



*H. Vanderbank inv.*

*G. Schickel sculp.*

THE MUSICAL  
MISCELLANY;

*Being a* COLLECTION *of*  
CHOICE SONGS,

A N D

LYRICK POEMS:

*With the* BASSES *to each* TUNE, *and*  
*Transpos'd for the* FLUTE.

By the most Eminent MASTERS.

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VOLUME *the* FOURTH.

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L O N D O N:

*Printed by and for* JOHN WATTS, *at the* Printing-  
*Office in* Wild-Court *near* Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

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M D C C X X X.





A  
**T A B L E**  
 OF THE  
**S O N G S.**

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A.

To the Tune of GALLOW-SHIELDS.

*Ab, the poor Shepherd's mournful Fate* Page 94

Sweet WILLIAM's Farewell to Black-ey'd  
 SUSAN. By Mr. GAY. The Tune by  
 Mr. LEVERIDGE.

*All in the Downs the Fleet was moor'd* 148

POPE JOAN'S KISSING DANCE. Set by  
 Mr. J. SHEELES.

*All you that do to Love belong* 65

On a LADY stung by a BEE. Set by Mr. VINCENT.

*As Celia in her Garden stray'd* 60

*As fond Philander in the Pit* 162

A BEE expiring on a LADY's Lips.  
 Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

*As near a Fountain's flow'ry Side* 138

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

*As Persians stretch their votive Arms* 198

VOL. IV. a On

# T A B L E of the S O N G S.

On CHLORIS'S UNKINDNESS. Set by  
Mr. V I N C E N T.

*At dead of Night, when Care gives place* Pag. 40

The T R I F L E. Set by Mr. D. P U R C E L L.

*A trifling Song you shall hear* 100

The G E N I U S. By Mr. W E L S T E D. Set by  
Mr. J. S H E E L E S.

*Awful Hero, Marlbro' rise* 17

---

## B.

BACCHUS'S SPEECH in Praise of WINE.  
To a M I N U E T of Mr. H A N D E L'S.

*Bacchus one Day gaily striding* 110

To a Y O U N G L A D Y weeping. By a G E N T L E -  
M A N of O X F O R D.

*Behold the skilful Artist's Hand* 169

There's my T H U M B, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

*Betty early gone a Maying* 97

B R I G H T C Y N T H I A. Set by Mr. J. S H E E L E S.

*Bright Cynthia's Pow'r's divinely great* 145

J O H N H A Y'S B O N N Y L A S S I E.

*By smooth winding Tay a Swain was reclining* 62

---

## C.

The R E P E N T I N G C O Q U E T. To the P R I N C E'S  
M I N U E T.

*Clarinda, the Pride of the Plains* 134

The

# T A B L E of the S O N G S.

The BOB of DUNBLANE.

*Come Lassie, lend me your Braw Hemp Heckle* Pag. 118

ADVICE to the MELANCHOLY.

*Come, let's be merry, let's be airy* 120

The VANITY of RICHES. Imitated from  
ANACREON. Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

*Could Gold immortalize a Man* 158

The CHOICE. Address'd to a BOTTLE  
by Mr. THO. SAY.

*Could'st thou give me a Pleasure* 92

---

## D.

On Mrs CECILIA B----, on St. CECILIA'S  
Day. By Mr. WILLIAM BEDINGFIELD.  
Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

*Divine Cecilia, now grown old* 129

---

## F.

To the DISCONSOLATE DORIS.

*Fie, pretty Doris! weep no more* 178

The FOLLY of LOVE. With an ANSWER.  
Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

*Freedom is a real Treasure* 116

The OXFORDSHIRE MATCH.

*From Fifteen Years fair Cloe wish'd* 161

---

## G.

*Gentle Love, this Hour befriend me* 126

# T A B L E of the S O N G S:

A PASTORAL COURTSHIP. Set by  
Mr. ABIEL WHICHELO.

*Gentle Zephyrs, silent Glades* Pag. 193

---

## H.

The H A P P Y M A N.

*Happy Hours, all Hours excelling* 166

The G R A S H O P P E R. By Mr. C O W L E Y.  
Set by Mr. J. S H E E L E S.

*Happy Insect! what can be* 33

A Y O U N G G E N T L E M A N to a Y O U N G L A D Y.  
Set by Mr. M O N R O.

*Heav'n's Offspring! Beauty rare* 85

A D R I N K I N G S O N G. By Mr. C A R E Y.

*Here's to thee, my Boy.* 58

P A S T O R A ' S R E P L Y to P H I L A U T U S; in the P A -  
S T O R A L call'd L O V E in a R I D D L E.

*How Happy's the Man, that like you, Sir* 78

---

## L.

The C O M P L A I N I N G L O V E R. Set by  
Mr. M O N R O.

*Long have I strove his Heart to gain* 132

To the T U N E of S A L L Y.

*Look where my dear Hamilla smiles* 184

The W A R N I N G.

*Lovers, who waste your Thoughts and Youth* 114

The F O L L Y of L O V E. Set by Mr. M O N R O.

*Love's a trifling silly Passion* 154

The

# T A B L E of the S O N G S.

## M.

The MILK-MAID. By Mr. W. BEDINGFIELD.	
<i>Maria, when my Sight you bless</i>	Pag. 186
L O V E and I N N O C E N C E. By Dr. P A R N E L L.	
<i>My Days have been so wond'rous free</i>	106
Set by Mr. M O N R O.	
<i>My Goddess Celia, heav'nly fair</i>	124
The S N A K E in the G R A S S. To a L A D Y of P L E A S U R E. By Mr. W. B E D I N G F I E L D.	
Set by Mr. D I E U P A R T.	
<i>My Heart inclines your Chains to wear</i>	113
A N E W S O N G of O L D S I M I L I E S.	
<i>My Passion is as Mustard strong.</i>	81

---

## N.

### The C O N S T A N T L O V E R.

<i>No more will I my Passion hide</i>	203
<i>Not Eden's Garden did disdain</i>	108

---

## O.

### Hap me with thy P E T T I C O A T.

<i>O Bell, thy Looks have pierc'd my Heart</i>	172
--	-----

### B L O U Z I B E L. By Mr. B A K E R.

<i>Of Anna's Charms let others tell</i>	182
---	-----

### S T R E P H O N ' S C O M P L A I N T of L O V E.

Set by Mr. H A N D E L.

<i>Oh! cruel Tyrant Love</i>	42
------------------------------	----

### The E X P O S T U L A T I O N.

<i>O loveliest Fair, to you my Song</i>	30
---	----

# T A B L E of the S O N G S.

SAPPHO'S HYMN to VENUS. Set by  
Mr. J. SHEELES.

*O Venus! Beauty of the Skies* Pag. 88

FANNY KNAPP. By a GENTLEMAN of OXFORD.  
Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

*O were Thorfday but come* 3

---

## P.

ADVICE to STREPHON.

*Pensive Strephon, cease desiring* 126

LOVE and MUSICK.

*Persuade me not there is a Grace.* 170

ADVICE to PHILLIS. The Tune by  
Mr. ANTHONY YOUNG.

*Phillis has such charming Graces* 196

---

## S.

MUSIDORA'S COMPLAINT. By a YOUNG LADY of  
QUALITY. Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

*Sad Musidora, all in Woe* 52

*See the bright Clarinda walking* 167

The SOLDIER'S WELCOME HOME.

*Should auld Acquaintance be forgot* 46

The COMPARISON. Set by Mr. J. GRAVES.

*Some say Women are like the Seas* 190

---

## T.

Translated from the ITALIAN OPERA of  
PHARNACES. Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

*Take my Word, when I declare* 122  
CLOE'S



# T A B L E of the S O N G S.

CLOE'S ADVICE to STREPHON. Set by  
Mr. WEBBER.

*Talk not so much to me of Love* Pag. 49

## The HIGHLAND LASSIE.

*The Lawland Maids gang trig and fine* 142

Sung by Mr. LEGARD in the ENTERTAINMENT  
of JUPITER and EUROPA.

*This great World is a Trouble* 164

## A DIALOGUE between JONNY and NELLY.

*Tho' for Sev'n Years and mair* 74

## The PERPLEX'D LOVER.

*Thou art so fair and cruel too* 140

ALL in a HEDGE: Or, The WAY to CONTENT. By  
Mr. W. BEDINGFIELD. Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

*To bug your self in perfect-Ease* 27

## The HAPPY LOVER.

*Transported with Pleasure* 176

---

## U.

The Words by Mr. H. C.

*Unrelenting, dearest Creature* 14

---

## W.

A SURE CARD: Or, The LAST STAKE.  
Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

*Whatever the Game is poor Mortals are playing* 104

AN EPITHALAMIUM ON the MARRIAGE of a  
YOUNG GENTLEMAN with an OLD LADY.

*Whence comes it, Neighbour Dick* 36

FALL-

# TABLE of the SONGS:

## FALLING in LOVE.

*When first I saw thee graceful move* Pag. 28

WOMAN. Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHÉLLO.

*When thy Beauty appears* 12

## The LOVER'S BLISS.

*While on those lovely Looks I gaze* 146

## The DESTRUCTIVE BEAUTY.

*While you, my charming Nancy, reign* 54

The LOVER'S PETITION. With the ANSWER.  
Set by Mr. BARRET.

*Whilst I fondly view the Charmer* 20

## To a SCOTCH TUNE.

*Whilst Strephon, in his Pride of Youth* 174

## The WIT and the BEAU.

*With ev'ry Grace young Strephon chose* 188

## GOOD ADVICE.

*Why all this Whining, why all this Pining* 24

The DECLAIMER. By Mr. BAKER. Set by  
Mr. DIEUPART.

*Woman! thoughtless, giddy Creature* !

---

## Y.

The INVOCATION. Set by Mr. BONONCINI.

*Ye Pow'rs that o'er Mankind preside* 1

*Young Thyrsis, once an am'rous Swain* 171





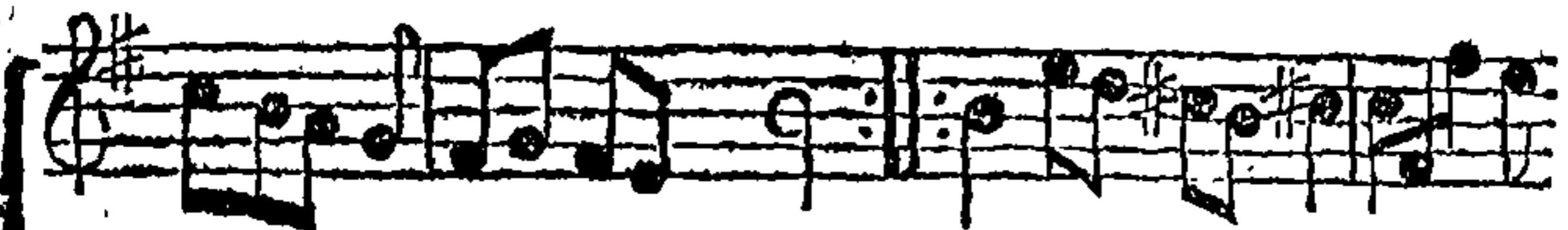
# The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

## The DECLAIMER.

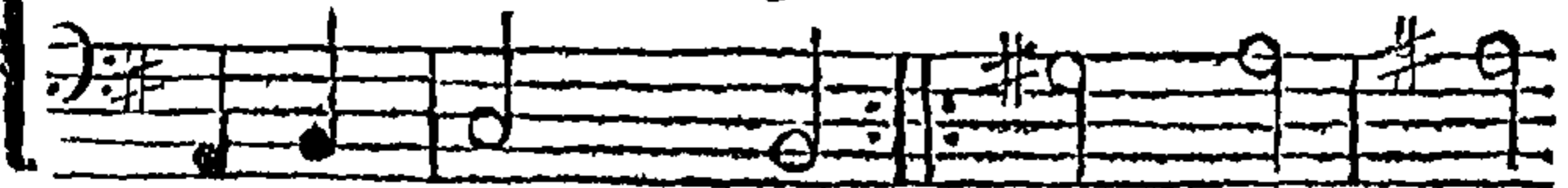
By Mr. BAKER. Set by Mr. DIEUPART.



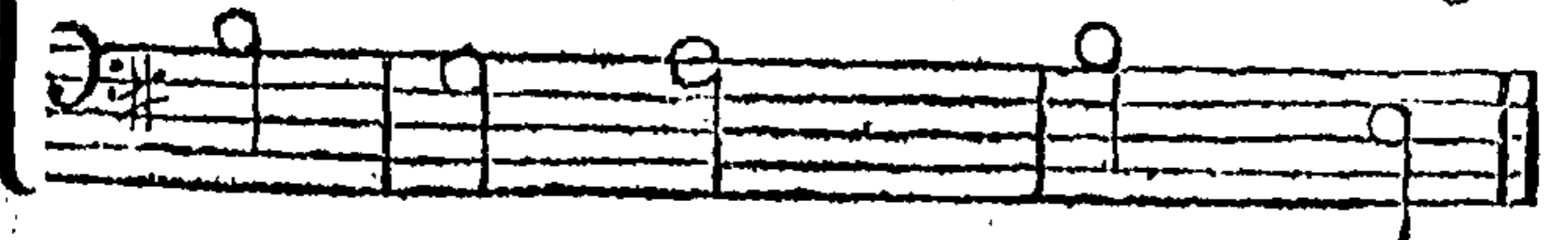
Woman! thoughtless, gid--dy Creature, Laughing,



i--dle, flutt'ring Thing: Most fantastick Work of



Nature, Still, like Fan--cy, on the Wing.



*The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

Slave to ev'ry changing Passion,  
 Loving, Hating, in extream:  
 Fond of ev'ry foolish Fashion,  
 And, at best, a pleasing Dream.

Lovely-Trifle! dear-Illusion!  
 Conq'ring-Weakness! wish'd-for-Pain!  
 Man's chief Glory, and Confusion,  
 Of all Vanity most vain!

Thus, deriding Beauty's Pow'r,  
*Bevil* call'd it all a Cheat;  
 But in less than half an Hour  
 Kneel'd, and whin'd, at *Celia's* Feet.

*For the* FLUTE.





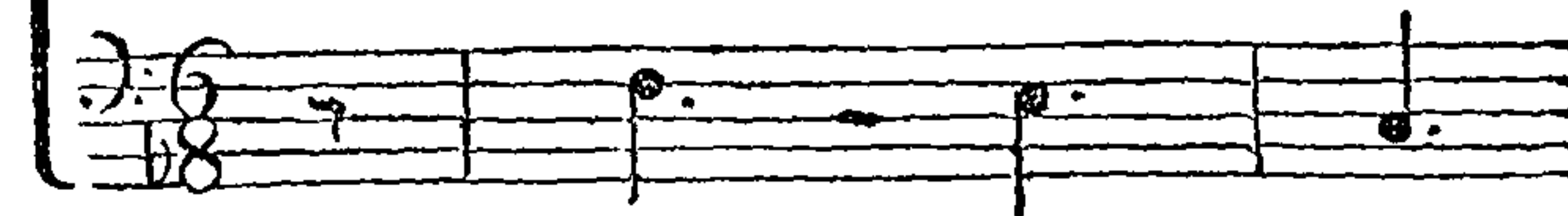
F A N N Y K N A P P.

By a Gentleman of OXFORD.

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.



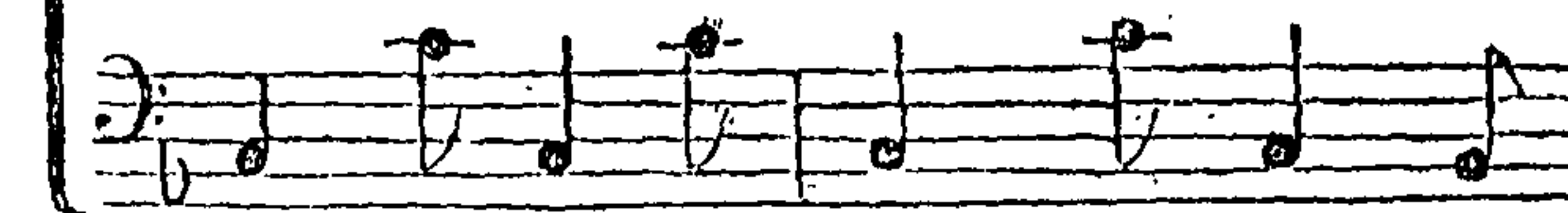
O were *Thorfd*ay but come, How I'd run from my



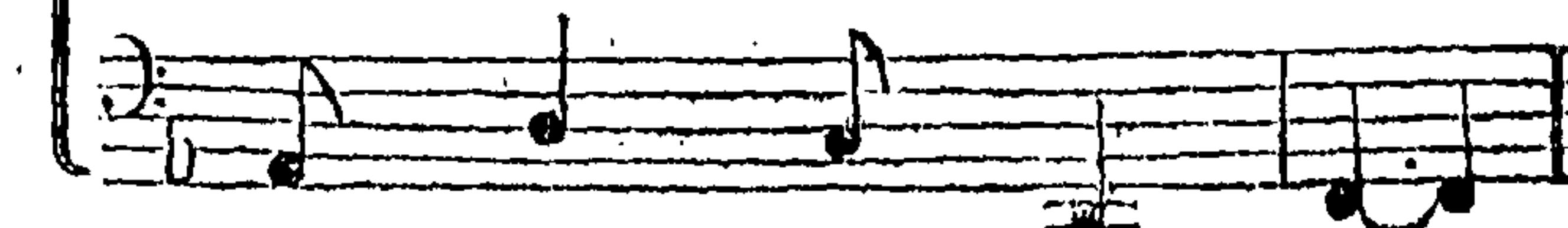
Room, And throw off my Gown and my Cap; To



*Abingdon* go, as spruce as a Beau, To



Dance with my Fair *Fun-ny* Knapp.



*The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.*

Let other Men strole  
 From hence to the Pole,  
 And travel all over the Map;  
 I'm sure they'll ne'er find,  
 Among Woman-kind,  
 One so lovely as Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

Had I Genius and Fire,  
 Such as er'st did inspire  
 The Bosoms of *Blackmore*, and *Trap*,  
 Oh! how like any Thing,  
 Would I carrol, and sing  
 The Praises of Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

Not gay *Wilks's* Heart,  
 When he tops *Wildair's* Part,  
 Receives so much Joy from a Clap,  
 As I, could Gold Finches,  
 And a Man of my Inches  
 Commend me to Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

Let the Sot boast his Pleasure,  
 Who drinks beyond measure,  
 And sits the long Day at the Tap;  
 He's not half so happy,  
 Tho' drown'd in his Nappy,  
 As I with my Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

As you often have seen  
 A Faggot when green,  
 In the Fire boiling over with Sap;

*The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY. 6

So my foolish fond Heart  
Ferments in each Part,  
While inflam'd by my Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

Not a Baby in Town,  
When Nurse-Maid is gone,  
So whimpers and cries for his Pap,  
As I, when away,  
The least Part of a Day,  
Lament for my Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

When Dunns at my Door,  
At least half a Score,  
Successively ply the loud Rapp,  
I bid 'em away;  
For what can he pay,  
That's undone by his Fair *Fanny Knapp*?

The Cobler in's Hole  
Waxes sad to the Soul,  
If he chances to lose but his Strapp;  
Alas! so I shall  
Lose my End, and my All,  
If at last I lose Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

The Butcher his Meat,  
That we sweetly may eat,  
From Fly-blows defends with a Flap;  
So, I'd have you to know,  
I'll butcher that Beau,  
That dares fly-blow my Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

*The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

Some, inflam'd with Desire  
 Of sweet Figs in the Fire,  
 Burn boldly at fam'd Dragon-Snap;  
 More vent'rous am I,  
 Thro' the Flames of her Eye,  
 To catch at my Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

I saw t'other Day,  
 And envy'd poor *Tray*,  
 When she threw from her Table a Scrap;  
 I'll be hang'd for a Rogue,  
 If I'd not be a Dog,  
 To be fed by my Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

Were she once set to Sale,  
 As her Charms cou'd not fail  
 To bring her in many a Chap;  
 I'd defie any Pow'r,  
 Less than *Jove*, and his Show'r,  
 To outbid me for Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

Tho' of all things I hate  
 To be damnably beat,  
 Yet methinks I could bear a good Slap,  
 Were the Bargain but this,  
 To be heal'd by a Kiss  
 From the Lips of my Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

Hark! officious bright Sun,  
 When this Stage you have run,  
 And retire to your *Thetis's* Lap;



*The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY. 7

To Eternity stay,  
We can never want Day,  
While enlight'ned by Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

Poor *Swift*, on a Time,  
At a Loss for a Rhime,  
Was supply'd by a very good Hap;  
Let Him now by his Skill,  
Or the Help of his De'el,  
Find another for Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

*P. S.* My Muse ran so fast,  
She had like in her haste,  
To have left in my Sonnet a Gap;  
Tho' I doubt not the Dean,  
If This — he had seen,  
He'd have stopp'd it for Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

*For the* F L U T E.



## The INVOCATION.

Set by Mr. BONONCINI.

*Adagio.*

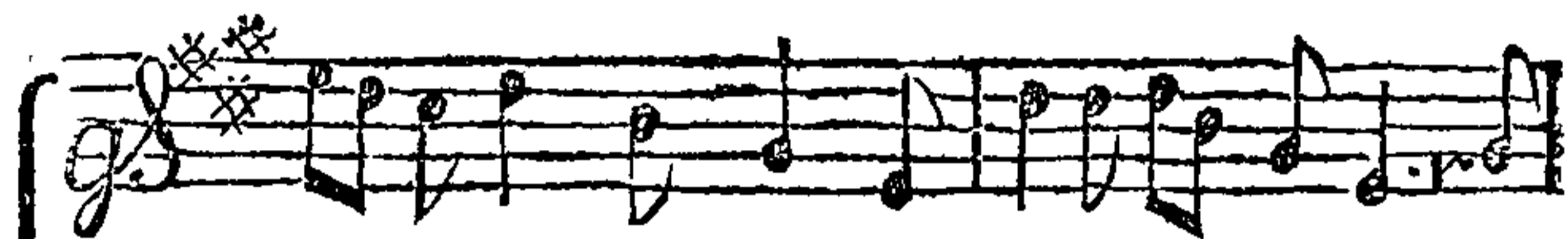
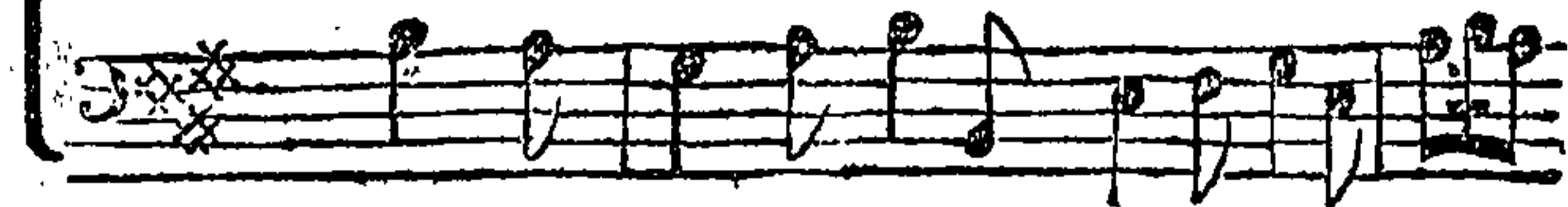
Ye Pow'rs that o'er Mankind preside, And

pity humane Woes, My Steps to some Retirement

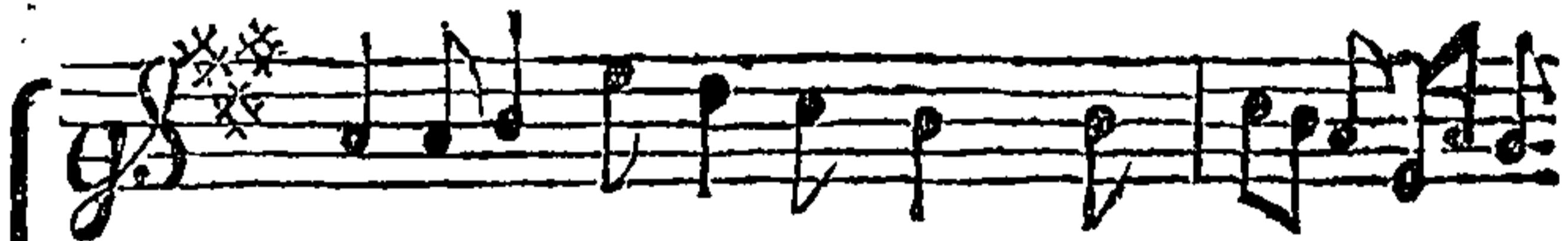
guide,



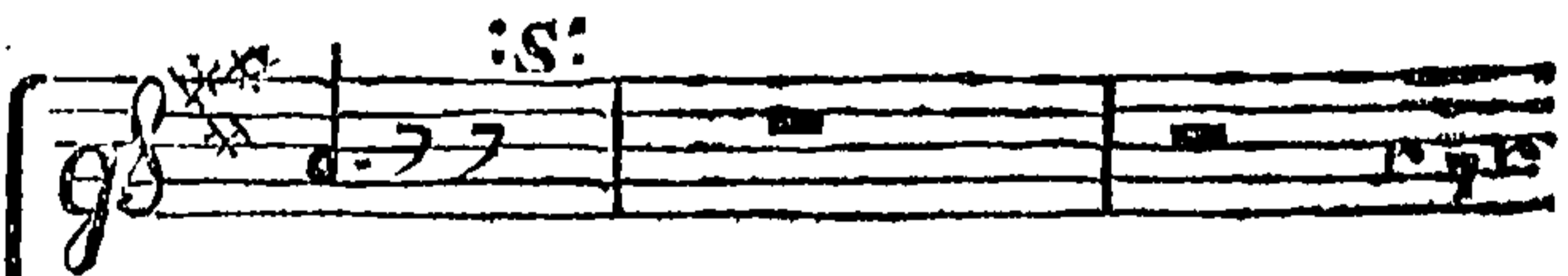
guide, That no Disturbance knows. Ye Pow'rs that



o'er Mankind preside, And pity human Woes, My



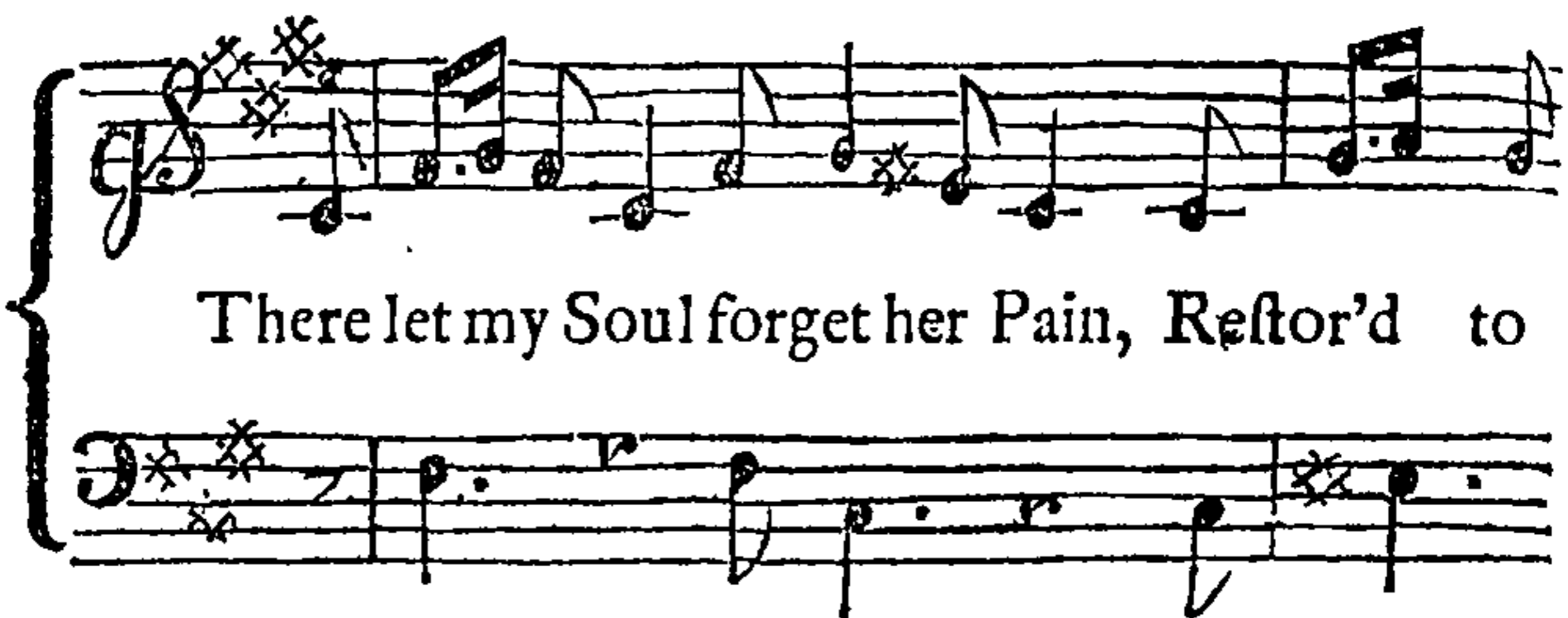
Steps to some Retirement guide, That no Disturbance



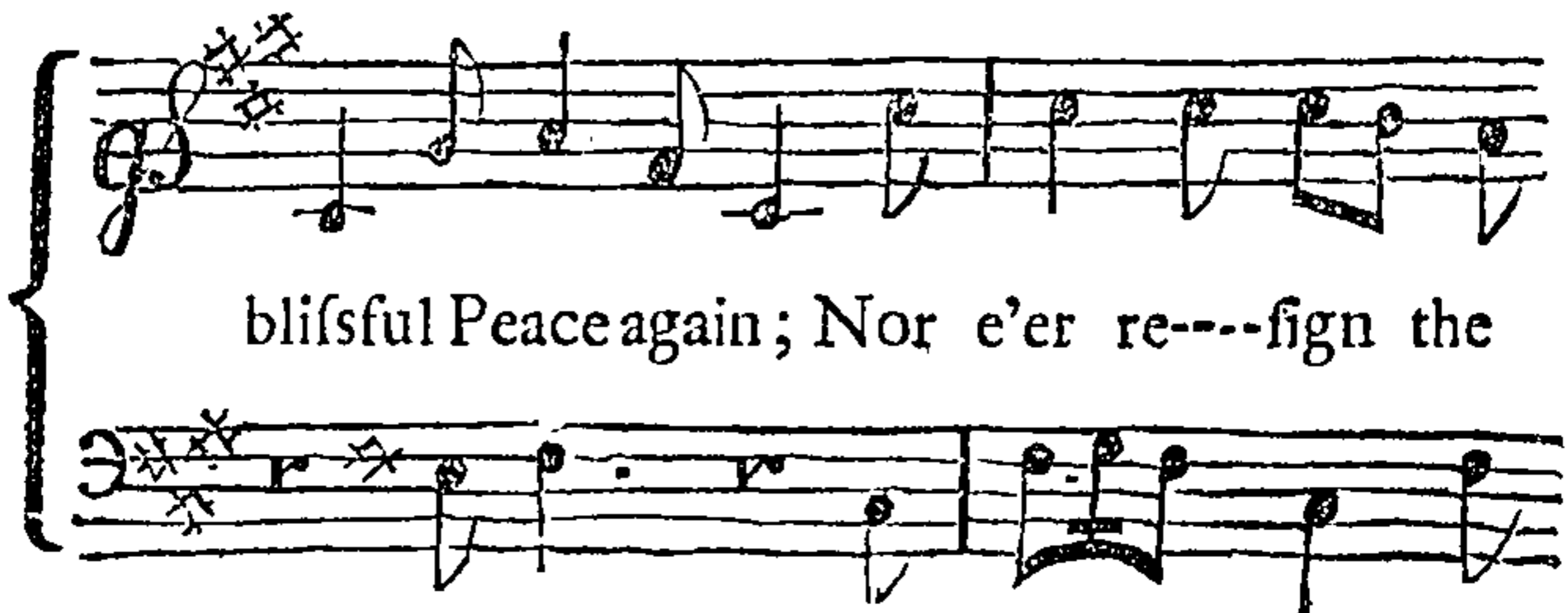
knows.



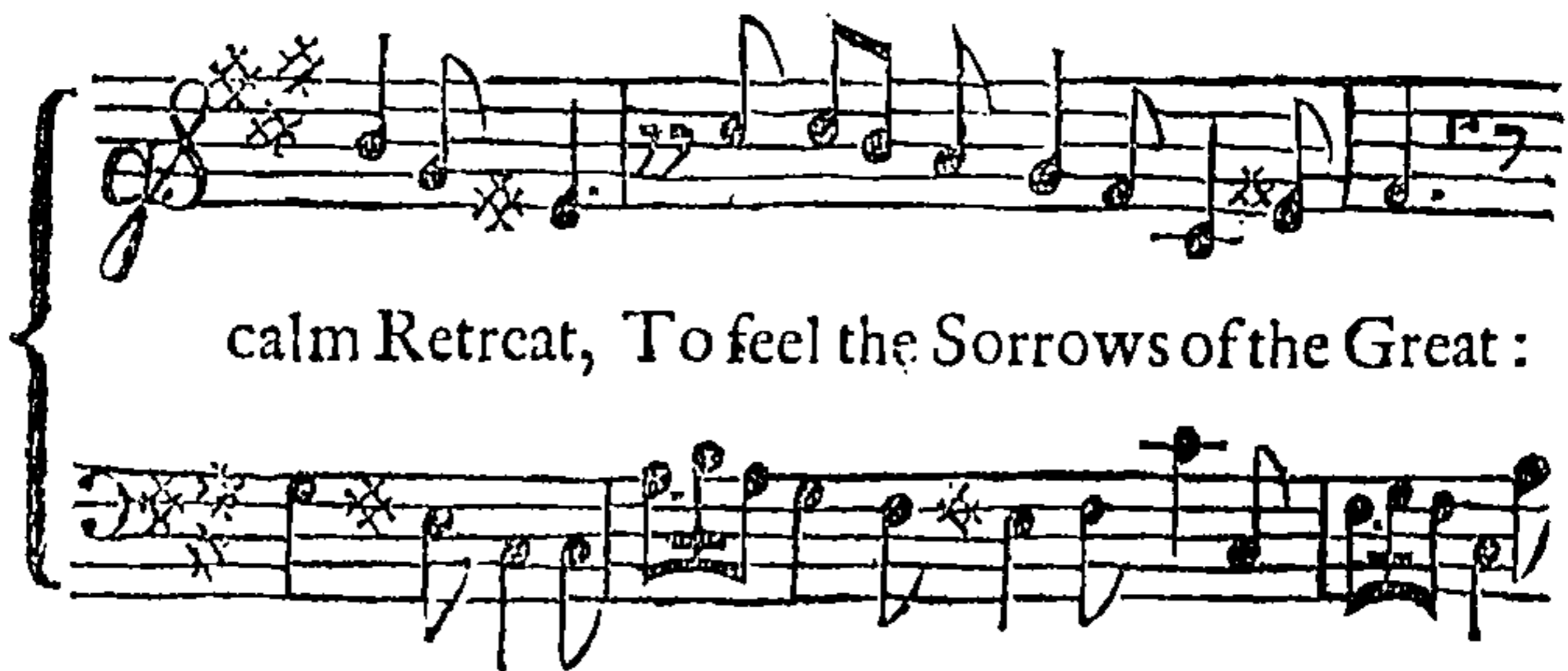
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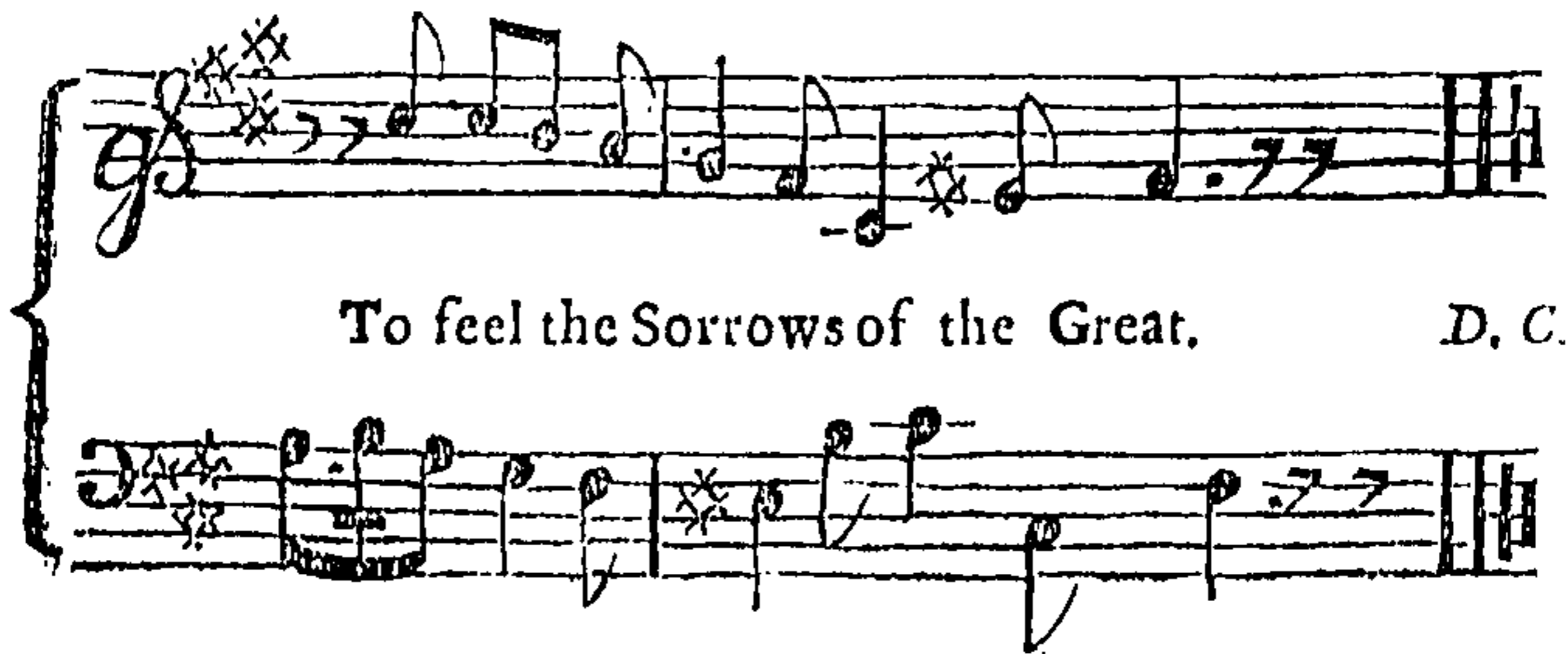
There let my Soul forget her Pain, Restor'd to



blisful Peace again; Nor e'er re---sign the



calm Retreat, To feel the Sorrows of the Great :



To feel the Sorrows of the Great. D. C.




For the FLUTE.

A musical score for flute, consisting of five staves of music. The notation is in G major (one sharp) and 3/8 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a G-clef, and a 3/8 time signature. The music features a variety of note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are repeat signs with first and second endings indicated by 'S:'. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

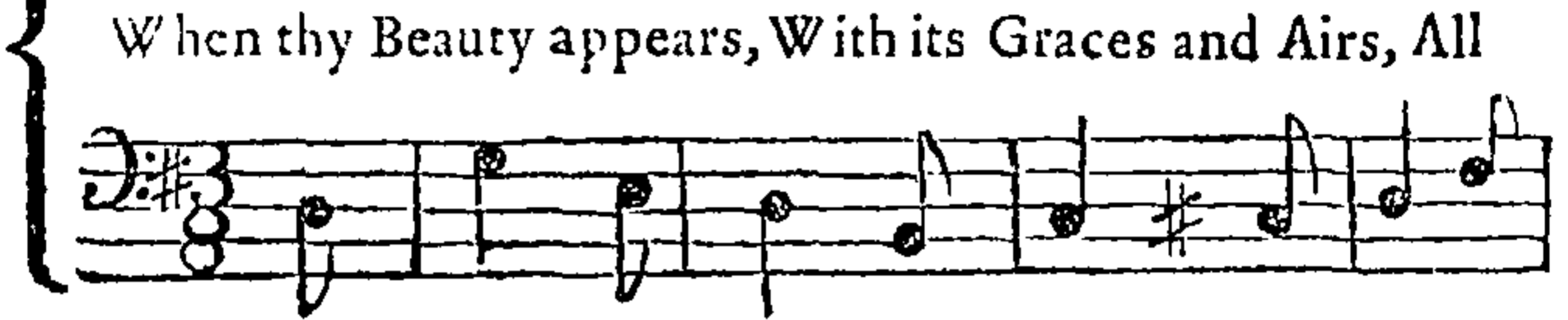


## W O M A N.


Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.



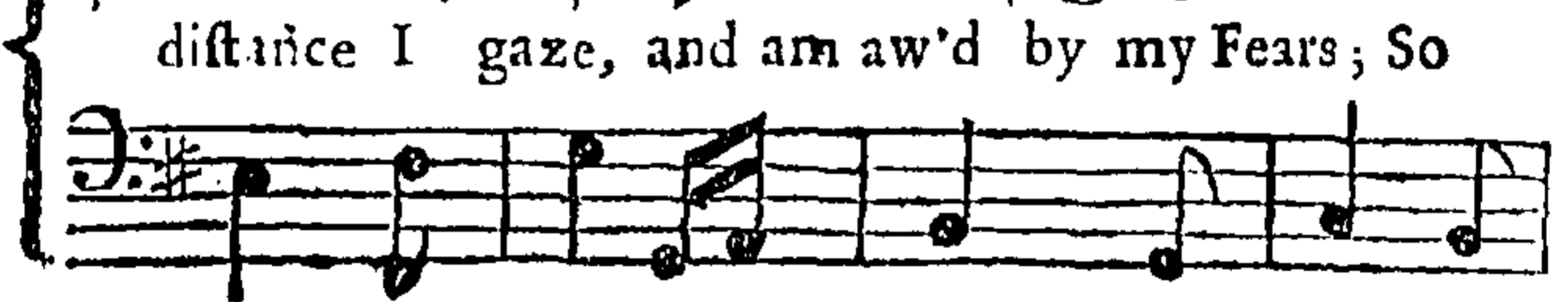

When thy Beauty appears, With its Graces and Airs, All



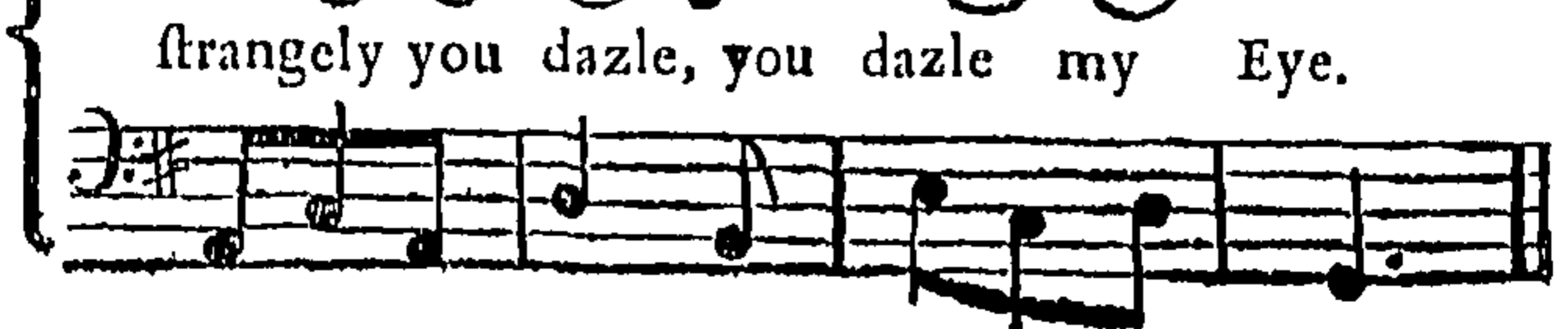

bright as an An-gel new dropt from the Sky; At

distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my Fears; So

strangely you dazle, you dazle my Eye.



But

But when, without Art,

Your kind Thoughts you impart,

When your Love runs in Blushes thro' every Vein;

When it darts from your Eyes, when it pants from your

Heart,

Then I know you're a Woman again.

There's a Passion and Pride

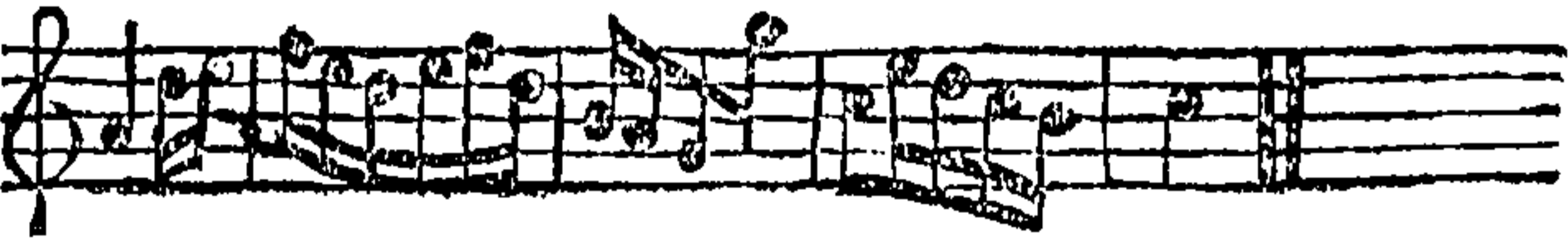
In our Sex (she reply'd;)

And thus (might I gratify both) I wou'd do:

Still an Angel appear to each Lover beside,

But yet be a Woman to you.

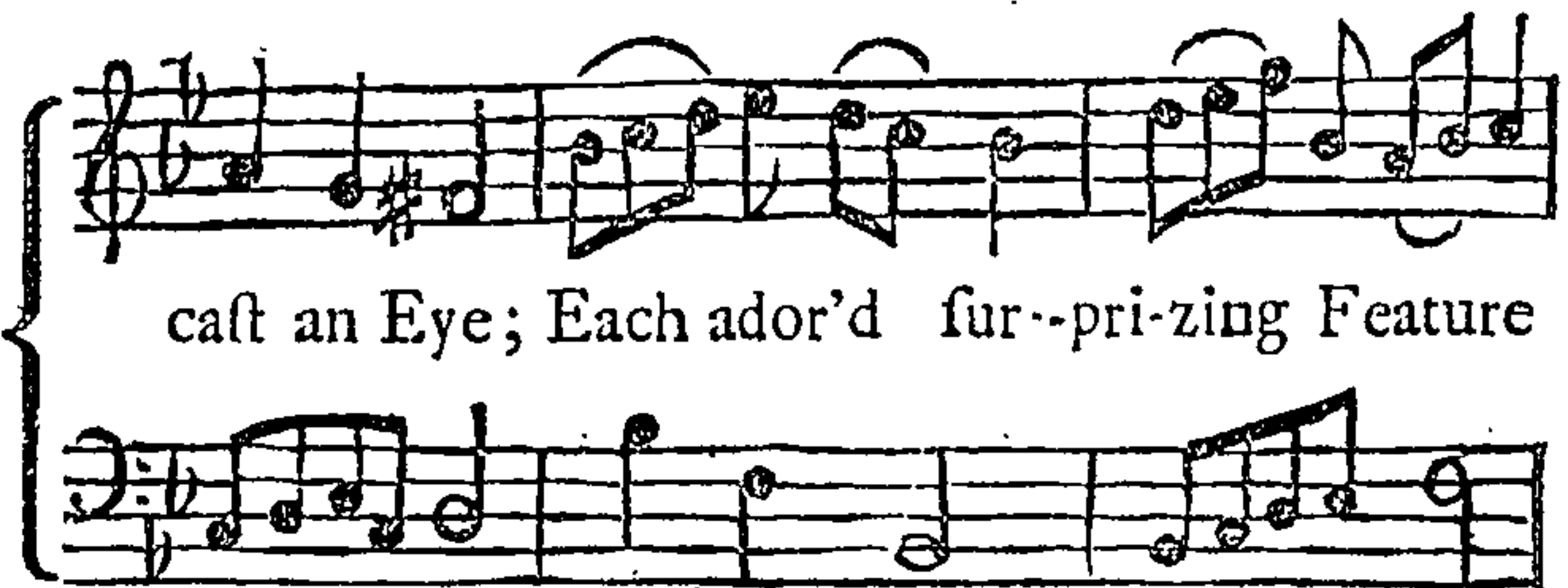
*For the* FLUTE.



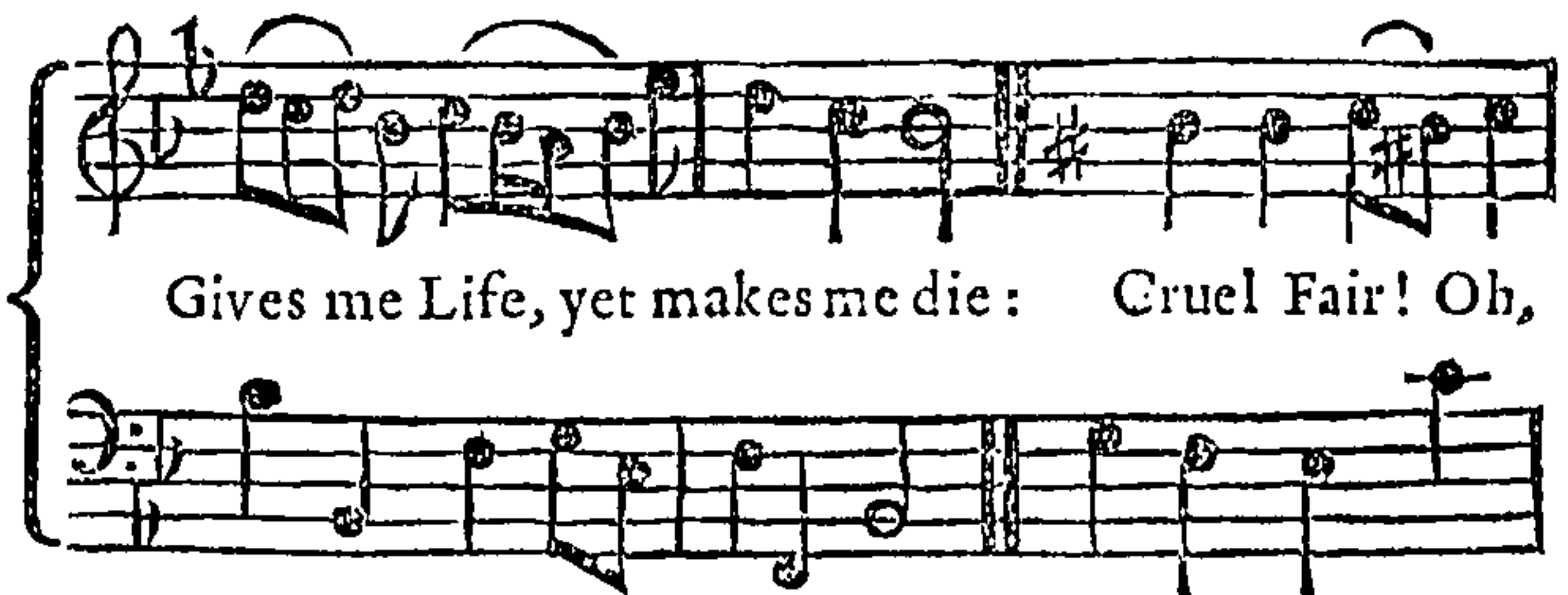
The Words by Mr. H. C.



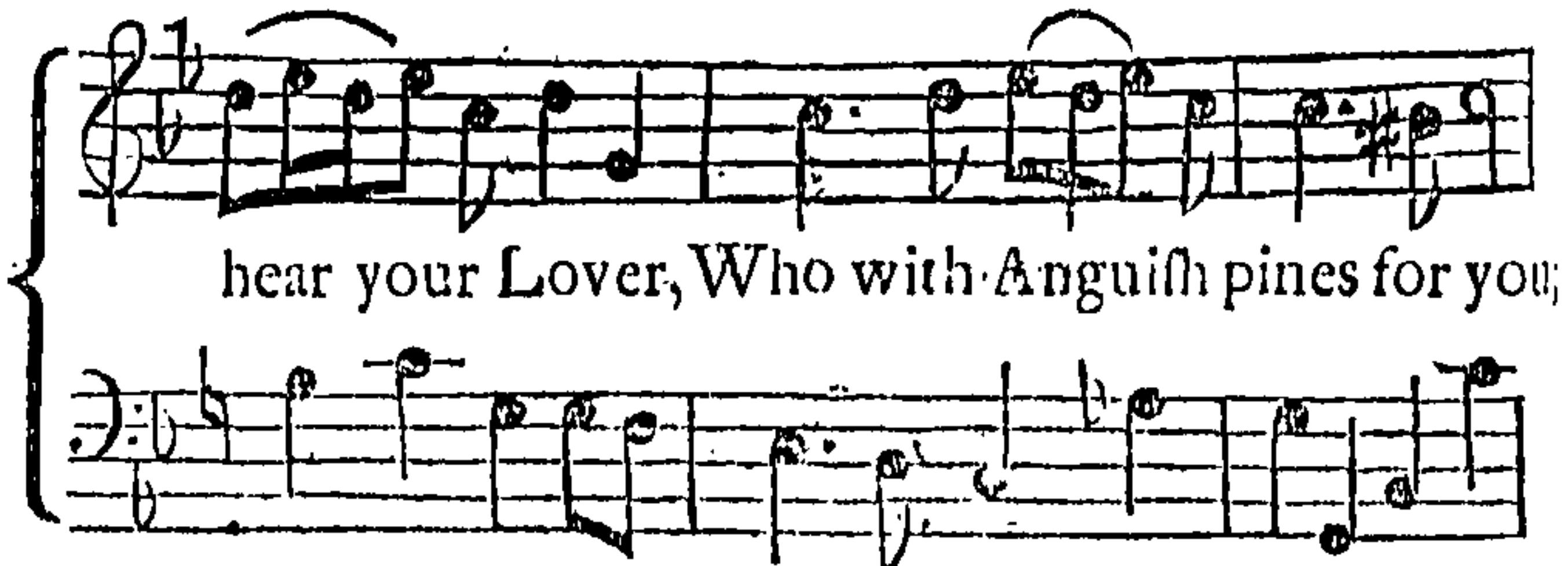
Un-re-lent-ing dearest Creature, On your *Damon*



cast an Eye; Each ador'd fur-pri-zing Feature



Gives me Life, yet makes me die: Cruel Fair! Oh,



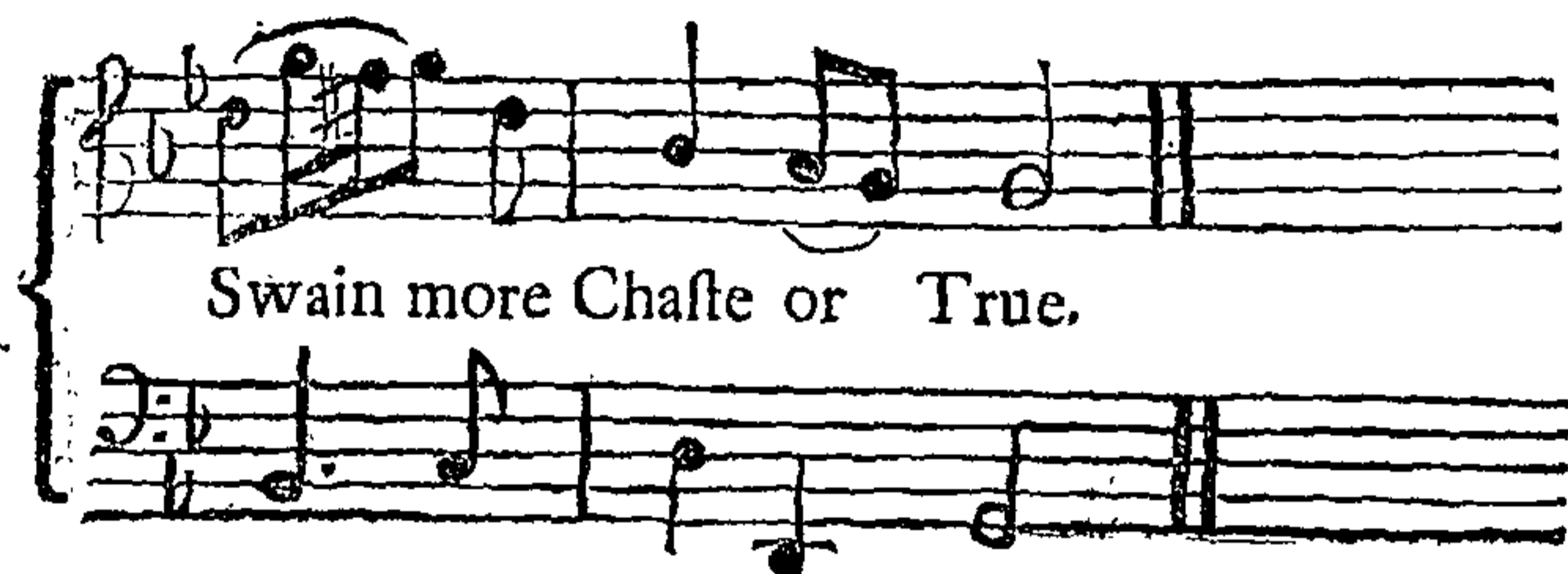
hear your Lover, Who with Anguish pines for you;

Think





Think him no unconstant Rover, Ne'er was



Swain more Chaste or True.

*Answer'd by another Hand.*

Cease, tormenting vain Deceiver,  
*Cloe* all your Arts defies;  
 Cares not, if you will believe her,  
 Whether *Damon* lives or dies:  
 Trifling Swain, your Suit give over,  
 And implore *Corinna's* Charms;  
 Know young *Cloe's* doom'd a Lover,  
 But to bless her *Strephon's* Arms.

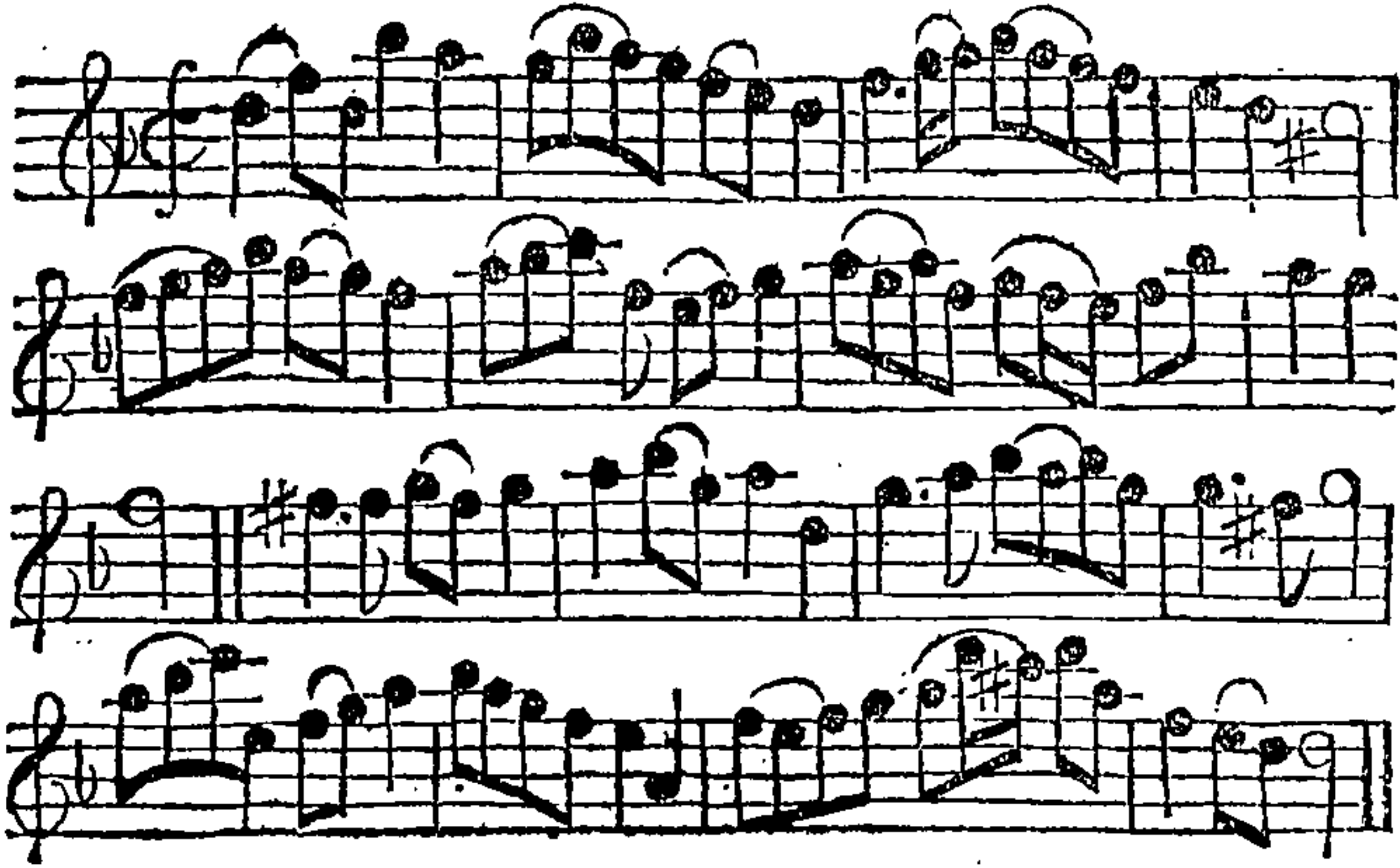
*A Reply by Mr. H. C.*

Since nor Faith nor Truth can move you,  
 In behalf of *Damon's* Suit;  
*Cloe*, know, altho' I lov'd you,  
 Scorn produces other Fruit:

Tak

Take your faithless canting Rover,  
Clasp him in deluded Arms;  
*Damon* joys, who was your Lover,  
That his Rival loaths your Charms.


*For the* F L U T E.



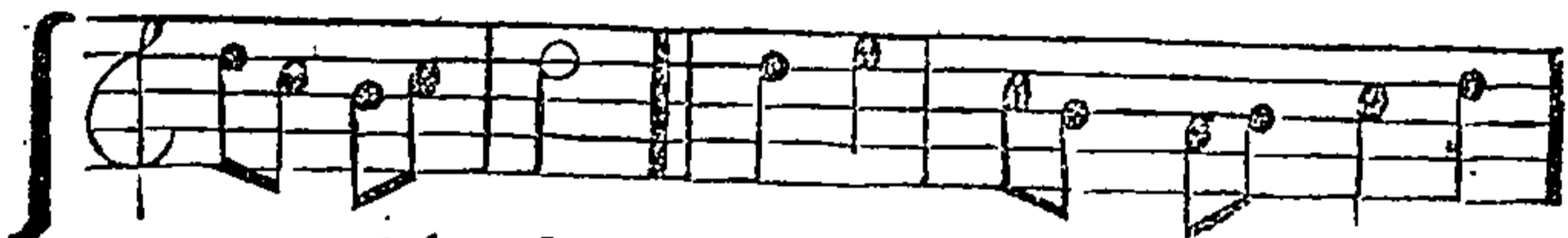

The GENIUS.

Written in 1717, on Occasion of the Duke of  
*Marlborough's* Apoplexy.



By Mr. WELSTED. Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.



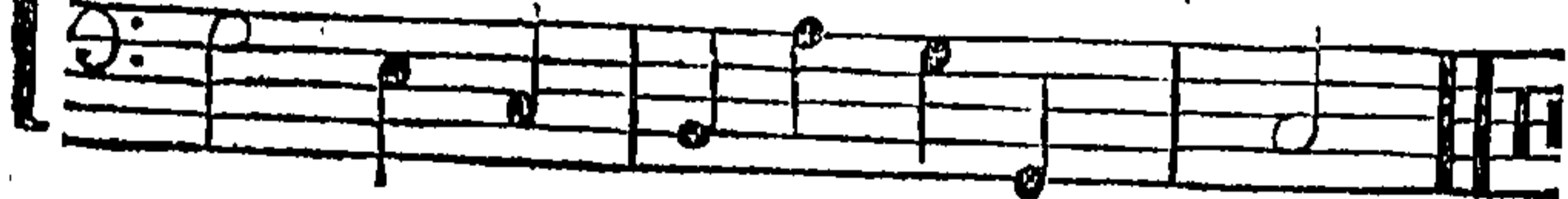
Awful Hero, *Marlbro'*, rise! Sleepy Charms I



come to break: Hither turn thy languid



Eyes: Lo! thy Genius calls, A---wake!



Well survey this faithful Plan,  
Which records thy Life's great Story;  
'Tis a short, but crowded Span,  
Full of Triumphs, full of Glory.

One by One thy Deeds review:  
 Sieges, Battles thick appear;  
 Former Wonders lost in New,  
 Greatly fill each pompous Year!

This is *Blenheim's* Crimson Field,  
 Wet with Gore, with Slaughter stain'd!  
 Here retiring Squadrons yield,  
 And a bloodless Wreath is gain'd.

Ponder in thy God-like Mind,  
 All the Wonders thou hast wrought;  
 Tyrants, from their Pride declin'd,  
 Be the Subject of thy Thought!

Rest thee here, while Life may last:  
 Th' utmost Bliss to Man allow'd,  
 Is to trace his Actions past,  
 And to find 'em Great and Good.

But 'tis gone — O Mortal born!  
 Swift the fading Scenes remove —  
 Let 'em pass with noble Scorn:  
 Thine are Worlds which roll above.

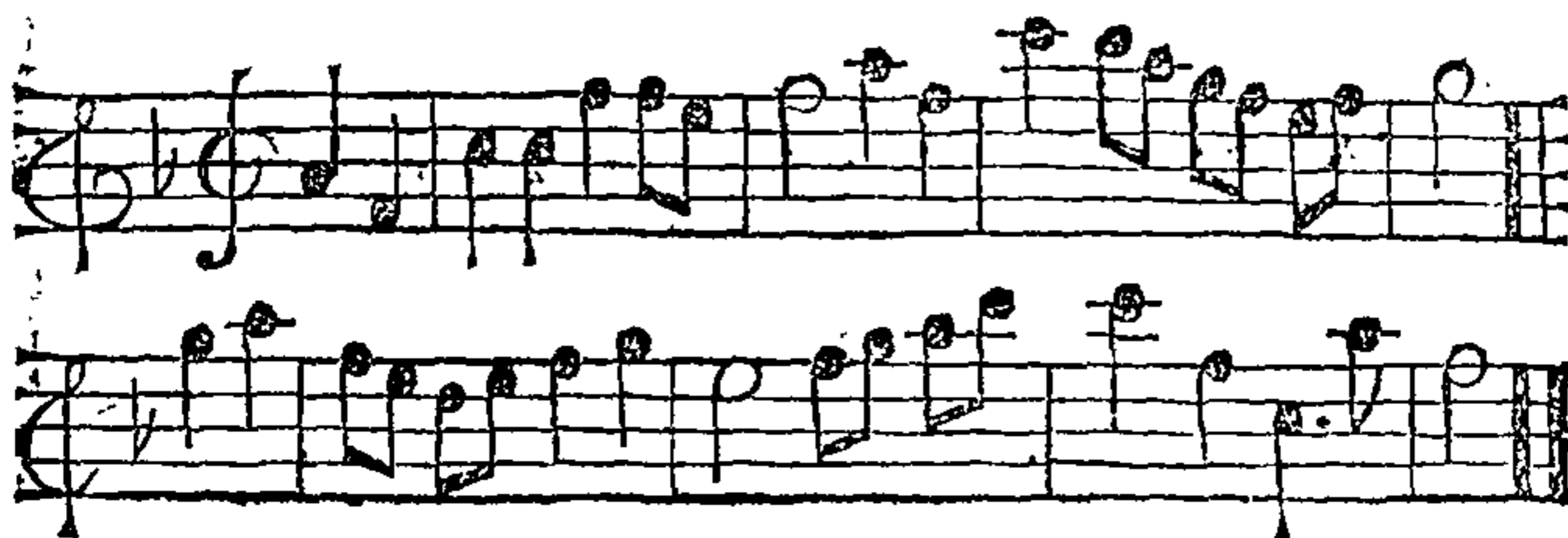
Poets, Prophets, Heroes, Kings,  
 Pleas'd, thy ripe Approach foresee;  
 Men, who acted wond'rous Things,  
 Tho' they yield in Fame to Thee.



Foremost in the Patriot Band,  
Shining with distinguish'd Day,  
See thy Friend *Godolphin* stand!  
See! he beckons thee away.


Yonder Seats and Fields of Light,  
Let thy ravish'd Thought explore:  
Wishing, panting for thy Flight!  
Half an Angel; Man no more.

*For the FLUTE.*




## The LOVER'S PETITION.


Set by Mr. BARRETT.




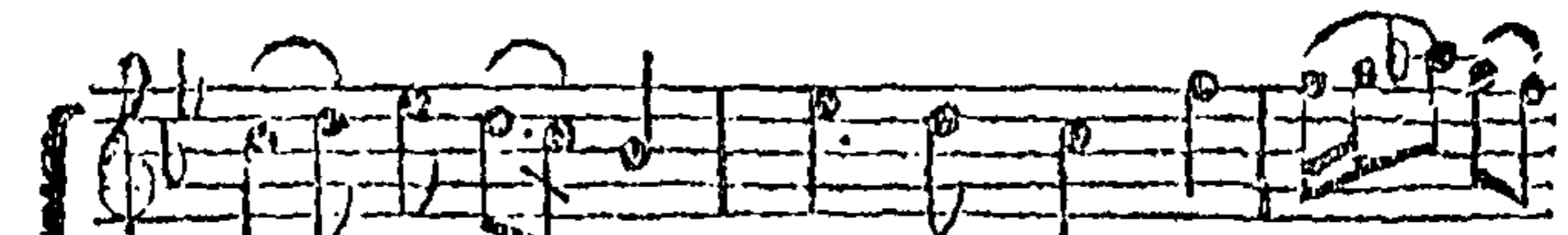
Whilst I fondly view the Charmer, Thus the



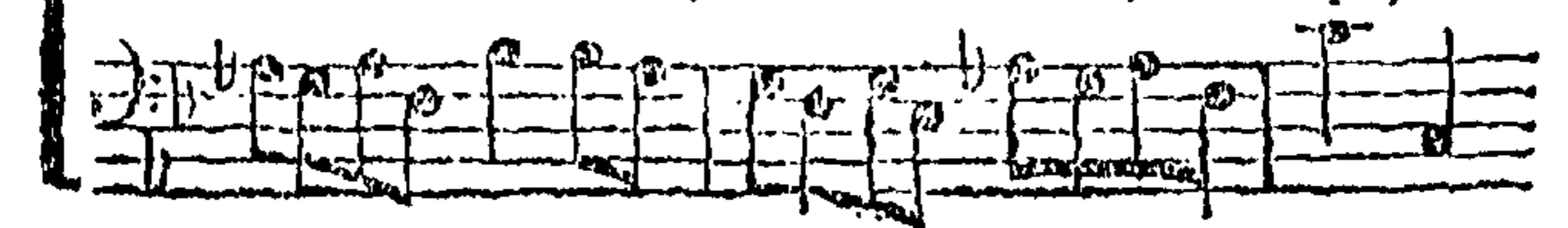

God of Love I sue; Gentle *Cupid*, pray disarm her!

