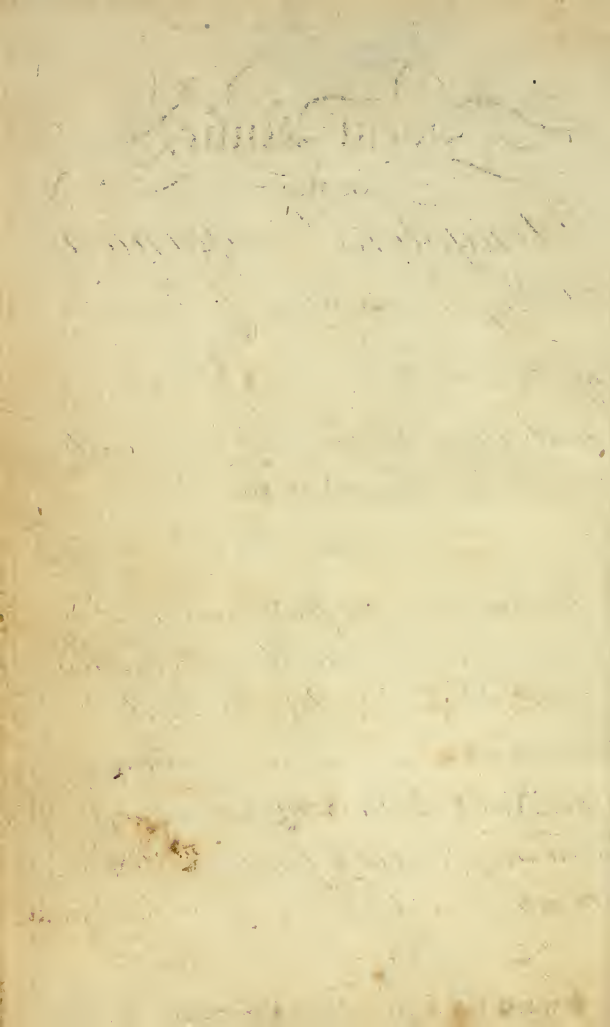


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Vocal Music,
or the
Songster's Companion
being a complete Collection
of SONGS, CANTATAS, &c.
with the Music prefix'd to each
adapted for the
VIOLIN or GERMAN FLUTE,
Selected from the first & second Vo-
lumes of a favorite Work formerly
Published under that Title:
To which is now added a variety of
other New & choice Songs &c not insert-
ed in any part of y^e foregoing Work.
With an Alphabetical Index
of the whole.



P R E F A C E.

AS we have hitherto had the sanction of the public for a continuation of this work, which we have extended to three volumes, the last of which may be had separate, being unconnected with the foregoing, or as a third volume, to complete the set, at the choice of the buyer — we are encouraged still to make it as acceptable to the public as possible, by taking some of the choicest songs from the first and second volumes, now out of print, and incorporating them with a great variety of new ones, so as to make it one complete volume; leaving the last publication, till sold, for the purposes abovementioned.

We have been careful to keep to our original plan, namely, that of correctness as far as in our power, a decency of sentiment, and prefixing the music to each song, &c. the utility of which our purchasers cannot but be convinced of.

We can only say, as we did at the first publication, that, were we to insert the basses and symphonies, it would greatly curtail the number of songs in a small pocket-volume, and would be foreign to our design, which is only

P R E F A C E.

to assist the finger in time and tune, accompanied by a single instrument.

We therefore hope for, and doubt not of the continuance of, the favour of the public, to further our endeavours in this work from time to time, in the compass of a single volume, price only three shillings :

And beg leave to remain,

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Your respectful and

Obedient servants,

THE EDITORS.

C O N.

C O N T E N T S.

A.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| <i>A</i> Dawn of hope my soul revives | 226 |
| Angelic fair, beneath yon pine | 202 |
| Awake, awake, awake, dull sleepers | 76 |
| Away, to the woodlands away | 154 |

B.

| | |
|---|-----|
| Believe me, dear aunt | 86 |
| Blest with thee, my soul's dear treasure! | 205 |
| By my sighs you may discover | 100 |

C.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Can lovely Delia still persist | 132 |
| Cease awhile, ye winds, to blow | 212 |
| Cease, fond Damon, cease to languish | 252 |
| Chloe, by that borrow'd kiss | 257 |
| Come, brother Crotchets, let us drink | 265 |
| Come, fancy! thou, who canst regain | 246 |
| Come now, all ye social pow'rs | 58 |
| Come tell me, dear Phillis, come tell me, I pray | 32 |

D.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Dear Chloe, how blubber'd is thy pretty face | 184 |
| Dearest Kitty, kind and fair | 180 |

F.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Farewel, ungrateful traitor! | 269 |
| From morning till night, and wherever I go | 186 |
| From silent shades, and the Elysian groves | 112 |

G.

| | |
|---|-----|
| Gay Bacchus one evening invited his friends | 253 |
| Gentle Love, this hour befriend me | 44 |
| Gentle youth, ah! tell me why | 68 |

H.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|
| Hail, smiling summer's pleasant day | 50 |
| Happy, happy, happy, pair | 145 |
| Hark, hark! the drum sounds | 88 |
| He, who a virgin's heart would win | 172 |

Hither,

C O N T E N T S.

| | |
|---|-----|
| <i>Hither, Phæbus, turn thine eyes</i> | 130 |
| <i>How blest the day, when on yon hill</i> | 34 |
| <i>How much superior beauty awes</i> | 70 |
| <i>How rapid, how fleeting, yet full of delight</i> | 60 |
| <i>How sweet and how pleasing the birds sing in tune!</i> | 151 |

I.

| | |
|--|-----|
| <i>I do as I will with my swain</i> | 192 |
| <i>If love and reason ne'er agree</i> | 66 |
| <i>If 'tis joy to wound a lover</i> | 230 |
| <i>I'm in love with twenty</i> | 156 |
| <i>In airy dreams soft fancy flies</i> | 14 |
| <i>In infancy, our hopes and fears</i> | 90 |
| <i>In my triumphant chariot hurl'd</i> | 92 |
| <i>In this shady blest retreat</i> | 273 |
| <i>Is Daphne, the pride of the plain</i> | 166 |
| <i>I seek not India's pearly shore</i> | 234 |
| <i>It was summer; so softly the breezes were blowing</i> | 236 |

L.

| | |
|--|-----|
| <i>Let me wander, not unseen</i> | 80 |
| <i>Let others Damon's praise rehearse</i> | 46 |
| <i>Long young Jockey toy'd and sported</i> | 109 |

M.

| | |
|--|-----|
| <i>My banks they are furnish'd with bees</i> | 42 |
| <i>My bliss too long my bride denies</i> | 144 |
| <i>My Fanny was as fair a maid</i> | 117 |
| <i>My Jeany and I have toil'd</i> | 62 |
| <i>My Jockey is the blithest lad</i> | 142 |
| <i>My laddie is gang'd far away o'er the plain</i> | 238 |
| <i>My Patie is a lover gay</i> | 64 |
| <i>My time passes on ever cheerful and gay</i> | 40 |

N.

| | |
|--|-----|
| <i>Non nobis, Domine</i> | 158 |
| <i>Now, faintly glimm'ring in the East</i> | 106 |
| <i>Now the hill-tops are burnish'd with azure and gold</i> | 188 |

O.

| | |
|--|-----|
| <i>Ob! what had I ado for to marry!</i> | 48 |
| <i>Once the gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial feast</i> | 222 |
| <i>One summer's eve, as Nancy fair</i> | 176 |
| <i>O Sleep! why dost thou leave me?</i> | 82 |

C O N T E N T S.

P.

| | |
|---|-----|
| <i>Phœbus, meaner themes disdaining</i> | 220 |
| <i>Pious orgies, pious airs</i> | 98 |
| <i>Pleasure, goddess all divine!</i> | 182 |

S.

| | |
|---|-----|
| <i>Seated at Aminta's table</i> | 22 |
| <i>See, I languish! see, I faint!</i> | 256 |
| <i>See the purple morn arise</i> | 74 |
| <i>Shepherds, I have lost my love!</i> | 28 |
| <i>Some courtly youth, whom love inspires</i> | 133 |
| <i>Sweet are the banks, when spring perfumes</i> | 259 |
| <i>Sweet ditties would my Patty sing</i> | 128 |
| <i>Sweetest of pretty maids, let Cupid incline thee</i> | 224 |
| <i>Sweet thrush, that mak'st the vernal year</i> | 103 |

T.

| | |
|--|-----|
| <i>The bird, that hears her nestlings cry</i> | 200 |
| <i>The dusky night rides down the sky</i> | 242 |
| <i>The fields were green, the hills were gay</i> | 8 |
| <i>Then farewel, my trim-built wherry!</i> | 198 |
| <i>Then is there mirth in heaven</i> | 78 |
| <i>The silver moon's enamour'd beam</i> | 174 |
| <i>The smiling morn, the breathing spring</i> | 56 |
| <i>Thrice happy the nation that Shakespear has charm'd</i> | 163 |
| <i>To heal the smart a bee had made</i> | 121 |
| <i>To the rules of our order attend, brother friers</i> | 52 |
| <i>To the voice of a friend</i> | 38 |
| <i>Transporting charmer of my heart</i> | 6 |
| <i>True bliss in retirement can only be found</i> | 12 |
| <i>Trust not man, for he'll deceive you</i> | 24 |
| <i>'Twas in a village near Castlebury</i> | 30 |
| <i>'Twas in that season of the year</i> | 196 |
| <i>'Twas on the morn of sweet May-day</i> | 26 |

V.

| | |
|---|-----|
| <i>Vain is the thin disguise of art</i> | 148 |
|---|-----|

W.

| | |
|---|-----|
| <i>Warm southern gales, and vernal show'rs</i> | 122 |
| <i>Water, parted from the sea</i> | 72 |
| <i>What med'cine can soften the bosom's keen smart?</i> | 120 |
| <i>When Flora decks the mantling bow'rs</i> | 168 |
| <i>When</i> | |

C O N T E N T S.

| | |
|---|-----|
| <i>When Jove had resolv'd to create the round earth</i> | 20 |
| <i>When late'y I offer'd miss Charlotte to kifs</i> | 178 |
| <i>When lovely woman stoops to folly</i> | 204 |
| <i>When my Chloe smiles upon me</i> | 84 |
| <i>When sable night, each drooping plant restoring</i> | 18 |
| <i>When the trees are ail bare, not a leaf to be seen</i> | 194 |
| <i>When the shrill trumpet sounds on high</i> | 240 |
| <i>Where the bee sucks there lurk I</i> | 16 |
| <i>While milking my cow, in a fine colour'd vale</i> | 244 |
| <i>While over the mountain-brow peeps the young morn</i> | 2 |
| <i>While the lads of the village shall merrily, ah!</i> | 169 |
| <i>Whilst Strephon on fair Chloe hung</i> | 208 |
| <i>With broken words, and downcast eyes</i> | 4 |
| <i>With Phillis I'll trip o'er the meads</i> | 228 |
| <i>With sweet words, and looks so tender</i> | 125 |
| Y. | |

| | |
|--|-----|
| <i>Ye airy warblers of the grove</i> | 10 |
| <i>Ye bards, who extol the gay valleys and glades</i> | 248 |
| <i>Ye feather'd songsters of the vale</i> | 136 |
| <i>Ye gentle gales, that fan the air</i> | 216 |
| <i>Ye sportsmen, draw near, and ye sportswomen too</i> | 277 |
| <i>Yes, these are the scenes where with Daphne I stray'd</i> | 36 |
| <i>You gentlemen of England</i> | 250 |
| <i>Young Dorilas, an artless swain</i> | 140 |
| <i>Young Jockey he courted sweet Mog the brunette</i> | 217 |
| <i>Young Jockey sought my heart to win</i> | 54 |
| <i>Young Thyrfis (sure the blithest swain</i> | 190 |

V O C A L



VOCAL MUSIC:

OR THE

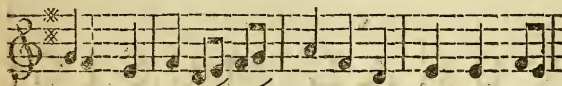
Songster's Companion.



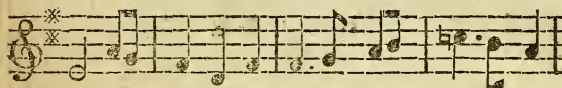
While over the mountain-brow peeps the young morn, &c.



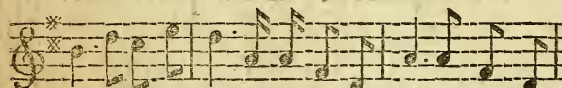
While over the mountain-brow peeps the young



morn, Our pack the dew dashing, ton ton sounds the

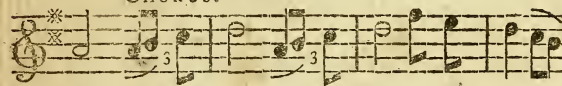


horn; Sly Reynard unkennel'd, though cunning he



lay, Brushes off; to the tally - ho we burst a-

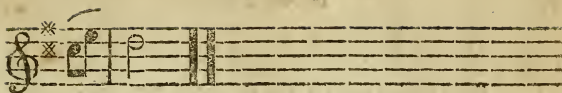
CHORUS.



way! To the chace, to the chace, ye choice spirits,



a--way! Tantwivy, tantwivy, tantarra,
huzza!



huzza !

While through the thick brake all his shifts the fox tries,
Or, down the wind skulking, to cover he flies,
No hedge or ditch stops us, we circle the wood,
And high o'er the swinging gate dash through the flood.

CHORUS

To the chace, to the chace, ye choice spirits, away !
Tantwivy, tantwivy, tantarra, huzza !

Not a dog is at fault while the scent lies so strong,
Up hill and down hollow we rally along :
What sportsman so tame to be tempted to stay,
Or think once on safety and hear ' Hark away !'

CHORUS. To the chace, &c.

The view-holla given, the wide welkin rings !
Hark, hark ! the re-echo ! 'tis music for kings !
Men, horses, and hounds, in loud harmony share
The chorus of nature : Can nature forbear ?

CHORUS. To the chace, &c.

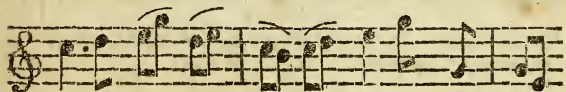
By exercise hunters distemper defy :
The faculty trust not, but faculties try :
And, while to the vapours pale indolents yield,
We win rosy health by the sports of the field.

CHORUS. To the chace, &c.

With broken words, and downcast eyes, &c.



With broken words, and downcast eyes, Poor



Colin spoke his passion tender; And, part-



ing with his grizzly, cries, Ah! woe's my



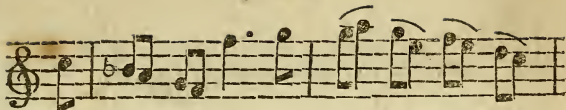
heart that we should funder! To others



I am cold as snow, But kindle with



thine eyes like tinder: From thee with pain
I'm,



I'm forc'd to go; It breaks my heart that,



we should funder !

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range;
 No beauty new my love shall hinder;
 Nor time nor place shall ever change
 My vows, though we're oblig'd to funder !
 The image of thy graceful air,
 And beauties which invite our wonder,
 Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
 Shall still be present though we funder.

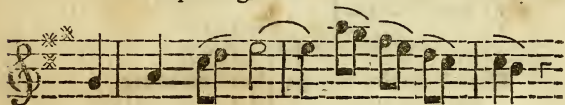
Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
 Then seal a promise with a kiss,
 Always to love me, though we funder.
 Ye gods, take care of my dear lass,
 That as I leave her I may find her !
 When that blest time shall come to pass,
 We'll meet again, and never funder !

Transporting charmer of my heart, &c.

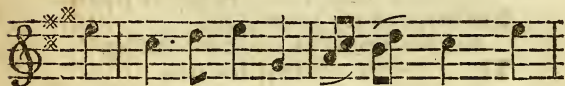
ANDANTE.



Transporting charmer! charm---er of



my heart! Dear cause of all my joy!



Whose image, fix'd within my breast, Whose

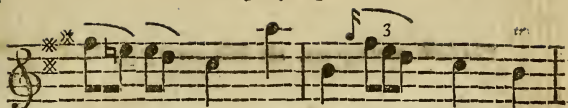


image, fix'd within my breast, Does all



my thoughts em---ploy, Does all my

thoughts employ. Whose image, fix'd with-
in.



in my breast, Does all my thoughts em-



ploy, Does all my thoughts em--ploy.

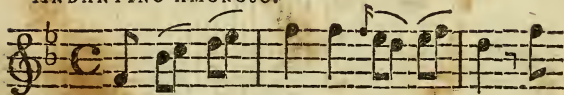
Though length'ning plains between us stretch,
 Vast mountains 'twixt us rise;
 Spite of all distance, mighty love
 Presents thee to my eyes.

Whene'er I take the silent walk
 Along the lonely glade,
 Kind fancy, to my raptur'd thoughts,
 Presents my charming maid.

When, from the mountain's tow'ring height,
 Wide opening scenes I view,
 Hills, woods, and lawns, my eyes survey, —
 My soul sees only you!

The fields were green, the hills were gay, &c.

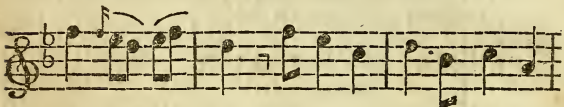
ANDANTINO AMOROSO.



The fields were green, the hills were gay, And



birds were singing on each spray, When Colin met



me in the grove, And told me tender tales of



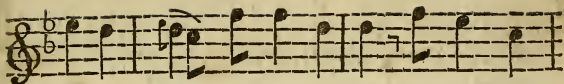
love! Was ever swain so blithe as he, So



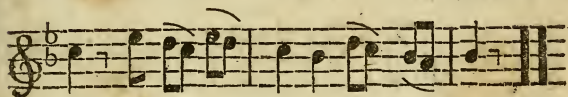
kind, so faithful, and so free! In spite of



all my friends could say, Young Colin stole my
heart



heart a---way ! In spite of all my friends could



say, Young Co-lin stole my heart a--way !

Whene'er he trips the meads along,
 He sweetly joins the woodlark's song ;
 And, when he dances on the green,
 'There's none so blithe as Colin seen :
 If he's but by, I nothing fear,
 For I alone am all his care ;
 Then, spite of all my friends can say,
 He's stole my tender heart away !

My mother chides whene'er I roam,
 And seems surpris'd I quit my home ;
 But she'd not wonder that I rove,
 Did she but feel how much I love :
 Full well I know the gen'rous swain
 Will never give my bosom pain ;
 Then, spite of all my friends can say,
 He's stole my tender heart away.

Ye airy warblers of the grove, &c.

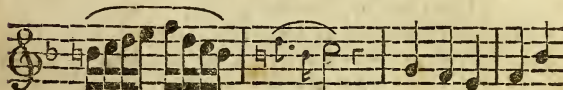
AMOROSO.



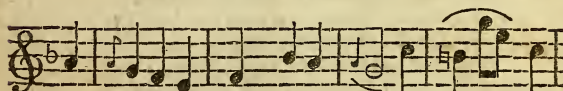
Ye ai-----ry warblers of the



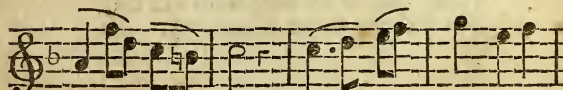
grove, Whose notes breathe har--mo--ny



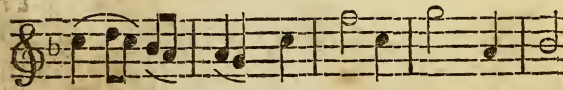
an-----d love, Whilst echo, from



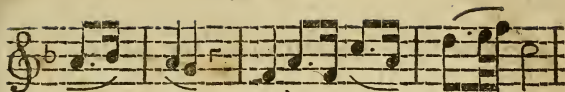
re-sound-ing hills, The enchanted soul with



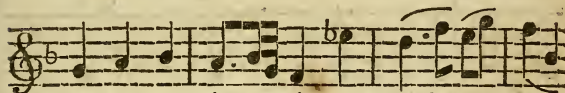
trans---port fills; And whose sweet fasci-



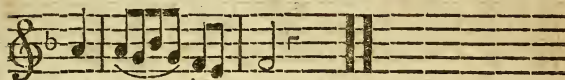
n---a-ting spells Ne'er reach the feat where dis-
cord



cord dwells; Assist my la---ys,



whilst now I si---ng, To ce----le---brate

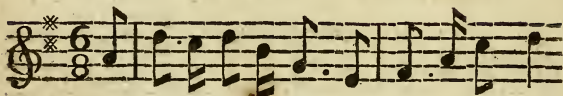


the bloom--ing spring.

The gaudy meadows, painted green,
 And flow'rs, adorn the beauteous scene;
 Murm'ring brooks and crystal floods,
 Verdant walks and shady woods:
 Nature her gayest robe displays,
 And Phœbus darts his radiant rays,
 Whilst nymphs and swains their tributes bring,
 To celebrate the blooming spring.

True blifs in retirement can only be found, &c.

MODERATO.



He often resolv'd to retire from the croud,
 Quite pall'd with its pleasures, so empty and loud ;
 As oft he relaps'd, through a whim to be free,
 But at last was reform'd by the banks of the Dee.

From noise and false pleasures he quickly withdrew,
 To taste of the solid, the lasting, and true ;
 Grew fond of retirement, nor car'd but for three, —
 A friend, and a book, and the banks of the Dee.

His fortune was easy, his manner polite,
 He read a great deal, and at times he would write ;
 Unmov'd by ambition, contented and free,
 He often sang thus on the banks of the Dee.

“ The monarch, still jealous of plots and designs,
 “ Who sighs at his heart while in splendour he shines,
 “ With pity I trace through the irksome levee,
 “ And bless my kind stars for the banks of the Dee.

“ The miser how wretched amidst all his store !
 “ What he has he can't taste, yet he sighs to have more ;
 “ While I with a little am happy and free,
 “ In a pleasing retreat, on the banks of the Dee.

“ Let Tom, without passion, still sigh for the fair,
 “ Affect their soft manner, and mimic their air, —
 “ Supply them with scandal o'er green and bohea, —
 “ Give me a retreat on the banks of the Dee.

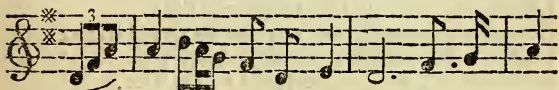
“ No duns to molest me, my temper to cross,
 “ In a pleasing succession the moments will pass ;
 “ At peace with the world, contented and free,
 “ I'll live and I'll die on the banks of the Dee.”

In airy dreams soft fancy flies, &c.

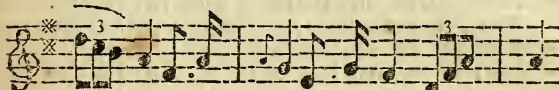
SLOW.



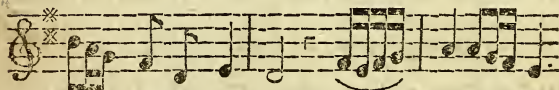
In ai-----ry dreams so--ft fancy flies



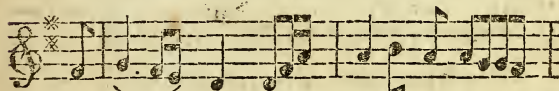
My ab--sent love to see; And I



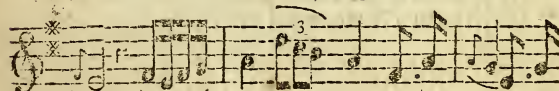
at ear--ly dawn arise, Dear youth,



to think of thee! How swiftly flew



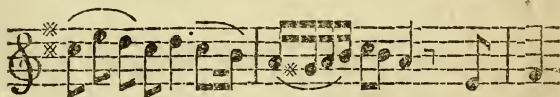
the ro--sy hours, Whilst love and hope were



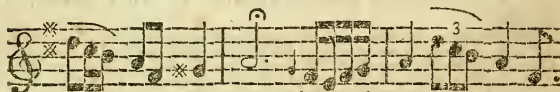
now: Sweet was the time as o--pen--ing
flow'rs,



flow'rs, But, ah! as tranfient too! How



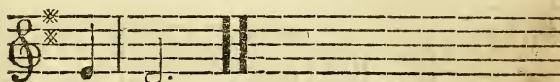
fwiftly flew the rofy hours, Whilst love



and hope were new : Sweet was the time a-



-s opening flow'rs, But, ah! as tran-

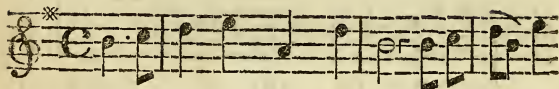


fient too!

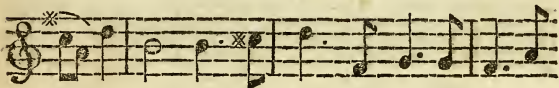
The moments now move slowly on
 Until thy wish'd return ;
 I count them oft, as, all alone,
 In pensive shades I mourn !
 Return, return, my love ! and charm
 Each anxious care to rest ;
 Thy smiles shall ev'ry doubt disarm,
 And soothe my troubled breast !

Where the bee sucks there lurk I, &c.

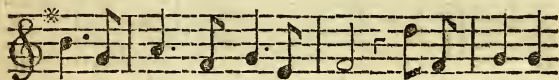
ANDANTE.



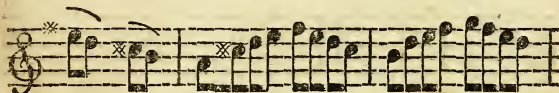
Where the bee sucks there lurk I, In a cowslip's



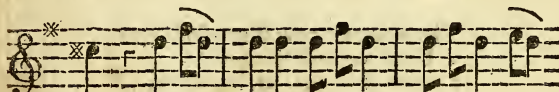
bell I lie; There I couch when owls do cry, when



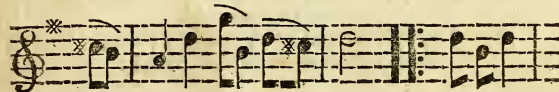
owls do cry, when owls do cry: On the bat's back



do I fl- - - - -

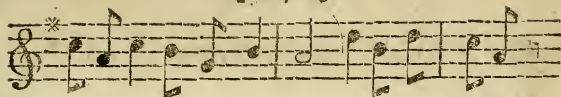


-y, After sunfet, merrily, merrily, Af-



ter sunfet, mer-ri-ly.

Merrily,
merrily,



merrily, shall I live now, Under the blossom



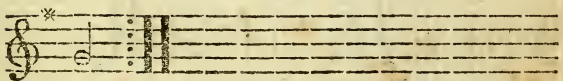
that hangs on the bough. Merrily, merrily, shall I



live now, Under the blossom that hangs on the



bough, Under the blossom that hangs on the



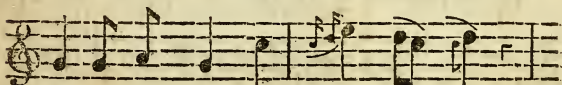
bough.

When sable night, each drooping plant restoring, &c.

MODERATO.



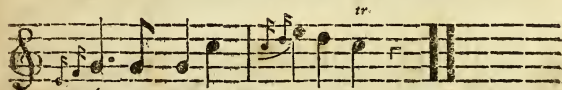
When sable night, each drooping plant restoring,



Wept o'er the flow'rs her breath did chear ;



As some sad widow, o'er her babe deploring,



Wakes its beauties with a tear :

When all did sleep, whose weary hearts could borrow.

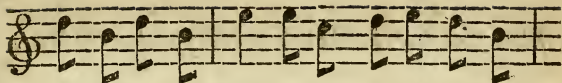
One hour, from love and care, to rest :

Lo ! as I press'd my couch in silent sorrow,

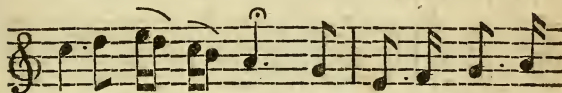
My lover caught me to his breast.



He vow'd he came to save me From those who would



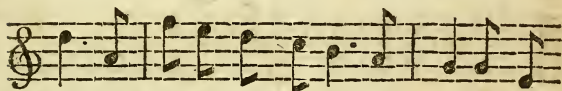
would enslave me: Then kneeling, Kisses stealing,



Endless faith he swore. But soon I chid him



thence; For, had his fond pretence Found favour



then, And he had press'd again, I fear'd in my



heart I might grant him more.

When

When Jove had resolv'd to create the round earth, &c.

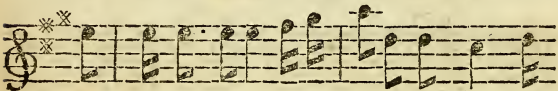
ALLEGRETTO.



When Jove had resolv'd to create the round earth,



He subpœna'd the virtues, the virtues divine ;



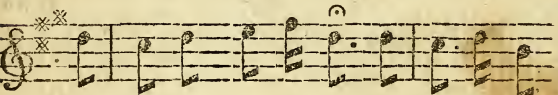
Young Bacchus he sat præcedentum of mirth, And



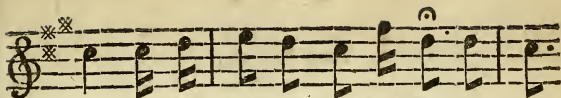
the toast was, Wit, women, wit, women, and wine.



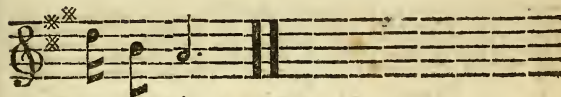
Young Bacchus he sat præcedentum of mirth, And



the toast was, Wit, women, wit, women, and
wine,



wine, And the toast was, Wit, women, wit, wo-



men, and wine.

The sentiment tickled the ear of each God ;
 Apollo he wink'd to the nine,
 And Venus gave Mars too a sly wanton nod
 When she drank to Wit, women, and wine,

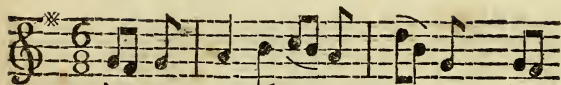
Old Jove shook his sides, and the cup put around,
 While Juno, for once, look'd divine :
 These blessings, says he, shall on earth now abound,
 And the toast is, Wit, women, and wine.

These are joys worthy gods which to mortals are giv'n,
 Says Momus, who will not repine ?
 For what's worth our notice, pray tell me, in heav'n,
 If men have Wit, women, and wine ?

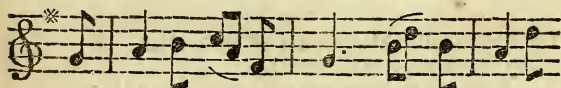
This joke you'll repent, I'll lay fifty to seven;
 Such attractions no pow'r can decline ;
 Old Jove, by yourself you'll soon keep house in heav'n,
 For we'll follow Wit, women, and wine.

Thou'rt right, says old Jove, let us hence to the earth,
 Men and Gods think variety fine :
 Who'd stay in the clouds, when good-nature and mirth
 Are below, with Wit, women, and wine !

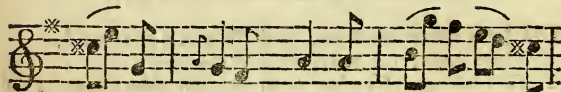
THE SENSES.

Seated at Aminta's table, &c.

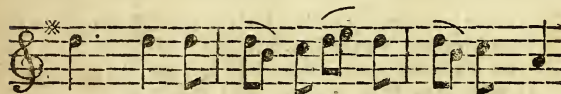
Seated at Aminta's table, With



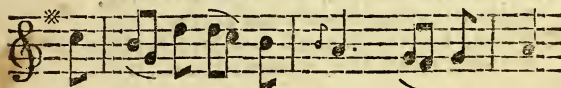
rich wines in plenty grac'd, One to fix on



I'm not able, Pleas'd with all I do but



TASTE. While the nymphs attendant viewing, My



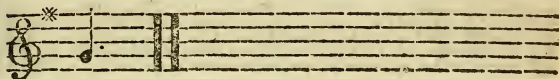
eyes sparkle with de-light, By each glance



my joy re---new-ing With so ravishing



a SIGHT ! With so ravishing a



SIGHT !

All adorn'd with fragrant flowers
 Was the bosom of each belle ;
 And you'd think Arabian bowers
 There, to gratify the SMELL.
 But, should they with songs regale us,
 And the listening audience cheer,
 Palate, eyes, and nose, then fail us,
 We can nothing do but HEAR !

Though these pleasures may the soul move,
 And you'll say there are none such,
 Yet, I vow, when near my true love,
 There's none equal to the TOUCH !
 Yes, I own, my dearest treasure !
 When encircled in your arms,
 Mortal can't enjoy more pleasure
 Than to feel such heav'nly charms !

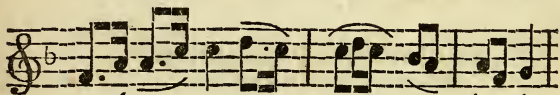
Trust

Trust not man, for he'll deceive you, &c.

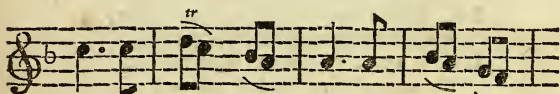
ALLEGRETTO.



Trust not man, for he'll deceive you,



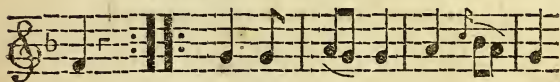
Treach'ry is his sole in-----tent;



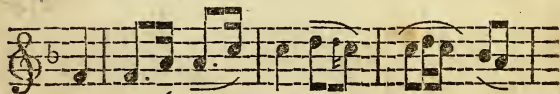
First he'll court you, then he'll leave you,



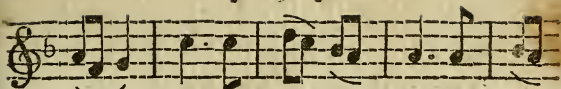
Poor de-----lu--ded! to la-



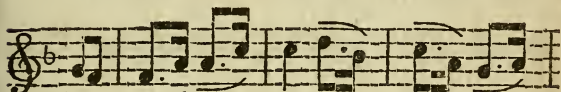
ment! Listen to a kind ad-vi-



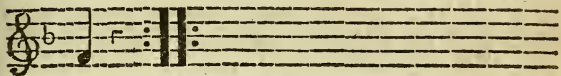
fer; Men pur---sue but to per-
plex:



plex: Would you hap-py be, grow wi-



fer, And a---void the faith---less



sex.

Form'd by nature to undo us,
 They escape our utmost heed:
 Ah! how humble while they woo us,
 But how vain if they succeed!
 So the bird, whene'er deluded
 By the artful fowler's snare,
 Mourns out life, in cage secluded.
 Fair ones, while you're young beware!

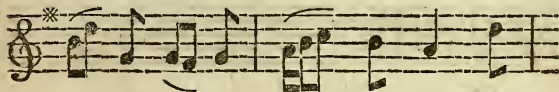
D

'Twas

'Twas on the morn of sweet May-day, &c.



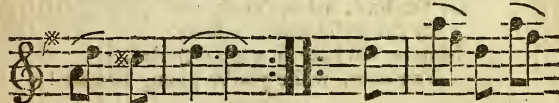
'Twas on the morn of sweet May-day, When



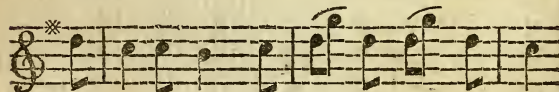
nature painted all things gay, Taught



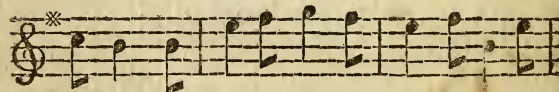
birds to sing and lambs to play, And gild the



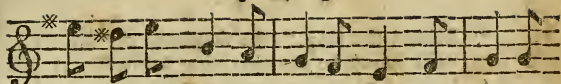
meadows fair: Young Jockey ear-



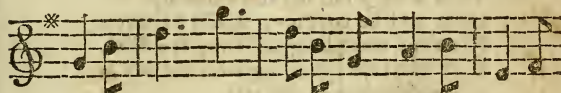
ly in the morn A--rose and tript it o'er.



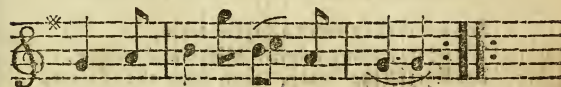
the lawn: His Sunday coat the youth put on; For
Jenny



Jenny had vow'd away to run With Jockey



to the fair, For Jenny had vow'd a--way to



run With Jockey to the fair.

The cheerful parish-bells had rung ;
 With eager steps he trudg'd along,
 Sweet flow'ry garlands round him hung,
 Which shepherds us'd to wear :

He tap'd the window, — " Haste, my dear ;"
 Jenny, impatient, cry'd, " Whose there ?"

" 'Tis I, my love, and no one near,

" Step gently down, you've nought to fear,
 " With Jockey at the fair."

" Step gently down, &c."

• My dad and mammy're fast asleep,

• My brother's up, and with the sheep :

• And will you still your promise keep

• Which I have heard you swear ?

• And will you ever constant prove ?

" I will, by all the pow'rs above,

" And ne'er deceive my charming dove !

" Dispel these doubts, and haste, my love,

" With Jockey to the fair."

" Dispel these doubts, &c."

" Behold the ring," the shepherd cry'd,
 " Will Jenny be my charming bride?
 " Let Cupid be our happy guide,
 " And Hymen meet us there!"

Then Jockey did his vows renew;
 He would be constant, would be true;
 His word was pledg'd: away she flew,
 With cowslips sparkling with the dew,
 With Jockey to the fair.
 With cowslips, &c.

Soon did they meet a joyful train,
 Their gay companions, blithe and young,
 Each joins the dance, each joins the throng,
 To hail the happy pair.
 What two were e'er so fond as they!
 All blest the kind propitious day,
 The smiling morn of blooming May,
 When lovely Jenny ran away
 With Jockey to the fair.
 When lovely Jenny, &c.

Shepherds, I have lost my love! &c.

