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THE MUSICAL  
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AND  
LYRICK POEMS:

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

By the most Eminent MASTERS.

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VOLUME *the* SIXTH.

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M DCC XXXI.





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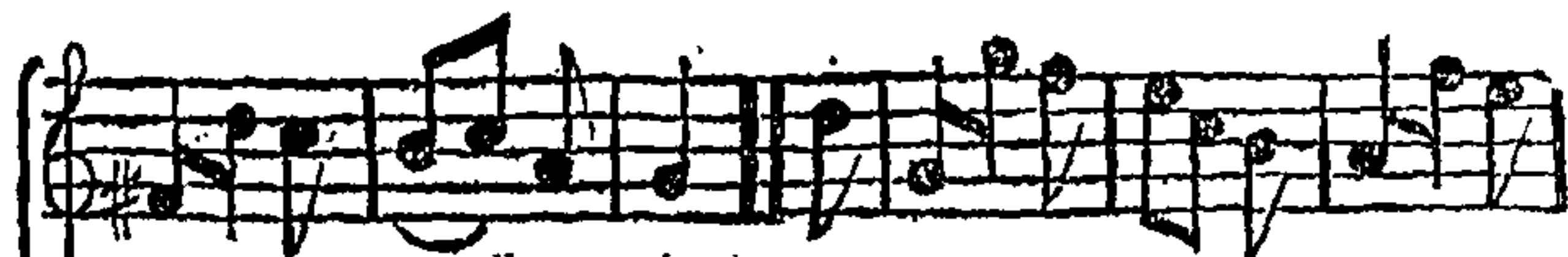
# The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

## The CHARMS of BEAUTY.

Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELO.



The Charms that blooming Beauty shows From



Faces heav'nly fair, We to the Lilly and the



Rose, With Semblance apt, compare.



2 *The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.*

With Semblance apt; for ah! how soon,  
How soon they all decay!

The Lilly droops, the Rose is gone,  
And Beauty fades away.

But when bright Virtue shines confest,

With sweet Discretion join'd;

When Mildness calms the peaceful Breast,

And Wisdom guides the Mind;

When Charms like these, dear Maid, conspire  
Thy Person to approve;

They kindle generous, chaste Desire,

And everlasting Love.

Beyond the Reach of Time or Fate,

These Graces shall endure;

Still, like the Passion they create,

Eternal, constant, pure.

*For the FLUTE:*



F L O R A ' s   A P P R O A C H .

By Mr. BAKER.

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

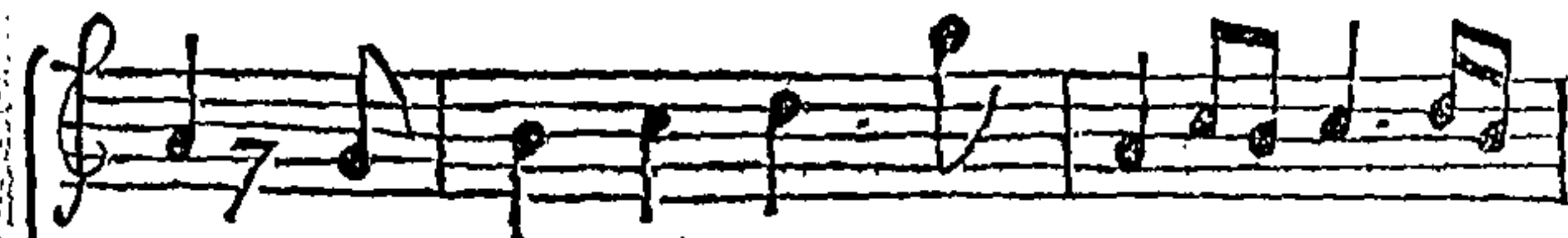
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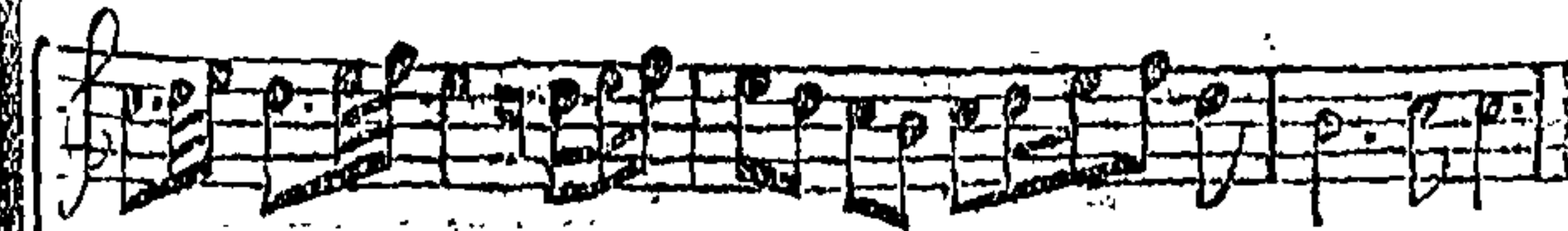
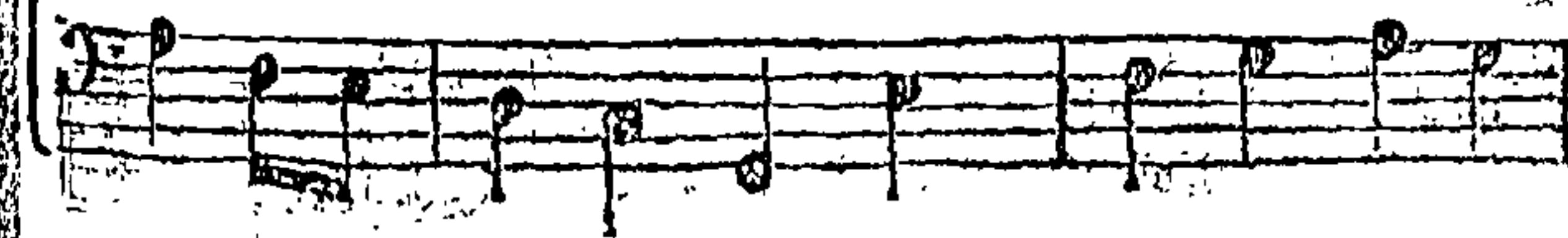
Bend down, you Trees! your Homage pay: The



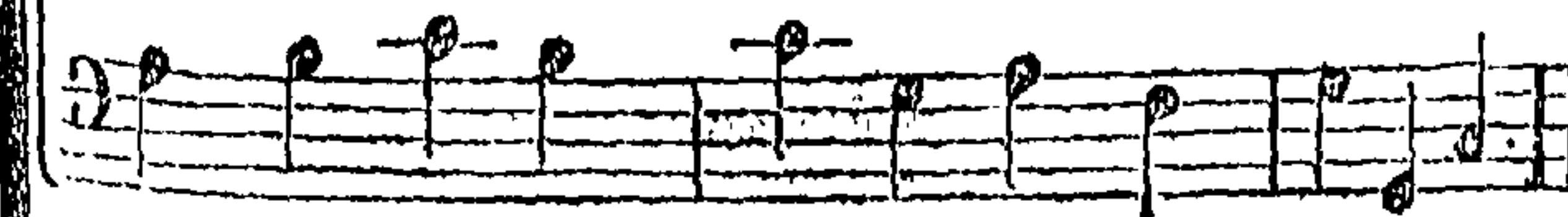
dearest Object of Desire, Bright Flo--ra,



comes; along her Way, Spring up You Flow--



—ers, spring up You Flow--ers, and admire.





*The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.*

All mild, *You wanton Zephyrs!* blow,  
And gently kiss her bloomy Cheek: ---

Her Cheek! more soft than falling Snow!

Be hush't, *You Songsters!*

Be hush't, *You Songsters!* hear her speak.

She comes! she comes! --- *My Soul!* rejoice:

Thy Life, thy Hope, thy Bliss appears.

I see her Charms! --- I hear her Voice!

Away, begone,

Away, begone, *tormenting Fears!*

She smiles! --- *My Heaven!* from those dear Eyes

Still let ecstasick Pleasures flow.

Is there, *You Gods!* in all your Skies

A Joy can equal,

A Joy can equal this below?

Sound, found the Trumpet: --- *Muse!* proclaim

To wondering Worlds thy *Master's* Love:

Proudly he glories in his Flame,

And envies neither,

And envies neither *George* nor *Jove*.

*To F L O R A.*

By the same HAND.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**T**O rack my Soul, or give me Joy,

Depends, depends on *Flora's* Eye;

My Hopes to cherish, or destroy,

To make me live, to make me live, or die.

# The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

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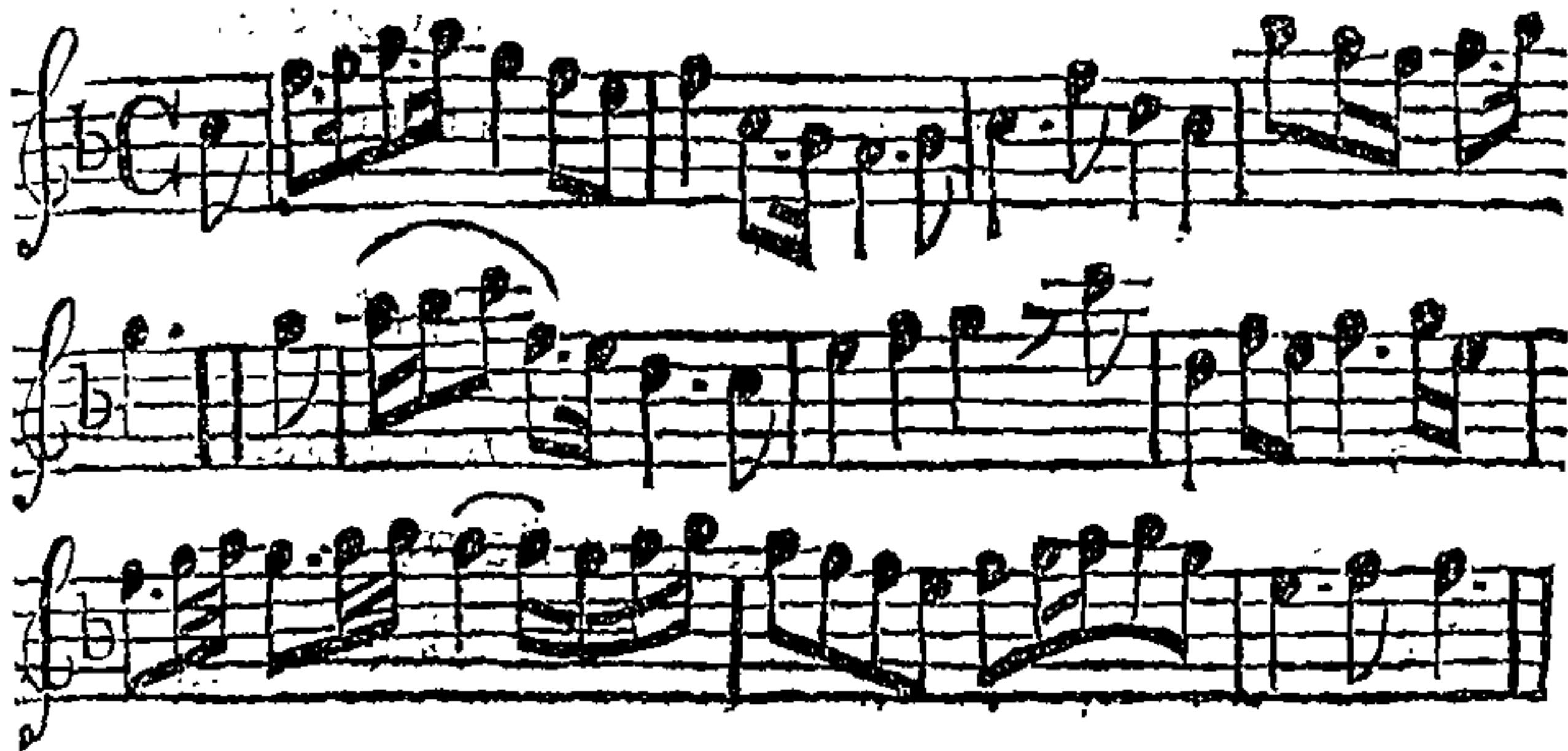
With Mercy use the Pow'r, *Dear Maid!*

Which gracious, gracious *Heaven* gave:

And, never, never be it said,

You kill'd, you kill'd whom you could save.

*For the FLUTE.*





# The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

## An O D E.

Set by Dr. GREEN.

While blooming Youth, and gay Delight

Sit on thy ro--sie Cheeks confess, Thou hast, m

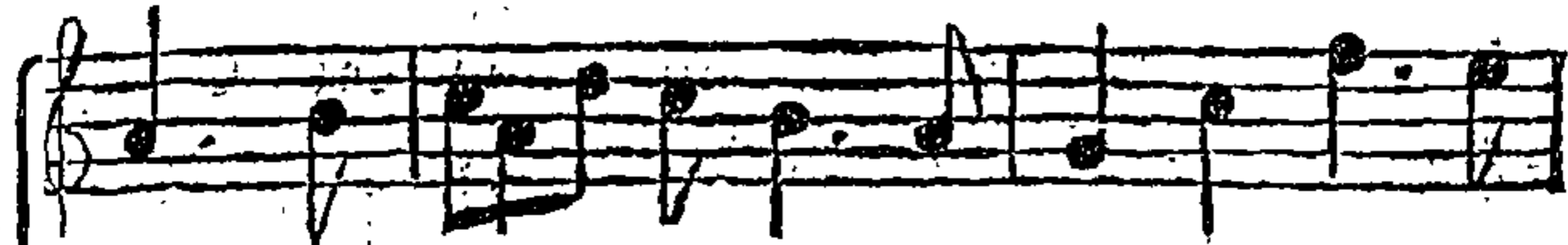
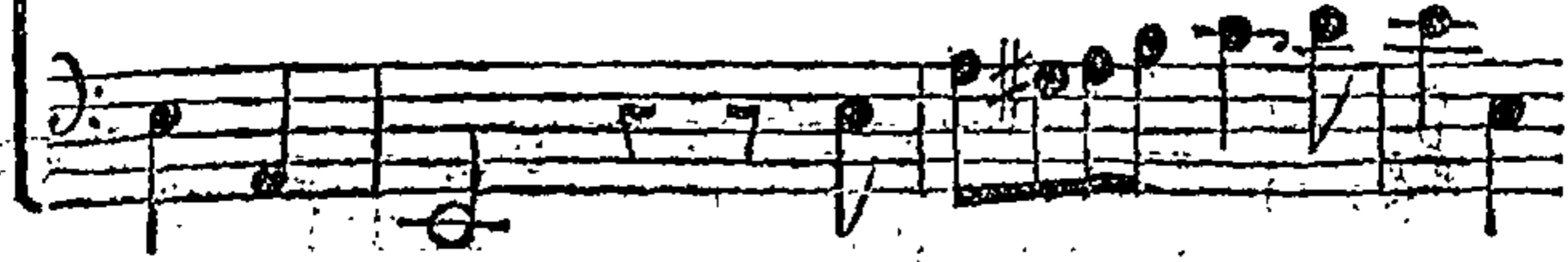
Dear, un-doubted Right To tri--umph o'er this

destin'd Breast. My Reason bends to what thy





Eyes ordain, For I was born to Love, and Thou to



Reign. My Reason bends to what thy Eyes or-



dain; For I was born to Love, and thou to Reign.



But would You meanly thus rely  
 On Power, You know I must Obey?  
 Exert a Legal Tyranny;  
 And do an Ill, because You may?  
 Still must I Thee, as Atheists Heav'n adore;  
 Not see thy Mercy, and yet dread thy Pow'r?  
 Still must I, &c.

Take heed, my Dear, Youth flies apace;  
 As well as *Cupid*, *Time* is blind:  
 Soon must those Glories of thy Face  
 The Fate of vulgar Beauty find:

The Thousand Loves, that arm thy potent Eye,  
Must drop their Quivers, flag their Wings, and die.  
The Thousand, &c.

Then wilt thou sigh, when in each Frown  
A hateful Wrinkle more appears;  
And putting peevish Humours on,  
Seems but the sad Effect of Years.

Kindness it self too weak a Charm will prove,  
To raise the feeble Fires of aged Love.

Kindness it self, &c.

Forc'd Compliments, and formal Bows  
Will shew Thee just above Neglect:  
The Heat, with which thy Lover glows,  
Will settle into cold Respect:

A talking dull *Platonic* I shall turn;  
Learn to be civil, when I cease to burn.

A talking, &c.

Then shun the Ill, and know, my Dear,  
Kindness and Constancy will prove

The only Pillars fit to bear

So vast a Weight, as that of Love.

If thou canst wish to make My Flames endure,  
Thine must be very fierce, and very pure.

If thou canst, &c.

Haste, *Celia*, haste, while Youth invites,

Obey kind *Cupid's* present Voice;

Fill ev'ry Sense with soft Delights,

And give thy Soul a Loose to Joys:

Let Millions of repeated Blissess prove,

That Thou all Kindness art, and I all Love.

Let Millions, &c.

Be Mine, and only Mine; take care  
 Thy Looks, thy Thoughts, thy Dreams to guide  
 To Me alone; nor come so far,  
 As liking any Youth beside:

What Men e'er court Thee, fly 'em, and believe  
 They're Serpents all, and Thou the tempted *Eve*.  
 What Men, &c.

So shall I court thy dearest Truth,  
 When Beauty ceases to engage;  
 So thinking on thy charming Youth,  
 I'll love it o'er again in Age:

So Time it self our Raptures shall improve,  
 While still We wake to Joy, and live to Love.  
 So Time itself, &c.


For the FLUTE.




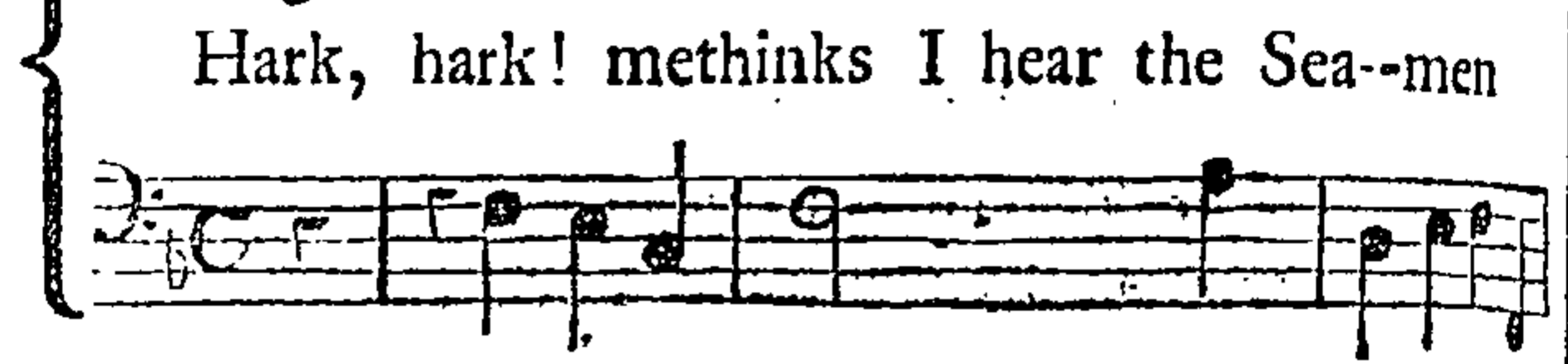


CASTABELLA *going to Sea.*

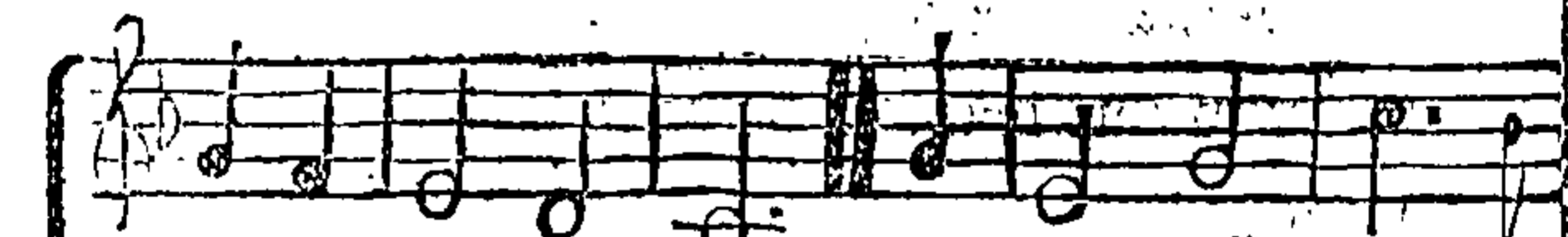
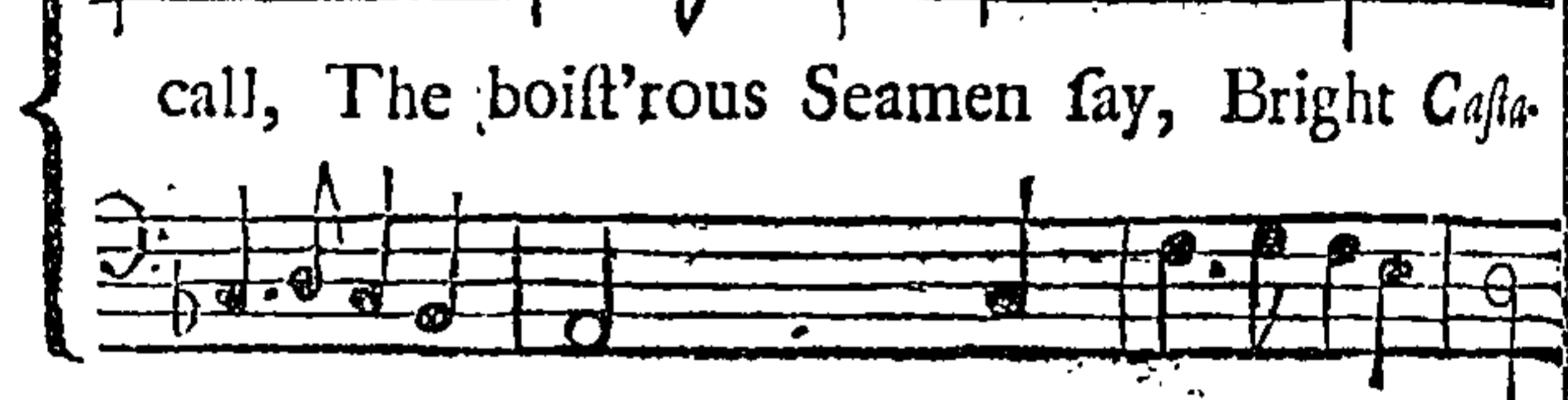
Set by Dr. PEPUSH.



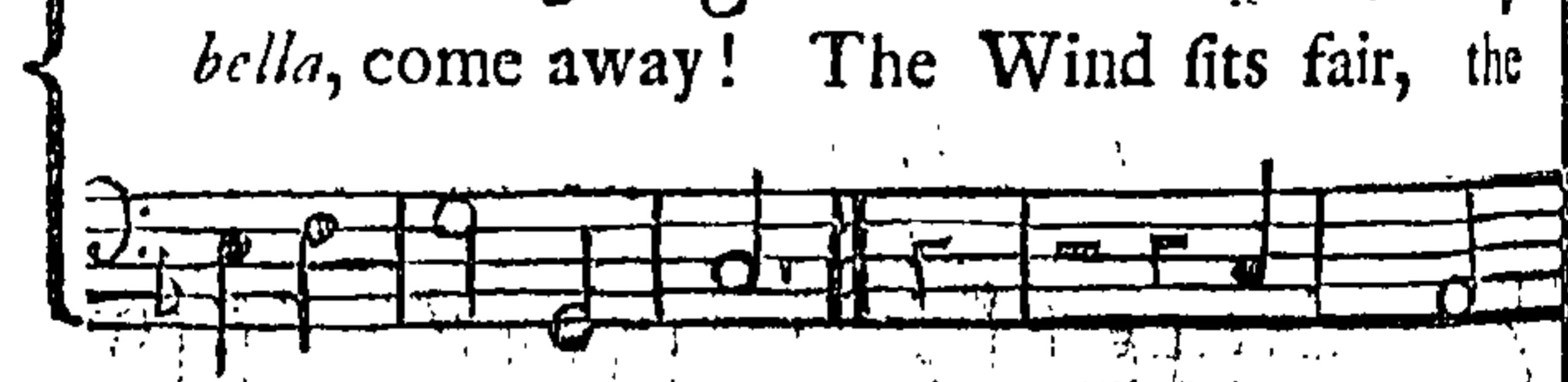
Hark, hark! methinks I hear the Sea-men



call, The boist'rous Seamen say, Bright Casta-



bella, come away! The Wind sits fair, the



Vessel's stout and tall; Bright *Ca-sta-bel-la*





come away! For Time and Tide can never stay.



Our mighty Master, *Neptune*, calls aloud,

The *Zephyrs* gently blow,

The *Tritons* cry, You are too slow,

For ev'ry Sea-Nymph of the glittering Crowd,

Has Garlands ready to throw down,

When you ascend your wat'ry Throne.

See, see! she comes, she comes; and now adieu!

Let's bid adieu to Shore,

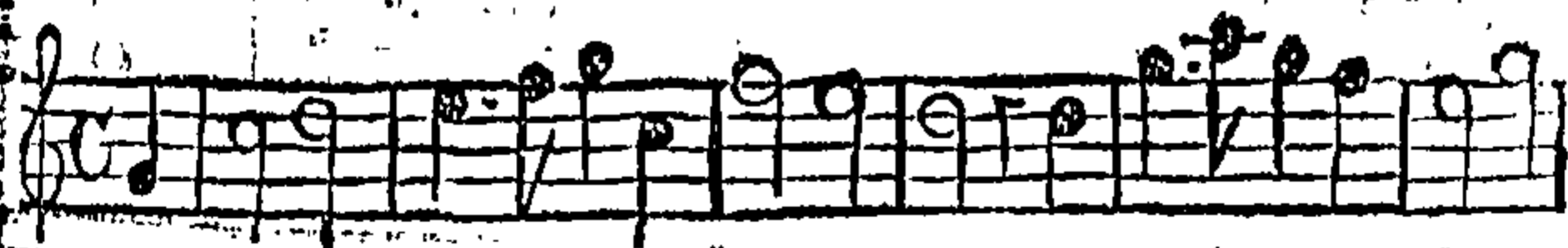
And to whate'er we fear'd before;

O *Castabella!* we depend on you,

On you our better Fortunes lay,

Whom both the Winds and Seas obey.

For the FLUTE.



Words by Mr. W. SHAKESPEARE.

Set by Mr. GALLIARD.

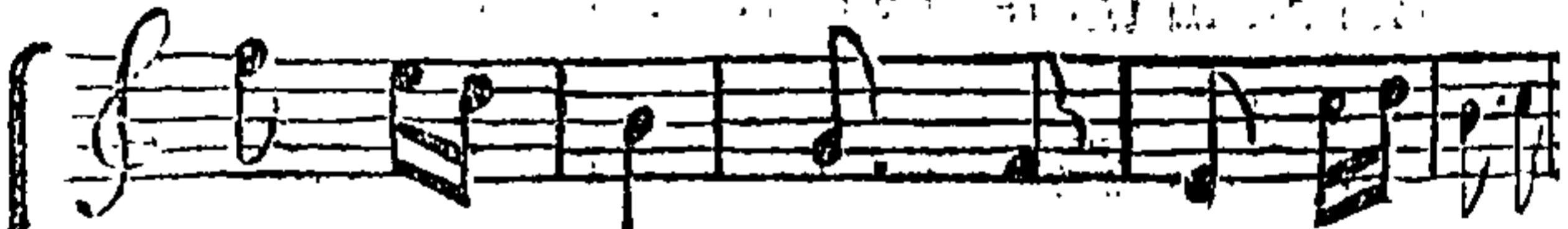
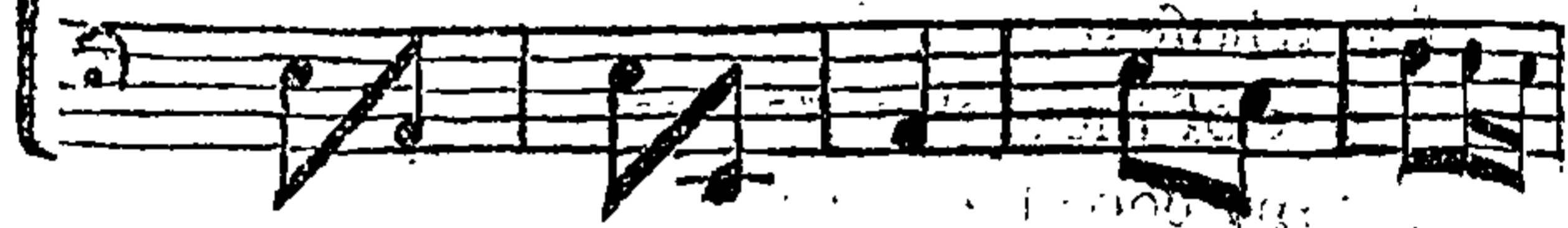
Slow.



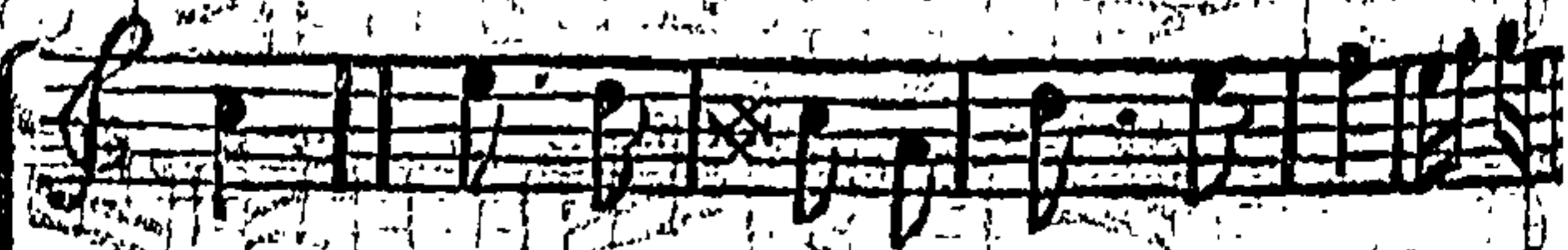
Take, oh! take those Lips away, That so



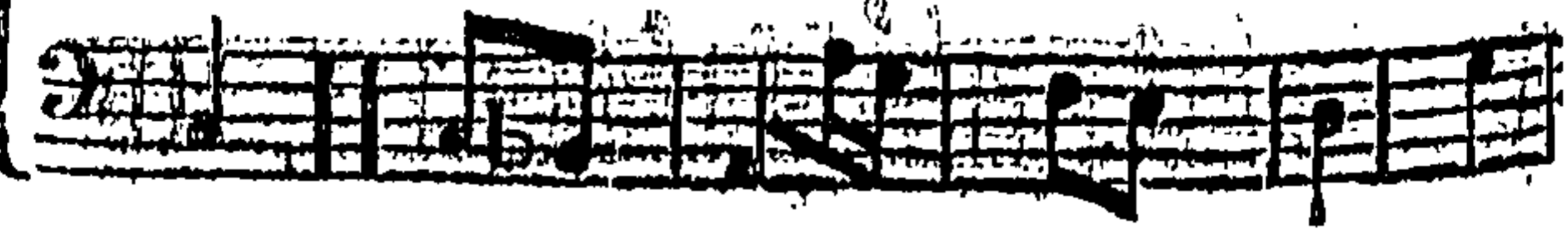
sweetly were forsworn; And those Eyes, the



Break of Day, Lights that do mis-lead the



Morn. But my Kisses bring again, Seals of



Love,





Love, tho' seal'd in vain. But my Kiffes

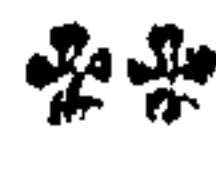
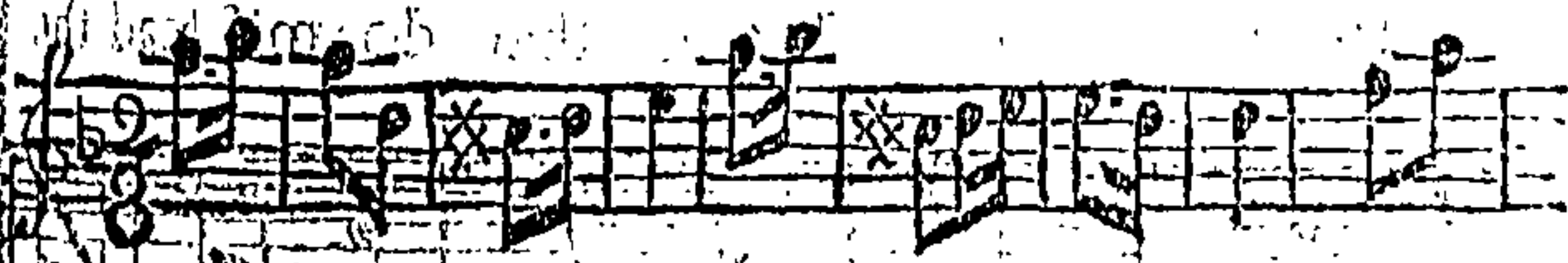


bring again, Seals of Love, tho' seal'd in vain.



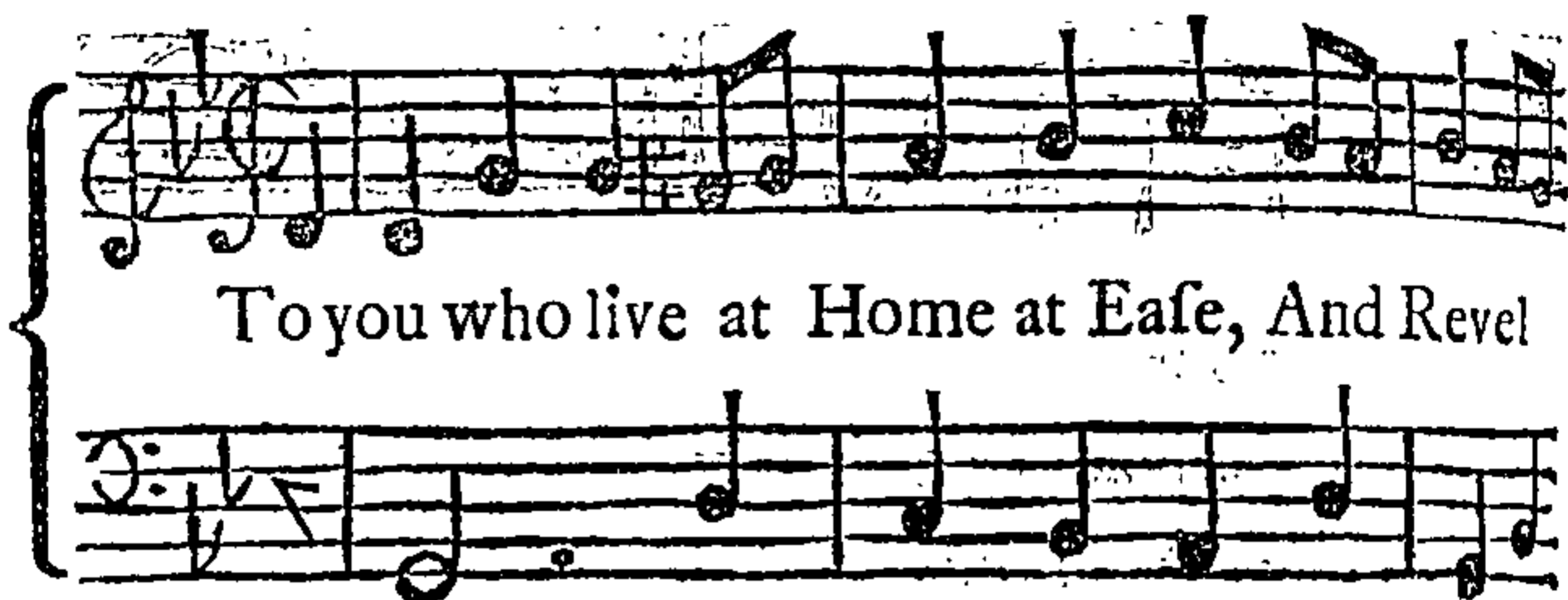
Hide, O hide those Hills of Snow,  
Which thy frozen Bosom bears,  
On whose tops the Pinks that grow,  
Are of those that *April* wears.  
But my poor Heart first set free,  
Bound in those Icy Chains by thee.

For the FLUTE.

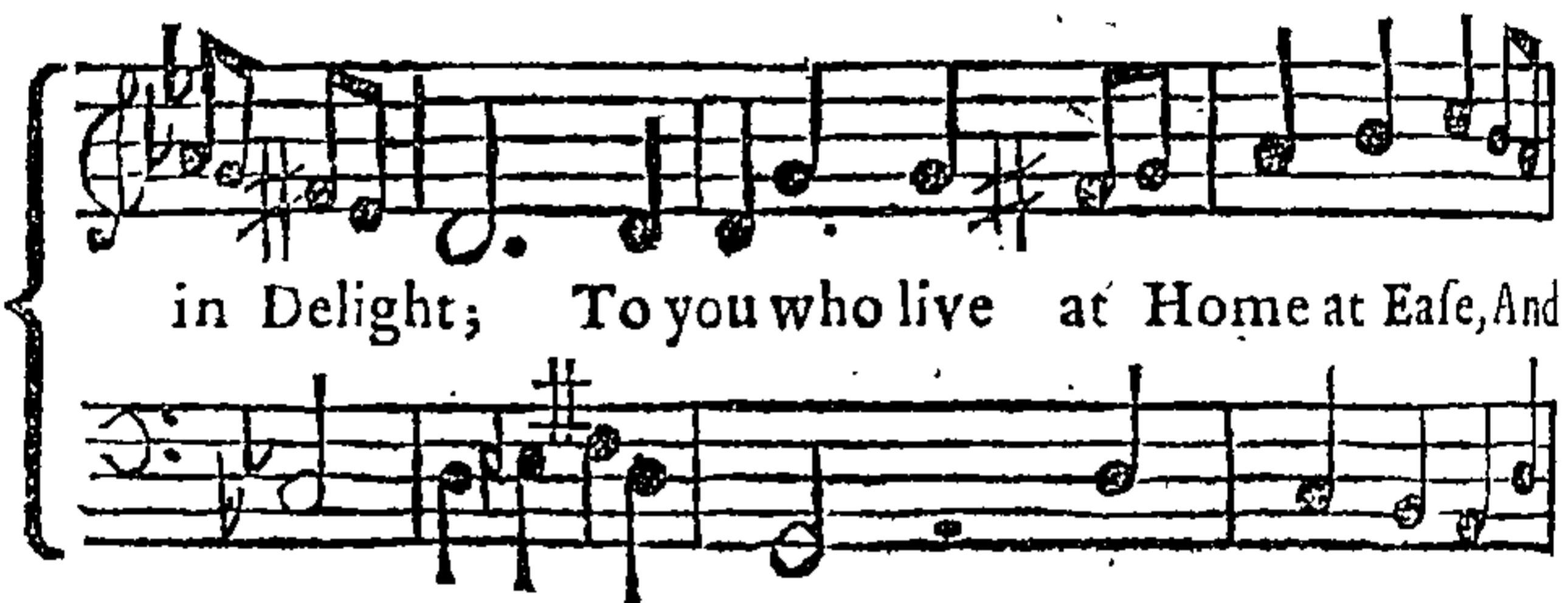


## The FAITHFUL MARINER.

Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.



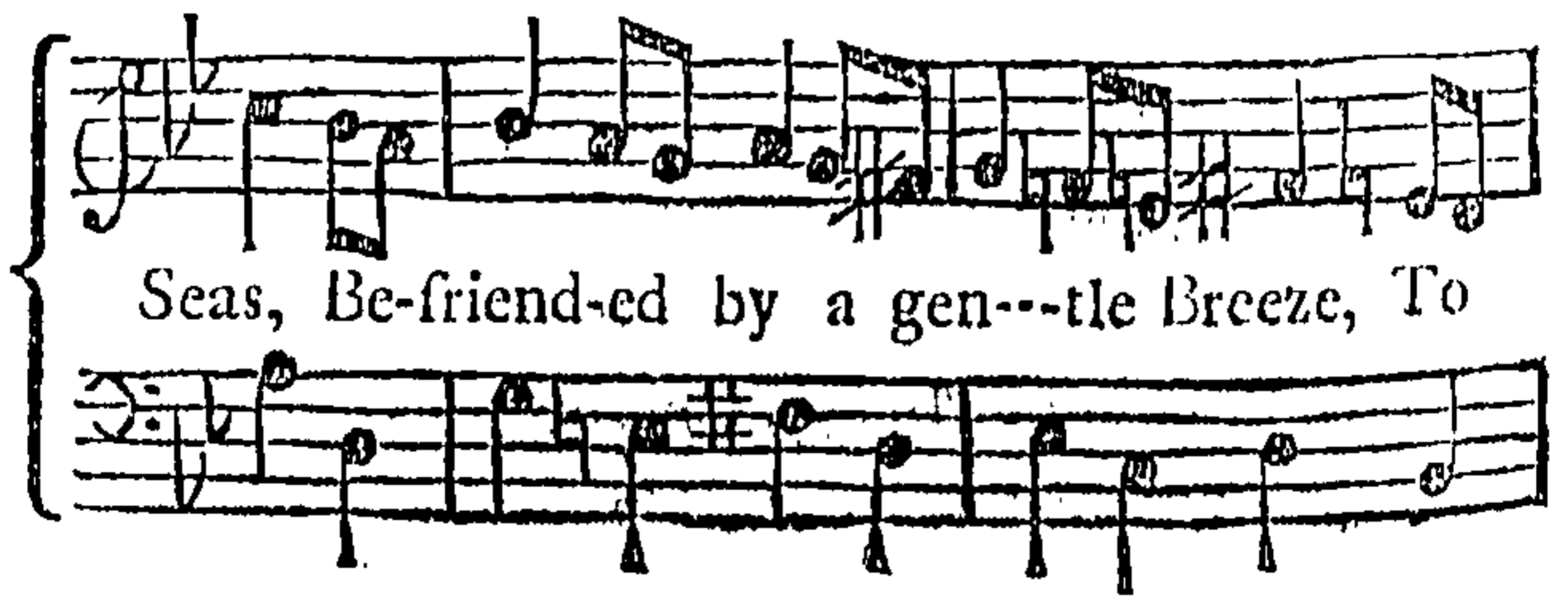
To you who live at Home at Ease, And Revel



in Delight; To you who live at Home at Ease, And

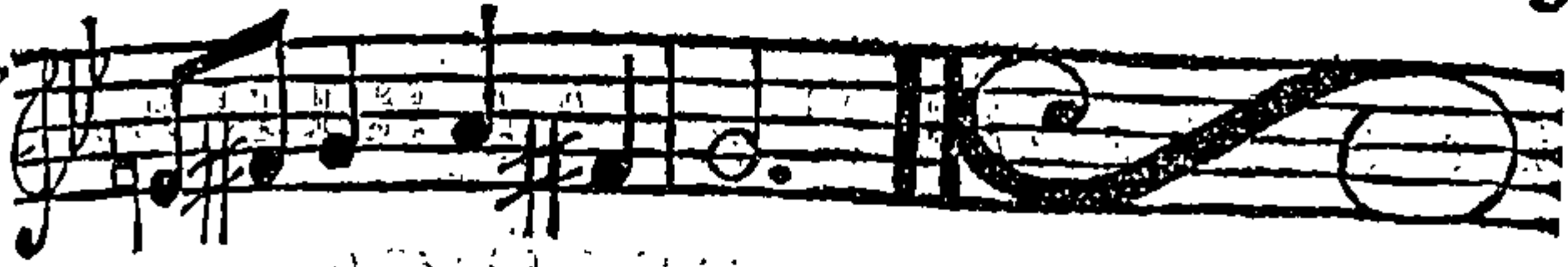


Revel in Delight; We Mariners that sail the



Seas, Be-friend-ed by a gen--tle Breeze, To

you



you we thus Indite.



Let all your Perturbations die,

Your private Feuds allay;

Let ev'ry Animosity

For ever in Oblivion lye,

Now we are gone to Sea.

When forked Light'ning flies amain,

And Thunder splits our Mast;

Think then what Dangers we sustain,

Compell'd by you to cross the Main,

For Humane Frailties past.

I hope to see my Dear once more,

Tho' I my Voy'ge pursue;

Tho' Winds unite, and Billows roar,

To waft me from *Britannia's* Shore,

I'll be for ever true.

I neither dread the War's Alarms,

Nor poyson'd *Indian* Dart;

But while engag'd in Hostile Arms,

I'll be inspir'd by *Molly's* Charms,

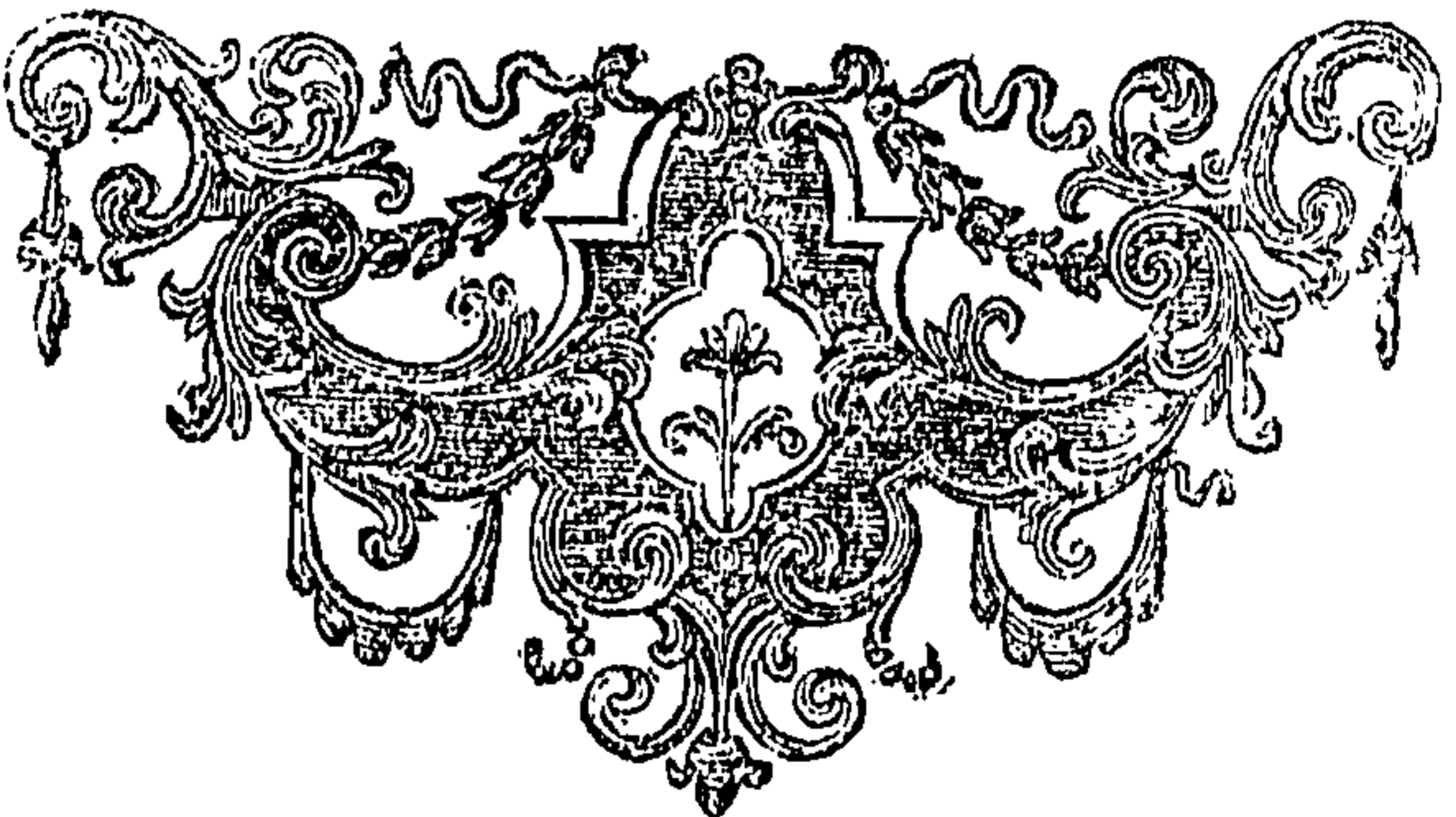
With whom I leave my Heart.

When



When having suffer'd an Exile,  
And favour'd by the Wind;  
Enrich'd with *Carolina's* spoyl,  
And coasting for my Native Isle,  
Perhaps she'll then prove kind.

*For the* F L U T E.



A DVICE to CLOE.

A MINUET: By Mr. DIEUPART.

Cloe, why so long de--ny--ing? Why so long  
your Lover fly--ing? Think in Time, and ease my  
Pain, E'er you kill me with Disdain.

View yonder blooming blushing Rose,  
How it does all thy Charms disclose:  
But see! how soon 'tis wither'd grown,  
And, all at once, its Beauties flown.

How fragrant it appear'd before;  
But now, alas! its Charms are o'er:  
Fair Maid, let this a Warning prove,  
And, while 'tis Time, reward my Love.

Take heed, fair Blossom, and beware,  
 E'er fleeting Time your Charms impair ;  
 For all the Beauties of your Face,  
 Tho' now so gay, in time will pass :

The Darts within your radiant Eyes,  
 That now can make each Heart a Prize,  
 Too soon, alas ! will fruitless prove,  
 And have no Force to kindle Love.

---

*To the foregoing Tune.*

SEE! *Hymen* comes ; how his Torch blazes !  
 Loofer Loves, how dim they burn :  
 No Pleasure equals chaste Embraces,  
 When we Love for Love return.

When Fortune makes the Match, he rages,  
 And forsakes th' unequal Pair ;  
 But when Love two Hearts engages,  
 The kind God is ever there.

Regard not then high Blood, nor Riches,  
 You that would his Blessings have ;  
 Let untaught Love guide all your Wishes ;  
*Hymen* should be *Cupid's* Slave.

Young Virgins, that yet bear your Passions  
 Coldly, as the Flint its Fire,  
 Offer to *Hymen* your Devotions,  
 He will warm you with Desire.



Young Men, no more neglect your Duty  
To the God of Nuptial Vows;  
Pay your long Arrears to Beauty,  
As his chaster Law allows.

*For the* FLUTE.





*The* PANGS of FORSAKEN LOVE.

Set by Dr. GREEN



*Affettuoso.*





To silent Groves, where weeping Yew, With sadly

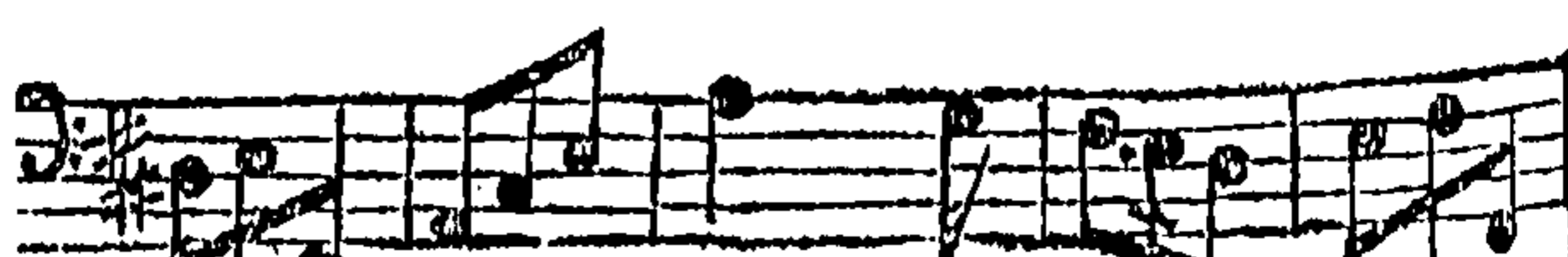
mournful Cypress join'd, Poor *Damon* from the

Plain withdrew, To sooth, with Plaints, his

Love-sick Mind. Pale Willow into Mystick



Wreath



Wreaths he wove, And thus la-ment-ed his for-  
faken Love.

How lately, *Celia*, artful Maid,  
With Arms entwined, did we walk  
Beneath the close unpierced Shade,  
Beguiling Time with am'rous Talk :  
But that, alas ! is past ---- and I must prove  
The Pangs attending on forsaken Love.

But think not, *Celia*, I will bear,  
With dull Submission, all the Smart ;  
No, ---- I'll at once drive out Despair,  
And thy lov'd Image, from my Heart.  
All Arts, all Charms I'll practise, to remove  
The Pangs attending on forsaken Love.

*Bacchus*, with greenest Ivy crown'd,  
Hither repair with all thy Train,  
And chase the jovial Goblet round,  
For *Celia* triumphs in my Pain ;

With



With generous Wine assist me to remove  
The Pangs attending on forsaken Love.

Cou'd Reason be so drown'd in Wine,  
As never to revive again,  
How happy were this Heart of mine,  
Reliev'd at once of all its Pain :

But Reason still, with Love, returns to prove  
The Torment lasting of forsaken Love.

Bring me the Girl, whose generous Soul  
Kindles at the circling Bowl,  
Whose sparkling Eye, with wanton Fire,  
Shoets thro' my Blood a Fierce Desire;  
For ev'ry Art I'll practise, to remove  
The Pangs attending on forsaken Love.

And what is all this transient Flame;  
'Tis but a Blaze, and seen no more;  
A Blaze that lights us to our Shame,  
And robs us of a gay Fourscore:  
Reason again with Love returns, to prove  
The Torment lasting of forsaken Love.

Hark, how the jolly Huntsman's Cries,  
In Concert with the opening Hounds,  
Rend the wide Concave of the Skies,  
And tire dull Echo with their Sounds:  
'Thou, *Phoebe*, Goddess of the Chase, remove  
The Pangs attending on forsaken Love.

Ah me! the sprightly - bounding Doe,  
The Chase, and ev'ry thing I view,  
Still to my Mind recalls my Woe;  
So *Celia* flies, so I pursue:  
So rooted here, no Arts can e'er remove  
The Pangs attending on forsaken Love.

Then back, poor *Damon*, to thy Grove,  
Since nought prevails to ease thy Pain;  
Let Constancy thy Flame improve,  
And Patience answer her Disdain:  
So Gratitude may *Celia's* Passion move,  
To pity and reward thy constant Love.

For the F L U T E.

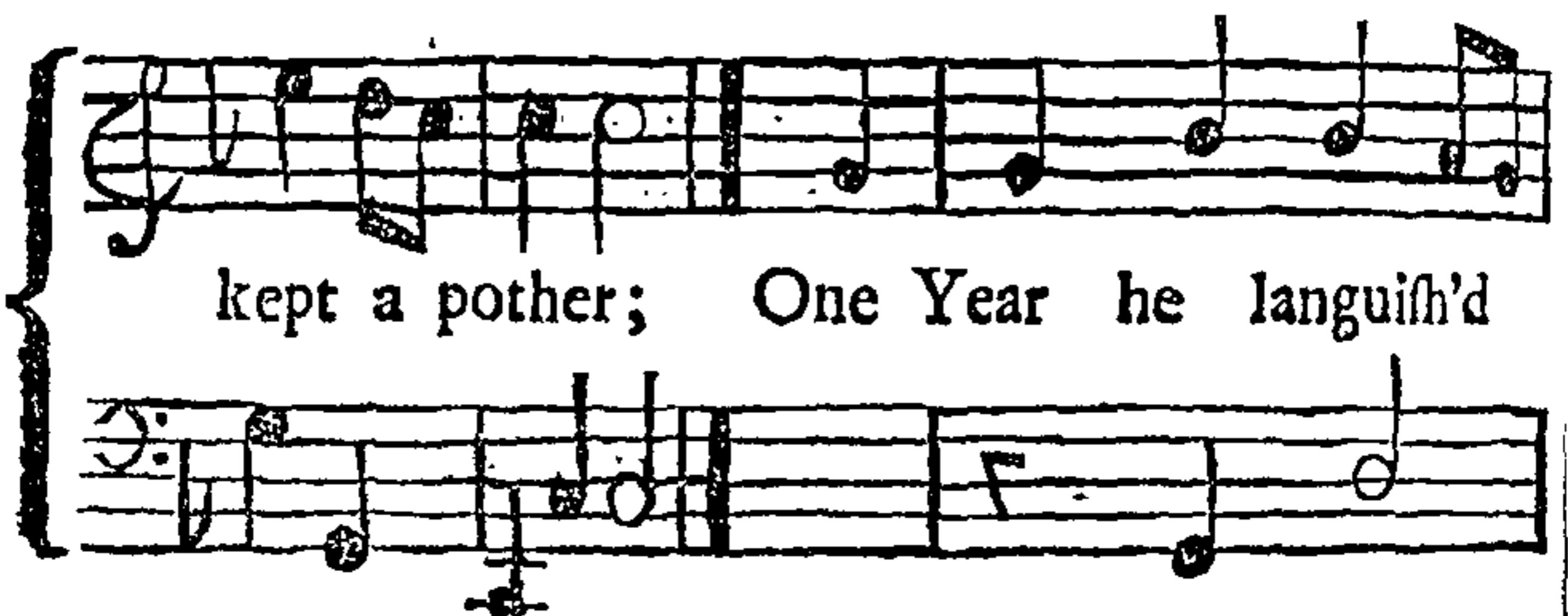


## STREPHON and FLAVIA.

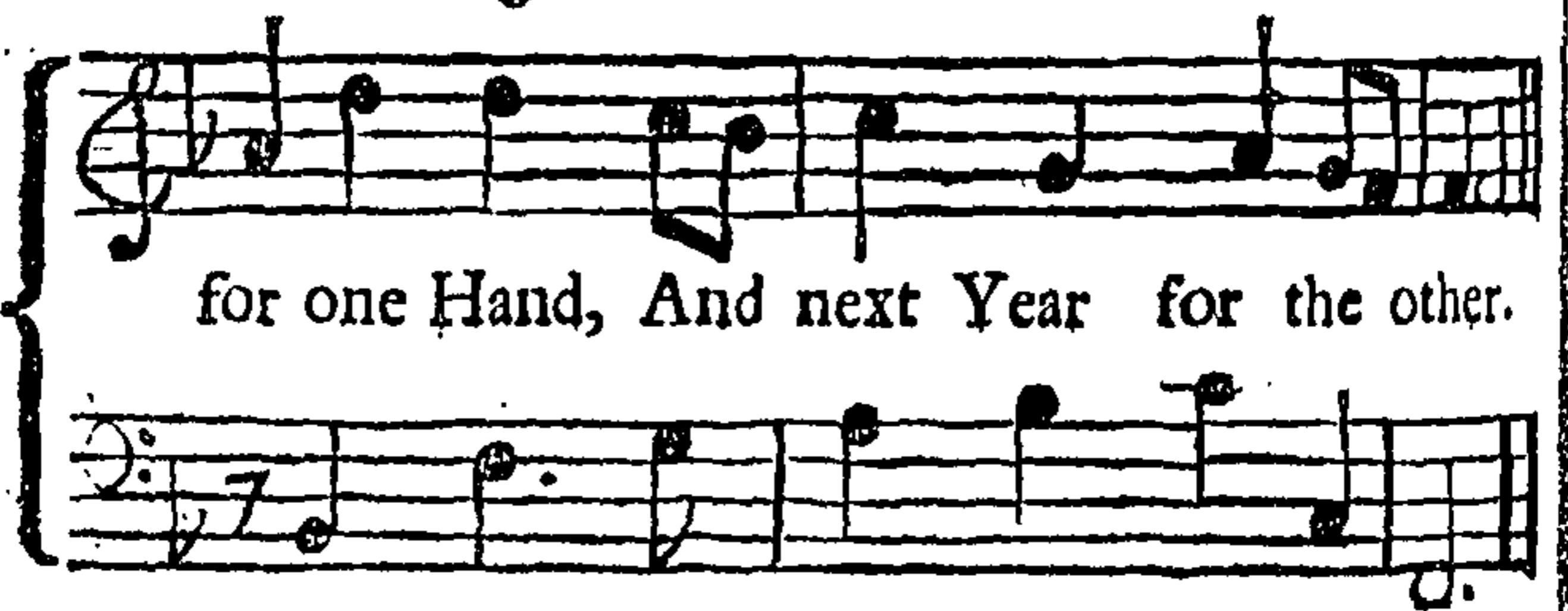
Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.



With ev'ry Lădy in the Land Soft *Strephon*



kept a pother; One Year he languish'd



for one Hand, And next Year for the other.

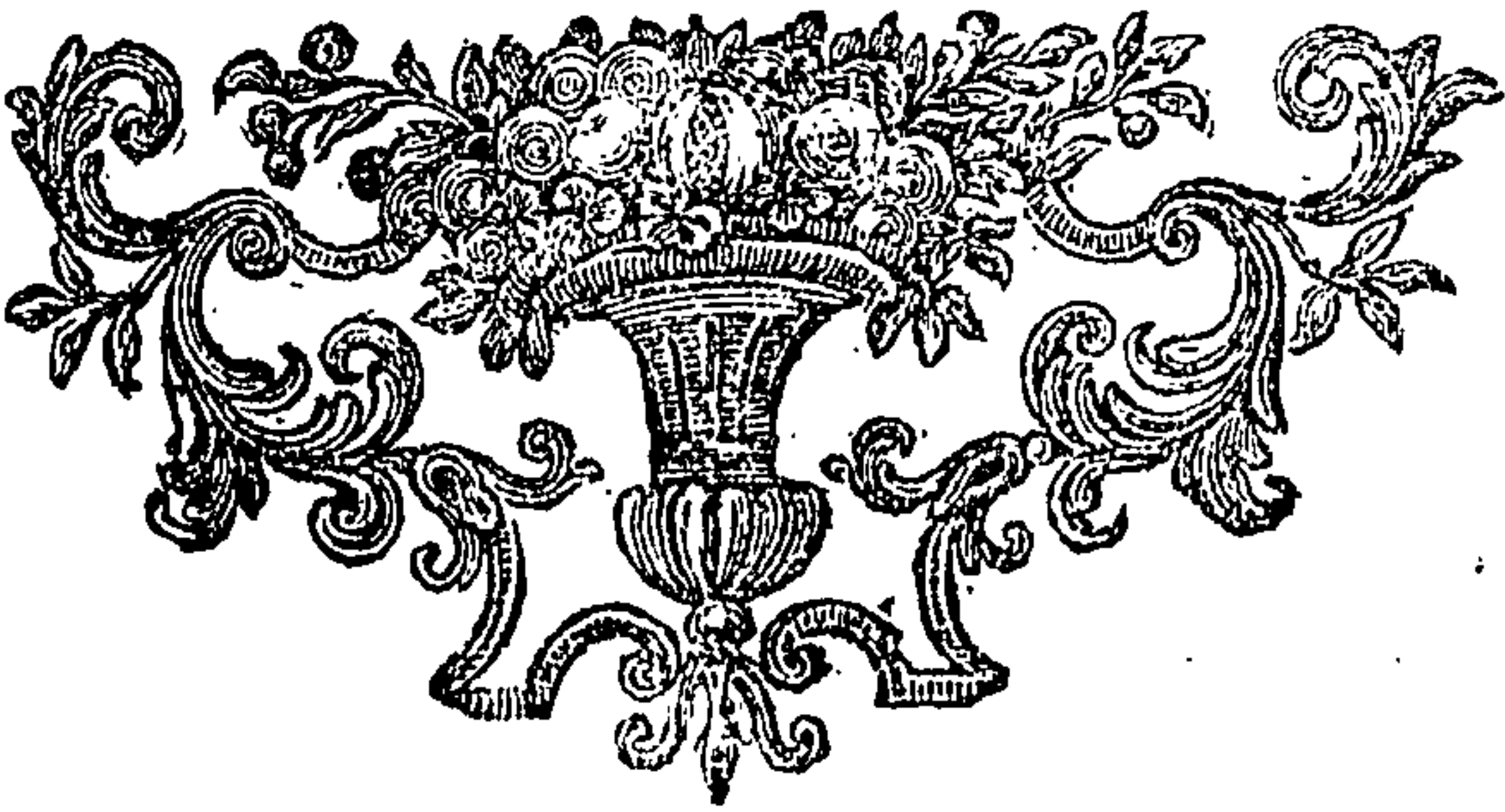
Yet when his Love the Shepherd told  
 To *Flavia* fair and coy,  
 Reserv'd, demure, than Snow more cold,  
 She scorn'd the gentle Boy.

Late at a Ball he own'd his Pain;  
 She blush'd, and frown'd, and swore,  
 With all the Marks of high Disdain,  
 She'd never hear him more.



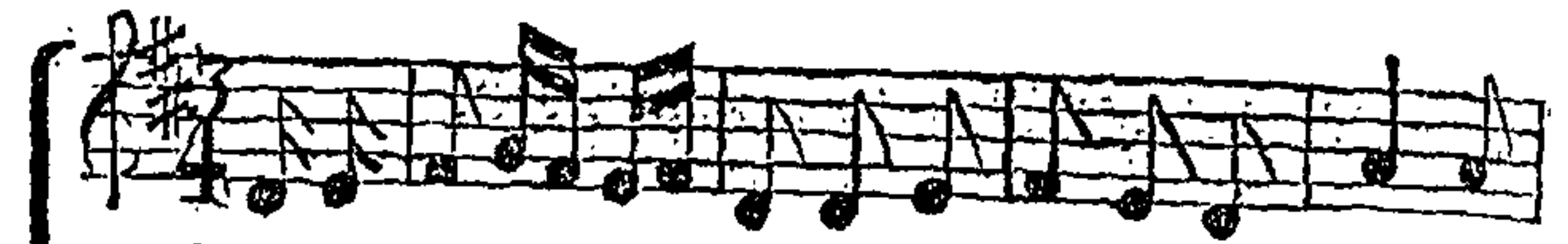
The Swain persisted still to pray,  
The Nymph still to deny;  
At last she vow'd she wou'd not stay;  
He swore she shou'd not fly.

Enrag'd, she call'd her Footman strait,  
And rush'd from out the Room,  
Drove to her Lodging, lock'd the Gate,  
And lay with *Ralph* at home.


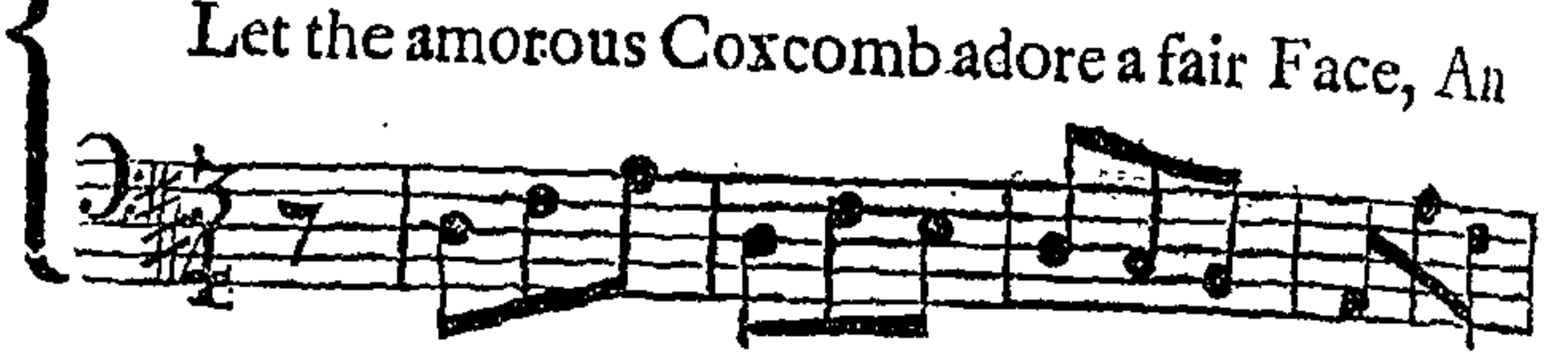


*The* JOLLY FULL BOWL.

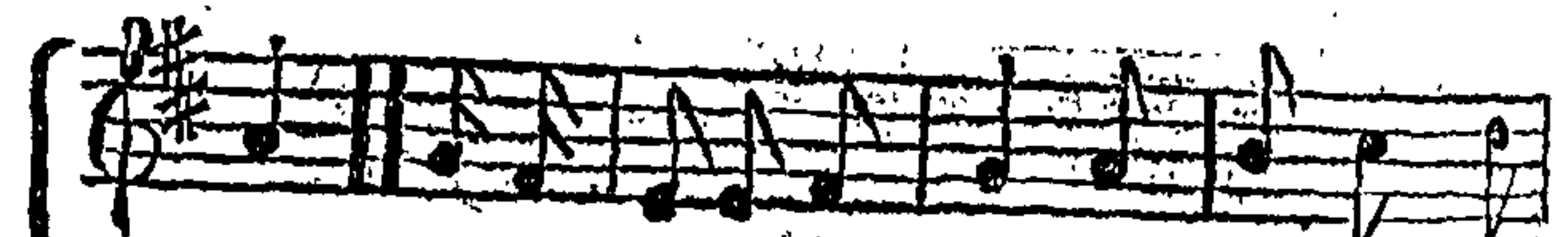
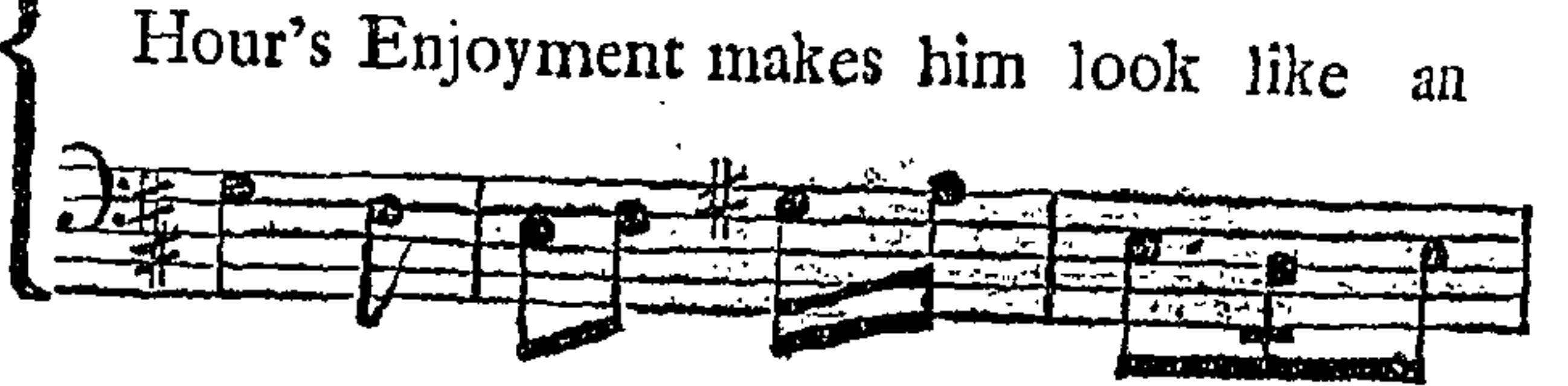
Set by Mr. MONRO.




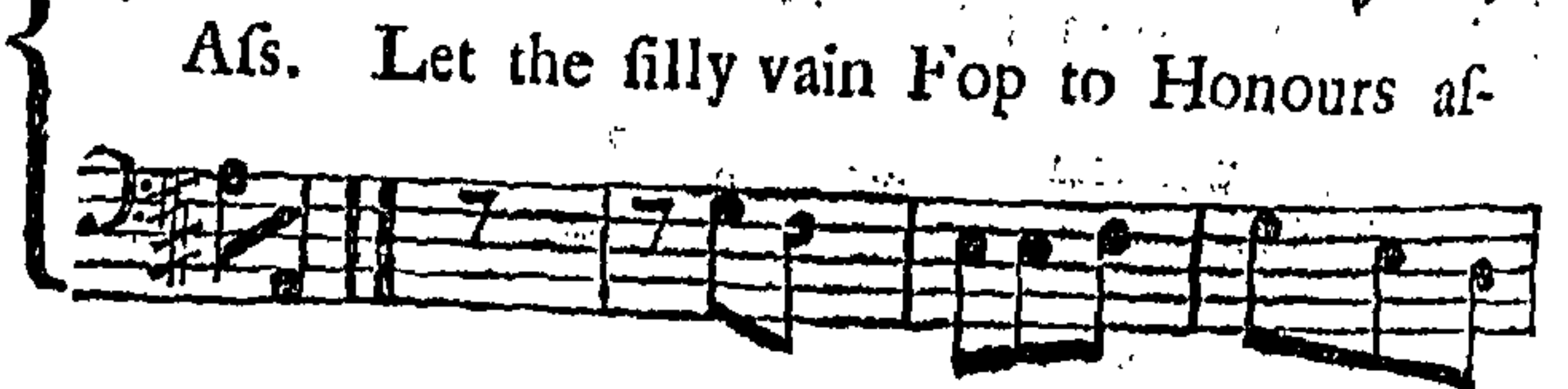
Let the amorous Coxcomb adore a fair Face, An



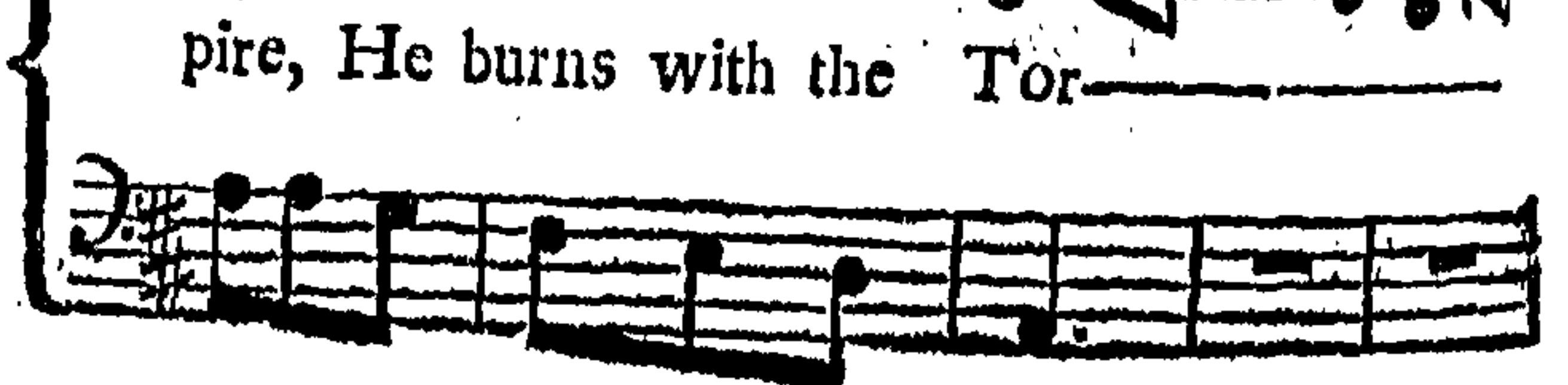
Hour's Enjoyment makes him look like an

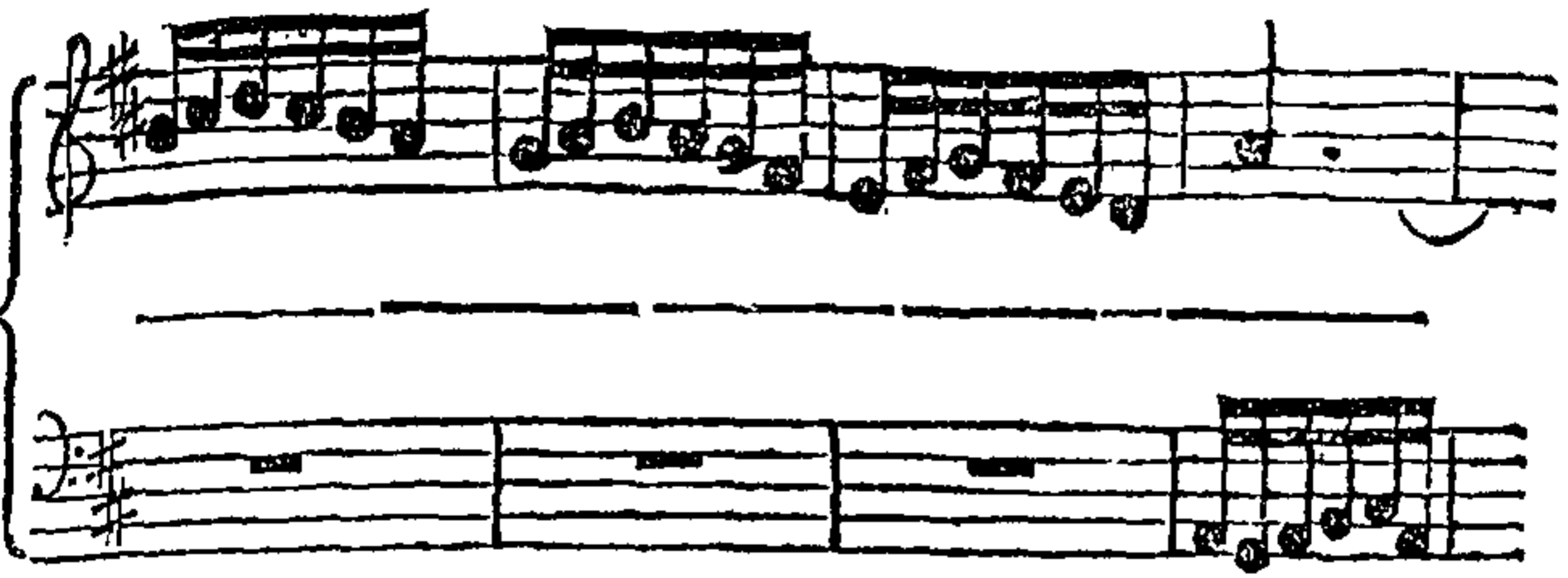


Afs. Let the silly vain Fop to Honours af-



pire, He burns with the Tor\_\_\_\_\_





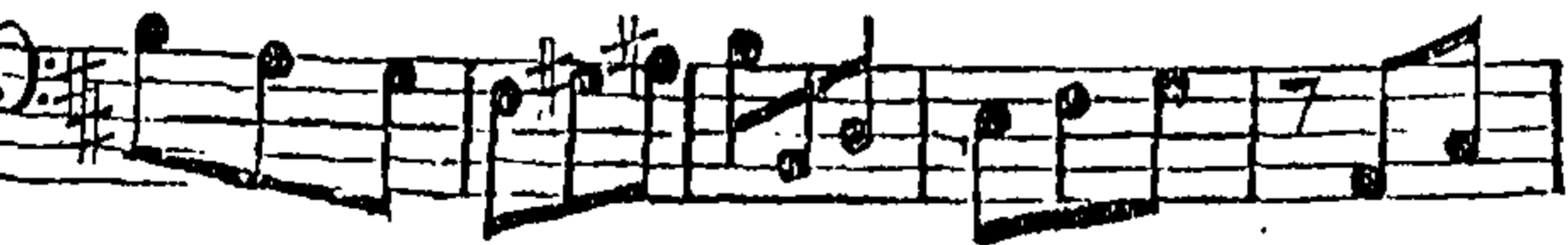
ments, he burns with the Torments of



boundless Desire. And let the old Miser hoard



up his curs'd Pelf, He enriches his Bags, but



beggars himself. The Lover, th' Ambitious, and





Miser are Fools, There's no so-lid Joy but in  
 jolly full Bowls. *Da Capo.*

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The first system is for the vocal line, and the second system is for the bass line. The music is in a key with one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The first system ends with a double bar line, and the second system ends with a double bar line and the instruction 'Da Capo.'.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**H**OW happy am I,  
 The fair Sex can defy,  
 And can ev'ry Day say, My Heart is my own.  
 For I never saw yet  
 That Beauty or Wit,  
 But I lov'd if I pleas'd, ———  
 But I lov'd if I pleas'd, or cou'd let it alone.

I thought that my Flame  
 Wou'd still prove the same  
 For beautiful *Celia*, while *Celia* was true;

But

But Love was so blind,  
When *Celia* was kind,  
I chang'd her for *Mopsa*; ———  
I chang'd her for *Mopsa*; for *Mopsa* was new.

For the FLUTE.

