



*Wanderbank. inv.*

*J. V. Guille*

THE MUSICAL  
MISCELLANY;  
*Being a* COLLECTION *of*  
CHOICE SONGS,  
AND  
LYRICK POEMS:

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

By the most Eminent MASTERS.

---

Behold and listen, while the Fair  
Breaks in sweet Sounds the yielding Air;  
And with her own Breath fans the Fire,  
Which her bright Eyes did first inspire. *Waller.*

---

VOLUME *the* FIFTH.

---

L O N D O N:

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

---

M DCC XXXI.



T H E  
P U B L I S H E R  
T O T H E  
R E A D E R.

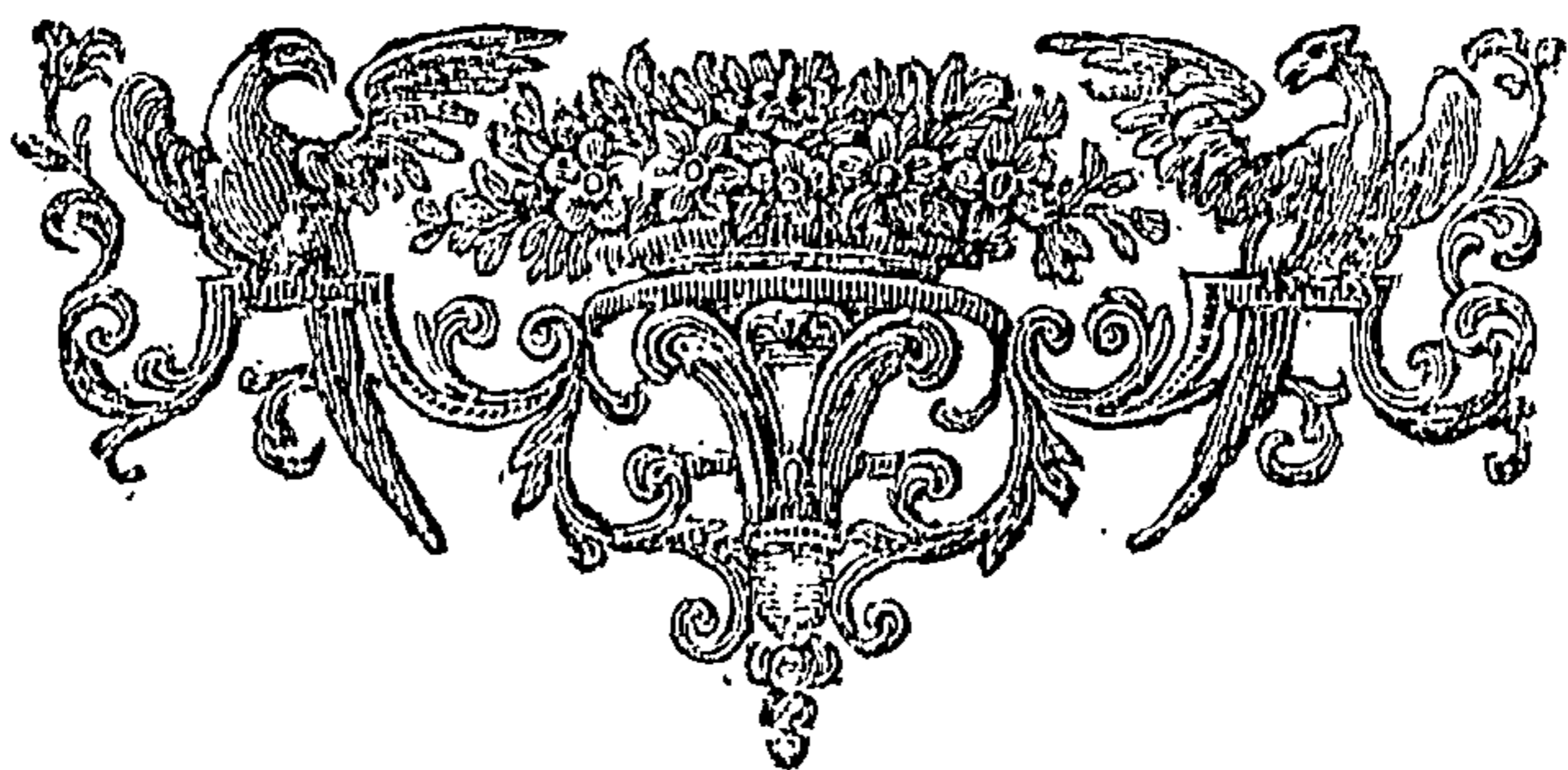
**I** *HAVE* now compleated this  
COLLECTION *in Six Volumes,*  
*according to my former Promise;*  
*wherein are such a Variety of NEW*  
*TUNES by the most Eminent Ma-*  
*sters, that I doubt not but it will*  
*meet with a favourable Reception*  
*from the Publick, that hath re-*  
*ceiv'd the First Four Volumes with*  
*so much Indulgence.*

*It is highly incumbent on me to*  
*return my hearty Thanks to all*

## To the Reader.

*those GENTLEMEN and LADIES  
who have from time to time fur-  
nish'd me with their Compositions;  
and also to those MASTERS who  
have given me their Assistance in  
Setting them to Musick, without  
which I must have miscarry'd in my  
Design.*

J. W.





A  
T A B L E  
O F T H E  
S O N G S.

---

A

The PRESBYTERIAN WEDDING.  
*A certain Presbyterian Pair* Pag. 102

The AMOROUS SWAIN'S COMPLAINT.  
Set by Mr. MONRO.  
*Ah! stay ye wanton Gales* 36

The LAST REQUEST. Set by Mr. ANTH. YOUNG.  
*Amintor, once the happy'st Swain* 86

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strac.  
*And gin ye meet a bonny Lassie* 76

DAMON and CELIA. A Two-part SONG.  
*As Celia near a Fountain lay* 190

CORYDON'S COMPLAINT. Tune, Pinkie House.  
By DAVID RIZZIO. The Words by  
Mr. MITCHELL.  
*As Love-sick Corydon beside* 174

Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.  
*As swift as Time put round the Glass* 186

# TABLE of the SONGS.

## B

Sung in the BEGGAR'S WEDDING.

*Behold I fly on Wings of soft Desire* 118

The DREAM. The Musick by Mr. HANDELL.

*Beneath a shady Willow* 104

---

## C

CELIA to COLIN. Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

*Cease, lovely Shepherd, cease to mourn* 111

A DIALOGUE between DAMON and CELIMENA.

Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.

*Celimena, of my Heart* 177

TRUE LOVE. The Words by Mr. MITCHELL.

Set by Dr. GREEN.

*Charming Cloe, look with Pity* 17

CHASTE LUCRETIA. Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

*Chaste Lucretia, when you left me* 188

LOVELY CLOE. TO a MINUET of Mr. HANDELL'S.

*Cloe, when I view thee smiling* 66

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

*Come, cheer up your Hearts* 20

TO the ABSENT FLORINDA. Set by

Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.

*Come, Florinda, lovely Charmer* 27

CAREY'S WISH.

*Curst be the Wretch that's bought and sold* 126

The

# TABLE of the SONGS.

## F

- The CHARMING SAILOR. The Words by a LADY.  
The Tune by Mr. CAREY.
- Farewel the fatal Pleasures* 182
- CONSTANCY. By Sir CHARLES SEDLEY.
- Fear not, my Dear; a Flame can never die* 132
- The PETITION. Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELO.
- Forgive, fair Creature! form'd to please* 138
- ADVICE to a LOVER. The Words by Mr. YALDEN.  
Set by Mr. DIEUPART.
- For many unsuccessful Years* 196
- 

## G

- ANACREONTICK. The Words by Dr. PARNELL.  
Set by Mr. GALLIARD.
- Gay Bacchus liking Estcourt's Wine* 168
- The MAID'S HUSBAND. Sung by Miss RAFTOR  
in the CONTRIVANCES.
- Genteel in Personage, Conduct, and Equipage* 180
- 

## H

- COLIN'S REQUEST. The Words by Mr. BRADLEY.
- Help me, each harmonious Grove* 96
- Tune, Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.*
- How can they taste of Joys or Grief* 78
- How dismal's the Lover's Condition* 50
- Set

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

## I

Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

*If Love such a Passion as mine* 200

GOOD ADVICE to a YOUNG LADY about to marry  
an OLD MĀN. Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.

*If you by sordid Views mis-led* 3

O'ER BOGIE.

*I will awa' wi' my Love* 60

---

## K

The Story of BACCHUS and ARIADNE apply'd.  
Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

*Kind Ariadne drown'd in Tears* 1

---

## L

TO SEIGNORA CUZZONI.

*Little Syren of the Stage* 116

The ROVER FIX'D.

*Long from the Force of Beauty's Charms* 57

The DISPUTE. The Words by Mr. BAKER.  
Set by Mr. WHICHELO.

*Love bids me go, but Reason bids me stay* 131

LOVE'S REWARD. By Mr. LEVERIDGE.

*Love sounds to Battle* 134

LUCRETIA. Set by Mr. BETTS.

*Lucretia the Empire of Rome did destroy* 121



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

## M

### TO CELIA.

*Mistake not, Celia, the Design* 93

---

## N

### TO a JEALOUS MISTRESS.

*No more, severely kind, affect* 34

AN ODE. Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.

*No, no, 'tis in vain, in this turbulent Town* 12

A NONSENSICAL SONG: Or the CHARMS of NON-SENSE. The Words by RICHARD SAVAGE, Gent.

Set by Mr. FLEMMING.

*Nonsensical Folks, prepare* 72

### The FAIRIES.

*Now the hungry Lions roar* 99

---

## O

Translated from the *Italian Opera of PHARNACES.*

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

*O come, dear fatal Hour* 136

### MARRIAGE.

*Of all the simple things we do* 108

The Words by AARON HILL, Esq;

Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.

*Oh, forbear to bid me slight her* 6

The DIVINE RIGHT OF BEAUTY. The Words by

Mr. BAKER. Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.

*O had I been by Fate decreed* 206

MUSIDORA. Set by Dr. CROFT.

*O how sweet are the cooling Breeze* 198

The

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

The DESPAIRING LOVER. Set by Mr. TREVERS.  
*O Love, what cruel Pangs are these* 83

The SATYR'S ADVICE to a STOCK-JOBBER.  
 The Musick by Mr. HANDEL.  
*On the Shore of a low ebbing Sea* 152

---

### P

The DECEITFUL FAIR. Set by Mr. DIEUPART.  
*Phillis has each enchanting Art* 69

*Phillis, Men say that all my Vows* 58

The LOVER RESOLV'D. Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.  
*Phillis, your Falshood I see, and despise* 172

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

*Phœbus now short'ning every Shade.* 112

*Pr'ythee, Billy, ben't so silly* 184

---

### R

ELEGIAC SONG. To the MOON. Written by the  
 Author of SPARABELLA'S COMPLAINT.  
*Refulgent Empress of the Night* 94

---

### S

Set by Mr. CAREY.

*Saw you the Nymph whom I adore* 33

Written at the BATH.

*See! in the limpid floating Glass* 88

SERAPHINA.

*See, see, my Seraphina comes* 60

*Show'd the Nymph I love disdain me* 184

The

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

The CONSTANT SWAIN, and VIRTUOUS MAID.  
Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

*Soon as the Day begins to waste* 14

MATRIMONY in FASHION.

*Sure Marriage is a fine Thing* 54

The Tune by Mr. SEEDO.

*Swain, thy hopeless Passion smother* 91

## T

AN APOLOGY for LOVING a WIDOW. By GEORGE  
SEWELL, M. D. Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

*Tell me not Celia once did bless* 151

The NUT-BROWN MAID. The Words by  
Mr. GRIFFIN. The Musick by Mr. BARRET.

*The Country Maid, in Russet clad* 145

The WAND'RING BEAUTY. By JOHN HUGHES, Esq;  
Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.

*The Graces and the wand'ring Loves* 30

CHARMING SILVIA. Set by Dr. GREEN.

*The Nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind* 8

The GABERLUNZIE-MAN. The Words and Tune  
compos'd by King JAMES V. of Scotland.

*The pawky auld Carle came over the Lee* 140

TO MARCELLA. Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

*The precious Hours of flying Youth* 24

The Words by Dr. PARNELL. Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.

*Thirsis, a young and am'rous Swain* 204

SCORNFUL PHILLIS.

*Tho' Phillis you scorn my Address* 48

LOTHARIA

# TABLE of the SONGS.

## U

- LOTHARIA. The Words by AARON HILL, Esq;  
Set by Mr. DIEUPART.  
*Vainly now ye strive to charm me* 10  
*Upon Clarinda's panting Breast* 82
- 

## W

- Sung in the Comedy call'd, The HUMOURS of  
OXFORD. Set by Mr. CHARKE.  
Sung by Mr. HARPER.  
*What Class in Life tho' ne'er so great* 145  
In Imitation of the Greek of ANTIPHANES.  
Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELO.  
*What is there in this foolish Life* 166  
A BALLAD ON QUADRILLE. Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.  
*When as Corruption hence did go* 193  
Set by Mr. DIEUPART.  
*When Aurelia first I courted* 164  
The POWER of BEAUTY.  
*When Beauty does her Power pursue* 124  
LOVE inviting REASON. Tune, O dear Mother!  
*When innocent Pastime our Pleasure did crown* 156  
The Tune by Mr. BETTS.  
*When I visit proud Celia* 122  
HAPPY SOLITUDE. A DIALOGUE.  
Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.  
*When my Aminta weeps, 'tis sure* 160  
The MILK-MAID'S SONG. Set by Mr. SEEDO.  
*When my Love, the other Day*  
Sung

# TABLE of the SONGS.

Sung in the Comedy call'd, *The WIDOW BEWITCH'D.*  
The Tune by Mr. HOLMES.

*When Night had set the World to rest* 128

The Words by Mr. DUMBLETON.

The Air by Mr. MONRO.

*When Silvia strikes the trembling Strings* 46

The CORDIAL. To the Tune of, *Where*  
*shall our Goodman lye.*

*Where wou'd bonny Anne lye* 106

Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

*While from my Looks, fair Nymph, you guess* 52

The JOVIAL BEGGARS.

*Whilst Discord and Envy* 62

CHARMING CELIA,

*Who can resist my Celia's Charms* 84

The Tune by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.

*Why does my Heart thus restless prove* 139

Desiring it might Rain to detain his Mistress.

*With no less various Passions tost* 162

## Y

NEWGATE'S GARLAND.

*Ye Gallants of Newgate, whose Fingers are nice* 42

The Tune by Mr. MONRO.

*Yes, Daphne, in your Face I find* 38

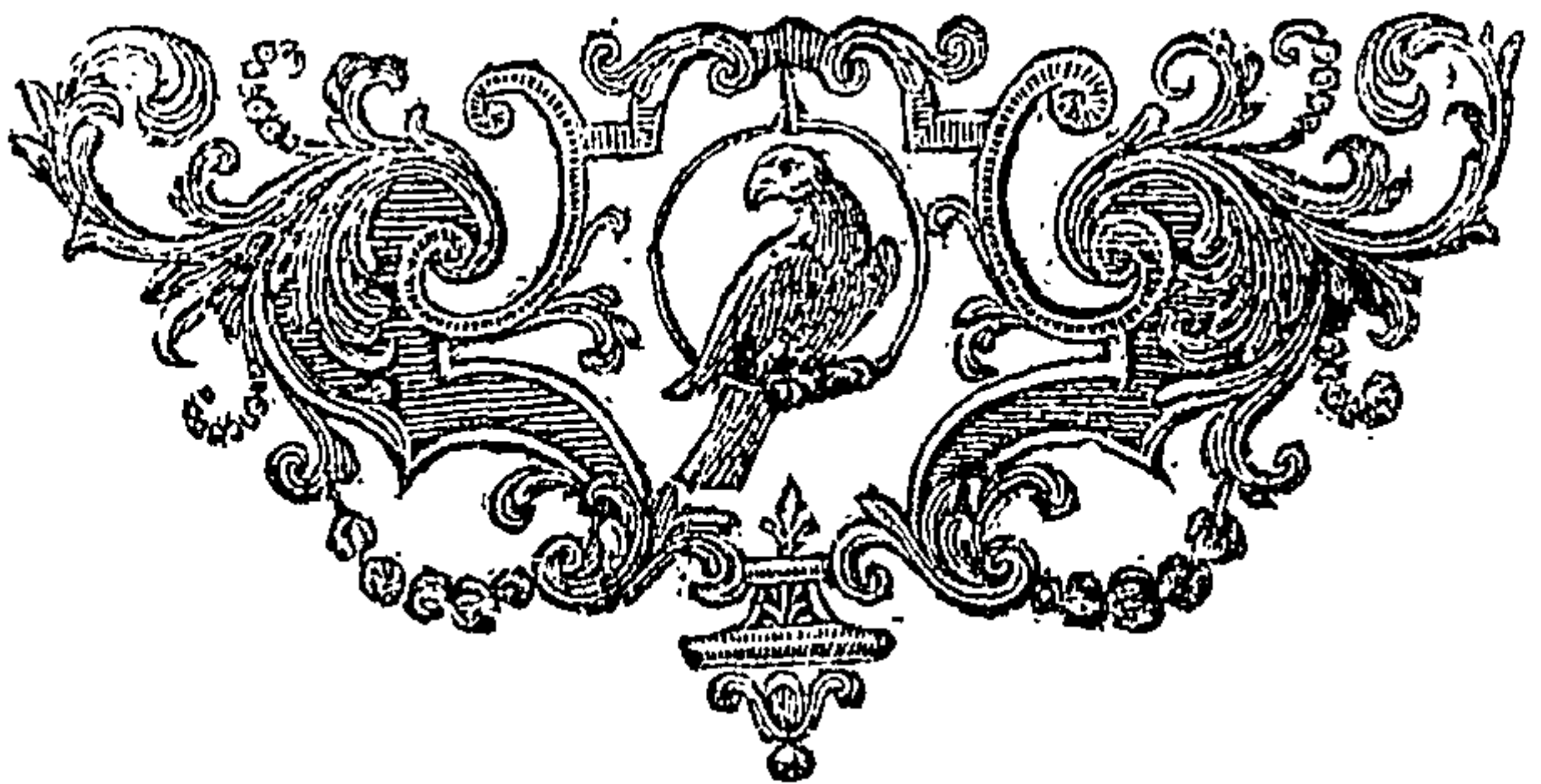
The Tune by Mr. HANDELL.

*Ye Swains that are courting a Maid* 154

KINDNESS.

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

KINDNESS to a COMMON WOMAN excus'd. <i>You laugh, to see me fond appear</i>	53
The Tune by Mr. DIEUPART. <i>Young Nonparelio lov'd a Maid</i>	70
Sung in the BEGGAR'S WEDDING. <i>Young Virgins love Pleasure</i>	40
The Tune by Mr. HOLMES. <i>Young whining Fops, of Love complain</i>	135





# The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

*The Story of BACCHUS and ARIADNE apply'd.*

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

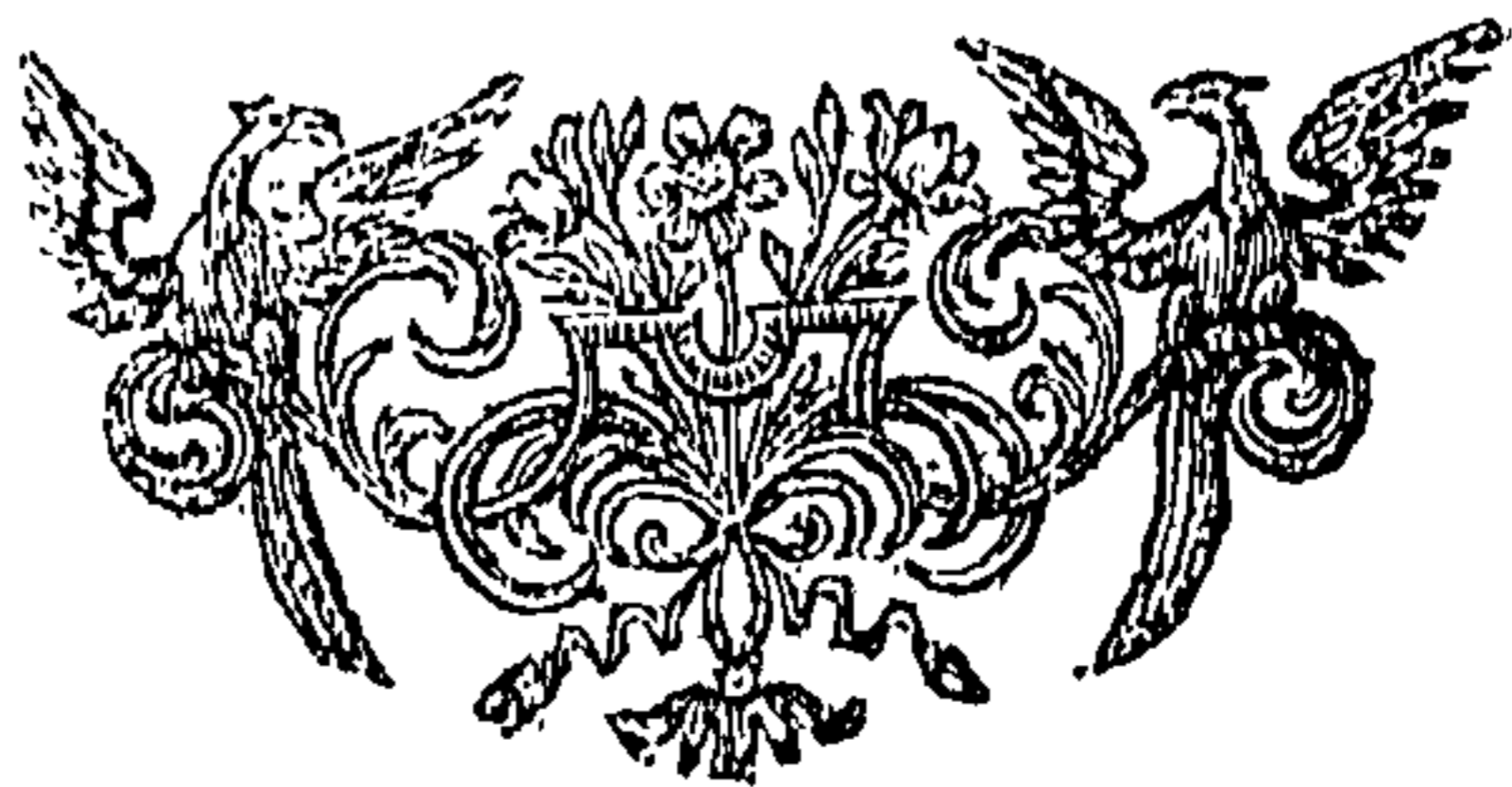
Kind *A-ri-ad-ne* drown'd in Tears, Upbraids the

faithless *Grecian* Chief, 'Till *Bacchus*, jol-----ly

God, appears, And heals her Woe, and lulls her Grief,

*The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.*  
The Moral of this Tale implies,  
When Woman yields her Virgin Store,  
Away the fated Lover flies,  
New Mines of Pleasure to explore.

Awhile she tries each Female Snare,  
The loud Reproach, the fullen Grief;  
But tired at length with fruitless Care,  
Flies to the Bottle for Relief.





The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

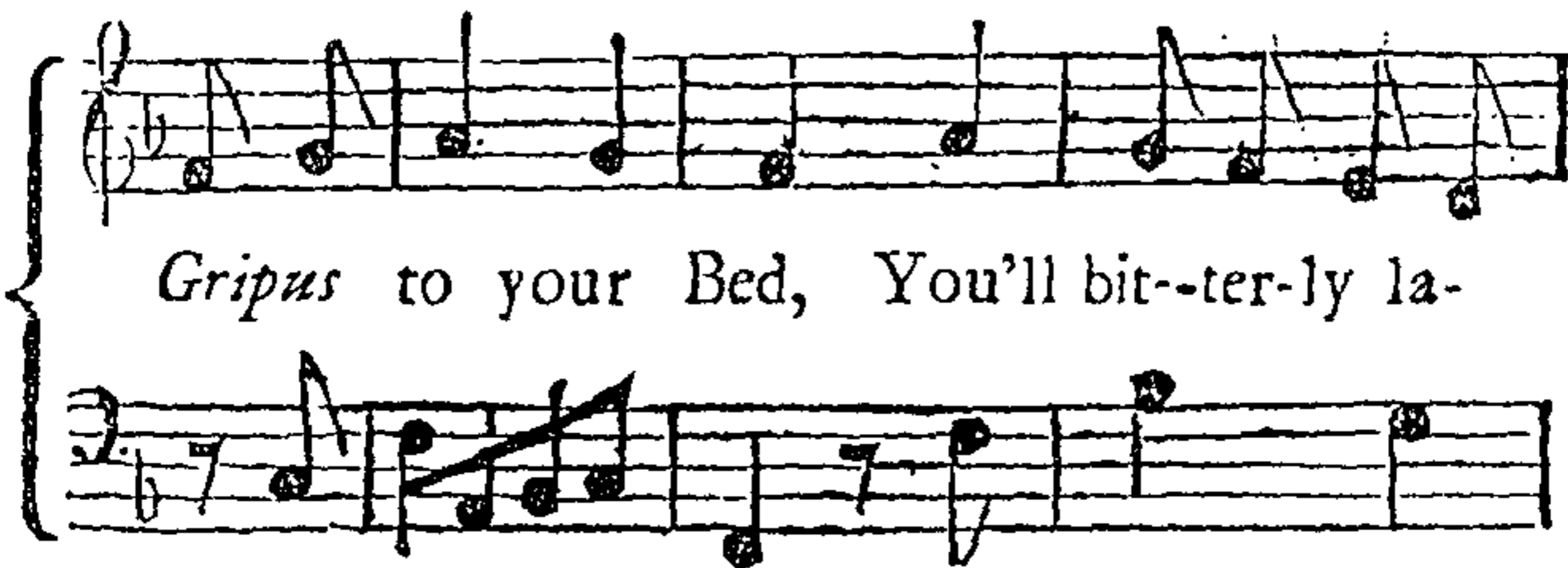
GOOD ADVICE

To a YOUNG LADY about to marry an OLD MAN.

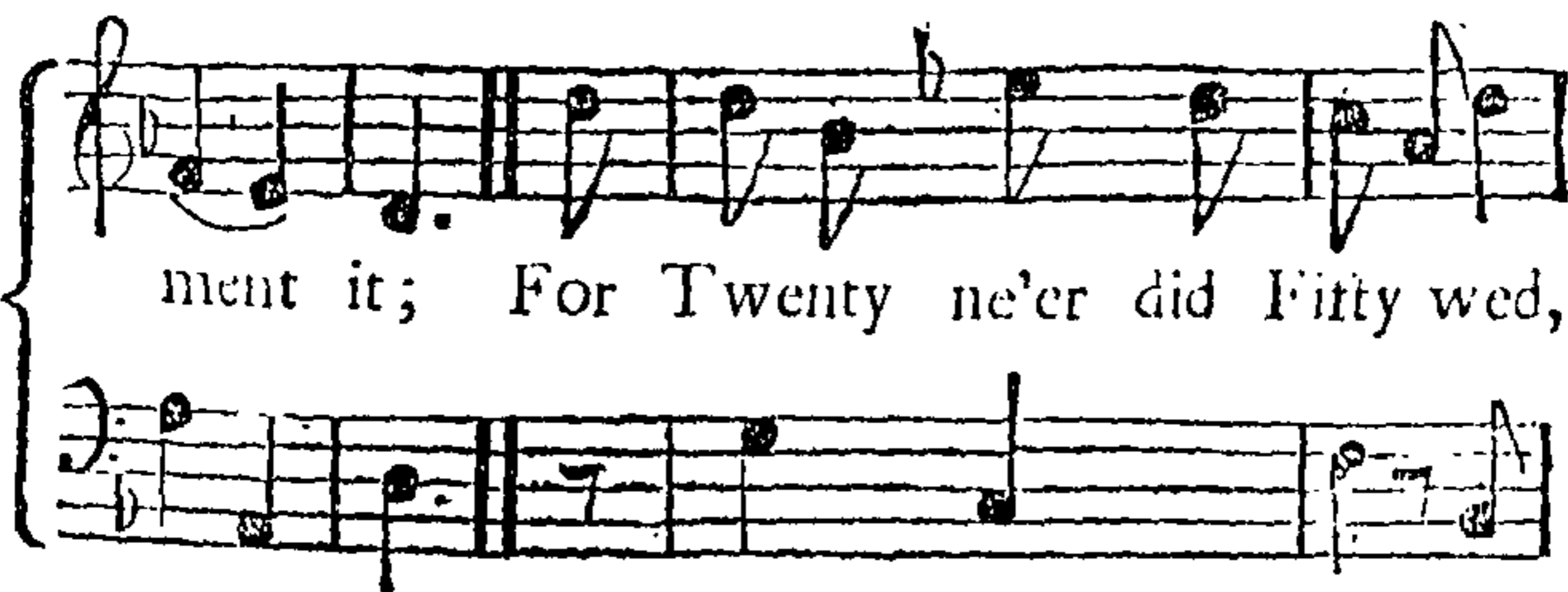
Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.



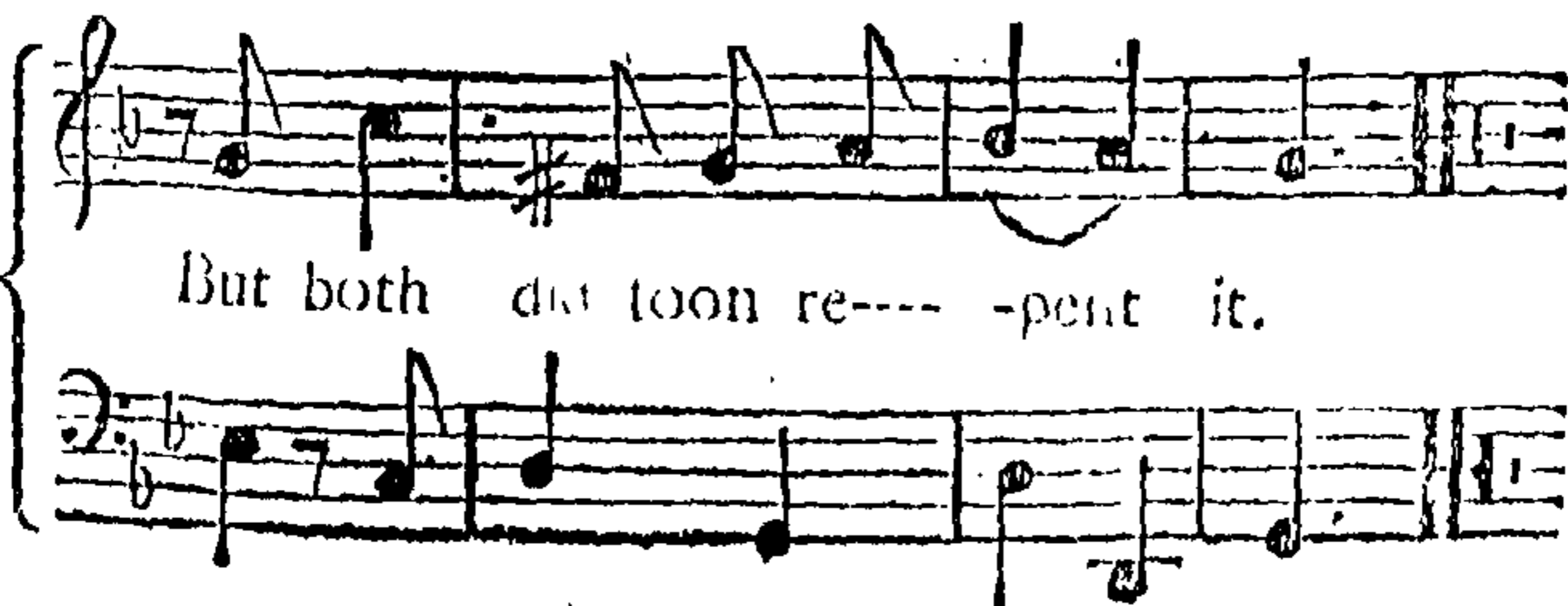
If you, by fordid Views mis-led, Pre--fer old



Gripus to your Bed, You'll bit--ter-ly la-



ment it; For Twenty ne'er did Fitty wed,



But both do toon re--- -pent it.

*The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.*

His Peevishness, and Thirst of Gain,  
Wou'd of each *China* Cup complain;  
Each Ribbon, Patch, and Pinner; -  
And \* *Tit*, and \* *Brisk*, must ne'er again  
Eat from your Plate at Dinner.

Alarm'd by groundless Jealousy,  
He'd to each random Word apply  
Some base Interpretation;  
Each meanless Smile, or casual Sigh,  
Wou'd be an Affignation.

Or tho' you're from these Torments free,  
Indulg'd all Day in Visits, Tea,  
And all that you petition;  
Ev'n then, alas! all Night you'd be  
But in a poor Condition.

For then he'd all Endearments shun,  
And vainly boast what Feats were done,  
When he was Young and Mighty;  
But now, alas! those Days are gone,  
And so, my Dear, Good-Night t'ye.

But if, by Inclination led,  
A Youth of equal Bloom you wed,  
No Cares by Day will teaze ye;  
At Night such Joys will bless your Bed,  
As cannot fail to please ye.

While

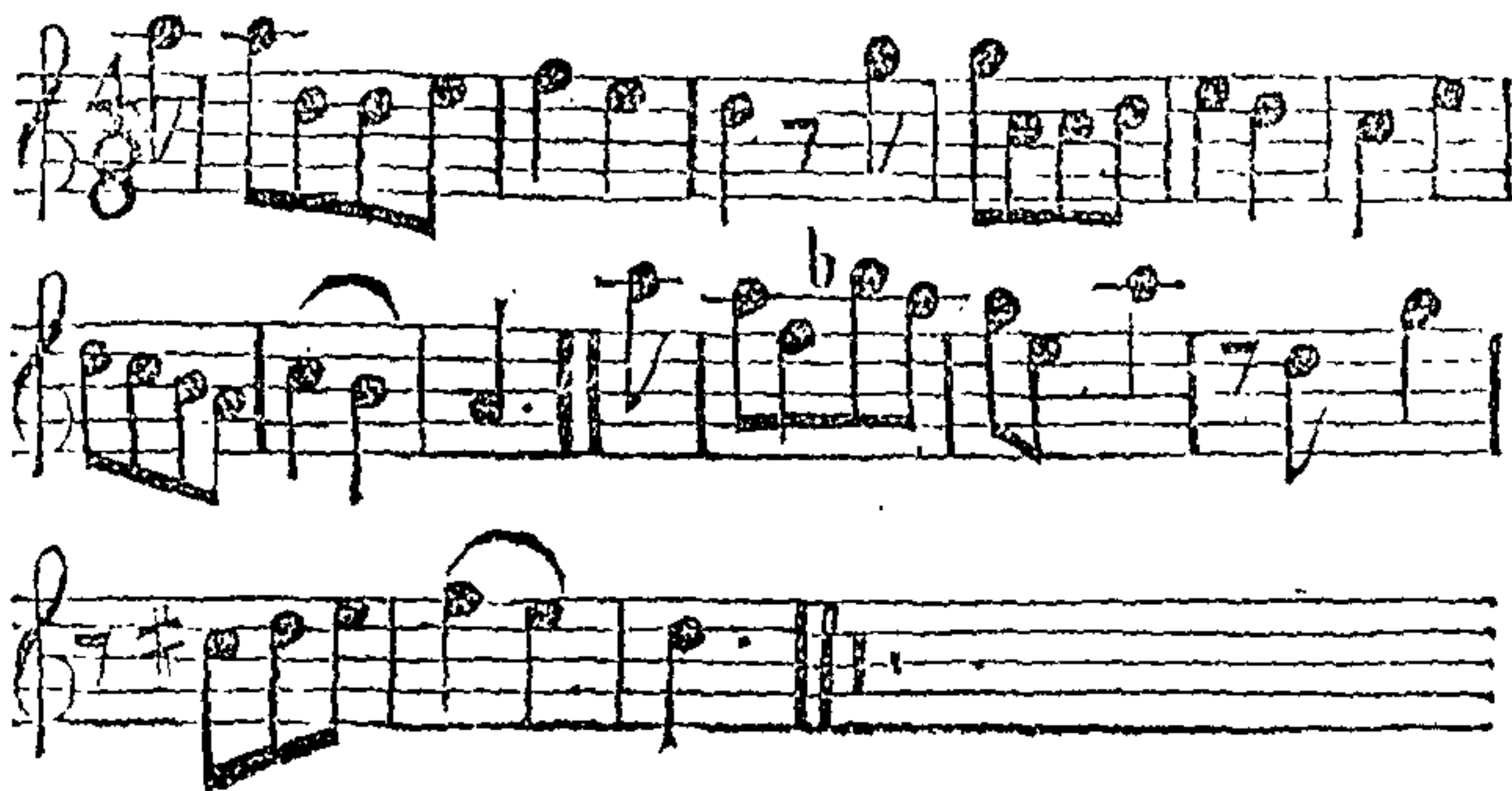
\* *A favourite Cat and Dog.*

*The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

5

While therefore you to chuse are free,  
Chuse One whose Years with yours agree,  
By Love alone directed ;  
Assur'd that happy Days may be  
From happy Nights expected.

*For the* F L U T E .




The Words by *AARON HILL*, Esq;Set by *Mr. ABIEL WHICHELO*.

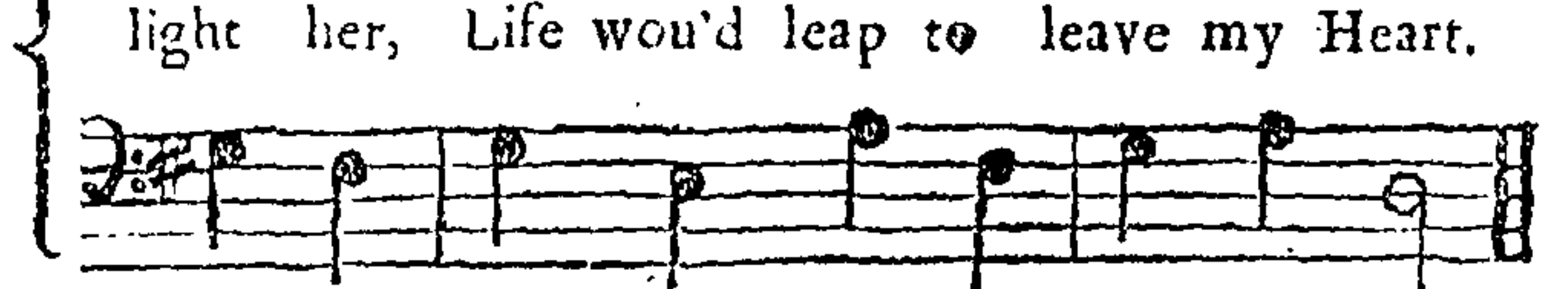

Oh, forbear to bid me slight her; Soul, and





Senses, take her Part: Cou'd my Death it self de-

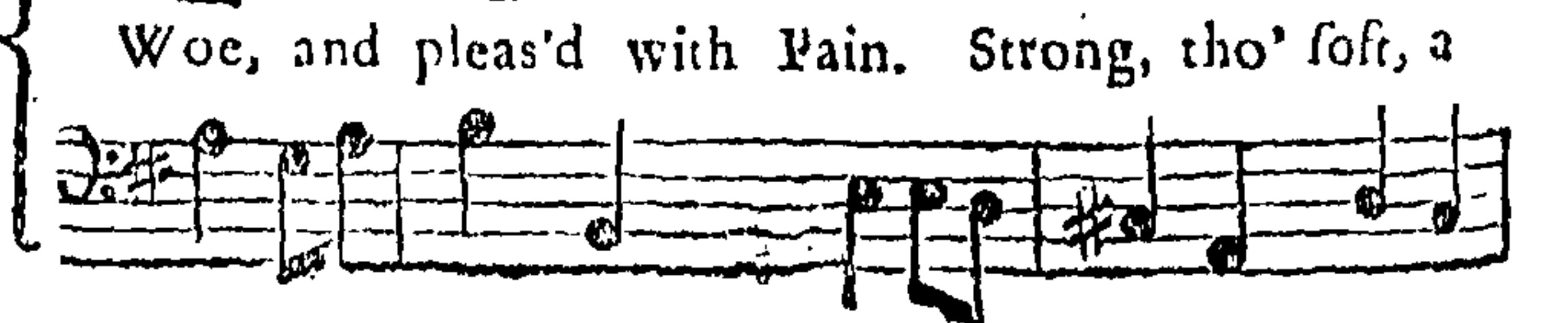
light her, Life wou'd leap to leave my Heart.




Strong, tho' soft, a Lover's Chain! Charm'd with

Woe, and pleas'd with Pain. Strong, tho' soft, a





Lover's Chain! Charm'd with Woe, and  
pleas'd with Pain.

Tho' the tender Flame were dying,  
Love wou'd light it at her Eyes;  
Or, her tuneful Voice applying,  
Through my Ear, my Soul surprize.  
*Deaf, I see the Fate I shun!*  
*Blind, I hear --- and am undone!*

For the FLUTE.



## CHARMING SILVIA.

Set by Dr. GREEN.

*Not too fast.*

The Nymph that un--does me, is fair and un-

kind; No less than a Wonder by Nature de-

sign'd; She's the Grief of my Heart, the

Joy of my Eye, And the Cause of a Flame that

never

never can die, The Cause of a Flame that

never can die.

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble clef staff with the lyrics 'never can die, The Cause of a Flame that' and a bass clef staff. The second system has a treble clef staff with the lyrics 'never can die.' and a bass clef staff. The music is written in a simple, hand-drawn style.

Her Mouth, from whence Wit still obligingly flows,  
 Has the beautiful Blush, and the Smell of the Rose;  
*Love* and *Destiny* both attend on her Will,  
 She wounds with a Look, with a Frown she can kill.

The desperate Lover can hope no Redress,  
 Where Beauty and Rigour are both in Excess:  
 In *Silvia* they meet; so unhappy am I,  
 Who sees her must love, and who loves her must die.

For the FLUTE.

The image shows a musical score for a flute piece. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff has a treble clef and a 3/8 time signature. The music is written in a simple, hand-drawn style.



The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

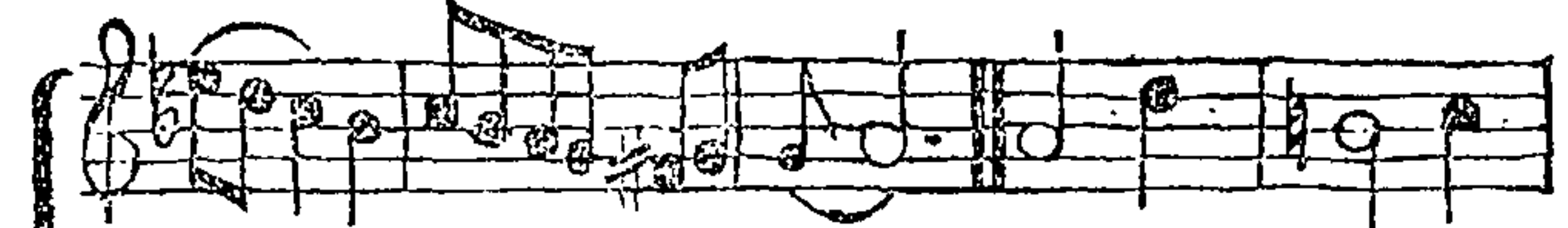
L O T H A R I A.

The Words by AARON HILL, Esq;

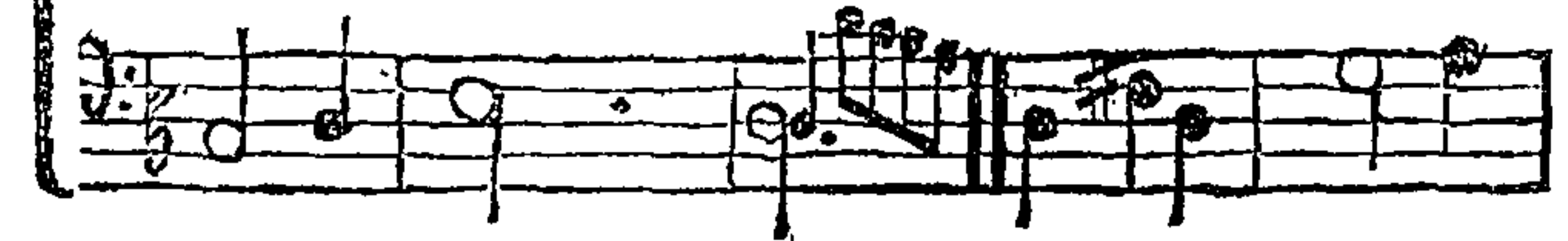
Set by Mr. DIEUPART.



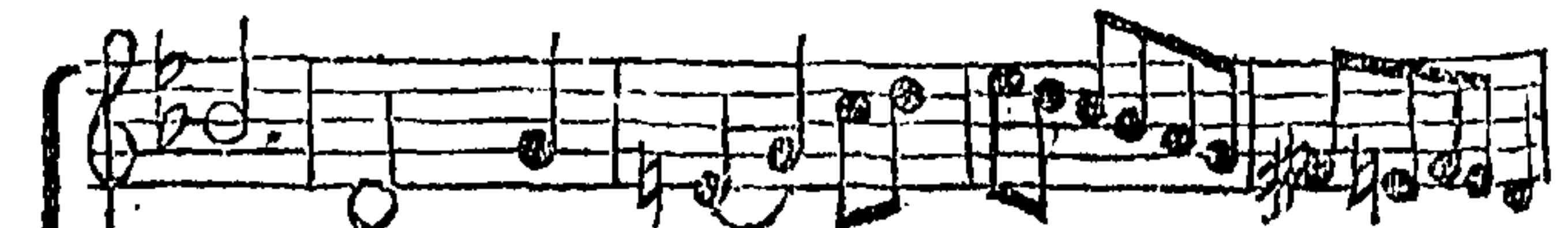
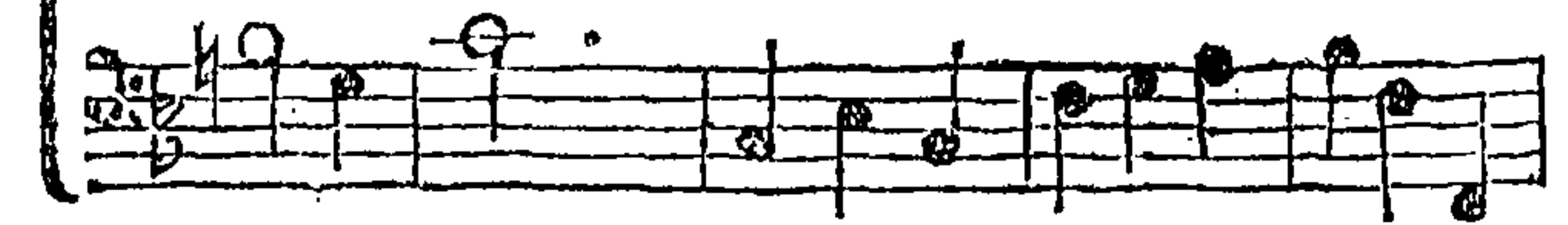
Vainly now ye strive to charm me, All ye



Sweets of bloom-ing *May*; How shou'd empty



Sunshine warm me, While *Lo-tha-ria* keeps a-



way? How shou'd empty Sun-shine warm me,



While





Go, ye warbling Birds, go leave me ;  
Shade, ye Clouds, the smiling Sky :  
Sweeter Notes her Voice can give me ;  
Softer Sunshine fills her Eye.  
Sweeter Notes, &c.

*For the FLUTE.*



*An* O D E.

Set by Mr. *ABIEL WHICHELO.*



No, no, 'tis in vain, in this turbulent Town To ex-



pect either Plea-sure or Rest; To Hurry and



Nonsense still ty---ing us down; 'Tis an over-grown



Prison at best, 'Tis an over-grown Prison at best.



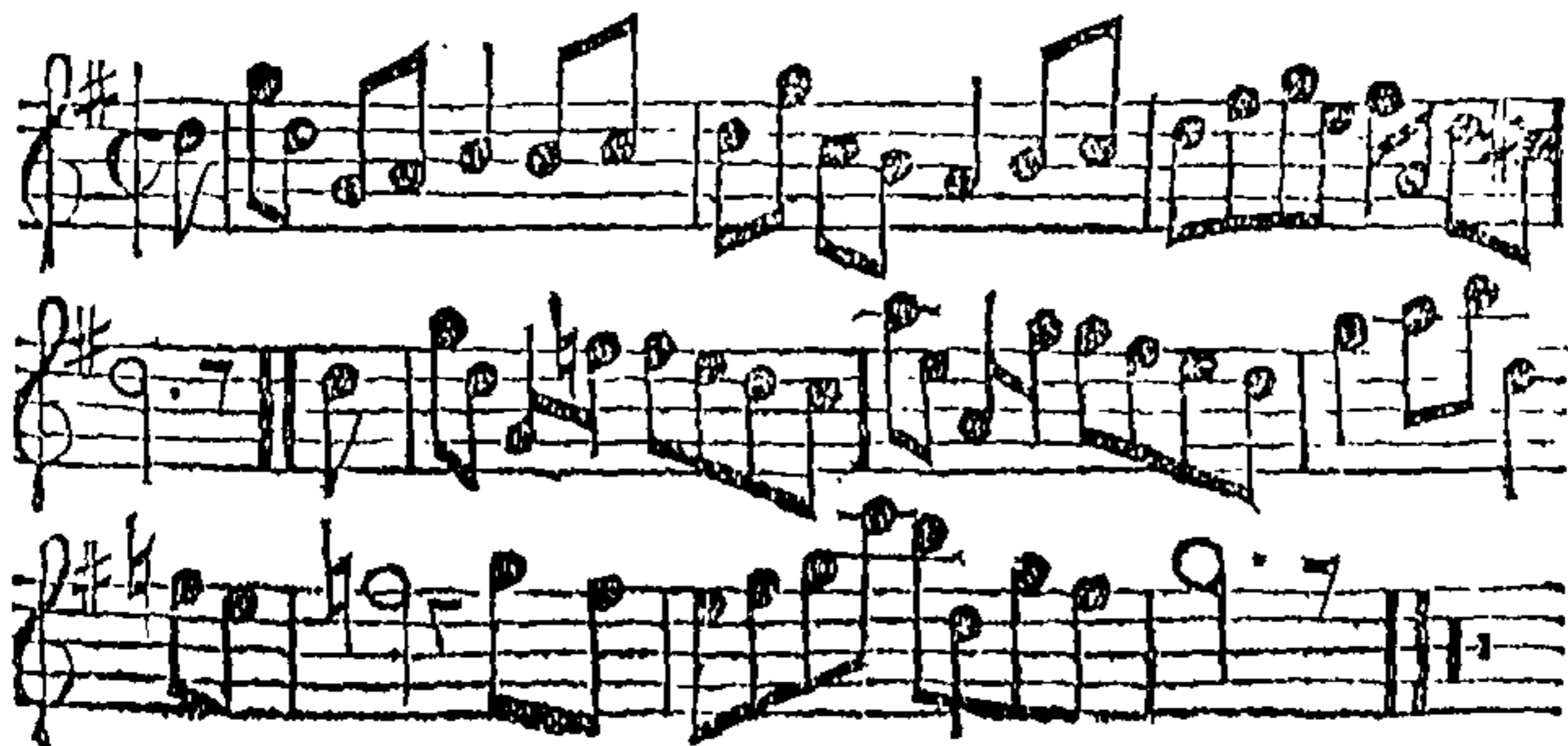
From hence to the Country escaping away,  
Leave the Crowd and the Bustle behind;  
And then you'll see liberal Nature display  
A thousand Delights to Mankind.

The Change of the Seasons, the Sports of the Fields,  
The sweetly diversify'd Scene;  
The Groves, and the Gardens! and every thing yields  
A Chearfulness ever serene.

Here, here, from Ambition and Avarice free,  
My Days may I quietly spend!  
Whilst the Cits and the Courtiers, unenvy'd for me,  
May gather up Wealth without end.

No, I thank 'em, I would not, to add to my Store,  
My Peace and my Freedom resign:  
For who, for the sake of possessing the Ore,  
Would be sentenc'd to dig in the Mine?

*For the* FLUTE.



*The* CONSTANT SWAIN, and VIRTUOUS  
MAID.

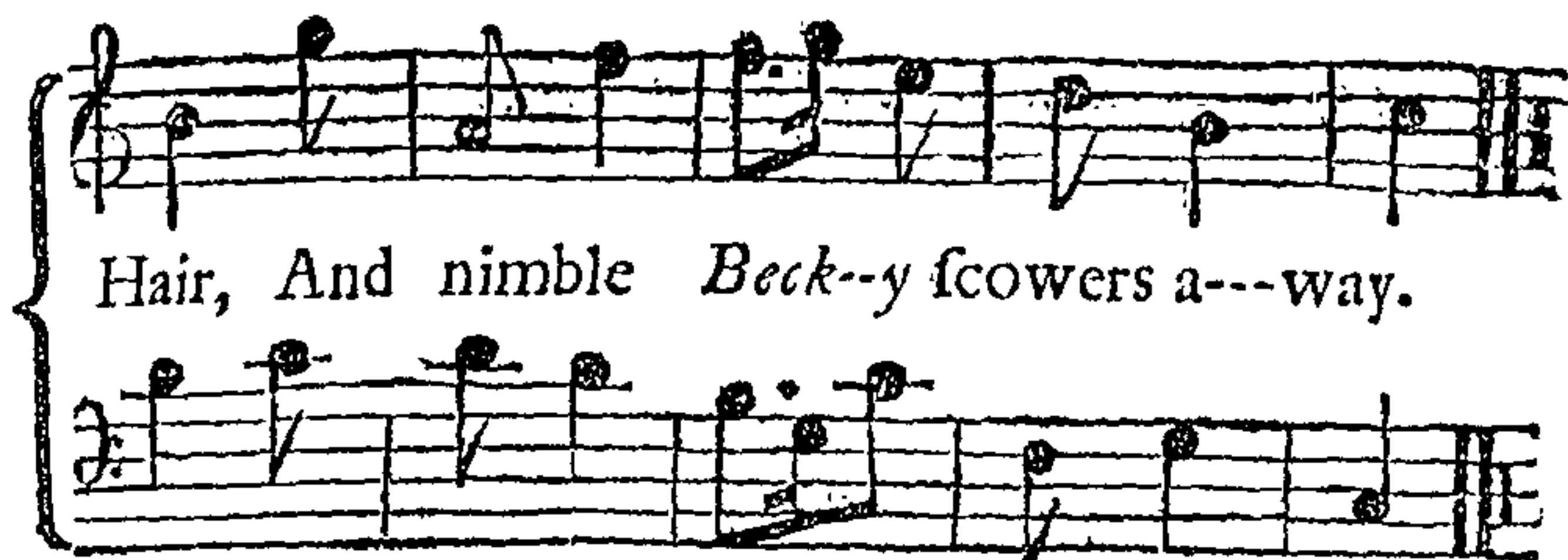
Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

Soon as the Day begins to waste, Straight

to the well-known Door I haste, And rapping

there, am forc'd to stay; While *Mol-ly* hides her

Work with Care, Adjusts her Tucker and her



N. B. *The Second Part of this Tune is Bass to the First, and the First Part is Bass to the Second.*

Ent'ring, I see in *Molly's* Eyes  
 A sudden smiling Joy arise,  
 As quickly check'd by Virgin Shame:  
 She drops a Curt'sey, steals a Glance,  
 Receives a Kiss, one Step advance;  
 If such I love, am I to blame?

I sit and talk of twenty Things,  
 Of *South-Sea* Stock, or Deaths of Kings,  
 While only *Yes*, or *No*, crys *Molly*:  
 As cautious she conceals her Thoughts,  
 As others do their private Faults,  
 Is this her Prudence, or her Folly?

Parting, I kiss her Lip and Cheek,  
 I hang about her snowy Neck,  
 And say, *Farewel*, my dearest *Molly*:  
 Yet still I hang, and still I kiss;  
 Ye learned Sages, say, Is this  
 In me th' Effect of Love, or Folly?

No:

No: Both by sober Reason move,  
She Prudence shews, and I true Love:  
No Charge of Folly can be laid:  
Then, 'till the Marriage-Rites proclaim'd  
Shall joyn our Hands, let us be nam'd,  
*The Constant Swain, and Virtuons Maid.*


*For the FLUTE.*





TRUE LOVE.

The Words by Mr. MITCHELL.



Set by Dr. GREEN.




Charming *Chloe*, look with Pi--ty On your



faithful Love-sick Swain: Hear, O hear his




doleful Ditty! And re---lieve his mighty Pain.


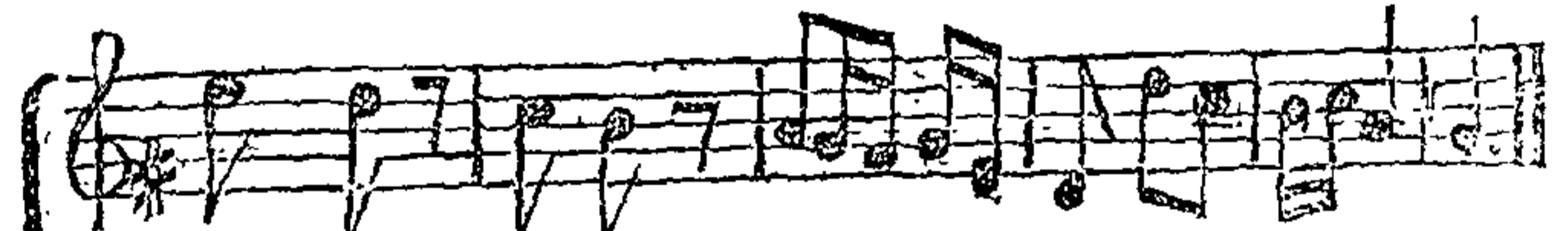





Find you Mu--sic in his Sighing? Can you

see him in Distress, Wishing, trembling,

panting, dying, Yet afford no kind Redress?



*Strepson*, mov'd by lawless Passion,  
 For no Favours rudely sues :  
 All his Flame is out of Fashion!  
 Ancient Honour for him woes!  
 Love for Love's the Swain's Ambition :  
 But, if That is deem'd too great,  
 Pity, pity his Condition----  
 Say, at least, you do not hate.

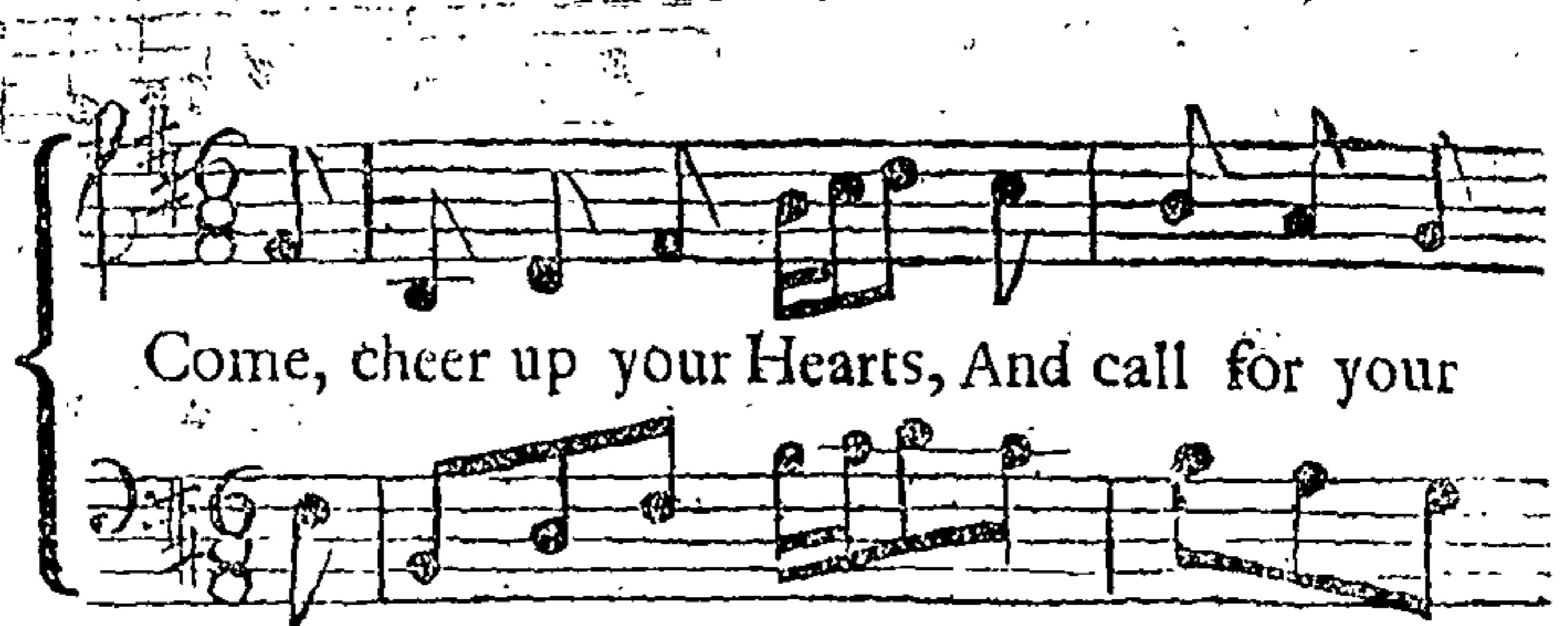


Shou'd you, fonder of a Rover,  
Practis'd in the Arts of Guile,  
Slight so true and kind a Lover,  
*Chloe*, might not *Strephon* smile?  
Yes. Well-pleas'd at thy Undoing,  
Vulgar Lovers might upbraid.  
*Strephon*, conscious of thy Ruin,  
Soon wou'd be a silent Shade.

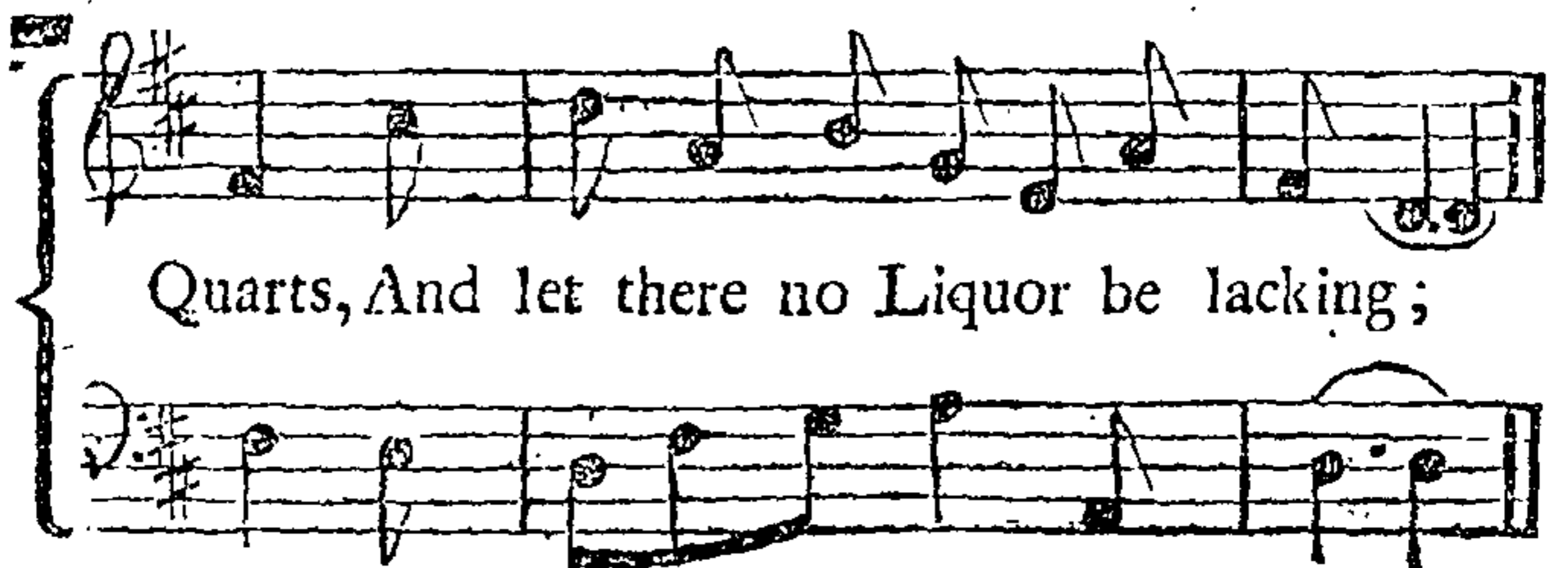
*For the* FLUTE.



Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

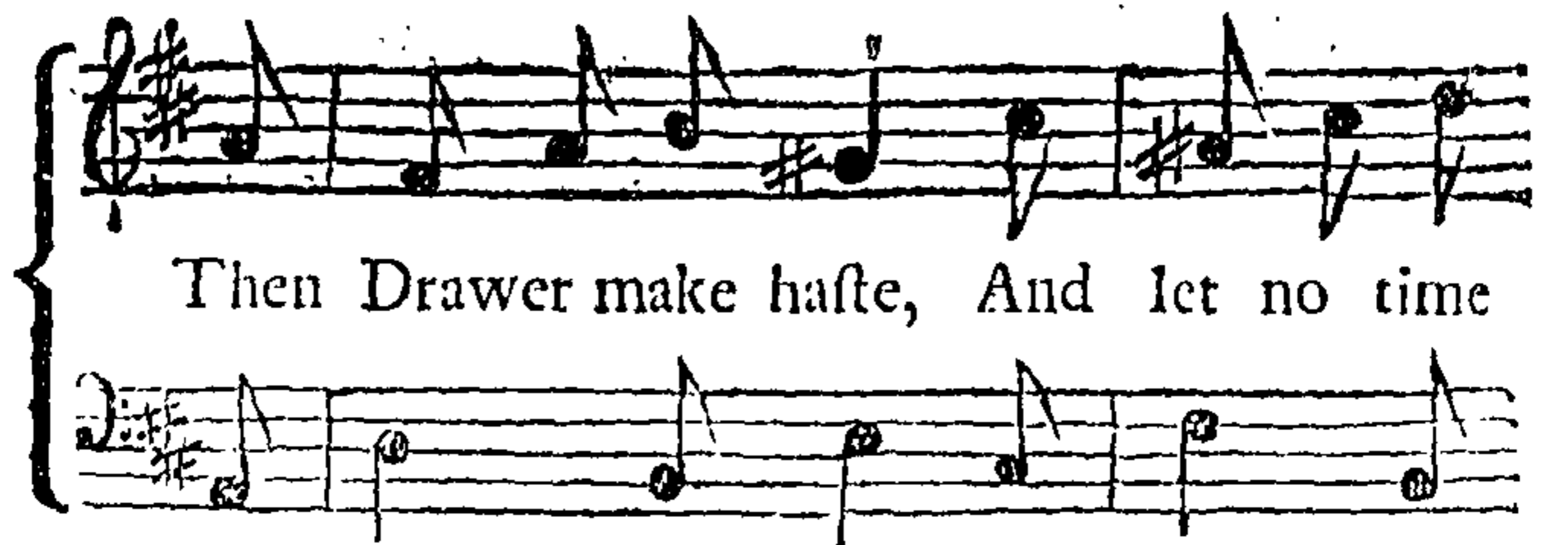


Come, cheer up your Hearts, And call for your

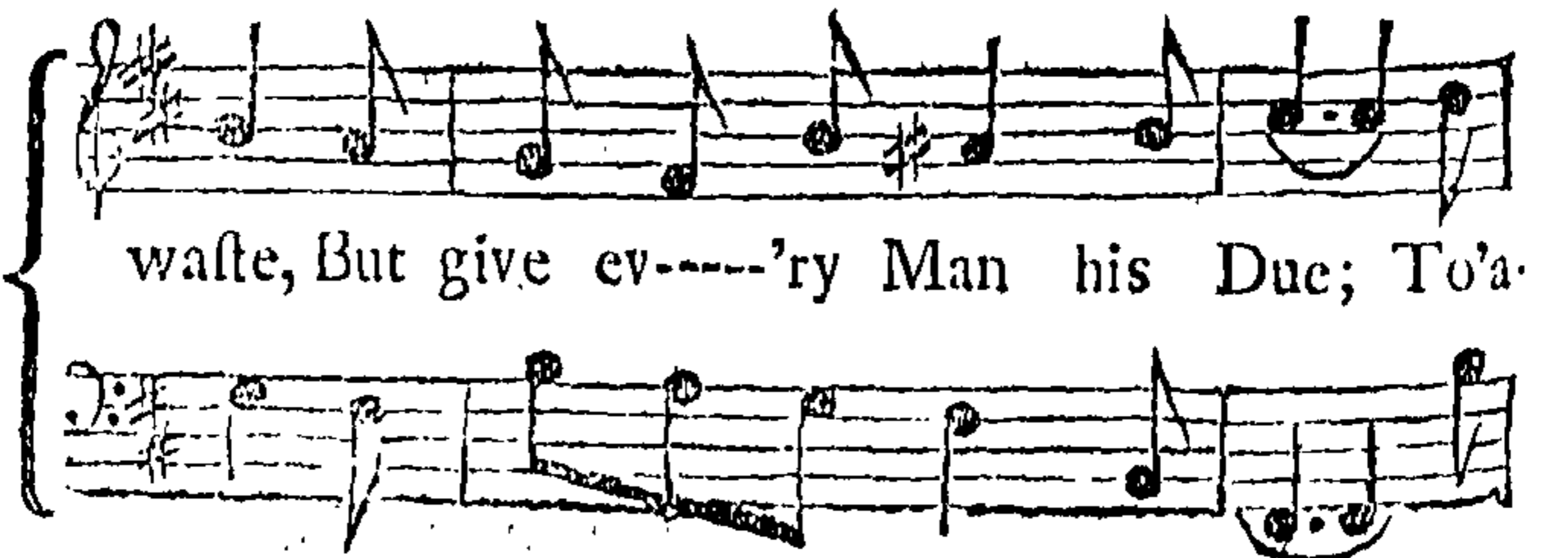


Quarts, And let there no Liquor be lacking;

We have Money in store,  
And intend for to roat,  
Until we have sent it all packing.



Then Drawer make haste, And let no time



waste, But give ev-----'ry Man his Due; To'a.

void all Trouble, Go fill the Pot double, Since

he that made One made Two, Since he that

made One, made Two.

Come drink, my Hearts, drink,  
And call for your Wine,  
'Tis that makes a Man to speak truly;  
What Sot can refrain,  
Or daily complain,  
That he, in his Drink, is unruly;  
Then drink, and be civil,  
Intending no Evil,  
If that you'll be ruled by me;  
For Claret and Sack  
We never will lack,  
Since he that made Two, made Three,  
Since he, &c.

The old Curmudgeon,  
 Sits all the Day drudging  
 At home, with brown Bread and small Beer;  
 With scraping damn'd Pelf,  
 He starveth himself,  
 Scarce eats a good Meal in a Year:  
 But we'll not do so,  
 Howe'er the World go,  
 Since that we have Money in store;  
 For Claret and Sack  
 We never will lack,  
 Since he that made Three, made Four.  
*Since he, &c.*

Come drink, my Hearts, drink,  
 And call for your Wine;  
 D'ye think that I'll leave you i'th' Lurch?  
 My Reck'ning I'll pay,  
 Ere I go away,  
 Or hang me as high as *Paul's* Church.  
 Tho' some Men will say,  
 This is not the way  
 For us, in this World, to thrive;  
 'Tis no matter for that,  
 Let us have t'other Quart,  
 Since he that made Four, made Five.  
*Since he, &c.*

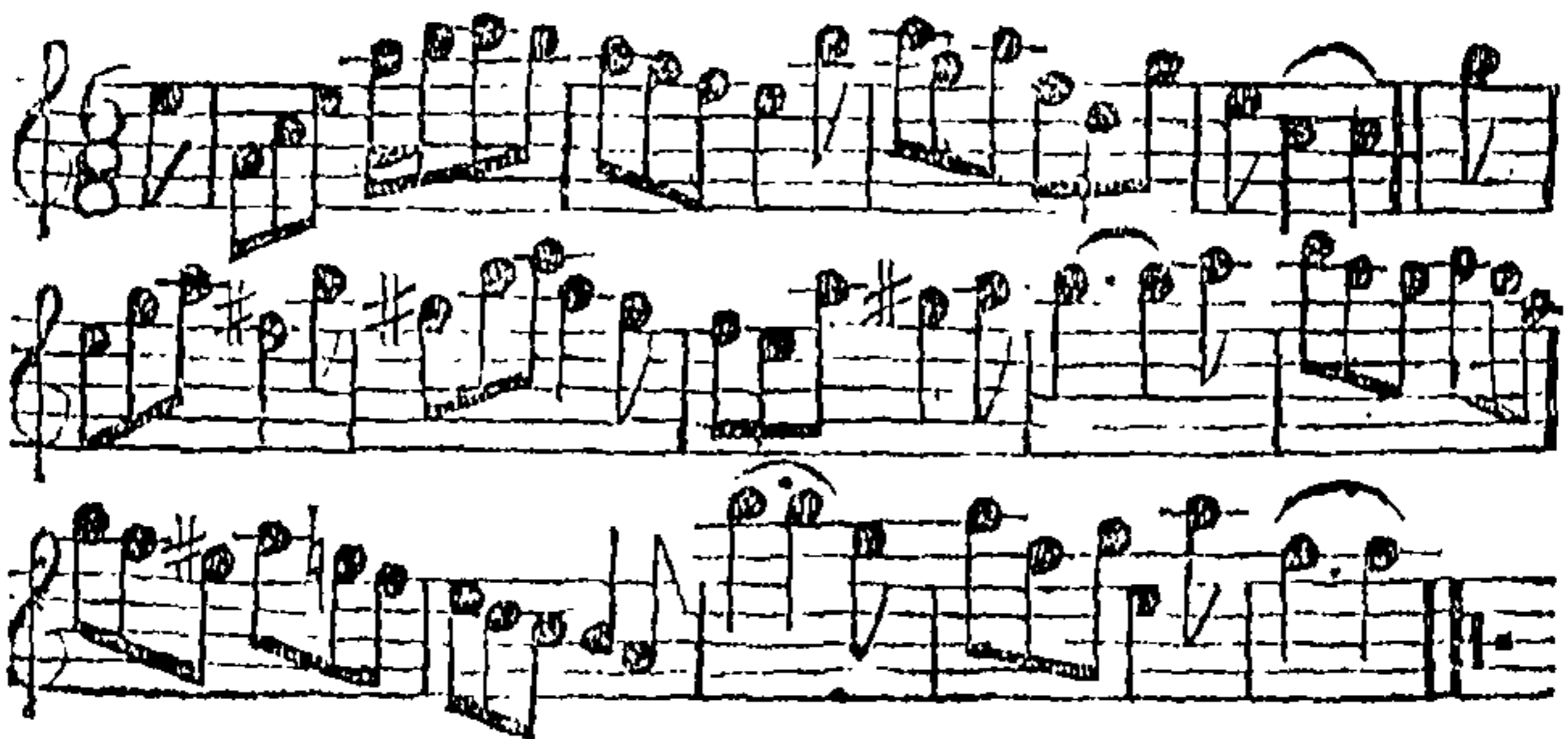
A Pox of old *Charon*,  
 His Brains are all barren,  
 His Liquor (like Coffee) is dry;  
 But we are for Wine,  
 'Tis a Drink more divine,  
 Without it we perish and die:

Then

Then troll it about,  
 Until 'tis all out,  
 We'll affront him in spite of his *Styx*;  
 If he grudges his Ferry,  
 We'll drink and be merry,  
 Since he that made Five, made Six.  
*Since he, &c.*

But now the Time's come,  
 That we all must go home,  
 Our Liquor's all gone, that's for certain;  
 Which makes me repine,  
 That a God so Divine,  
 Won't give us one Cup at our Parting:  
 But since 'tis all paid,  
 Let's not be dismay'd,  
 But fly to great *Bacchus* in Heaven;  
 And chide him, because  
 He made no better Laws,  
 Since he that made Six, made Seven.  
*Since he, &c.*

*For the FLUTE.*



C 4

To M A R C E L L A.

