



Glen 171
Sophia The Eye.

British Musical Miscellany.

or, the

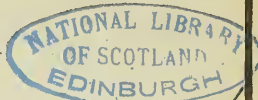
Delightful Grove:

Being a Collection of Celebrated
English and Scotch Songs.

By the best Masters.

Set for the Violin. German
Flute, the Common Flute.
and Harpsicord.

VOL. I.



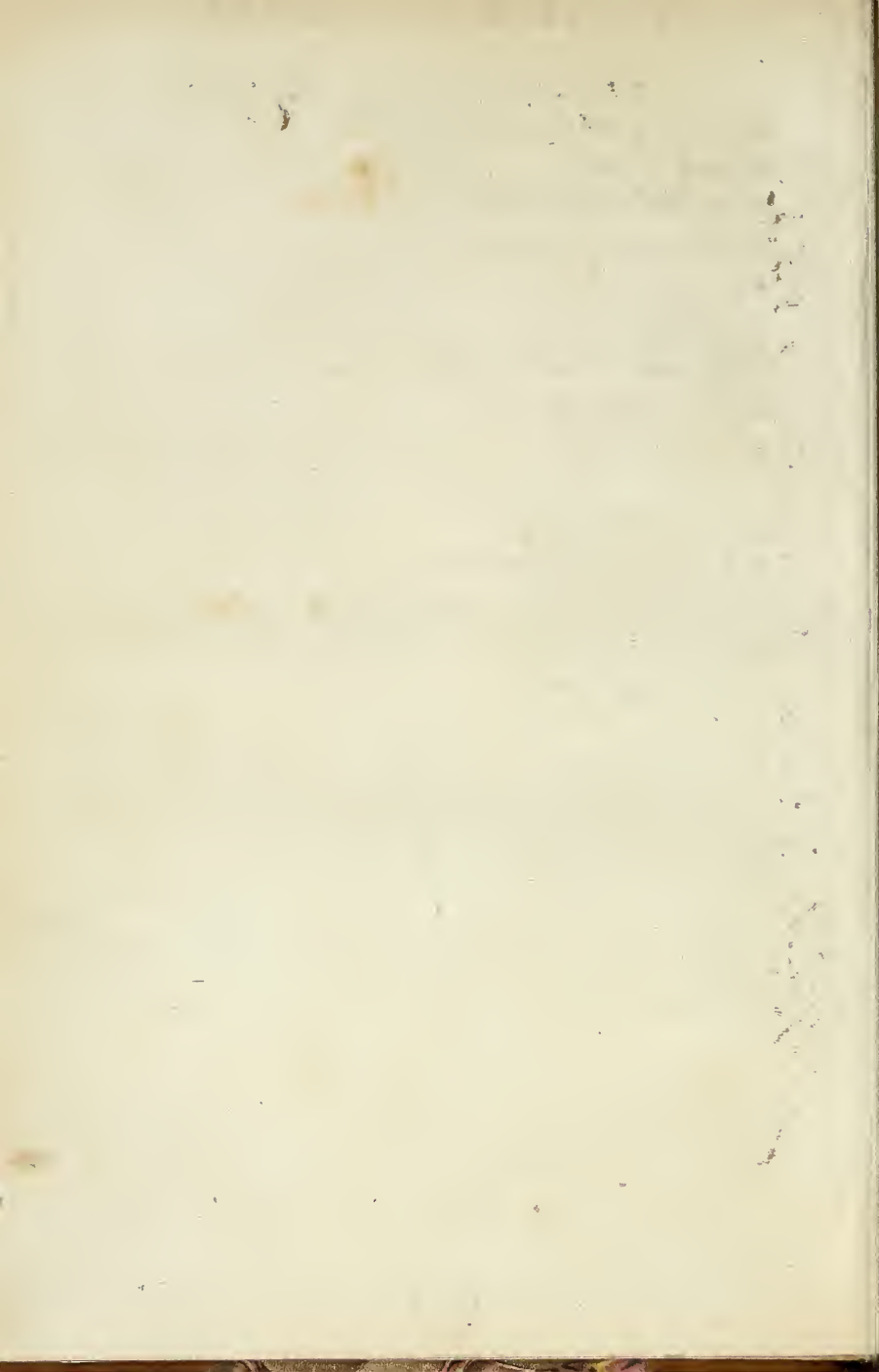
Engraven in a fair Character, and
Carefully Corrected.

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

514

where may be had just Publish'd, *The Merry Musician*,
being a Collⁿ of above 450 diverting Songs in 4 Vol.

A. Wrighton Dundee 1853.



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Sung by Miss ARNE in ROSAMOND.

1

Andante.

Sym.

Was e-ver Nymph like Ro-samond so

Fair so faithfull and so fond a-dorn'd with ev'ry

Charm and Grace a-dor- - - - - n'd with ev'ry Charm and Grace

Was e-ver Nymph like

tr

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...sa-mond so fair so

faithfull and so fond adorn'd with ev'ry Charm and Grace a...

dor...n'd with ev'ry Charm and Grace *Syn.*

I'm a...ll de-

fire my Hea...rt's on fire and leaps and Springs to

her embrace I'm all desire my Hea...rt's on

fire and leaps and Springs to her embrace and leaps and

Springs to her embrace. Da Capo

turn over for the Flute.

Andante

Sym.

Song

tr tr tr tr

Sym.

Song

tr

Sym.

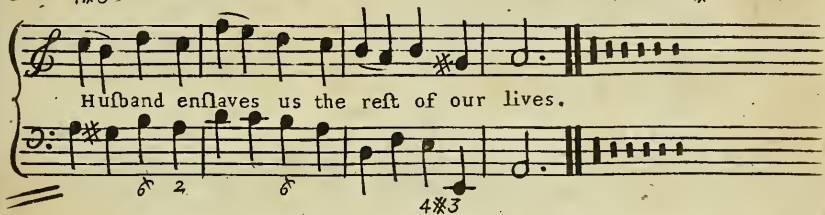
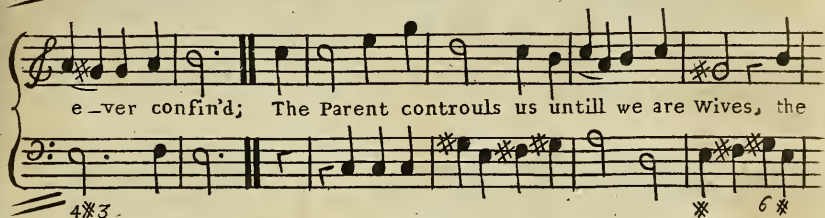
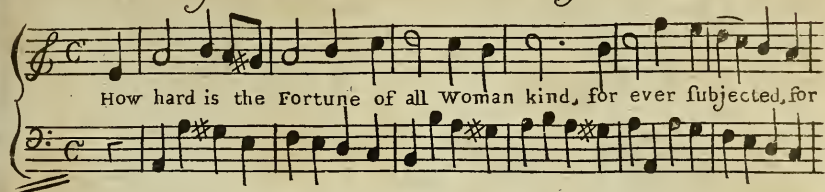
Song

Da Capo

The LADIES CASE.

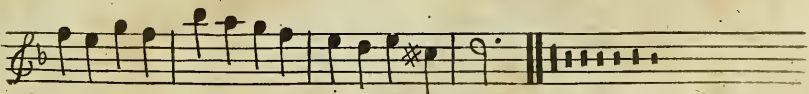
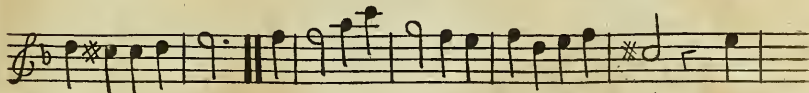
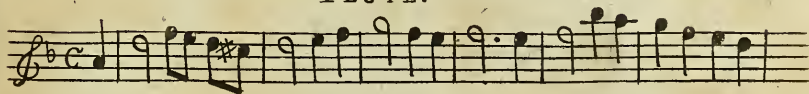
Sung by Miss RAFTOR at the Theatre Royal.

The Words by Mr. CAREY. The Tune by Mr. GOWGE.



If fondly we love, yet we dare not reveal,
But secretly languish, compell'd to conceal;
Deny'd e'ry freedom of Life to enjoy,
We're sham'd if we're kind, we're blam'd if we're coy.

FLUTE.



The last time I came o'er the Moor.

The last time I came o'er the Moor, I left my Love behind me; Ye Powers what Pain do I endure, when soft I de-as

mind me: Soon as the ruddy Morn display'd, The beaming Day ensuing, I met betimes my lovely Maid, in fit retreats for wooing.

The musical score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a bass line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

2

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing and gayly sporting;
 We kist, and promis'd Time away,
 'Till Night spread her black Curtain:
 I pittied all beneath the Skies,
 Ev'n Kings, when she was nigh me;
 In Raptures I beheld her Eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

3

Should I be call'd where Cannons roar,
 Where mortal Steel might wound me;
 Or cast upon some Foreign Shore,
 Where Dangers might furround me:

Yet, hopes again to see my Love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my Cares at distance move,
In Prospect of such Bliss.

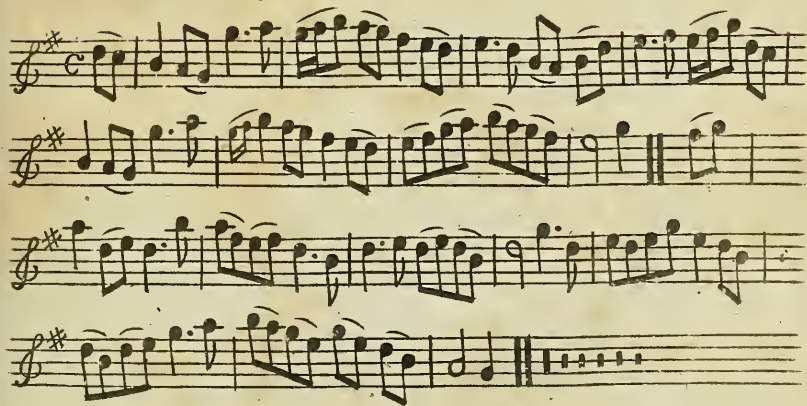
4

In all my Soul, there's not one place,
To let a Rival enter;
Since she excells in ev'ry Grace,
In her my Love shall center:
Sooner the Seas shall cease to flow,
Their Waves the Alps shall cover;
On Greenland Ice shall Roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

5

The next time I go o'er the Moor,
She shall a Lover find me;
And that my Faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me:
Then Hymen's Sacred Bands shall chain
My Heart to her fair Bosom;
There while my Being does remain,
My Love more fresh shall Blossom.

FLUTE.



The SOLITARY LOVER.

Blow on ye Winds, descend soft Rains, To sooth my tender Greif;

Your solemn Musick lulls my Pains, and gives me short Re-lief.

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

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

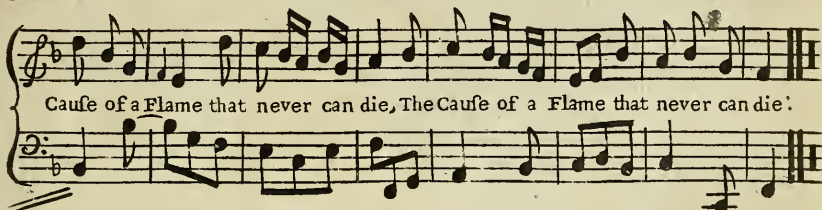
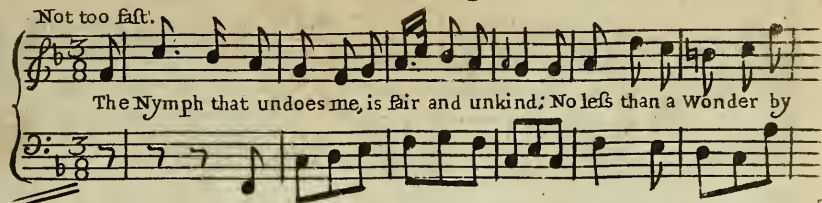
The sparkling Stars, which gayly shine,
 And glitt'ring deck the Night:
 Are all such cruel Foes of mine,
 I sicken at their Sight.

FLUTE.

Charming SILVIA. Set by Dr. GREENE.

9

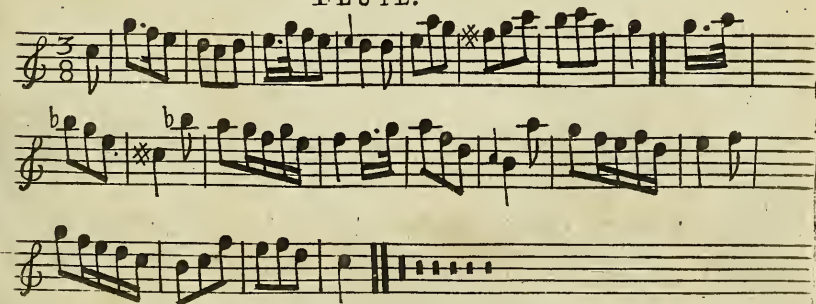
Not too fast.



Her Mouth, from whence Wit still obligingly flows,
Has the beautiful Blush, and the smell of the Rose;
Love, and Destiny both attend on her Will,
She wounds with a Look, with a Frown she can kill.

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

FLUTE.



A SCOTCH SONG.

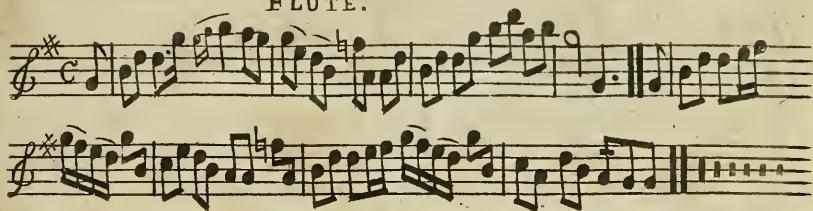
And this is no mine ain Houfe, I Ken by the bigging o't, Since
 with my Love I chang'd vows, I dinna like the bigging o't. For
 now that I'm young Robie's Bride, and Miftrefs of his Fire fide, mine
 ain Houfe I'll like to guid, and please me with the trigging o't.

Then farewell to my Father's Houfe,
 I gang where Love invites me,
 The strictest Duty this allows,
 When Love with Honour meets me;
 When Hymen moulds us into ane,
 My Robie's nearer than my Kin,
 And to refuse him were a Sin,
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I'm in mine ain Houfe,
 True Love shall be at hand ay,
 To make me still a prudent Spouse,
 And let my Man command ay.

Avoiding ilha cause of strife,
The common Pest of married Life,
That makes me wearied of his Wife,
And breaks the kindly Band ay.

FLUTE.



The Modest Concealment.

Dear Collin prevent my warm Blushes, since how can I speak without

Pain, My Eyes have oft told you my Wishes, Oh can't you their meaning explain:

My Passion would lose by Expression, And you too might cruelly blame, Then don't you

expect a Confession of what is too tender to name, of what is too tender to name.

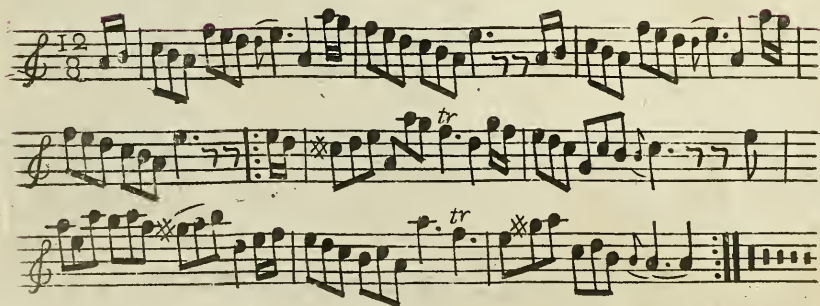
Since yours is the Province of speaking,
 Why should you expect it from me;
 Our Wishes should be in our keeping,
 Till you tell us what they should be:
 Then quickly why don't you discover,
 Did your Heart feel such tortures as mine,
 I need not tell over, and over,
 What I in my Bosom confine.

The Answer.

Dear Madam, when Ladies are willing,
 A Man' needs must look like a Fool;
 For me, I would not give a Shilling,
 For one that can love out of Rule:
 At least, you shou'd wait for our Offers,
 Nor snatch like Old Maids in Despair;
 If you've liv'd to these years without Proffers,
 Your Sighs are now lost in the Air.

You shou'd leave us to guess at your meaning,
 And not speak the matter too plain;
 'Tis ours to be forward and pushing,
 And yours to affect a Disdain:
 That you're in a terrible taking,
 By all your fond Oglings I see;
 The Fruit that will fall without shaking,
 Indeed is too mellow for me.

FLUTE.



The AMOROUS PROTECTOR.

Of e'ery sweet that glad the Spring, A Tribute to thy
 Charms I'll bring; I'll i-mi-tate the bu-zy Bee,
 To make a fra-grant Crown for Thee.

2

When from the Plains we're chac'd away,
 By the fierce God that rules the Day;
 I'll lead thee to the Shades and Streams,
 To shield thee from his scorching Beams.

3

And when to rest her Eyes incline,
 And Light, nor they no longer shine;
 The fairest Fleece of e'ery Sheep,
 My Love shall press in peacefull sleep.

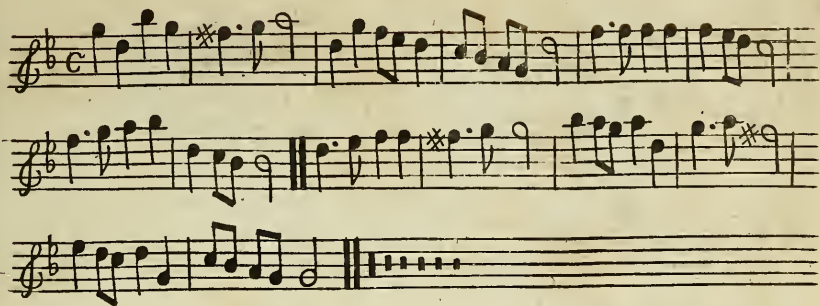
4

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

Busy, Curious, thirsty Fly, drink with me, and drink as I; Freely
 Busy, Curious, thirsty Fly, drink with me, and drink as I; Freely
 welcome to my Cup, couldst thou sip and sip it up: Make the most of Life you
 welcome to my Cup, couldst thou sip and sip it up: Make the most of Life you
 may, Life is short and wears away, Life is short and wears away.
 may, Life is short and wears away, Life is short and wears away.

56 2 6 76 2 6 6 6 4 *

Both alike, both mine, and thine,
 Hasten quick to their decline,
 Thine's a Summer, mine no more,
 Tho' repeated to Threescore,
 Threescore Summers, when they're gone,
 Will appear as short as one.
 Will appear &c:



The COMPLAINT.

The Words by THO: BOWMAN.

My Fate has undone me, in choice of my Fair, I know not which

rules me, my Love, or Despair: Ten Thousand Suggestions crowd into my

Mind, And tell me my Fair one will never be kind.

- Had she but less Beauty, her Pride might abate,
- One kills me with Raptures, the other with hate,
- When frowning she pushes me gently away,
- Her charms have such Power, they bid me to stay.

I sue for her Love in a soft tender Strain,
 She hears me with smiles, but replies with disdain;
 Had Phœbus pursu'd her, the God would have found
 His Daphne more gentle to have cur'd his wound.

The Groves, and the Meadows, have heard me complain,
 And Echo returned my sad sighs again,
 The Birds have left singing, and listned to hear,
 The sighs I have utter'd for the cruel Fair.

When by the Brook's side I have sat my self down,
 They've ceased their murmers to hear my sad moan;
 In silence they've glided along, left their haft,
 Shou'd add to my Sorrows, and trouble my Breast.

Tho' thus with my Torments I can't her Breast move,
 Yet blefs her ye Powers, and teach her to love;
 No Fair one shall e'er move my Heart to desire,
 But will like the Phoenix, with one Flame expire.

FLUTE.



A SONG The Words by Mr. BAZALELE MORRIS. 17.

Set to Musick by H.D.

Beauty and Love at va-ri-ance grown, had once a high De-
 bate; says Love in Heav'n to rule I'm known, on Venus thou to
 wait: Thou must of all command des-pair but what's de-
 riv'd from me, nor art thou lon-ger sweet or fair, than
 I, than I ac-know-ledge thee.

Mistaken Urchin, Beauty cries,

I know that thou art blind,

But Men have penetrating Eyes,

My Qualitys to find;

All, all thy wond'rous Charms they know,

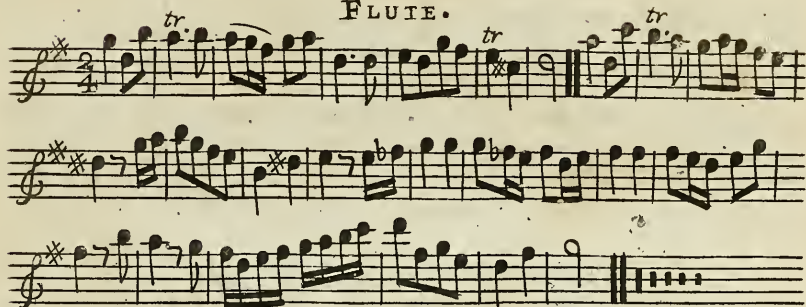
I only can dispence,

Thy Boasted Quiver and thy Bow,

Are my Benevolence.

