

THE
ESSEX HARMONY:

BEING A

CHOICE COLLECTION

OF THE MOST CELEBRATED

SONGS AND CATCHES

NOW IN VOGUE:

SEVERAL NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED:

FOR

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, AND FIVE

VOLICES.

VOLUME I.

THE THIRD EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

BY JOHN ARNOLD,

PHILO-MUSICÆ, ORGANIST OF GREAT-WARLEY, ESSEX.

LONDON:

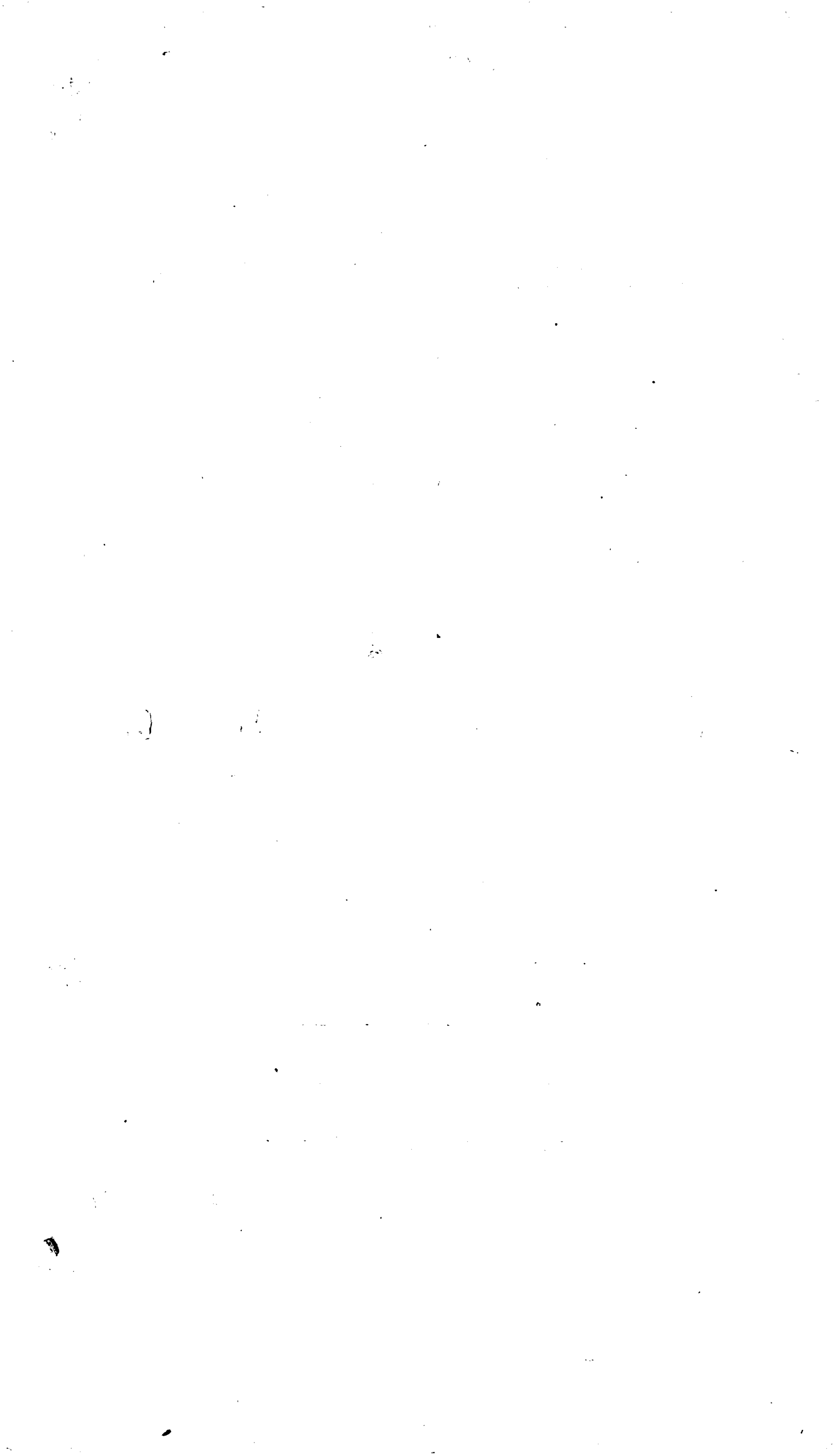
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MDCCLXXXVI.

[Price Bound THREE SHILLINGS.]



P R E F A C E.

THE very great Number of Musical Societies, Catch-Clubs, &c. which are now established, both in Town and Country, plainly demonstrate that Part-Songs and Catches, never were so much in Vogue in England, as at present; the Practice of which (if rightly used) may be esteemed as very commendable, not only in its being an innocent Amusement, and a pleasant Evening Recreation, after the burthensome Fatigues of the Day, for Persons to join in Singing of melodious Songs and Catches, that Peace and Tranquility may thereby be introduced into a Neighbourhood, and social Harmony abound, where perhaps before did dwell the greatest Animosities. For

*MUSIC hath a powerful Charm,
That can the fiercest Rage disarm:
Calm Passions in a human Breast;
And lull ev'n Jealousy to rest.
So great is Music's Power.*

As very few Collections of this kind have hitherto appeared in the World, will, I hope, sufficiently apologize for the Publication of the following useful Work; especially since no Collection, already extant, contains half its Quantity and Variety in so small a Compass, and at so easy a Rate; which makes it not only come at a small Expence to the Purchaser, but, also makes it less burthensome for the Pocket; which it is hoped, will occasion its meeting with a general, as well as a candid Reception.

P R E F A C E.

But how much soever I have consulted the Reader's Con-
veniency in its Conciseness, and consequently moderate Ex-
pence, he may, at the same Time depend upon finding here,
as good a Collection of Songs and Catches, for two, three,
four, and five Voices as have perhaps ever seen the Light;
several of which have been entirely new set to Music, and were
never before printed.

Indeed I have omitted the Thorough Basses, but this can-
not be thought an unpardonable Omission, if it be considered
that they are used but in few Country Places, and that, besides,
there was no Room left for them in the narrow Limits of the
present Undertaking. But however, the vocal Basses, may be
played with a Bassoon, or Bass-Viol, and the Trebles, may
likewise be played with Violins, German Flutes, &c. together
with the Voices, which will greatly augment the Music.

Finally, I recommend the following Sheets to all Lovers of
Harmony, heartily wishing that they may become generally
useful, which was the End I proposed.

*Great-Warley, Essex,
February 20th, 1786.*

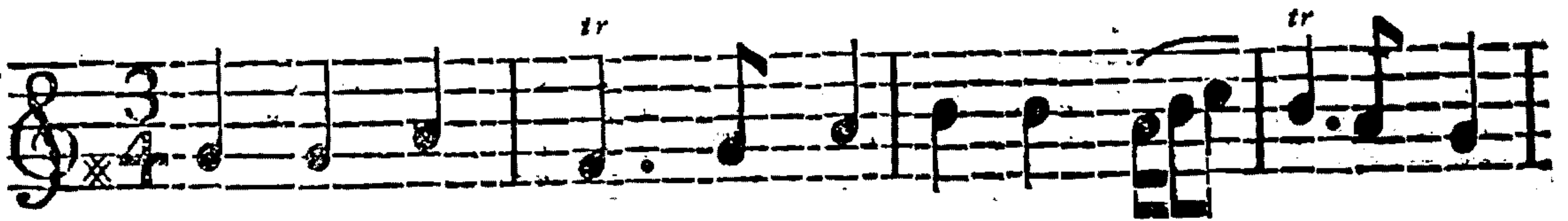
J. A.

S O N G S, &c.

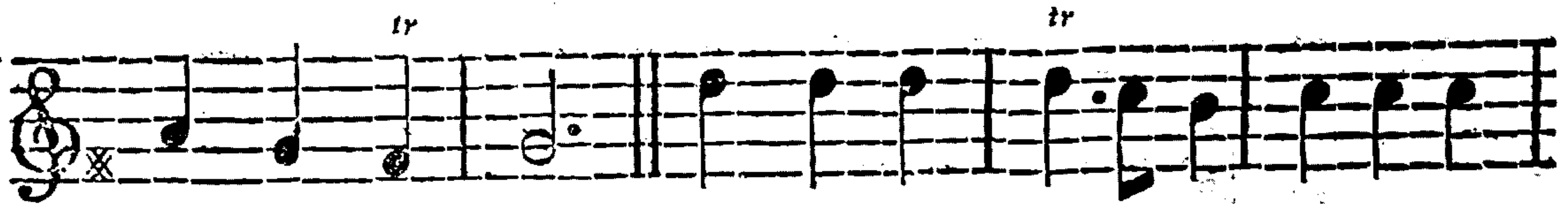
F O R

TWO, THREE, and FOUR VOICES.

S O N G A. 2 Voc. Mr. H. Purcell.



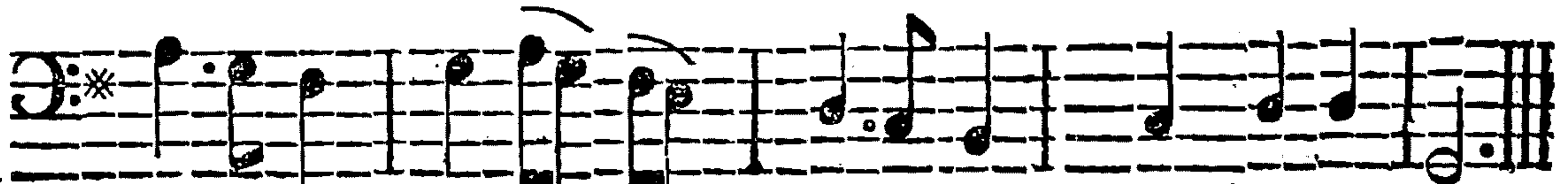
God save great George our King, long live our noble King;



God save the King; send him vic—to—ri-ous, hap-py and



glo—ri-ous, long to reign o--ver us, God save the King.



- 2 O Lord, our God arise, scatter his Enemies, and make them fall ;
Confound their Politics, frustrate their knavish Tricks,
On Him our Hopes we fix, O ! save us all.
- 3 Thy choicest Gifts in store, on him be pleas'd to pour, long may he reign;
May he defend our Laws, and ever give us cause,
To say with Heart and Voice, God save the King.

SONG A. 2 Voc.

Mr. William Laws.

Gather your Rose-buds while you may, old Time is still a fly-ing;

And that same flow'r that smiles to-day, To-mor-row will be dy-ing.

II.

The glorious Lamp of Heav'n, the Sun,
 The higher he is getting;
 The sooner will his Race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting.

III.

That Age is best, that is the first,
 While Youth and Blood are warmer;
 Expect not the last, and the worst;
 Time still succeeds the former.

IV.

Then be not coy, but use your Time,
 While you may go to marry:
 For having once but lost your Prime,
 You may for ever tarry.

SONG on a Bowl of Punch. A. 2 Voc.

Mr. Markham.

The jol-ly bowl does gl-ad my soul, the flow-ing

Li-quer cheers my Heart; I'll re-vel free from all con-

-troul, 'tis this that doth im-prove all Art.

II.

The Miser may be pleas'd with Gold,
 The sporting Beau with pretty Lads:
 But I'm best pleas'd when I behold
 The Nectar sparkling in the Glass.

SONG A. 2 Voc..

Mr. Weldon.

Let am-bition fire thy mind; thou wer't born o'er

Let am-bi-tion fire thy mind; thou wer't born, &c.

men to-reign: Not to fol-low Flocks de-sign'd,

scorn thy crook, and leave the plain,

scorn thy crook.

II.

Crowns I'll lay beneath thy Feet, thou on Necks of Kings shall tread;
Joys encircling, Joys shall meet, which way e'er thy Fancy leads.

III.

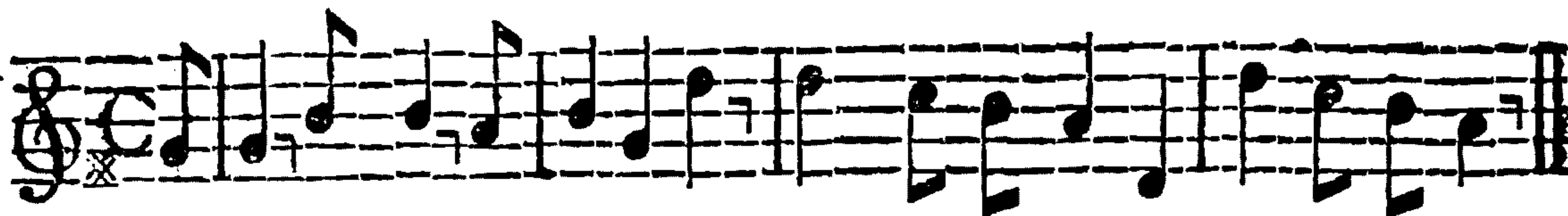
Let not Toils of Empire fright, Toils of Empire Pleasures are;
Thou shalt only know Delight, all the Joy and not the Care.

IV.

Shepherd, if thou yield'st the Prize, for the Blessings I bestow,
Joyful I'll attend the Skies, happy shall thou reign below.

S O N G A. 2 Voc.

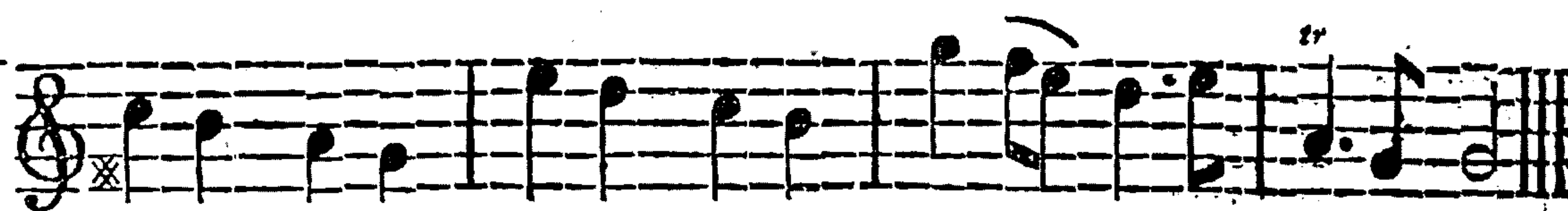
Mr. H. Carey.



He comes, he comes, the he-ro comes, found, found your trumpets, beat, beat, your drums:



From port to port let cannons roar, he's welcome to the British shore ;



Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome to the Bri-tish shore.



II.

Prepare, prepare your Songs, prepare;
Loud, loudly rend the echoing Air:
From Pole to Pole your Joys resound,
For Virtue is with Glory crown'd.
Virtue, Virtue, Virtue, Virtue,
Virtue is with Glory crown'd.

SONG *A. 2 Voc.* Mr. Felton.

Fill, fill, fill the glafs, brisk-ly put it roun-d,

joy-ful News at laft, let the trum-pet found;

join in lof-ty ftrains, love-ly nymphs, jol-ly fwains;

Peace and plen-ty fhall a-gain with wealth be crown'd.

- 2 Come, come, come fweet Peace, thou moft welcome Guest;
Let all Difcord ceafe, Harmony abound,—Join in, &c.
- 3 Come, come, come, let nothing but Joys furround,
Sweet Mufic playing, perfect Concords found,—Join in, &c.
- 4 Drink, drink, drink a Health unto George our King,
Let every true loyal Briton fing,—Join in, &c.

A Favourite SONG A. 2 Voc.

Moderato.



Smile, smile, Britannia smile, thy genius comes again to guard the fruitful isle, & thunder



o'er the main, thy gallant sons disdain the ease, now crown thee mistress of the seas;



now cro—wn thee mistress of the seas.



2 While dauntless they advance, and bid the Cannons roar,
They'll scourge the Pride of France, and shake the Imperial Shore;
Deriding Trumpets o'er the Waves, with Courage never known to Slaves.

3 The Deck all stain'd with Blood, the Bullets wing'd with Fate;
The wide and restless Flood, cannot the Rage abate;
In How and in Boscawen, wake the Souls of Ruffel and of Blake.

5 Britons pursue the Blow, like Sons of Freedom fight;
Convince the haughty Foe, that you'll maintain your Right;
Defiance bid to France and Spain, assert your Empire o'er the Main.

SONG *A. 2 Voc.*

Britons where is your great Mag-na—ni--mi-ty, where's your

boast-ed cou-rage flown? Quite per-vert-ed to pu--si--la-

—ni-mi-ty, scarce to call your souls your own.

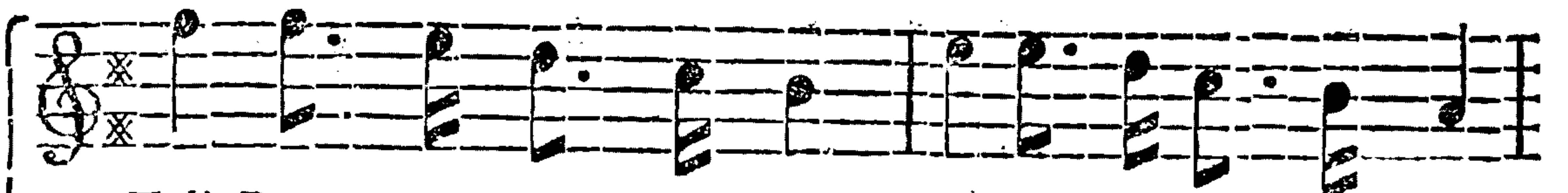
- 2 What your Ancestors won so victoriously,
Crown'd with Conquest in the Field;
You'd relinquish, and O! most ingloriously;
To Oppression, tamely yield.
- 3 Freedom now for her Flight makes preparitive;
See her weeping, quit the Shore;
Britain's Loss will then be past comparitive,
Never to be hold her more.
- 4 Gracious Gods assist to exergitate;
Stretch forth thy vindictive Hand;
Make Oppressors their Plunder regurgitate,
And preserve a sinking Land.

A loyal

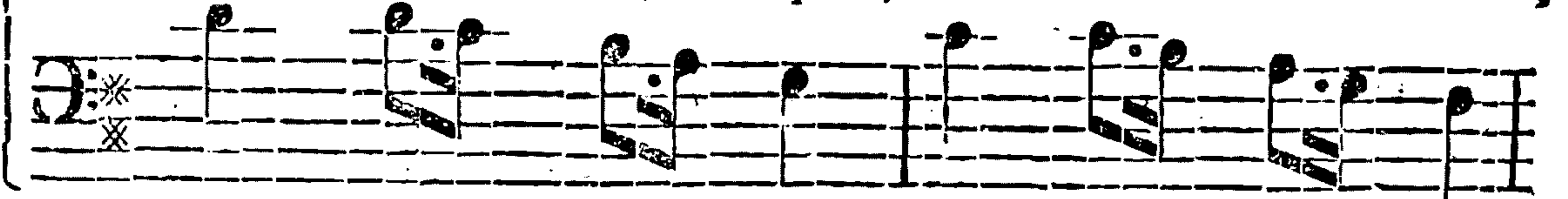
A LOYAL SONG. *A, 2 Voc.*



Fame let thy trum—pet sound, tell all the world a-round, great George is King :



Tell Rome, and France, and Spain, Bri-tan-nia scorns their Chain,



Bri-tan-nia scorns their chain ; great George is King, great George is King.



2 May Heav'n his Life defend,
And make his Race extend,
Wide as his Fame :
The choicest Blessings shed,
On his anointed Head,
And teach his Foes to dread,
Great George's Name.

3 He Peace and Plenty brings,
While Rome deluded Kings
Waste and destroy :
Then let his People sing,
Long live our gracious King,
From whom all Blessings spring,
Freedom and Joy.

4 God save our noble King,
Long live our gracious King,
God save the King ;
Mark how the Vallies ring,
Long live our gracious King,
From whom all Blessings spring,
God save the King.

S O N G *on* Masonry, *A. 2 Voc.*

Mr. H. Carey.

'Tis Masonry u-nites Mankind, to gen'—rous ac—tions forms the Soul;
In friendly converse all conjoin'd, one spirit animates the whole.

II.

Wheree'er aspiring Domes arise, wherever sacred Altars stand;
Those Altars blaze unto the Skies, those Domes proclaim the Mason's Hand.

III.

As Passions rough the Soul disguise, 'till Science cultivates the Mind;
So the rude Stone unshapen lies, 'till by the Mason's Art refin'd.

IV.

Tho' still our chief Concern and Care, be to deserve a Brother's Name;
Yet ever mindful of the Fair, their kindest Influence we claim.

V.

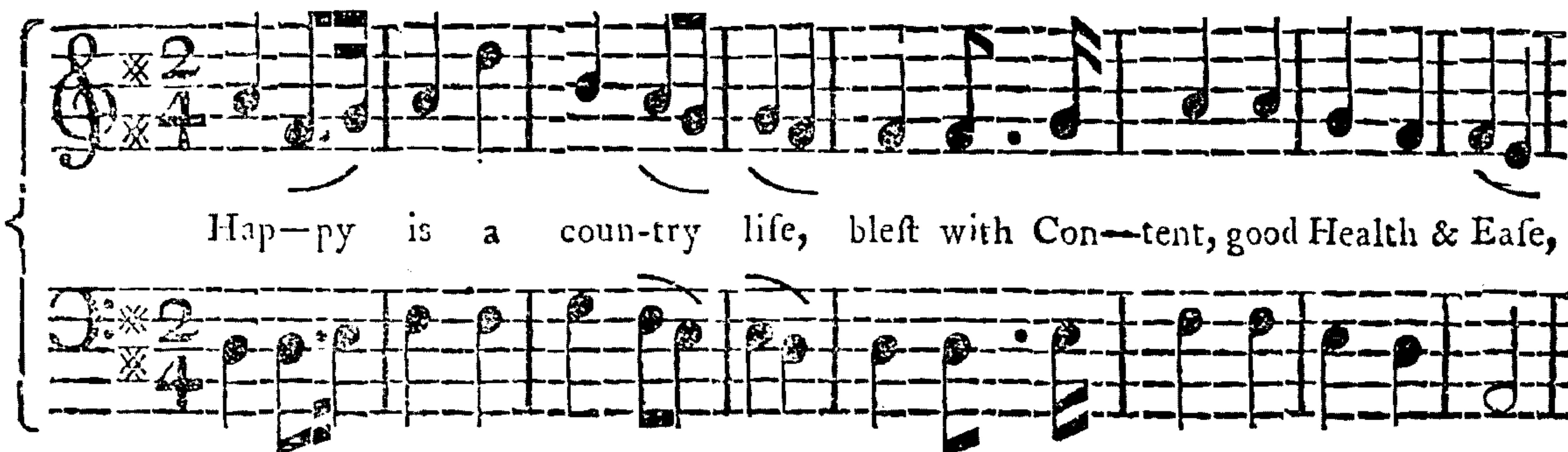
Let Wretches at our Manhood rail, but they who once our Order prove,
Will own that we who build so well, with equal Energy can love.

VI.

Sing Brethren then the Craft divine, best Band of social Joy and Mirth;
With choral Sound, and chearful Wine, proclaim its Virtues o'er the Earth.

S O N G A. 2 Voc.

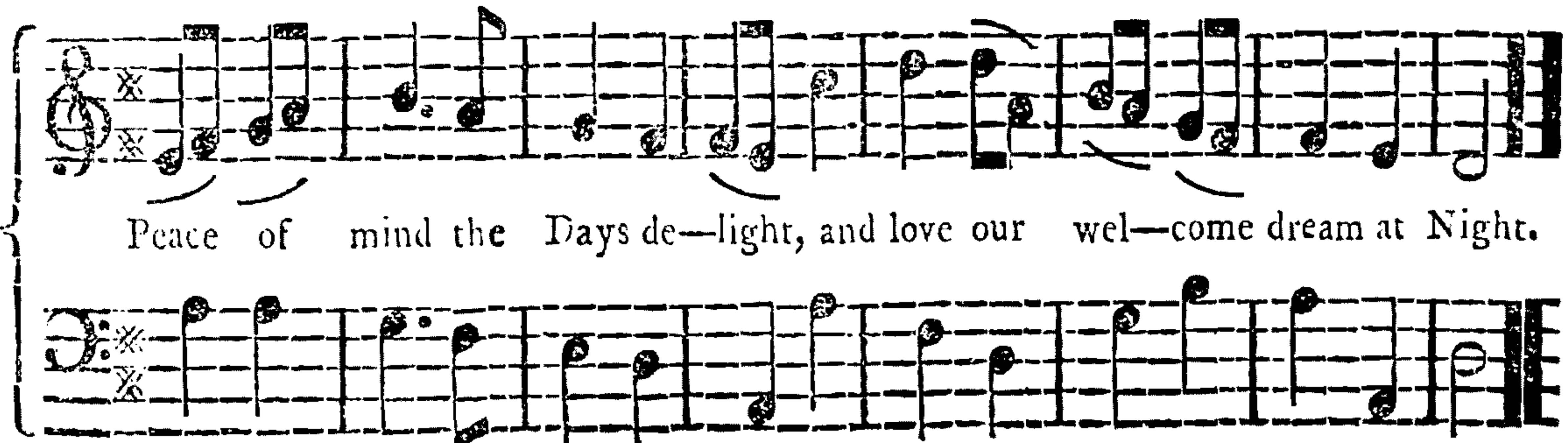
Mr. Winn.



Hap—py is a coun—try life, blest with Con—tent, good Health & Ease,



Free from fac—tious Noise or Strife, we on—ly plot our—selves to please.



Peace of mind the Days de—light, and love our wel—come dream at Night.

Hail green Fields, and shady Woods,
Hail Springs and Streams that still run pure,
Nature's uncorrupted Goods,
Where Virtue only is secure :
Free from Vice, here free from Care,
Age is no Pain, and Youth no Snare.

SONG A. 2 Voc.

Britannia's sons rejoice, to George ex-alt your voice, God save the King;

In whose au--spi cious reign, Cape Bre--ton we regain, and in re--

—cording strain, Vic--to---ry sing; In whose au-spi-cious reign, Cape Breton

we regain, and in re-cord-ing strain, Vic—to -ry sing.

2 Amherst and Boscawen,
And all their British Men,
Like Heroes shone;
Thanks be to Patriot Pitt,
Whose penetrating Wit,
And Wisdom judg'd it fit,
To set them on.

3 O grant thus nobly won,
That never Cape Breton
Again may fall;
May British Bands protect,
While British Hearts direct,
And Gallic Schemes detect,
God save us all.

A New Favourite HUNTING SONG. A. 2 Voc.

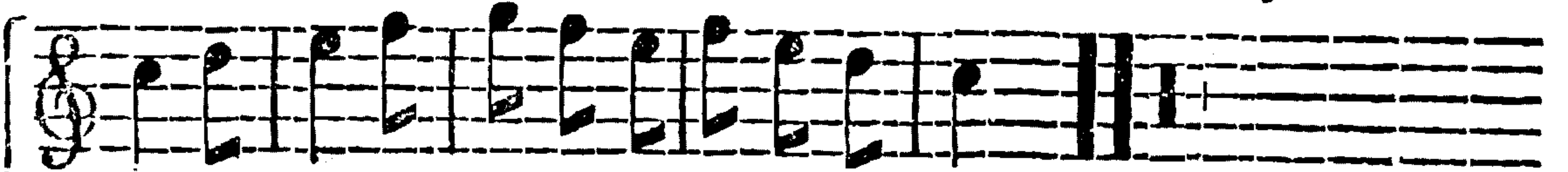
Mr. Arnold.



The ecchoing horn, founds well in the morn, & calls the brave sportsman a-



—way, the cry of the hounds, with pleasure refounds, and greatly en-li-vens the



day, the day, and great-ly en-li-vens the day.



2.

Away to the Shaws,
And hark! the brave Noise
O'the Hounds when they open their Throats!
The Fox he breaks over,
Hark! Forward! hey! Over!
And follow their musical Notes, &c.

3.

Hedges, Gates, or Stiles,
Cause us no recoils,
Our Horses they leap them so well;
The Hounds we will follow,
And bravely we'll halloo!
What Pleasure can hunting excel, &c.

4.

The Hounds when at Fault,
We hold-hard or halt,
'Till the Scent of the Fox they regain;
Then cry! Hark! Forward!
Hey! Over! Hark! Forward!
And gallop it over the Plain, &c.

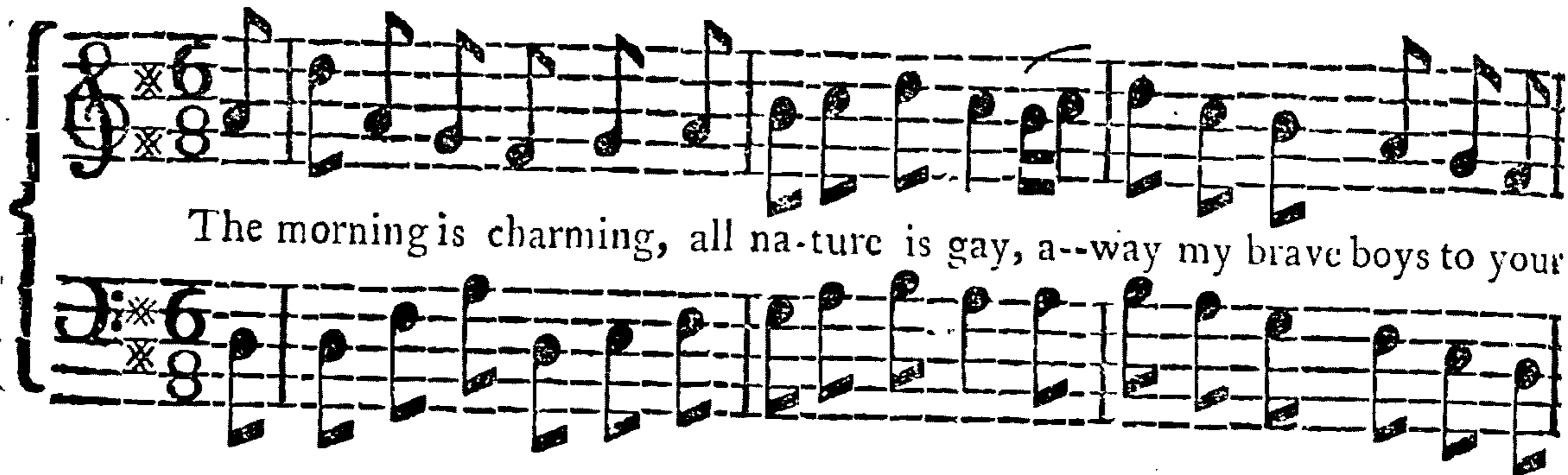
5.

O'er Mountains he flies.
And afterwards dies,
Having led us an excellent Chace;
We take off his Brush,
And then homewards push,
In order our Spirits to raise, &c.

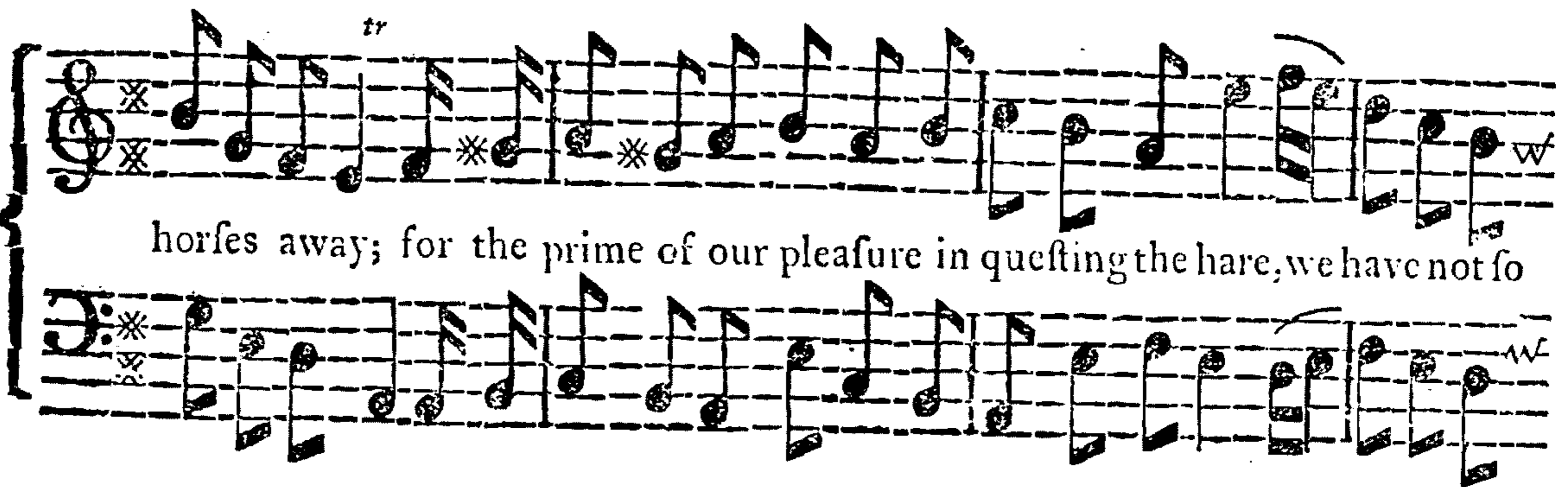
6.

With a Bottle and Friend,
The Ev'ning we'll spend,
To crown the sweet Sports of the Day:
Our Wives shall, at Night,
Give us such Delight,
Will smooth all dull Sorrow away, &c.

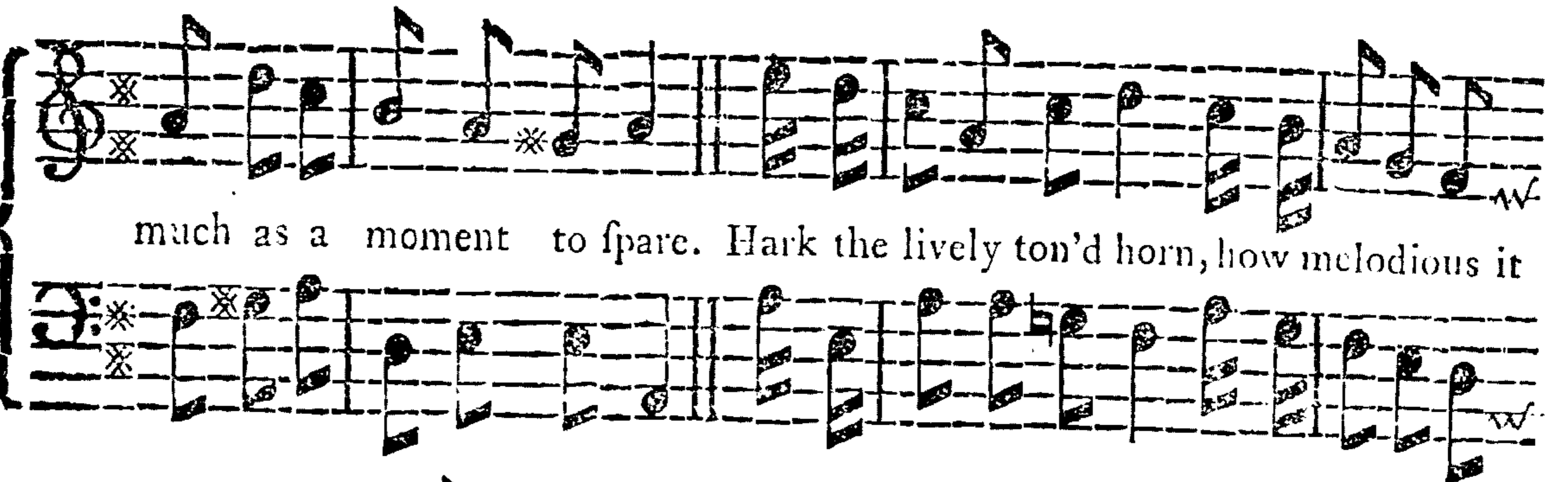
A New Hunting SONG. A. 2 Voc.



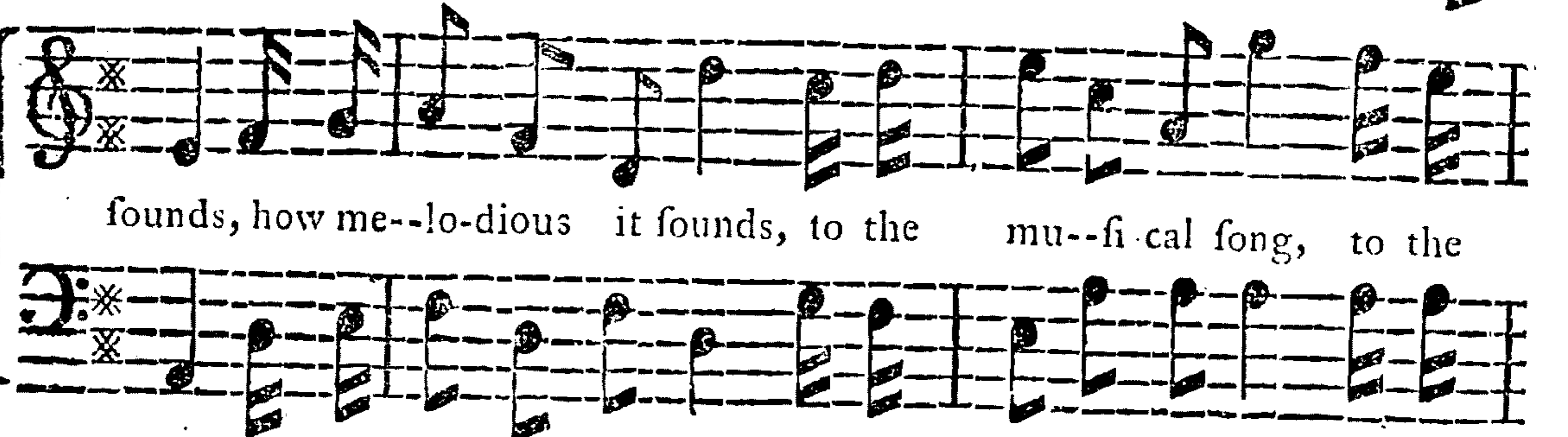
The morning is charming, all nature is gay, a--way my brave boys to your



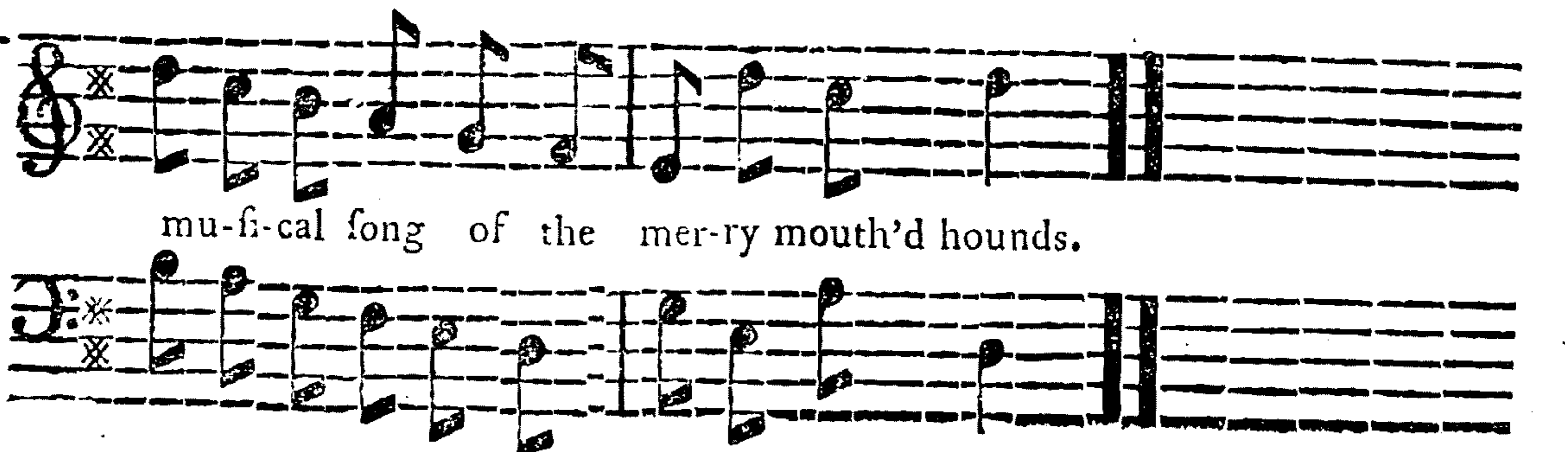
horses away; for the prime of our pleasure in questing the hare, we have not so



much as a moment to spare. Hark the lively ton'd horn, how melodious it



sounds, how me--lo-dious it sounds, to the mu--fi-cal song, to the



mu-fi-cal song of the mer-ry mouth'd hounds.

II.

In yon Stubble Field you shall find her below,
Soho, cries the Huntsman; hark! to him, Soho!
See, see where she goes, and the Hounds have a View,
Such Harmony Handel himself never knew.
Gates, Hedges, and ditches to us are no Bounds,
For the World is our own, while we follow the Hounds.

III.

Hold! hold! 'tis a Double, hark! hey! Bowler hey!
If a Thousand gainsay it, a Thousand shall lie,
His Beauty surpassing his Truth hath been try'd,
At the Head of a Pack an infallible Guide;
At His Cry the wide Welkin with Thunder resounds:
The Darling of Hunters, the Glory of Hounds.

IV.

O'er Higlands, and Lowlands, and Woodlands we fly,
Our Horses full Speed, and our Hounds in full Cry,
So match'd in their Mouths, so equal they run;
Like the Turn of the Spheres, and the Race with the Sun;
Health, Joy, and Felicity dance in the Rounds,
And bless the gay Circle of Hunters and Hounds.

V.

The old Hounds push forward, a very sure Sign,
That the Hare, tho' a stout one, begins to decline;
A Chace of two Hours, or more, she has led,
She's down, look about ye, they have her, 'ware, dead!
How glorious a Death to be honour'd with Sounds,
Of Horns, and a Shout to the Chorus of Hounds.

VI.

Here's a Health to all Hunters, and long be their Lives,
May they never be cross'd by their Sweethearts or Wives;
May they rule their own Passions, and ever at rest,
As the most happy Men, be they also the best;
And free from all Care which the many furrounds,
Be happy at last;---when they see no more Hounds.

A Loyal SONG. A. 2 Voc.

Gently.

Say love-ly peace that grac'd our isle, why you withdraw the

in-dul-gent smile, why you with-draw the in-dul-gent smile?

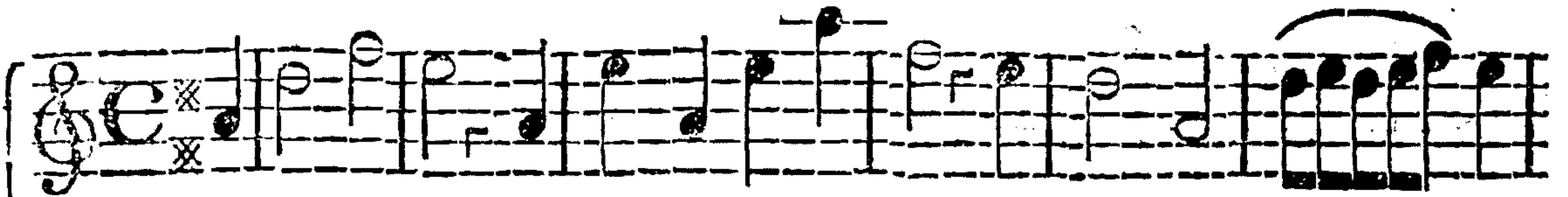
Is it you fly the fons of Fame, that they the pride of

France may tame, that they the pride of France may tame.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Brisk.



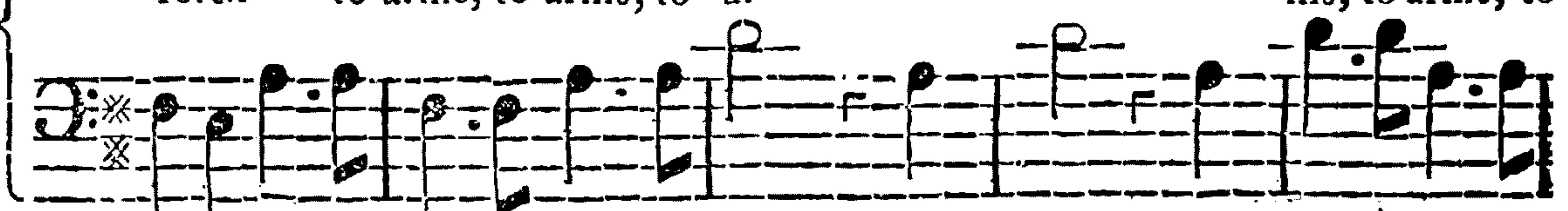
For Mars is rous'd, is rous'd, by wars alarms, and calls the Bri—tons



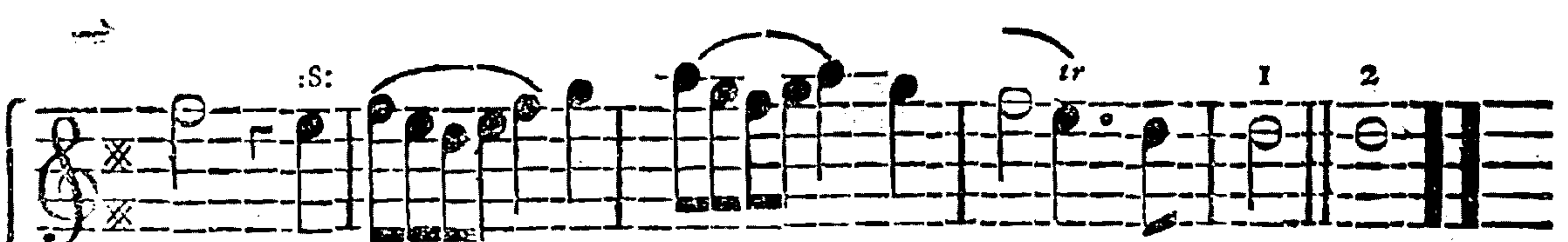
For Mars is rous'd by wars a—larms, and calls the Bri-tons, the



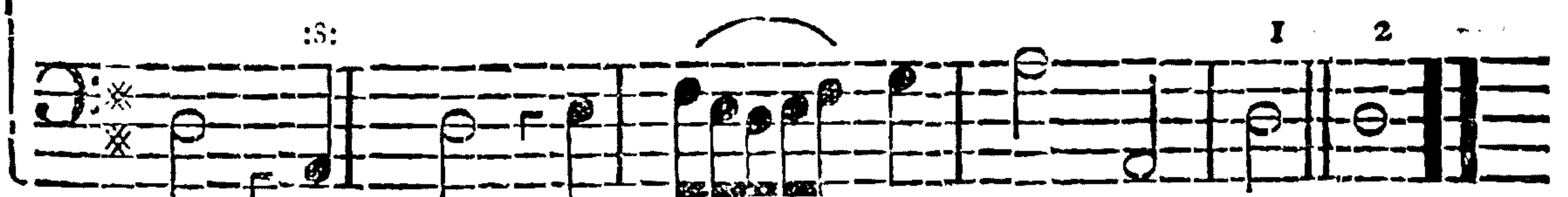
forth to arms, to arms, to ar - - - - - ms, to arms, to



Britons forth to arms, to arms, to arms, to arms, to arms, to



arms, and calls the Bri—tons forth to arms, arms.



arms, and calls the Bri—tons forth to arms, arms.