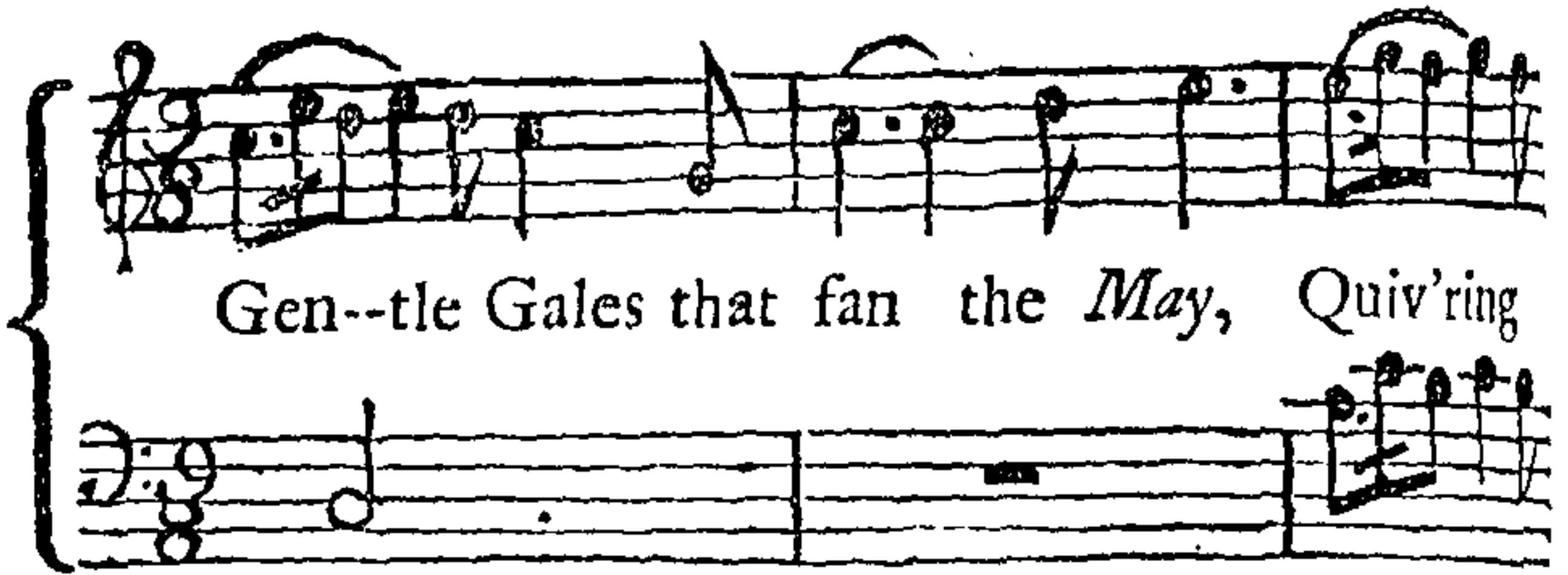


*Da Capo.*

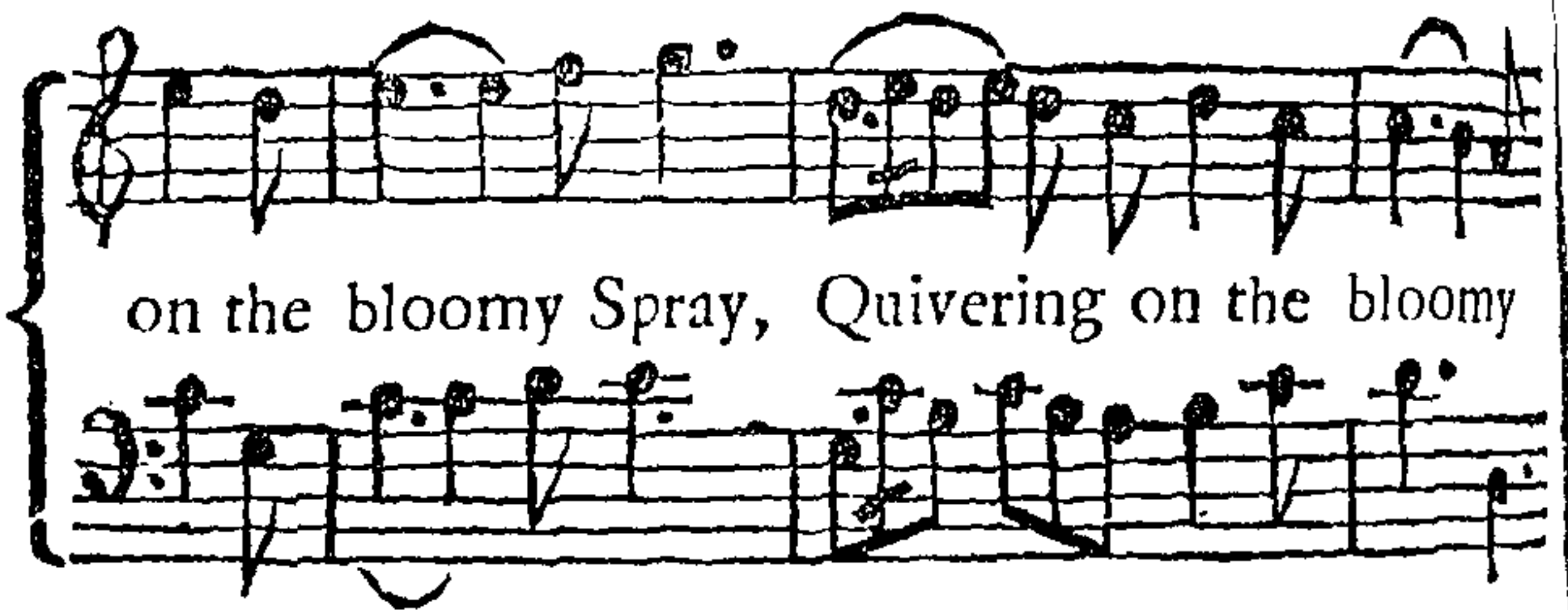


The Words translated from the *Italian Opera* of  
*PHARNACES.*

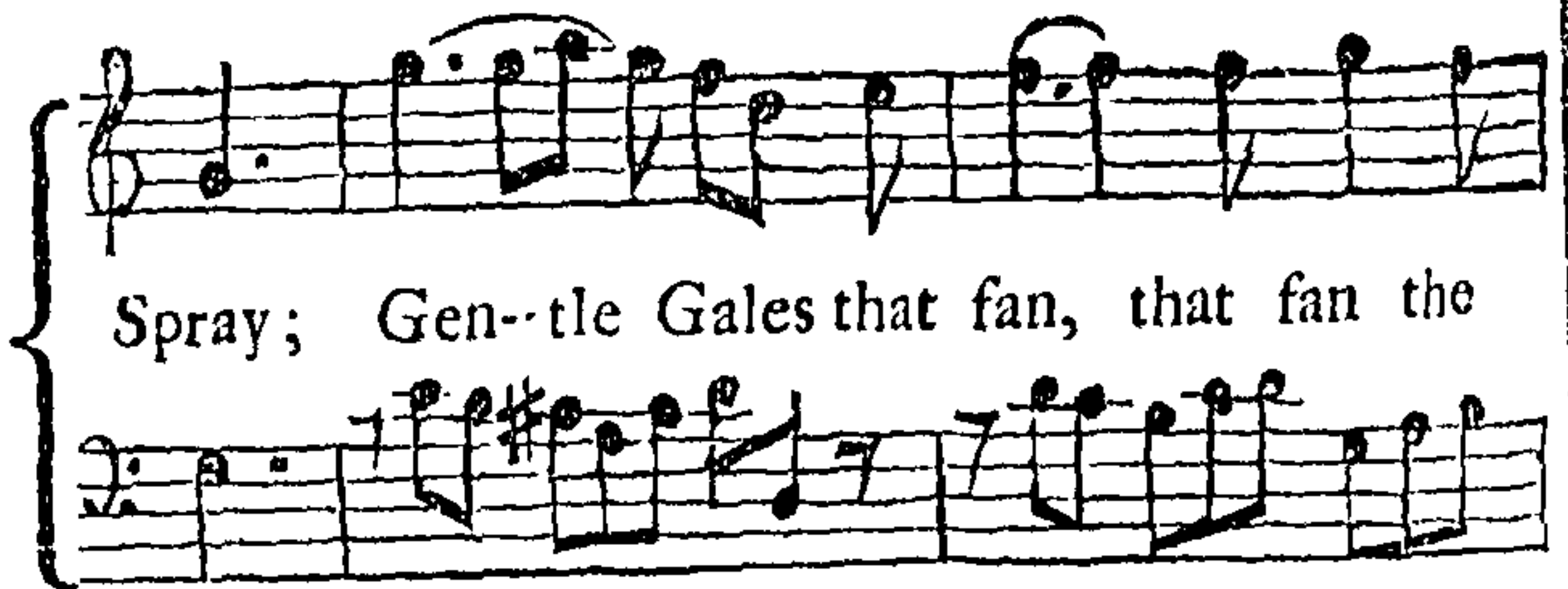
Set by Mr. J. SHEELÉS.



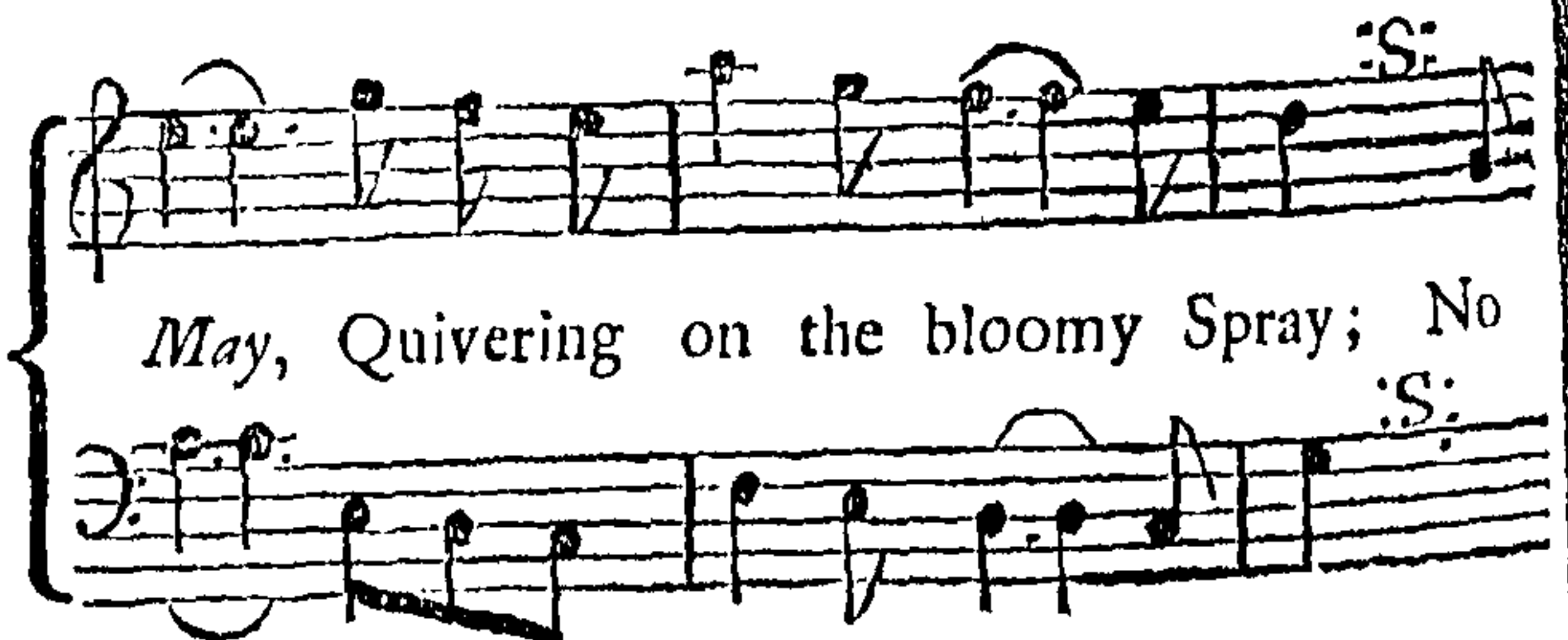
Gen-tle Gales that fan the *May*, Quiv'ring



on the bloomy Spray, Quivering on the bloomy



Spray; Gen-tle Gales that fan, that fan the

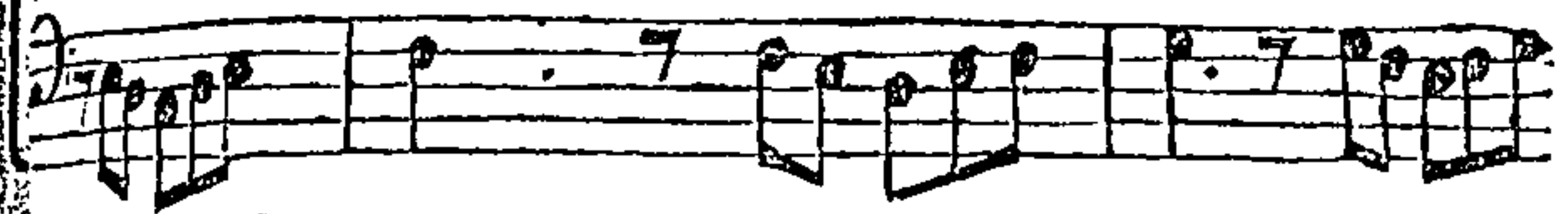


*May*, Quivering on the bloomy Spray; No





more the Woods with Whispers fill, All, all be



silent, all be still; No more the Woods with Whispers



fill, All, all be si--lent, all, all, all, all be



*Brisk.*



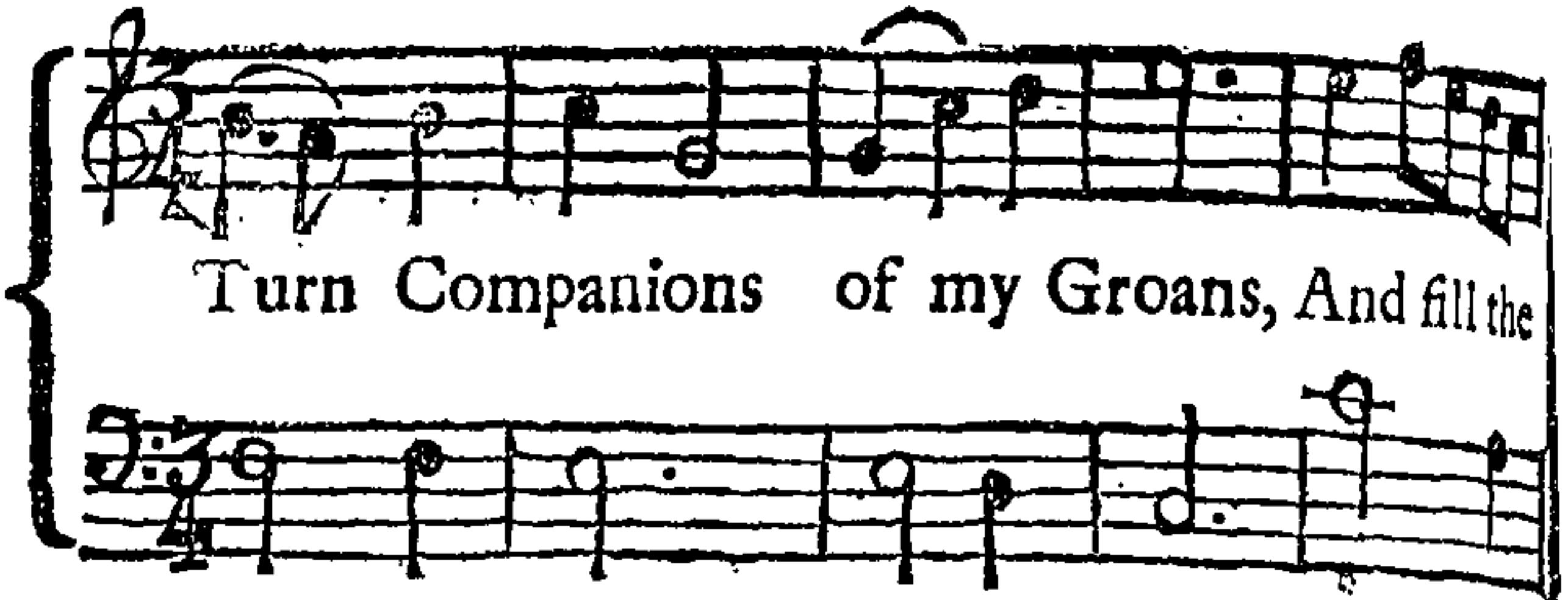
fill. Then rise at once, and murr'ring



blow, Hollow, dis-mal, deep, and low.




*slow.*



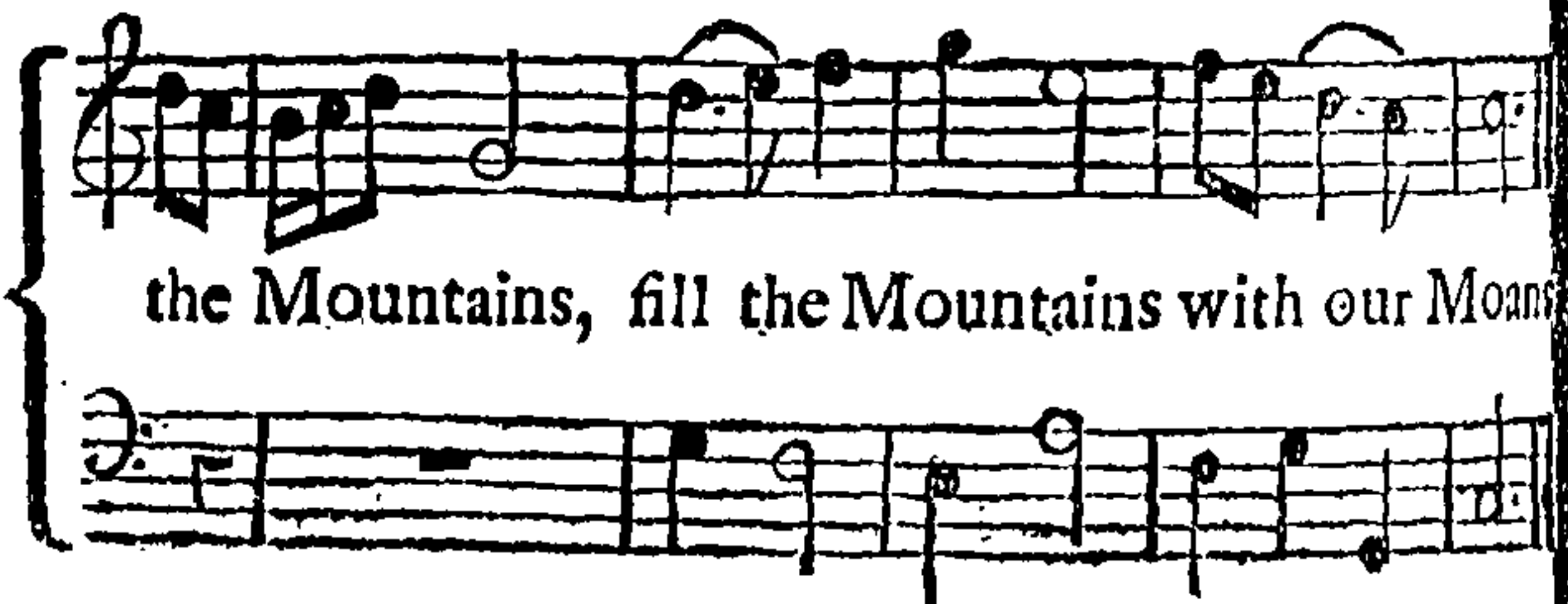
Turn Companions of my Groans, And fill the



Mountains, and fill the Mountains with our



Moans. Turn Companions of my Groans, And fill

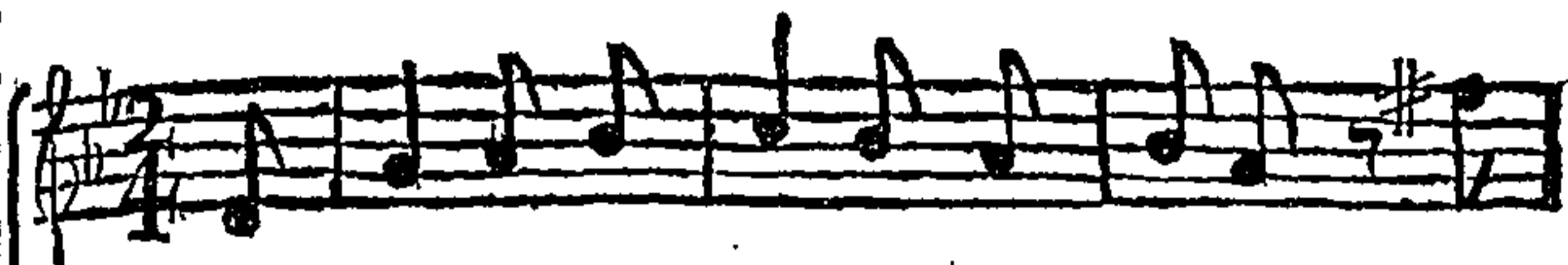


the Mountains, fill the Mountains with our Moans

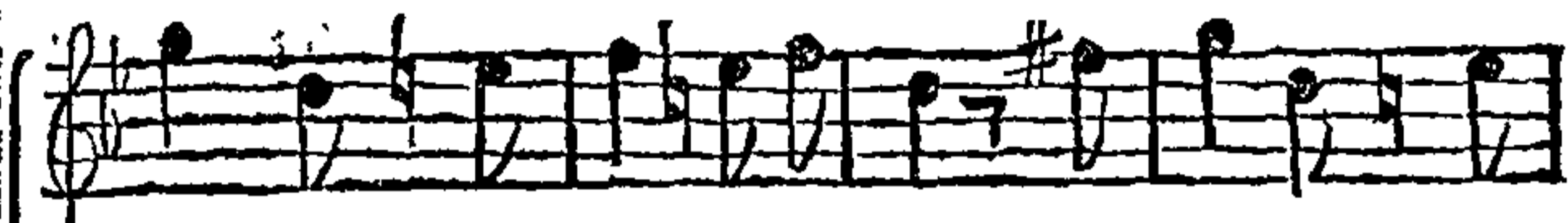


The SAILOR'S BALLAD.

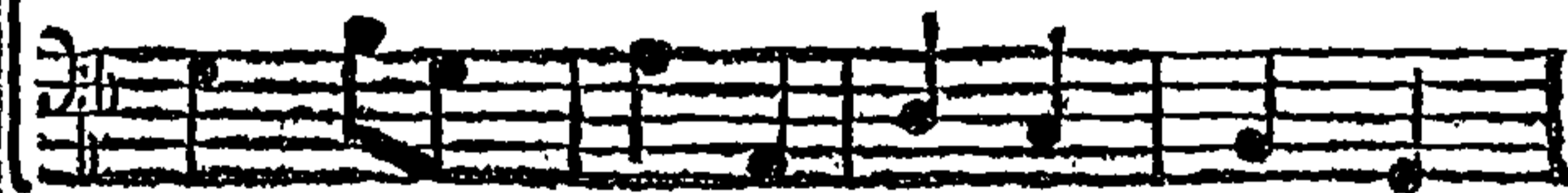
Sung by Mr. LEGAR, in PERSEUS and ANDROMEDA.



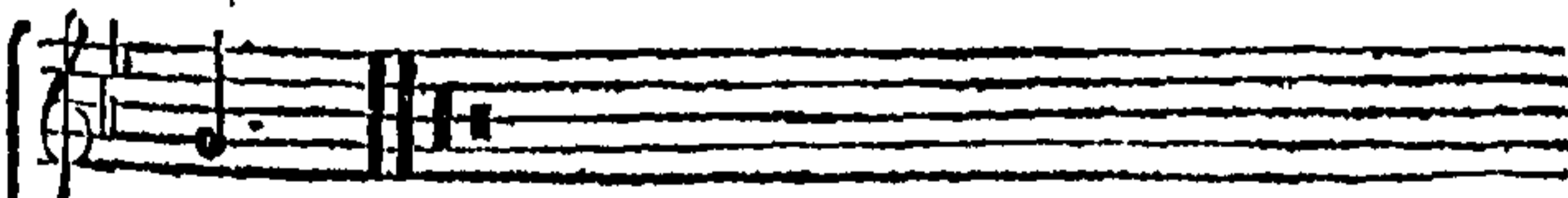
How pleasant a Sailor's Life passes, Who



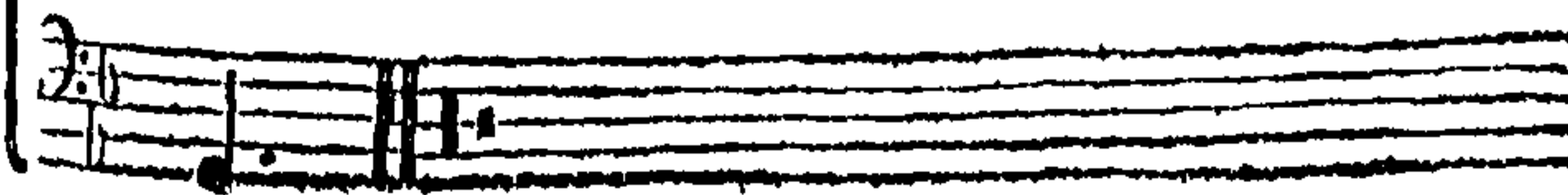
roams o'er the watery Main! No Treasure he



e---ver a-masses, But chearfully spends all his



Gain.





We're Strangers to Party and Faction,  
 To Honour and Honesty true;  
 And wou'd not commit a base Action,  
 For Power or Profit in view.

• Chor. *Then why shou'd we quarrel for Riches,  
 Or any such glittering Toy;  
 A light Heart and a thin pair of Breeches,  
 Goes thorough the World, brave Boy.*

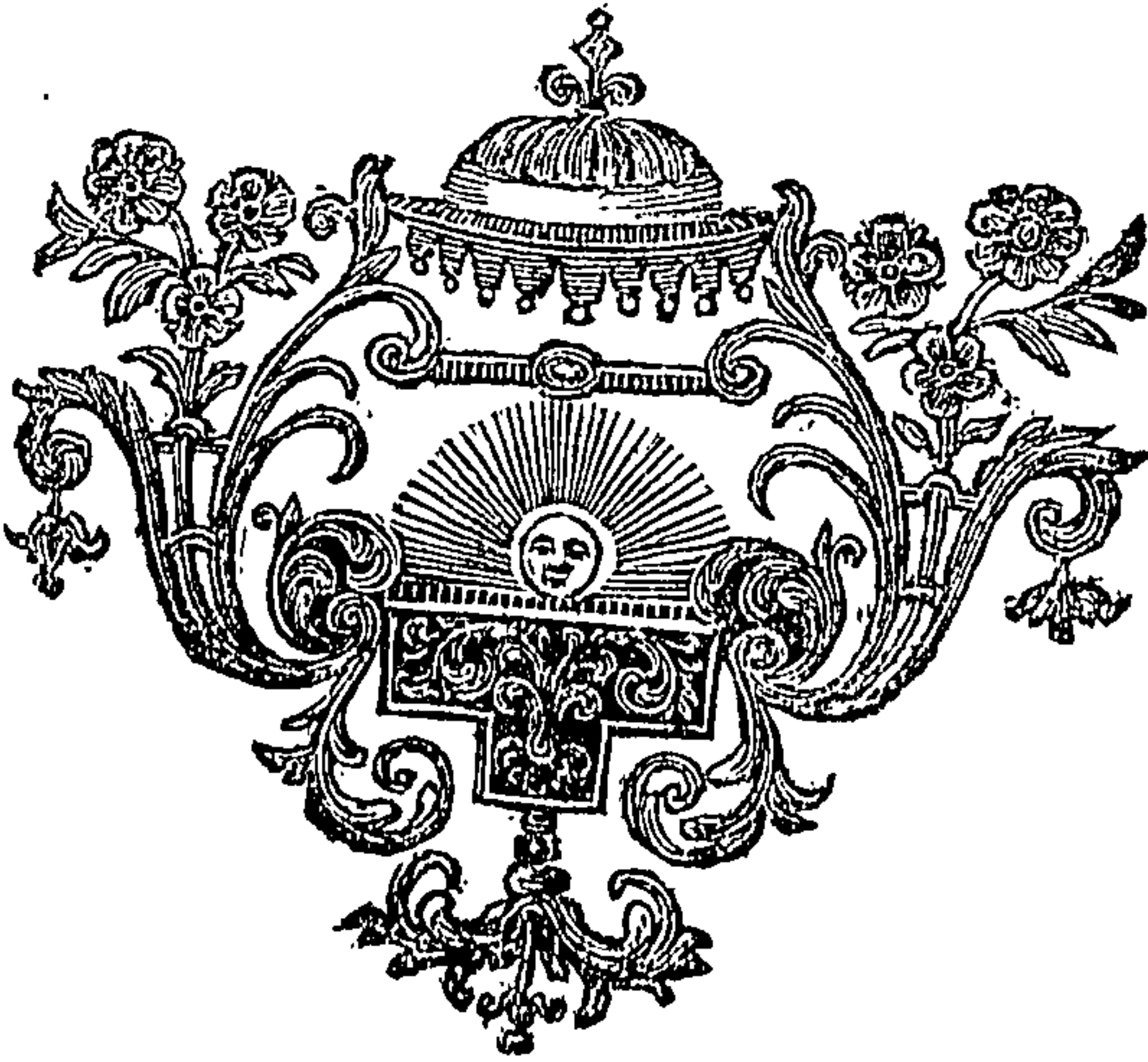
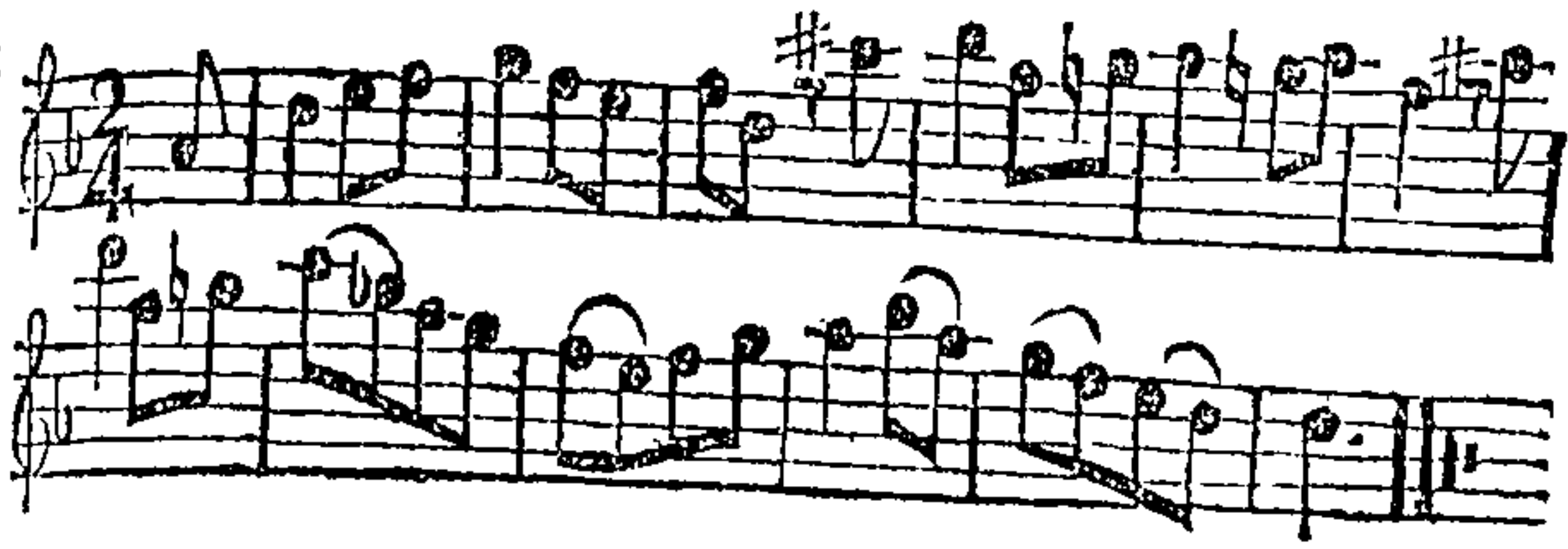
The World is a beautiful Garden,  
 Inrich'd with the Blessings of Life;  
 The Toiler with Plenty rewarding,  
 Which Plenty too often breeds Strife.  
 When terrible Tempests assail us,  
 And mountainous Billows affright,  
 No Grandeur or Wealth can avail us,  
 But skilful Industry steers right.

Chor. *Then why should, &c.*

The Courtier's more subject to Dangers,  
 Who rules at the Helm of the State  
 Than we, that to Politicks Strangers,  
 Escape the Snares laid for the Great.  
 The various Blessings of Nature,  
 In various Nations, we try;  
 No Mortal than us can be greater,  
 Who merrily live 'till we die.


Chor. *Then why should, &c.*

For the FLUTE.




## A SONG in Praise of POLLY.

Set by Mr. MONROE.




While the Town agrees that *Polly* Best di-





verts our Me-lan-cho-ly, Let us To—




---ast the sprightly, sprightly Lads. Heedless

of the Time and Treasure, Spent on her who



gives



gives such Peasure; Drink, and put about the

Gla ————— fs, Drink and

put a--bout the Glafs.

*Polly's* Charms are so extensive,  
 That the Cheerful, Grave, and Pensive,  
 Equally their Pow'r, equally their Pow'r obey.  
 In a Bed, or o'er a Bottle,  
 Full of Wit and am'rous Prattle,  
 Pretty *Polly's* always Gay;  
 Pretty *Polly's* always Gay.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**H**ARK, *Lucinda*, to the Wooing,  
 Murm'ring Turtles am'rous Cooing;  
 Shelly Grotts their Love rebound:  
 Streams along the Pebbles trilling,  
 Heart with trembling Pleasure filling,  
 Sweetly answer to the Sound,  
 Sweetly answer to the Sound.

Twisted Boughs above combining,  
 Loving Joy around them twining,  
 Guard thee with a mingled Shade:  
 Purple Vi'lets, blushing Roses,  
 Od'rous Flow'rs in various Posies,  
 Dress thy Bosom, and thy Head,  
 Dress thy Bosom, and thy Head,

See! their tender Beings flying!  
 Quickly fading, quickly dying!  
 Beauty ne'er was fram'd to last;  
 Let the Lover once advise thee,  
 To improve the Good that flies thee;  
 Soon, ah! soon, the Season's past,  
 Soon, ah! soon, the Season's past.

Air, with hollow Tempests swelling,  
 Gathering Clouds a Storm foretelling,  
 Shroud in Night the fairest Day:

Springing

Springing Beauty, gaily blooming,  
Sees not lowry Winter's coming,  
To *December* change her *May*,  
To *December* change her *May*.

For the FLUTE.



LOVE *and* FRIENDSHIP.

Leave off this I---dle Prating, Talk no more of



Whig and Tory; But drink your Glafs, Round let it



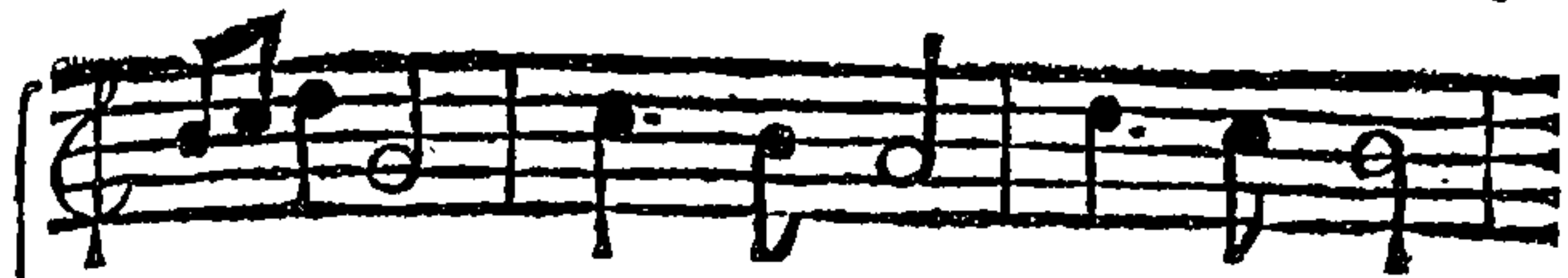
pafs, The Bot---tle stands be---fore ye.

*Chorus.*

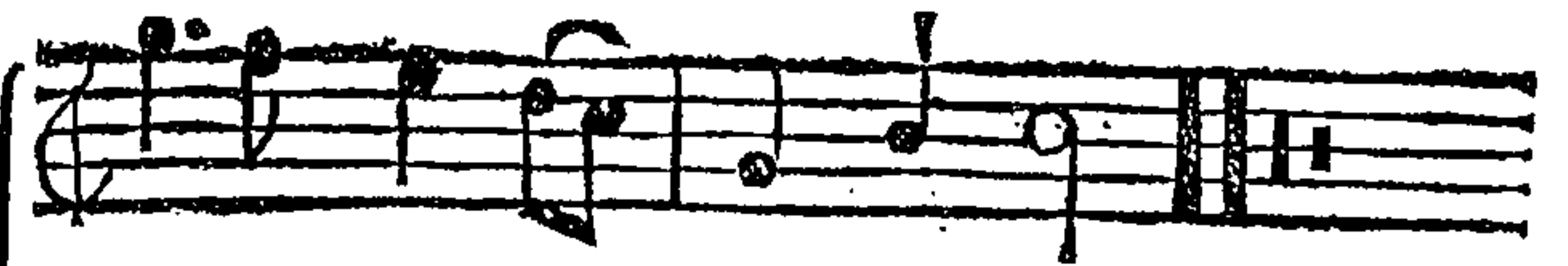
Fill it up To the Top, Let the Night with







Mirth be crown'd; Drink about, See it out,



Love and Friendship still go round.



If Claret be a Blessing,  
This Night devote to Pleasure;  
Let Worldly Cares,  
And State Affairs,  
Be thought on at more Leisure.  
*Fill it up, &c.*

If any is so zealous,  
To be a Party's Minion,  
Let him drink like me,  
We'll soon agree,  
And be of one Opinion.  
*Fill it up, &c.*

*Sung*

*Sung in the Comedy call'd, RAPE upon RAPE.*

To the foregoing Tune.

LET a Set of sober Asses  
 Rail against the Joys of Drinking,  
 While Water, Tea,  
 And Milk agree,  
 To set cold Brains a thinking:  
 Power and Wealth,  
 Beauty, Health,  
 Wit and Mirth in Wine are crown'd;  
 Joys abound,  
 Pleasure's found,  
 Only where the Glass goes round.

The antient Sects on Happiness,  
 All differ'd in Opinion,  
 But wiser Rules,  
 Of modern Schools,  
 In Wine fix her Dominion:  
*Power and Wealth, &c.*

Wine gives the Lover Vigour,  
 Makes glow the Cheeks of Beauty,  
 Makes Poets write,  
 And Soldiers fight,  
 And Friendship do its Duty:  
*Power and Wealth, &c.*

Wine was the only *Helicon*,  
 Whence Poets are long-liv'd so;  
 'Twas no other Main,  
 Than brisk *Champaigne*,  
 Whence *Venus* was deriv'd too:  
*Power and Wealth, &c.*

When Heav'n in *Pandora's* Box

All kind of Ill had sent us,

In a merry Mood,

A Bottle of Good

Was cork'd up, to content us:

*Power and Wealth, &c.*

All Virtues Wine is Nurse to.

Of ev'ry Vice Destroyer;

Gives Dullards Wit,

Makes just the Cit,

Truth forces from the Lawyer:

*Power and Wealth, &c.*

Wine sets our Joys a flowing,

Our Care and Sorrow drowning.

Who rails at the Bowl,

Is a *Turk* in's Soul,

And a Christian ne'er shou'd own him:

*Power and Wealth, &c.*

*For the F L U T E.*



The COUNTRY LIFE.

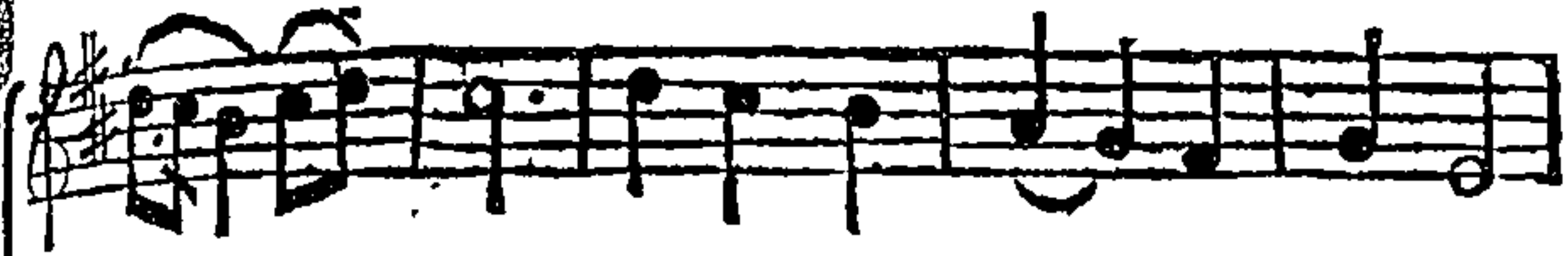
Happy is a Country Life! Happy is a Country

Life! Blest with Content, good Health, and Ease,

Free from factious Noise and Strife, We only

Plot our selves to please. Peace of Mind's our





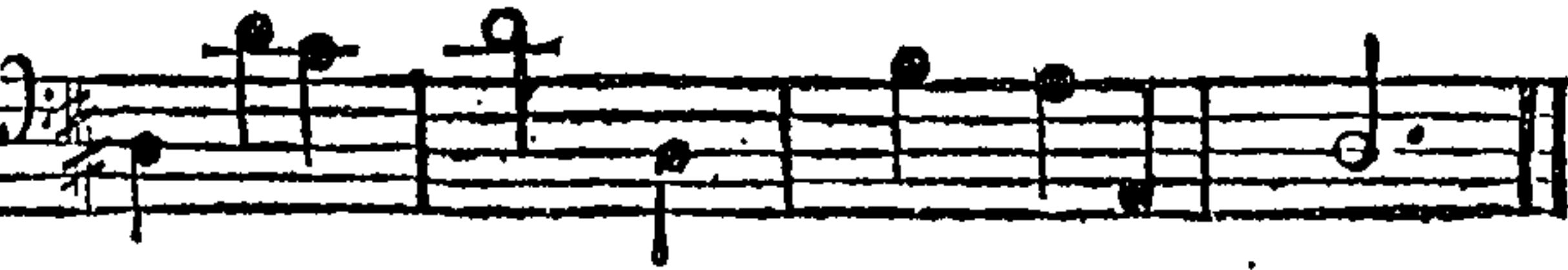
Day's Delight, And Love, or welcome Dreams, at



Night. Peace of Mind's our Day's De---light,



And Love, or welcome Dreams, at Night.



Hail! green Fields, and shady Woods!

Hail! Chrystal Streams that still run pure,  
Nature's uncorrupted Goods,

Where Virtue only dwells secure;  
Free from Vice, and free from Care,  
Age has no Pain, nor Youth a Snare.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**H**E, whose active Thoughts disdain  
 To be Captive to one Foe,  
 And wou'd break his single single Chain;  
 Or else more wou'd undergo;  
 Let him learn the Art of me,  
 By new Bondage to be free.

What tyrannick Mistrefs dare,  
 To one Beauty, Love confine?  
 Who, unbounded as the Air,  
 All may court, but none decline.  
 Why shou'd we the Heart deny  
 As many Objects as the Eye?

Wheresoe'er I turn, or move,  
 A new Passion still detains me;  
 Those kind Beauties that approve,  
 Or those proud Nymphs that disdain me.  
 This Frown melts, and that Frown burns me,  
 This to Tears, that Ashes turns me.

Soft fresh Virgins, not full-blown,  
 With their youthful Sweetness take me;  
 Sober Matrons that have known,  
 Long since, what these prove, awake me:  
 Here, stay'd Coldness I admire;  
 There, the lively active Fire.

She, that doth by Skill dispense  
Ev'ry Favour she bestows;  
Or, the harmless Innocence,  
Which nor Court, nor City knows:  
Both alike my Soul inflame;  
That Wild Beauty, and this Tame.

She that wisely can adorn  
Nature, with the Wealth of Art;  
Or She, whose rural Sweets scorn  
Borrow'd Helps to take a Heart:  
The vain Care of That's my Pleasure,  
Poverty of This my Treasure.

Both the Wanton, and the Coy,  
Me, with equal Pleasures move;  
She, whom I by Force enjoy,  
Or, who forceth me to love:  
This, because she'll not confefs;  
That, not hide her Happiness.

She, whose loosely-flowing Hair,  
Scatter'd like the Beams o'th' Morn,  
Playing with the sportive Air,  
Hides the Beauties it adorns;  
Captive in that Net restrains me,  
In those golden Fetters chains me.

Nor doth she with Pow'rs less bright,  
My divided Heart invade,  
Whose soft Tresses spread, like Night,  
O'er her Shoulders a black Shade;

For

For the Star-light of her Eyes  
Brighter shines through those dark Skies.

Black, or fair, or tall, or low,  
I alike with all can sport;  
The bold sprightly *Thais* woe,  
Or the frozen *Vestal* court.  
Ev'ry Beauty takes my Mind;  
Ty'd to all, to none confin'd.

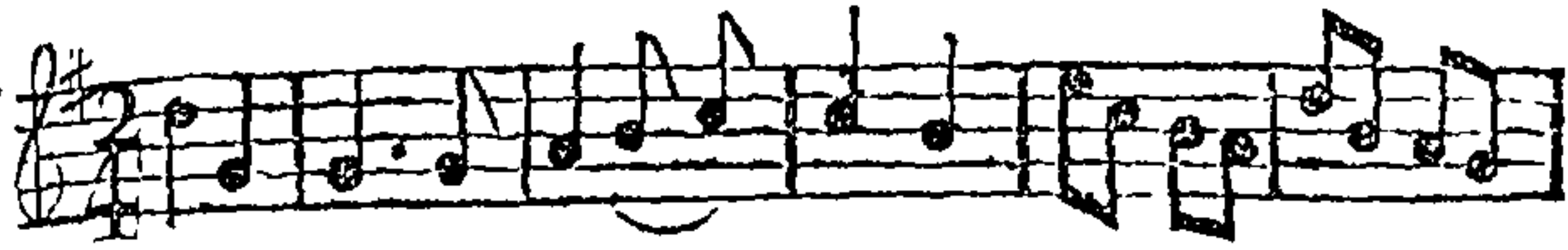
*For the F L U T E.*



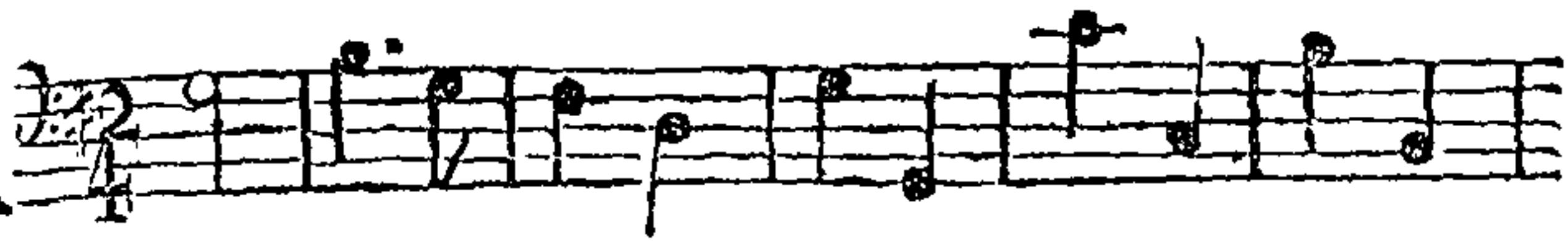


The R E P R O A C H.

Set by Mr. MONRO.



Phillis, talk no more of Passion, Words alone want



Pow'r to move: She that flies a fair Occasion,



Never shou'd pretend to Love.



Honour, that so oft you boast on,  
Love possessing once the Mind,  
Only is a vain Pretension  
Women use that won't be kind.

See the winged Moments flying,  
 Whereon Youth and Beauty ride ;  
 She, who long persists denying,  
 Ne'er can hope to be a Bride.

She that now evades possessing,  
 By her silly Doubts betray'd ;  
 When she'd yield to share the Blessing,  
 May, neglected, dye a Maid.

---

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**C**ELIA, hence with Affectation,  
 Hence with all this careless Air ;  
 Hypocrisy is out of Fashion  
 With the Witty and the Fair.

Nature all thy Arts discloses,  
 While the Pleasure she supplies  
 Paints thy glowing Cheeks with Roses,  
 And inflames thy sparkling Eyes.

Foolish *Celia*, not to know  
 Love thy Int'rest and thy Duty,  
 Thou to Love alone do'st owe  
 All thy Joy, and all thy Beauty.

Mark the tuneful feather'd Kind,  
At the coming of the Spring;  
All in happy Pairs are join'd,  
And because they love, they sing.

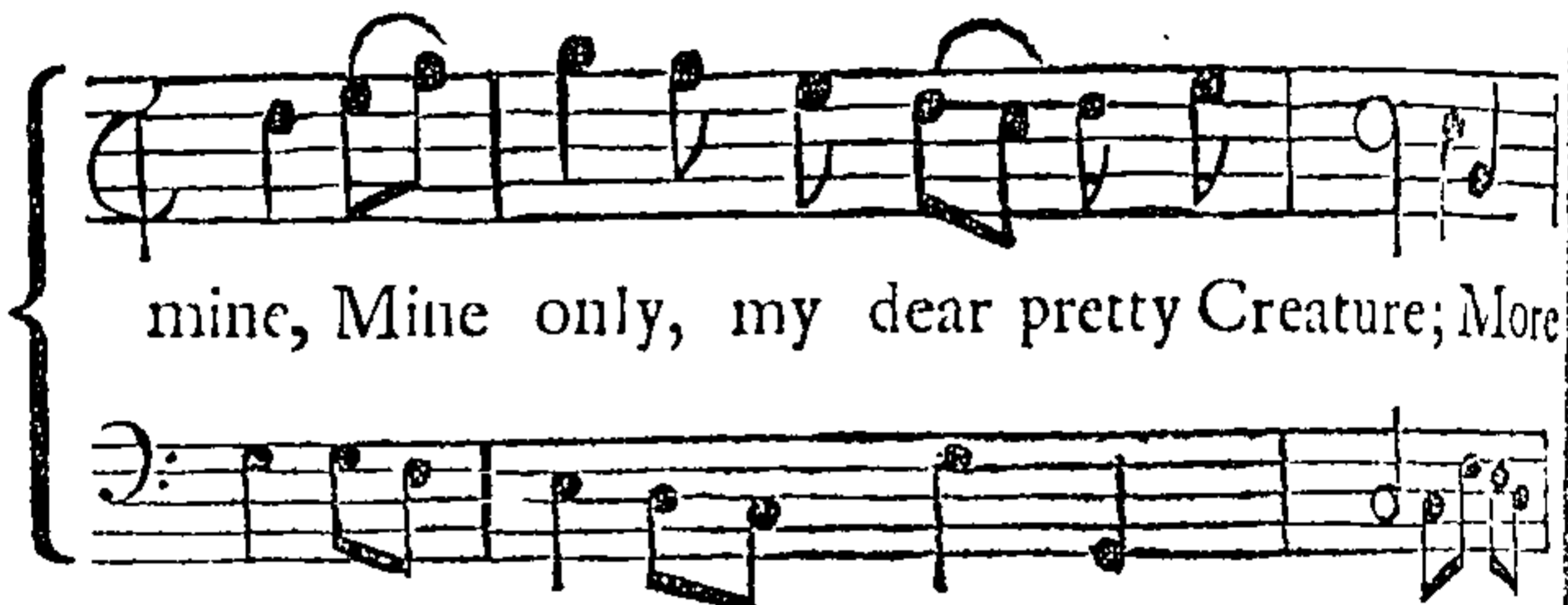
*For the* F L U T E.



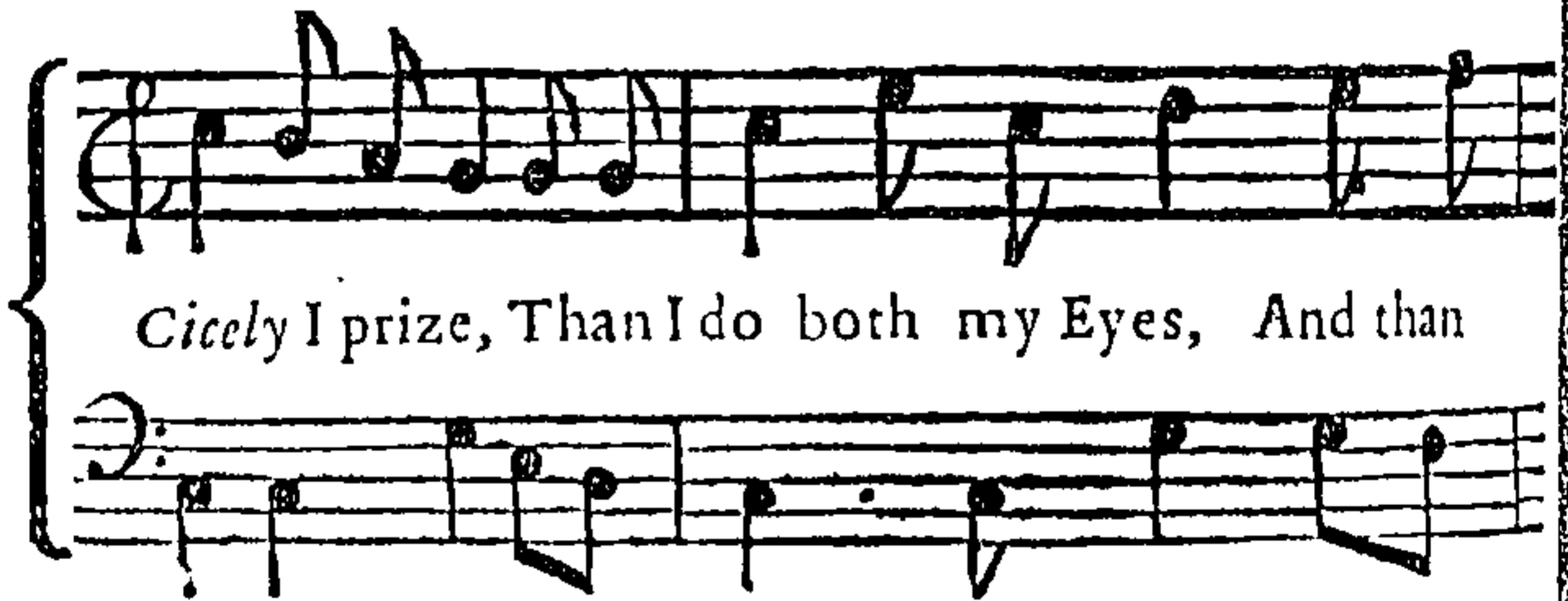
## ROGER and CICELY.



Come, Love, let us join, Come pr'ythee be



mine, Mine only, my dear pretty Creature; More



Cicely I prize, Than I do both my Eyes, And than



Honey to me she is sweeter. You think to per-



suade A poor sil---ly Maid, Un-

skill'd in the Bus'ness of Wooing: If you

hold on your Jest, I'll be gone, I protest, For

fear it should prove my Un-do-ing.

I'm in such a Fever,  
 The like it was never;  
 So dreadfully sore is my Smart,  
 That *Cupid*, I weet,  
 Were you but to see't,  
 Has bor'd a great Hole in my Heart.  
*Yes, yes, the plain Case is,*  
*You know all your Paces,*  
*Whene'er you would compass your Pleasure;*  
*And if silly Wenches*  
*Believe your Pretences,*  
*They're left to repent at their Leisure.*

In Pity forbear  
 To insult me, my Dear,  
 O spare, while so sorely I languish!  
 What Room, dear Unkind,  
 For Deceit can you find  
 In a Breast that is brim-full of Anguish?  
*Nay, nay, Roger, now,*  
*You wrong me, I vow,*  
*I would not be reckon'd hard-hearted:*  
*But, alas! I have known,*  
*For believing too soon,*  
*Poor Maids that have wofully smarted.*

Pray do not suppose,  
 That I'm one of Those,  
 Who can leave their Sweet-hearts in the Lurch;  
 I mean, in good Sooth,  
 To plight you my Troth,  
 When the Bans have been ask'd in the Church.

*But then, should you soon,  
With the first Honey-moon,  
Should you forfeit the Troth which you plighted;  
Should you, cool to your Spouse,  
Laugh at all your past Vows,  
And Cicely, poor Cicely! be slighted?*

Come, Sweet! be not shy,  
On your True-love rely;  
Come, with hearty Good-will let's agree;  
You may quit ev'ry Fear,  
When, without you, I swear,  
All the World would be nothing to me.

*Well, I can't but approve  
Of so honest a Love;  
Nor dread to be such a one's Wife.  
And a Love, my dear Cis,  
That's as honest as this,  
Is as long and as lasting as Life.*

CUPID turn'd TINKER.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**F**AIR *Venus*, they say,  
On a rainy bleak Day,  
Thus sent her Child *Cupid* a packing;  
Get thee gone from my Door,  
Like a Son of a Whore,  
And elsewhere stand bouncing and cracking.

To tell the plain Truth,  
Our little blind Youth  
Beat the Hoof a long while up and down, Sir,  
'Till, all Dangers past,  
By good Fortune, at last  
He stumbled into a great Town, Sir.

Then straight to himself  
Cries this tiny fly Elf,  
Since Begging brings little Relief, Sir,  
A Trade I'll commence  
That shall bring in the Pence;  
And straight he set up for a Thief, Sir.  
At Play-house and Kirk,  
Where he slyly did lurk,  
He stole Hearts both from young and old People,  
'Till at last, says my Song,  
He had like to have swung  
On a Gallows as high as a Steeple.

Then with Arrows and Bow  
He a Soldier must go;  
And straight he shot Folks without Warning;  
He thought it no Sin,  
When his Hand once was in,  
To kill you a Hundred each Morning.  
When he found that he made  
Little Gains by this Trade,  
What does our fly graceless Blinker,  
But straight chang'd his Note,  
As well as his Coat,  
And needs must pass for a Tinker.



Have you any Hearts to mend,  
Come, I'll be your Friend,  
Or else I expect not a Farthing :  
Tho' they're burnt to a Coal,  
I'll soon make 'em whole ;  
And, Maids, is not this a fair Bargain?  
But, Maids, have a care,  
Of this Tinker beware,  
Shun the Rogue, tho' he sets such a Face on't ;  
Where he stops up one Hole,  
'Tis true, by my Soul,  
He'll at least leave a Score in the place on't.

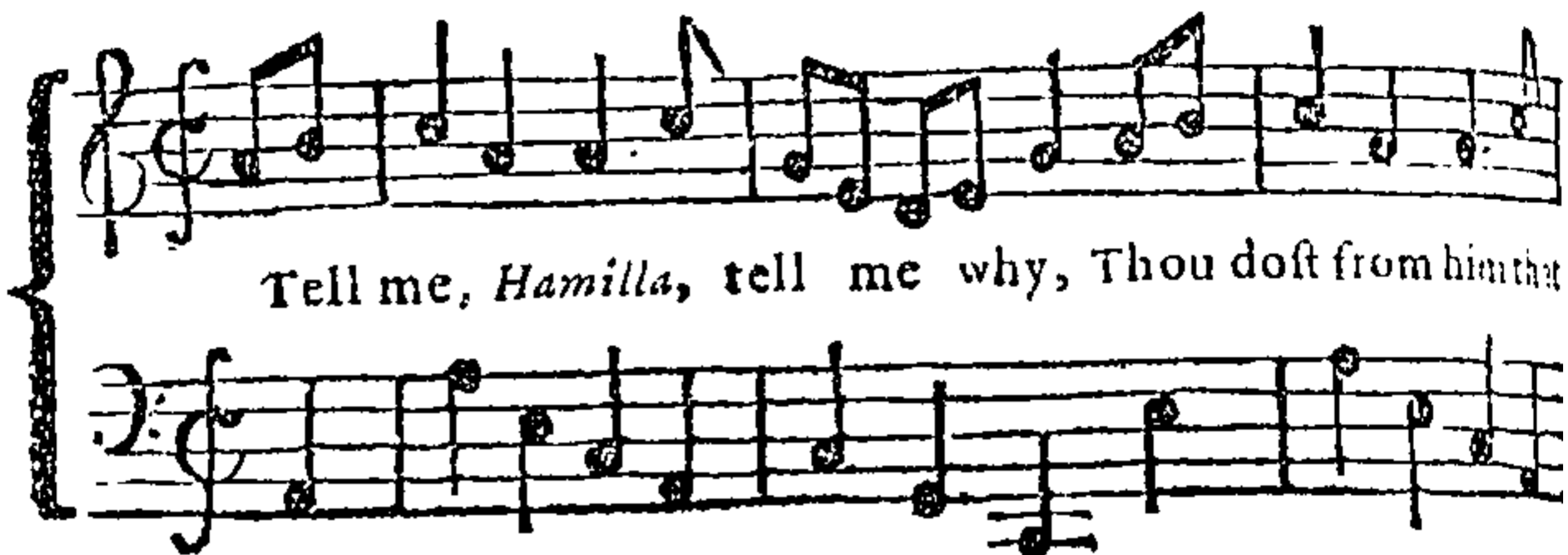
*For the* FLUTE.



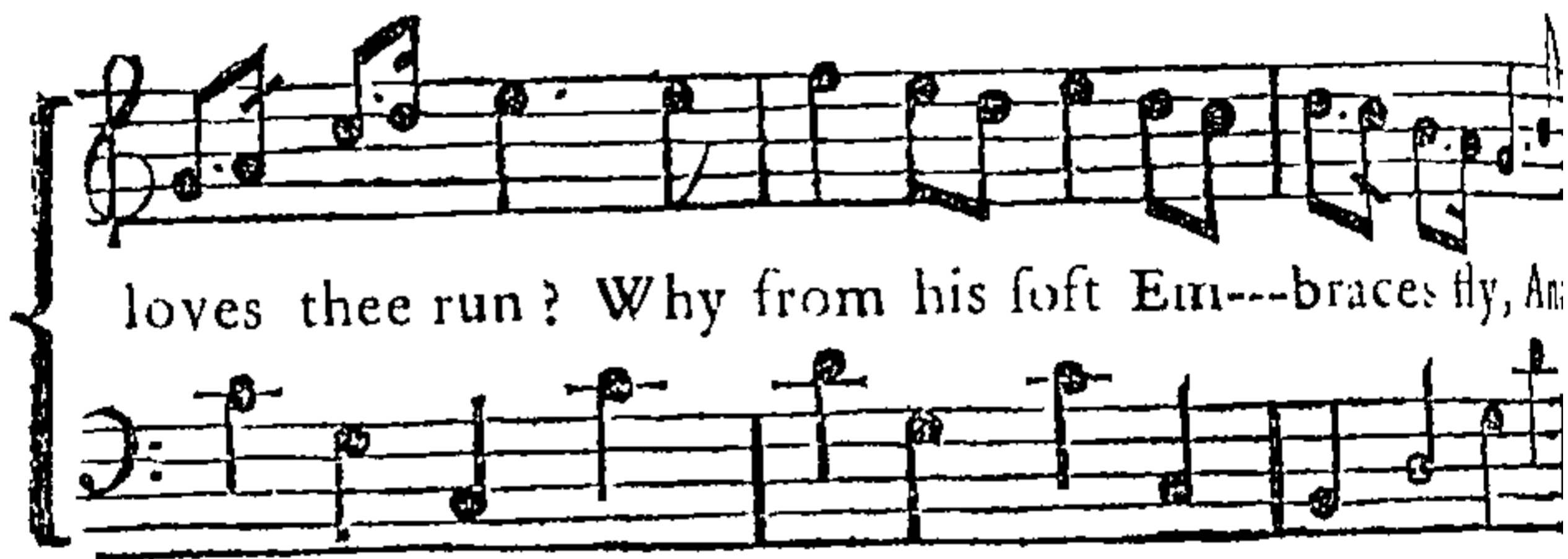
## To H A M I L L A.

In Imitation of *Horace*, Book I. Ode XXIII.

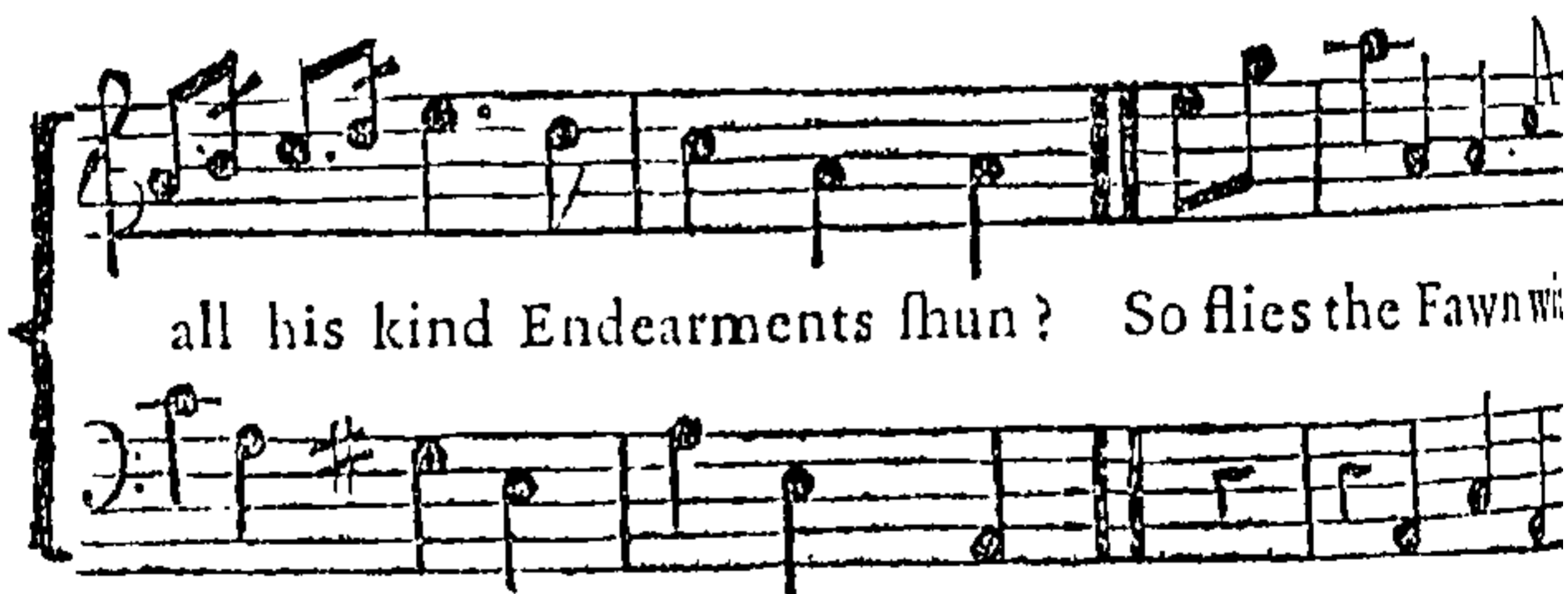
To the Tune of LOGAN WATER.



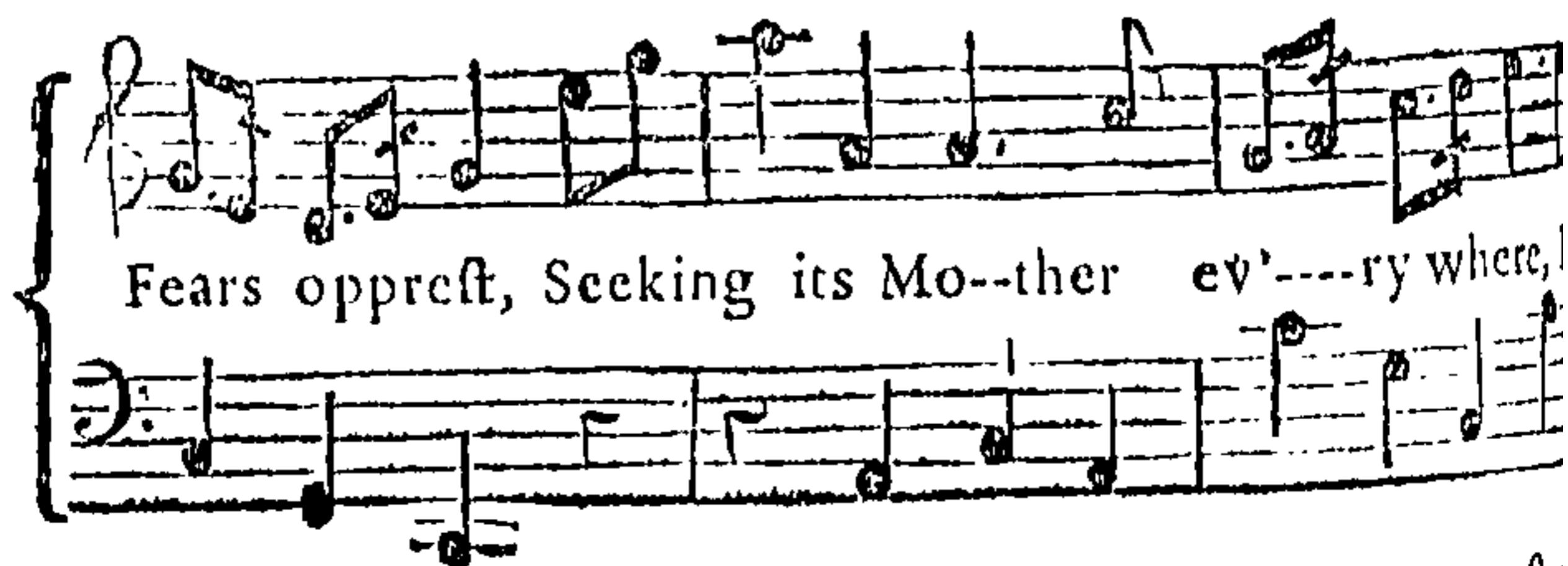
Tell me, *Hamilla*, tell me why, Thou dost from him that



loves thee run? Why from his soft Em---braces fly, And



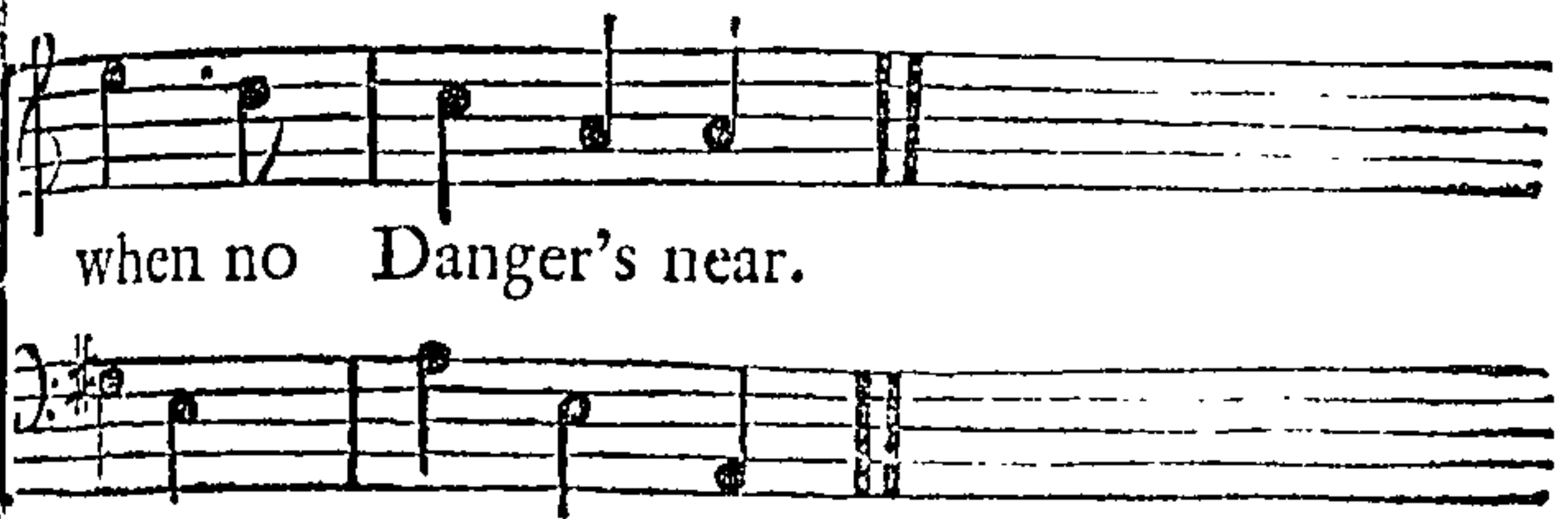
all his kind Endearments shun? So flies the Fawn with



Fears oppress'd, Seeking its Mo---ther ev'---ry where,



starts at ev'ry emp-ty Blast. And trembles



when no Danger's near.

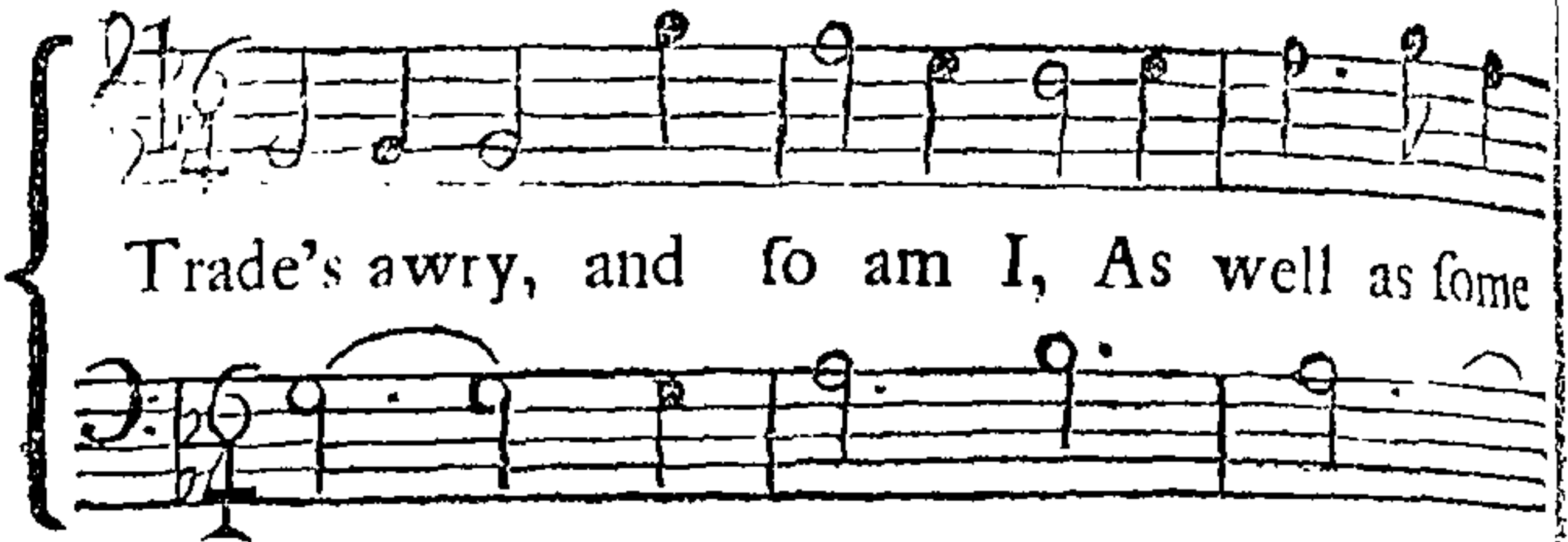
And yet I keep thee but in view,  
 To gaze the Glories of thy Face,  
 Not with a hateful Step pursue,  
 As Age, to rifle ev'ry Grace.  
 Cease then, dear Wildness, cease to toy,  
 But haste all Rivals to outshine ;  
 Now grown mature, and ripe for Joy,  
 Leave *Mamma's* Arms, and fly to *mine*.

*For the FLUTE.*

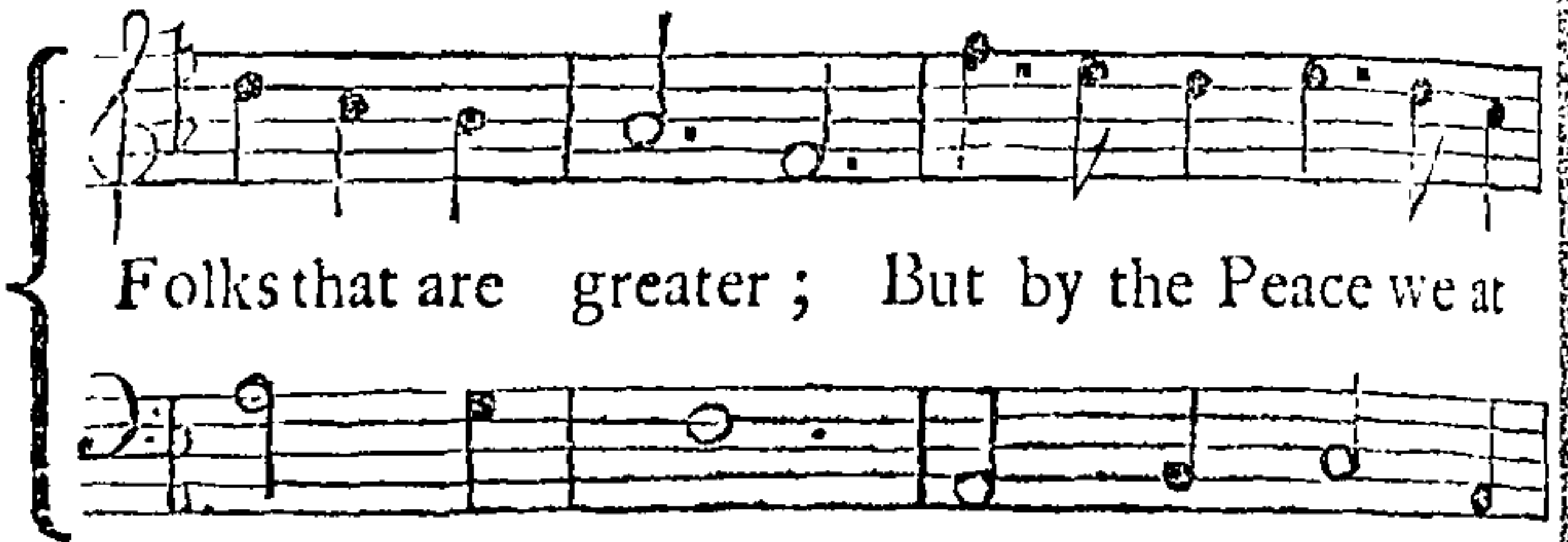


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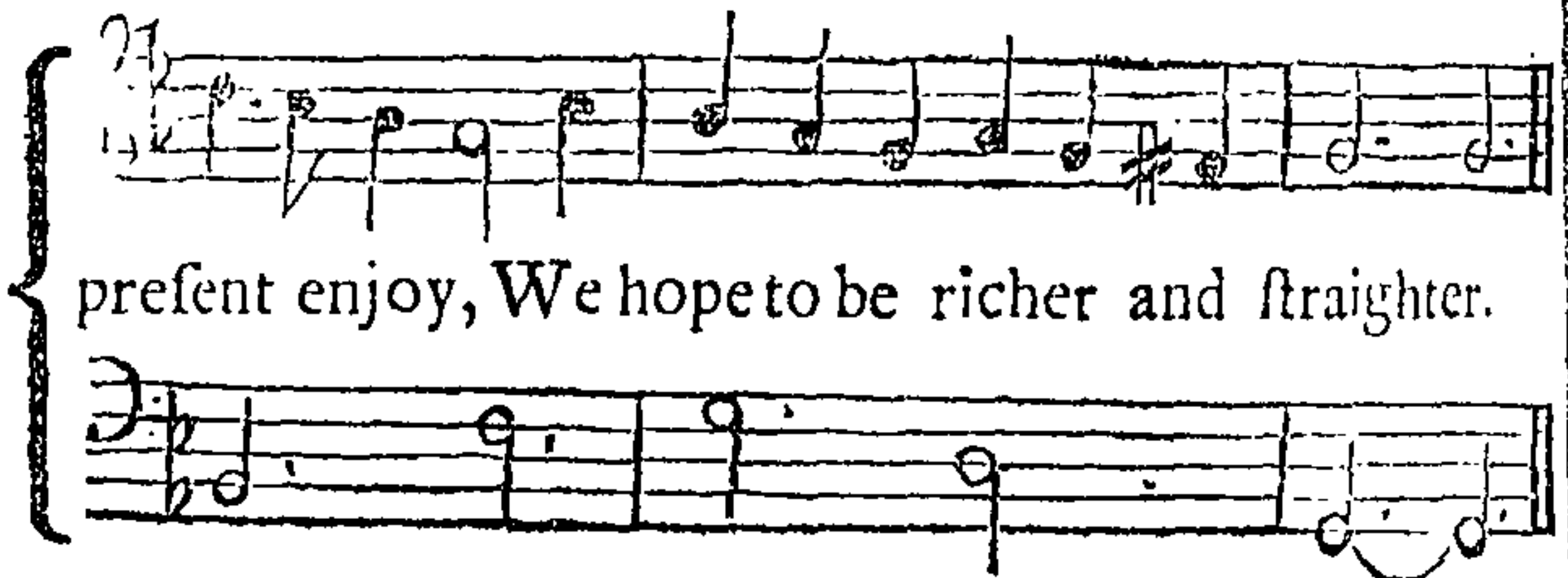
## PUNCHINELLO.



Trade's awry, and so am I, As well as some

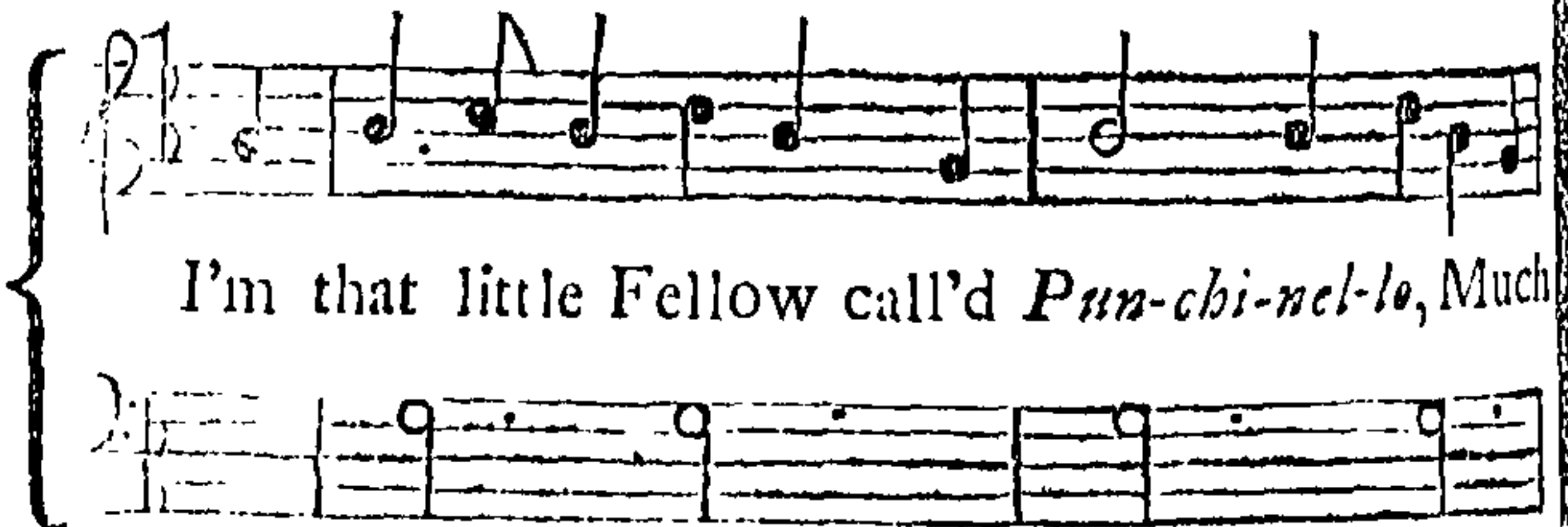


Folks that are greater; But by the Peace we at



present enjoy, We hope to be richer and straighter.

Brib'ry must be laid aside,  
 To some-body's Mortification:  
 He that is guilty, O! let him be try'd,  
 And expos'd for a Rogue to the Nation.