*Cupid*, if you love me, do. Of a thousand

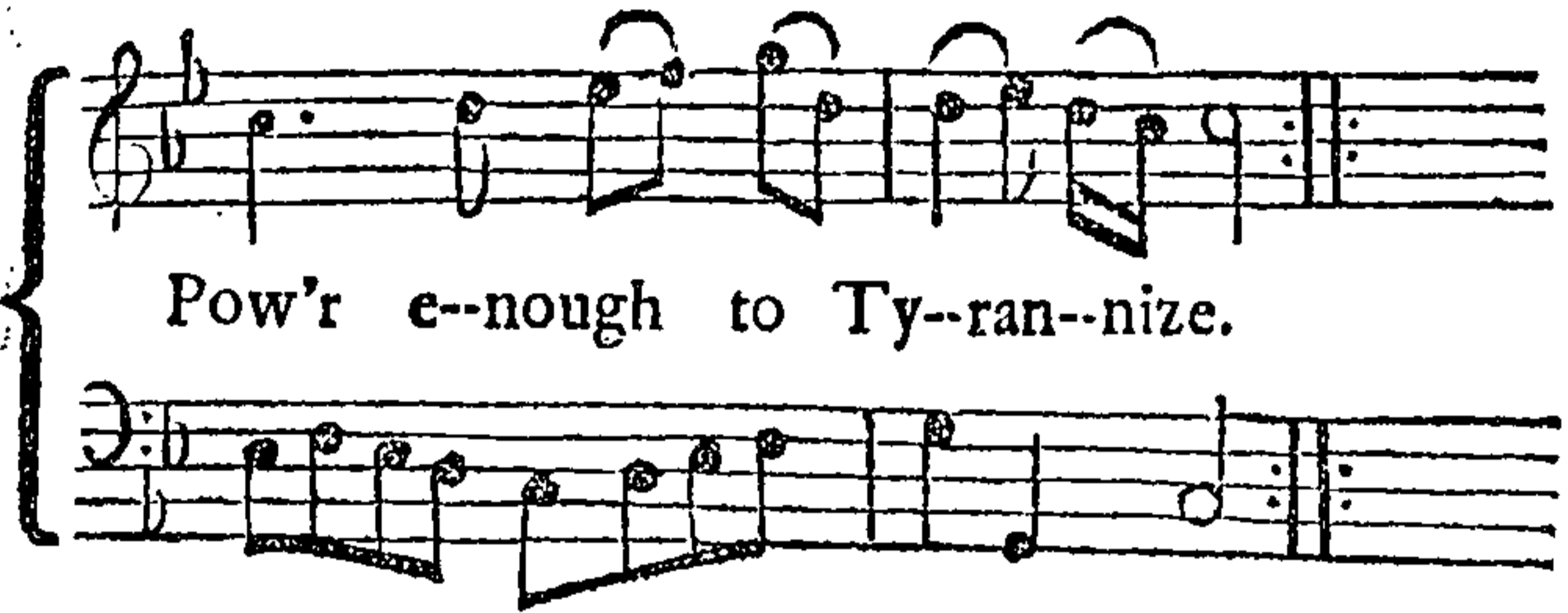
Smiles bereave her, Rob her Neck, her Lips, her



Eyes



Eyes; The Remainder still will leave her,



Pow'r e-nough to Ty-ran-nize.

Shape and Feature, Flame and Passion

Still in ev'ry Breast will move;

More is Supererogation,

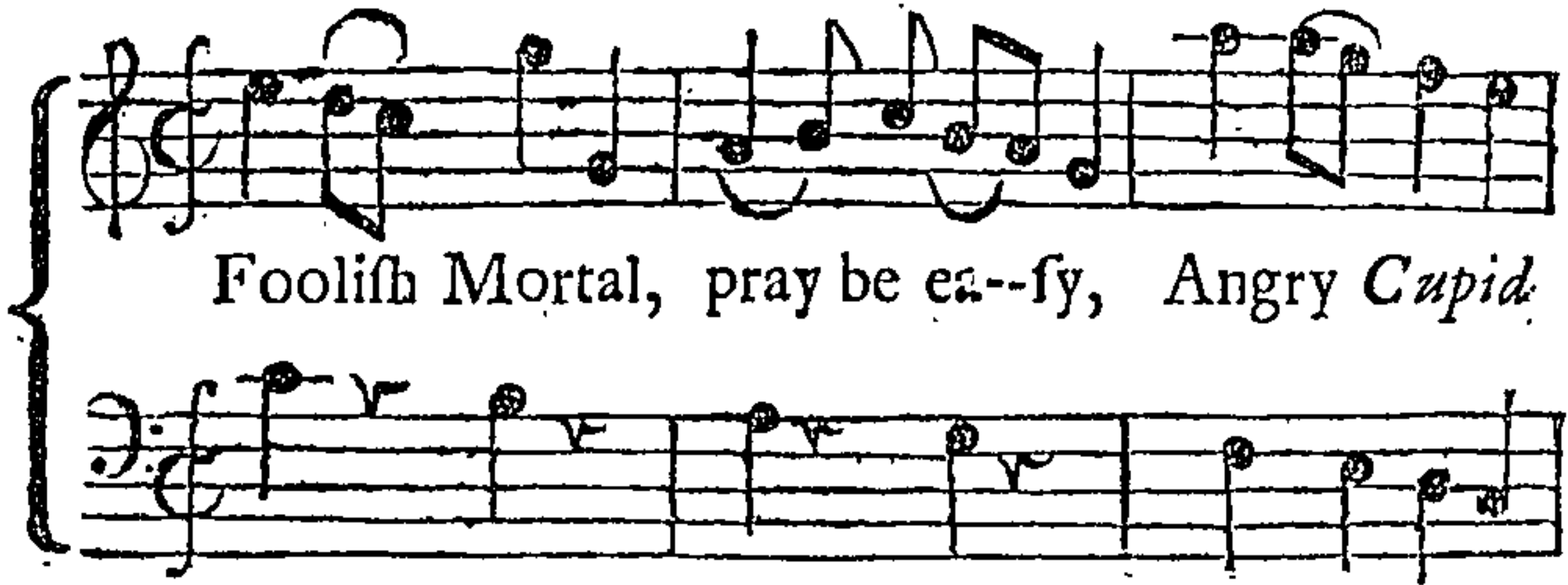
Meer Idolatry of Love.

You may dress a World of *Chloe's*,

In the Beauty she can spare;

Hear him, *Cupid*, who no Foe is,

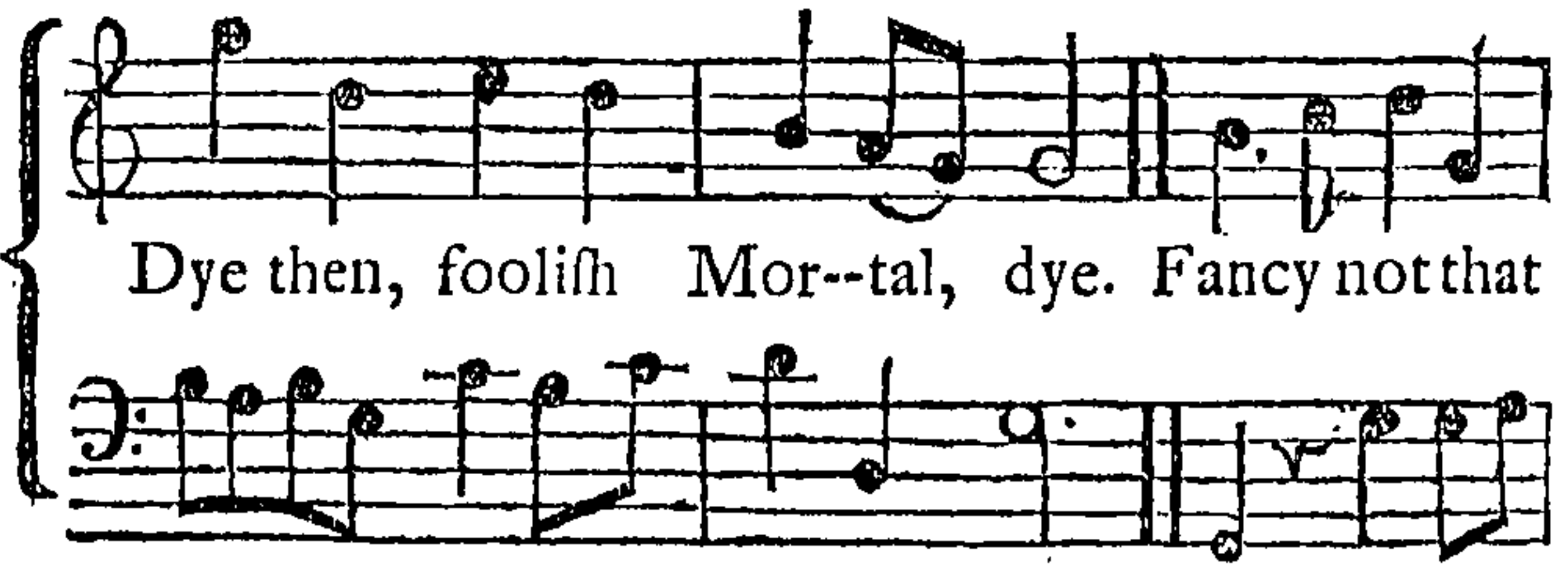
To Your Altars, or the Fair.

*The ANSWER to the foregoing SONG.*


Foolish Mortal, pray be ea--sy, Angry *Cupid*



made Reply; Do *Florella's* Charms displease ye?



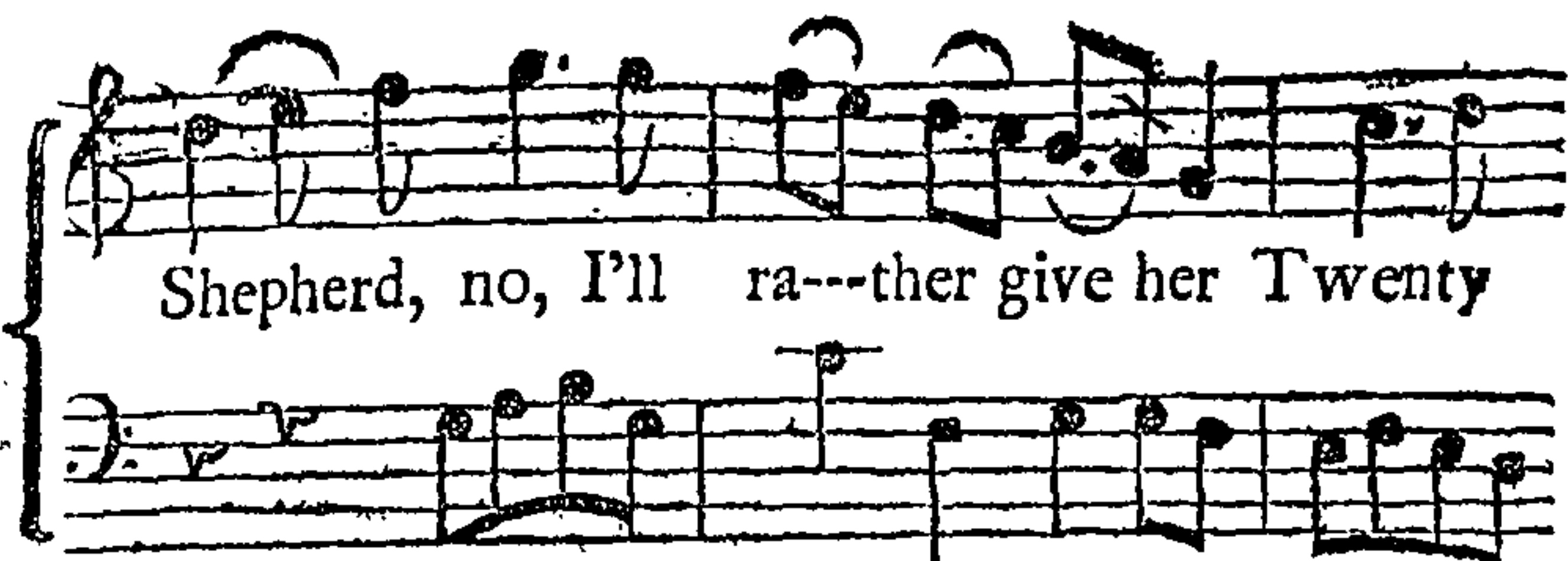
Dye then, foolish Mor--tal, dye. Fancy not that



I'll de--prive her Of her Cap-ti--va--ting Store;

Shepherd





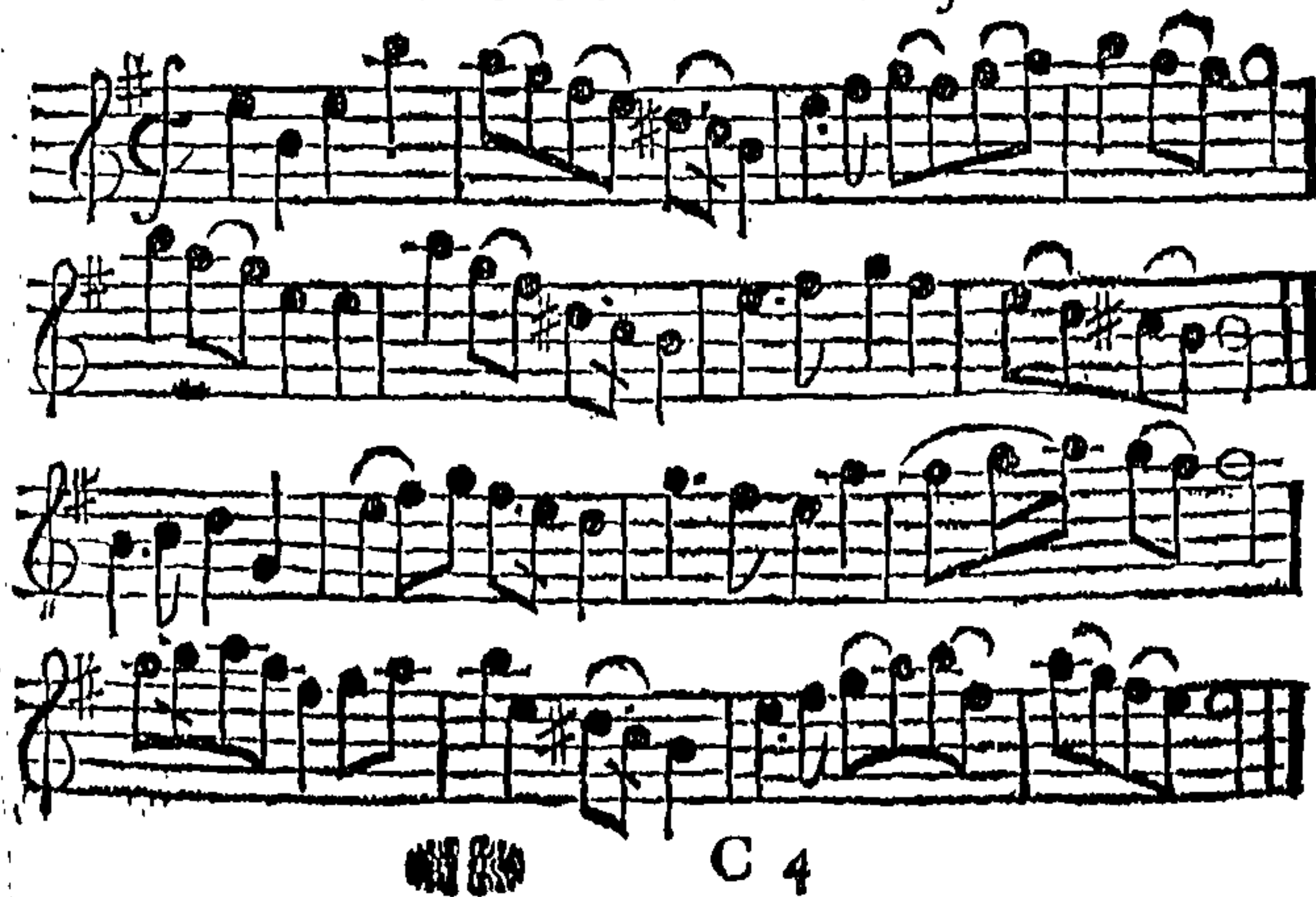
Shepherd, no, I'll ra---ther give her Twenty



Thou---sand Beauties more.

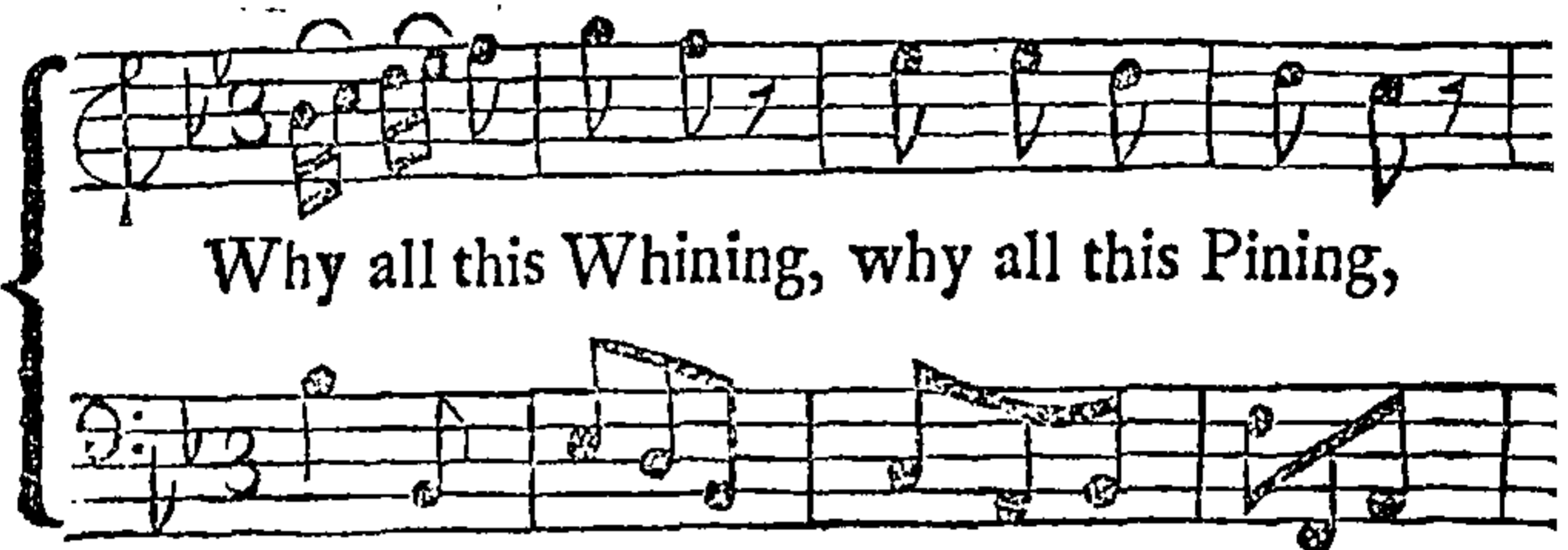
Were *Florella* proud, and four,  
Apt to mock a Lover's Care,  
Justly then you'd pray that Pow'r  
Shou'd be taken from the Fair.  
But tho' I spread a Blemish o'er her,  
No Relief from thence you'll find;  
Still, fond Shepherd, you'd adore her,  
For the Beauties of her Mind!

*The* FLUTE to the First Part.

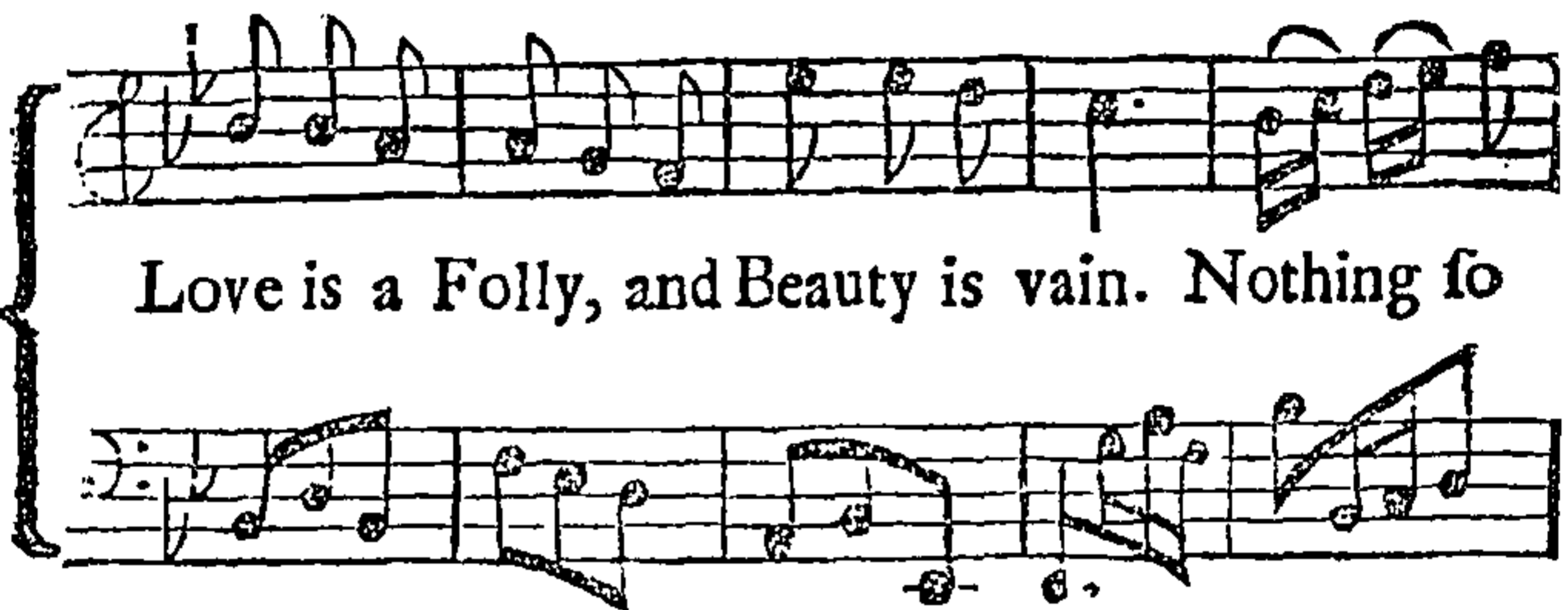


C 4

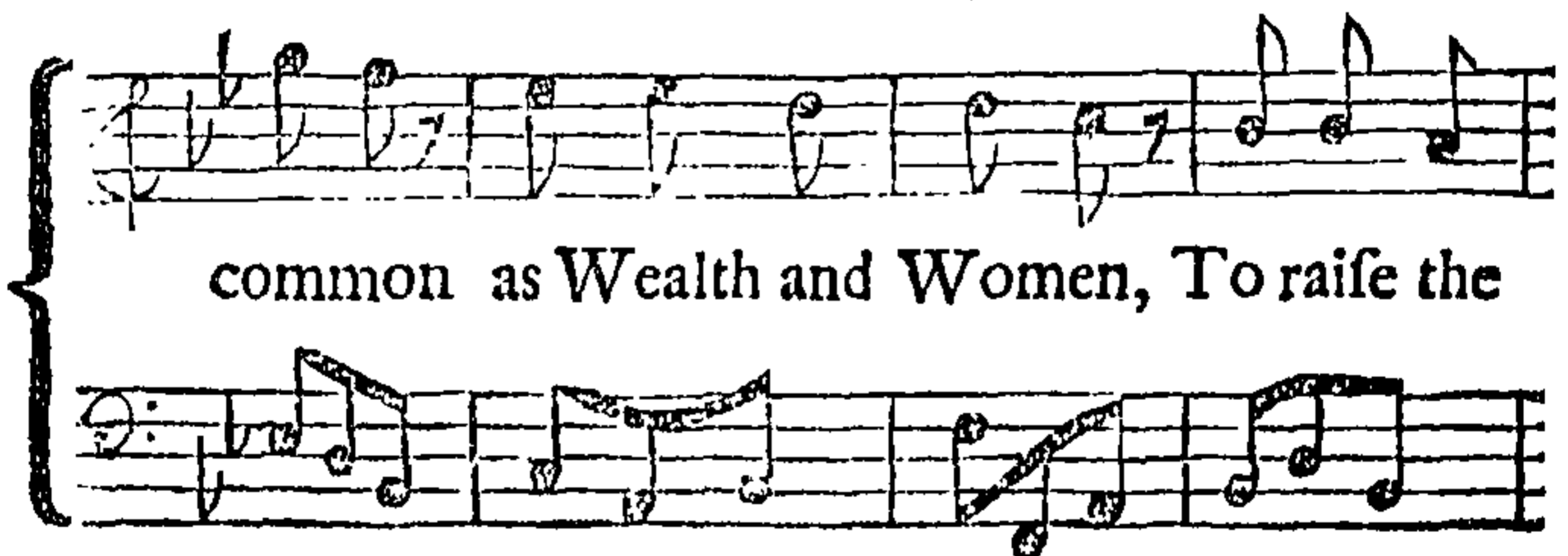
G O O D A D V I C E



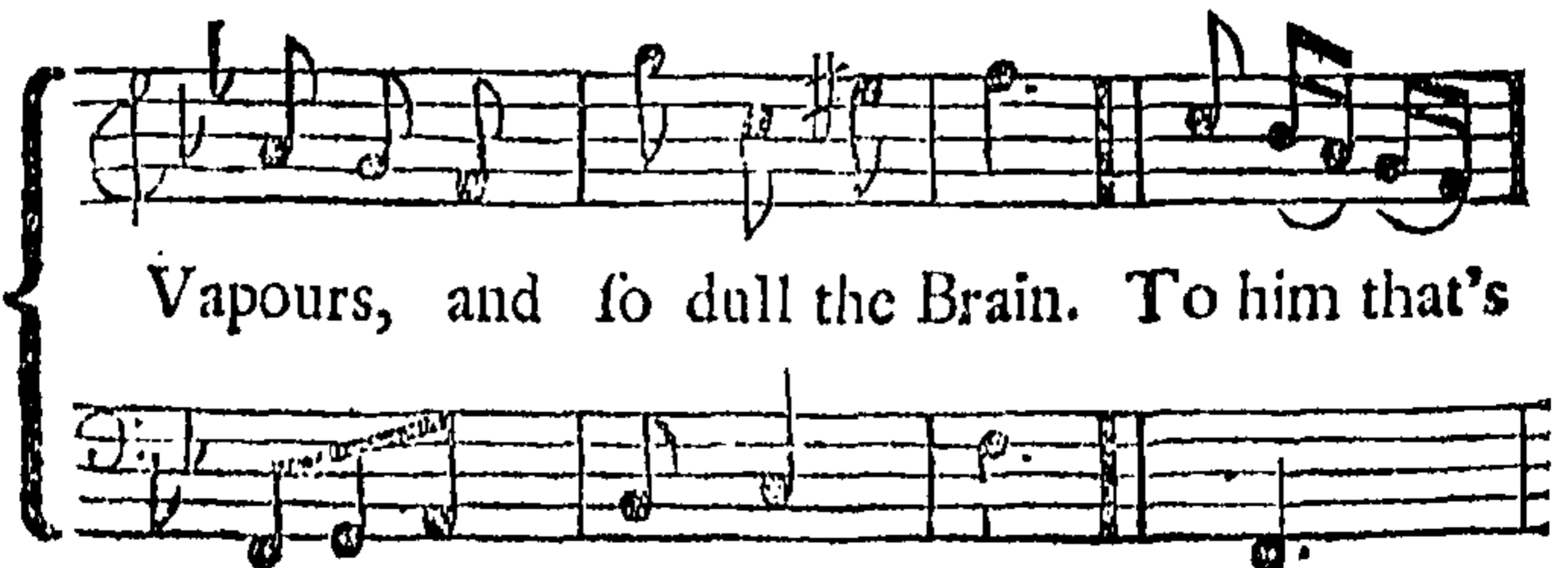
Why all this Whining, why all this Pining,



Love is a Folly, and Beauty is vain. Nothing so

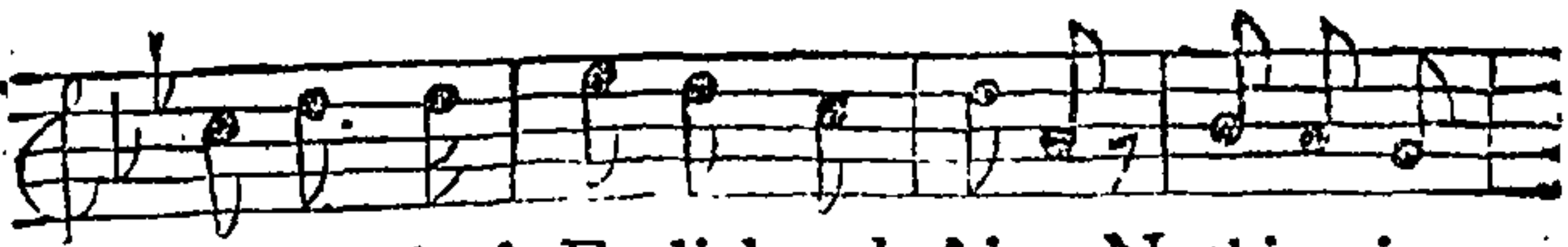


common as Wealth and Women, To raise the

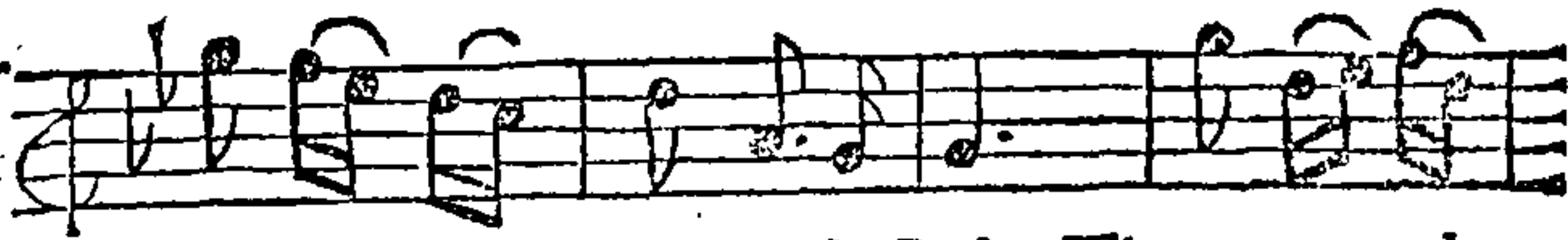
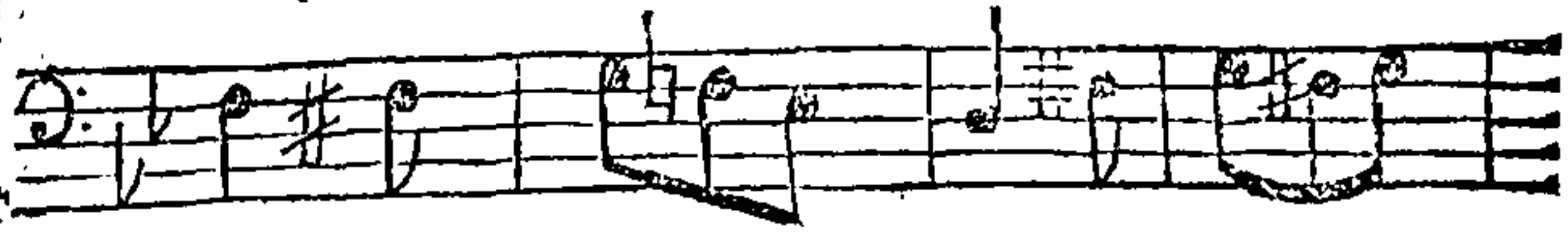


Vapours, and so dull the Brain. To him that's

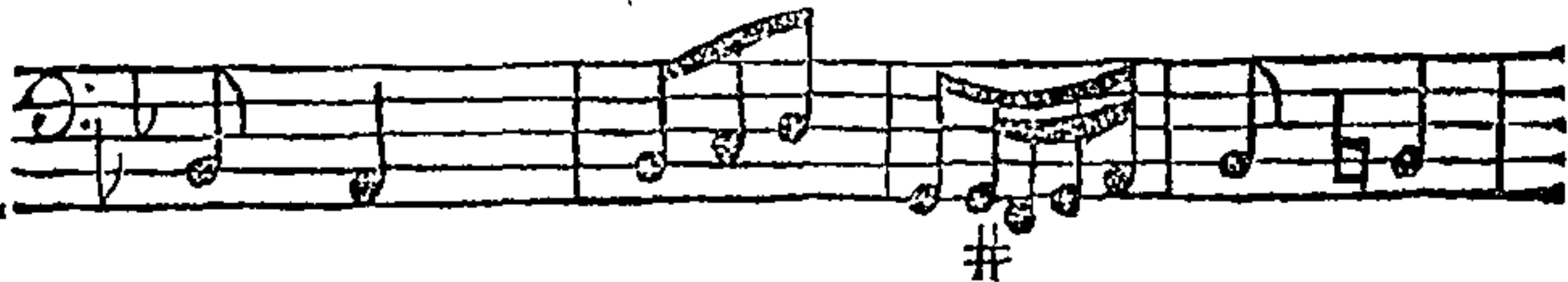
Merry,



Merry, that's Frolick and Airy, Nothing is



Grievous, nor nothing is Sad; Then rouze thy



Spirit, and take off thy Claret, In one smiling



Bumper a Cure's to be had.



If *Cloe* fly thee, and still deny thee,  
Never look sneaking, nor never repine:  
If 'tis her Fashion, to slight your Passion,  
Then seem most easy, and deny her thine.  
Yet

Yet slyly wooe her, and closely pursue her,  
Or she'll prove a Tyrant, and laugh thee to scorn;  
When she seems Waggish, Coquettish and Prudish,  
Then give Her her Humour, and let Her be gone.

When next you meet her, again intreat her,  
And if you find still she'd make you her Tool,  
Ne'er let it vex you, or once perplex you,  
She'll soon repent it, and find who's the Fool.

Then to requite her, despise her and slight her,  
And what you commended as much discommend:  
But if Love grieve thee, and still will not leave thee,  
Then e'en lovethy Self first, and next lovethy Friend.

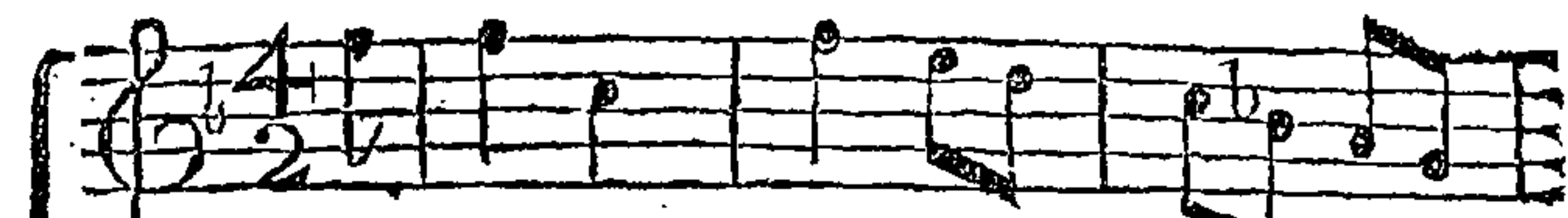






All in a HEDGE: Or, The Way to CONTENT.

By Mr. W. BEDINGFIELD.


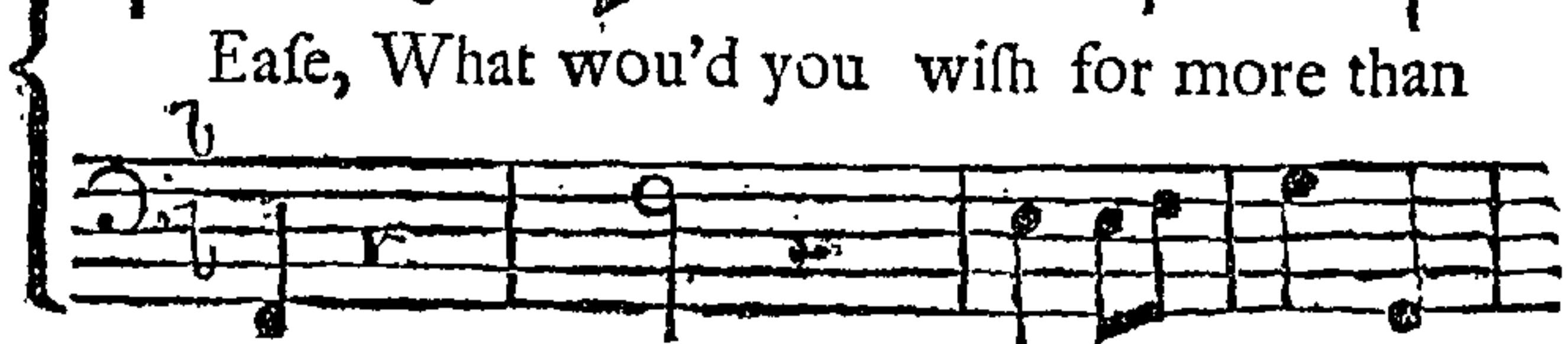
Set by Mr. DIEUPART.




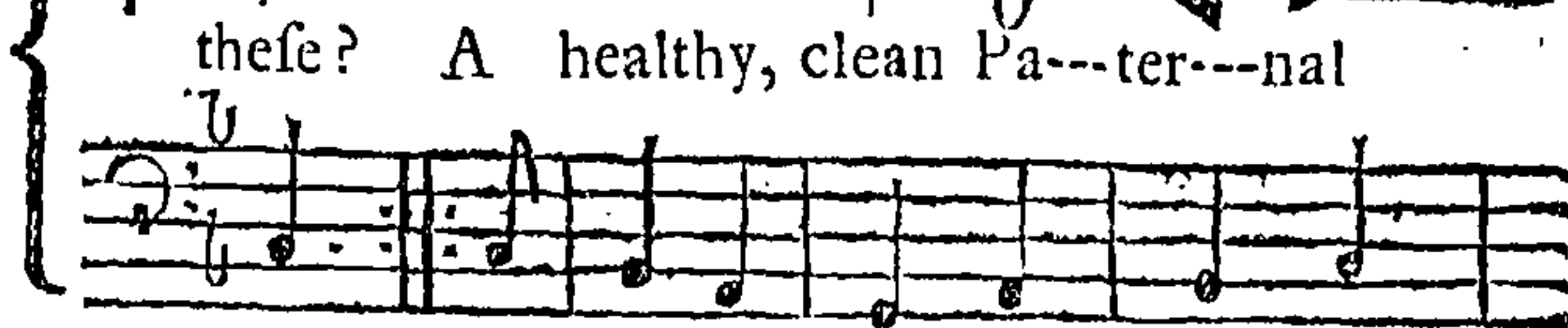
To hug your Self in per-----fect



Ease, What wou'd you wish for more than



these? A healthy, clean Pa---ter---nal



Seat, Well shaded from the Summer's Heat.



*The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

A little Parlour-Stove, to hold  
 A constant Fire from Winter's Cold,  
 Where you may Sit, and Think, and Sing,  
 Far off from Court, God bless the King!

Safe from the Harpies of the Law,  
 From Party-Rage, and Great Man's Paw;  
 Have choice few Friends of your own Taste;  
 A Wife Agreeable and Chaste.

An open, but yet cautious Mind,  
 Where guilty Cares no Entrance find;  
 Nor Misers Fears, nor Envy's Spight,  
 To break the Sabbath of the Night.

Plain Equipage, and temp'rate Meals,  
 Few Taylor's, and no Doctor's Bills;  
 Content to take, as Heav'n shall please,  
 A longer or a shorter Lease.

F A L L I N G *in* L O V E.

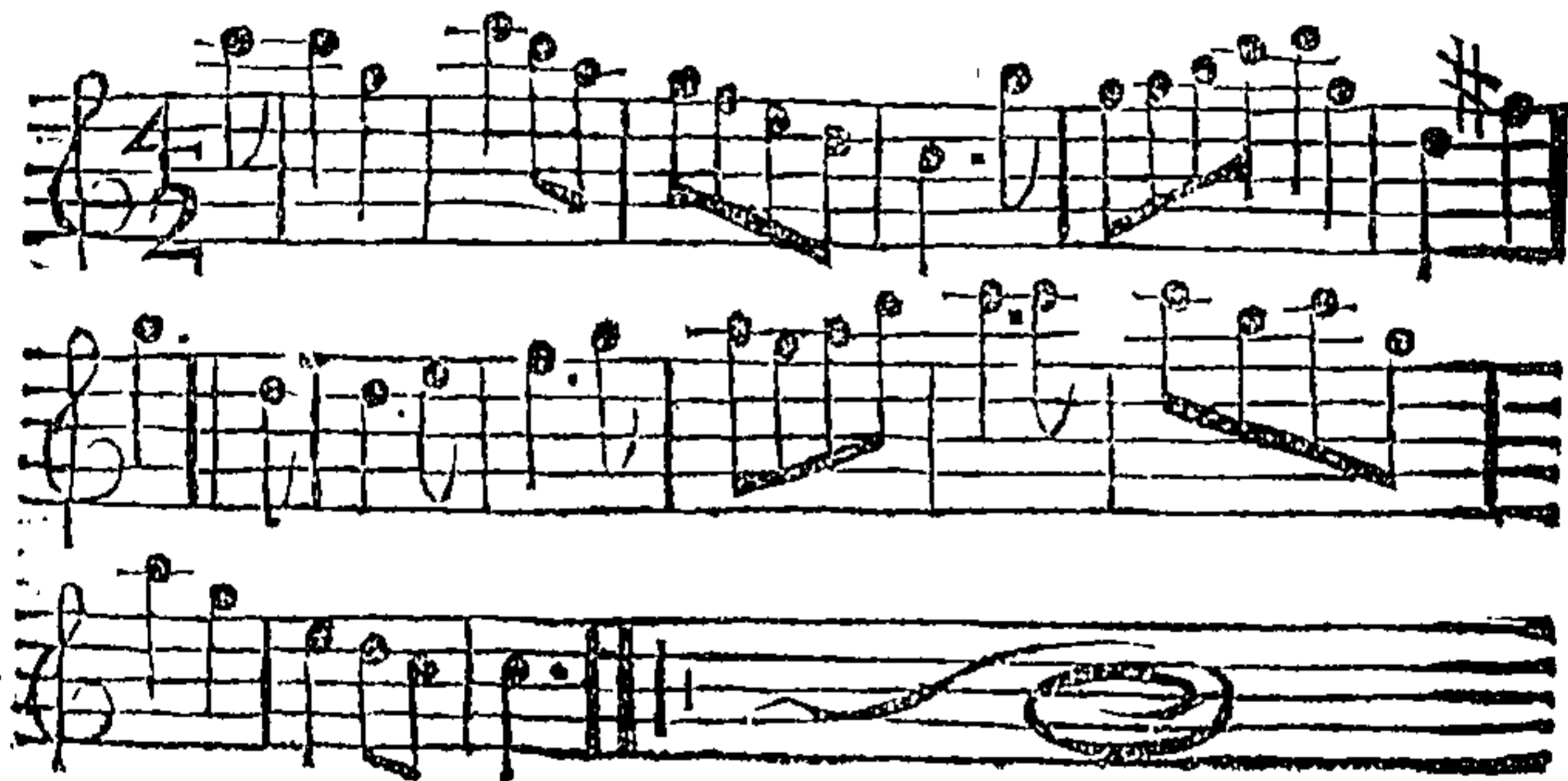
*To the foregoing Tune.*

WHEN first I saw thee graceful move,  
 Ah me! what meant my throbbing Breast?  
 Say, soft Confusion, art thou Love?  
 If Love thou art, then farewell Rest!

Since doom'd I am to love thee, Fair,  
Though hopeless of a warm Return,  
Yet kill me not with cold Despair;  
But let me live, and let me burn.

With gentle Smiles assuage the Pain,  
Those gentle Smiles did first create:  
And, though you cannot love again,  
In Pity, oh! forbear to hate.

*For the* FLUTE.



*The* EXPOSTULATION.

O loveliest Fair! to you my Song in warbling

Numbers flows, For you in-spire my grateful

Tongue, And dis-si-pate my Woes: My Mind, whe

you with Rays divine Inspi



--re, does like you shine.

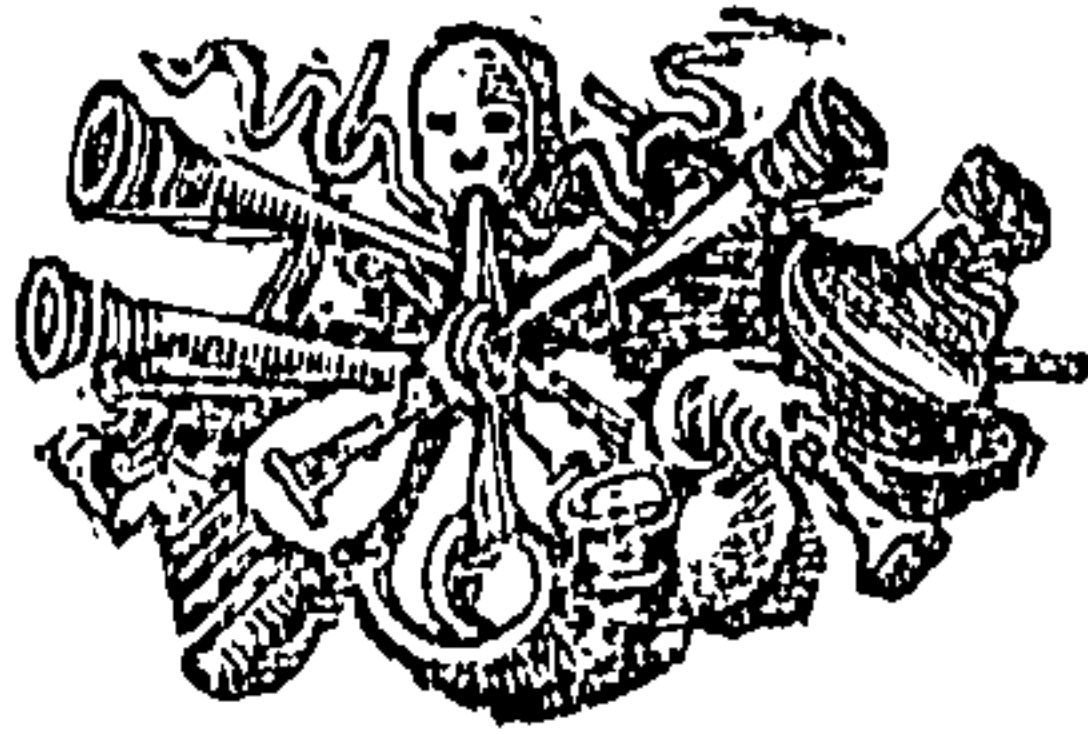
At once reveal my cruel Fate,  
 And let me know the worst;  
 I'll arm my self against your Hate,  
 And bear to be accurst!  
 If't must be so, my Doom I'll hear:  
 These Doubts I cannot bear!

Soon as my drooping Eyes I raise  
 To view your charming Face,  
 O'erwhelm'd with Joy, lost in Amaze,  
 I bless each sparkling Grace!  
 My raptur'd Soul springs to my Eyes,  
 And tells my Fears and Joys.

How long, O loveliest Fair! how long  
 Shall I my Suff'rings bear?  
 Why do you thus my Passion wrong,  
 And sink me in Despair?  
 Now lifted high, now sunk as low,  
 You plunge me still in Woe.

Poor Mariners, when Storms run high,  
Like Terrors undergo ;  
Sometimes they're wafted to the Sky,  
Then plung'd in Sands below :  
No more torment me ; but be kind,  
And cure my troubled Mind.

*For the FLUTE.*



The GRASHOPPER.

By Mr. ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.



Hap--py Insect! what can be In Happi-



ness compar'd to thee? Fed with Nourish-



ment Divine, The dewy Morning's gentle Wine!



*Nature* waits upon thee still,  
And thy verdant Cup does fill;  
'Tis fill'd where-ever thou dost tread:  
For *Nature* Self's thy *Ganymede*!

34. *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;  
Happier than the happiest King!  
All the Fields which thou dost see,  
All the Plants belong to Thee:

All that Summer Hours produce,  
Fertile made with early Juice.  
Man for Thee does Sow and Plough;  
*Farmer* He, and *Landlord* Thou.

Thou innocently dost enjoy;  
Nor does thy Luxury destroy;  
With Joy the Shepherd heareth thee,  
Far more harmonious sing than he!

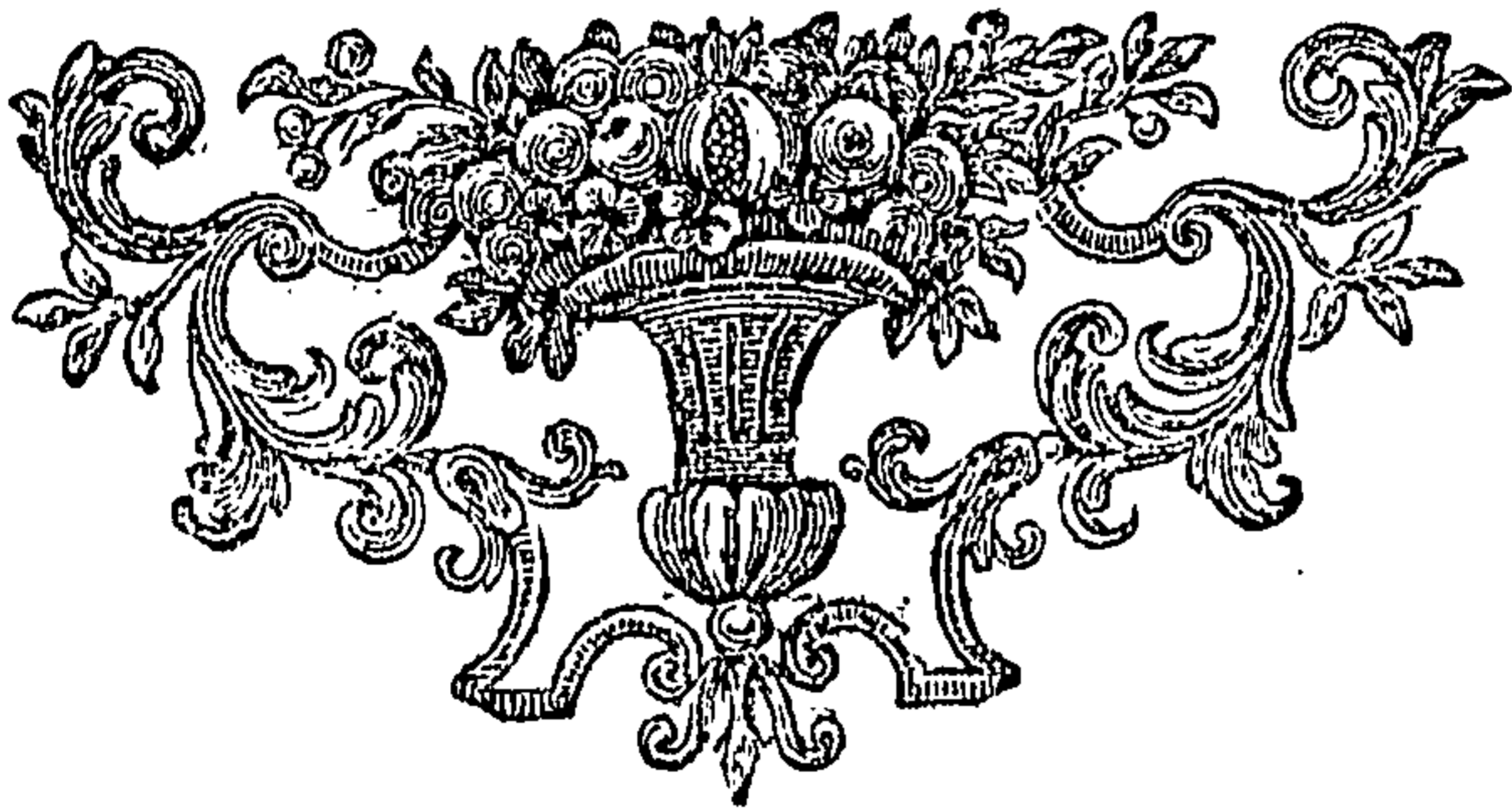
Thee Country-Hinds with Gladness hear,  
The Prophet of the ripen'd Year!  
Thee *Phœbus* loves, and does inspire;  
Bright *Phœbus* is himself thy Sire!

To Thee, of all things upon Earth,  
Life is no longer than thy Mirth.  
Happy Insect, thrice happy thou!  
Dost neither Age nor Winter know!

But when thou'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung  
Thy Fill, the flow'ry Leaves among,  
Sated with thy Summer-Feast,  
Thou retir'st to endless Rest.



For the FLUTE.



*An* EPITHALAMIUM *on the* MARRIAGE  
of a Young Gentleman *with an* Old Lady.

[To the Tune of *Gossip Joan.*]

Whence comes it, Neighbour *Dick*, That

you, with Youth un-com-mon, Have serv'd the

Girls this Tri- ck, and

wedded an Old Wo-----man? *Hap--py* Dick!

Each *Belle* condemns the Choice  
Of a Youth so gay and sprightly;  
But we your Friends rejoyce,  
That you have judg'd so rightly :

*Happy Dick!*

Tho' odd to Some it sounds,  
That on Threescore you ventur'd;  
Yet in Ten Thousand Pounds  
Ten Thousand Charms are center'd :

*Happy Dick!*

Beauty, we know, will fade,  
As doth the short-liv'd Flower;  
Nor can the fairest Maid  
Insure her Bloom an Hour :

*Happy Dick!*

Then wisely you resign,  
For Sixty, Charms so transient;  
As the Curious value Coin  
The more for being Ancient :

*Happy Dick!*

With Joy your Spouse shall see  
The fading Beauties round her,  
And she her-self still be  
The same that first you found her :

*Happy Dick!*

Oft is the Married State  
With Jealousies attended;  
And hence, thro' foul Debate,  
Are Nuptial Joys suspended :

*Happy Dick!*

*The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

But you, with such a Wife,  
 No jealous Fears are under;  
 She's yours alone, for Life,  
 Or much we all shall wonder:

*Happy Dick!*

Her Death wou'd grieve you sore,  
 But let not that torment you;  
 My Life! she'll see Fourfcore,  
 If that will but content you:

*Happy Dick!*

On this you may relie,  
 For the Pains you took to win her,  
 She'll ne'er in Child-bed die,  
 Unless the D---l's in her:

*Happy Dick!*

Some have the Name of *Hell*  
 To Matrimony given;  
 How falsely, you can tell,  
 Who find it such a *Heaven*:

*Happy Dick!*

With you, each Day and Night  
 Is crown'd with Joy and Gladness;  
 While envious Virgins bite  
 The hated Sheets for Madness:

*Happy Dick!*

With Spouse, long share the Bliss  
 Y'had miss'd in any other;  
 And when you've bury'd this,  
 May you have such another:

*Happy Dick!*  
 Observing



Observing hence, by you,  
In Marriage such *Decorum*,  
Our wiser Youth shall do,  
As you have done before 'em :

*Happy Dick!*

*For the FLUTE.*



On CHLORIS's *Unkindness.*Set by Mr. *VINCENT.*

At dead--of Night, when Care gives

Place, In o---ther Breasts, to soft Repose,

My throbbing Heart feels no — Re-

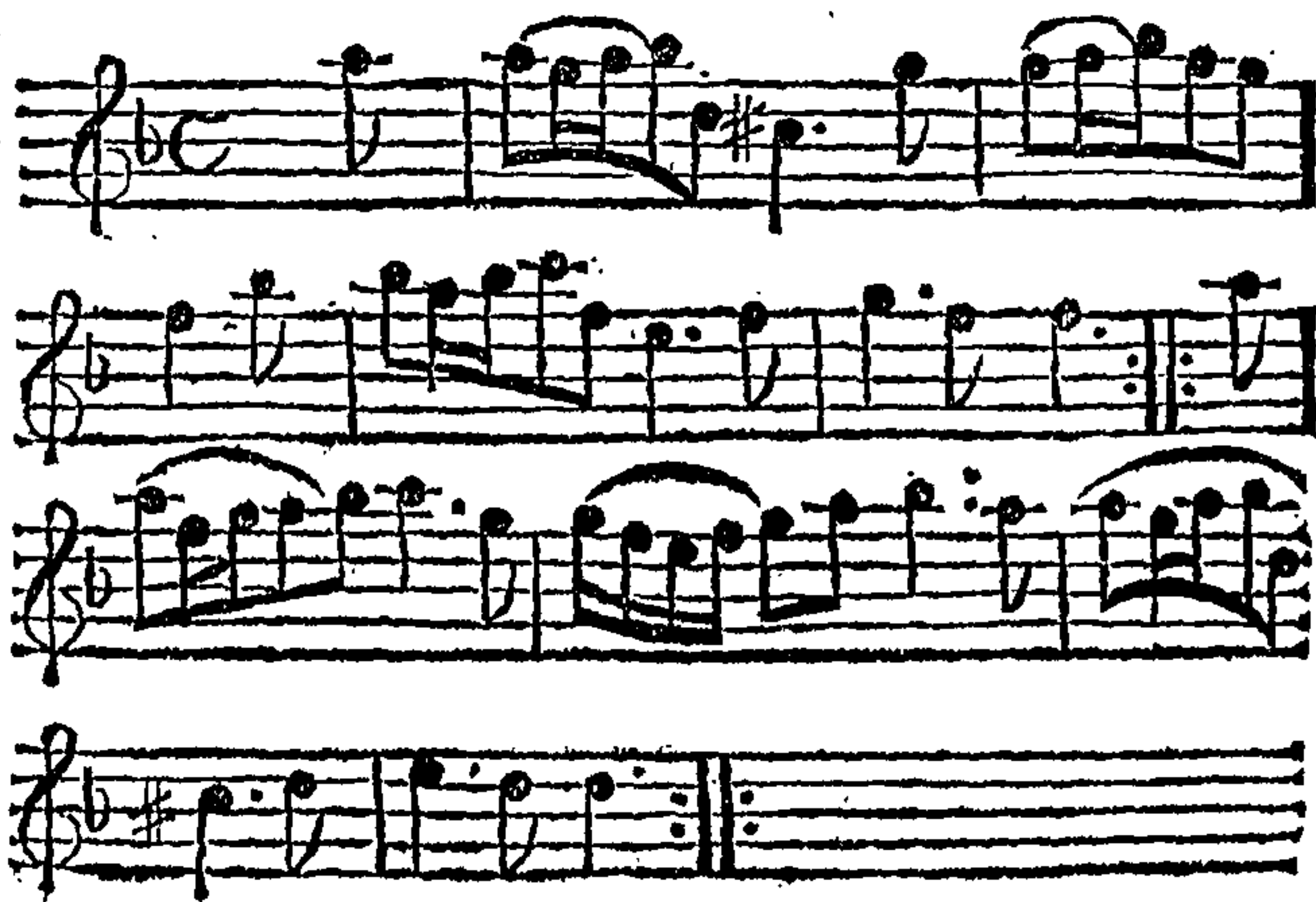
cess, Since *Love* and *Chlo-ris* are my Foes.

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

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

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

*For the FLUTE.*



STREPHON'S COMPLAINT of LOVE.

Set by Mr. *HANDEL*.



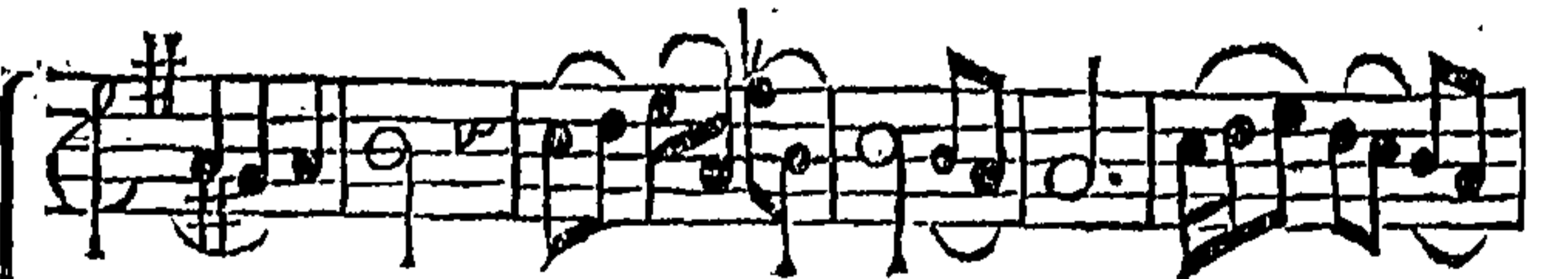
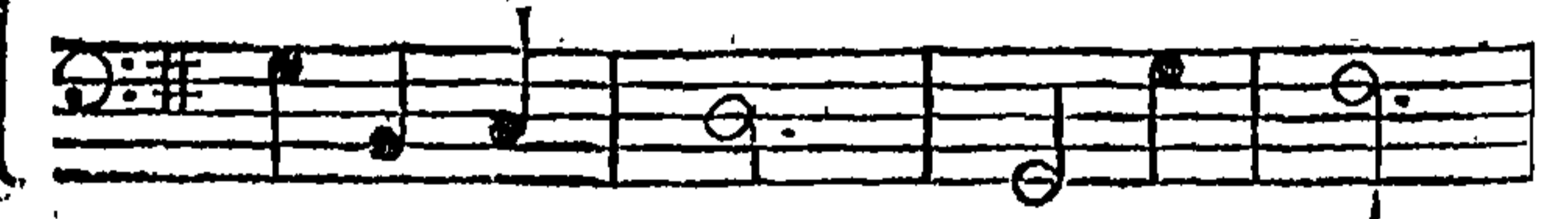
Oh! cruel Tyrant *Love!* Why art thou



so--- unkind? Wilt thou no milder prove,



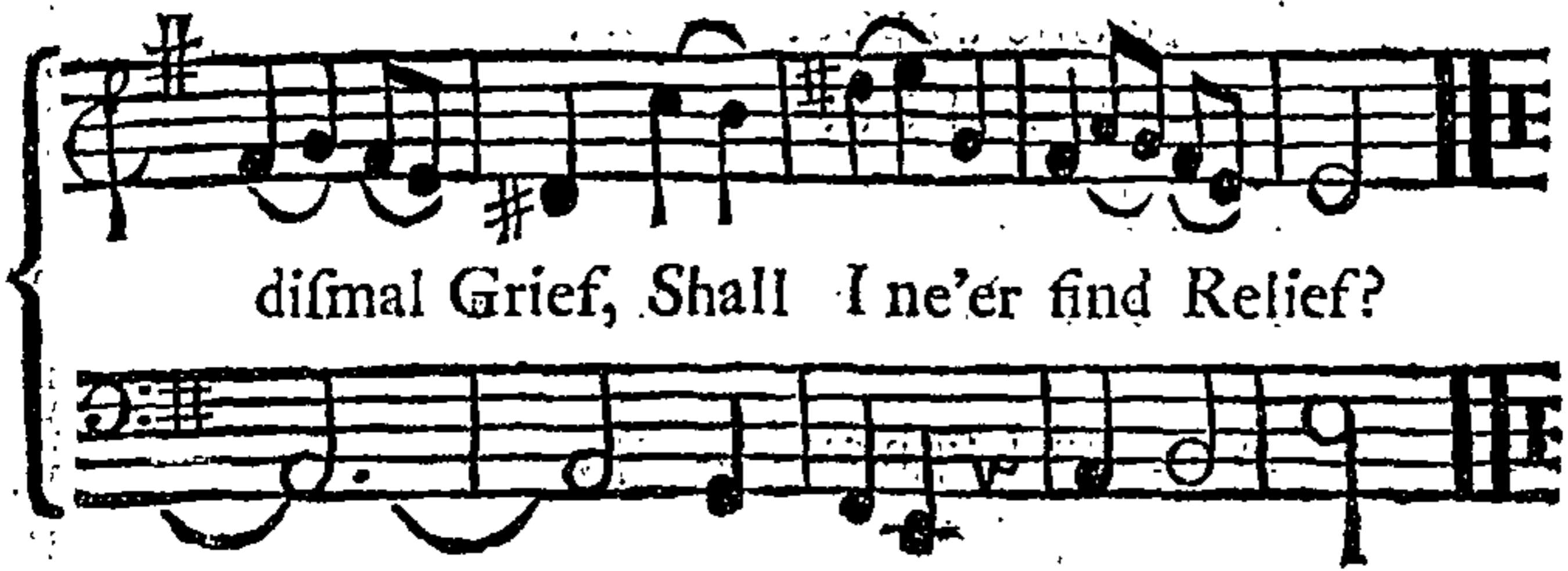
Nor ease my troubled Mind? No Joy shall



I e'er see? But still tormented be? And from such







Since thou hast wounded me,  
Why dost thou not impart  
Some of thy Cruelty,  
And make her feel some Smart?  
Tell her how I do burn,  
How I lament and mourn!  
When she the Truth doth know,  
She must some Pity show.

Beauty enthron'd doth stand  
Upon her smiling Brow:  
Her blushing Cheeks command  
Me at her Feet to bow:  
Her golden Tresses wave,  
Her rising Breasts enslave,  
Lightning darts from her Eyes,  
And kills me by Surprize.

Yet tho' she is most fair,  
Why should she me disdain?  
If Wealth surrounds my Dear,  
Why must I suffer Pain?

Were

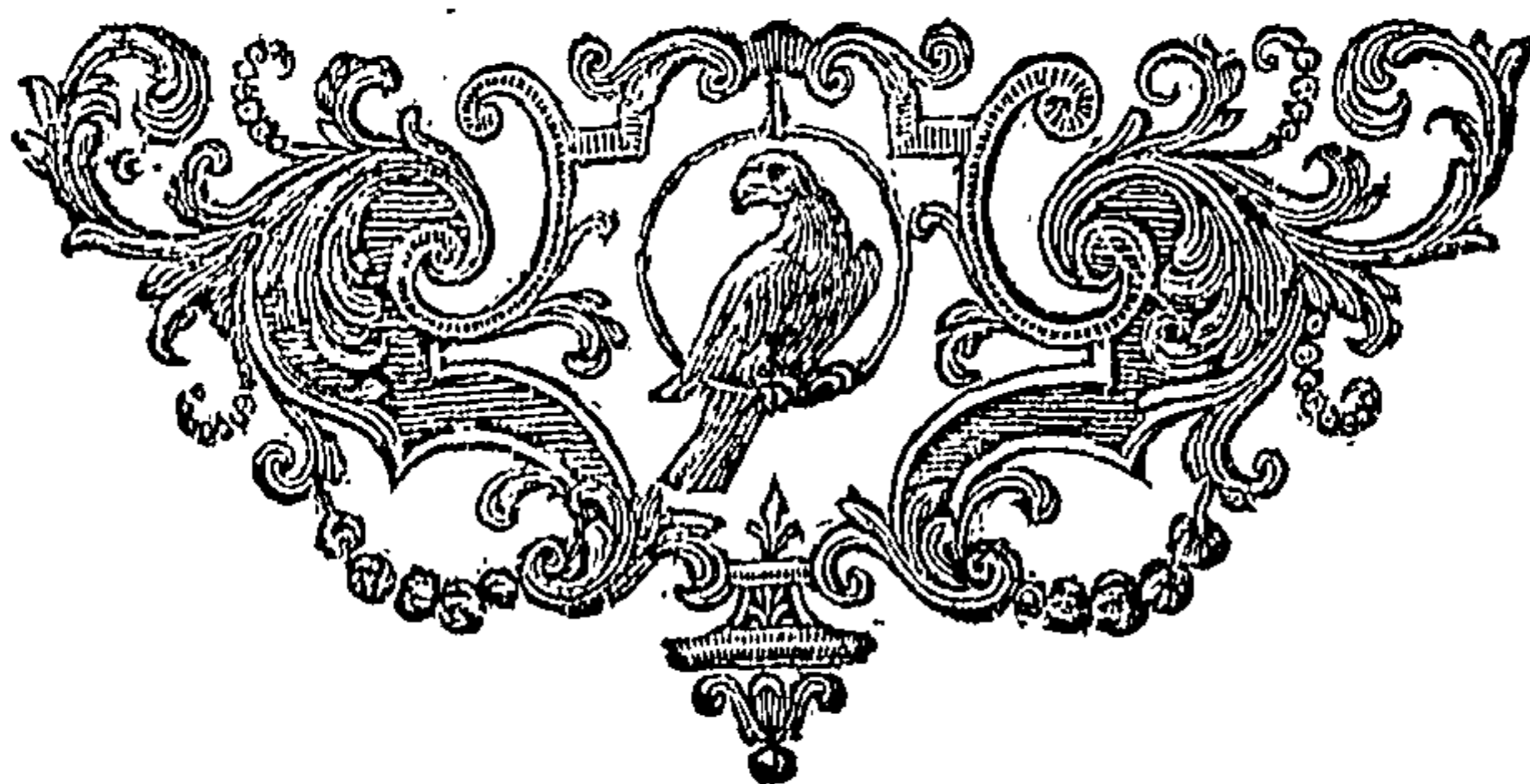
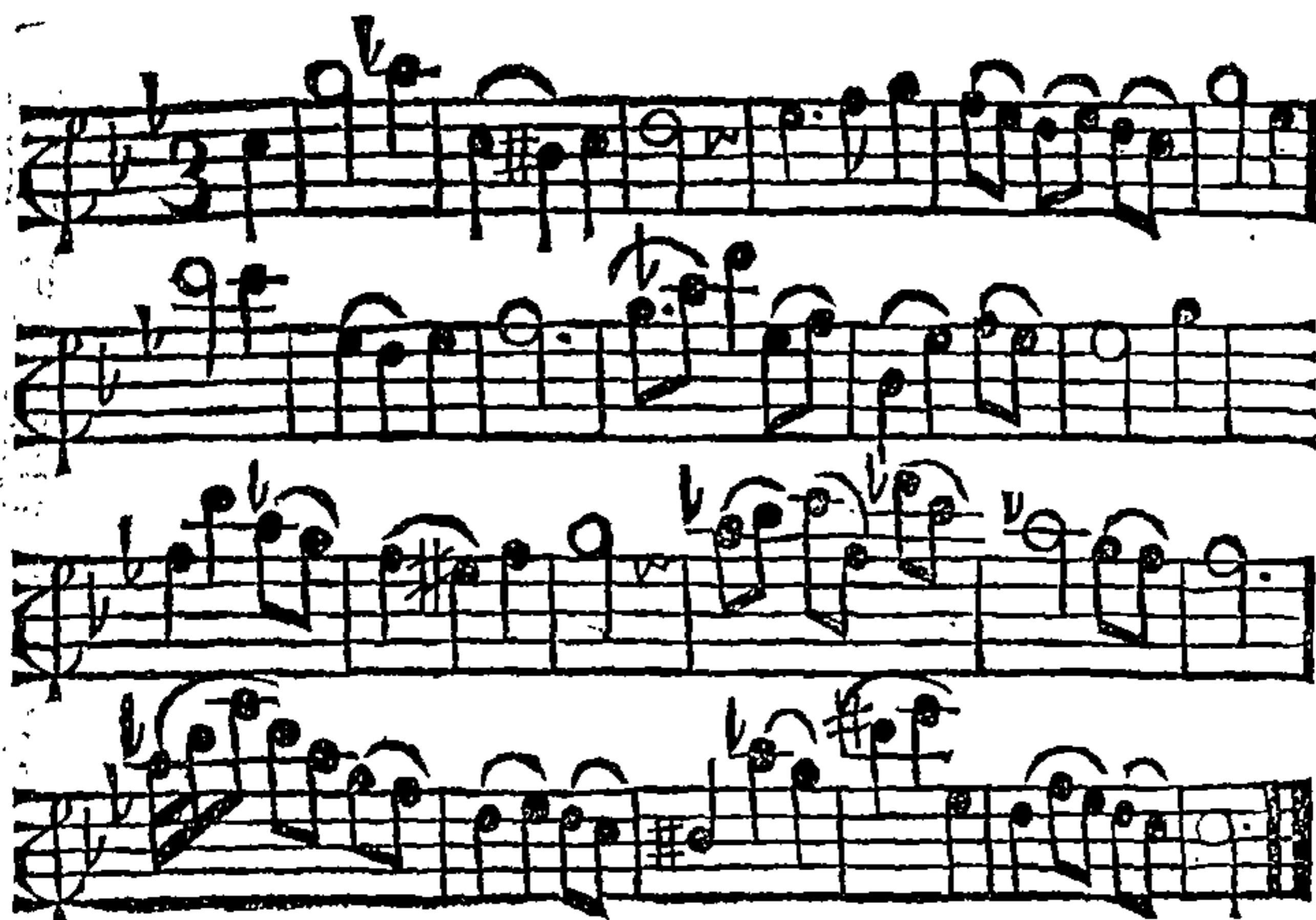
Were She as poor as *Job*,  
 I in a Royal Robe,  
 And Lord of all the Land,  
 I'd be at her Command.

