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THE MUSICAL
MISCELLANY;

Being a COLLECTION of
CHOICE SONGS.

Set to the VIOLIN and FLUTE,

By the most Eminent MASTERS.



VOLUME *the* SECOND.

L O N D O N:

Printed by and for JOHN WATTS, *at the* Printing-
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M DCC XXIX.



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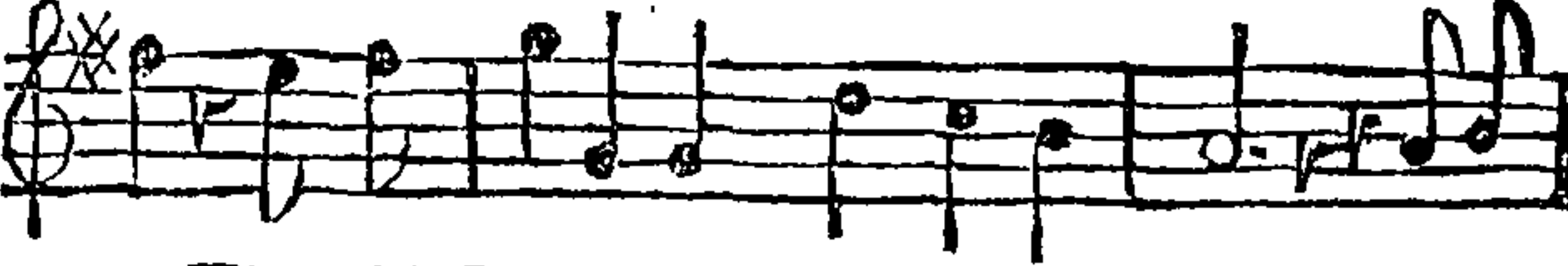
S O N G S.

The MISER'S PURSUIT.

Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.



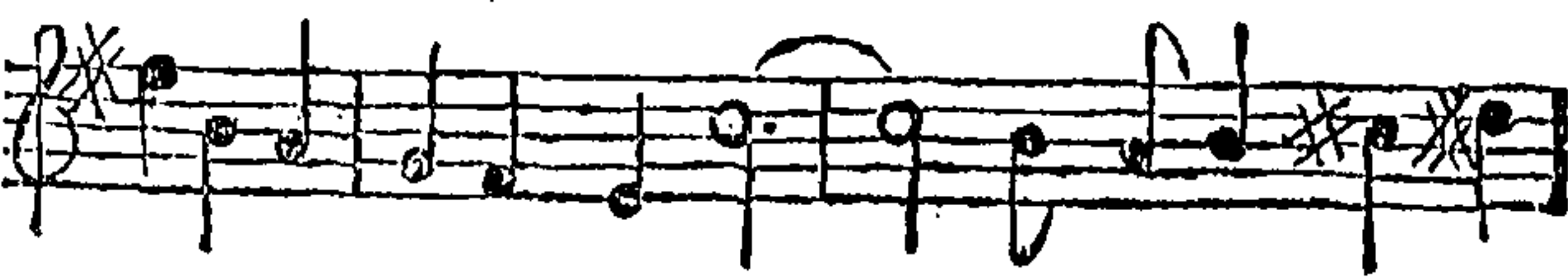
What Man, in his Wits, had not rather be



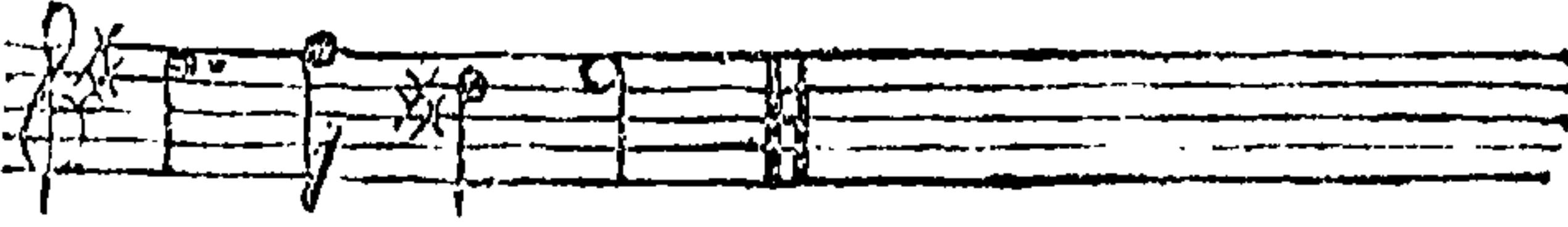
poor, Than for Lucre his Freedom to give? Ever



busy the Means of his Life to secure, And so



ever neglecting to live---? And so e-ver ne-



glecting to live?

Invirion'd from Morning to Night in a Crowd,

Not a Moment unbent, or alone :

Constrain'd to be abject, tho' never so proud,

And at ev'ry one's Call, but his own :

And at ev'ry one's Call, but his own :

Still repining, and longing for Quiet each Hour,

Yet studiously flying it still ;

With the Means of enjoying his Wish in his Pow'r,

But accurst with his wanting the Will :

But accurst with his wanting the Will.

For a Year must be past, or a Day must be come,

Before he has Leisure to rest :

He must add to his Store this, or that, pretty Sum ;

And then will have Time to be blest :

And then will have Time to be blest.

But his Gains, more bewitching, the more they increase,

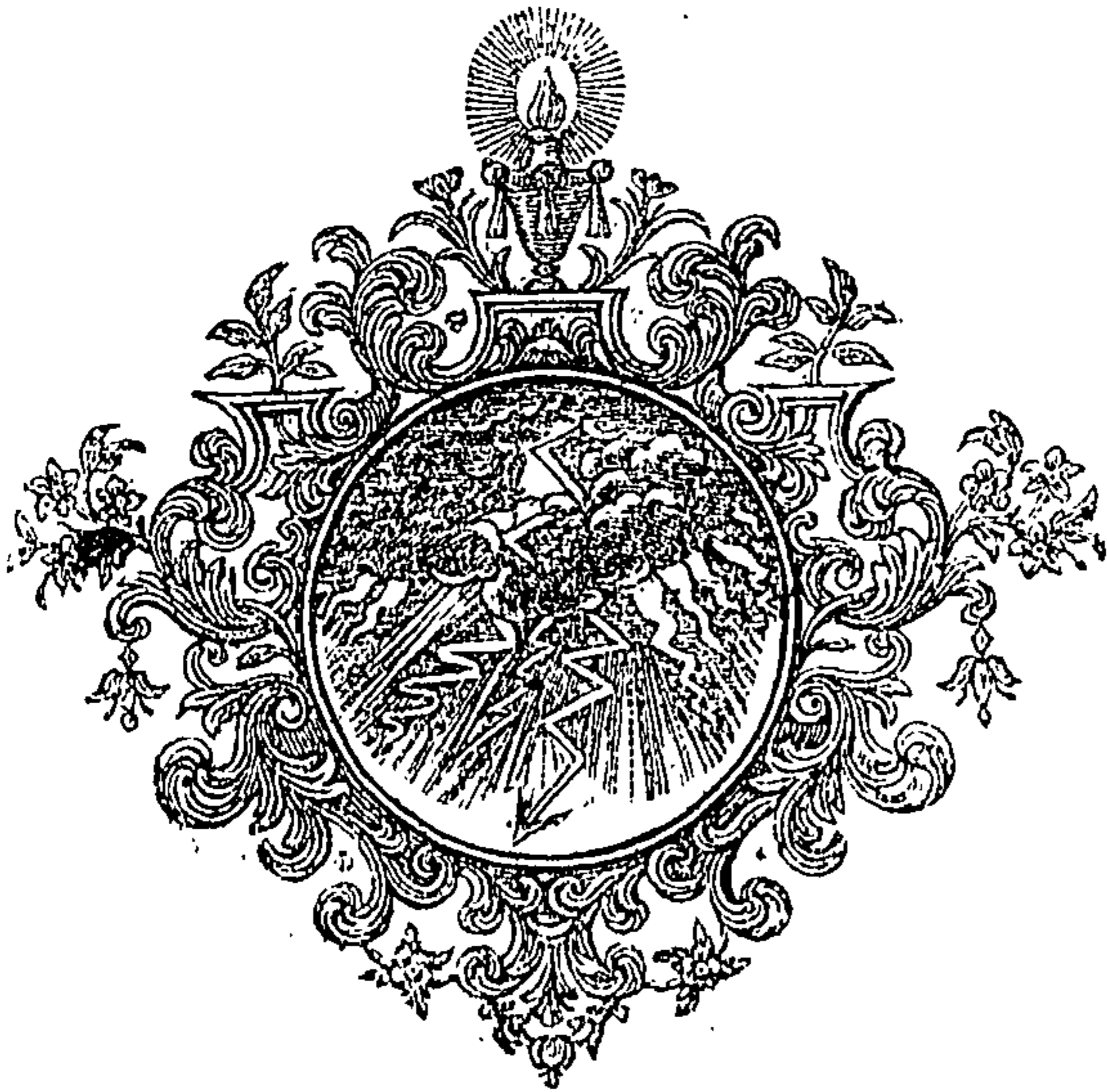
Only swell the Desire of his Eye :

Such a Wretch let mine Enemy live, if he please ;

Let not even mine Enemy die :

Let not even mine Enemy die.

For the FLUTE.



CELADON'S JUGG.

Set by Mr. GREENE.



When *Celadon* first from his Cottage did



stray, To court his dear *Jugg*, on a Hillock of



Hay; What aukward Confusion opprest the poor



Swain, When thus he de-liver'd his Passion in



Pain?

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

When Swains to an Alehouse by Force do me lug,
Instead of a Pitcher, I call for a Jugg;

And

And sure you can't chide at repeating your Name,
When the Nightingale every Night does the same.

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

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

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

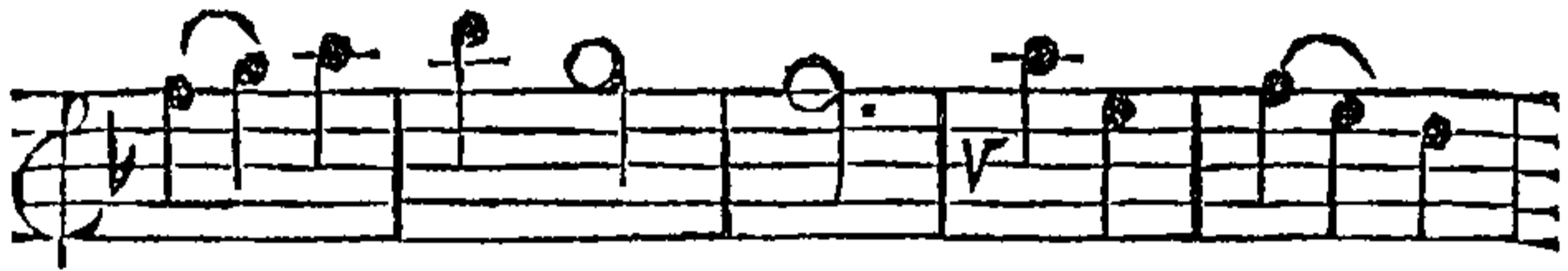
For the FLUTE.



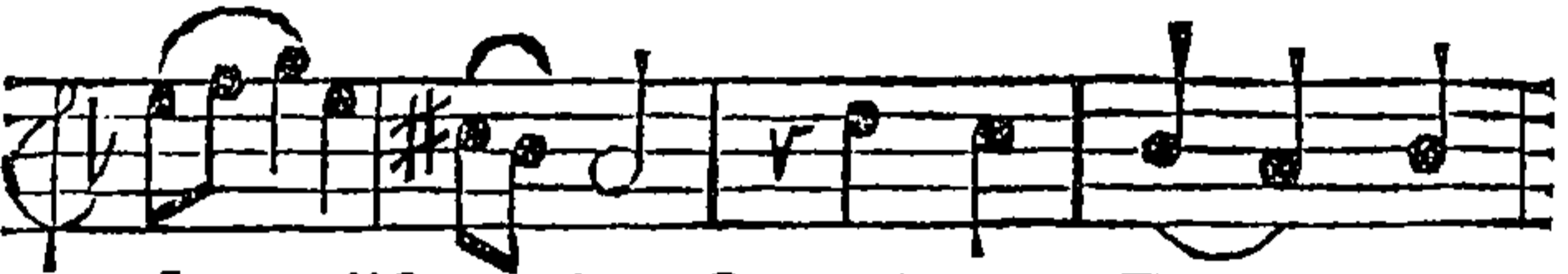
CHLOE and IRIS.



Wanton *Chloe*, young and charming, Kindles



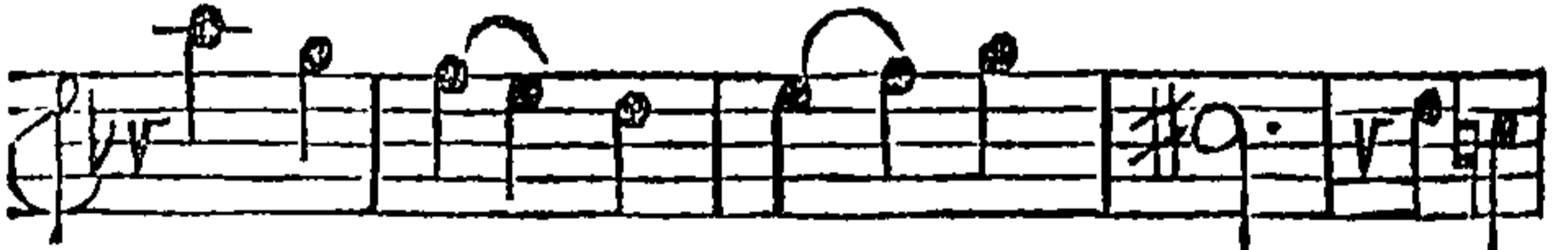
but a short-liv'd Fire; Fickle Humours,



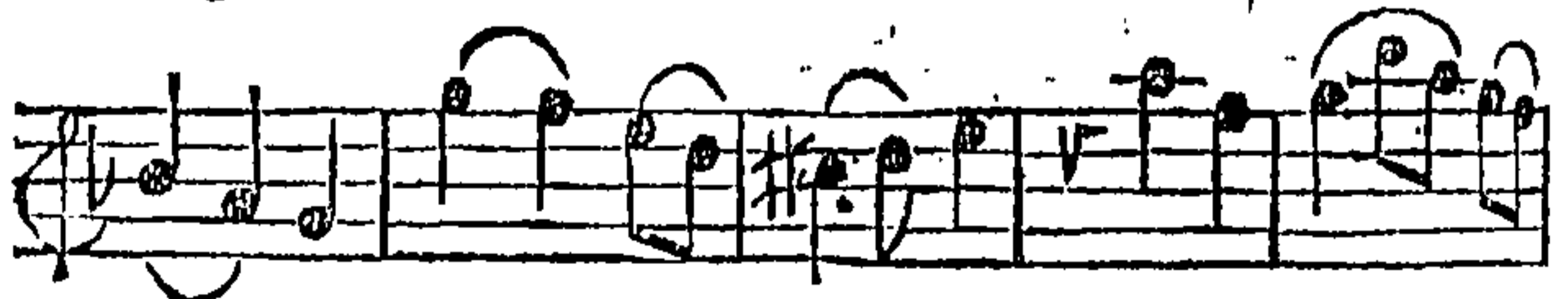
Love dis-arm-ing, Quench the Flame her



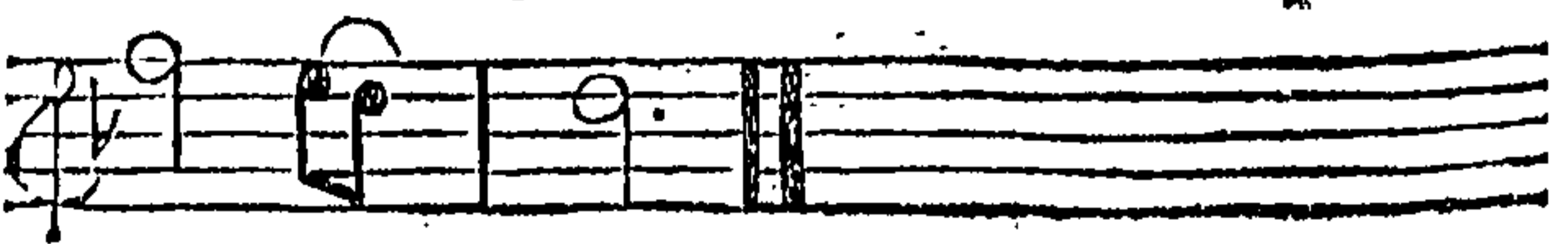
Eyes inspire. So a gliding Vapour shining,



Bright as Stars that deck the Skies; Swiftly



from its Height de--clining, Glitters in its

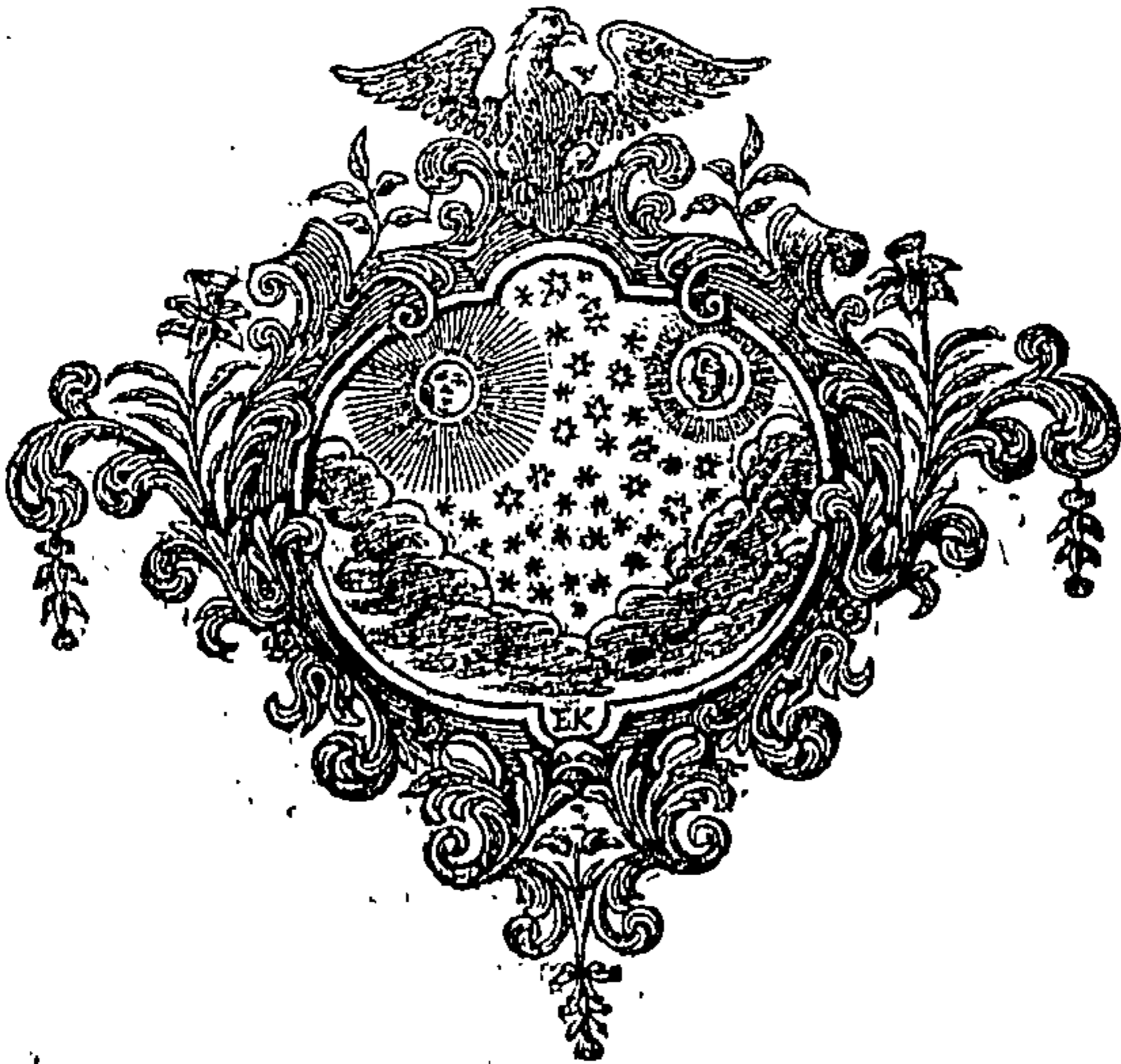


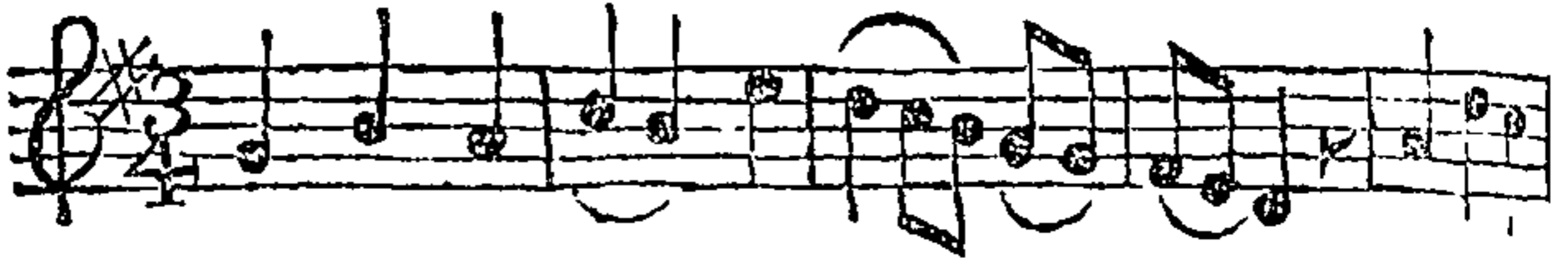
Fall, and dies.

S O N G S.

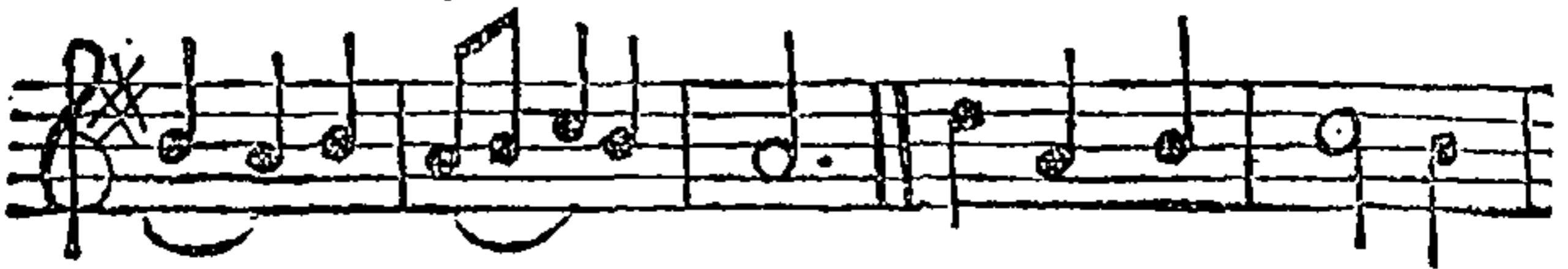
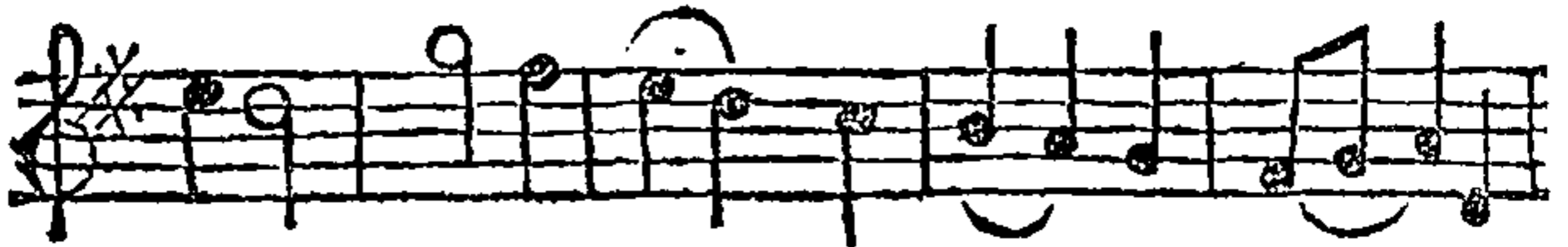
7

Iris, ev'ry Grace adorning,
Gently warms my fond Desire;
Sighs for ev'ry Sigh returning,
Like a Vestal, feeds the Fire.
Hiding still the secret Pleasure,
From the prying vulgar Eye;
Still resigning all her Treasure,
Giving, without Pain, the Joy.



*The PLAY of LOVE.*The Words by Mr. *LEVERIDGE.*The Air by Dr. *PEPUSCH.*

The Play of Love is now be---gun, And thus the

Actions do go on: *Strophæ* enamour'd

courts the Fair, She hears him with a care-less



Air; And smiles to find him in Love's Snare.

The Act-Tune play'd, they meet again,
 Here Pity moves her for his Pain;
 Which she evades with some Pretence,
 And thinks she may with Love dispence,
 But pants to hear a Man of Sense.

The third Approach her Lover makes,
 She colours up, whene'er he speaks;

But

But with feign'd Sights still puts him by,
And faintly cries she can't comply,
Altho' she gives her Heart the Lie.

Now the Plot rises, he seems shy,
As if some other Fair he'd try;
At which she swells with Spleen and Fear,
Lest some more wise his Love shou'd share;
Which yet no Woman e'er can bear.

The last Act now is wrought so high,
That thus it crowns the Lover's Joy;
She does no more his Passion shun,
He strait into her Arms does run,
The Curtain falls — the Play is done.

For the FLUTE.



The I N S E N S I B L E.*Written by a* L A D Y.

Strepson hath Fashion, Wit, and Youth, Wit



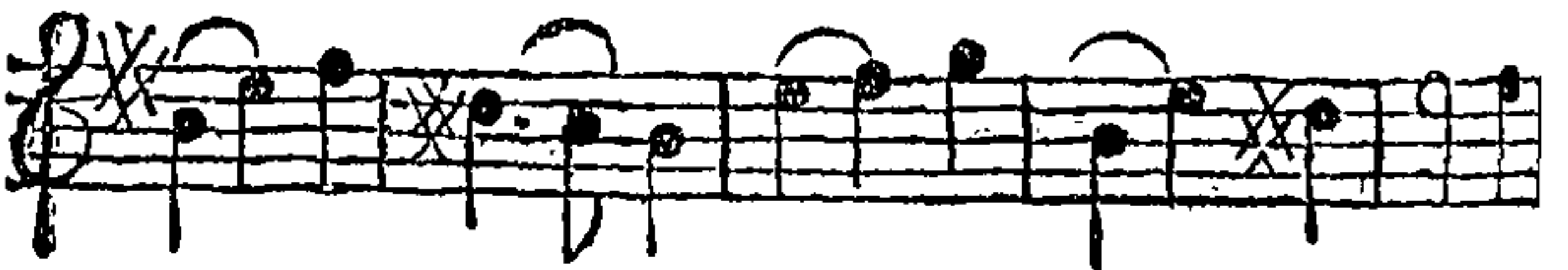
all Things else that please; He nothing



wants but Love and Truth, To ru---in



me with Ease. But he is Flint, and



bears the Art To kin-dle fierce Desire, Whose



Pow'r en--flames a--no--ther's Heart, And



he ne'er feels the Fire.

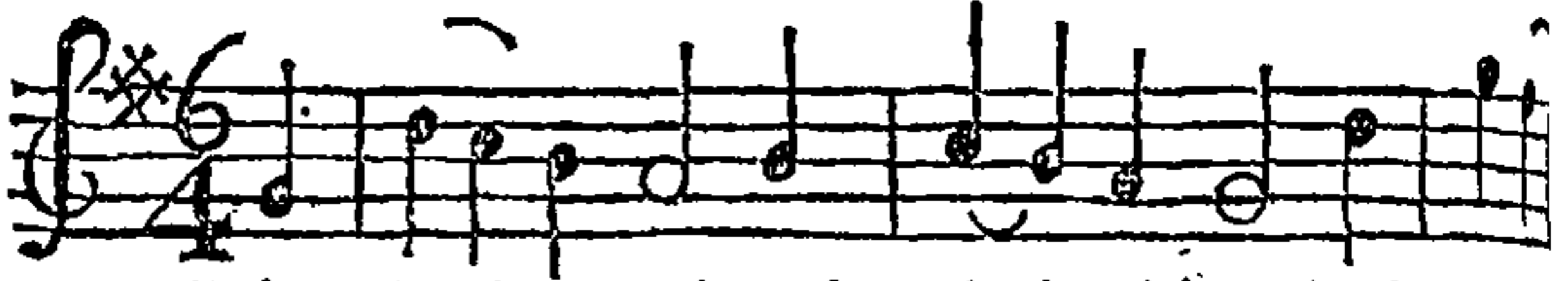
Oh how it does my Soul perplex,
When I his Charms recall;
To think he should despise the Sex,
Or, what's worse, love 'em all.
So that my Heart, like *Noah's Dove*,
In vain has sought for Rest;
Finding no Hopes to fix my Love,
Returns into my Breast.



From SHAKESPEAR'S *Love's Labour Lost*.

Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

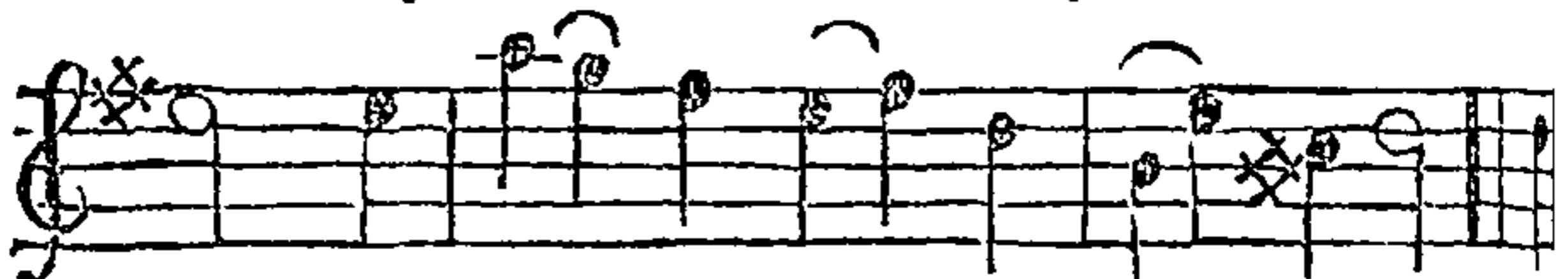
S U M M E R.



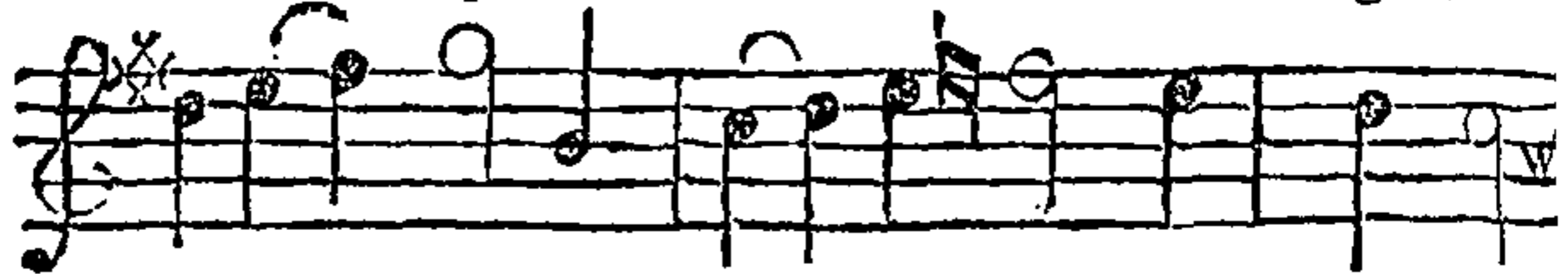
When Dazies py'd, and Vio-lets blue, And Cuckow



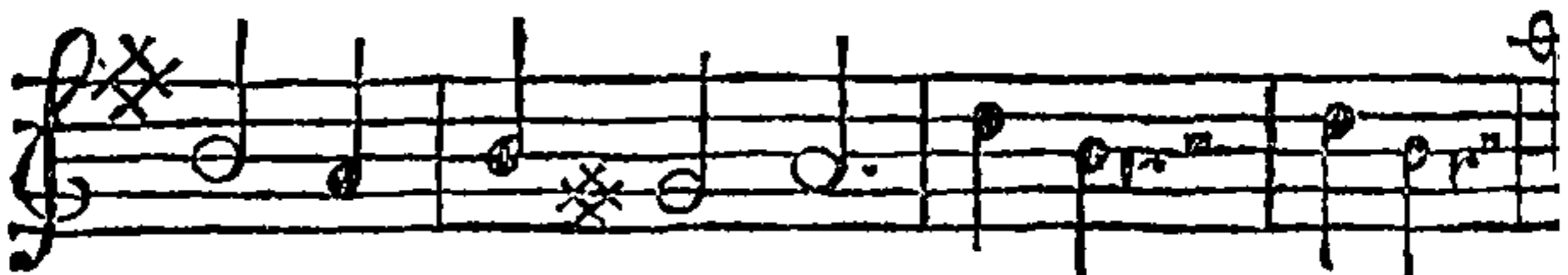
buds of yel-low Hue, And Lady-Smocks all Sil-ver



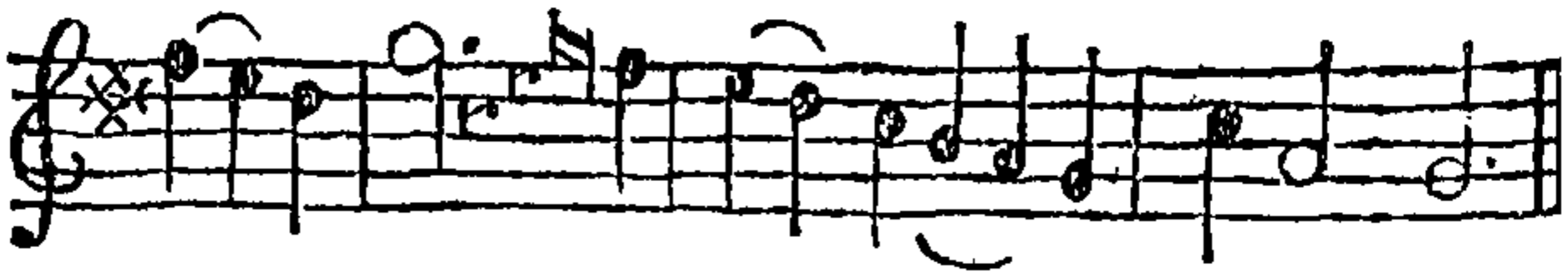
white, Do paint the Meadows with Delight; The



Cuckow then, on ev'--ry Tree, mocks married



Men, for thus sings he; Cuckow! Cuckow! O



Word of Fear, Unpleasing to a married Ear.

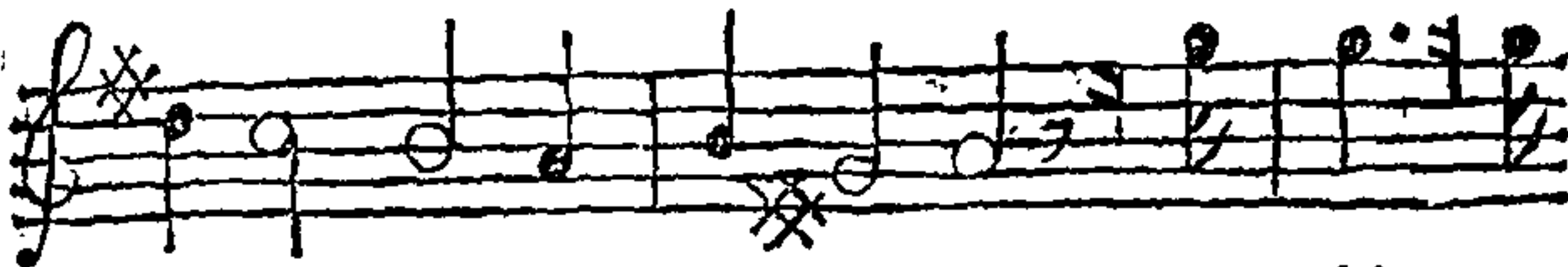
When Shepherds pipe on Oaten Straws,
 And merry Larks are Plowmen's Clocks;
 When Turtles tread, and Rooks and Daws;
 And Maidens bleach their Summer Smocks:
The Cuckow then, on ev'ry Tree,
Mocks married Men, for thus sings he;
 Cuckow! Cuckow! *O Word of Fear*
Unpleasing to a married Ear.

W I N T E R.

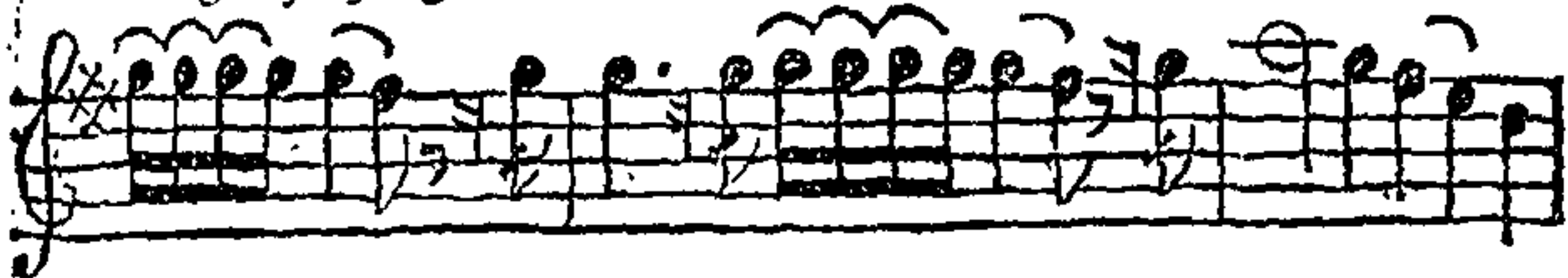
When Isicles hang by the Wall,
 And *Dick* the Shepherd blows his Nail;
 And *Tom* bears Logs into the Hall:
 And Milk comes frozen home in Pail:



When Blood is nipt, and Ways be foul, Then



nighty sings the staring Owl; Tu-whit-tu-



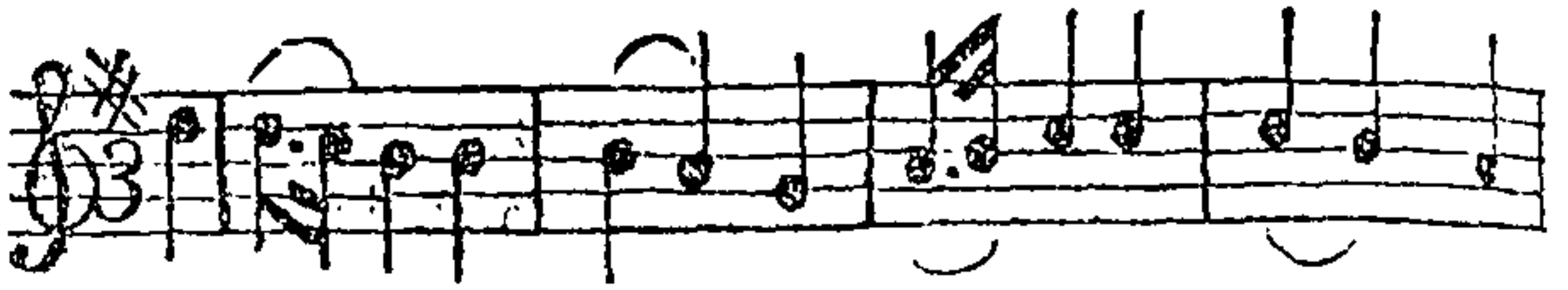
whoo----, Tu-whit-tu-whoo----, a merry, merry



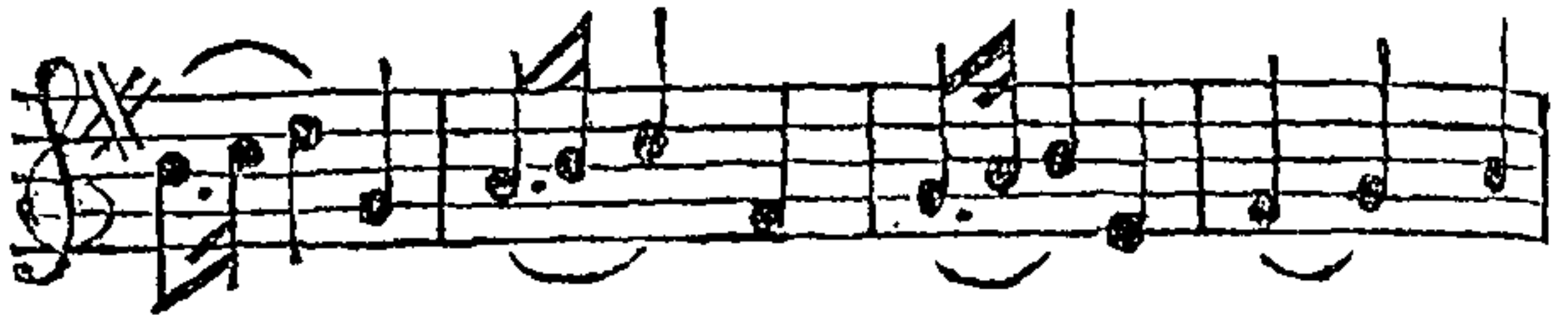
Note, While greasie Joan doth keel the Pot.

When all aloud the Wind doth blow,
 And Coughing drowns the Parson's Saw;
 And Birds sit brooding in the Snow,
 And *Marrian's* Nose looks red and raw:
 Then roasted Crabs hiss in the Bowl;
 And nightly sings the staring Owl:
 Tu-whit-tu-whoo, a merry, merry Note,
 While greasie Joan doth keel the Pot.

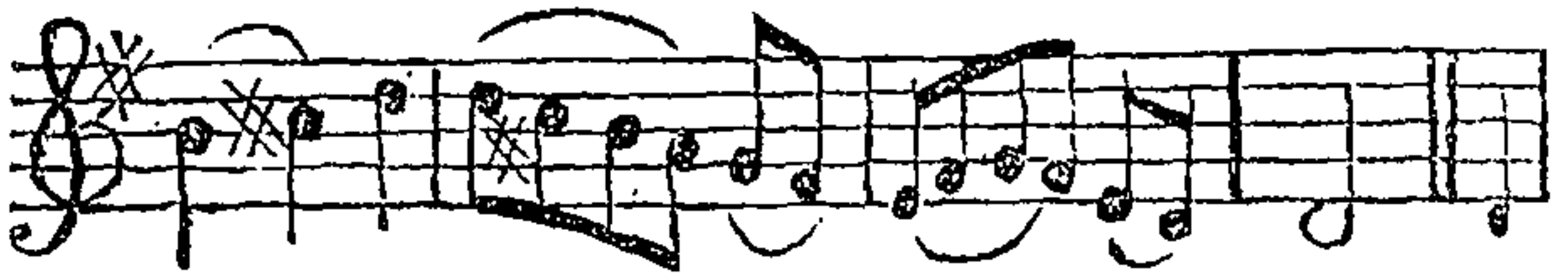


The DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.Set by Mr. *GOUGE*.

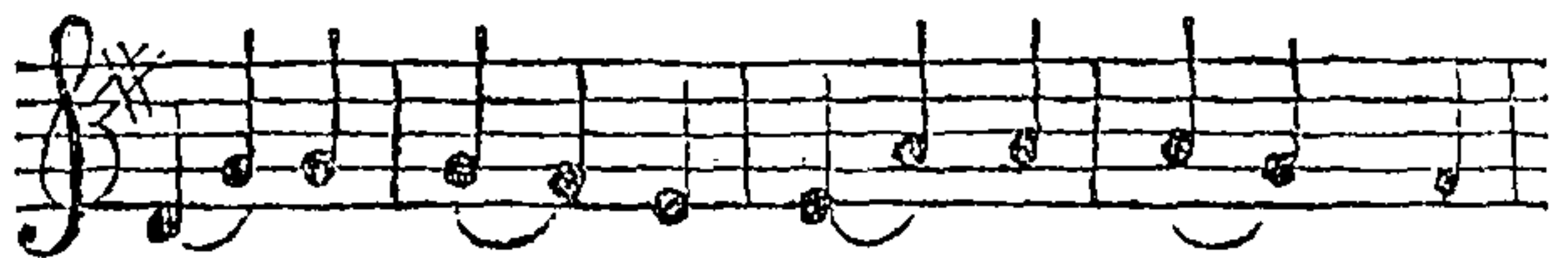
A---le---xis shun'd his Fellow-Swains, Their



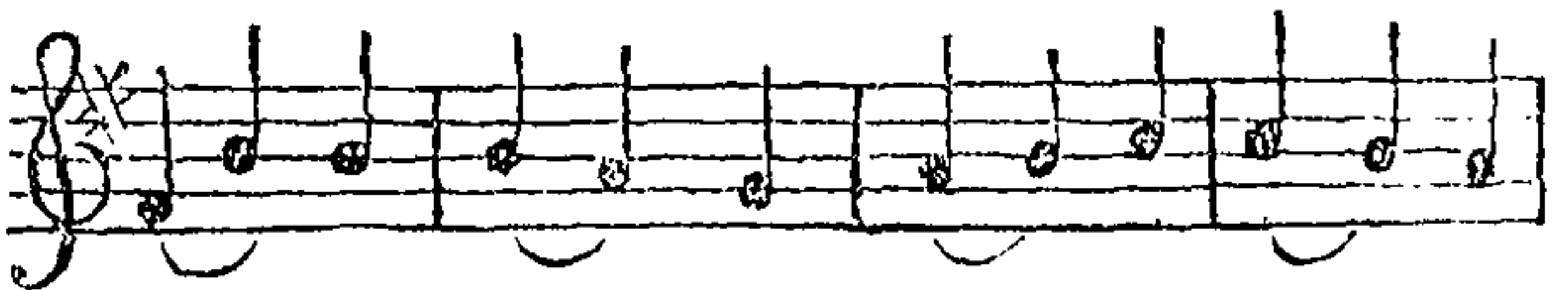
ru---ral Sports and jo---cund Strains; (Heav'n



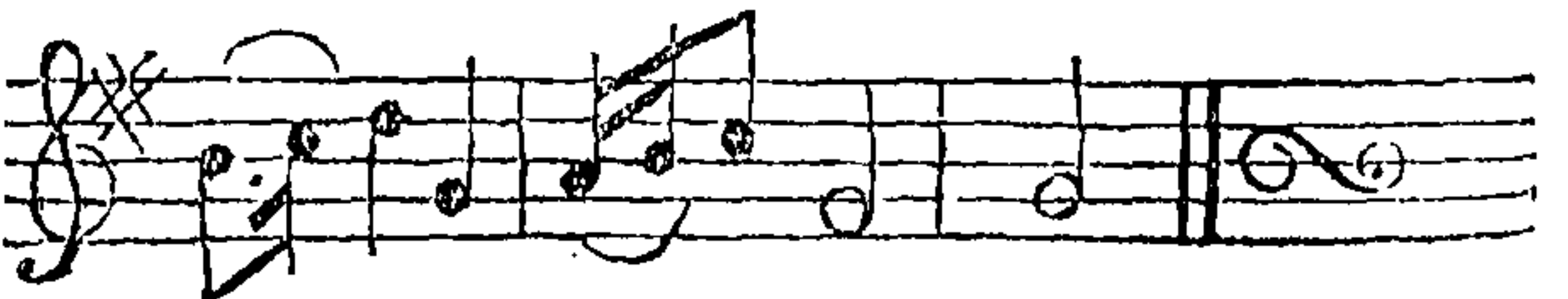
guard us all----- from Cu---pid's Bow!) He



lost his Crook, he left his Flocks, And,



wand'ring thro' the lonely Rocks, He



nou-rish'd end-----less Woe.

The Nymphs and Shepherds round him came :
 His Grief Some pity, Others blame ;
 The fatal Cause All kindly seek :
 He mingled his Concern with Theirs ;
 He gave 'em back their friendly Tears ;
 He sigh'd, but would not speak.

Clorinda came, among the rest ;
 And She too kind Concern exprest,
 And ask'd the Reason of his Woe ;
 She ask'd, but with an Air and Mein.
 That made it easily foreseen,
 She fear'd too much to know.

The Shepherd rais'd his mournful Head ;
 And will you pardon me, he said,
 While I the cruel Truth reveal ?
 Which nothing from my Breast should tear,
 Which never should offend your Ear,
 But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
 Since you appear'd upon the Plain ;
 You are the Cause of all my Care :
 Your Eyes ten thousand Daggers dart ;
 Ten thousand Torments vex my Heart :
 I love, and I despair.