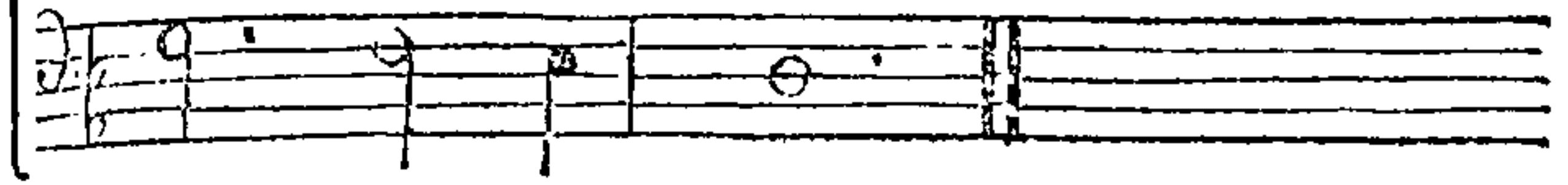


I'm that little Fellow call'd *Pun-chi-nel-lo*, Much

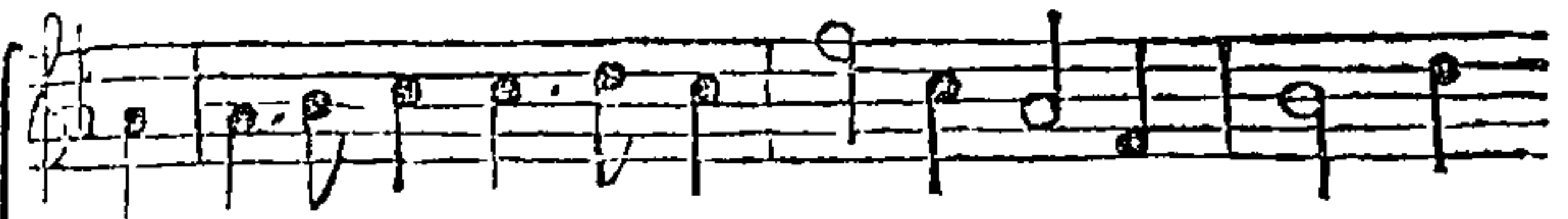




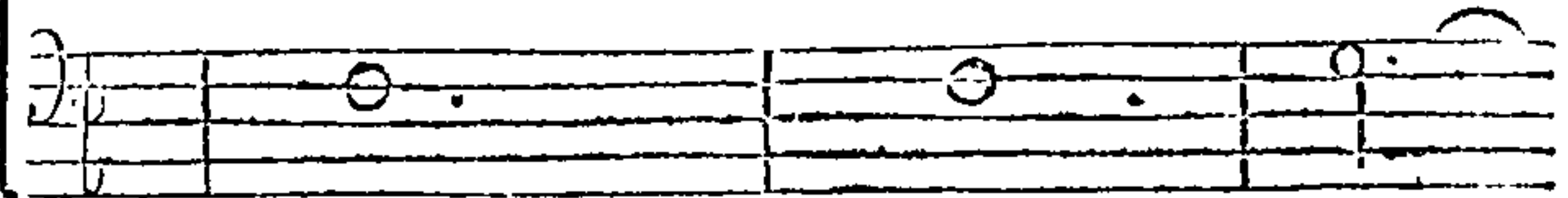
Beauty I carry a---bout me;



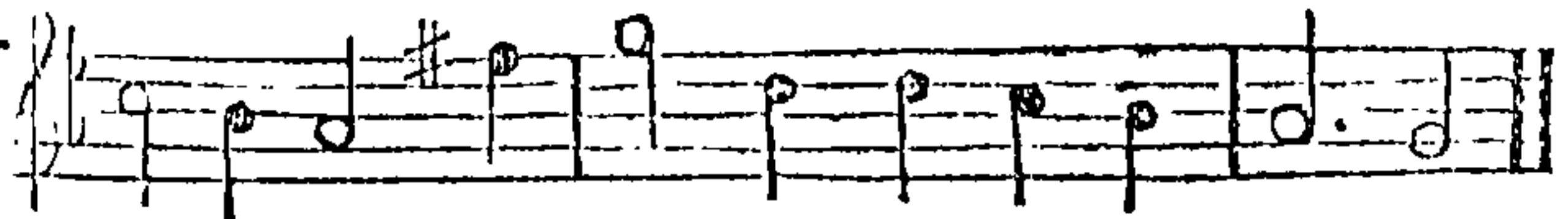
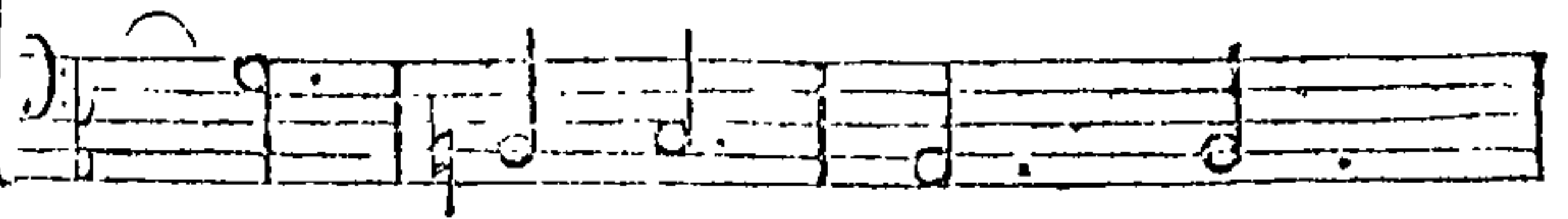
I'm witty, and pretty,  
And come to delight you,  
You cannot be merry without me.



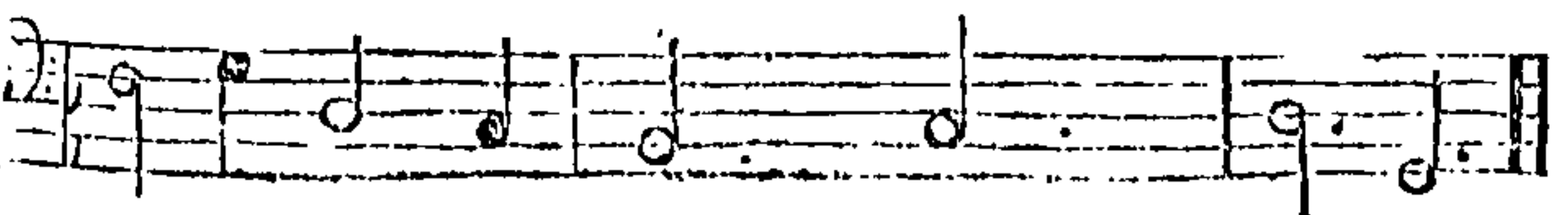
My Cap it is like to a Sugar Loaf, And round my



Collar I wear a Ruff, I'd strip and shew you my



Shapes in Buff, But fear the Ladies wou'd flout me.



[Sing

[*Sing this Stanza to the latter Part of the Tune.*]

My rising Back, and distorted Breast,  
Whene'er I show 'em become a Jest;  
And as for what is below my Waist,  
No Lady ever need doubt me.

*Æsop* was a monst'rous Slave,  
And waited at *Xanthus's* Table;  
Yet he was always a comical Knave,  
And an excellent Dab at a Fable.

So when I presume to show

My Shapes, I am just such another,  
By my sweet Looks and good Humour, I know,  
You must take me for him, or his Brother.

The Fair, and the Comely,

May think me but homely,

Because I am Tawney, and Crooked,

But he that by Nature

Is taller and straiter,

May happen to prove a Block-head;

But I, fair Ladies, am full as wise,

As he that tickles your Ears with Lyes,

And thinks he pleases your charming Eyes

With a Rat-tail Wig, and a Cockade;

I mean, the Bully that never fought,

Yet dresses himself in a Scarlet Coat,

Without a Commission, not worth a Groat,

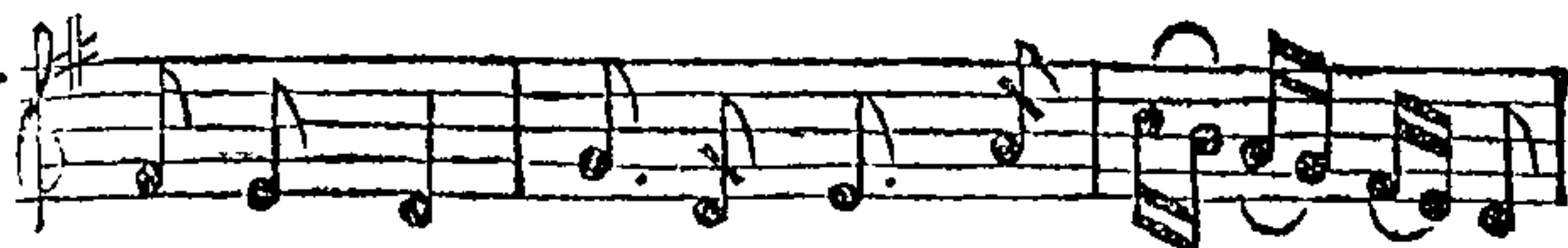
But struts with an empty Pocket.



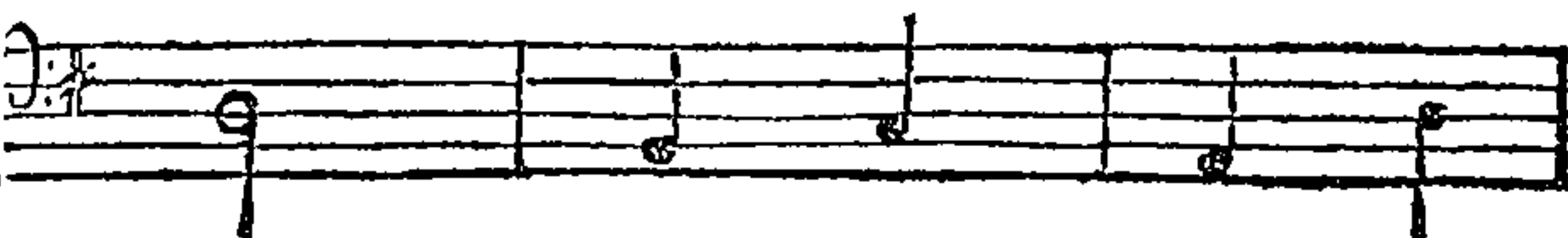
The DOUBLE ENTENDRE.



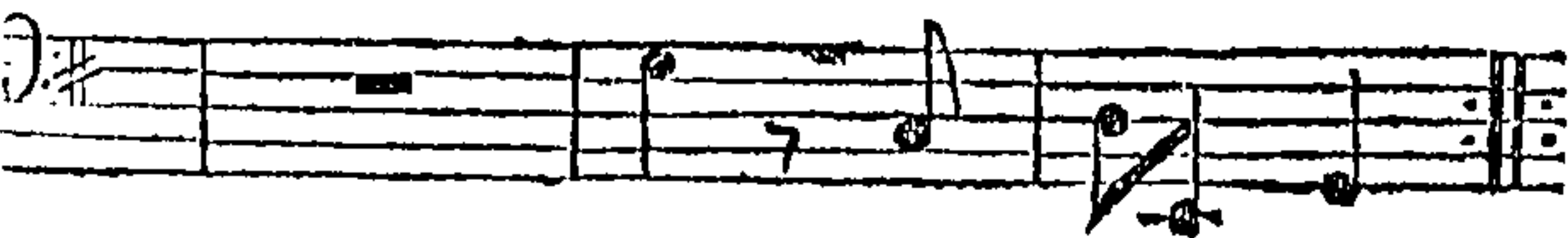
Phillis, as her Wine she sip'd, In gaily Talking



with her Swain, In her Hand he sli---ly slip'd in,



Tal, lal, lal, lal, A full Glas of brisk *Champagne*.



Why so coy, said he, and fickle?

Must I always sigh in vain?

Must I never hope to tickle,

*Tal, lal, &c.*

Your Ear with a merry Strain?

Long

Long have I been tofs'd and fretting,  
 Like a Sailor on the Main ;  
 Sure, at length 'tis time to get in,  
*Tal, lal, &c.*

To the Port I hope to gain.

Hearts you take Delight in stealing ;  
 Of new Conquests still are vain ;  
 Torture others, whilst I'm feeling,  
*Tal, lal, &c.*

Pleasure that's devoid of Pain.

Won at length, she listen'd kindly,  
 And from Love cou'd not refrain ;  
 So in the Nick, the Nymph was finely,  
*Tal, lal, &c.*

Fitted for her cold Disdain.

*For the* FLUTE.

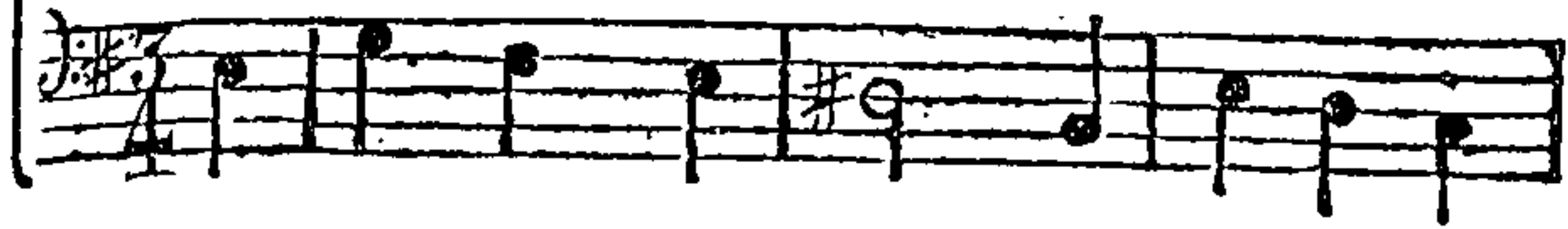




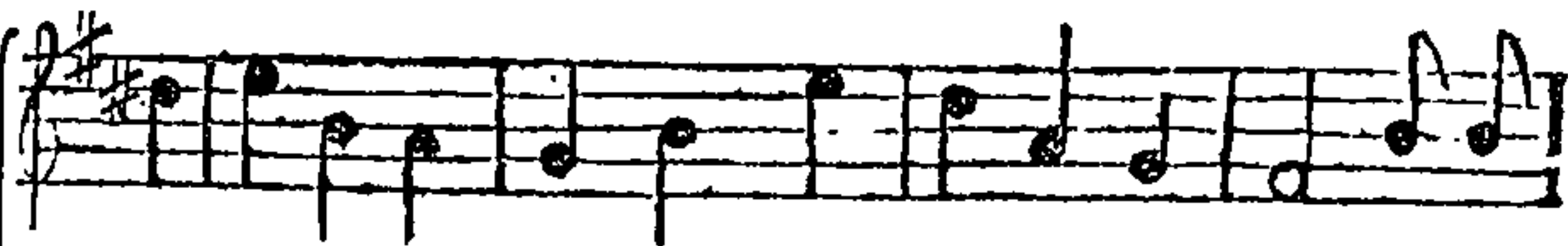
ELOISA'S COMPLAINT.



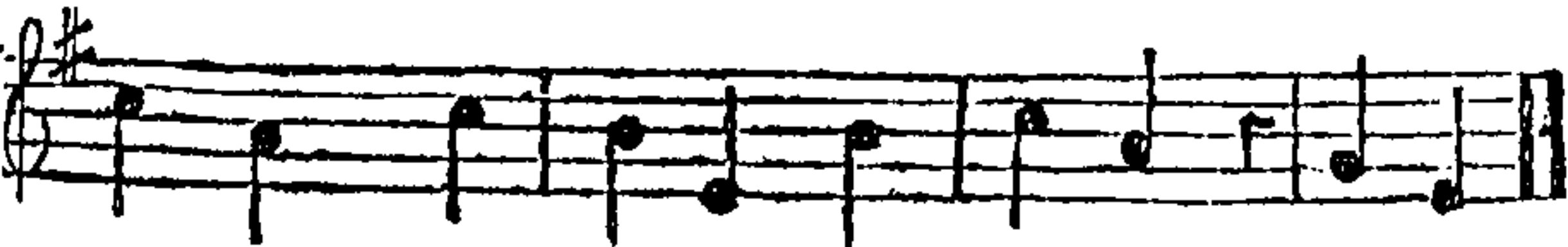
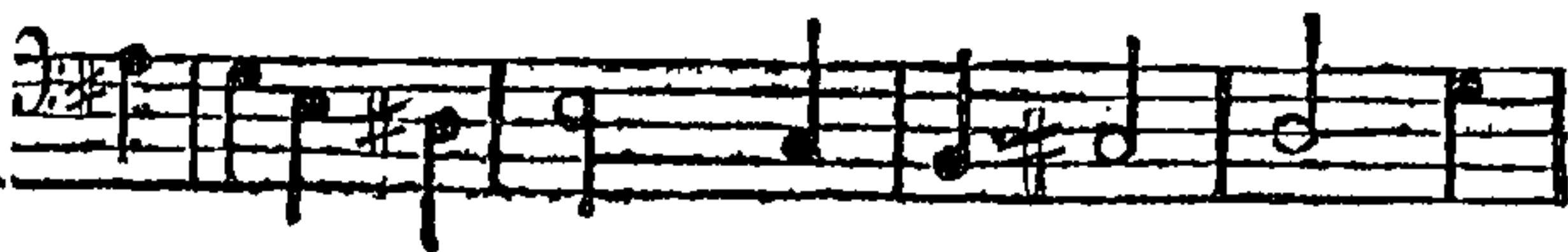
For the Brook and the Willow, for-sak-ing the



Plain, *Ab Willow, Willow! Ab Willow, Willow!*



*Eloi-sa* came mournfully to tell her Pain To the



Brook and the Willow, *Ab Willow, Willow!*



On her trembling Hand she reclin'd her sad Head;  
*Ab Willow, &c.*

And prest her pale Check, for the Colour was fled:  
*O the Brook! &c.*

66 *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

Her languid Eyes rais'd, after many Groan,

*Ab Willow, &c.*

At length she began in a faltering Tone,

*To the Brook, &c.*

Soft Zephyr, and Willow, kind Brook lend your Aid;

*Ab Willow, &c.*

Regard the Complaint of an unhappy Maid,

*Most compassionate Willow, &c.*

If the Man that I lov'd shou'd here chance to stray,

*Ab Willow, &c.*

In murm'ring Sounds let the Brook to him say,

*And the Willow, &c.*

The Maid, by Persuasion and You, led astray,

*Ab Willow, &c.*

Came here to relate her sad Story, one Day.

*To the Brook, &c.*

For you, ev'ry Shepherd she us'd with Disdain,

*Ab Willow, &c.*

And pitch'd upon you for her fav'rite Swain;

*O the Brook! &c.*

But when her true Heart you possess'd, you forbore

*Ab Willow, &c.*

The Respect she had always been us'd to before:

*O the Brook! &c.*

And tho' her hard Fate was oft told in your Ear,

*Ab Willow, &c.*

You in her Defence ne'er thought fit to appear,

*But sent her a Willow, &c.*



A D V I C E.

*slow.*

Maidens beware ye, Love will en-snare ye,

If you but look, or lend an Ear; Words will de-

tain ye, Sighs will tre-pan ye, Tears will draw you

in-to the Snare; Then in time be-ware.

Daily



Daily you'll find it,  
If you'll but mind it,  
How many Maids false Men betray :  
Let this concern ye,  
Let their Fall learn ye,  
From the Danger to run away,  
Run, run, run away.

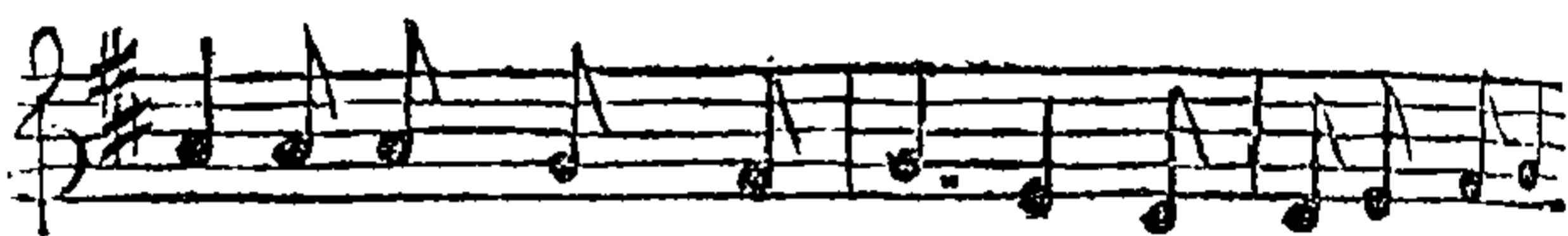
Let Virtue guard ye,  
Praise will reward ye,  
And you will shine in brightest Fame ;  
When the poor Creature,  
That yields her Charter,  
Lives abandon'd, and dies with Shame,  
To bear such a Name.

*For the FLUTE.*

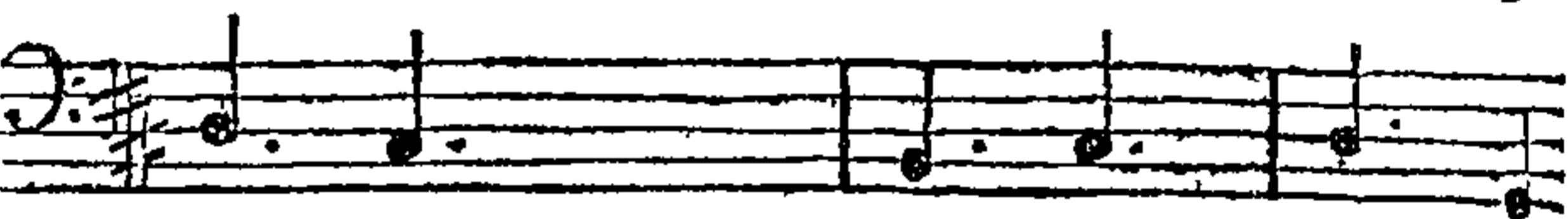


*The* COAL-BLACK JOAK.

Of all the Girls in our Town, Or black, or yellow, or



fair, or brown, With their soft Eyes and Faces so bright;



Give me a Girl that's blith and gay, As warm as *June* and as

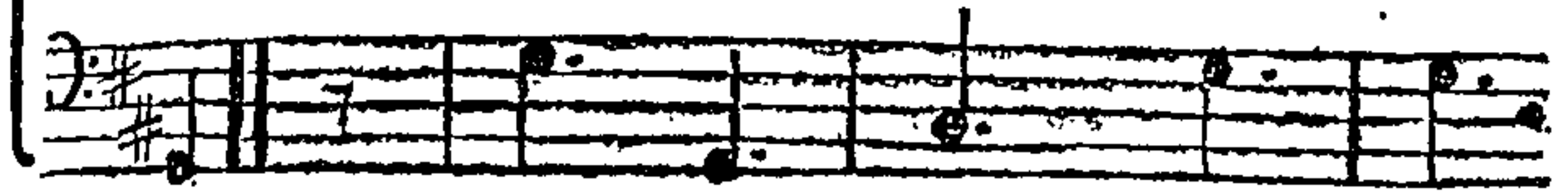


sweet as *May*, With her Heart free, and faithful as





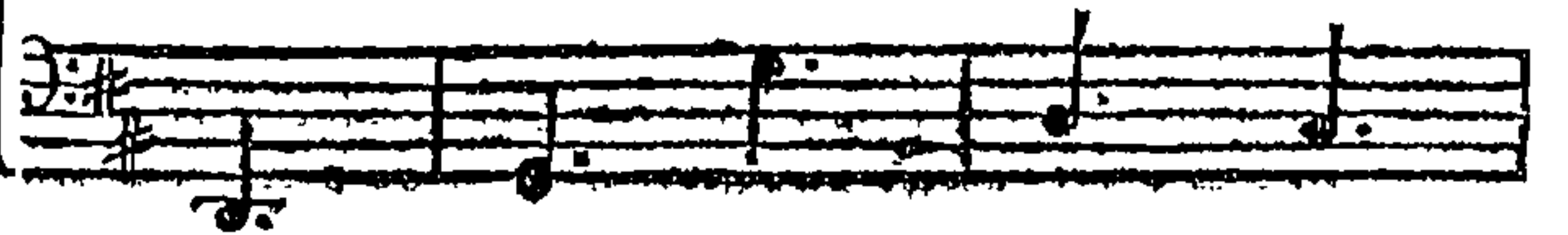
Light. What lovely Couple then cou'd be So happy



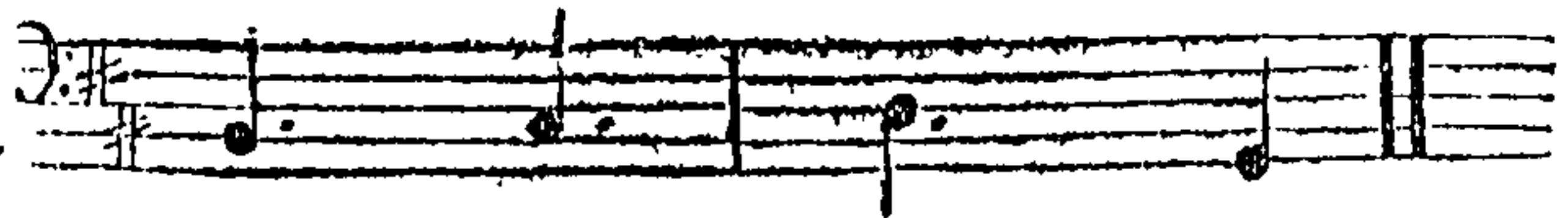
and so blest as we, On whom Eternal Joys wou'd



smile, And all the Cares of Life beguile, En-



tranc'd in Blifs each rap-tu-rous Night.



*The* NUT-BROWN JOKE:

O R,

*K—y's* MAGICK CIRCLE.*To the foregoing Tune.*

INSPIR'D by Int'rest, or Passions, or Whims,  
 What one calls Meat, t'other Poison esteems...  
 How Fancies, like Faces, various prove!  
 If Sons of *Bacchus* so oft disagree  
 In choice of Liquors, then why may not we  
 Have divers and sundry Objects of Love?

A free born *Briton*, each Man may delight,  
 As pleases him most, in *Jokes Black or White*;  
 But, like a dull Jest,  
 To me are the rest,  
 In Country and Town,  
 Compar'd with the *Brown*,  
 The *Nut-brown*, that might captive a *Jove*!

If Virtue the middlemost Station claims,  
 And Danger lyes most in distant Extreame,  
 How safe, how charming then is my Choice?  
 The *Nut brown Joke*, nor a *Saturn*, nor *Sol*,  
 Invites my Senses and raptures my Soul,  
 The temperate *Zone*! a *Canaan* of Joys!

To all other *Jokes* for ever adieu:  
 The *Brown*, that conquers, can keep me true  
 How sweet is the Yoak  
 To a *Nut-brown Joke*?  
 To Bounds, such as this,  
 Confinement's a Bliss;  
 And all other earthly Manna cloy.

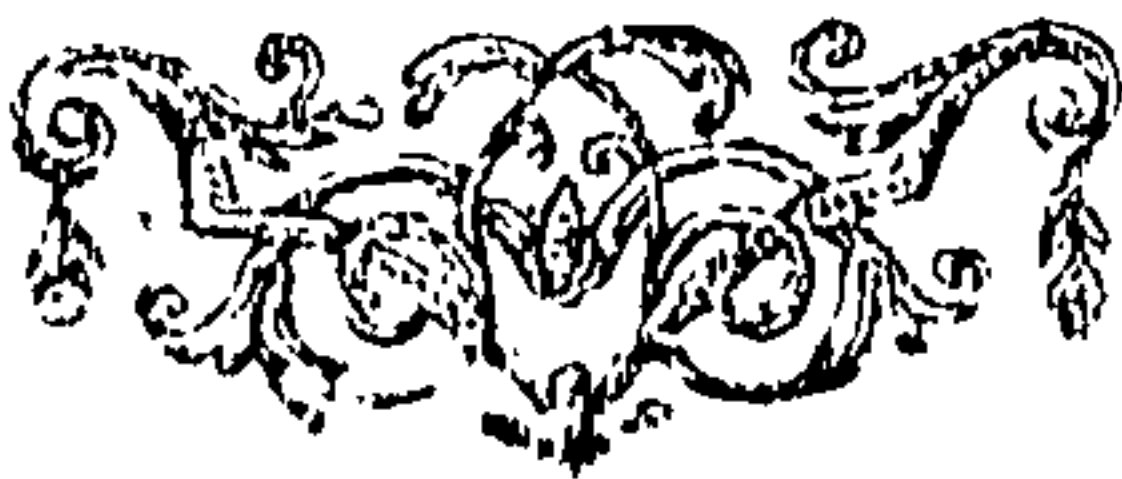


Nor Splendour of Courts, nor warlike Alarms,  
Affect me in my *Florella's* Arms,  
Or make Impressions on my Mind.

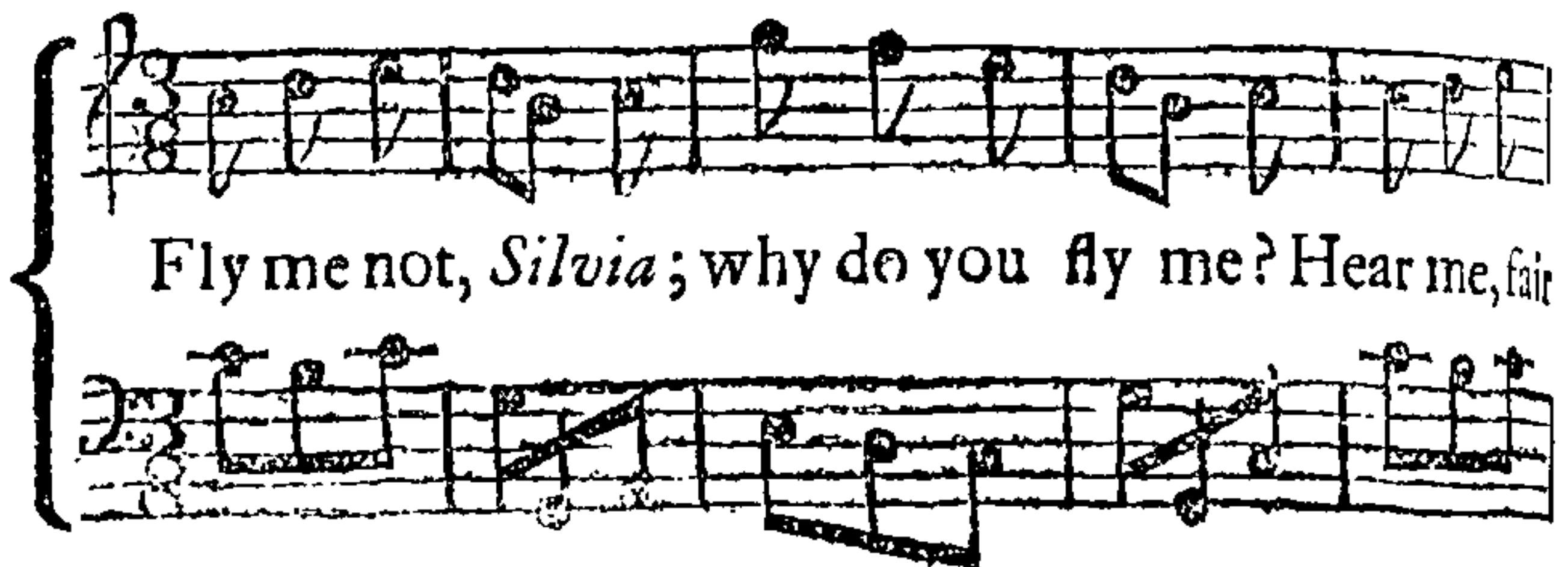
I'll laugh at ev'ry rival Fair,  
At *Fortune*, at *Fame*, and anxious *Care*,  
While my *Florella's* true and kind.

No Magick has so mighty a Force,  
Both Person and Heart, for Better and Worse,  
In a Circle to lock,  
As her *Nut-brown* Foke,  
Where Ages are lost,  
And Pleasures engross,  
Where Soul and Sense their Paradise find.

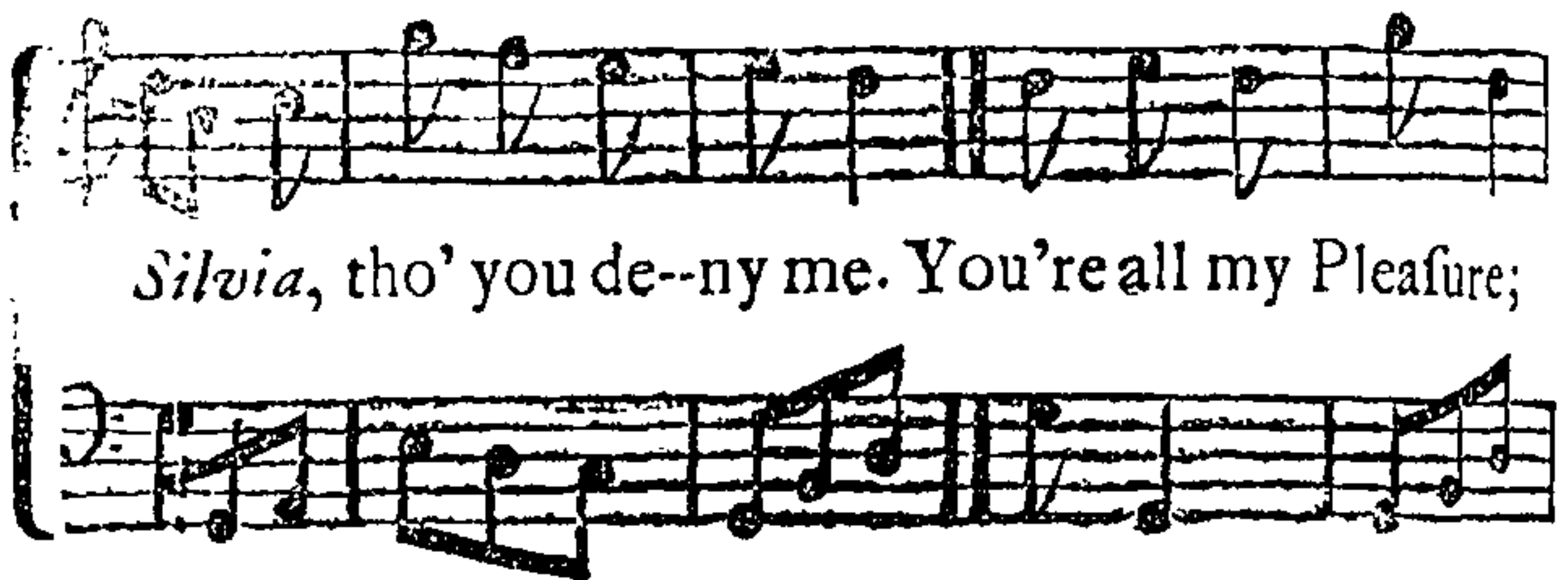
For the FLUTE.



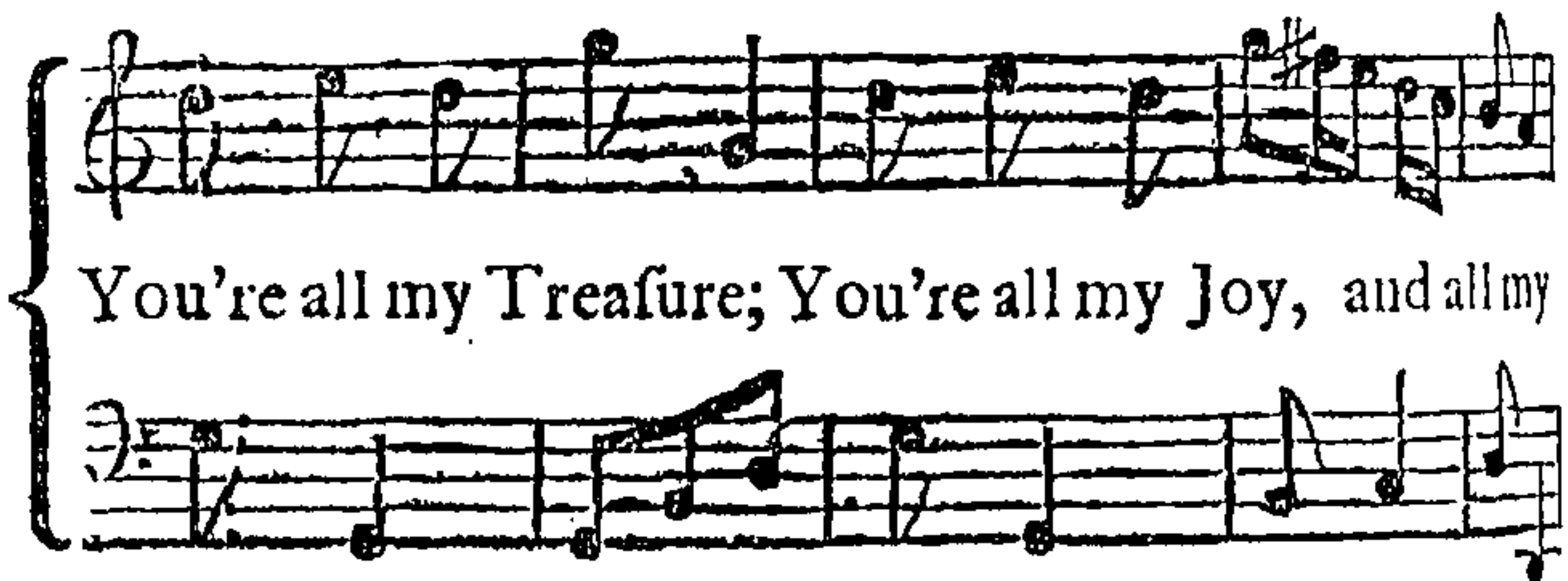
Sung in the Opera of VESPASIAN.



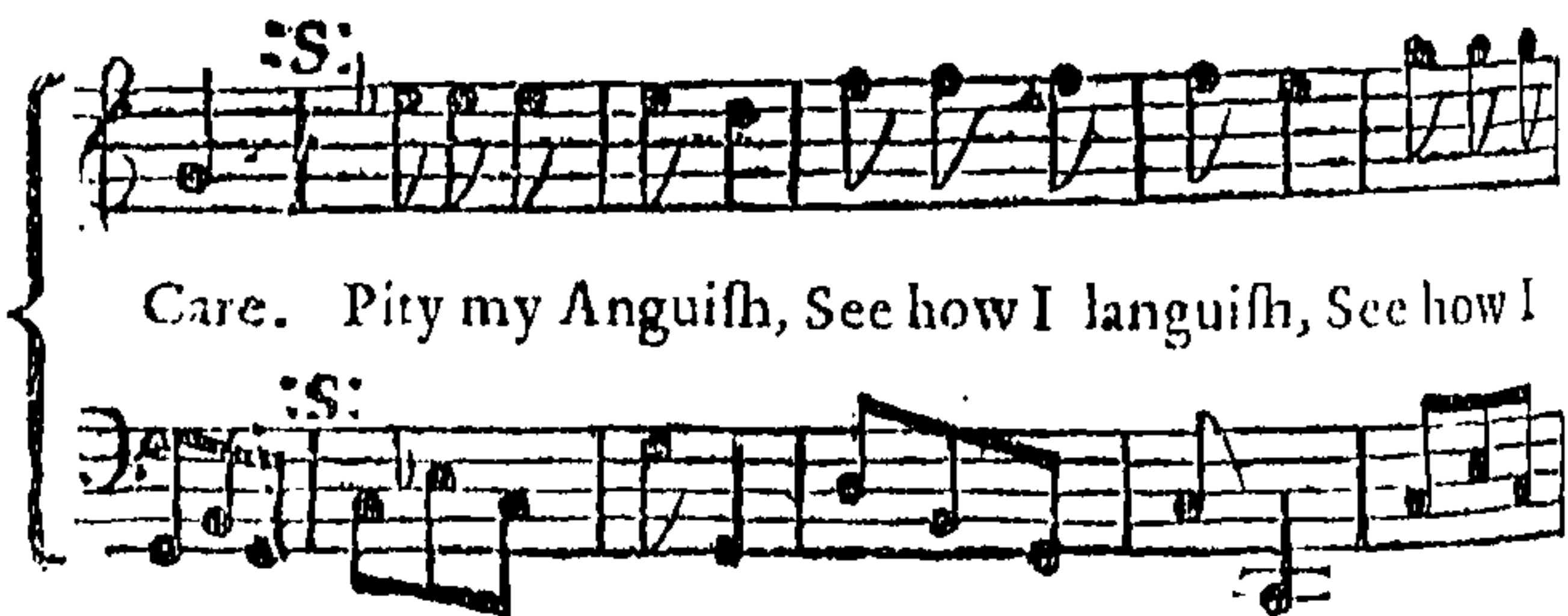
Fly me not, *Silvia*; why do you fly me? Hear me, fair



*Silvia*, tho' you de-ny me. You're all my Pleasure;




You're all my Treasure; You're all my Joy, and all my




Care. Pity my Anguish, See how I languish, See how I


languish



languish, Ah, cruel Fair! Smile then, and heal me;



Or frown and kill me, For Death is bet---ter than Despair.

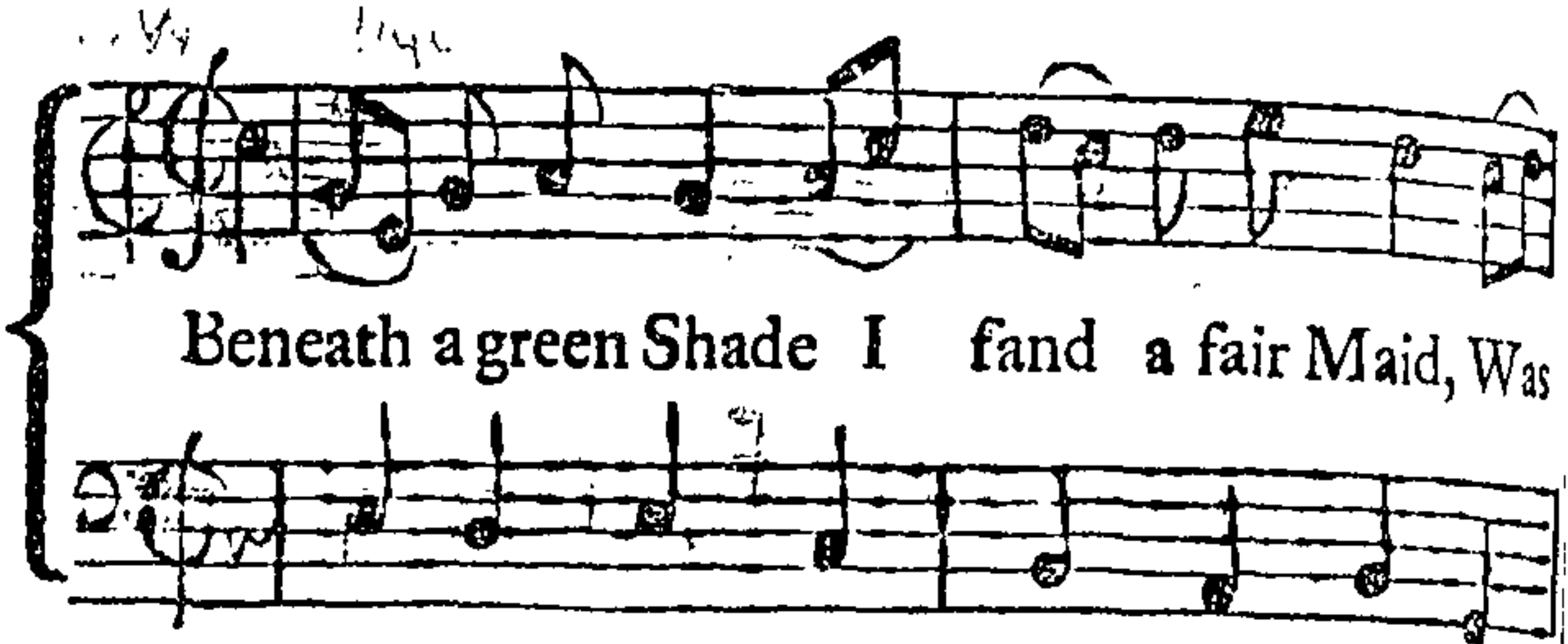


*To the foregoing Tune.*

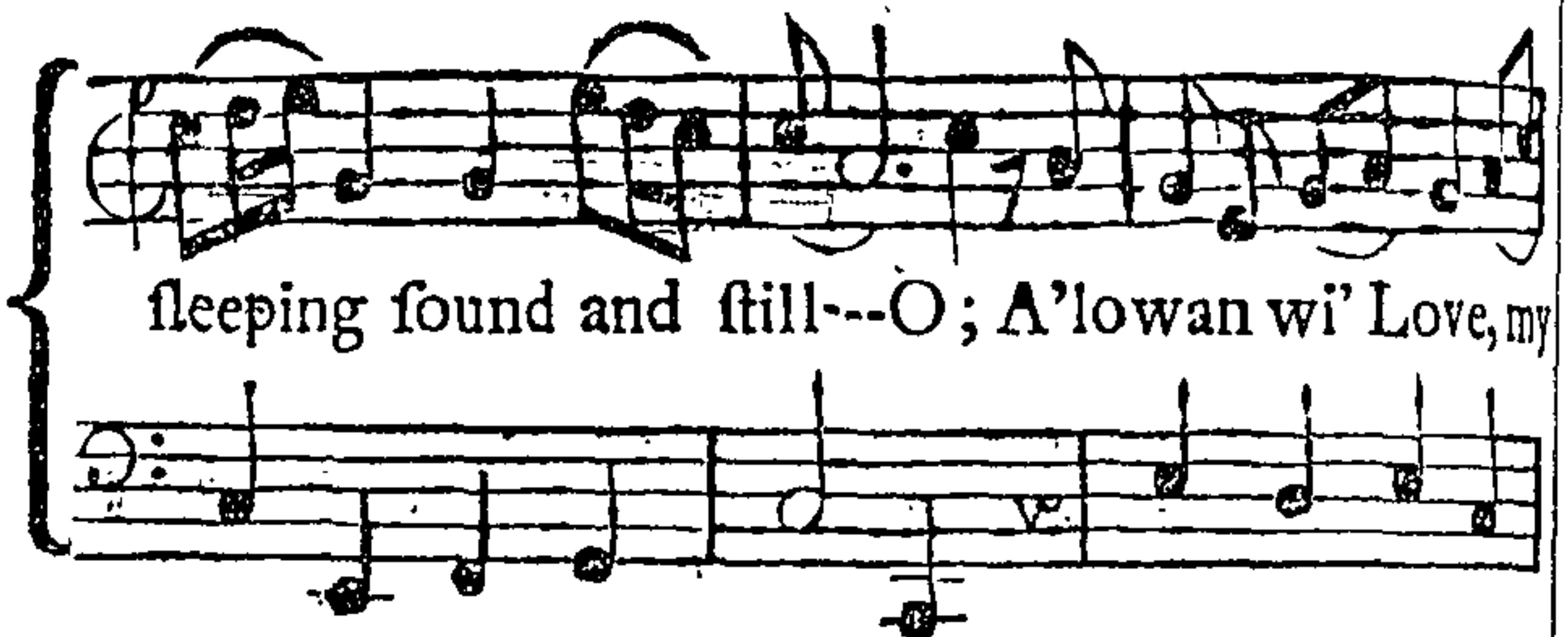
**C**ELIA, my dearest, no longer depress me,  
But hasten to bless me,  
And fly to my Arms.  
O cou'd I charm you!  
How I wou'd warm you!  
How I wou'd revel and sport in your Arms!  
No one is near,  
Why shou'd we fear?  
Why should we then these Moments delay?  
If I've offended,  
I ne'er intended;  
I'll beg your Pardon another Day.



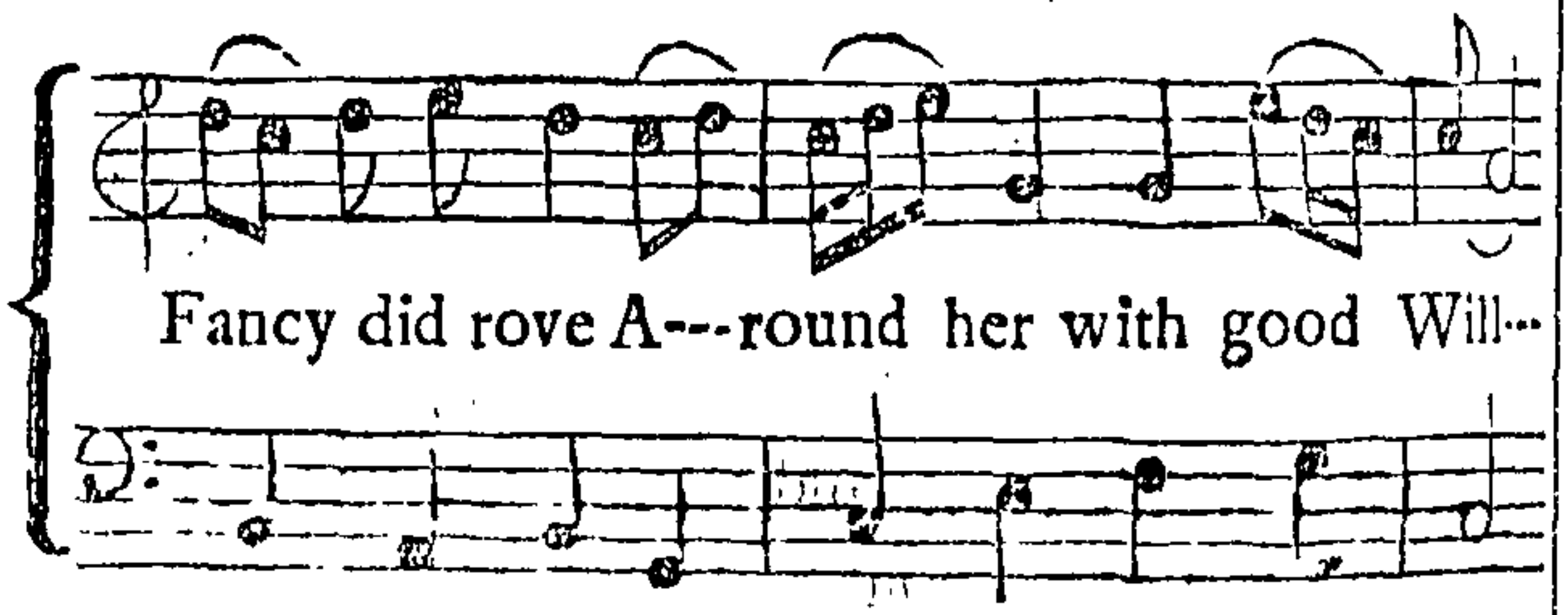
*The Mill, Mill-----O.*



Beneath a green Shade I fand a fair Maid, Was



sleeping sound and still---O; A'lowan wi' Love, my



Fancy did rove A---round her with good Will---



O: Her Bosom I prest; but, sunk in her

Rest,



Rest, She stir'dna my Joy to Spill-O; While  
 kindly she slept, close to her I crept, And  
 kiss'd, and kiss'd her, my fill----O.

Oblig'd by Command in *Flanders* to land,  
 T'employ my Courage and Skill----O,  
 Frae'er quietly I staw, hoist Sails and awa,  
 For Wind blew fair on the Bill----O.  
 Twa Years brought me hame, where loud fraising Fame  
 Tald me with a Voice right shrill----O,  
 My Lafs, like a Fool, had mounted the Stool,  
 Nor kend wha had done her the Ill----O.

Mair

78 *The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.*

Mair fond of her Charms, with my Son in her Arms,  
I ferlying speer'd how she fell----O.

Wi' the Tear in her Eye, quoth she, Let me die,  
Sweet Sir, gin I can tell----O.

Love gave the Command, I took her by the Hand,  
And bad her a' Fears expell----O,

And nae mair look wan, for I was the Man  
Wha had done her the Deed my fell----O.

My bonny sweet Lafs on the gowany Grass,  
Beneath the *Shilling-hill*----O,

If I did Offence, I'fe make yé amends  
Before I leave *Peggy's Mill*----O.

*O the Mill, Mill*----O, and *the Kill, Kill*----O,  
And the cogging of the *Wheel*----O ;

*The Sack and the Sieve, a' thae ye maun leave,*  
*And round with a Sodger reel*----O.

*For the FLUTE.*

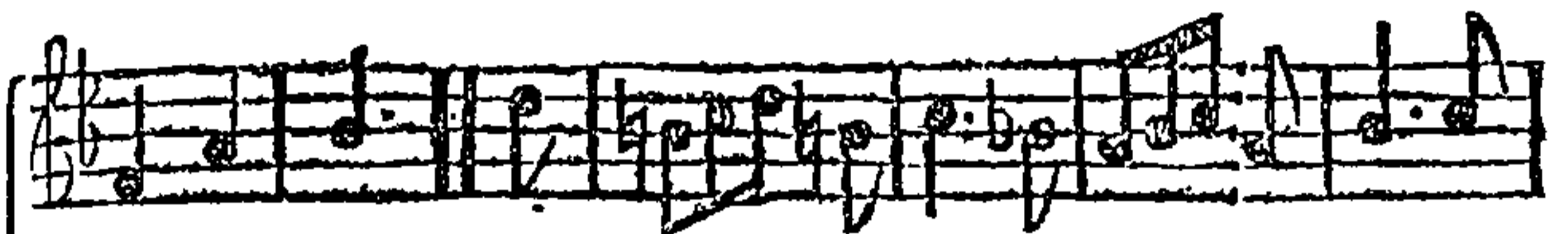


To F L O R A.


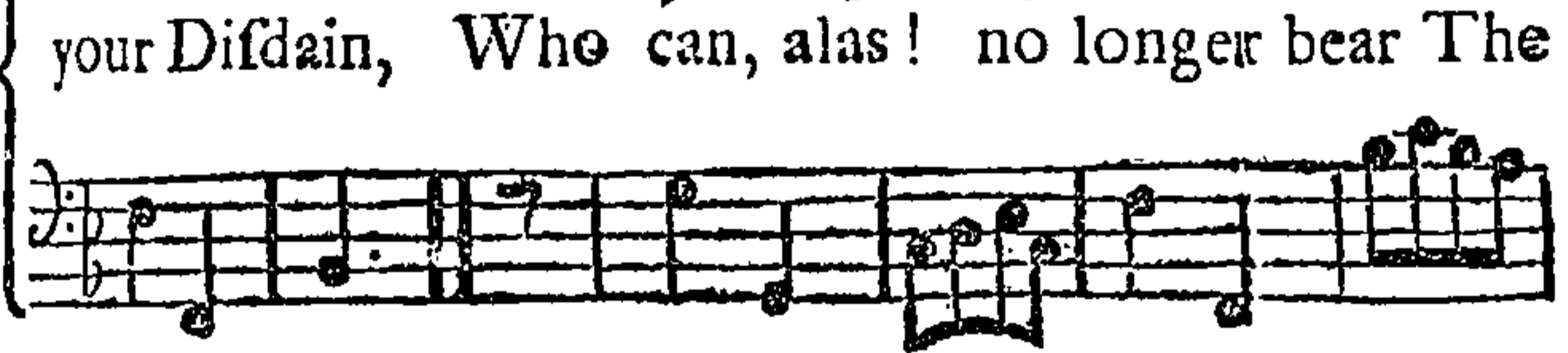
Words by Mr. BAKER. Set by Mr. WHICHELLO.



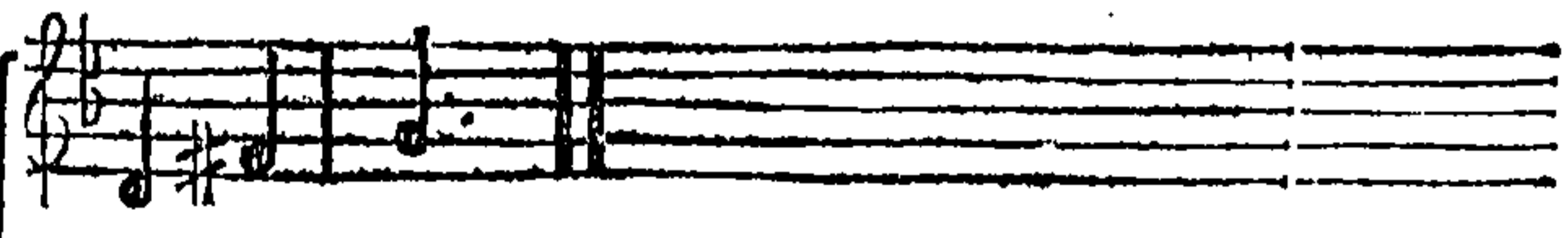

Infult no longer, *cruel Fair!* A Wretch destroy'd by



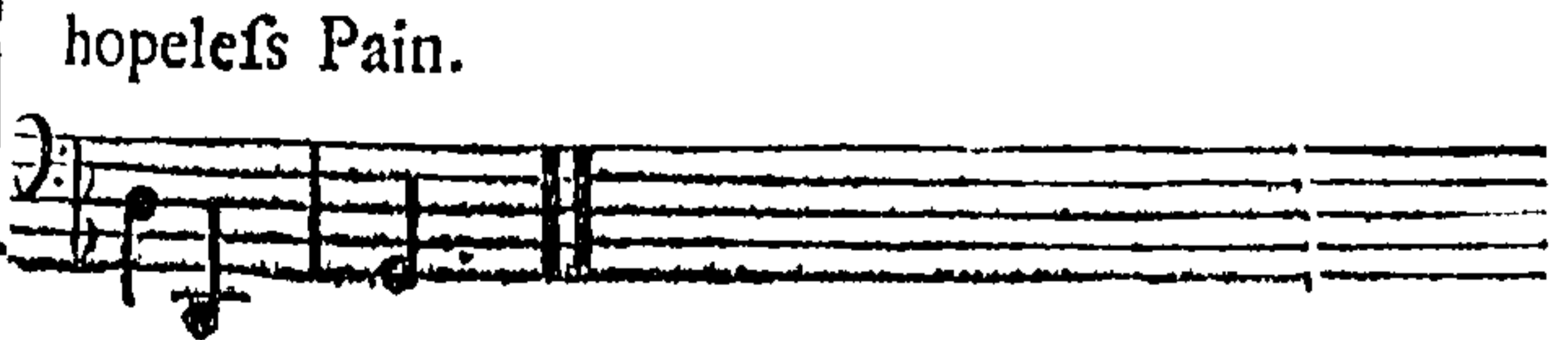
your Disdain, Who can, alas! no longer bear The



racking Torment of Despair, But dies to end an



hopeless Pain.



One gentle Look of Pity give,  
 And he contented will expire,  
 Without one murm'ring Groan receive  
 His destin'd Fate, nor wish to live  
 Abandon'd to a vain Desire.

Since You his Passion can't approve,  
 Nor He, without your Favour, live,  
 Let Death your Prejudice remove,  
 Compassionate this fatal Love,  
 And his unhappy Crime forgive.

But when some more successful *Slave*  
 Shall (not in vain) for Mercy sue,  
 Remember *Strepson* in the Grave,  
 And let his mould'ring Ashes crave  
 One Tear, who wept so much for you.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**Y**OU meaner Beauties of the Night,  
 Who poorly satisfy our Eyes,  
 More with your Number than your Light,  
 Like common People of the Skies;  
 What are you when the Moon doth rise?

You Violets, that first appear,  
 By your fine purple Mantles known,  
 Like the proud Virgins of the Year,  
 As if the Spring were all your own;  
 What are you when the Rose is blown?

You warbling Chanters of the Wood,  
 Who fill our Ears with Nature's Lays,  
 Thinking your Passion's understood  
 By meaner Accents; what's your Praise,  
 When *Philomel* her Voice doth raise?



You glorious Trifles of the East,  
Whose Estimation Fancies raise,  
Pearls, Rubies, Sapphires, and the rest  
Of glittering Gems; what is your Praise,  
When the bright Diamond shews his Rays?

So, when my Princess shall be seen  
In Beauty of her Face and Mind,  
By Virtue first, then Choice, a Queen;  
Tell me, if she were not design'd  
Th' Eclipse and Glory of her Kind.

The Rose, the Vi'let, the whole Spring,  
Unto her Breath for Sweetness run;  
The Diamond's darken'd in the Ring;  
If she appear, the Moon's undone,  
As in the Presence of the Sun.

*For the* F L U T E.



## The WHITE JOAK.

Sung by Mrs. ROBERTS at the Theatre in Drury-Lane.

The Words by Mr. DAVIS.

Gay Myra, Toast of all the Town, By powder'd

Fops encircled round, Charms ev'ry Beau, yet's

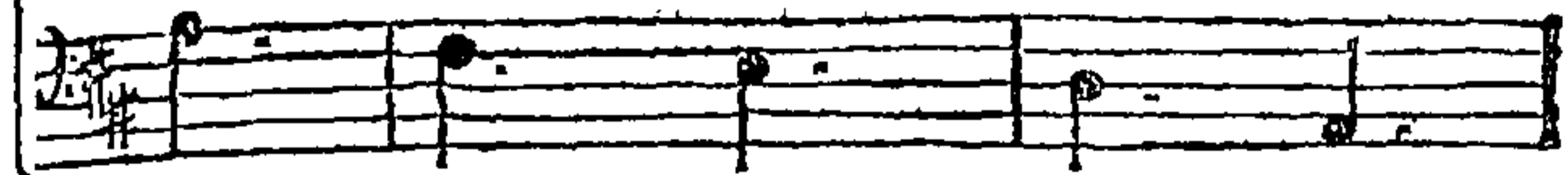
charm'd by none, Charms ev'ry Beau, yet's

charm'd by none. At Park, at Play, at Malque-

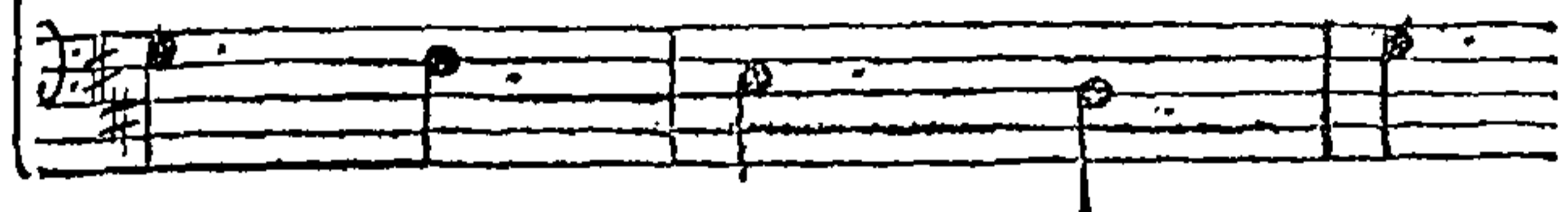
rads



rade, She gains the Prize from ev'-ry Maid, And



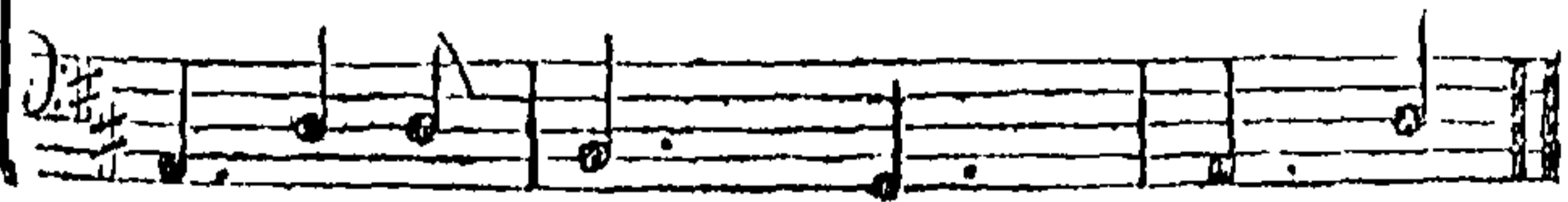
when she sings, her Voice so clear, With Harmo-



ny does glad the Ear; For thrilling Sounds dwell



on her Tongue, For thrilling Sounds dwell on her Tongue.



*Fidelio*, grac'd with ev'ry Charm,  
 That cou'd the Heart of Virgin warm,  
 For *Myra* sigh'd, for her alone,  
 For *Myra*, &c.

Yet wou'd not Pity touch the Fair  
 To gently sooth his deep Despair;  
 And tho' she ever frown'd Disdain,  
 He still must languish, tho' in vain;  
 For sweetest Sounds dwell on her Tongue,  
 For sweetest, &c.

*Papilio* smart, with flutt'ring Air,  
 Breath'd artfully his mimick Care;  
 With gaudy Charms the Fopling shone,  
 With gaudy, &c.

No one like him could sing or dance,  
 The Spark was newly come from *France*,  
 He ap'd, carefs'd, and fondly swore,  
 He never lov'd a *Belle* before;  
 For melting Sounds dwelt on her Tongue,  
 For melting, &c.

*Cordelio*, gen'rous, prudent, wise,  
 The sprightly Dame did thus advise,  
 Young *Florio's* borrow'd Love to shun,  
 Young *Florio's*, &c.

Since false *Papillio* soon wou'd prove,  
 And was not worthy of her Love;  
*Fidelio's* Flame was chaste and pure,  
 And wou'd 'till ebbing Life endure;  
 His Heart sincere as was his Tongue,  
 His Heart, &c.

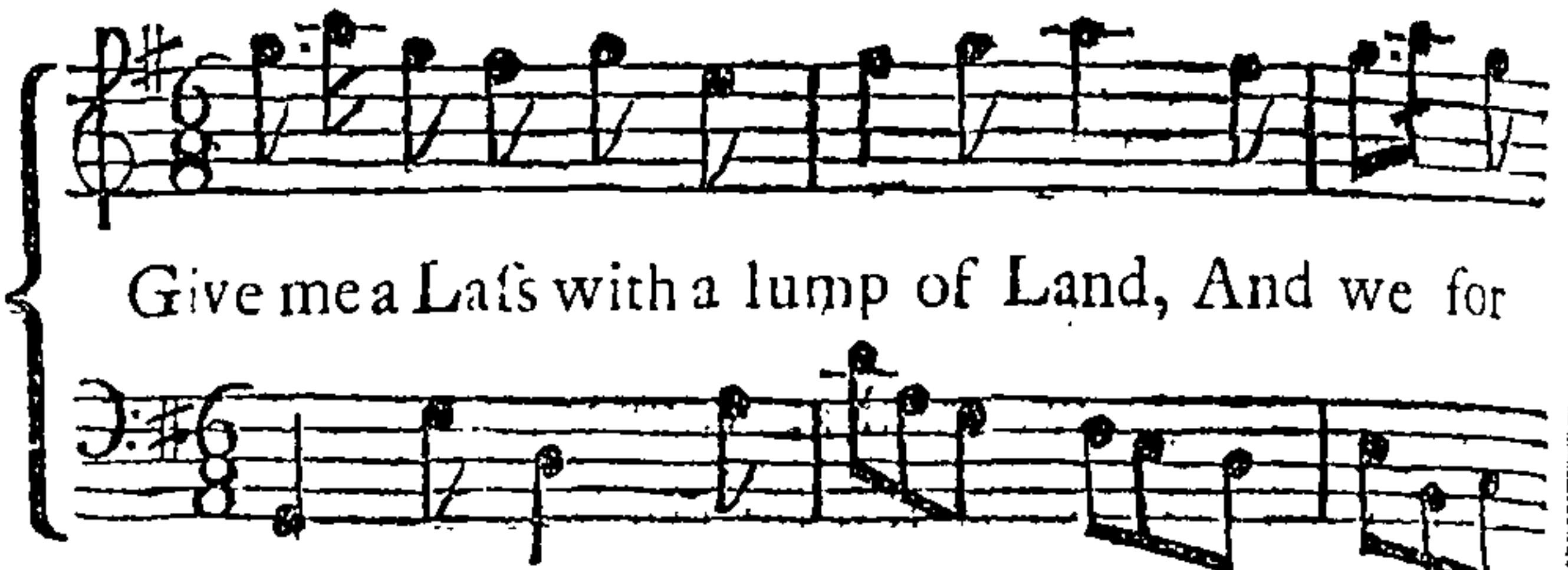


At length with flatt'ring Courtship cloy'd,  
And faithless Vows, of Passion void,  
She found she'd been amus'd too long:  
She found, &c.

She *Florio* told, he ne'er was true;  
*Papilio*, he was false she knew;  
*Fidelio's* Sighs she must approve;  
And when she crown'd his constant Love,  
Enchanting Sounds dwelt on her Tongue,  
Enchanting Sounds, &c.

For the FLUTE.

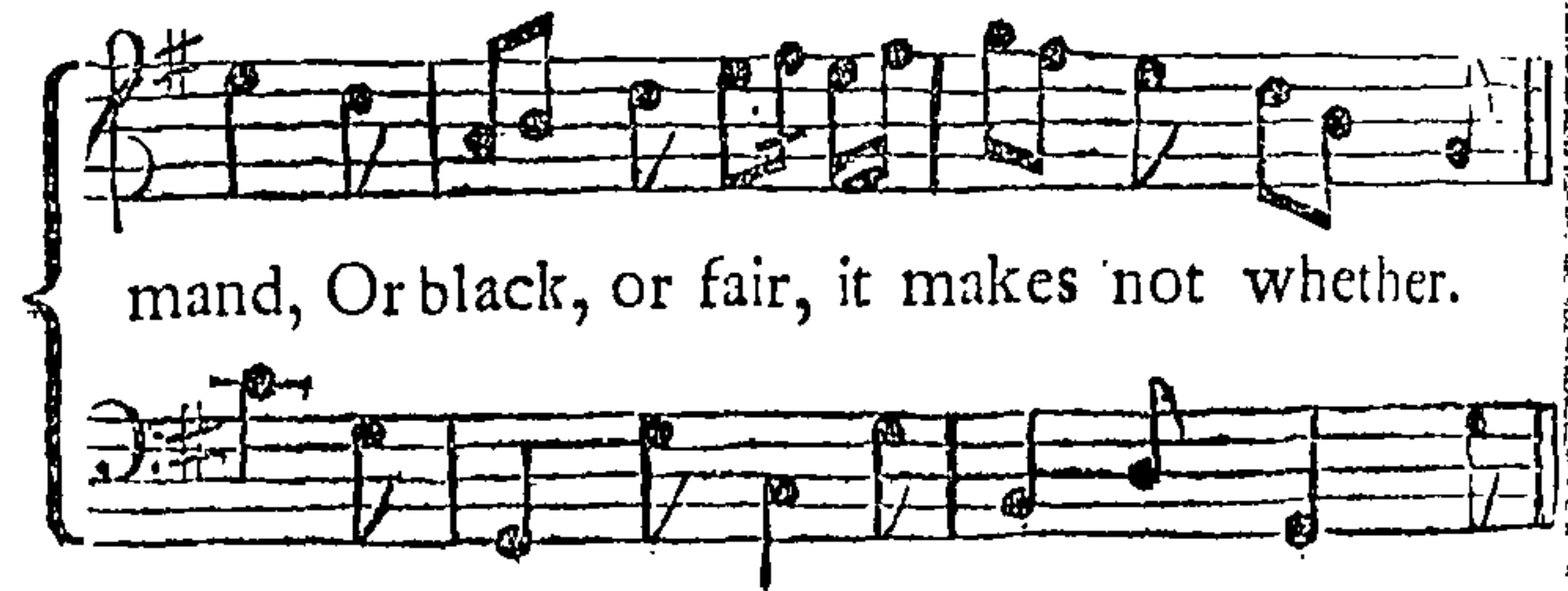


*A Lass with a Lump of Land.*


Give me a Lass with a lump of Land, And we for



Life shall gang together, Foolish or wise, I'll ne'er de-



mand, Or black, or fair, it makes not whether.

I'm off' with Wit, and Beauty will fade,  
 And Blood alone is not worth a Shilling;  
 But she that's rich, her Market's made,  
 For ev'ry Charm about her is killing.

Give me a Lass with a lump of Land,  
 And in my Bosom I'll hug my Treasure;  
 If I had once her Gold in my Hand,  
 Shou'd Love turn dead, it will find Pleasure.

Laugh

Laugh on who likes, but there's my Hand,  
I hate with Poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle,  
Unless they bring Cash, or a Lump of Land,  
They'se never get me to dance to their Fiddle.

There's meikle good Love in Bands and Bags,  
And Silver and Gold's a sweet Complexion;  
But Beauty, and Wit, and Virtue in Rags,  
Have lost the Art of gaining Affection.

Love tips his Arrows with Woods and Parks,  
And Castles, and Riggs, and Moors, and Meadows,  
And nothing can catch our modern Sparks,  
But well tocher'd Lassies or joynter'd Widows.



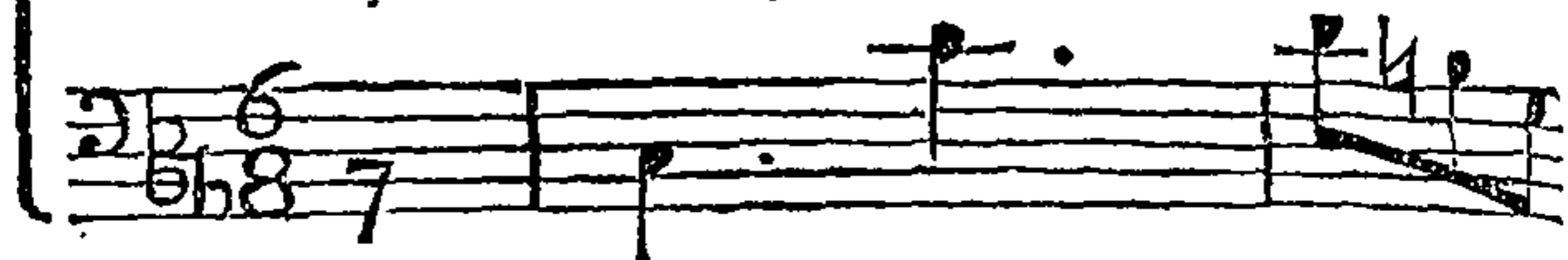
*The* GALLANT SCHEMER'S PETITION  
to the Honourable Mrs. F——s.

Words by the Earl of ----- Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

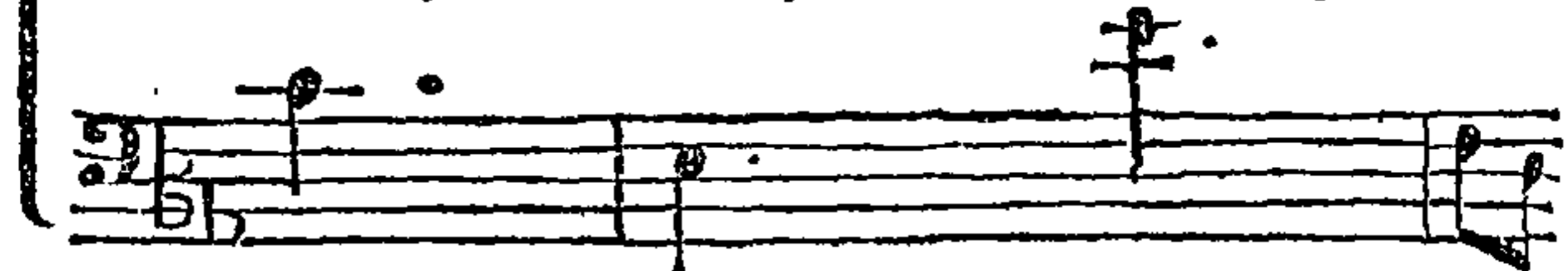
*Slow.*



By the Mole on your Bubbies so round and so



white, By the Mole on your Neck, where my Arms would



delight, By what---ever Mole else you have got out of



fight, I pr'ythee now hear me, dear *Molly*.



By



By the Kiss just a starting from off your moist Lips,  
By the delicate up-and-down Jutt of your Hips,  
By the Tip of your Tongue, which all Tongues out-tips,  
*I pr'ythee now, &c.*

By the Down on your Bosom on which my Soul dies,  
By the Thing of all Things which you love as your Eyes,  
By the Thoughts you lie down with, and those when you  
rise,  
*I pr'ythee now, &c.*

By all the soft Pleasures a Virgin can share,  
By the critical Minute no Virgin can bear,  
By the Question I burn for to ask, but don't dare,  
*I pr'ythee now, &c.*

*For the FLUTE.*



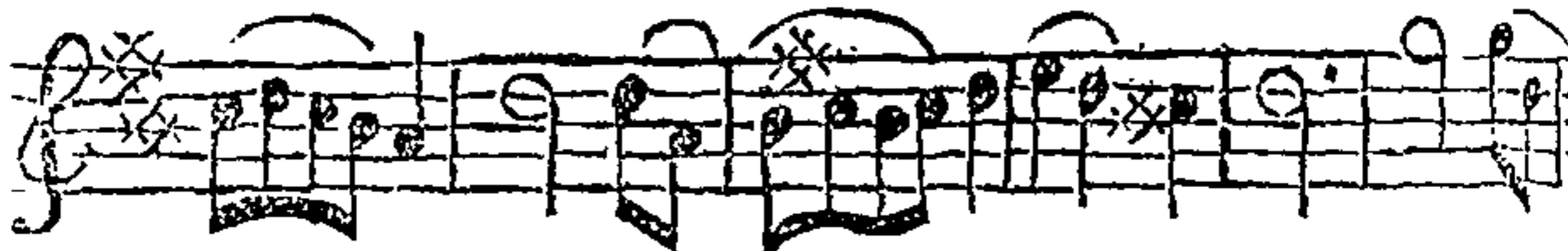
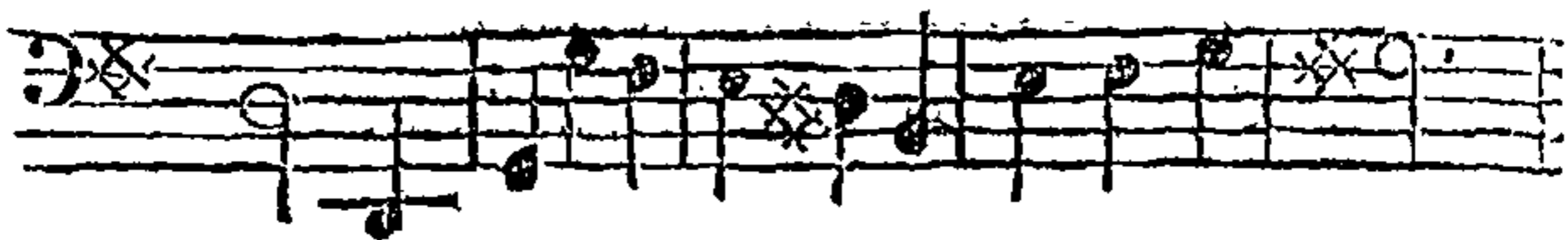
*The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.*  
Set by the late Mr. *D. PURCELL.*



Wanton *Cupid*, cease to hover Thus around the



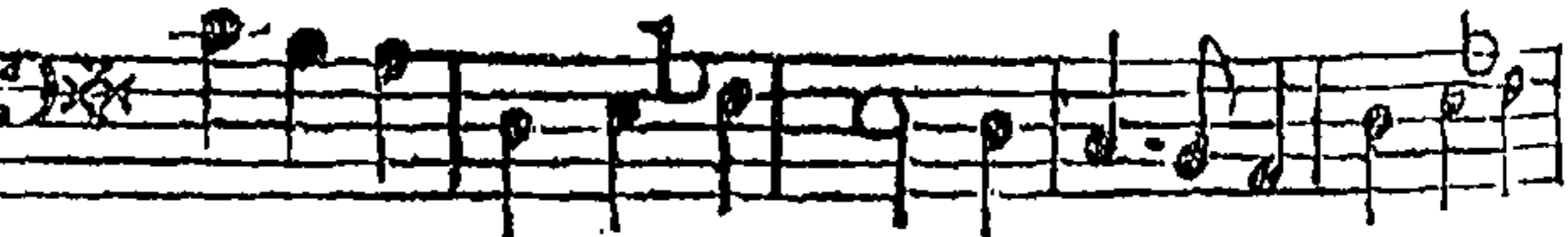
smiling Fair; You ex-clude a faith-ful



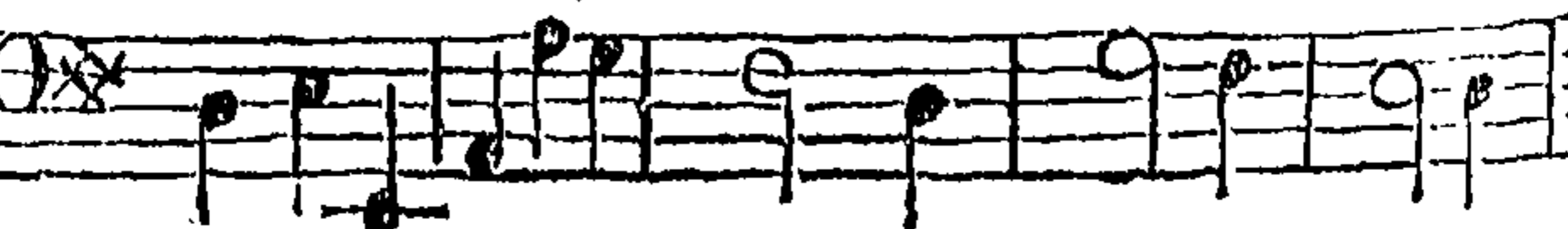
Lover, With your too officious Care. Whisp'ring

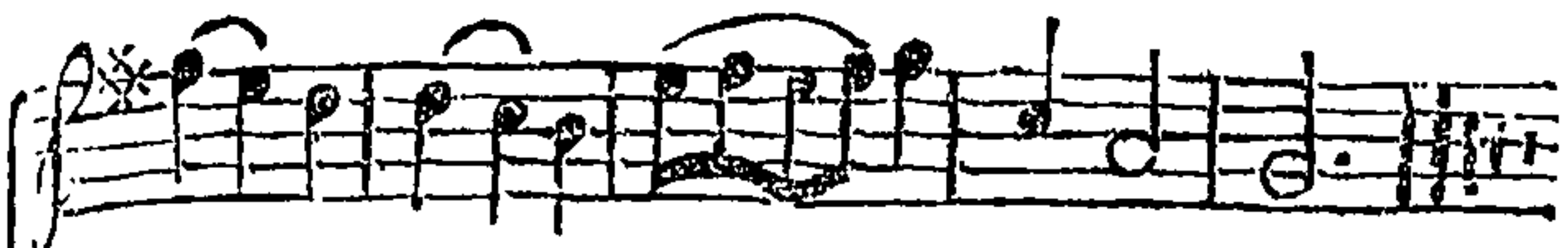


Breezes, haste! begone! To some re-mot-er



li-lent Grove, And leave *A-lex-is* here a-





lone To tell a thou--sand Tales of Love.

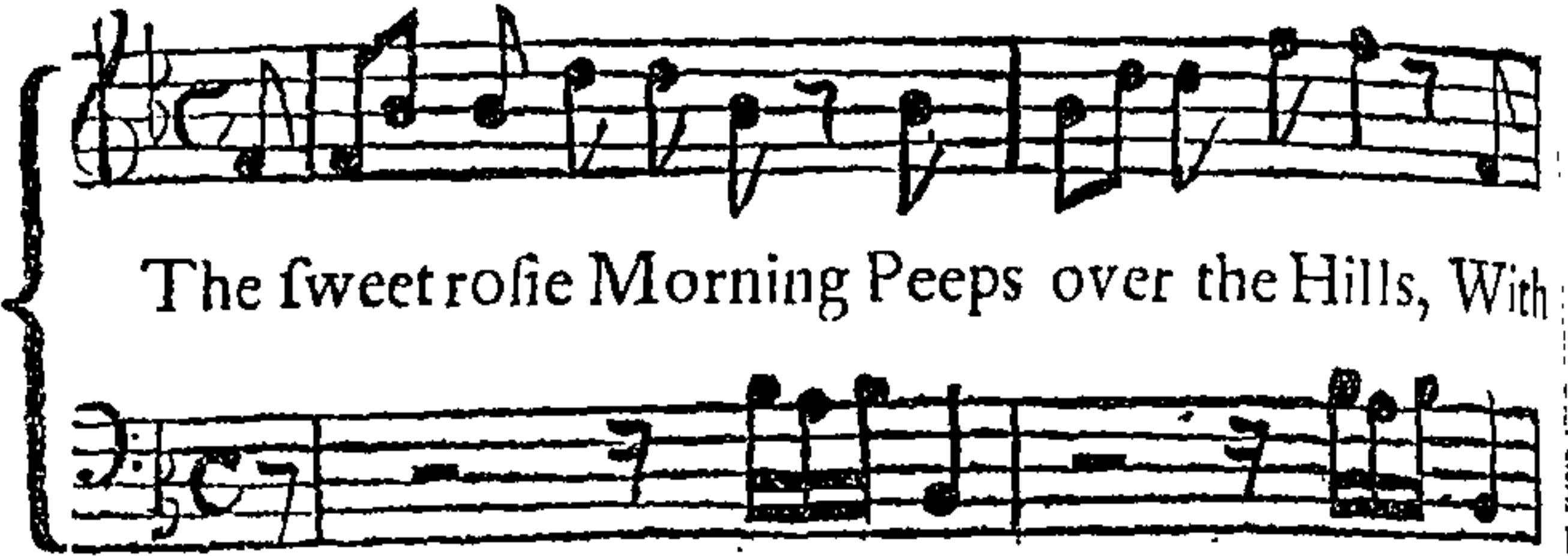


How I'm charm'd with ev'ry Feature  
 That adorns her lovely Face!  
 How she's ev'ry thing that Nature  
 Can e'er give, with every Grace!  
 If she listen to my Story,  
 And for me have equal Love,  
 I'll not envy humane Glory,  
 But be blest as those above.

