

Twelve
FAVOURITE SONGS,

COMPOSED BY,

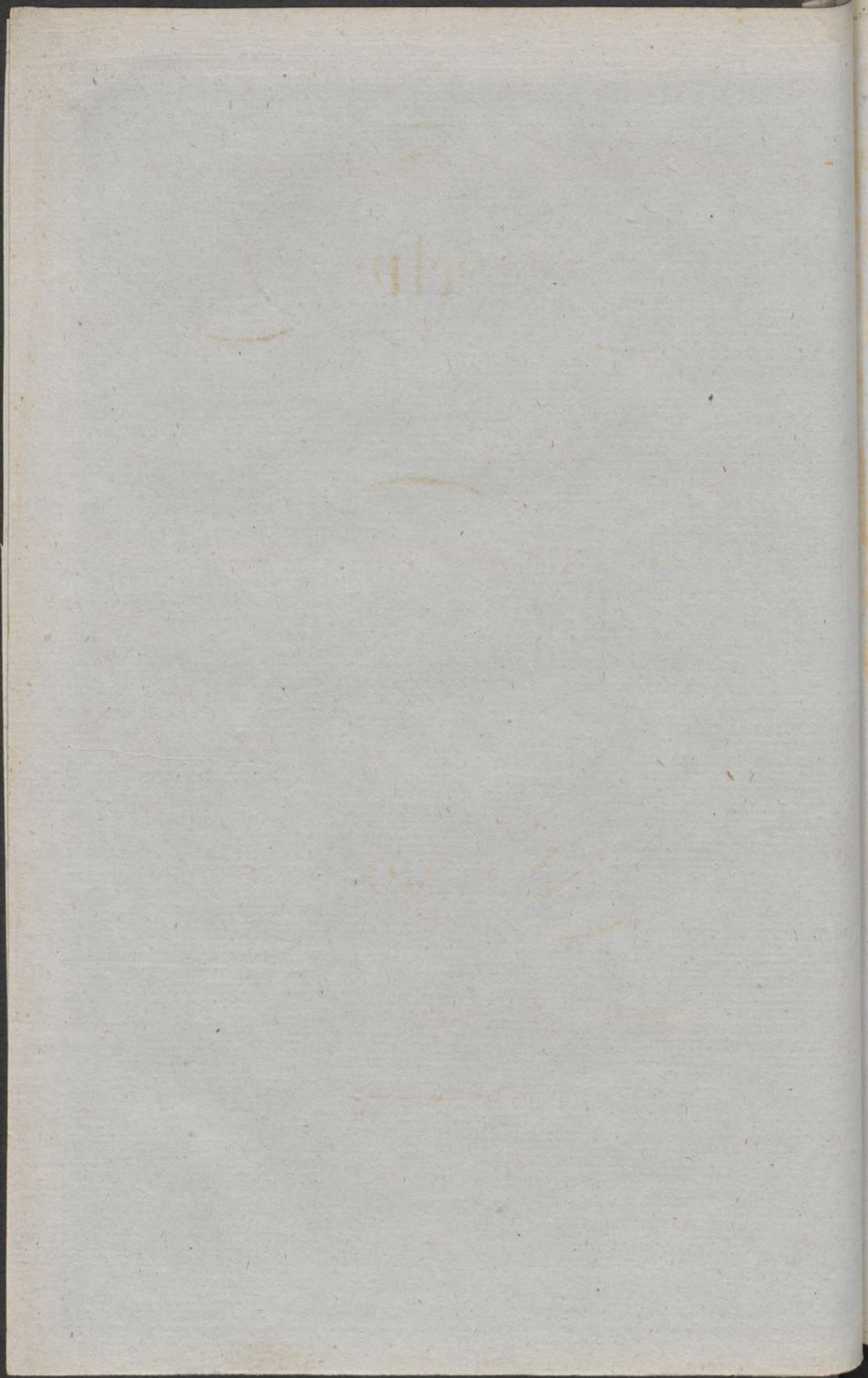
Mr. Jackson

OF
Exeter.

Opera

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1000

This image shows a page of handwritten musical notation on aged, yellowed paper. The notation is arranged in approximately 15 horizontal staves. Each staff consists of five lines. The notes and symbols are written in a dark ink, though they appear somewhat faded and less distinct due to the age of the paper. The notation includes various note heads, stems, and beams, suggesting a complex musical piece. There are also some vertical lines and bar lines visible, indicating measures of music. The paper shows signs of wear, including creases and discoloration, particularly along the right edge. The overall appearance is that of an antique manuscript or score.

