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AND

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John Deighton's
Book

1844

1844





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 O F T H E
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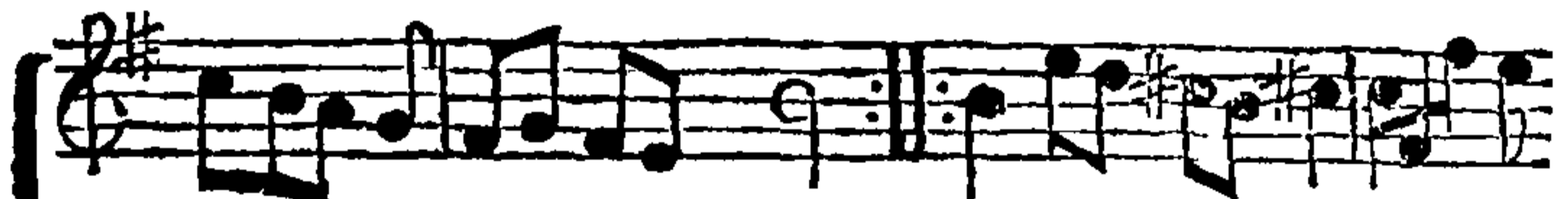
The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

The D E C L A I M E R.

By Mr. BAKER. Set by Mr. DIEUPART.



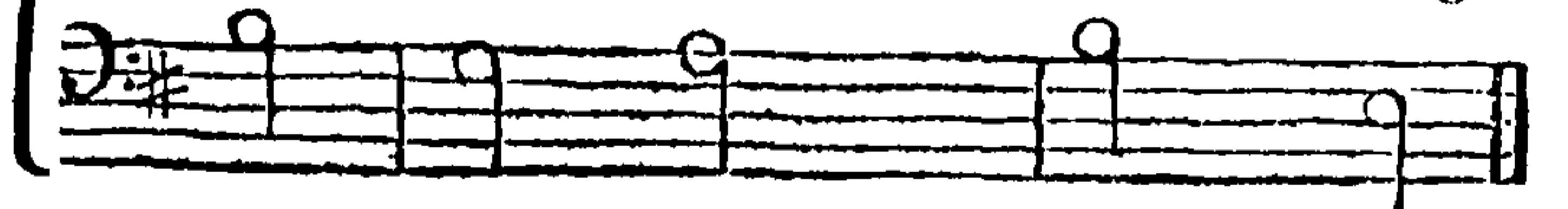
Woman! thoughtless, gid--dy Creature, Laughing,



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



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



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

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The D E C L A I M E R.

By Mr. BAKER. Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

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

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

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

The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

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

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

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

For the F L U T E.



F A N N Y K N A P P.

By a Gentleman of OXFORD.

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

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

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

Abingdon go, as spruce as a Beau, To

Dance with my Fair *Fan--ny Knapp.*

The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

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

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

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

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

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

The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

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

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

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

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

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

The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For the F L U T E.



The INVOCATION.

Set by Mr. BONONCINI.

Adagio.

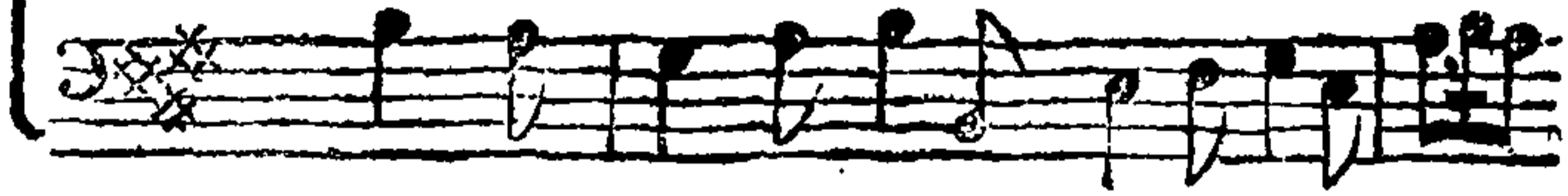
Ye Pow'rs that o'er Mankind preside, And

pity humane Woes, My Steps to some Retirement

guide,



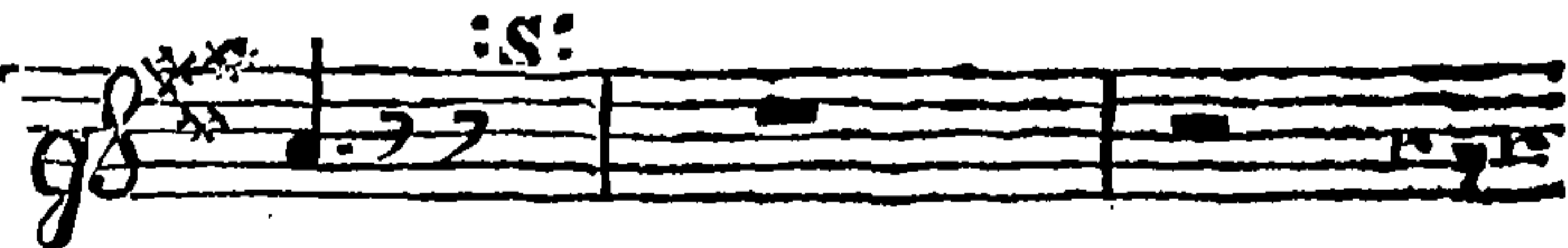
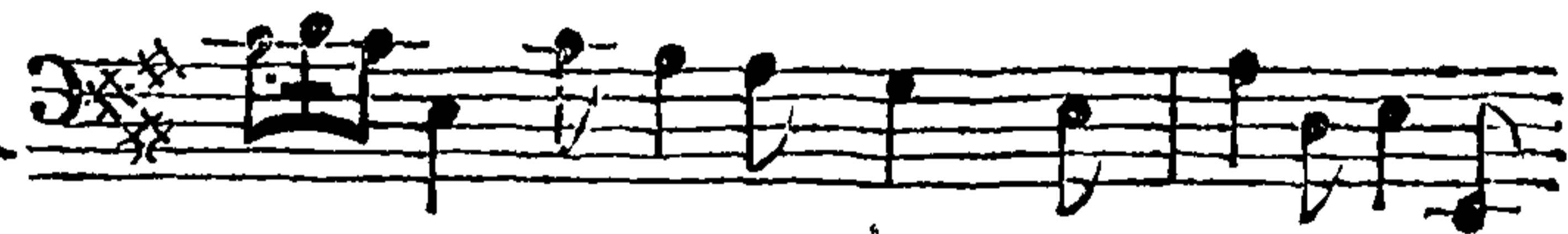
guide, That no Disturbance knows. Ye Pow'rs that



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




Steps to some Retirement guide, That no Disturbance




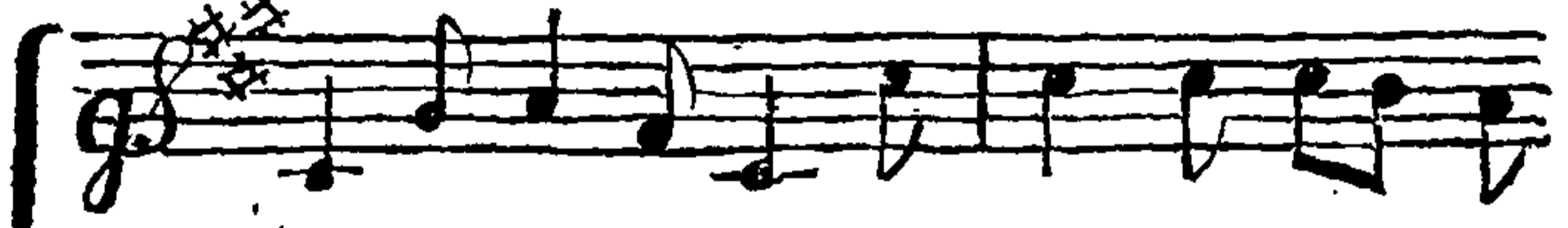
knows.



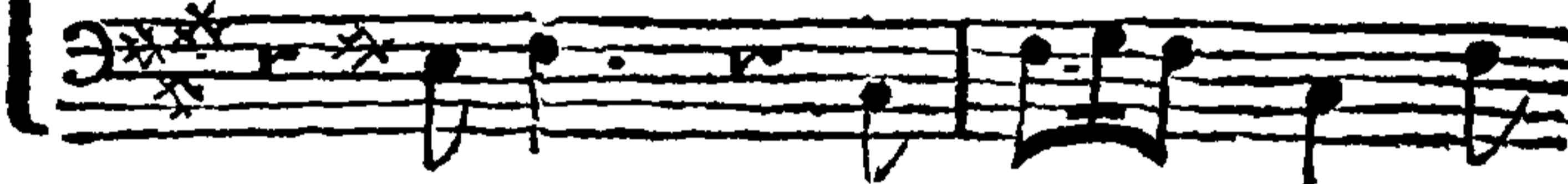

There





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


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

calm Retreat, To feel the Sorrows of the Great:

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

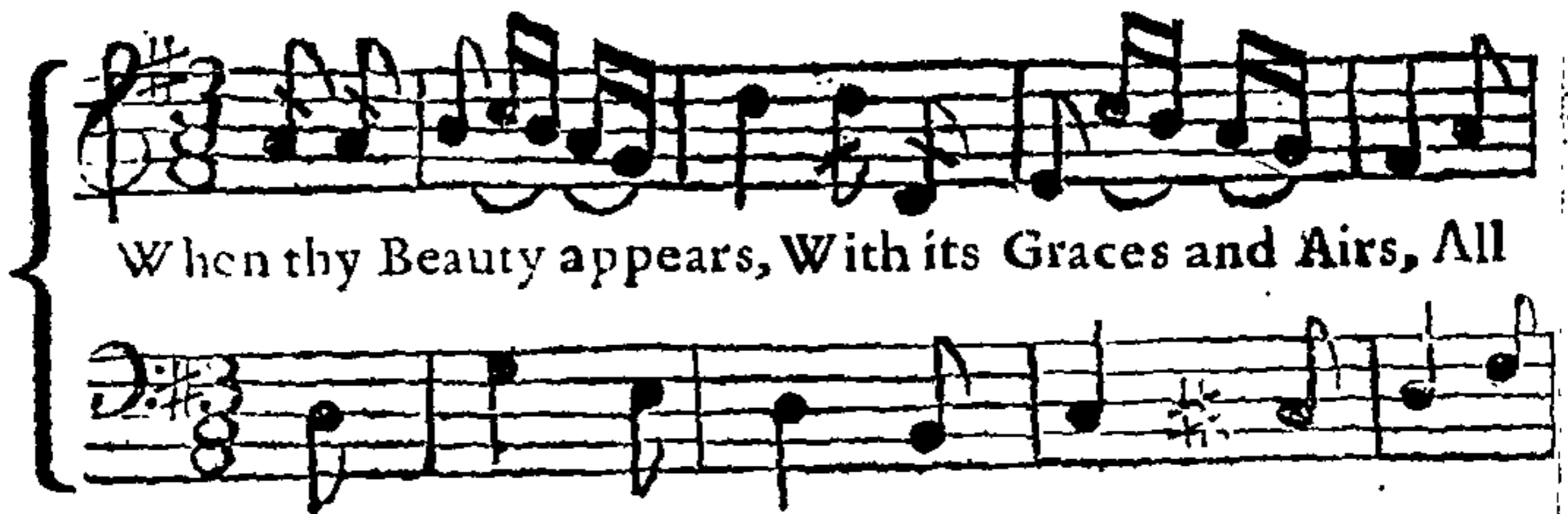


For the FLUTE.



W O M A N.

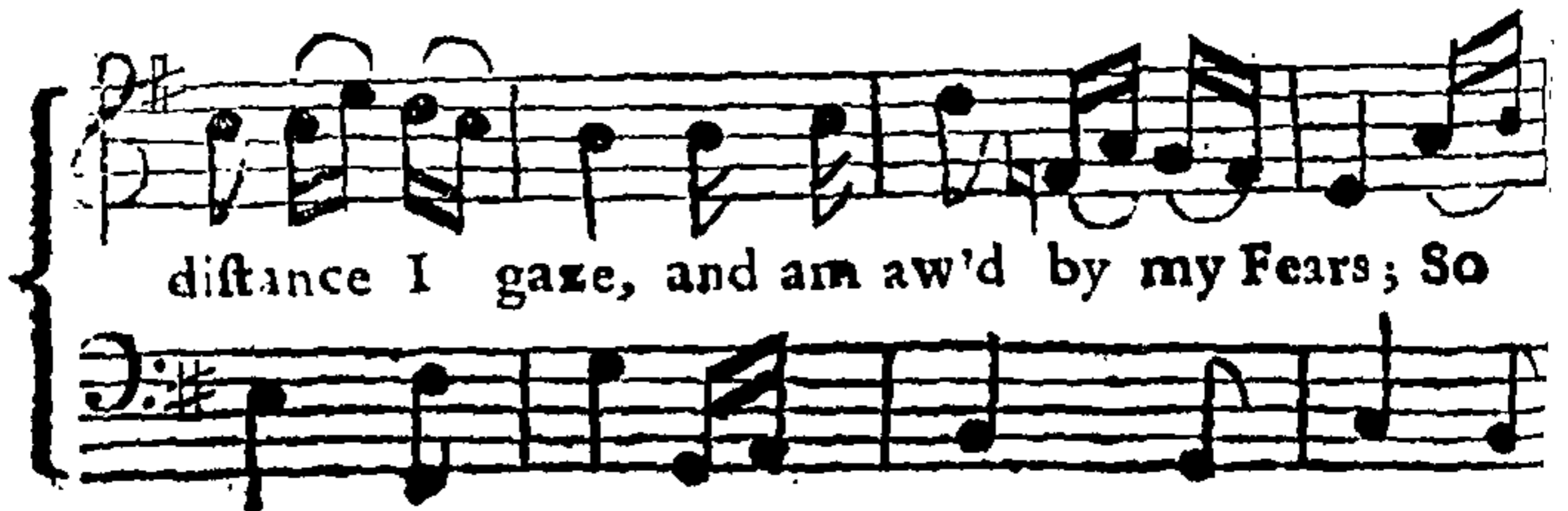
Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.



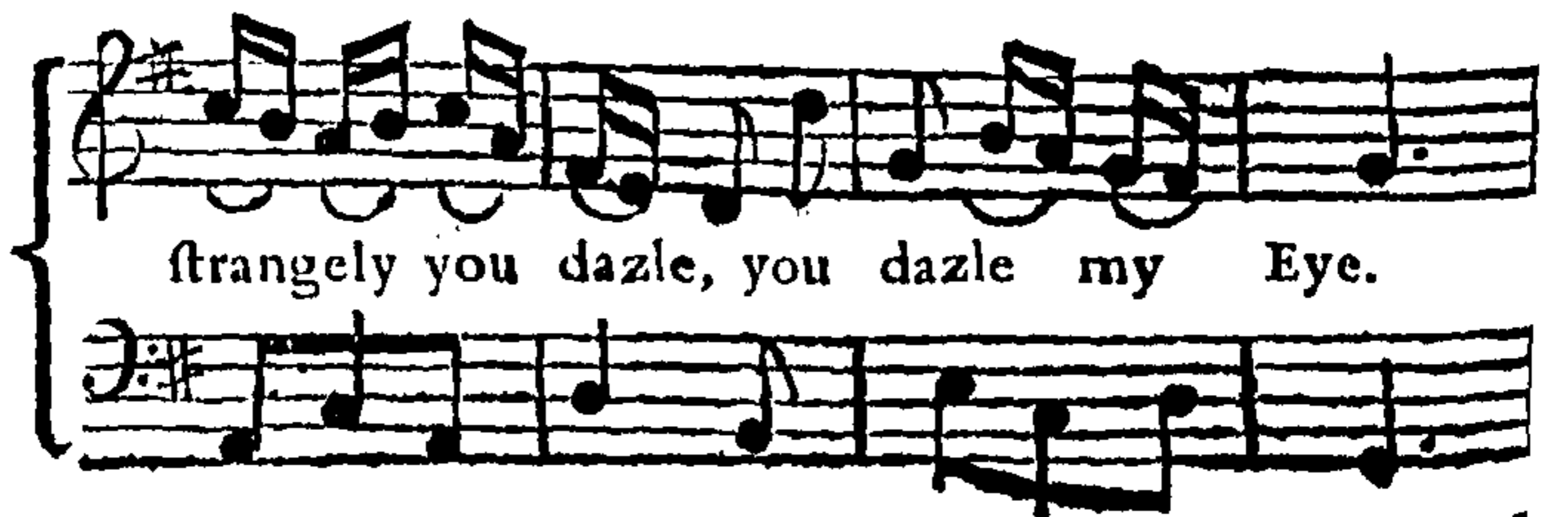
When thy Beauty appears, With its Graces and Airs, All



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



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



strangely you dazle, you dazle my Eye.


But when, without Art,
Your kind Thoughts you impart,
When your Love runs in Blushes thro' every Vein;
When it darts from your Eyes, when it pants from your
Heart,
Then I know you're a Woman again.

There's a Passion and Pride
In our Sex (she reply'd;)
And thus (might I gratify both) I wou'd do:
Still an Angel appear to each Lover beside,
But yet be a Woman to you.


For the FLUTE.



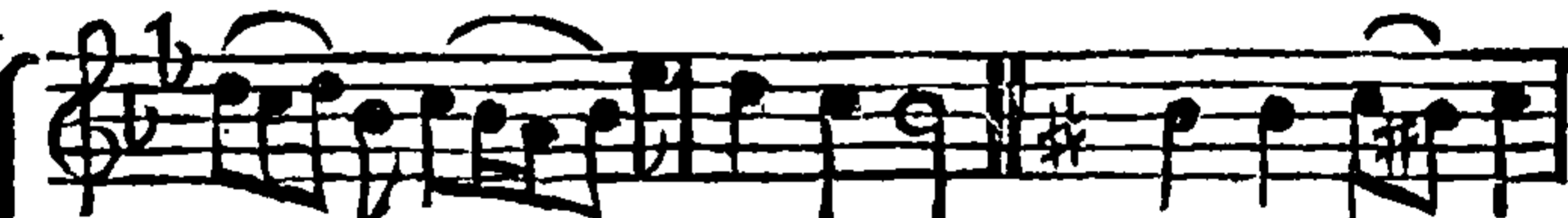
The Words by Mr. H. C.




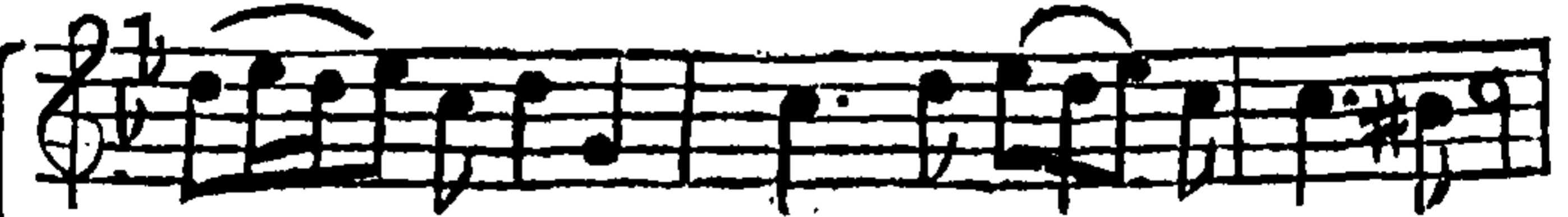
Un-re-lent-ing dearest Creature, On your *Damon*



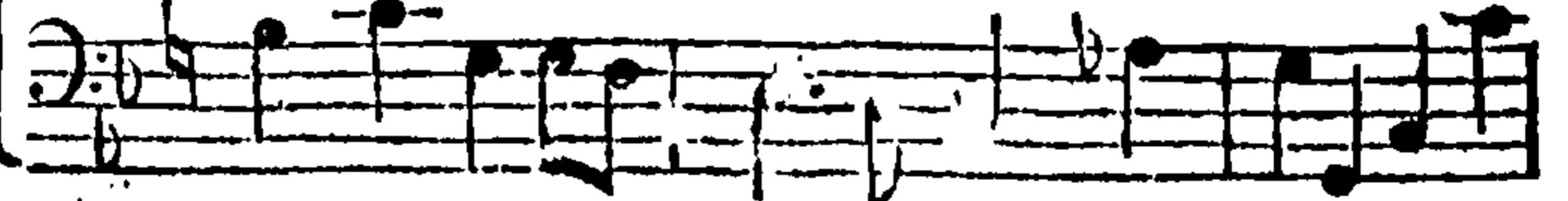

cast an Eye; Each ador'd sur-pri-zing Feature

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

hear your Lover, Who with Anguish pines for you;



Think



Think him no unconstant Rover, Ne'er was



Swain more Chaste or True.



Answer'd by another Hand.

