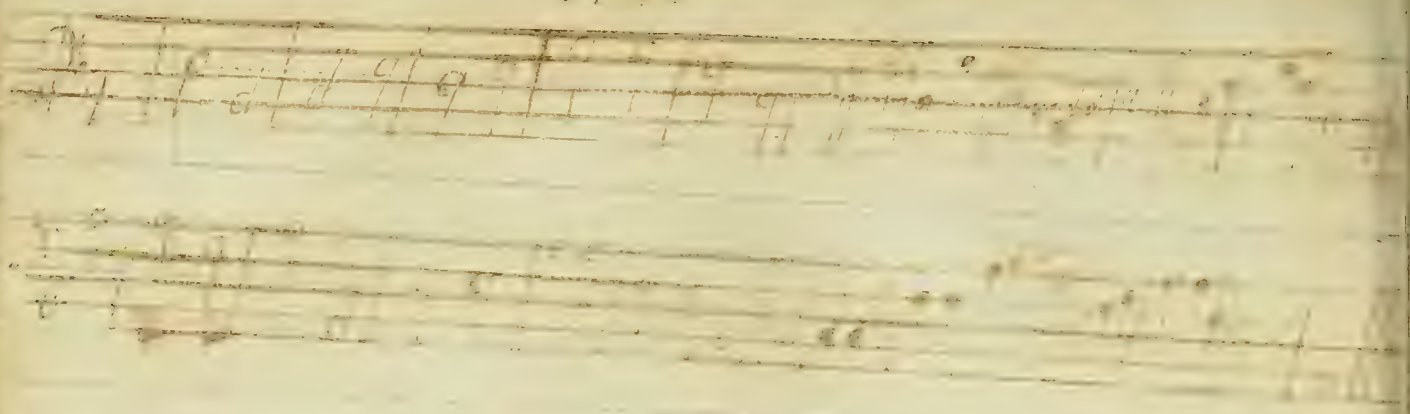
Adagio

n.th chearful cries bids eccho rise & join ye jovial chace & join ye jovial Chace

Adag. Allegro

The Vocal hills around ye waving woods ye crystal floods all all return th'enli-ving sound the

vocal hills around ye waving woods ye crystal floods all all return th'enli-ving sound. D.C.



A New Song
set by Mr. Chilcot of Bath

Allegro

Come thou Monarch of the vine.

Come thou mo-narch of the vine

Plum-py Bacchus with pink eyne

Come thou monarch

of the vine Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne Plum---py Bacchus with pink

Eyne

In thy Vats our cares be drown'd with thy Grapes our hairs be Crown'd

In thy Vats our cares be drown'd with thy Grapes our hairs be Crown'd

Our hairs be Crown'd our

cares be drown'd in thy Vats our cares be drown'd with thy Grapes our

hairs be crown'd

The Borrow'd Kiss.

Set by Mr. Oswald.

Andante

See I languish, see I faint, I must bo-rrow, beg or Steal

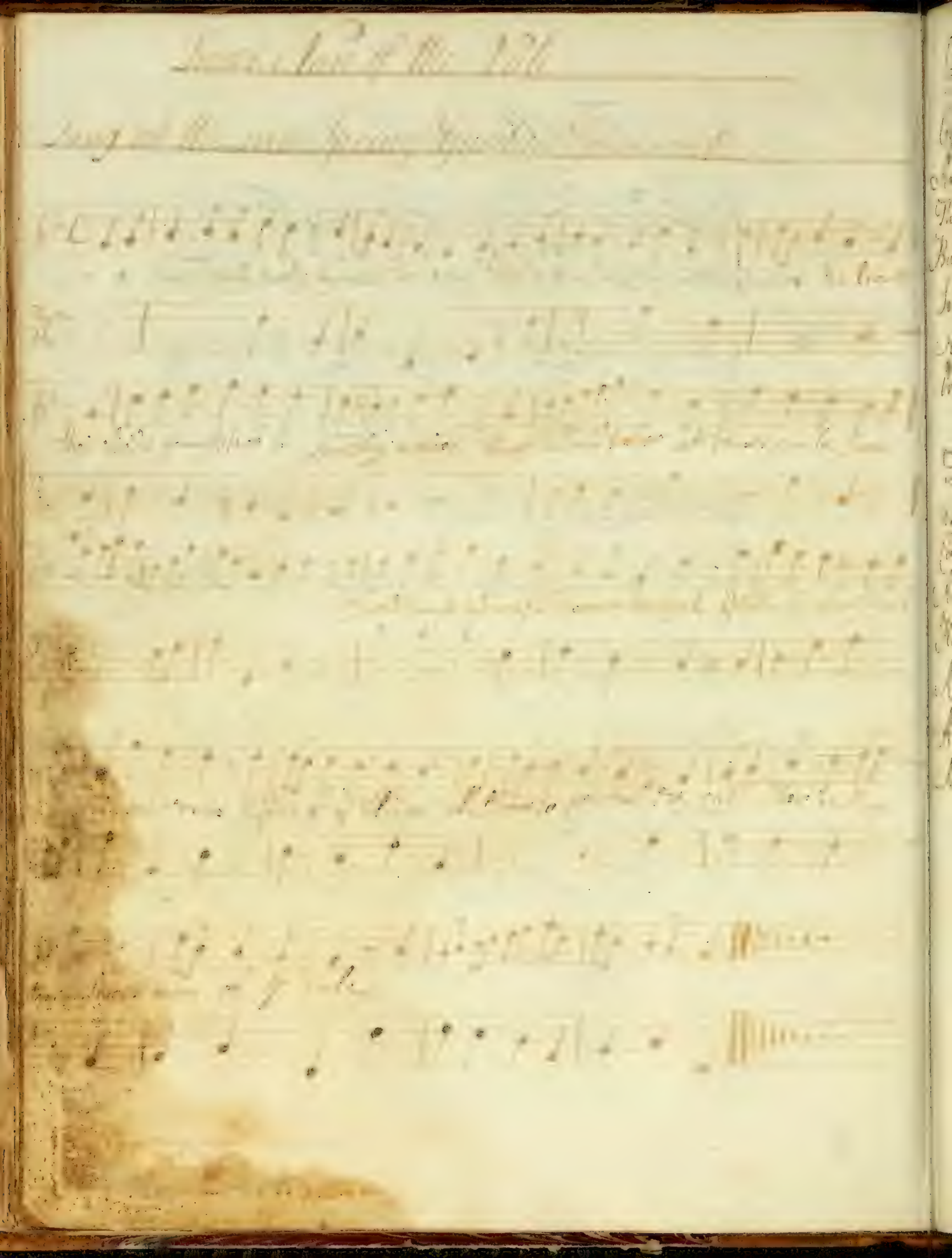
Can you See a Soul in Want, And no kind Compassion feel

Give or lend or let me take one sweet Kiss I ask no more

One sweet Kiss for Pity's Sake, Ill re-pay it o'er and o'er

Ill re-pay it o'er and o'er.

Cloe heard and with a Smile —
Kind Compassionate and Sweet
Colin its a Sin to Steal —
And for me to give's not meet
But Ill lend a Kiss or twain —
To poor Colin in Distress —
Not that I'll be paid again —
Colin I mean nothing less —



First young Hoge spoke his Passion till quite out of Breath,
Crying wounds, he could hug her & Kiss her to Death,
And Dick with her Beauty, was so much possess'd,
That he loathed his Food & abbondon'd his Rest,
But she could find nothing in them to endear,
So sent them away with a Flea in their Ear,
And said no such Boobys could tell ~~her~~ a Love Tale,
Or lower to complyance sweet Nan of ye Vale,

Till young Roger ye Smarter of all ye gay Green,
Who Lately to London on a Frolick had been,
Came Home much improv'd in his Air & Mien,
And boldly Attack'd her, not fearing Success,
He said Heaven form'd such ripe Lips to be Kiss'd,
And prest her so closely the [illegible] Kiss,
And shewed ye dull Lovers the right way to Wooing,
And brought to his Arms Nan sweet Nan of the Vale,