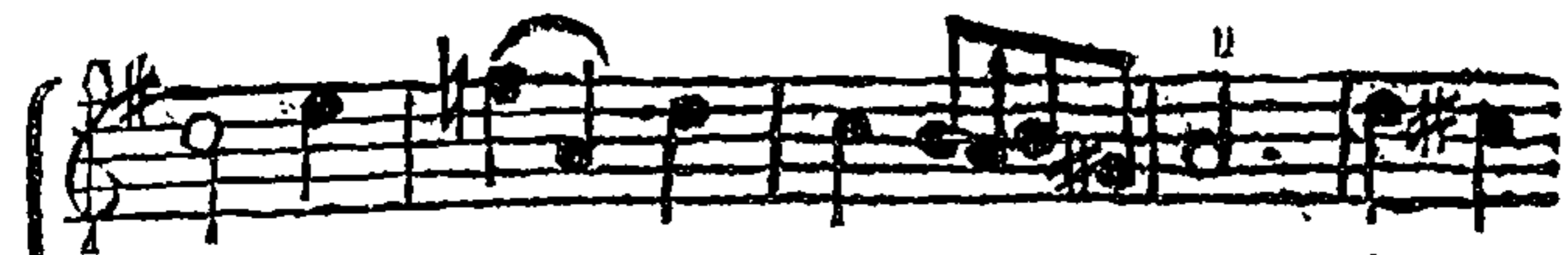
Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

The precious Hours of fly---ing Youth, Mar-

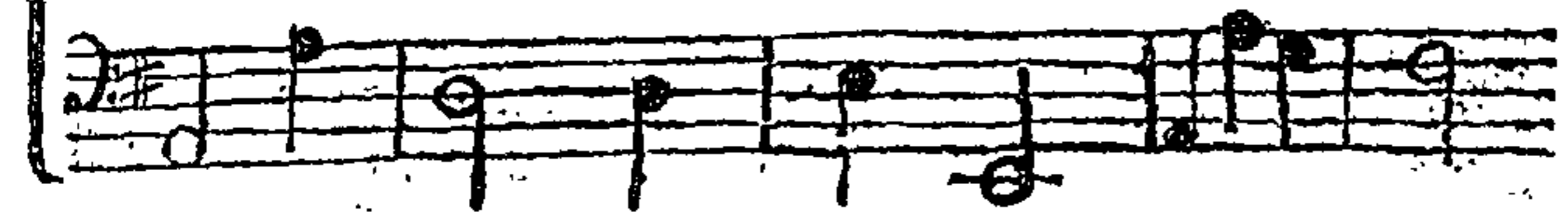
cella, waste no more, Fed with vain Hopes

of Love and Truth, Which faithless *Thirsis*

swore. When from thy Arms the Swain is



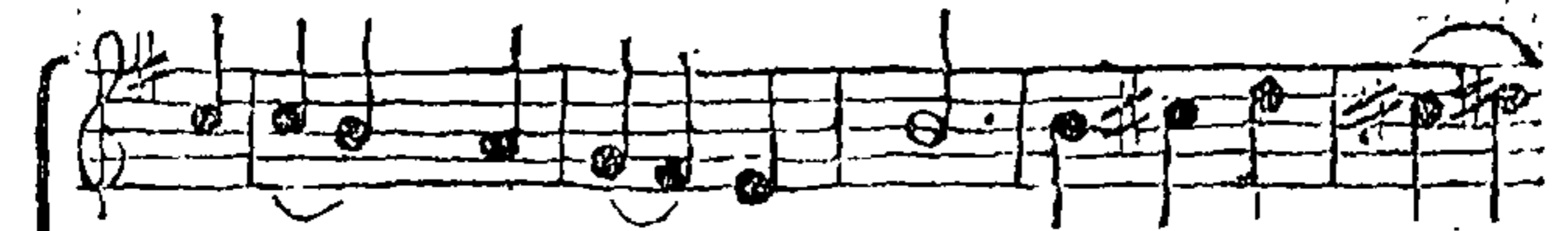
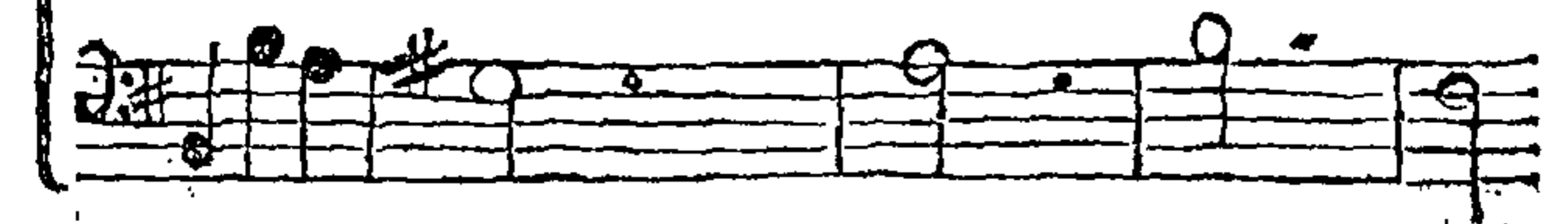
fled, And views thee with Dif--dain, 'T will be



too late, mi--sta--ken Maid, Of Falshood to com-



plain. Can'st thou the cau--tious Fool approve,



Who cou'd de---fer his Bliss? Can he have felt



the Pow'r of Love, Who hastes not to pos-sss?



Love scorns the thinking Sots, and hates  
 Their Gravity and Reason;  
 Is always ready, and ne'er waits  
 Conveniency and Season.

Fly from this lazy Lover, fly,  
 Who lengthens out the Chase;  
 Whose Pleasures in pursuing lye,  
 And fears too nigh to press.

*Marcella*, vindicate with care  
 The Empire of your Eyes,  
 The World will think you not so fair,  
 If *Thirsis* is so wise.

*For the* F L U T E.





To the Absent FLORINDA.

Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.



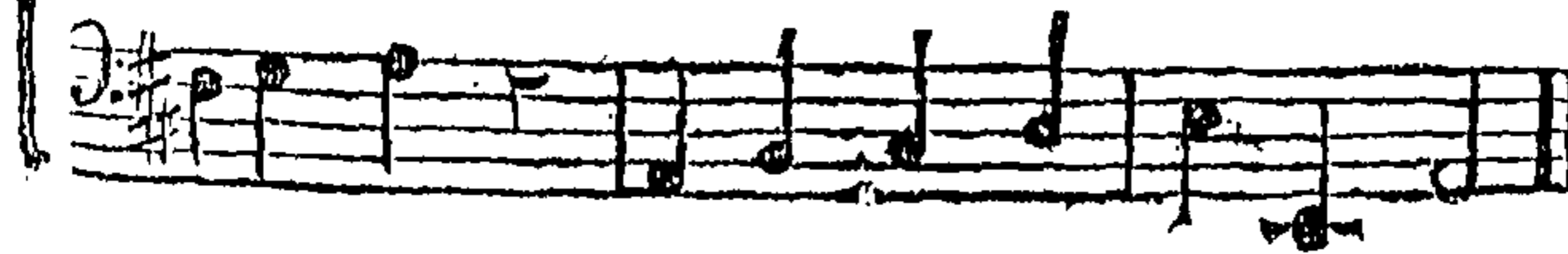
Come, *Florinda*, love-ly Charmer, Come and




fix this wav'ring Heart; Let those Eyes my





Soul re-kin-dle, Ere I feel some foreign Dart.





Come




Come, and with thy Smiles secure me, If this

Heart be worth thy Care; Favour'd by my

dear *Flo-rin-da*, I'll be true, as she is fair.

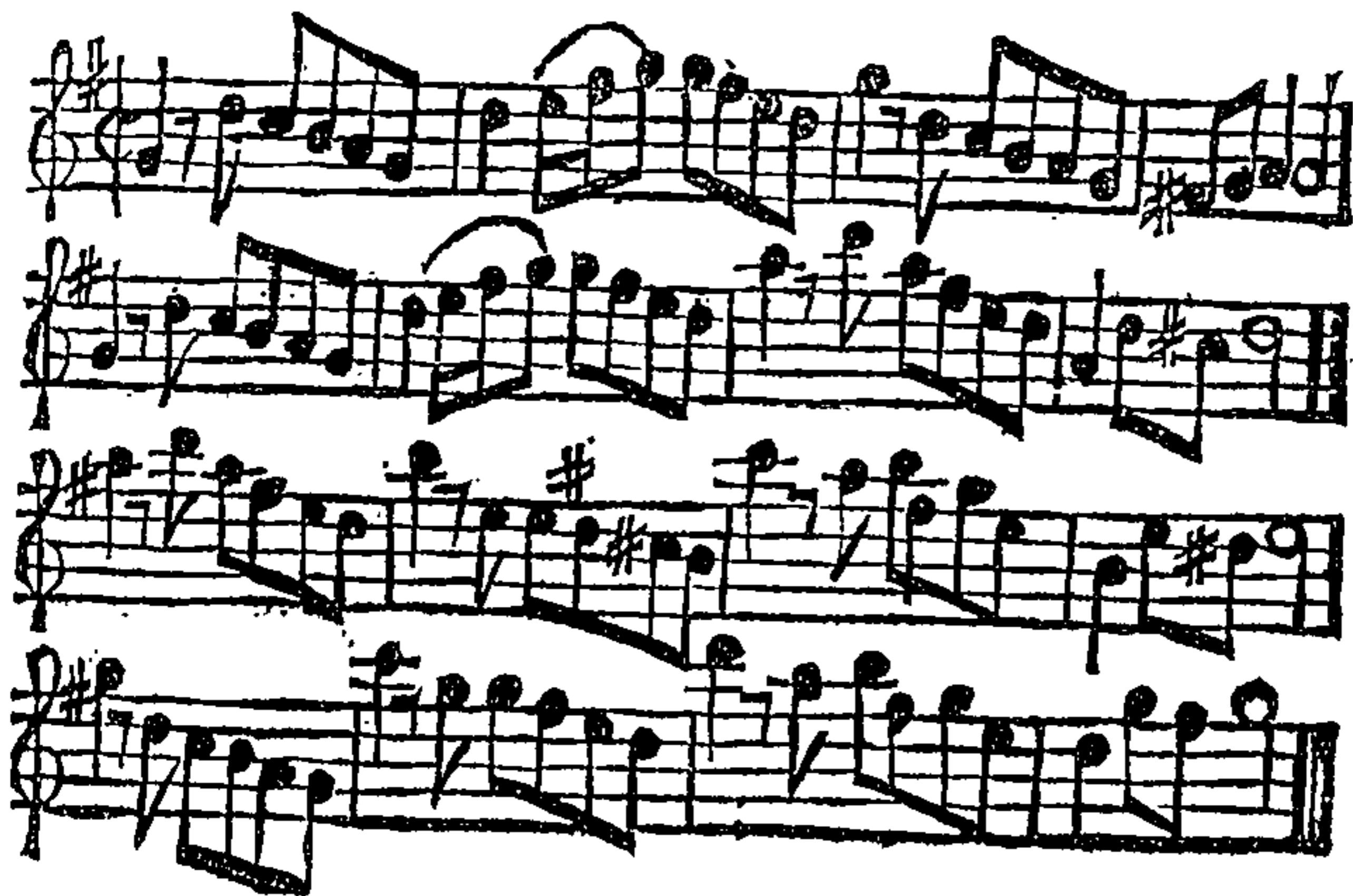


Thousand Beauties trip around me,  
 And my yielding Breast assail;  
 Come and take me to thy Bosom,  
 Ere my constant Passion fail.  
 Come, and like the radiant Morning,  
 On my Soul serenely shine,  
 Then those glimmering Stars shall vanish,  
 Lost in Splendor more divine.

Long this Heart has been thy Victim,  
Long has felt the pleasing Pain;  
Come, and with an equal Passion  
Make it ever thine remain.

Then, my Charmer, I can promise,  
If our Souls in Love agree,  
None in all the Upper Dwellings  
Shall be happier than we.

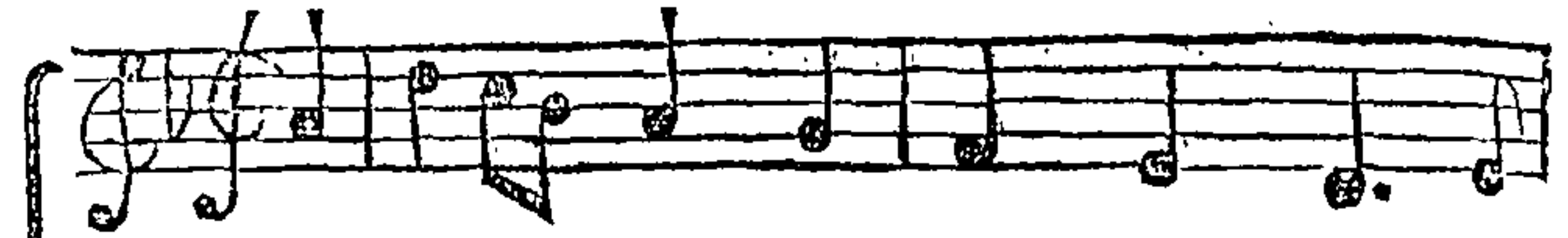
*For the* F L U T E.



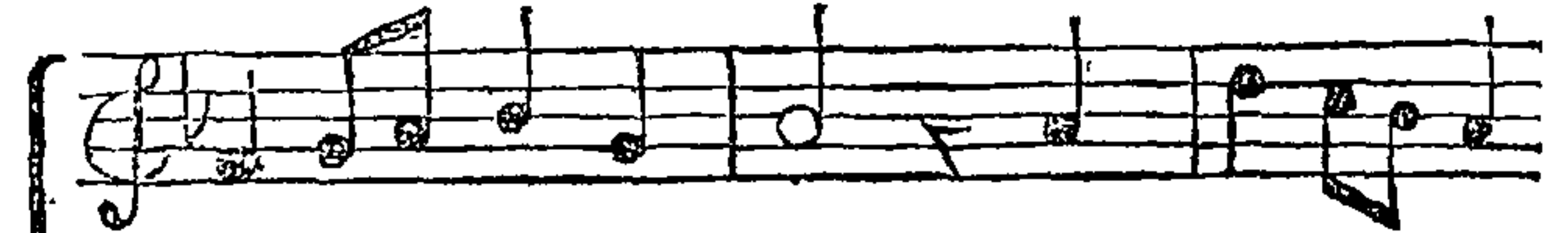
*The* WAND'RING BEAUTY.

By JOHN HUGHES, Esq;

Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.



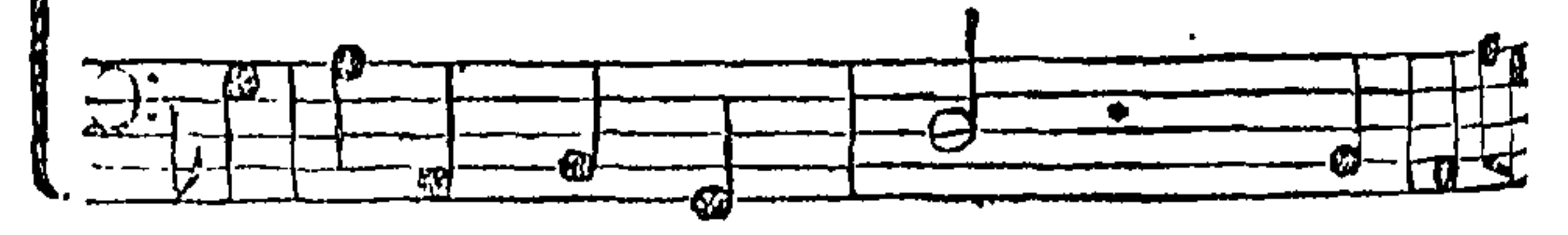
The Graces and the wand'ring Loves Are



fled to distant Plains, To chase the Fawns,



or in deep Groves To wound admiring Swains.



:S:



With their bright Mistresses, there they stray,

:S:

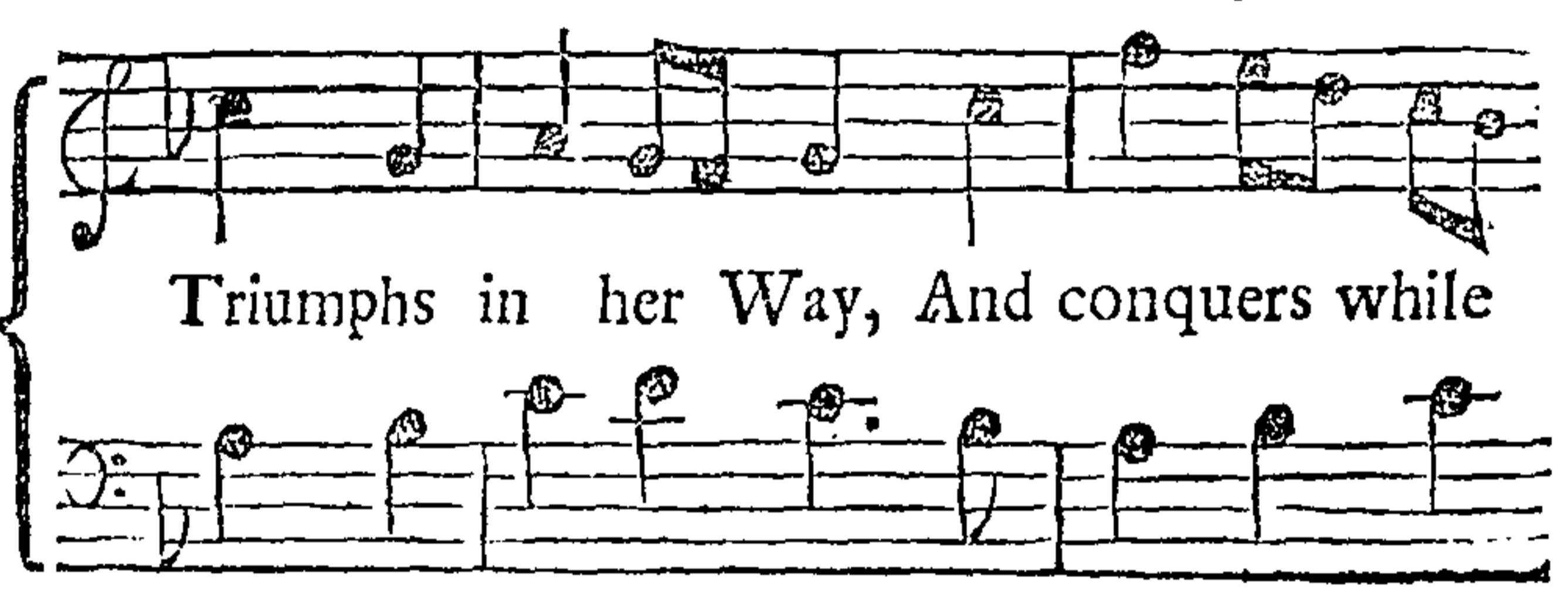




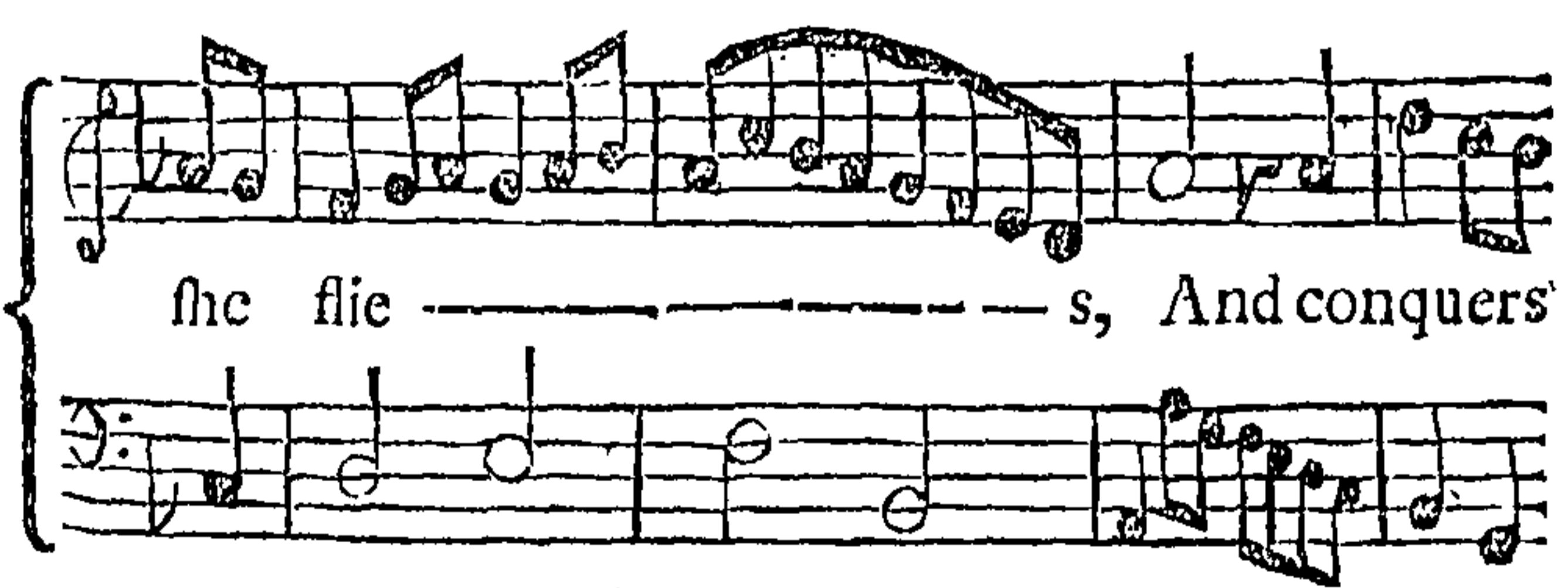
Who turns her care--less Eyes From daily



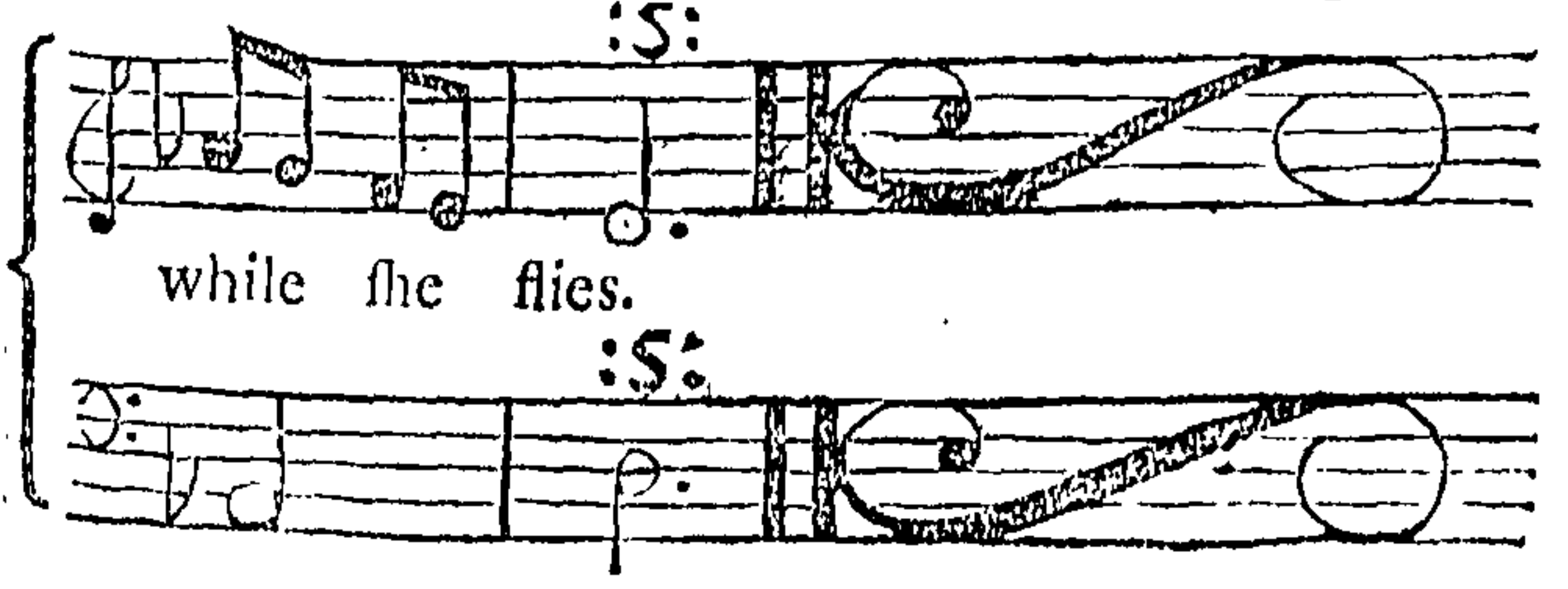
Triumphs; yet each Day Beholds new



Triumphs in her Way, And conquers while



she flie ----- s, And conquers'




while she flies.


But see! implor'd by moving Pray'rs,  
 To change the Lover's Pain,  
*Venus* her harness'd Doves prepares,  
 And brings the Fair again.  
 Proud Mortals, who this Maid pursue,  
 Think you she'll e'er resign?  
 Cease, Fools, your Wishes to renew;  
 'Till she grows Flesh and Blood like you,  
 Or You, like her, Divine.  
 Or You, &c.

*For the FLUTE.*


Set by Mr. CAREY.



Saw you the Nymph whom I a-----dore?



Saw you the Goddess of my Heart? And can you



bid me love no more? Or can you



think I feel no Smart?



So many Charms around her shine,  
Who can the sweet Temptation fly?  
Spight of her Scorn, she's so Divine,  
That I must love her, tho' I die.

*To a JEALOUS MISTRESS.**To the foregoing Tune.*

**N**O more, severely kind, affect  
 To put that lovely Anger on;  
 Sweet Tyrant! if thou can'st suspect  
 Thy Lover's Eyes, yet trust thy own.  
 Aw'd by stern Honour's watchful Spies,  
 Dull, formal Rules I'm forc'd t' obey;  
 Like Dungeon Slaves, my hasty Eyes  
 Just snatch a Glimpse of chearful Day.  
 Absent, the desert Walks I view;  
 Here went *Eliza*, there she came;  
 With Tears my lonely Couch bedew,  
 And, dreaming, sigh *Eliza's* Name.  
 ' Where is his Soul, the Women cry,  
 ' The stupid Lump! the lifeless Earth!  
 ' Where, say the Men, his brisk Reply,  
 ' His crimson Glass, and noisy Mirth!  
 Hast thou not mark'd my burning Kiss,  
 My lawless Pulse, my bounding Heart?  
 How oft, when wild for further Bliss,  
 All trembling from thy Arms I start?  
 Ah! spotless Fair, too well I find  
 My Passion's strong, my Reason frail:  
 Ah! can I stain that Angel Mind,  
 And, Virtue lost, let Love prevail?



No; down in Shades below we'll rove,  
A glorious miserable Pair;  
Gaz'd at thro' all the Myrtle Grove,  
For burning Love, and chaste Despair.

Say, if thou lov'st, did ever Youth,  
That wish'd like me, like me endure?  
Do'st thou not blame this Swainish Truth,  
And wish my Flame was not so pure?

In Pity, hate me, tempting Fair,  
An happy Exile let me fly:  
What fev'rish Wretch his Thirst can bear,  
That sees the cooling Stream so nigh!

Oh! I shall all my Vows unsay,  
If once I gaze——my Blood will glow;  
This virtuous Frost will melt away,  
And Love's wild Torrent overflow.

*For the* F L U T E.



*The* AMOROUS SWAIN'S COMPLAINT.

Set by Mr. *MONROE*.

Ah! stay ye wanton Gales, and lend A

friendly Moment to my Tale; To the dear

Nymph my Sorrows send, I'th' tend'rest Sighs that

can prevail. In secret Murmurs oh! con-

vey, What Love suggests in sad Distress; And

let her know that ev'ry way, She flights the

Swain she ought to bless.

Or, if the Winds refuse to bear  
The Voice of Love to the dear Maid;  
Some pitying God then lend an Ear,  
And guard my Heart from b'ing betray'd:  
Propitious Heav'n! direct my Steps  
To the blest Mansion where my Dear,  
Each Day she wakes, each Night she sleeps,  
With Pity may my Passion hear.

Within her downy Arms embrac'd,  
 I'd glut with Joys beyond compare;  
 My Lips seal'd to her fragrant Breast,  
 O'erflowing Blessings let me share:  
 Or shou'd the Deities refuse  
 Immediate Aid to my Request,  
 Her let me not for ever lose,  
 But soon or late let me be blest.

In pleasing Dreams, let tender Love  
 Invade her Sleep, and let her know,  
 (*O Cupid, and Almighty Jove!*)  
 How much for her I undergo.  
 On her lov'd Bosom Night and Day,  
 Where Jars and Discord find no Place,  
 There let me breathe my Soul away,  
 And bid Adieu to Human Race.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**Y**ES, *Daphne*, in your Face I find  
 Those Charms by which my Heart's betray'd;  
 Then let not your Disdain unbind  
 The Prisoner that your Eyes have made:  
 She that in Love makes least Defence,  
 Wounds ever with the surest Dart;  
 Beauty may captivate the Sense,  
 But Kindness only gains the Heart.

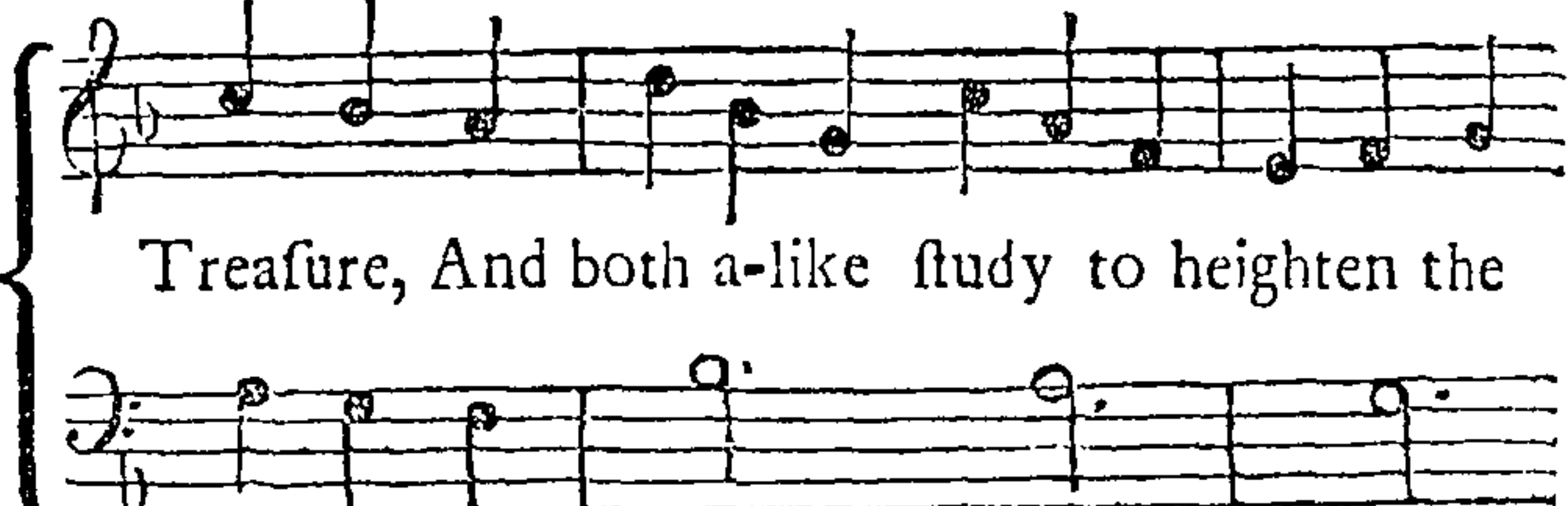
'Tis Kindness, *Daphne*, must maintain  
The Empire that you once have won;  
When Beauty does like Tyrants reign,  
Its Subjects from their Duty run:  
Then force me not to be untrue,  
Lest I, compell'd by gen'rous Shame,  
Cast off my Loyalty to you,  
To gain a glorious Rebel's Name.

*For the* FLUTE.

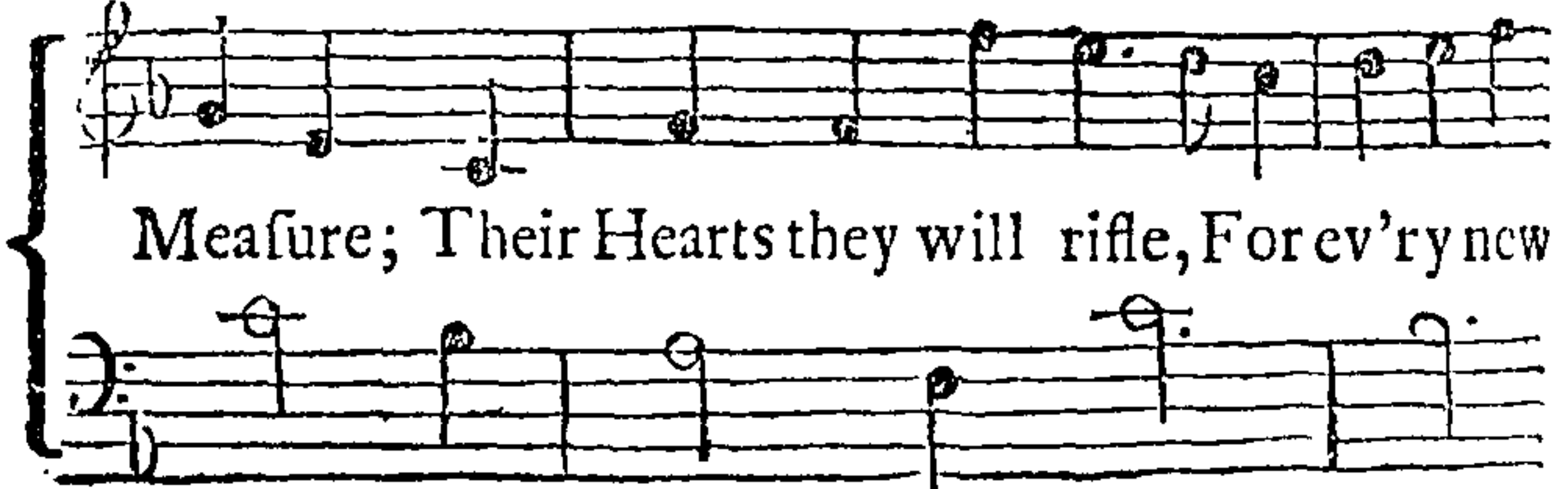


*A SONG* in the BEGGAR'S WEDDING.

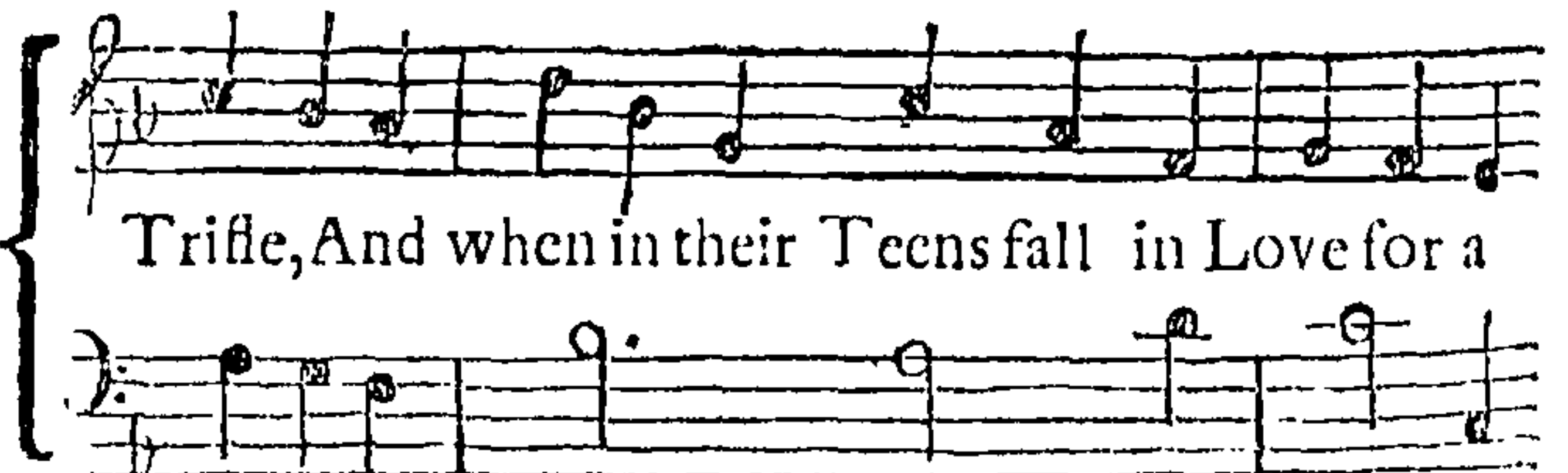

Young Virgins love Pleasure, As Misers do



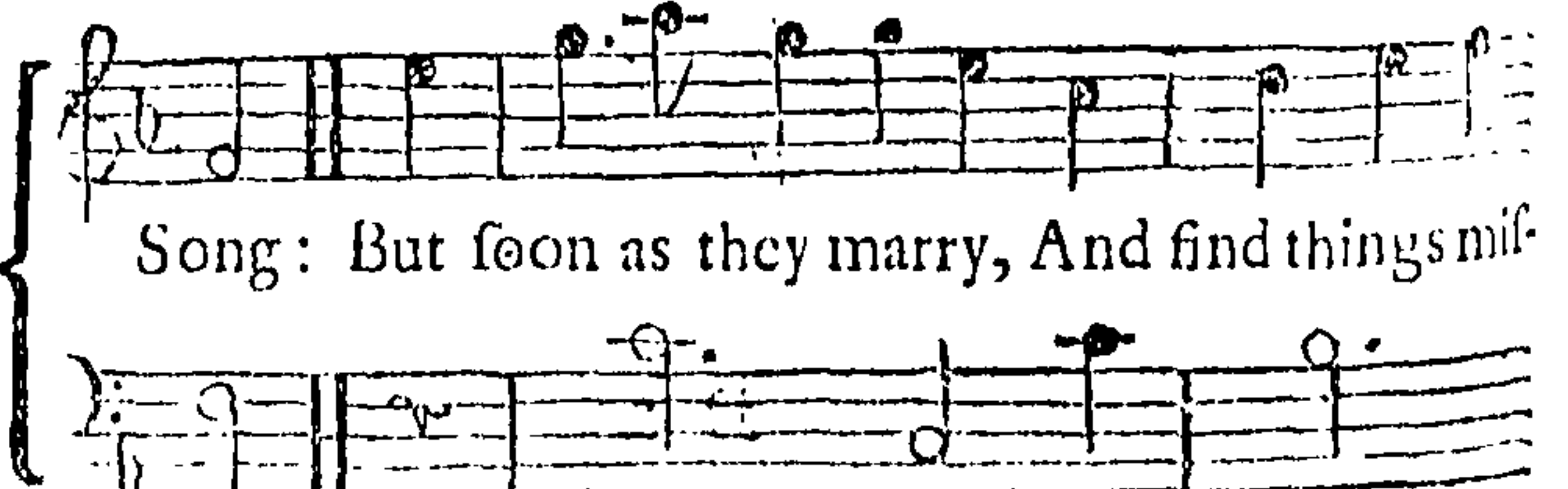
Treasure, And both a-like study to heighten the



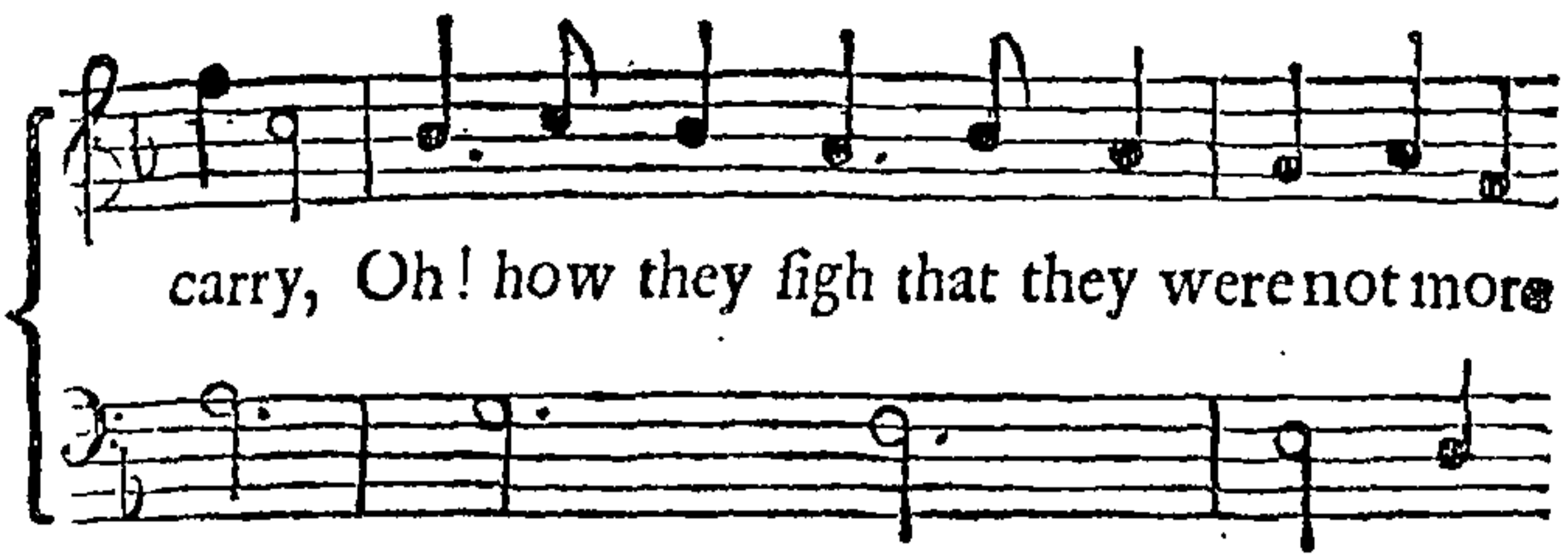
Measure; Their Hearts they will rifle, For ev'ry new



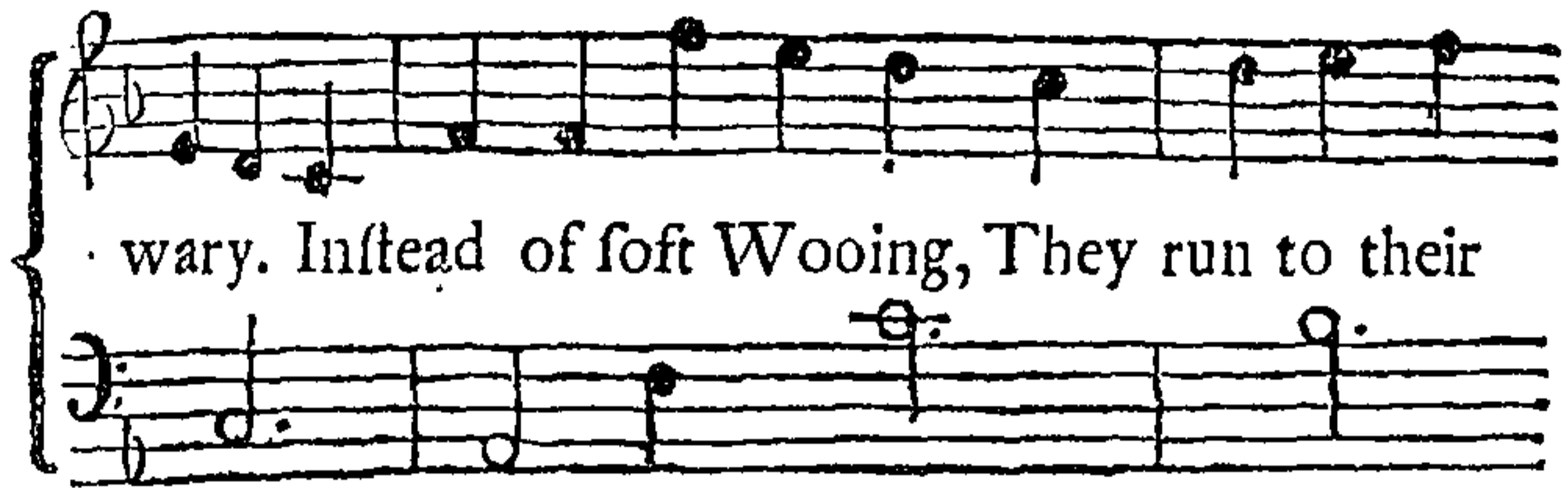
Trifle, And when in their Teens fall in Love for a



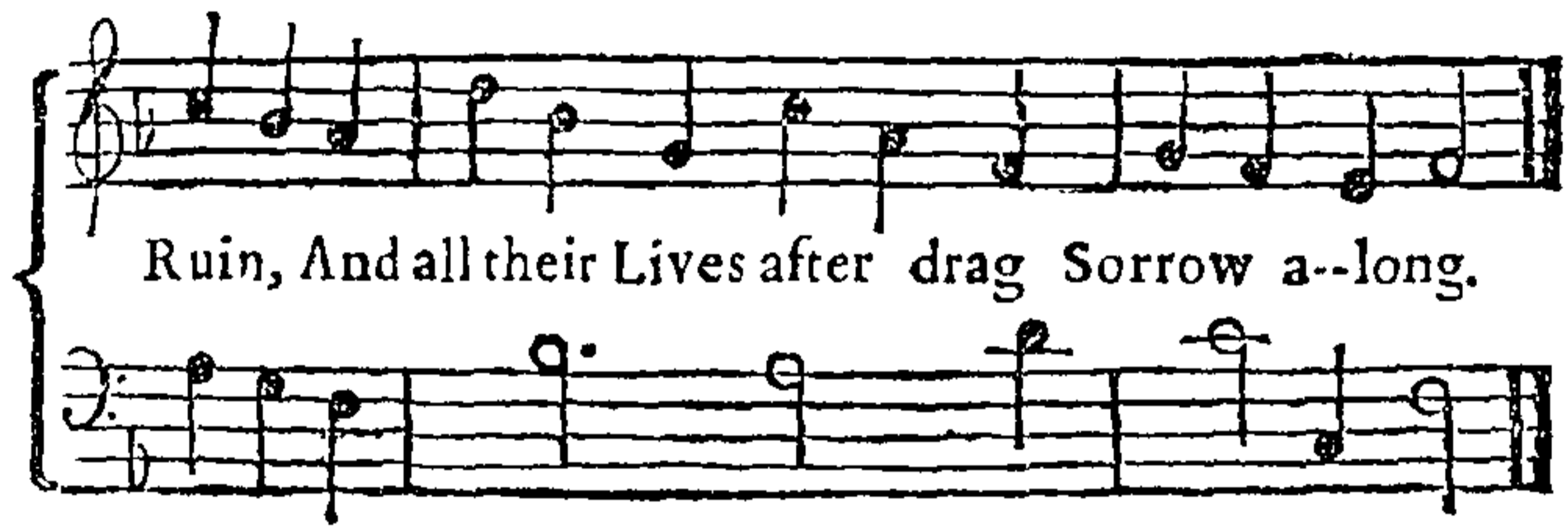
Song: But soon as they marry, And find things mis-



carry, Oh! how they sigh that they were not more



wary. Instead of soft Wooing, They run to their



Ruin, And all their Lives after drag Sorrow a--long.

*For the FLUTE.*

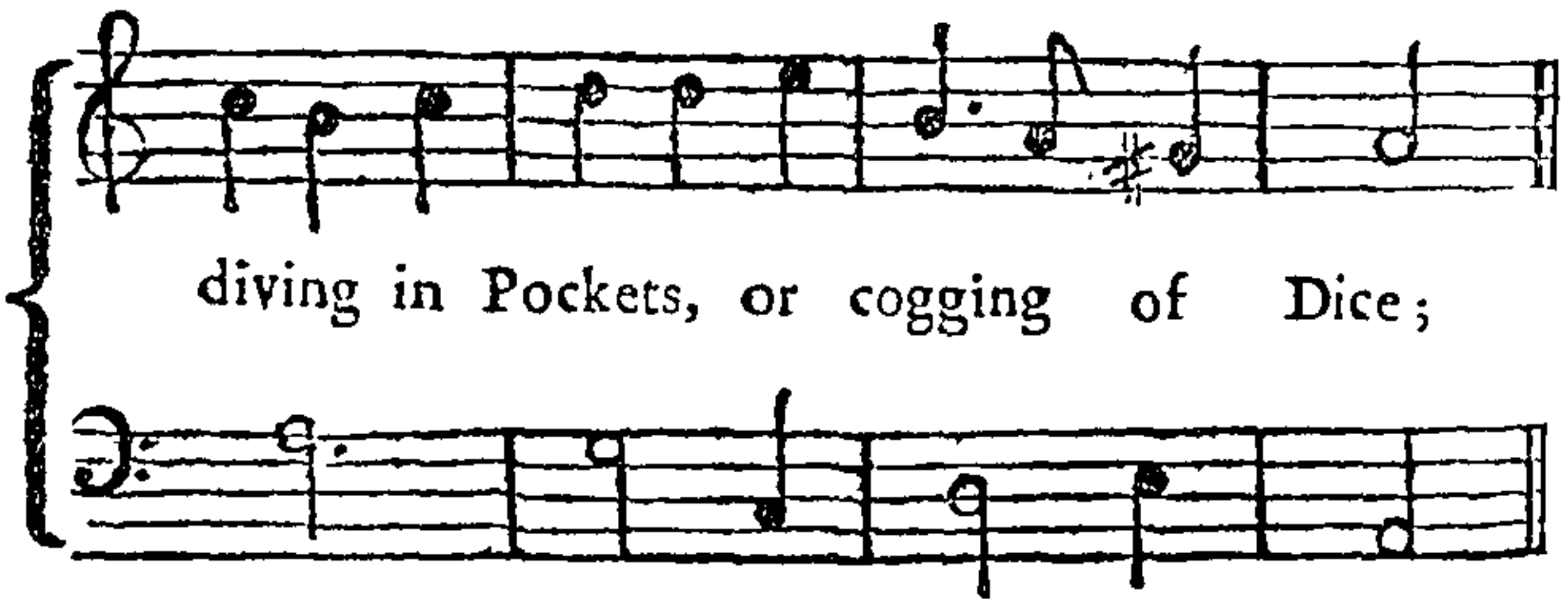


*NEWGATE'S GARLAND.*

[*To the Tune of Packington's Pound.*]

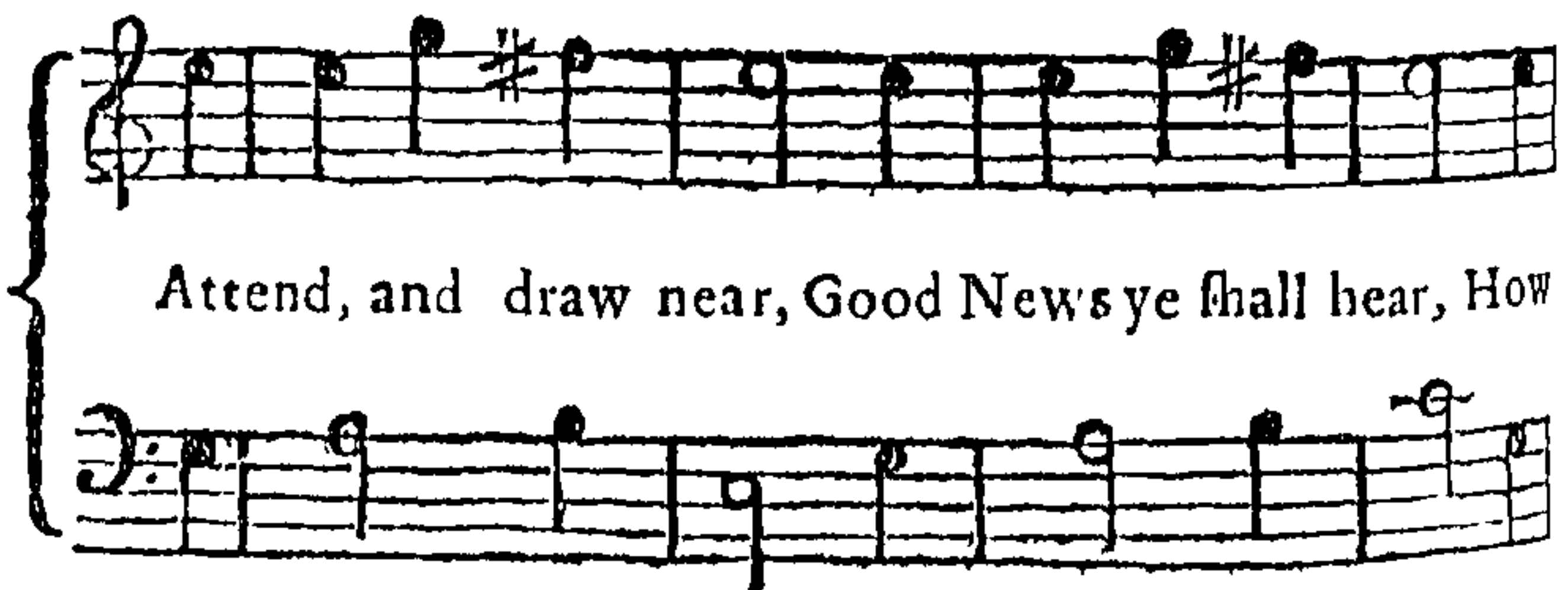


Ye Gallants of *Newgate* whose Fingers are nice, In



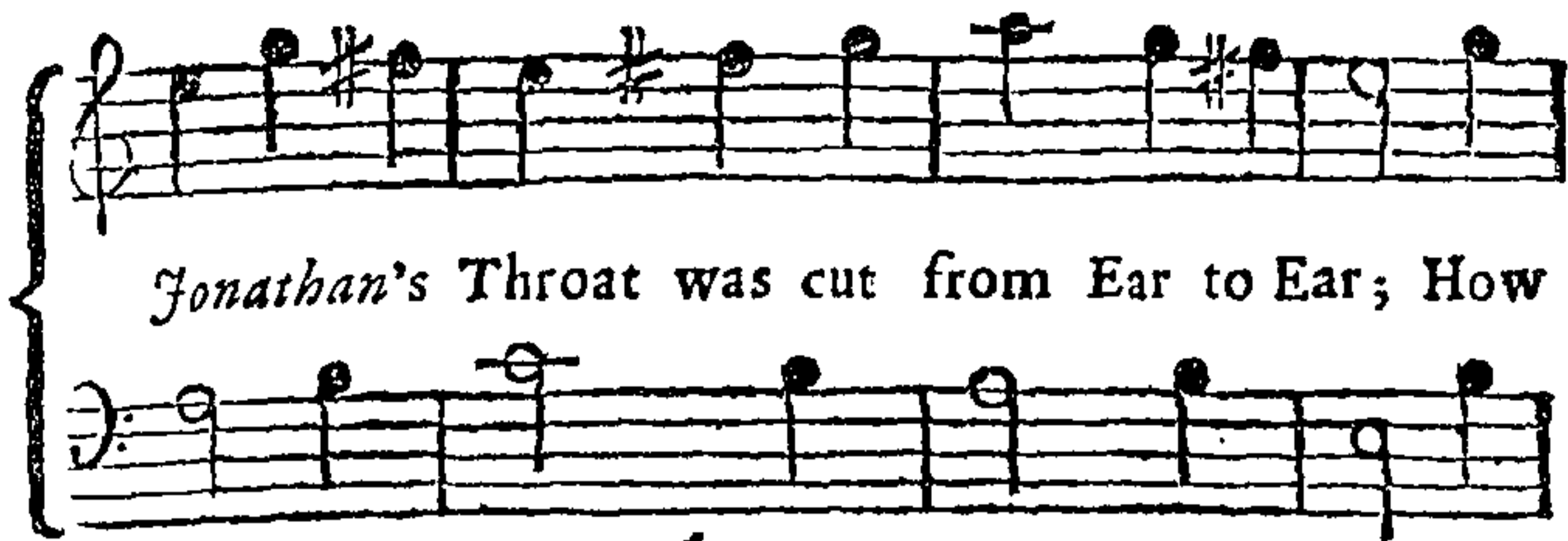
diving in Pockets, or cogging of Dice;

Ye Sharpers so rich, who can buy off the Noose,  
Ye honest poor Rogues, who die in your Shoes,

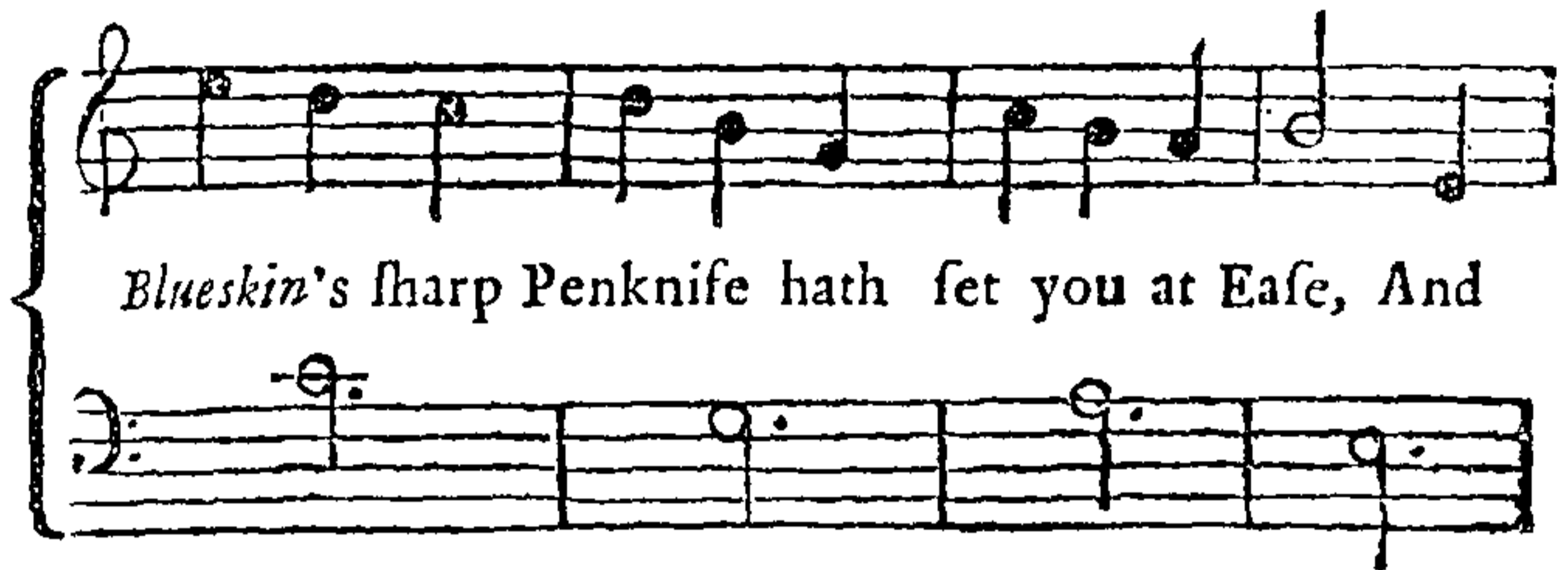


Attend, and draw near, Good News ye shall hear, How

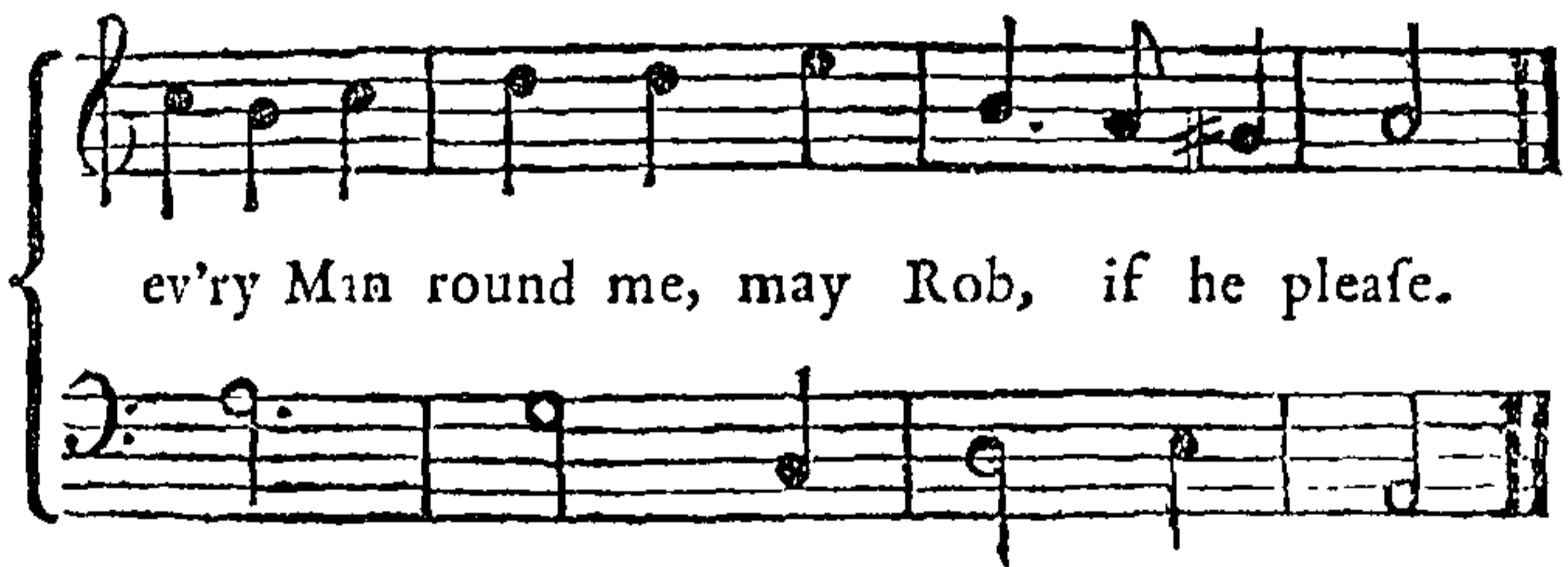




Jonathan's Throat was cut from Ear to Ear; How



Blueskin's Sharp Penknife hath set you at Ease, And



ev'ry Man round me, may Rob, if he please.

When to the *Old-Baily* this *Blueskin* was led,  
He held up his Hand, his Indictment was read:  
Loud rattled his Chains. Near him *Jonathan* stood,  
For full Forty Pounds was the Price of his Blood.

Then hopeless of Life,  
He drew his Penknife,  
And made a sad Widow of *Jonathan's* Wife;  
But Forty Pounds paid her, her Grief shall appease,  
And every Man round me, may Rob, if he please.

Some

44 *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

Some say there are Courtiers of highest Renown,  
Who steal the King's Gold, and leave him but a *Crown*,  
Some say there are Peers, and some Parliament-Men,  
Who meet once a Year to rob Courtiers agen:

Let them all take their Swing,  
To pillage the King,

And get a Blue Ribbon instead of a String.

Now *Blueskin's* sharp Penknife hath set you at Ease,  
And ev'ry Man round me, may Rob, if he please:

Knaves of Old to hide Guilt, by their cunning Inventions,  
Call'd Briberies Grants, and plain Robberies Pensions:  
Physicians and Lawyers (who take their Degrees,  
To be learned Rogues) call'd their Pilfering, Fees:

Since this happy Day,

Now ev'ry Man may

Rob (as safe as in Office) upon the High-way ;  
For *Blueskin's* sharp Penknife hath set you at Ease,  
And every Man round me, may Rob, if he please.

Some cheat in the Customs, some rob the Excise,  
But he who robs both is esteemed most Wise;  
Church-Wardens, too prudent to hazard the Halter,  
As yet only venture to steal from the Altar:

But now to get Gold

They may be more Bold,

And rob on the High-way, since *Jonathan's* Cold ;  
For *Blueskin's* sharp Penknife hath set you at Ease,  
And every Man round me, may Rob, if he please.

Some, by Publick Revenues, which pass'd thro' their Hands,  
Have purchas'd clean Houses, and bought dirty Lands:  
Some to steal from a Charity think it no Sin,  
Which, at home (says the Proverb) does always begin;

But if ever you be  
Assign'd a Trustee,

Treat not Orphans like Masters of the *Chancery*,  
But take the High-way, and more honestly seize,  
For every Man round me, may Rob, if he please.

What a Pother has here been, with *Wood* and his Brass,  
Who wou'd modestly make a few Halfpennies pass?  
The Patent is good, and the Precedent's old,  
For *Diomed* changed his Copper for Gold.

But if *Ireland* despise  
Thy new Halfpennies,

With more Safety to rob on the Road I advise.  
For *Blueskin's* sharp Penknife hath set thee at Ease,  
And every Man round me, may Rob, if he please.

For the FLUTE..



The Words by Mr. *DUMBLETON*.

*The Air* by Mr. *MONRO*.

When *Sylvia* strikes the trembling Strings, She

Charms ——— with Melody Divine; But

if a melting Air she sings, In Confort



The youthful, wanton, little Loves,  
 Around the beauteous Charmer fly;  
 And ev'ry way the Virgin moves,  
 She makes us Love, and bids us Dye!

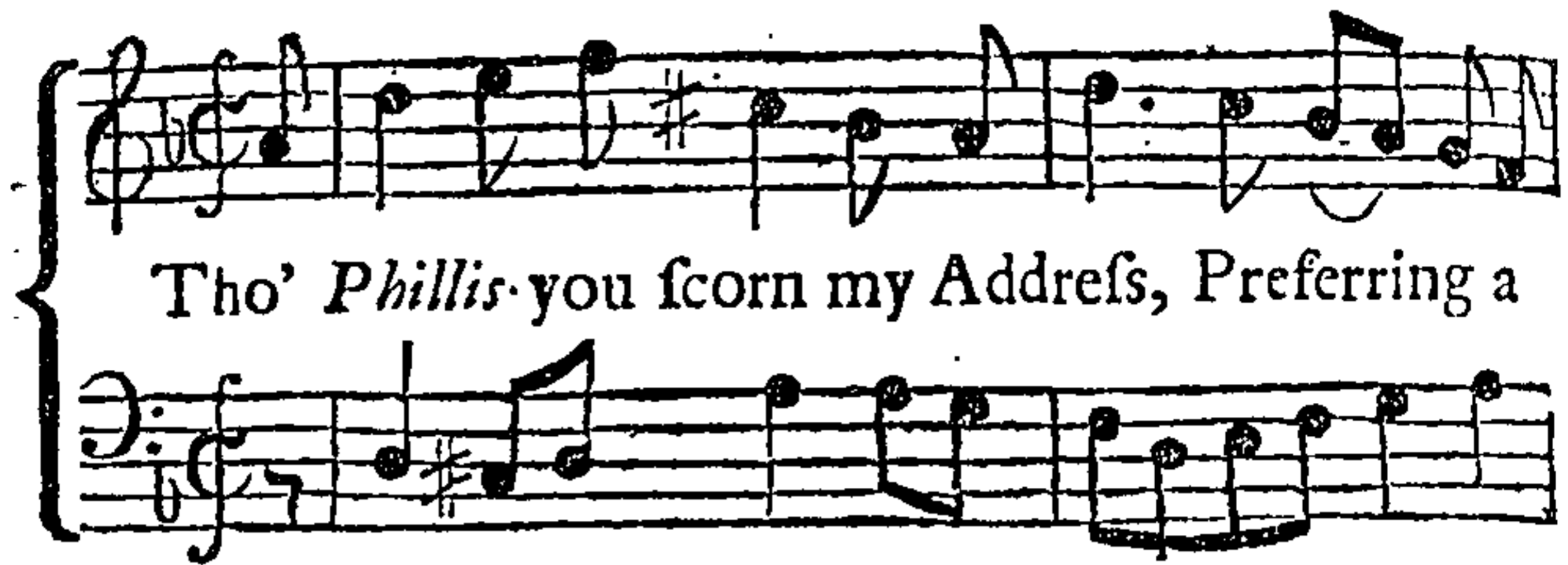
The Graces press about the Fair,  
 Where Youth and blooming Glories reign;  
 And, while her Voice employs the Ear,  
 Her Eyes provoke an am'rous Pain.

How shall I mitigate my Woes?  
 O! where enjoy the wish'd Redress?  
 A Stranger to all soft Repose,  
 Where Charms and Musick both oppress.

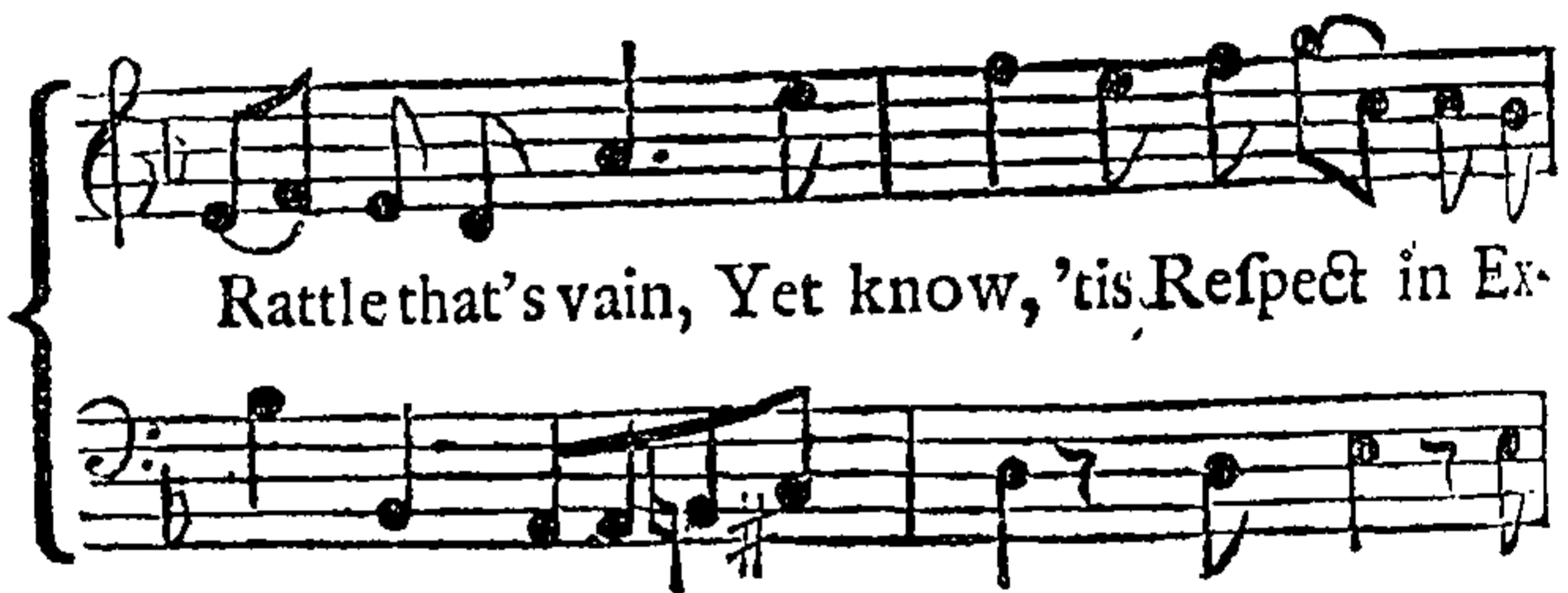
With her in Symphony we go;  
 We soar, when shrill she rises high:  
 And to soft Cadence sinking low,  
 Intent the Faculties apply.

*Italian* Songs are wont to please,  
 Tho' senseless Words joyu Harmony:  
 But ev'ry one to this agrees,  
 Both Sense and Musick meet in thee.

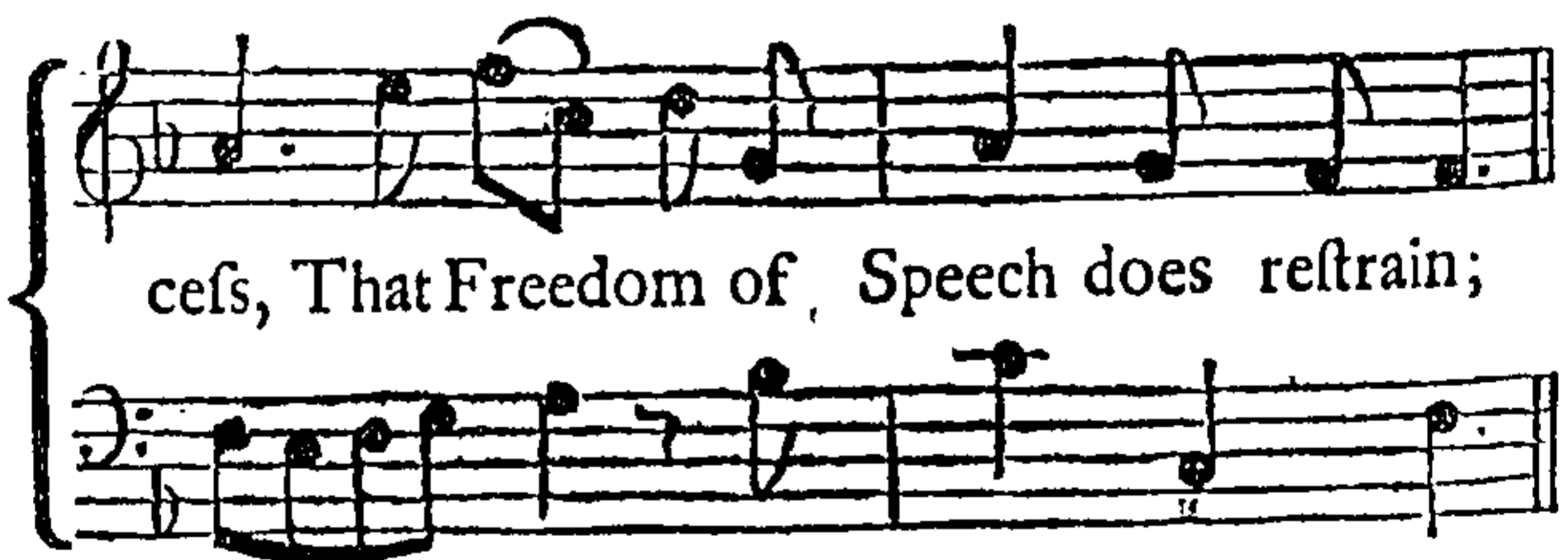
## SCORNFUL PHILLIS.