Too much, *Alexis*, I have heard:

'Tis what I thought; 'tis what I fear'd:

And yet I pardon you, she cry'd:

But you shall promise ne'er again

To breathe your Vows, or speak your Pain:

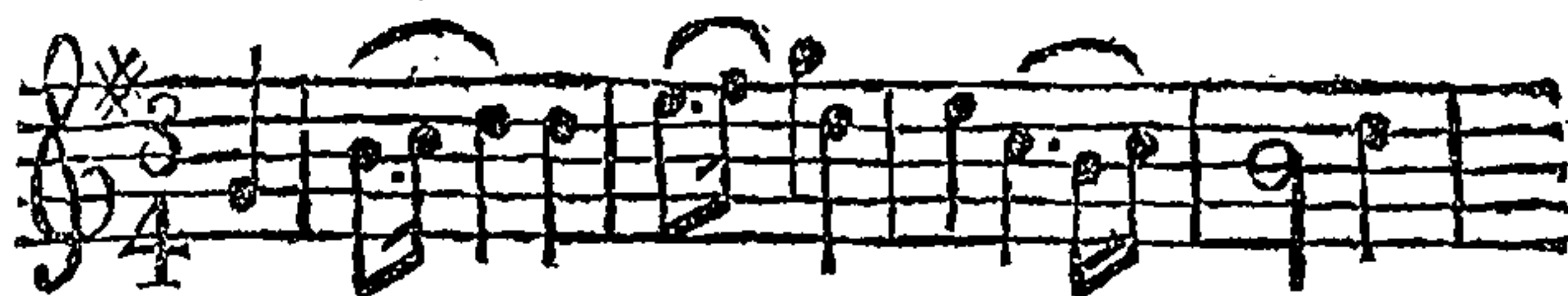
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

For the FLUTE.



The TIMOROUS LOVER.

Set by Mr. JOHN GRANO.

Young *Da---mon*, once the happiest Swain, The

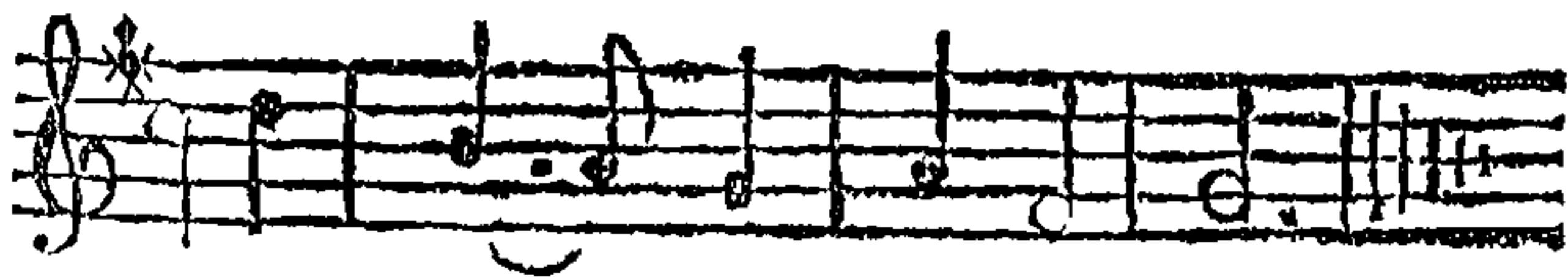
Pride and Glo--ry of the Plain, (Yet see th'Ef-



fects of Love!) Depriv'd of all his former



Rest, Shun'd Com--pa--ny, with Grief op-



press'd, And sought the thick---est Grove.

The Nymphs and Swains all strove to find
 What 'twas disturb'd the Shepherd's Mind;
 And, when they begg'd to know,

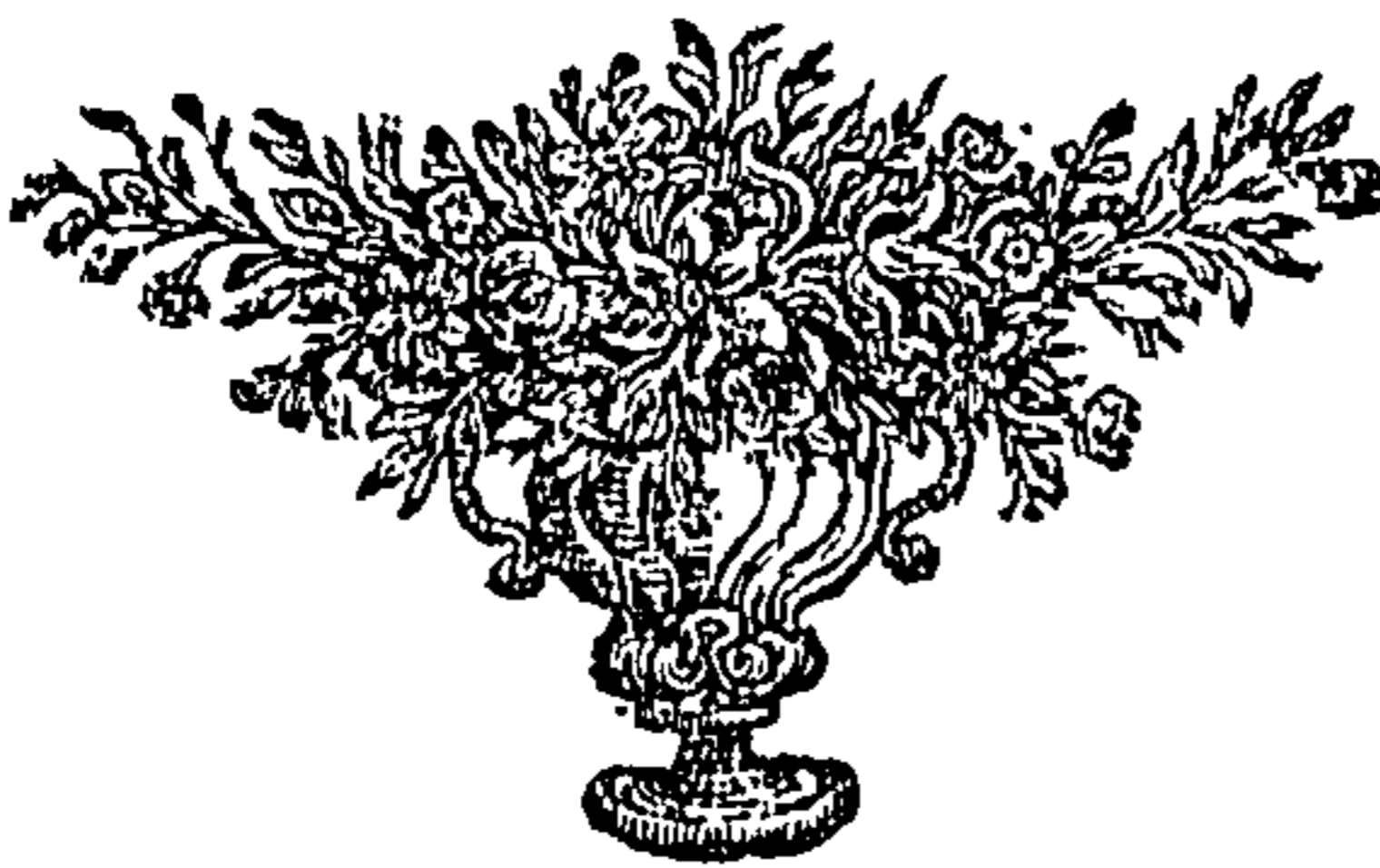
He only shook his drooping Head,
 And, sighing mournfully, he said,
 My Fate will have it so.

Myrtilla, hearing of his Woes,
 Came too, and kindly ask'd the Cause
 Of all his mighty Pain:
 The Youth, transported, and amaz'd,
 To hear her charming Voice, soon rais'd
 His Head, and thus began.

I love; but 'tis a Nymph so fair
 That I of all Success despair,
 And nought expect but Scorn;
 But oh! forgive, since ask'd by you,
 If farther I my Tale pursue,
 And say, for You I burn.

The Nymph then blush'd, and smiling said,
 And is it thus you court a Maid?
 You'll by Experience find,
 The Fair's not won by dull Despair,
 But to the Brave and *Debonnair*
 Our Sex will e'er prove kind.

For the FLUTE.



To CELIA drest as a Beau.



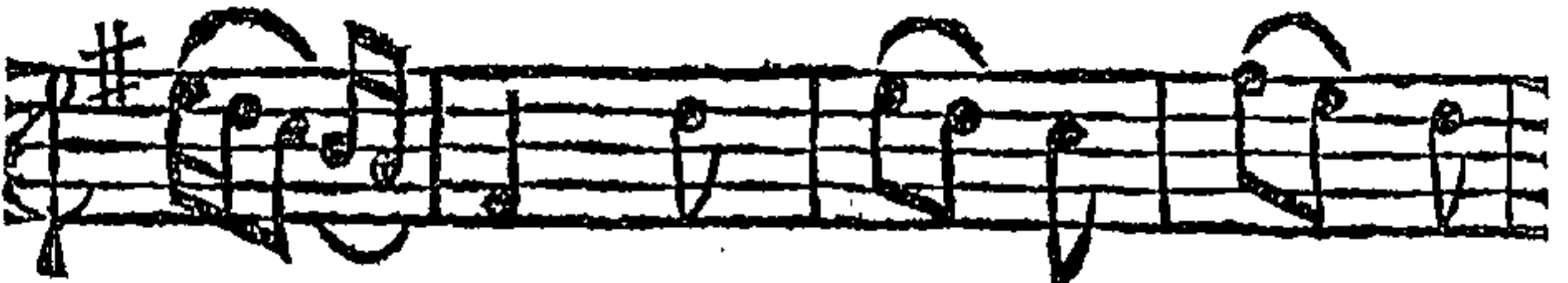
Celia, thou fairest of the Fair, Those



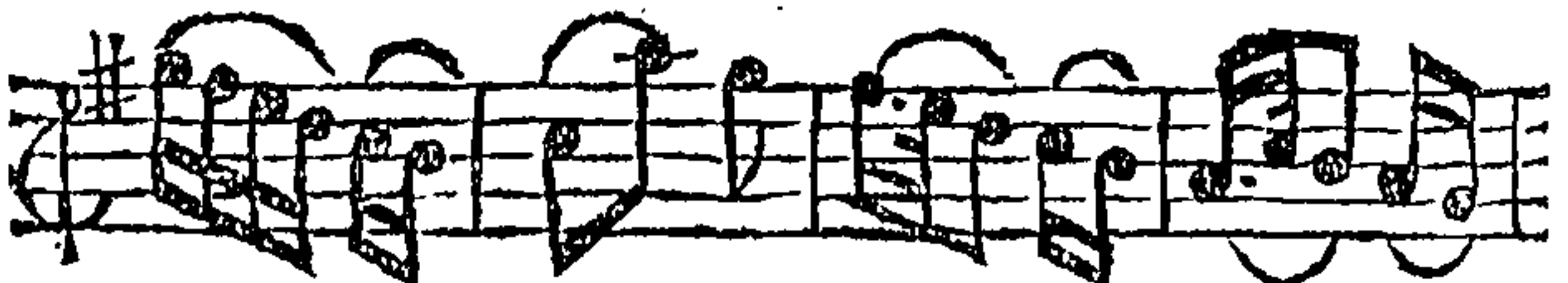
Eyes such pointed Ar--rows bear, To



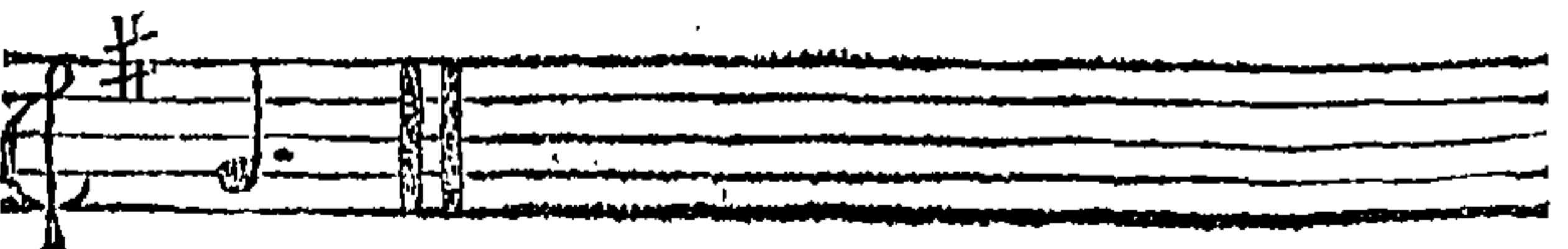
dart Defiance round; Thus to go arm'd in



You is vain, Whose ve---ry Frown, or



cold Dif-dain, Can kill, with---out a



Wound.

Then

Then be not, *Celia*, thus disgrac'd;
Let Swords on fitter Limbs be plac'd:

From such rough Acts desist:

Unarmed, you can conquer more;

Nor can great *Mars*, with all his Pow'r,

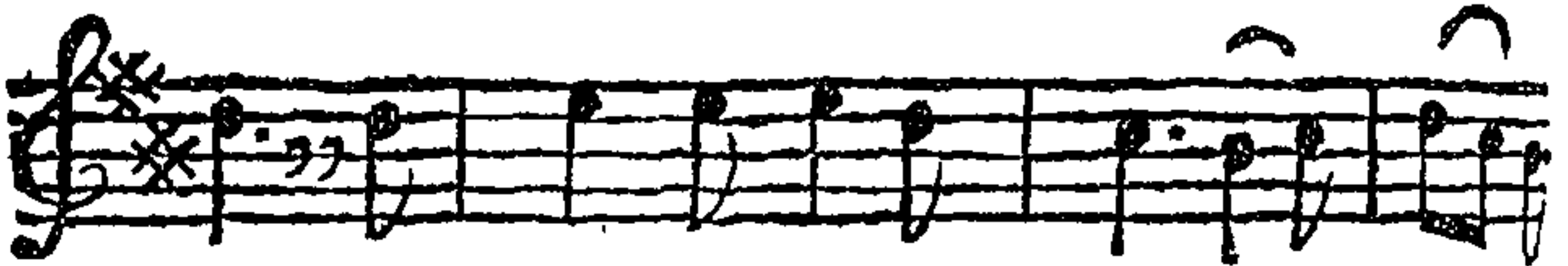
Your naked Force resist.

For the FLUTE.



The FAIRY QUEEN.

Come follow, follow me, Ye fairy Elves, that



be; Come follow me your Queen, And trip it



o'er the Green: Hand in Hand we'll dance a-



round, Because this Place is Fairy Ground:



Hand in Hand we'll dance around, Because this



Place is Fairy Ground.

When

When Mortals are at Rest,
And snoring in their Nest;
Unheard, and unesp'y'd,
Through Key-holes we do glide,
Over Tables, Stools and Shelves,
We trip it with our Fairy Elves.

And if the House be foul,
With Platter, Dish or Bowl,
Up Stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the Sluts asleep;
Then we pinch their Arms and Thighs:
None us hears, and none us spies.

But if the House be swept,
And from Uncleaness kept,
We praise the Household Maid,
And surely she is paid:
Every Night before we go,
We drop a Tester in her Shoe.

Then o'er a Mushroom's Head
Our Table-cloth we spread,
A Grain of Rye or Wheat,
The Diet that we eat;

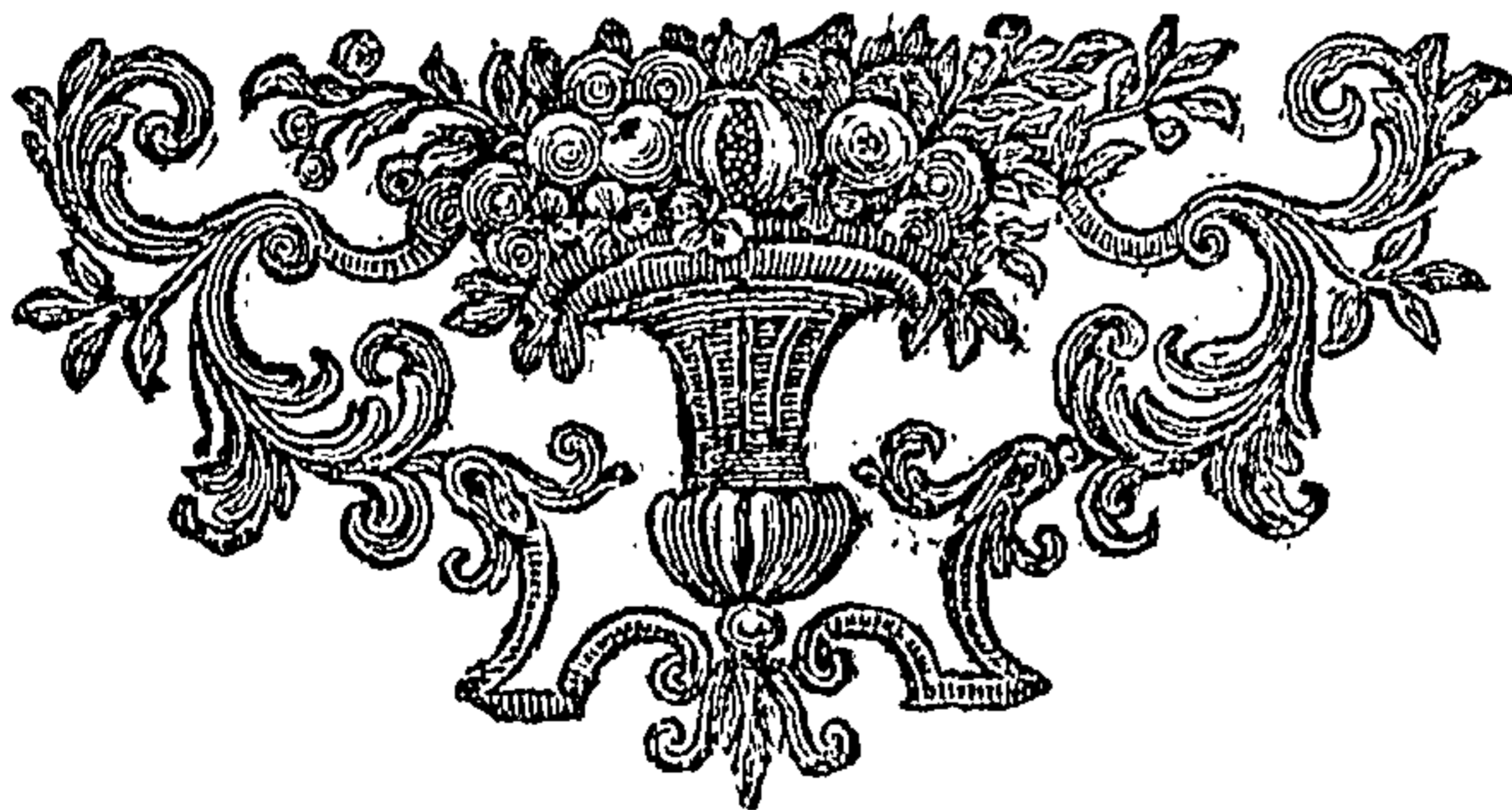
Pearly Drops of Dew we drink,
In Acorn Cups fill'd to the Brink.

The Brains of Nightingales,
With unctious Fat of Snails,
Between two Cockles stew'd,
Is Meat that's eas'ly chew'd,
And Brains of Worms and Marrow of Mice
Do make a Feast that's wondrous nice.

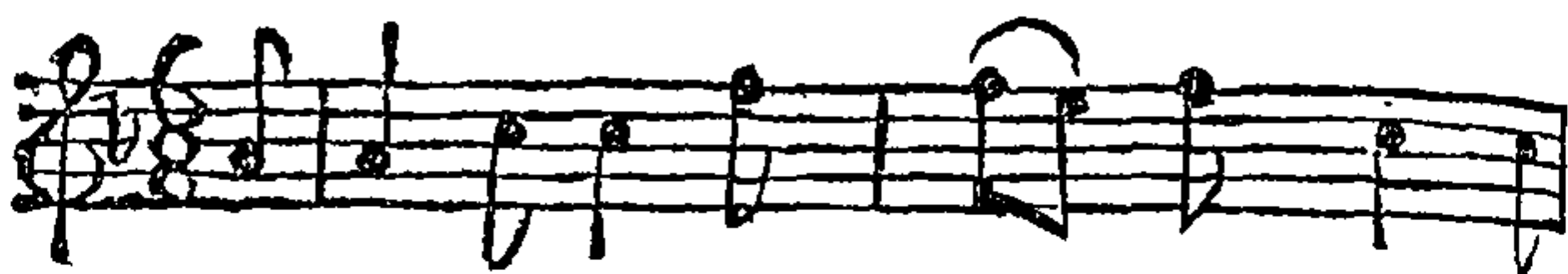
The Grasshopper, Gnat and Fly,
Serve for our Minstrelsy.
Grace said, we dance a-while,
And so the Time beguile;
But if the Moon doth hide her Head,
The Glow-worm lights us home to Bed.

O'er Tops of dewy Grass
So nimbly we do pass,
The young and tender Stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk;
Yet in the Morning may be seen,
Where we the Night before have been.

For the FLUTE.



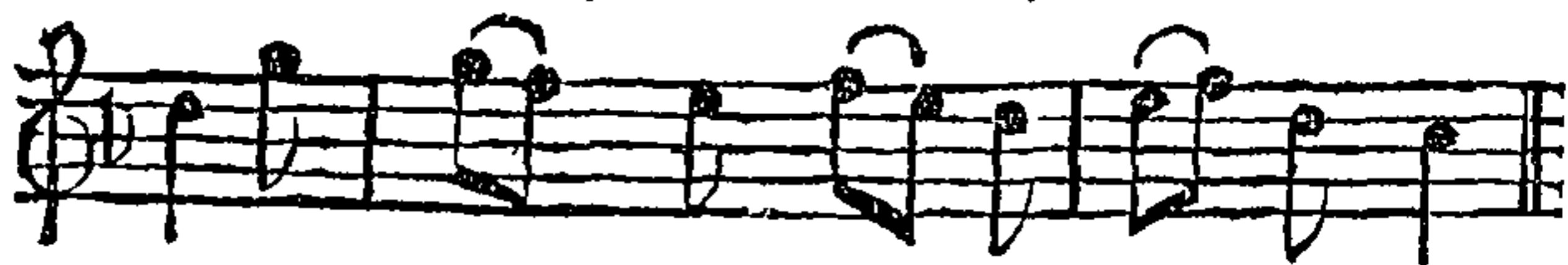
*The HUNTING SONG in APOLLO
and DAPHNE.*



Away, away, we've crown'd the Day, we've



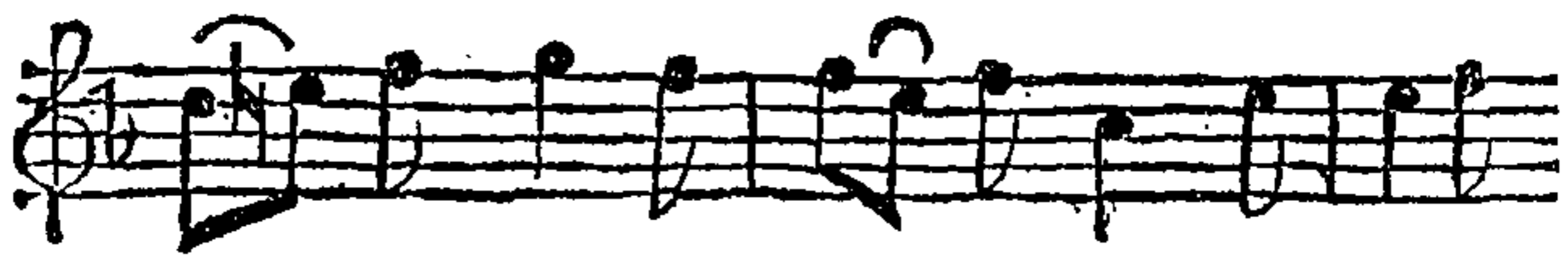
crown'd the Day; Away, away, we've crown'd the



Day; The Hounds are waiting for their Prey;



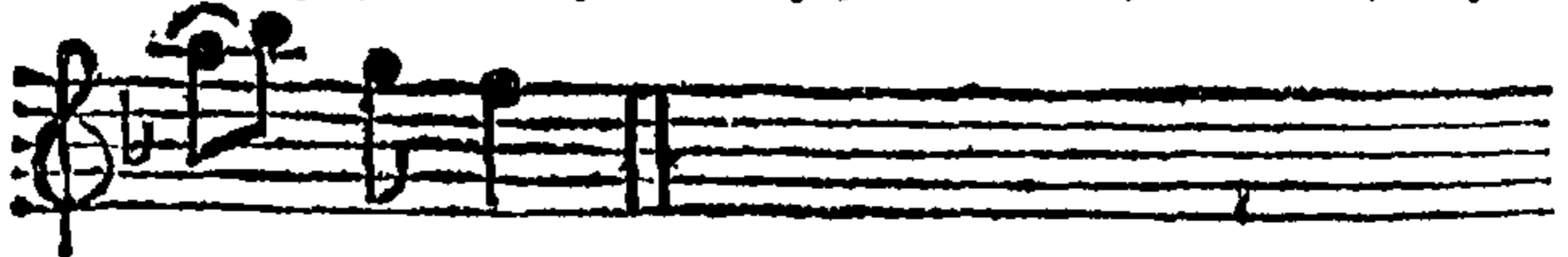
The Huntsman's Call in--vites ye all, The



Huntsman's Call in---vites ye all; Come in, come



in, Boys, while you may; Come in, come in, Boys,



while you may.

The

The jolly Horn, the rosie Morn, the rosie Morn,
 The jolly Horn, the rosie Morn,
 With Harmony of deep-mouth'd Hounds;
 These, these, my Boys, are heav'nly Joys,
 These, these, my Boys, are heav'nly Joys,
 A Sportsman's Pleasure knows no Bounds:
 A Sportsman's Pleasure knows no Bounds:

The Horn shall be the Husband's Fee, the Husband's Fee,
 The Horn shall be the Husband's Fee,
 And let him take it not in Scorn;
 The Brave and Sage, in ev'ry Age,
 The Brave and Sage, in ev'ry Age,
 Have not disdain'd to wear the Horn:
 Have not disdain'd to wear the Horn.

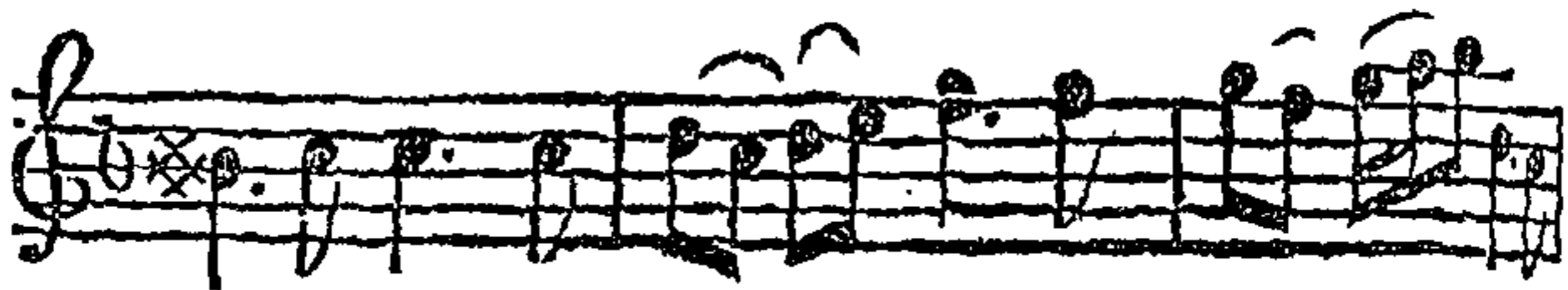


CELIA.

Set by Mr. RAMONDON.



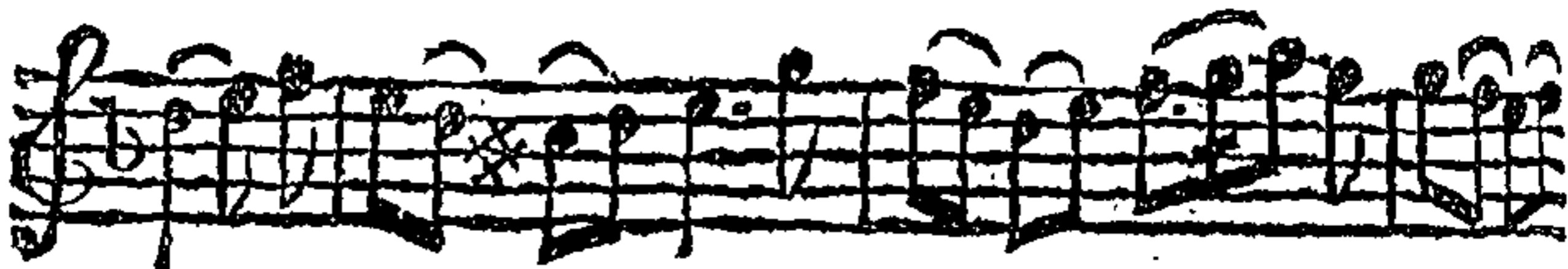
Less I can't, the Gods can tell, Love *Celia* less, than



love her well; To love her less, were not her Due; to



love her more, no Man can do. For to en-



joy the charming She, I'd forfeit Life and Liber-



ty; I'd for---feit Life and Li-ber-ty: New fall'n



Snow's not half so white, Nor polish'd Diamonds



half so bright, As *Ce-lia's* Face, all charming



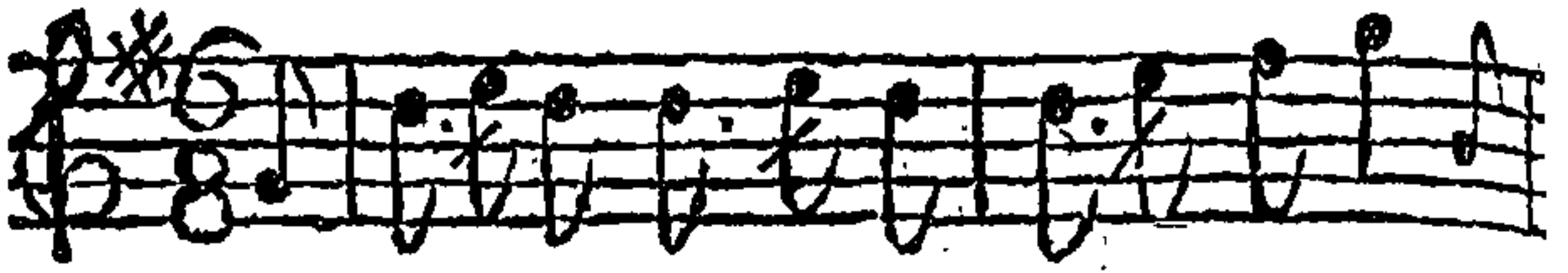
Light: Then grant me her, I ask no more, Since



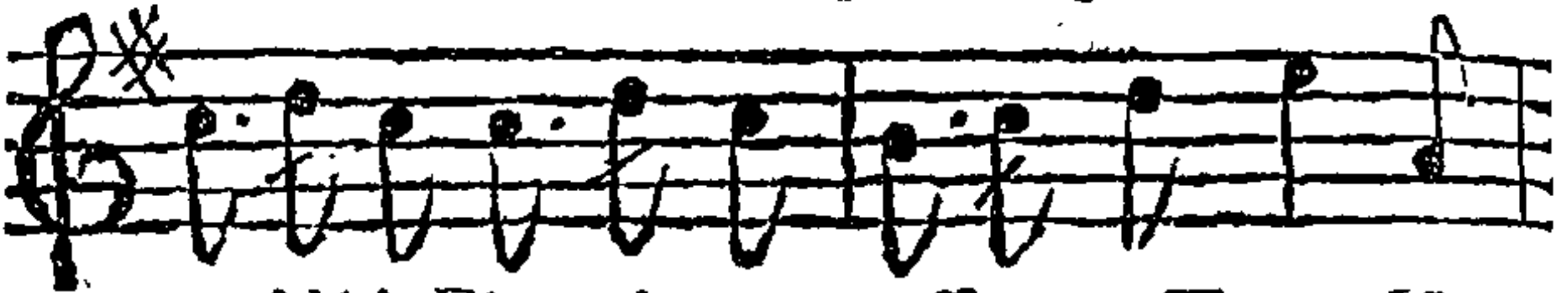
Ce-lia I was born t'a-dore.



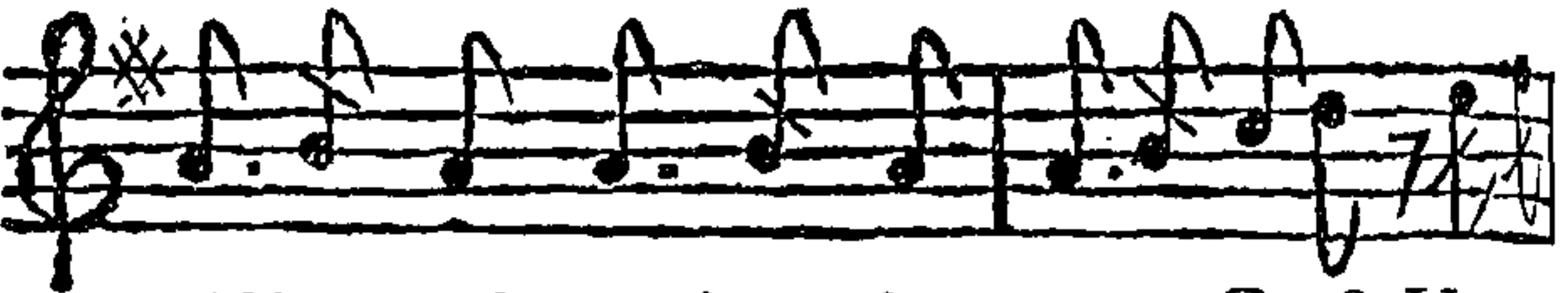
APOLLO and DAPHNE.



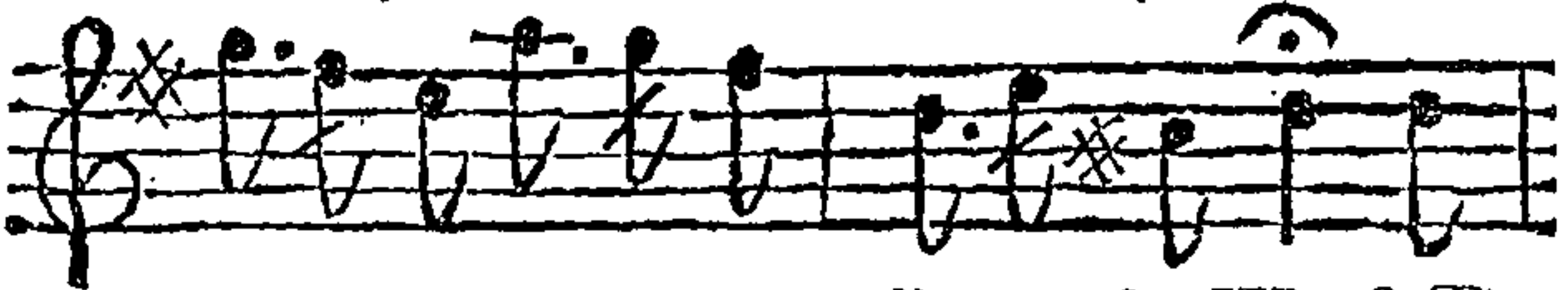
A-pol-lo once finding fair *Daphne* alone, Dis-



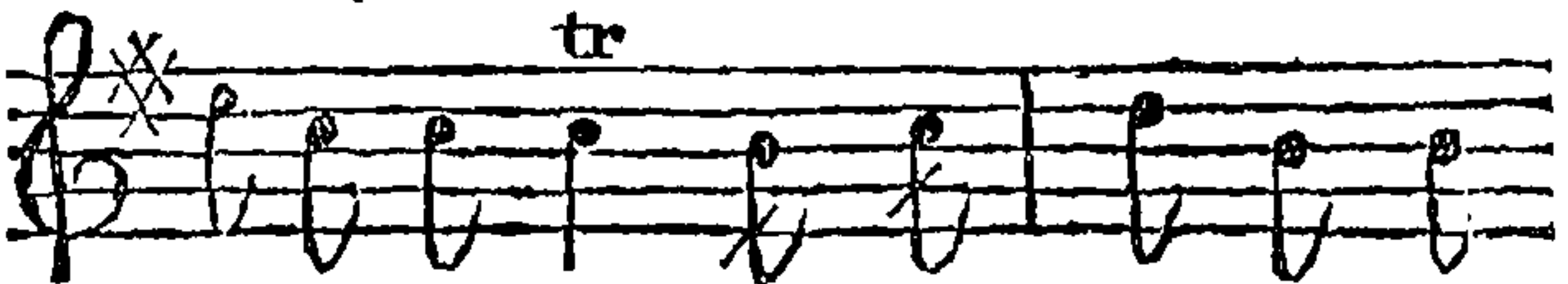
cover'd his Flame in a passionate Tone; He



told her, and bound it with many a Curse, He was



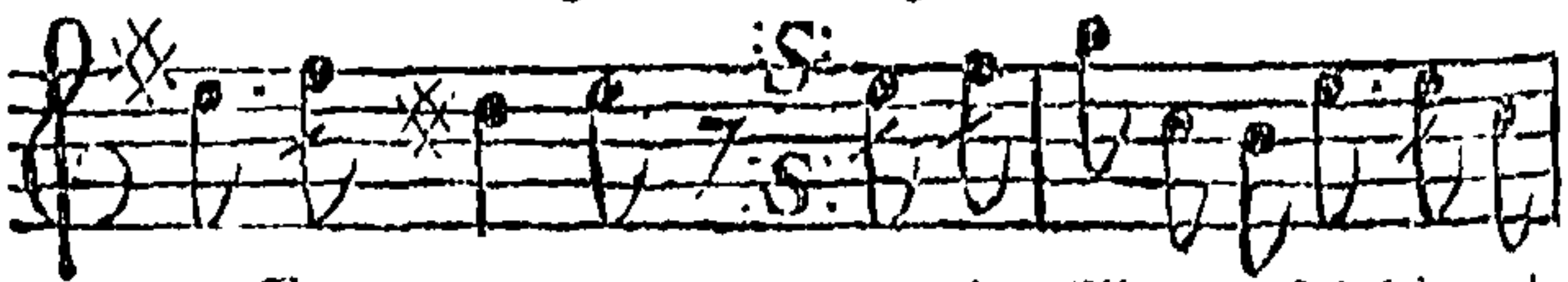
ready to take her for Better for Worfe: Then



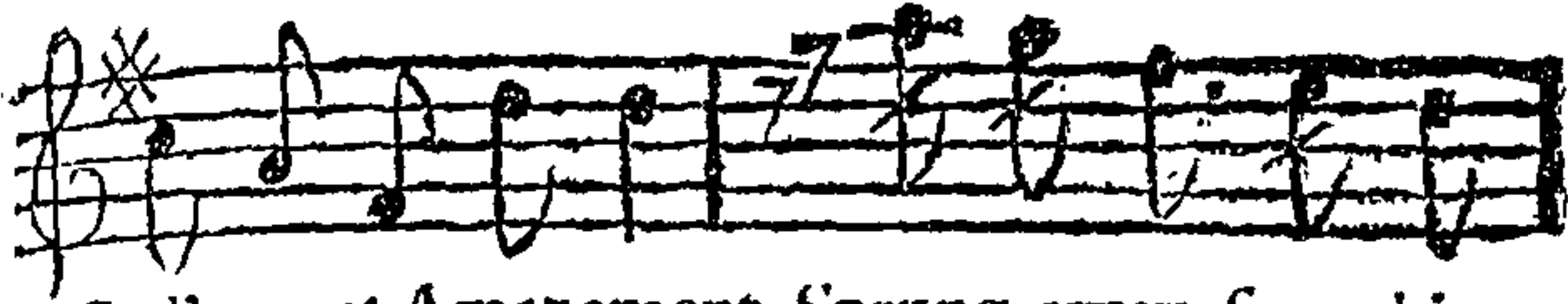
talk'd of the Smart, And the Hole in his



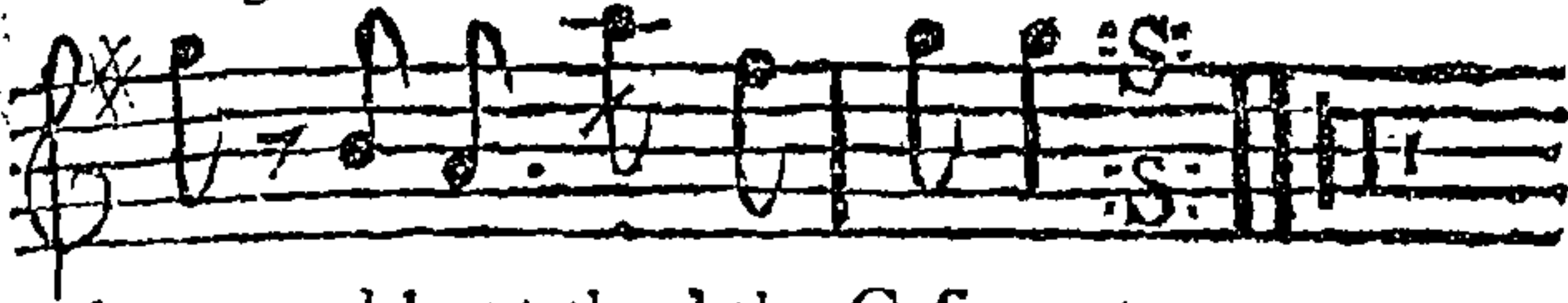
Heart, So large, one might drive thro' the



Passage a Cart. But the silly coy Maid, to the
God's



God's great Amazement, Sprung away from his



Arms, and leapt thro' the Casement.

He, following, cry'd out, My Life, and my Dear,
Return to your Lover, and lay by your Fear:
You think me perhaps some Scoundrel or Whoreson;
Alas! I've no wicked Design on your Person.

I'm a God by my Trade,
Young, plump, and well made;
Then let me caress thee, and be not afraid.
But still she kept running, and flew like the Wind;
While the poor purfy God came panting behind.

I'm the chief of Physicians, and none of the College
Must be mention'd with me for Experience and Know-
[ledge:
Each Herb, Flower, and Plant by its Name I can call,
And do more than the best Seventh Son of them All.

With my Powder and Pills
I cure all the Ills,
That sweep off such Numbers each Week in the Bills.
But still she kept running, and flew like the Wind;
While the poor purfy God came panting behind.

Besides,

Besides, I'm a Poet, Child, into the Bargain,
 And top all the Writers of fam'd *Covent-Garden*:
 I'm the Prop of the Stage, and the Pattern of Wit;
 I set my own Sonnets, and sing to my Kit:

I'm at *Will's* all the Day,

And each Night at the Play;

And Verses I make fast as Hops, as they say.

When she heard him talk thus, she redoubled her Speed,
 And flew like a Whore from a Constable freed.

Now, had our wise Lover (but Lovers are blind)
 In the Language of *Lombard-Street* told her his Mind;

“ Look, Lady, what here is, 'tis plenty of Money;

“ Odsbobs, I must swinge thee, my Joy and my Honey;

“ I sit next the Chair,

“ And shall shortly be Mayor,

“ Neither *Clayton* nor *Duncomb* with me can compare;

Tho' as wrinkled as *Prim*, as deform'd as the Devil,

The God had succeeded, the Nymph had been Civil.



The COLLIER'S DAUGHTER.

The Col-lier has a Daughter, And, Oh! she's wond'rous



bonny, A Laird he was that fought her, Baith



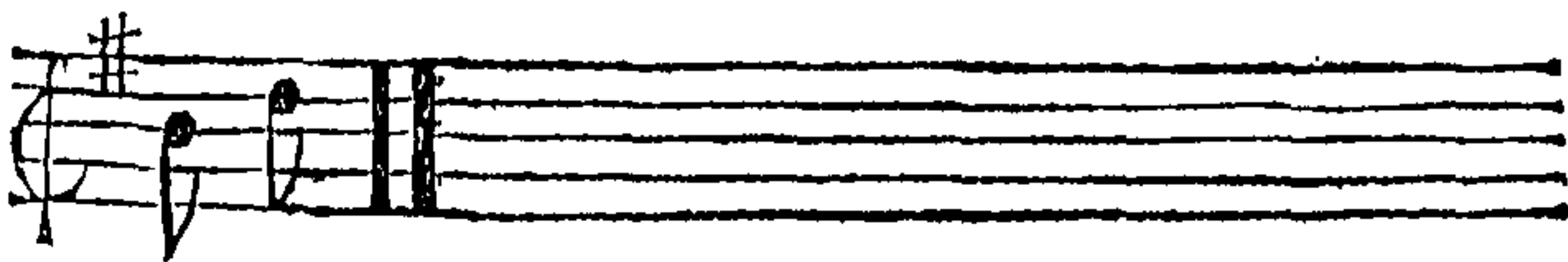
rich in Land and Money. The Tutors watch'd the



Motion Of this young honest Lover; But



Love is like the O---cean: Wha can its Depth dis-



cover!

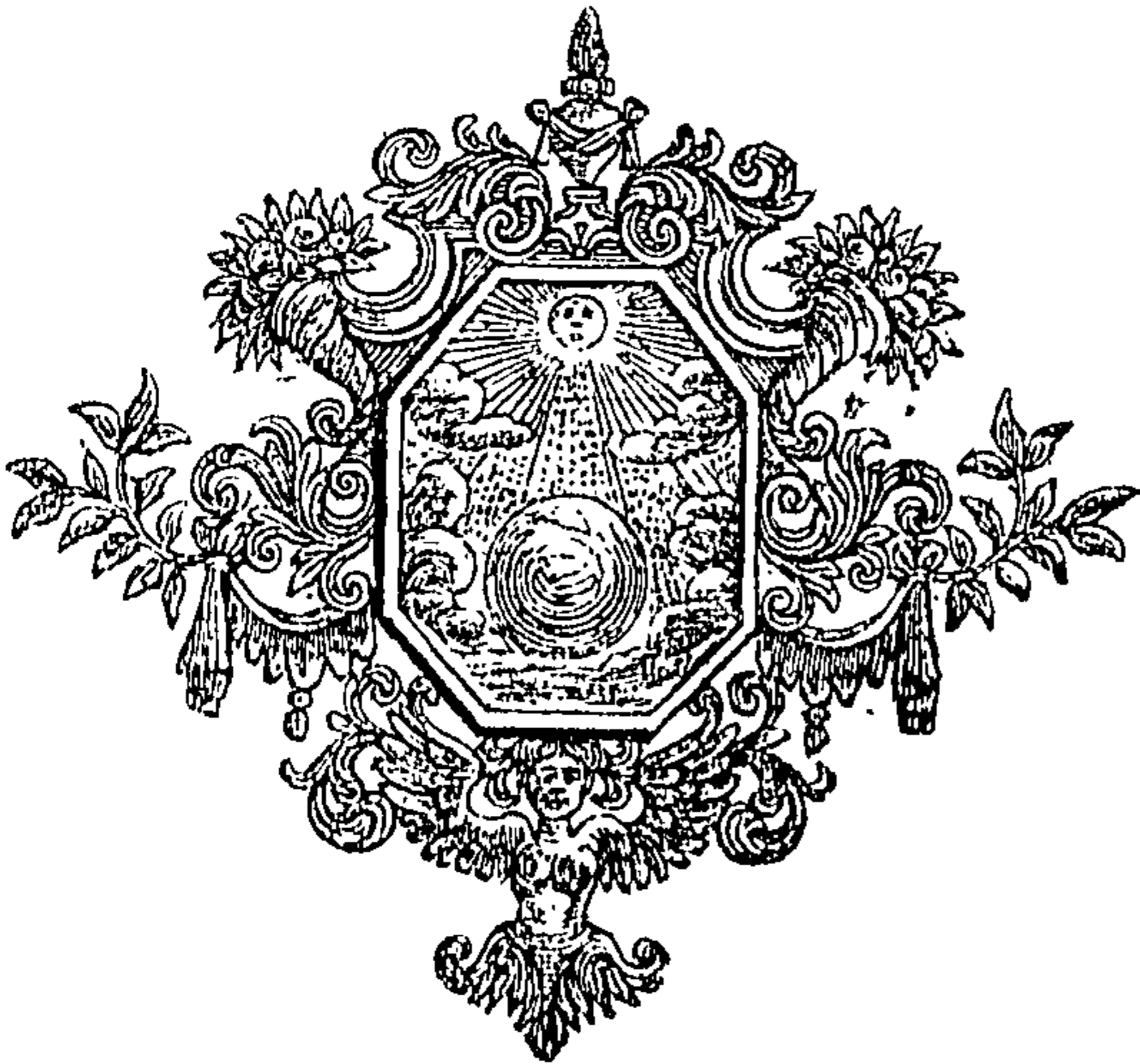
He had the Art to please ye,
 And was by a' respected;
 His Airs sat round him easy,
 Genteel, but unaffected.