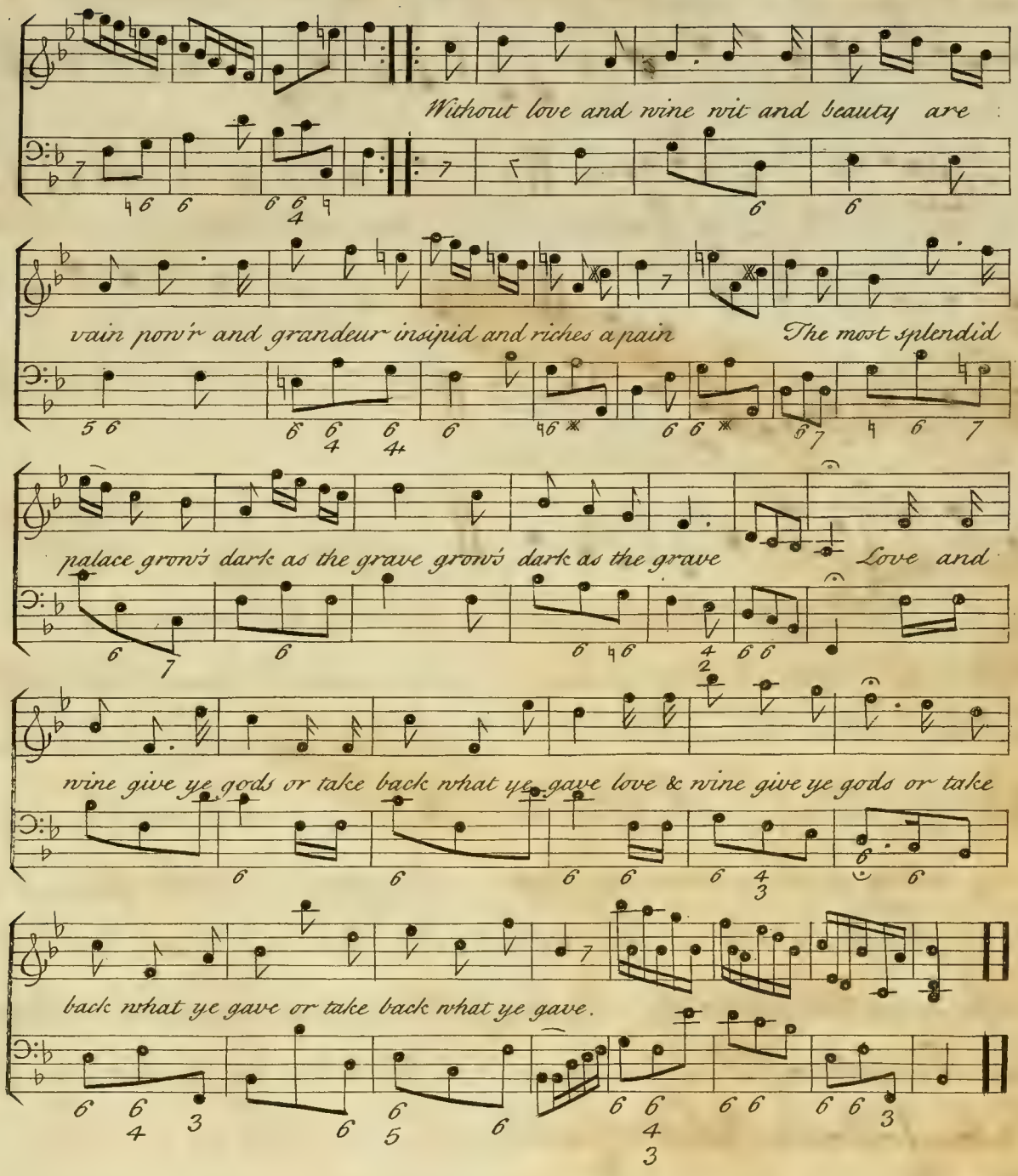
Set by Mr. Arne.

Fly swiftly ye minutes till Comus re-

-ceive ye nameless soft transports ye beauty can give. The

bow's frolick joy let him teach her to prove and she in return yield the

raptures of love and she in return yeild the raptures of love


Without love and wine wit and beauty are
vain pow'r and grandeur insipid and riches a pain
The most splendid
palace grow's dark as the grave grow's dark as the grave
Love and
wine give ye gods or take back what ye gave love & wine give ye gods or take
back what ye gave or take back what ye gave.

[illegible]

[illegible] Stole of Flowers, Stole of Sweets, & the Sun [illegible]

2d

to several artful Wiles ..... Aeolus Wife was next

Stole the Graces silken Smiles ..... Her next of Pecan that

he Stole Auroras balmy Breath ..... [illegible]

[illegible] Unseen ..... And to infect the

The Cheery dipo in morning Dew ..... The play'd by Muses from [illegible]

Gave Moisture to her Lips & Hue ..... [illegible]

These were her Infant Jewels stole ..... Great Jove [illegible]

And the in time Full rolled grown ..... [illegible]

At the twelve [illegible]

[illegible] Stole [illegible]

Trompeller Sense to chain [illegible] ..... [illegible]

A New Scots Song

set by Mr. Oswald

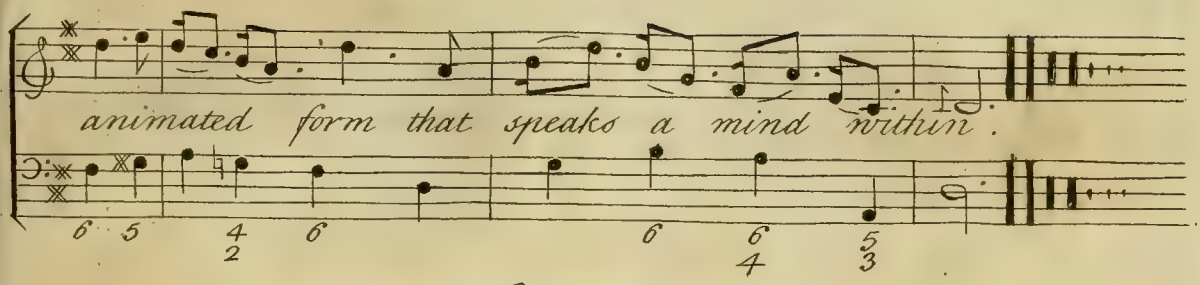
Andante

The Shape and Face let others prize the Features

of the Fair, I look for Spirit in her Eyes and

meaning in her Air A Damask Check an ivory

arm, shall ne'er my Wishes Win, Give me an



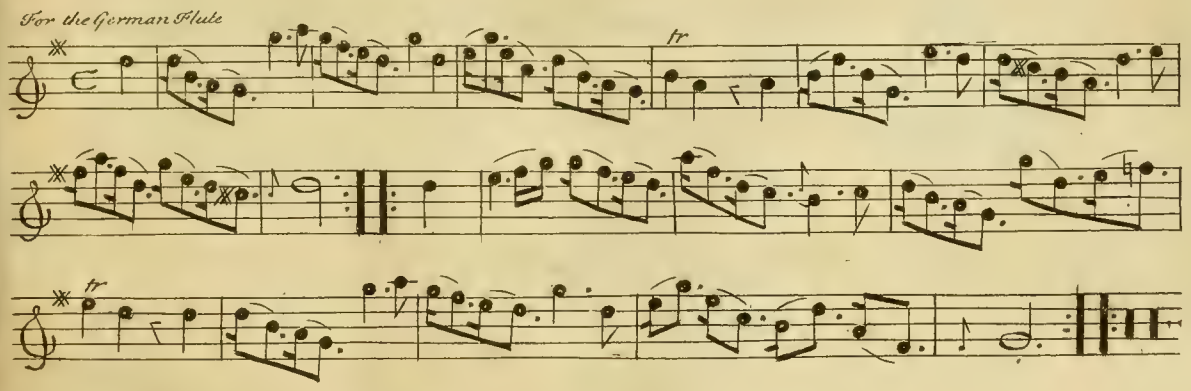
2

A Soul where awfull honour shines,
Where sence and sweetness move;
And angel innocence refined,
The tenderness of love:
These are the soul of beautys frame
Without whose Vital aid;
Unfinish'd all her features seem
And all the Roses dead.

3

But ah! when both their charms unite,
How perfect is the View,
With ev'ry image of delight,
And graces ever new;
Their pow'r but faintly to express,
All language must despair;
But go behold aspasias face,
And read it perfect there.

For the German Flute



The Stolen Kiss.