All Day I sigh and weep,  
 And vainly do lament!  
 All Night I cannot sleep!  
 I never rest content!  
 But still am fill'd with Pain,  
 Scorn, Woe, and sad Disdain:  
 These Racks I cannot bear,  
 And yet she will not hear!

What Joys can *Myra* take,  
 After she does behold  
 Poor *Strephon*, for her Sake,  
 Laid in the Dreary Mould?  
 O most unhappy Fate!  
 Then Pity comes too late:  
*Myra*, my Life preserve,  
 And thee I'll always serve.

I'll wander for her Sake,  
 Or keep myself confin'd,  
 If she no Pity take  
 On my distracted Mind.  
 O ease the burning Smart,  
 Of my poor suff'ring Heart;  
 Else 'twill my Ruin prove;  
 Farewell then Life and Love!

*For the FLUTE.*



*The* SOLDIER'S *Welcome Home.*[To the Tune of *Auld lang syne.*]

Should auld Ac-quain--tance be forgot, Tho'

they re---turn with Scars? Those are the

noble Hero's Lot, Obtain'd in glorious

Wars: Welcome, my *Vero*, to my Breast, Thy





Arms about me twine, And make me once a-



gain as blest, As I was lang fyne.



Methinks around us, on each Bough,  
 A Thousand *Cupids* play;  
 Whilst thro' the Groves I walk with you,  
 Each Object makes me gay:  
 Since your Return, the Sun and Moon  
 With brighter Glory shine,  
 Streams murmur soft Notes while they run,  
 As they did lang fyne.

Despise the Court, and Din of State;  
 Let that to their Share fall  
 Who can esteem such Slav'ry great,  
 While bounded like a Ball;  
 But sunk in Love, upon my Arms  
 Let your brave Head recline;  
 We'll please our selves with mutual Charms,  
 As we did lang fyne.

O'er

O'er Moor and Dale, with your gay Friend,  
 You may pursue the Chase,  
 And, after a blyth Bottle, end  
 All Care in my Embrace:  
 And in a vacant rainy Day  
 You shall be wholly mine;  
 We'll make the Hours run smooth away,  
 And laugh at lang fyne.

The Hero, pleas'd with the sweet Air,  
 And Signs of generous Love,  
 Which had been utter'd by the Fair,  
 Bow'd to the Powers above.  
 Next Day, with glad Consent and Haste,  
 They knelt before the Shrine,  
 Where the good Priest the Couple blest,  
 And put them out of Pine.

*For the* F L U T E.

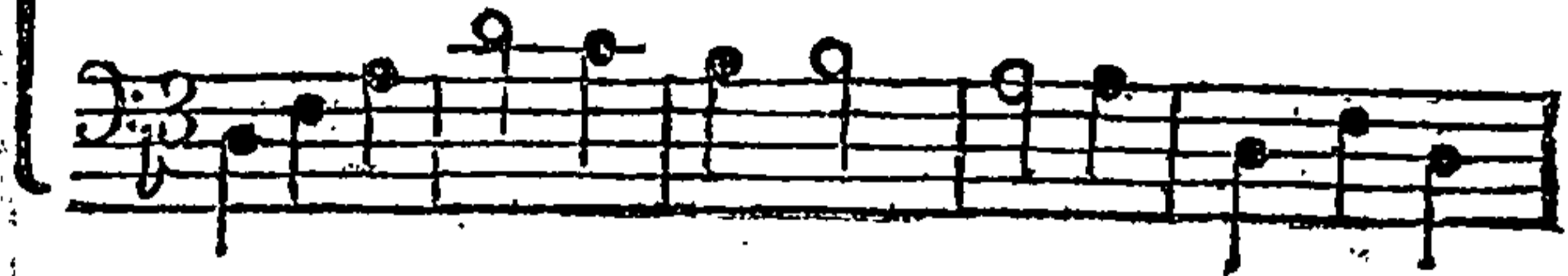


CLOE's Advice to STREPHON.

Set by Mr. WEBBER.



Talk not so much to me of Love, Your vain Pur-



suit give o'er; Your misplac'd Ardour can--not



move A Heart-- engag'd before, A Heart en-



gag'd be--fore.



*The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

No more of Cruelty complain,  
 Nor *Cloe's* Breast accuse  
 For Want of Pity to a Swain,  
 When Honour bids, Refuse.

Let some more worthy Virgin Dame,  
 Whose Charms all lovely are,  
 Be Mistress of your gen'rous Flame;  
 She may reward your Care.

Or some brisk sprightly Widow may,  
 With Affluence supply'd,  
 Your Suit with grateful Sense repay,  
 Which *Cloe* has deny'd.

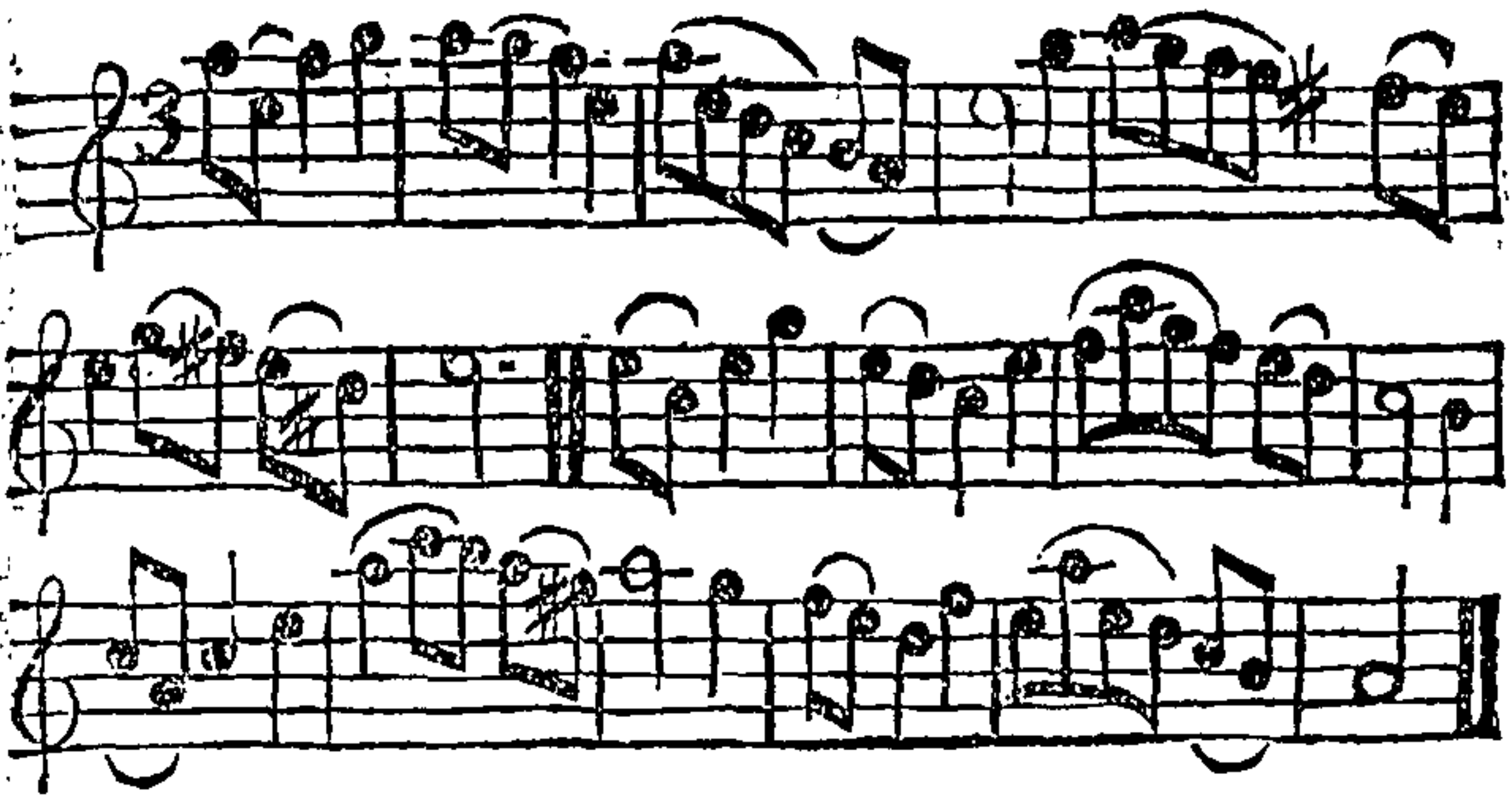
If Neither can your Thoughts employ,  
 But still on me you gaze,  
*Cloe's* Advice receive with Joy,  
 And fly from *Cupid's* Maze.

Haste! to some peaceful Dome retire,  
 Such as you oft approve;  
 Examine well your fond Desire,  
 And discipline your Love.


And if my wand'ring Steps incline  
 To your sad, lonely Cell;  
 My Soul, and every Thought shall join,  
 To wish poor *Strophon* well!





For the FLUTE.




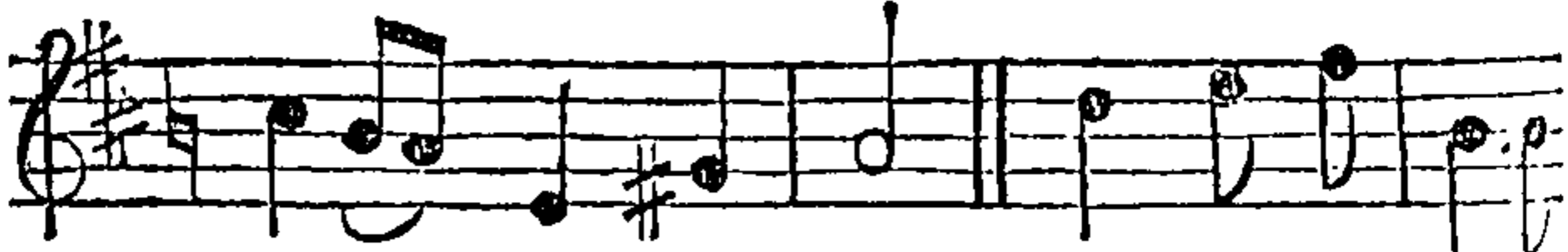
## MUSIDORA'S COMPLAINT.

*By a Young Lady of Quality. Set by Mr. DIEUPART*




Sad *Musidora*, all in Woe, A silent Grotto seeks

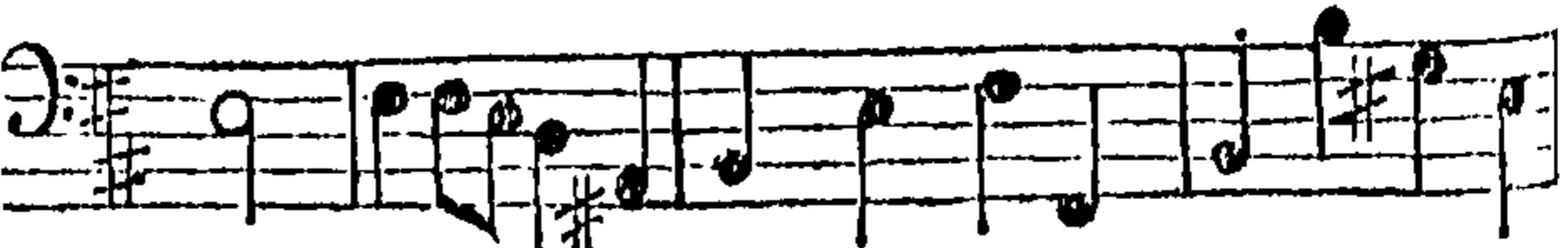
No more her self on Plains does show, But

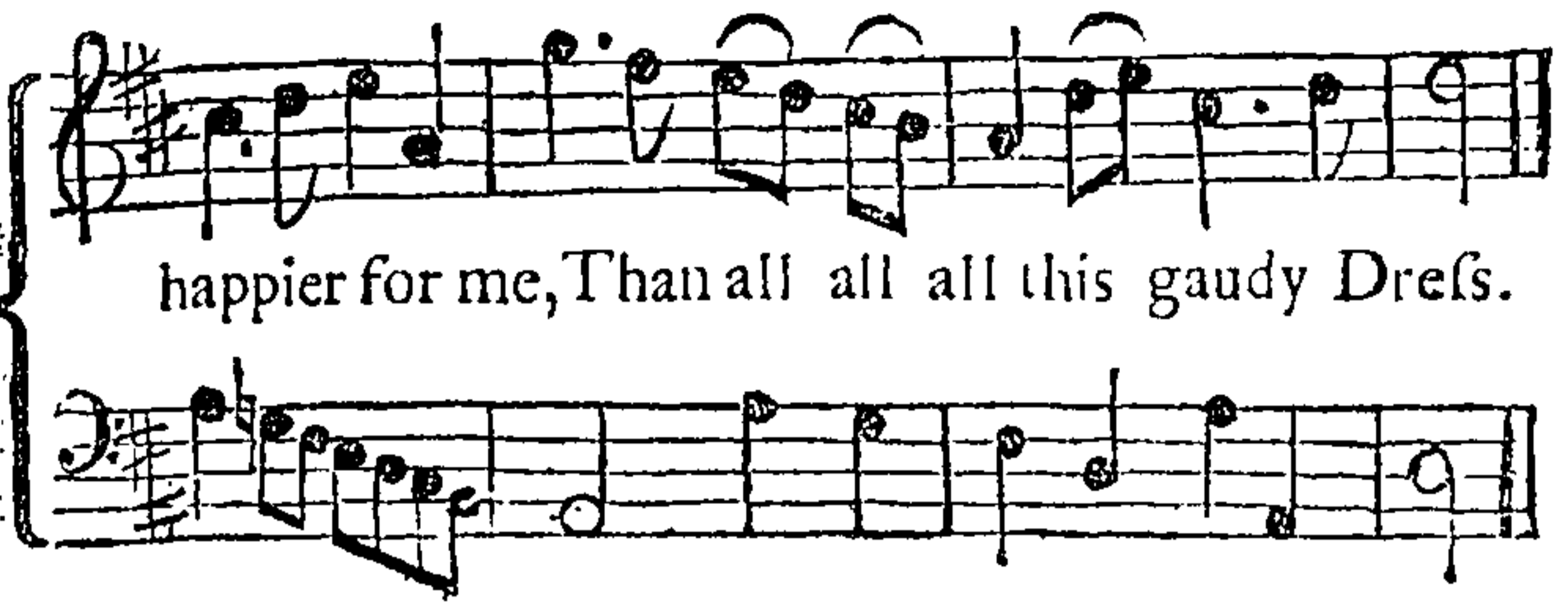



mourning, thus she speaks: Why was I born of

high Degree? An humble Shepherdes Had been for





A sumptuous Palace full of Joy,  
To me a Dungeon is;  
And all That Mirth does me annoy,  
Who know no Thought of Blifs:  
Then, wrap'd in Grief, the lovely Maid  
Retir'd from all the Throng,  
And on a Bank reclin'd her Head,  
While Tears ran trickling, trickling down.

*For the* F L U T E .




*The* DESTRUCTIVE BEAUTY.

*Occasion'd by a Copy of Verses on Miss A. B---'s  
going from Oxford to Newnham by Water.*



To the Tune of *All ye Ladies now at Land.*

*The waving Oaks of Newnham's pendant Wood,  
To meet her, seem to rush into the Flood;  
Peep o'er their Fellows Heads to see the Fair,  
Whose Name upon their wounded Barks they bear.*


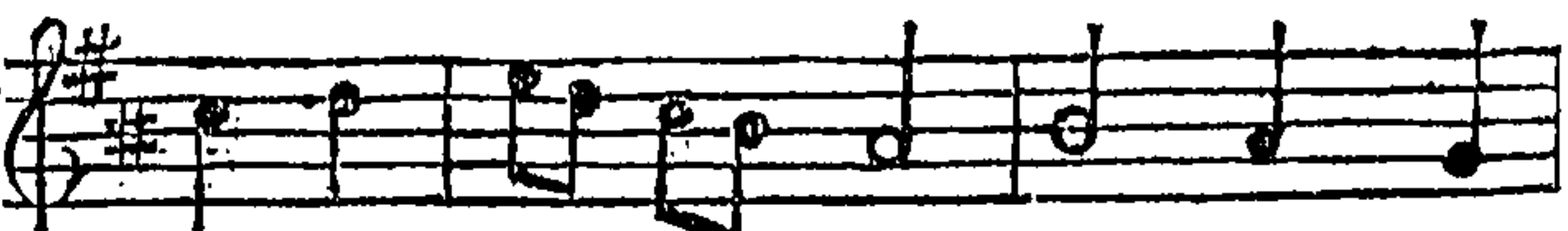
Verses to Miss A. B.



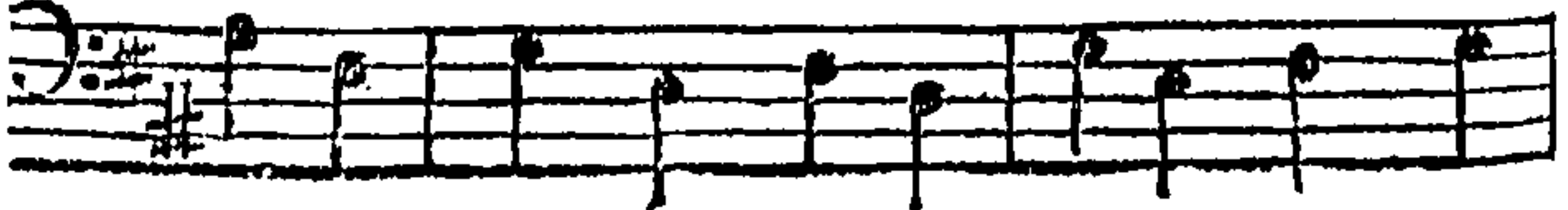
While you, my charming *Nan--cy*, reign,

Of ev'ry Muse the Theme; Whose Presence

decks with Flow'rs the Plain, With Pride swells





Isis' Stream; May I presume you'll lend an

Ear To me your humble Sonneteer? *Fa, la, fa,*

*la, fa, la.*

But lest, my Fair, you shou'd look cold,  
 Cry *Piss*, and call me rude,  
 Or think that I dare be so bold,  
 My Passion to intrude:  
 It is not for my self I sue,  
 But for some Trees that die for you. *Fa, la, &c.*

Since late on *Isis'* Silver Flood  
 Your fatal Form was seen,  
 Some luckless Trees in *Newnham* Wood  
 ('Till then full fair and green)

No more their Leafy Honours spread,  
But sigh for you, and hang their Head. *Fa, la, &c.*

'Tis said, that with a Look most queer

The Dotards peeping stood:

No Priest, with more lascivious Leer,

Confessing Nun e'er view'd;

Nay, that they *rush'd into the Flood.*

Were e'er such am'rous Sticks of Wood? *Fa, la, &c.*

How then can all your num'rous Band

Of Lovers not despair,

When Hearts of Oak cannot withstand

A Face so wond'rous fair?

Since in your Breast no Pity's found,

Tho' Lovers hang, or Oaks are drown'd. *Fa, la, &c.*

Well did the Poet's Am'rous Song

Style you the *Publick Care*;

For all our Country 'Squires ere long

Will dread the passing Fair:

Think what will good \* Lord *Harcourt* do,

Now *Newnham* Woods are fir'd by you? *Fa, la, &c.*

In pity to our Woods, restrain

The Light'ning of your Eyes,

Since, at each Glance, upon the Plain,

Some blasted Forest lies.

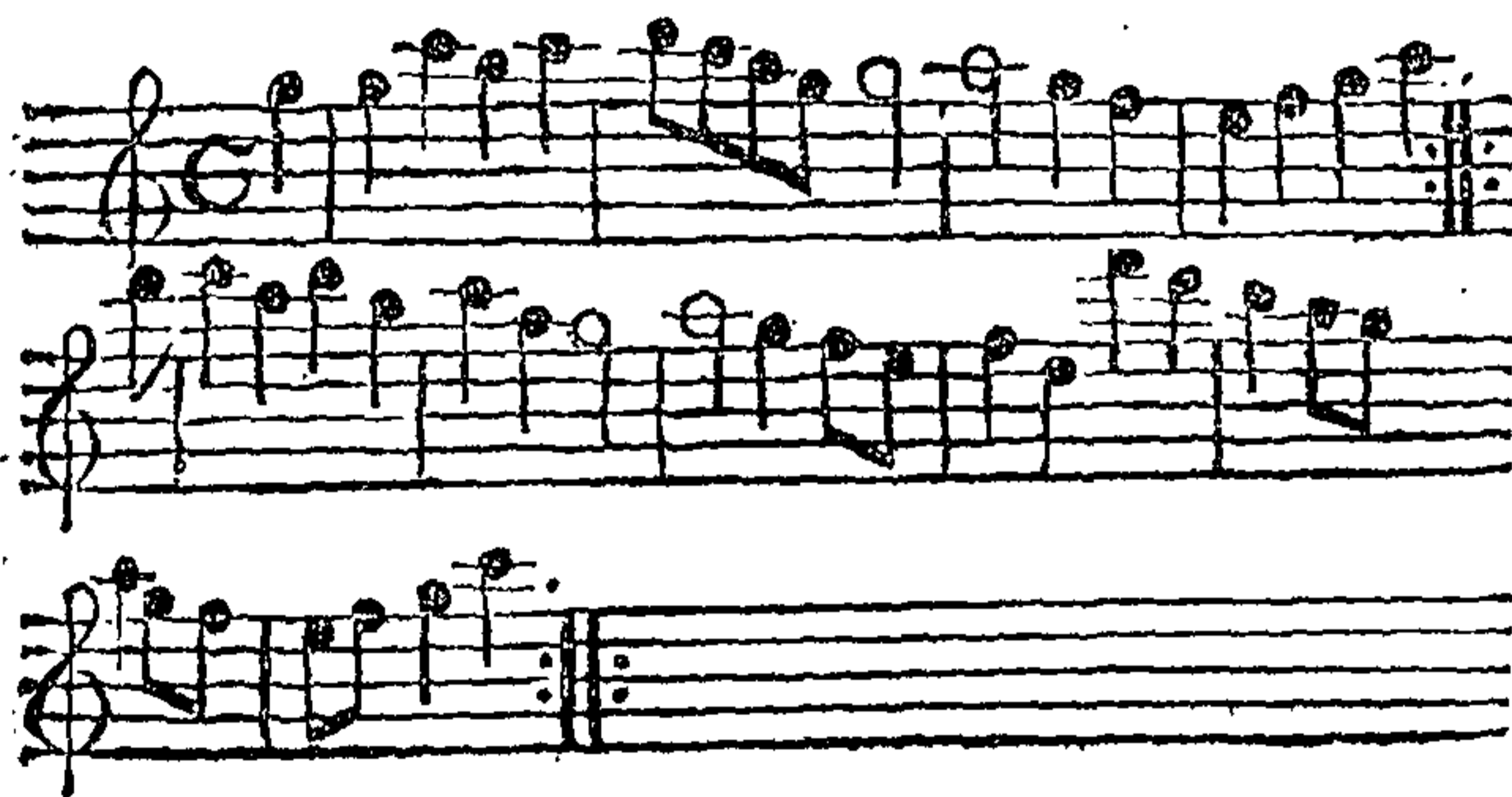
\* *The Owner of Newnham Woods.*

If you proceed, my lovely Maid,  
You'll ruin our Poetick Shade. *Fa, la, &c.*

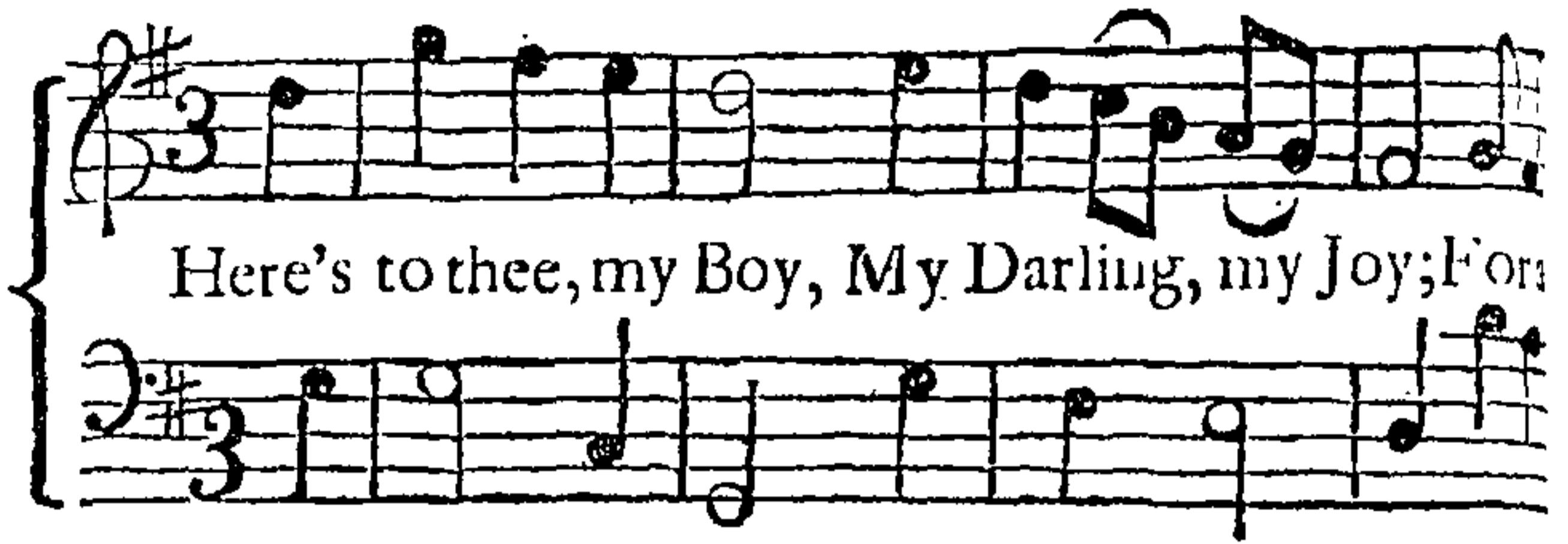
If still, on fell Destruction bent,  
You'll use your Pow'r to kill,  
On *Christ-Church* Elms your Fire be spent;  
Let them your Vengeance feel.

No better Fate to them is due,  
They know the Hand that libell'd you. *Fa, la, &c.*

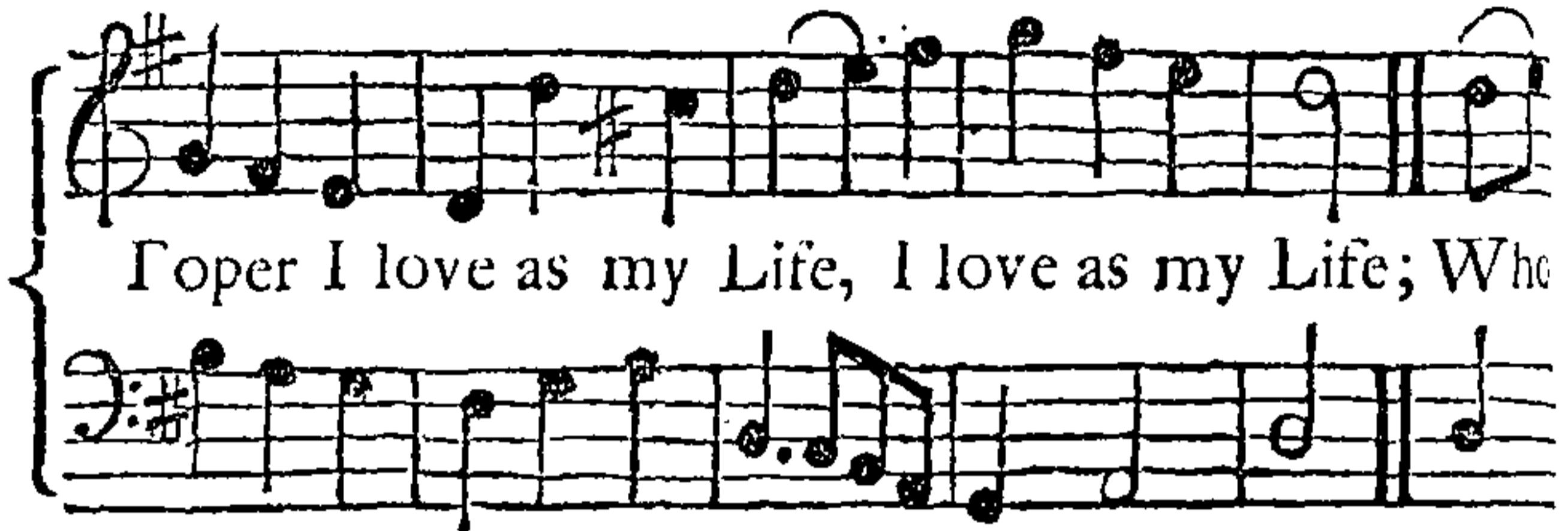
*For the FLUTE.*



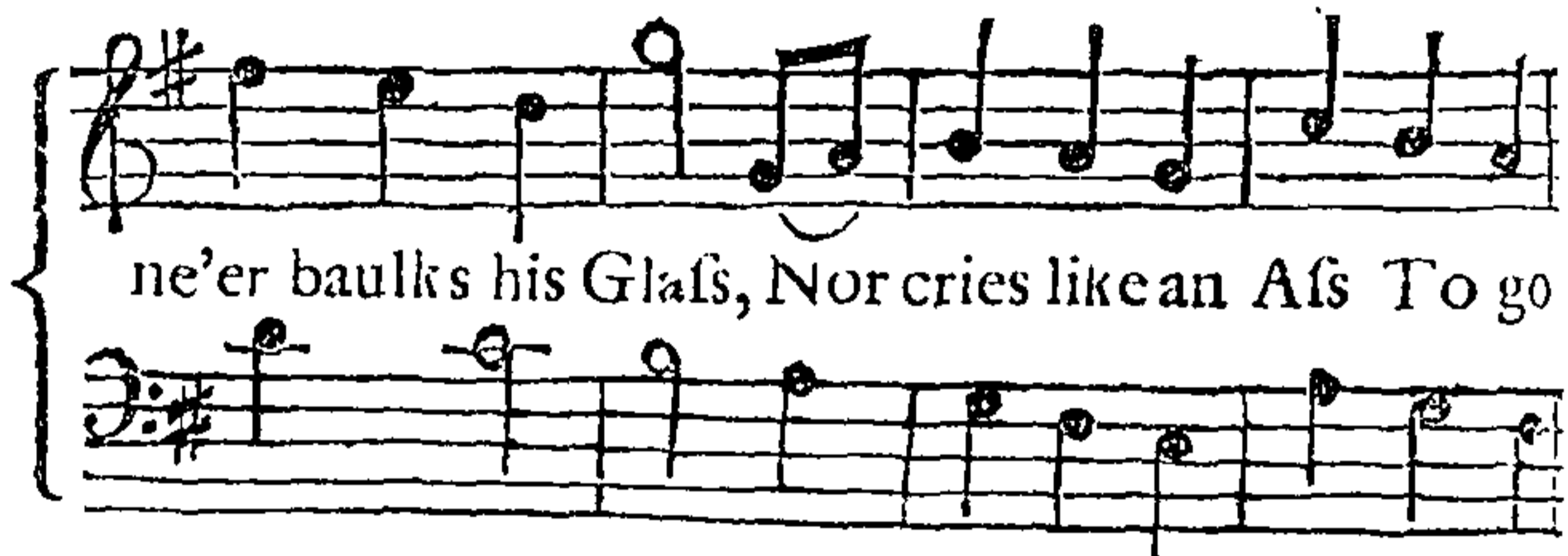
## A DRINKING SONG. By Mr. CAREY.



Here's to thee, my Boy, My Darling, my Joy; For



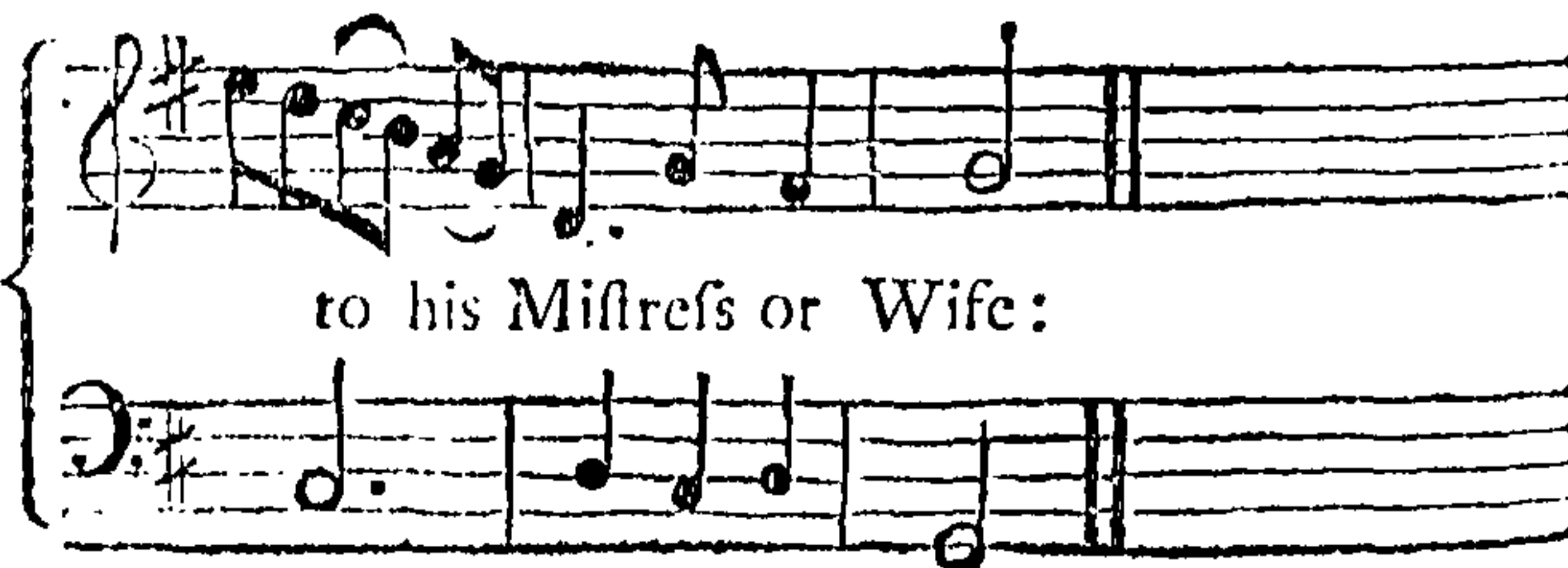
God I love as my Life, I love as my Life; Who



ne'er baulks his Glass, Nor cries like an Ass To go



home to his Mistress or Wife, To go home —



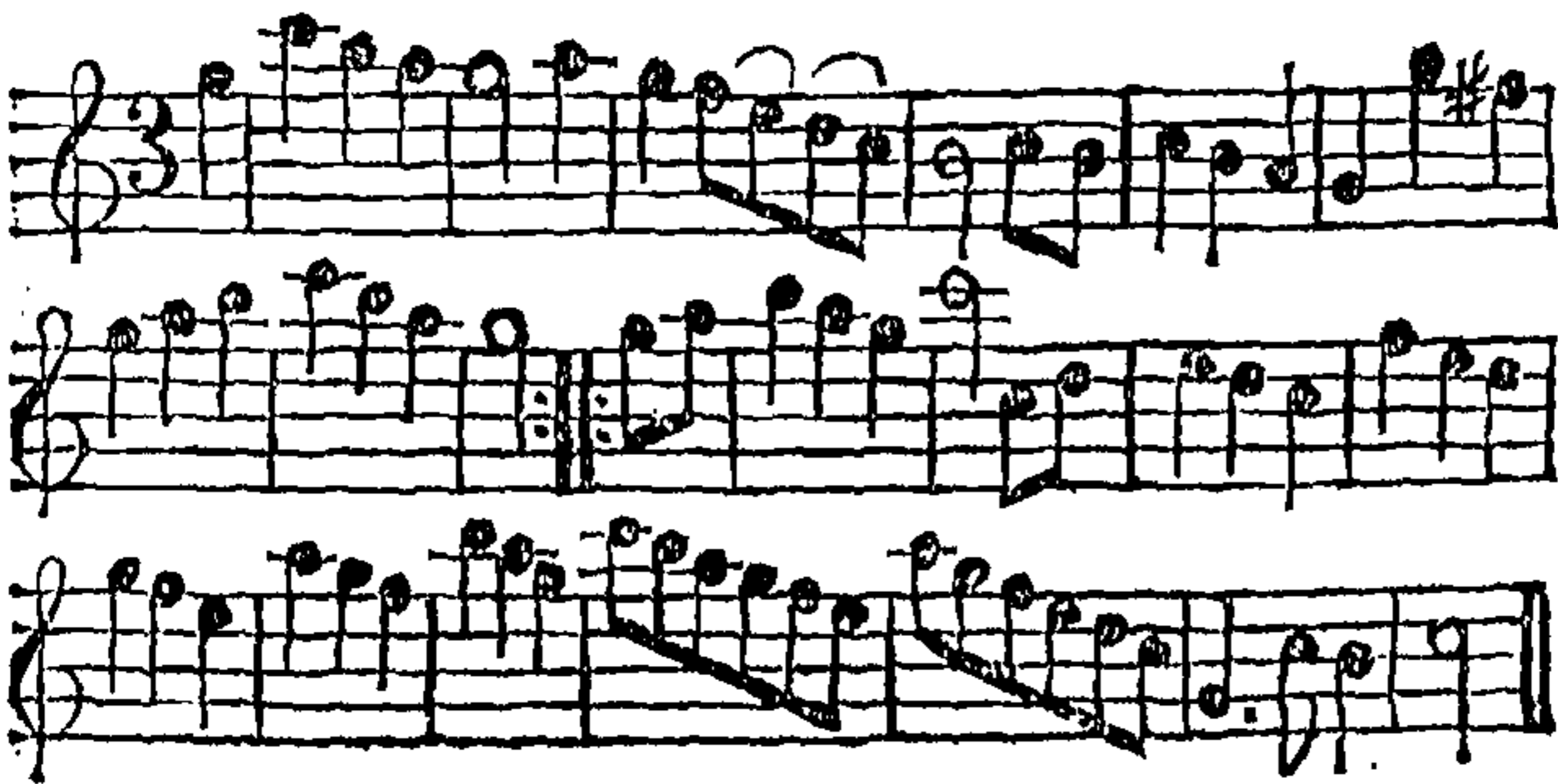
to his Mistress or Wife:



But heartily quaffs,  
Sings Catches, and laughs,  
All the Night he looks jovial and gay,  
Looks Jovial and gay ;  
When Morning appears,  
Then homeward he steers,  
To snore out the rest of the Day,  
To snore out the rest of the Day.

He feels not the Cares,  
The Griefs, or the Fears,  
That the Sober too often attend,  
Too often attend ;  
Nor knows he a Loss,  
Disturbance, or Cross,  
Save the Want of his Bottle and Friend,  
Save the Want of his Bottle and Friend.

*For the* FLUTE.



60 *The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.*

*On a LADY stung by a Bee.*

Set by Mr. *VINCENT.*

As Cæ-lia in her Garden stray'd, Secure, no  
dreamt of Harm; A Bee approach'd the  
lovely Maid, And rest-ed on her Arm.

The curious Insect thither flew,  
To taste the tempting Bloom:  
But, with a thousand Sweets in view,  
It found a sudden Doom.

Her nimble Hand of Life bereav'd  
The daring little Thing;  
But first the snowy Arm receiv'd,  
And felt the painful Sting.

Once only cou'd that Sting surprize,  
Once be injurious found:  
Not so the Darts of *Cælia's* Eyes,  
They never cease to wound.

Oh! wou'd the short-liv'd burning Smart  
The Nymph to Pity move,  
And teach her to regard the Heart  
She fires with endless Love!

*For the* F L U T E.

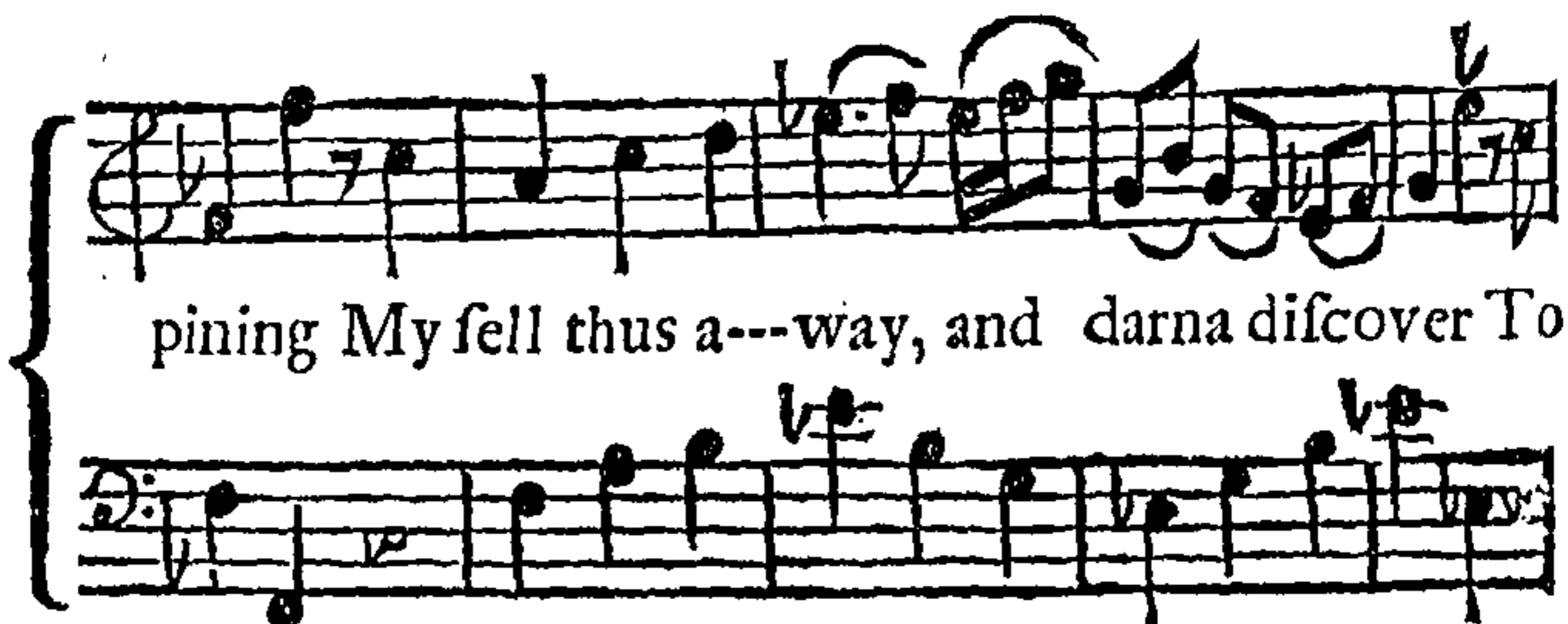


JOHN HAY's *Bonny Lassie.*


By smooth-winding *Tay* a Swain was re-



clining, Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! Maun I still live



ping My fell thus a---way, and darna discover To



my bonny *Hay* that I am her Lover? Nae mair it will

hide,





hide, the Flame waxes stranger; If she's not my



Bride, my Days are nae langer: Then I'll take a



Heart, and try at a Venture, May be, ere we



part, my Vows may con--tent her.



She's fresh as the Spring, and sweet as *Aurora*,  
 When Birds mount and sing, bidding Day a good-morrow.  
 The Sward of the Mead, enamell'd with Daisies,  
 Looks wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her Graces.

But

64 *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

But if she appear, where Verdures invite her,  
 The Fountains run clear, and Flow'rs smell the sweet  
 'Tis Heav'n to be by, when her Wit is a flowing,  
 Her Smiles and bright Eyes set my Spirits a glowing.

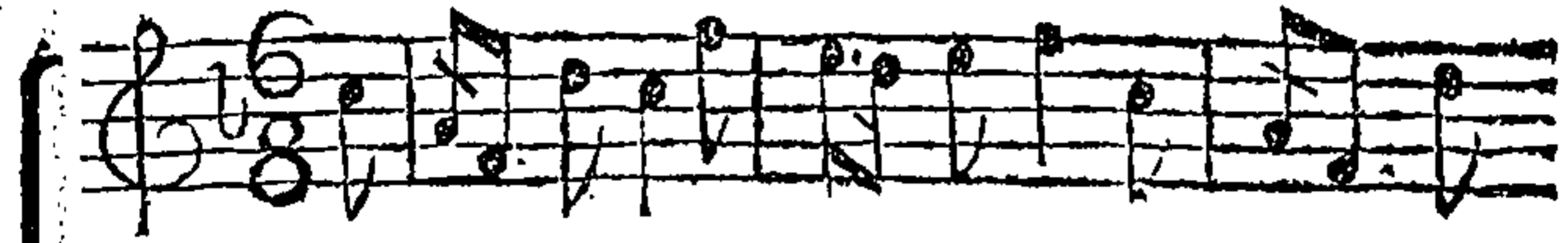
The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,  
 Struck dumb with Amaze, my Mind is confounded,  
 I'm all in a Fire, dear Maid, to carefs ye,  
 For a' my Desire is *Hay's* bonny Lassie.

*For the* FLUTE.

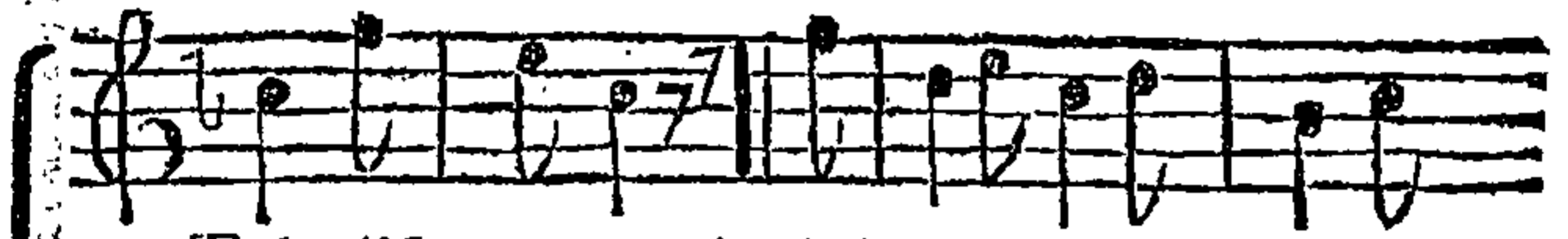
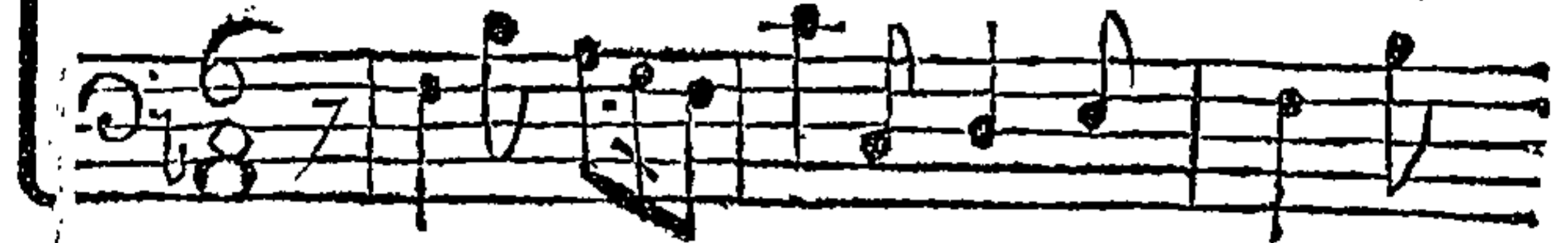


POPE JOAN'S *Kissing-Dance.*

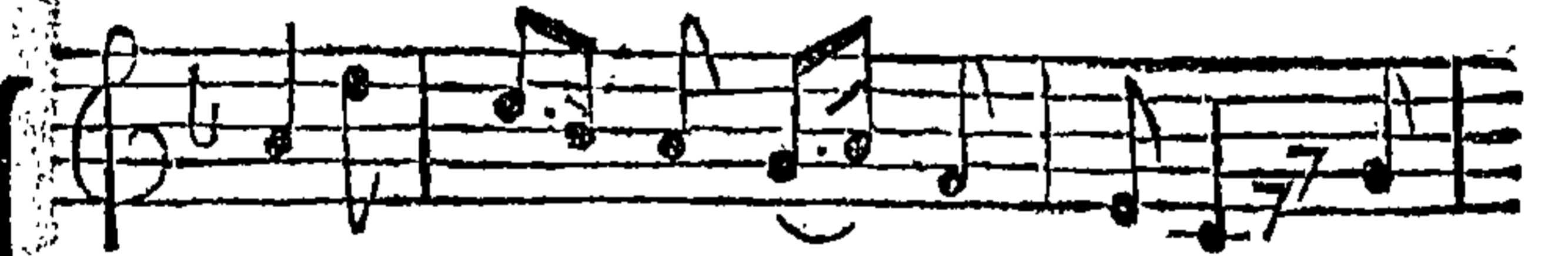
Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.



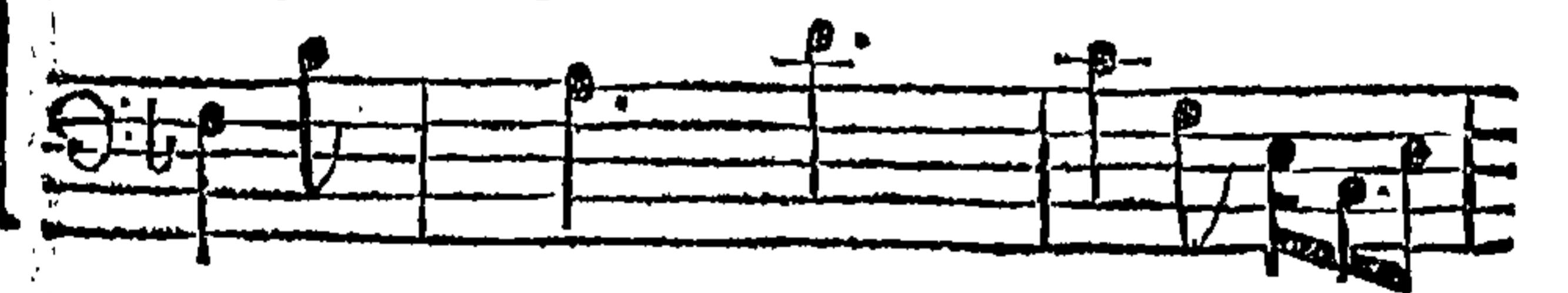
All you that do to Love belong, Mind what my



Tale discovers; And listen well to this new



Song, A strange Rondeau of Lovers! A



strange Rondeau of Lovers!



There were Eight Lads so blith and gay,  
 That lov'd Seven buxom Lasses;  
 But that's untoward, alack-a-day!  
 When each his Love mis-places.

Young *Roger* made a Vow (d'ye see?)  
 To be a Spark of *Lucy's*;  
 But *Lucy* long'd the Spouse to be  
 Of *Joseph*, that so spruce is.

Now *Nan* had won the Love of *Joseph*,  
 His Heart, and eke his Fancy;  
 He'd be content to lose his Nose, if  
 He cou'd but gain his *Nancy*.

*Nan* cut her Heart in two, to share it  
 'Twixt *Marmaduke* and *Aaron*;  
 Both likely Lads, quoth she, I'll swear it,  
 As Maids need wish to stare on.

Both *Marmaduke* and *Aaron* courted  
*Kate*, Daughter to a Prick-louse,  
 Tho' *Katern* with her Suitors sported,  
 For her Sweet-heart was *Nich'las*.

This *Nich'las* woo'd young *Joan*, who ne'er  
 With such a Spark would take up;  
 For *Joan*, as sure as you are there,  
 Had a Month's Mind to *Jacob*.

Poor *Jacob* made a woful Stir  
To compass nut-brown *Lettice*,  
And fail'd, with much ado, for her  
Affections never met his.

*Lettice* likewise her Love was crost in,  
(Fate order'd it should so be)  
For once, in vain, she courted *Austin*,  
And now in vain wooes *Toby*.

What Maid wou'd wish to be in her Case?  
For *Toby*, she's so fond on,  
Run almost mad for little *Dorcas*,  
That newly came from *London*.

Whereas she purely came to visit  
Her Fellow-servant *Edward*,  
To see his pretty Face, and kifs it,  
And gladly would go bed-ward.

While *Ned* his little *Dorcas* answer'd,  
For Loving, I don't blame ye,  
'Cause you may take an honest Man's Word,  
That I as much love *Amy*:

*Amy*, so passing fair to look on,  
And slender to behold,  
Cry'd 'till her Heart was almost broken,  
She would be *Roger's* Consort.



These People good, in saddest Mood,  
 With Love grown woundy stupid,  
 Made piteous Plaints, and told their Wants  
 To *Hymen*, and to *Cupid*.

Fain would they wed, in Ring so round,  
 Eight Husbands and Seven Wives;  
 And, doubtless, they must needs have found  
 Great Comfort of their Lives.

But 'twas a puzzling Case to *Hymen*;  
 O strange! said he, 'twill work ill,  
 For I've no Licenses to tie Men  
 And Maids in such a Circle.

He bid them be, as 'twas but right,  
 Content with this Expedient,  
 To kiss all round, for so all might  
 Have Kissing, that had need on't.

Young *Roger* should begin the Play;  
 The rest were, in their Season,  
 To put it round in friendly way,  
 And do each other Reason.

So *Roger* tall, did *Lucy* call,  
 Quoth he, I'll not abuse ye;  
 Good sooth! it wou'd have done one good  
 To see him kiss sweet *Lucy*.

Then *Lucy* fair, demands her Share,  
Of her dear Sweet-Heart *Jossey*,  
And kifs'd him so, all People know,  
They both grew wond'rous rosie.

Next *Joe* did greet, his *Nan*, as sweet  
A Damsel as you can see;  
*Nan* for this Youth, made up her Mouth,  
So *Joseph* kifs'd his *Nancy*,

Her Sparks were twain, and that being plain,  
Some said that she might spare one;  
She by her Troth, cry'd, none or both,  
And kifs'd one more than *Aaron*.

Then *Marmaduke* and *Aaron* broke  
Their Minds to *Kate* the Slattern;  
Kind *Kate* held out, her dainty Snout,  
And O! how they kifs'd *Katern*!

O *Nich'las*! *Nich'las*! where's my *Nic* laid?  
Quoth *Kate* the Taylor's Daughter,  
And kifs'd, and was with Joy so tickled,  
She scarce could hold her Water.

*Nic* run to *Joan*, that had no Stays on,  
But look'd as red as Claret,  
And kifs'd her so, that 'twou'd amaze one,  
How any Maid could bear it.

*Joan* flew at *Jacob* most outrageous,  
 And kifs'd, and call'd him Sweeting;  
 Cou'd he have bleated, as *Cinque-trey* does,  
 Uds-bobs, she'd stop his Bleating.

O *Lettice*, then, quoth *Jacob* stout,  
 On thy true Love take Pity;  
 She bid him kifs his Kissing out,  
 Because he was so witty.

But *Lettice* call'd aloud for *Toby*,  
 As one wou'd call for Mustard;  
 He fain wou'd give fair *Lett* the Go-by,  
 But *Lettice* kifs'd him first hard.

'Tis strange to tell, or to declare,  
 How *Toby* simpered,  
 When he got *Dorcas* his own Dear,  
 And kifs'd her quite half dead.

*Dorcas*, she leer'd on *Ned*, right wistful,  
 And kifs'd him all to Pieces,  
 So fired, that were she but a Pistol,  
 She had gone off in Face his.

Sir *Edward* made her no Repartee,  
 Tho' he was kifs'd so Fashion,  
 As knowing well, by Rules of Art, she  
 Had done it in her Passion,

And then himself was passionate too  
Of *Amy*, Queen of Spinsters;  
He threw his Wig off, and his Hat too,  
And run his Face against hers.

He tows'd her with his Beard, so bushy,  
'Twas far and near admired,  
And tore her Coife quite off, altho' she  
Had scarce wherewith to tie her Head.

Poor Folks may be, most certainly,  
In Love as well as Ladies,  
And kiss as well, for ought I can tell,  
As they with all their Gayeties.

*Amy* ne'er let a Sweet-heart dodge her,  
But kissed like any Widow,  
And stifled *Roger*, tho' poor *Roger*  
Lov'd her no more than I do.

Thus finely they all danc'd the Hay,  
Or the best Boy of Mother;  
The Jest went round, and none were found,  
That would not pledge the other.

At length they clos'd, and whisk'd about,  
As those that *Margery-Cree* dance,  
Or like to Folk quite wearied out,  
Who fain wou'd make good Riddance.

Yet loth to give it o'er, they cry'd,  
 How cursed fast the Day stirs!  
 Tho' before Night, or they're bely'd,  
 Their Lips all needed Plaisters.

There ne'er was known, in all the Town,  
 Such Kissing as this fame was;  
 Yet, keeping *Lent* (as is Decent)  
 Pray who, quo' they, can blame us?

For since (as *Hymen* told them plain)  
 Tho' they most grievously burn,  
 The Wedding-Noose will ne'er contain  
 So many as will *Tyburn*.

They all resolve to live right honest,  
 And never be upbraided.  
 O! that Young Folk were all admonish'd  
 To do no worse than they did!

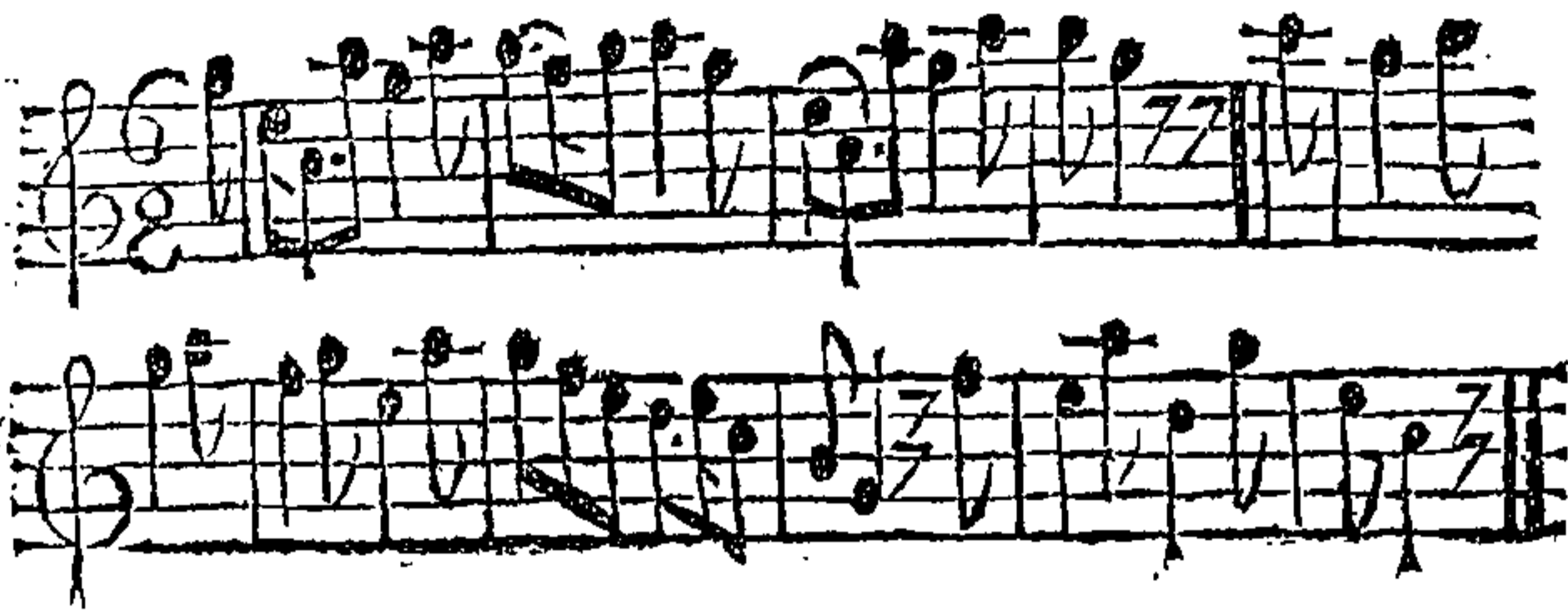
But for all this, they did not miss,  
 Each *Sunday* after Sarmint,  
 To meet and kifs, some more, some less;  
 For Kissing has no Harm in't.

Nor would they fail, for a Dozen of Ale,  
 To kifs before the King, and  
 His Gracious Queen, on *Turnham-Green*,  
 Or any Ground in *England*.



Suppose you might, see such a Sight,  
As *Cupid* and as I did,  
Whate'er you are, I'd almost swear,  
You'd not be much affrighted.

*For the* FLUTE.



*A Dialogue between* JONNY and NELLY[To the Tune of *I'll never leave Thee.*]

J O N N Y,

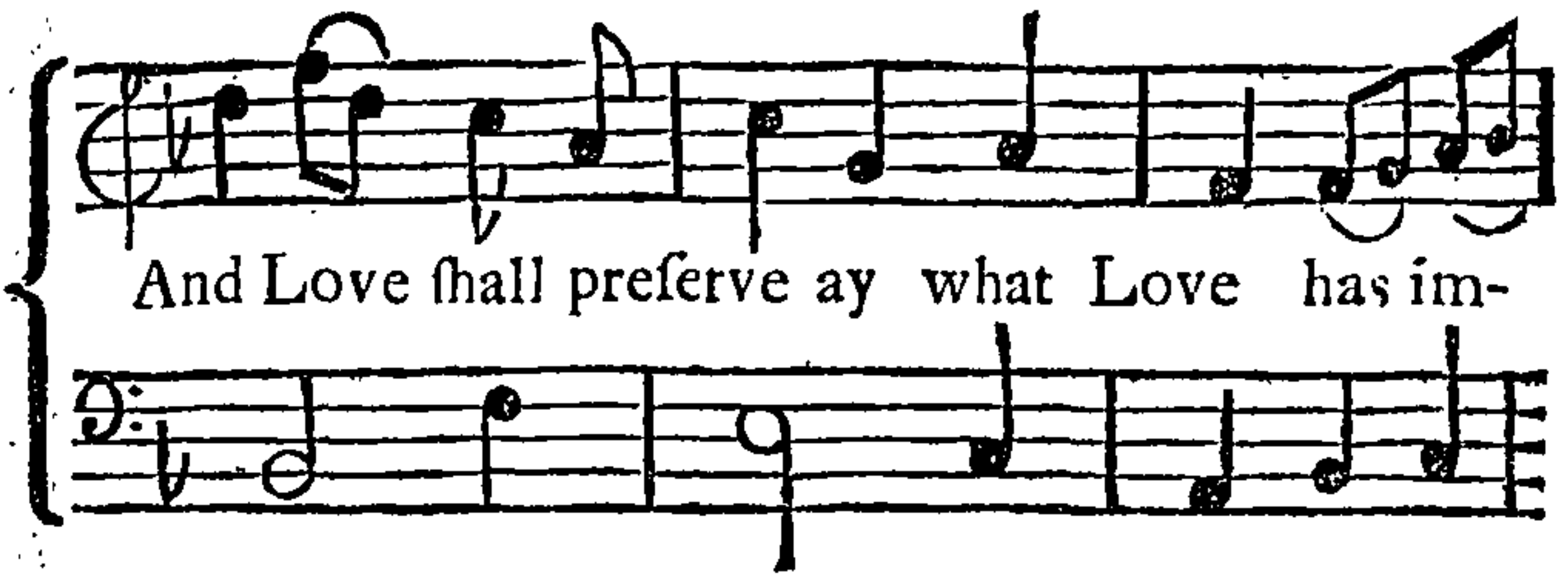
Tho' for Sev'n Years and mair Honour shou'd

reave me, To Fields where Can--nons rair,

thou need na grieve thee, For deep in my

Spirit thy Sweets are in----den----ted,

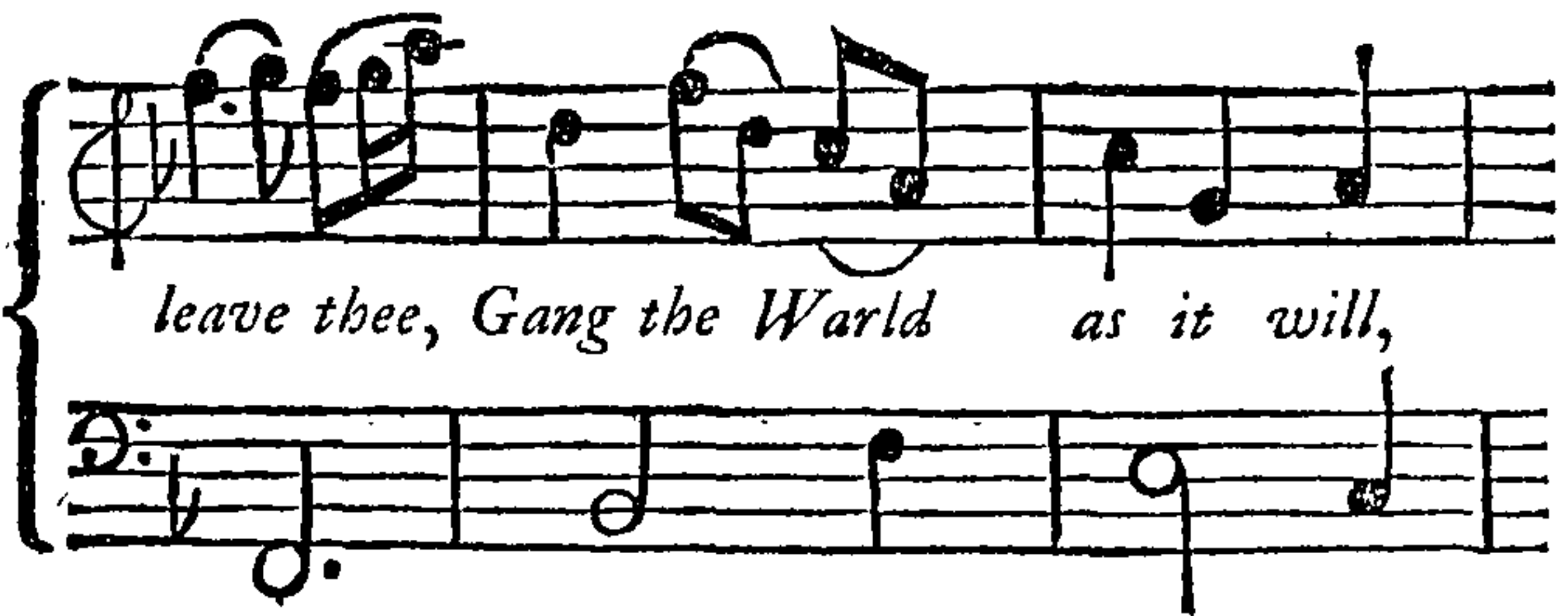
And



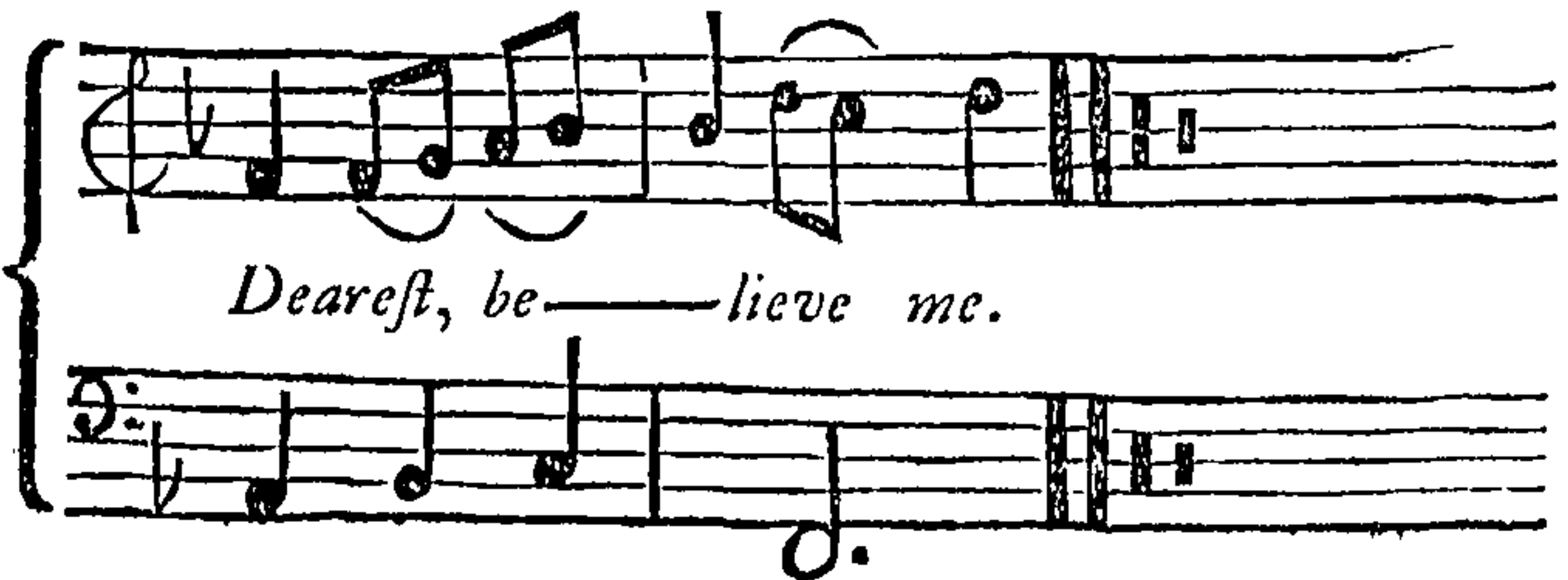
And Love shall preserve ay what Love has im-



printed. *Leave thee, leave thee, I'll ne-ver*



*leave thee, Gang the World as it will,*



*Dearest, be—lieve me.*

N E L L Y.

O Jonny, I'm jealous, whene'er ye discover  
My Sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose Rover;

76 *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

And nought i'the World wad vex my Heart fairer,  
 If you prove unconstant, and fancy an fairer:  
*Grieve me, grieve me, Oh it wad grieve me!*  
*A' the lang Night and Day, if you deceive me.*

J O N N Y.