2 Our Chiefs renown'd upon the Main, once more in Arms shine forth again ;
Whose steady Courage dares oppose, and stem the Pow'r of Gallic Foes.

For Mars, &c.

3 What State but does its Fate deplore, where'er the British Thunders roar :
All, all must in Subjection bow, and to Britannia's Sons 'tis due.

For Mars, &c.

4 As Rome of old her Terrors hurl'd ; and prov'd the Mistress of the World ;
The Globe itself must subject be, to Albion's Sons who rule the Sea.

For Mars, &c.

5 Arise, arise to War's great Call, prepare to meet the audacious Gall :
And, in return for all your Toils, return with Victory and Spoils.

For Mars, &c.

D

A SONG

SONG A. 2 Voc. Mr. Purcell.

To arms, to arms, to arms, to arms, to arms, to arms, to arms, to

To arms, to arms, to arms, to arms, to

arms, to arms, to arms, to arms, to arms, to arms, to

arms, to arms, to arms, to arms, to arms, to arms, to arms, to

arms, to arms, to arms, to arms, to arms, to arms, to arms, your Ensigns strait display.

arms, to arms, to arms, to arms, to arms, your ensigns strait display.

Now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, set the bat—tle in ar-ray :

Continued.

Continued.

The o--ra--cle for war declares, for War de--clares; suc-

-cess depends, suc-cess depends up-on our hearts and spears; the o--ra-cle for

war de--clares, for war de--clares, suc-

-cess depends, suc-cess depends up-on our hearts and spears.

C H O R U S.

Vivace.

Britons strike home, re--venge, re--venge your coun-try's wrongs;

Fight, fight and re-cord, fight, fight and re--cord yourselves in

Dru-id's song; fight, fight, and re—cord, fight, fight, and re-

cord, re—cord yourselves in Dru—ids songs.

A S O N G

SONG A. 2 Voc.

Dr. Alcock.

How faint a joy the maid im-parts, re-luc-tant

How faint a joy the maid imparts, re-luc-tant

who re-signs her charms, she damps the transports of our

who re-signs her charms, she damps the transports of our

hearts, and beau-ty of her force dis-arms.

hearts, and beau-ty of her force dis-arms.

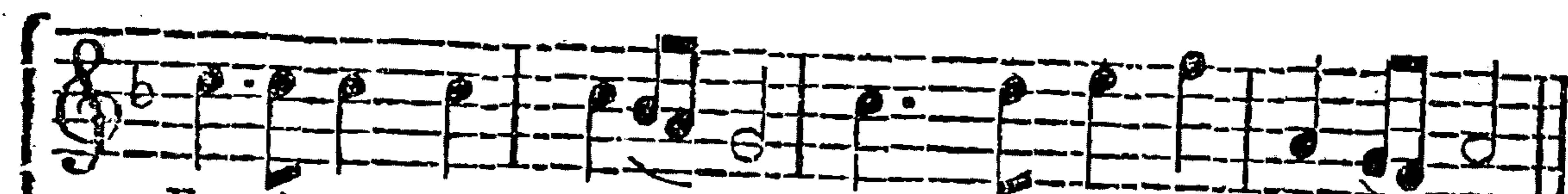
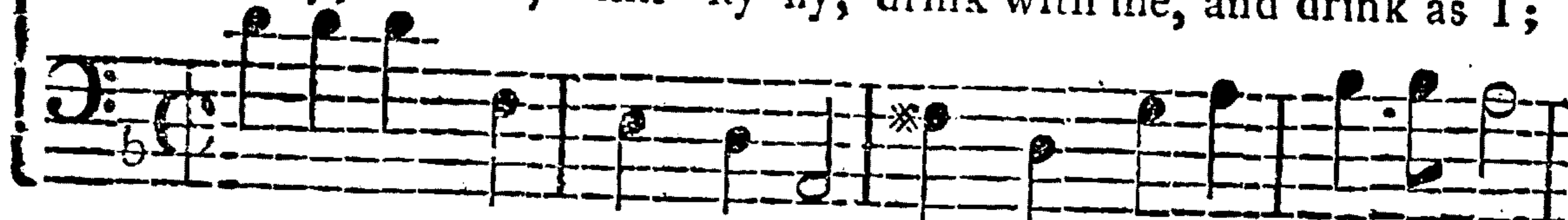
How great the Pleasure, how refin'd,
And even in Reflection sweet;
When Lovers are but of one Mind;
And Souls together seem to meet.

The Fly. A. 2 Voc.

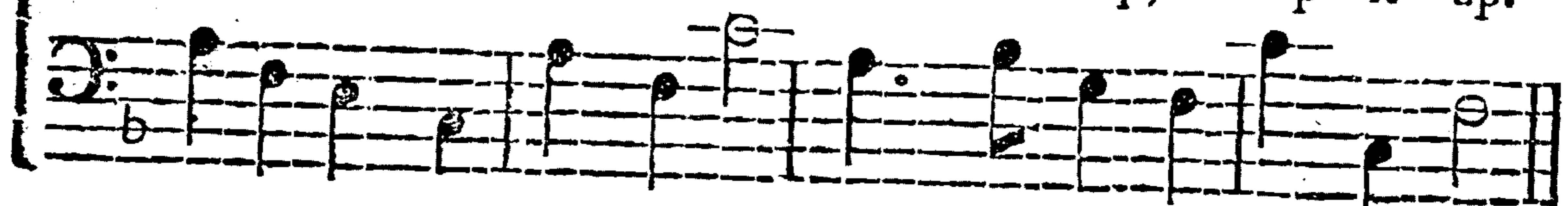
Dr. Green.



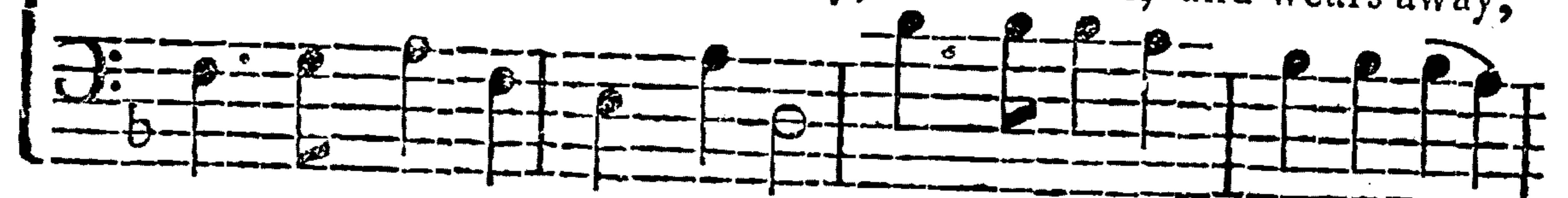
Bu-fy, cu-ri-ous, thir-sty fly, drink with me, and drink as I;



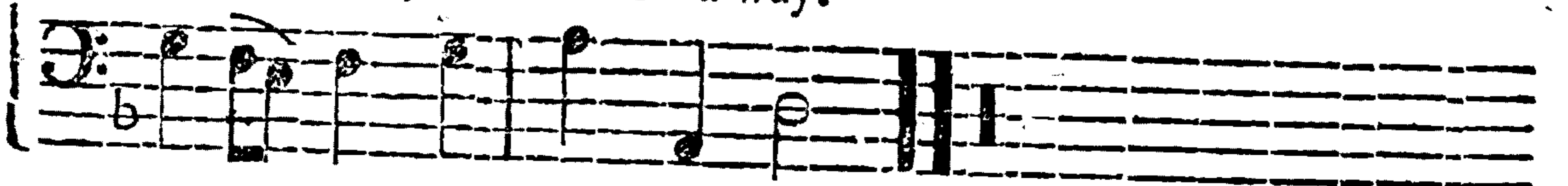
Free-ly wel-come to my cup, could'st thou sip, and sip it up.



Make the most of life you may, life is short, and wears away,



life is short, and wears a-way.



Both alike are mine and thine, hasten quick to their decline;
 Thine's a Summer, mine's no more, though augmented to threescore:
 Threescore Summers when they're gone, will appear as short as one,
 Time seems little to look back, and moves on like Clock or Jack;
 As the Movement of the Fly, Fortune swiftly passes by;
 And when Life's short Thread is spun, the Larum strikes, & we have done,
 The Larum, &c.

The Advice, A. 2 Voc.

George Frederick Handel, *E/q;*



Mortals wise-ly learn to measure life by the ex-tent of joy:



Life is sho—rt, and fleeting pleasure then be



gay, whilst you may, and your hours in mirth em-ploy.



Never let a Mistress pain you, tho' she meets you with a Frown;
Fly to Wiue, 'twill soon unchain you, cheer thy Heart, and all smart,
In a sweet Oblivion drown.

If Love's fiercer Flames shou'd seize thee, to some gentle Maid repair;
She'll with soft Endearments ease thee, on her Breast, lull'd to rest,
Eas'd of Love, and freed from Care.

Friendship, Love, and Wine united, from all Ills defend the Mind,
By them guarded and delighted, happy State, smile at Fate,
And leave Sorrow to the Wind.

SONG A, 2 Voc.

Mr. Arnold.

Bloom—ing Bac-chus e--very young, sweet af-fua-ger of all care.

When invok'd by flat-t'ring tongue e--ver rea---dy thou to hear.

Thou dost make the Coward brave ;
 Thou dost frozen Dotage warm ;
 Thou dost Freedom give the Slave,
 And thy Sons protect from Harm.

Thou dost in the Fair One's Breast,
 Soft Desires, kind Wishes raise ;
 When the amorous Swain is blest,
 Thine the Conquest, thine the Praise.

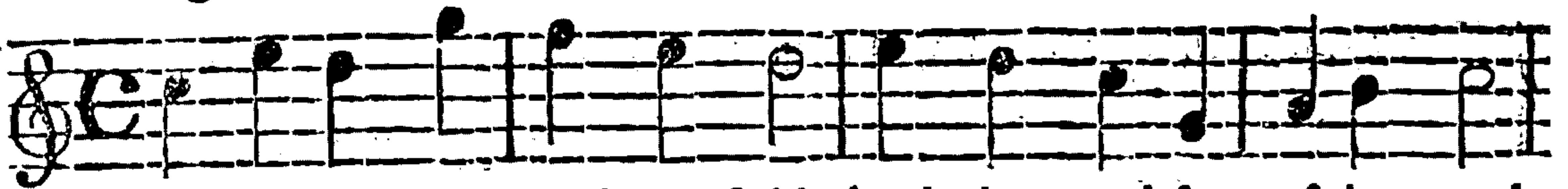
To our Vows propitious prove,
 We by thy Assistance may,
 Triumph o'er the God of Love ;
 Triumph o'er the God of Day.

C H O R U S.

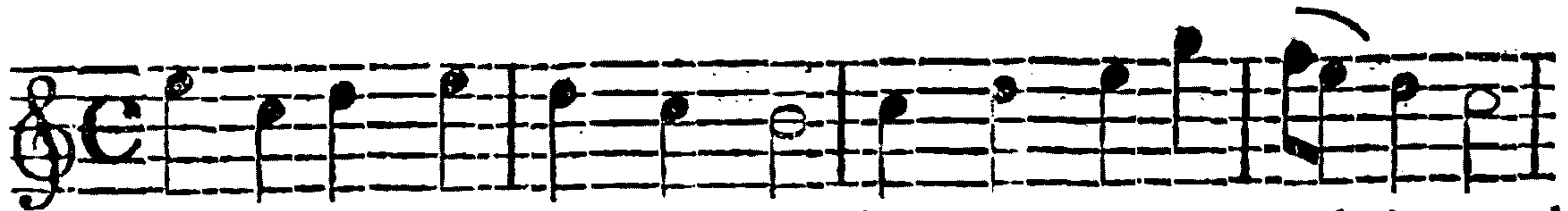
Continued.

CHORUS, A. 3 Voc.

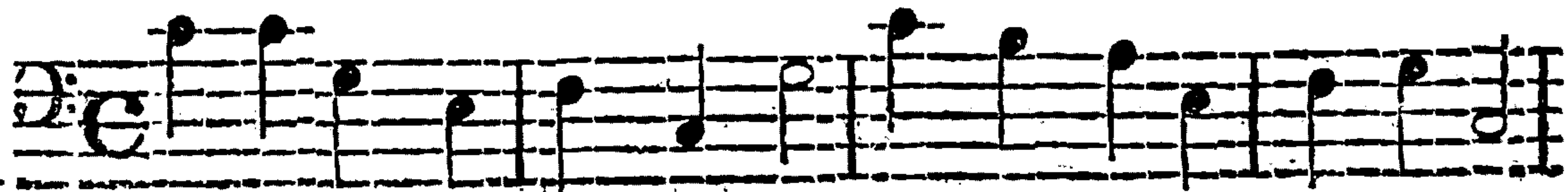
Allegro.



Let us by thine influence fir'd, lead the mad fan-tast-ic round,



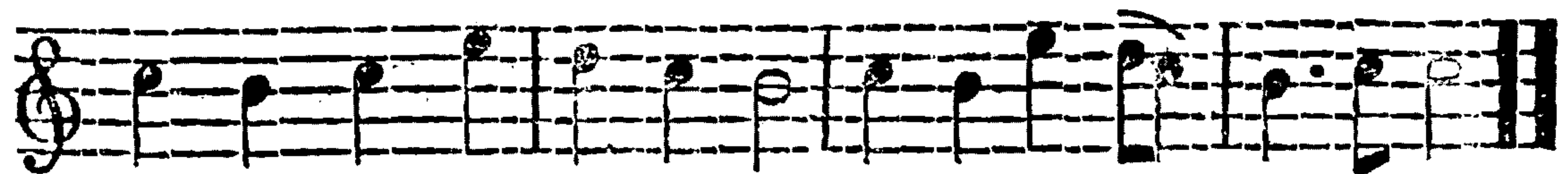
Let us by thine influence fir'd, lead the mad fan--tast--ic round



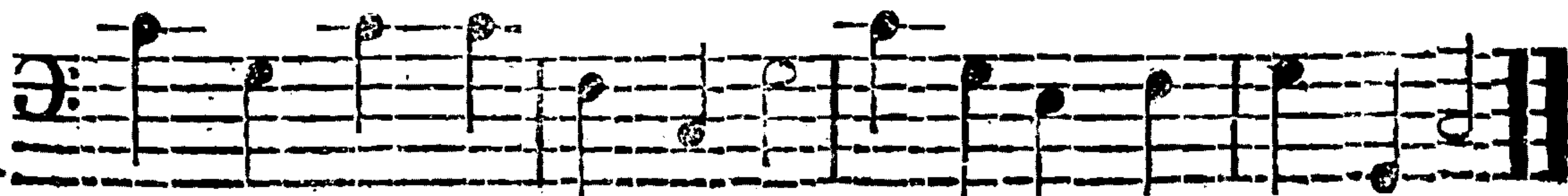
:5:



Whilst our songs by thee inspir'd, louder still, and loud--er sound.



Whilst our songs by thee inspir'd, louder still, and loud--er sound.



N. B. This Chorus is to be sung at the End of every Verse.

SONG A. 2 Voc.

Mr. Arnold.

When Chloe was by Damon seen, what heart cou'd be unmov'd?

She look'd so like the Cyprian Queen, he gaz'd, admir'd and lov'd.

He lov'd, alas! but lov'd in vain,
 And, full of Grief and Care,
 He knew he never cou'd obtain,
 The lovely, charming Fair.

Cloe deserv'd a better Swain;
 He not so fair a Bride;
 Yet still he hugg'd the fatal Chain,
 He lov'd, despair'd, and died.

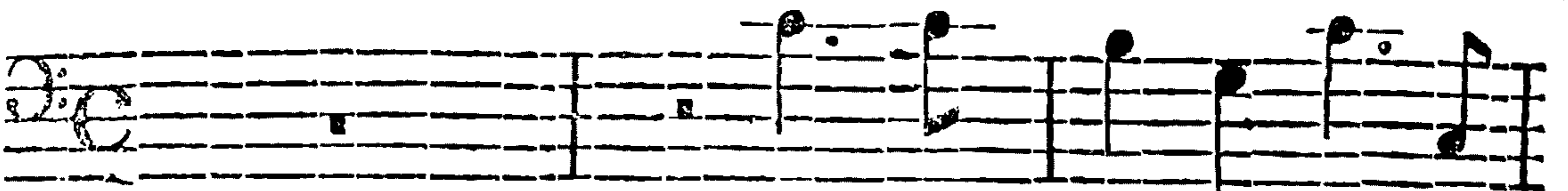
Take Pity then thou lovely Maid,
 For Cloe's Case is thine,
 I dare not ask, so much I dread;
 Must Damon's Fate be mine?

SONG A. 2 Voc.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



Cease, the ro--vers, cease to ra



Cease, the ro—vers, cease to



—nge, to ran ge, the ro--vers, cease to



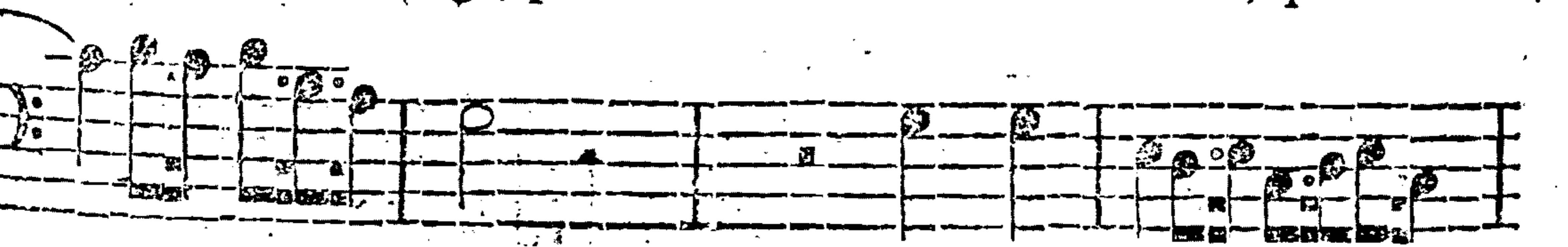
ran ge, the ro-vers, cease to



ra



—nge, pleasure re vels, plea-fure



—nge; plea—fure re

Continued.

re

re-vels, pleasure re-vels, plea--sure

re-vels leaft in change. Wand'ring still, and still un--ea--fy,

re-vels leaft in change. Wand'--ring still, and still un--

still, still un--ea--fy, nought can fix ye, nought, nought can plea--

easy, still un--ea--fy, nought can fix ye, nought, nought can plea--

se ye, nought can please ye,

se ye, nought can please ye,

whilst

Continued.

whilst true love, like heav'nly joys, never, ne--ver dies, never, ne--ver.

whilst true love, like heav'nly joys, never, ne-ver, never, ne-ver,

ne--ver dies, and ne-ver cloys, cloys.

never, never dies, and ne--ver cloys, cloys.

Fair Clora, A. 2 Voc.

Mr. Hayden.

As I saw fair Clo—ra walk a—

As I saw fair Clora walk a—

—lone, the fea—ther'd snow came

—lone, the fea—ther'd snow came softly

Continued.

softly down, softly down, softly down, softly down, softly down, came

soft-ly down, soft-ly down, soft-ly down, came

soft-ly, soft-ly, soft—ly down. As Jove de-scend-ing, de—

soft-ly, soft-ly, soft—ly down. As Jove de—

—scend—ing from his tow'r, to cou—rt her in

—scendng from his tow'r, to court her in a

a fil-ver show'r, as Jove de—scend—ing from his tow'r, to

fil—ver show'r, as Jove de—scend—ing from his tow'r,

court

Continued.

court her, to cou—rt her in a fil-ver
to . cou—rt her in a fil-ver

show'r. The wan—ton snow flew to her breast, as lit-tle, lit—
show'r. The wan-ton snow flew to her breast, as lit-

—tle birds in—to their nest; but being o'er—come with white-ness there; for
—tle birds in—to their nest; but be-ing o'er—come with whiteneſs there, for

grief diſſolv'd, for grief diſſolv'd in—to a tear. Thence falling
grief diſſolv'd, for grief diſſolv'd in—to a tear. Thence falling

on

Continued.

on her gar—ments hem, to de—

on her gar—ments hem, to

ck her, froze, froze, froze,

de ck her,

in—to a gem. *Da Capo al Segno ad Libitum.*

SONG A. 2 Voc.

Plen—ty, mirth, and gay de—lights, and ga—

Plenty, mirth, and gay de—lights, and ga—

Continued.

y de-lights, plea-fant days, plea-fant days,

y delights, pleafant days, and g ay de-

plea-fant days, and ga y de-lights,

lights, plea-fant days, plea-fant days, plea-fant

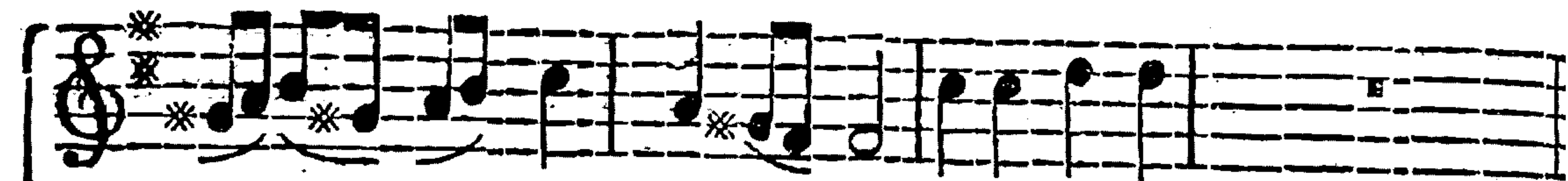
plea-fant days, and bliff-ful nights : All the sweet-, all, all, all the

days, and blifs-ful, blifs-ful, nights : All the sweets, all the

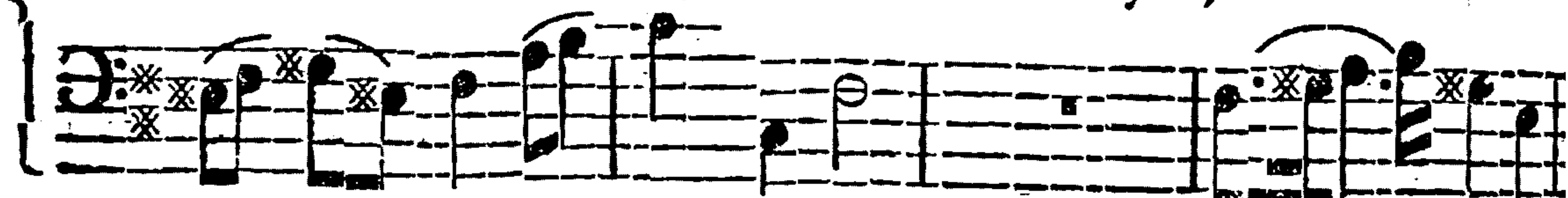
swee-ts of love and peace, num'rous flocks, nu-

swee-ts of love and peace, num'rous flocks, nu-

Continued:

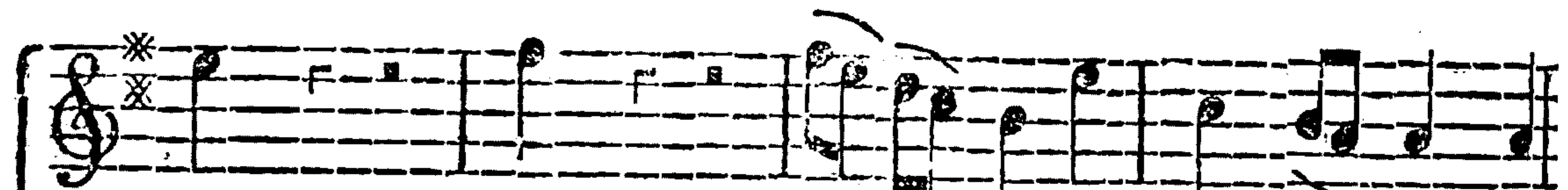


me--rous flocks and large increase ever blefs you,

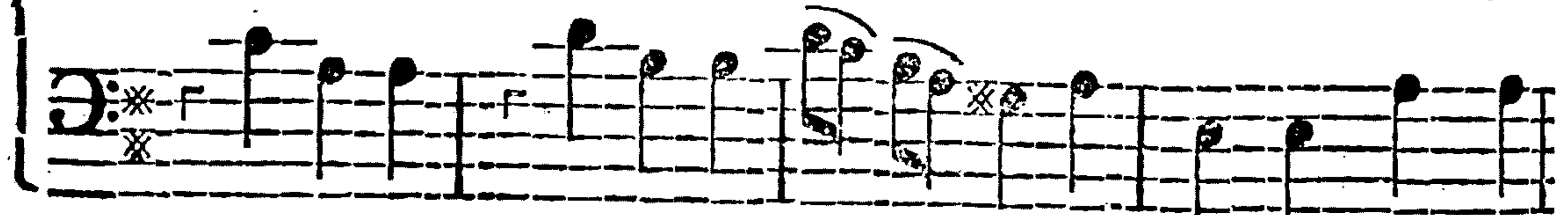


me--rous flocks & large increase,

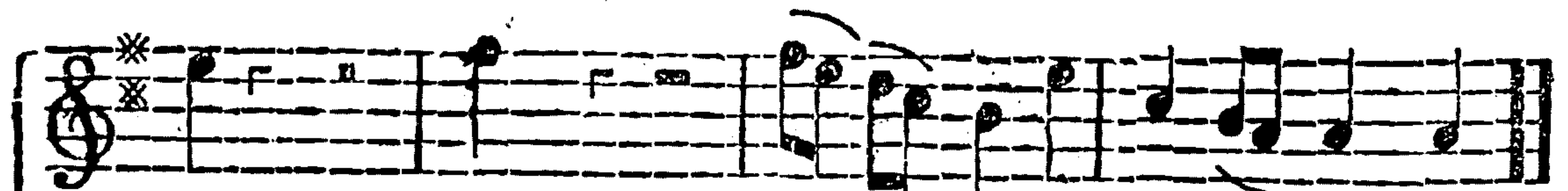
Joys attend you,



Pan, Pan, Pan and Ce-res still befriend you,



and Ceres, and Ceres, Pan and Ceres still befriend you,



Pan, Pan, Pan and Ce-res still befriend you.



and Ceres, and Ce-res, Pan and Ce-res still be-friend you.

DAMON and CELIA, A. 2 Voc.

Mr. Canning

As Celia near a fountain lay, her eye-lids clos'd with

sleep, sleep, the shepherd Damon chanc'd that way to drive his

flock of sheep, to dri

ve to drive his flock of sheep.

2.

With awful Step h' approach'd the Fair,
To view her lovely Face,
Where ev'ry feature wore an Air,
And ev'ry Part a Grace, &c.

3.

His Heart inflam'd with am'rous Pain,
He wish'd the Nymph wou'd wake.
Tho' ne'er before was any Swain
So unprepar'd to speak, &c.

4.

Whilst slumb'ring thus fair Celia lay,
Soft Wishes fill'd her Mind;
She cry'd, come, Thyrsis, come away,
For now I will be kind, &c.

5.

Damon embrac'd the lucky Hit,
And flew into her Arms;
He took her in the yielding Fit,
And rifled all her Charms, &c.

S O N G A. 2 Voc.

Earth's treasure, love's delight, sweet har—mo—ny,

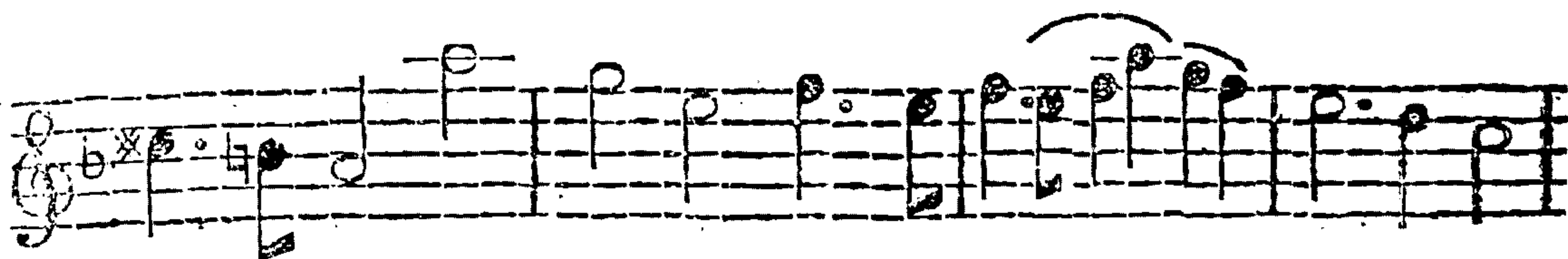
Earth's treasure, love's de—

Earth's treasure, love's de—light, sweet

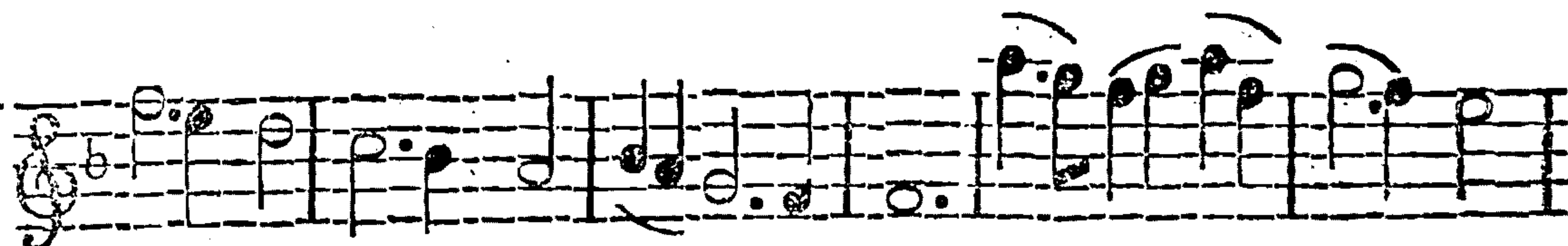
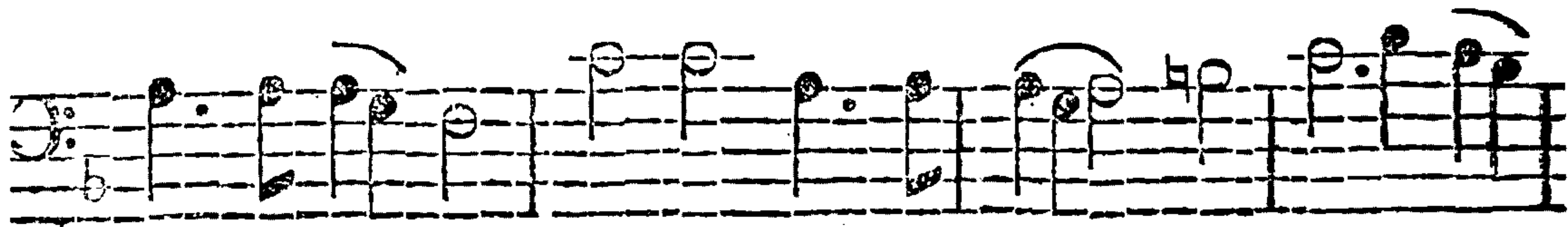
light, sweet harmony.

Continued.

Continued.



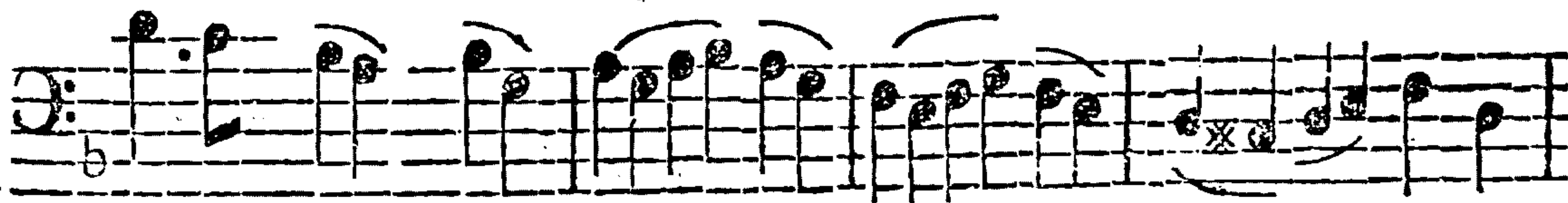
har-mo-ny, earth's treasure, love's de—light, sweet harmony:



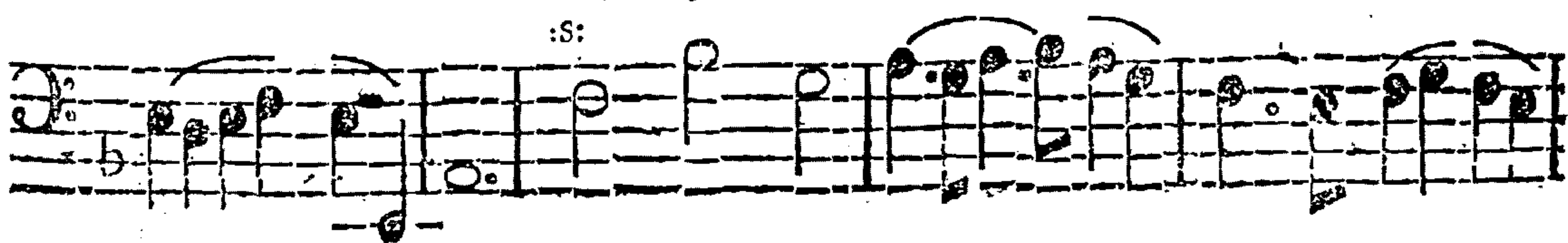
lilies and ro-ses strive for vic-to—ry. In your fair struc-ture



nature doth im—part, such wond'rous beauty, there's no

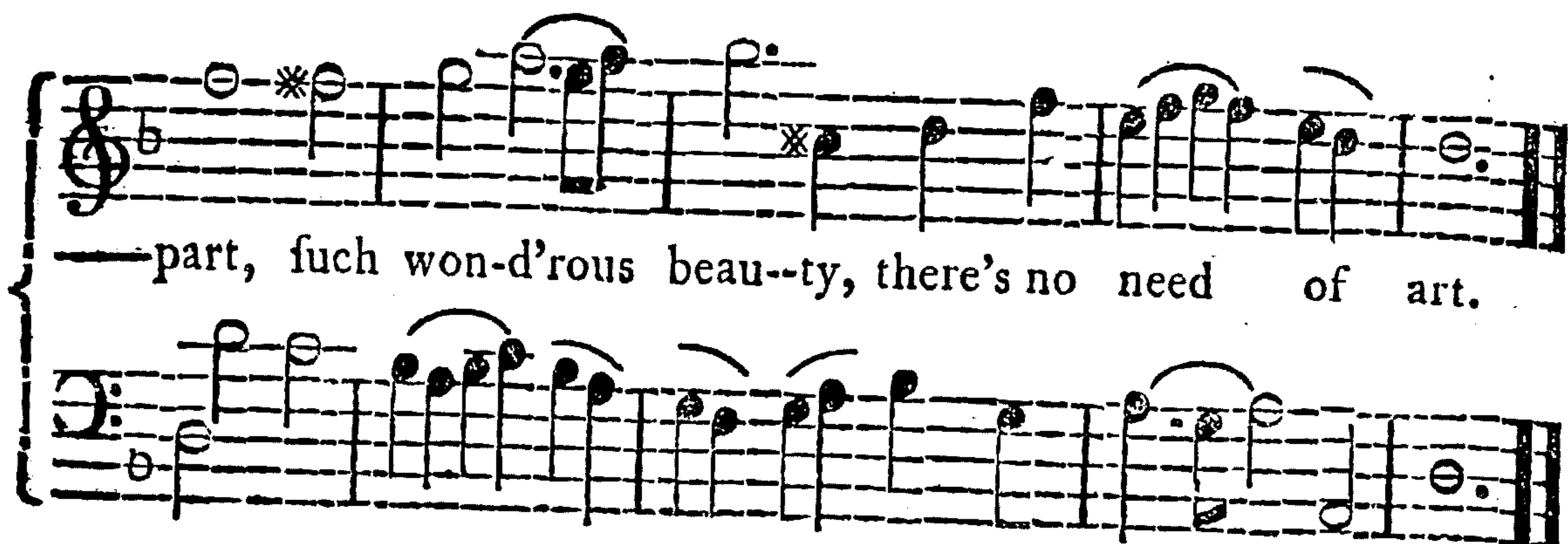


need of art ; in your fair struc—ture nature doth im-

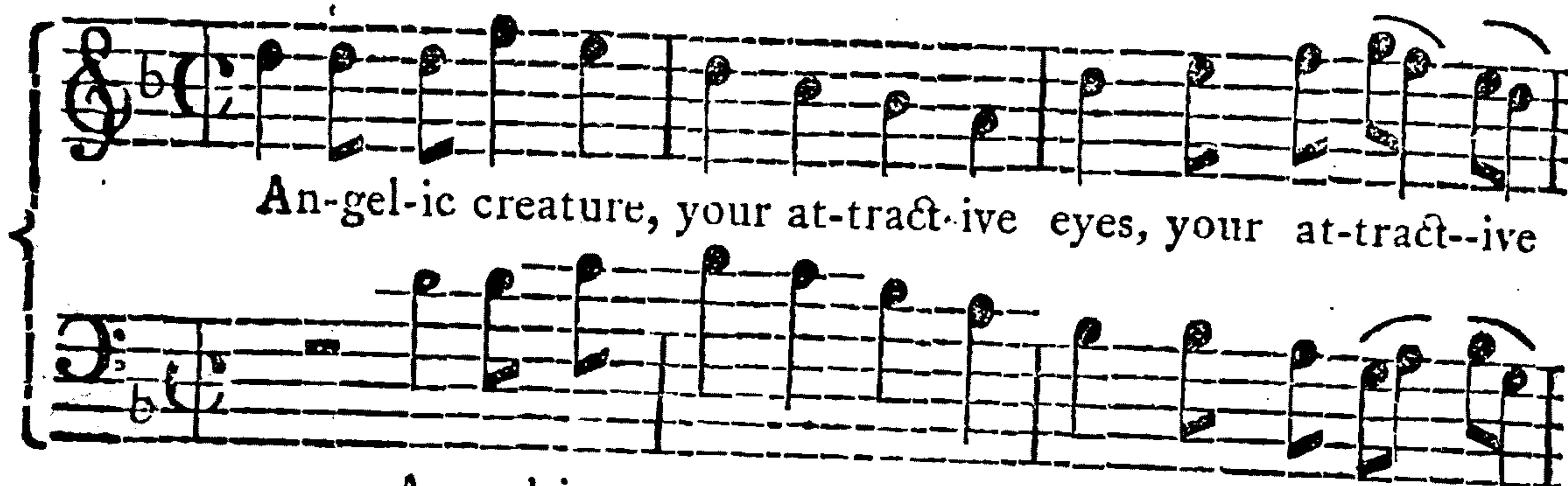


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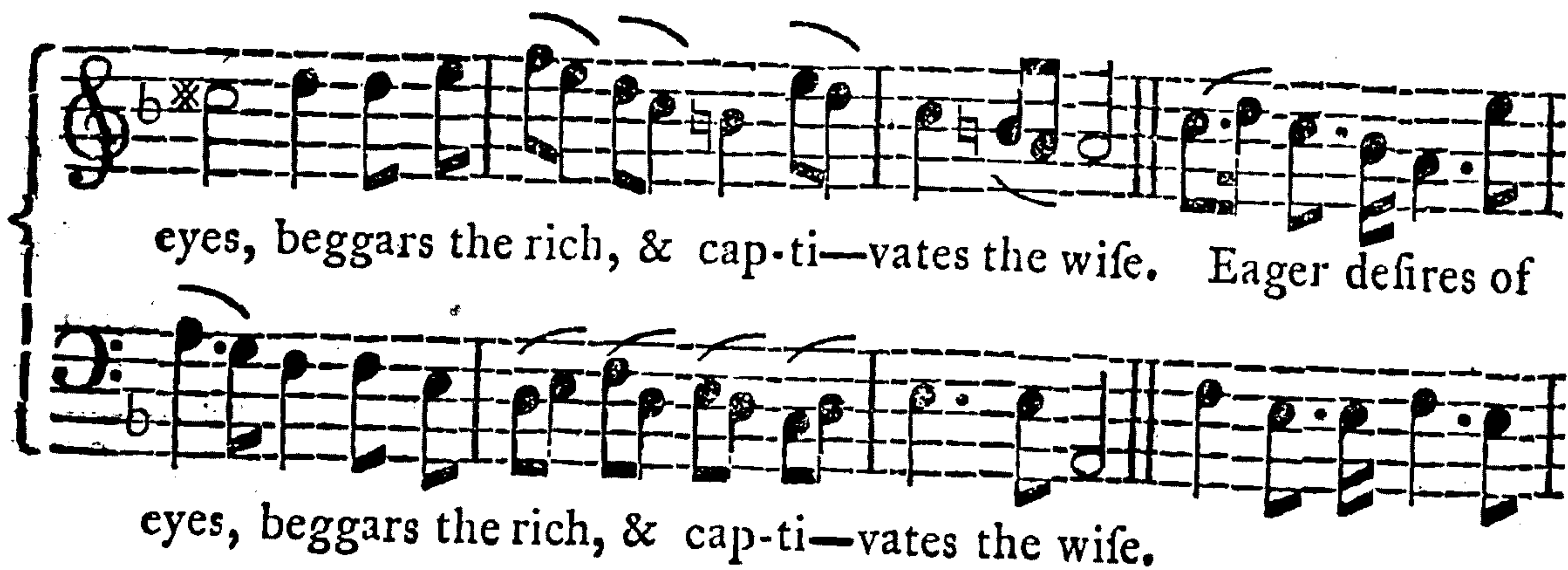


—part, such won-d'rous beau-ty, there's no need of art.



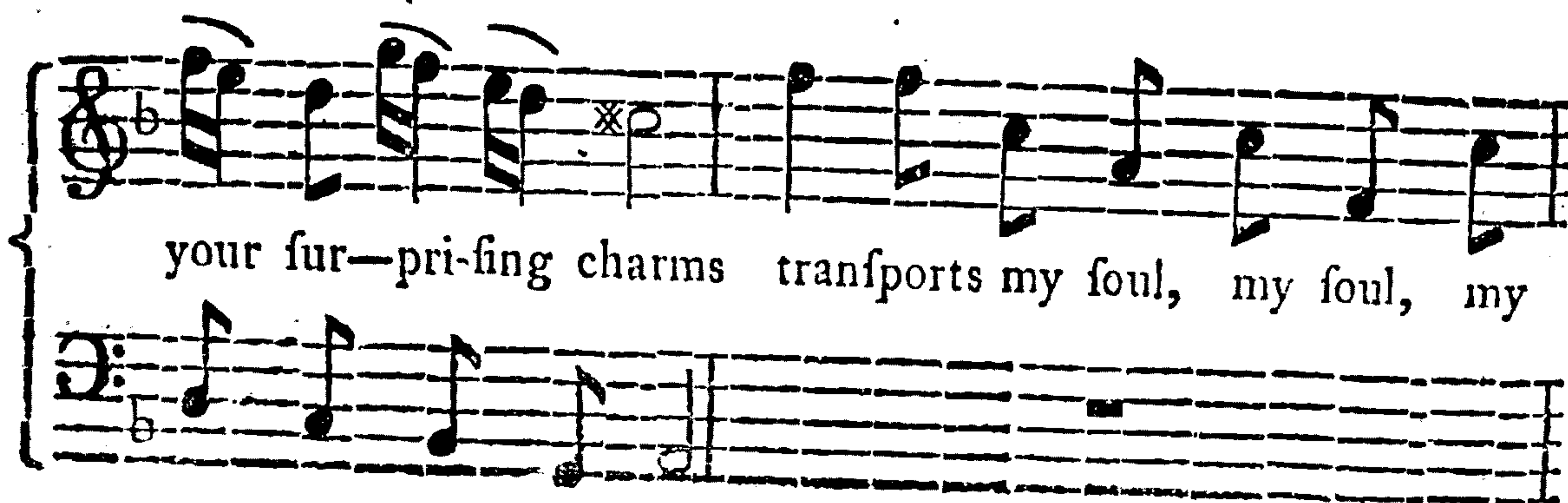
An-gel-ic creature, your at-tract-ive eyes, your at-tract-ive

An-gel-ic crea-ture, your at-tract-ive, at-tract-ive



eyes, beggars the rich, & cap-ti-vates the wife. Eager desires of

eyes, beggars the rich, & cap-ti-vates the wife.