SONG I.

Vio: 1, e 2.

Largo Andante

pp
The heavy hours are almost past that

part my love and me my longing eyes may hope at last their only wish to

1. 2.
see. The see. But how my Delia will you meet the Manyou've lost so

long will love in all your pulses beat and tremble on your

Tongue will love in all your pulses beat and tremble on your

tongue. But tongue?

Will you in ev'ry look declare
 Your heart is still the same;
 And heal each idly anxious care
 Our fears in absence frame?
 Thus Delia thus I paint the scene
 When we shortly meet;
 And try what yet remains between,
 Of loit'ring time to cheat

But if the dream that sooths my mind
 Shall false and groundless prove
 If I am doom'd at length to find
 You have forgot to love;
 All I of Venus ask is this,
 No more to let us join;
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss
 To die and think you mine.

SONG II

A Tempo ordinario

T.S. *p* *pp* *ln*

pp *f*

p

Blest as thimmortal Gods is he the youth who fond - ly sits by thee and

hears and sees thee all the while sweetly speak and

sweetly smile sweetly speak and

sweetly smile

'Twas this depriv'd my

soul of rest and rais'd such tumults in my brest and rais'd such

tumults in my brest for while I gaz'd in transport tost my

breath was gone my voice was lost my breath was gone my voice was lost for

pp *Largo*

while I gaz'd in transport tost my breath was gone my voice was lost

pp *ad lib:* ^{2^o}

2^{do} *f* *p*

1. 2. *V. 2^{do}*

'Twas My bosom glow'd a subtil flame ran

p

quick thro' all my vi_tal flame o'er my dim eyes a darkness hung my

p

ears with hollow murmurs rung o'er my dim eyes a darkness hung my

8

ears with hollow murmurs rung my ears with hol-low

murmurs rung

1. 2. *p*
My In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd my

blood with gen-tle hor-ror thrill'd my blood with gen-tle

1.^o

horror thrill'd my fee-ble pulse for - got to play I faint-ed sunk and

pp *Largo* *a tempo*

dy'd away I faint-ed sunk and dy'd away my fee-ble pulse for -

p *ad lib:*

- got to play I faint-ed sunk and dy'd away.

f 1. 2.

In

SONG IV.

Vio. 1.
 Con Spirito
 p f

Vio. 2.
 p f

Voce

Basso
 Tasto Solo
 p f

s.
 p

s.
 p

My days have been so wondrous free the little birds that fly with

f
 p

f
 p

careless ease from tree to tree were but as blest as I. Ask gliding waters

T Solo
 f

if a tear of mine encreas'd their stream or ask the passing gales if e'er I lent a sigh to

them or ask the passing gales if e'er I lent a sigh to them.

Tasto Solo

p Fortiss^o

p Fortiss^o

Solo *p* Fortiss^o Volti

Siciliana.

Largo *po*

But now my former days retire and I'm by beauty caught the

tender chains of soft desire are fixt upon my thought an eager hopewith

- in my breast does ev'ry doubt controul and lovely Nancy stands confestthe

fav'rite of my soul.

Ye Nightingales, ye twisting pines,
 Ye swains that haunt the grove;
 Ye gentle ecchoes, breezy winds,
 Ye close retreats of love;
 With all of nature; all of art,
 Assist the dear design;
 O teach a young unpractis'd heart
 To make her ever mine!

The very thought of change I hate,
 As much as of despair,
 And hardly covet to be great,
 Unless it be for her
 'Tis true the passion in my mind;
 Is mixt with soft distress,
 Yet while the fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

N. B. The above Stanza's must be sung to the last Air, and the following Stanza to the former, omitting the first Symphony.

But if she treats me with disdain
 And slights my well meant Love;
 Or looks with pleasure on my pain,
 A pain she wou'd remove;
 Farewel ye birds and lonely pines
 Adieu to groans and sighs
 I'll leave my passion to the winds,
 Love unreturn'd soon dies.

SONG V.

Violone. 1.^o

Larghetto affett^o

Voce.