My *Nelly*, let never sic Fancies oppress ye,  
 For, while my Blood's warm, I'll kindly caress ye;  
 Your blooming fast Beauties first beeted Love's Fire,  
 Your Virtue and Wit make it ay flame the higher.  
*Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,*  
*Gang the World as it will, Dearest, believe me.*

N E L L Y.

Then, *Jonny*, I frankly this Minute allow ye  
 To think me your Mistress, for Love gars me trew ye,  
 And gin ye prove false, to ye'r fell be it said then,  
 Ye'll win but sma Honour to wrang a kind Maiden:  
*Reave me, reave me, Heavens! It wad reave me*  
*Of my Rest Night and Day, if ye deceive me.*

J O N N Y.

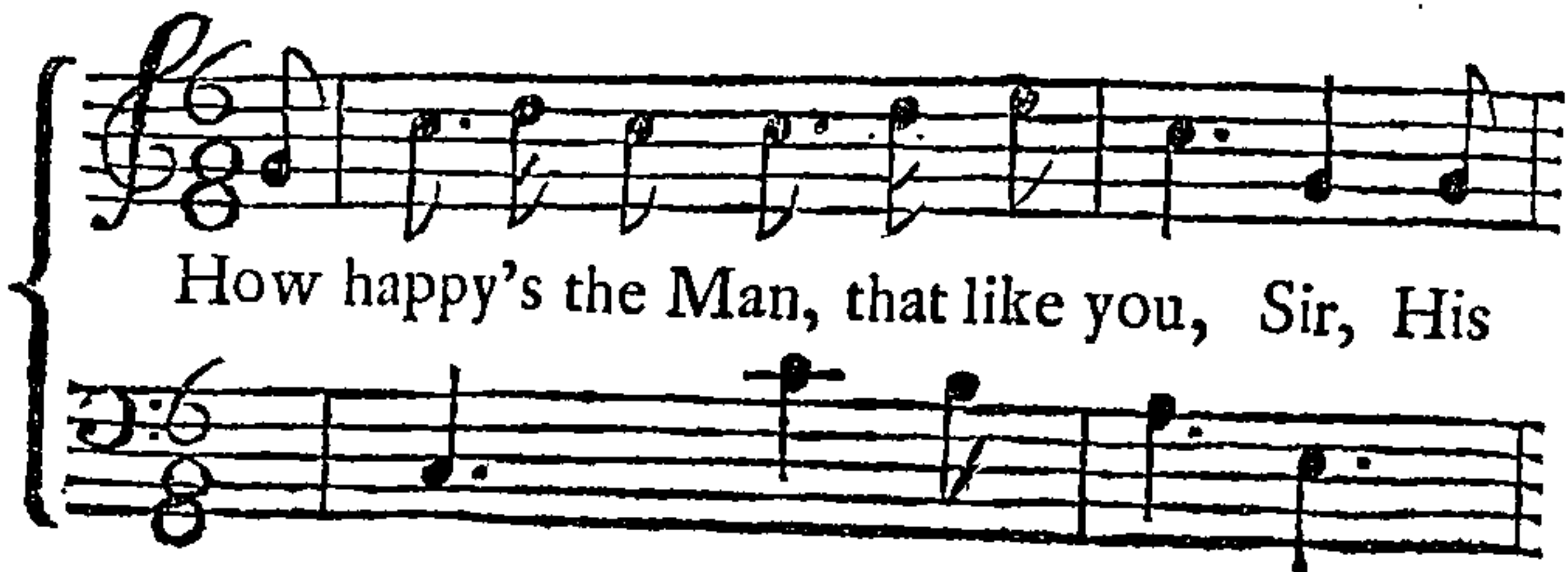
Bid Iceshogles hammer red Gauds on the Studdy,  
 And fair Simmer Mornings nae mair appear ruddy:  
 Bid *Britons* think ae Gate, and when they obey ye,  
 But never 'till that Time, believe I'll betray ye:  
*Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;*  
*The Stars shall gang wither shins e'er I deceive thee.*

*For the FLUTE.*

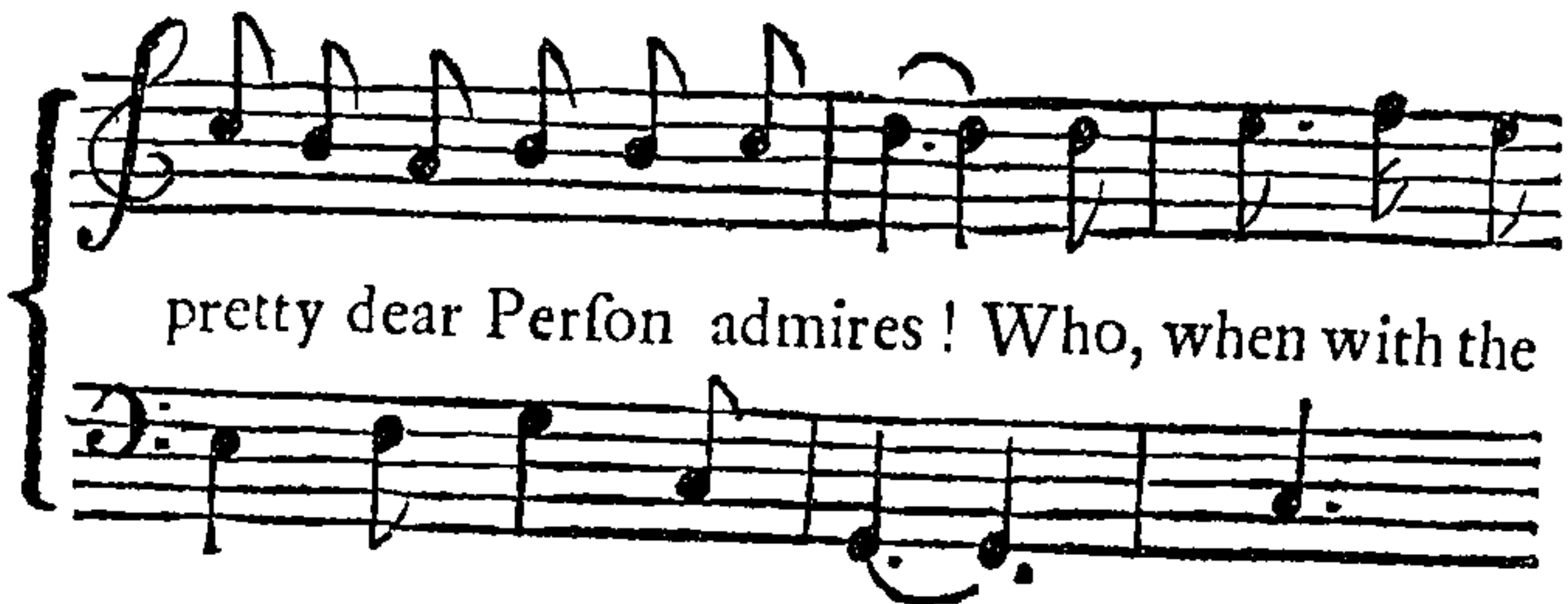




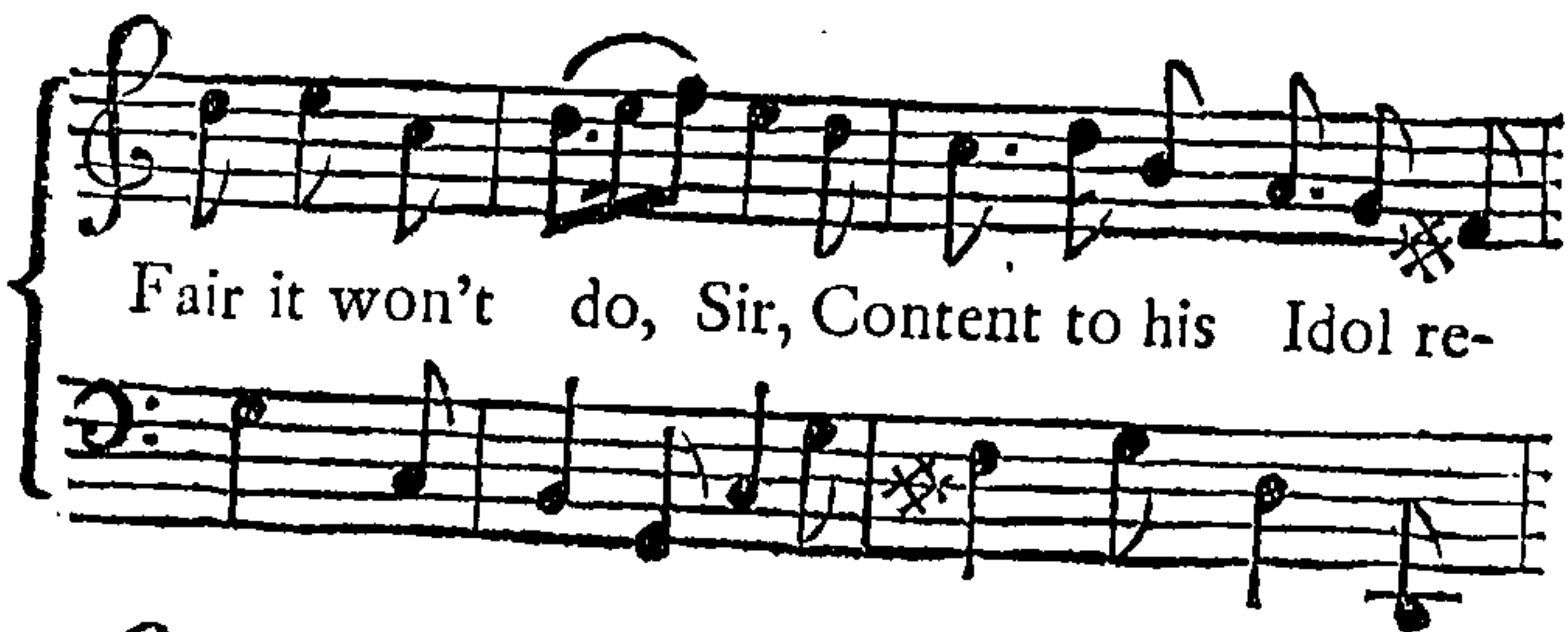
PASTORA'S Reply to PHILAUTUS; *in*  
*the PASTORAL call'd Love in a Riddle.*



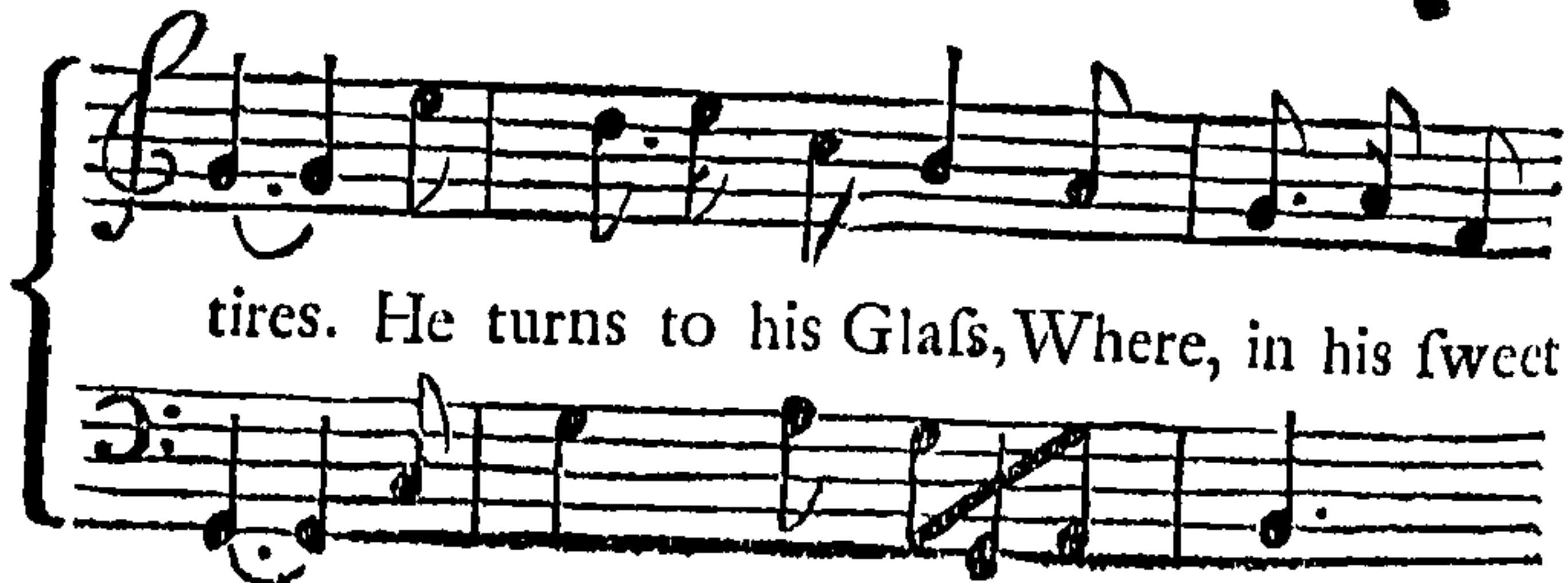
How happy's the Man, that like you, Sir, His



pretty dear Person admires! Who, when with the



Fair it won't do, Sir, Content to his Idol re-

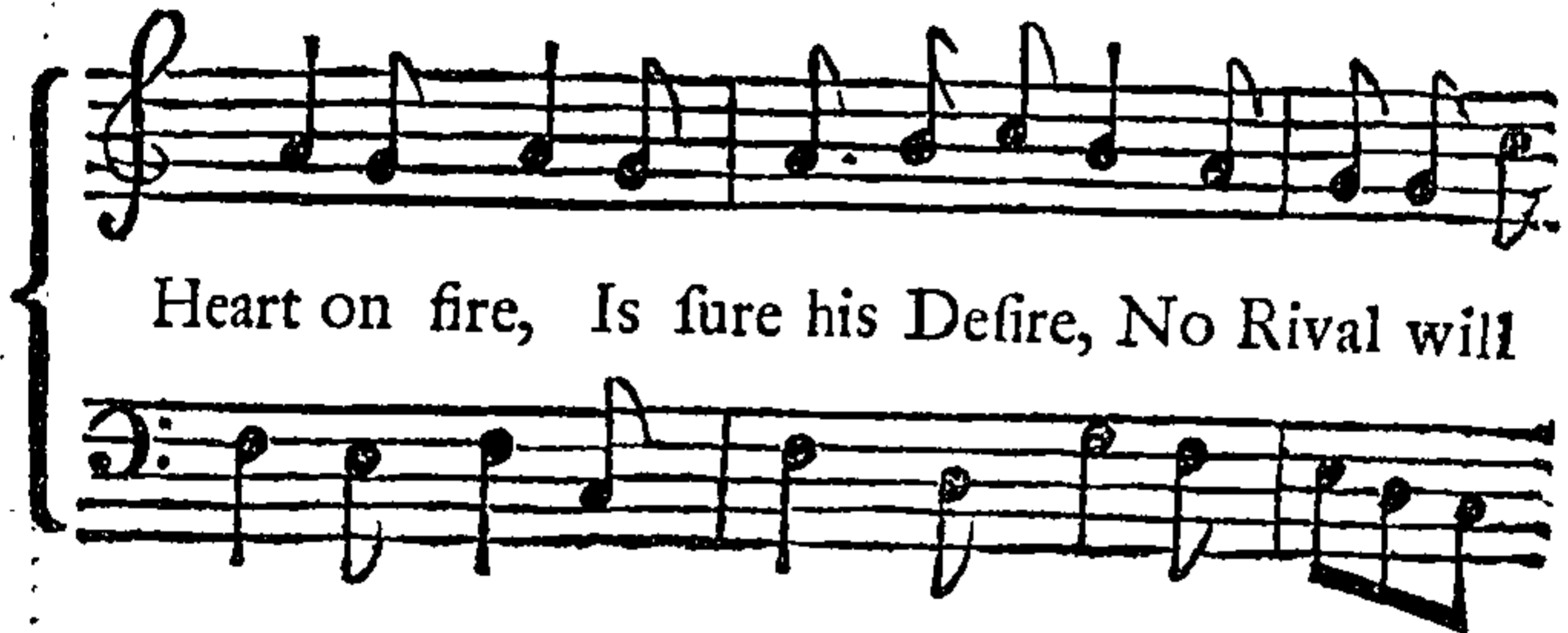


tires. He turns to his Glass, Where, in his sweet

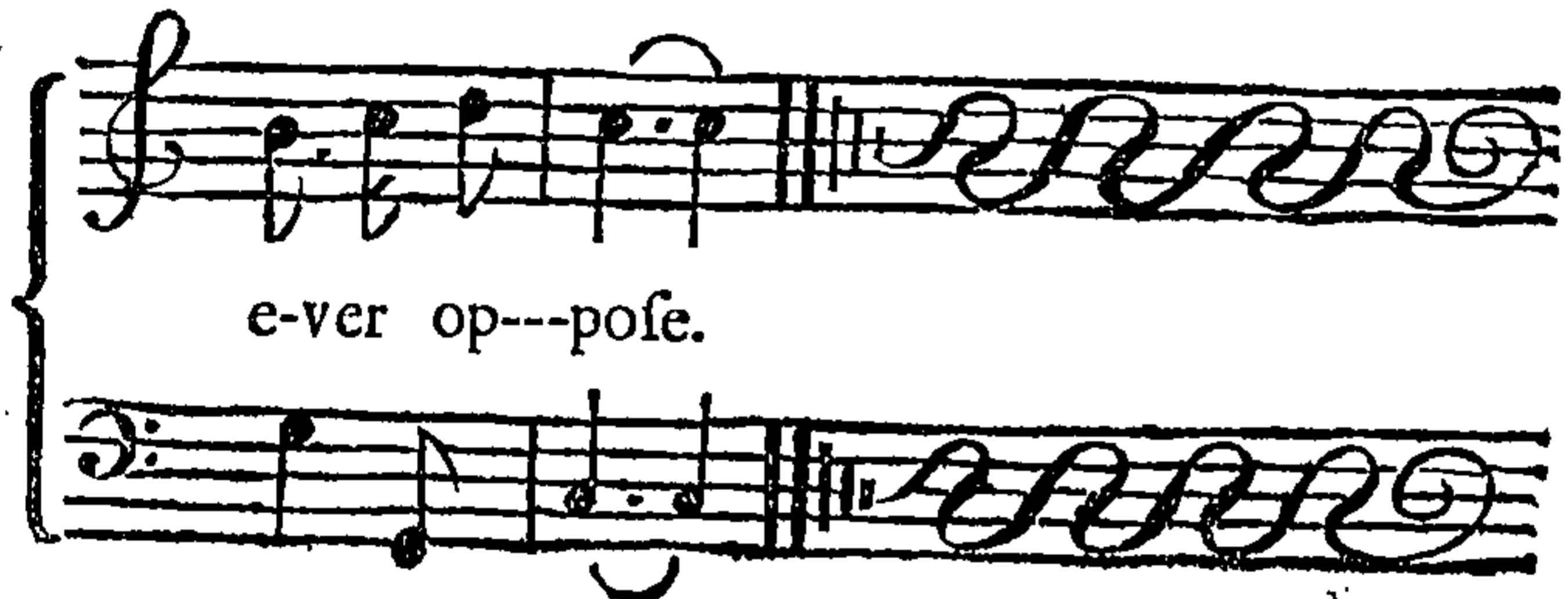
Face,



Face, Such ra-vish-ing Beau-ties dis-clo-se; His



Heart on fire, Is sure his Desire, No Rival will



e-ver op---pose.

But when to a Nymph a Pretender,  
Poor Mortal, he splits on a Shelf!  
How little a Thing will defend her,  
From one that makes Love to himself!  
While nice in Dress,  
And sure of Success,  
He thinks she can never get free;

With

With smiling Eyes,  
She rallies, and flies,  
And laughs at his Merit, like me.

*For the* FLUTE.



A New SONG of Old SIMILIES.

My Passion is as Mustard strong; I  
fit all sober sad; Drunk as a Piper  
all Day long, Or like a *March-Hare* mad.

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

Round as a Hoop the Bumpers flow;  
I drink, yet can't forget her;  
For tho' as drunk as *David's Sow*,  
I love her still the better.

Pert as a Pear-monger I'd be,  
If *Molly* were but kind;  
Cool as a Cucumber could see  
The rest of Woman-kind.

Like a stuck Pig I gaping stare,  
And eye her o'er and o'er;  
Lean as a Rake with Sighs and Care,  
Sleek as a Mouse before.

Plump as a Partridge was I known,  
And soft as Silk my Skin;  
My Cheeks as fat as Butter grown,  
But as a Groat now thin!

I melancholy as a Cat  
Am kept awake to weep;  
But she, insensible of that,  
Sound as a Top can sleep.

Hard is her Heart as Flint or Stone,  
She laughs to see me pale;  
And merry as a Grig is grown,  
And brisk as Bottled Ale.

The God of Love, at her Approach,  
Is busy as a Bee;  
Hearts found as any Bell or Roach,  
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as Hops or Hail,  
The fine Men crowd about her;  
But soon as dead as a Door Nail  
Shall I be if without her.



Strait as my Leg her Shape appears;  
O were we joyn'd together!  
My Heart wou'd be scot-free from Cares,  
And lighter than a Feather.

As fine as Five-pence is her Mein,  
No Drum was ever tighter;  
Her Glance is as the Razor keen,  
And not the Sun is brighter.

As soft as Pap her Kiffes are,  
Methinks I taste them yet.  
Brown as a Berry is her Hair;  
Her Eyes as black as Jet.

As smooth as Glas, as white as Curds,  
Her pretty Hand invites;  
Sharp as a Needle are her Words;  
Her Wit, like Pepper, bites.

Brisk as a Body-Louse she trips;  
Clean as a Penny drest;  
Sweet as a Rose her Face and Lips;  
Round as a Globe her Breast.

Full as an Egg was I with Glee,  
And happy as a King;  
Good lack! how all Men envy'd me;  
She lov'd like any thing.

84 . *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

But false as Hell, she, like the Wind,  
 Chang'd, as her Sex must do;  
 Tho' seeming as the Turtle kind,  
 And as the Gospel true.

If I and *Molly* could agree,  
 Let who will, take *Peru*!  
 Great as an Emp'ror I should be,  
 And richer than a *Jew*.

'Till you grow tender as a Chick,  
 I'm dull as any Post;  
 Let us, like Burrs, together stick,  
 As warm as any Toast.

You'll know me truer than a Dye,  
 And wish me better sped;  
 Flat as a Flounder when I lye,  
 And as a Herring dead.

Sure as a Gun, she'll drop a Tear,  
 And sigh perhaps, and wish,  
 When I am rotten as a Pear,  
 And mute as any Fish.

*For the* F L U T E.

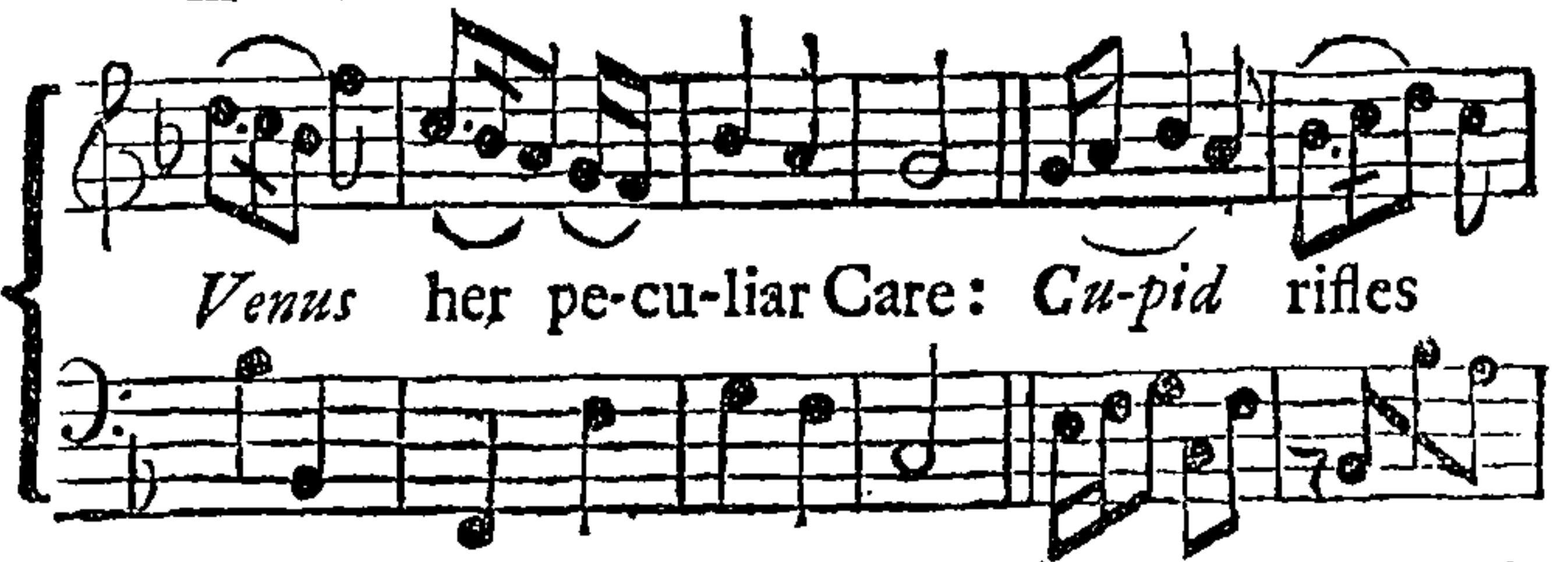


A Young GENTLEMAN to a Young LADY.

Set by Mr. MONRO.



Hea--v'n's Offspring! Beauty rare! —



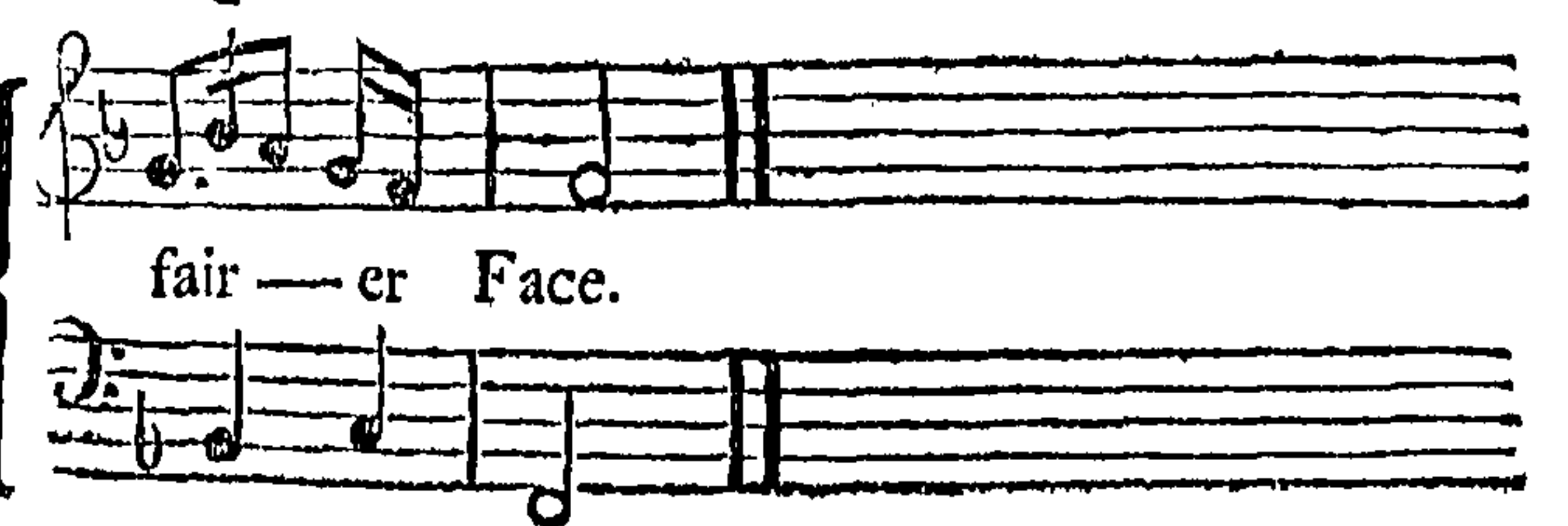
Venus her pe-cu-liar Care: Cu-pid rifles



ev'-----ry Grace, To — a — dorn thy fair-



rer Face ---, To adorn ————— thy



fair — er Face.

Earliest Bud was ever seen,  
 Thus to blossom at Fifteen!  
 Thro' whose Actions sweetly flows  
 All, experienc'd Woman knows.

On Thee fits, with decent Pride,  
*Wisdom*, best and surest Guide;  
 Then, how strong the Influence  
 Of thy charming *Wit* and *Sense*!

When to Harmony you move,  
 Each Spectator's tun'd to Love;  
 Ev'ry Step is *Cupid's* Dart,  
 Softly stealing to my Heart.

Strange! that lively Sounds shou'd cure;  
 Yet give Pains which I endure!  
 Musick, that can others free  
 From Infection, poisons me.

Guardian *Sylphs*! that flit in Air,  
 Tell my Sorrows to the Fair;  
 Let your murm'ring Whispers prove,  
 How I groan, and how I love.

But if deaf to all my Woe,  
 The green Forest to her show,  
 How the Trees of ev'ry kind  
 Clasp, and Kiss, in Marriage joyn'd.

Show the Fair, how curling Vines  
Fold their Elms in Am'rous Twines:  
Touch'd by such Examples, She  
May incline to *Love* and Me.

*For the* FLUTE.





*SAPPHO's HYMN to VENUS:*

Translated from the *Greek* by Mr. *A. PHILIPS.*

Set by Mr. *J. SHEELES.*

*Slow*



O *Venus!* Beauty of the Skies, To whom a




thousand Temples rise; Gay--ly false in gen-tle



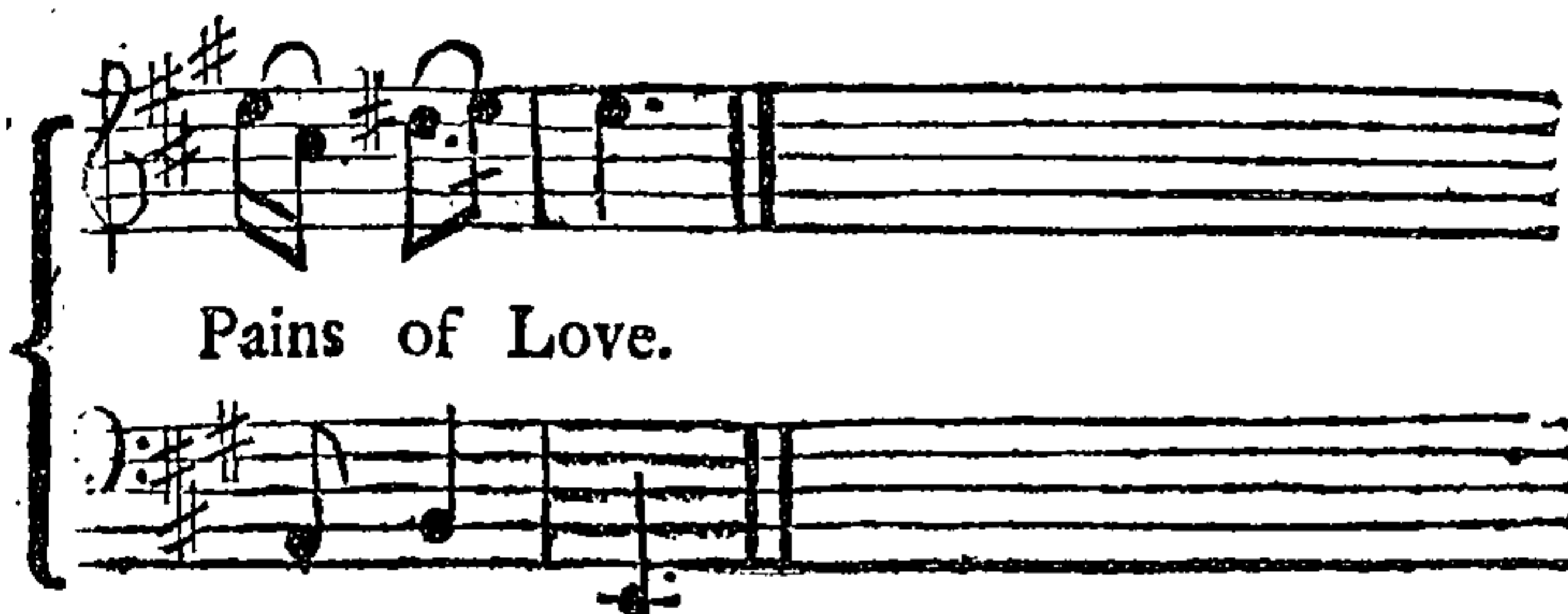

Smiles, Full of Love-per-plex-ing Wiles;




O Goddess! from my Heart remove The wasting



Cares



If ever thou hast kindly heard  
A Song, in soft Distress prefer'd;  
Propitious to my tuneful Vow,  
O gentle Goddess! hear me now.  
Descend, thou bright, immortal Guest,  
In all thy radiant Charms confest.

Thou once didst leave Almighty *LOVE*,  
And all the Golden Roofs above:  
The Carr thy wanton Sparrows drew,  
Hov'ring in Air they lightly flew;  
As to my Bow'r they wing'd their way,  
I saw their quiv'ring Pinions play.

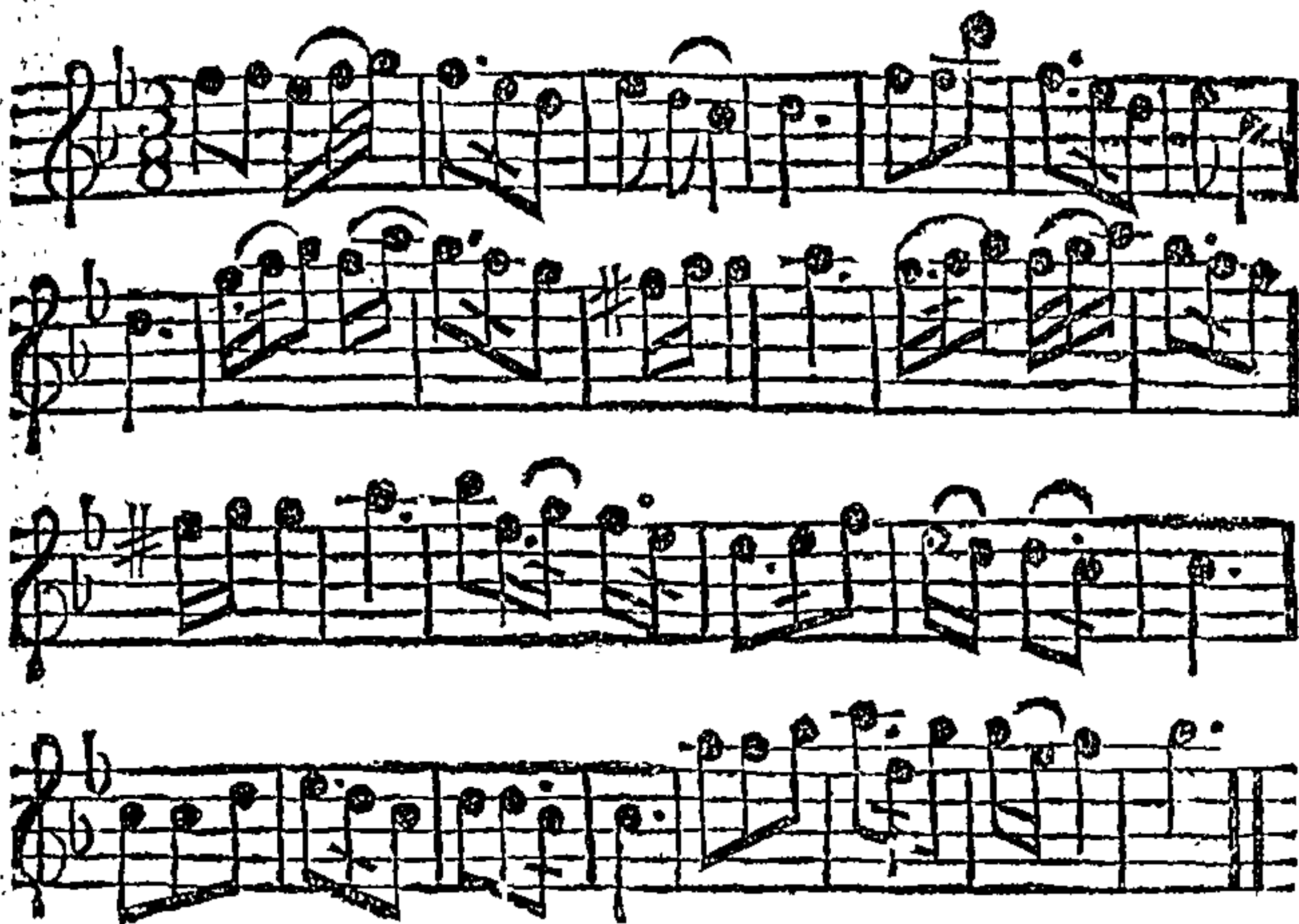
The Birds dismist (while you remain)  
 Bore back their empty Carr again:  
 Then you, with Looks divinely mild,  
 In ev'ry heav'nly Feature smil'd,  
 And ask'd, what new Complaints I made,  
 And why I call'd you to my Aid?

What Frenzy in my Bosom rag'd?  
 And by what Cure to be affwag'd?  
 What gentle Youth I would allure?  
 Whom in my artful Toils secure?  
 Who does thy tender Heart subdue,  
 Tell me, my *Sappho*, tell me who?

Tho' now he shuns thy longing Arms,  
 He soon shall court thy slighted Charms;  
 Tho' now thy Off'rings he despise,  
 He soon to thee shall Sacrifice;  
 Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn,  
 And be thy Victim in his Turn.

Celestial Visitant, once more  
 Thy needful Presence I implore!  
 In Pity, come and ease my Grief,  
 Bring my distemper'd Soul Relief;  
 Favour thy Suppliant's hidden Fires,  
 And give me all, my Heart desires.

*For the FLUTE.*





*The* CHOICE. *Address'd to a Bottle by Mr. Tho. Sa*

Could'st Thou give me a Pleasure, Like the

Mistress of my Heart, I'd drink beyond all

Measure, And from Thee ne--ver start: A

Pleasure so al--lur---ing, I ne---ver cou'd re-

frain, 'Till Life not worth en--du--ring, In a






Tun I'd drown my Pain.

But since there's no comparing  
With Raptures she can give;  
Whose Ecstasie (past bearing!)  
I scarce can taste and live:  
To brighter Joys resigning,  
I'll quit thy sparkling Charms,  
And die without repining,  
To be buried in her Arms.

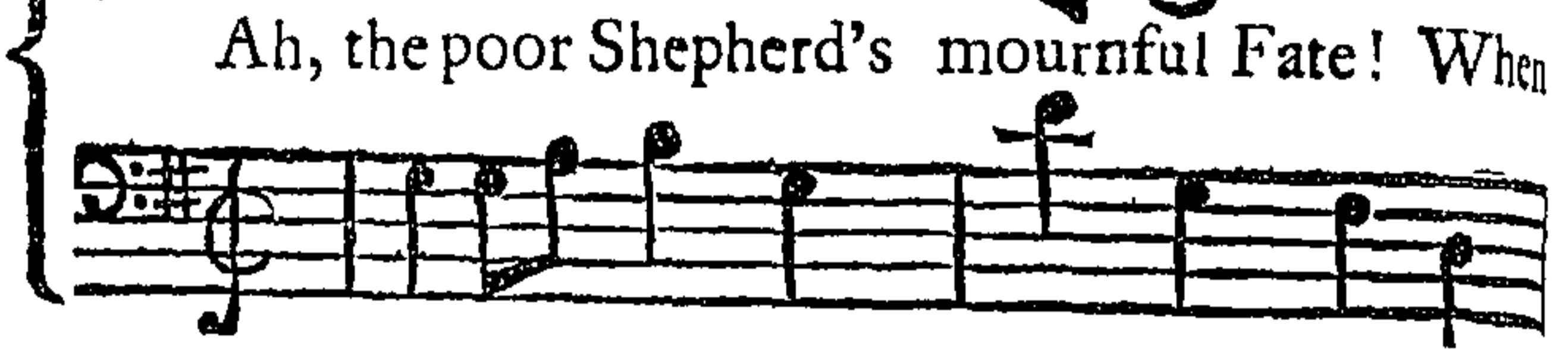
*For the* FLUTE.



*To the Tune of Gallow-Shields.*



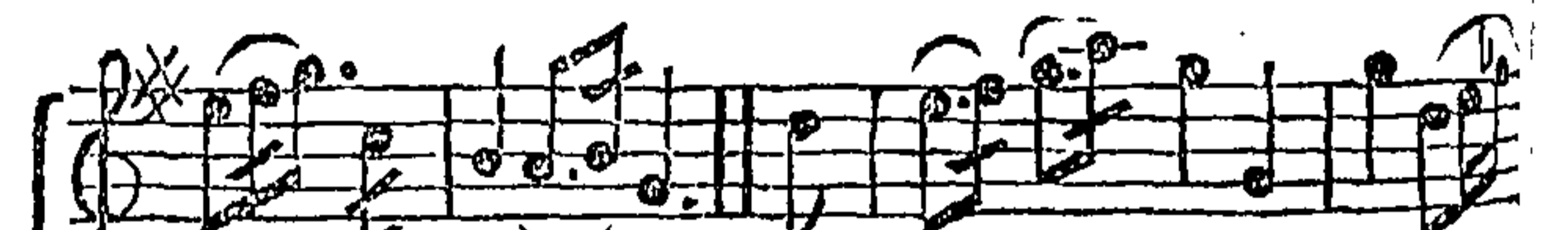
Ah, the poor Shepherd's mournful Fate! When



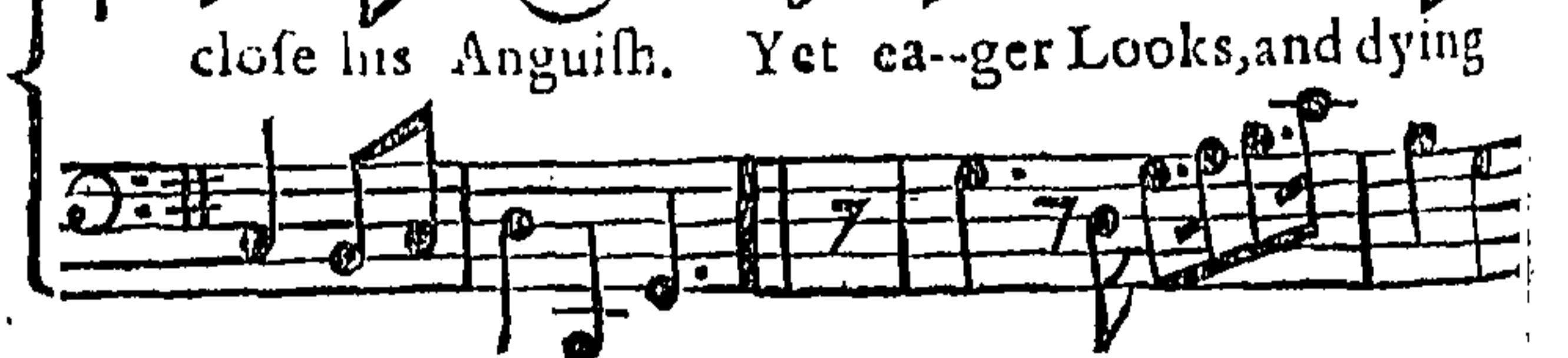


doom'd to Love, and doom'd to Languish, To





bear the scornful Fair One's Hate, Nor dare dis-

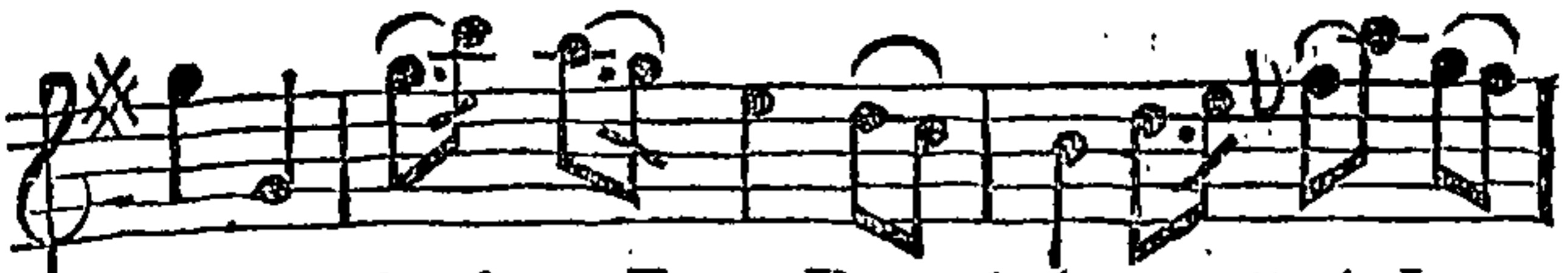



close his Anguish. Yet ea-ger Looks, and dying

Sighs, My se-cret Soul discover; While Rapture,





trembling thro' my Eyes, Reveals how much I



love her. The tender Glance, the red'-ning



Cheek, O'erspread with ri---ting Blush--es, A



Thousand various Fears they speak, A



Thousand various With---es.

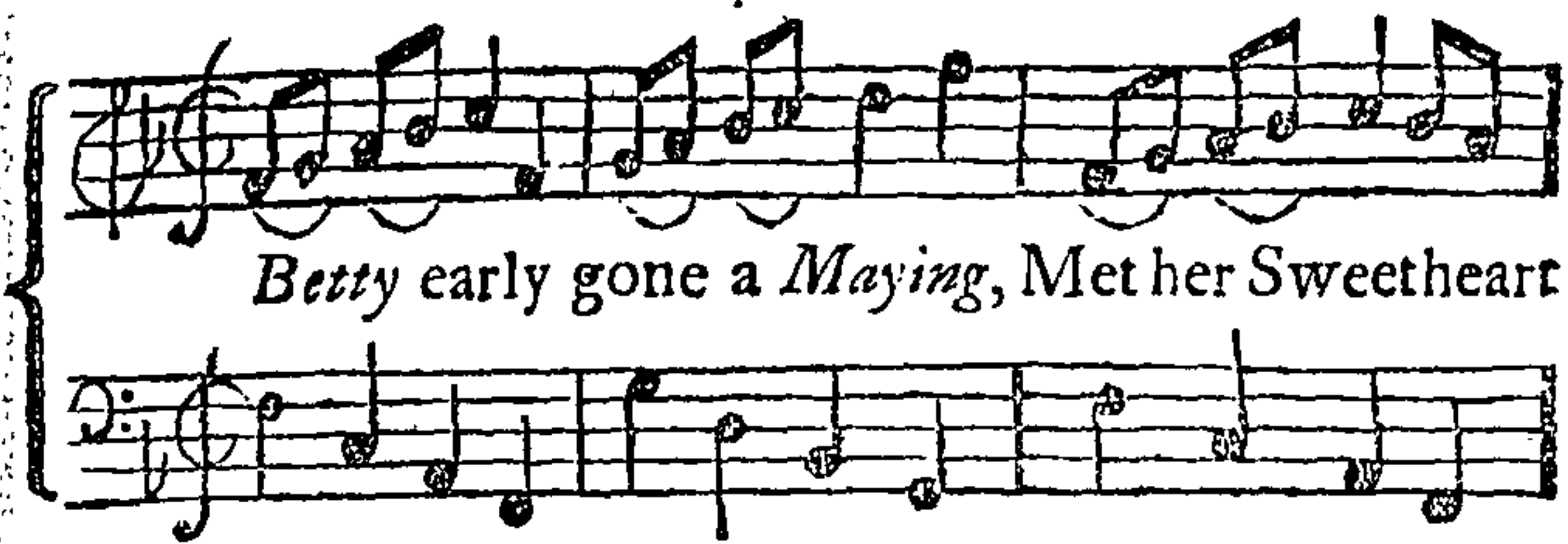


For oh! that Form so heav'nly fair,  
Those languid Eyes so sweetly smiling,  
That artless Blush and modest Air,  
So fatally beguiling!  
Thy ev'ry Look and ev'ry Grace  
So charm, when-e'er I view thee;  
'Till Death o'ertake me in the Chase,  
Still will my Hopes pursue thee:  
Then, when my tedious Hours are past,  
Be this last Blessing giv'n,  
Low at thy Feet to breathe my last,  
And die in Sight of Heav'n.





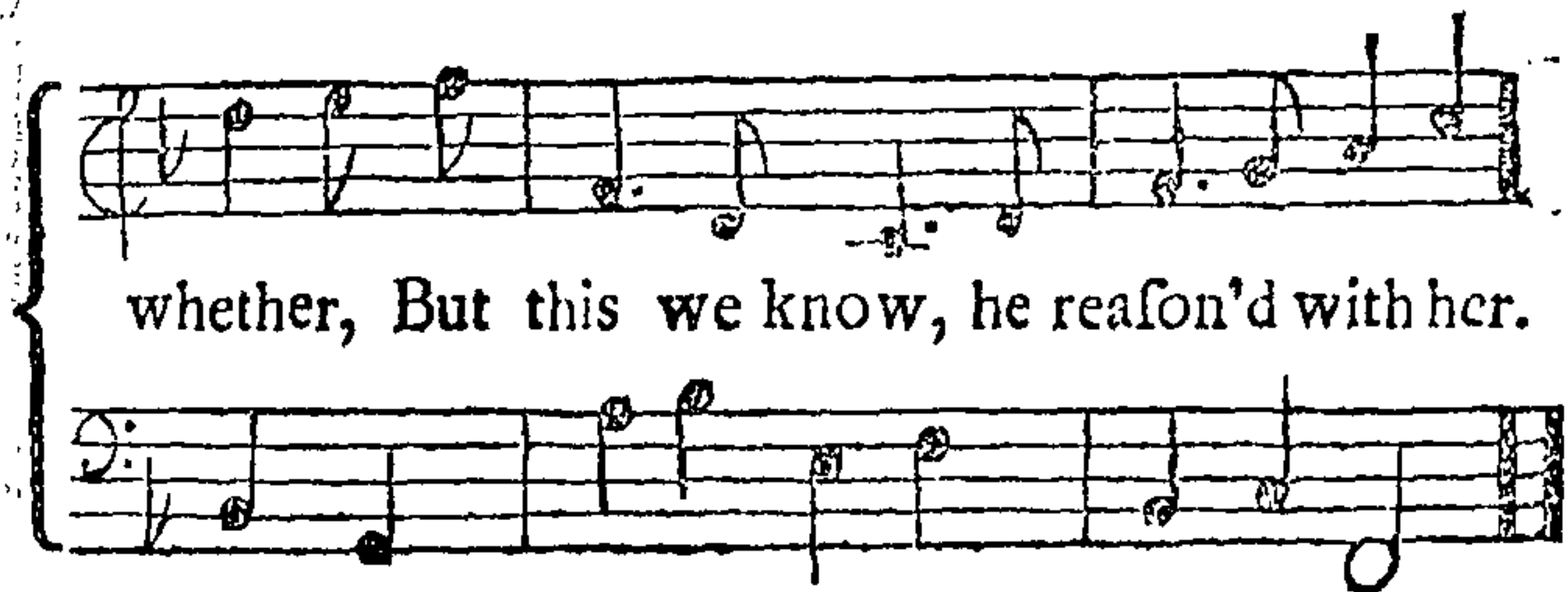
*There's my Thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.*



*Betty early gone a Maying, Met her Sweetheart*



*Willie straying; Design or Chance, no matter*



*whether, But this we know, he reason'd with her.*

Mark, dear Maid, the Turtles Cooing,  
Fondly Billing, kindly Wooing;  
See how ev'ry Bush discovers  
Happy Pairs of feather'd Lovers.

Or in Singing, or in Loving,  
Ev'ry Moment still improving;  
*Love and Nature* wisely leads 'em:  
*Love and Nature* ne'er misguides 'em.



See how the opening blushing Rose,  
Does all her secret Charms disclose ;  
Sweet's the Time, ah ! short's the Measure  
Of our fleeting, hasty Pleasure.

Quickly we must snatch the Blisses  
Of their soft and fragrant Kisses ;  
To-day they bloom, they fade To-morrow,  
Droop their Heads, and die in Sorrow.

*Time*, my *Bess*, will leave no Traces  
Of those Beauties, of those Graces ;  
*Youth* and *Love* forbid our staying :  
*Love* and *Youth* abhor delaying.

Dearest Maid ! nay, do not fly me,  
Let your Pride no more deny me ;  
Never doubt your faithful *Willie*,  
There's my Thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

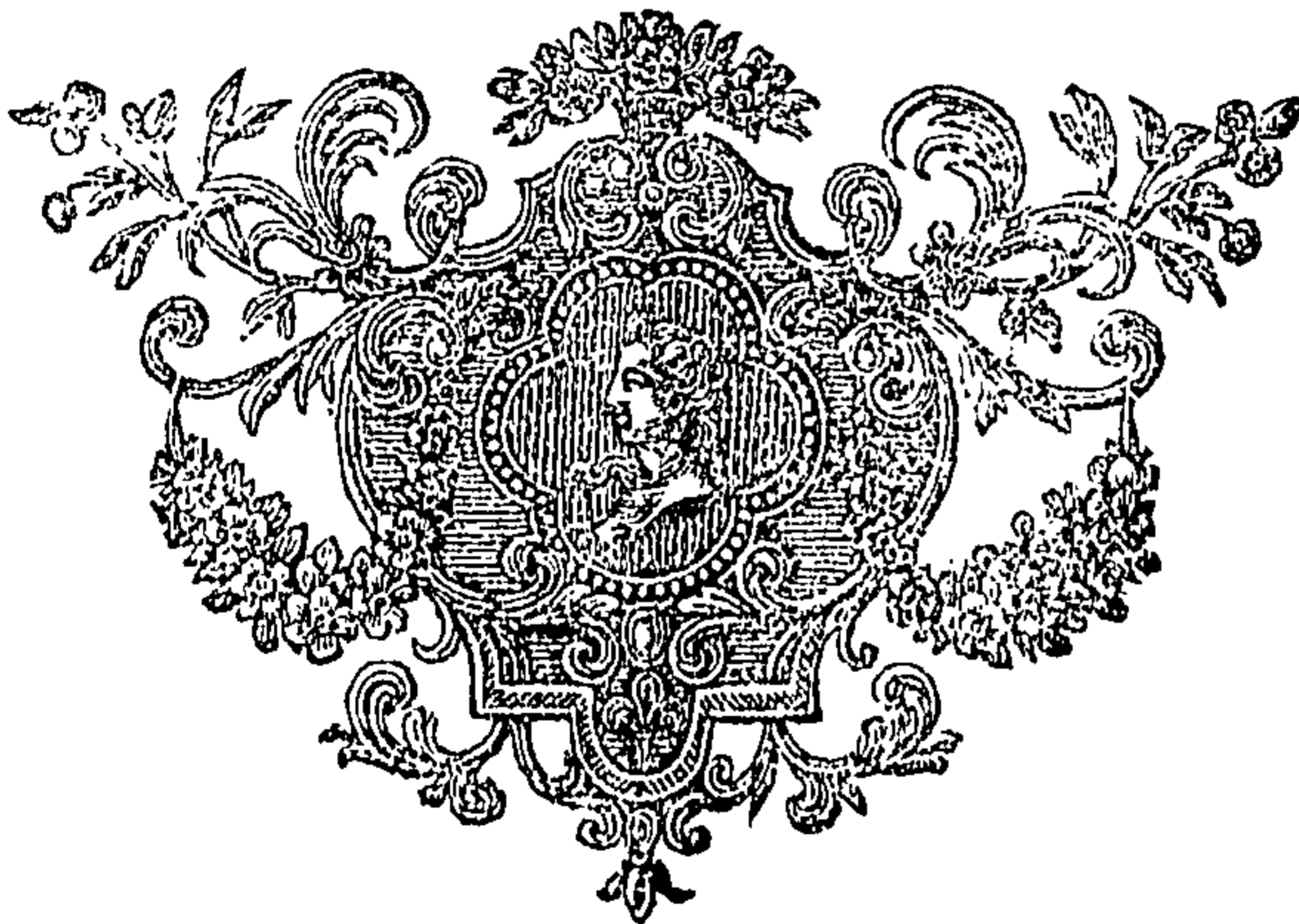
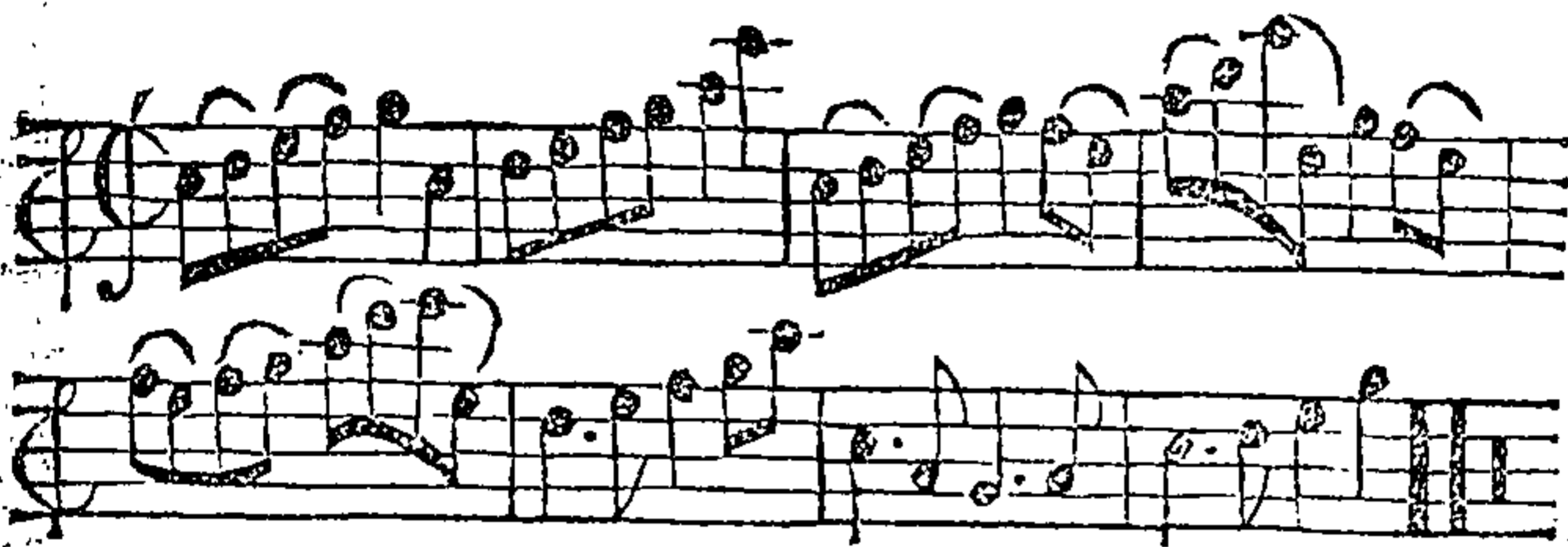
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*To the afore-going Tune.*

**B**OAST no more, fond Swain, of Pleasure  
That the fickle Fair can give thee :  
Believe me, 'tis a Fairy Treasure,  
And all thy Hopes will soon deceive thee.

Sweet's the Morn, but quickly flying;  
Her Smiles I've known, and her Disdaining:  
The Flow'r is fair, but quickly dying;  
And *Cloe* still will be complaining.

*For the* FLUTE.



*The* T R I F L E.

Sung by ARCHER in the *Beaux Stratagem*.

*Set by* Mr. D. PURCELL.

A Trifling Song you shall hear, Begun with a

Trifle, and ended: All trifling People draw

near, And I shall be nobly at-tend-ed. Were:

not for Trifles a few, That late-ly have



come into Play, Men wou'd want something to



do, And Women want something to say.



What makes Men trifle in Dressing?

Because the Ladies, they know,  
Admire, by often possessing,  
That eminent Trifle, a Beau.

When the Lover his Moments has trifled,

The Trifle of Trifles to gain;  
No sooner the Virgin is rifled,  
But a Trifle shall part 'em again.

What Mortal Man wou'd be able

At *White's* half an Hour to sit at  
Or who cou'd bear a Tea-Table,  
Without taking Trifles for Wit?

The Court is from Trifles secure,  
Gold Keys are no Trifles, we see ;  
White Rods are no Trifles, I'm sure,  
Whatever their Bearers may be.

But if you will go to the Place  
Where Trifles abundantly breed,  
The Levee will shew you his Grace ;  
Makes Promises Trifles indeed !

A Coach with six Footmen behind,  
I count neither Trifle nor Sin ;  
But, ye Gods ! how oft do we find  
A scandalous Trifle within ?

A Flask of *Champaign*, People think it  
A Trifle, or something as bad ;  
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,  
You'll find it no Trifle, egad.

A Parson's a Trifle at Sea,  
A Widow's a Trifle in Sorrow ;  
A Truce is a Trifle to day ;  
Who knows what may happen to-morrow

A Black Coat a Trifle may cloak,  
Or, to hide it, the Red may endeavour ;  
But if once the Army is broke,  
We shall have more Trifles than ever.



The Stage is a Trifle, they say;  
The Reason pray carry along,  
Because at ev'ry new Play  
The House they with Trifles so throng.

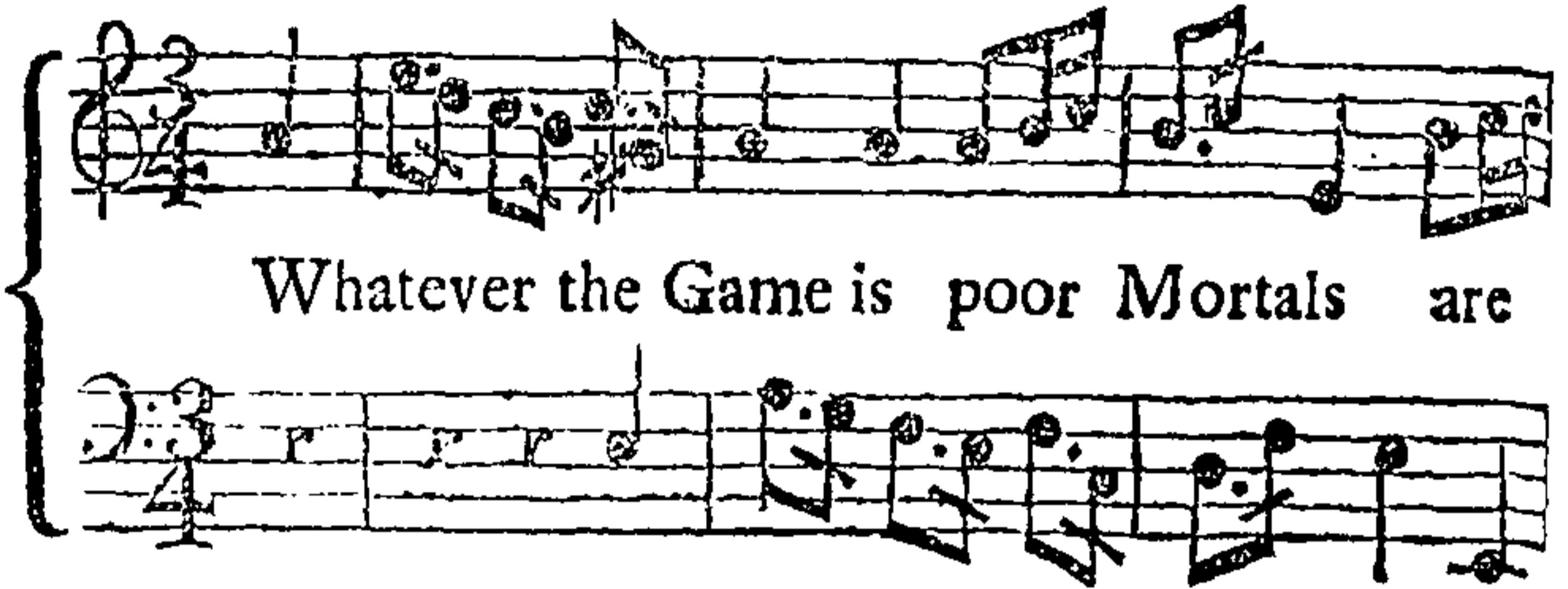
But with People's Malice to Trifle,  
And to set us all on a foot,  
The Author of this is a Trifle;  
And his Song is a Trifle to boot.

*For the* FLUTE.



A SURE CARD: Or, *The* LAST STAKE.

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.



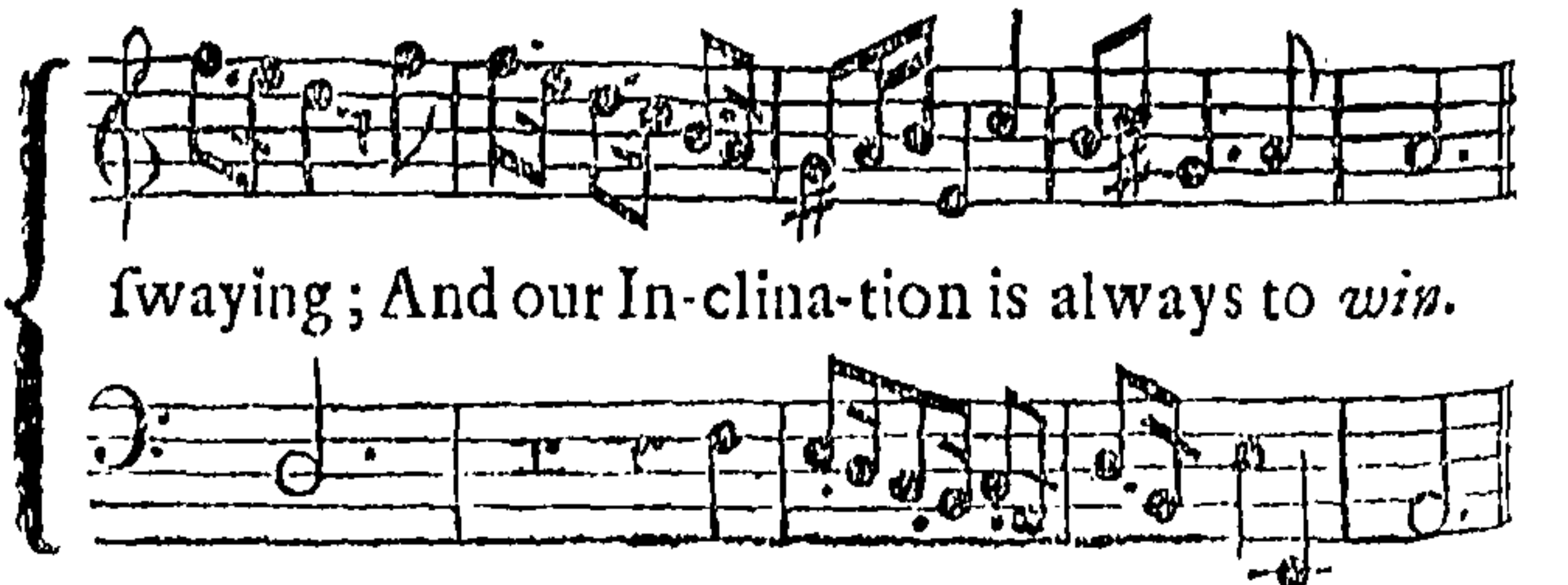
Whatever the Game is poor Mortals are



playing, Which *Honour*, or *Int'rest*, or *Love* does be-



gin; *That* *Passion* our Reason is still over-



swaying; And our In-clina-tion is always to *win*.

Who

Who, carry'd aloft on the Wings of Ambition,  
Aspires to such Heights, as none ever have been;  
When got to the Top of all human Condition,  
Will find his Desires still greater to *win*.

The Merchant, who ventures his Life for his Treasure,  
Who scruples for Wealth neither Danger nor Sin;  
Tho' his Plum is made up, for Joy has no Leisure,  
But still has some further Project to *win*.

The Lover, who sets all his Hopes on his Fancy,  
And hugs the soft charming Idea within,  
Asleep, or awake, is still dreaming on *Nancy*,  
And, losing one Heart, has another to *win*.


He only is happy, and cannot miscarry,  
Who firmly his Faith on true VIRTUE does pin;  
For, let others *Triumph*, or *Traffick*, or *Marry*,  
He, in the Conclusion, is certain to *win*.

For the FLUTE.


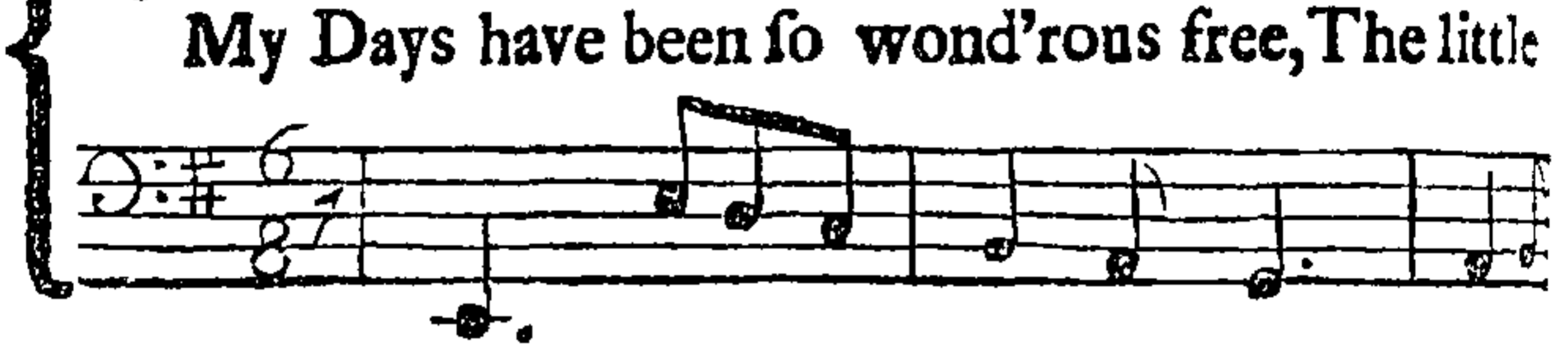


LOVE *and* INNOCENCE.



The Words by Dr. *PARNELL*.





My Days have been so wond'rous free, The little



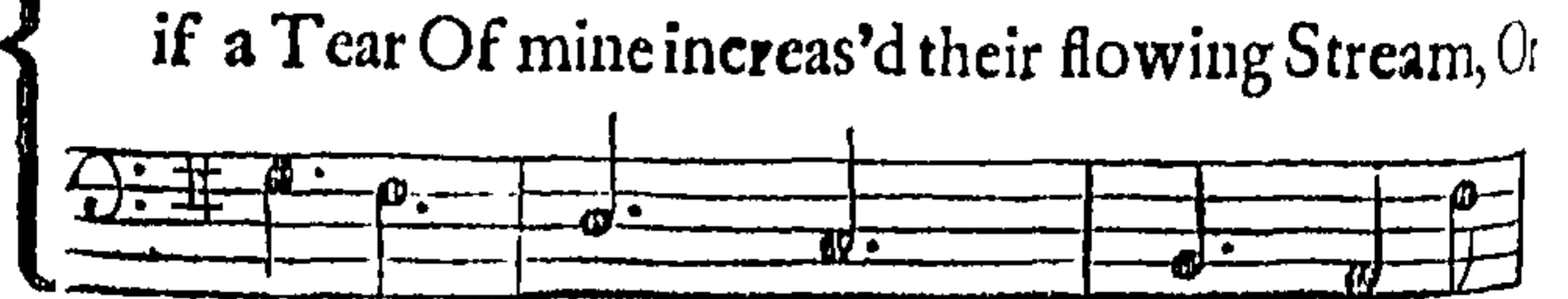
Birds that fly, With careless Ease from Tree to



Tree, Were but as blest as I. Ask gliding Waters,



if a Tear Of mine increas'd their flowing Stream, Or







But now my former Days retire,  
And I'm by Beauty caught ;  
The tender Chains of sweet Desire,  
Are fix'd upon my Thought.  
An eager Hope within my Breast  
Does ev'ry anxious Doubt controul,  
And charming *Celia* stands confest  
The Fav'rite of my Soul.