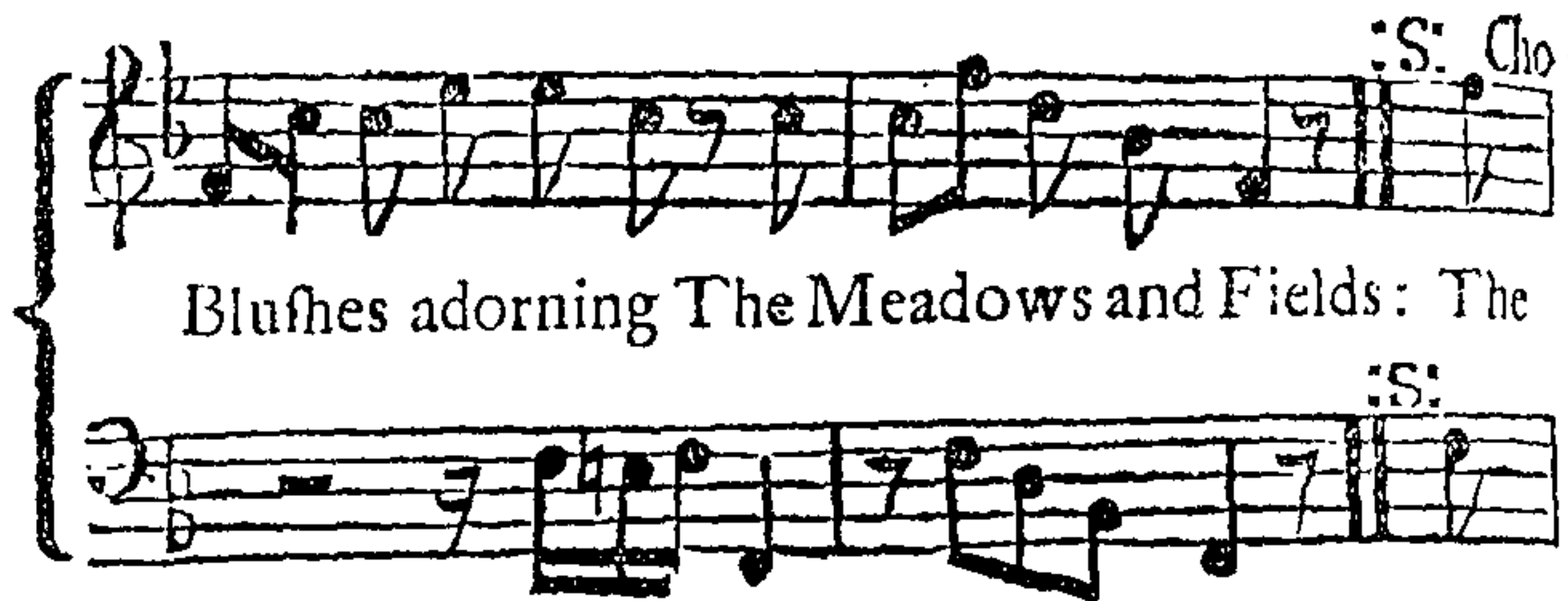
*For the FLUTE.*



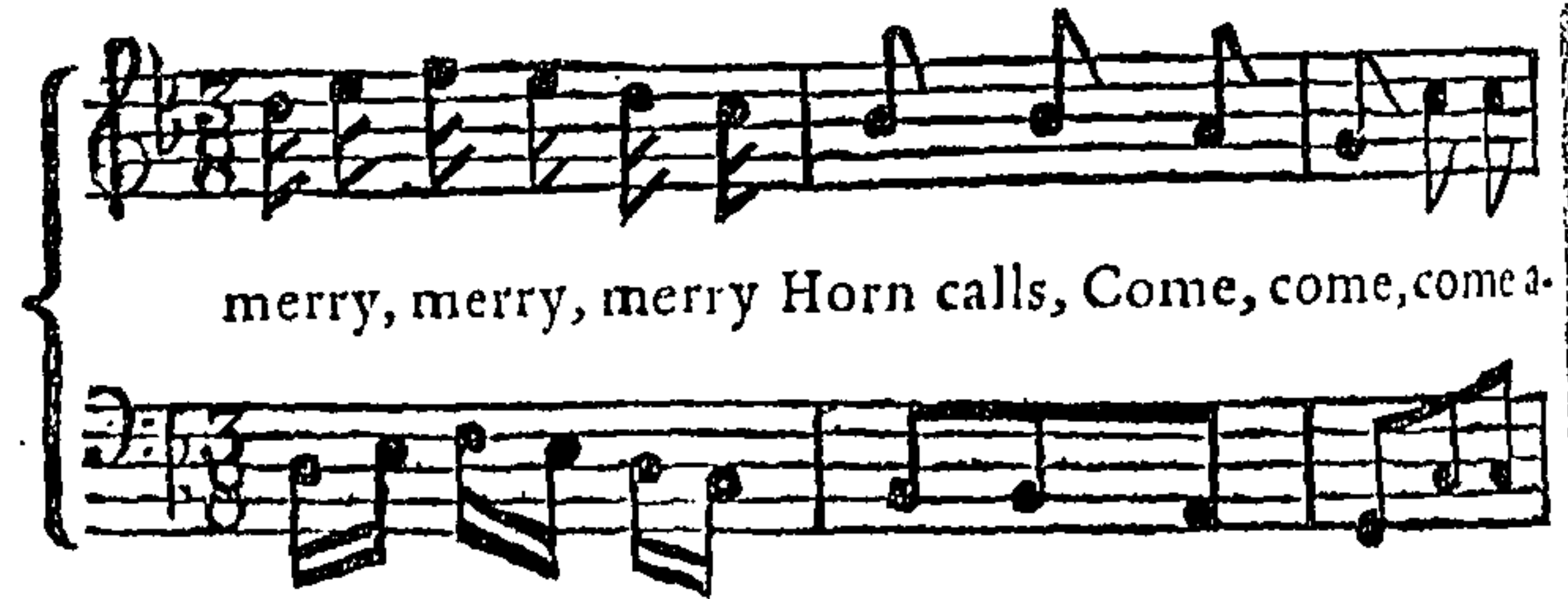
*The Hunting-Song in APOLLO and DAPHNE.*



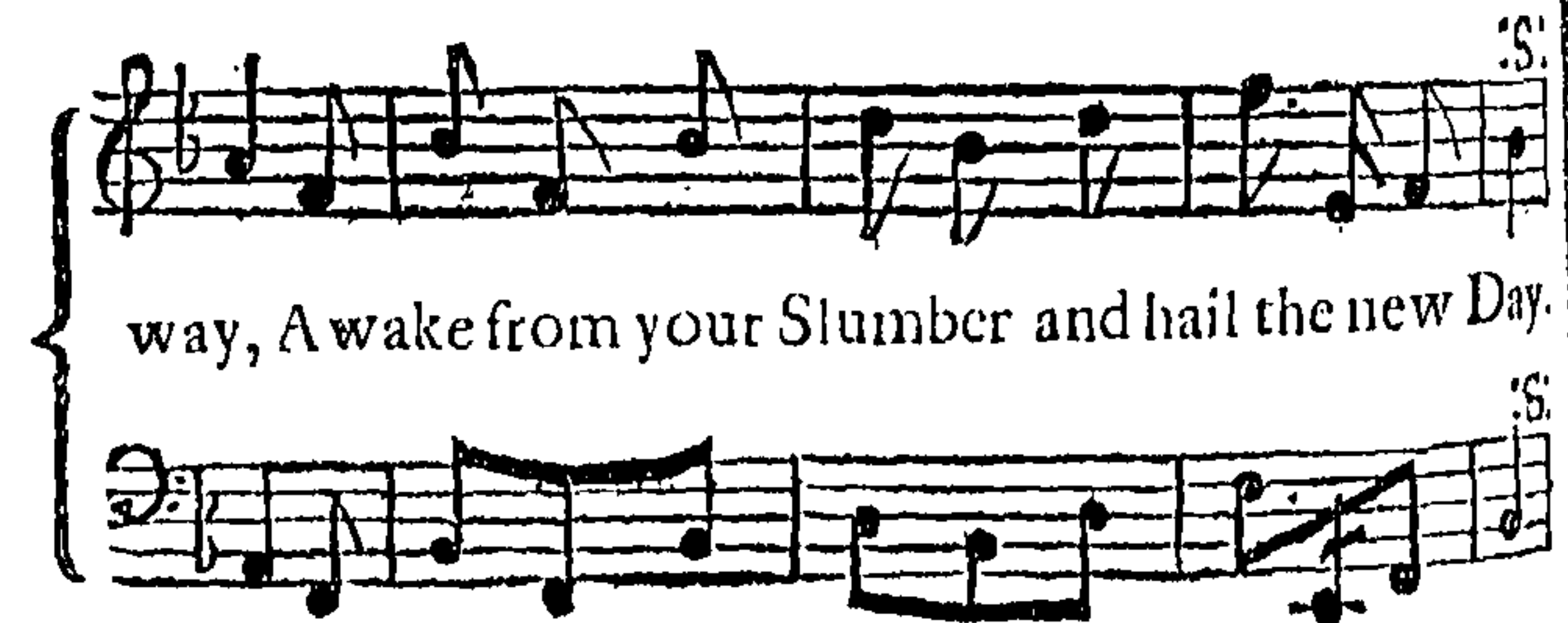
The sweet roſie Morning Peeps over the Hills, With



Bluſhes adorning The Meadows and Fields: The



merry, merry, merry Horn calls, Come, come, come a-



way, Awake from your Slumber and hail the new Day.



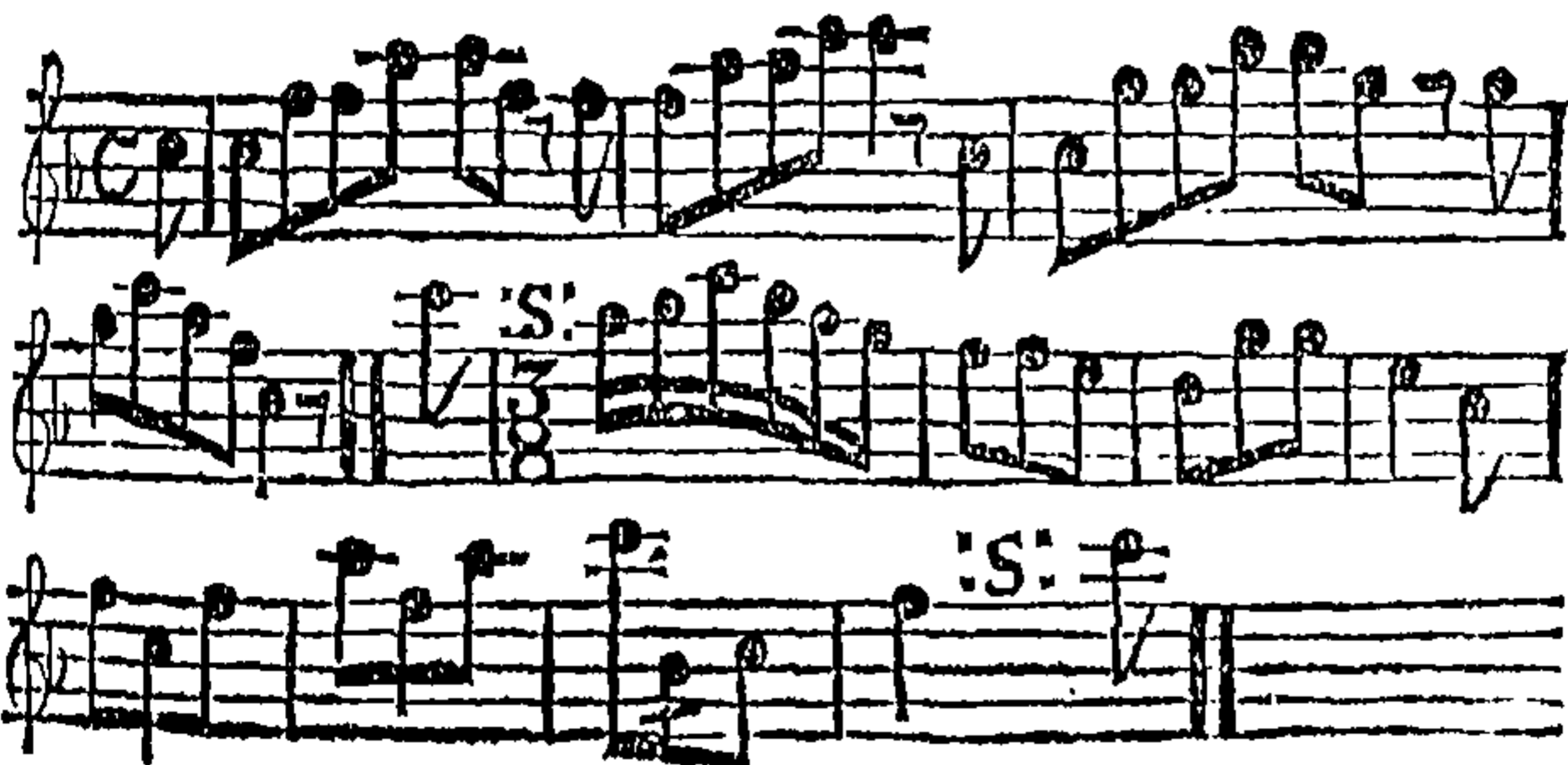
The Stag rous'd before us  
Away seems to fly,  
And pants to the *Chorus*  
Of Hounds in full Cry :

*Cho.* Then follow, follow, follow, follow  
The Musical Chace,  
Where Pleasure and vigorous  
Health you embrace.

The Day's Sport, when over,  
Makes Blood circle right,  
And gives the brisk Lover  
Fresh Charms for the Night.

*Cho.* Then let us, let us now enjoy  
All we can, while we may,  
Let Love crown the Night,  
As our Sports crown the Day.

*For the FLUTE.*



C O M E L Y P A T T Y.

By Mr. W. BEDINGFIELD.

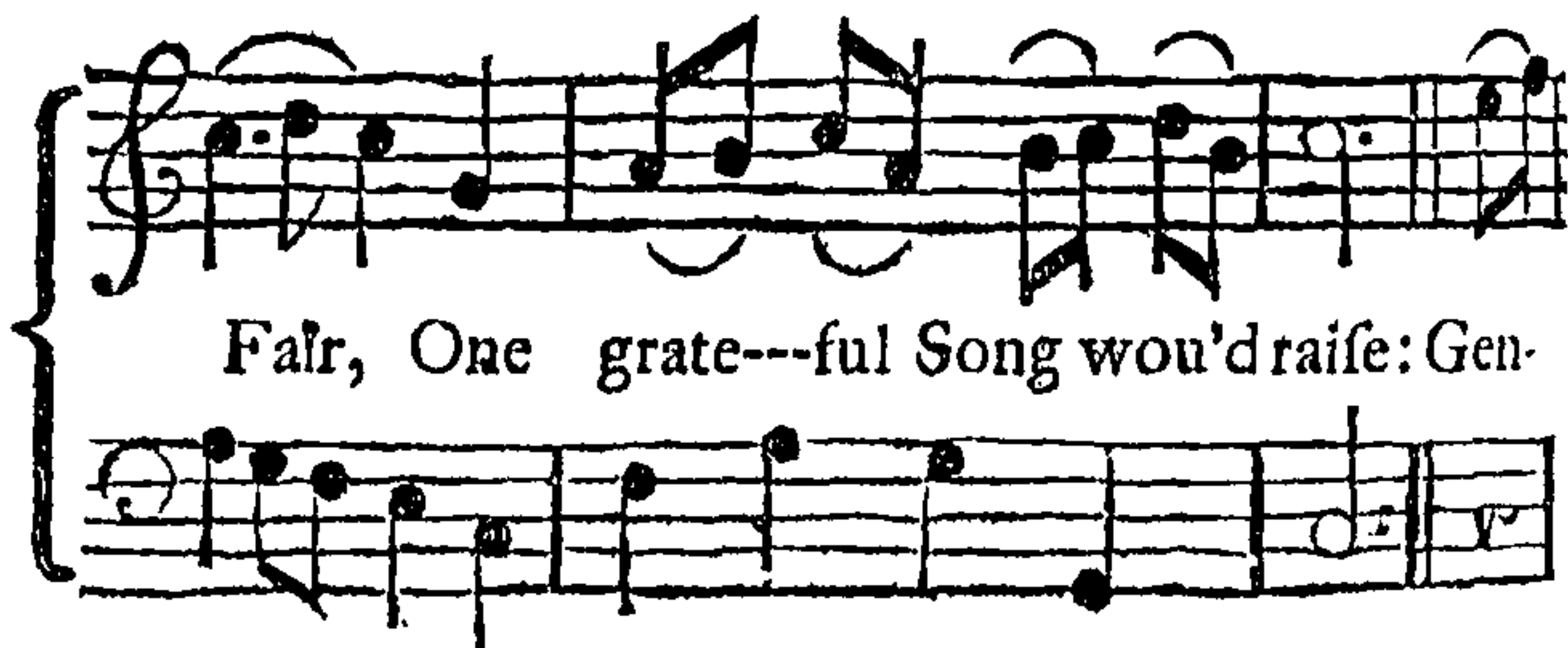
*To the Tune of The Lads of Patie's Mill.*



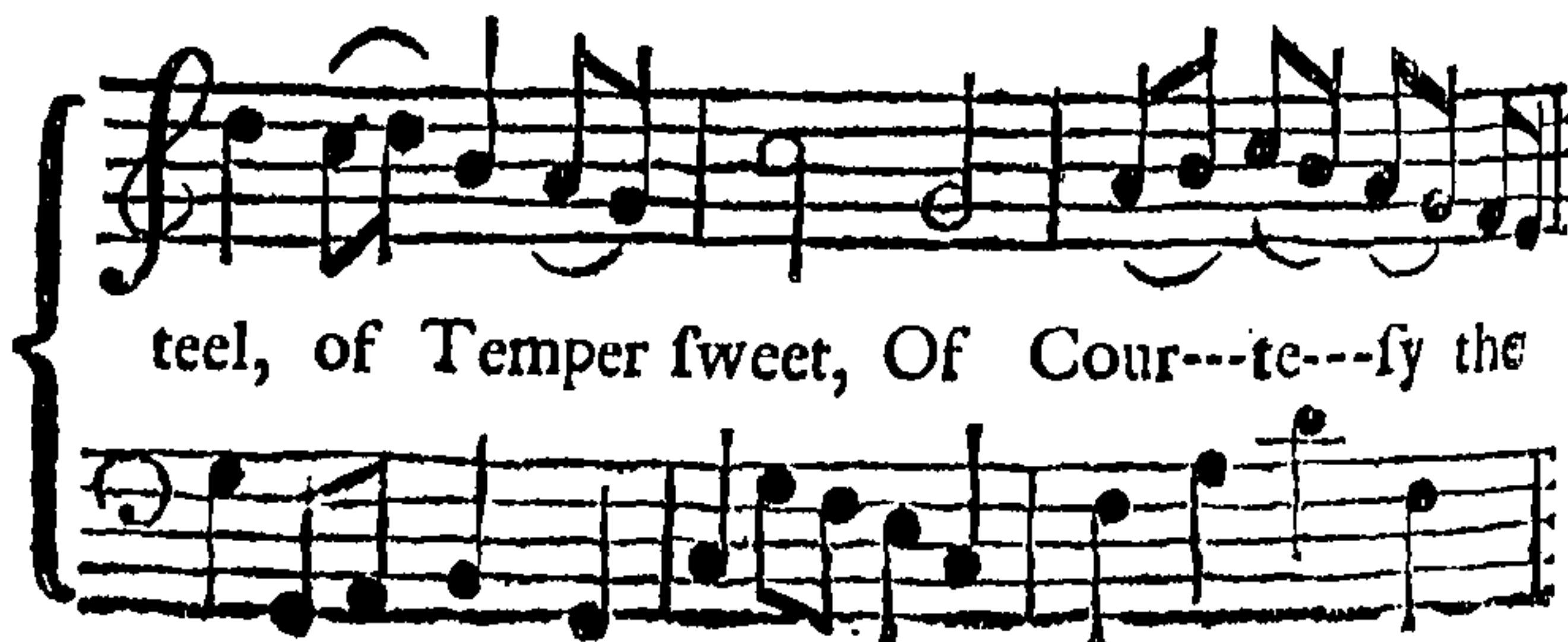
In Town of *Warwickshire*, Fam'd for Go-



di---na's Praise, I to a comely



Fair, One grate---ful Song wou'd raise: Gen-



teel, of Temper sweet, Of Cour---te---sy the

Cream, A-----gree-----a-----bly Discreet, And

Pat-----ty is her Name.

More Wit than Woman's Share;  
 Yet innocently gay;  
 And from all Scandal clear,  
 That ancient Friend of *Tea*.  
 Nor Stiff, nor full of Airs;  
 Nor Formal, nor yet Rude;  
 Without Offence she steers,  
 Betwixt Coquet and Prude.

Such cheerful Influence,  
 Darts from her laughing Eyes,  
 As *Phæbus* does dispense  
 His *Thetis* at his Rise.

May all his whiter Hours  
Be to her Wishes kind,  
And grant, ye rural Pow'rs,  
A Shepherd to her Mind.

*For the FLUTE.*



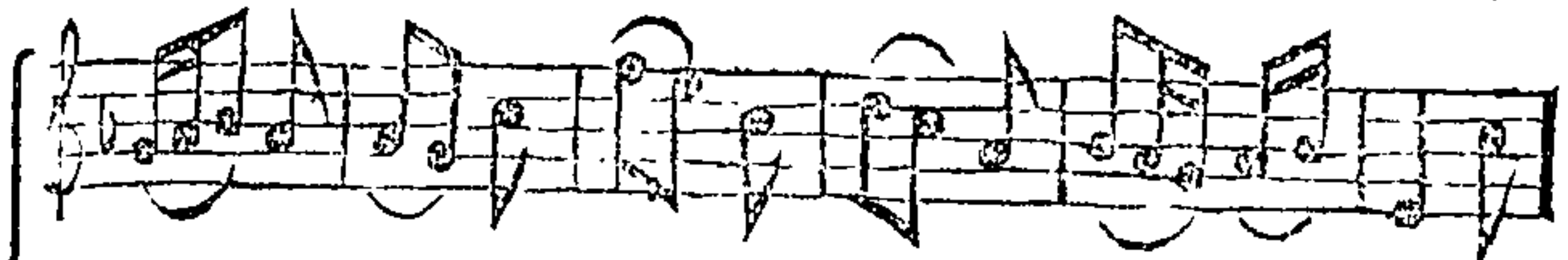


The PROTESTATION.

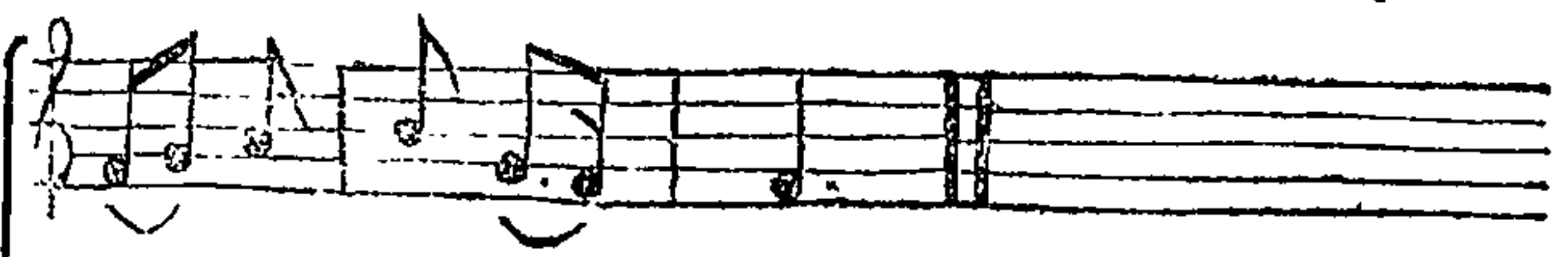
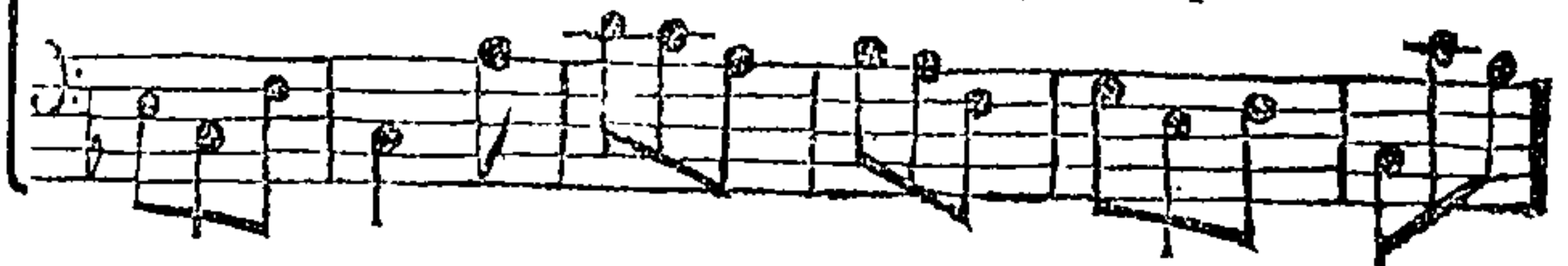
The Musick by Mr. *TREVERS*.



Now, as I live! I love thee much, And fain wou'd



love thee more, Did I but know thy Temper such, That



cou'd my Joy re—store.



But to ingage thy Virgin Heart,

Then leave it in Distress,

Were to betray thy true Desert,

And make thy Glory less.

Were all the eastern Treasures mine,

I'd lay them at thy Feet ;

But to invite a Prince to dine

On Air, it is not meet.

No, let me rather pine alone;  
 Then, if my Fate prove coy,  
 I can dispense with Grief my own,  
 While thou hast Showers of Joy.

But if thro' my too niggard Fate  
 Thou should'st unhappy prove,  
 I shou'd grow mad and desperate,  
 Thro' killing Grief and Love.

Since then, tho' more I cannot love,  
 Without thy Injury;  
 As Saints that to an Altar move,  
 My Thoughts to thee shall fly.

And think not that the Flame is less,  
 For 'tis upon this Score,  
 Wer't not a Love beyond Express,  
 My Dear, it might be more.

*On Sight of a LADY's Face in the Water.*

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**S**TAND still, ye Floods, do not deface  
 That Image which you bear:  
 So Votaries, from ev'ry Place,  
 To you shall Altars rear.

No Winds, but Lovers Sighs, blow here,  
 To trouble these glad Streams;  
 On which no Star, from any Sphere,  
 Did ever dart such Beams.

To Crystal then in haste congeal,  
Lest you shou'd lose your Blifs;  
And to my cruel Fair reveal,  
How cold, how hard she is.

But if the envious Nymphs shall fear  
Their Beauties will be scorn'd,  
And hire the ruder Winds to tear  
That Face which you adorn'd:

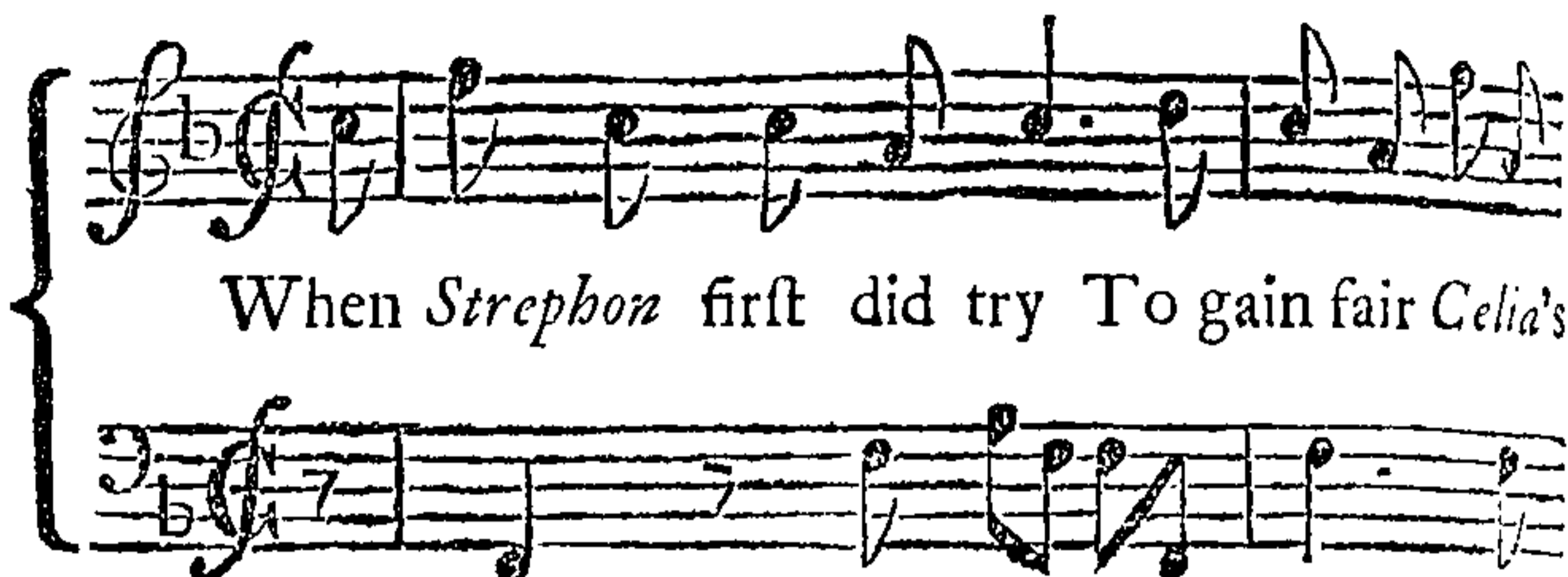
Then rage and foam amain, that we  
Their Malice may despise;  
And from your Froths we soon shall see  
A second *Venus* rise.

*For the F L U T E.*



*S T R E P H O N* and *C E L I A*.

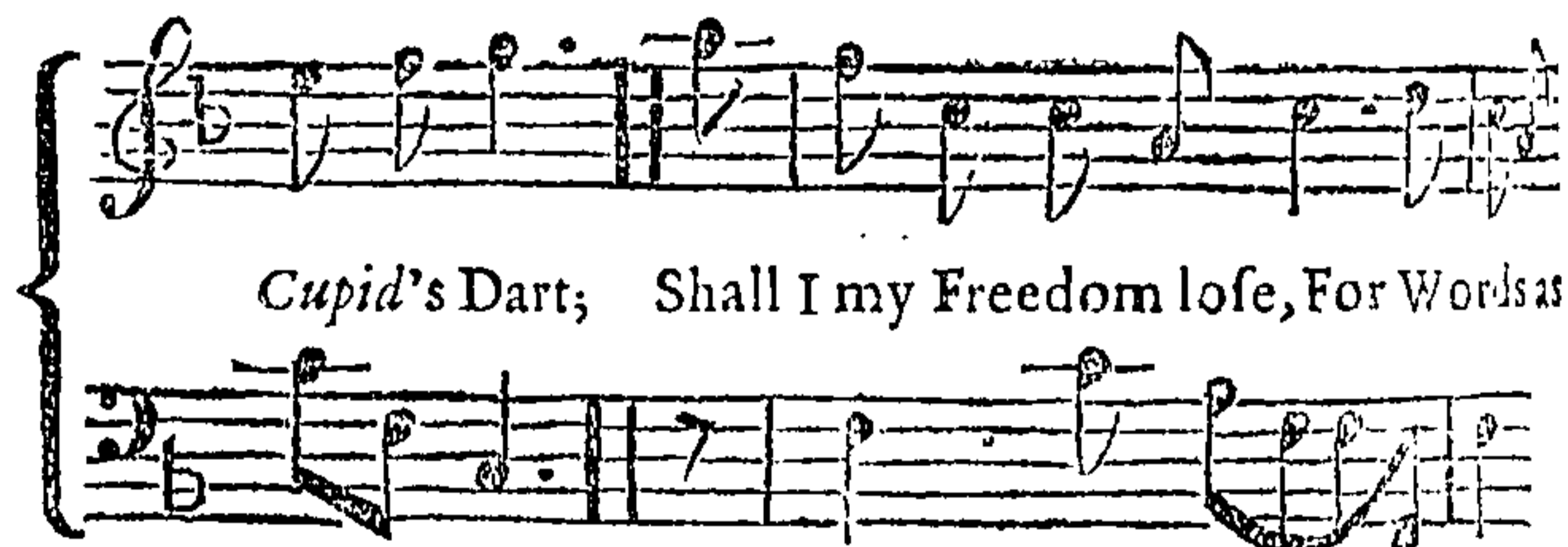
By the Reverend Mr. G E O. A R N E T.



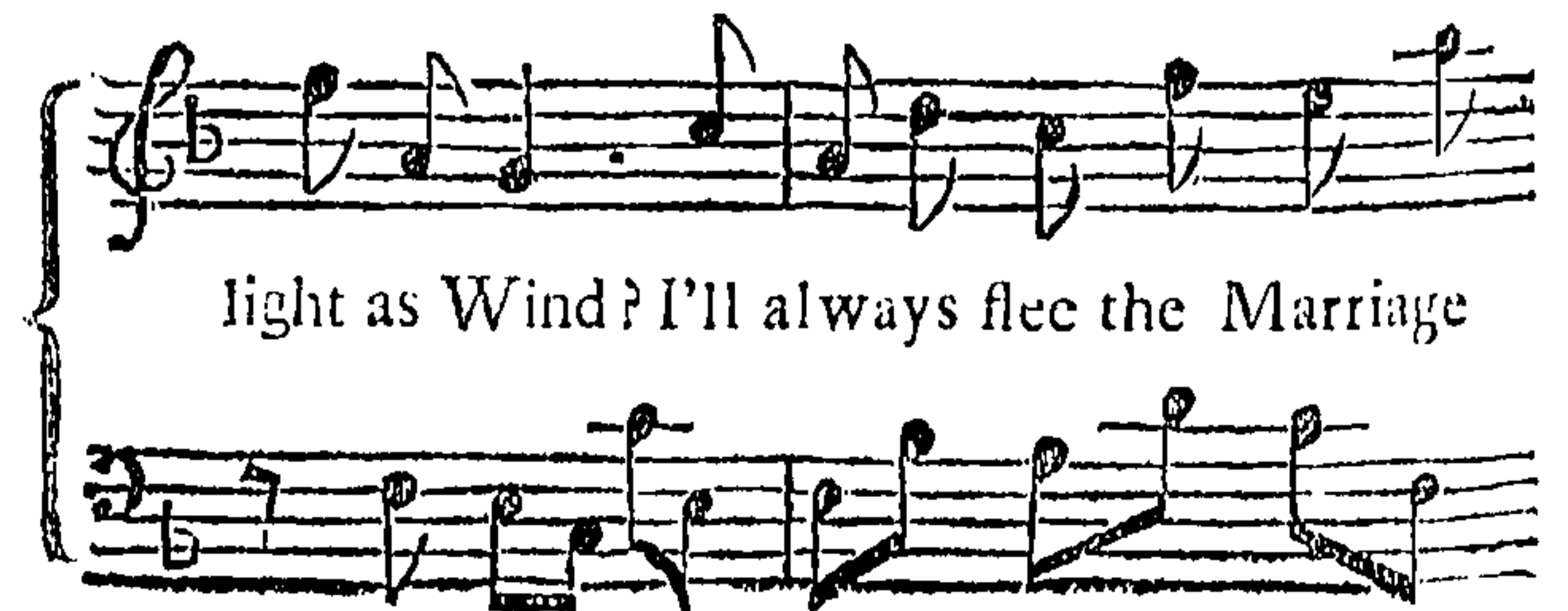
When *Strepson* first did try To gain fair *Celia's*



Heart, The airy Nymph cry'd, I defy Your Charms and



*Cupid's* Dart; Shall I my Freedom lose, For Words as



light as Wind? I'll always flee the Marriage

Noose,





Noose, And to my self prove kind.

But Time, which all subdues,  
Such deep Impressions made,  
That she who swears, protests, and vows,  
Her Heart sha'n't be betray'd,  
Her Words retracts; She now can love,  
And promise to obey:  
Young *Strephon* does most constant prove;  
They kiss, and fix the Day.



*The* NEW-YEAR'S-GIFT.

*Set by* Mr. DIEUPART.

Slow  
Myra, reflect how oft' the Year Has chang'd since

first I own'd my Flame; Another Face the Seasons

wear, Yet cruel *Myra's* still the same: Unnatu-

ral no longer prove, Reward the Passion you cre-

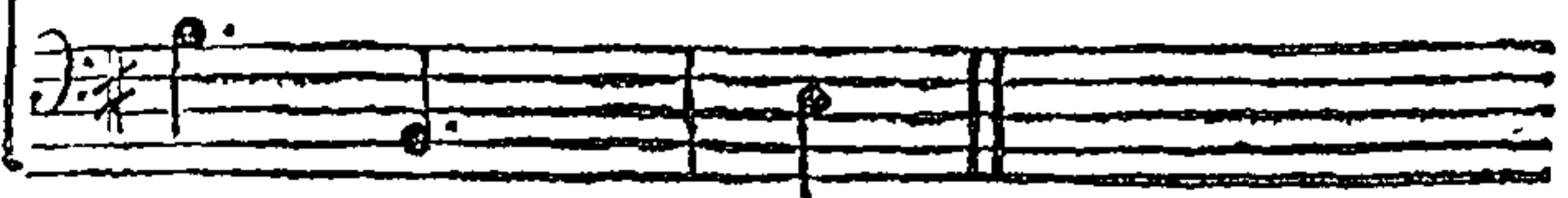
ate;



ate; They do not live, who do not love; By that our



Being we compleat.



Tho' chilly Winter blasts the Fields,

And blooming Prospects are no more;

No Charms, tho' harrass'd Nature yields,

But seems t' have lavish'd all her Store;

The Earth no sooner feels the Sun,

But springing Verdure decks the Meads;

His genial Power the Flowers own,

And o'er all Nature he succeeds.

Yet, tho' when Winter's Rage is o'er,

The pregnant Spring shines forth again,

And, spight of Autumn's killing Power,

A new-born beauty crowns the Plain:

When your hard Autumn once shall come,

In vain you will expect the Spring;

Faces have ne'er a second Bloom,

And Time will endless Winter bring.

Then, while the Sun darts kind his Beams,  
 A plenteous Harvest wisely make;  
 Meet with a due Return my Flames;  
 A Heart both justly give and take:  
 So shall you never vainly grieve,  
 For fear your Beauties shou'd decline;  
 But to the World a Pattern leave,  
 And honour'd still, to Ages shine.

---

*To LUCIA returning in the Snow.*

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**S**HE comes! in vain the Winds and Snows  
 Endeavour to retard our Blifs:  
 In vain the Sun his Light withdraws;  
 Bless'd with her Rays, we need not his.  
 See! Nature wars upon the Fair,  
 Envies her Charms the glorious Prize;  
 And since the Earth has nought so fair  
 She'ath beg'd th' Assistance of the Skies.

But yet in vain th'Attack is giv'n;  
 Tho' new-fall'n Snow fills ev'ry Place,  
 The purest White that's under Heav'n,  
 Doth still remain in *Lucia's* Face.  
 Yet let our Swains their Danger know,  
 Possess of all that can inspire,  
 Tho' to the Eye she's falling Snow,  
 She'll to the Heart prove raging Fire.

Winter,



Winter, thy Charms how I revere!

Since Hail and Snow can *Lucia* bring;

Thy Ice and Cold I will prefer

To all the Beauties of the Spring.

The gayer Seasons of the Year,

Their Sweets and Flow'rs, no more entice:

They want no Beauty who have her;

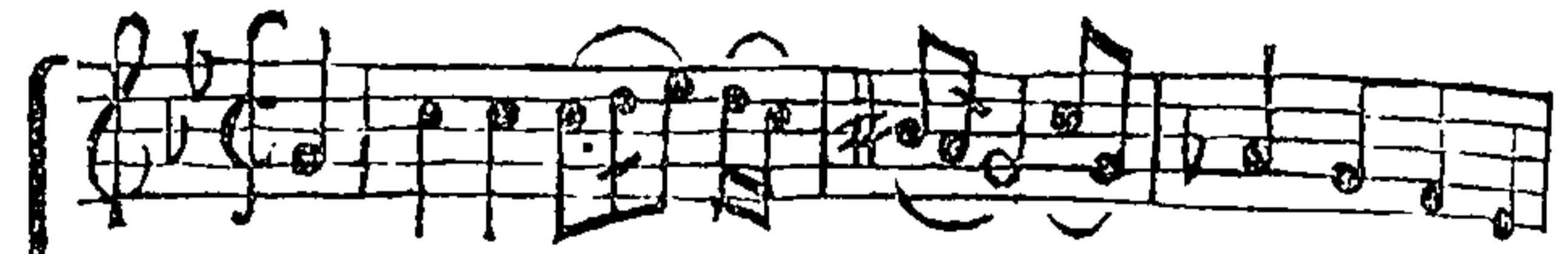
'Tis ever Bloom in Paradise.

*For the FLUTE.*

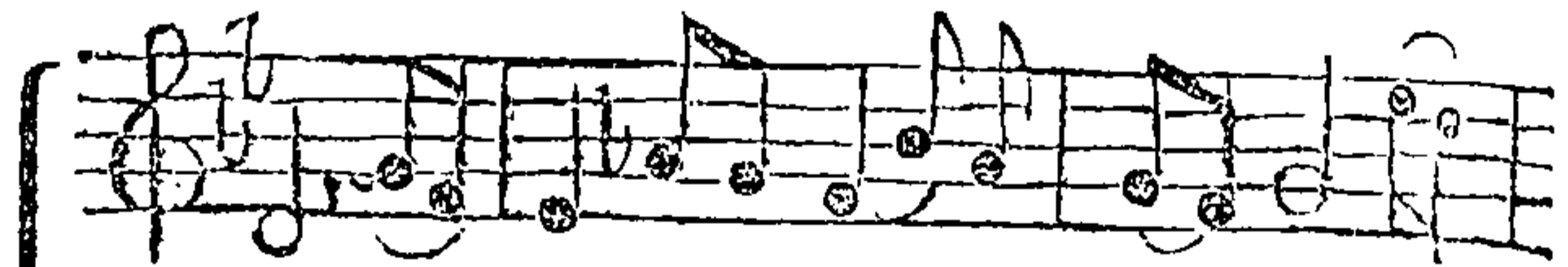
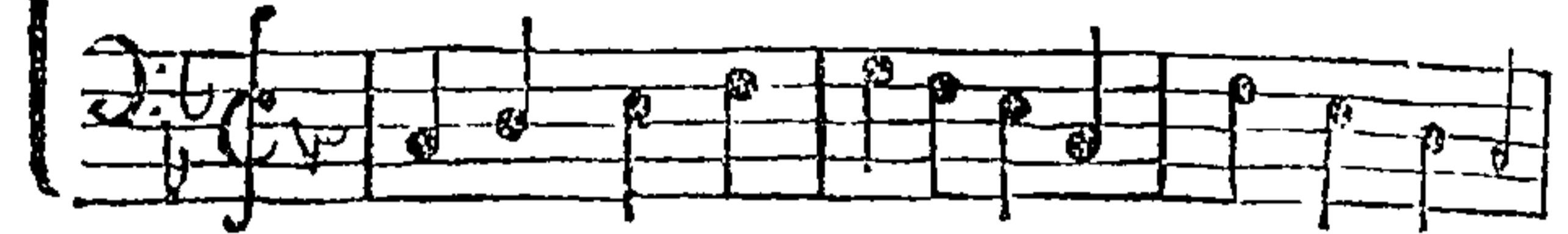


*The* DESPAIRING LOVER.

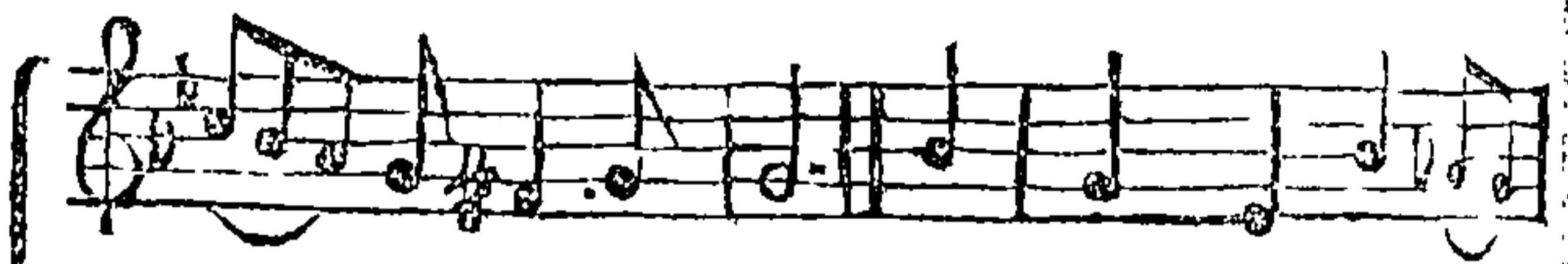
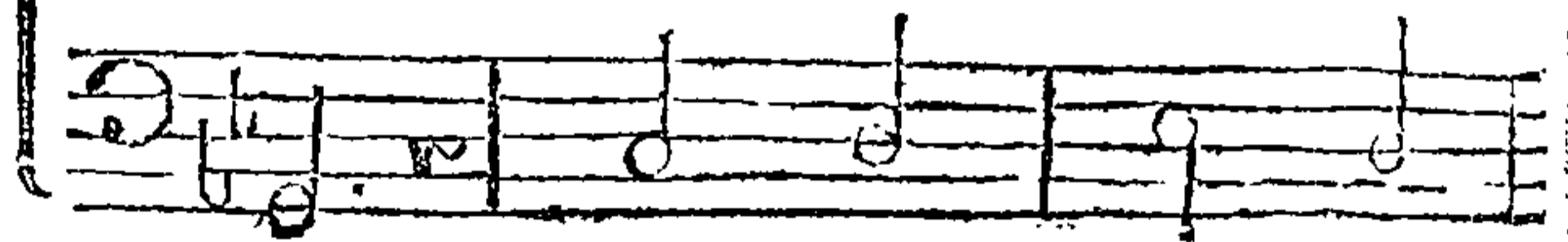
Set by Mr. POTTER.



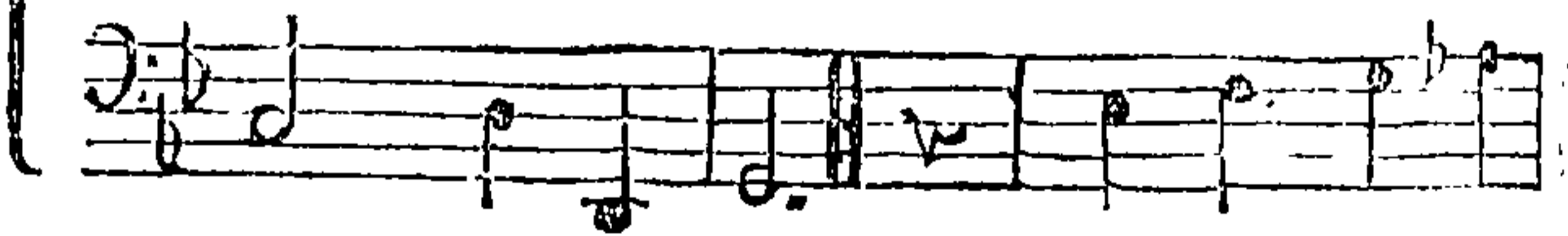
A Swain of Love despairing, Thus wail'd his cruel



Fate; His Grief the Shepherds sharing, In

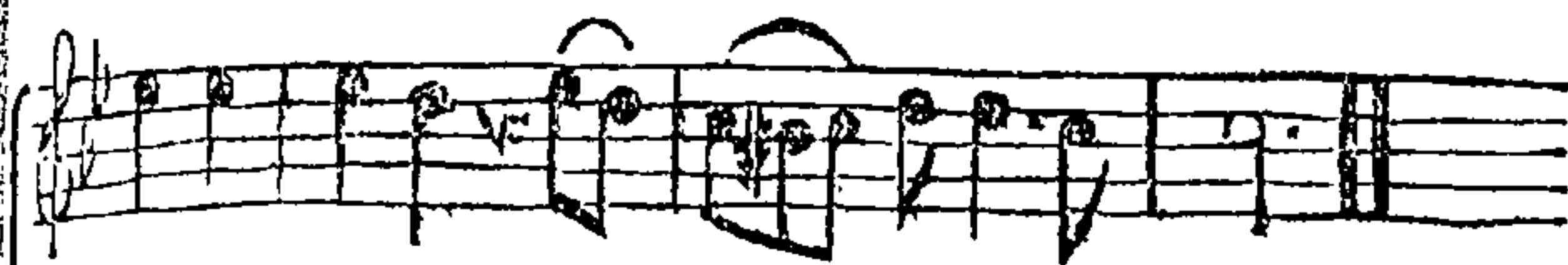


Circles round him fate; The Nymphs in kind Com-



passion, The luckless Lover mourn'd; All who had





felt the Passion, A Sigh for Sigh return'd.



O Friends! your Complaints give over,  
 Your kind Concern forbear;  
 Shou'd *Cloe* but discover  
 For me you'd shed a Tear,  
 Her Eyes she'd arm with Vengeance,  
 Your Friendship soon subdue;  
 Too late you'd ask Forgiveness,  
 And for her Mercy sue.

Her Charms such Force discover,  
 Resistance is in vain;  
 Spight of your self you'll love her,  
 And hug the galling Chain:  
 Her Wit the Flame increases,  
 And rivets fast the Dart;  
 She has ten thousand Graces,  
 And each could gain a Heart.

But oh! one more deserving,  
 Has thaw'd her frozen Breast;  
 Her Heart to him devoting,  
 She's cold to all the rest:

Their

Their Love with Joy abounding,  
 The Thought distracts my Brain;  
 O cruel Maid! Then swooning,  
 He fell upon the Plain.

---

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**A**S, when on Mountain-heads,  
 With sudden Spring of Light,  
 The Sun his Splendor spreads,  
 And blinds the dazled Sight;  
 From *Mariana's* Eyes  
 Love throws a flashing Dart,  
 That wounds with gay Surprize,  
 And festers in the Heart.

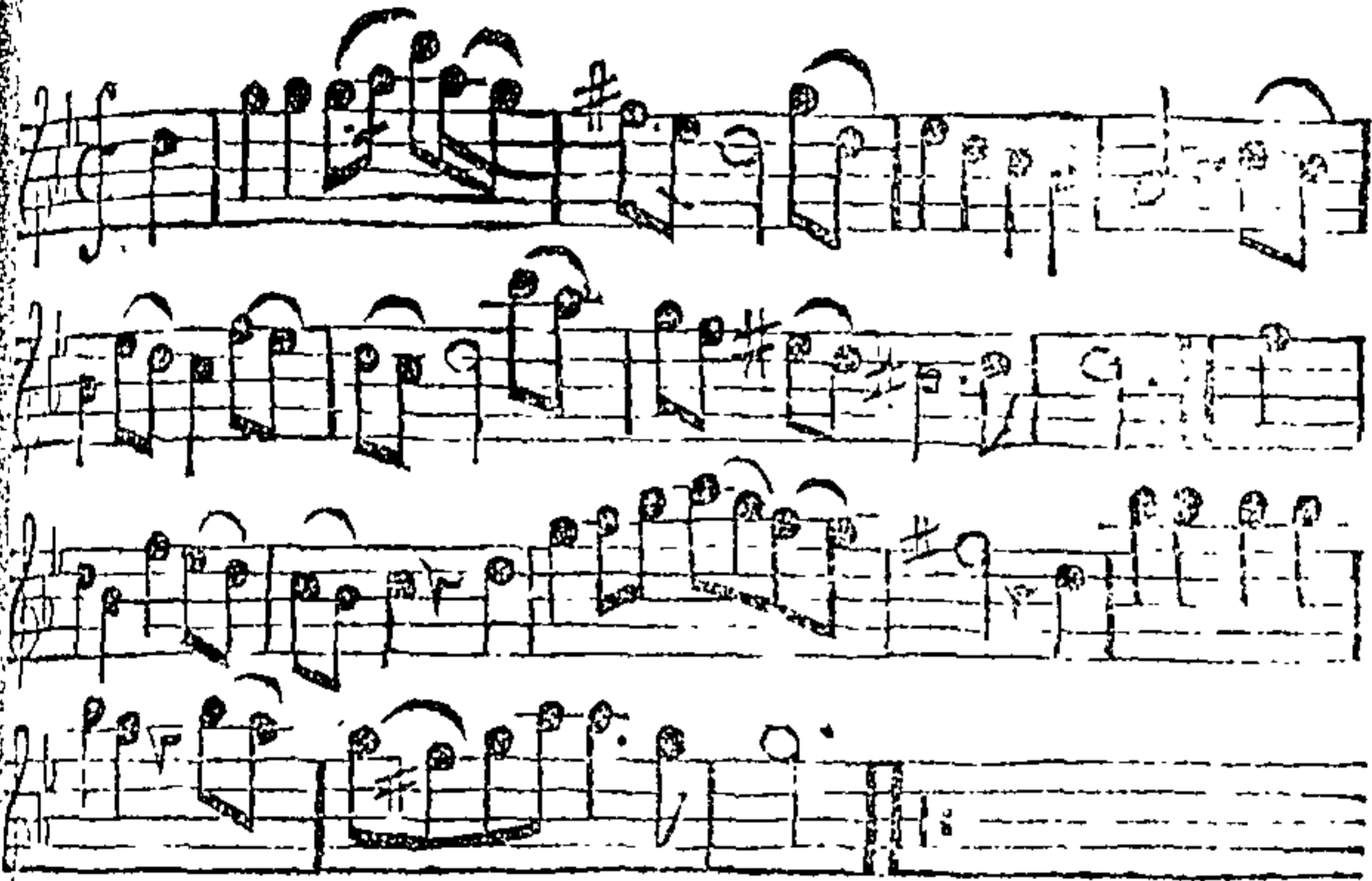
At dead of Night, when Care  
 Forsakes each tortur'd Breast,  
 I, only, thro' Despair,  
 Am barr'd from gentle Rest.  
 When Morning Beams dispel  
 The gloomy Shades of Night,  
 Redoubled is my Hell,  
 While others reap Delight.

At Noon, when Day's inthron'd,  
 My Sorrows grow intense;  
 Nor is my Case bemoan'd  
 When silent Hours commence.

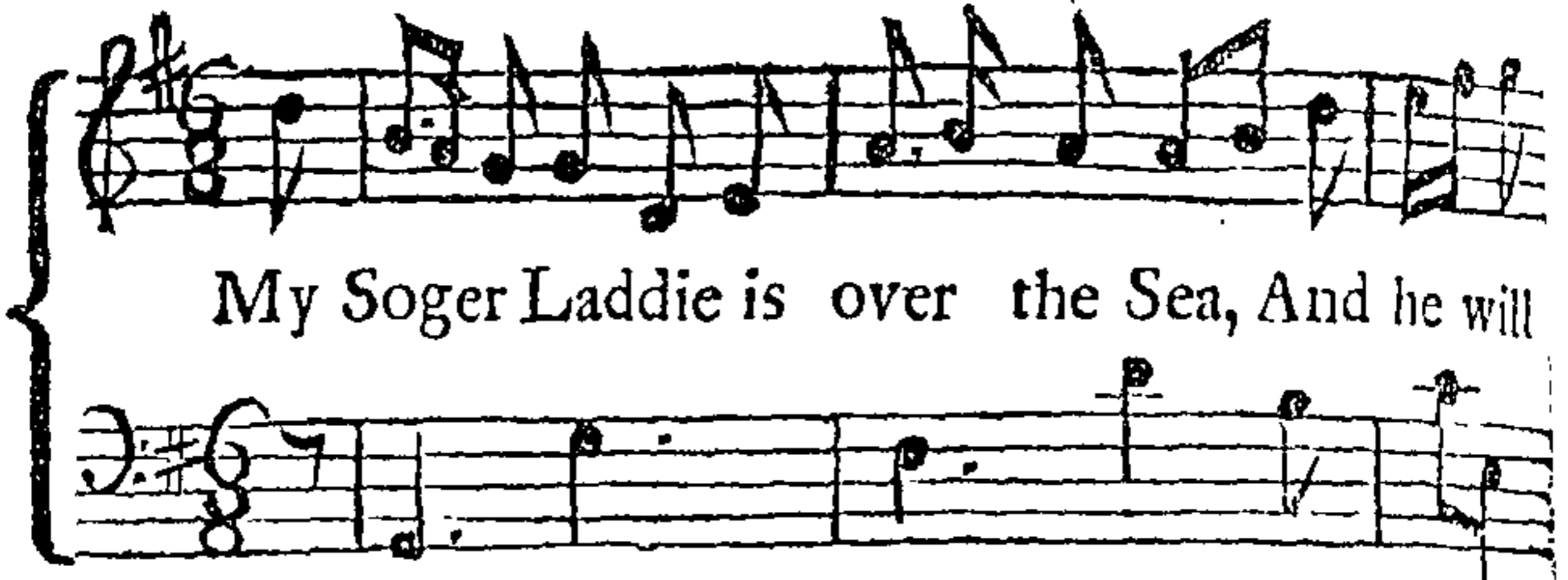


Then hasten, friendly Death,  
And ease me of my Woe ----  
Who wou'd not yield his Breath,  
When Love's declar'd his Foe?

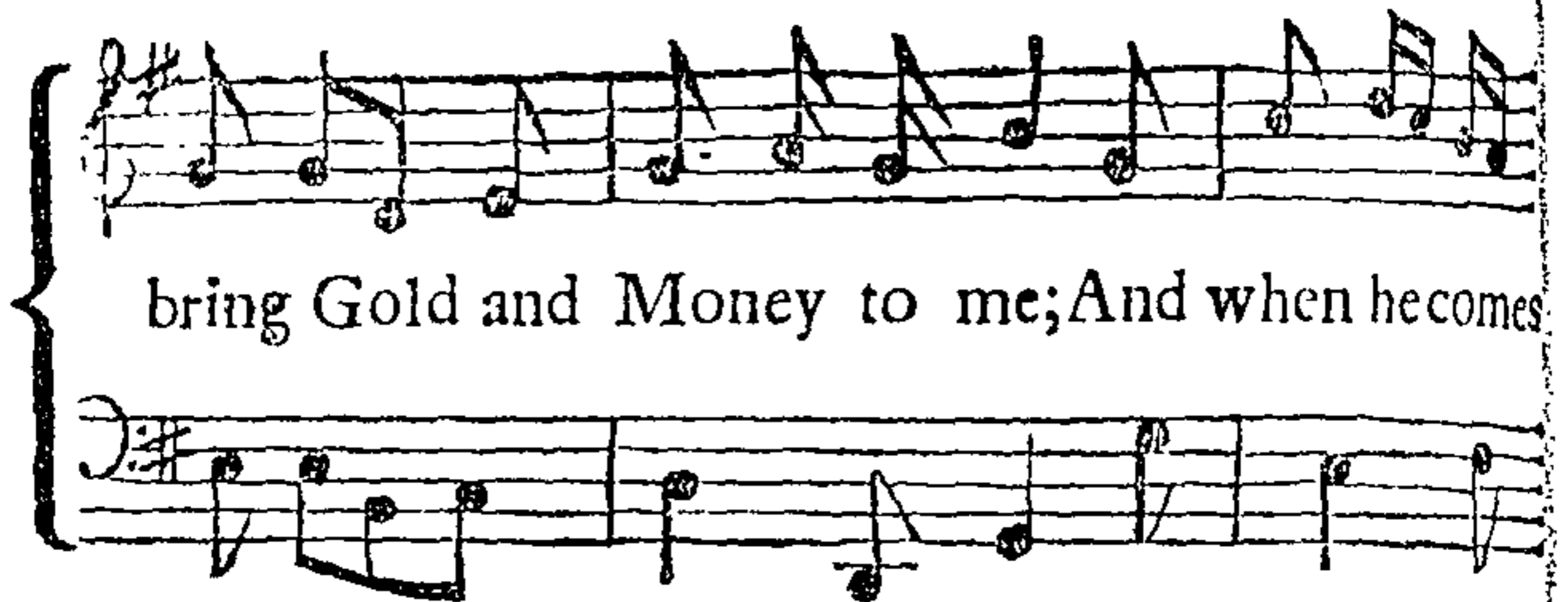
*For the* FLUTE.




*The* SOGER LADDIE.



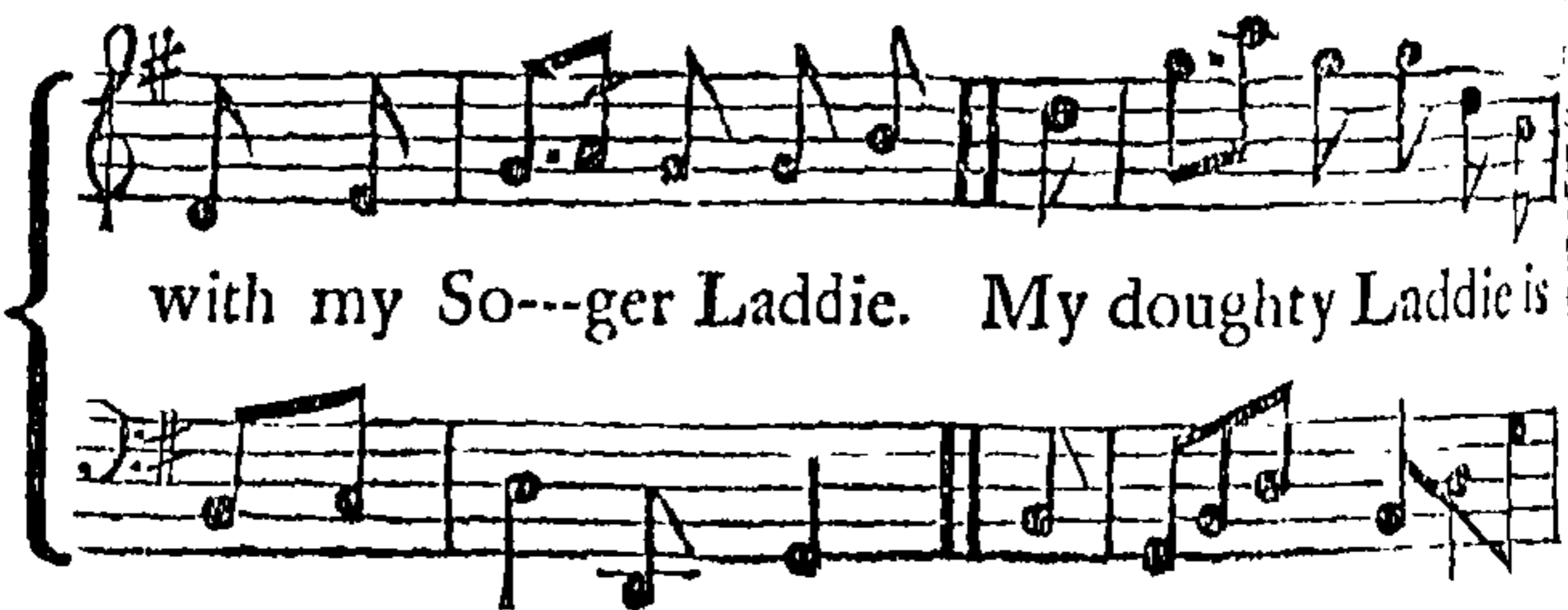
My Soger Laddie is over the Sea, And he will



bring Gold and Money to me; And when he comes



home he'll make me a Lady: My Blessing gang

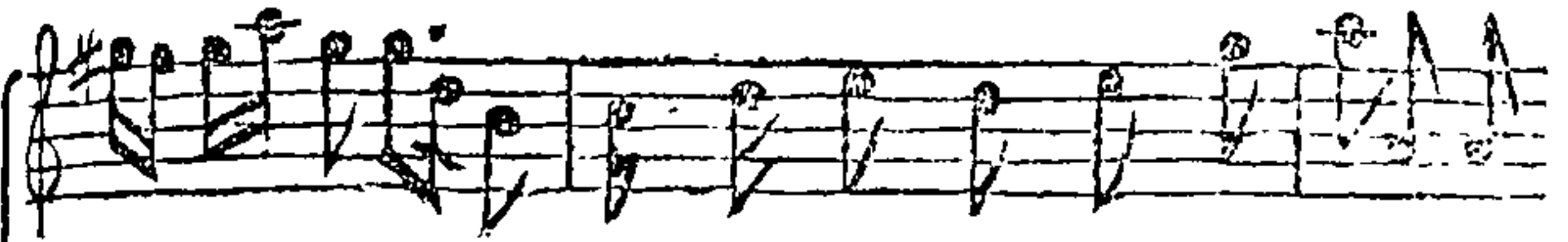
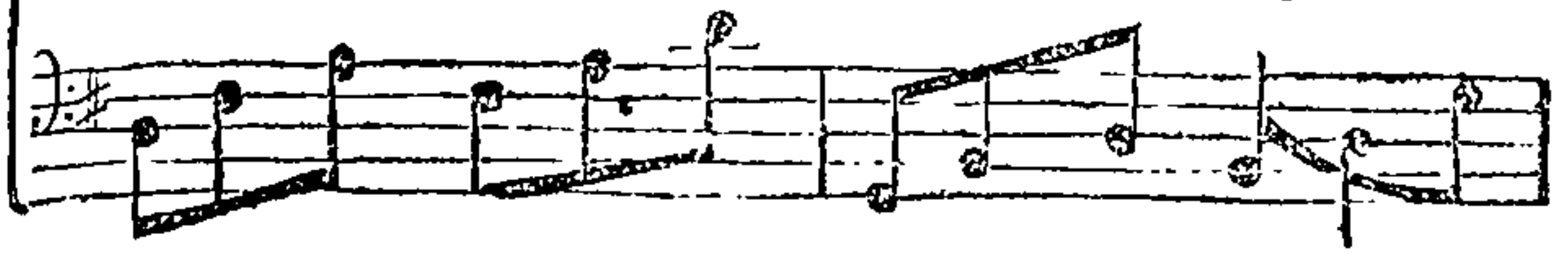


with my So---ger Laddie. My doughty Laddie is

handfome



handsome and brave, And can as a Soger and



Lover behave; He's true to his Country, to Love he is



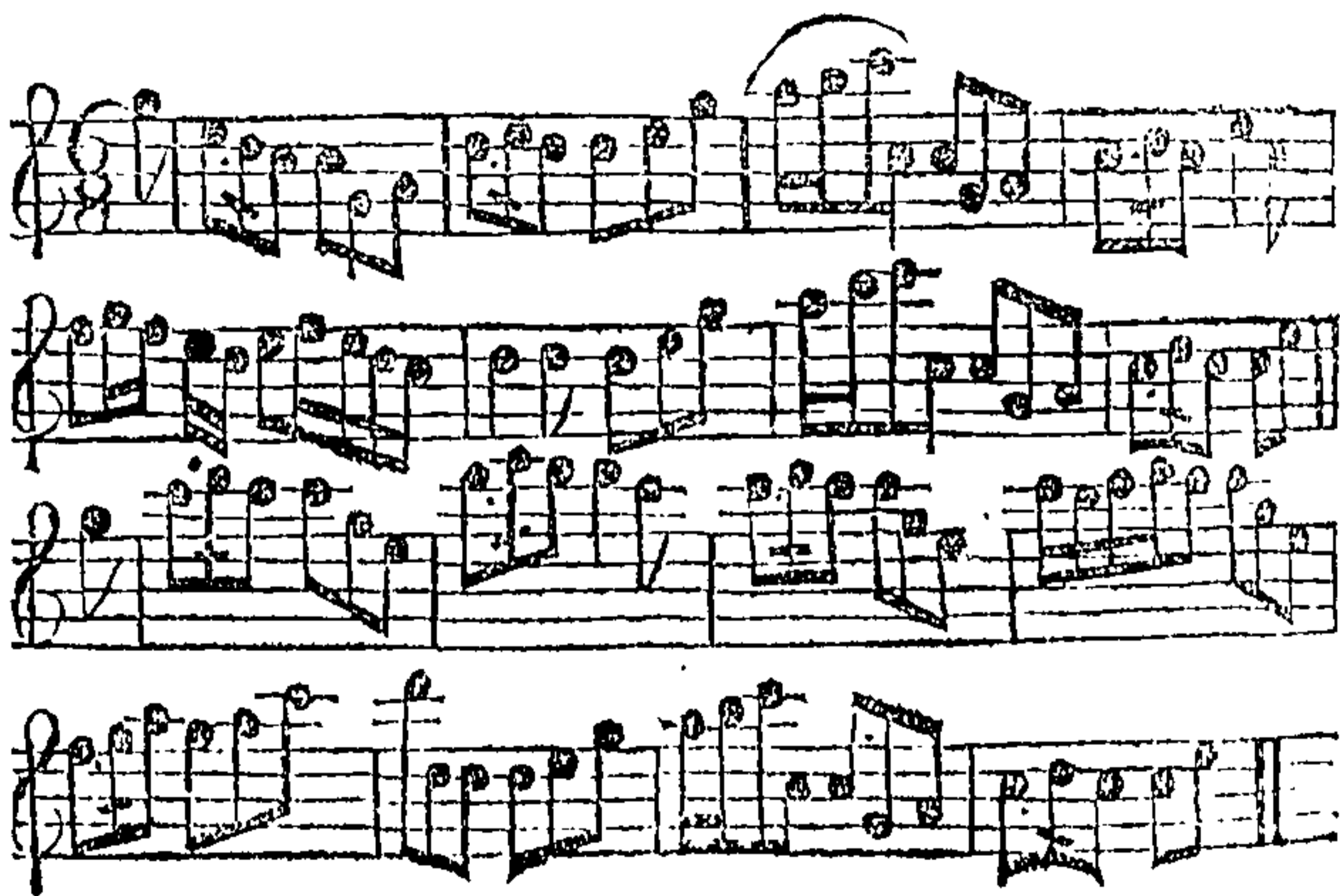
steady: There's few to compare with my Soger Laddie.



Shield him, ye Angels, from Death in Alarms,  
Return him with Lawrels to my longing Arms,  
Since from all my Care ye'll pleasantly free me,  
When back to my Wishes my Soger ye gi'e me.  
O soon may his Honours bloom fair on his Brow,  
As quickly they must, if he get his Due:  
For in noble Actions his Courage is ready,  
Which makes me delight in my Soger Laddie.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**F**OR a lovely bright Nymph, that's cruel as fair,  
I sigh, and I pine, and I die with Despair:  
She rejects my fond Love, flies, and leaves me behind  
She's as bright as the Day, but as false as the Wind.  
Ye Shepherds, take heed, and shun the false Maid,  
Take warning by me, or like me be betray'd:  
Ye Swains, O beware! and far from her fly;  
For if you but see her, like me you must die.

*For the FLUTE.*



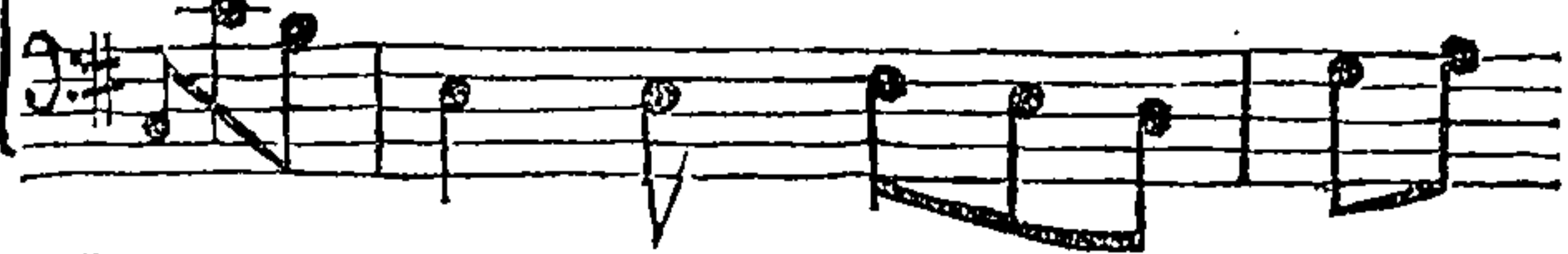
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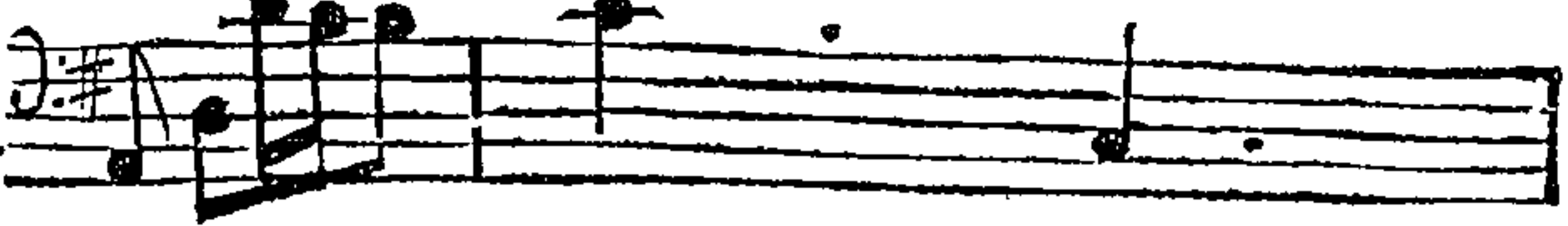
Gaffer and Gammer were fast in their



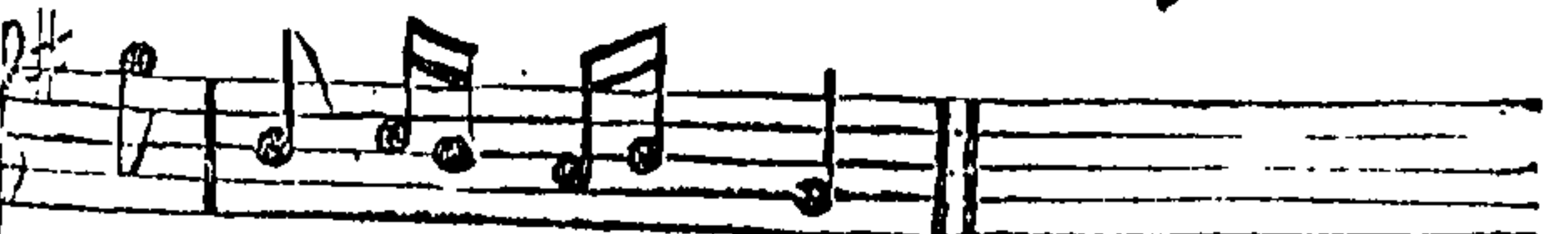
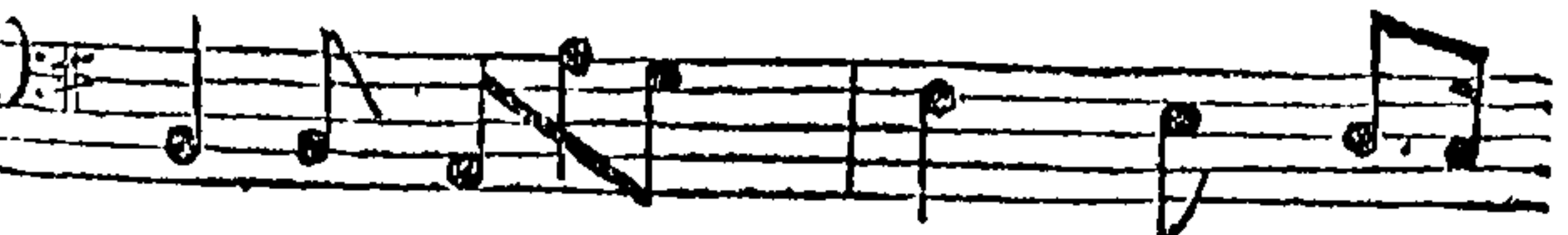
Nest, And all the young Fry of their Cribs were



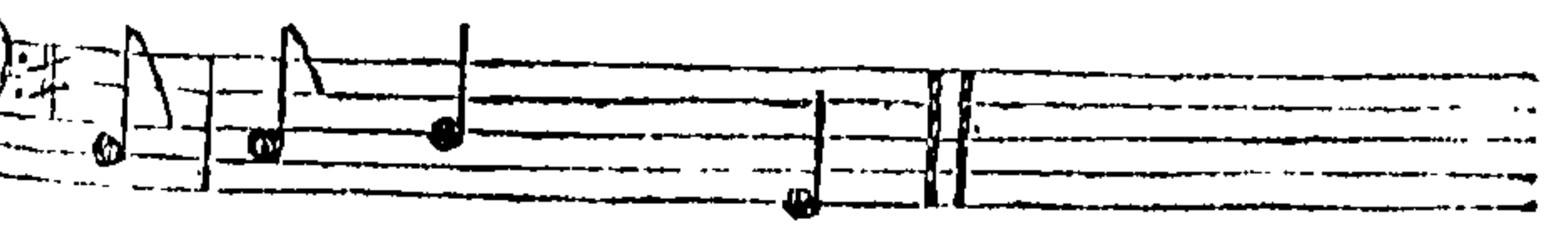
posset; *Spot, Whitefoot, and Puss,* in the



Ashes were laid, And a blink--ing Rush Candle



just o---ver their Head.



*Ursla* was scouring her Dishes and Platter,  
 Preparing to make her good Friend the Hog fatter;  
 Greas'd up to the Elbow, as much to the Eye,  
 'Till her embroider'd Cloaths were e'en ready to fry.

*Roger* the Plowman i'th' Chimney lay snoaring,  
 'Till *Cupid*, sore vext at his clownish Adoring,  
 Did straitway convey to the great Logger-head,  
 The whispering Muse, that they all were a-bed.

Up started *Roger*, and rubbing his Eyes,  
 Strait to his dear *Ursla* in Passion he hies,  
 Then leaning his Elbow on *Ursla's* broad Back,  
 Complain'd that his Heart was e'en ready to crack.

*Ursla* b'ing vext at the Weight of her Love,  
 Cry'd, *Cupid*, why dost thou thus treacherous prove?  
 In an angry Mood then she turn'd her about,  
 And the Dish-clout lapt over the Face of the Lout.

*Roger* b'ing angry at such an Affront,  
 And not at all minding of what might come on't,  
 He gave her a Kick with such wonderous Mettle,  
 As tumbl'd poor *Ursla* quite over the Kettle.

This Noise and Rumbling set Gaffer awaking,  
And fearing lest Thieves had been stealing his Bacon,  
With a Pur down the Stairs in a Trice he came stumbling,  
Where he found *Roger* gaping, while *Ursla* lay tumbling.

Pox take you, quoth he, for a Rogue and a Whore;  
So turn'd the poor Lovers quite out of the Door;  
Nor minding the Rain, nor the cold windy Weather;  
To finish their Loves in a Hogstye together.



*The* PRISONERS SONG.

A starving Life all Day we lead, No Comfort

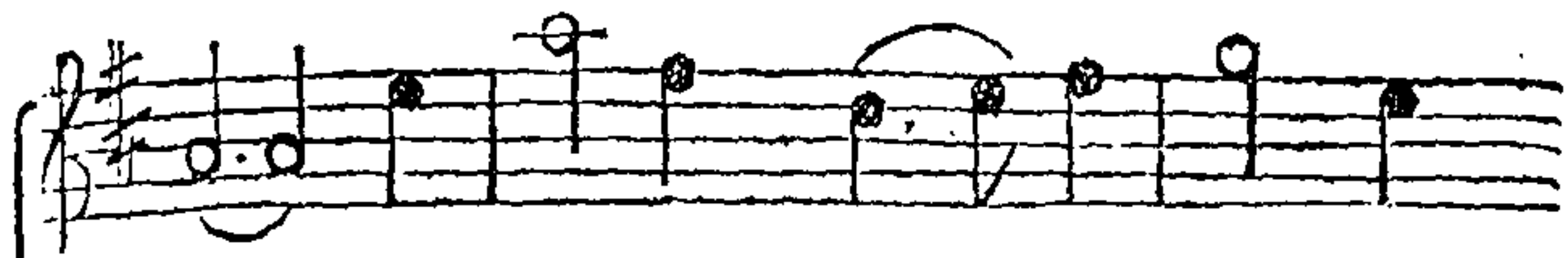
here is found; At Night we make one common

Bed, Upon the boarded Ground, Where Fleas in

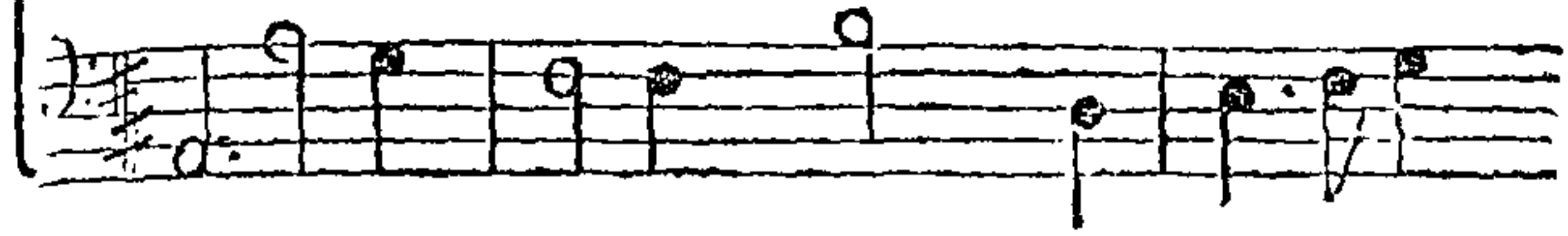
Troops, and Bugs in Shoals, in----to our Bosoms

creep,





creep, And Death-watch Spiders round the



Walls Disturb us in our Sleep.



Were *Socrates* alive, and bound  
With us to lead his Life,  
'Twould move his Patience far beyond  
His crabbed, scolding Wife:  
Hard Lodging, and much harder Fare,  
Would try the wisest Sage,  
Nay, even make a Parson swear,  
And curse this sinful Age.

Thus we Insolvent Debtors live ;  
Yet we may boldly say,  
Worse Villains often Credit give,  
Than those that never pay ;

For

For wealthy Knaves can, with Applause,  
 Cheat on, and ne'er be try'd,  
 But in contempt of human Laws,  
 In Coaches safely ride.

---

*The* R E V E N G E.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

I Never lov'd but one fair Maid,  
 And she did prove untrue,  
 Untrue to him who to her paid  
 More Love than was her Due.  
 Her wand'ring Heart, and faithless Eyes,  
 Made many a Shepherd weep;  
 Whilst all of them fought for the Prize,  
 Which none of them could keep.