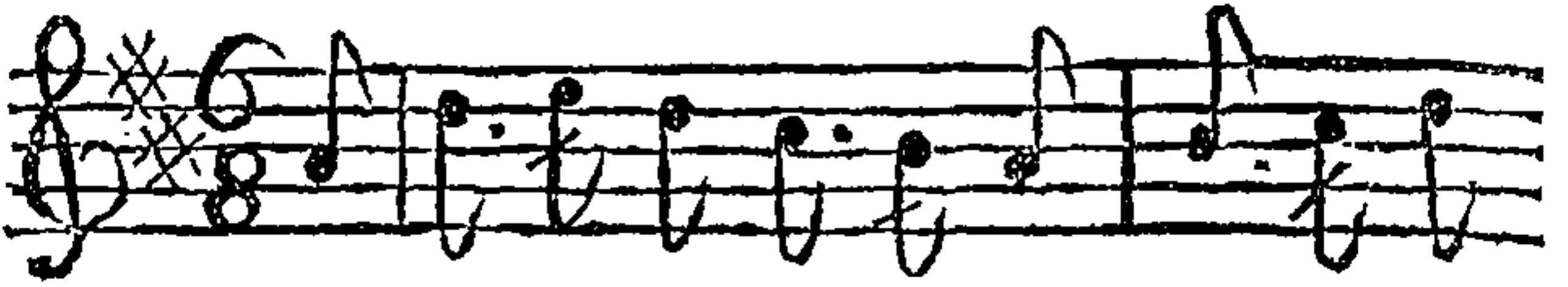
The Collier's bonny Laffie,
 Fair as the new-blown Lillie,
 Ay sweet, and never faucy,
 Secur'd the Heart of *Willy*.

He lov'd beyond Expression
 The Charms that were about her,
 And panted for Possession,
 His Life was dull without her.
 After mature Resolving,
 Close to his Breast he held her,
 In fastest Flames dissolving,
 He tenderly thus tell'd her;

My bonny Collier's Daughter,
 Let nathing discompose ye,
 'Tis no your scanty Tocher
 Shall ever gar me lose ye:
 For I have Gear in Plenty,
 And Love says, 'tis my Duty
 To ware what Heaven has lent me,
 Upon your Wit and Beauty.

For the FLUTE.

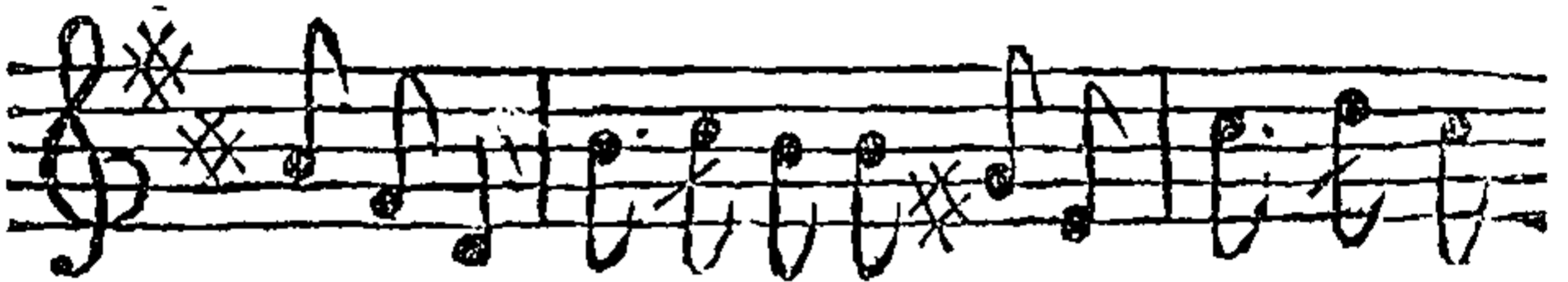


The JOLLY YOUNG SWAIN.

A Nymph of the Plain, By a jol---ly young



Swain, By a jol---ly young Swain, Was address'd to be



kind; But relentless I find, To his Pray'rs she ap-



pear'd, Tho' him--self he endear'd In a manner so



soft, so en-gaging and sweet, As soon might per-



swade her his Passion to meet.

How

How much he ador'd her,
 How oft he implor'd her,
 How oft he implor'd her,
 I cannot exprefs;
 But he lov'd to Excefs;
 And he fwore he ſhould dye,
 Unless ſhe'd comply;

In a manner, &c.

While Bluſhes, like Roſes,
 That Nature compoſes,
 That Nature compoſes,
 Vermilion'd her Face;
 With an Air, and a Grace,
 Which her Lover improv'd,
 When he found he had mov'd;

In a manner, &c.

When wak'd from the Joy
 Which their Souls did employ,
 Which their Souls did employ,
 From her ſweet ruby Lips
 Thouſand Odours he Sips;
 Then amaz'd at her Eyes,
 Says, he faints, and he dies;

In a manner, &c.

But how they shou'd part,
Now becomes all their Smart,
Now becomes all theit Smart :
'Till he vow'd to his Fair,
That to ease his own Care,
He wou'd meet her again,
And 'till then be in Pain ;
In a manner, &c.

For the FLUTE.



The Words by Mr. BENJ. GRIFFIN.

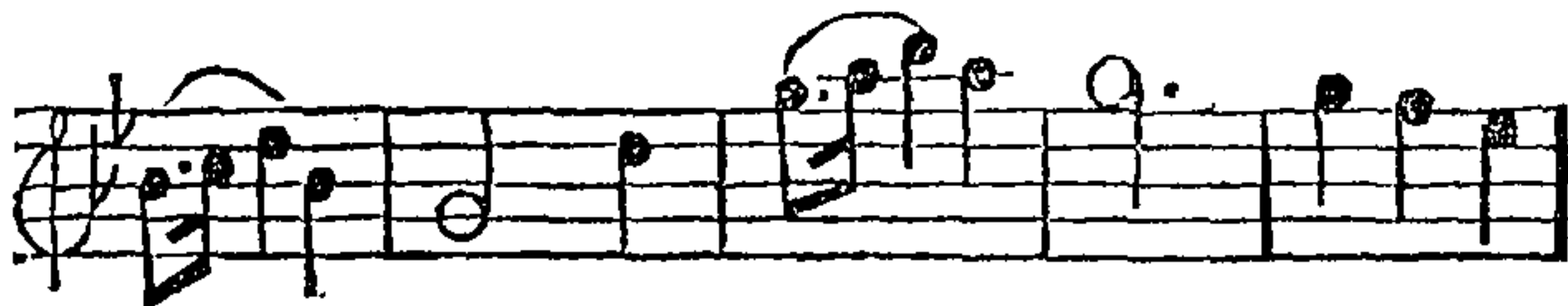
To a MINUET.



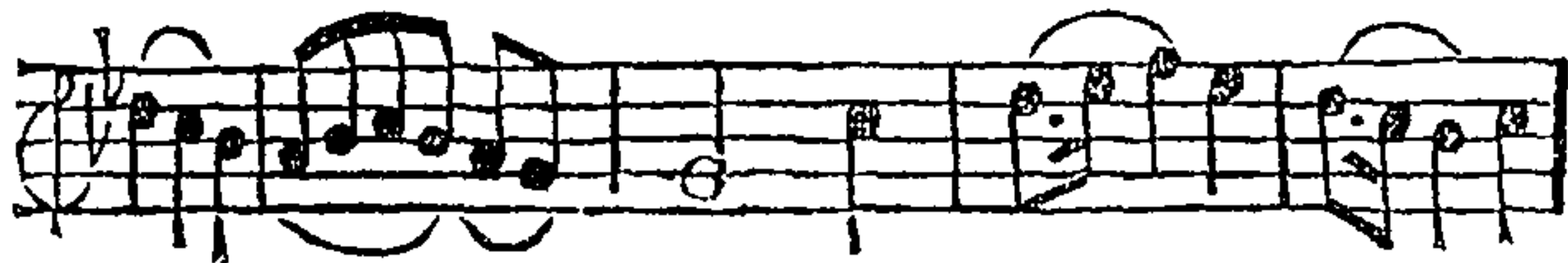
As on a Sunshine Sum-mer's Day, I



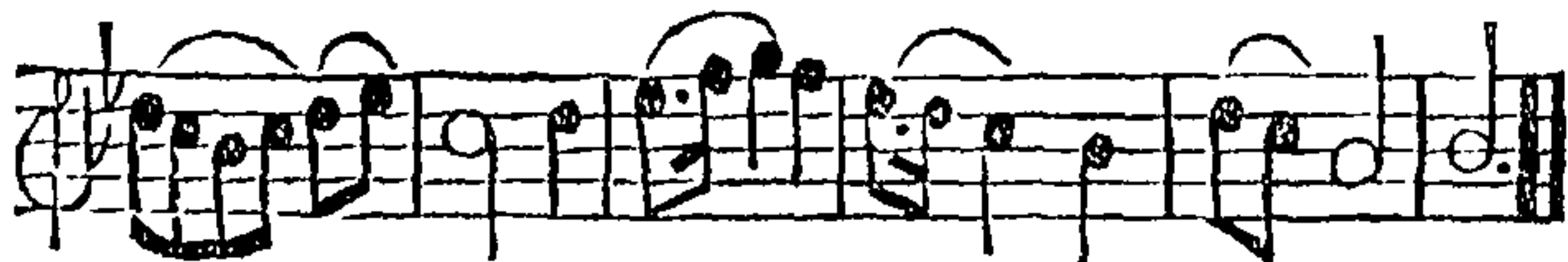
to the Green-wood bent my Way; The



lonely Path my Fancy took, Was guided



by a fil-...-ver Brook: And trust me, trust me,



all I meant, Was to be pleas'd and Innocent. *D.C.*

Upon it's flow'ry Bank I fate,
 Regardless of or Love, or Hate:
 So took my Pipe, and 'gan to play
 The jolly Shepherd's Roundelay:

D 4

And

And trust me, trust me, all I meant,
Was to be pleas'd, and Innocent.

All in the self-same shady Grove
Youthful *Silvia* chanc'd to rove;
And, by its Echo led, drew near,
My rural Oaten Reed to hear.

But surely, surely, all she meant,
Was to be pleas'd, and Innocent.

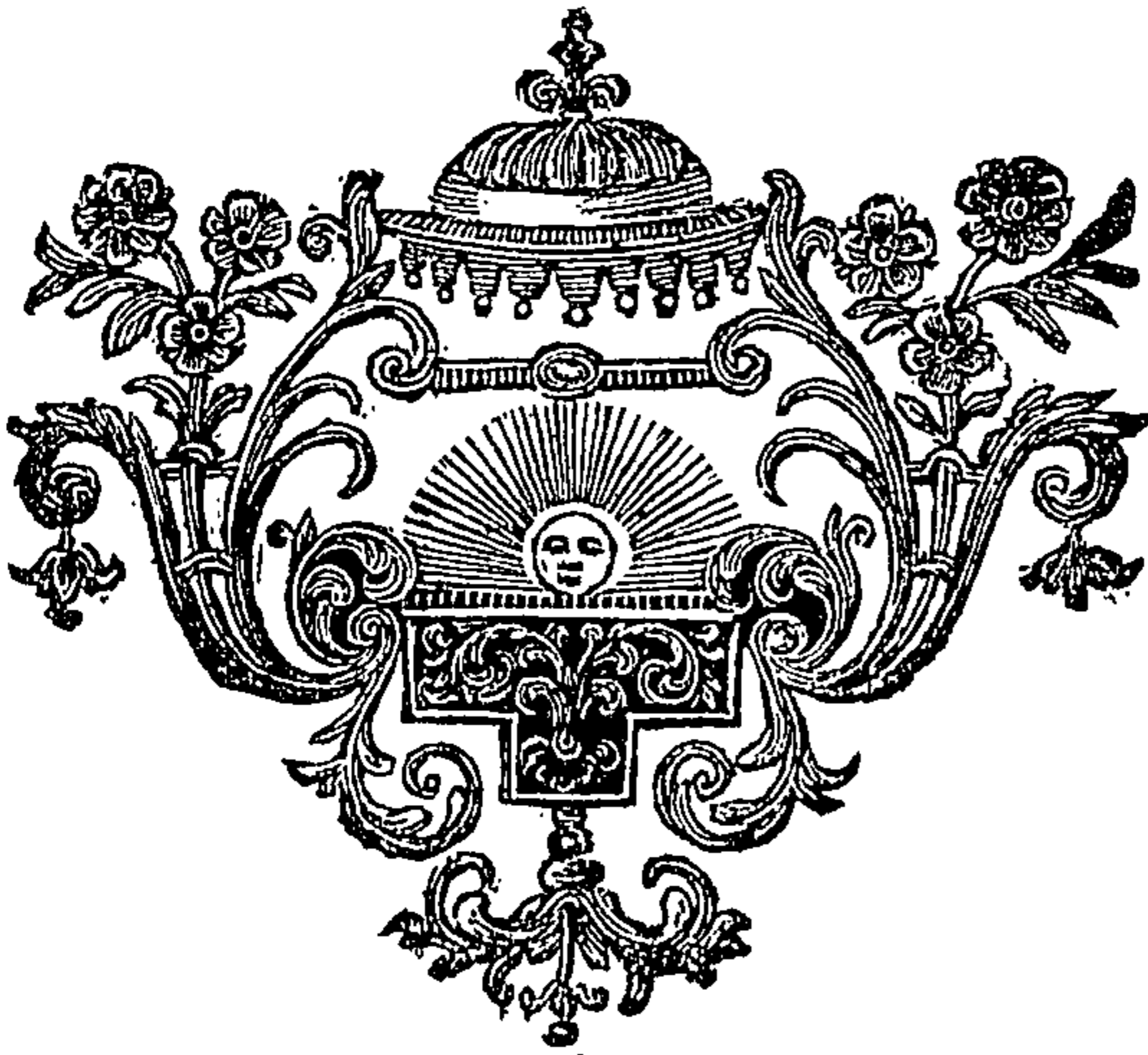
I held her by the glowing Hand,
And something she did understand;
Her swelling Sighs, her melting Look,
That something too, too, plainly spoke:

But trust me, trust me, all I meant,
Was to be pleas'd, and Innocent.

When I beheld her slender Waste,
Her Iv'ry Neck, her panting Breast,
Her blooming Cheek, her sparkling Eye,
Gods! was there ought I could deny?

But sure 'till then, all, all I meant,
Was to be pleas'd and Innocent.

When I her Charms had wander'd o'er,
My Heart was then my own no more;
Into her circling Arms I fell:
What follow'd then, I dare not tell;
We only both were in th' Event
Well pleas'd, if not so Innocent.



DESPAIRING MYRTILLO.



One Night, when all the Village slept, *Myr--tillo's*



fad Despair The wand'ring Shepherd waking



kept, To tell the Woods his Care: Be gone, said



he, fond Thought, be gone, Eyes give your



Sor-rows o'er; Why shou'd you walle your



Tears for One That thinks on you no more'

Yet all the Birds, the Flocks, and Powers,
That dwell within this Grove,
Can tell how many tender Hours,
We here have pass'd in Love:

The Stars above (my cruel Foes)
Have heard how she has sworn
A thousand times, that like to Those
Her Flame shou'd ever burn.

But, since she's lost, oh! let me have
My Wish, and quickly die:
In this cold Bank I'll make a Grave,
And there for ever lie:
Sad Nightingales the Watch shall keep,
And kindly here complain;
Then down the Shepherd lay to sleep,
And never wak'd again.

For the FLUTE.



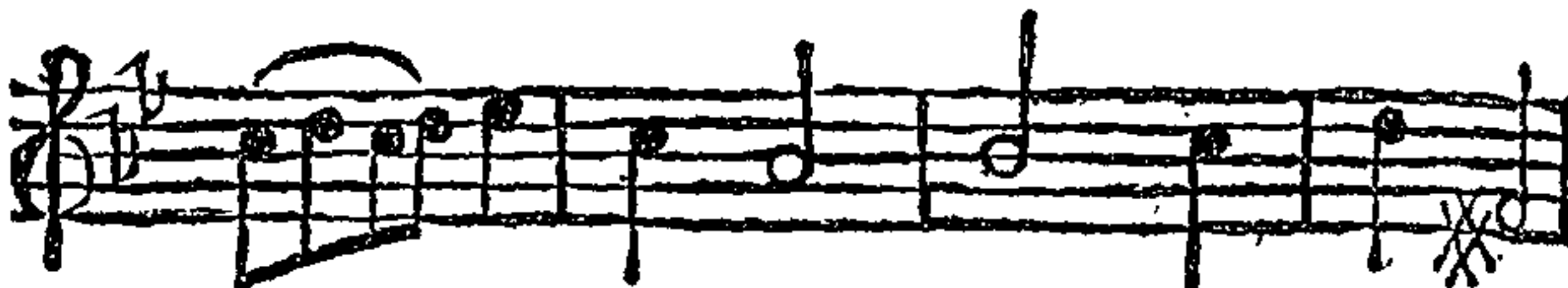
On One who scorn'd the Power of LOVE.



Damon, thy Pride no lon—ger boast, Nor



cold Indiff'rence to the Fair; Thy ru--ral



Life its Sweets hath lost, And *Pat--ty*



now is all thy Care.

In lonely Walks, and gloomy Shades,
 You hope to mitigate your Grief;
 In vain we fly when Love invades,
 In vain from Love we seek Relief.

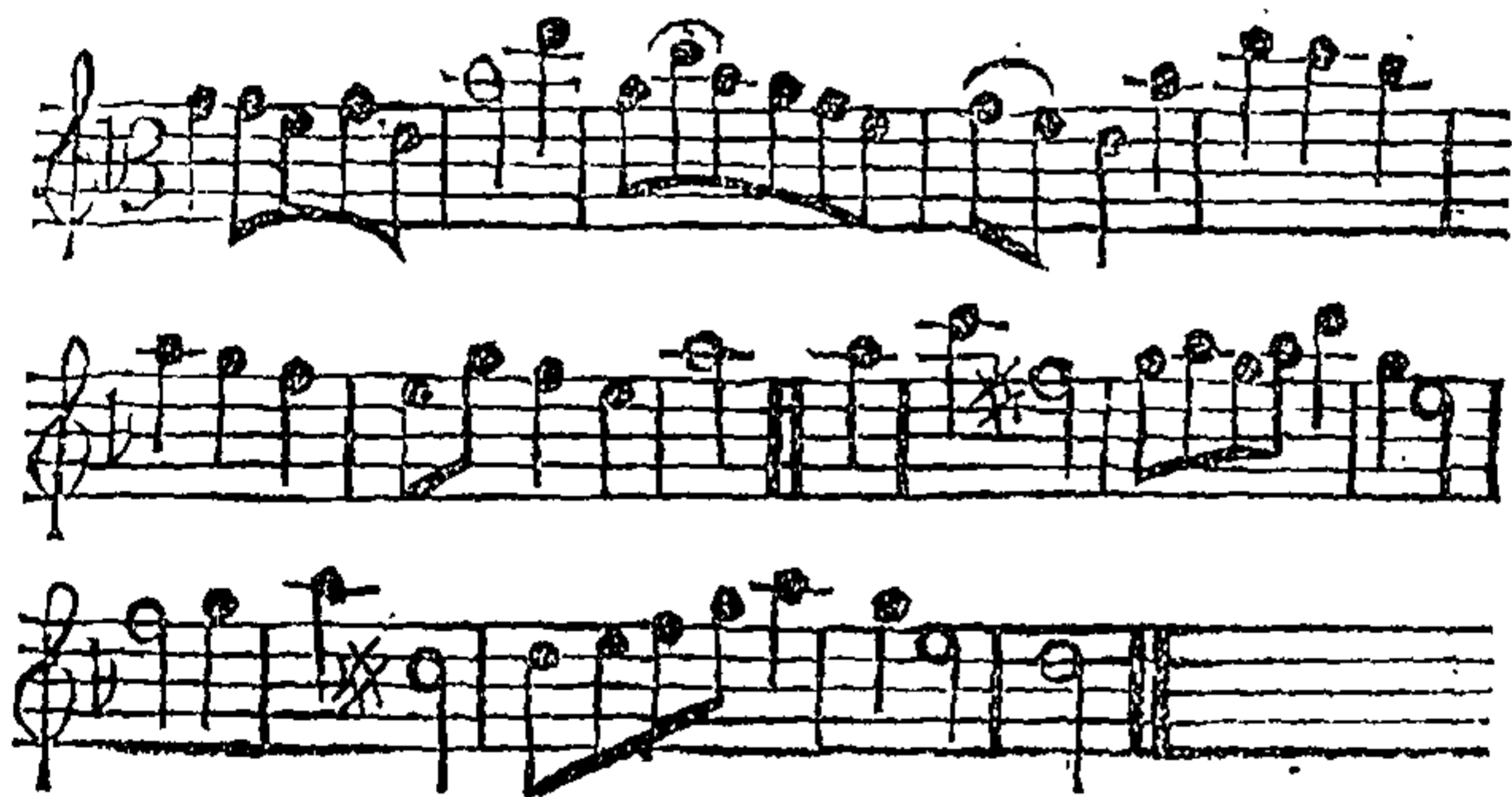
Your tuneful Pipe with jocund Strains,
 No longer cheers the mirthful Grove;
 In Thought oppress'd, you thun the Plains,
 And nothing now indulge but Love.

Yours

Your lowing Herds, and bleating Flocks,
Unguarded, range the distant Fields;
The murm'ring Rills, and hollow Rocks,
Some Pity to thy Sorrow yields.

Had Fate ordain'd the beauteous Maid,
In Courts a Birth of high Degree,
Some nobler Conquest she had made;
And *Damon's* Heart had still been free.

For the FLUTE.



CLELIA'S *Reflection on her Self for*
slighting PHILANDER'S Love.



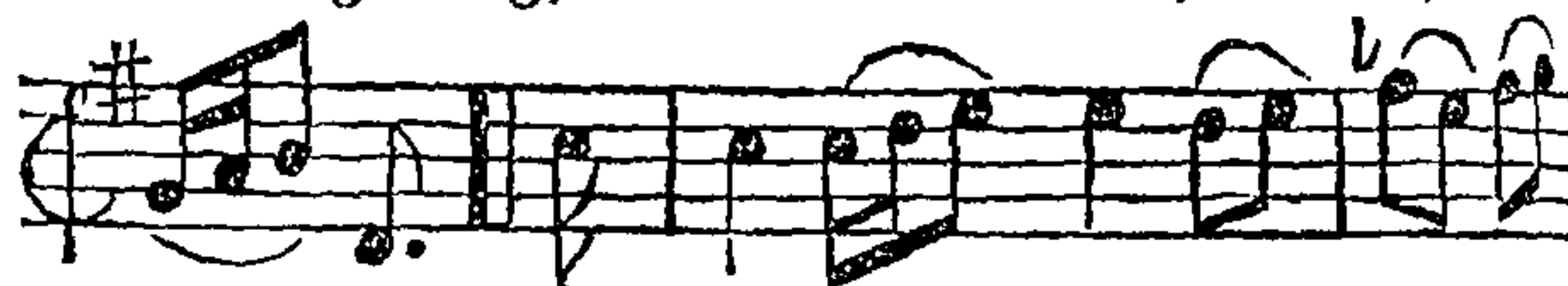
Young *Phi-lan-der* woo'd me long, But I was



peevish, and for---bad him; I wou'd not hear his



loving Song, But now I wish, I wish, I



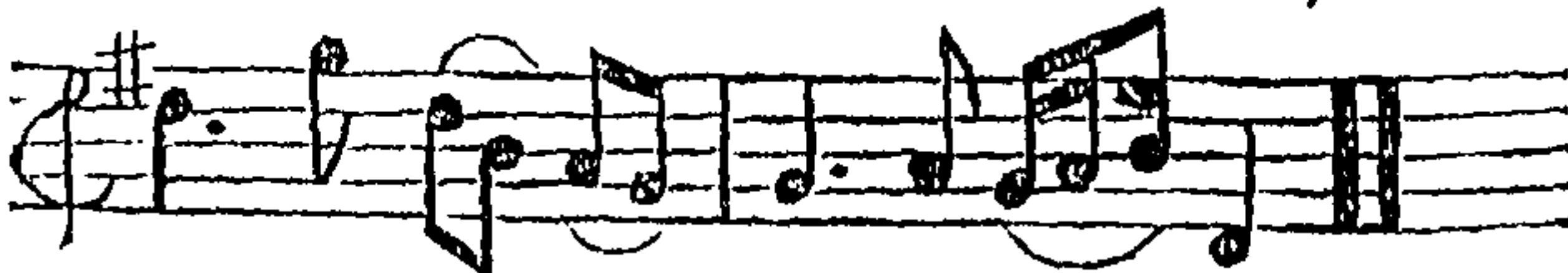
had him. Each Morning when I view my



Glass, Then I perceive my Beauty going; And



when the Wrinkles seize the Face, Then



we may bid a---dieu to Wooing.

My

My Beauty, once so much admir'd,
I find it fading fast, and flying;
My Cheeks, which Coral-like appear'd,
Grow pale, the broken Blood decaying:
Ah! we may see our selves to be
Like Summer-Fruit that is unshaken;
When ripe, they soon fall down and die,
And by Corruption quickly taken.

Use then your Time, ye Virgins fair,
Employ your Day before 'tis evil;
Fifteen is a Season rare,
But Five and Twenty is the Devil.
Just when ripe, consent unto't,
Hug no more your lonely Pillow;
For Women are like other Fruit,
'They lose their Relish when too mellow.

If Opportunity be lost,
You'll find it hard to be reclaimed;
Which now I may tell to my Cost,
Tho' but my self none can be blamed:
If then your Fortune you respect,
Take the Occasion when it offers;
Nor a true Lover's Suit neglect,
Lest ye be scoff'd for being Scoffers.

I, by his fond Expressions thought,
 That in his Love he'd ne'er prove changing;
 But now, alas ! 'tis turn'd to nought,
 And, past my Hopes, he's gone a-ranging.
 Dear Maidens, then take my Advice,
 And let not Coyneſs prove your Ruin;
 For if ye be o'er-fooliſh nice,
 Your Suitors will give over wooing.

Then *Maidens Old* you nam'd will be,
 And in that fretful Rank be number'd,
 As long as Life; and when ye die,
 With leading Apes be ever cumber'd:
 A Punishment, and hated Brand,
 With which none of us are contented;
 Then be not wiſe behind the Hand,
 That the Miſtake may be prevented.

For the FLUTE.



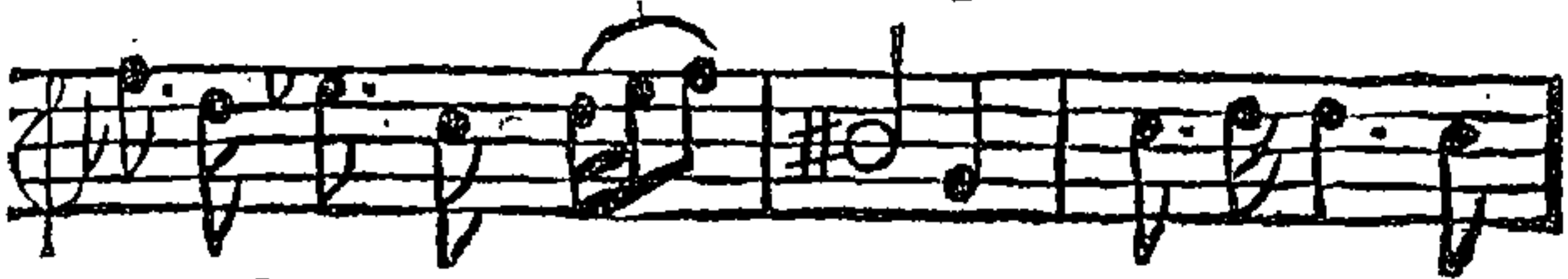
FLEETING BEAUTY.



Youth, and Beauty, flies away like the winged



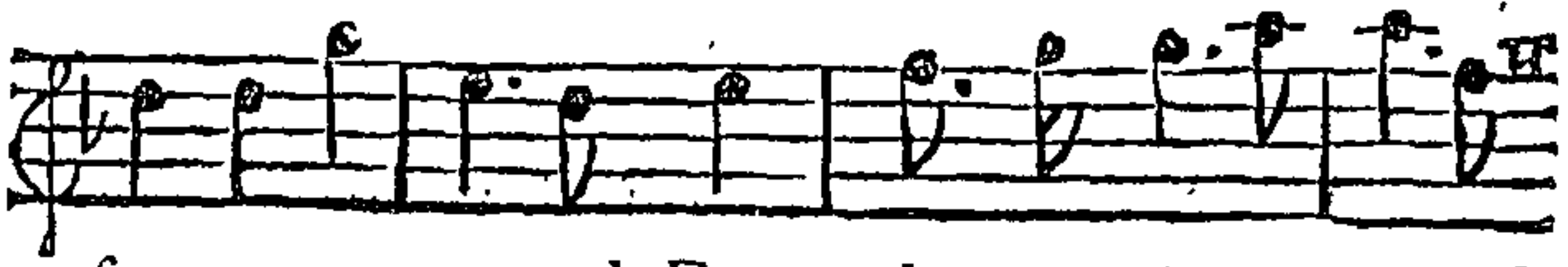
Hour. Oh, *Myrtillo!* 'tis the Virgin's fair Dower, but the



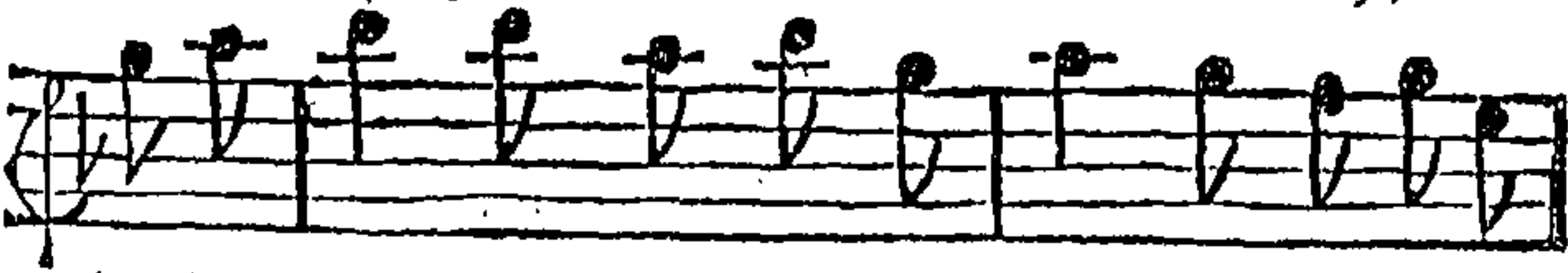
rosie Cheek will soon fade in spite of mortal



Pow'r: For, like a River, ever it is gliding



from us away, and Fate makes us all obey, and



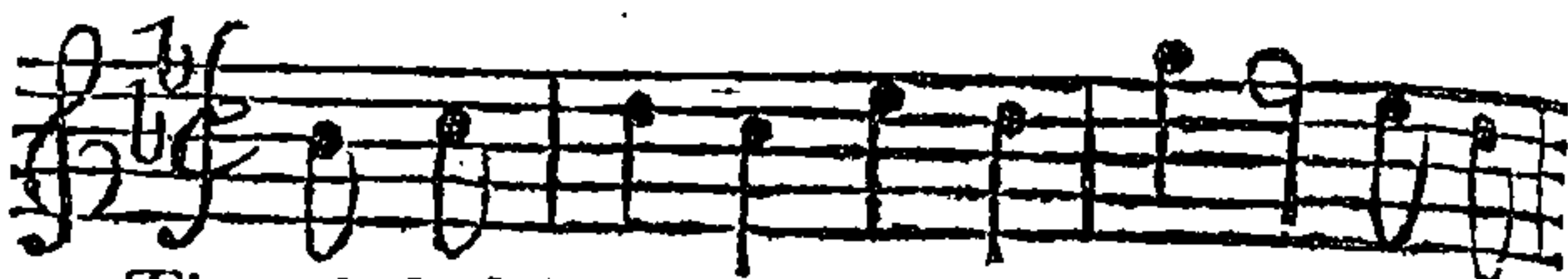
that same Sun-shine that was so bright, so divinely



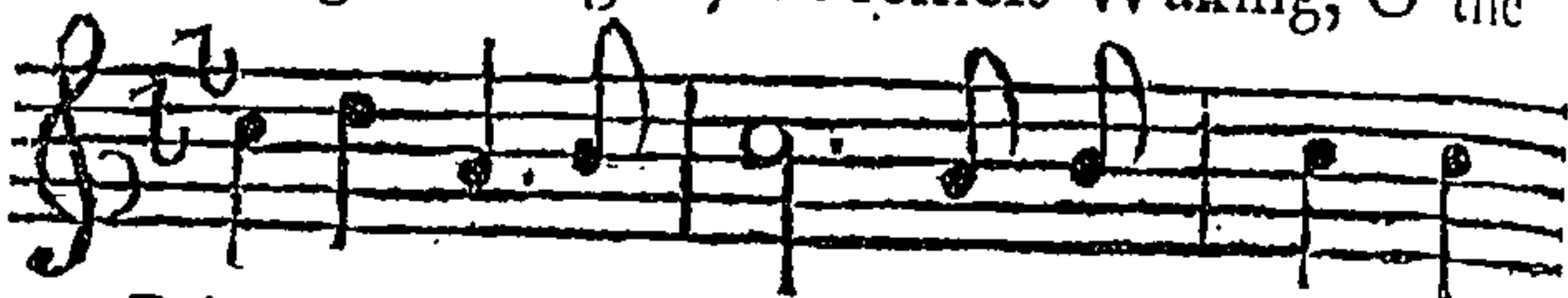
gay, pleasing, and fine, is past and gone; the Glass of



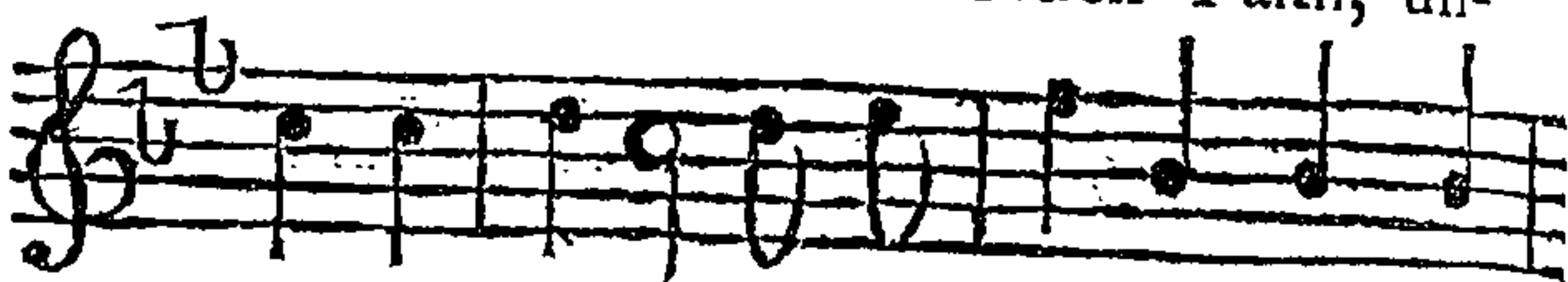
Time is run, and then, a-las! we are undone.

The LOVER'S WARFARE.

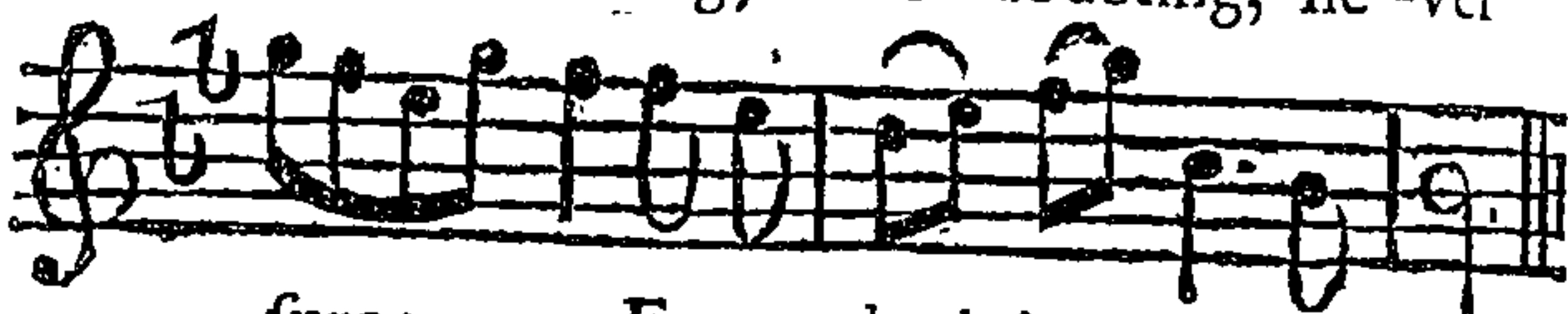
Thoughtful Nights, and restless Waking, O the



Pains that we endure! Broken Faith, un-



kind For-saking, Ever doubting, ne--ver



sure: — Ever doubting, never sure.

Hopes deceiving, vain Endeavours;

What a Race has Love to run?

False Protesting, fleeting Favours;

Every, every way undone:

Every, every way undone.

Still complaining, and defending,

Each to love, yet ne'er agree;

Fears tormenting, Passion rending;

O the Racks of Jealousy!

O the Racks of Jealousy!

From

From such painful ways of Living,

Ah! how sweet, cou'd Love be free;

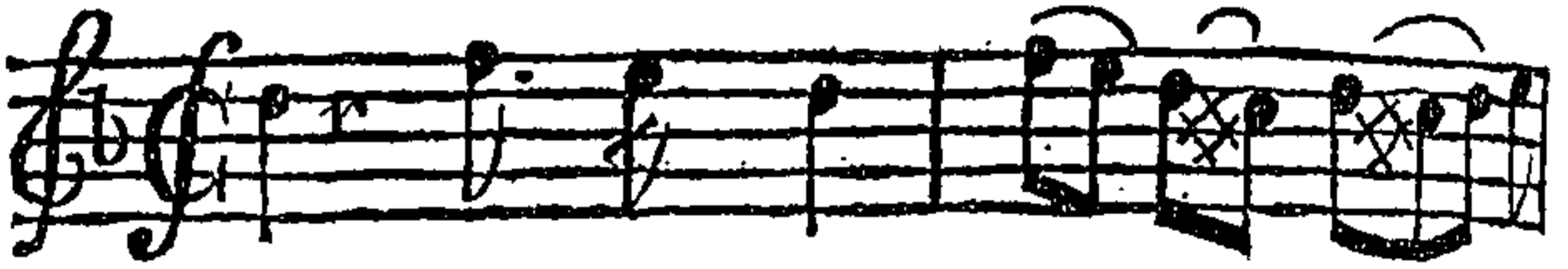
Still presenting, still receiving,

Fierce, immortal Ecstasie:

Fierce, immortal Ecstasie.



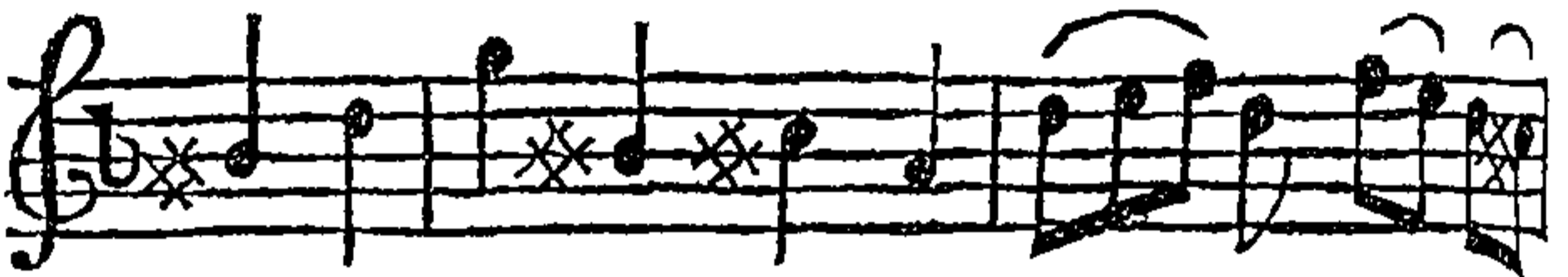
SONG, from Mr. DRYDEN'S
MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.



Why, why shou'd a foo---lish Mat-riage



Vow, Which long a---go was made, Oblige us



to each o-ther now, When Passion is de-



cay'd? We lov'd and we lov'd as long as we



cou'd, 'Till our Love was lov'd out of us



both; But our Marriage is dead, when the



Pleasures are fled; 'Twas Pleasure first



made it an Oath.

If I have Pleasures for a Friend,
 And farther Love in store,
 What Wrong has he, whose Joys did end,
 And who cou'd give no more?

'Tis a Madness that he
 Shou'd be jealous of me,
 Or that I shou'd bar him of another :
 For all we can gain,
 Is to give ourselves Pain,
 When neither can hinder the other.

For the FLUTE.

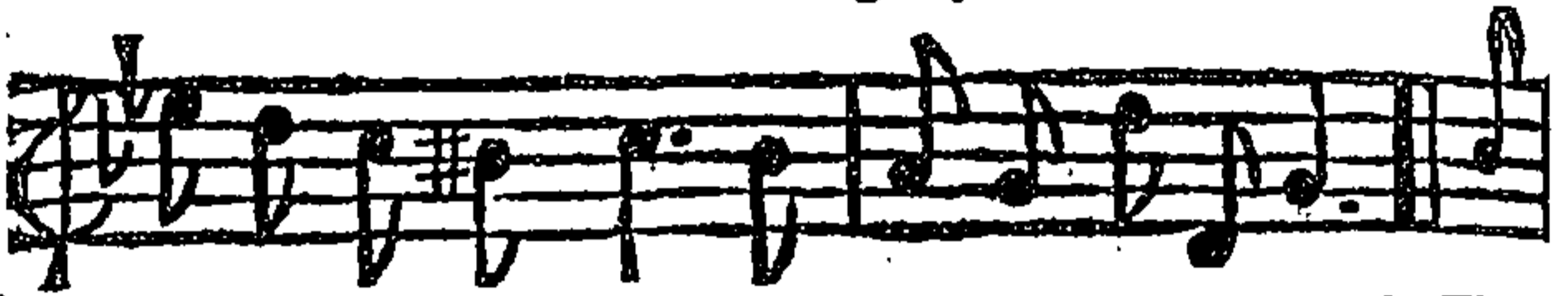


The W H E E L *of* L I F E.

Set and Sung by Mr. LEVERIDGE.



The Wheel of Life is turning quickly round, And



nothing in this World of Certainty is found : The



Midwife wheels us in , and Death wheels us out; Good



lack ! good lack ! how things are wheel'd a--bout.

Some few aloft on Fortune's Wheel do go,
 And as they mount up high, the others tumble low :
 For this we all agree, that Fate at first did will
 That this great Wheel should never once stand still.

The Courtier turns, to gain his private Ends,
 'Till he's so giddy grown, he quite forgets his Friends :
 Prosperity oft-times deceives the Proud and Vain,
 And wheels so fast, it turns them out again.

Some

Some turn to This, to That, and ev'ry Way,
And cheat and scrape for what can't purchase one poor
Day :

But this is far below the gen'rous-hearted Man,
Who lives, and makes the most of Life he can.

And thus we're wheel'd about in Life's short Farce,
'Till we at last are wheel'd off in a rumbling Hearse:
The Mid-wife wheels us in, and Death wheels us out,
Good lack! good lack! how things are wheel'd about.

For the F L U T E.



The HIGHLAND LADDIE.

The Lawland Lads think they are fine, But



O they're vain and id---ly gaudy! How



much un-like that grace-ful Mein, And



manly Looks of my High-land Laddie.

If I were free at Will to chuse

To be the wealthiest Lawland Lady,
I'd take young *Donald* without Trews,
With Bonnet blue, and belted Plaidy.

The brawest Beau in Borrow-Town,
In a' his Airs, with Art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a Clown;
He's finer far in's Tartan Plaidy.

O'er benty Hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my Lawland Kin and Dady;
 Frae Winter's Cauld, and Summer's Sun,
 He'll screen me with his Highland Plaidy.

A painted Room, and filken Bed,
 May please a Lawland Laird and Lady;
 But I can kifs, and be as glad,
 Behind a Bush in's Highland Plaidy.

Few Compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my Dear Highland Laddie,
 And he ca's me his Lawland Lafs;
 Syne rows me in beneath his Plaidy.

Nae greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his Love prove true and steady;
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While Heaven preserve my Highland Laddie.

*O my bonny Highland Laddie,
 My handsome, charming, Highland Laddie!
 May Heaven still guard, and Love reward,
 Our Lawland Lafs and her Highland Laddie.*



M O L L Y M O G

OR THE

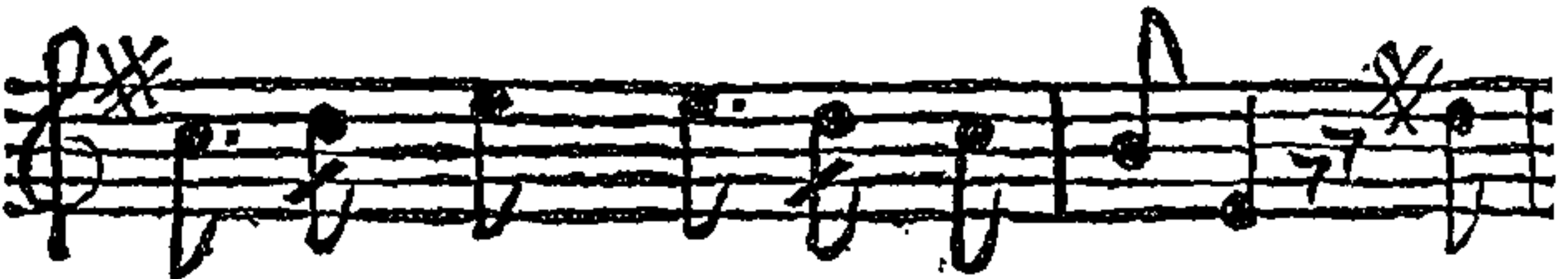
FAIR MAID of the INN.

Set by Mr. GREENE.

Says my Uncle, I pray you dis-co-ver What



hath been the Cause of your Woes, That you



pine, and you whine, like a Lover? I've

seen *Molly Mog* of the *Rose*.

O Nephew! your Grief is but Folly,
 In Town you may find better Prog;
 Half a Crown there will get you a *Molly*,
 A *Molly* much better than *Meg*.

I know that by Wits 'tis recited
That Women at best are a Clog;
But I'm not so easily frightened
From loving of sweet *Molly Mog*.

The School-boy's Desire is a Play-day,
The School-master's Joy is to flog;
The Milk-maid's Delight is on *May-day*,
But mine is on sweet *Molly Mog*.

Will-a-wisp leads the Trav'ler a gadding
Thro' Ditch, and thro' Quagmire and Bog;
But no Light can set me a madding,
Like the Eyes of my sweet *Molly Mog*.

For Guineas in other Men's Breeches
Your Gamesters will palm and will cog;
But I envy them none of their Riches,
So I may win sweet *Molly Mog*.

The Heart, when half-wounded, is changing,
It here and there leaps like a Frog;
But my Heart can never be ranging,
'Tis so fixt upon sweet *Molly Mog*.

Who follows all Ladies of Pleasure,
In Pleasure is thought but a Hog;
All the Sex cannot give so good Measure
Of Joys, as my sweet *Molly Mog*.

I feel I'm in Love to Distraction,
 My Senses all lost in a Fog;
 Now there's Nothing can give Satisfaction
 But thinking of sweet *Molly Mog*.

A Letter when I am inditing,
 Comes *Cupid* and gives me a Jog;
 And I fill all the Paper with writing
 Of Nothing, but sweet *Molly Mog*.

If I would not give up the three *Graces*,
 I wish I were hang'd like a Dog;
 And at Court all the Drawing-room Faces,
 For a Glance of my sweet *Molly Mog*.

Those Faces want Nature and Spirit,
 And seem as cut out of a Log;
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's Merit
 Unite in my sweet *Molly Mog*.

Those who toast all the Family Royal,
 In Bumpers of *Hogan* and *Nog*,
 Have Hearts not more true or more loyal
 Than mine to my sweet *Molly Mog*.

Were *Virgil* alive with his *Phillis*,
 And writing another Eclogue;
 Both his *Phillis* and fair *Amaryllis*
 He'd give up for my sweet *Molly Mog*.

When she smiles on each Guest, like her Liquor,
Then Jealousie sets me agog.

To be sure she's a Bit for the Vicar,
And so I shall lose *Molly Mog*.

For the FLUTE.



The CURE of FOLLY.Set by Mr. *N. HAYM.*

When Passions, ungovern'd by Reason and



Art, And Joys, in I-de-a, transported my



Heart, O how I de-light-ed in lonely Re-



treats ! Where Love and the Muses had



cho--sen their Seats.

There oft was I wont the long Day to consume,
 In wishing, and promising Pleasures to come :
 But Wishes and Promises then were in vain ;
 For Youth was to me the sad Season of Pain.