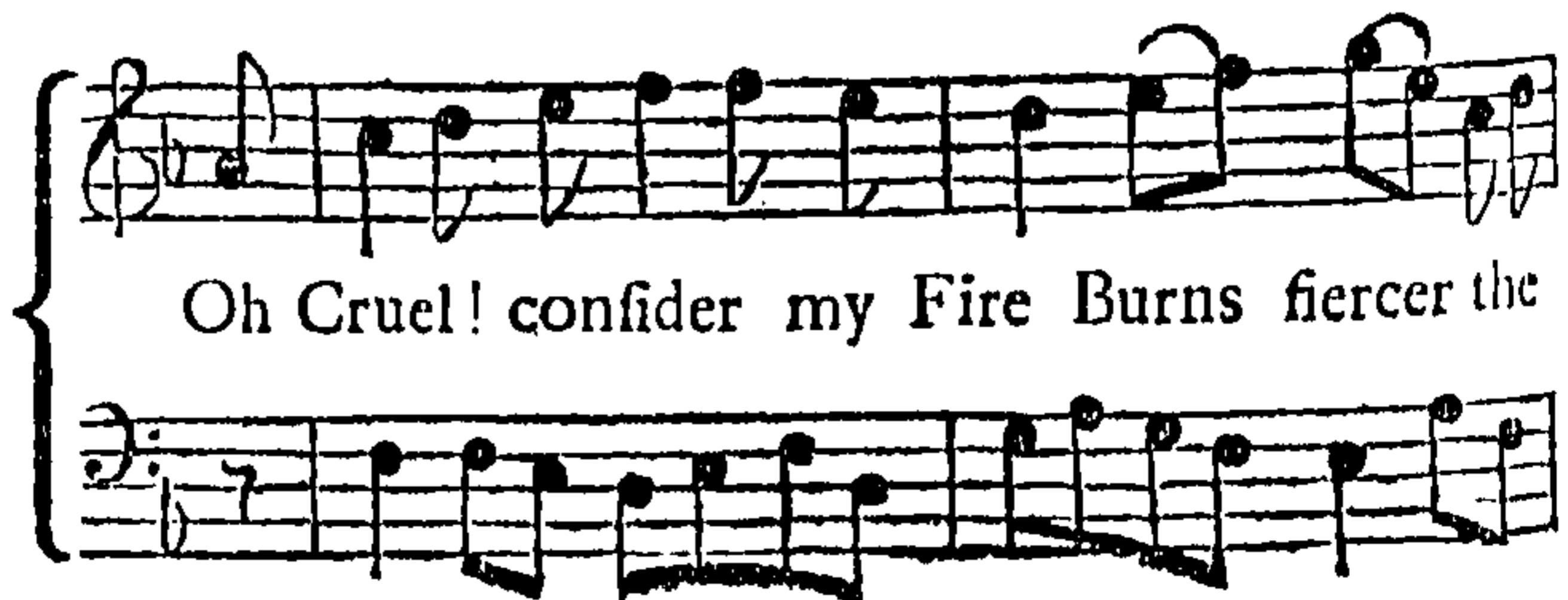
Tho' *Phillis* you scorn my Address, Preferring a



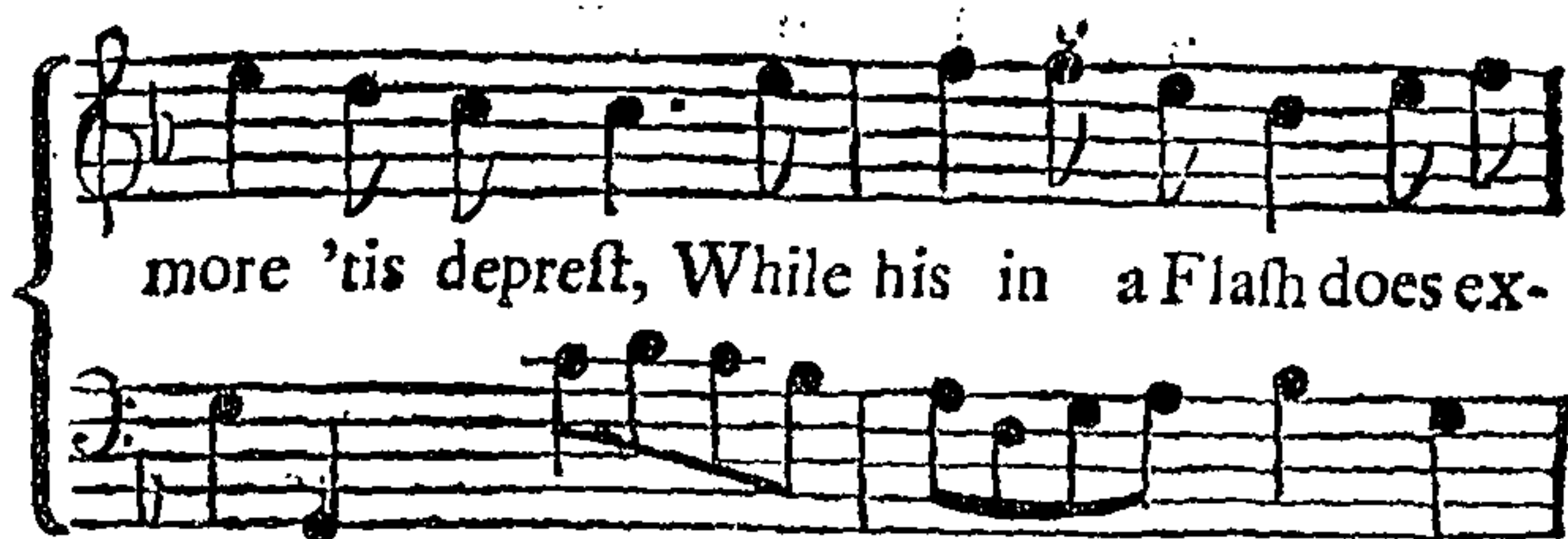
Rattle that's vain, Yet know, 'tis Respect in Ex-



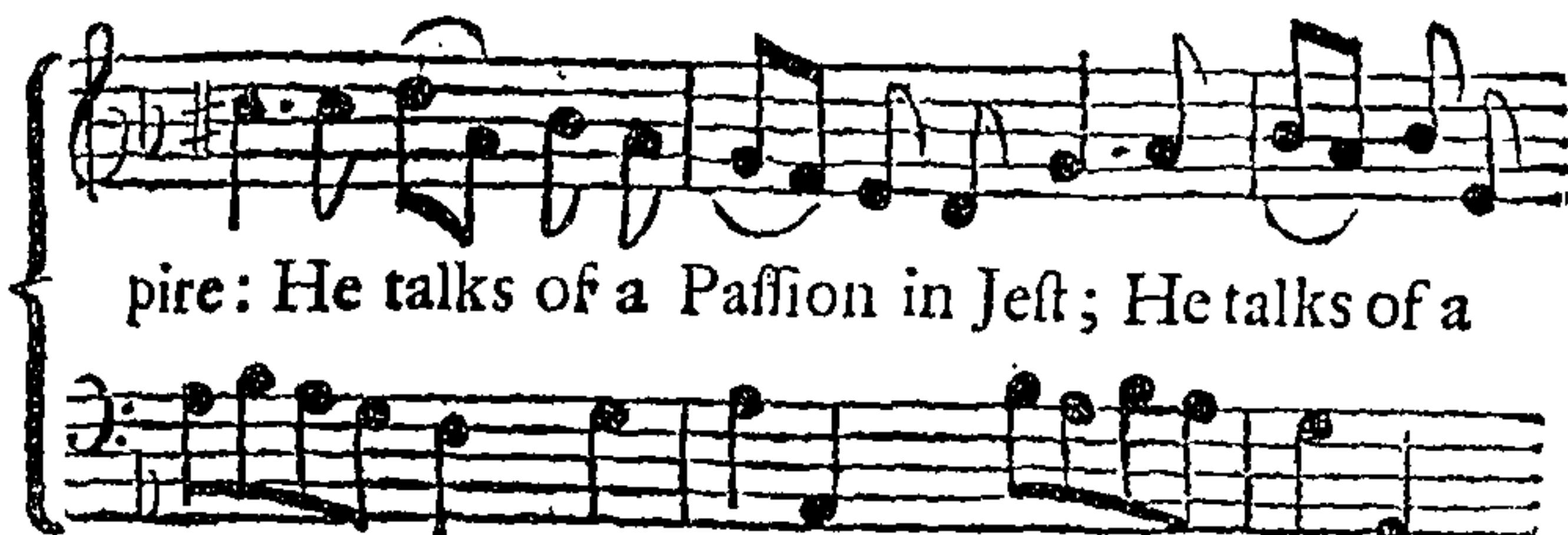
cess, That Freedom of Speech does restrain;



Oh Cruel! consider my Fire Burns fiercer the



more 'tis deprest, While his in a Flash does ex-



pire: He talks of a Passion in Jest; He talks of a



Passion in Jest.

How oft I've resolv'd when alone,  
In fittest Words then I cou'd chuse,  
My Affection so true to make known;  
But Speech in your Prefence I lose:  
Still what I am going to say,  
Seems foolish ridiculous Stuff;  
My Thoughts in a Chaos do play;  
No Expressions are worthy enough.  
No Expressions, &c.

O Fairest, your Servant believe,

This is of true Love the Effect;

And what greater Proof can he give?

For where there is Love, there's Respect.

All Scholars in young *Cupid's* School

The Rhet'rick of Tongues still despise;

'Tis in am'rous Converse a Rule,

To talk the soft Language of Eyes.

To talk, &c.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

HOW dismal's the Lover's Condition,

When Cruelty governs the Fair?

When the proper, the only Physician,

Insults o'er her Servant's Despair?

His Suff'rings afford her a Pleasure,

Increasing, the more he complains;

The more that he doats on his Treasure,

The faster she binds him in Chains.

The faster, &c.

Resistless, all-conquering Creature!

Disdain not to cure what you cause:

O prove not a Rebel to *Nature*!

Nor laugh at *Love's* sovereign Laws.

Against your own Self it is Treason

To torture a Heart, that is thine:

My Heart is your own; and what Reason

The Pain shou'd longer be mine?

The Pain, &c.

Yet



Yet deep, tho' the Darts of your Beauty  
Have wounded the Heart of your Swain,  
I think it both Pleasure and Duty,  
To court and to suffer the Pain.  
Delightful's the true Lover's Anguish;  
In craving, it ever contents!  
'Tis Torture to pine and to languish,  
But pleases the while it torments.  
But pleases, &c.

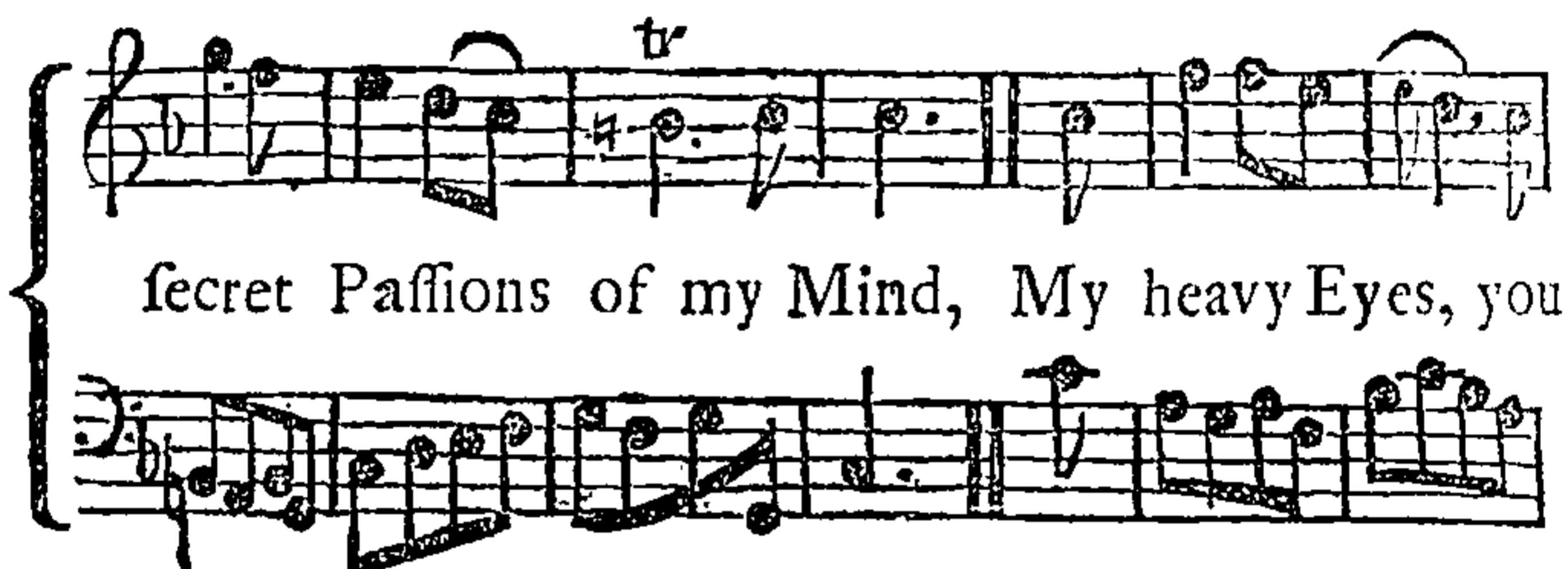
*For the* F L U T E.



Set by Mr. DIEUPART.



While from my Looks, fair Nymph, You guess The



secret Passions of my Mind, My heavy Eyes, you



say, confess A Heart to Love and Grief inclin'd.

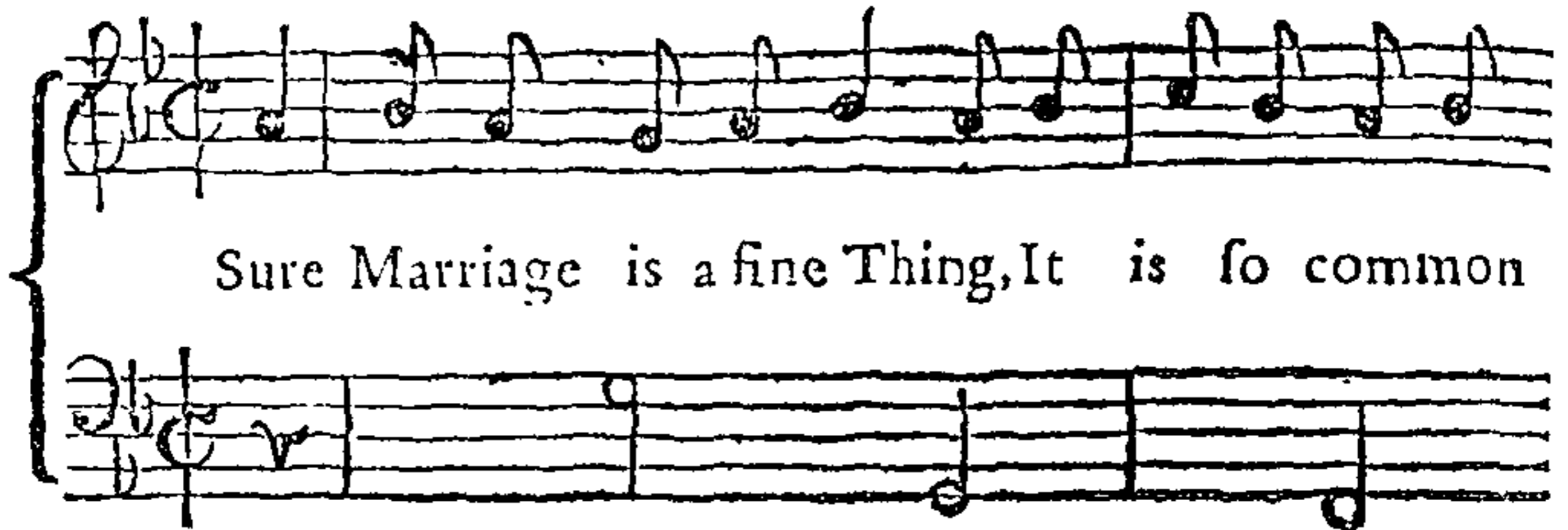
There needs, alas! but little Art  
 To have this fatal Secret found;  
 With the same Ease you threw the Dart,  
 'Tis certain you may shew the Wound.

How can I see you, and not love,  
 While you as op'ning East are fair?  
 While cold as Northern Blasts you prove,  
 How can I love, and not despair?

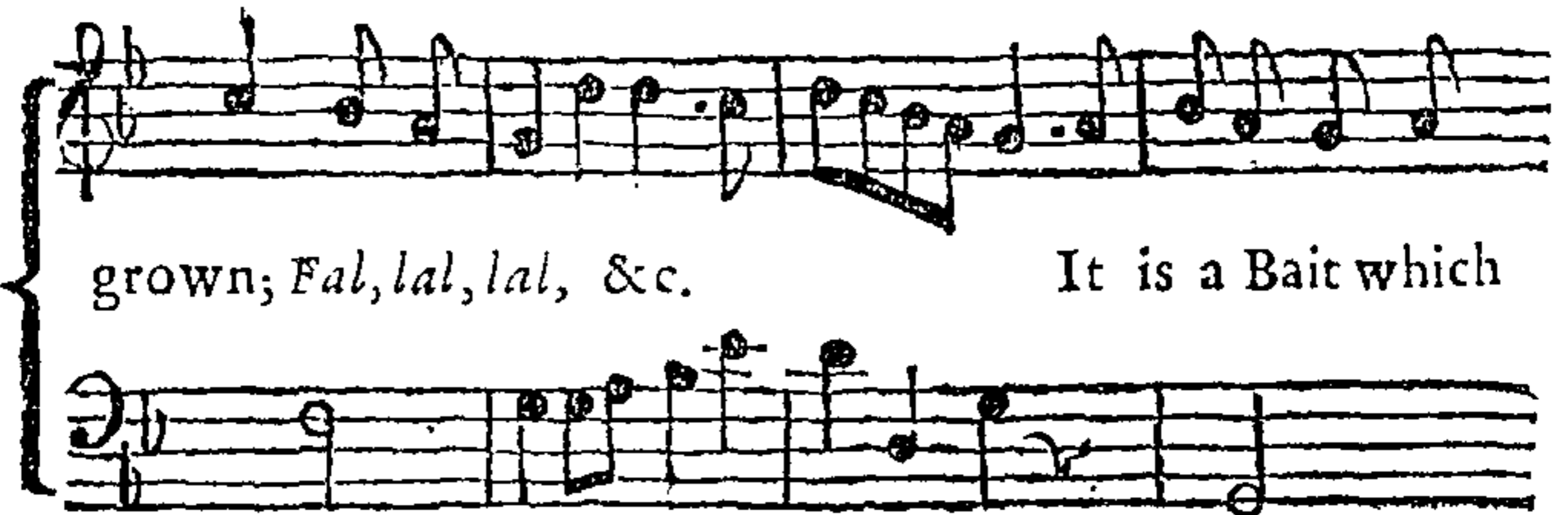
The Wretch in double Fetters bound,  
Your potent Mercy may release:  
Soon, if my Love but once were crown'd,  
Fair Prophetess, my Grief wou'd cease,

*For the* FLUTE.



MATRIMONY *in* FASHION:*Sung in the* BEGGAR'S WEDDING.


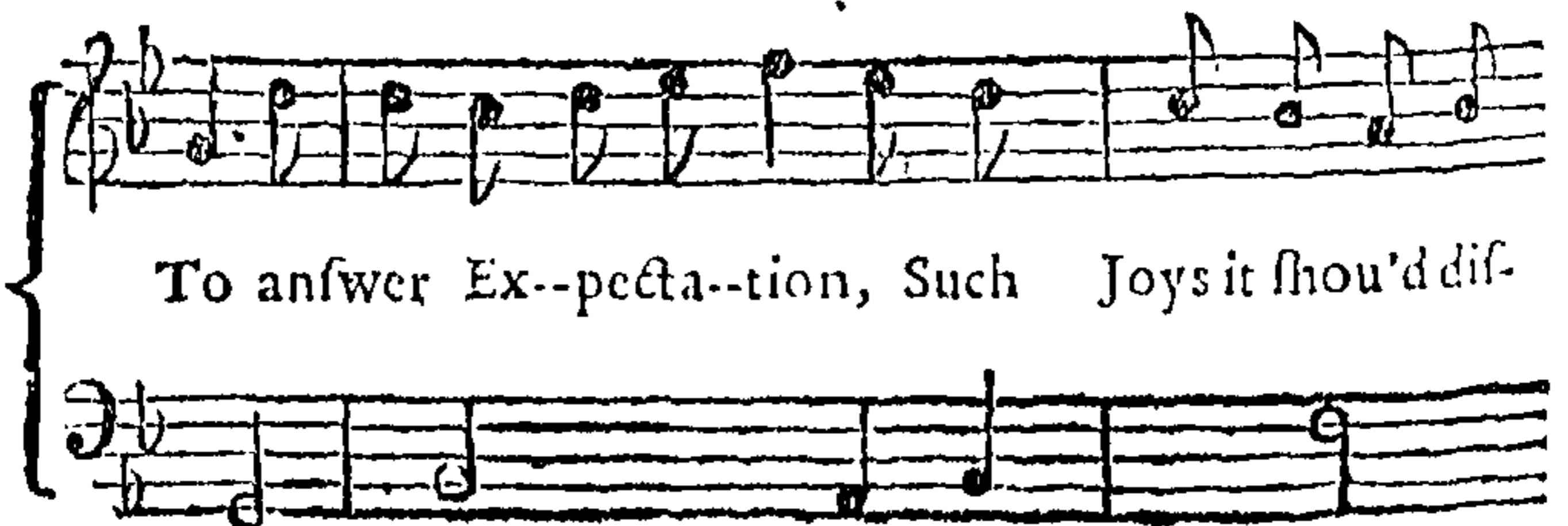
Sure Marriage is a fine Thing, It is so common



grown; *Fal, lal, lal, &c.* It is a Bait which



all Do swallow glibly down; *Fal, lal, lal, &c.*

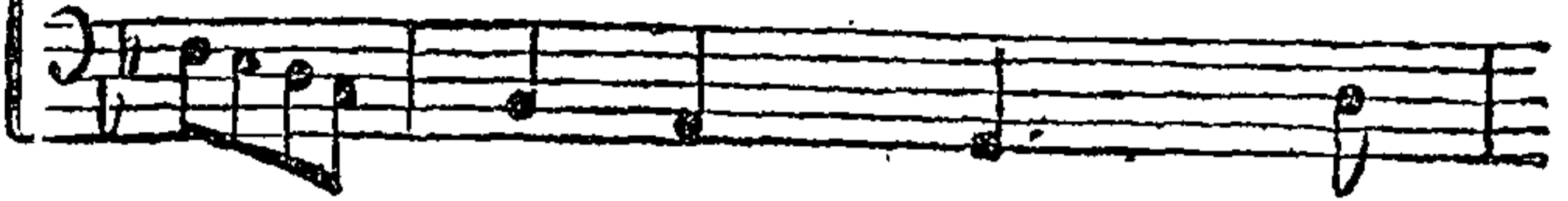


To answer Ex-pecta-tion, Such Joys it shou'd dis-

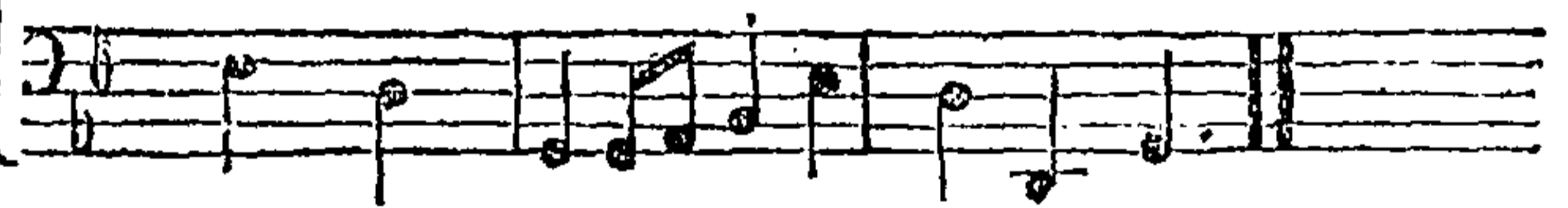
pence;



pence; To recompence the Fools it makes, By



charming ev'ry Sense. *Fal, lal, lal, &c.*



KINDNESS *to a COMMON WOMAN excus'd.*

*To the foregoing Tune.*

YOU laugh to see me fond appear

Of one not worth the Part, *Fal, lal, lal, &c.*

A Wretch by Nature insincere,

And amorous by Art. *Fal, lal, lal, &c.*

Wrong not a well-meant honest Flame,

To *Lais* undesign'd;

'Tis to her Sex, not her, I am

So ardent and so kind. *Fal, lal, lal, &c.*

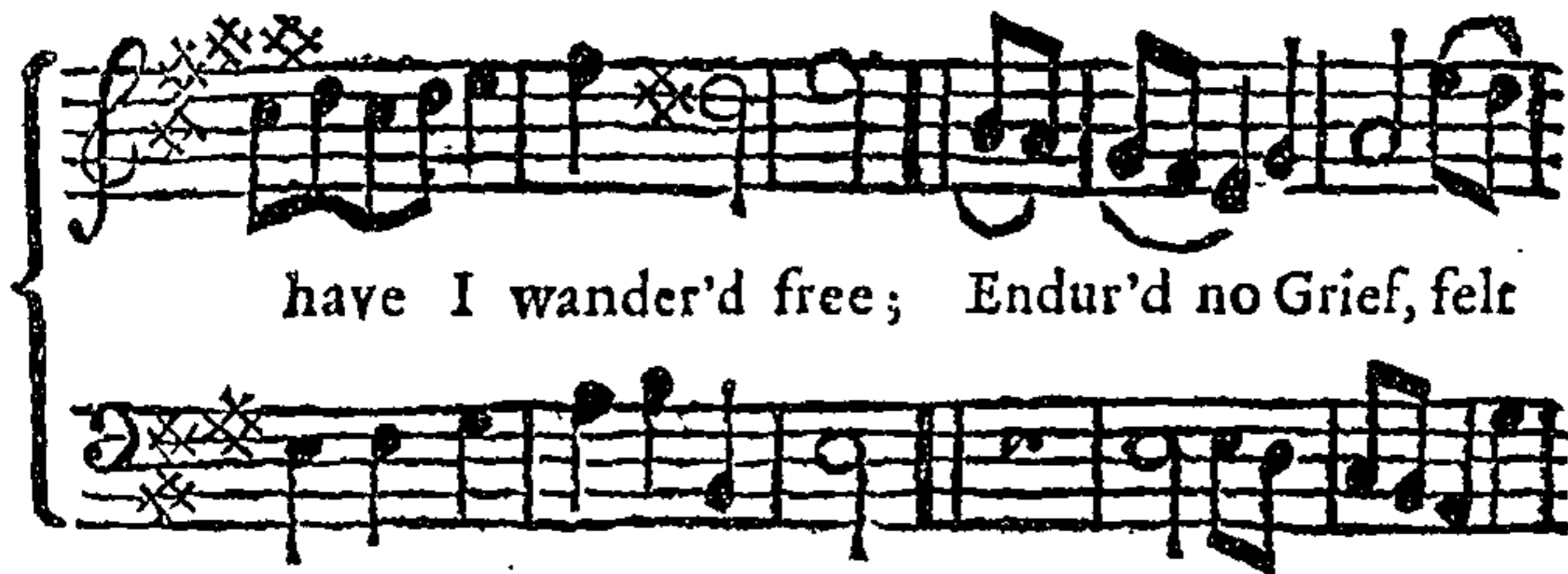
Where's now the mighty Diff'rence shown,  
 In what we diff'rent do? *Fal, lal, lal, &c.*  
 One feigns to all alike, and one  
 To all alike is true. *Fal, lal, lal, &c.*  
 As both have Hundreds done before,  
 Each other we carefs;  
 Impartial she no Man loves more,  
 And I no Woman less. *Fal, lal, lal, &c.*

*For the FLUTE.*

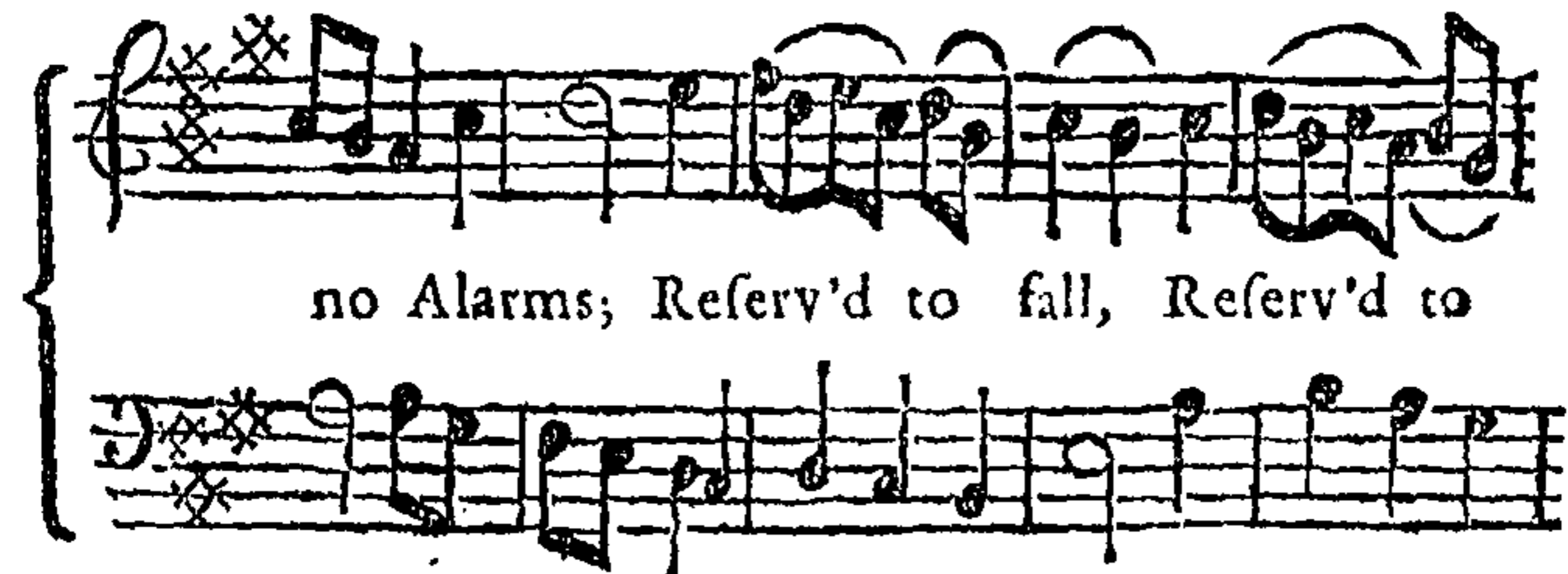
The ROVER FIX'D.



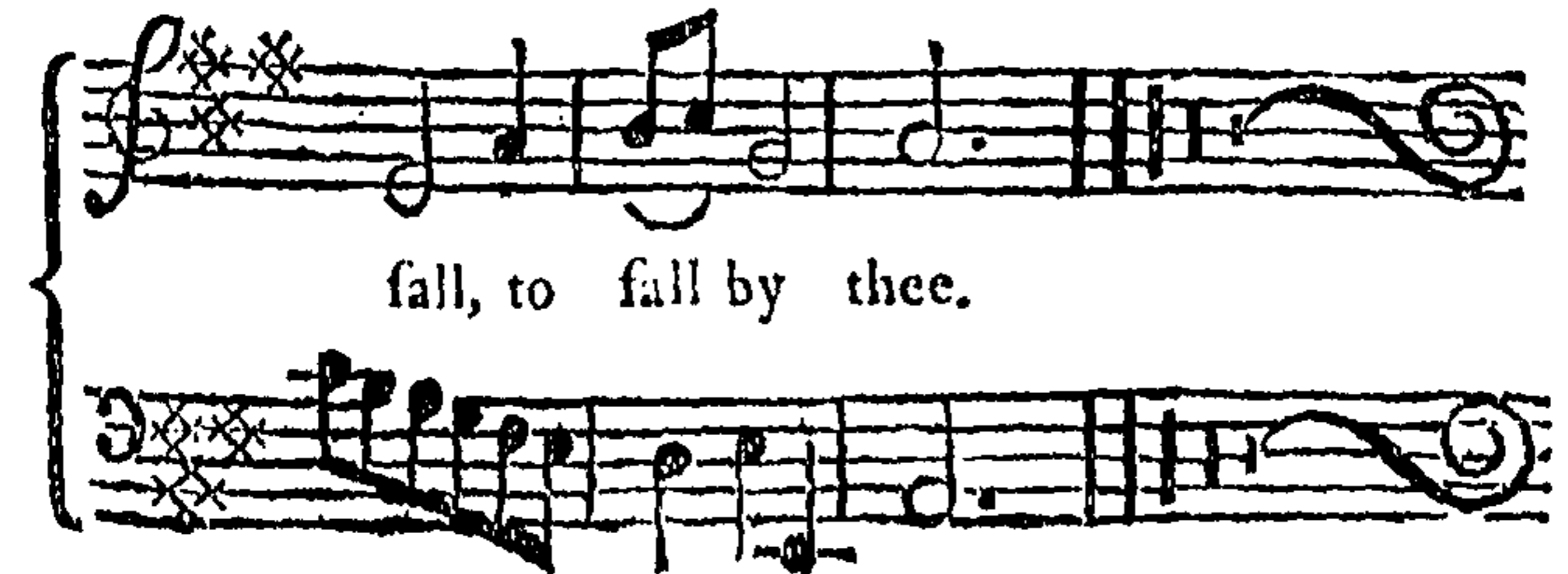
Long from the Force of Beau—ty's Charms, Long



have I wander'd free; Endur'd no Grief, felt



no Alarms; Reserv'd to fall, Reserv'd to



fall, to fall by thee.

Thou

Thou fair One, thou alone canst move  
 This Passion in my Breast;  
 Thou, thou alone canst teach me Love,  
 O teach me to be blest!

In Safety thus from all Alarms,  
 The roving Turtle flies,  
 'Till some unerring Hand conveys  
 The Shaft by which he dies.

---

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**P**HILLIS, Men say that all my Vows  
 Are to thy Fortune paid:

Alas! my Heart he little knows,  
 Who thinks my Love a Trade.

Were I of all these Woods the Lord,  
 One Berry from thy Hand  
 More real Pleasure wou'd afford,  
 Than all my large Command.

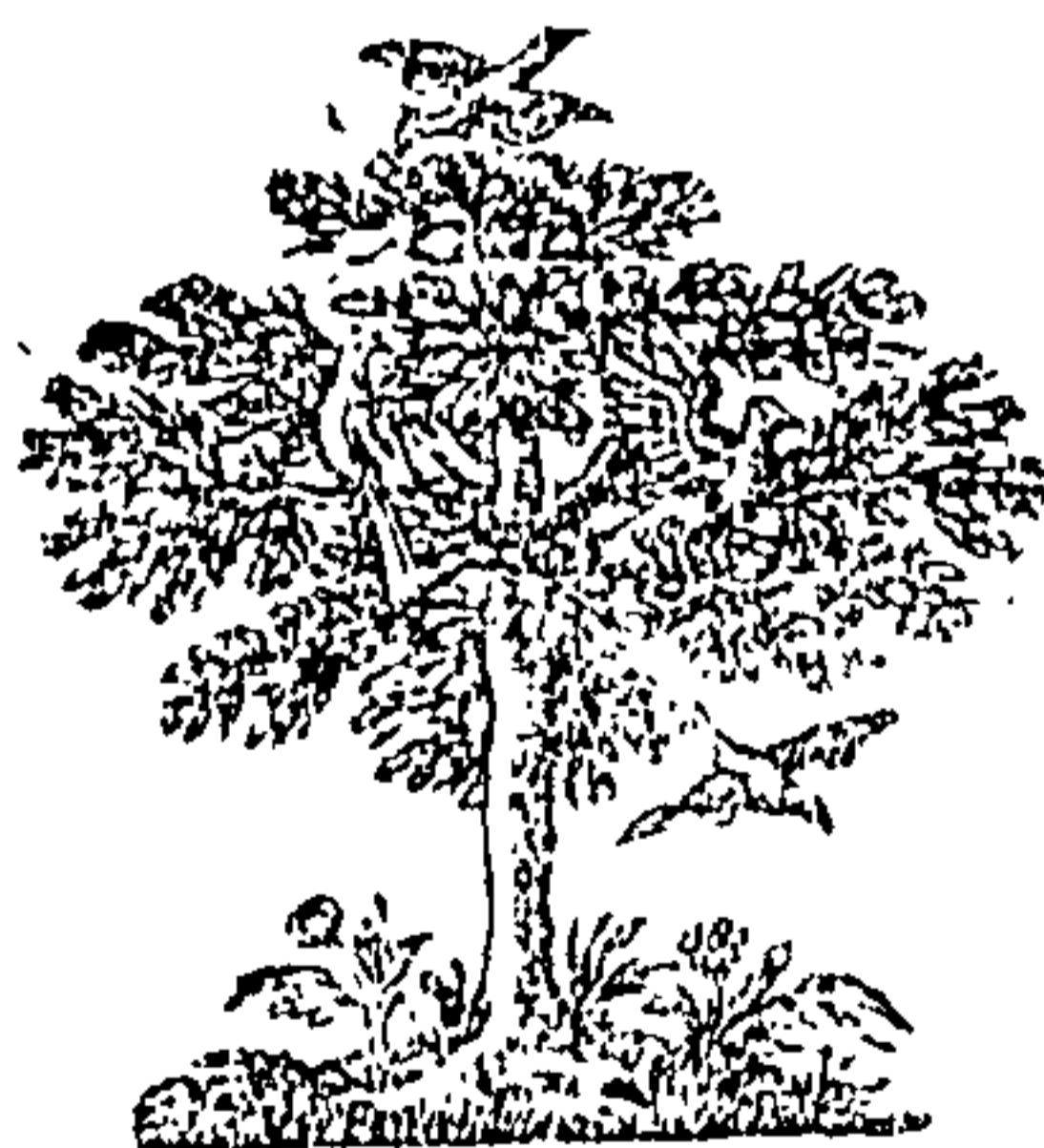
My humble Love has learnt to live  
 On what the nicest Maid,  
 Without a conscious Blush, may give  
 Beneath the Myrtle-Shade.

Of costly Food it hath no need,  
 And nothing will devour;  
 But, like the harmless Bee, can feed,  
 And not impair the Flow'r.



A spotless Innocence, like thine,  
May such a Flame allow;  
Yet thy fair Name for ever shine,  
As doth thy Beauty now.

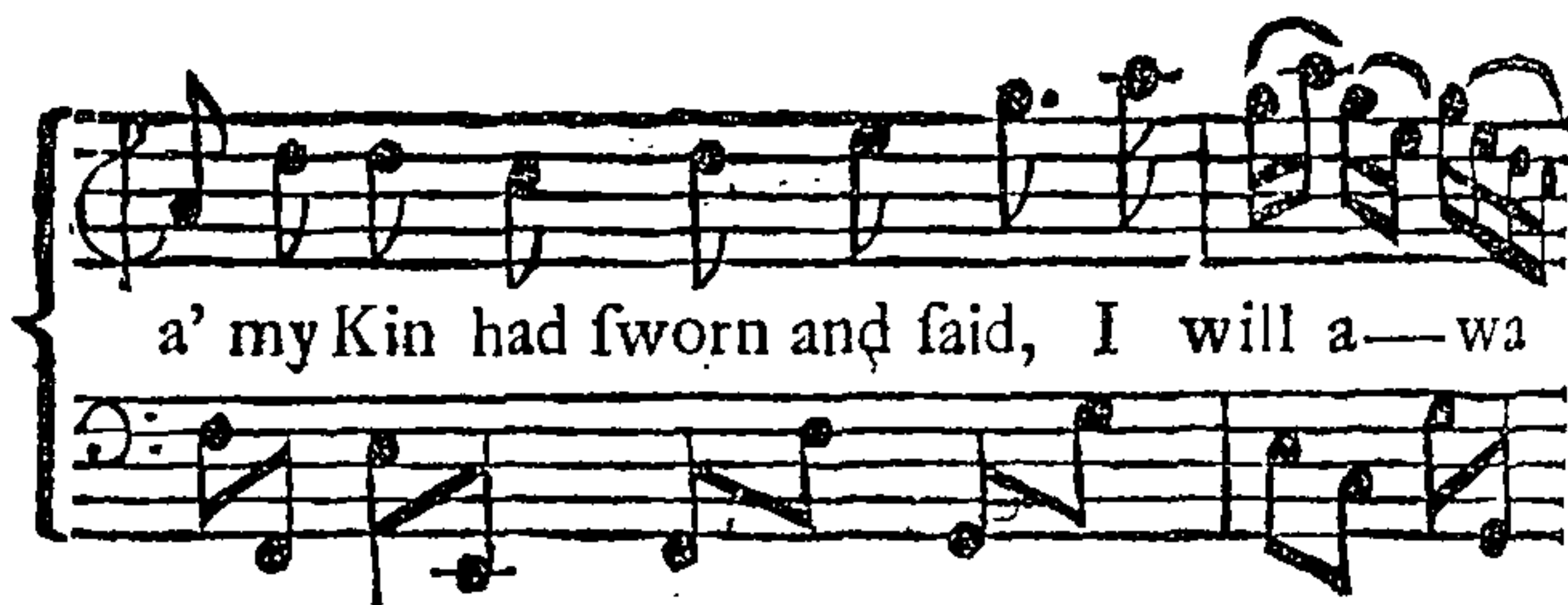
*For the* FLUTE.



## O'er BOGIE.



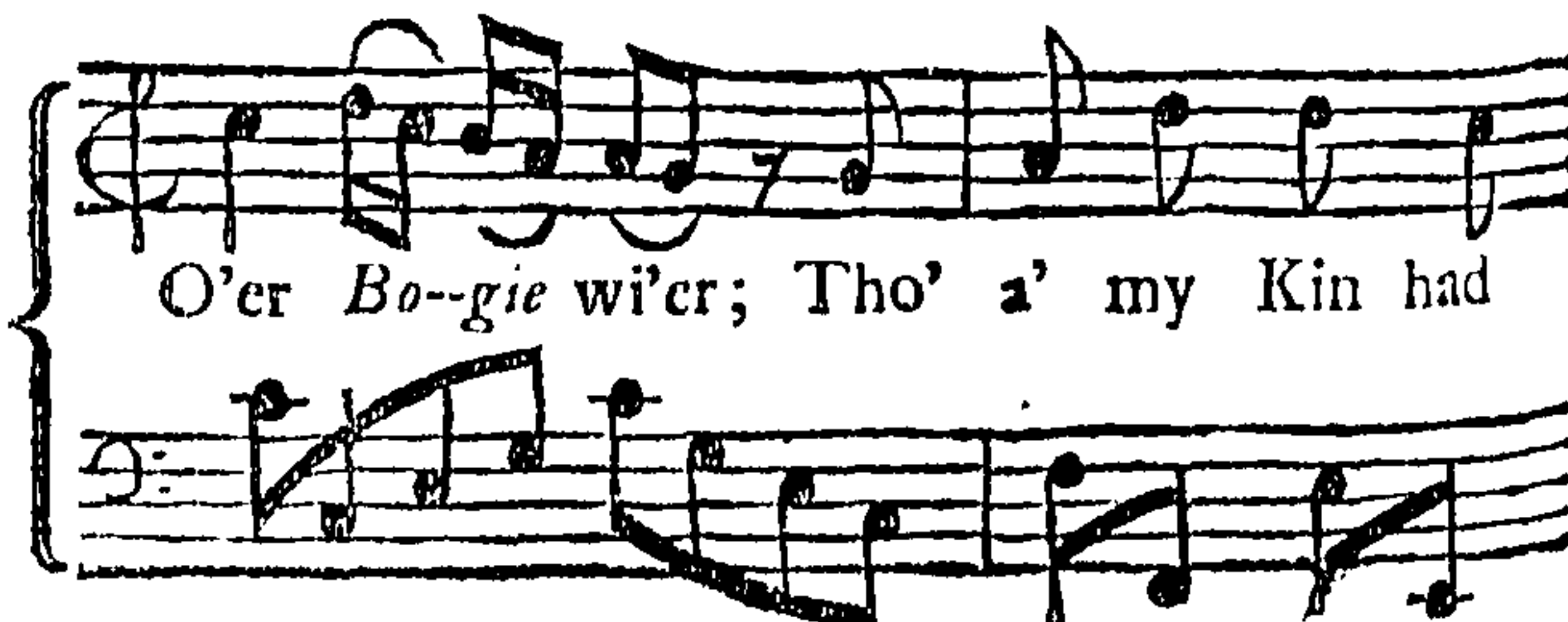
I will awa' wi' my Love, I will a---wa wi' her, Tho'



a' my Kin had sworn and said, I will a—wa

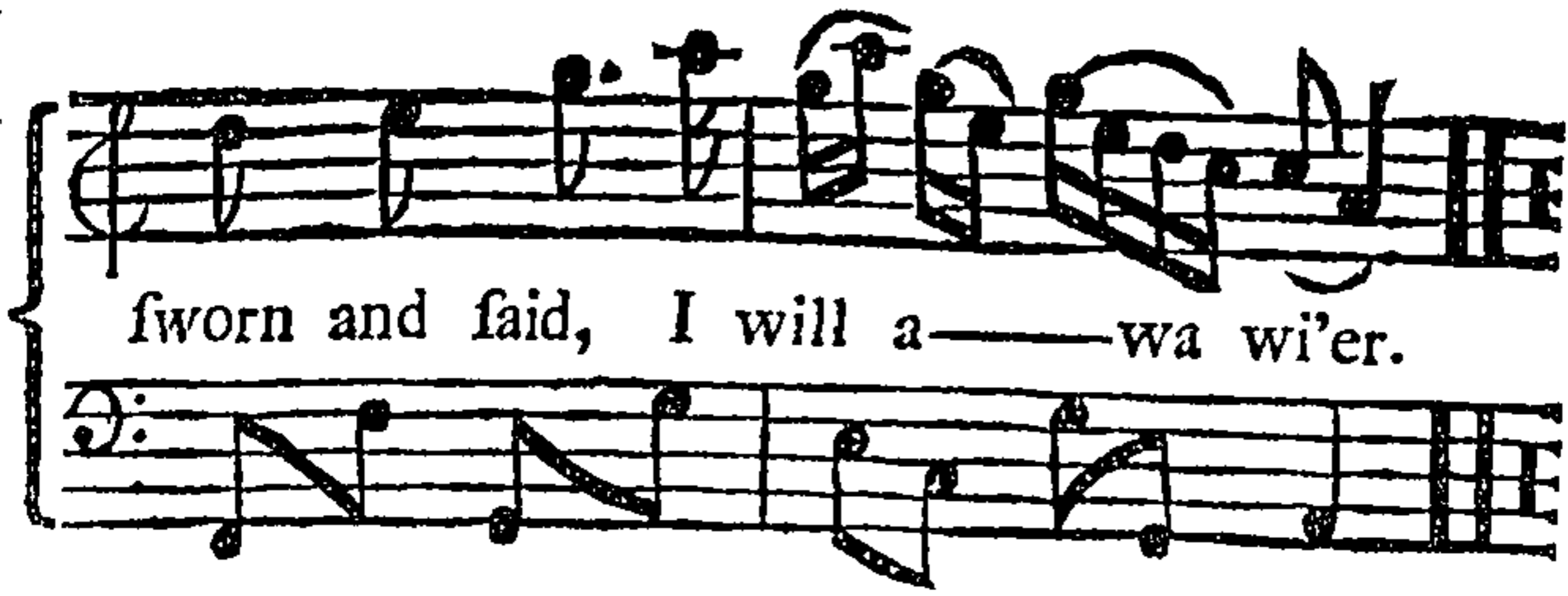


wi'er. I'll o'er Bogie, o'er Scrog-gy,



O'er Bo-gie wi'er; Tho' a' my Kin had

sworn



If I can get but her Consent,  
 I dinna care a Strae,  
 Tho' ilka ane be discontent,  
 Awa' wi' her I'll gae.  
*I'll o'er Bogie, &c.*

For now she's Mistress of my Heart,  
 And wordy of my Hand,  
 And well I wat we shanna' part  
 For Siller or for Land.  
*I'll o'er Bogie, &c.*

Let Rakes delyte to swear and drink,  
 And Beaux admire fine Lace ;  
 But my chief Pleasure is to blink  
 On *Betty's* bonny Face.  
*I'll o'er Bogie, &c.*

There a' the Beauties do combine,  
 Of Colour, Treats and Air,  
 The Saul that sparkles in her Eem  
 Makes her a Jewel rare;  
*I'll o'er Bogie, &c.*

Her flowing Wit gives shining Life

To a' her other Charms :

How blest I'll be when she's my Wife,

And lockt up in my Arms.

*I'll o'er Bogie, &c.*

There blythly will I rant and sing,

While o'er her Sweets I range;

I'll cry, Your humble Servant, King,

Shame fa' them that wad change.

*I'll o'er Bogie, &c.*

A Kifs of *Betty*, and a Smile;

Abeet ye wad lay down

The Right ye ha'e to *Britain's* Isle;

And offer me ye'r Crown.

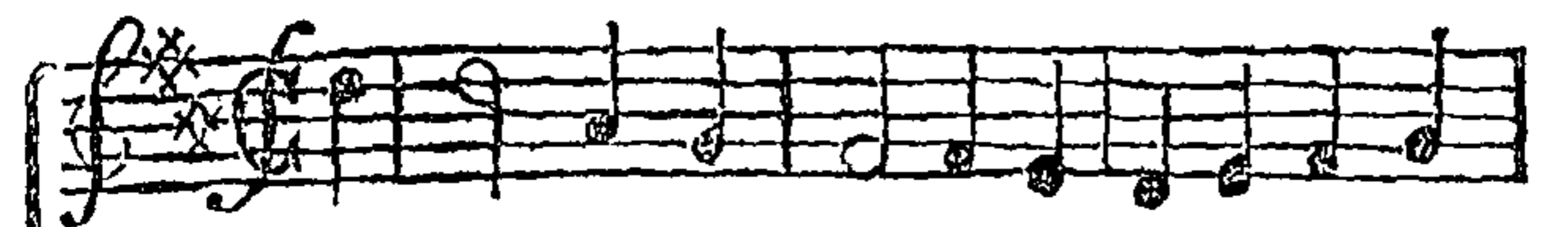
*I'll o'er Bogie, &c.*

*For the* F L U T E.

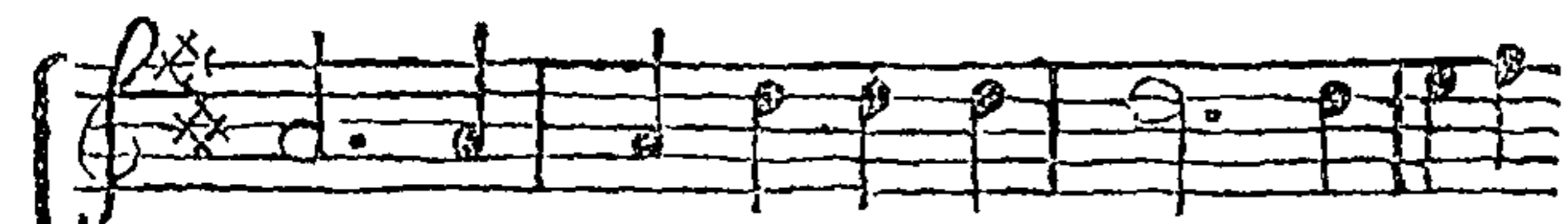
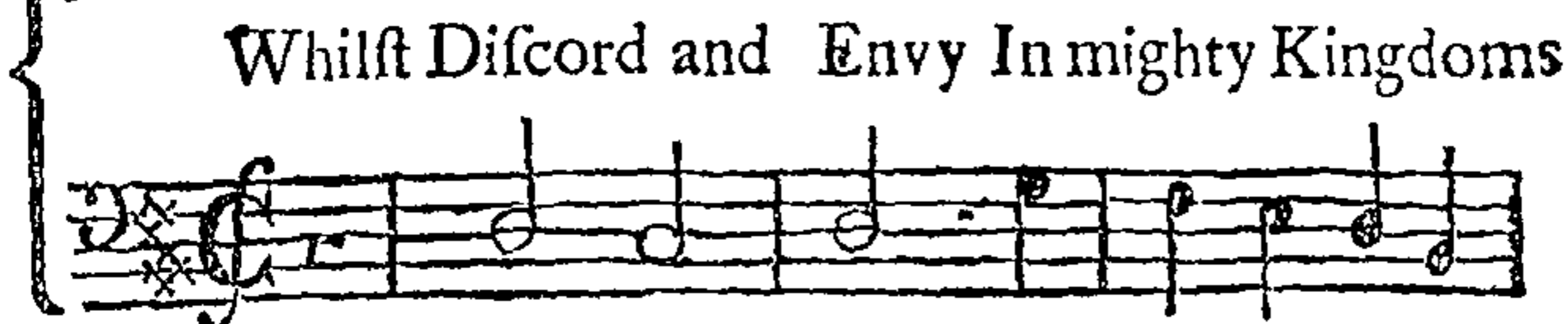


The JOVIAL BEGGARS.

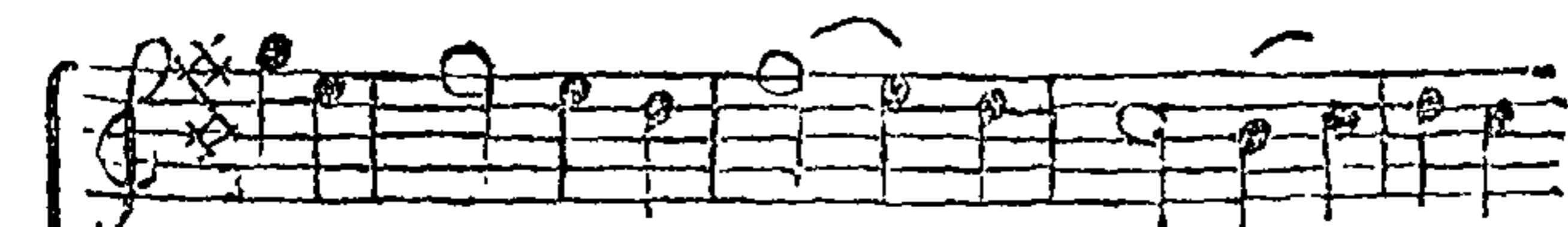
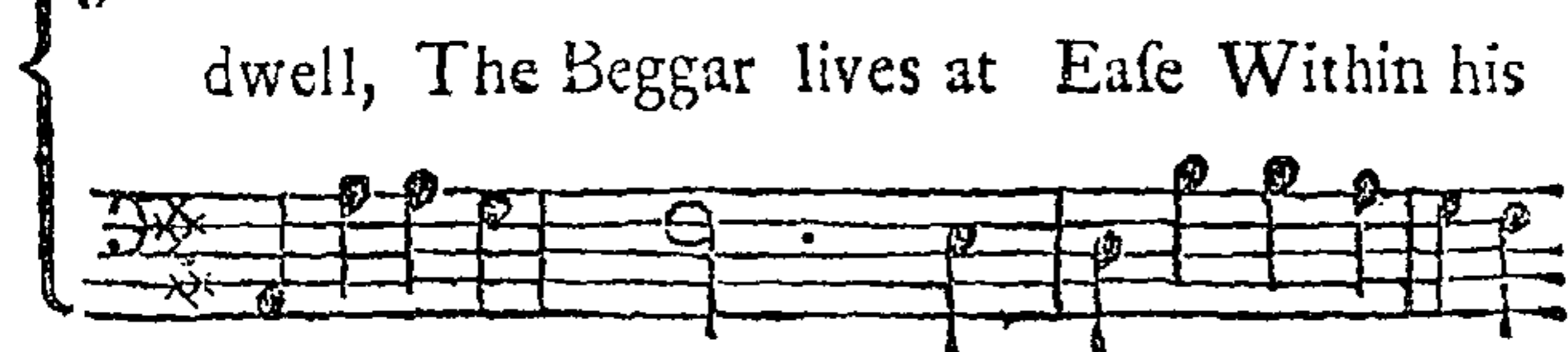
Sung in the BEGGAR'S WEDDING.



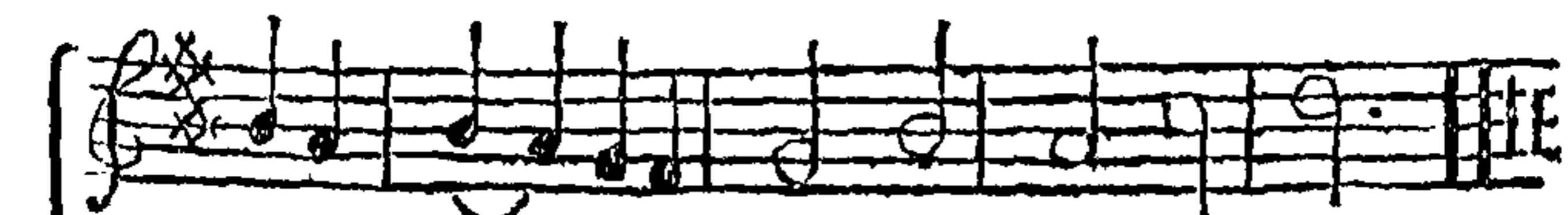
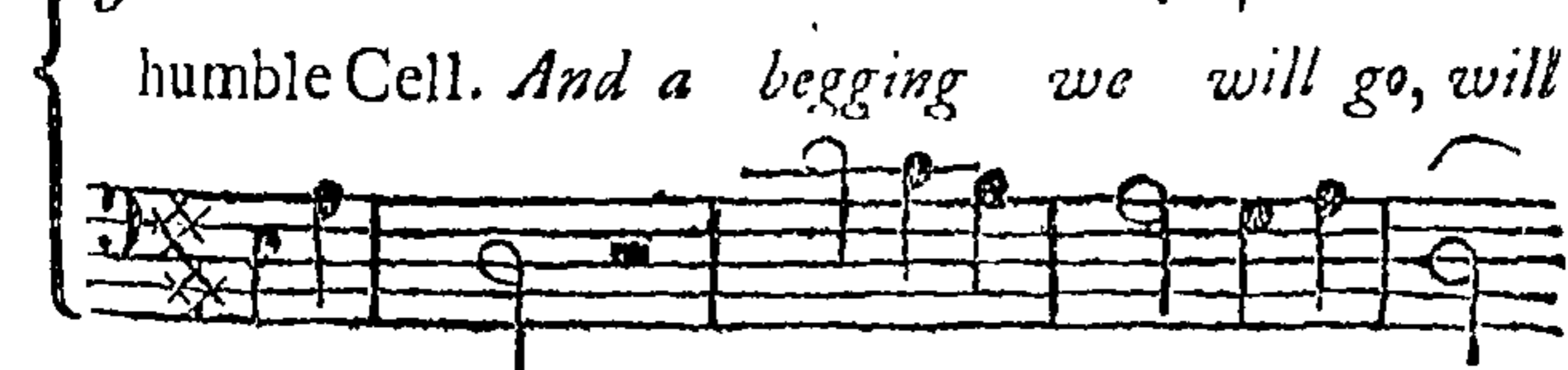
Whilst Discord and Envy In mighty Kingdoms



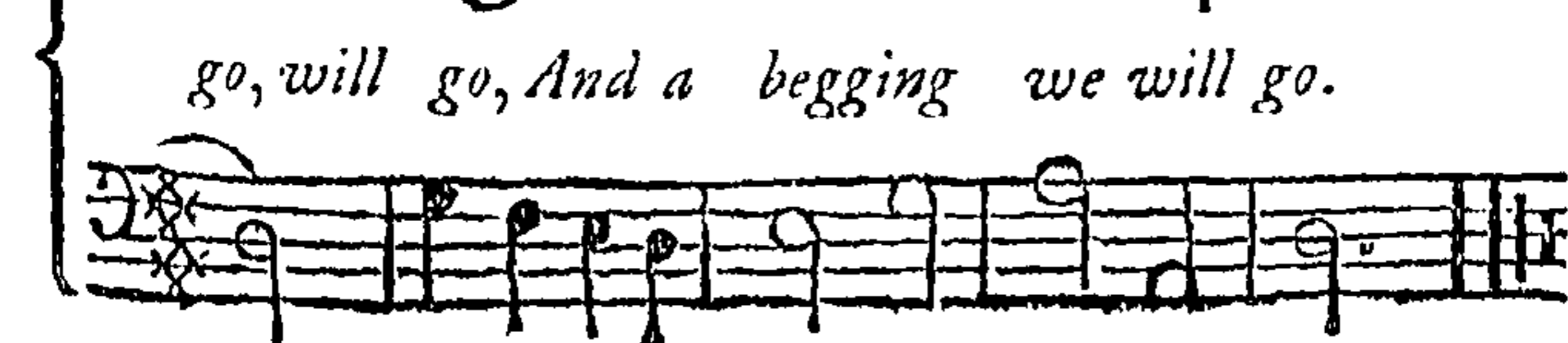
dwell, The Beggar lives at Ease Within his



humble Cell. *And a begging we will go, will*



*go, will go, And a begging we will go.*



No Taxes oppress us,

Nor Honours wreck our Brain,

State-Maxims ne'er perplex us,

Nor Parties give us Pain.

*And a begging, &c.*

Exempt from all Duty

By Land, or yet by Sea,

We hope not to command,

Nor care much to obey.

*And a begging, &c.*

Whatever we get,

We seldom keep in store,

We spend it all To-day,

To-morrow beg for more.

*And a begging, &c.*

Our Lasses in common

We ev'ry one possess;

Marriage is a Priestcraft,

Which makes Enjoyment less.

*And a begging, &c.*

We live as we list,

And skulk beneath the Laws;

For none but a Beggar

Should judge a Beggar's Cause.

*And a begging, &c.*

Contented when Death,  
Thro' Age, approaches nigh;  
In Pleasure thus we live,  
And with Pleasure thus we die.

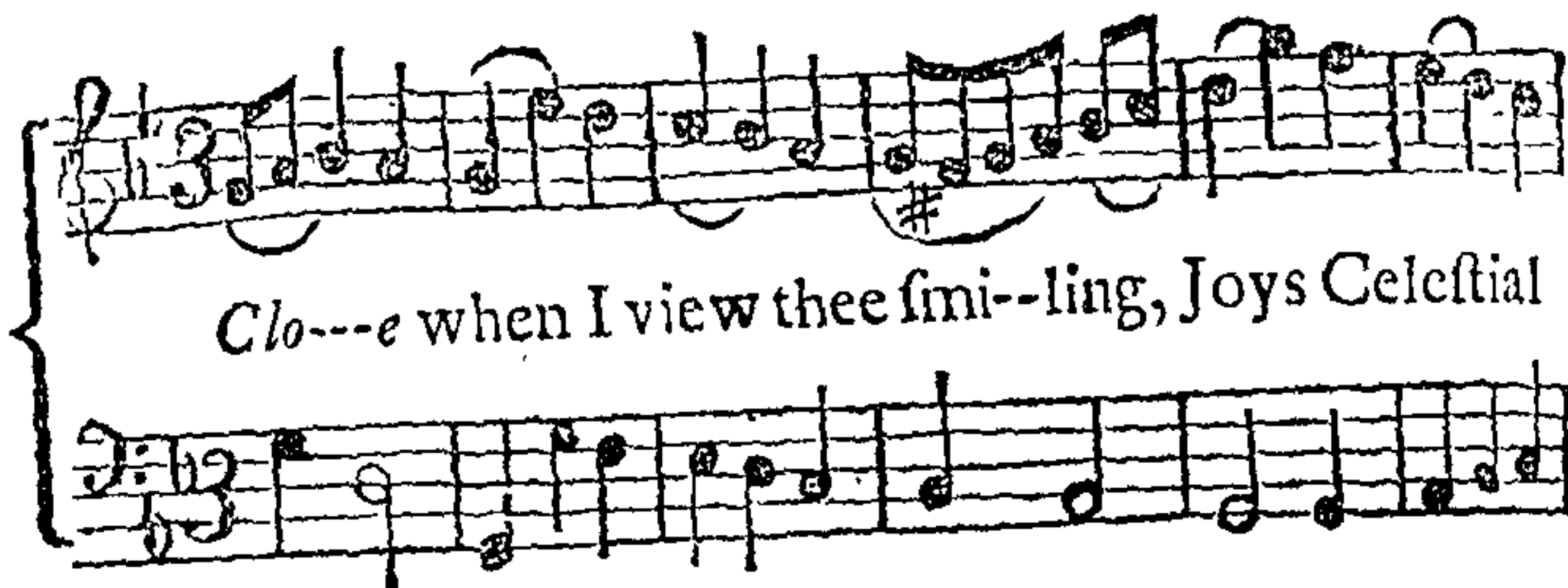
*And a begging, &c.*

*For the* F L U T E.

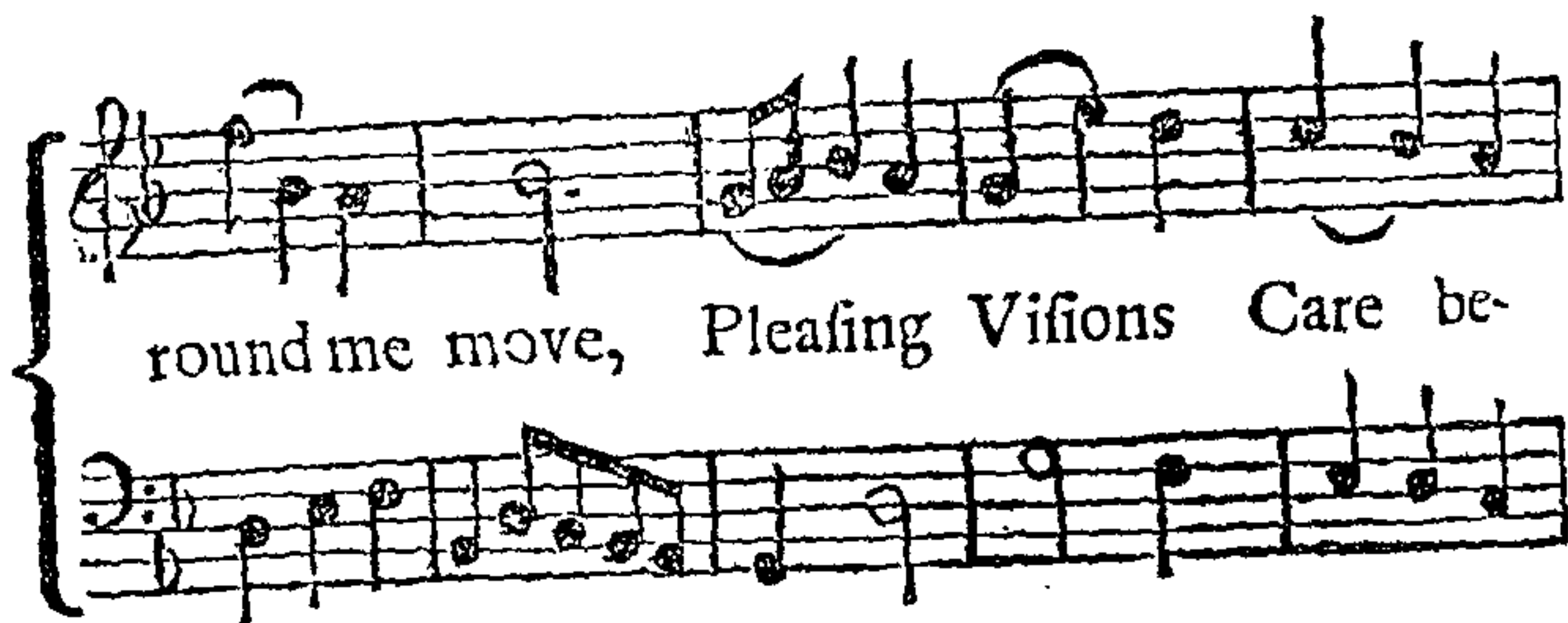


## L O V E L Y C L O E

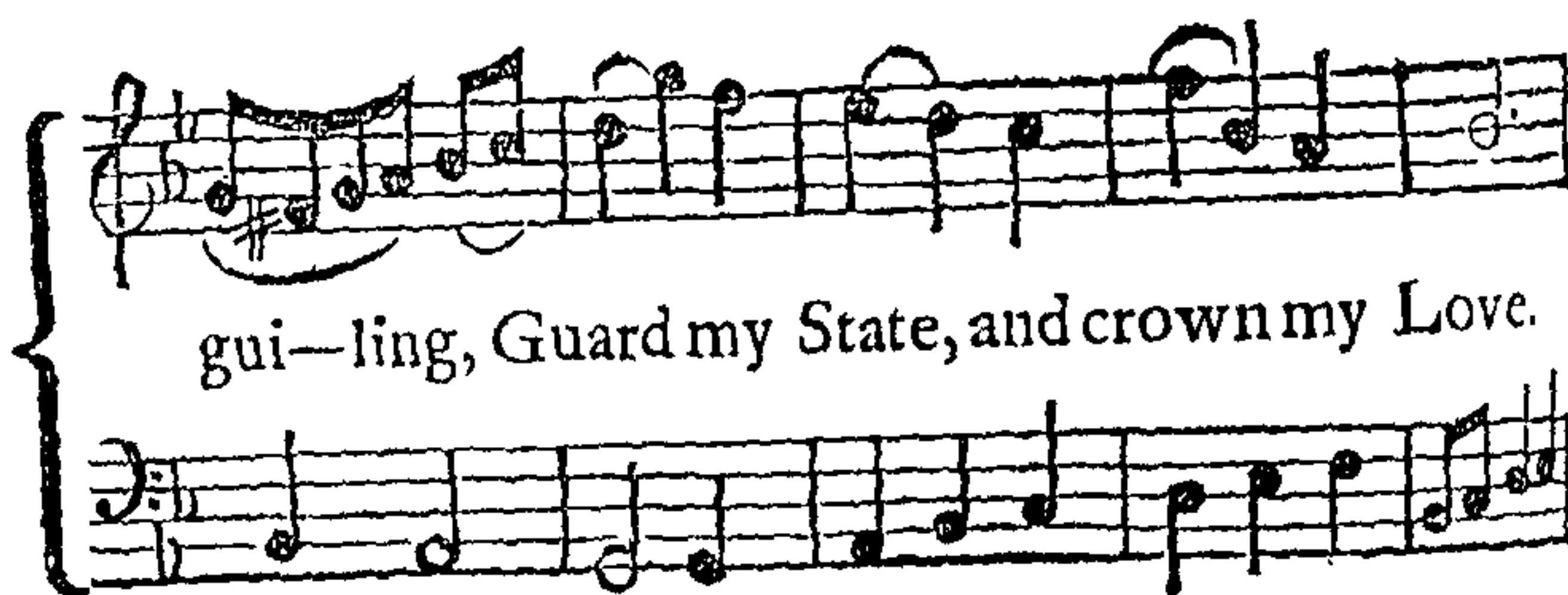
To a Minuet of Mr. HANDELL's



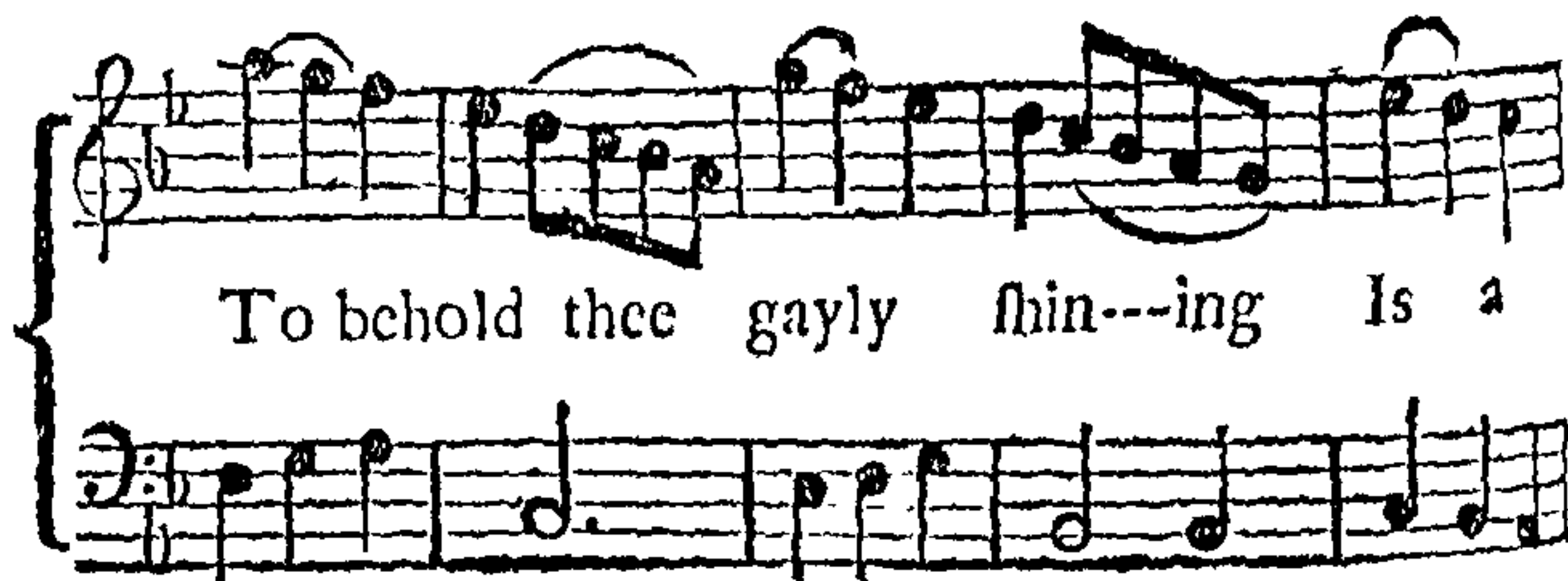
Clo---e when I view thee smi--ling, Joys Celestial



round me move, Pleasing Visions Care be-



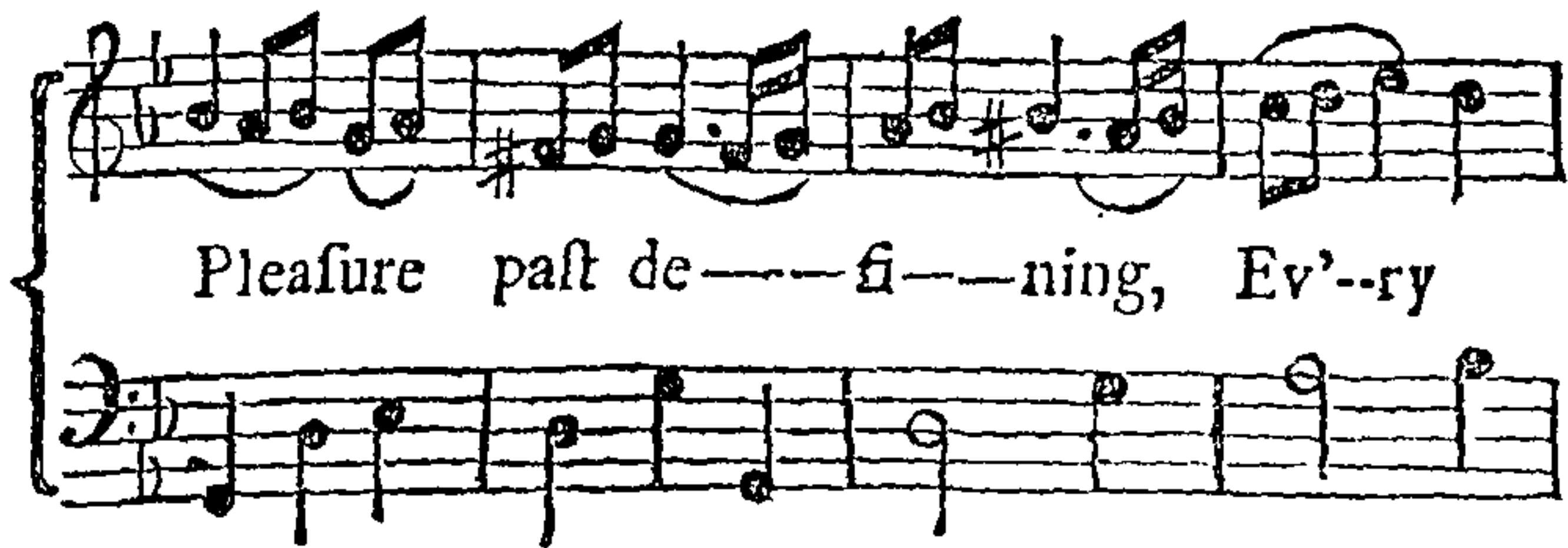
gui--ling, Guard my State, and crown my Love.