Ye Nightingales, ye twisted Pines,  
Ye Swains that haunt the Grove,  
Ye gentle Ecchoes, breezy Winds,  
Ye close Retreats of Love ;  
With all of Nature, all of Art,  
Assist the soft and dear Design ;  
O teach a young, unpractis'd Heart,  
To make fair *Nancy* mine.

The very Thought of Change I hate,  
As much as of Despair,  
Nor ever covet to be Great,  
Unless it be for her.

'Tis



'Tis true, the Passion in my Mind  
 Is mixt with a severe Distress;  
 Yet while the Fair I love is kind,  
 I cannot wish it Less.

---

*To the foregoing Tune.*

NOT *Eden's* Garden did disdain  
 That pleasing Passion *Love*;  
 Where free from Guilt, and ev'ry Pain,  
*Adam* did gaily rove.  
 Not Tides of Furies' raging Fires,  
 That follow ev'ry wanton Chace,  
 Meer Vapours rais'd by hot Desires,  
 That vanish with Disgrace.

How guiltless may I meet the Flame  
 Of *Cynthia's* purer Breast,  
 Whilst Friendship makes us still the same,  
 With ev'ry Virtue drest:  
 Her Mind at first a Conquest made;  
 Her graceful Mind I must approve;  
 Her Wisdom chearful still appear'd,  
 And justify'd my Love.

Trust not to Features, fleeting Charms;  
 Nor hug a *painted Toy*;  
 Those Age or Sickness soon disarms,  
 Warm Air will this destroy.

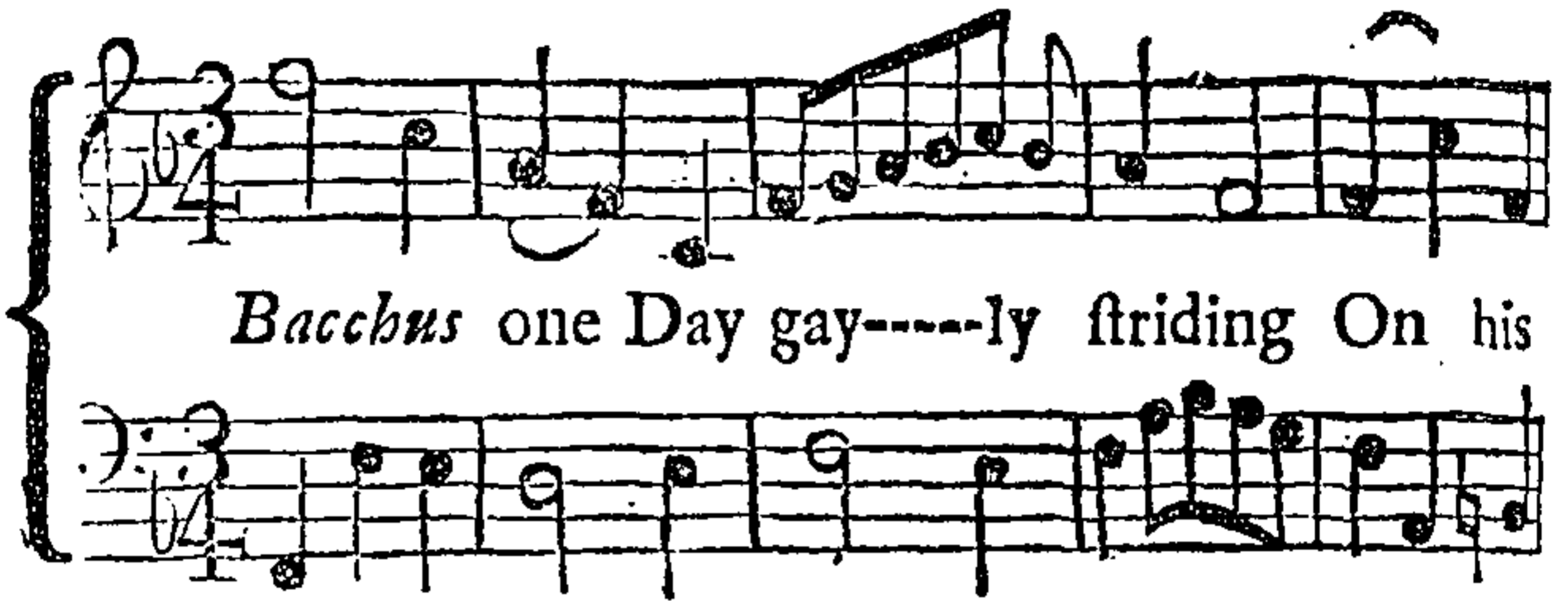
Let tender Passions take their Turn,  
And social Virtues lead the way;  
Where Minds are match'd, they seldom mourn,  
Nor curse the Marriage Day.

*For the* FLUTE.

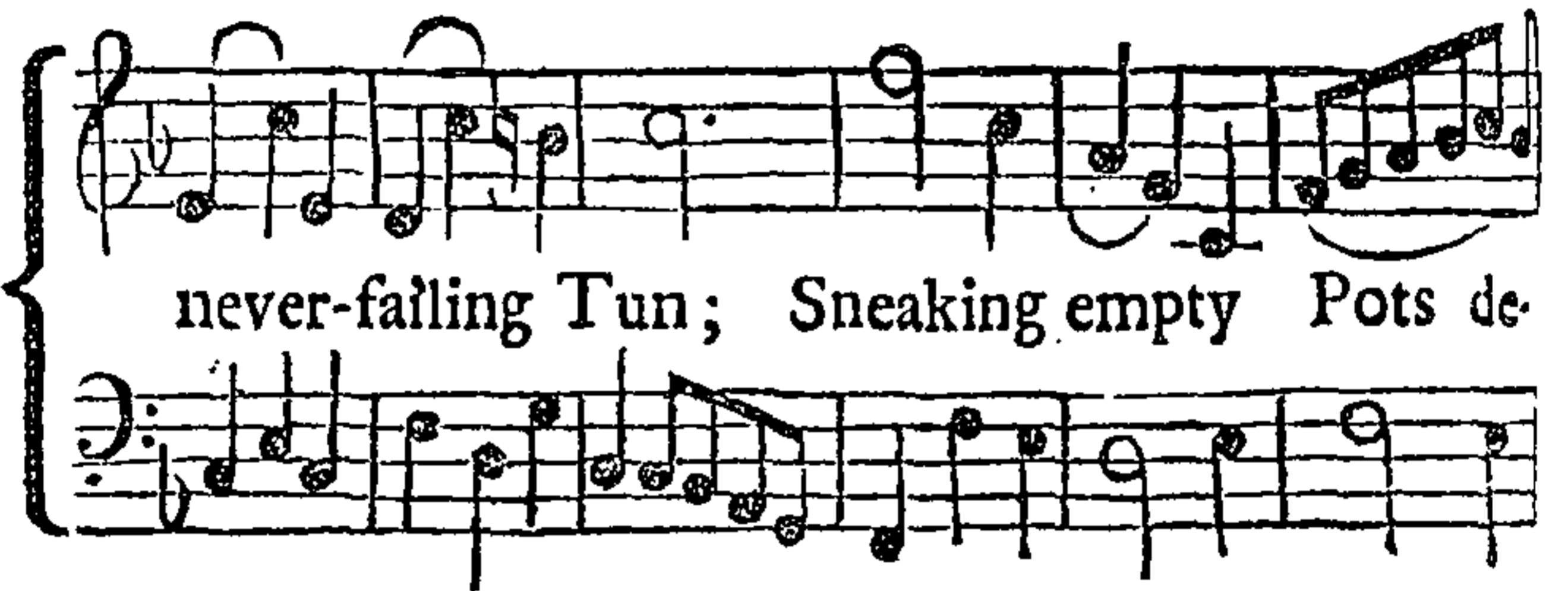


BACCHUS'S *Speech in Praise of* WINE.

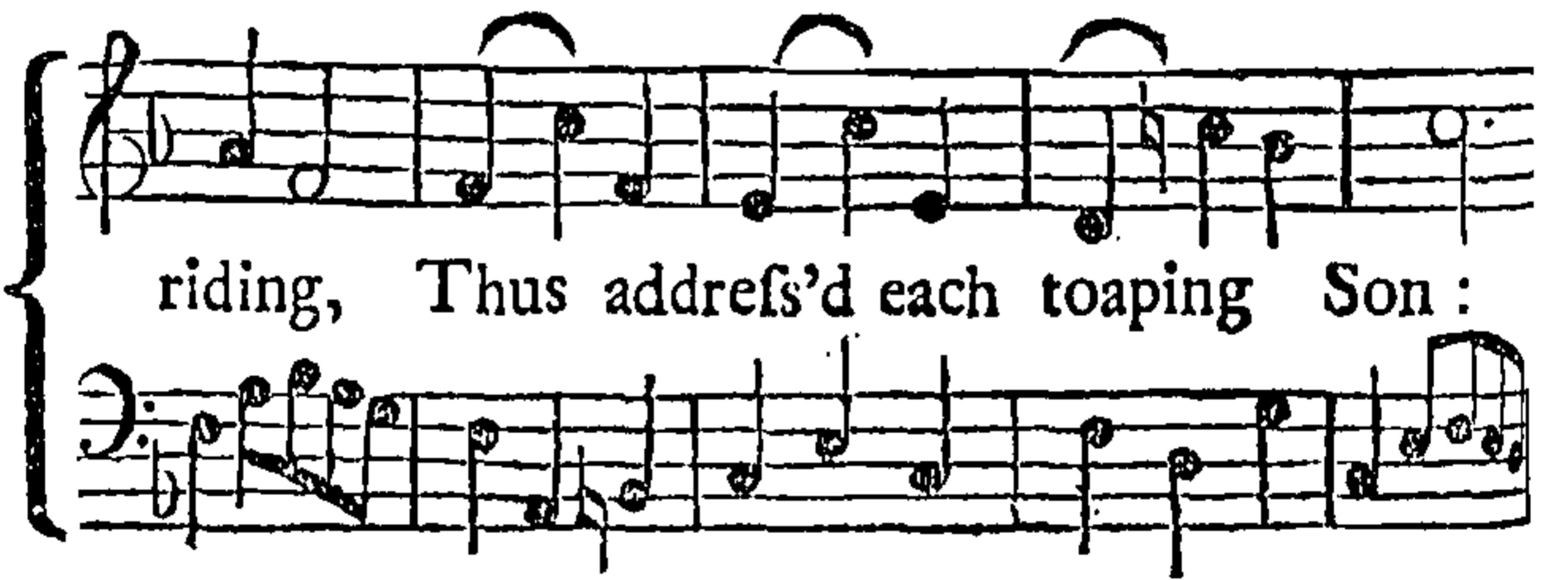
To a Minuet of Mr. *HANDEL's*.



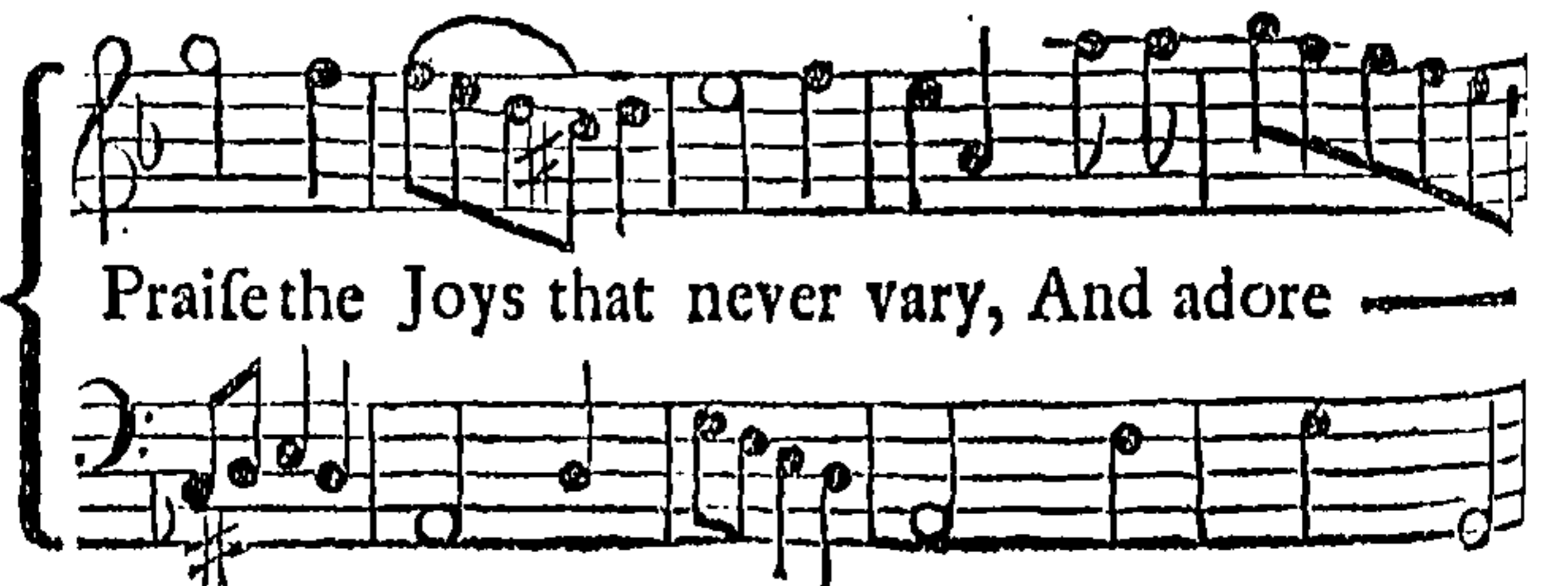
Bacchus one Day gay-----ly striding On his



never-falling Tun; Sneaking empty Pots de-

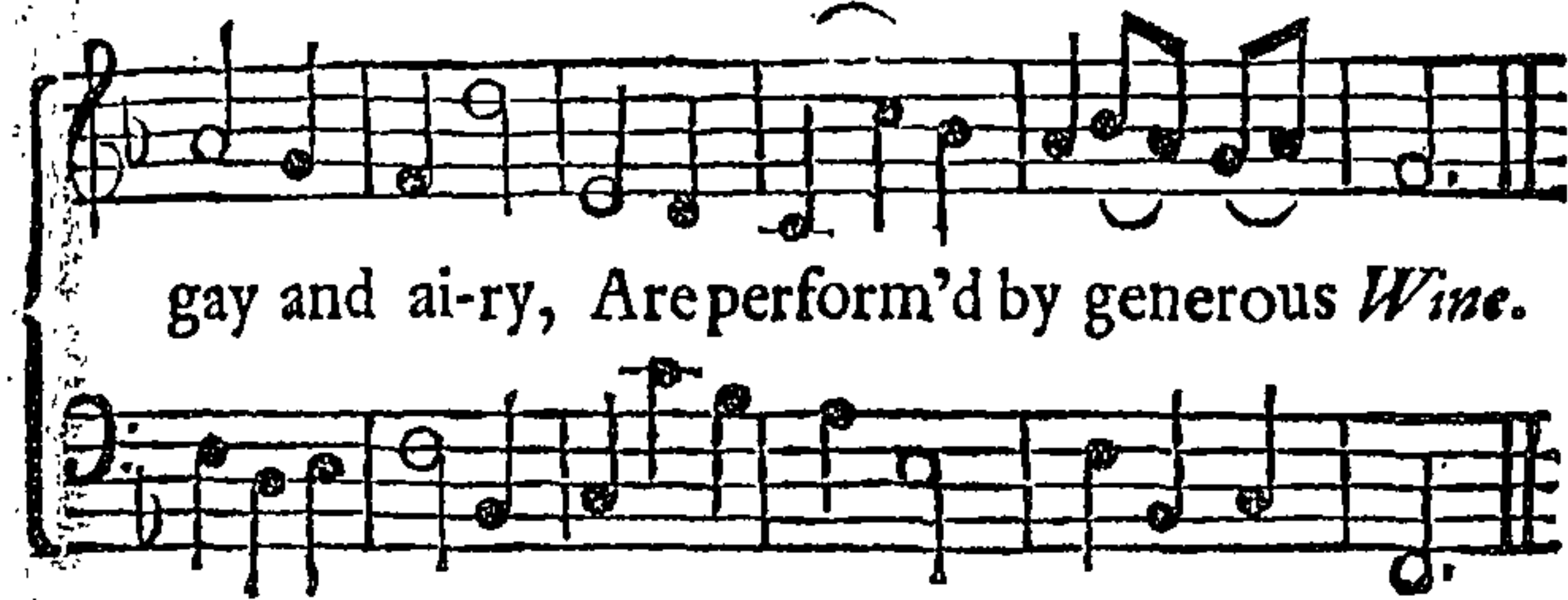
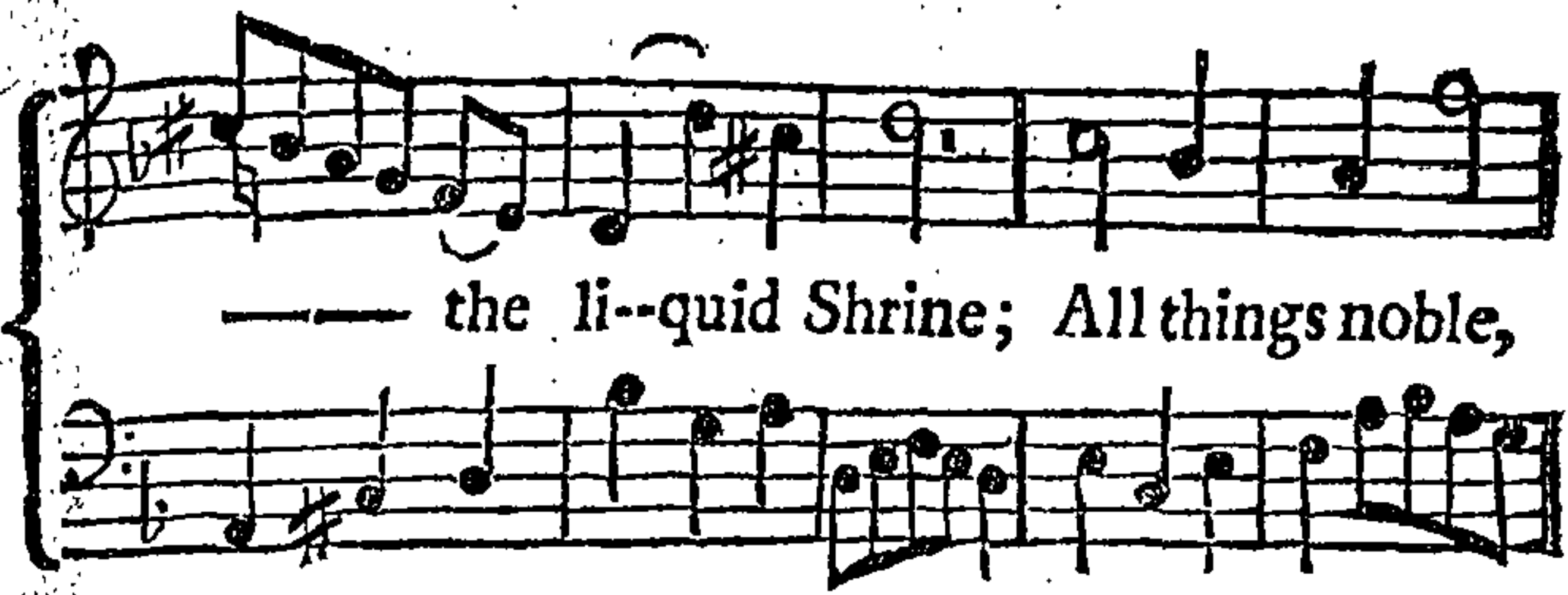


riding, Thus address'd each toaping Son :



Praise the Joys that never vary, And adore -----

The MUSICAL MISCELLANY. 212



Ancient Heroes, crown'd with Glory,

Owe their noble Rise to me;

Poets wrote the flaming Story,

Fir'd by my Divinity:

If my Influence is wanting,

Musick's Charms but slowly move;

Beauty too in vain lies panting,

'Till I fill the Swains with Love.

If you crave a lasting Pleasure,

Mortals, this way bend your Eyes;

From my ever-flowing Treasure,

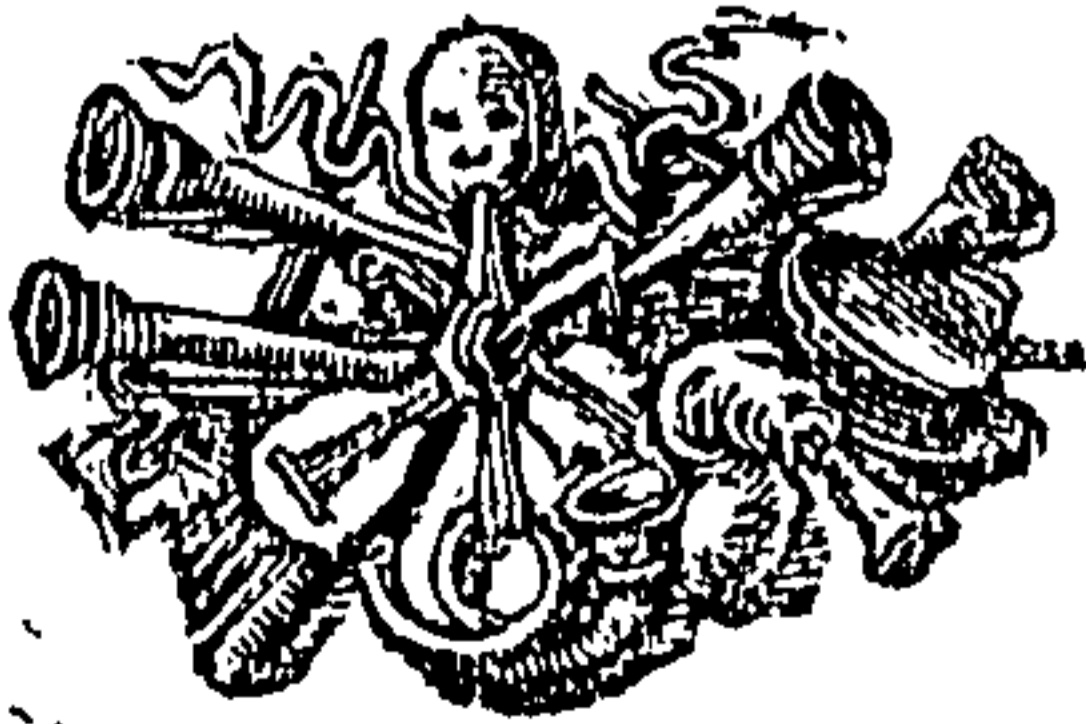
Charming Scenes of Bliss arise.

Here's

112 *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

Here's the soothing balmy Blessing,  
Sole Dispeller of your Pain ;  
Gloomy Souls from Care releasing:  
He who drinks not, lives in vain.

*For the* FLUTE.





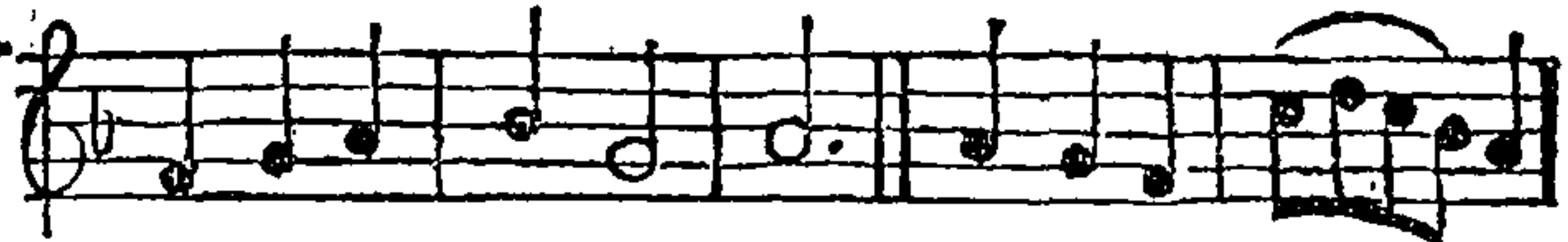
The SNAKE in the GRASS.

To a LADY of Pleasure.

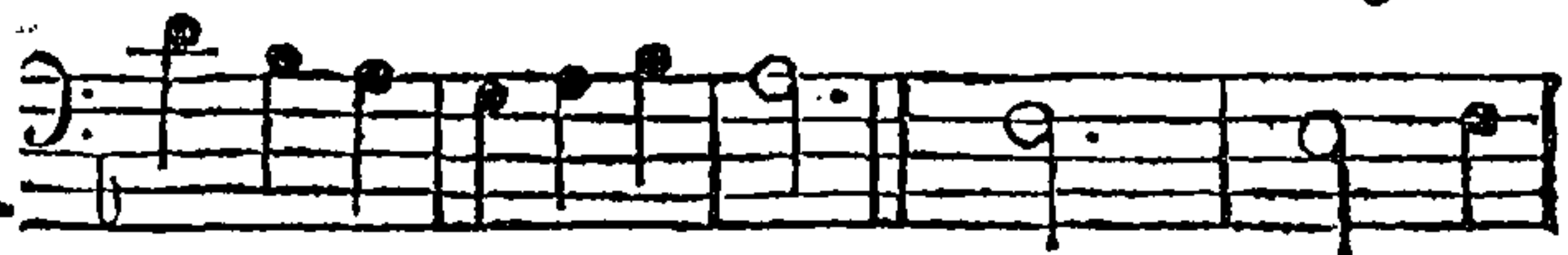
By Mr. W. BEDINGFIELD. Set by Mr. DIEUPART.



My Heart inclines your Chains to wear,



But Reason will not stoop; I love that Angel's



Face, but fear The Serpent in your Hoop.



Your Eyes discharge the Darts of Love,  
But oh! what Pains succeed,  
When Darts shall Pins and Needles prove,  
And *Love a Fire* indeed!

The Fly about the Candle gay  
 Dances, with thoughtless Hum;  
 But short, alas! his giddy Play,  
 His Pleasure proves his Doom.

The Child, in such Simplicity,  
 About the Bee-hive clings,  
 And with one Drop of Honey, he  
 Receives a Hundred Stings.

*The* W A R N I N G.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**L**overs, who waste your Thoughts and Youth  
 In Passion's fond Extremes;  
 Who dream of Women's Love and Truth,  
 And doat upon your Dreams:

I shou'd not here your Fancy take  
 From such a pleasing State;  
 Were you not sure at last to wake,  
 And find your Fault too late.

Then learn betimes, the Love which crowns  
 Our Cares, is all but Wiles;  
 Compos'd of false fantastick Frowns,  
 And soft dissembling Smiles.

*The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY. 115

With Anger, which sometimes they feign,  
They cruel Tyrants prove;  
And then turn Flatterers again,  
With as affected Love.

As if some Injury were meant  
To those they kindly us'd,  
Those Lovers are the most content,  
That have been still refus'd.

Since each has in his Bosom nurs'd  
A false and fawning Foe;  
'Tis just, and wise, by striking first,  
To scape the fatal Blow.

*For the* F L U T E.

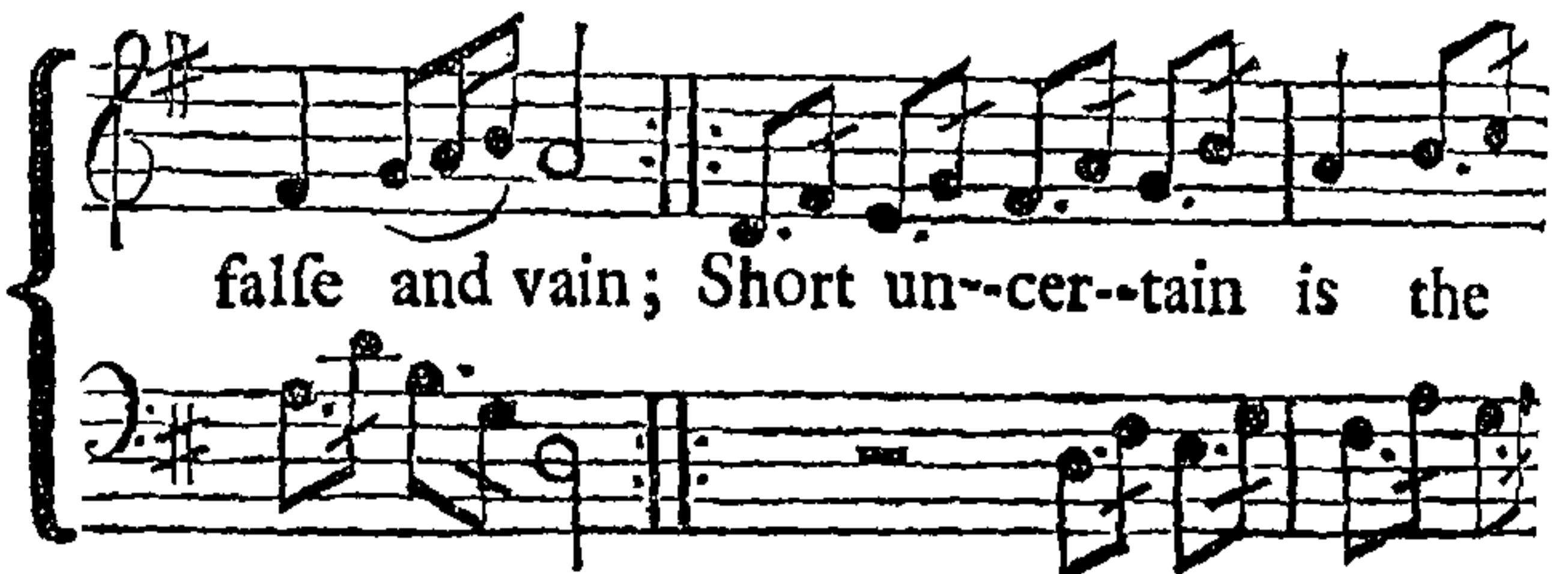


*The* FOLLY of LOVE.

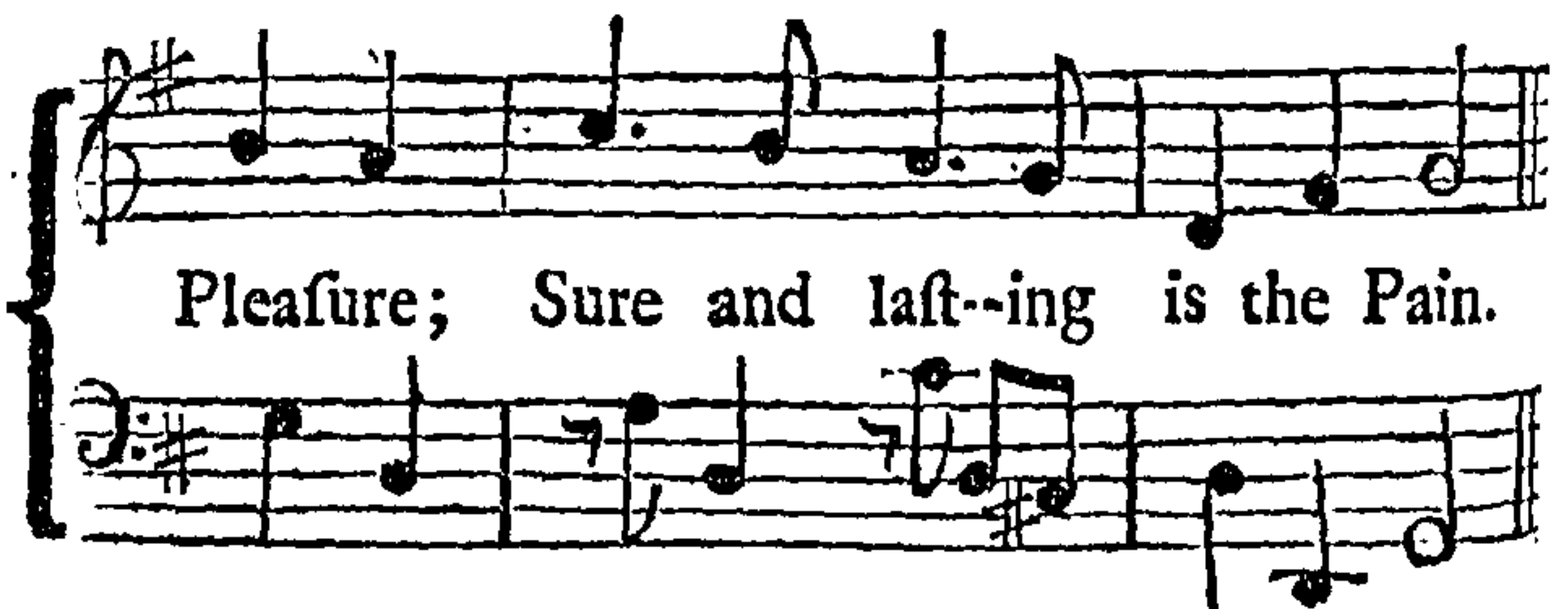
Set by Mr. J. SHEELER.



Freedom is a real Treasure; Love a Dream, all



false and vain; Short un-cer-tain is the



Pleasure; Sure and last-ing is the Pain.

A sincere and tender Passion  
Some ill Planet over-rules ;  
Ah, how blind is Inclination!  
Fate and Women doat on Fools.

*Answer to the foregoing Song.*

WHY this talking still of Dying?  
Why this dismal Look and Groan?  
Leave, fond Lover, leave your Sighing;  
Let these fruitless Arts alone.

Love's the Child of Joy and Pleasure,  
Born of Beauty, nurs'd with Wit;  
Much amiss you take your Measure,  
This dull whining way to hit.

Tender Maids you fright from Loving,  
By th' Effect they see in you;  
If you wou'd be truly moving,  
Eagerly the Point pursue:

Brisk and gay appear in wooing;  
Pleasant be, if you wou'd please;  
All this Talking, and no Doing,  
Will not Love, but Hate increase.

*For the FLUTE.*







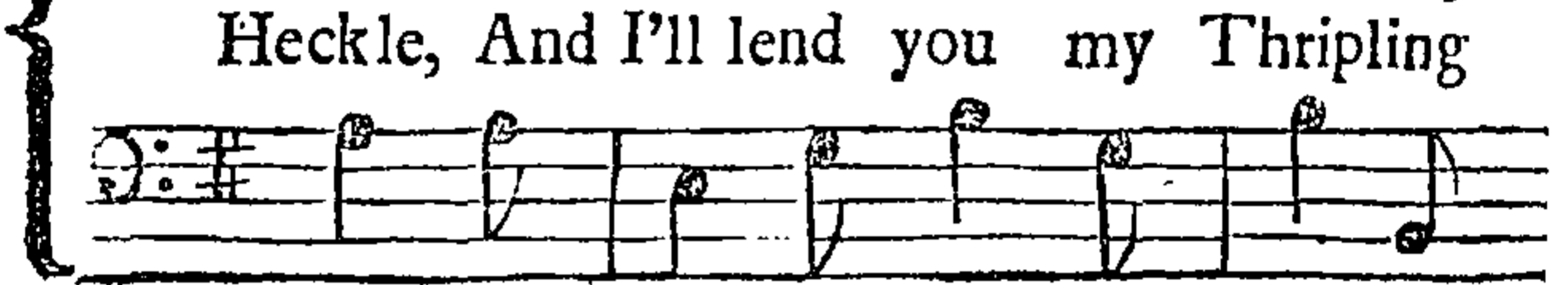
*The* BOB of DUNBLANE.




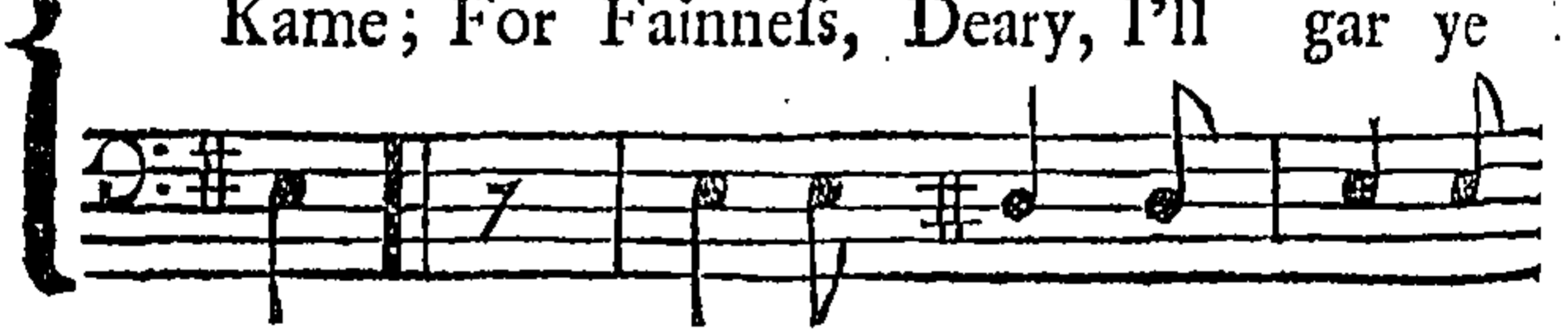
Come Laffie, lend me your braw Hemp



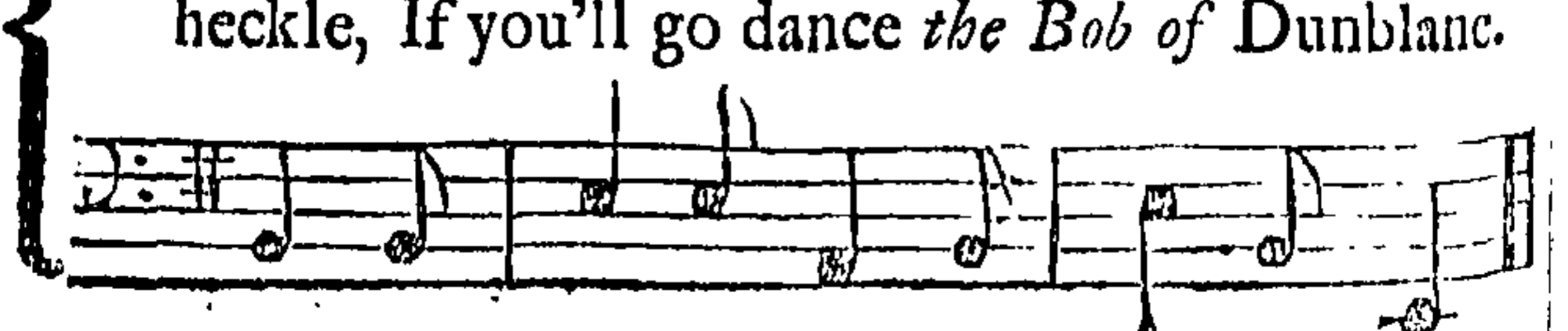
Heckle, And I'll lend you my Thripling



Kame; For Fainness, Deary, I'll gar ye



heckle, If you'll go dance *the Bob of Dunblane.*



Haste

Haste ye, gang to the Ground of ye'r Trunkies,  
Busk ye braw, and dinna think Shame ;  
Consider in Time, if leading of Monkies,  
Be better than dancing *the Bob of Dunblane*.


Be frank, my Lassie, lest I grow fickle,  
And tak my Word and Offer again,  
Synne ye may chance to repent it mickle  
Ye didna accept of *the Bob of Dunblane*.

The Dinner, the Piper, the Priest shall be ready,  
And I'm grown Dowie with lying alane ;  
Away then, leave baith Minny and Dady,  
And try with me *the Bob of Dunblane*.


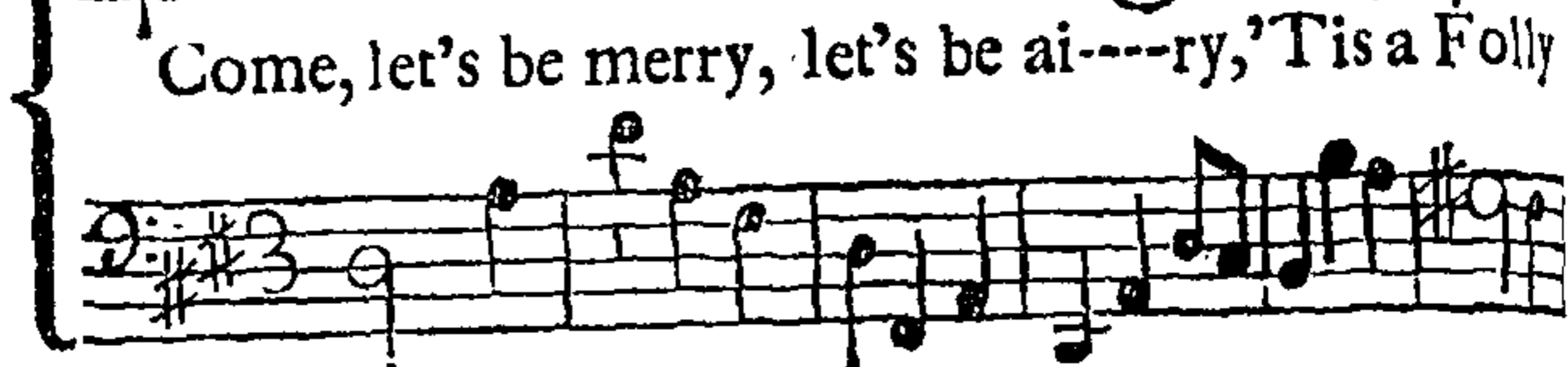
*For the* FLUTE.



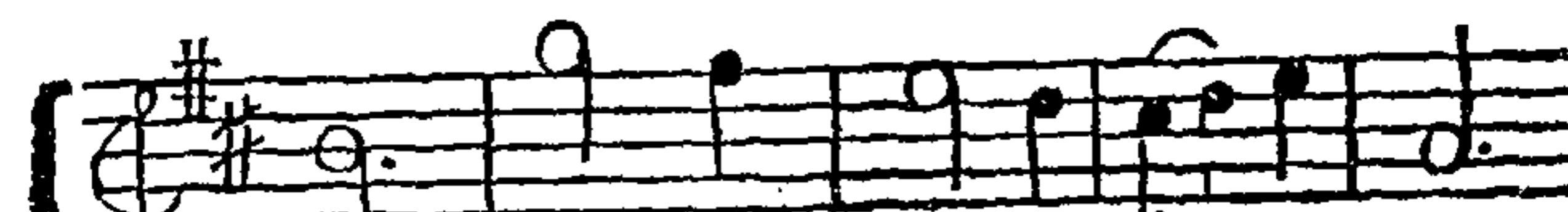
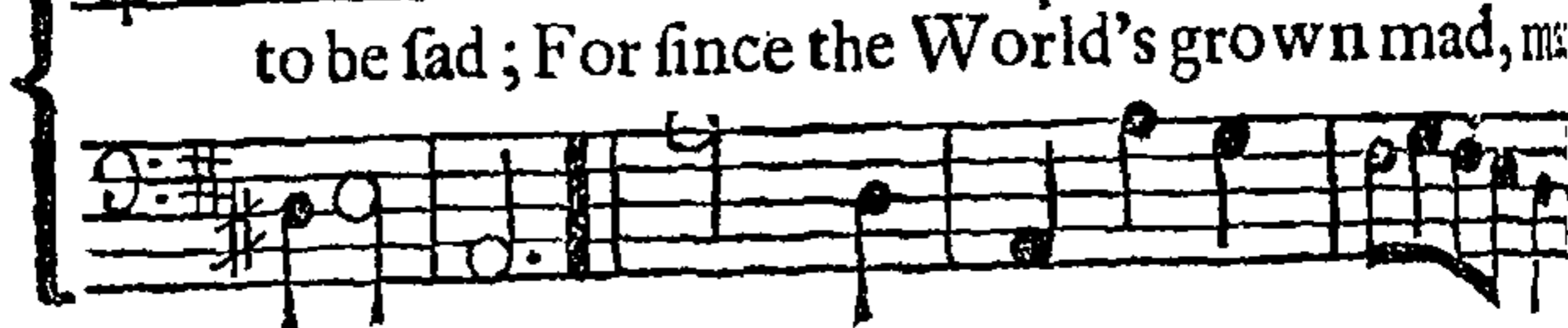
120. *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.  
ADVICE *to the* MELANCHOLY.




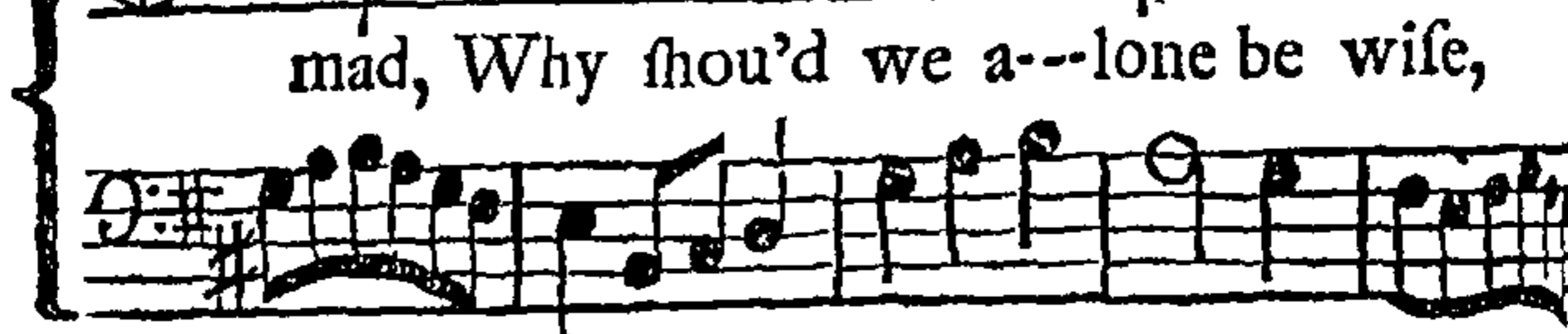
Come, let's be merry, let's be ai---ry, 'Tis a Folly




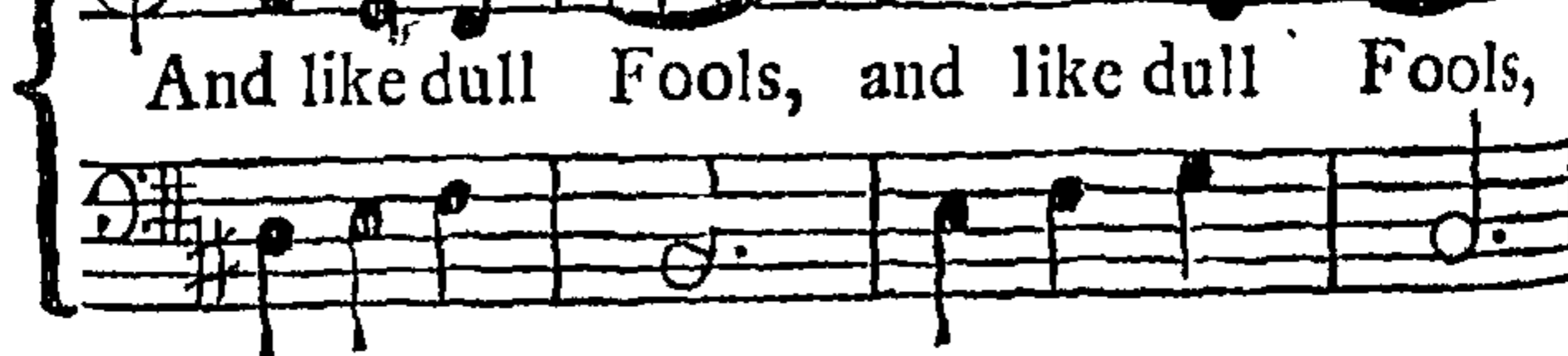
to be sad ; For since the World's grown mad, ma



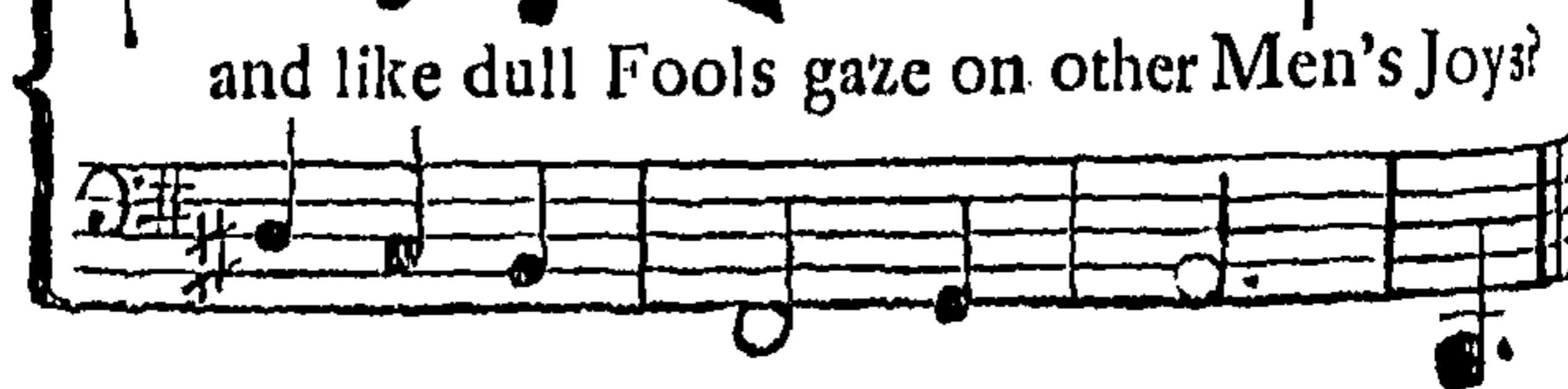
mad, Why shou'd we a---lone be wise,



And like dull Fools, and like dull Fools,



and like dull Fools gaze on other Men's Joys?



Let not To-morrow bring your Sorrow,  
While the Stream of Time flows on;  
But when the blisful Day is past,  
Still endeavour that the next  
Be full as gay, and as little perplex'd.

If you have Leisure, follow Pleasure,  
Let not an Hour of Blis pass by;  
For as the fleeting Minutes fly,  
Time it will your Youth decay,  
Then strive to live, and be blest whilst you may.

If you have Plenty, nought will torment you,  
But yet your selves, your selves may annoy;  
Hearty and free's the poor Man's Joy;  
Gladly yielding the Minutes pass,  
And when old *Time* shakes him, takes off his Glafs.

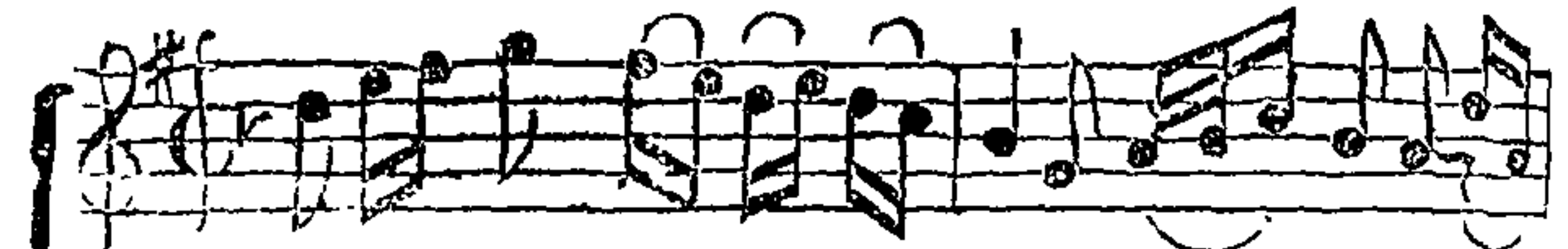
*For the* FLUTE.



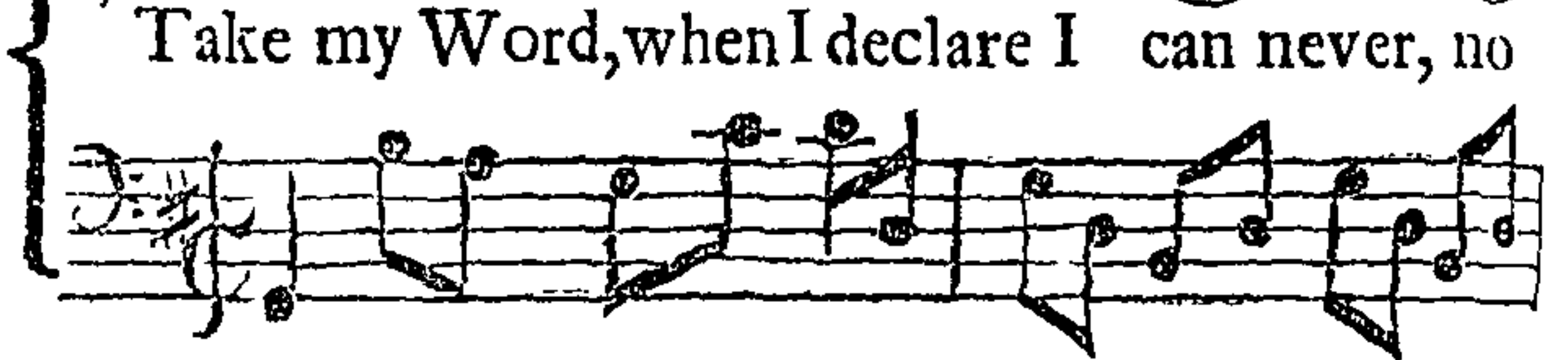



*Translated from the Italian Opera of PHARNACES*

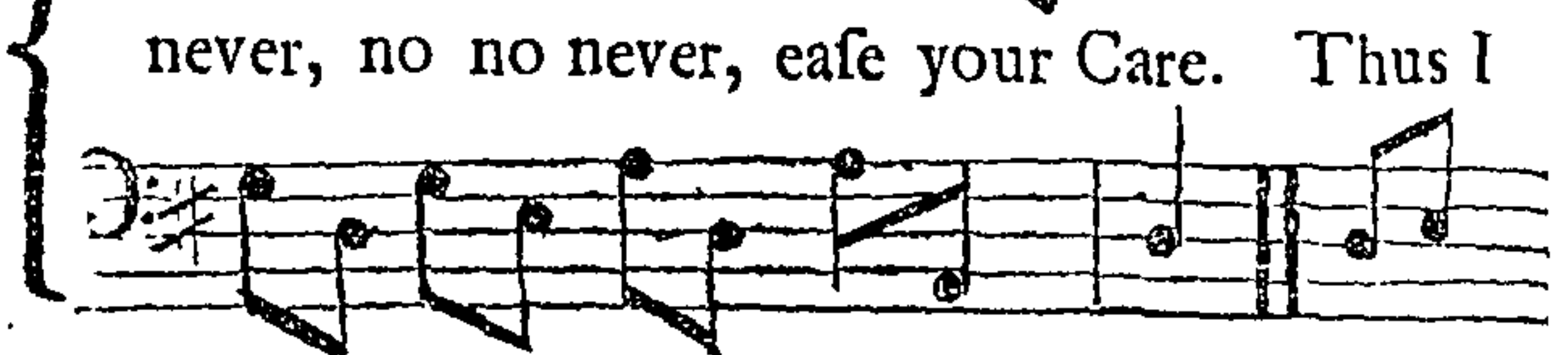
Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.




Take my Word, when I declare I can never, no

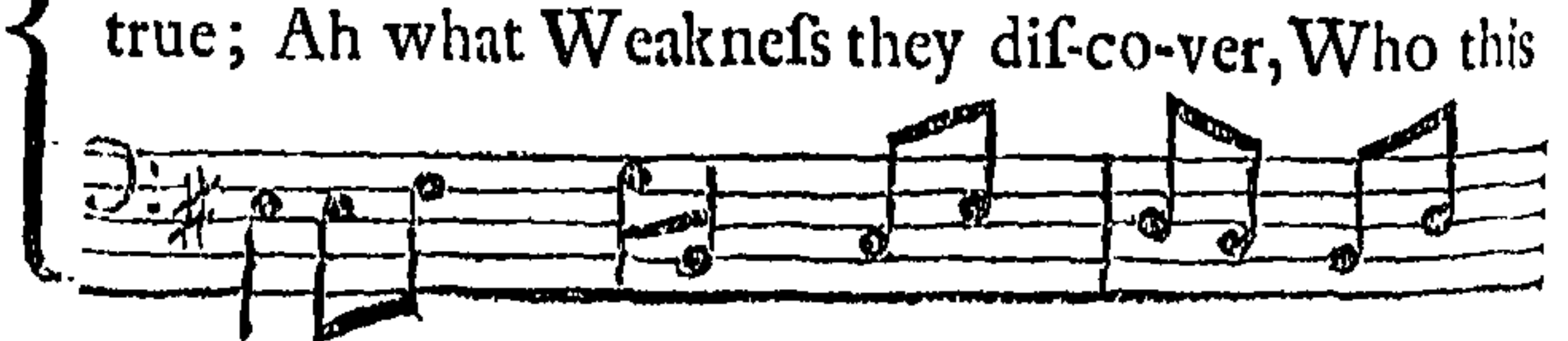
never, no no never, ease your Care. Thus I




think of ev'ry Lover, No one yet was e-ver

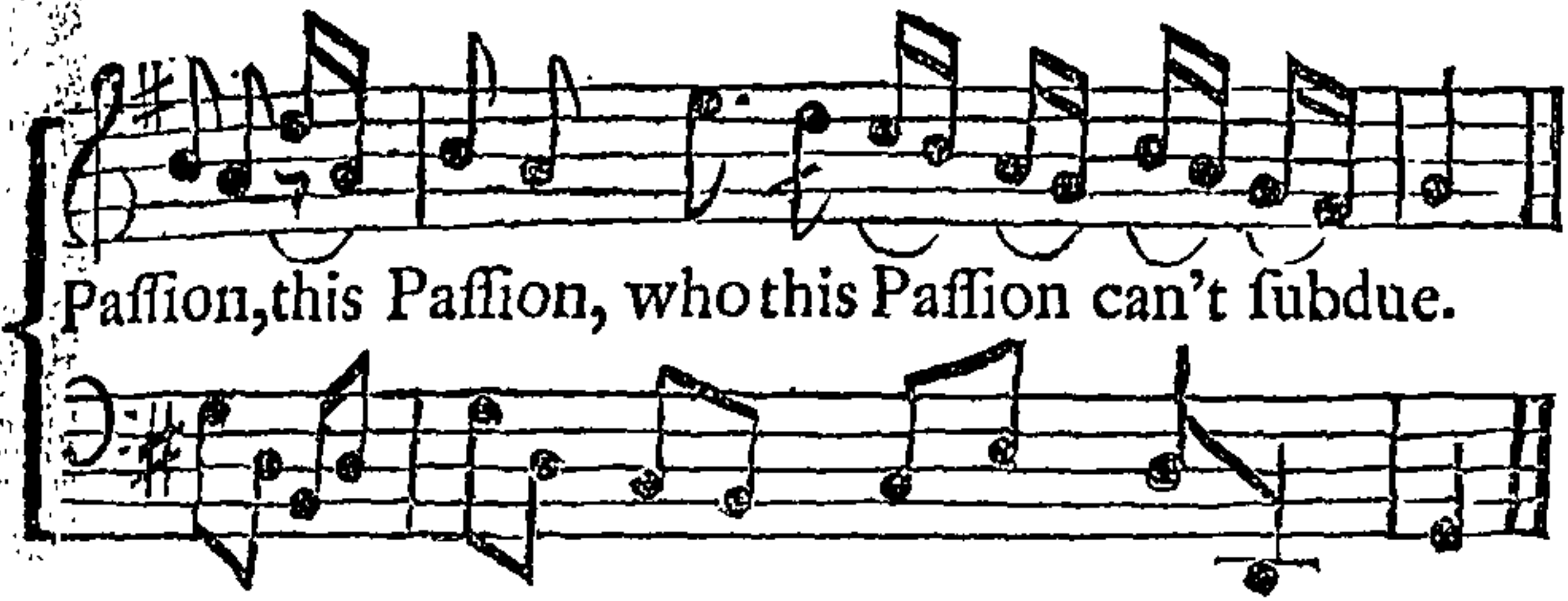



true; Ah what Weakness they dif-co-ver, Who this

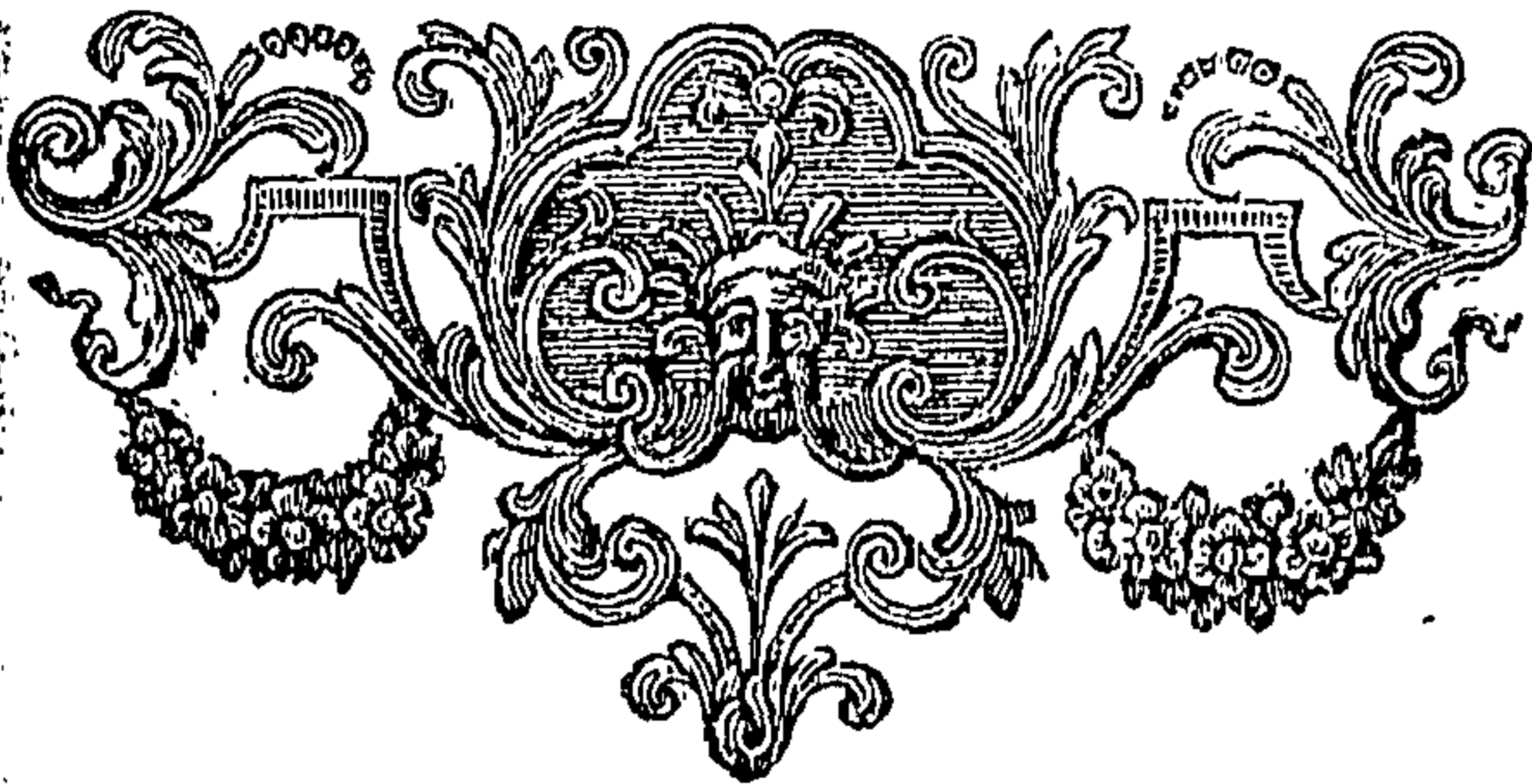


Passion,





*For the* FLUTE.



Set by Mr. G. MONRO.

My God--deſs *Celia*, Heav'n---ly fair, As

Lillies ſweet, as ſoft as Air; Let looſe thy

Treſſes, ſpread thy Charms, And to my

Love give freſh Alarms.

O let me gaze on those bright Eyes;  
Tho' sacred Lightning from 'em flies:  
Shew me that soft, that modest Grace,  
Which paints, with charming Red, thy Face.

Give me Ambrôfia in a Kiss,  
That I may rival *Jove* in Bliss;  
That I may mix my Soul with thine,  
And make the Pleasure all Divine.

O hide thy Bosom's killing White,  
(The Milky-Way is not so bright;)   
Lest you my ravish'd Soul oppress  
With Beauty's Pomp, and sweet Excess.

Why draw'st thou from the purple Flood  
Of my kind Heart the Vital Blood?  
Thou art all over endless Charms!  
O take me, dying, to thy Arms.

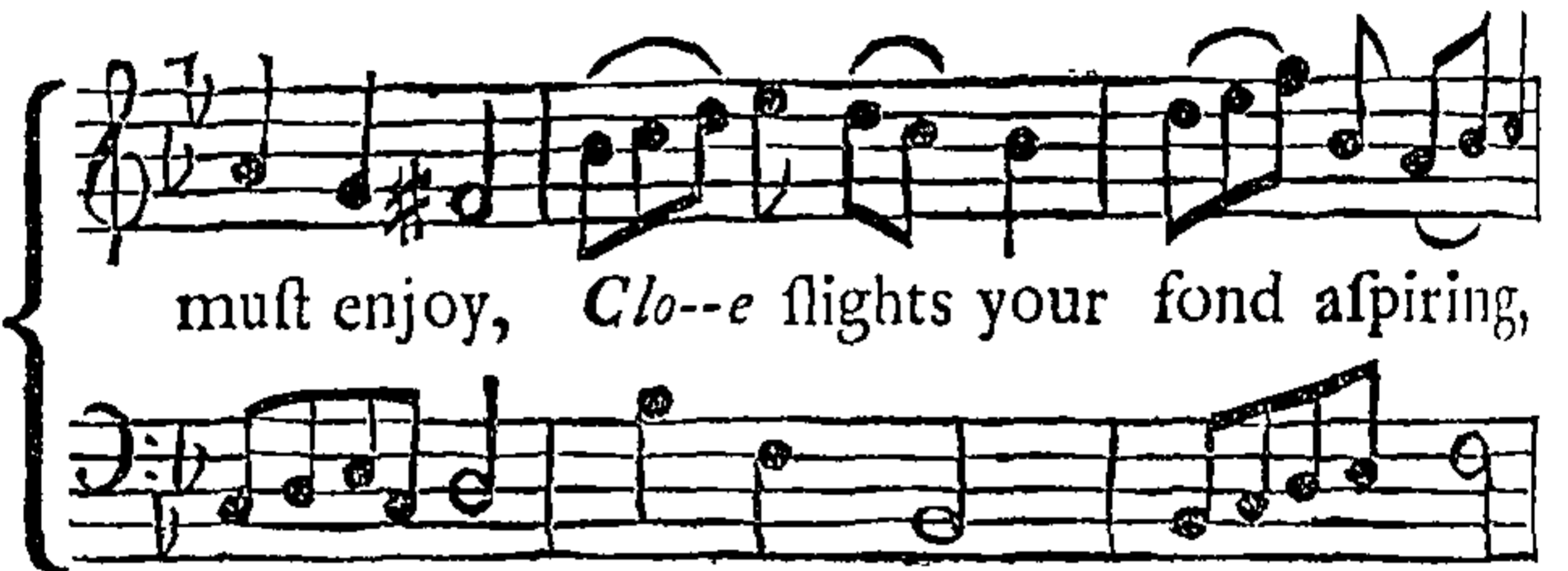
*For the* F L U T E.



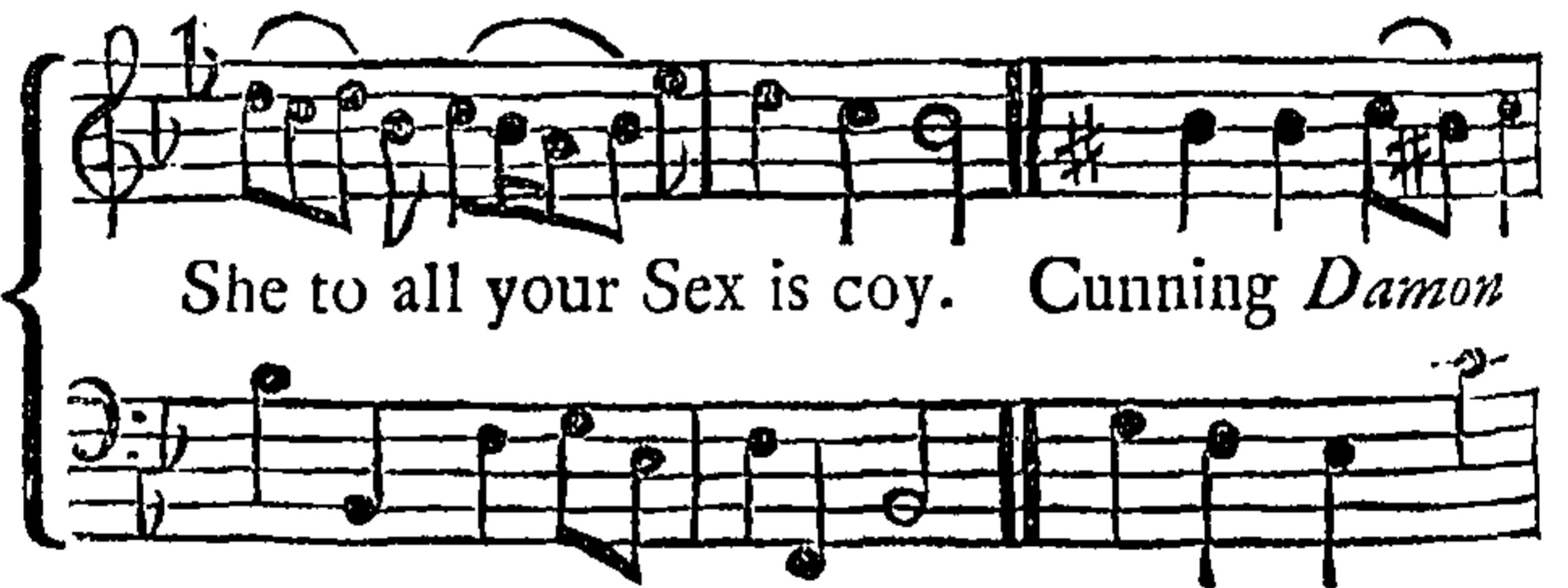
*ADVICE* to STREPHON.