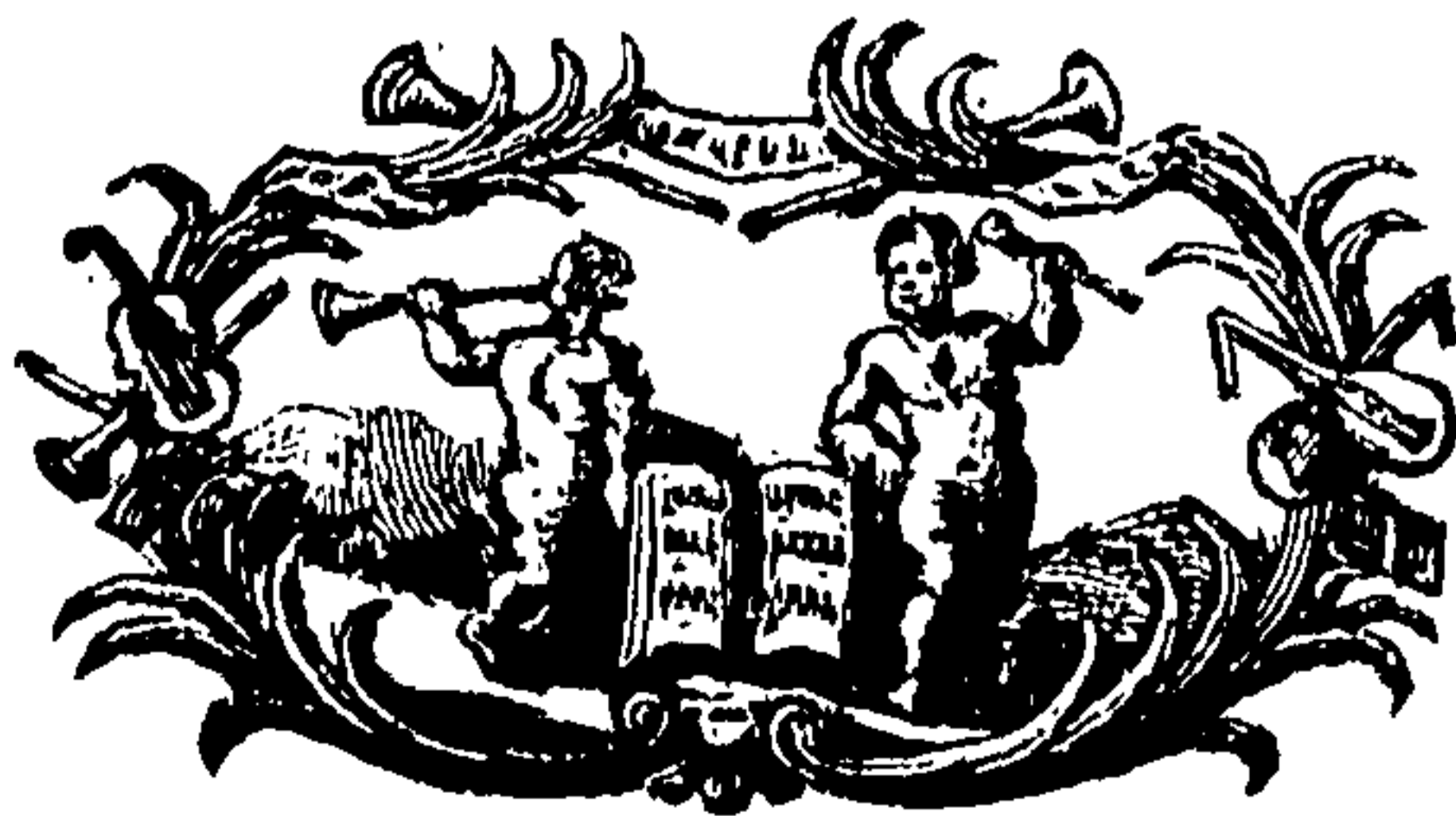
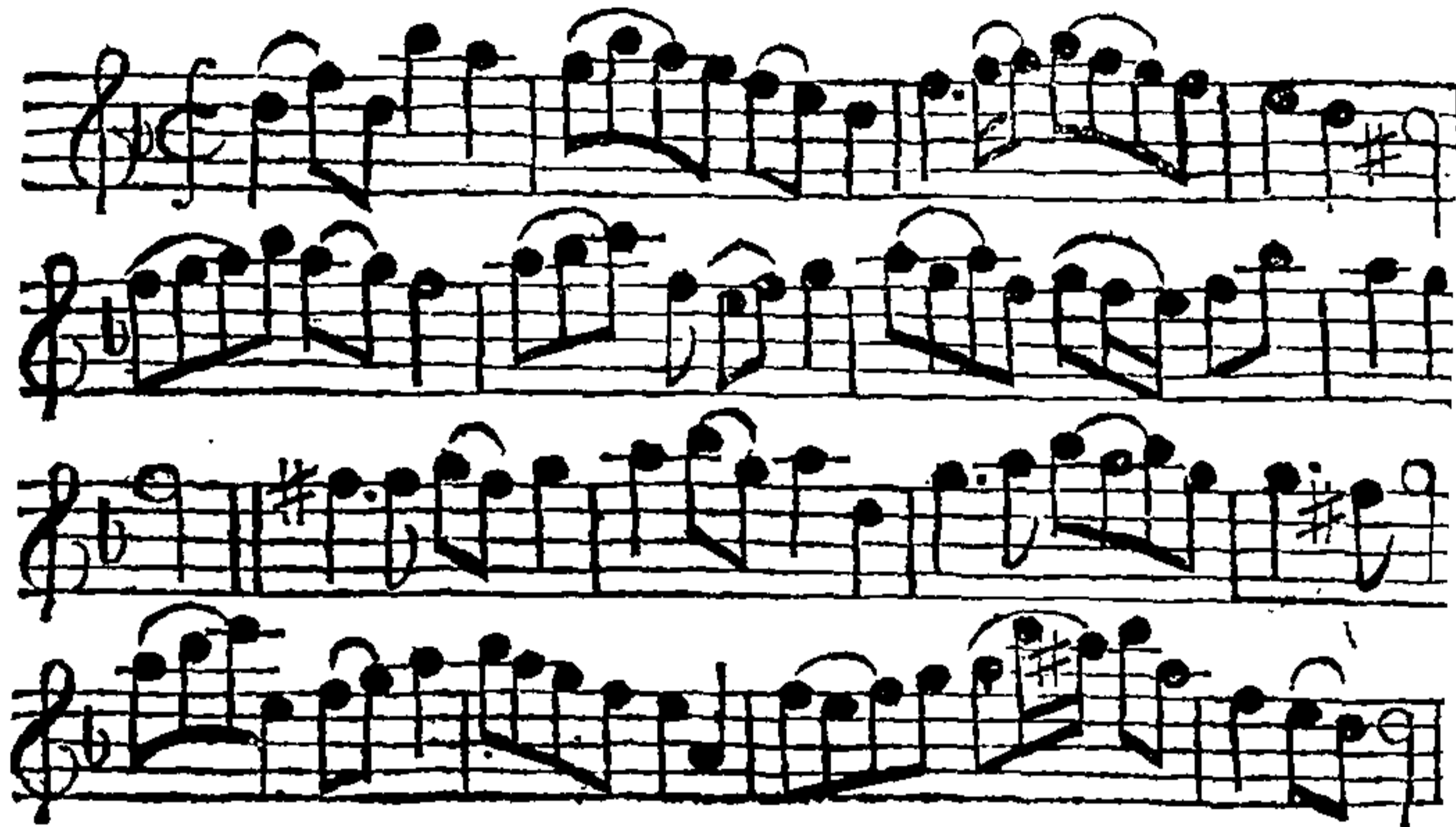
Cease, tormenting vain Deceiver,
 Cloe all your Arts defies;
 Cares not, if you will believe her,
 Whether *Damon* lives or dies:
 Trifling Swain, your Suit give over,
 And implore *Corinna's* Charms;
 Know young *Cloe's* doom'd a Lover,
 But to bless her *Strephon's* Arms.

A Reply by Mr. H. C.

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

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

For the F L U T E.



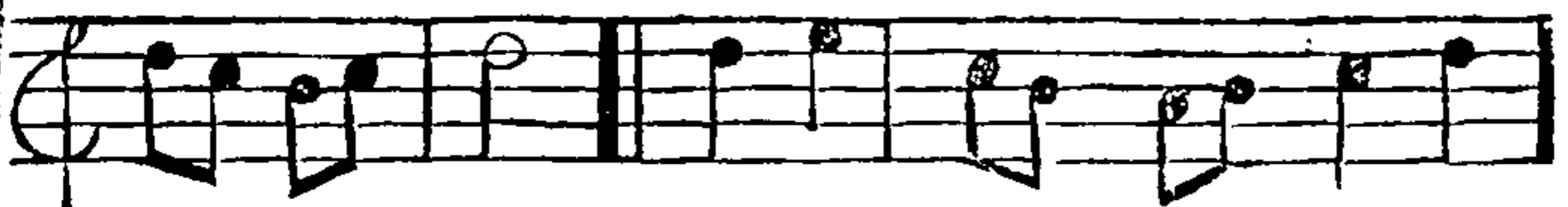
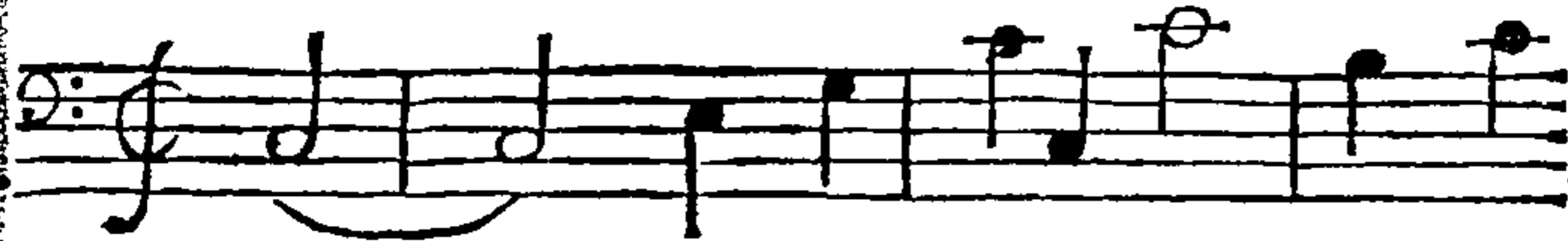
The GENIUS.

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

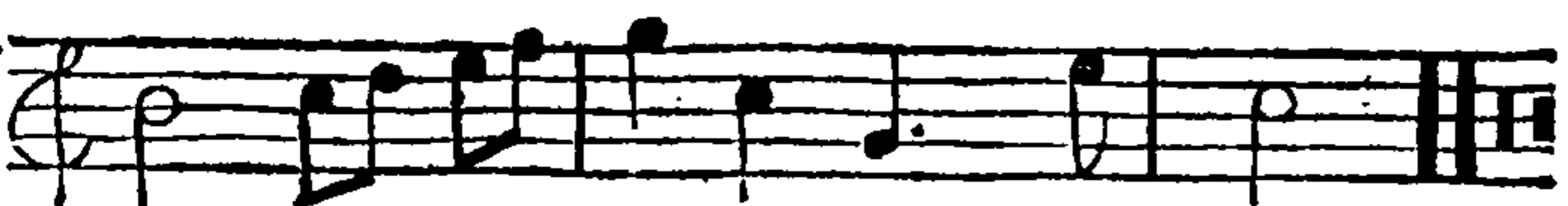
By Mr. WELSTED. Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.



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



come to break: Hither turn thy languid



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



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

One by One thy Deeds review :

Sieges, Battles thick appear ;
Former Wonders lost in New,
Greatly fill each pompous Year !

This is *Blenheim's* Crimson Field,

Wet with Gore, with Slaughter stain'd !
Here retiring Squadrons yield,
And a bloodless Wreath is gain'd.

Ponder in thy God-like Mind,

All the Wonders thou hast wrought ;
Tyrants, from their Pride declin'd,
Be the Subject of thy Thought !

Rest thee here, while Life may last :

Th' utmost Bliss to Man allow'd,
Is to trace his Actions past,
And to find 'em Great and Good.

But 'tis gone — O Mortal born !

Swift the fading Scenes remove —
Let 'em pass with noble Scorn :
Thine are Worlds which roll above.

Poets, Prophets, Heroes, Kings,

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

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

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

For the F L U T E.



The LOVER'S PETITION.

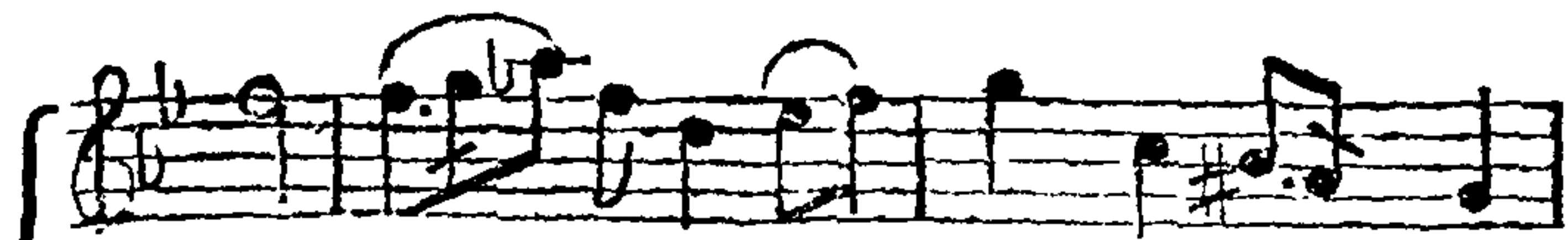
Set by Mr. BARRETT.

Whilst I fondly view the Charmer, Thus the

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

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

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



Eyes; The Remainder still will leave her,



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



Shape and Feature, Flame and Passion

Still in ev'ry Breast will move;

More is Supererogation,

Meer Idolatry of Love.

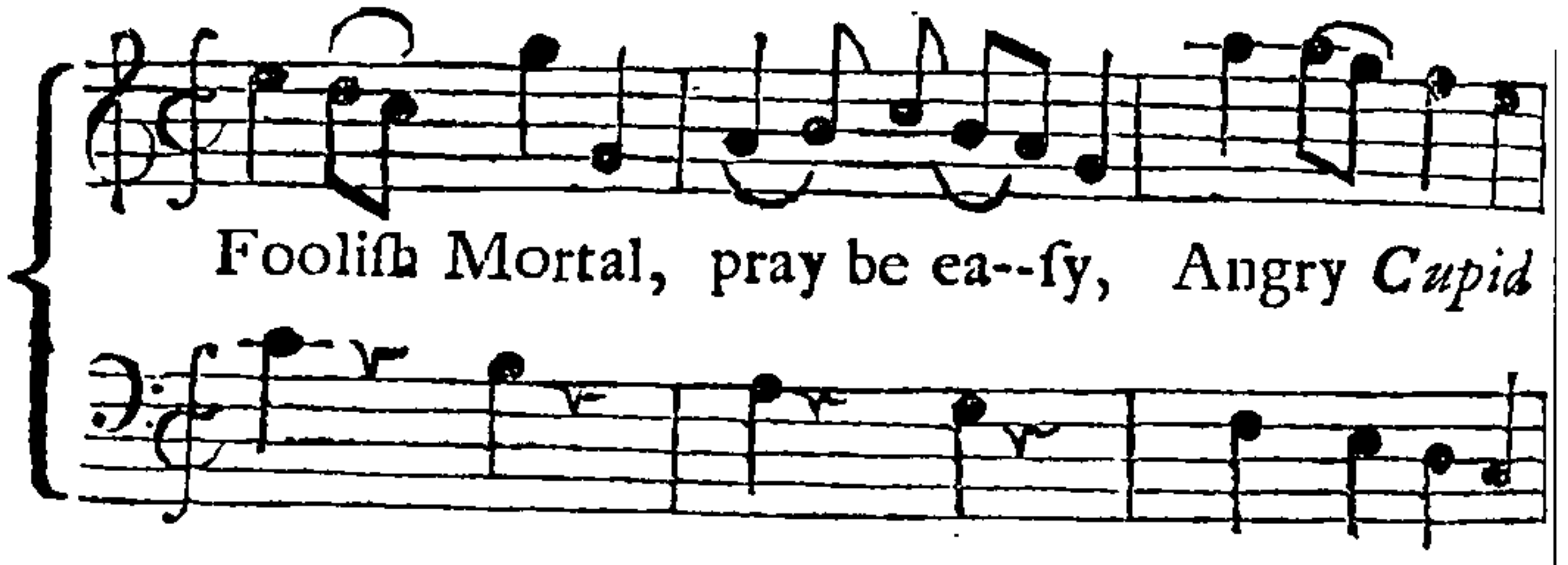
You may dress a World of *Chloe's*,

In the Beauty she can spare;

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

To Your Altars, or the Fair.

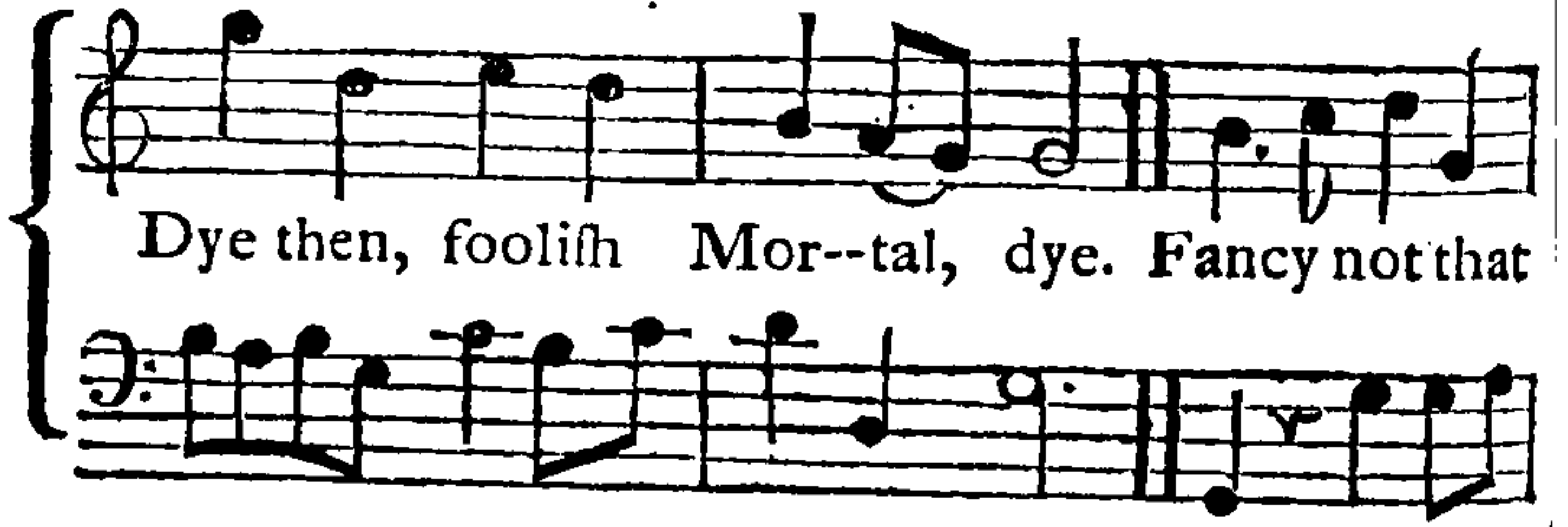
The ANSWER to the foregoing SONG.



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



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



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



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

Shepherd,

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

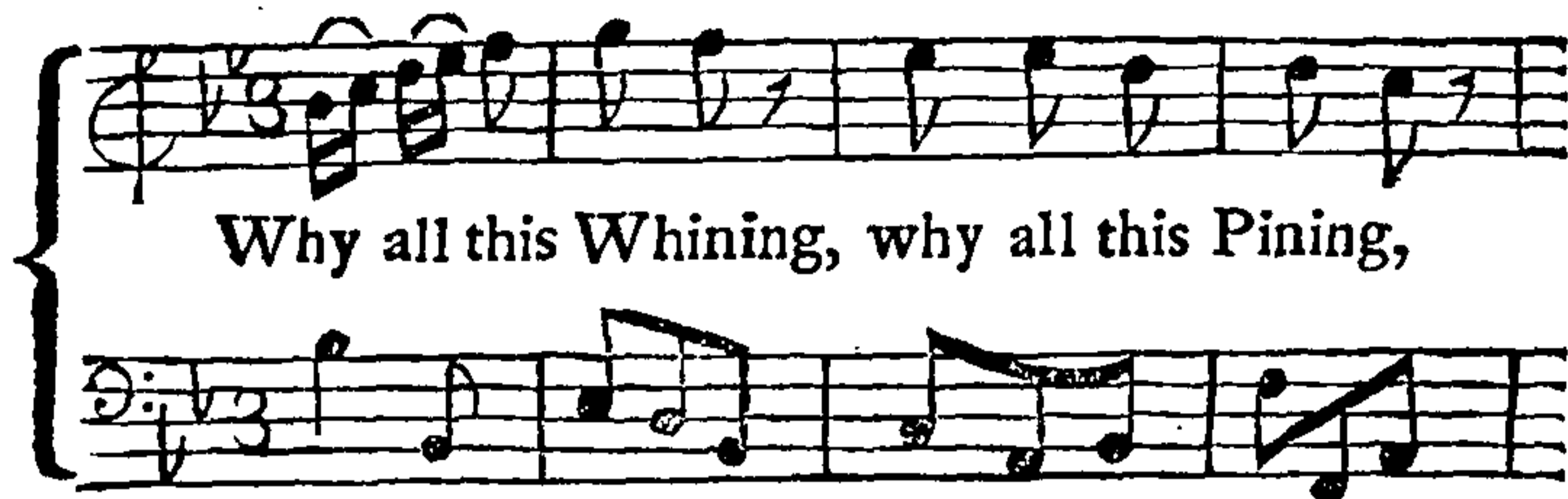
Thou---fand Beauties more.