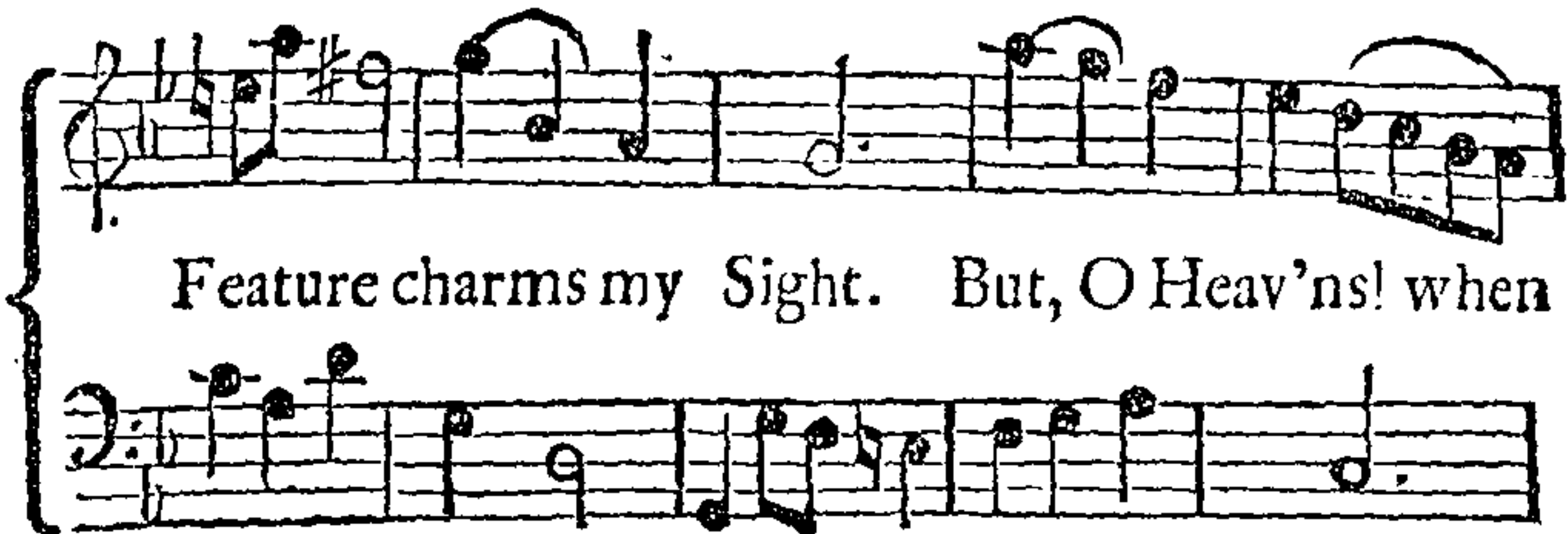
To behold thee gayly shin---ing Is a

Pleasure

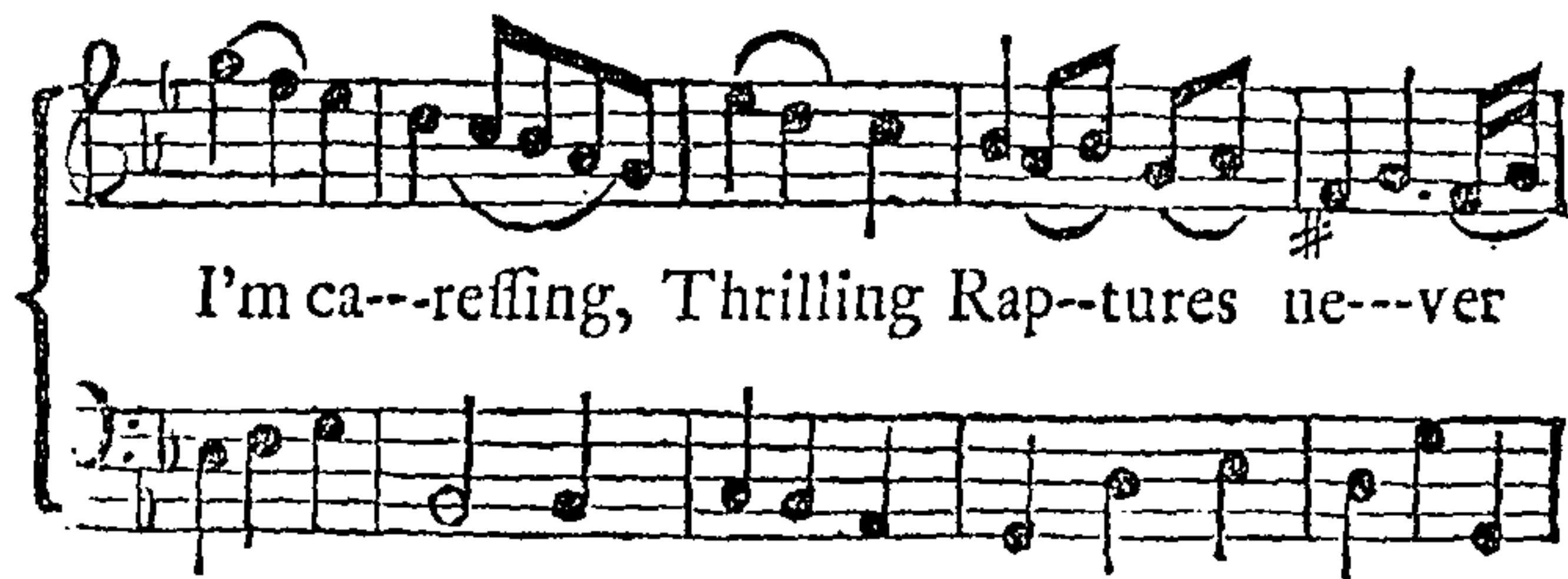




Pleasure past de—fi—ning, Ev'—ry



Feature charms my Sight. But, O Heav'ns! when



I'm ca--ressing, Thrilling Rap--tures ne--ver



ceasing, Fill my Soul with soft Delight.

Oh! thou lovely dearest Creature!  
Sweet Enflaver of my Heart;  
Beauteous Master-piece of Nature,  
Cause of all my Joy and Smart!

In thy Arms enfolded lay me,  
To dissolving Blifs convey me,  
Softly sooth my Soul to Rest;  
Gently, kindly, Oh my Treasure!  
Bless me, let me dye with Pleasure,  
On thy panting snowy Breast.

*For the* FLUTE.

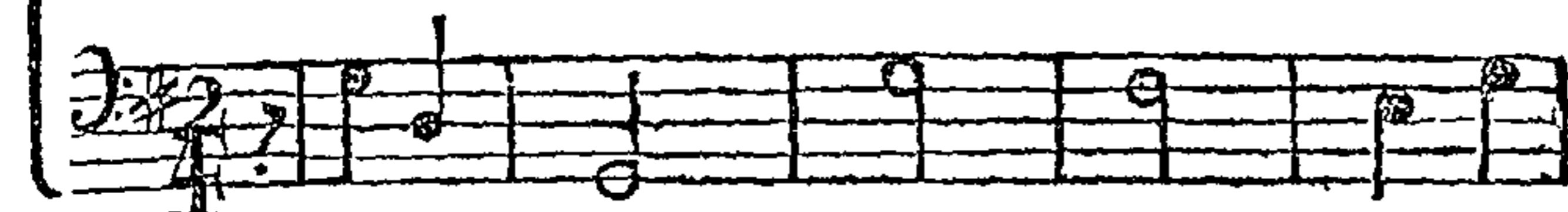


The DECEITFUL FAIR.

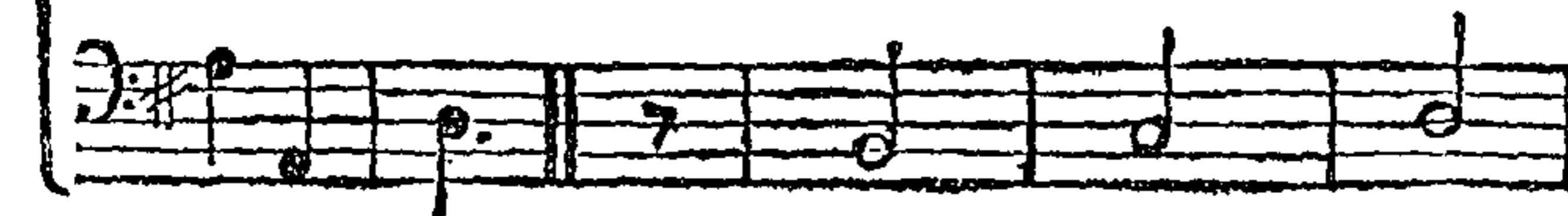
Set by Mr. DIEUPART.



Phyllis has each enchanting Art, That can the



Soul ensnare; First wins her Lover's ea---fy



Heart, Then wracks him with De--spair.



With tempting Looks, and flatt'ring Smiles,  
Too soon a Conquest gains;  
Makes him a Slave to all her Wiles,  
Then leaves him in his Chains.

Imperious she does tyrannize,  
And wounds each harmless Swain;  
First soothes his Hopes with matchless Joys,  
Then gives eternal Pain.

Ye Youths, who han't already known  
 The Magick of her Eyes,  
 Be rul'd, and from th' Enchantress run,  
 Lest you become her Prize.

The Hook does lye beneath the Bait ;  
 With Smiles she'll draw you on ;  
 But soon you'll find, when 'tis too late,  
 You're by her Frowns undone.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

YOUNG *Nanparelio* lov'd a Maid  
 As fair as e'er was seen ;  
 The Glory He of all the Glade,  
 And She of all the Green.

The Sylvan Train with Envy saw  
 The lovely loving Pair ;  
 The Swain approach'd the Nymph with Awe.  
 The Nymph the Swain with Fear.

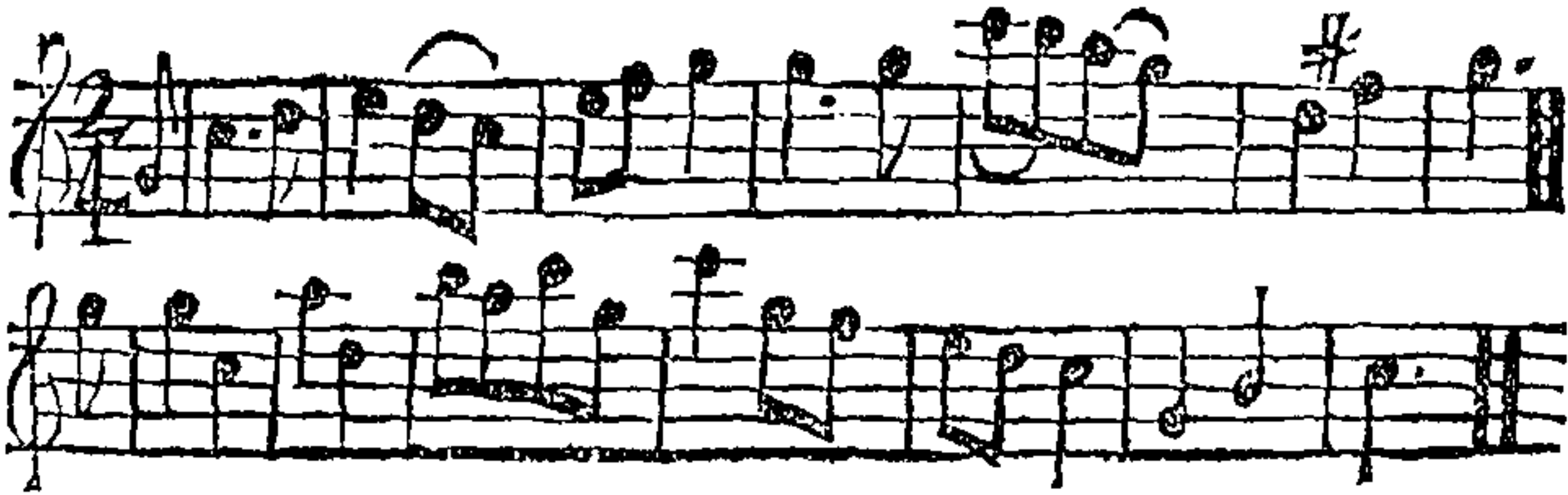
Fair *Brillant* fled from his Complaint,  
 Afraid to hear his Sighs ;  
 And doubting she with Joy should grant,  
 What she with Grief denies.

She racks her self to seem severe ;  
 He sees she does but feign :  
 Tho' when he's present, she's in Fear ;  
 When absent, she's in Pain.

With Pleasure, by some murm'ring Stream,  
She listens to his Lays ;  
Still glad to find herself the Theme,  
'And flatter'd with his Praise.

Nor need he follow, for her Race  
Does ne'er continue long ;  
She slackens, when he sings, her Pace ;  
And learns her Lover's Song.

*For the* F L U T E .



A NONSENSICAL SONG.

*Or, the* CHARMS of NONSENSE.

The Words by RICHARD SAVAGE, Gent.

*Set by* Mr. HEMMING.

Nonsensical Folks prepare To hear a Non-

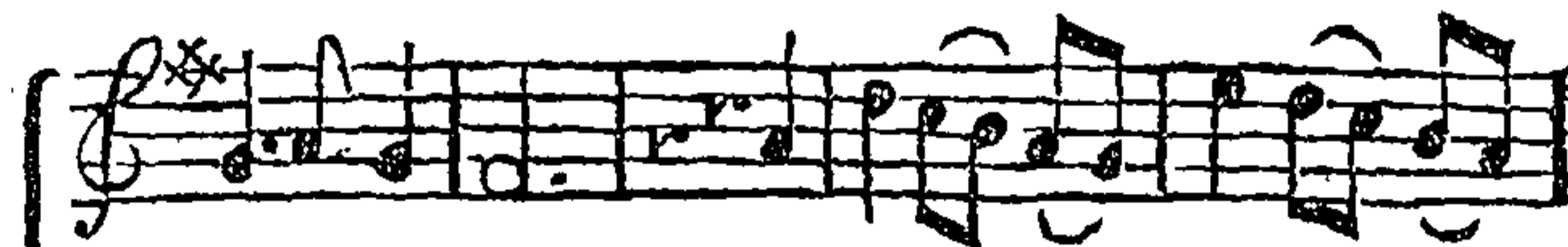
sensical Song. Each am'rous Beau with his

Fair, Whose Charm's a Non-sen-si-cal Tongue;

Were



Were there no Nonsensical Flights, The Women wou'd



want what to say; The Poets want something to



write, And the Actors want Farces to play.



Nonsense so reigns in this Age,  
Both over the Noble and Cit,  
The Town sends a Share on the Stage,  
And each Ass sets up for a Wit.  
The Lover calls Nonsense his Muse,  
When smit by the amorous Boy,  
Always gaining with that the first Use  
Of the Lady's Nonsensical Toy.

The Parsons their Nonsense will preach,  
 To pious Nonsensical Fools;  
 Worn Ladies choice Secrets will teach,  
 To Nonsensical bungling Tools.  
 The Vulgar their Nonsense will prate,  
 And let their Opinions be had,  
 In Matters concerning the State,  
 And neglect for a Party, their Trade.

A scribbling Poet with Nonsense,  
 For a Dinner, will Nobles asperse,  
 Tho' his Wit is as thin as his Conscience,  
 Or rather, as bare as his Purse.

A Parliament Member sometimes  
 May make a Nonsensical Speech;  
 The Whiggs may the Tories of Crimes,  
 For Nonsensical Reasons, Impeach.

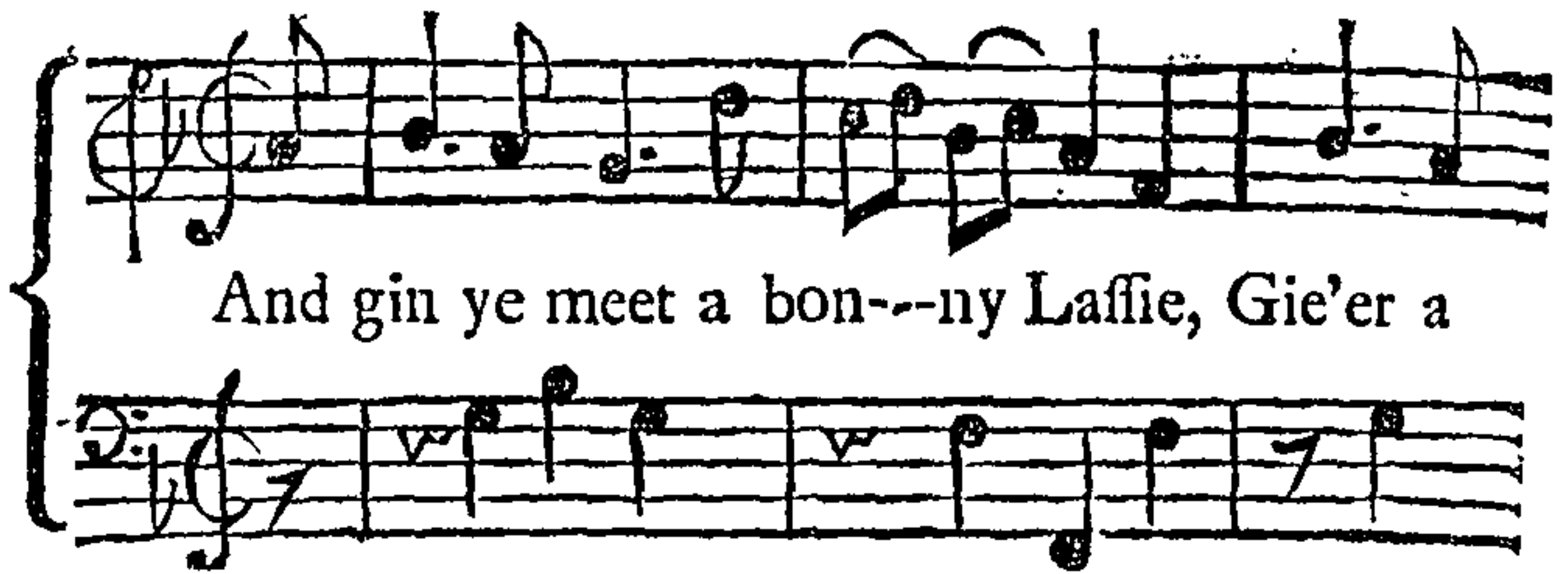
Debates full of Nonsense will rise,  
 Upon a Nonsensical Theme,  
 'Mongst those that pretend to be wise,  
 And do their own Nonsense esteem.  
 Since Nonsense is grown such a Charm,  
 With the Ladies, the Beaux, and the Poet,  
 Let each one his Reason alarm,  
 And he that has Wit let him show it.



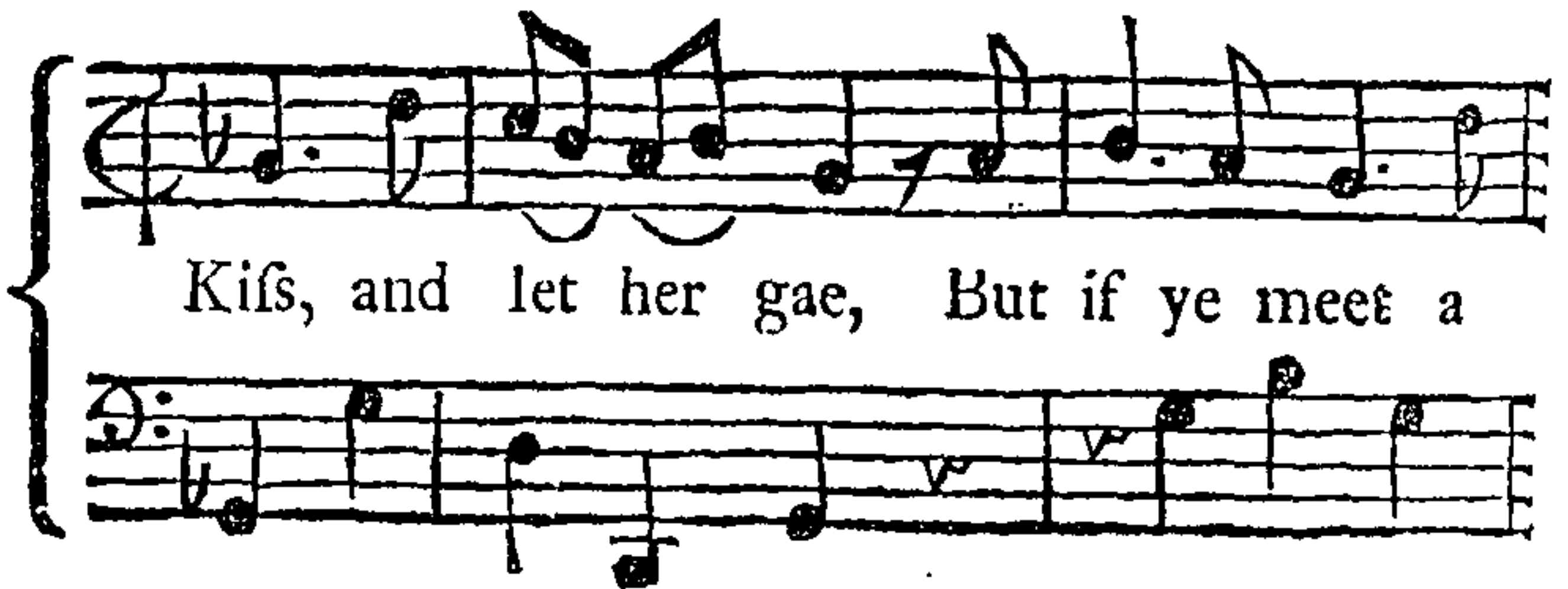
*For the FLUTE.*



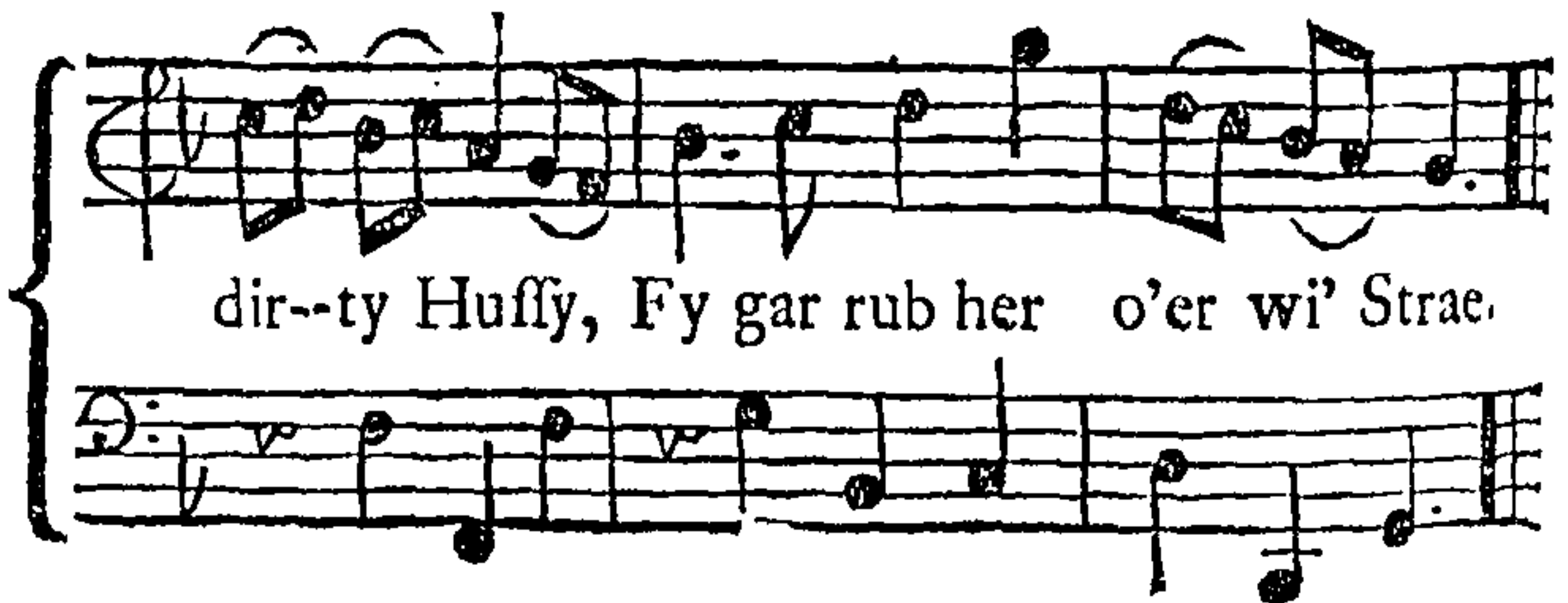
*Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.*



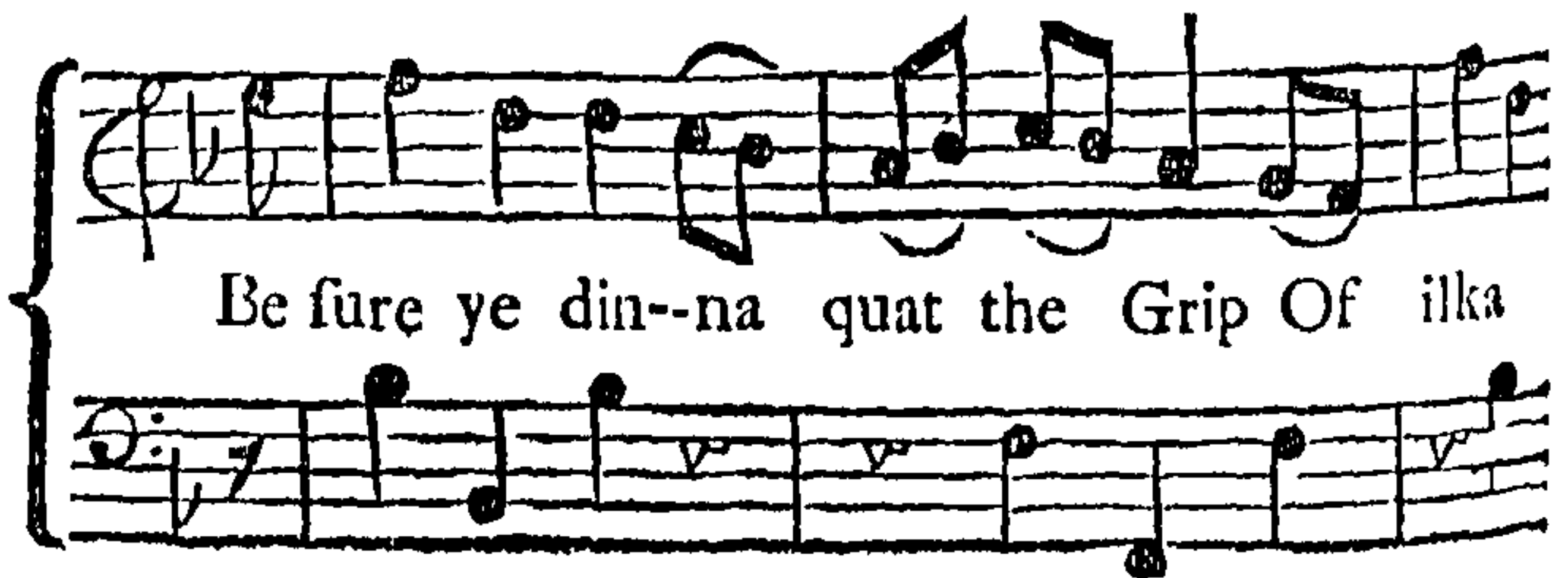
And gin ye meet a bon--ny Lassie, Gie'er a



Kiss, and let her gae, But if ye meet a



dir--ty Hussy, Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.



Be sure ye din--na quat the Grip Of ilka

Joy, when ye are young, Before auld Age your  
 Vitals nip, And lay ye twa-fald o'er a Rung.

Sweet Youth's a blyth and hartsome Time,  
 Then, Lads and Lasses, while 'tis *May*,  
 Gae pu' the Gowan in its Prime,  
 Before it wither and decay.

Watch the fast Minutes of Delyte,  
 When *Jenny* speaks beneath her Breath,  
 And Kisses, laying a' the Wyte  
 On you, if she kepp ony Skaith.

Haith ye're ill bred, she'll smiling say,  
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy Rook;  
 Syne frae your Arms she'll rin away,  
 And hide her self in some dark Nook.  
 Her Laugh will lead you to the Place,  
 Where lies the Happiness ye want,  
 And plainly tell you to your Face,  
 Nineteen Na-fays are haff a Grant.

Now

Now to her heaving Bosom cling,  
 And sweetly toolie for a Kifs,  
 Frae her fair Finger whoop a Ring,  
 As Taiken of a future Blifs.  
 These Bennifons, I'm very sure,  
 Are of the Gods indulgent Grant:  
 Then, furly Carles, whisht, forbear  
 To plague us with your whining Cant.

---

*To the foregoing Tune.*

HOW can they taste of Joys or Grief,  
 Who Beauty's Pow'r did never prove?  
 Love's all our Torment, our Relief;  
 Our Fate depends alone on Love.  
 Were I in heavy Chains confin'd,  
*Neara's* Smiles wou'd ease that State;  
 Nor Wealth, nor Pow'r, cou'd bless my Mind,  
 Curs'd by her Absence, or her Hate.

Of all the Plants which shade the Field,  
 The fragrant Myrtle docs surpass;  
 No Flow'r so gay, that docs not yield  
 To blooming Roses gaudy Dress.  
 No Star so bright, that can be seen,  
 When *Phæbus'* Glories gild the Skies;  
 No Nymph so proud adorns the Green,  
 But yields to fair *Neara's* Eyes.

The am'rous Swains no Offerings bring  
To *Cupid's* Altar, as before;  
To her they play, to her they sing,  
And own in Love no other Pow'r.  
If thou thy Empire wilt regain,  
On thy proud Conqu'ror try thy Dart;  
Touch, touch with Pity for my Pain,  
*Neara's* cold disdainful Heart.

For the FLUTE.



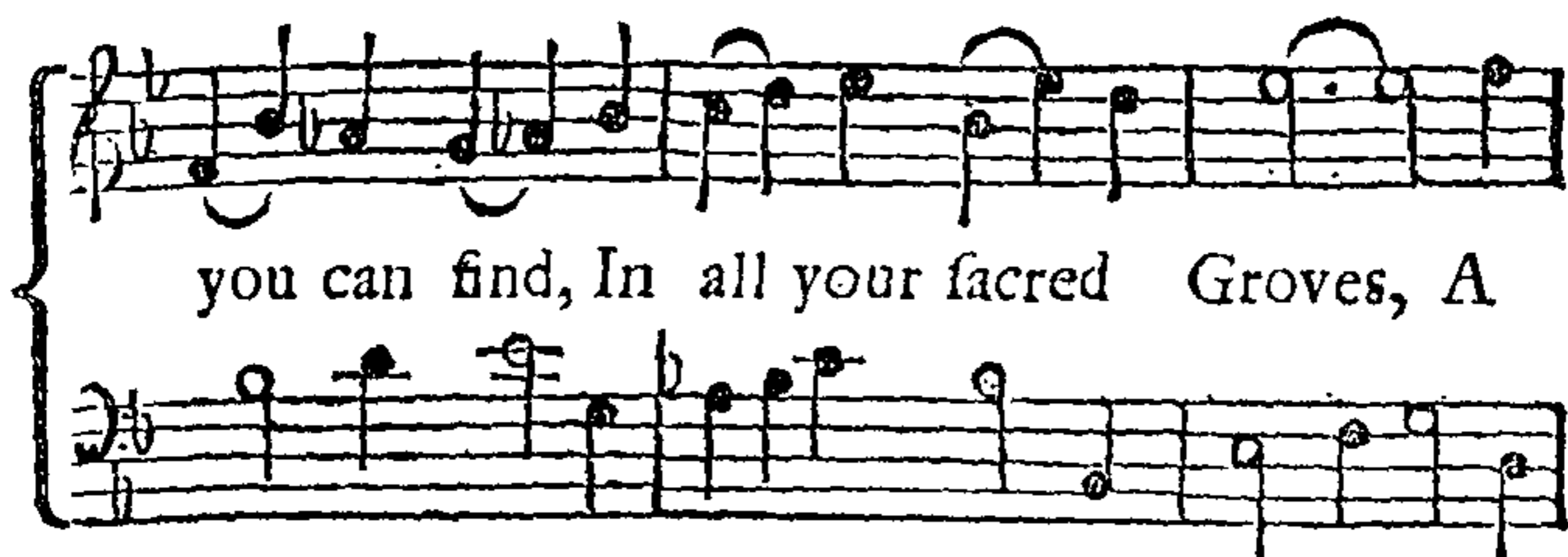
## S E R A P H I N A.

See,

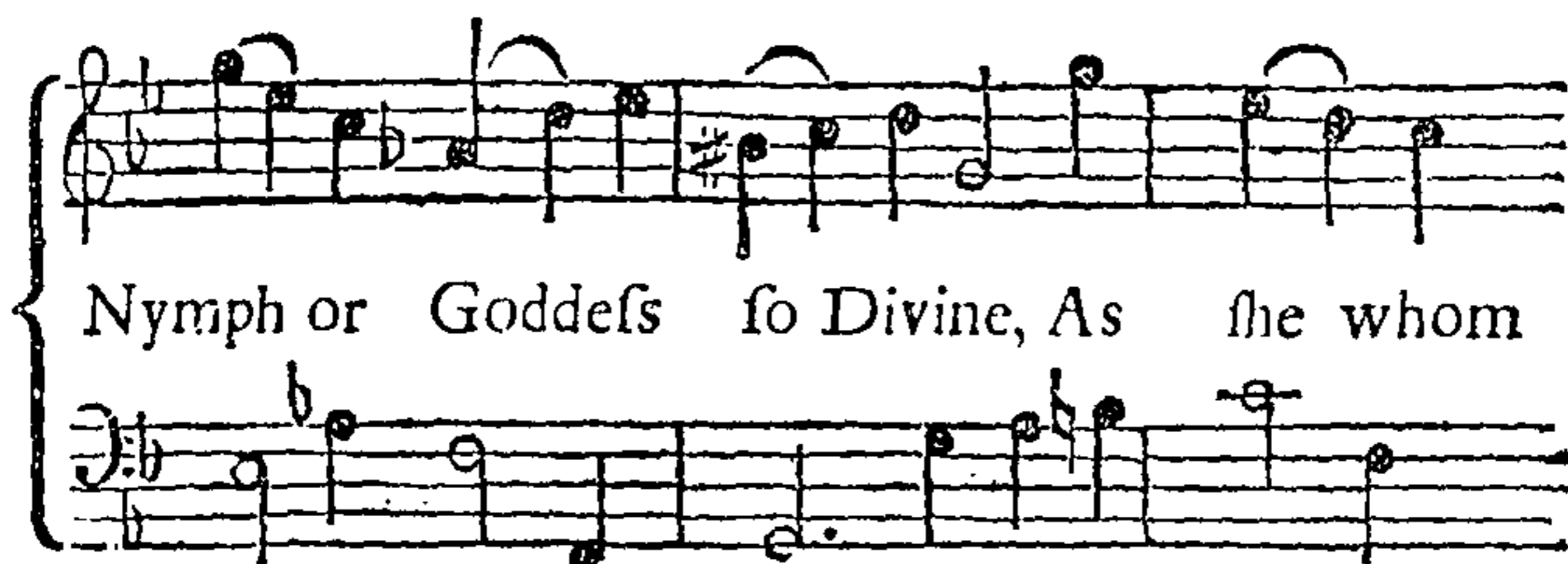
see, my *Se-ra-phi-na* comes, Adorn'd with ev'ry

Grace! Look, Gods, from your Ce-le-sti-al Domes, And

view her charming Face. Then search and tell if



you can find, In all your sacred Groves, A



Nymph or Goddess so Divine, As she whom



*Strephon* loves.

See! see! like *Venus* she appears,  
With all her Heav'n of Charms;  
Her spotless Form, her blooming Years  
Enchant me to her Arms.  
Were I to chuse my fav'rite Joy,  
Or Love, or Kingly Sway;  
Her Smiles shou'd all my Hours employ,  
And sport the World away.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

UPON *Clarinda's* panting Breast,  
 The happy *Strephon* lay;  
 With Love and Beauty jointly prest  
 To pass the Time away.  
 Fresh Raptures of transporting Love  
 Struck all his Senses dumb;  
 He envy'd not the Powers above,  
 Nor all the Joys to come.

As Bees around the Garden rove,  
 To fetch their Treasures home;  
 So *Strephon* trac'd the Fields of Love,  
 To fill her Honey-comb:  
 Her ruby Lips he kist and prest,  
 From whence all Joys derive;  
 Then, humming round her snowy Breast,  
 Strait crept into her Hive.

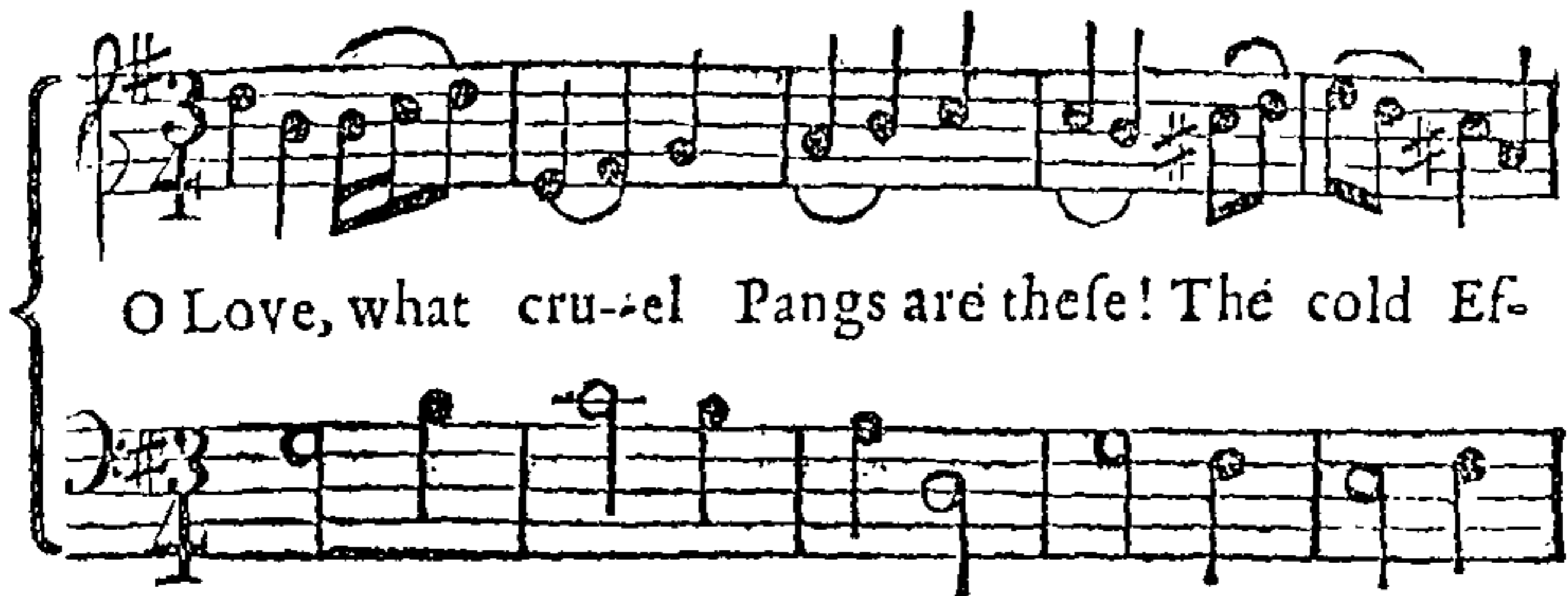
*For the FLUTE.*



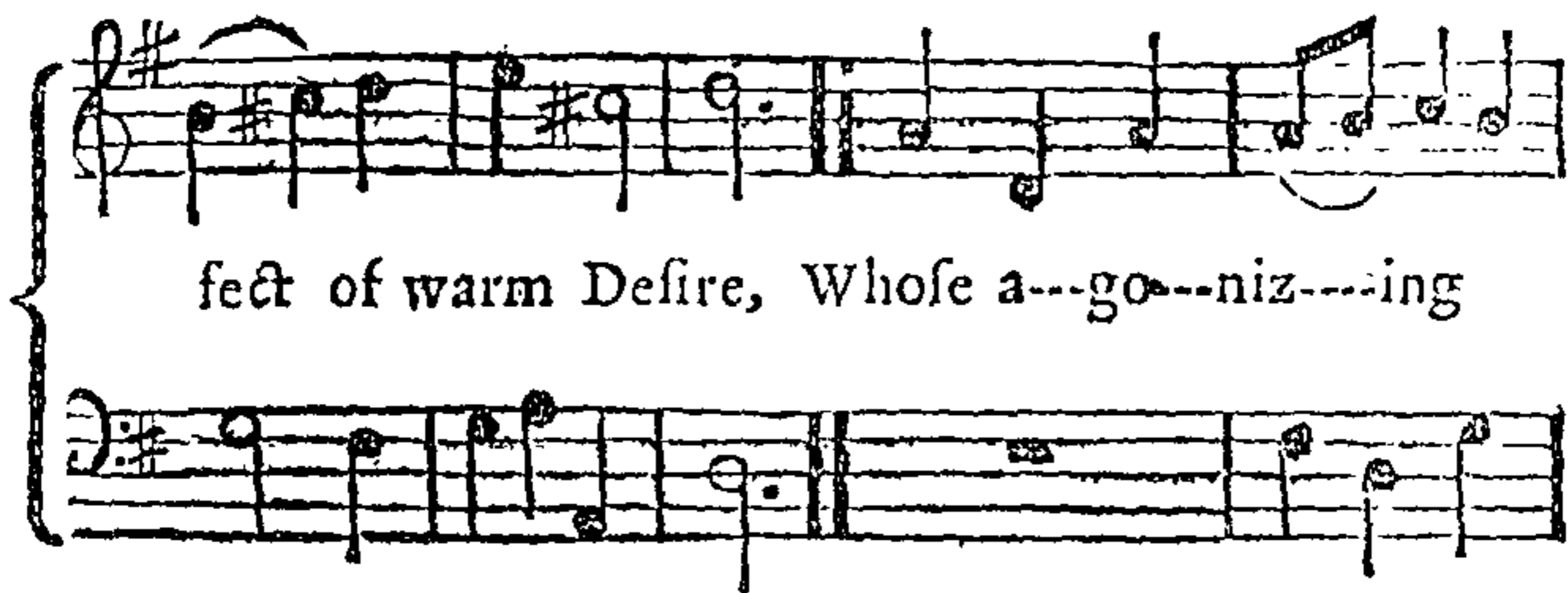


The DESPAIRING LOVER.

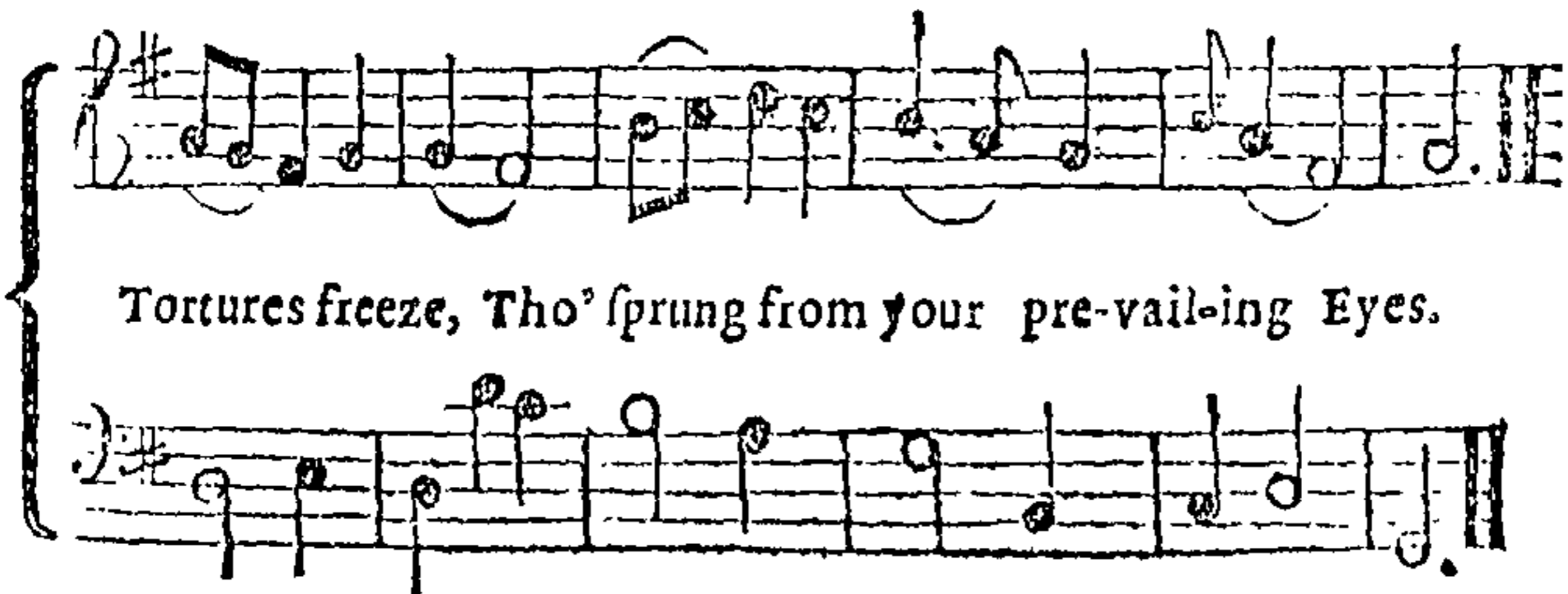
Set by Mr. TREVERS.



O Love, what cru-el Pangs are these! The cold Ef-



fect of warm Desire, Whose a---go---niz---ing



Tortures freeze, Tho' sprung from your pre-vail-ing Eyes.

Her Absence gave exceeding Pain;

But when from that I hop'd Relief,

You, still resolv'd I shou'd complain,

With Jealousy augment my Grief.

Too bitter is the Lover's Part,

When sever'd from his Fair One's Eyes;

But if he's banish'd from her Heart,

Stabb'd with Despair, at once he dies.

C H A R M I N G C E L I A.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**W**HO can resist my *Celia's* Charms?

Her Beauty wounds, her Wit disarms;

When these their mighty Forces join,

What Heart's so strong but must resign?

Love seems to promise in her Eyes

A kind and lasting Age of Joys:

But have a care, their Treason shun;

I look'd, believ'd, and was undone.

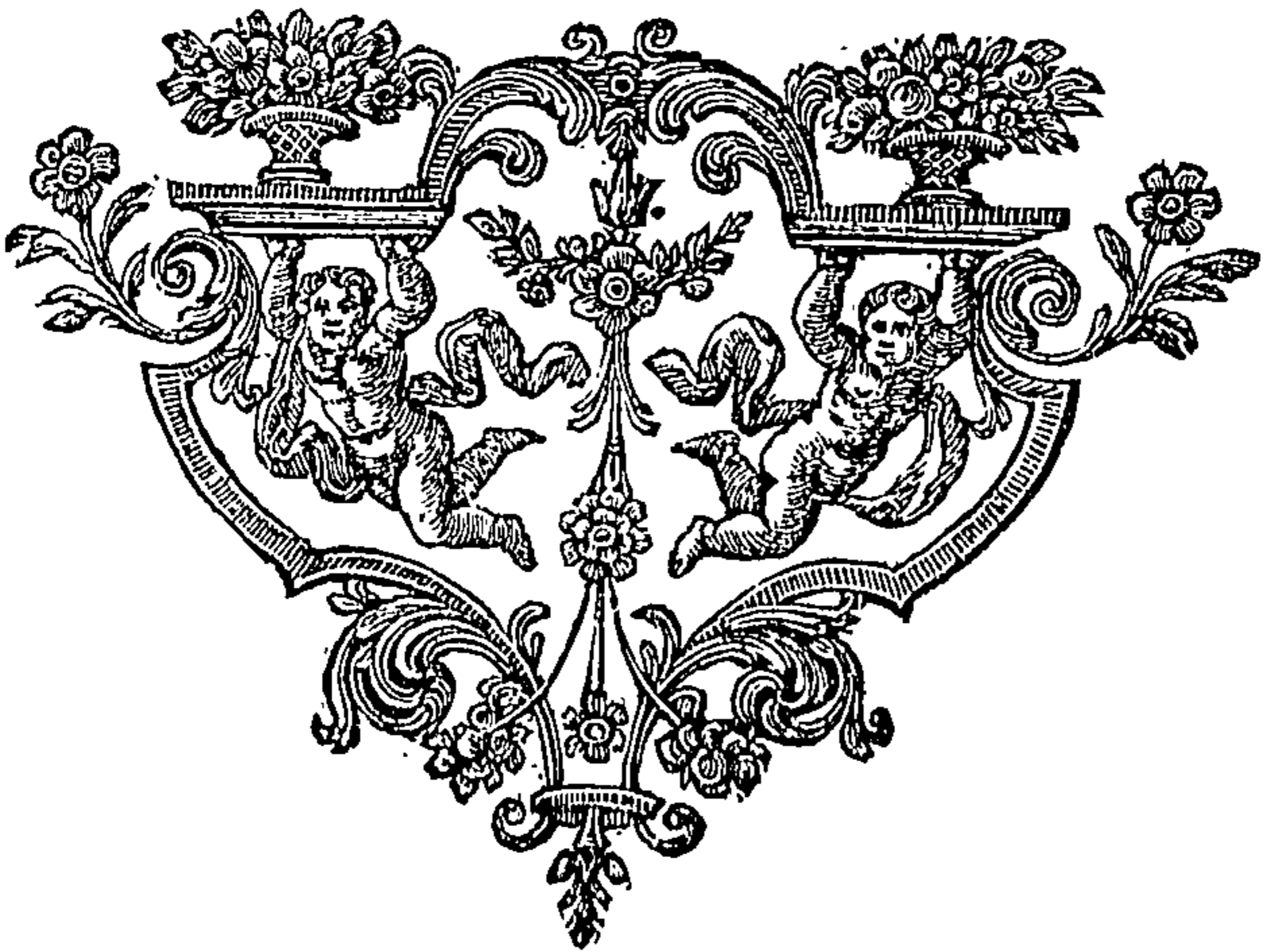
In vain a thousand ways I strive

To keep my fainting Hopes alive;

My Love can never find Reward,

Since Pride and Honour are her Guard.

For the FLUTE.



*The* LAST REQUEST.

Set by Mr. ANTH. YOUNG.

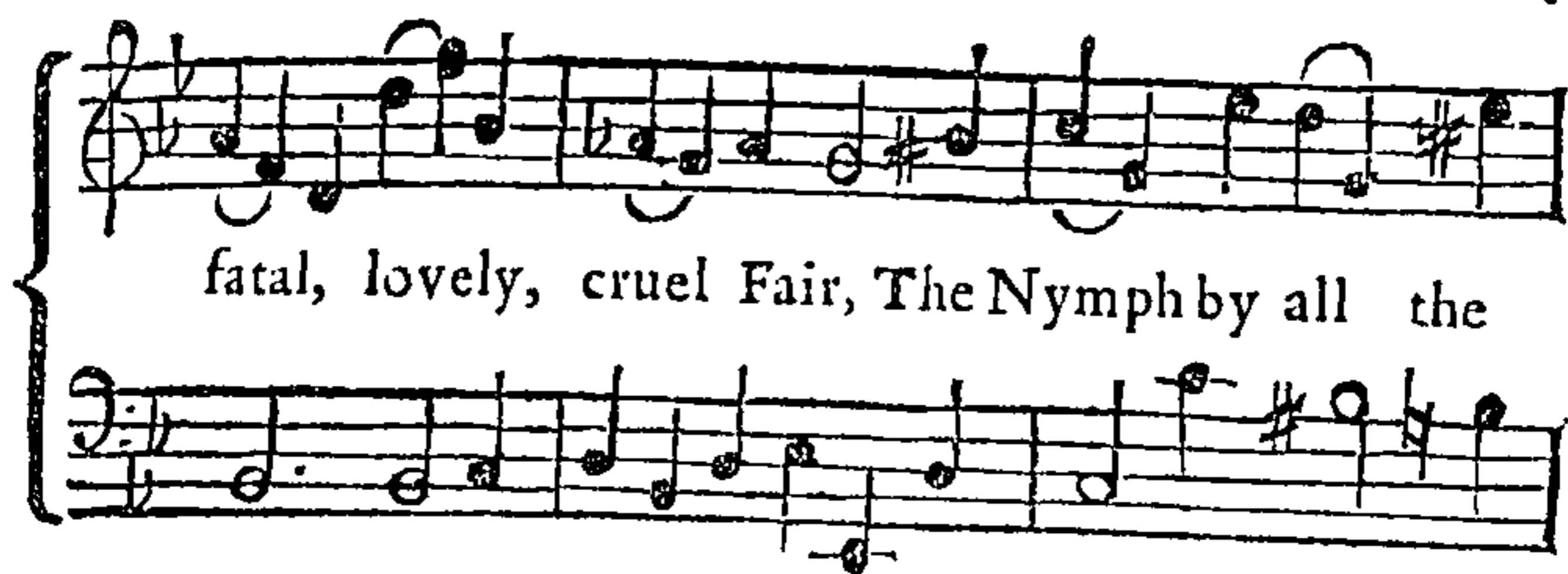
Amintor, once the happy'st Swain, His Flocks at-

tended on the Plain; No racking Thoughts di-

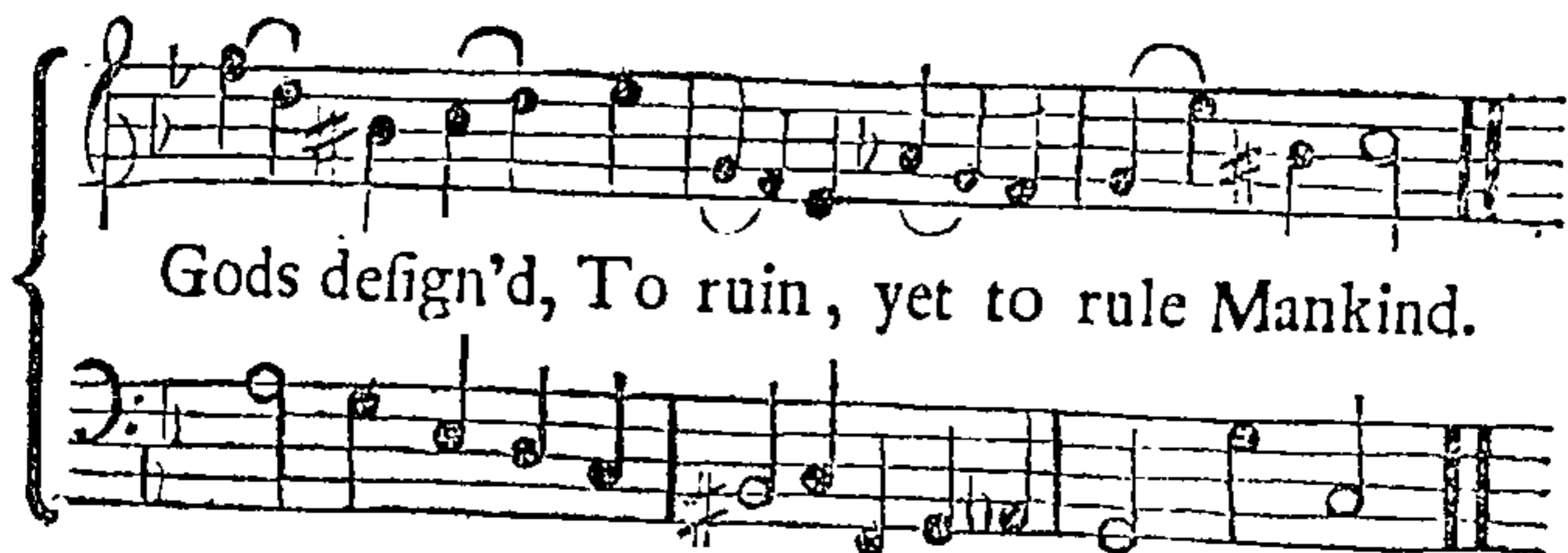
sturb'd his Breast, 'Till Love deny'd the Shepherd

Rest: 'Till Fate, to wound him, did prepare A

fatal



fatal, lovely, cruel Fair, The Nymph by all the



Gods design'd, To ruin, yet to rule Mankind.

His Flocks no Pleasure now can yield,  
 But stray unheeded o'er the Field;  
*Celia* alone can give him Ease,  
 'Tis she alone that pain'd, can please.  
 The trembling Shepherd, in Despair,  
 Close as he durst, approach'd the Fair,  
 Then prest her Hand, and fondly tries  
 To read his Sentence in her Eyes.

Ah! cruel Nymph; Alas! he cries,  
 To slight the Swain that for you dies.  
 Ah, simple Swain! the Nymph returns,  
 To love One who your Passion scorns!  
 Confirm'd too plain in all his Fears,  
 Confusion in his Face appears;  
 And hopeless now, Relief to find,  
 He thus address'd the dear Unkind :

Yet let my last Request succeed,  
 Defer no more the Death decreed,  
 The Death that must release the Swain  
 From fruitless Hope, and endless Pain.  
 Tho' in your Frowns I see my Fate,  
 Tho' you undo me with your Hate,  
 Whilst thus I gaze, Life cannot go;  
 Oh fly! and strike the fatal Blow.

---

*Written at the BATH.*

*To the foregoing Tune.*

SEE! in the limpid floating Glass,  
 How bright *Aurelia* does appear!  
 So Lillies in a Chrystal Case  
 Receive a Gloss, and look more Fair.  
 She like the Orient Morning shows,  
 When lifting o'er the Waves her Head;  
 Or *Venus*, when the Goddess rose,  
 And first forsook her wat'ry Bed.

Take heed, ah! lovely Maid, take heed,  
 Lest in the Mirror thou shou'dst spy  
 Thy blooming Charms, and for 'em bleed,  
*Narcissus*-like, and for 'em dye.

For who, unmov'd, can view that Breast!

That Shape! that Face! those matchless Charms!  
 I find my Soul with Love possess'd,  
 And raging Fire my Bosom warms.

Oh!

Oh! that she was by me entwin'd,  
Where now the wat'ry Circles run;  
'Till we, like *Salmacis* were join'd,  
Our Bodies blended both in one.  
Plunge in the Fount, ye Old and Weak!  
'Twill kindle Life, and Youth restore;  
And, like the *Stygian* Current, make  
Your Limbs as vig'rous as before.

For the FLUTE.




*The* MILK-MAID'S SONG.



*Set by Mr. SEEDO. And Sung by Mr. NOKES at the  
THEATRE in the Hay-Market.*





When my Love the other Day, Prais'd my


Charms, and, full of Play, In his Words such

Musick' hung, Passions grew the while he

Sung: Then he prest me, how he blest me!





Telling me a thou-sand Lyes Of my Lips, my

Breast, and Eyes.

Prompted by the Fire of Youth,  
 Thinking all he said was Truth,  
 I, poor easy, yielding Maid,  
 By the Traitor was betray'd ;  
 He carefs'd me,  
 And posses'd me,  
 Blasting all my growing Charms :  
 Maids beware, and dread such Harms.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**S**WAIN, thy hopeless Passion smother,  
 Perjur'd *Celia* loves another ;  
 In his Arms I saw her lying,  
 Panting, Kissing, Trembling, Dying ;  
 There the fair Deceiver swore,  
 There the fair Deceiver swore,  
 As she did to you before.

Oh!

Oh! said you, when she deceives me,  
When that constant Creature leaves me,  
*Isis'* Waters back shall fly,  
And leave their oozy Channels dry;  
Turn, ye Waters, leave your Shore;  
Turn, ye Waters, leave your Shore;  
Perjur'd *Celia* loves no more.

*For the* F L U T E.



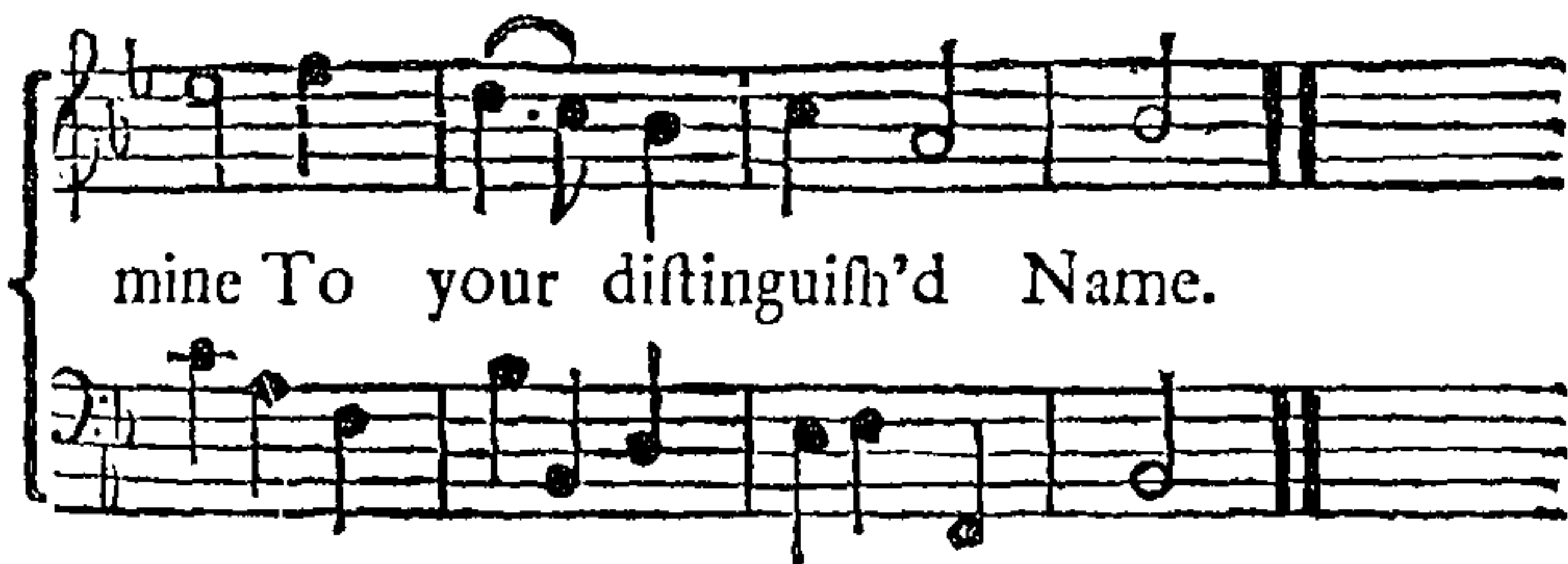
To C E L I A.



Mistake not, *Ce-lia*, the Design, When I your



Worth proclaim, Or de-di-cate a Verse of



mine To your distinguish'd Name.

The Muses were ordain'd to shew

The Virtues of your Sex ;

Then, why shou'd what is sung of you,

Your modest Mind perplex ?

At Thoughts of you, my Muse takes Wing,

My tender Bosom warms ;

Indulge me then, with Leave to sing,

Or lay aside your Charms.

No

No grateful Answer I desire;  
 No Favours I implore;  
 'Tis all I want, or can require,  
 Allow me to adore.

---

ELEGIAC SONG. *To the* MOON.

Written by the Author of SPARABELLA'S COMPLAINT

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**R**Efulgent Empress of the Night!  
 To whom I oft' complain,  
 Thou Moon! resign thy radiant Light,  
 Or ease me of my Pain.

For Oh! now doubly baneful prove  
 Thy Rays to either's Rest;  
 High Surges on the *Sea* they move,  
 But higher in my *Breast*.

Their Light recalls those Joys to me,  
 Whose Absence I bemoan;  
 Those Joys, beheld alone by thee,  
 Nor ah! by thee unknown.

If potent Verse, with magick Aid,  
 From Heav'n have drawn thee down,  
 By *mine*, be thou to pity sway'd  
 A Case so *like thy own*.

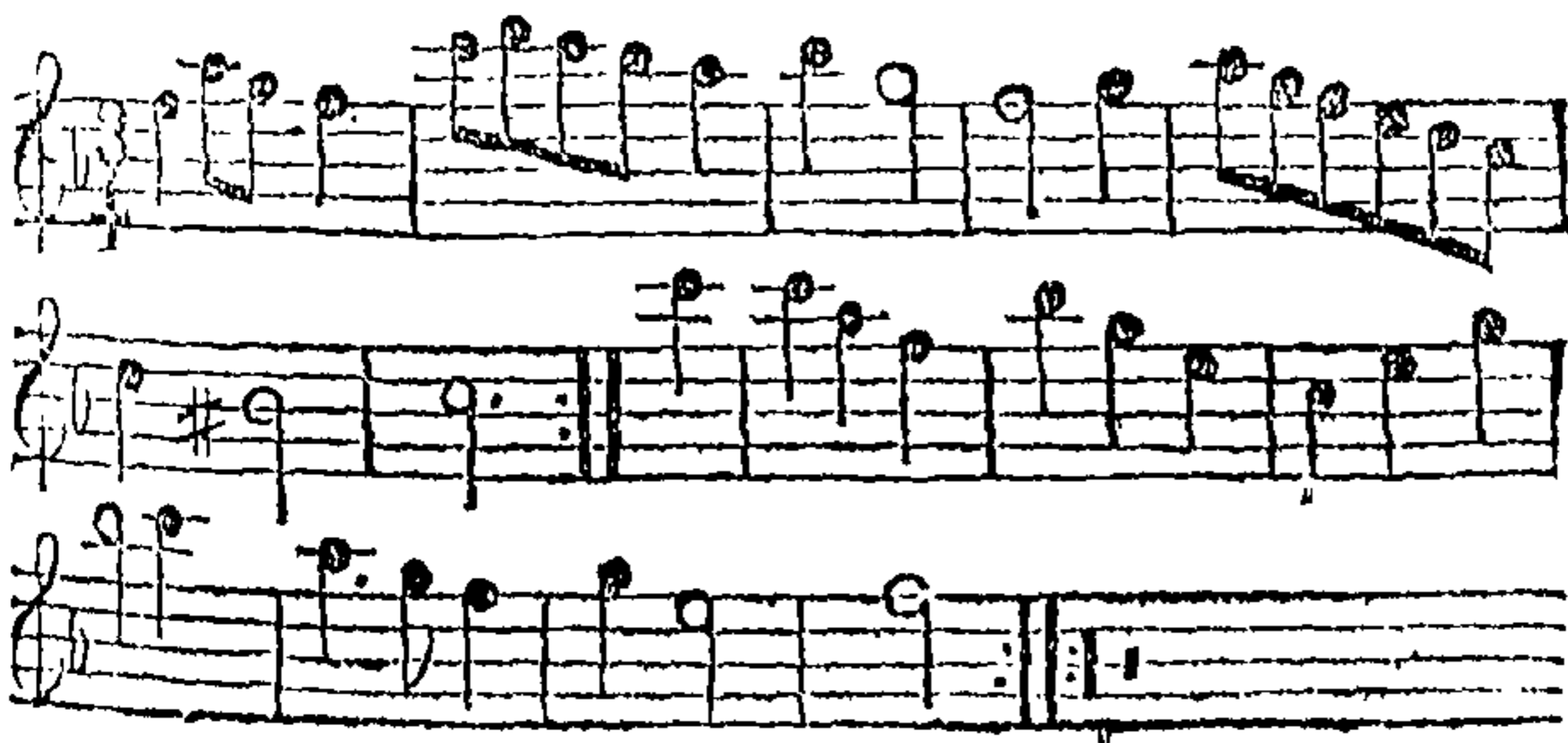
Like thee, who shin'st with borrow'd Light,  
I burn with borrow'd Fires :  
The Sun lights thee; but one more bright,  
With Flames my Soul inspires.

Like thee, whose Orb still wastes away,  
With fatal Flames I burn :  
As thine by Night, so mine by Day  
To my Destruction turn.

Like thee, whose Beams the Sun decline,  
From whence they first arise ;  
So mine conceal'd, ne'er dare to shine  
Before their Source, her Eyes.

But not like thee in this I prove,  
In all things else we vie :  
Thou ever dost inconstant rove,  
But ever constant I.

*For the* F L U T E.



COLIN'S REQUEST.


The Words by Mr. ARTHUR BRADLEY.

Help me, each harmonious Grove, Gent-ly



whisper all ye Trees, Tune each warb-ling

Throat to Love, And cool each Mead with

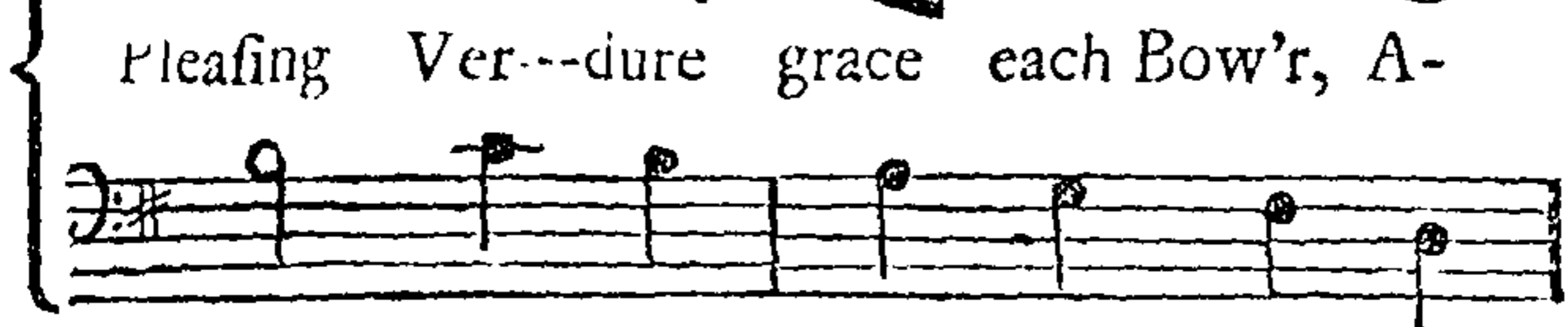
softest Breeze. Breath sweet Odours, ev'---ry



Flow'r, All your various Paintings show;



Pleasing Ver--dure grace each Bow'r, A-



round let ev'ry Blessing flow.



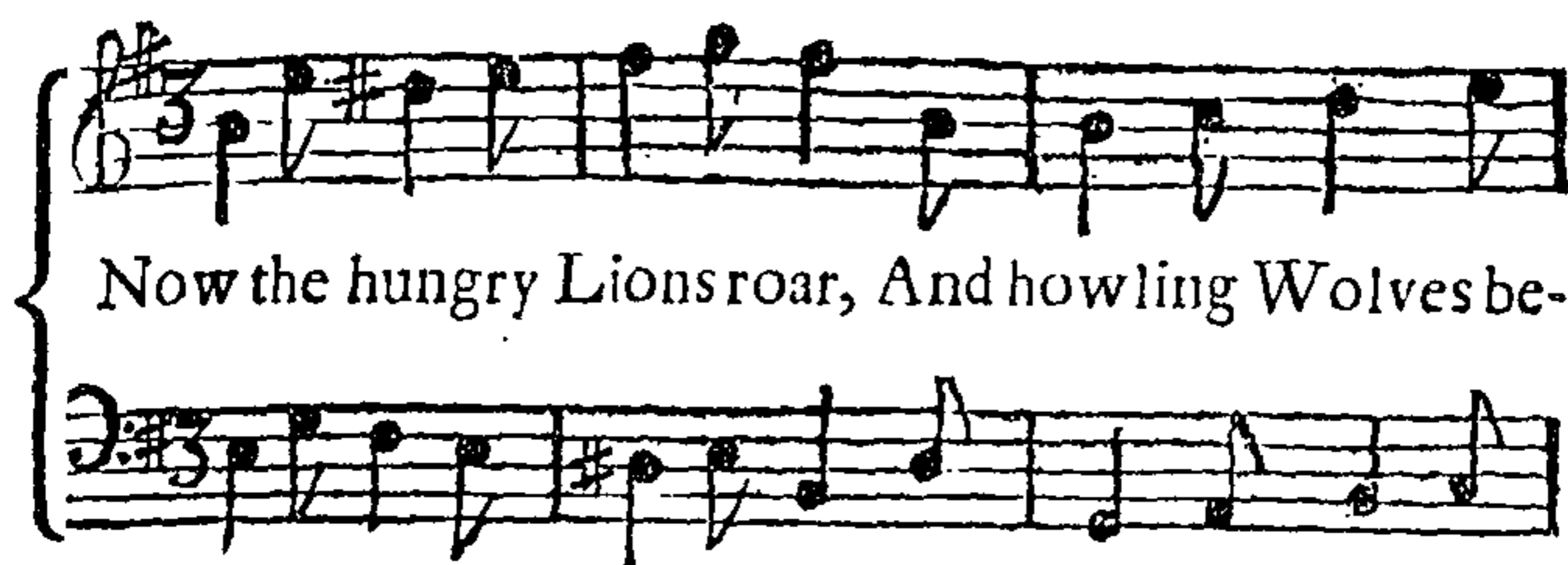
Glide, ye lympid Brooks, along;  
*Phœbus*, glance thy mildest Ray;  
Murm'ring Floods, repeat my Song,  
And tell what *Colin* dare not say.  
*Celia* comes! whose charming Air  
Fires with Love the rural Swains;  
Tell, ah! tell the blooming Fair,  
That *Colin* dies, if she dildains.

*For the FLUTE.*

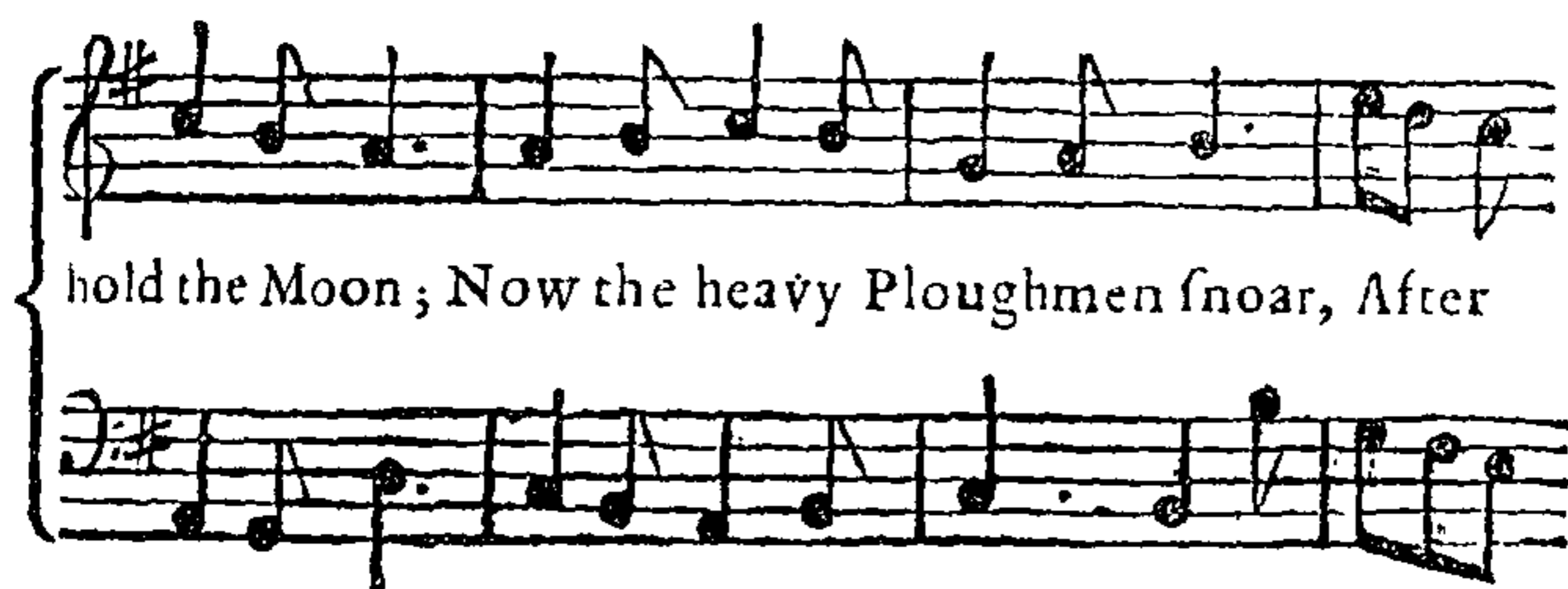




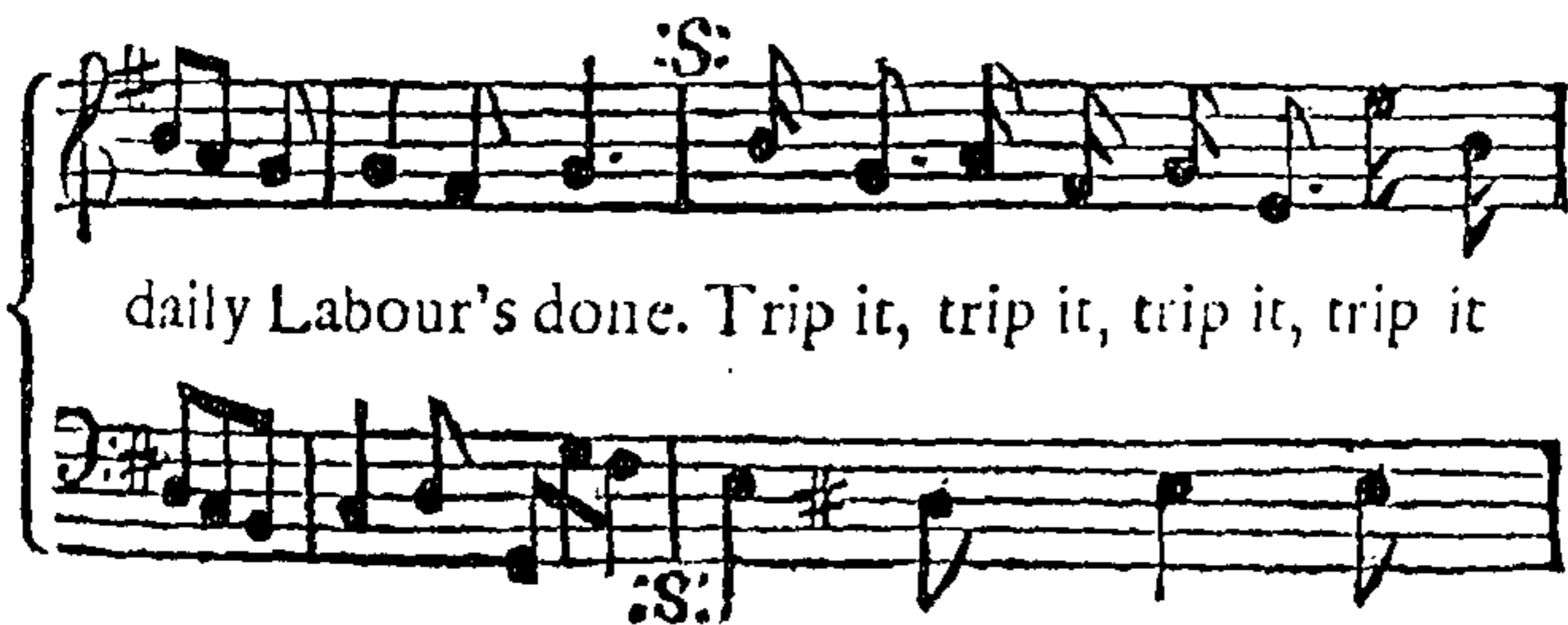
The FAIRIES.