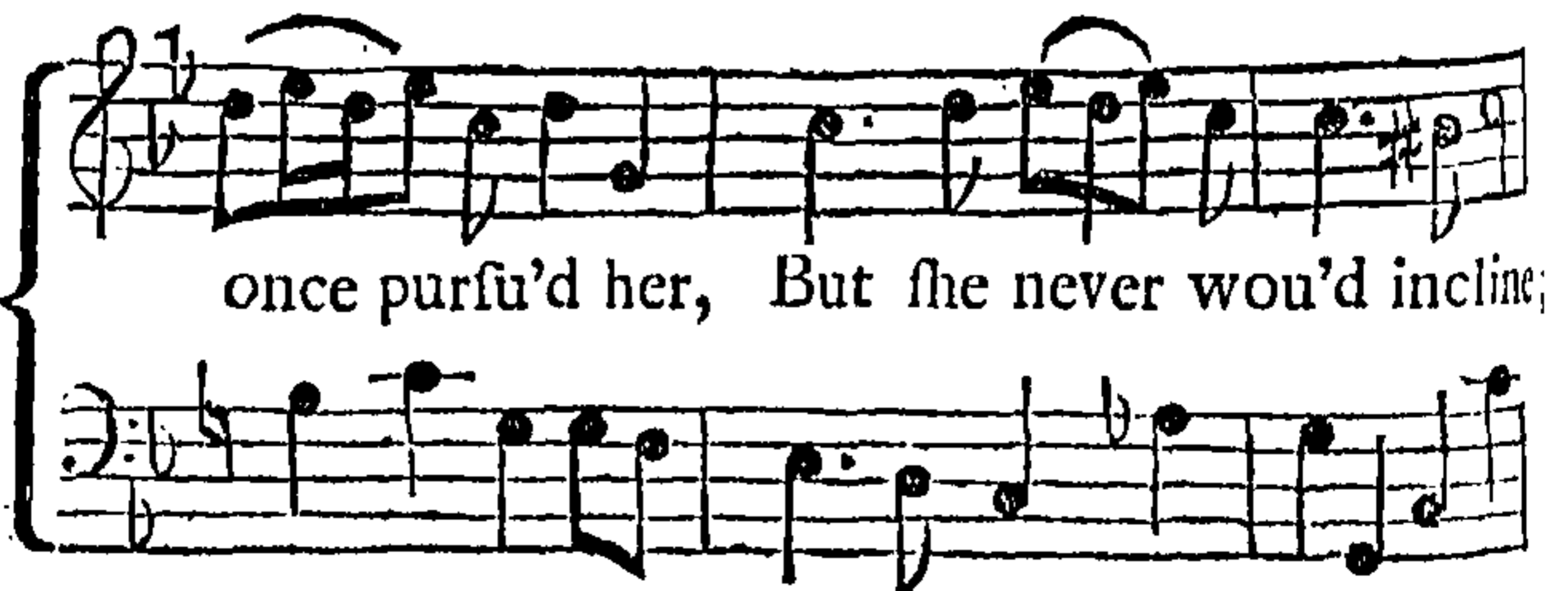
Pensive *Strephon*, cease desiring What you never



must enjoy, *Clo--e* flights your fond aspiring,



She to all your Sex is coy. Cunning *Damon*



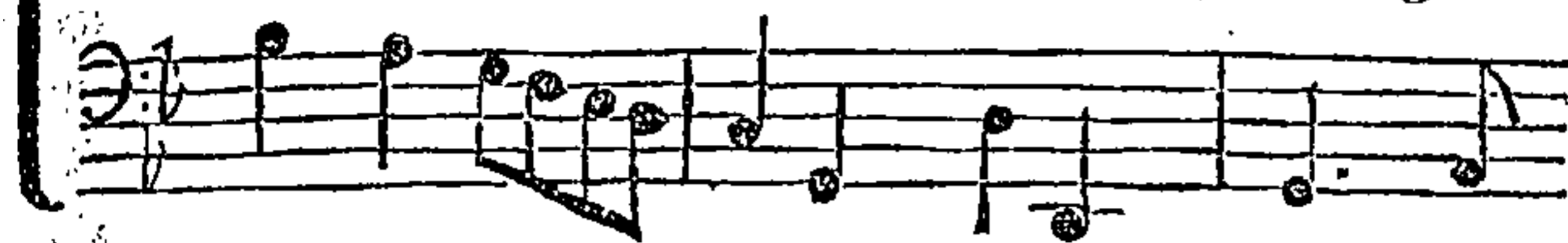
once pursu'd her, But she never wou'd incline;

*P/ash*





*Pha--on* too but vainly woo'd her, Though his



Flocks were more than thine.



Wou'd you, *Strephon*, ease your Anguish,  
And forget the fair One's Charms,  
See *Florella* for you languish,  
Fly to her endearing Arms:  
She's to all you wish, consenting,  
Ever Easy, ever Kind;  
Leave the fickle Maid relenting,  
She will soon her Folly find.

---

*To the foregoing Tune.*

GENTLE Love, this Hour befriend me,  
To my Eyes resign thy Dart;  
Notes of melting Musick lend me,  
To dissolve a frozen Heart.

Chill



Chill as Mountain-Snow her Bosom,  
 Tho' I tender Language use;  
 'Tis by cold Indiff'rence frozen,  
 To my Arms, and to my Muse.

See my dying Eyes are pleading,  
 Where a broken Heart appears,  
 For thy Pity interceding,  
 With the Eloquence of Tears.  
 While the Lamp of Life is fading,  
 And beneath thy Coldness dies,  
 Death my ebbing Pulse invading,  
 Take my Soul into thy Eyes.

*For the* FLUTE.



On Mrs. CECILIA B---, on St. CECILIA'S Day.

By Mr. WILLIAM BEDINGFIELD.

Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

Divine Ce--ci--lia, now grown old, Must

yield to One of fresh--er Mold. Her

Strains brought Angels down to hear, And listen

with a ravish'd Ear:

But here's such Harmony of Shape,  
 Might tempt them to another Rape;  
 And make them leave their Heav'n behind,  
 To wed the Daughters of Mankind.

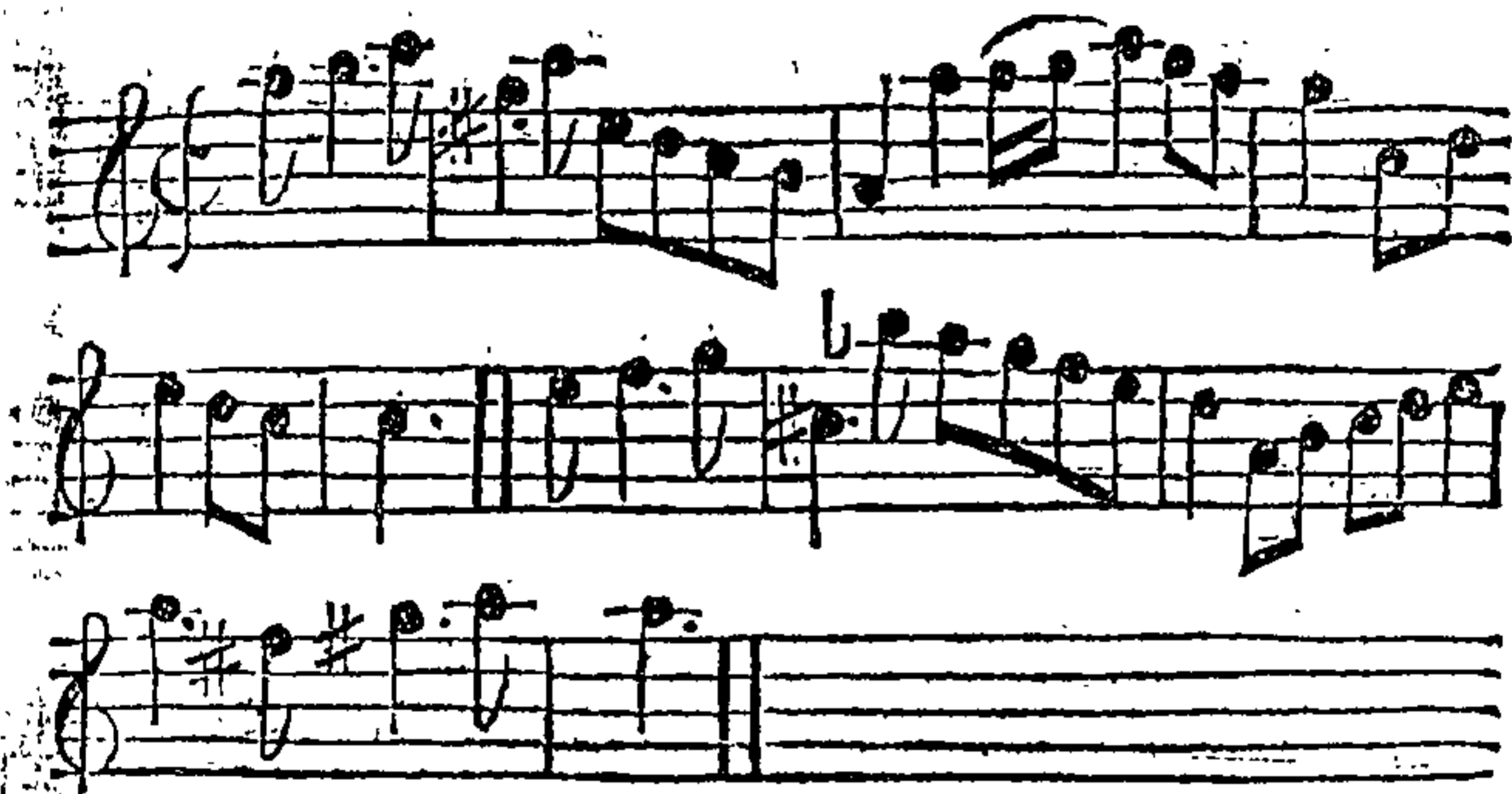
There needs no Angel from the Skies,  
 A real Goddess charms our Eyes;  
 As *Venus* to *Æneas* prov'd,  
 So look'd, so talk'd, so smil'd, so mov'd.

When *Parcel's* melting Notes she sings,  
 Applauding *Cupids* clap their Wings,  
 Mistake her for their *Cyprian* Dame,  
 Her Infant too for one of them.

She graceful leads the dancing Quire,  
 As smooth as Air, or quick as Fire;  
 Now rising like the bounding Roe,  
 Now sinks as Flakes of feather'd Snow.

In sacred Story may be read,  
 How Dancing cost St. *John* his Head;  
 We here expose a nobler Part,  
 For sure no *Head* is worth a *Heart*.

*For the FLUTE.*



*The* COMPLAINING LOVER.

Set by Mr. *M O N R O*.



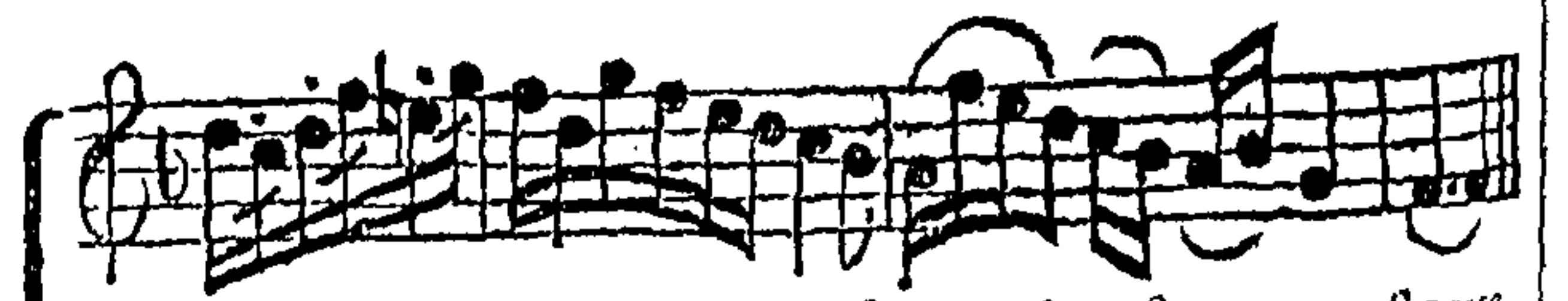
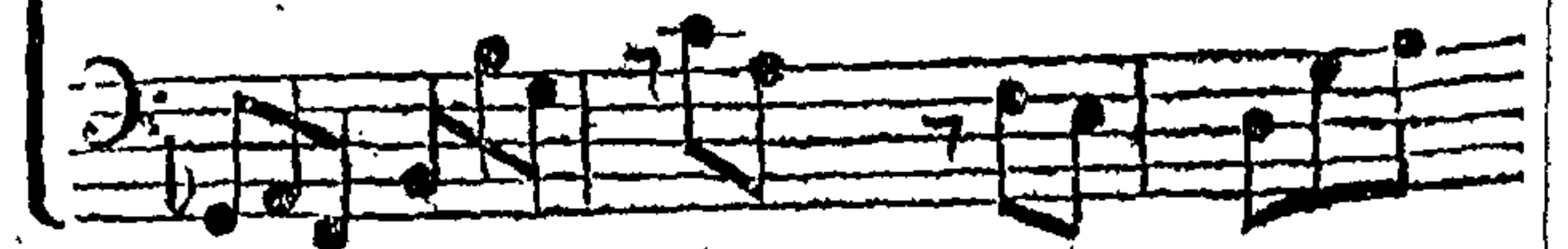
Long have I strove his Heart to gain, But he no



Pity, he no Pity Pi-ty shows: Yet cruel he can



not disdain The Love that from me flow —



—s, the Lovethat from me flows.





Oft have I try'd to win his Love,  
But that cou'd ne'er attain:  
Now, *Cupid*, tell me where to rove,  
And ease my Love-sick Pain.

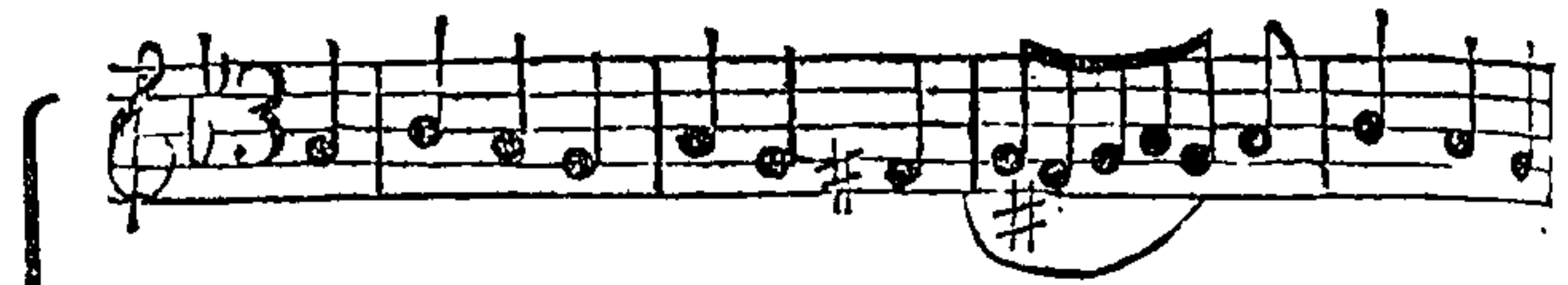
Ye Gods omnipotent, whose Pow'r  
Can help the injur'd Fair,  
Pity my Tale, my Peace restore,  
And banish my Despair.

*For the* FLUTE.

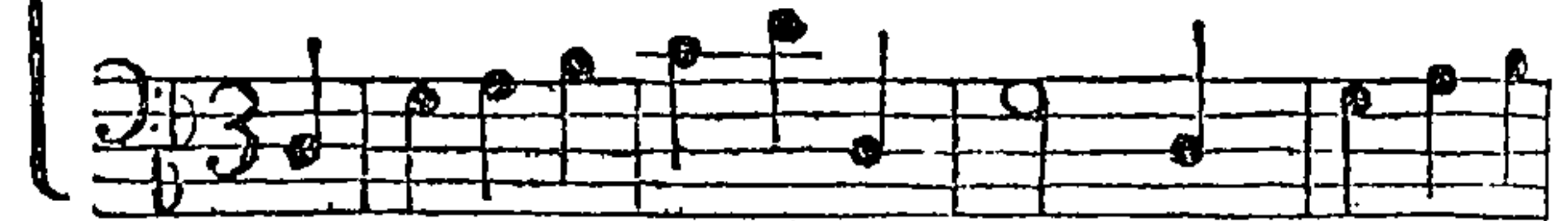


*The* REPENTING COQUET.

To the PRINCE'S MINUET.



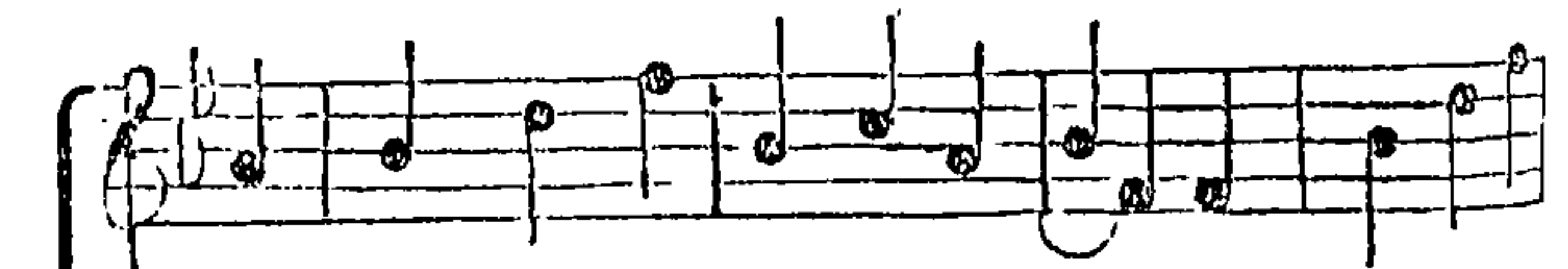
*Clarinda*, the Pride of the Plain, So fam'd for her



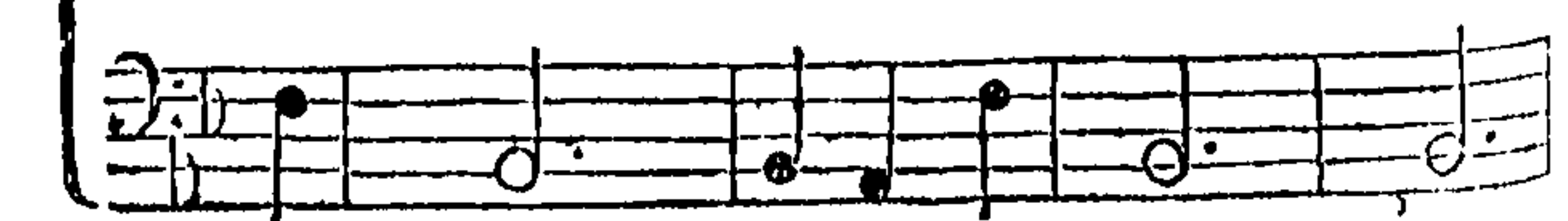
conquering Charms, Repenting her Scorn of a



Swain, Sat pensive, and folding her Arms.

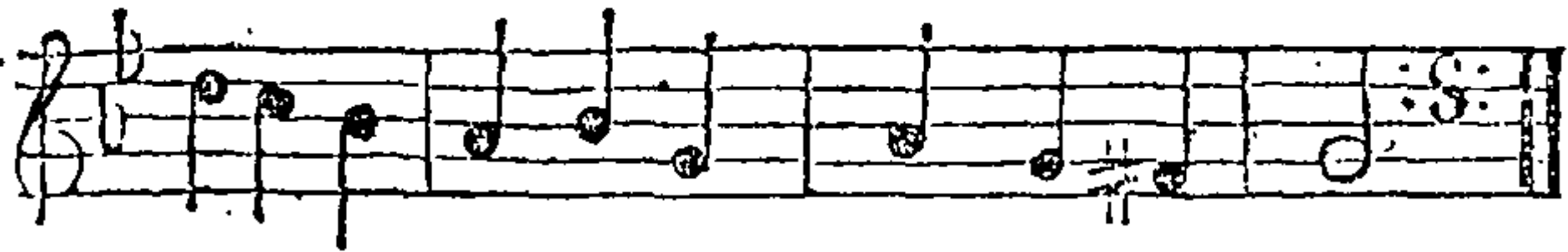
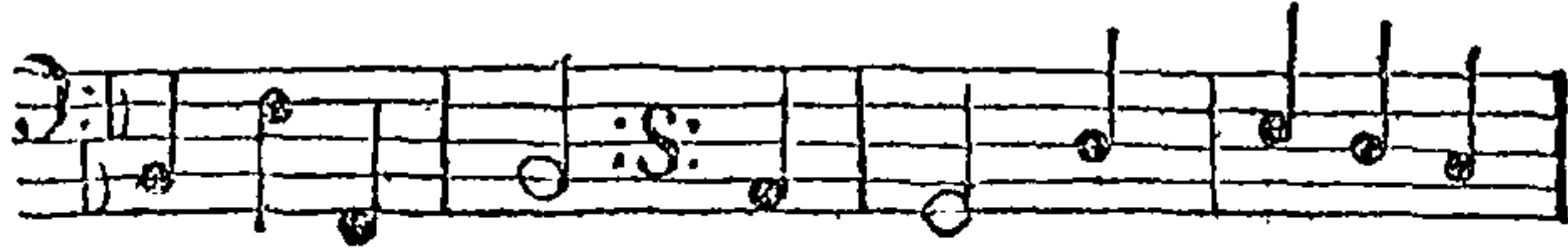


Her Lute, and her shining Attire, Neglected, was





laid at her Side; While pining with hopeless De-



sire, The Damsel thus mournfully cry'd.



Oh! cou'd the past Hours but return,  
When I triumph'd in *Angelot's* Heart,  
*Clarinda* wou'd mutually burn,  
Wou'd mutually suffer the Smart:  
But far from the Plain he is gone,  
Enjoys the sweet Smiles of a Fair,  
Whose Kindness the Shepherd has won;  
And *Clarinda* no more is his Care.

How oft at these Feet has he lain,  
Bewailing his sorrowful Fate!  
But all his Complaints were in vain,  
I foolishly doated on State.

I long'd to be gaz'd on in Town,  
 To sparkle in golden Array;  
 By my Dress, and my Charms to be known,  
 In the *Park*, and at ev'ry new Play.

I thought, without Grandeur and Fame,  
 That Marriage no Blessing cou'd prove;  
 Some wealthy young Heir was my Aim;  
 And I slighted poor *Angelot's* Love.  
 Such Madness besotted my Mind,  
 I receiv'd all his Sighs with Disdain;  
 I regarded his Vows but as Wind,  
 And scornfully smil'd at his Pain.

How happy my Fortune had been,  
 Cou'd my Reason have conquer'd my Pride!  
 In Bliss I had rival'd a Queen;  
 Had I been my dear *Angelot's* Bride:  
 With him more Content I had found,  
 Than Grandeur and Fame can supply;  
 For his Fondness my Wishes had crown'd,  
 With a Passion that never wou'd die.

I had feasted with innocent Joy,  
 On the Pleasures of Kindness and Ease;  
 While the Fears which the great Ones annoy,  
 Had ne'er interrupted my Peace.  
 But ah! that glad Prospect is gone!  
 His Love I can never regain:  
 And the Loss I shall ever bemoan,  
 'Till Death shall relieve me from Pain.

Thus wail'd the sad Nymph all in Tears,  
When the Swain to the Green did advance;  
In his Hand his new Confort appears,  
With a Train, gaily join'd, in a Dance.  
Impatient, and sick at the Sight,  
To the neighbouring Grove she retir'd,  
(Once the Scene of her daily Delight)  
And fainting, in Silence expir'd.

*For the* F L U T E.





*A BEE Expiring on a LADY'S LIPS.*

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

As near a Fountain's flow'ry Side The bright Ce-

*linda* lay, Her Looks encreas'd the Summer's

Pride, Her Eyes the Blaze of Day.

The Roses blush'd with deeper Red,  
 To see themselves outdone;  
 The Lillies shrunk into their Beds,  
 To find such Rival shone.

Quick thro' the Air to this Retreat

A Bee industrious flew,  
Prepar'd to ruffle ev'ry Sweet,  
And sip the balmy Dew.

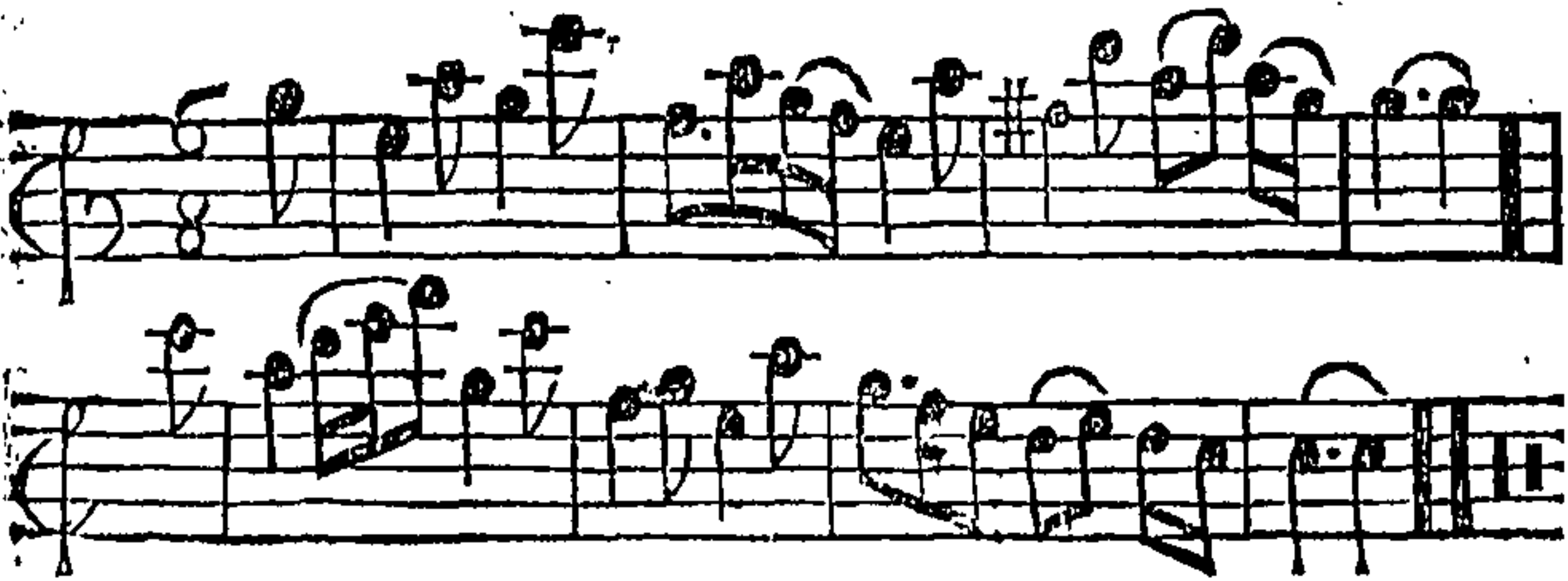
Drawn by the Fragrance of her Breath,

Her Rosy Lips he found,  
Where he in Transports met his Death,  
And dropt upon the Ground.

Enjoy, blest Bee, enjoy thy Fate,

Nor at thy Fall repine,  
Since Kings wou'd quit their Royal State,  
To share a Death like thine.

*For the* FLUTE.



*The* PERPLEX'D LOVER.

Thou art so fair and cru---el too, I am a-

maz'd what I shall do To compass my De-

fire: Some times thy Eyes do me invite, But

when I venture, kill me quite, Yet still en-

crease my Fire.

I still have Thoughts my Love to quell,  
And all its Furies to repel,  
    Since I no Hope can find;  
But when I think of leaving thee,  
My Heart as much doth torture me,  
    As 'twould rejoice if kind.

I still must love, tho' hardly us'd;  
And never proffer'd, but refus'd;  
    Can any suffer more?  
Be Coy, be Cruel, do thy Worst;  
Tho' for thy sake I am accurst,  
    I must and will adore!

*For the* F L U T E.



*The* HIGHLAND LASSIE.

The Lawland Maids gang trig and fine, But

aft they're sour and unco sawfy, Sae proud they

ne--ver can be kind, Like my good

hu--mour'd High---land Laf---tie.



*O my bony, bony Highland Lassie,  
My lovely smiling Highland Lassie,  
May never Care make thee less fair,  
But Bloom of Youth still bless my Lassie.*

Than ony Lafs in *Borrowstown*,  
Who make their Cheeks with Patches motie,  
I'd tak my *Katie* but a Gown,  
Bare footed in her little *Cotie*.  
*O my bony, &c.*

Beneath the Brier or Brecken Bush,  
Whene'er I kiss and court my *Dautie*,  
Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,  
My flighteren Heart gangs pittie-pattie.  
*O my bony, &c.*

O'er highest heathery Hills I'll stenn,  
With cockit Gun and Ratches tenty,  
To drive the Deer out of their Den,  
To feast my Lafs on Dishes dainty.  
*O my bony, &c.*

There's nane shall dare, by Deed or Word,  
'Gainst her to wag a Tongue or Finger,  
While I can wield my trusty Sword,  
Or frae my Side whisk out a Whinger.  
*O my bony, &c.*

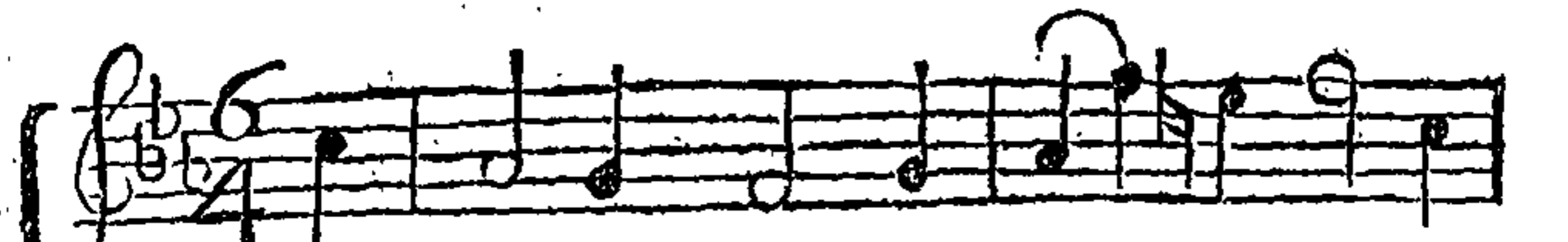
The Mountains clad with purple Bloom,  
And Berries ripe invite my Treasure,  
To range with me; let great Fowk gloom,  
While Wealth and Pride confound their Pleasure.

*O my bony, bony Highland Lassie,  
My lovely smiling Highland Lassie,  
May never Care make thee less fair,  
But Bloom of Youth still bless my Lassie.*

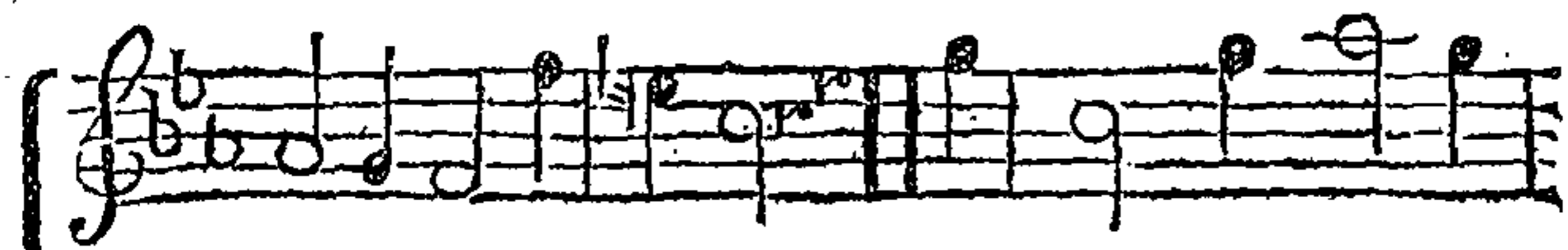
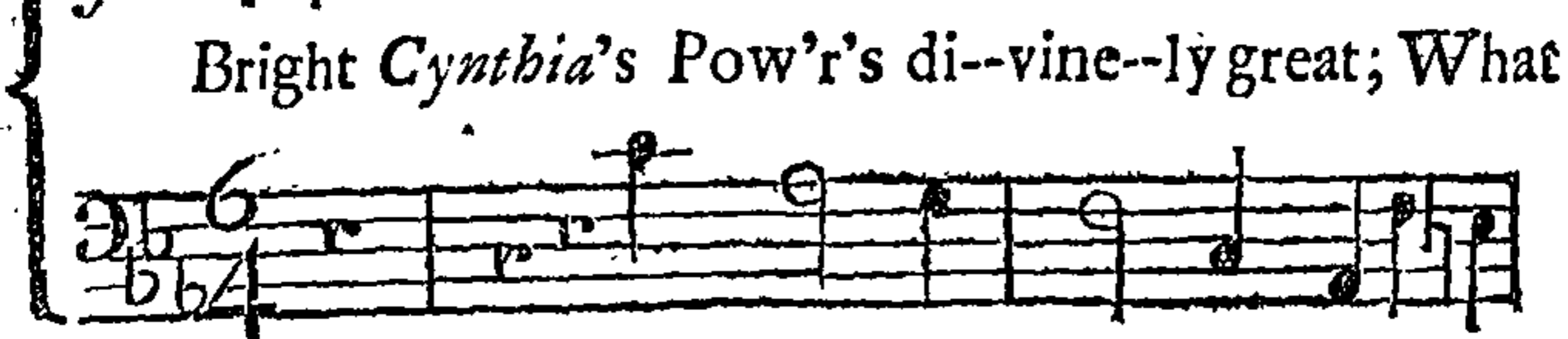


BRIGHT CYNTHIA.


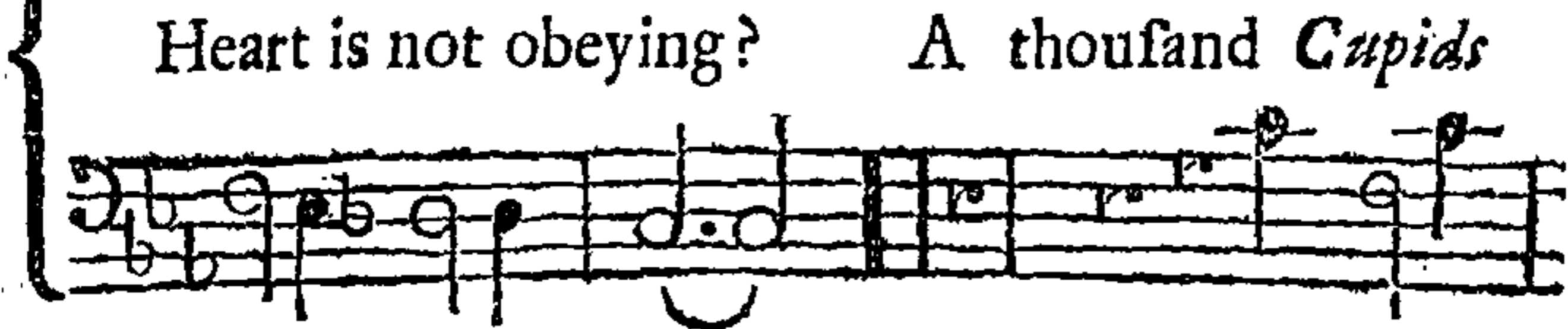
Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.



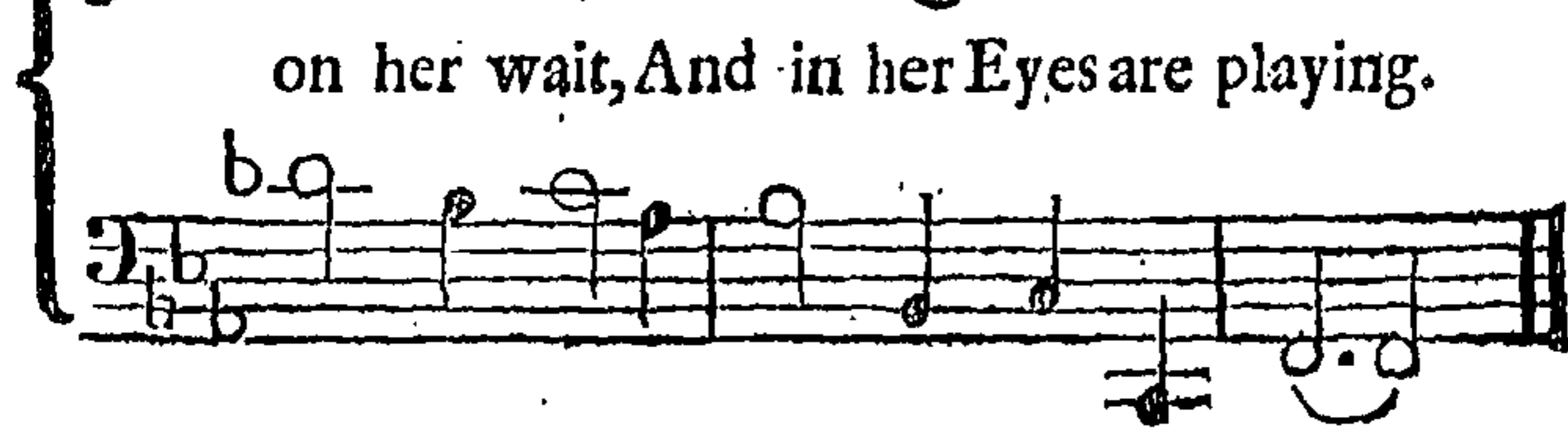
Bright *Cynthia's* Pow'r's di--vine--ly great; What



Heart is not obeying? A thousand *Cupids*



on her wait, And in her Eyes are playing.



She seems the Queen of *Love* to reign;

For she alone dispences

Such Sweets, as best can entertain

The Gust of all the Senses.

Her Face a charming Prospect brings;  
 Her Breath gives balmy Blisses:  
 I hear an Angel when she sings,  
 And taste of Heav'n in Kisses.

Four Senses thus she feasts with Joy,  
 From Nature's chiefest Treasure;  
 Let me the other Sense employ,  
 And I shall die with Pleasure.

---

*The* L O V E R ' s B L I S S .

*To the foregoing Tune.*

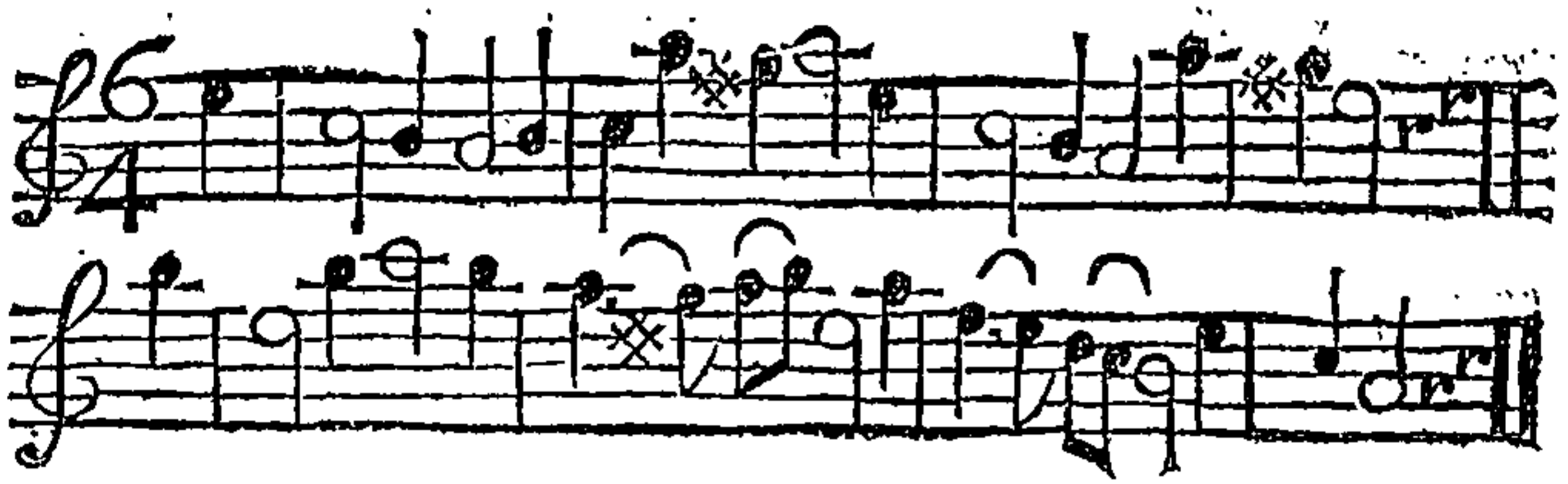
**W**HILE on those lovely Looks I gaze,  
 To see a Wretch pursuing,  
 In Raptures of a blest Amaze,  
 A pleasing, happy Ruin;

'Tis not for Pity that I move;  
 His Fate is too aspiring,  
 Whose Heart, broke with a Load of Love,  
 Dies, wishing and admiring.

But, if this Murder you'd forego,  
 Your Slave from Death removing;  
 Let me your Art of Charming know;  
 Or learn you mine of Loving.

But, whether Life or Death betide;  
In Love 'tis equal Measure;  
The Victor lives with empty Pride;  
The Vanquish'd die with Pleasure:

*For the FLUTE.*






148 *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

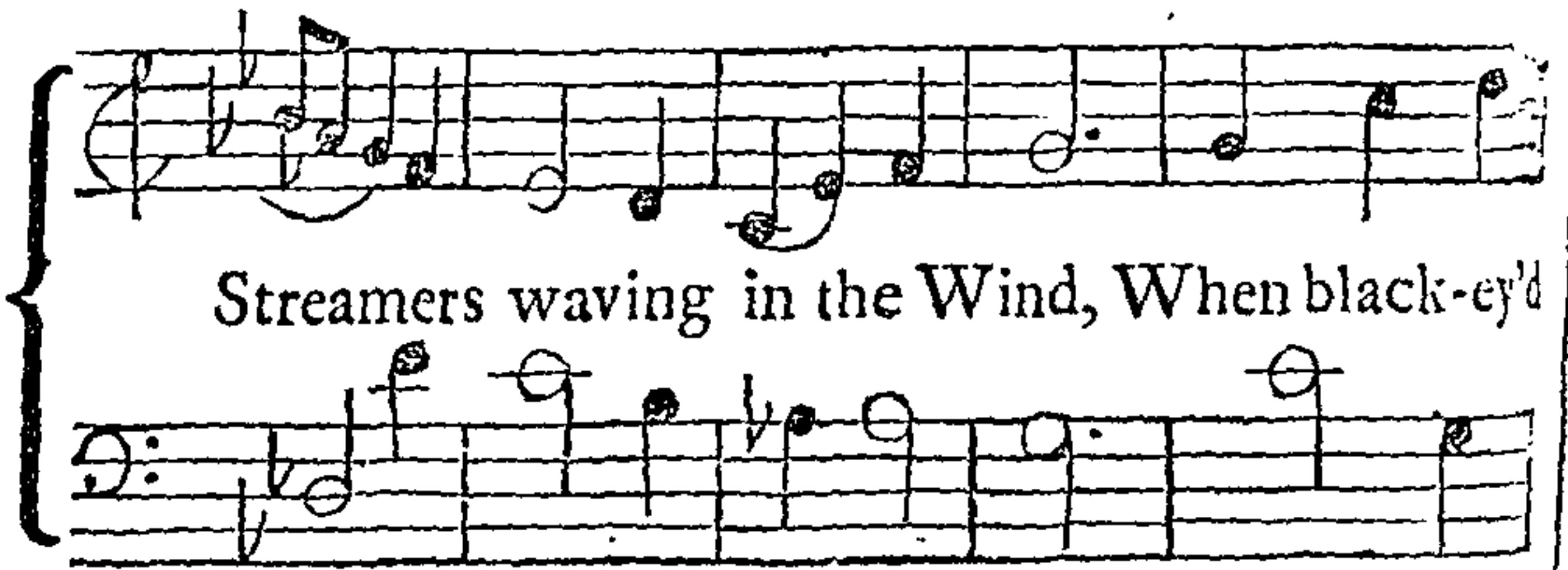
*Sweet WILLIAM's FAREWELL to  
Black-ey'd SUSAN.*

By Mr. GAY.

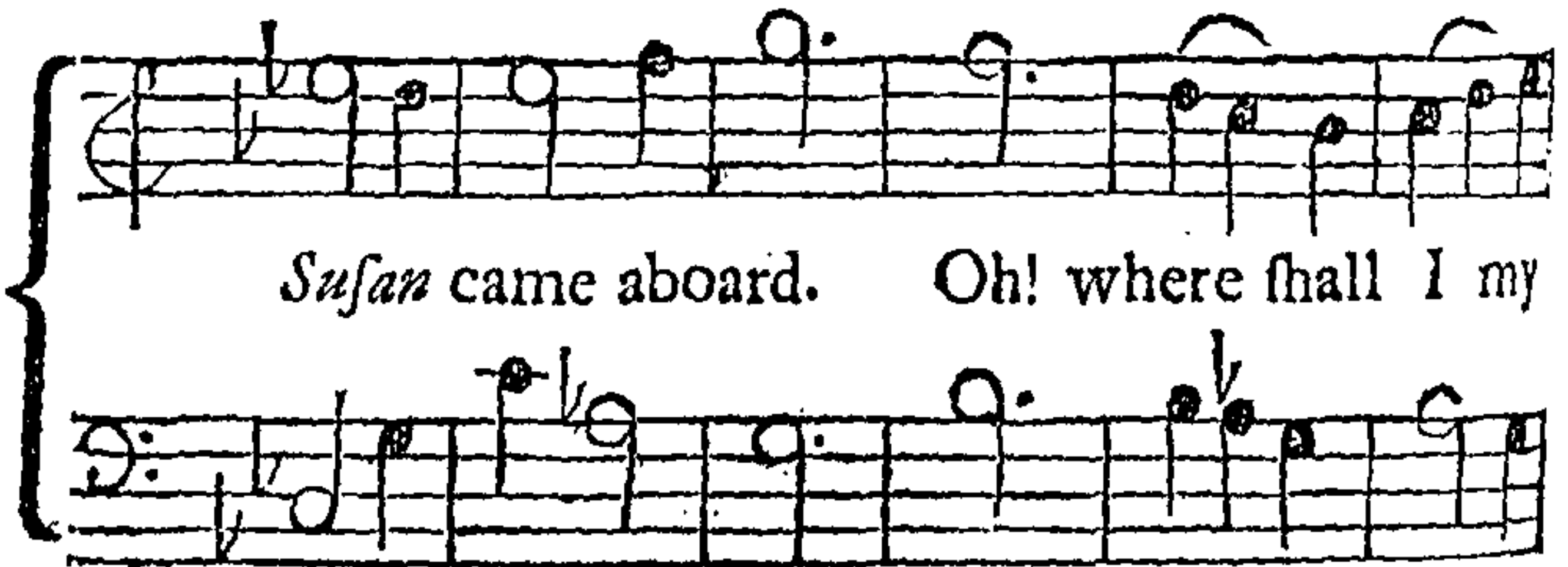
The Tune by Mr. LEVERIDGE.



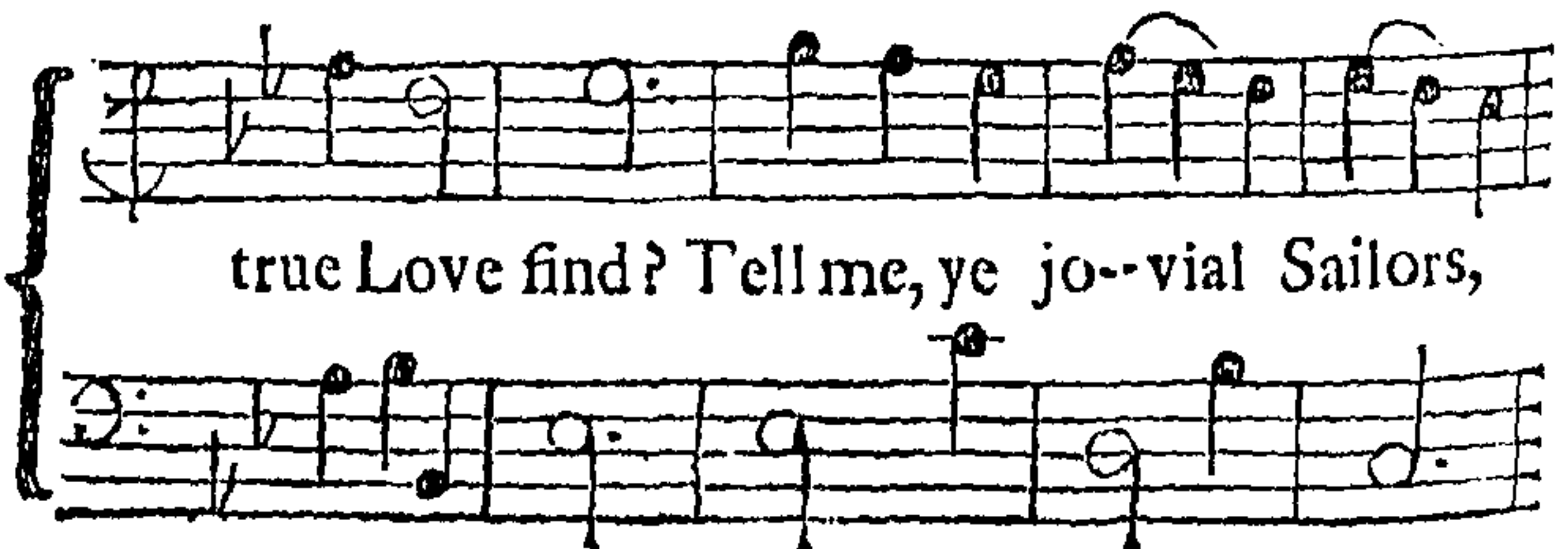
All in the *Downs* the Fleet was moor'd, The



Streamers waving in the Wind, When black-ey'd

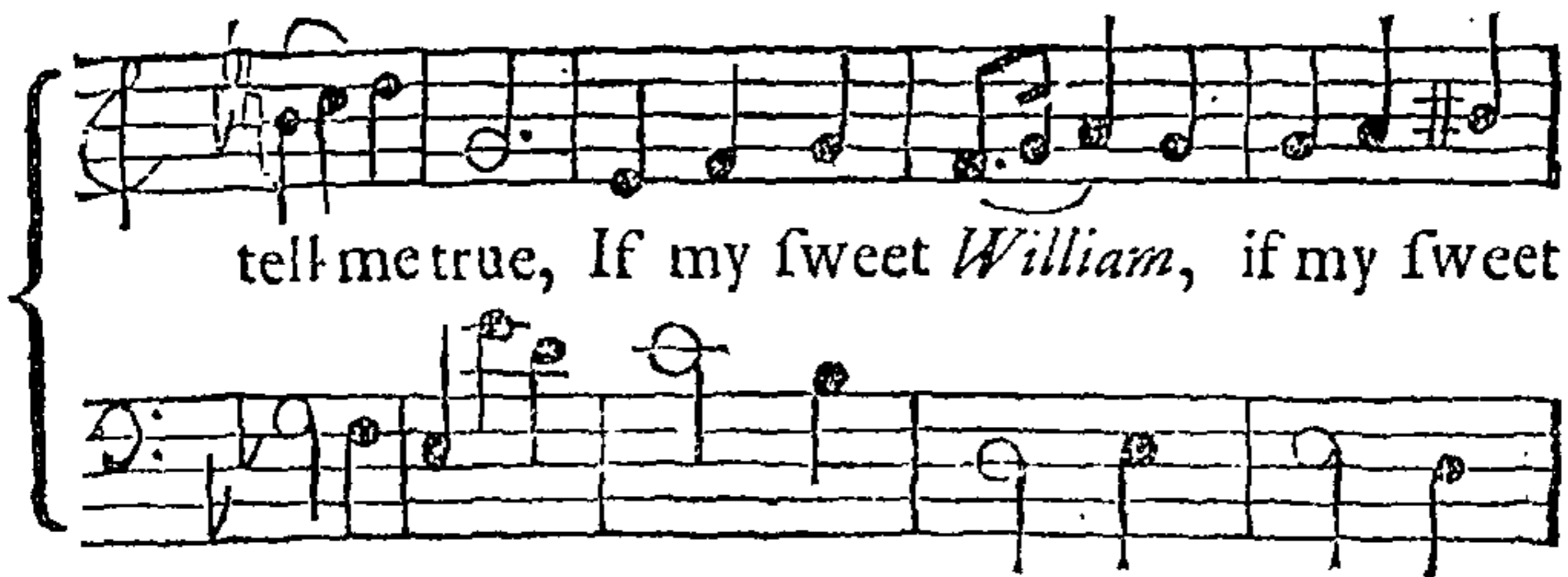


*Susan* came aboard. Oh! where shall I my

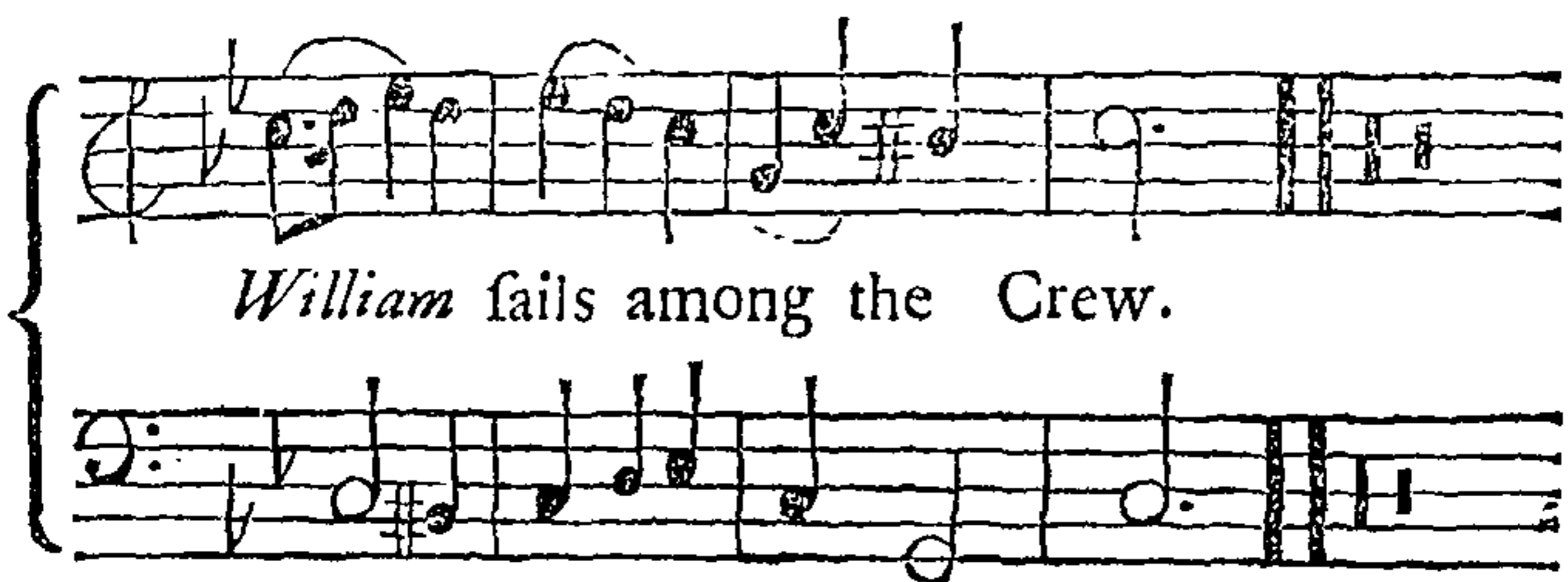


true Love find? Tell me, ye jo-vial Sailors,

tell



tell me true, If my sweet *William*, if my sweet



*William* sails among the Crew.

*William*, who high upon the Yard  
Rock'd with the Billow to and fro,  
Soon as her well-known Voice he heard,  
He sigh'd, and cast his Eyes below:  
The Cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing Hands,  
And (quick as Light'ning) on the Deck he stands.

So the sweet Lark, high-pois'd in Air,  
Shuts close his Pinions to his Breast,  
(If, chance, his Mate's shrill Call he hear)  
And drops at once into her Nest:  
The noblest Captain in the *British* Fleet  
Might envy *William's* Lip those Kisses sweet.

O *Susan*, *Susan*, lovely Dear,  
My Vows shall ever true remain;

Let me kiss off that falling Tear:

We only part to meet again:

Change as ye list, ye Winds; my Heart shall be  
The faithful Compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the Landmen say,

Who tempt with Doubts thy constant Mind;

They'll tell thee, Sailors, when away,

In ev'ry Port a Mistress find:

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to far *India's* Coast we sail,

Thy Eyes are seen in Diamonds bright;

Thy Breath is *Africk's* Spicy Gale;

Thy Skin is Ivory so white:

Thus ev'ry beauteous Object that I view,  
Wakes in my Soul some Charm of lovely *Sue*

Tho' Battel call me from thy Arms,

Let not my pretty *Susan* mourn;

Tho' Cannons roar, yet, safe from Harms,

*William* shall to his Dear return;

Love turns aside the Balls that round me fly,  
Lest precious Tears should drop from *Susan's* Eye.

The Boatswain gave the dreadful Word,  
The Sails their swelling Bosom spread;  
No longer must she stay Aboard :

They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his Head.  
Her lessning Boat unwilling rows to Land:  
Adieu! she cries; and wav'd her Lilly Hand.

*For the* FLUTE.



*The* LOVER'S CHOICE.

*By* Mr. W. BEDINGFIELD. *Set by* Mr. DIEUPART,

You, *Damon*, covet to possess The Nymph that

sparkles in her Dress; Wou'd rustling

Silks and Hoops invade, And clasp an

Armful of Brocade.

Such



Such raise the Price of your Delight,  
Who purchase both their *Red* and *White*,  
And, Pyrate-like, surprize your Heart  
With Colours of adult'rate Art.

Me, *Damon*, me the Maid inchants,  
Whose Cheeks the Hand of *Nature* paints;  
A modest Blush adorns her Face,  
Her Air an unaffected Grace.

No Art she knows, or seeks to know;  
No Charm to wealthy Pride will owe;  
No Gems, no Gold she needs to wear;  
She shines Intrinsically fair.

*For the* FLUTE.



*The* FOLLY of LOVE.

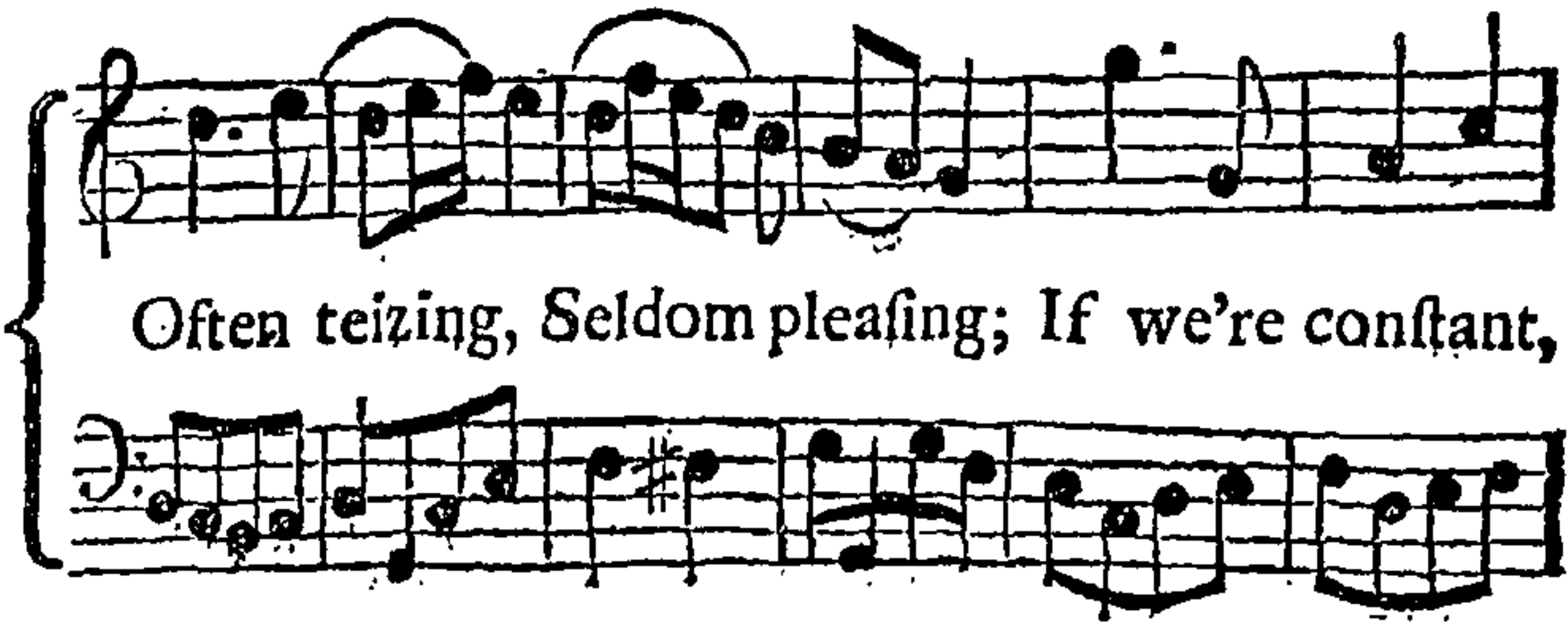
Set by Mr. MONROE.

Love's a trifling fil---ly Passion; Often teising,

Sel-dom pleasing; If we're constant, if we're constant

sure to cloy: Love's a tri---fling fil---ly Passion,

Often



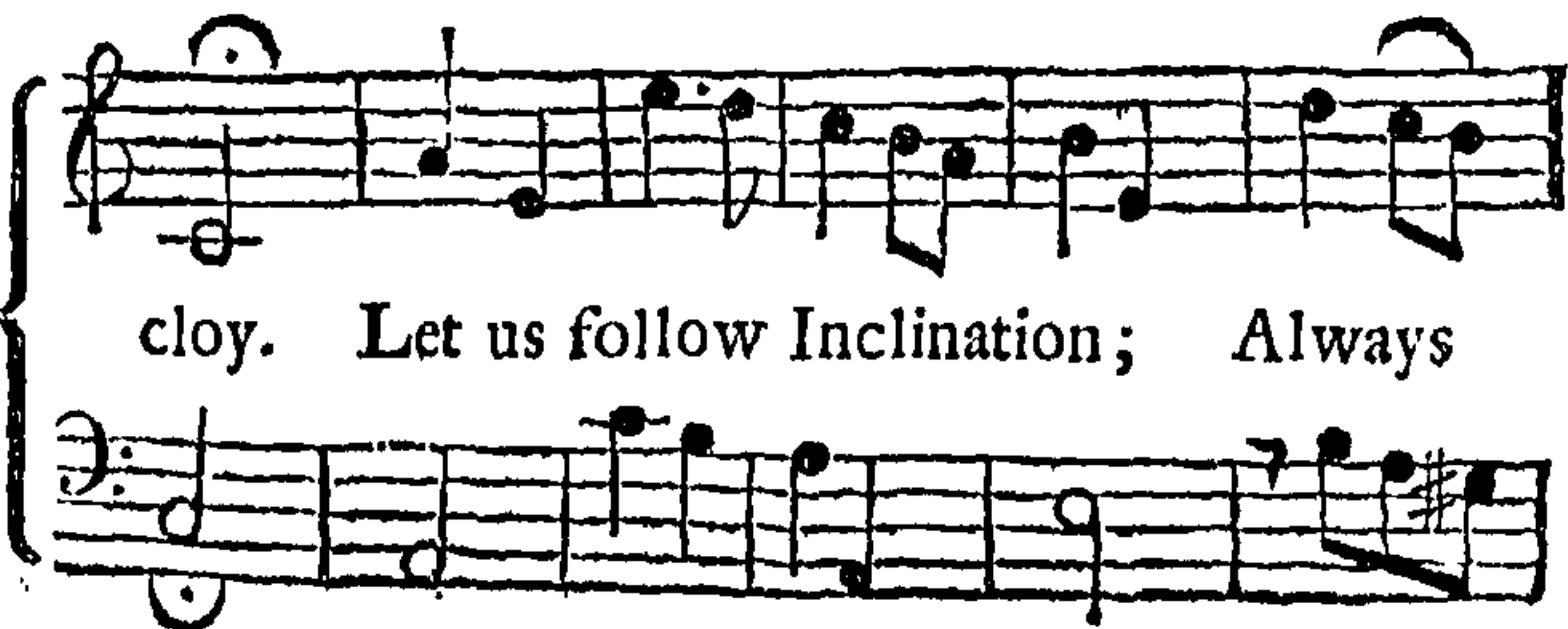
Often teizing, Seldom pleasing; If we're constant,



sure to cloy




If we're constant, sure to

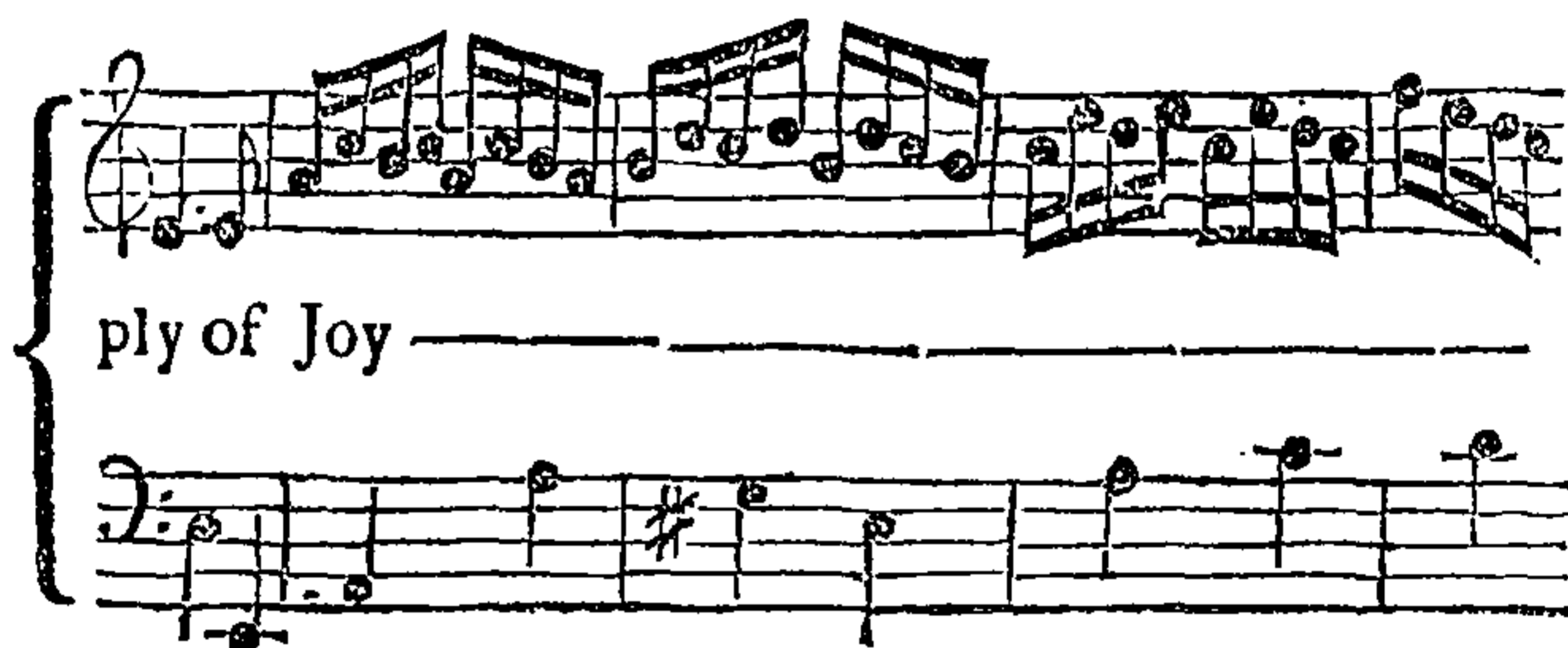


cloy. Let us follow Inclination; Always

ranging,



ranging, Ever changing, Brings a fresh Sup-



ply of Joy —————



————— Brings a fresh Supply of Joy.

D. C.

*F*

For the FLUTE.

A musical score for flute, consisting of ten staves of music. The notation is in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature. The music features a variety of note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are several key signatures, including one with one sharp (F#) and one with two sharps (F# and C#). The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.







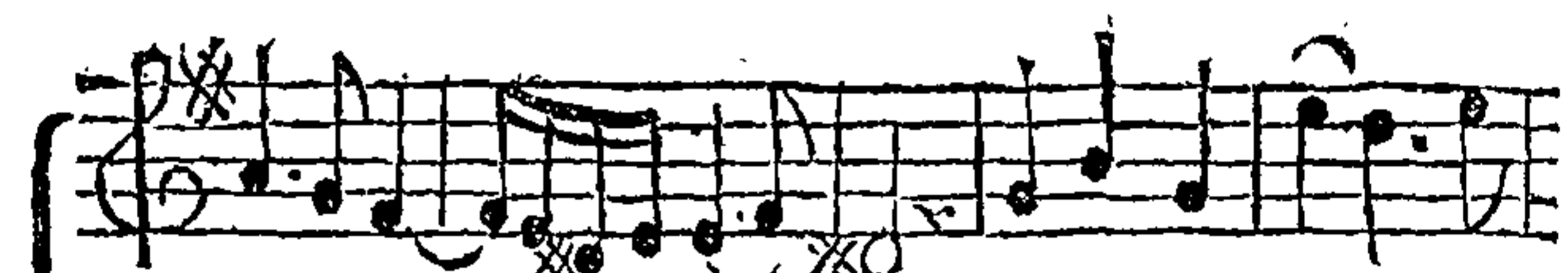
*The* VANITY of RICHES.

*Imitated from* ANACREON.

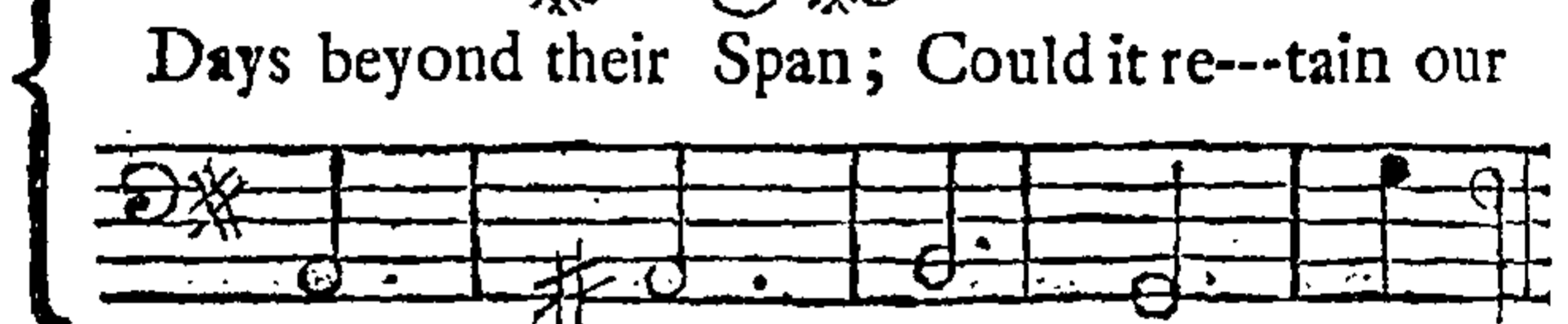

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.