Ah! since 'tis so, ye Gods! *said I,*  
 Ye righteous Pow's above,  
 Revenge on her my Misery,  
 My true, but slighted Love.  
 So may she love, as she made me,  
 And find the same Disdain;  
 Since she was pleas'd with Cruelty,  
 Now may she feel the Pain.

May she know what it is to love,  
 And lose her wand'ring Heart,  
 To one who will unconstant prove,  
 And let her feel the Smart.

I spake,

I spake, and lo! there did ensue  
A strange Catastrophe;  
The Gods would punish her, I knew,  
But little thought by me.

*For the* F L U T E.

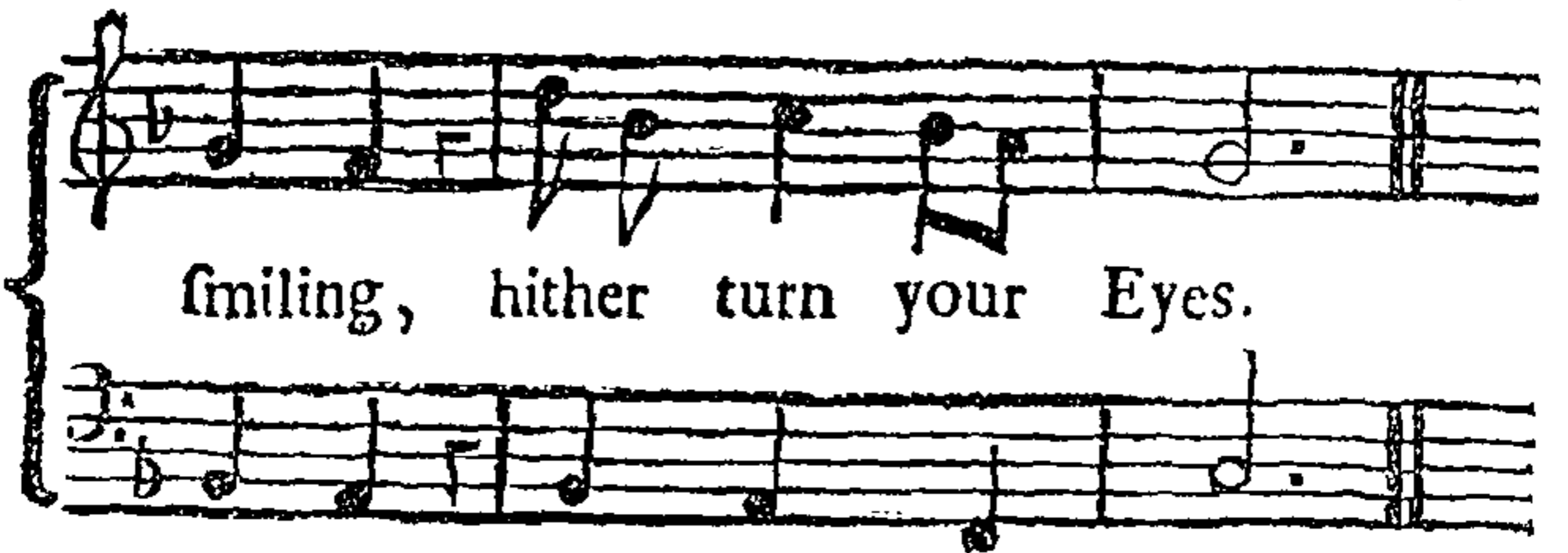


*A Favourite* MINUET *in the Entertainment of*  
JUPITER *and* EUROPA.

The Words by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

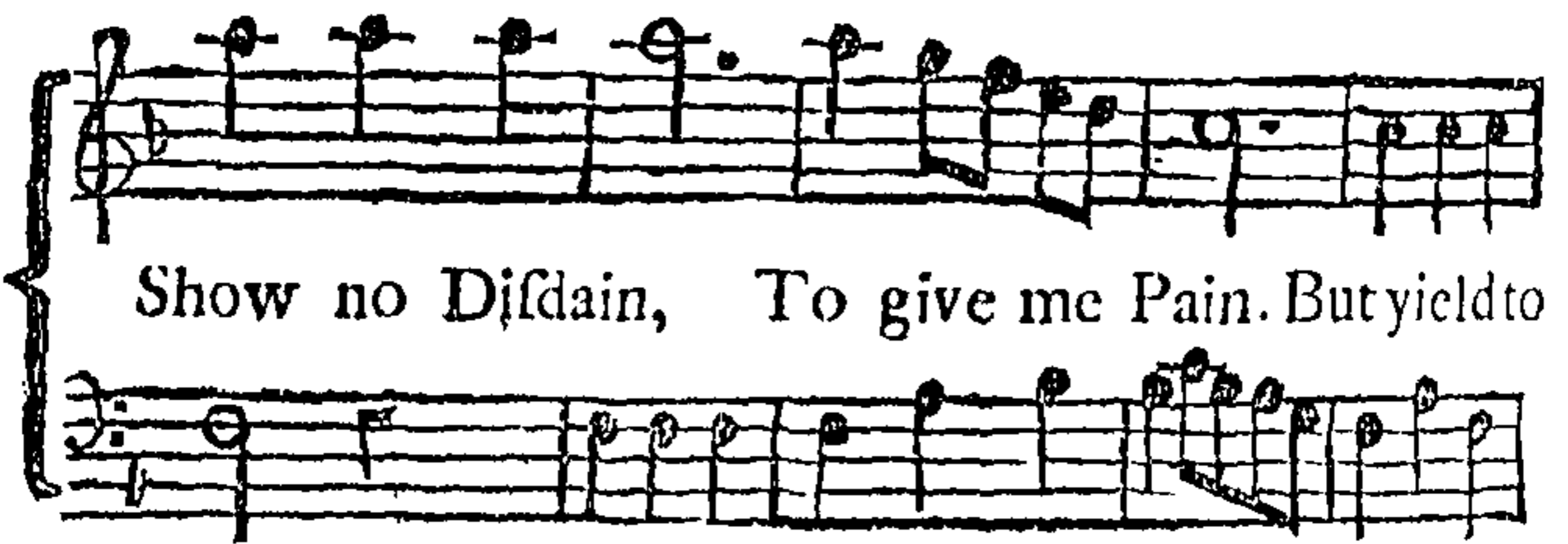


*Europa* fair, Love's chiefest Care, Gayly

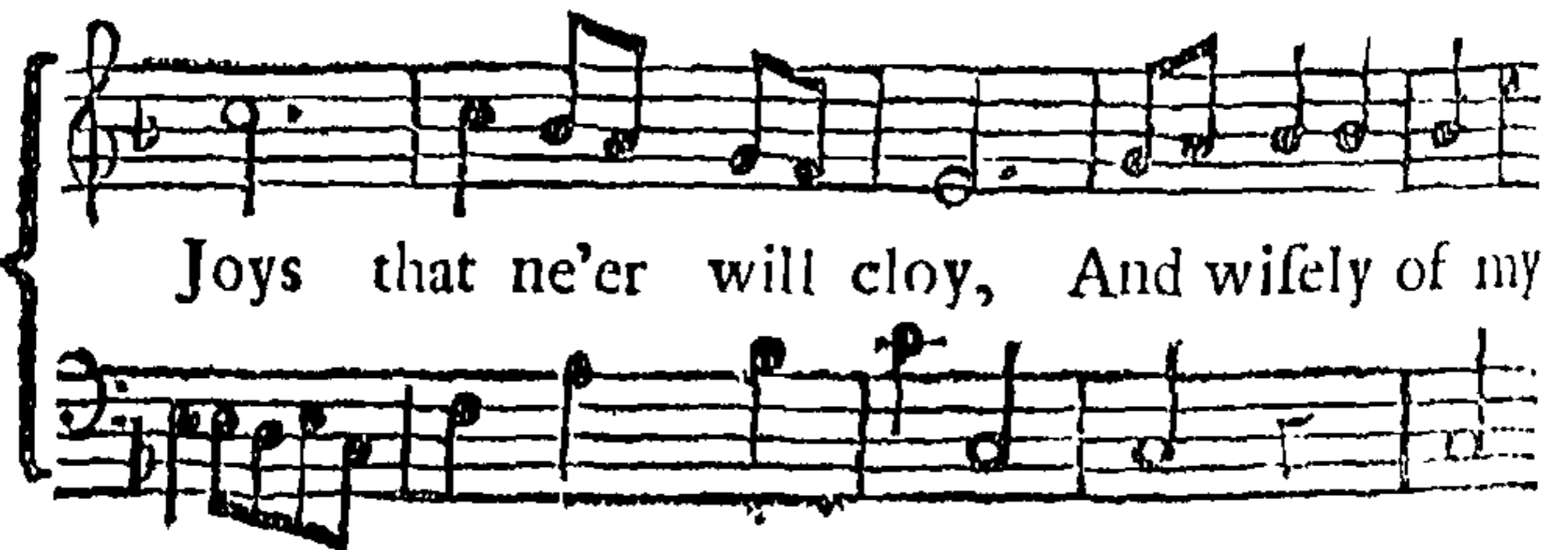


Smiling, hither turn your Eyes.

To court your Love,  
See mighty *Jove*  
Thus descending from the highest Skies.



Show no Disdain, To give me Pain. But yield to



Joys that ne'er will cloy, And wisely of my





fond Passion approve, And cool the scorching

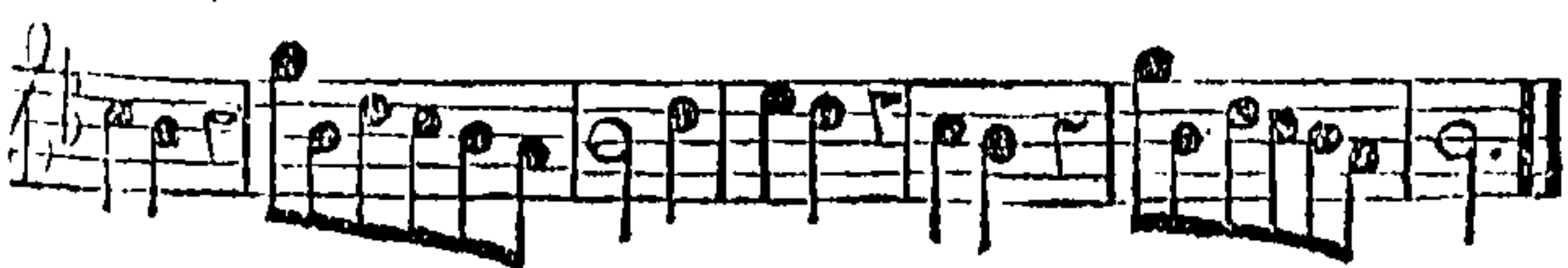
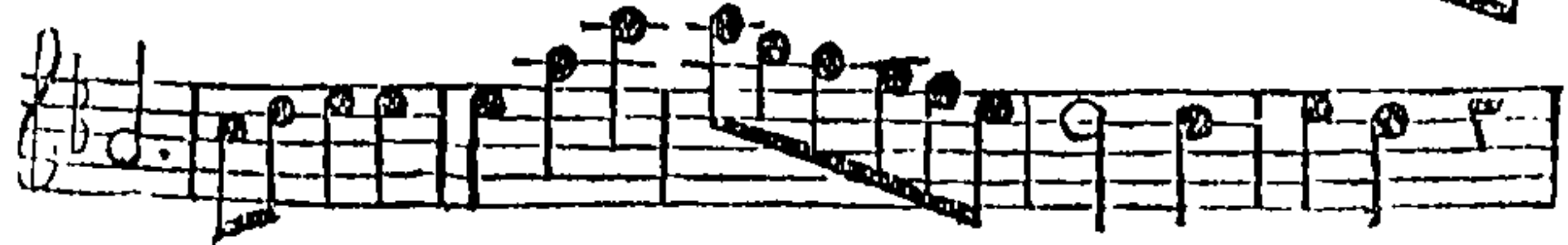
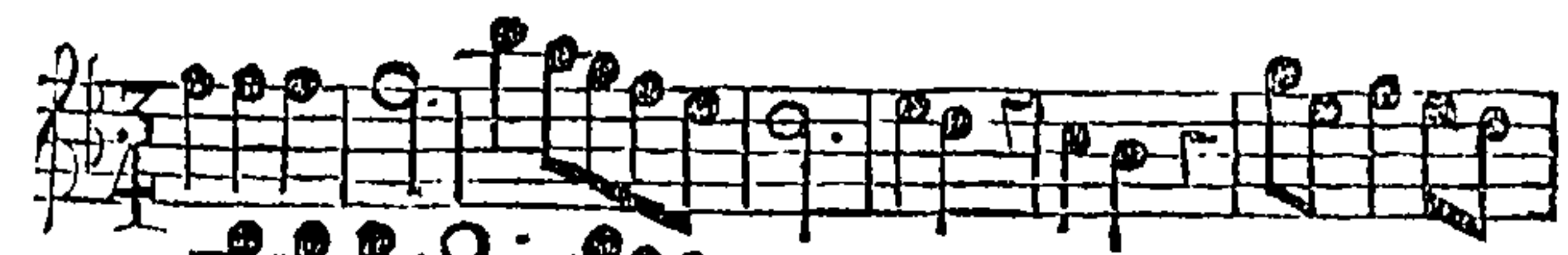


Thunderbolt of Love.



Thus, earthly Fair,  
When Mortals dare  
Provoke my Rage,  
You may assuage,  
When in your Arms I am closely curl'd,  
Kissing, Pressing, you will save the World.

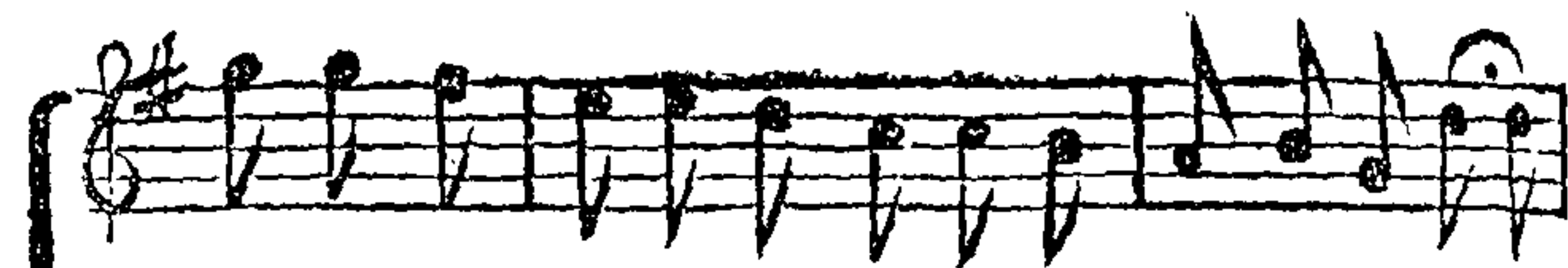
*For the FLUTE.*



Set by Mr. *LEVERIDGE*.



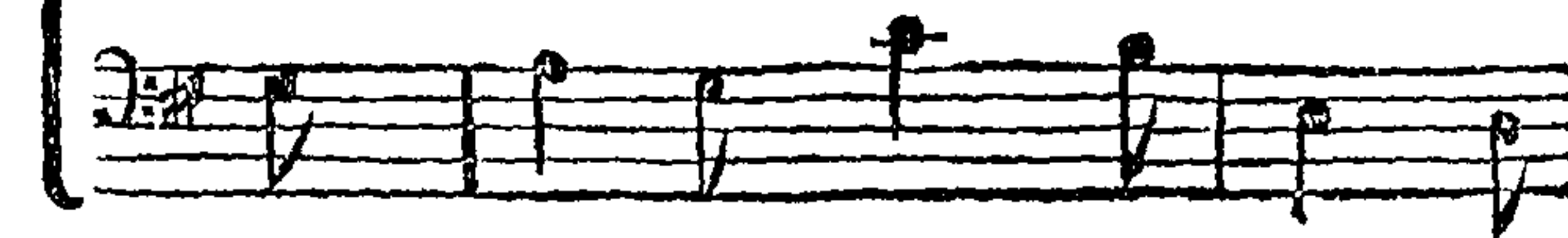
Old Poets have told us, when they were grown



mellow, That *Jupiter* was a fan-ta-sti-cal Fellow,



He wou'd chatter, and thunder, and wheedle, and



bellow, *Which* no bo--dy can de---ny, deny, *Which*





*no body can de-----ny.*

He was charm'd with a Damsel, but cou'd not tell how  
 To humour his liquorish Fancy, and so  
 He clap'd up his Nymph in the shape of a Cow,  
*Which no body, &c.*

But here let us make up our Poetry full;  
 For the Man must have got no Brains in his Skull,  
 Who does not conclude that *Jove* turn'd a Bull,  
*Which no body, &c.*

His Method of Wooing was loud and sonorous,  
 At the time of the Year when the *Sun* enters *Taurus*,  
 Then *Taurus* did enter fair *Io* the porous,  
*Which no body, &c.*

He gave her two Horns for a Screen to his Love,  
 As *Juno* gave him, as plainly does prove,  
 There's a Strumpet below, for a Cuckold above,  
*Which no body, &c.*

The Lovers by Instinct together were moving,  
 When he had a Fancy on Earth to be roving,  
 Then she ran a Bulling, or else ran a *Joving*,  
*Which no body, &c.*

They

124 *The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.*

They may pass for as clever a cornuted Pair,  
As you e'er saw at *Smithfield* (where the Sight is not rare)  
Or at *Brentford*, or *Rumford*, or any *Horn-Fair*,  
*Which no body, &c.*

Tho' I take it for granted, that nothing more odd is,  
Instead of a Shepherdess lac'd in her Boddice,  
That a swag-belly'd Cow shou'd go for a Goddess,  
*Which no body, &c.*

*Alexander*, who conquer'd full many a Foe,  
*Mars*, *Hercules*, *Neptune*, and more than we know,  
Were Sons of this *Jove*, tho' not by *Juno*,  
*Which no body, &c.*

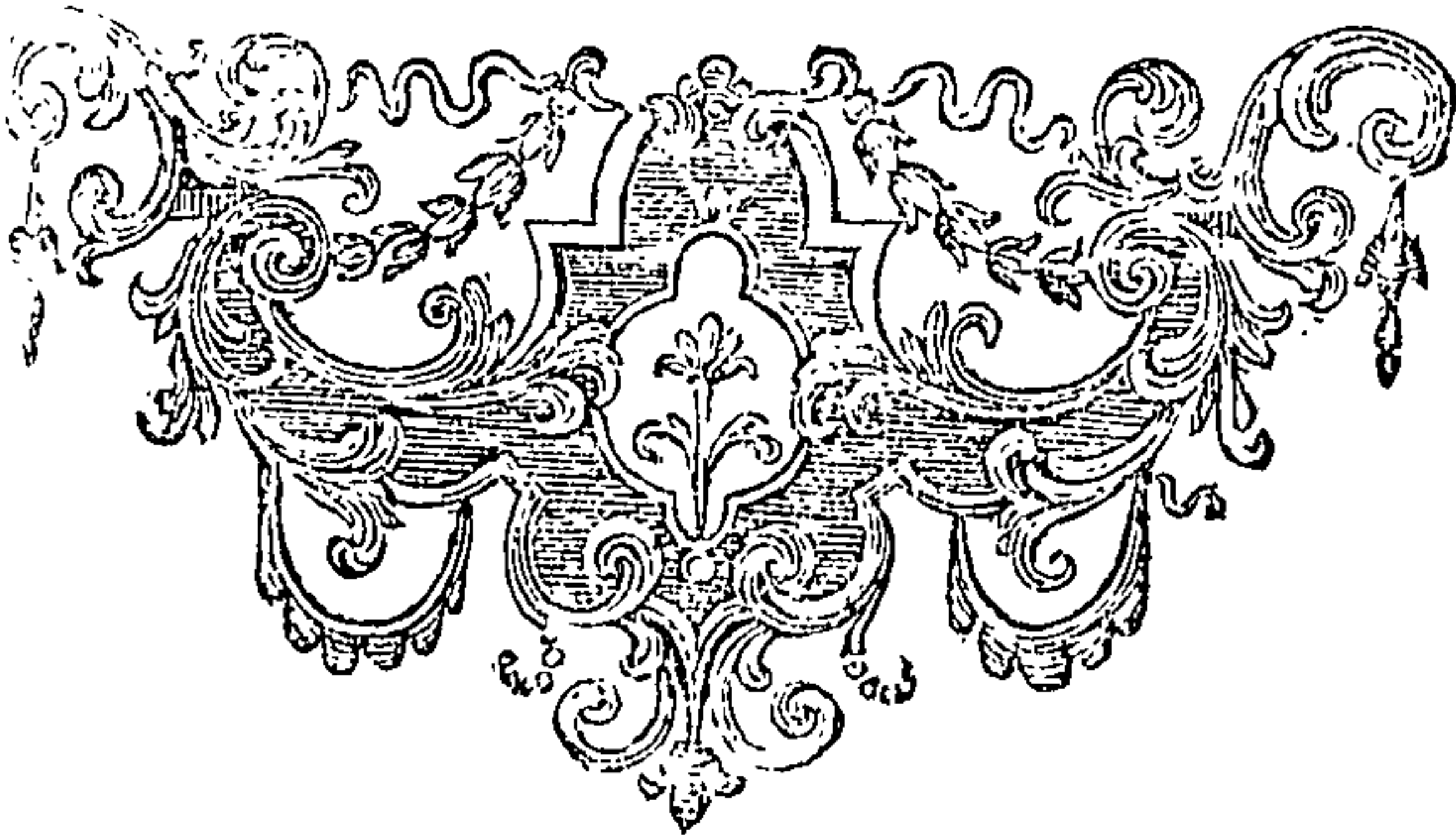
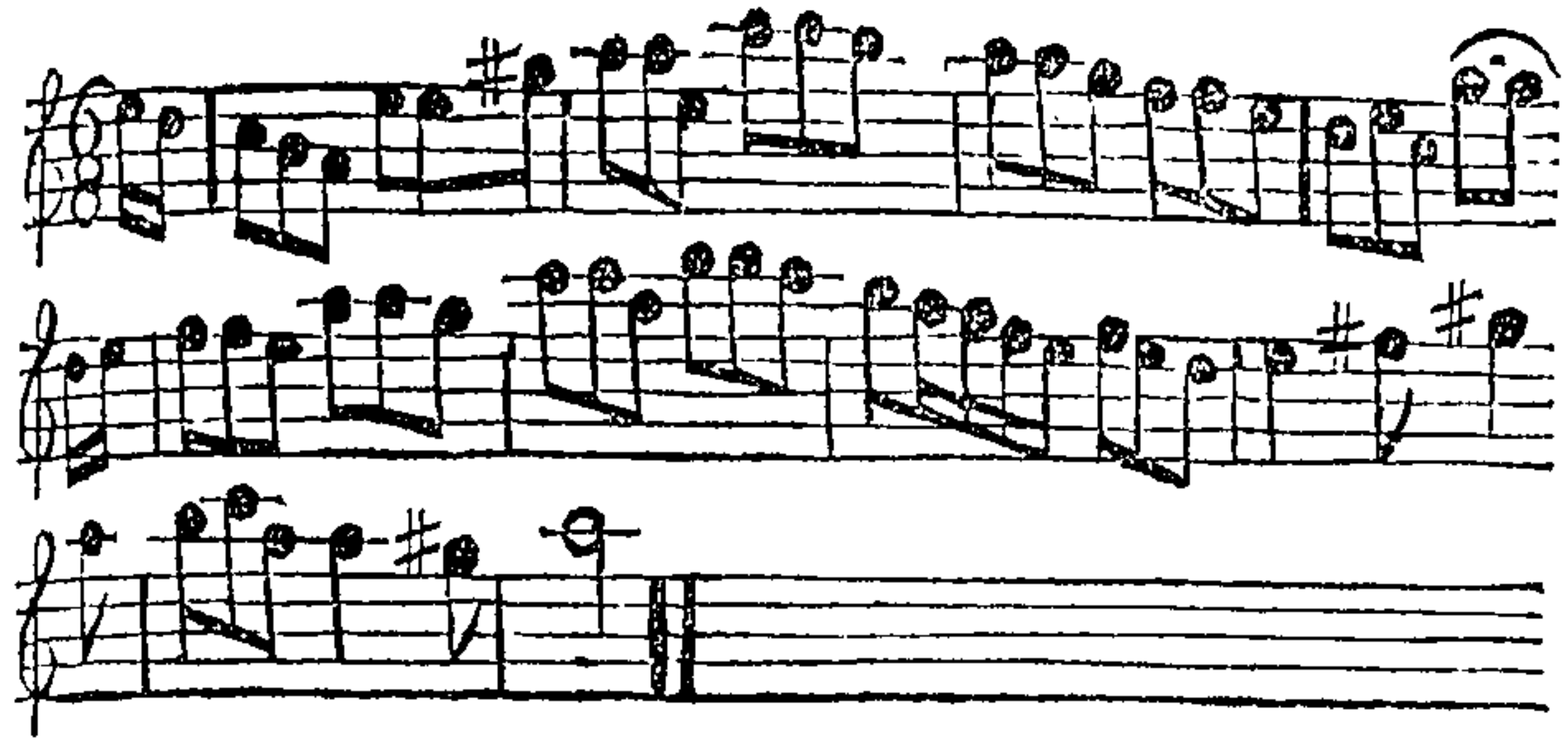
But as the Prolifical Virtue wore off,  
His amorous Feats made all the World laugh,  
He cou'd get no more Heroes, and so got a Calf,  
*Which no body, &c.*

*Diogenes* grave was the Fruit of this Rub,  
For his Name does pronounce him a *Jupiter's* Cub,  
He was born in a Cow-house, and liv'd in a Tub,  
*Which no body, &c.*

Let a Consort of Butchers remember the thing,  
Let Clevers and Marrow-bones merrily ring,  
Such a jovial Choir *Io-Pean's* may sing,  
*Which no body can deny, deny, which no body can deny.*



For the FLUTE.



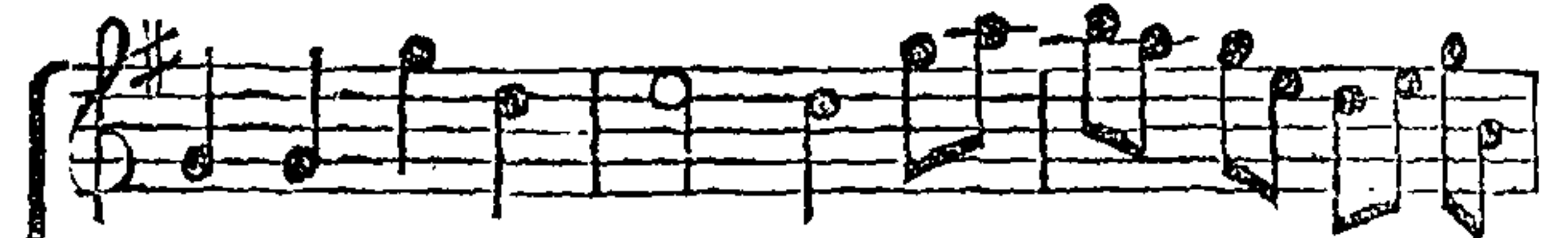
126 *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

Tune, *The bonniest Lass in all the World.*

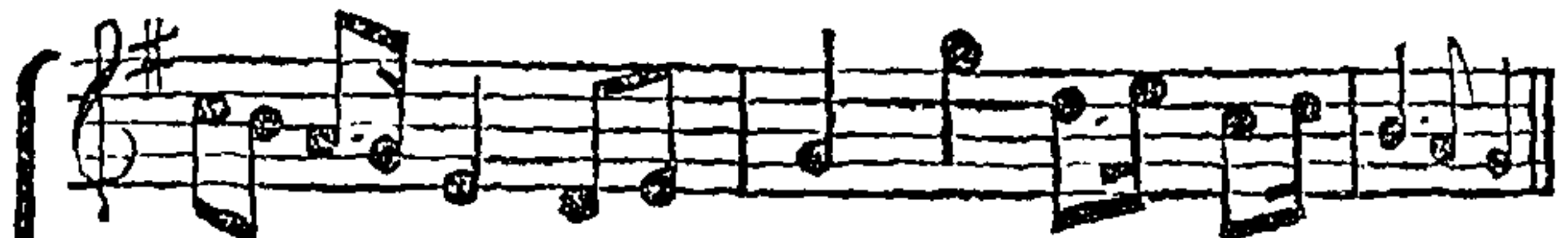
By *DAVID RIZZIO.*



Beneath a Beech's grateful Shade, Young



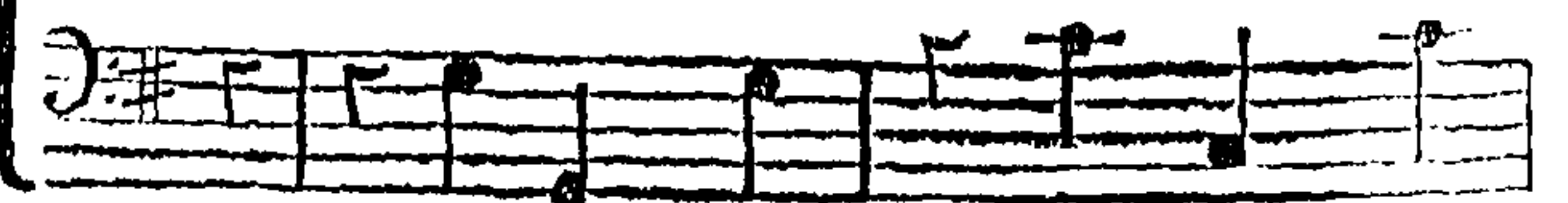
*Colin* lay complaining; He figh'd, and seem'd to



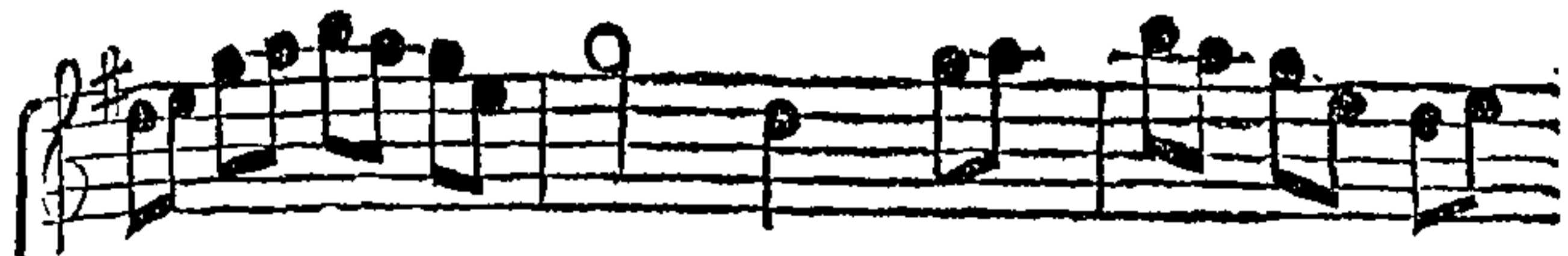
love a Maid, Without Hopes of ob-tain-ing.



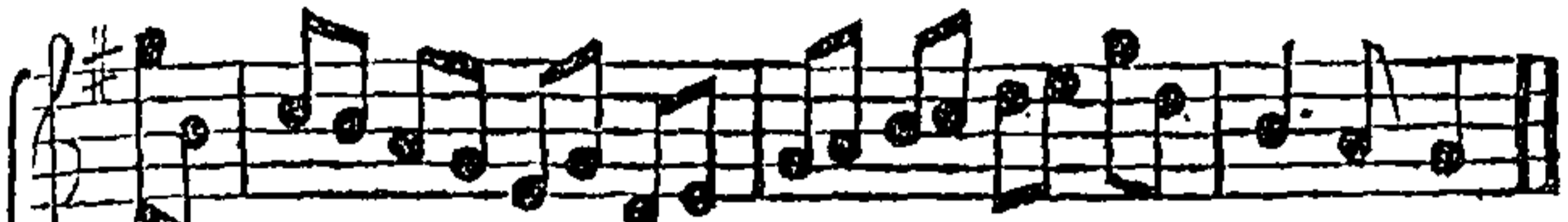
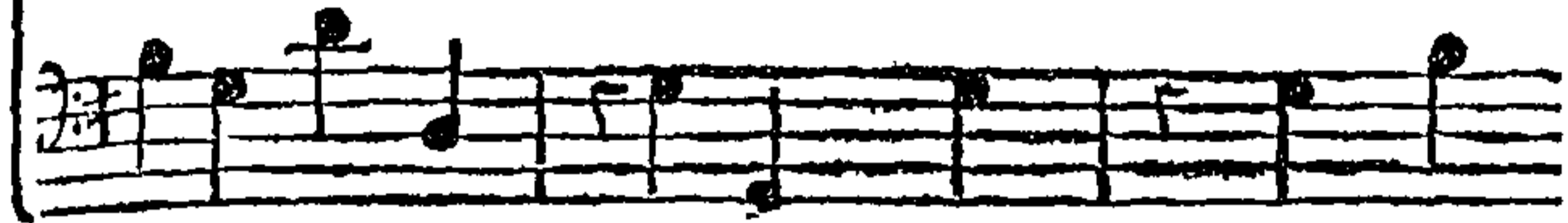
For thus the Swain indulg'd his Grief, Tho'



Pity



Pity cannot move thee, Tho' thy hard Heart



gives no Relief, Yet *Peggy* I must love thee.



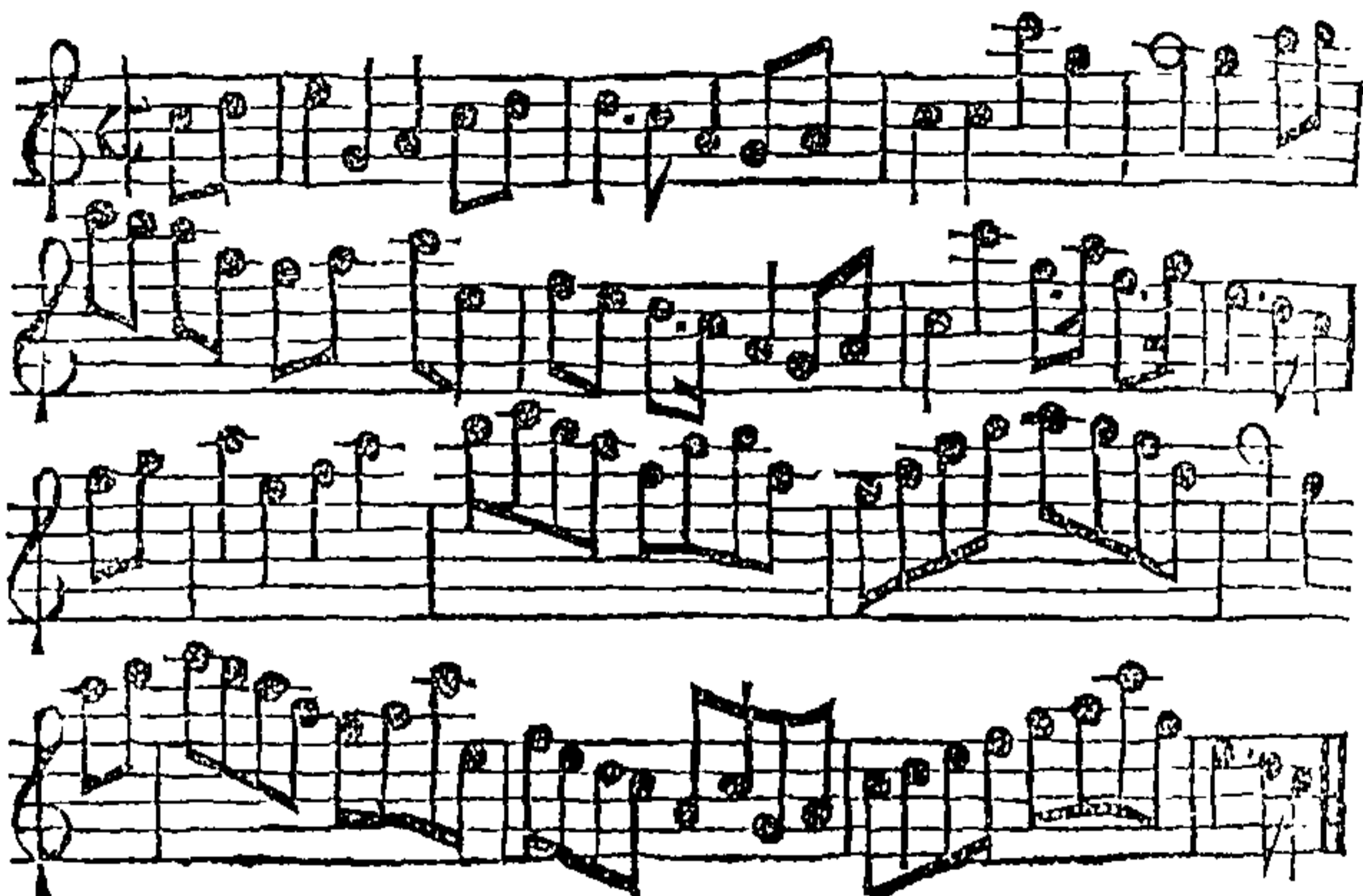
Say, *Peggy*, what has *Colin* done,  
That thus you cruelly use him?  
If Love's a Fault, 'tis that alone,  
For which you should excuse him:  
'Twas thy dear Self first rais'd this Flame,  
This Fire by which I languish;  
'Tis thou alone can't quench the same,  
And cool its scorching Anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive Plain,  
Where ev'ry Maid invites me;  
For thee, sole Cause of all my Pain,  
For thee, that only slights me:  
This Love that fires my faithful Heart  
By all but thee's commended.  
Oh! would'st thou act so good a Part,  
My Grief might soon be ended.

That

That beauteous Breast, so soft to feel,  
Seem'd Tenderneſs all over,  
Yet it defends thy Heart like Steel,  
'Gainſt thy despairing Lover.  
Alas! tho' it ſhould ne'er relent,  
Nor *Colin's* Care e'er move thee,  
Yet 'till Life's lateſt Breath is ſpent,  
My *Peggy*, I muſt love thee.

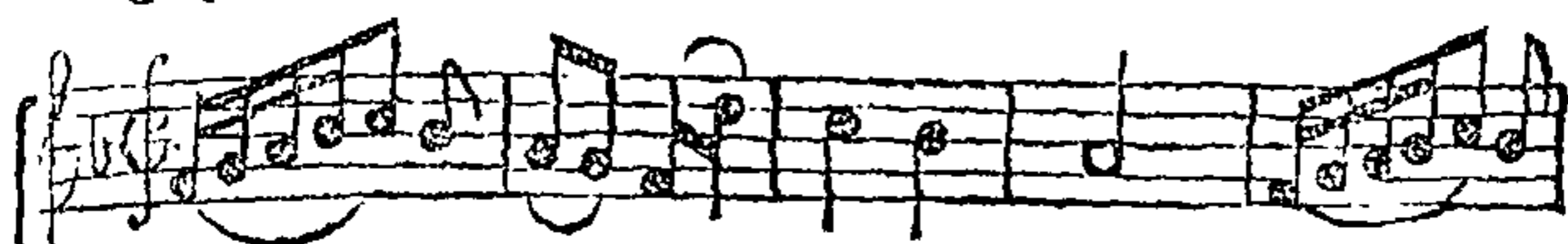
*For the* FLUTE.



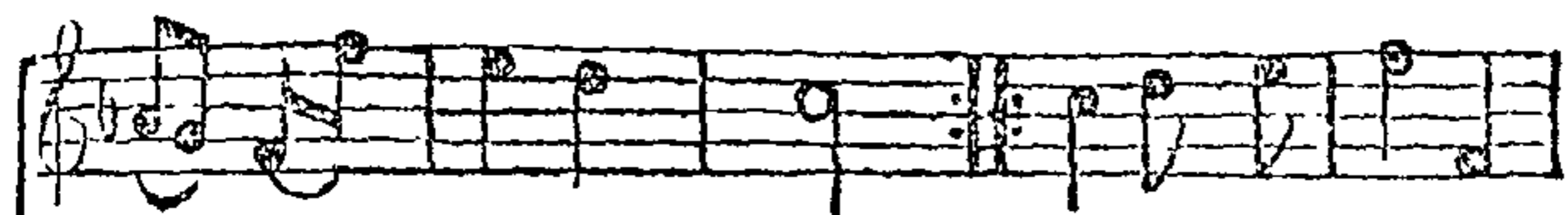
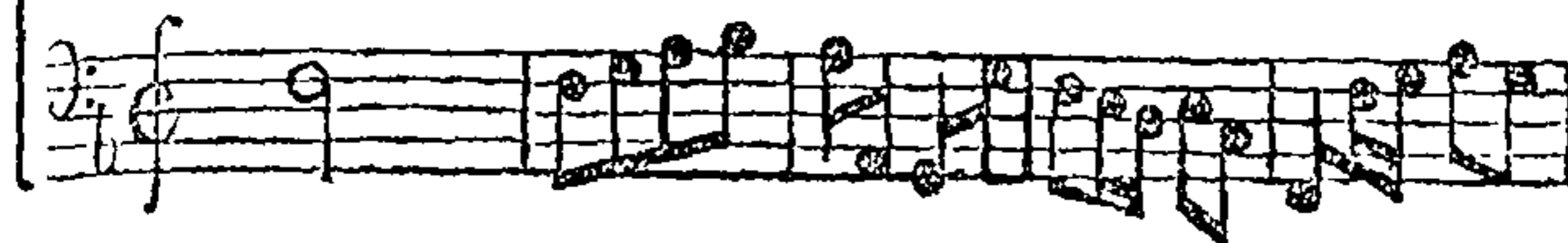


Set by Mr. *M O N R O*.

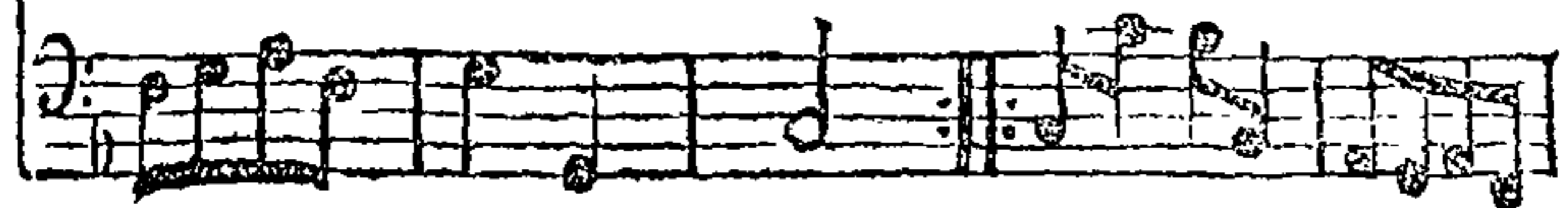
Sung by Mr. BURNLEY in the TEMPLE-BEAU.



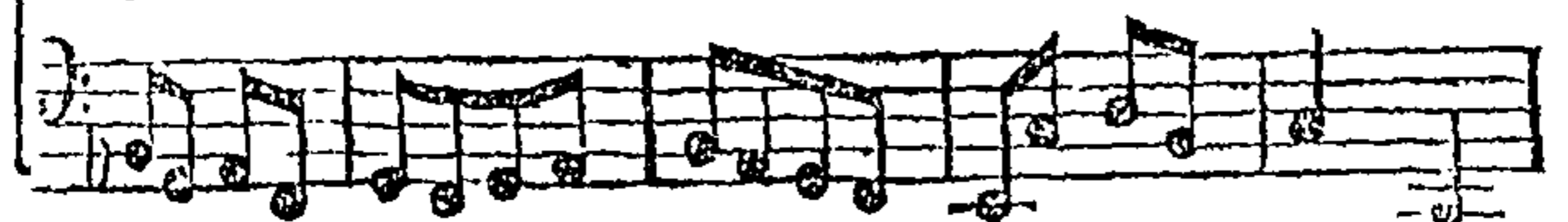
Vain, *Be-lin-da*, are your Wives, Vain are



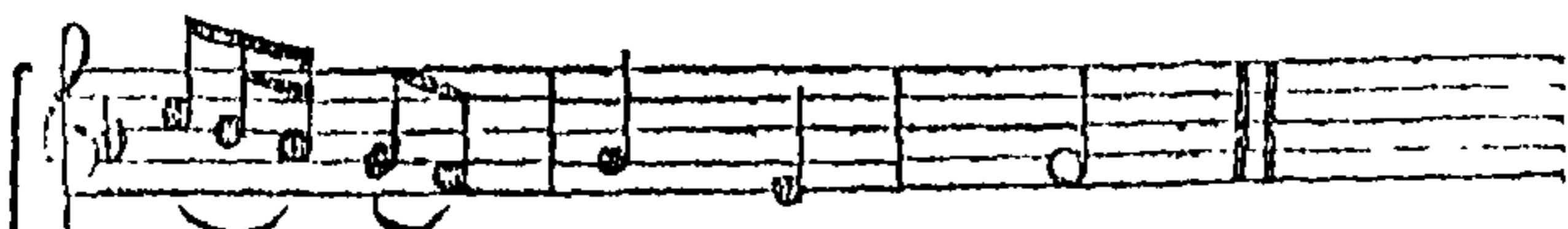
all your artful Smiles; While like a Bully



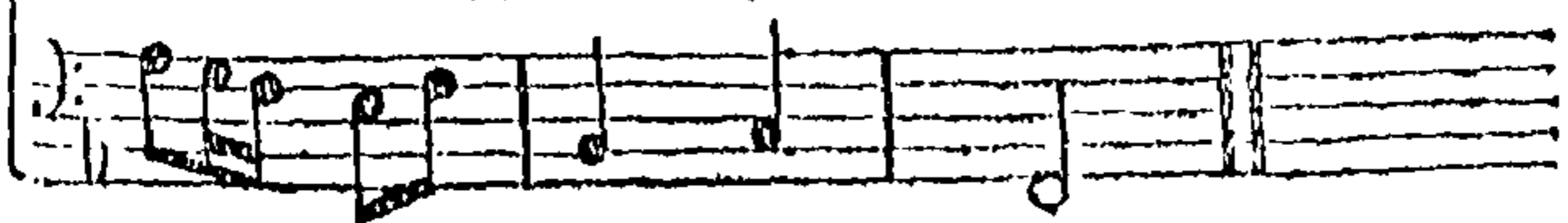
you invite, And then decline th'approaching



Fi-ght; Then de-



cline th'approaching Fight.



Various are the little Arts,  
 Which you use to conquer Hearts ;  
 By empty Threats he wou'd affright,  
 And you by empty Hopes invite;  
 And you by empty Hopes invite.

Cowards may by him be brav'd ;  
 Fops may be by you enslav'd ;  
 Then wou'd he vanquish, or you bind,  
 He must be brave, and you be kind ;  
 He must be brave, and you be kind.

*T I T for T A T.*

By Mr. WILLIAM BEDINGFIELD.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**P**OOOR *Damon*, full of am'rous Smart,  
 To *Celia* open'd all his Heart,  
 Whilst she repay'd his tender Awe  
 With forc'd Neglect, and Ha, ha, ha!  
 With forc'd Neglect, and Ha, ha, ha!

Provok'd by her insulting Scorn,  
 He lets her languish in her Turn,  
 'Till she's reduc'd to such a Pass,  
 Her Note is chang'd into Alas!  
 Her Note is chang'd into Alas!

Young Maids, take Warning by her Fate,  
 Nor keep your Kindness 'till too late;

To Love, and Honour, and Obey,  
Be wise, and answer, Ay, ay, ay;  
Be wise, and answer, Ay, ay, ay.

Shou'd Custom make us false to Truth;  
Belye our Hearts, perplex the Youth,  
And use a Lover like a Foe?  
No, surely, in my Conscience, No;  
No, surely, in my Conscience, No.

*For the* F L U T E.



FANCY'S ALL: Or,

*Y O A N* as good as my *L A D Y*.

*Tune* Lesly's March. By DAVID RIZZIO.

The Words by Mr. MITCHELL.

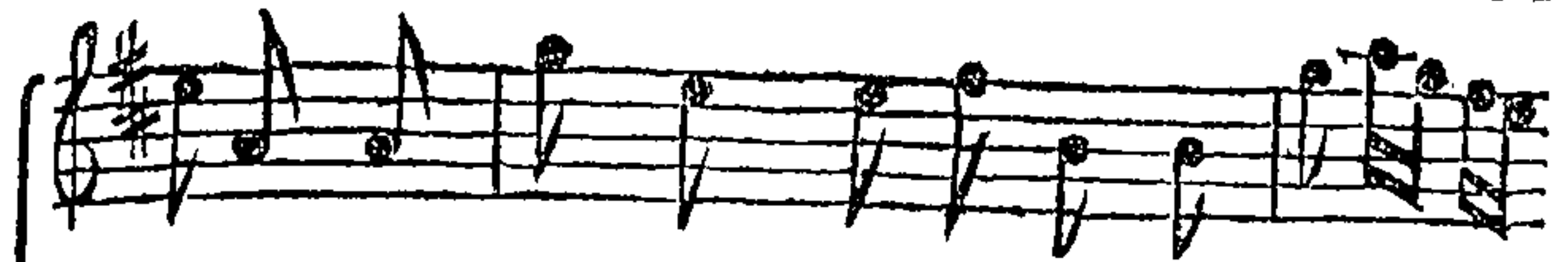
*Black, White, Yellow or Red, Woman's a*

*charming love---ly Creature: Get her but*

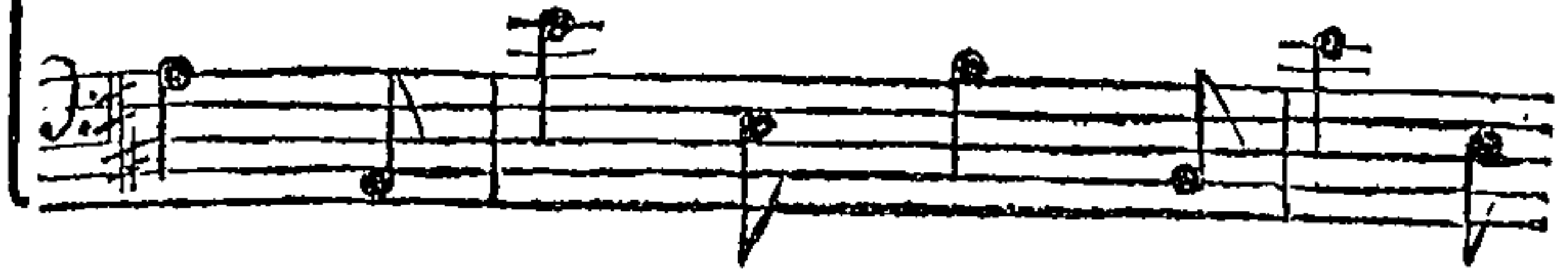
*fairly to Bed, And boggle no more about the*

*Matter. 'Tis not Complexion, That causes Af-*

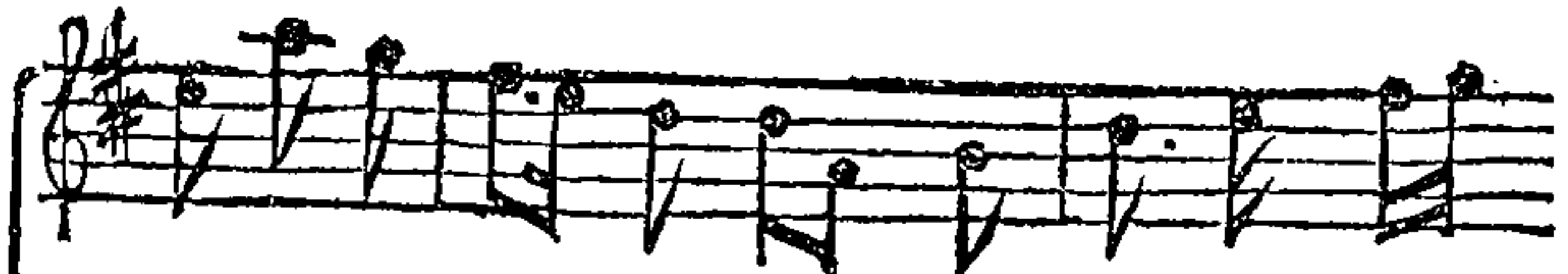




fection; Nor *Graces* ap-pear-ing, That make her en-



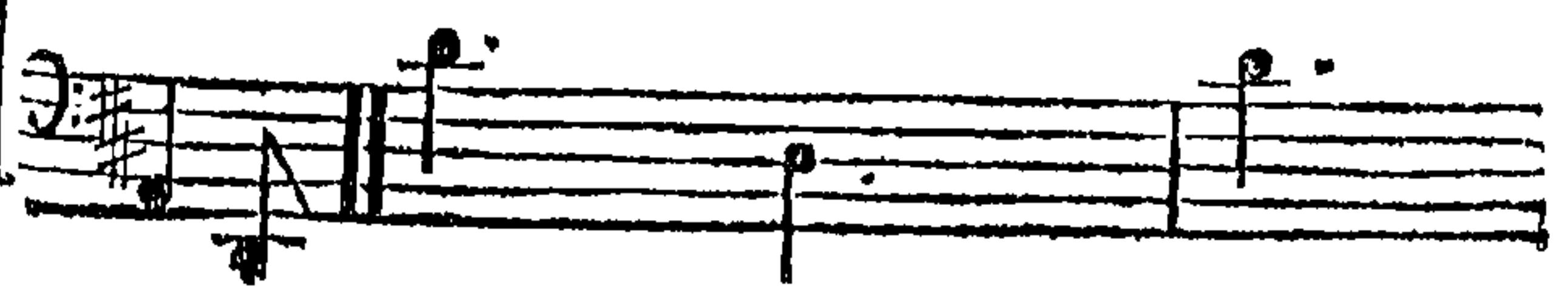
dearing; But *Fancy*, in *Lovers*, Such Secrets dis-



covers, As presently set their Spirits in

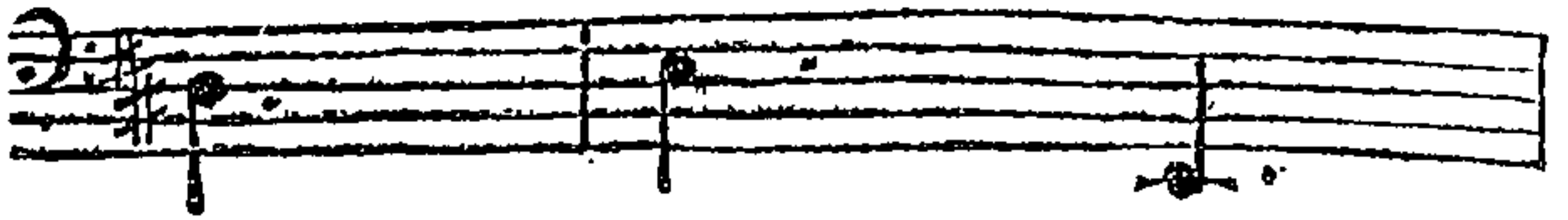


motion, *Woman's a Treasure*, Cre--a--ted for

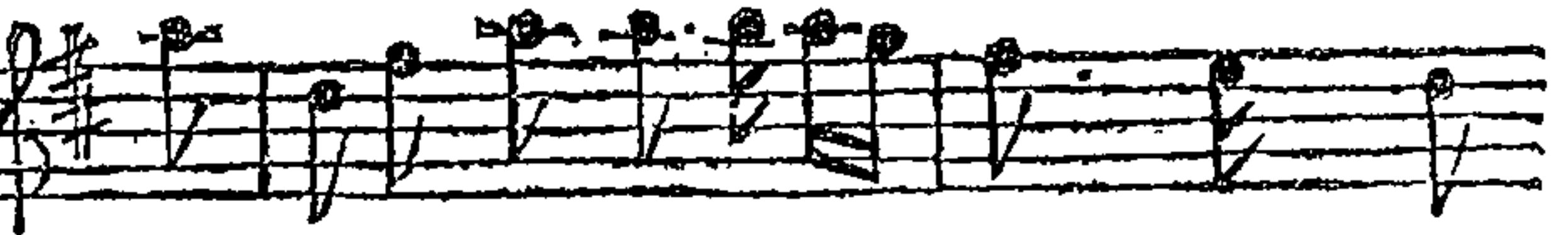




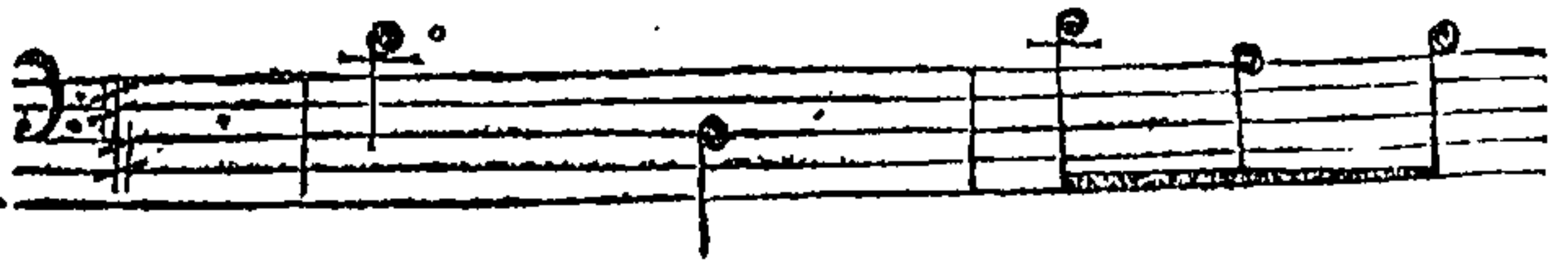
*Pleasure*; And what are their *Faces*, Com-



par'd to *Embraces*? If *Joan* is but ready,



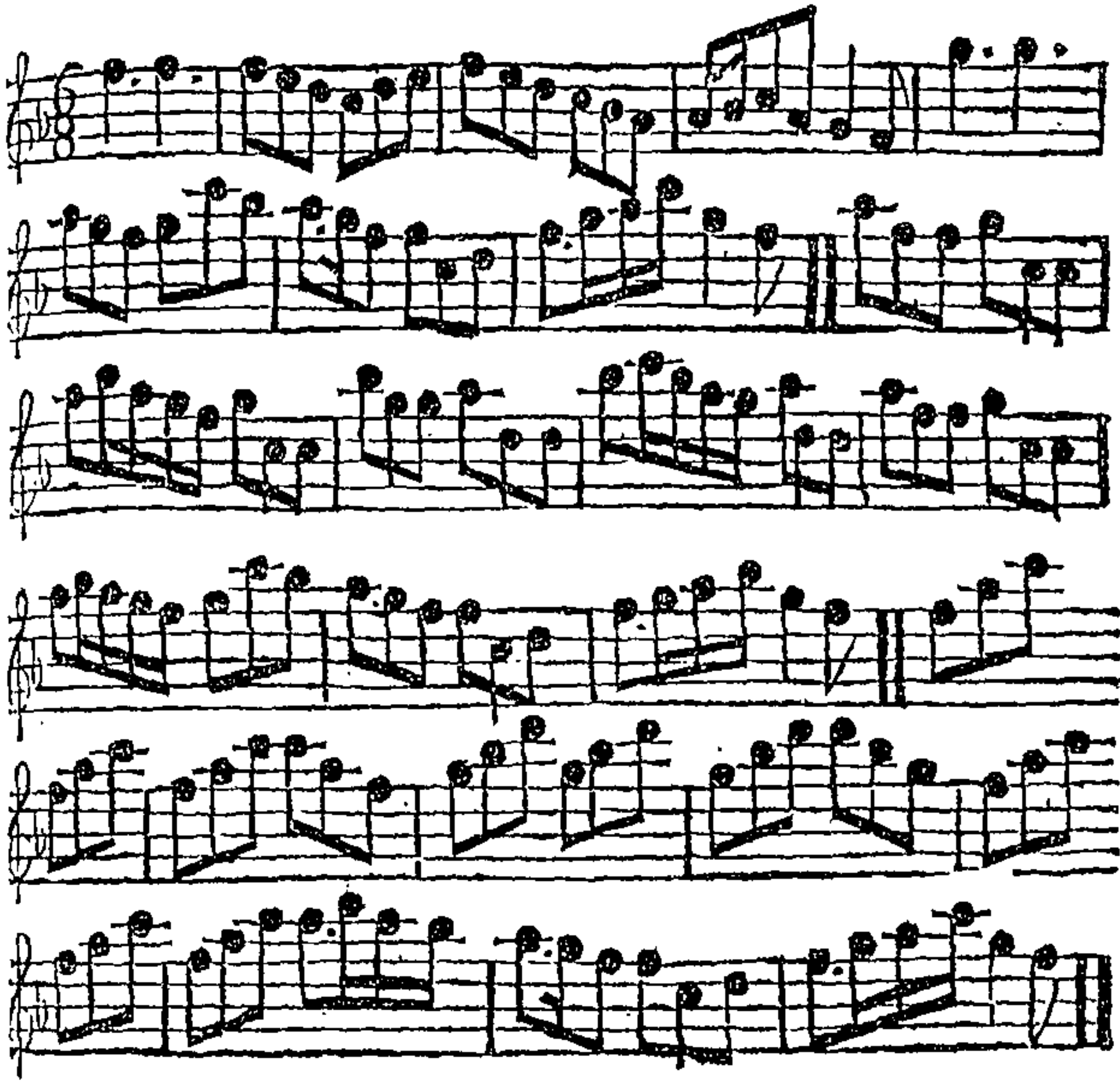
She's good as her *Lady*: A Proof that *De-*



*light* is the *Daughter* of *Notions*.



For the FLUTE.



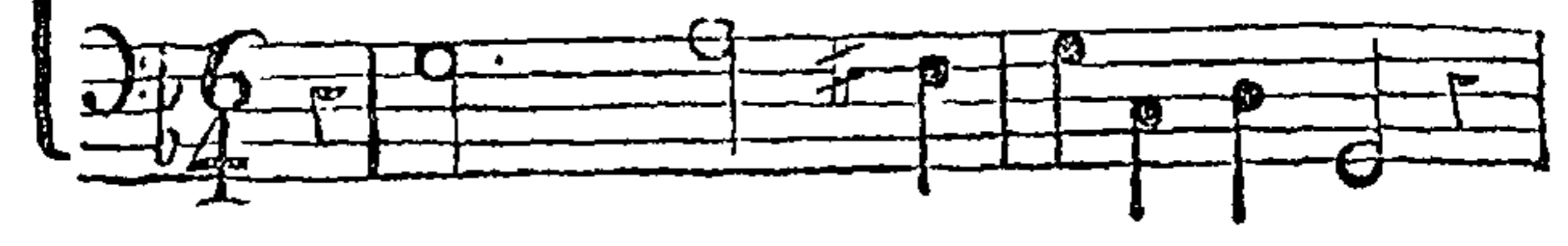
*The* S N I P E.

By a GENTLEMAN OF MAGDALEN-COLLEGE,  
OXFORD.

*To the Tune of, A Cobler there was, &c.*



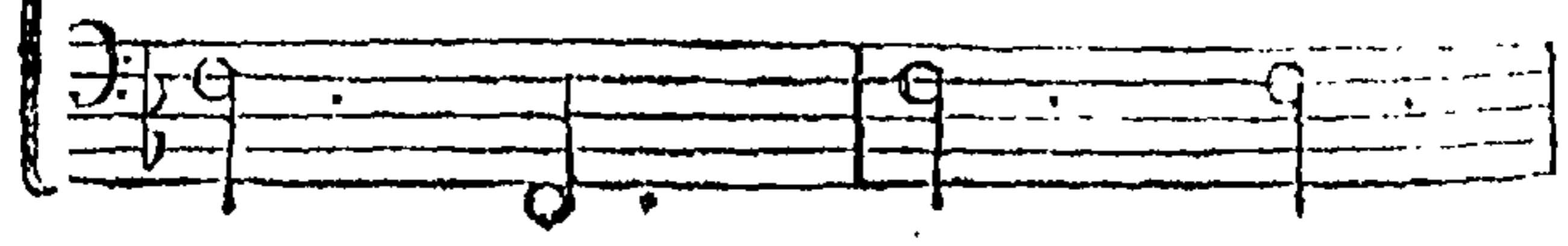
I'll tell you a Story, a Story that's true, A



Story that's dismal and co--mi--cal too; It



is of a *Fryar*, who, some People think, Tho' as



*tweet*



sweet as a Nut, might have dy'd of a Stink. *Derry*

down, down, hey derry down.

The musical notation consists of two systems. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The first system contains the first two lines of music, with the lyrics 'sweet as a Nut, might have dy'd of a Stink. Derry' written below the treble staff. The second system contains the next two lines of music, with the lyrics 'down, down, hey derry down.' written below the treble staff.

The *Fryar* would often go out with his Gun,  
 And tho' no good Marksman, he thought himself one;  
 For tho' he for ever was wont to miss Aim,  
 Still something, but never himself, was to blame.

*Derry down, &c.*

It happen'd young *Peter*, a Friend of the *Fryar's*,  
 With Legs arm'd with Leather, for fear of the Briers,  
 Went out with him once, tho' it signifies not  
 Where he hir'd his Gun, or who tick'd for the Shot.

*Derry down, &c.*

Away these two trudg'd it o'er Hills and o'er Dales;  
 They popp'd at the *Partridges*, frighten'd the *Quails*;  
 But, to tell you the Truth, no great Mischief was done,  
 Save spoiling the Proverb, *as sure as a Gun.*

*Derry down, &c.*

But

But at length a poor *Snipe* flew direct in the way,  
In open Defiance, as if he would say,

“ If only the *Fryar* and *Peter* are there,

“ I’ll fly where I list, there’s no Reason to fear.

*Derry down, &c.*

Tho’ little thought he that his Death was so nigh,  
Yet *Peter* by chance fetch’d him down from on high;  
His Shot was ramm’d down with a *Journal*, I wist,  
The first time he charg’d so improper with *Mist*.

*Derry down, &c.*

Then on both Sides the Speeches began to be made,  
*As ---- I beg your Acceptance ---- O! no, Sir, indeed ----*  
*I beg that you would, Sir, ----* for both wisely knew,  
That one *Snipe* could ne’er be a Supper for two.

*Derry down, &c.*

What the *Fryar* declin’d in most civil sort,  
*Peter* slipt in his Pocket, (the De’el take him for’t!)  
But were the Truth known ’twould plainly appear,  
He oft times had found a longer Bill there.

*Derry down, &c.*

Hid in his Pocket the *Snipe* safely lay,  
While a Week did pass over his Head, and a Day,  
’Till the Ropes for a Toast too offensive were grown,  
And were smelt out by ev’ry Nose but his own.

*Derry down, &c.*

The *Fryar* look'd wholesome, it must be agreed,  
So no one could say whence the Stink should proceed;  
Where the Stink might be laid, tho' no one cou'd say,  
'Tis certain he brought it, and took it away.

*Derry down, &c.*

At Sight of the *Fryar* began the Perfume,  
And scarce he appear'd, but he scented the Room;  
Snuff-Boxes were held in the highest Esteem,  
And all the wry Faces were made where he came.

*Derry down, &c.*

As the Place he was in, it was call'd This and That;  
In his Room 'twas a Close-stool, or else a dead Rat;  
In the Fields where he walk'd for some Carrion 'twas guest;  
'Twas a Fart at the *Angel*, and pass'd for a Jest.

*Derry down, &c.*

At length the Suspicion fell thick on poor *Tray*,  
'Till he took to his Heels, and with speed ran away;  
Thought the *Fryar*, Poor *Tray*! I'll remember thee soon,  
If I live to grow sweet, I'll give thee a Bone.

*Derry down, &c.*

For he knew that poor *Tray* was most highly abus'd,  
And if any, Himself, thus deserv'd to be us'd;  
For 'twas certainly he, (who else could he think;) )  
'Twas certainly he that must make all the Stink.

*Derry down, &c.*

So when he came home he sat down on his Bed,  
 His Elbow at distance supported his Head:  
 His Body long while like a Pendulum went;  
 But all he could do did not alter the Scent.

*Derry down, &c.*

Thus hipp'd, he got up and pull'd off his Cloaths,  
 He peep'd in his Breeches, and smelt to his Hose,  
 And the very next Morning fresh Cloaths he put on,  
 All, all but a Waistcoat, for he had but one.

*Derry down, &c.*

But changing his Cloaths did not alter the Case,  
 And so he stunk on for three Weeks and three Days,  
 'Till to send for a Doctor he thought it most meet;  
 For tho' he was not, his Life it was sweet.

*Derry down, &c.*

The Doctor he came, felt his Pulse in a trice;  
 Then crept at a Distance to give his Advice;  
 But Sweating, nor Bleeding, nor Purging wou'd do:  
 For instead of one Stink, this only made two.

*Derry down, &c.*

The Fryar oft-times to his Glass would repair,  
 But to Death he was frigh'ned whenc'er he came there,  
 His Eyes were so funk, and he look'd so aghast,  
 He verily thought he was stinking his last.

*Derry down, &c.*



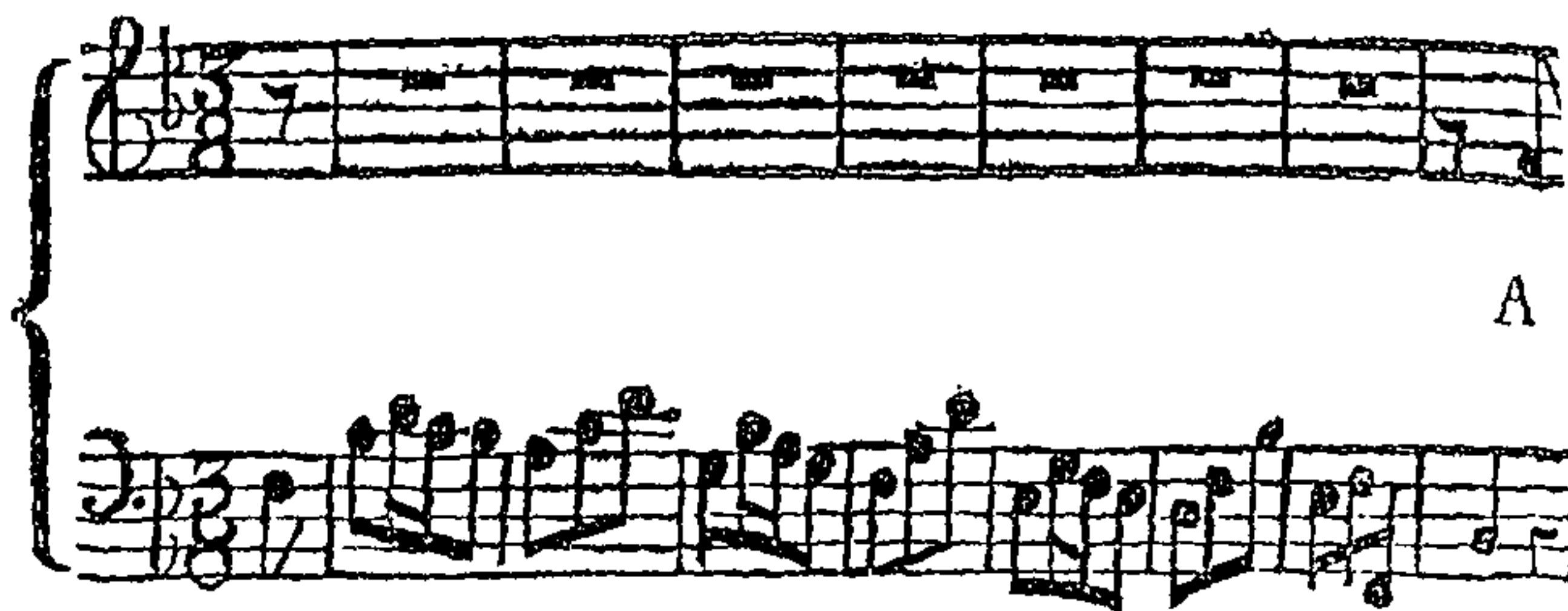
For Credit, he hastens to burn all his Prose,  
And into the Fire his Verses he throws;  
When searching his Pockets to make up the Pile,  
He found out the *Snipe* that had stunk all the while.  
*Derry down, &c.*

So he hopes you'll now think him wholesome again,  
Since his Waistcoat discovers the Cause of his Pain:  
To conclude, the poor *Fryar* intreats you to note,  
That you might have been sweet, had you been in his Coat.  
*Derry down, &c.*

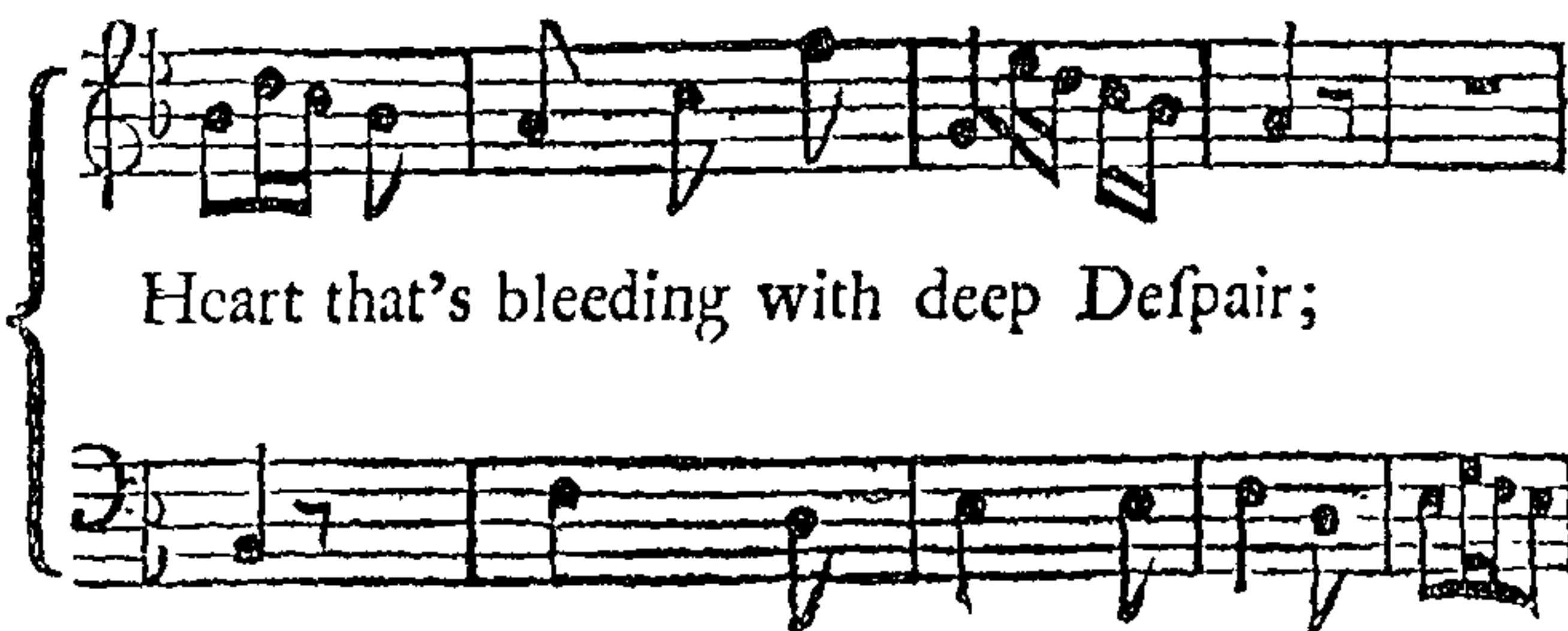


*The* FOLLY of DESPAIR.

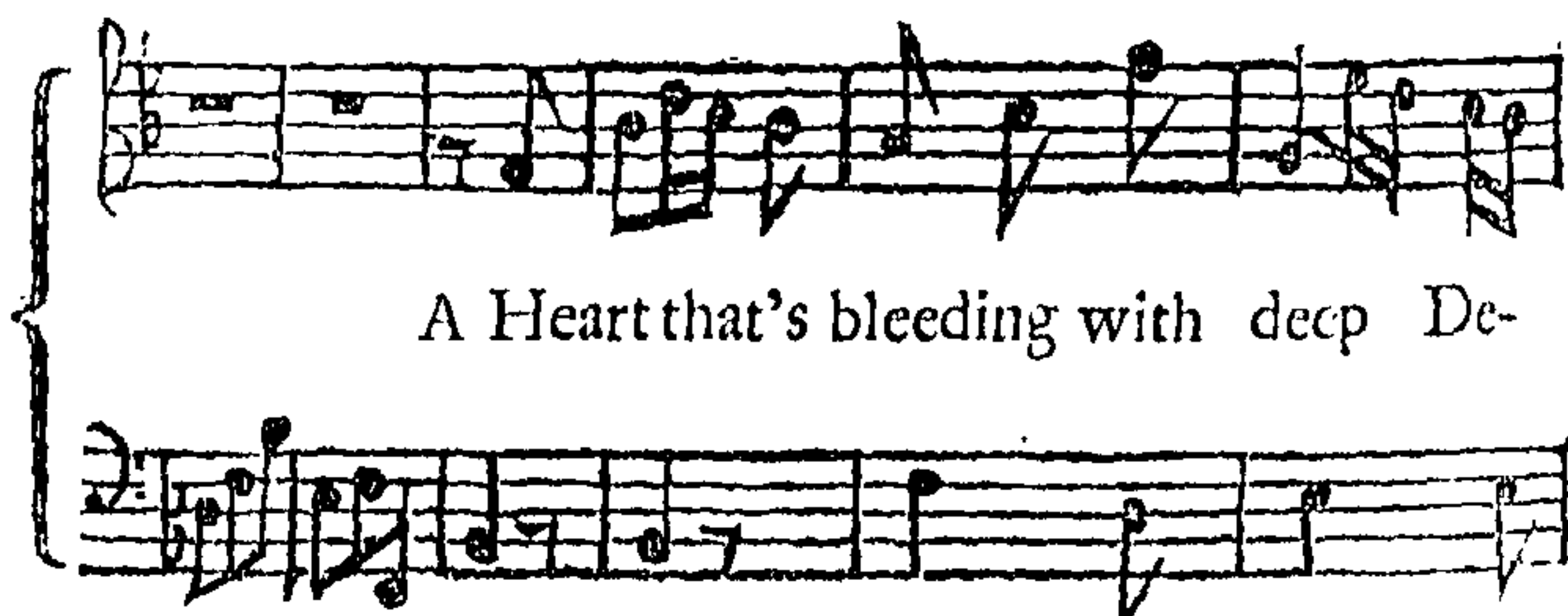
Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.