Afflicted with Sorrows of various Sort,
 I hated Diversions, and irksome grew Sport;
 The only poor Solace my Life cou'd possess,
 Was Imaginations and Dreams of Success.

Sometimes to alleviate the Weight of my Woe,
 I sipp'd of the Streams that from *Helicon* flow:
 But Musick and Poetry soften'd my Heart,
 Cou'd never content, and but seldom divert.

O'erwhelm'd with Distresses, and nigh to Despair,
 I, resolute, travell'd to breathe a new Air;
 In search of Relief to my turbulent Mind,
 Left Kindred, and Country, and Business behind.

But, ah! cou'd a Stranger, unfriended and poor,
 Expect what he sought for wou'd come in an Hour?
 Improv'd was my Anguish, redoubled my Pain,
 And trav'ling, like all other Comforts, prov'd vain.

Yet patient and wiser I grew by degrees,
 And learnt due Submission t' eternal Decrees.
 My Passions subjected to Reason's controul,
 I found Satisfaction break in on my Soul.

And, first, to my Wish, did I meet with a Friend,
 Who knew the World well, and right Counsel cou'd
 lend;
 Brave, gen'rous and witty, good-humour'd and free,
 Just, prudent, polite, and obliging to me. In

In his Conversation, I sensibly found
 My Suff'rings with Portion of Happiness crown'd,
 Oh! thought I, now nothing remains to compleat
 My Bliss, but a Nymph, soft, gay, and discreet.

I found one with Beauty, Good-humour and Wit,
 Whose Manners and Conduct my Fancy did fit;
 The least of her Sex by Folly mis-led,
 The kindest Companion, and true to my Bed.

What more, that I wish'd-for, remains unbestow'd,
 But Fame, and a Fortune above the dull Crowd?
 They are granted, and nothing is now to be done,
 But to make a right Use of the Happiness won.

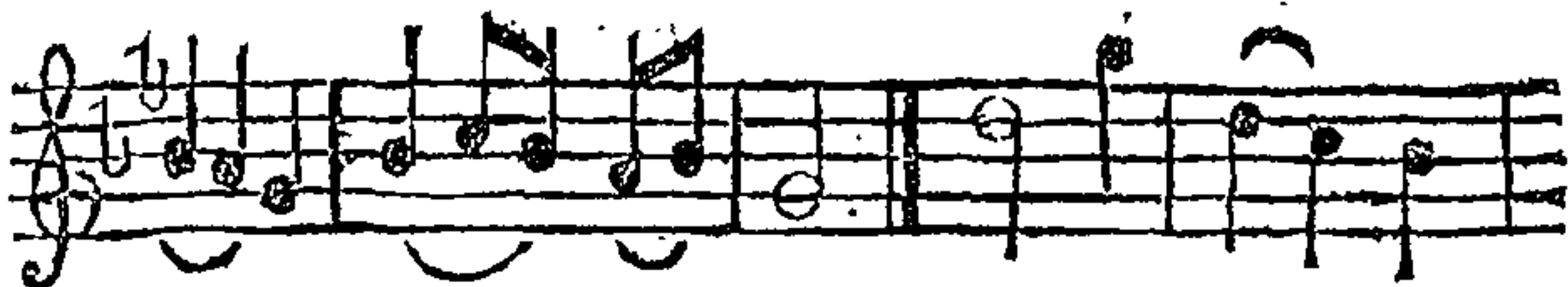
Then far from the Town, and the Court I'll repair,
 Accompany'd with my dear Friend and my Fair;
 My last Scene of Life in sweet Solitude lay,
 Prepare for next World, and steal gently away.

For the FLUTE.



SONG, to DENOYÉ's *Minuet*.

Strephon, when you see me fly, Why shou'd



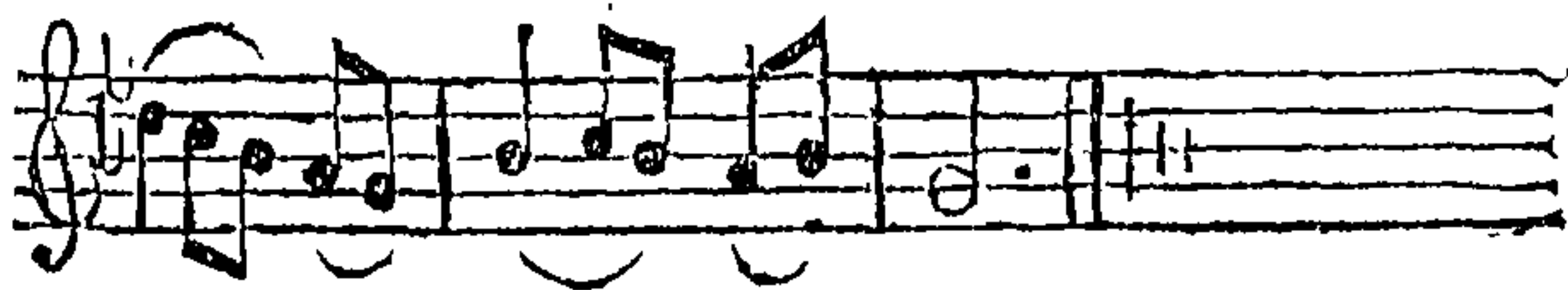
that your Fear create? Maids may be as



of---ten fly Out of Love, as out of Hate:



When from you I fly away, 'Tis be-



cause I fear to stay.

Did I out of Hatred run,

Less wou'd be my Pain and Care;

But, the Youth I love, to shun!

Who cou'd such a Tryal bear?

Who, that such a Swain did see,
Who cou'd love, and fly, like me?

Cruel Duty bids me go;

Gentle Love commands my Stay:
Duty's still to Love a Foe;

Shall I This, or That, obey?
Duty frowns, and *Cupid* smiles;
That defends, and This beguiles.

Ever, by this crystal Stream

I cou'd sit, and see thee sigh;
Ravish'd with this pleasing Dream,
Oh! 'tis worse than Death to fly!
But, the Danger is so great,
Fear gives Wings instead of Feet.

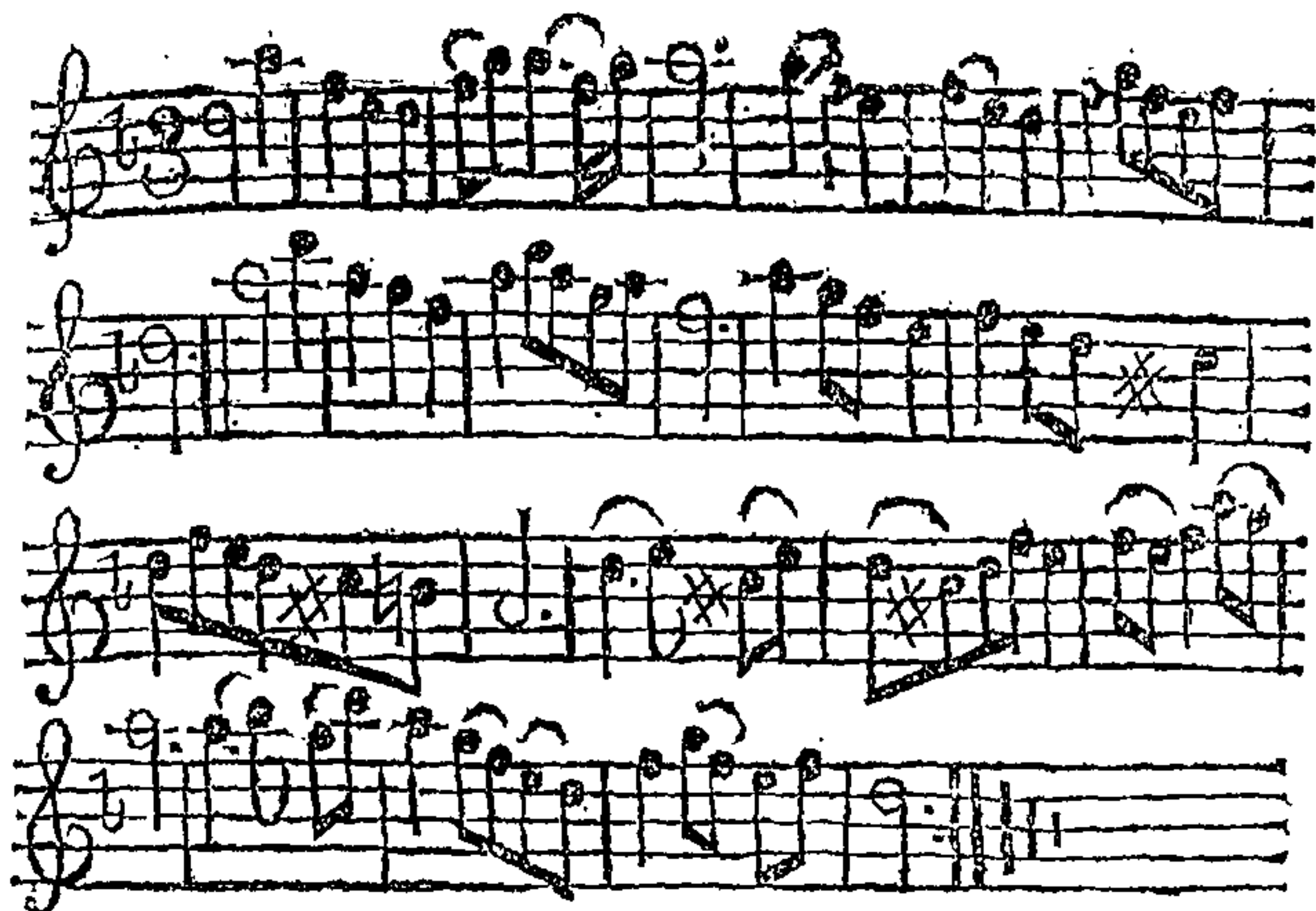
If you love me, *Strepson*, leave me;

If you stay, I am undone:

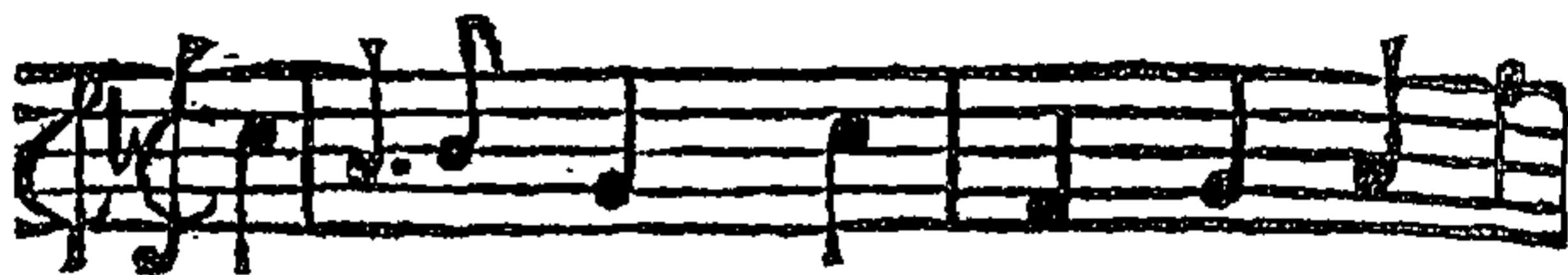
Oh, you may with Ease deceive me;

Pr'ythee, charming Boy, be gone:
The Gods decree that we must part;
They have my Vow, but you my Heart.

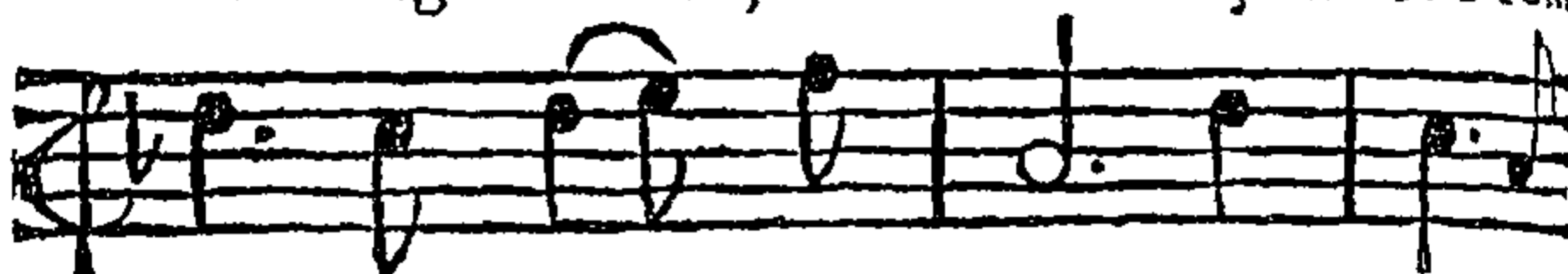
For the F L U T E.



The INVOCATION.

Written by a Lady.

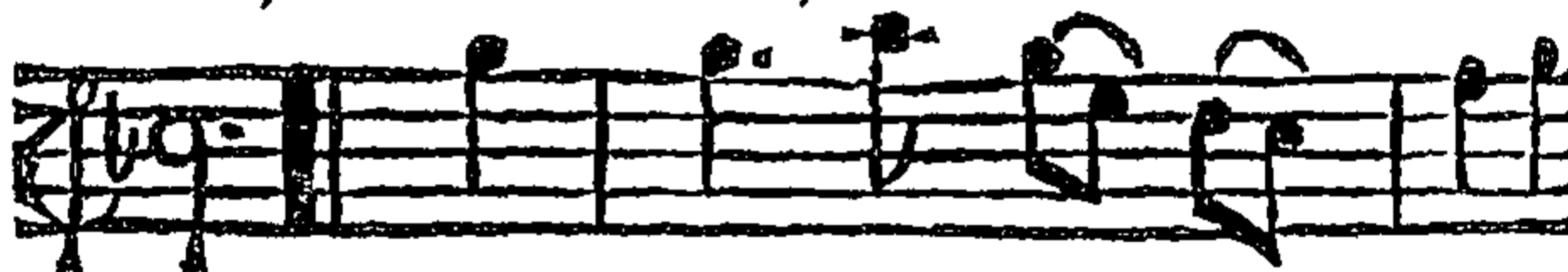
Ye Virgin Pow'rs, de--fend my Heart From



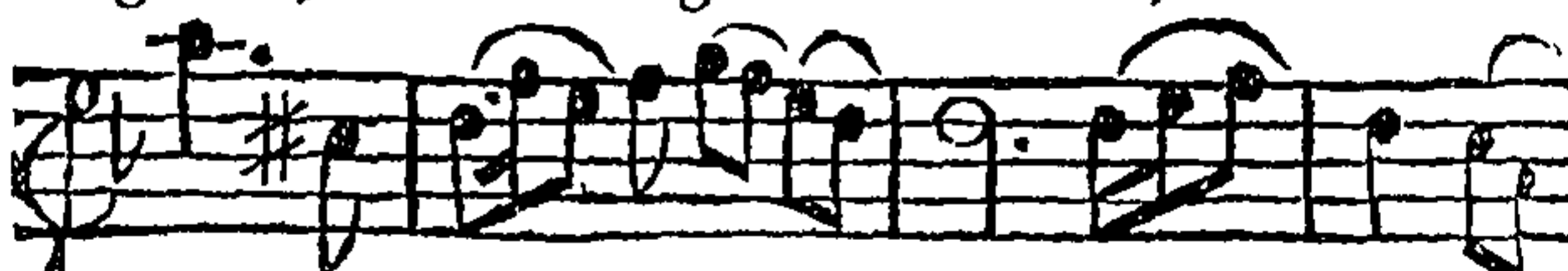
am'rous Looks and Smiles, From sawcy



Love, or ni--cer Art, Which most our Sex be-



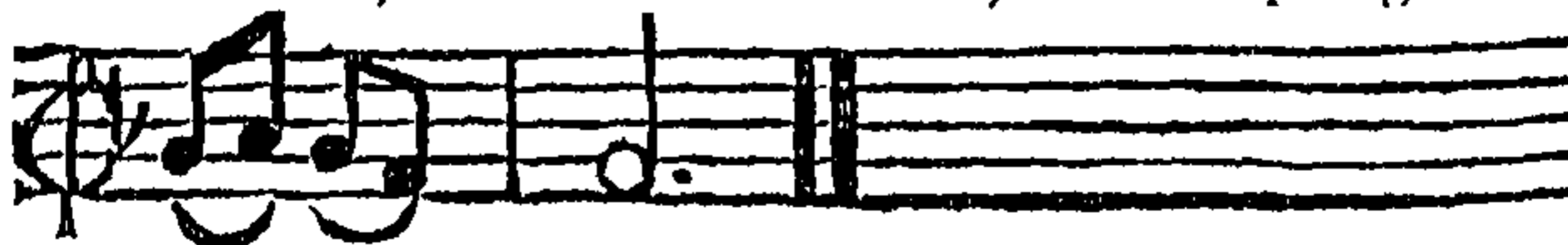
guiles; From Sighs and Vows, from awful



Fears, That do to Pity move; From speaking



Silence, and from Tears, Those Springs that



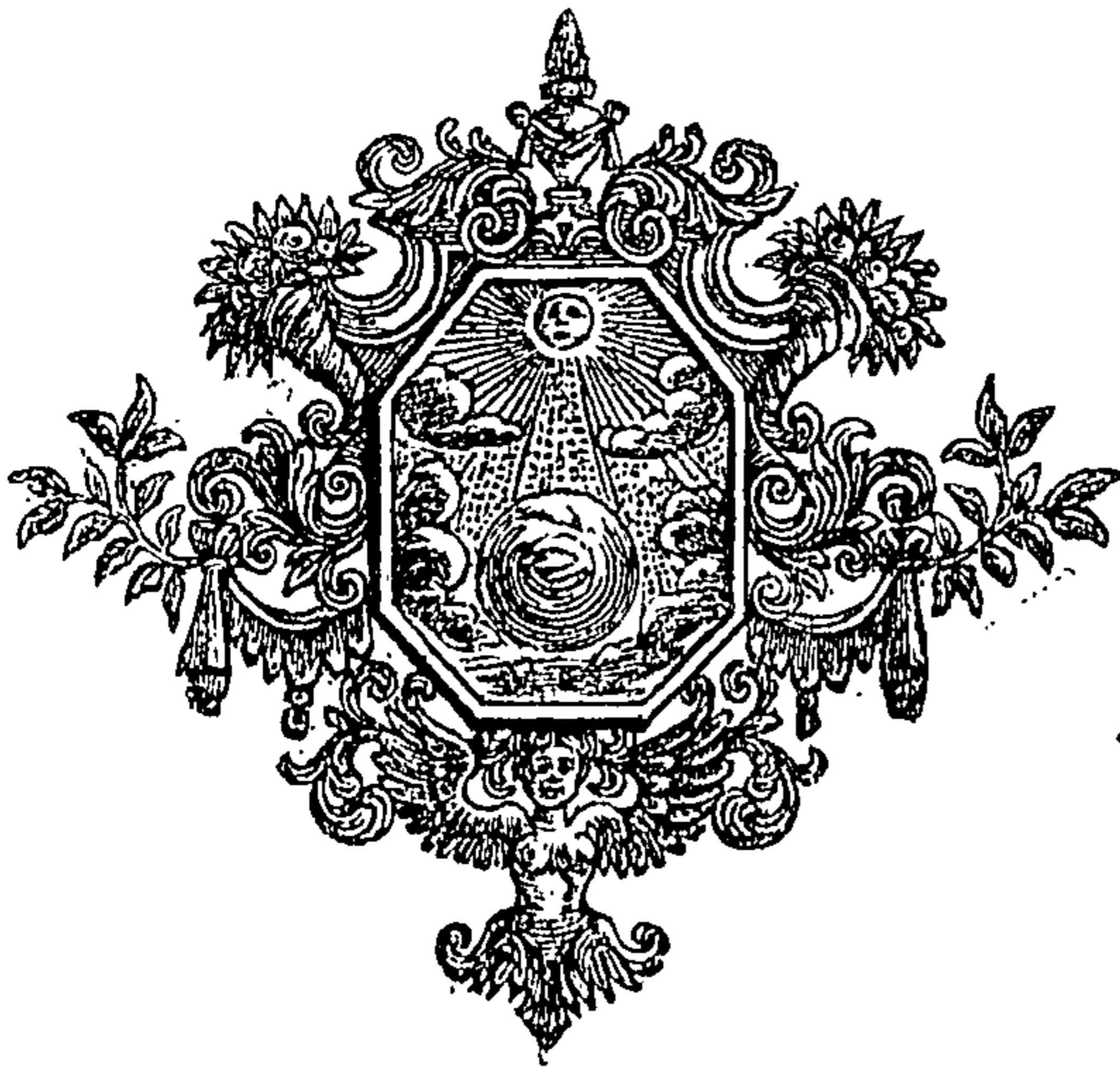
wa--ter Love.

But

S O N G S.

69

But if through Passion I grow blind,
Let Honour be my Guide;
And when frail Nature seems inclin'd,
There place a Guard of Pride.
An Heart whose Flames are seen, tho' pure,
Needs ev'ry Virtue's Aid;
And she who thinks herself secure,
The soonest is betray'd.

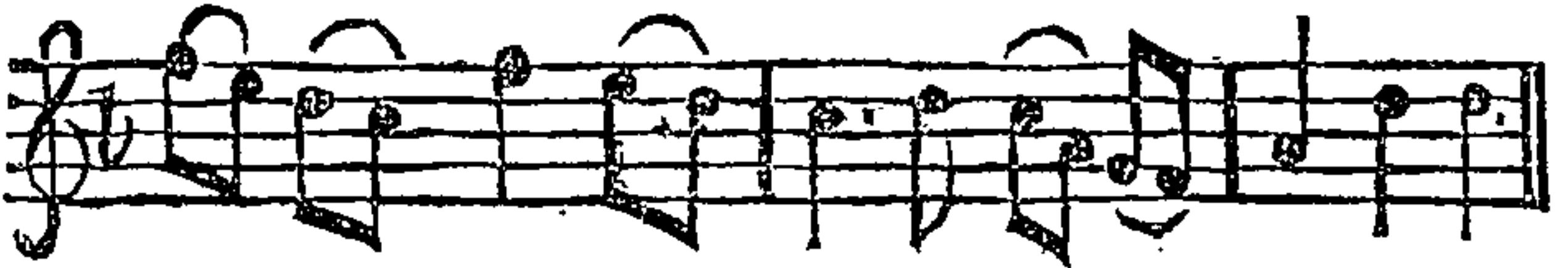


The M O R N I N G - B R E A K.

The Words by Mr. A. BRADLEY.



Awake, ye drow--sy Swains, awake, Behold the

beauteous Morning-break; *Au-ro-ra's* Man-tle

grey appears, And Harmony salutes the Ears.

The Lark has soar'd a wond'rous Height,
 And, warbling, wings her airy Flight;
 The Birds, soft-brooding o'er their Nests,
 Instruct their Young from tuneful Breasts.

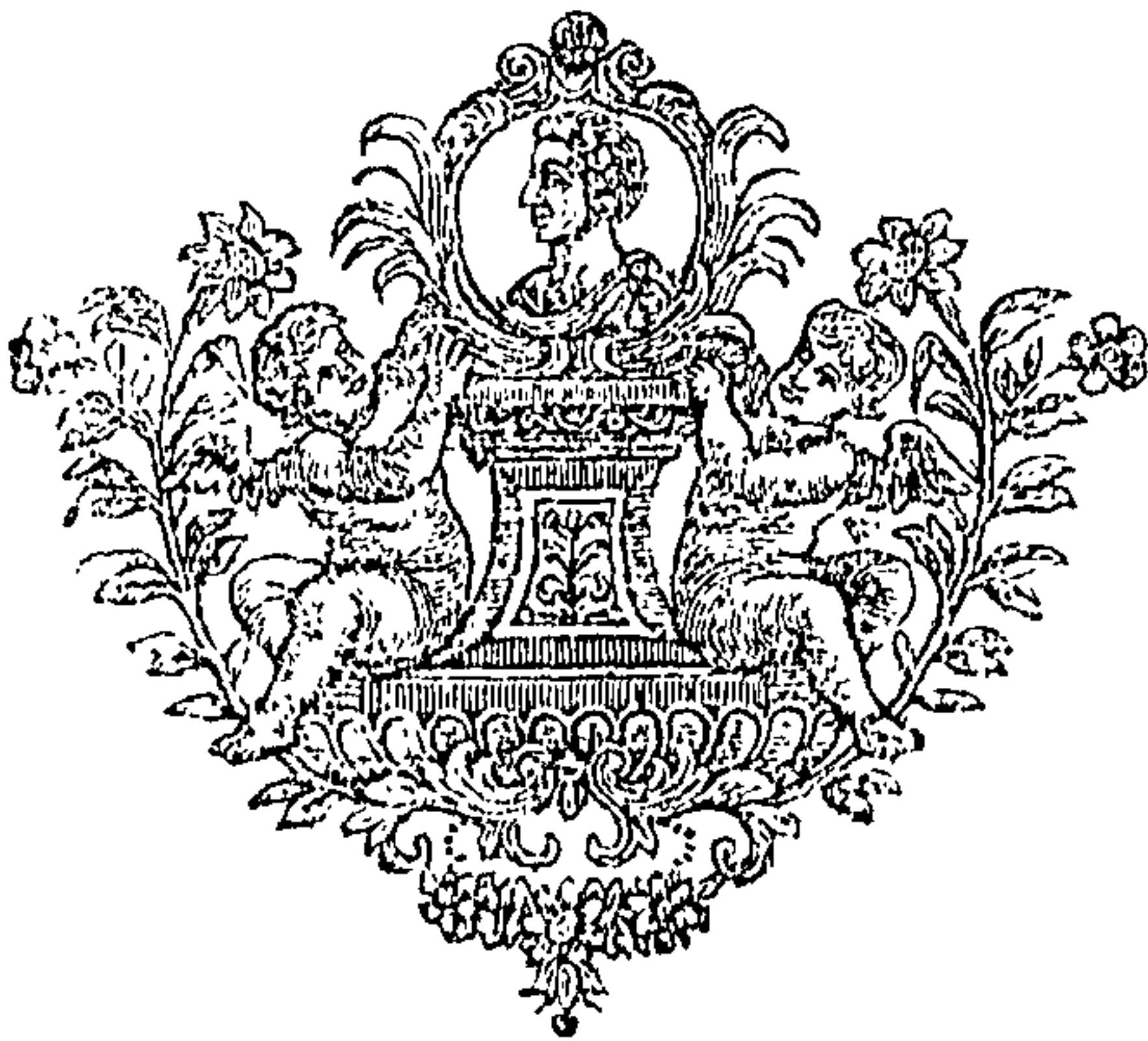
A thousand Beauties fill the Plains;
 Each Twig affords melodious Strains;
 Thro' ev'ry Eastern Tree, and Bush,
 The Virgin-Day appears to bluth.

Already

Already *Damon* with his Crook
Attends his Flock at yonder Brook;
The charming *Chloe's* by his Side,
Of all the Nymphs the Shepherd's Pride.

Unhappy Sluggards in their Beds,
With parched Throats, and akeing Heads,
Have shut out Day, and all its Blifs,
To revel in a Strumpet's Kifs:

While Rural Swains enjoy the Morn,
And laugh at ev'ry Courtier's Scorn,
Nor envy their voluptuous Way;
But, while they sleep, enjoy the Day.



The ROMP'S SONG.

Sung by Mrs. CIBBER in the PROVOK'D HUSBAND.

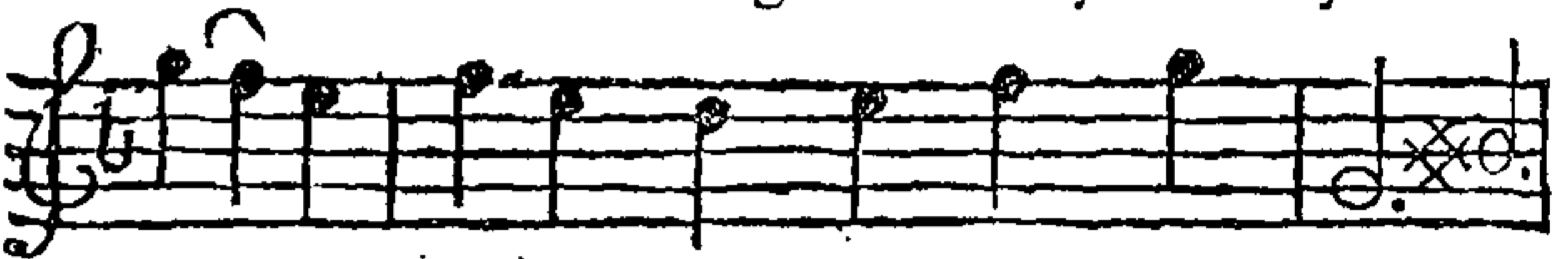
The Words and Musick by Mr. CAREY.



Oh, I'll have a Husband! ay, mar---ry; For



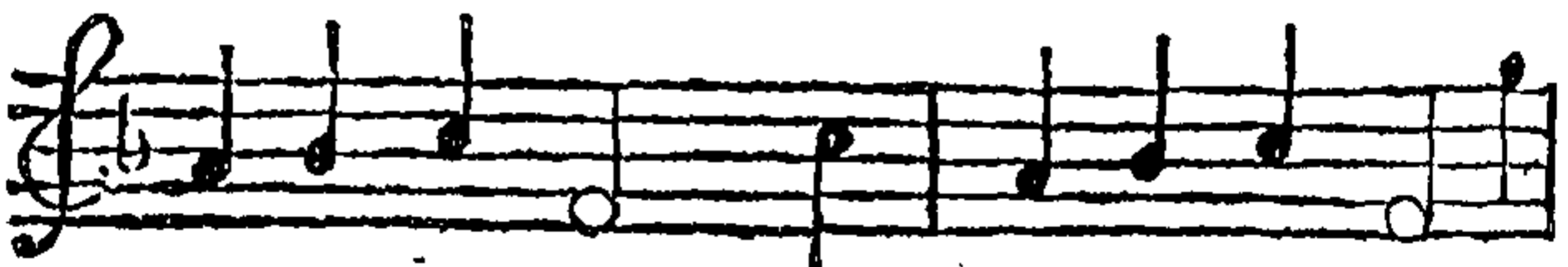
why should I lon---ger tar---ry, For why should I



longer tar-ry, Than other brisk Girls have



done? For if I stay, 'till I grow Great they'll



call me old Maid, and fusty old Jade; So

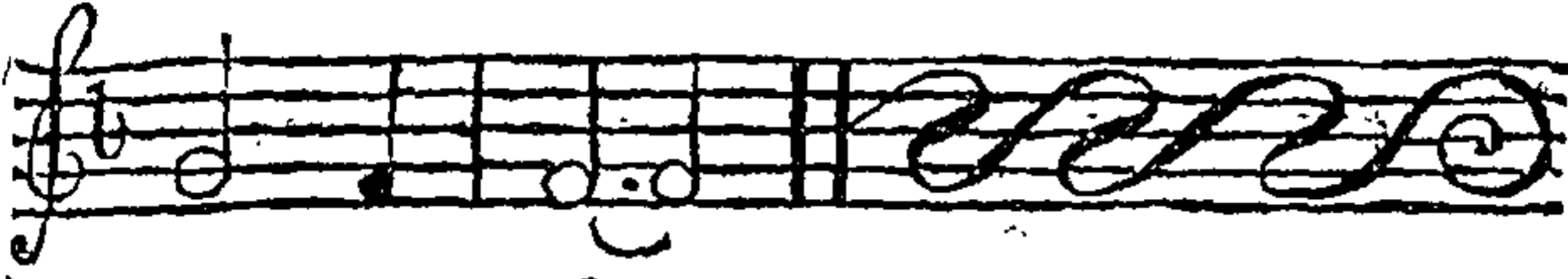


I'll no longer tar---ry; But I'll have a

Hus-



Husband, ay mar---ry, If Money can



buy me One.

My Mother she says, I'm too coming;

And still in my Ears she is drumming,

And still in my Ears she is drumming,

That I such vain Thoughts shou'd shun ;

My Sisters they cry, Oh fye! and Oh fye!

But yet I can see, They're as coming as me;

So let me have Husbands in Plenty:

I'd rather have twenty times twenty,

Than dye an Old Maid undone.



Sung in the Play call'd WIT without MONEY.



There was three Lads in our Town,



Slow Men of London! They courted a



Widow was bonny and Brown, And



yet they left her undone.

They went to work without their Tools;

Slow Men of London!

The Widow she sent them away like Fools,

Because they left her undone.

They often tasted this Widow's Chear;

Slow Men of London!

But yet the Widow was never the near,

For still they left her undone.

Blow

Blow, ye Winds; and come down, Rain;
Slow Men of *London*!

They never shall wooe this Widow again,
Because they left her undone.

For the FLUTE.



The LUKEWARM LOVER.

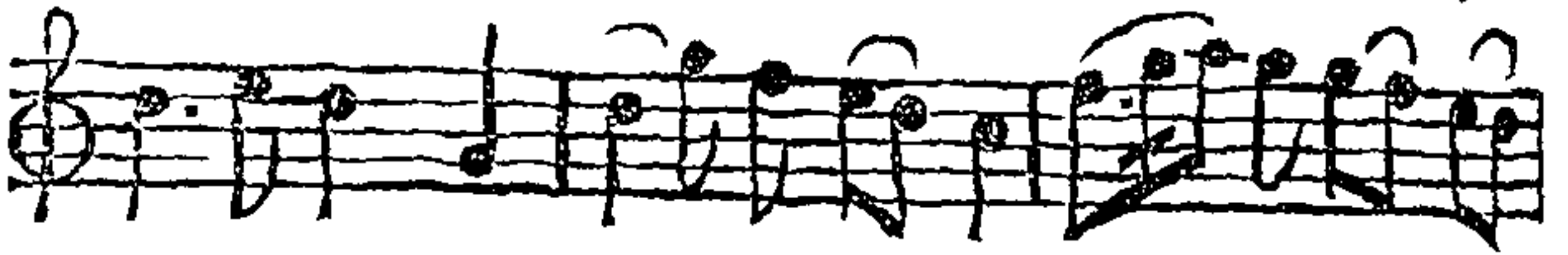
Set by Mr. RAMONDON.

Whilt I gaze on *Chlo---e* trembling, Strait her

Eyes my Fate de-clare; When she smiles, I



fear dit-tembling; When she frowns, I then despair:



Jealous of some ri-val Lover, If a wand'ring



Look she give; Fain I wou'd re-solve to



leave her, But can soon-er cease to live.

Why shou'd I conceal my Passion,

Or the Torments I endure?

I'll disclose my Inclination;

Awful Distance yields no Cure:

Sure

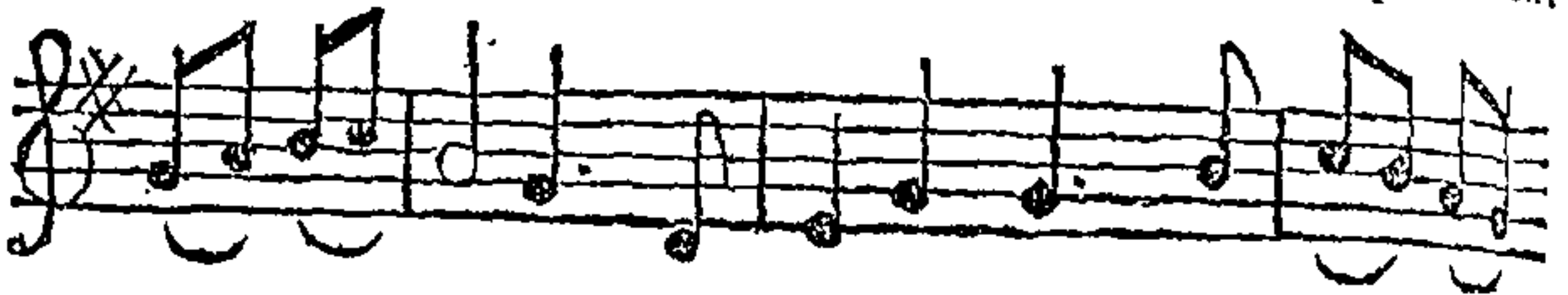
Sure it is not in her Nature
To be cruel to her Slave;
She is too divine a Creature
To destroy, what she can save.

Happy's he, whose Inclination
Warms but with a gentle Heat,
Never flies up to a Passion;
Love's a Torment, if too great:
When the Storm is once blown over,
Soon the Ocean quiet grows;
But a constant Faithful Lover
Seldom meets with true Repose.



PEGGY, *I must love thee.*

As from a Rock past all Relief, The Ship wrackt



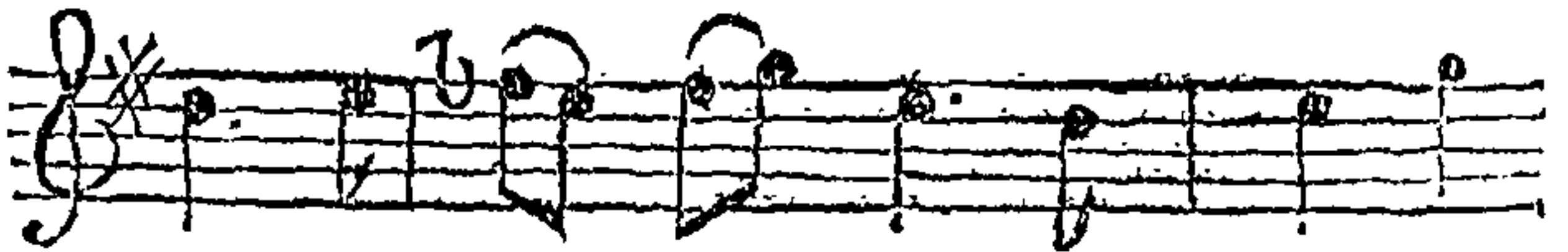
Co---lin spying His native Soil, o'ercome with



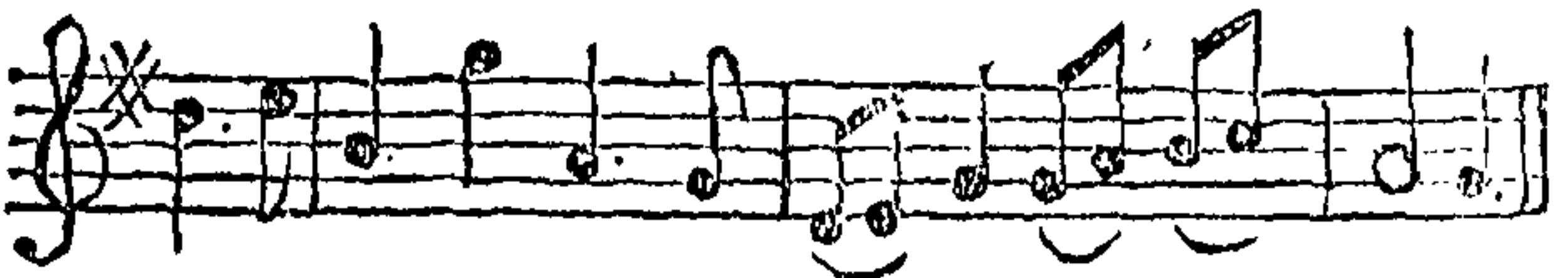
Grief, Half sunk in Waves and dying; With



the next Morning --- Sun he spies A Ship which



gives unhop'd Surprize, New Life springs



up, he lifts his Eyes With Joy, and waits her Motion.

So when by her, whom long I lov'd,
I scorn'd was, and deserted,
Low with Despair my Spirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted:

Thus droopt I, 'till diviner Grace
I found in *Peggy's* Mind and Face,
Ingratitude appear'd then base,
But Virtue more engaging.

Then now since happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying,
Let Beauty yield to Manly Wit,
We lose our selves in staying;
I'll haste dull Courtship to a Close,
Since Marriage can my Fears oppose,
Why shou'd we happy Minutes lose,
Since, *Peggy*, I must love thee?

Men may be foolish, if they please,
And deem't a Lover's Duty
To sigh, and sacrifice their Ease,
Doating on a proud Beauty:

Such

Such was my Case for many a Year,
Still Hope succeeding to my Fear;
False *Betty's* Charms now disappear,
Since *Peggy's* far outshine them.

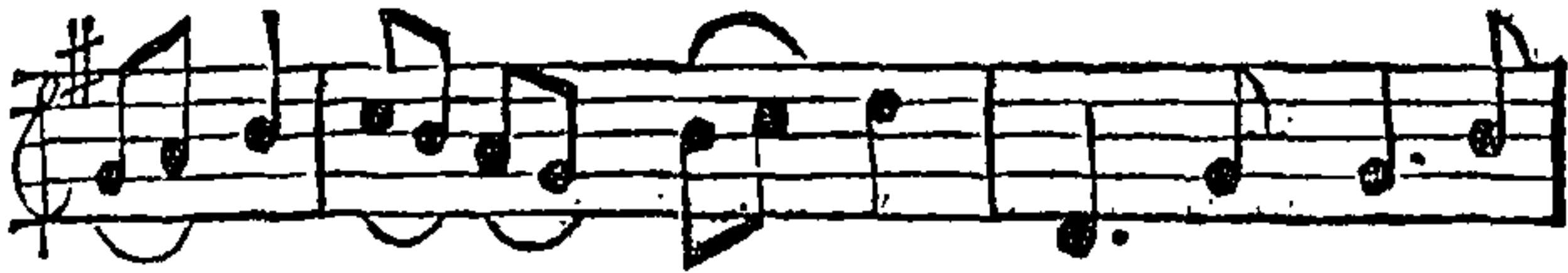
For the FLUTE.



The PROTESTATION.



Ann thou wert my ain—Thing, I wou'd



love thee, I wou'd love thee; Ann thou wert my



ain--- Thing, So dearly I wou'd love thee. I wou'd



clasp thee in my Arms, I'd secure thee



from all Harms, A---bove all Mor--tals



thou hast Charms, So dear--ly I do love thee.

Of Race divine thou needs must be,
 Since nothing Earthly equals thee;
 For Heaven's Sake, Oh! favour me,
 Who only lives to love thee.

The Gods one Thing peculiar have,
 To ruine none whom they can save;
 O! for their Sake support a Slave,
 Who only lives to love thee.

To Merit I no Claim can make,
 But that I love, and for thy Sake,
 What Man can name, I'll undertake;
 So dearly do I love thee.

My Passion, constant as the Sun,
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
 'Till Fates my Thread of Life have spun,
 Which breathing out, I'll love thee.

Like Bees that suck the Morning Dew,
 Frae Flowers of sweetest Scent and Hew.
 Sae wad I dwell upo' thy Mou,
 And gar the Gods envy me.

Sae lang's I had the Use of Light,
 I'd on thy Beauties feast my Sight,
 Syne in fast Whispers through the Night,
 I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.

How fair and ruddy is my *Jean*,
 She moves a Goddess o'er the Green:
 Were I a King, thou shou'd'st be Queen,
 Nane but my fell aboon thee.
 I'd grasp thee to this Breast of mine,
 Whilst thou, like Ivy or the Vine,
 Around my stronger Limbs shou'd'st twine,
 Form'd hardy to defend thee.

Time's on the Wing, and will not stay,
 In shining Youth let's make our Hay,
 Since Love admits of nae Delay,
 O let nae Scorn undo thee.

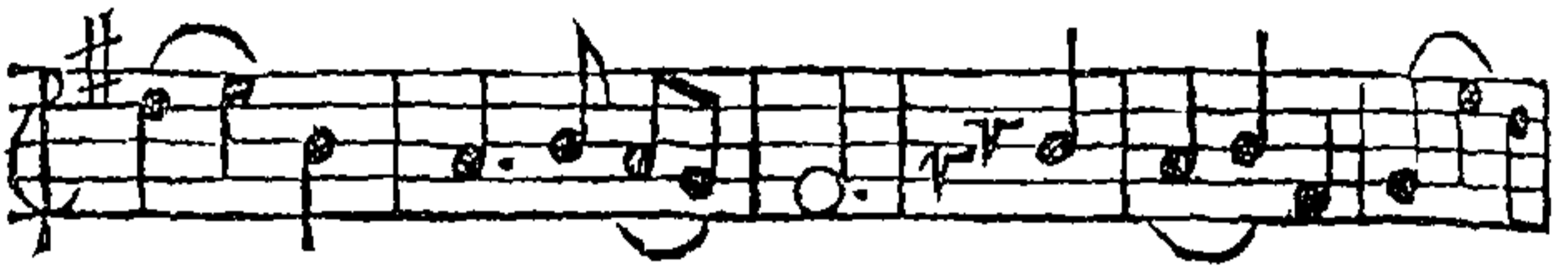
While Love does at his Altar stand,
 Hac there's my Heart, gi'e me thy Hand,
 And, with ilk Smile, thou shalt command
 The Will of him wha loves thee.

For the FLUTE.



WILLIAM *and* MARGARET.

'Twas at the si---lent midnight Hour, When



all were fast a--sleep; In glided *Marg'ret's*



grimly Ghost, And stood at *William's* Feet

Her Face was like an *April* Morn,

Clad in a wint'ry Cloud;

And clay-cold was her lilly Hand,

That held her fable Shrowd.

So shall the fairest Face appear,

When Youth and Years are flown;

Such is the Robe that Kings must wear,

When Death has rest their Crown.

Her

Her Bloom was like the springing Flower,
That sips the silver Dew ;
The Rose was budded in her Cheek,
Just op'ning to the View.

But *Love* had, like the Canker-worm,
Consum'd her early Prime :
The Rose grew pale, and left her Cheek ;
She dy'd before her Time.

Awake, *She* cry'd, thy *True-Love* calls,
Come from her midnight Grave ;
Now let thy *Pity* hear the Maid,
Thy *Love* refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary Hour,
When injur'd Ghosts complain ;
Now yawning Graves give up their Dead,
To haunt the faithless *Man*.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy Fault,
Thy Pledge, and broken Oath ;
And give me back my Maiden Vow,
And give me back my Troth.

Why did you promise Love to me,
And not that Promise keep ?
Why did you swear my Eyes were bright,
Yet leave those Eyes to weep ?

How could you say my Face was fair,
And yet that Face forsake?

How could you win my Virgin Heart,
Yet leave that Heart to break?

Why did you say my Lip was sweet,
And made the Scarlet pale?

And why did I, young witlefs Maid!
Believe the flatt'ring Tale?

That Face, alas! no more is fair;
These Lips no longer red;
Dark are my Eyes, now clos'd in Death,
And ev'ry Charm is fled.

The hungry *Worm* my *Sister* is;
This *Winding-Sheet* I wear;
And cold and weary lasts our *Night*,
'Till that *last Morn* appear.

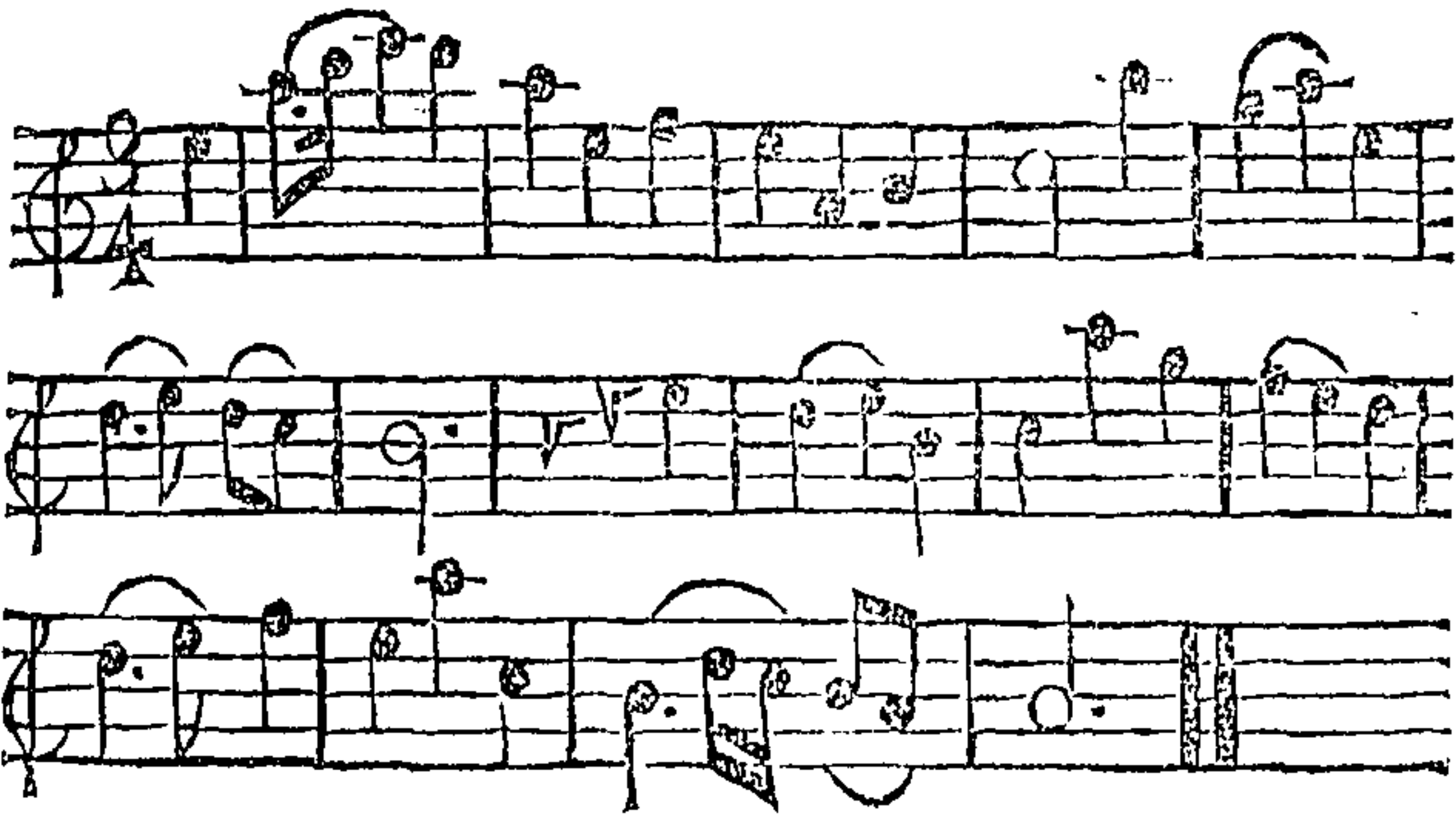
But hark! the *Cock* has warn'd me hence:
A long and last Adieu!
Come see, false *Man*, how low *She* lies,
That dy'd for Love of you.