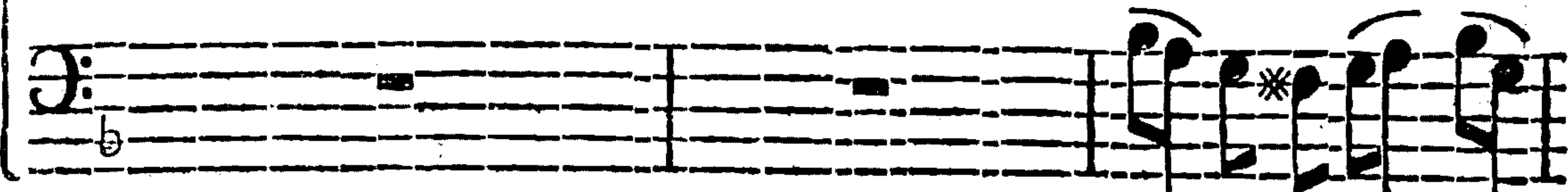
your fur-pri-sing charms transports my soul, my soul, my

Continued.

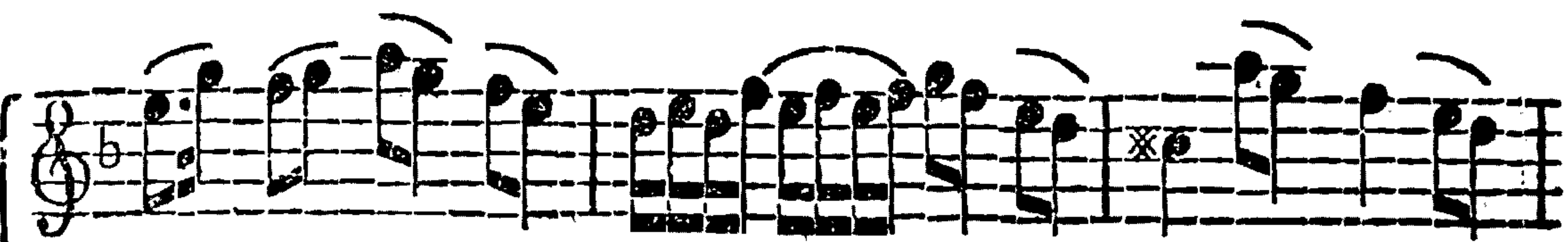
Continued.



foul in-to your love-ly arms, transports my soul, transports my



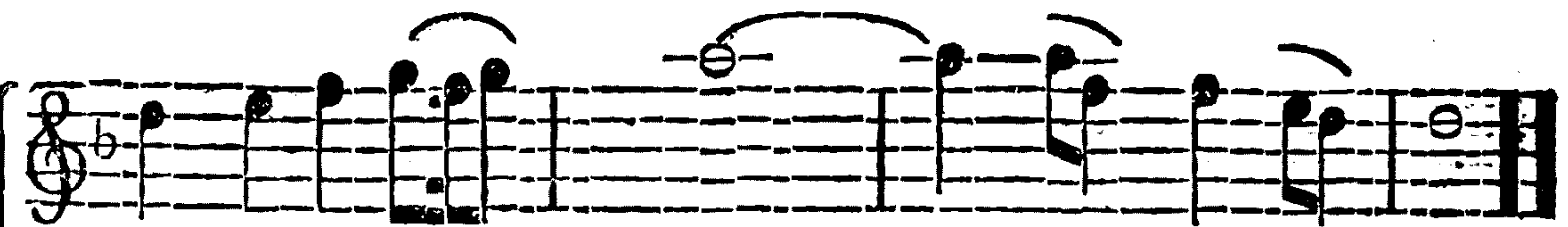
transports my soul in-



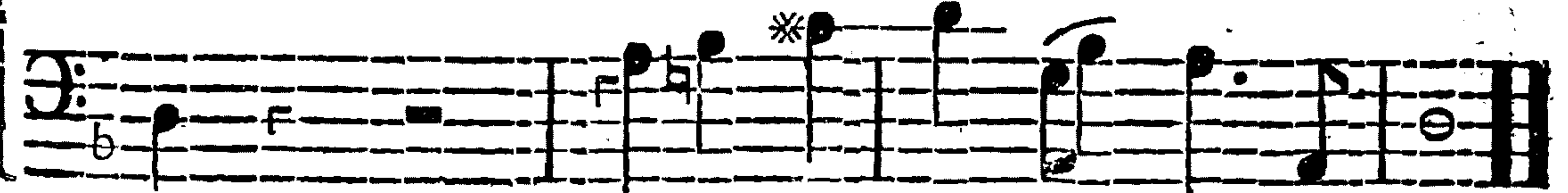
foul in-to your lo-ve-ly arms, your lovely



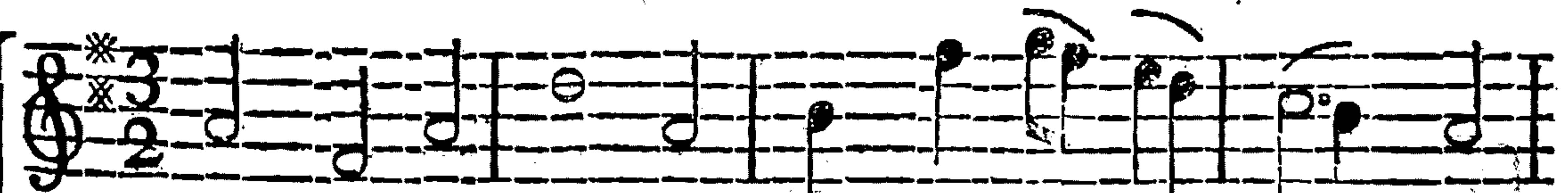
to your love-ly arms, your love-ly arms, your love-ly



arms, into your lo-ve-ly, lovely arms.



arms, in-to your love-ly, love-ly arms.



Heav'n fure is there, if Heav'n on earth can be; De-



Continued.

Continued.

lights that ra-vish charming ex-ta—fy. A-rise, bright

Cynthia then en—joy your day; Youth, love, and

beau-ty will in time de—cay; a—rise, bright Cynthia

then en-joy your day; Youth, love, and beauty will

in time de—cay.

Old Chiron's Advice to Achilles. A. 2 Voc.

Mr. Wife.

Largo.

Old Chiron thus preach'd to his pu-pil A-chilles, I'll

Old Chi-ron thus preach'd to his pupil A-

tell you, I'll tell you, young gen-tle-man, what the fate's

—chil-les, I'll tell you, young gen-tle-man, what the fate's

will is ; you, my boy, you, my boy, must go, must go, the gods will

will is ; you, my boy, you, my boy, must go, must go, the gods will

have it so, to the siege of Troy, thence ne-ver to re-

have it so, to the siege of Troy, thence

Continued.

-turn, thence ne-ver to return, never to return, never to re-

ne-ver to re—turn, thence never to re—turn, never to re-

-turn to Greece again, but be-fore those walls to be flain, but be-

-turn to Greece again, but be-fore those walls to be

-fore those walls to be flain, be—fore those walls, those

flain, but be-fore those walls to be flain, be—fore those

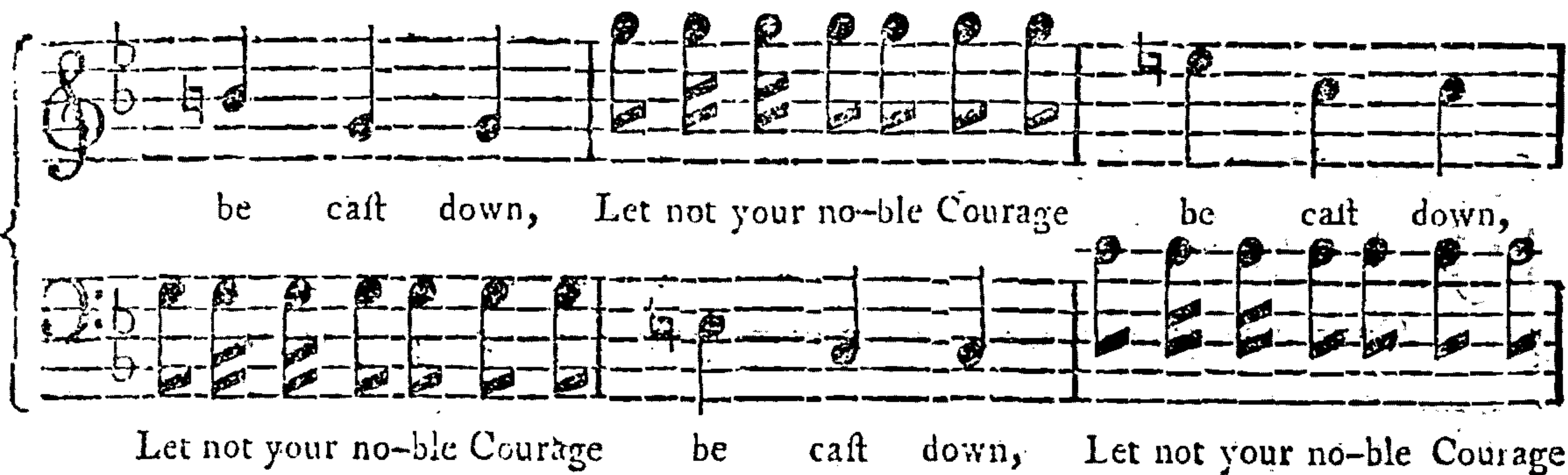
Walls to be flain. Let not your noble Courage

Allegro.

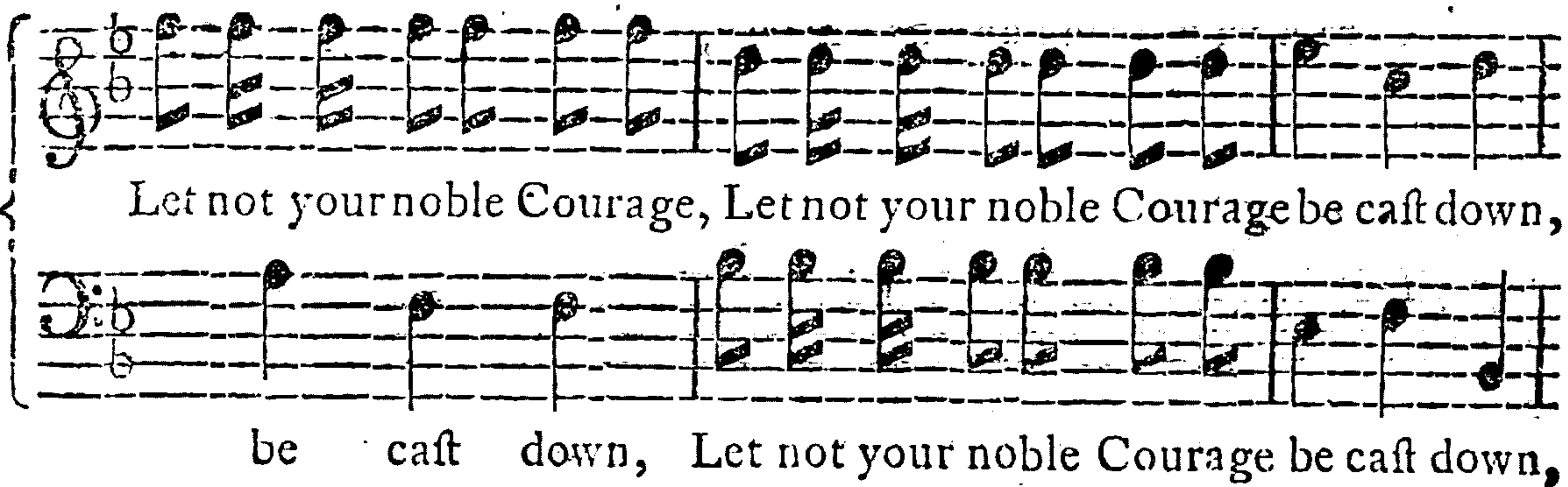
Walls to be flain. Let not your noble Courage be -cast down,

Con-

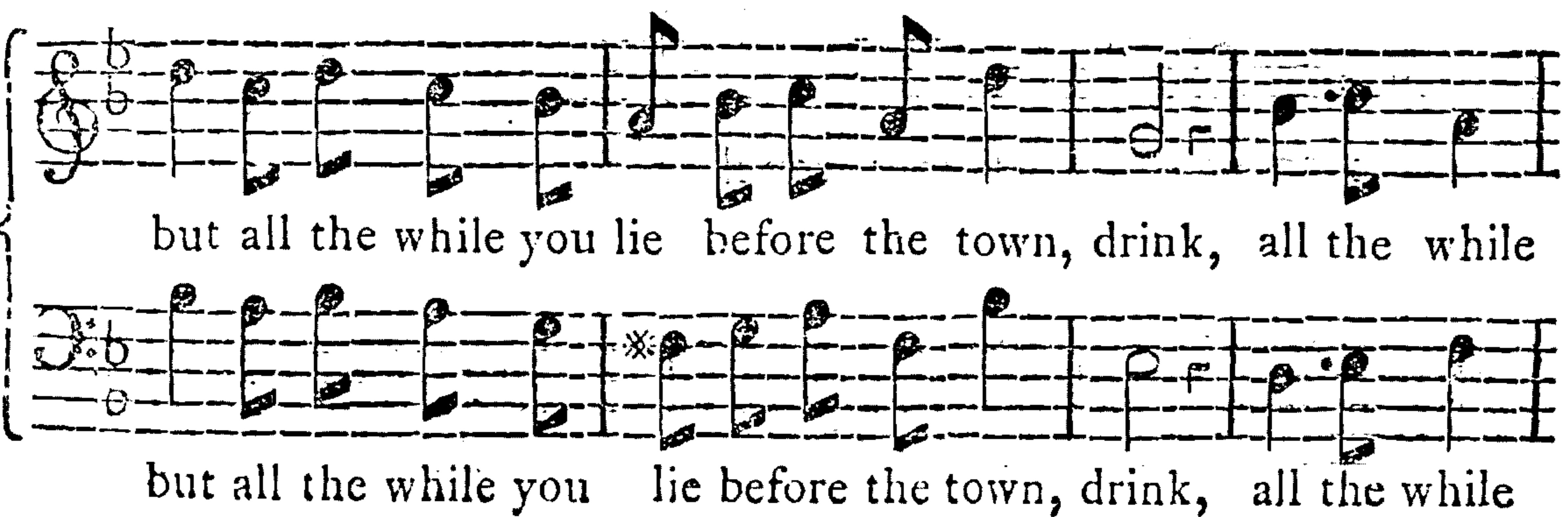
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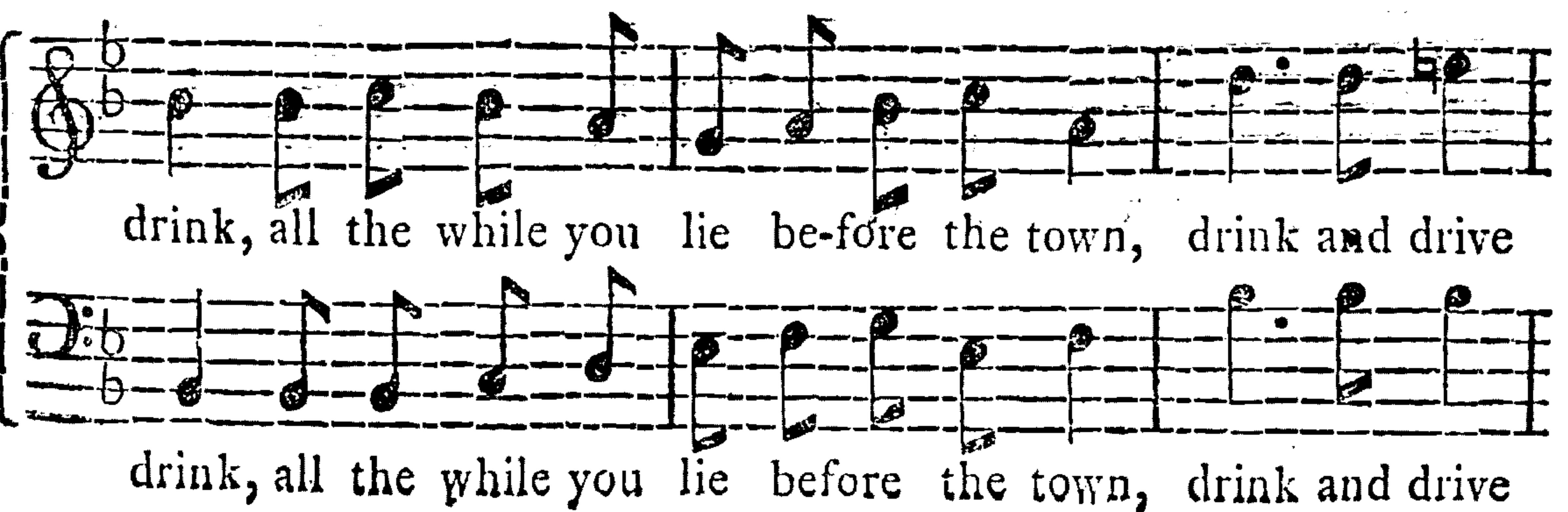
be cast down, Let not your no-ble Courage be cast down,
Let not your no-ble Courage be cast down, Let not your no-ble Courage



Let not your noble Courage, Let not your noble Courage be cast down,
be cast down, Let not your noble Courage be cast down,

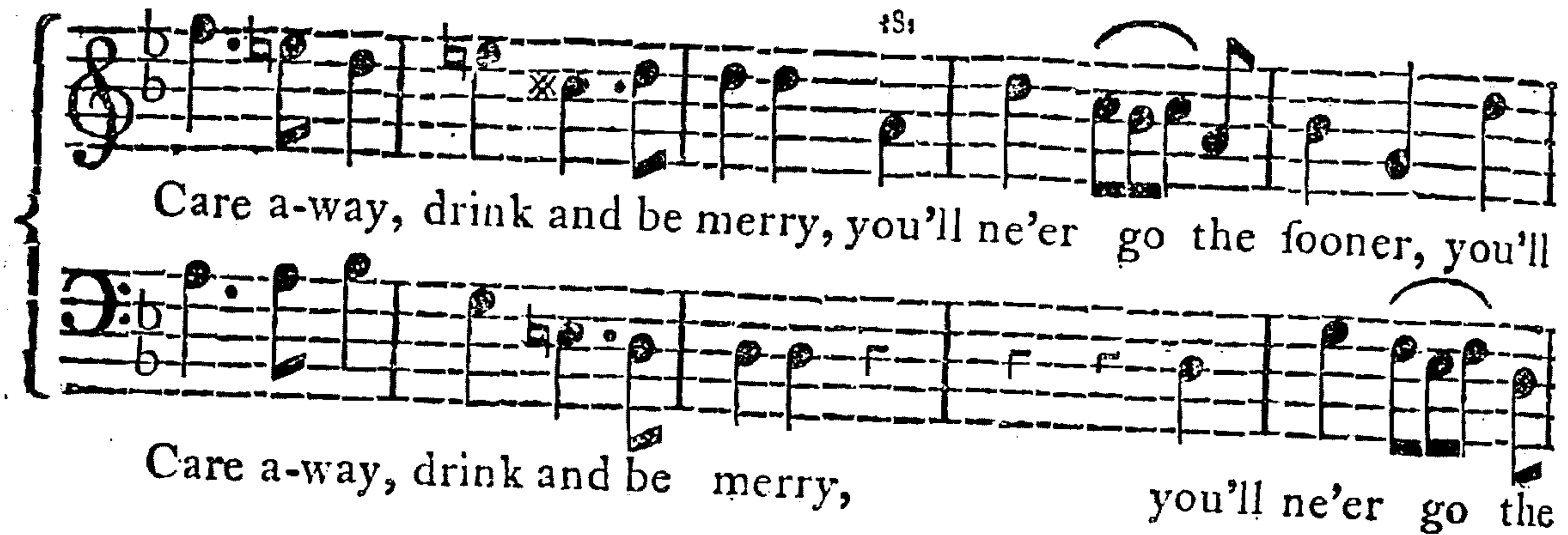


but all the while you lie before the town, drink, all the while
but all the while you lie before the town, drink, all the while

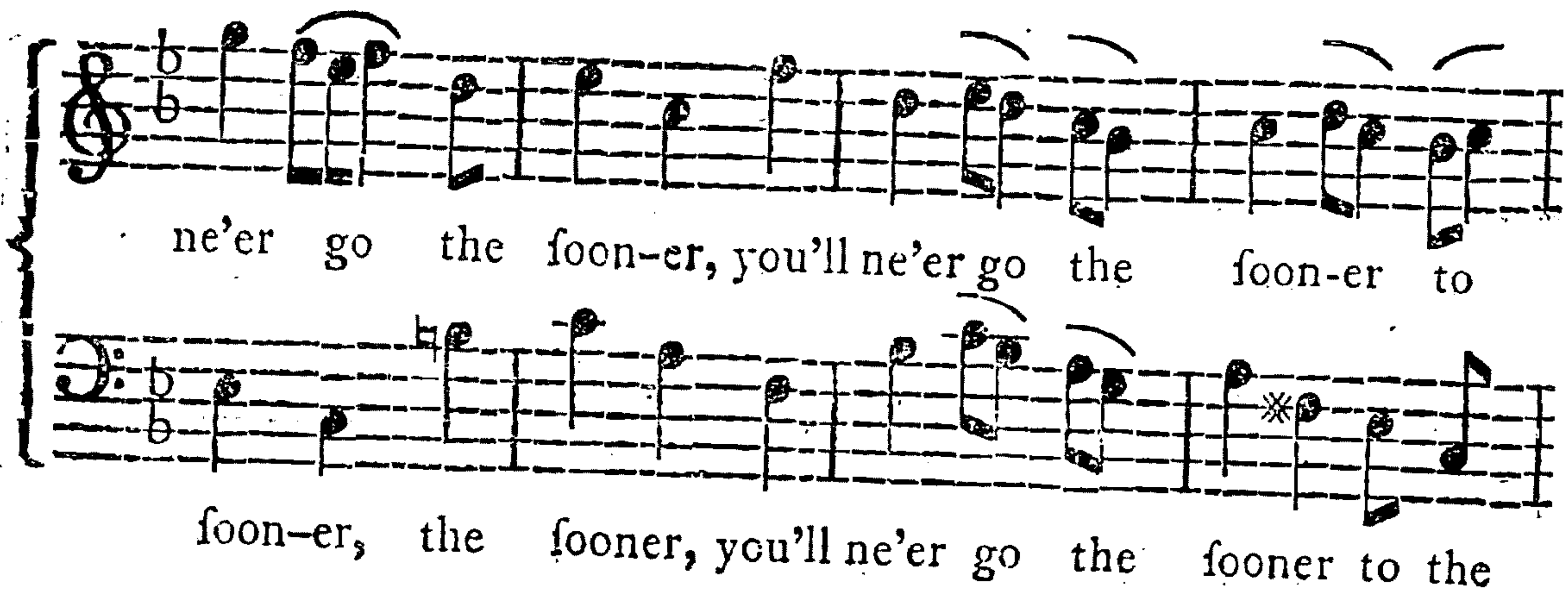


drink, all the while you lie before the town, drink and drive
drink, all the while you lie before the town, drink and drive

Continued.



Care a-way, drink and be merry, you'll ne'er go the fooner, you'll
 Care a-way, drink and be merry, you'll ne'er go the



ne'er go the foon-er, you'll ne'er go the foon-er to
 foon-er, the fooner, you'll ne'er go the fooner to the

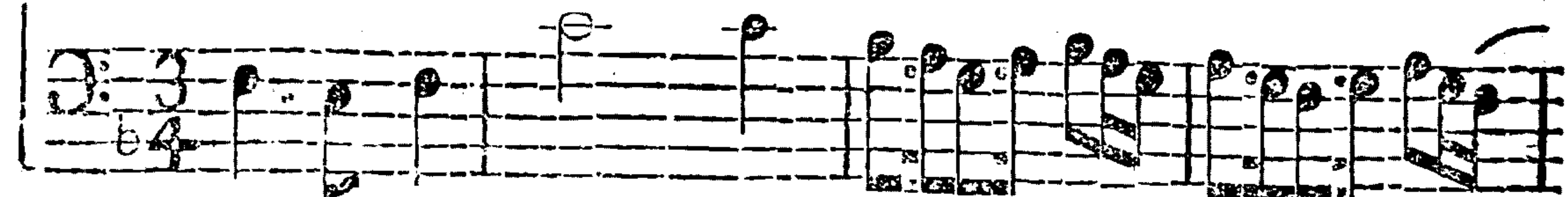


the Stygian Ferry.
 Sty--gian Ferry.

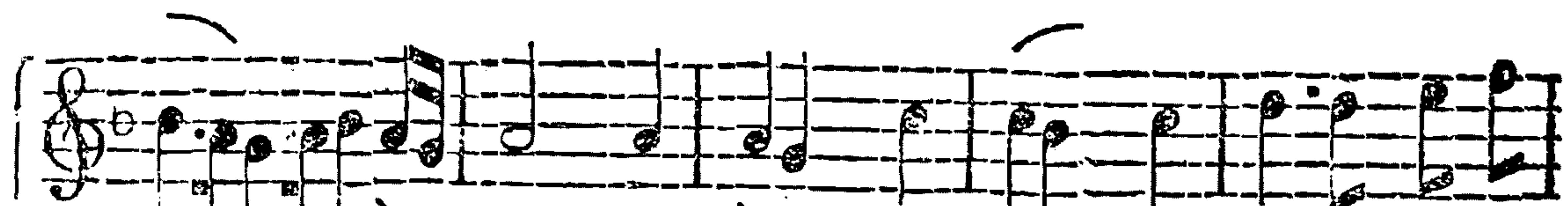
An Epithalamium. Composed by Mr. Cook.



Joy to the hap



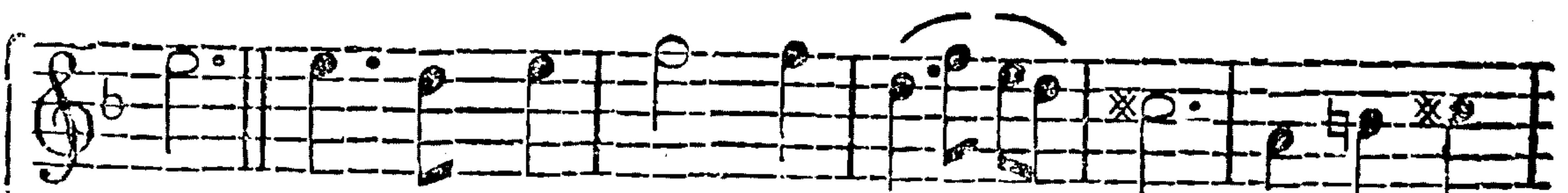
Joy to the hap — py, hap



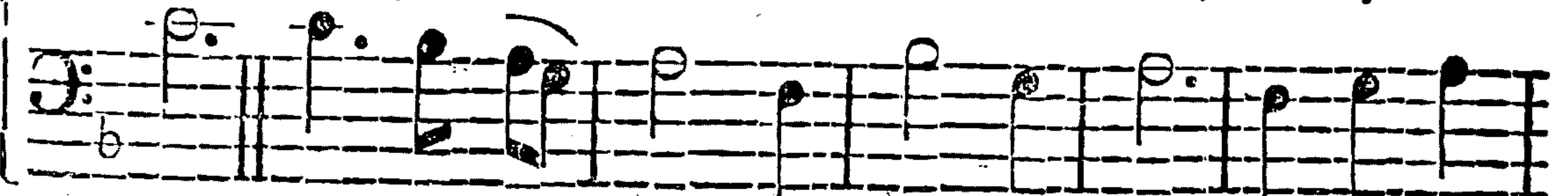
py Pair; thus blefs'd, thus blefs'd you are in Hymen's



py Pair; thus blefs'd, &c.



Joys: May you live long from Year to Year, and by en-



—joyments prove more dear, may you live long from year to



Continued.

Continued.

Year, and by en-joy-ments prove more dear.

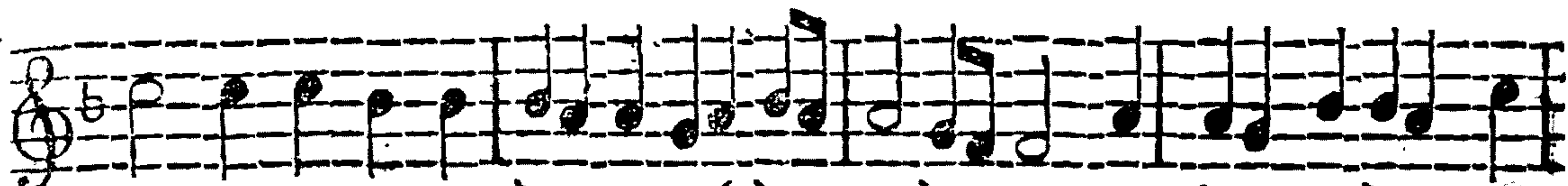
C H O R U S. A. 3 Voc.

Come Nymphs and Shepherds, come sport and play, and all, all, all all like

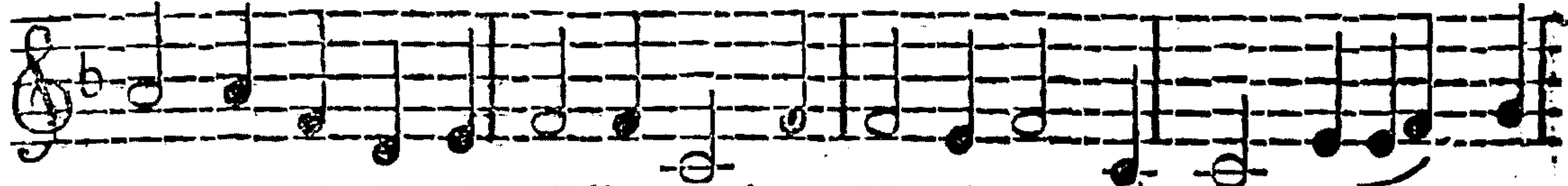
us keep Ho-li-day; come Nymphs and Shepherds, come sport and

Continued.

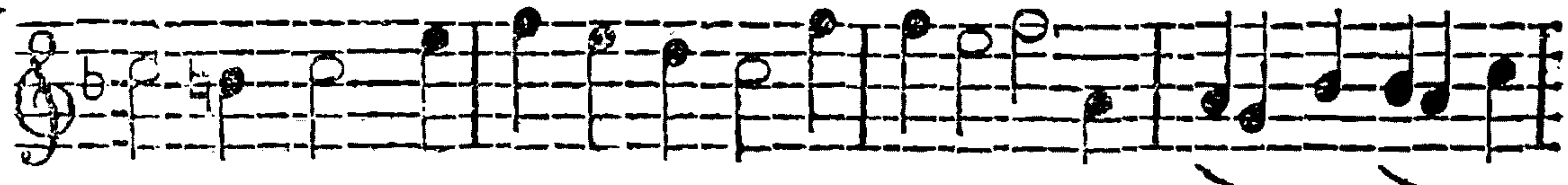
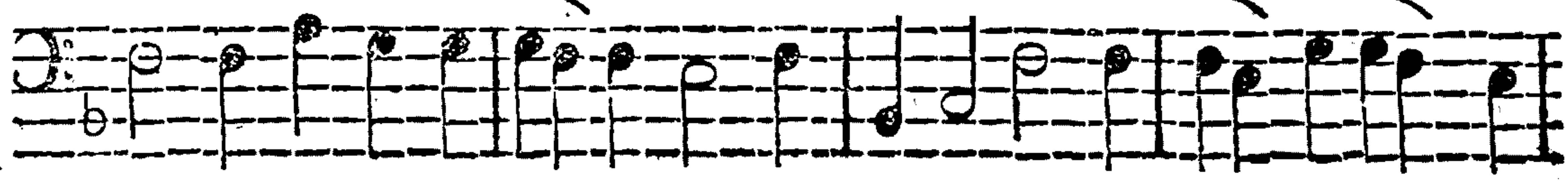
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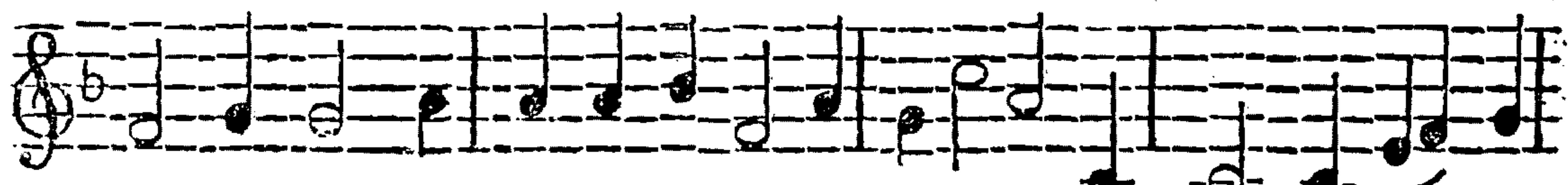
play, and all, all, all, all like us keep Ho-li-day; let's dance and sing, and



play, and all, all, all, all like us keep Ho-li-day; let's dance and sing, and



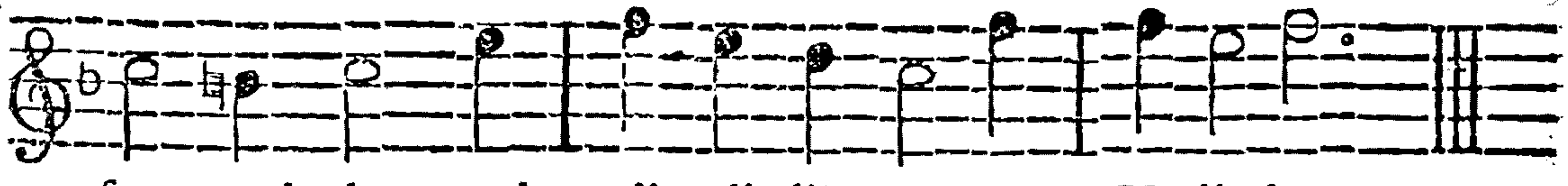
sport and play, and all, all, like us keep Ho-li-day; let's dance and sing, and



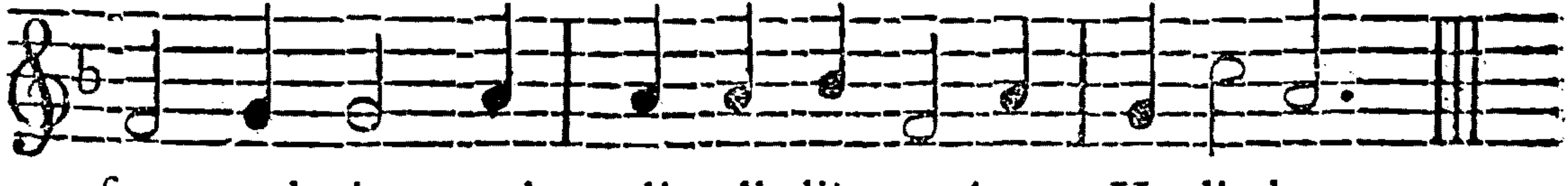
sport and play, and all, all, like us keep Ho-li-day; let's dance and sing, and



:3:



sport and play, and all, all, like us keep Ho-li-day.



sport and play, and all, all, like us keep Ho-li-day.



SONG A. 2 Voc.

Mr. Leveridge.

Cu-pid, my Pleasure, soft Love, I thee im-plore, soft
Bacchus, my Treasure, brisk wine I will a-dore, brisk wine,

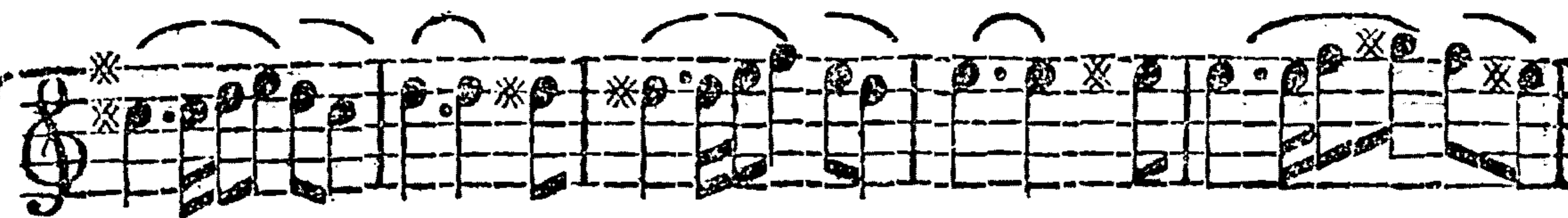
Love, soft Love, I thee im-plore, soft Lo
brisk Wine, brisk Wine I will a-dore, brisk Wi-

—ve, soft Love I thee im-plore: Give me a
—ne, brisk Wine, brisk Wine I will a—dore:

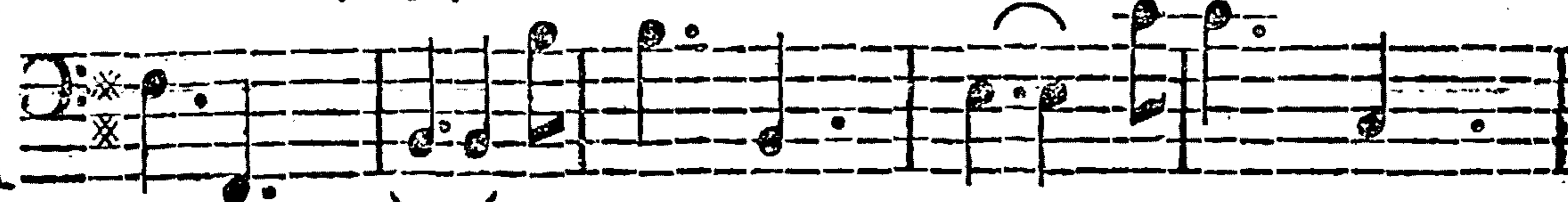
beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Maid to bless my long-ing arms: With-
Fill me a bumper of red, in that I view all charms: The

Continued.

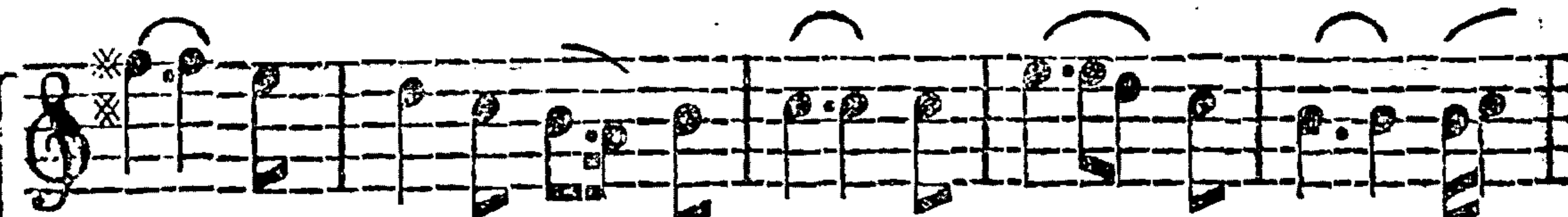
Continued.



thy joy, life soon will cloy, life soon will



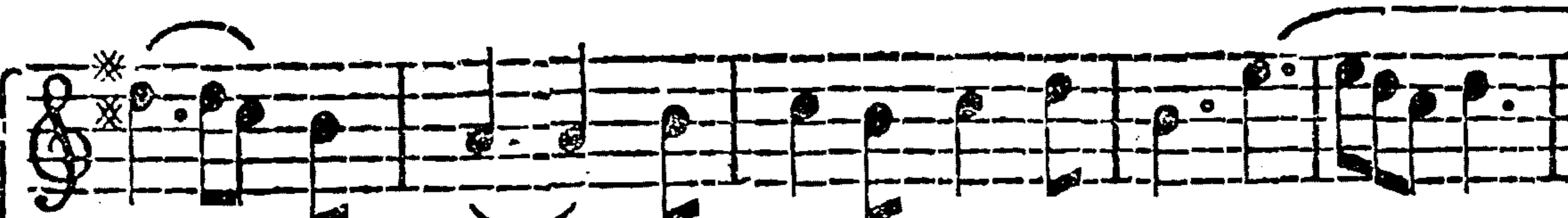
no—ble juice will mirth pro—duce, will mirth pro—



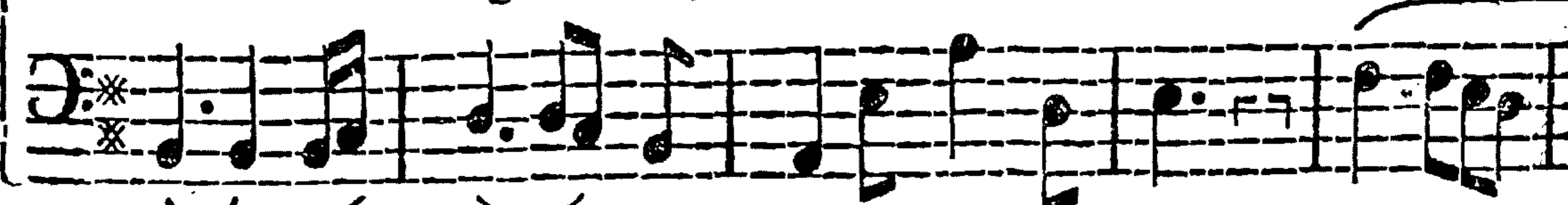
cloy, and grow a mere dis—ease. The drun—ken sot, that



du—ce, and give us ease. The sneak—ing



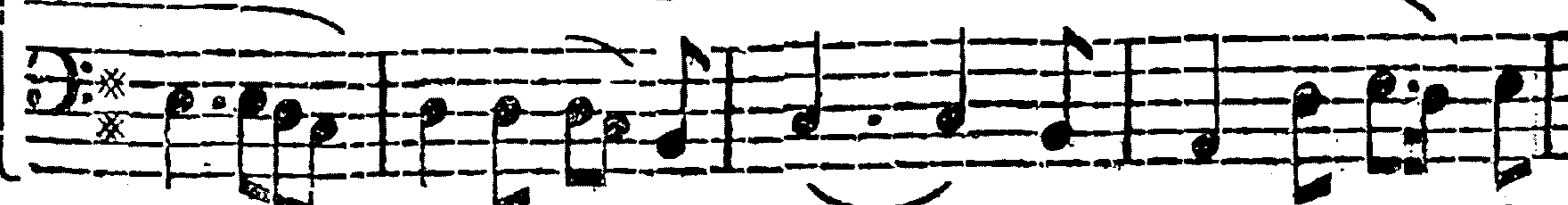
swills his gut, may court and hug his lads; Lo—



fool, proud wo—man's tool, is but an ass; Wi—



ve, grant but the fair, no o—ther blifs I



ne frees us from all ca—res, then bring a—no—ther

Continued.

ask. Lo we grant but the fair no

flask. Wine frees us from all cares, then

o-ther blifs I ask.

bring a-no-ther flask.

The Power of Drinking. Mr. Lampe. A. 2 Voc.

Fly care to the winds, thus I blow thee a-way; I'll

drown thee in wine if thou dar't for to stay; With

Continued.

Continued.

bumpers of claret my spirits I'll raise, I'll laugh and I'll

sing all the rest of my days.

II.

God Bacchus this moment adopts me his son,
 And inspir'd, my breast glows with transports unknown;
 The sparkling liquor a new vigour supplies,
 And makes the nymph kind who before was too wise.

III.

Then, dull sober mortals be happy as me;
 Two bottles of claret will make us agree;
 Will open your eyes to see Phillis's charms,
 And, her coyness wash'd down, she'll fly to your arms.

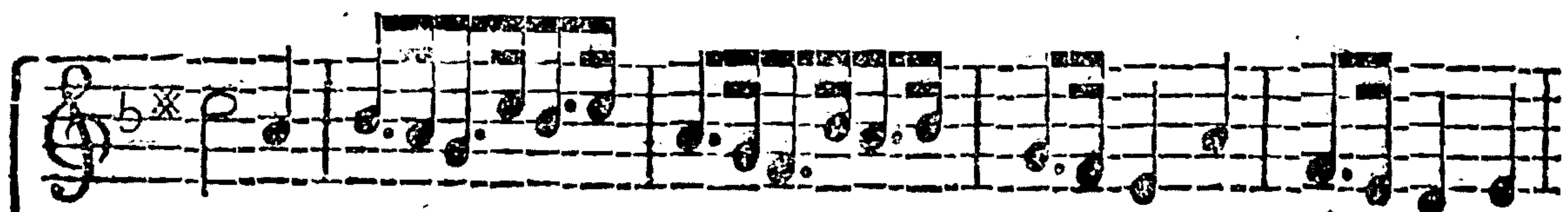
Bury Delights. A. 2. Voc.