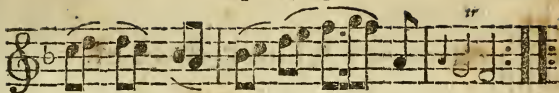
AFFETTUOSO.



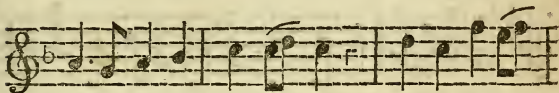
Shepherds, I have lost my love! Have



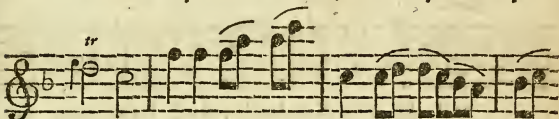
you seen my Anna? Pride of ev'ry shady



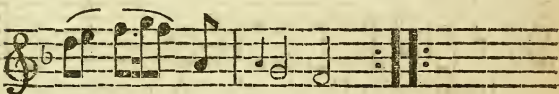
dy grove, Up-----on the banks of Banna!



I for her my home forsook, Near yon misty



mountain, Left my flock, my pipe, my crook, Green-



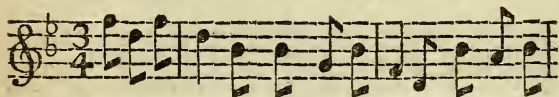
wood shade, and fountain!

Never shall I see them more
Until her returning;
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladness chang'd to mourning!

Whither is my charmer flown?
Shepherds, tell me whither!
Ah! woe for me! perhaps she's gone
Forever and for ever!

'Twas in a village near Castlebury, &c.

ALLEGRETTO.



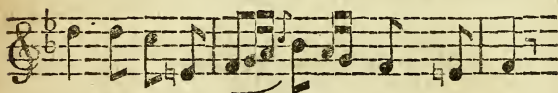
'Twas in a village near Castlebury A cobbler



and his wife did dwell : And, for a time, no



two so merry, Their happiness no tongue can



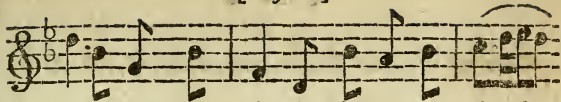
tell, Their happiness no tongue can tell.



But to this couple, the neighbours tell us, Did some-



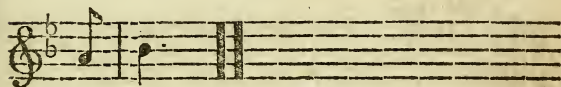
thing happen which caus'd much strife ; For, going
to



to a neighb'ring alehouse, The man got drunk



and beat his wife! The man got drunk and beat



his wife!

But, though he treated her so vilely,

What did his wife, good creature, do!

Kept snug, and found a method slyly

To wring his heart quite through and through :

For Dick, the tapster, and his master,

By the report, that then was rife,

Were both in hopes, by this disaster,

To gain the cobbler's pretty wife.

While things went on to wreck and ruin,

And all their furniture was sold,

She seem'd t'approve of all was doing,

And got from each a purle of gold :

So, when the cobbler's cares were over,

He swore to lead an alter'd life,

To mind his work, ne'er be a rover,

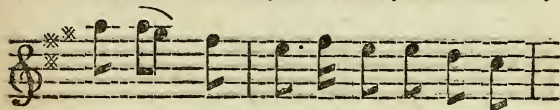
And love no other but his wife.

Come tell me, dear Phillis, come tell me, I pray, &c.

ALLEGRO.



Come tell me, dear Phillis, come tell me,



I pray, Must Damon ne'er hope for your



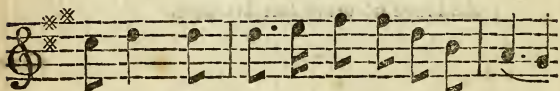
love? The truth of my passion my sighs



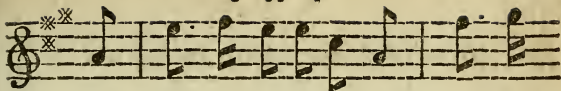
do betray, Will nothing your coldness re-



move? Ah! call to your mind the last Sunday



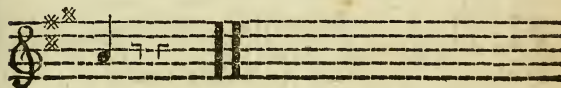
in May, When Thyrsis his passion preferr'd:
You



You seem'd all attention to what he



did say, With pleasure his sonnet you



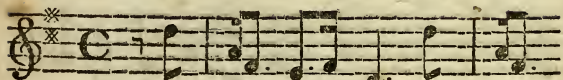
heard.

Oh ! let not dire jealousy torture your breast,
 Said Phillis, and feigned a smile ;
 A prudent reserve I ever held best,
 Since men are so prone to beguile :
 Now let not that odium extend to us all
 Which only belongs to a few ;
 True love pleads my suit, pray attend to the call,
 I ne'er can prove faithless to you.

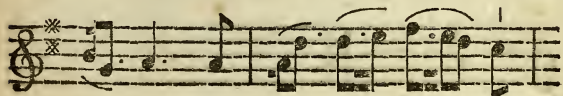
How

How blest the day, when on yon hill, &c.

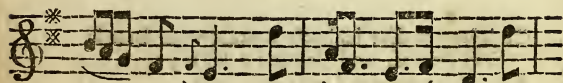
ANDANTE.



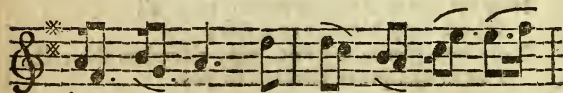
How blest the day, when on



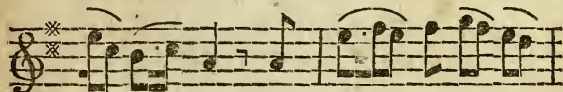
yon hill We pass'd the hap---py



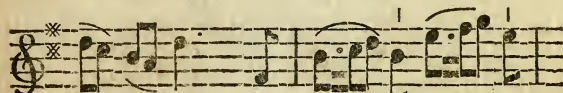
hours a-way; On by the verge of



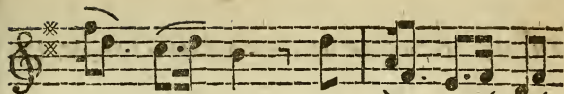
yon---der rill We view'd the spor--tive



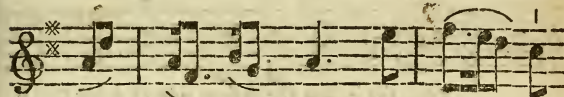
lambkins play! While down the dale the



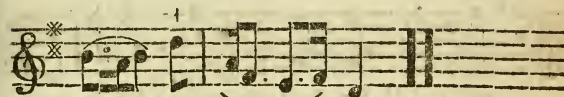
riv'lets flow'd, And flow--ly murmur'd
through



through the grove, We cull'd the sweet.



est flow'rs that blow'd, And told soft



tales of mu---tual love!

Of all the nymphs that trip the plain,
Or breathe the gentle rural air, —
Of all that tune the vocal strain,
None ever was so sweet, so fair!

Much greater then my blifs would be,
Should fortune towards me incline,
And give so fair a nymph to me,
To call her ever only mine!

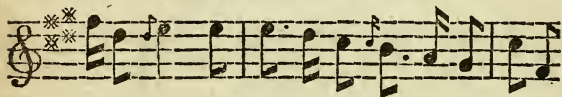
Yes,

Yes, these are the scenes where with Daphne I stray'd, &c.

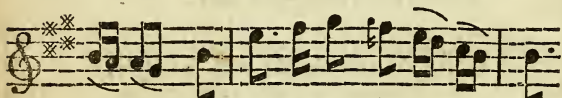
ANDANTE SICILIANI.



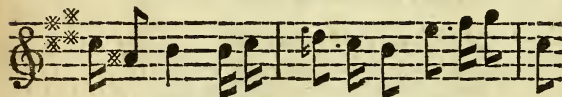
Yes, these are the scenes where with Daph-



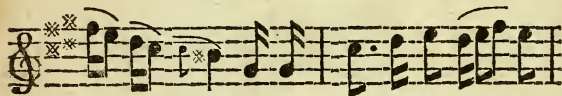
ne I stray'd: But short was her sway for so lovely



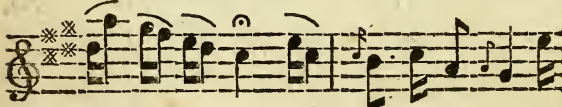
a maid! But short was her sway for so love-



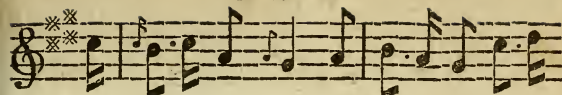
ly a maid! In the bloom of her youth to a clois-



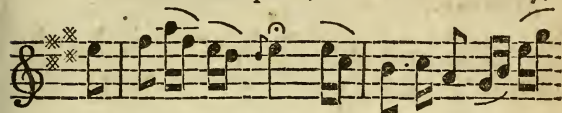
ter she ran, In the bloom of her grace, too



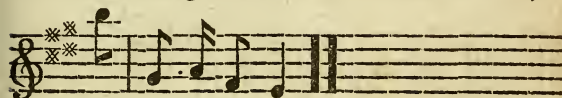
fair for a nun! Ill grounded, no doubt, a
devotion



de--votion must prove, So fatal to beauty,



so killing to love! So fatal to beauty,



so killing to love!

Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs, and the plains,
Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my pains!
How many soft moments I spent in this grove!
How fair was my nymph! and how fervent my love!
Be still though, my heart! thine emotion give o'er;
Remember, the season of love is no more!

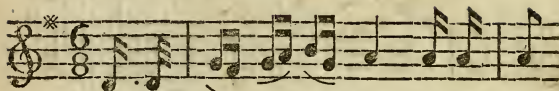
With her how I stray'd amid fountains and bow'rs,
Or loiter'd behind and collected the flow'rs!
Then, breathless with ardour, my fair-one pursu'd!
And to think with what kindness my garland she view'd!
But be still, my fond heart! thine emotion give o'er;
Fain would'st thou forget thou must love her no more!

E

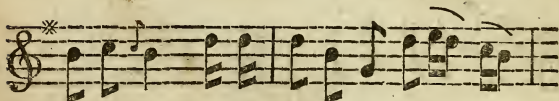
To

To the voice of a friend, &c.

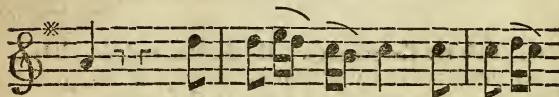
ALLEGRO.



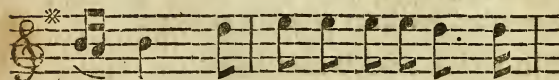
To the voice of a friend, Ye Con--vi-



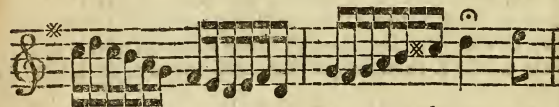
vials, attend, And in chorus the subject pro-



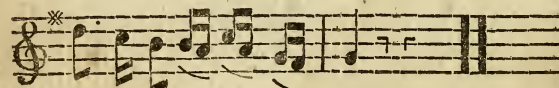
long: Mirth, freedom, and ease, Must certain-



ly please, And such to Convivials be-



----- long, And



such to Convivials belong.

Joy

Joy and friendship's our plan, —
 Deny it who can, —
 To be happy and cheerful each night,
 All wrangling, or noise,
 Which true pleasure destroys,
 We banish, as foe to delight.

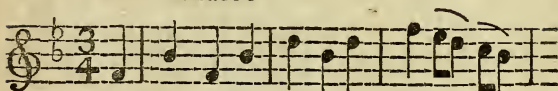
Let the Bucks of the age
 Double meanings engage,
 Let Masons their wisdom display;
 Without any offence,
 We wish to commence
 An order as happy as they.

A fine starry night's
 The Choice Spirits delight,
 While, jocund, they raise up their songs;
 If goodness of heart
 Reigns when they depart,
 The same to Convivials belongs.

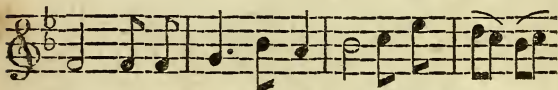
Then, come, let us join
 In a theme so divine,
 And jovially make the room ring!
 Mirth, freedom, and ease,
 Must certainly please,
 And friendship's a feast for a king!

My time passes on ever cheerful and gay, &c.

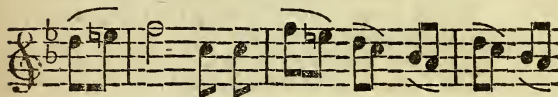
VIVACE CON SPIRITO.



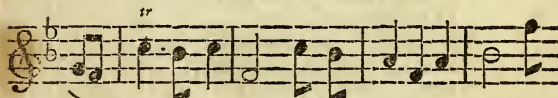
My time passes on ever cheerful and



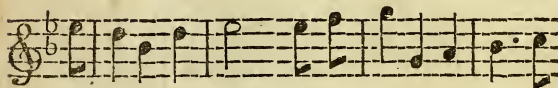
gay, For I've learnt the true art to drive sorrow



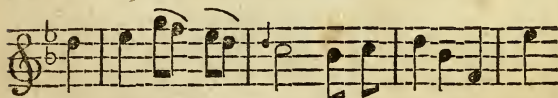
a---way, For I've learnt the true art to



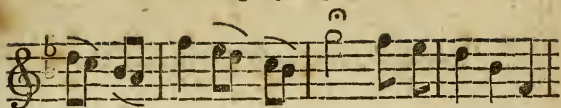
drive sorrow away : And the remedy, sure, you'll



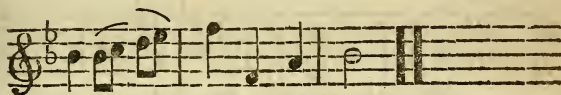
allow of good fort, When I tell you it lies in



a hoghead of Port! And the remedy, sure,
you'll



you'll al-low of good fort, When I tell you it



lies in a hogthead of Port!

Though I can't say I'm rich, yet I'm not very poor ;
 I look without envy on those that have more :
 Unenvy'd, to pleasure's gay sound they resort ;
 Greater joys I derive from a hogthead of Port !

For Phillis I sigh'd, till I found with surprise
 That a brimmer could sparkle as well as her eyes :
 Then I left the fair charmer for others to court,
 And extinguish my flame in a hogthead of Port !

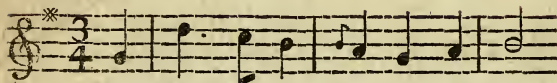
When age after pleasure forbids me to roam,
 With my bottle and friend I shall find it at home ;
 For I'll not lose a moment, since life is but short,
 Ever blest with my friend, and a hogthead of Port !

Hither come, then, my friends, that are pleas'd with
 such fare ;

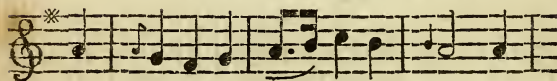
In full flowing bumpers we'll drown all our care !
 Hither come, from the plains, from the city, or court,
 Here's plenty for all ! — here's a hogthead of Port !

My banks they are furnish'd with bees, &c.

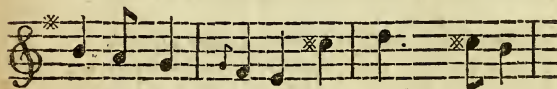
AFFETTUOSO.



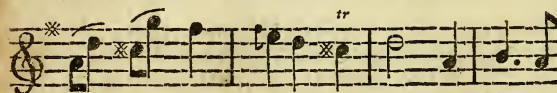
My banks they are furnish'd with bees,



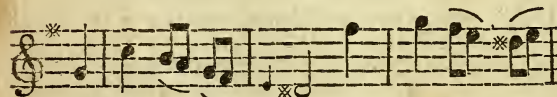
Whose murmur in---vites one to sleep; My



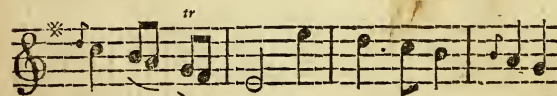
grottos are shaded with trees, And my



hills are white, over with sheep. I seldom



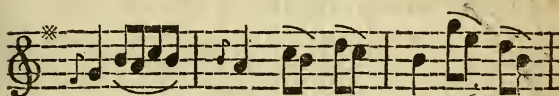
have met with a loss, Such health do my



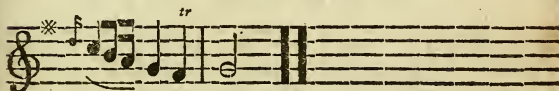
mountains be-flow! My fountains all border'd
with



with mofs, Where the harebels and vi--o--lets



gr- - - -ow, Where the harebels and



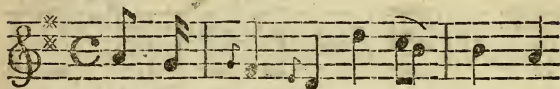
vi-----o-lets grow.

I've found out a gift for my fair,
 I've found where the wood-pigeons breed ;
 But let me that plunder forbear,
 She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed !
 He ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young !
 And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

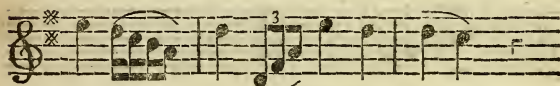
But where does my Phillida stray ?
 And where are her grots and her bow'rs ?
 Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours ?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair, —
 The face of the vallies as fine, —
 The swains may in manners compare ; —
 But their love is not equal to mine !

Gentle Love, this hour befriend me, &c.

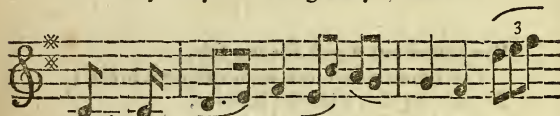
LARGHETTO EXPRESSIVE.



Gentle Love, this hour befriend me,



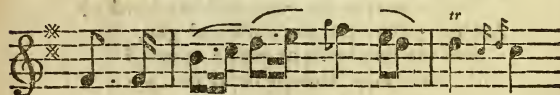
To my eyes re--sign thy dart:



Notes of melting mu--sic lend me, To



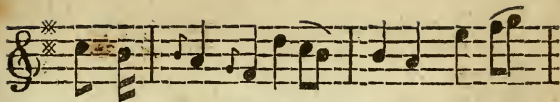
dis--solve a frozen heart.



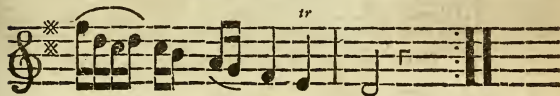
Chill'd, as mountain - snow, her bosom,



Though I ten- - - -der language u--se;
'Tis



'Tis by cold indifference frozen To my



ar- - ms and to my muse !

See, my dying eyes are pleading,
 Where a broken heart appears,
 For thy pity interceding
 With the eloquence of tears !
 While the lamp of life is fading,
 And beneath thy coldness dies,
 (Death my ebbing pulse invading,)
 Take my soul into thy eyes !

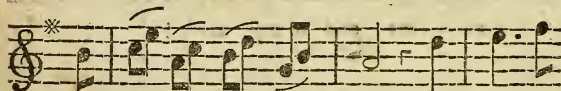
Let

Let others Damon's praise rehearse, &c.

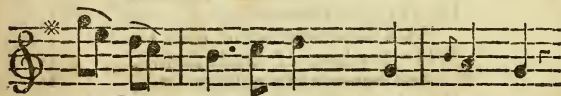
ANDANTE.



Let others Damon's praise rehearse,



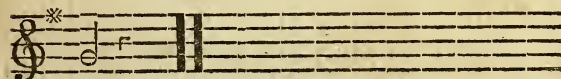
Or Colin's, at their will; I mean to



sing, in rustic verse, Young Strephon,



young Stréphon, young Strephon, of the



hill.

As once I sat beneath a shade,
Beside a purling rill,
Who should my solitude invade,
But Strephon of the hill!

He tapp'd my shoulder, snatch'd a kiss, —
 I could not take it ill; —
 For nothing, sure, is done amiss
 By Strephon of the hill.

Consent, O lovely maid ! he cry'd,
 Nor aim thy swain to kill ;
 Consent this day to be the bride
 Of Strephon of the hill !

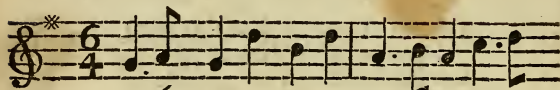
Observe the doves on yonder spray,
 See how they fit and bill :
 So sweet your time shall pass away
 With Strephon of the hill.

We went to church with hearty glee :—
 O Love ! propitious still !
 May every nymph be blest ! like me
 With Strephon of the hill.

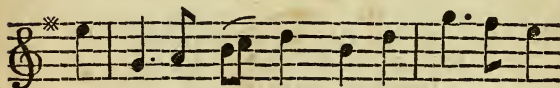
Ob !

Oh! what had I ado for to marry! &c.

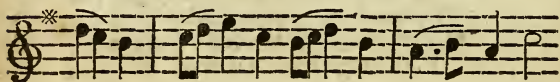
AFFETTUOSO.



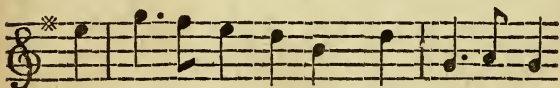
Oh! what had I a--do for to marry!



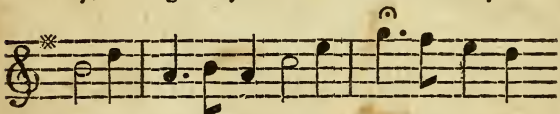
My wife she drinks naithing but sack and Ca-



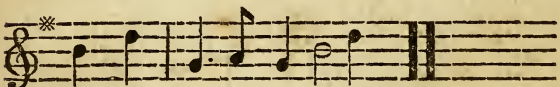
na-ry! I to her friends complain'd right air-



ly, Oh! g'in my wife wud drink hoolly and



fairly! Hoolly and fairly! Oh! g'in my wife



wud drink hoolly and fairly!

First

First she drank crummie, and syn she drank garie ;
 Now she has drunken my bonny gray marie,
 That carry'd me ay through the dub and the larie !
 Oh ! g'in my wife wud drink hoolly and fairly !

If she'd drink but her ain things I wud na much care ;
 She drinks my claiths I canna weel spare !
 To th' kirk and the market l'se gang fu' barely !
 Oh ! g'in my wife wud drink hoolly and fairly !

If there be ony filler, she maun keep the purse ;
 If I seek but a baubie, she'll scauld and she'll curse !
 She gangs like a queen ! — I, scrimpet and sparely ! —
 Oh ! g'in my wife wud drink hoolly and fairly !

I never was guven to wrangling or strife,
 Nor e'er did refuse her the comforts of life :
 E'er it come to a war I am ay for a parly :
 Oh ! g'in my wife wud drink hoolly and fairly !

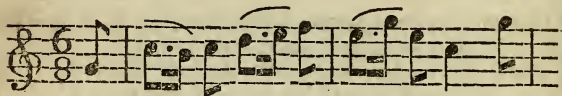
A pint wi' the cummers I wud her allow ;
 But, when she sits down, she fills hersal fu' !
 And, when she is fu', she's unco cumstarie !
 Oh ! g'in my wife wud drink hoolly and fairly !

She rins out to the casy, she raves, and she rants !
 Has na dread of neighbours, nor minds the house-wants.
 Roars some foolish lilt, ' Tike up thy heart, Charlie !'
 Oh ! g'in my wife wud drink hoolly and fairly !

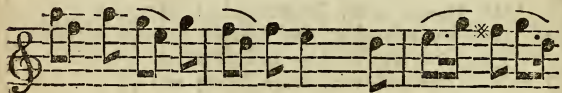
And, when she comes hame, she lays on the lads,
 She caws the lasses baith limmers and jads,
 And I my ainsal a poor auld cuckold carly !
 Oh ! g'in my wife wud drink hoolly and fairly !

Hail, smiling summer's pleasant day, &c.

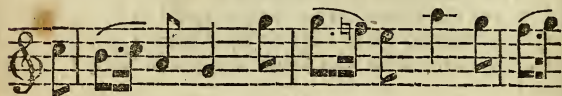
VIVACE.



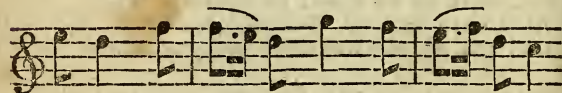
Hail, smiling summer's pleasant days, Which



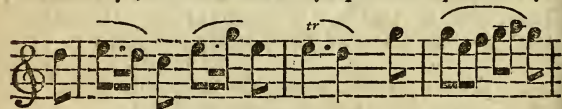
ri-gid ri-gid winterquells! Which ri--gid ri-



gid winter quells! Each beauteous nymph & shep-



herd strays, Each beauteous nymph and shepherd strays,

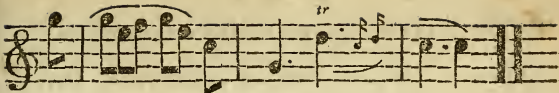


To vi---fit Bagnigge-Wells, To vi - - -fit



Bagnigge-Wells, To vi - - -fit Bagnigge-Wells, To

To



To vi- - - fit Bagnigge - Wells.

The lovely prospect all around
 In rich abundance swells;
 Each plant in new apparel's found
 To decorate Bagnigge-Wells.

There nature view in all her pride,
 With all her fragrant smells,
 Engag'd to charm the annual tribe
 Who meet at Bagnigge-Wells.

Sweet music bids us hasten there,
 Where sportive pleasure dwells:
 Come, Betsy, partner of my care,
 Come haste to Bagnigge-Wells.

From noise and hurry, strife and grief,
 And solitude in cells,
 Confin'd no more, we gain relief
 At charming Bagnigge-Wells.

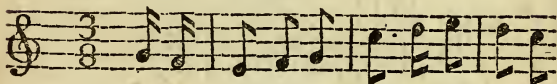
From scene to scene around you rove,
 Which moody care dispels;
 Then drink fine tea with your dear love
 At pleasant Bagnigge-Wells.

Come, haste, my rural partners, haste,
 Enjoy the summer's smells;
 See nymphs of beauty, beaus of taste,
 All pleas'd at Bagnigge-Wells.

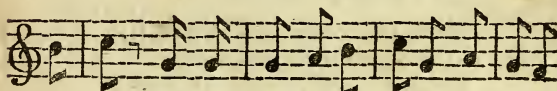
The FRIER'S ADDRESS to his young brothers.

To the rules of our order attend, brother friers, &c.

TEMPO MODERATO & CON SPIRITO.



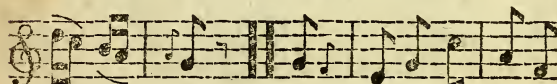
To the rules of our order attend, bro-



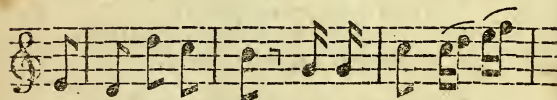
ther friers, With enlarg'd philanthropic sensations



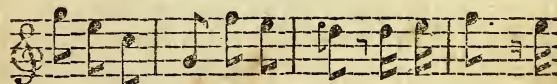
they're fill'd, With enlarg'd philanthropic sensa-



tions they're fill'd : To gather life's roses,



unfung by the briers, Is the true summun



bonum in which we'd be skill'd, Is the true sum-
mun



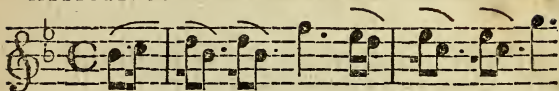
mum bonum in which we'd be skill'd.

Not with cynical founness do we hear confession,
 But freely a kind absolution bestow
 On the sweet-temper'd fair, whose sins and transgression
 From charity, love, and good-nature, shall flow.

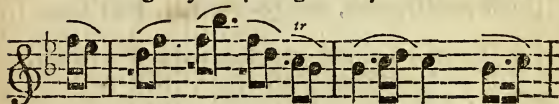
While lib'ral our minds, free from envy, from pride,
 From all superstition's dark train of false fear,
 With the Author of nature our thanks shall abide,
 And his blessings we'll freely enjoy while we're here.

Young Jockey sought my heart to win, &c.

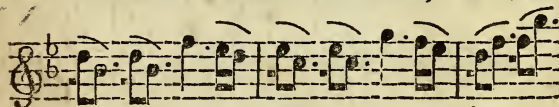
ALLEGRETTO.



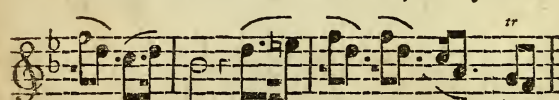
Young Jockey sought my heart to win,



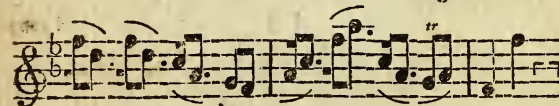
And wooed as lovers woo--e; I,



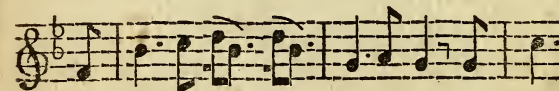
vers'd in all our fe---x's arts, Did just as



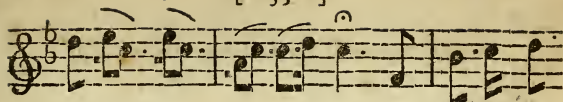
maidens do: How--e'er he'd figh, what-



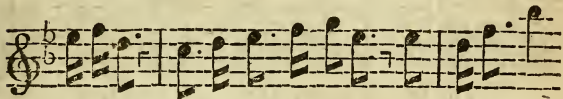
e'er he'd vow, I'd stu--dy to be shy at:



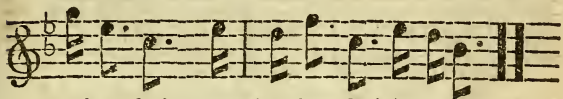
And, when he pres'd his fate to know, And, when he
he



he prefs'd his fate to know, 'Twas, Prythee, fool,



be quiet, Prythee, fool, be quiet, 'Twas, Prythee, fool,



prythee, fool, 'Twas, Prythee, fool, be quiet.

Month after month of am'rous pain,

He made a mighty fuss !

Why, if (you know) one loves a swain,

'Tis wrong to say one does.

He told me, Passion could not live

Without more pleasing diet :

And, pray, what answer could I give,

But, Prythee, fool, be quiet ?

At length he made a bold essay,

And, like a man, he cry'd,

' Thy hand, my dear ! This very day

' Shall Celia be my bride !'

Convinc'd he would have teaz'd me still,

I could not well deny it :

And now, believe me, when I will,

I make the fool be quiet !

The smiling morn, the breathing spring, &c.

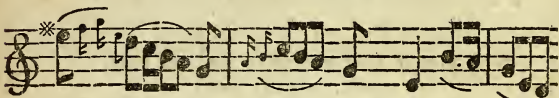
SLOW.



The smiling morn, the breathing spring, In-



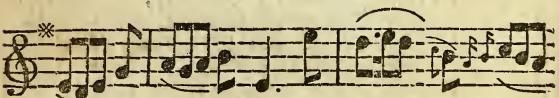
vite the tuneful birds to sing; And, while



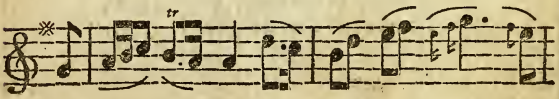
they war---ble from each spray, Love melts



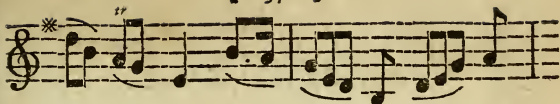
the u-----ni-----ver-----fal lay. Let us, A-



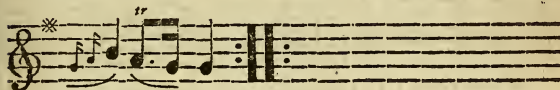
man-da, timely wife, Like them, im---prove



the hour that flies, And in soft rap--tures
waste



waste the day A-----mong the birks of



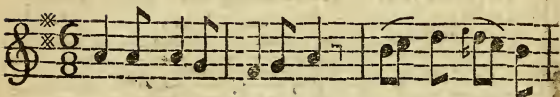
En-----der-- may.

Soon wears the summer of the year,
And love like winter will appear ;
Like this your lively bloom will fade,
And that will strip the verdant shade :
Our taste for pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters charm no more ;
And, when they droop and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Endermay !

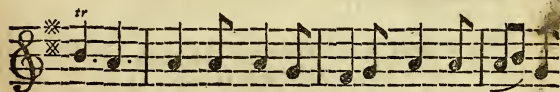
Behold, the hills and vales around
With lowing herds and flocks abound ;
The wanton kids and frisking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams ;
The busy bees, with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind, rejoice :
Let us, like them, then, sing and play
About the birks of Endermay.

Hark, how the waters, as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladness call ;
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams ;
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance :
Let us as jovial be as they,
Among the birks of Endermay !

Come now, all ye social pow'rs, &c.



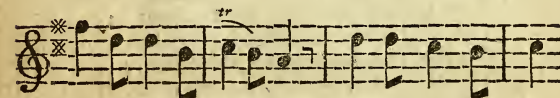
Come now, all ye social pow'rs, Shed your influence



o'er us; Crown with joy the present hours, En--li-ven



those before us. Bring the flask, the music bring,

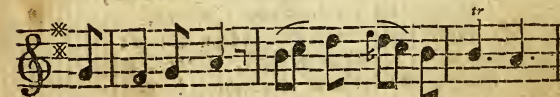


Joy shall quickly find us! Drink, & dance, & laugh,

CHORUS.

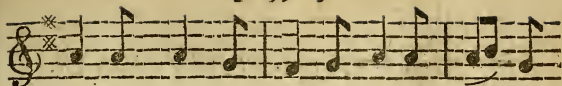


and sing, And cast dull care behind us. Bring the flask,

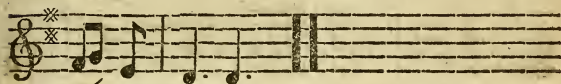


the music bring, Joy shall quickly find us!

Drink,



Drink, and dance, and laugh, & sing, And cast dull



care behind us.

Friendship, with thy pow'r divine
 Brighten all our features !
 What but friendship, love, and wine,
 Can make us happy creatures ?
 Bring the flask, &c.

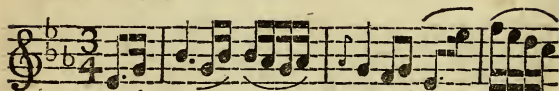
Love, thy godhead I adore,
 Source of gen'rous passions !
 But will ne'er bow down before
 Those idols, wealth and fashions.
 Bring the flask, &c.

Why the plague should we be sad
 Whilst on earth we moulder ?
 Whether we're merry, grave, or mad,
 We ev'ry day grow older.
 Bring the flask, &c.

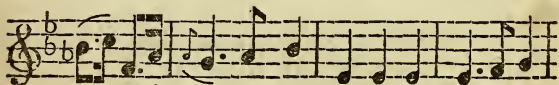
Then, since time will steal away
 Spite of all our sorrow,
 Heighten ev'ry joy to-day,
 And never mind tomorrow !
 Bring the flask, &c.

How rapid, how fleeting, yet full of delight, &c.

AFFETTUOSO.



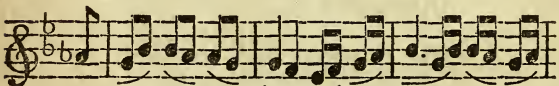
How rapid, how fleeting, yet full



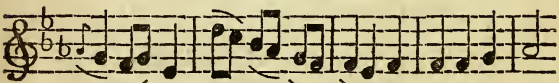
of delight, Were the hours I have spent in my



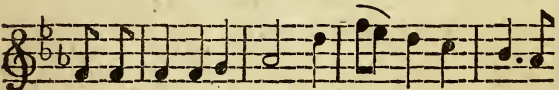
Phillida's fight! Ah! say, if thou canst, gen-



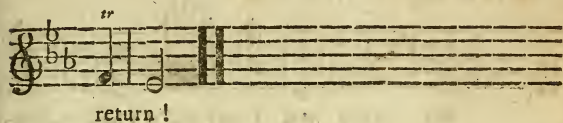
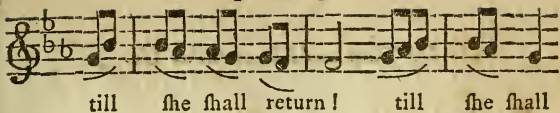
tle shepherd, say when I may hope to be



blest with her presence a--gain! For Phillida's gone,



and left Damon to mourn, To sigh without ceasing
till



Ah! cease, cruel echo, to mock at my pain,
By resounding fair Phillida's name back again;
Her name, thou canst witness, I've sung o'er and o'er,
But, alas! 'tis her absence that now I deplore!
For Phillida's gone, &c.

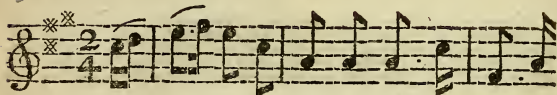
How oft, gentle gales, have ye harmony brought,
As it pour'd in soft numbers from Philomel's throat!
Yet her song was then useless to soothe me to rest,
Whilst my head lay so easy on Phillida's breast!
But Phillida's gone, &c.

What comfort, alas! can for Damon remain!
Can he longer delight in the sports of the plain?
Ah! no: his pipe broken, and stray'd all his sheep,
Poor Damon has nothing to do but to weep!
For Phillida's gone, &c.

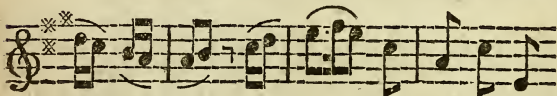
Farewel, my sad strain! 'tis in vain that I sing!
No sighs back again can my shepherdes bring!
Nor ere shall poor Damon's unfortunate head
Be pillow'd in peace — till he sleeps with the dead!
For Phillida's gone, &c.

My Jeany and I have toil'd, &c.