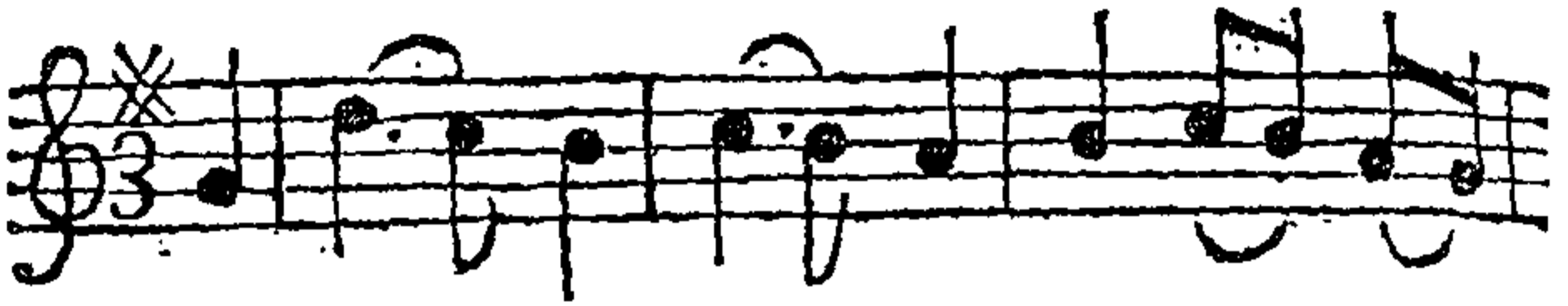
The Lark sung loud; the Morning smil'd,
And rais'd her glist'ring Head:
Pale *William* quak'd in ev'ry Limb,
And raving left his Bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal Place
Where *Marg'ret's* Body lay;
And stretch'd him on the green grafs Turf,
That wrapt her breathless Clay.

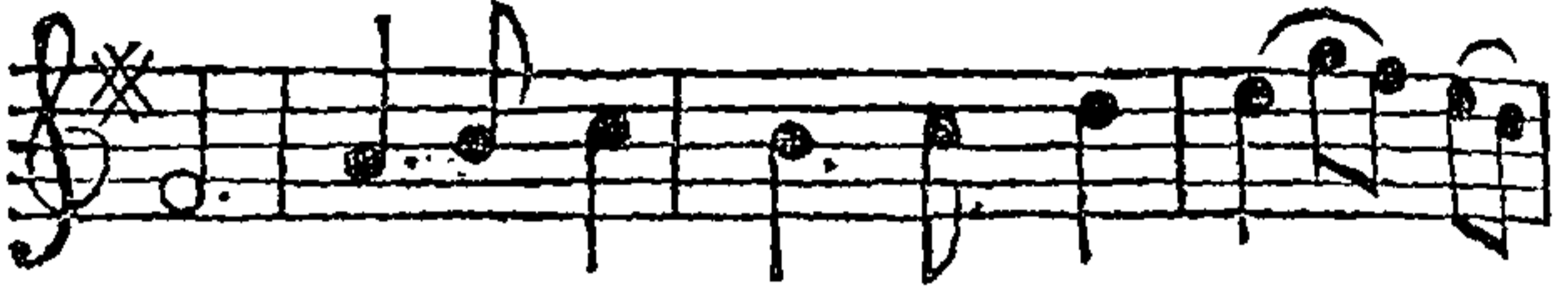
And thrice he call'd on *Marg'ret's* Name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his Check to the cold Grave,
And Word spake never more.

For the FLUTE.



The COMPLAINT.

When first you took my Heart as a



Prize, Due to the Pow'r of your conqu'ring



Eyes; If ever I thought my Cap—ti—vi—ty



sweet, 'Twas when you allow'd me to



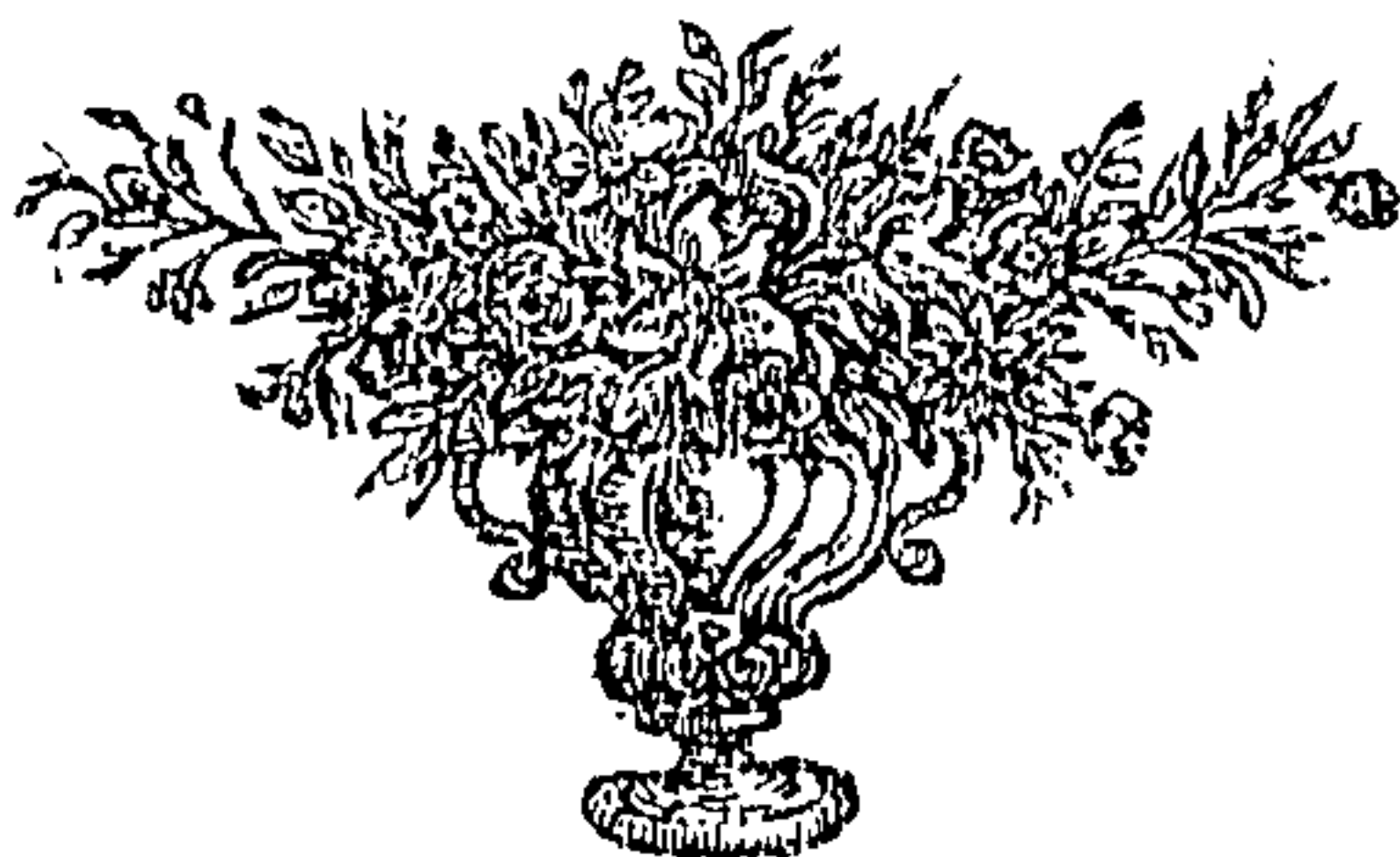
lye at your Feet.

But now so ungrateful you are grown
 All my kind Services you disown:
 And when that I ask you to lengthen my Chain,
 You always answer me, Love has no Pain.

Oh,

Oh, did you know but the Pain I endure,
Sure you would never deny me the Cure;
But since it is so, I must hope for no Ease,
Since my Physician won't know my Disease.

For the FLUTE.



The R E P R O O F.

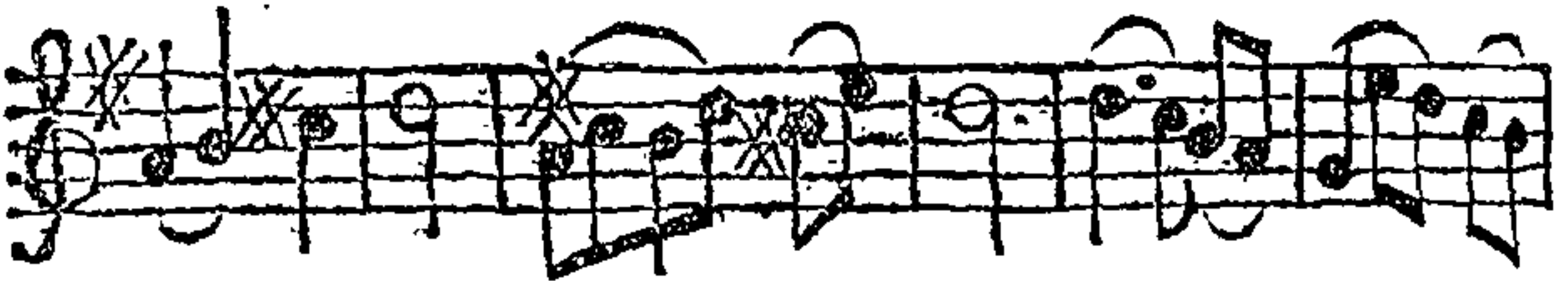
Charming is -- your Shape and Air, And your



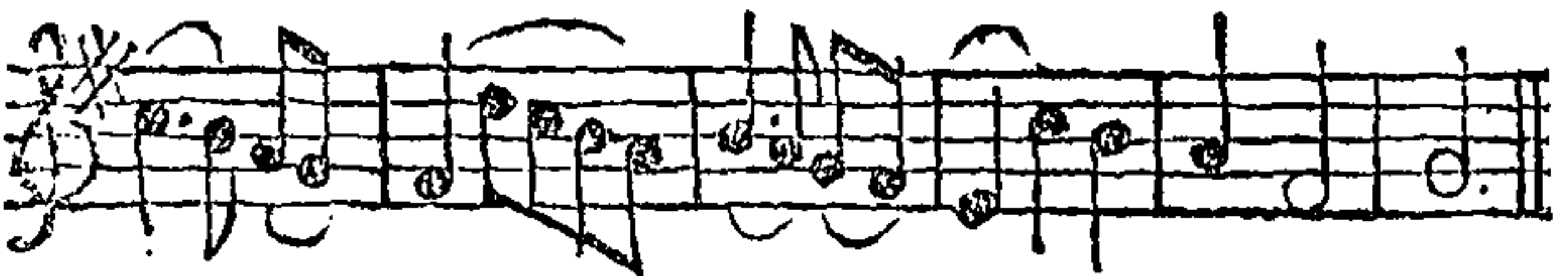
Face as Morning fair! As Morn--ing fair! Cora!



Lips, and Neck of Snow; Cheeks, where op'ning



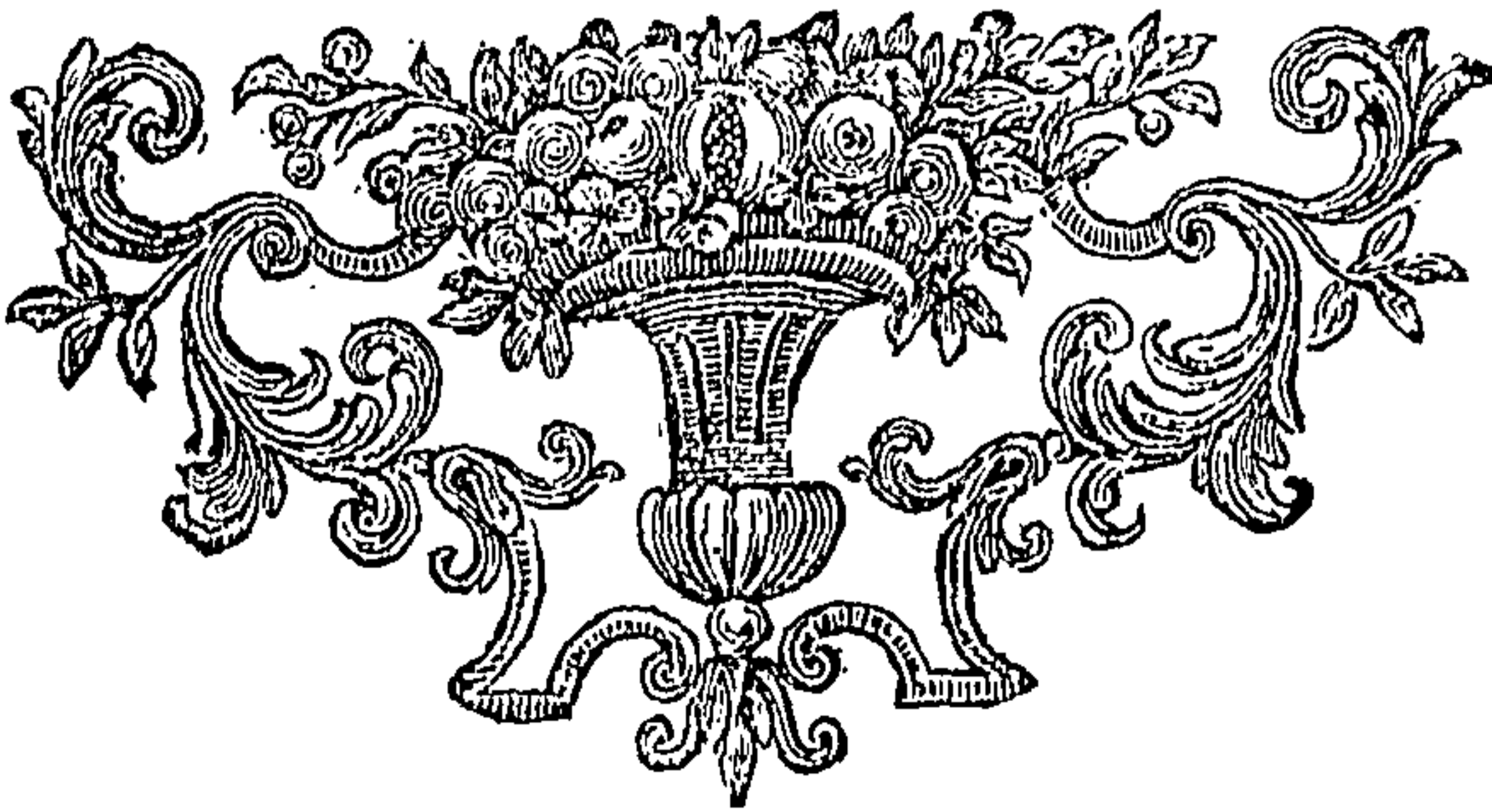
Roses blow! Ro---ses blow! When you speak, or



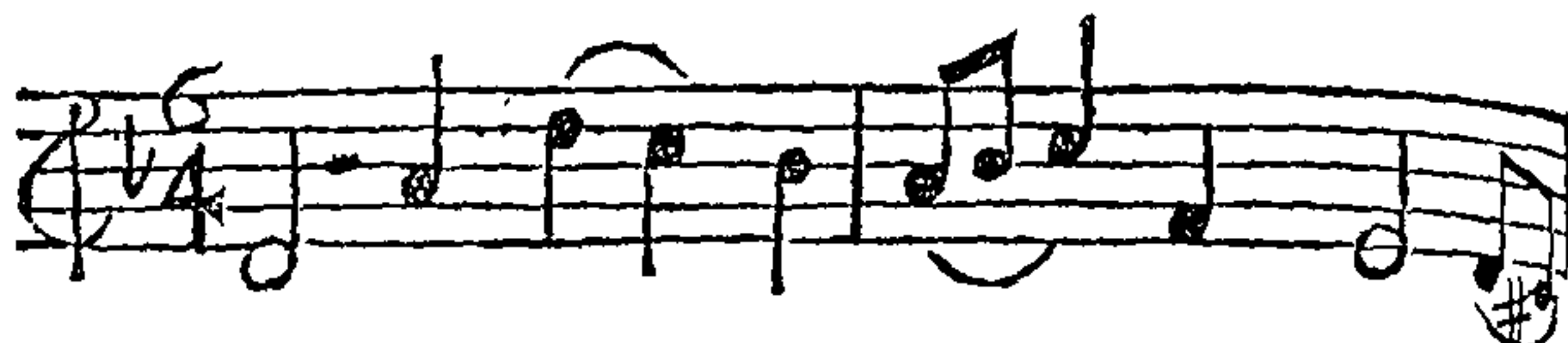
smile, or move, All is Rapture, all is Love.

But those Eyes, alas, I hate!
 Eyes, that heedless of my Fate,
 Shine with undiscerning Rays;
 On the Fopling idly gaze;
 Watch the Glances of the Vain;
 Meeting mine with cold Disdain.

For the FLUTE.



The INCONSTANT.



Fair, and soft, and gay, and young, All



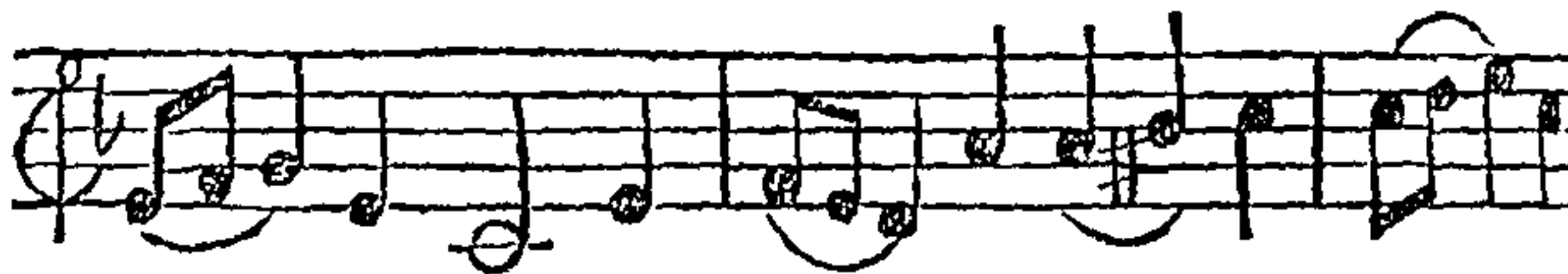
Charm! she plaid, she danc'd, she sung! There



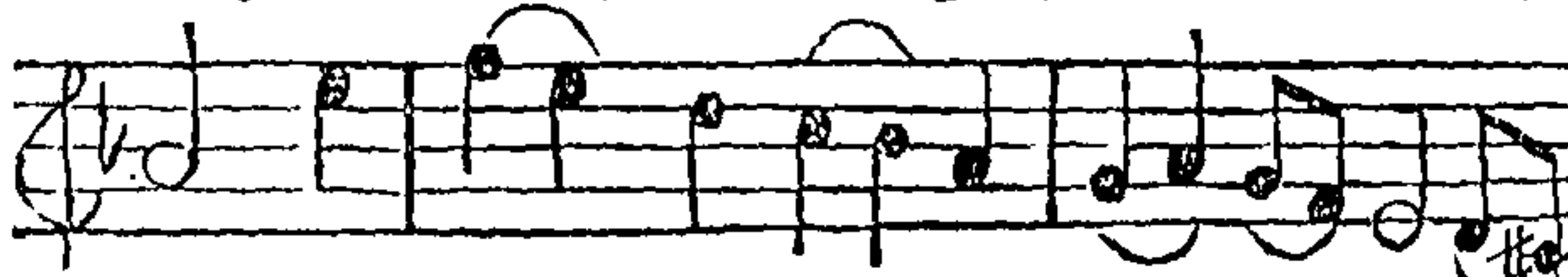
was no way to 'scape the Dart, No Care cou'd



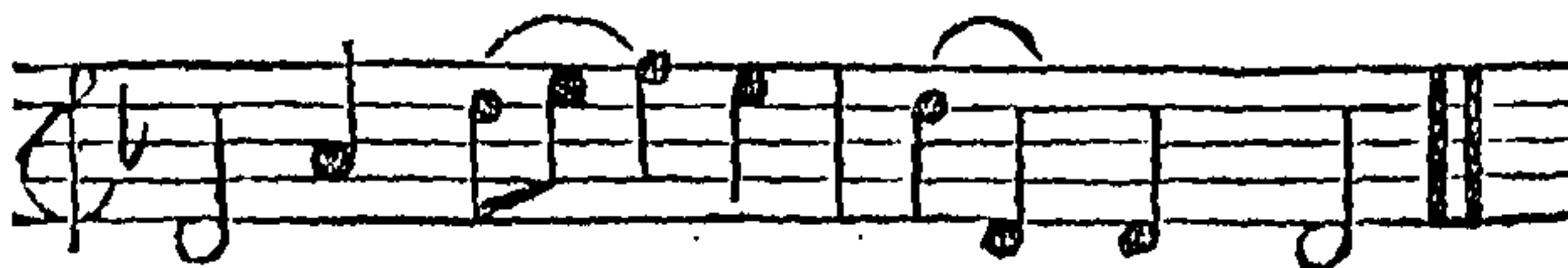
guard the Lover's Heart. Ah! why, cry'd I, and



dropt a Tear, (A--dor--ing, yet de--spair--ing



e'er To have her to my self a-lone) Was



so much Sweetness made for One?

But

But growing bolder, in her Ear
 I in soft Numbers told my Care:
 She heard, and rais'd me from her Feet,
 And seem'd to glow with equal Heat.
 Like Heav'n's, too mighty to express,
 My Joys could be but known by guess!
 Ah, Fool, said I, what have I done,
 To wish her made for more than One?

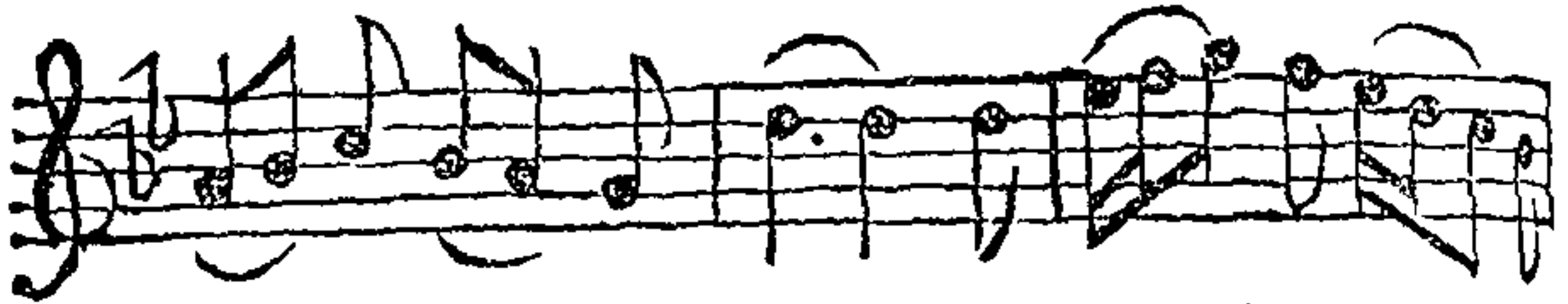
But long I had not been in view,
 Before her Eyes their Beams withdrew;
 Ere I had reckon'd half her Charms,
 She sunk into another's Arms.
 But she that once cou'd faithless be,
 Will favour him no more than me:
 He too, will find himself undone,
 And that she was not made for One.

For the FLUTE.

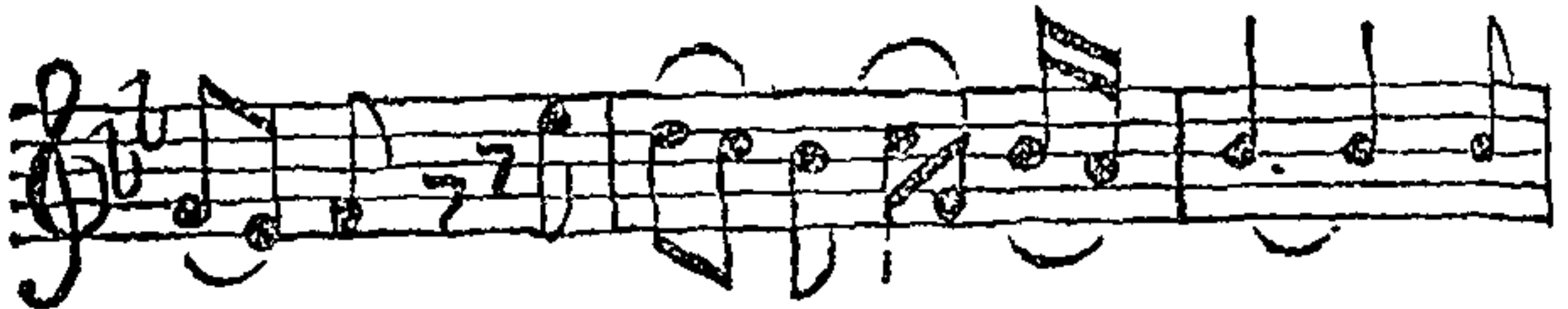


*The FAITHFUL MAID.*Set by Mr. *HANDEL.*

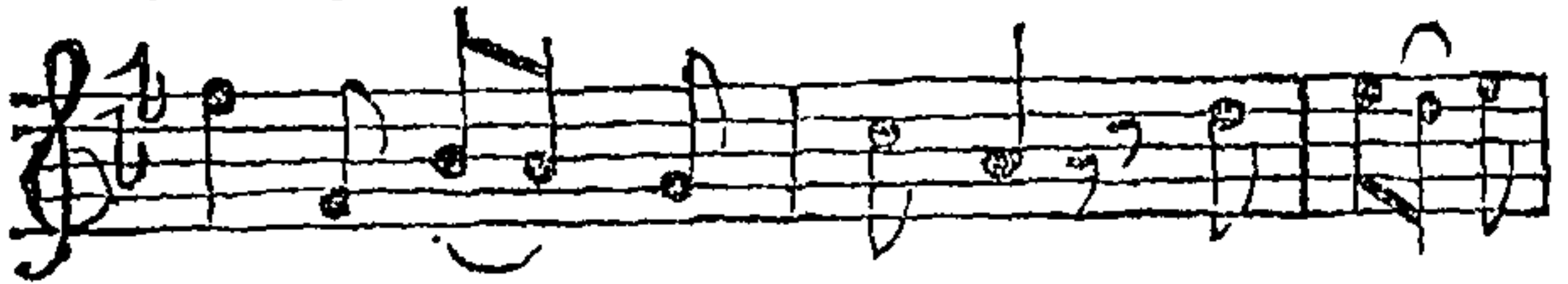
'Twas when the Seas were roaring, With



hollow Blasts of Wind, A Damsel lay de-



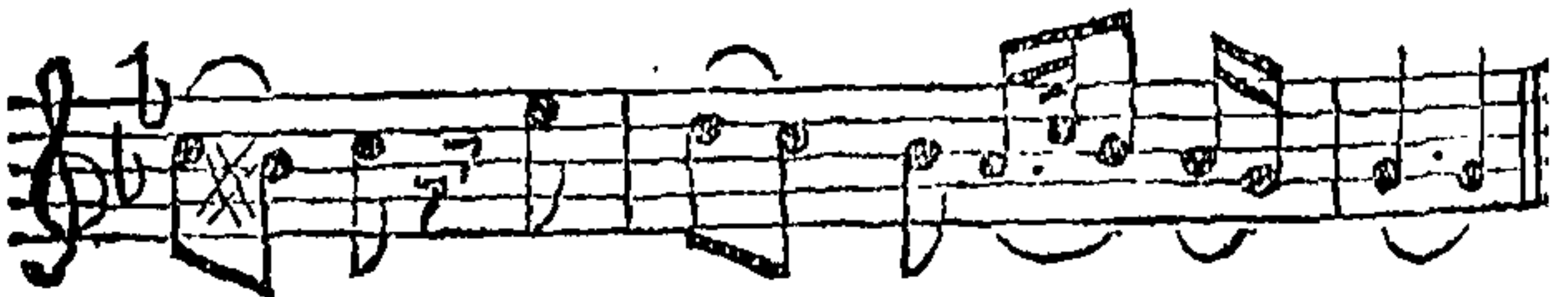
ploring, All on a Rock re---clin'd; Wide



o'er the roar-ing Billows, She cast a



wishful Look; Her Head was crown'd with



Willows, That trembled o'er the Brook.

Twelve Months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious Days;
Why didst thou, vent'rous Lover,
Why didst thou trust the Seas?
Cease, cease then, cruel Ocean,
And let my Lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled Motion,
To that within my Breast?

The Merchant, robb'd of Treasure,
Views Tempests in Despair;
But what's the Loss of Treasure,
To losing of my Dear?
Shou'd you some Coast be laid on,
Where Gold and Diamonds grow;
You'd find a richer Maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that Nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the Water
Do hideous Rocks remain?
No Eyes those Rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the Deep;
To wreck the wand'ring Lover,
And leave the Maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,

Thus wail'd She for her Dear ;

Repaid each Blast with sighing,

Each Billow with a Tear :

When o'er the wide Waves stooping,

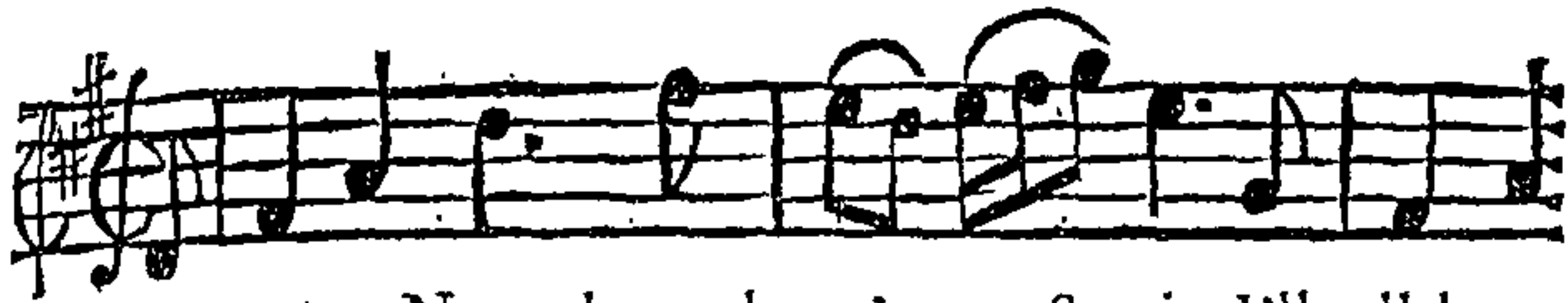
His floating Corps she spy'd ;

Then, like a Lilly drooping,

She bow'd her Head and dy'd.

For the FLUTE.



The Bush o' boon TRAQUAIR.

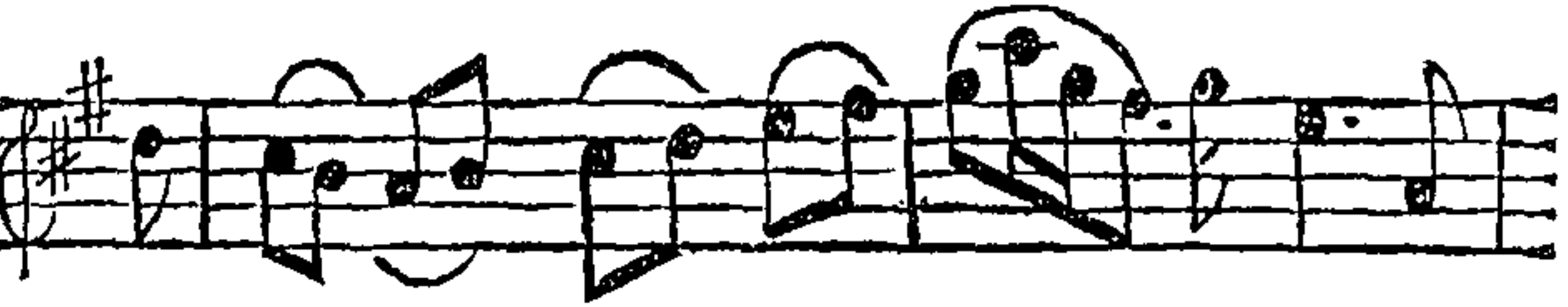
Hear me, ye Nymphs, and ev'---ry Swain, I'll tell how



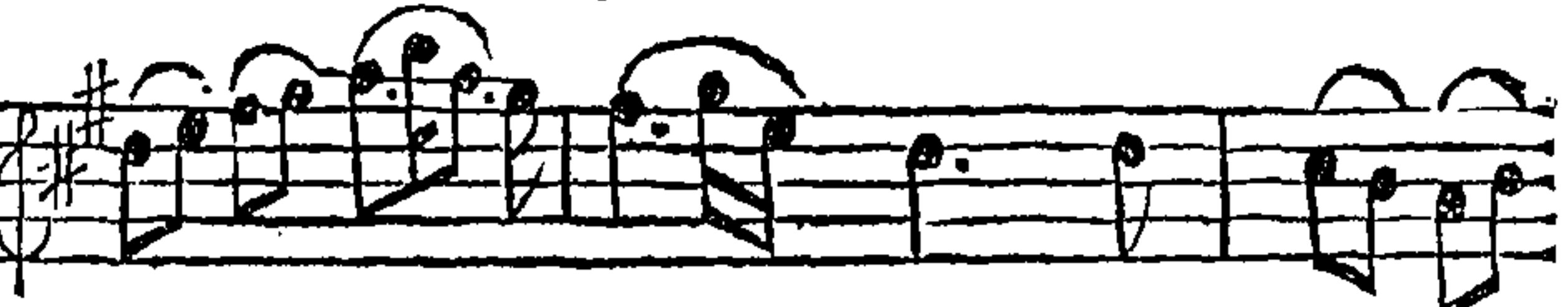
Peggy grieves me: Tho' thus I lan---guish,



thus complain, A--las! she ne'er be--lieves me.



My Vows and Sighs, like si---lent Air, Un-



heeded ne-ver move her; At th'bon--ny



Bush o'—boon *Traquair*, 'Twas there I



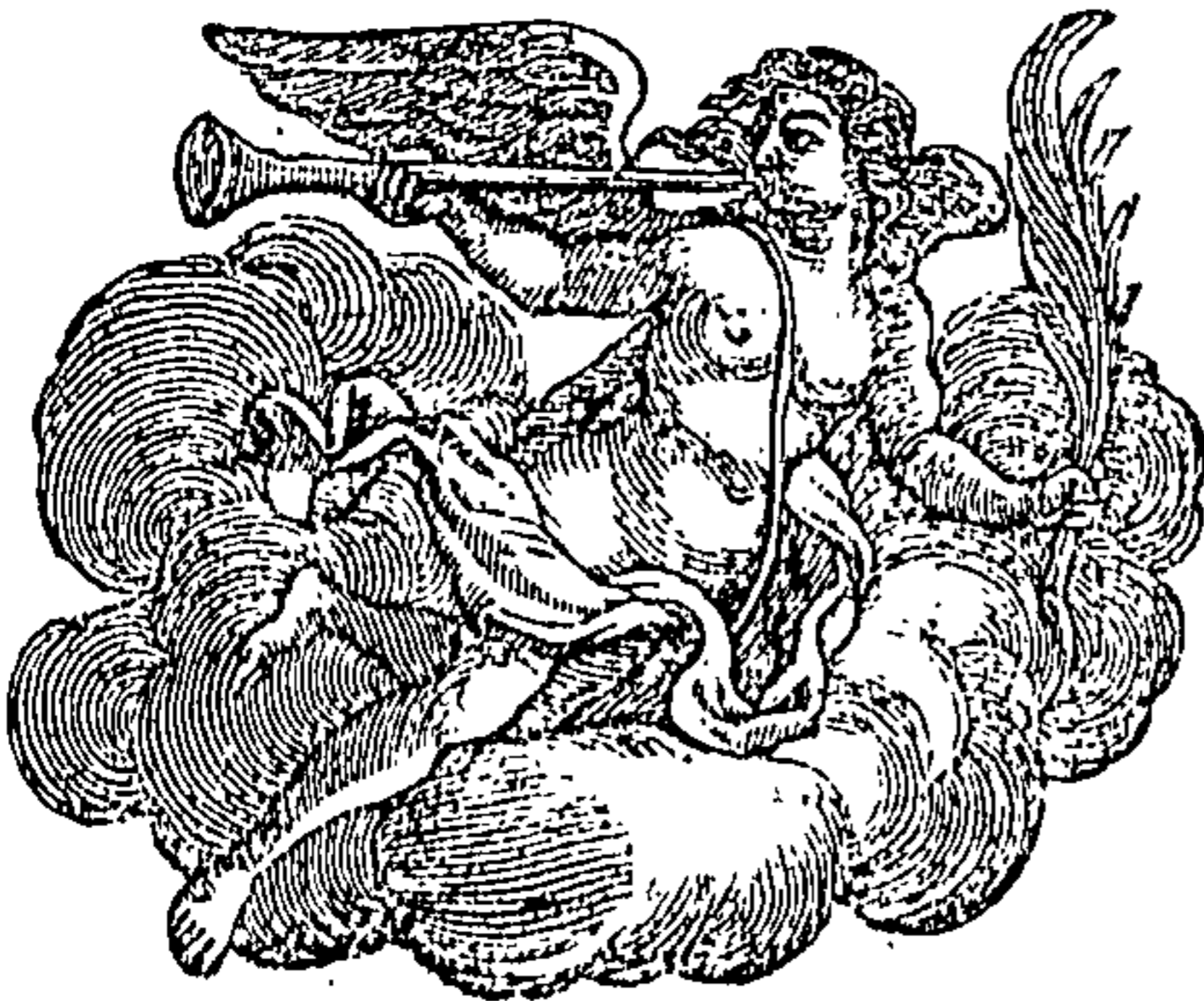
first did love her.

That Day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No Maid seem'd ever kinder ;
 I thought my self the luckiest Lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 I try'd to sooth my am'rous Flame
 In Words that I thought tender ;
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the Plain,
 The Fields we then frequented ;
 If e'er we meet, she shews Disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonny Bush bloom'd fair in *May*,
 Its Sweets I'll ay remember ;
 But now her Frowns make it decay,
 It fades as in *December*.

Ye rural Pow'rs, who hear my Strains,
 Why thus should *Peggy* grieve me ?
 Oh ! make her Partner in my Pains,
 Then let her Smiles relieve me.
 If not, my Love will turn Despair,
 My Passion no more tender ;
 I'll leave the Bush o'boon *Traquair*,
 To lonely Wilds I'll wander.

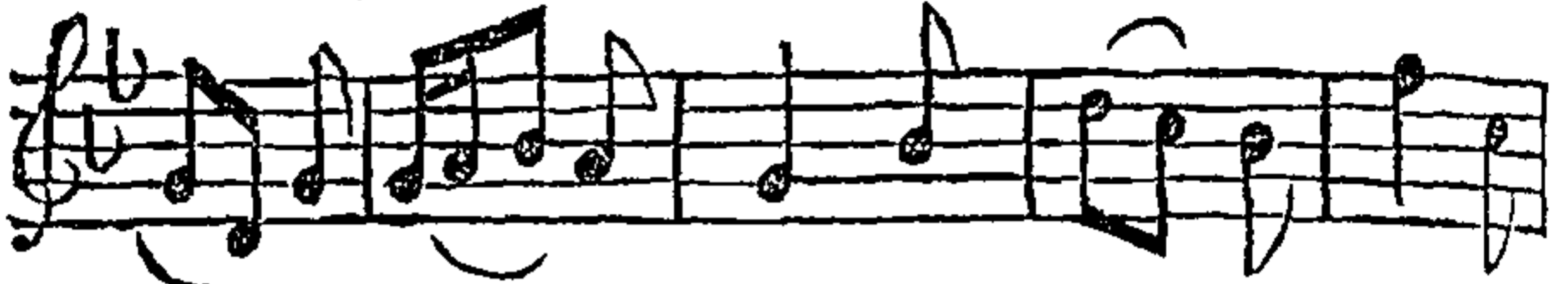
For the FLUTE.



PHILANDER and *AMORET*.



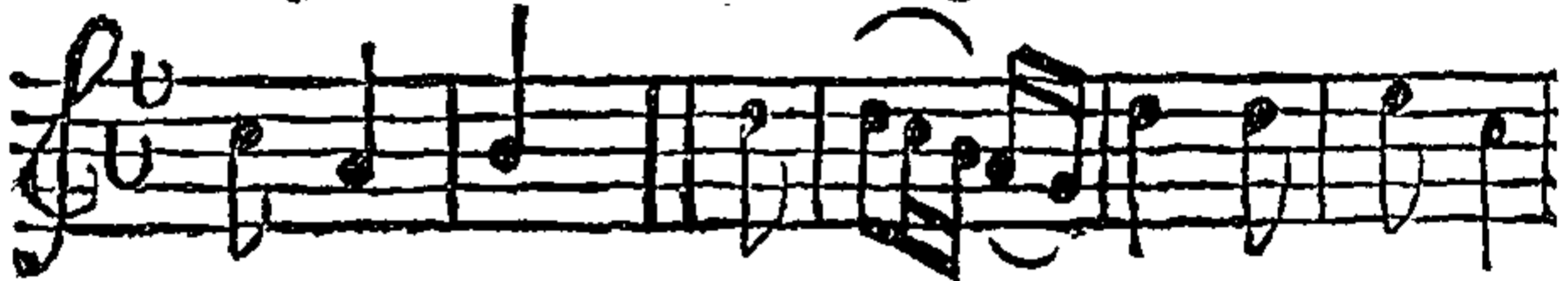
When gay *Philander* fell a Prize, To *A--mo-*



retta's conqu'ring Eyes; He took his Pipe, he



fought the Plain, Regardless of his



growing Pain, And re--so--lute-ly bent to



wrest The bearded Arrow from his Breast;

Come, gentle Gales, the Shepherd cry'd,
 Be *Cupid* and his Bow defy'd :
 But as the Gales obsequious flew,
 With flow'ry Scents, and spicy Dew,
 He did unknowingly repeat,
The Breath of Amoret is sweet.

His Pipe again the Shepherd try'd,
 And warbling Nightingales reply'd;
 Their Sounds in rival Measures move,
 And meeting Echoes charm the Grove.
 His Thoughts, that rov'd, again repeat,
The Voice of Amoret is sweet.

Since ev'ry fair and lovely View
 His Thoughts of *Amoret* renew,
 From flow'ry Lawn, and shady Green,
 To Prospect gloomy, chang'd the Scene:
 Sad Change for him, for sighing there,
 He thought of Lovers in Despair.

Convinc'd, the sad *Philander* cries,
 Now, cruel God, assert thy Prize;
 For Love its fatal Empire gains:
 Yet grant, in Pity to my Pains,
 These Lines the Nymph may oft repeat;
 And own *Philander's* Lays are sweet.

For the FLUTE.



*The Tryal and Condemnation of JOHN Duke
of MARLBOROUGH.*

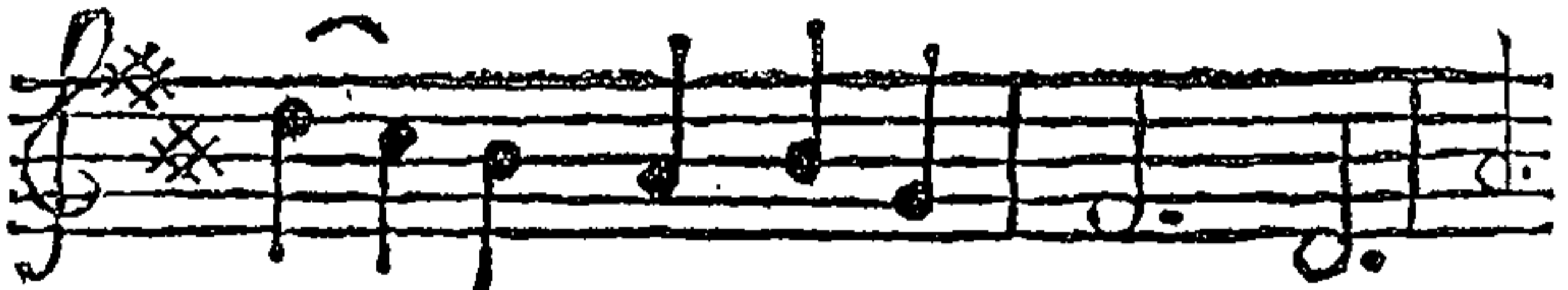
The Words by Mr. *RICH. ESTCOURT.*



I now have an Am-bi-tion, In this dead time of



News, To tell you the De-po--sition Of the



Christians, not of the *Jews*, A-gainst



John Duke of Marl-bo-rough.

II.

Attend then, Sons of *Britain* :
Of greater Crimes I sing,
Than ever before were writ on,
Since the Time of a Queen, or a King,
All done by *John Duke of Marlborough.*

This

III.

This Man by Constitution
 Was made for Liberty;
 He helped the late Revolution,
 On purpose to hurt Popery,
 Did this *John Duke of Marlborough*.

IV.

The next great Crime of many,
 His troublesome Pride to shew,
 Was marching to *High-Germany*:
 And who gave 'em that damnable Blow,
 But this *John Duke of Marlborough*?

V.

Nay more, to mend the Matter,
 To his Shame and high Reproach,
 An Army he made take Water,
 And their General sent by Coach:
 All prov'd on *John Duke of Marlborough*.

VI.

To shew his Whig-Devotion
 In keeping the Sabbath-Day,
 He the Murther at *Ramilly* began
 Upon a *Whitsunday*;
 O heathenish *John Duke of Marlborough*!

VII.

Tho' busie in his Slaughtering,
 His Avarice ran so high,
 That rather than spare the most *Christian King*,
 He ten thousand Pounds gave to a Spy :
 O covetous *John Duke of Marlborough!*

VIII.

At *Audenard* so ill to treat Foes,
 And make poor Widows of Wives !
 He took a Delight to beat ev'n Those,
 That never beat him in their Lives :
 O Cowardly *John Duke of Marlborough!*

IX.

Villars, that civil, and good Man,
 Safe in his Trenches close,
 From *Mons* he made run like a Footman,
 Tho' Bulwark'd as high as his Nose ;
 Uncivil *John Duke of Marlborough!*

X.

To ev'ry tender Christian Ear
 When Crimes, like these, shall come,
 I know not how they abroad may appear,
 I am sure they sound odly at home ;
 These Deeds of *John Duke of Marlborough.*

XI.

Some Facts, to make the *French* undone,
 I've prov'd upon him well;
 And truly what 'tis he has not done,
 Impossible 'tis to tell,
 Of this *John Duke of Marlborough*.

XII.

To prove that all these Things are so,
 And not what Folks devise,
 Was he ever the Man that once spar'd the Foe,
 Or ever affronted th' Allies;
 This same *John Duke of Marlborough*?

XIII.

Ghent, Bruges, and Tournay too,
 And late the strong *Bouchain*,
 Of his own Head he forc'd to obey too,
 Tho' wanting his Brother *Eugene*:
 Hot-headed *John Duke of Marlborough*!

XIV.

Of these immoral things he brags,
 'Cause we took no Notice at all;
 You see with his pitiful *French* bloody Rags
 How he has litter'd poor *Westminster-Hall*;
 O slovenly *John Duke of Marlborough*!

Nay

XV.

Nay more he still wou'd fly at,
 And all to mend the Peace;
 Lord! how can we ever be quiet,
 If we pardon such Crimes as these,
 In any but *John Duke of Marlborough*?

XVI.