Away, incenc'd, then Cupid flew,
 And thus to Vulcan pray'd,
 My Darts with Fickleness endue,
 To punish this proud Maid:
 So Beauty, from that Time has been,
 Careless'd but for an Hour,
 To doat a Day is now a Sin,
 To Love's Diviner Pow'r.

FLUTE.



The LOVER'S PLEA.

The Words by Mr. T. BOWMAN. The Musick by Mr. W. POWELLS.
 Not too fast.

Blame me not Celia, if I shun, Charms form'd too

bright for mortal view; Since gazing on thee I'm un-

done, such is the Pow-er felt from you.

If Objects can the Eye invite,
 And in the Soul Ideas engrave;
 Who can behold thee with Delight,
 And not confess himself thy Slave.

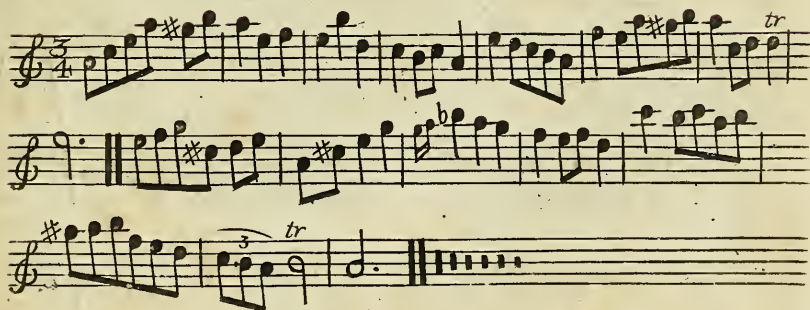
Love's subtle Darts thro' the Eye steal,
 On some we can with freedom gaze;
 Tell melting Tales, what Lovers feel,
 Yet not one soft Desire raise.

But you have double Chains to bind,
 And by that Power, Rev'rence draw;
 A Beauteous Form, with Vertue joyn'd,
 Then who dare look without an Awe.

The Wretch that durst presume to try,
 The Strength of Phoebus Beams, will find.
 He cannot gaze at Majesty,
 Without the fear of being blind.

Thus conscious of my humble Flame,
 At distance I your Charms admire;
 Left by too near approach you blame,
 A Passion you did first inspire.

FLUTE.



On CHLORIS's Unkindness.

Set by MR. VINCENT.

At dead of Night, when Care gives Place In o--ther
Breasts to soft Repose, My throbbing Heart feels no Re--
cess, Since Love, and Chlo--ris are my Foes.

At Morn, when Phæbus from the East,
Repels the gloomy Shades of Night,
The Grief that racks my tortur'd Breast,
Redoubles at th'Approach of Light.

At Noon, when most intense he shines,
My Sorrows more intense are grown;
At Ev'ning, when the Sun declines,
They set not with the Setting Sun.

To my Relief than hasten, Death,
And ease me of my restless Woes:
With Joy I will resign my Breath
Since Love and Chloris are my Foes.

The DOUBTFUL SHEPHERD. Set by Mr. M. C. FESTING.

Not too fast.

When Delia on the Plain appears, Aw'd by a thousand tender

Fears; I would approach, but dare not move, Tell me, tell me, my

Heart if this be Love, Tell me, tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

2
When e'er she speaks, my ravish'd Ear,
No other voice, but hers can bear;
No other wit, but hers approve,
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

3
If she some other Swain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondest Friend,
That Instant, Enemy I prove,
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

4
When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before;
The clearest Spring, or shady Grove;
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

5
When arm'd with Insolent disdain,
She seem'd to triumph o'er my pain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove,
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

The Words by MR. MITCHELL. Set by DR. GREENE.

Charming Chloe, look with Pity on your faithful Lovefick Swain:

Hear, oh hear his doleful Ditty, and relieve his mighty Pain:

Find you Musick in his sighing, Can you see him in Distress,

Piano
Wishing, Trembling, Panting, Dying, yet afford no kind Redress.

2

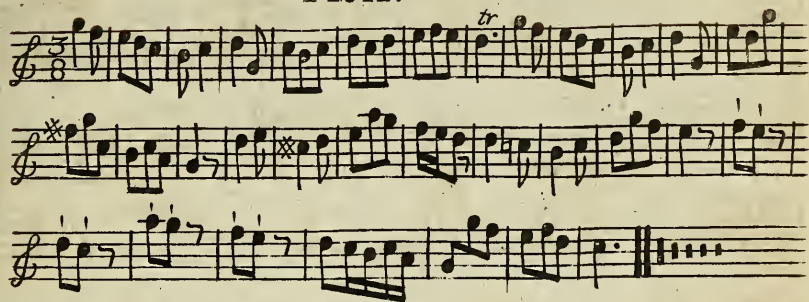
Strephon woo'd by lawless Passion,
For no Favours rudely sues:
All his Flame is out of Fashion,
Ancient Honour for him woos.
Love for Love's the Swain's ambition,
But if that is deem'd too great,
Pity, pity his Condition,
Say at least, you do not hate.

3

Shou'd you, fonder of a Rover,
Practic'd in the art of Guile,
Slight so true, and kind a Lover,
Chloe, might not Strephon smile:

Yes: well pleas'd at thy undoing,
 Vulgar Lovers might upbraid;
 Strephon, conscious of thy Ruin,
 Soon wou'd be a silent Shade.

FLUTE.



The RAVISH'D LOVER.

Set for the GERMAN FLUTE.

When Fanny Blooming Fair, First met my ravish'd Sight, Caught
 with her Shape and Air, I felt a strange Delight; whilst eagerly I
 gaz'd, admiring ev'ry Part, I ev'ry Feature prais'd, she stole in to my Heart.

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

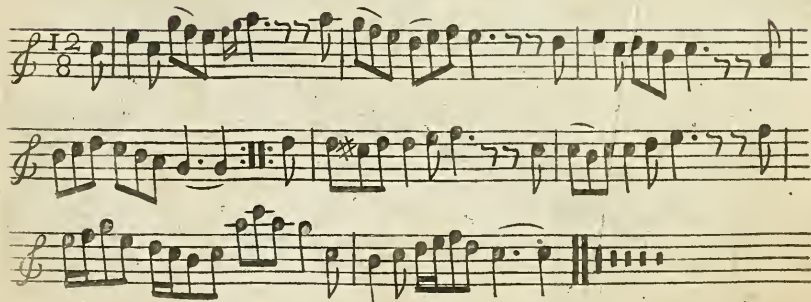
3

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

4

Venus, round Fanny's Waste,
 Hath her own Cestus bound,
 With Guardian Cupids grac'd,
 Who sport the Circle round:
 How happy will he be,
 Who shall her Zone unloose,
 That Blifs to all but me,
 May Heav'n, and she refuse.

FLUTE.



As the Moles filent Stream, crept pensive a-long, And the Winds murrur'd
Solemn, the Willows a--mong; On the Green Turf complaining, a Swain lay re-
clin'd, And wept to the Ri-ver, and Sigh'd to the Wind.

2

In vain, he cry'd, Nature, has waken'd the Spring,
In vain Bloom the Violets, the Nightengales Sing,
To a Heart full of Sorrow, no Beauties appear,
Each Zephyr's a sigh, and each Dew drop a Tear.

3

In vain, my Salinda, has Graces to move,
The Fairest to envy, the Wifest to Love;
Her Presence, no longer gives joy to my Eye,
And without her to live, is more pain than to die.

4

Oh that Slumber, its Pinions would over me spread,
And paint but her Image, in Dreams, in her stead;
The Beautifull Vision would soften my pain,
But Sleep's a Relief, I Solicite in vain.

5

The Wretch, that like me, is Heart wounded with Care,
Is deluded with hope, and undone by despair;
His Pangs ever waking, deny him repose,
And the moments, but vary, to vary his Woes.

Largo

Pizzicato

Amelia, wishes, when she dies, her dearest Lord may close her Eyes, and

tr

Heav'n may open his, and Heav'n may open his.

Amelia, wishes, when she

dies, her dearest Lord may close her Eyes, her dearest Lord may close her Eyes, and

Heav'n may open his. A-me-lia, wishes; when she

dies, her dearest Lord may close her Eyes, A-me-lia, wishes, when she dies, her

dearest Lord may close her Eyes, and Heav'n may open his.

Then will he wish, but

all in vain, to have her render'd back a--gain, from Realms of endless

Da Capo

Bliss, from Realms of endless Bliss, of end...less Bliss. Da Capo.

The BASHFUL LOVER. Set by Mr. SCRIMSHAW.

Larghetto

Sweet Ty-rant Love, but hear me now, and cure while
 young the pleasing Smart: Or rather aid my trembling
 Vow, and teach me to reveal my Heart.

The musical score is written for a single voice in treble and bass clefs. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/8. The music is marked 'Larghetto'. The lyrics are written below the notes. There are several measures with a '6' below them, indicating a sixteenth note. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Tell her, whose Goodness is my Bane,
 Whose looks have smil'd my peace away;
 Oh whisper how she gives me pain,
 Whilst undesigning, frank, and gay.

'Tis not for common Charms I sigh,
 Nor what the Vulgar, Beauty call;
 'Tis not a Cheek, a Lip, an Eye,
 But 'tis the Soul that lights them all.

For that I drop the tender tear,
 For that I breath this artless moan;
 Oh whisper Love into her Ear,
 And make the Bashfull Lover known.

FLUTE.

The flute part is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 3/8. The music is marked 'Larghetto'. The score consists of two staves. The first staff has a repeat sign at the end. The second staff ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

The VICAR of BRAY.

In good King Charles's golden days, when Loyalty no harm meant; A

Furious High-Church Man I was, and so I gain'd Preferment: Unto my

Flock, I daily Preach'd, Kings are by God appointed, And Damn'd are those who

dare resist, or touch the Lord's Anointed: And this is Law, I will main-

tain un-to my Dying Day Sir, That whatsoever King shall Reign, I

will be Vicar of Bray Sir.

When Royal James, possess'd the Crown,
 And Popery grew in fashion;
 The Penal Law I Houted down,
 And read the Declaration:
 The Church of Rome, I found would fit,
 Full well my Constitution.
 And I had been a Jesuit,
 But for the Revolution.
 And this is Law, &c.

When William, our Deliverer came,
 To heal the Nations Greivance,
 I turn'd the Cat in Pan again,
 And swore to him Allegiance:
 Old Principles I did revoke,
 Set Conscience, at a distance,
 Passive obedience is a Joke,
 A Jest is non resistance.
 And this is Law, &c.

When Glorious Ann, became our Queen,
 The Church of Englands Glory,
 Another face of things was seen,
 And I became a Tory:
 Occasional Conformists base,
 I Damn'd, and Moderation,
 And thought the Church in danger was,
 From such Prevarication.
 And this is Law, &c.

When George in Pudding time came o'er,
 And Moderate Men look'd big Sir,
 My Principles I chang'd once more,
 And so became a Whigg Sir:
 And thus Preferment I procur'd,
 From our Faiths Great Defender,
 And almost every day abjur'd,
 The Pope, and the Pretender.
 And this is Law, &c.

The Illustrious House of Hannover,
 And Protestant Succession,
 To these I lustily will swear,
 Whilst they can keep possession:
 For in my Faith, and Loyalty,
 I never once will faulter,
 But George, my Lawful King shall be,
 Except the Times shou'd alter.
 And this is Law, &c.



AN APOLOGY for Loving a WIDOW. By GEORGE SEWELL, M.D.

Set by MR. SHEELES.

Tell me not Ce...lia once did blefs, A no...ther Mor...tal's Arms.

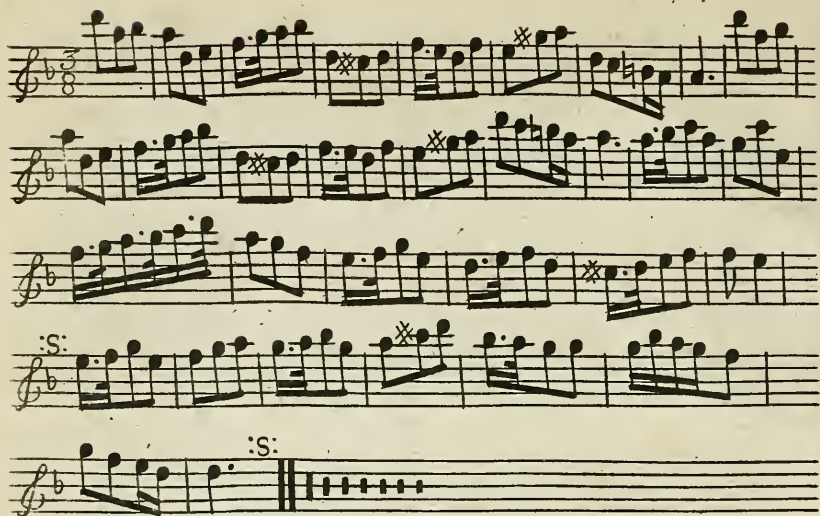
That cannot make my Pa...fion lefs, Nor mi...tigate her Charms.

Shall I refuse to quench my Thirst,
 Depending Life to save,
 Because some doughty Shepherd first
 Has kiss'd the smiling Wave.

No, no; methinks 'tis wond'rous Great,
 And suits a Noble Blood,
 To have in Love, as well as State,
 A Taster to our Food.

Happy Hours, all Hours excell'ing, when retir'd from
crowds and noise: Happy is that silent dwelling, fill'd with
self possessing Joys. Happy that contented Creature,
who with fewest things is pleas'd. And consults the voice of
nature, when of roving fancies eas'd.

Ev'ry Passion wisely moving,
Just as Reason turns the Scale;
Ev'ry State of Life improving,
That no anxious thought prevail:
Happy Man, who thus possesses
Life, with some Companion dear;
Joys imparted, still increases,
Greifs when told, soon disappear.



AN ODE. Set by DR. GREENE.

First line of the Ode. Treble and bass staves in common time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment.

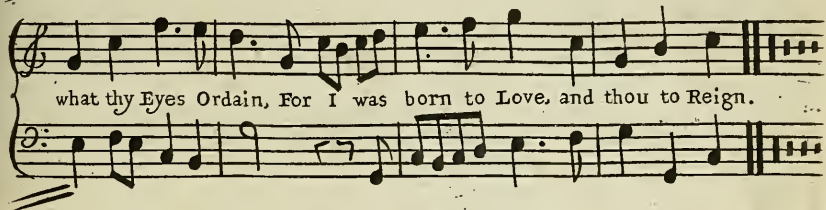
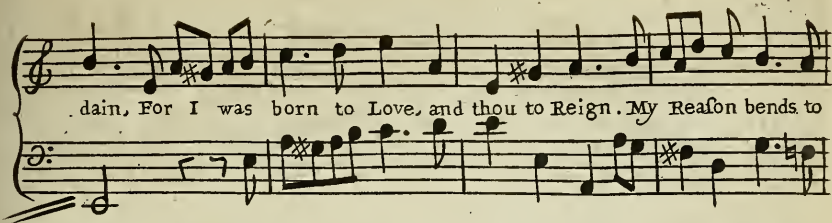
While blooming youth, and gay Delight, Sit on thy Rosie

Second line of the Ode. Treble and bass staves in common time. The melody continues in the treble staff.

Cheeks confest, Thou hast my Dear undoubted Right, To triumph

Third line of the Ode. Treble and bass staves in common time. The melody continues in the treble staff, ending with a trill.

o'er this destin'd Breast: My Reason bends to what thy Eyes Or-



But would you meanly thus rely,
 On Power, you know I must obey:
 Exert a Legal Tyranny;
 And do an ill, because you may.
 Still must I Thee, as Atheists Heav'n adore,
 Not see thy Mercy, and yet dread thy Pow'r.
 Still must I, &c.

Take heed, my Dear, youth flies apace,
 As well as Cupid, Time is blind:
 Soon must those Glories of thy Face,
 The Fate of Vulgar Beauty find:
 The Thousand Loves that Arm thy potent Eye,
 Must drop their Quivers, flag their Wings, and die.
 The Thousand, &c.

Then wilt thou sigh, when in each Frown,
 A hateful wrinkle more appears;
 And putting peevish Humours on,
 Seems but the sad effect of years.
 Kindness it self, too weak a Charm will prove.
 To raise the feeble fires of aged Love.
 Kindness it self. &c.

Forc'd Compliments, and formal Bows,
 Will shew thee just above neglect:
 The Heat with which thy Lover glows,
 Will settle into cold Respect:
 A talking, dull Platonic I shall turn,
 Learn to be civil, when I cease to burn.
 A talking, &c.

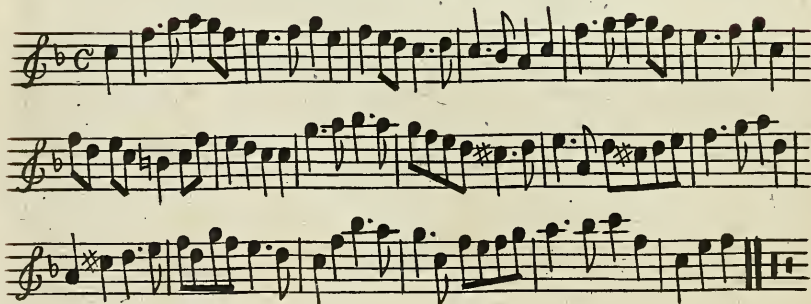
Then shun the ill, and know my Dear,
 Kindness, and Constancy will prove
 The only Pillars fit to bear,
 So vast a Weight as that of Love.
 If thou canst wish to make my Flames endure,
 Thine must be very fierce, and very pure.
 If thou canst, &c.

Haste, Celia, haste, while Youth invites,
 Obey kind Cupid's present Voice;
 Fill ev'ry Sense with soft Delights,
 And give thy Soul a Loofe to Joys:
 Let Millions of repeated Blissess prove,
 That thou all kindness art, and I all Love.
 Let Millions, &c.

Be mine, and only mine, take care,
 Thy Looks, thy Thoughts, thy Dreams to guide;
 To me alone; nor come so far,
 As liking any Youth beside:
 What Men e'er court Thee, fly them, and believe,
 They're Serpents all, and Thou the tempted Eve.
 What Men, &c.

So shall I court thy dearest Truth,
 When Beauty ceases to engage;
 So thinking on thy charming Youth,
 I'll love it o'er again in Age:
 So Time it self our Raptures shall improve,
 While still we wake to Joy, and live to Love.
 So Time it self, &c.

FLUTE.



The Maids REQUEST .

37

Glide Swiftly on thou' Silver stream, Pursue the

Lad I love; In gentle Murmurs tell my

Flame and try his Heart to move and try his Heart to move .

So may thy Banks be always Green,
 Thy Channel never Dry;
 If e'er thy Spring be failing seen,
 My Tears shall that supply .

May gilded Carps thy surface skim,
 In Place of useless Weeds;
 May painted Flowers adorn thy Brim,
 And Knots of bending Reeds .

FLUTE .

Glide Swiftly on thou' Silver stream, Pursue the

Lad I love; In gentle Murmurs tell my

Flame and try his Heart to move and try his Heart to move .

BACCHUS DEFEATED.

Bacchus must now his Power re-sign, I am the only God of Wine, I am y'

only God of Wine: It is not fit that wretch should be in Competi-tion

Chorus
fet with me. Who can Drink ten times more, who can drink ten times more,

who can drink ten times mo' n he, ten times mo- re, ten times mo- re, ten times

mo- re, who can drink ten times more than He.

2
Let other Mortals vainly wear,

A tedious Life with Anxious care,

A tedious Life with Anxious care:

Let Courtiers Plot & Lawyers think,

Let States & Empires swim or sink,

Chorus. My sole ambition is &c. &c. to drink.

Make a new World ye Pow'rs Divine,
 Stockt with nothing else but Wine,
 Stockt with nothing else but Wine:

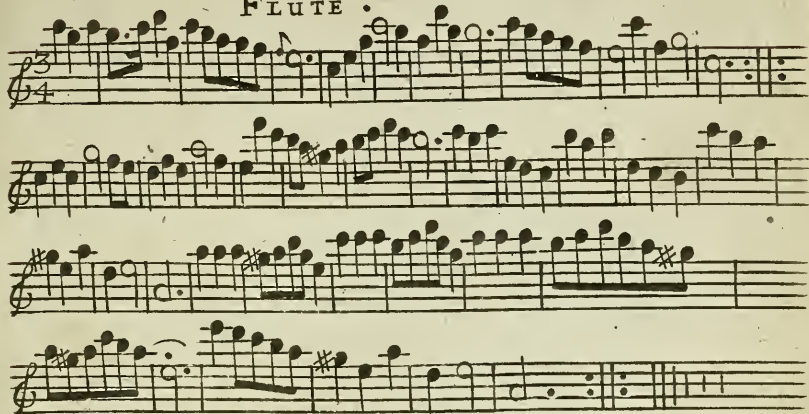
Let Wine its only Product be,

Let Wine be Earth and Air and Sea,

Chorus And let that Wine be all &c. &c. for Me,

All a...ll a...ll and let that Wine be all for Me.

FLUTE .



THE SUBLIME PASSION .

Affettuoso

Hard is the Fate of him who loves, yet dares not tell his trembling

Pain . But to y^e Sympathetick Groves, but to y^e lonely listning Plain .

2

Ah when she blesses next your shade,
 Oh when her Footsteps next are seen;
 In flow'ry Tracts along the Mead,
 In fresher Mazes o'er the Green.