Set by Mr. Oswald

On a Mossy Bank reclin'd Beauteous Cloe lay reposing

O'er her Breast each amrous Wind Wanton playd its sweets disclosing

Tempted with y Swel-ling Charms Colin happy Swain drew

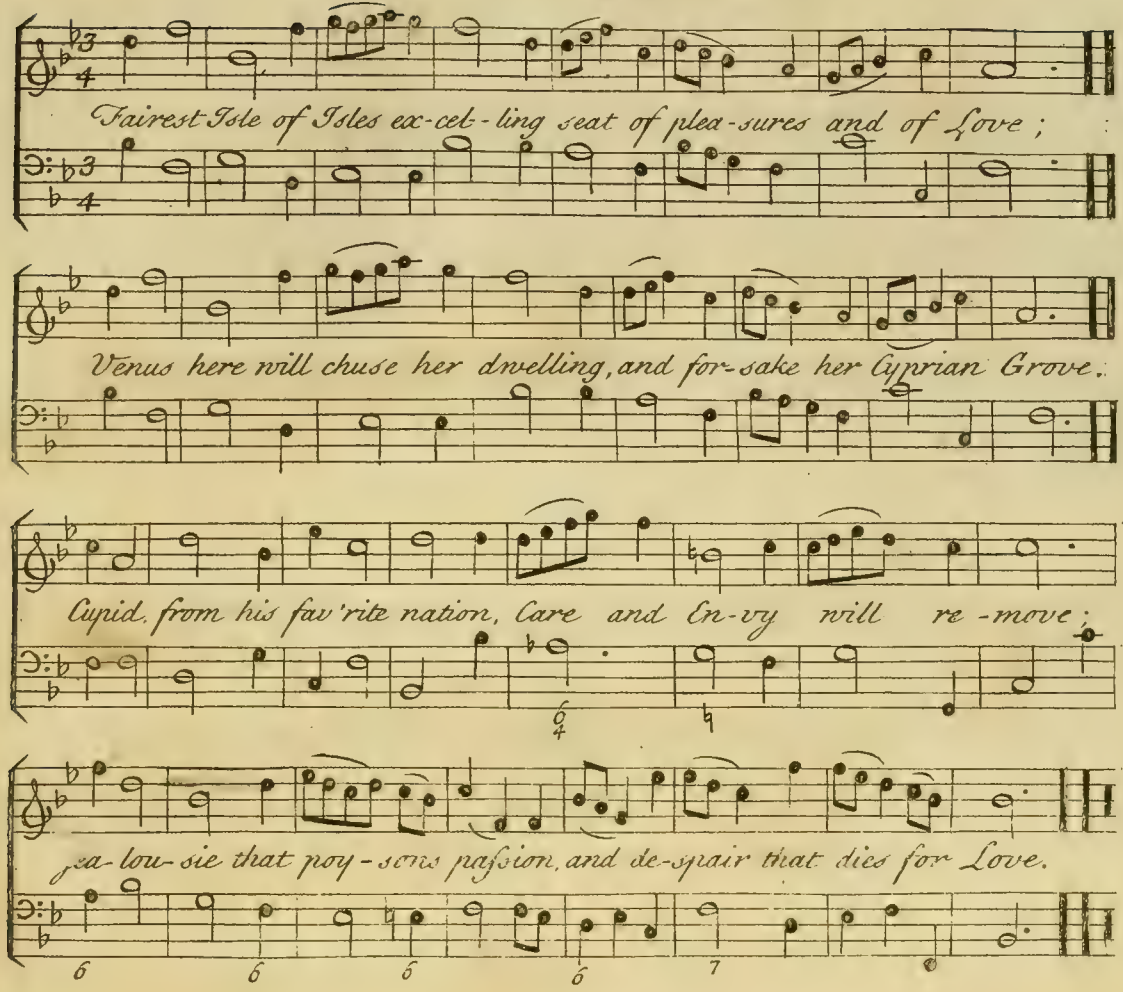
nigh her softly stole in to her Arms Laid his Scrip and

Sheep Hook by her.

Over her downy panting Breast —
His delighted Fingers roving —
To her Lips his Lips he prest —
In the Extacy of Loving —
Cloe wakenid with his Kiss —
Pleas'd yet frowning to Conceal it
Cry'd true Lovers share y Bliss —
Why then Colin wou'd you Steal it.

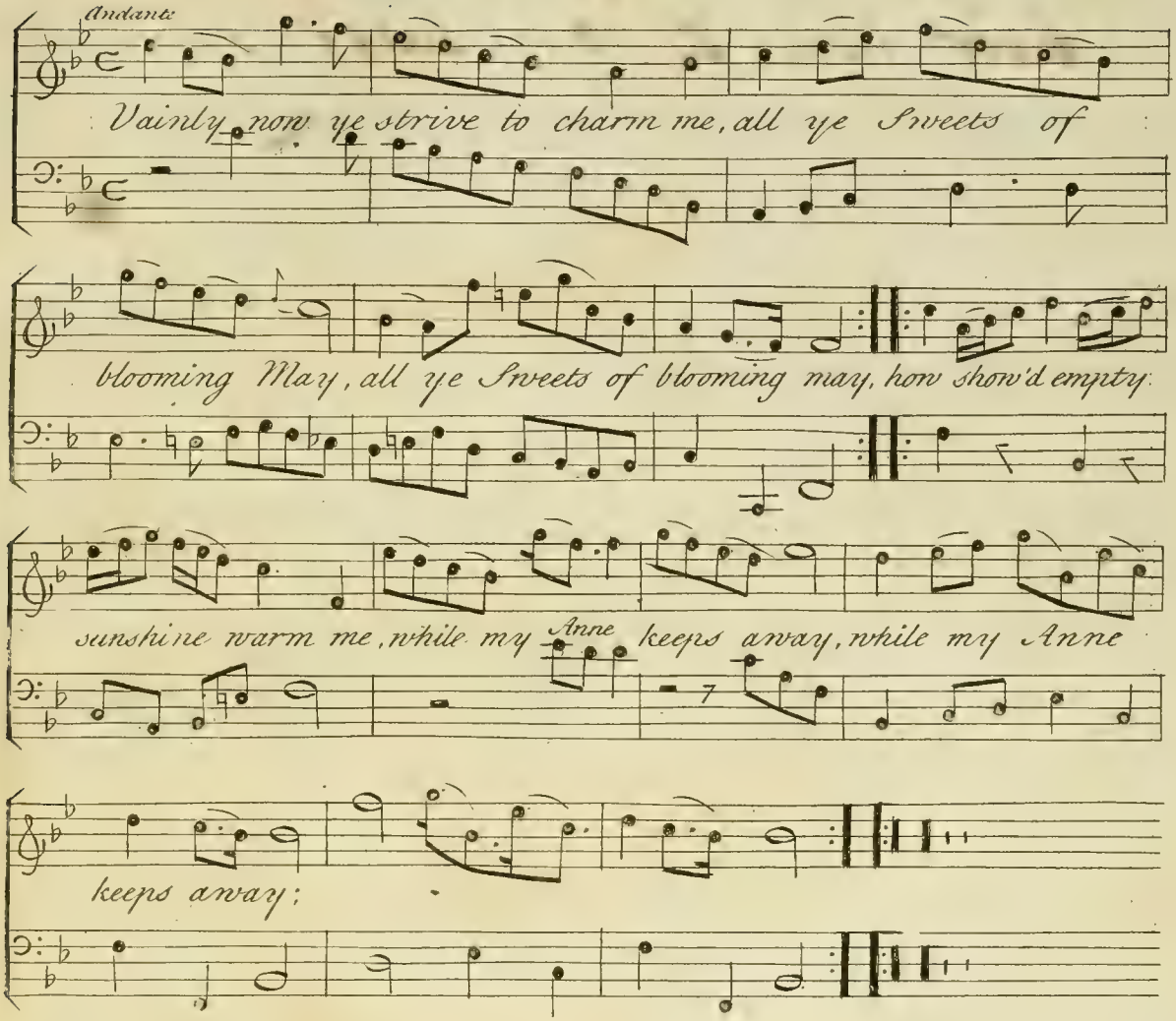
Fairest Isle

set by Mr. Purcell



Gentle Murmurs, soft Complaining,
Sighs that blow the Fire of Love;
Soft Repulses, kind disdaining,
Shall be all the Pains you prove.
Every Swain shall pay his Duty,
Grateful every Nymph shall prove;
And as these excell in Beauty
Those shall be renown'd for Love.

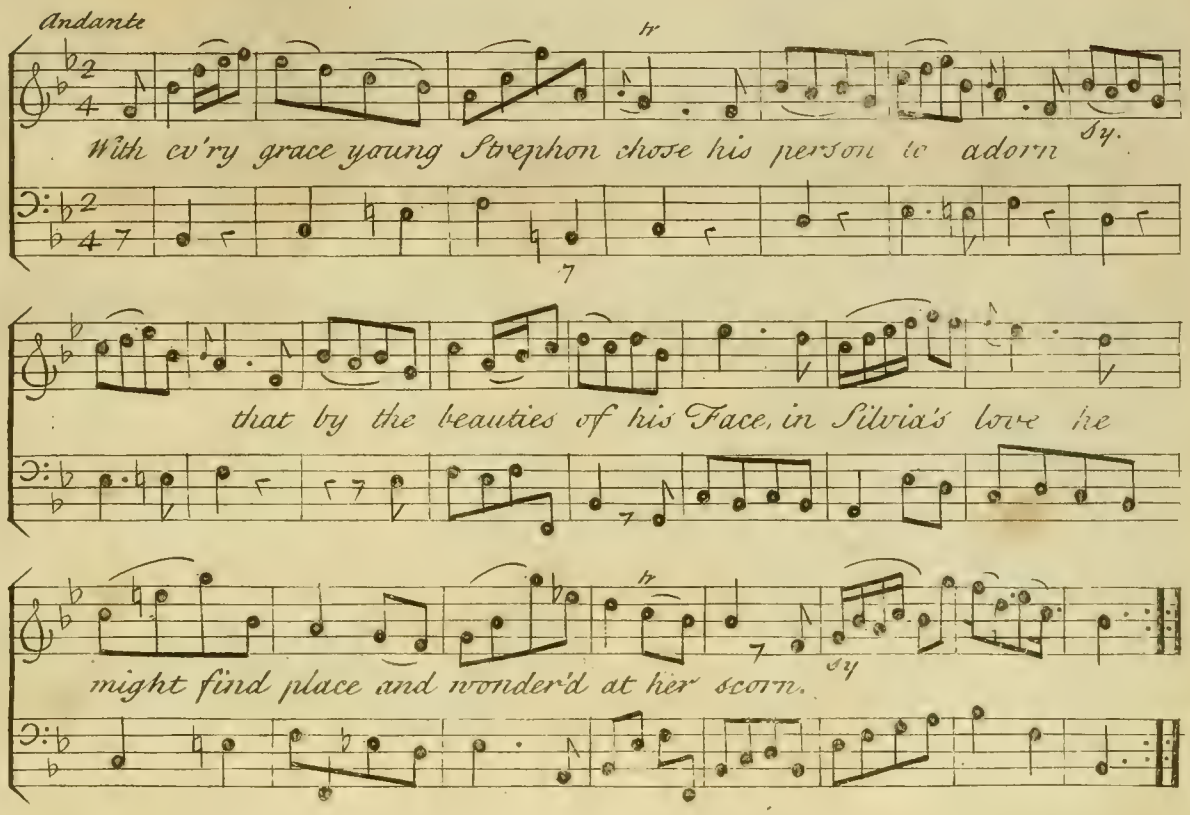
Set by Mr. Oswald



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

The Wit & Beau

set by Mr. Oswald



2

With Bows and Smiles he did his Part,
But Oh! 'twas all in vain:
A Youth less fine, a Youth of Art,
Had talk'd himself into her Heart,
And would not out again.