Twelve Years, it sadly true is,
 By taking of Towns and Lines,
 And baffling the poor King *Lewis*,
 He has spoil'd the Pretender's Designs.
 O meddlesome *John Duke of Marlborough*!

XVII.

Success still made him bolder:
 And by the *Monfieur's* Fall,
 He has pass'd on this Isle for a Soldier,
 But, it seems, he knows nothing at all;
 Earl *P-----t* says so of *Marlborough*.

XVIII.

This Year for War he voted,
 But we resolv'd on none;
 For *Monfieur* was sure to be routed,
 And then — High-Church — had been undone
 By *English John Duke of Marlborough*.

XIX.

You see the Troops don't need him,
 He's *Out*, and in *France* they laugh;
 But send any other to head them,
 And I'll warrant old *Bourbon* is safe;
 Keep back but *John Duke of Marlborough*.

XX.

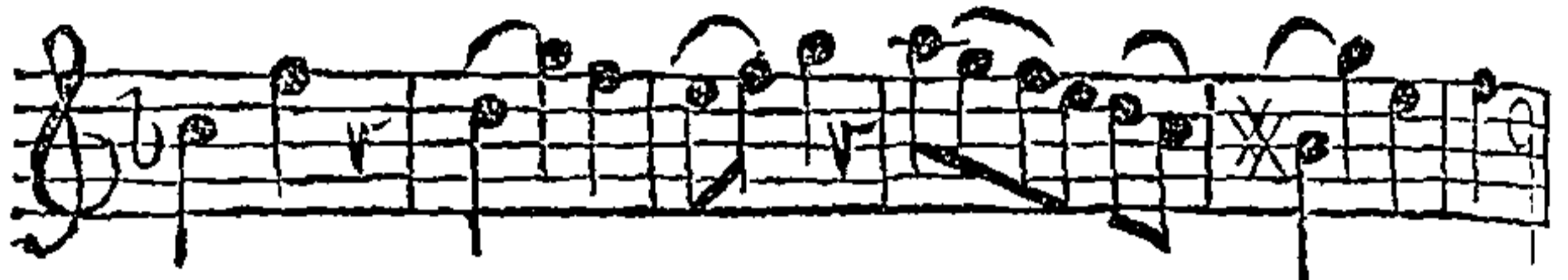
For he, as Fame confesses,
 That Kingdom meant to devour;
 For which, and his heinous Successes,
 He's *Out*, and our Fears are all o'er;
 Thus fell *John Duke of Marlborough*.

For the FLUTE.

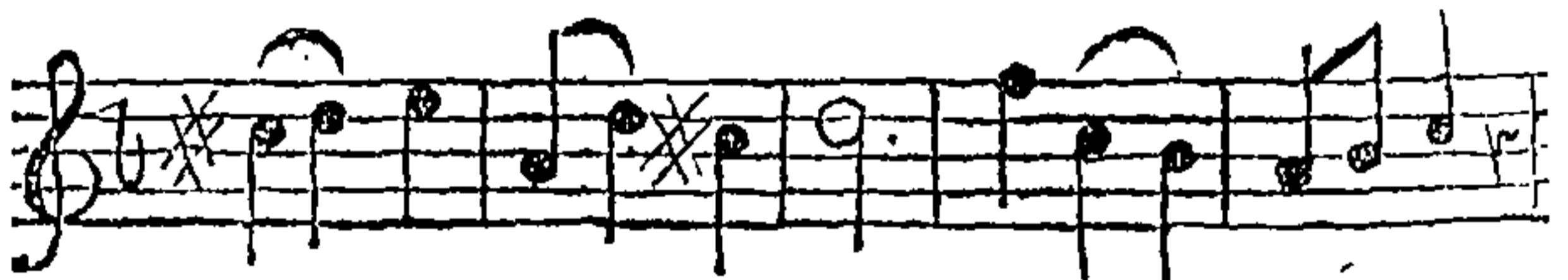


*The PRUDENTIAL LOVER.*Set by Mr. *MUNRO*.*Brisk.*

Whilst the Town's brim full of Folly, And runs

gadding af-ter *Polly*, Let us take a cheartulGlas. Tell me, *Damon*, where's the Pleasure

Of bestowing Time and Treasure, For to

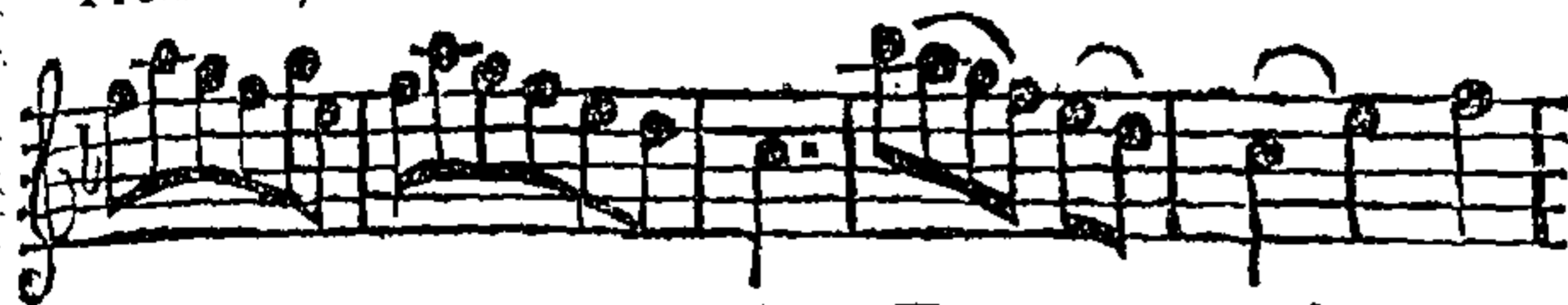
make ones self an Ais? Tell me, *Damon*,

where's the Pleasure Of be-stowing Time and

Treasure



Treasure, For to make ones self an A ———

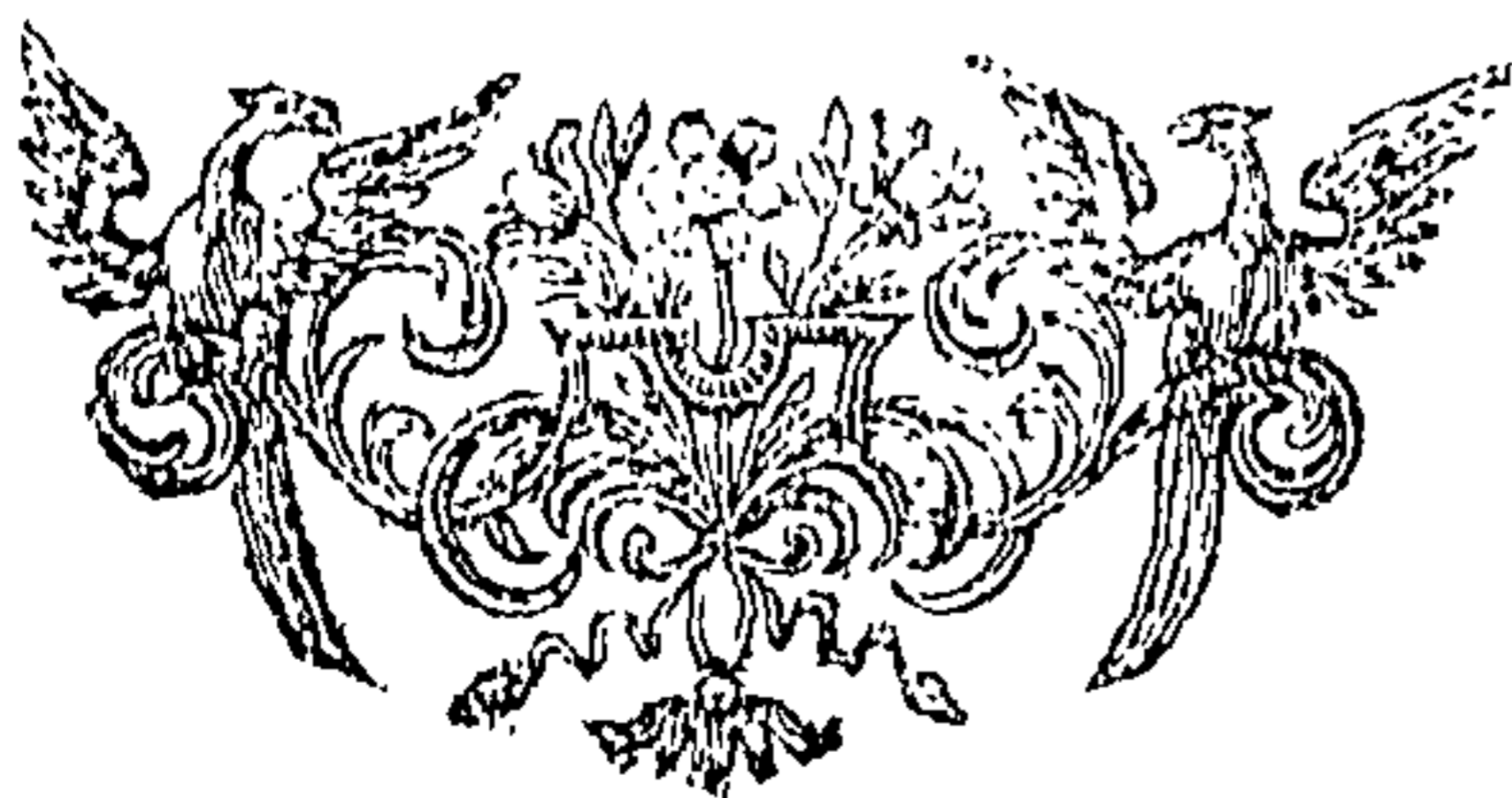


— — — — — fs: For to make ones



self an Afs.

I'm for Joys are less Expensive,
 Where the Pleasure's more extensive,
 And from dull Attention free;
 Where my *Celia*, o'er a Bottle,
 Can, when tir'd with am'rous Prattle,
 Sing old Songs as well as She.

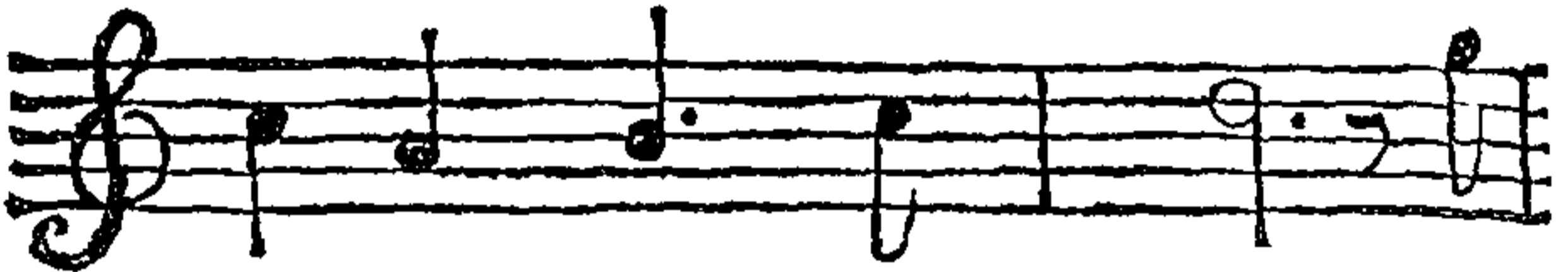


To the Ingenious Mr. MOORE, Author of the
Celebrated Worm-Powder.

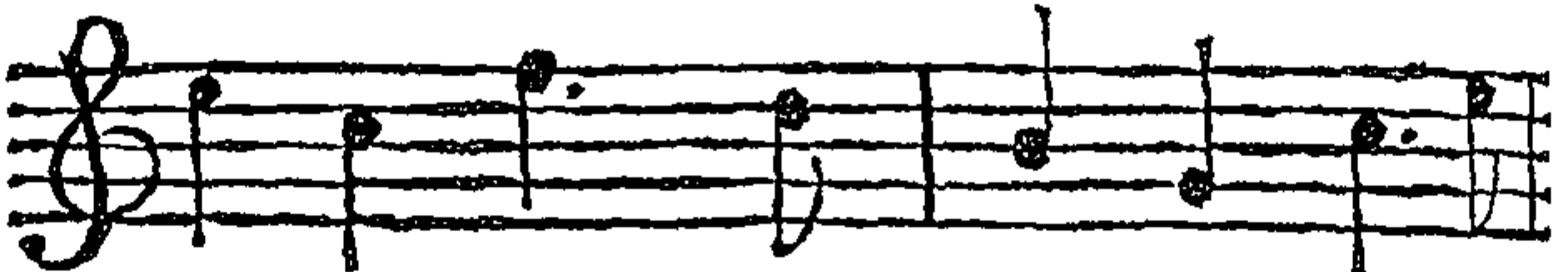
By Mr. POPE.



How much, egregious *Moore*, are we De-



ceiv'd by Shews and Forms? What-



e'er we think, what-e'er we see, All



Hu--mane Race are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by Birth,

Proud Reptile, vile and vain,

A-while he crawls upon the Earth;

Then shrinks to Earth again.

That

That Woman is a Worm we find,
 E'er since our Grandam's Evil:
 She first convers'd with her own Kind,
 That ancient Worm the Devil.

The Learn'd themselves we Book-Worms name,
 The Block-head is a Slow-Worm:
 The Nymph, whose Tail is all on Flame,
 Is aptly term'd a Glow-Worm.

The Fops are painted Butter-Flies,
 That flutter for a Day;
 First from a Worm they took their Rise,
 Then in a Worm decay.

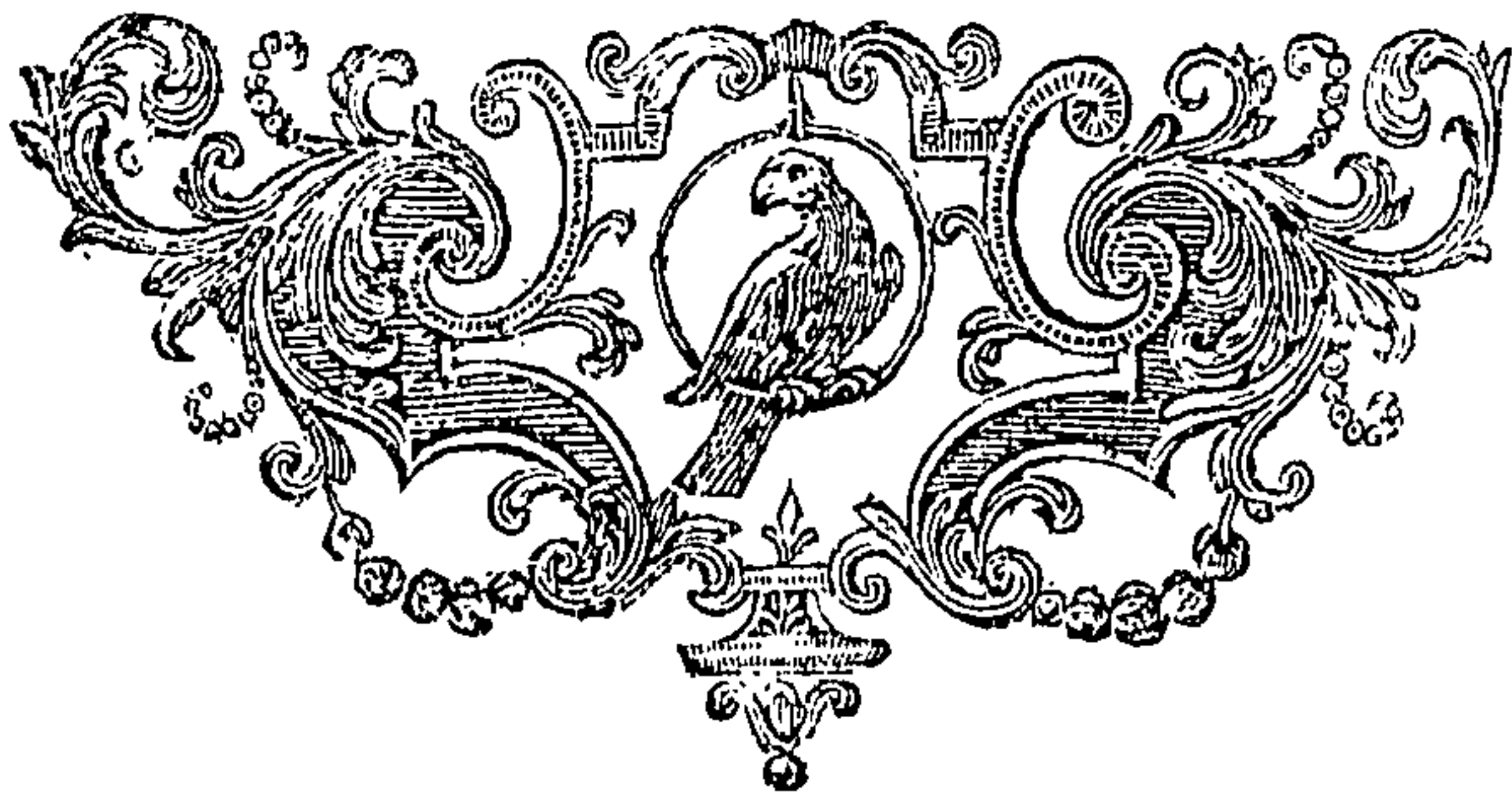
The Flatterer an Ear-wig grows;
 Some Worms suit all Conditions:
 Misers are Muck-worms; Silk-worms, Beaus;
 And Death-Watches Physicians.

That Statesmen have a Worm is seen,
 By all their winding Play;
 Their Conscience is a Worm within,
 That gnaws them Night and Day.

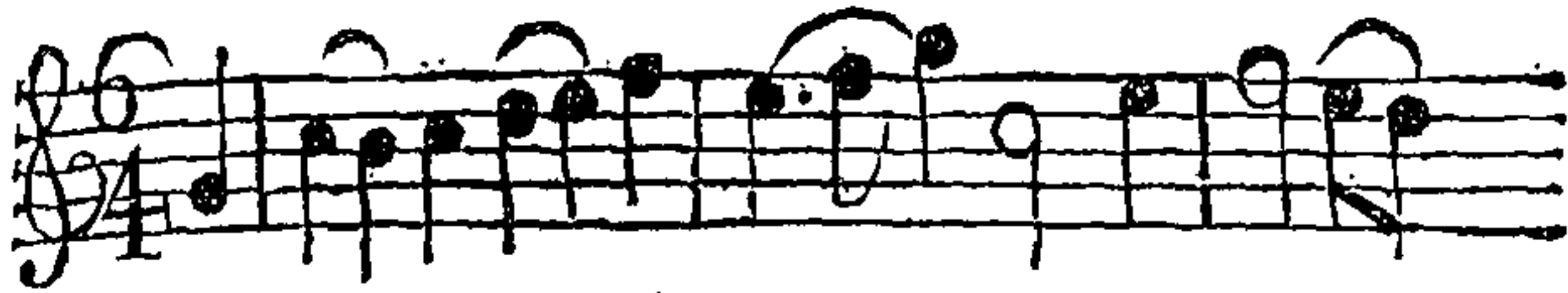
Ah, *Moore!* thy Skill were well employ'd,
 And greater Gain wou'd rise,
 If thou could'st make the Courtier void
 The Worm that never dies.

O Learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane*,
Who sett'st our Entrails free,
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
Since Worms shall eat e'en thee.

Thou only canst our Fates adjourn
Some few short Years, no more;
Ev'n *Button's* Wits to Worms shall turn,
Who Maggots were before.



TO CHLOE.



My *Chloe*, why d'ye flight me, Since all you



ask you have? No more with Frowns a-



fright me, Nor use me like a Slave.



Good Nature to dis-co-ver, Use well your



faithful Lo-ver, I'll be no more a Rover, But



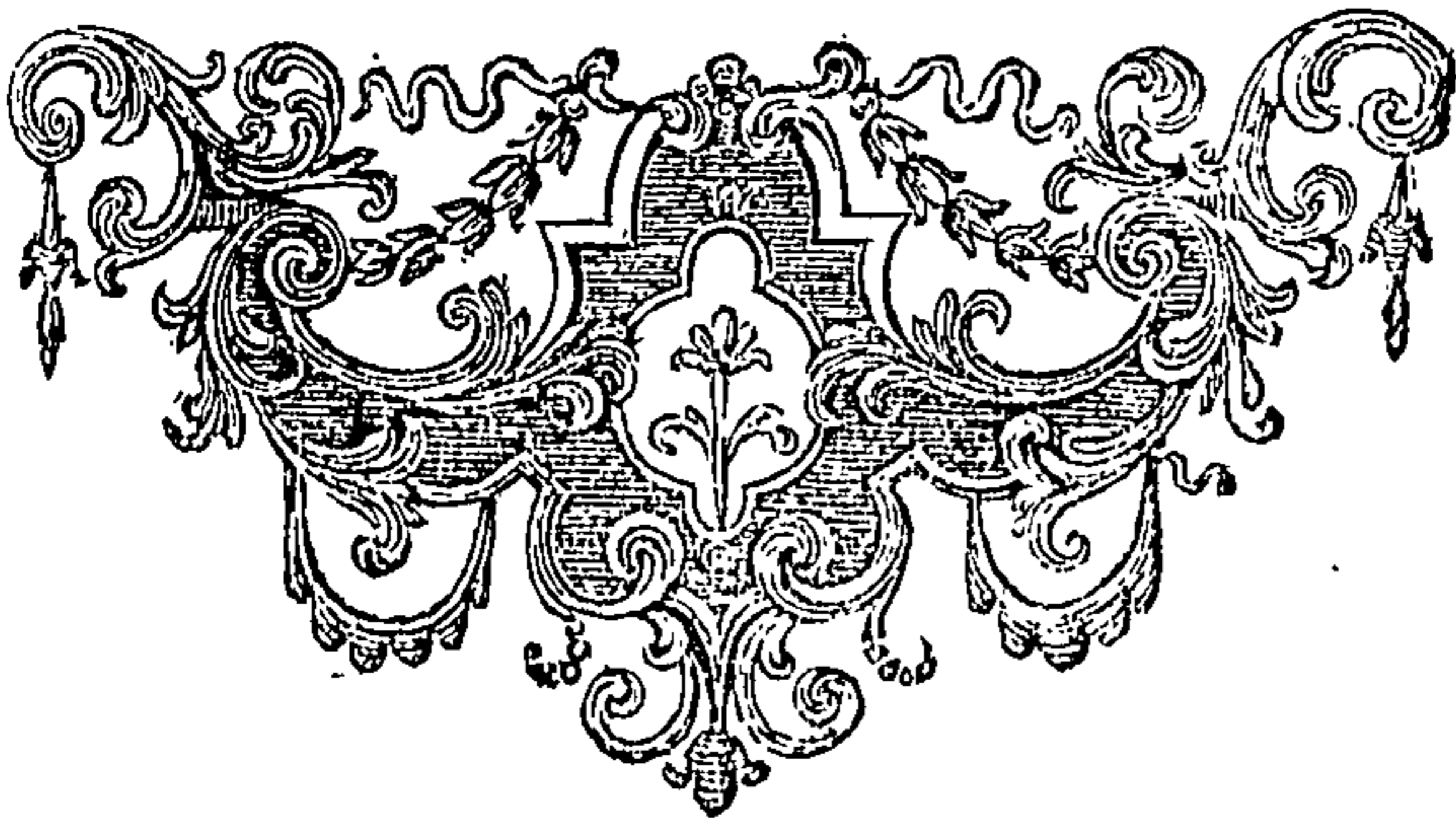
constant to my Grave.

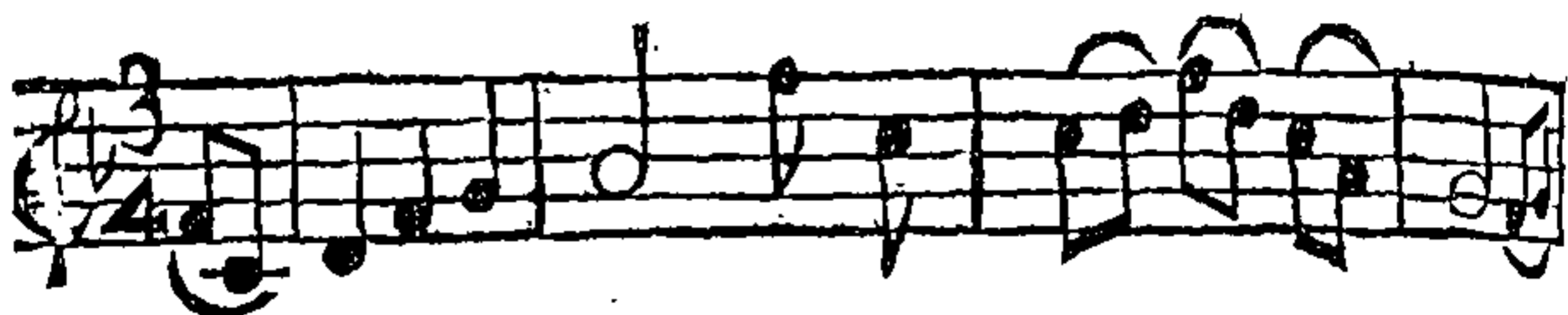
Could we but change Condition,
 My Griefs would all be flown;
 Poor I, the kind Physician,
 And you, the Patient grown.
 All own you're wond'rous pretty,
 Well-shap'd, and also witty;
 Enforc'd by gen'rous Pity,
 Then make my Cafe your own.

The Pow'rs who kindly gave us,
 And form'd our Shape and Mind,
 Too surely would enslave us,
 Were they like you inclin'd;
 Then Goodness be your Duty,
 Or I must bid Adieu t'ye;
 Like them, with all your Beauty,
 Be merciful and kind.

The silver Swan, when dying,
 Has most melodious Lays;
 Like him, when Life is flying,
 In Songs I'll end my Days.
 But know, thou cruel Creature,
 My Soul shall mount the fleeter,
 And I shall sing the sweeter,
 By warbling forth your Praise.

For the FLUTE.



The RECANTING LOVER.

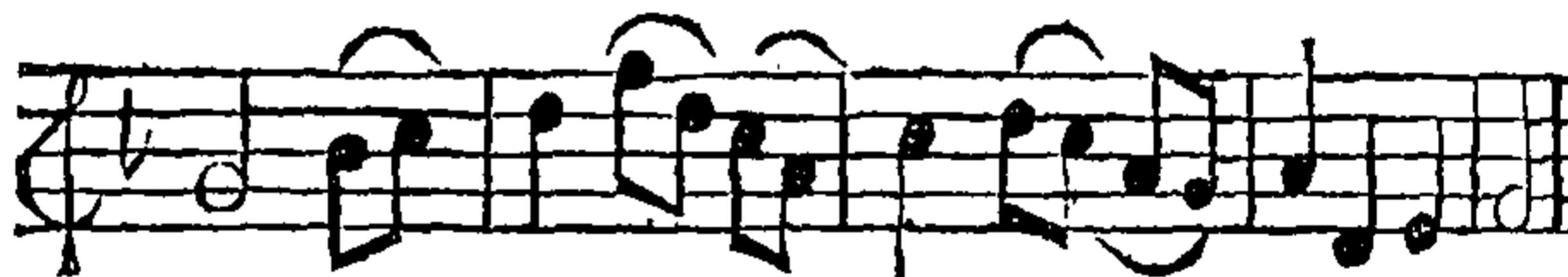
As early I walk'd, on the first of sweet *May*, Be-



neath a sleep Mountain, Be---side a clear



Fountain, I heard a grave Lute soft Me-lo-dy



play, Whilst Echo re-found-ed the dolorous Lay.

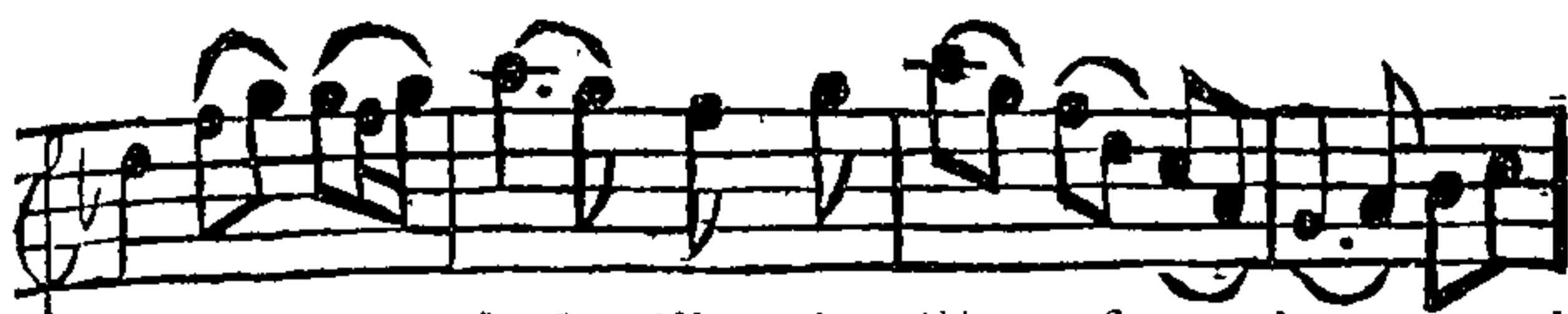


I listen'd and look'd, and spy'd a young Swain, With



Aspect di--stressed, and Spirits op-pressed, Seem'd

clearing



clearing a---f'esh, like the Sky af--ter Rain, And



thus he ail' co-ver'd how he strove with his Pain.

Tho' *Eliza* be coy, why should I repine,

That a Maid much above me

Vouchsafes not to love me?

In her high Sphere of Worth I never could shine;

Then why should I seek to debase her to mine?

No! henceforth Esteem shall govern my Desire,

And in due Subjection

Retain warm Affection;

To shew that Self-love inflames not my Fire;

And that no other Swain can more humbly admire.

When Passion shall cease to rage in my Breast,

Then Quiet returning

Shall hush my sad Mourning,

And Lord of my self, in absolute Rest,

I'll hug the Condition which Heav'n shall think best.

Thus Friendship unmix'd, and wholly refin'd,

May still be respected,

Tho' Love is rejected:

Eliza shall own, tho' to Love not inclin'd,

That she ne'er had a Friend, like her Lover, resign'd.

May the fortunate Youth, who hereafter shall woo
 With prosp'rous Endeavour,
 And gain her dear Favour,
Know as well as I, what t' *Eliza* is due,
Be much more deserving, but never less true.
Whilst I, disengag'd from all amorous Cares,
 Sweet Liberty tasting,
 On calmest Peace feasting;
Employing my Reason to dry up my Tears,
In Hopes of Heav'n's Bliss I'll spend my few Years.

Ye Powers, that preside over virtuous Love,
 Come aid me with Patience,
 To bear my Vexations;
With equal Desires my flutt'ring Heart move,
With Sentiments purest my Notions improve.
If Love in his Fetters e'er catch me again,
 May Courage protect me,
 And Prudence direct me;
Prepar'd for all Fates, rememb'ring the Swain,
Who grew happily wise, after loving in vain.

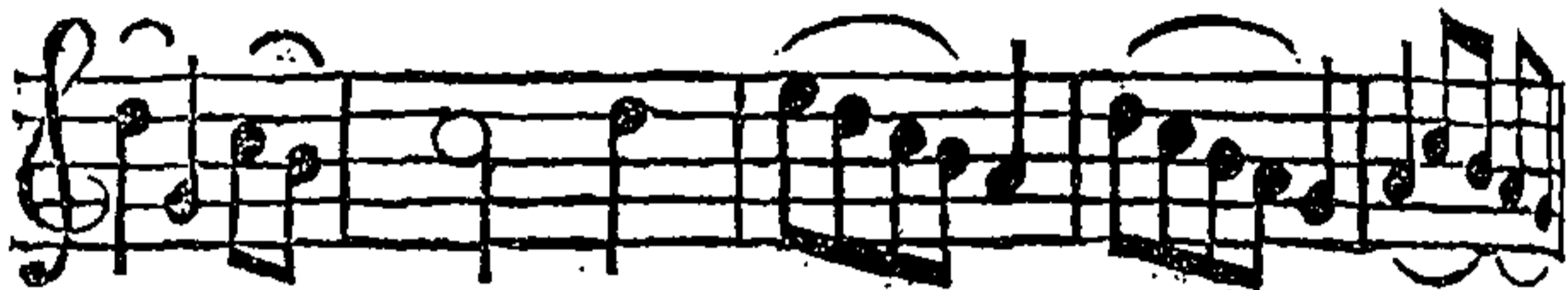
For the FLUTE.



AMORET'S Advice to PHILLIS.



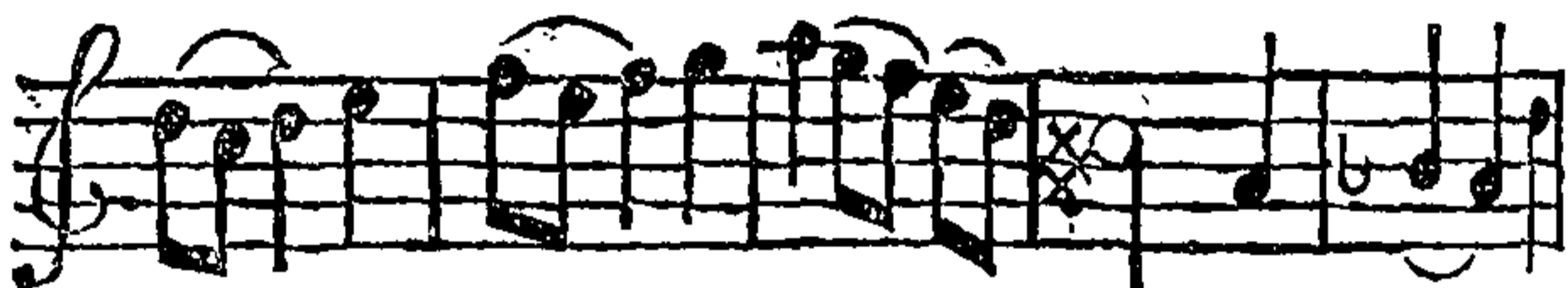
As *A-mo---ret* with *Phillis* sat One Ev'ning



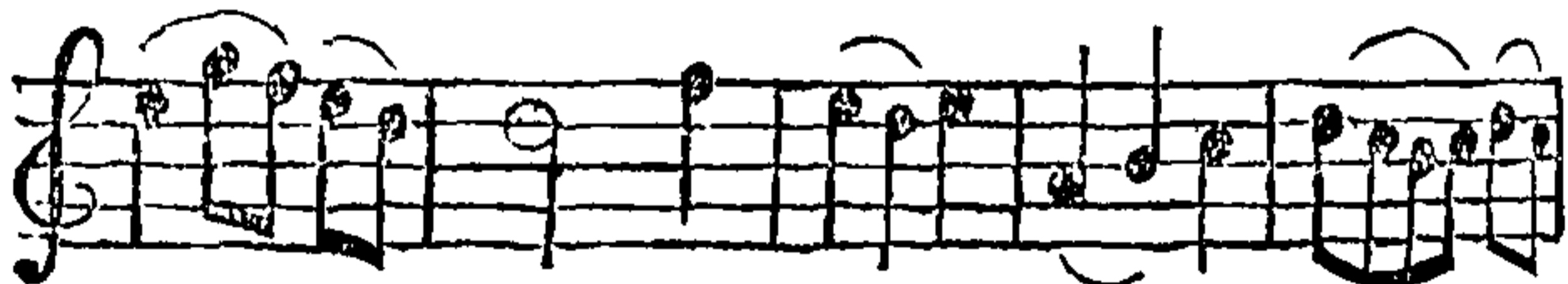
on the Plain, And saw the charming *Strephon*



wait, To tell the Nymph his Pain: The



threat'ning Danger to remove, She whisper'd



in her Ear, Ah! *Phillis*, if you wou'd not



love, This Shepherd do not hear.

None

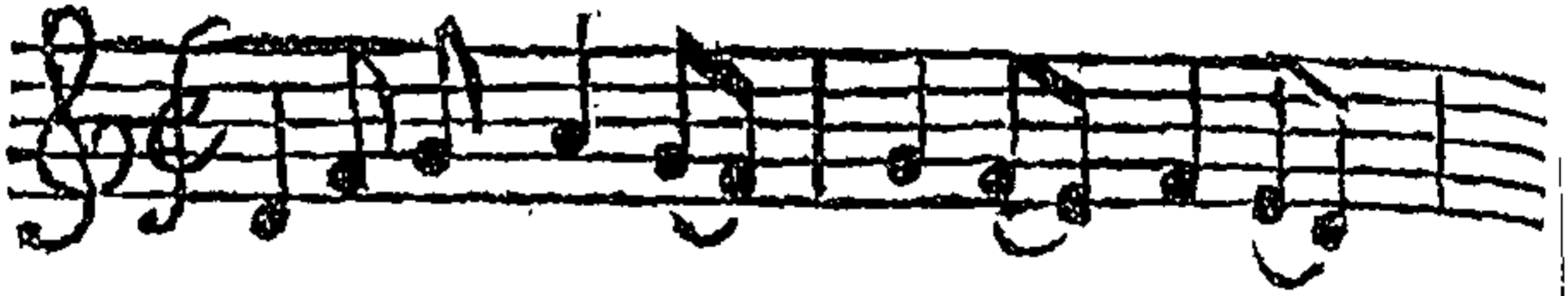
None ever had so strange an Art,
His Passion to convey
Into a list'ning Virgin's Heart,
And steal her Soul away.
Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give
Occasion for your Fate.
In vain, said she, in vain I strive;
Alas! 'tis now too late.

For the FLUTE.

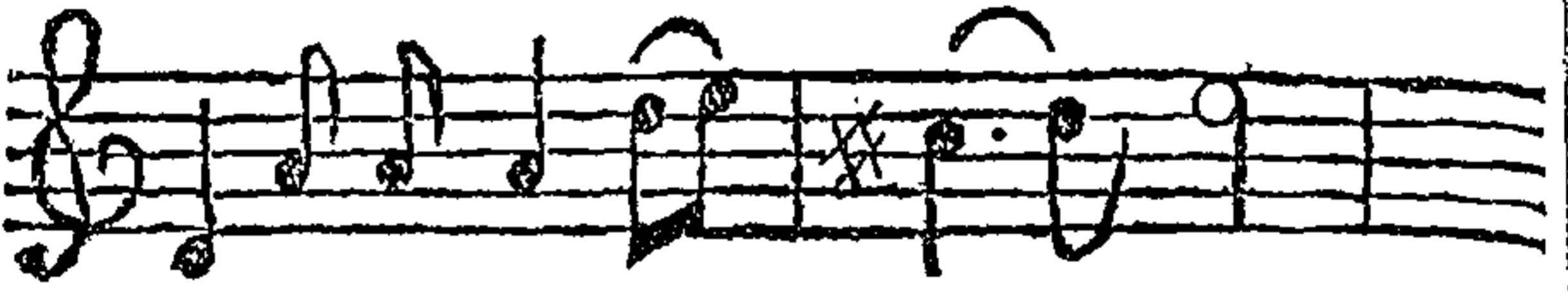


On his MISTRESS.

By Mr. R O W E.



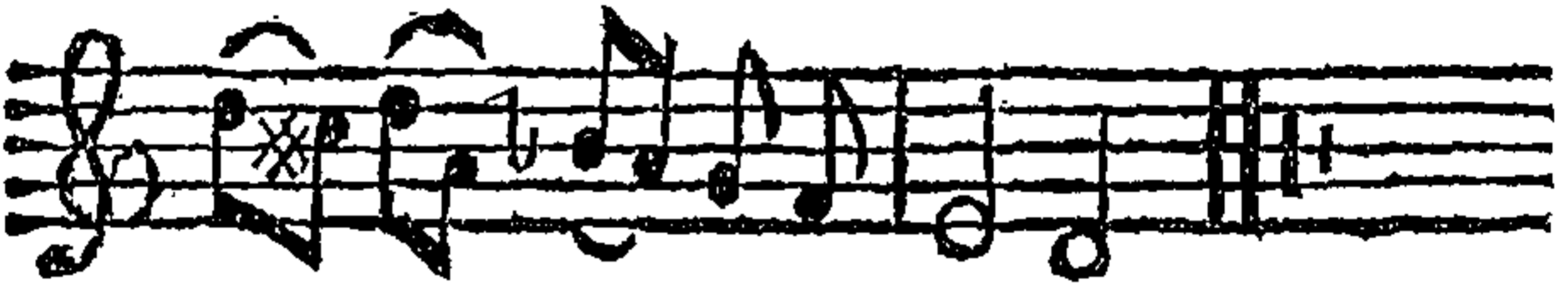
Since I have long lov'd you in vain, And



doated on ev'ry Fea-----ture;



Give me, at least, but Leave to complain Of



fo un---grate-ful a Creature.

Tho' I beheld in your wand'ring Eyes,

The wanton Symptoms of Ranging;

Yet I resolv'd against being Wise,

And lov'd you, in spite of your Changing.

Her Answer.

WHY shou'd you blame what Heav'n has made,
 Or find any Fault in Creation?
 'Tis not the Crime of the faithless Maid,
 But Nature's Inclination.

'Tis not because I love you less,
 Or think you not a true One;
 But, if the Truth I must confess,
 I always lov'd a new One.

For the FLUTE.

Sung in the DISTREST LOVERS.

The Words by Mr. THEOBALD. Set by Mr. GOUGE



Fond Echo, forbear thy light Strain, And



heedfully hear a lost Maid; Go, tell the false



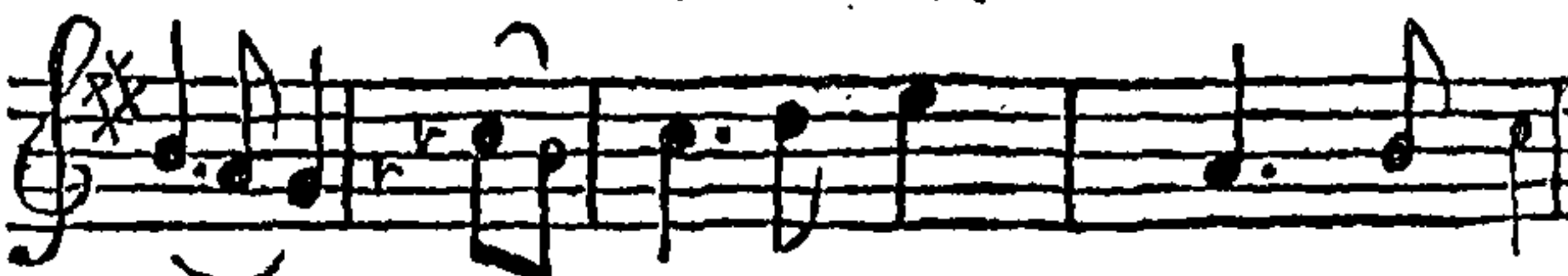
Ear of the Swain, — How deeply his



Vows have betray'd; Go, tell him what



Sorrows I bear; See, yet if his Heart feel my



Woe: 'Tis now he must heal my De-



spair, Or Death will make Pi---ty too slow.

For the FLUTE.



STREPHON'S RESOLVE



Oh lovely Maid! how dear's thy Pow'r? At



once I love, at once a--dore: With Wonder



are my Thoughts posselt, While soft---est



Love in---spires my Breast. This tender



Look, these Eyes of mine, Con-fess their



am'rous Ma---ster thine; These Eyes with



Strophon's Passion play, First make me



love, and then be—tray.

Yes, charming Victor, I am thine,
 Poor as it is, this Heart of mine
 Was never in another's Pow'r,
 Was never pierc'd by Love before.
 In thee I've treasur'd up my Joy,
 Thou can't give Bliss, or Bliss destroy:
 And thus I've bound my self to Love,
 While Bliss or Misery can move.

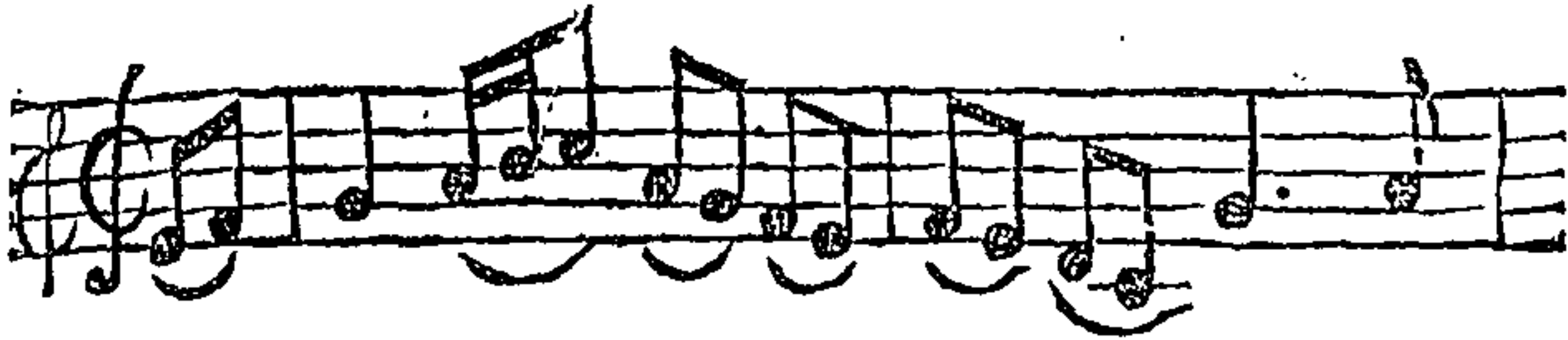
O should I ne'er possess thy Charms,
 Ne'er meet my Comfort in thy Arms,
 Were Hopes of dear Enjoyment gone,
 Still would I love, love thee alone.
 But, like some discontented Shade,
 That wanders where its Body's laid,

Mourn-

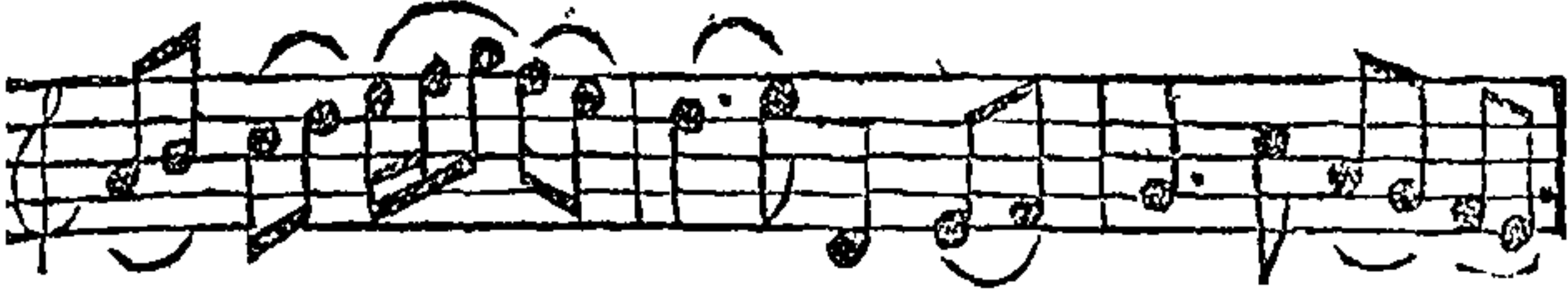
Mournful I'd roam, with hollow Glare,
For ever exil'd from my Fair.

For the FLUTE.



The Bonny SCOT.

Ye Gales, that gently wave the Sea, And



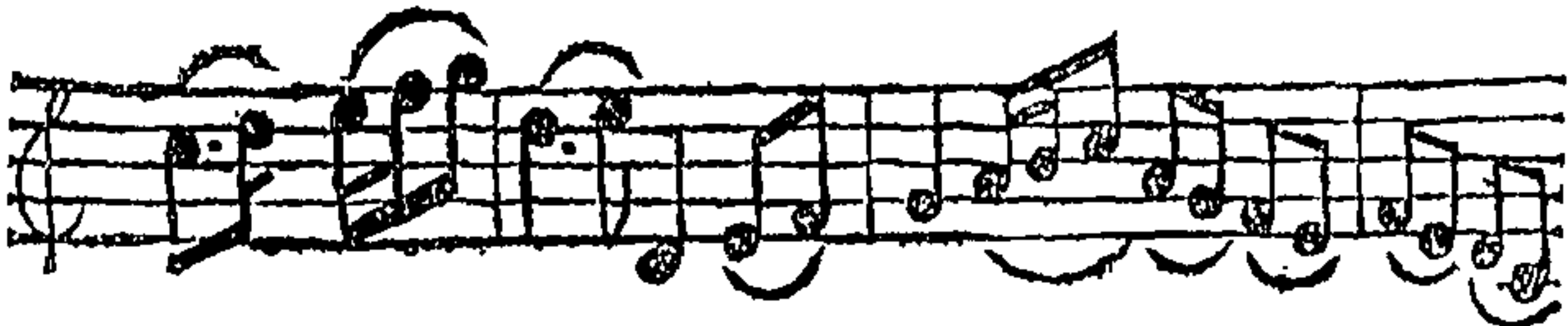
please the canny Boat--man, Bear me frae hence, or



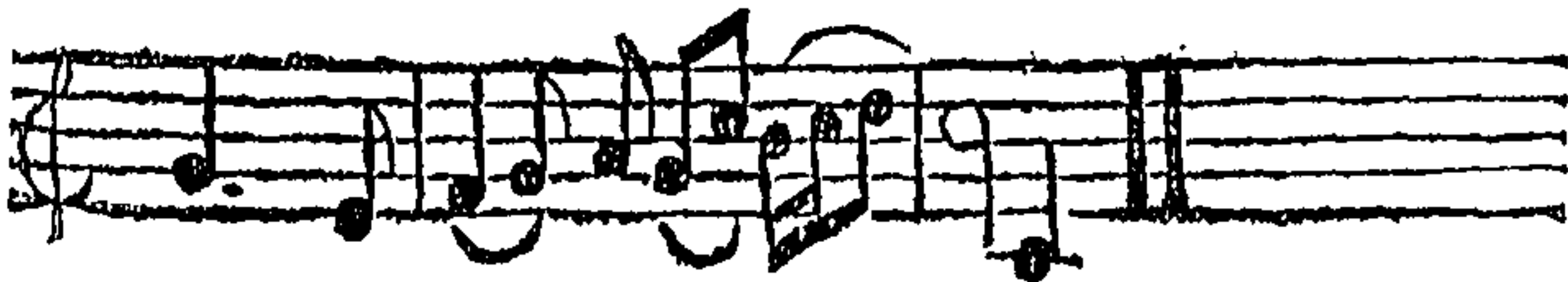
bring to me My brave, my bonny, *Scot---*Man.