3

Some gentle spirit of the Vale,
 To whom the weeping Lovers dear;
 From dying Lillies waft a Gale,
 And sigh my sorrows in her Ear.

4

Ah tell her what she cannot blame,
 Tho' Fear my Tongue must ever bind;
 Ah tell her that my Heavenly Flame,
 Is as her sacred soul refine.

5

Not her own Guardian Angel Eyes,
 With chaster extasy his Care;
 Not purer her own Wishes rise,
 Not holier her own sighs in Prayer.

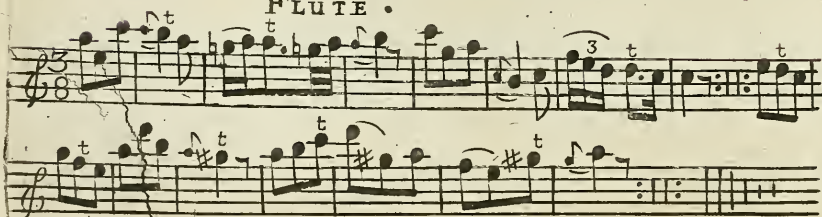
6

Let Heav'n and her but this bestow,
 Can ought that's tender this deny;
 Oft, oft to hear her Goodness flow,
 And drink the Virtues from her Eye.

7

For Angels warble when she speaks,
 And where her Eyes sweet beaming shine,
 Heav'n on th' extatick Gazer breaks,
 Inspiring something all Divine.

FLUTE.



The unhappy SWAIN .

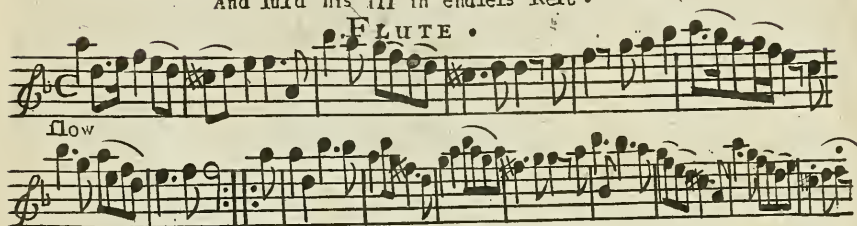
flow



Ill fated hour when Cloe lay,
Struggling for Life to Live for me,
Clear it not Phæbus with thy Ray,
Nor glimpse of thy Divinity.

The featherd Choir whose tunefull Throats,
So gaily wont to hail the spring,
To dolefull sounds shall shape their Notes,
And Melancholly pine and sing,
Grown faint at Length the feeble Swain,
Dying a broken heart exprest,
Till Death approach'd to ease his pain,
And luld his ill in endless Rest.

FLUTE.



CELIA. in a Jeffamine Bower.

When the bright God of Day, Drove to Westward his Ray, and the

Evening was charming and Clear. The Swallows amain Nimble

skim o'er the Plain And our shadows like Giants ap-pear.

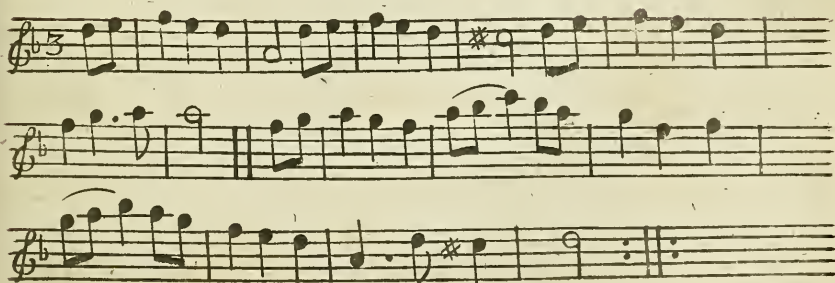
In a Jeffamine Bow'r,
 (When the Bean was in Flow'r
 And Zephyrs breath'd Odours around)
 Lov'd Celia she sat,
 With her Song, and Spinnet,
 And the charm'd all the Grove with her Sound.

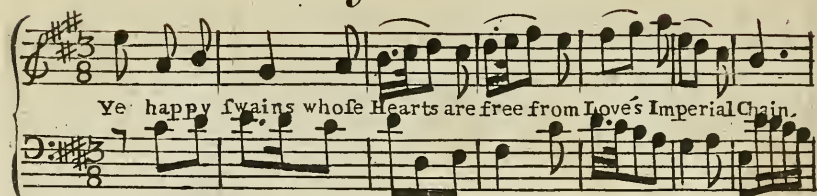
Rosy Bowers, she sung,
 Whilst the Harmony rung,
 And the Birds they all flutt'ring arrive,
 The industrious Bees,
 From the Flowers and Trees,
 Gently hum with their Sweets to their Hive.

The gay God of Love,
 As he flew o'er the Grove
 By Zephyrs conducted along,
 As she touch'd on the Strings,
 He beat Time with his Wings,
 Whilst Echo repeated the Song.

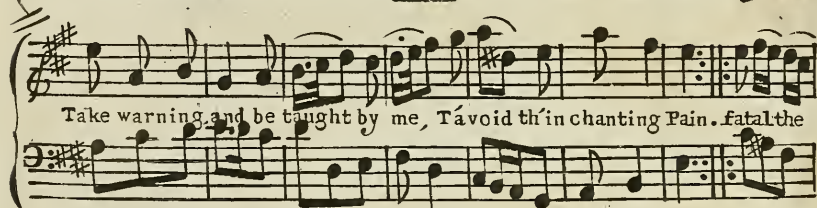
O ye Mortals, beware
 How ye venture too near:
 Love doubly is armed to wound:
 Your Fate you can't shun
 For you're surely undone
 If you rashly approach near the Sound.

FLUTE .

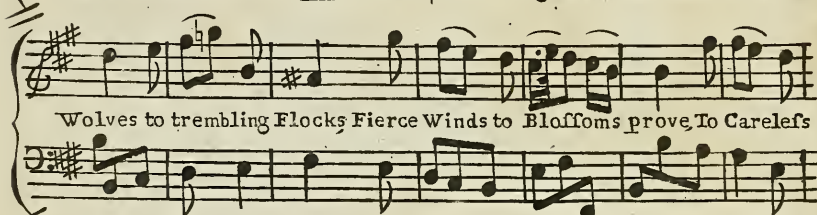


Set by D^r. GREENE .


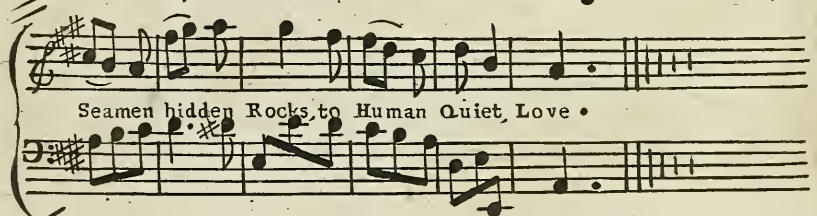
Ye happy swains whose Hearts are free from Love's Imperial Chain.



Take warning, and be taught by me, To avoid th' inchanting Pain. fatal the



Wolves to trembling Flocks, Fierce Winds to Blossoms prove, To Careless



Seamen hidden Rocks, to Human Quiet, Love .

Fly the fair Sex, if Bliss you prize .

The Snake's beneath the Flower :

Who ever gaz'd on beauteous Eyes,

That tasted Quiet more !

How faithless is the Lovers Joy !

How constant is their Care !

The Kind with Falshood do destroy,

The Cruel with Despair .

Sweet Nelly, my heart's delight, be loving, and do not flight the Proffer I

make, for Modesty's sake; I honour your beauty Bright. For,

love I profess, I can do no less, thou hast my Favour won, and since I see your

Modesty, I pray agree, and Fancy me, Though I'm but a Farmers Son .

2

No • I am a Lady gay ;
 'Tis very well known I may
 Have men of Renown, in Country or Town •
 So Roger, without delay,
 Court Bridget, or Sue, Kate, Nancy, or Prue,
 Their Loves will soon be won ;
 But don't you dare to speak me fair,
 As if I were at my last Prayer,
 To marry a Farmer's Son •

3

My Father has Riches Store,
 Two Hundred a Year and more,
 Beside Sheep, and Cows, Carts, Harrows, and Plows,
 His Age is above Threescore :
 And when he does die, then merrily I

Shall have what he has won.
 Both Land and Kine, all shall be thine,
 If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,
 And marry a Farmer's Son.

4

A Fig for your Cattle, and Corn,
 Your proffer'd Love I Scorn;
 Tis known very well, my Name is Nell,
 And you're but a Bumpkin born.
 Well, since it is so, away I will go,
 And I hope no harm is done.
 Farewel, adieu: I hope to wooe
 As good as you, and win her too,
 Though I'm but a Farmer's Son.

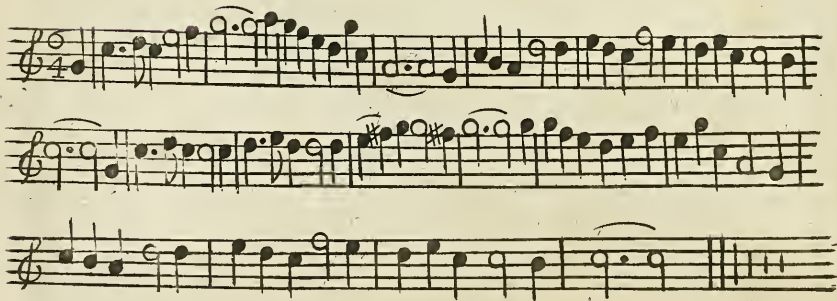
5

Be not in such haft, quoth she,
 Perhaps we may still agree;
 For Man, I protest, I was but in Jest.
 Come pry'thee set down by me,
 For thou art the Man, that verily can
 Perform what must be done;
 Both strait, and tall, genteel withall,
 Therefore I shall be at your Call,
 To marry a Farmer's Son.

6

Dear Lady, believe me now,
 I Solemnly swear and vow,
 No Lords in their Lives, take Pleasure in Wives,
 Like Fellows that drive the Plow;
 For whate'er they gain, with Labour and Pain,
 They don't to Harlots run,
 As Courtiers do. I never knew
 A London Beau, that could out do
 A Country Farmer's Son.

FLUTE.



THE LASS of LIVINGSTONE .

47

Pain'd with her flighting Jamie's Love, Bell dropt a Tear, Bell dropt a

Tear, the Gods descended from above, well pleas'd to hear, well pleas'd to hear.

they heard the Praises of the Youth, from her own tongue, from her own Tongue, who

now convert'd was to Truth, and thus she sung, and thus she sung.

Blest Days! when our ingenious Sex,
 More frank and kind, More frank and kind,
 Did not their lov'd Adorers vex,
 But spoke their Mind, But spoke their Mind.
 Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
 Would he return, Would he return,
 She ne'er again would give him Care
 Or cause him mourn, Or cause him mourn.

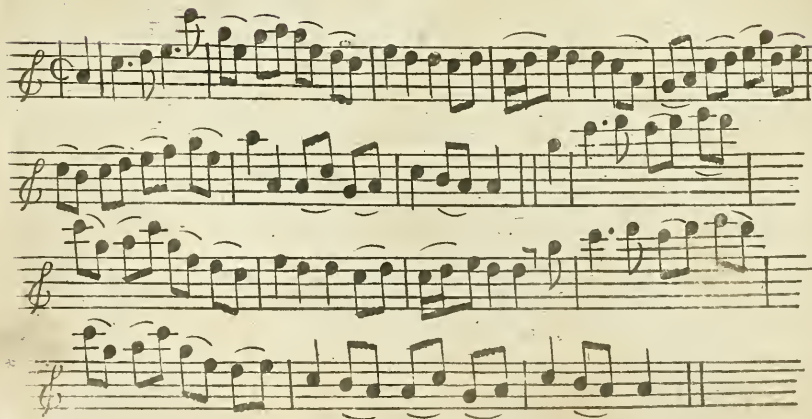
Why

Why lov'd I the deserving Swain,
 Yet still thought Shame, Yet still thought Shame,
 When he my yielding Heart did gain,
 To own my Flame, To own my Flame!
 Why took I Pleasure to torment,
 And seem too coy, And seem too coy,
 Which makes me now, alas! lament
 My flighted Joy, My flighted Joy.

Ye Fair, while Beauty's in its Spring,
 Own your Desire, Own your Desire,
 While Love's young Power, with his soft Wing,
 Fans up the Fire, Fans up the Fire.
 O do not with a silly Pride,
 Or low Design, Or low Design,
 Refuse to be a happy Bride,
 But answer plain, But answer plain.

Thus the fair Mourner wail'd her Crime,
 With flowing Eyes, With flowing Eyes;
 Glad Jamie heard her all the Time,
 With sweet Surprise, With sweet Surprise.
 Some God had led him to the Grove,
 His Mind unchang'd His Mind unchang'd;
 Flew to her Arms, and cry'd my Love,
 I am reveng'd, I am reveng'd!

FLUTE .



A SONG. The Words and Musick by MR. LEVERIDGE.

Slow.

If Love be a Fault, and in me thought a Crime, How
much I have Lov'd, bear me witness O Time; Your
Days, and your Nights, and your Hours as they mov'd, All
seem'd to ob-serve, and to count how I Lov'd.

2

One Day pass'd away, and saw nothing but Love,
Another came on, and the same thing did prove;
The Suns grew all tir'd, still to look on the same,
But I grew more pleas'd as the next moment came.

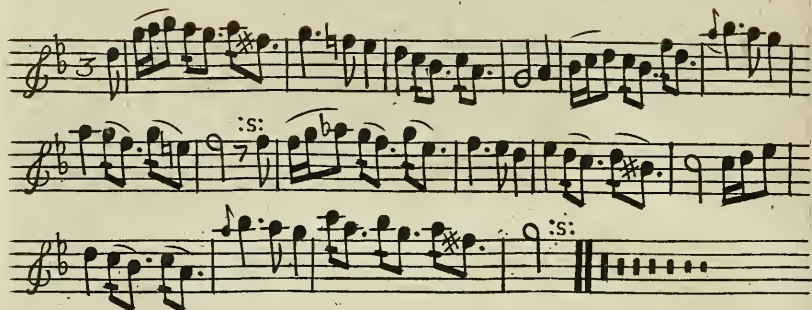
3

I saw you all day, and all day with new gust,
And yet ev'ry day was to me as the first;
My Passion still grows, with fresh Zeal I adore,
So eager am I, to love you, more and more.

4

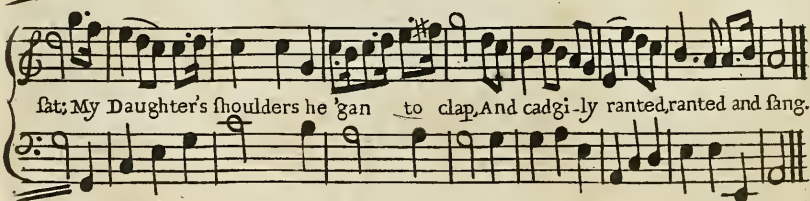
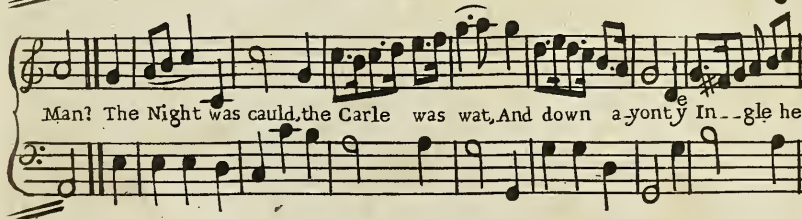
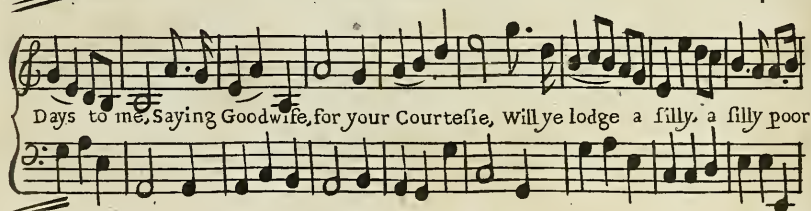
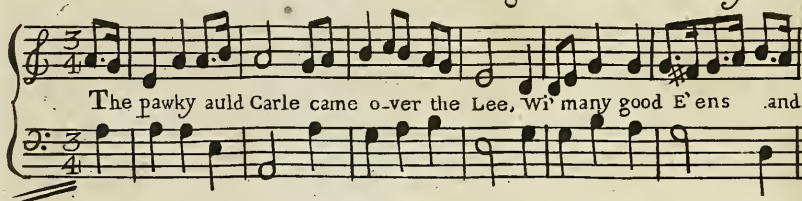
Since this is my Crime, be my witness ye Fair,
And if I must suffer for what is so rare;
True Lovers hereafter, this wonder will tell,
The cause of my Death, was for Loving too well.

FLUTE.



The GABERLUNZIE-MAN.

The Words and Tune compos'd by King JAMES V. of Scotland,
on occasion of an Adventure of his in Disguise after a Country Girl.



O Wow! quo' he, were I as free,
As first when I saw this Country,
How blyth and merry wad I be!

And I wad never, never think lang.
He grew canty, and she grew fain;
But little did her auld Minny ken
What thir flee twa together were say'n,
When wooing, wooing they were sae thrang.

And O! quo' he, ann ye were as black
As e'er the Crown of my Dady's Hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my Back,

And awa' awa' wi' me thou shoud gang.
And O! quoth she, ann I were as white
As e'er the snaw lay on the Dike,
I'd clead me braw, and Lady like,
And awa' awa' with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a Plot;
They raise a Wee before the Cock,
And wylily they shot the Lock,

And fast, and fast to the Bent are they gane.
Up the Morn the auld Wife raise,
And at her Leisure pat on her Claife;
Syn to the Servants Bed she gaes,
To speer, to speer for the silly poor Man.

She gaed to the Bed where the Beggar lay,
The Strae was cauld, he was away.
She clapt her Hands, cry'd, Waladay,

For some, for some of our Gear will be gane.
Some ran to Coffers, and some to Kists,
But nought was stown that could be mist,
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest,
I have lodg'd, I've lodg'd a leal poor Man.

Since nathing's awa' as we can learn,
The Kirn's to Kirn, and Milk to earn,
Gae butt the House, Lafs, and waken my Bairn,

And bid her, bid her come quickly ben.
The Servant gade where the Daughter lay,
The Sheets were cauld, she was away,
And fast to her Goodwife can say,

She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haste ye find these Traitors again;
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-Man.

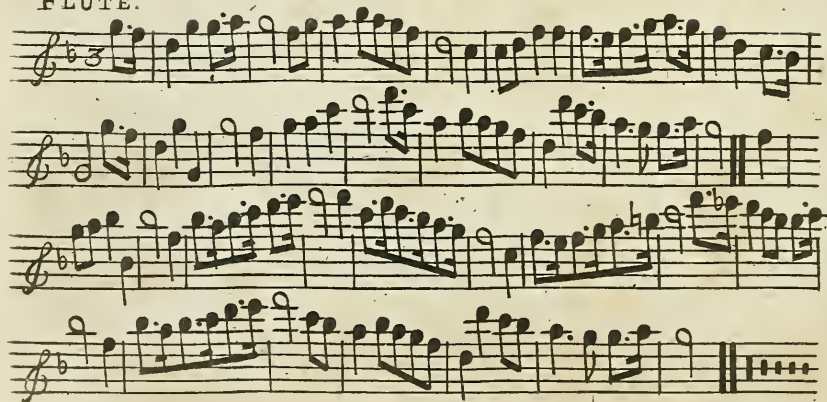
Some rade upo' Horfe, some ran a fit,
 The Wife was wood, and out o' her Wit;
 She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
 But ay, but ay she curs'd and she ban'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the Lee,
 'Fu' snug in a Glen, where nane cou'd see,
 The twa, with kindly Sport and Glee,
 Cut frae, cut frae a new Chese a Whang:
 The Priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
 To lo'e her for ay, he ga'e her his Aith.
 Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith,
 My winsome Gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my Minny I were wi' you,
 Illfardly wad she crook her Mou,
 Sic a poor Man she'd never trow,
 After the Gaberlunzie-man.
 My Dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
 And ha' na learn'd the Beggar's Tongue,
 To follow me fra Town to Town,
 And cary the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' Cauk and Keel I'll win your Bread,
 And Spindles and Whorles for them wha need,
 Whilk is a gentle Trade indeed,
 To carry the Gaberlunzie...O.
 I'll bow my Leg, and crook my Knee,
 And draw a black Clout o'er my Eye,
 A Cripple, or Blind they will ca' me.
 While we, while we shall be merry and sing.

FLUTE.



The 3 following SONGS in the Entertainment of the FESTIVAL⁵³
on the Approaching Nuptials of the PRINCE of ORANGE.

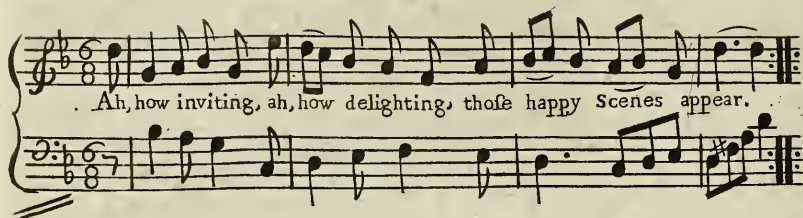


Venus, now leaves her Paphian Dwel...ling, Rosy Bower, and
Myrtle Grove; For Britains Isle, and Isles excel...ling,
In Beauty, Li...ber...ty, and Love: There in ev'...ry
Grove, and Plain, Tender Sighing, melting, Dy.....ing,
own my Power, and Cu...pid's Reign.