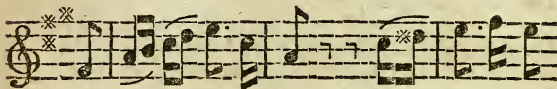
VIVACE CON SPIRITO.



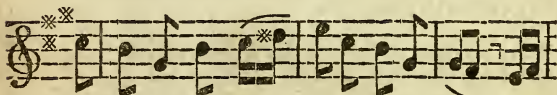
My Jeany and I have toil'd The live-long



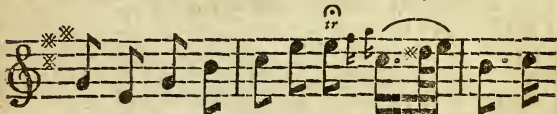
summer's day, Till we were almost spoil'd



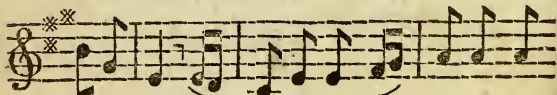
at making of the hay. Her kerchy was



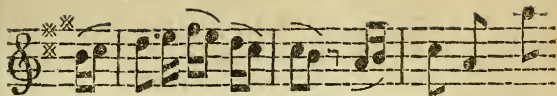
of Holland clear, Tied on her bonny brow; I



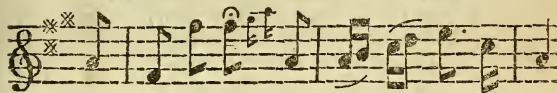
whisper'd something in her ear,— But what is



that to you? Her kerchy was of Holland clear,
Tied



Tied on her bon-ny brow ; I whisper'd some-



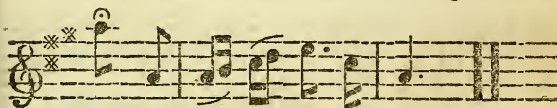
thing in her ear,— But what is that to you ?



But what is that to you ? But what is that



to you ? I whisper'd something in her



ear,—But what is that to you ?

Her stockings were of keesly green,

As tight as ony silk ;

Oh ! sic a leg was never seen !

Her skin was white as milk !

Her hair was black as ane could wish,

And sweet, sweet, was her mou !

Oh ! Jenny daintily can kifs ! —

But what is that to you ?

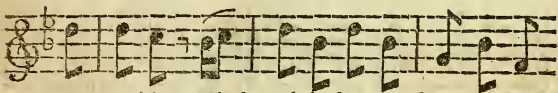
The rose and lily baith combine
 To make my Jeany fair ;
 There is nae bennison like mine,
 I have amaisht no care :
 But, when another swain, my dear,
 Shall say you're fair to view,
 Let Jeany whisper in his ear,
 Pray what is that to you !

My Patie is a lover gay, &c.

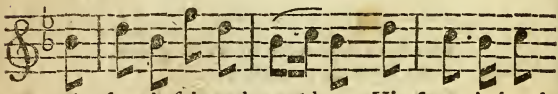
ALLEGRO CON SPIRITO.



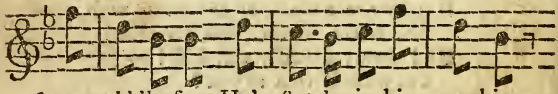
My Patie is a lover gay, His mind is ne-



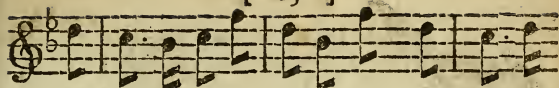
ver muddy ; His breath is sweeter than new hay,



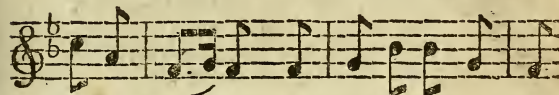
His face is fair and ruddy : His shape is hand-



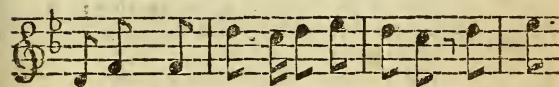
some, middle size, He's stately in his wawking,
 The



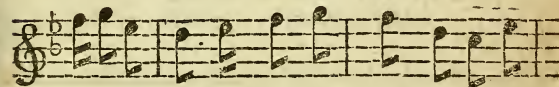
The flashes of his eyn surprise ! 'Tis heav'n to



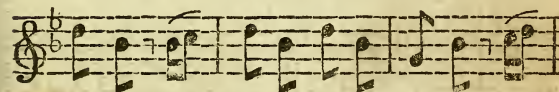
hear him tawking ! His shape is handsome, mid-



dle size, He's stately in his wawking, The flash-



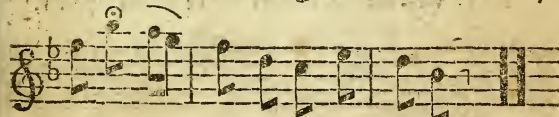
es of his eyn surprise ! 'Tis heav'n to hear him



tawking ! 'Tis heav'n to hear him tawking ! 'Tis



heav'n to hear him tawking ! The flashes of his eyn

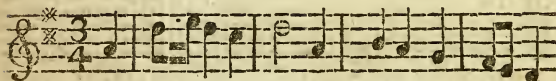


surprise ! 'Tis heav'n to hear him tawking !

Last night I met him on a bawlk,
 Where yellow corn was growing ;
 There mony a kindly word he spak,
 That set my heart a glowing !
 He kifs'd, and vow'd he wud be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony !
 That gars me like to fing finfyne,
 Oh ! corn-rigs are bonny !

Let maidens of a filly mind
 Refuse what mail they're wanting ;
 Since we for yielding were design'd,
 We chastely should be granting :
 Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
 And fyne my cockernony ;
 He's free to touzle air or late,
 Where corn-rigs are bonny.

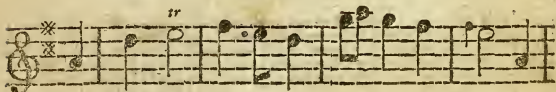
If love and reason ne'er agree, &c.



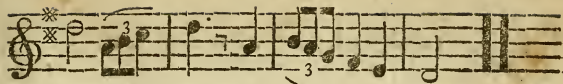
If Love and reason ne'er a----gree,



And vir--tue trembles at his pow'r,



May heav'n from Love pronounce me free, And
 guard



guard me through each ten---der hour!

But, if the pleasures love bestows
 Be such as reason, pleas'd, allows;
 Be such as smiling virtue knows; —
 To Love I'll pay my virgin vows.

And such there are: — for loose desires
 But ill deserve the tender name;
 They blast like lightning's transient fires;
 But love's a pure and constant flame.

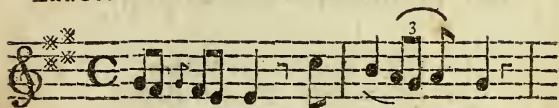
Love scorns a sordid selfish bliss,
 And only for its object lives;
 Feels mutual truth endear the kiss,
 And tastes no joys but those it gives.

Love's more than language can reveal,
 Or thought can reach, though thought is free:
 'Tis only felt; — 'tis what I feel,
 And hope my Corin feels for me!

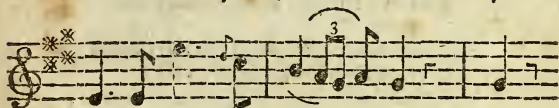
Gentle

Gentle youth, ah ! tell me why, &c.

LARGO.



Gen--tle youth, ah ! tell me why



Still you force me thus to fly ! Cease,



oh ! cease to per---se---vere ; Speak



not what I must not hear ! Speak

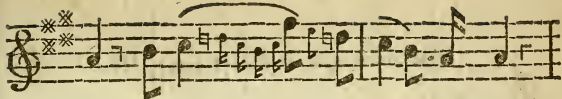


not what I must not hear ! To

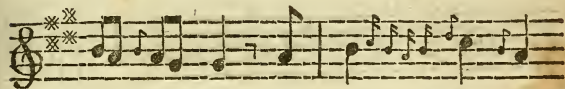


my heart its ease restore ;

Go,



Go, and ne- - - - - ver fee me more!



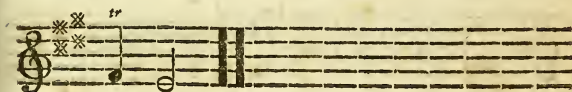
To my heart its ea-----fe re-



store; Go, and ne----ver fee me



more! Go, and ne- - - - - ver fee

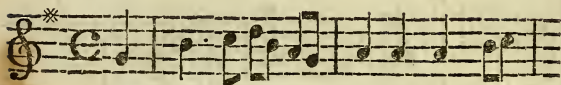


me more!

How

How much superior beauty awes, &c.

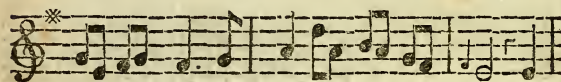
ALLEGRO.



How much su-pe-rior beauty awes, The



coldest bosoms find; But with re-sist-less



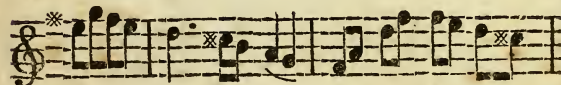
force it draws, To sense and sweetness join'd. But



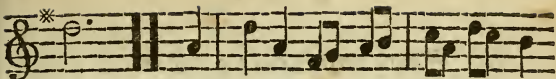
with resistless force it draws, To sense and



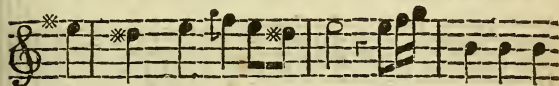
sweetness joi- - - - -



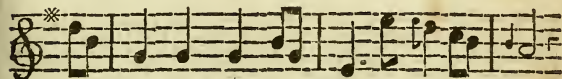
- - - - - n'd, To sense and sweetness
join'd.



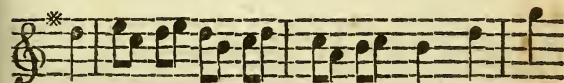
join'd. The casket, where, to outward shew,



The workman's art is feen, Is doubly va-



lu'd when we know It holds a gem with--in ;



Is doubly valu'd when we know It holds

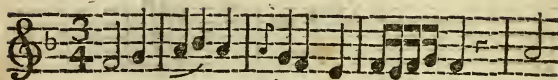


a gem with--in.

Water,

Water, parted from the sea, &c.

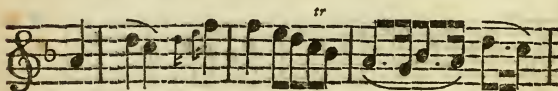
ANDANTINO.



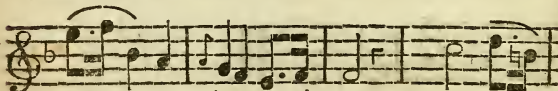
Water, parted from the sea, May



increase the ri---ver's tide, To the bub-



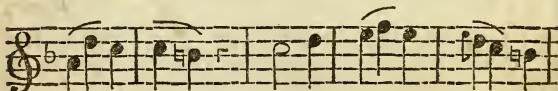
bling fount may fle-----e, Or through



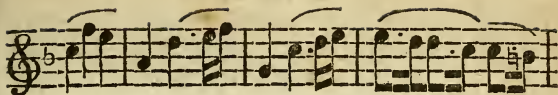
fer-----tile val---lies glide: Though, in



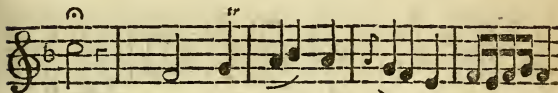
search of soft re---pose, Through the land 'tis



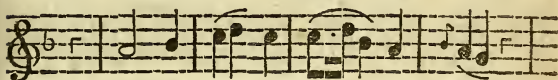
free to roam, Still it murmurs as it flows,



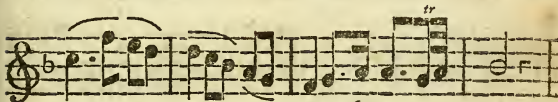
flows, Pant-ing for it----s na- - - -tive



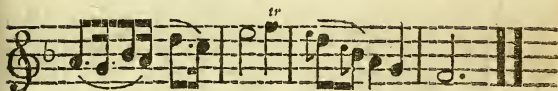
home. Though, in search of soft re-----pose,



Through the land 'tis free to roam,

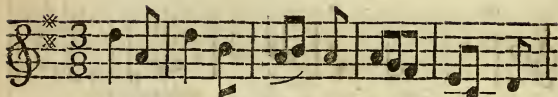


Still it murmurs as it flows,



Pant-----ing for its na----tive home,

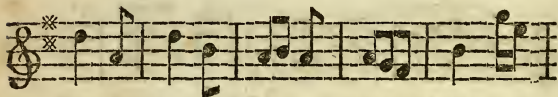
See the purple morn arise, &c.



See the purple morn a---rise, Streak with



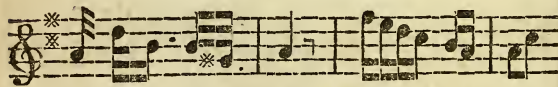
red, streak with red, the blushing skies ;



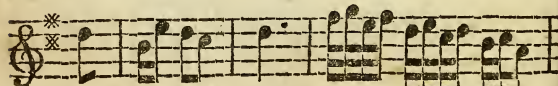
Zephyr, from his balmy wing, Shakes the



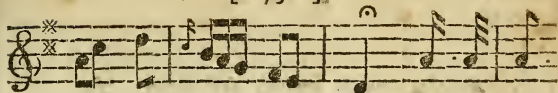
fragrance of the spring. Ze---phyr, from



his bal----my wing, Shakes the fra-



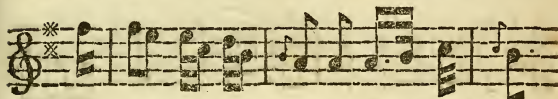
grance of the spring, Sha-----kes the
fragrance



fragrance of the spring. Winter's ri-



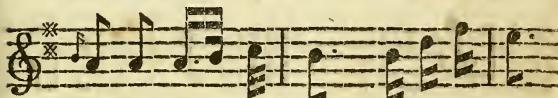
gour now is past, Joy and rapture smile



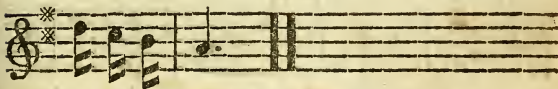
at last; Swelling billows cease to roar,



And die a-long the silent shore. Swelling

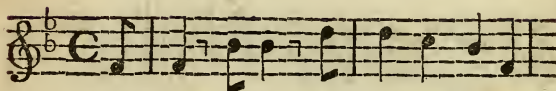


billows cease to roar, And die a--long

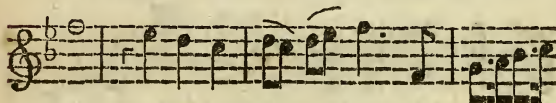


the silent shore. D. C.

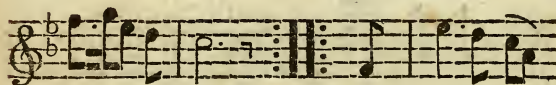
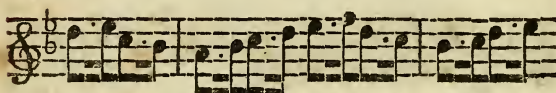
Awake, awake, awake, dull sleepers, &c.



Awake, awake, a-wake, dull sleepers,



rouse! No nodding at the board where nec - -

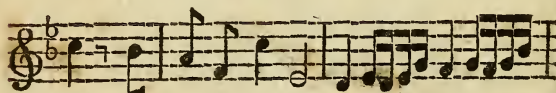


- - - -tar flows.

Great Bacchus loves

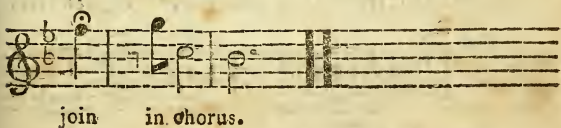
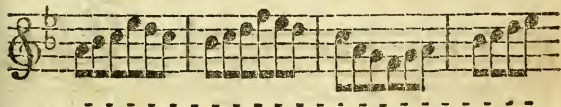
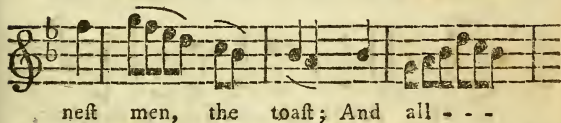
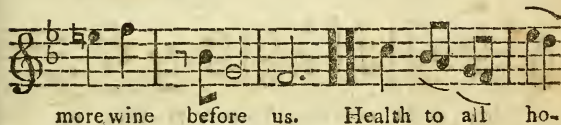
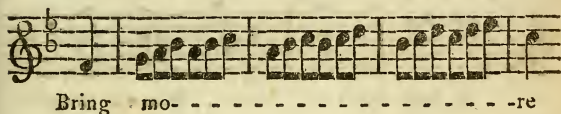
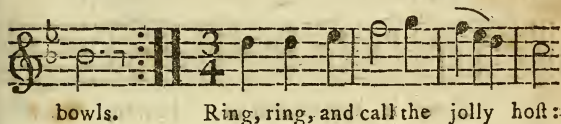
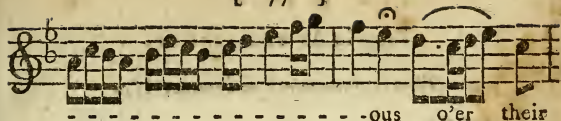


no drowsy dream- - - - -ing



souls, But all alive, all joy- - - - -

- - - - -ous



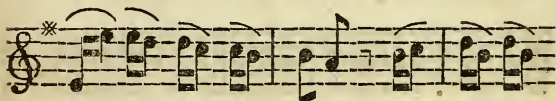
Sung in As YOU LIKE IT.

Then is there mirth in heaven, &c.

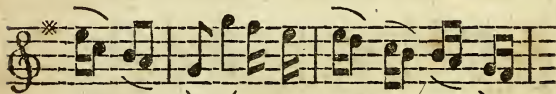
ANDANTE.



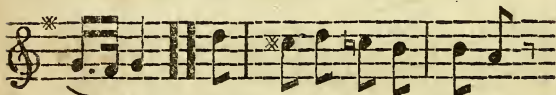
Then is there mirth in heaven, Then



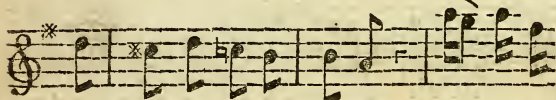
is there mirth in heaven, When earthly



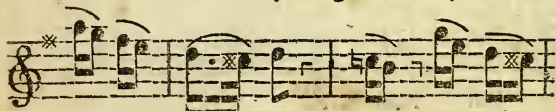
things, made e---ven, At-tone, at-tone, to-



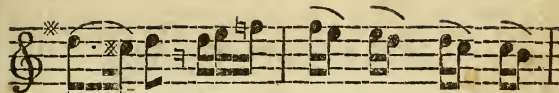
gether. Good duke, receive thy daughter,



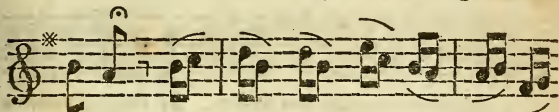
Good duke, receive thy daughter, Hymen from



heaven brought her, Yea brought her
hither,



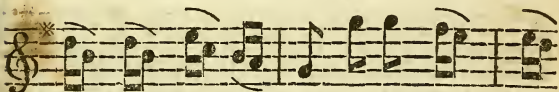
hi--ther, Yea, brought her, brought her,



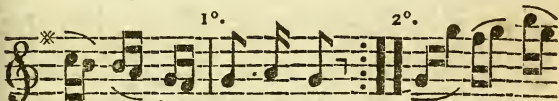
hither ; That thou might'st join her hand with



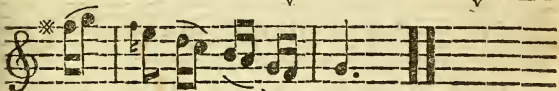
his, Whose heart within his bosom is. That



thou might'st join her hand with his, Whose heart



with-in his bosom is, bo--som is,



with---in his bosom is.

Let me wander, not unseen, &c.

SICILIANO.



Let me wander, not unseen, By hedgerow elms



on hillocks green: There the plowman, near at



hand, Whistles o'er the furrow'd land; There the



plowman, near at hand, Whistles o'er the furrow'd



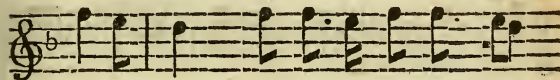
land; And the milkmaid sing th blithe,



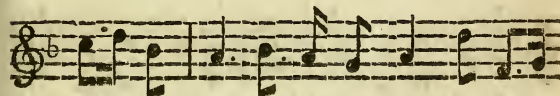
And the mower whets his scythe, And e--ve--ry
shepherd



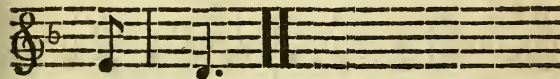
shepherd tells his tale, Under the hawthorn



in the dale. And e--ve--ry shepherd



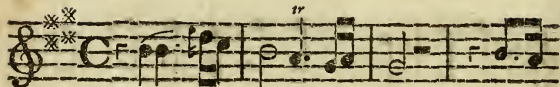
tells his tale, Under the hawthorn in



the dale.

o Sleep!

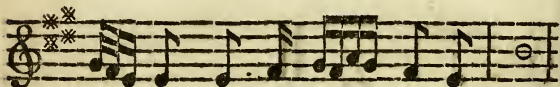
O Sleep! why dost thou leave me? &c.



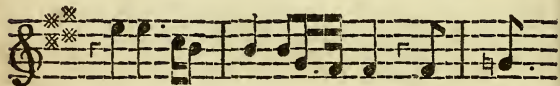
O - - - - - Sleep! O



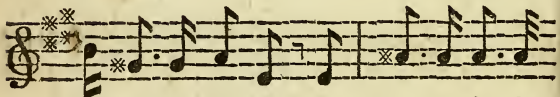
Sleep! why dost thou leave me? Why dost thou



leave me? Why thy visionary joys re-move?



O - - - - Sleep! O Sleep! O Sleep!



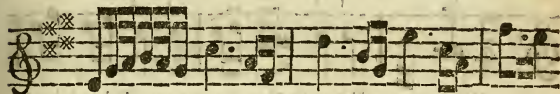
again deceive me, O Sleep! again de-



ceive me! To my arms restore my wan-
d'ring



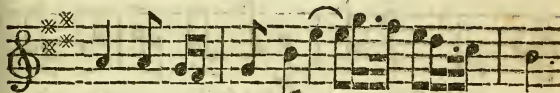
dring love, my wan- - - - -



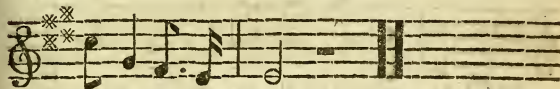
- - -d'ring love! Restore my wand'ring love!



Again deceive me, O Sleep! To my



arms, to my arms, resto- - - - -re

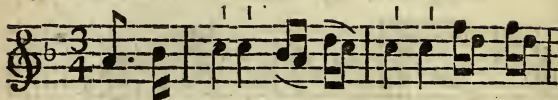


my wand'ring love!

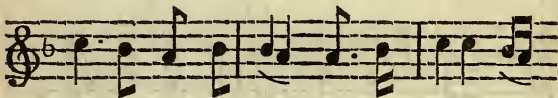
When

When my Chloe smiles upon me, &c.

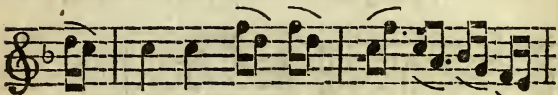
ANDANTE.



When my Chloe smiles up-on me, Think how



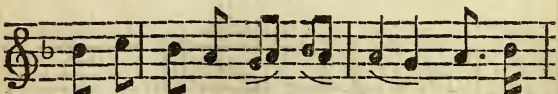
rapture swells my breast; But, when duty tears



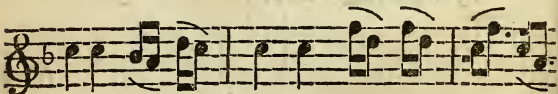
her from me, With what anguish I'm op-



press'd ! When my Chloe smiles up---on me,



Think how rapture swells my breast; But, when

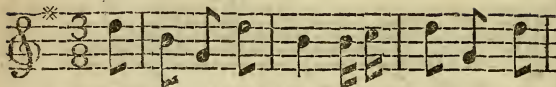


duty tears her from me, With what anguish
I'm

Believe me, dear aunt, &c.

FROM LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

ALLEGRO CON SPIRITO.



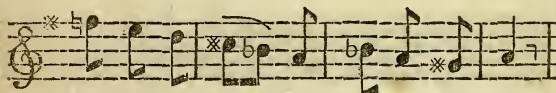
Believe me, dear aunt, If you rave thus, and



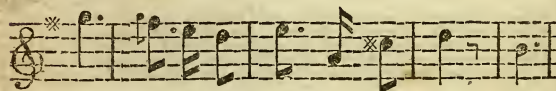
rant, You'll never a lover persuade: The men



will all fl- - - - -y, And



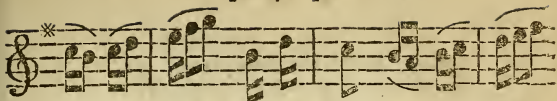
leave you to die, And leave you to die,



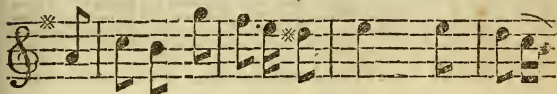
Oh! terrible chance! an old maid! Oh!



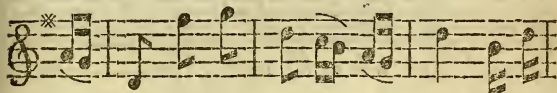
terrible chance! an old maid! How happy



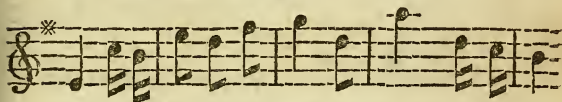
py the lass, Must she come to the pass,



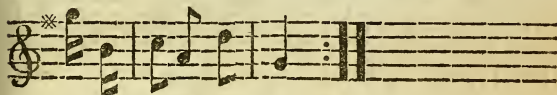
Who ancient vir-gi-ni-ty 'scapes ! 'Twere better



on earth Have five brats at a birth, Than in

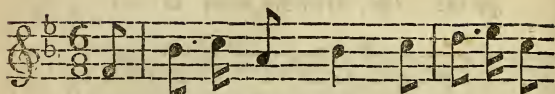


hell be a leader of apes, of apes, Than in hell

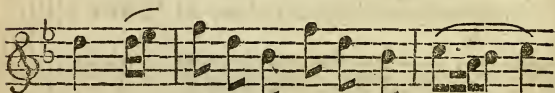


be a leader of apes.

Hark, hark! the drum sounds, &c.



Hark, hark! the drum sounds, The echo re-



bounds, And bids us for fighting pre-----pare!



And bids us for fighting prepare! Then let



us advance, And conquer all France, For with



Britons no troops can com-----pare! For with



Britons no troops can compare!

Resentment's great call,
 To Englishmen all,
 Cries loudly to recompence wrong !
 The voice let's obey,
 And rise with the day,
 For glory to us shall belong !

When in a just cause,
 For liberty's laws,
 With vigour our spirits let's cheer ;
 Our swords, drawn in hand,
 We'll use at command,
 And shew we are strangers to fear.

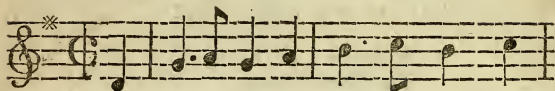
Let enemies boast
 Of storming our coast,
 Whose vessels in harbour do lie ;
 We wish them all out,
 To bang them about,
 Then we'll vanquish, brave boys, or we'll die.

Let the Frenchmen come over
 From Calais to Dover,
 We'll give 'em as good as they bring !
 If we catch the mounseers,
 We'll cut off their ears !
 Huzza ! my boys, God save the king.

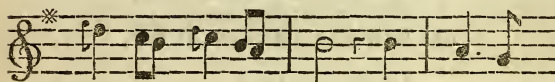
In infancy, our hopes and fears, &c.

From the Opera of ARTAXERXES.

ANDANTE.



In in-fan-cy, our hopes and fears Were



to each other known, And friendship,



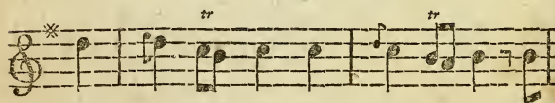
in our ri-per years, Has twin'd our



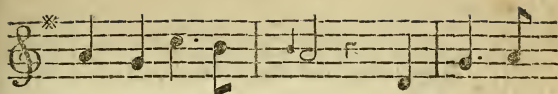
hearts in on- - - - -e, Has



twin'd our hearts in one:



Oh! clear him, then, from this offence! Thy
love,



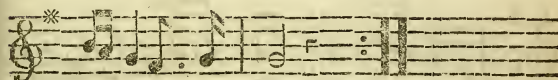
love, thy du-ty, prove! Restore him



with that innocence, Which first inspir'd



my lo- - - - ve, Which fir- - - - st

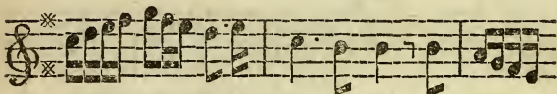


inspir'd my love.

In my triumphant chariot hurl'd, &c.



In my trium- - - - -



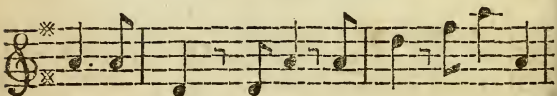
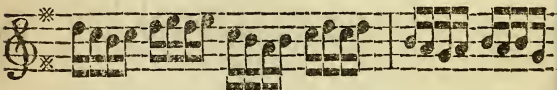
- - - - - phant chariot hurl'd, I ra- - -



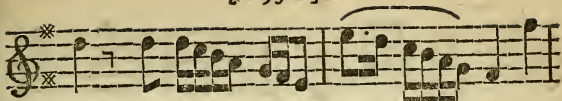
- - - - - nge a---round, I ra- - -



- - - - - nge a---rou- - - - -



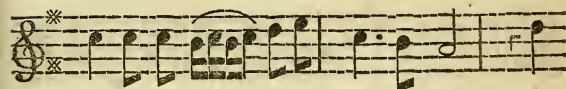
-nd the world ; 'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I, mad
Tom,



Tom, Drive a - - - - ll, a - - - - ll, a -



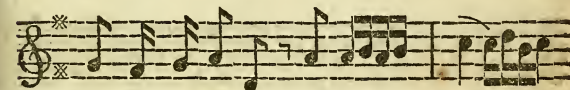
- - - - ll, a - - - - ll, before me.



While to my ro-----yal throne I come, Bow



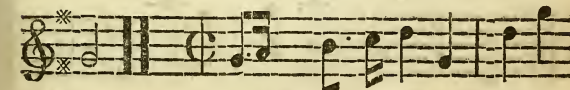
down, down, down, bow dow----n, bow down, my



slaves, and adore me, Your sov'- - - - -



- - - - - reign lord, mad

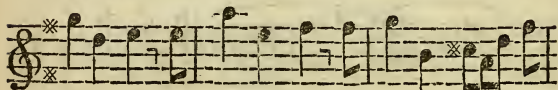


Tom.

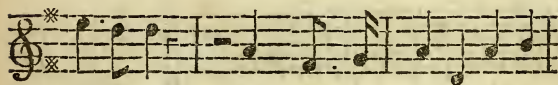
What though the scepter that I
bear,



bear, What though the scepter that I bear, Is



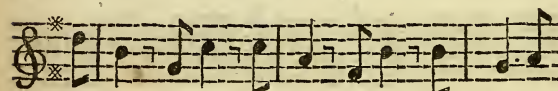
all, all, all, is all, all, all, is all, all, all, but



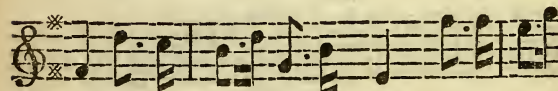
dream and air ; What though the scepter that I



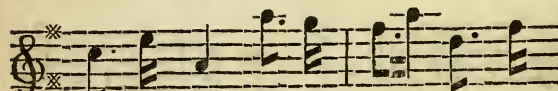
bear, Is all but dream, is all but dream, is all,



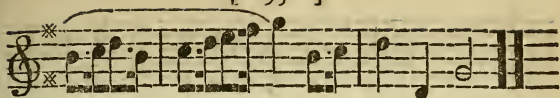
is all, is all, is all, is all, but dream and



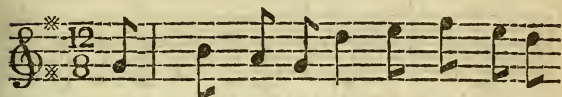
air ; I've the pleasure of crowns, I've the plea-



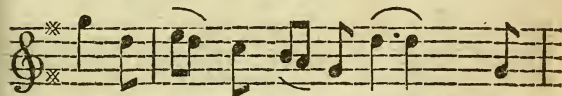
-sure of crowns, I've the pleasure of crowns,



crown- - - - -s, without the care.



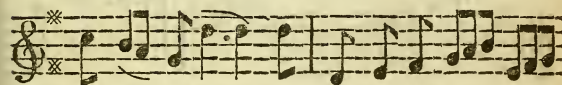
And though I give law, and though I give



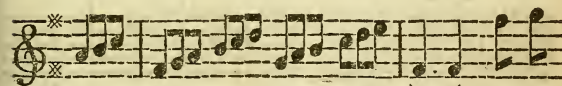
law, give law, From beds of straw, And



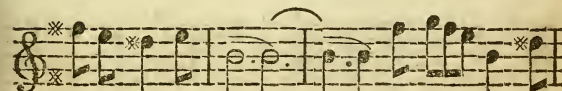
though I give law, and though I give law, give law,



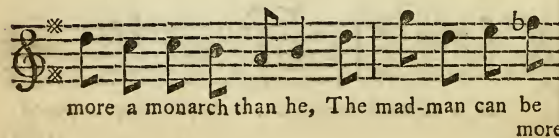
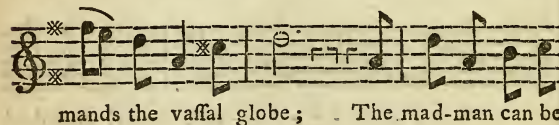
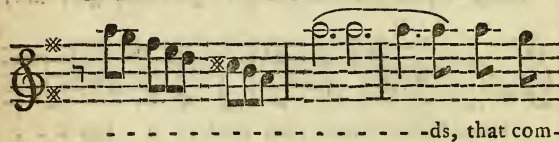
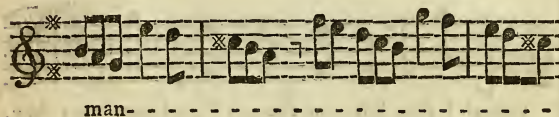
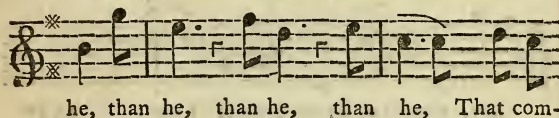
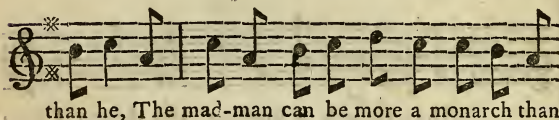
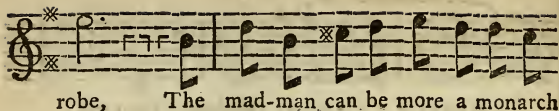
From beds of straw, And drest in a tat- - -

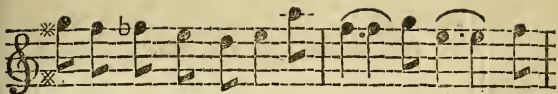


- - - - -ter'd robe, And drest



in a tatter'd ro- - - - be, a tat- - -ter'd
robe,

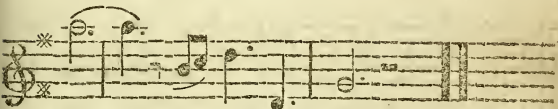




more a monarch than he, than he, than he, than

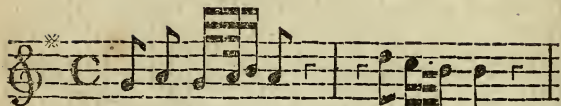


he, than he, That com-man- - - - -



- - ds the vassal globe.

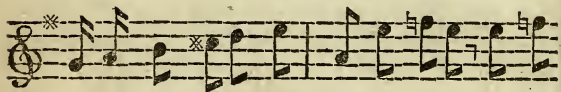
Pious orgies, pious airs, &c.



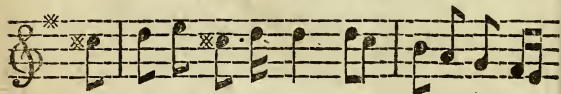
Pious or---gies, pi-ous airs,



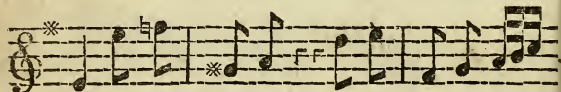
De- - - cent for--row, decent pray'rs, Will



to the Lord ascend, And move his pity, his pi-



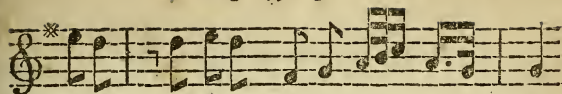
ty, And regain his love. Pious orgies, pi-ous



airs, Decent sorrow, Decent sorrow, decent



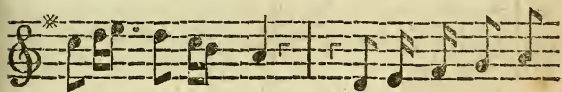
pray'rs, Will to the Lord ascend, And move his
pity,



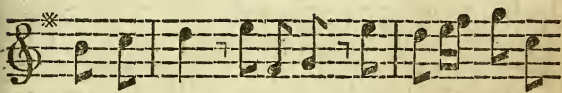
pity, his pity, And re--gain his love.