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

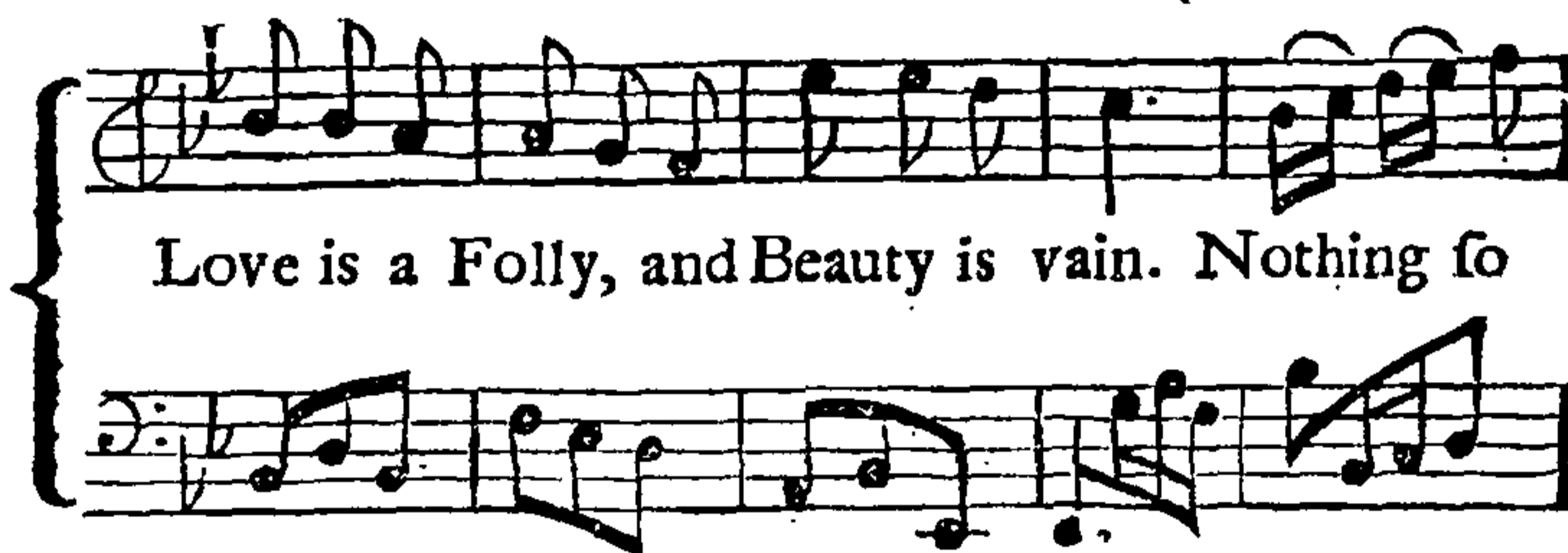
The FLUTE to the First Part.

C 4

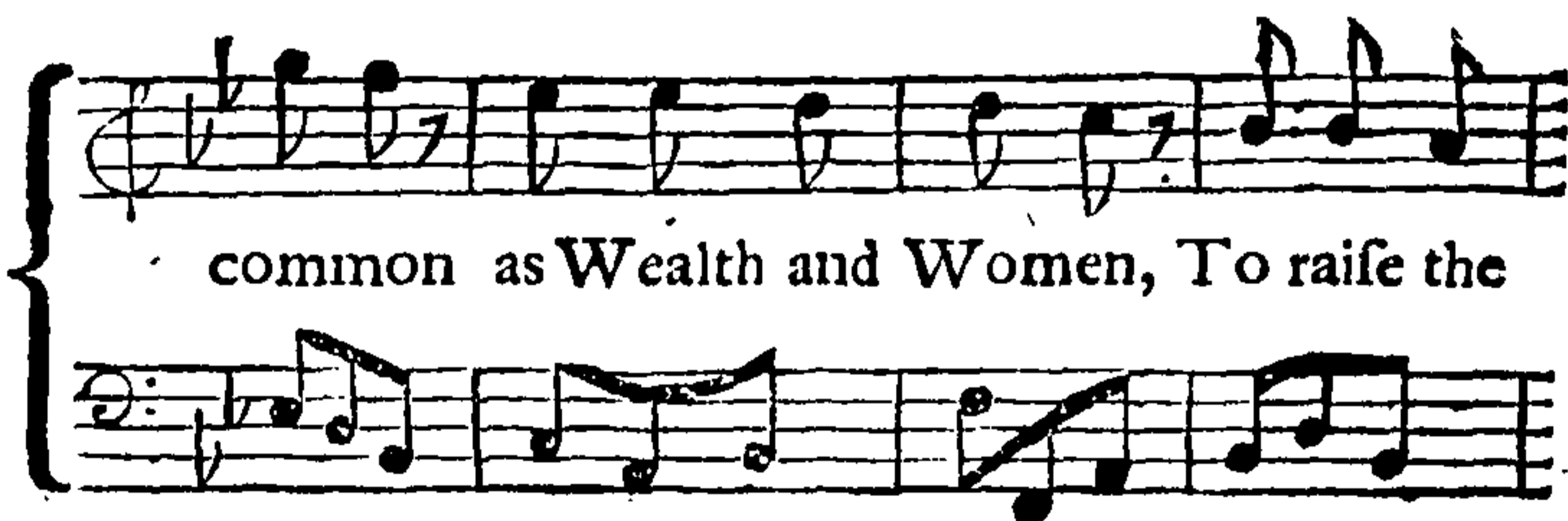
G O O D A D V I C E.



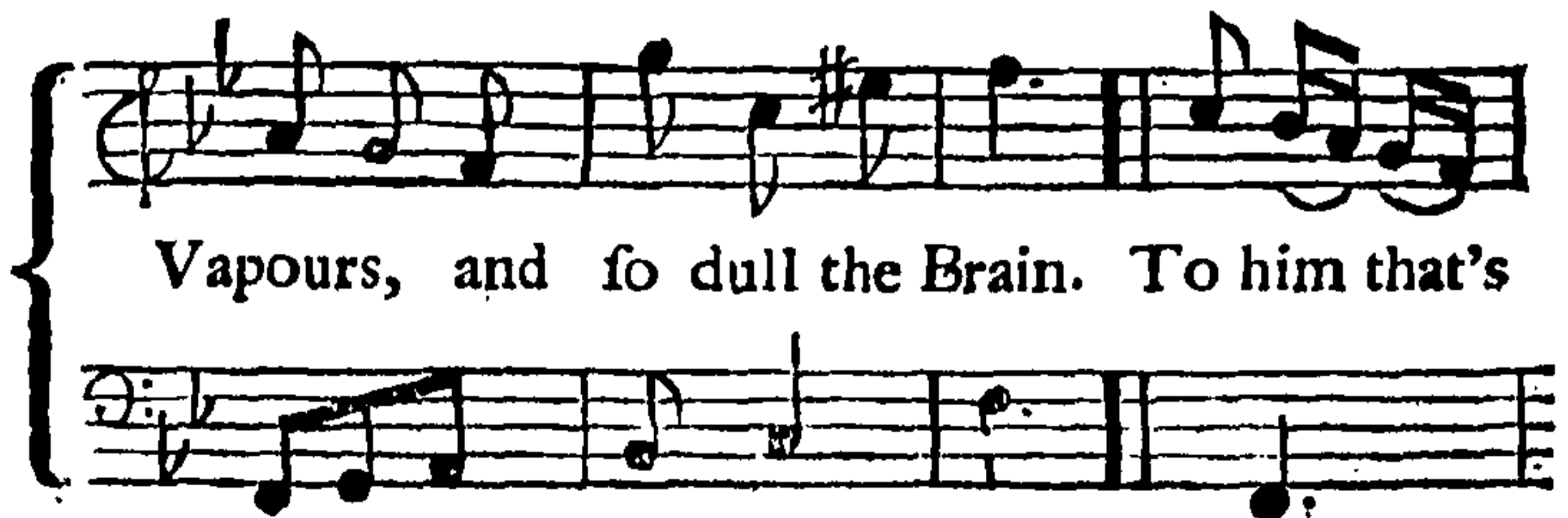
Why all this Whining, why all this Pining,



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



common as Wealth and Women, To raise the

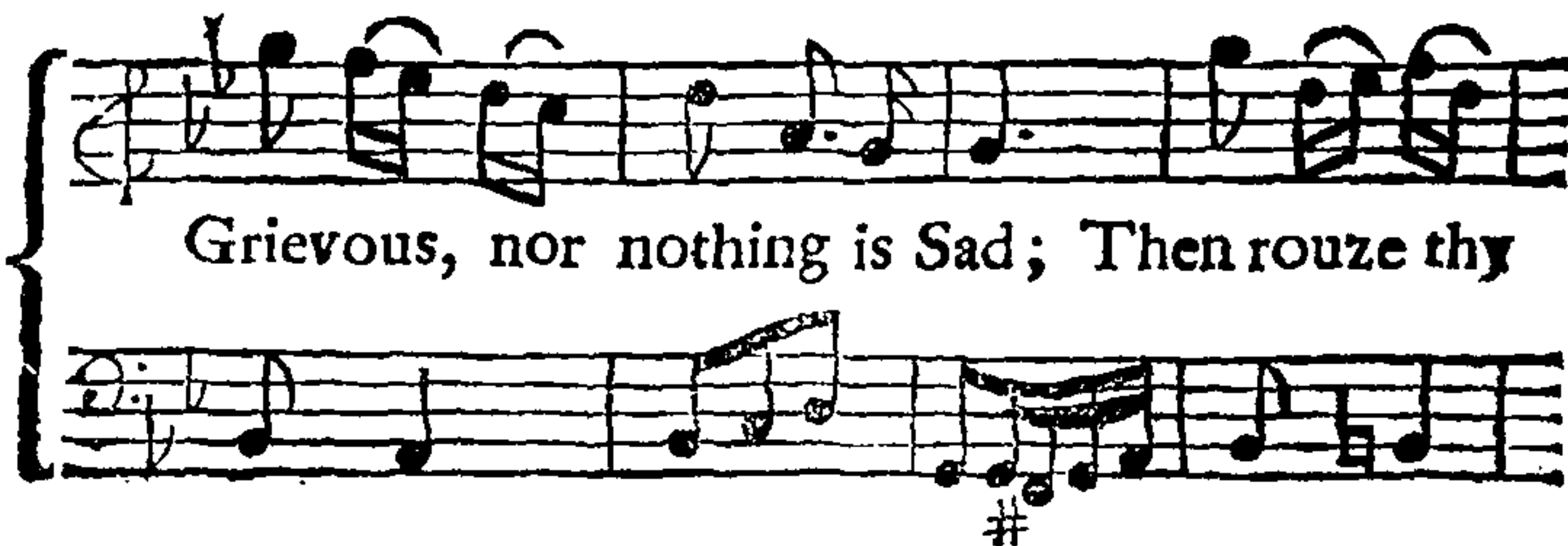


Vapours, and so dull the Brain. To him that's

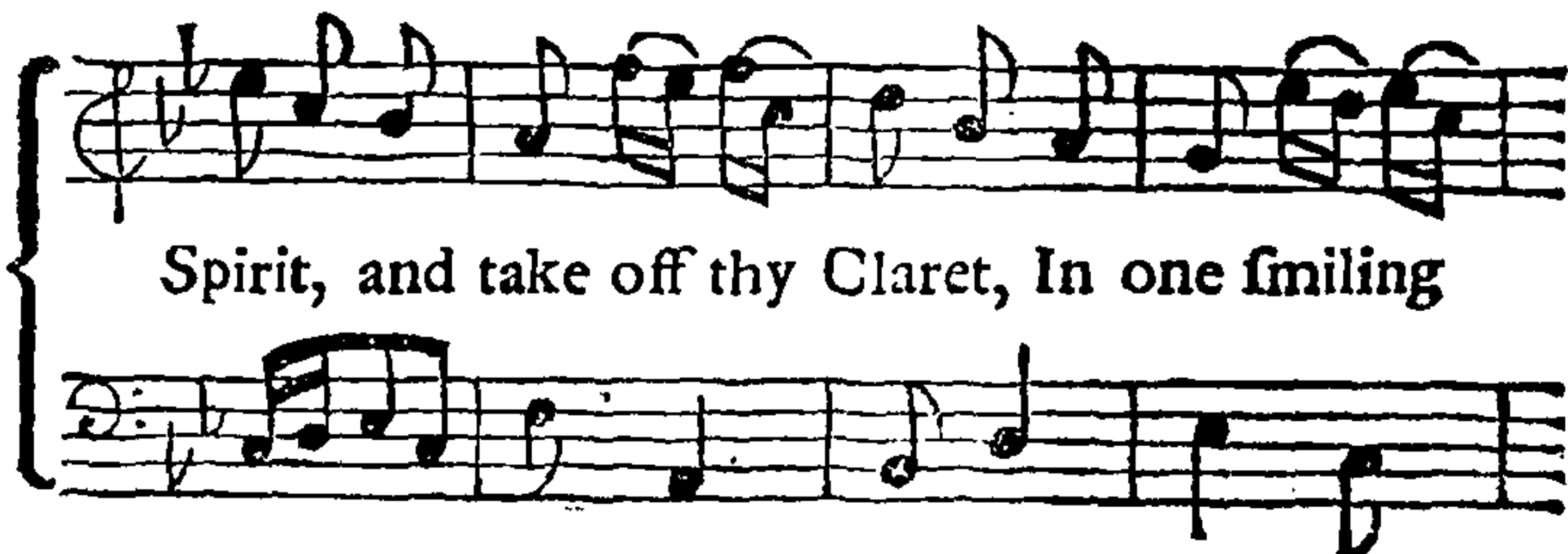
Merry,



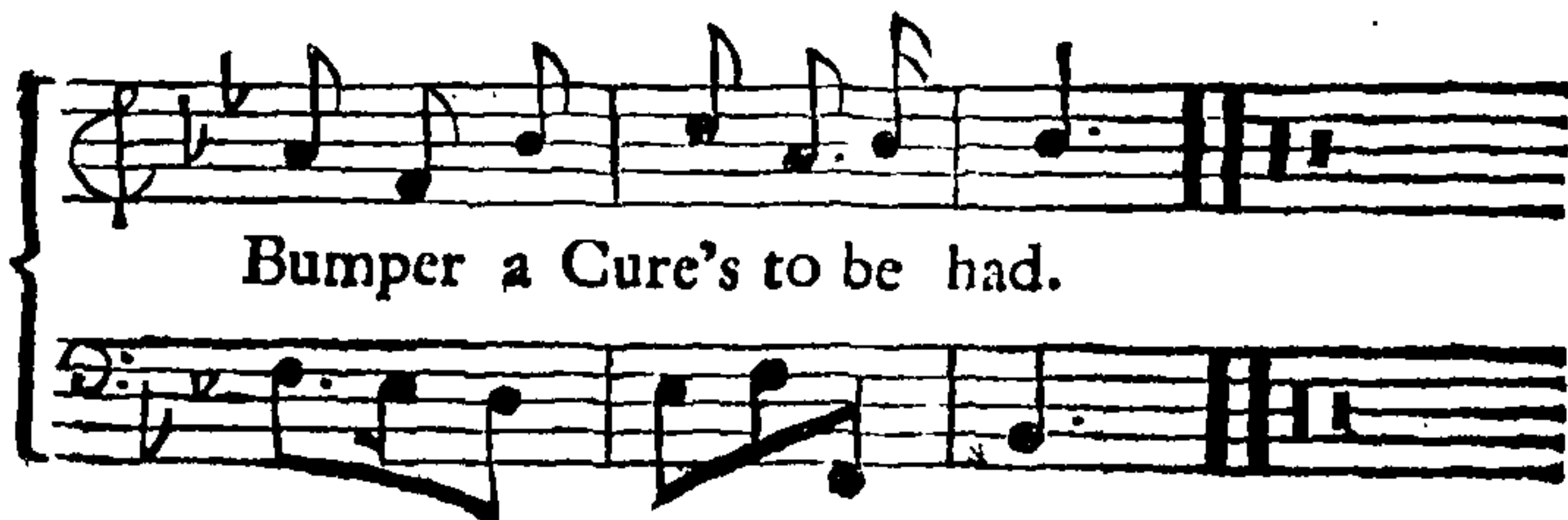
Merry, that's Frolick and Airy, Nothing is



Grievous, nor nothing is Sad; Then rouze thy



Spirit, and take off thy Claret, In one smiling



Bumper a Cure's to be had.

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

Yct

26 *The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.*

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

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

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



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

By Mr. W. BEDINGFIELD.

Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

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

Ease, What wou'd you wish for more than

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

Seat, Well shaded from the Summer's Heat.

The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

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

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

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

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

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

To the foregoing Tune.

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

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

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

For the FLUTE.



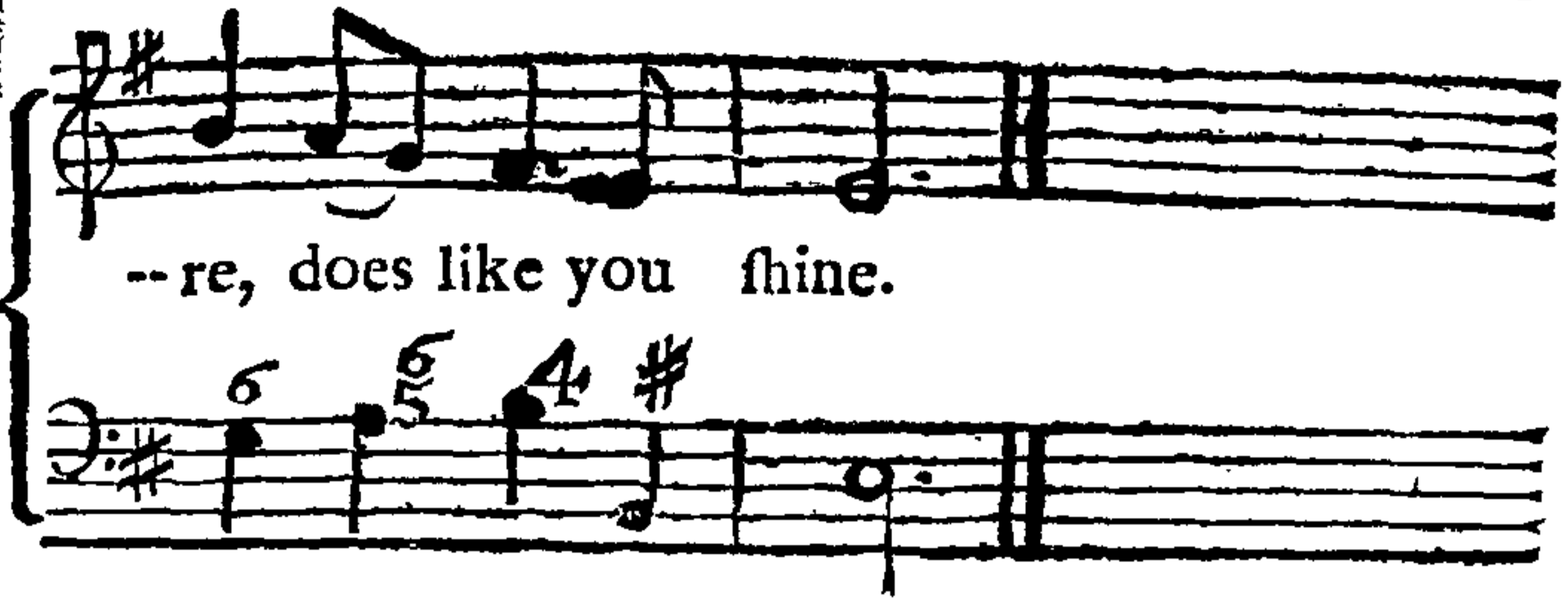
The EXPOSTULATION.

O loveliest Fair! to you my Song in warbling

Numbers flows, For you in-spire my grateful

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

you with Rays divine Inspi



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

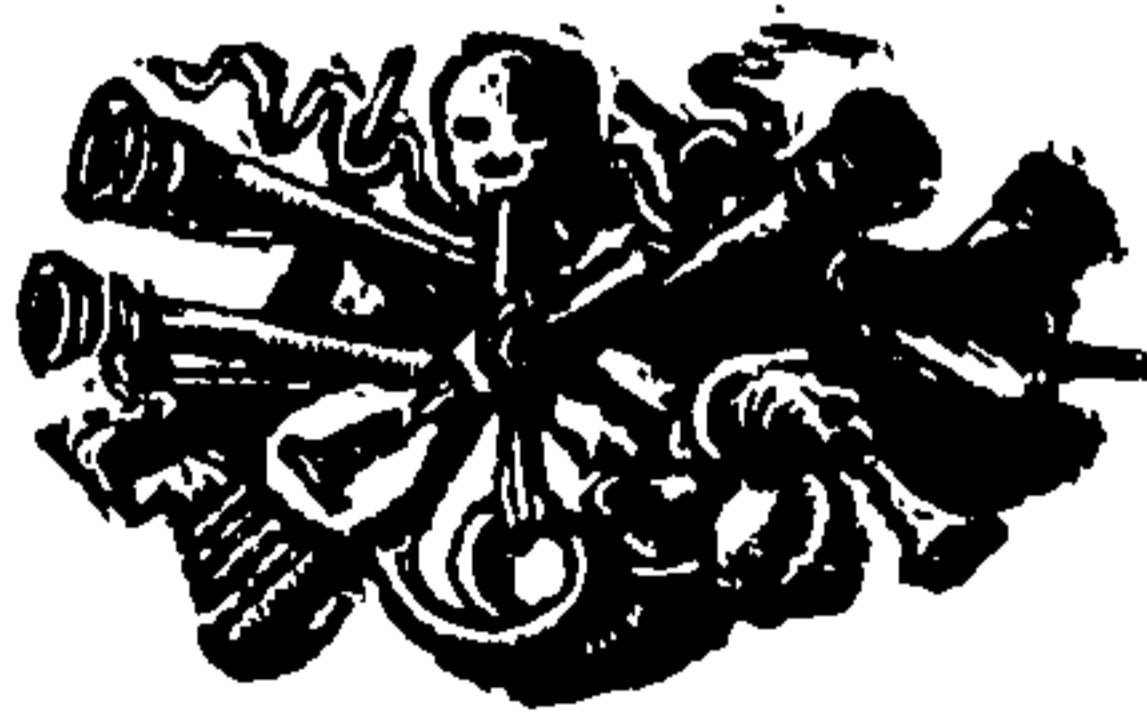
Soon as my drooping Eyes I raise
 To view your charming Face,
 O'erwhelm'd with Joy, lost in Amaze,
 I bless each sparkling Grace!
 My raptur'd Soul springs to my Eyes,
 And tells my Fears and Joys.