3

With Change of Habits Strephon press'd,
And urg'd her to admire;
His Love alone the other dress'd,
As Verse or Prose became it best,
And mov'd her soft Desire.

4

This found, his courtship Strephon ends,
Or makes it to his Glass,
There in himself now seeks amends;
Convinc'd that where a Wit pretends,
A Beau is but an Ass.—

Set by Mr. Lampe

My Lesbia let us live, & love, Let crabbed Age talk what it will
The sun though down returns above, But we once dead must be so still

Kiss me a thousand times & then, give me a hundred kisses more now kiss a

thousand times again, then th'other hun- dred

pia. for.

as before, then th'other hun- dred as before.

2

And then, when we have done all this,
That our sweet pleasures may remain,
We will continue on our bliss,
Unkissing of them all again
Thus we will love, & thus we'll live
While all our posting minutes fly
We'll have no time to vex or grieve
But kiss, & unkiss till we die.

Set by Mr. Howard

If love be a fault & in me thought a crime how great's my offence bear you witness O time

the days & ye. nights & the hours as they roll'd you know may be felt but are ne'er to be told

One day pass away and saw nothing but love another came on & ye. same thing did prove the

sun it grew tir'd still to look on the same but I grew more pleas'd as the next moment came

I saw you all day & all day with new gust
And yet ev'ry day was to me as the first
Thus fleeting time passes with down on its Wings
And whilst this remains rest unenvy'd ye Kings
If this be a Crime be my Judges ye Fair
And if I must suffer for what is so rare
True Lovers hereafter this wonder shall tell
The cause of my death was for loving too well

The Rapture.

Moderato. Set by Mr. Oswald

Whilst on thy dear Bosom lying Cœlia who can speak my Bliss
Who the Rapture I'm en-joying When thy Balmy Lips I Kiss

Every Look with Love in---spires me, Every Touch my

Bosom Warms, Every Melting Murmur fires me

Every joy is in thy Arms

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

The Parting Kiss.

Tender

Set by Mr. Oswald.

One kind Kiss be-fore we Part Drop a Tear & bid a

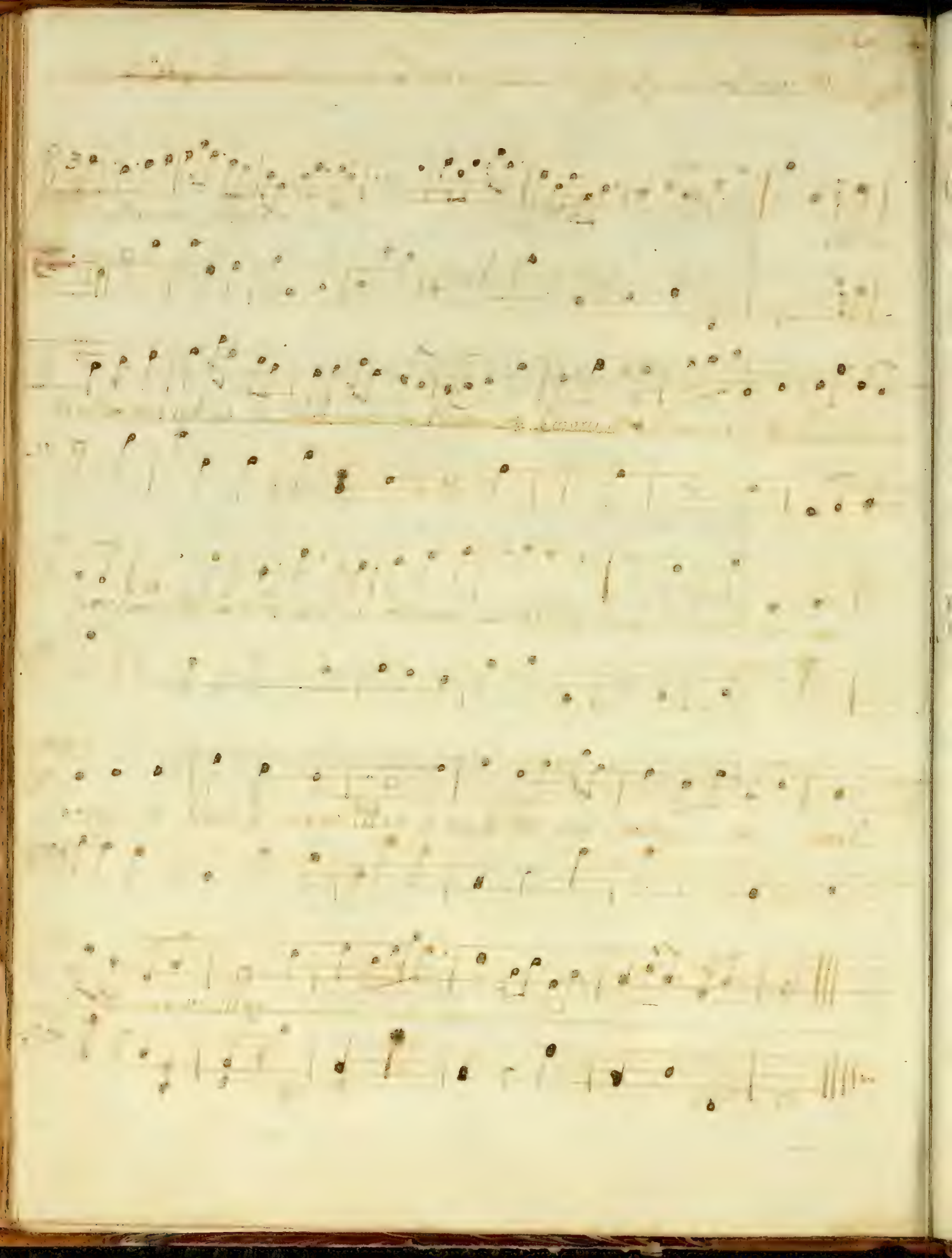
-dieu Tho we Se-ver my fond Heart Till we

meet shall pant for You' Till we meet shall pant for

You shall pant for You.

Yet yet Weep not so my Love
Let me Kiss that falling Tear
Tho' my Body must remove
All my Soul will still be here
All my Soul will still be here
will still be here

All my Soul and all my Heart
And every Wish shall pant for you
One kind Kiss then ere we part
Drop a Tear and bid Adieu
Drop a Tear and bid Adieu
and bid Adieu



Scene 2d

Scene 5th

Scene 8th

A NEW SONG, the Words by a Lady of Quality.
Set by Mr. Oswald

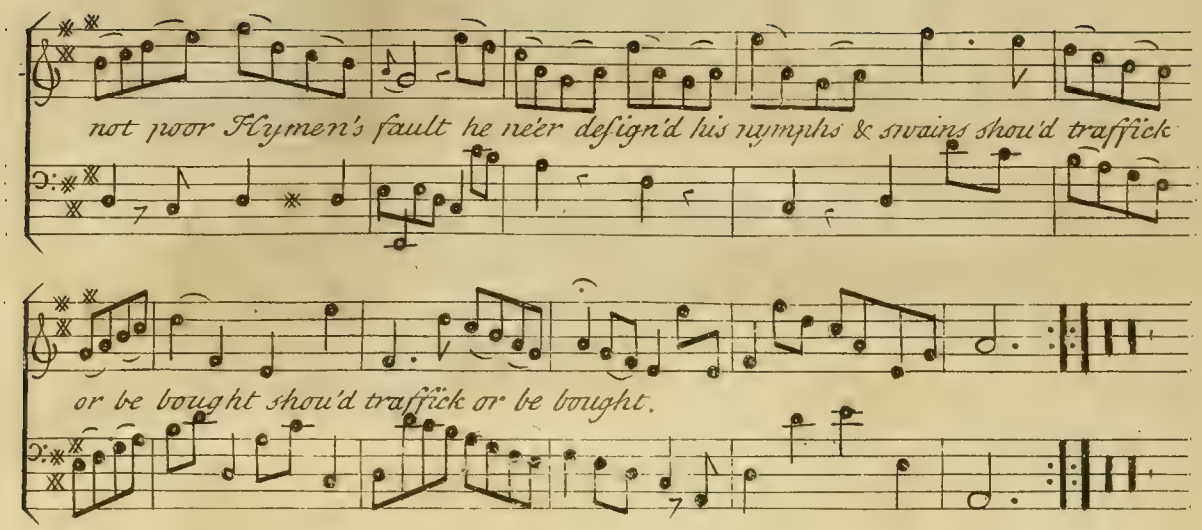
Sym.