Pious orgies, pi-ous airs, Decent



sorrow, decent pray'rs, Will to the Lord af-



cead, And move his pi-ty, his pi-ty, And re-



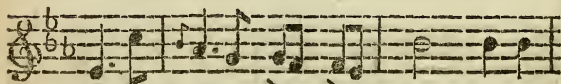
gain his love.

By my sighs you may discover, &c.

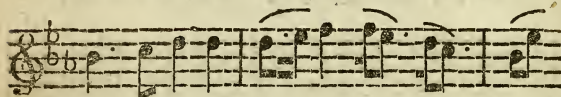
RONDEAU.



By my sighs you may dis---co-ver



What soft wishes touch my heart : Eyes can



speak, and tell the lo--ver What the tongue



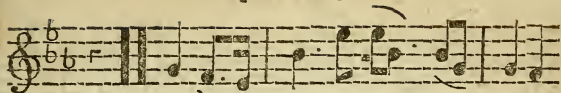
must not impart, What the tongue must



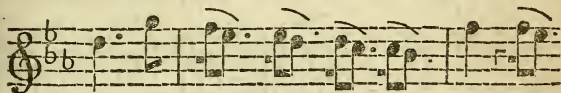
not im-pa- - - - - rt,



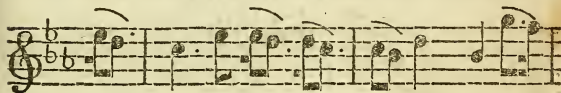
What the tongue must not impart.
Blushing



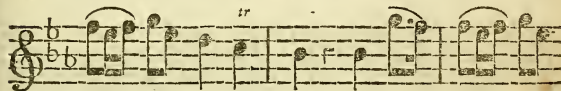
Blushing shame forbids re---veal-ing



Thoughts your breast may dis---ap--prove, But



'tis hard, and past con-ceal-ing, When we

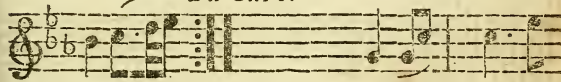


tru---ly, fondly, love, When we tru---ly,



fondly, love, When we tru---ly, fondly, love.

DA CAPO.

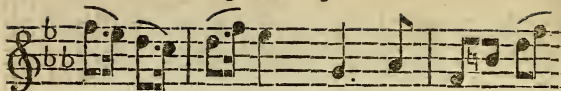


By my, &c.

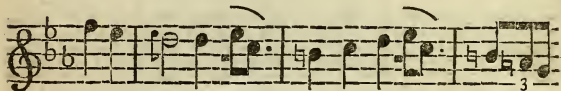
Blushing shame for-



bids re.-----veal-ing, Blushing shame for-



bids re---veal-ing Thoughts your breast may



disapprove, But 'tis hard, & past con-----ceal--



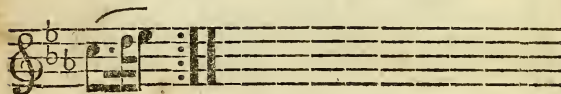
ing, When we tru--ly, fond--ly, love,



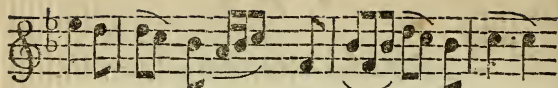
When we tru--ly, fond--ly, love,



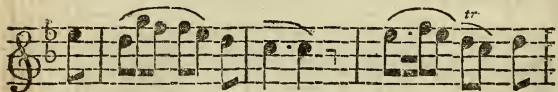
When we tru---ly, fondly, love. By



my, &c. DA CAPO.



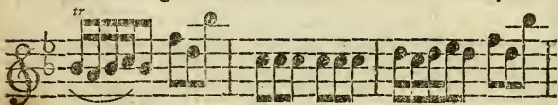
the re-turn of day. The tune-----fal lyre,



and swel----ling flute, At thy rich



warb--ling shall--- be---- mute, At thy rich



warb- - - - -



- ling shall - - - - be mute.

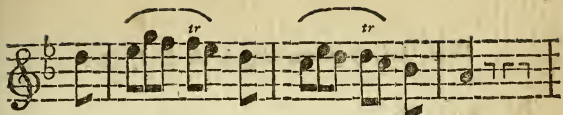
Vo-



cal minstrel,

thy soft lay

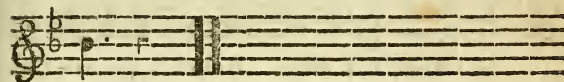
Trea- - - fures



fures up- - - and ends - - in May,



Trea--fures up- - - and ends - - - in



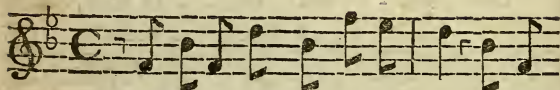
May.

Hark ! how the blackbird woos his love,
 The skill'd musician of the grove ;
 On thorn, as perch'd, he nobly sings,
 A cadence for the ear of kings :
 Sublime and gay, soft and serene,
 A virginal to hail a queen !
 Nature's music thus improves
 All the graces and the loves.

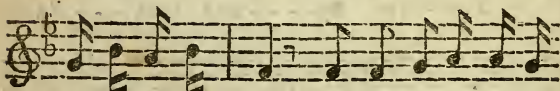
Now,

Now, faintly glimm'ring in the East, &c.

RECITATIVE.



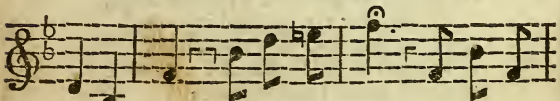
Now, faintly glimm'ring in the East, Sol brings



on the ling'ring morn, As loth to quit fair The-

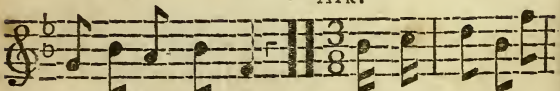


tis' breast; While dew bespangles ev'ry thorn, The



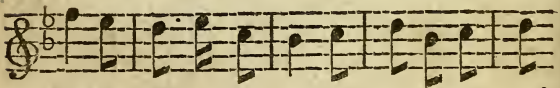
herald lark salutes the skies, And bids the

AIR.

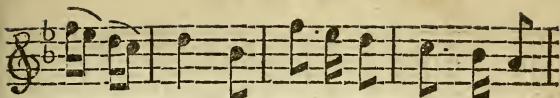


jocund sportsman rise.

Hark! the chase is be-



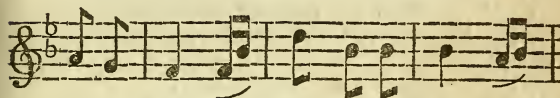
gun, See yonder they run, And fleet as the wind
the



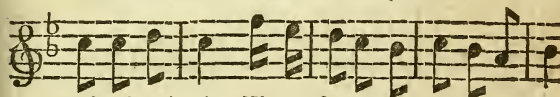
the stag flies, And fleet as the wind the stag



flies, And fleet as the wind



the stag flies. O'er mountain and dale, Through



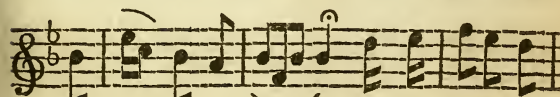
woodland and vale, His pursuers awhile he defies,



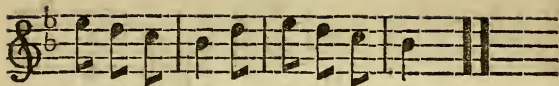
de - fi -



es, His pur-fuers



a-while he de---fi---s, His pur-fuers a-
while



while he de-fies, awhile he defies.

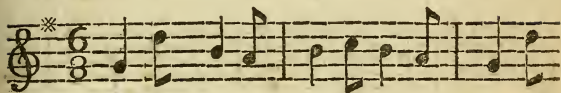
But in vain is his speed,
 They faster proceed,
 In hopes to o'ertake him anon ;
 While echo around,
 With the horn and the hound,
 Responsive, replies ton-ta-ron.

Thus we pleasure obtain,
 Without sickness or pain ;
 What ruddiness smiles on each face !
 — Ye jemmies, prepare,
 Mount the steed, if you dare,
 And overtake health in the chase !

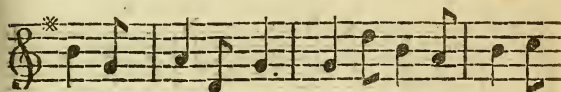
Long

Long young Jockey toy'd and sported, &c.

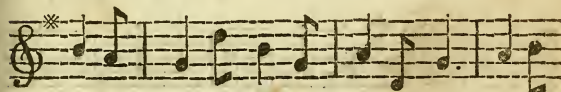
VIVACE.



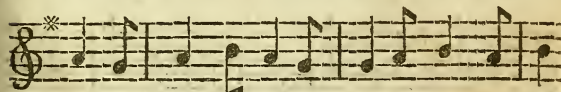
Long young Jockey toy'd and sported, Long he



try'd each winning art; Long with silent glances



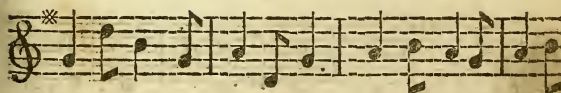
courted, Ere he won my witless heart: Oft he



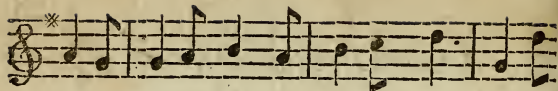
press'd my hand, too yielding! Oft he kiss'd, and oft



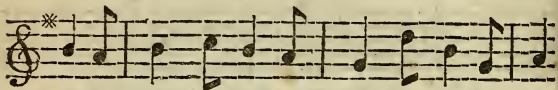
he smil'd: No reserve my bosom shielding,



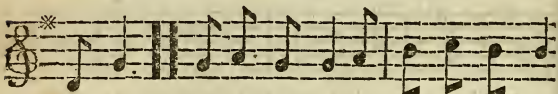
Chloe's heart he soon beguil'd. But when he my incli-
L
nation



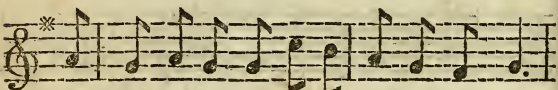
nation Had subdu'd—the faithless swain ! Can ye



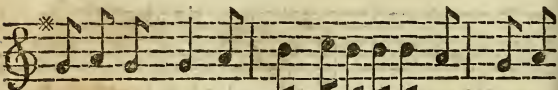
hear it, maids, with patience ! Soon, too soon, forfakes



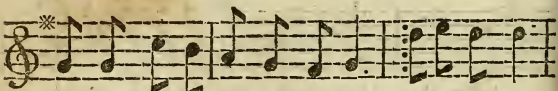
the plain ! Leaving the maid a prey to young Cu-



pid, Whose only fault was her seeming too kind ;



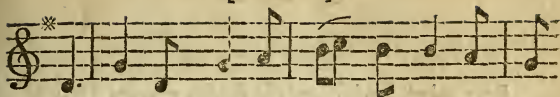
Surely the youth was grown very stupid, To think that



the sling would remain long behind. Tell me, ye swains,



tell me, ye swains, Could you do so ? Would you do
so ?



fo? Could you, would you, would you, could you, Could



you have serv'd a maiden so?

Soon as I had lost my lover,

Fool! I fate me down and cry'd;

Rail'd at fate, and curs'd the rover,

Sigh'd and sobb'd, and sobb'd and sigh'd.

I no breakfast ate nor dinner,

Supperless I went to bed;

I a loser, he no winner,

A lucky thought came in my head:

Why should I, my bloom destroying,

Vex and tease my soul away?

No, the sweets of life enjoying,

I will taste the sweets of May.

Just as the rose, the bee flying from her,

Blushes and bustles at every wind,

So Chloe resolves to laugh through the summer,

To ev'ry new swain be gentle and kind.

Tell me, ye maids, tell me, ye maids,

Could you do so? would you do so?

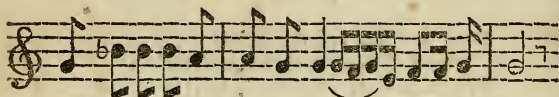
Could you, would you, would you, could you,

Could you have serv'd the rover so?

From silent shades, and the Elysian groves, &c.



From silent shades, and the Elysian groves



Where sad departed spirits mourn their loves !



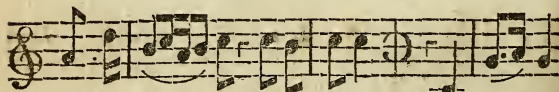
From crystal streams, and from that country, where Jove



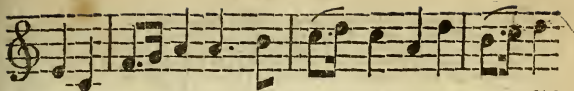
crowns the fields with flowers all the year ; Poor sense-



less Bess, cloath'd in her rags and folly, Is come to



cure her love-sick melancholy ! Bright Cynthia
kept



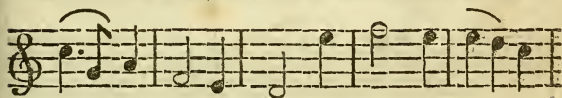
kept her re-vels late, While Mab, the fairy queen, did



dance; And O-be-ron did sit in state, When



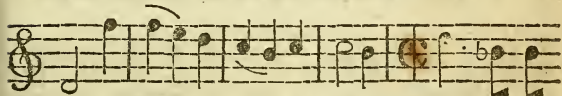
Mars at Venus ran his lance. In yonder



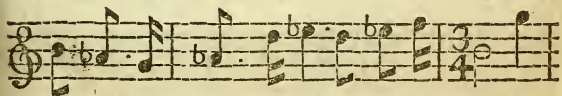
cowslip lies my dear, Intomb'd in liquid



gems of dew; Each day I'll water it with a



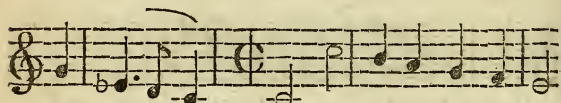
tear, Its fading blossom to re--new. For, since



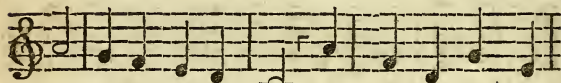
my love is dead, And all my joys are gone, Poor
L 3 Befs,



Befs, for his fake, A garland will make, My music



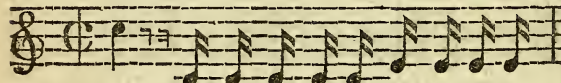
shall be a groan ! I'll lay me down and die



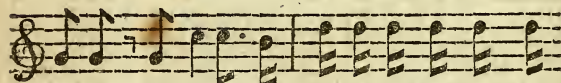
within some hollow tree : The raven and cat, The



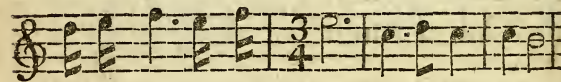
owl and bat, Shall war-----ble forth my ele-



gy ! Did you not see my love as he past



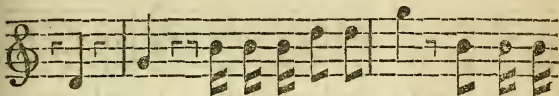
by you ? His two flaming eyes, if he come nigh you,



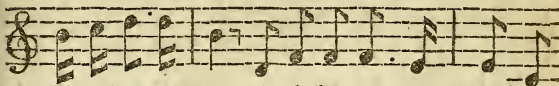
They will scorch up your hearts. Ladies, beware ye,
Left



Lest he should dart a glance that may en--snare ye.



Hark ! hark ! I hear old Charon bawl, His boat he



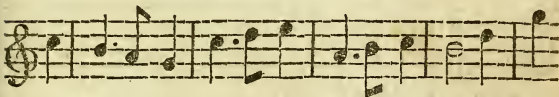
will no longer stay : The furies lash their whips and



call, Come, come away, Come, come away. Poor



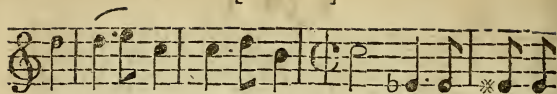
Befs will return to the place whence she came, Since



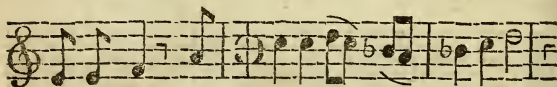
the world is so mad she can hope for no cure; For love's



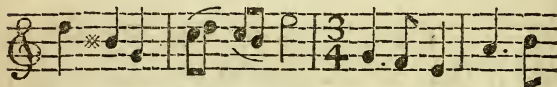
grown a bubble, a shadow, a name, Which fools do
admire,



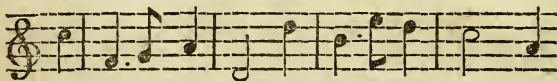
admire, and wife men endure. Cold and hungry



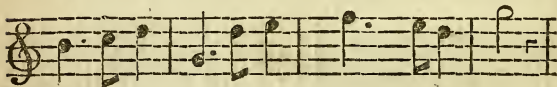
am I grown, Am-bro-sia will I feed upon,



Drink nectar still and sing. Who is content Does



all sorrow prevent, And Befs in her straw, Whilst



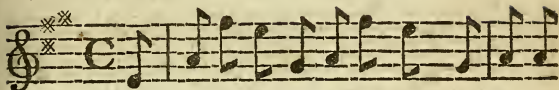
free from the law, In her thoughts, is as great,



great as a king !

My Fanny was as fair a maid, &c.

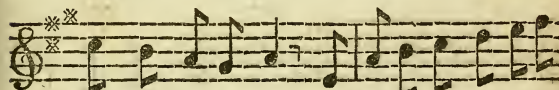
ALLEGRETTO.



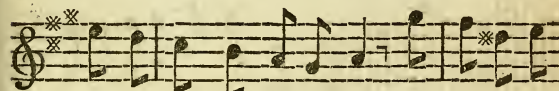
My Fanny was as fair a maid, As any



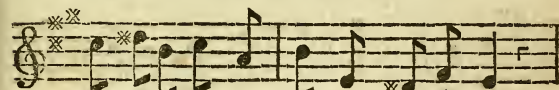
in the town, And I as stout and lively lad As



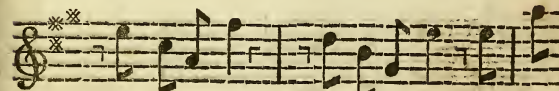
e'er mow'd clover down: And I as stout and lively



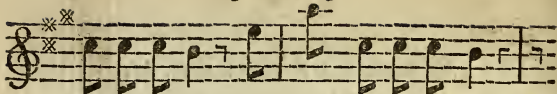
lad As e'er mow'd clover down, And I as stout



and lively lad As e'er mow'd clover down.



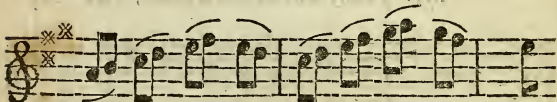
When she agreed to tie the knot, I thought
of



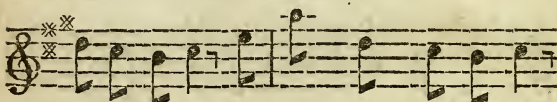
of nothing else, I thought of nothing else :



The knot was tied ; Fan was my bride : Nor



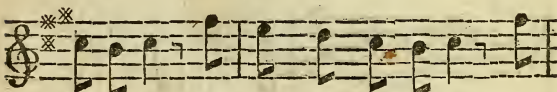
did I grudge the king his lot, When ding-



dong went the bells, When ding-dong went the bells,



When ding-dong went the bells: Nor did I grudge the



king his lot, When ding-dong went the bells, When



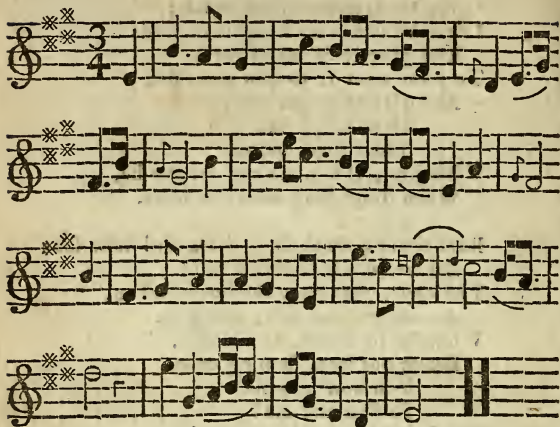
ding-dong went the bells.

Our sugar-kisses, honey-words,
 We never thought too much ;
 I dare be sworn no knights or lords
 E'er gave their ladies such.
 To plow went I, to spin went she,
 And all the parish tells,
 How Ralph and Fan
 Their loves began
 With joys, that none can greater be,
 When ding-dong went the bells.

Rare times were these — but, ah ! how soon
 Do wedlock's comforts fall !
 The days, that were the honey-moon,
 Are wormwood now, and gall.
 Whate'er of furies they invent,
 Broke out from flaming cells,
 You now may see
 In Fan and me !
 We fight, we scold, and both repent
 That ding-dong went the bells.

What

What med'cine can soften the bosom's keen smart? &c.



WHat med'cine can soften the bosom's keen smart?
 What Lethe can banish the pain?
 What cure can be met with, to soothe the fond heart,
 That's broke, broke, by a faithless young swain?

In hopes to forget him, how vainly I try
 The sports of the wake and the green:
 When Colin is dancing, I say, with a sigh,
 'Twas here first my Damon was seen.

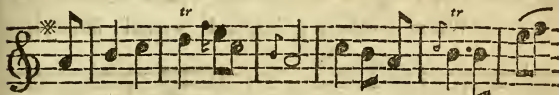
When to the pale moon the soft nightingales moan
 In accents so piercing and clear—
 You sing not so sweetly, I cry with a groan,
 As when my dear Damon was here.

A garland of willow my temples shall shade;
 And pluck it, ye nymphs, from yon grove;
 For there, to her cost, was poor Laura betray'd,
 And Damon pretended to love.

To heal the smart a bee had made, &c.



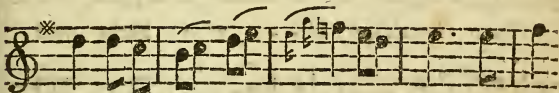
To heal the smart a bee had made



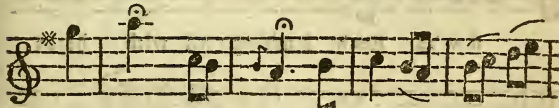
Upon my Chloe's face, Honey up-on her cheek



she laid, And bade me kiss the place.



Pleas'd I obey'd ; and, from the wound, Imbib'd



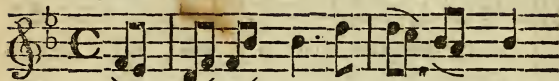
both sweet and smart; The honey on my



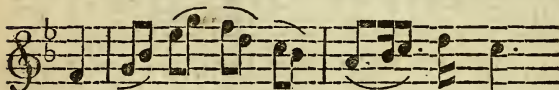
lips I found, The sting within my heart.

Warm southern gales, and vernal show'rs, &c.

MODERATO.



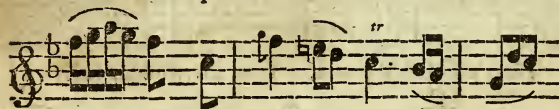
Warm southern gales, and vernal show'rs,



Each landscape fill with herbs and flow'rs,



Each landscape fill - - - with herbs and



flow'rs Each landscape fill with herbs



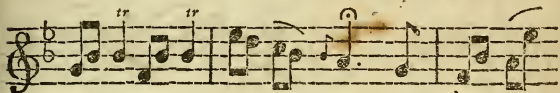
and flow'rs. The fo--rest, meadow,



hill, and dale, The u--ni--ver--sal boun-ty
hail.

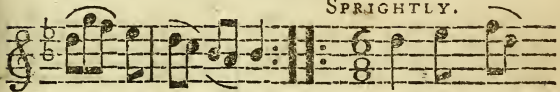


hail. The fo---rest, meadow, hill, and dale, The



u--ni-ver-fal bounty hail, The u---ni-

SPRIGHTLY.

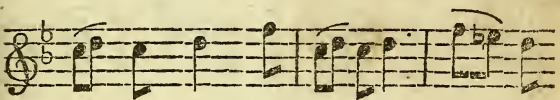


ver--fal bounty hail.

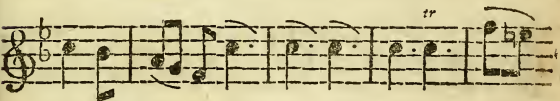
Swains and nymphs



with roundelay, Come and join the vocal spray.



Swains and nymphs, with roundelay, Come and

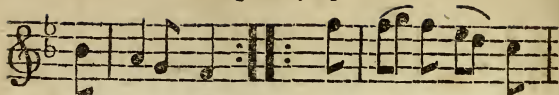


join the vocal spray. - - - - - Swains



and nymphs, with roundelay,

Come and join
the



the vocal spray.

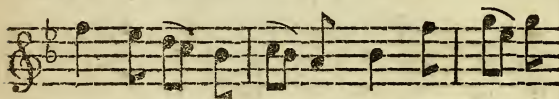
With gleeful notes your



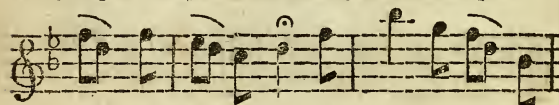
voices raise, To spring, in songs of boundless



praise. With gleeful notes your voices raise, To



spring, in songs of boundless praise. With gleeful



notes your voices raise, To spring, in songs of



boundless praise.

With

With sweet words, and looks so tender, &c.

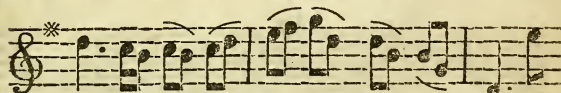
VIVACE.



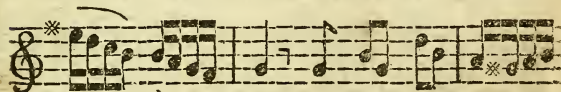
With sweet words, and looks so tender,



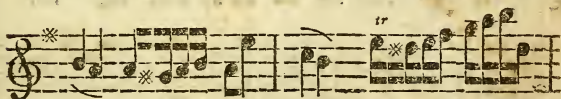
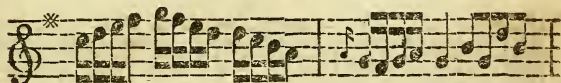
Well have you your flame express'd, And con-



jur'd me to sur--ren--der All you wish to



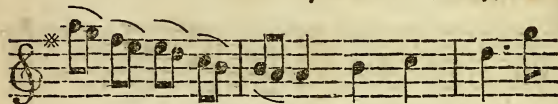
make you blest, To make you blest, - -



Make - - -



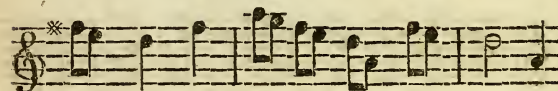
----- you blest. Say, for



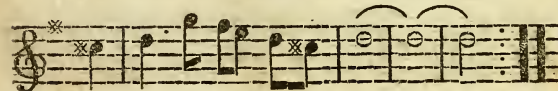
yet I'm not complying, If bright honour



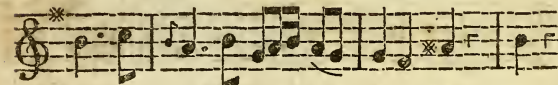
fways your mind. Say, for yet I'm not comply-



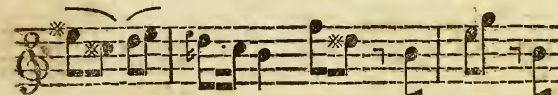
ing, If bright honour fways your mind, If



bright honour fways your mind - - - D. C.



Then there can be no de ny-ing, no, no,



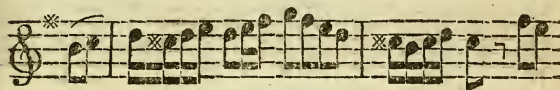
no de-----ny-ing, When you ask, I
must



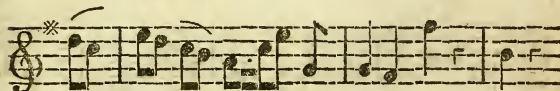
must be kind, When you ask, I must be



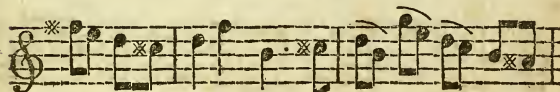
kind. Then there can be no denying, When



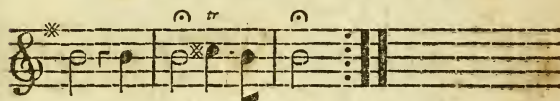
you ask, - - - - - Then



there can be no denying, no, no,



no de-ny-ing, When you ask, I must be



kind, I must be kind. DA CAPO.

Sweet ditties would my Patty sing, &c.

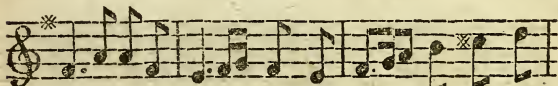
ALLEGRO.



Sweet ditties would my Patty sing, Old Chevy



chace, God save the king, Fair Rosemy and Sawny



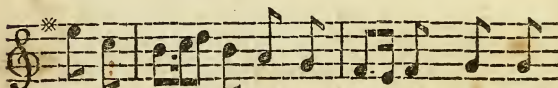
Scot, Lillibul--le-ro, and what not ; All these would



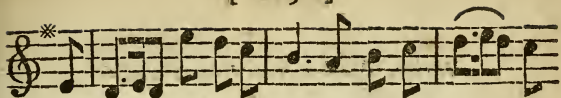
sing my blue-eyed Pat--ty, As with her pail she



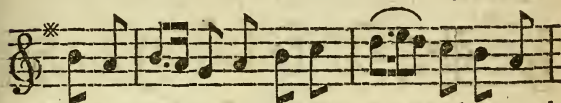
trudg'd along ; While still the burden of her song, My



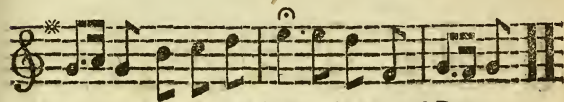
hammer beat to blue-eyed Patty, While still
the



the bur---den of her song, My hammer beat to



blue-eyed Patty, My hammer beat to blue-eyed



Patty, My hammer beat to blue-eyed Patty.

But nipping frosts and chilling rain
 Too soon, alas ! choak'd ev'ry strain !
 Too soon, alas ! the miry way
 Her wet-shod feet did sore dismay,
 And hoarse was heard my blue-eyed Patty !
 While I, most sorely vex'd, did cry :
 Ah ! could I but again, said I,
 Hear the sweet voice of blue-eyed Patty !

Love'taught me how : I work'd, I sang,
 My anvil glow'd, my hammer rang,
 Till I had form'd, from out the fire,
 (To bear her feet above the mire,)
 An engine for my blue-eyed Patty :
 Again was heard each tuneful close ;
 My fair-one on the PATTEN rose,
 Which takes its name from blue-eyed Patty.

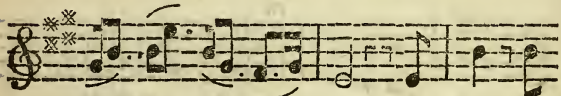
Hither,

Hither, Phœbus, turn thine eyes, &c.

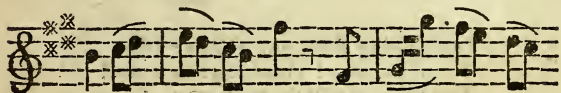
DOLCE.



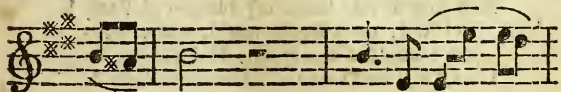
Hither, Phœbus, turn thine eyes, Nor



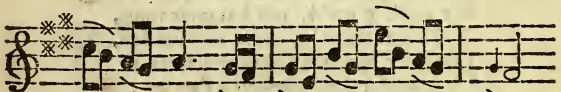
long--er hide the day; Give light and



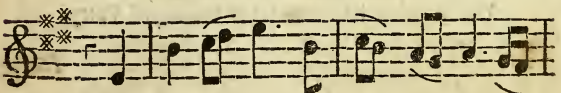
glory to the skies, And blooming youth



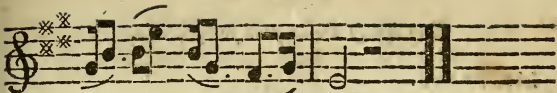
to May : Spring implores thy



gentle aid, To rise in liv'ry gay;



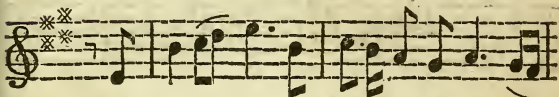
While no rude blast shall pierce the glade, Or
cool



cool the warmth of May.

Flora too invokes the pow'r
 Of thy reviving ray,
 To scatter roses ev'ry hour,
 And scent the breath of May.
 Come, and give to nature grace,
 To beauty quick convey
 That lovely excellence of face,
 That blush which charms in May.

The 7th line in the 2d verse must be noted thus :



That lovely, lovely, excellence of face, That
 &c.

Can

Can lovely Delia still persist, &c.

MODERATO.



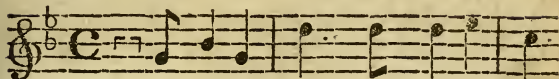
CAN lovely Delia still persist
 To fly pursuing love !
 To fly pursuing love !
 Can she my passion still resist,
 And always scornful prove !
 And always scornful prove !

With sighs and tears I told my tale,
 And did it oft repeat ;
 But sighs and tears will not avail,
 She does my hopes defeat.

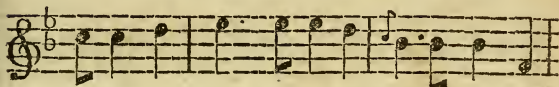
Pity my fate, ye pow'rs above,
 Relax the fair-one's heart ;
 And grant that Delia may, in love,
 With Corydon bear part.

Some courtly youth, whom love inspires, &c.

RECITATIVE.

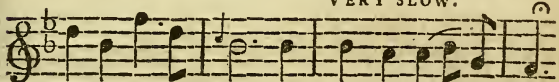


Some courtly youth, whom love inspires,



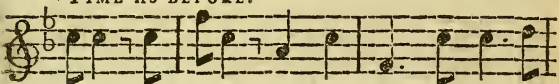
May sing of flames and soft desires, Or string A-

VERY SLOW.

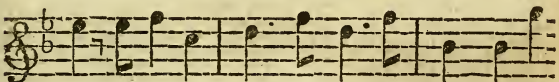


pollo's tuneful lyre, To move in melting strain;

TIME AS BEFORE.

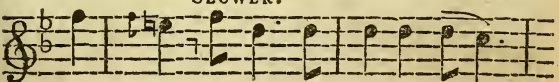


But I Parnassus ne'er have seen, The god of



love, or Cyprian queen; I know not what those fan-

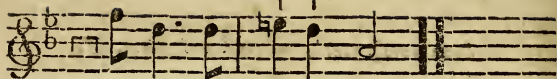
SLOWER.



cies mean, A poor and homely swain;

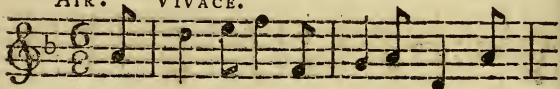
N

A poor

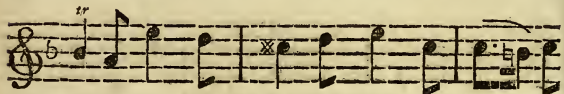


A poor and homely swain.

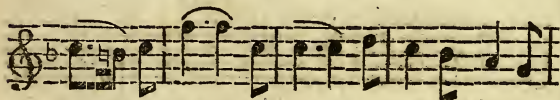
AIR. VIVACE.



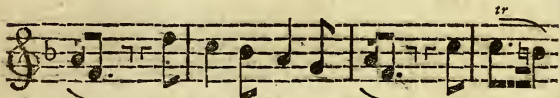
I know that I went to the fair ; The



miller's daughter Moll was there ; Her beauty



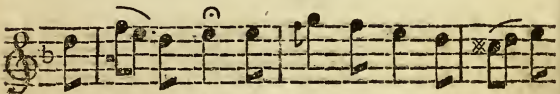
made me gape and stare ; A woeful fight for



John, A woeful fight for John. I fell



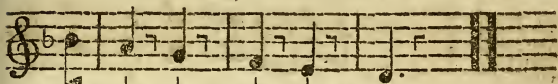
in love up---on the place ; I told her my



un-hap-py case, Yet still she turn'd a---way her
face,



face, And bade me get me gone, get me gone,

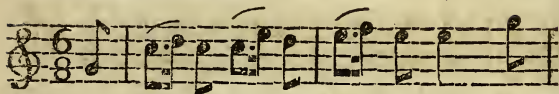


And bade me get me gone.

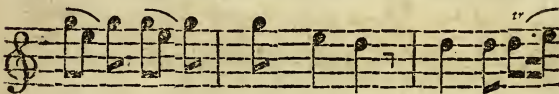
My heart was bumping in my breast ;
 It broke a score of ribs, at least ;
 The live-long day I took no rest,
 Nor clos'd the eyes at night :
 I am so bad, at times, that I,
 For aught I know, may come to die !
 If she keeps on her cruelty,
 I am in doleful plight !

Ye feather'd songsters of the vale, &c.

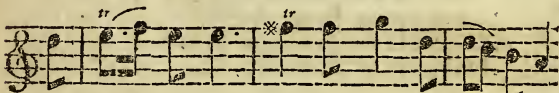
SICILIANO MODERATO.