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

Poor

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

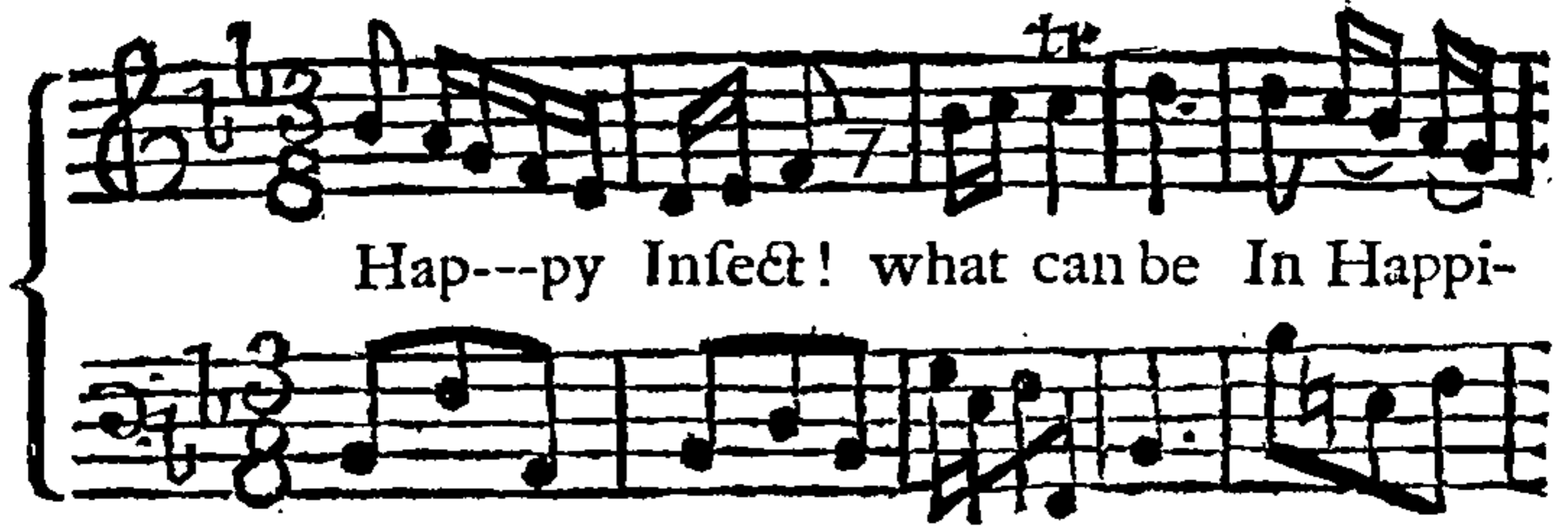
For the FLUTE.



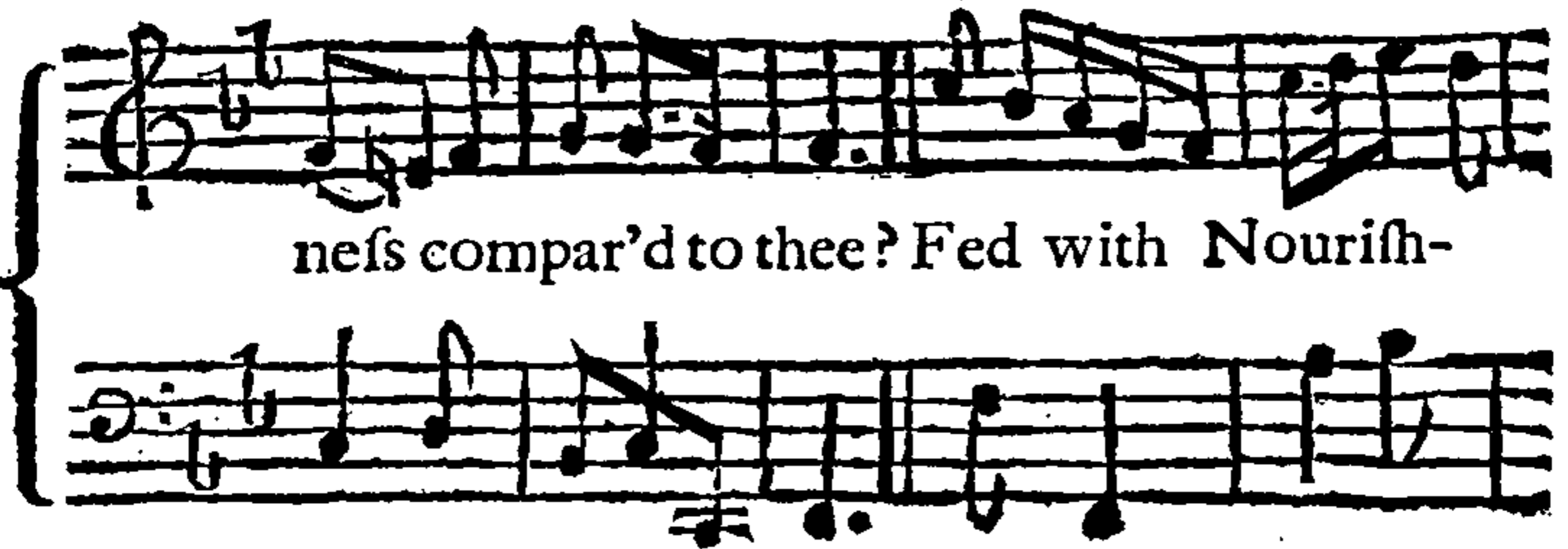
The GRASHOPPER.

By Mr. ABRAHAM COWLEY.

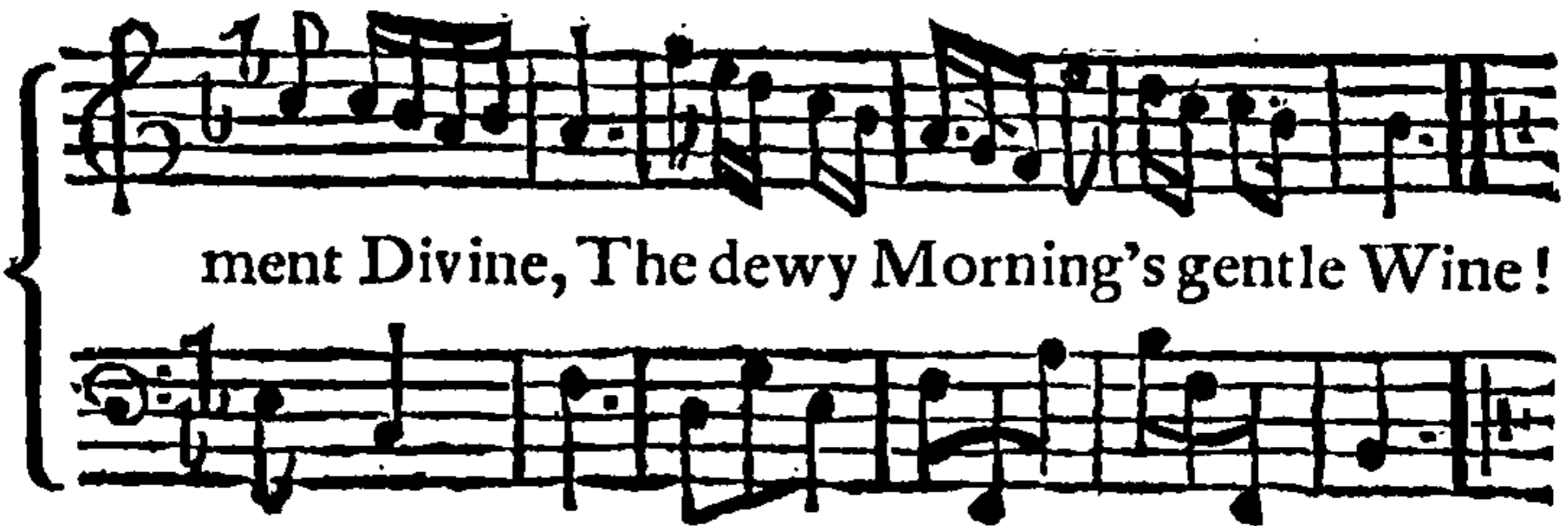
Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.



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



ness compar'd to thee? Fed with Nourish-



ment Divine, The dewy Morning's gentle Wine!

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

The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

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

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

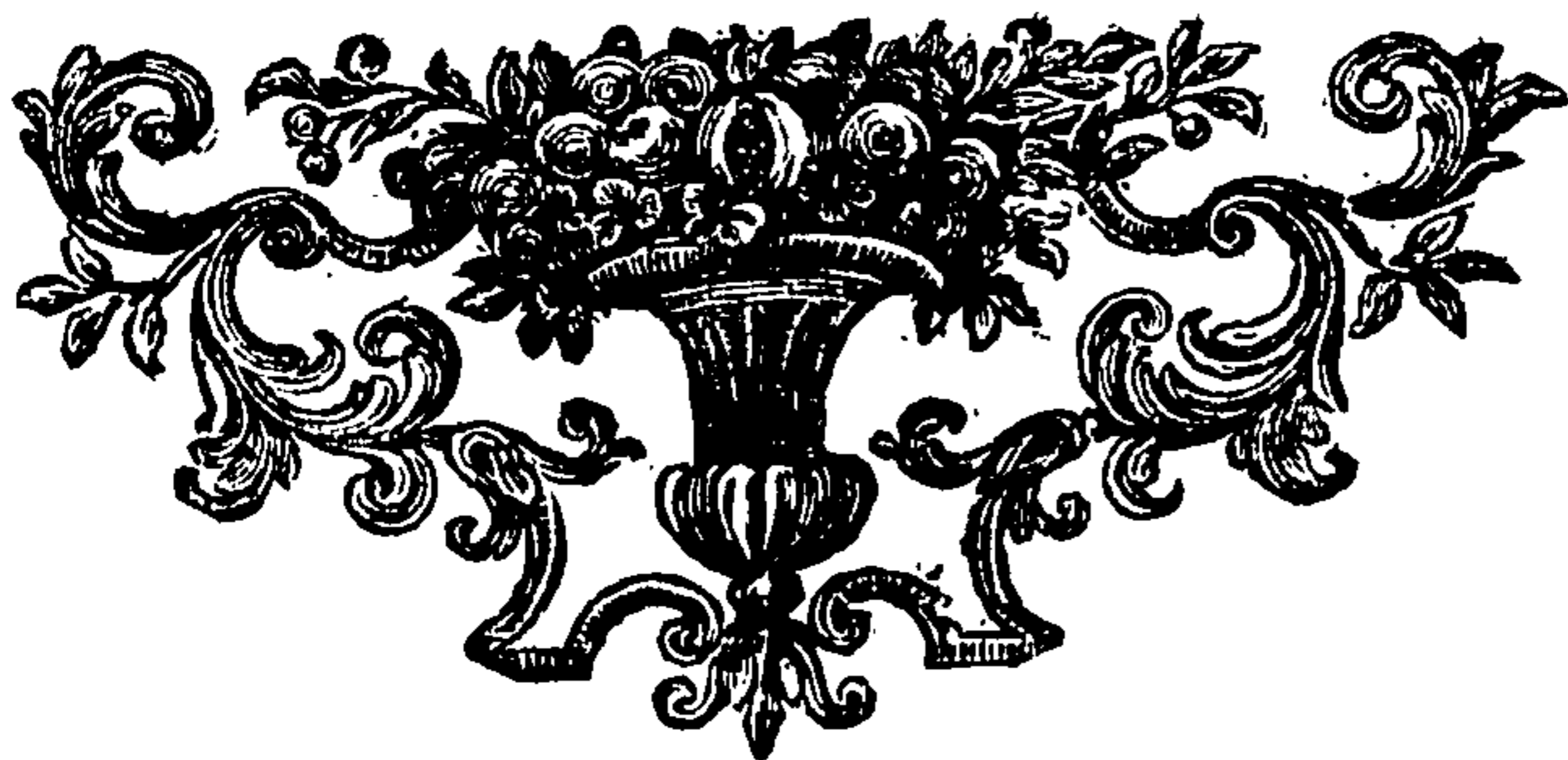
Thou innocently dost enjoy ;
 Nor does thy Luxury destroy ;
 With Joy the Shepherd heareth thee,
 Far more harmonious sing than he !

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

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

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

For the FLUTE.

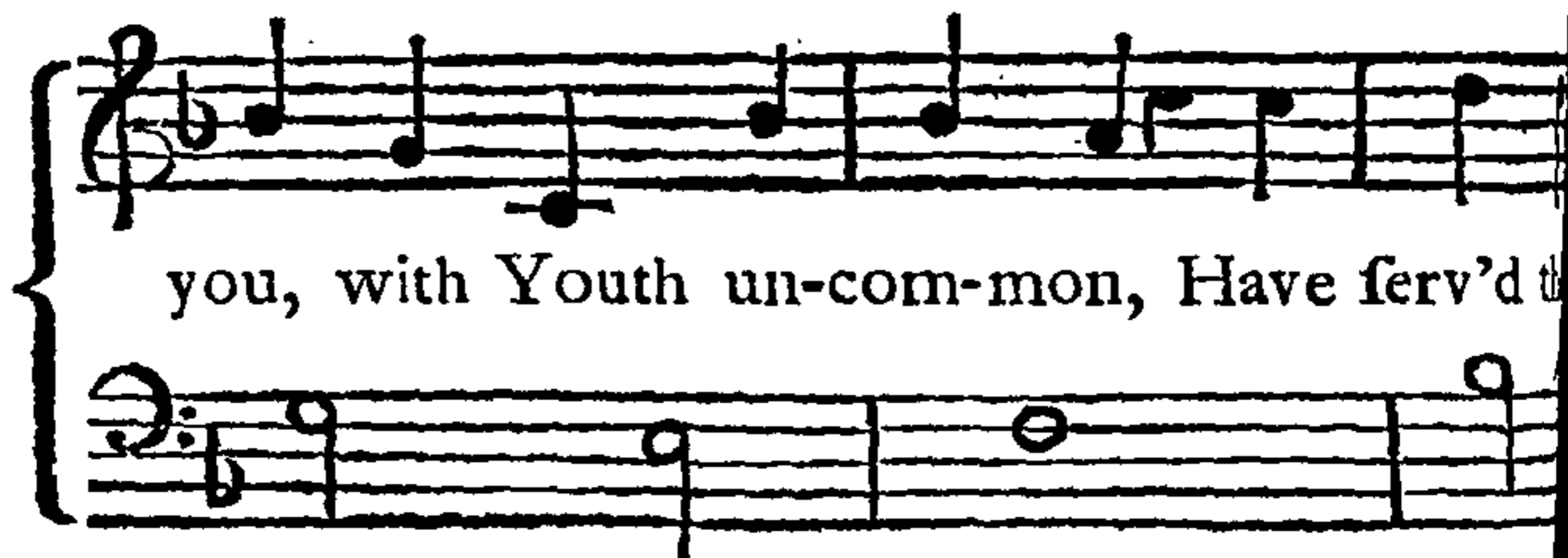


An EPITHALAMIUM on the MARRIAGE
of a Young Gentleman with an Old Lady.

[To the Tune of *Gossip Joan.*]



Whence comes it, Neighbour *Dick*, That



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



Girls this Tri-————-ck, and



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

Each *Belle* condemns the Choice

Of a Youth so gay and sprightly ;

But we your Friends rejoyce,

That you have judg'd so rightly :

Happy Dick !

Tho' odd to Some it sounds,

That on Threescore you ventur'd ;

Yet in Ten Thousand Pounds

Ten Thousand Charms are center'd :

Happy Dick !

Beauty, we know, will fade,

As doth the short-liv'd Flower ;

Nor can the fairest Maid

Insure her Bloom an Hour :

Happy Dick !

Then wisely you resign,

For Sixty, Charms so transient ;

As the Curious value Coin

The more for being Ancient :

Happy Dick !

With Joy your Spouse shall see

The fading Beauties round her,

And she her-self still be

The same that first you found her :

Happy Dick !

Oft is the Married State

With Jealousies attended ;

And hence, thro' foul Debate,

Are Nuptial Joys suspended :

Happy Dick !

But you, with such a Wife,

No jealous Fears are under;

She's yours alone, for Life,

Or much we all shall wonder :

Happy Dick !

Her Death wou'd grieve you fore,

But let not that torment you ;

My Life! she'll see Fourfcore,

If that will but content you :

Happy Dick !

On this you may relie,

For the Pains you took to win her,

She'll ne'er in Child-bed die,

Unless the D----l's in her :

Happy Dick !

Some have the Name of *Hell*

To Matrimony given ;

How falsly, you can tell,

Who find it such a *Heaven* :

Happy Dick !

With you, each Day and Night

Is crown'd with Joy and Gladness ;

While envious Virgins bite

The hated Sheets for Madness :

Happy Dick !

With Spouse, long share the Bliss

Y'had miss'd in any other ;

And when you've bury'd this,

May you have such another :

Happy Dick !

Observing

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

Happy Dick!

For the FLUTE.



On CHLORIS's Unkindness.

Set by Mr. VINCENT.

At dead-- of Night, when Care gives

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

My throbbing Heart feels no ——— Re-

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

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

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

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

For the F L U T E.



STREPHON'S COMPLAINT of LOVE.

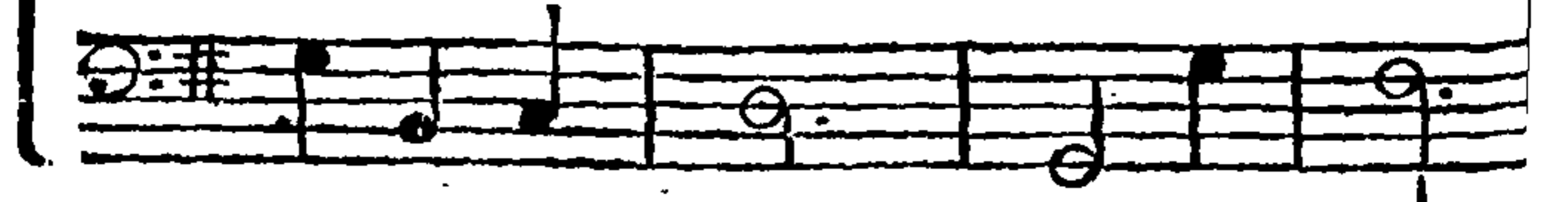
Set by Mr. HANDEL.

Oh! cruel Tyrant *Love!* Why art thou

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



Nor ease my troubled Mind? No Joy shall



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





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

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

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

Were

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

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

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


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

For the FLUTE.

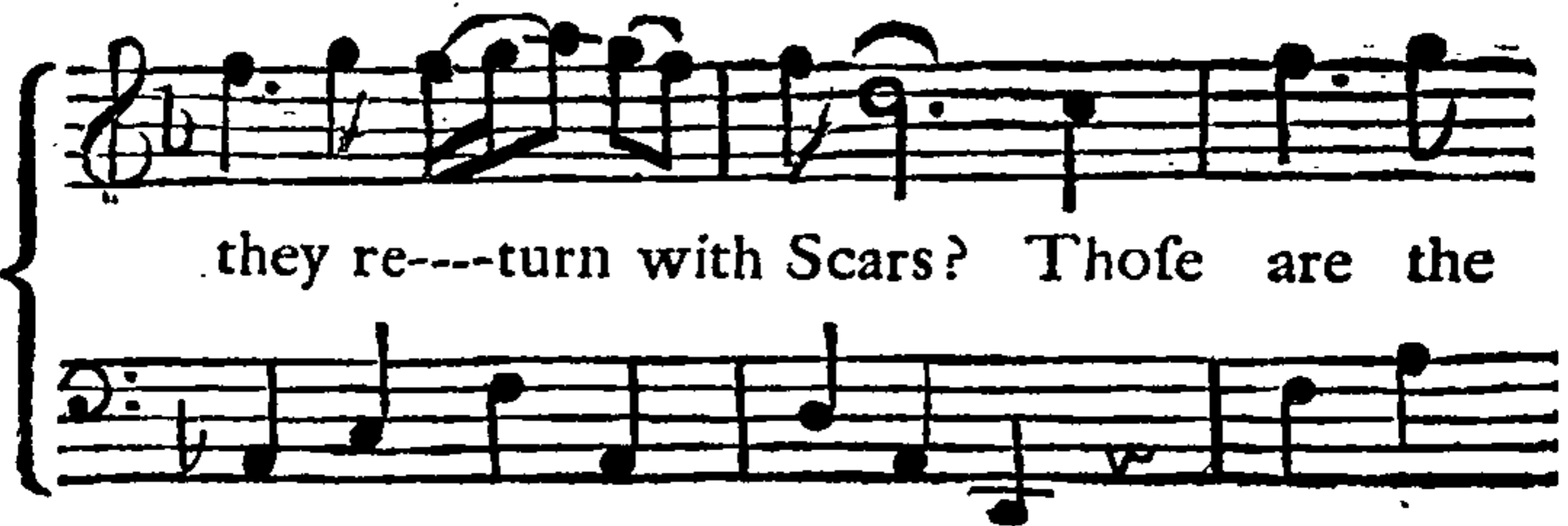


The SOLDIER's *Welcome Home.*

[To the Tune of *Auld lang syne.*]



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



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



noble Hero's Lot, Obtain'd in glorious



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

Arms



Arms about me twine, And make me once a-



gain as blest, As I was lang fyne.