In haly Bands We join'd our Hands, Yet may not



this dif---cover; While Parents rate a large E-



state, Before a faithfu' Lover.

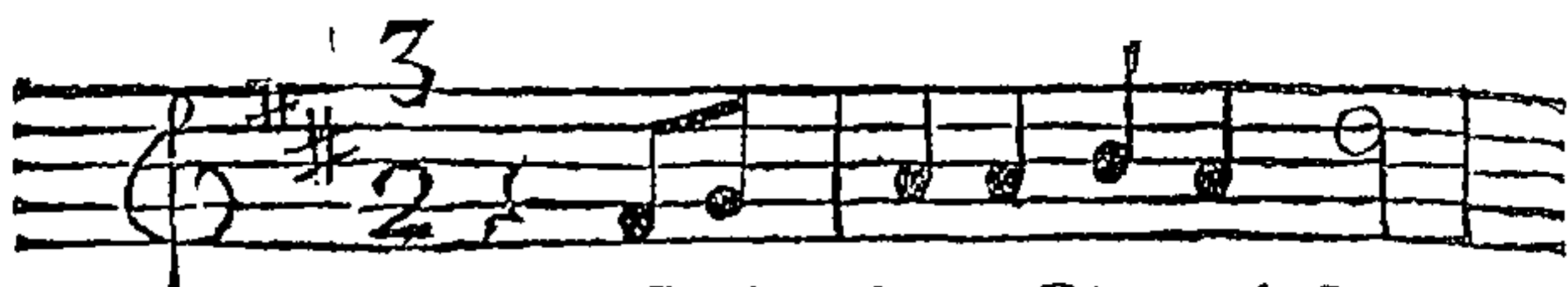
But I loor chuse in *Highland Glens*
 To herd the Kid and Goat---Man,
 Ere I could for sick little Eys
 Refuse my bonny *Scot*---Man.
 Wae worth the Man
 Wha first began
 The base ungenerous Fashion,
 Frae greedy Views
 Love's Art to use,
 While Stranger to its Passion.

Frae foreign Fields, my lovely Youth,
 Hasten to thy longing Lassie,
 Wha pants to press thy bawny Mouth,
 And in her Bosom hawse thee.
 Love gi'es the Word,
 Then hasten on Board,
 Fair Winds, and tenty Boat---Man:
 Waft o'er, waft o'er,
 Frae yonder Shore,
 My blyth, my bonny, *Scot*---Man.

For the FLUTE.



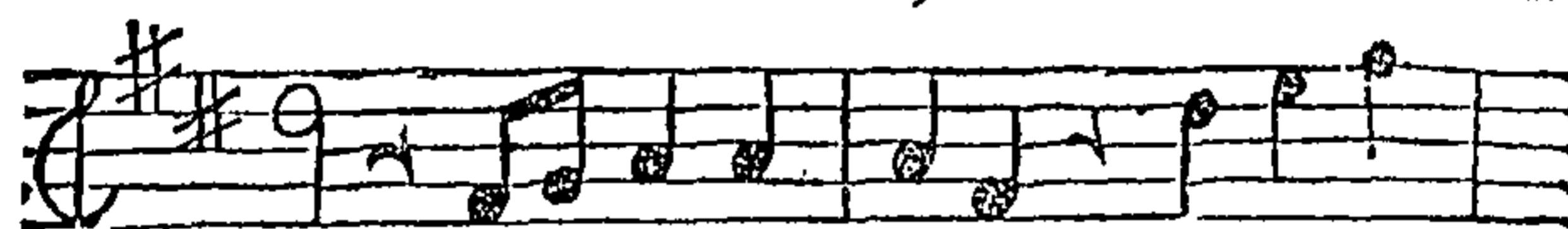
PHILLADA flouts me.



Oh! what a Plague is Love,



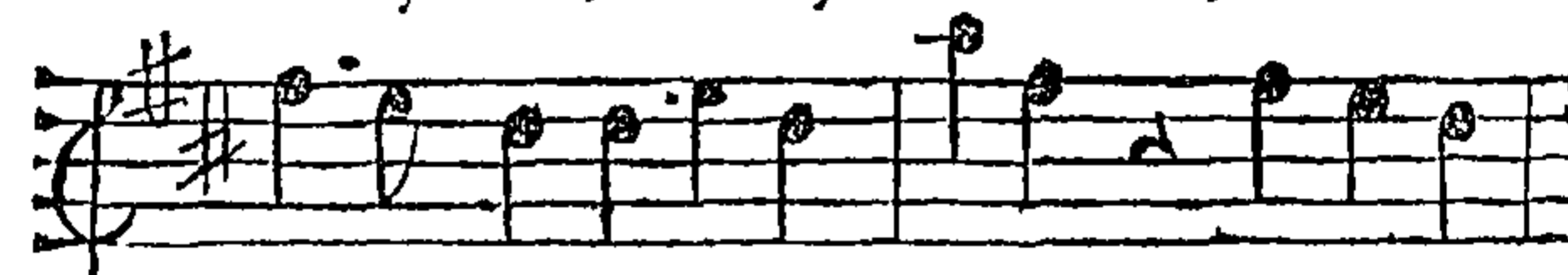
I cannot bear it; She will unconstant



prove, I greatly fear it; It so tor-



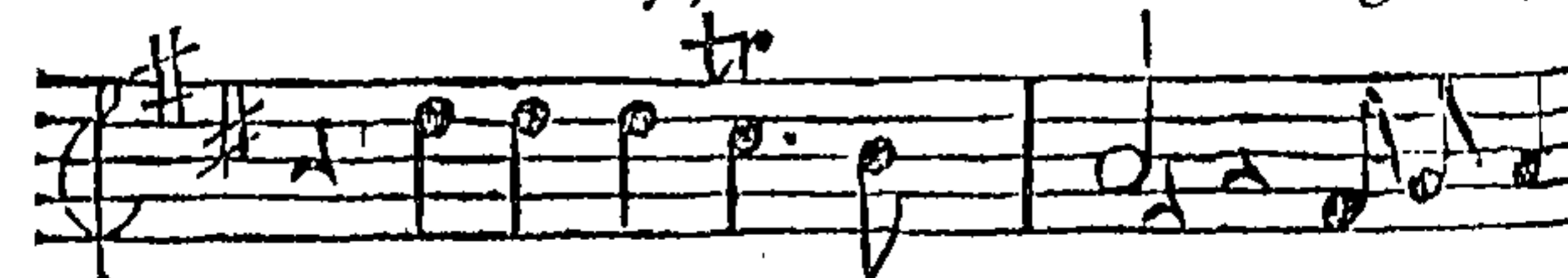
ments my Mind, That my Heart faileth; She wavers



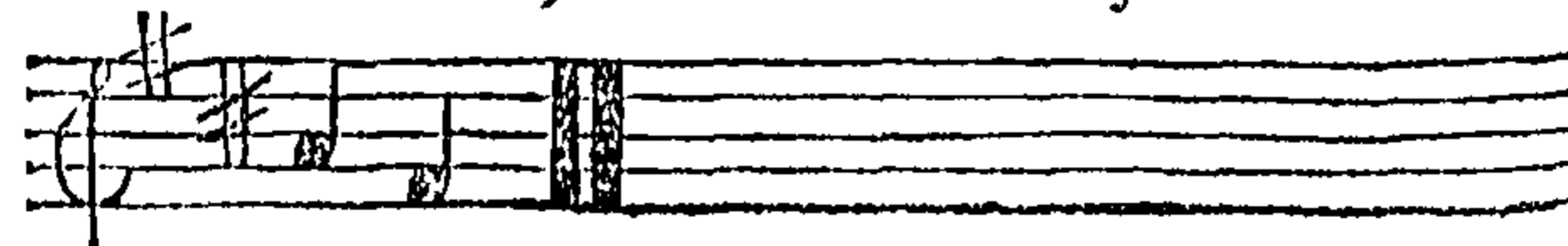
with the Wind, As a Ship faileth; Please her the



best I may, She loves still to gain say,



Alack, and well a Day! *Phil-la-da*



flouts me.

At the Fair t' other Day,
 As she pass'd by me,
 She look'd another Way,
 And wou'd not spy me.
 I woo'd her for to dine,
 But cou'd not get her;
Dick had her to the *Vine*,
 He might intreat her.

With *Daniel* she did dance,
 On me she wou'd not glance;
 Oh thrice unhappy Chance!

Phillada flouts me.

Fair Maid, be not so coy,
 Do not disdain me;
 I am my Mother's Joy;
 Sweet, entertain me.
 I shall have, when she dies,
 All Things that's fitting;
 Her Poultry, and her Bees,
 And her Goose sitting;
 A Pair of Mattress Beds,
 A Barrel full of Shreds:
 And yet, for all these Goods,

Phillada flouts me.

I often heard her say,
 That she lov'd Posies;
 In the last Month of *May*
 I gave her Roses,

Cowslips, and Gilly-flowers,
 And the sweet Lilly,
 I got to deck the Bowers
 Of my dear *Philly*.

She did them all disdain,
 And threw them back again ;
 Therefore 'tis flat, and plain,

Phillada flouts me

Thou shalt eat Curds and Cream
 All the Year lasting,
 And drink the chrystal Stream,
 Pleasant in tasting :

Swigg Whey, until you burst,
 Eat Bramble-berries,

Pye-lid, and Pastry Crust,

Pears, Plumbs, and Cherries ;

Thy Garments shall be thin,

Made of a Weather's Skin ;

Yet all's not worth a Pin.

Phillada flouts me.

Which Way soe'er I go,

She still torments me ;

And whatsoe'er I do,

Nothing contents me :

I fade, and pine away

With Grief and Sorrow ;

I fall quite to decay,

Like any Shadow ;

I shall be dead, I fear,
 Within a thousand Year,
 And all, because my dear



Phillada flouts me.

Fair Maiden, have a Care,
 And in Time take me ;
 I can have those as fair,
 If you forsake me :
 There's *Doll*, the Dairy-maid,
 Smil'd on me lately,
 And wanton *Winnifred*
 Favours me greatly ;
 One throws Milk on my Cloaths,
 T' other plays with my Nose ;
 What pretty Toys are those !



Phillada flouts me.

She has a Cloth of mine,
 Wrought with blue *Coventry*,
 Which she keeps as a Sign
 Of my Fidelity :
 But if she frowns on me,
 She shall ne'er wear it ;
 I'll give it my Maid *Joan*,
 And she shall tear it.
 Since 'twill no better be,
 I'll bear it patiently ;
 Yet, all the World may see,



Phillada flouts me.

The Answer. By Mr. A. BRADLEY,

O H! where's the Plague in Love,
 That you can't bear it?
 If Men wou'd constant prove,
 They need not fear it.
 Young Maidens, soft and kind,
 Are most in Danger;
 Men waver with the Wind,
 Each Man's a Ranger:
 Their Falshood makes us know,
 That two Strings to our Bow
 Is best, I find it so:

Barnaby doubts me

'Tis I that shou'd despair,
 'Tis you that slight me.
 What tho' when at the Fair
Dick did invite me;
 Tho' *Daniel* with me danc'd,
 You may believe me,
 I often on thee glanc'd,
 I'd not deceive thee;
 I saw thee look awry,
 I knew the Reason why,
 I can see with one Eye,

Barnaby doubts me.

Thou young and silly Boy,
 Do I disdain thee?
 Because thou'rt Mother's Joy,
 I'd entertain thee;

Yet,

Yet, with I not her Death,
 For ought she'd leave thee,
 Nor, when Time stops her Breath,
 Will I deceive thee.

What care I for her Geese,
 Or Beds of carded Fleece?
 Since this quite breaks my Peace,
Barnaby doubts me.

What tho' when I did say
 That I lov'd Posies,
 You, in the Month of *May*,
 Brought me sweet Roses?
 You never shew'd the Thing
 That most wou'd please me;
 A gay gold Wedding-Ring
 Wou'd soon have eas'd me.

I should not with Disdain
 Have thrown it back again;
 I think 'tis flat, and plain,
Barnaby doubts me.

Talk not of Curds and Cream,
 Pears, Plumbs, and Cherries,
 Nor of the chrystal Stream,
 Or Bramble-berries:
 Most surely you forget
 Our wonted Frisking,
 The Cock'ril on the Spit,
 And the Pork Grisking;

With

With more that might be said,
 When I got Dame to Bed;
 Yet, oh! unhappy Maid,

Barnaby doubts me.

You say, whate'er you do,
 Nothing contents thee;
 I pray it may be so,
 Whilst thou torment'st me:
 I pine, and sigh, all Night,
 And wish for Morrow,
 I can have no Delight,
 I'm full of Sorrow.

Oh! if I dye, I fear,
 Within a thousand Year,
 My Ghost will make't appear,

Barnaby doubts me.

I knit thy worsted Hose,
 To save the Penny,
 But wou'd not spot thy Cloaths,
 Like idle *Winnay* :
 Yet wanton *Winnifred*
 You like much better;
 Or *Doll*, the Dairy-maid,
 If you cou'd get her.

Ungrateful *Barnaby*,
 How can'st thou threaten me?
 But I knew how 'twou'd be,

Barnaby doubts me.

The Cloth I have of thine,
 Wrought with blue *Coventry*,
 Which thou gav'st as a Sign
 Of thy Fidelity,
 I'll give it back again,
 To thee as Token,
 That by a perjur'd Swain,
 My sad Heart's broken.
 Oh! *Barnaby*, unkind,
 Thou'lt quite distract my Mind,
 Too late, alas! I find,
Barnaby doubts me.

For the FLUTE.



MARY SCOT.



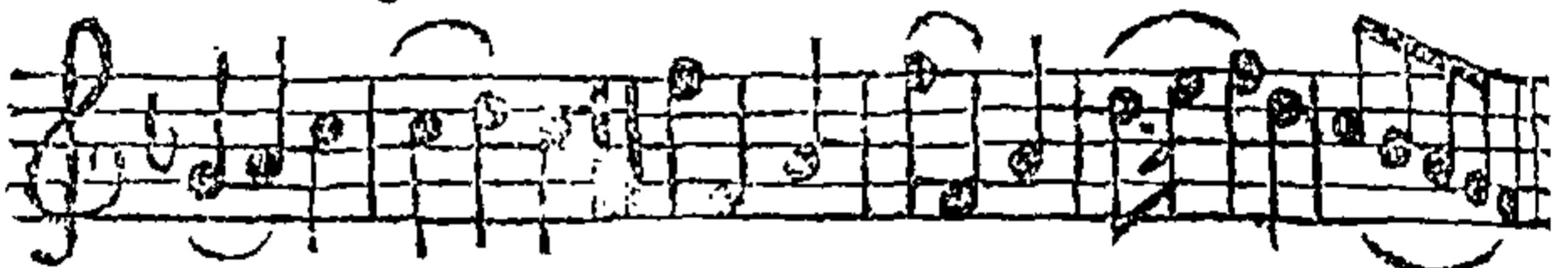
Happy's the Love which meets Return, When



in soft Flames Souls equal burn; But Words are



wanting to dis-co-ver The Torments of a



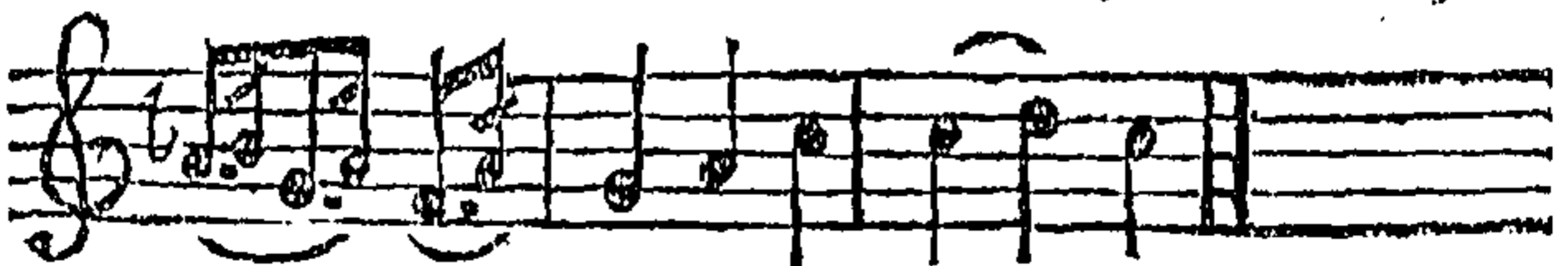
hopeless Lover: Ye Registers of Heav'n, relate



(If looking o'er the Rolls of Fate) Did you there



see me mark'd to Mar---row, To *Mary*



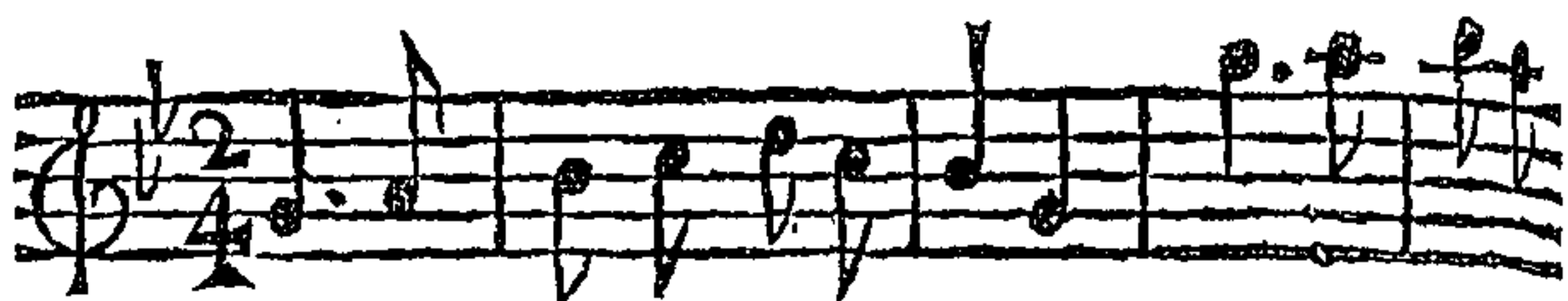
Scot the Flower of Yar---row.

Ah no! her Form's too heav'nly fair,
Her Love the Gods above must share,
While Mortals with Despair explore her,
And at Distance due adore her.
O lovely Maid, my Doubts beguile!
Revive, and bless me, with a Smile:
Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
Sighing Swain the Banks of *Yarrow*.

Be hush'd, ye Fears: I'll not despair.
My *Mary*'s tender as she's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine Anguish;
She is too good to let me languish.
With Success crown'd, I'll not envy
The Folks who dwell above the Sky,
When *Mary Scot* becomes my Marrow,
We'll make a Paradise on *Yarrow*.



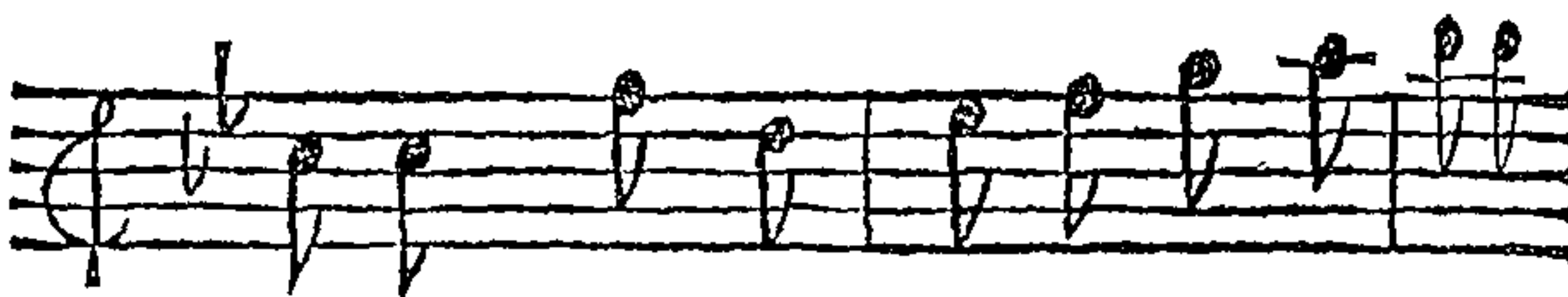
Sung by Mr. LEVERIDGE in the Character
of CHARON, in the Entertainment
call'd DR. FAUSTUS.



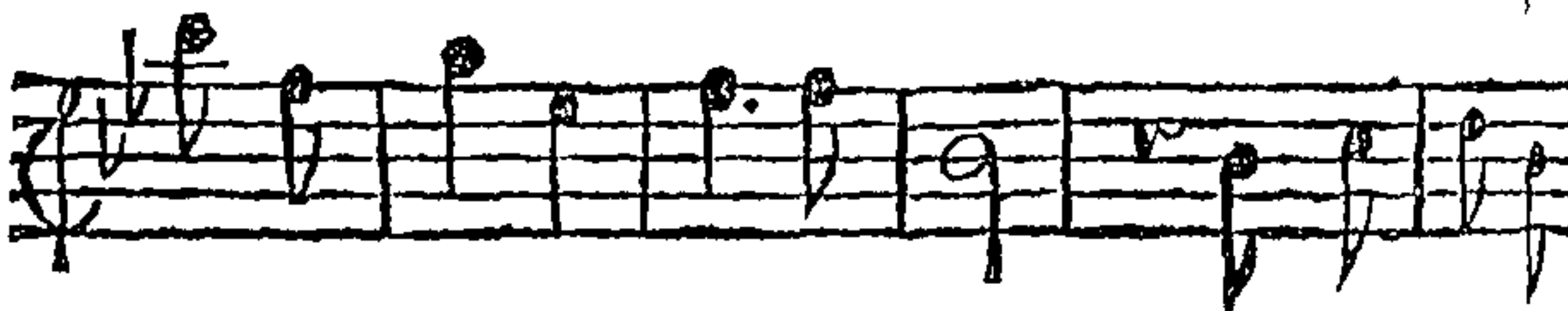
Ghosts of ev'ry Occupation, Ev'ry Rank, and



ev'ry Nation; Some with Crimes all foul and



spotted, Some to hap-py Fates allotted,



Press the *Stygian* Lake to pass. Here a Soldier



roars like Thunder, Prates of Wenches, Wine and



Plunder: Statesmen here the Times ac-



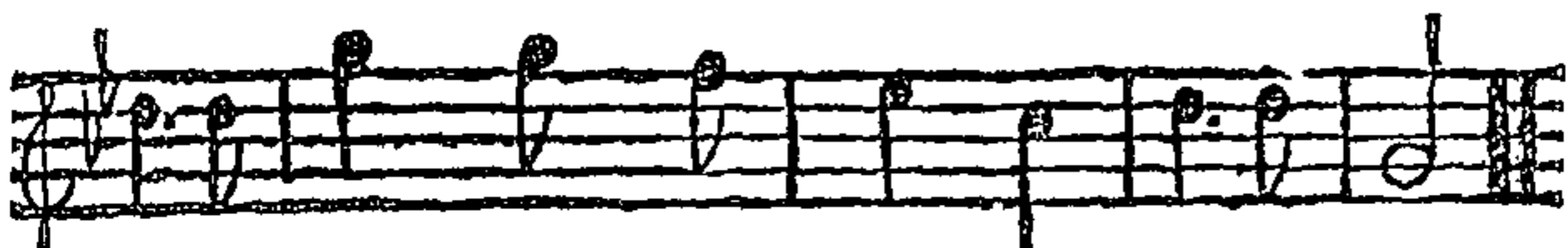
cusing; Poets Sense for Rhymes abusing;



Lawyers chatt'ring, Courtiers flatt'ring, Bullies



ranting, Zealots canting; Knaves and Fools of



ev'ry Class! Knaves and Fools of ev'ry Class!



The Words by Mr. BOOTH.

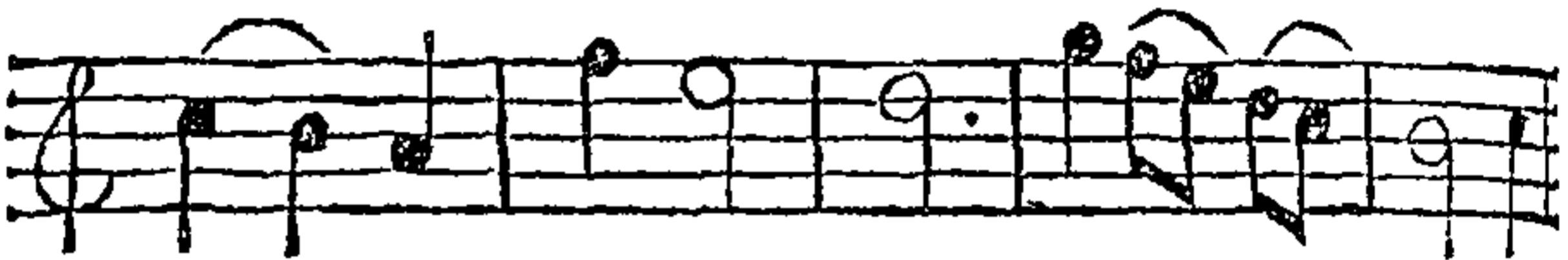
Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.



Sweet are the Charms of her I love, More



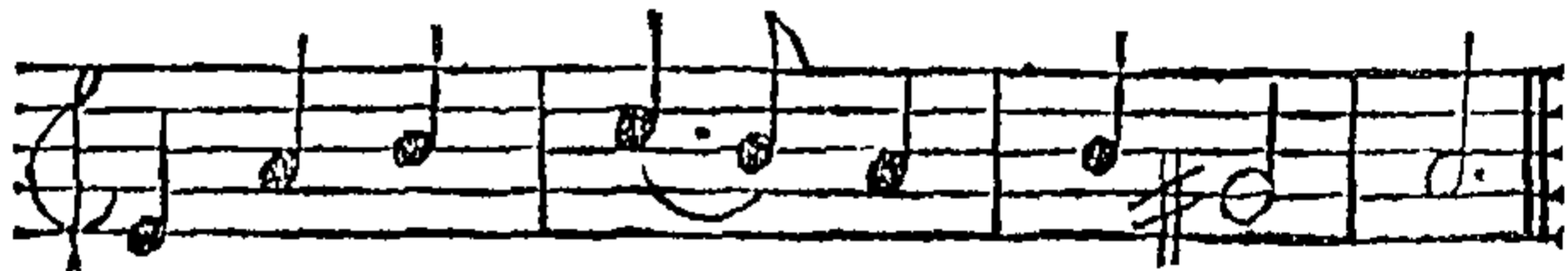
fra--grant than the Damask Rose; Soft as the



Down of Tur--tle Dove, Gentle as Wind when



Zephyr blows; Refreshing as de--scend--ing Rains



To sun-burnt Climes and thir----sty Plains.

True as the Needle to the Pole,

Or as the Dial to the Sun ;

Constant as gliding Waters rowl,

Whose swelling Tides obey the Moon :

From ev'ry other Charmer free,

My Life and Love shall follow thee.

The Lamb the flow'ry Thyme devours,
 The Dam the tender Kid pursues ;
 Sweet *Philomel*, in shady Bowers
 Of verdant Spring, her Note renews :
 All follow what they most admire,
 As I pursue my Soul's Desire.

Nature must change her beautiful Face,
 And vary as the Seasons rise ;
 As Winter to the Spring gives Place,
 Summer th' Approach of Autumn flies :
 No Change on Love the Seasons bring,
 Love only knows perpetual Spring.

Devouring Time, with stealing Pace,
 Makes lofty Oaks and Cedars bow ;
 And marble Towers, and Walls of Brass,
 In his rude March he levels low :
 But Time, destroying far and wide,
 Love from the Soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel Dart,
 The gentle Godhead can remove ;
 And drive him from the bleeding Heart,
 To mingle with the Blest above :
 Where, known to all his Kindred Train,
 He finds a lasting Rest from Pain.

Love, and his Sister fair, the Soul,
Twin-born from Heaven together came;
Love will the Universe controul,
When dying Seasons lose their Name:
Divine Abodes shall own his Power,
When Time and Death shall be no more.

For the FLUTE.

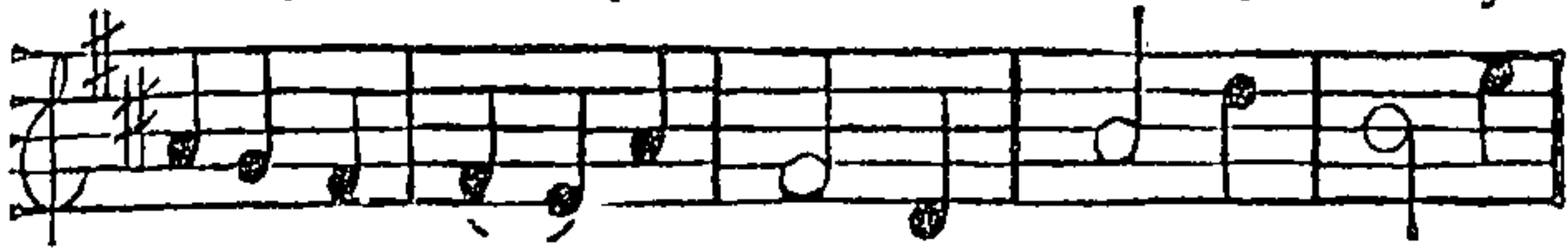


The COMPARISON.

Set by Mr. GALLIARD.



Celia, hoard thy Charms no more, Beautys'



like the Miser's Treasure: Still the vain Pos-



essor's poor, What are Riches without



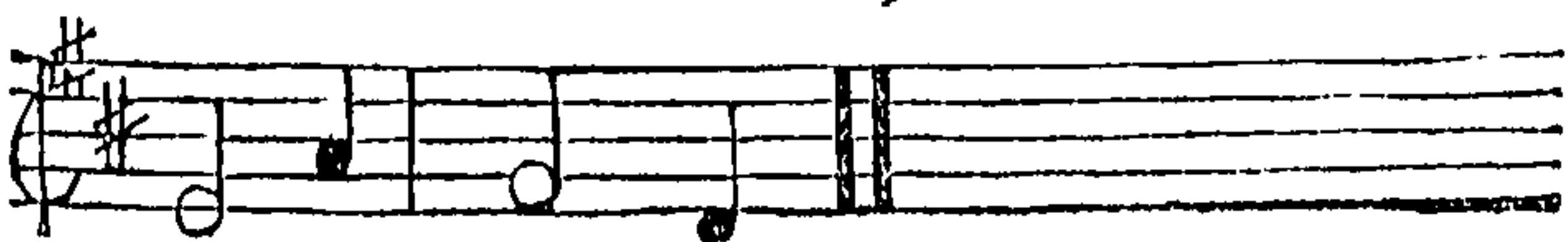
Pleasure? Endless Pains the Miser takes



To encrease his Heaps of Money; Lab'ring



Bees his Pattern makes, Yet he tears to



taste his Honey.

Views, with aking Eyes, his Store,
 Trembling, lest he chance to lose it;
 Pining still, for Want of more,
 Tho' the Wretch wants Pow'r to use it.
Celia thus, with endless Arts,
 Spends her Days, her Charms improving;
 Lab'ring still to conquer Hearts,
 Yet ne'er tastes the Sweets of Loving.

Views with Pride, her Shape, her Face,
 Fancying still she's under Twenty;
 Age brings Wrinkles on a-pace,
 While she starves with all her Plenty.
 Soon or late, they Both will find,
 Time their Idol from them sever;
 He must leave his Gold behind,
 Lock'd within his Grave for ever.

Celia's Fate will still be worse,
 When her fading Charms deceive her;
 Vain Desire will be her Curse,
 When no Mortal will relieve her.
Celia, hoard thy Charms no more,
 Beauty's like the Miser's Treasure:
 Taste a little of thy Store;
 What is Beauty without Pleasure?

For the FLUTE.



DAPHNIS and CLOE.

The Words by Mr. GAY.

Daphnis stood pensive in----- the Shade, With Arms a-



crofs, and Head reclin'd; Pale Looks accus'd the



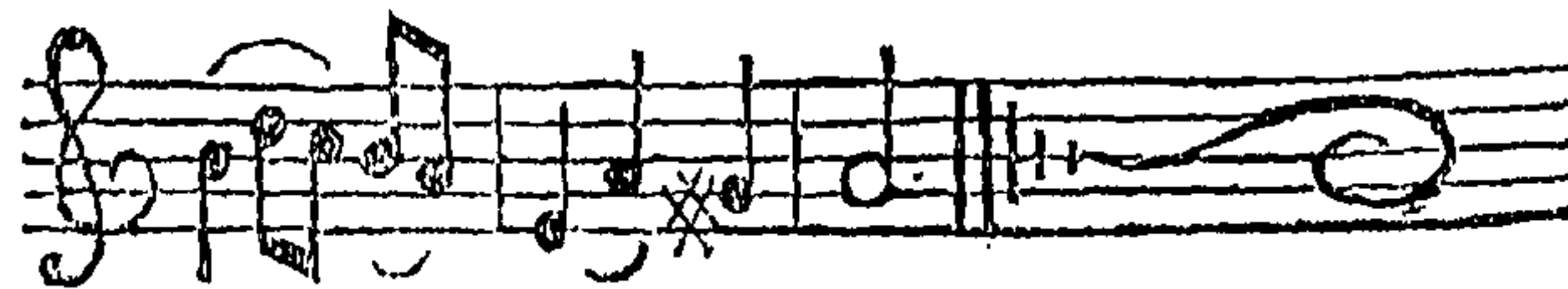
cru-el Maid, And Sighs reliev'd his love-sick



Mind: His tuneful Pipe all broken lay,



Looks, Sighs, and Actions seem'd to say, My



Cloe-----e is unkind.

Why

Why ring the Woods with warbling Throats?
 Ye Larks, ye Linnets, cease your Strains;
 I faintly hear, in your sweet Notes,
 My *Chloe's* Voice that wakes my Pains:
 Yet why should you your Song forbear?
 Your Mates delight your Song to hear;
 But *Chloe* mine disdains.

As thus he melancholy stood,
 Dejected as the lonely Dove;
 Sweet Sounds broke gently through the Wood,
 I feel the Sound; my Heart-strings move.
 'Twas not the Nightingale that sung,
 No. 'Tis my *Chloe's* sweeter Tongue.
 Hark, hark, what says my Love!

How foolish is the Nymph, (she cries)
 Who trifles with her Lover's Pain!
 Nature still speaks in Woman's Eyes,
 Our artful Lips were made to feign.
 O *Daphnis, Daphnis*, 'twas my Pride,
 'Twas not my Heart thy Love deny'd;
 Come back, dear Youth, again.

As t'other Day my Hand he seiz'd,
 My Blood with thrilling Motion flew;
 Sudden I put on Looks displeas'd,
 And hasty from his Hold withdrew.

'Twas Fear alone, thou simple Swain;
Then hadst thou prest my Hand again,
My Heart had yielded too!

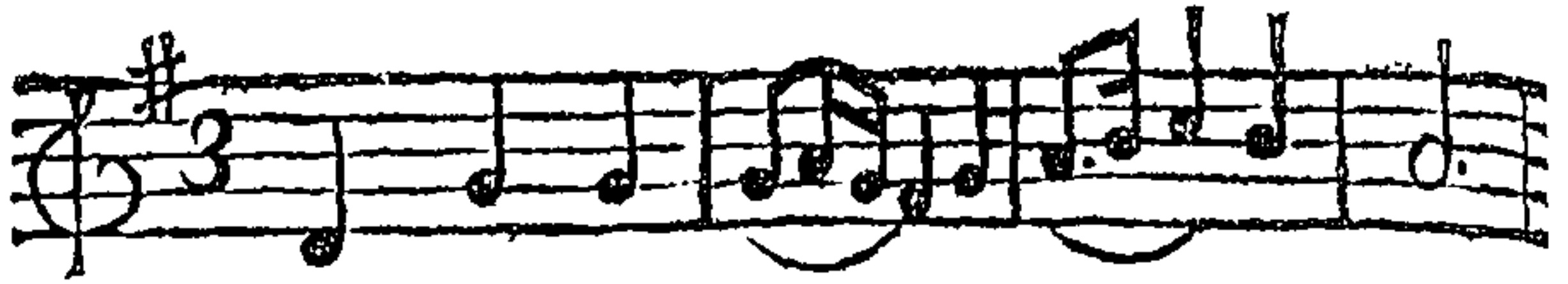
'Tis true, thy tuneful Reed I blam'd,
That swell'd thy Lip and rosie Cheek;
Think not thy Skill in Song defam'd:
That Lip should other Pleasures seek:
Much, much thy Musick I approve;
Yet break thy Pipe, for more I love,
Much more, to hear thee speak.

My Heart forebodes that I'm betray'd,
Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone;
Last Night with *Delia's* Dog he play'd;
Love by such Trifles first comes on.
Now, now, dear Shepherd, come away,
My Tongue would now my Heart obey.
Ah *Chloe*, thou art won!

The Youth step'd forth with hasty Pace,
And found where wishing *Chloe* lay;
Shame sudden lighten'd in her Face,
Confus'd, she knew not what to say.
At last in broken Words, she cry'd,
To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am lost To-day!

For the FLUTE.



Sung in LOVE and a BOTTLE.

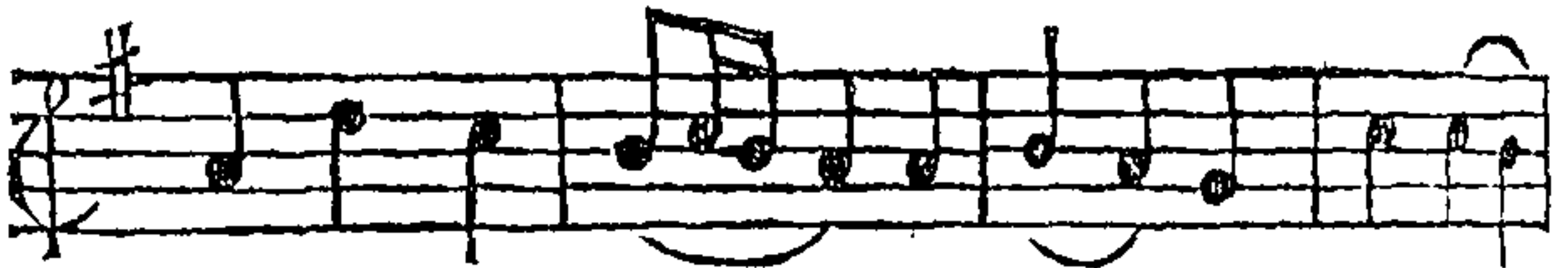
How blest are Lovers in---- Disguise!



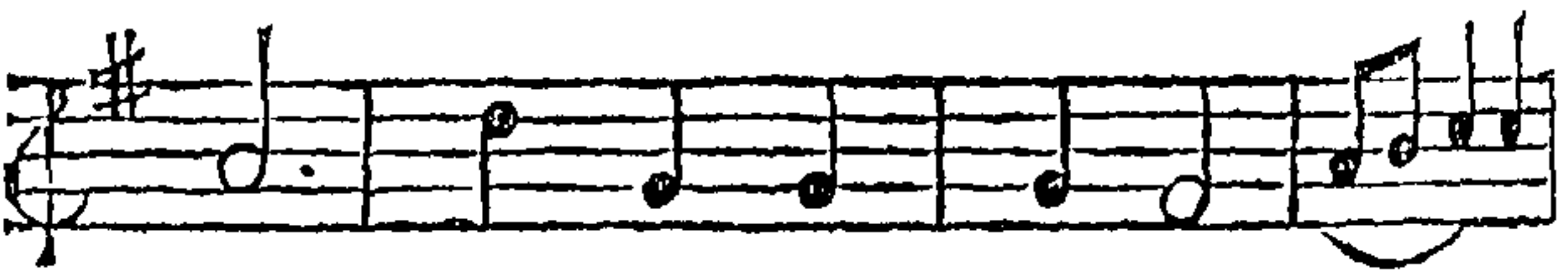
Like Gods, they see, As I do thee, Un-



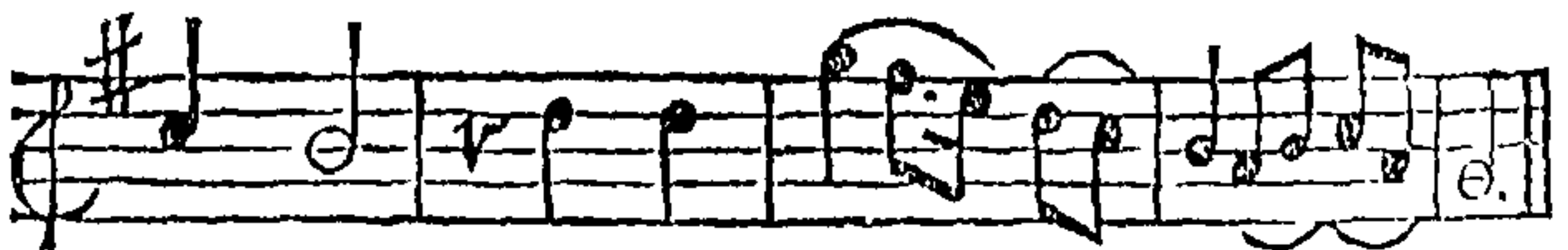
seen-- by Humane Eyes. Expos'd to View,



I'm hid from You; I'm alter'd, yet the



Same. The Dark conceals me, Love re-



veals me; Love, which lights me by its Flame.

Were

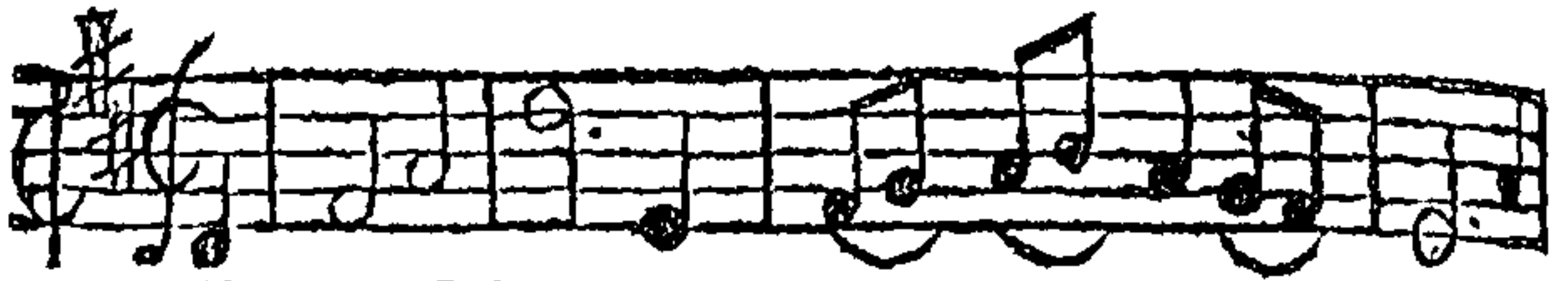
Were you not false, you me wou'd know;
For tho' your Eyes
Cou'd not devise,
Your Heart had told you so:
Your Heart wou'd beat
With eager Heat;
And me by Sympathy wou'd find:
True Love might see
One chang'd like me;
False Love is only blind.

For the FLUTE.

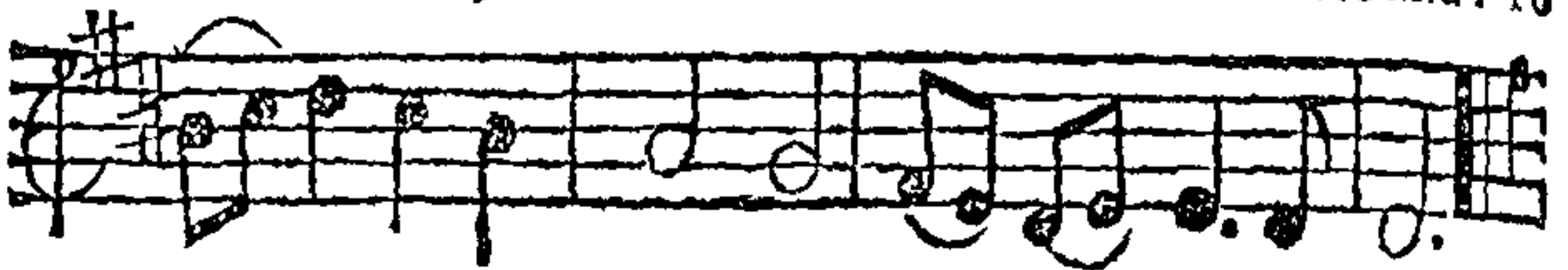


The INVITATION.

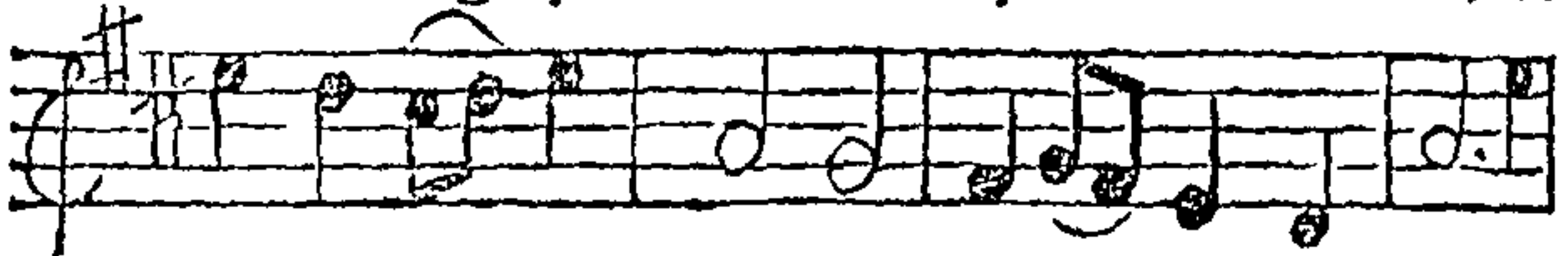
By Mr. THEOBALD,



Dull Bus'ness, hence! a----void this sacred Round: To



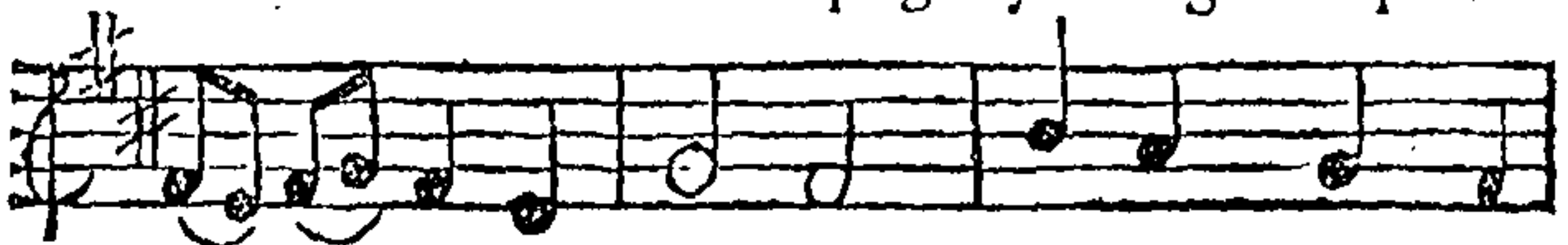
Mirth, and mighty Love, let ev'ry Bowl be crown'd, The



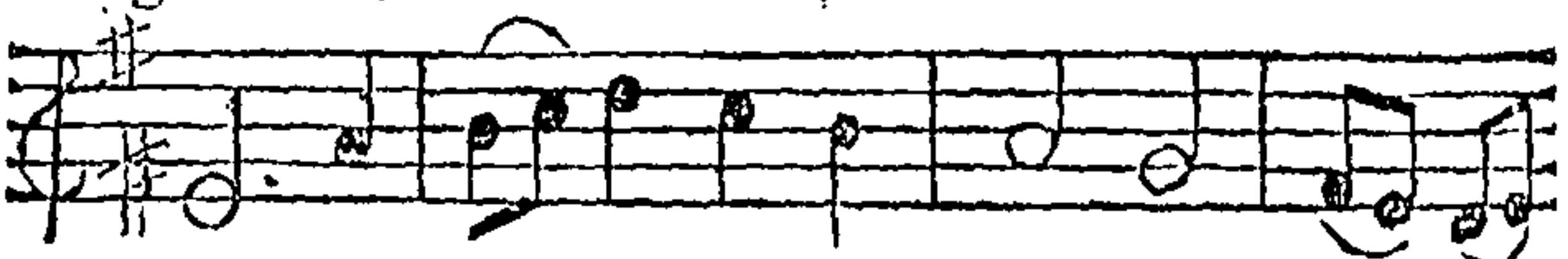
sparkling Nectar see! It fans the Lover's Fire; And



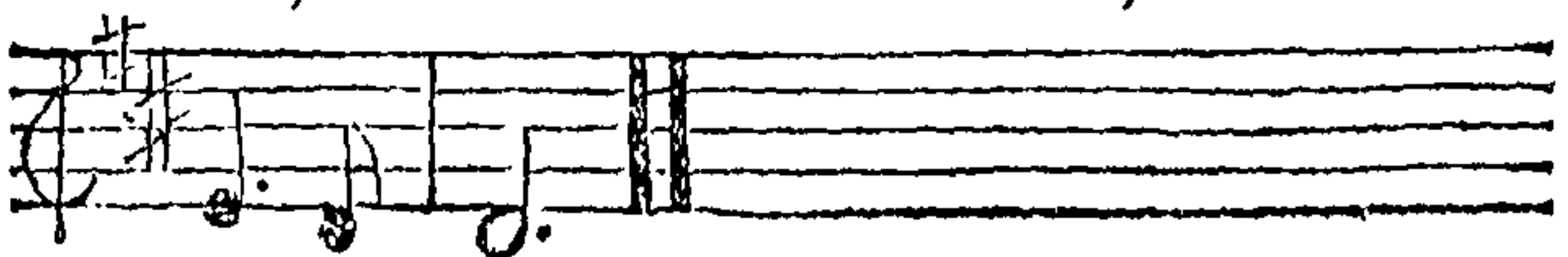
emulates those Smiles its sprightly Draughts inspire. The



gen'rous Juice who scorns, and wears a sul----len



Brow, Still let his Mistress frown, and He no



Pleasures know!