Moderato

Should Love Sincere devoid of artless

joy or bliss bestow, Because the hand goes with the heart must

that create our woe, Tho' hymen's torch burns often dim 'Tis



2

But plutus, foe to gen'rous Love,
It's ruin curse and bane,
Resolv'd that gold shou'd only move,
The youthfull nymph and swain:
Thus riches joyn's unequal pairs,
Neglecting care and rule,
The ugly with the blooming fair,
The witty with the fool:
The witty with &c.

3

Let sense and merit fix your choice
Good nature too should aid
Attend to truth's unerring Voice
And let not wealth perswade
A partner thus, by reason chose,
Your tenderness repays
No chains, no fetters, will impose
But sooths your nights and days
But sooths &c.

The Kiss Repaid.

Set by Mr. Oswald

Cloe by that borrow'd Kiss I al---as am

quite un done. Twas so Sweet so frought wth Bliss

Thousands will not pay that One Thousands will not

pay that One

Least the Debt should break your Heart
Roguish Cloe smiling Cries,
Come a Thousand then in part
For the present shall Suffice.
For the present shall Suffice.

Phebe. A Pastoral.

Set by Mr Oswald

My Time Oh ye Muses was happi-ly spent, When Phebe went with me, where ever I went;
Ten thousand soft Pleasures I felt in my Breast, Sure ne ver fond Shepherd, like Colin was blest;
But now She is gone and has left me be hind, what a mervellous Change on a sudden I find, When things were as fine as could posibly be, I thought it was Spring, but a-las it was She.

1
The Fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft Murmurs the Pebbles among,
Thou knowst little Cupid if Phebe was there,
Twas Pleasure to look at twas Musick to hear,
But now she is absent, I walk by its Side,
And still as it Murmurs do, nothing but chide;
Must you be so chearful, whilst I go in Pain,
Peace there with your Bubbling & hear me complain

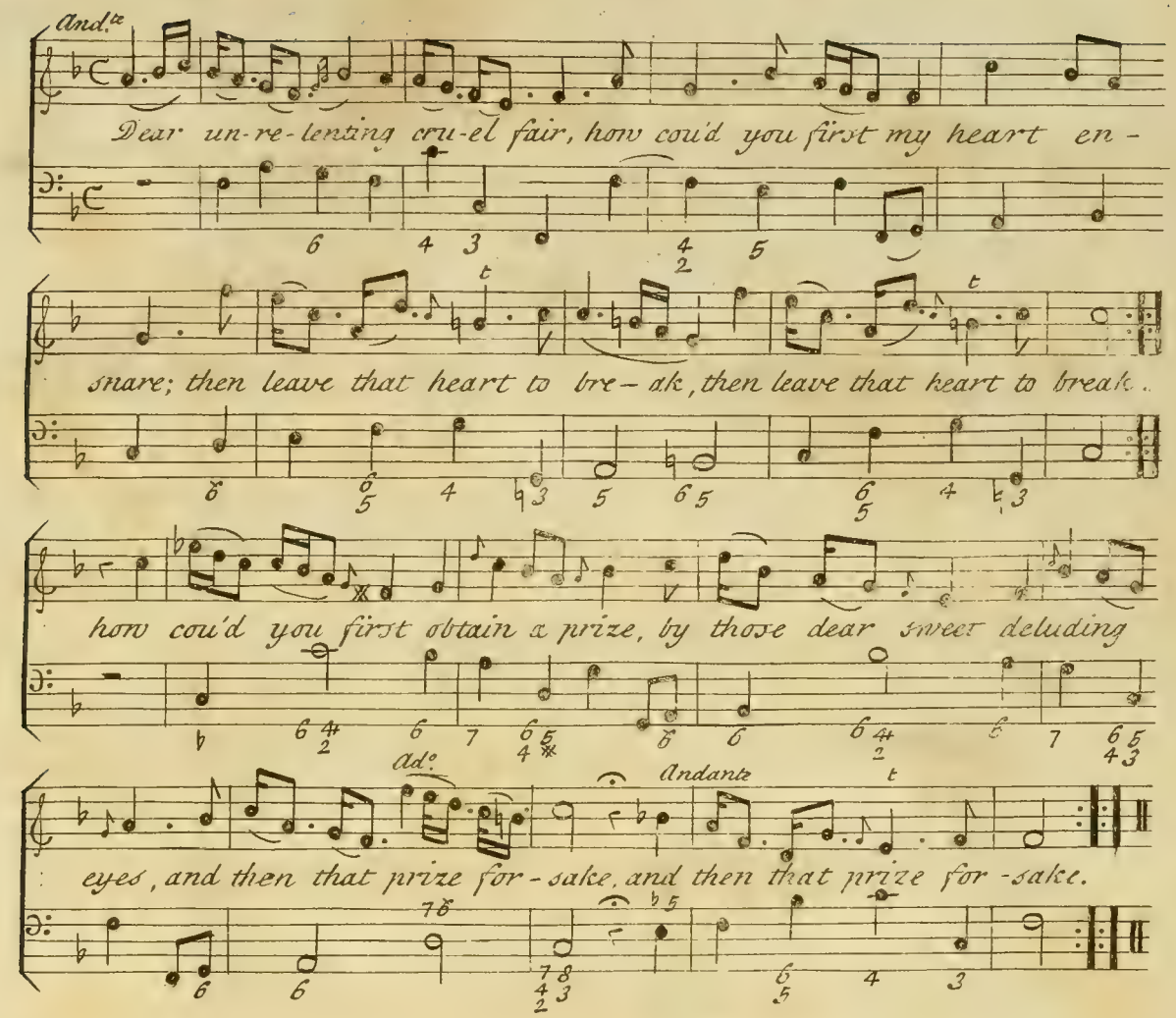
2
My Dog, I was ever well pleased to see,
Come wagging his Tail to my fair One and me;
And Phebe was pleas'd too, and to my Dog said,
Come hither poor fellow, and patted his Head,
But now when he's fawning I with a sour Look
Cry Sirrah and give him a Blow with my Crook:
And I'll give him another, for why should not Tray,
Be dull as his Master when Phebe's away.

3
Sweet Musick went with us both all the Wood thro'
The Lark, Linnet, Throstle, and Nightingale too;
Winds over us whispered Flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the Grass-hopper under our Feet.
But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
The Woods are but lonly, the Melody's gone;
Her Voice in the Concert, as now I have found,
Give every thing else its agreeable sound.

4
Will no pitying Power that hears me complain,
Or cure my Disquiet, or soften my pain;
To be curd, thou must Colin thy Passion remove,
But what Swain is so silly to live without Love,
No, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor Shepherd so sadly forlorne;
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with Despair,
Take heed all ye Swains, how you love one so fair.

To Sacharissa

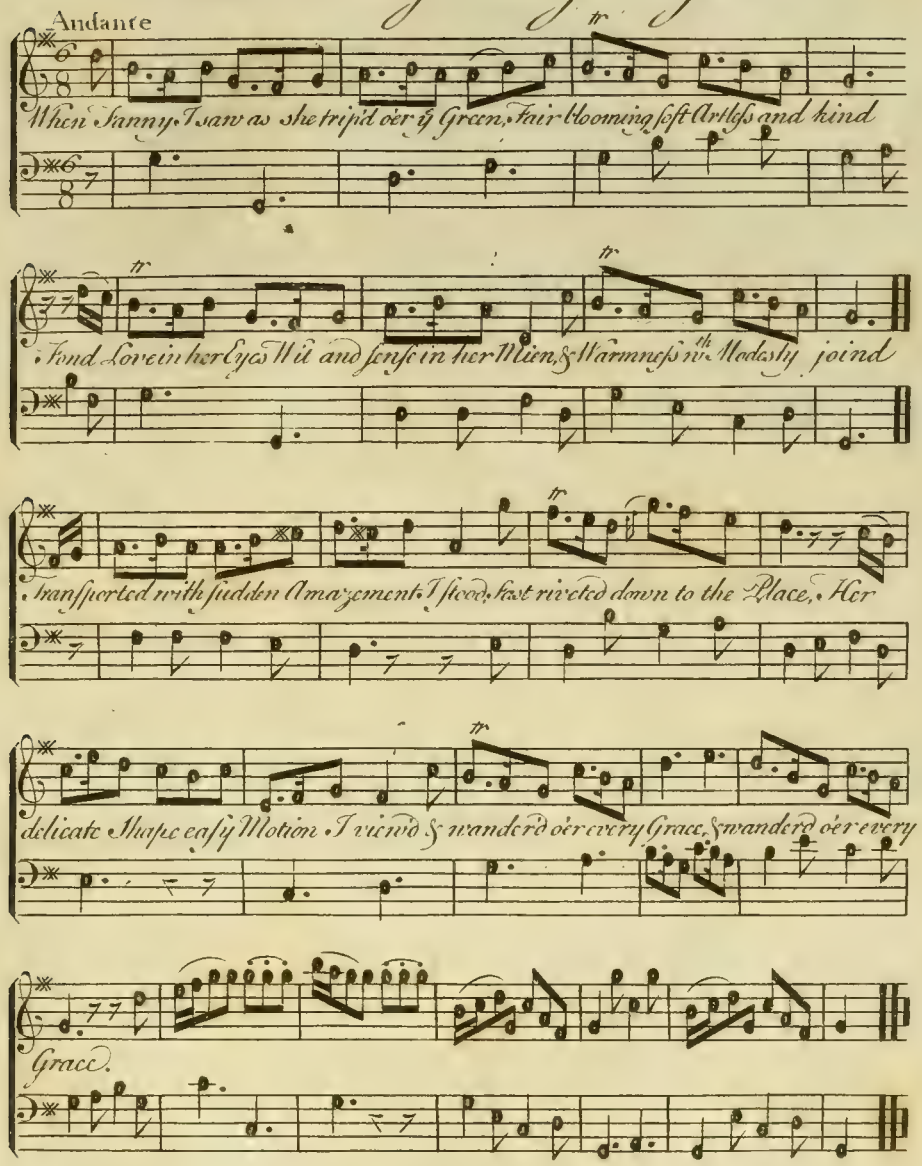
A New Song



Like the close everlasting Flame,
My Heart is doom'd to burn the same,
Whilst you the Heart inspire;
You, like the Vestal, void of sleep,
With-in, eternal Vigils keep,
And feed the fainting Fire

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

The Imaginary Kiss.