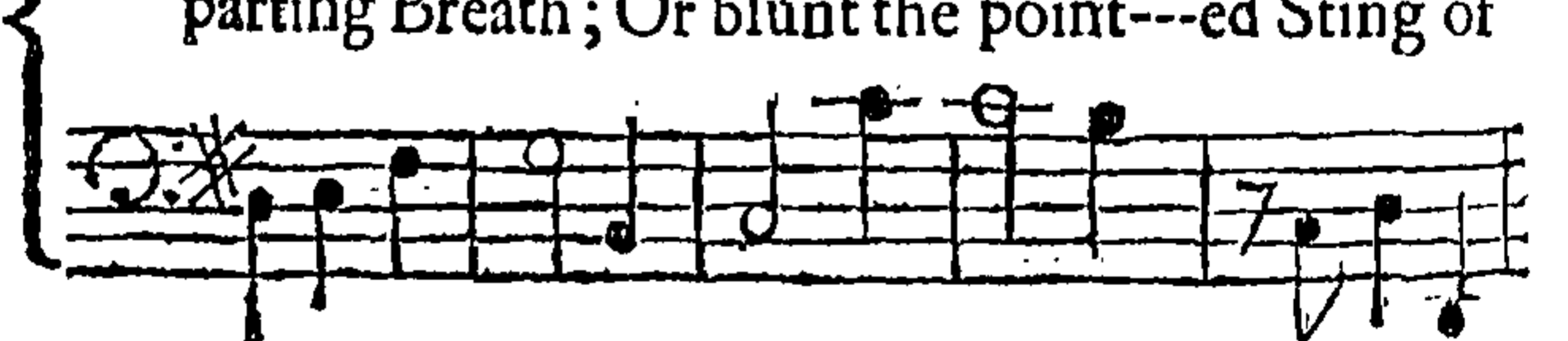
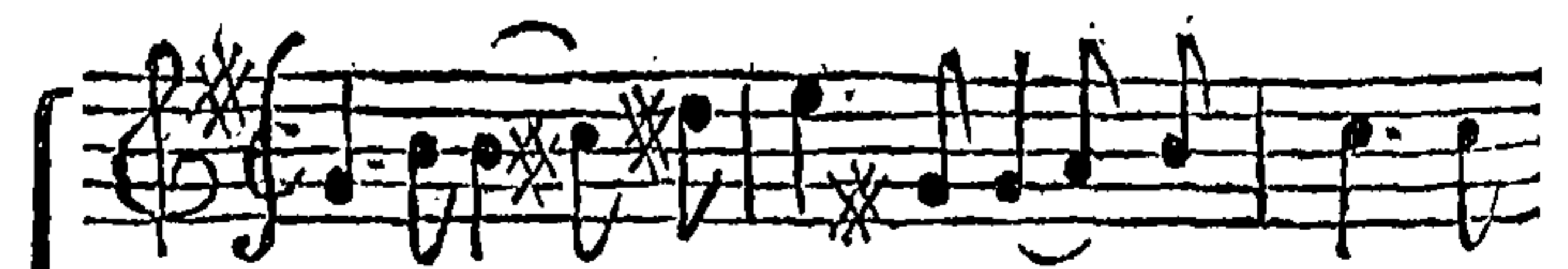
Could Gold im--mor--ta--lize a Man, Or stretch his

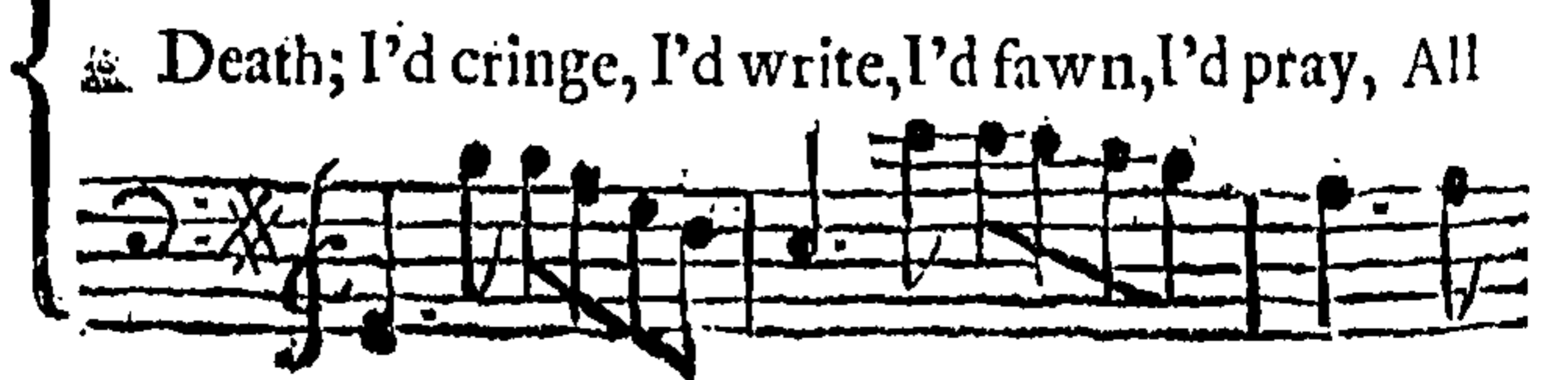
Days beyond their Span; Could it re--tain our

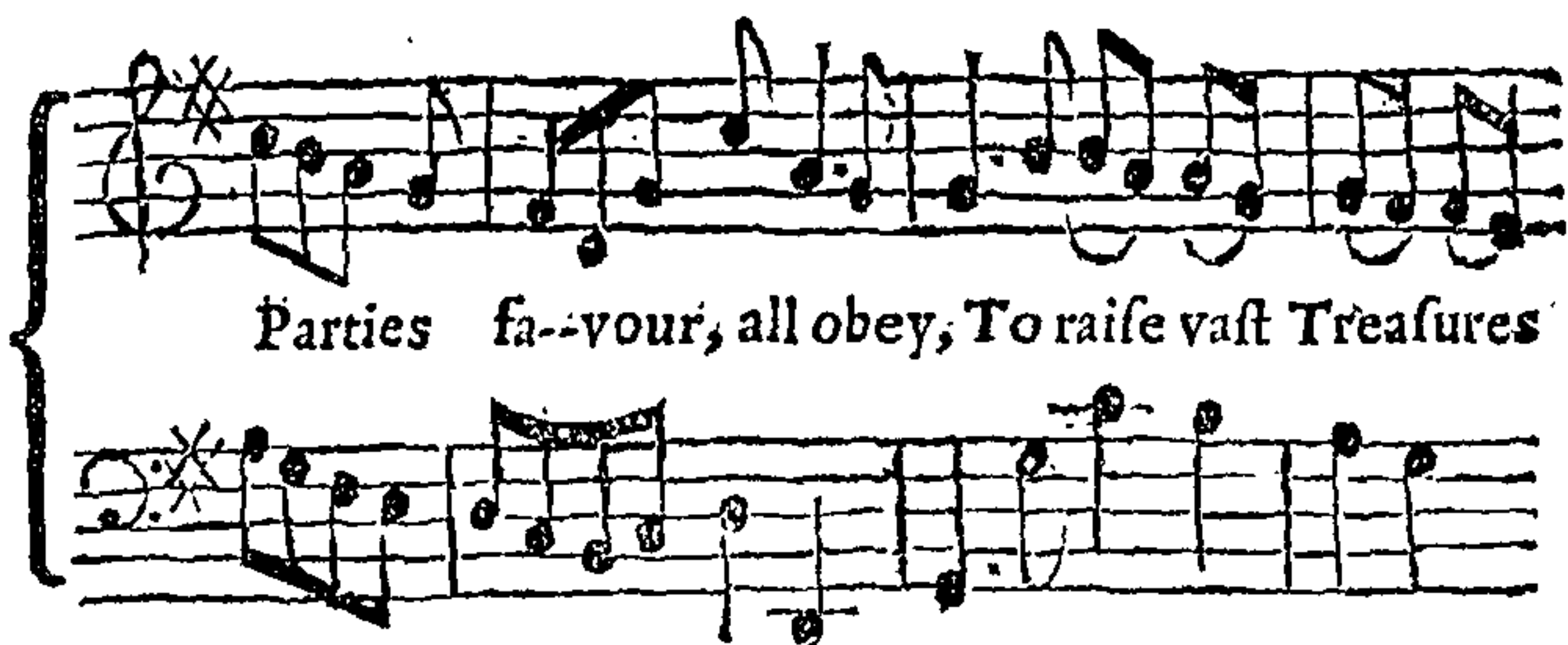



parting Breath; Or blunt the point--ed Sting of

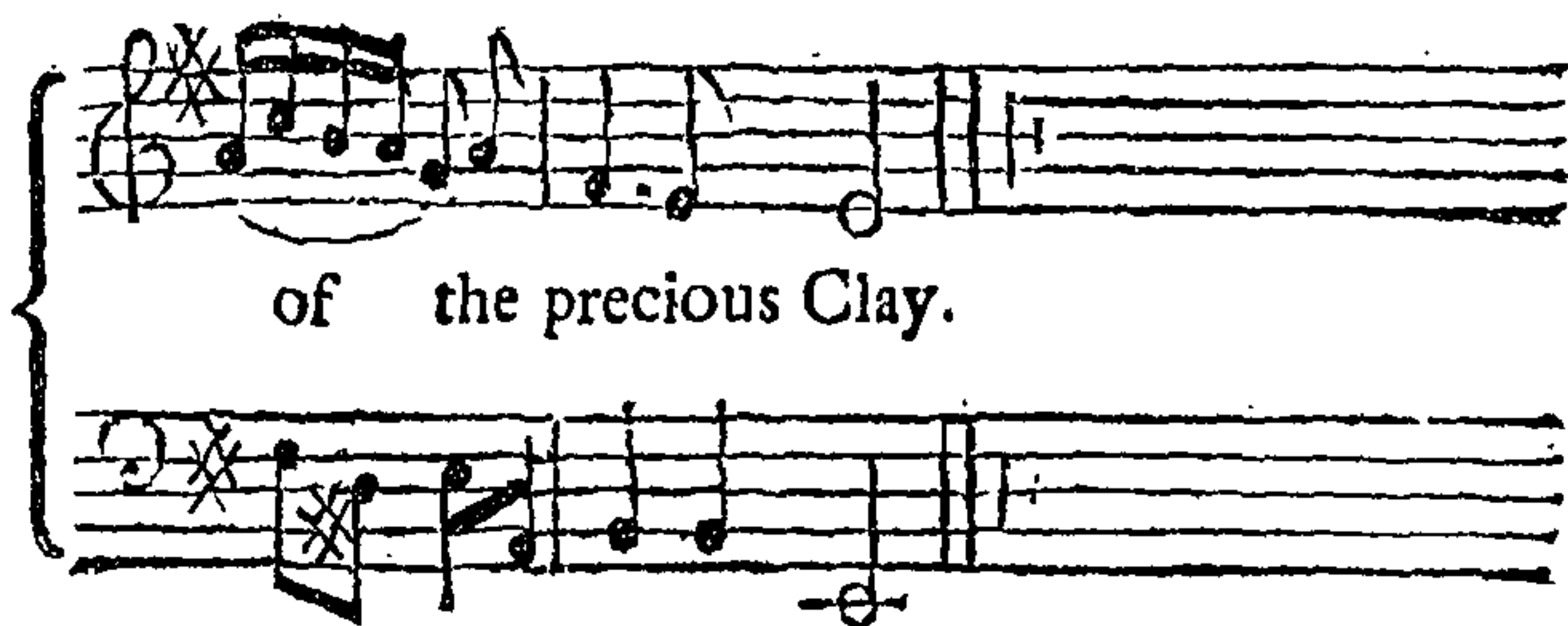



Death; I'd cringe, I'd write, I'd fawn, I'd pray, All





Parties fa-vour, all obey, To raise vast Treasures



of the precious Clay.

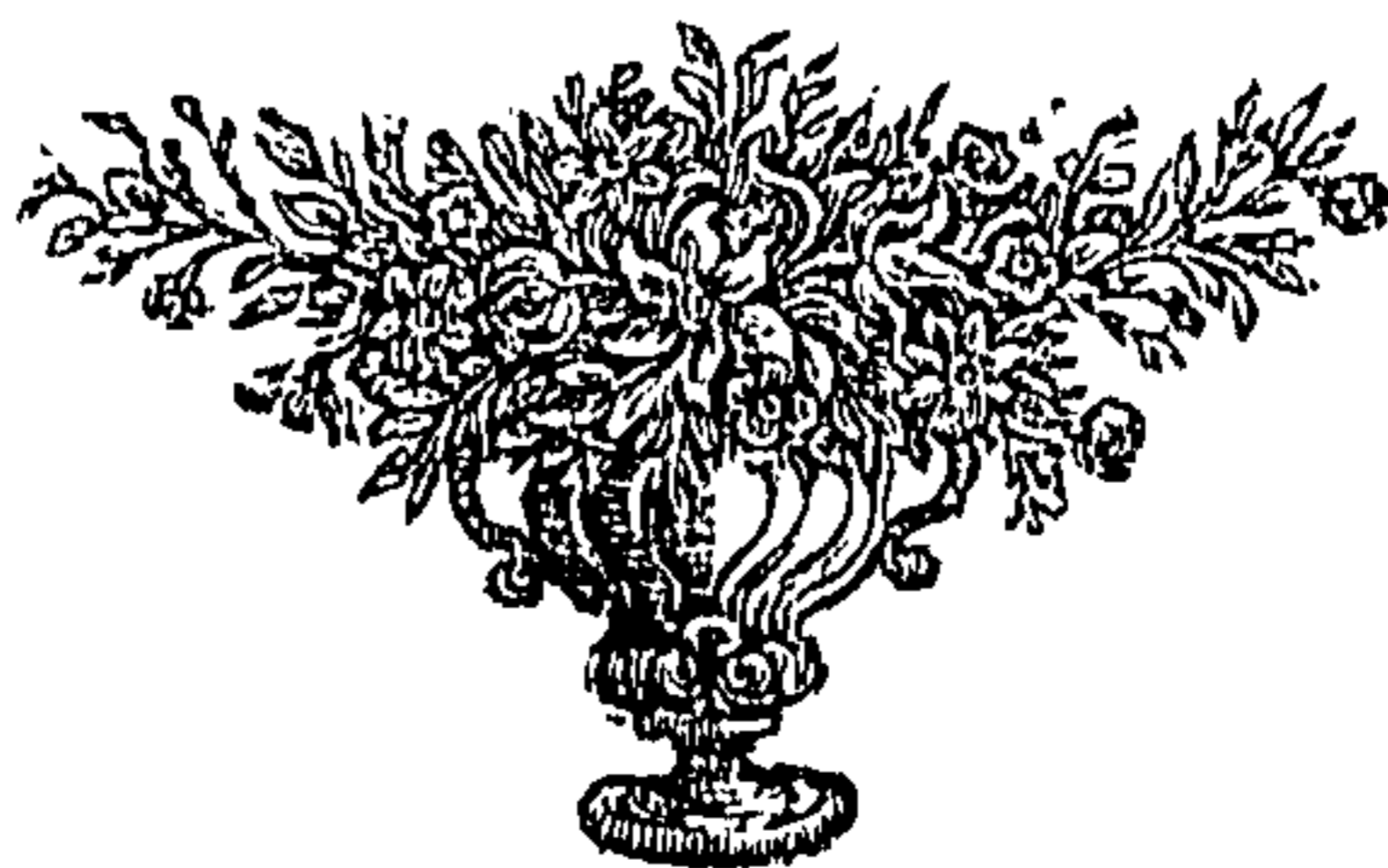
But since these Toys, these glitt'ring Baits,  
These little Arts, these hateful Cheats,  
Since all their Stores will nought avail,  
When drooping Nature once does fail,  
Why all this Clutter, why this Pain,  
Why all this Sweating still in vain,  
For great Preferments, and a gaudy Train?

Death makes the Bays, the Robes, the Gown  
To lay their fading Honours down;  
Nor can their Bribes make him relent,  
Or their impending Fate prevent:

Then

Then since these mighty Men, and I,  
The Rich, the Poor, and all must die,  
Why should I heap up Wealth, O, tell me why?

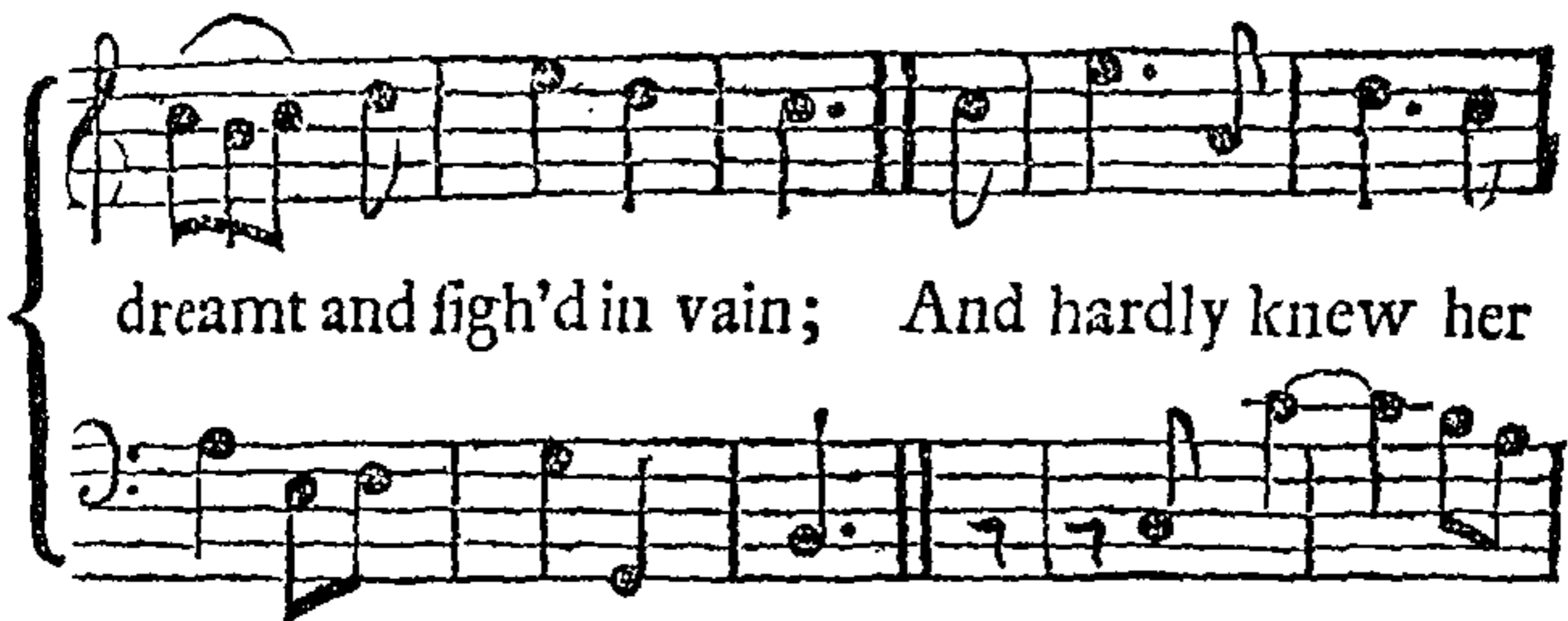
*For the* FLUTE.



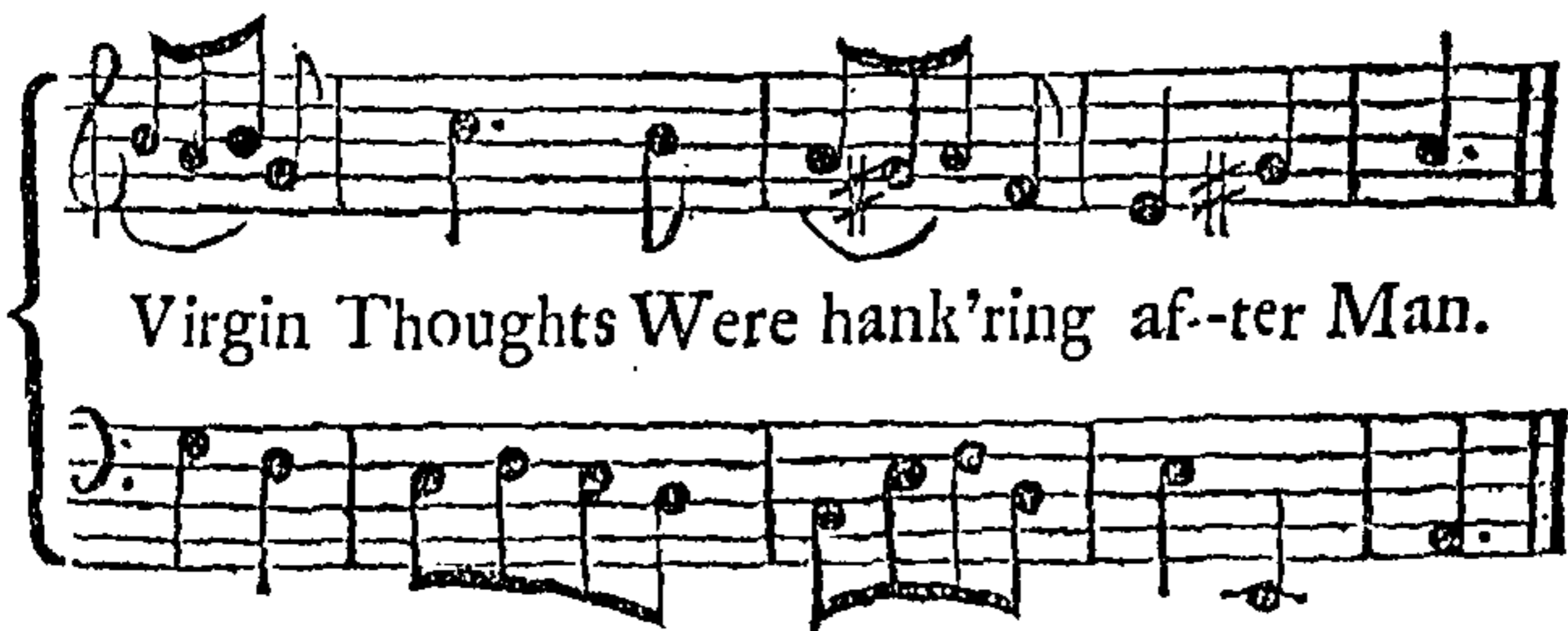
The OXFORDSHIRE MATCH.



From Fifteen Years fair Clo---e wish'd, She



dreamt and sigh'd in vain; And hardly knew her



Virgin Thoughts Were hank'ring af-ter Man.

'Twas long before the harmless Maid  
Guess'd whence her Passion grew;  
But when she had her self survey'd,  
The secret Cause she knew.

To *Jove* she thus her self address'd,  
 And humbly begg'd his Aid;  
 He kindly lent a list'ning Ear,  
 While thus the Prostrate said :

“ Grant me, great *Jove*, a Husband Rich,  
 “ Gay, Vigorous, Kind, and Young,  
 “ A Churchman hot, a Tory true,  
 “ And to his Party strong.

No Grudge the God bore to the Maid,  
 He therefore thus did grant,  
 “ Be match'd, for Life, to an old Whigg  
 “ Of Merit, and of Want.

Enrag'd, the Nymph to *Venus* fled,  
 Who eas'd the Devotee,  
 And yoak'd her to a jolly Swain,  
 From Want and Party free.

---

*To the foregoing Tune.*

A S fond *Philander*, in the Pit,  
 By fair *Ophelia* sat,  
 A Card, by some sly Gall'ry Wit,  
 Was dropt upon his Hat.



The Nymph, observing, snatch'd it thence;  
But, blushing at the Sight,  
Confess'd it had explain'd her Sense,  
And brought her Love to light.


The Swain, perceiving her chang'd Look,  
With sudden Rapture starts;  
The Card with sweet Compulsion took,  
And found it *King of Hearts*.

*The King of Hearts!* O Fortune blest,  
Were I but such, he cry'd:  
*You reign already in my Breast,*  
She lovingly reply'd.


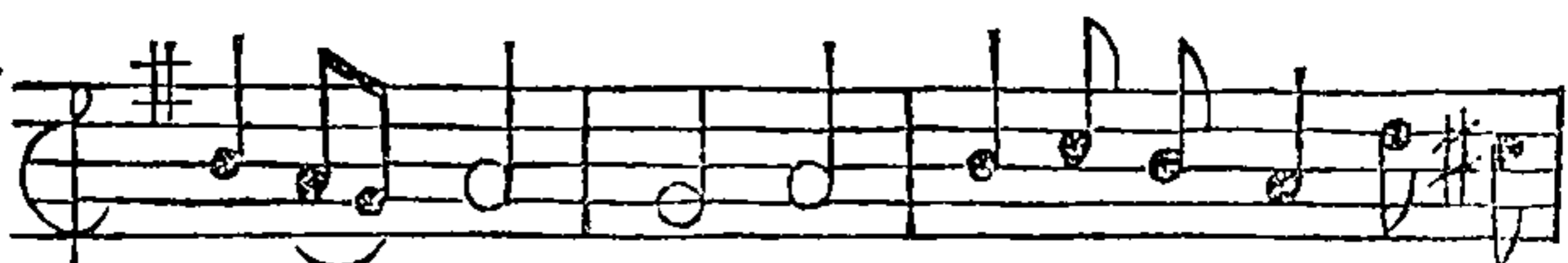
*For the FLUTE.*




*Sung by Mr. LEGARD, in the  
Entertainment of Jupiter and Europa.*




This great World is a Trouble, Where all must their

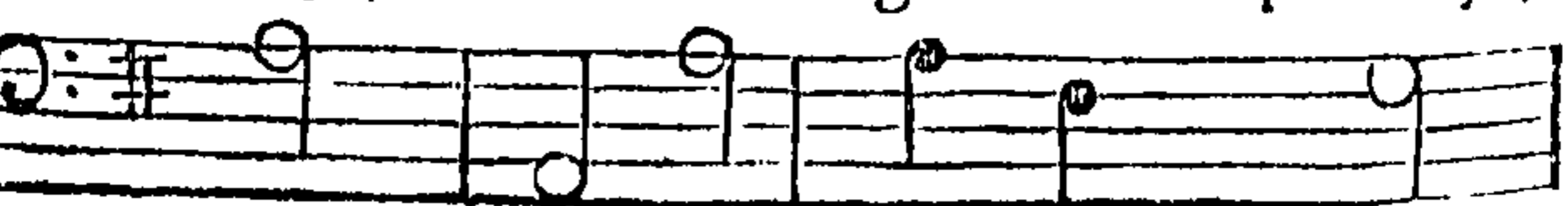
Fortunes bear; Make the most of the Bubble, You'll




have but Neighbours Fare: Let not Jealousy

teize ye, Think of nought but to please ye;

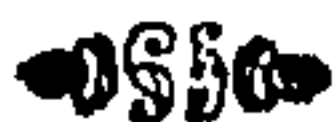


What's

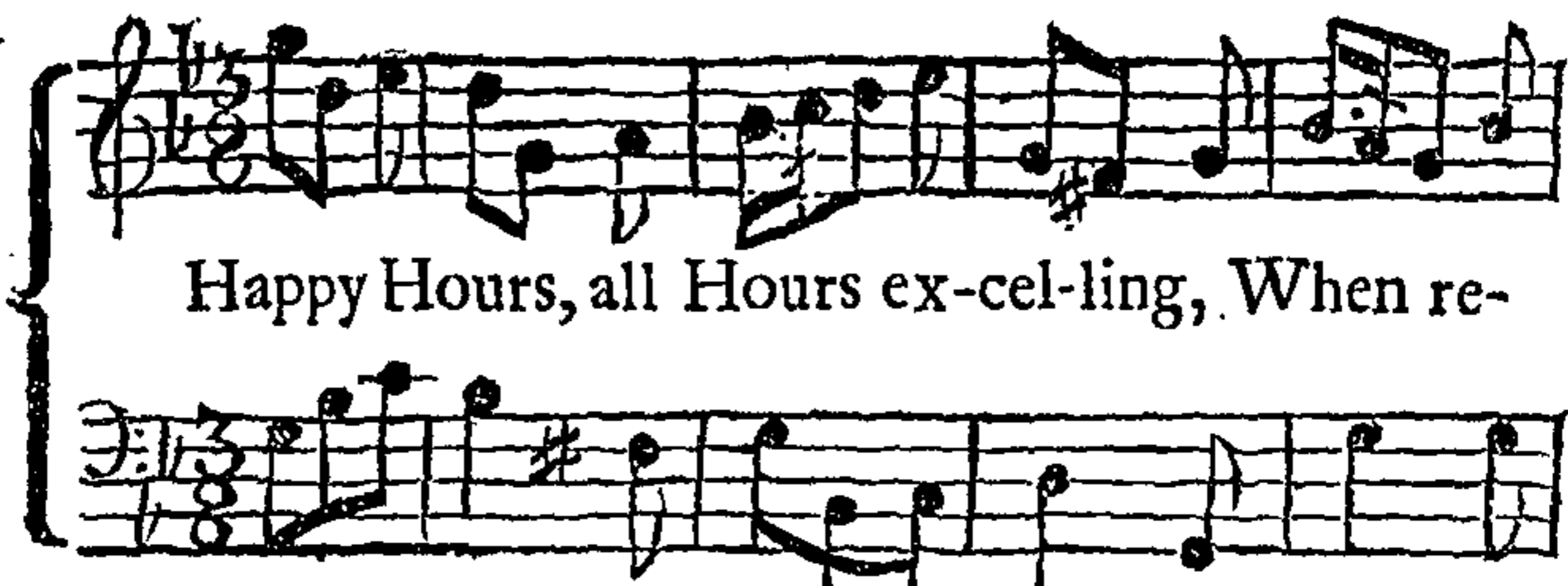
What's past, 'tis but in vain To wish for the Time a-  
gain.

When dull Care does attack you,  
Drinking will those Clouds repeal,  
Four good Bottles will make you  
Happy, they seldom fail;  
If a Fifth should be wanted,  
Ask the Gods, 'twill be granted;  
Thus you'll cas'ly obtain  
A Remedy for all Pain.

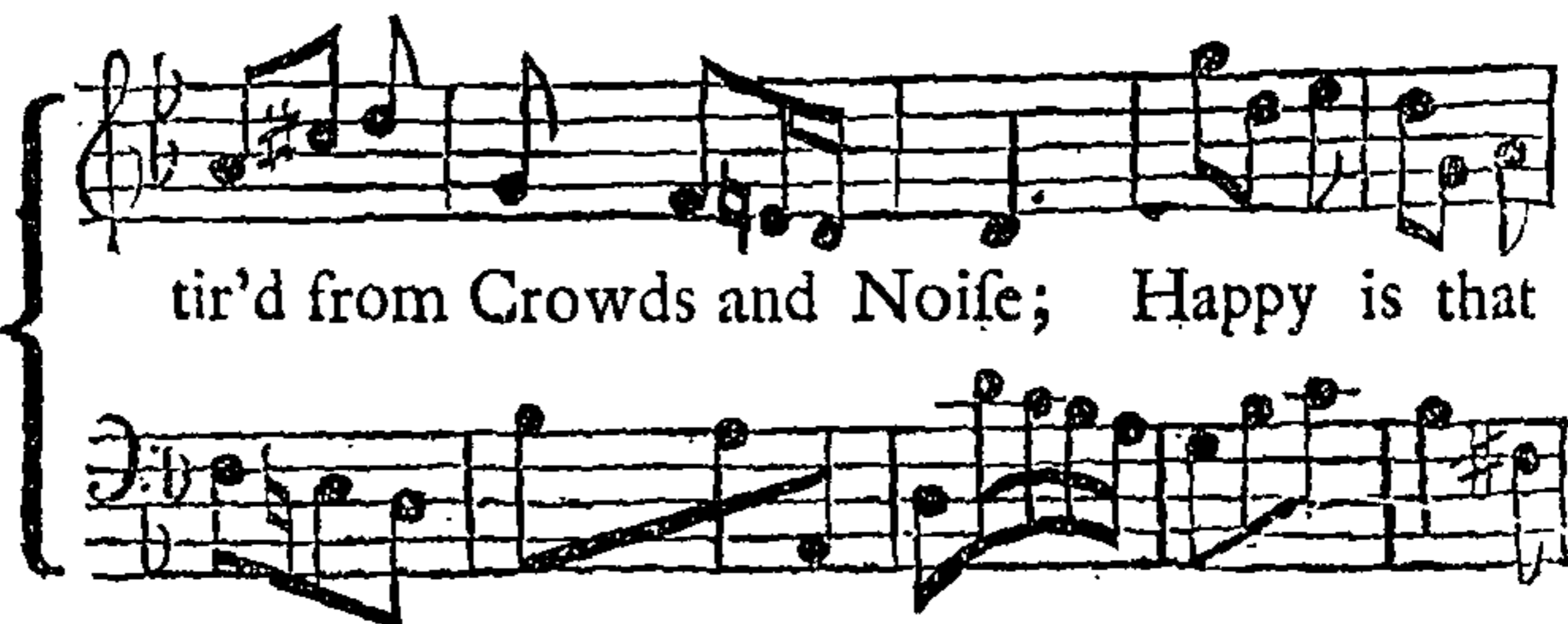
*For the FLUTE.*



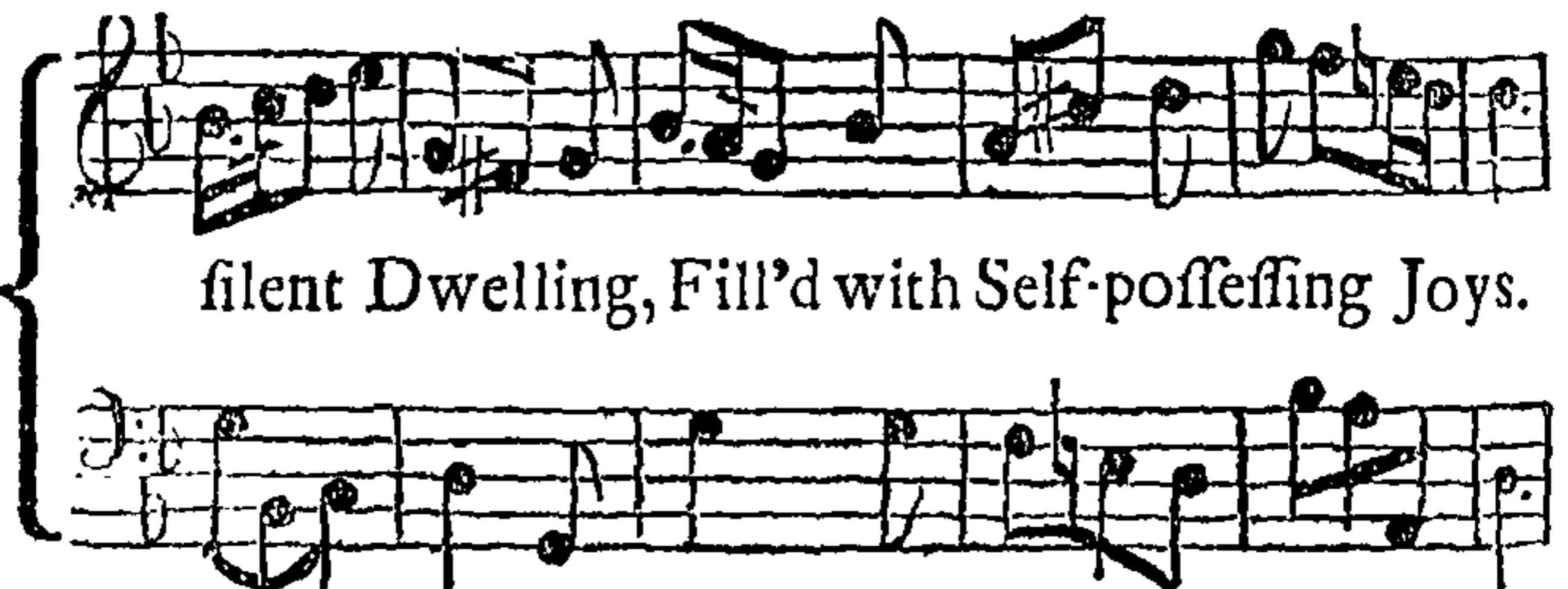
*The* H A P P Y M A N.



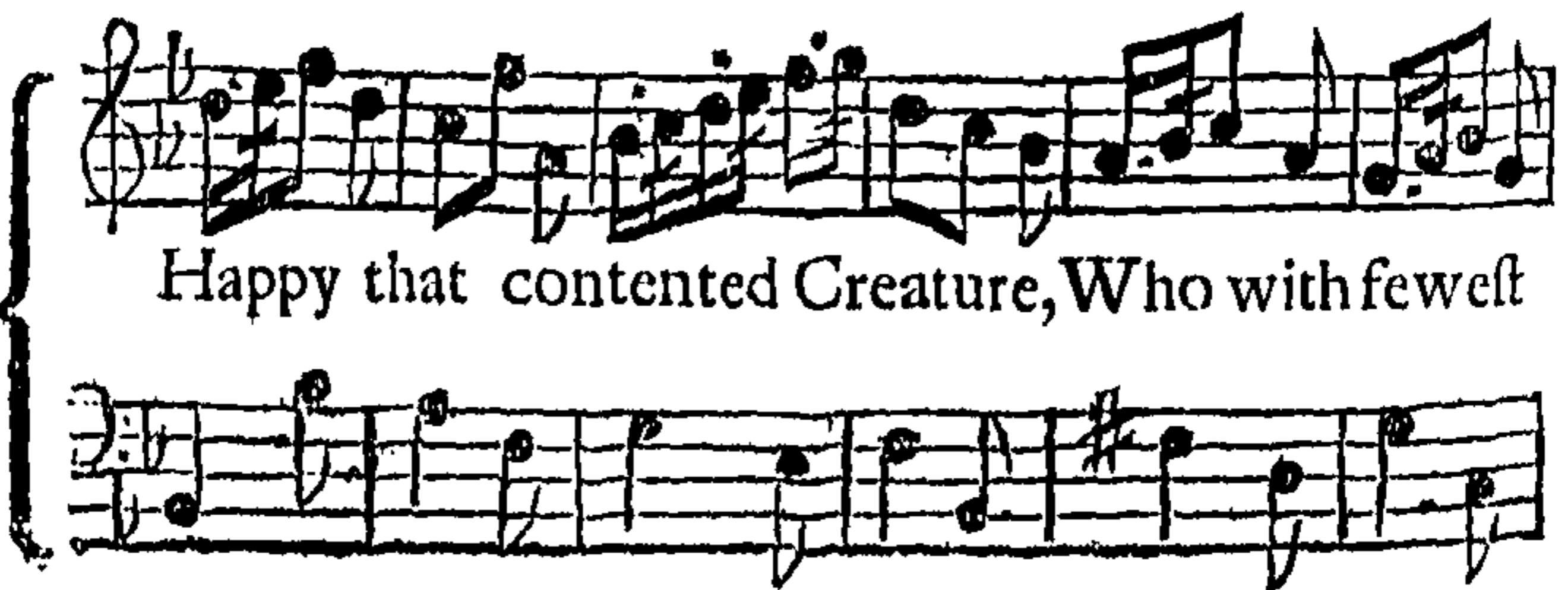
Happy Hours, all Hours ex-cel-ling, When re-



tir'd from Crowds and Noise; Happy is that



silent Dwelling, Fill'd with Self-possessing Joys.



Happy that contented Creature, Who with fewest

Things



Things is pleas'd, And consults the Voice of

Nature, When of ro--ving Fancies eas'd.

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

---

*To the foregoing Tune.*

SEE the bright *Clarinda* walking,  
All her Graces we admire;  
Hear the lovely Charmer talking,  
Ev'ry Word does Love inspire.

M 4

All



168 *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

All our Youth without repining,  
Proud and happy in their Pains,  
To Her their humble Hearts resigning,  
Glory in such welcome Chains.

Pleas'd to find the Wise complaining  
What one View of her has cost,  
Now they feel their Passions reigning,  
And their boasted Wisdom lost.

No mercenary Force maintains  
Her Pow'r, nor any guilty Art;  
Greater than Kings *Clarinda* reigns;  
Her Empire's seated in the Heart.

*For the* F L U T E.



To a Young L A D Y Weeping.

By a Gentleman of OXFORD.

Behold the skilful Ar--tist's Hand Con-

troul our Passions at Command, And with a

single Note impart Or Pain, or Pleasure

to the Heart.

Or,

Or, what e'en Contradiction seems,  
 Blend and unite these two Extrems;  
 And by a sadly-pleasing Strain  
 Give us at once both Joy, and Pain.

Thus while with Tears o'erflow thine Eyes,  
 While that dear Bosom heaves with Sighs,  
 Between two diff'rent Passions tost,  
 I know not which controuls me most.

Who sees That Face in Grief appear,  
 Nor drops a Sympathetick Tear?  
 Yet still our Joys just Ballance keep,  
 Bless'd in Thy Presence, who can weep?

---

L O V E *and* M U S I C K.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**P**ERSUADE me not there is a Grace  
 Proceeds from *Silvia's* Voice or Lute,  
 Against *Miranda's* charming Face,  
 To make her hold the least Dispute.

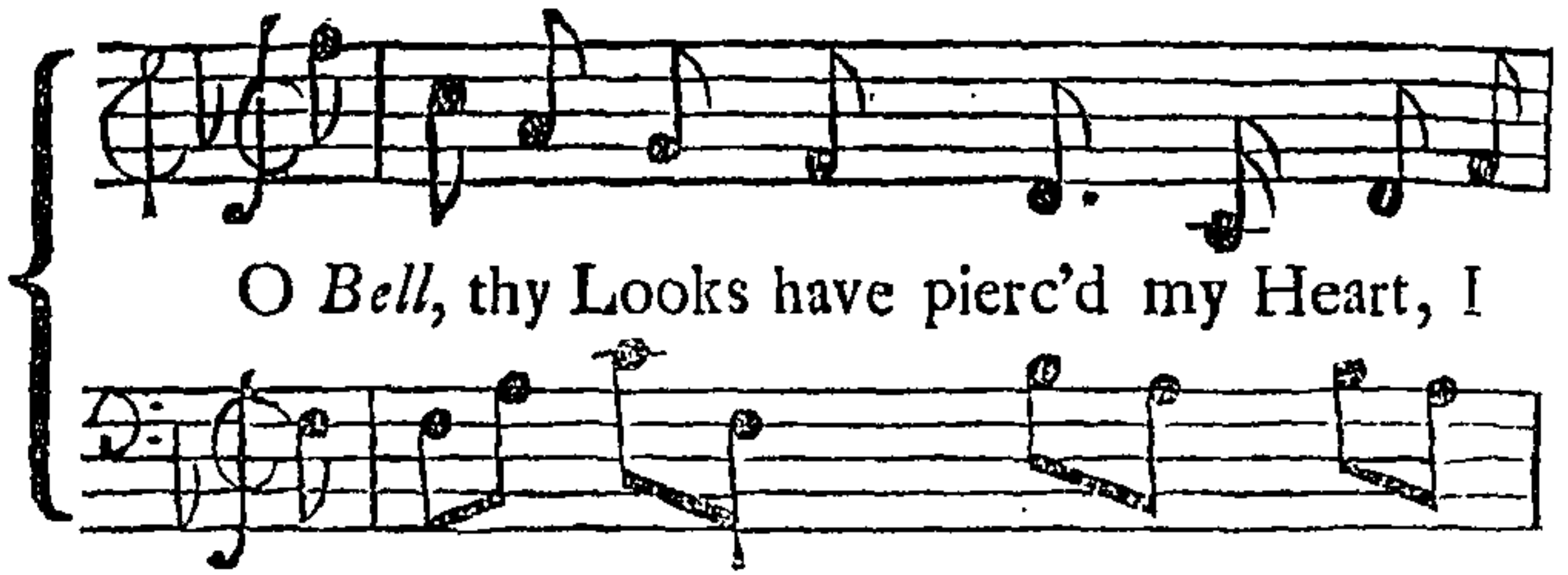
Musick,

Musick, which tunes the Soul for Love,  
And stirs up all our soft Desires,  
Does but the glowing Flame improve,  
Which pow'rful Beauty first inspires.

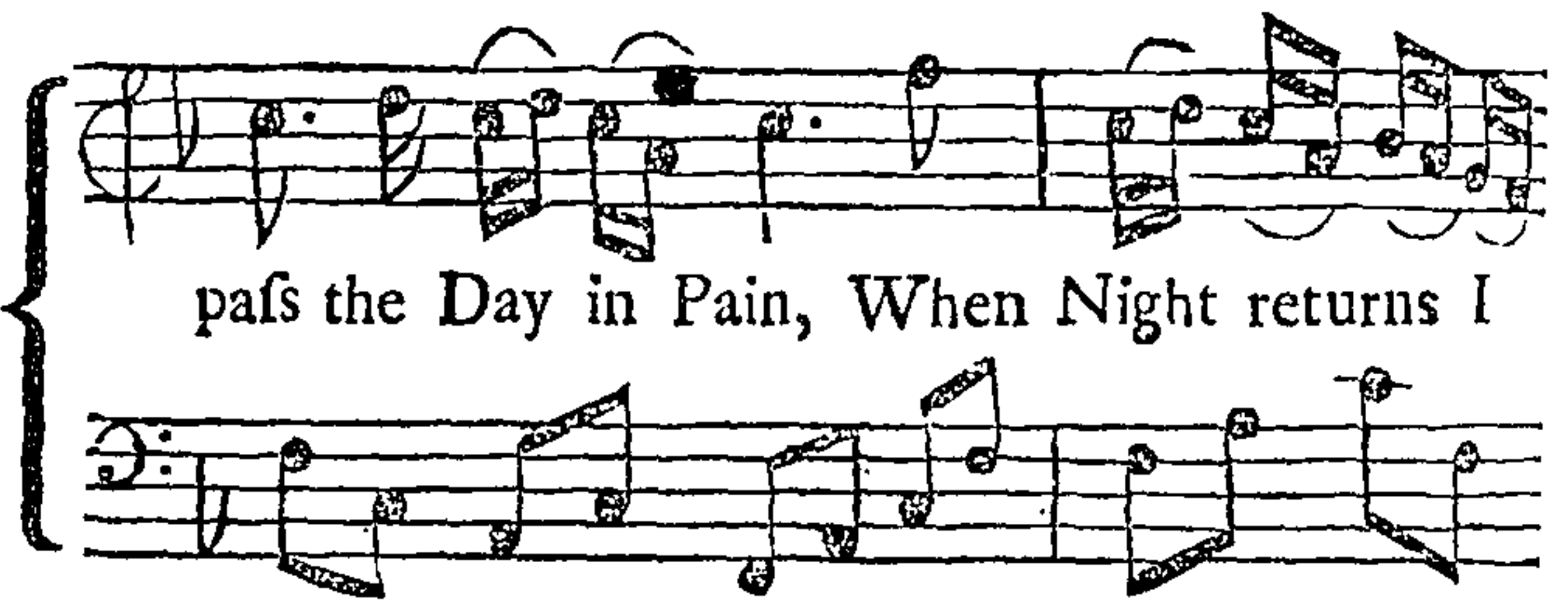
Thus, whilst with Art she plays, and sings,  
I to *Miranda*, standing by,  
Impute the Musick of the Strings,  
And all the melting Words apply.



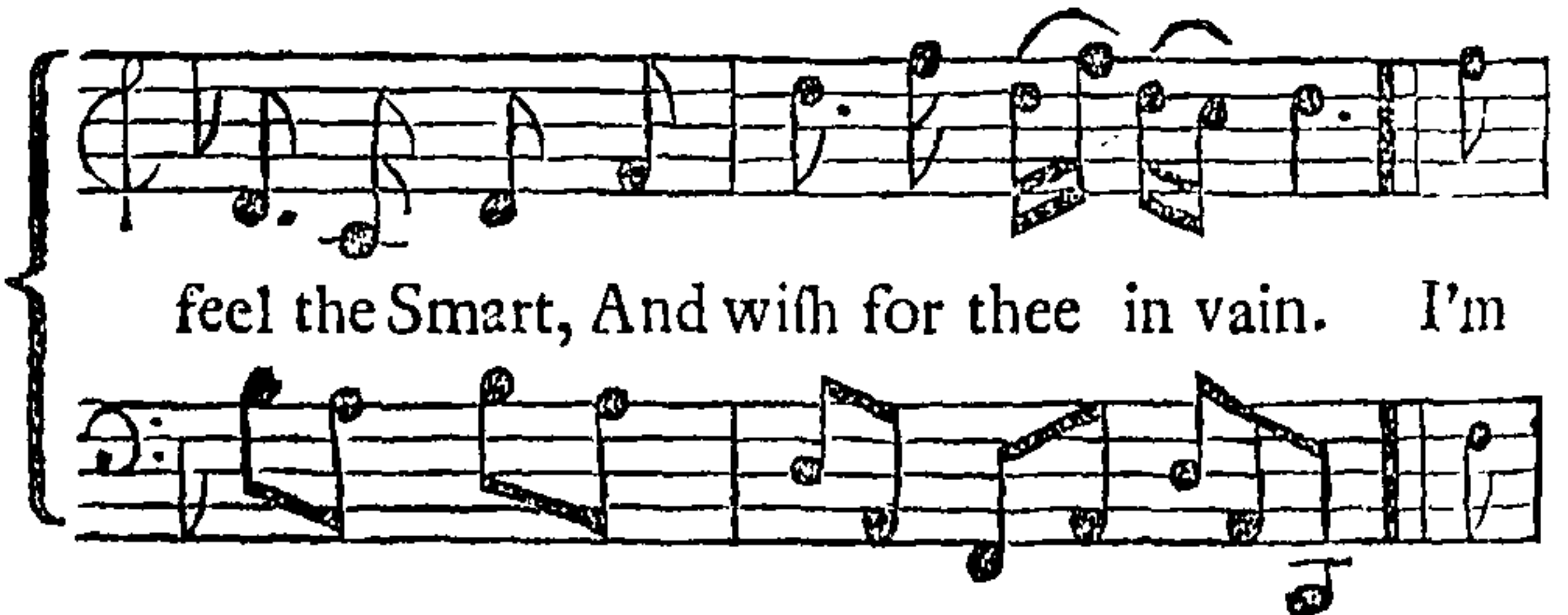
*Har me with thy* PETTICOAT.



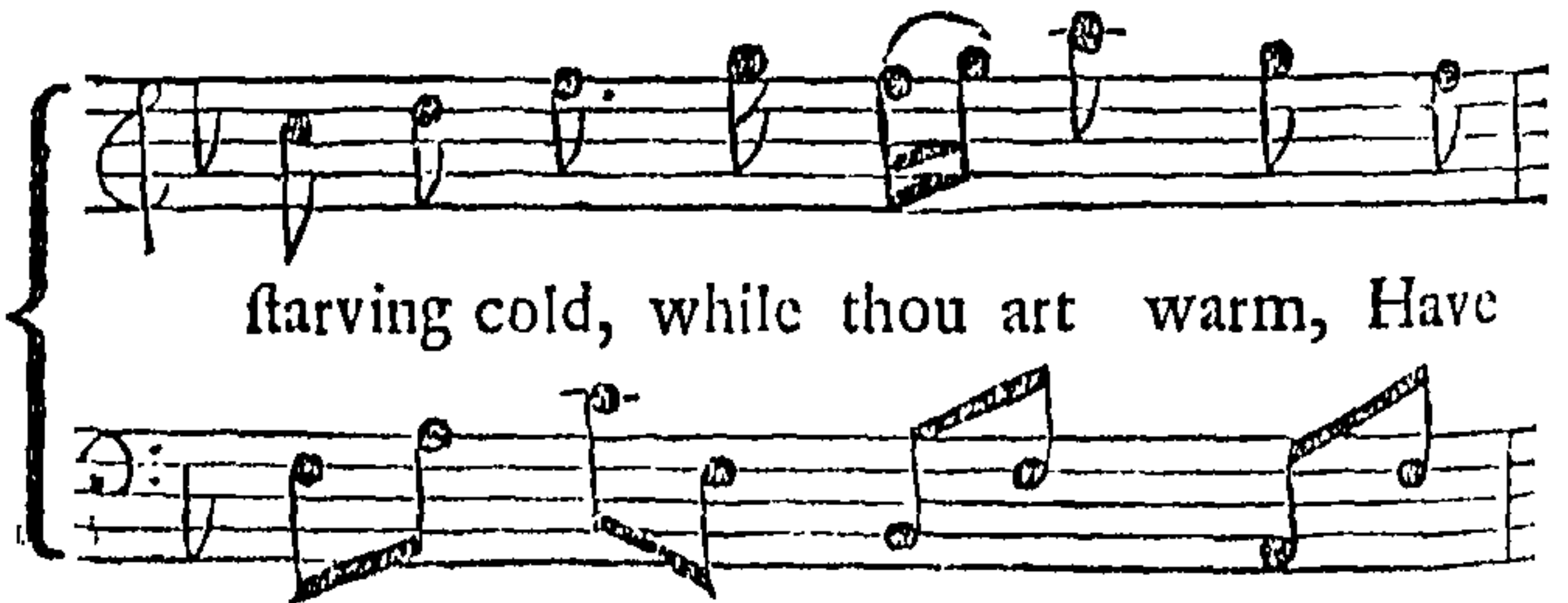
O Bell, thy Looks have pierc'd my Heart, I



pass the Day in Pain, When Night returns I



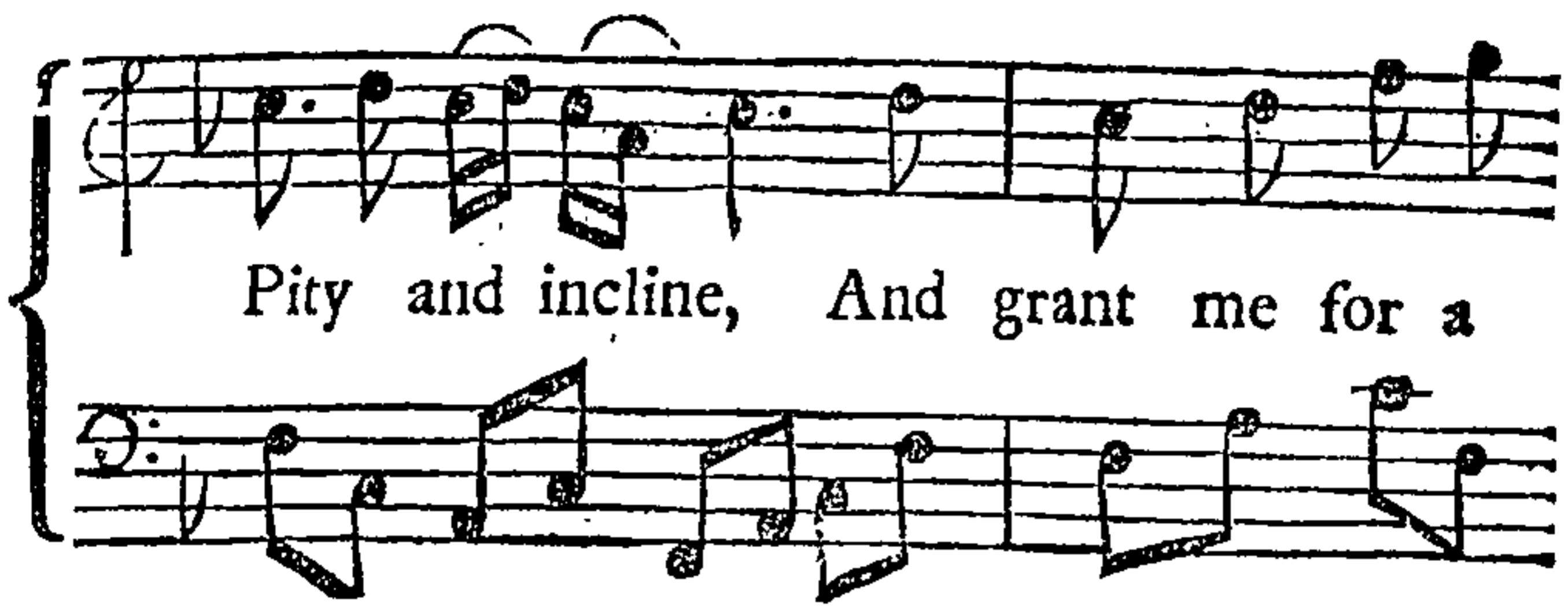
feel the Smart, And wish for thee in vain. I'm



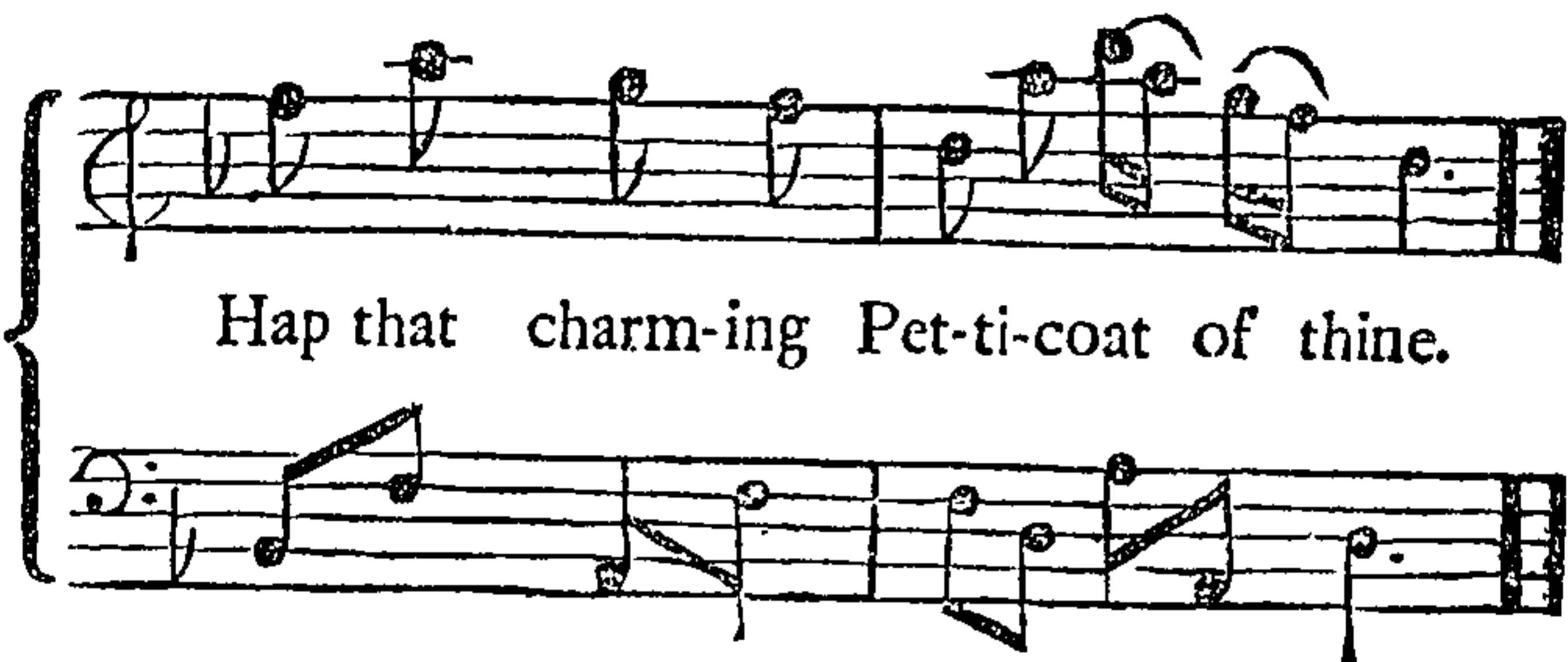
starving cold, while thou art warm, Have

Pity





Pity and incline, And grant me for a



Hap that charm-ing Pet-ti-coat of thine.

My raviſh'd Fancy in Amaze  
Still wanders o'er thy Charms,  
Deluſive Dreams ten thouſand ways  
Preſent thee to my Arms.  
But, waking, think what I endure,  
While cruel you decline  
Thoſe Pleaſures, which can only cure  
This panting Breaf of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,  
Because you ſtill deny  
The juſt Reward that's due to Love,  
And let true Paſſion die.

Oh! turn, and let Compassion seize  
 That lovely Breast of thine;  
 Thy Petticoat cou'd give me Ease,  
 If Thou and It were mine.

Sure Heav'n has fitted for Delight  
 That beauteous Form of thine,  
 And thou'rt too good its Law to slight,  
 By hind'ring the Design:  
 May all the Pow'rs of Love agree,  
 At length to make thee mine,  
 Or loose my Chains, and set me free  
 From ev'ry Charm of thine.

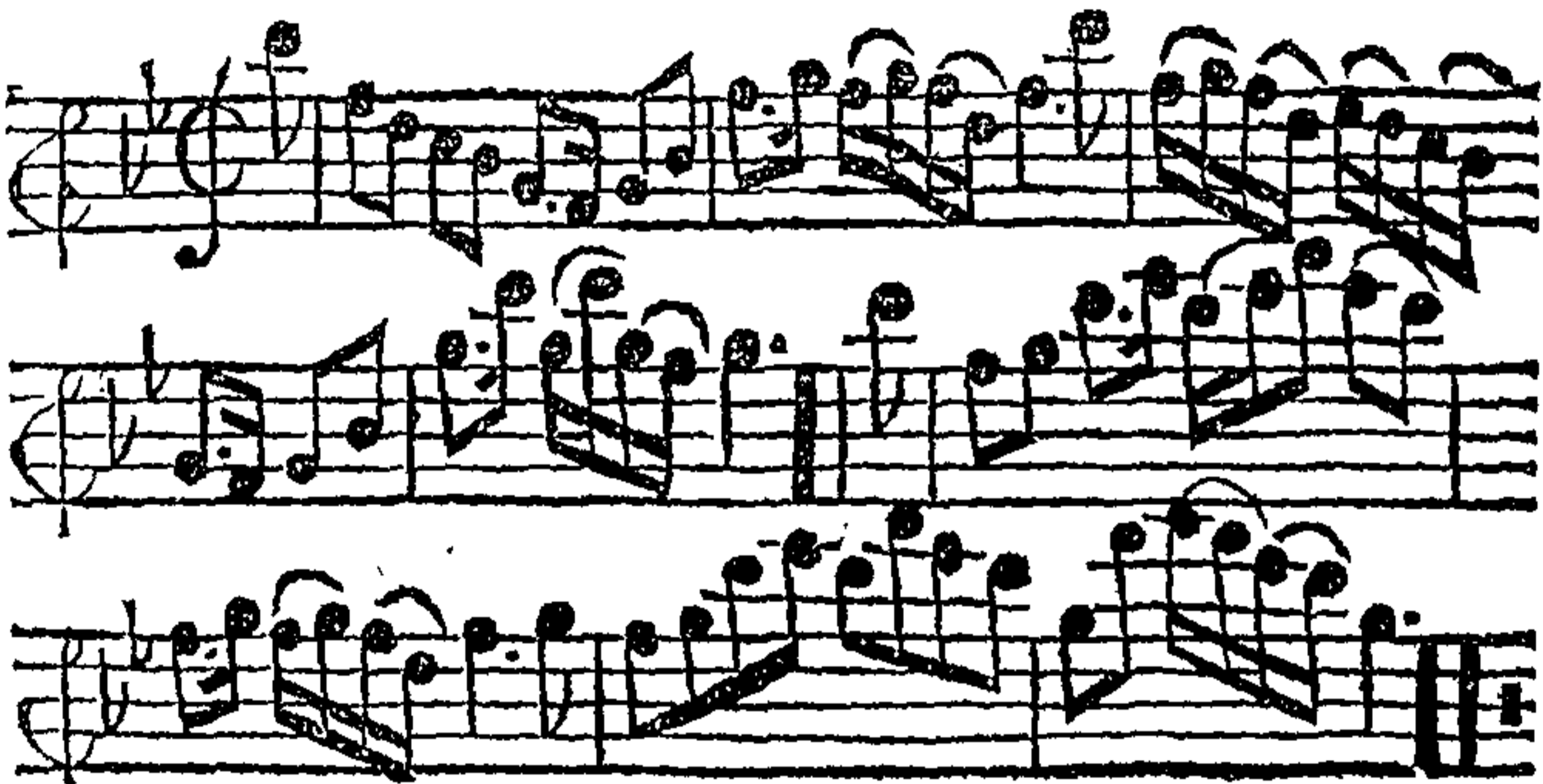
---

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**W**HILST *Strephon*, in his Pride of Youth,  
 To me alone profess  
 Dissembled Passion, drest like Truth,  
 He triumph'd in my Breast.  
 I lodg'd him near my yielding Heart,  
 Deny'd him not my Arms;  
 Deluded by his pleasing Art,  
 Transported with his Charms.

The Wand'rer now I lose, or share  
With ev'ry lovely Maid.  
Who makes the Heart of Man her Care,  
Shall have her own betray'd:  
Our Charms on them we vainly prove,  
And think we Conquest gain;  
Where one a Victim falls to Love,  
A thousand Tyrants reign.

*For the* FLUTE.



*The* HAPPY LOVER.

Transported with Pleasure, I gaze on my Treasure, And

Adagio

ravish my Sight, And ravish my Sight; While

she, gaily smiling, My Anguish begui

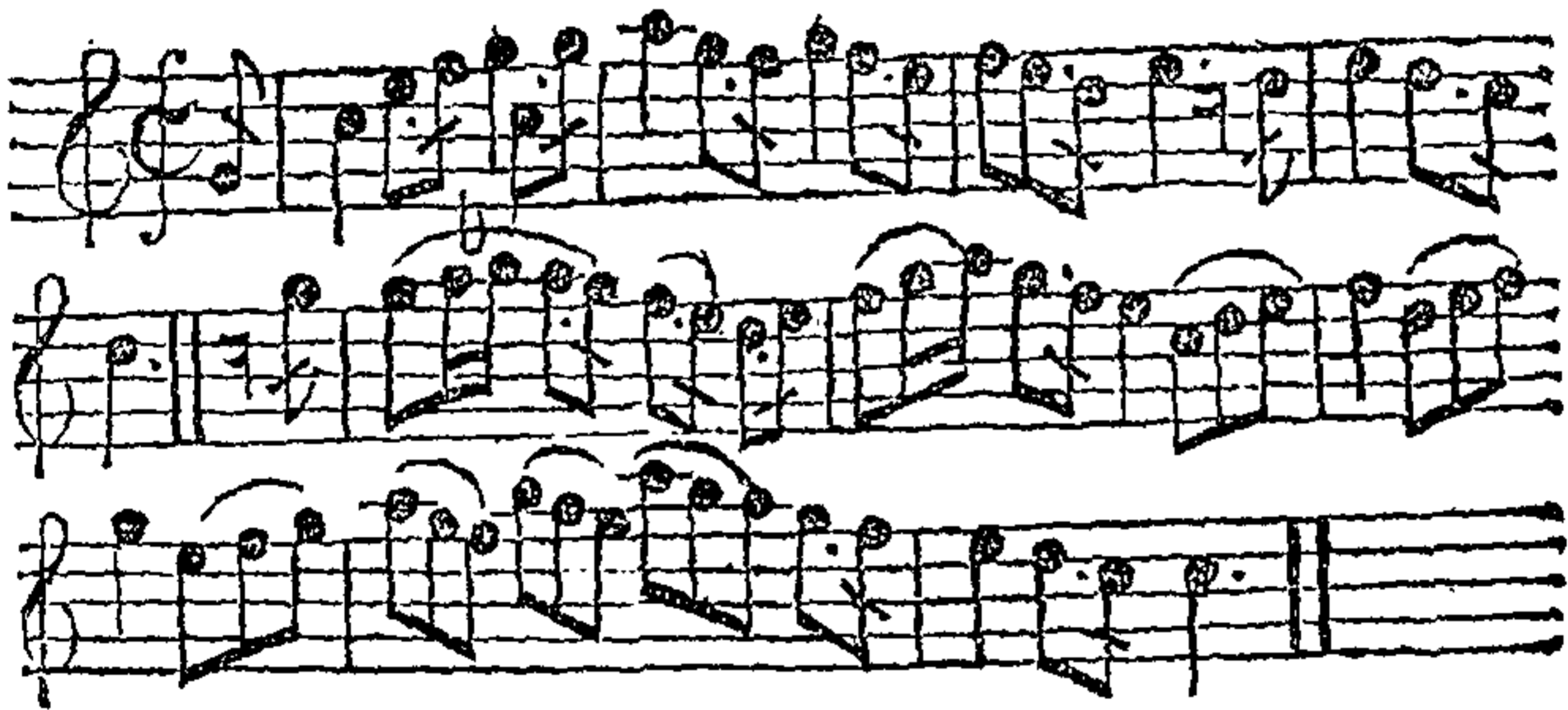
ling, Augments my Delight.

How



How blest is a Lover,  
Whose Torments are over,  
His Fears and his Pain; his Fears and his Pain;  
When Beauty, relenting,  
Repays, with Consenting,  
Her Scorn and Disdain.

*For the FLUTE.*



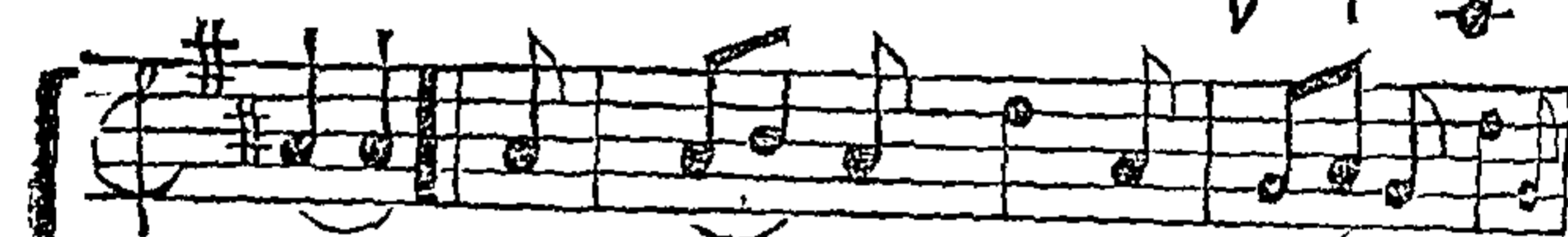


*To the Disconsolate* D O R I S.