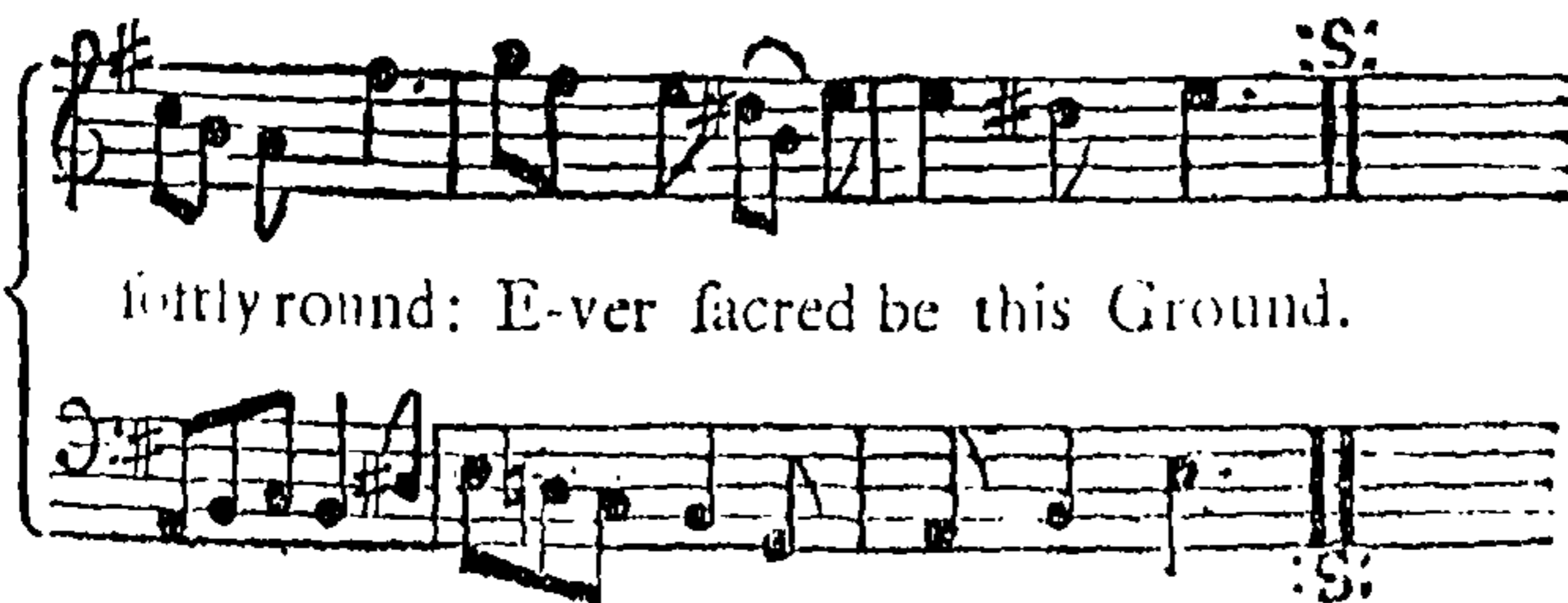
Now the hungry Lions roar, And howling Wolves be-



hold the Moon; Now the heavy Ploughmen snoar, After



daily Labour's done. Trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it



littly round: E-ver sacred be this Ground.

## 2d FAIRY.

Now the Brands of Fire do glow,  
 Whilst the Screech-Owl, screeching loud,  
 Puts the Wretch that lies in Woe,  
 In remembrance of a Shroud.  
*Trip it, &c.*

## 3d FAIRY.

Now it is the time of Night,  
 That the Graves are gaping wide,  
 Ev'ry one lets forth his Spright,  
 In the Church-way Paths to glide.  
*Trip it, &c.*

## 4th FAIRY.

And we Fairies that do run,  
 By the triple *Hecat's* Team,  
 From the Presence of the Sun,  
 Following Darkness like a Dream,  
*Trip it, &c.*

## 5th FAIRY.

Tho' we frolick, let no Mouse,  
 Or boading Bird, or Beast of Prey,  
 Disturb the Quiet of this House,  
 But downy Sleep bring on the Day.  
*Trip it, &c.*

## 6th FAIRY.

Weaving Spiders come not here,  
 Spotted Snakes do no offence;  
 Beetles black, approach not near;  
 Worm, and Snail, be far from hence.  
*Trip it, &c.*

7th FAIRY.

By the dead and drowfy Fire,  
Ev'ry Elf and fairy Spright,  
Hop, as little Bird from Brier,  
Nimbly, nimbly, and as light.  
*Trip it, &c.*

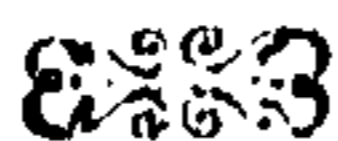
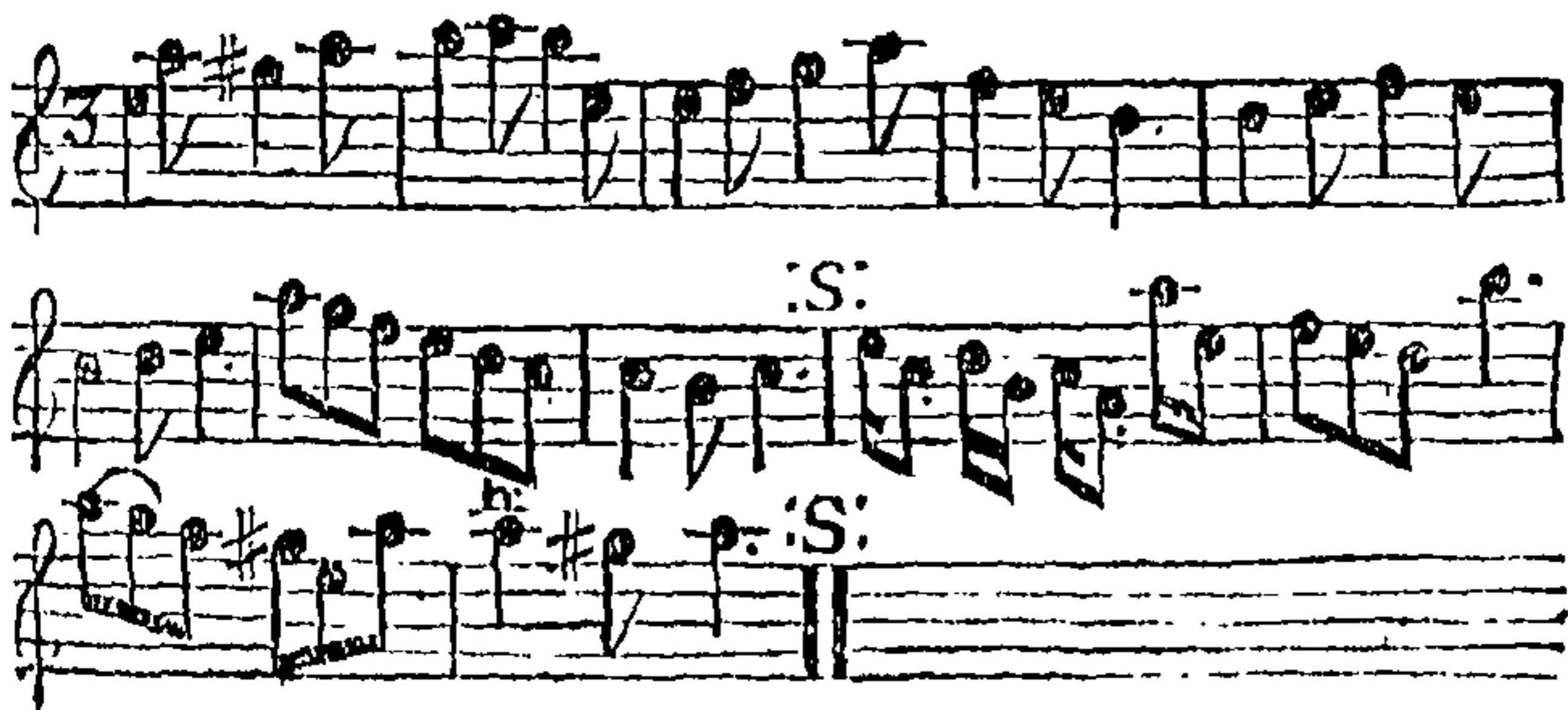
8th FAIRY.

Now joyn all your warbling Notes,  
In Chorus of sweet Harmony,  
Strain aloud your Fairy Throats,  
Sing, and dance it tripingly.  
*Trip it, &c.*

CHORUS.

Hand in Hand, with Fairy Grace,  
We will sing, and bless this Place.  
May Plenty, Pastime, and sweet Peace  
Daily in this House increase.  
*Trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it softly round:  
Ever sacred be this Ground.*

*For the FLUTE.*



*The* PRESBYTERIAN WEDDING.

— *Procul ô procul este Profani!*  
*Conclamat Vates totoque abstite Luco.* Virgil.



A cer---tain Pres by-te--rian Pair Were  
 wedded t'other Day; And when in Bed the  
 Lambs were laid, Their Pastor came to pray.

But first he bade each Guest depart,  
 Nor sacred Rites prophane;  
 For carnal Eyes such Mysteries  
 Can never entertain.

Then with a Puritannick Air,  
 Unto the Lord he pray'd,  
 That he would please to grant Encrease  
 To that same Man and Maid :

And that the Husbandman might dress  
Full well the Vine his Wife;  
And like a Vine she still might twine  
About him all her Life.

Sack Posset then he gave them both,  
And said, with lifted Eyes,  
Blest of the Lord! with one Accord  
Begin your Enterprize.

The Bridegroom then drew near his Spouse,  
T'apply Prolifick Balm;  
And while they strove in mutual Love,  
The Parson sung a Psalm.

*For the* F L U T E.



*The* D R E A M.

The Musick by Mr. *HANDEL*.

Beneath a shady Willow, Hard by a purling

Stream, A Mossy Bank my Pillow, I fancy'd in a

Dream, That I the charming *Phillis* Did

eager-ly embrace; Her Breast as white as

Lillies,



What ecstacies of Pleasure  
She gave, to tell's in vain,  
When with the hidden Treasure  
She blest her am'rous Swain :  
Cou'd nought our Joys discover,  
And I my Dream believe,  
I so cou'd sleep for ever,  
And still be so deceiv'd.

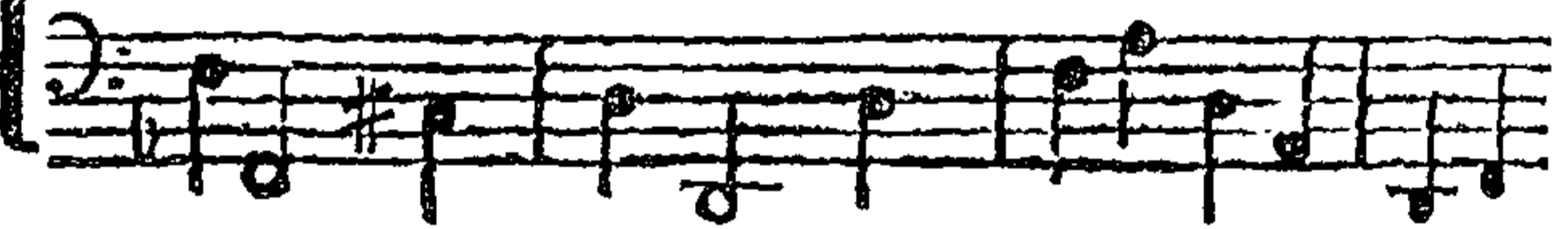
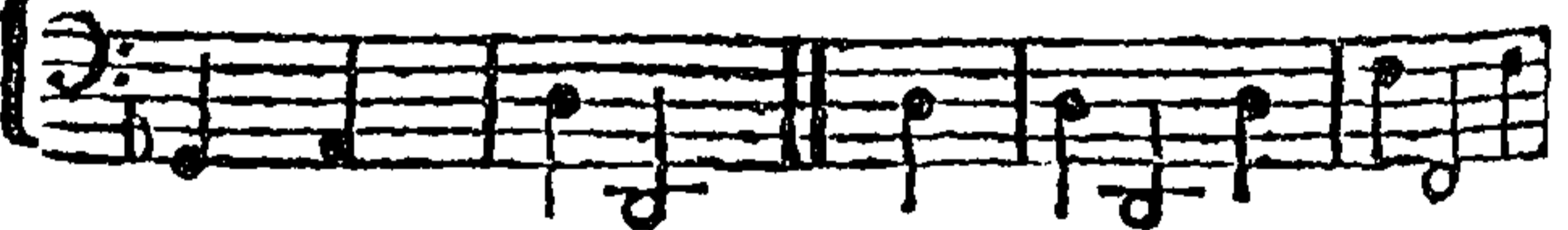
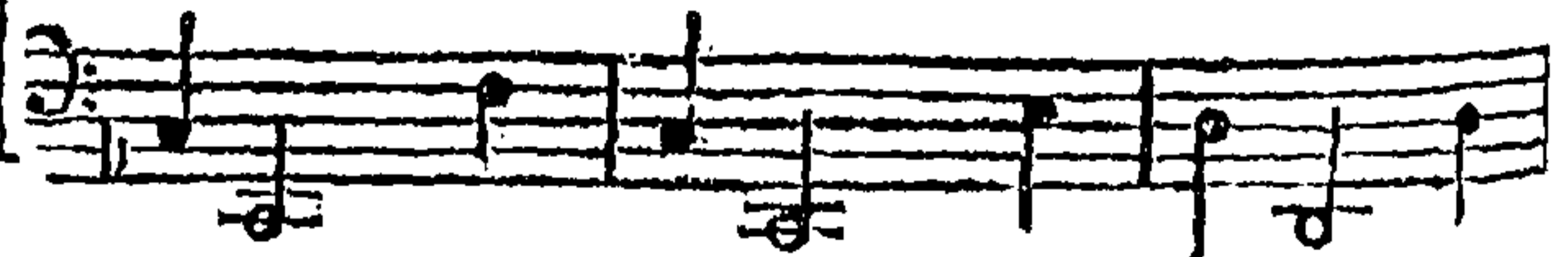
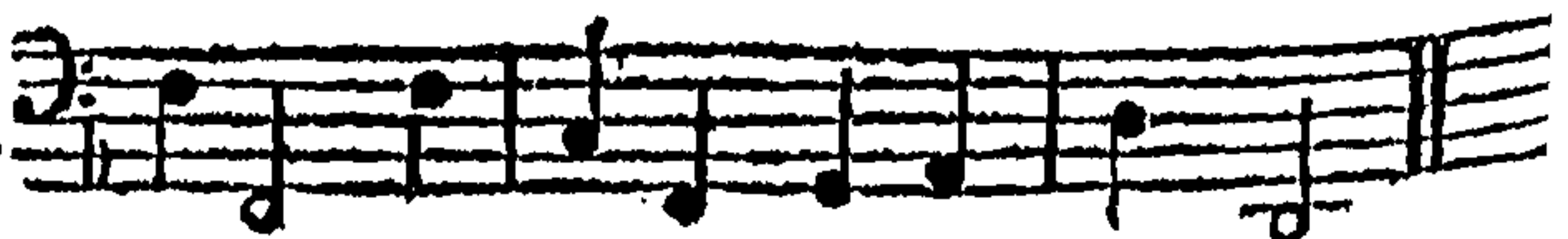
But, when I wak'd, deluded,  
And found all but a Dream,  
I fain wou'd have eluded  
The melancholy Theme.  
Ye Gods! there's no enduring  
So exquisite a Pain;  
The Wound is past all curing,  
That *Cupid* gave the Swain.

*For the FLUTE.*



*The* C O R D I A L.To the Tune of, *Where shall our Goodman lye.*Where wou'd bonny *Anne* lie? Alone no more ye

must lye: Wou'd ye a Goodman try? Is that the

Thing ye're lacking? *Can a Lass* so young as I,*Venture on the Bridal Tie, Then down with a Good-**man lye? I fear he'll keep me wak-*ing*.*



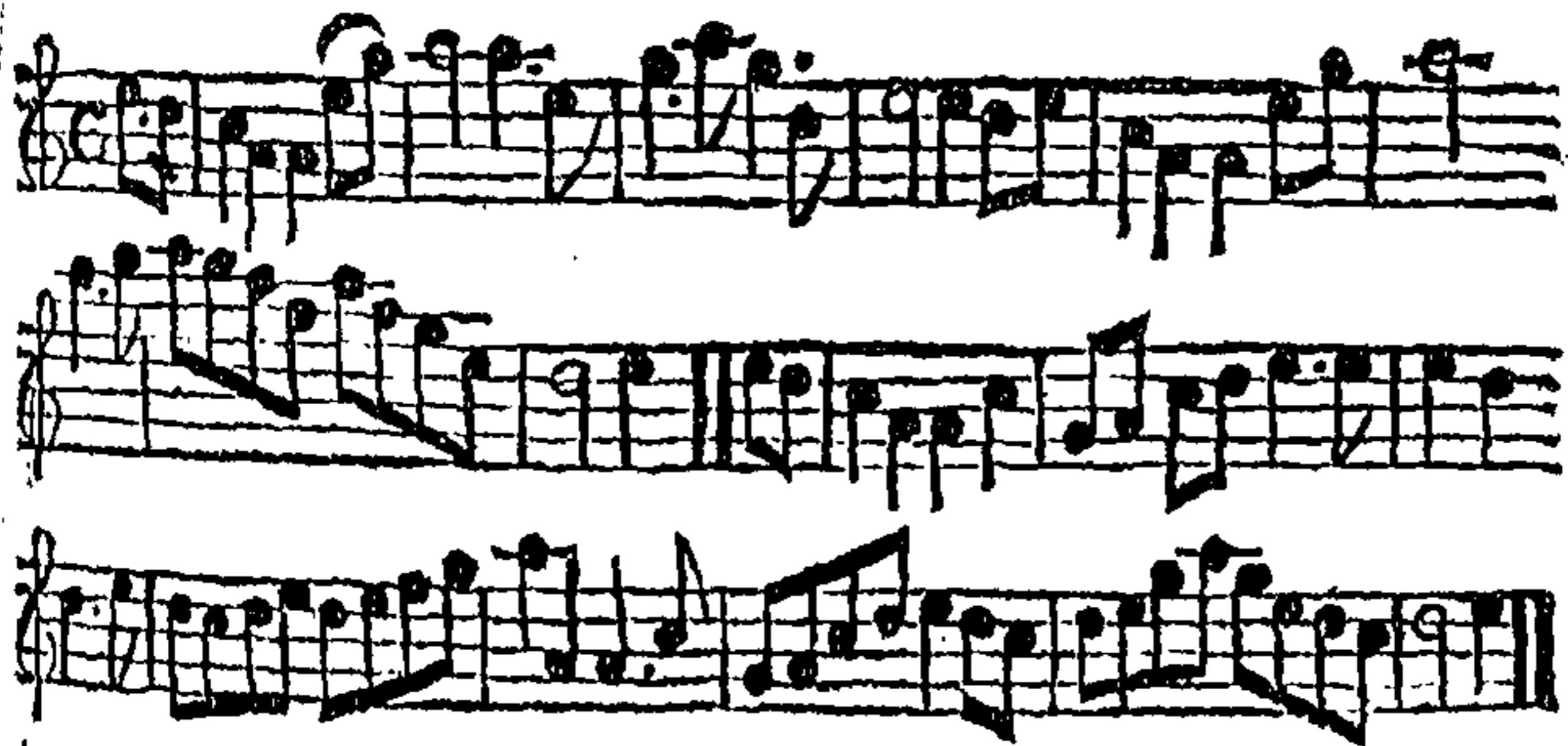
Never judge until ye try,  
Make me your Goodman, I  
Shanna hinder you to lye,

And sleep till ye be weary.  
*What if I shou'd waking lye,  
When th' Hoboys are going by,  
Will ye tend me when I cry,  
My Dear, I'm faint and iry?*

In my Bosom thou shalt lye,  
When thou wakeful art or dry,  
Healthy Cordial standing by,  
Shall presently revive thee.

*To your Will I then comply;  
Join us, Priest, and let me try  
How I'll wi' a Goodman lye,  
Who can a Cordial give me.*

*For the* F L U T E.



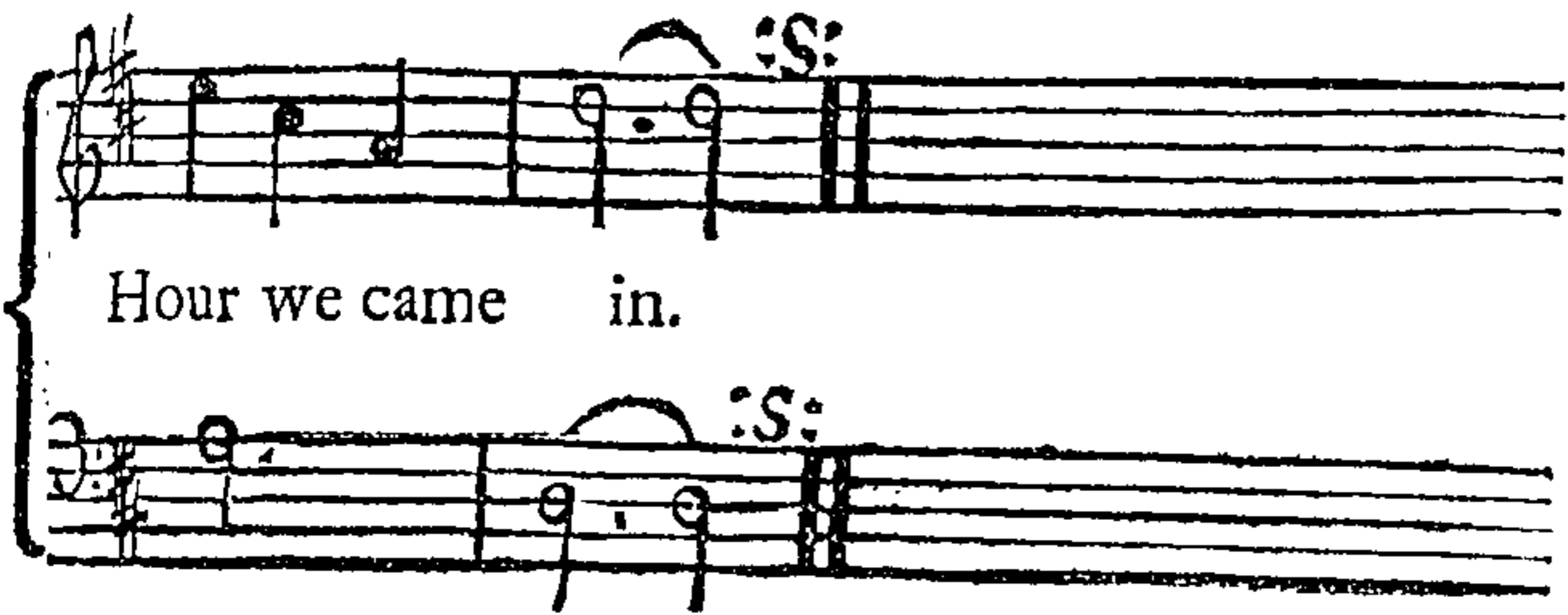
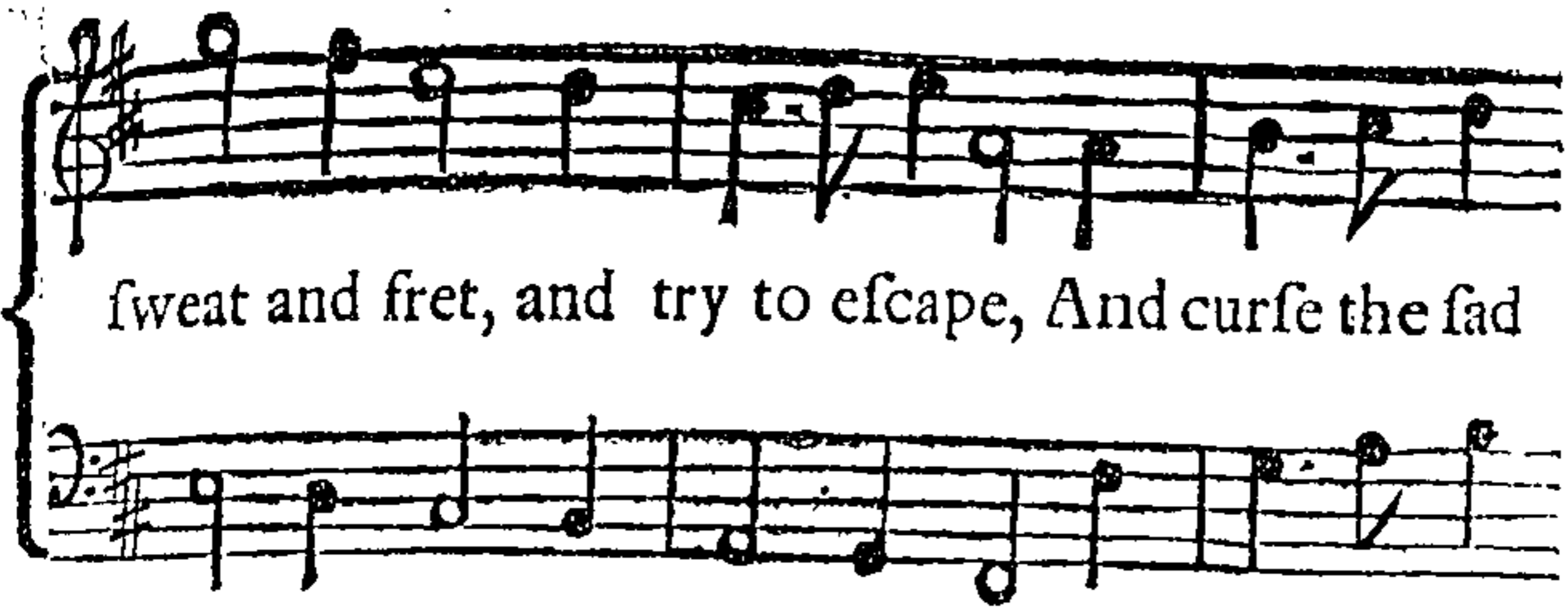
MARRIAGE.

Of all the simple things we do, to rub over a

whimsical Life, There's no one Folly is so true, As, the

very bad Bargain a Wife; We're just like a

Mouse in a Trap, Or Vermin caught in a Gin, We



I gam'd, and drank, and play'd the Fool,  
And a thousand mad Frolicks more;  
I rov'd and rang'd, despis'd all Rule,  
But I never was marry'd before:  
This was the worst Plague cou'd ensue;  
I'm mew'd in a smoaky House;  
I us'd to tope a Bottle or two,  
But now 'tis small Beer with my Spouse.

My darling Freedom crown'd my Joys,  
And I never was vex'd in my Way;  
If now I cross her Will, her Voice  
Makes my Lodging too hot for my Stay:

Like

Like a Fox that is hamper'd, in vain

I fret at my Heart and Soul;

Walk to and fro the length of my Chain,

Then am forc'd to creep into my Hole.

*For the* F L U T E.

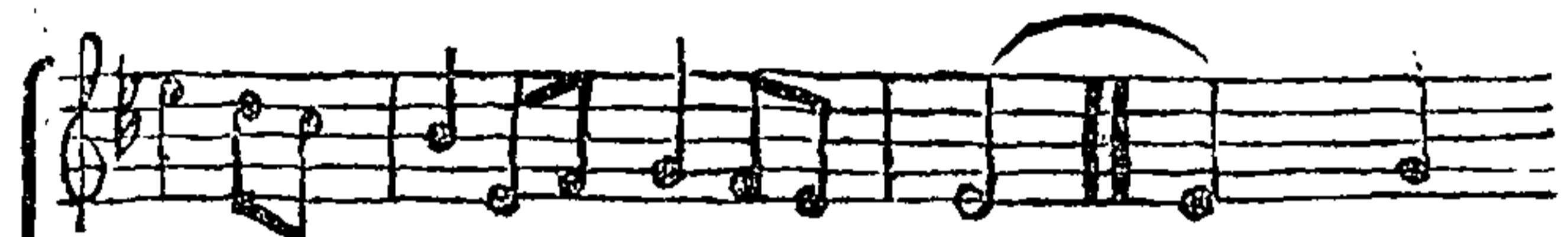
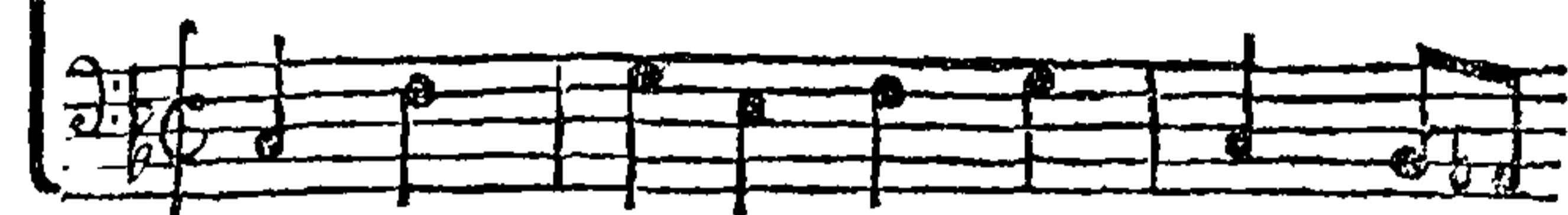


CELIA to COLIN.

Set by Mr. DIEUPART.



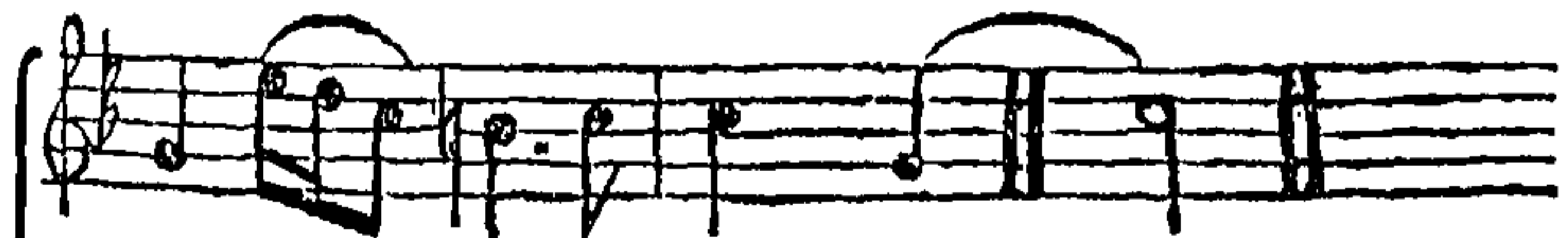
Cease, lovely Shepherd, cease to mourn, Nor



longer wanton in thy Grief; *Grief*; Her



Ashes sleep with--in their Urn; Let new-born



Passion give Relief. *Her-----lief.*



Tho'

Tho' *Sylvia* was so soft, so fair,

That all the Youths and neighb'ring Swains  
Languish'd with Passion and Despair,

While she reign'd Mistress of the Plains;

Tho' sweet she was, as Morning Dew,

And silent as the Close of Night;

Shepherd, she breathes no more for you,

But rises in the brightest Light.

*Colin*, then let thy throbbing Heart

For sprightly *Celia* glow and burn;

Sighs for thy Sighs she will impart,

And gentle Love, for Love, return.

## A P O L L O O U T W I T T E D.

To the Honourable Mrs. F I N C H, under her Name  
of A R D E L I A.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**P**HŌEBUS now short'ning every Shade,

Up to the Northern *Tropick* came,

And thence beheld a lovely Maid

Attending on a Royal Dame.

The God laid down his feeble Rays,

Then lighted from his glitt'ring Coach,

But fenc'd his Head with his own Bays

Before he durst the Nymph approach.

Under those sacred Leaves, secure  
From common Lightning of the Skies,  
He fondly thought he might endure  
The Flashes of *Ardelia's* Eyes.

The Nymph, who oft had read in Books,  
Of that bright God whom Bards invoke,  
Soon knew *Apollo* by his Looks,  
And guess'd his Business e'er he spoke.

He, in the old Celestial Cant,  
Confess'd his Flame, and swore by *Styx*,  
Whate'er she would desire, to grant;  
But wise *Ardelia* knew his Tricks.

*Ovid* had warn'd her to beware  
Of stroling Gods, whose usual Trade is,  
Under pretence of taking Air,  
To pick up Sublunary Ladies.

Howe'er, she gave no flat Denial,  
As having Malice in her Heart;  
And was resolv'd upon a Tryal,  
To cheat the God in his own Art.

Hear my Request, the Virgin said;  
Let which I please of all the Nine  
Attend, whene'er I want their Aid,  
Obey my Call, and only mine.

By Vow oblig'd, by Passion led,  
 The God could not refuse her Prayer:  
 He wav'd his Wreath thrice o'er her Head,  
 Thrice mutter'd something to the Air.

And now he thought to seize his Due,  
 But she the Charm already try'd;  
*Thalia* heard the Call, and flew  
 To wait at bright *Ardelia's* Side.

On Sight of this Celestial *Prude*,  
*Apollo* thought it vain to stay,  
 Nor in her Presence durst be rude,  
 But made his Leg, and went away.

He hop'd to find some lucky Hour,  
 When on their Queen the Muses wait;  
 But *Pallas* owns *Ardelia's* Power;  
 For Vows divine are kept by Fate,

Then full of Rage *Apollo* spoke,  
 Deceitful Nymph! I see thy Art;  
 And tho' I can't my Gift revoke,  
 I'll disappoint its nobler Part.

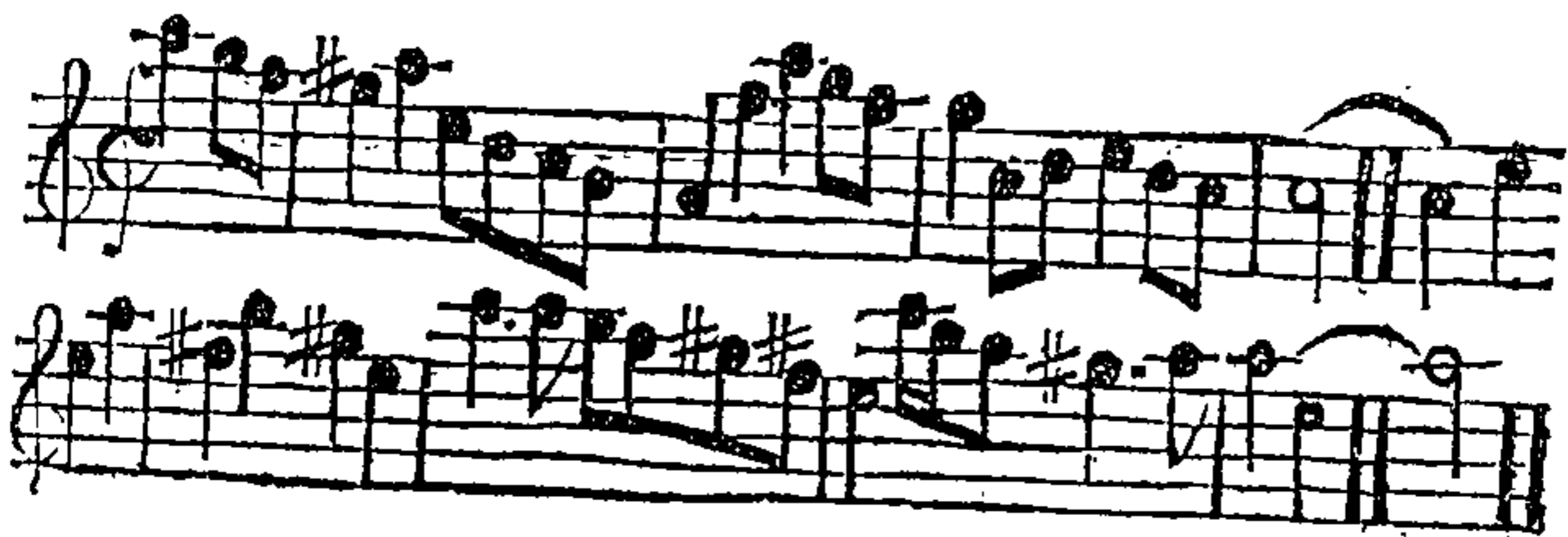
Let stubborn Pride possess thee long,  
 And be thou negligent of Fame;  
 With ev'ry Muse to grace thy Song,  
 May'st thou despise a Poet's Name.



Of Modest Poets be thou first,  
To silent Shades repeat thy Verse,  
Till *Fame* and *Echo* almost burst,  
Yet hardly dare one Line rehearse.

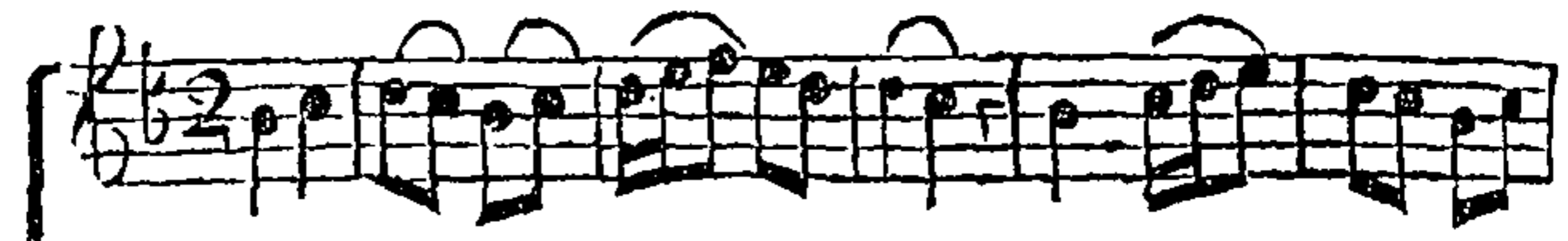
And last, my Vengeance to compleat,  
May you descend to take Renown,  
Prevail'd on by the Thing you hate,  
A Whig, and one that wears a Gown.

*For the FLUTE.*

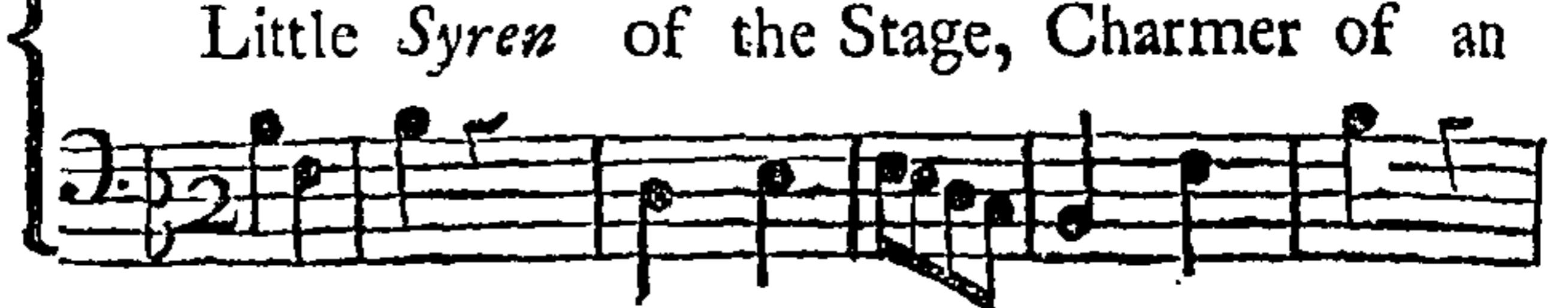



## To SEIGNORA CUZZONI.

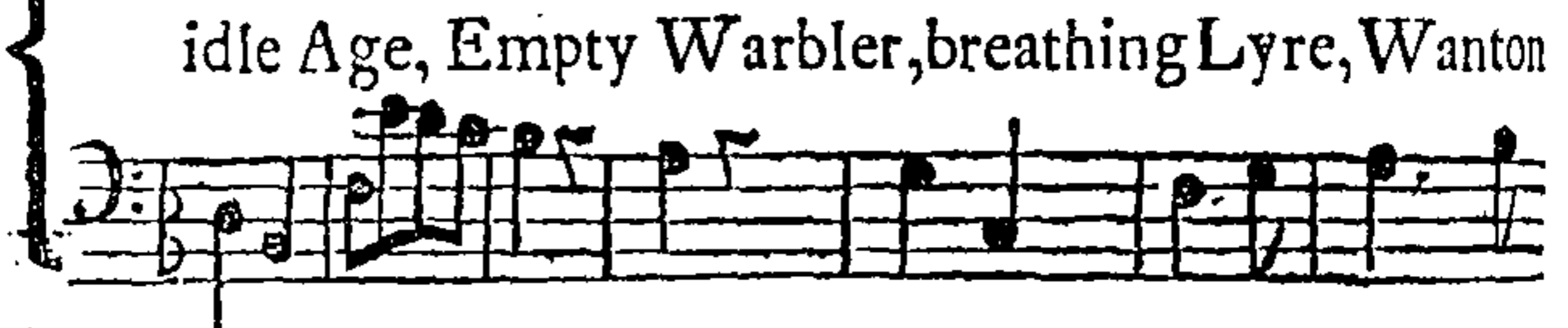
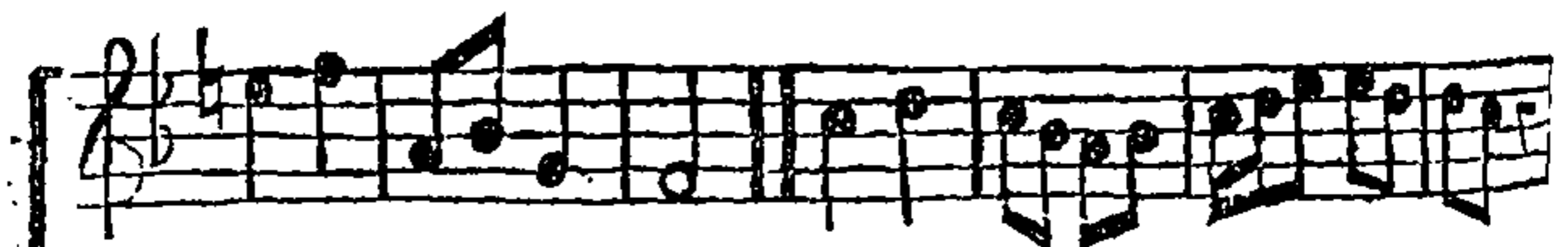
Words by Mr. A. PHILLIPS. Musick by Mr. HOLCOMB.



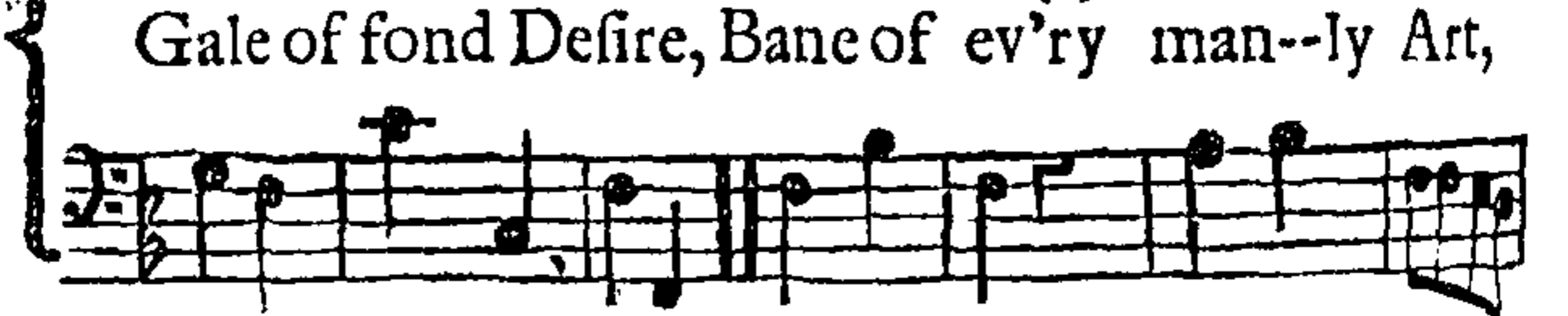
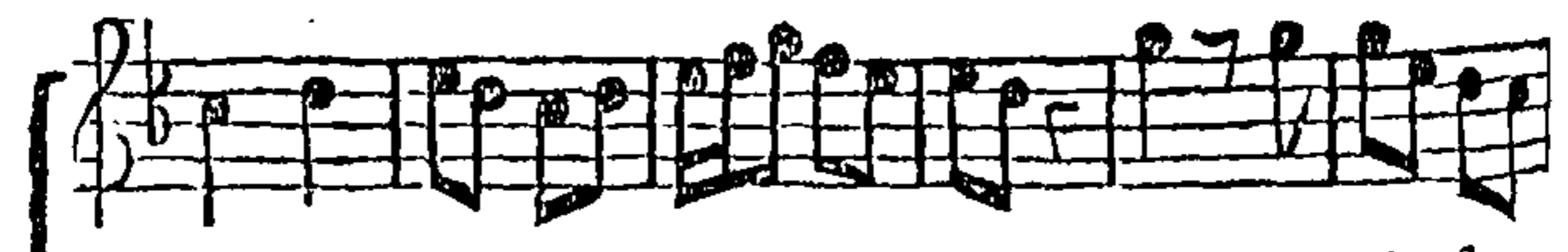
Little Syren of the Stage, Charmer of an

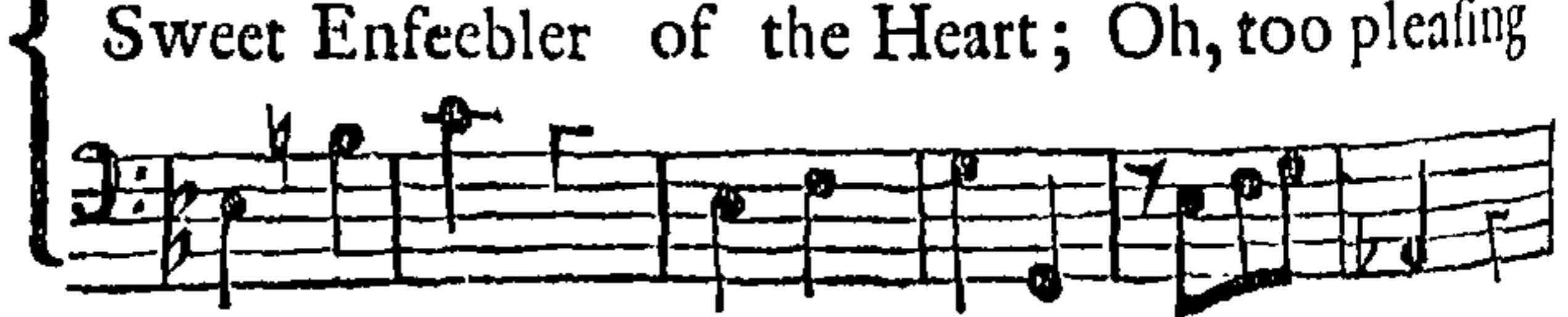
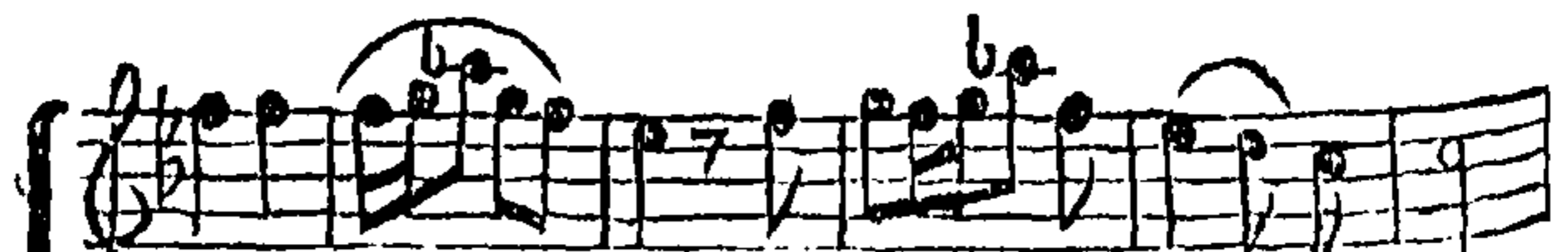
idle Age, Empty Warbler, breathing Lyre, Wanton

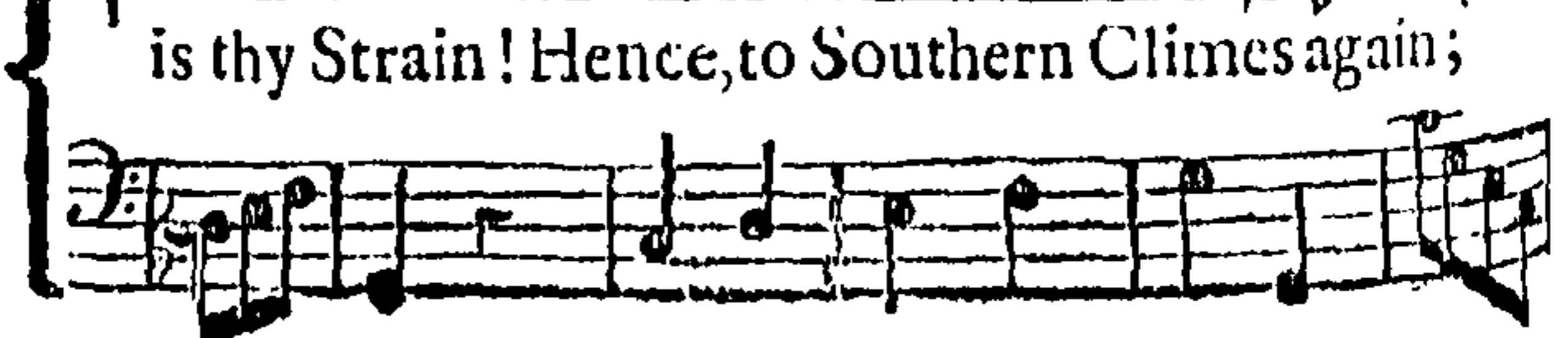
Gale of fond Desire, Bane of ev'ry man--ly Art,

Sweet Enfeeblers of the Heart; Oh, too pleasing

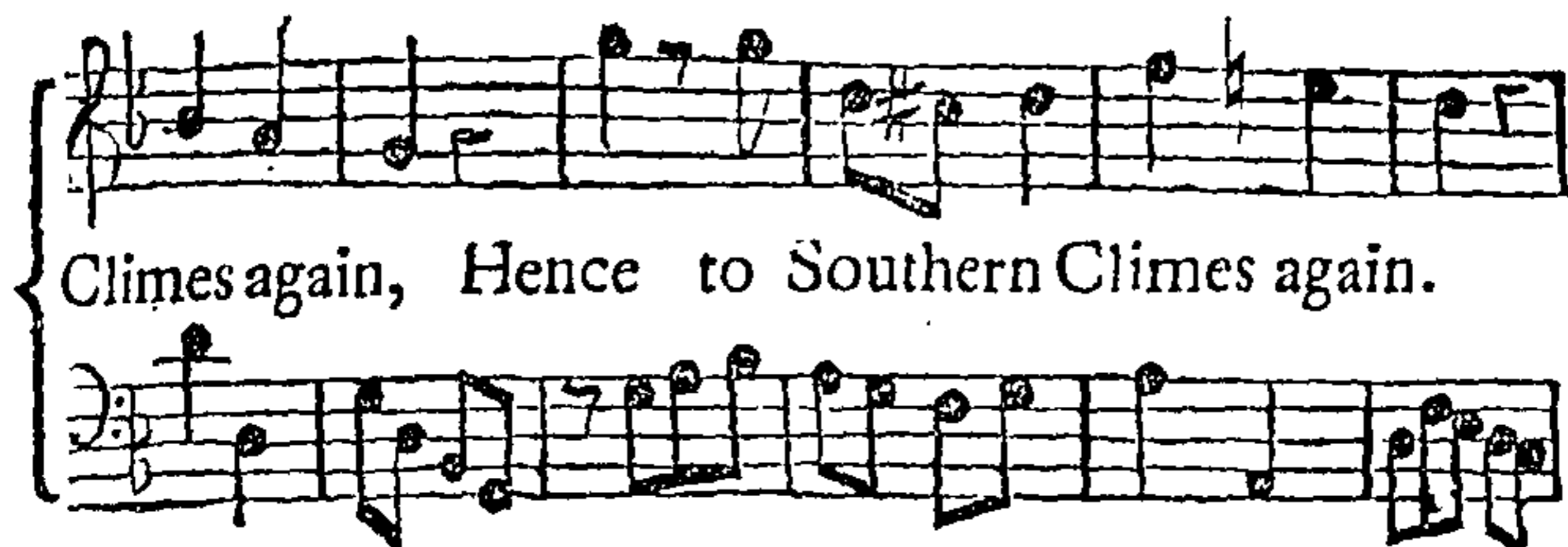



is thy Strain! Hence, to Southern Climes again;

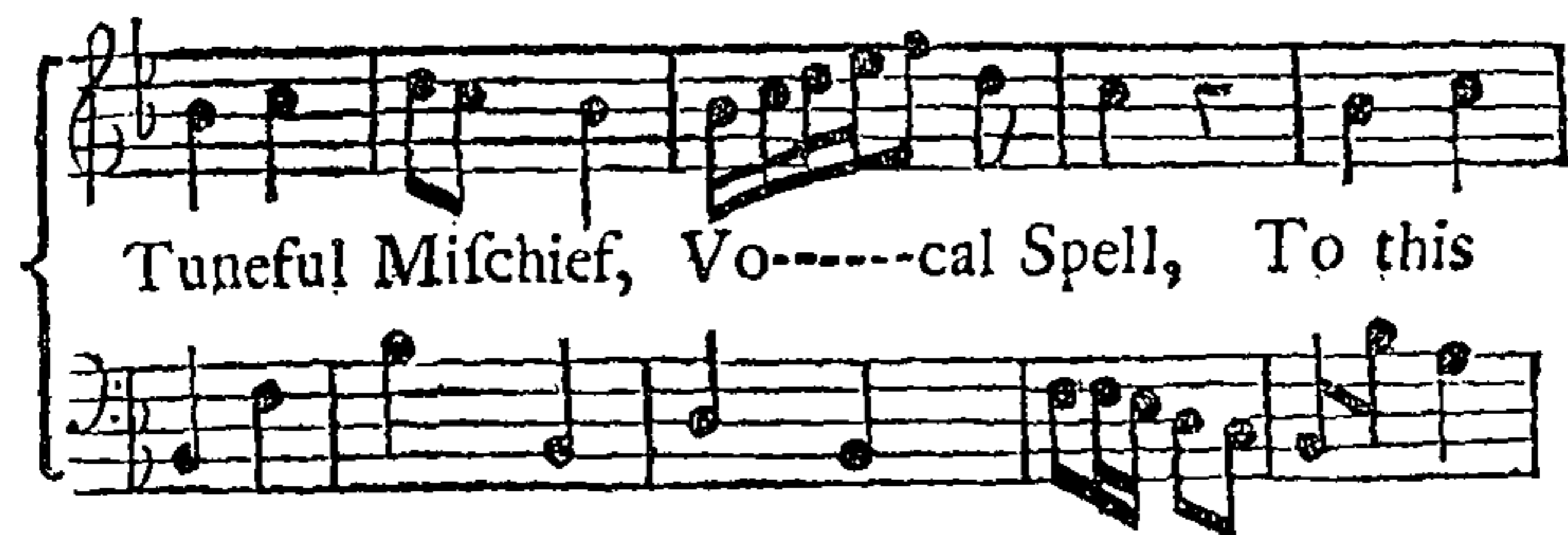





Oh, too pleasing is thy Strain! Hence to Southern



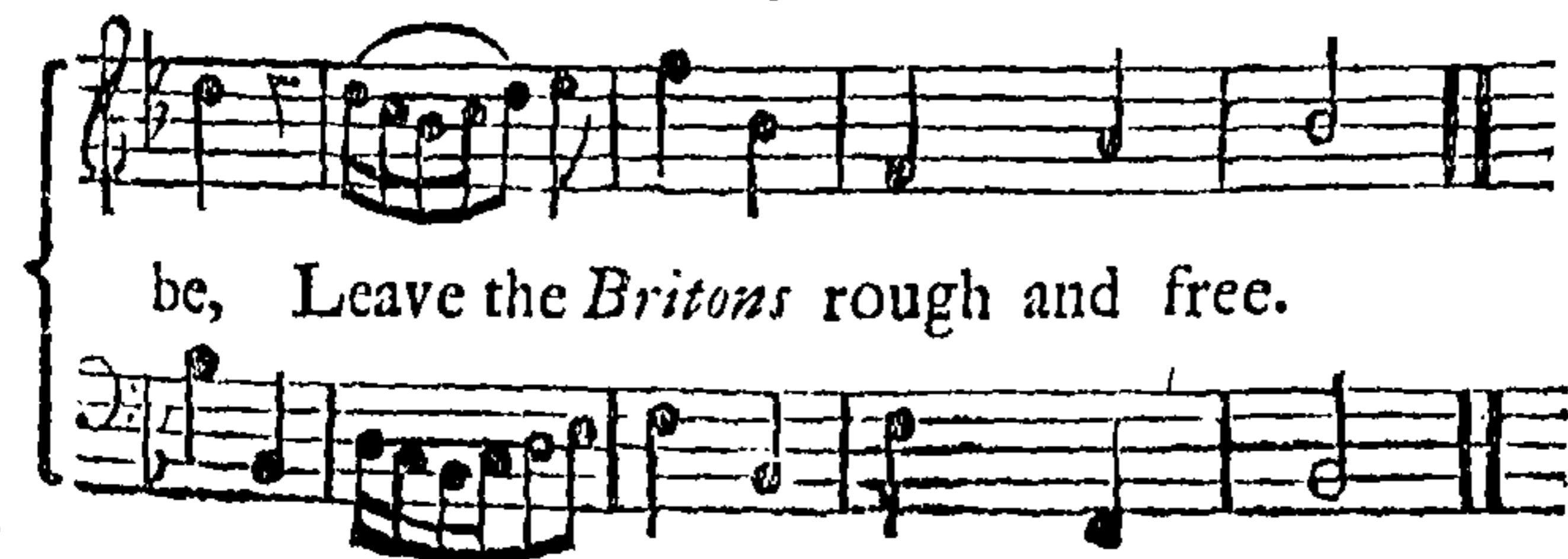
Climes again, Hence to Southern Climes again.



Tuneful Mischief, Vo-----cal Spell, To this



Island bid farewell. Leave us as we ought to



be, Leave the Britons rough and free.

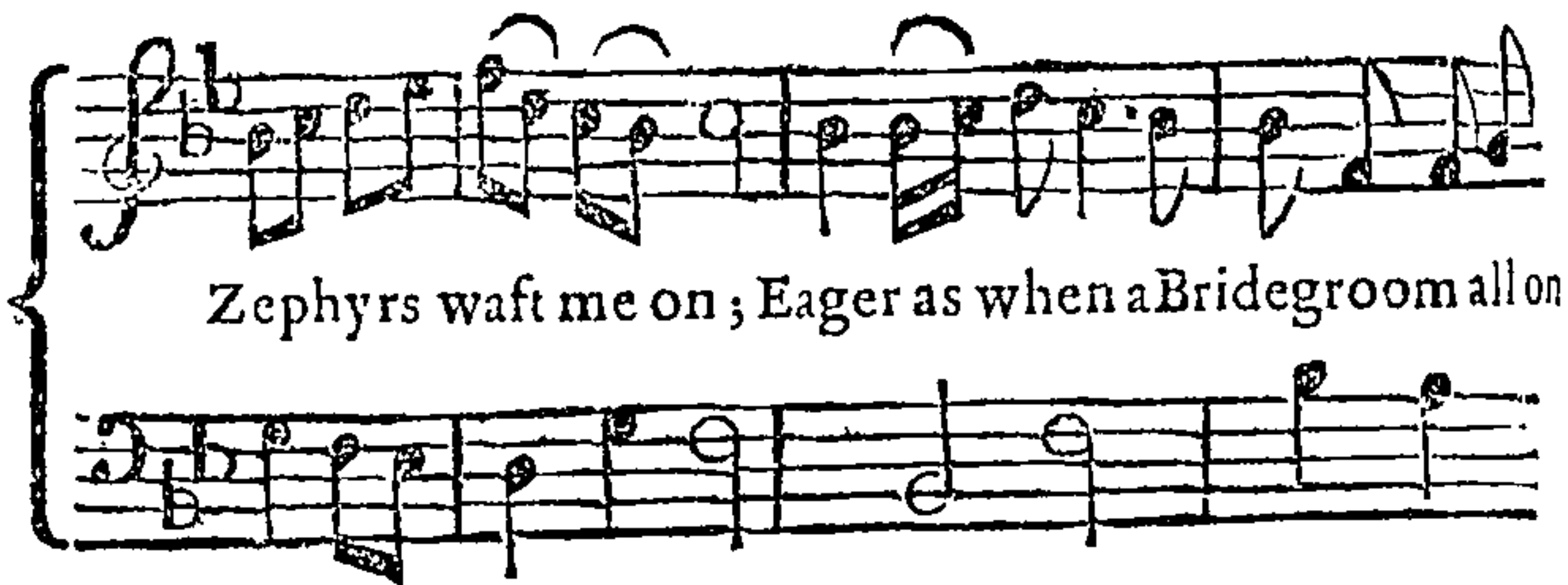


*Sung in the* BEGGAR'S WEDDING.

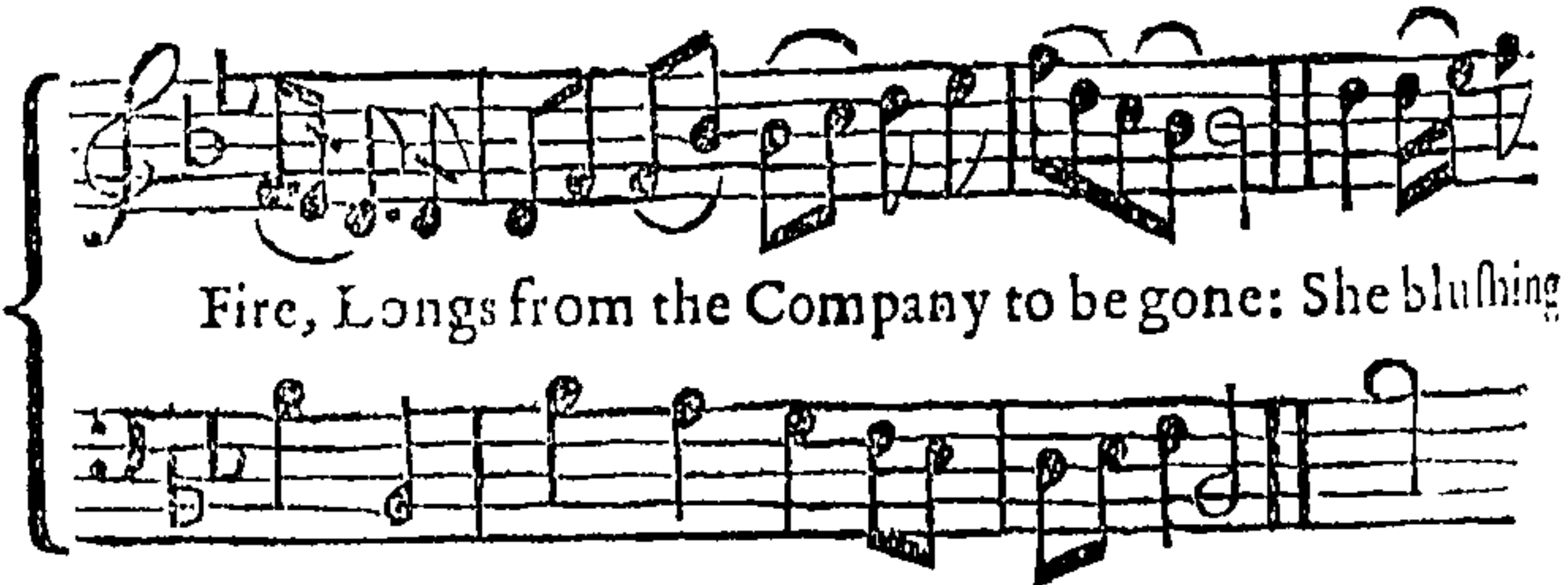
Tune, *Deel take the Wars.*



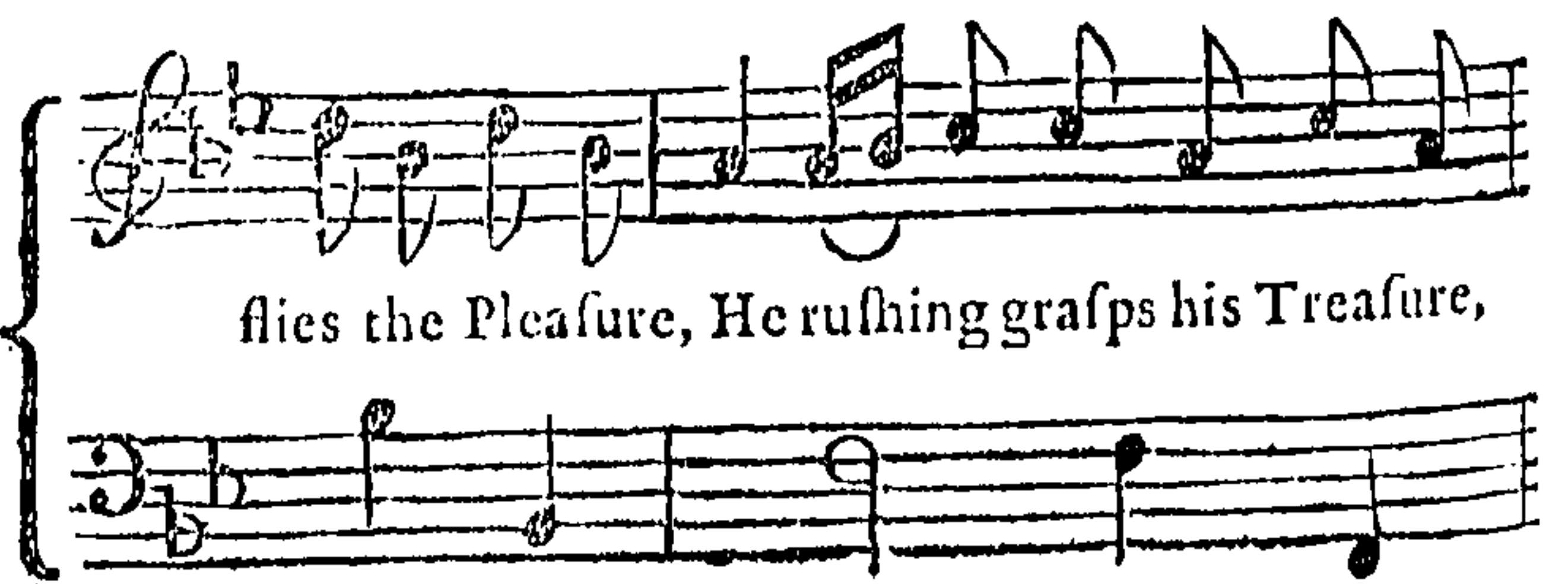
Behold, I fly on Wings of soft De--fire, Whilst gentle



Zephyrs waft me on; Eager as when a Bridegroom all on



Fire, Longs from the Company to be gone: She blushing

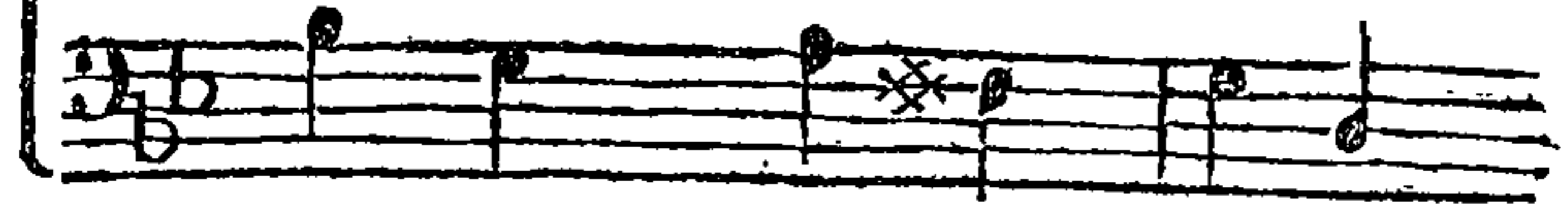


flies the Pleasure, He rushing grasps his Treasure,

Till



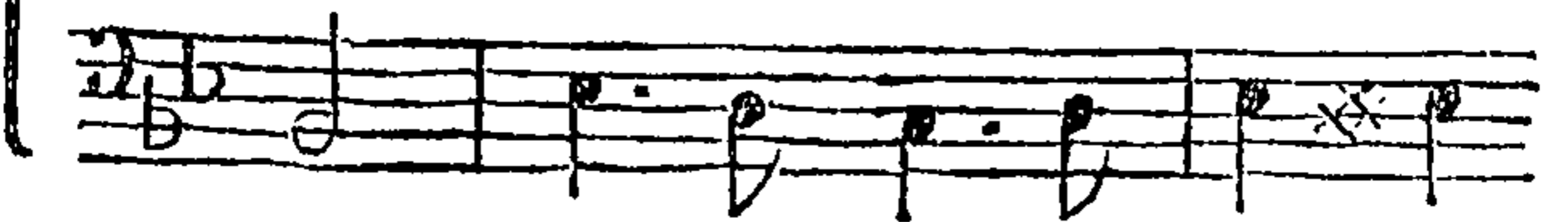
'Till with mutual Tendernefs each o--ther they



warm : Since *Phebe's* my Guide, And Love does pre-



fide, Each Monarch, tho' great, Wou'd envy my



State ; For she, she alone has the Power to charm.

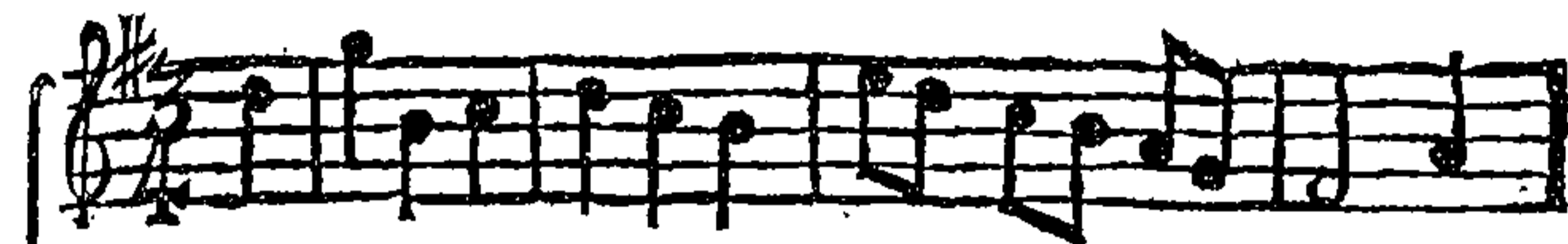


*For the* FLUTE.



L U C R E T I A.

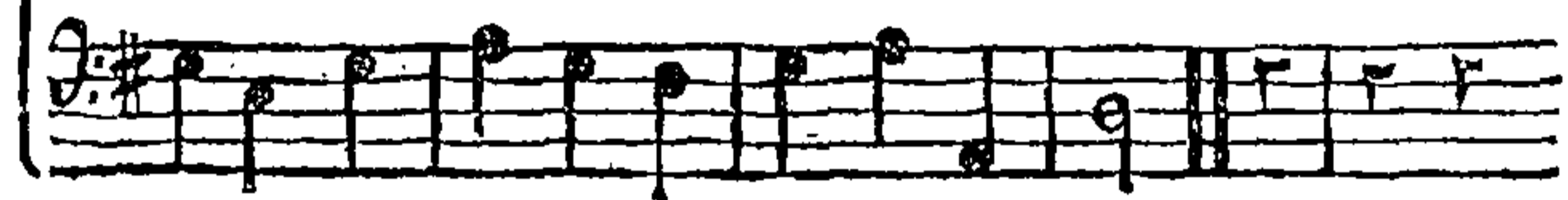
Set by Mr. BETTS, Organist of *Manchester*.



*Lucretia* the Emplre of *Rome* did destroy; And



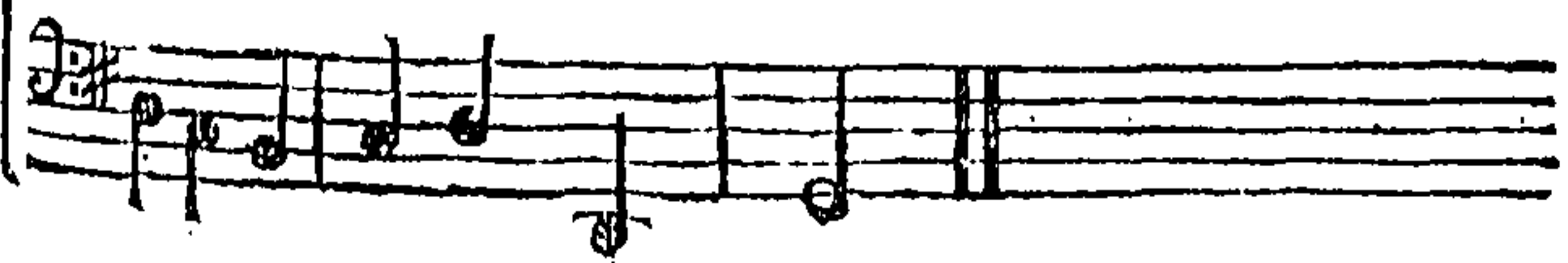
*Helena*, they say, was the Ruin of *Troy*. The one was



too wanton, the other too nice: Extrems still prove



fatal in *V* rae and Vice.



To be shipwreck'd on either, I never design,  
 But to fail between both, in a Sea of good Wine:  
 What tho' some dull Matron our Mirth disapprove,  
 'Tis safer for Ladies to Drink than to Love.

Here's a Health to all those that are better than wise,  
 Who scorn to be Vicious, yet are not Precise:  
 What tho' some dull Matron our Mirth disapprove,  
 'Tis safer for Ladies to Drink than to Love.

---

*To the foregoing Tune.*

WHEN I visit proud *Celia*, just come from my Glass,  
 She tells me I'm fluster'd, and look like an Ass;  
 When I mean of my Passion to put her in mind,  
 She bids me leave Drinking, or she'll never be kind.