Bu-ry delights my ro-ving



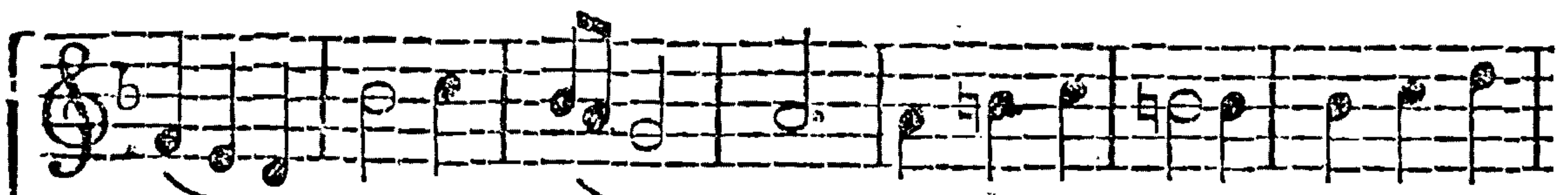
Bu-ry de-lights my ro-ving ro-ving



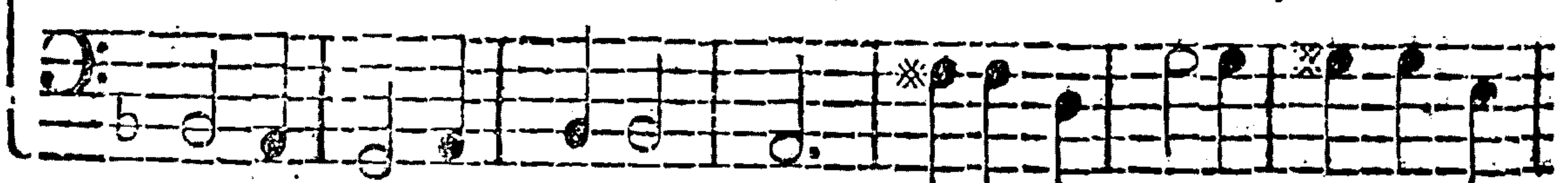
eye, my ro-ving eye, to



eye, my ro-ving, ro-ving, ro-ving eye, to



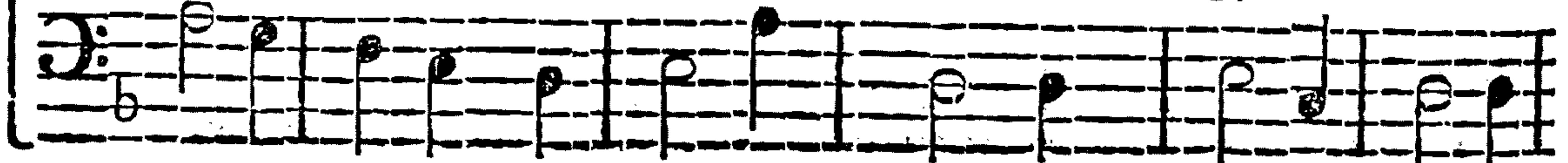
view, to view the beauties there ; but when Af-te-ria, but when Af-



view, to view the beauties there ;



teria, but when Af-te-ria I es-py, I see, I



Continued

Continued.

see a brighter fair. So fier—ce, fo fier—

So fier—ce, fo

ce, fo fier—ce her fier—ce, fo fier—ce her

pow'rful, pow'rful glances shine, and all, all, all her charms are

pow'rful,

fuch, we think her something so di—vine, we can—not

Continued.

ga ze, not ga ze, we can--not

can--not gaze too much.

The Power of Wine. *A. 3 Voc.*

Mr. John Eccles.

Wine does won--ders, does won--

Wine does won--

Continued

Continued.

ders, does
 ders, does won—ders, does
 wine does won—ders, does won—ders, does

won—ders ev'—ry day.
 won—ders, ev'—ry day, wine does won—
 won—ders ev'—ry day, Wine does

Continued

Continued.



Wine does won—ders, does won—ders ev'—ry

—ders, wine, wine does won—ders ev'—ry

won—ders, does won—ders ev'—ry

Allegro.

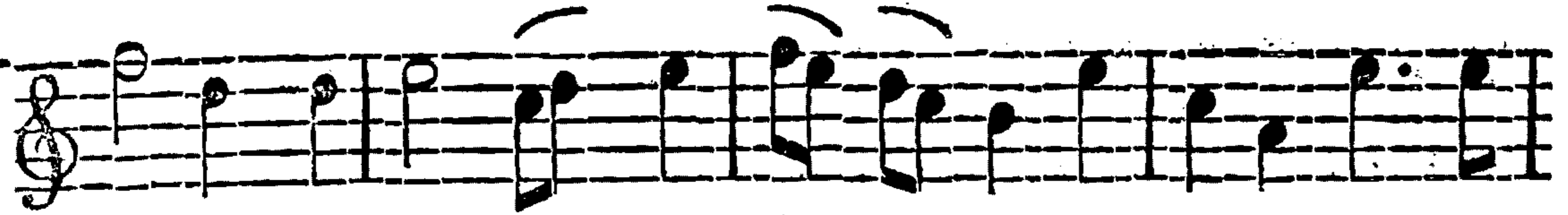


day; makes the heavy light and ga—y, throws off

day; makes the hea—vy light and gay, throws off

day; makes the heavy light and gay, and gay, throws off

Continued.



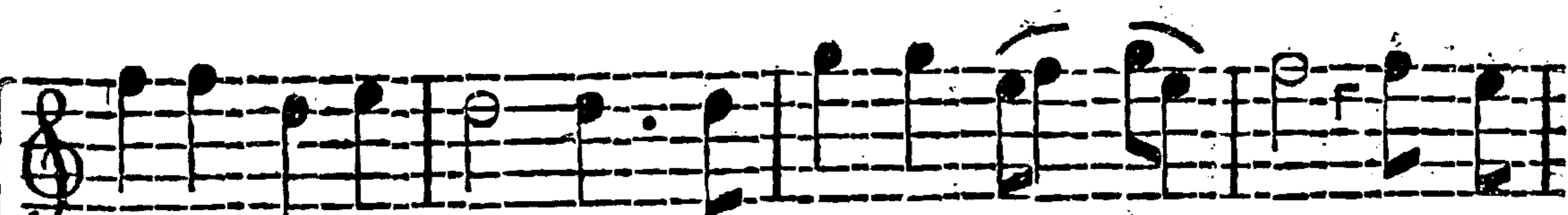
all, throws off all, throws off all their me-lan-cho-ly; makes the.



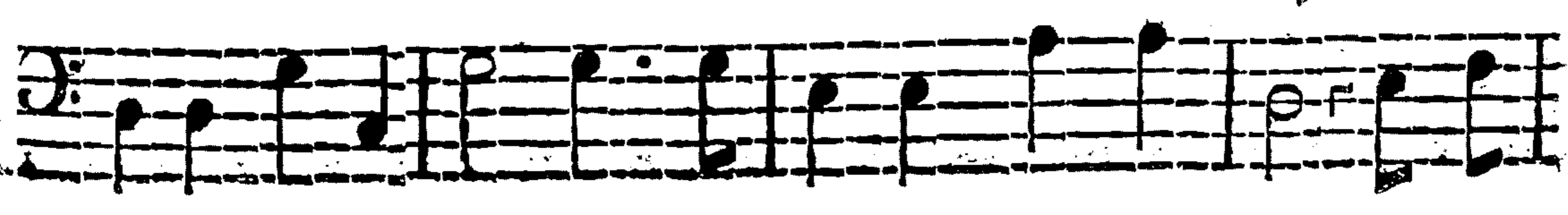
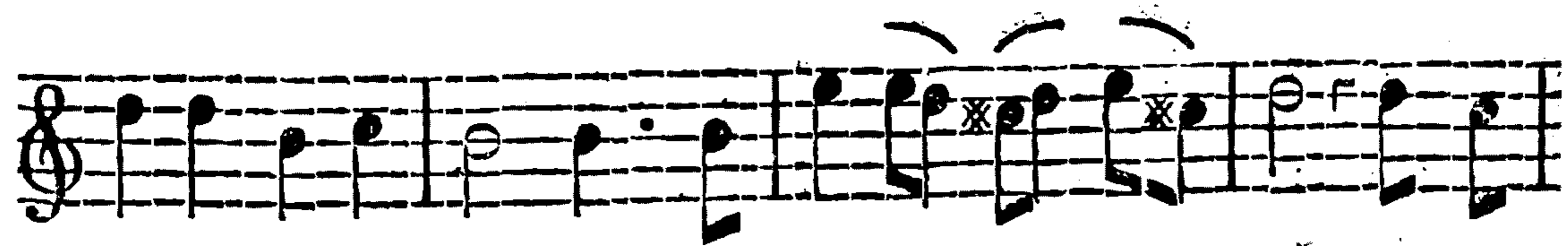
all, throws off all, throws off all their me--lan-cho-ly;



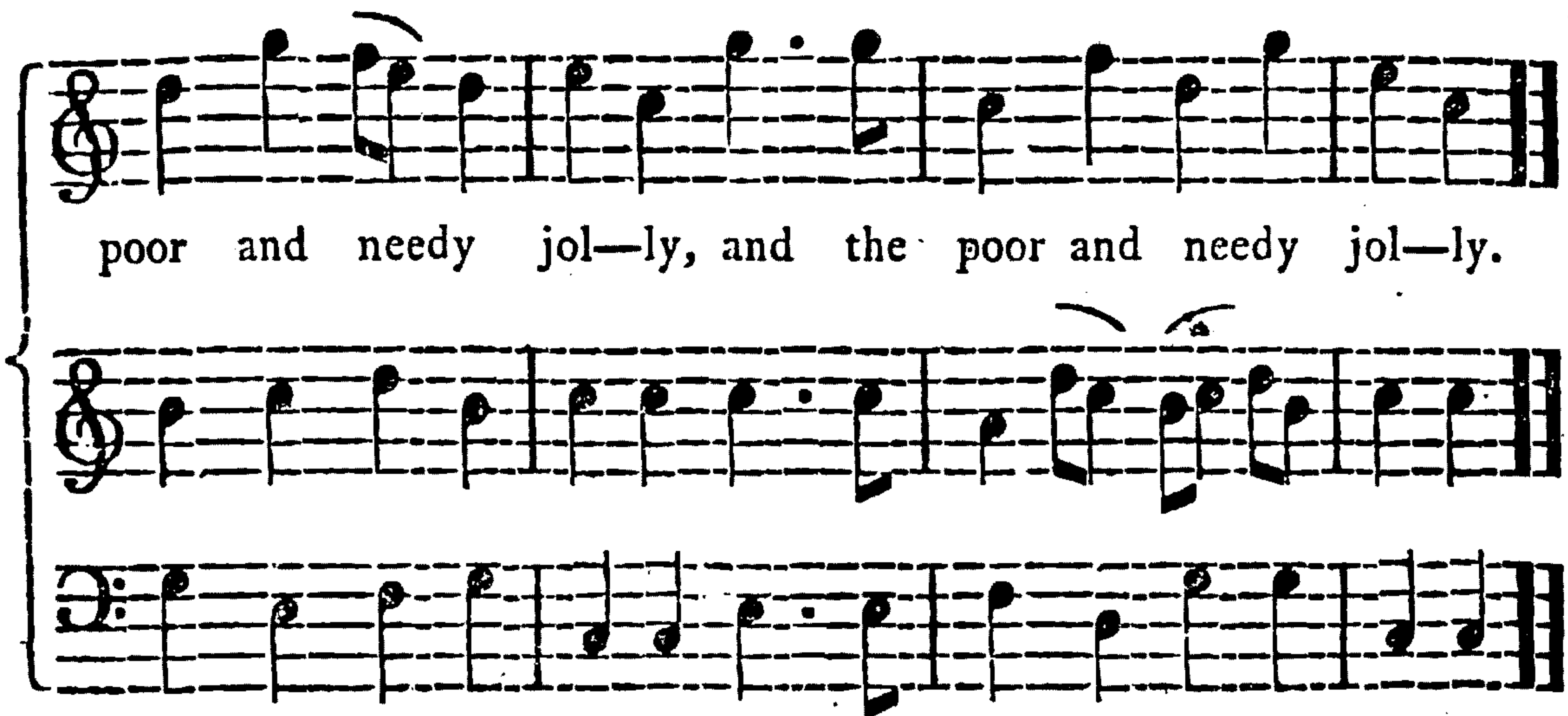
all, all, all, throws off all, all, all their me--lan--cho-ly;



wifest go a--stray, and the bu--fy toy and play, and the



Continued.



poor and needy jol—ly, and the poor and needy jol—ly.

II.

Wine makes trembling cowards bold,
 Men in years forget they're old,
 Women leave their coy disdain,
 Who till then were shy and cold;
 Makes a niggard slight his gold,
 And the foppish entertaining.

S O N G A. 2 Voc.

Mr. Leveridge.



Whilst health and bloom—ing youth com—

Whilst health and bloom—ing youth com—
 Continued.

Continued.

*
 —bine, whilst health and bloom—ing
 —bine, whilst health and bloom—ing

*
 youth com-bine, be-gin, dear friend, dear friend, be—
 youth combine, be—gin, dear friend, dear friend, be--gin, dear

*
 —gin, dear friend, dear friend, be-gin to live; make this o-bli-ging
 friend, dear friend, dear friend, be-gin to live; make this o—

*
 this o—bli—ging mi-nute thine, left Fate no more, no,
 —bliging, o--bli-ging mi-nute thine, left Fate no more, no,

Continued.

no, no more should give, make this o-bli-ging, this o-

no, no more should give, make this o-bli-ging, o-

—bli-ging mi-nute thine, left Fate no more, no,

—bli-ging mi-nute thine, left Fate no more, no more, no,

no, no, no, no, no, no more should give, left

no, no, no, no, no, no more should give, left Fate should

Fate no more, no, no, no, no, no, no, no more should give.

more, no more, no, no, no, no, no, no, no more should give.

Continued.

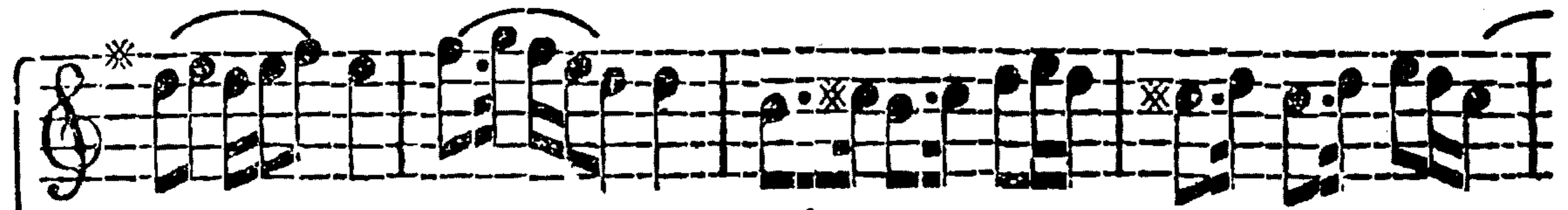
Continued.



The time kind heav'n, kind heav'n to us doth lend, in



The time kind heav'n to us doth lend,



mirth, in mirth, in mir



in mirth, in mir



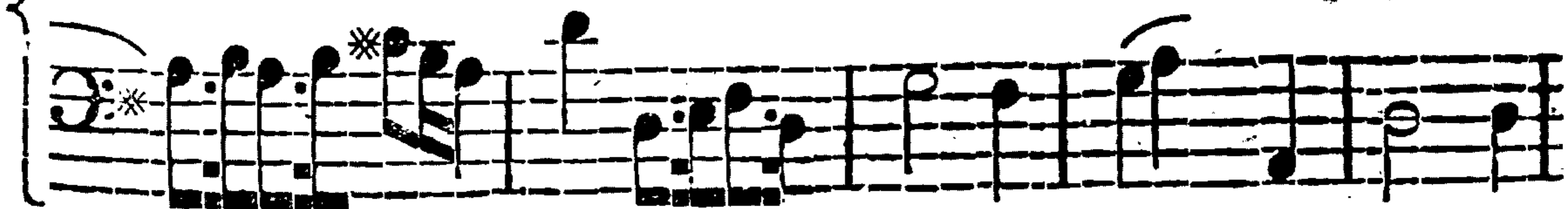
th we should em-employ, in mir



th we should em-employ, in mir



th we should em-employ; the



th we should em-:ploy; the

Continued.

Continued.

pee—vish, pee—vish do—tards dif—com—mend the
 pee—vish, pee—vish dotards dif—com—mend the bli

bli—fs they can't en—
 fs they can't en—

jo—y, dif—com—
 jo—y,

—mend, dif—com—mend the blifs they can't en—

Continued.

Continued.

—joy, dis-com-mend, dis-com-mend the blifs they
 dis-com-mend the blifs they

can't en-joy.
 can't en-joy.

SONG A. 2 Voc.

Mr. Hicks.

Boast no more, no more fond Love, fond love thy pow'r,
 or thy pas-sion sweet and sour; but to Ce-lia, to

Continued.

Continued.

Ce-lia, to Ce-lia, shew thy du-ty; Ce--lia fways, Ce-lia

fways, fways the world of beau-ty.

C H O R U S.

Slow.

A. 3 Voc.

Like the sun that gilds the morn-ing, Ce--lia shines, but

Like the sun that gilds the morn-ing, Ce-lia shines, Ce--lia

Ce--lia

Continued.

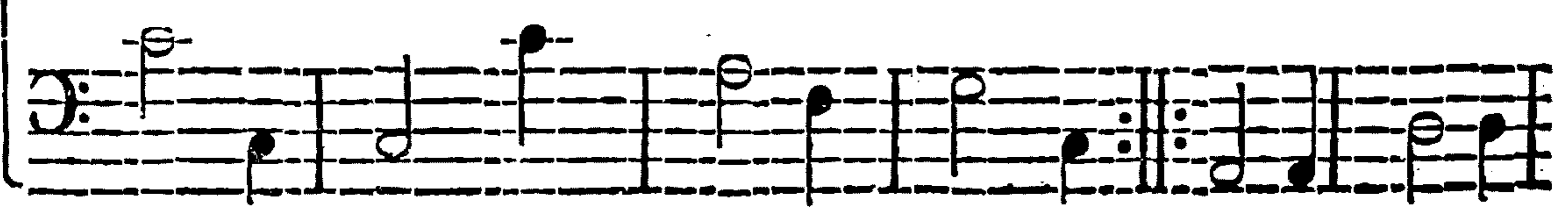
Continued.



more, but more, more, more a—dorn—ing; She can kill, or



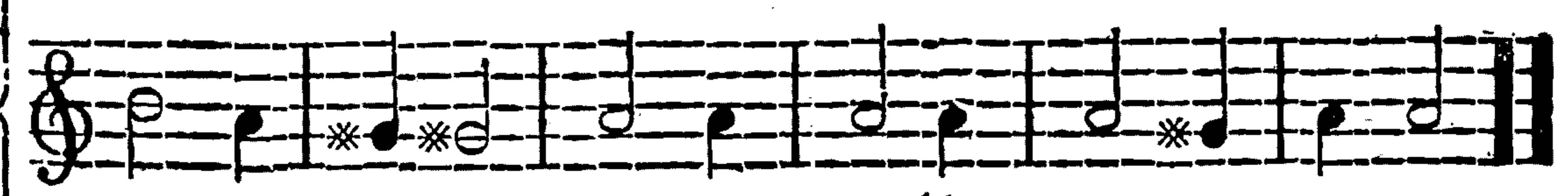
shines, but more, more, more a—dorn—ing: She can kill, or



shines, but



save from dy--ing, when the ra—vish'd soul is fly-ing.



save from dy-ing, when the ra—vish'd soul is fly-ing.



SONG A. 2 Voc.

Mr. Purcell.

My dear-est, my dear-est, I
My fair-est, my fair-est,

lan-guish, I lan-guish, I
I lan-guish, I

lan-guish, I lan-guish, I
lan-guish, I lan-guish, I

guish, I lan-guish for you.

Continued.

Continued.

Thy kind-ness hath won me,

Thy charms have

I ne'er, ne'er, no ne'er shall be

un-done me, I ne'er, ne'er, I ne'er, ne'er, no ne'er shall be

free, I faint with the pleasure I fain would re—

Ah! why are Love's raptures so short and so

peat,

Continued.

sweet, thus press-ing, thus press-ing and kiss-ing fresh
and kiss-ing, thus press-ing and kiss-ing fresh

joys will pur-sue, and e-ver be hap-py, and e-ver be

true, and e-ver be hap-py, and e-ver be true, but a-

—las! should you change, no ne-ver my
Ah! tell me not so,

Continued

Continued.

dear--est, no, no,
no, ne--ver my fair--est, no, no,

no, no, no, no, no, no, my
no, no, no, no, no, no, my

dear--est, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
fair--est, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

no, no, no my dear--est, no, no.
no, no, no, no my fair--est, no, no.

SONG A. 3 Voc. Mr. Travers.

I like the bee, with toil and pain, fly hum--bly

I like the bee, with toil and pain, fly

o'er the flow'—ry, flow'—ry plain.

hum—bly o'er the flow'—ry plain.

And with the bu—fy, bu—fy throng, the

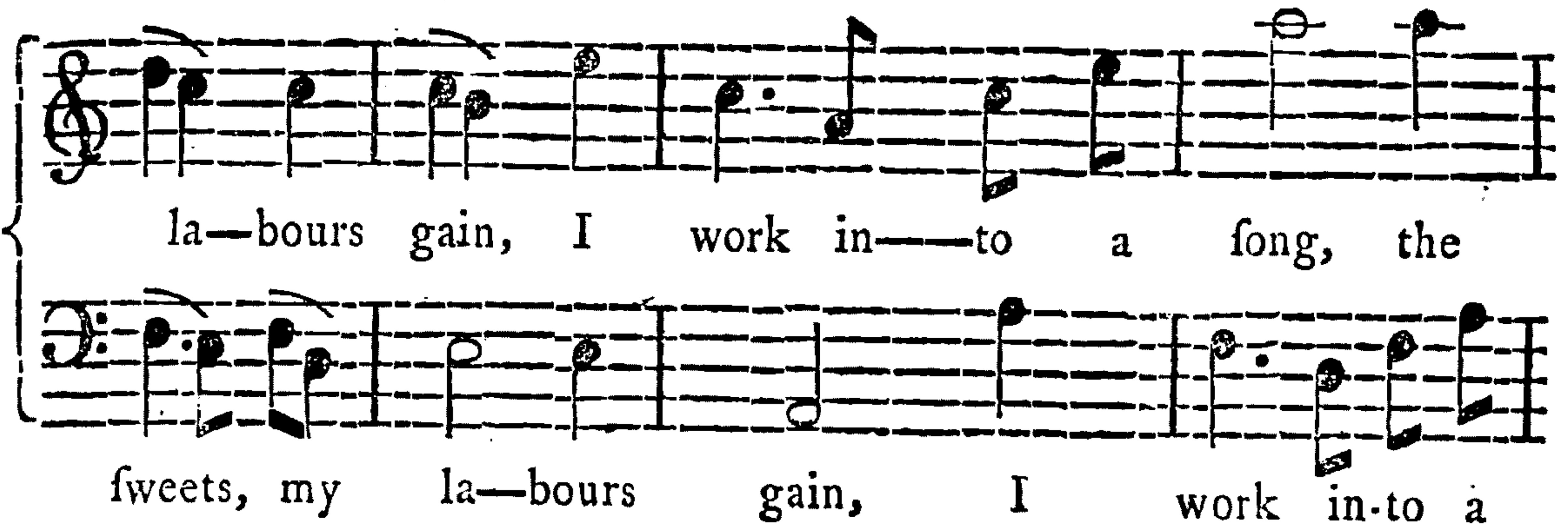
And with the bu—fy, bu—fy

lit—tle sweets, the lit—tle sweets, my

throng, the lit—tle sweets, the lit—tle

Continued.

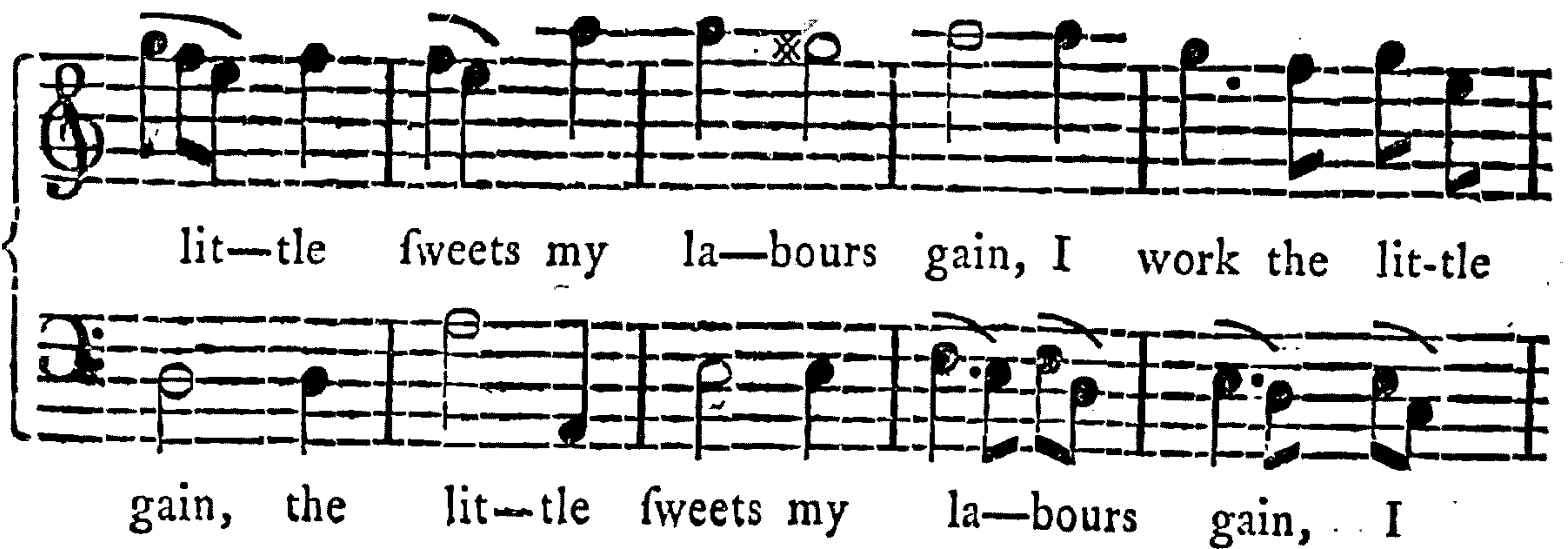
Continued.



la—bours gain, I work in—to a fong, the
fweets, my la—bours gain, I work in-to a



lit—tle, lit—tle fweets, my la—bours gain, the
fong, the lit—tle, lit—tle fweets, my la—bours



lit—tle fweets my la—bours gain, I work the lit-tle
gain, the lit—tle fweets my la—bours gain, I



fweets my labours gain in—to a fong.
work, I work in—to a fong.

Drinking

Drinking SONG. A. 2. Voc.

Dr. Boyce.

Since Na—ture man—kind for fo—ci—e—ty

fram'd, He 'gainst Na—ture fins who of drinking's a—

H—e 'gainst Na—ture fins who of

—sham'd, who of drink—ing's, of drinking's a—sham'd, H—

drink—ing's a—sham'd, who of drinking's a-sham'd, H—

—e 'gainst Na—ture fins who of drinking's a-sham'd.

—e 'gainst Na—ture, &c.

Continued

Continued.

Allegro.

Drink, drink then a-bout; drink then a-bout, while all

in--te-rest 's drown'd; mirth, humour and wit with the cup shall fail

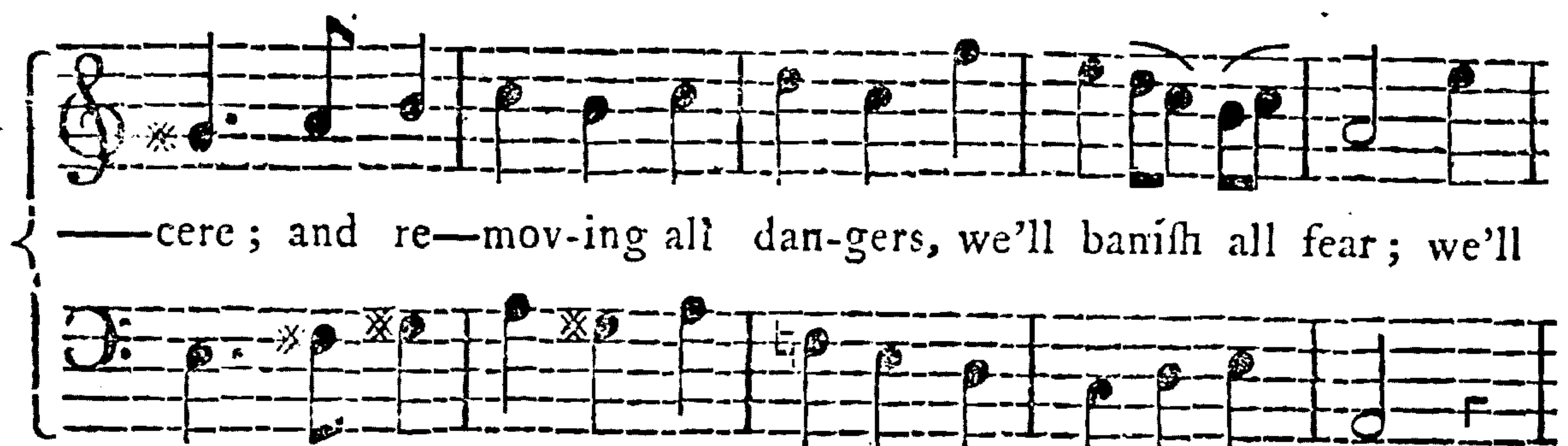
rou...nd, shall fail

round; mirth, hu-mour and wit with the cup shall fail round.
nd; mirth, &c.

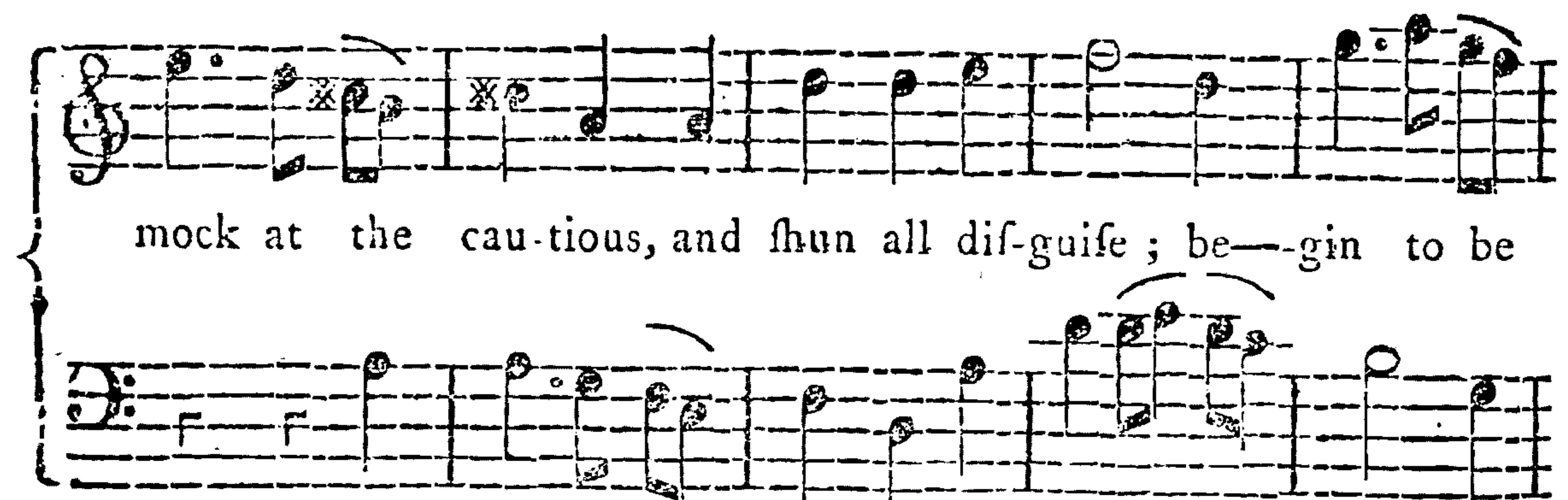
Continued.



We'll lau—gh and we'll fin—g, be bold and fin—

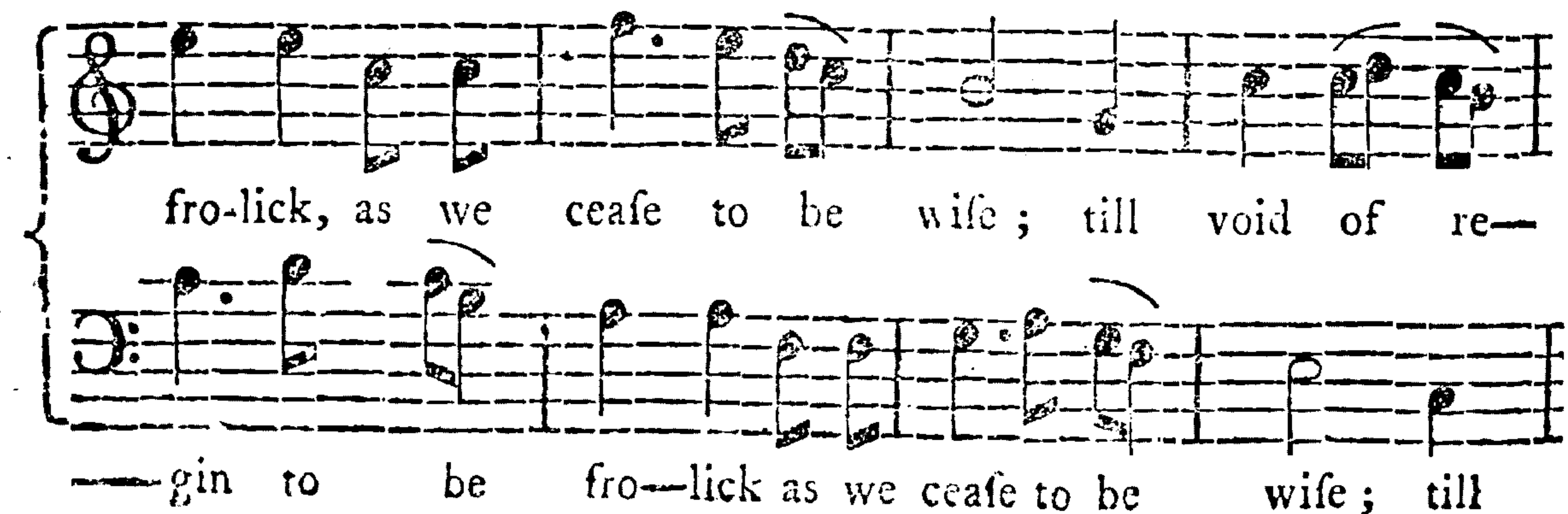


—cere; and re—mov—ing all dan—gers, we'll banish all fear; we'll



mock at the cau—tious, and shun all dis—guise; be—gin to be

we'll mock at the cautious and scorn all dis—guise; be—

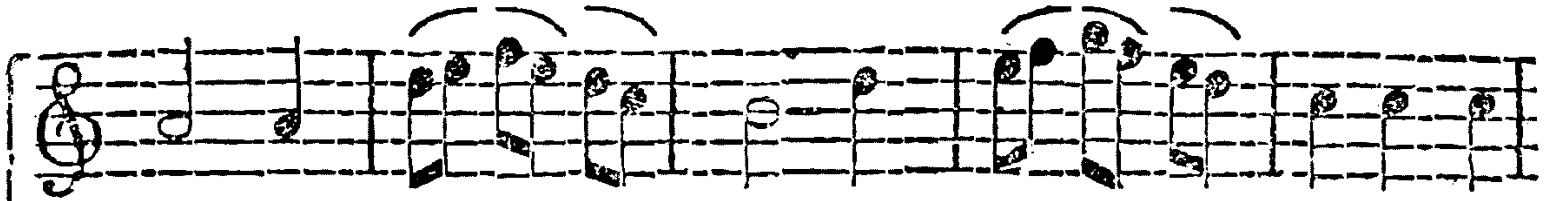


fro—lick, as we cease to be wise; till void of re—

—gin to be fro—lick as we cease to be wise; till

Continued.

Continued.



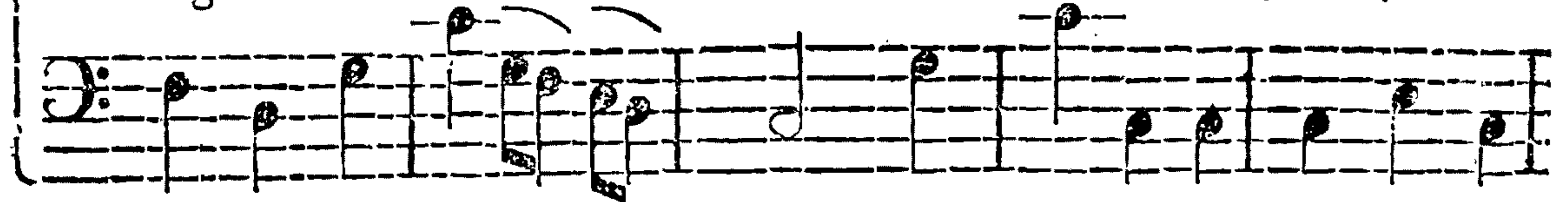
—serves, our jol—ly free souls, prove clear as our li-quor, and



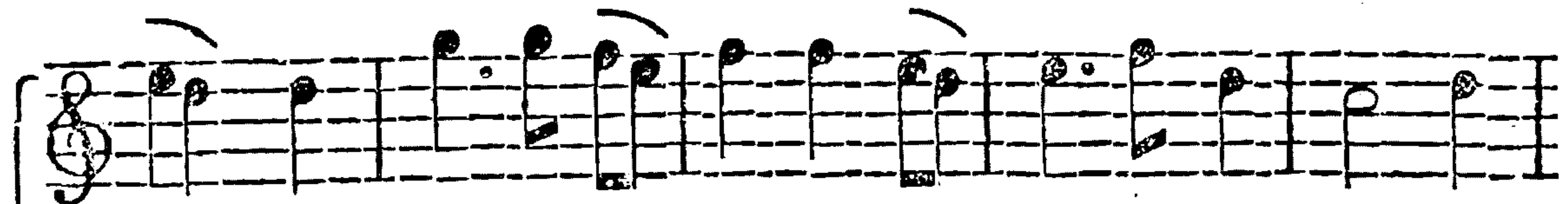
void of re—serves, our jol—ly free souls, prove clear as our



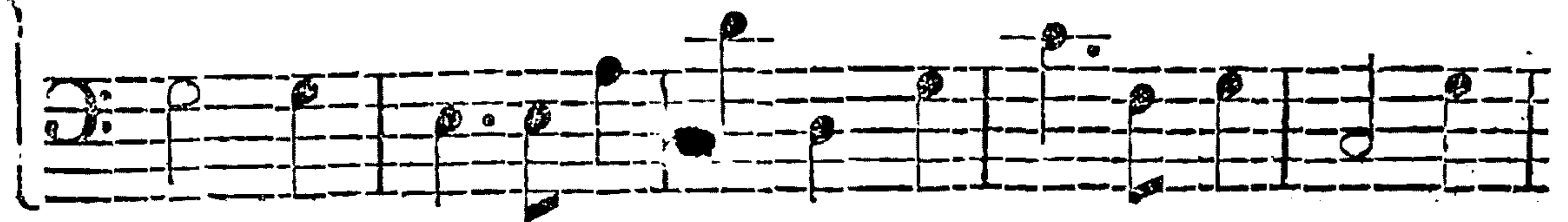
large as our bowls; till void of re—serves, our jol—ly free



li-quor, and large as our bowls; our jol-ly, our jol-ly free



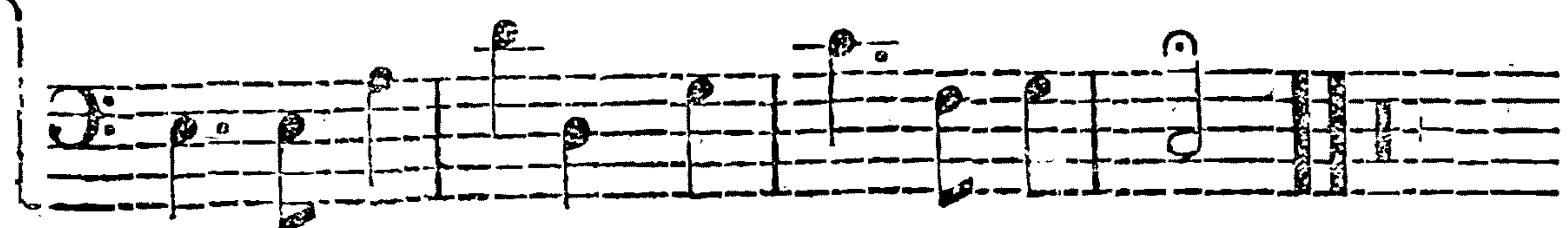
souls, prove clear as our li-quor, and large as our bowls, prove



souls,

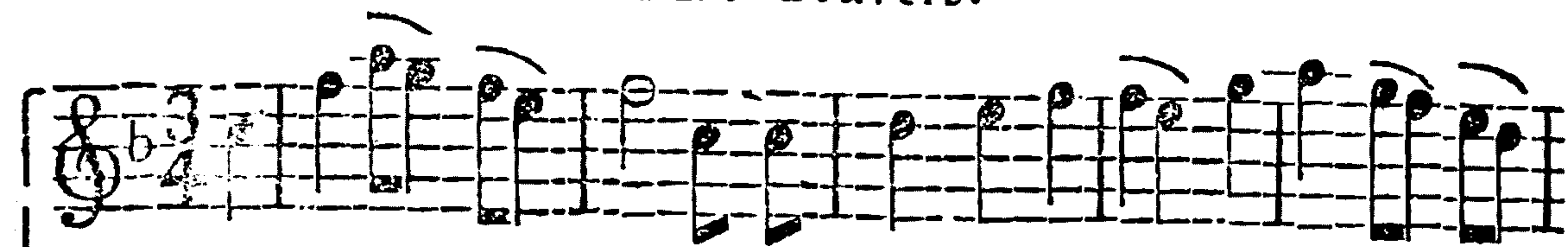


clear as our li-quor, and large as our bowls.

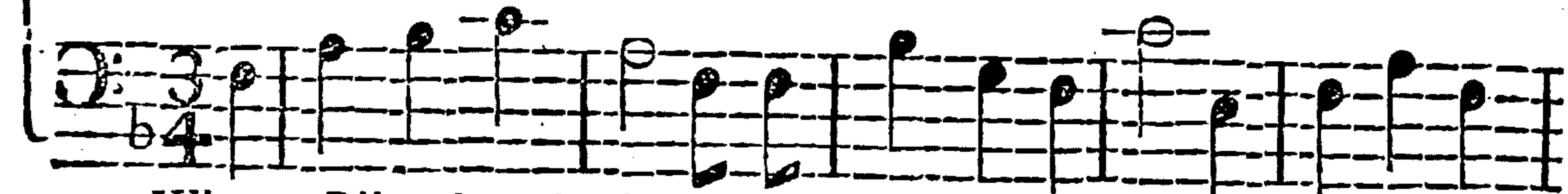


SONG A. 2 Voc.

Mr. Travers.



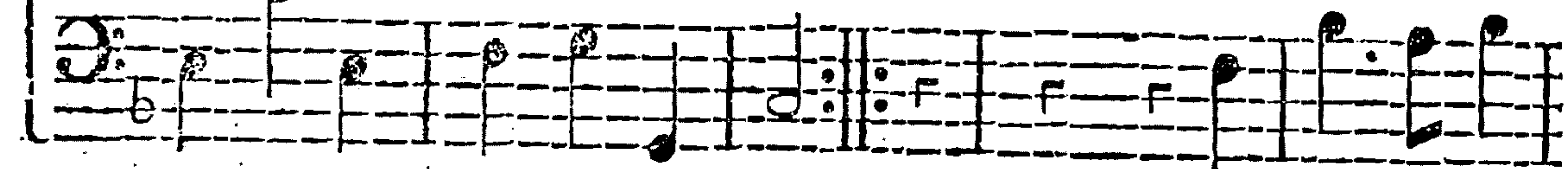
When Bi-bo thought fit from the world to re-treat, as full of Cham-



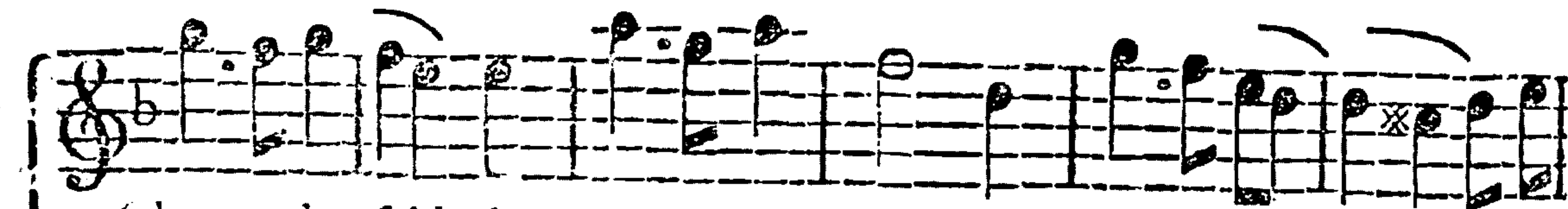
When Bibo thought fit from the world to re-treat, as full of Cham-



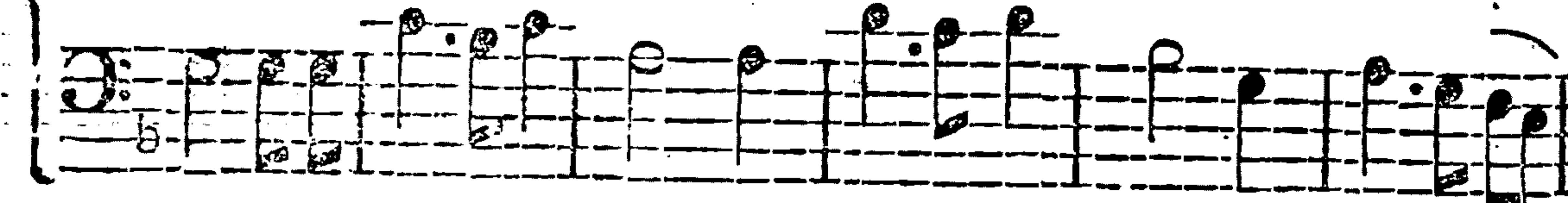
-paign as an egg's full of meat; he wak'd in the boat, and to



-paign as an egg's full of meat; He wak'd in the



Cha-ron he said, he wou'd be row'd back, he wou'd be row'd back, for he



boat, and to Charon he said, he wou'd be row'd back, he wou'd be row'd



was not yet dead, he was not yet dead, he



back, for he was not, he was not yet dead, he wak'd in the

Continued.

wak'd in the boat, and to Cha-ron he said, he wou'd be row'd

boat, and to Cha--ron he said, he wou'd be row'd back, he

back, for he was not, he was not yet dead. Trim, trim the

wou'd be row'd back, for he was not yet dead. Trim, trim the boat, & fit

boat, and fit qui-et, trim the boat, and fit qui-et, stern

qui-et, trim the boat, and fit qui--et, fit qui-et, stern

Cha-ron re-ply'd, you may have for-go-—t, you were

Cha-ron re-ply'd, you may have for-go-—t, you were

Continued.