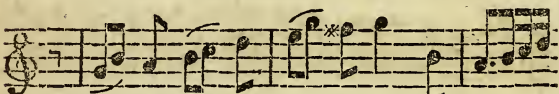
Ye feather'd songsters of the vale, Who



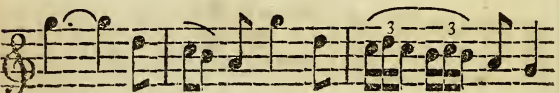
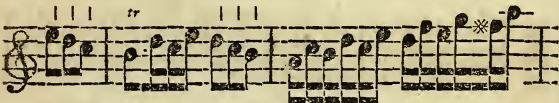
chirrup sweetly through the dale, Now your lit-



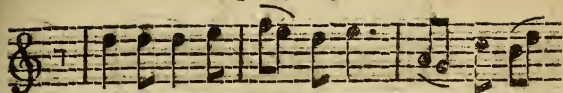
tle throats tune high, Till they reach the azure sky,



Till they reach the azure sky, The sky- - -



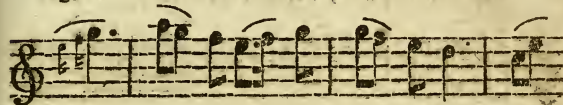
- - - the a-zure sky, the a-----zure sky:
And



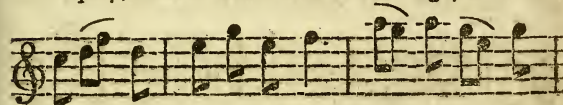
And the grottos all rebound With the charm-



ing, cheerful, found; Perch'd upon the blossoming



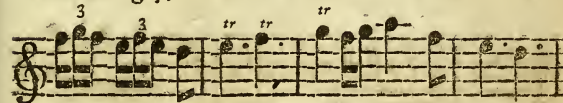
spray, Now salute the summer gay; Perch'd



upon the blossoming spray, Now salute the



summer gay, - - - - -



- - - - - The summer

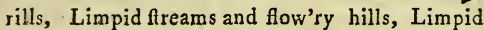
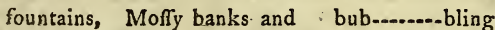
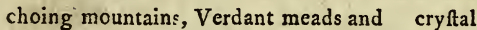


gay, - - - - - The summer

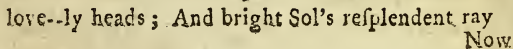
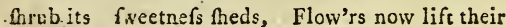
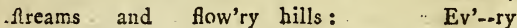
ALLEGRO MODERATO.

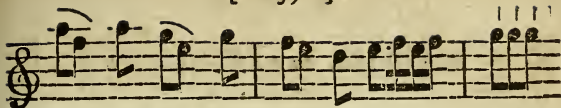


Bleat---ing flocks and e-

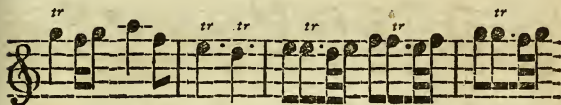
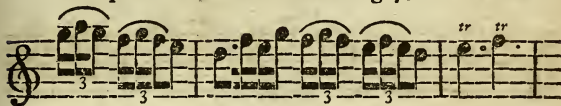


SICILIANO MODERATO.

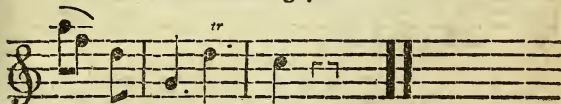




Now proclaims the summer gay, - - - - -



- - - - - The summer gay, - - - - -

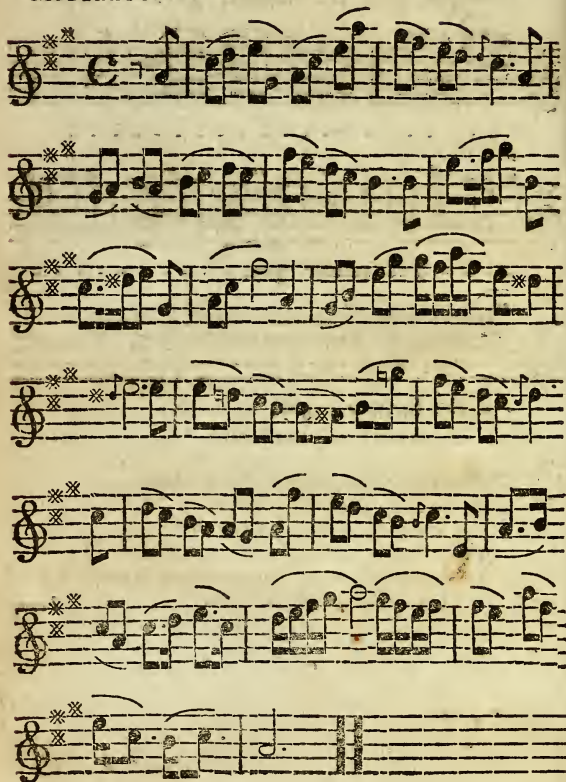


- - the summer gay.

Young

Young Derilas, an artless swain, &c.

MODERATO.



YOUNG

YOUNG Dorilas, an artless swain,
 And Daphne, pride of western plain,
 Their flocks together drove,
 Their flocks together drove:
 Gay youth sat blooming on his face;
 She no less shone with ev'ry grace;
 Yet neither thought of love,
 Yet neither thought of love.

With equal joy each morn they meet;
 At mid-day, seek the same retreat,
 And shelter in one grove;
 At ev'ning haunt the self-same walk,
 Together innocently talk,
 But not a word of love.

Hence mutual friendship firmly grew,
 Till heart to heart spontaneous flew,
 Like bill to bill of dove:
 Both feel the flame which both conceal;
 Both wish the other would reveal;
 Yet neither speaks of love.

She hung with rapture o'er his sense;
 He doated on her innocence:
 Thus each did each approve.
 They vow'd, and all their vows observ'd;
 The maid was true, the swain ne'er swerv'd;
 Then ev'ry word was love.

My Jockey is the blithest lad, &c.



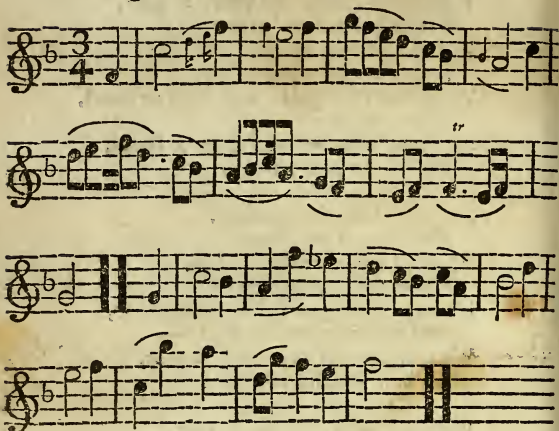
MY Jockey is the blithest lad
 That e'er young maid did woo;
 When he appears, my heart is glad,
 For he is kind and true.
 He talks of love whene'er we meet,
 His words in rapture flow;
 Then tunes his pipe, and sings so sweet,
 I have not pow'r to go.
 He tunes his pipe, and sings so sweet,
 I have not pow'r to go.

All other lasses he forsakes,
 And flies to me alone;
 At ev'ry fair, or other wakes,
 I hear the maidens moan.
 He buys me toys and sweatmeats too,
 And ribbands for my hair:—
 What swain was ever half so true,
 Or half so kind and fair?

Where'er I go, I nothing fear,
 If Jockey is but by:
 For I alone am all his care,
 Whenever danger's nigh.
 He vows to wed next Whitsunday,
 And make me blest for life;
 Can I refuse, ye maidens, say,
 To be young Jockey's wife?

My blifs too long my bride denies, &c.

Sung in the *MERCHANT OF VENICE*.



MY blifs too long my bride denies,
 Apace the waſting ſummer flies ;
 Nor yet the wintry blaſts I fear ;
 Nor ſtorms, nor night, ſhall keep me here.

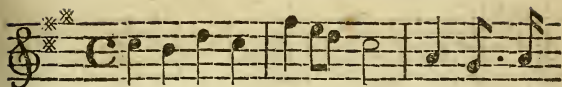
What may, for ſtrength, with ſteel compare ?
 Oh ! love has fetters ſtronger far !
 By bolts of ſteel are limbs confin'd,
 But cruel love inchains the mind.

No longer, then, perplex thy breaſt ;
 When thoughts torment, the firſt are beſt ;
 'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to ſtay,
 Away then, Jeſſe, haſte away.

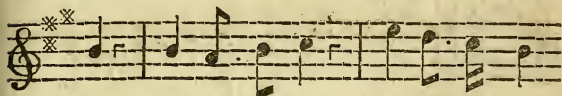
Happy

Happy, happy, happy, pair, &c.

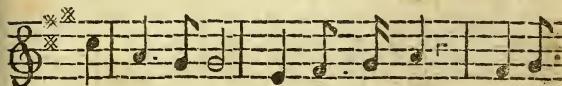
IN ALEXANDER'S FEAST.



Happy, happy, happy, pair! None but the



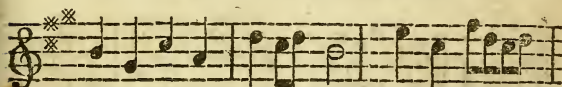
brave, none but the brave, none but the brave,



deserve the fair; None but the brave, none but

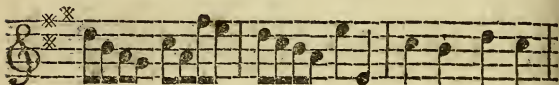
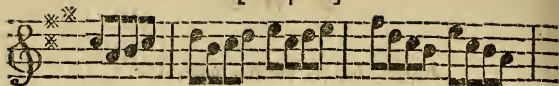


the brave, None but the brave deserve the fair.



Happy, happy, happy, pair! Happy, hap-





py ! Happy, happy,



happy pair ! None but the brave, none but the

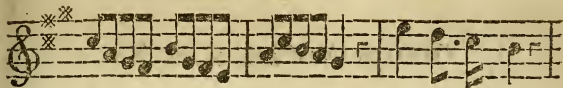


brave, None but the brave deserve the fair. None



but the brave deserve the fair - - - - -





----- None but the brave,



None but the brave deserve the fair, None but the



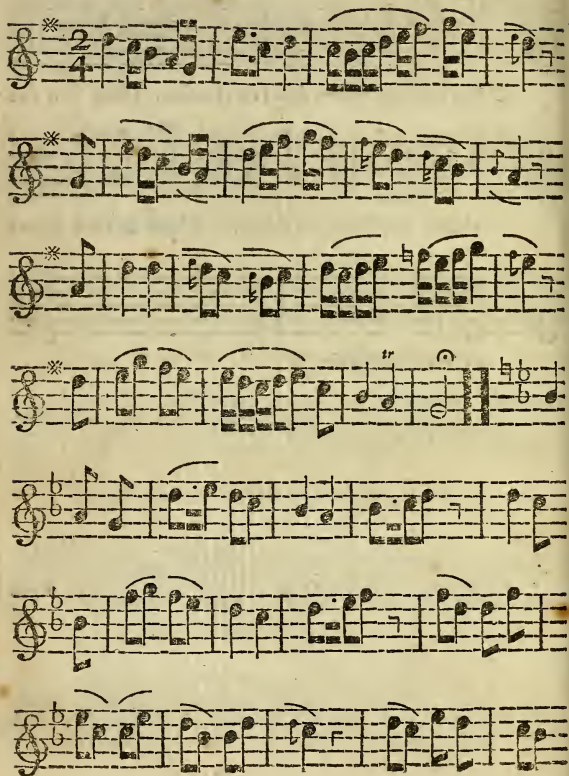
brave de-serve the fair, None but the brave

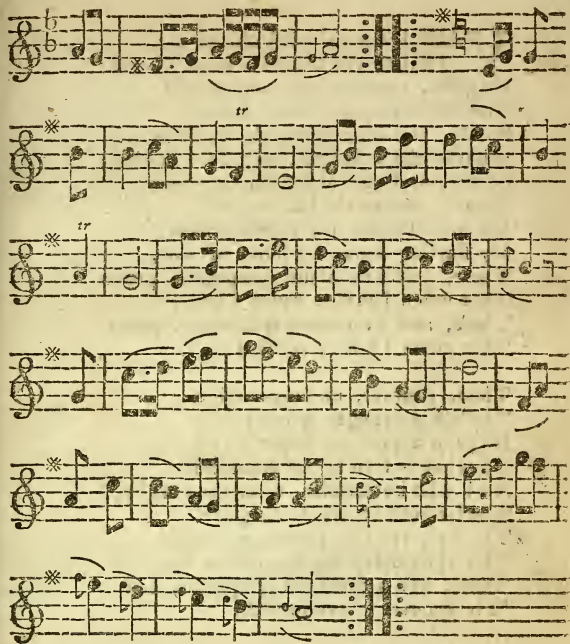


deserve the fair.

Vain is the thin disguise of art, &c.

RONDEAU.





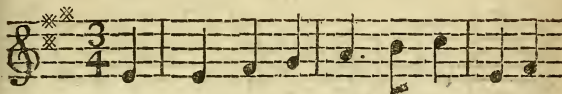
DA CAPO.

VAIN is the thin disguise of art,
 That strives to hide a lover's heart ;
 No guile, no cunning, can conceal
 The self-betraying flames I feel ;
 Forc'd, as I am, at length, to own
 What to the world has long been known ;
 Forc'd, as I am, at length, to own
 What to the world has long been known.
 My folded arms, my footsteps slow,
 My starting tears, my looks of woe,
 These, and a thousand symptoms, prove
 That much I suffer, much I love ;
 These, and a thousand symptoms, prove
 That much I suffer, much I love.

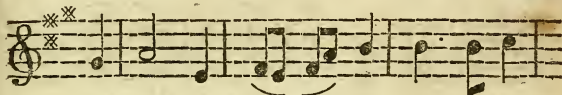
Then, Amoret, no longer feign
 Thyself a stranger to my pain ;
 Do thou appear no longer blind
 To what is seen by all mankind.
 Ah ! who but marks, when thou art by,
 The languor of my doating eye,
 The frequent changes of my cheek,
 The sighs that from my bosom break !
 These, and a thousand symptoms, tell
 'Tis Amoret I love so well.

How sweet and how pleasing the birds sing in tune! &c.

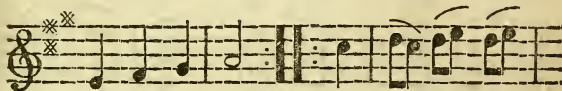
ANDANTE.



How sweet and how pleasing the birds sing



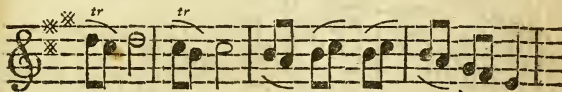
in tune! How sweet and how pleasing the



birds sing in tune! Gay prospects a-



bounding, All nature surrounding, And



all to delight my sweet Ai--leen Aroon!

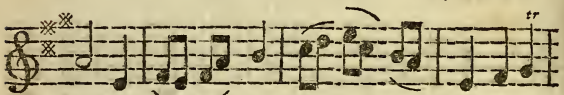


And all to delight my sweet Aileen Aroon!

The



The roses and li--lies in May and in



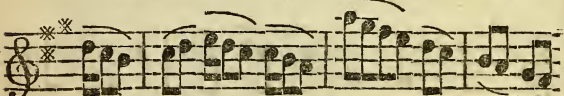
June, The ro--ses and li--lies in May and in



June, So charming and blooming, A-



round all per--fu--ming, So charming



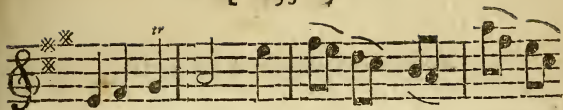
and blooming, A----round all per--fu-



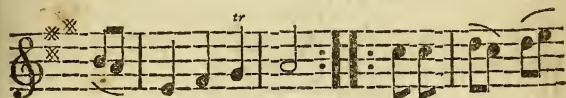
ing, Are not half so sweet as my Aileen



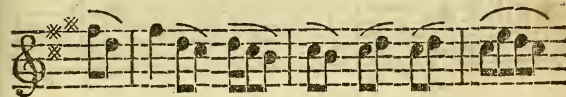
Aroon! When sultry bright Phœbus makes
fervid



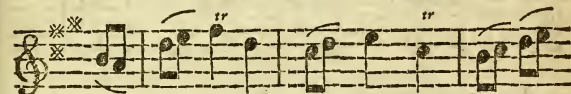
fervid the noon, When sultry bright Phœbus



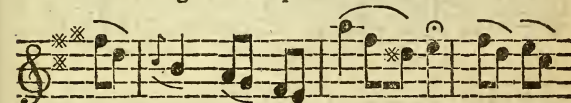
makes fervid the noon, In the grove or



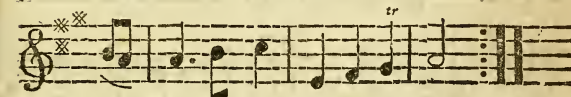
the bow'r I'll pass the long hour,



And sing in the praise of sweet Aileen



Aroon! And sing, sing, - - - sing, in

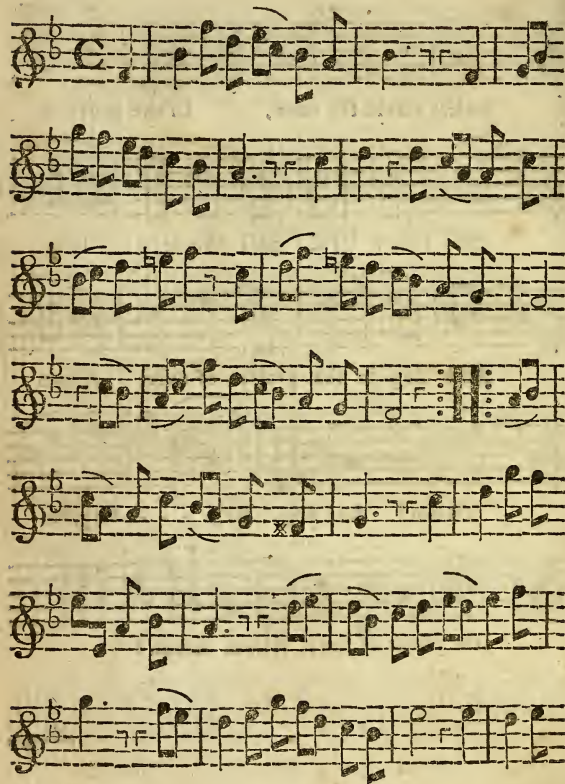


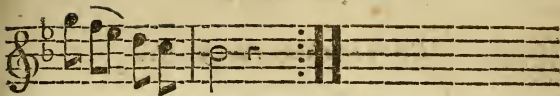
the praise of sweet Aileen Aroon!

Away,

Away, to the woodlands away, &c.

ALLEGRO MODERATO.

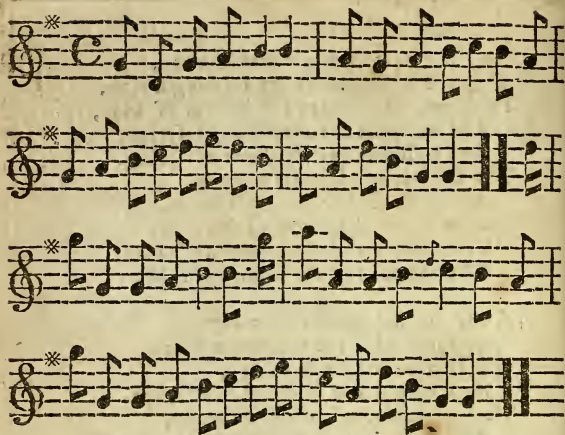




AWAY, to the woodlands away,
 The shepherds are forming a ring,
 To dance, to dance to the honour of May,
 And welcome the pleasures of spring,
 And welcome the pleasures of spring.
 The shepherdess labours a grace,
 And shines in her Sunday's array,
 And bears, in the bloom of her face,
 The charms and the beauties of May,
 The charms and the beauties of May.

Away, to the woodlands away,
 And join with the amorous train;
 'Tis treason to labour to-day,
 Now Cupid and Bacchus must reign.
 With garlands, of primroses made,
 And crown'd with the sweet blooming spray,
 Through woodland, and meadow, and shade,
 We'll dance to the honour of May.

I'm in love with twenty, &c.



I'M in love with twenty,
 I'm in love with twenty,
 And could adore
 As many more,
 For nothing's like a plenty.
 Variety is charming,
 Variety is charming,
 For constancy
 Is not for me,
 So, ladies, you have warning.

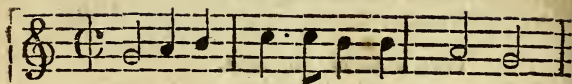
He, that has but one love,
 Looks as poor
 As any boor,
 Or like a man with one glove.
 Variety, &c.

Not the fine regalia
 Of Eastern kings,
 That Homer sings,
 But O the fine seraglio!
 Variety, &c.

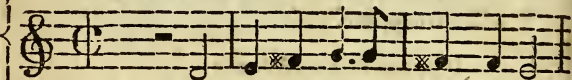
Girls grow old and ugly,
 And can't inspire
 The same desire
 As when they're young and smugly.
 Variety, &c.

Why has Cupid pinions?
 If not to fly
 Through all the sky,
 And see his favorite minions?
 Variety, &c.

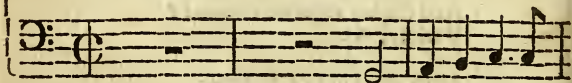
Love was born of Beauty;
 And, when she goes,
 The urchin knows,
 To follow is his duty.
 Variety is charming,
 For constancy
 Is not for me,
 So, ladies, you have warning.

Non nobis, Domine, &c.

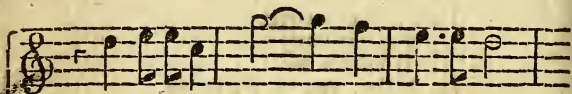
Non nobis, Domine, non nobis,



Non nobis, Do-mi---ne, non no-



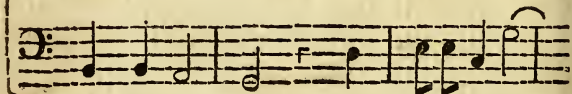
Non nobis, Domi-



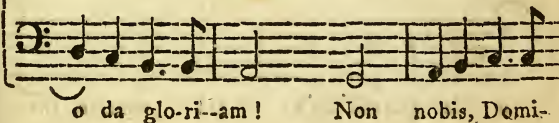
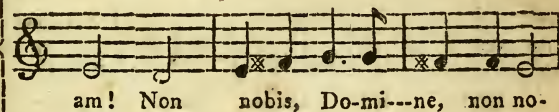
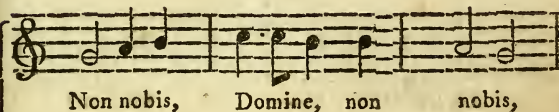
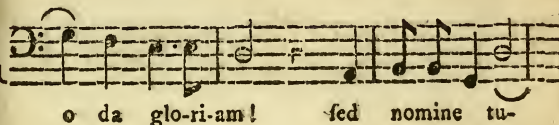
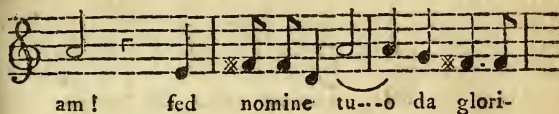
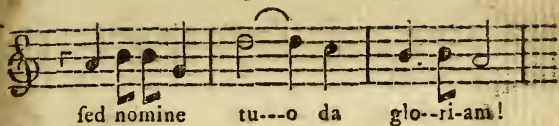
Sed nomine tu----o da gloriam!

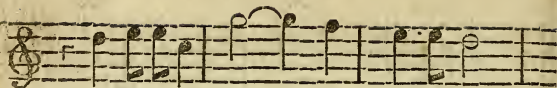


bis, fed nomine tu--o da glori-



ne, non no---bis, fed nomine tu-

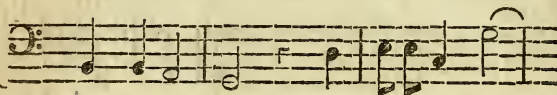




fed nomine tu---o da gloriam!



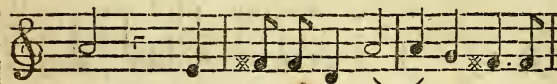
bis, fed nomine tu--o da glori-



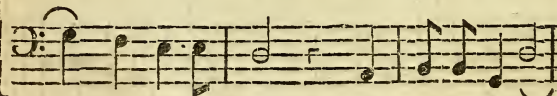
ne, non no---bis, fed nomine tu-



fed nomine tu---o da gloriam!



am! fed nomine tu--o da glori-



o da glo-ri---am! : fed nomine tu-

Non nobis, Domine, non nobis,

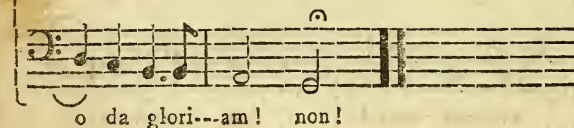
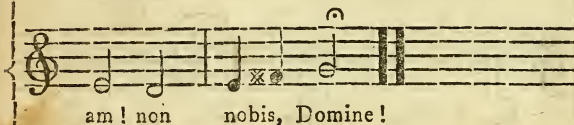
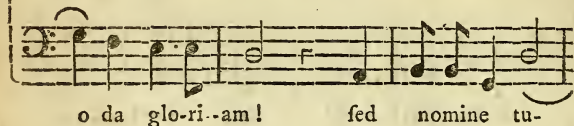
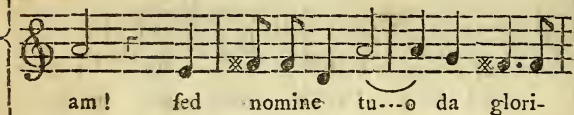
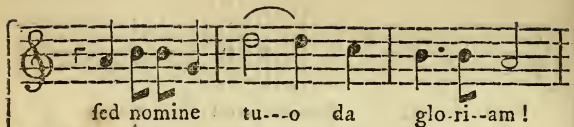
am! Non nobis, Domi---ne, non no-

o da glori---am! Non nobis, Domi-

Sed nomine tu---o da gloriam!

bis, fed nomine tu---o da glori-

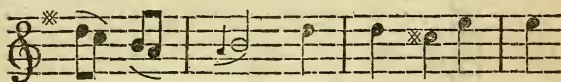
ne, non no---bis, fed nomine tu-



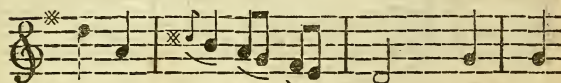
Thrice happy the nation that Shakespear has charm'd, &c.



Thrice hap-py the nation that Shake-



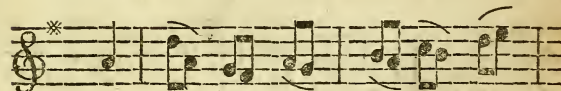
spear has charm'd, More happy the bo-



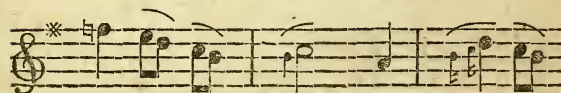
fom his ge---nius has warm'd! More hap-



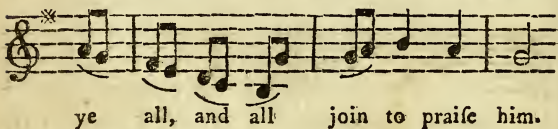
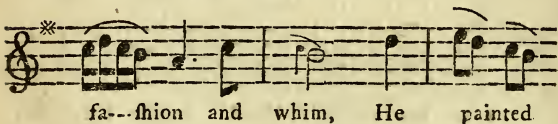
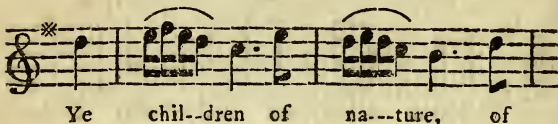
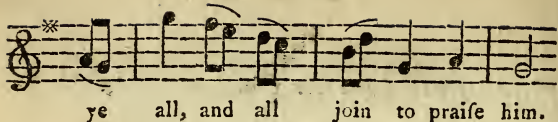
py the bosom his ge---nius has warm'd!



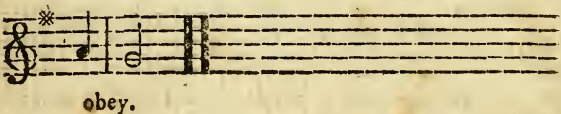
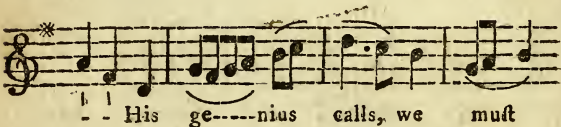
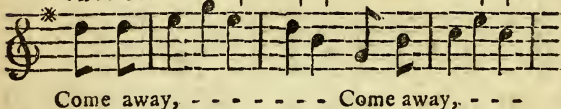
Ye children of nature, of



fashion and wh m, He painted
ye



CHORUS.



From highest to lowest, from old to the young,
 All states and conditions by him have been sung;
 All passions and humours were rais'd by his pen,
 He could soar with the eagle and sing with the wren.

CHORUS.

Come away, come away,
 His genius calls, we must obey.

To praise him, ye fairies and genii, repair,
 He knew where ye haunted, in earth or in air;
 No phantom so subtle could glide from his view,
 The wings of his fancy were swifter than you.

CHORUS.

Come away, come away,
 His genius calls, we must obey.

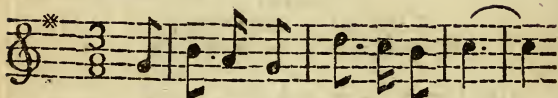
Ye mortals, may folly ne'er lead you astray,
 Nor vain empty fashion your reason betray,
 By your love to the bard may your genius be known,
 Nor injure his fame to the loss of your own.

CHORUS.

Come away, come away,
 His genius calls, we must obey.

Is Daphne, the pride of the plain, &c.

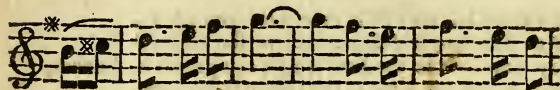
LARGO ANDANTE.



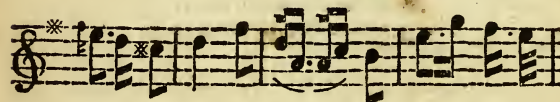
CORYDON. Is Daphne, the pride of the plain,



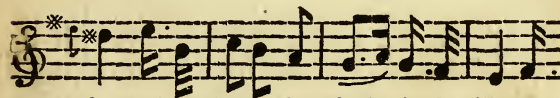
Content to be Corydon's spouse? Can she listen



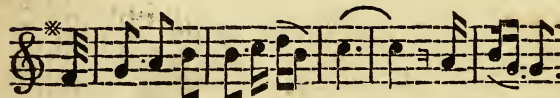
with love to his strain? Is she charm'd with the



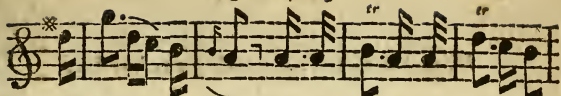
villager's vows? The kidlings that browse on the



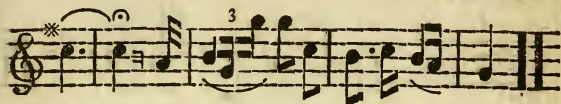
rock, And the fleeces that bathe in the rill, Nay



the all of my pastoral flock, Believe me,
is



is hers if she will. Nay the all of my pastoral



flock, Believe me, is hers if she will.

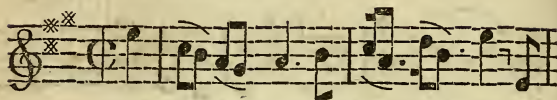
DAPHNE. Good shepherd, be artless and wise ;
 Can ambition with meekness agree ?
 Contentment's the charter I prize,
 No wealth has a virtue for me :
 'Tis enough to be Corydon's wife,
 And duties domestic fulfil ;
 I am sure I can love you for life,
 So, I thank you, I think that I will.

CORYDON. The miser his plumb may possess,
 The statesman his title and star,
 Our cares and our crimes will be less,
 And sha'n't we be happier far ?
 From fortune we'll brave each rebuff,
 Your smiles can adversity kill,
 Your heart will be treasure enough,
 And I'll keep it, dear Daphne, I will.

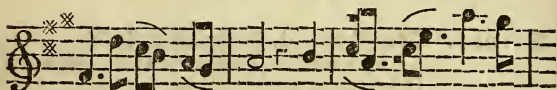
DAPHNE. My candour coquets may despise,
 And prudes may my passion gainsay,
 But innocence scorns a disguise,
 And I hope I'm as modest as they ;
 And I think, if there's faith in the brook,
 I'm as fair as the maid of the mill ;
 So, Corydon, give me your crook,
 For in truth 'tis determin'd, — I will.

When Flora decks the mantling bow'rs, &c.

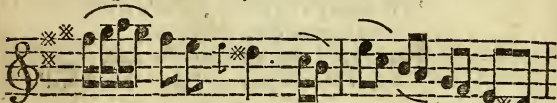
LIVELY.



When Flora decks the mantling bow'rs In



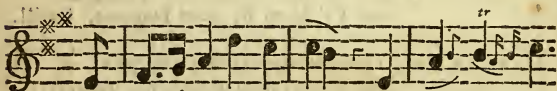
elegant ar---ray, And scat---ters all her



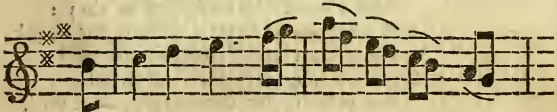
o-----pening flow'rs To compliment the



May : When Flora decks the mantling bow'rs

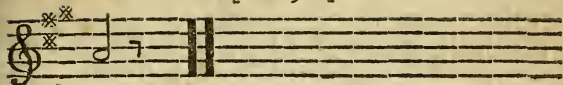


In e---legant ar-ray, And scatters all



her op'ning flow'rs To compliment the

May :



May :

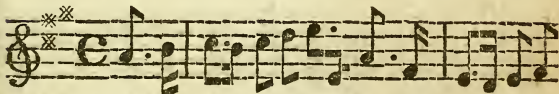
With glowing joy my bosom beats,
I gaze, delighted, round,
And wish to see the various sweets
In one rich nosegay bound.

'Tis granted, and their bloom decay'd :
To bless my wond'ring view,
I see them all, my beauteous maid,
I see them all in you !

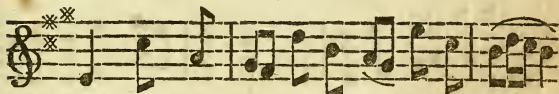
While the lads of the village shall merrily, ah ! &c.

Sung in THE QUAKER.

ALLEGRETTO.



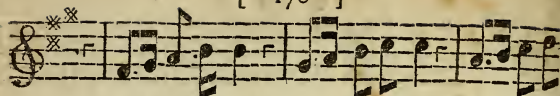
While the lads of the village shall merrily,



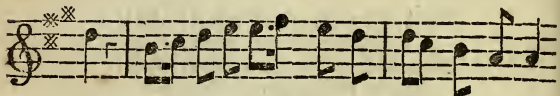
ah ! Sound their tabors, I'll hand thee a---long ;



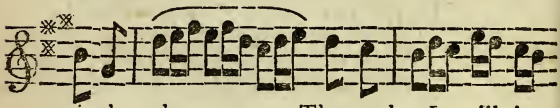
And I fay unto thee that, ve--ri--ly, ah !
Q ve-



ve-ri-ly, ah! ve-ri-ly, ah! ve-ri-ly,



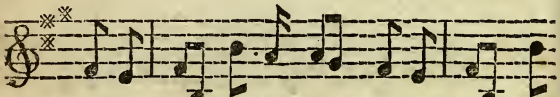
ah! ve-ri-ly, ah! Thou and I will be first



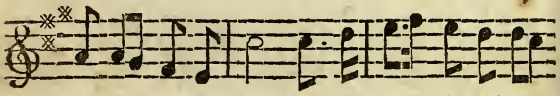
in the throng, - - - Thou and I will be



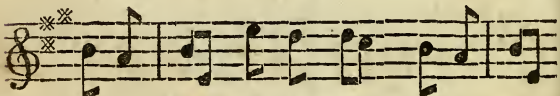
first in the throng: Just then, when the youth,



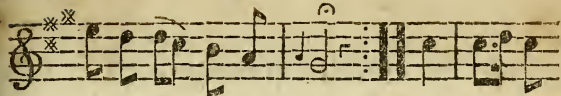
who last year won the dow'r, With his mate shall



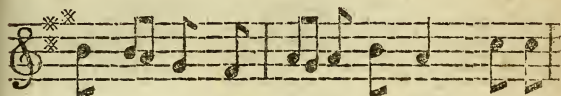
the sports have begun; When the gay voice of glad-



ness is heard from each bow'r, And thou long'st
in



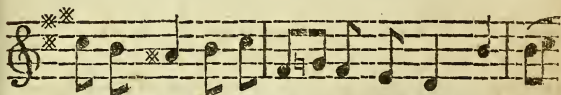
in thy heart to make one. Those joys that



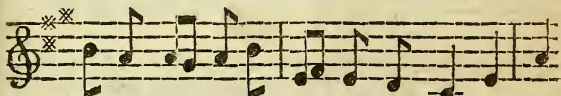
are harmless what mortal can blame? 'Tis my



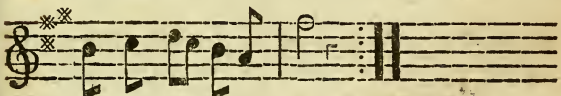
maxim that youth should be free: And, to prove



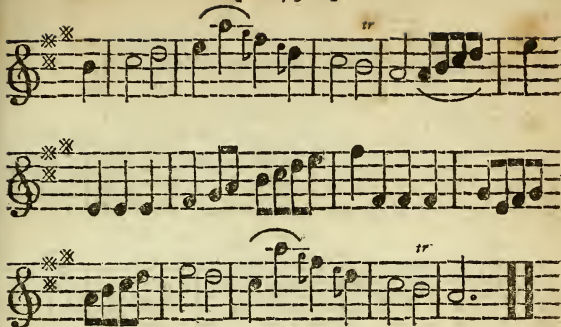
that my words and my deeds are the same, To prove



that my words and my deeds are the same, Believe



thou shalt presently see. DA CAPO.