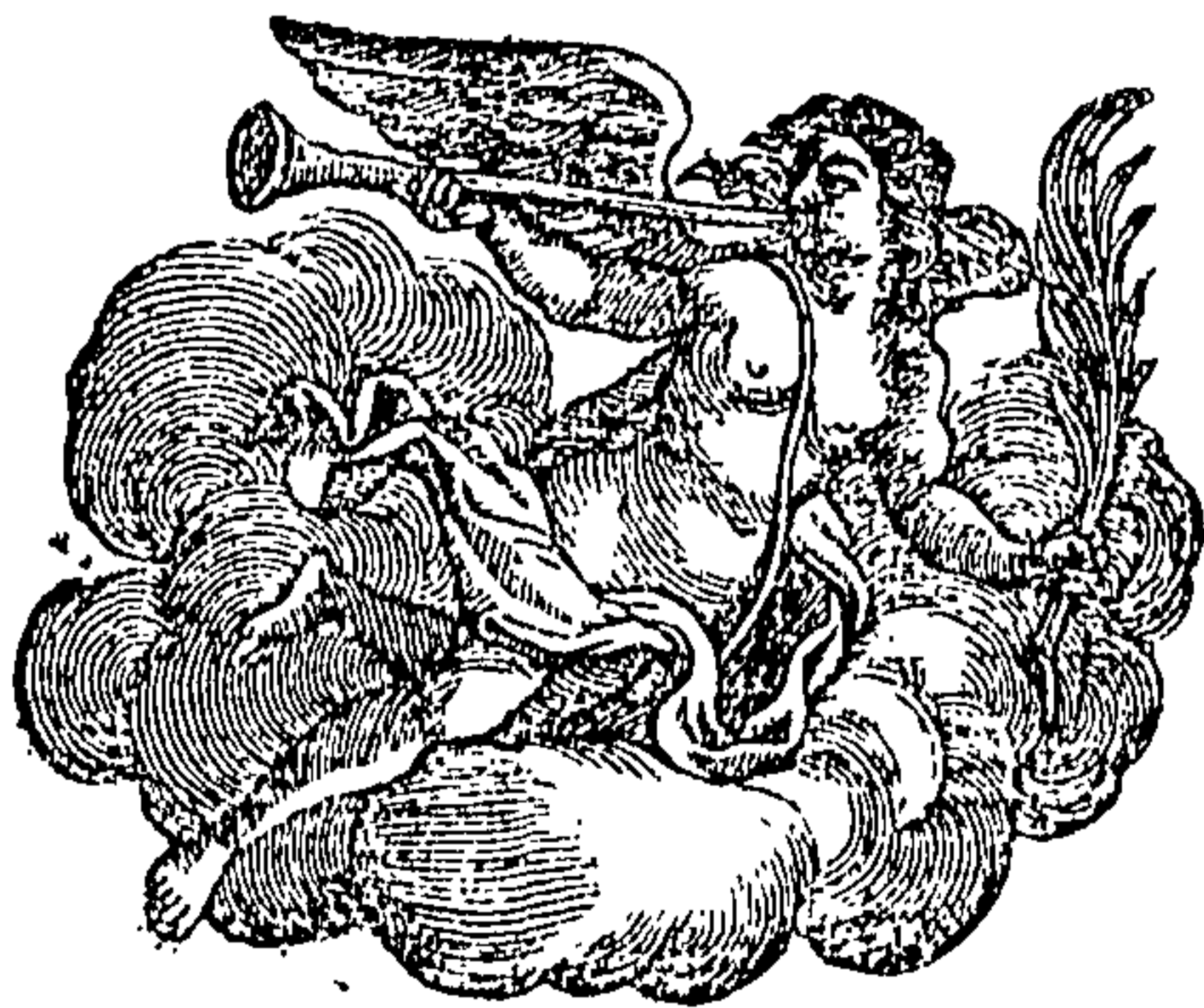
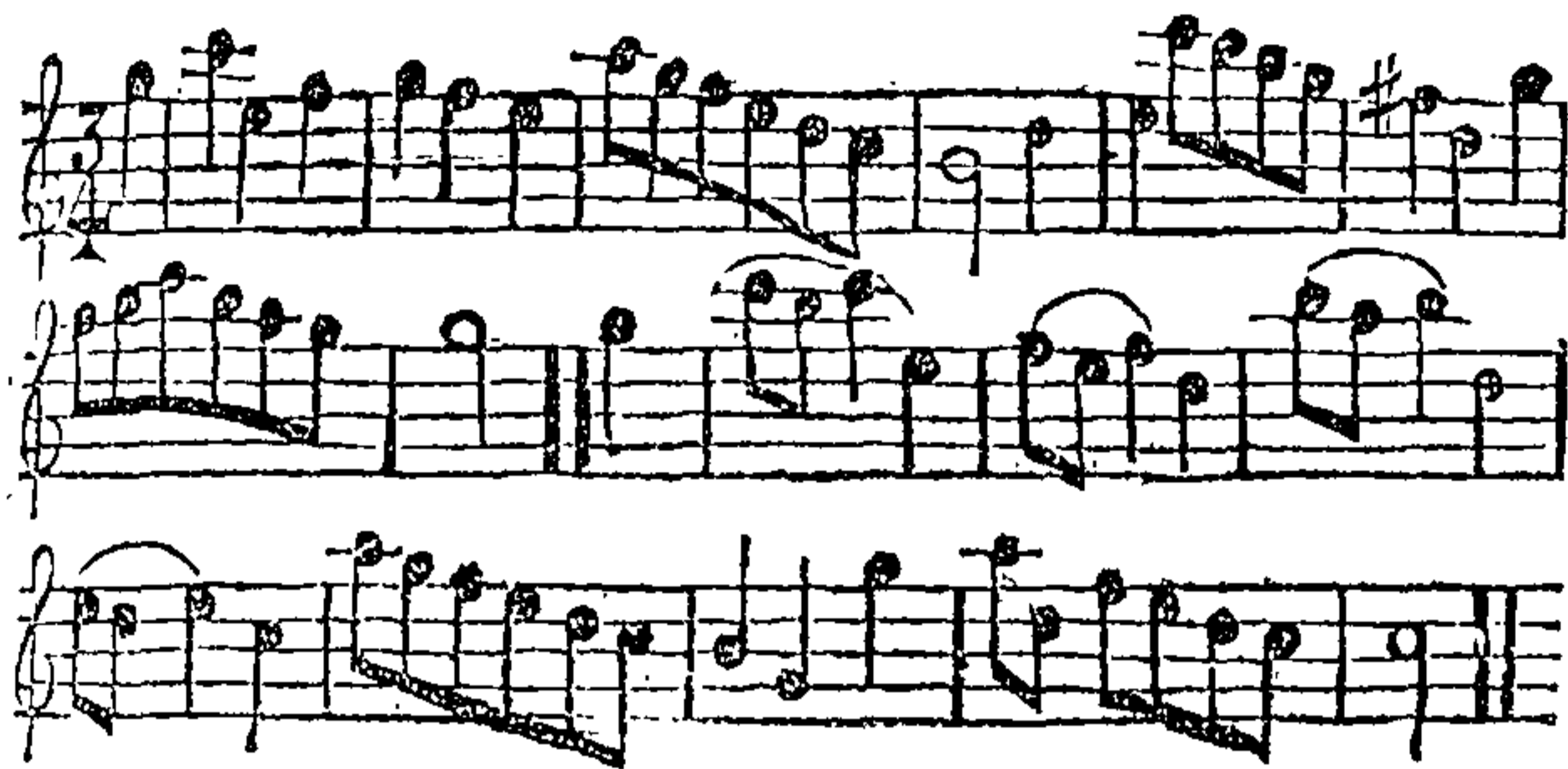
That she's charmingly handsome, I very well know;  
 And so is my Bottle, each Brimmer so too;  
 And to leave my Soul's Joy; Oh! 'tis Nonsense to ask,  
 Let her go to the Devil, bring t'other full Flask.

Had she taxt me with Gaming, and bad me forbear,  
 'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an Ear.  
 Had she found out my *Cloris*, up three pair of Stairs,  
 I had baulk'd her, and gone to St. *James's* to Prayers.



Had she bade me read Homilies three times a Day,  
She perhaps had been humour'd, with little to say.  
But at Night to deny me my Flask of dear Red;  
Let her go to the Devil, there's no more to be said.

*For the FLUTE.*



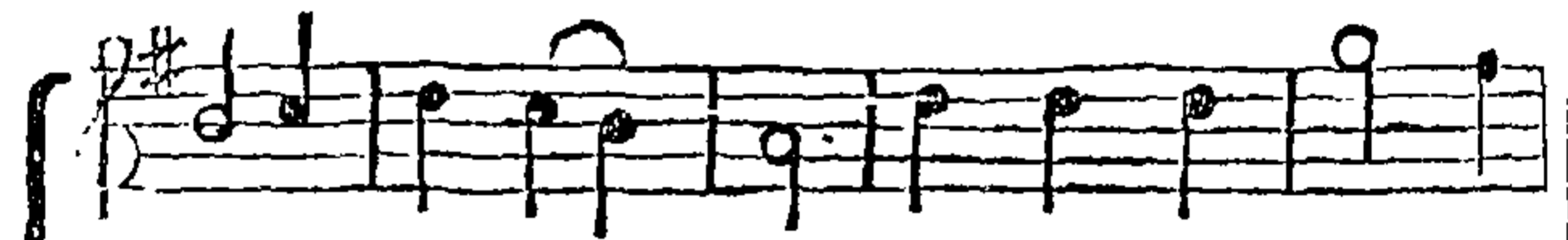
*The* POWER of BEAUTY.



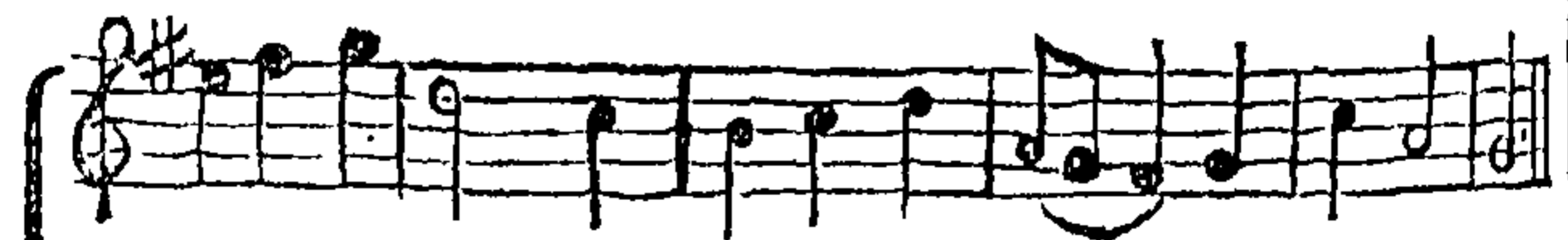
When Beauty does her Power pur-----sue,



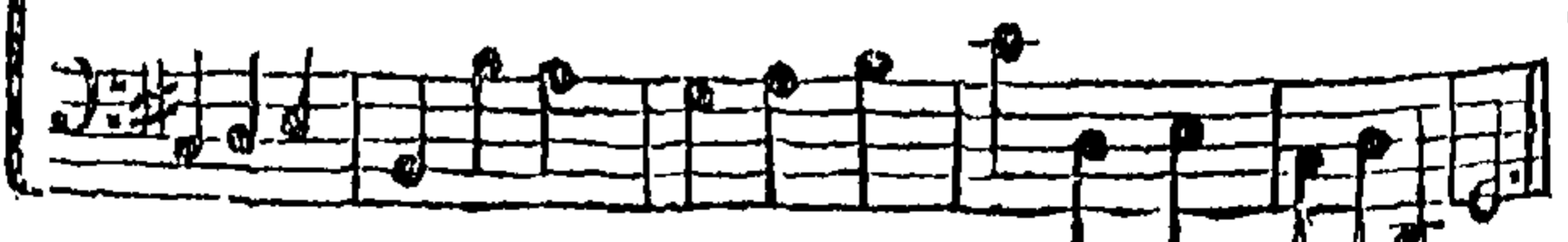
What can't a charming Wo-----man do? All, all must



struggle and come to, When Beauty does her



Pow'r pursue, What can't a charming Woman do?



She

She makes the Soldier quit his Rage;  
She makes the Sword quite lose its Edge:  
*All, all must struggle, &c.*

She makes the Statesmen look like Fools;  
She makes the Students slight their Schools:  
*All, all must struggle, &c.*

She makes the greatest Prince her Slave,  
The stout, the bold, the young, the brave:  
*All, all must struggle, &c.*



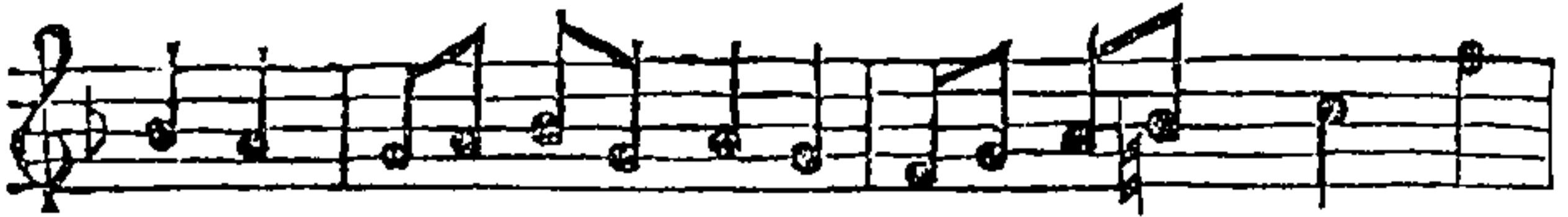
## C A R E T's W I S H.

*A Catch for three Voices.*

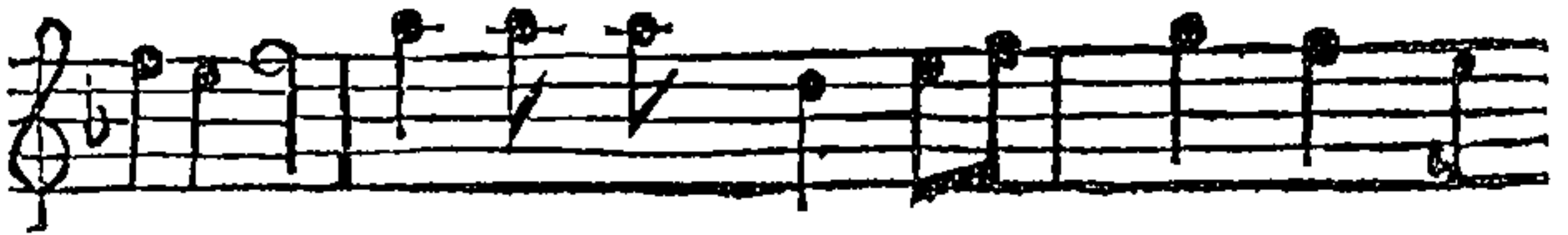
Curst be the Wretch that's bought and



fold, And barter Liberty for Gold; For when E-



lection is not free, In vain we boast of



Liberty, And he who sells his fin--gle Right,



Would sell his Country, if he might.

When Liberty is put to Sale,  
 For Wine, for Money, or for Ale,  
 The Sellers must be abject Slaves;  
 The Buyers, vile designing Knaves:  
 And't has a Proverb been of old,  
*The Devil's bought, but to be sold.*

This Maxim, in the Statesman's School,  
Is always taught, *Divide and Rule.*

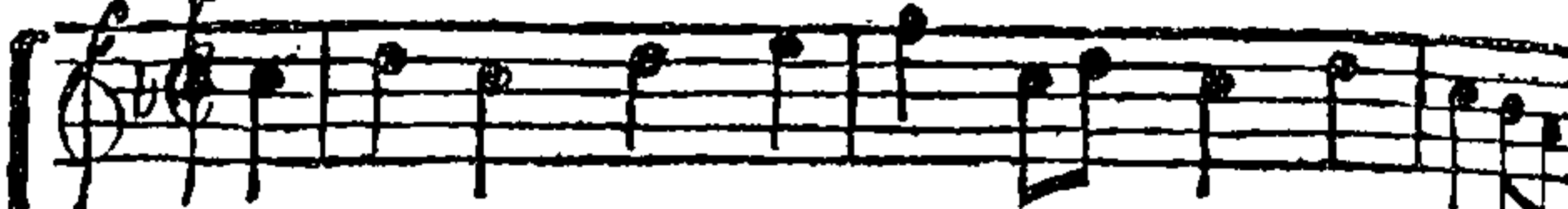
All Parties are to him a Joke;  
While Zealots foam, he fits the Yoke:  
When Men their Reason once resume,  
'Tis then the Statesman's Turn to fume.

Learn, learn, ye *Britons*, to unite;  
Leave off the old exploded Bite;  
Henceforth let *Whig* and *Tory* cease,  
And turn all Party-Rage to Peace;  
Then shall we see a glorious Scene:  
And so, God save the King and Queen!

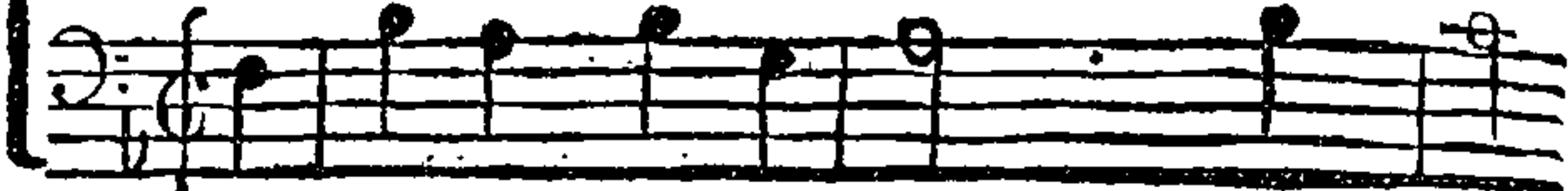
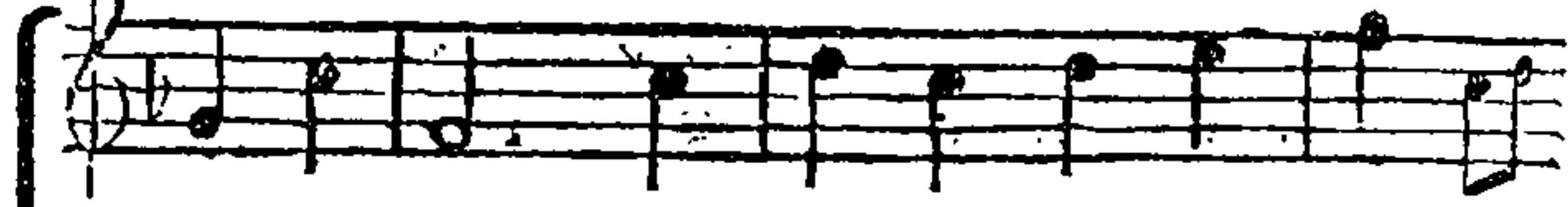


*Sung in the COMEDY, call'd, The WIDOW  
BEWITCH'D.*


The Tune by Mr. *HOLMES.*




When Night had set the World to Rest; And Mortal


Cares appeas'd; Strait was my longing thoughtful



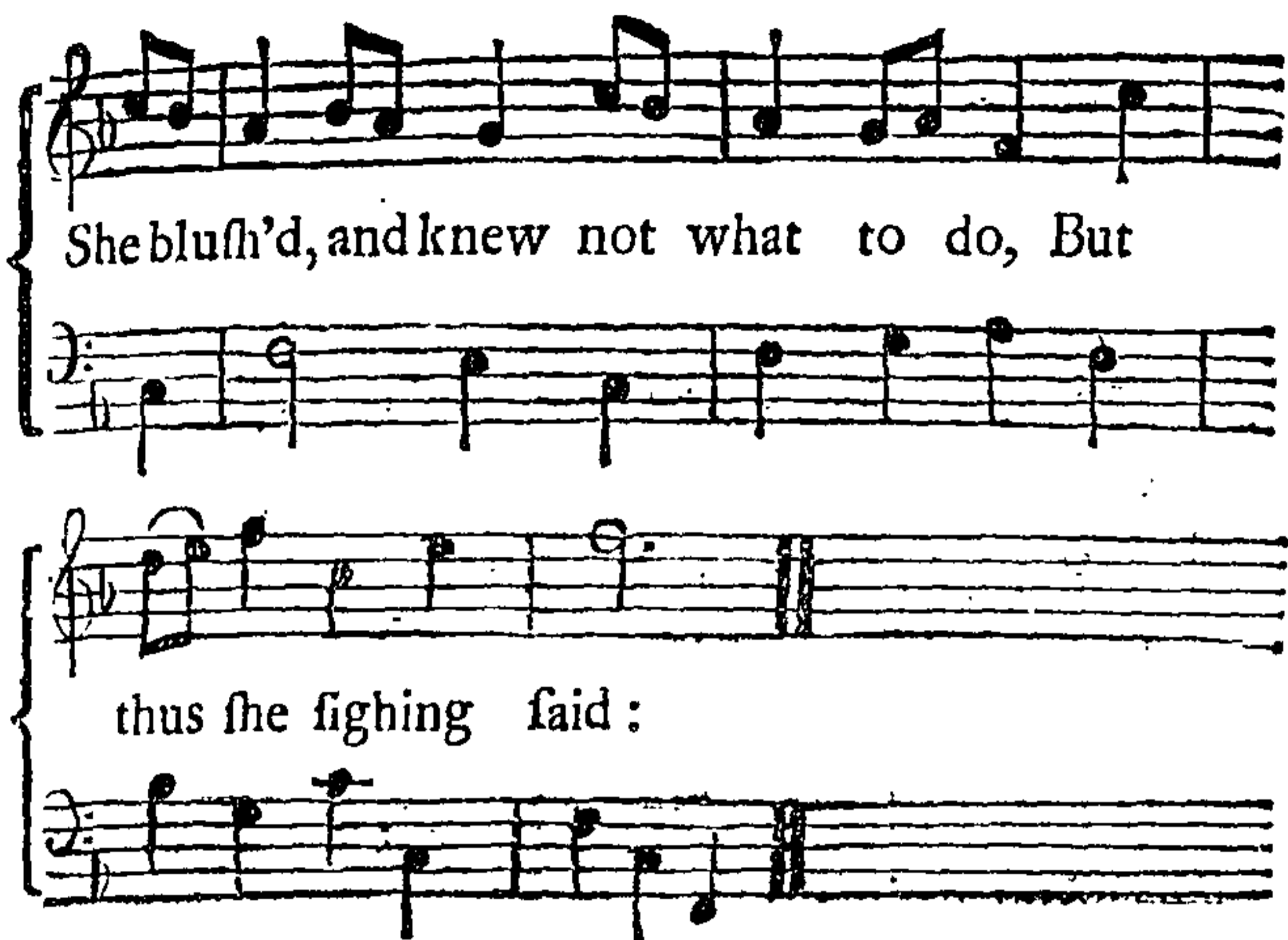

Breast With *Celia's* Image seiz'd. Sad she ap-

pear'd, yet smiling too; Willing, and yet afraid:



She



She blush'd, and knew not what to do, But  
thus she sighing said :

Cease, *Strephon*, cease; it must not be;

In vain you weep and sigh:

Talk not of Love, or Flames, to me,

For I must still deny.

Do but this wither'd Rose-bud see,

How dead it does appear!

Before 'twas gather'd from the Tree;

You thought it fresh and fair.

False Men, with studied treach'rous Arts,

Fond Innocence betray;

They talk of Charms; and Flames, and Darts,

But mean not what they say.

Yet, ah! could *Strephon* faithful prove,

And constant to these Charms ———

No more, said I, no more, my Love!

But clasp'd her in my Arms.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

YOUNG whining Fops, of Love complain,  
And rave of Flames and Darts,  
Whilst others love, and feel no Pain,  
Yet gain the Ladies Hearts.  
If *Silvia's* kind, can't you be so?  
If Coy, why, be so too;  
If she's Ill-humour'd, let her go,  
And make no more ado.

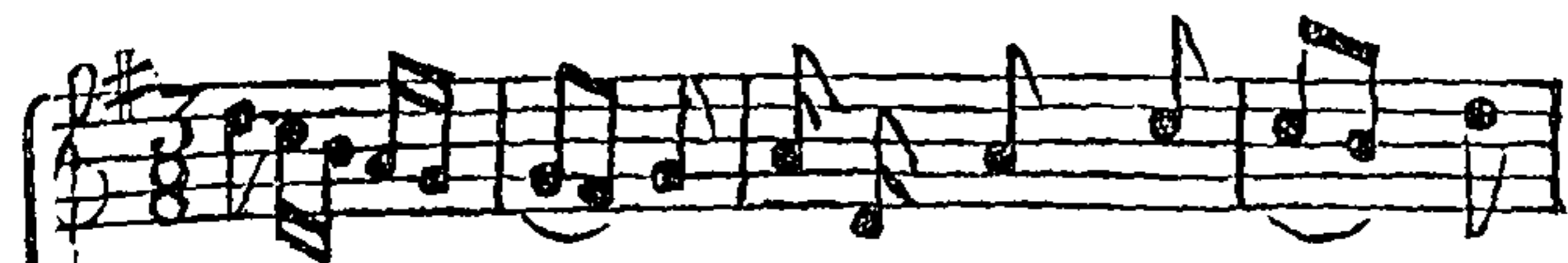
Then thro' the Town with freedom rove,  
First drinking a brisk Pint;  
You'll quickly find a kinder Love,  
And a more charming Saint.  
If none will serve but *Sylvia* fair,  
Tho' curst, among the Throng,  
May you be bound her Clack to hear,  
'Till Cankers eat her' Tongue.





The D I S P U T E.

The Words by Mr. BAKER. Set by Mr. WHICHELLO.



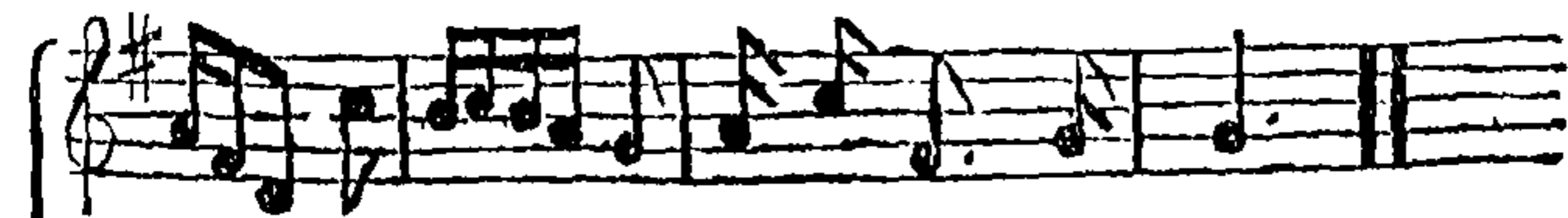
*Love* bids me go, but *Reason* bids me stay: O!



why must *Love* and *Reason* disagree?



*Love* racks my Soul, when *Reason* I obey; If



*Love* I fol-low, *Reason* tortures me.



Unhappy Wretch! and must I then endure.

This changing Pain for ever in my Mind?

From *this*, or *that*, in vain I seek a Cure:

Ah! could *Love* see! or was but *Reason* blind!

Look down with Pity from your Thrones above,

You *Powers* eternal! infinitely blest!

And from me take my *Reason*, or my *Love*,

Or reconcile them both, and give me Rest.

C O N S T A N C Y.

By Sir CHARLES SEDLEY.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**F**EAR not, my Dear; a Flame can never die,  
That is once kindled by so bright an Eye.

Look on thy Self, and measure thence my Love,  
Think what a Passion such a Form must move.

For though thy Beauty first allur'd my Sight,  
Yet now I look on it but as the Light  
That led me to the Treasury of thy Mind,  
Whose inward Virtue in that Feature shin'd.

That Knot (be confident) will ever last,  
Which Fancy ty'd, and Reason has made fast;  
So fast, that Time (although it may disarm  
Thy lovely Face) my Faith can never harm:

And

And Age, deluded when it comes, will find  
My Love remov'd, and to thy Soul assign'd.

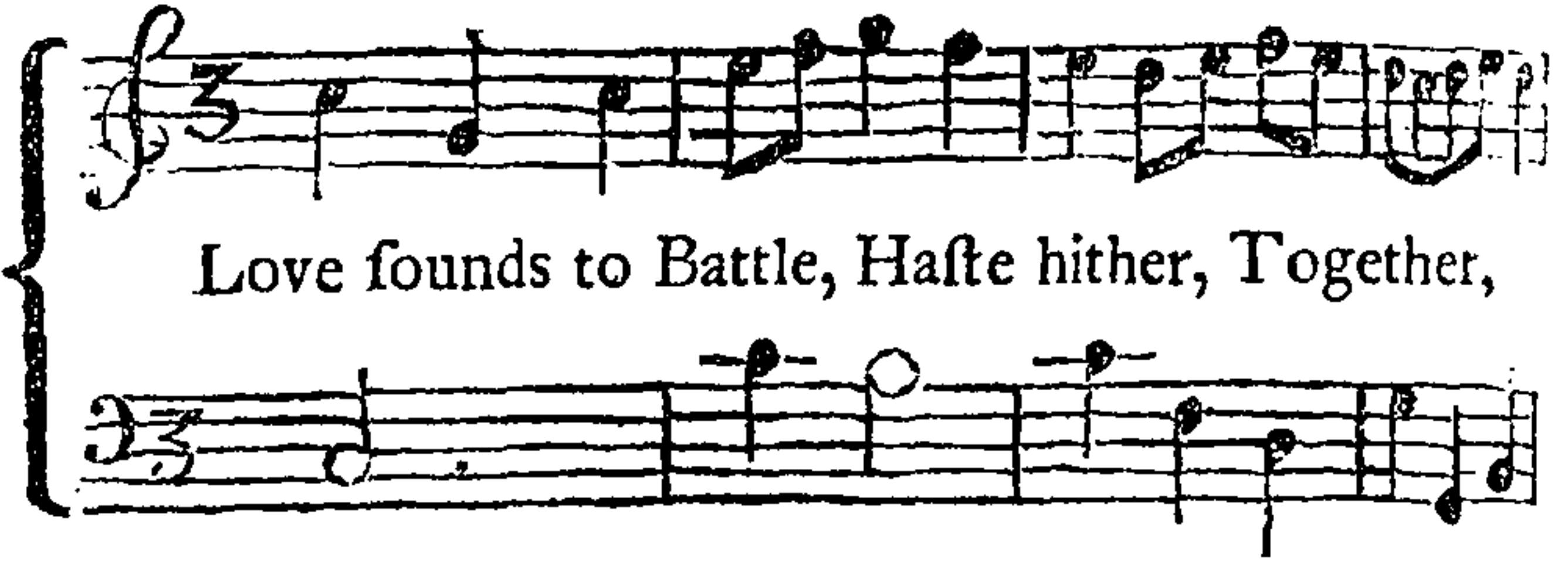
The Passion I have now, shall ne'er grow less:  
No, though thy own fair Self should it oppress.

*For the* F L U T E.



L O V E's R E W A R D.

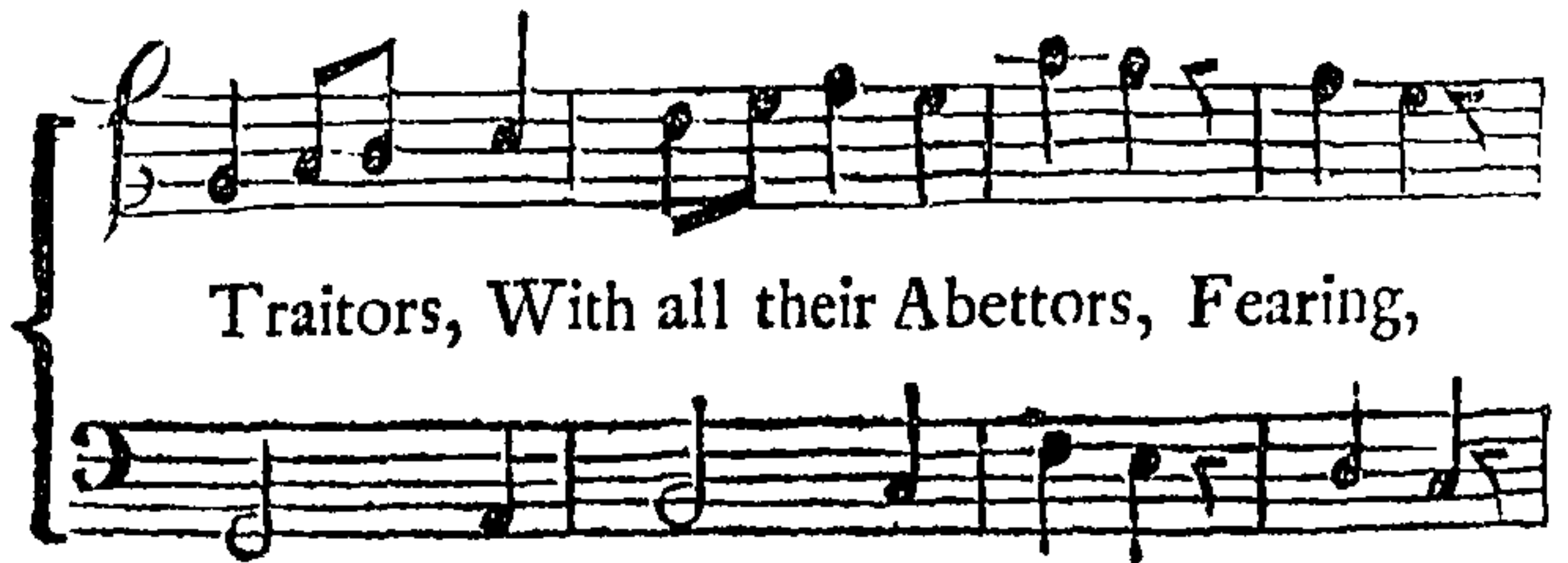
By Mr. LEVERIDGE.



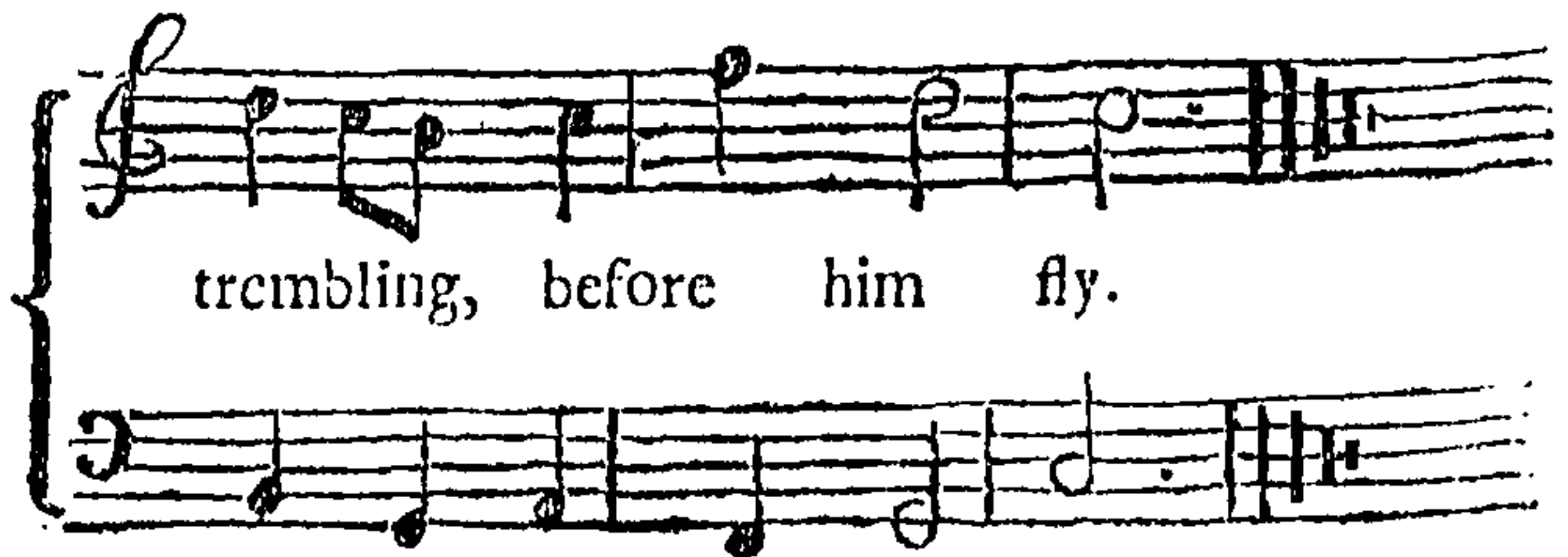
Love founs to Battle, Haste hither, Together,



His charge is Fa-tal To all who deny; Rebels and



Traitors, With all their Abettors, Fearing,



trembling, before him fly.

Vain are the Forces  
Of Rangers and Changers,  
All their Recourse is

To arm with a Quart ;  
But when they're boozing,  
And freely carouzing,  
Laughing, Quaffing,  
He wounds the Heart.

To all Deserters,  
Annoying, destroying,  
He ne'er gives Quarters,  
But sets them on fire ;  
The Flame past curing,  
With Rage they're enduring,  
Scorching, burning,  
'Till they expire.

But the true Lover,  
That sallies, and rallies,  
Nor turns a Rover,  
But stands to his Arms,  
Under Love's Banner,  
Shall be crown'd with Honour,  
Kissing, Pressing,  
And melt in Charms.



*Translated from the Italian Opera of PIARNACES.*

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

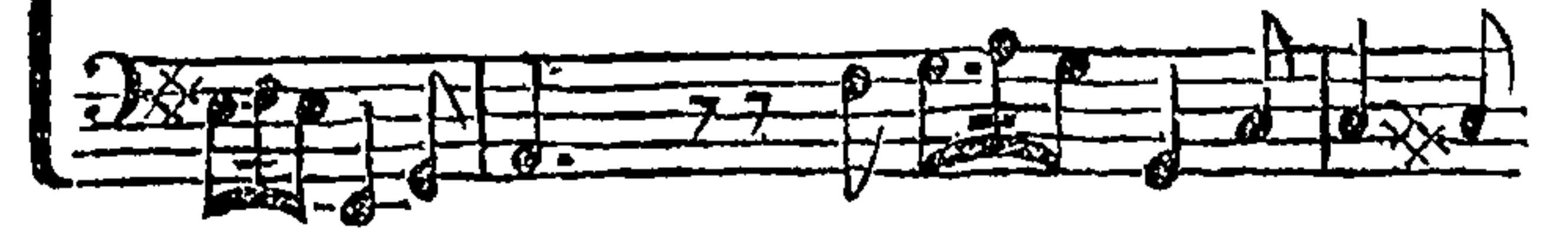
*Slow.*



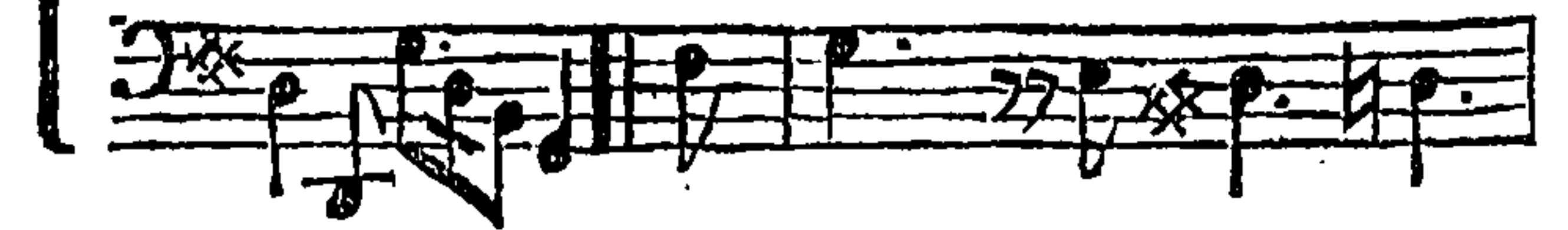
O come, dear fa-tal Hour! And all my Woes re-



move: Death, lead me to thy Bow'r, To which thou'lt



sent my Love. There mixt with happy Shadows, once



more our Souls shall joyn; In blest *Elyzian*



Meadows.

Meadows, I'll live for e-ver thine, I'll live for

e-ver thine.

For the FLUTE.

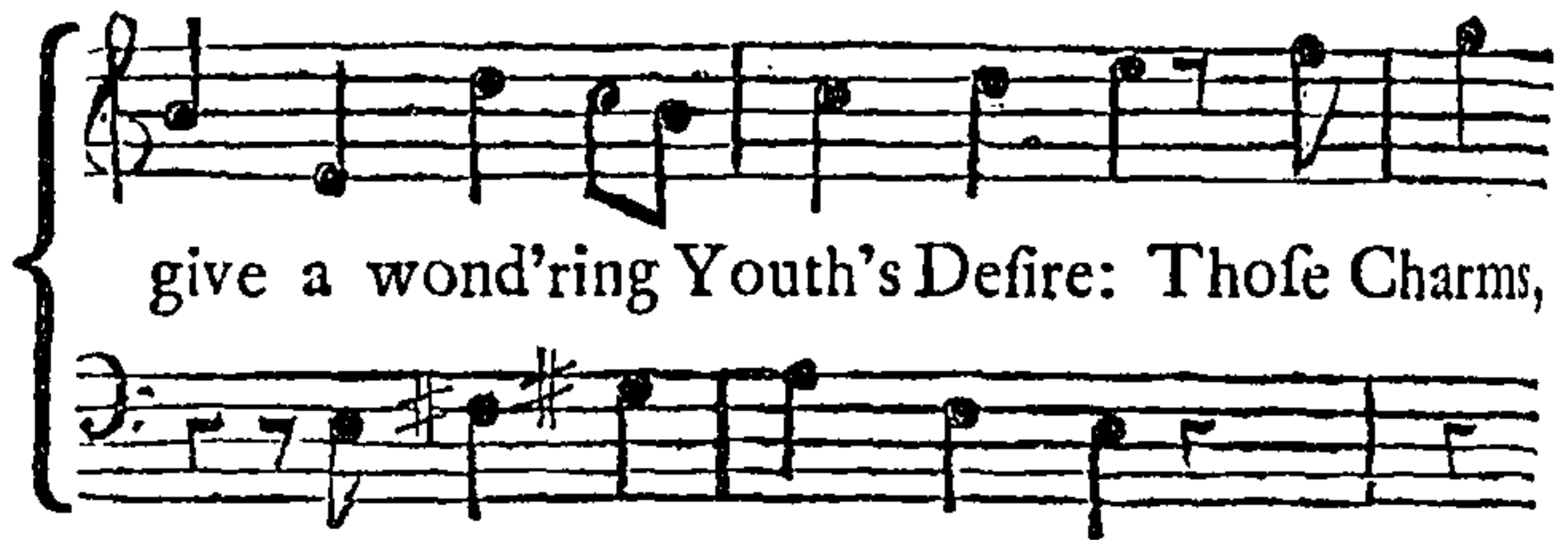
Four staves of musical notation for the flute part, featuring various notes, rests, and accidentals.

*The* P E T I T I O N.

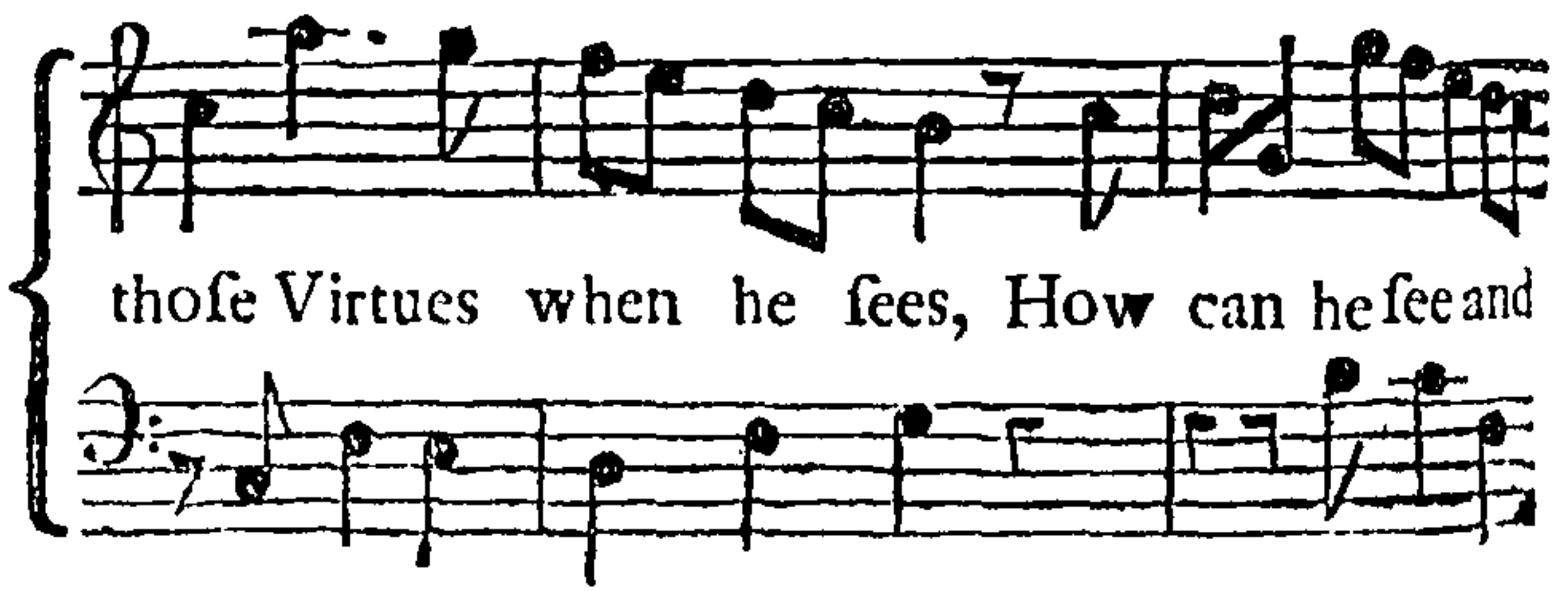
Set by Mr. *ABIEL WHICHELO.*



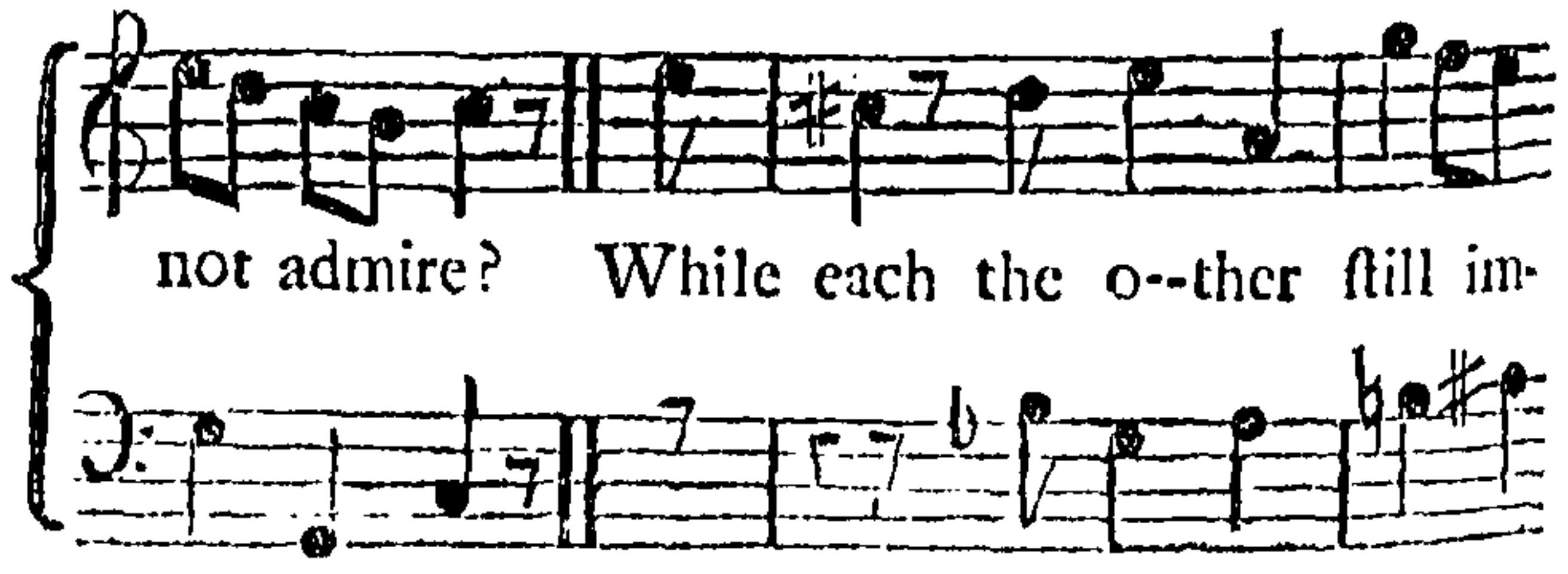
Forgive, fair Creature! form'd to please, For-



give a wond'ring Youth's Desire: Those Charms,



those Virtues when he sees, How can he see and



not admire? While each the o--ther still im-

prove,



prove, (The fairest Face, the fair--est Mind) Not,

with the Proverb, He that loves, But he that

loves you not, is blind.

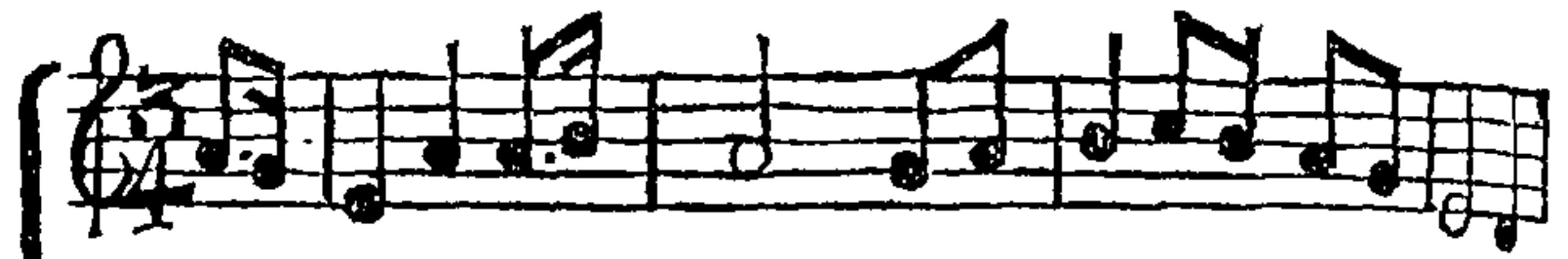
*To the foregoing Tune.*

WHY does my Heart thus restless prove?  
What wou'd the tedious Trifler have?  
Alas! I fear I'm sick of Love;  
The Fool is caught, fair *Myra's* Slave.  
Great God of Love, to ease my Pains,  
And cure those Ills too late I find,  
I beg not you wou'd break my Chains,  
But in the same my Fair one bind.



*The* GABERLUNZIE-MAN.

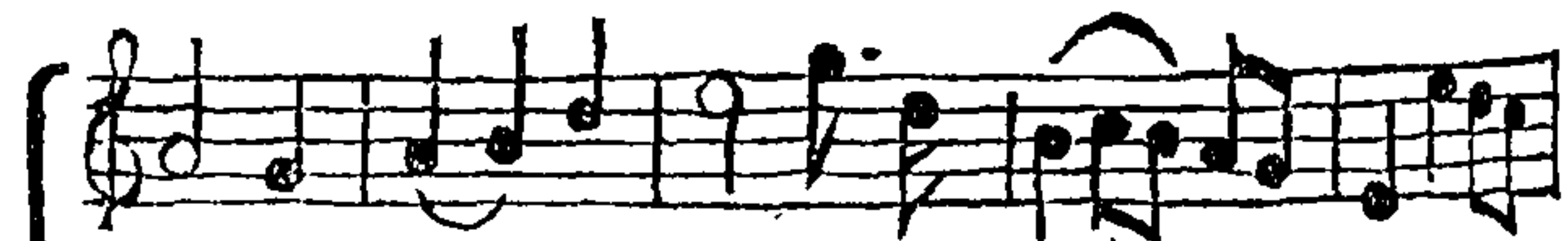
*The Words and Tune compos'd by King JAMES V. of Scotland, on occasion of an Adventure of his in Disguise after a Country Girl.*



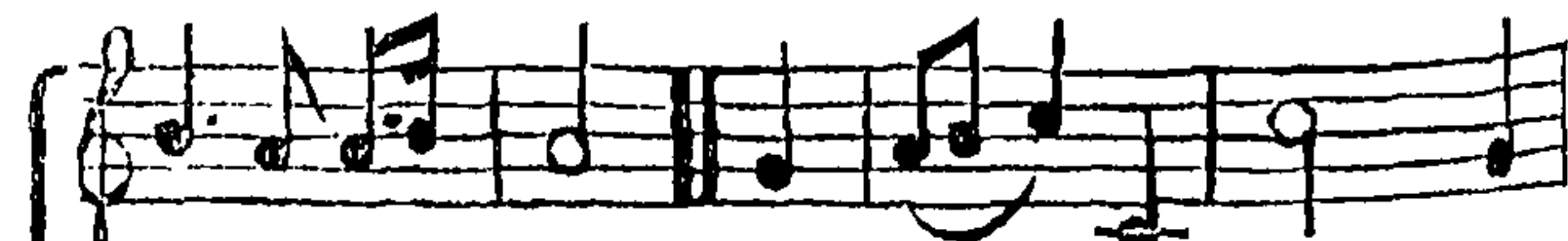
The pawky auld Carle came o---ver the Lee, Wi'



many good E'ens and Days to me, Saying, Goodwife,



for your Courtesie, Will ye lodge a fil--ly, a



filly poor Man? The Night was cauld, the

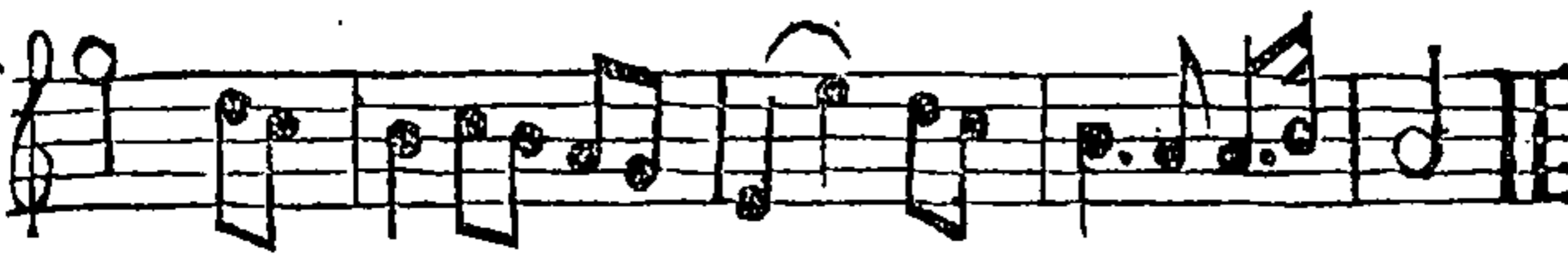




Carle was wat, And down ayont the Ingle



he fat; My Daughter's Shoulders he 'gan to



clap, And cadgi--ly ran--ted, ranted and fang.



O wow! quo' he, were I as free,  
As first when I saw this Country,  
How blyth and merry wad I be!

And I wad never, never think lang.  
He grew canty, and she grew fain;  
But little did her auld Minny ken  
What thir flee twa together were say'n,  
When wooing, wooing they were fae thrang.

And

And O! quo' he, ann ye were as black  
As e'er the Crown of my Dady's Hat,  
'Tis I wad lay thee by my Back,

And awa' awa' wi' me thou shou'd gang.  
And O! quoth she, ann I were as white  
As e'er the Snaw lay on the Dike,  
'I'd clead me braw, and Lady like,  
And awa', awa' with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a Plot;  
They raise a Wee before the Cock,  
And wylily they shot the Lock,

And fast, and fast to the Bent are they gane.  
Up the Morn the auld Wife raise,  
And at her Leisure pat on her Claife;  
Synne to the Servants Bed she gaes,  
To speer, to speer for the filly poor Man.

She gaed to the Bed where the Beggar lay,  
The Strae was cauld, he was away,  
She clapt her Hands, cry'd, Waladay,

For some, for some of our Gear will be gane.  
Some ran to Coffers, and some to Kists,  
But nought was stown that cou'd be mist,  
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest,  
I have lodg'd, I've lodg'd a leal poor Man.

Since nathing's awa', as we can learn,  
The Kirn's to kirn, and Milk to earn,  
Gae butt the House, Lafs, and waken my Bairn,  
And bid her, bid her come quickly ben.

The Servant gade where the Daughter lay,  
The Sheets were cauld, she was away,  
And fast to her Goodwife can say,  
She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,  
And haste ye find these Traitors again;  
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,  
The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-man.

Some rade upo' Horfe, some ran a fit,  
The Wife was wood, and out o' her Wit;  
She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she fit,  
But ay, but ay she curs'd and she ban'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the Lee,  
Fu' snug in a Glen, where nane cou'd see,  
The twa, with kindly Sport and Glee,  
Cut frae, cut frae a new Cheese a Whang:  
The Priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,  
To lo'e her for ay, he ga'e her his Aith.  
Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith,  
My winsome Gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my Minny I were wi' you,  
Illfardly wad she crook her Mou,  
Sic a poor Man she'd never trow,  
After the Gaberlunzie-man.

My Dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,  
And ha' na learn'd the Beggar's Tongue,  
To follow me fra Town to Town,  
And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

144 *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

Wi' Cauk and Keel I'll win your Bread,  
And Spindles and Whorles for them wha need,  
Whilk is a gentle Trade indeed,

To carry the Gaberlunzie---O.

I'll bow my Leg, and crook my Knee,  
And draw a black Clout o'er my Eye,  
A Cripple, or Blind they will ca' me,

While we, while we shall be merry and sing.

*For the* FLUTE.



The NUT-BROWN MAID.

The Words by Mr. GRIFFIN.

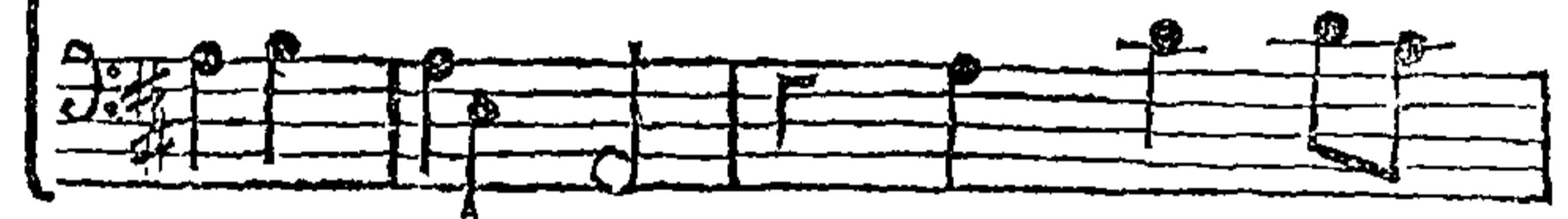
The Musick by Mr. BARRETT.



The Country Maid, In Ruffet clad, Does many a



time fur----pafs, In Shape, and Air, And



Beauty rare, The Court or Town-bred Lads.



And such, as proud  
Of Gentile Blood,  
Her humble Birth upbraid,  
Their richest Veins  
No Drop contains,  
Like that of the *Nut-brown Maid*.

The City Lads,  
 With Wainscot Face,  
 By Parents made a Fool,  
 Is sent to Dance,  
 To read *Romance*,  
 And play the Romp at School:

'Till careful Dad  
 Provides a Lad,  
 By golden Hopes betray'd,  
 For Better, for Worfe,  
 To take the Purse,  
 Instead of the *Nut-brown Maid*.

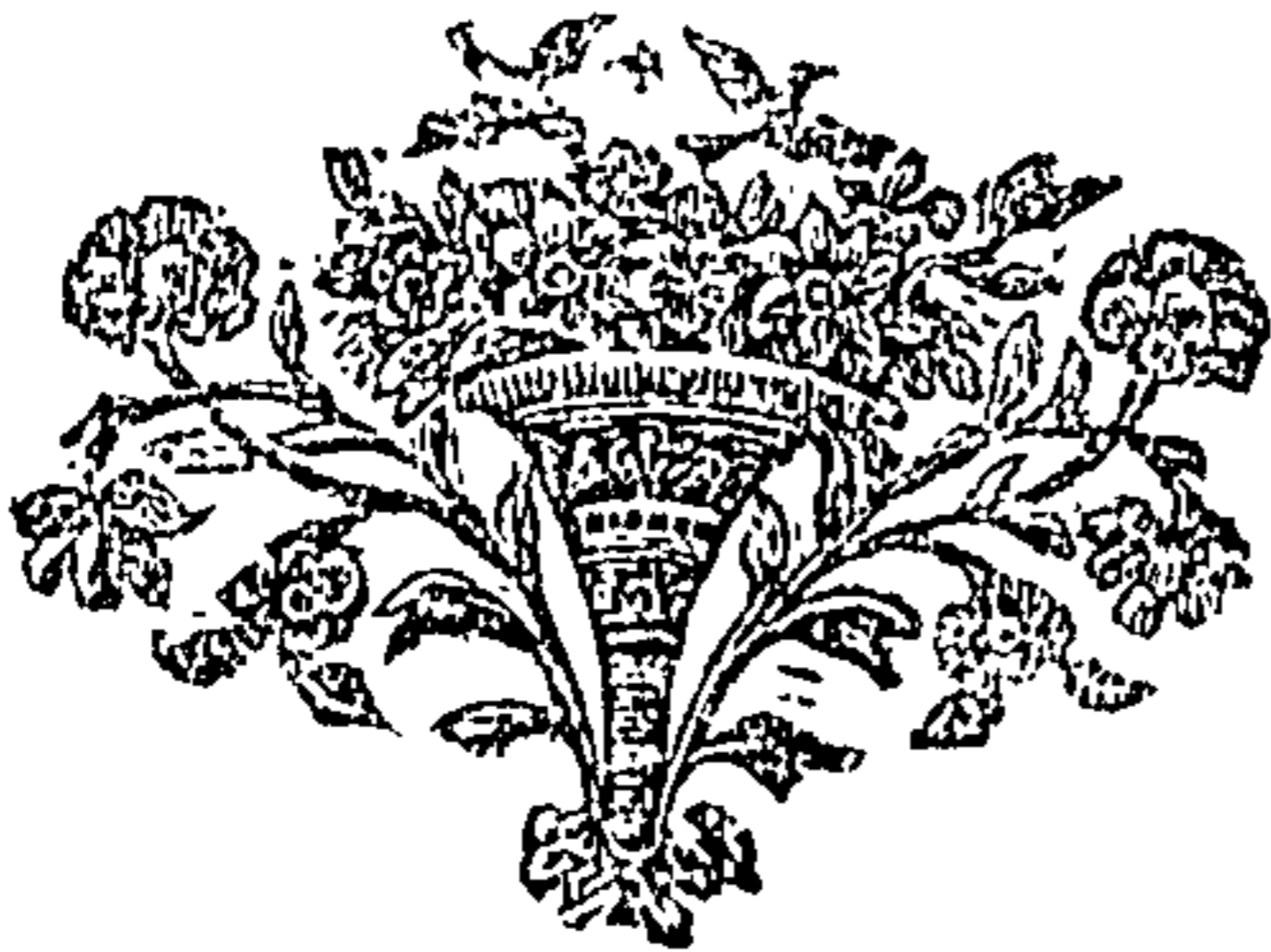
The Courtly She,  
 Of High Degree,  
 Adorns her Breast and Head;  
 Perfumes, and Paints,  
 Because she wants  
 The nat'ral White, and Red.

But those that chuse  
 Such Arts to use,  
 With all their costly Aid,  
 Shall never shew  
 A Check, or Brow,  
 Like that of the *Nut-brown Maid*.



Try all Mankind,  
And you shall find,  
Tho' ne'er so Rich, or Great,  
The Gay, the Grave,  
The Young, the Brave,  
All love the soft *Brunet*.

Since none deny  
This Truth, then why  
Shou'd Love be disobey'd?  
Why should not she  
A Countess be,  
Tho' born but a *Nut-brown Maid*?



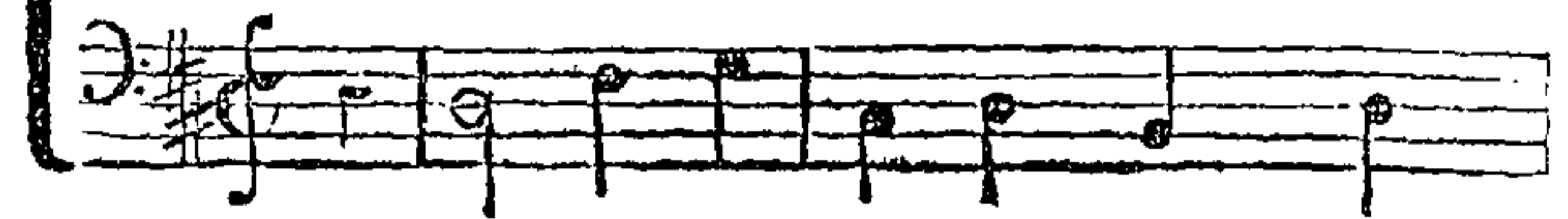
148 *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

*Sung in the Comedy call'd, The HUMOURS  
of OXFORD.*

Set by Mr. *CHARK E.* Sung by Mr. *HARPER.*



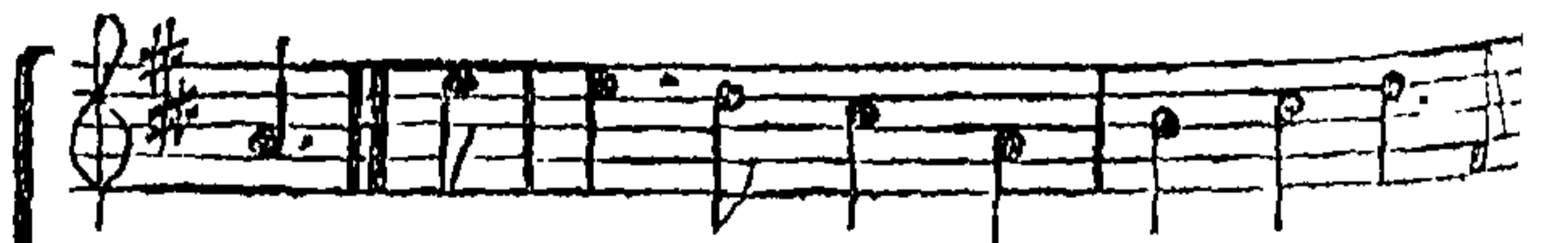
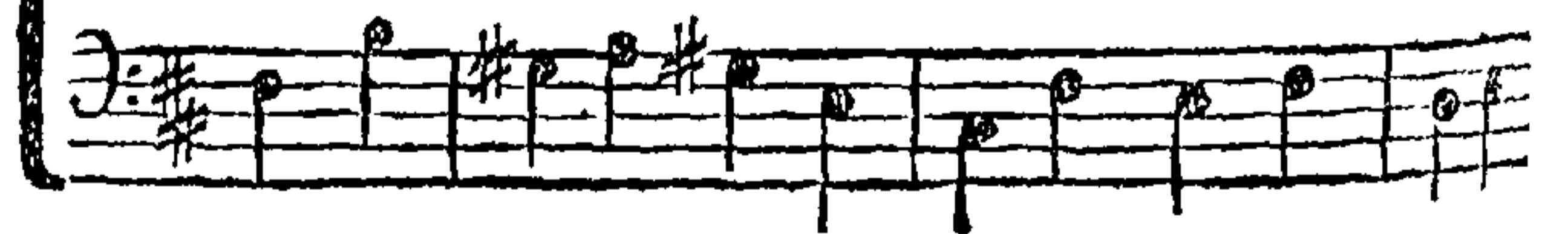
What Class in Life, tho' ne'er so great, With a



good fat Fellowship can compare? We still dream

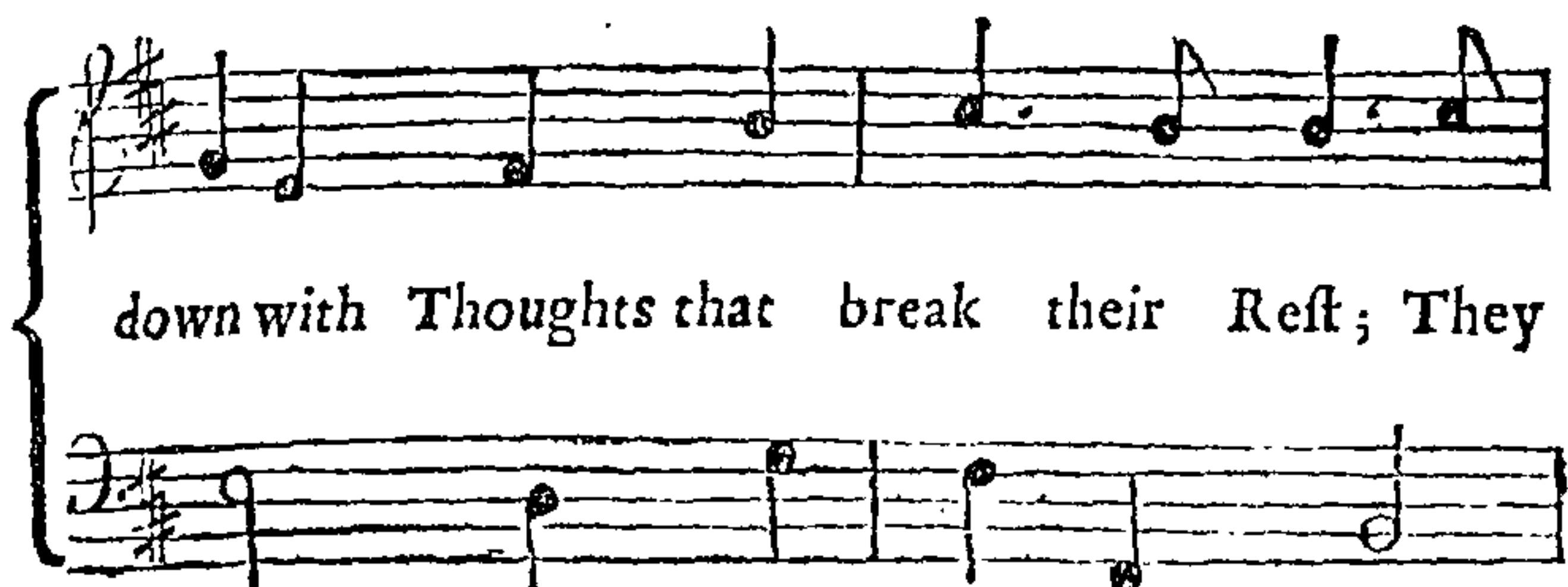


on at our old Rate, Without perplexing Thought or

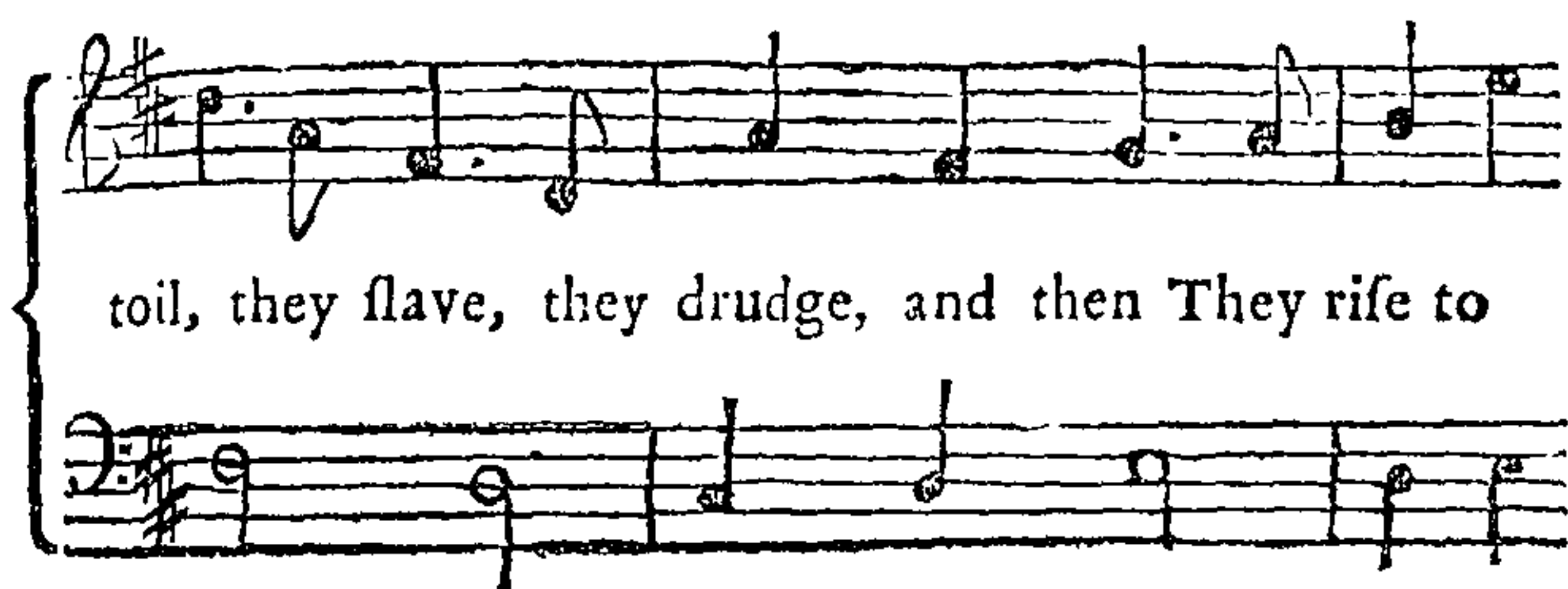


Care: Whilst those of Bus'ness when oppress'd, Lie

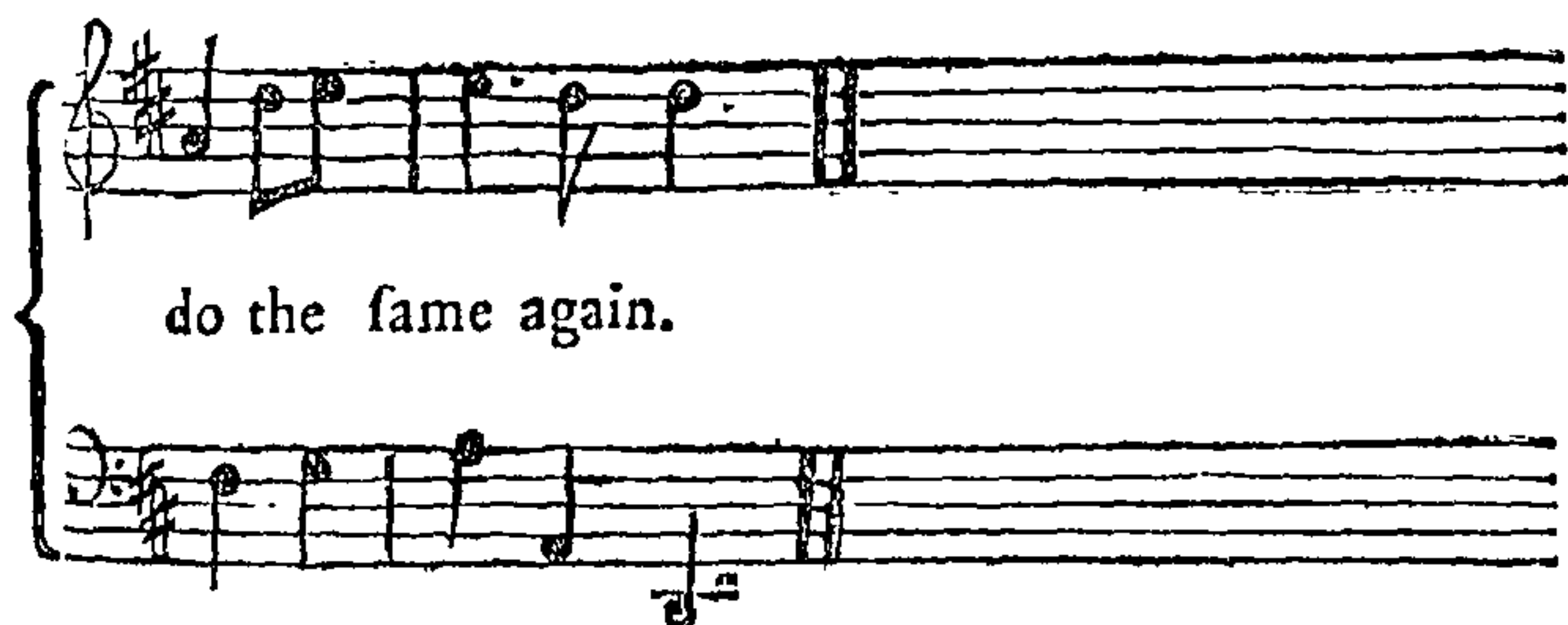




down with Thoughts that break their Rest; They



toil, they slave, they drudge, and then They rise to



do the same again.

[Sing this Stanza to the Second Part of the Tune.]

An easier Round of Life we keep,  
We eat, we drink, we snoak, we sleep,  
We reel to Bed, there snore, and then  
We rise to do the same again.

Come, come, come, come let us drink, let us drink,  
And give a Loose to Pleasure;  
Fill, fill, fill, fill to the Brink, to the Brink,  
We know no other Measure.