Continued.

drunk when you dy'd, you were drunk when you dy'd, you
 t, you were drunk when you dy'd, you were drunk when you

were drunk, were dru—nk, were dru—
 dy'd, you were drunk, were dru—nk, were

nk, were drunk when you dy'd; tri—
 dru—nk, were drunk when you dy'd; trim the

m, trim the boat, and fit qui-et, trim the boat, and fit
 boat, and fit qui-et; trim the boat, and fit qui-et, fit.

Continued.

Continued.

Slow. *tr* *Faster.*

quiet, stern Cha-ron reply'd, you may have for-go

quiet, stern Cha-ron reply'd, you may have for

t, you were drunk when you dy'd, you were drunk when you

go t, you were drunk when you dy'd, you were

dy'd, you were drunk, were dru- nk, were dru

drunk when you dy'd, you were drunk, were dru- nk, were dru

nk, were drunk when you dy'd.

nk, were drunk when you dy'd.

DAMON and CLORA. SONG A. 2 Voc.

Mr. Harrington of Bath.

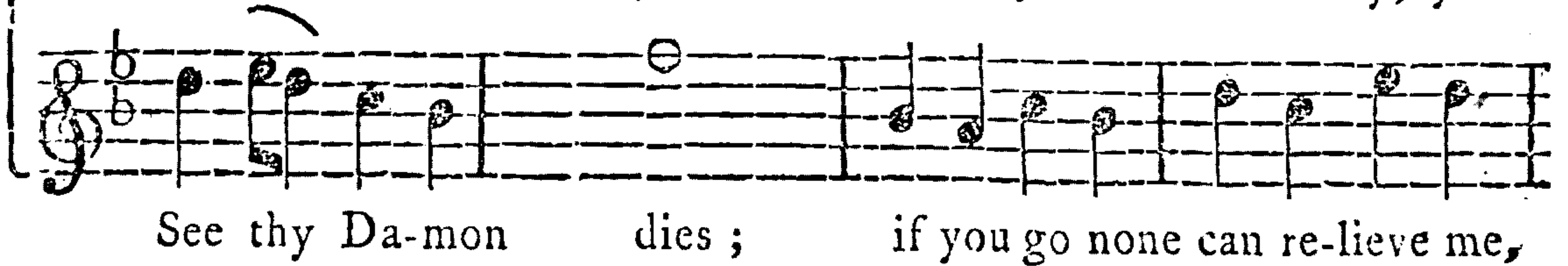
Go, false Da-mon, go, your
 Turn, fair Clo-ra, turn, fair Clo-ra, Ah! cru-el, turn a—
 fu-ing is in vain, your fu-ing is in vain, I
 —gain, Ah! cru-el, turn a—gain; un-grateful maid, un—
 am be-tray'd, I am be-tray'd, must leave you; no, no,
 —grateful maid, don't leave me; turn, turn, Clo-ra,
 no, your fu-ing is in vain.
 turn, Ah! cru-el, turn a—gain.

Continued.

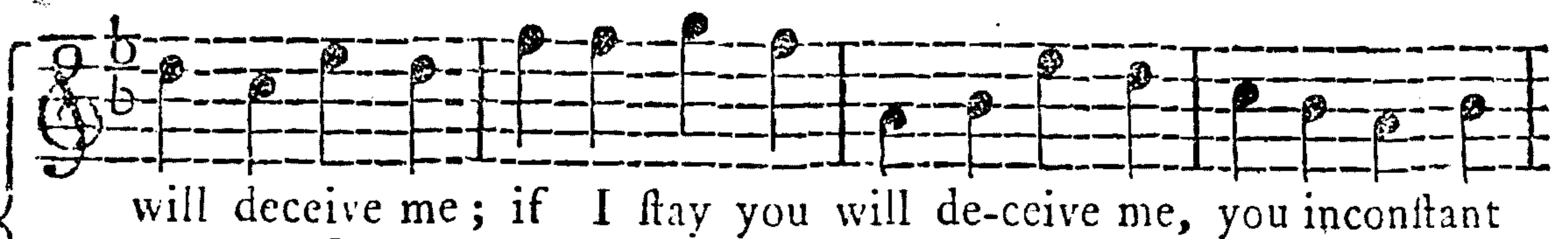
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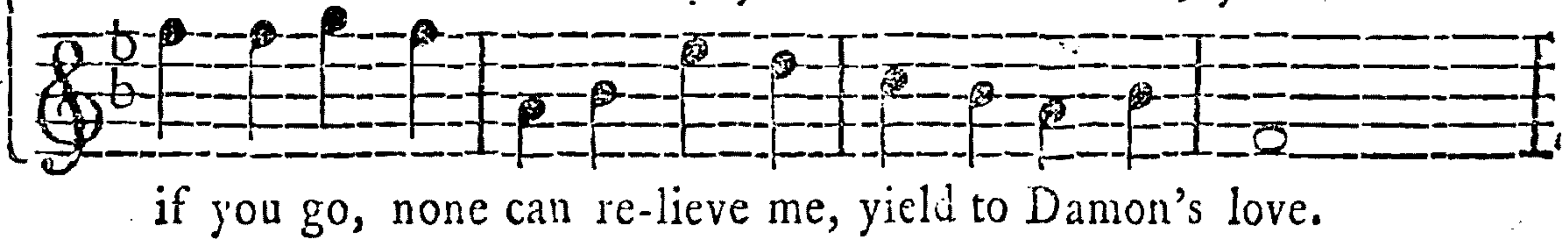
See thy Clo-ra, flies; if I stay, you



See thy Da-mon dies; if you go none can re-lieve me,



will deceive me; if I stay you will de-ceive me, you inconstant



if you go, none can re-lieve me, yield to Damon's love.



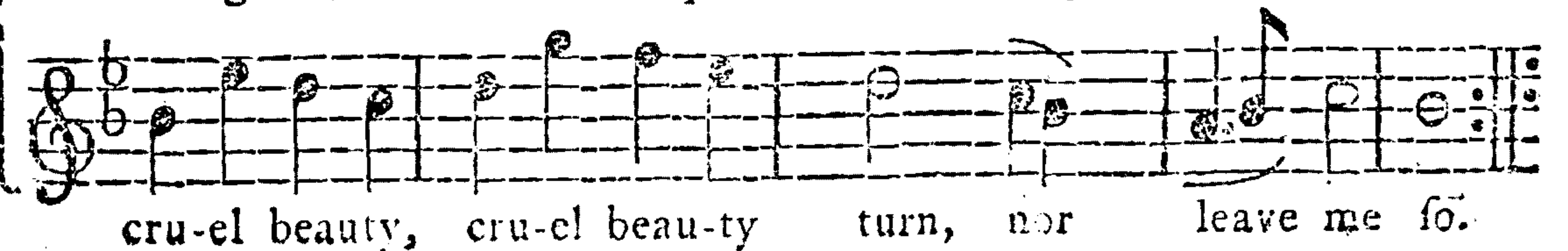
prove. No, I'll hear no more, no, I will be



Clo-ra, I a-dore, thee I love a-lone.



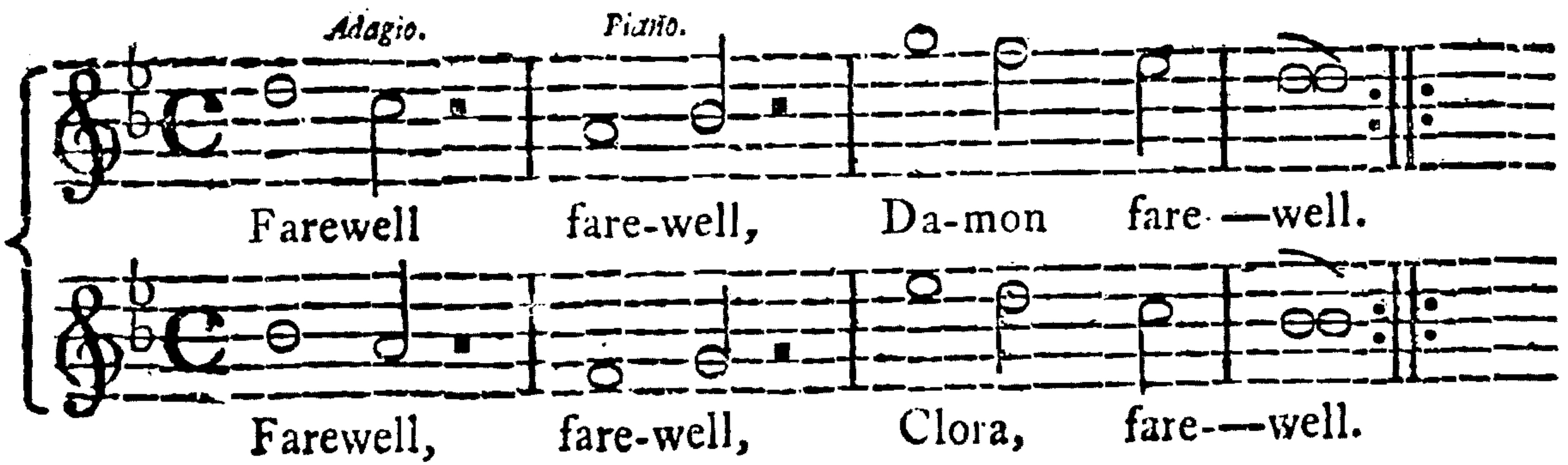
gone; faithless shepherd, faithless shepherd, I must go.



cru-el beauty, cru-el beau-ty turn, nor leave me so.

Continued.

Adagio. *Piano.*



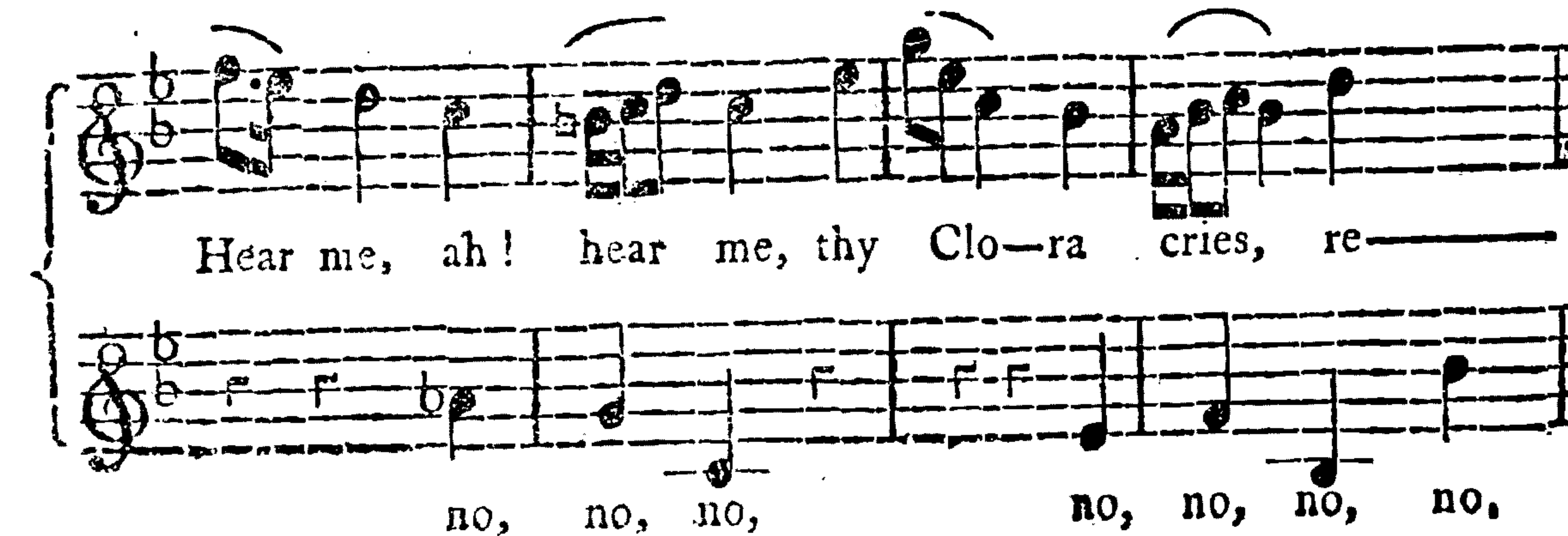
Farewell fare-well, Da-mon fare-well.
Farewell, fare-well, Clora, fare-well.



Let tears fast flow-ing love re-new, re-
For-bear, fond nymph to com-plain.



turn and prove thy Clo-ra true.
thy tears are all, all in vain.



Hear me, ah! hear me, thy Clo-ra cries, re-
no, no, no, no, no, no, no.

Continued.

Continued.

turn, or else thy Clo—ra dies. Let tears fast

no more I'll court your whin—ing sex, no

flow—ing, love re—new, re—turn and prove thy

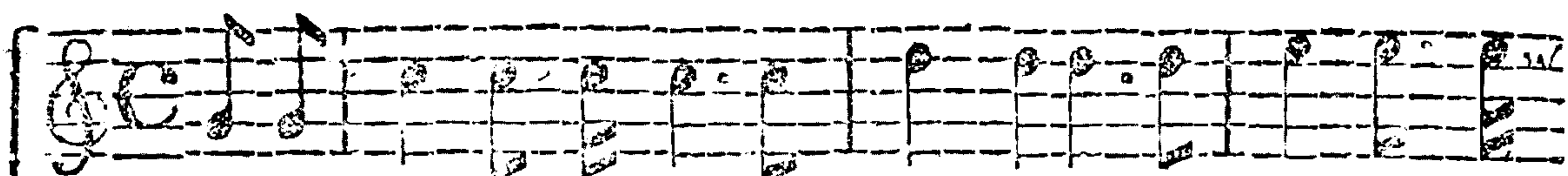
more your art shall per—plex, no more, no

Clo—ra true.

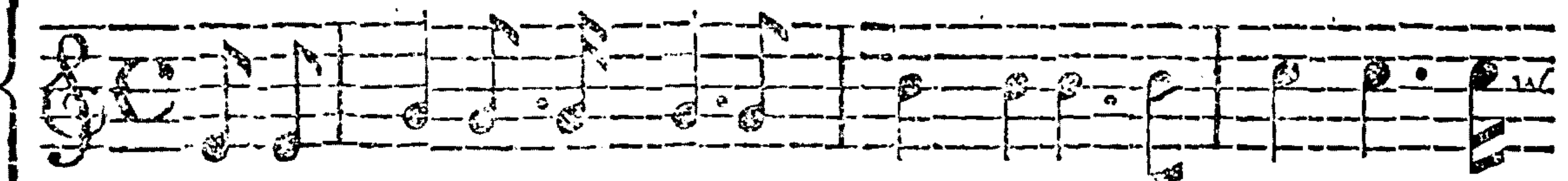
more shall per—plex.

The King's Health. GLEE, A. 3 Voc.

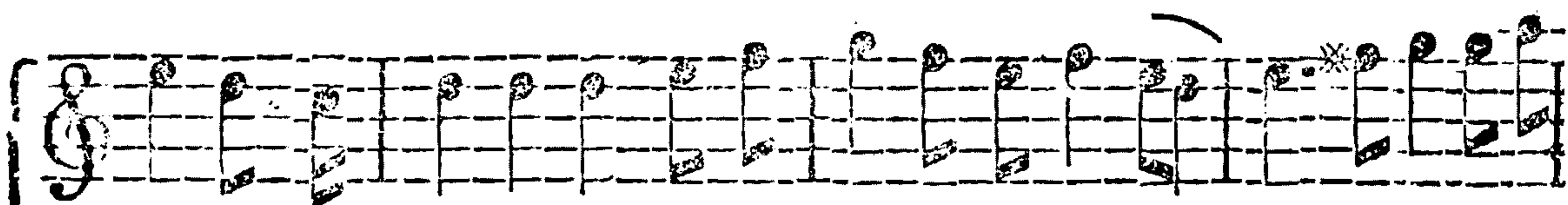
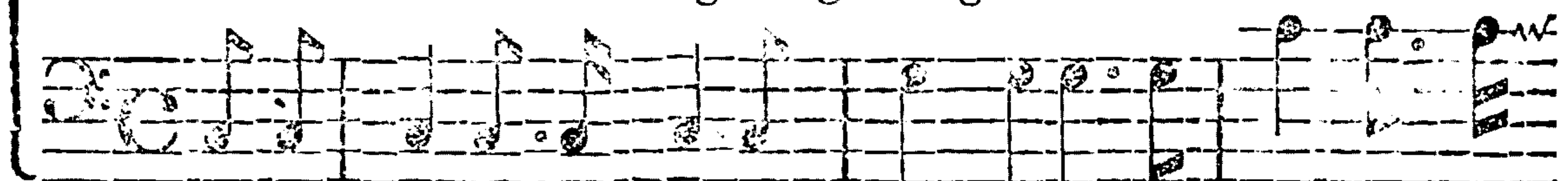
Mr. Arnold.



Here's a health to the king, king George I mean, and likewise to



Here's a health to the king, king George I mean, and like-wise to



Char-lotte our gracious queen, and the rest of the roy-al fa-mi-ly, al-fo



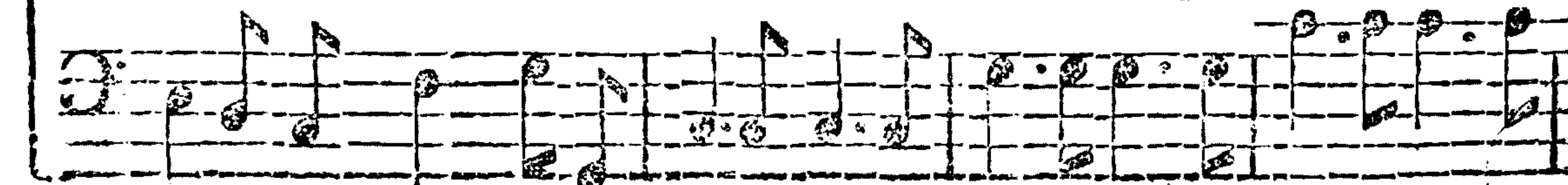
Char-lotte our gracious queen, and the rest of the roy-al fa--mi-ly, al-fo



with-ing them health & prof-per-i-ty, prof-per-i-ty, prof-per-i-ty, prof-

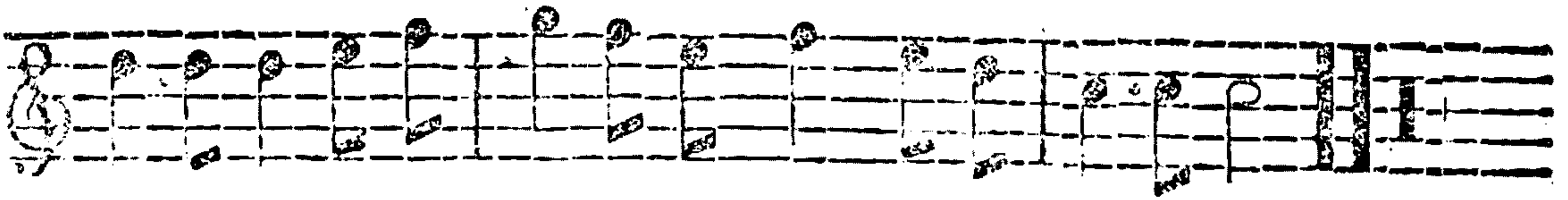


with-ing them health & prof-per-i-ty, prof-per-i-ty, prof-per-i-ty, prof-

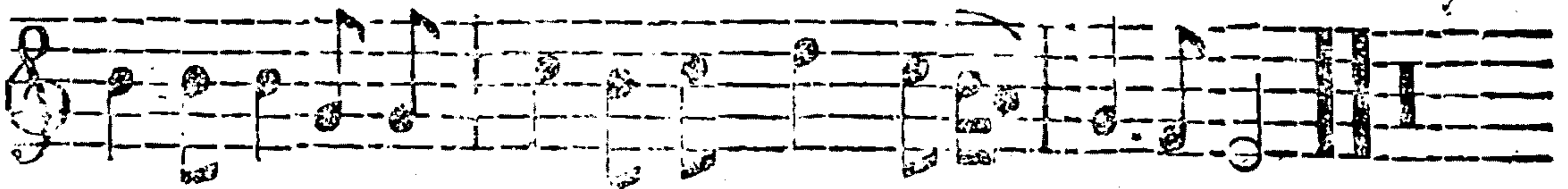


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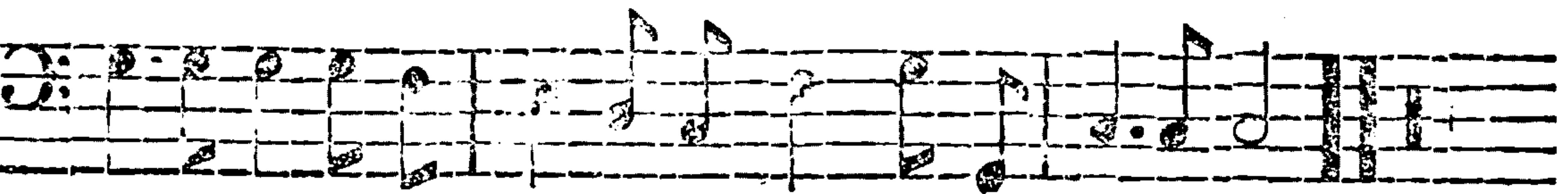
Continued.



per-i--ty, al--so wishing them health & prof-per--i-ty.



per-i--ty, al-so wishing them health & prof--per--i-ty.



CHORUS.

II.

Here's a health to all loyal, jovial souls,
 Who'll laugh and will quaff over flowing bowls:
 And old Care we will mind no more than elves;
 And we'll now drink a health to our noble selves,
 Our noble selves, &c.

CHORUS.

CHORUS. A. 3 Voc.

Forte con Spirituoso.

Huz—za, huz-za, huz-za, huz—za, huz-za, huz-za, huz—

Huz—za, huz-za, huz-za, huz—za, huz-za, huz-za, huz—

Huz—za, huz-za, huz-za, huz—za, huz-za, huz-za, huz—

Bassoons, &c.

—za, huz-za, huz za, huz—za, huz—za.

za, huz-za, huz-za, huz—za, huz—za.

za, huz-za, huz-za, huz—za. huz—za.

N. B. This Chorus is to be sung after each Verse.

BEAUTY

BEAUTY and MUSIC.

SONG, A. 2 Voc. Mr. Rameau. Bass by Mr. Arnold.

Gracefully.

Ye swains whom radiant beauty moves, or mu-sic's art with

found di-vine: Think how the rapt'rous charm im-proves, where two such

gifts ce-lest-ial join, Think how the rapt'rous charm improves, where

two such gifts ce-lest-ial join.

II.

Where Cupid's bow and Phoebus' lyre,
In the same pow'ful hand are found ;
Where lovely eyes inflame desire,
While trembling notes are taught to wound.

III.

Enquire not who's the matchless fair,
That can this double death bestow :
If young Harmonia's strains you hear ;
Or, view her eyes too well you'll know.

Love in Perfection. Sonnet, A. 2 Voc. Bass by Mr. Arnold.

The musical score consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a bass line. The vocal line is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bass line is written in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are: "I'll range a—rou—nd the sha—dy bow'rs, and ga—ther all the sweet—est flow'rs: I'll strip the garden and the grove, to make a gar—land for my love." The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, trills (tr), and dynamic markings.

II.

When in the sultry heat of day, my thirsty nymph does panting lay;
I'll hasten to the river's brink, and drain the floods but she shall drink.

III.

At night to rest her weary head, I'll make my love a grassy bed:
And with green boughs I'll form a shade, that nothing may her rest invade.

IV.

And whilst dissolv'd in sleep she lies, myself shall never close these eyes:
But gazing still with fond delight, I'll watch my charmer all the night.

V.

And then as soon as chearful day, dispels the darksome clouds away:
Forth to the forest I'll repair, to seek provision for my fair.

VI.

Thus will I spend the day and night, still mixing labor with delight:
Regarding nothing I endure, so I can ease for her procure.

VII.

But if the nymph whom thus I love, should ever false or faithless prove;
I'll seek some dismal distant shore, and never think on woman more.

A favorite HUNTING SONG. A 2 Voc.

BASS Mr. Arnold.

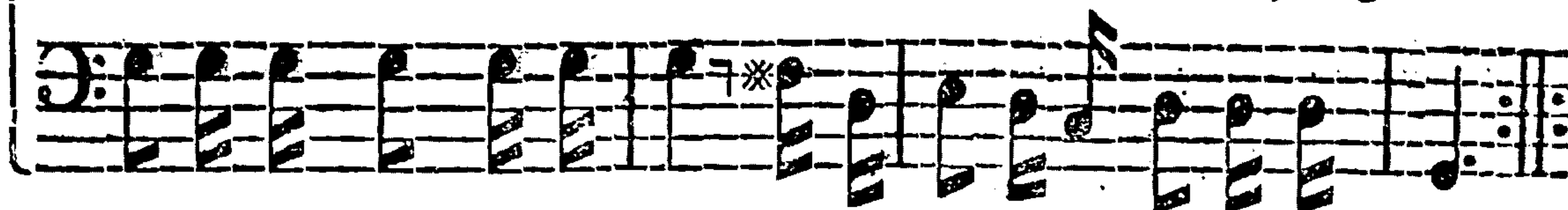
Vivace.



Hark a-way, 'tis the merry ton'd horn, calls the hunters all up in the morn, to the



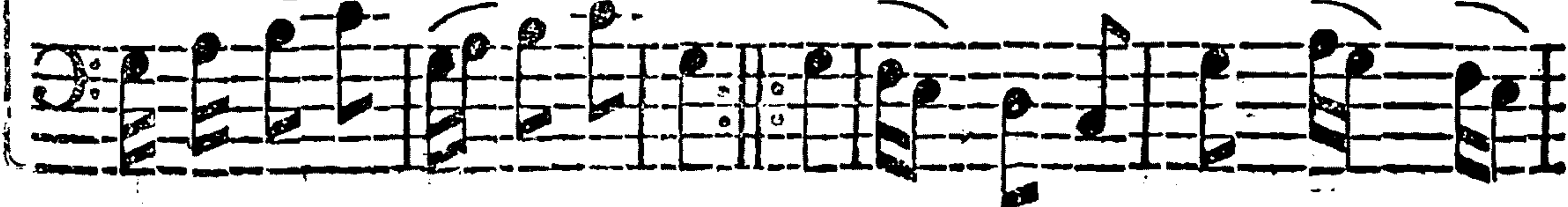
hills and the woodlands we steer, to un-har-bour the out-ly-ing deer.



And all the day long, this, this is our song, still hol-lowing and



fol-lowing so fro-lic and free; Our joys know no bounds while we're



Continued.

af—ter the hounds, no mor-tals on earth are so jol-ly as we.

II.

Round the woods when we beat how we glow, while the hills they all echo
hollo !

With a bounce from his cover when he flies, then our shouts they resound to
the skies.

And all the day long, &c.

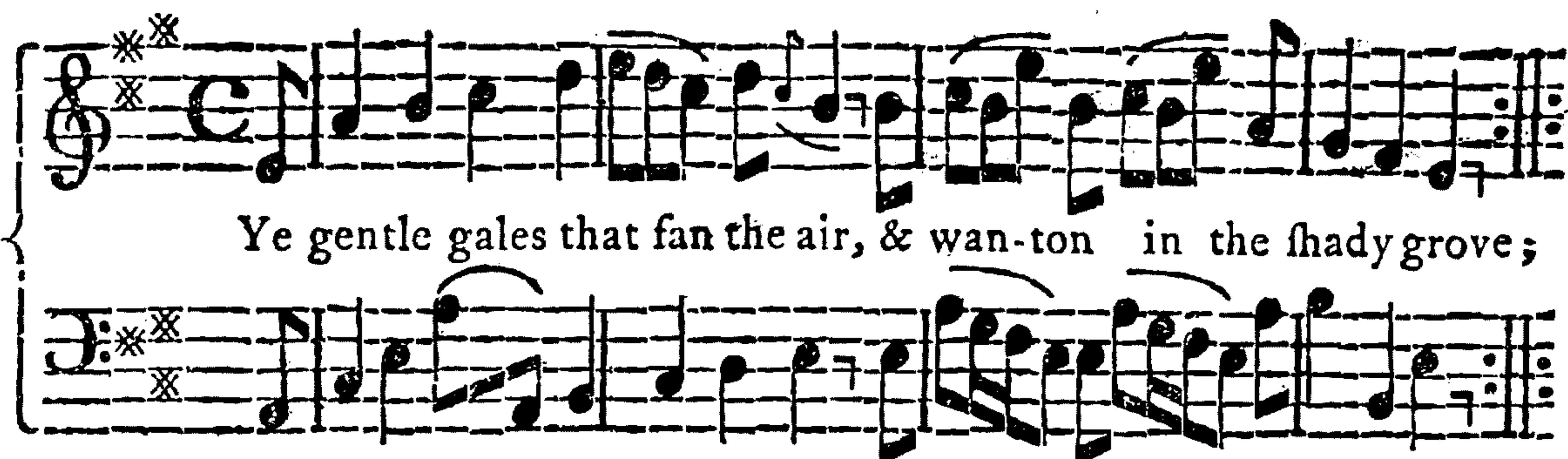
III.

When we sweep o'er the vallies, or climb up the health-breathing mountain
sublime,

What a joy from our labours we feel, which alone they who taste can reveal.
And all the day long, &c.

The Absent Lover. SONG A. 2 Voc. Mr. Barnard.

BASS Mr. Arnold.



Ye gentle gales that fan the air, & wan-ton in the shady grove;



O! whif-per to my absent fair, my secret pain & endless love.

II.

And in the sultry heat of day,
When she does seek some cool retreat;
Throw spicy odours in her way,
And scatter roses at her feet.

III.

That when she sees their colours fade,
And all their pride neglected lie;
Let that instruct the charming maid,
That sweets not timely gathered die.

IV.

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

The Whining Lover. SONG A 2 Voc. Mr. Markwell.

BASS Mr. Arnold.

Woman, thoughtless, giddy creature, laughing i-dle, flutt'ring thing;

Most fan-tast-ic work of Nature, still like fan-cy on the wing.

II.

Slaves to ev'ry changing passion,
 Loving, hating in extream;
 Fond of ev'ry pleasing fashion,
 And at best a pleasing dream.

III.

Lovely trifle, dear illusion!
 Conqu'ring weakness, wish'd-for pain;
 Man's chief glory and confusion,
 Of all vanities most vain.

IV.

Thus deriding beauty's power,
 We will call it all a cheat;
 But in less than half an hour;
 Kneel'd and whin'd at Cælia's feet.

The celebrated Early Horn. A 2 Voc. Mr. Galliard.

BASS Mr. Arnold.

With ear-ly horn, fa-lute the morn, that gilds this charming place, with chearful cries bid

e-cho rise, & join the jo-vial cha- - - - - ce, & join the jo-vial

cha- - - - - ce, & join the jovial chace, with

ear-ly horn, fa-lute the morn, that gilds this charm--ing place, with chearful

Continued,

Continued.

cries, bid e-cho rise, bid e--cho rise, and join the jo-vial cha-

ce, with chear-ful cries, bid echo rise, & join the jo-vial

The musical score consists of six systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal lines are in treble clef and the piano accompaniment lines are in bass clef. The music is in a common time signature and features a variety of note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. The lyrics are printed below the vocal lines, with some words split across lines. The score is marked with an asterisk (*) at the beginning of each system.

Continued.

Continued.

chace, and join the jo-vial chace; the vo-cal hills around, the

waving woods, the cry-stal floods, all, all re-turn their livening

found, The vo-cal hills around, the waving woods, the

cry-stal floods, all, all re-turn their livening found.

An Address to Vulcan. A 2 Voc. Mr. Fisher Tench.

B A S S *Mr. Arnold.*

Vulcan contrive me such a cup, as Nestor us'd of old ;

Try all thy skill to trim it up, try all thy skill to trim it up, &

damask it round with go—ld, & damask it round with gold.

- II. Make it so large when fill'd with punch,
 Up to the swelling brim ;
 Vast toasts on the delicious lake ; Vast, &c.
 Like ships at sea may swim. Like, &c.
- III. Carve me thereon a curling vine,
 And add two lovely boys ;
 Whose limbs in amorous folds entwine ; Whose, &c.
 The types of future joys. The types, &c.
- IV. Cupid and Bacchus my gods are,
 May love and wine still reign ;
 With wine I wash away my care ; With, &c.
 And then to my love again. And, &c.

The Lover's Passion. A. 2 Voc. Mr. Preluer.

BASS Mr. Arnold.

Damon if thou wilt believe me, 'tis not fight-ing, 'tis not

fight—ing o'er the plain; Tears and sonnets can't re—

—lieve thee, faint at—tempts in love are vain.

faint at—tempts in love are vain.

II.

Urge but home the fair occasion,
And be master of the field;
To a resolute invasion,
'Tis a madness not to yield.

III.

Love gives out a large commission,
Still indulgent to the brave;
But one sin of base omission,
Love nor woman yet forgave.

The celebrated Noon-tide Air. A. 2 Voc. Dr. Arne.

BASS Mr. Arnold.

Sym.
Andante.

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with notes and rests.

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves with notes and rests.

Wou'd you

taste the noontide air, to yon fragrant bow'r re-pair, where

Musical notation for the third system, including treble and bass staves with notes and rests.

woven with the poplar bough, the mantling vine shall shelter you, the

Musical notation for the fourth system, including treble and bass staves with notes and rests.

Continued.

Continued.

mantling vine will shelter you. Down each side a fountain

3 3 Sym. 3 3

6 5 6 5
4 4 4 4

flows, twinkling, murm'ring as it goes.

Sym. Sym. Sym. Sym. Sym.

3

6 5 6 5
4 3 4 3

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

ful--try Phœbus scorching round.

Sym.

6 6 6 5 6 6 6 5
4 3 4 3

Continued.

Round the languid herds & sheep, stretch'd o'er funny hillocks sleep,

Figured bass notation: 6 5 / 4 3, 6, 6 7, 4 3

While on the hy--a-cinth and rose, the fair does all alone re-pose, the

Figured bass notation: 3, 6 5 / 4 3, 6 7, 4 3

fair does all a--lone re-pose.

Figured bass notation: 6 5 / 4 3

fair does all a--lone re-pose.

Figured bass notation: 6 5 / 4 3

Continued.

Continued.

All a—lone yet in her arms, your breast may beat to

love's a-larms,

till blest and blessing you shall own,

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

joys of love are joys alone.

A favorite S O N G. *A. 2 Voc.* Mr. Eccles.B A S S *Mr. Arnold.*

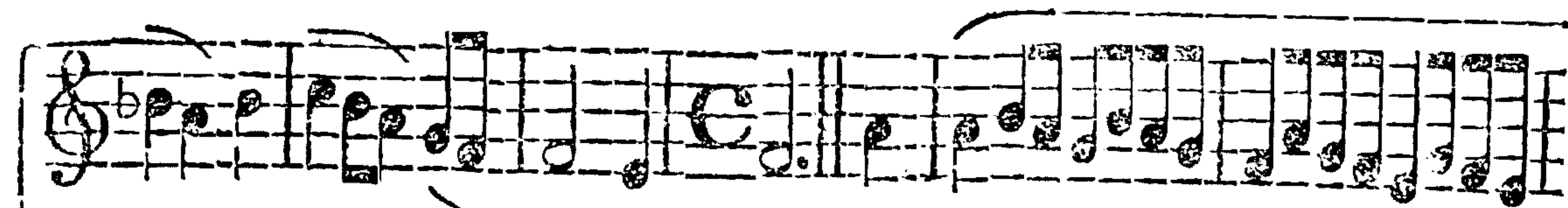
As Cupid ro-guish-ly one day, had all a-

lone stole out to play, the mu-fes caught the

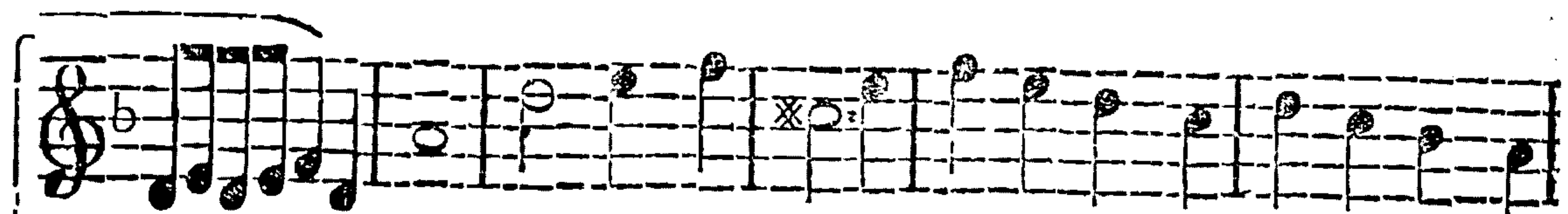
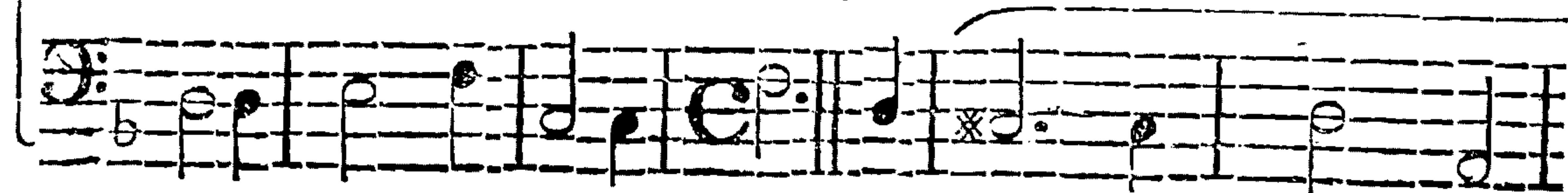
little, little, lit-tle knave, and captive love to beauty

gave. The mufes caught the little, little, lit-tle knave, and

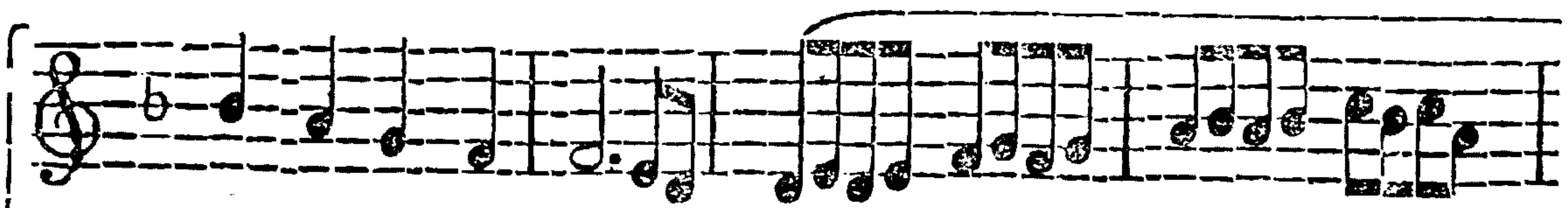
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captive love to beauty gave. The lau



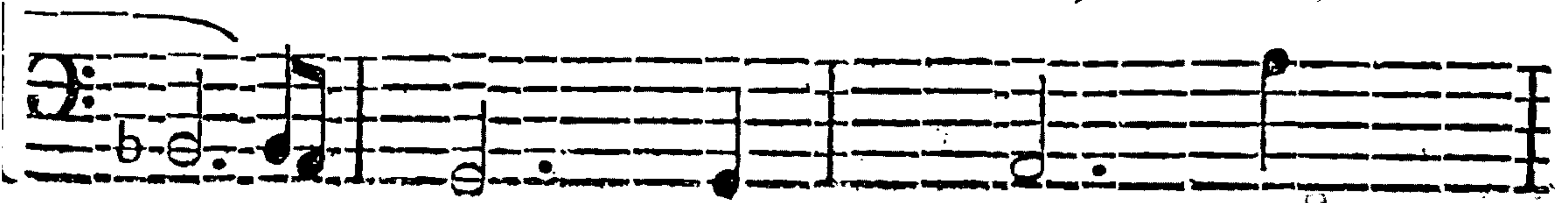
ghing dame soon mis'd her son, & here & there, & here & there, &



here and there di-stract-ed ru



n, di-stract-ed run; and



Continued.

Continued.

here & there, & here & there, & here & there distract-ed run. And still his

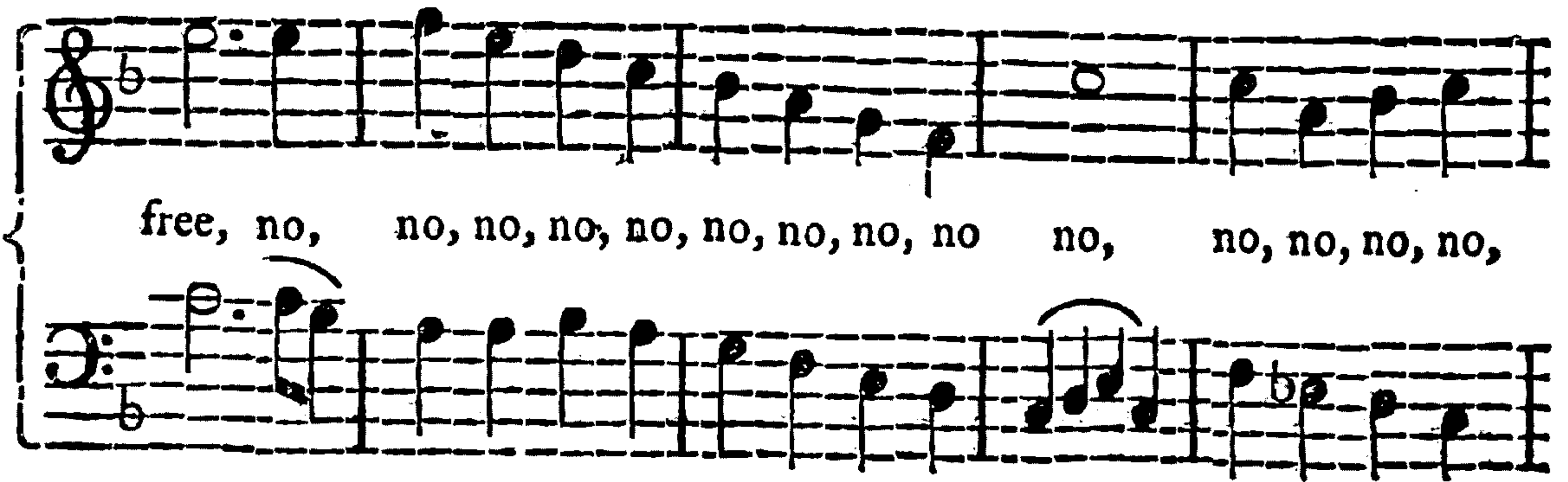
li-ber-ty to gain, his li-ber-ty to gain, offers his ran-som

but in vain, in vain, in vain, the wil-ling, wil-ling pris'-ner

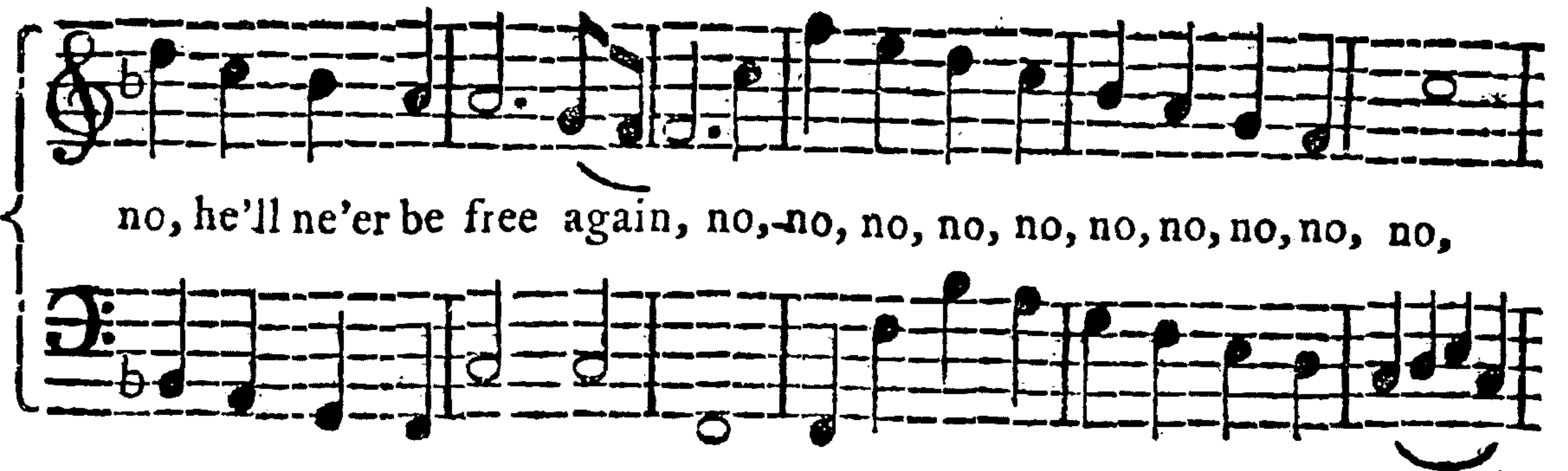
still hugs his chain, & vows he'll ne'er be free, & vows he'll ne'er be

Continued.