A



Heart that's bleeding with deep Despair;

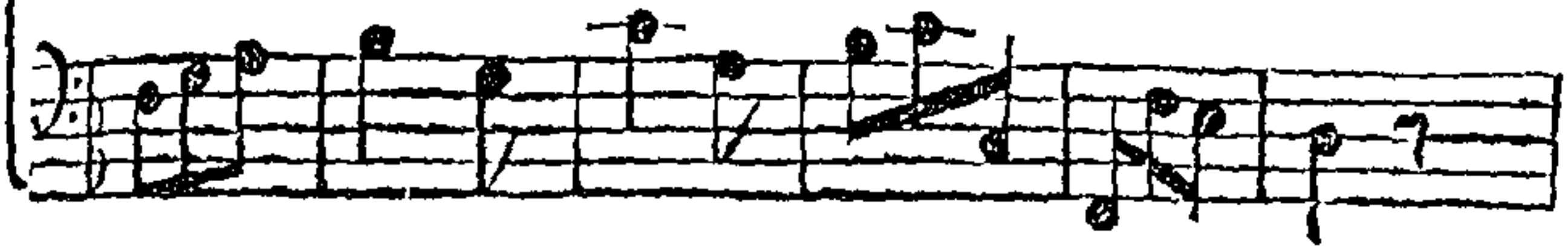


A Heart that's bleeding with deep De-

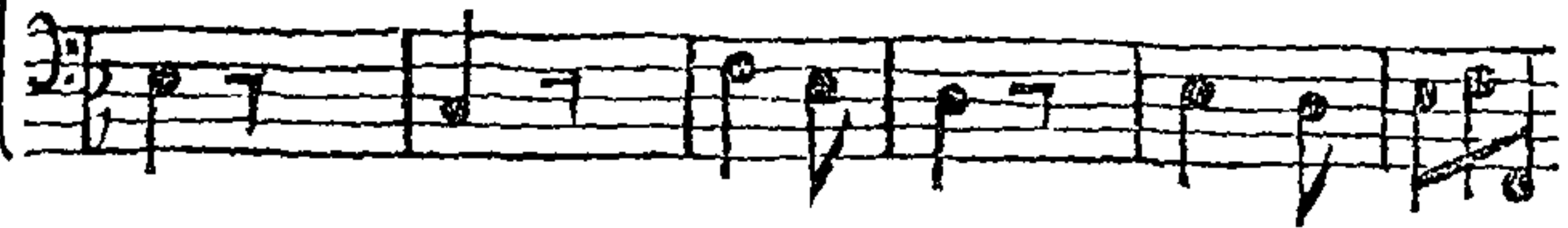
spair;



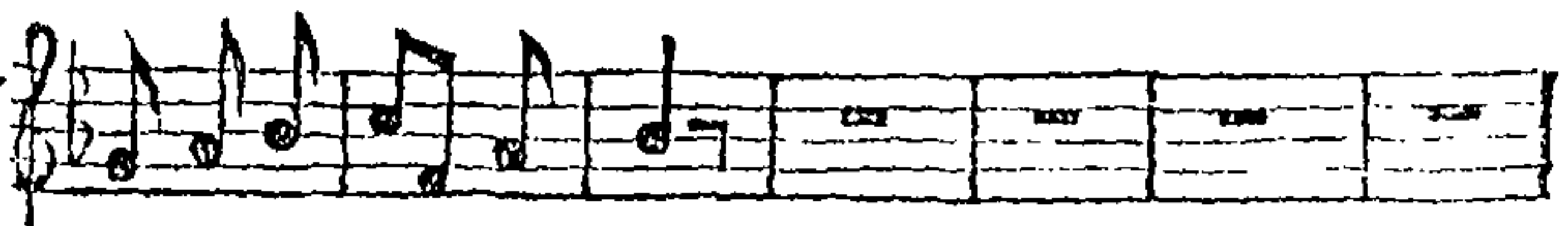
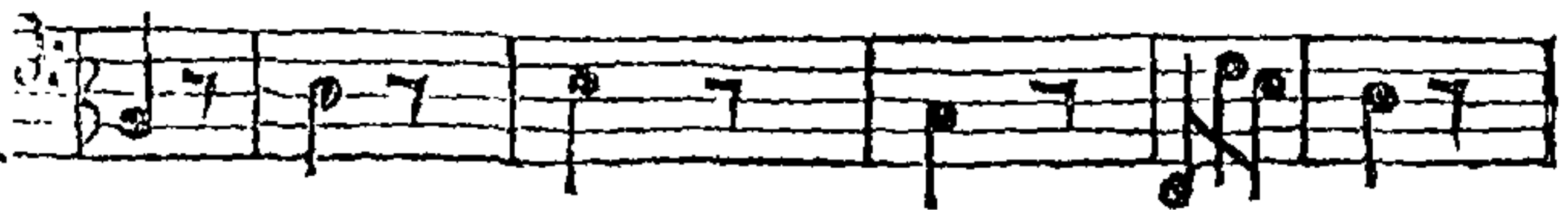
spair, Is ne'er succeeding among the Fair : A Heart that's



bleeding with deep Despair, Is ne'er succeeding among the



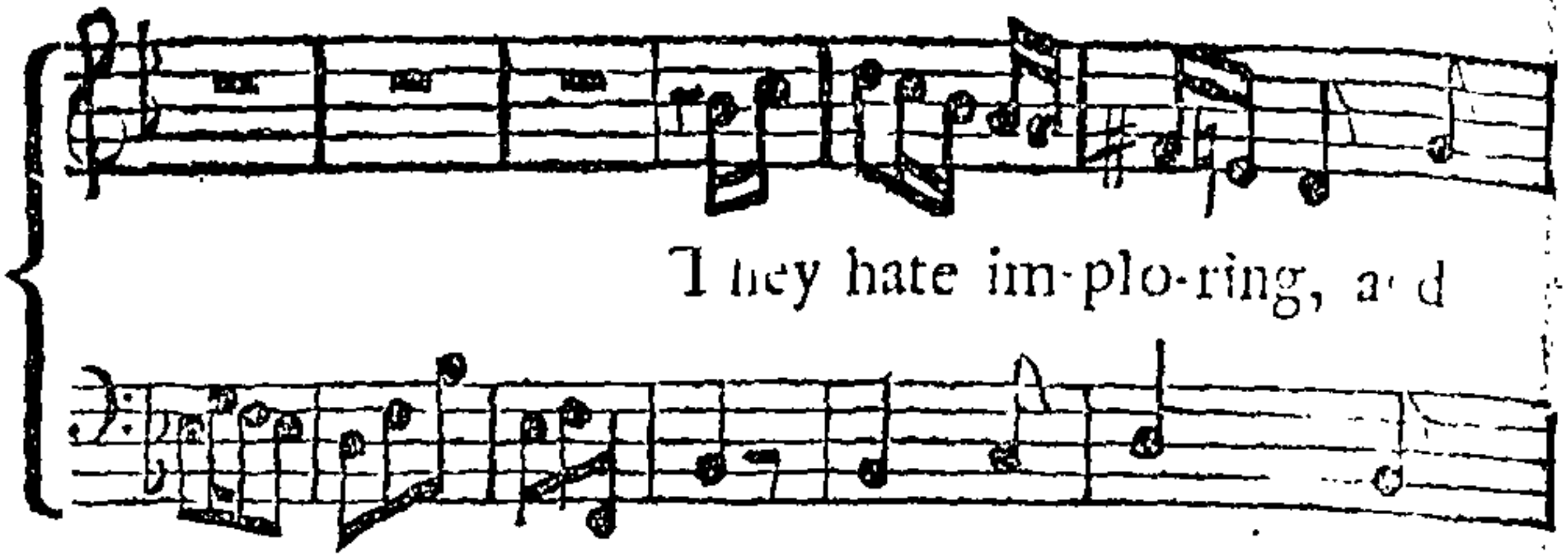
Fair: A Heart that's bleeding with deep Despair, Is ne'er suc-



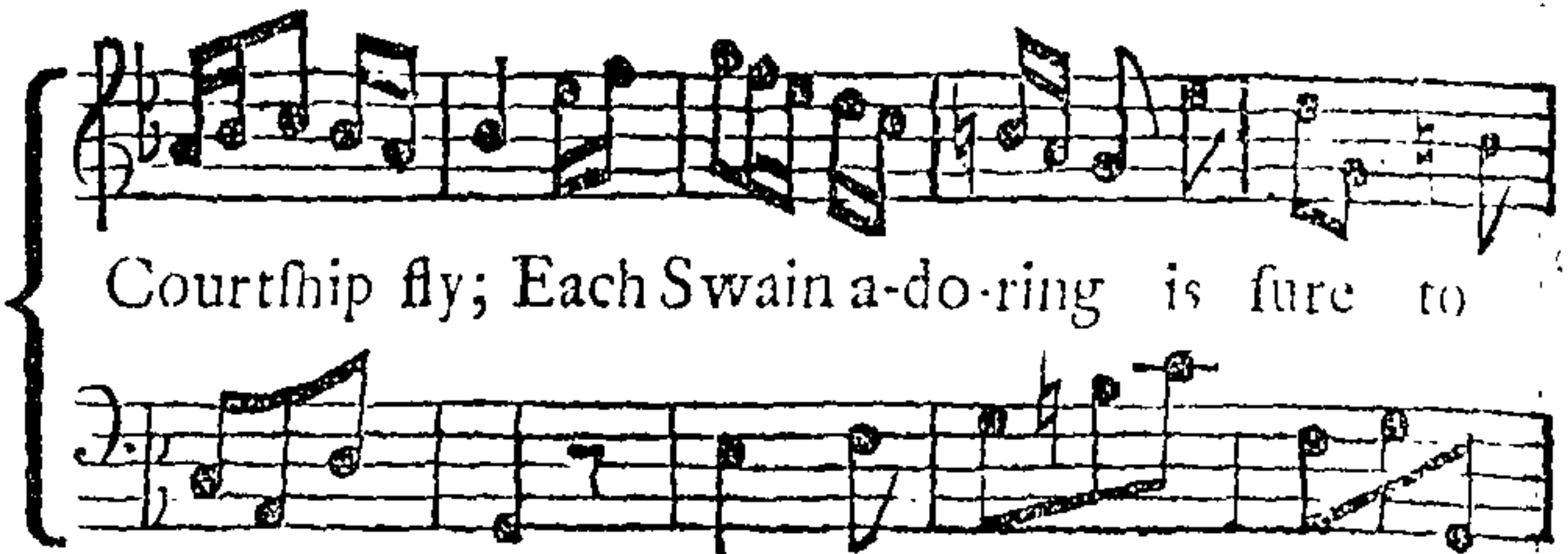
ceeding among the Fair :



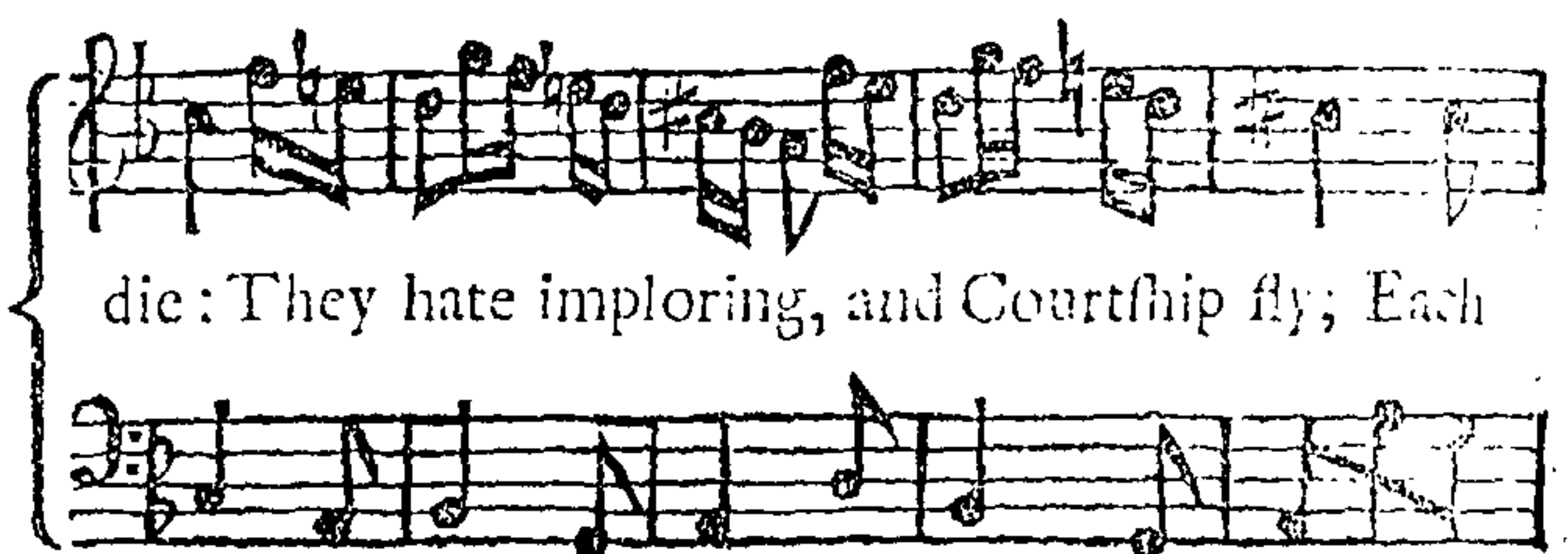
They



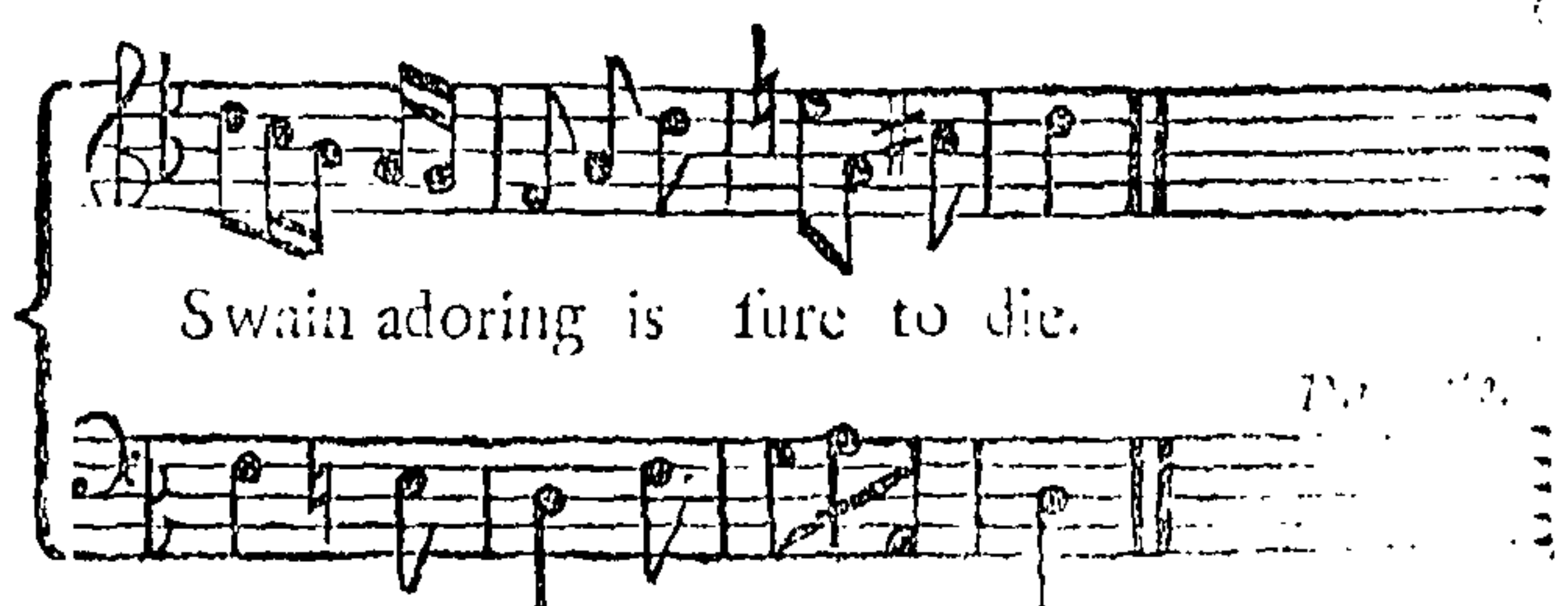
They hate im-plo-ring, and



Courtship fly; Each Swain a-do-ring is sure to



die: They hate imploring, and Courtship fly; Each

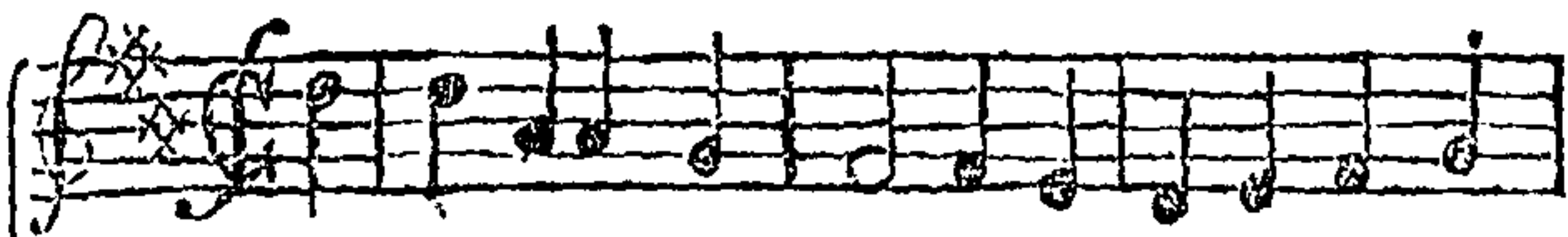


Swain adoring is sure to die.

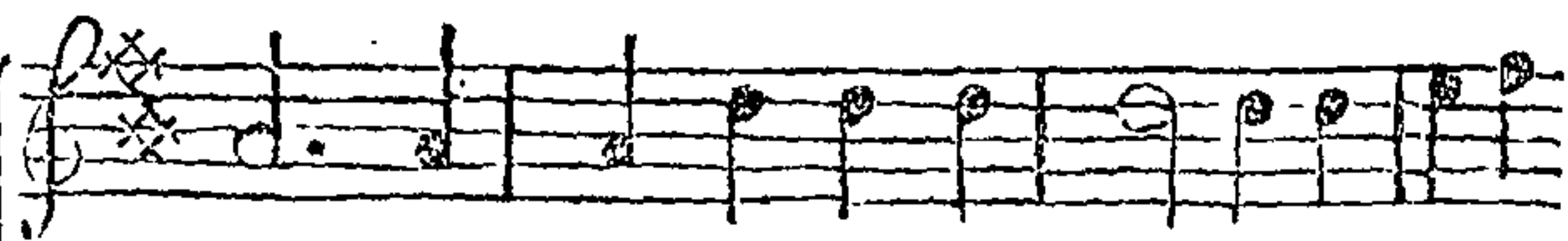
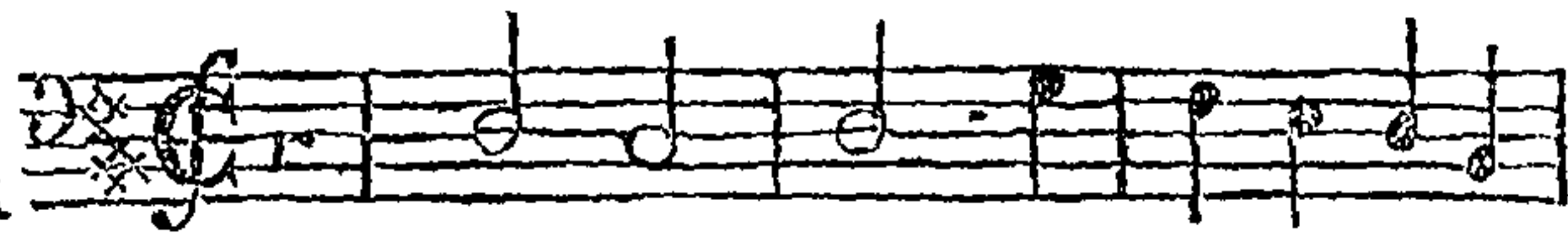




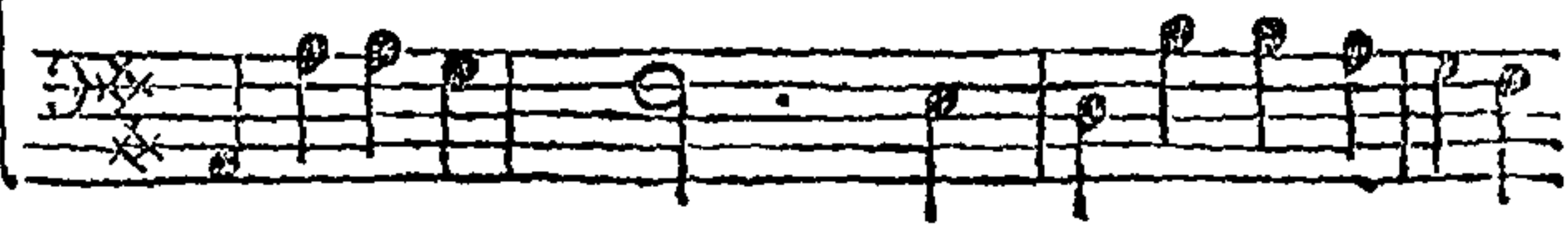
The STAG CHACE.



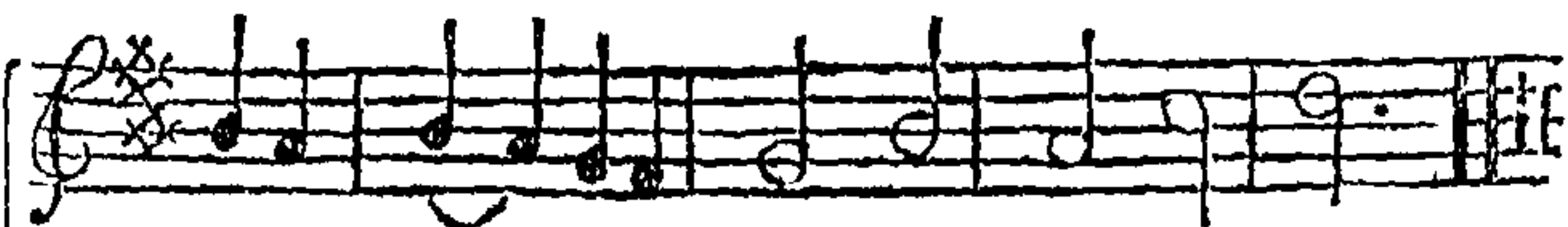
I am a jolly Huntsman, My Voice is shrill and



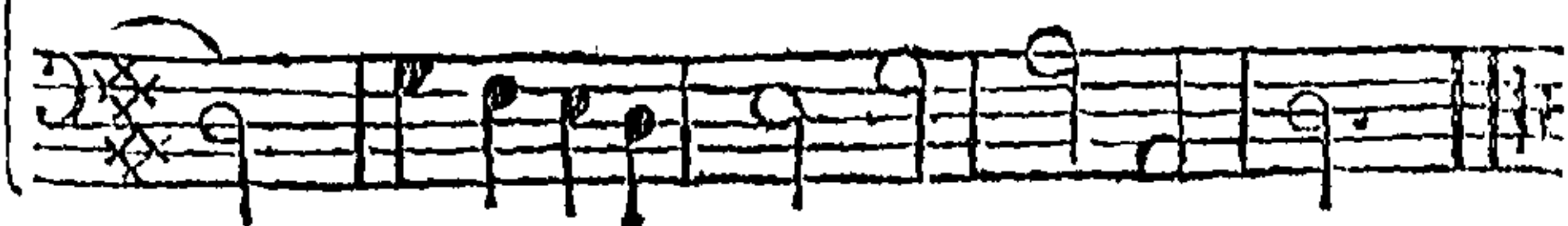
clear, Well known to drive the Stag, And the drooping

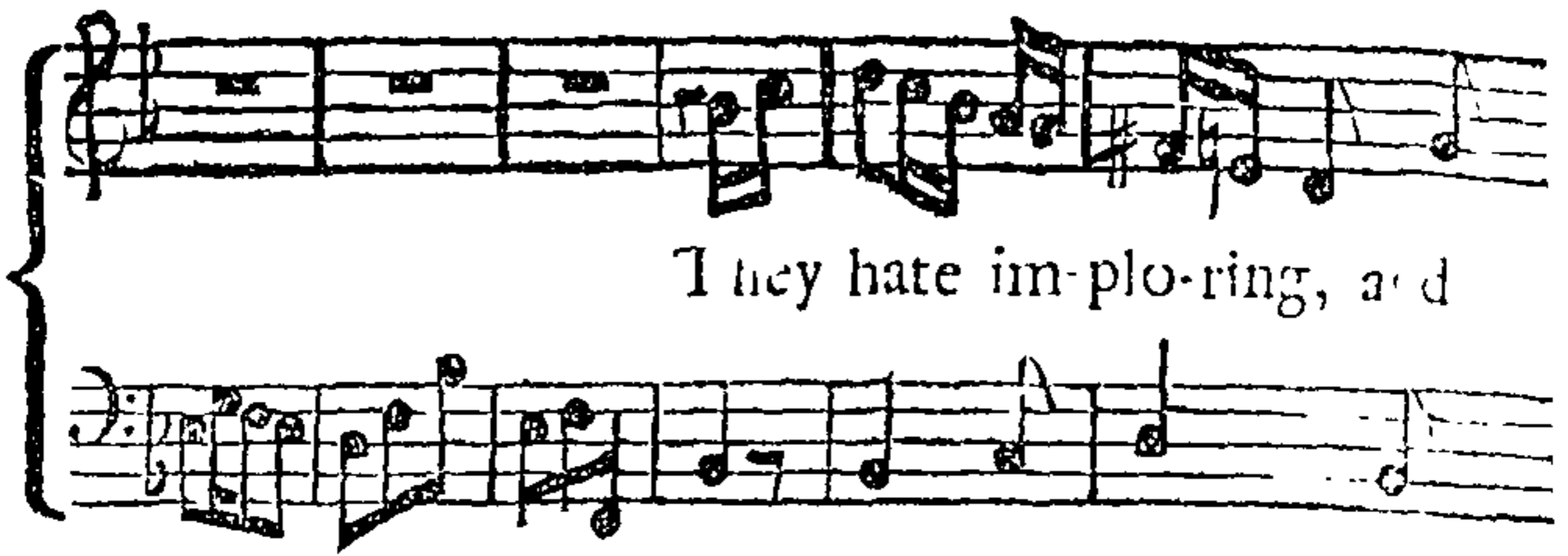


Dogs to chear, And a hunting we will go, will



go, will go, And a hunting we will go.

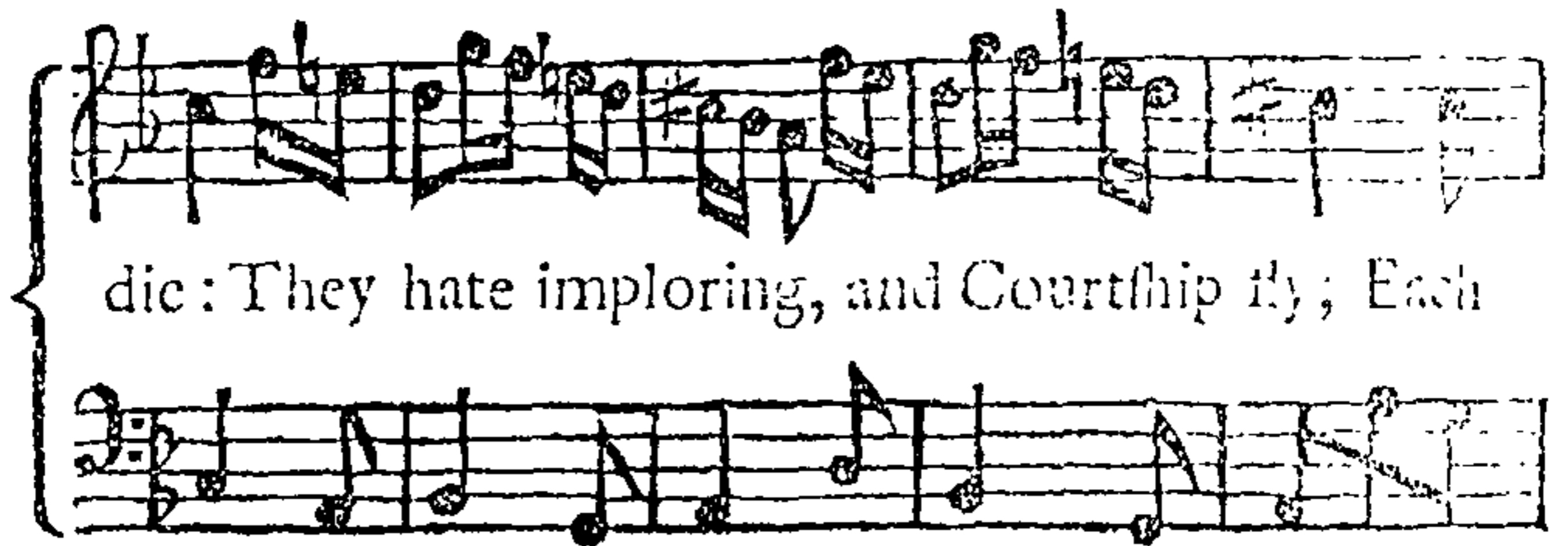




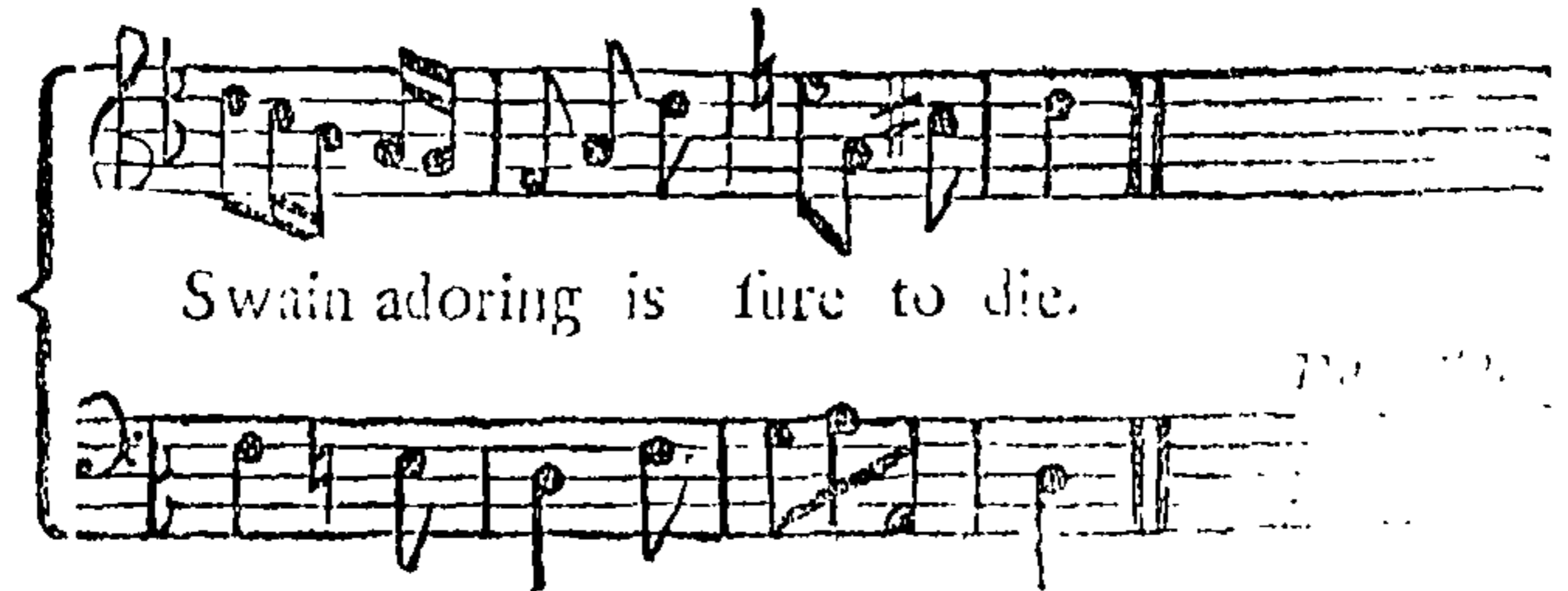
They hate im-plo-ring, and



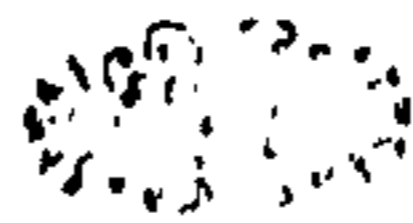
Courtship fly; Each Swain a-do-ring is sure to



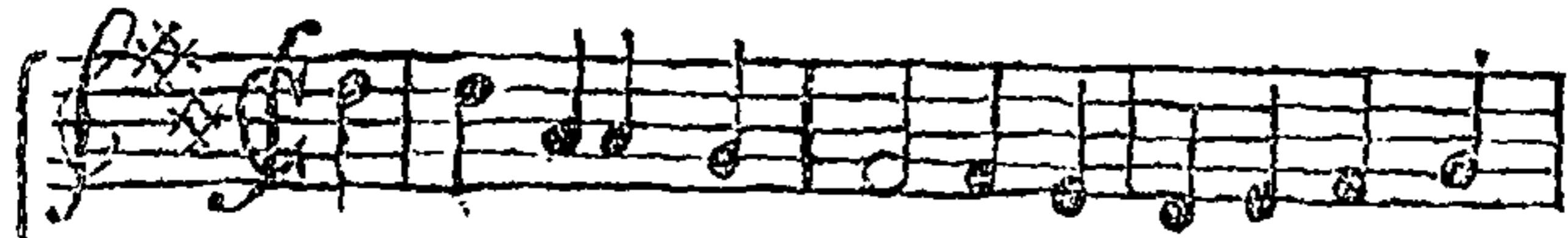
die: They hate imploring, and Courtship fly; Each



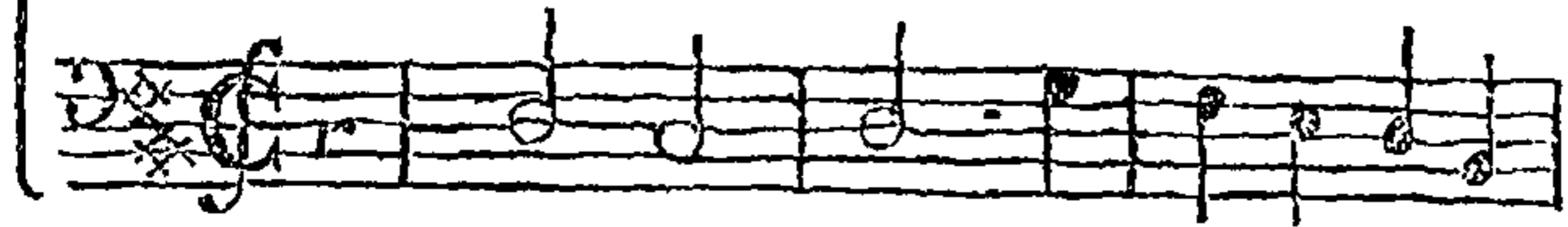
Swain adoring is sure to die.



The STAG CHACE.



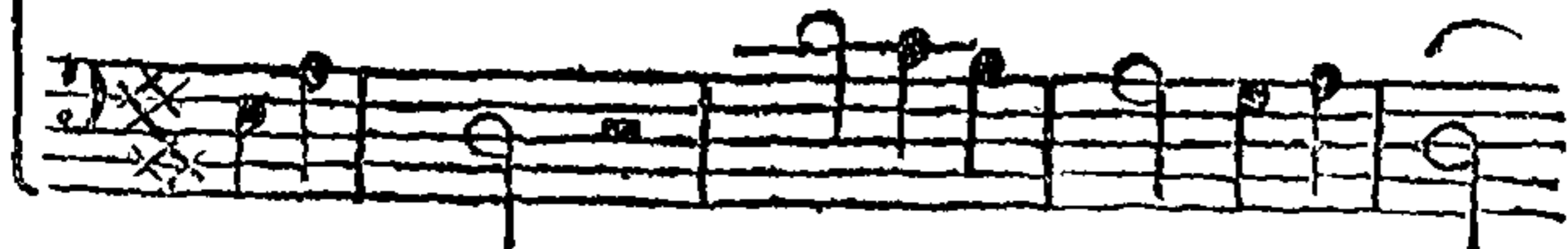
I am a jolly Huntsman, My Voice is shrill and



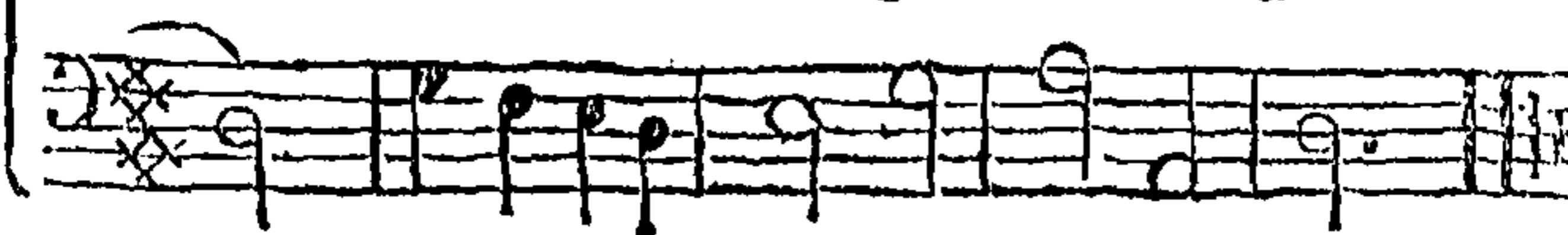
clear, Well known to drive the Stag, And the drooping



Dogs to chear, *And a hunting we will go, will*



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



I leave my Bed betimes,  
 Before the Morning grey;  
 Let loose my Dogs, and mount a Horse,  
 And hollow, come away.

*And a hunting, &c.*

The Game's no sooner rous'd,  
 But in rush the cheerful Cry,  
 Thro' Bush and Brake, o'er Hedge and Stake,  
 The frighted Beast does fly.

*And a hunting, &c.*

In vain he flies to Covert,  
 A num'rous Pack pursue,  
 That never cease to trace his Steps,  
 Ev'n tho' they've lost the View.

*And a hunting, &c.*

There's *Scentwell* and *Finder*,  
 Dogs never known to fail,  
 To hit off with humble Nose,  
 But with a lofty Tail.

*And a hunting, &c.*

To *Scentwell*, Hark! he calls,  
 And faithful *Finder* joyns;  
 Whip in the Dogs, my merry Rogues,  
 And give your Horse the Reins.

*And a hunting, &c.*



Hark! forward how they go it,  
The View they'd lost they gain;  
Tantivy, high and low,  
Their Legs and Throats they strain.

*And a hunting, &c.*

There's *Ruler* and *Countess*,  
That most times lead the Field;  
*Traveller* and *Bonnylafs*,  
To none of 'em will yield.

*And a hunting, &c.*

Now *Dutchess* hits it foremost,  
Next *Lightfoot* leads the way,  
And *Toper* bears the Bell;  
Each Dog will have his Day.

*And a hunting, &c.*

There's *Musick* and *Chanter*,  
Their nimble *Trebbles* try;  
Whilst *Sweetlips* and *Tunewell*  
With *Counters* clear reply.

*And a hunting, &c.*

There's *Rockwood* and *Thunder*,  
That tongue the heavy *Bass*;  
Whilst *Trowler* and *Ringwood*  
With *Tenors* crown the Chace.

*And a hunting, &c.*

Now sweetly in full Cry

Their various Notes they joyn ;

Gods ! what a Confort's here, my Lads !

'Tis more than half divine.

*And a hunting, &c.*

The Woods, Rocks, and Mountains,

Delighted with the Sound,

To neighb'ring Dales and Fountains

Repeating, deal it round.

*And a hunting, &c.*

A glorious Chace it is,

We drove him many a Mile,

O'er Hedge and Ditch, we go thro' Stitch,

And hit off many a Foil.

*And a hunting, &c.*

And yet he runs it stoutly,

How wide, how swift he straits !

With what a Skip he took that Leap,

And scow'rs it o'er the Plains !

*And a hunting, &c.*

See how our Horses foam !

The Dogs begin to droop ;

With winding Horn, on Shoulder born,

'Tis Time to chear 'em up,

*And a hunting, &c.*

[*Song*]

[*Sound Tantivy.*]

Hark! *Leader, Courtess, Bouncer,*  
Chear up my merry Dogs all;  
To *Tatler*, Hark! he holds it smart,  
And answers ev'ry Call.

*And a hunting, &c.*

*Co co* there, *Drunkard Snowball,*  
Gadzooks! whip *Bomer* in;  
We'll die i'th' Place, ere quit the Chace,  
'Till we've made the Game our own.

*And a hunting, &c.*

Up yonder Steep I'll follow,  
Beset with craggy Stones;  
My Lord crys, *Jack*, You Dog! come back,  
Or else you'll break your Bones

*And a hunting, &c.*

Huzzah! he's almost down,  
He begins to slack his Course,  
He pants for Breath; I'll in at's Death,  
Or else I'll kill my Horse.

*And a hunting, &c.*

See, now he takes the Moors,  
And strains to reach the Stream;  
He leaps the Flood, to cool his Blood,  
And quenck his thirsty Flame.

*And a hunting, &c.*

He scarce has touch'd the Bank,  
 The Cry bounce finely in,  
 And swiftly swim a-cross the Stream,  
 And raise a glorious Din.

*And a hunting, &c.*

His Legs begin to fail,  
 His Wind and Speed is gone,  
 He stands at Bay, and gives 'em Play,  
 He can no longer run.

*And a hunting, &c.*

Old *Hector* long behind,  
 By Use and Nature bold,  
 In rushes first, and seizes fast,  
 But soon is slung from's Hold.

*And a hunting, &c.*

He traverses his Ground,  
 Advances, and retreats,  
 Gives many Hound a mortal Wound,  
 And long their Force defeats.

*And a hunting, &c.*

He bounds, and springs, and snorts,  
 He shakes his branched Head;  
 'Tis safest farthest off, I see,  
 Poor *Talbot* is lain dead.

*And a hunting, &c.*



Vain are Heels and Antlers,  
With such a Pack set round,  
Spight of his Heart, seize ev'ry Part,  
And pull him fearless down.

*And a hunting, &c.*

Ha! dead, ware dead, whip off,  
And take a special Care;  
Dismount with Speed, and cut his Throat,  
Lest they his Hanches tear.

*And a hunting, &c.*

The Sport is ended now,  
We're laden with the Spoil;  
As home we pass, we talk o'th' Chace,  
O'erpaid for all our Toil.

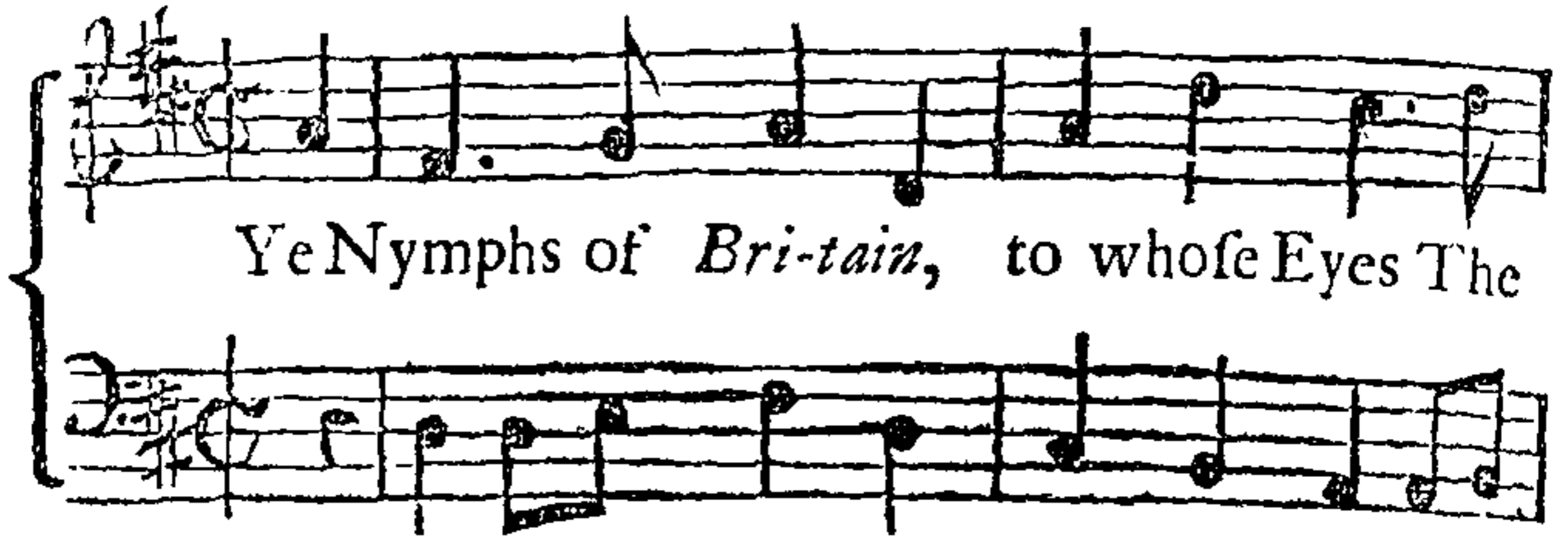
*And a hunting, &c.*

*For the FLUTE.*

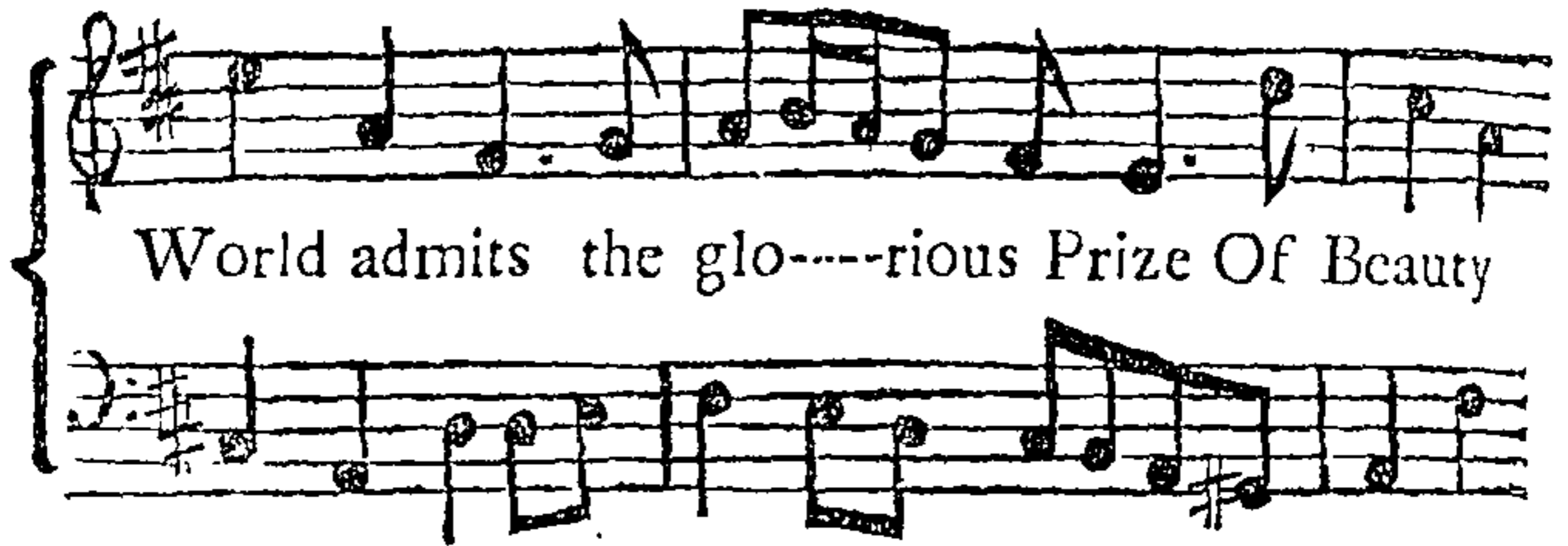


152 *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

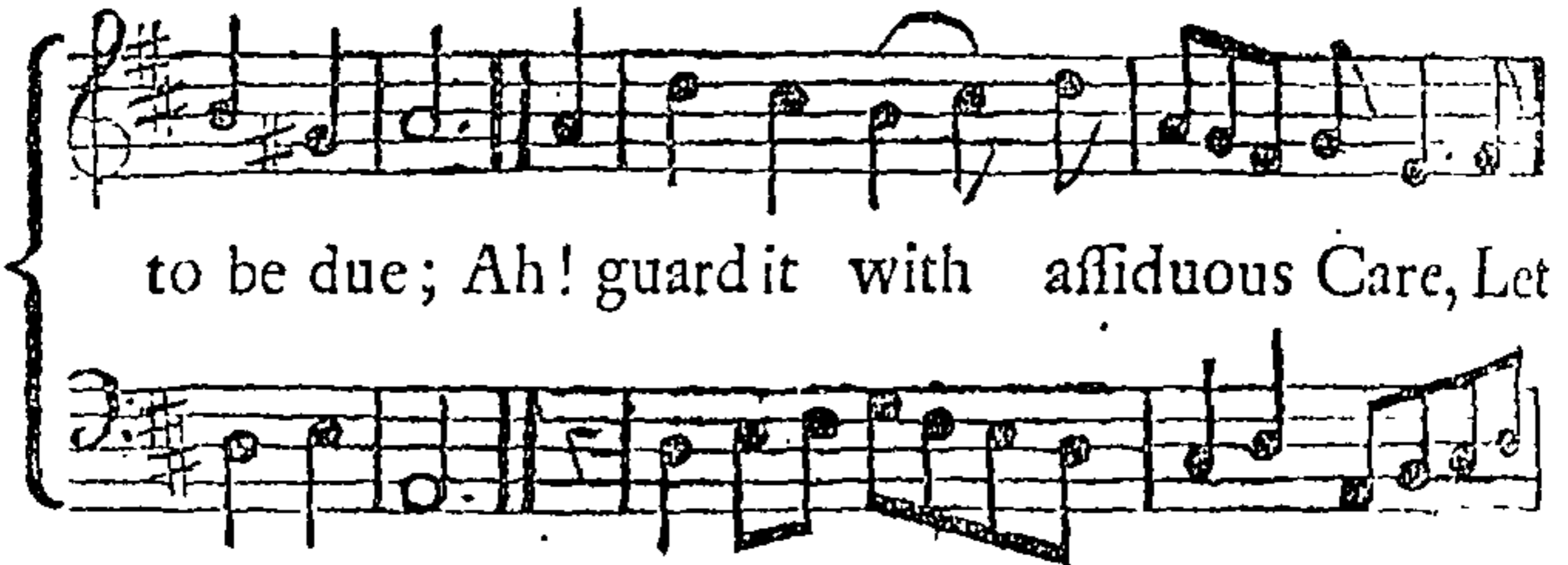
A SONG in the Comedy call'd, Love in several Masques.  
Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.



Ye Nymphs of *Bri-tain*, to whose Eyes The



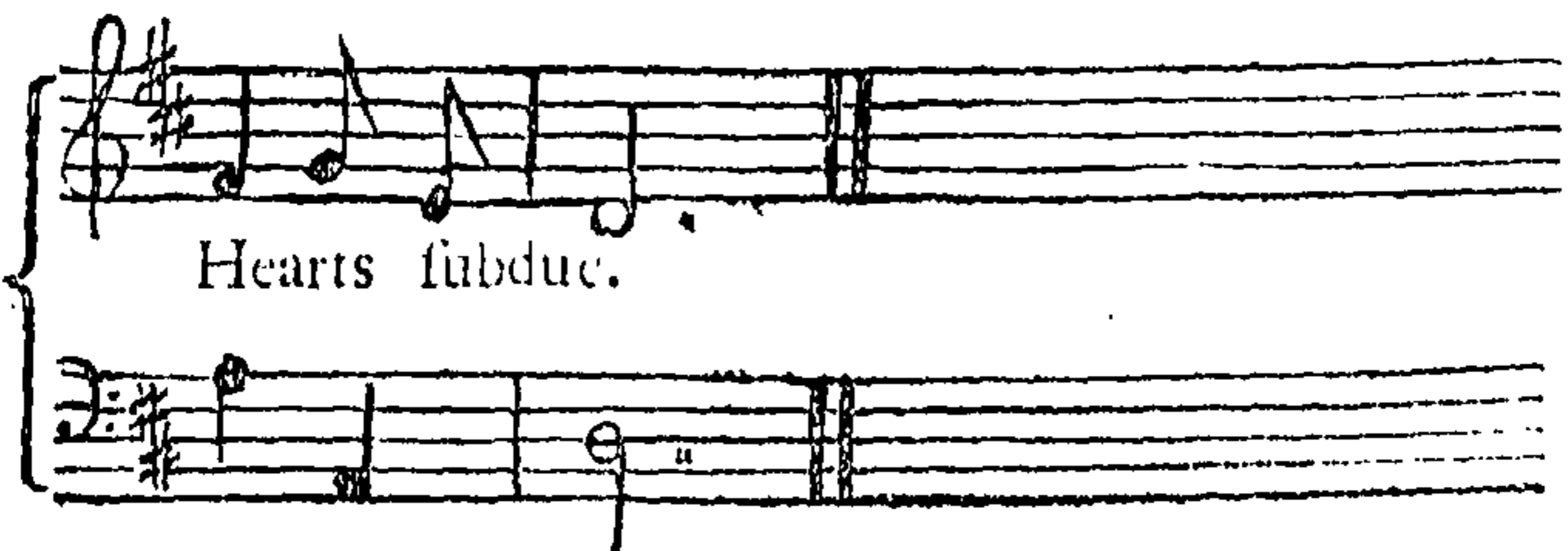
World admits the glo-----rious Prize Of Beauty



to be due; Ah! guard it with assiduous Care, Let



neither Flat---te---ry ensnare, Nor Wealth your



Hearts subdue.

Old *Bromio's* rank'd among the Beaus;

Young *Cynthio* solitary goes,

Unheeded by the Fair!

Ask you then what this Preference gives?

Six *Flanders* Mares the former drives,

The latter but a Pair.

Let meaner things be bought and sold,

But Beauty never truck'd for Gold;

Ye Fair, your Value prove:

And since the World's a Price too low,

Like Heav'n, your Ecstasies bestow

On Constancy and Love.

But still, ye generous Maids, beware,

Since Hypocrites to Heaven there are

And to the Beauteous too;

Do not too easily confide;

Let ev'ry Lover well be try'd,


And well reward the true.

*For the* FLUTE.


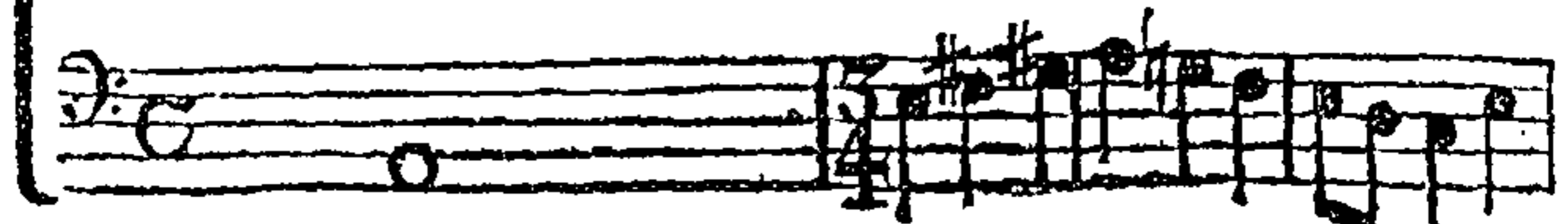


O L D A G E.

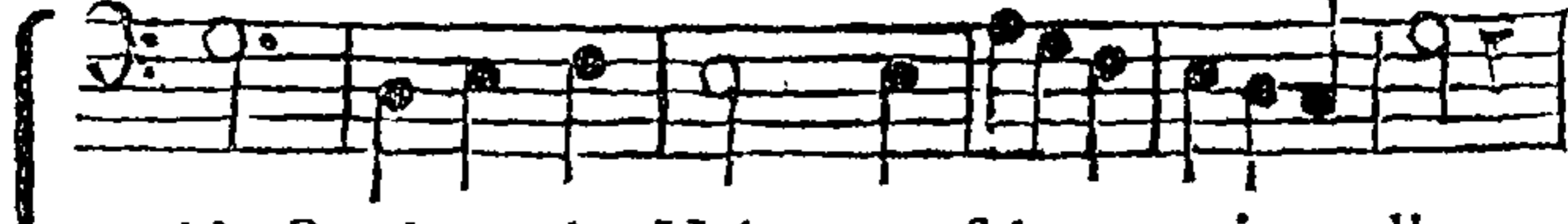

The Words from ANACREON. Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.





Oft I'm by the Women told, Poor *Anacreon*,



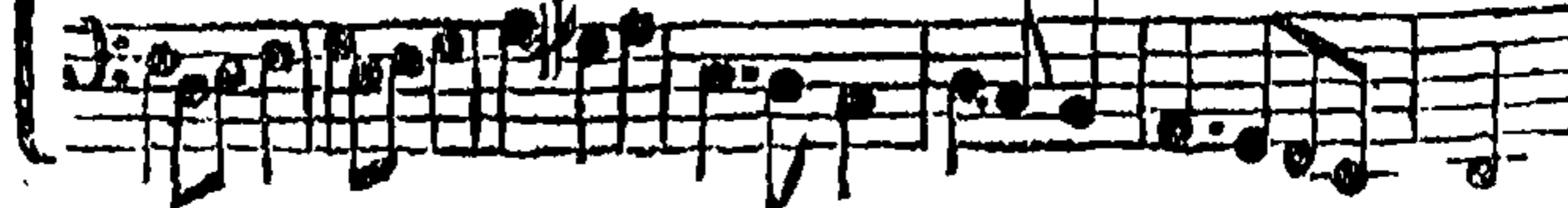
poor *Anacreon*, thou grow'st old, thou grow'st



old: See how thy Hairs are fal——ing all,



See, see, poor *Anacreon*, poor *Anacreon* thou



grow'st





manage wi ————— fely the last Stake: 'Tis

time short Pleasures now to take, Of little Life the

best to make, And manage wi —————

————— fely the last Stake.

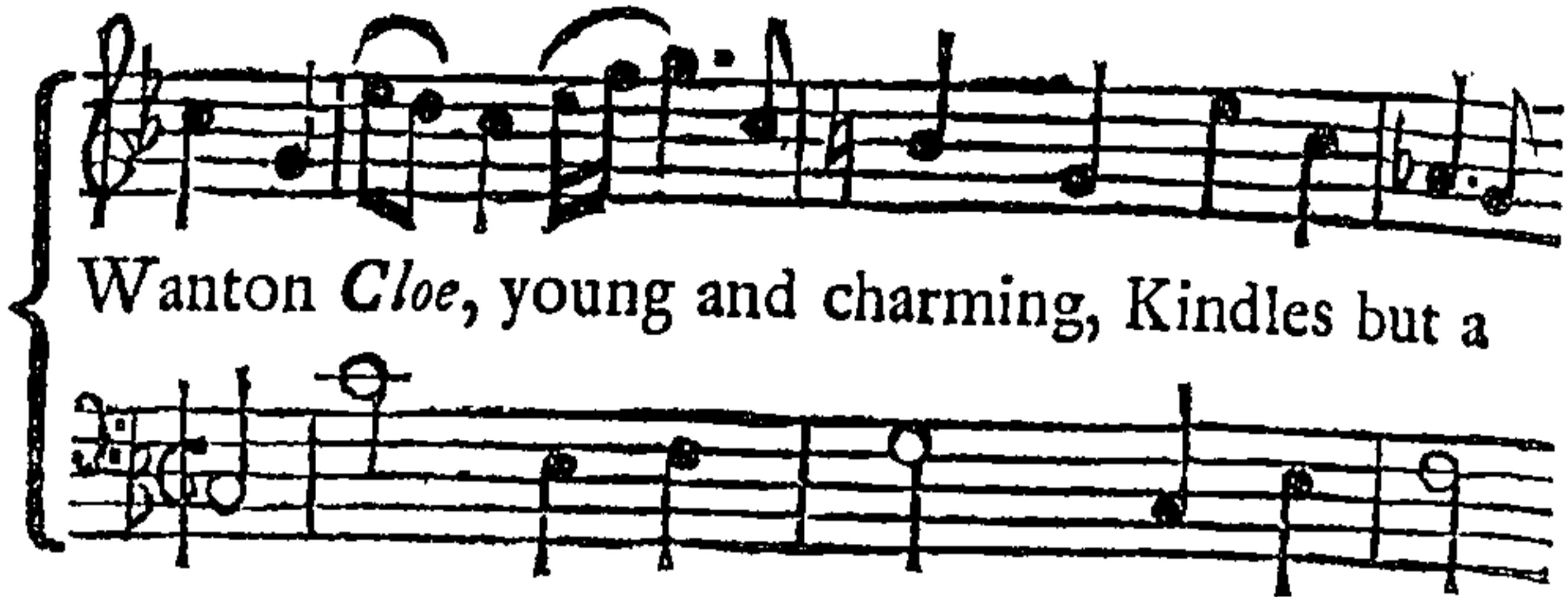
For the FLUTE.

A musical score for flute, consisting of ten staves of music. The notation includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. There are several slurs and accents throughout. The score concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign (two dots) above the final measure.

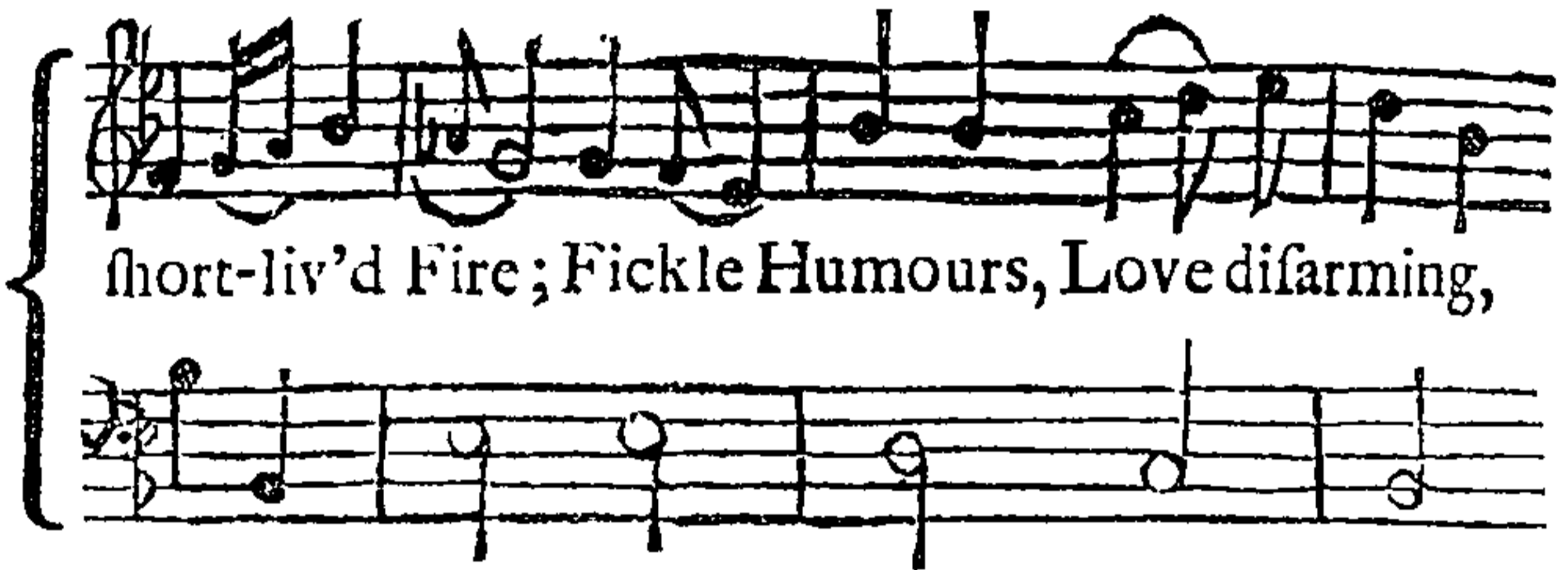


*The* COQUET and the PRUDE.

Set by Mr. DIEUPART.



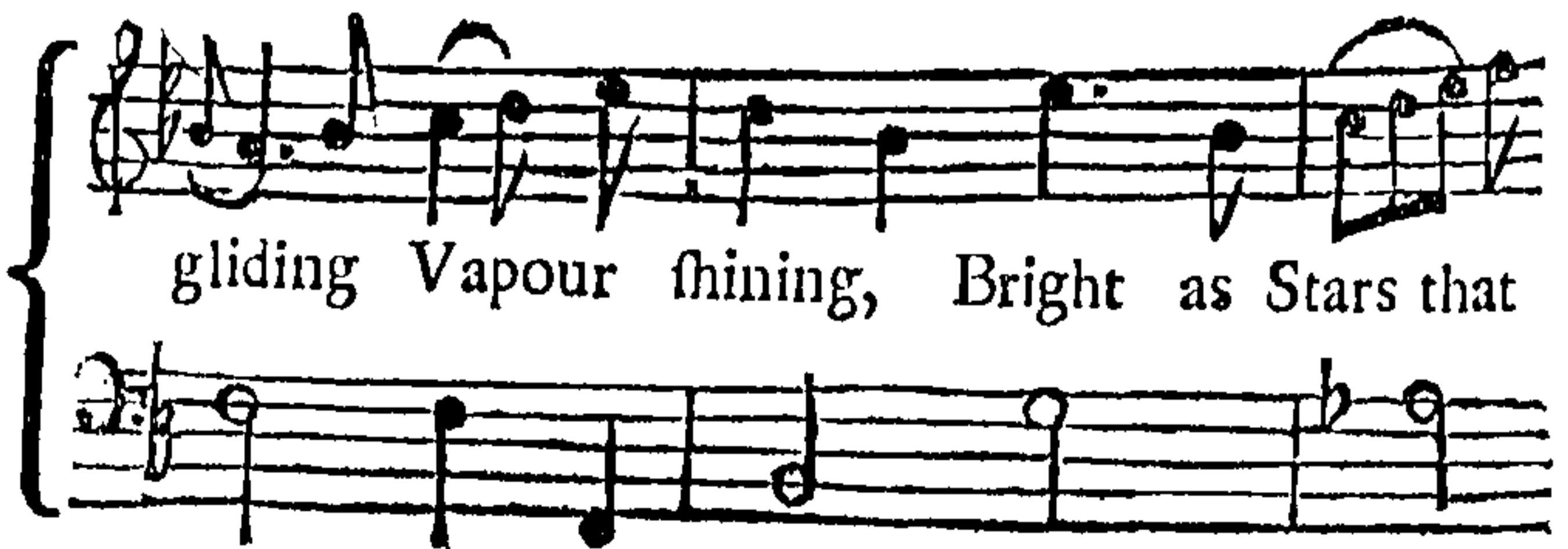
Wanton *Cloe*, young and charming, Kindles but a



short-liv'd Fire; Fickle Humours, Love disarming,



Quench the Flame her Eyes in--spire. Like a



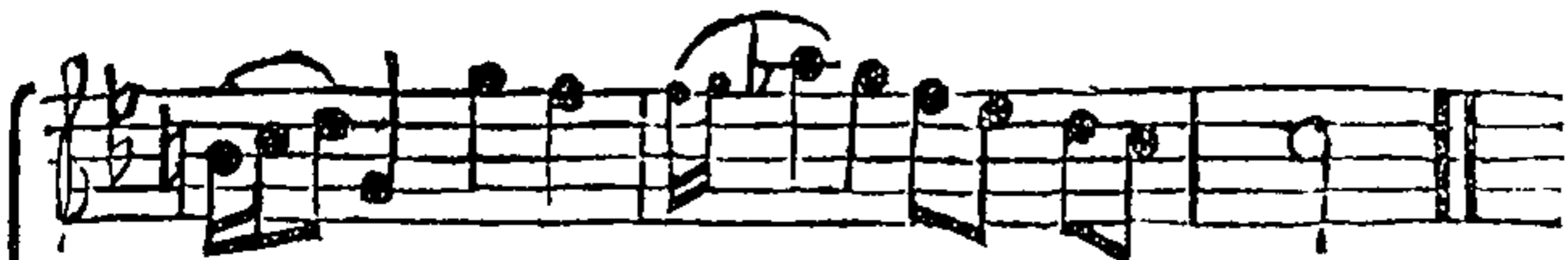
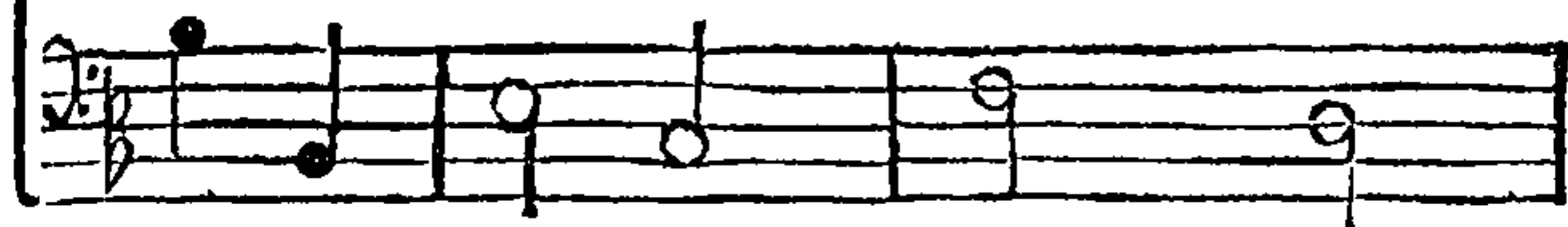
gliding Vapour shining, Bright as Stars that

deck





deck the Skies, Swiftly from its Height de-



clining, Glitters in its Fall and dies.



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

---

The Words by Mr. *MITCHELL*.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**S**UCH is the Force of Love Divine,  
It freezes up the Vital Flood  
Of Travellers beneath the Line,  
And fry's, beneath the Poles, their Blood.

Mortal

Mortals attempt to 'scape in vain  
 The universal Reach of *Love*;  
*Guiney* and *Greenland* own his Reign,  
 Alike his Slaves their Subjects prove.

While *Celia's* Image in my Soul,  
 By Night and Day is ever near,  
 Nor Wine, nor Musick can controul  
 My lasting Tendernefs and Care.  
 Where-e'er I go, where-e'er I stay,  
 She's ever present to my View.  
 Since I, Oh *Love!* can't scape thy Sway,  
 O make Her own thy Godhead too.

*For the FLUTE.*



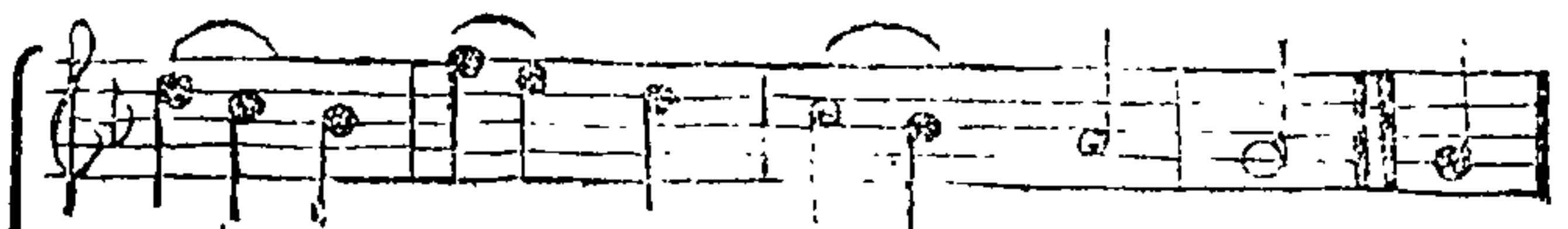
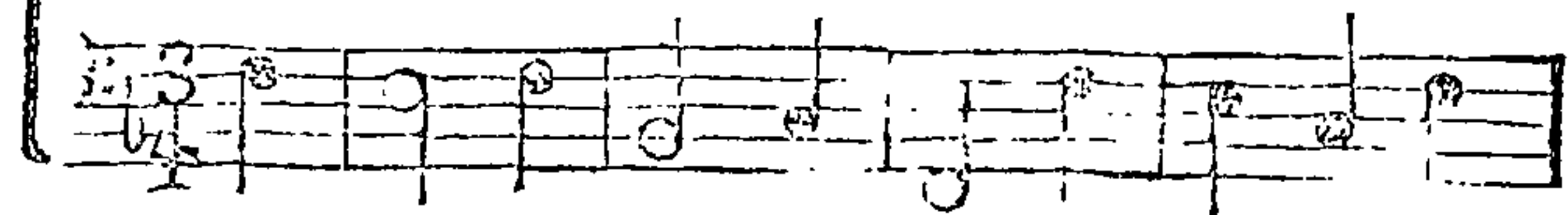
D O R I N D A.

By JOHN HUGHES, Esq;

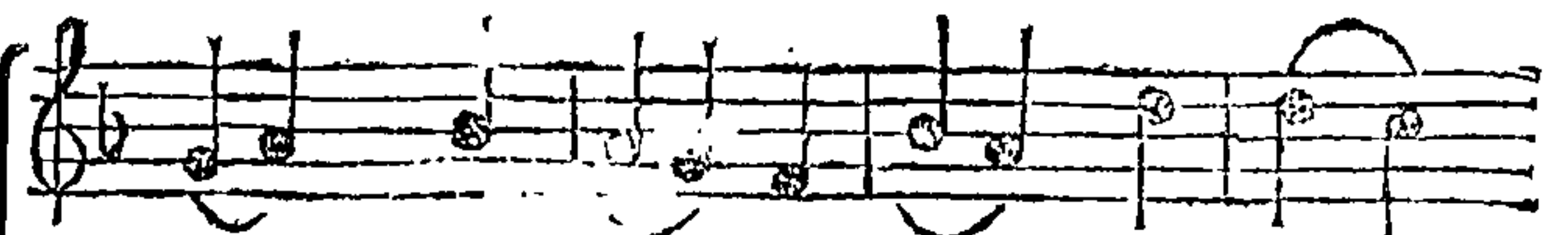
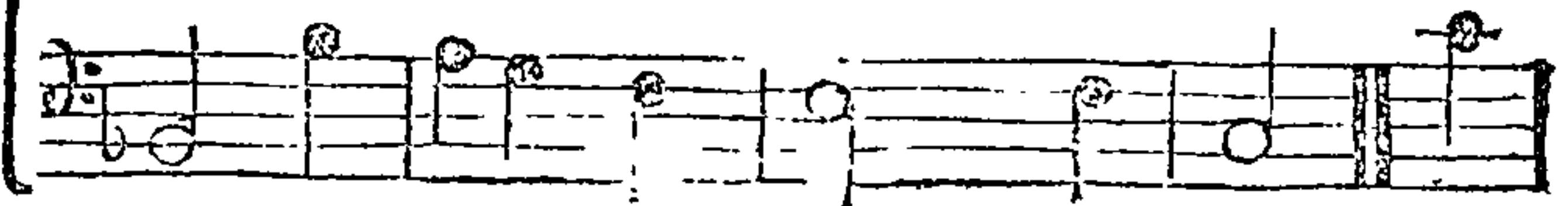
Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.



Fame of *Dorinda's* Conquests brought The



God of Love her Charms to view; To



wound th'unwary Maid he thought,



But soon became her Conquest too.



He dropt, half-drawn, his feeble Bow,  
 He look'd, he rav'd, and sighing pin'd;  
 And wish'd in vain he had been now,  
 As Painters falsely draw him, blind.

Disarm'd, he to his Mother flies;  
 Help, *Venus*, help thy wretched Son!  
 Who now will pay Us Sacrifice?  
 For *Love* Himself's, alas! undone.

To *Cupid* now no Lover's Pray'r  
 Shall be address'd in suppliant Sighs;  
 My Darts are gone, but Oh! beware,  
 Fond Mortals, of *Dorinda's* Eyes.

---

By the same H A N D.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

I Die with too transporting Joy,  
 If She I love rewards my Fire;  
 If She's inexorably coy,  
 With too much Passion I expire.

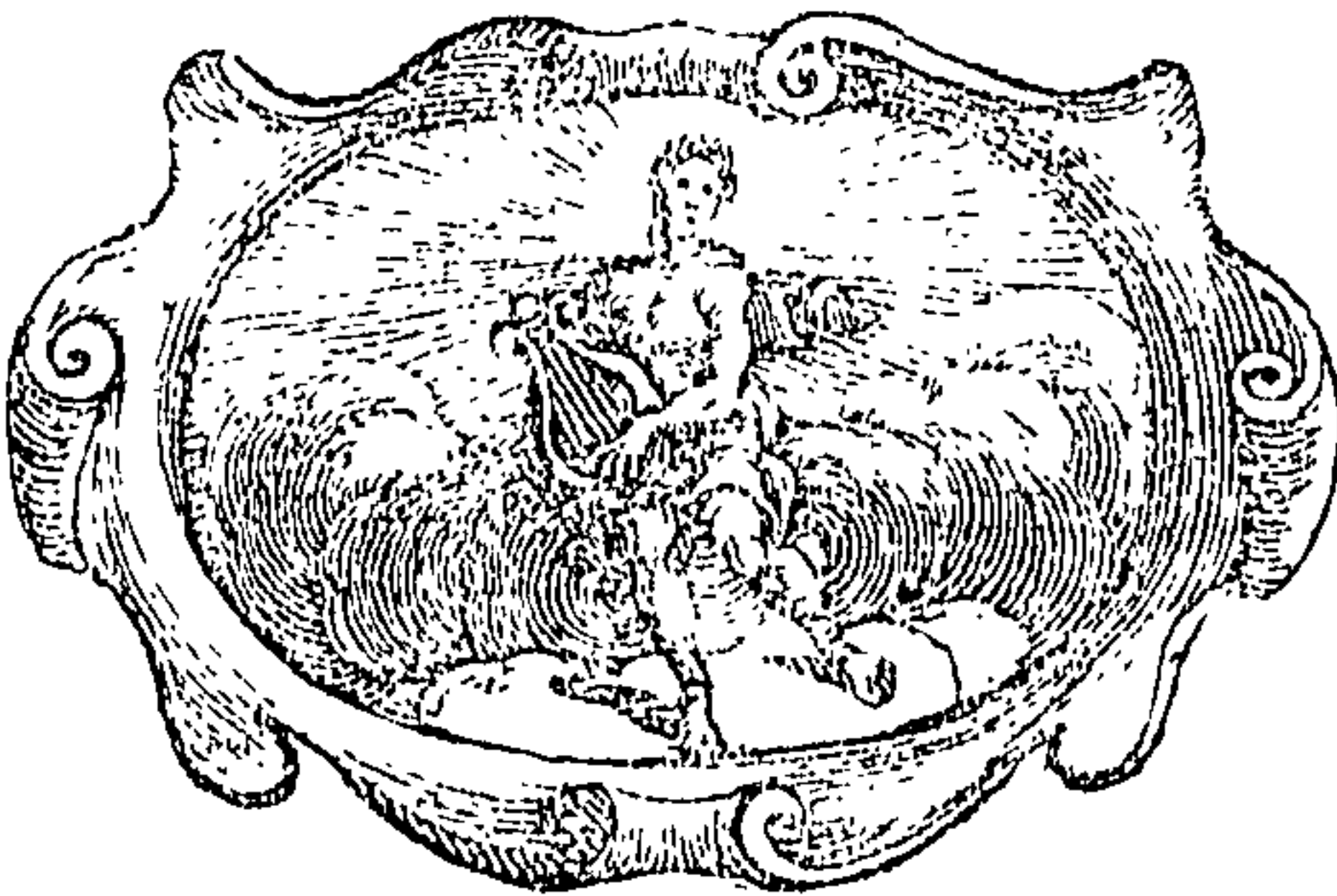
No way the Fates afford to shun  
 The cruel Torments I endure;  
 Since I am doom'd to be undone  
 By the Disease, or by the Cure.



*To the foregoing Tune.*

WHILE gentle *Parthenissa* walks,  
And sweetly smiles, and gaily talks,  
A thousand Shafts around her fly,  
A thousand Swains unheeded die.

If then she labours to be seen,  
With all her killing *Airs* and *Mein* ;  
From so much Beauty, so much Art,  
What Mortal can secure his Heart?



*The* FEMALE PHAETON.

Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

Thus *Kitty*, beautiful and young, And wild as

Colt untam'd, Bespoke the Fair from

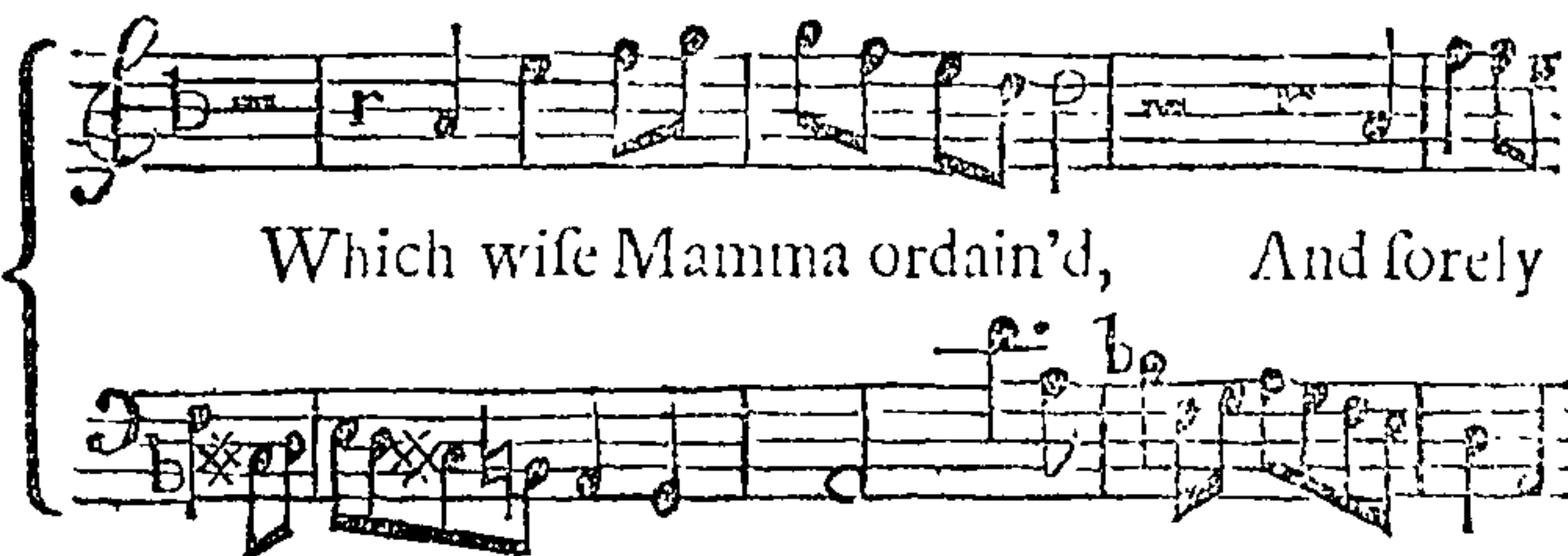
whom she sprung, With little Rage in-

flam'd. flam'd. Inflam'd with Rage at sad Re-

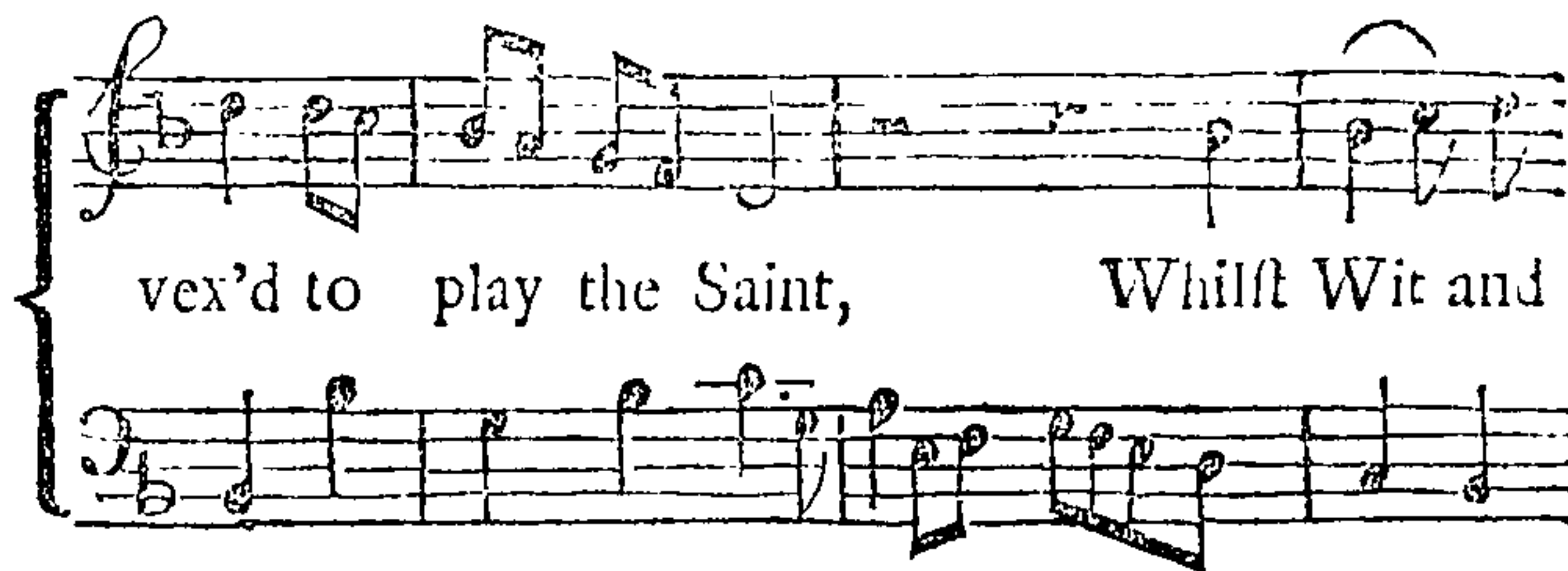
straint,



strait, Inflamm'd with Rage at sad Restraint,



Which wise Mamma ordain'd, And sorely



vex'd to play the Saint, Whilst Wit and



Beauty reign'd, and Beauty reign'd. reign'd.

Shall I thumb holy Books, confin'd  
 With *Abigails* forsaken?  
*Kitty's* for other things design'd,  
 Or I am much mistaken.

Must

Must Lady *Jenny* frisk about,  
 And Visit with her Cousins?  
 At Balls must she make all the Rout,  
 And bring home Hearts by Dozens?

What has she better, pray, than I?  
 What hidden Charms to boast;  
 That all Mankind for her shou'd die,  
 Whilst I am scarce a Toast?  
 Dearest Mamma, for once let me,  
 Unchain'd, my Fortune try;  
 I'll have my Earl as well as she,  
 Or know the Reason why.

I'll soon with *Jenny's* Pride quit score,  
 Make all her Lovers fall;  
 They'll grieve I was not loos'd before;  
 She, I was loos'd at all.  
 Fondness prevail'd; Mamma gave way;  
*Kitty*, at Heart's Desire,  
 Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,  
 And set the World on Fire.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

WHEN *Cloe* was by *Damon* seen,  
 What Heart cou'd be unmov'd?  
 She look'd so like the *Cyprian* Queen,  
 He gaz'd, admir'd, and lov'd.