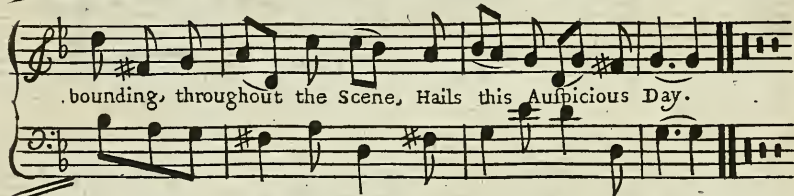
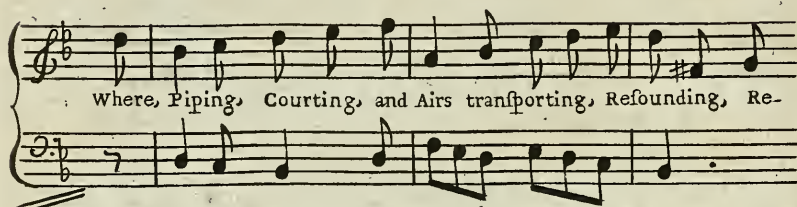
FLUTE.



Sung in the FESTIVAL.

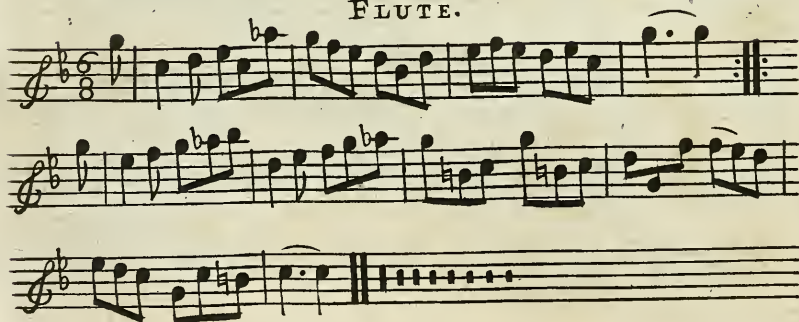


Where, Joy and Pleasure,
The moments measure,
And Banish gloomy Fear.

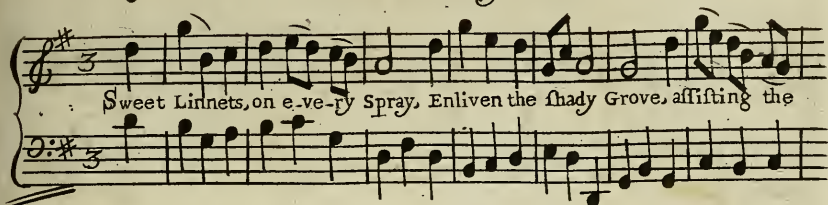


Each Pair appearing,
With Air Endearing,
So loving,
Improving,
The Blissful Scene,
Hails this Auspicious Day.

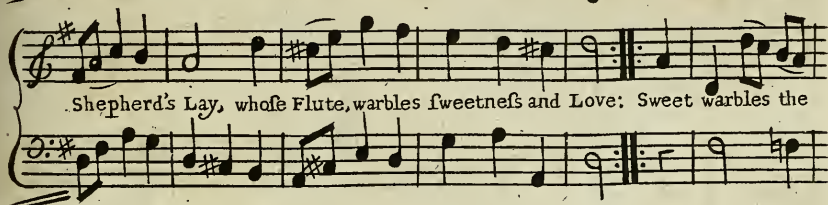
FLUTE.



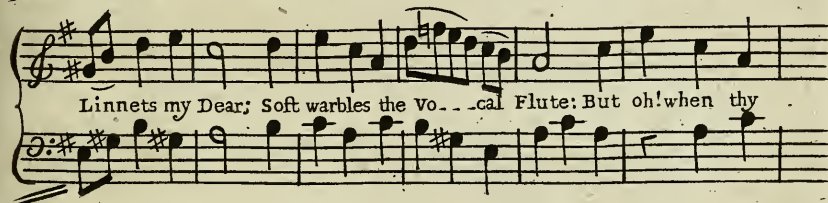
Sung in the FESTIVAL. Set by Mr. CHARKE.



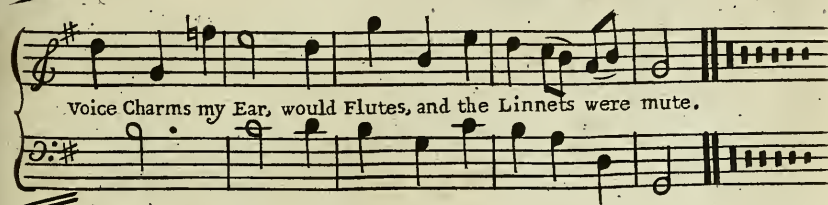
Sweet Linnets, on e-ve-ry Spray, Enliven the shady Grove, affixing the



Shepherd's Lay, whose Flute, warbles sweetness and Love: Sweet warbles the

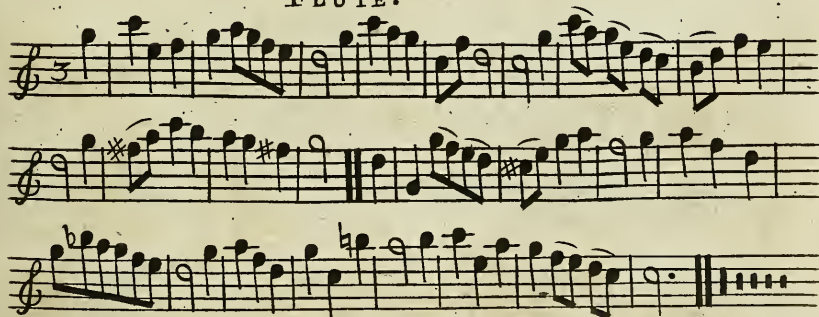


Linnets my Dear; Soft warbles the Vo- cal Flute: But oh! when thy



Voice Charms my Ear, would Flutes, and the Linnets were mute.

FLUTE.



A SONG Set to the PRINCE of ORANGE's Minuet

By MR. W^m BARTON.

Ma-ri-a-na's Charms, wound my Heart, And kin-dle,

fresh De-sires: The gentle Nymph has caus'd my

Smart, And set my Soul on Fire.

Blind little God, to ease my Pain,
 And set thy Captive free,
 Restore me back my Heart again,
 Or let her love like me.

FLUTE.

On thy fair Banks, Oh Medway long, A Youth his
 Sheep had fed. On thy fair Banks his future Care, The
 tender Lambkins strayed: Happy, had Fate detain'd at home,
 The simple Youth too fond to roam .

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff with a 3/8 time signature. The second system has a treble and bass staff with a 3/8 time signature. The third system has a treble and bass staff with a 3/8 time signature. The fourth system has a treble and bass staff with a 3/8 time signature. The fifth system has a treble and bass staff with a 3/8 time signature. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments, as well as fingerings and breath marks indicated by 't'.

Happy alafs till curious late,
 He listend to the Tale;
 Near Tunbridge salutary Springs,
 What Beautys grace the Vale;
 Beautys that make the barren soil,
 And craggy Rocks of Tunbridge smile .

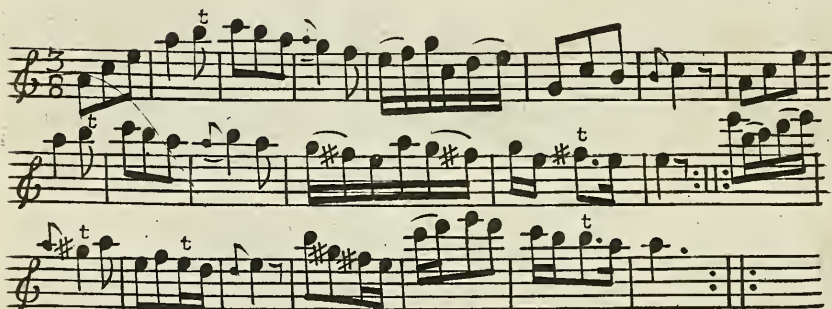
He came, and Celiass dangerous Charms,
 Beheld with eager Gaze .
 So round a Torchess glimmering Light,
 Th'admiring Insect plays;
 Like that he gaz'd and in his turn,
 He saw it shine and felt it burn .

Th' unhappy Youth by Love undone,
 By late Experience found;
 That Celia's scorn deny'd the Cure,
 Whose Eyes had giv'n the Wound.
 Helpless and Hopeless pin'd away
 In Tears by Night and sighs by Day.

By Collins Fate be warn'd to view
 The fair with cautious Eyes;
 This Place is Cupid's Empire Seat,
 And who can shun surprize.

Since few can hope and all must fear,
 Where Kingfley, Mead, and Ryer appear.

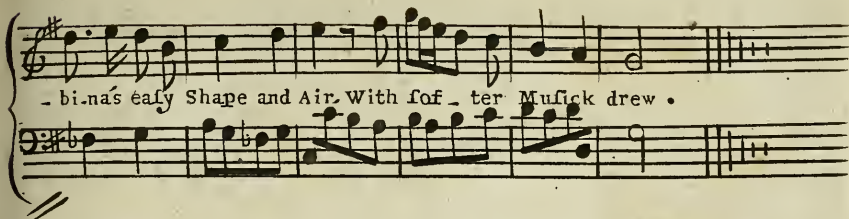
FLUTE .



The Words by D^r. PARNELL. Set by D^r. PEPUSCH.

Thirfis a young and am'rous Swain, Saw two the Beauties of the Plain,

Who both his Heart subdue: Gay Celia's Eyes were daz'ling fair, Sa-

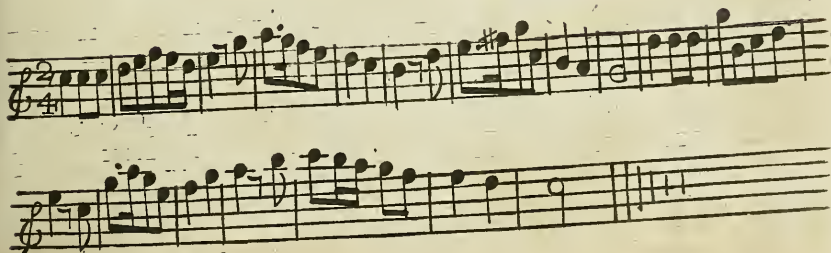


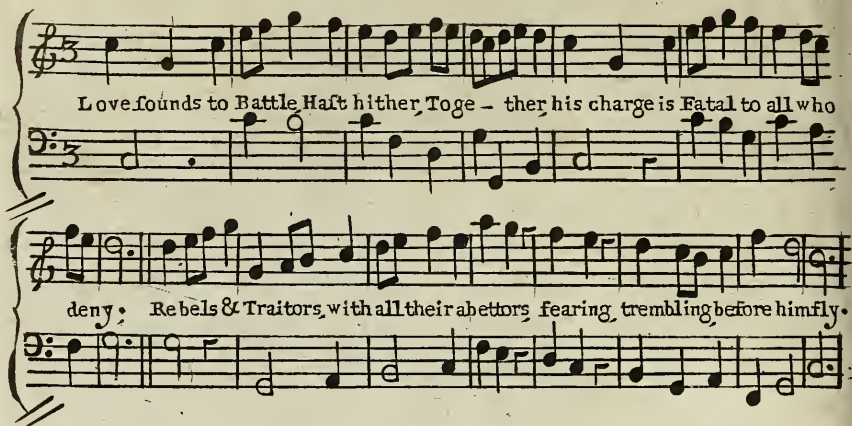
He haunts the Stream, he haunts the Grove,
 Lives in a fond Romance of Love,
 And seems for each to die ;
 'Till each a little spiteful grown,
 Sabina Celia's Shape ran down,
 And She Sabina's Eye .

Their Envy made the Shepherd find
 Those Eyes, which Love could only blind .
 So set the Lover free :
 No more he haunts the Grove or Stream,
 Or with a True-love Knot or Name
 Engraves a wounded Tree .

Ah Celia! (fly Sabina cry'd)
 Tho' neither Love, we're both deny'd :
 Let either fix the Dart.
 Poor Girl! (says Celia) say no more ;
 That Spite which broke his Chains before,
 Would break the other's Heart .

FLUTE .



LOVE'S REWARD . BY M^r. LEVERIDGE .

Vain are the Forces
 Of Rangers and Changers,
 All their Recourse is
 To arm with a Quart.
 But when they're boozing,
 And freely carouzing,
 Laughing, Quaffing,
 He wounds the Heart.

To all Deferters,
 Annoying, destroying,
 He ne'er gives Quarters,
 But sets them on fire .
 The Flame past curing,
 With Rage they're enduring,
 Scorching, burning,
 Till they expire .

But the true Lover,
 That fallies and rallies,
 Nor turns a Rover,
 But stands to his Arms,
 Under Love's Banner,
 Shall be crown'd with Honour,
 Kissing, Preffing,
 And melt in Charms .

A BURLESQUE TO GEMINIANI'S Minuet .

61

Gently stir and blow the fire Lay the Mutton down to roast,

Dress it quickly I desire, in the dripping put a Toast, that I

Hunger may remove Mutton is the meat I Love .

On the Dresser see it lies,

Oh the Charming white and red !

Finer meat ne'er met my Eyes,

On the sweetest Grass it fed ,

Let the Jack go swiftly round,

Let me have it nicely Brown'd.

On the Table spread the Cloath,

Let the Knives be sharp and clean:

Pickles Get, and sallad both,

Let them each be fresh and Green;

With small beer, good Ale and Wine,

Oh! ye Gods! how I shall Dine .

MELINDA'S COMPLAINT.

By the side of a Glimmering Fire, Melinda sat pensively down, Im-
 - patient of Rural Esquire, and vex'd to be absent from Town. The
 Cricket from under the Grate, with a Chirp to her sighs did reply, and
 kitten as grave as a Cat, sat Mournfully purring hard by.

Alas! Silly Maid that I was,
 Thus sadly complaining the Cry'd:
 When first I forsook that dear Place,
 'Twere better by far I had Dy'd:
 How gayly I Pass'd the long Day,
 In a round of continued Delight,
 Park, Visits, Assemblies, and Play,
 And Quadrille to enliven the Night.

How simple was I to believe,
 Delusive Poetical Dreams,
 The flattering landskips they Give,
 Of Groves, Meads, and Murmuring streams.

Bleak Mountains and wild staring Rocks,
 Are the wretched Result of my Pains;
 The swains greater Brutes than their flocks,
 And the Nymphs as Polite as the swains.

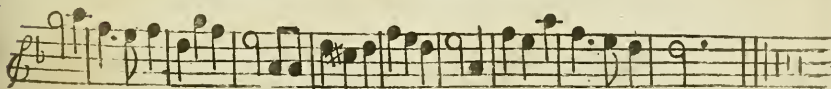
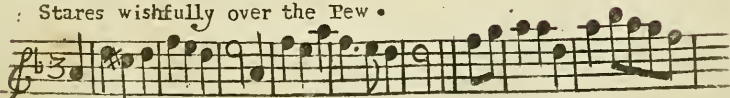
What tho I have skill to ensnare,
 Where smarts in Bright Circles abound,
 What tho at St James's at Prayers,
 Beans ogle Devoutly around;
 Fond Virgin, thy Power is lost,
 On a race of Rude Hottentot Brutes;
 What Glory in being the Toast,
 Of noisy dull squires in Boots.

And thou my Companion so Dear,
 My all that is left of Relief,
 What ever I suffer forbear,
 Forbear to Dissuade me from Grief,
 'Tis in Vain then, you'll say, to repine,
 At Ills which Cannot be redress'd,
 But in sorrows so pungent as mine,
 To be Patient, alas, is a Test.

If farther to sooth my Distress,
 Thy tender Compassion is led,
 Call Jenny to help to Undress,
 And Decently Put me to Bed,
 The last Humble solace I wait,
 Would Heaven indulge me the Boon,
 Some dream less unkind than my fate,
 In a Vision transport me to Town.

Clarissa mean time weds a Beau,
 Who Decks her in Golden array,
 The finest at ev'ry fine show
 And flaunts it at Park and at Play;
 Whilst here we are left in the Lurch,
 Forgot and Secluded from View,
 Unless when some Bumkin at Church,
 Stares wishfully over the Pew.

Flute



Set By MR SCRIMSHAW .

Adagio

When first I saw thee gracefull move, Ah me, what ment my
throbbing breast say soft confusion, art thou love, If
love thou art then farewell rest .

Since doom'd I am to love thee fair,
Though hopeless of a warm return:
Yet kill me not with cold despair .
But let me live, and let me burn .

With gentle smiles aswage the pain,
Those gentle smiles did first create ;
And though you cannot love again
In pity oh! forbear to hate .

FLUTE .

vain subtle man no longer boast, how ma-ny Hearts you've
won. Mankind were form'd not to decieve, nor Ma-
ids to be un- done .

Vertue and Truth are Ornaments,
Which grace a female mind;
When those are lost what can retrieve
The Fame of Woman kind!

With Vanity you tax the sex,
Their Weakness you reveal,
But men have more when they dare boast
Those Joys they shoud conceal.

Strive then no more with artful Wiles,
Our Vertue to Trapan;
If we mistake bright Honours Path,
'Tis owing all to Man.

FLUTE .

vain subtle man no longer boast, how ma-ny Hearts you've
won. Mankind were form'd not to decieve, nor Ma-
ids to be un- done .

66 A TWO PART SONG by M^r. MORGAN.

By shady Woods & purling streams, and purling streams, I pass my Hours in pleasing Dreams, and would not for the World be brought, to change my false delightful Thoughts, delightful

By shady Woods and purling streams and purling streams, I pass I pass my Hours in pleasing pleasing Dreams, and would not for World be brought, to change my false delightful Thoughts, delightful

ful Thoughts de-lightful Thoughts, :S:

- light ful light-ful de-lightful lightful Thoughts for :S:

for who alafs can happy be, that does the

who for who alafs can happy be, that does the

Truth of all things see, that does the Truth of

Truth of all things see, that does the Truth of

all things see .

all things see .

A SONG in the OPERA of ROSAMOND.

Affettuoso

Beneath some hoary Mountain I lay me down and weep. or

near some warbling Fountain bewail my self a sleep. Where

feather d Quires Combi- - ning with gentle murm'ring streams, and

Winds in Concert joyning raise sadly pleasing Dreams .

FLUTE .

Affettuoso

Andante THE HAPPY SWAIN .

First system of musical notation. Treble clef, 3/4 time signature. The melody is in G major (one sharp). The lyrics are: "No morning in May is more bright than my Dearest, Her Bosom's ^ey".

Second system of musical notation. Treble clef, 3/4 time signature. The melody continues. The lyrics are: "softest her Love's the sincerest. No Pride sways her Beauty to make her re-".

Third system of musical notation. Treble clef, 3/4 time signature. The melody continues. The lyrics are: "ject me if e'er I offend, she with smiles doth correct me, her chains are so easy ^ty".

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble clef, 3/4 time signature. The melody continues. The lyrics are: "they're entertaining her Frowns are so mild I've no Cause for complaining .".

If Nymphs enjoy Beauty hers is past extolling-
 Or Love be a Blessing how happy is Colin !
 All Day with feint Blushes the Fair One receives me,
 At night with a smile and a Kiss she does leave me:
 The Gods ne'er Created a Pair more inviting.
 A Swain found so constant, a Nymph so delighting .
 Flute.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble clef, 3/4 time signature. The melody continues. The lyrics are: "Flute."

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble clef, 3/4 time signature. The melody continues.

Seventh system of musical notation. Treble clef, 3/4 time signature. The melody continues.

O'ER THE MOOR TO MAGGIE.

And I'll o'er the Moor to Maggie her Wit and sweetne's call me Then

to my Fair I'll show my mind What e- ver may be fall me. If

the love mirth I'll learn to sing or likes the Nine to follow I'll

lay my Lugs in Pindus spring and in - vo - cate Apollo.

The musical score is written for piano on a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing harmonic support. There are several measures with a '6' below the staff, likely indicating a sixteenth note. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

If she admire a Martial Mind,
 I'll sheath my Limbs in Armour,
 If to the softer Dance inclin'd
 With gawest Airs I'll charm her.
 If she love Grandeur Day and Night,
 I'll plot my Nation's Glory;
 Find Favour in my Prince's fight,
 And shine in future story.

Beauty can Wonders work with Ease,
 Where Wit is corresponding,
 And bravest Men know best to please,
 With Complaisance abounding.

My bony Maggie's Love can turn,
 Me to what shape she pleases,
 If in her Breast that Flame shall burn,
 Which in my Bosom blazes.

THE UNSKILFUL LOVER. A DIALOGUE.

She

What means this filly whining Clown thus to compla... in, think'it thou with

fights, and Tears & fobs my Love to gain. No no you have not took the

Courte that will prevail for I mind not fights nor Tears nor fobs nor

He

yet your Tale. Finis Ah Pity take, for Goodness sake, my lovely

Fair... drive not a Swain by your Disdain to black Despair.