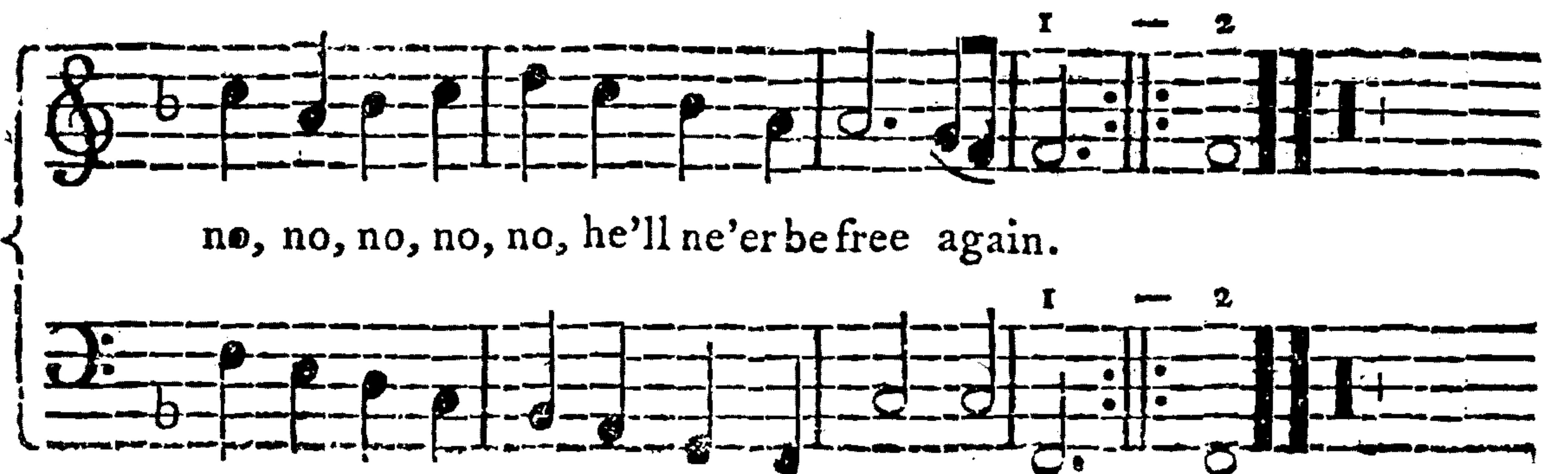
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free, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,



no, he'll ne'er be free again, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,



no, no, no, no, no, he'll ne'er be free again.

Cupid's Mistake. A. 2 Voc. Mr. William Riley.

As af-ter-noon one sum-mer's day, Venus stood

As af-ter-noon one summer's day, Venus stood

bath-ing in a river, Cupid a shooting went that way, new strung his

bathing in a river, Cupid a shooting went that way,

bow, new strung his bow, new strung his

new fill'd his quiver, new fill'd his quiver,

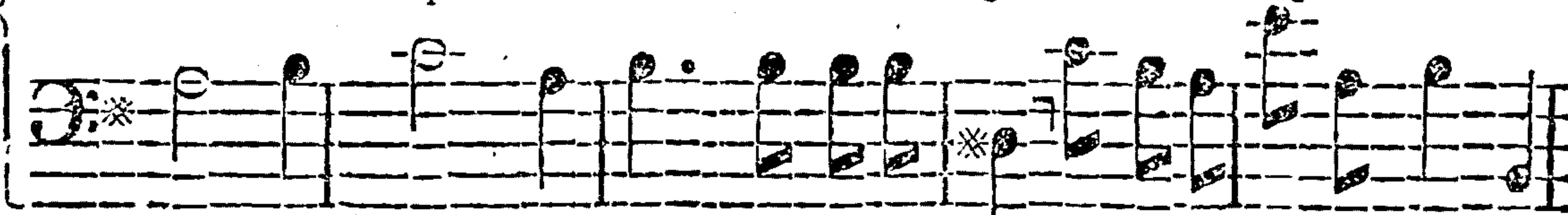
bow, new strung his bow, new fill'd his quiver. With skill he

new strung his bow, new fill'd his quiver. With skill he

Continued.



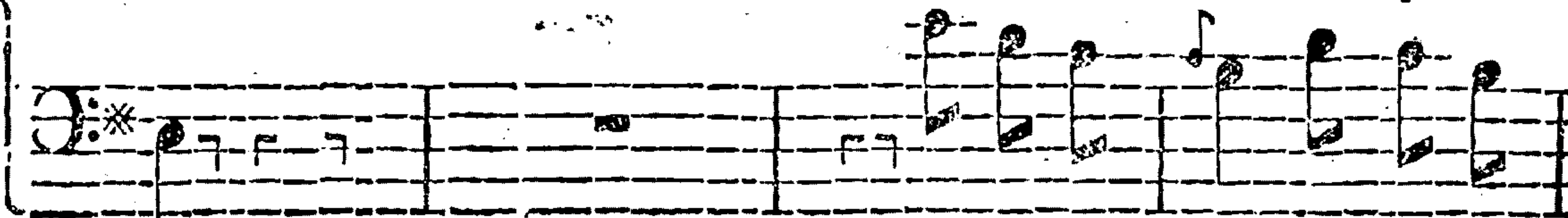
chose his sharp—est dart, with all his might, with all his might his bow he



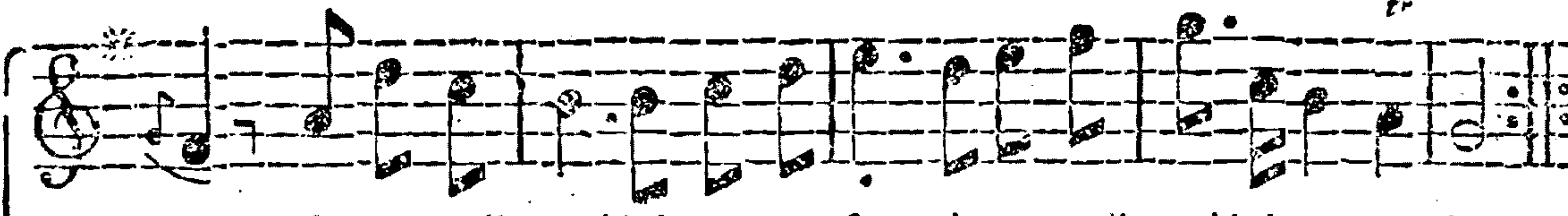
chose his sharp—est dart, with all his might, with all his might his bow he



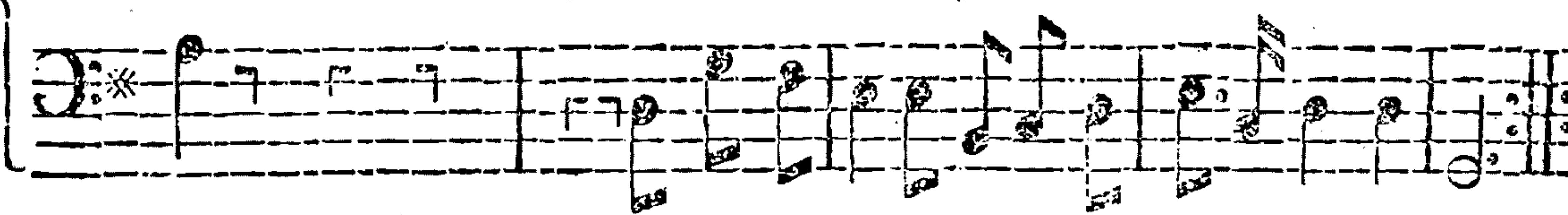
drew, swift to his beauteous parent's heart, swift to his beauteous parent's



drew, swift to his beauteous parent's



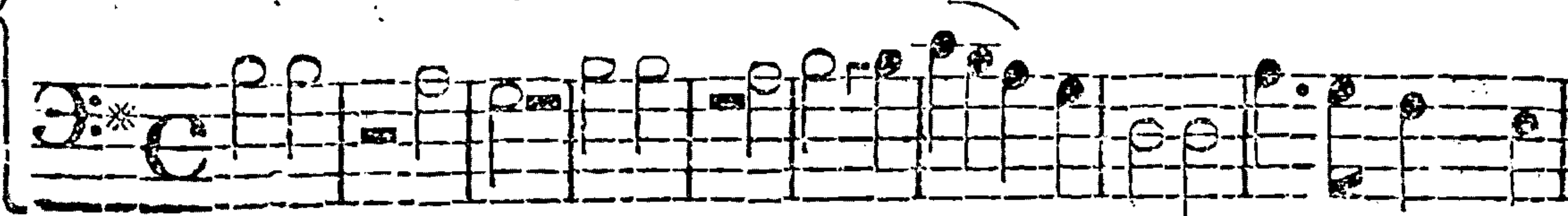
heart, the too well guided arrow flew, the too well guided arrow flew.



heart, the too well guided, the too well guided arrow flew.



I faint, I die, I faint, I die, the god-defs cry'd, oh! cruel, couldst thou



I faint, I die, I faint, I die, the god-defs cry'd, oh! cruel, couldst thou

Continued.

find, couldst thou find none o—ther, oh! cruel, oh! cruel, oh! cruel, couldst thou

find, couldst thou find none o—ther, oh! cruel, oh! cruel, oh! cruel, couldst thou

find none other to rack thy spleen on, par-ri-cide, to rack thy spleen on, parricide;

find none other to rack thy spleen on, parricide, to rack thy spleen on, parricide;

like Nero, thou hast slain, like Nero, thou hast slain, hast sla— in thy mother,

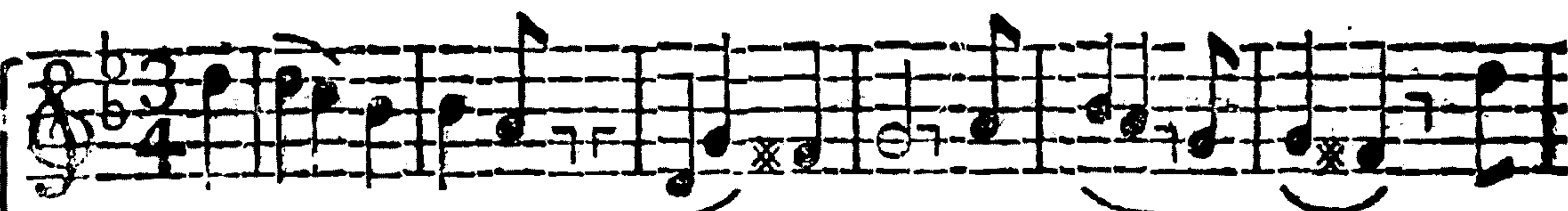
like Nero, thou hast slain, like Nero, thou hast slain, hast sla— in thy mother,

like Ne-ro, thou hast slain, hast slain thy mo—ther.

like Ne-ro, thou hast slain, hast slain thy mo—ther.

Continued.

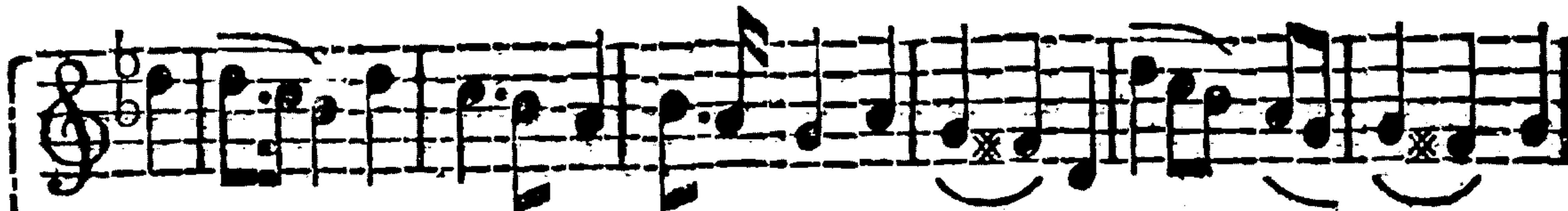
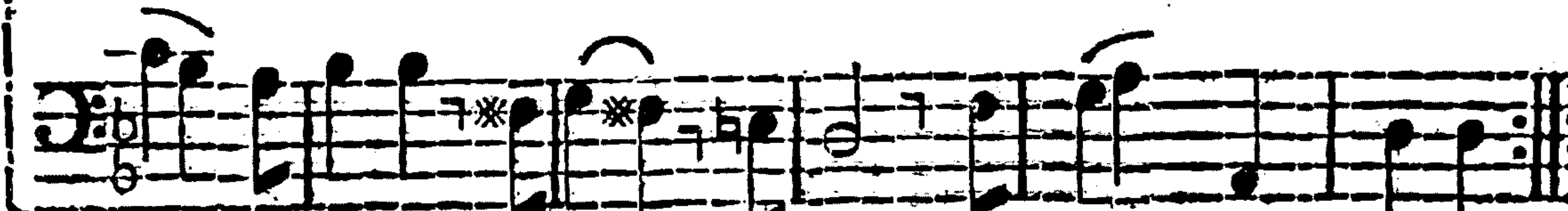
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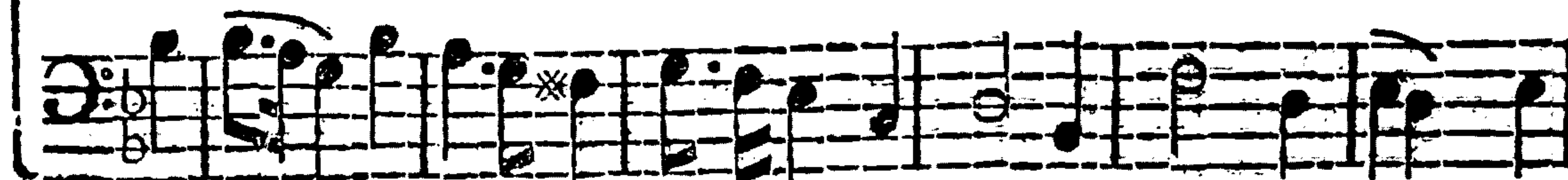
Poor Cupid sobbing, scarce cou'd speak, indeed mamma, I



did not know ye, indeed, indeed, I did not know ye.



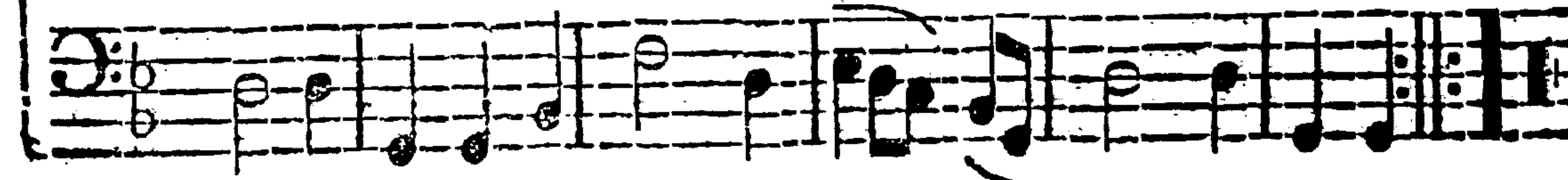
A—las ! how easy, how easy my mistake, I took you for your



A—las ! how easy, how easy my mistake, I took you for your



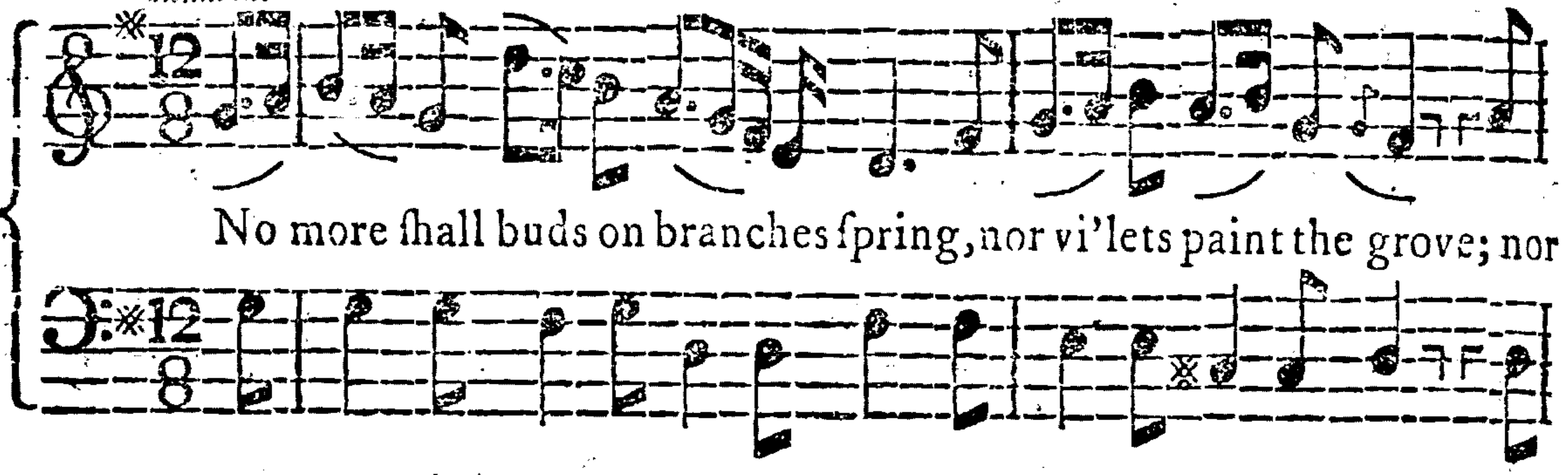
likeness Chloe, I took you for your likeness Chloe,



likeness Chlce, I took you for your likeness Chloe.

The Lover's Vow. A. 2 Voc. Mr. Popely.

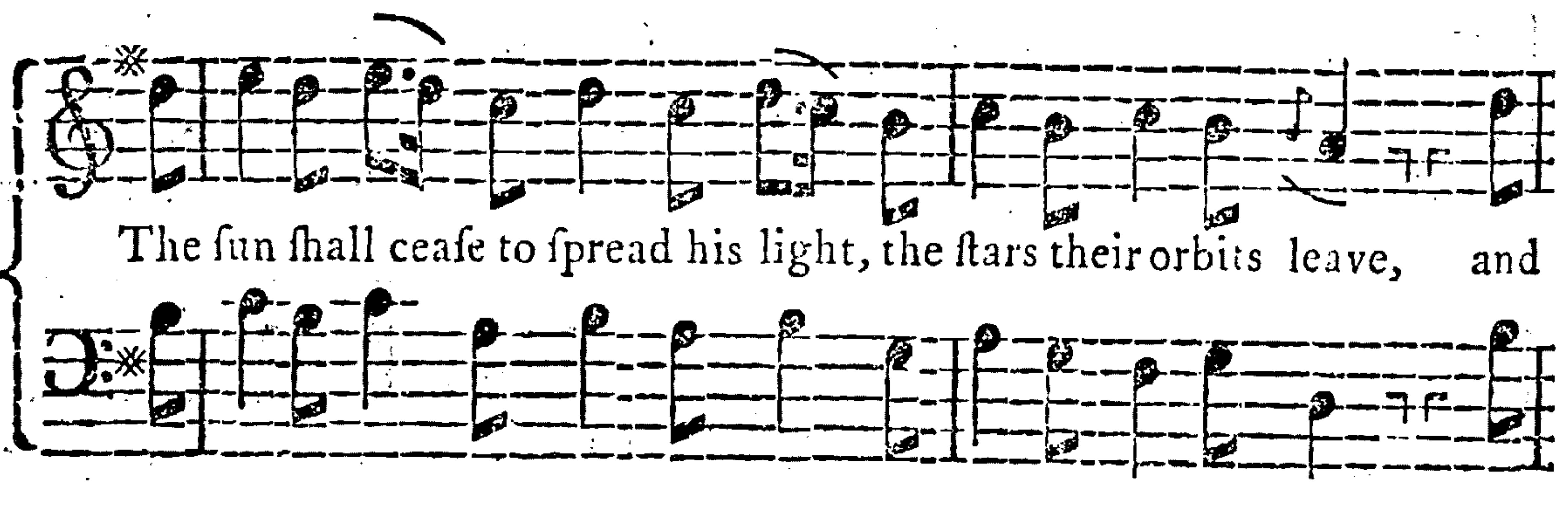
Siciliana.



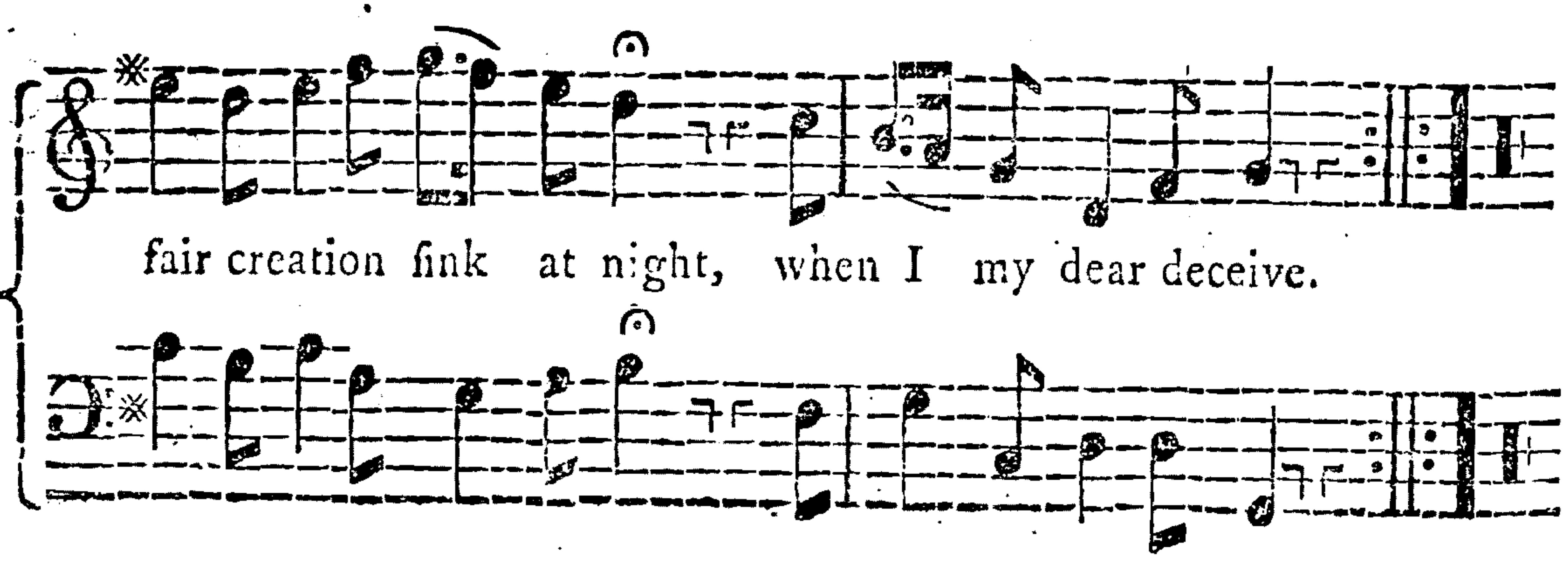
No more shall buds on branches spring, nor vi'lets paint the grove; nor



warbling birds delight to sing, if I forsake my love.



The sun shall cease to spread his light, the stars their orbits leave, and



fair creation sink at night, when I my dear deceive.

The Honest Yorkshire Man. SONG, A. 2 Voc.

BASS Mr. Arnold.

I am in truth, a country youth, unus'd to London fashions, yet virtue

guides, and still presides o'er all my steps & passions: No courtly leer, but all sincere, no

bribe shall e-ver blind me, if you can like a Yorkshire tike, an

honest man you'll find me.

II.

Tho' envy's tongue,
With slander hung,
Does oft bely our county;
No men on earth,
Boast greater birth,
Or more extend their bounty;
Our northern breeze,
With us agrees,
As does our bus'ness fit us;
In public cares,
In love's affairs,
With honor we acquit us.

III.

A noble mind,
Is ne'er confin'd,
To any shire or nation;
He gains most praise,
Who best displays,
A gen'rous education;
While rancour rolls,
In narrow souls,
By narrow views discerning;
The truly wise,
Will only prize,
Good manners, sense and learning.

The Modern Beau. Sung in *The Honest Yorkshire Man.*

SONG, A. 2 Voc. BASS Mr. Arnold.

Come hither my country 'squire, take friendly instructions from me, The

lords shall admire, thy taste in attire, the ladies shall languish for thee:

Such flaunting, gallanting & jaunting, such frolicking thou shalt see; Thou

ne'er like a clown, shalt quit London's sweet town, To live in thine own country.

II.

A skimming dish hat provide,
With a little more brim than lace,
Nine hairs on a side,
To a pig's tail tied,
Will set off thy jolly broad face.
Such flaunting, &c.

III.

Go get thee a footman's frock,
A cudgel quite up to thy nose,
The friz like a shock,
And plaster thy block,
And buckle thy shoes at the toes.
Such flaunting, &c.

IV.

A brace of ladies fair,
To pleasure thee shall strive;
In a chaise and pair,
They shall take the air,
And thou on the box shalt drive.
Such flaunting, &c.

V.

Convert thy acres to cash,
And saw thy timber down;
Who'd keep such trash,
And not cut a flash,
Or enjoy the delights of the town?
Such flaunting, &c.

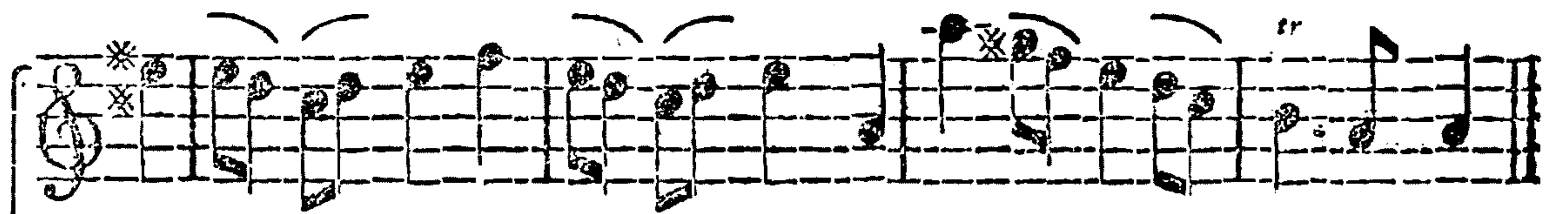
On MASONS and MASONRY.

SONG, A. 2 Voc.

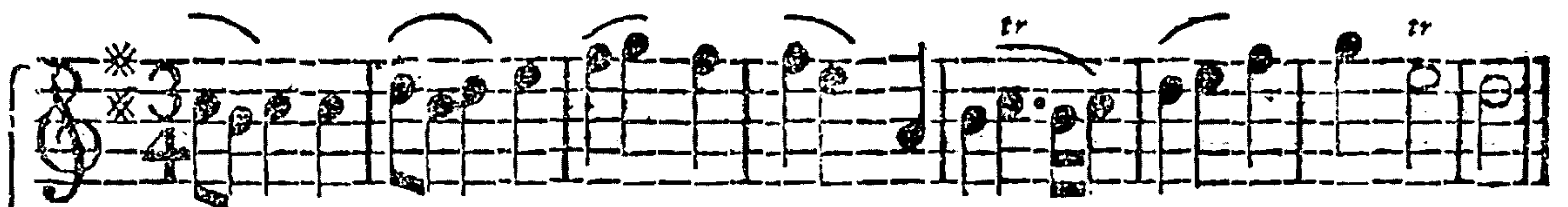
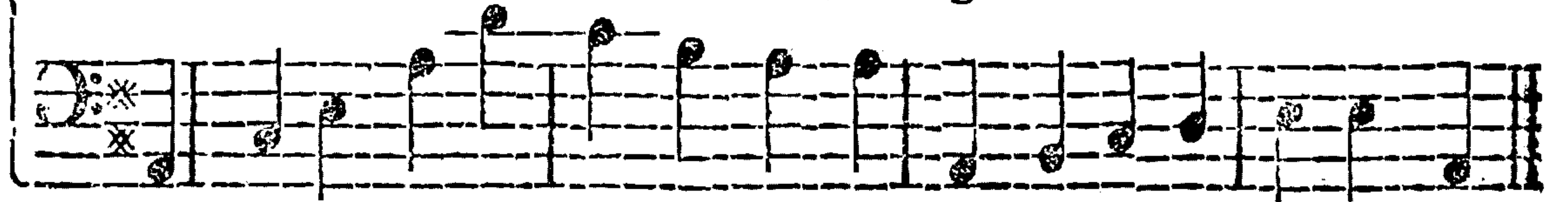
BASS Mr. Arnold.



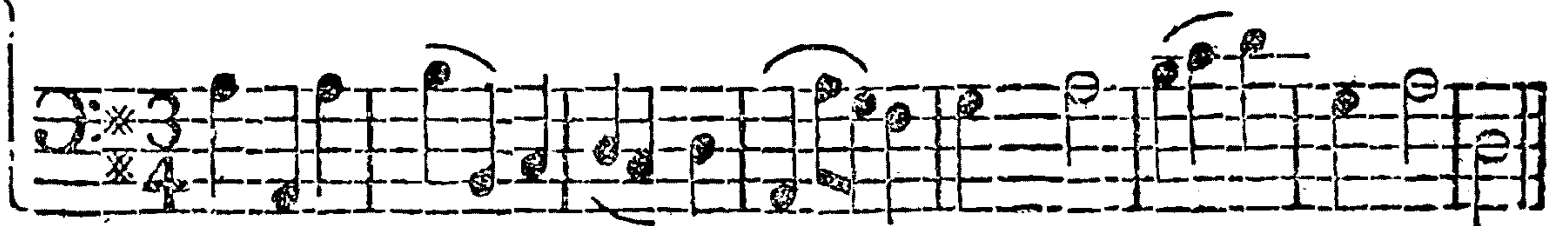
By Masons art the as-piring dome, in various columns shall arise:



All climates are their native home, their godlike actions reach the skies.



Heroes and kings revere their name, & poets sing their deathless fame.



II.

Great, generous, noble, wise and brave,
Are titles they most justly claim;
Their deeds shall live beyond the grave,
Which babes unborn shall loud proclaim:
Time shall their glorious acts enroll;
Whilst love and friendship charm the soul.

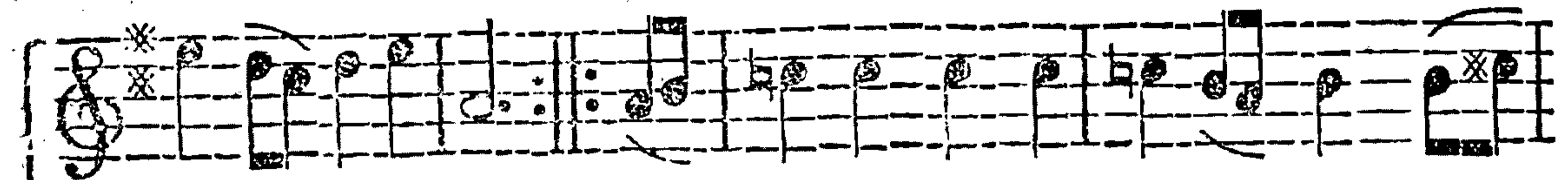
Q

CHORUS

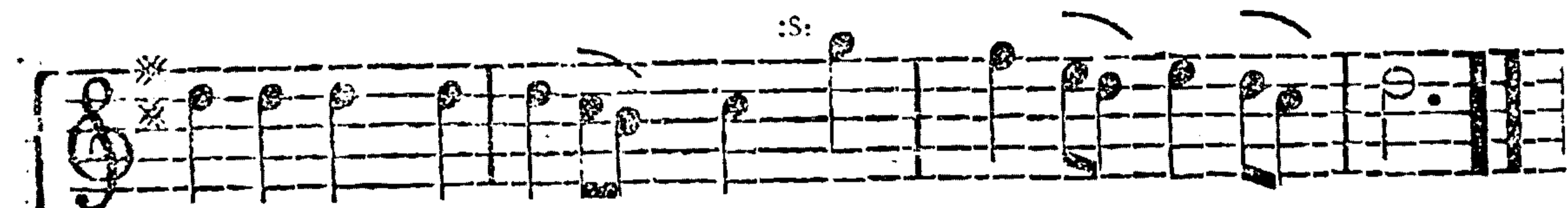
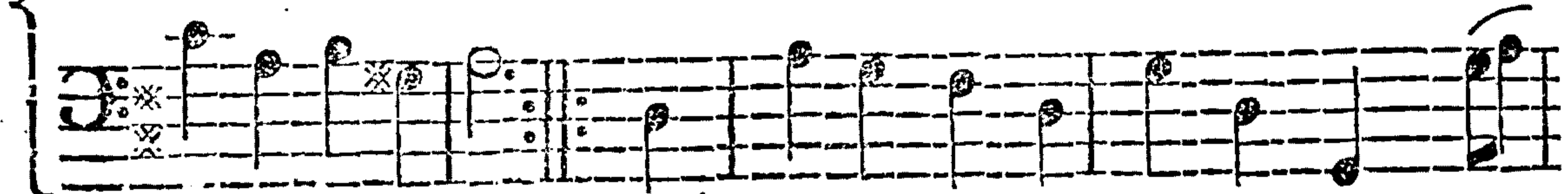
CHORUS to *The Honest Yorkshire Man.* A. 2 Voc.



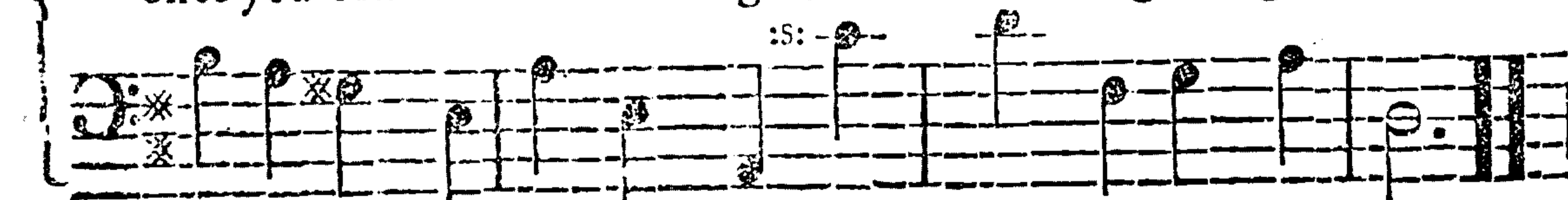
Come learn by this ye bachelors, come learn by this ye bachelors, who



lead unfettled lives; When once you come to ferious thought, when



once you come to ferious thought, There's nothing like good wives.



II.

Come learn by this ye maidens fair,
Come learn, &c.
Say I advise you well,
You're better in a husband's arms,
You're better in a, &c.
Than leading apes in hell,
'Than, &c.

III.

A bachelor's a cormorant,
A bachelor's, &c.
A bachelor's a drone,
He eats and drinks at all mens cost;
He eats, &c.
But feldom at his own,
But, &c.

IV.

Old maids and fusty bachelors,
Old maids, &c.
At marriage rail and lour;
So when the fox cou'dn't reach the grapes,
So when, &c.
He cry'd they all were four,
He cry'd, &c.

WARLEY CAMP. GLEE. A. 3 Voc.

Mr. Michael Elte.

How merrily we live, that foldiers be, that foldiers, foldiers

How merrily we live. that foldiers

How merrily we live that foldiers

be, how merrily we live, that foldiers be, that foldiers

be, how merrily we live, that foldiers be, that foldiers

be, how merrily we live, that foldiers be, that foldiers

be, round the world, round the world, round the world, round the world, round the world, thus we

be, round the world, round the world, round the world, round the world, round the world, thus we

b ————— e, round the world, round the world, round the world, thus we

Continued.

march with merry glee, round the world, thus we march with merry glee, glee. O—

march with merry glee, round the world, thus we march with merry glee, glee, O—

march with merry glee, thus we march with merry glee, glee. O—

—n the pleasant downs sometimes encamp'd we lie, on the pleasant downs some—

—n the pleasant downs sometimes encamp'd we lie, on the pleasant downs some—

—n the pleasant downs sometimes encamp'd we lie, on the pleasant downs some—

—times en—camp'd we lie, n—o cares we know but for—

—times en—camp'd we lie, no cares we know but fortune's

—times en—camp'd we lie, no cares we know but fortune's

Continued.

Continued.

—tune's frowns de—fy, no cares we know, but
 fortune's frowns de—fy, no cares we know, but fortune's
 frowns de—fy, no cares we know, but fortune's

fortune's frowns de—fy. So long as we can see, can
 fortune's frowns de—fy, so long as we, so long as we can see, can
 frowns de—fy, so long as we can see our

see, can see our colours fly, our co—lours
 see, can see our colours fly, our co—lours
 co—lours fly, our co—lours

Continued.

Continued.

fly, so long as we can see, can see our colours

fly, so long as we can see, can see our colours

fly, so long as we can see our colours fly. *Da Capo.*

fly, so long as we can see our colours fly. *Da Capo.*

fly — y, our colours fly.

EPIGRAM, A. 2 Voc. Mr. Travers.

Says Pontius in

Says Pontius in ra—ge, contra—

ra—ge, contradict—ing his wife, you

dict—ing his wife, you ne-ver yet told me one

never yet told me, you never yet told me one truth in your life,

truth in your life, you never yet told me one truth in your life, says

says Pontius in ra—

Pontius in ra—ge con—ra—

Continued.

Continued.

ge, con—tra—dict—ing his wife, you

---dicting his wife, you ne—ver yet told me one

ne—ver yet told me, you ne—ver yet told me one

truth in your life, you ne—ver yet told me one

Slower.

truth in your life. Vext Pontia no way wou'd this the—fis al—

truth in your life. Vext Pontia no way wou'd this the—fis al—

Faster.

—low, you're a cuckold says she, do I tell you truth now; says

—low, you're a cuckold says she, do I tell you truth

Continued.

she you're a cuckold, you're a cuckold, says
now, says she you're a cuckold, you're a

she you're a cuckold, you're a cuckold, says she, do I
cuckold, says she, you're a cuckold, says she, do I

tell you truth now, says she, do I tell you truth now?
tell you truth now, says she, do I tell you truth now?

S O N G, A. 2 Voc.

Bacchus, God of mortal pleasure, ever, ever, ever, ever,

ever, ever, ever, ever, ever give me thy dear treasure, how I

ring, and call the drowsy waiter, ring,
long for t'other quart, hither, hither,

Continued.

Continued.

ring, ring, ring, hither since it is no
 hither, hither, hither, hither, hither, hither, hither, since it is no

la-ter, why shou'd good com--pa-nions part?
 la-ter, why shou'd good com--pa-nions part? He that's

whip a shil-ling, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
 willing, Here, here, here,

Continued.

follow, follow, follow the ex-^{tr}-am-ple round, if you'd bear a lib'ral
 here, follow the ex-am-ple round,
 6 * 6 5 * 4 * 6 6 7

spi-rit, drink, drink, drink, drink,
 put about, about, about, about, about, about, a-
 6 5 6 5

put a-bout the gen'-rous cla-ret, af-ter
 -bout, a-bout the gen'-rous cla-ret, af-ter
 6 7 6 6

Continued.

Continued.

death no drinking's found.

death no drinking's found.

death no drinking's found.

S O N G, A. 3 Voc.

Mr. Travers.

Fair and ug-ly, false and true, fair and ug--ly,

Fair and ug-ly, false and true, fair and ug--ly,

Continued,

Continued.

ug—ly and fair, fair and ug-ly, false and true,
 ug—ly and fair, fair and ug-ly, false and true,

all, all to great Venus, all to great Venus' yoke must bow.
 all, all to great Venus, all to great Venus' yoke must bow.

Such pleasure in our pains she takes, she lau—
 Such pleasure in our pains she takes, she lau—

she lau—
 Continued.

Continued.

ghs to see what sport she

ghs to see what sport she

ghs to see what

makes, she lau—

makes, she lau—

sport she makes, she lau—

ghs to see what sport she makes, she lau—

ghs to see what sport she makes, she lau—

ghs to see what sport she makes, she lau—

Continued.

Continued.

ghs, such pleasure

ghs, such pleasure

in our pains she takes, she lau

in our pains she takes, she lau

she lau

ghs to see what sport she makes, she lau

ghs to see what sport she makes, she lau

lau

Continued.

Musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) with lyrics "ghs to fee what". The score consists of three staves. The Soprano staff has a treble clef and a trill (tr) above the first measure. The Alto staff has a treble clef and trills above the first three measures. The Bass staff has a bass clef and trills above the first three measures. The lyrics "ghs to fee what" are written below the staves.

Musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) with lyrics "sport she makes.". The score consists of three staves. The Soprano staff has a treble clef and a trill (tr) above the first measure. The Alto staff has a treble clef. The Bass staff has a bass clef. The lyrics "sport she makes." are written below the staves.

A favorite S O N G. *A. 3 Voc.* Mr. Handel.

B A S S *Mr. Arnold.*

When Phœbus the tops of the hills does a-dorn, how

When Phœbus the tops of the hills does a-dorn, how

sweet is the found of the e-choing horn, when the

sweet is the found of the e-cho-ing horn, when the

an-tel-ing stag is rous'd by the found, e---

an--tel-ing stag is rous'd by the found, e---

7 6

Continued.

Continued.

—rect—ing his ears, nimble sweeps o'er the ground, and

—rect—ing his ears, nimble sweeps o'er the ground, and

6 7

thinks he hath left us be--hind on the plain, but still we pur—

thinks he hath left us be--hind on the plain, but still we pur—

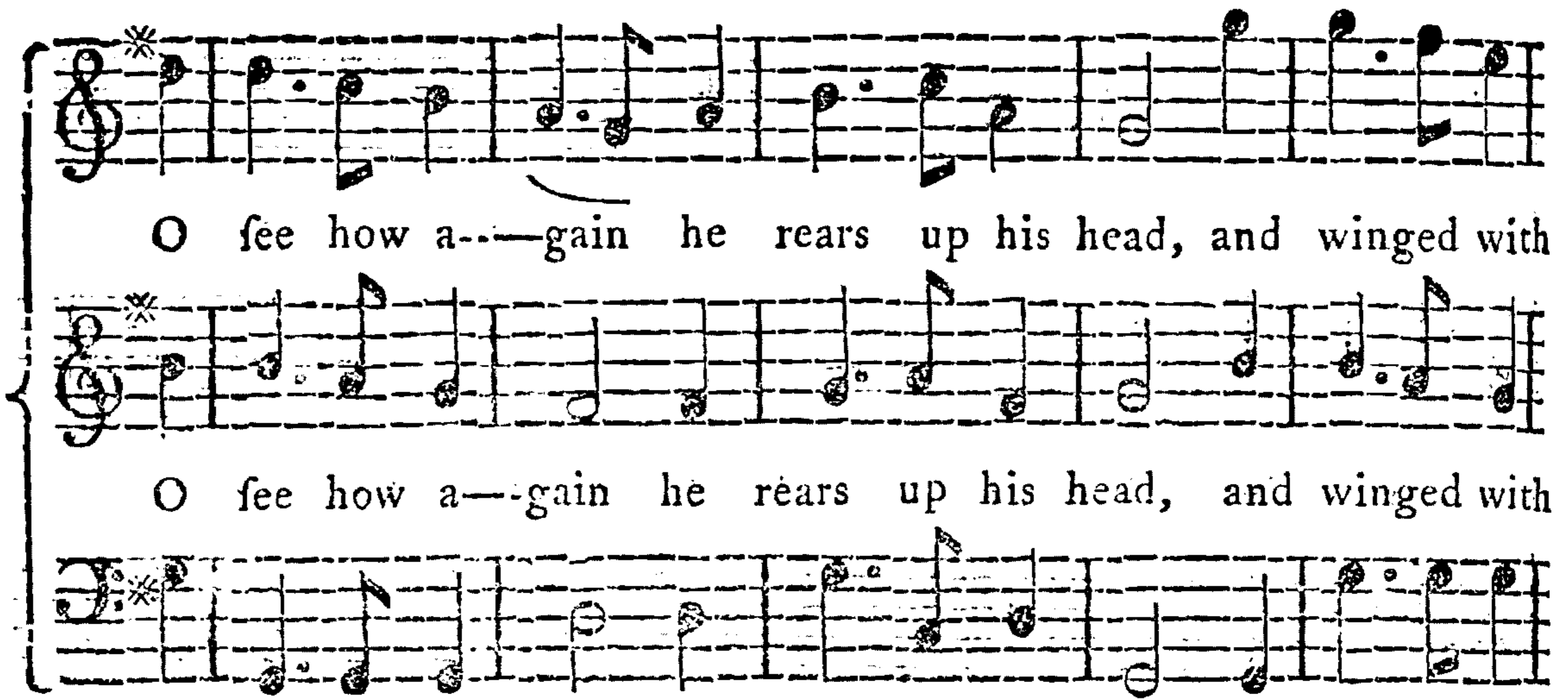
6 5

—sue, and now come in view of the glorious game.