Violone. 2.^o

e Cembalo

The first system of music features three staves. The top staff is for Violone 1, the middle for Voice, and the bottom for Violone 2 and Cembalo. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo and mood are indicated as 'Larghetto affett^o'. The music begins with a treble clef and a common time signature.

The second system continues the musical score. It includes lyrics for the voice part: "In vain you tell your parting Lover you". The notation includes dynamic markings such as 'p' (piano) and 's.' (sordano). The key signature and time signature remain consistent with the first system.

The third system continues the musical score with lyrics: "wish fair winds may waft him over a - las what winds can happy prove a -". The notation includes dynamic markings such as 'p' (piano) and 's.' (sordano). The key signature and time signature remain consistent.

The fourth system concludes the musical score on this page with lyrics: "- las what winds can happy prove which bear me far from what I love a". The notation includes dynamic markings such as 'f' (forte) and 's.' (sordano). The key signature and time signature remain consistent.

p

- las what dangers on the main can e - qual those that I sustain

mf

alas what dangers on the main can equal those that I sus - tain from slighted

f

vows and cold dis - dain.

Al Segno S.

2

Be gentle and in pity choose
 To wish the wildest tempest loose;
 That thrown again upon the coast,
 Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,
 I may once more repeat my pain,
 Once more in dying notes complain;
 Of slighted vows, and cold disdain.

SONG VI.

Viol. 1 & 2

Andante Allegro

Voce

Basso

Accomp. *p*

Recitative

The merchant to secure his

treasure conveys it in a borrow'd name; Euphelia serves to grace my measure but

p

Chloe is my re - al flame. My soft - est verse my darling Lyre up -

on Euphelia's Toilette lay when Chloe noted her desire that

I should sing that I should play my Lyre I tune my voice I raise but

with my numbers mix my sighs and while I sing Euphelia's praise I
tasto solo

fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blush'd Euphe- lia'frown'd I sung I gaz'd I

play'd I trembled and Venus to the Loves around remark'd how ill we

all dissembled fair Chloe blush'd Eu- phelia frown'd I sung I gaz'd I
tasto solo

play'd I trembled and Venus to the loves around re mark'd how ill we

all dissembled and Venus to the loves around remark'd how ill we

f

all dissembled

fmo

SONG VII

2^o

1^o Amoroſo *p*

p *f* *tr* *tr* *tr* *tr* *f* *p*

s. p *tr* *s. p*

Ah why muſt words my flame reveal what

s. p

tr *tr* *tr* *tr* *tr* *tr* *f* *p*

need my Damon bid me tell what all my Actions prove *A*

blush when'er I meet his eye when'er I hear his name a sigh be -

- trays my secret love when-er I hear his name a sigh be -

- trays my secret love

2
In all their sports upon the Plain,
My eyes still fix'd on him remain,
And him alone approve;
The rest unheeded dance or play,
From all he steals my praise away,
And can he doubt my love?

3
When'er we meet my looks confess
The joys which all my soul possess,
And ev'ry care remove
Still still too short appears his stay,
The moments fly too fast away
Too fast for my fond love!

6
Then ask not words but read my eyes,
Believe my blushes trust my sighs,
My passion these will prove,
Words oft deceive and spring from art,
The true expression of my heart
To Damon must be love.

4
Does any speak in Damons praise;
So pleas'd am I with all he says
I ev'ry word approve;
But is he blam'd altho in jest,
I feel resentment fire my breast,
Alas, because I love!

5
But oh! what tortures tear my heart,
When I suspect his look impart
The least desire to rove;
I hate the maid that gives me pain,
Yet him to hate I strive in vain;
For ah! that hate is love.

SONG VIII

Larghetto

To him who in an hour must die not

swifter seems that hour to fly than flow the minutes seem to me which keep me

from the sight of the To sight of thee Not more that trembling

wrth wou'd give another day or year to live than I to shorten

what remains of that long hour which the detains of that long hour which

1. 2. 2^o
thee detains Not thee de-tains

come to my im - - pa - - tient arms O come with all thy

1. 2.
f heav'n - ly charms O charms At once to jus - - ti - - fy and
p

pay the pain I feel from this de - - lay the pain I

f 1. 2. *f*
 feel from this de - - lay At - - lay *f*

20

SONG IX

mezzo *p*

Largo Andante

f *p*

f

mezzo *p*

f

p

f

Recitative.

p

ploring all on a Rock reclind wide o'er the foaming Billows she

f

cast a wishful look her head was crown'd with wil- lows that

tremble o'er the brook Twelve months were gone and o- ver and

nine long tedious days why didst thou vent'rous lover

why didst thou trust the seas cease cease thou troubled ocean and let my lover

rest ah whats thy troubled motion to that with in my

breast ah whats thy troubled motion to that with in my breast

the

2

The merchant robb'd of pleasure
 Views tempests with despair
 But what's the loss of treasure
 To the losing of my dear
 Should you some coast be laid on
 Where gold and diamonds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden
 But none that loves you so.