Ye Gods! what Luxuriance of Beauty, I cry,
What Raptures must dwell in her Arms!
On her Lips I could feast, on her Breast I could die,
O Fanny, how sweet are thy Charms!
Whilst thus in Idea my Passion I fed,
Soft Transport my Senses invade,
Young Damon stepd up, wth ye Substance he fled,
And left me to kiss the dear Shade.

Set by Mr Oswald

The Cypress Grove

Tender

Beneath a Cypress Grove Young Strephon Sought Relief, the Flowers around his Head Pin'd conscious of his Grief. Fond Foolish Wretch he Cri'd, I love and yet de-spair, Pursue tho' Still denied, by the too cruel Fair.

The Courtier asks a Place,
The Sailor Tempts the Sea,
The Miser begs Increase,
Love only governs me,

Nor Honour Wealth nor Fame,
Can like soft Transports move,
On Earth 'tis Bliss Supreme,
And Heav'n is but to love.

Set by Mr Oswald

False Philander.

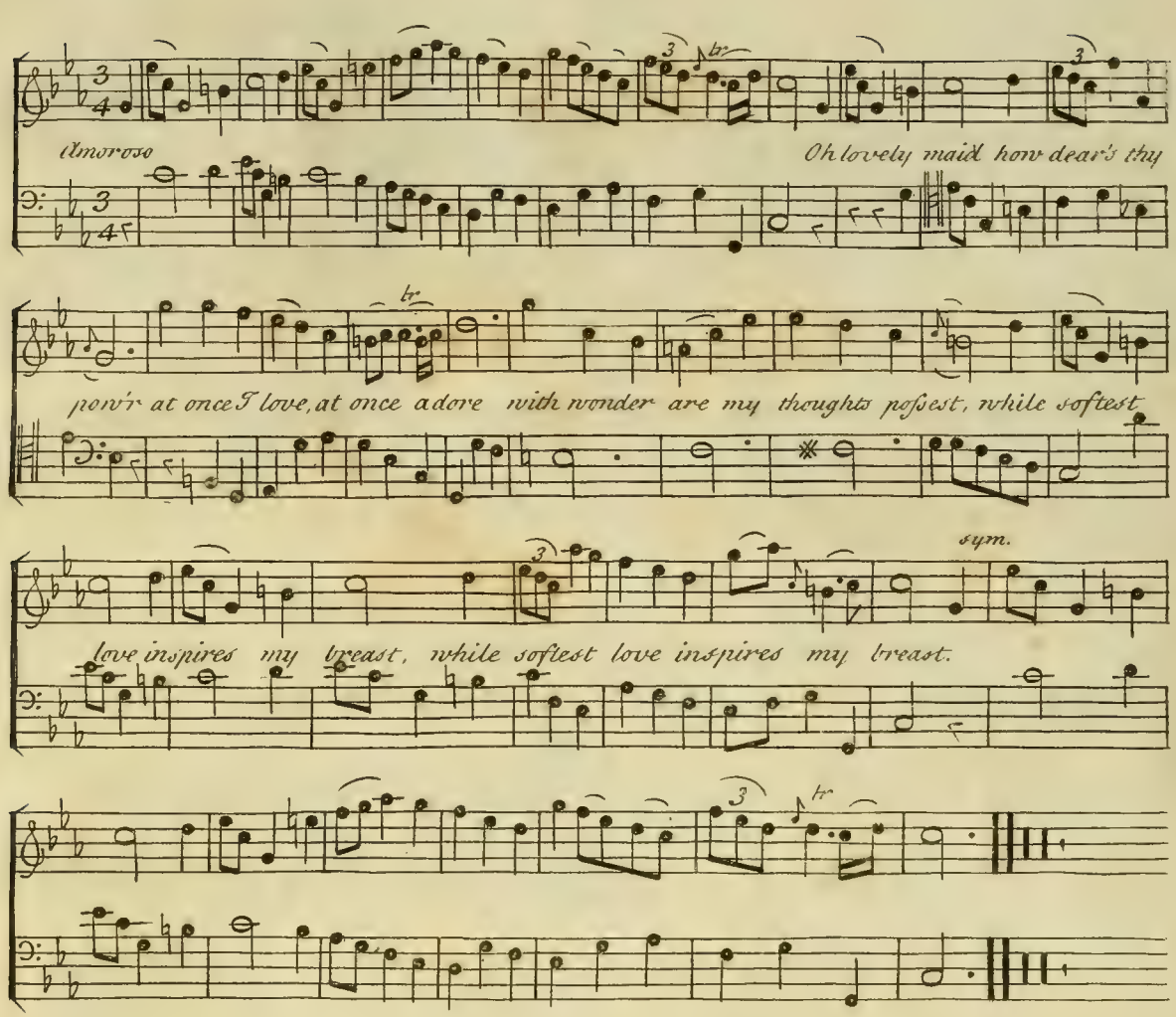
Andante

Fare well thou false Philander Since now from me you rove And leave me here to wander, no more to think of Love. I must for ever lan - - guish, I must for ever mourn from Love I now am banished and shall no more return

Farewel deceitful Traitor,
Farewel thou perjurd Swain,
Let never injurd Creature
Believe your Vows again.

The Passion you pretended,
Was only to obtain,
For now the Charm is ended,
The Charmer you disdain.

A NEW SONG set by Mr. Arne



2

Yes charming victor, I am thine
Poor as it is, this heart, of mine
Was never in another's pow'r
Was never pierc'd by love before
Was never pierc'd &c.

3

In thee I've treasur'd up my joy
Thou canst give bliss or bliss destroy
And thus I've bound my self to love
While bliss or misery can move
While bliss &c.

4

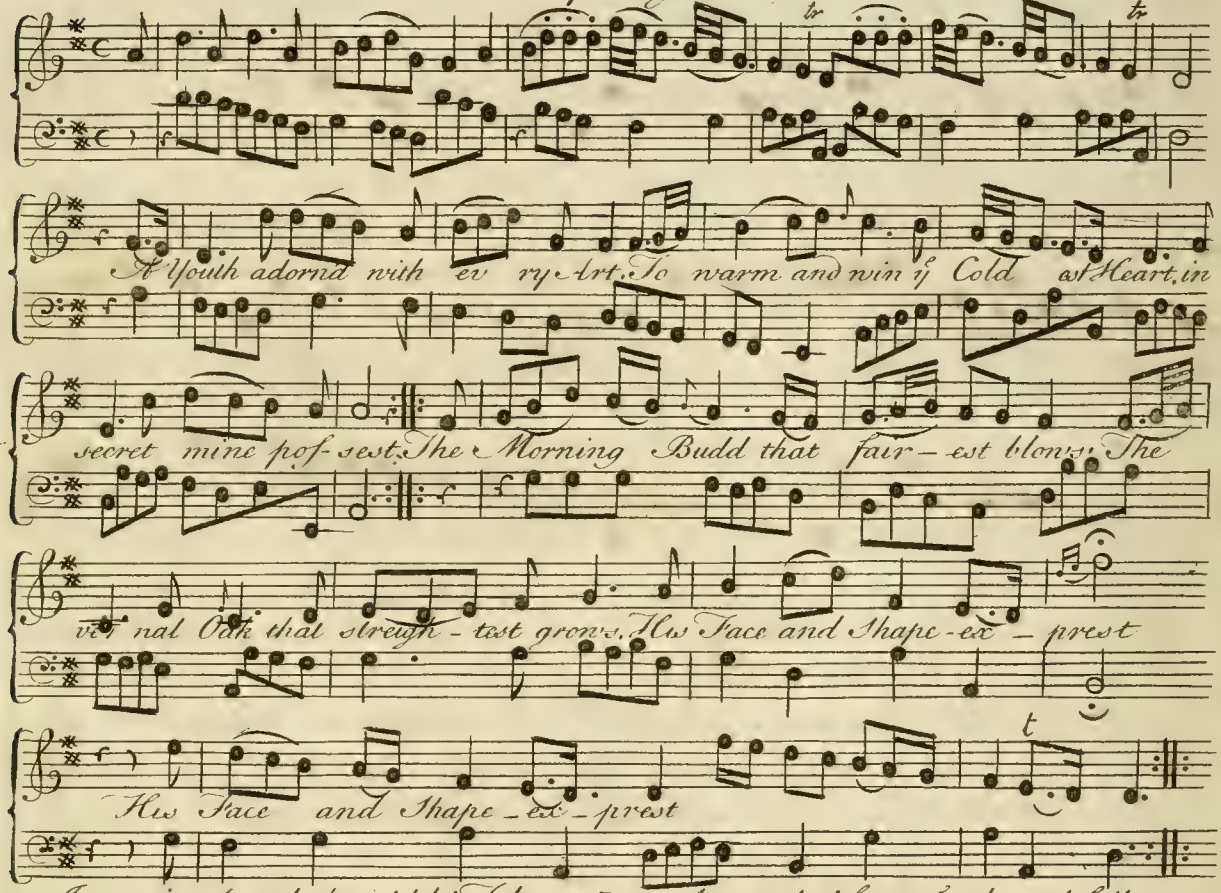
O should I ne'er possess thy charms
Ne'er meet my comfort in thy arms
Were hopes of dear enjoyment gone
Still would I love love the alone
Still would I &c.