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

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

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

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

For the FLUTE.



The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

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

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

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


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

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



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

For the FLUTE.





MUSIDORA's COMPLAINT.*By a Young Lady of Quality. Set by Mr. DIEUPART.*


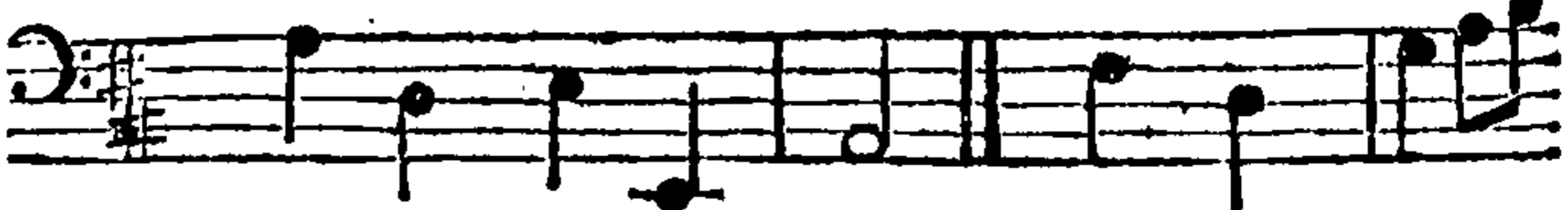

Sad *Musidora*, all in Woe, A silent Grotto seeks

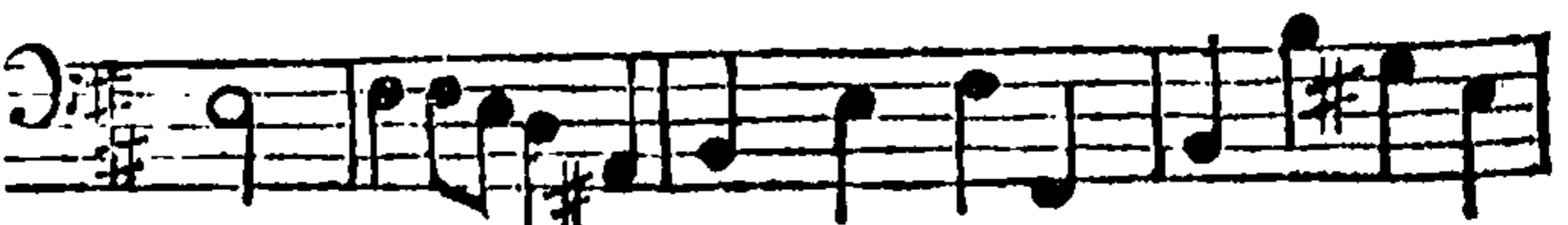
No more her self on Plains does show, But

mourning, thus she speaks: Why was I born of

high Degree? An humble Shepherdes Had been far



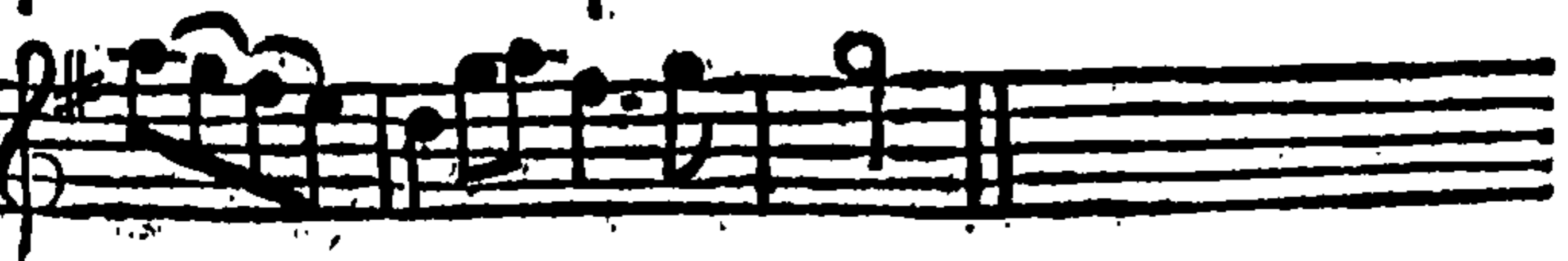
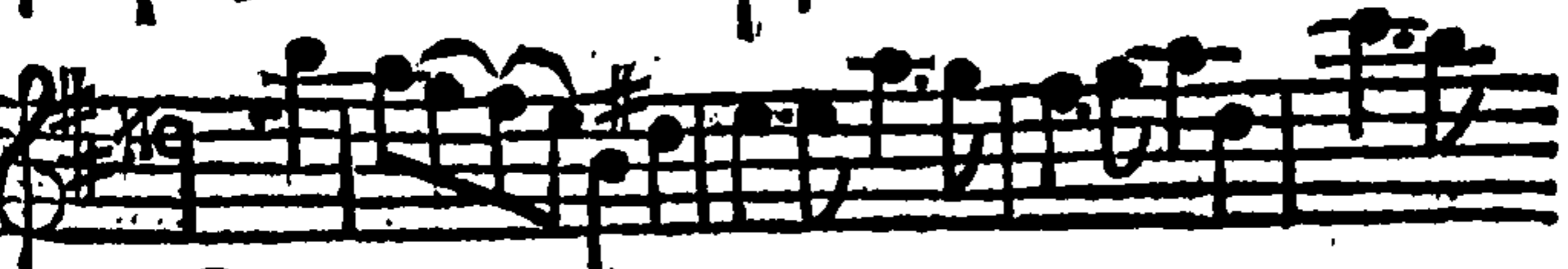
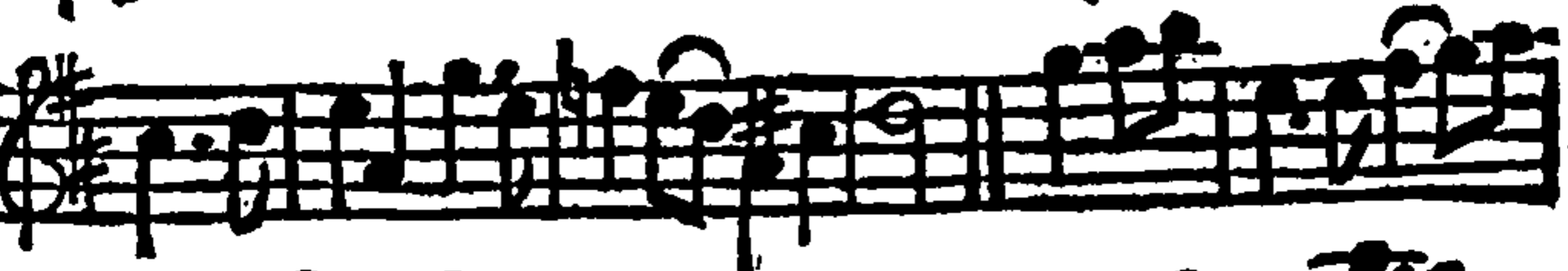


happier for me, Than all all all this gaudy Drefs.



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

For the FLUTE.



The DESTRUCTIVE BEAUTY.

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

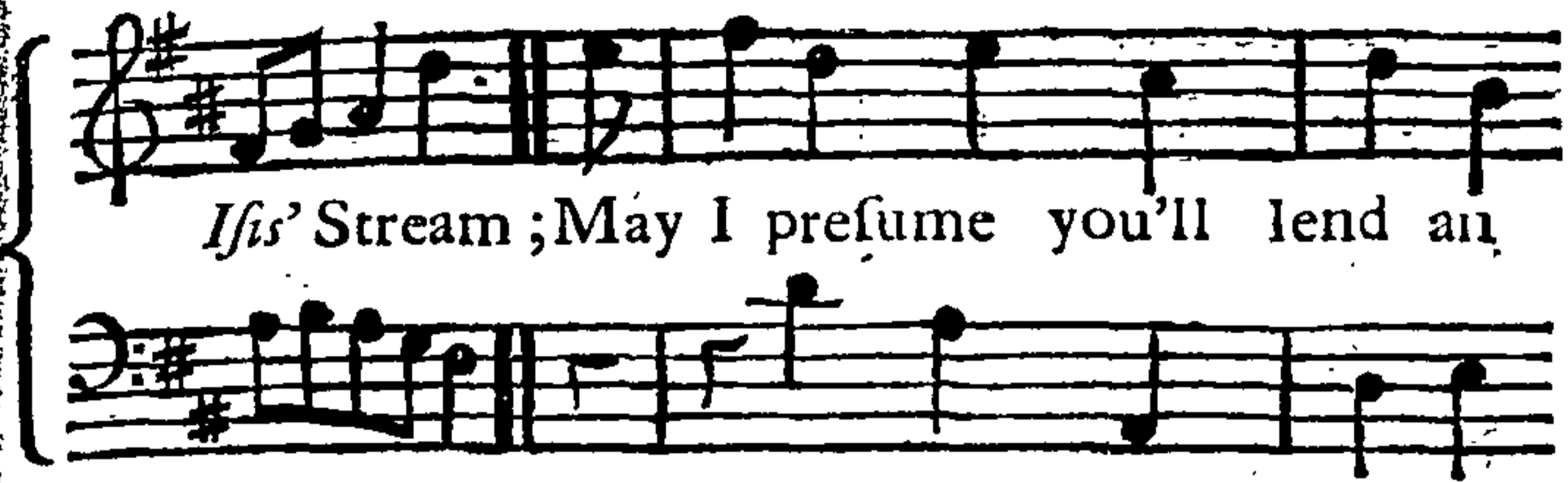
To the Tune of *All ye Ladies now at Land.*

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

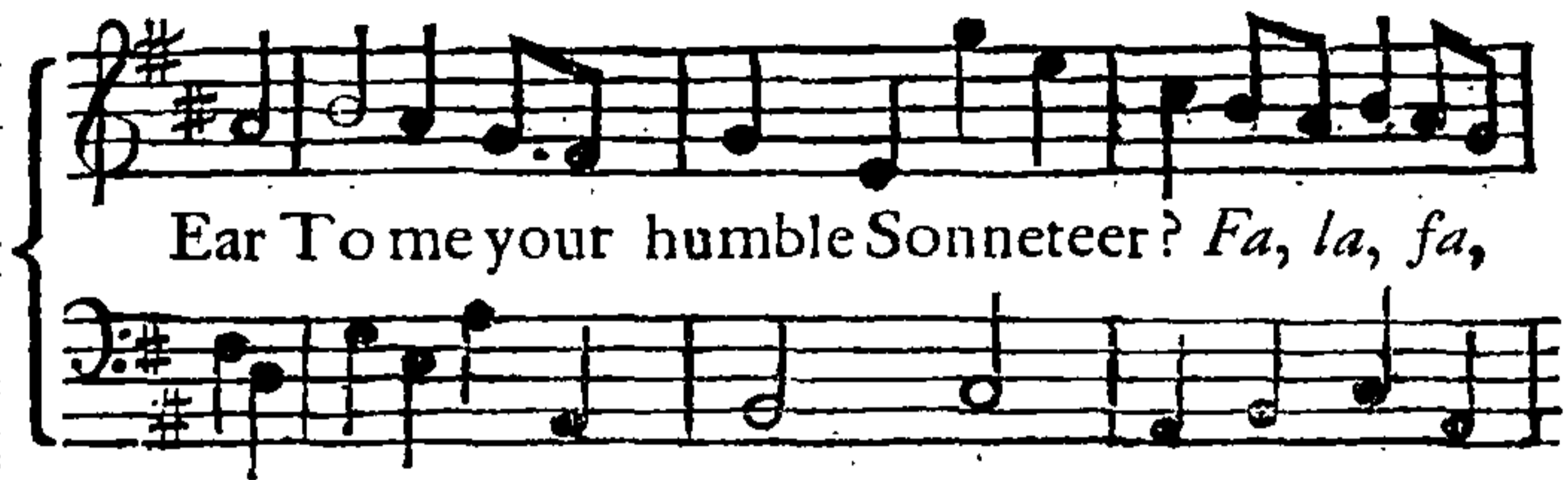
Verses to Miss A. B.

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The first system is bracketed together and contains the lyrics: "While you, my charming Nan--cy, reign,". The second system is also bracketed and contains: "Of ev'ry Muse the Theme; Whose Presence". The third system is bracketed and contains: "decks with Flow'rs the Plain, With Pride swells". The piano accompaniment is written in a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature.

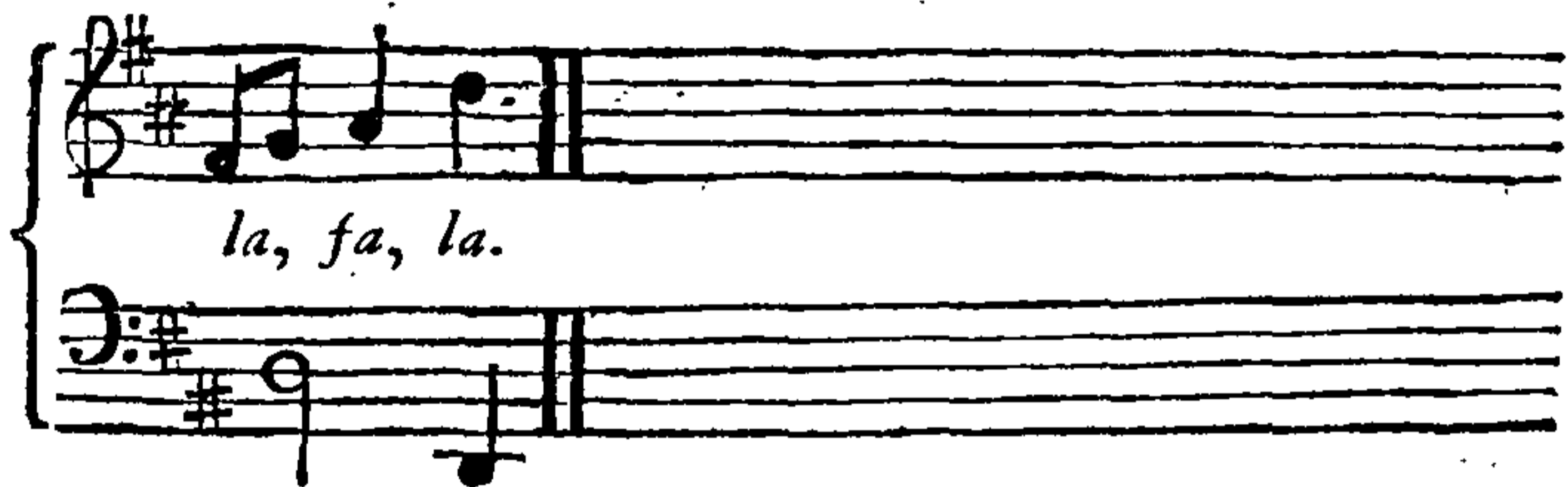
While you, my charming Nan--cy, reign,
Of ev'ry Muse the Theme; Whose Presence
decks with Flow'rs the Plain, With Pride swells



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



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



la, fa, la.

But lest, my Fair, you shou'd look cold,

Cry *Pish*, and call me rude,

Or think that I dare be so bold,

My Passion to intrude:

It is not for my self I sue,

But for some Trees that die for you. *Fa, la, &c.*

Since late on *Isis' Silver Flood*

Your fatal Form was seen,

Some luckless Trees in *Newnham Wood*

('Till then full fair and green)

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

'Tis said, that with a Look most queer

The Dotards peeping stood :

No Priest, with more lascivious Leer,

Confessing Nun e'er view'd ;

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

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

How then can all your num'rous Band

Of Lovers not despair,

When Hearts of Oak cannot withstand

A Face so wond'rous fair ?

Since in your Breast no Pity's found,

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

Well did the Poet's Am'rous Song

Style you the *Publick Care* ;

For all our Country 'Squires ere long

Will dread the passing Fair :

Think what will good * Lord *Harcourt* do,

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

In pity to our Woods, restrain

The Light'ning of your Eyes,

Since, at each Glance, upon the Plain

Some blasted Forest lies.

* *The Owner of Newnham Woods.*

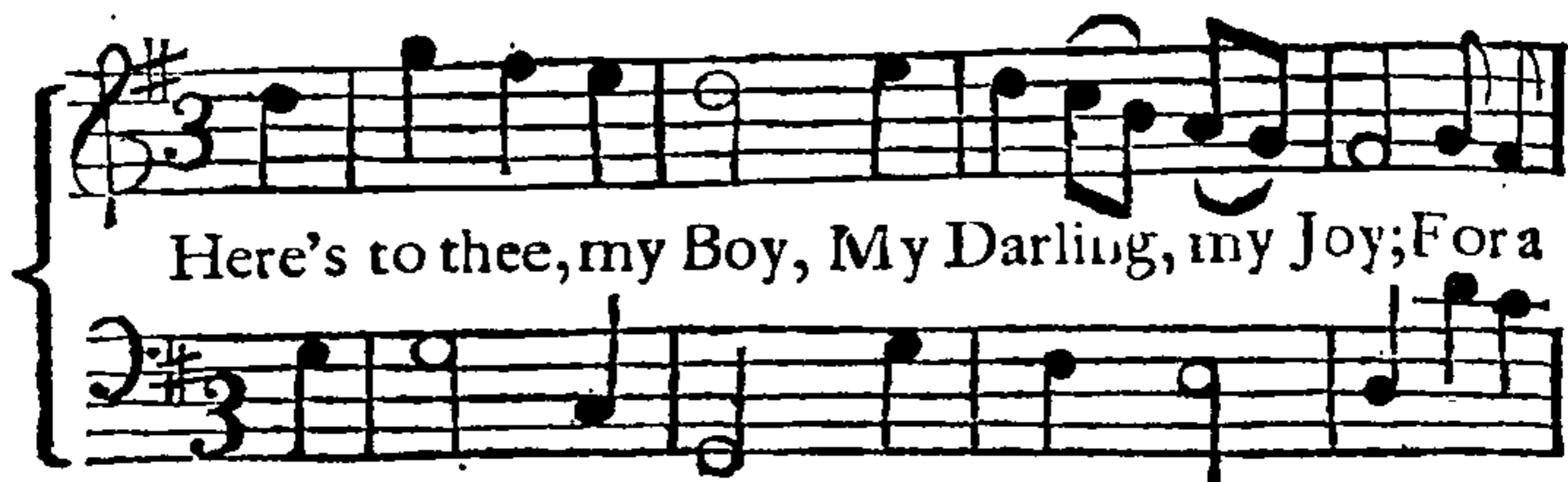
If you proceed, my lovely Maid,
You'll ruin our Poetick Shade. *Fa, la, &c.*

If still, on fell Destruction bent,
You'll use your Pow'r to kill,
On *Christ-Church* Elms your Fire be spent;
Let them your Vengeance feel.
No better Fate to them is due,
They know the Hand that libell'd you. *Fa, la, &c.*

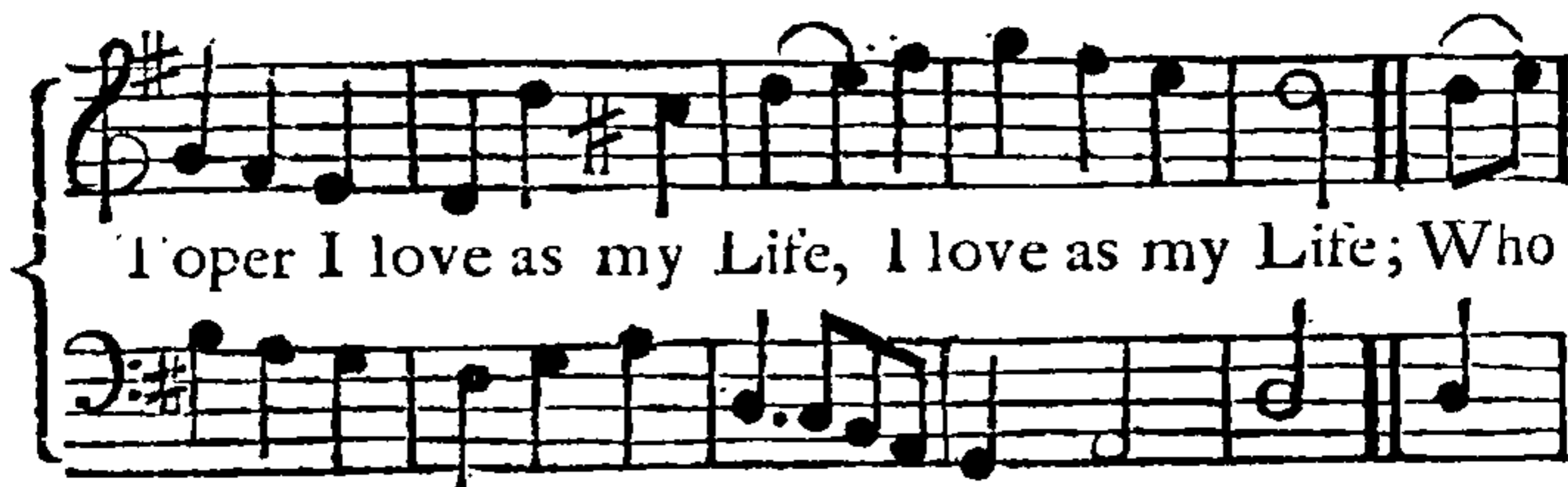
For the F L U T E.