To *Chloe's* Name let's consecrate the Glass;
Chloe shall make each Round with livelier Transport pass:
 What tho' the Brain should rock, and swimming Eyes
 should rowl?

Love, mighty Love, does more; intoxicates the Soul.
 Then, like true Sons of Joy, let's laugh at the Precise:
 When Wisdom grows austere, 'tis Folly to be wise.

This 'tis to live; thus Time is nobly lost:
 To drink, and love, is All dull Man from Life can boast.
 Thou Fiend, Reflection, hence! Mirth shall not be
 allay'd,
 Tho' less'ning Tapers waste, and the pale Stars should
 fade.

No matter when the Morn, or brighter *Phæbus*, rise;
 The Morn's in *Chloe's* Cheek, and *Phæbus* in her Eyes.

For the FLUTE.

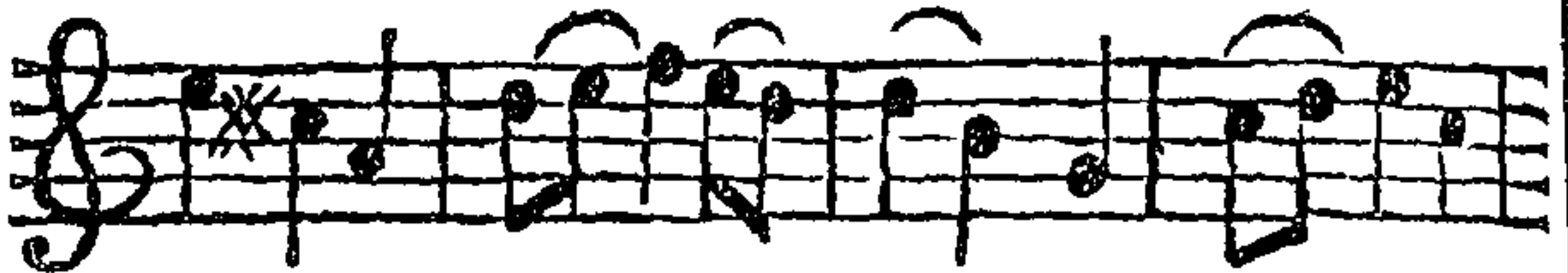


C U P I D *mistaken.*

The Words by Mr. P R I O R.



As after Noon, one Summer's Day,

*Venus* stood bathing in a River;*Cupid*, a shooting, went that way, New

strung his Bow, new fill'd his Quiver.

With Skill he chose his sharpest Dart:

With all his Might his Bow he drew.

Swift to his beauteous Parent's Heart

The too well-guided Arrow flew.

I faint! I die! the Goddess cry'd:

O cruel, could't thou find none other

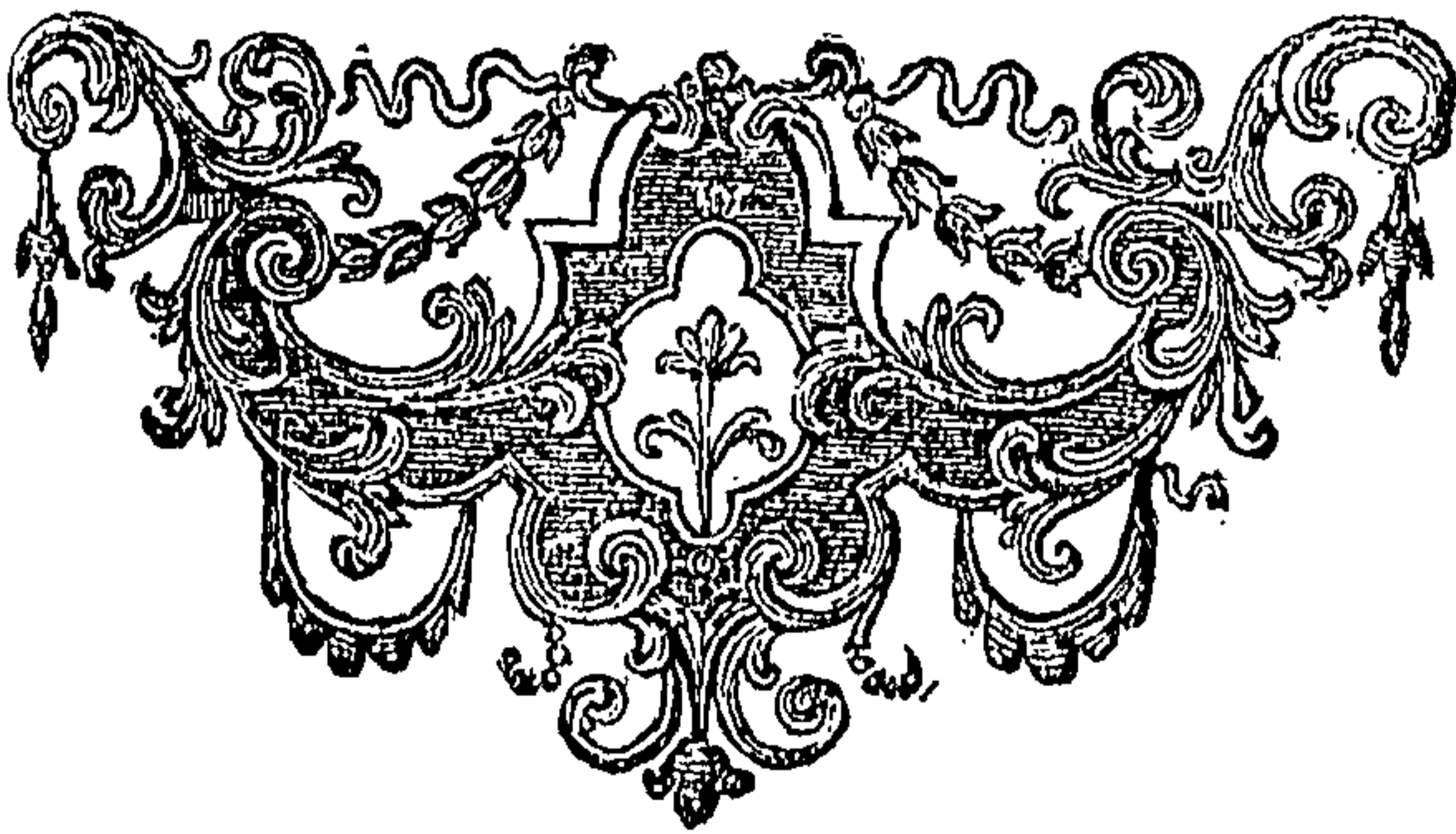
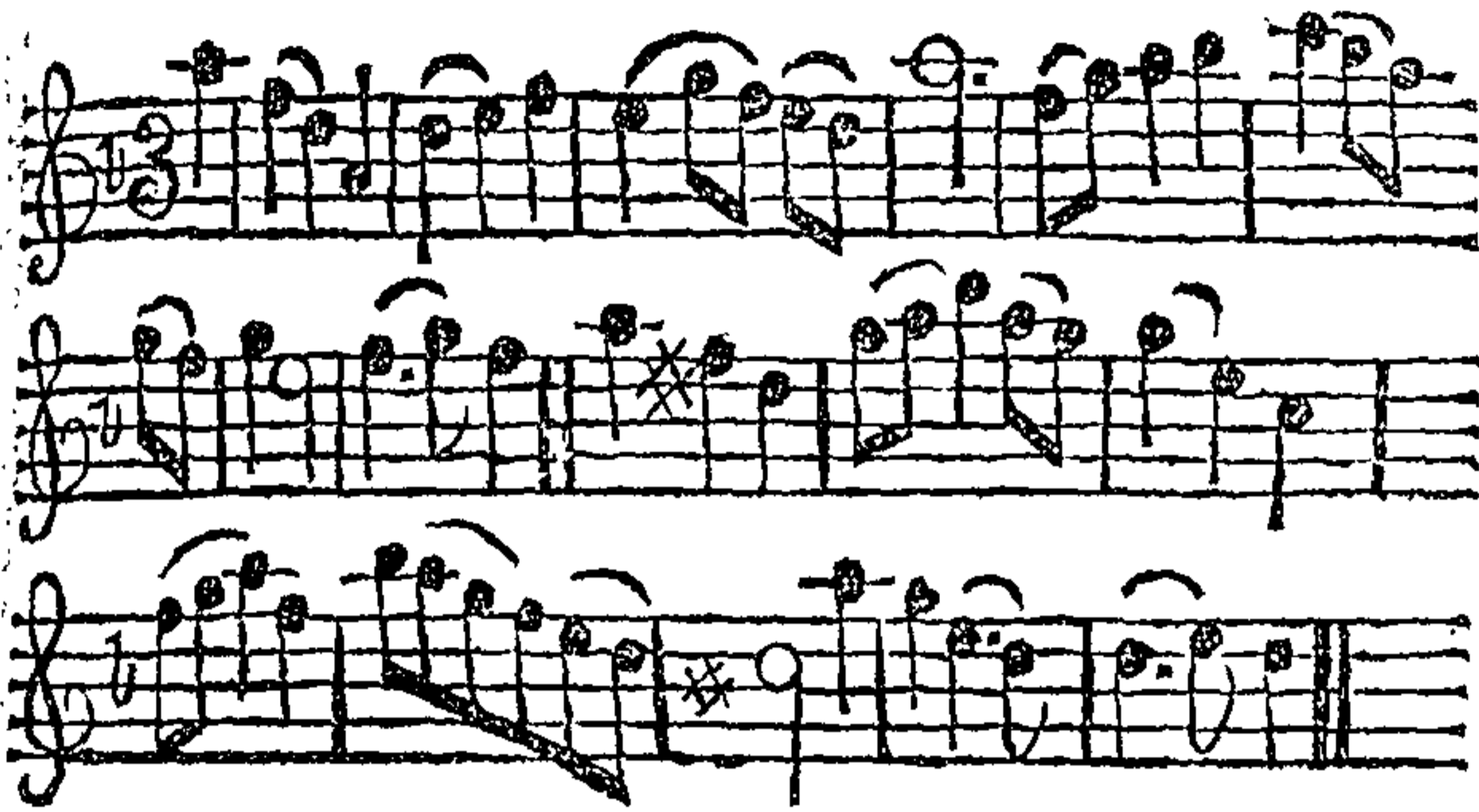
To wreck thy Spleen on? Parricide!

Like *Nero*, thou hast slain thy Mother.

Poor

Poor *Cupid*, sobbing, scarce could speak;
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know Ye:
Alas! how easie my Mistake?
I took you for your Likeness, *Chloe*.

For the FLUTE.



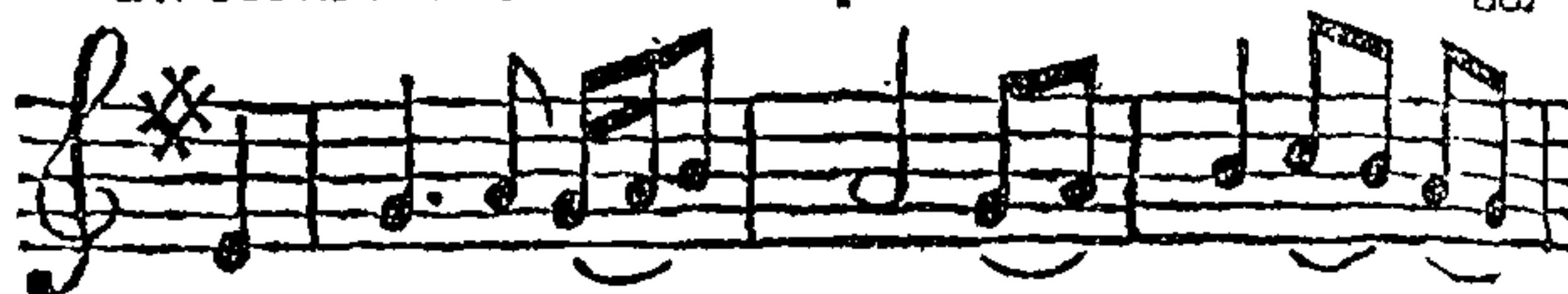
CHARMING MOGGY.



What Beauties does *Flora* dis-close? How



sweet are her Smiles upon *Tweed*? Yct *Moggy's*



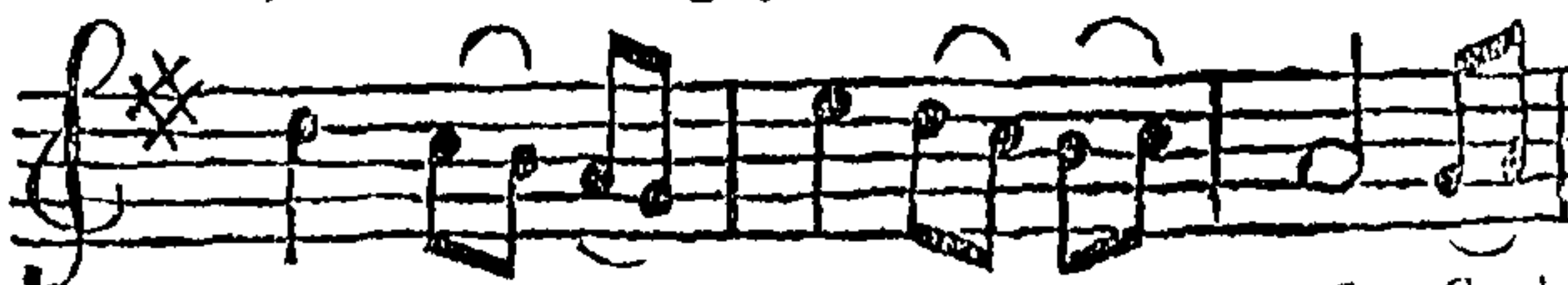
still sweeter than those, Both Nature and



Fancy exceed: No *Daisie*, nor sweet blushing



Rose, Nor all the gay Flow'rs of the Fields, Nor



Tweed gli---ding gent-ly thro' those, Such



Beauty and Plea---sure e'er yields.

'Tis She doth the Virgins excel,
No Beauty with her may compare;
Love's Graces all round her do dwell;
She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
Tweed's Murmurs should lull her to Rest,
Kind Nature indulging my Blifs;
To relieve the soft Pains of my Breast,
I'd steal an Ambrosial Kifs.

For the FLUTE.



The Cremona FIDDLE.

Ye Lads and ye Lasses that live at *Long-*



leat, Where, they say, there's no end of good



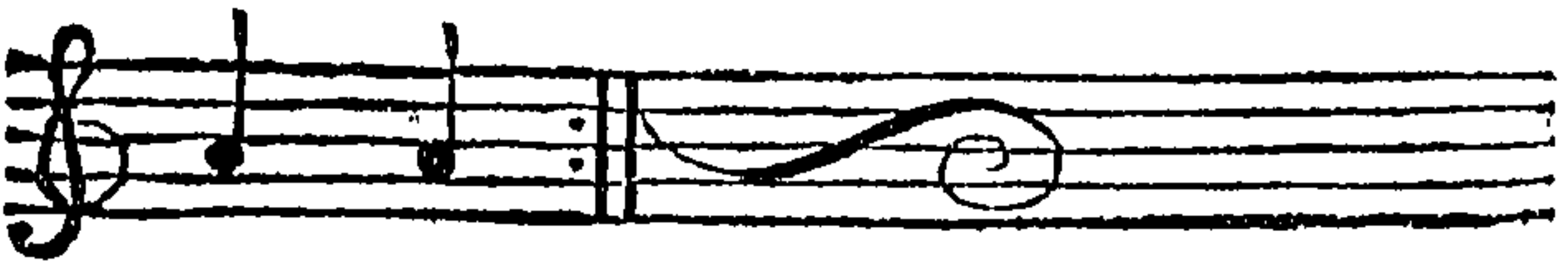
Drink and good Meat, Where the Poor fill their



Bellies, the Rich receive Honour, So



great and so good is the Lord of the



Manor ;

Ye Nymphs, and ye Swains, that inhabit the Place,
 Give ear to my Song of a Fiddle's hard Case;
 For it is of a Fiddle, a sweet Fiddle I sing,
 A softer and sweeter did never wear String.

Melpomene, lend me the Aid of thy Art,
 Whilst I the sad Fate of this Fiddle impart;
 For never had Fiddle a Fortune so bad; [had.
 Which shows the best Things the worst Fortune have

This Fiddle of Fiddles, when it came to be try'd,
 Was as sweet as a Lark, and as soft as a Bride;
 This Fiddle to see, and its Musick to hear,
 Gave Delight to the Eye, while it ravish'd the Ear.

But first, I must sing of this Fiddle's Country;
 'Twas born, and 'twas bred, in fair *Italy*;
 In a Town where a Marshal of *France* had the Hap
 (*Fortune de la Guerre*) to be caught in a Trap.

And now, having sung of this Fiddle's high Birth,
 I shou'd sing of the Fingers which made so much Mirth;
 But Fingers so strait, so swift, and so small,
 Shou'd be sung by a Poet, or not sung at all.

Tho' I am, God wot, but a poor Country Swain,
 And cannot indite in so lofty a Strain;
 So all I can say, is to tell you once more,
 Such Hands and such Fingers were ne'er seen before.

Having fung of the Fingers and Fiddle, I trow,
 You'll hold it but meet I shou'd sing of the Bow;
 The Bow it was Ebon, whose Virtue was such,
 It wounded your Heart, if your Ear it did touch.

Cupid fain wou'd have chang'd with this Bow for a ^{[while;}
 To which the coy Nymph thus reply'd with a Smile,
 My Bow is far better than your's, I'll appeal;
 Your's on'y can kill, mine can both kill and heal.

This Fiddle, and Bow, and its Musick together,
 Wou'd make heavy Hearts as light as a Feather:
 But, alas! when I shall its Catastrophe sing,
 Your Heart it will bleed, and your Hands you will ring.

This Fiddle was laid on a soft Easy-Chair,
 Taking all for its Friends its sweet Musick did hear;
 When streight there came in a huge masculine Bum,
 I wish the De'il had it to make him a Drum.

Now woe to the Bum, that this Fiddle demolish'd,
 That has all our Musick, and Pastime, abolish'd;
 May it never want Birch, to be switch'd and be slash'd;
 May it ever be itching, and never be scratch'd.

May it never break Wind in the Cholick so grievous;
 A Penance too small, for a Crime so mischievous;
 Ne'er find a soft Cushion its Anguish to ease,
 While all is too little, my Wrath to appease.

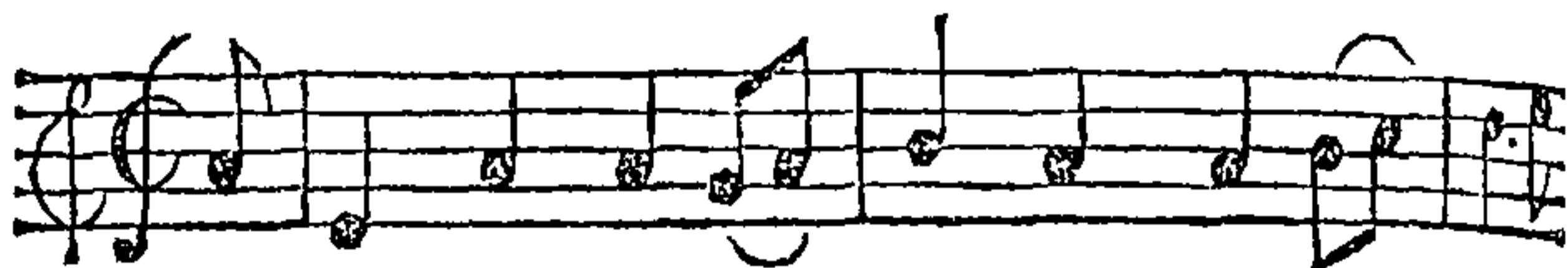
Of other Bum-scapes may it still bear the Blame,
Ne'er shew its bare Face, without Sorrow or Shame;
May it ne'er mount on Horseback without loss of
Leather,
Which brings me almost to the End of my Tether.

And now, least some Critick of deep Penetration
Shou'd attack our poor Ballad with grave Annotation.
The Fop must be told, without speaking in Riddle,
He must first make a better, or kiss this Bum-fiddle.

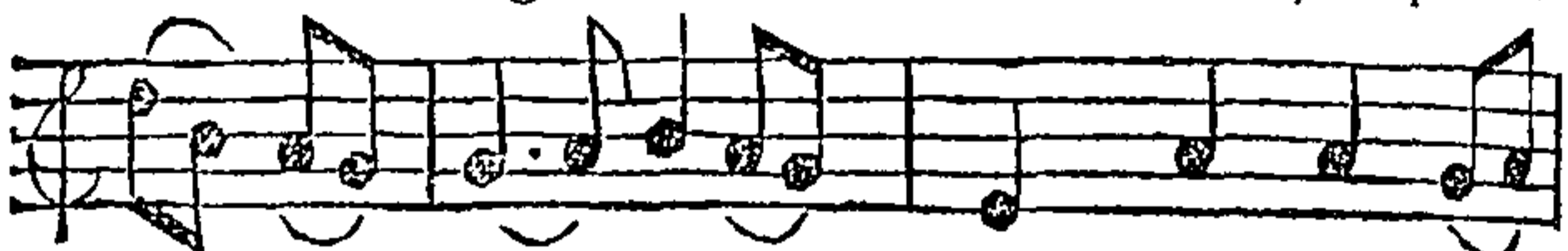
For the F L U T E.



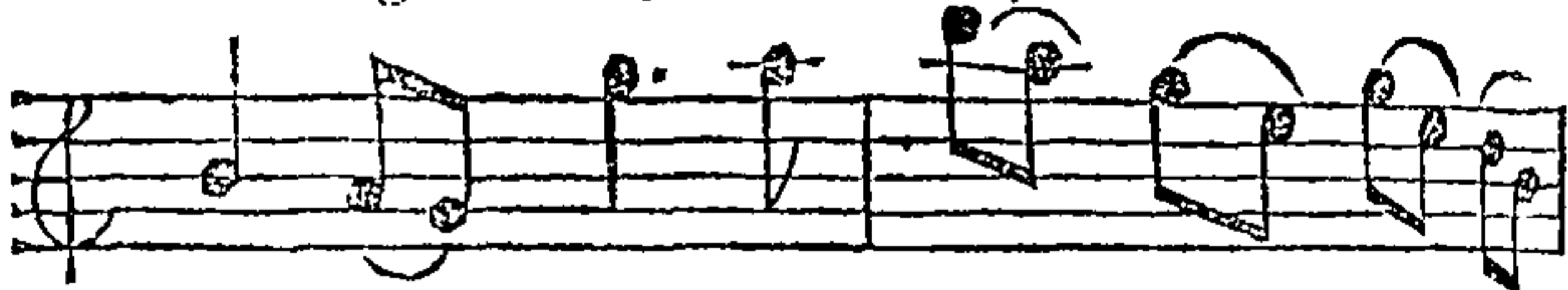
KATHARINE O G I E.



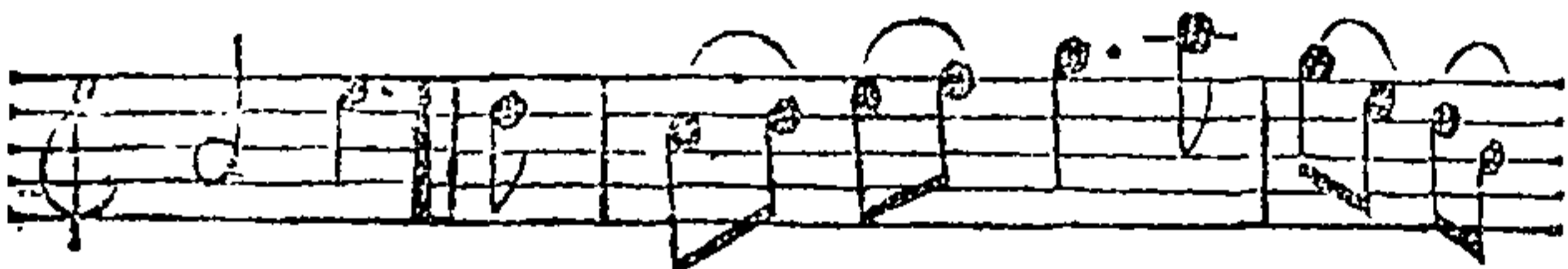
As walking forth to view the Plain, Upon a



Morning ear-ly, While *May's* sweet Scent did



cheer my Brain, From Flow'rs which grow so



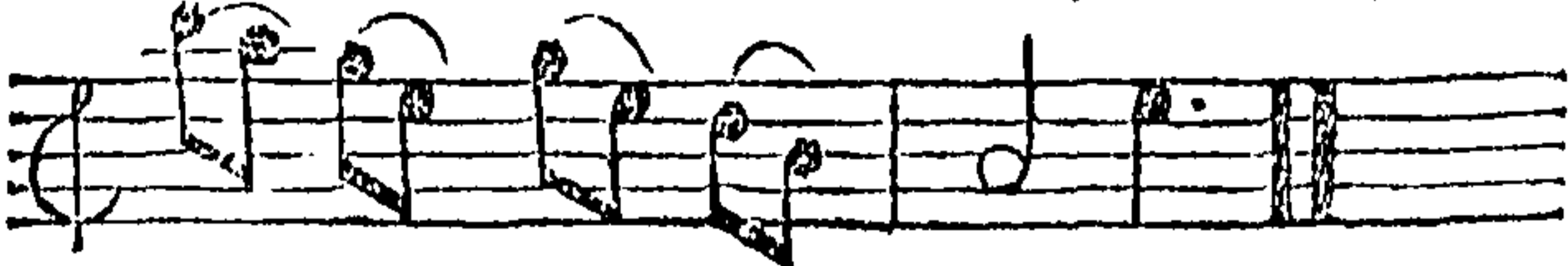
rarely; I chanc'd to meet a pret---ty



Maid, She shin'd, tho' it was fog-gy, I



ask'd her Name; Sweet Sir, she said, My



Name is *Kath'rinc* O--gie.

I stood awhile, and did admire
 To see a Nymph so stately ;
 So brisk an Air there did appear,
 In a Country Maid so neatly ;
 Such nat'ral Sweetness she display'd
 Like a Lillie in a Bogie ;
Diana's Self was ne'er array'd
 Like this same *Kath'rine Ogie*.

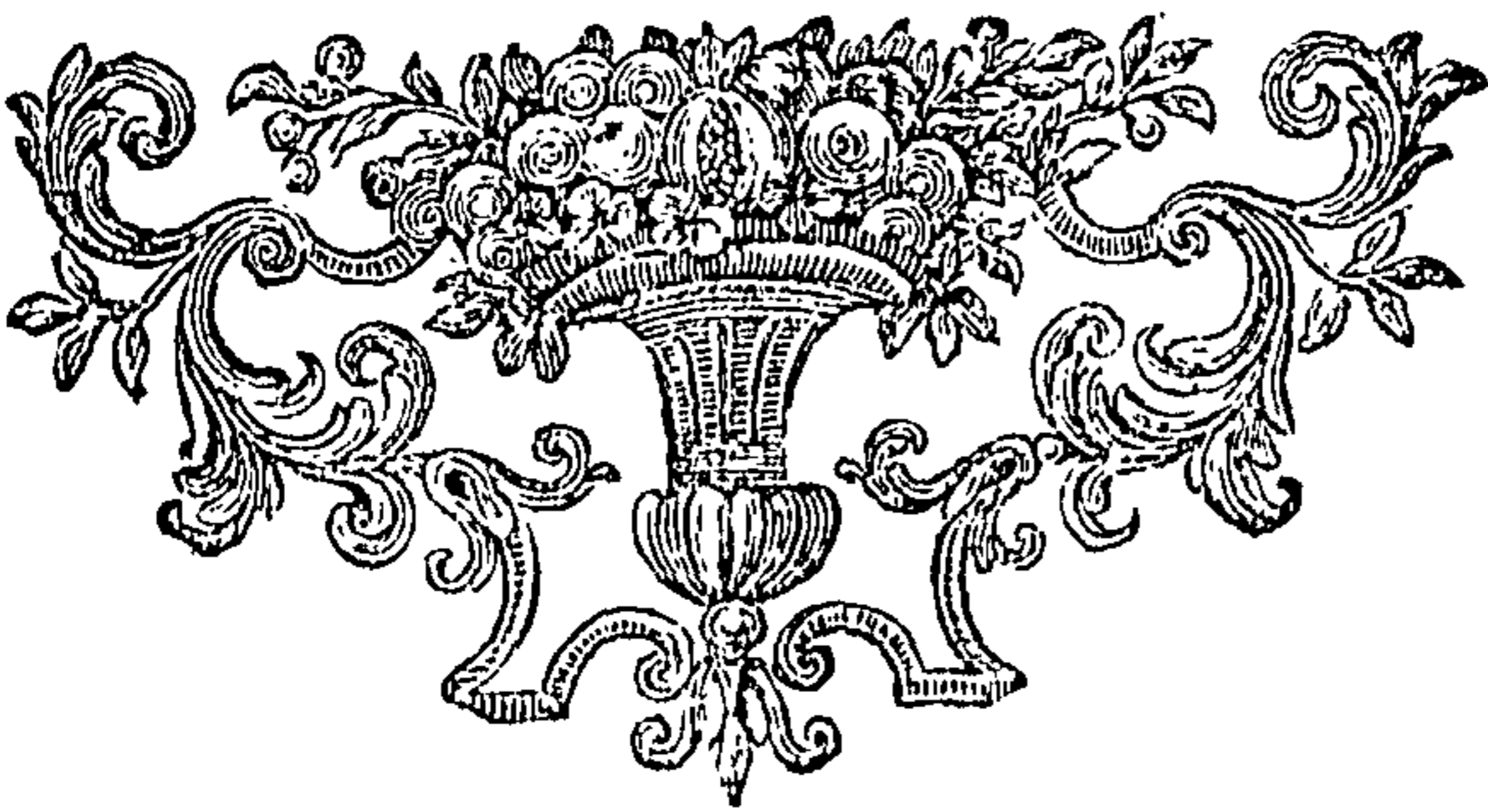
Thou Flower of Females, Beauty's Queen,
 Who sees thee sure must prize thee ;
 Tho' thou art drest in Robes but mean,
 Yet these cannot disguise thee ;
 Thy handsome Air, and graceful Look
 Far excels any clownish Rogie ;
 Thou'rt Match for Laird, or Lord, or Duke,
 My charming *Kath'rine Ogie*.

O were I but some Shepherd-Swain,
 To feed my Flock beside thee ;
 At Boughting-time to leave the Plain,
 In milking to abide thee ;
 I'd think my self a happier Man,
 With *Kate*, my Club, and Dogie,
 Than he that hugs his Thousands ten,
 Had I but *Kath'rine Ogie*.

Then I'd despise th' Imperial Throne,
 And Statesmen's dang'rous Stations:
 I'd be no King, I'd wear no Crown,
 I'd smile at conqu'ring Nations;
 Might I carefs, and still possess,
 This Lass of whom I'm vogie:
 For these are Toys, and still look less,
 Compar'd with *Kath'rine Ogie*.

But I fear the Gods have not decreed
 For me so fine a Creature,
 Whose Beauty rare makes her exceed
 All other Works in Nature.
 Clouds of Despair surround my Love,
 That are both dark and fogie:
 Pity my Case, ye Powers above,
 Else I die for *Kath'rine Ogie*.

For the FLUTE.



The COBLER'S END.

Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.



A Coblert there was, and he liv'd in a Stall, Which



serv'd him for Parlour, for Kitchen, and Hall, No



Coin in his Pocket, nor Care in his Pate, No Am-

bition had he, nor Duns at his Gate. *Derry**down, down, down, derry down.*

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy,
 If at Night he could purchase a Jug of brown Nappy,
 He'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too most sweet,
 Saying, just to a Hair I've made both Ends meet.

Derry down, &c,

But Love, the Disturber of High and of Low,
That shoots at the Peasant as well as the Beau,
He shot the poor Cobler quite thorough the Heart;
I wish, it had hit some more ignoble Part.

Derry down, &c.

It was from a Cellar this Archer did play,
Where a buxom young Damsel continually lay;
Her Eyes shone so bright when she rose ev'ry Day, -
That she shot the poor Cobler quite over the Way.

Derry down, &c.

He sung her Love-Songs as he sat at his Work,
But she was as hard as a Jew, or a Turk;
When-ever he spake, she would flounce and would ficer,
Which put the poor Cobler quite into Despair.

Derry down, &c.

He took up his A U L, that he had in the World,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd,
He pierc'd through his Body instead of the Sole,
So the Cobler he dy'd, and the Bell it did toll.

Derry down, &c.

And now in good Will I advise as a Friend,
All Coblers take notice of this Cobler's End;
Keep your Hearts out of Love, for we find by what's past,
That Love brings us all to an End at the Last.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

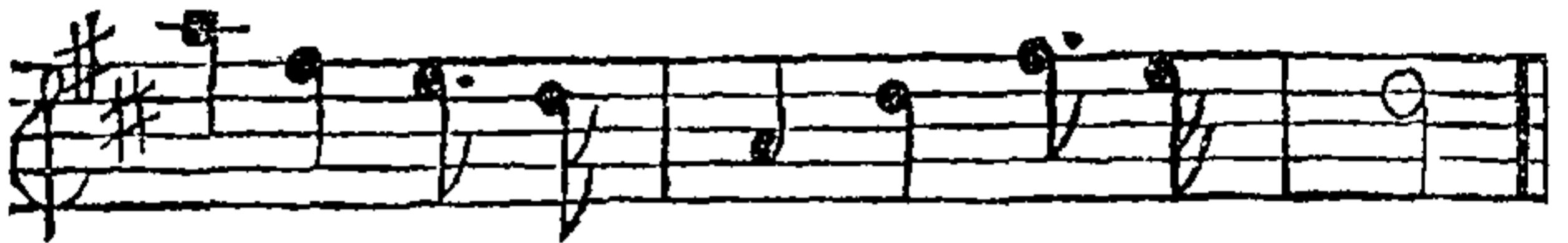


The RELENTING LOVER.Set by Mr. *GALLIARD*.

Cease, my Charmer, to complain; we but



part to meet a--gain; Banish Mourning, Quick re-



turning, Love and Joy shall end thy pain;



Absence, Fair, will sweeten Love, Mark the



Warblers of the Grove, Oft re--posing, Softly



closing, They their Harmony im--prove.

Fame and Honour bid me go;

What, alas! then shall I do?

Can I grieve her?

Shall I leave her?

Love, and Beauty, answer No.

Since my Fair will have me stay,
 Let me kiss those Tears away ;
 Fame defying,
 Honour flying,
 Love, and Her, I must obey.

A PASTORAL COURTSHIP.

To the foregoing Tune.

Gentle Zephyrs, silent Glades,
 Purling Streams, and cooling Shades,
 Senses pleasing,
 Pains appeasing,
 Love each tender Breast invades.

Here the Graces Beauties bring,
 Here the warbling Choirists sing,
 Love inspiring,
 All desiring
 To adorn the infant Spring.

Here behold the am'rous Swains,
 Free from Anguish, free from Pains,
 Nymphs complying,
 Cares beguiling,
Wrens, smiling, glads the Plains.

Let

Let us not, too charming Fair,
Be the only hapless Pair :

Oh relieve me ;

Cease to grieve me ;

Ease your anxious Lover's Care.

Kindly here indulge my Love ;

This is, my Dear, no tell tale Grove ;

Not revealing,

But concealing ;

All to Love propitious prove.

In thy Air, and charming Face,

Dwells an irresistless Grace ;

Ever charming,

Love alarming,

To pursue the blissful Chace.

Let me touch this panting Breast ;

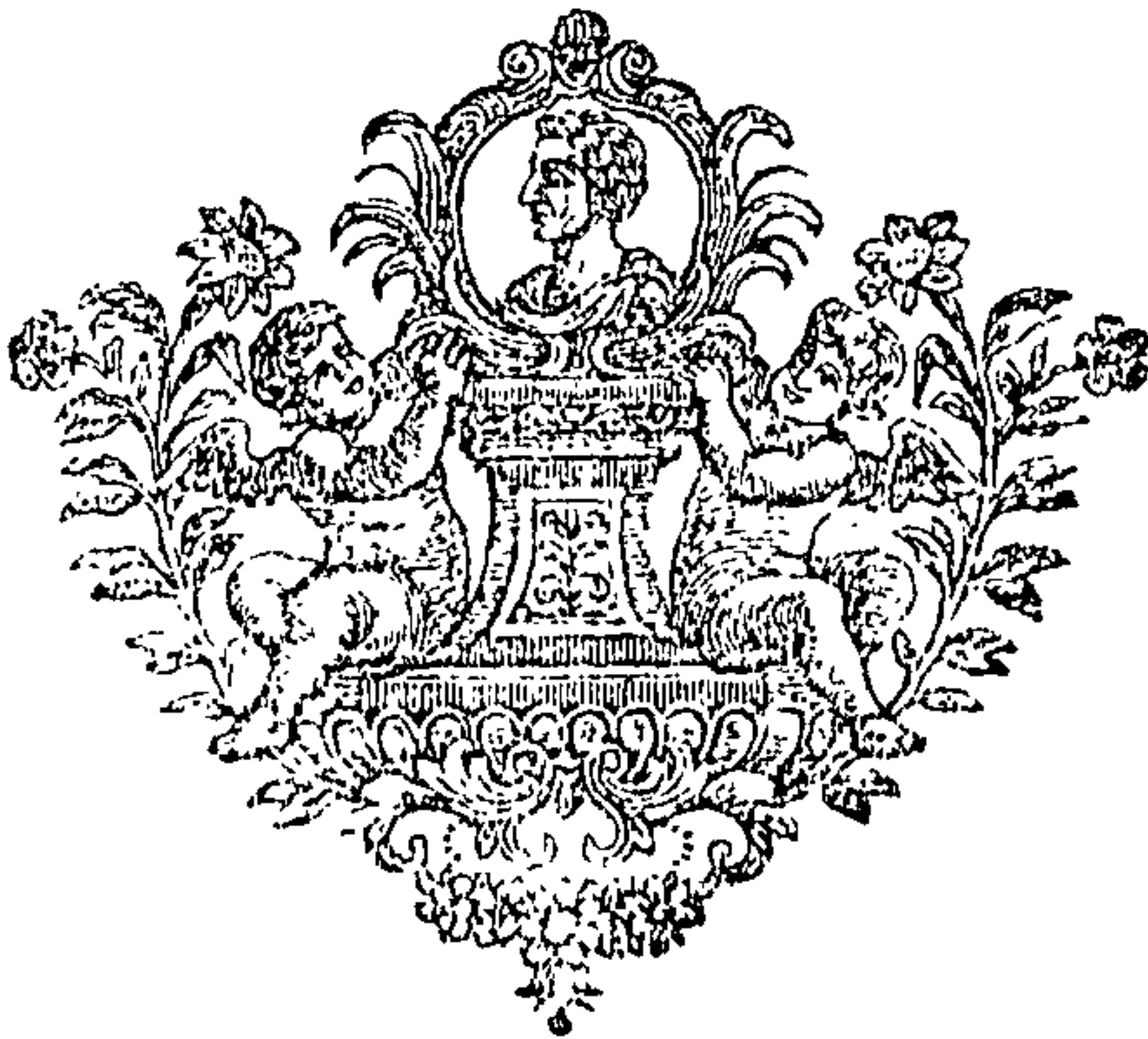
Here for ever let me rest ;

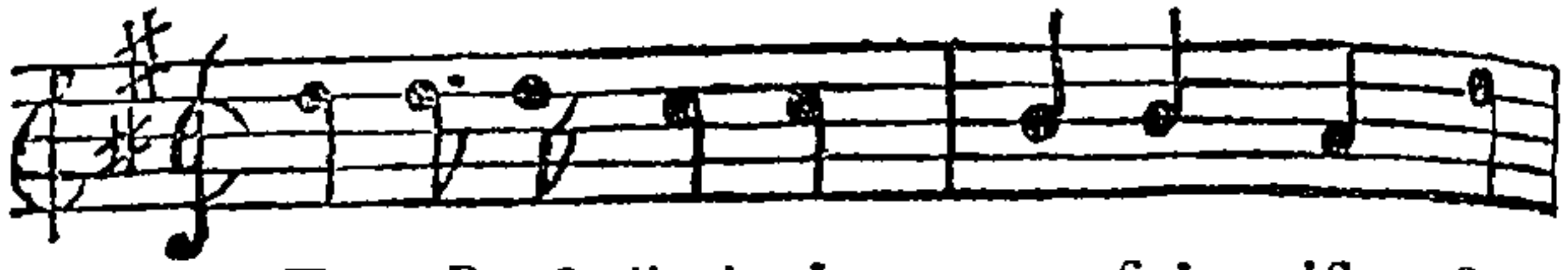
Bliss enjoying,

Never cloying,

Ever loving, ever blest.

For the FLUTE.



The JILT.

Fair *Ro-sa-lind*, in wo--ful wife, Six



Hearts has bound in Thrall ; As yet she unde-



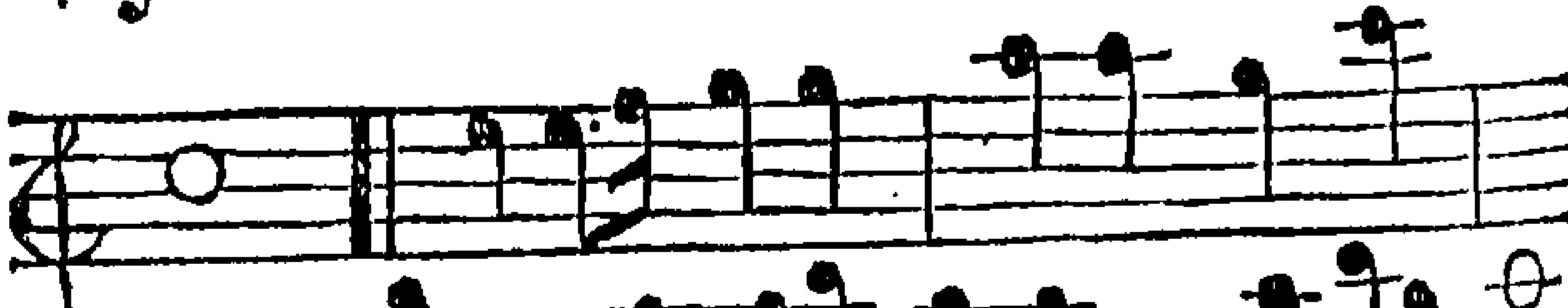
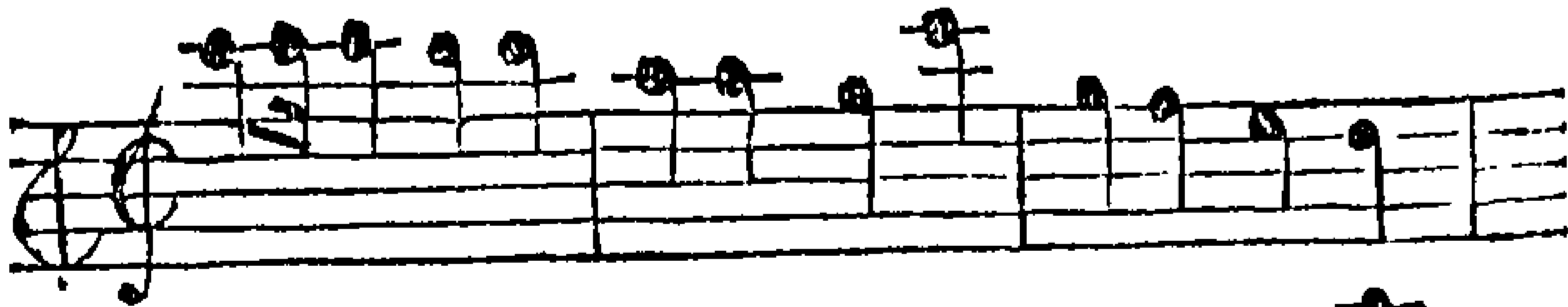
termin'd lies, Which she her Spouse shall



call, — — — Which she her Spouse shall call.

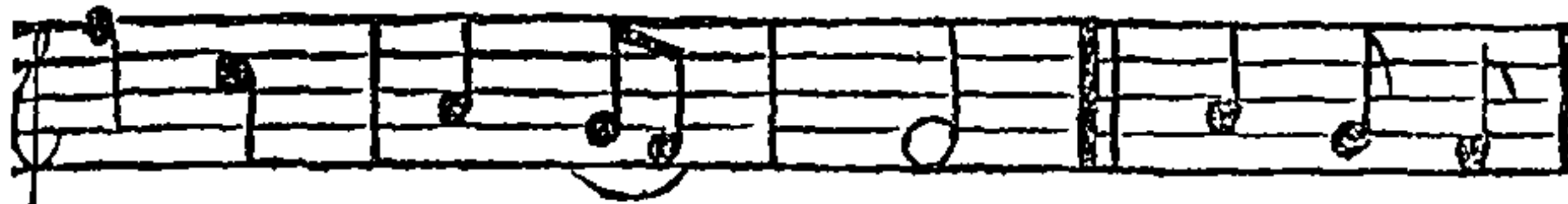
Wretched, and only wretched, he,
 To whom that Lot shall fall ;
 For, if her Heart aright I see,
 She means to please 'em All ;
 She means to please 'em All.

For the FLUTE.



*The Power of LOVE.*Set by Mr. *GALLIARD.*

At dead of Night, when wrapt in Sleep The

peaceful Cot-tage lay, *Pa-sto-ra*

left her folded Sheep, Her Garland,



Crook, and uselefs Scrip; Love led the



Nymph a—stray.

Loose, and undress'd, she takes her Flight

To a near Myrtle Shade;

The conscious Moon gave all her Light,

To bless her ravish'd Lover's Sight,

And guide the loving Maid.

His eager Arms the Nymph embrace,
And, to assuage his Pain,
His restless Passion he obeys:
At such an Hour, in such a Place,
What Lover cou'd contain?

In vain she call'd the conscious Moon,
The Moon no Succour gave:
The cruel Stars unmov'd, look'd on,
And seem'd to smile at what was done,
Nor wou'd her Honour save.

Vanquish'd at last, by pow'rful Love,
The Nymph expiring lay;
No more she sigh'd, no more she strove,
Since no kind Stars were found above,
She blush'd, and dy'd away.

Yet blest the Grove, her conscious Flight,
And Youth, that did betray;
And panting, dying with Delight,
She blest the kind transporting Night.
And curs'd approaching Day.

For the FLUTE.



The End of the Second Volume.