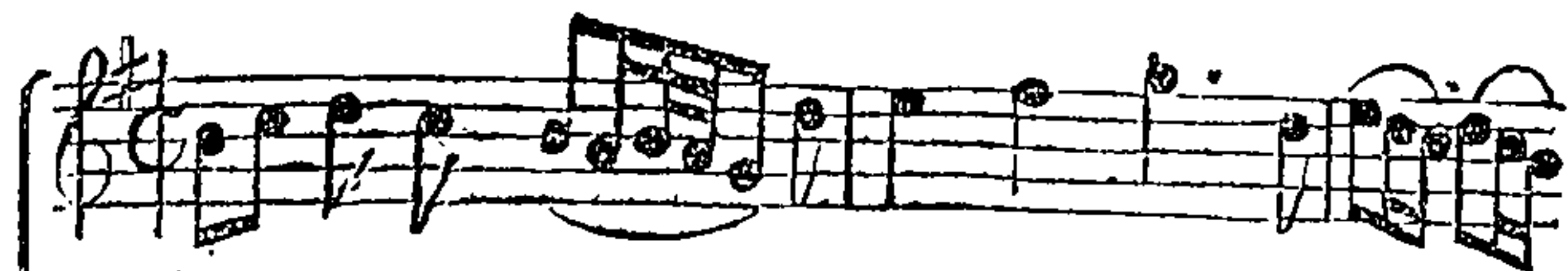
What else, what else have we to do,  
In this our easy Station,  
But that, but that we please, pursue,  
And drink to our Foundation?

*For the* FLUTE.



An APOLOGY for Loving a WIDOW.

By GEORGE SEWELL, M. D. Set by Mr. SHEELES.



Tell me not *Ce---lia* once did blefs Another



Mortal's Arms; That cannot make *My*



Passion less, Nor mi---ti---gate *Her* Charms.




Shall I refuse to quench my Thirst,  
Depending Life to save,  
Because some drougthy Shepherd first  
Has kiss'd the smiling Wave?

No, no; methinks 'tis wond'rous Great,  
And suits a Noble Blood,  
To have in *Love*, as well as *State*,  
A *Taster* to our *Food*.

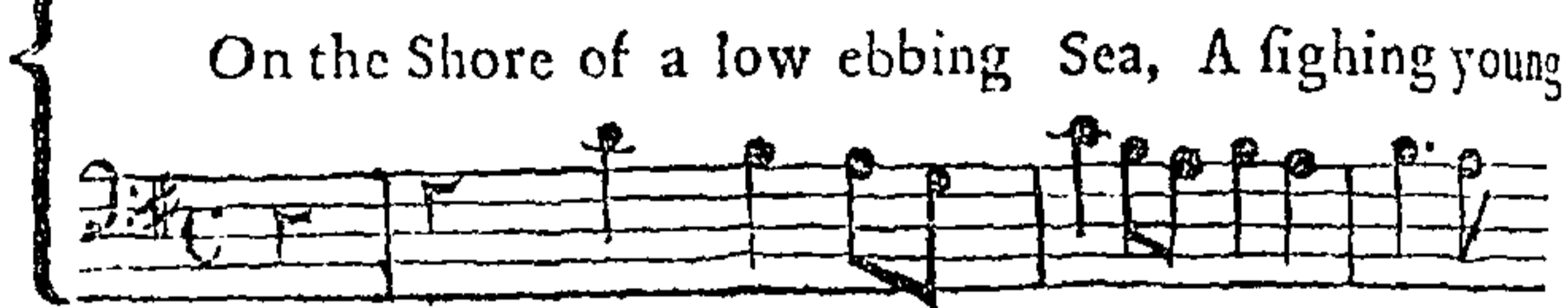


*The* SATYR'S ADVICE *to a* STOCK-JOBBER.


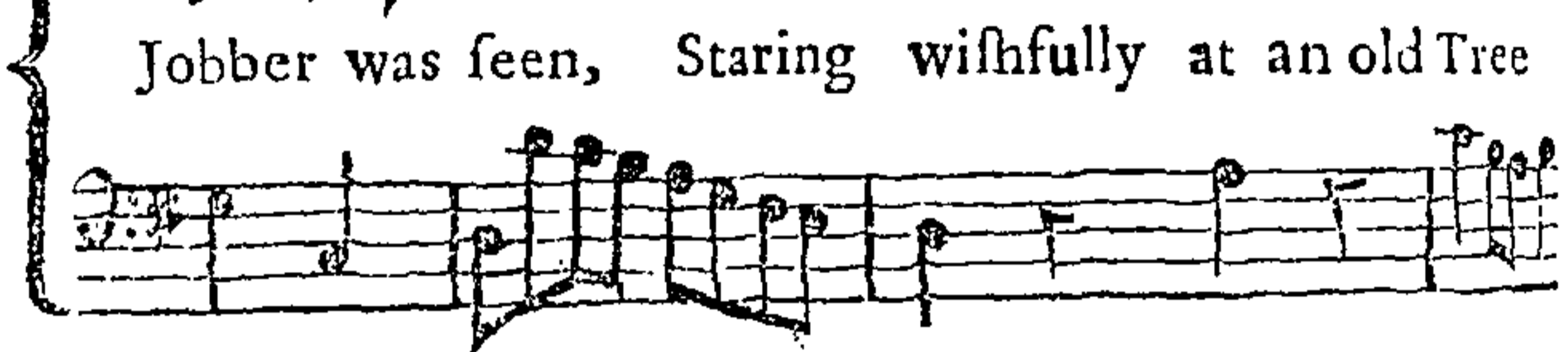
The Musick by Mr. *HANDEL*.




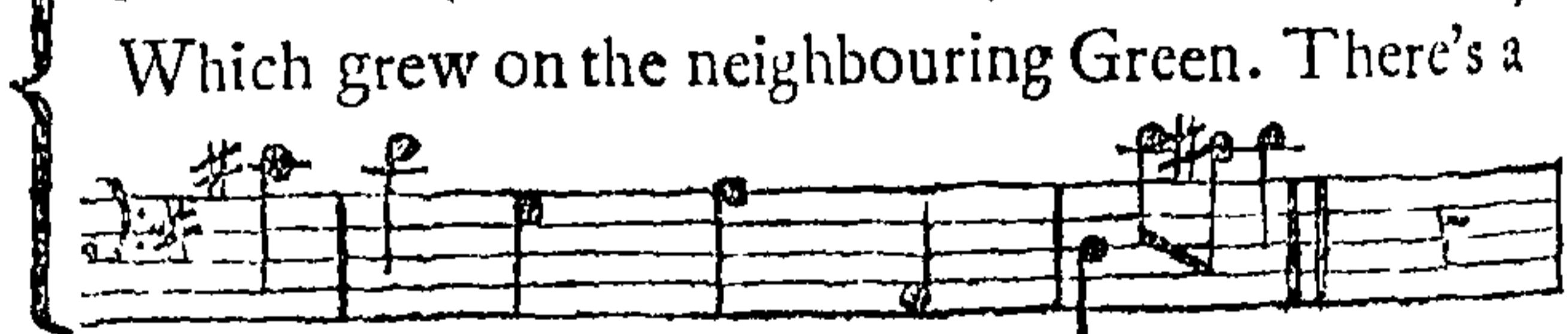
On the Shore of a low ebbing Sea, A fighting young



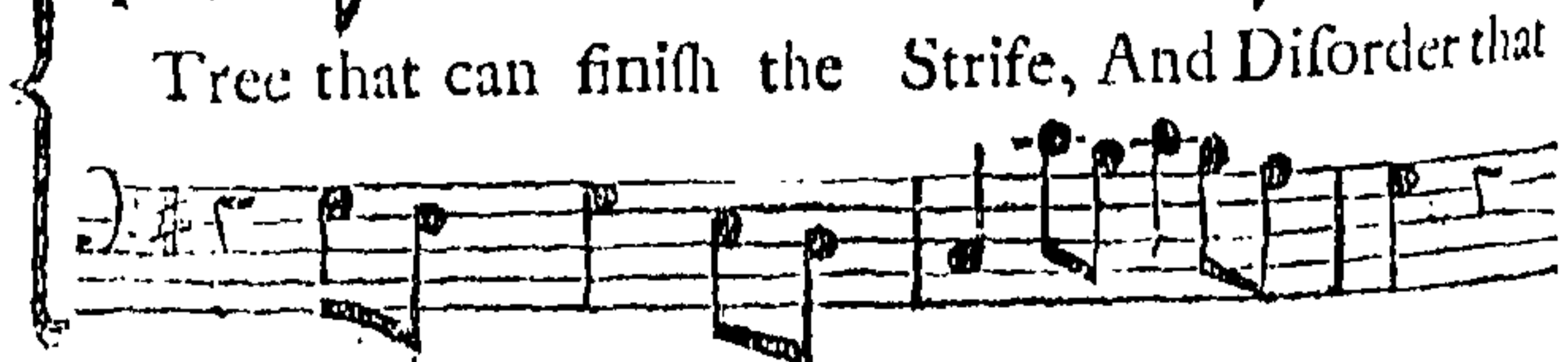
Jobber was seen, Staring wishfully at an old Tree




Which grew on the neighbouring Green. There's a

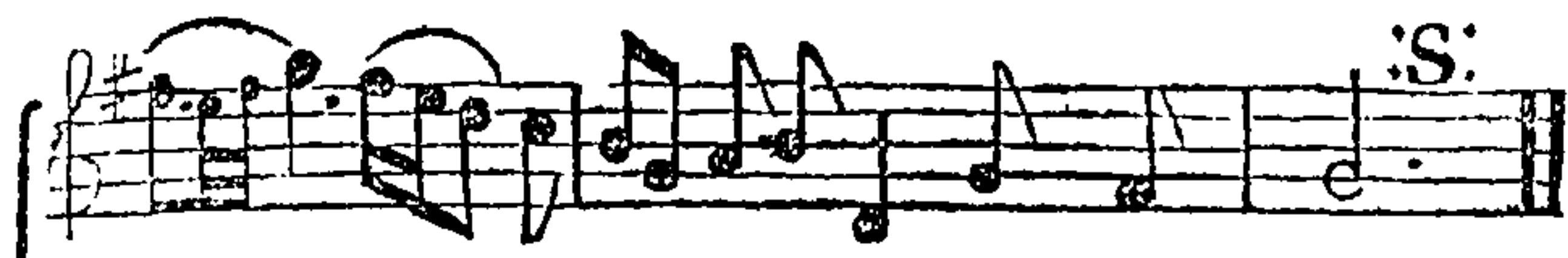
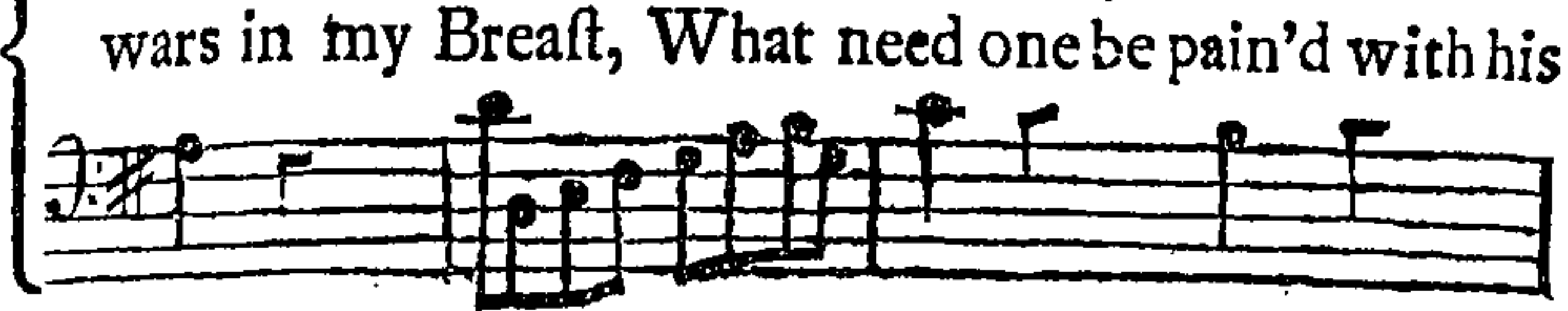


Tree that can finish the Strife, And Disorder that

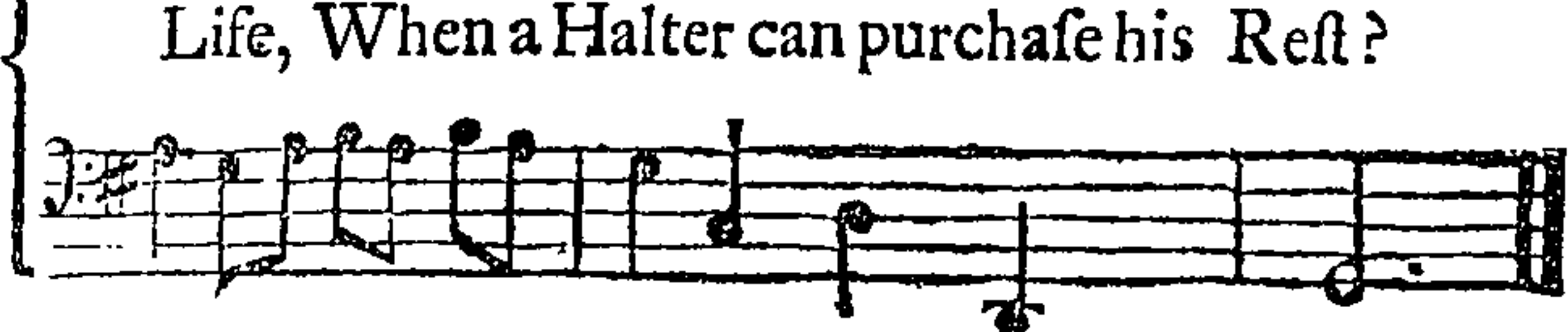




wars in my Breast, What need one be pain'd with his



Life, When a Halter can purchase his Rest?



Sometimes he would stamp, and look wild,  
Then roar out a terrible Curse  
On Bubbles that had him beguil'd,  
And left ne'er a Doit in his Purse.  
A Satyr that wander'd along,  
With a Laugh to his Raving reply'd:  
The Savage maliciously sung,  
And jok'd while the Stock-Jobber cry'd.  
To Mountains and Rocks he complain'd,  
His Cravat was bath'd with his Tears;  
The Satyr drew near like a Friend,  
And bid him abandon his Fears.  
Said he, Have you been at the *Sea*,  
And met with a contrary Wind,  
That you rail at fair Fortune so free?  
Don't blame the poor Goddess, she's blind.  
Come

Come hold up thy Head, foolish Wight,  
 I'll teach thee thy Loss to retrieve;  
 Observe me this Project aright,  
 And think not of Hanging, but live.

*Hecatissa*, conceited and old,  
 Affects in her Airs to seem young,  
 Her Jointure yields plenty of Gold,  
 And plenty of Nonsense her Tongue:

Lay Siege to her for a short Space,  
 Ne'er mind that she's wrinkled or gray;  
 Extol her for Beauty and Grace,  
 And doubt not of gaining the Day.  
 In Wedlock ye fairly may join,  
 And when of her Wealth you are sure,  
 Make free of the old Woman's Coin,  
 And purchase a sprightly young Whore.

---

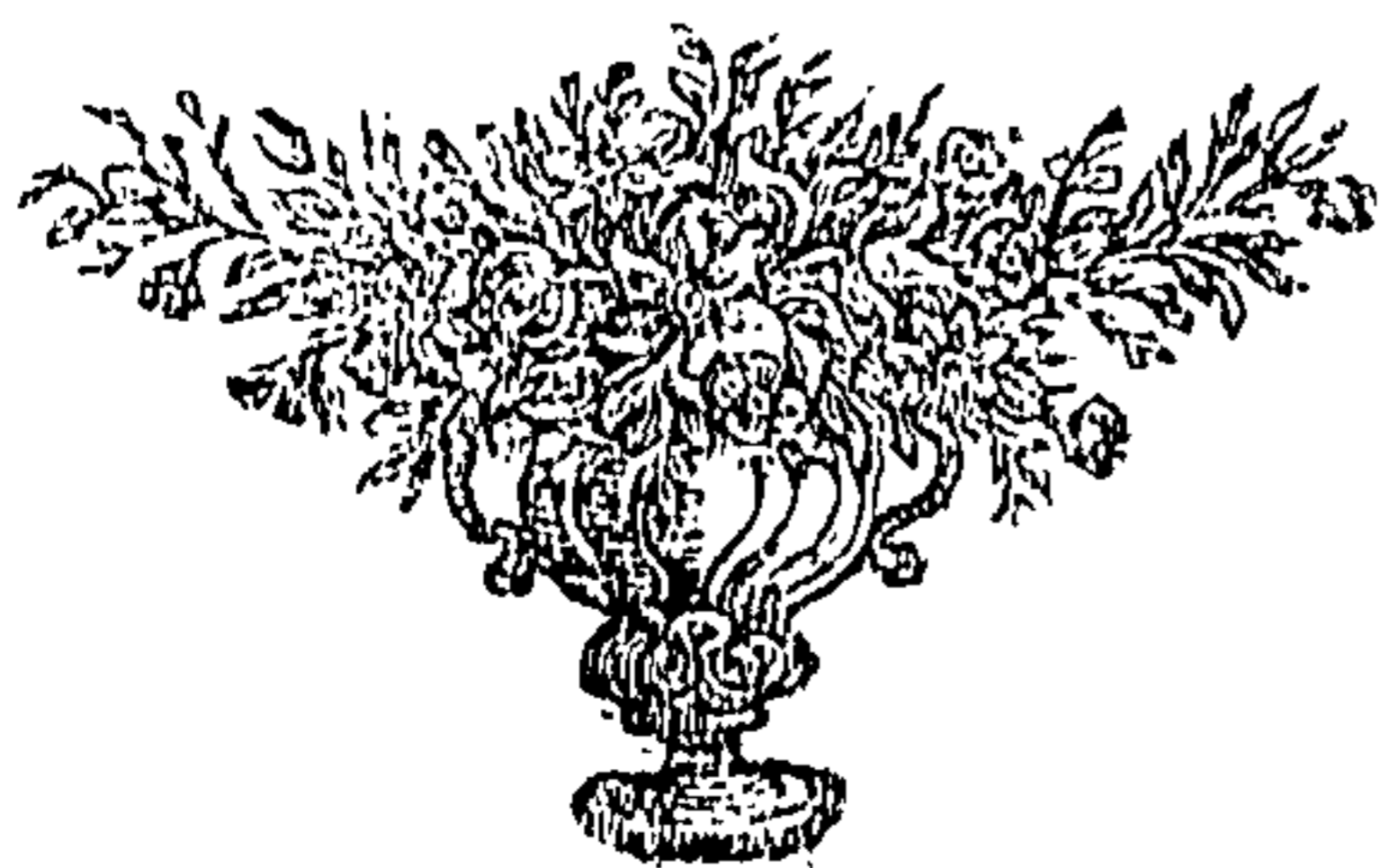
*To the foregoing Tune.*

**Y**E Swains that are courting a Maid,  
 Be warn'd and instructed by me;  
 Tho' small Experience I've had,  
 I'll give you good Counsel, and free.  
 All Women are changeable things,  
 And seldom a Moment the same:  
 As time a Variety brings,  
 Their Looks new Humours proclaim.



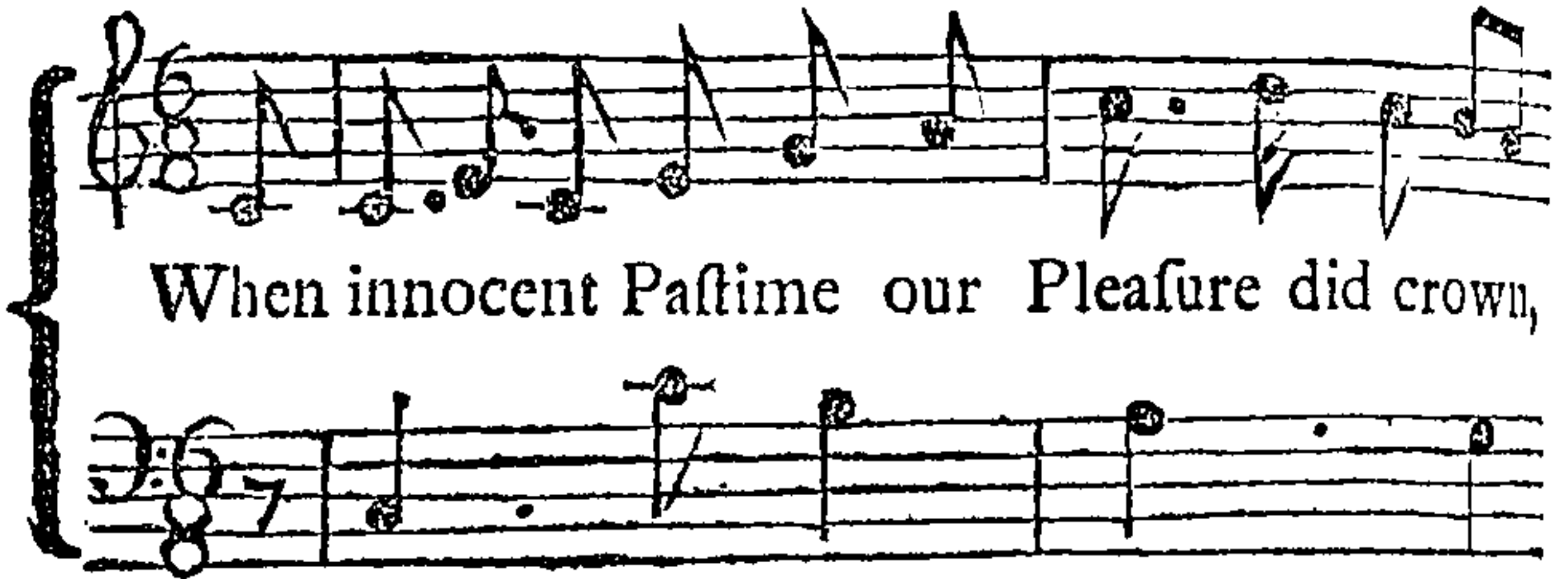
But who in his Love wou'd succeed,  
And his Mistrefs's Favour obtain ;  
Must mind it, as sure as his Creed,  
To make Hay while the Sun is serene.  
There's a Season to conquer the Fair,  
And that's when they're merry and gay :  
To catch the Occasion take care :  
When 'tis gone, in vain you'll essay.

*For the* F L U T E.

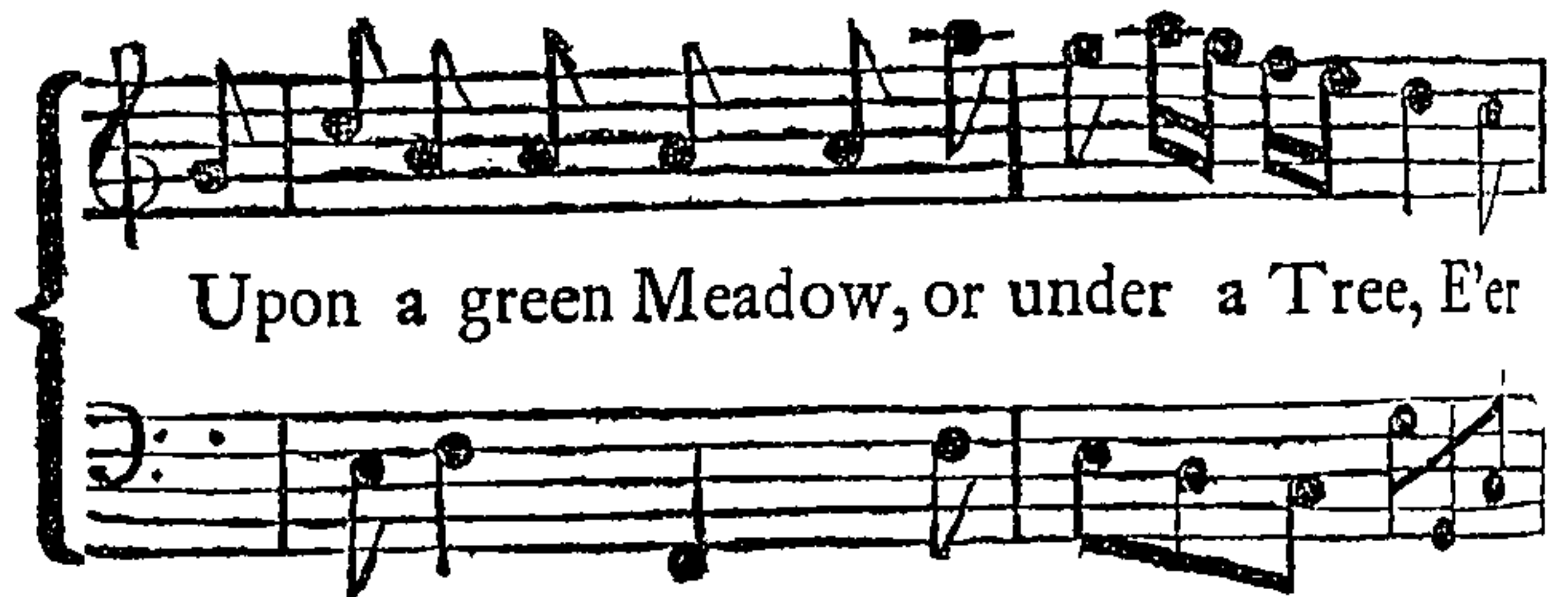


L O V E *inviting* R E A S O N.

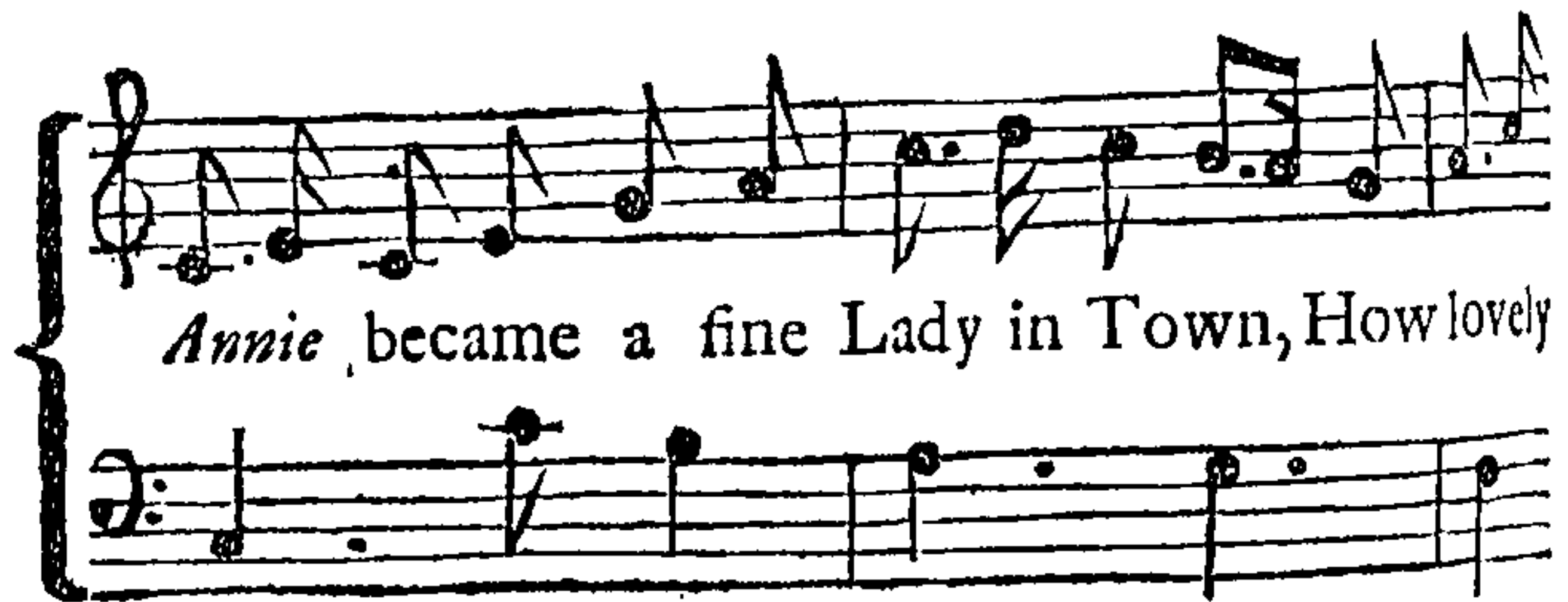
Tune, *O dear Mother!*



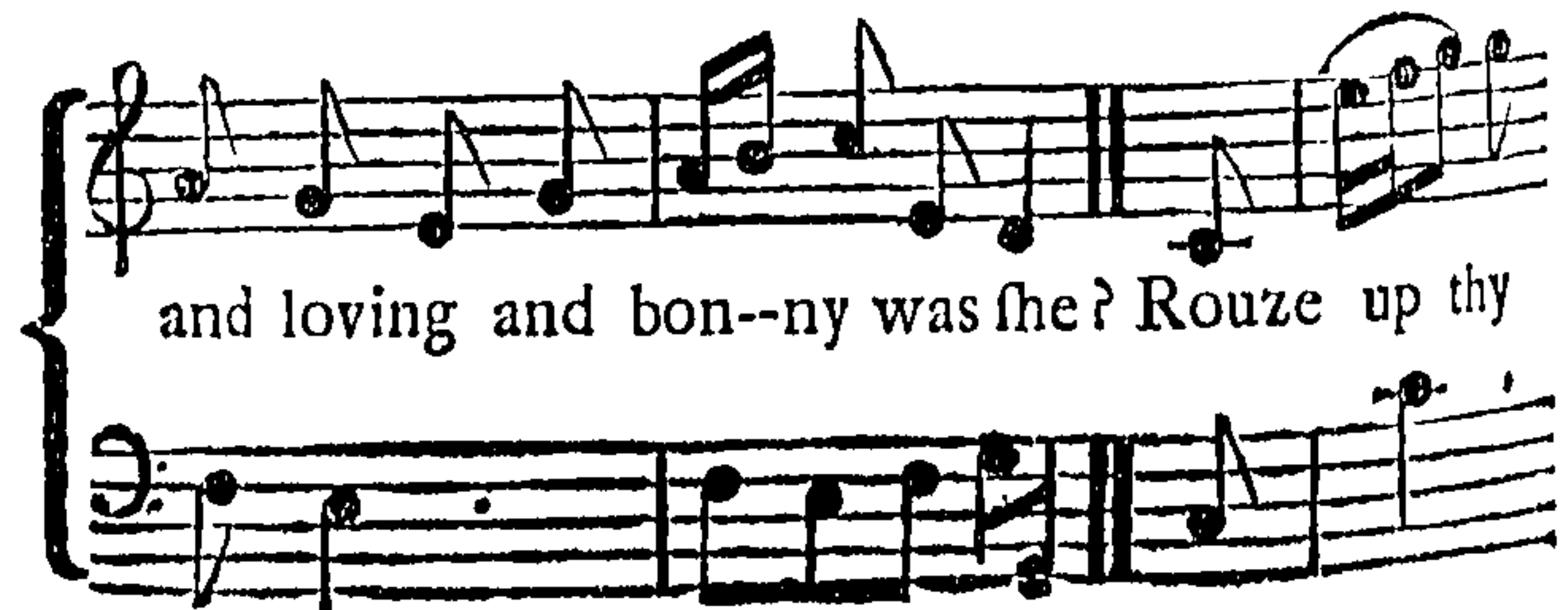
When innocent Pastime our Pleasure did crown,



Upon a green Meadow, or under a Tree, E'er



*Annie* became a fine Lady in Town, How lovely

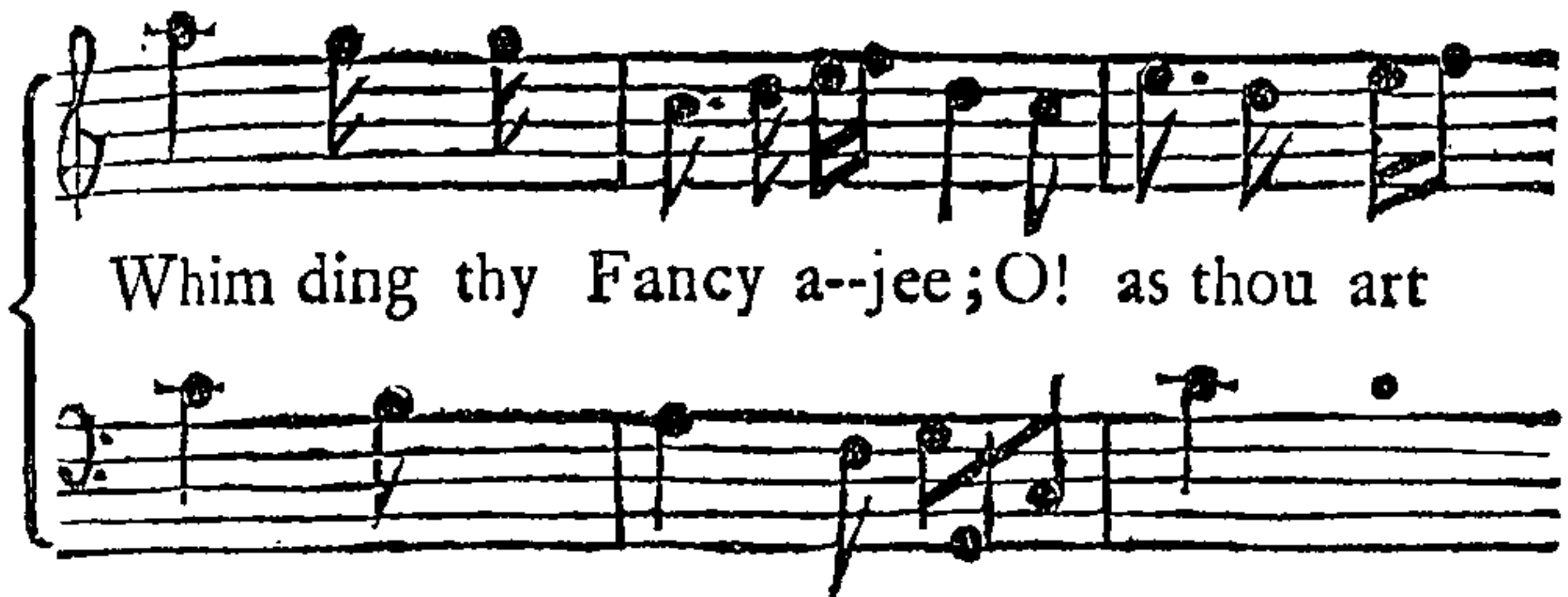


and loving and bon--ny was she? Rouze up thy

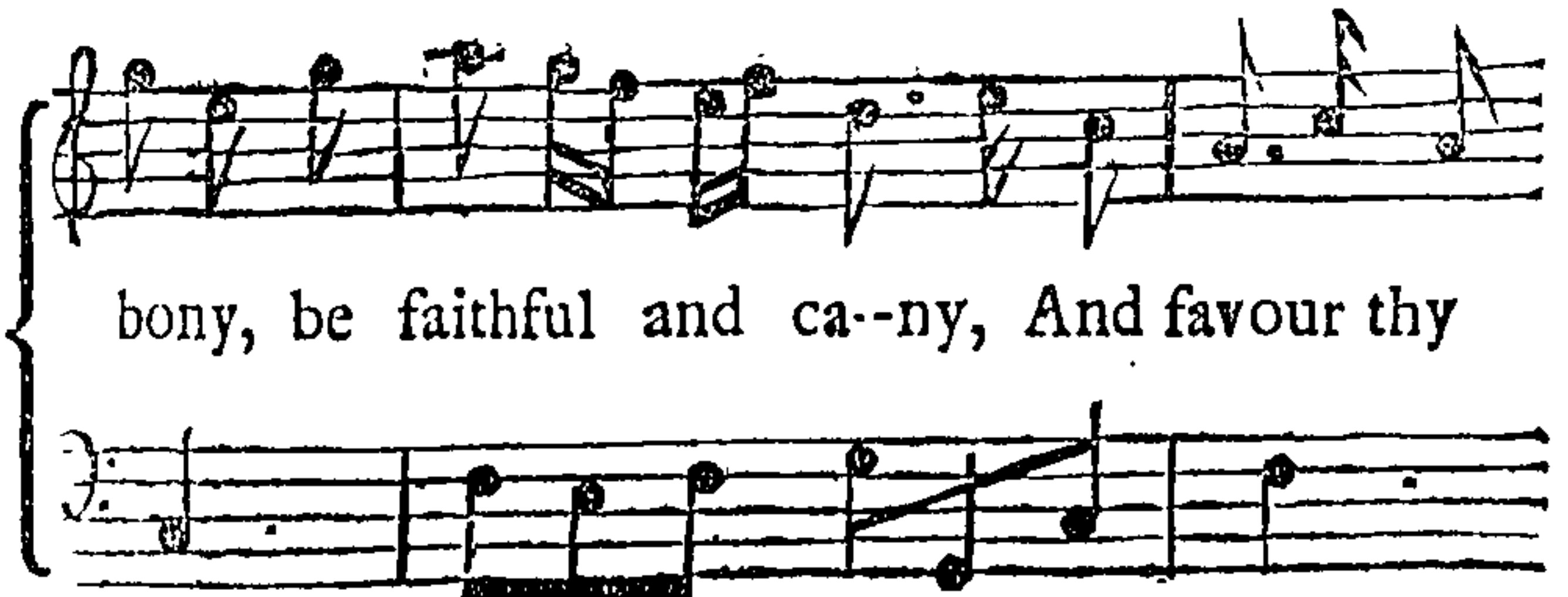
Reason,



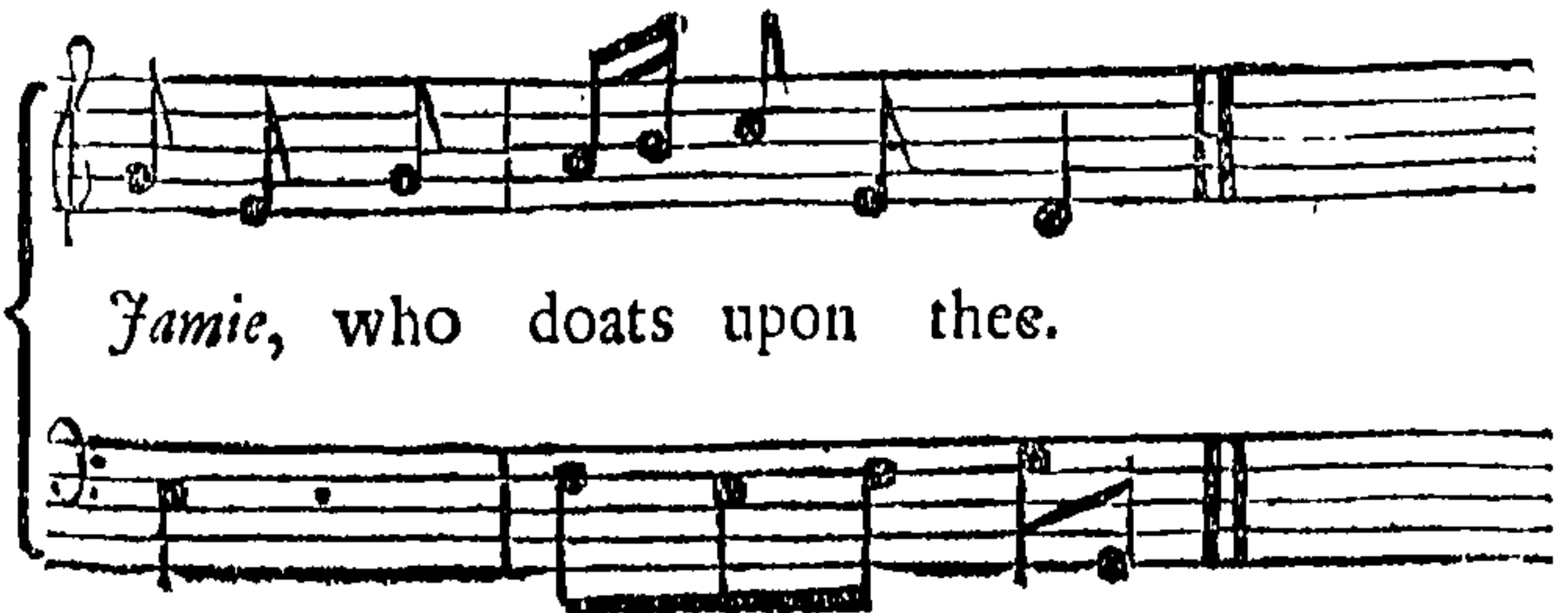
Reason, my beautiful *Annie*, Let ne'er a new



Whim ding thy Fancy a--jee; O! as thou art



bony, be faithful and ca-ny, And favour thy



*Famie*, who doats upon thee.

Does the Death of a Lintwhite give *Annie* the Spleen?

Can tyning of Trifles be uneasy to thee?

Can Lap-dogs and Monkies draw Tears from those Eyes

That look with Indiff'rence on poor dying me?

Rouze up thy Reason, my beautiful *Annie*,

And do not prefer a Paroquet to me;

O! as thou art bony, be prudent and cany,

And think on thy *Jamie*, who doats upon thee.

Ah! shou'd a new Manto, or *Flanders* Lace-Head,

Or yet a wee Cottie, tho' never so fine,

Make thee grow forgetful, and let his Heart bleed,

That once had some Hope of purchasing thine.

Rouze up thy Reason, my beautiful *Annie*,

And do not prefer your Fleegeries to me;

O! as thou art bony, be solid and cany,

And tent a true Lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a *Paris* Edition of new-fangled *Sany*,

Tho' gilt o'er with Laces and Fringes he be,

By adoring himself, be admir'd by fair *Annie*,

And aim at those Benifons promis'd to me?

Rouze up thy Reason, my beautiful *Annie*,

And never prefer a light Dancer to me;

O! as thou art bony, be constant and cany,

Love only thy *Jamie*, who doats upon thee.

O! think, my dear Charmer, on ilka sweet Hour,

That slide away softly between thee and me,

E'er Squirrels, or Beaus, or Foppery had Pow'r

To rival my Love, and impose upon thee.

Rouze up thy Reason, my beautiful *Annie*,  
And let thy Desires be all center'd in me;  
O! as thou art bony, be faithful and cany,  
And love him who's longing to center in thee.

*For the* F L U T E.



HAPPY SOLITUDE.  
A DIALOGUE.

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.



When my *A--min--ta* weeps, 'tis sure Somemighty



Cause affects her so; That equal Temper is le-



cure Against what common Ills can do.



Why does the lovely Nymph complain? Since



both have one u---ni---ted Heart; She shou'd in

Justice tell her Pain; I'll ease her Grief,

by bear---ing Part.

She. *Forgive my Weakness, if Concern  
Does in my clouded Face appear:  
Too soon you may the Cause discern;  
For tender Love is apt to fear.  
When to the faithless Court you go,  
And thousand dazzling Beauties see,  
Charm'd with the artificial Show,  
You'll soon forget your Vows and Me.*

*He.* Blest Innocence! my Soul's Delight!  
 For you, unmov'd, I'd Courts despise:  
 Th' alluring Prospect's not so bright,  
 Nor yields a Lustre like your Eyes.  
 May the great Gods confirm my Vow,  
 And I their utmost Vengeance feel,  
 When at another Shrine I bow,  
 Or with unhallowed Incense kneel!

*She.* *Then from the Hurry let's retire,  
 And quit Ambition for the Grove,  
 Honour's at best a painted Fire,  
 There is no solid Joy, but Love.  
 Pan will approve of our Retreat:  
 On the soft Grass supinely laid,  
 We'll pity those that dare be Great,  
 And make a Palace of the Shade.*

Chorus of Both.

*Far from the Hurry we'll retire, &c.*

---

Desiring it might Rain to detain his  
 MISTRESS.

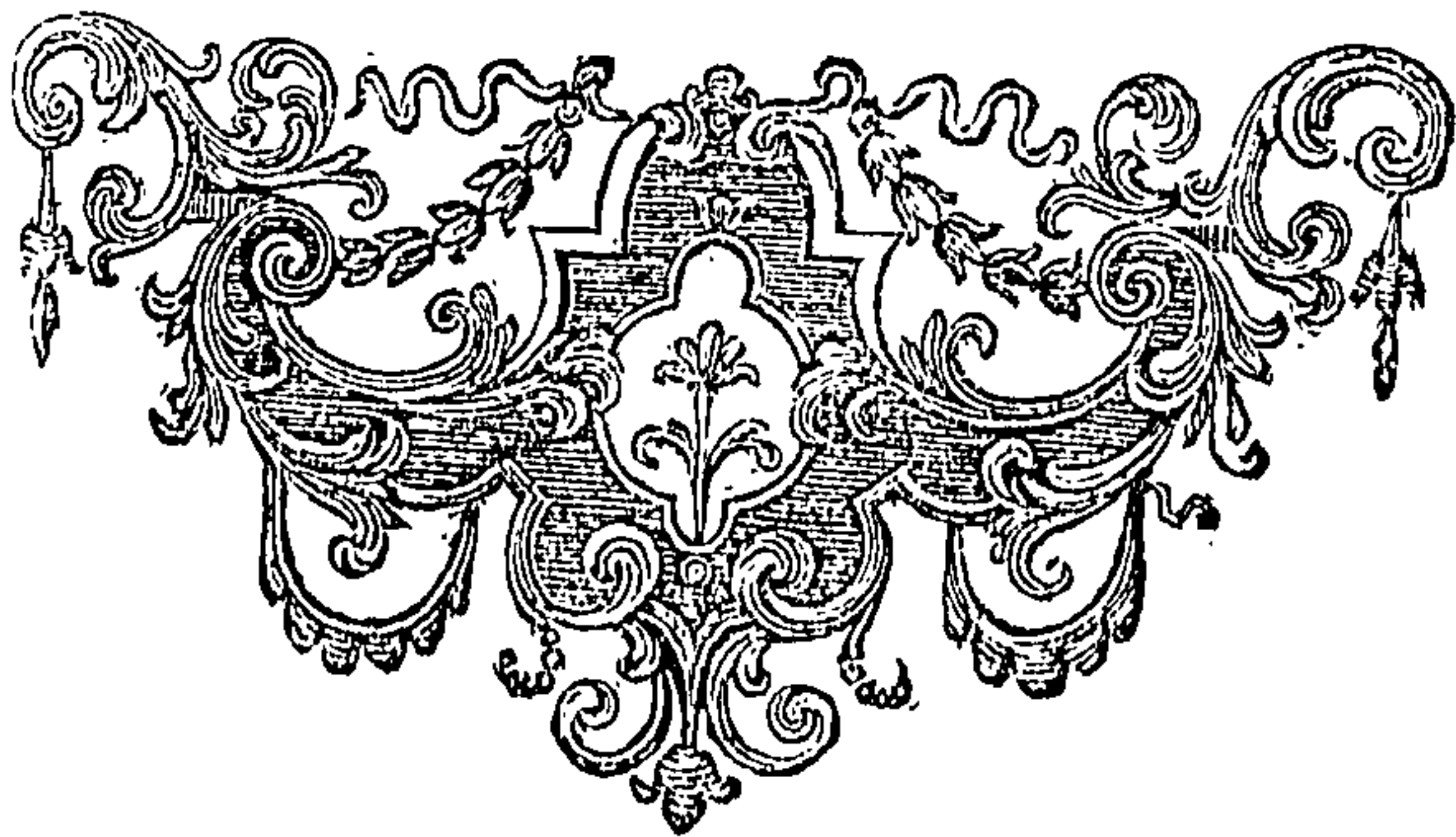
*To the foregoing Tune.*

**W**ITH no less various Passions tost,  
*Leander view'd the boisterous Main;*  
 Each rising Wind his Wishes crost,  
 Each swelling Wave increas'd his Pain.



My Breast a diff'rent Motive fires;  
A different Cause my Fear alarms;  
A Calm cou'd favour his Desires,  
My fiercer Love expects a Storm.

May louring Clouds and heavy Showers  
For once relieve a Lover's Care;  
Still to protract my happy Hours,  
And keep the beauteous *Cloe* here.  
Hide, *Phæbus*, thy officious Light;  
Let not one cross intruding Ray  
Deprive me of my *Cloe's* Sight,  
And rob us of a brighter Day.



Set by Mr. *DIEUPART*.*Slow.*

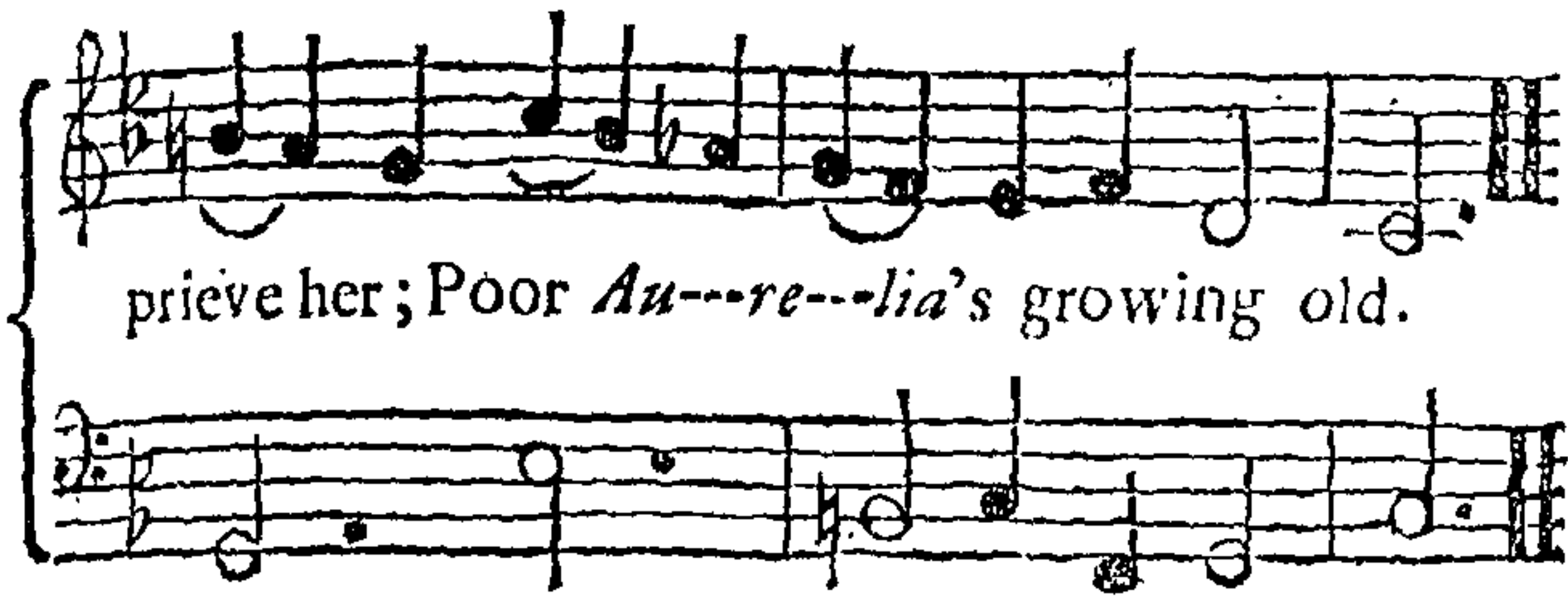
When *Au-re-lia* first I courted, She had

Youth and Beauty too: Killing Pleasures when

she sported; All her Charms were ever new:

Subtle Time hath now deceiv'd her, Which her

Glories did uphold; All her Arts can ne'er re-



prieve her; Poor *Au---re---lia*'s growing old.

Those airy Spirits which invited,  
Are retir'd, and move no more ;  
And those Eyes are now benighted,  
Which were Comets heretofore.  
Want of those abate her Merits:  
Yet I've Passion for her Name :  
Only kind and amorous Spirits  
Kindle and maintain a Flame.

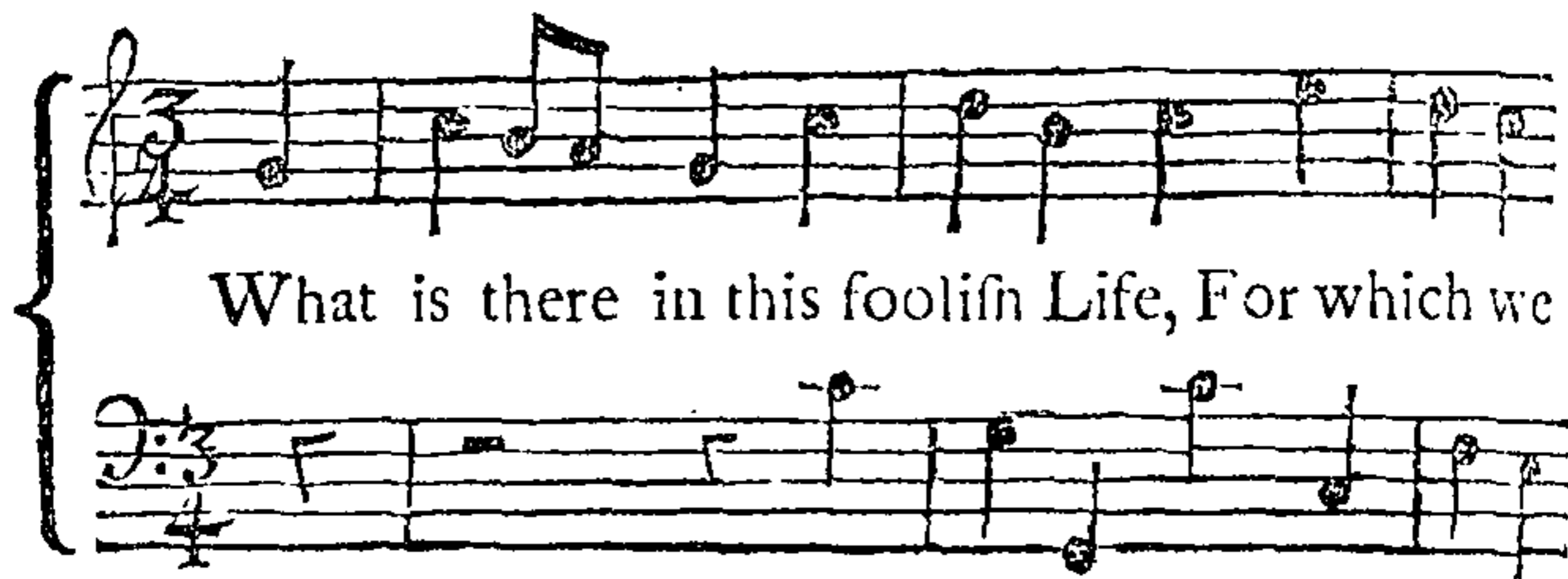
*For the FLUTE.*

*Slow.*

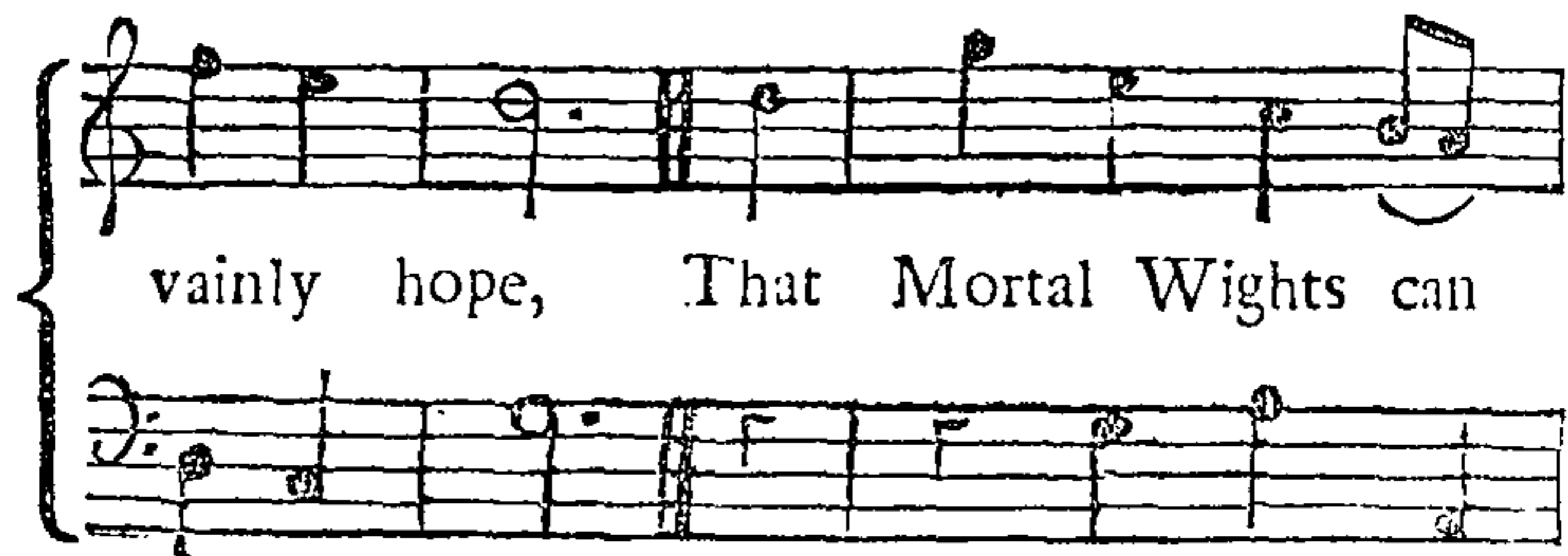


*In Imitation of the Greek of* ANTIPHANES.

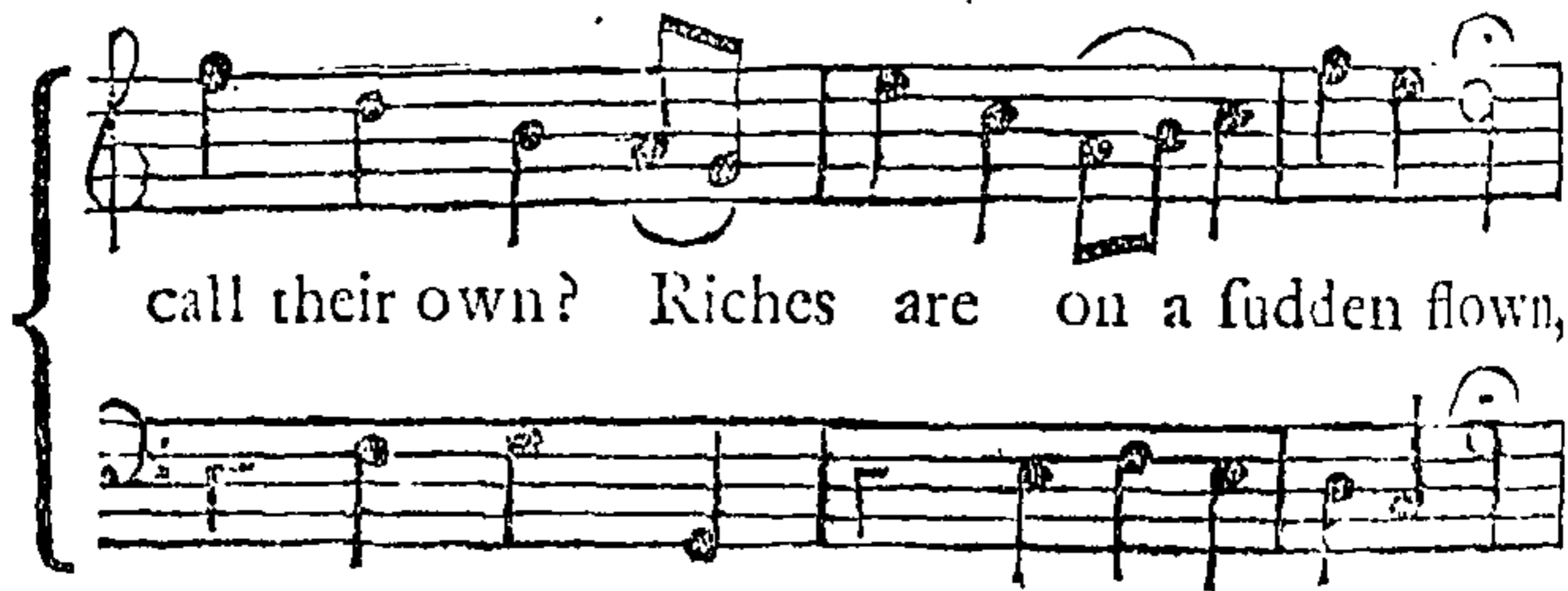
Set by Mr. *ABIEL WHICHELLO.*



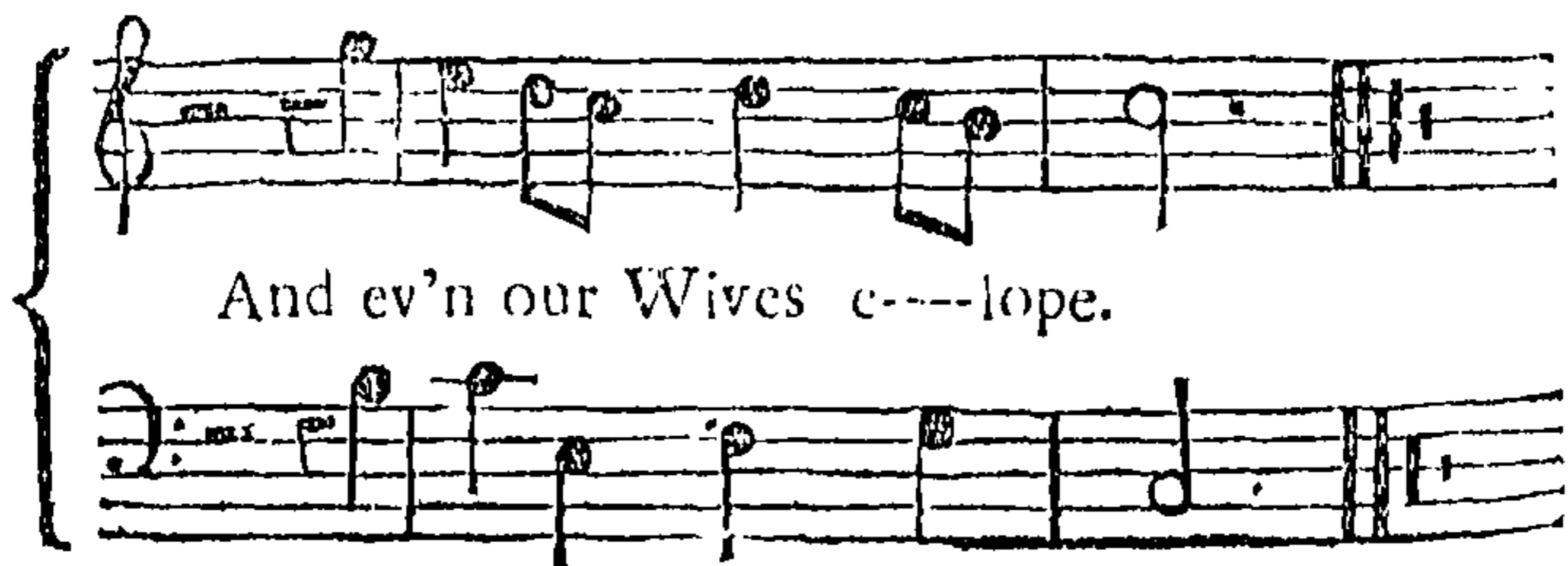
What is there in this foolish Life, For which we



vainly hope, That Mortal Wights can



call their own? Riches are on a sudden flown,



And ev'n our Wives e----lope.

We cannot find that sought-for Stone,  
Nor yet Life's grand Elixir;  
Beauty is frail; and as for Fame,  
She's grown so slippery a Dame,  
No Soul on Earth can fix her.

Health is unwilling long to stay,  
And Quacks themselves grow sick;  
Honours but small Distinctions make,  
What Odds, when Footmen drink and rake,  
And Nobles run a-tick?

Some tell you, wise and virtuous Souls  
Have th' only certain Good;  
But, spite of Philosophick Rules,  
Old Age and Crosses make us Fools,  
Temptations make us lewd.

Nay, when thou seest the blushing Wine  
Red sparkling in thy Hand,  
Thou'lt think, at least this Liquor's mine,  
Though all the envious Powers combine,  
Yet this I dare command.

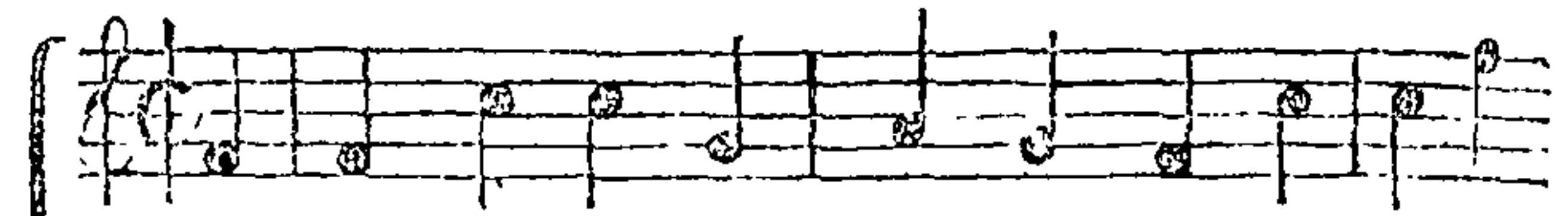
But ah! a thousand Things fall out,  
Betwixt the Lip and Cup;  
With Caution put the Glafs about,  
The coming Pledge hangs still in doubt,  
'Till you have drank it up.

But when, delicious through the Throat,  
We feel the Stream run down,  
We've found the mighty Thing we sought,  
That's Ours indeed; that, that dear Draught  
We justly call *Our own*.

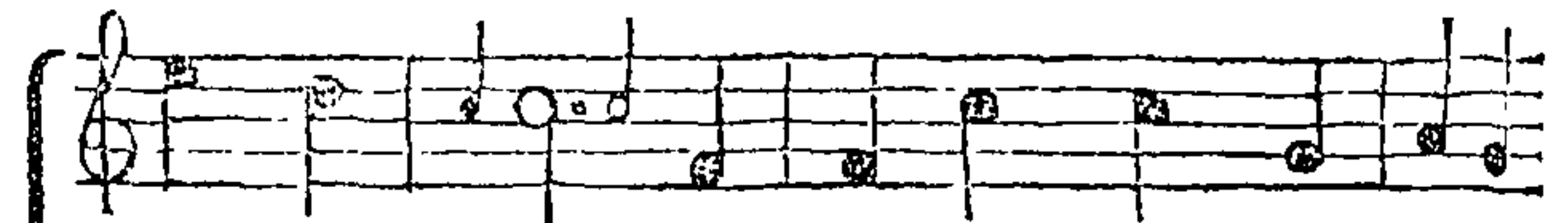
*A N A C R E O N T I C K.*

The Words by Dr. PARNELL.

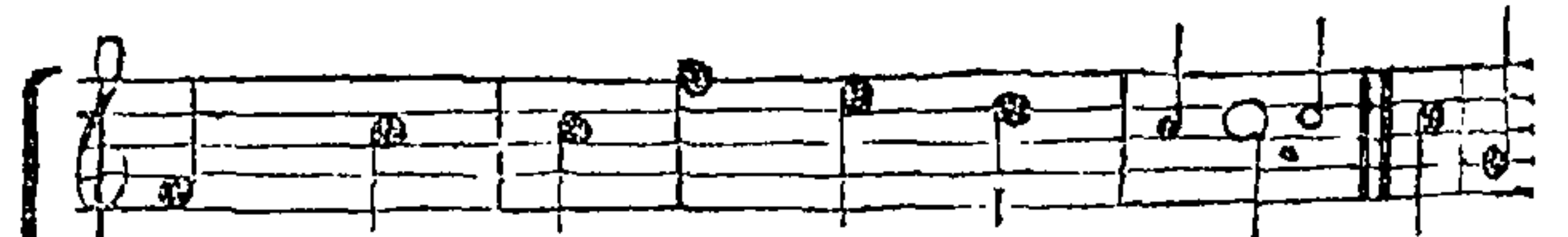
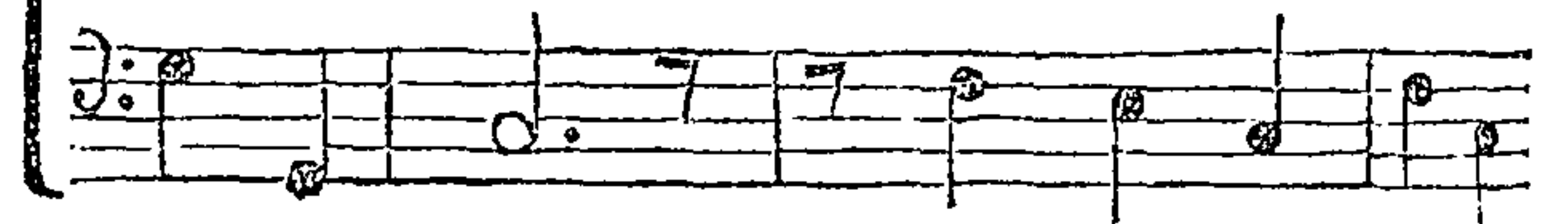
Set by Mr. GALLIARD.



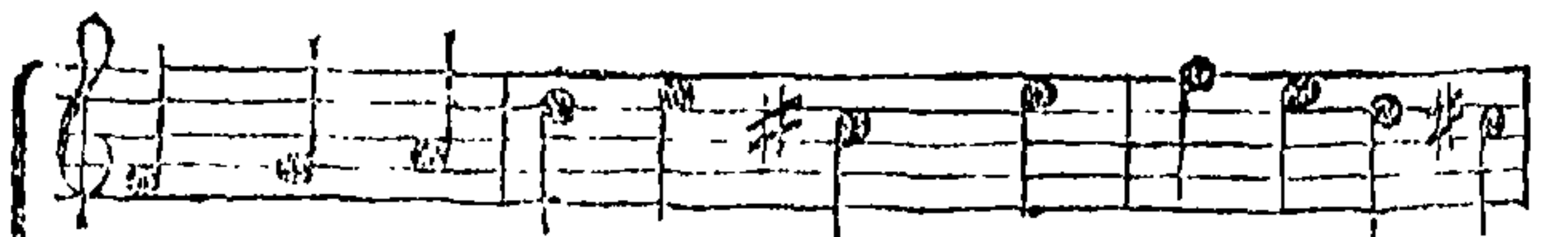
Gay Bacchus liking *Estcourt's* Wine, A noble



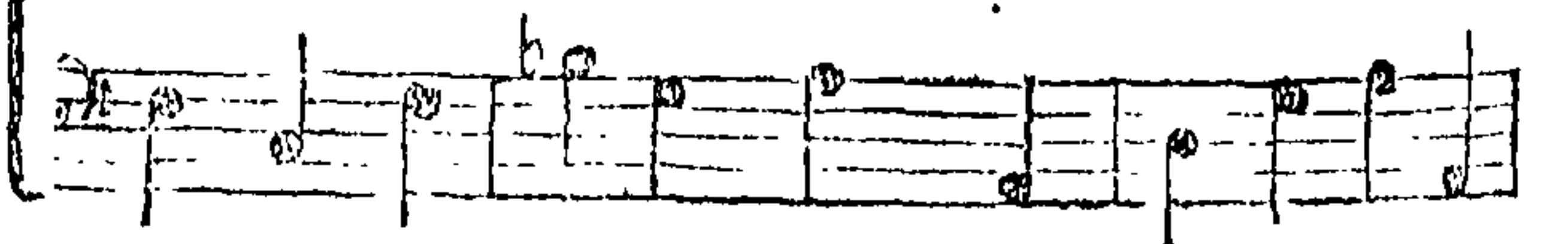
Meal bespoke us, And for the Guests that wereto



dine Brought *Comus*, *Love*, and *Jocus*. The God



near *Cupid* drew his Chair; Near *Comus*, *Jocus*



plac'd;



The more to please the sprightly God,  
 Each sweet engaging *Grace*  
 Put on some Cloaths to come abroad,  
 And took a Waiter's Place.  
 Then *Cupid* nam'd at ev'ry Glas  
 A Lady of the Sky;  
 While *Bacchus* swore he'd drink the Lads,  
 And had it Bumper-high.

Fat *Comus* tost his Brimmers o'er,  
 And always got the most;  
*Jocus* took care to fill him more,  
 When-e'er he mis'd the Toast.  
 They call'd, and drank at ev'ry Touch;  
 He fill'd, and drank again;  
 And, if the Gods can take too much,  
 'Tis said they did so then.

Gay

Gay *Bacchus* little *Cupid* stung,

By reck'ning his Deceits.

And *Cupid* mock'd his stamm'ring Tongue,

With all his stagg'ring Gaits :

And *Jocus* droll'd on *Comus*' Ways,

And Tales without a Jest ;

While *Comus* call'd his witty Plays

But Waggeries at best.

Such Talk soon set 'em all at Odds ;

And, had I *Homer*'s Pen,

I'd sing ye, how they drank like Gods,

And how they fought like Men.

To part the Fray, the *Graces* fly,

Who make 'em soon agree ;

Nay, had the *Furies* Selves been nigh,

They still were Three to Three.

*Bacchus* appeas'd, rais'd *Cupid* up,

And gave him back his Bow ;

But kept some Darts to stir the Cup

Where Sack and Sugar flow.

*Jocus* took *Comus*' rosie Crown,

And gaily wore the Prize,

And thrice, in Mirth, he push'd him down,

As thrice he strove to rise.

Then *Cupid* sought the Myrtle Grove,

Where *Venus* did recline ;

And *Venus* close embracing *Love*,

They join'd to rail at Wine.

And



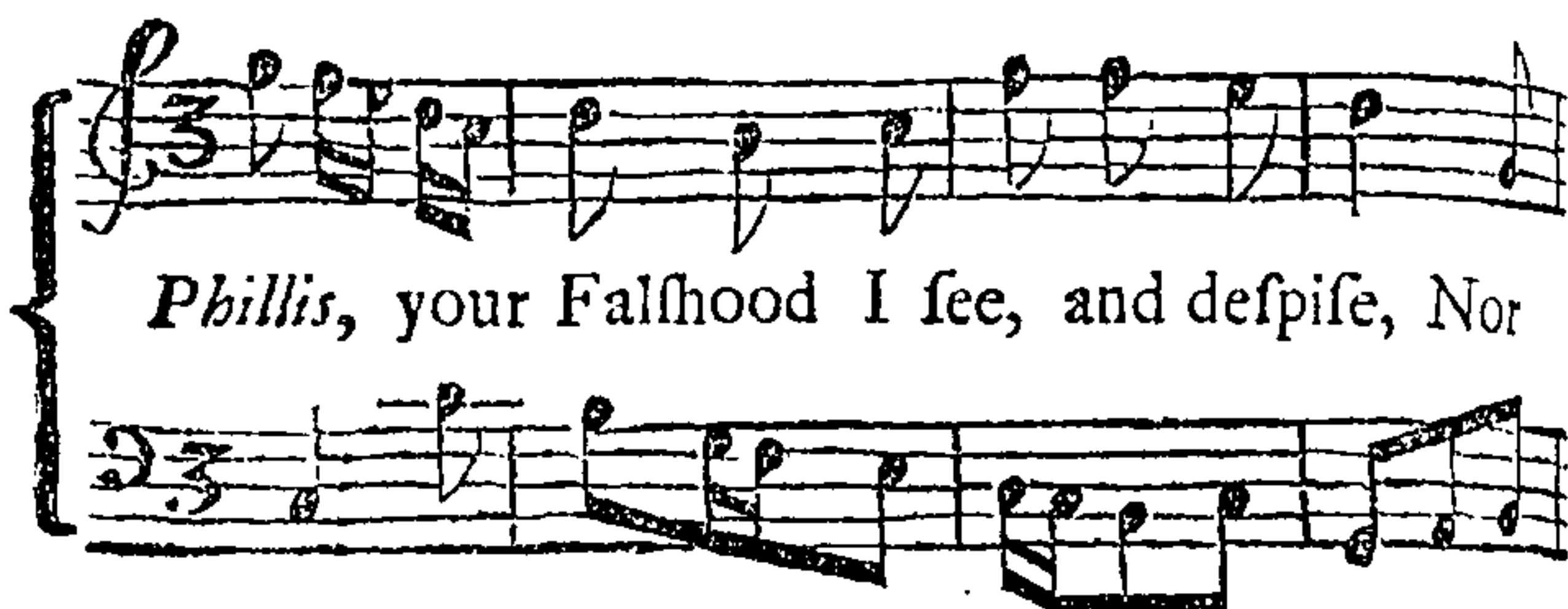
And *Comus* loudly cursing Wit,  
Roll'd off to some Retreat,  
Where boon Companions gravely sit,  
In fat unweildy State.

*Bacchus* and *Jocus*, still behind,  
For one fresh Glass prepare;  
They Kiss, and are exceeding kind,  
And vow to be sincere.  
But part in Time, whoever hear  
This our instructive Song ;  
For tho' such Friendships may be dear,  
They can't continue long.