A DRINKING SONG. By Mr. CAREY.



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



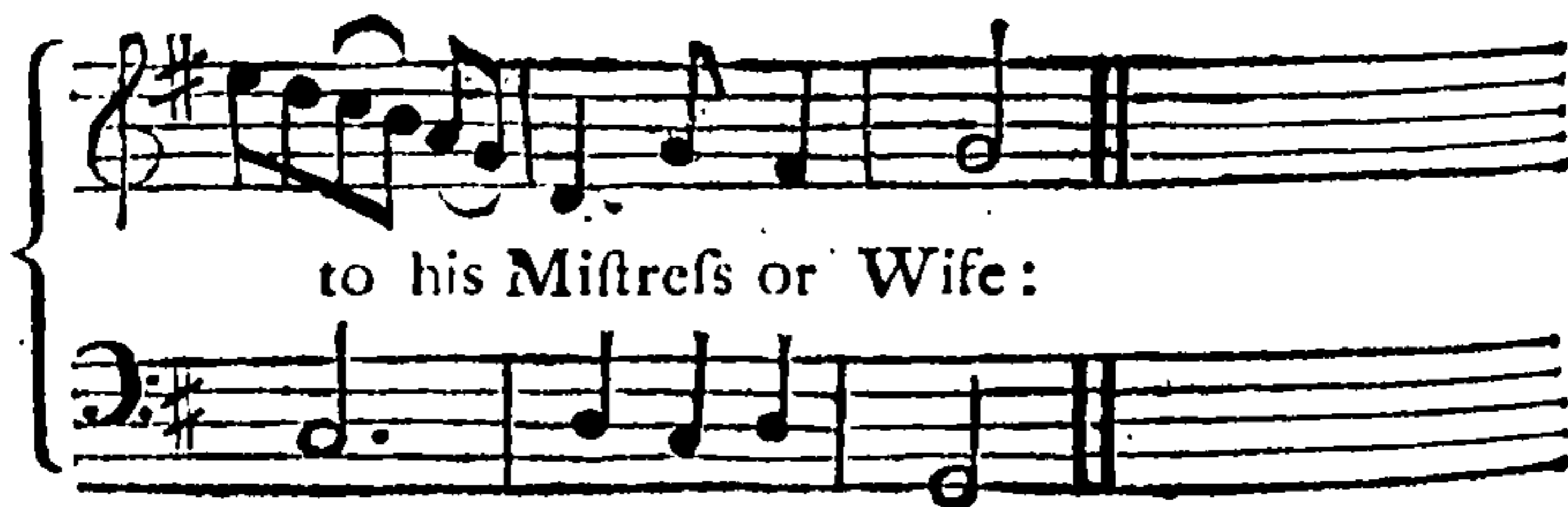
I oper I love as my Life, I love as my Life; Who



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



home to his Miſtreſs or Wife, To go home —



to his Miſtreſs or Wife:

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

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

For the FLUTE.



On a LADY stung by a Bee.

Set by Mr. *VINCENT*.

As Cæ-*lia* in her Garden stray'd, Secure, nor

dreamt of Harm; A Bee approach'd the

lovely Maid, And rest-ed on her Arm.

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

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

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

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

For the F L U T E.

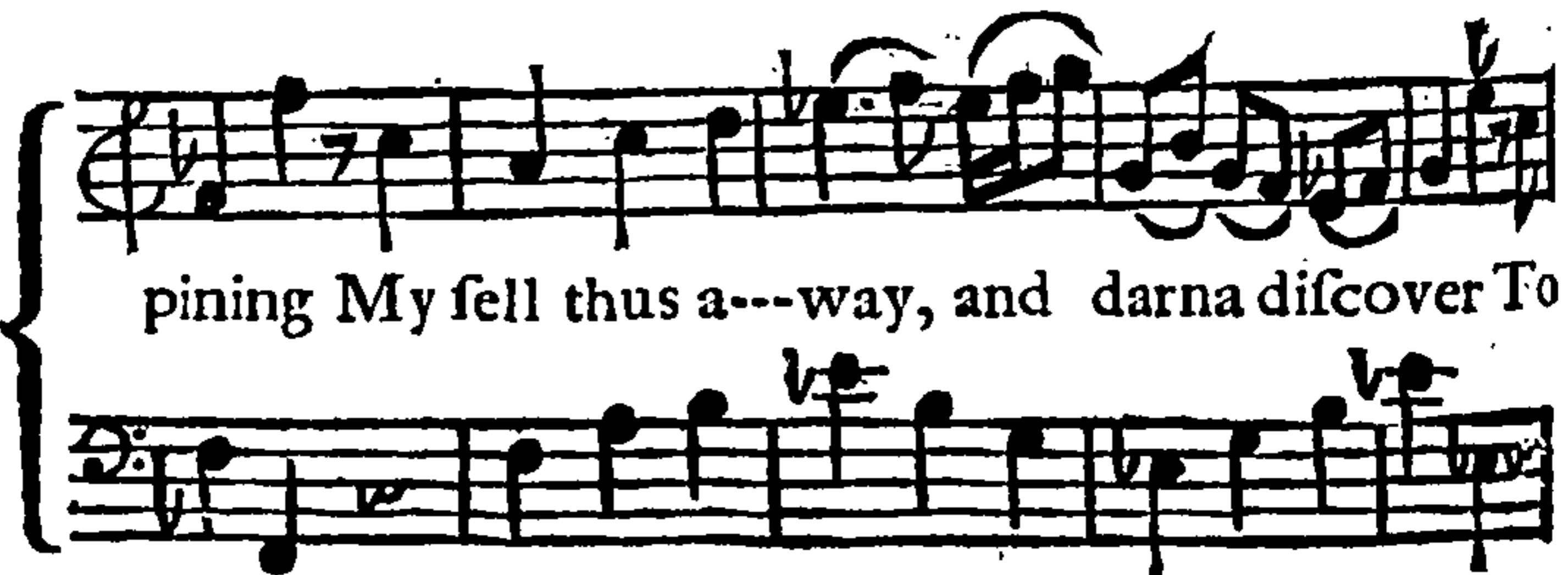


JOHN HAY's *Bonny Lassie.*


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



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

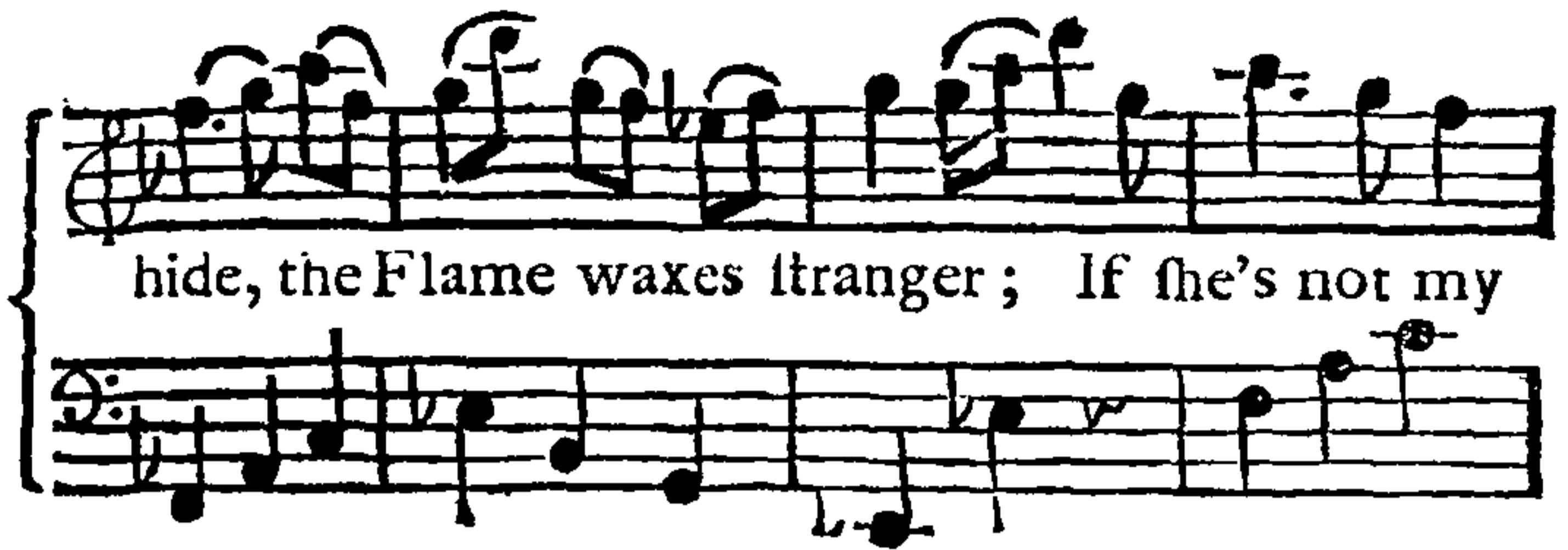


ping My fell thus a---way, and darna discover To

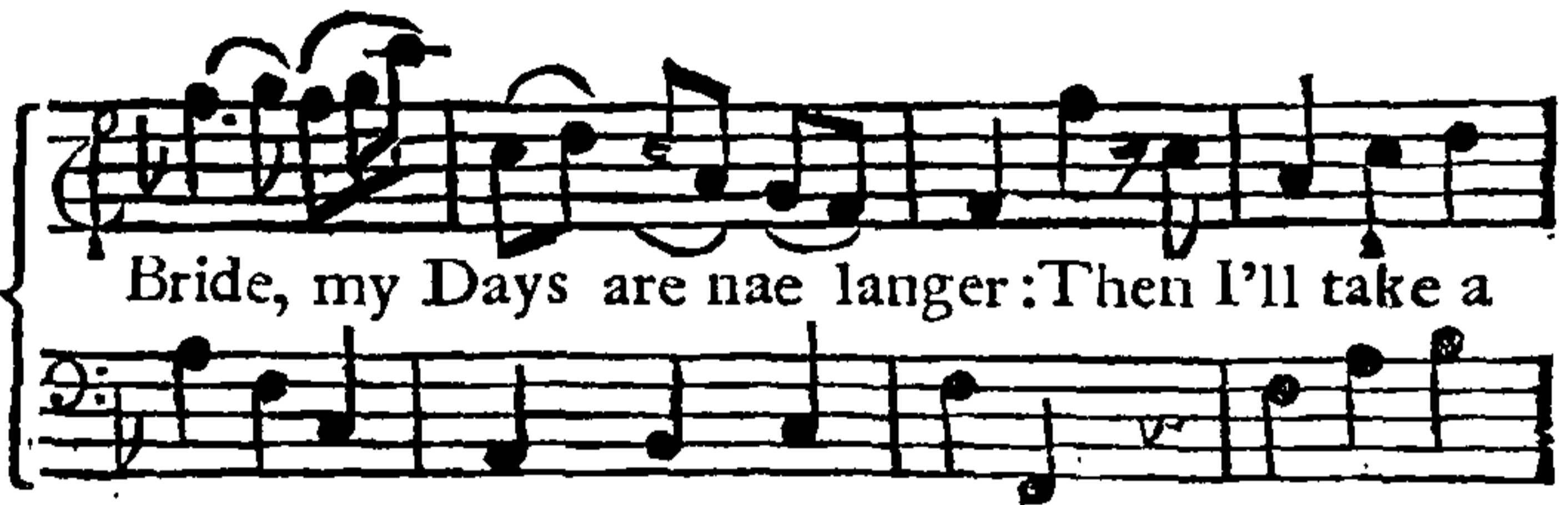


my bonny *Hay* that I am her Lover? Nae mair it will

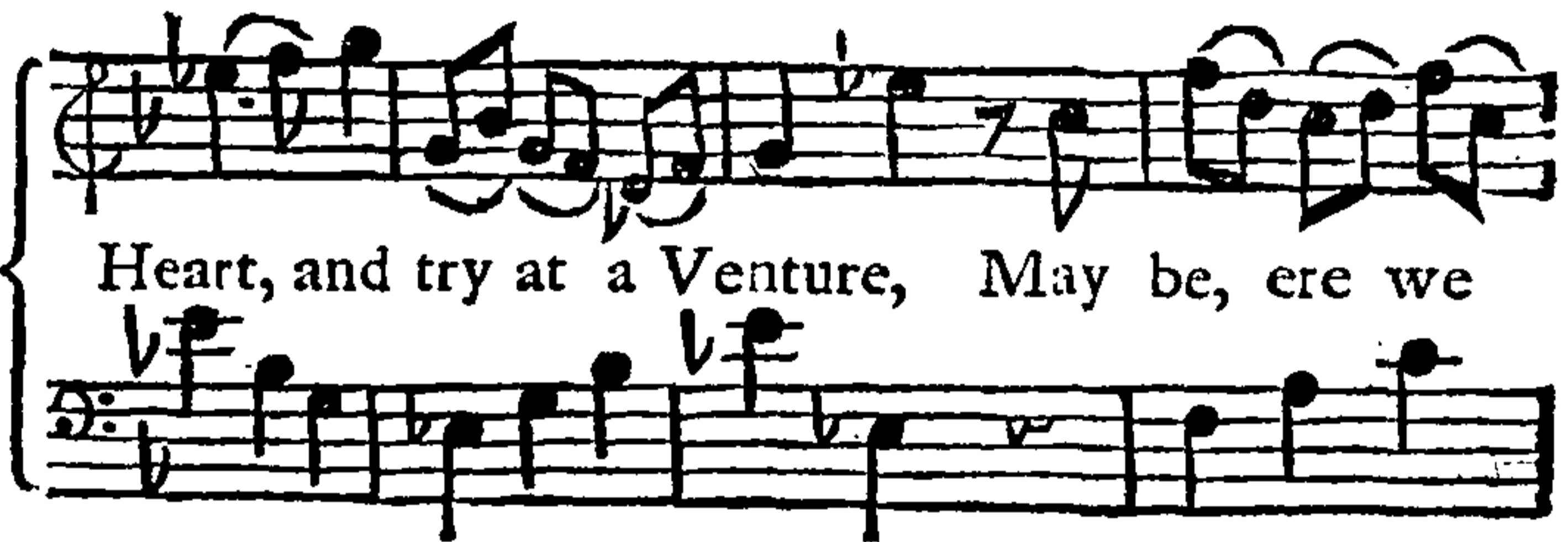
hide,



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



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



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



part, my Vows may con--tent her.

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

But

64 *The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.*

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

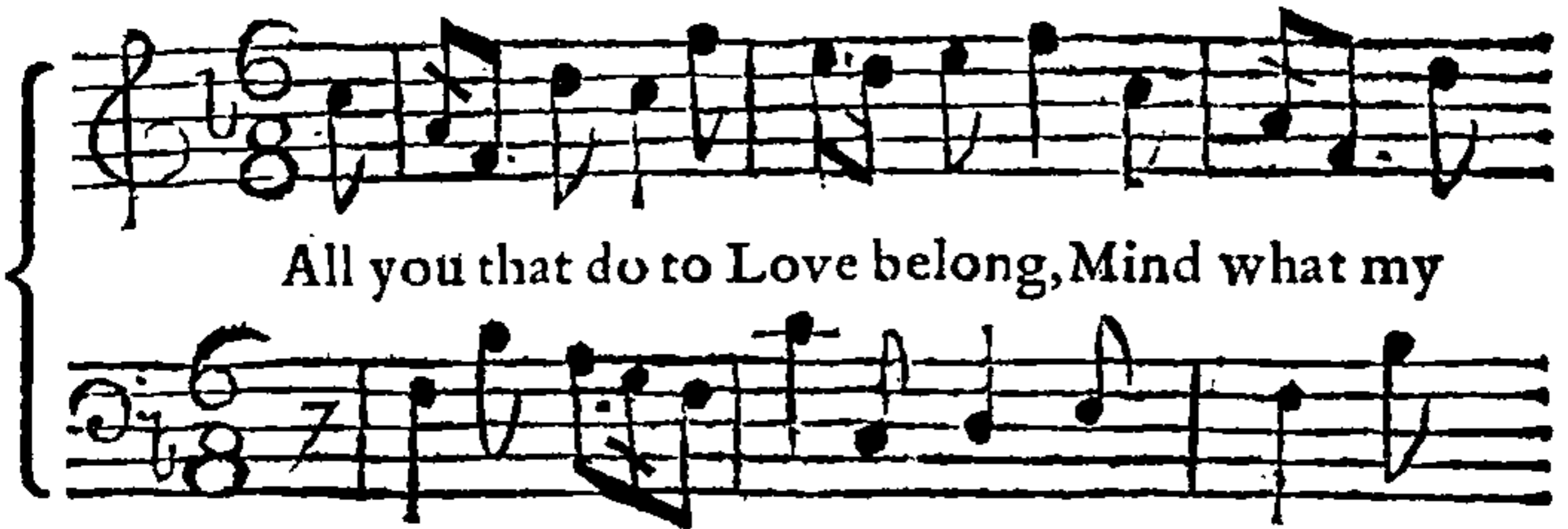
The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,
 Struck dumb with Amaze, my Mind is confounded,
 I'm all in a Fire, dear Maid, to carefs ye,
 For a' my Desire is *Hay's* bonny Lassie.

For the FLUTE.

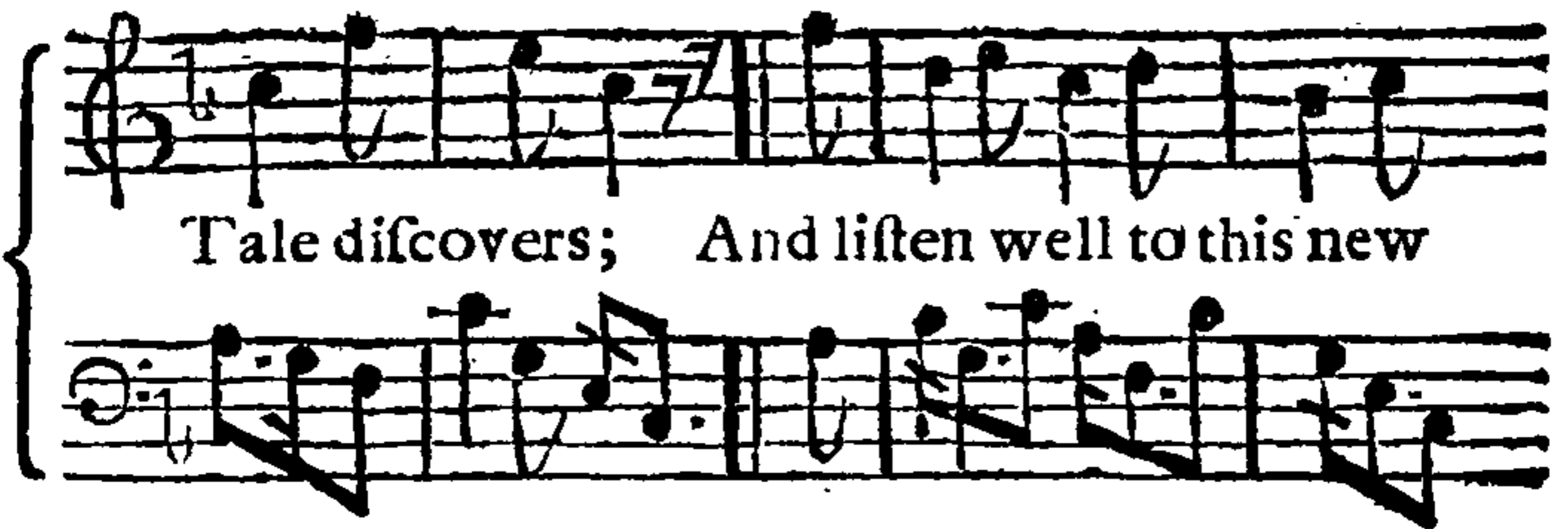


POPE JOAN'S *Kissing-Dance.*

Set by Mr. J. SHEELER.



All you that do to Love belong, Mind what my



Tale discovers; And listen well to this new



Song, A strange Rondeau of Lovers! A



strange Rondeau of Lovers!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Poor *Jacob* made a woful Stir

To compass nut-brown *Lettice*,
And fail'd, with much ado, for her
Affections never met his.

Lettice likewise her Love was crost in,
(Fate order'd it should so be)

For once, in vain, she courted *Austin*,
And now in vain wooes *Toby*.

What Maid wou'd wish to be in her Case?

For *Toby*, she's so fond on,
Run almost mad for little *Dorcas*,
That newly came from *London*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For fince (as *Hymen* told them plain)
 Tho' they moft grievoufly burn,
 The Wedding-Noofe will ne'er contain
 So many as will *Tyburn*.

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

But for all this, they did not mifs,
 Each *Sunday* after Sarmint,
 To meet and kifs, fome more, fome lefs ;
 For Kiffing has no Harm in't.

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

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

For the FLUTE.



A Dialogue between JONNY and NELLY

[To the Tune of *I'll never leave Thee.*]

J O N N Y.

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

reave me, To Fields where Can-nons rair,

thou need na grieve thee, For deep in my

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

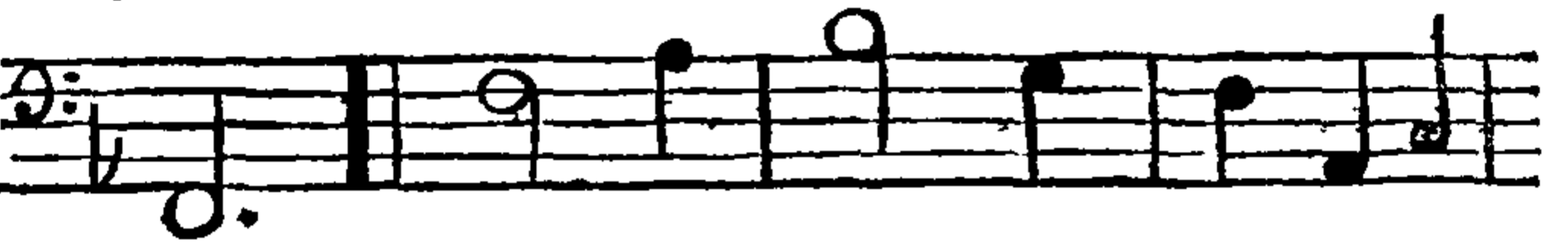
And



And Love shall preserve ay what Love has im-



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



leave thee, Gang the World as it will,



Dearest, be—lieve me.