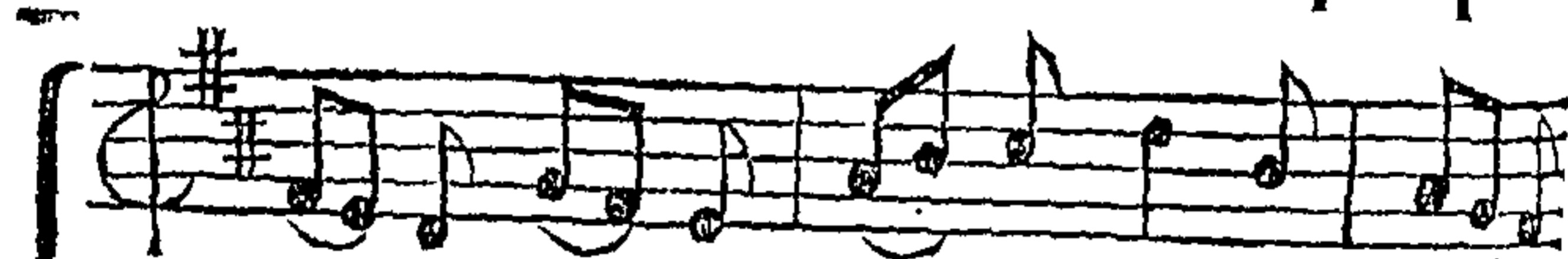
Fie! pretty *Doris*, weep no more; Doubtless your



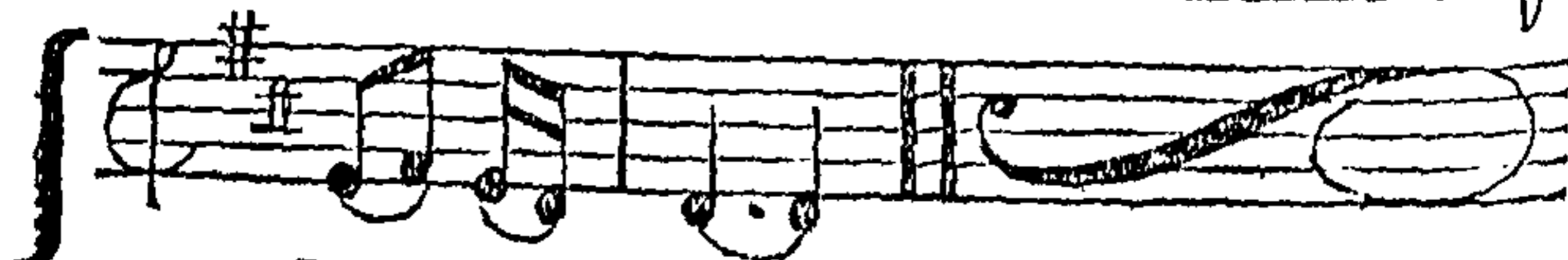
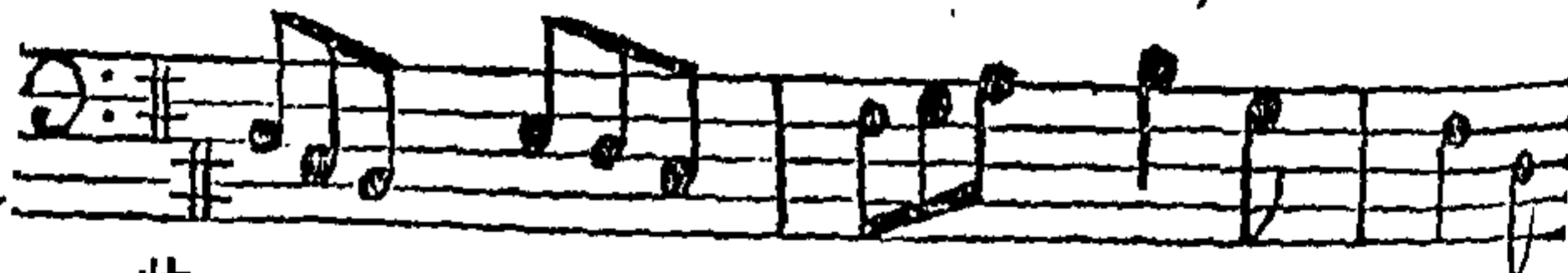
Love is safe on Shore, Despight of Wave and



Wind; The Tears which you so freely shed, Are



much too precious for the Dead, And for the



Quick too kind.



Fie! pretty *Doris*, sigh no more;  
The Gods your *Damon* will restore,  
From Rocks and Quick-sands free;  
Your Wishes will secure his Way,  
And doubtless he, for whom you pray,  
May laugh at Destiny.

Still then those Tempests of your Breast,  
And set that pretty Heart at rest;  
The Man will soon return:  
Those Sighs for Heav'n are only fit,  
*Arabian* Gums are not so sweet,  
Nor Off'rings when they burn.

On him you lavish Grief in vain,  
Can't be lamented, nor complain,  
Whilst you continue true:  
That Man Disaster is above,  
And needs no Pity, that does love,  
And is belov'd by you.

---

*To the foregoing Tune.*

YOUNG *Thyrsis*, once an am'rous Swain,  
Saw Two, the Beauties of the Plain,  
Who both his Heart subdue:

Gay *Celia's* Eyes were dazzling fair;

*Sabina's* easy Shape and Air

With softer Magick drew.

He haunts the Stream, he haunts the Grove,

Lives in a fond Romance of Love,

And seems for each to die;

'Till each a little spiteful grown,

*Sabina, Celia's* Shape ran down;

And she *Sabina's* Eye.

Their Envy made the Shepherd find

Those Eyes, which Love cou'd only blind;

So set the Lover free:

No more he haunts the Grove or Stream,

Or, with a true-love Knot and Name,

Engraves a wounded Tree.

Ah, *Celia!* (sly *Sabina* cry'd)

Now to support the Sex's Pride,

Let either fix the Dart.

Poor Girl! (says *Celia*) say no more;

For, shou'd the Swain but one adore,

'Twou'd break the other's Heart.

*For the* FLUTE.





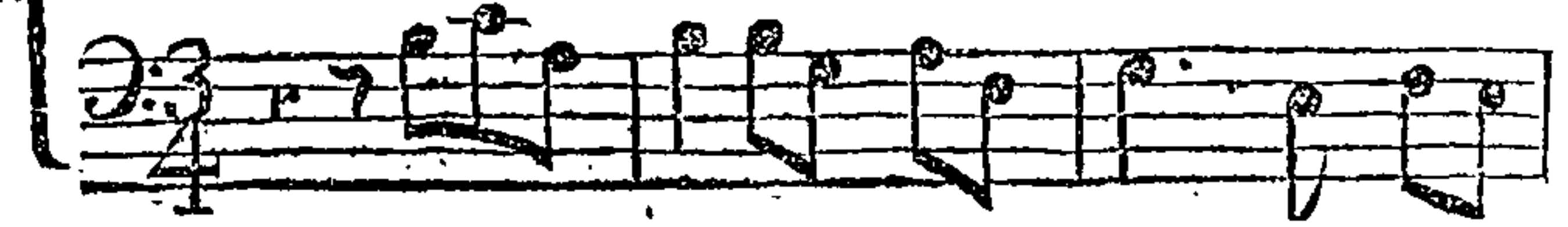
B L O U Z I B E L.

By Mr. BAKER.

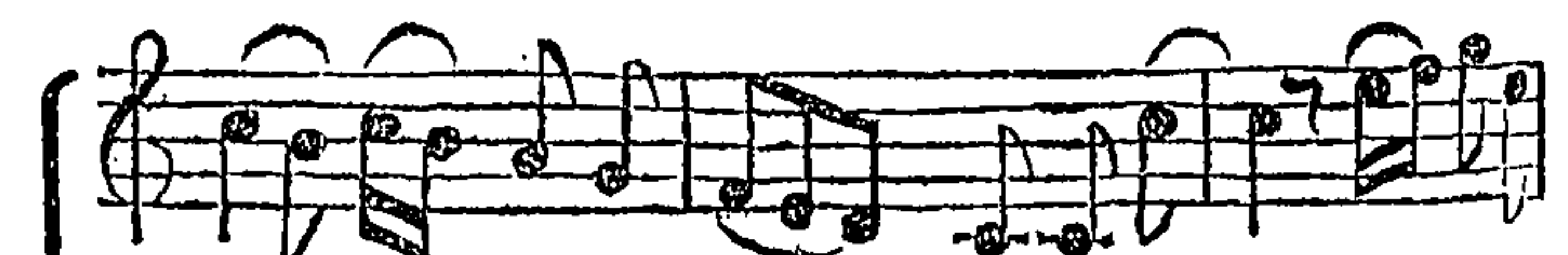
[To the Tune of *Sally*.]



Of *Anna's* Charms let others tell, Or bright E-



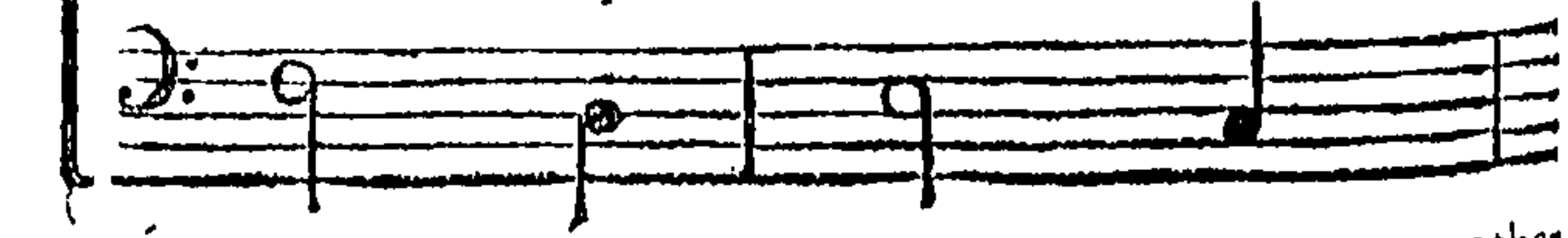
li--za's Beauty: My Song shall be of *Blouzi-*



bel, To sing of her's my Duty: The Fair, who



arm'd with *Cupid's* Darts, His Flames, and



other



o--ther Matters, Is all a--round behung with  
Hearts, As Beggars are with Tatters.

To lavish Nature much she owes,  
And much to Education:  
The Girls, and Boys, and Belles, and Beaux,  
Are struck with Admiration;  
For, blended in her Cheek, there lies  
The Carrot and the Turnep,  
And who beholds her blazing Eyes  
His very Heart they burn up.

Her dainty Hands are red and blue!  
Her Teeth all black and yellow!  
Her curling Hair of Saffron Hue!  
Her Lips like any Tallow!  
Her Voice so loud, and eke so shrill;  
Far off it is admir'd!  
Her Tongue! — which never yet lay still,  
And yet was never tir'd!

Ten thousand Wonders rise to View  
 All o'er the lovely Creature!  
 The pearly Sweat, like Morning-Dew,  
 Gilds ev'ry shining Feature!  
 As *Isaac* of his *Esau* said,  
 She like a Forest favours;  
 Thrice happy Man for whom the Maid  
 Reserves her hidden Favours.

O *Blouzibel!* for Thee we pant,  
 To Thee our Hopes aspire;  
 For Thou hast all which Lovers want  
 To quench their raging Fire.  
 Then kindly take us to thine Arms,  
 And in Compassion save us  
 From *Anna's* and *Eliza's* Charms,  
 Which cruelly enslave us.

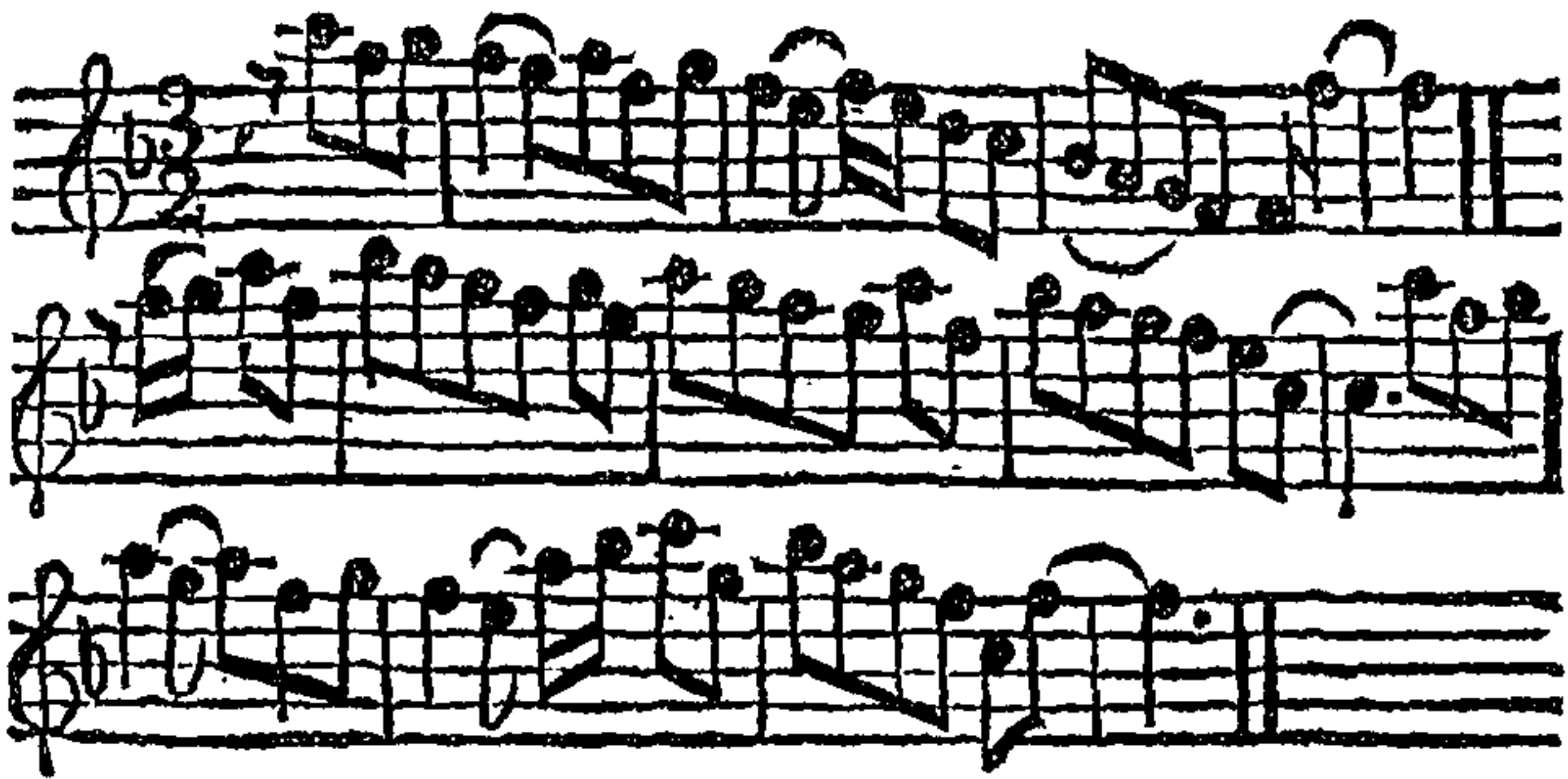
---

*To the foregoing Tune.*

LOOK where my dear *Hamilla* smiles,  
*Hamilla!* heav'nly Charmer;  
 See how, with all their Arts and Wiles,  
 The Loves and Graces arm her.  
 A Blush dwells glowing on her Cheeks,  
 Fair Seats of youthful Pleasures;  
 There Love in smiling Language speaks,  
 There spreads his rosy Treasures.

O fairest Maid, I own thy Pow'r,  
I gaze, I sigh, I languish;  
Yet, ever, ever will adore,  
And triumph in my Anguish.  
But ease, O Charmer, ease my Care,  
And let my Torments move thee;  
As thou art fairest of the Fair,  
So I the dearest love thee.

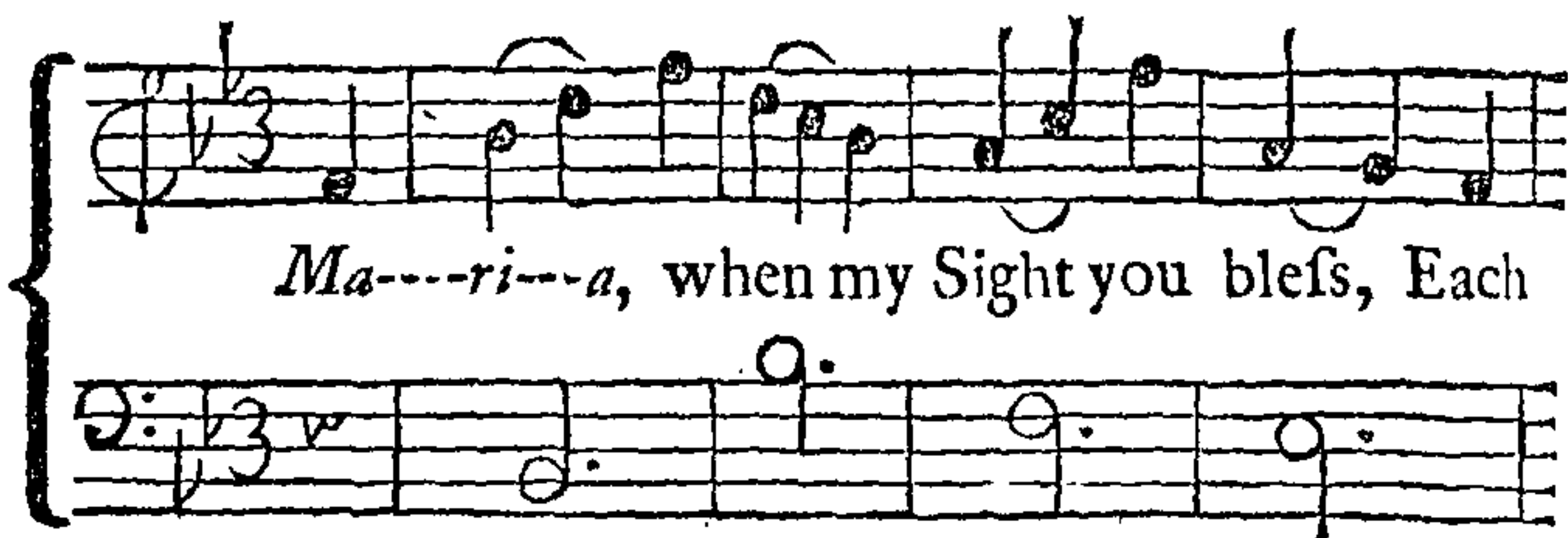
*For the* FLUTE.



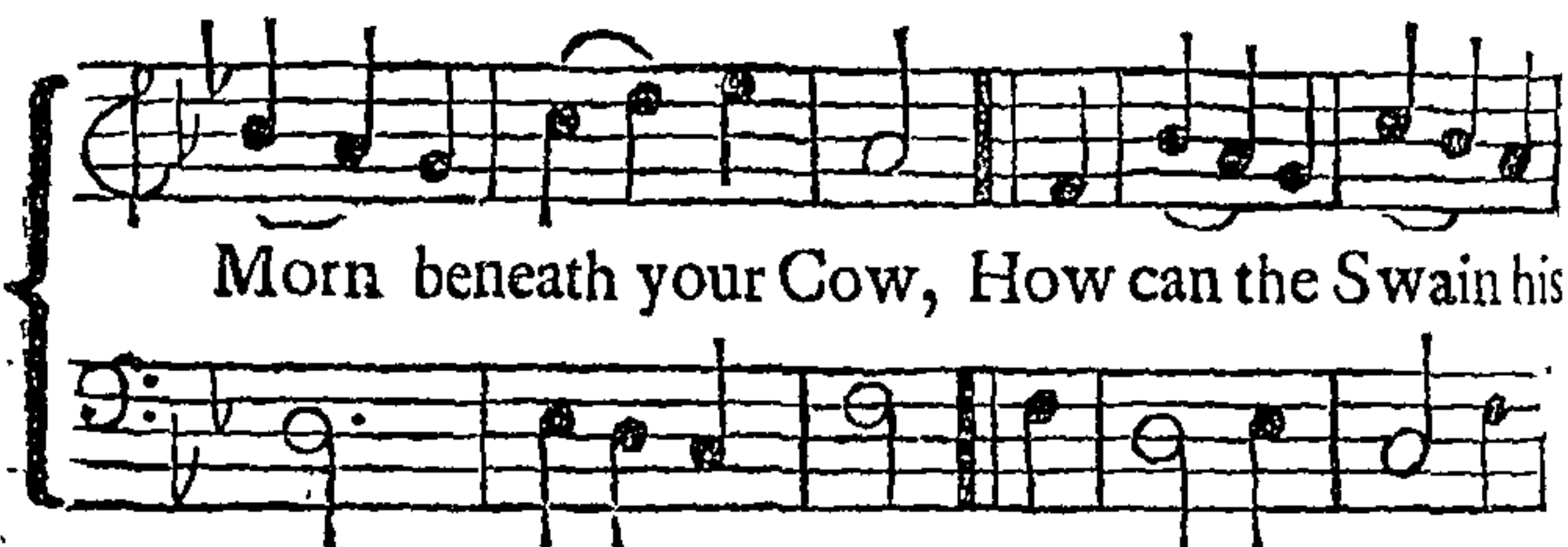
*The* M I L K - M A I D.

By Mr. *W. BEDINGFIELD.*

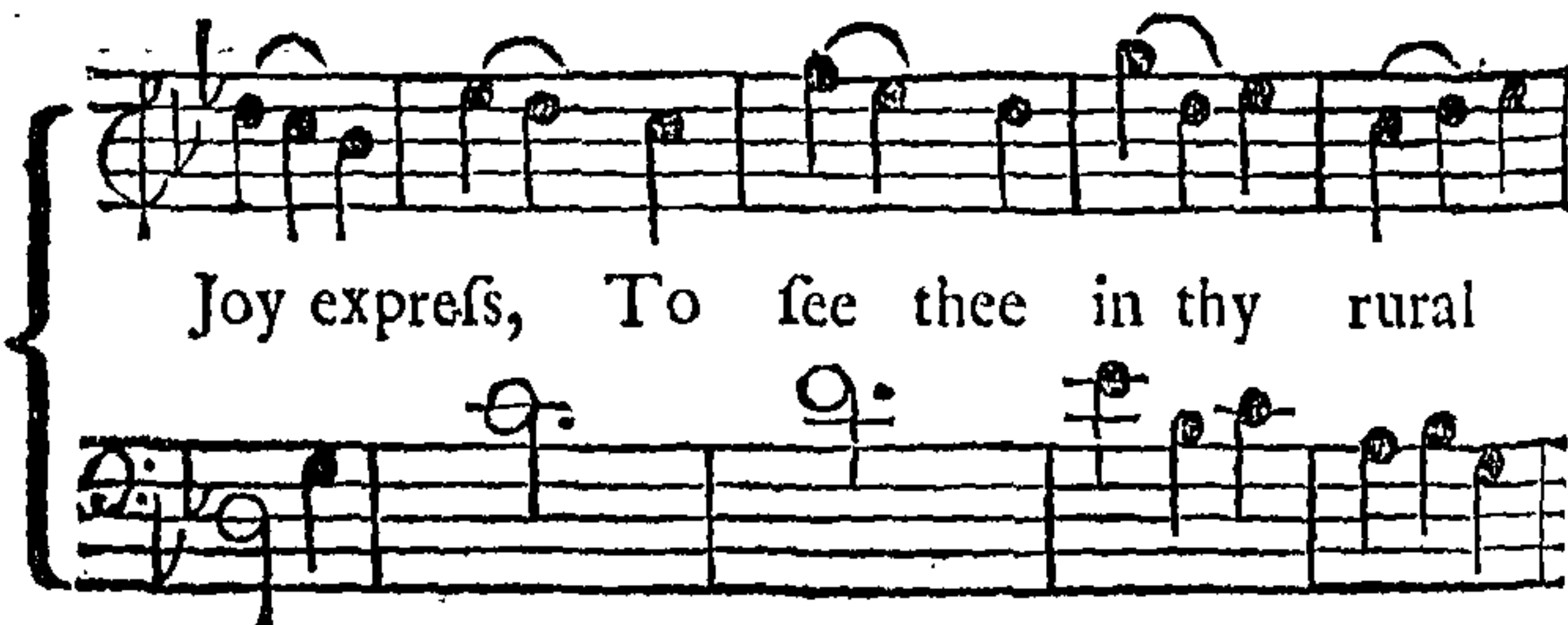
*To the Tune of* BRIGHT AURELIA.



Ma---ri---a, when my Sight you blefs, Each



Morn beneath your Cow, How can the Swain his



Joy exprefs, To fee thee in thy rural



Drefs, And hear thee Singing too?

Thy

Thy milk-white Waistcoat, free from Stain,  
Denotes thy purer Thought,  
As clear from Falshood as Disdain;  
And in thy soft and chearful Strain  
My Cares are all forgot.

Thy Breath excels the Breath of Morn,  
More fragrant than the Hay ;  
Or Flow'rs, tho' in thy Bosom worn;  
Or Clover-Grass; or green-ear'd Corn;  
Or Cows, more sweet than they.

Thy modest Cheeks out-blush the Rose,  
Whilst I thy Charms recite ;  
Thy Lips are Cherries; Eyes are Sloes;  
And thy engaging Smiles disclose  
Two Rows of Iv'ry white.

But Oh, the Burden of my Song!  
Those Charms may fall a Prey,  
And be commanded, right or wrong,  
By some dull Clown, whose vulgar Tongue  
Can neither Sing nor Say.

The Vi'let thus, that in the Mead  
Regal'd our Smell, alas!  
No more must rear its bloomy Head,  
Stamp'd in by some black Ox's Tread,  
Or chew'd with common Grass.



The chearful Mornings, once so blest,  
 Soft Ev'nings too, are o'er:  
 Ye Cows, whose Teats *Maria* prest,  
 Farewel; my Pipe has done its best,  
*Maria* smiles no more.

---

*The* W I T *and the* B E A U.

[*To the foregoing Tune.*]

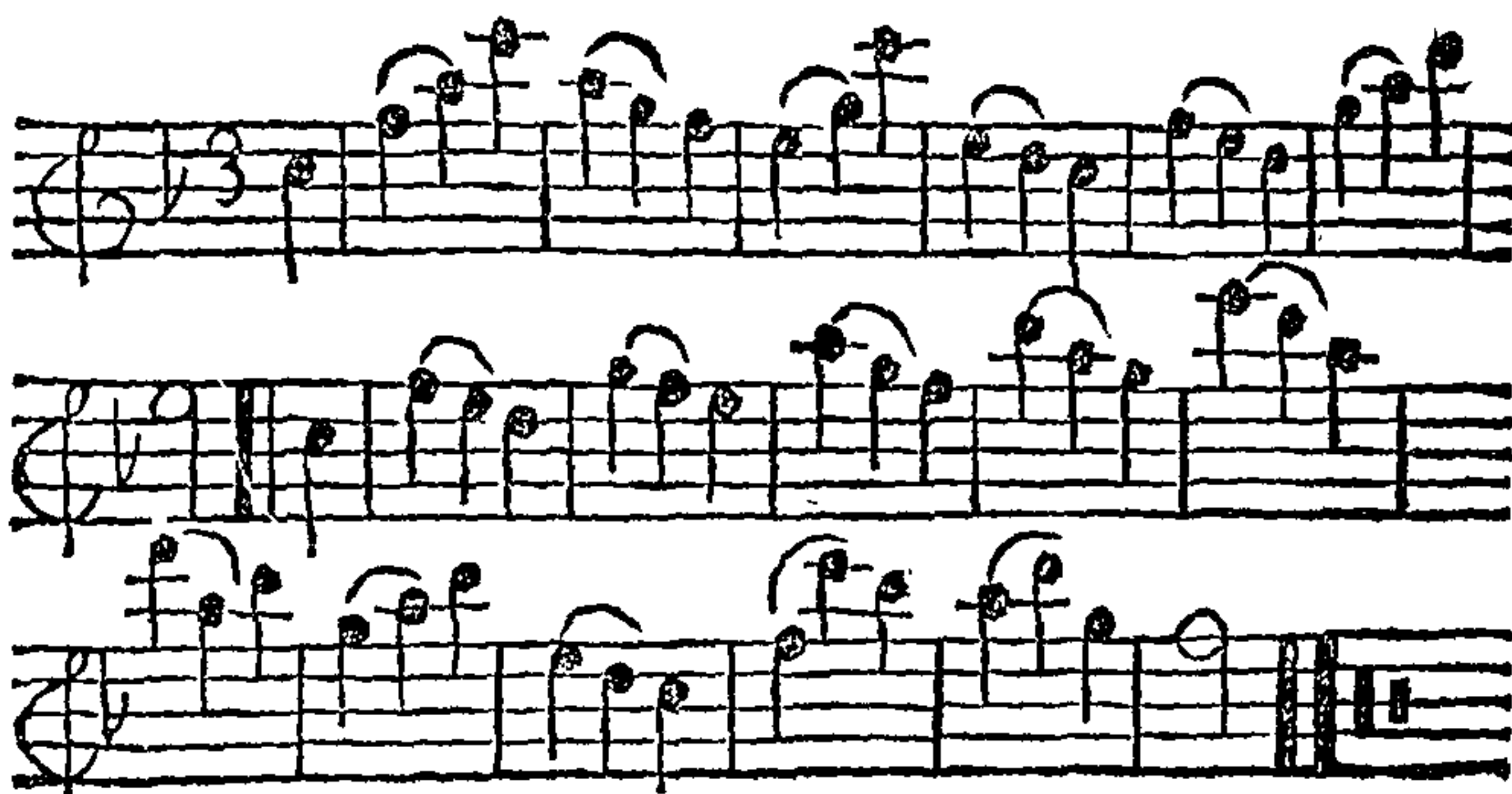
W I T H ev'ry Grace young *Strephon* chose  
 His Person to adorn,  
 That, by the Beauties of his Face,  
 In *Silvia's* Love he might find Place,  
 And wonder'd at her Scorn.

With Bows and Smiles he did his Part;  
 But oh! 'twas all in vain:  
 A Youth less fine, a Youth of Art,  
 Had talk'd himself into her Heart,  
 And wou'd not out again.

With change of Habits *Strephon* prest'd,  
 And urg'd her to admire;  
 His Love alone the other dress'd,  
 As Verse, or Prose became it best,  
 And mov'd her soft Desire.

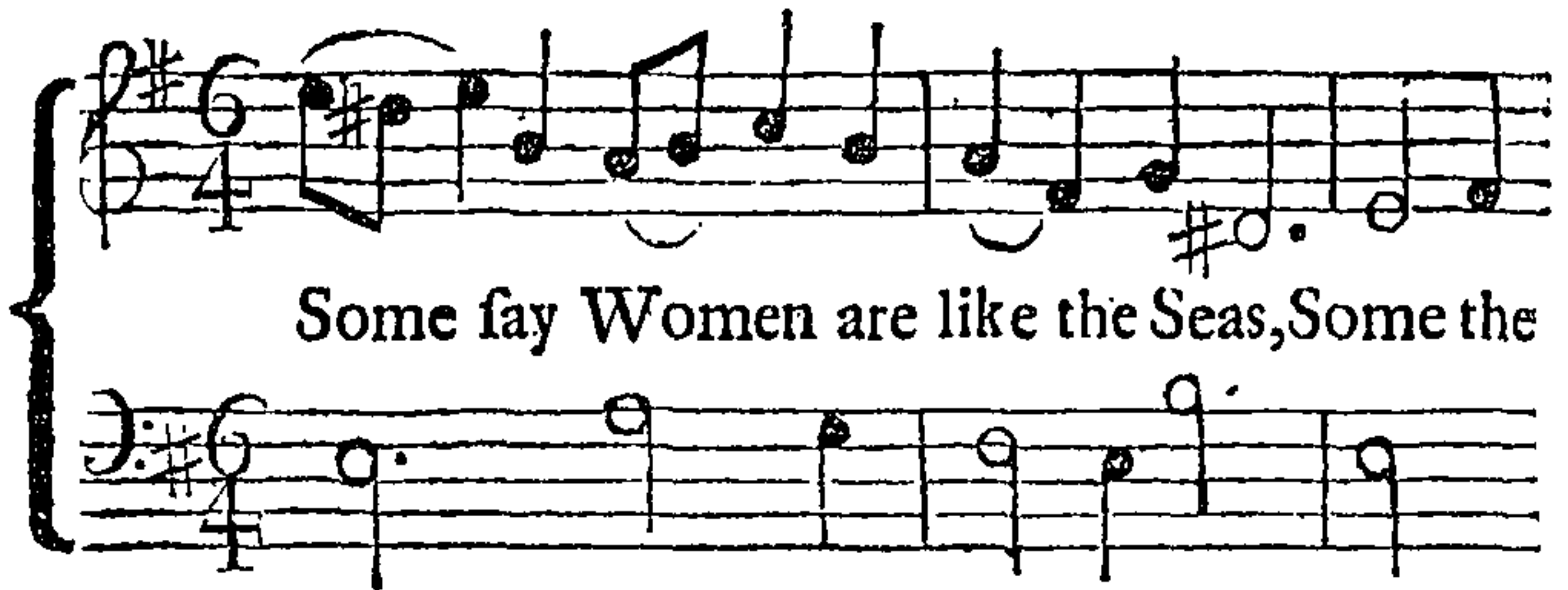
This found; his Courtship *Strephon* ends,  
Or makes it to his Glass;  
There in himself now seeks Amends;  
Convinc'd, that where a *Wit* pretends,  
A *Beau* is but an Ass.

*For the* FLUTE.

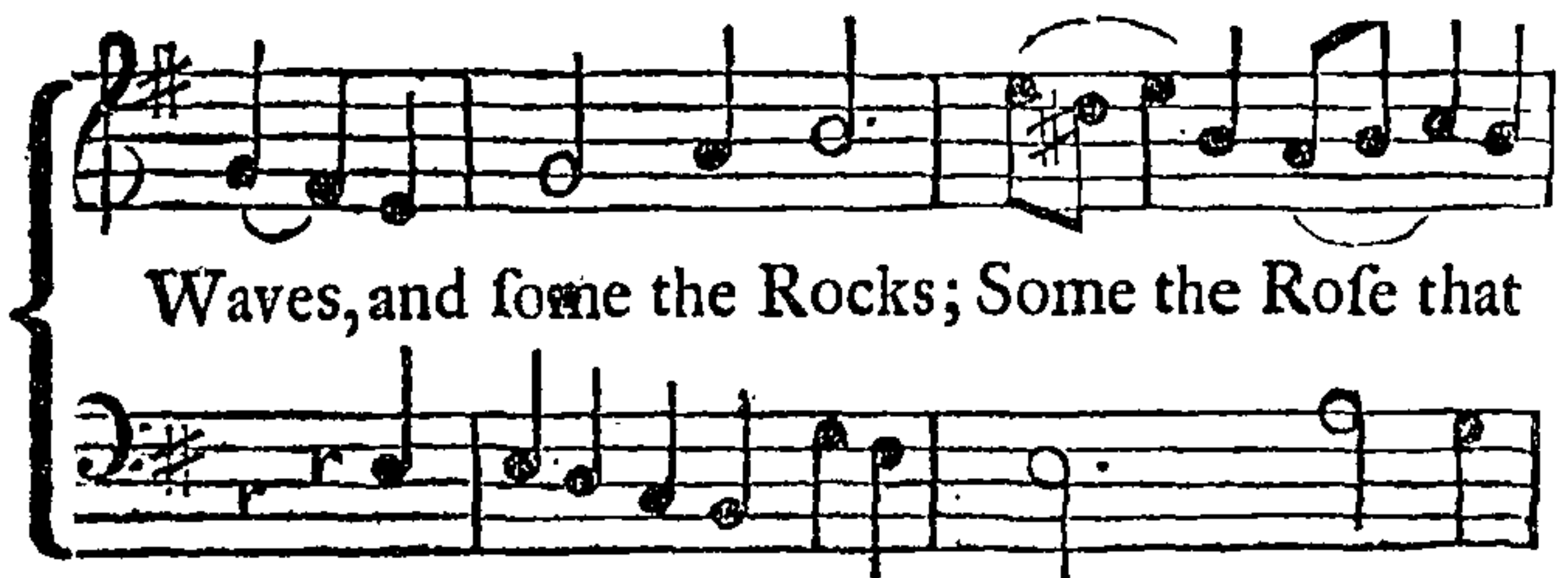


*The* C O M P A R I S O N.

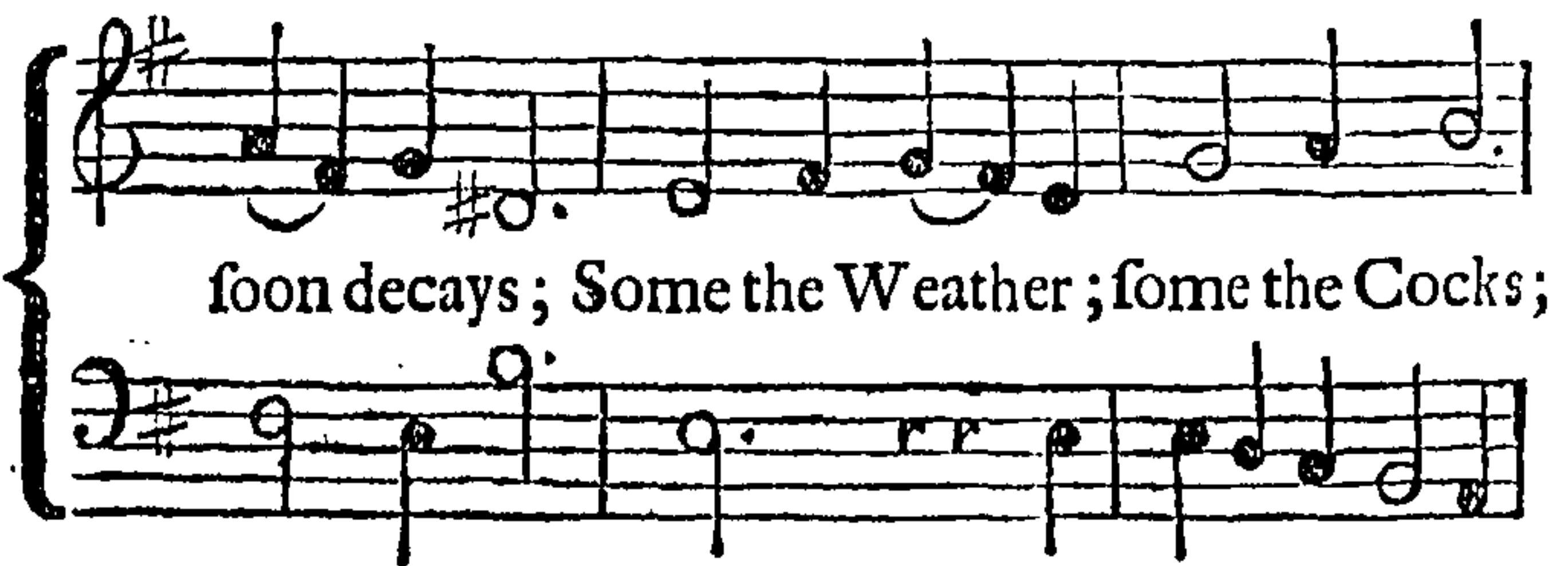
Set by Mr. *JAMES GRAVES.*



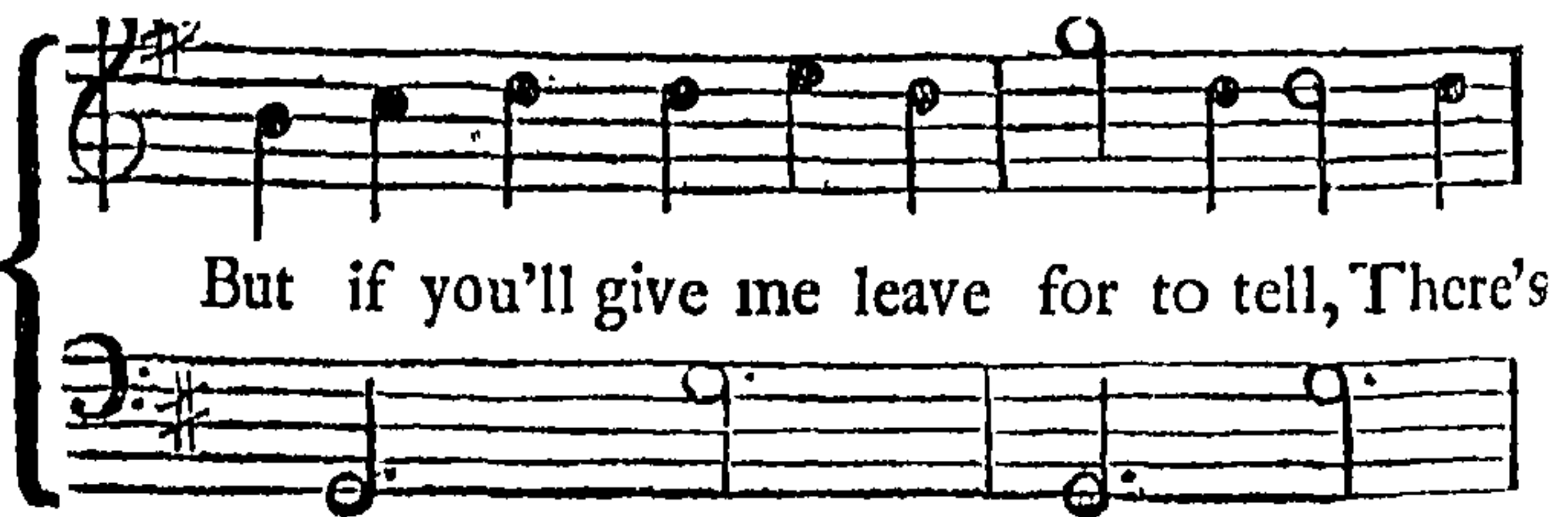
Some say Women are like the Seas, Some the



Waves, and some the Rocks; Some the Rose that



soon decays; Some the Weather; some the Cocks;



But if you'll give me leave for to tell, There's

nothing

nothing can be compar'd so well, As Wine, Wine,

Women and Wine, They run in a Pa-ral-lel,

They run in a Pa--ral--lel.

Women are Witches when they will,  
So is Wine, so is Wine;  
They make the Statesman lose his Skill,  
The Soldier, Lawyer, and Divine,  
They put a Gigg in the gravest Skull,  
And send their Wits to gather Wool:

'Tis Wine, Wine, Women and Wine, they run in a  
Parallel, they run in a Parallel.

What

What is't that makes your Visage so pale?

What is't makes your Looks divine?

What is't that makes your Courage to fail?

Is it not Women? Is it not Wine?

'Tis Wine that will make you sick when you're well;

'Tis Women that makes your Forehead to swell;

'Tis Wine, Wine, Women and Wine, they run in a  
Parallel, they run in a Parallel.

*For the* FLUTE.





A PASTORAL COURTSHIP.

Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.

Gentle Zephyrs, si--lent Glades, Purling

Streams, and cooling Shades, Senses pleasing,

Pains ap--peasing, Love each tender Breast in-

vades.

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 defying  
*Venus* smiling glads the Plains.

Let not us, too charming Fair,  
 Be the only hapless Pair:  
     O relieve me;  
     Cease to grieve me;  
 Ease your anxious Lover's Care.

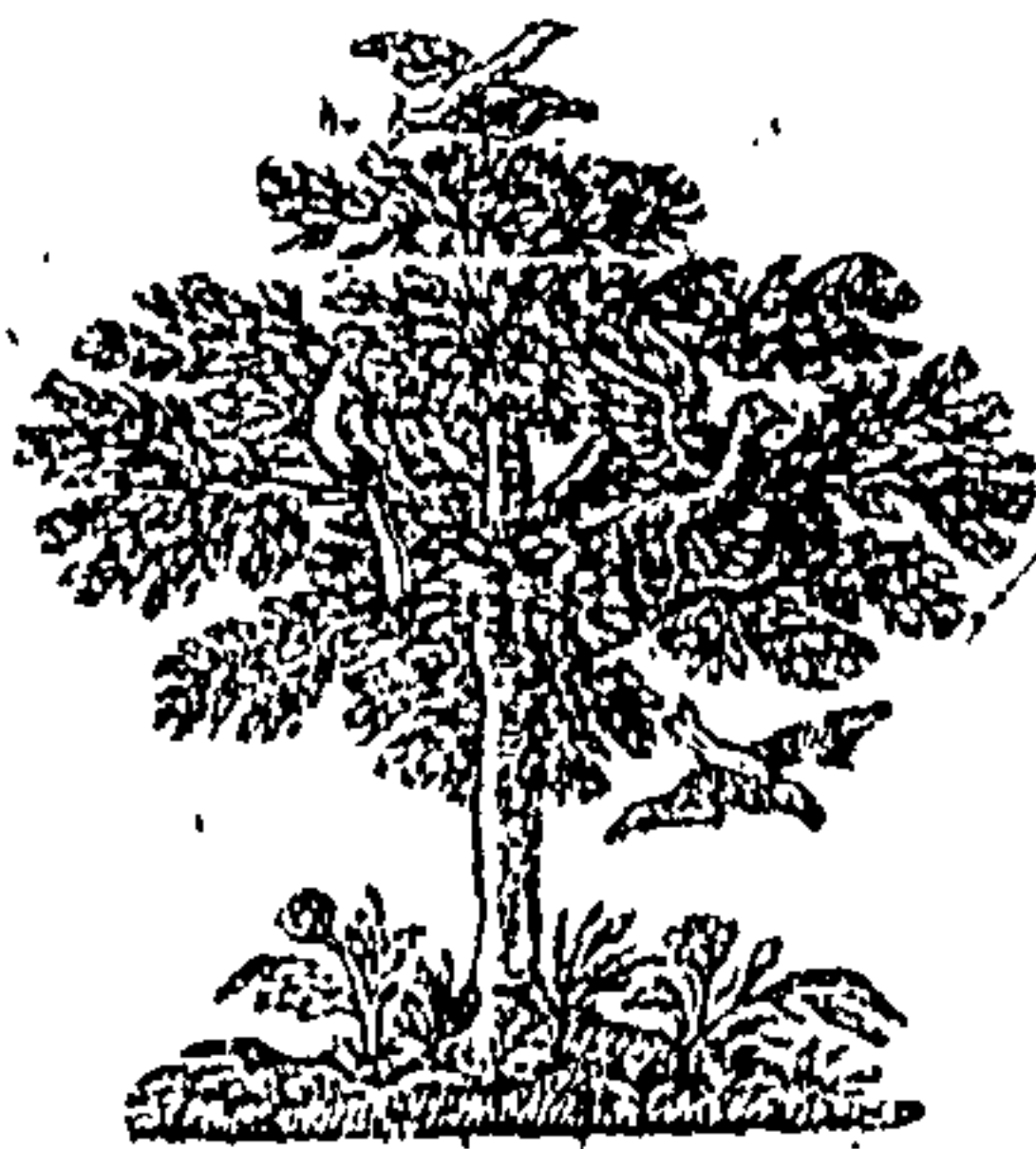
Kindly here indulge my Love;  
 'Tis, my Dear, no tattling Grove;  
     Not revealing,  
     But concealing;  
 All to Love propitious prove.

In thy Air and charming Face,  
 Dwells an irresistible Grace;  
     Ever charming,  
     Love alarming,  
 To pursue the blissful Chace.

Let me touch this panting Breast;  
Here for ever let me rest;

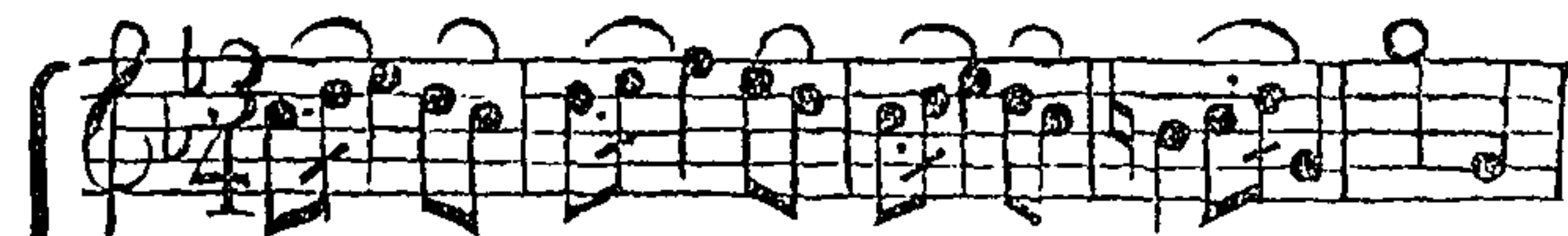
Bliss enjoying,  
Never cloying,  
Ever loving, ever blest.

*For the FLUTE.*

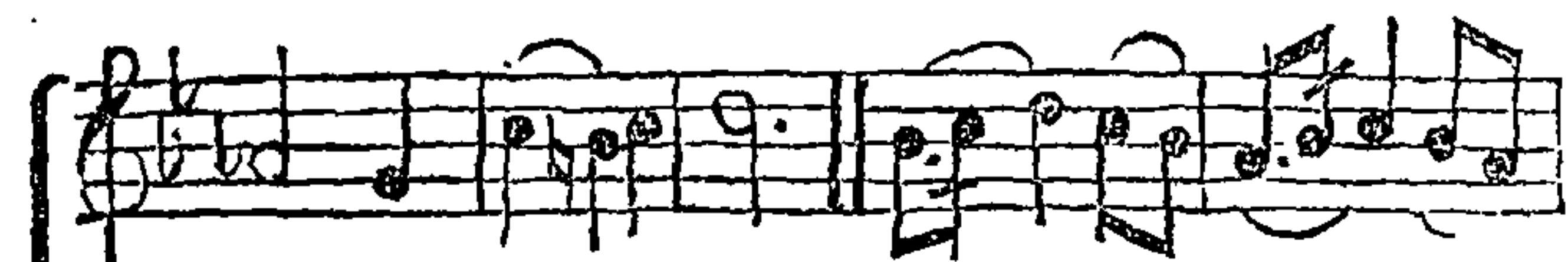


*Advice to* PHILLIS.

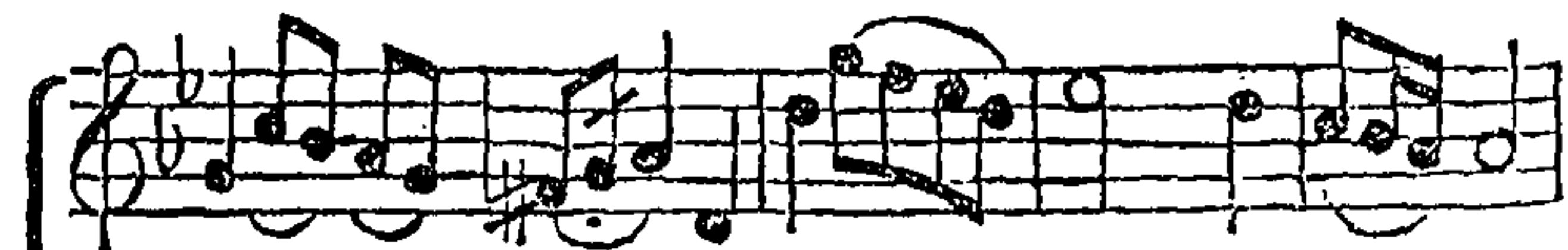
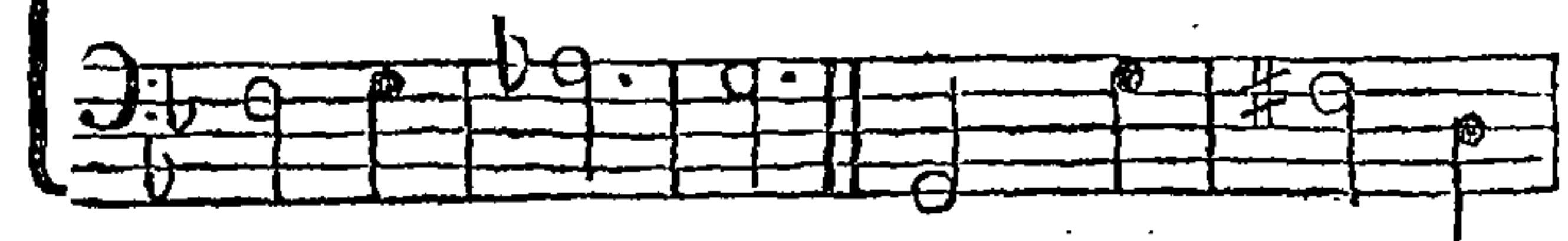
The Tune by Mr. ANTHONY YOUNG.



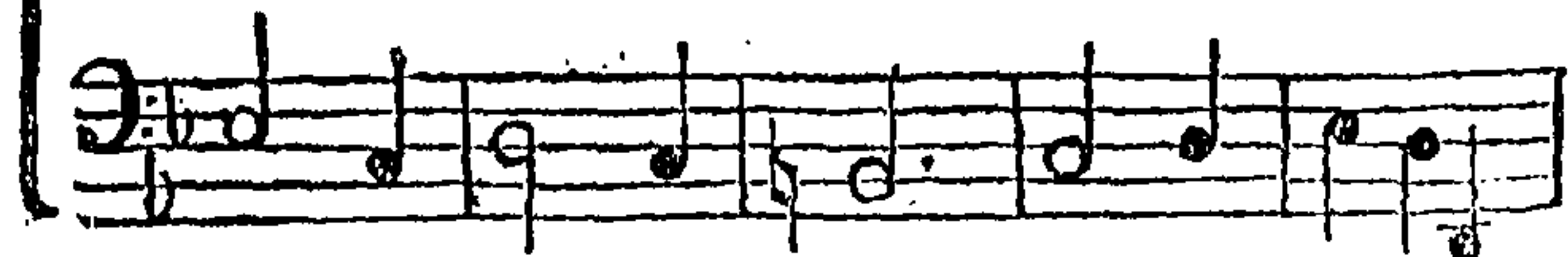
*Phillis* has such charming Graces, Beauty



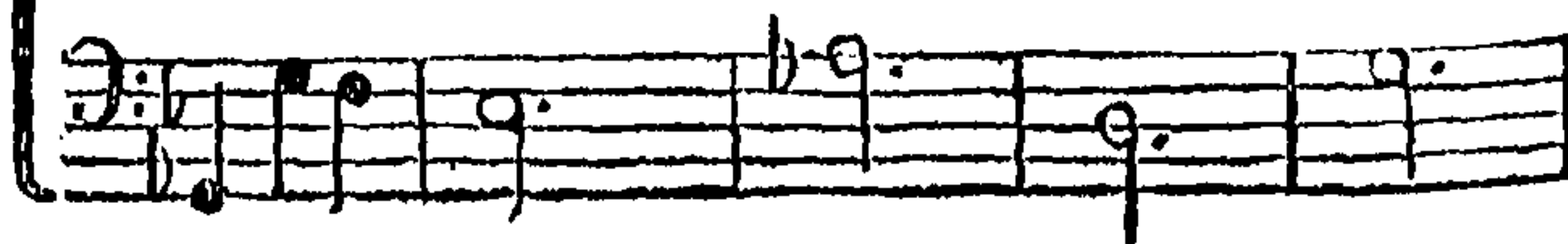
triumphs in her Eye: She was made for



the Em--bra---ces Of some mighty De---i-



ty. *Phillis* has such charming Graces,



I must love her, tho' I die.

Have a care, celestial Creature,  
Coyness may your Beauty pall ;  
You an Angel are by Nature ;  
Angels by their Pride lost all.  
Have a care, celestial Creature,  
Lest I triumph in your Fall.

*For the* FLUTE.





198 *The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.*

The Words by Lord *GAINSBOROUGH.*

Set by *Mr. J. SHEELES.*

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 12/8 time signature. The lower staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music begins with a series of rests in the treble staff, followed by a melodic line in the bass staff.

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lower staff is a bass clef with the same key signature. The music continues with a melodic line in the bass staff.

As

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lower staff is a bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the bass staff.

*Persians stretch their Votive Arms To Phœ-----bus*

The fourth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lower staff is a bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the bass staff.

*in his rising State, I gaze on dear Myr-*

*tilla's*



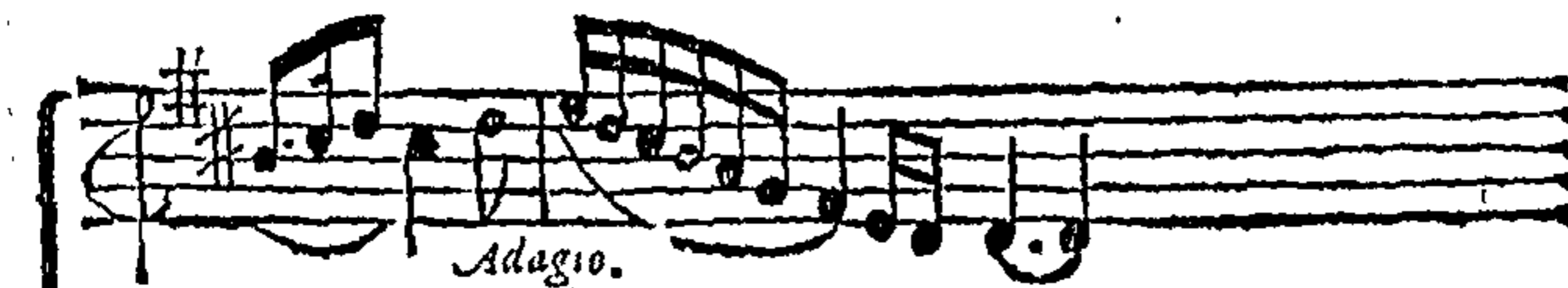
tilla's Charms, And meet those Eyes, And meet those



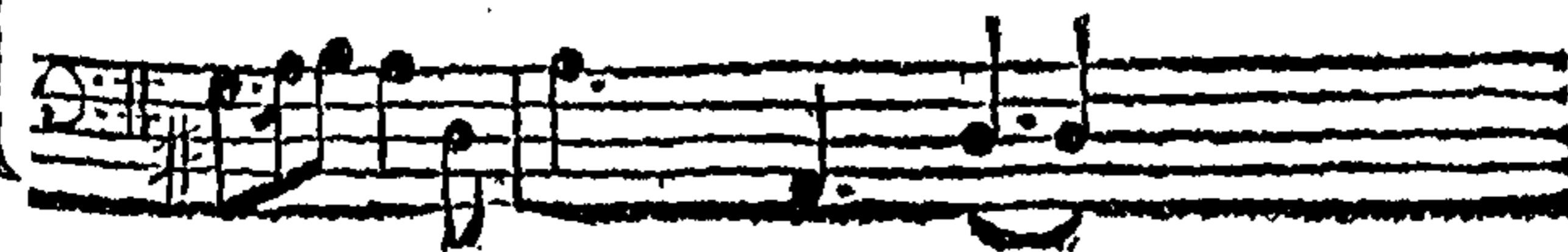
Eyes that dart my Fate. I gaze on dear Myr-



til---la's Charms, And meet those Eyes, and meet those



Eyes that dart — my Fate.






So, fo the fond



Moth round Tapers plays, Nor dreams of

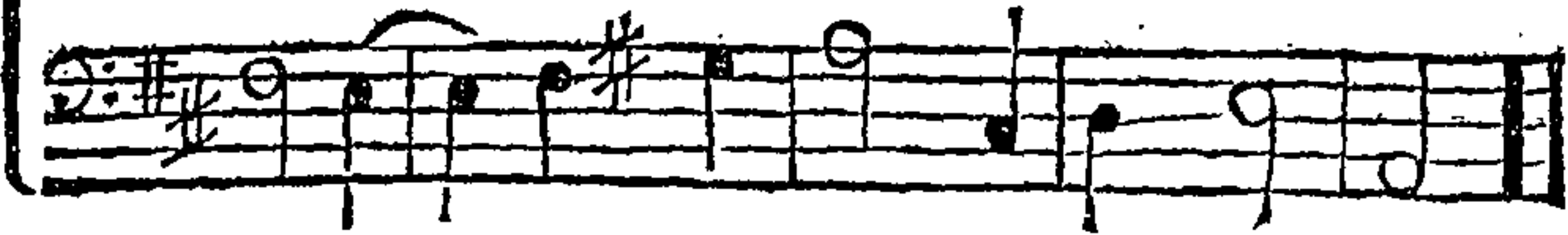


Death, in such bright Fires, nor dreams of

Death



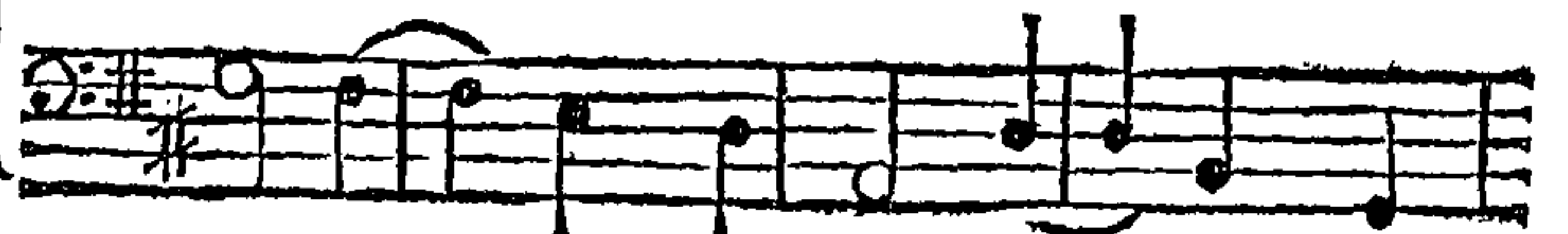
Death, nor dreams of Death in such bright Fires.



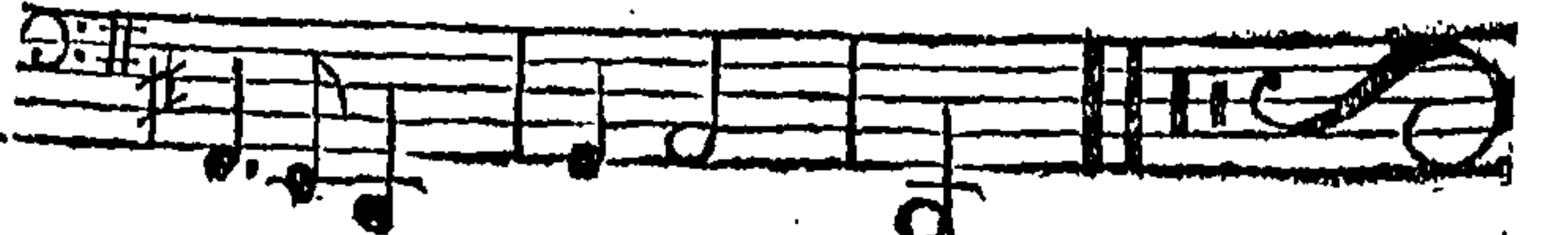
With Joy he hastes into the Blaze, He courts his



Doom, and there expires, He courts his



Doom, and there ex-pires.

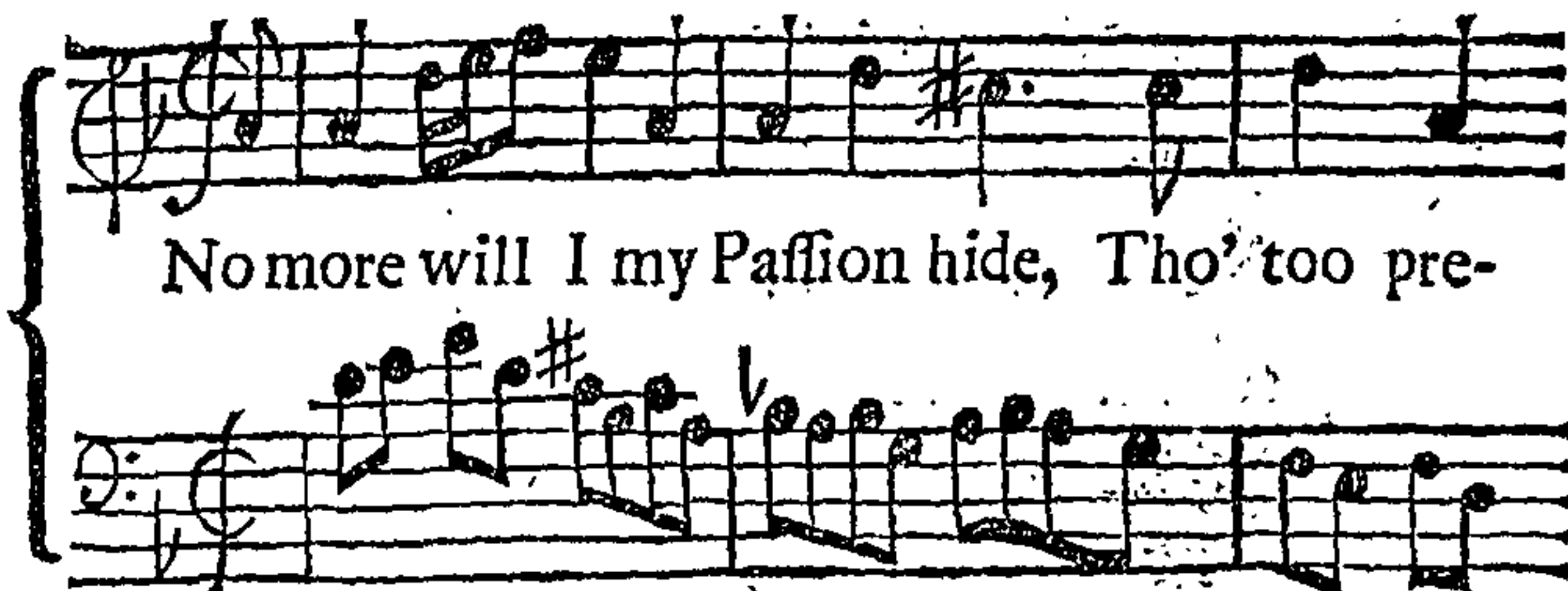




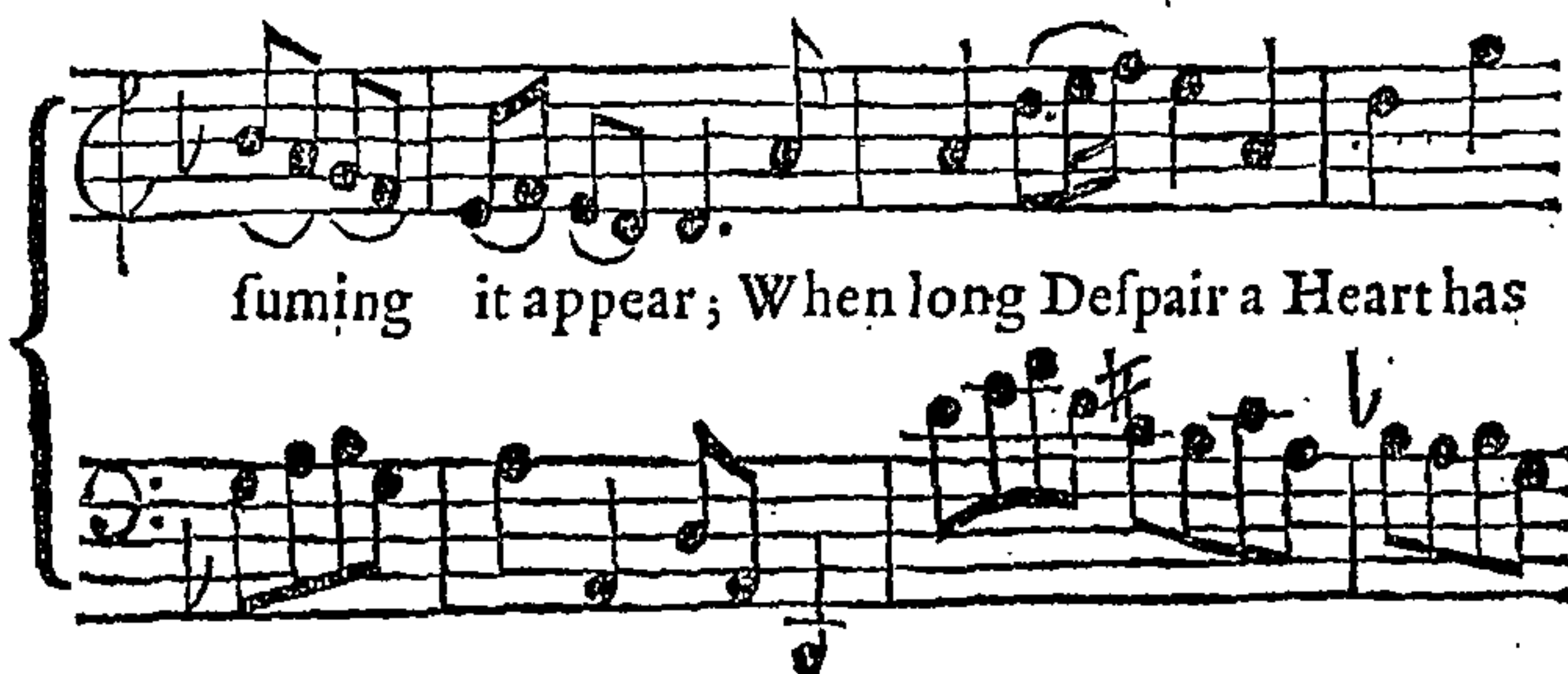
*For the* FLUTE.



The CONSTANT LOVER.



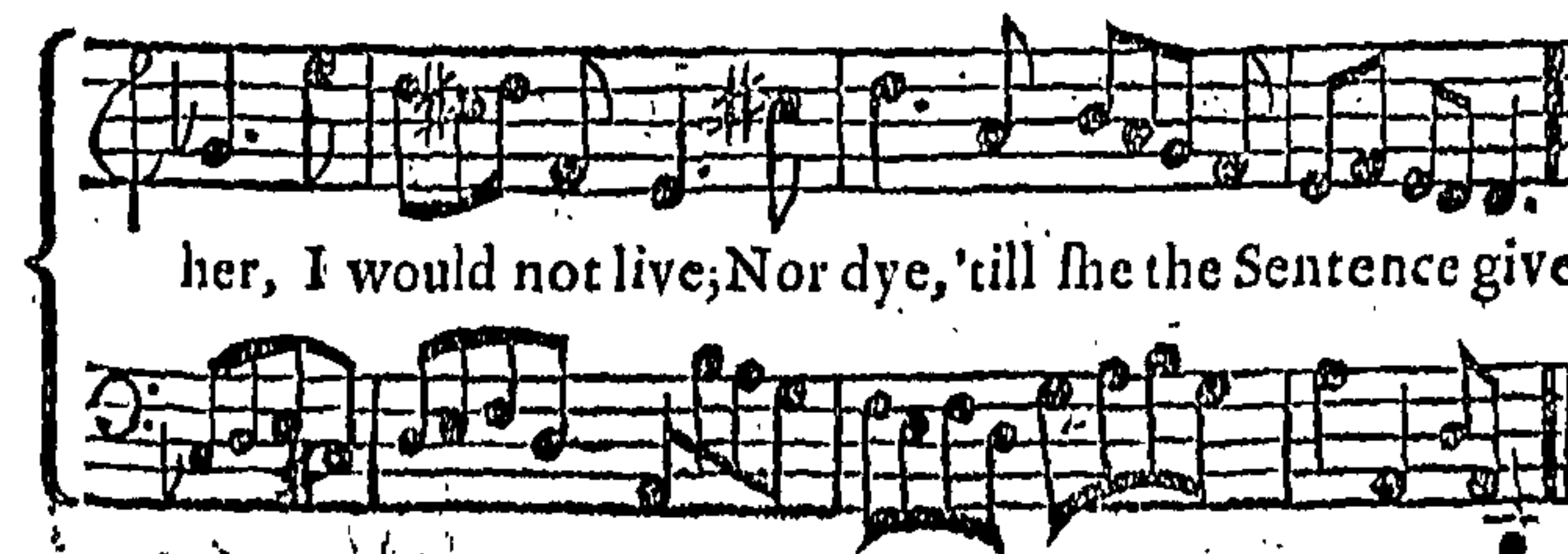
No more will I my Passion hide, Tho' too pre-



fuming it appear; When long Despair a Heart has



try'd, What other Torments can it fear? Unlov'd of



her, I would not live; Nor dye, 'till she the Sentence give.

Why

Why should the Fair offended be,  
If Virtue charm in Beauty's Dress;  
If where so much Divine I see,  
My open Vows the Saint confess?  
Awak'd by Wonders in her Eyes,  
My former Idols I despise.

*For the FLUTE.*



*The End of the Fourth Volume.*