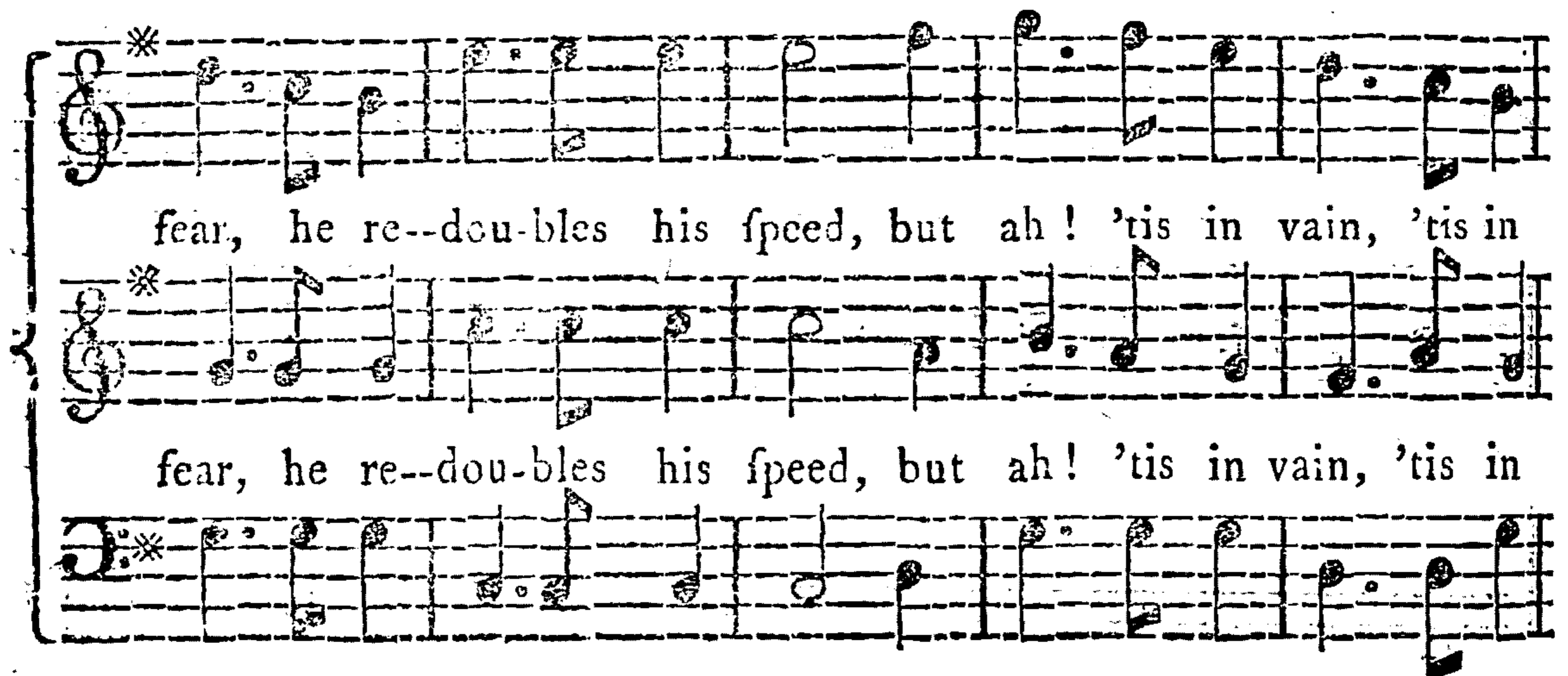
—sue, and now come in view of the glorious game.

6

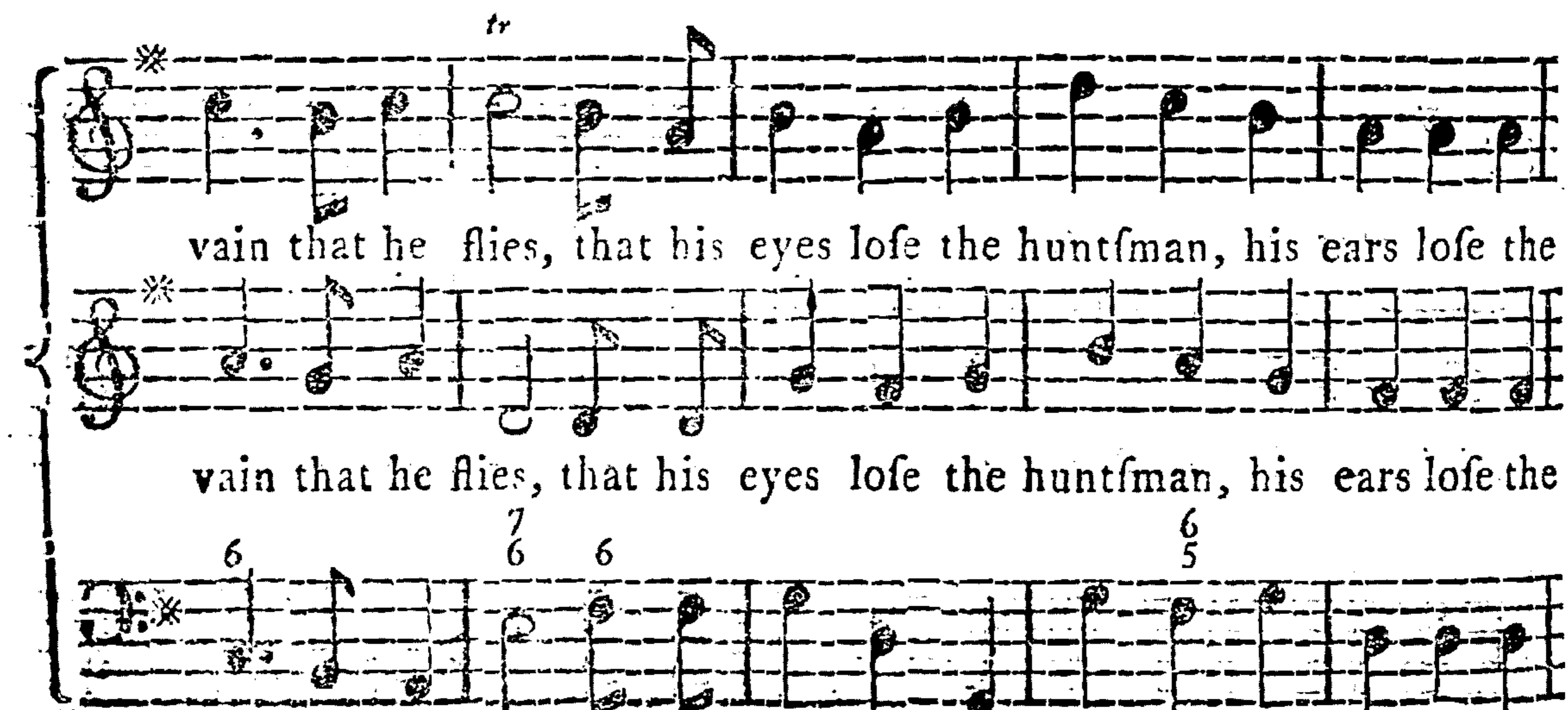
Continued.



O see how a--gain he rears up his head, and winged with



fear, he re--dou-bles his speed, but ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis in



vain that he flies, that his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose the

6 7 6 6 6 5

Continued.

Continued.

Slow.

cries; for now his strength fails him, he hea-vi-ly flies, and he
cries; for now his strength fails him, he hea-vi-ly flies, and he

pants, pants, pants, pants, 'till with
pa-----nts, 'till with

Pia.
well scent-ed hounds fur-rounded, he dies, dies,
well scent-ed hounds fur-rounded, he dies, dies,

Continued.

Continued.

Forle. *Pia.* *Pianissimo.*

dies, dies, ton--ta-ron, ton--ta-ron, he dies, he dies, dies.

dies, dies, ton--ta-ron, ton--ta-ron, he dies, he dies, dies.

S O N G, A. 2 Voc.

Dr. Howard.

Siliana.

Ye chearful vir-gins have you seen, my fair Myrtilla pass the green, to

rose or jess'mine bow'r, to rose or jess'mine bow'r.

Continued.

Continued.

Where does she seek the woodbine shade, for sure you know the bloom-ing maid,

Sweet as the May-born flow'r, sweet, sweet as the May-born flow'r.

II.

Her cheek is like the maiden rose,
 Join'd with the lily as it blows,
 Where each in sweetness vie:
 Like dew-drops glistning in the morn,
 When Phœbus gilds the flow'ring thorn,

Health sparkles in her eye, health spar-kles in her eye.

Her song is like the linner's lay,
 That warbles chiefly on the spray,
 To hail the vernal beam:
 Her heart is blyther than her song,
 Her passions gently move along,
 Like the smooth gliding stream.

The Spinning Wheel. A. 3 Voc. Mr. Arnold.

Sym. tr tr Song. tr

Young Colin fishing

tr tr tr

Young Colin fishing

Young Colin fishing

tr tr tr

near the mill, saw Sal-ly un-der-neath the hill, Whose heart love's

tr tr tr

near the mill, saw Sal-ly un-der-neath the hill, Whose heart love's

near the mill, saw Sal-ly un-der-neath the hill, Whose heart love's

tr tr tr tr

tender pow'r cou'd feel; The mill was stopt, no mil-ler there, She


tr

tender pow'r cou'd feel; The mill was stopt, no mil-ler there, She

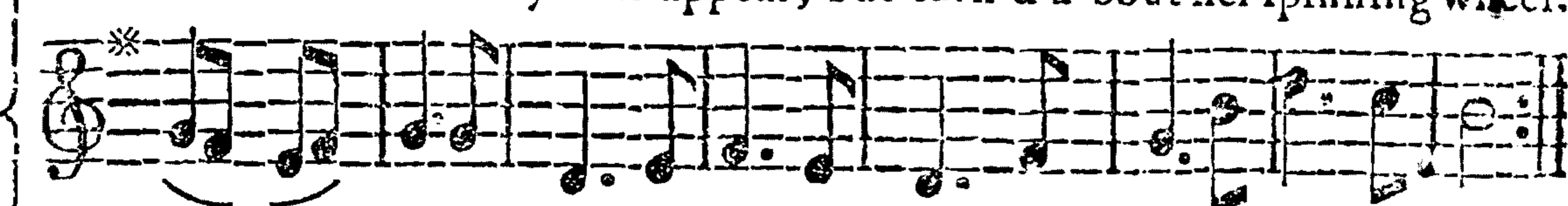
tender pow'r cou'd feel; The mill was stopt, no mil-ler there, She

Continued.


Continued.



smil'd to see the youth appear, but turn'd a-bout her spinning wheel.



smil'd to see the youth appear, but turn'd a-bout her spinning wheel.



smil'd to see the youth appear, but turn'd a-bout her spinning wheel.





II.

Thy cheeks, says he, like peaches bloom, thy breath is like the spring's perfume,
 On thy sweet lips my love I'll seal:
 Yon stately swans, so white and fleck, are like to Sally's breath and neck,
 But still she turn'd her spinning wheel.

III.

Tho' (fair one) beauty's transient pow'r, fades like the new blown gaudy flow'r.
 Not so where virtue loves to dwell;
 For where sweet modesty appears, we never see the vale of years,
 But still she turn'd her spinning wheel.

IV.

The pomp of state, the pride of wealth, says she, I scorn, for peace and health,
 Where honest labour earns her meal:
 Who tells the flatt'rer's common tale, can never o'er my heart prevail,
 And make me leave my spinning wheel.

V.

The swain who loves the virtuous mind, alone can make young Sally kind,
 For him I'll toil, I'll spin and reel,
 It is the voice says he of love, come hasten to yon church above,
 She blush'd and left her spinning wheel.

The Free Election. CATCH, A. 3 Voc.

Mr. Henry Carey.

Curs'd be the wretch that's bought and fold, and bar-ters li-ber-
 ty for gold; for when e-lection is not free, in vain we boast of
 li-ber-ty; and he who fells his sin-gle right, would
 sell his coun-try if he might.

II.

When liberty is put to sale,
 For wine, for money, or for ale,
 The fellers must be abject slaves,
 The buyers, vile designing knaves:
 And 't has a proverb been of old,
 The devil's bought but to be fold.

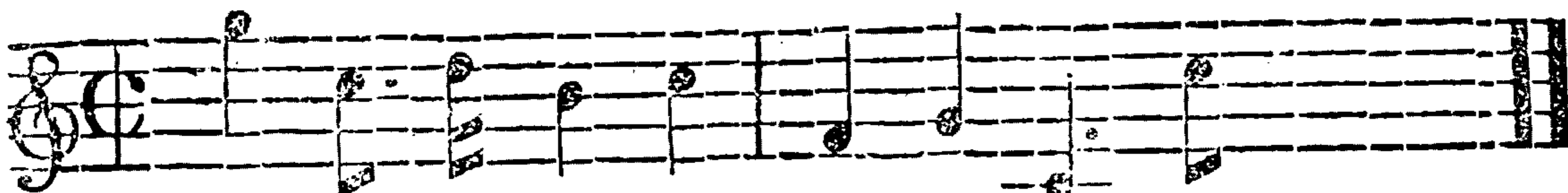
III.

This maxim, in the statesman's school,
 Is always taught, divide, and rule;
 All parties are to him a joke;
 While zealots foam, he fits the yoke;
 When men their reason once resume.
 It is the statesman's turn to fume.

IV.

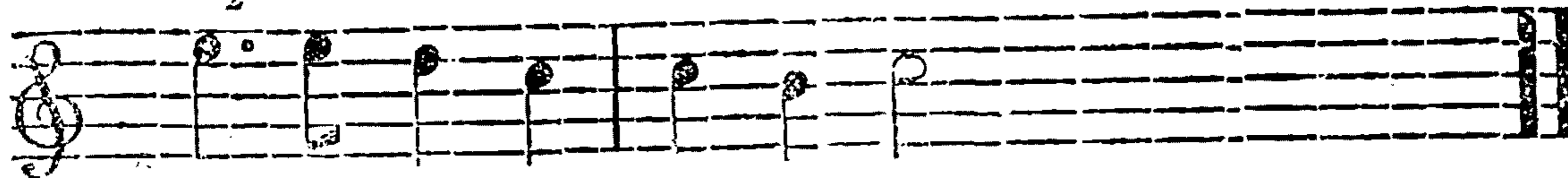
Learn, learn, ye Britons, to unite,
 Leave off the old exploded bite;
 Henceforth let Whig and Tory cease,
 And turn all party rage to peace;
 Then shall we see a glorious scene;
 And so God save great George our King.

CATCH, A. 3 Voc.



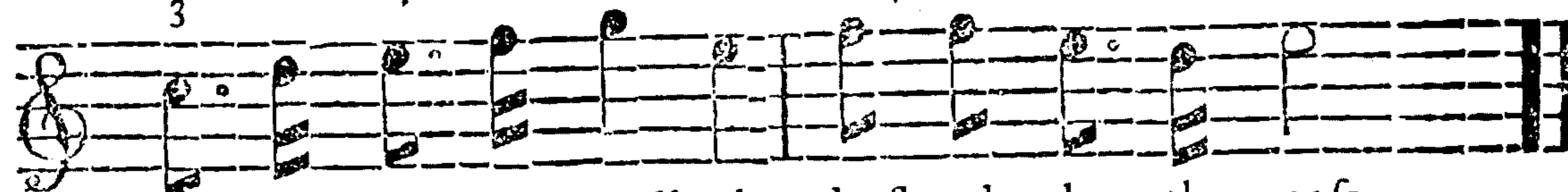
Ill fares the fa—mi—ly that shews a

2



fi—lent cock, and hen that crows,

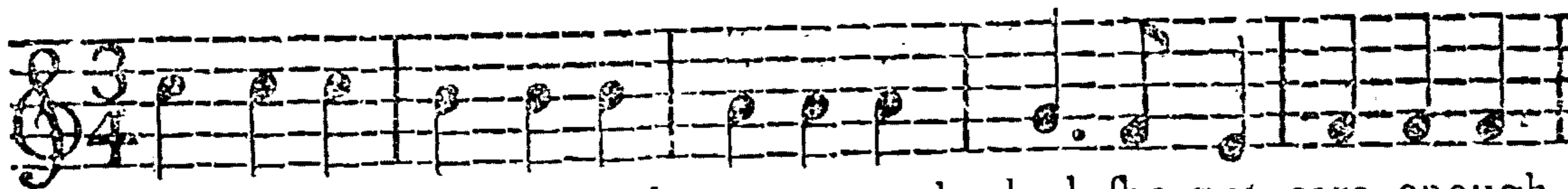
3



And the wife that pulls the husband by the nose.

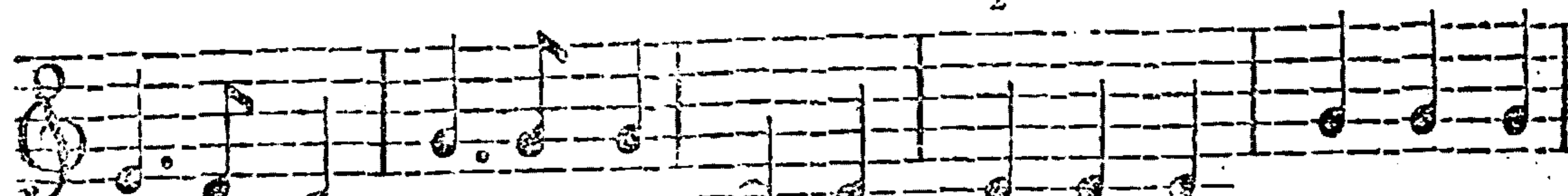
On a Widow, who married an old Widower. A. 3 Voc.

Mr. Purcell.

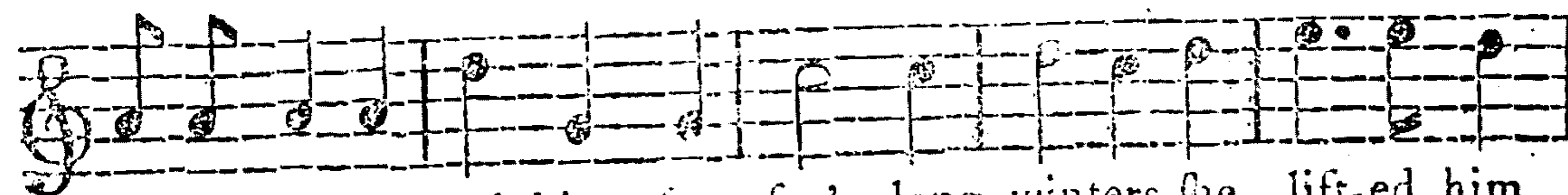


Had she not care enough, care enough, had she not care enough,

2



care enough, of the old man? She wed him, she fed him, and



to the bed she led him, for sev'n long winters she lift-ed him

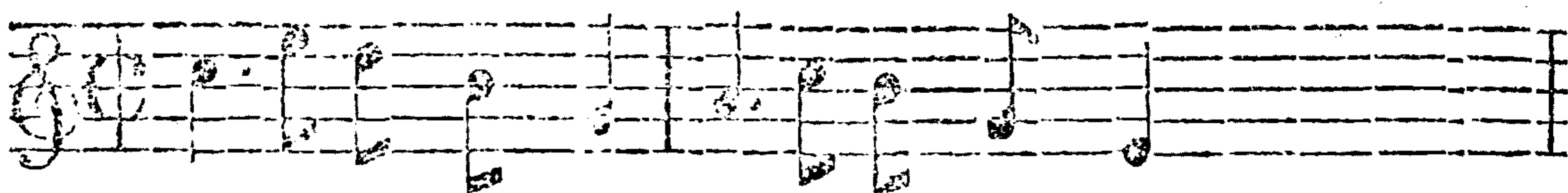
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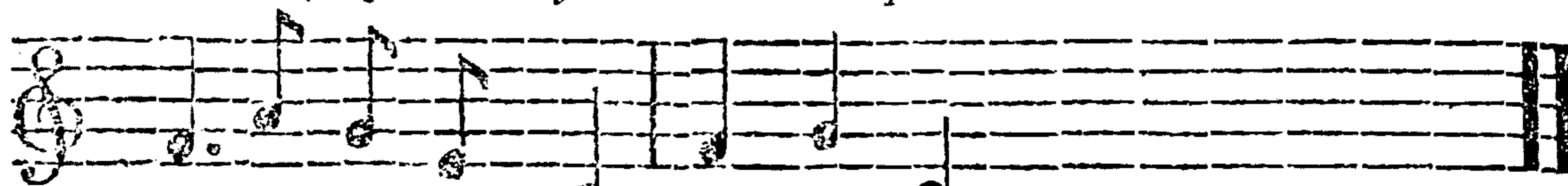
on; But, oh! how she niggled him, niggled him, niggled him,



oh! how she niggled him all the night long.

CHIDING CATCH, *A. 3 Voc.**Dr. John Blow.*

Fie; nay, prithee, John! do not quarrel, man!



let's be merry, and drink a-bout:



You're a rogue, you cheat-ed me, I'll prove be-fore this



com-pa-ny; I caren't a far-thing, Sir, for all you



are so stout: Sir, you lye, I scorn your word, or



a-ny man that wears a sword; for all you huff, who



cares a t-d? or who cares for you?

Galloping

Galloping Joan. CATCH, A. 3 Voc.

Dr. John Blow.



Joan has been gal--lop--ing, gal-lop-ing, gal--lop-ing,



Joan has been gal--lop-ing all the town o'er;



'till her bum-fid--dle, bum--fid--dle, bum-fid-dle, un--



---till her bum--fid--dle was won--der--ous fore; with--

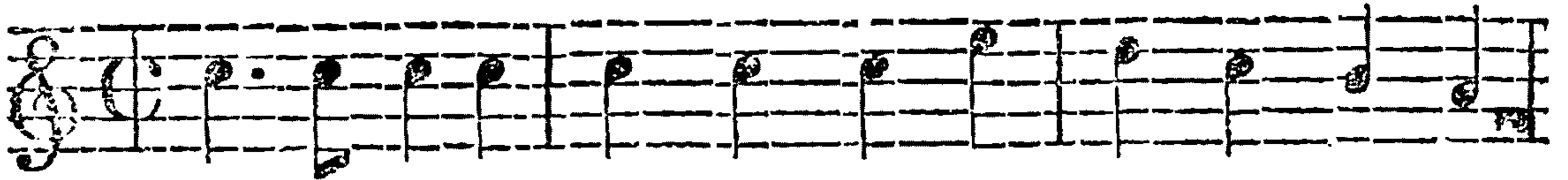


---out e'er a fad-dle, up--on an old jade, to fetch her good



man from the ale-house trade.

CATCH

CATCH, *A. 3 Voc.**Dr. Aldrich.*

Hark! the bonny Christ Church bells, one, two, three, four, five,



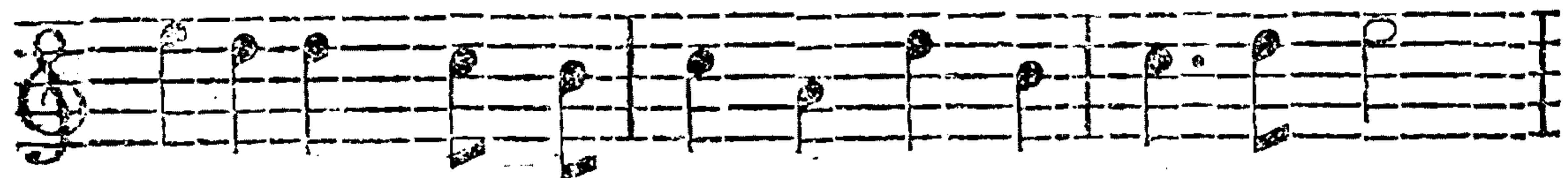
six, they found so wondrous great, so wondrous sweet, and they



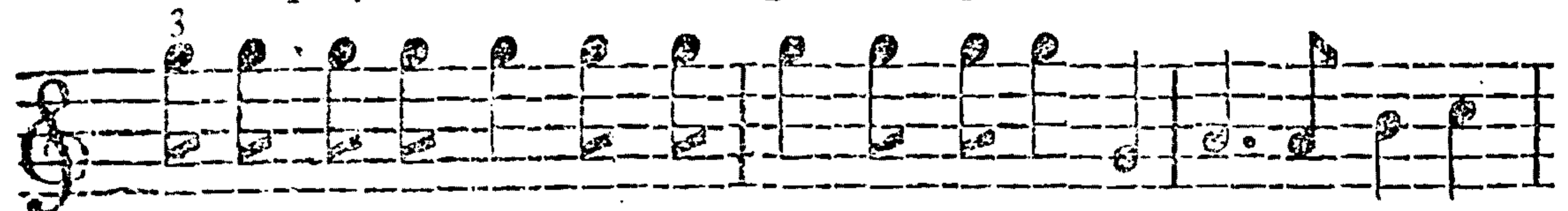
troul so mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly; Hark! the first and se-cond bell, that



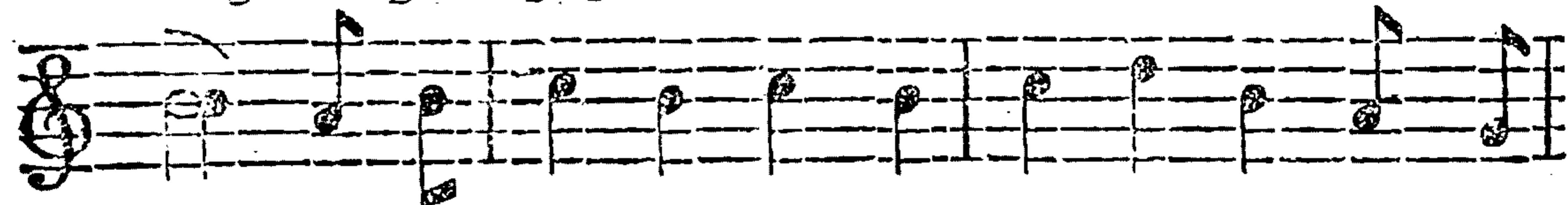
ev'-ry day at four and ten, cries, come, come, come, come,



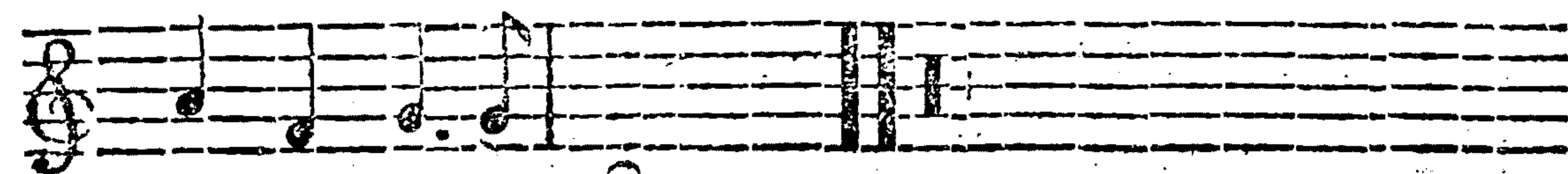
come to pray'rs, and the vir-ger troops be-fore the dean;



tingle, tingle ting, goes the small bell at nine, to call the bearers



home, but the de'el a man will leave his ean, 'till he



hears the mighty Tom.

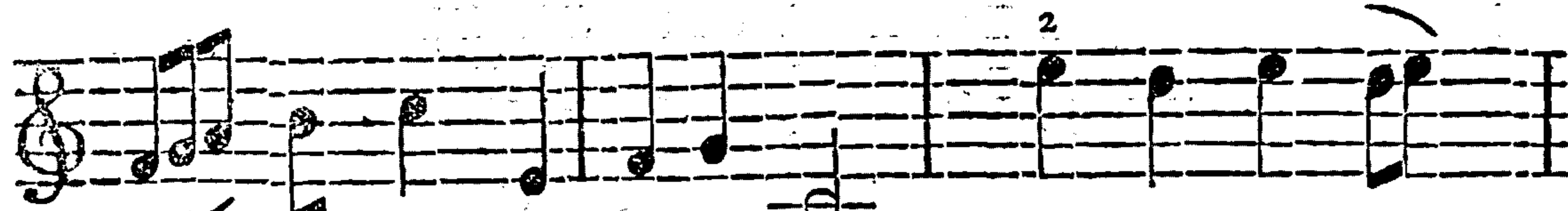
CATCH

CATCH, A. 4 Voc.

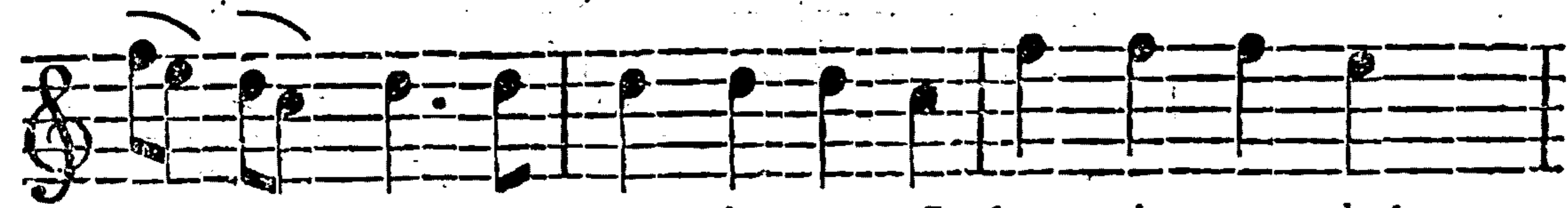
Mr. Purcell.



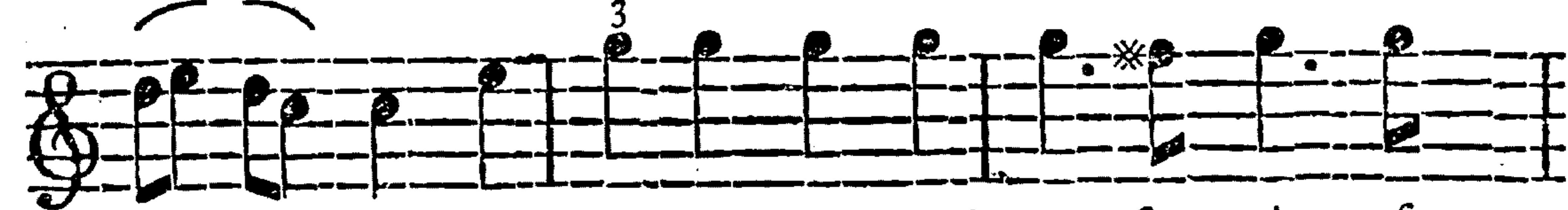
Soldier, soldier, take off thy wine, and shake thy locks, and



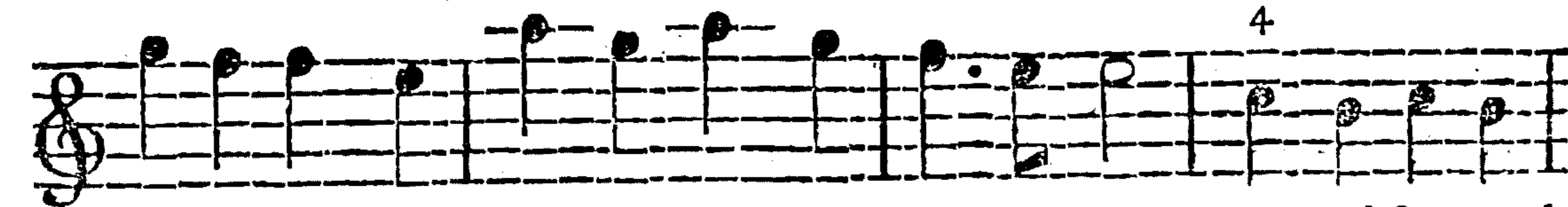
shake thy locks as I shake mine. How can I my



poor locks shake, that have but ten, I have but ten hairs



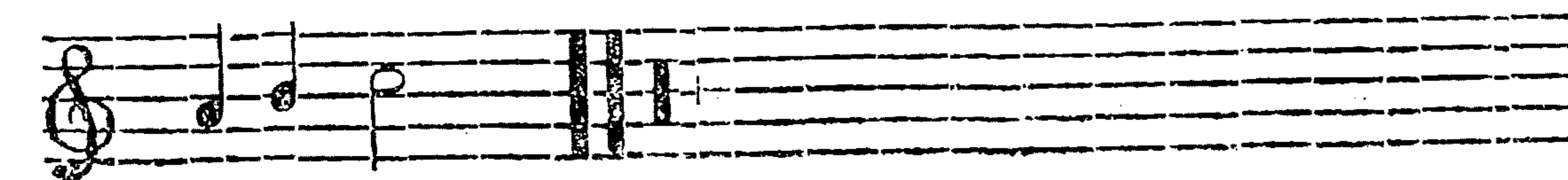
on my pate, and one of them must go for tythes ; so



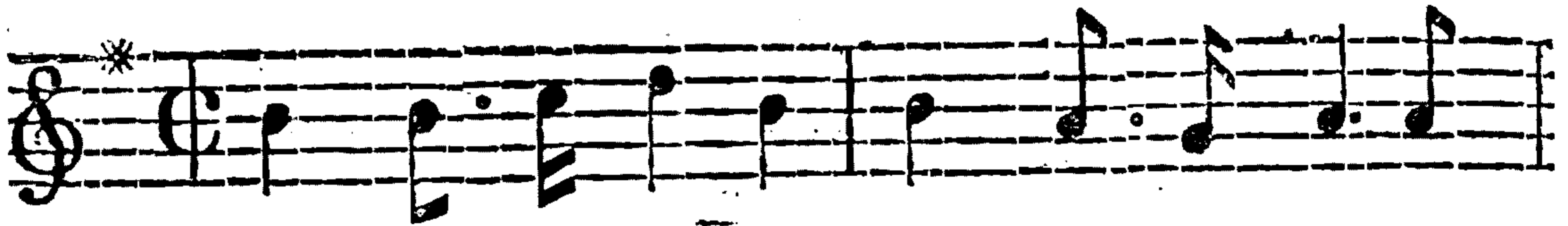
there remains, so there remains but four and five, four and five, and



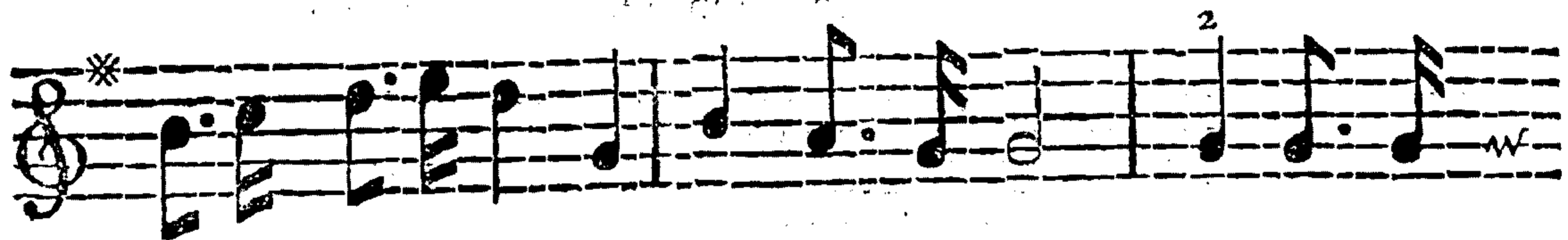
that makes nine ; then take off thy drink, then take off thy drink, as



I take mine.

C A T C H, *A. 3 Voc.**Mr. John Hilton.*

Call George, a-gain, boy, call George a-gain, and



for the love of Bacchus, call George again. George is a



good boy, and draws us good wine, then bring us more claret, our



wits to re-fine: George is a brave lad, and an ho-nest man:

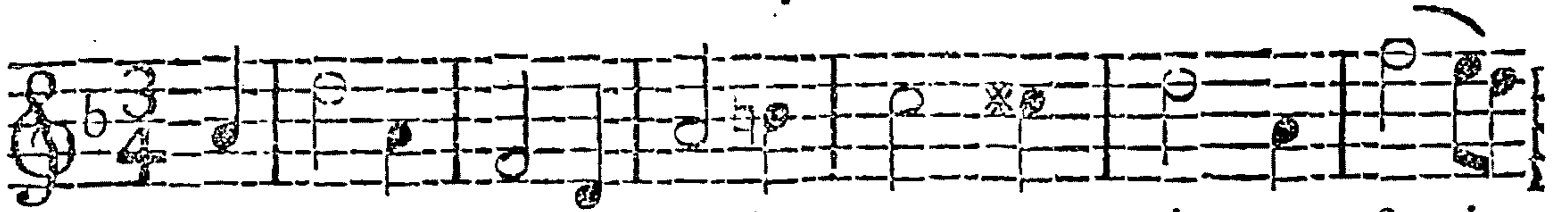


If you will know him, he dwells at the Swan.

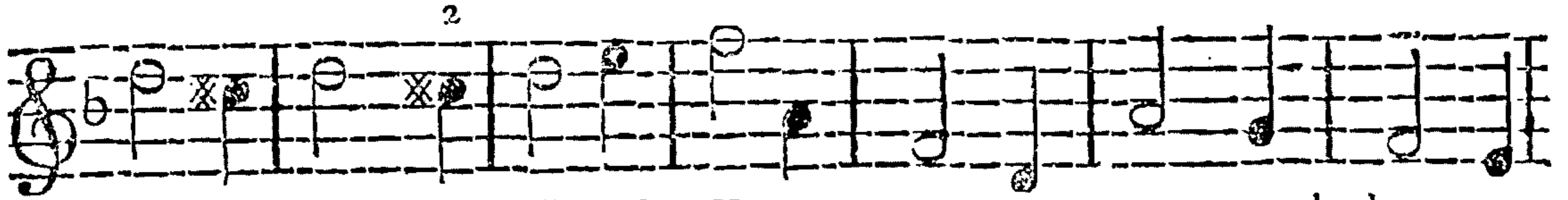
PARTING

PARTING CATCH, A. 3 Voc.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



When *V* and *I* to—ge—ther meet, we make up six, in



house or street; yet *I* and *V* may meet once more, and then we



two can make but four; but when that *V* from *I* am gone, a—

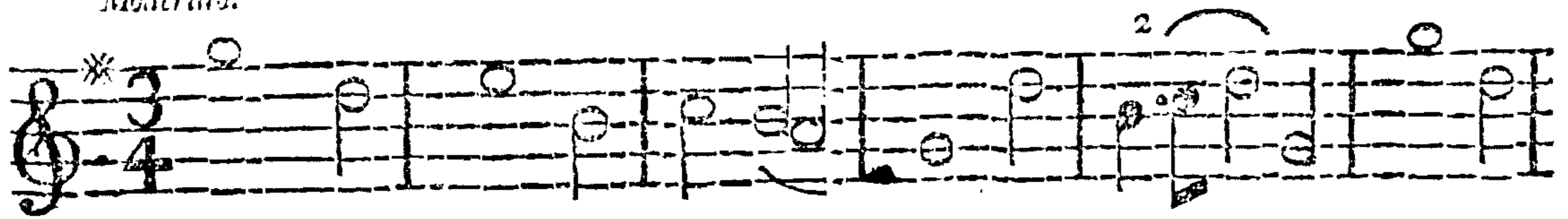


—las, poor *I* can make but one.

CATCH II, A. 4 Voc.

Dr. Alcock.

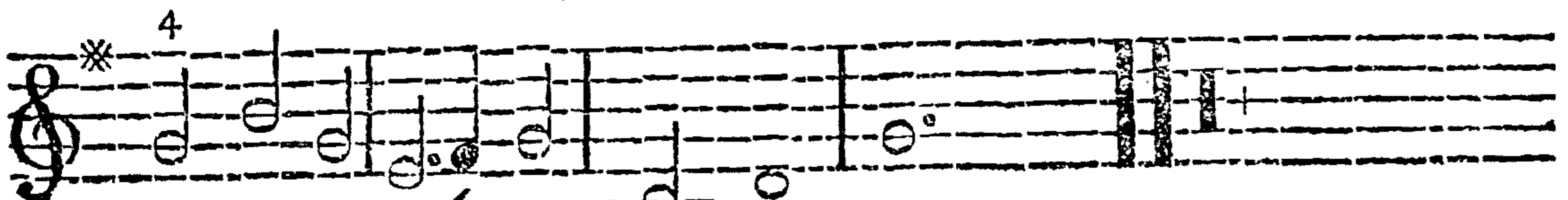
Moderato.



When Troy town for ten years wars, with—stood the Greeks in



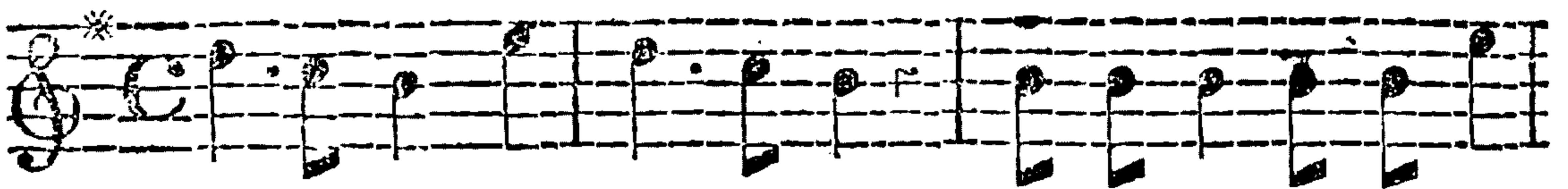
man—ful wife, yet did their foes in—crease so fast,



that to re—sist none cou'd suf—fice.

Three Oxford Cries, CATCH.

Dr. Hayes.



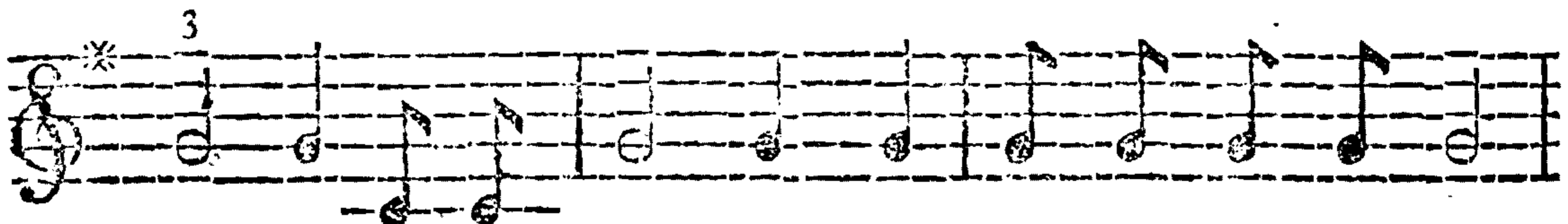
Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend, rush or cane bottom'd old



chairs to mend, old chairs to mend; new mack--a-rel, new



mack--a--rel, new mack--a--rel, new mack--a-rel;



old rags, a--ny old rags, take mo--ney for your old



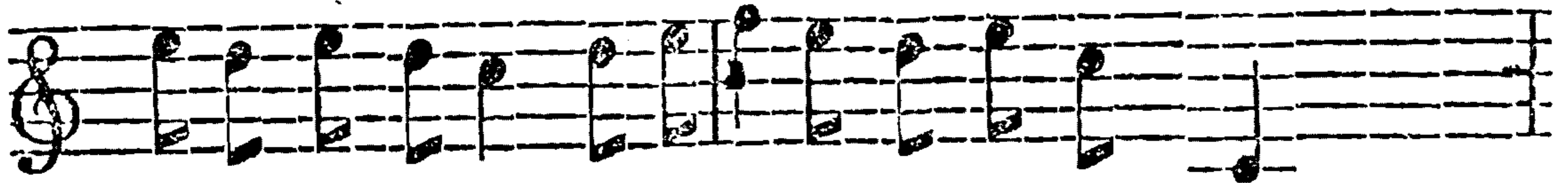
rags; any hare skins, or rabbit skins.

Three Toasts. CATCH, A. 3 Voc.

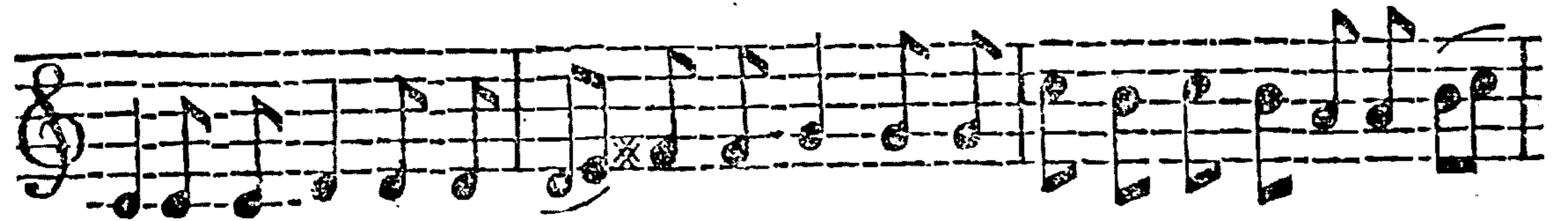
Mr. Arnold.