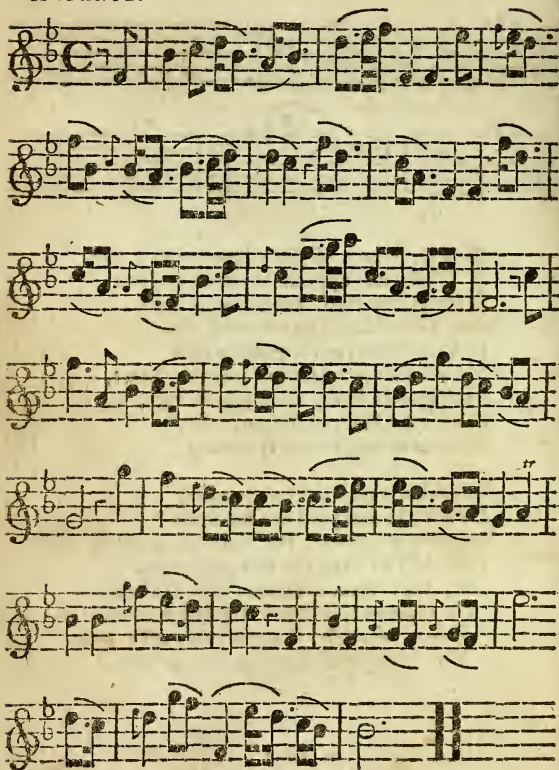


HE, who a virgin's heart would win,
 By soft approaches must begin,
 Must gently sigh, must gently sigh,
 And each endearing art must try.
 If Cupid's favour'd golden dart
 Should then transfix her yielding heart,
 Each gentle look, each gentle sigh,
 Shall echo back with sympathy,
 Shall echo back with sympathy.

But what avails a heart to gain,
 Unless the conquest we maintain?
 Implore we, then, the heav'nly pow'rs,
 How still to keep the conquest ours.
 List, list! what murmurs here incline! —
 'Tis Hymen! — Mark the voice divine! —
 ' Know, mortals, I alone can prove
 ' The strong attractive charms of love!'

The silver moon's enamour'd beam, &c.

ANDANTE.



THE

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton with the winding stream,
 And kifs reflected light.
 To beds of state go, balmy sleep,
 ('Tis where you've seldom been,)
 Whilst I May's wakeful vigil keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen,
 With Kate of Aberdeen,
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

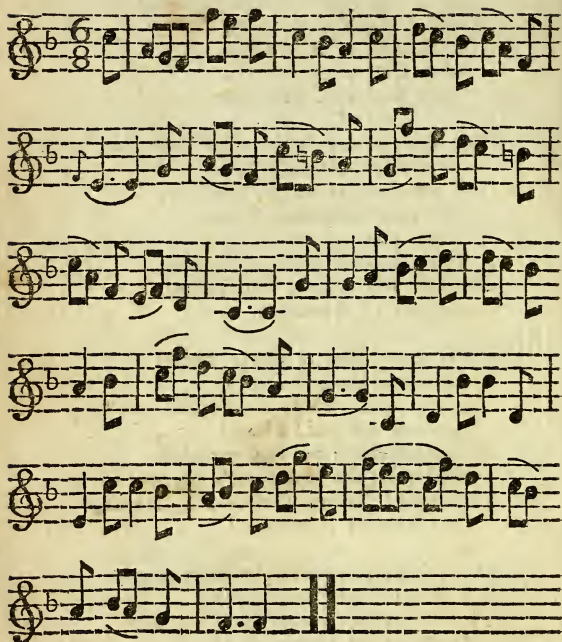
The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
 In primrose-chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbar her golden gate,
 And give the promis'd May.
 The nymphs and swains shall all declare,
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
 And rouse the nodding grove,
 Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,
 And hail the maid I love !
 At her approach the lark mistakes,
 And quits the new-dress'd green :
 Fond bird ! 'tis not the morning breaks,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen !

Now, blithesome o'er the dewy mead,
 Where elves disportive play,
 The festal dance young shepherds lead,
 Or sing their love-tun'd lay ;
 Till May in morning-robe draws nigh,
 And claims a virgin queen ;
 The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
 Here's Kate of Aberdeen !

One summer's eve, as Nancy fair, &c.

ALLEGRO, MA NON TROPPO.



ONE

ONE summer's eve, as Nancy fair
 Sat spinning in the shade,
 While soaring larks did shake the air
 In warbling o'er her head :
 In tender coos the pigeons woo'd ;
 Love's impulse all must feel ;
 She sang, but still her work pursu'd,
 And turn'd her spinning wheel,
 And turn'd her spinning-wheel.

‘ While thus I work with rock and reel,
 ‘ So life by time is spun,
 ‘ And, as turns round my spinning-wheel,
 ‘ The world turns up and down ;
 ‘ Some rich to-day, tomorrow low,
 ‘ While I no changes feel,
 ‘ But get my bread by sweat of brow,
 ‘ And turn my spinning wheel.

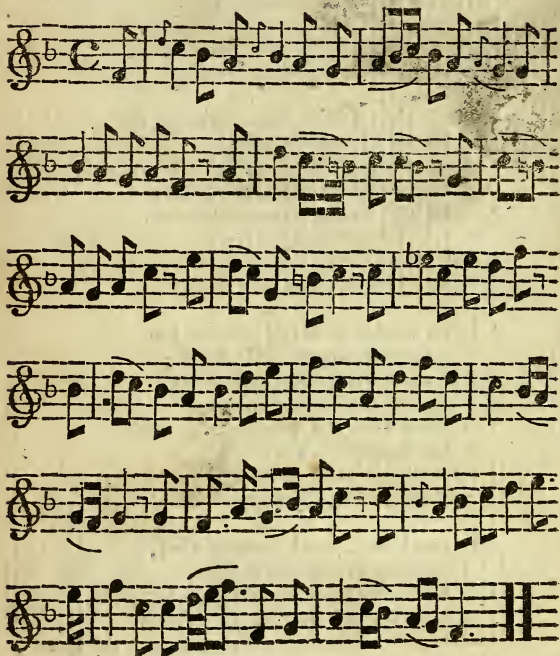
‘ From me let men and women too
 ‘ This home-spun lesson learn ;
 ‘ Not mind what other people do,
 ‘ But eat the bread they earn.
 ‘ If none were fed (were that to me)
 ‘ But what deserv'd a meal,
 ‘ Some ladies then, we soon should see,
 ‘ Must turn the spinning-wheel.’

The rural toast, with sweetest tone,
 Thus sang her witless strain,
 When o'er the lawn limp'd gammer Joan,
 And brought home Nancy's swain.
 ‘ Come, (cries the dame,) Nance, here's thy spouse,
 ‘ Away throw rock and reel !’
 Blithe Nanny, at the bonny news,
 O'er-set the spinning-wheel.

When

When lately I offer'd miss Charlotte to kiss, &c.

CON SPIRITO.



WHEN

WHEN lately I offer'd miss Charlotte to kiss,
 She flew'd, and she flouted, and took it amiss,
 She flew'd, and she flouted, and took it amiss.
 ' Begone, you great booby ! (she cry'd, with a frown,)
 ' Do you think that I want to be kiss'd by a clown ?'
 ' Begone, you great booby ! (she cry'd, with a frown,)
 ' Do you think that I want to be kiss'd by a clown ?'

Thus spoke the pert huffy, and view'd me all round
 With an eye of disdain, and then spit on the ground ;
 Look'd proud of her charms, with an insolent sneer,
 And sent me away, with a flea in my ear.

My blood quickly boil'd, in a violent pique,
 And, red as a rose, passion glow'd on my cheek ;
 For it nettled me sore, that this flirt of the town
 Should despise a young shepherd, and call him a clown.

The girls of the country, if they had their wills,
 Would kiss me, and press me, to stay on the hills ;
 Thus they lik'd me, no doubt ; but this flirt of the town
 Refus'd my fond kisses, and call'd me a clown.

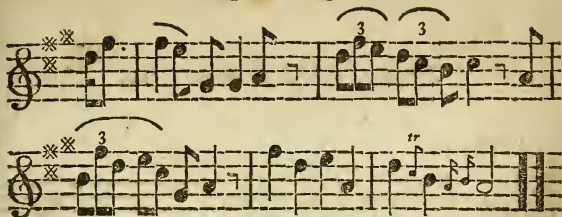
May she never encounter with shepherds again,
 On the hills, in the vale, in the city, or plain ;
 And may the proud minx, for her crime to atone,
 If she can, sleep contented ; — but always alone.

Dearest

Dearest Kitty, kind and fair, &c.

ANDANTE.



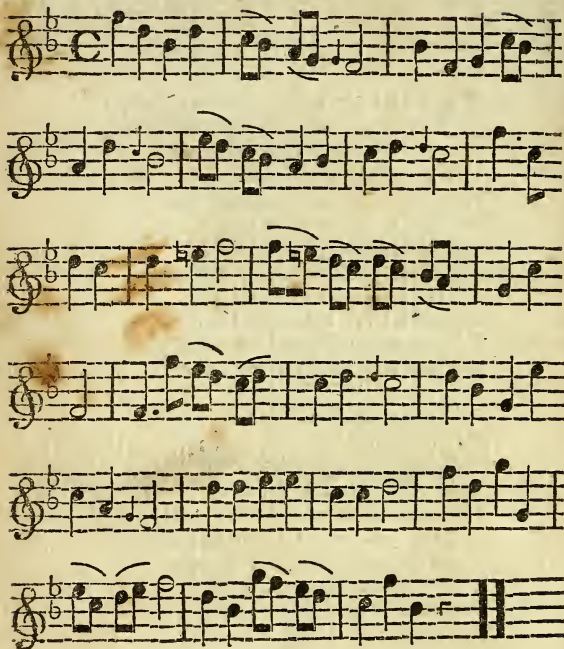


DEAREST Kitty, kind and fair,
 Tell me when and tell me where,
 Tell thy fond and faithful swain
 When we thus shall meet again.
 Where shall Strephon fondly see
 Beauties only found in thee?
 Beauties only found in thee?
 Kifs thee, preſs thee, toy and play,
 All the happy live-long day?
 Dearest Kitty, kind and fair,
 Tell me when and tell me where,
 Tell me when and tell me where.

All the happy day, 'tis true,
 Bleſt but only then with you;
 Nightly Strephon ſighs alone,
 Sighs till Hymen make us one.
 Tell me, then, and eaſe my pain,
 Tell thy fond and faithful ſwain
 When the prieſt ſhall kindly join
 Kitty's trembling hand to mine.
 Dearest Kitty, kind and fair,
 Tell me when, I care not where.

Pleasure, goddess all divine ! &c.

ALLEGRO.



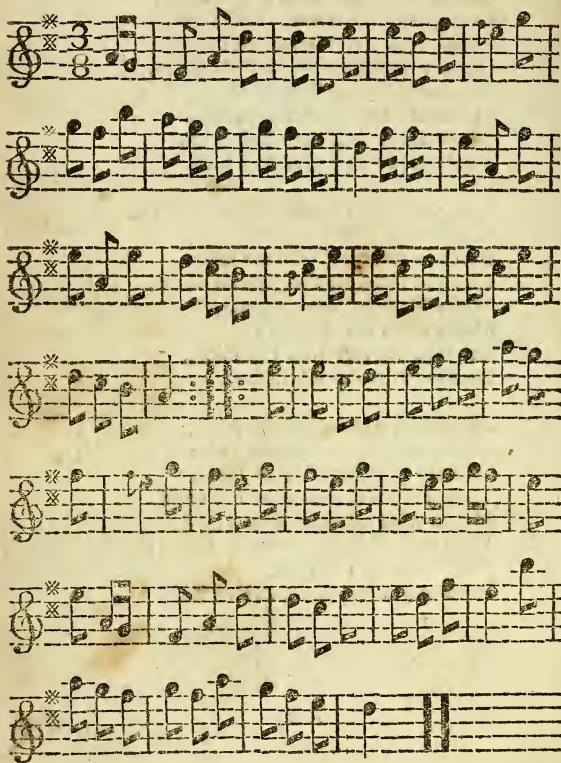
PLEASURE,

PLEASURE, goddess all divine !
 Come, O come, my soul is thine ;
 Come, O come, with graceful air,
 Come, and drive away dull care,
 Come, and drive away dull care.
 Care, that suits with sordid minds,
 Such as fear or av'rice binds ;
 Selfish, fullen, human, brutes,
 Those alone dull care best suits,
 Those alone dull care best suits.

Bring with thee sweet dimpled Love,
 Cupid will with Pleasure rove ;
 Bacchus too must join the train,
 Bacchus prompts the jocund strain.
 Merry Momus, too, appear,
 Momus is a foe to care ;
 Let me, let me, join the choir,
 Pleasure is my soul's desire.

I'll with Bacchus toss the glass,
 And with Cupid toast my lass ;
 Or with waggish Momus laugh ;
 Thus I'll love, and thus I'll quaff.
 Hence with all your sober rules,
 Wretched pedants, prating fools ;
 Musty morals I despise,
 Love and mirth can make us wise.

Dear Chloe, how blubber'd is thy pretty face, &c.



DEAR

DEAR Chloe, how blubber'd is thy pretty face !
 Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd !
 Prithee quit this caprice, and, as old Falstaff says,
 Let's e'en talk a little like folks of this world.
 How canst thou presume thou hast leave to destroy
 The beauties which Venus but lent to thy keeping ?
 Those looks were design'd to inspire love and joy ;
 More ordinary eyes may serve people for weeping.

To be vex'd at a trifle or two that I write,
 Your judgement, at once, and my passion you wrong ;
 You take that for a fact, which will scarce be found wit ;
 Od's-life ! must one swear to the truth of a song ?
 The god of us verse-men you know, child,—the Sun,—
 How after his journey he sets up his rest ;
 If, at morning, o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
 At night, he reclines on his Thetis's breast.

So, when I, weary'd with wand'ring all day,
 To thee, my delight ! in the ev'ning am come ;
 No matter what beauties I met in my way,
 They were but my visits, but thou art my home !
 Then finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war,
 And let us, like Horace and Lydia, agree ;
 For thou art than Lydia much brighter by far,
 As he was a poet superior to me !

FROM morning till night, and wherever I go,
 Young Colin pursues me, though still I say No,
 Young Colin pursues me, though still I say No :
 Ye matrons experienc'd, inform me, I pray,
 In a point, that's so critical, what shall I say ?
 Ye matrons experienc'd, inform me, I pray,
 In a point, that's so critical, what shall I say ?

Soft sonnets he makes on my beauty and wit,
 Such praises a bosom that's tender must hit ;
 He vows that he'll love me for ever and aye ;
 In a point, that's so critical, what can I say ?

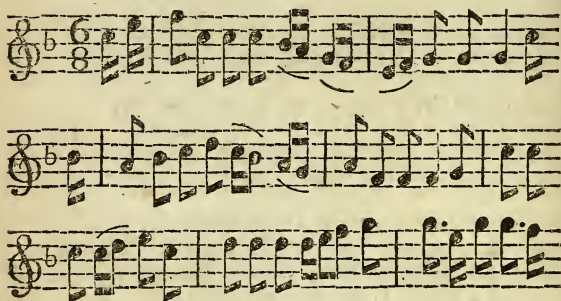
He brought me a garland, the sweetest e'er seen,
 And, saluting me, call'd me his heart's little queen ;
 In my breast, like a bird, I found something play ;
 Instruct a young virgin then what she must say.

But vain my petition, you heed not my call,
 But leave me, unguarded, to stand or to fall ;
 No more I'll solicit, no longer I'll pray ;
 Let Prudence inform me in what I shall say.

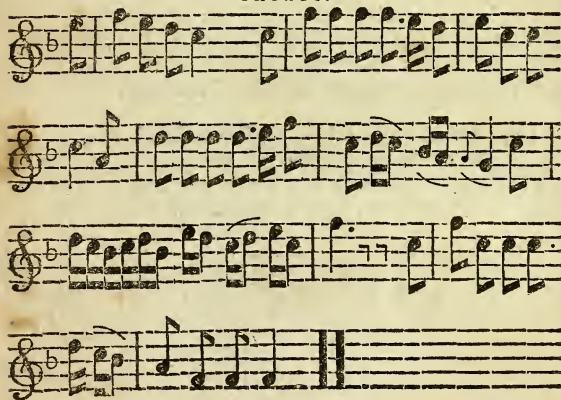
When next he approaches, with care in his eye,
 If he asks me to wed, I vow I'll comply ;
 At church he may take me for ever and aye,
 And, I warrant you, then I shall know what to say.

Now the hill-tops are burnish'd with azure and gold, &c.

VIVACE.



CHORUS.



NOW

NOW the hill-tops are burnish'd with azure and gold,
And the prospect around us most bright to behold;
The hounds are all trying the mazes to trace,
The steeds are all neighing, and pant for the chace.

CHORUS.

Then rouse, each true sportsman, and join, at the dawn,
The song of the hunters, and sound of the horn,
And sound of the horn,
The song of the hunters, and sound of the horn.

Health braces the nerves and gives joy to the face,
Whilst o'er the heath we pursue the fleet chace ;
See, the downs now we leave, and the coverts appear,
As eager we follow the fox or the hare.

Then rouse, &c.

Wherever we go, pleasure waits on us still,
If we sink in the valley, or rise on the hill;
O'er hedges and rivers we valiantly fly,
For, fearless of death, we ne'er think we shall die.

Then rouse, &c.

From ages long past, by the poets we're told,
That hunting was lov'd by the sages of old ;
That the soldier and huntsman were both on a par,
And the health-giving chase made them bold in the war.

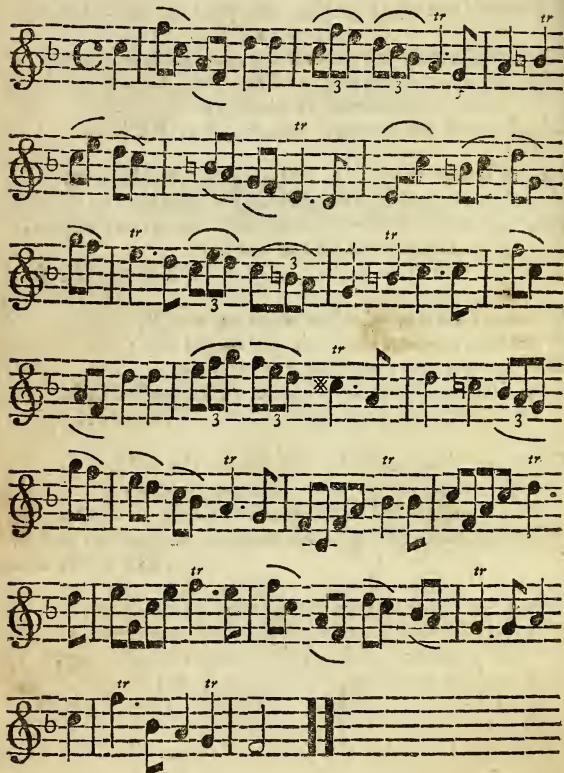
Then rouse, &c.

When the chace is once over, away to the bowl,
The full flowing bumpers shall cheer up the soul;
Whilst, jocund, our songs shall with choruses ring,
And toasts to our lasses, our country, and king.

Then rouse, &c.

Young Thyrfis (sure the blithest swain, &c.

MODERATO.



YOUNG

YOUNG Thyrsis (sure the blithest swain
 That ever tripp'd the sylvan plain,
 Or sigh'd for virgin fair,
 Or sigh'd for virgin fair,)

Woo'd Delia; but the cruel dame
 With cold neglect return'd his flame,
 Nor would, nor would, the shepherd hear,
 Nor would, nor would, the shepherd hear.

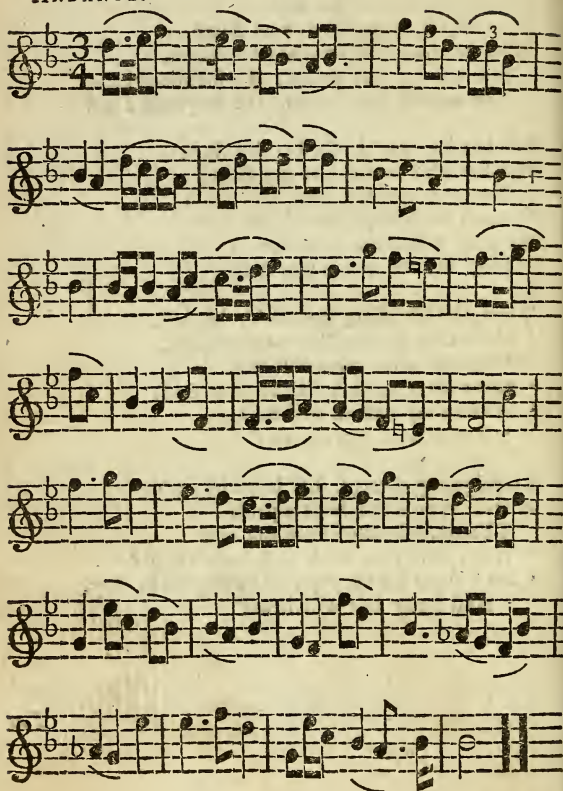
For her he danc'd, for her did sing,
 For her his tuneful lyre did string
 To ev'ry pleasing air;
 By each engaging art he strove
 To gain attention to his love;
 But, lo, she would not hear.

Then, by her scorn provok'd, he said,
 ' Since thus my tender vows are paid,
 ' Know, thou relentless fair,
 ' Some other nymph I'll strive to find,
 ' Who to my passion will be kind,
 ' And lend a pitying ear.'

By feigning change, her heart he try'd;
 A rival piqu'd her female pride;
 The thought she could not bear:
 ' Why, Thyrsis, with such haste away?
 ' Oh! stay, (she cry'd,) kind shepherd, stay,
 ' And I thy suit will hear!'

I do as I will with my swain, &c.

ANDANTE.



I Do as I will with my swain,
 He never once thinks I am wrong,
 He likes none so well on the plain,
 I please him so much with my song.
 A song is my shepherd's delight,
 He hears me with joy all the day,
 He's sorry when comes the dull night,
 That hastens the end of my lay.

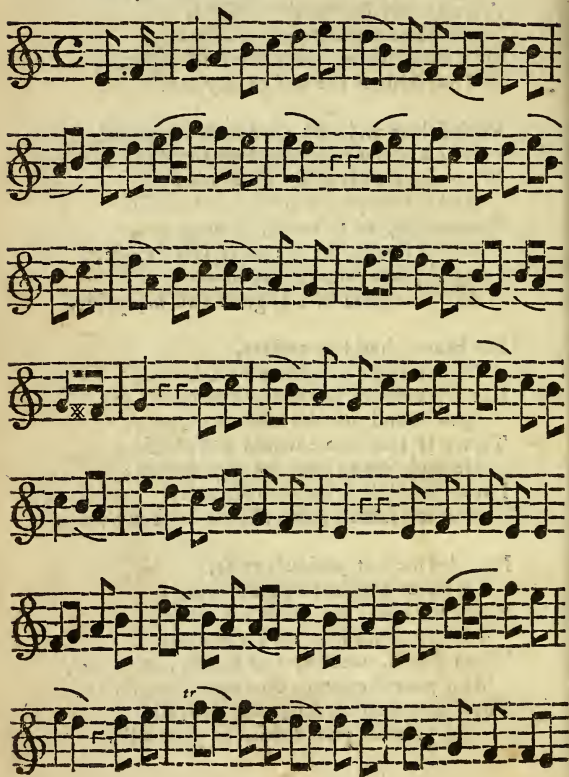
With spleen and with care once oppress'd,
 He ask'd me to soothe him the while;
 My voice set his mind all at rest,
 And the shepherd did instantly smile.
 Since when, or in mead, or in grove,
 By his flocks, or the clear river's side,
 I sing my best songs to my love,
 And to charm him is grown all my pride.

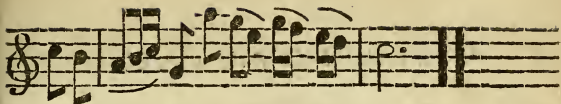
No beauty had I to endear,
 No treasures of nature or art,
 But my voice, that had gain'd on his ear,
 Soon found out the way to his heart.
 To try if that voice would not please,
 He took me to join the gay throng;
 I won the rich prize with all ease,
 And my fame's gone abroad with my song.

But, let me not jealousy raise,
 I wish to enchant but my swain;
 Enough, then, for me is his praise,
 I sing but for him the lov'd strain.
 When youth, wealth, and beauty, may fail,
 And your shepherds elude all your skill,
 Your sweetness of song may prevail,
 And gain all your swains to your will.

When the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen, &c.

ALLEGRO MODERATO.





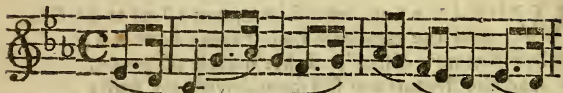
WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,
 And the meadows their beauty have lost;
 When Nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,
 And the streams are fast bound with the frost;
 When the peasant, inactive, stands shiv'ring with cold,
 As bleak the winds northerly blow;
 When the innocent flocks run for ease to the fold,
 With their fleeces besprinkled with snow:
 When the innocent flocks run for ease to the fold,
 With their fleeces besprinkled with snow:

In the yard when the cattle are fodder'd with straw,
 And they send forth their breath like a stream;
 And the neat-looking dairy-maid sees she must thaw
 Flakes of ice that she finds in her cream:
 When the lads and the lasses, in company join'd,
 In a crowd round the embers are met, —
 Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,
 And of ghosts, till they're all in a sweat:

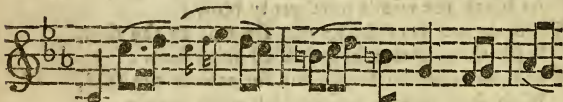
Heav'n grant, in this season, it may be my lot,
 With the nymph whom I love and admire,
 Whilst the icicles hang from the eaves of my cot,
 I may thither in safety retire!
 Where, in neatness and quiet, and free from surprise,
 We may live, and no hardship endure,
 Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
 But such as each other may cure.

'Twas in that season of the year, &c.

SLOW.



'Twas in that sea-son of the year, When



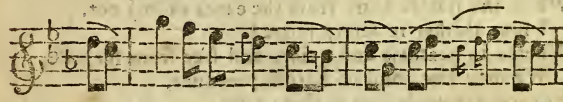
all things gay and sweet appear, That Co-



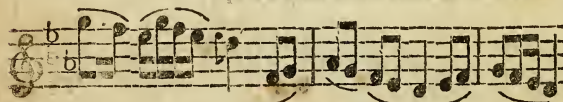
lin, with the morning ray, A---rose, and



sang his ru-----ral lay. Of Nanny's charms



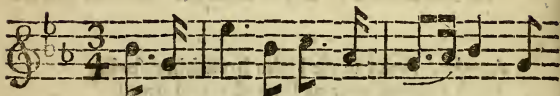
the shepherd sang, The hills and dales with



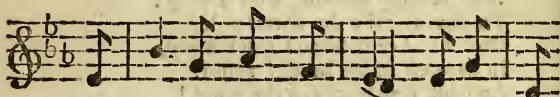
Nan----ny rang, While Rosline cattle heard
the.

Then farewell, my trim-built wherry! &c.

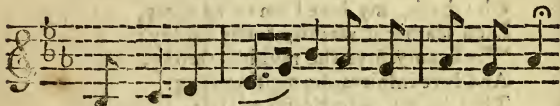
Sung in the WATERMAN.



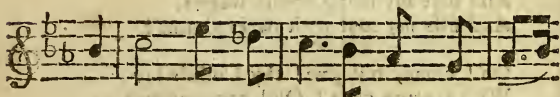
Then farewell, my trim-built wherry! Oars,



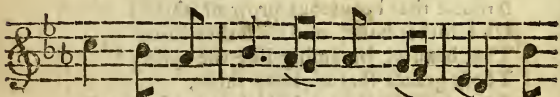
and coat, and badge, farewell! Never more



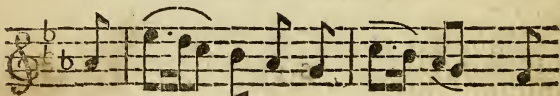
at Chelsea fer-ry Shall your Thomas take



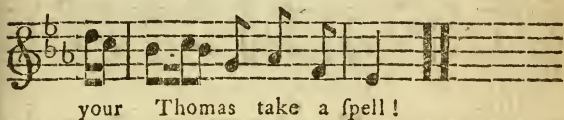
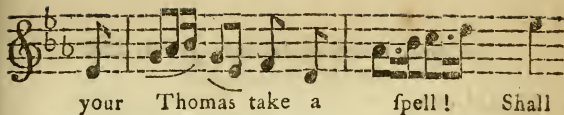
a spell! Then farewell, my trim-built wher-



ry! Oars, and coat, and badge, farewell! Ne-



ver more at Chelsea fer---ry Shall
your

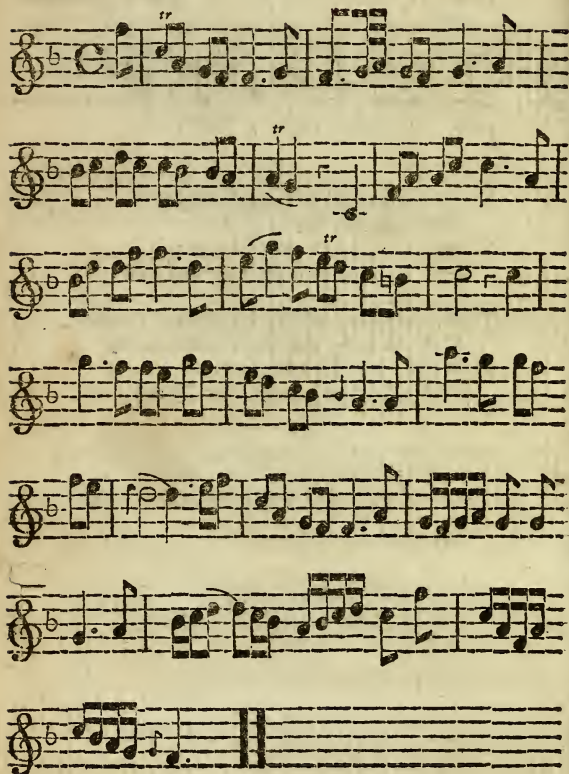


But, to hope and peace a stranger,
 In the battle's heat I go!
 Where, expos'd to ev'ry danger,
 Some friendly ball shall lay me low!

Then, mayhap, when, homeward steering,
 With the news my mess-mates come,
 Even you, my story hearing,
 With a sigh may cry, poor Tom!

The bird, that hears her nestlings cry, &c.

MODERATO.



THE

THE bird, that hears her nestlings cry,
 And flies abroad for food,
 Returns, impatient, through the sky,
 To nurse the callow brood :
 The tender mother knows no joy,
 But bodes a thousand harms,
 And sickens for the darling boy,
 While absent from her arms.

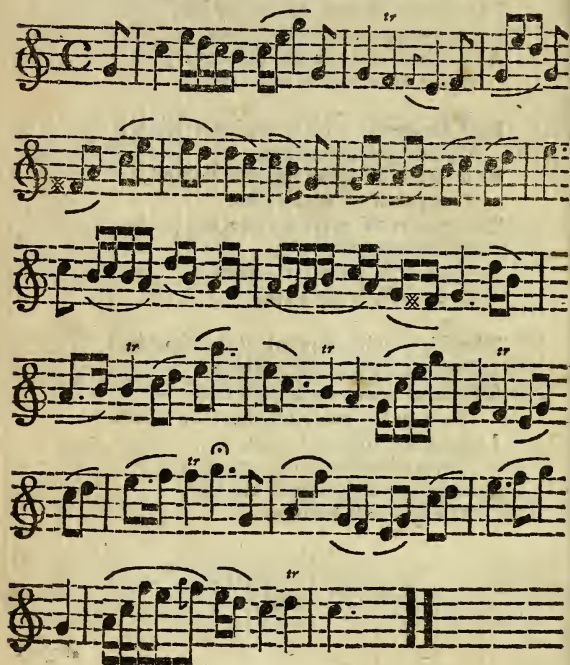
Such fondness, with impatience join'd,
 My faithful bosom fires,
 Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
 The queen of my desires.
 The pow'rs of verse too languid prove,
 All similes are vain,
 To shew how ardently I love,
 Or to relieve my pain.

The saint, with fervent zeal inspir'd
 For heav'n and joys divine,
 The saint is not with rapture fir'd,
 More pure, more warm, than mine.
 I take what liberty I dare,
 'Twere impious to say more ;
 Convey my longings to the fair,
 The goddess I adore.

Angelic

Angelic fair, beneath yon pine, &c.

AFFETTUOSO.



ANGELIC

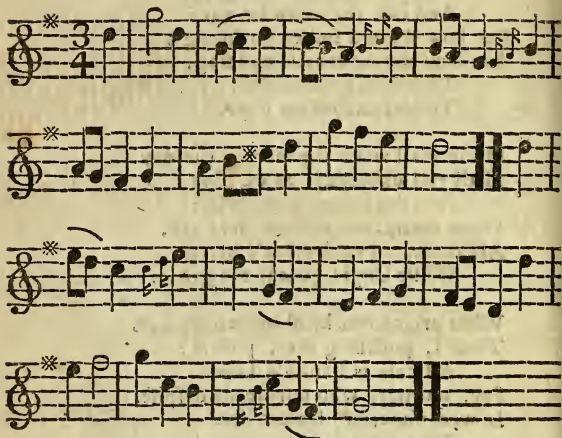
ANGELIC fair, beneath yon pine,
 On grassy verdure, let's recline,
 And like the morn be gay,
 And like the morn be gay :
 See how Aurora smiles on spring :
 See how the larks arise and sing,
 To hail the infant day,
 To hail the infant day.

Music shall wake the morn ; the day
 Shall roll unheeded, as we play
 In wiles impell'd by love :
 When weary, we will deign to rest,
 Alternate, on each other's breast,
 While Cupid guards the grove.

What prince can boast more happiness
 Than I, possessing thee, possess ;
 All care is banish'd hence :
 Say, mortals, who our deeds despise,
 In what superior pleasure lies,
 Than love and innocence !

When

When lovely woman stoops to folly, &c.



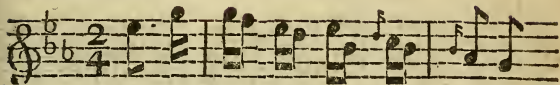
WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds, too late, that men betray,
 What charm can soothe her melancholy?
 What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art, her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom, — is to die!

Blest

Blest with thee, my soul's dear treasure! &c.

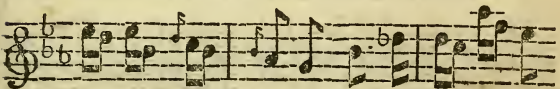
ANDANTE.



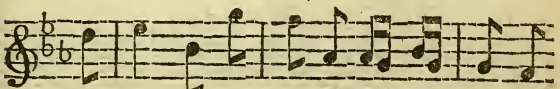
Blest with thee, my soul's dear treasure!



Sweetly will each hour be pass'd! Ev'ry day



will bring new pleasure, And be happier than



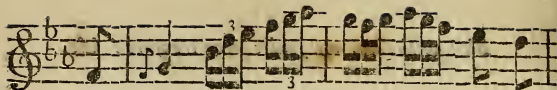
the last. Blest with thee, my soul's dear treasure!



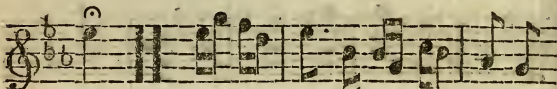
Sweetly will each hour be pass'd! Ev'ry day



will bring new pleasure, And be happier than
T the



the last, And be hap---pier than the



last. With so lov'd a partner talking,



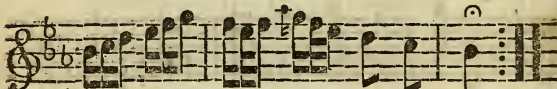
Time will quickly glide a--way ; With so dear



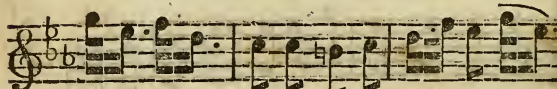
a husband walking, Nature does each



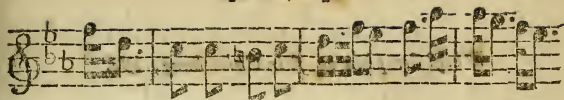
bloom display, Nature does each bloom display,



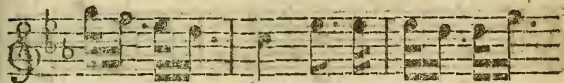
Na---ture does each bloom display. D. C.



Such a darling swain pos-sess-ing, All
my



my sorrows will be o'er, All my sorrows



will be o'er; Thou art For-tune's



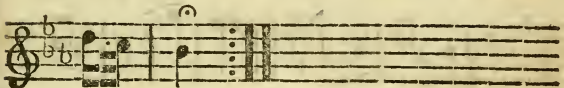
ut---most blessing, Fortune can---not



give me more, - - - - -



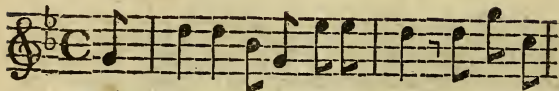
- - - - - can---not give



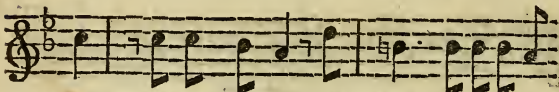
me more, D. C.

Whilst Strephon on fair Chloe hung, &c.

RECITATIVE.