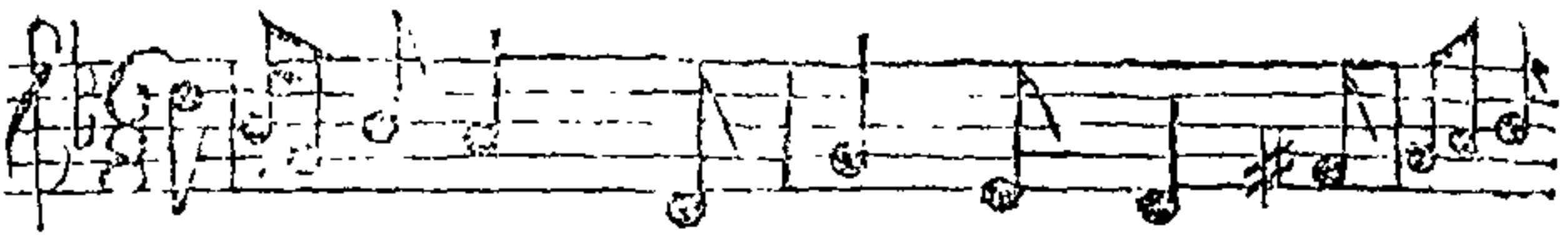
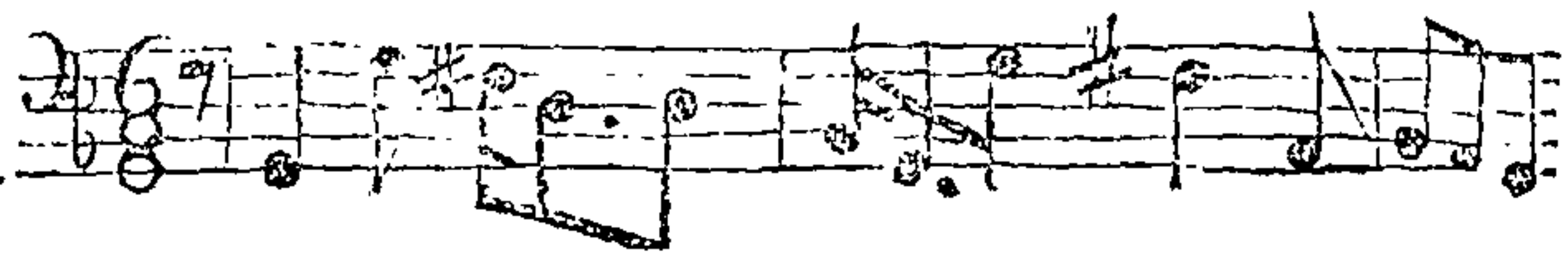
He lov'd, alas! but lov'd in vain,  
And, full of Grief and Care,  
He knew he never cou'd obtain  
The lovely charming Fair.

*Cloe* deserv'd a better Swain;  
He not so fair a Bride:  
Yet still he hugg'd the fatal Chain,  
He lov'd, despair'd, and dy'd.  
Take Pity then, thou lovely Maid,  
For *Cloe's* Case is thine;  
I dare not ask, so much I dread ———  
Must *Damon's* Fate be mine?

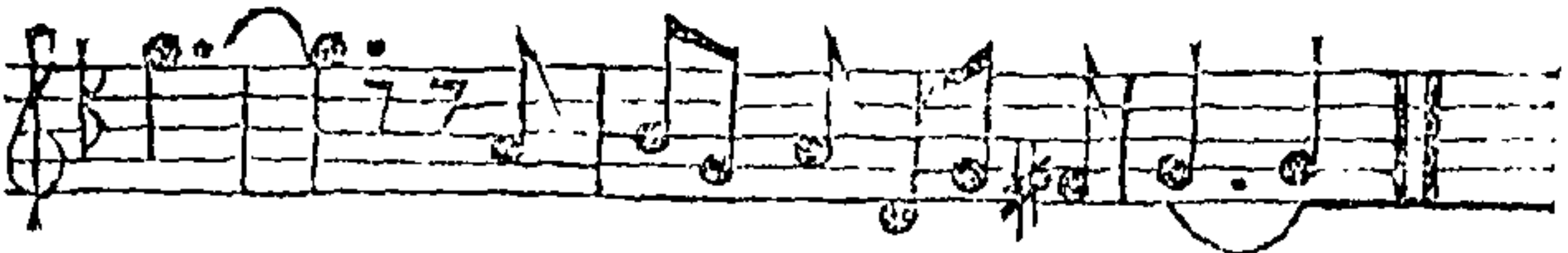
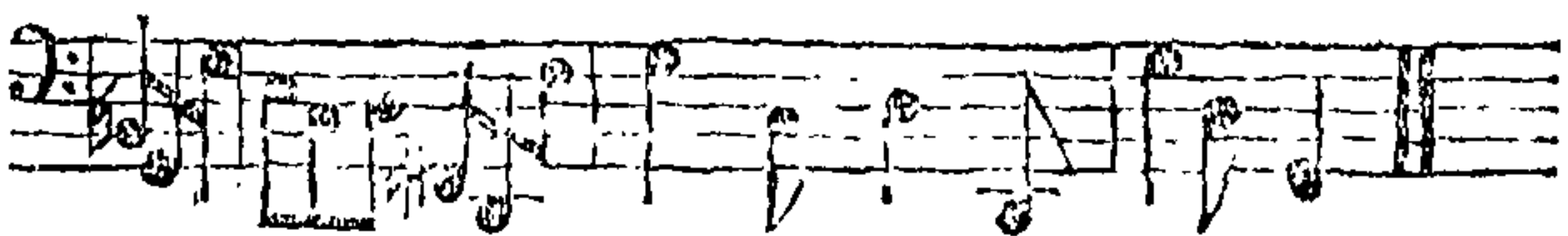


*C O S M E L I A.*

By JAMES MOORE, Esq;

*Cosmelia's* Charms inspire my Lays, Who, fair in

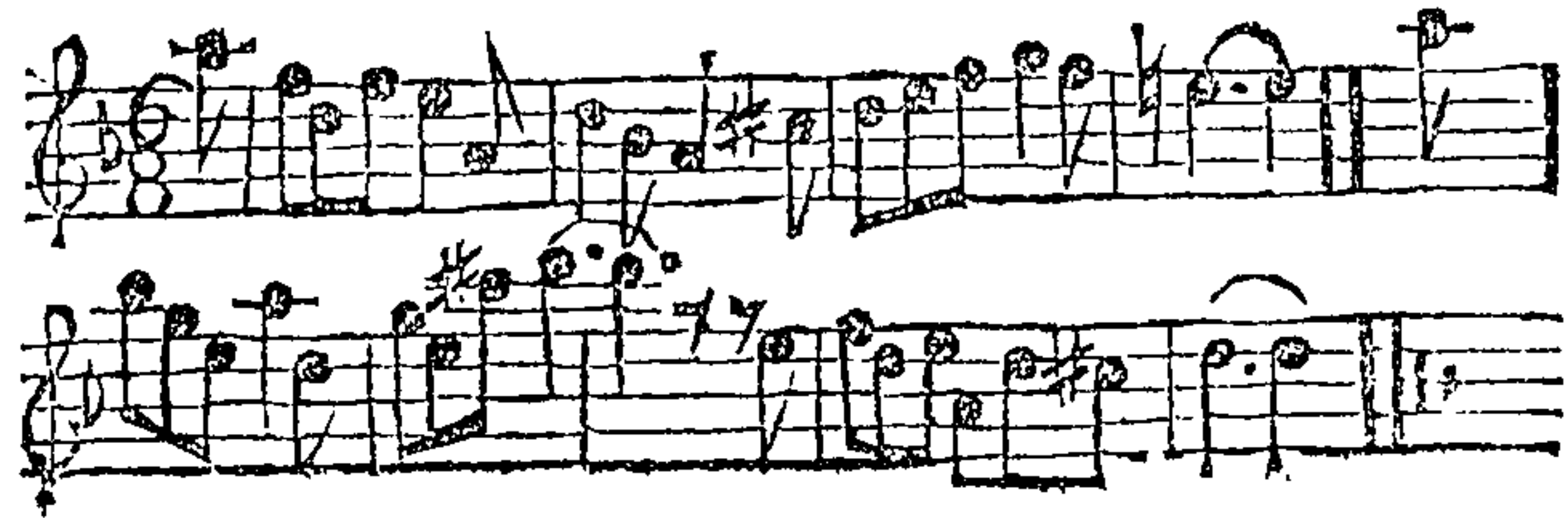
Nature's Scorn, Blooms in the Winter of her

Days, Like *Glassen-bury* Thorn.

*Cosmelia's* cruel at Fourscore,  
 As Bards in Tragick Plays;  
 Four Acts of Life pass'd guiltless o'er,  
 But in the Fifth she slays.

If e'er impatient for the Bliss  
Within her Arms I fall,  
The plaister'd Fair returns the Kiss,  
*Like Thisbe*, thro' the Wall.

*For the* FLUTE.

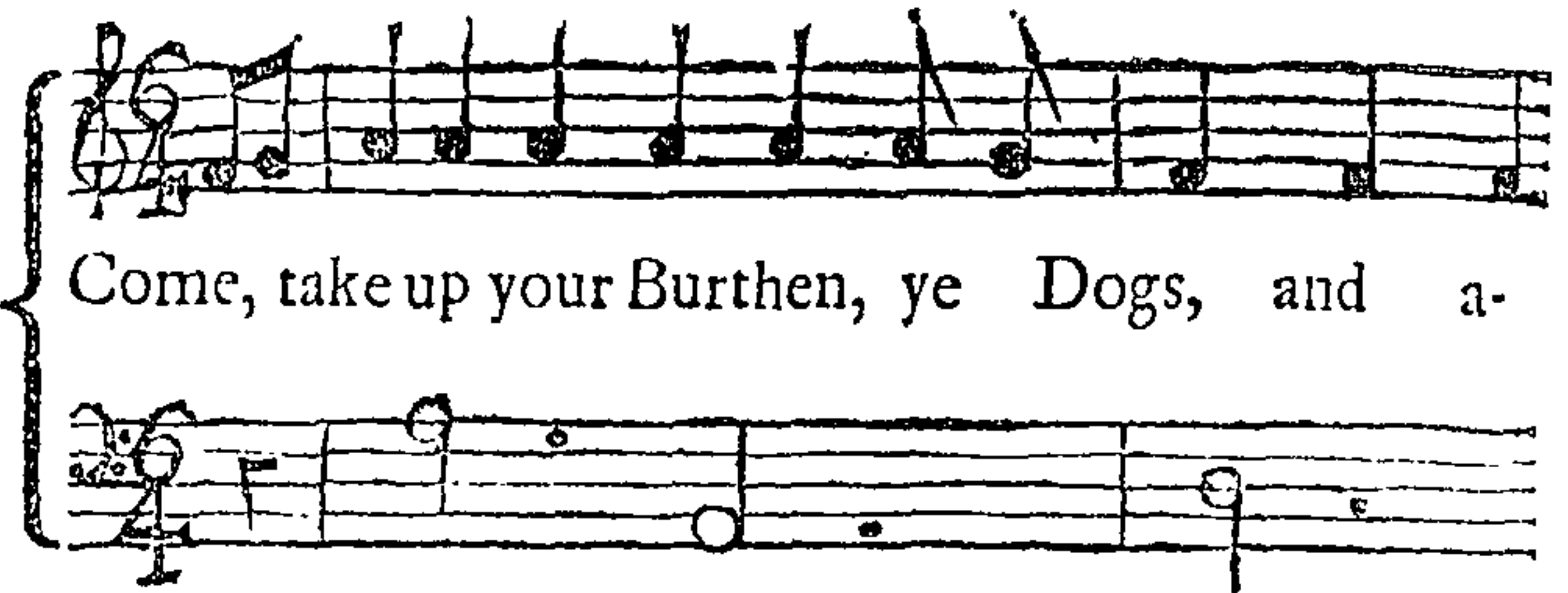


*A* DIALOGUE *between* a BEAU'S HEAD  
*and* his HEELS, *taken from their Mouths as*  
*they were spoke at St. James's Coffee-House.*

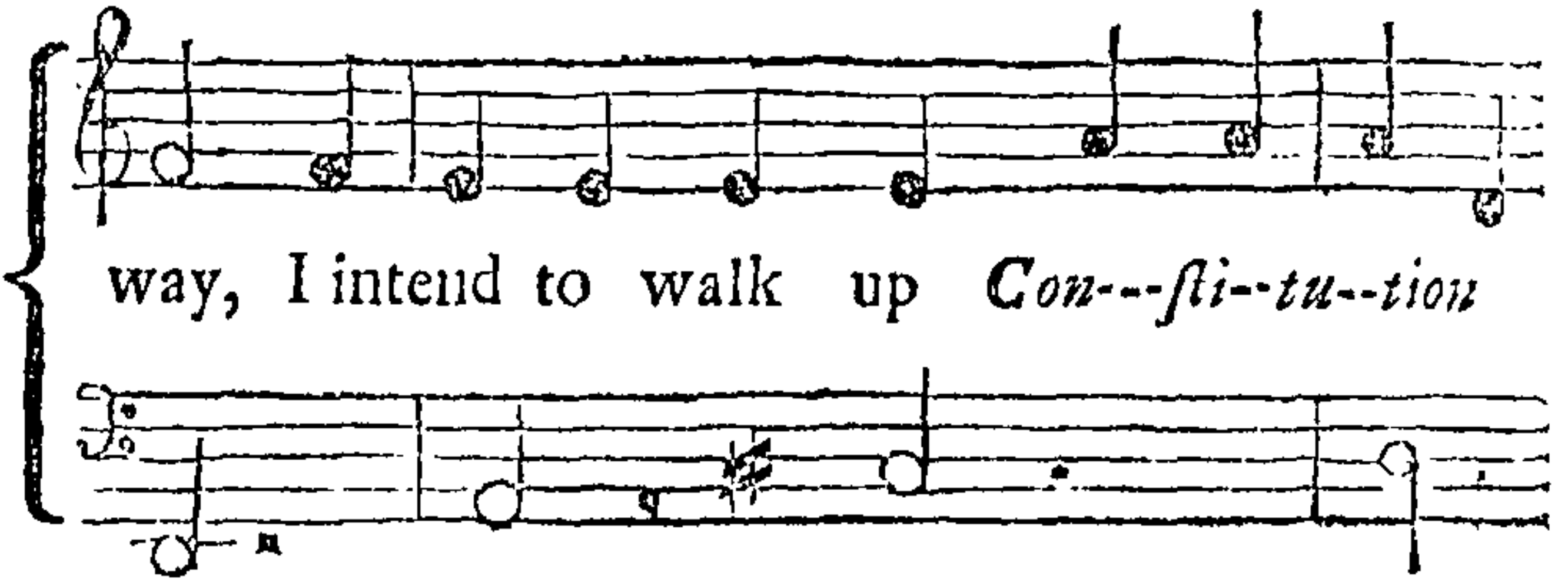
*By* Mr. FIELDING.

To the Tune of, *Dear Catholick Brother.*

HEAD.



Come, take up your Burthen, ye Dogs, and a-



way, I intend to walk up Con--sti--tu--tion

HEELS.



to Day. Your Legs, Sir, are now in such

Slender



flen--der Re--pair, We beg that your Ho-

nor wou'd go in a Chair. *Fa, la, la, la, &c.*

H E A D.

Ye indolent Dogs! do you dare to refuse  
 So little a Walk, in a new Pair of Shoes?  
 My Legs too, methinks, might have gratefully gone,  
 Since a new Pair of Calves I this Morning put on.

*Fa, la, la, lu, &c.*

H E E L S.

Do you call us ungrateful? the Favours you prize,  
 Were design'd not to gratify us, but your Eyes;  
 Is the Footman oblig'd to his Lordship, or Grace,  
 Who, to feed his own Pride, has equipp'd him with Lace?

We think we have very good Cause to complain,  
 That you thus are exalted without any Brain;  
 As our Merits are equal, we justly may plead  
 A Title sometimes to wal' on our Head.

*Fa, la, la, la, &c.*

## H E A D.

Very fine! at this rate all the Beaus in the Town  
 Wou'd fairly, like Tumblers, be turn'd up-side down;  
 But when I'm dissected, to shew you my Brains,  
 May all the World cry ----He's a Fool for his Pains!

*Fa, la, la, la, &c.*

But if I may argue; Pray, Sir, who takes Snuff,  
 Who Ogles, who Smiles? I think Titles enough;  
 Can you Sing, can you Laugh, can you Speak, can you See?  
 Or what can you do, silly Dogs, without me?

*Fa, la, la, la, &c.*

And to shew you how much your Ambition's my Scoff,  
 When next you rebel, I'll e'en shake you off;  
 Tho' I stand not without you, I'm sure I can sit,  
 In Parliament too, tho' bereft of my Feet.

*Fa, la, la, la, &c.*

## H E E L S.

Do you twit us with that? You have Reason, we hear:  
 We danc'd with the Wives, or you had not got there.  
 But to dash you at once, let us tell you, 'tis said  
 That some have sat there without any Head.

*Fa, la, la, la, &c.*

## H E A D.

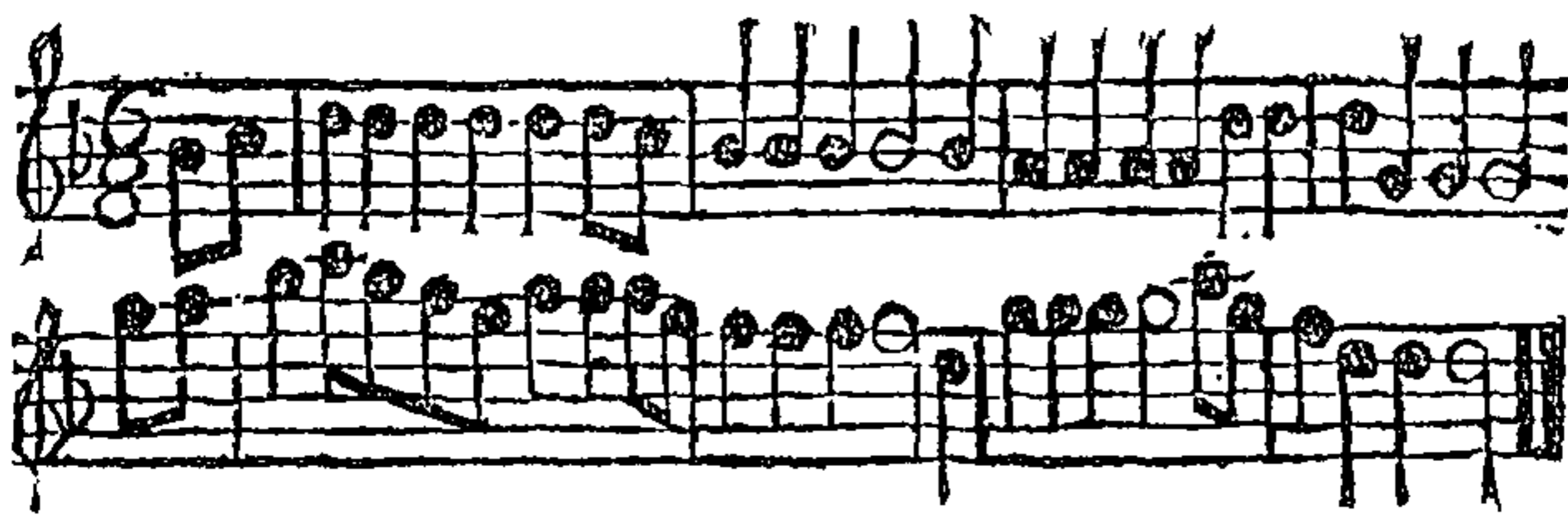
Gad's Curse! and that's true; so a Word in your Ear:  
 To oblige you for once, ---- Here, Boy, call a Chair.  
 Let us henceforth together, like wise Men agree,  
 I'll strive to set you off, you shall set off me.

*The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY. 173

In the first Place, I'll sit very light on your Shoulder;  
For, Nature revers'd, I grow lighter as older :  
When you dance a Minuet, I'll smile my best ;  
And do you cut a Caper, when I cut a Jest.

*Fa, la, la la, &c.*

*For the* F L U T E.



*A Two-Part Song.*

By Mr. BEDFORD ALDRICH.



How happy are we now the Wind is abaft, And the



How happy are we now the Wind is abaft, And the



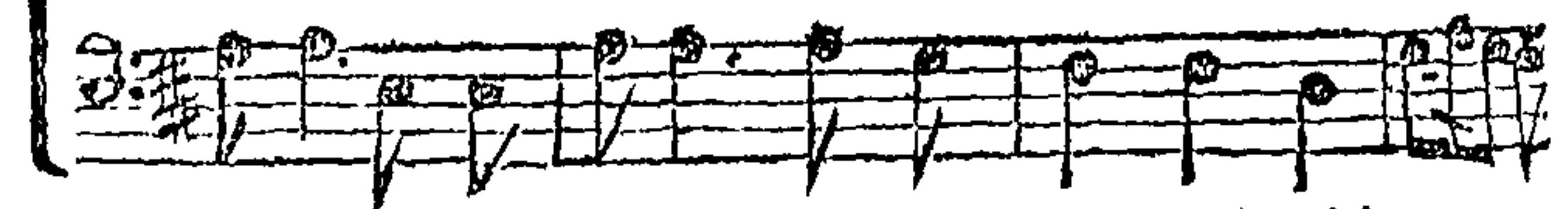
Bofon he pipes, haul both our Sheets aft. Steady,



Bofon he pipes, haul both our Sheets aft. Steady,



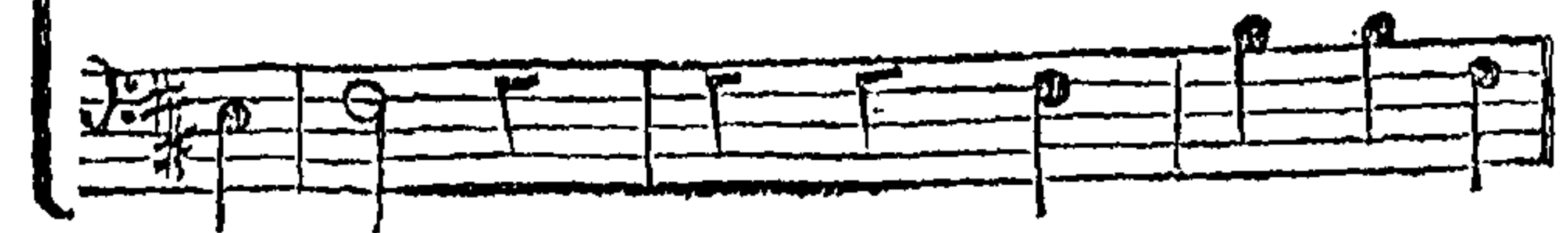
steady, steady, steady, fays the Master, it blows a



steady, steady, steady, fays the Master, it blows a



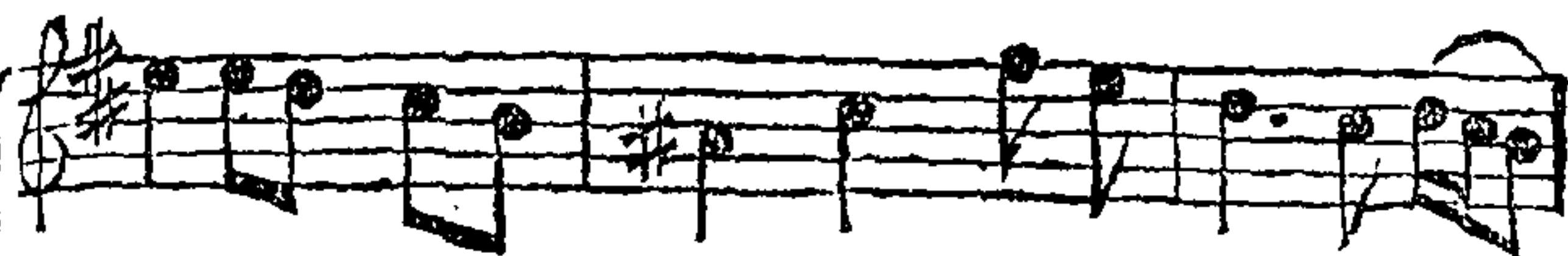
fresh Gale, We'll foon reach our Port, Boys, We'll



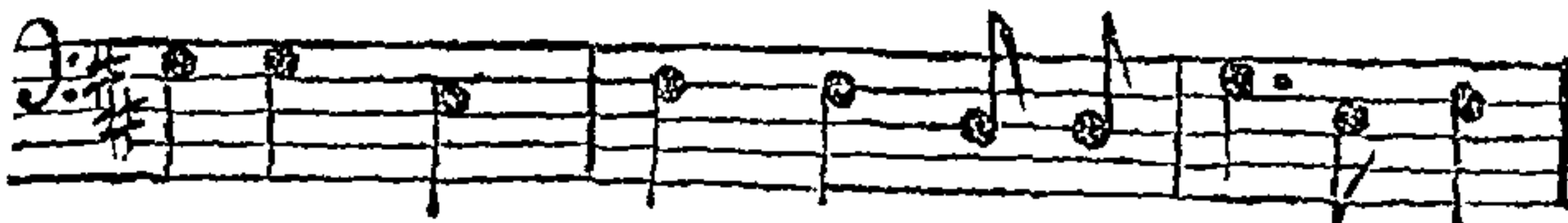
fresh Gale,

We'll foon reach our

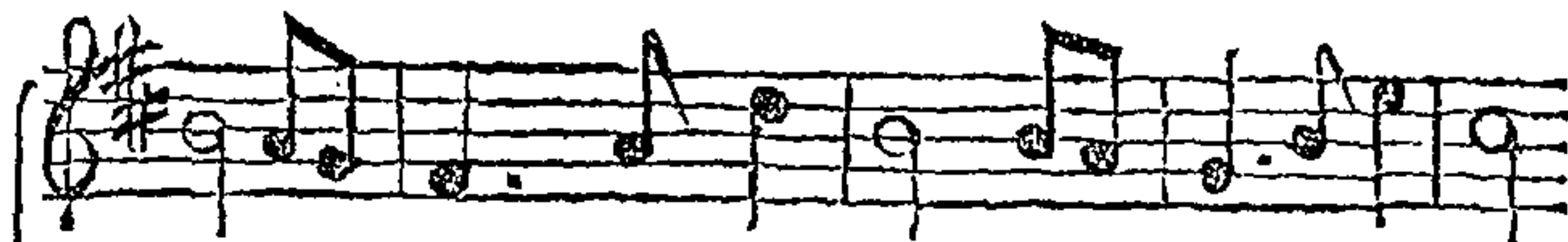




soon reach our Port, Boys, if the Wind doth not



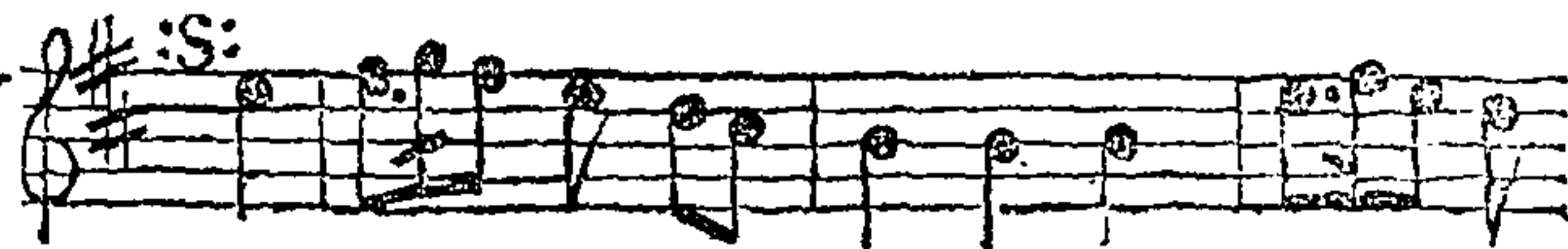
Port, Boys, our Port, Boys, if the Wind doth not



fail; Then drink about *Torn*, altho' the Ship roll,



fail; Then drink about *Torn*, altho' the Ship roll,



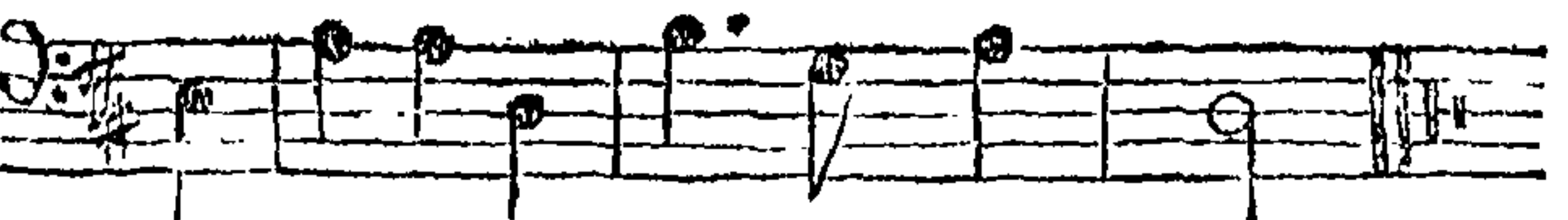
We'll save our rich Liquor, we'll save our



We'll save our rich Liquor, we'll save our



rich Liquor, by slinging our Bowl.

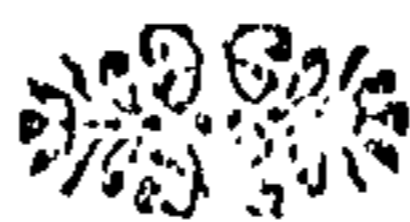


rich Liquor, by slinging our Bowl.

*Duetto*

*Duetto for* FLUTES.

The image displays a musical score for a Duetto for Flutes, consisting of ten staves of music. The notation is written in a single system, with each staff connected to the next by a large, decorative brace on the left side. The music is written in a treble clef and features a variety of note values, including eighth, sixteenth, and thirty-second notes, as well as rests. The score is printed in a classic, slightly stylized font, characteristic of 19th-century music publications. The paper shows signs of age, with some darkening and wear, particularly along the right edge.



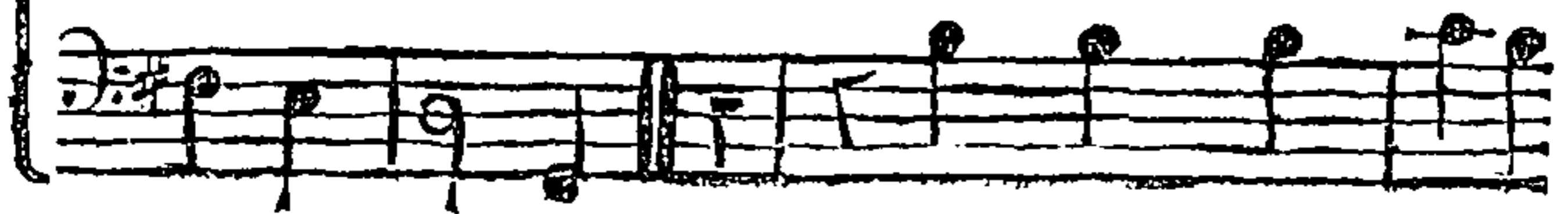
The FRYAR and the NUN.



A lovely Lass to a Fry---ar came, To confess in the



Morning ear--ly. In what, my Dear, are you to



blame? Now tell to me sin--cere--ly: *I have done, Sir,*



*what I dare not name, With a Man that loves me dearly.*



*The greatest Fault of my Self I know,  
Is, what I now discover.*

*You for that Crime to Rome must go,  
And Discipline must suffer.*

*Lack-a-Day, Sir! if it must be so,  
You must with me send my Lover.*

*Oh! no, no, no, my Dear, you dream,*

*We must have no double Dealing;*

*But if you'll repeat with me that same,*

*I'll pardon your past failing:*

*I must own, Sir, but I blush for Shame,*

*That your Penance is prevailing.*

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**H**OW do they err, who throw their Love  
On Fate or Fortune wholly,

Whom only Rants and Flights can move,

And Rapture join'd with Folly!

For how can Pleasure solid be,

Where Thought is out of Season?

Do I love you, or you love me,

My Dear, without a Reason?

Our Sense then rightly we'll employ,

No Paradise expecting;

Yet envying none the trifling Joy,

That will not bear reflecting.



For Wisdom's Power (since after all,  
Ev'n Life is past the curing)  
Softens the worst that can befall,  
And makes the best enduring.

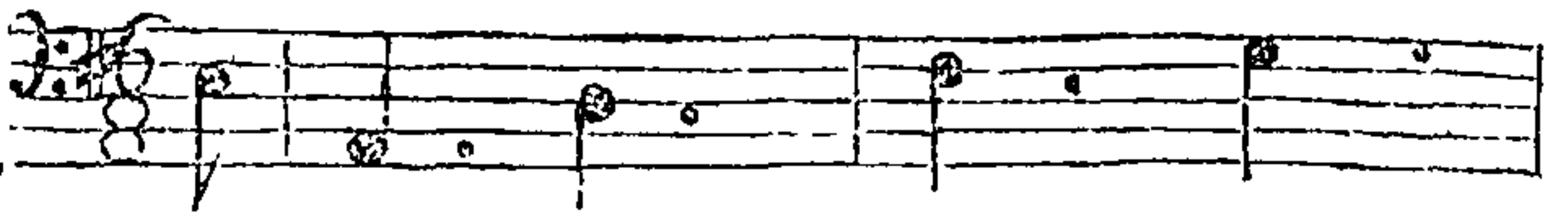
*For the* FLUTE.



## R E T I R E M E N T.

*Set by Mr. DIEUPART.**Very slow.*

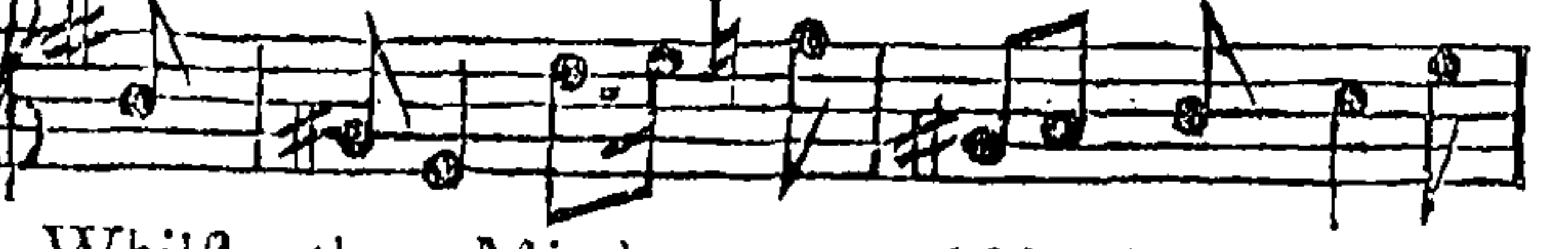
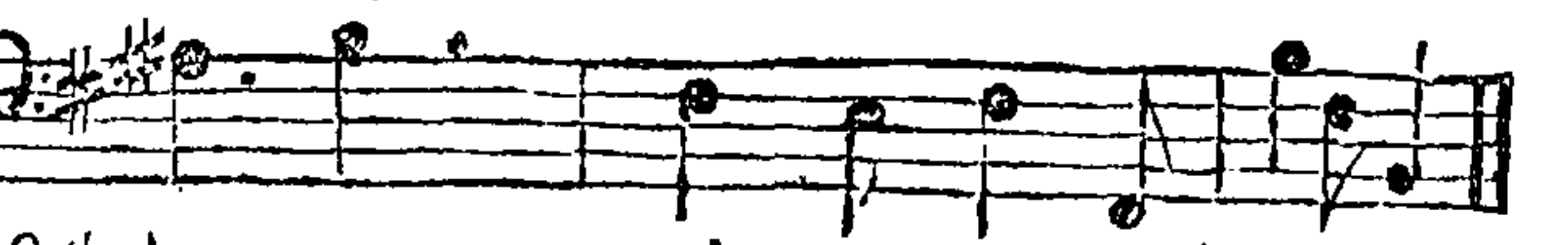
Free from the Tumults and the Noise, Which



haunt the busy Town, Serene Delights, and



quiet Joys, Our sweet Retirement crown.



Whilst others Minds are rack'd with Care, Or



clogg'd with Chains of Love, Our Thoughts



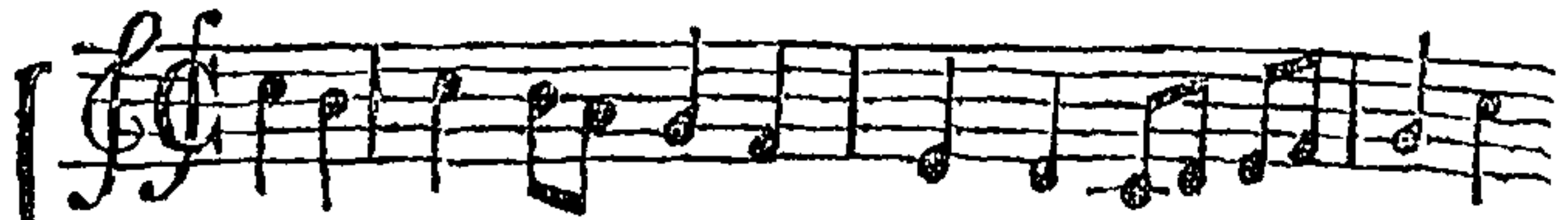
are free, and clear as Air, That fans the

neigh-bour-ing Grove.

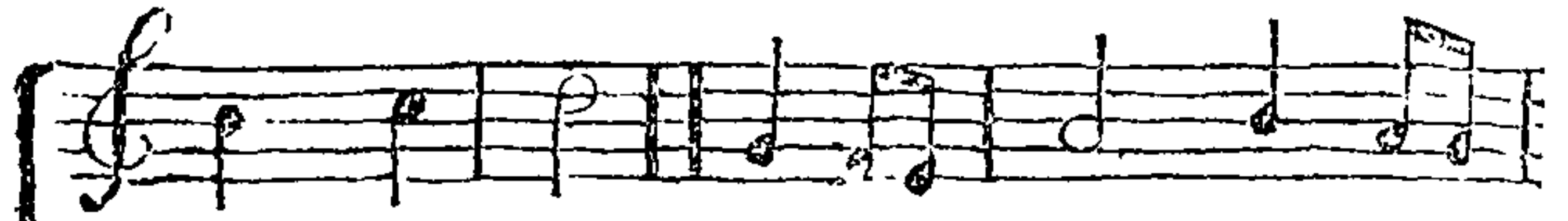
We laugh at all the little Arts  
 Of *Venus* and her Boy,  
 Nor can that idle God of Hearts  
 Our soft Repose destroy.  
 Secure within our Cage we lie,  
 And pass the Hours away;  
 While Birds and Maids, that loofely fly,  
 To Men become a Prey.

*For the FLUTE.*

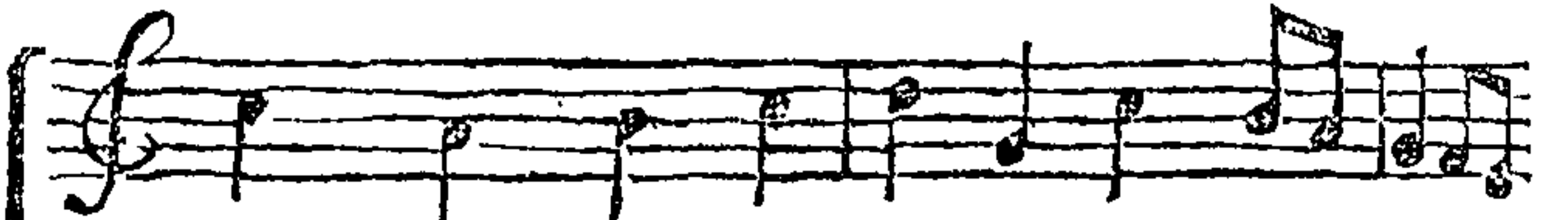
Set by Mr. *GALLIARD*.



Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasse; Noble Deeds are



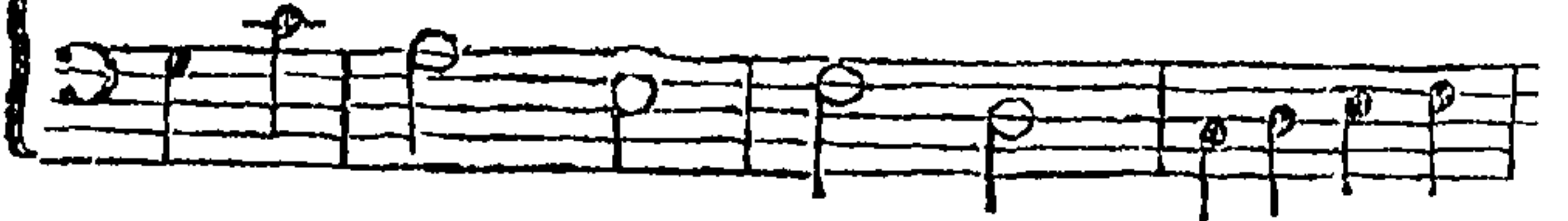
done by Wine: Scorn the Nymph, scorn the



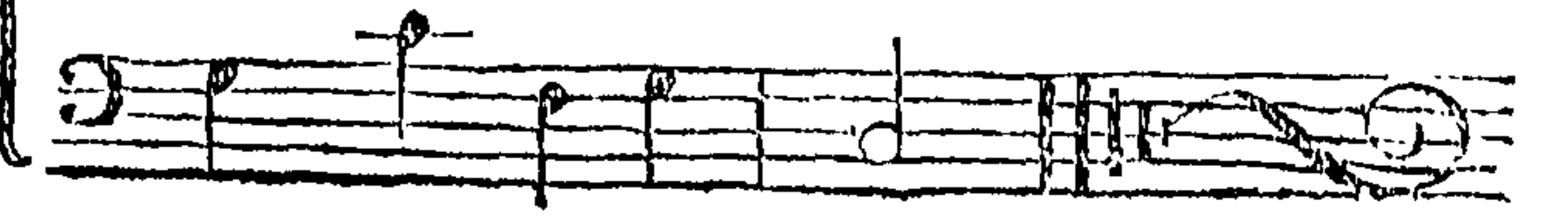
Nymph, and all her Graces: Who'd for Love, or



Beauty, pi— — — — — ne? Who'd for



Love or Beau---ty pine?

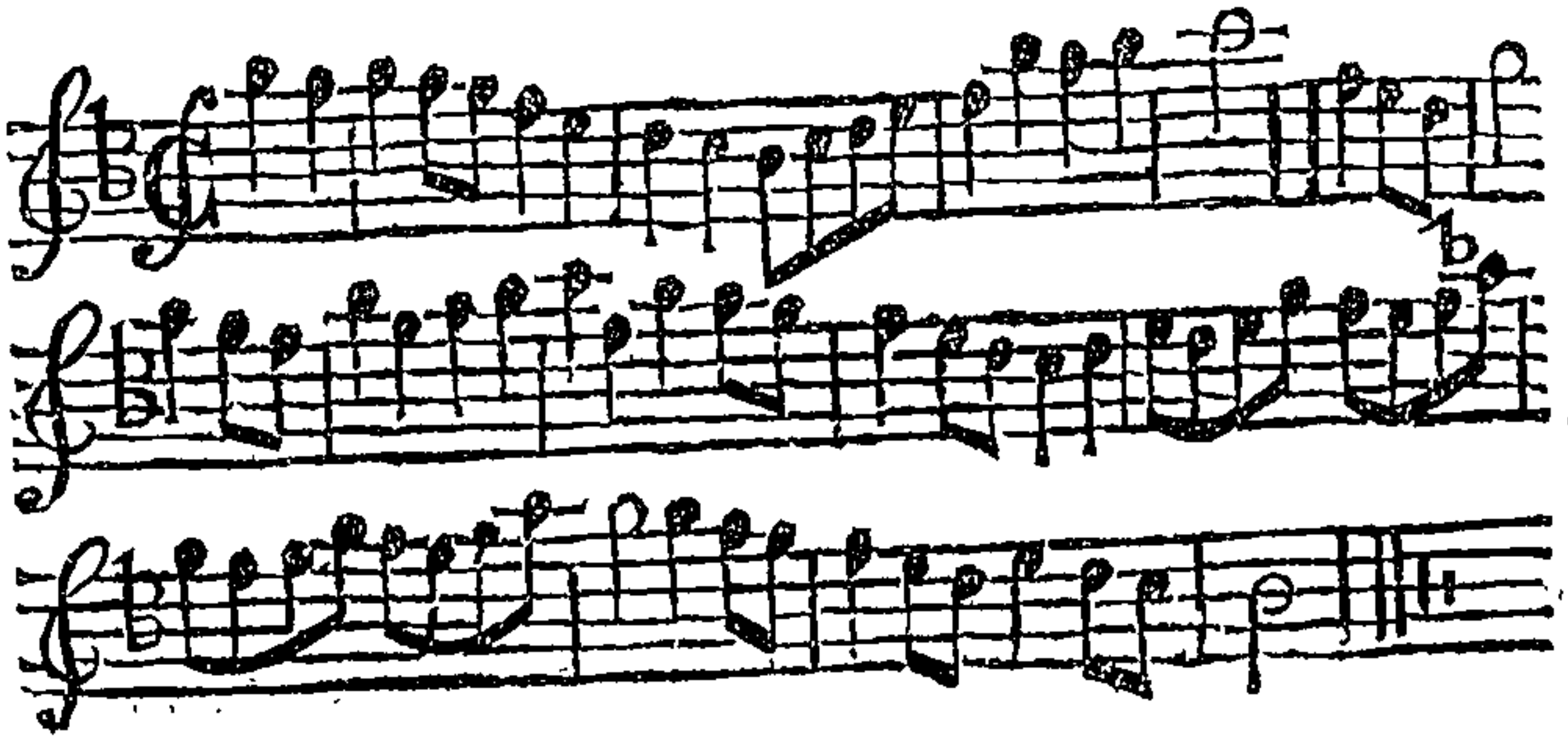




Look within the Bowl that's flowing,  
And a thousand Charms you'll find,  
More than *Phyllis*, tho' just going  
In the Moment to be kind.  
In the Moment to be kind.

*Alexander* hated Thinking,  
Drank about at Council-board,  
He subdu'd the World by drinking,  
More than by his conqu'ring Sword.  
More than by his conqu'ring Sword.

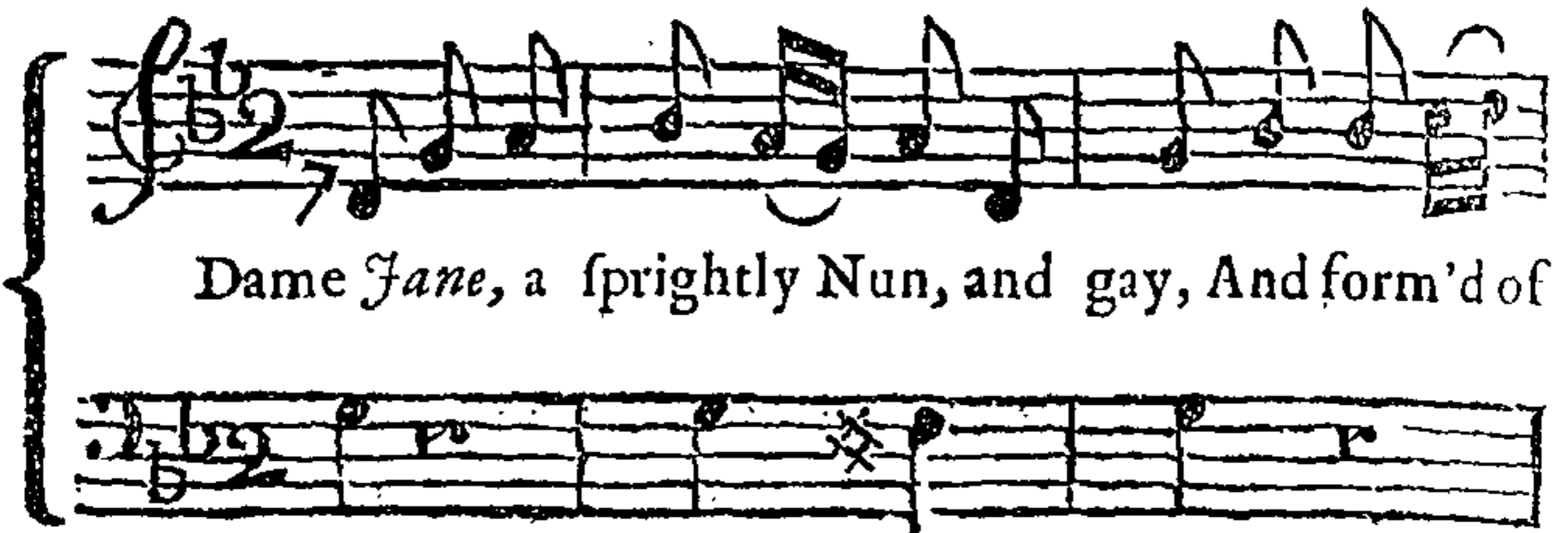
*For the* F L U T E.



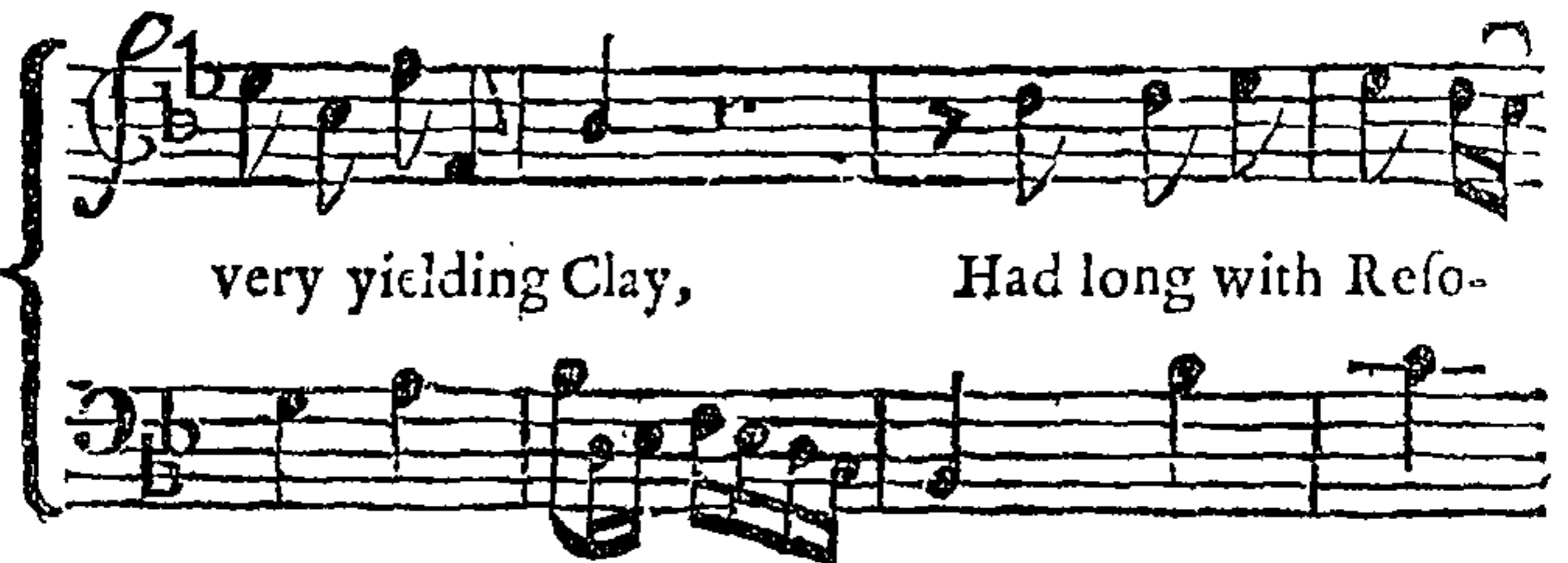
*The* PENITENT NUN.

The Words by Mr. LOCKMAN.

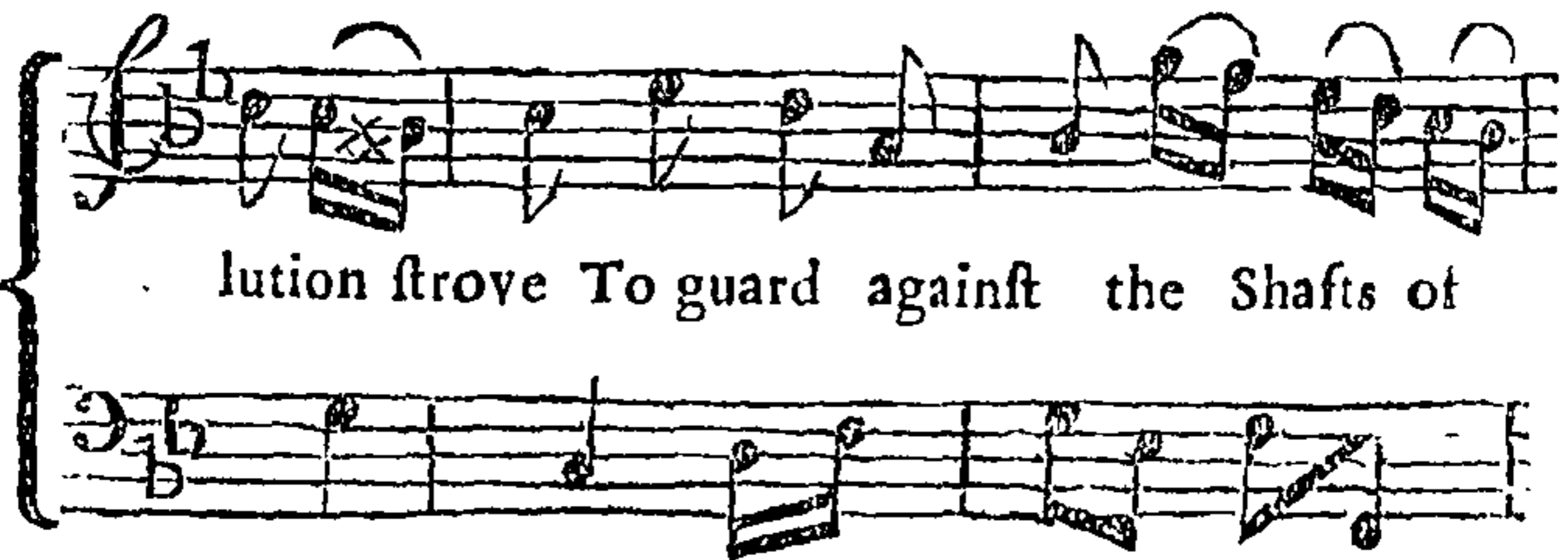
*Set by the late Mr.* HAYM,



Dame *Jane*, a sprightly Nun, and gay, And form'd of



very yielding Clay, Had long with Reso-

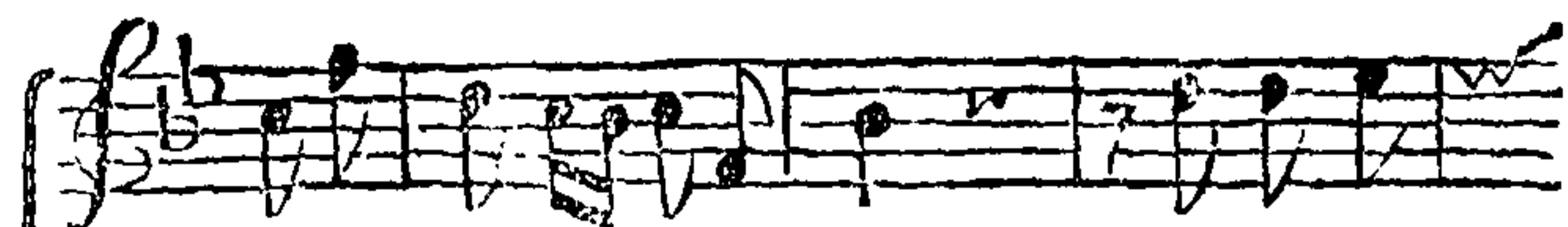


lution strove To guard against the Shafts of





Love. Fond *Cupid* smiling, spies the Fair, And

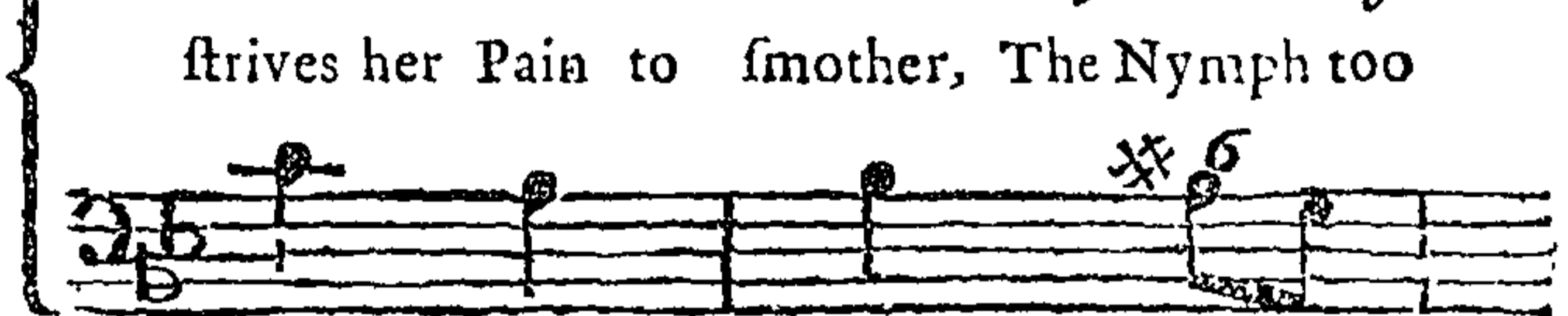
foom



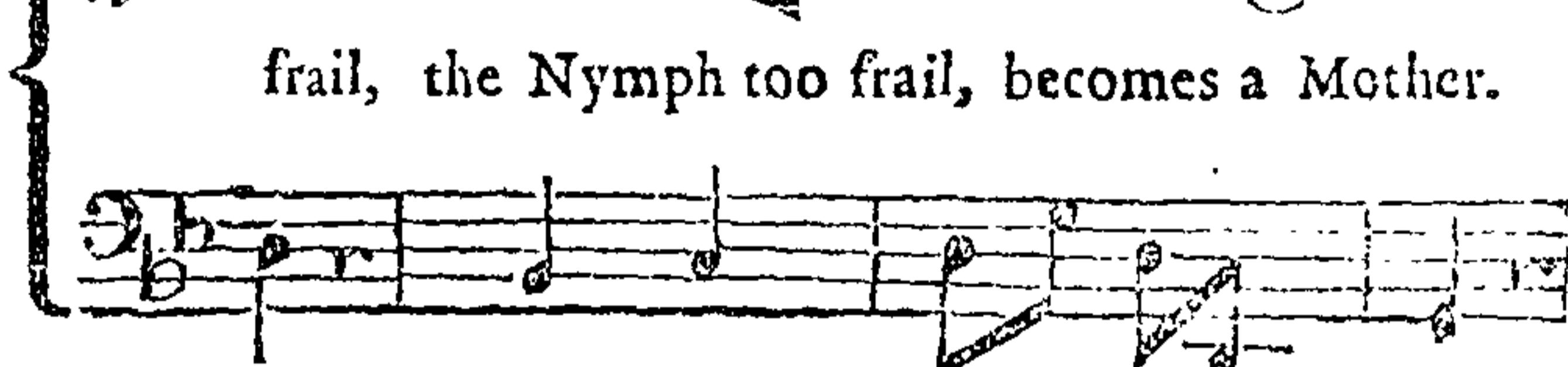
soon he baffles all her Care. In vain she



strives her Pain to smother, The Nymph too



frail, the Nymph too frail, becomes a Mother.



But now, these little Follies o'er,  
She firmly vows she'll sin no more;  
No more to Vice will fall a Prey,  
But spend in Prayer each fleeting Day.  
Close in her Cell immur'd she lies,  
Nor from the Cross removes her Eyes;  
Whilst Sisters, crouding at the Grate,  
Spend all their Time, spend all their Time in  
Worldly Prate.

The

The Abbess, overjoy'd to find

This Happy Change in *Fenny's* Mind,  
The rest, with Air compos'd, addressing,

“ Daughters, if you expect a Blessing,

“ From pious *Jane*, Example take,

“ The World, and all its Joys forsake.

“ We will (they all reply'd as One)

“ But first let's do, but first let's do as *Jane* has  
done.

A DIALOGUE between a Man and his Wife.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

*W.* **T**O me you made a thousand Vows,  
A thousand tender things you've said;  
I gave you all that Love allows,  
The Pleasures of the Nuptial Bed:  
But, now my Eyes have lost their Charms,  
Or you abate in your Desire;  
You wish another in your Arms,  
And burn, and burn, and burn with an unhallow'd  
Fire.

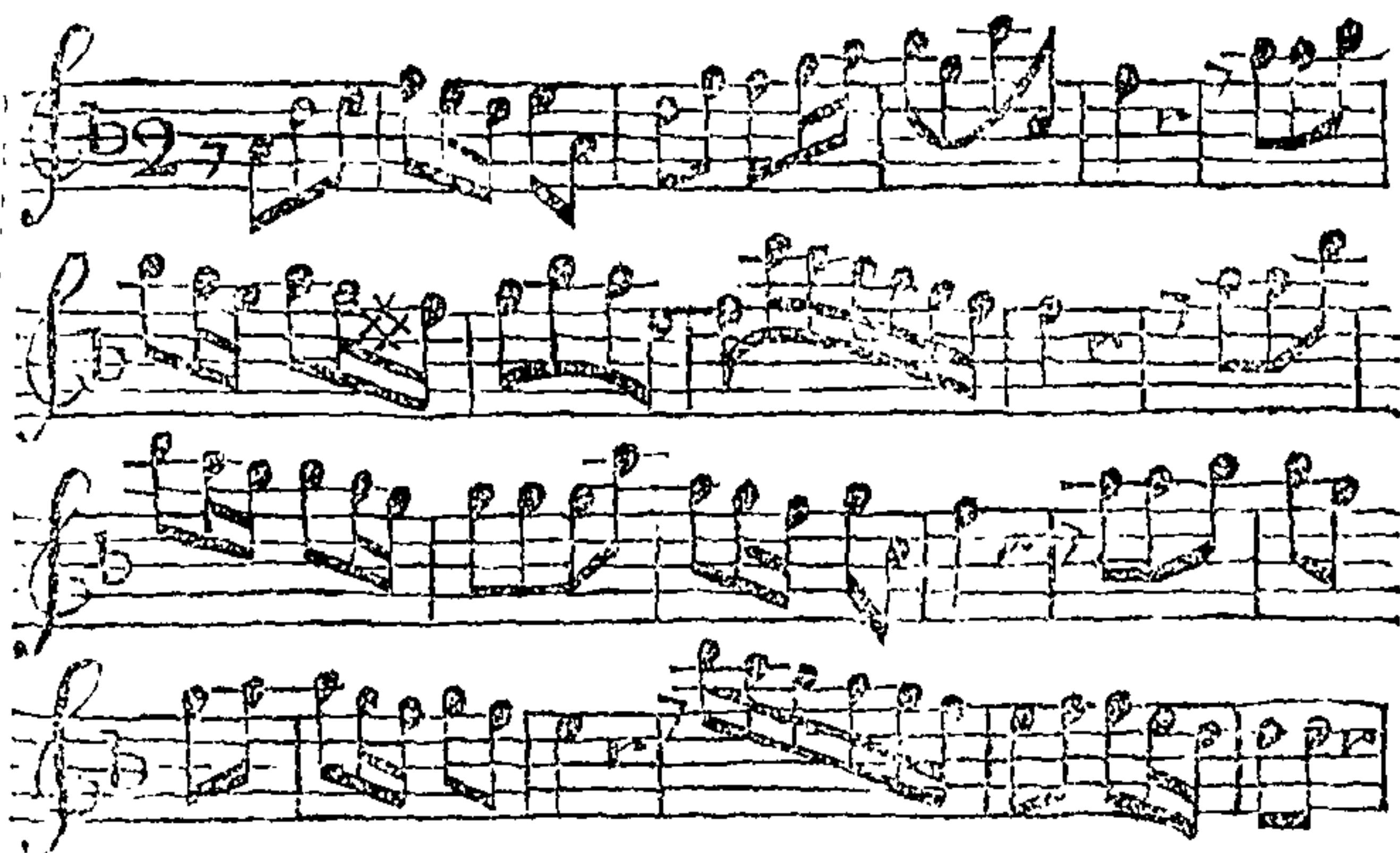
*H.* That charming *Celia* I admire,  
I must with Pleasure own, is true;  
But had I ten times the Desire,  
How wou'd the Passion injure you?

*W.* Love is a sacred Tree of Life,  
That up to Heaven its Branches rears;  
Yet Admiration's but the Leaf,  
Enjoyment is, Enjoyment is the Fruit it bears.



H. Thus, while you raise this vain Dispute,  
Your Passion but itself deceives;  
While you yourself have all the Fruit,  
What need, what need, what need you envy  
me the Leaves?

*For the F L U T E.*



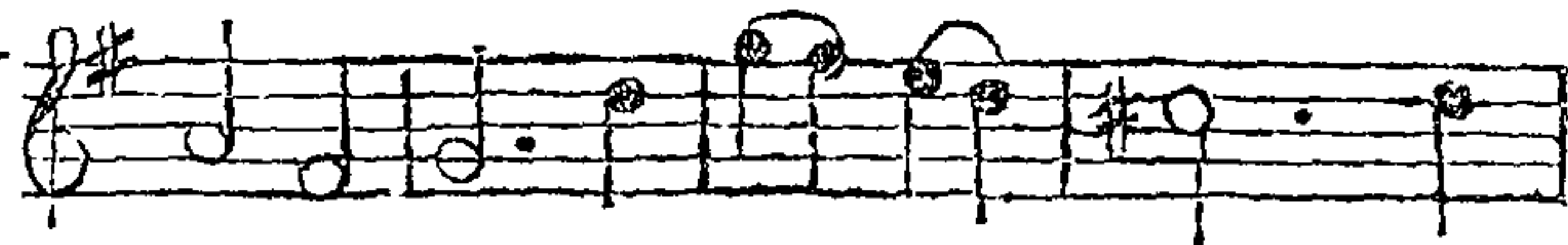
ADVICE to CELIA.

Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

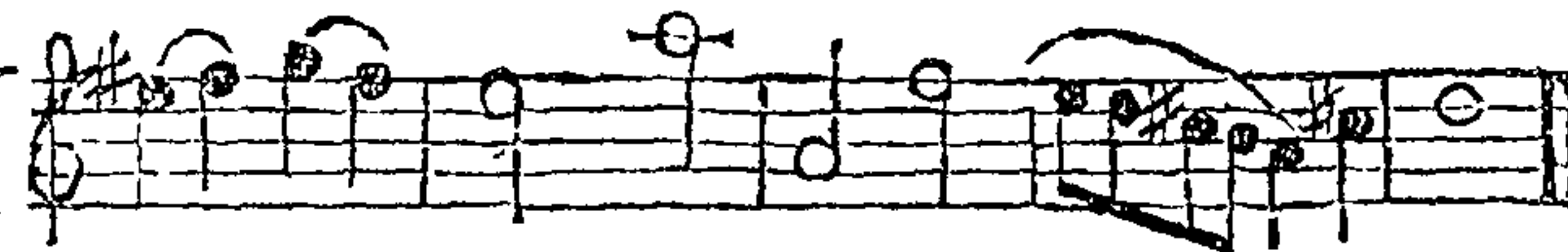
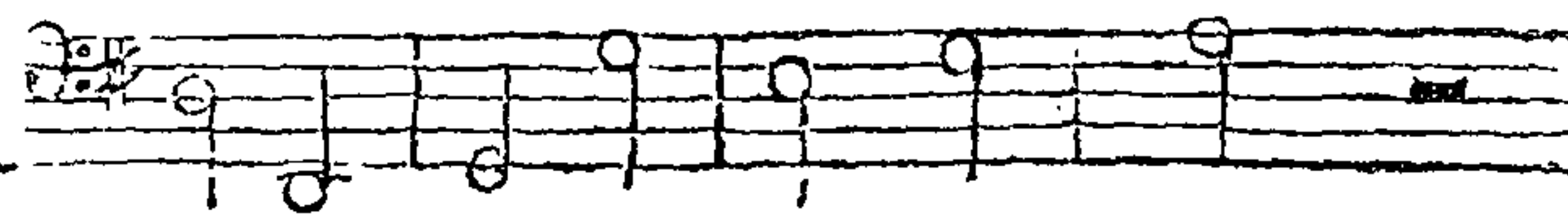
*Brisk.*



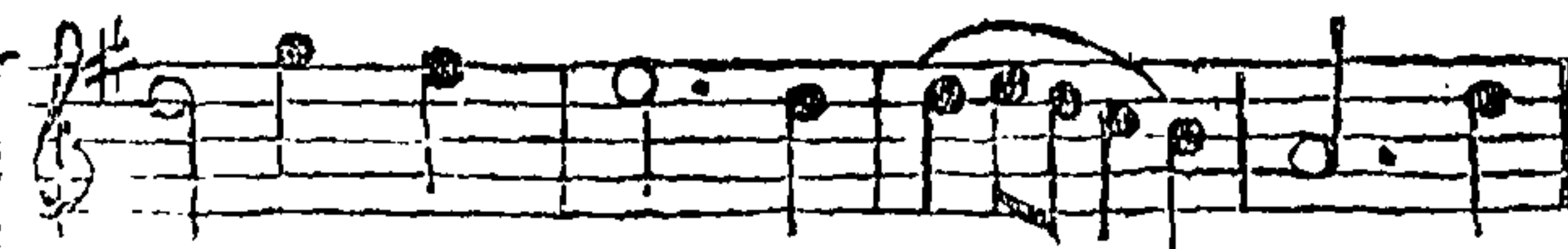
Fie! *Celia*, scorn the lit---tle Arts Which meaner



Beauties use, Who think they can't fe-



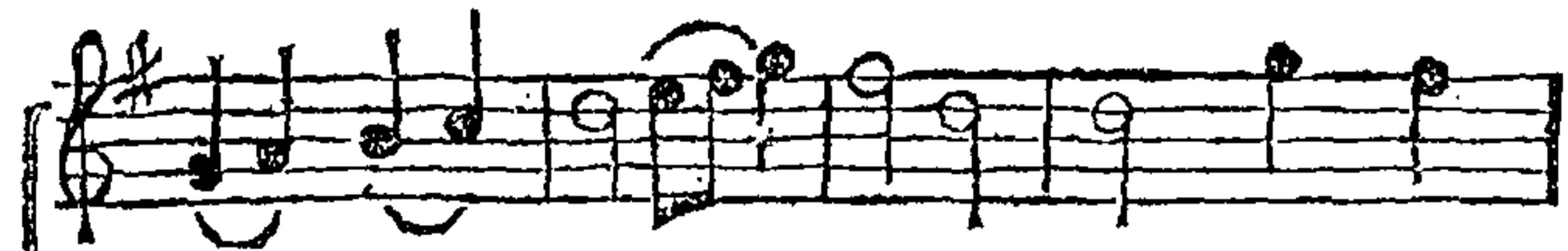
cure our Hearts, Unless they still refuse:



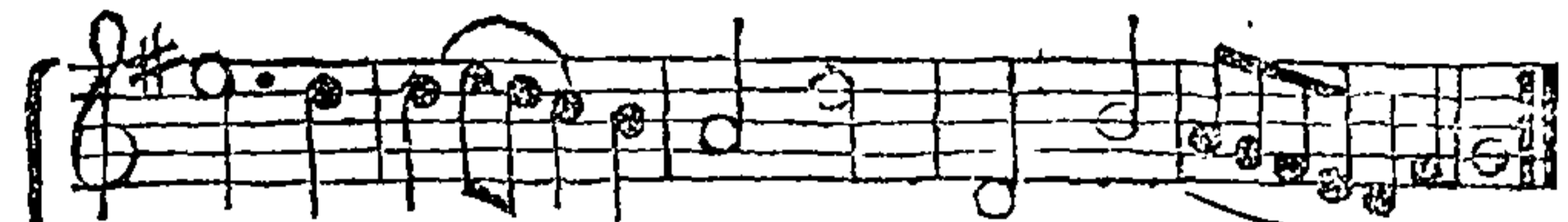
Are coy, and shy, will seem to frown, To



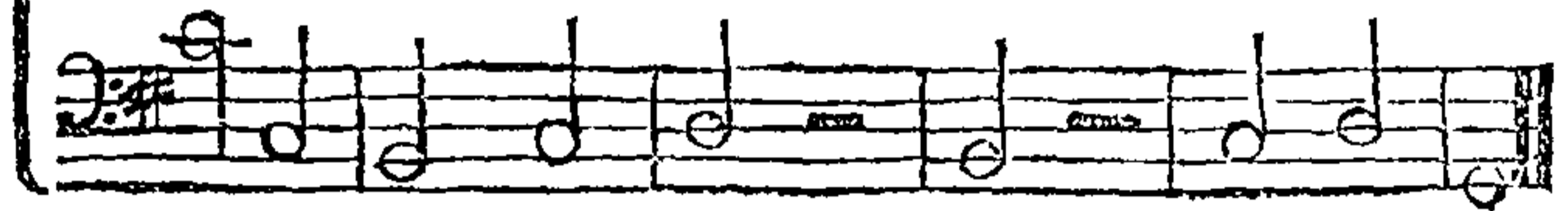
raise



raise our Passions higher; But when the

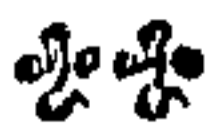
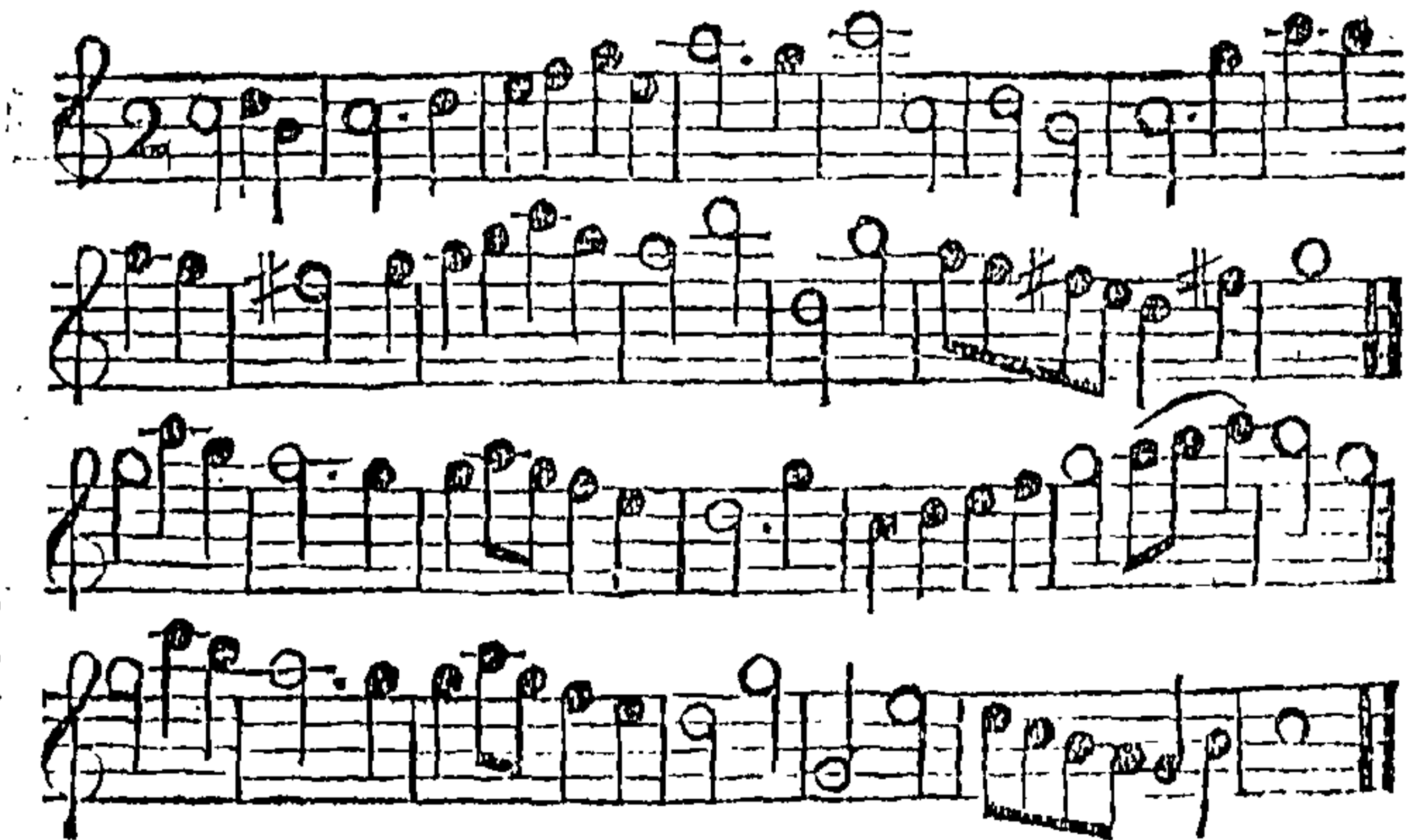


poor Delight is known, It quickly palls Desire.




Come, let's not trifle Time away,  
Or stop you know not why;  
Your Blushes and your Eyes betray  
What Death you mean to die.  
Let all your Maiden Fears be gone,  
And Love no more be crost;  
Ah! *Celia*, when the Joys are known,  
You'll curse the Minutes lost.

*For the FLUTE.*


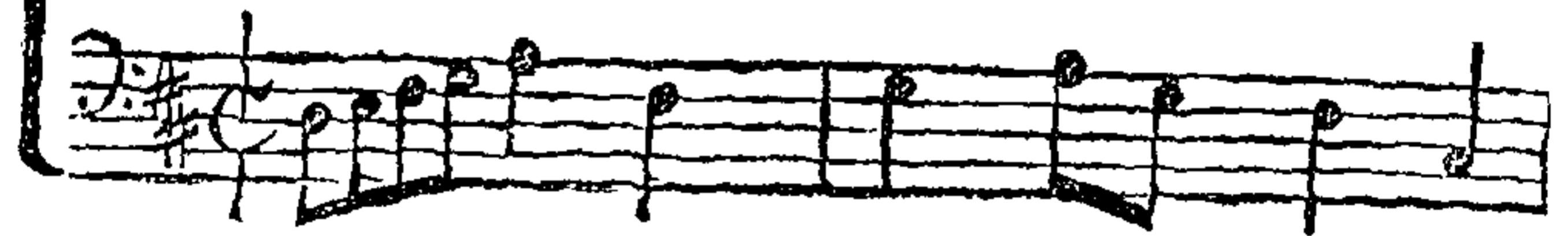


*The* CRITICAL MINUTE.

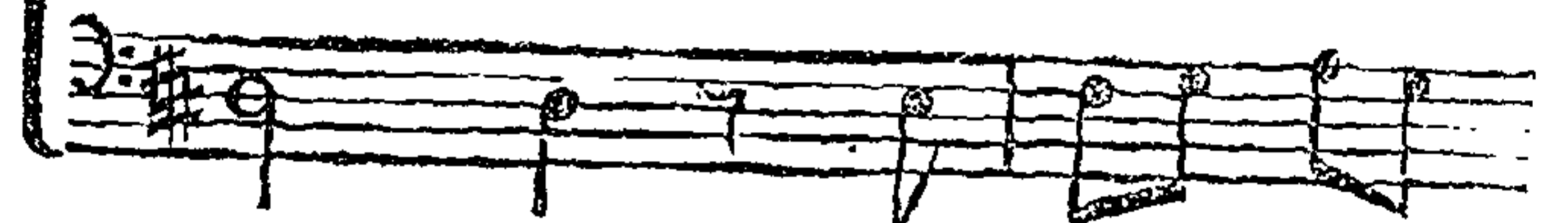
Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.




Oh the time that is past, When she held me so



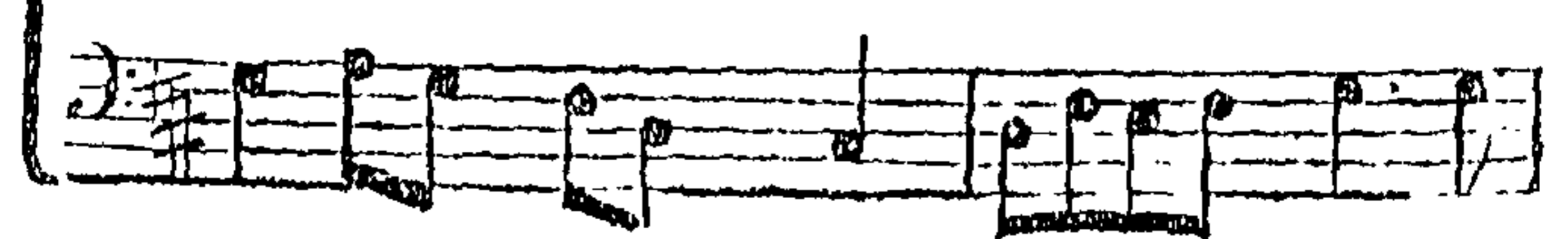
fast, And declar'd that her Honour no



long--er could last! *last!* No Light, but her

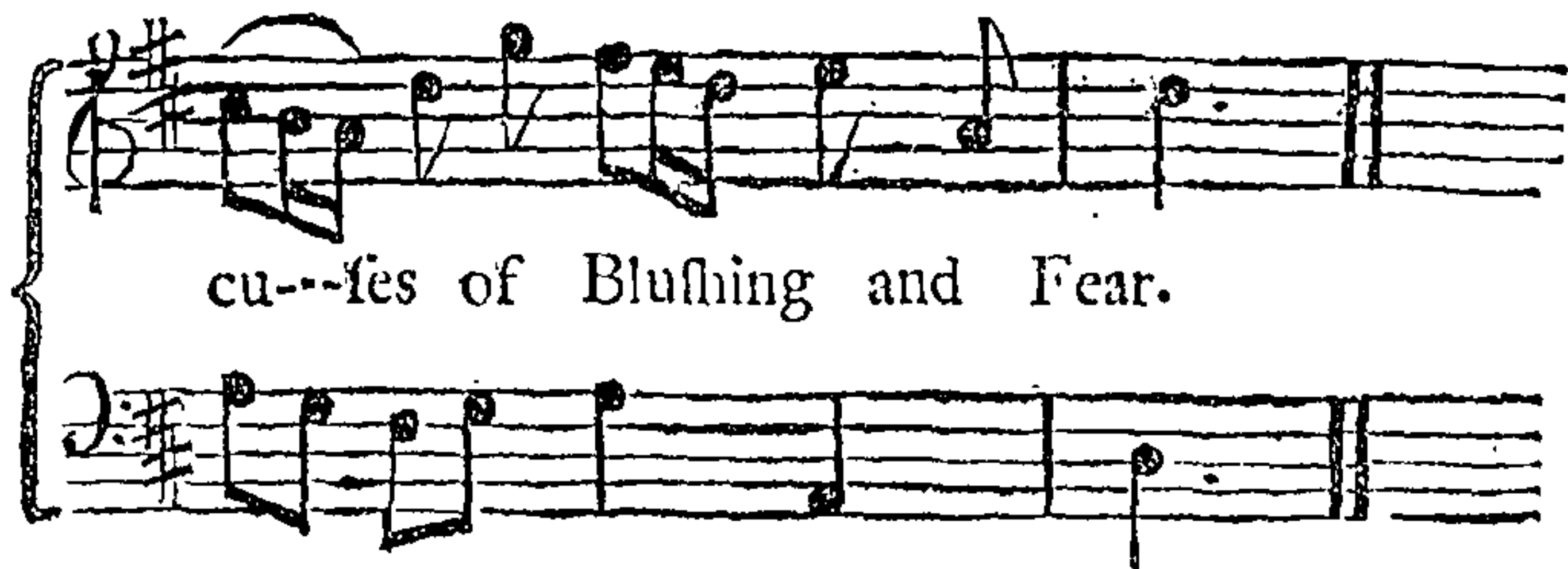


languishing Eyes did appear, To prevent all Ex-



cuses





How she sigh'd, and unlac'd,  
 With such Trembling and Haste,  
 As if she had long'd to be closer embrac'd!  
 My Lips the sweet Pleasure of Kisses enjoy'd,  
 While my Hands were in search of hid Treasure employ'd.