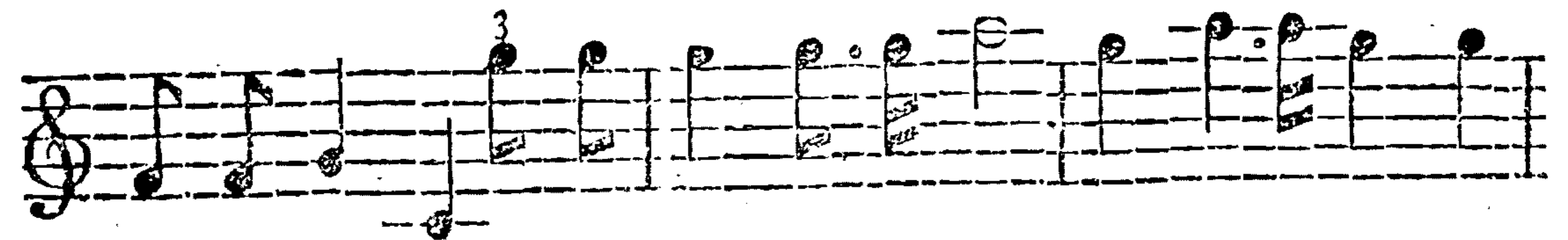
May we never want a friend, may we ne-ver want a friend, may we



never want a friend or a bot-tle to give him, Suc



cess to our forces by sea and by land, and let ev'--ry loyal Bri-ton fill



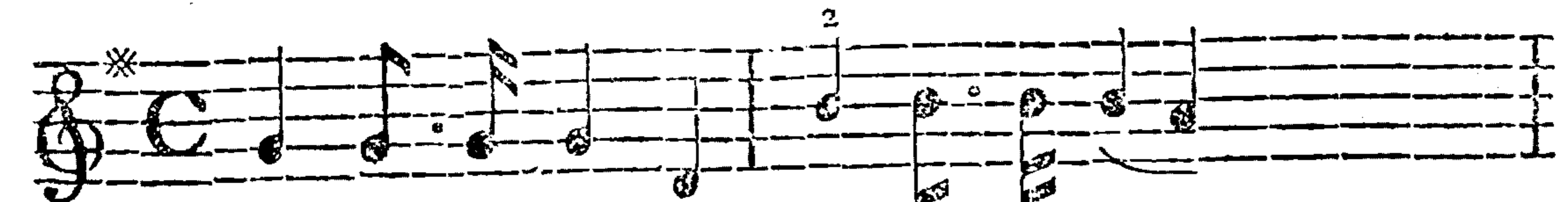
up his gla'ss, And drink a health to our King, and mer--ri--ly sing,



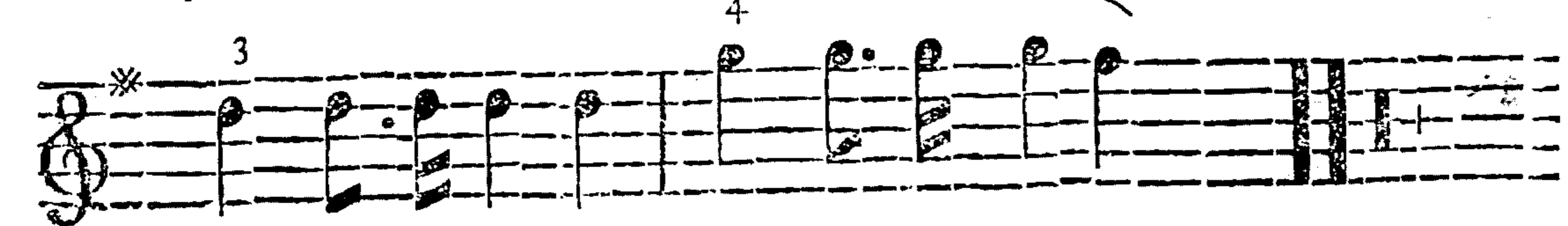
God save the King, and long may live him.

CATCH, A. 4 Voc.

Mr. Arnold.



Joan's ale is new, boys, Joan's ale is new;



That's ve--ry true, boys, that's ve--ry true.

CATCH, *A. 3 Voc.*

Says Sue to Prue, on a summer's day, how I like the smell of the new mown hay, O how I



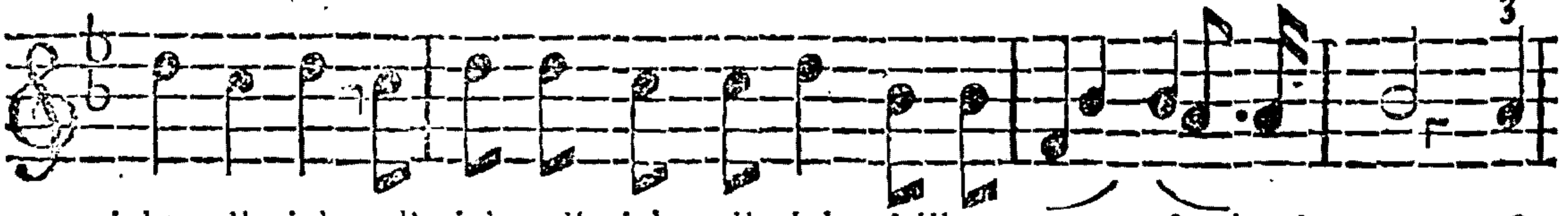
like, how I like, how I like, how I like, how I like to smell of the new-mown



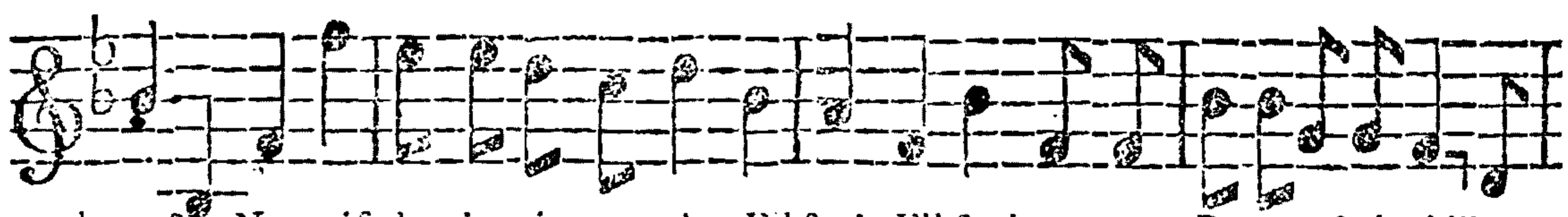
hay; To dance, says Nell, I like full as well, all night, all night, till re—



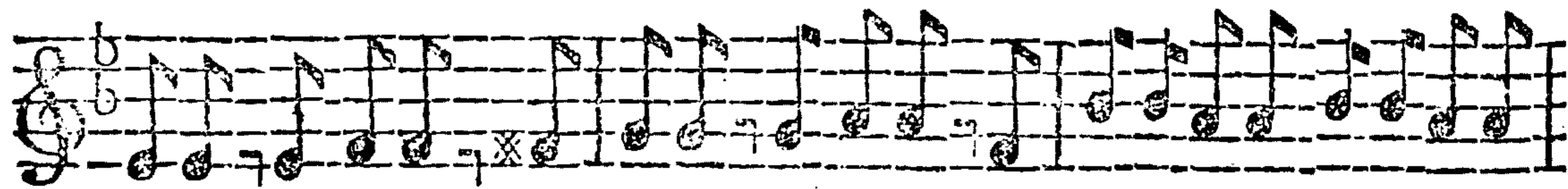
—turn of the day, all night, all night, all night, all night, all



night, all night, all night, all night, all night, 'till re-turn of the day, O



then, says Nan, if dancing is your plan, I'll strait, I'll strait to young Roger of the hill, to



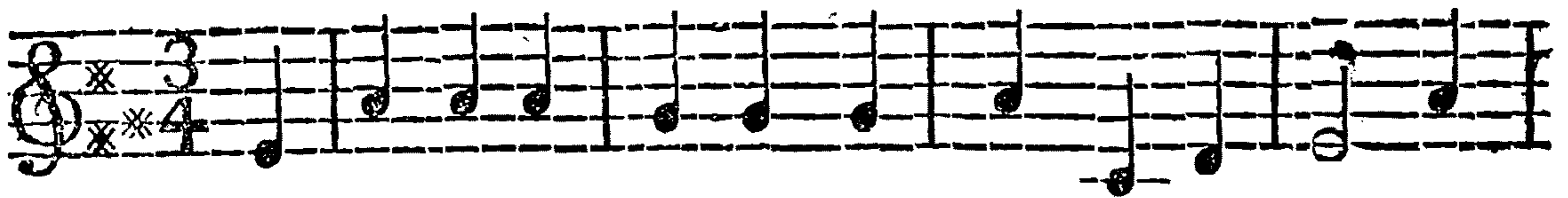
Roger, to Roger, to Roger, to Roger, to Roger, Roger, Roger, Roger,



Roger, Roger, Roger, to bring his pipe and play.

Love and Music. CATCH, A. 3 Voc.

Mr. Harrington of Bath.



How great is the pleasure, how sweet the delight, when



soft love and mu-sic to-ge-ther u-nite; how great is the



pleasure, how sweet the de-light, when love, soft love, and

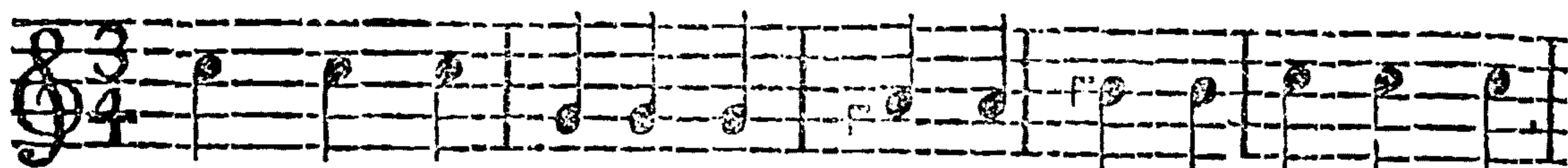


mu-sic u-nite; sweet, sweet, how sweet the delight, when

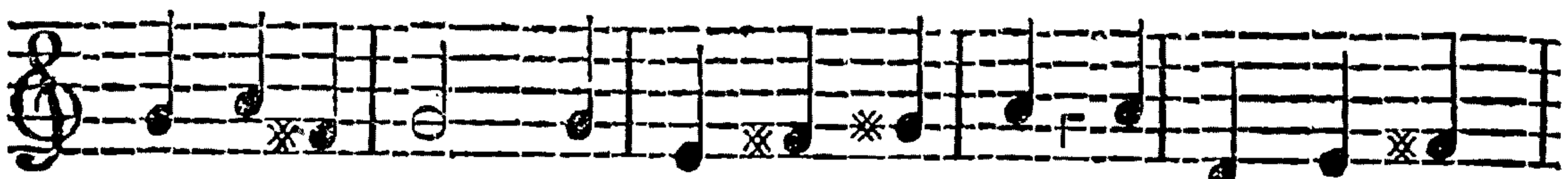


harmony, sweet harmony, and love do unite.

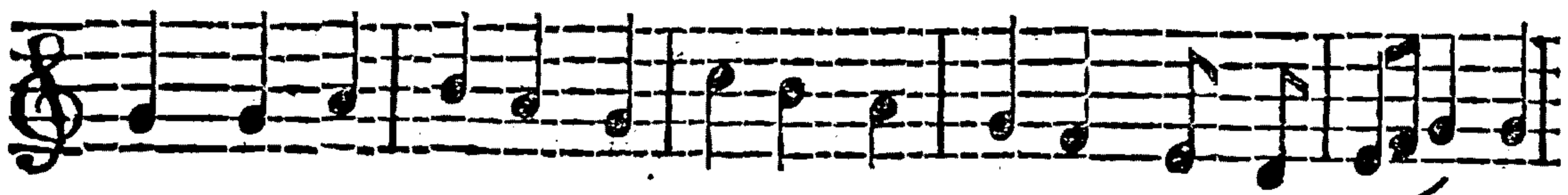
CATCH

CATCH, *A. 3 Voc.**Mr. Purcell.*

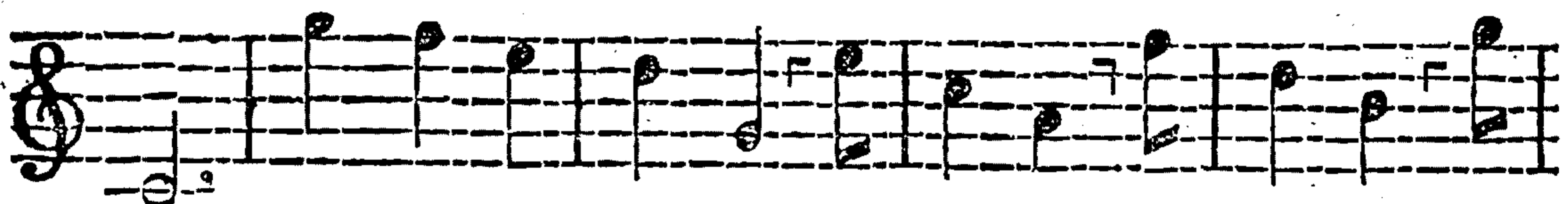
Jack, thou'rt a toper, Jack, thou'rt a, thou'rt a to-per, let's



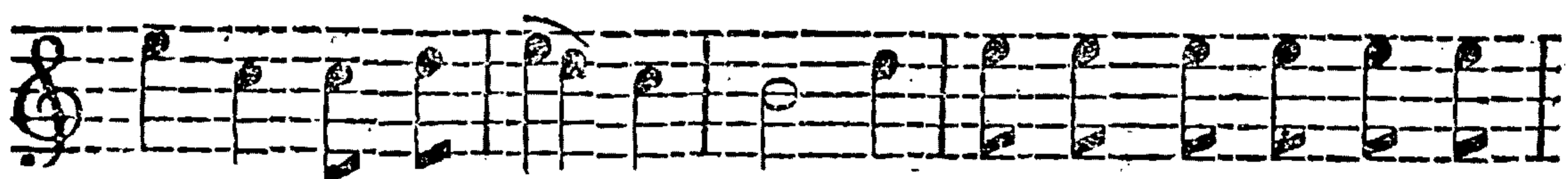
fill t'other quart; ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring,



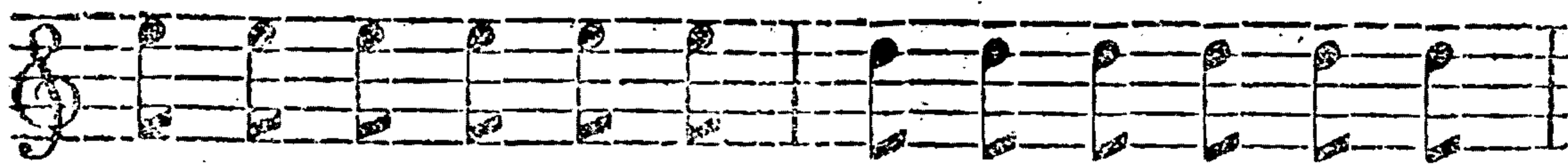
ring, we're so fo-ber, so sober, so fo-ber, 'twere a shame to



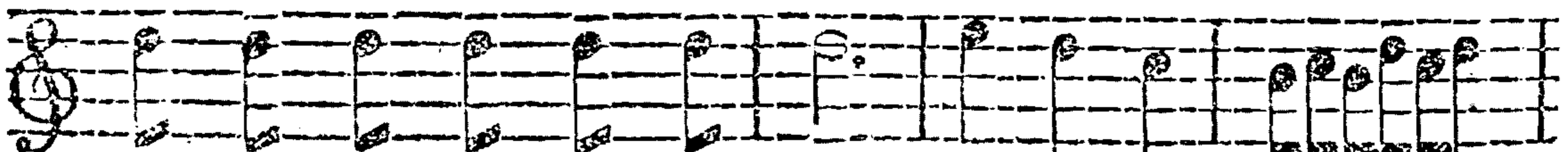
part. None but a cuck-old, a cuck-old, a cuck-old, a



cuckold, bully'd by his wife, for coming, coming, coming,



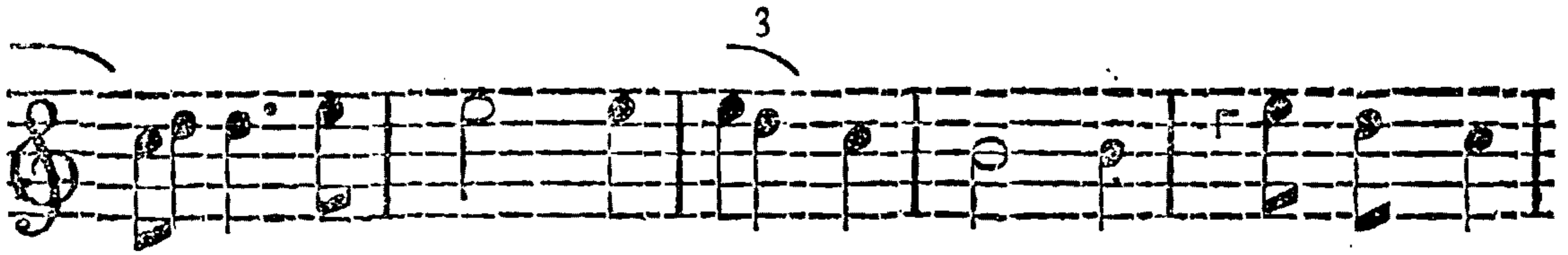
com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, com-ing,



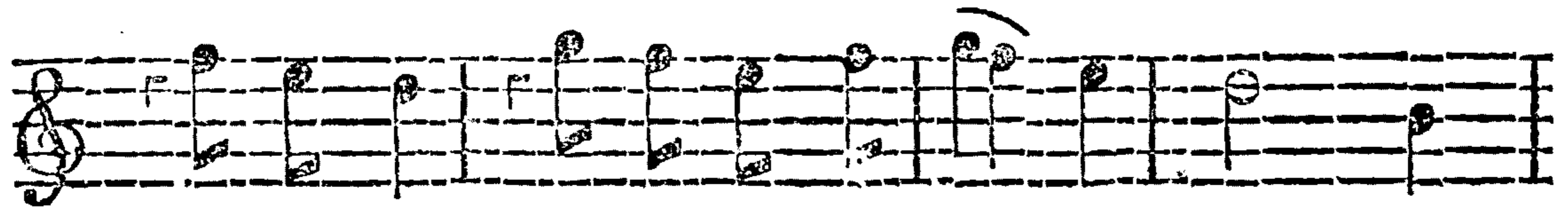
com-ing, com-ing, com-ing late, fears a dome

Continued.

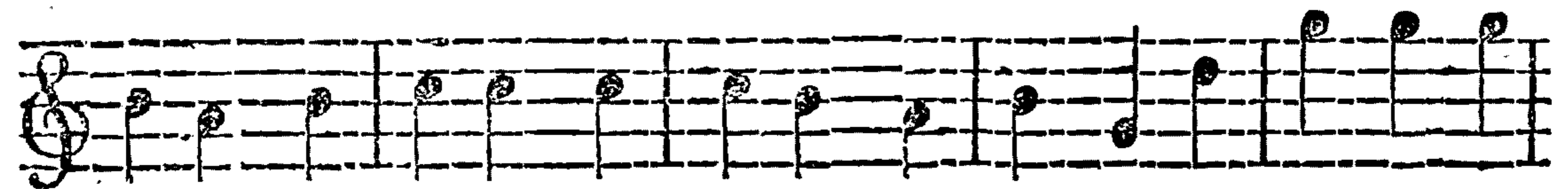
Continued.



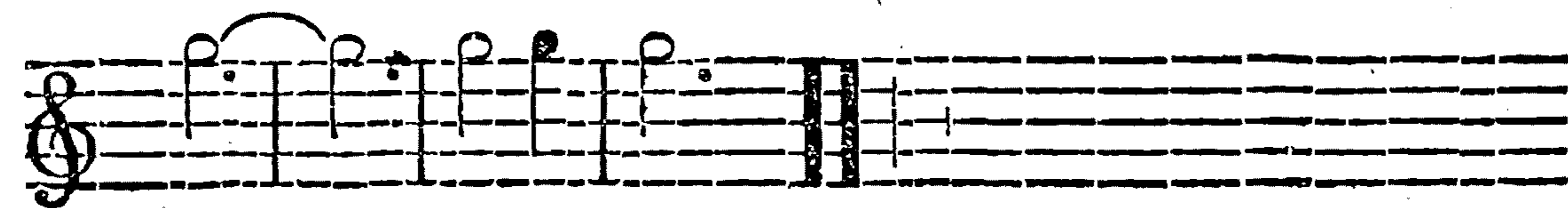
stic strife; I'm free, I'm free, and fo are you,



fo are you, fo are you, to call and knock, knock,



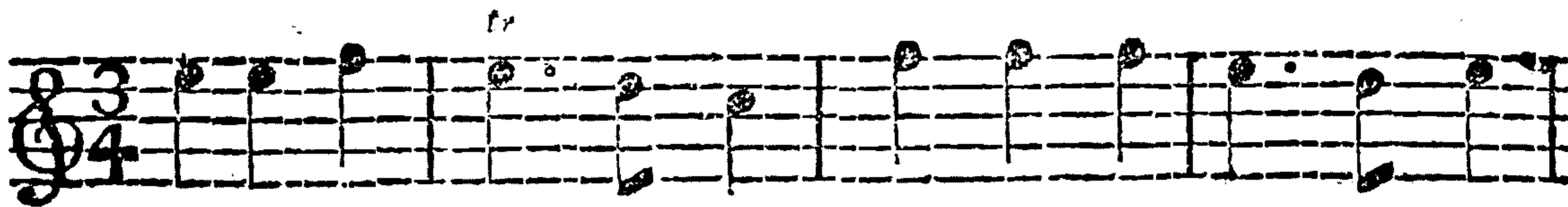
boldly, knock boldly, knock boldly, knock boldly, tho' watchmen cry



p—aft two o'—clock.

CATCH

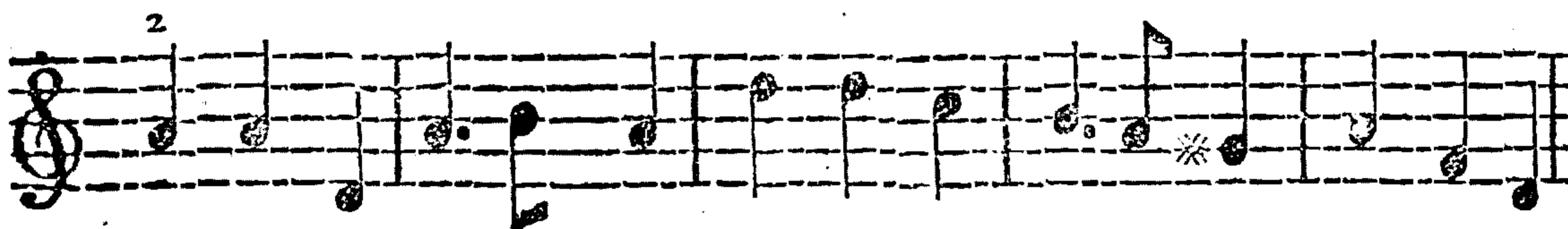
C A T C H, A. 3 Voc.



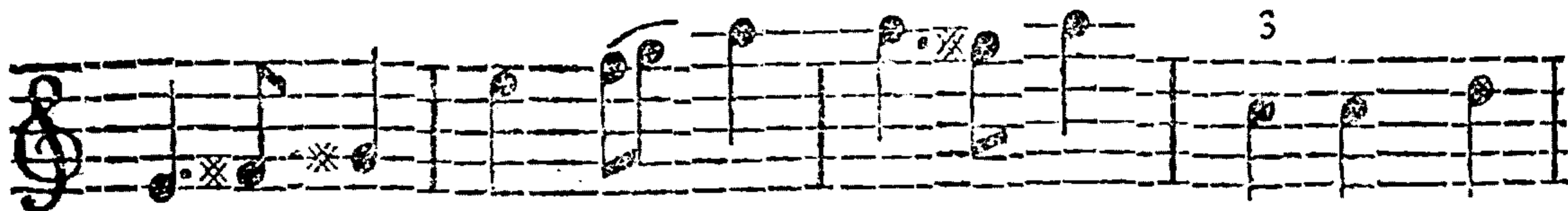
Prepare your hearts for mirth, chant clear-ly while you may,



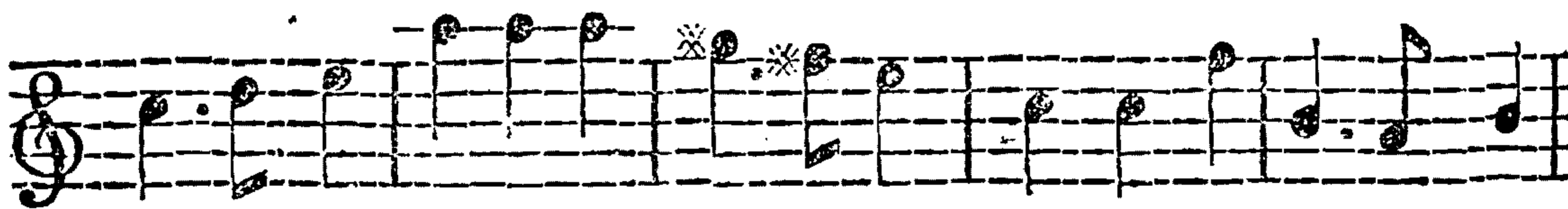
this is the mu-se's birth, let us keep ho-li-day:



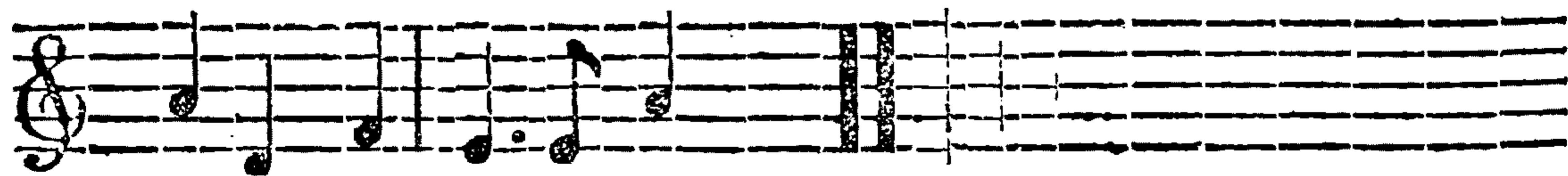
See, see, we all are come, no man for dis-con-tent, but lovely



fill the room with love and mer-ri-ment; then the sweet



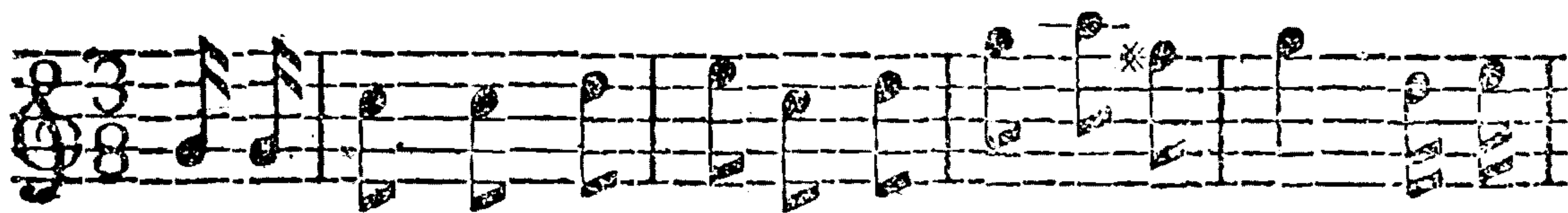
mu-ses nine, do one and all agree; their off'-ring at the shrine,



is love and har-mo-ny.

EPIGRAM. CATCH, A. 3 Vcc.

Mr. Berg.



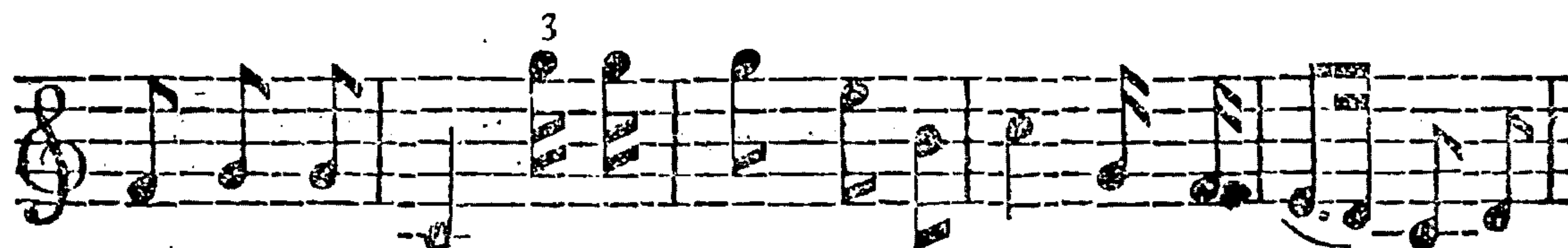
Not a day more than thir-ty, dear Sir, on my truth, says a



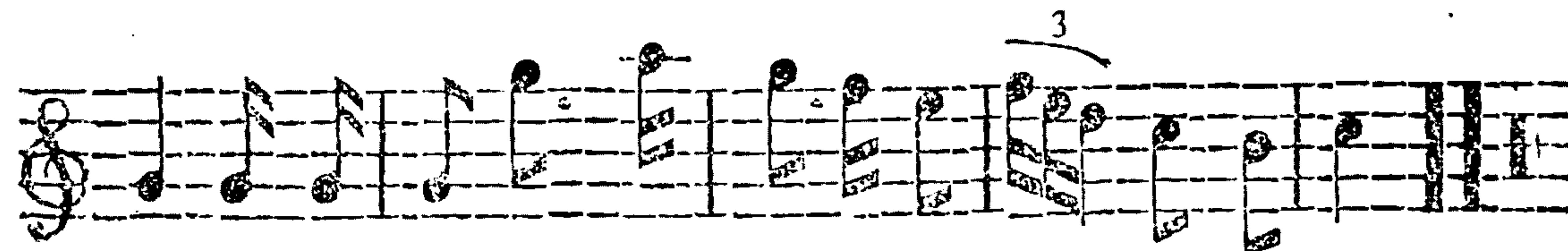
la-dy to one that com-mend-ed her youth; by my troth, cries a



wag, that must surely be true, for these ten years she's told me the



same she tells you; by my troth, cries a wag, that must sure-ly be



true, for these ten years she's told me the same she tells you.

C A T C H, A. 3 Voc.



Lie still, lie still, my dear: Don't, Sir, oh! fie, Sir, how can you



teize me so? Oh! fie, Sir, I will no longer bear it:

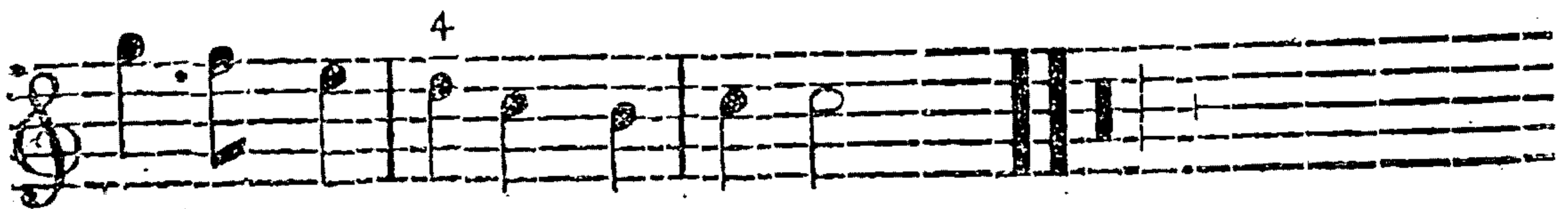


Oh! I'm undone!

C A T C H, A. 4 Voc.



Go to Joan Glover, and tell her I love her, and at the mid



of the moon I will come to her.

C A T C H

C A T C H, A. 3 Voc.

Dr. Boyce.

Long live King George, most hap-py, hap-py days to see, all
 jo—ys to him, to him, and his poste-ri-ty, all jo—ys
 to him, to him, and his pos-te-ri-ty. Amen, Amen, Amen.

C A T C H, A. 3 Voc.

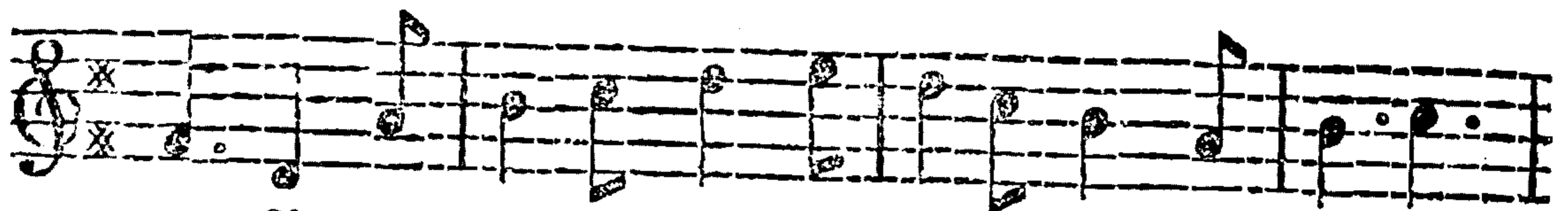
Signor Marella.

Half an hour past twelve o'clock, star-light morning, half an hour
 past twelve o'clock, star-light morning. Coach, coach, coach, coach,
 coach, coach, coach, coach, half an hour past twelve o'clock,
 star-light morning.

C A T C H, A. 3 Vcc.



'Twas you, Sir, 'twas you, Sir, I tell you nothing



new, Sir, 'twas you that kifs'd the pretty girl, 'twas you, Sir,



you; 'tis true, Sir, 'tis true, Sir, you look so very



blue, Sir, I'm sure you kifs'd the pretty girl, 'tis true, Sir, true.



O, Sir, no, Sir, no, no, no, no, no, Sir, how can you wrong me



so, Sir? I did not kifs the pretty girl, but I know who.

C A T C H, A. 3 *Voc.*

Mr. Warren.



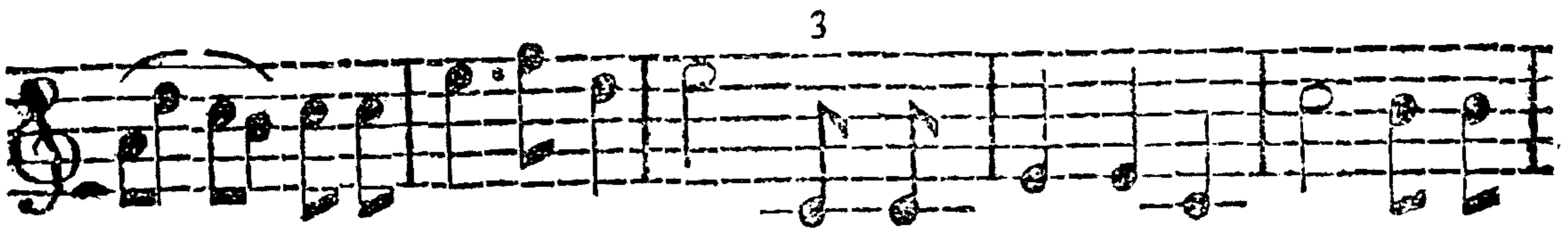
To our Mu-si-cal Club, here's long life and prof-pe-ri-ty,



may it flourish with us, and so on to pos-te-ri-ty; may



concord and har-mo-ny e-ver abound, and di-vi-sions here

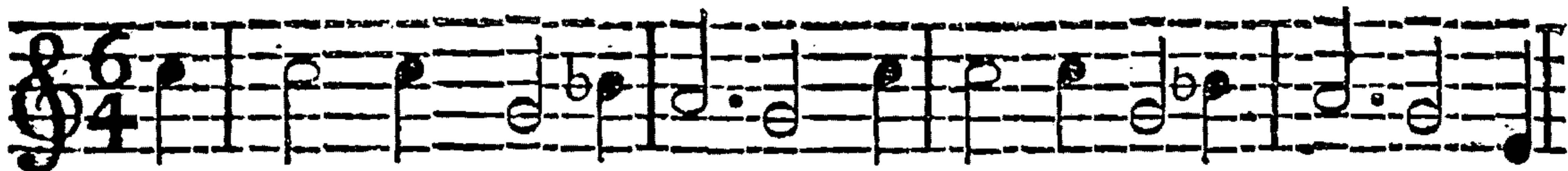


on-ly in our music be found; may the Catch and the gla's go a-



-bout, and about, and a-no-ther succeed to the bottle that's out.

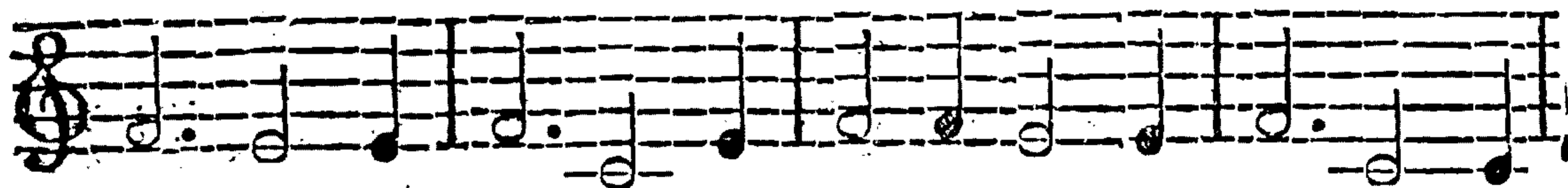
C A T C H, A. 3 Voc.



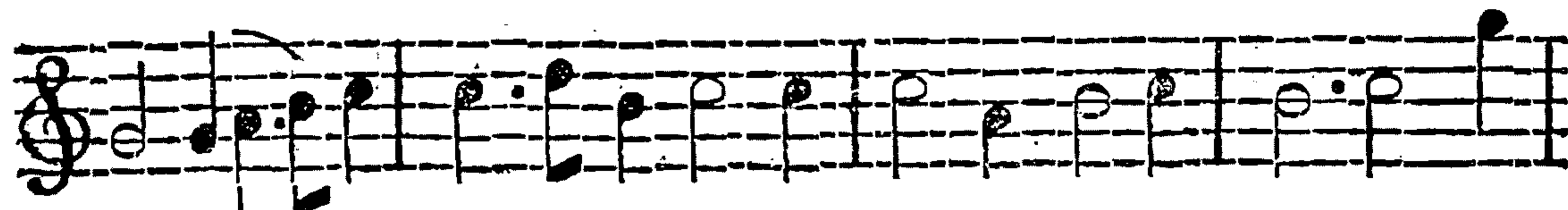
There were three cooks in Colnbrook, & they fell out with our cook, &



all was for a pudding he took, & from the cook of Colnbrook. There was



swash cook, and flash cook, and thour't a rogue and knave cook, and



all was for a pudding he took, and from the cook of Colnbrook; they



all fell upon our cook, & mumbled him so that he did look, as



black as the pudding which he took, & from the cook of Colnbrook.

CANON, 4 in 1.

Mr. Bates.

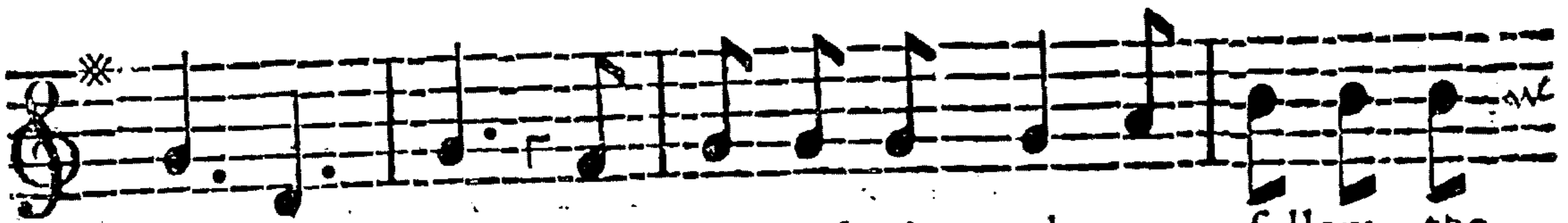
Moderato Allegro.



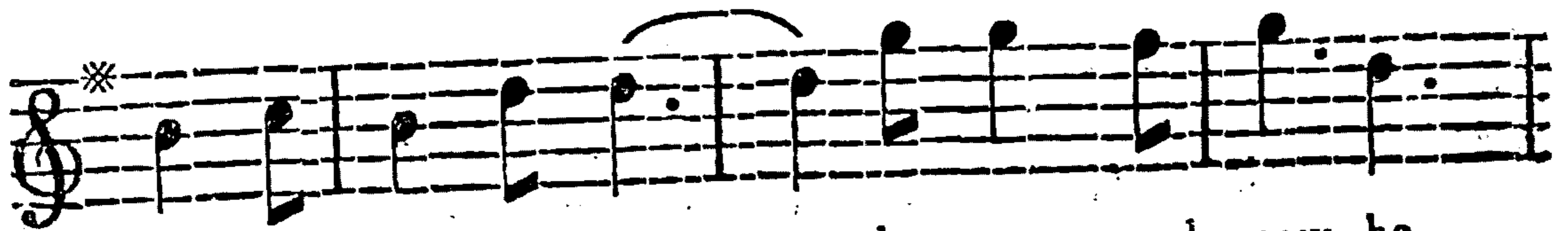
Come follow me, with mer-ry glee, and hail the blush-ing



morn, hark! forward! our game's in view, which we pursue, with



deep ton'd horn; o'er hills and o'er rocks, we follow the



fox, for fee more flo—w he moves, and now he



di—es, he dies.

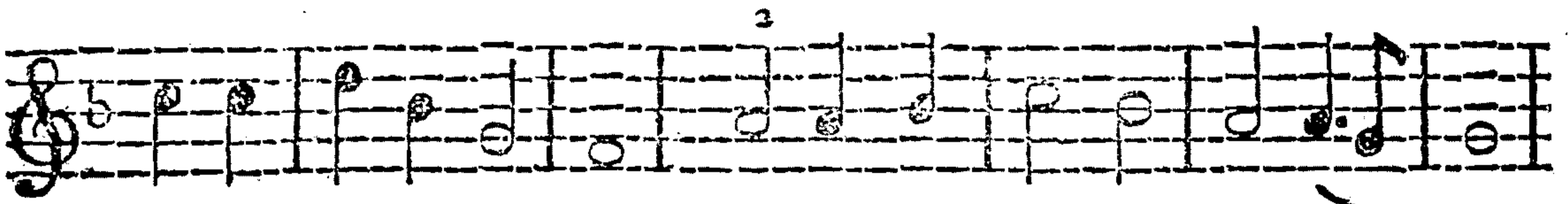
CATCH

C A T C H, A. 3 Voc.

Dr. Nares.



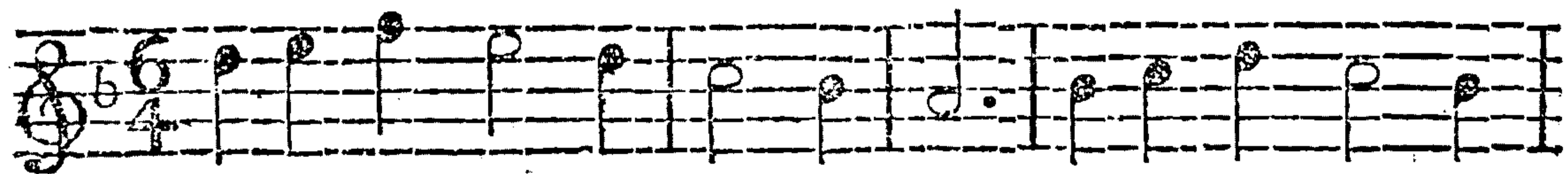
Wilt thou lend me thy mare to go a mile? No; she's lam'd,



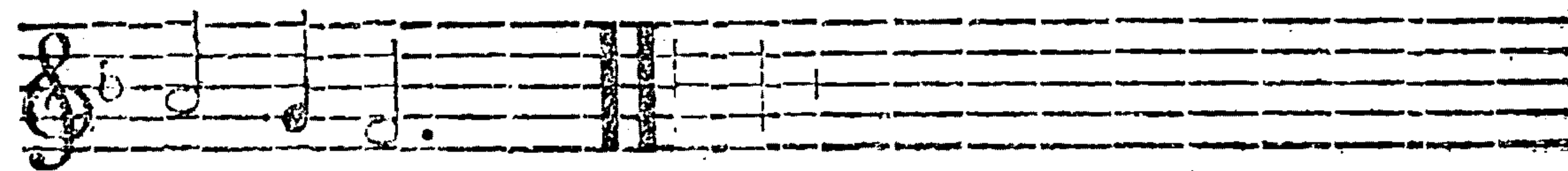
leaping o-ver a stile. But if thou wilt her to me spare,



thou shalt have money for thy mare. Oh! oh! say you so?



Money will make the mare to go, money will make the



mare to go.

7

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