Whilst Strephon on fair Chloe hung, And gently

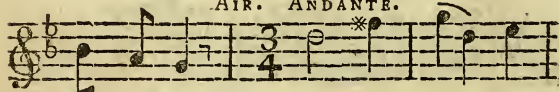


woo'd, and sweetly sang, The nymph, in a disdain-

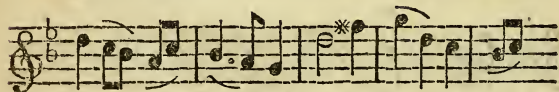


ful air, Thus, smi---ling, mock'd the

AIR. ANDANTE.



shepherd's care. Swain, - I know that



you dis-----co--ver In my form a thou-



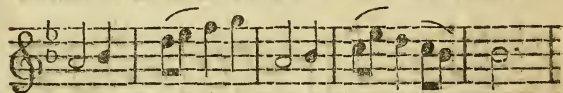
sand charms ; Can you point me out a lo-



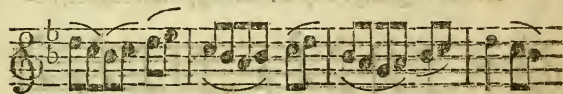
lo--ver, Worthy my en--cir-cle



arms? Boy, no more ap--proach my



beauty, Till you equal me-----rit boast;



To a-----dore me is a du--



ty, Thousands wit---ness to their cost.

RECITATIVE.

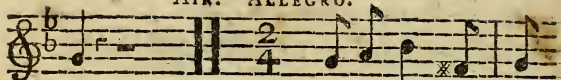


Stung to the heart, the red'ning swain



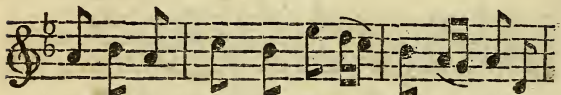
On the vain maid re - - - - - torts a-
T 3 gain.

[210]
AIR. ALLEGRO.



gain.

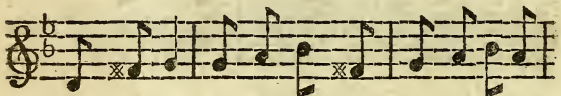
Foolish creature, did



each feature Bloom beyond the pride of nature,



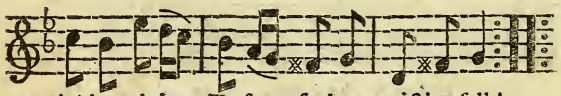
Artful feigning, Coy disdaining, Vain coquet, de-



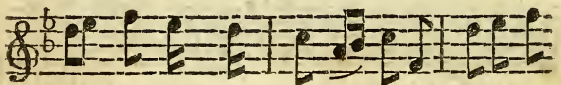
troys them all. Go, o'erbearing, Proud, ensnaring,



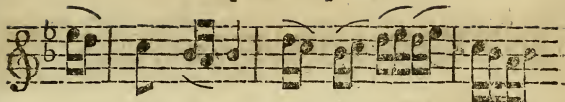
Lay a thousand fops despairing; Then, complying,



Sighing, dying, To some fool a victim fall!



Nymphs, like you, whilst they're deceiving, Angels all
in



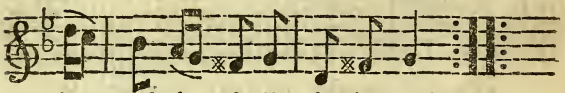
in front appear; But the fot; - - - -



- - - - - their arts - -



- - believing, But the fot, their arts believ-

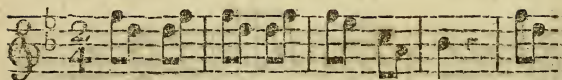


ing, Finds the devil in the rear!

Cease

Cease awhile, ye winds, to blow, &c.

ALLIGRETTO.



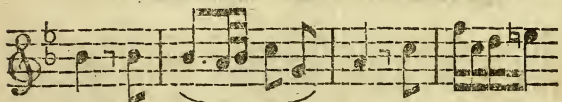
Cease a--while, ye winds, to blow, Cease,



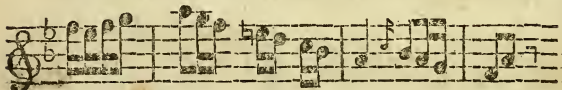
ye roaring streams to flow; Hush'd be



ev'---ry o--ther noise, I want to



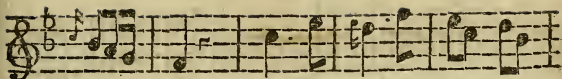
hear my lo-----ver's voice, I want



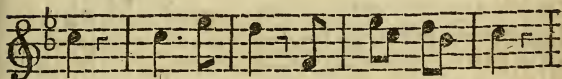
to hear my - - lo---ver's voice,



I want to hear my - - lo-
ver's



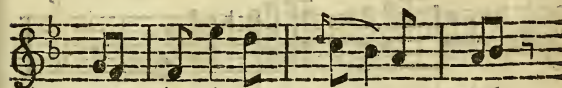
ver's voice. Cease awhile, ye winds, to



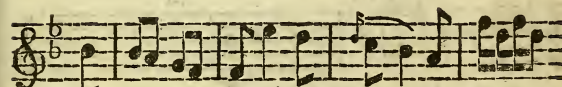
blow, Cease awhile, ye streams, to flow;



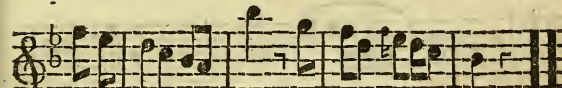
Hush'd be ev'ry other noise, I want



to hear my lover's voice,



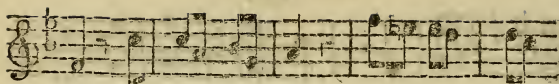
I want to hear my lover's voice,



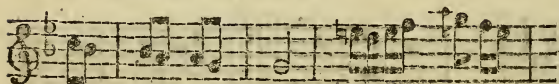
my lover's voice, my lo--ver's voice.



Here's the brook, the rock, the tree; Hark! a
found!



found! I think 'tis he! — 'Tis not he,



yet night comes on! Where's my



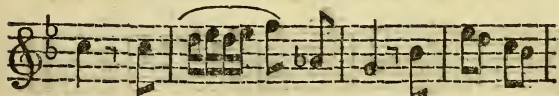
love-----ly wand'rer gone?



Where's my love- - - -ly wand'rer



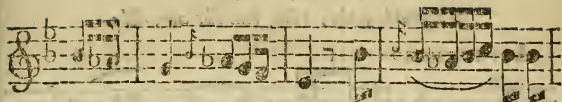
gone? Where, where is he gone? Loud I'll



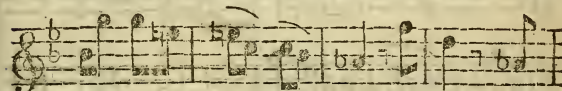
speak to make him hear: 'Tis I who



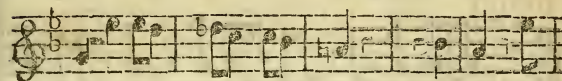
call, my love, my dear! 'Tis I who call,
my



my love, my dear! The time is



come, why this de-lay? Alas! my



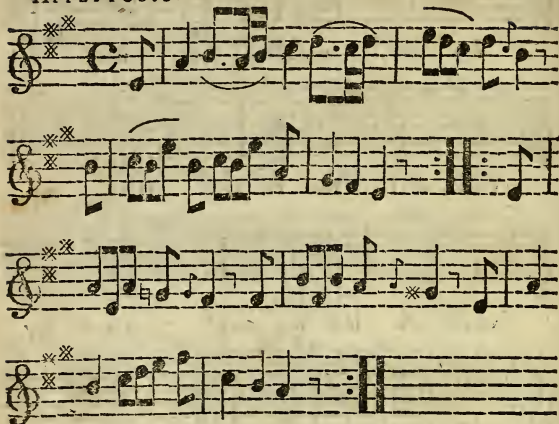
wand'rer's lost his way! Alas! my



wand'rer's lost his way! DA CAPO.

Ye gentle gales, that fan the air, &c.

AFFETTUOSO.



YE gentle gales, that fan the air,
And wanton in the shady grove,
Oh! whisper, to my absent fair,
My secret pain and endless woe!

When, at the sultry heat of day,
She'll seek some shady, cool, retreat,
Throw spicy odours in her way,
And scatter roses at her feet.

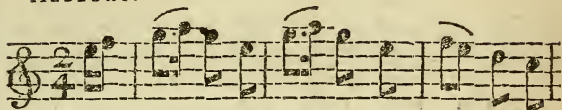
And, when she sees their colours fade,
And all their pride neglected lie,
Let that instruct the charming maid,
That sweets, not timely gather'd, die!

And, when she lays her down to rest,
Let some auspicious virgin shew,
Who 'tis that loves Camilla best,
And what, for her, I'd undergo.

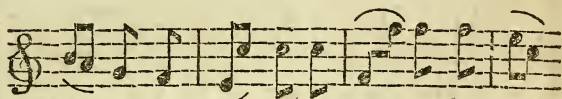
Young

Young Jockey he courted sweet Mog the brunette, &c.

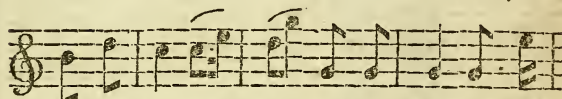
ALLEGRO.



Young Jockey he courted sweet Mog the bru-



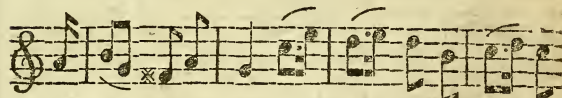
nette, Who had lips like car-na-tion, and eyes



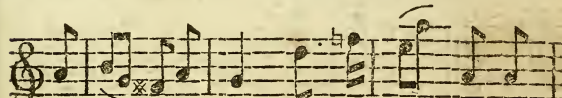
black as jet; He coax'd and he wheedled, and



talk'd with his eyes, And look'd, as all lovers



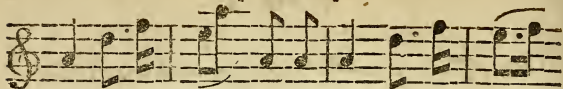
do, wonderful wife! And look'd, as all lovers



do, wonderful wife! Then he swore like a

U

lord



lord how her charms he ador'd ; That she'd soon



put an end to his suff'rings implor'd ; That



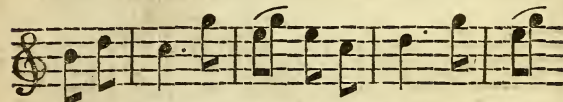
she'd soon put an end to his suff'rings im-



plor'd : For a heart una--wares thus his trammels



he fet, And soon made a conquest of Mog



the brunette, of Mog the brunette, of Mog



the brunette, And soon made a conquest of
Mog



Mog the brunette.

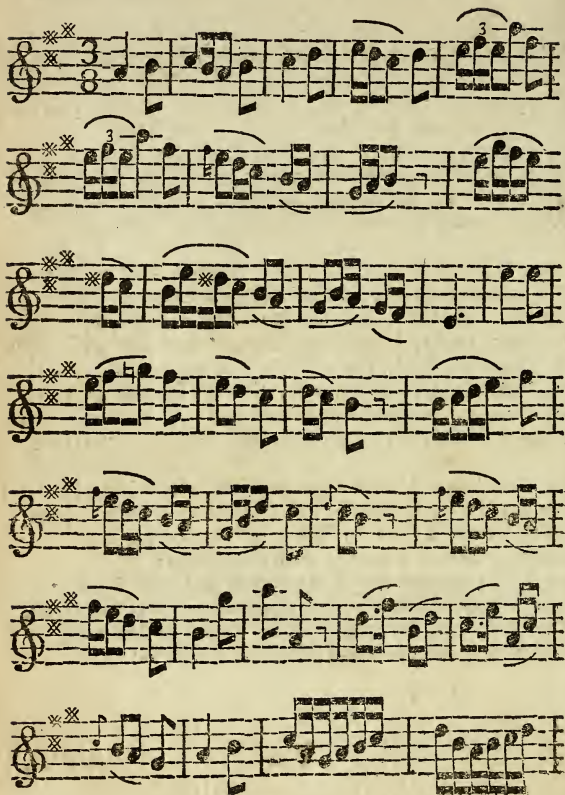
They pannell'd their dobbins, and rode to the fair,
Still kissing and fondling until they came there;
They call'd at the church, and in wedlock were join'd,
And Jockey was happy, for Moggy was kind.
'Twas now honey-moon, time expir'd too soon,
They revell'd in pleasure, night, morning, and noon;
He call'd her his charmer, his joy, and his pet,
And the lasses all envy'd sweet Mog the brunette.

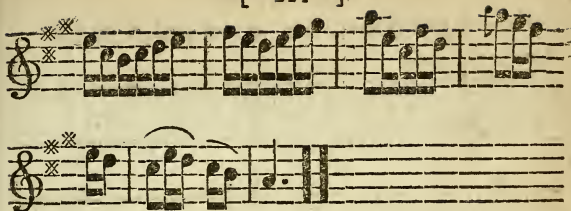
Then home they return'd; but return'd most unkind;
For Jockey rode on, and left Moggy behind;
Surpris'd at this treatment, she call'd to her mate,
"Why, Jockey! you're alter'd most strangely of late!"
"Come on, fool, (he cry'd,) thou now art my bride,
"And, when folks are wed, they set fooling aside."
Hard names and foul words were the best she could get;
Strange usage this, sure, for sweet Mog the brunette!

He took home poor Moggy new conduct to learn;
She brush'd up the house, while he thatch'd the old barn;
They laid in a stock for the cares that ensue,
And now live as man and wife usually do;
As their humours excite, they kiss and they fight,
'Twixt kindness and feuds pass the morn, noon, and night;
To his sorrow, he finds with his match he has met,
And wishes the devil had Mog the brunette!

Phæbus, meaner theme: d'sdaining, &c.

ALLEGRETTO.





PHŒBUS, meaner themes disdaining,
 To the lyrist's call repair,
 To the lyrist's call repair :
 And, the strings to rapture straining,
 Come and praise the British fair !
 And, the strings to rapture straining,
 Come and praise the British fair !
 And praise the British fair !

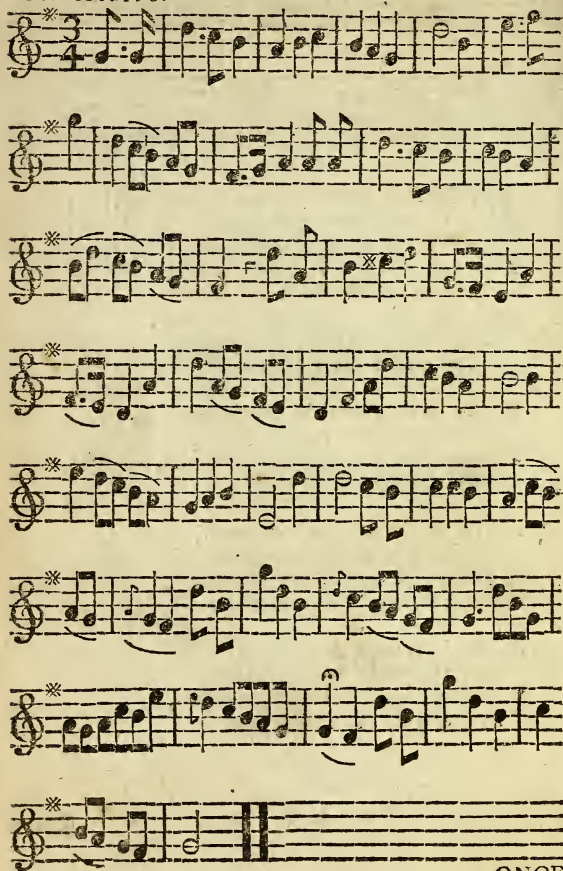
Chiefs, throughout the land victorious,
 Born to conquer and to spare,
 Were not gallant, were not glorious,
 Till commanded by the fair !

All the works of worth or merit,
 Which the sons of art prepare,
 Have no pleasure, life, or spirit,
 But as borrow'd from the fair.

Reason is as weak as passion ;
 But, if you for truth declare,
 Worth and manhood are the fashion,
 Favour'd by the British fair.

Once the gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial feast, &c.

CON SPIRITO.



ONCE

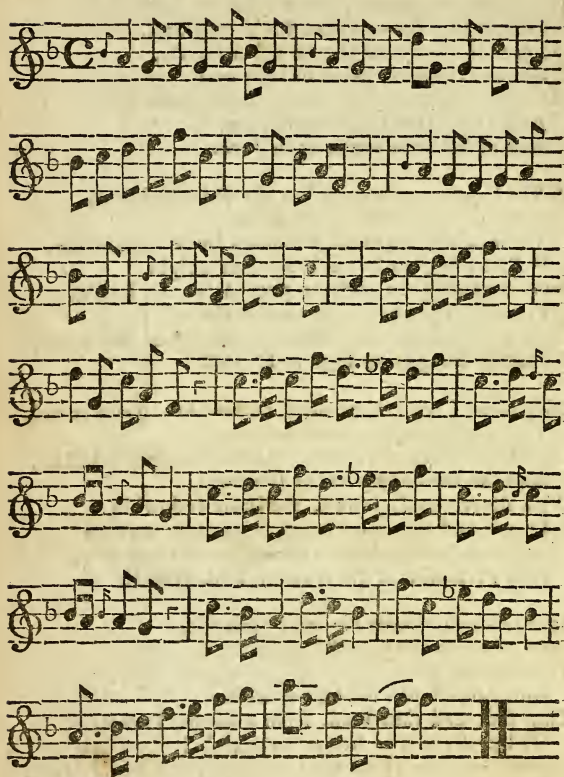
ONCE the gods of the Grecks, at ambrosial feast,
 Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing ;
 Merry Momus among them was set as a guest ;
 Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing.
 On each in the synod the humorist droll'd,
 So none could his jokes disapprove ;
 He sang, reparteed, and some smart stories told,
 And at last thus began upon Jove,
 And at last thus began upon Jove.

“ Sire ! Atlas, who long has the universe borne,
 “ Grows grievously tired of late ;
 “ He says that mankind are much worse than before,
 “ So he begs to be eas'd of their weight.”
 Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,
 From his shoulders commanded the ball ;
 Gave his daughter Attraction the charge of the world,
 And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe round,
 To see what each climate was worth ;
 Like a di'mond, the whole with an atmosphere bound,
 And she variously planted the earth.
 With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd ;
 France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear ;
 What suited each clime on each clime she bestow'd,
 And FREEDOM she found flourish HERE.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,
 As guardians to cherish the root :
 The blossoms of LIBERTY 'gan here to smile,
 And Englishmen fed on the fruit.
 Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty so rare,
 Oh ! preserve it as free as 'twas giv'n !
 We will while we've breath,—nay, we'll grasp it in death,
 Then return it untainted to heav'n.

Sweetest of pretty maids, let Cupid incline thee, &c.



Sweetest

Sweetest of pretty maids, let Cupid incline thee
 T'accept of a faithful heart which now I resign thee;
 Scorning all selfish ends, regardless of money,
 It yields only to the girl that's gen'rous and bonny.

Take me, Jenny,
 Let me win you,
 While I'm in the humour;
 I implore you,
 I adore you,

What mortal can do more?

Kiss upon't, kiss upon't, turn not so shyly;
 There's my hand, there's my hand, 'twill never be-
 guile thee.

Bright are thy lovely eyes, thy sweet lips delighting,
 Well polish'd thy iv'ry neck, thy round arms inviting;
 Oft at the milk-white churn with rapture I've seen them,
 But oh! how I've sigh'd, and wish'd my own arms be-
 tween them.

Take me, Jenny, &c.

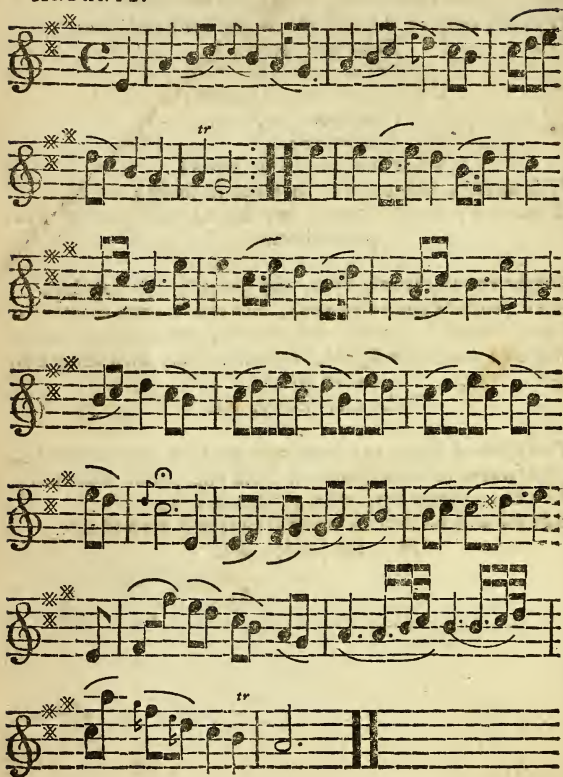
I've store of sheep, my love, and goats on the mountain,
 And water to brew good ale from yon crystal fountain;
 I've too a pretty cot, with garden and land to't;
 But all will be doubly sweet if you put a hand to't.

Take me Jenny, &c.

A dawn

A dawn of hope my soul revives, &c.

ANDANTE.



“ A Dawn

- “ **A** Dawn of hope my soul revives,
 “ And banishes despair !
 “ If yet my dearest Damon lives,
 “ If yet my dearest Damon lives,
 “ Make him, ye gods ! your care.
 “ If yet my dearest Damon lives,
 “ Make him, ye gods ! your care,
 “ Make him, ye gods ! your care.

 “ Dispel those gloomy shades of night,
 “ My tender grief remove ;
 “ Oh ! send some cheering ray of light,
 “ And guide me to my love !”

Thus, in a secret friendly shade,
 The pensive Cælia mourn'd,
 While courteous Echo lent her aid,
 And sigh for sigh return'd.

When, sudden, Damon's well known face
 Each rising fear disarms ;
 He, eager, springs to her embrace,
 She sinks into his arms !

With

With Phillis I'll trip o'er the meads, &c.

ALLEGRO MODERATO.

A musical score for a single melodic line in treble clef, 6/8 time. The score consists of seven staves. The first staff begins with an asterisk (*). The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century vocal or instrumental music, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and trills. Trills are indicated by 'tr' above notes on the second, fourth, fifth, and sixth staves. A dynamic marking 'tt' (fortissimo) appears above the first note of the fifth staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line on the seventh staff.

WITH

WITH Phillis I'll trip o'er the meads,
 And hasten away to the plain,
 With Phillis I'll trip o'er the meads,
 And hasten away to the plain,
 Where shepherds attend with their reeds
 To welcome my love and her swain.
 Where shepherds attend with their reeds
 To welcome my love and her swain.
 The lark is exalted in air,
 The linnet sings perch'd on the spray,
 Our lambs stand in need of our care,
 Then let us not lengthen delay.

What pleasures I feel with my dear,
 While gamesome young lambs are at sport,
 Exceed the delights of a peer,
 That shines with such grandeur at court.
 When Colin and Strephon go by,
 They form a disguise for a while ;
 They see how I'm blest, with a sigh,
 But envy forbids them to smile.

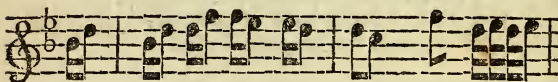
Let courtiers of liberty prate,
 T' enjoy it take infinite pains ;
 But liberty's primitive state
 Is only enjoy'd on the plains :
 With Phillis I rove to and fro,
 With her my gay minutes are spent ;
 'Twas Phillis first taught me to know
 That happiness flows from content.

If 'tis joy to wound a lover, &c.

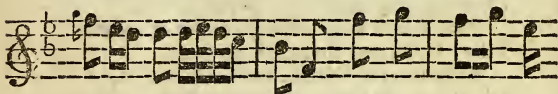
ANDANTINO.



If 'tis joy to wound a lover, How



much more to give him ease! When his



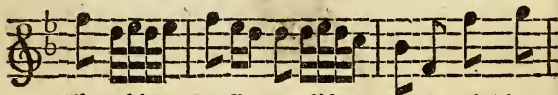
passion we dis--co--ver, Oh! how pleasing



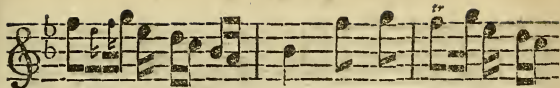
'tis to please! If 'tis joy to wound



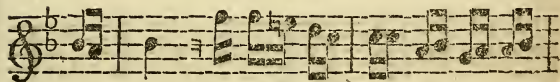
a lover, How much more to give him ease!



When his passion we dis--co--ver, Oh! how
pleasing



pleasing 'tis to please ! Oh ! how pleasing 'tis



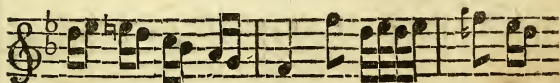
to please ! The bliss returns, and we re-



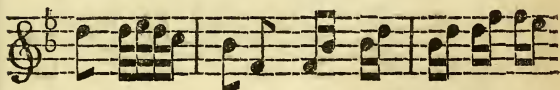
ceive Transports greater than we give. The



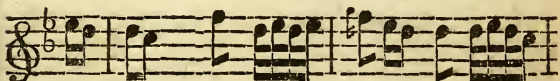
bliss returns, and we re-ceive Transports



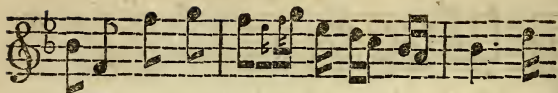
greater than we give. If 'tis joy to



wound a lover, How much more to give



him ease ! When his passion we dis-
X 2 cover,



cover, Oh! how pleasing 'tis to please! The



bliss re--turns, and we receive Transports



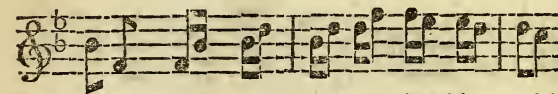
greater than we give: The bliss re--turns, and



we receive Transports greater than we



give. - - - If 'tis joy to wound a



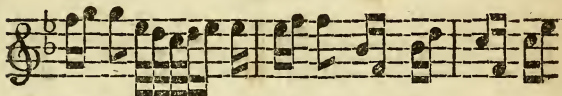
lover, How much more to give him ease!



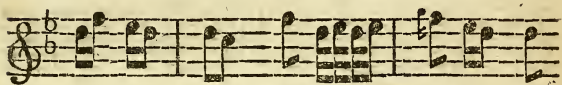
When his passion we dis--co--ver, Oh!
how



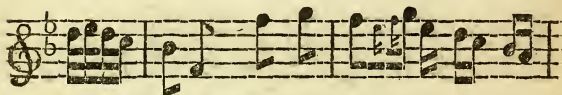
how pleasing 'tis to please! If 'tis



joy to wound a lover, How much more to



give him ease! When his passion we



dis--co--ver, Oh! how pleasing 'tis to



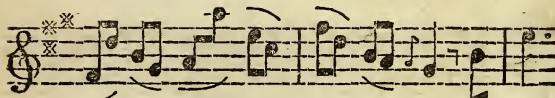
please! Oh! how pleasing 'tis to please!

I seek not India's pearly shore, &c.

ALLEGRO MODERATO.



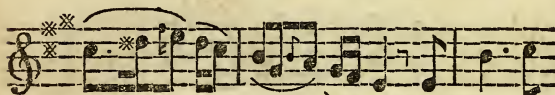
I seek not India's pearly shore, Nor



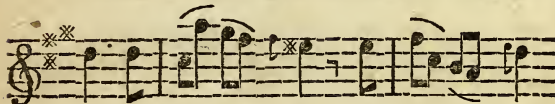
western climes will I explore, Nor, 'midst



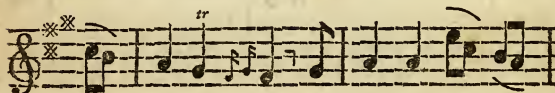
the world's tumultuous strife, Will waste what



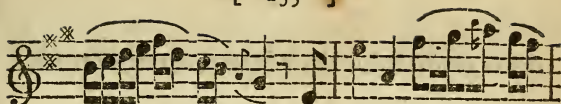
now re-mains of life: I seek not



ought that me may lead From tufted grove



or flow'ry mead, Or from my na-tive
swains



fwains among, Who listen to my



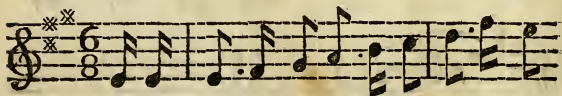
art---less song.

For nought Golconda's gems avail
 In this sequester'd humble dale ;
 Nor joys can crowded cities yield
 Like those of hill or daïsied field :
 Calm, as the summer ev'ning's sun,
 May here my glass of life be run ;
 And bright, as is his parting ray,
 My prospect of a future day !

Mean while the lab'ring hind to cheer,
 To wipe the widow's falling tear,
 Are pleasures which such scenes bestow,
 And riot's sons can never know !
 This, this, be mine ! the speaking eye
 Shall then the sculptur'd stone supply :
 As o'er my turf the rustics bend,
 The poor shall say, ' Here lies our friend.'

It was summer ; so softly the breezes were blowing, &c.

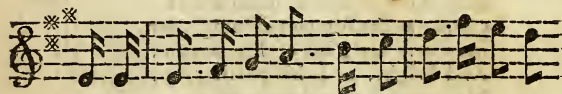
ANDANTE.



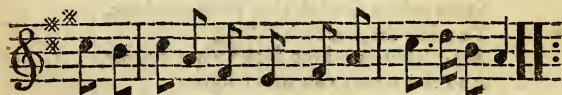
It was summer ; so softly the breezes were



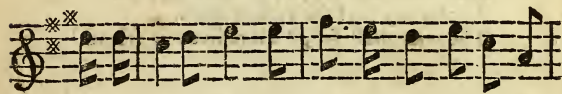
blowing, And sweetly the nightingale sang from a tree ;



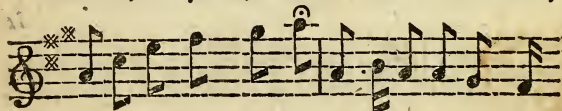
At the foot of a rock, where the river was flow-



ing, I set myself down on the banks of the Dee.



Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet river ! Thy



banks purest streams shall be dear to me ever, Where



I first gain'd th'affection & favour of Jemmy, The



glory and pride of the banks of the Dee !

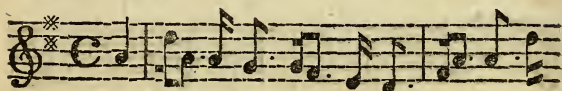
But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
 To fight for his country, for valiant is he !
 And yet there's no hope of his speedy returning
 To wander again on the banks of the Dee :
 He's gone, hapless youth ! o'er the loud-roaring billows,
 The sweetest and kindest of all his brave fellows !
 And has left me to mourn amongst these lov'd willows,
 The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee !

But time and my pray'rs may perhaps yet restore him !
 Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me !
 And, when he comes home, with such care I'll watch
 o'er him,

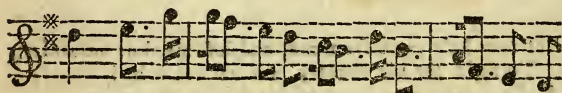
He never shall quit the sweet banks of the Dee.
 The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying,
 The lambs on the banks shall again be seen playing,
 Whilst I with my Jemmy am carelessly straying,
 And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee !

My laddie is gang'd far away o'er the plain, &c.

ALLEGRETTO.



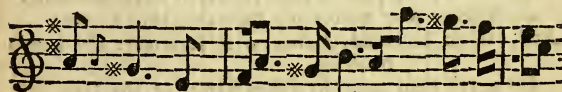
My laddie is gone far a---way o'er the



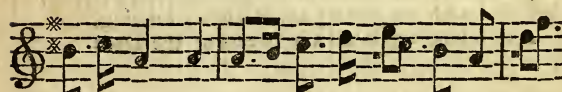
plain, While in sorrow behind I am forc'd to re-



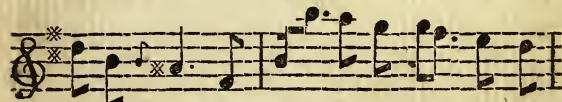
main, Though blue-bells and vi'--lets the hedges



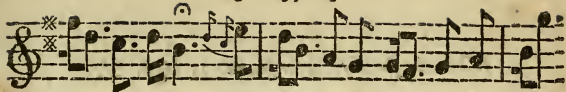
adorn, Though trees are in blossom and sweet



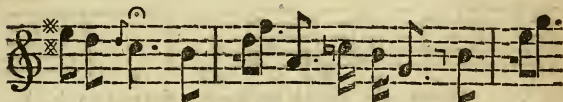
blows the thorn: No pleasure they give me, in vain



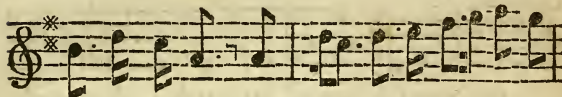
they look gay, There's nothing can please now my
Jockey's



Jockey's away ! Forlorn, I sit fingering, and this



is my strain, Haste, haste, my dear Jockey, haste, haste,



my dear Jockey, haste, haste, my dear Jockey, to



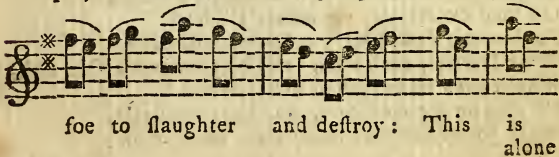
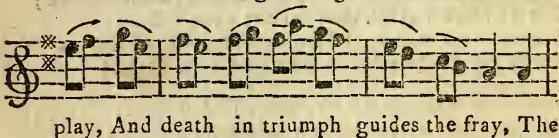
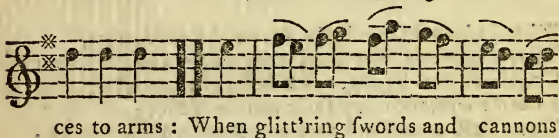
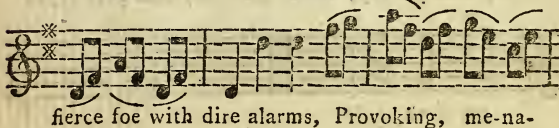
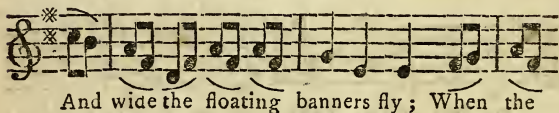
me back again.

When lads and their lasses are on the green met,
They dance and they sing, they laugh and they chat ;
Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,
I can't without envy their merriment see ;
These pastimes offend me ; my shepherd's not there ;
No pleasure I relish that Jockey can't share :
It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain, —
I wish my dear Jockey were come back again !

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,
He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here ;
On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,
For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste.
Then farewell, each care, and be gone, each vain sigh,
Who'll then be so blest or so happy as I !
I'll sing on the meadows, and alter my strain,
When Jockey returns to my arms back again !

When

When the shrill trumpet sounds on high, &c.



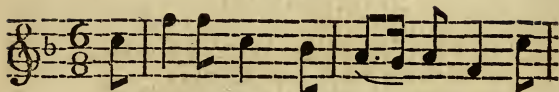


alone the foldier's joy.

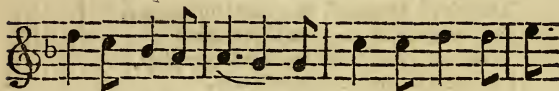
But, when sweet peace expands her wings,
 And high the happy olive springs;
 When conquest brings the laurel home,
 The ensign furl'd, and mute the drum;
 Then how he quaffs the mantling bowl,
 And with fresh rapture cheers his soul:
 Then love and wine his hours employ,
 For such is then a foldier's joy.

Haste, haste, ye patriot friends! advance!
 And let us scourge perfidious France!
 Strike all your instruments of war,
 And let the sound be heard from far!
 Till, level'd from their hopes on high,
 Beneath your feet the victims lie:
 Then love and wine each hour employ,
 For such shall be the foldier's joy.

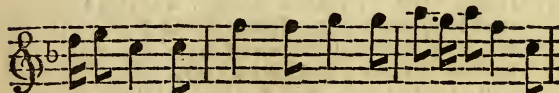
The dusky night rides down the sky, &c.



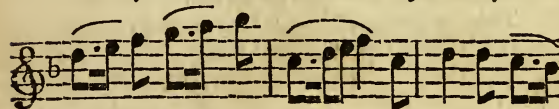
The dusky night rides down the sky, And



ushers in the morn; The hounds all make a jo-

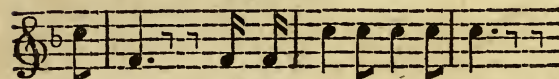


vial cry, The hounds all make a jovial cry, The



hunter winds his horn, The hunter winds

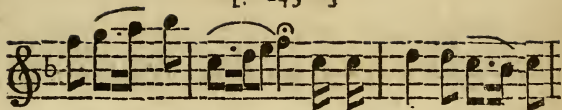
CHORUS.



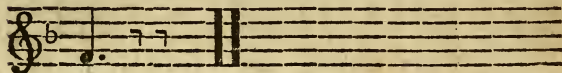
his horn. Then to hunting let us go,



Then to hunting let us go, Then to hunt-
ing



ing let us go - - Then to hunting let us



go.

The wife around her husband throws
 Her arms, to make him stay :
 “ My dear, it hails, it rains, it blows,
 “ You cannot hunt to-day !”
 But to hunting we will go, &c.

Th’uncavern’d fox like lightning flies,
 His cunning’s all awake,
 To gain the race he eager tries,
 His forfeit life the stake !
 When to hunting we do go, &c.

Arous’d, e’en Echo huntress turns,
 And madly shouts her joy,
 The sportsman’s breast, enraptur’d, burns,
 The chace can never cloy.
 Then to hunting we will go, &c.

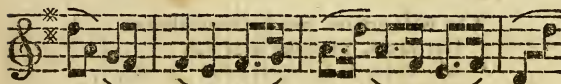
Despairing, mark, he seeks the tide ;
 His art can’t yet prevail,
 For shouts the miscreant’s death betide,
 His speed, his cunning, fail !
 When to hunting we do go, &c.

For, lo ! his strength to faintness worn,
 The hounds arrest his flight ;
 Then hungry homewards we return,
 To feast away the night.
 Then to drinking we will go, &c.