Ah Pity take and let not Fate thus crop my blooming Youth for

without you I cannot live and that's the Truth . Da Capo

Another might the Favour win that you can't gain,
 She. Unpractic'd in Love's different Arts poor empty swain,
 We oft refuse what we would give out of meer shame,
 And think that when it's took by Force we're less to blame .

FLUTE .

A Two Part SONG. The Words and Musick by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

Cupid, my Pleasure, soft Love I thee implore, soft Love,
 Bacchus my Treasure, Brisk Wine I will a-dore, brisk Wine, brisk
 soft Love I thee implore, soft Love, Wine, brisk Wine I will a-dore Brisk Wine, brisk
 Love I thee implore; Give me a Beautiful, Beautiful Maid, To Bless my
 Wine I will a-dore; Fill me a Bumper of Red, in that I
 longing Arms, with-out thy Joy, Life soon would cloy, Life
 view all Charms, The noble juice, will Mirth produce, will

foo...n' would cloy, and grow a meer defeafe: The dru...nken Sot, that
 Mirth pro...duce, and give us ease: The snea...king

swi...lls his Gutt, may Court and hug his Glafs, Lo...
 Fool, Proud Wo...mans Tool, is but an Afs, Wi...

...ve grant me but the Fair, no o...ther Blifs I ask, Lo...
 ...ne frees us from all .Ca...re, Then bring a...no...ther Flask.

...ve grant me but the Fair, no...
 Wi...ne frees us from all .Ca...re, Then

o...ther blifs I ask.

bring a...no...ther Flask.

Scandit æratas vitiosa naves

Cura; nec turmas equitum relinquit,

Ociur cervis, et agente nimbos

Ociur Euro — HOR.

Poscentisævi pauca — HOR.

A S O N G.

The Words by MR. PARRATT. Set to Musick by MR. LEVERIDGE.

Vain Man — to think of Jo...y on Earth, Or fleeting Happi-

nefs to share: Nature, when first she gave you Birth, De-

sign'd you for a World of Care.

2

When Thought and Sense are yet obscure,
 And Childish Days awhile we wear,
 Unutter'd Pains we then endure,
 The Ills, Man's Offspring all must bear.

3

See the poor Boy, almost a Man,
 Begins his Race with Temper gay;
 Just as the Sun, when Night is gone,
 Hails with a smile, the new born Day.

4

But soon loud storms conceal his Rays,
 And hide his chearful Beams from Earth,
 So glide away poor Mortals Days,
 Whole Years with Care, but Hours with Mirth.

5

Toyling, we live for sordid Wealth,
 Enrich'd with much, we covet more,
 Yet all can't gain one moments Health,
 Nor save us in a Dying hour.

6

Yet then, what wou'd the Miser give
 For one poor Year — a little space,
 For Man's lost moments to retrieve,
 And 'scape the Sinner's dreadful Place.

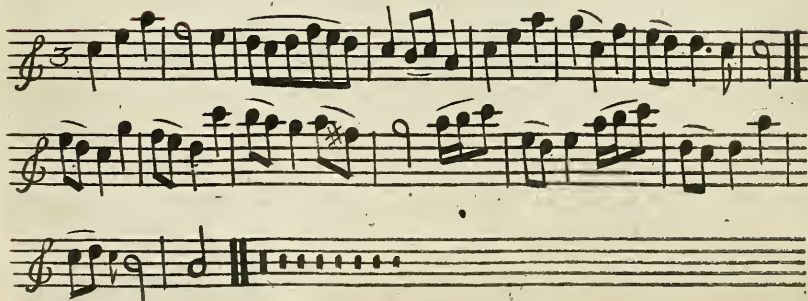
7

The Rich, ensnar'd by gilded joys,
 Ne'er mind how swift the Minutes pass;
 Old age creeps on, their Bliss destroys,
 And Death presents his empty glass.

8

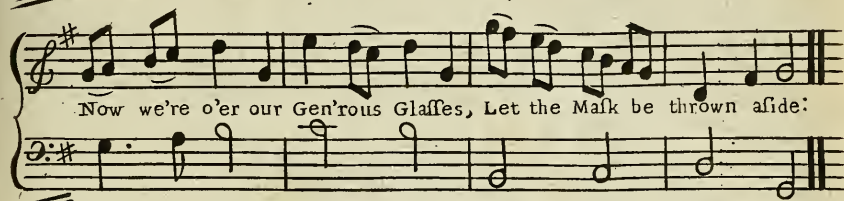
Happy the Man, when he appears,
 That views him with his thoughts resign'd,
 Well has he us'd his short liv'd Years,
 And's sure a happier State to find.

FLUTE.

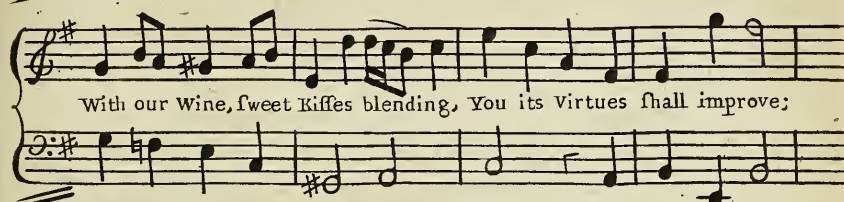




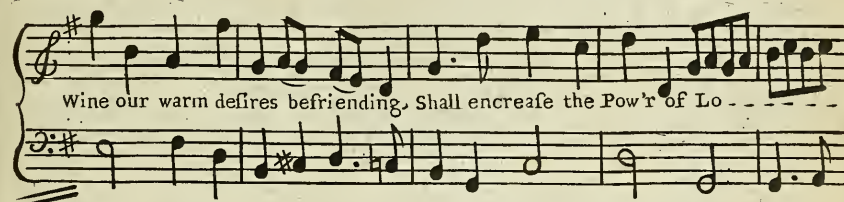
Come, be free, my lovely Lass, Banish dull reſtraintive Pride.



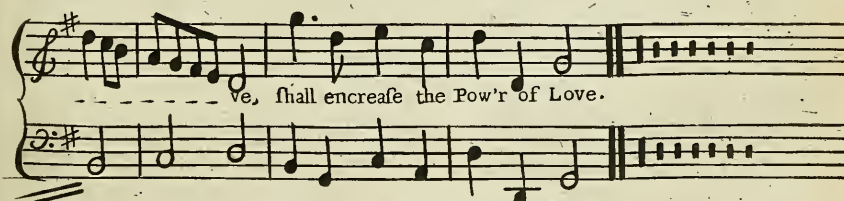
Now we're o'er our Gen'rous Glaſſes, Let the Maſk be thrown aſide:



With our Wine, ſweet Kiſſes blending, You its Virtues ſhall improve;



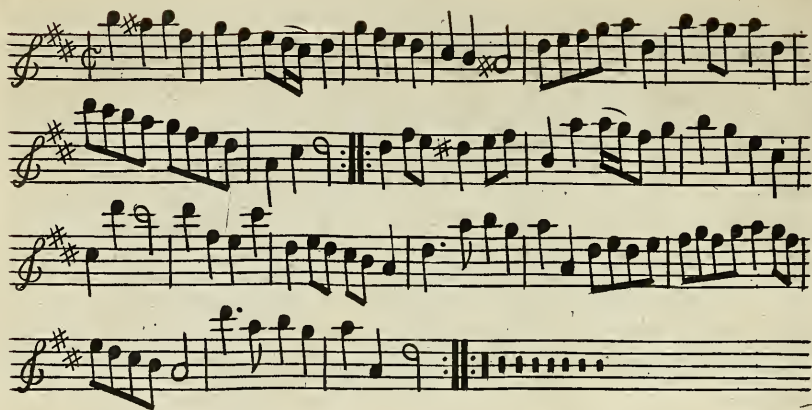
Wine our warm deſires befriending, Shall encreaſe the Pow'r of Lo -



ve, ſhall encreaſe the Pow'r of Love.

Squeamiſh Prudes may take Occaſion,
 (Tho' they burn with inward Fire.)
 To Condemn a Gen'rous Paſſion,
 Which they never cou'd inſpire:
 But how Curſt is their condition,
 Whiſt in us they Freedom blame,
 Ev'ry Night pant for Fruition,
 Yet find none to meet their Flame.

FLUTE.



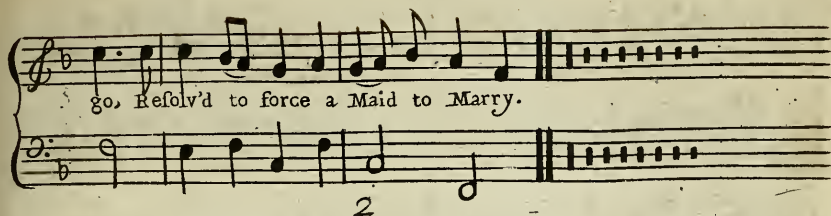
DUET, Sung in the LIVERY RAKE.

Duet musical score for the second section. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is G major (one sharp) and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal lines are in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines.

Don't you teize me, let me go, let me go, let me go, Do pray now,

dear now, let me go: So close you press, so warm you glow, what'tis you

mean, I do not know, But fear you are resolv'd to — let me go, let me



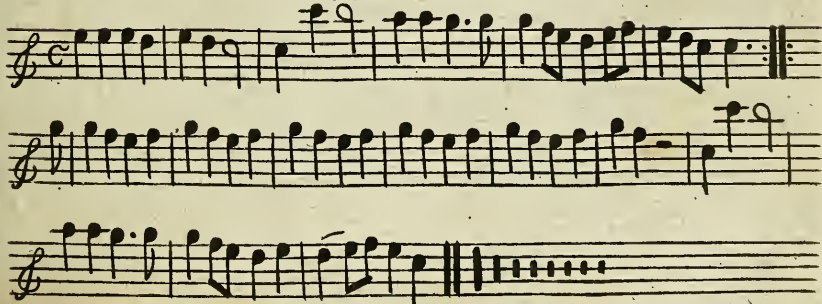
2

Sweet, if you love me, let me go,
 Let me go, let me go,
 Sweet, if you love me, let me go;
 If longer, thus, you Ogling stand,
 Hang on my waste, and squeeze my Hand,
 I fear I shall consent to — let me go, let me go;
 I fear I shall consent to Marry.

3

He. Sweet, if you love me, come away.
 She. Let me go, let me go;
 He. Sweet, if you love me, come away;
 She. If longer, thus, you Ogling stand—
 He. I cou'd for ever, Ogling stand,
 She. Hang on my waste, and squeeze my Hand,
 He. Hang on thy waste, and squeeze thy Hand,
 She. I fear I shall consent to —
 He. I hope you will consent to
 Come away,
 She. Let me go,
 Both. { I hope you will consent to Marry,
 { I fear I shall consent to Marry.

FLUTE.



Sung in the LOVER'S OPERA

Since Love is my Foe, to the Grove I will go, Where ever, for ever, I'll

Sigh out my Woe; Each Bird on the Tree, attentive shall be, And

Sorrow, shall borrow, with looking on me: The Hill and the Dale, shall echo my

wail, And never, no never shall Lover prevail, Since the False one is gone, I'll

Sigh all a lone, Sit pining, declining, till Death ends my moan.

FLUTE.

CELADON'S JUGG. Set by Dr. GREENE.

When Celadon first from his Cottage did stray, To court his dear.

Jugg on a Hillock of Hay; What aukward Confusion opprest the poor

Swain, When thus he de-li-ver'd his Passion in Pain.

O Joy of my Heart, and Delight of my Eyes,
Sweet Jugg, 'tis for thee faithful Celadon dies;
My Pipe I've forsaken, tho' reckon'd so sweet,
And sleeping, and waking, thy Name I repeat.

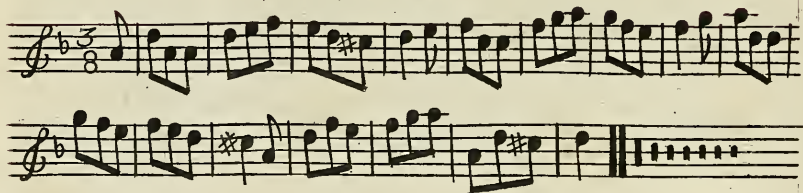
When Swains to an Alehouse by Force do me lug,
Instead of a Pitcher, I call for a Jugg;
And sure you can't chide at repeating your Name,
When the Nightingale every Night does the same.

Sweet Jugg he a hundred times o'er does repeat,
Which makes People say that his Voice is so sweet:
Oh why can you laugh at my sorrowful Tale,
Too well I'm assur'd that my Words won't prevail.

For Roger the Thatcher possesses thy Breast,
As he at the last Harvest Supper confess'd;
I own it, says Jugg, he has gotten my Heart,
His long curling Hair is so pretty and smart.

His Eyes are so black, and his Cheeks are so red,
 They prevail more with me, than all you have said;
 Tho' you court me, and kiss me, and do what you can,
 'Twill signify nothing, for Roger's the Man.

FLUTE.



ADVICE to the LADIES.

As the Snow in Val - lies lying, Phœbus his warm Beams applying,

Soon dissolves and runs a-way; So the Beauties, So the Graces,

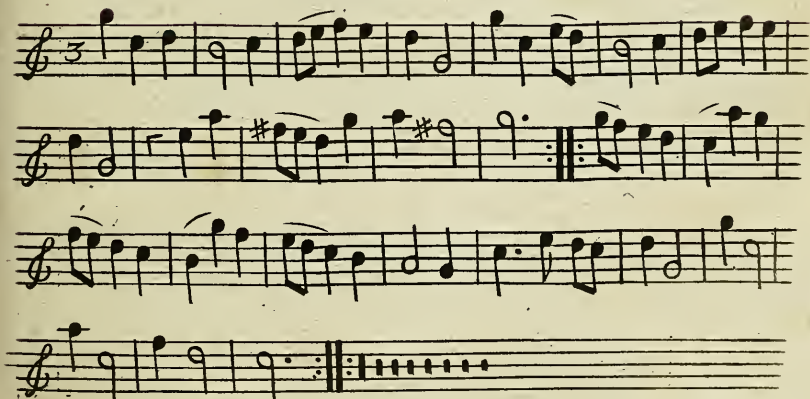
Of the most bewitching Faces, At approaching Age decay.

As a Tyrant, when degraded,
 Is despis'd, and is upbraided,
 By the Slaves he once controul'd;
 So the Nymph, if none could move her,
 Is contemn'd by ev'ry Lover,
 When her Charms are growing old.

Melancholick Looks, and Whining,
 Grieving, Quarrelling, and Pining,
 Are th' Effects your Rigours move;
 Soft Caresses, amorous Glances,
 Melting Sighs, transporting Trances,
 Are the blest Effects of Love.

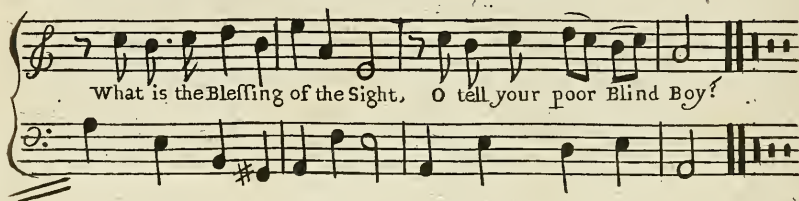
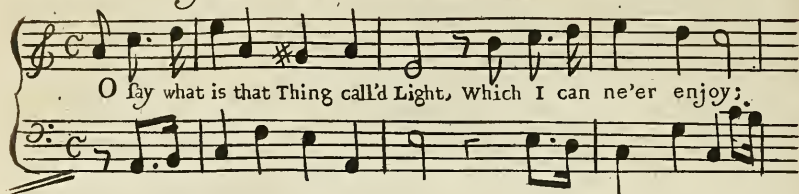
Fair Ones, while your Beauty's blooming,
 Use your Time; lest Age refusing,
 What your Youth profusely lends,
 You are robb'd of all your Glories,
 And condemn'd to tell old Stories,
 To your unbelieving Friends.

FLUTE.



The BLIND BOY.

The Words by Mr. CIBBER Poet Laureat to their MAJESTIES.



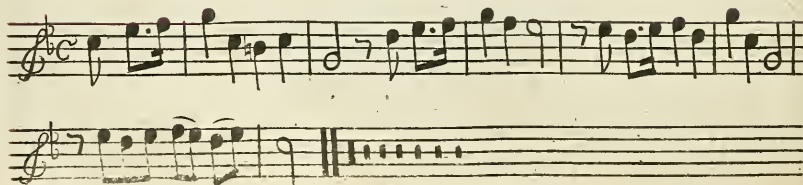
You talk of wond'rous things you see,
 You say the Sun shines bright:
 I feel him warm, but how can he,
 Then make it Day, or Night.

My Day, or Night, my self I make,
 When e'er I wake, or play;
 And cou'd I ever keep awake,
 It wou'd be always Day.

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

Then let not what I cannot have,
 My cheer of mind destroy,
 Whilst thus I sing, I am a King,
 Altho' a poor Blind Boy!

FLUTE.



DUMBARTON'S DRUMS .

85

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in C major, 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

Dumbarton's Drums beat bonny - O, when they mind me of my dear

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

Jonny - O, How happy am I, when my Soldier is by, while he

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

kisses and blesses his Annie - O . Tis a Soldier a lone can delight me .

The fourth system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

- O, For his graceful Looks do invite me - O : While guarded in his

The fifth system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

Arms I'll fear no Wars Alarms, neither Danger nor Death shall e'er

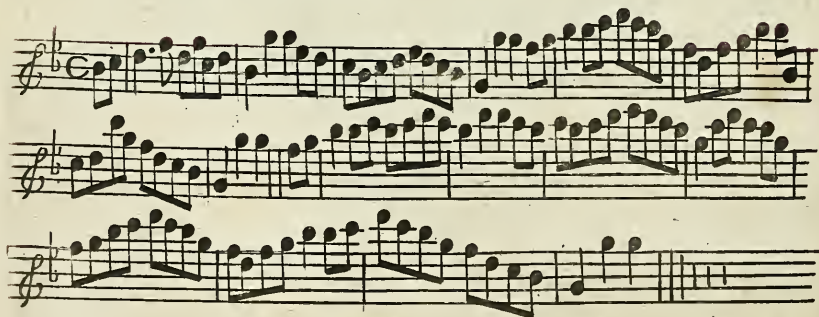
The sixth system of music concludes the piece with a final melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

fright me - O .

My Love is a Handsome Laddie-O,
 Genteel but neer foppish nor gaudy-O:
 Tho' Commitions are dear,
 Yet I'll buy him one this Year;
 For he shall serve no longer a Cadie-O.
 A Soldier has Honour and Bravery-O.
 Unacquainted with Rogues and their Knavery-O,
 He minds no other thing,
 But the Ladies or the King,
 For every other Care is but slavery-O.

Then I'll be the Captain's Lady-O,
 Farewell to my Friends and my Daddy-O:
 I'll wait no more at home,
 But I'll follow with the Drum,
 And when e'er that beats I'll be ready-O,
 Dumbarton's Drums sound bonny-O-
 They are sprightly like my dear Jonny-O:
 How happy shall I be
 When on my Soldier's Knee,
 And he kisses and blesses his Annie-O.

FLUTE.



A PASTORAL by M^r. CAREY .

87

Leave leave your folded Flocks in Peace to fleep.

Leave leave your folded

Flocks in Peace to fleep, All Night upon the Green your Revels keep

Pia.

All Night upon the Green your Revels keep

While on the verdant Plain we spo-rt & play well never

think of sleep or wish for Day.

The piano accompaniment consists of four staves. The top two staves are in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom two staves are also in treble and bass clefs with the same key signature. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplet markings (4, 3, 6) in the lower right.

FLUTE .

Sym .

Song

Sym .

Soft

Sym .

Song

The flute solo section consists of eight staves. It begins with a 'Sym .' (Symphony) marking. The first staff has a 'Song' marking. The second staff has a 'Sym .' marking. The third staff has a 'Soft' marking. The fourth staff has a 'Sym .' marking. The fifth staff has a 'Song' marking. The sixth staff has a 'Sym .' marking. The seventh staff has a 'Song' marking. The eighth staff has a 'Sym .' marking. The music is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features various musical notations including eighth, sixteenth, and thirty-second notes, as well as rests and dynamic markings.

Shepher - deses

pretty Lasses come lets trip it upon the Green, come lets trip it up -

- on the Green. Birds are sing - ing. Flow'rs are spring - ing Nature in

all her Beau - ty sear .

Meadows blowing springs o'erflowing
 Flora smileing all around :S:
 Lovely Flowers, pleasant Bowers,
 Pleasure in every Place is found .

Lillys Roses sweets discloses,
 Nature smileing every where :S:
 Nymphs complying, Cares are flying,
 Every fence of Pleasure here .

FLUTE.

Sym

CUPID and CHARLOTTE.