N E L L Y.

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

76 *The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.*

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

J O N N Y.

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

N E L L Y.

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

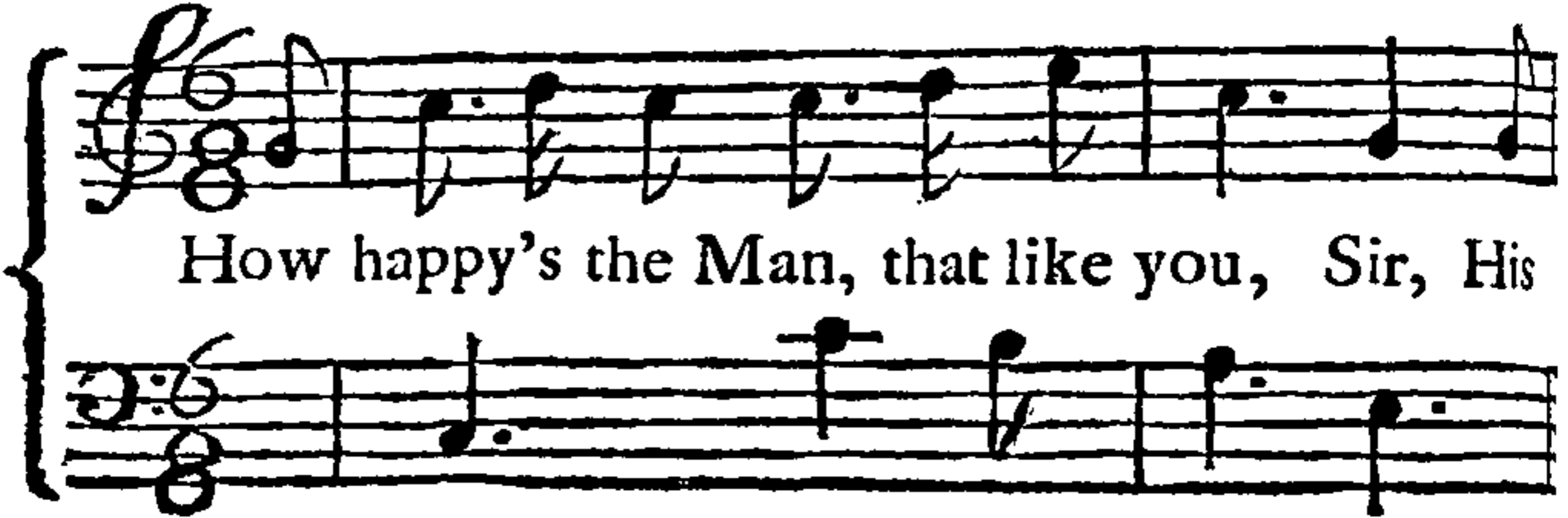
J O N N Y.

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

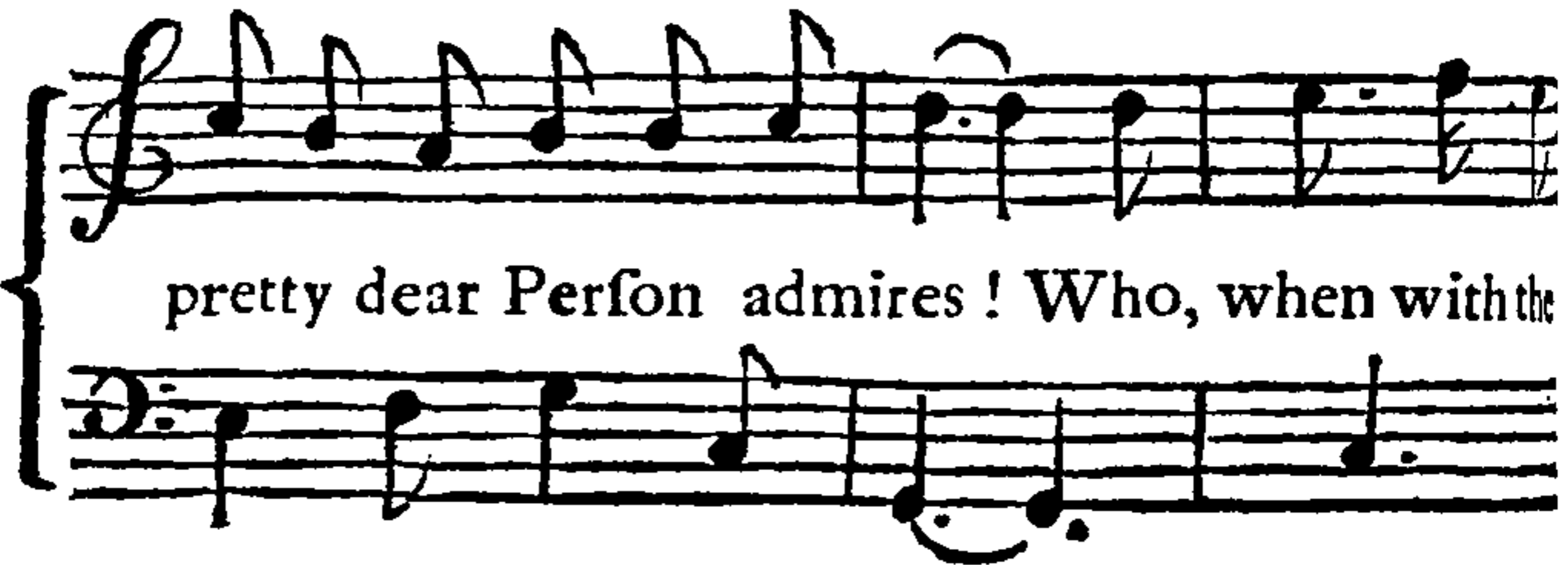
For the FLUTE.



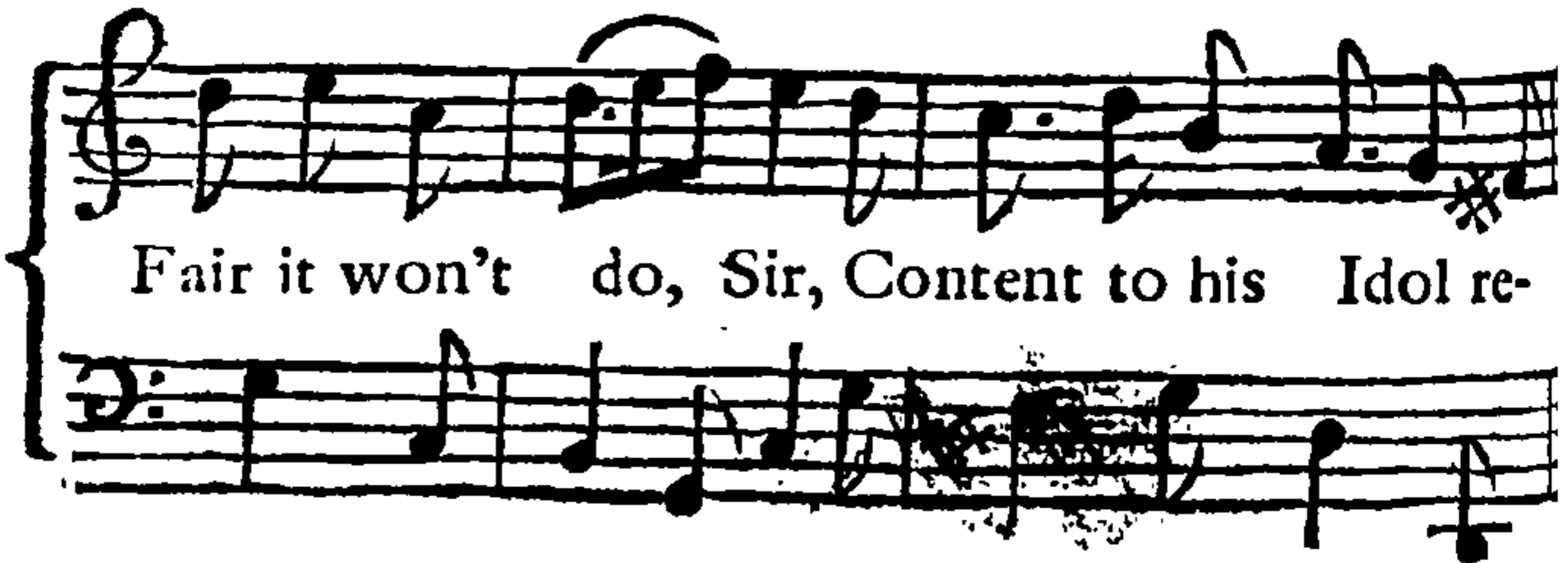
PASTORA'S Reply to PHILAUTUS; in
the PASTORAL call'd Love in a Riddle.



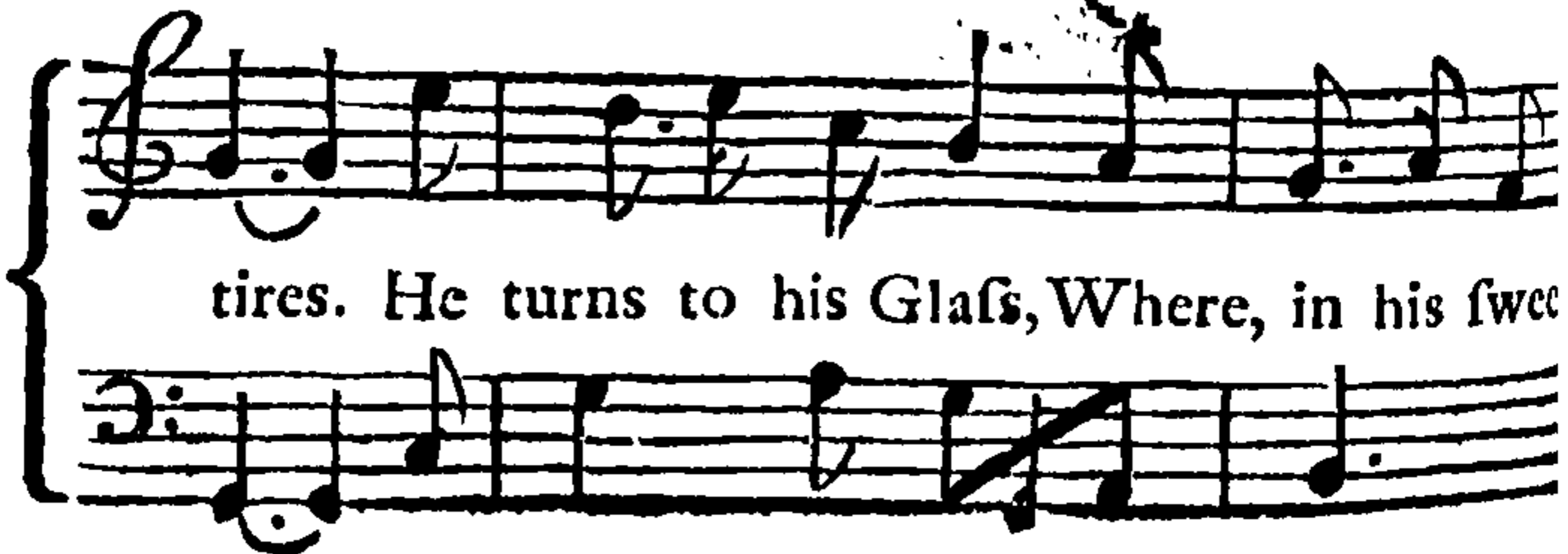
How happy's the Man, that like you, Sir, His



pretty dear Person admires ! Who, when with the



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



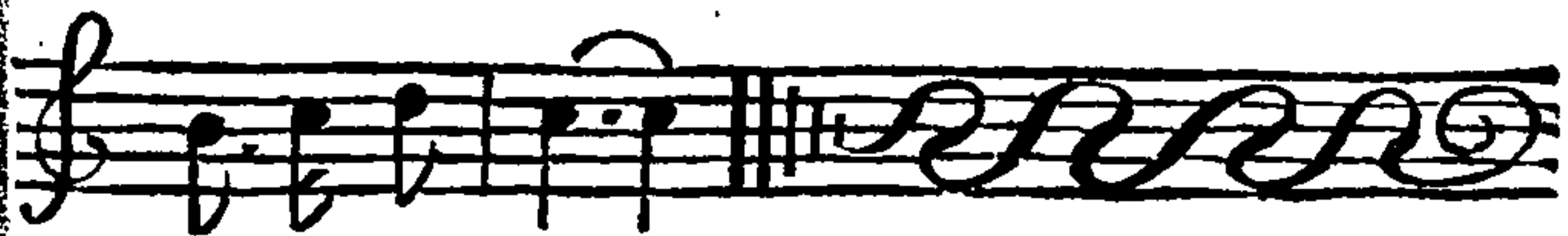
tires. He turns to his Glass, Where, in his sweet



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



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



e-ver op---pose.



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

With

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

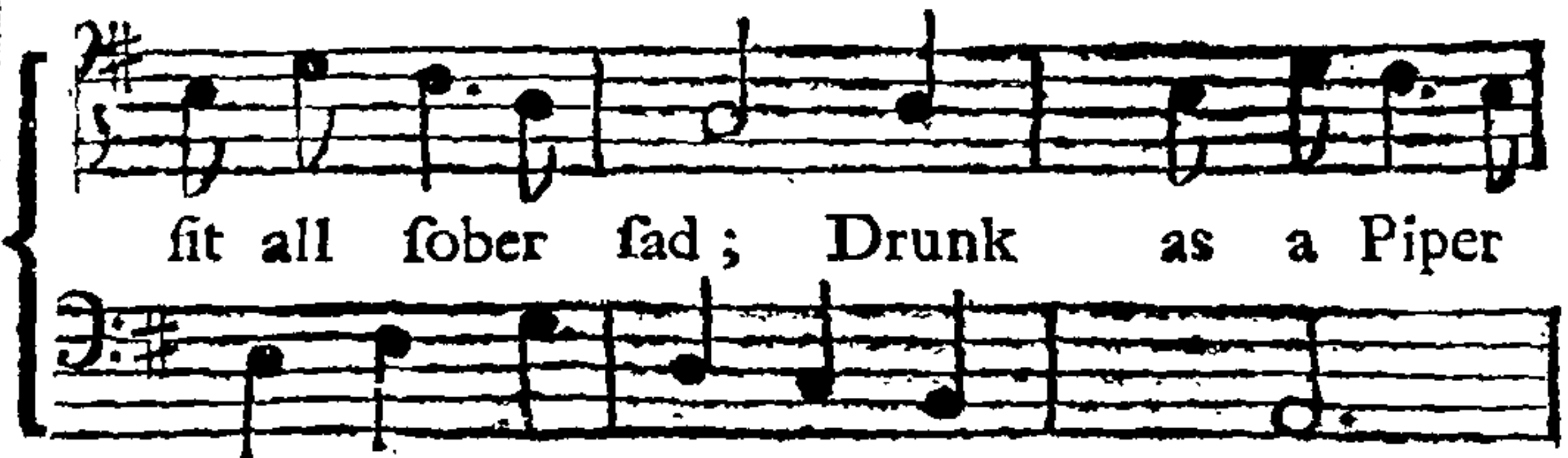
For the F L U T E.



A New S O N G of Old SIMILIES.



My Passion is as Mustard strong; I



fit all sober sad; Drunk as a Piper



all Day long, Or like a *March-Hare* mad.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

84 *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

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

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

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

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

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

For the FLUTE.



A Young GENTLEMAN to a Young LADY.

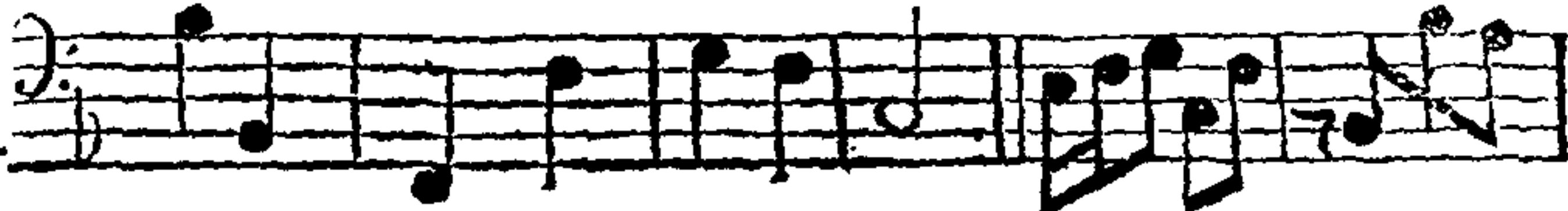
Set by Mr. MONRO.



Hea--v'n's Offspring! Beauty rare!—



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



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



rer Face---, To adorn ————— thy



fair — er Face.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For the FLUTE.



SAPPHO's HYMN *to VENUS.*

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

Set by Mr. *J. SHEELFS.*

Slow

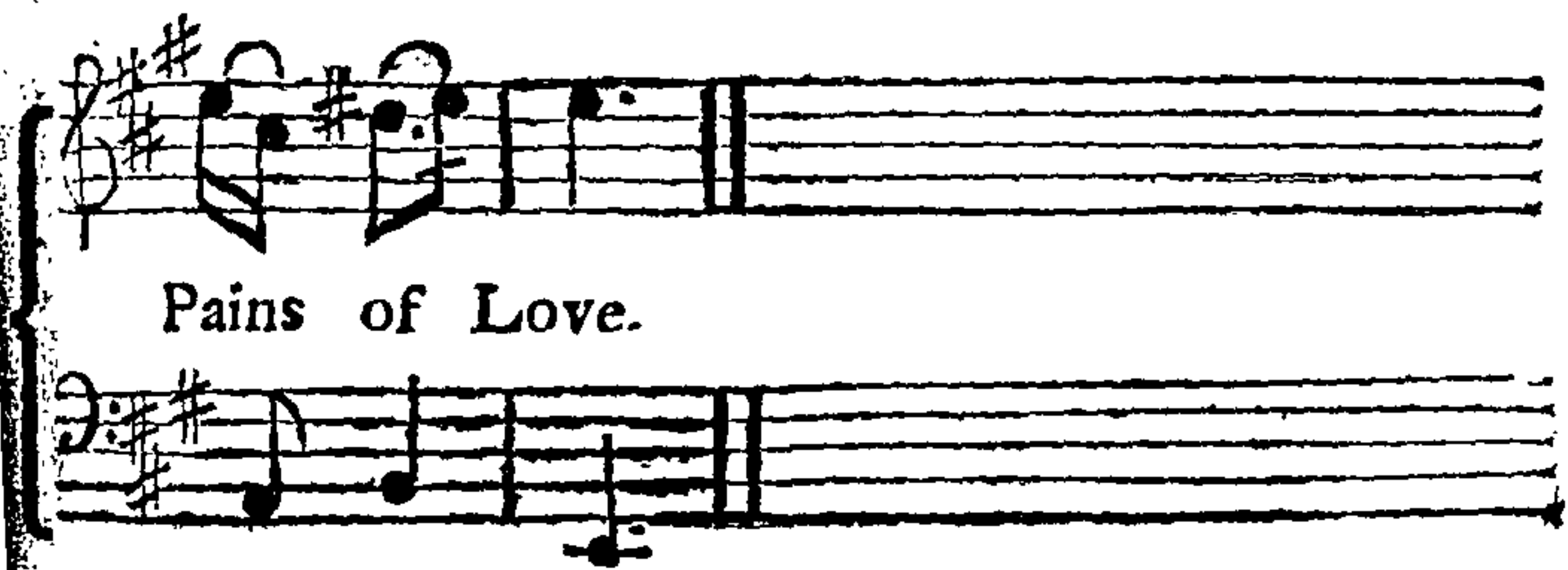
O *Venus!* Beauty of the Skies, To whom a

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

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

O Goddess! from my Heart remove The wasting

Cares



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

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

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

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


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

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


For the FLUTE.



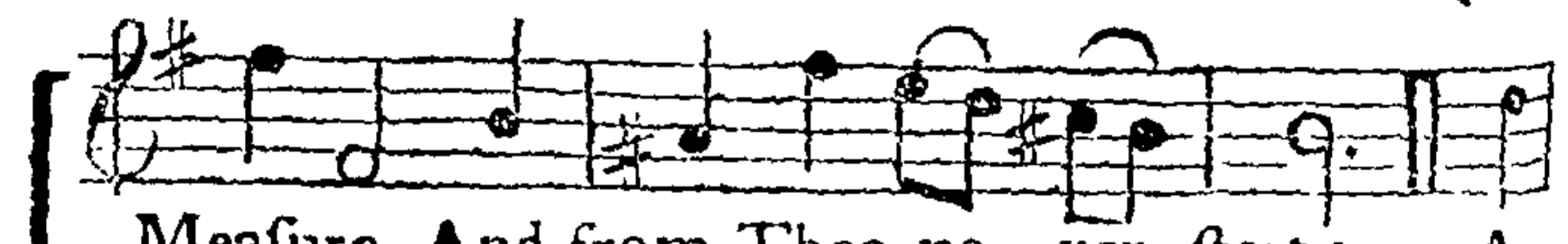
The CHOICE. Address'd to a Bottle by Mr. Tho. Say.