With my Heart all on fire  
 In the Flames of Desire,  
 When I boldly pursu'd what she seem'd to require;  
 She cry'd, Oh! for Pity's sake, change your ill Mind!  
 Pray, *Amintas*, be civil, or I'll be unkind.

All your Bliss you destroy,  
 Like a naked young Boy,  
 Who fears the kind River he came to enjoy:  
 Let's in, my dear *Chloris*, I'll save thee from Harm,  
 And make the cold Element pleasant and warm.

Dear *Amintas*! she cries;  
 Then she cast down her Eyes,  
 And with Kisses confess what she faintly denies.  
 Too sure of my Conquest, I purpos'd to stay  
 'Till her freer Consent did more sweeten the Prey.

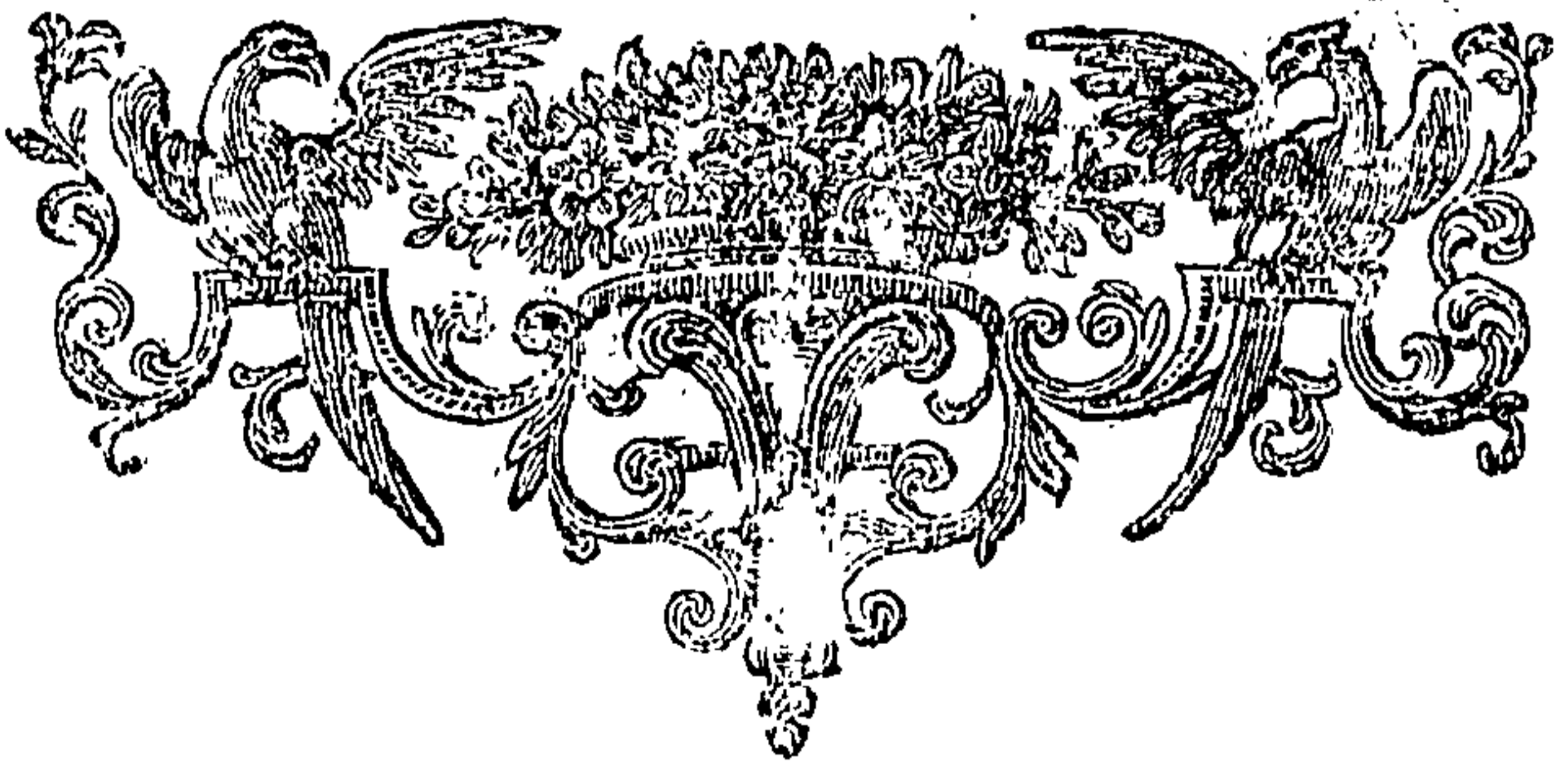
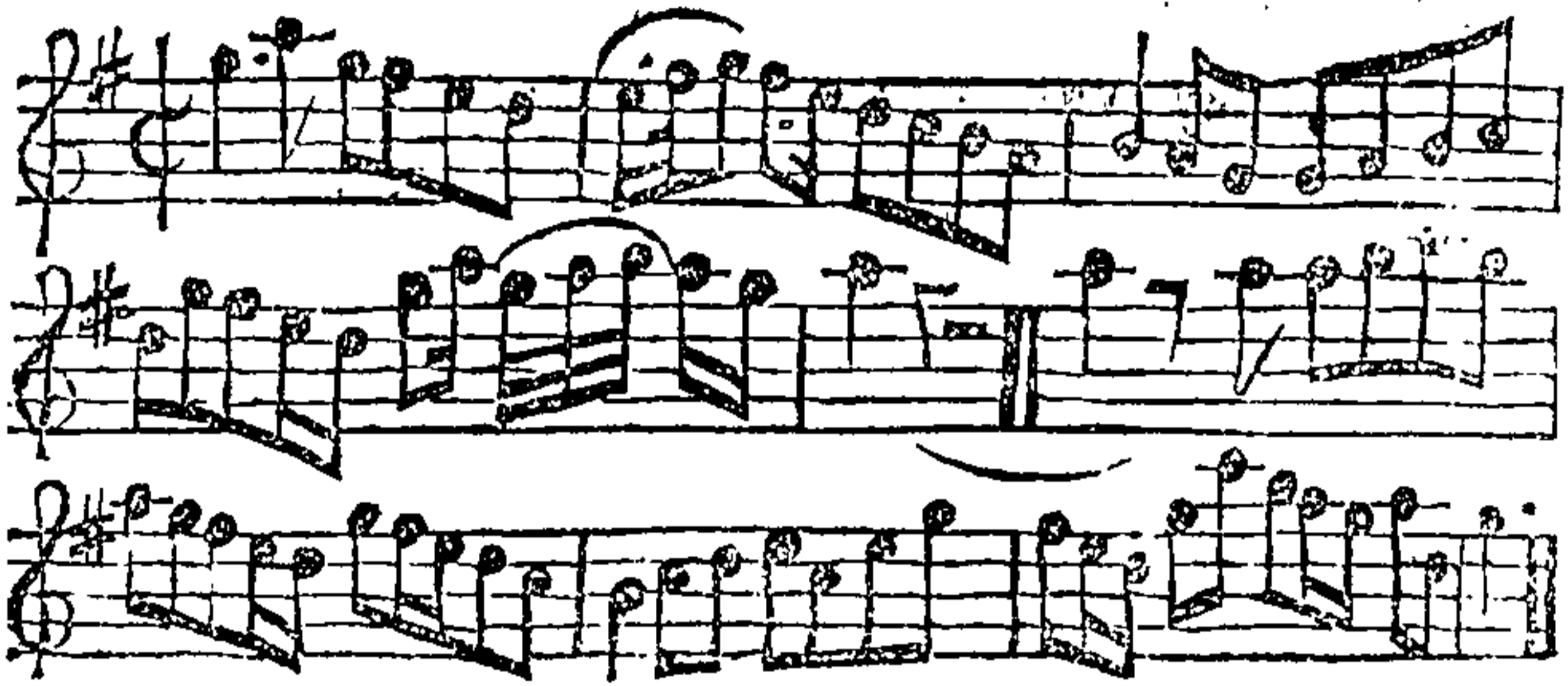
But

But too late I begun;

For her Passion was done:

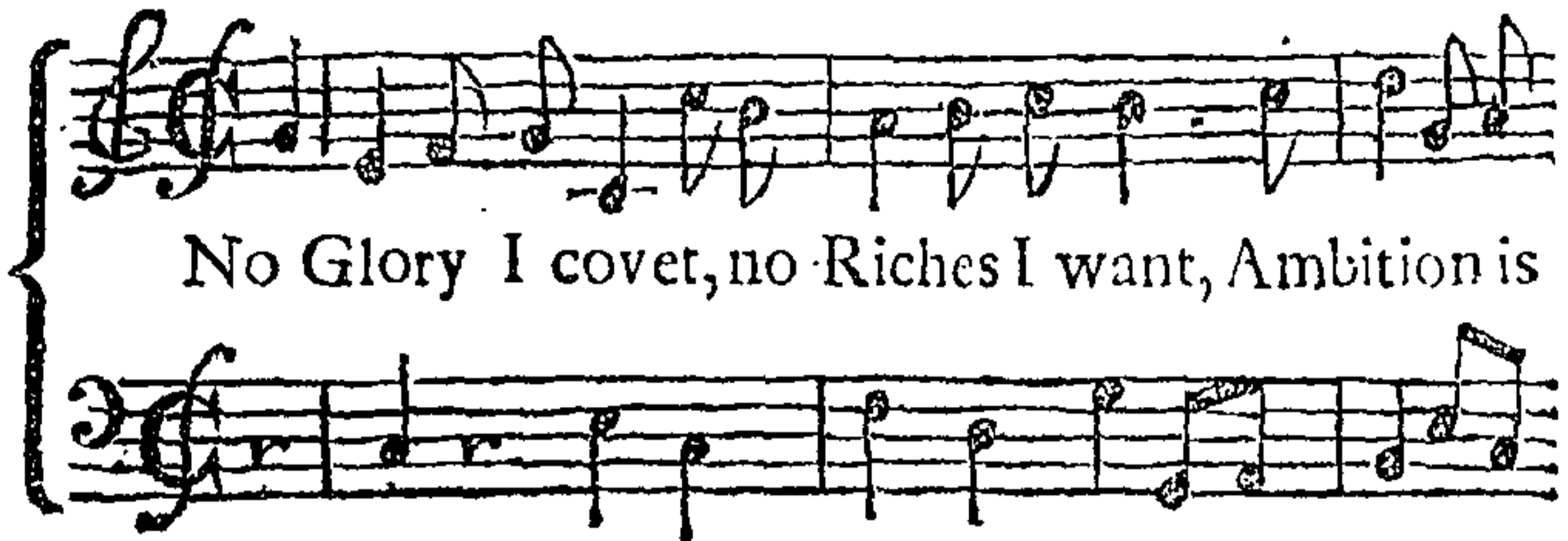
Now, *Amintas*, she cry'd, I will never be won;  
Thy Tears and thy Courtship no Pity can move,  
Thou hast slighted the Critical Minute of Love.

*For the* F L U T E.

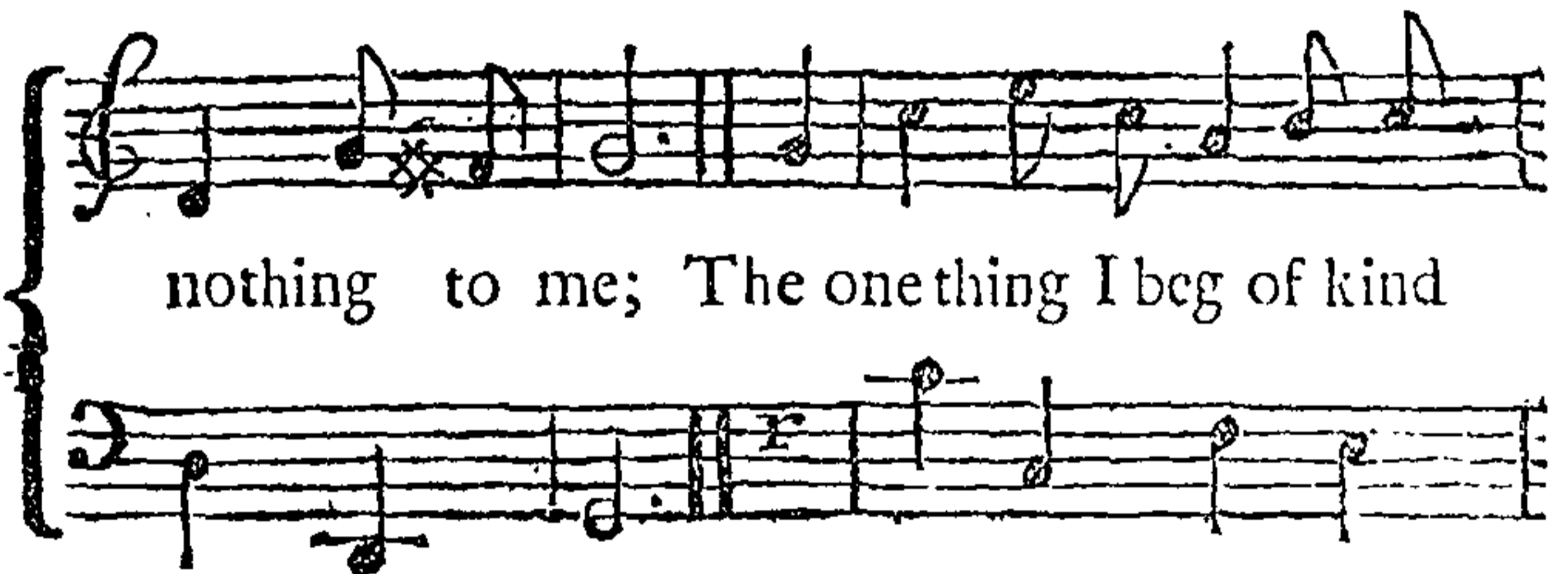


CONTENTMENT.

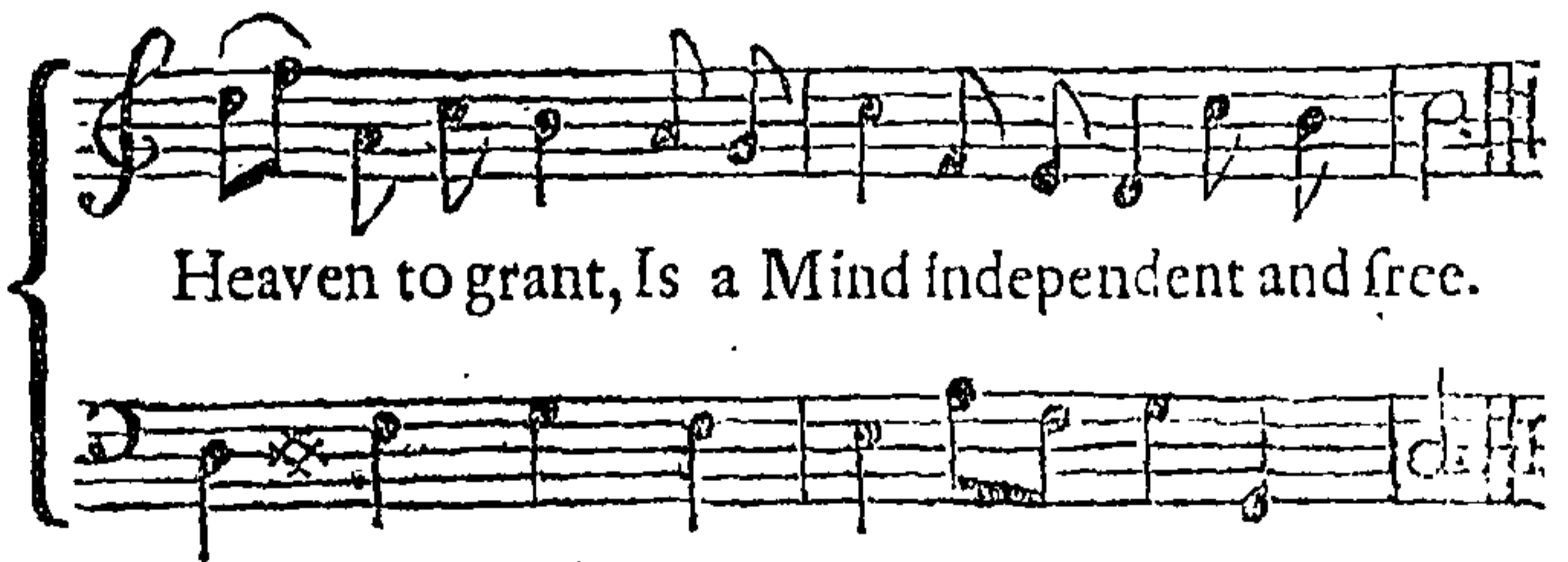
Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.



No Glory I covet, no Riches I want, Ambition is



nothing to me; The one thing I beg of kind



Heaven to grant, Is a Mind independent and free.

With Passion unruffled, untainted with Pride,  
By Reason my Life let me square;  
The Wants of my Nature are cheaply supply'd,  
And the rest is but Folly and Care.

The Blessings, which Providence freely has lent,  
 I'll justly and gratefully prize;  
 Whilst sweet Meditation and chearful Content  
 Shall make me both healthy and wise.

In the Pleasures, the great Man's Possessions display.  
 Unenvy'd I'll challenge my Part;  
 For ev'ry fair Object my Eyes can survey  
 Contributes to gladden my Heart.

How vainly, through infinite Trouble and Strife,  
 The Many their Labours employ!  
 Since all that is truly delightful in Life  
 Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

*The* C A P T I V E.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

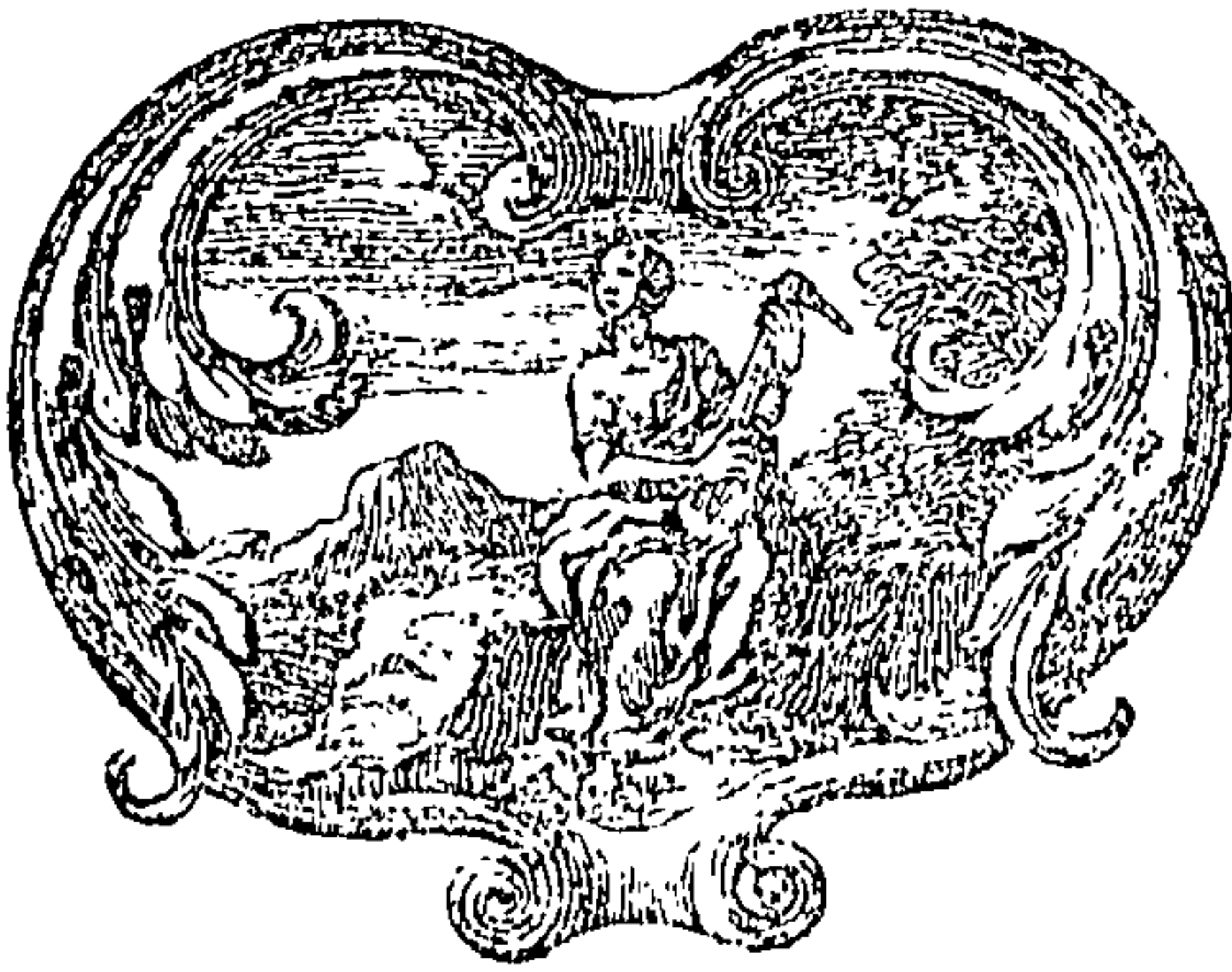
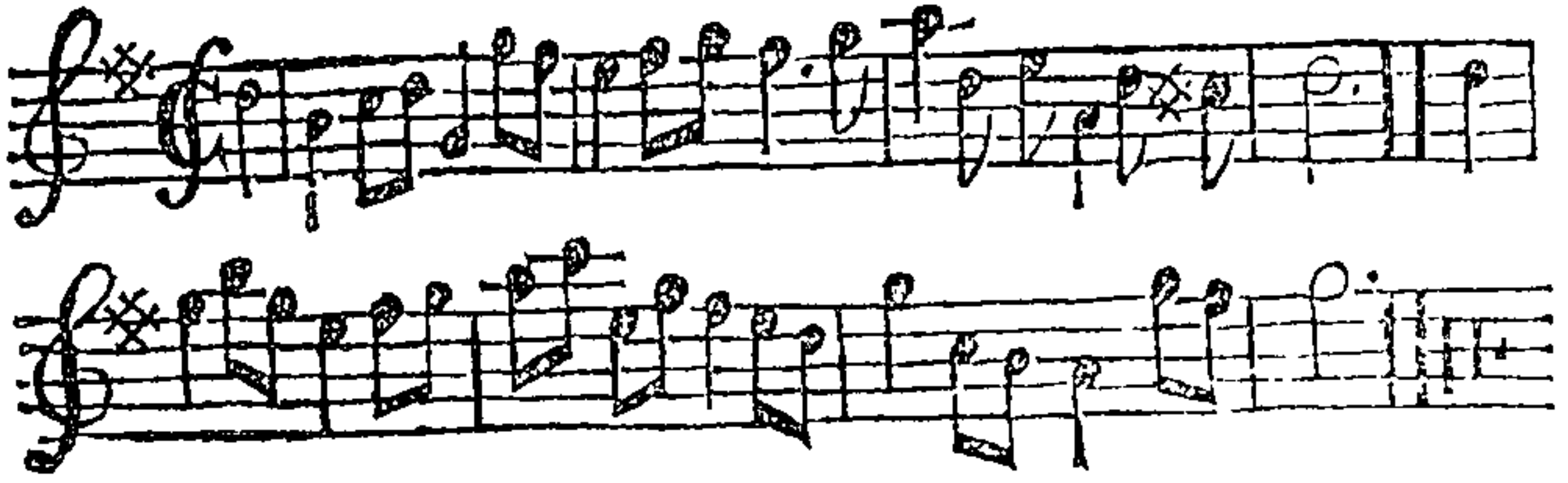
WHEN from her Beauty long I've strove  
 To free my doating Heart,  
 Her Wit brings back my flying Love,  
 And chains it down by Art.

Then, when her Wit I've often foil'd,  
 With one commanding View  
 I'm by her Eyes again beguil'd,  
 And Captive took anew.



Her Wit alone were vain, alone  
Her Beauty wou'd not do;  
But what the Devil can be done  
With Wit and Beauty too?

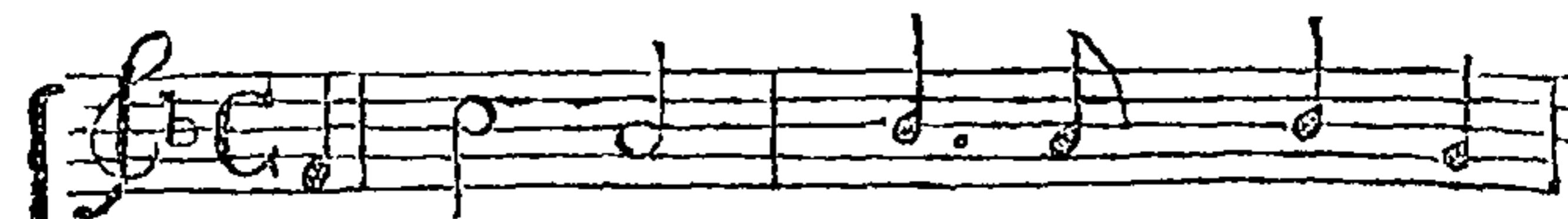
*For the* F L U T E.



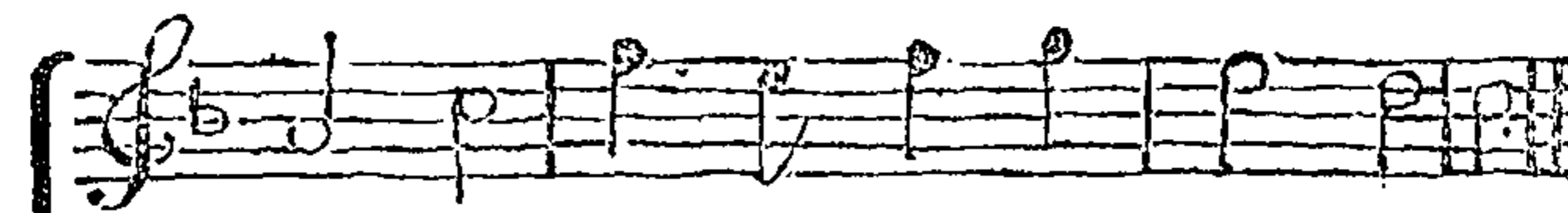
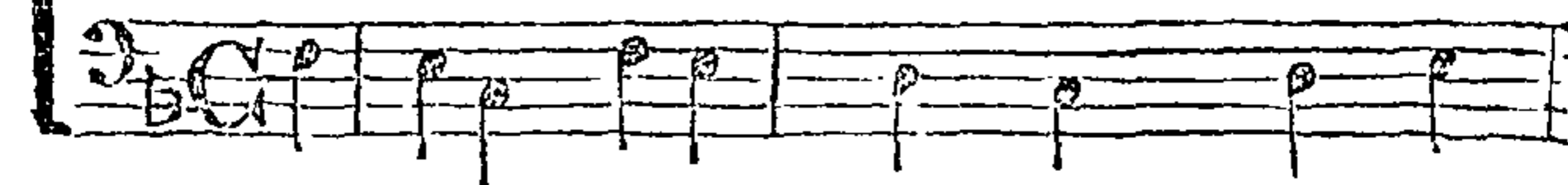
BEAUTY *and* MUSICK.

By JOHN HUGHES, Esq;

Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.



Ye Swains, whom ra---diant Beau---ty



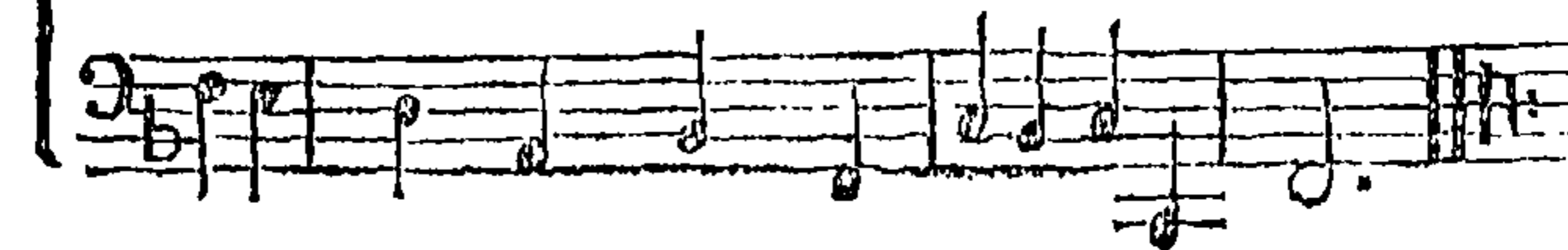
moves, Or Musick's Art with Sounds Divine,



Think how the rapt'rous Charm improves,



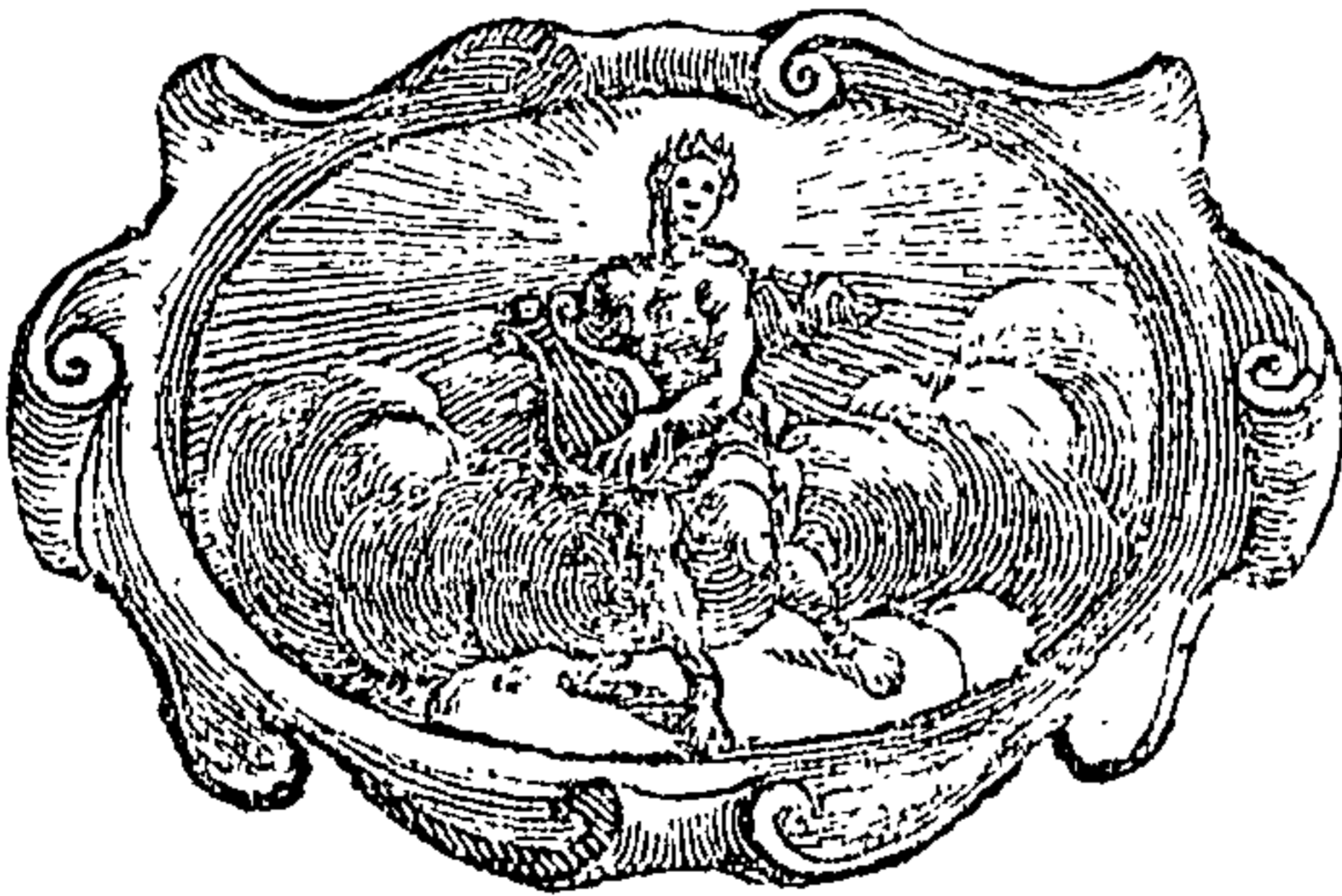
Where two such Gifts Ce--le--stial join.



Where

Where *Cupid's* Bow, and *Phœbus's* Lyre,  
In the same pow'rful Hand are found ;  
Where lovely Eyes inflame Desire,  
While trembling Notes are taught to wound.

Enquire not who's the matchless Fair,  
That can this double Death bestow.  
If young *Harmonia's* Strains you hear,  
Or view her Eyes, too well you'll know.



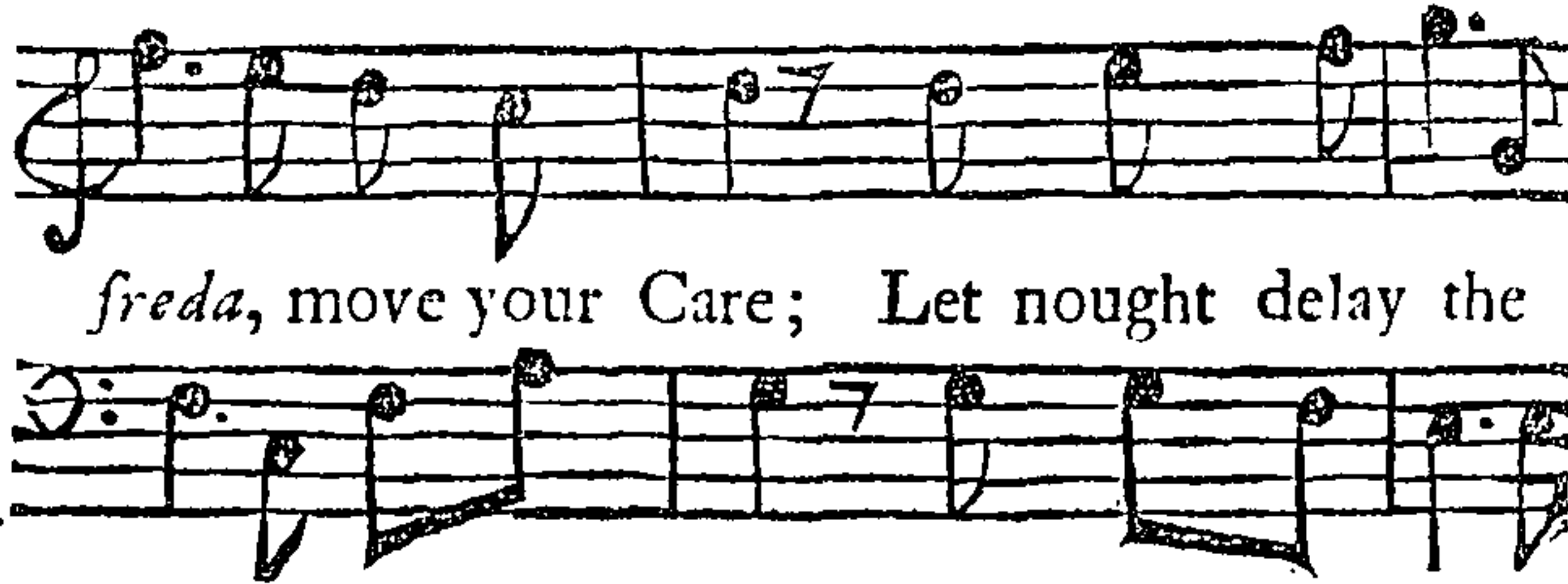
*W I N I F R E D A.*

*From the Antient British Language.*

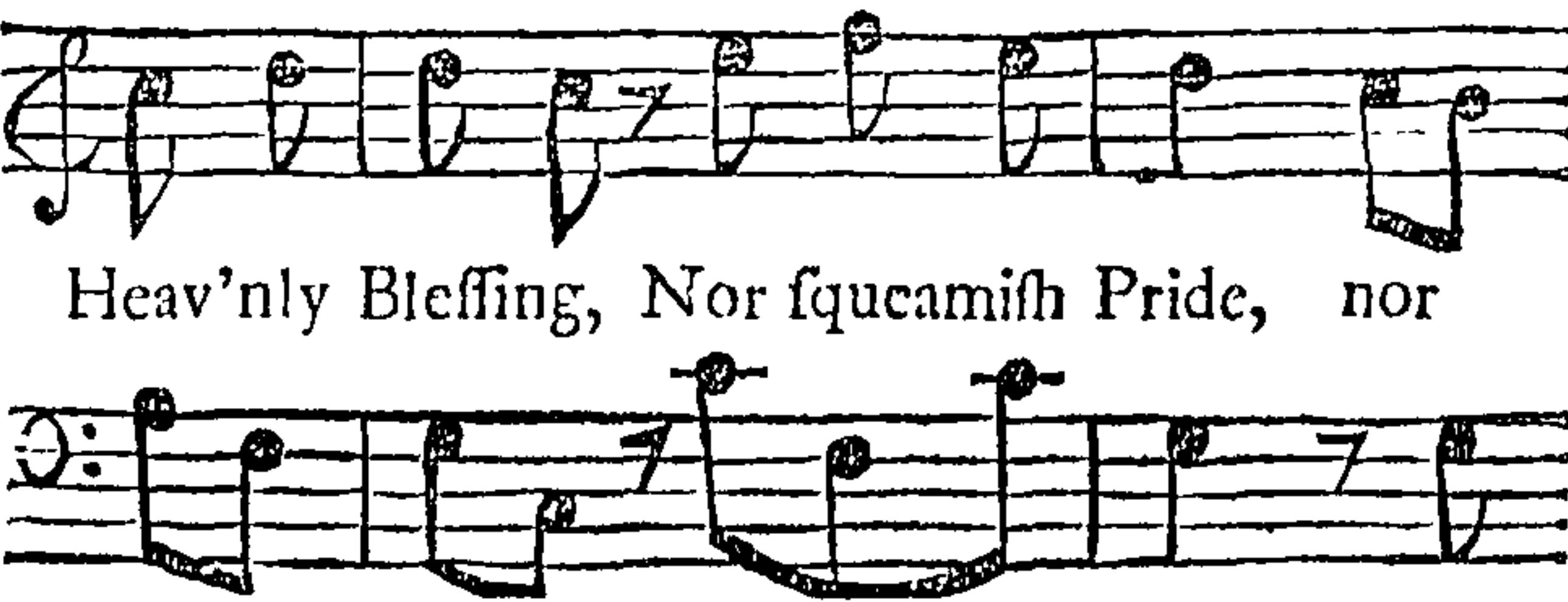
*Tune, Eveillez vous belle Endormiè.*



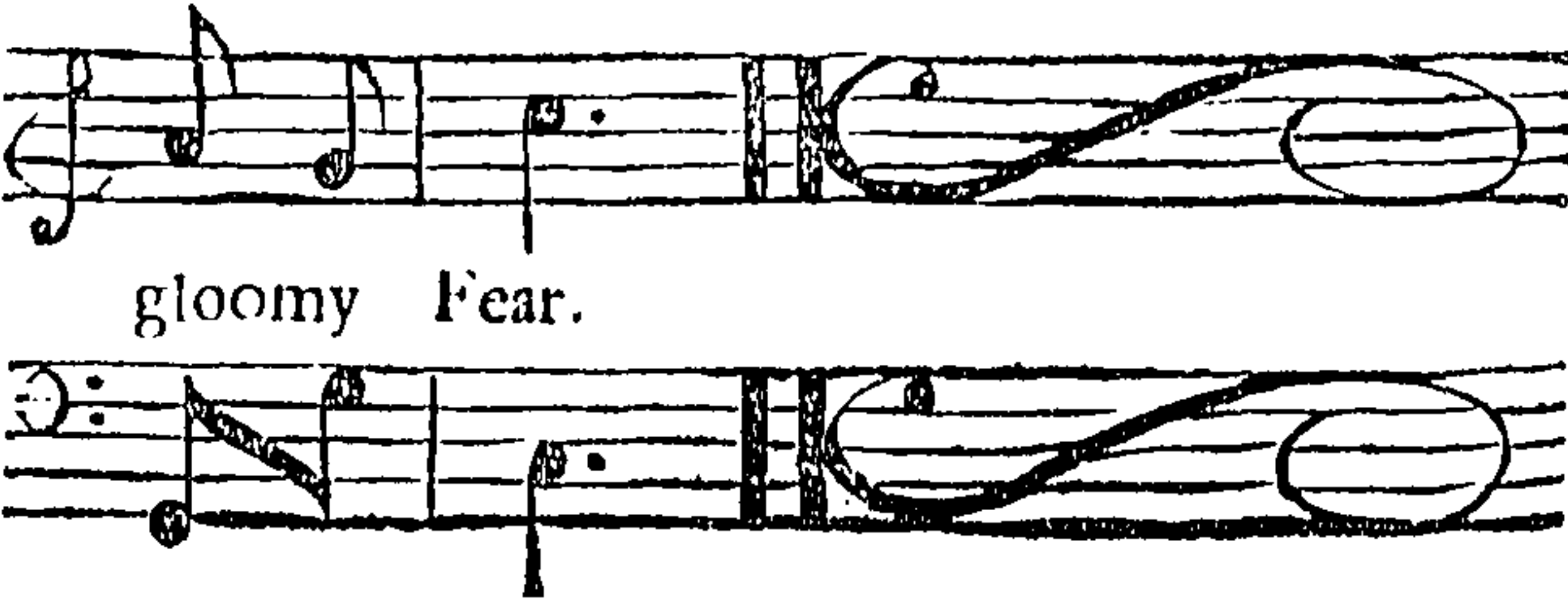
Away; let nought to Love displeasing, My *Wini-*



*freda*, move your Care; Let nought delay the



Heav'nly Blessing, Nor s'queamish Pride, nor



gloomy Fear.

What



What tho' no Grants of Royal Donors  
With pompous Titles grace our Blood?  
We'll shine in more substantial Honours,  
And, to be Noble, we'll be Good.

Our Name, while Virtue thus we tender,  
Will sweetly sound where-e'er 'tis spoke:  
And all the Great ones, They shall wonder,  
How they respect such little Folk.

What tho', from Fortune's lavish Bounty,  
No mighty Treasures we possess?  
We'll find, within our Pittance, Plenty,  
And be content without Excess.

Still shall each kind returning Season  
Sufficient for our Wishes give:  
For we will live a Life of Reason,  
And that's the only Life to live.

Through Youth and Age, in Love excelling,  
We'll Hand in Hand together tread;  
Sweet-smiling Peace shall crown our Dwelling,  
And Babes, sweet-smiling Babes, our Bed.

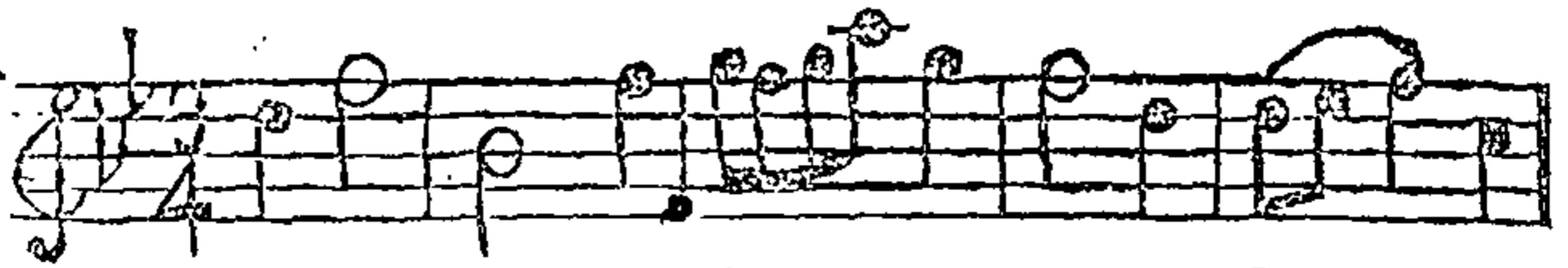
How should I love the pretty Creatures,  
While round my Knees they fondly clung,  
To see them look their Mother's Features,  
To hear them lisp their Mother's Tongue!

And, when with Envy Time transported  
Shall think to rob us of our Joys;  
You'll, in your Girls, again be courted,  
And I'll go wooing in my Boys.



*Sung in* KING ARTHUR.

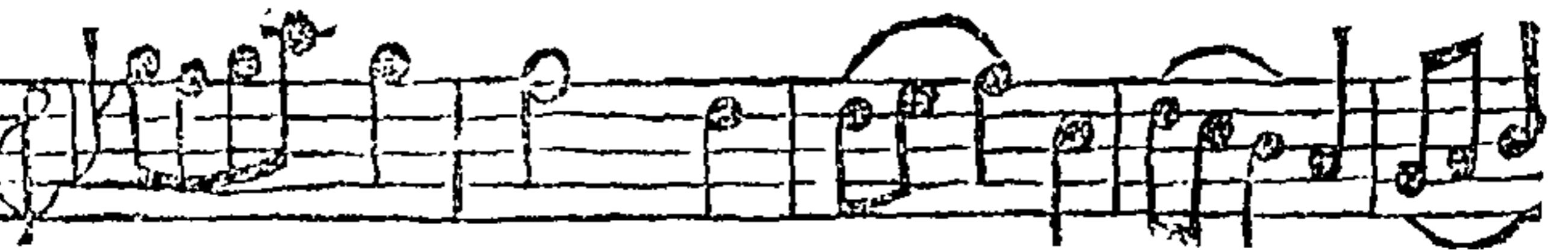
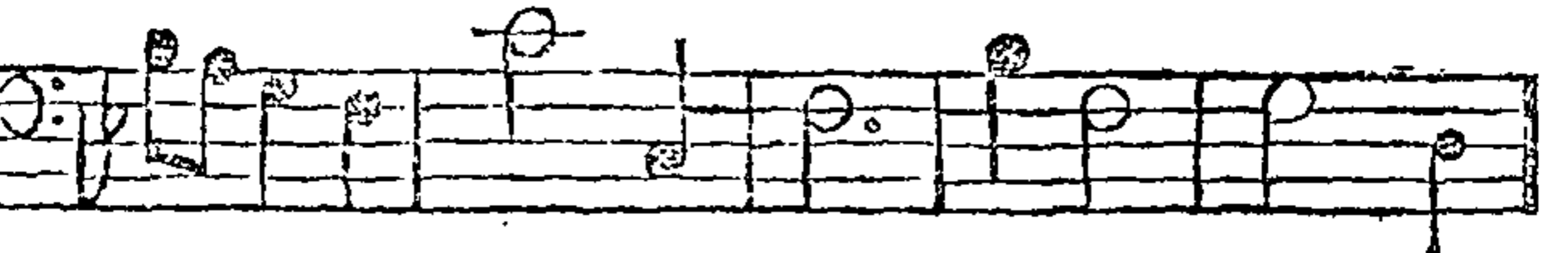
Set by Mr. H. PURCELL.



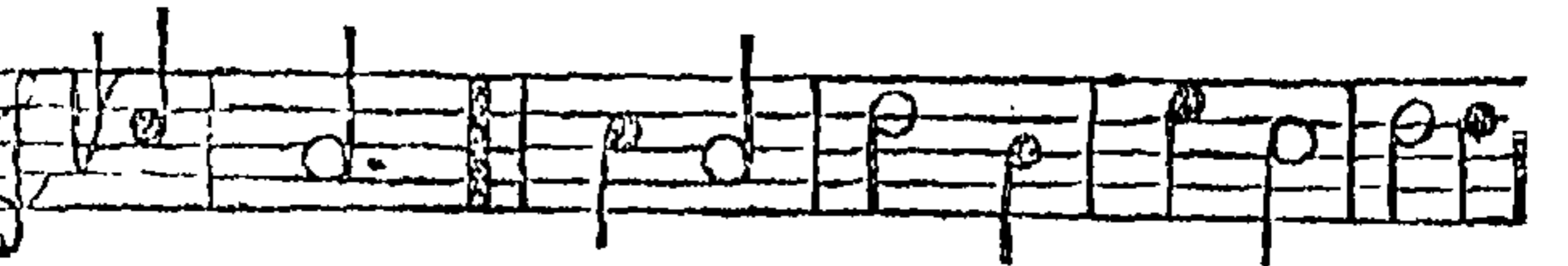
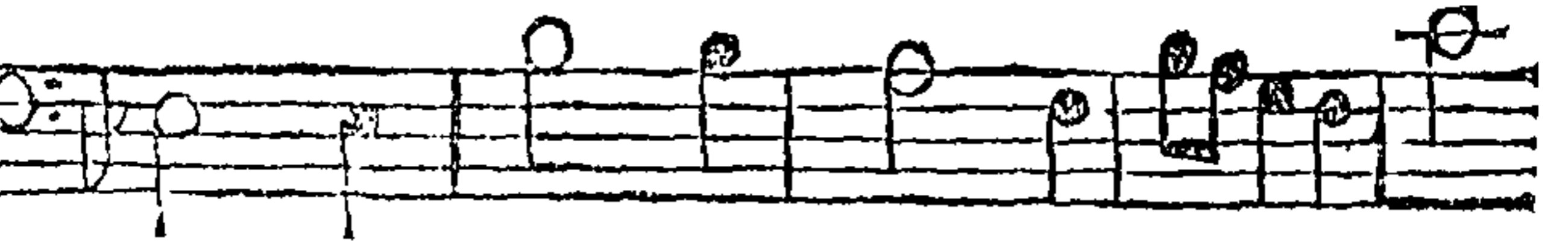
Fairest Isle, all Isles ex-cel-ling, Seat of



Pleasures, and of Loves, *Venus* here will



chuse her Dwelling, And forsake her Cy-



*prian* Groves. *Cupid* from his fav'rite Nation,



Care

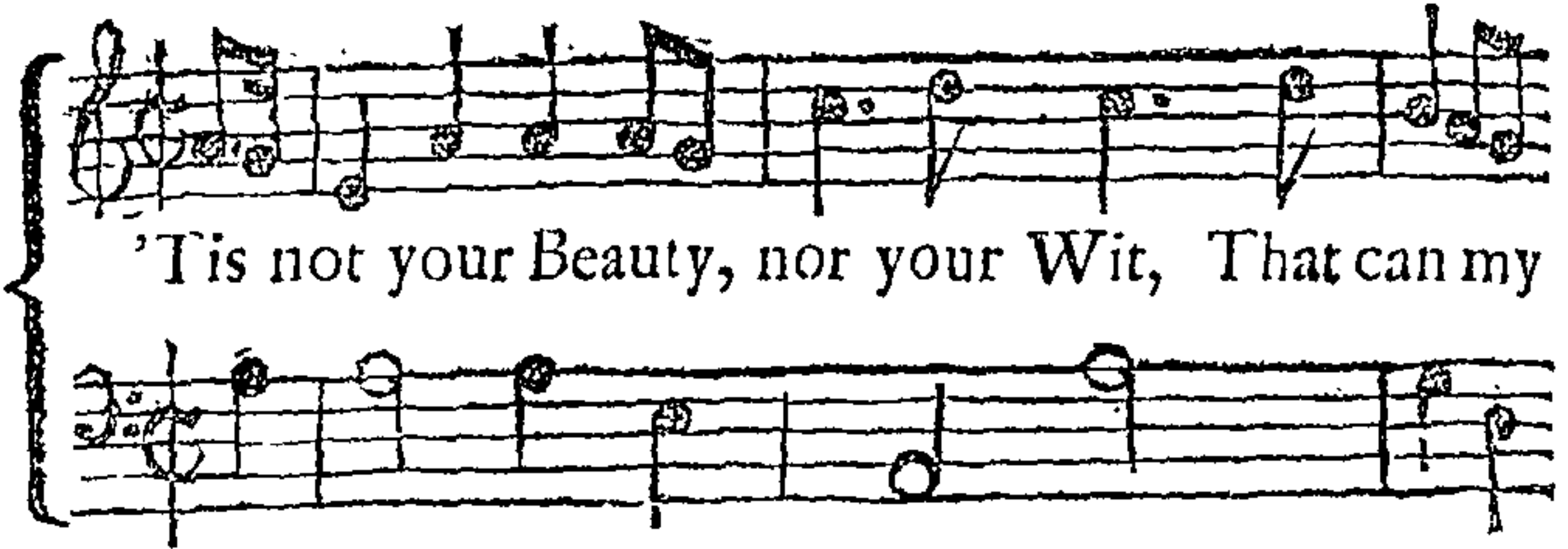


Gentle Murmurs, sweet Complaining;  
Sighs that blow the Fire of Love;  
Soft Repulses, kind Disdaining,  
Shall be all the Pains you prove.  
Ev'ry Swain shall pay his Duty,  
Grateful ev'ry Nymph shall prove;  
And as these excell in Beauty,  
Those shall be renown'd for Love.

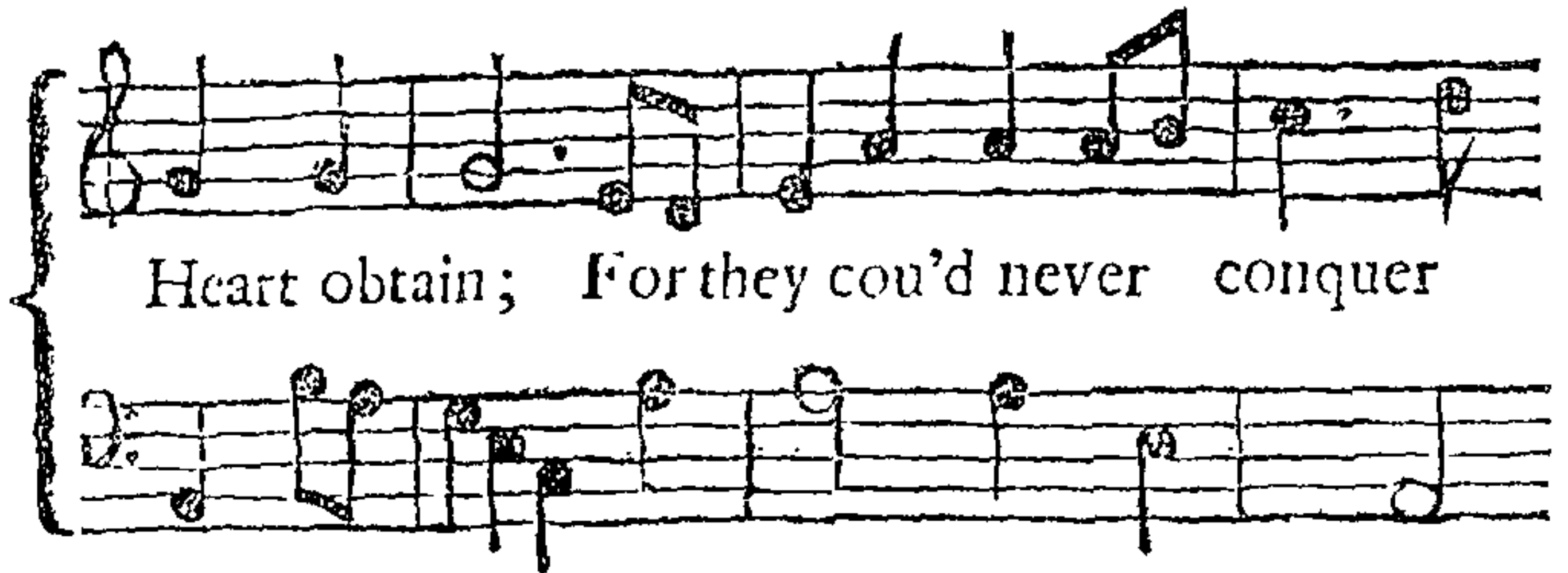


*The* PEREMPTORY LOVER.

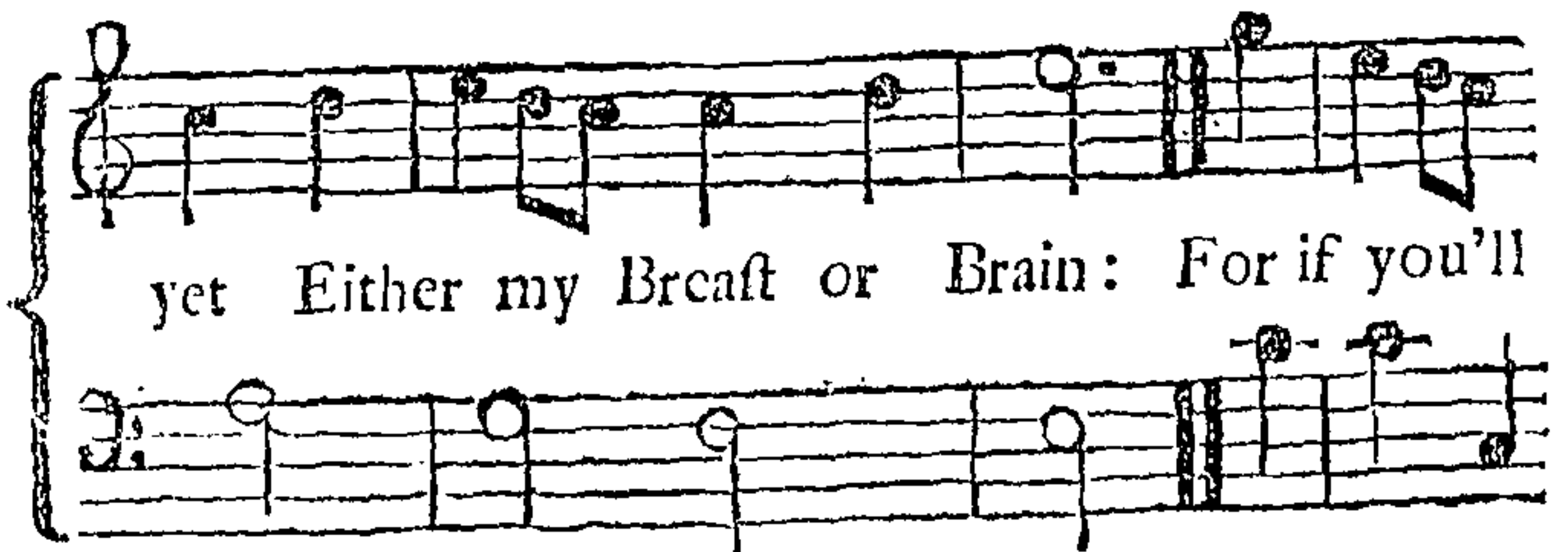
*Tune,* John Anderson my Jo.



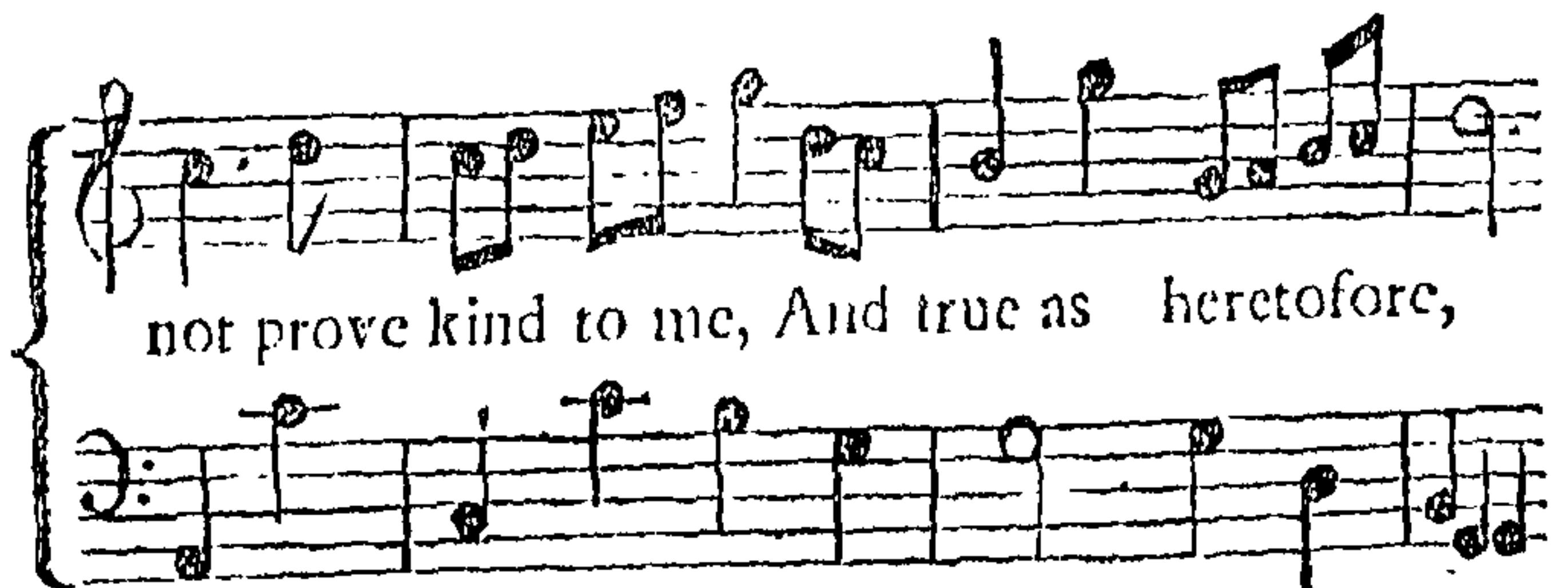
'Tis not your Beauty, nor your Wit, That can my



Heart obtain; For they cou'd never conquer



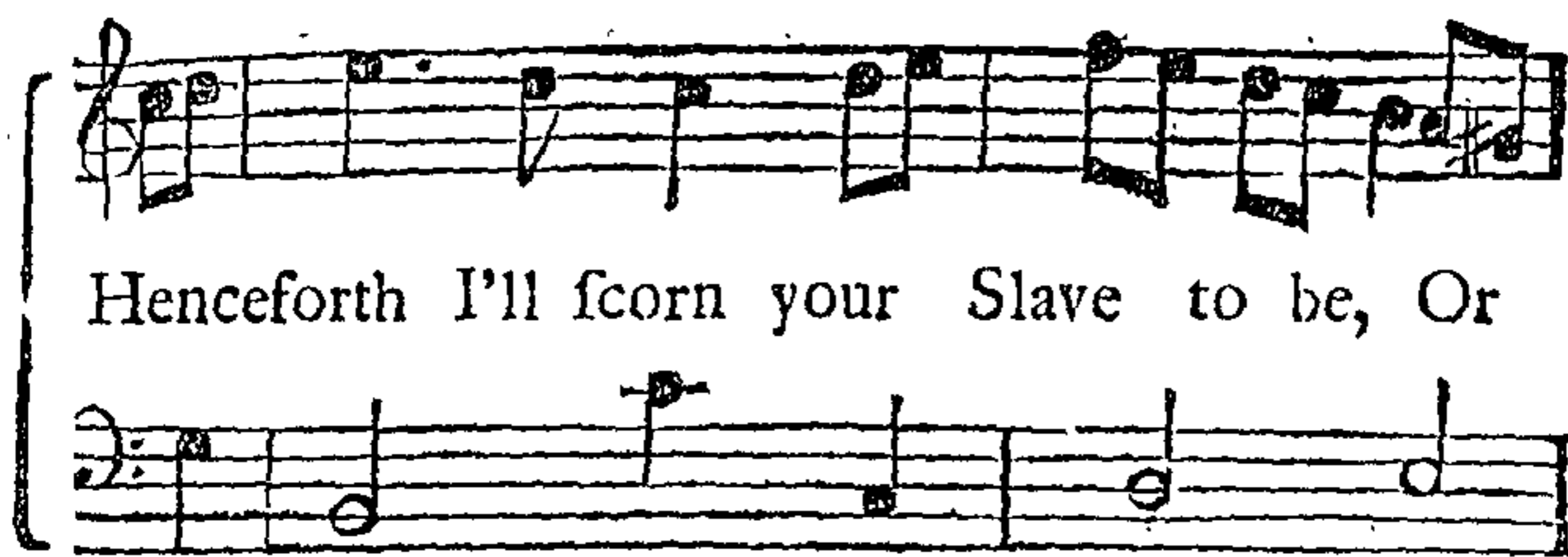
yet Either my Breast or Brain: For if you'll



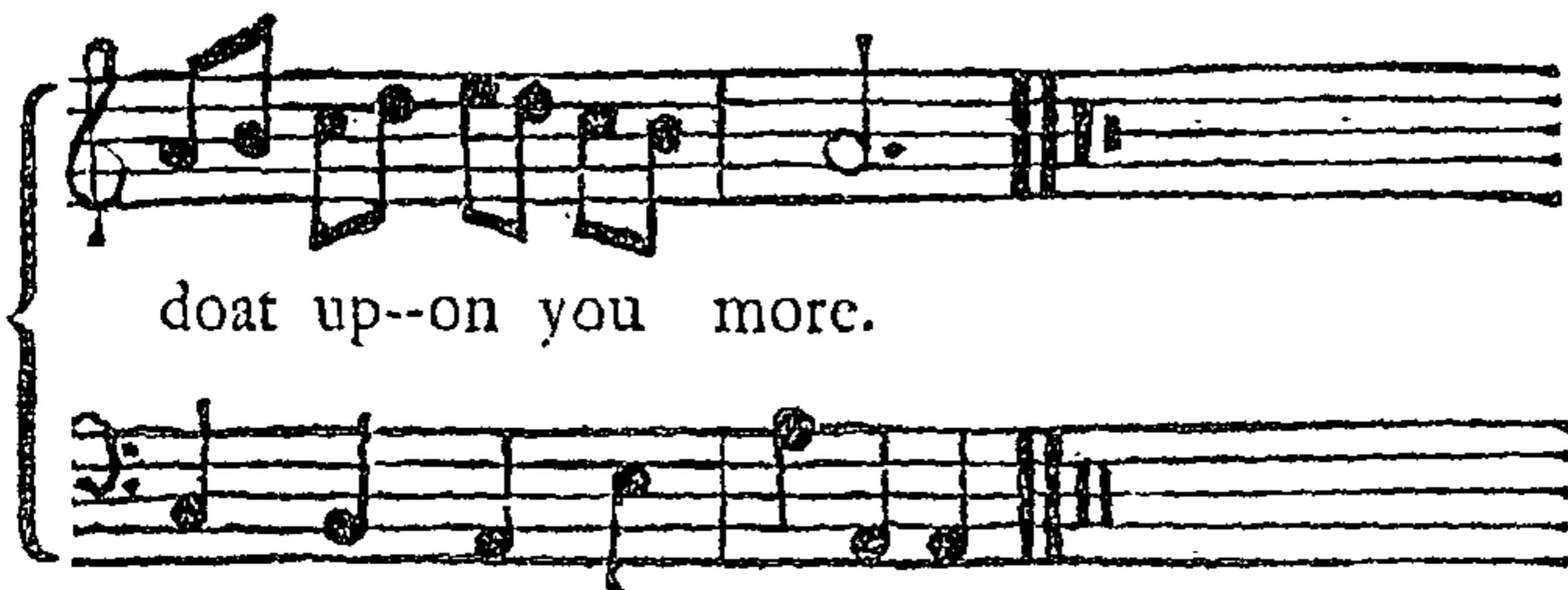
not prove kind to me, And true as heretofore,

Hence.





Henceforth I'll scorn your Slave to be, Or



doat up--on you more.

Think not my Fancy to o'ercome,

By proving thus unkind ;

No smoothed Sight, nor smiling Frown,

Can satisfy my Mind.

Pray let *Platonicks* play such Pranks ;

Such Follies I deride ;

For Love, at least, I will have Thanks,

And something else beside.

Then open-hearted be with me,

As I shall be with you,

And let our Actions be as free

As Virtue will allow.

If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,  
 If true, I'll constant be;  
 If Fortune chance to change your Mind,  
 I'll turn as soon as ye.

Since our Affections, well ye know,  
 In equal Terms do stand,  
 'Tis in your Power to Love, or no,  
 Mine's likewise in my Hand.  
 Dispense with your Austerity,  
 Unconstancy abhor,  
 Or, by great *Cupid's* Deity,  
 I'll never love you more.

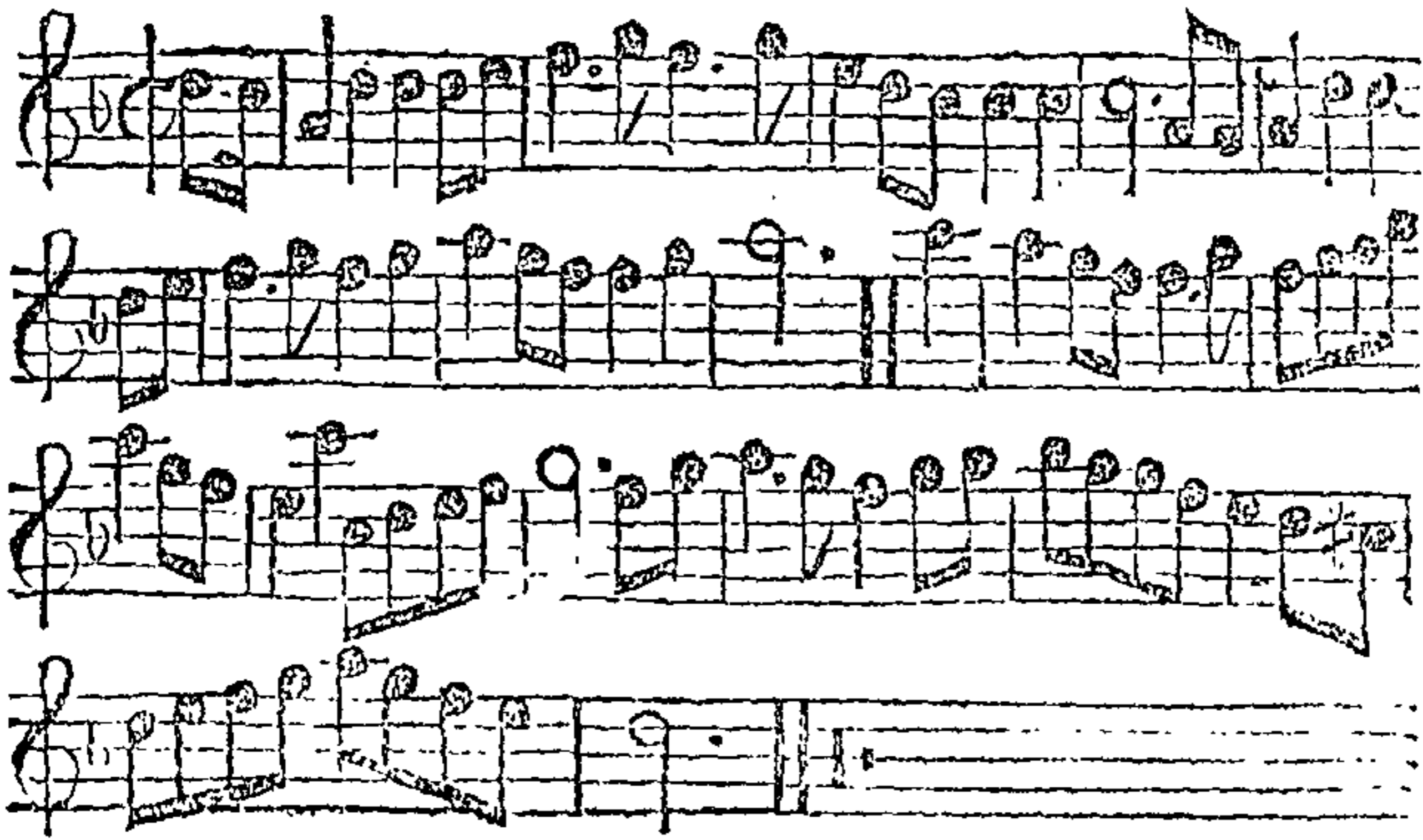
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*To the foregoing Tune.*

**W**HAT means this Niceness now of late;  
 Since Time that Truth does prove;  
 Such Distance may consist with State,  
 But never will with Love.  
 'Tis either Cunning or Disdain,  
 That does such Ways allow;  
 The first is base, the last is vain,  
 May neither happen you!

For if it be to draw me on,  
You over-act your Part,  
And if it be to have me gone,  
You need not half that Art:  
For if you chance a Look to cast,  
That seems to be a Frown,  
I'll give you all the Love that's past,  
The rest shall be my own.

*For the* F L U T E.



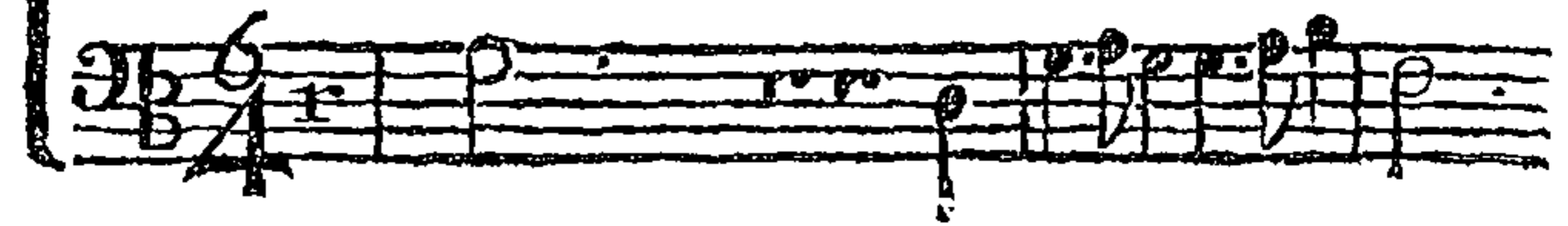
*Sung in the Comedy call'd,* THE WIFE OF BATH.

The Words by Mr. G A T.

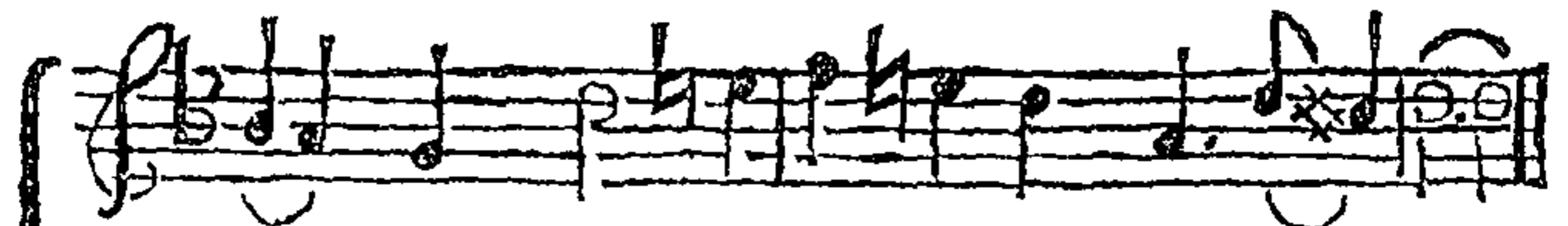
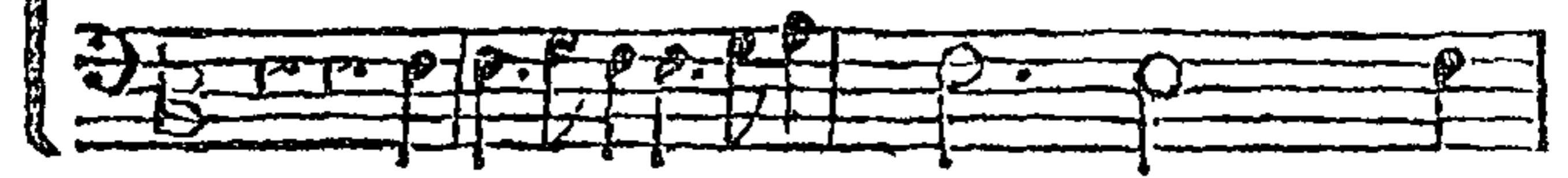
*Set by* Mr. B A R R E T T.



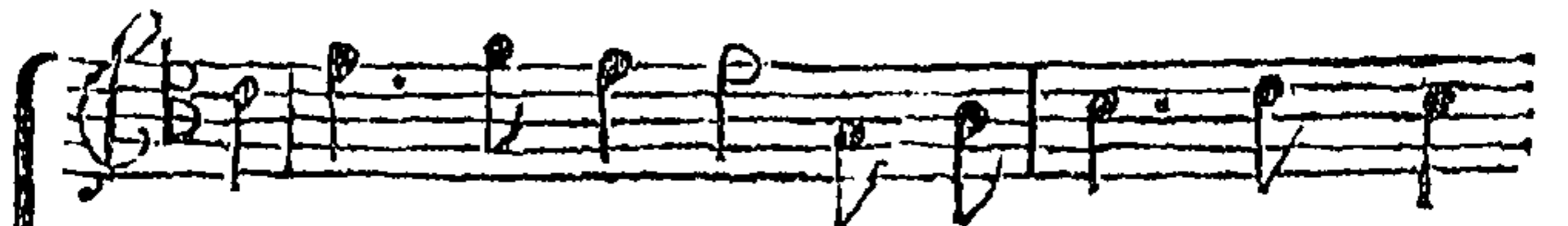
There was an a Swain full fair, Was tripping it



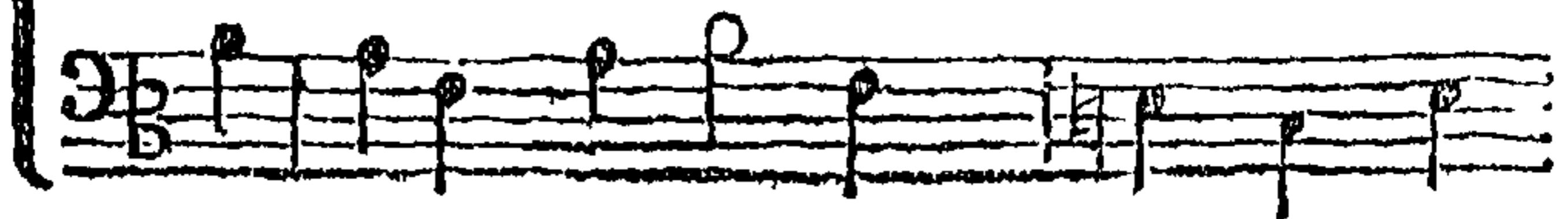
over the Grafs; And there he spy'd, with her



Nut-brown Hair, A pretty tight Country Lafs.

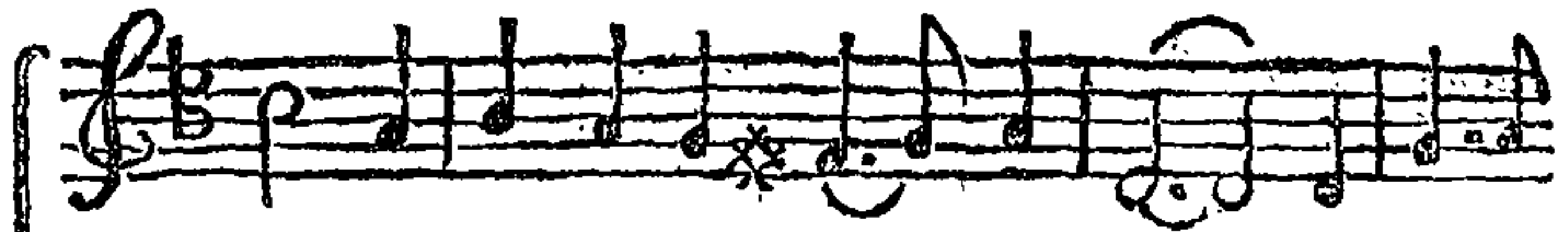


Fair Damsel, says he, With an Air brisk and

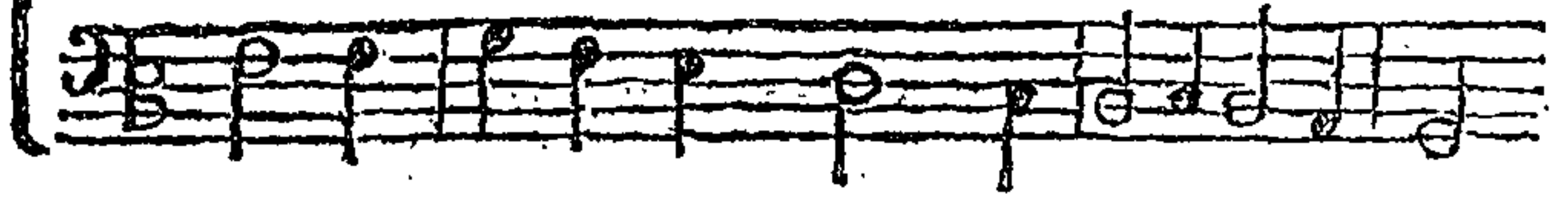


free,

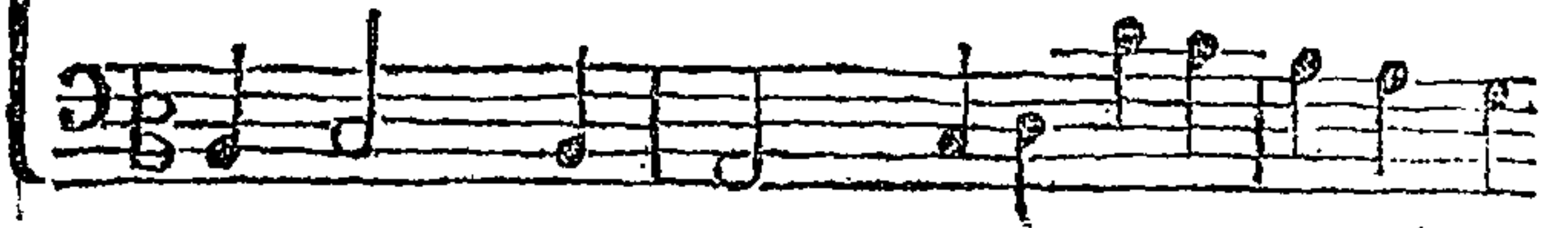




free, Come, let us each o--ther know: She blush'd in



his Face, And reply'd with a Grace, Pray for-



bear, Sir, Pray forbear Sir; No, no, no, no, no, no,



no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.



The Lad being bolder grown,  
Endeavour'd to steal a Kiss,  
She cry'd, Pish--- let me alone;  
But held up her Nose for the Blis:

And when he begun,  
 She wou'd never have done,  
 But unto his Lips she did grow;  
 Near smother'd to Death,  
 Aſſoon as ſhe'd Breath,  
 She ſtammer'd out No, no, no, no, &c.

Come, come, ſays he, pretty Maid,  
 Let's walk to yon private Grove;  
*Cupid* always delights in the cooling Shade,  
 There I'll read thee a Leſſon of Love:  
 She mends her Pace,  
 And haſtes to the Place:  
 But if her Lecture you'd know,  
 Let a baſhful young Muſe,  
 Plead the Maiden's Excuse,  
 And answer you No, no, no, no, &c.

*For the FLUTE.*



*The End of the Sixth and Last Volume.*