As Cupid one day Roveing saw, Charlotte with her Charms ap-

- pear, surpriz'd the Godhead bent his Bow, but was disa- bled by the

Fair; Then thus disarm'd he fighting said, now Love himself must

fall a Prize, I am undone I, am betray'd by Charlott's

e - ver Conqu'ring Eyes, by Cha -

rlot's e - ver conqu'ring

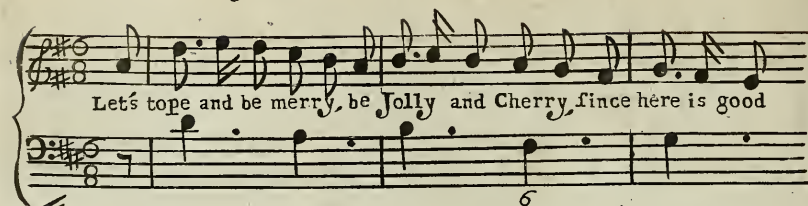
Eyes • Da Capo

NB. This Verse goes to the first Part of the Tune •

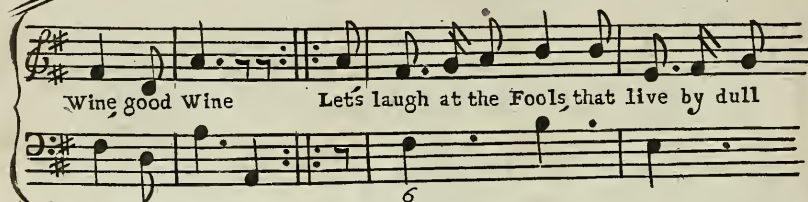
Then thus his Bow he from him hurl'd,
 His Quiver and his pointed Arms •
 And left his Empire of the World,
 To be commanded by her Charms •

FLUTE •

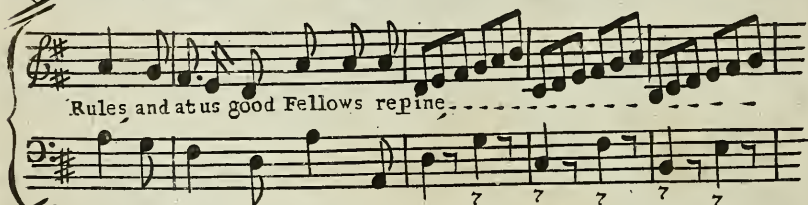
D C



Let's tope and be merry, be Jolly and Cherry, since here is good

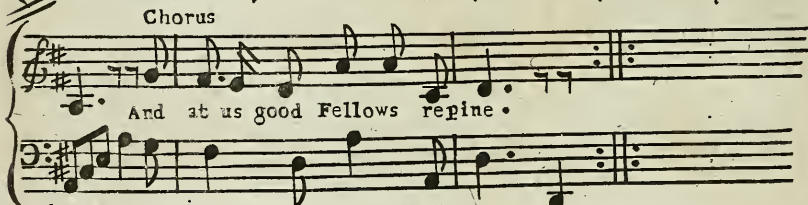


Wine good Wine Let's laugh at the Fools, that live by dull



Rules and at us good Fellows repine.

Chorus

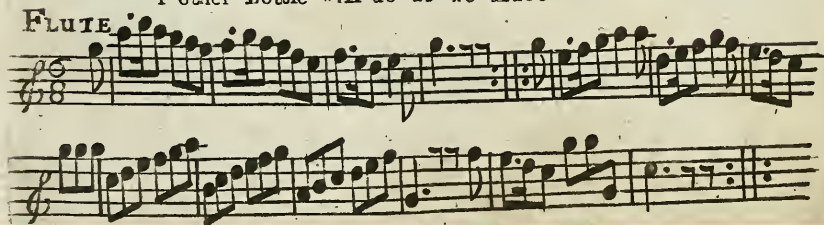


And at us good Fellows repine.

Here here are Delights to amuse the dull Nights,
 And equal a Man with a God;
 To enliven the Clay, drive all Care away,
 Without it a Man's but a Clod.

Then let's be willing to spend t'other philling,
 Since Money we know is but Dirt;
 It suits no Design like paying for Wine,
 T'other Bottle will do us no Hurt.

FLUTE.



A SONG Sung by Miss RAFTOR.
in the SCOTCH HUMOUR.

93

When Parents Obstinate and cruel prove, and force us

to a Man we cannot love. tis fit we disappoint the

Sordid elves, and wisely get us Husbands for our

felves, and wisely get us husbands for our

felves

FLUTE .

THE LONDON LASS.

What tho I am a London Dame and lofty looks I bear a

I Carry sure as good a Name as those who Ruffet wear a

What tho my Cloaths are rich Brocade my skin it is more White a

Than any of the Country Maids that in the Feild delight a

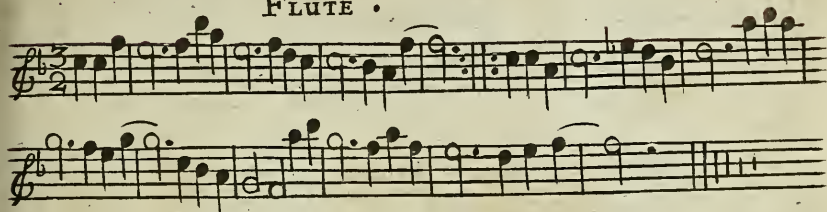
What, though I to assemblies go,
 And at the Opera shine a
 It is a thing all Girls must do
 That will be Ladies fine a
 And while I hear Faustina sing,
 Before the King and Queen a
 My Eyes they are Upon the Wing,
 To see if I am seen a

My Pekoe and Imperial Tea.
 Are Brought me in the Morn a .
 At noon Champaign and rich Tokay
 My Tables do adorn a .

The Evening then does me invite
 To Play at dear Quadrille a ;
 And sure in this there's more Delight
 Than in a Purling Rill a .

Then since my fortune does allow
 Me to live as I please a
 He never milk my fathers Cow
 Nor Press his Coming Cheefe a ;
 But take my swing both night and day,
 I'm sure it is no sin a ;
 And as for what the Grave ones say,
 I value not a Pin a .

FLUTE .



THE COY LASS .

Prithee Cloe give O'er and perplex me no more for my Charmer it

looks Very queerly. That in blooming Fifteen Thou'rt afraid to be

seen, By a Shepherd who Loves thee most dearly .

When with speed I Pursue,

Intending to Woo.

And tell thee how much I'm thy Lover,

Like a fearfull young Lamb

Runs after its Dam,

So thou fly'st away to thy Mother

I know't has been told

That the Patriarchs of Old,

Spent Threescore Years in their Wooing.

'Twas no wonder then

That a Nymph of fifteen,

Should be Coy when a Swain was Pursuing.

But, my Charmer, I Vow,

'Tis a Miracle now,

That a Nymph in her Teens should fly any

When I Dare now engage,

Not a man in the Age

But thinks Threescore Days are too many

Then Prithee, my Joy,

No Longer be Coy,

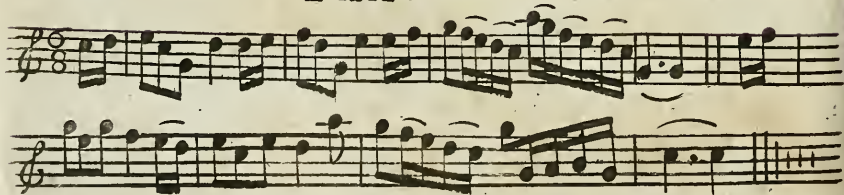
But let am'rous Desires inflame ye;

Surrender thy Charms

And take me to thy arms,

And thoult soon love me better than Mammy.

FLUTE.



The PRINCE of ORANGE'S welcome. The Words & Musick by Mr. CAREY. 97

Sung by a Youth (His Scholar) at the Theatre in Goodman's Fields.

Thrice Welcome Royal Stranger, To greet thee, fee all Na...ture

smile, Whom Nep-tune free from Danger, Has wafted to our Isle:

By An...na's Charms in-vi-ted, Naf-sau defies the Stor...my Sea, In

An...nas Arms delighted, What God so Blefs'd as He.

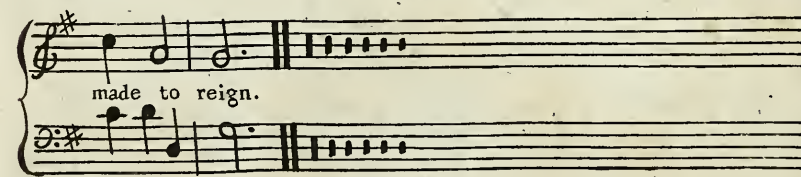
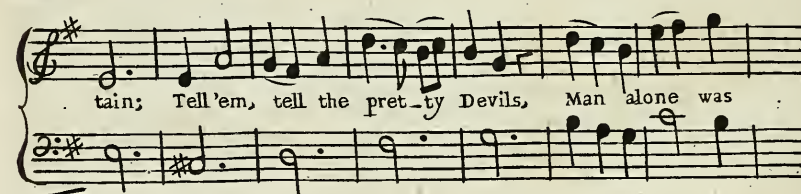
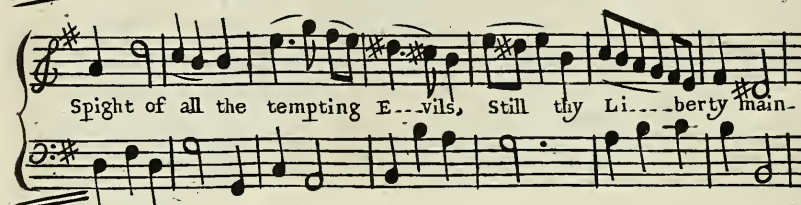
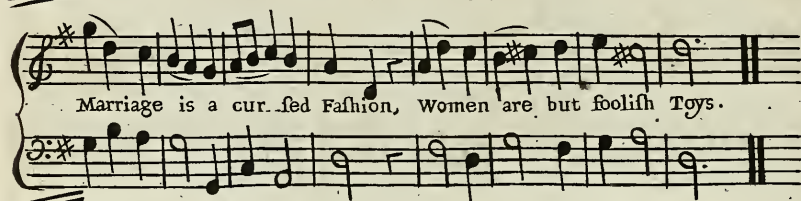
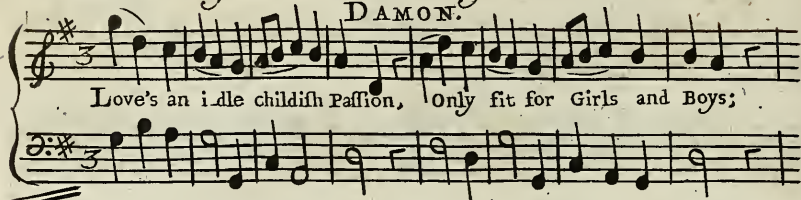
Sing these Words to the first part of the Tune.

May ev'ry joy attend them, And Bounteous Heav'n befriend 'em,
No end their sweet endearments know, With all it can bestow.

FLUTE.

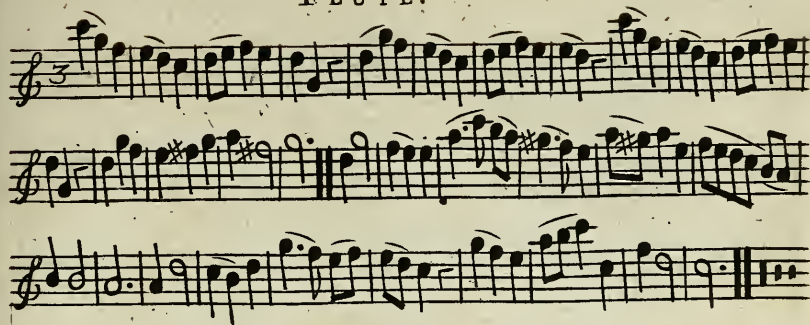
The Words by Mr. BAKER. Set by Mr. BURGESS.

DAMON.

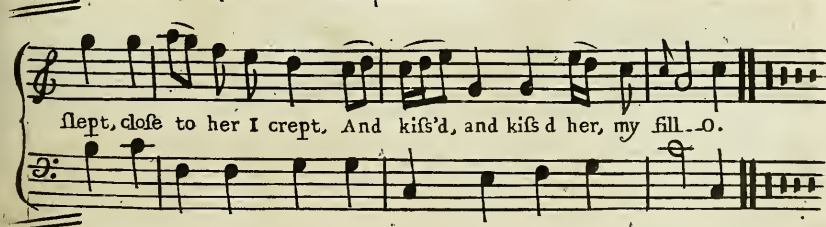
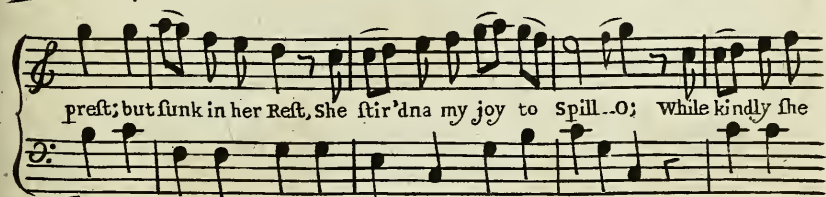
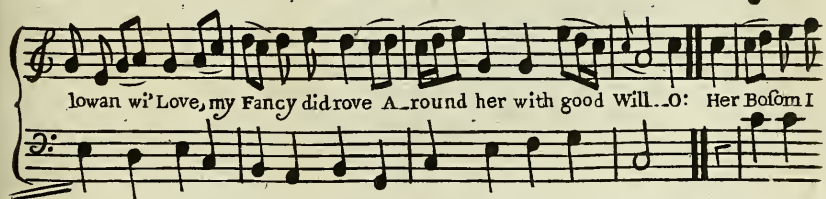
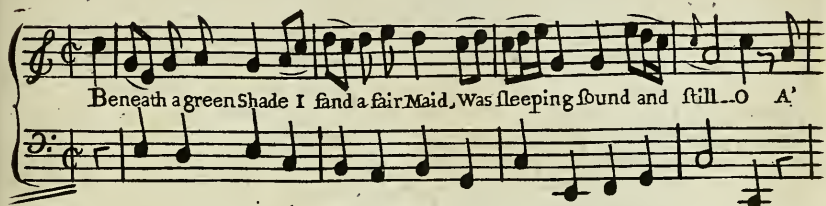


CLOE. Empty Boaster! know thy Duty,
 Thou, who dar'st my Pow'r defie;
 Feel the Force of Love and Beauty;
 Tremble at my Feet, and die.
 Wherefore does thy Colour leave Thee?
 Why these Cares upon thy Brow?
 Did the Rebel Pride deceive Thee?
 Ask him, who's the Monarch now.

FLUTE.



Peggy's Mill.

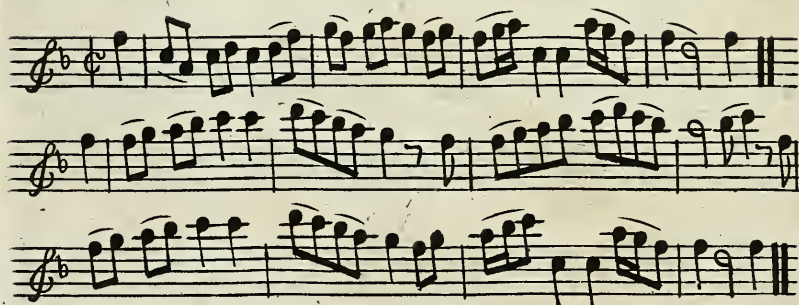


Oblig'd by Command in Flanders to land,
 T'employ my Courage and Skill...O,
 Frae'er quietly I staw, hoist Sails and awa,
 For Wind blew fair on the Bill...O.
 Twa Years brought me hame, where loud fraising Fame
 Tald me with a Voice right shrill...O,
 My Laff, like a Fool, had mounted the Stool,
 Nor kend wha had done her the Ill...O.

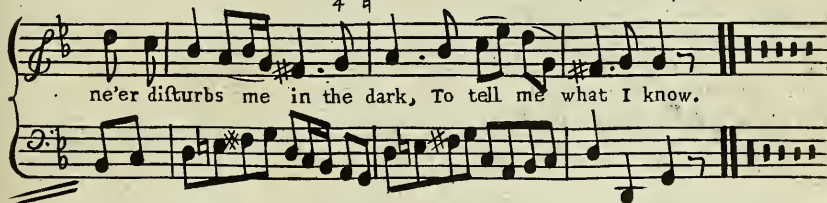
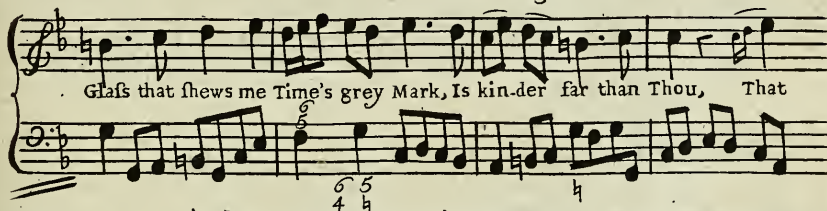
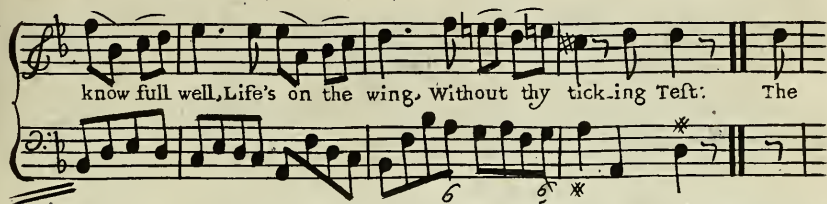
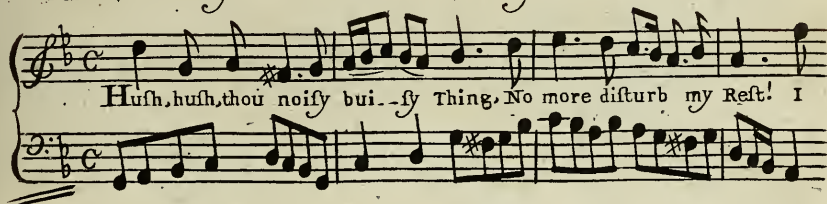
Mair fond of her Charms, with my Son in her Arms,
 I ferlying speer'd how she fell...O.
 Wi' the Tear in her Eye, quoth she, Let me die,
 Sweet Sir, gin I can tell...O.
 Love gave the Command, I took her by the Hand,
 And bad her a' Fears expell...O,
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the Man
 Wha had done her the Deed my fell...O.

My bonny sweet Laff on the gowany Grafs,
 Beneath the Shilling-hill...O,
 If I did Offence, I'll make ye amends
 Before I leave Peggy's Mill...O.
 O the Mill, Mill...O, and the Kill, Kill...O,
 And the cogging of the Wheel...O;
 The Sack and the Sieve, a' thae ye maun leave,
 And round with a Sodger reel...O.

F L U T E .



The Words by Mr. PARRATT. Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.



Loudly recount Time's hurrying pace,

When nigh the Courtier's Ear,

Wake him to think on that disgrace,

Which guilty wretches fear!

Perhaps he'll leave his tricks and lies,

And mind thee as his Friend;

Well wou'dst thou move, and with surprize,

Couldst thou his Life amend.

Or if thou must, with noisy Strain,

Obeys thy circling wheels,

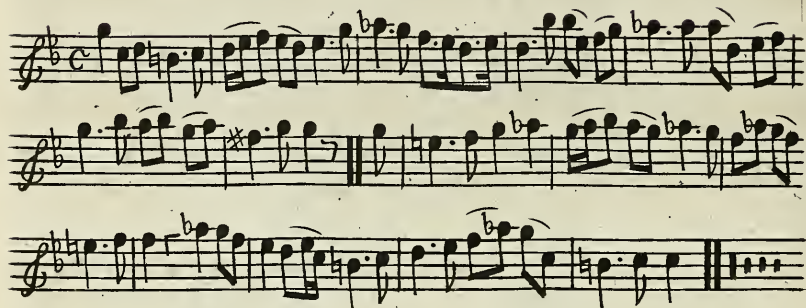
Disturb the Lawyer, raise the Pain,

That he unmindful feels:

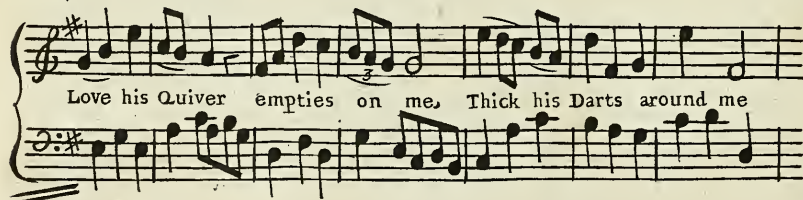
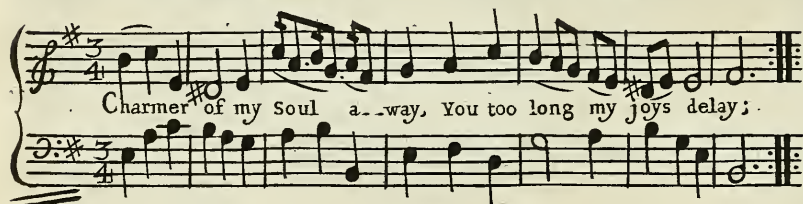


If then — struck with the Sense of Sin,
 By thy Incessant sound,
 He scorns the dress he wears within,
 Thy Noise shall be renown'd.

FLUTE.



Sung by Miss ARNE in DIDO and ÆNEAS.



undone me, With excess of Love I die, with excess of Love I die.

FLUTE.

A SONG Set by Mr. BOYCE.

What tho' you cannot move her with all your art and Pressing? Vex

not fond fil-ly Lover, Nor Curse the vain Addressing.

Why should you lament, when she should Repent, what help if a fool will de-

ny thee; 'Tis all but a miss of a Face and a Kiss, and there's a good

Sex to supply thee, and there's a good Sex to supply thee.