While milking my cow, in a fine colour'd vale, &c.



While milking my cow in a fine



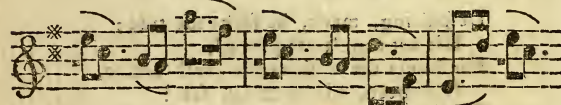
colour'd vale, Young Da---mon came to



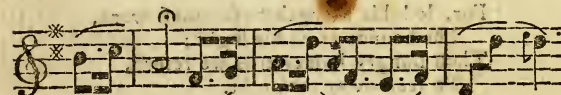
me and told a sweet tale! Such flatter-



ing words he so art-ful-ly us'd, That

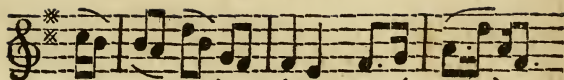


rea--son in--form'd me that truth was

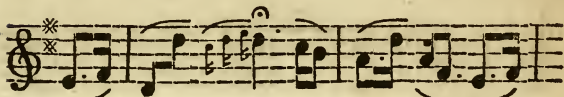


a-bus'd. Such flat-ter----ing words he

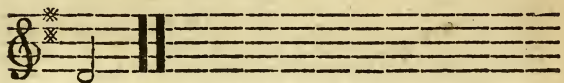
fo



fo art--ful--ly us'd, That rea--son



in---form'd me that truth was a-



bus'd.

Yet praises are pleasing to most of the fair,
And I was attentive to hear him declare,
The milk in my pail, and the ev'ning's rich skies,
Were emblems but faint of my neck, cheeks, and eyes.

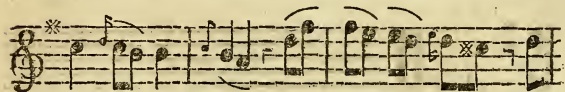
Such astonishing similes made me amaz'd,
But wonder absconded when on him I gaz'd;
The beauties he spoke of in him you will find,
And those are but trifles compar'd to his mind!

With soothing intreaties he won my fond heart!
Three Sundays expir'd, and we vow'd ne'er to part:
We taste ev'ry pleasure that nature affords,
And live quite as happy as kings, dukes, or lords.

Come, fancy! thou, who canst regain, &c.



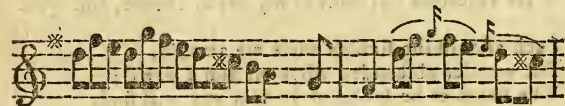
Come, fancy! thou, who canst regain What time,



with impious flight, Misdeems his own, and



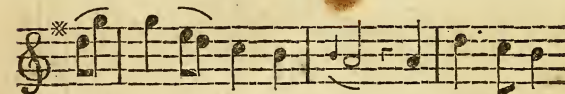
tries in vain To veil in end---less



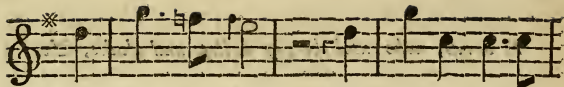
night, - - - - - To veil in end---less



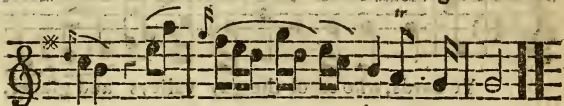
night! Oh! give me, ere the golden rays



Are from the sky withdrawn, With raptur'd eye
once



once more to trace The cottage on the

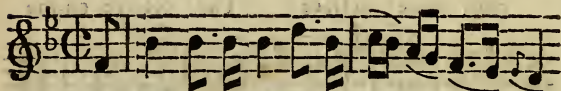


lawn, The cot-----tage on the lawn.

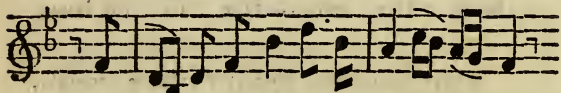
There friendship, love, the ev'ning crown'd,
 There hail'd the rising day;
 The brook, the meadow, smil'd around,
 And all was sweet and gay:
 Within yon grove, the feather'd race
 Made vocal eve and dawn,
 And in their carols seem to praise
 The cottage on the lawn.

Oh! from my mind those happy scenes
 May no ideas chase!
 Ambition, and his golden dreams
 Would ill supply the place:
 The charms, that pow'r or wealth convey,
 From me be all withdrawn,
 So I may chaunt, in humble lay,
 The cottage on the lawn.

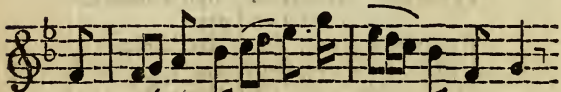
Ye bards, who extol the gay valleys and glades, &c.



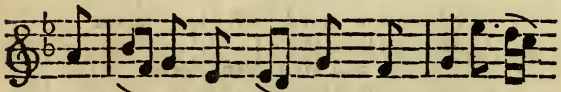
Ye bards, who extol the gay valleys and glades,



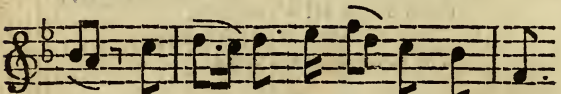
The jef-famine bow'rs and a-mo-rous shades,



Who prospects so rural can boast at your will,



You've never once mention'd fweet Robinhood's



hill, You've ne-ver once mention'd sweet Ro-



binhood's hill.

This spot, which of nature displays all the smiles,
 From fam'd Gloster's city's but distant two miles ;
 Of which you a view may obtain at your will
 From the sweet rural summit of Robinhood's hill.

Where clear crystal springs do incessantly flow,
 To supply and refresh the green valleys below ;
 No dog-star's brisk heat does diminish the rill,
 Which sweetly doth prattle on Robinhood's hill.

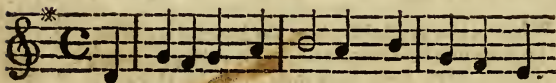
Here, gazing around, you find objects still new ;
 Of Severn's sweet windings how pleasing the view !
 Whose stream with the fruits of bless'd commerce doth fill
 The sweet swelling vale beneath Robinhood's hill.

This hill, though so lofty, is fertile and rare,
 Few valleys with it can for herbage compare :
 Some far greater bard should his lyre and his quill
 Direct to the praise of sweet Robinhood's hill.

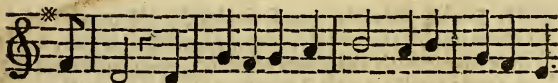
Here lads and gay lasses in couples resort,
 For sweet rural pastime and innocent sport :
 Sure pleasure ne'er flow'd from gay nature or skill,
 Like that which is found on sweet Robinhood's hill.

Had I all the riches of wealthy Peru,
 To revel in splendour, as emperors do,
 I'd forfeit the whole, with a hearty good will,
 To dwell in a cottage on Robinhood's hill.

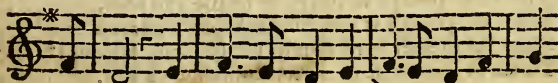
Then, poets, record my lov'd theme in your lays ;
 First view, then you'll own that 'tis worthy of praise ;
 Nay, envy herself must acknowledge it still,
 That no spot's so delightful as Robinhood's hill.

You gentlemen of England, &c.

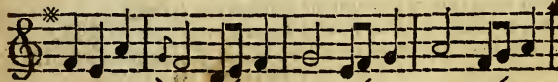
You gentlemen of England, Who live at home



at ease, How little do you think On the dangers of

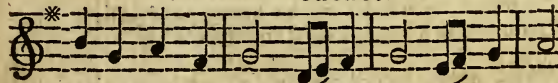


the seas! While pleasure does surround you, Our cares

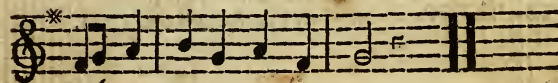


you cannot know, Or the pain on the main When the

CHORUS.



stormy winds do blow! Or the pain on the main



When the stormy winds do blow!

The sailor must have courage,
 No danger he must shun ;
 In every kind of weather
 His course he still must run :
 Now mounted on the top-mast,
 How dreadful 'tis below !
 Then we ride as the tide,
 When the stormy winds do blow !

Proud France, again insulting,
 Does British valour dare !
 Our flag we must support now,
 And thunder in the war :
 To humble them, come on, lads,
 And lay their lilies low ;
 Clear the way for the fray,
 Though the stormy winds do blow !

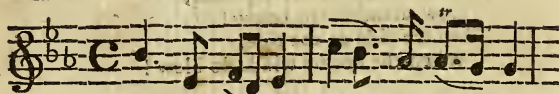
Old Neptune shakes his trident,
 The billows mount on high !
 Their shells the Tritons sounding,
 The flashing lightnings fly :
 The wat'ry grave now opens,
 All dreadful, from below,
 When the waves move the seas,
 And the stormy winds do blow !

But, when the danger's over,
 And safe we come on-shore,
 The horrors of the tempest
 We think of then no more :
 The flowing bowl invites us,
 And joyfully we go ;
 All the day drink away,
 Though the stormy winds do blow !

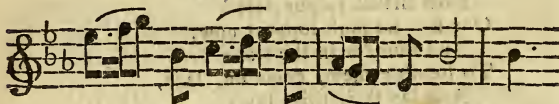
Cease,

Cease, fond Damon, cease to languish, &c.

ANDANTE VIVACE.



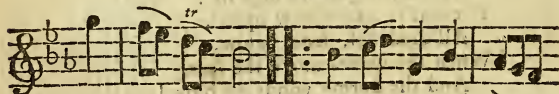
Cease, fond Damon, cease to languish,



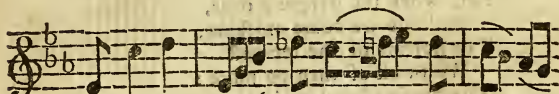
Cease thy wayward fate to moan; Soothe



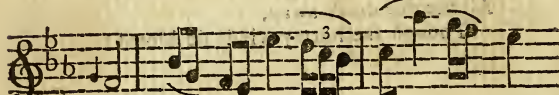
thy heart-en-thrall-ing anguish, Flavia still



may be thy own. Let not Flavia's frowns



affright thee, Clouds may dark the solar



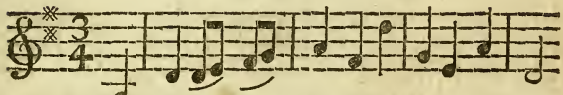
ray; Though she now may seem to flight
thee,



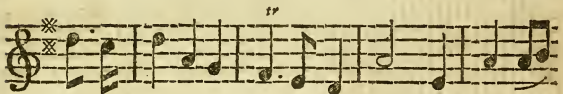
thee, Time will chase the clouds away.

Storms make Ocean's waters purer,
 Though they fill the soul with fear:
 Flavia's coy; if you endure her,
 She may yet thy heart endear.
 Cease, fond Damon, cease to languish,
 Cease to nurse corroding woe;
 Hearts, which never felt an anguish,
 Never can a rapture know.

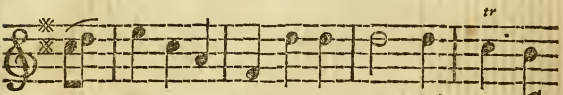
Gay Bacchus one ev'ning invited his friends, &c.



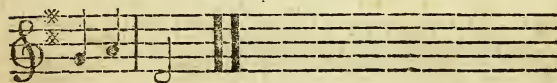
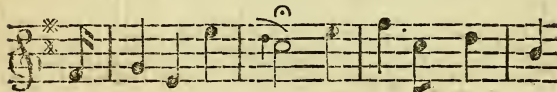
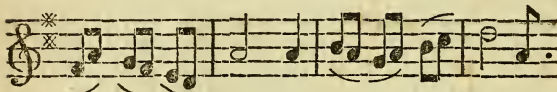
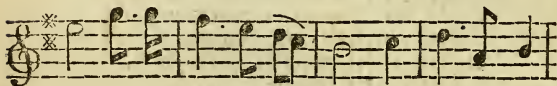
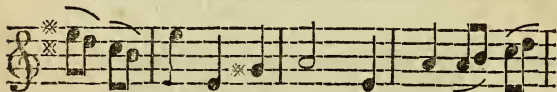
Gay Bacchus one ev'ning invited his friends



To partake of a generous flask; To each so-



cial being a message he sends To meet at
 Z the



In the midst of our merriment, who do you think
 Unsuspected had seated him there?
 But one Care, in disguise! who tipp'd us the wink,
 And warn'd us of Time to beware,
 Who, in spite of his age or the weight of his years,
 We should find but a slippery blade!
 He's known by the lock on his forehead he wears,
 And carries the signs of his trade.

We gratefully ply'd him with bottle and pot,
 Which fill'd up his wrinkles apace;
 The cynic grew blithe and his precepts forgot,
 And soon fell asleep in his place:
 Regardless of Time then, we threw off restraint,
 Nor fear'd we to wake the old spark;
 Our songs were select and our stories were quaint,
 And each was as gay as a lark.

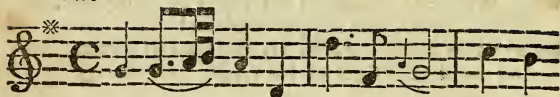
When, all on a sudden, so awful and tall,
 One appear'd, who spoil'd a good song!
 Father Time! moving round, by the side of the wall,
 Behind us, slow stealing along!
 We rose to his rev'rence, and offer'd a chair;
 He said, for no man would he stay:
 Then Bacchus up started, and caught at his hair,
 And swore all the score he should pay.

But Time, well aware of the god of the grape,
 Evaded his efforts, and flew;
 We seiz'd on his glass, ere he made his escape,
 And instantly broke it in two:
 Then we fill'd each with wine, instead of his sand,
 And drank double toasts to the fair!
 Each member, in turn, with a glass in each hand,
 Then parted, and went home with Care.

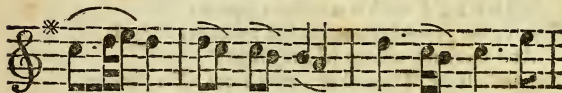
THE BORROWED KISS.

See, I languish! see, I faint! &c.

SLOW.



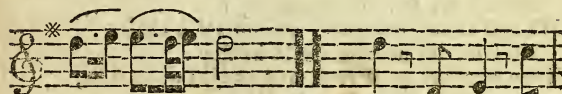
See, I languish! see, I faint! I must



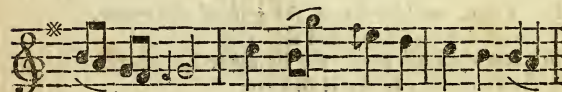
bor--row, beg, or steal: Can you see a



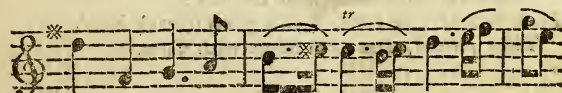
foul in want, And no kind com-



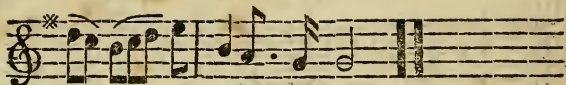
pas-----sion feel? Give, or lend, or



let me take, One sweet kiss! I ask no more:



One sweet kiss, for pi-----ty's sake! I'll re-



re---pay it o'er and o'er!

Chloe heard ; and, with a smile,
 Kind, compassionate, and sweet! —
 “ Colin, 'tis a sin to steal ;
 “ And for me to give's not meet ;
 “ But I'll lend a kiss or twain
 “ To poor Colin in distress ;
 “ Not but I'll be paid again,
 “ Colin, I mean nothing less ”

THE KISS REPAID..

Chloe, by that borrow'd kiss, &c..

SPRIGHTLY..



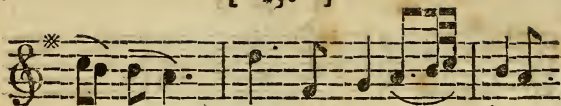
Chlo--e, by that borrow'd kiss I, alas!



am quite undone!! 'Twas so sweet! so fraught

Z. 3.

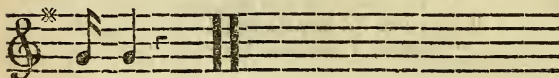
with



with blifs! Thoufands will not pay



that one! Thou--fands will not pay



that one!

Left the debt should break your heart,
 (Roguish Chloe, smiling, cries,)
 Come, a thousand, then, in part,
 For the present shall suffice.

Sweet

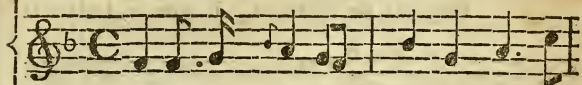
Sweet are the banks, when spring perfumes, &c.

A GLEE. For three Voices.

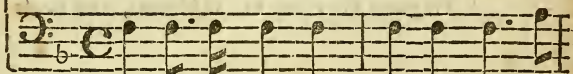
MODERATO.



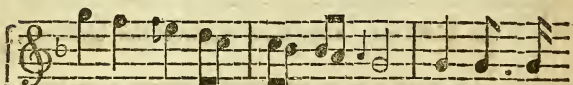
Sweet are the banks, when spring perfumes The



Sweet are the banks, when spring perfumes The



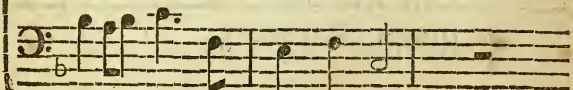
Sweet are the banks, when spring perfumes The



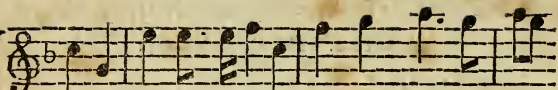
verdant plants and laughing flow'rs ; Fragrant the



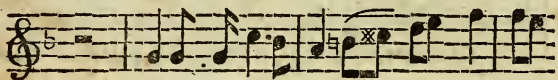
verdant plains and laughing flow'rs ;



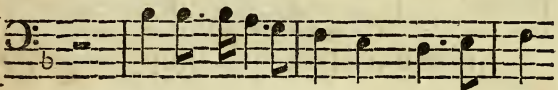
verdant plains and laughing flow'rs ;



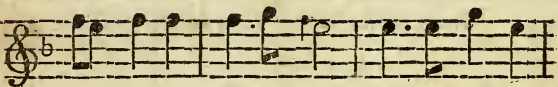
vi'let, fragrant the vi'let, as it blooms, And sweet.



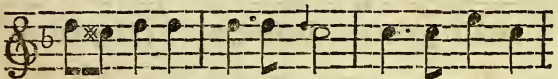
Fragrant the vi'let as it blooms, And sweet



Fragrant the vi'let as it blooms, And sweet



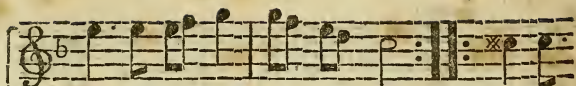
the blossoms after show'rs, sweet the blossoms,



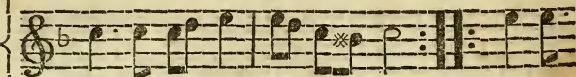
the blossoms after show'rs, sweet the blossoms,



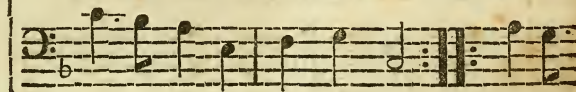
the blossoms after show'rs,



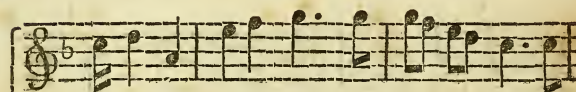
sweet the blossoms af---ter show'rs: Sweet is



sweet the blossoms af---ter show'rs: Sweet is



sweet the blossoms af---ter show'rs: Sweet is



the soft, the sunny breeze, That fans the golden



the soft, the sunny breeze, That fans the golden



the soft, the sunny breeze, That fans the golden

orange - grove, But, oh! how sweeter

orange - grove, But, oh ! how sweeter

far than these Are the dear smiles of

far than these Are the dear smiles of

far than these Are the dear smiles of

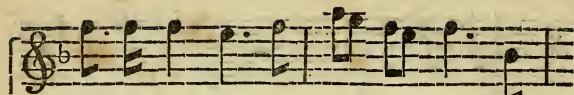
her I love! Oh! how sweeter,

her I love! Oh! how sweeter, how sweeter,

sweet-er far, than these,

sweet-er far, than these Are the dear

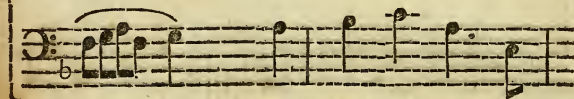
sweeter far, than these Are the dear



Are the dear smiles of her I love! the



smiles - - of her I love! the



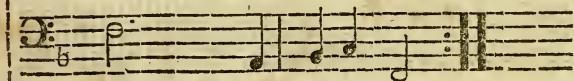
smiles - - of her I love! the



smiles - - - - of her I love!



smiles - - - - of her I love!

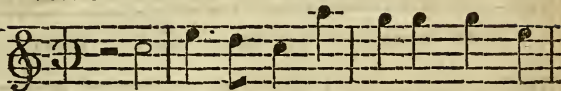


smiles of her I love!

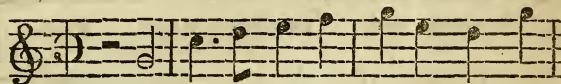
Come, brother Crotchets, let us drink, &c.

For three Voices.

VIVACE.



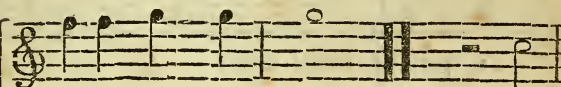
Come, brother Crotchets, let us drink, And



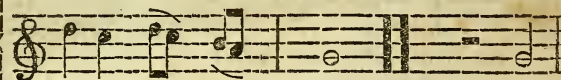
Come, brother Crotchets, let us drink, And



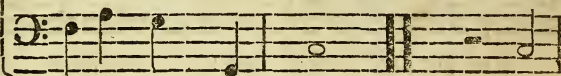
Come, brother Crotchets, let us drink, And



be of right good cheer, I

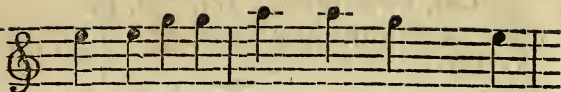


be of right good cheer, I

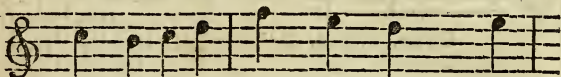


be of right good cheer, I

A a



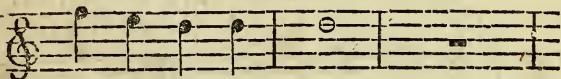
know no reason we should shrink From



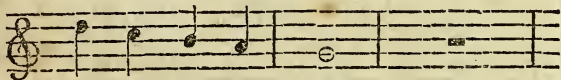
know no reason we should shrink From



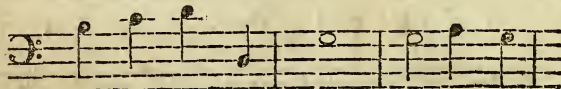
know no reason we should shrink From



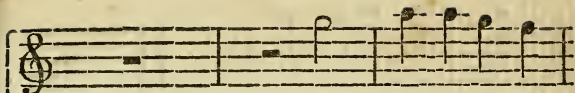
a pot of strong beer!



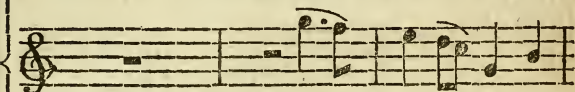
a pot of strong beer!



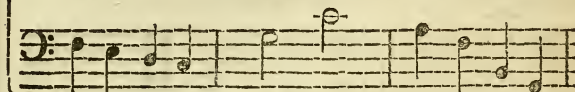
a pot of strong beer! I know no



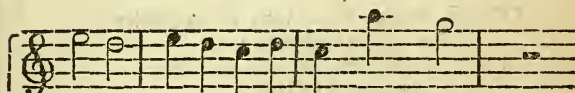
From a pot of strong



From a pot of strong



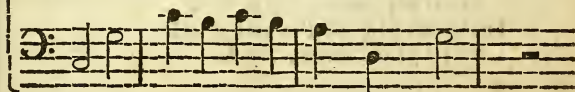
reason we should shrink From a pot of strong



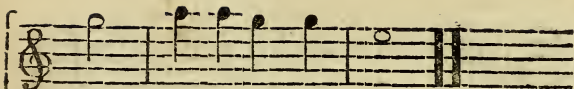
beer! I know no reason we should shrink



beer! I know no reason we should shrink



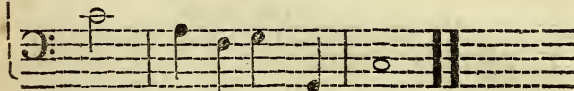
beer! I know no reason we should shrink



From a pot of strong beer!



From a pot of strong beer!



From a pot of strong beer!

Come, brother Crotchets, let us smoke
A pipe of the best shag;
I ne'er would have it said, or spoke,
A finger is seen to lag.

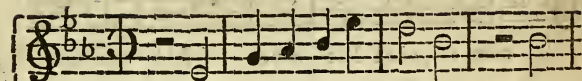
Come, brother Crotchets, let us sing
A song, catch, or a glee;
One that will make the room to ring,
And please the company.

But first send round the jolly pot,
Let it not stand to die!
I ne'er can sing till I'm half drunk,
So all your healths, say I.

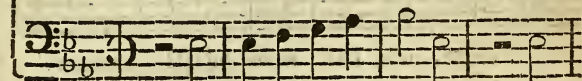
Farewell,

Farewel, ungrateful traitor! &c.

For two Voices.



Farewel, ungrateful traitor! Fare-



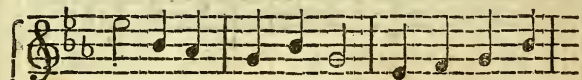
Farewel, ungrateful traitor! Fare-



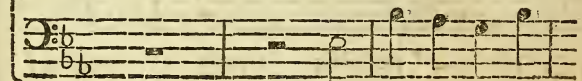
wel, my per- - - - -jur'd swain!



wel, my per- - - - -jur'd swain!



Let never injur'd creature Believe a



Let never injur'd

man a--gain! Let never injur'd creature

crea---ture, Let never injur'd creature

Believe a man again!

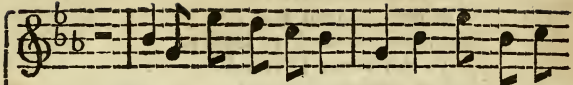
The

Believe a man a--gain!

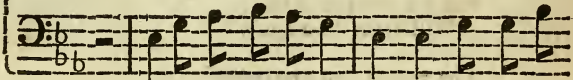
The

pleasure of possessing Surpasses all expressing!

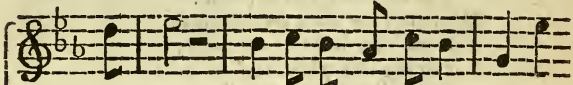
pleasure of possessing Surpasses all expressing!



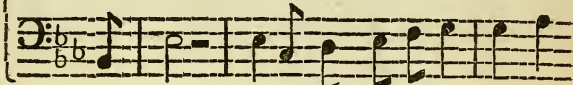
But 'tis too short a blessing, And love's too long



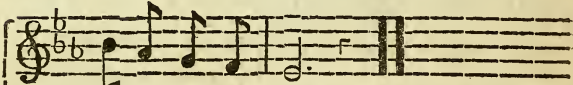
But 'tis too short a blessing, And love's too long



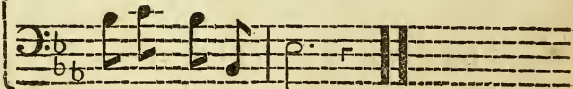
a pain! But 'tis too short a blessing, And



a pain! But 'tis too short a blessing, And



love's too long a pain!



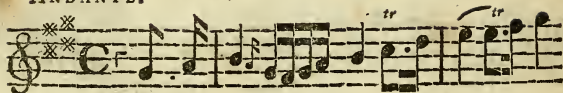
love's too long a pain!

'Tis easy to deceive us,
 In pity of your pain ;
 But when we love, ye leave us
 To rail at you in vain !
 Before we have descry'd it,
 There is no bliss beside it ;
 But she, that once has try'd it,
 Will never love again !

The passion you pretended
 Was only to obtain ;
 But, when the charm is ended,
 The charmer you disdain !
 Your love by ours we measure,
 Till we have lost our treasure ;
 But dying is a pleasure,
 When living is a pain !

In this shady blest retreat, &c.

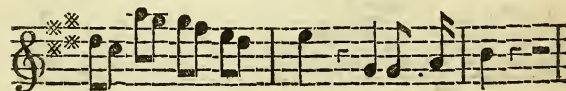
ANDANTE.



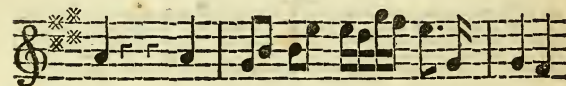
In this sha----dy blest re- - - -treat,



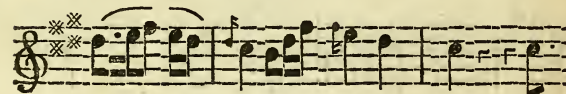
I've been wishing for my dear! I've been



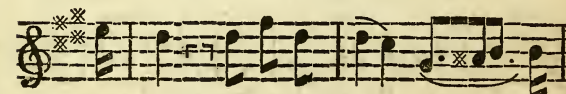
wishing for my dear! Hark! I hear,



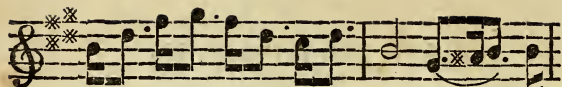
hark! I hear his wel----come feet



Tell the love-ly charmer near. Hark!



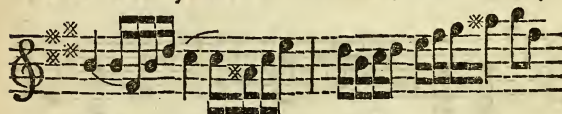
I hear his welcome feet Tell the
love-ly



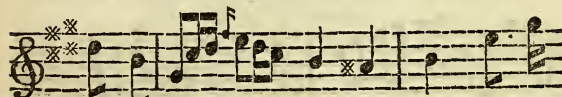
love-----ly charm---er near, Tell the



love---ly charm---er near, Tell the lovely



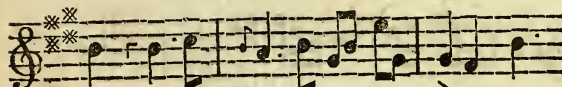
charm- - - - -



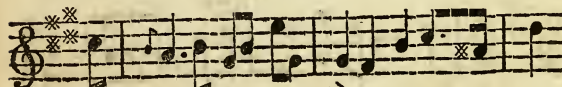
er, the love---ly charmer near, Tell the



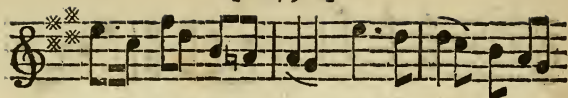
lovely charmer near, Tell the lovely charmer



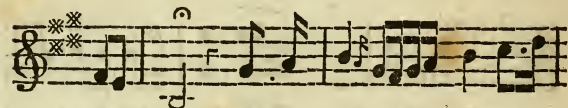
near! 'Tis the sweet bewitching swain! True



to love-appointed hour! Joy and peace
now



now smile a---gain! Love, I own thy migh-



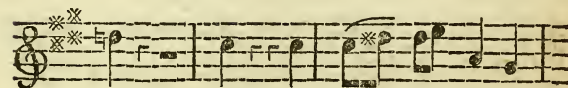
ty pow'r! In this sha-----dy blest re-



treat, - - I've been wishing for my dear!



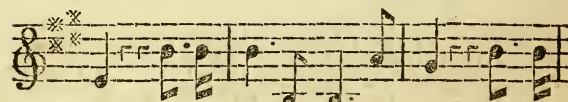
I've been wishing for my dear! Hark! I



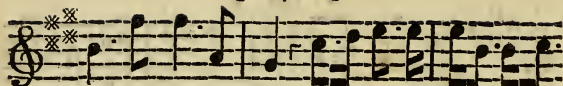
hear, hark! I hear his welcome



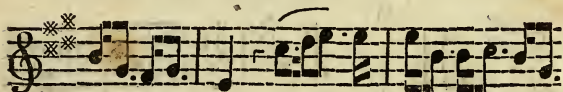
feet Tell the love-----ly charmer



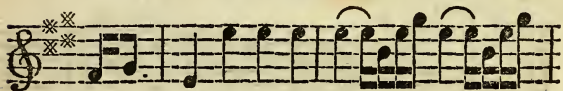
near! In this shady blest retreat, I've been
wishing



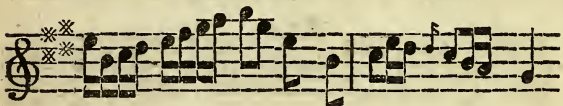
wishing for my dear! Hark! I hear his



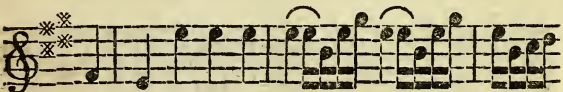
welcome feet Tell the love-ly charm-



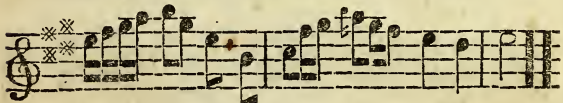
er near, the lovely charm- - - - -



- - - - - er, the love----ly charm-



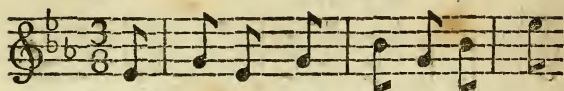
er near, the lovely charm- - - - -



- - - - - er, the love----ly charmer near!

Ye sportsmen, draw near, and ye sportswomen too, &c.

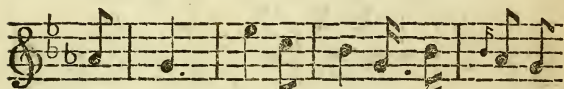
CON MOLTO SPIRITO.



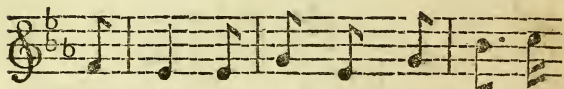
Ye sportsmen, draw near, and ye sportf-



women too, Who delight in the joys of



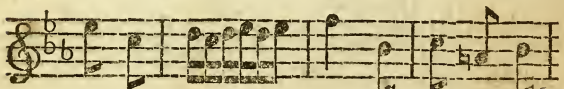
the field, Who delight in the joys of



the field; Mankind, though they blame, are

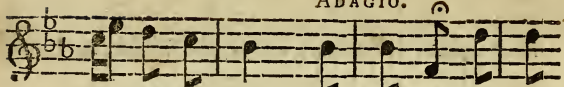


all eager as you, And no one the con-



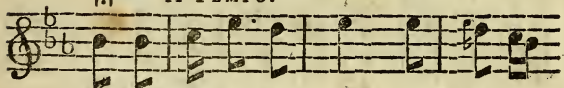
test will yield, - - - And no one the
B b contest

ADAGIO.

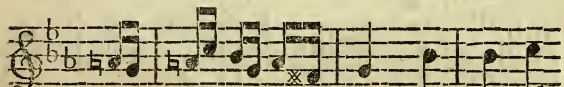


contest will yield. His lordship, his wor-

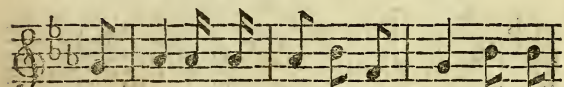
A TEMPO.



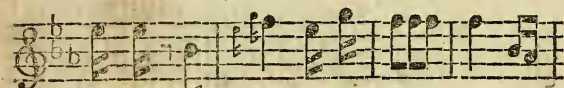
ship, his honour, his grace, To hunting



con-----ti--nu--ally go. All ranks and



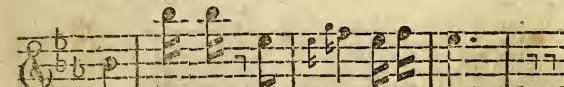
degrees are engag'd in the chace, With Hark



forward! Huzza! Tally - ho! - - All

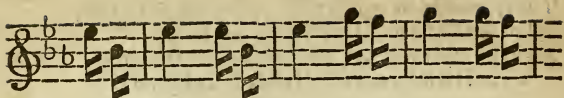


ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,

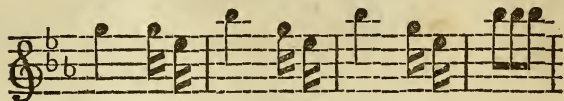


Hark forward! Huzza! Tally - ho!

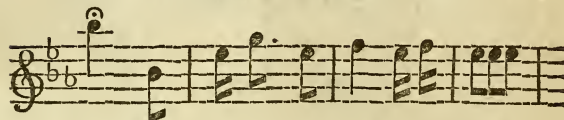
Tally-



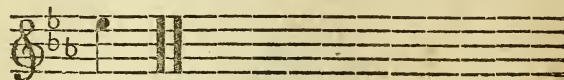
Tally - ho! Tally - ho! Tally - ho! Tally-



ho! Tally - ho! Tally - ho! Tally - ho! -



- - Hark forward! Huzza! Tally - ho! - -



- -

The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn
 To hunt for a mortgage or deed;
 The husband gets up at the sound of the horn,
 And rides to the commons full speed;
 The statesman is thrown in pursuit of his game,
 The poet too often lies low,
 Who, mounted on Pegasus, flies after fame,
 With Hark forward! Huzza! Tally-ho!

While, fearless, o'er hills and o'er woodlands we sweep,
 Though prudes on our pastime may frown,
 How oft do they decency's bounds overleap,
 And the fences of virtue break down!

Thus,

Thus, public or private, for pension, for place,
 For amusement, for passion, for show,
 All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
 With Hark forward! Huzza! Tally-ho!

manus
 THE END.