3

How can they say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain
 Why then beneath the water
 Do hideous rocks remain
 No eyes the rocks discover
 That lurk beneath the deep
 To wreck the wand'ring lover
 And leave the maid to weep.

Recitative

Thus melan - cho - ly ly - ing thus waild she for her

dear re - - paid each blast with sighing each bil - low with a tear

Largo

when oer the white waves stooping his floating corps she spy'd

Largo Affettuoso

then like a li - - ly drooping she bow'd her head and

dy'd

p *pp*

SONG X

Andante

Waft me some

soft and cooling breeze to winsor's sady cool re-treat

where syl-van scenes wide spreading trees re-

2^o p20

pel the raging dogstar heat

Where tuftedgras and mo-sy beds af-ford a

ru-ral calm re- pose where woodbines

hang their dew-y heads and fra-grant sweets a-round dis-

- close *f* *p* where woodbines hang their dew - y

heads and fragrant sweets a - - round dis - close

where

2
 Old oozy thames that flows fast by,
 Along the smiling valley plays;
 His glassy surface cheers the eye,
 While thro' the flow'ry mead he strays;
 His fertile banks with herbage green,
 His vales with golden plenty swell,
 Where e'er his purer stream is seen,
 The gods of health and pleasure dwell. 4

3
 Let me thy clear thy yielding waye,
 With naked arm once more divide;
 In the my glowing bosom lave,
 And stem thy gently rolling tide.
 Lay me with damask roses crowd,
 Beneath some osiers dusky shade,
 Where water-lilies paint the ground
 And bubling springs refresh the glade.

Let haste Clarinda too be there,
 In azure mantle lightly drest;
 Ye nymphs bind up her silken hair,
 Ye zephirs fan her panting breast,
 Oh! ste away fair maid and bring
 The muse the kindly friend to let
 To thee alone the muse shall sing,
 And warble thro' the vocal grove.

SONG XI

Andante Affettuoso

While li - quid odours round him breathe what youth the ro - sy

bow'r be - neath now courts thee to be kind

for whose un-wa-ry heedless heart do

you thus drest with careless art your yel-low tres-ses

bind

2
 How often shall thunpractis'd youth
 Of alter'd gods and injur'd truth,
 With tears alas complain!
 How soon behold with wond'ring eyes
 The black'ning winds tempestuous rise
 And scowl along the main.

3
 While by his easy faith betray'd,
 He now enjoys thee golden maid,
 All amiable and kind;
 He fondly hopes that you shall prove
 Thus ever vacant to his love,
 Nor heeds the faithless wind.

4
 Unhappy they to whom untry'd
 You shine alas in beautys pride;
 While I now safe on shore,
 Will consecrate the pictur'd storm,
 And all my grateful vows perform
 To Neptune's saving pow'r.

SONG XII

Andante

I an the the lovely the joy of her swain by

Iphis was lov'd and lov'd Iphis a gain she liv'd in the youth & youth in y fair their

pleasure was equal & equal their care no delight no enjoyment their dotage with drew but y'

longer they liv'd still the fonder they grew no de-light no enjoyment their

dotage withdrew but the longer they liv'd still the fonder they grew

2
 A passion so happy alarm'd all the plain,
 Some envy'd the Nymph but more envy'd the swain;
 Some swore twou'd be pity their loves to invade,
 That the lovers alone for each other were made,
 But still all consented that none ever knew
 A Nymph be more kind or a Shepherd so true.

3
 Love saw them with pleasure and vow'd to take care
 Of the faithfull the tender the innocent pair
 What either might want he bid either to move,
 But they wanted nothing but ever to love;
 He said all to bless them his Godhead cou'd do,
 That they still shou'd be kind & they still shou'd be true.