Who knows, would you but leave her,
 What change she may discover.
 Perhaps may grant the Favour,
 Rather than lose the Lover.
 If nothing avail,
 Yet 'tis odds if she fail,
 To give thee full Right to disdain her,
 When after thy Love,
 And thy worth could not move,
 A Fool that has neither, shall gain her.

Make Love an easy Fashion,
 And thy success, thy measure.
 Discarding still the Passion,
 That will not bring the Pleasure;
 Examine not why
 The Lady is shy.
 If Nature, or Honour, advise her,
 But thy Part fairly done,
 If she'll not be won,
 Take leave, and look out for a wiser.

The Lofty Beggars

105

We beg, but in a higher Strain, Than fordid slaves who-beg for

gain; No paltry Gold, nor Gems, we want, We beg what you a-

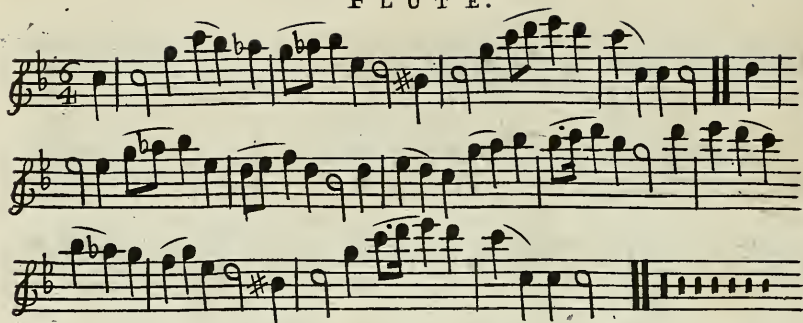
lone can grant: No lofty Titles, no Renown, But something

greater than a Crown; We beg not Wealth, nor Liberty, We

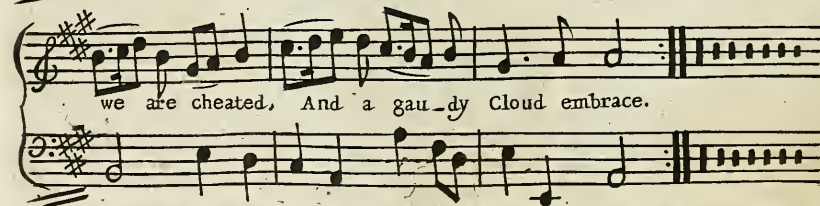
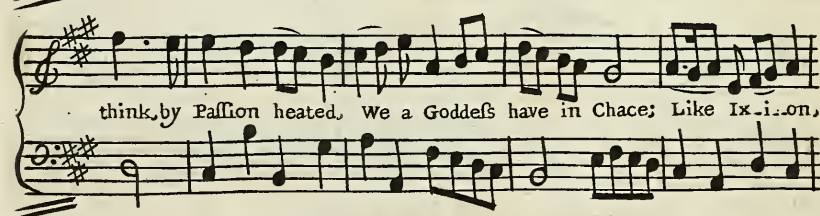
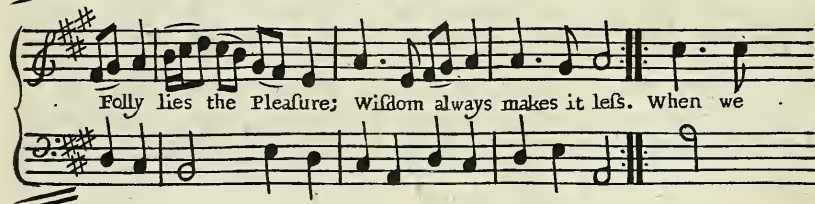
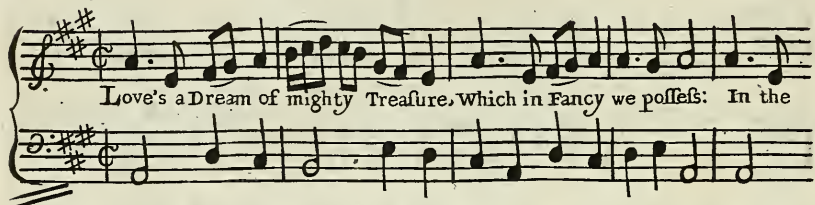
beg your humble Slaves to be.

We beg your snowy hands to kiss,
 Or Lips, if you'll vouchsafe the bliss;
 Or if our faithful vows can move,
 What Gods might envy us your Love:
 The boon we beg, if you deny,
 Our Fate's decreed; we pine and die;
 For life we beg, for life implore,
 The poorest wretch can ne'er beg more.

FLUTE.

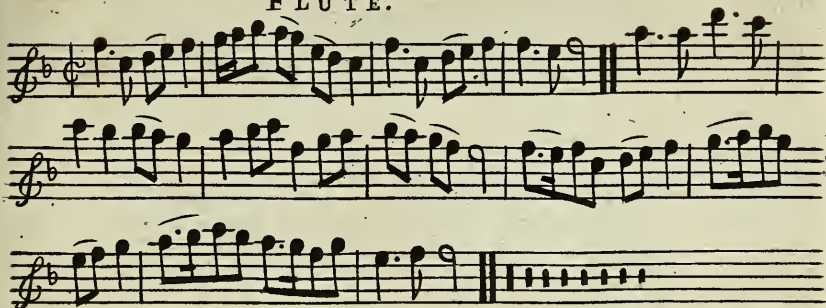


The ILLUSION.



Happy only is the Lover,
 Whom his Mistress well deceives;
 Seeking nothing to discover,
 He contented lives at Ease.
 But the Wretch that would be knowing
 What the Fair One would disguise,
 Labours for his own Undoing;
 Changing Happy, to be Wife.

FLUTE.



The CRITICAL MINUTE. Set by MR. LEVERIDGE.

Oh the Time that is past, When she held me so fast, And declar'd
 that her Honour no long-er could last! last! No Light, but her
 languishing Eyes did appear, To prevent all Ex-cu-ses of Blushing and Fear.

How she sigh'd, and unlac'd,
 With such Trembling and Haste,
 As if she had long'd to be closer embrac'd!
 My Lips the sweet Pleasure of Kisses enjoy'd,
 While my Hands were in search of hid Treasure employ'd.

With my Heart all on fire
 In the Flames of Desire,
 When I boldly pursu'd what she seem'd to require;
 She cry'd, Oh! for Pity's sake, change your ill Mind!
 Pray, Amintas, be civil, or I'll be unkind.

All your Blifs you destroy,
 Like a naked young Boy,
 Who fears the kind River he came to enjoy:
 Let's in, my dear Chloris, I'll save thee from Harm,
 And make the cold Element pleasant and warm.

Dear Amintas! she cries;
 Then she cast down her Eyes,
 And with Kisses confess what she faintly denies.
 Too sure of my Conquest, I purpos'd to stay
 'Till her freer Consent did more sweeten the Prey.

But too late I begun;
 For her Passion was done:
 Now, Amintas, she cry'd, I will never be won;
 Thy Tears and thy Courtship no Pity can move,
 Thou hast slighted the Critical Minute of Love.

FLUTE.



What pleasant scenes a round this Place appear, Here universal

spring remains. Diurnal Beautys flourish all the Year, And here the

Goddess Flora reigns, Here have I with my lovely Charmer spent In soft Em

- bra - ces many Hours, sooth and delighted with the genial scent, that

came from O.do_rifick Flowers .

Unhappy me! that must so shortly go,
 From these Ambrosial happy shades;
 Where no ungrateful Northern Tempests blow,
 Nor inharmonious sound invades;
 O cruel Fate! to intercept my Peace,
 And stop the Current of my Joys;
 In forcing me from unmolested Ease,
 To hateful and incessant Noise .

But while I thus lament with weeping Eyes,
 The cause that bids me hence depart;
 Still worse Reflections in my mind arise,
 That deeply wound my bleeding Heart;
 Perhaps my soft Controuler will infer,
 I seek a more engaging Fair;
 And think my oft repeated Love to her
 Mere empty and delusive Air.

O speak ye Christial streams! that gently flow,
 When e'er my Cloe shoud complain;
 And ye refreshing Zephyrs! let her know
 The Words of her departing swain;
 Tell her no Object shall the Vow remove,
 That has my Lips already past.
 And that I'm hers and so shall ever prove,
 While spirits and Existance last.

FLUTE.



THE FAREWELL.

Affettuoso

Chloe farewell my on - ly Love, Thou charming beauteous cruel

Fair. I swear by great Almigh - ty Jove that Life it self is not so dear, To

me you al ways was un kind no smiles of Love would e ver give To

Pity never was in clind Nor would my am'rous Pain relieve .

To you I did present my Heart,
 My Person Life nay all was thine;
 You like Narcissus fly each Part,
 While unrelented I repine .
 But know that this Severity
 Is too distracting to be born;
 So instant Death shall set me free,
 From your insufferable scorn .

Then come thou gloomy shade so dear,
 And extricate me from my Grief ;
 With Joy I will receive thee here
 Impatient for my last Relief .
 Her Cruelty and cold Disdain,
 Will both in thee compleatly end ;
 Adieu my Chloe and my Pain .
 To Death I go my only Friend .

FLUTE .

The wounded Deer flies swift a-way, The bearded Arrow

in his side; still vainly hoping that he may, Mix'd with the

Herd escape un - spy'd, mix'd with the Herd escape unspy'd .

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

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

FLUTE .

HAPPY MYRTILLO .

113

On a Grassy Pillow, the Youthfull Myrtillo, the Youthfull Myrtillo

Transported was laid, in his Arms a Creature whose E'ery Feature, whose

E'ery Feature for Conquest was made.

to his Side he

Clas'd her and Fondly Gras'd her and fondly Gras'd her while she Cry'd Oh

Dear, Oh Dear Myrtillo, had I known your will Oh, had I known your

will Oh, I'd never come here .

Streams gently flowing,
 And Zephyr blowing, &c. Zephyr &c.
 Ambrosial Breeze;
 A Swain admiring,
 And all Conspiring, &c. all &c.
 The Charmer to please.
 The dear Nymph Complying,
 No more denying, no more &c.
 A Silent Grove;
 Oh blest Myrtillo!
 You may if you will O, you &c.
 Be happy as Jove.

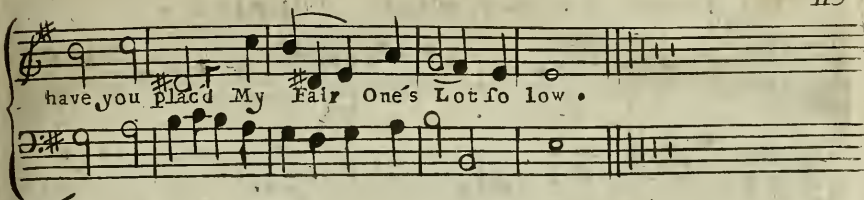
Now the Devills in it
 If such a Minute, if such &c.
 The Shepherd could lose;
 No, no, no Myrtillo
 Has better skill O, has &c.
 His Moments to Chuse:
 The delightfull Treasure,
 Of Love & Pleasure, of Love &c.
 He boldly seiz'd!
 And like Myrtillo,
 He had his fill O, he had &c.
 Of what he pleas'd.

The **DIVINE RIGHT OF BEAUTY.** The Words by **MR. BAKER.**
 Set by **MR. ABIEL WHICHELLO.**

O had I been by Fate decreed Some humble Cottage Swain! In Ro-sa-

-lin-da's Sight to feed my sheep up on the Plain, How happy would those

Days have past Which now are fill'd with Woe! You envious Pow'rs! why

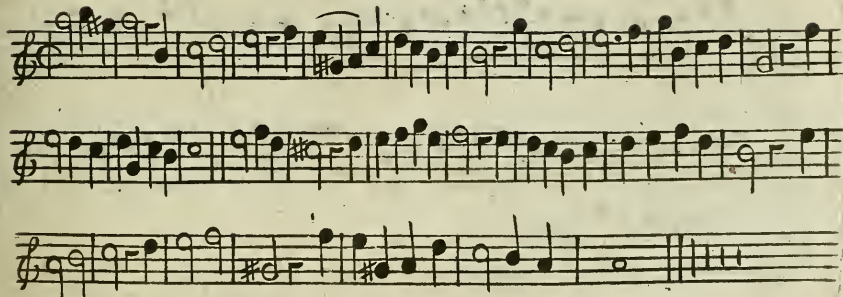


How sottish Custom over-rules
 The Force of Nature's Law!
 Begun, and carry'd on by Fools,
 It keeps Mankind in Awe .
 Nature to rule the World design'd
 The Generous and the Fair,
 But Custom has the Sway confin'd
 To such as Wealthy are .

Each Charm in Rosalinda's Face
 Convincingly declares,
 None can, but for the second Place,
 Contend, when she appears .
 Then 'cause blind Fortune has not thrown
 Her Favours in her way,
 Shall I her Sov'reignty disown
 And scruple to obey !

Ah! No!...Dominion is her Due,
 The Right which Nature gave ;
 Let him who dares dispute but view
 Her Eyes--and be her Slave ;
 And may the World, convinc'd by me
 Before the Charmer fall,
 Whose Beauty makes her fit to be
 Acknowledg'd Queen of all .

FLUTE .



THE YOUNG LOVERS FIRST ADDRESS .

ad^o

Charmer permit me to make a sur-render of an unartfull

and innocent Heart . flight not my Passion because it is

tender Think on your Charms and you'll pi - ty my smart .

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

FLUTE .

A Two Part SONG by MR. MORGAN.

117

Great Love Great Love thou universal King - - thou u - -

Great Love thou universal King thou u - - ni -

ni - ver - fal u - - ni - verfal King - - from whom our

ver - - fal u - - niverfal King from whom - - our

Joy - - - and for rows spring take Pity on my

Joy - - - and for rows spring take Pity on my

Pain take Pity on my Pain on my Pain • Command - - E -

Pain on my Paintake Pity on my Pain • Com -

li - za in whose Eyes the Force of

mand E - li - za in whose Eyes the Force of

migh - ty ma - gick lyes of mighty Magick

mighty Magick the Force of migh - - - ty Magick

lyes to ease a Lovefick Swain to ease a Lovefick

lyes to ease a Lovefick Swain to ease a Lovefick

Swain .

Swain .

Adagio

Here gentle Cloe let me rest for e- - - ver on thy

snow-y Breast Oh here unburden all my Cares and for - a while for.

- get my Fears While thus on Cloe's Breast I lye no Mon - - - archs

half so blest as I

But shorts the Time that Cloe gives

the bids me rise & Damon grieves • Poor Damon grieves & waits his years in

fighs fighs & most unmanly Tears till the kind Fates once more ordain Fair

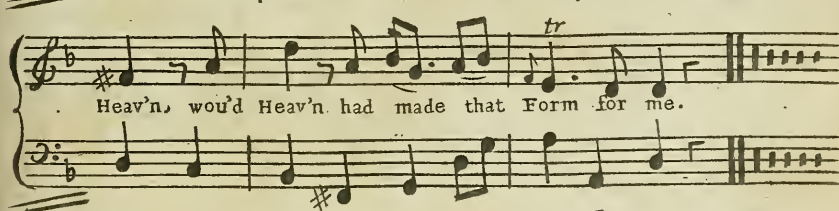
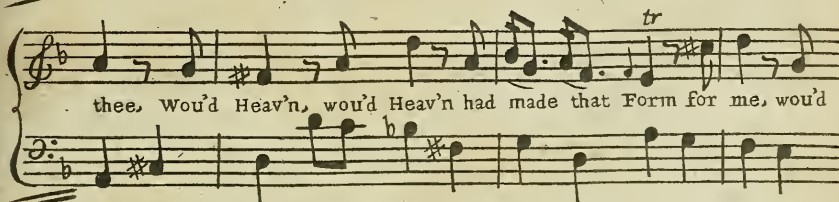
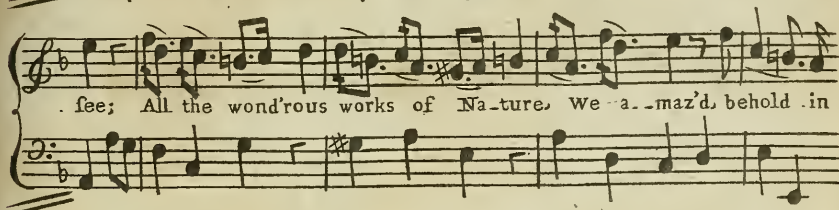
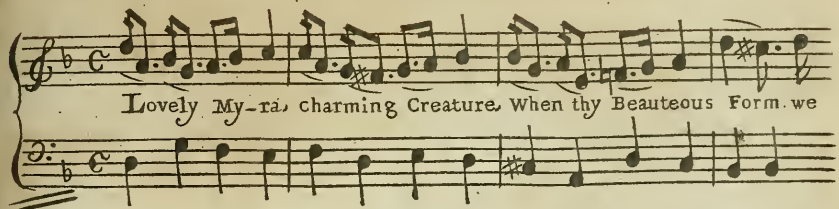
Cloes smiles to ease his Pain •

FLUTE
Adagio

Charming MYRA.

Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

121

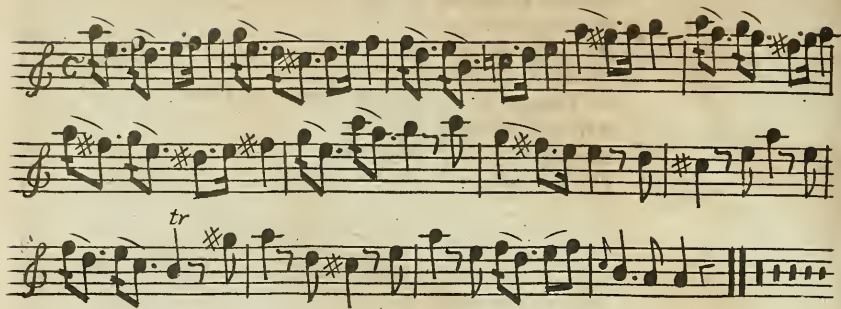


2
Without art, you shine a Goddess.
Others drefs in Gayity,
But pure Nature in its undrefs,
Charms in plain Simplicity;
Wou'd Heav'n had made those Charms for me
Wou'd Heav'n, &c.

3
All the Loves, and Graces round you,
Wait, as on their Deity,
Venus, and her Son have crown'd you,
Beauties reigning Majesty;
Wou'd Heav'n had made that Queen for me.
Wou'd Heav'n, &c.

4
Happy mortal, past expressing,
Who with Myra shall be free,
He can boast no greater Blessing,
Than a prize of such degree;
Wou'd Heav'n had made that prize for me.
Wou'd Heav'n, &c.

FLUTE.



The HOPELESS SWAIN. Set by Mr. BOYCE.

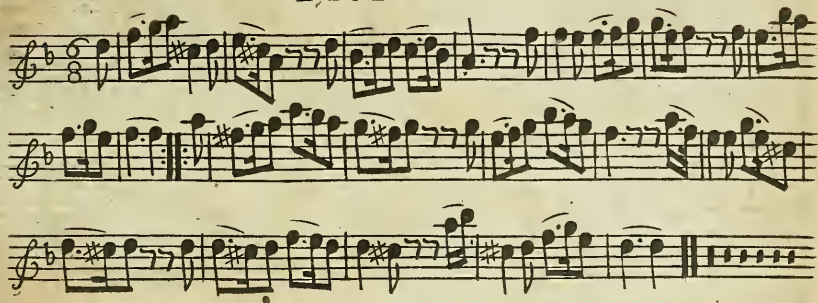
Siciliana.



Let nothing, nothing move her,
 To save a hapless Swain,
 Nor kindness for the Lover,
 Nor pity of the Pain,
 Yet seeking no restoring,
 No change his faith shall stain,
 Nor will he cease adoring,
 Nor sighing, nor imploring,
 Tho' all shall be in vain.

But hopeless, thus to languish,
 When he no more shall bear,
 But pin'd with ceaseless anguish,
 Shall sink beneath his Care.
 Then she that did bereave him,
 Of Life, shall mourn his Fate,
 Then wish she could retrieve him,
 Then willing to relieve him,
 But then 'twill be in vain.

FLUTE.



Sung by Master ARNE in DIDO and ÆNEAS.

The vocal part is written for a single voice on a single staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first system contains the first two measures, and the second system contains the next two measures, ending with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Soft Desires, glowing fires, in her heaving.

Bosom move, in her glowing Bo- som move.

Still surrounding, e--ver wounding, fix the Fair a slave to

Love. Soft desires, glowing fires, in her heaving Bosom move, still

surrounding, e--ver wounding, fix the Fair a slave to Love.

FLUTE.

The Ladys Complaint for the Departure of her Lover.

Largo

Cold Winter, Ah why art thou gone, With the Frost, and soft.
 Snow in thy train; The return of gay Spring, with the Sun, To me can bring
 nothing but Pain: Since Honour still fatal to Love, Commands my kind
 He-ro away, In far distant Climates to ro- - - ve, And
 trust the false Winds and the Sea.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). It features a variety of musical ornaments including trills (tr), mordents (m), and grace notes. The tempo is marked 'Largo'. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 12/8. The score is divided into six systems, each corresponding to a line of lyrics. The final system ends with a double bar line and a series of sixteenth notes, suggesting a continuation or a specific musical ending.