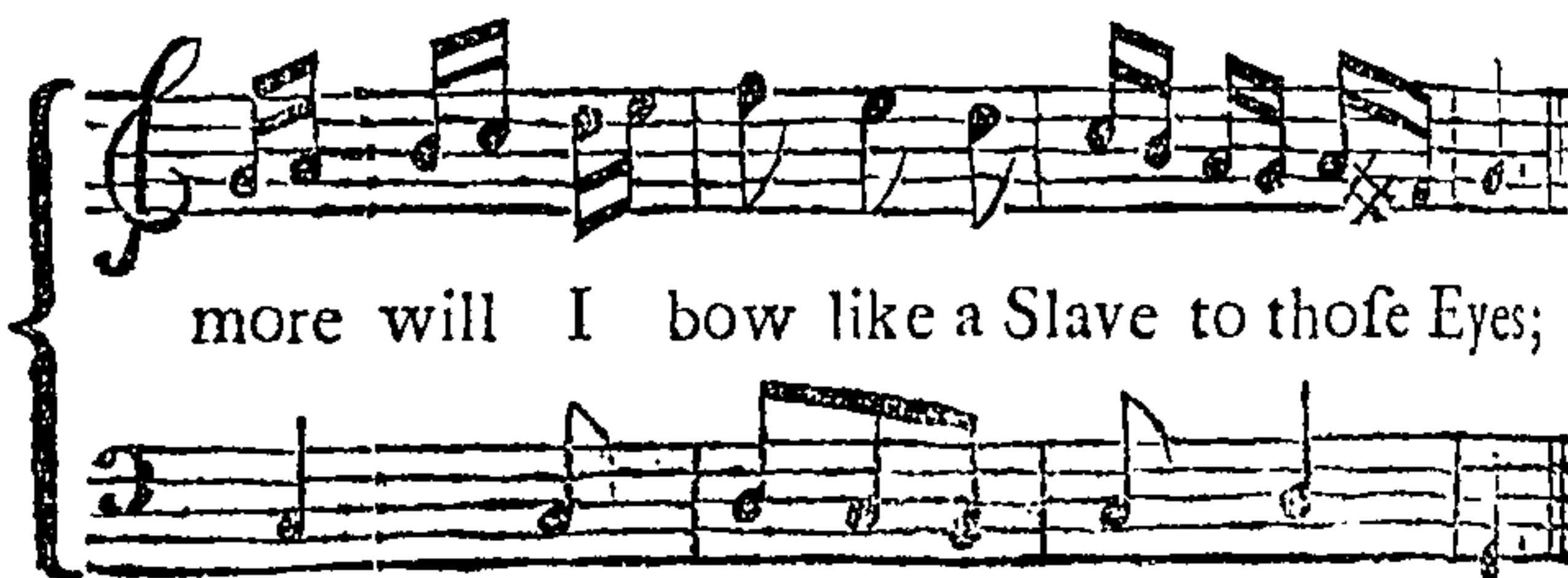


*The* LOVER RESOLV'D.

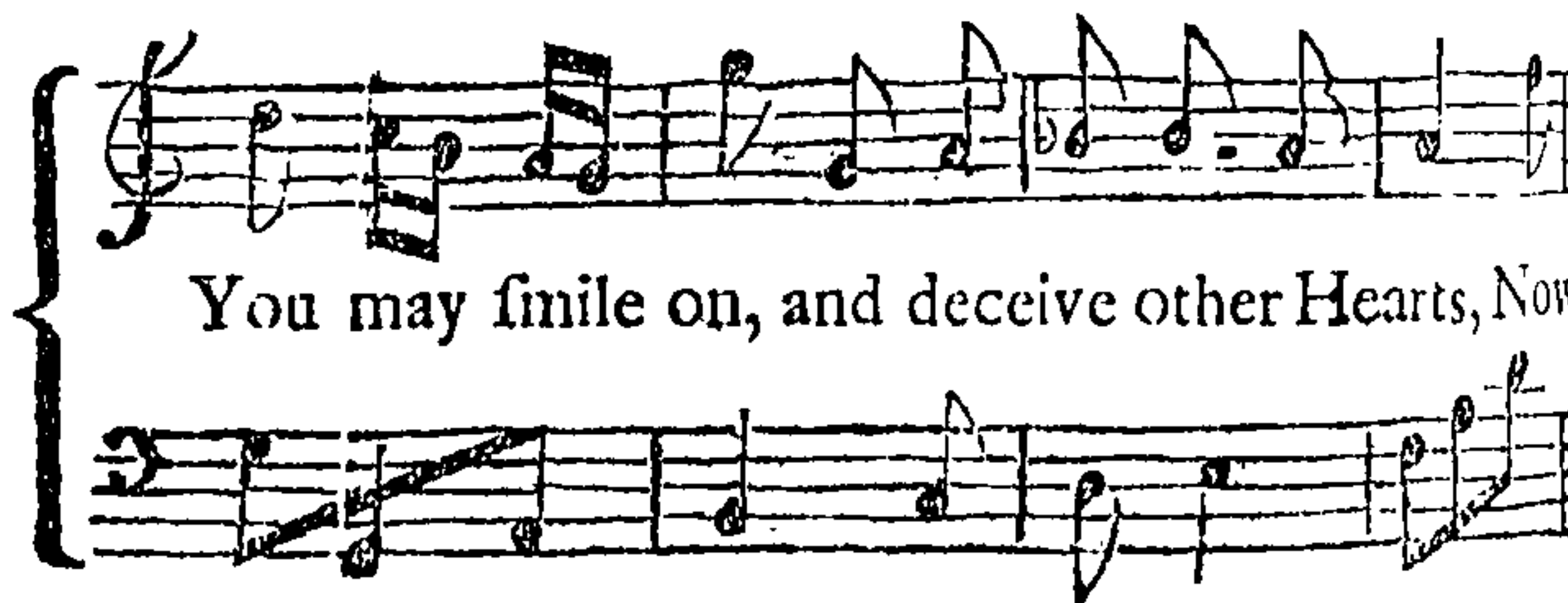
Set by Mr. *LEVERIDGE*.



*Phillis*, your Falshood I see, and despise, Nor



more will I bow like a Slave to those Eyes;



You may smile on, and deceive other Hearts, Now



mine bids De-fi-ance to Love and his Darts.

Hence

Hence my Devotion I'll pay to God *Mars*,  
He will reward all my Toils in the Wars ;  
He shall command me, and Fame I'll pursue,  
Then farewell, proud Minx, and for ever adieu.

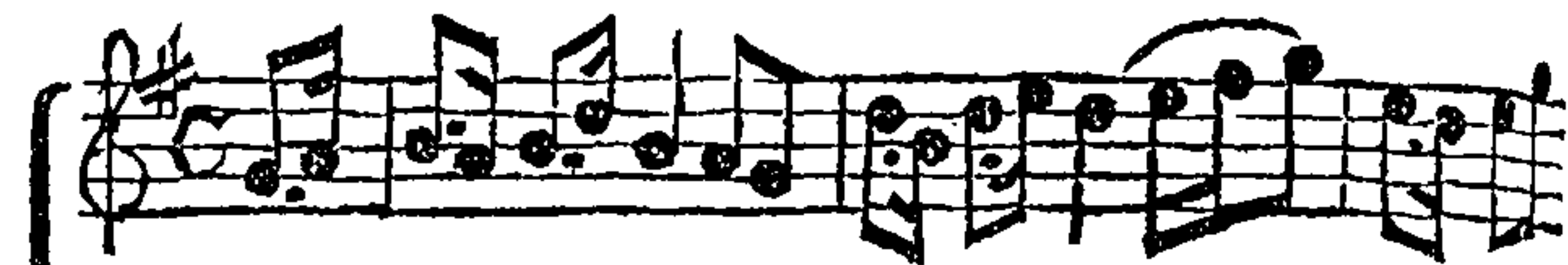
When I return, full of Riches and Fame,  
I'll find some Girl, that is worthy my Name ;  
Her will I court, and she shall be my Queen,  
While thou, like a Fool, dy'st with Envy and Spleen.



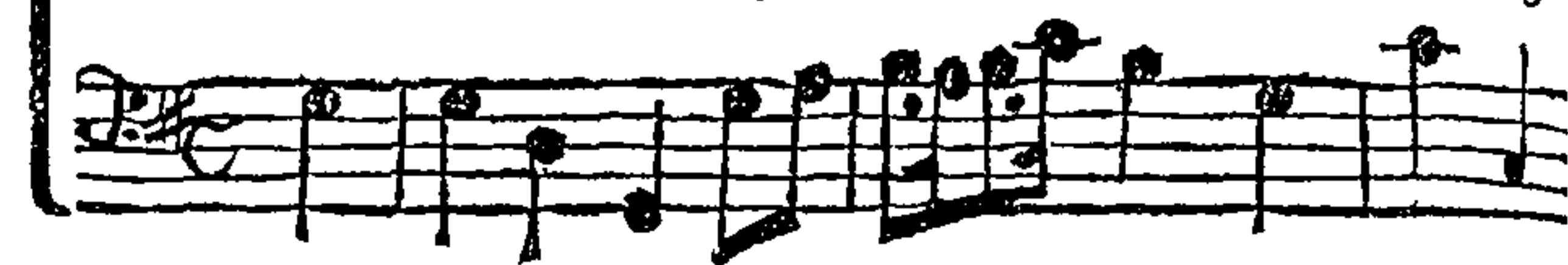
CORYDON'S COMPLAINT.

Tune, Pinkie House. By DAVID RIZZIO.

The Words by Mr. MITCHELL.



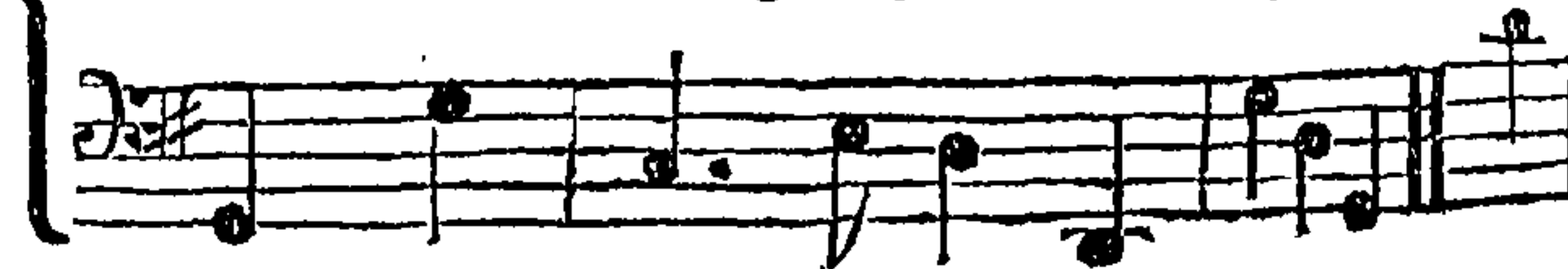
As Love-sick *Co-ry-don* beside A murm'ring



Riv'let lay, Thus plain'd he his *Cos-me-lia's*



Pride, And, plaining, dy'd a----way. Fair



Stream (said he) when-e'er you pour Your





Treasure in the Sea, To Sea-Nymphs tell what



I endure, Perhaps they'll pi--ty me.



And, fitting on the clifly Rocks,  
In melting Songs, exprefs,  
(While as they comb their golden Locks)  
To Trav'lers my Distrefs.

Say, *Corydon*, an honest Swain!  
The fair *Cosmelia* lov'd,  
While she, with undeserv'd Disdain,  
His constant Torture prov'd.

Ne'er Shepherd lov'd a Shepherdess  
More faithfully than He:  
Ne'er Shepherd yet regarded less  
Of Shepherdess cou'd be.  
How oft to Vallies, and to Hills,  
Did He, alas! complain!  
How oft re-echo'd they his Ills,  
And seem'd to share his Pain!

How

176 *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

How oft, on Banks of stately Trees,

And on the tufted Greens,

Ingrav'd he Tales of his Disease,

And what his Soul sustains!

Yet fruitless all his Sorrows prov'd,

And fruitless all his Art!

She scorn'd the more, the more he lov'd,

And broke, at last, his Heart.

*For the FLUTE.*



A DIALOGUE *between* DAMON and  
CELIMENA.

Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.



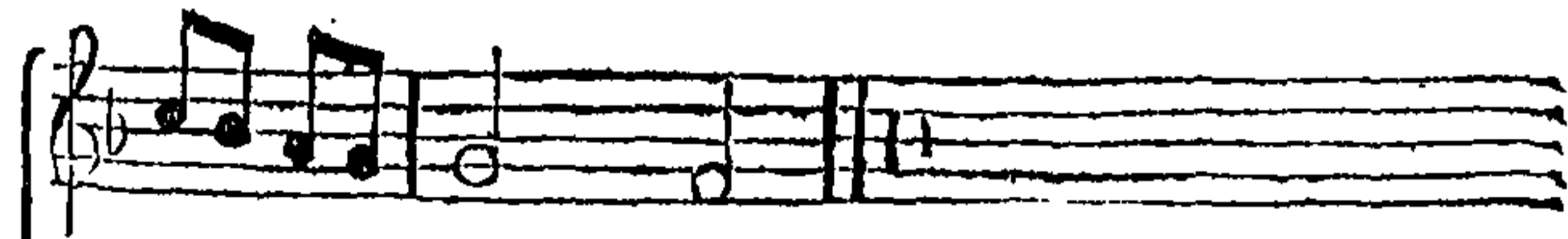
Ce-li-me-na, of my Heart None shall e'er be-



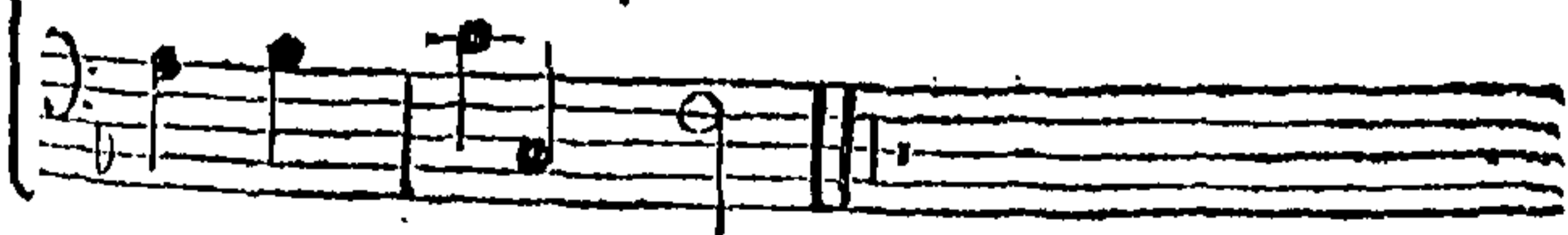
leave you; If with your good Leave I



may Quarrel with you once a-day, I will



ne-ver leave you.



## CELIMENA.

Passion's but an empty Name,  
 Where Respect is wanting:  
 Damon, you mistake your Aim,  
 Hang your Heart, and burn your Flame,  
 If you must be ranting.

## DAMON.

Love as dull and muddy is  
 As decaying Liquor:  
 Anger sets it on the Lees,  
 And refines it by degrees,  
 'Till it works the quicker.

## CELIMENA.

Love by Quarrels to beget  
 Wisely you endeavour,  
 With a grave Physician's Wit,  
 Who to cure an Ague-fit,  
 Put us in a Fever.

## DAMON.

Anger rouses Love to fight,  
 And his only Bait is:  
 'Tis the Spur to dull Delight,  
 And is but an eager Bite,  
 When Desire at Height is.



CELIMENA.

If such Drops of Heat can fall  
In our wooing Weather,  
If such Drops of Heat can fall,  
We shall have the Devil and all  
When we come together.

*For the FLUTE.*



*The* MAID'S HUSBAND.

*Sung by Miss* RAFTOR *in the* CONTRIVANCES.

Genteel in Per-son-age, Conduct and Equipage,

Noble by Heritage, Generous and free: Brave,

not Romantick; Learn'd, not Pe--dan---tick;

Frolick, not Frantick; This must be He,

Honour

Honour maintaining,  
Meanness disdaining,  
Still entertaining,  
Engaging and New ;  
Neat, but not Finical,  
Sage, but not Cynical,  
Never Tyrannical,  
But ever True.

*For the* FLUTE.



*The* CHARMING SAILOR

The Words by a L A D Y.

*The Tune by Mr. CAREY.*

farewel the fatal Pleasures, The shining

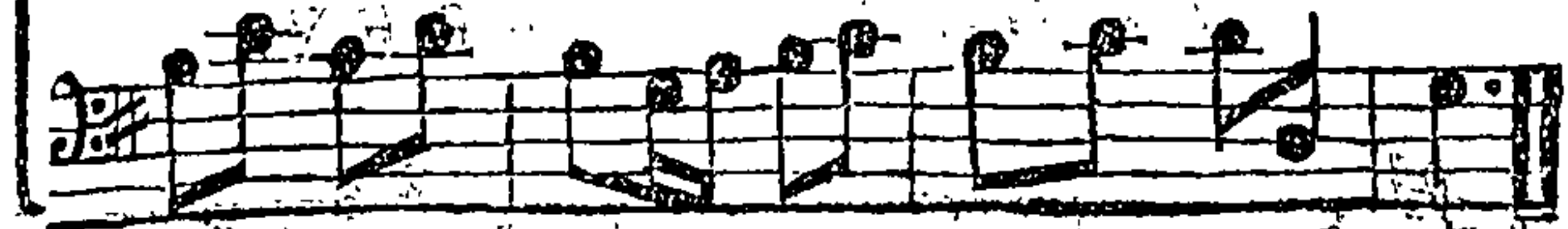
Masquerade, And all the dying Measures That

tender Love perswade: The Notes that sweetly

languish, To aid the Lover's Flame, Whilt



he reveals his Anguish, And begs the fair One's Name.



No more you can invite me,  
You sing, alas! in vain;  
No Musick can delight me,  
Tho' *Orpheus* play'd again:  
A lovely Sailor pleading,  
With Wit in every Word,  
Both skill'd in Love and Breeding,  
Has fix'd my Heart on Board.

In ev'ry Dream appearing,  
All Charming, all Divine,  
A Manner most endearing,  
A Voice as soft as mine:  
His Hands so gently pressing,  
As if no Ropes they knew.  
What is my Song confessing!  
It grows a *Billet-doux*.

Some tuneful Voice befriending  
The Fondness of my Heart,  
In mournful Notes descending,  
My Tenderness impart:

Ah! sure he soon will know it,  
 If Love inspire his Sight;  
 Those Eyes that made the Poet,  
 I fear will guess too right.

---

*The* INDIFFERENT LOVER.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

SHOU'D the Nymph I love, disdain me,  
 And strive to give Despair;  
 All her Arts shall never Pain me,  
 For I'll seek a kinder Fair.  
 Some think it mighty Treasure,  
 A stubborn Heart to gain;  
 But theirs be all the Pleasure,  
 For 'tis not worth the Pain.

---

ADVICE *to a* FRIEND *in* LOVE.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

PR'YTHEE, *Billy,*  
 Ben't so silly,  
 Thus to waste thy Days in Grief:  
 You say, *Betty*  
 Will not let ye;  
 But, can Sorrow give Relief?

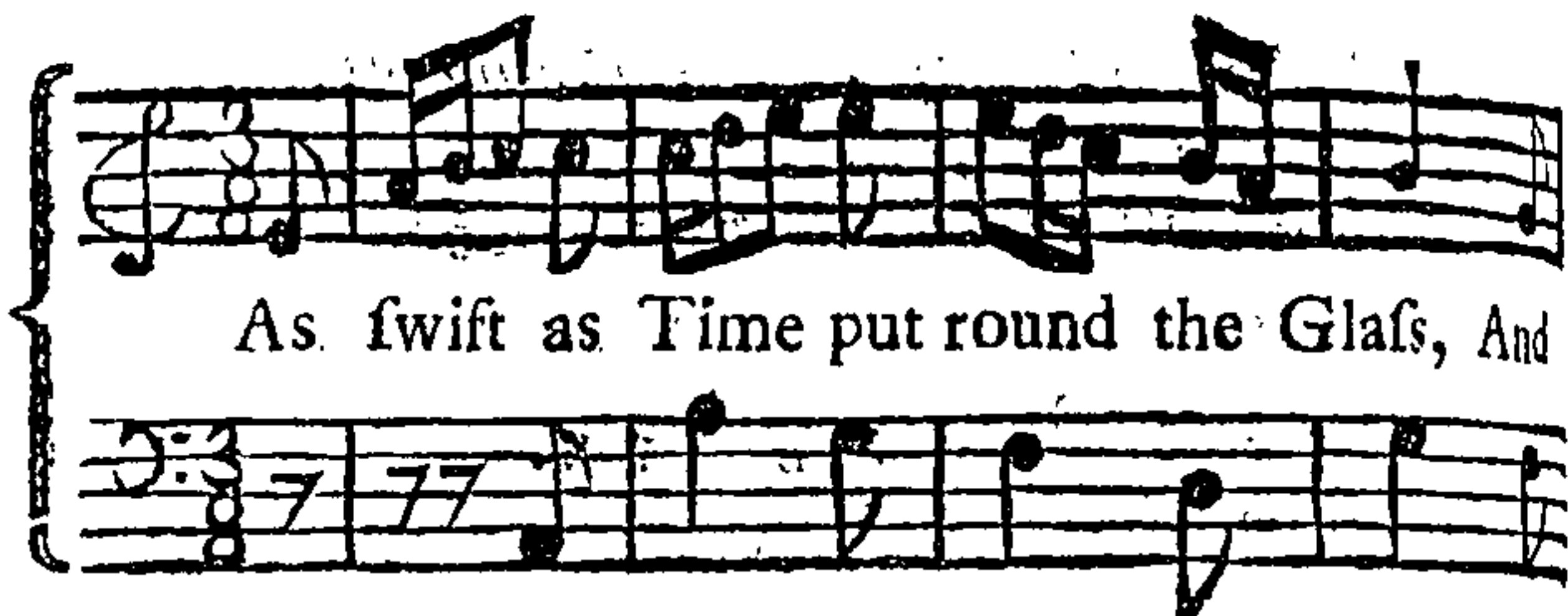
Leave

Leave Repining,  
Cease your Whining,  
Pox on Torment, Grief and Woe;  
If she's tender,  
She'll surrender;  
If she's tough-----e'en let her go.

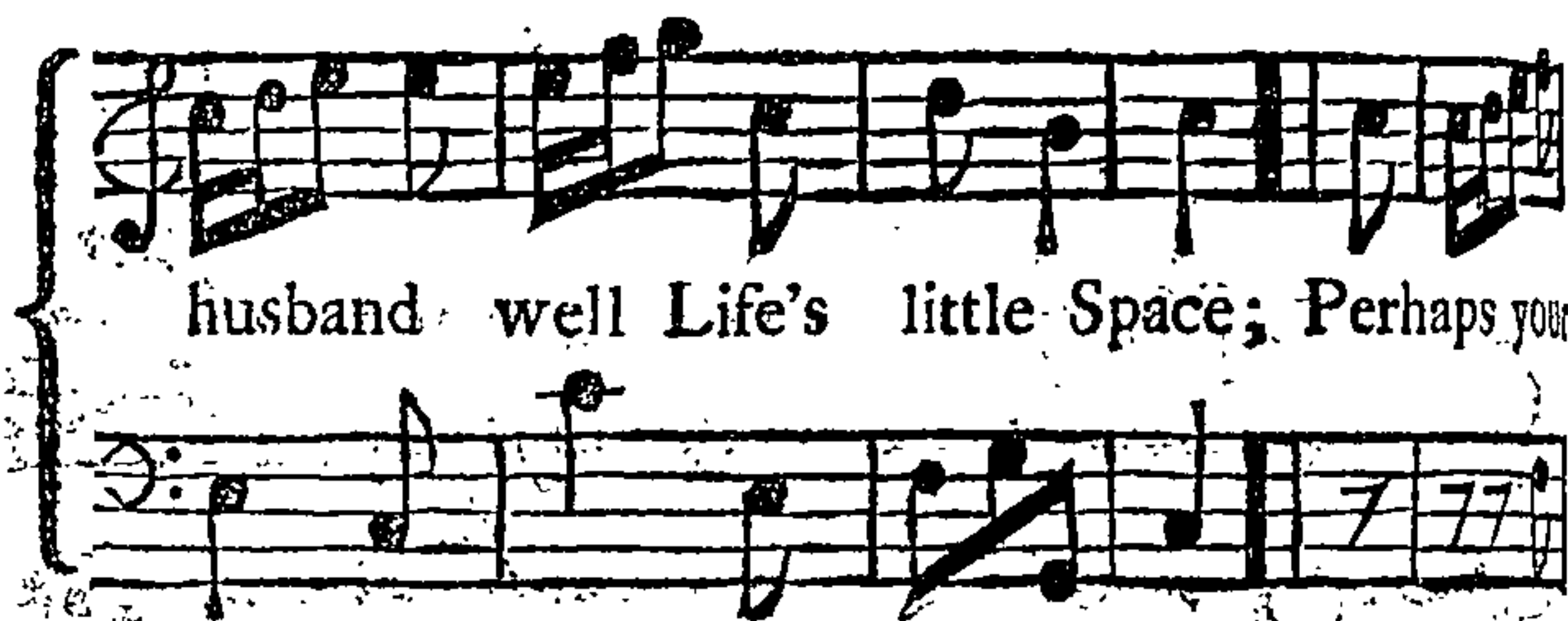
*For the FLUTE.*



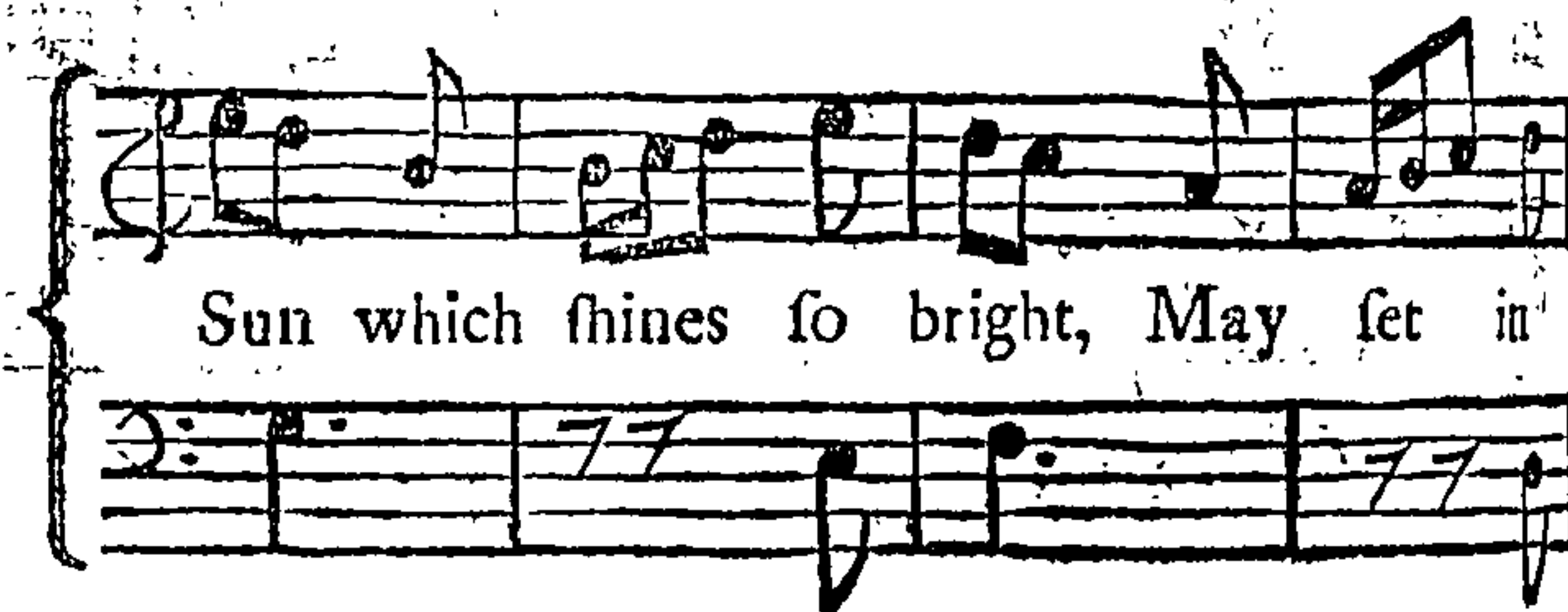
Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.



As swift as Time put round the Glass, And



husband well Life's little Space; Perhaps your



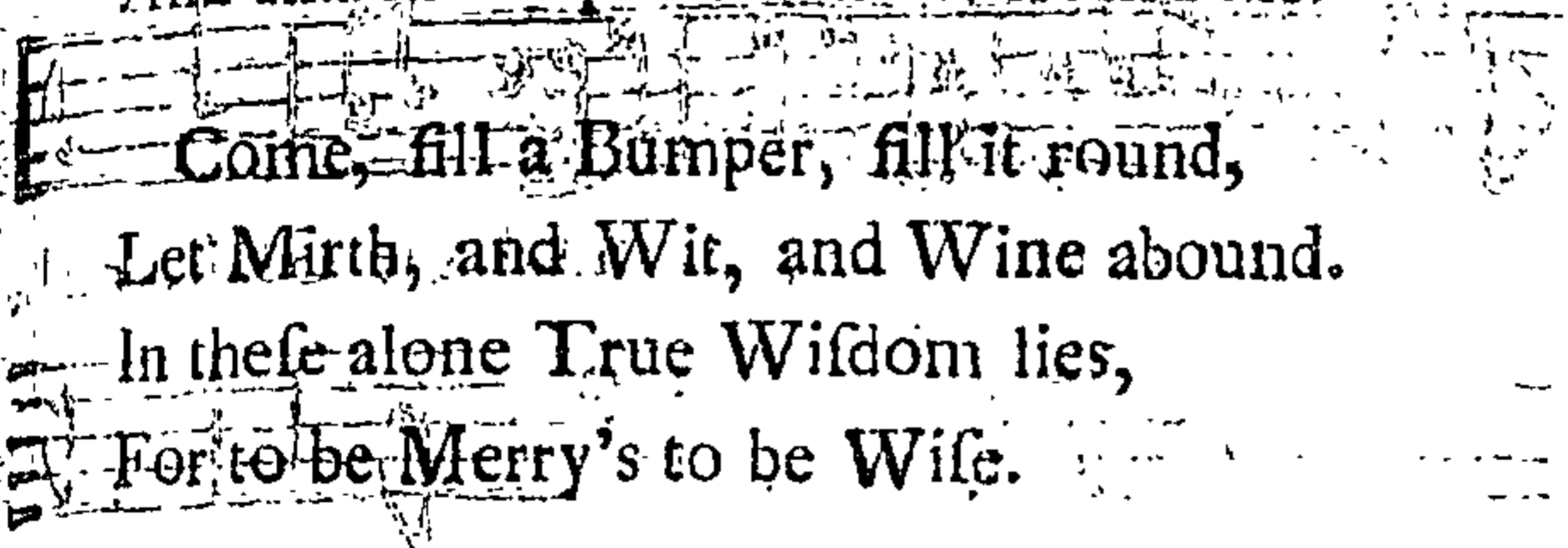
Sun which shines so bright, May set in



e-ver-last-ing Night.



Or if the Sun again shou'd rise,  
Death, ere the Morn, may close our Eyes.  
Then drink before it be too late,  
And snatch the present Hour from Fate.

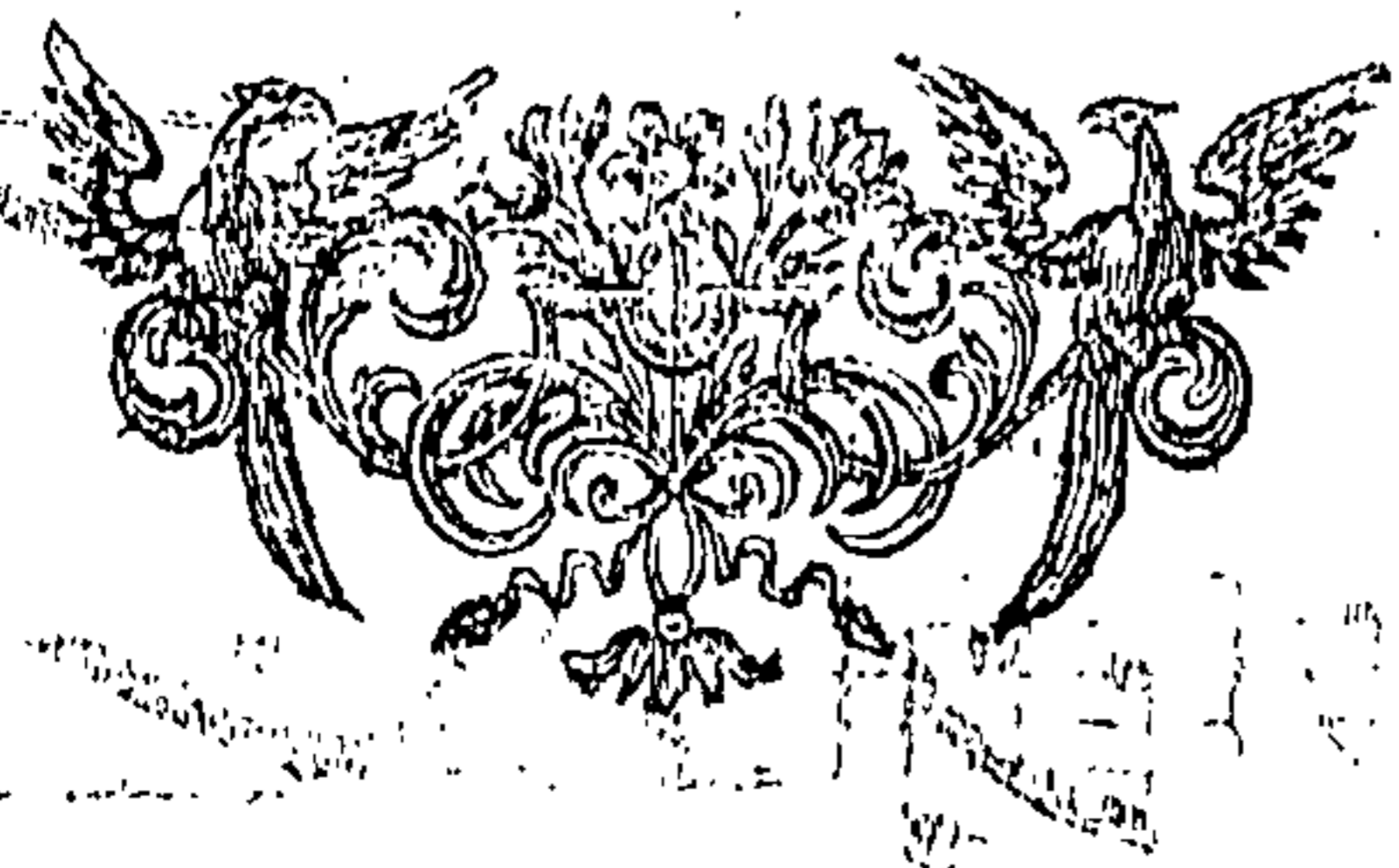


Come, fill a Bumper, fill it round,  
Let Mirth, and Wit, and Wine abound.  
In these alone True Wisdom lies,  
For to be Merry's to be Wise.

*For the* F L U T E.




Three staves of musical notation for the flute. The first two staves contain the main melody with various note values and rests. The third staff contains a long, sustained note with a fermata, likely serving as a harmonic accompaniment or a decorative flourish.





CHASTE LUCRETIA.



Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.





Chaste *Lucretia*, when you left me, You of


all things dear be---reft me; Tho' I

shew'd no Dis-con-tent: Grief is strongest,

And the longest, When too great to find a Vent.



How

How much fiercer is the Anguish,  
When we most in secret languish!

Silent Streams are deepest found:

Noisy Grieving

Is deceiving;

Empty Vessels make most Sound.

Had I Words that could reveal it,

Yet I wisely would conceal it;

Tho' the Question be but fair:

Grief and Merits,

Love and Spirits,

Always lose by taking Air.

Guardian Angels still defend you,

And surprizing Joys attend you;

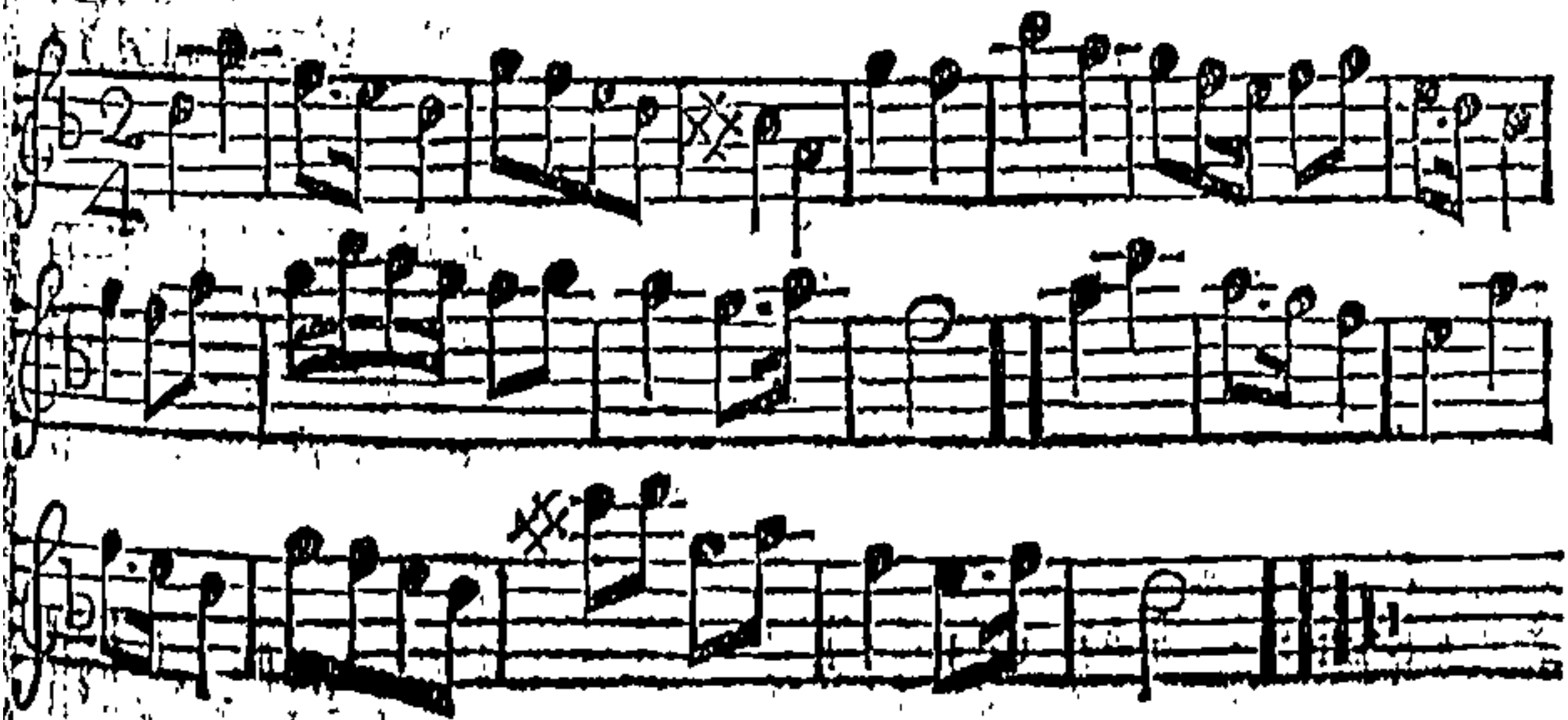
Whilst I'm like the Winter Sun,

Faintly shining,

And declining,

'Till thou, charming Spring, return.

*For the* FLUTE.



CHASTE LUCRETIA.

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

Chaste *Lucretia*, when you left me, You of

all things dear be----reft me; Tho' I

shew'd no Dis-con-tent: Grief is strongest,

And the longest, When too great to find a Vent.

How

How much fiercer is the Anguish,  
When we most in secret languish!

Silent Streams are deepest found:

Noisy Grieving

Is deceiving;

Empty Vessels make most Sound.

Had I Words that could reveal it,

Yet I wisely would conceal it;

Tho' the Question be but fair:

Grief and Merits,

Love and Spirits,

Always lose by taking Air.

Guardian Angels still defend you,

And surprizing Joys attend you;

Whilst I'm like the Winter Sun,

Faintly shining,

And declining,

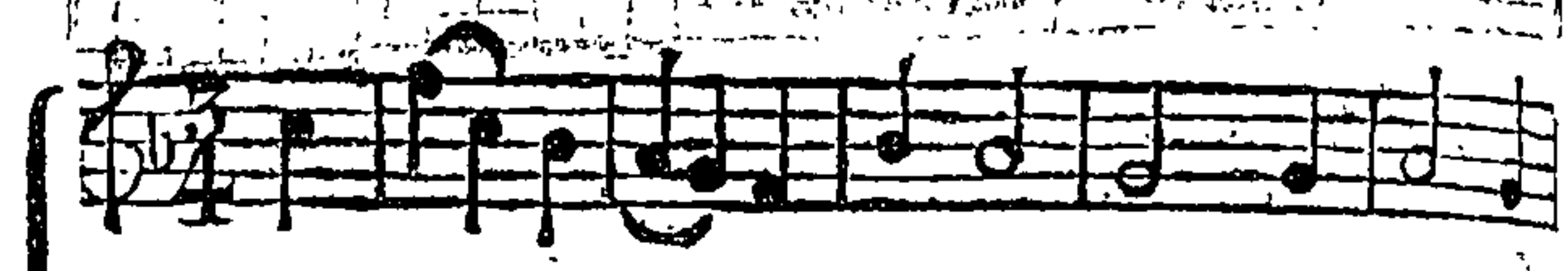
'Till thou, charming Spring, return.

*For the* FLUTE.



*D A M O N and C E L I A.*

*A Two-part Song.*



As *Celia* near a Fountain lay, Her Eyelids



As *Celia* near a Fountain lay, Her Eyelids



clos'd with Sleep; The Shepherd *Da---mon*



clos'd with Sleep; The Shepherd *Da---mon*



chanc'd that way To drive his Flock of Sheep



chanc'd that way To drive his Flock of Sheep

To



To dri



To dri



ve, drive his Flock of Sheep.



ve, drive his Flock of Sheep.

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

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

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

*Damon*

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

*Duetto for FLUTES.*

The musical score is a duet for two flutes, presented in four systems of two staves each. The time signature is 3/4. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes), rests, slurs, and ornaments. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The music is written in a style characteristic of 18th-century manuscript notation.

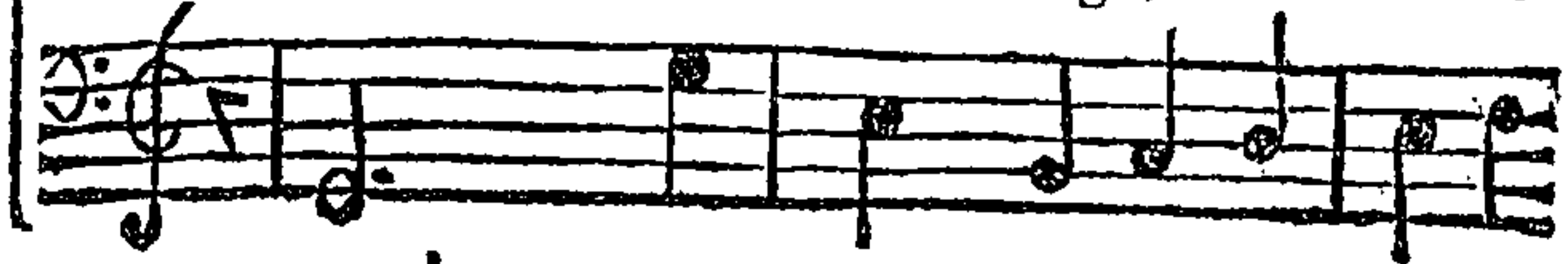


A BALLAD on QUADRILLE.

Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.



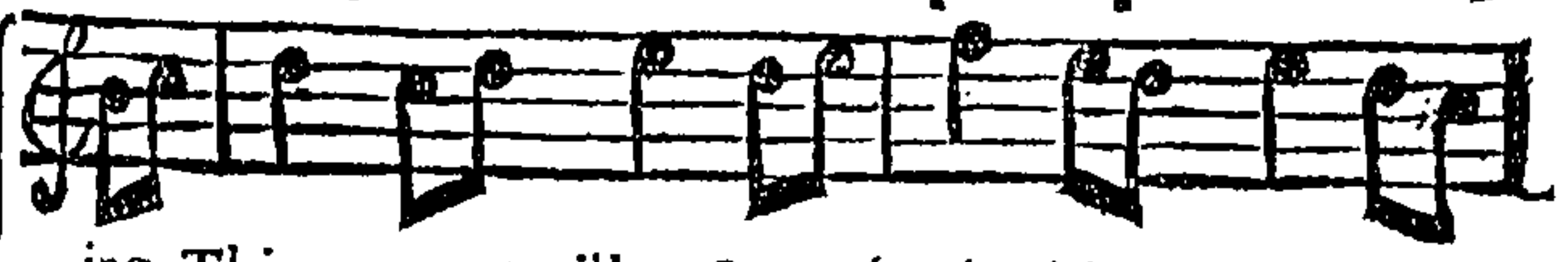
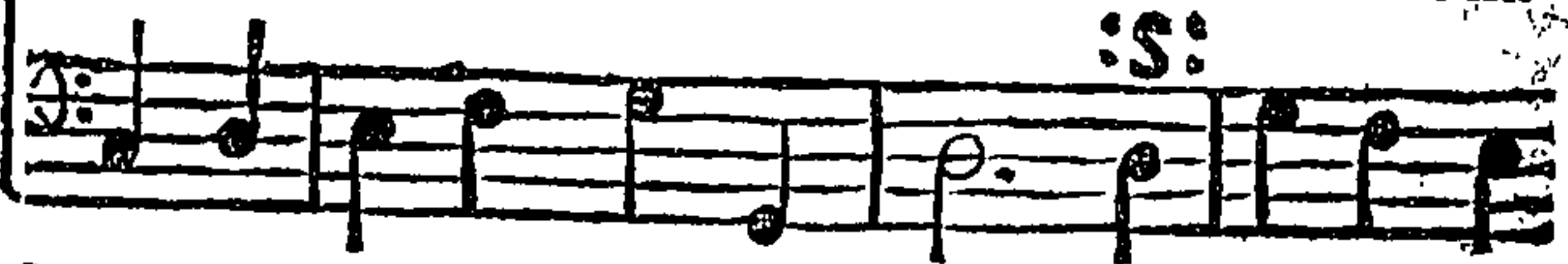
When as Corruption hence did go, And left the



Nation free; When *Ay* said *Ay*, and *No* said



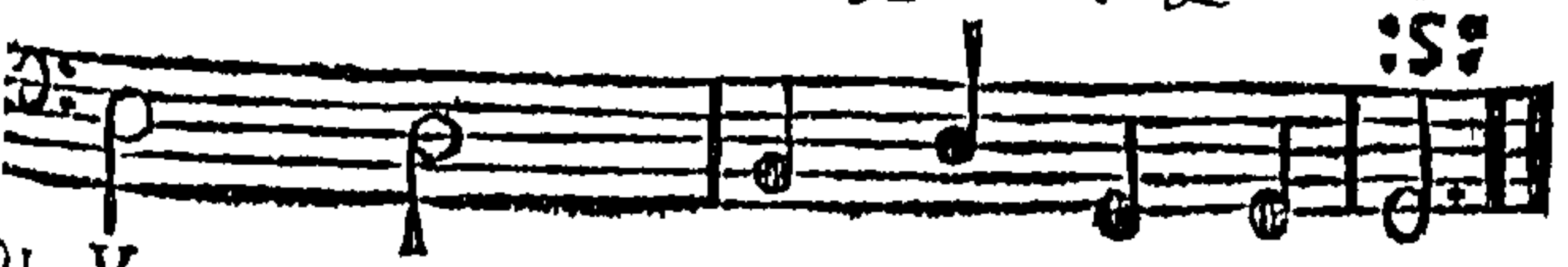
No, Without or Place or Fee. Then *Satan* think



ing Things went ill, Sent forth his Spi-rit



call'd, *Quadrille*, *Quadrille*, *Quadrille*, *Quadrille*.



Kings, Queens and Knaves, made up his Pack,  
 And four fair Suits he wore;  
 His Troops they were with Red and Black  
 All blotch'd and spotted o'er;  
 And ev'ry House, go where you will,  
 Is haunted by this Imp, *Quadrille*, &c.

Sure Cards he has for every Thing,  
 Which well *Court-Cards* they name,  
 And Statesman-like, calls in the King,  
 To help out a bad Game;  
 But if the Parties manage ill,  
 The King is forc'd to lose *Codille*, &c.

When Two and Two were met of old,  
 Tho' they ne'er meant to marry,  
 They were in *Cupid's* Books enroll'd,  
 And call'd a *Party Quarree*;  
 But now, meet when and where you will,  
 A *Party Quarree* is *Quadrille*, &c.

The Commoner, the Knight, and Peer,  
 Men of all Ranks and Fame,  
 Leave to their Wives the only Care  
 To propagate their Name;  
 And well that Duty they fulfil,  
 While the good Husband's at *Quadrille*, &c.

When Patients lie in piteous Case,  
 In comes th' *Apothecary*;  
 And to the Doctor cries, Alas!  
*Non debes Quadrillare* :

The Patient dies without a Pill,  
For why? The Doctor's at *Quadrille*, &c.

Should *France* and *Spain* again grow loud,  
The *Muscovite* grow louder;

*Britain*, to curb her Neighbours proud,  
Wou'd want both Ball and Powder;  
Must want both Sword and Gun to kill;  
For why? The General's at *Quadrille*, &c.

The King of late drew forth his Sword,  
(Thank 'God 'twas not in Wrath!)

And made, of many a Squire and Lord,  
An unwash'd Knight of *Bath*:

What are their Feats of Arms and Skill?  
They're but nine Parties at *Quadrille*, &c.

A Party late at *Cambray* met,  
Which drew all *Europe's* Eyes;  
'Twas call'd in *Post-Boy* and *Gazette*,  
The *Quadruple Allies*.

But some-body took something ill,  
So broke this Party at *Quadrille*, &c.

And now, God save this noble Realm,  
And God save eke *Hanover*;  
And God save those who hold the Helm,  
When as the King goes over;  
But let the King go where he will,  
His Subjects must play at *Quadrille*, &c.



A D V I C E *to a* L O V E R.

The Words by Mr. YALDEN. Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

For many unsuccessfull Years, At Cynthia's

Feet I lay; Batt'ring them often with my Tears; I

sigh'd, but durst not pray. No prostrate

Wretch, be--fore the Shrine Of some lov'd

Saint

Saint above, Ere thought his Goddes more Di-

vine, Or paid more aw--ful Love.

Still the disdainful Nymph look'd down,  
 With coy insulting Pride;  
 Receiv'd my Passion with a Frown,  
 Or turn'd her Head aside.

Then *Cupid* whisper'd in my Ear,  
 " Use more prevailing Charms;  
 " You modest whining Fool, draw near,  
 " And clasp her in your Arms.


" With eager Kisses tempt the Maid,  
 " From *Cynthia's* Feet depart;  
 " The Lips he briskly must invade,  
 " That wou'd possess the Heart.

With that, I shook off all the Slave,  
 My better Fortunes try'd;  
 When *Cynthia* in a Moment gave,  
 What she for Years deny'd.

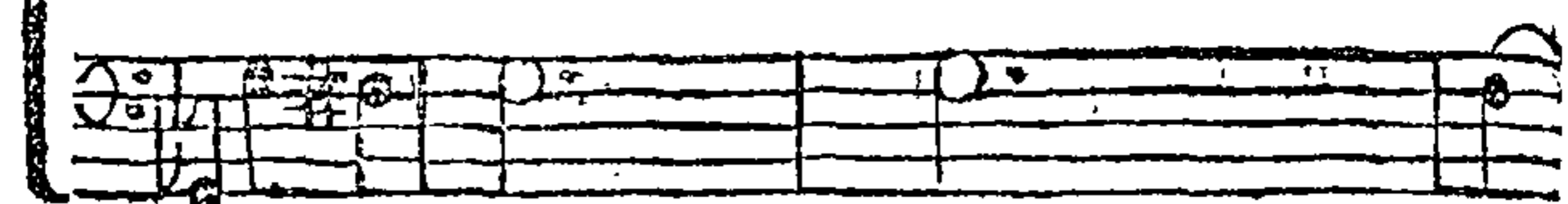
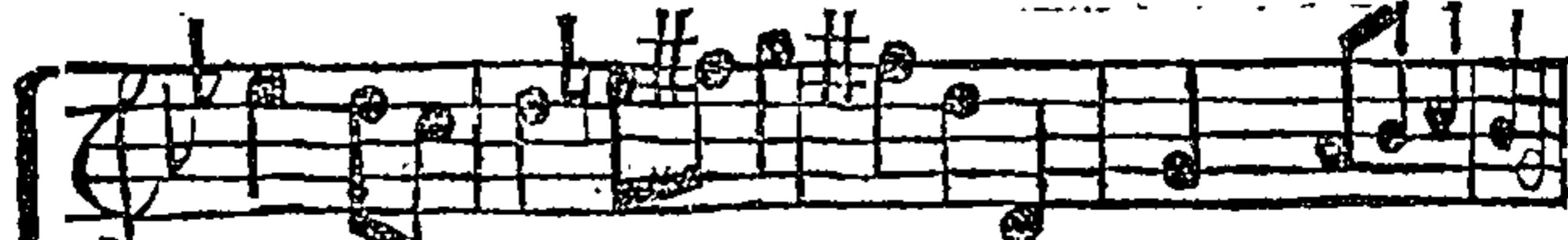


## M U S I D O R A.


Set by Dr. C R O F T.




Oh how sweet are the cooling Breeze, And the blooming


Trees, When in--to his Bower Love guides *Musidora*:



When we meet there, the Nightingales  
 Sing pretty Tales,  
 Mistaking my Dear for their Goddess *Aurora*.



Jessamine and Roses, A thousand pretty Posies the





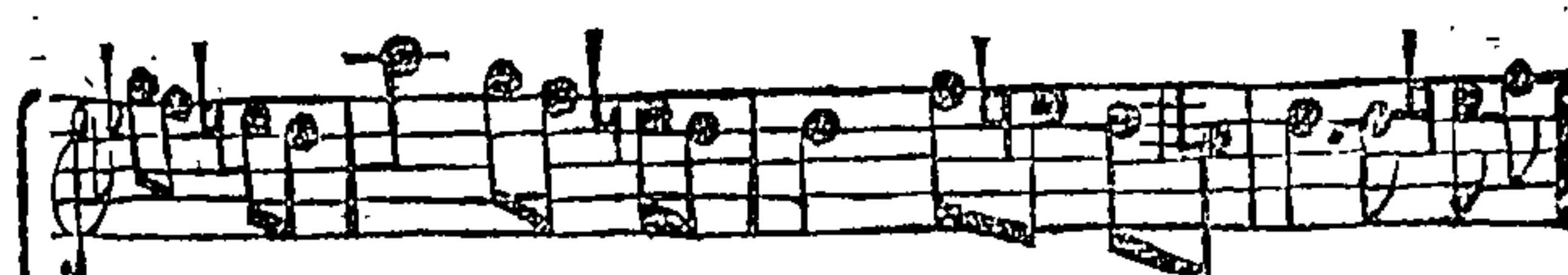
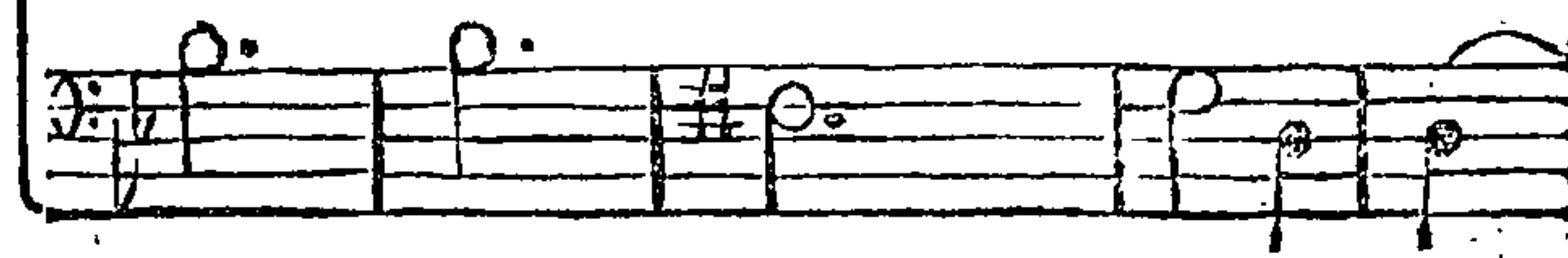
Summer's Queen discloses, And strews as she walks.



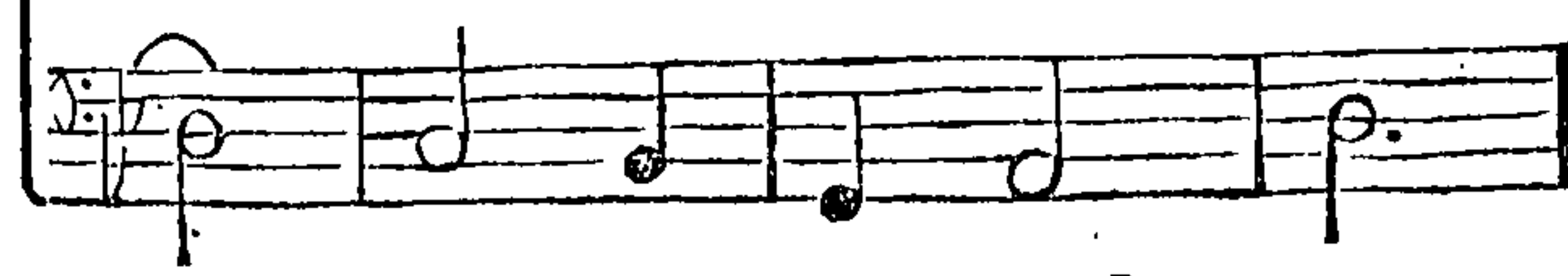
Oh how sweet are the cooling Breeze,  
And the shady Trees,  
When into his Bower Love guides *Musidora*.



Passion, Devotion, she gains with each Motion, Lutes



too, and Flutes too, are heard when she talks, Oh *Venus!*



[End with the First Part.]



Set by Mr. *DIEU PART.*

If Love such a

Passion as mine, Wou'd kin-dle in *Celia's*

Breast, And with equal Desire, Her Heart wou'd in-

spire, If Love such a Passion as mine, Wou'd kindle

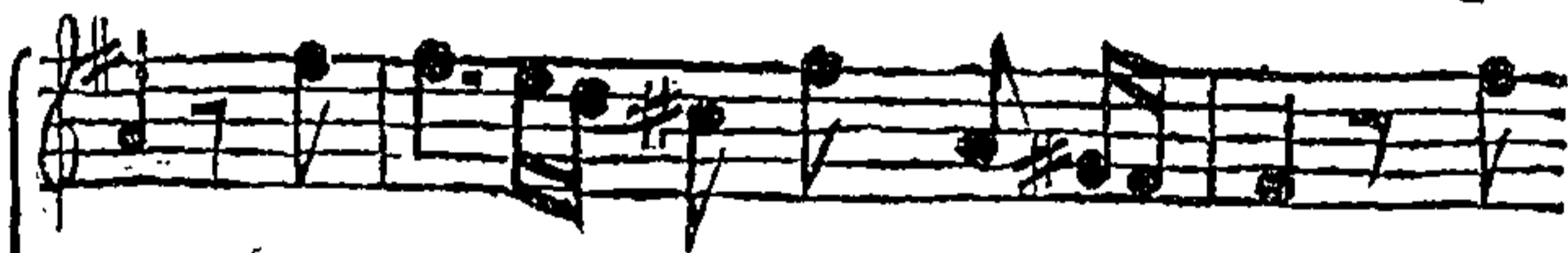




in *Celia's* Breast, And with equal Desire, Her



Heart wou'd inspire, No Mortal cou'd then be more



blest, No Mortal cou'd then be more blest. If



Love such a Passion as mine, Wou'd kin---dle in



*Celia's* Breast, And with equal Desire, Her Heart



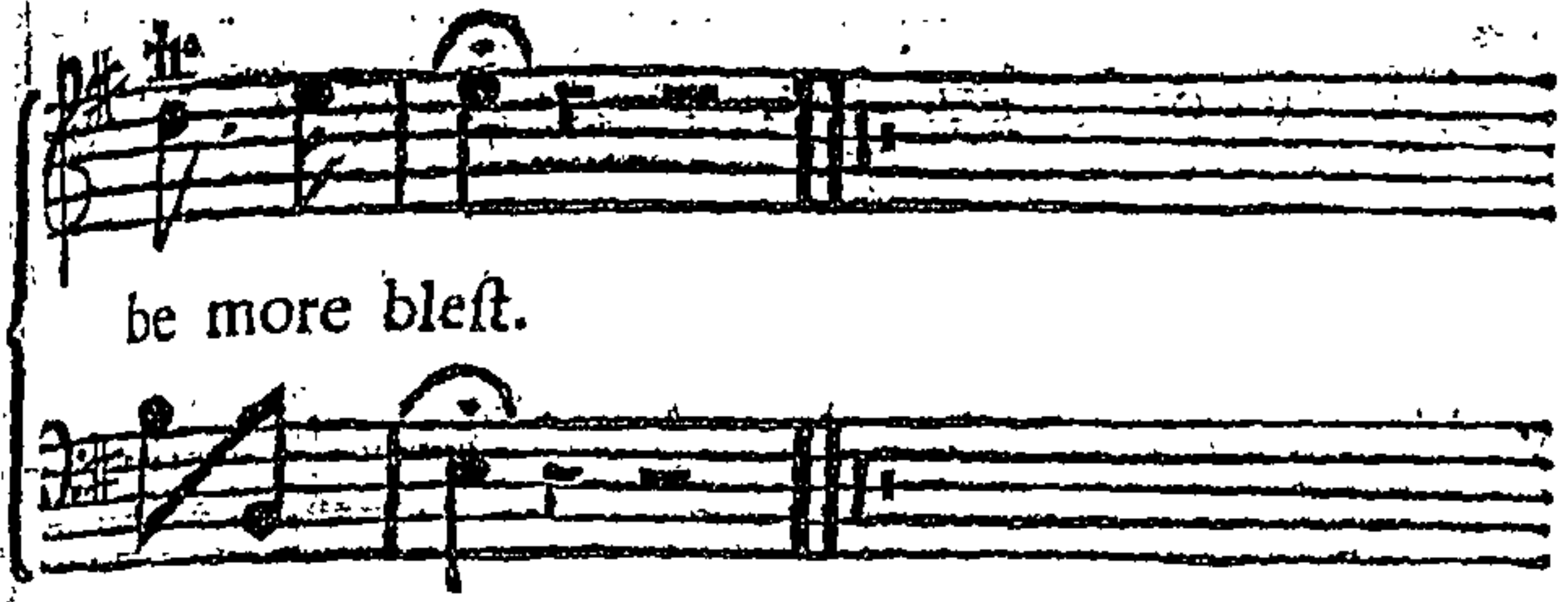
wou'd inspire, Her Heart wou'd inspire, No Mortal

cou'd then be more blest. If Love such a Passion as

mine, Wou'd kindle in Ce-lia's Breast; And with-

qual Desire, Her Heart wou'd inspire, No Mortal

cou'd then be more blest, No Mortal cou'd then



be more blest.

The first staff shows a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a treble clef, a sharp sign, and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of several notes, including a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5, followed by a bar line. The second staff continues the melody with a half note D5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note F#5, and a half note G5, followed by a bar line.

For the FLUTE.



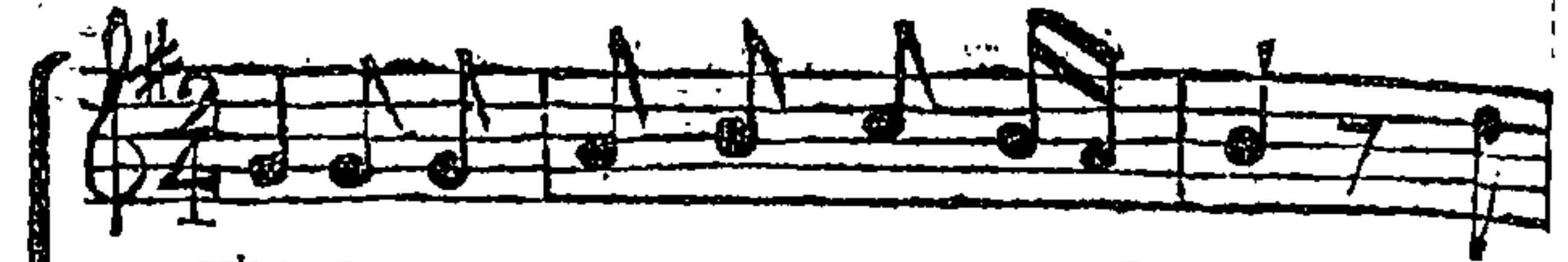
The flute solo consists of eight staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a sharp sign, and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The music features a variety of note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and includes several trills marked with 'tr'. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Slow.



The Words by Dr. *PARNELL*.

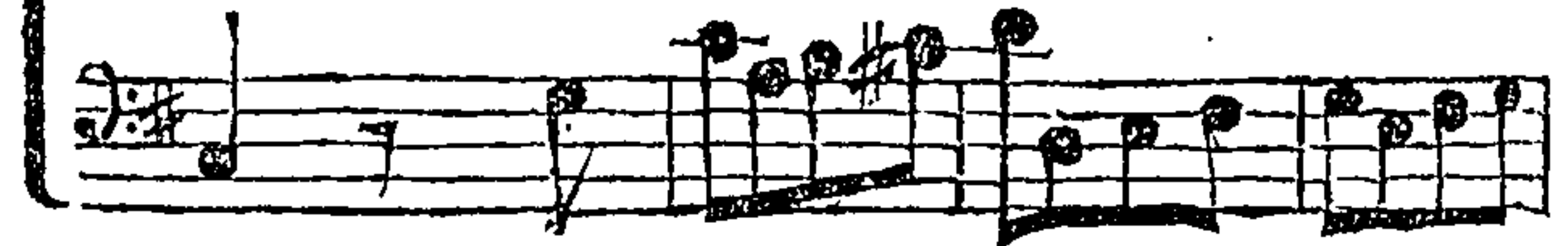
Set by Dr. *PEPUSCH*.



*Thirsis*, a young and am'rous Swain, Saw



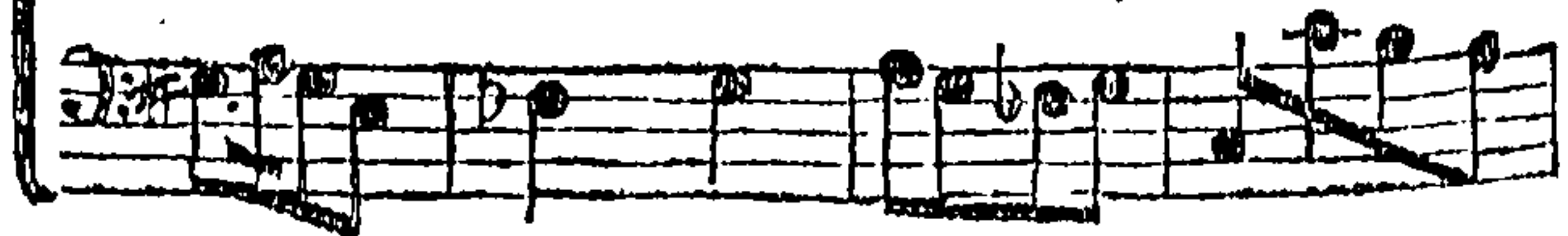
two, the Beauties of the Plain, Who both his

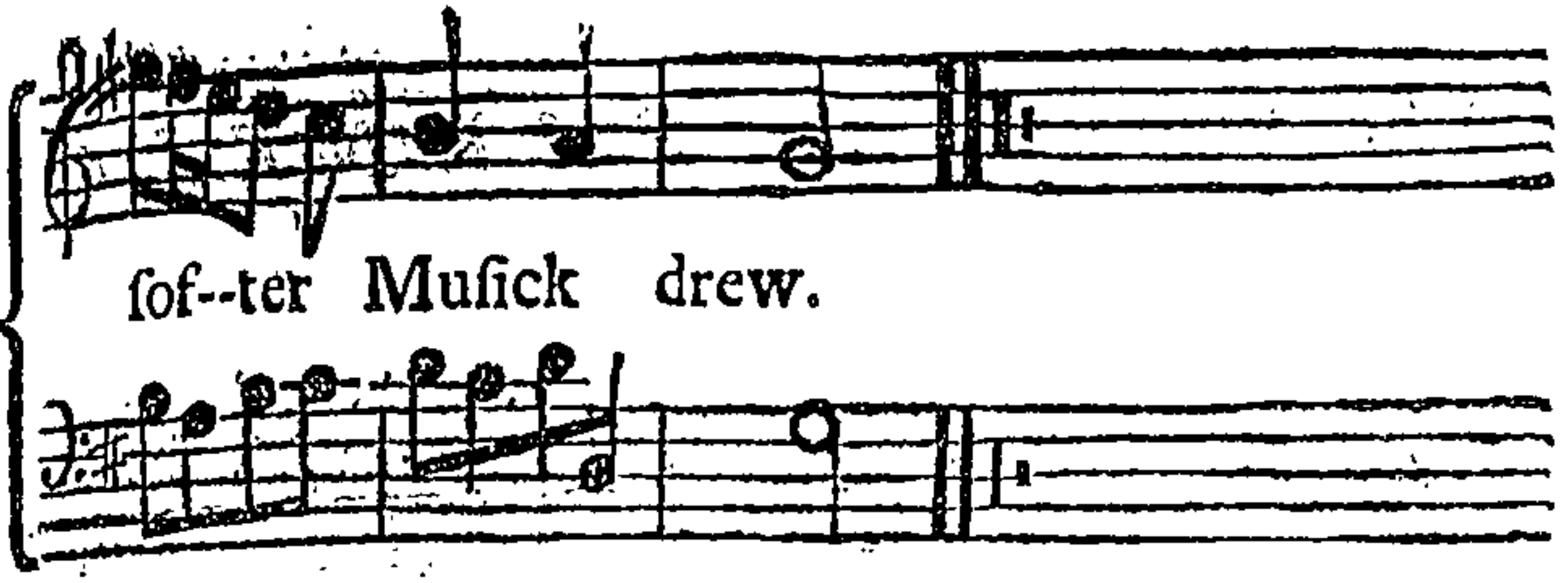


Heart subdued: Gay *Celia's* Eyes were daz'ling



fair, *Sa-bi-na's* easy Shape and Air With





sof-ter Musick 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 or Name  
 Engraves a wounded Tree.

Ah *Celia!* (sly *Sabina* cry'd)  
 Tho' neither Love, we're both deny'd:  
 Let either fix the Dart.  
 Poor Girl! (says *Celia*) say no more;  
 That Spite which broke his Chains before,  
 Wou'd break the other's Heart.

For the FLUTE.



The DIVINE RIGHT of BEAUTY.

The Words by Mr. BAKER.

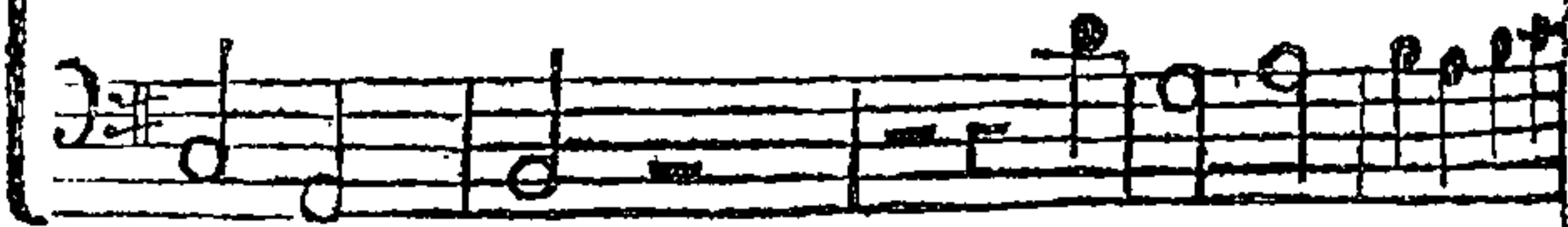
Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.



O had I been by Fate decreed Some humble



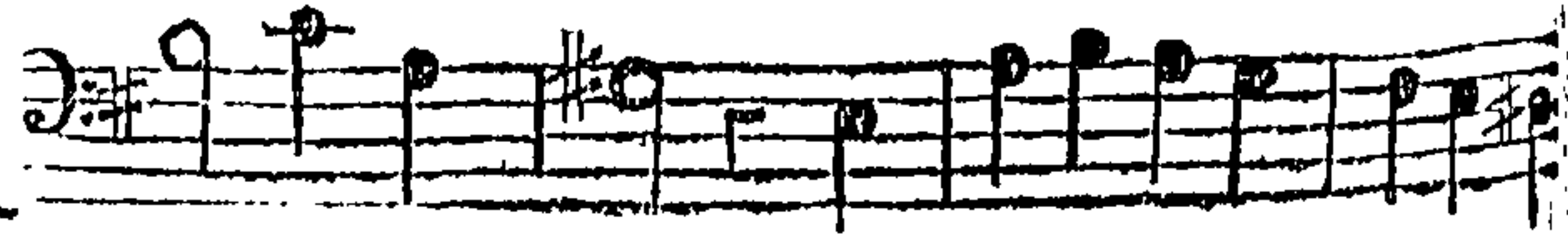
Cottage Swain! In Ro-sa-lin-da's Sight to



feed My Sheep up---on the Plain; How happy

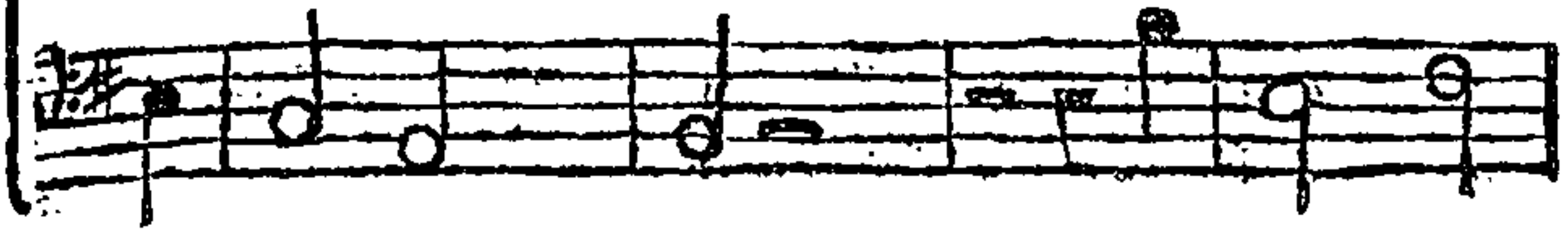


would those Days have past, Which now





are fill'd with Woe! You envious Pow'rs! why



have you plac'd My *Fair One's* Lot so low?



How fottish *Custom* over-rules

The Force of *Nature's* Law!

Begun, and carry'd on by Fools,

It keeps Mankind in Awe:

*Nature* to rule the *World* design'd

The *Generous* and the *Fair*,

But *Custom* has the Sway confin'd

To such as *Wealthy* are.

Each Charm in *Rosalinda's* Face

Convincingly declares,

None can, but for the second Place,

Contend, when she appears.

Then 'cause blind *Fortune* has not thrown

Her Favours in her way,

Shall I her Sov'reignty disown,

And scruple to obey?

Ah!

Ah! No:---- *Dominion* is her Due,  
 The Right which *Nature* gave;  
 Let him who dares dispute, but view  
 Her Eyes, ---- and be her Slave;  
 And may the World, convinc'd by me,  
 Before the *Charmer* fall,  
 Whose *Beauty* makes her fit to be  
 Acknowledg'd Queen of all.

*For the FLUTE.*



*The End of the Fifth Volume.*