5

But like some discontented shade
That wanders where its body's laid
Mournful I'd roam with hallow glare
For ever exil'd from the Fair.
For ever &c.

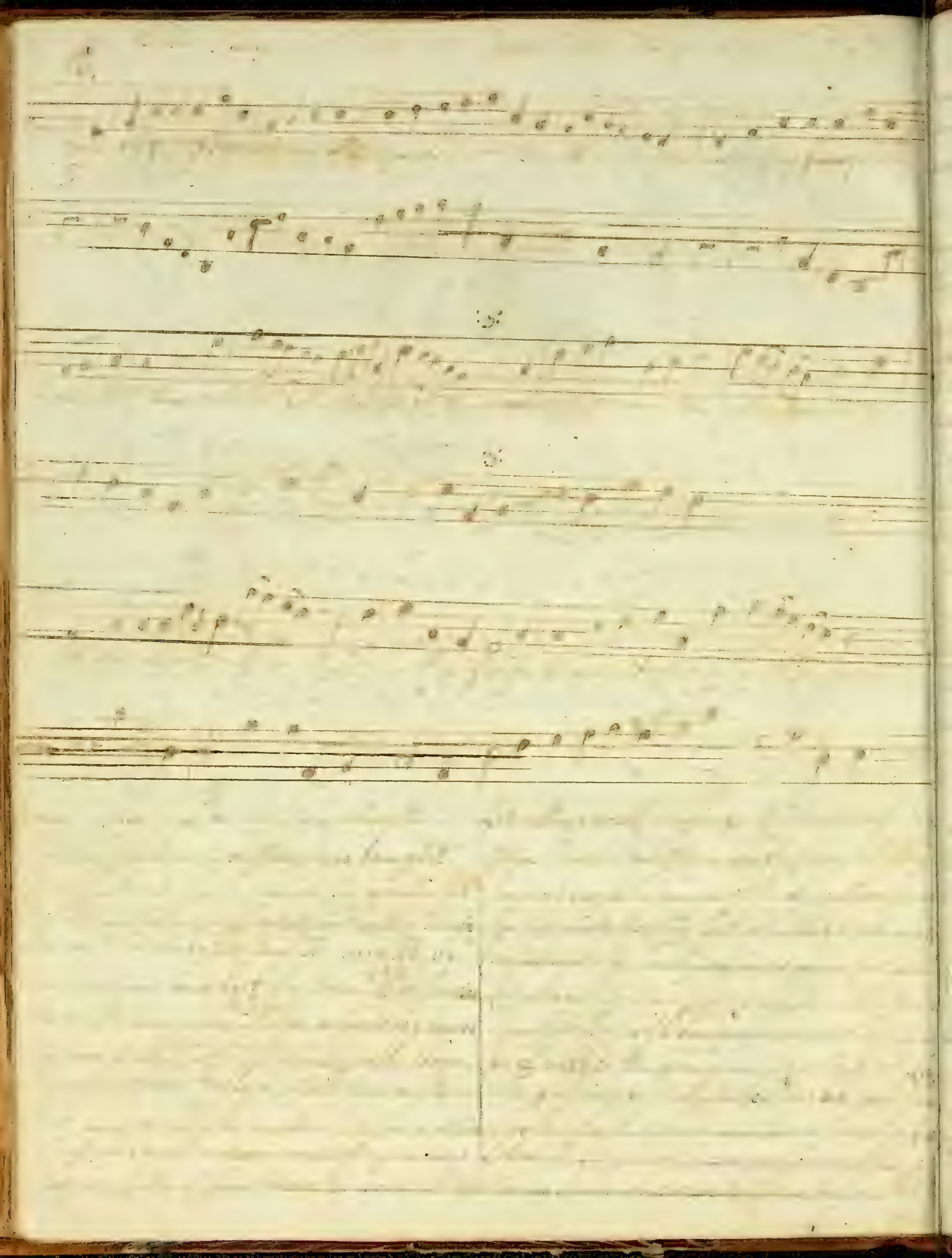
The Weeping Fair.

Set by Mr Oswald



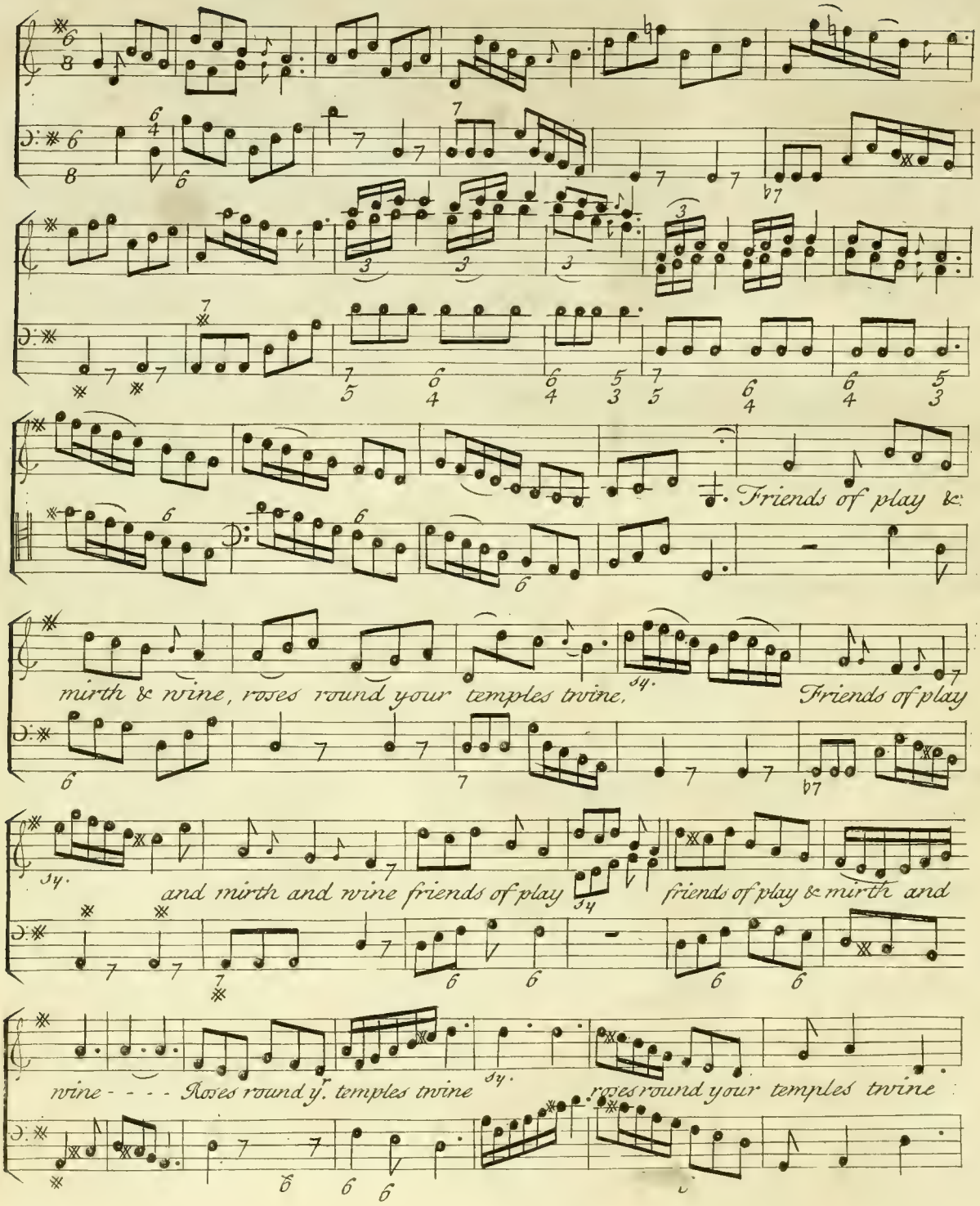
In moving Sounds he told his Tale,
Soft as the sighing of the Gale,
That makes the flow'ry Year:
What wonder he could charm with Ease,
Whom happy Nature form'd to please:
Whom honour made Sincere Whom &c.