How cruel, alas, is the Fate,

Which unkind does our Fortune divide;

How cheerless and wretched the State,

Where every Hope is deny'd.

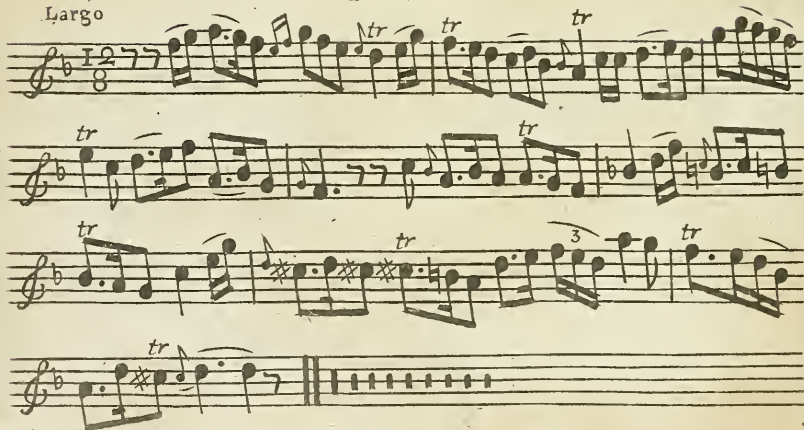
How vainly the Morning will rise,
 All rosy, and bright in the East;
 The Ev'ning won't charm my sad Eyes,
 Or Night, to my Sorrows give rest.

Tho' the Bushes all gaudily Bloom,
 And the Birds warble happy and gay;
 My Heart will be nothing but gloom,
 As soon as my Lover's away:
 Not Musick will soften my Cares,
 Nor Pleasures my senses delight;
 When his Voice sounds no more in my Ears,
 And his Person's no longer in sight.

No Joy I shall find in the Fields,
 The Plains, or the trembling Grove;
 Since Solitude, sorrow but yields,
 To a Heart that's sincerely in Love:
 But when the Moon rises so bright,
 And shews her full Orb in the Stream;
 Some relief it will be to my sight,
 That I view the same Object with him.

FLUTE.

Largo



Custode rerum Georgio, non furor
 Civilis aut vis exigit otium;
 Non ira, quæ procudit enses
 Et miseras inimicat urbes.

A SONG.

The Musick by Mr. LEVERIDGE. The Words by Mr. PARRATT.
 Spiritoso.

Joy to our Sovereign, George, the King, Gay happy Days now bless his

Ille: Let ev'ry Loyal Britton sing, And meet our Monarch with a

smile: Let faction cease, and Love succeed, And each disloyal

Heart relent: 'Tis such vain fumes make Nations bleed, And fill the

Land with discontent.

2

No more, then mind the Madmens rage,
Such fury dy'd old Rome in Blood,
Those fools remain in ev'ry Age,
Sworn foes to all that's great or good.

Malice, and strife, with all their train,
(The worst of Ills) dwell in their breast,
Nought can destroy those Tyrant's reign,
Or lull they busy Fiends to rest.

3

* What rapid streams of Brittons blood,
Have flow'd, by base Intestine broyls!
'Twas faction caus'd the purple flood,
And Man to Triumph in his spoils.

How blest, were this our little Isle,
If discord once wou'd quit her rage,
True to our King, and free from guile,
Where shou'd we find a happier Age.

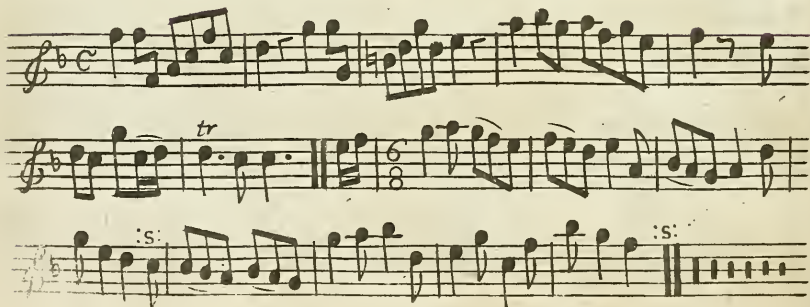
4

Happy are they, who love their King,
And ne'er repine for Fame, or Wealth,
But thus their wishes boldly sing,
Whilst Knaves by Plotting waste their Health.

Each Man then sing in loyal sound,
Long live great George, and Englands Queen,
Let Love and Joy each day abound,
And God prolong our Monarch's reign.

* Alluding to Oliver Cromwell.

FLUTE.



A SONG in the new Tragedy of FATAL FALSHOOD.

Set by Mr. I. F. LAMPE and Sung by Mrs. CLIVE.

Slow.

2	3
The Rose, that late adorn'd thy Brow, And near thee glow'd with brighter Grace, And ev'ry Flow'r that bloom'd but now, Their fragrant Beauties pensive bow, Sweet drooping Copies of thy Face.	The God of Love, ev'n he, thy Foe, Unstrings his Bow, neglects his Dart, And soften'd with Louisa's woe, Does all his cruel wiles forego, And silent, weeps his Fatal Art.

FLUTE.

T W E E D - S I D E .

What Beauties does Flora disclose? How sweet are her Smiles upon Tweed?

Yet Mary's still sweeter than those; Both nature and fancy exceed. Nor

Daisy, nor sweet blushing Rose, Nor all the gay Flow'rs of the Field, Not

Tweed gliding gently thro' those, Such Beauty and Pleasure does yield.

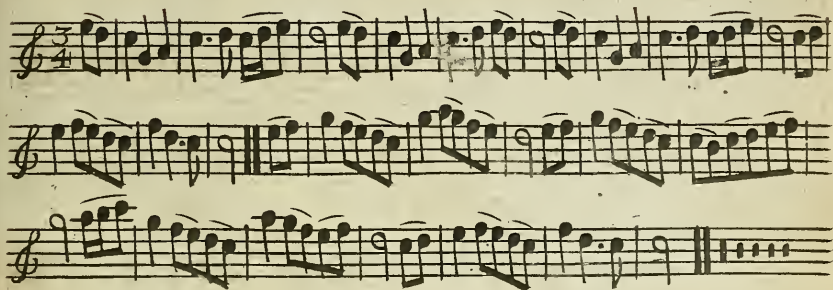
The Warblers are heard in the Grove,
 The Linnet, the Lark, and the Thrush,
 The Black-bird, and sweet cooing Dove,
 With Musick enchant ev'ry Bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the Mead,
 Let us see how the Primroses spring,
 We'll lodge in some Village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd Folks sing.

How does my Love pass the long Day?
 Does Mary not 'tend a few Sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep.

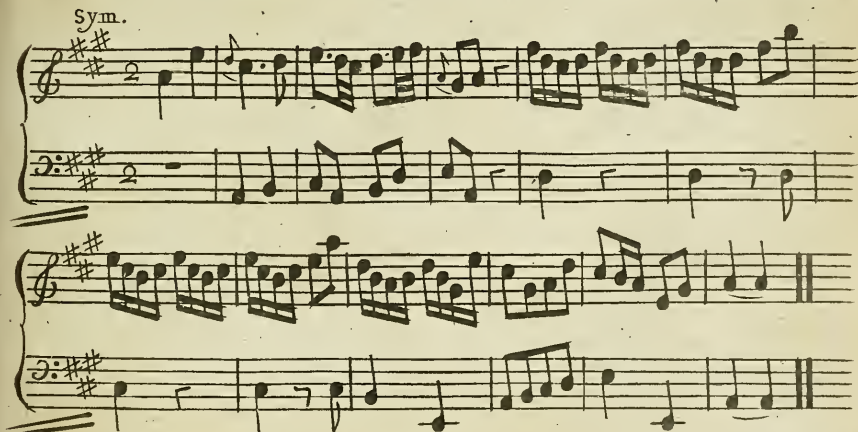
Tweed's Murmers should lull her to rest;
 Kind Nature indulging my Bliss,
 To relieve the soft Pains of my Breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial Kiss.

'Tis she does the Virgins excell,
 No Beauty with her may compare;
 Love's Graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, Charmer, where do thy Flocks stray?
 Oh! tell me at Noon where they feed;
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter Banks of the Tweed?

FLUTE.



A SONG Set by Mr. W^m WHEELER Organist of NEWBURY.



Tell me, my Charmer, prithee do, why, why so Coy,

why, why, why, why, why so Coy, when e'er I

woo. If Strephon's by, I plainly see, Your Charms are

loose, your Airs all free; Then, say, my Charmer, prithee

do, Why, why so Coy, wh. . . . y so Coy, why so

Coy, when e'er I woo.

viol: Unis

Affettuoso

Andante

A Swain of Love despairing, thus

wail'd his cruel Fate; his grief the Shepherds sharing, in cir_cles round him

fate: The Nymphs in kind compassion, the luckless Lover mourn'd: all

who had heard the Passion, A sigh for sigh return'd .

O Friends your plants give over,
 Your kind concern forbear;
 Should Cloe but discover,
 For me you'd shed a tear .
 Her Eyes shéd'arm with vengeance
 Your friendship soon subdue .
 Too late you'd ask forgiveness,
 And for her mercy sue .

Her charms such force discover;
 Resistance is in vain;
 Spight of your self you'll love her
 And hug the galling chain .

Her wit the Flame increases,
 And rivets fast the Dart:
 She has ten thousand Graces,
 And each could gain a Heart.

But oh! one more deserving,
 Has thaw'd her frozen Breast:
 Her heart to him devoting,
 She's cold to all the rest:
 Their love with joy abounding,
 The thought distracts my brain:
 O cruel Maid! then sounding—
 He fell upon the Plain.

FLUTE .



THE NIGHTINGALE . Set by M^r. CAREY .

Gently

While in a Bow with beauty blest, the lov'd the lov'd Amintor

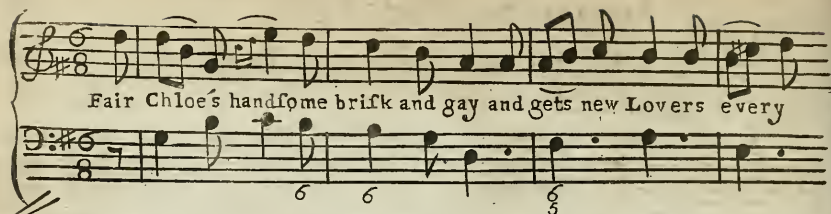
lies, while sinking on Lucinda's breast, he fondly fondly

kiss'd her Eyes: A wakeful Nightin - gale who long had mourn'd, had
 mourn'd with in the shade, sweetly renew'd her plaintive Song, and
 war - - - bled through the Glade .

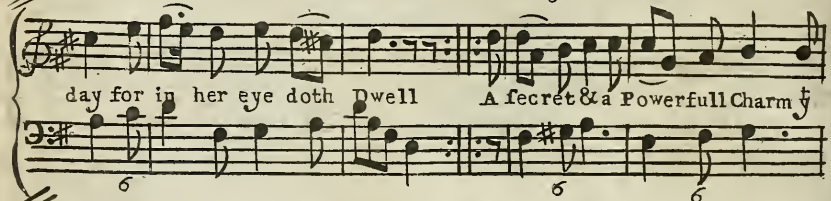
Melodious Songstresses! cry'd the Swain,
To Shades, to Shades lets happy go;
Or if thou wilt with us remain,
Forbear, forbear thy tuneful woe,
While in Lucinda's arms I lie.
To Song, to Song, I am not free,
On her soft bosome, while I die
I dis-cord find in thee.

FLUTE.

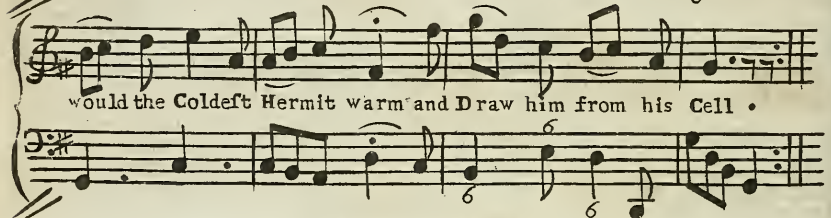
A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff is the vocal melody, written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/8 time signature. The second staff is the piano accompaniment, also in treble clef. The third staff is the piano accompaniment in bass clef. The fourth staff is the piano accompaniment in bass clef, featuring a double bar line and repeat signs. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many eighth and sixteenth notes. There are some markings like 't' and 'b' above notes, possibly indicating trills or bends. The paper is aged and yellowed.



Fair Chloe's handsome brisk and gay and gets new Lovers every



day for in her eye doth dwell A secret & a Powerfull Charm

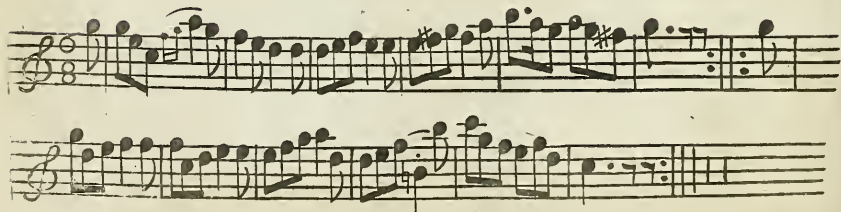


would the Coldest Hermit warm and Draw him from his Cell .

When first I saw her I believ'd,
 An Angels Form my sight Deceiv'd,
 So Gracefull was her mein,
 And surely Angels cannot be,
 More bright than is this lovely she,
 Who is of Beauty Queen .

How happy will the Youth be then
 Who do's with matchless truth Obtain,
 Possession of her Heart,
 To meet with such a Powerfull Cure,
 The worst of Fortunes I'd endure,
 And laugh at all the smart .

FLUTE .



very slow

6 6

Twas in the Charming Month of May, when all the Flowers were

6 6

6 5 5 6 6 5

fresh and gay. Celia smiling looks so beguiling, then stole my

6 6 5 3

t t

Heart away, then stole my Heart away.

6 3 6 3

Beware ye gentle Youths beware,

In Mornings when you take the Air ;
 When you are walking, merrily talking,
 Oh ! shun this fatal Fair : S :

She as the Morning East is fair,
Like Threads of silk her flowing Hair,
Charming Creature in every Feature,
She wounds us with Dispair. S:

Yet gentle Swains do not dispise,
 The Glances of her Conqu'ring Eyes;
 She'll disarm ye, certainly charm ye,
 He surely that sees her dyes . :S:

FLUTE .

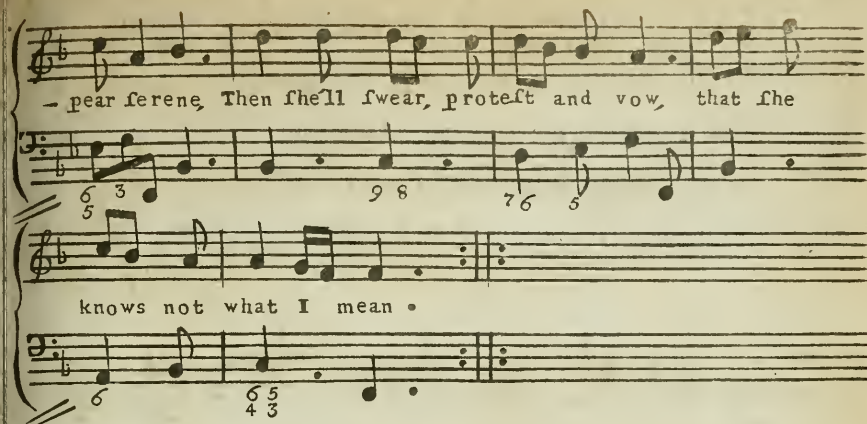


THE COY LADY .

Why does fair A manda frown, and disturb her Lovers Rest .

when a single smile alone, wou'd securely make me blest :

Darkest Clouds hang o'er her Brow, While she ought ap-

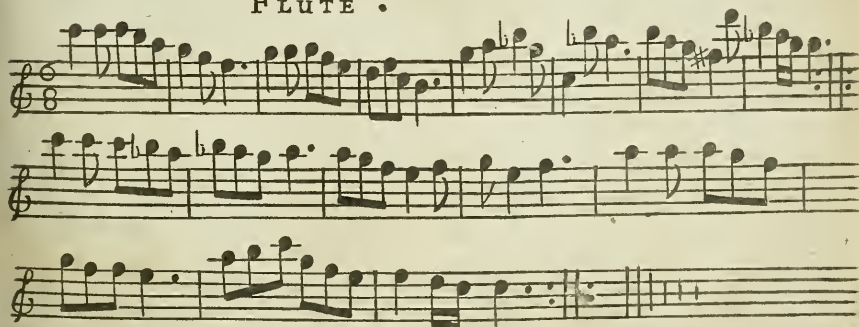


- pear serene, Then she'll swear, protest and vow, that she
knows not what I mean .

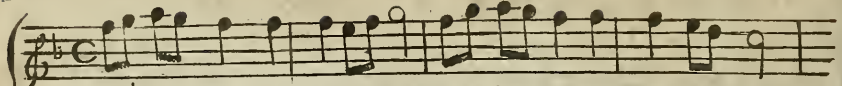
If I once but mention Love,
 She upbraids me, flaps her Fan,
 And her Eyes to Heaven move,
 Yet her Airs of scorn trepan .
 When I offer but a Kiss,
 Her alluring Lips she'll bite,
 Then will spit and at me hiss,
 Tho' tis all but Female spite .

Dear Amanda, cease your scorn,
 And to my Request be kind,
 Do not leave me thus forlorn,
 But O! let me Comfort find .
 Else at once you Death will give,
 With your keen destroying Charms,
 O! my fair One, let me live,
 To expire within your Arms .

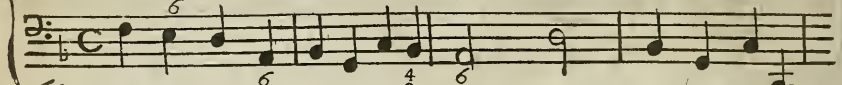
FLUTE .



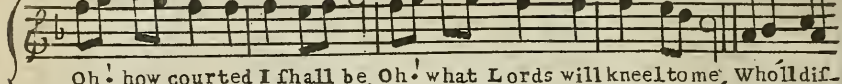
A SONG taken out of a Farce call'd the LOTTERY.



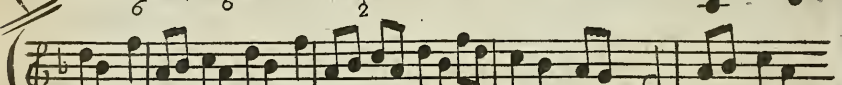
Oh! what Pleasure will abound when I've got Ten Thousand Pound.



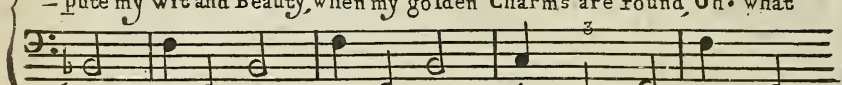
Oh! how courted I shall be, Oh! what Lords will kneel to me, Who'll dis-



-pute my Wit and Beauty, when my golden Charms are found, Oh! what



Flattery in the Lottery, when I've got ten Thousand Pound.



What tho' my Birth and Breedings poor,

Gold will add Arms and Scutcheons store;

Then for a Dutches I might pass,

Tho' I am but a Country Lass.

Who'll dispute my,

Wit and Beauty,

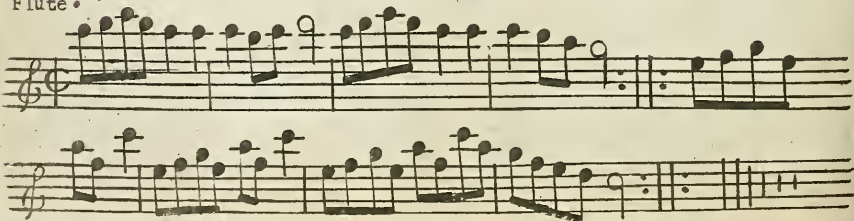
When my golden Charms are found,

Oh! what Flattery,

In the Lottery,

When I've got ten Thousand Pound.

Flute.



Allegro

Fin.

In vain a Thousand slaves have tryd have

tryd to overcome Clarindas pride pity pleading Love perfwading to

For.

overcome Clarinda's pride pity pleading Love per-suading,

Pia.

When her

Icy heart is Thaw'd is Thaw'd honour Chides and trait'shes awd Foolish

For.

Pia.

Creature Follow Nature, Foolish Creature Follow Nature, Follow.

Pia.

Waste not thus your prime

waste not thus your prime youth's a Treasure love's a pleasure both destroyd by

For

Pia

Ti me Both destroyd by time Both

destroyd by time by Ti me by Ti me both destroyd by time

Da Capo

A. Hunting Song by Mr. CAREY.

The Hounds are all out, and the Morning does peep: Why, how now, you

Sluggardly Sot. How can you, how can you lie shoring asleep, while we all a

Horseback have got, brave Boys, while we all a Horseback have got.

I cannot get up, for the over-nights Cup,

So terribly lies in my Head;

Beside, my Wife cries; My Dear, do not rise,

But cuddle me longer a-bed.

Dear Boy, But cuddle, &c.

Come, on with your Boots, and Saddle your Mare,

Nor tire us with longer Delay:

The Cry of the Hounds, and the sight of the Hare,

Will chase all our Vapours away.

Brave Boys, Will chase, &c.

FLUTE.

the end of the first Volume.

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