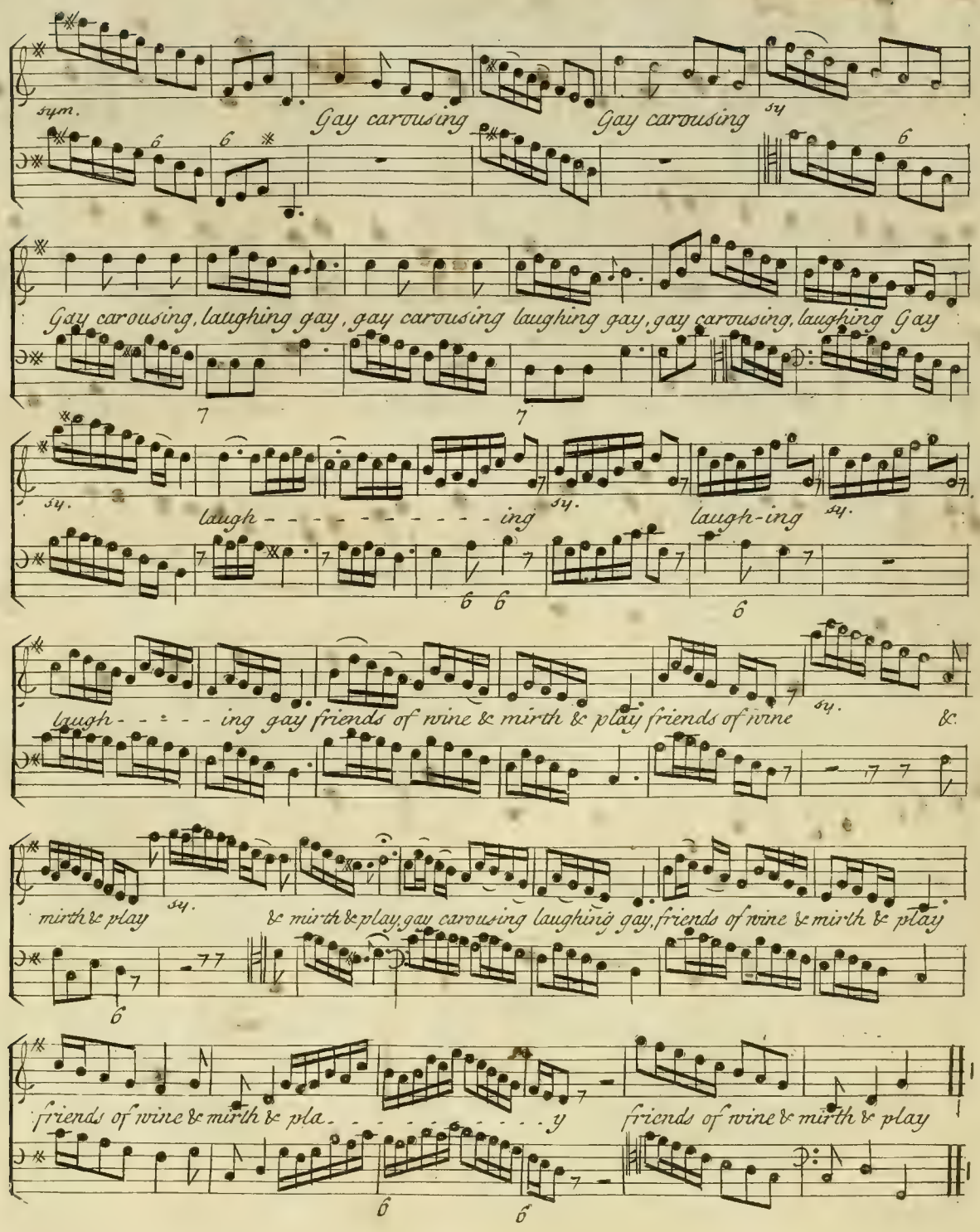
At morn he left me fought and full,
The fatal Evening heard his Knell,
And saw the Tears I shed.
Tears that must ever ever fall
For ah! no sighs the past recall.
No Crys awake the Dead. No Crys &c.

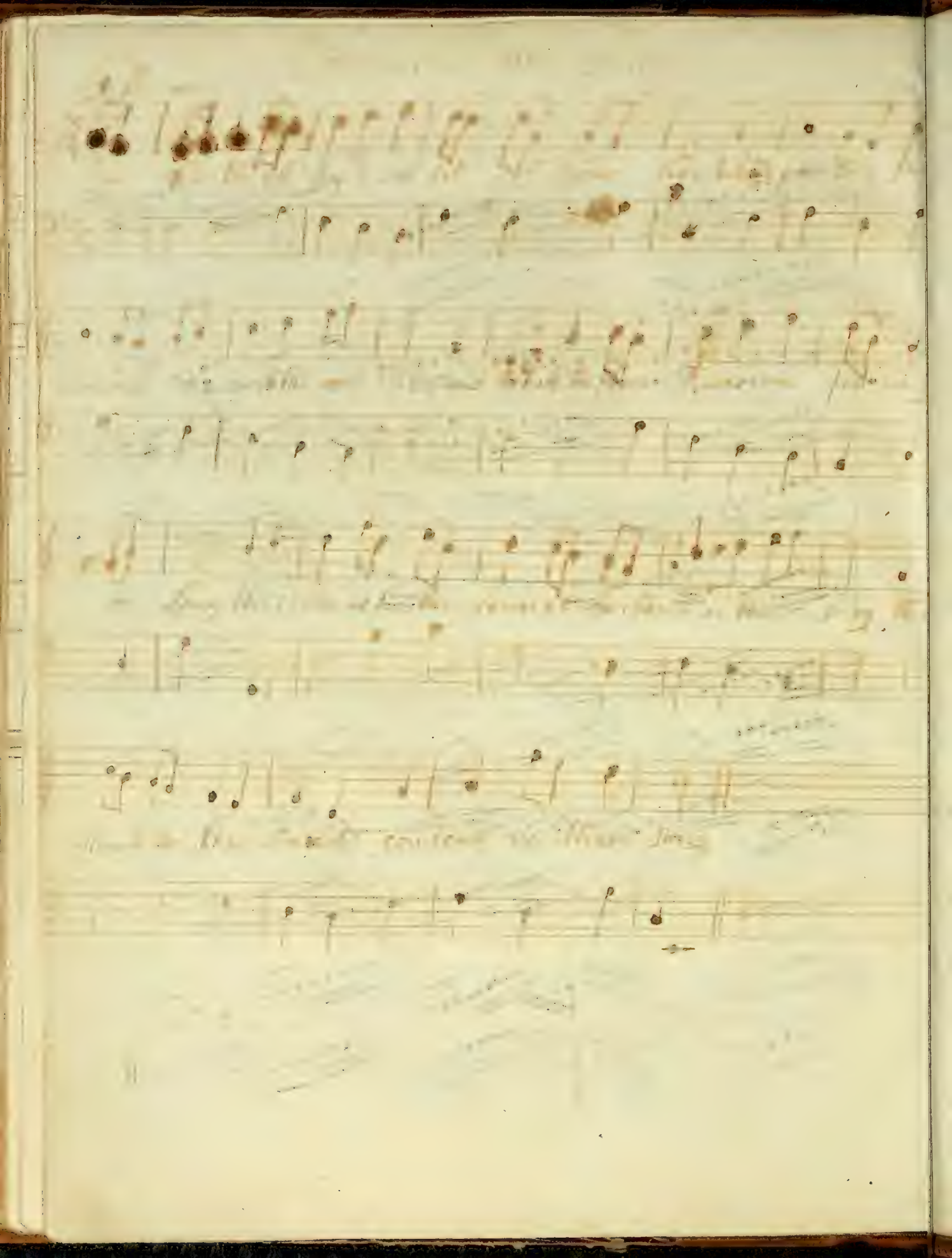


A New Song,

the Words from Anacreon; Set by Mr. Chilcot.




sym.
Gay carousing
Gay carousing
sy
Gay carousing, laughing gay, gay carousing laughing gay, gay carousing, laughing Gay
sy.
laugh - - - - - - - - - - ing
sy.
laugh-ing
sy.
laugh - - - - ing gay friends of wine & mirth & play friends of wine
sy.
&
mirth & play
sy.
& mirth & play, gay carousing laughing gay, friends of wine & mirth & play
friends of wine & mirth & pla - - - - - - - - - - y
friends of wine & mirth & play



The Meeting Kiss.

Set by Mr. Oswald

Sym.

Allegro.

Let me fly in to thy Arms. Let me taste again thy Charms. Kiss me press me to thy Breast In Rapture not to be arrest

Let me clasp thy lo--vely Waist. Throw thy Arms a round my Neck Thus embracing and embraced Nothing shall our Raptures Check

Nothing shall our Raptures Check.

Lessee

2. [illegible]

Lessee

[illegible]

Lessee

4. [illegible]

Defts

[illegible]

Vivace.

Hearts with mutual pleasure Glowing, Lips with Lips to---gether Growing,

Eyes with Tears of Gladness flow----------ing, Eyes with Tears of

Gladness flowing.

Spirito.

Eyes and Lips and Hearts shall show, Th' Excess of joy that Lovers

know, Th' Excess of joy, Th' Excess of joy, of joy that Meeting Lovers

know, of joy that Meeting Lovers know.