Could'st Thou give me a Pleasure, Like the






Mistress of my Heart, I'd drink beyond all

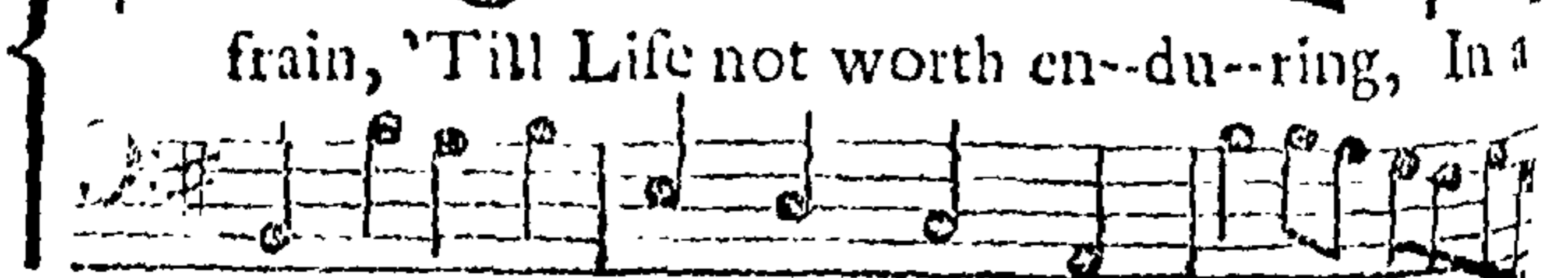
Measure, And from Thee ne--ver start: A




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

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






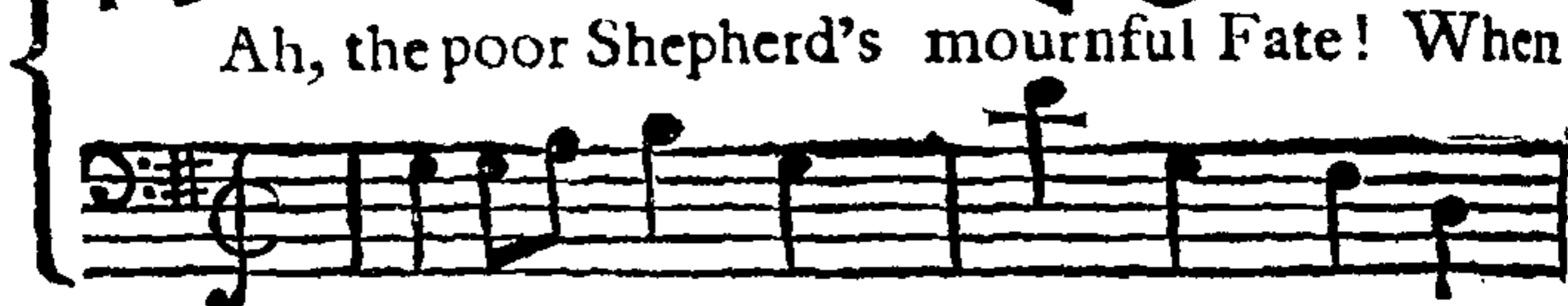
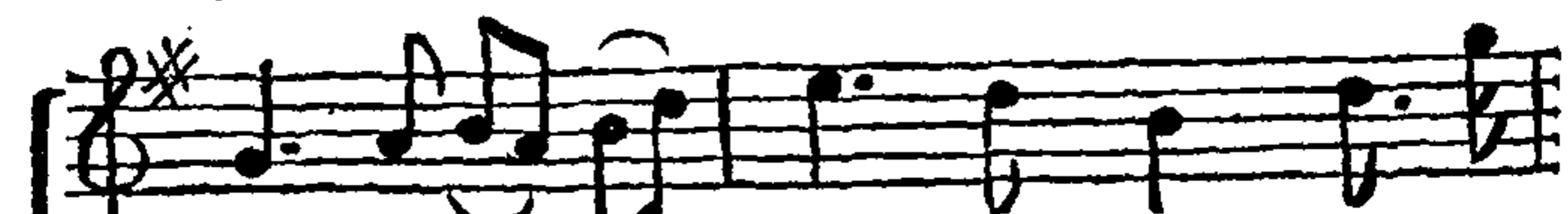
But since there's no comparing
With Raptures she can give;
Whose Ecstasie (past bearing!)
I scarce can taste and live:
To brighter Joys resigning,
I'll quit thy sparkling Charms,
And die without repining,
To be buried in her Arms.

For the FLUTE.

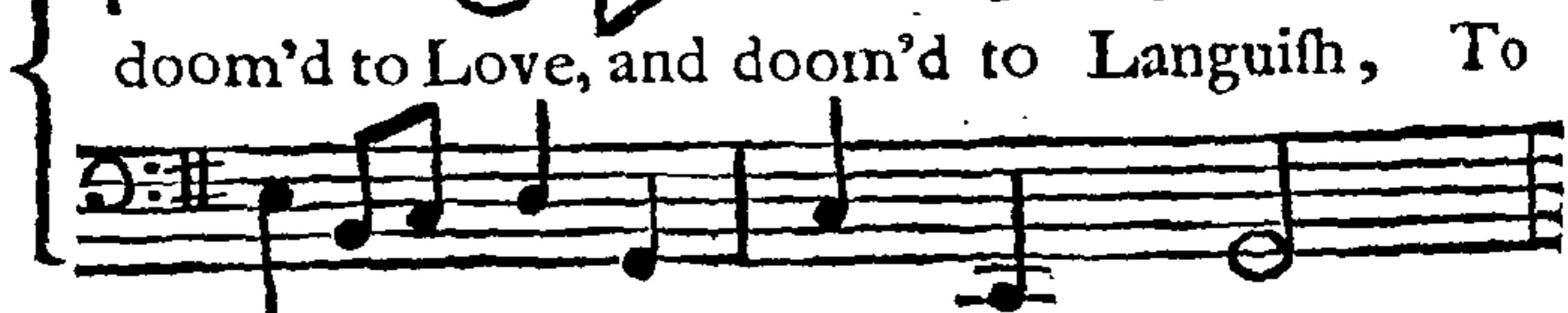


To the Tune of Gallow-Shields.



Ah, the poor Shepherd's mournful Fate! When

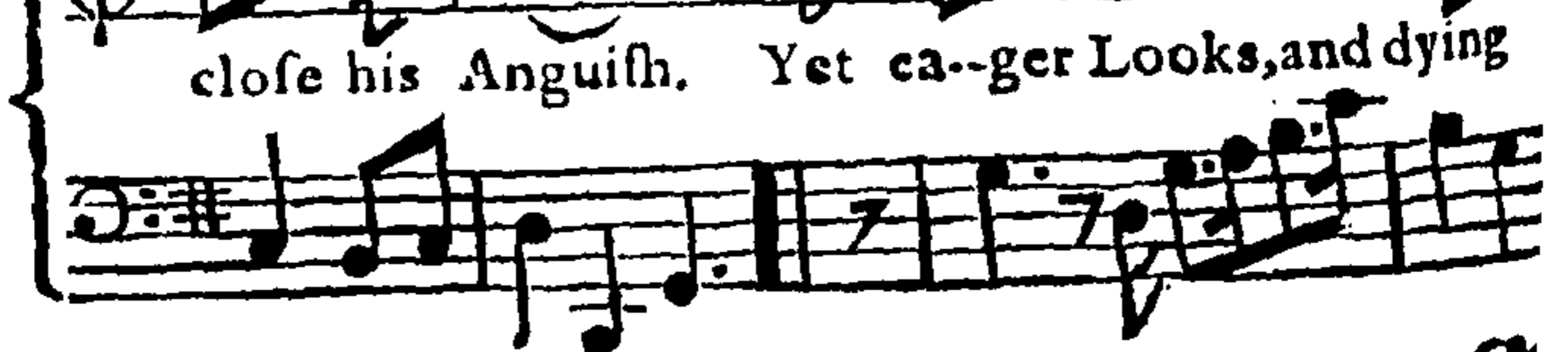

doom'd to Love, and doom'd to Languish, To





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

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

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





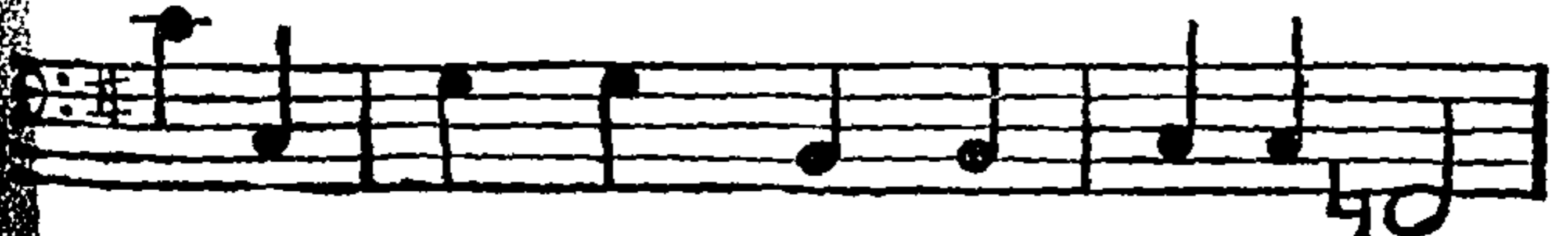
trembling thro' my Eyes, Reveals how much I



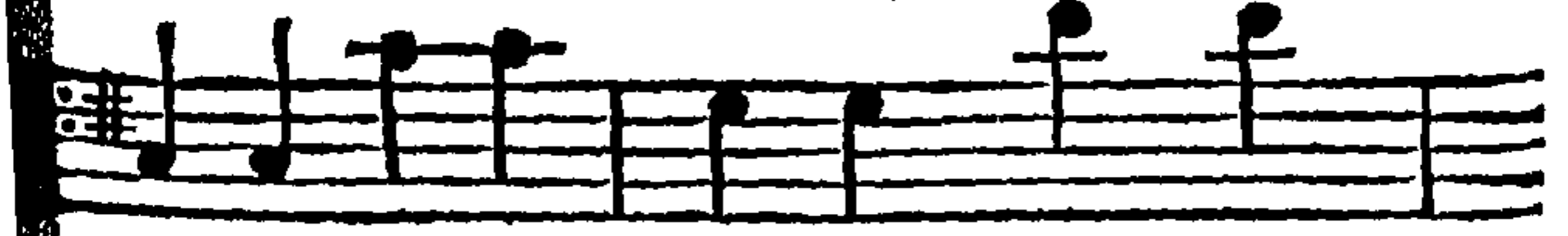
love her. The tender Glance, the red'-ning



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



Thousand various Fears they speak, A



Thousand various Wish---es.

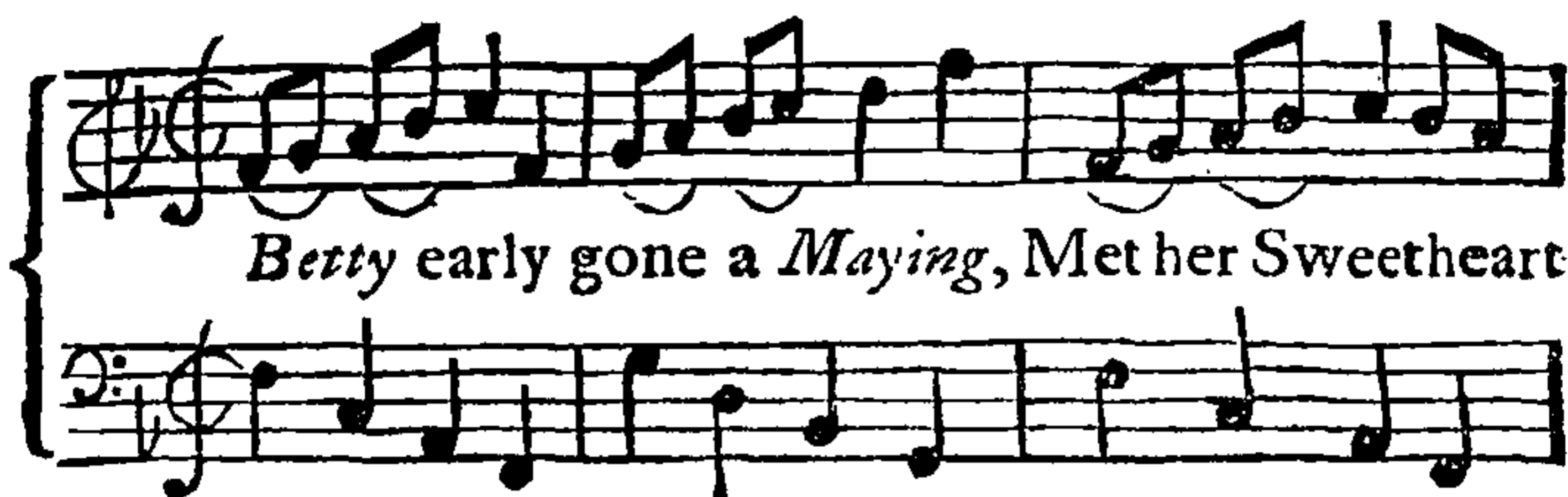


The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

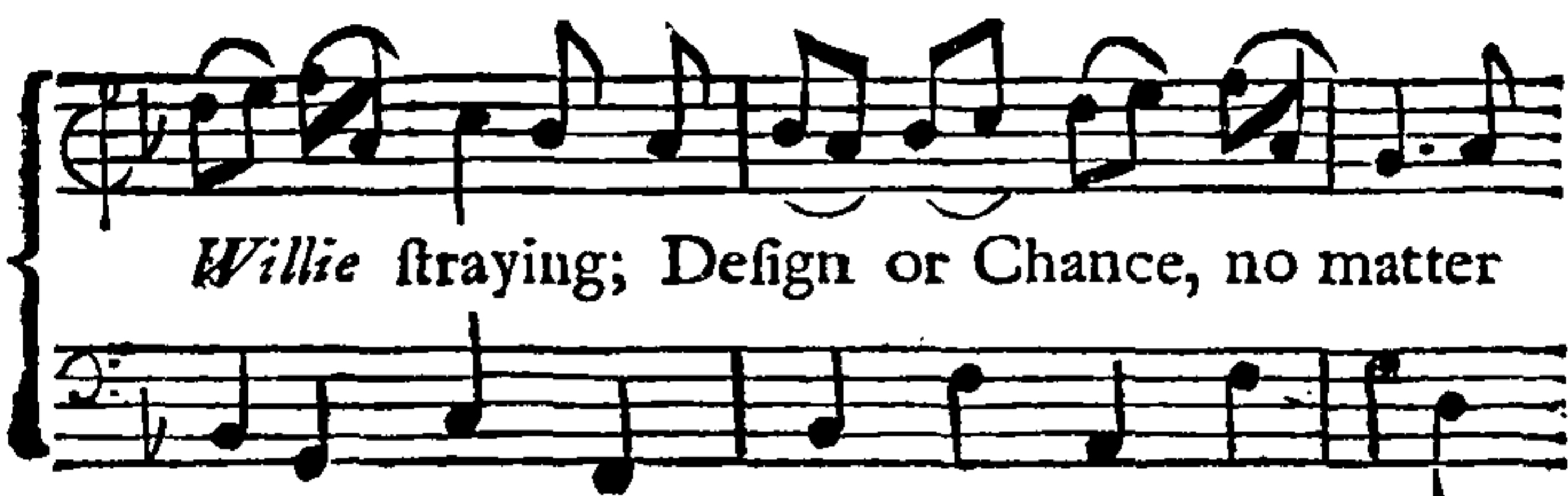
For oh! that Form so heav'nly fair,
Those languid Eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless Blush and modest Air,
So fatally beguiling!
Thy ev'ry Look and ev'ry Grace
So charm, when-e'er I view thee;
'Till Death o'ertake me in the Chase,
Still will my Hopes pursue thee:
Then, when my tedious Hours are past,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



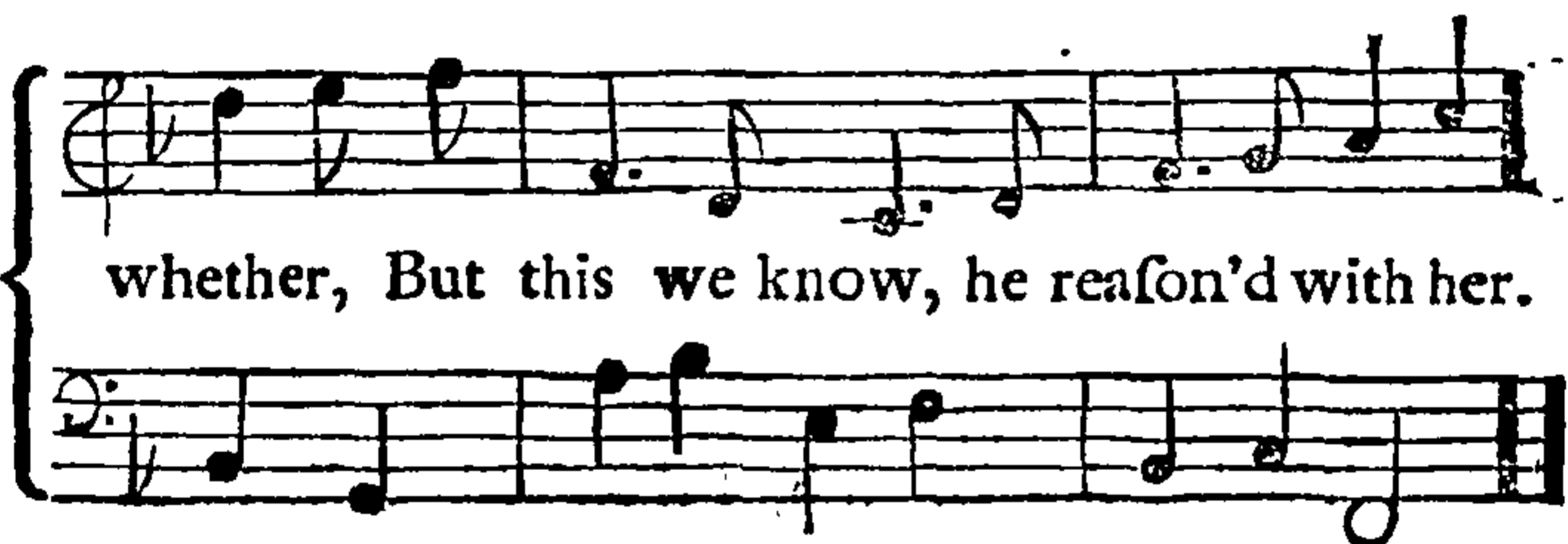
There's my Thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.



Betty early gone a *Maying*, Met her Sweetheart



Willie straying; Design or Chance, no matter



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To the afore-going Tune.

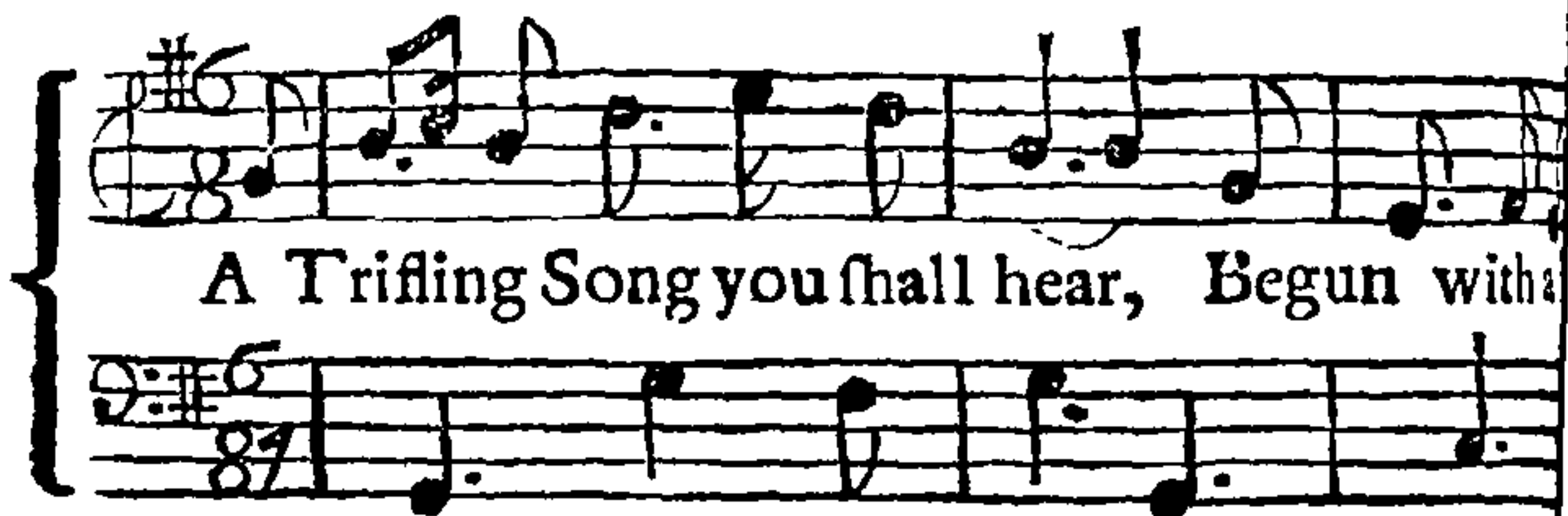
BOAST no more, fond Swain, of Pleasure
That the fickle Fair can give thee :
Believe me, 'tis a Fairy Treasure,
And all thy Hopes will soon deceive thee.

Sweet!

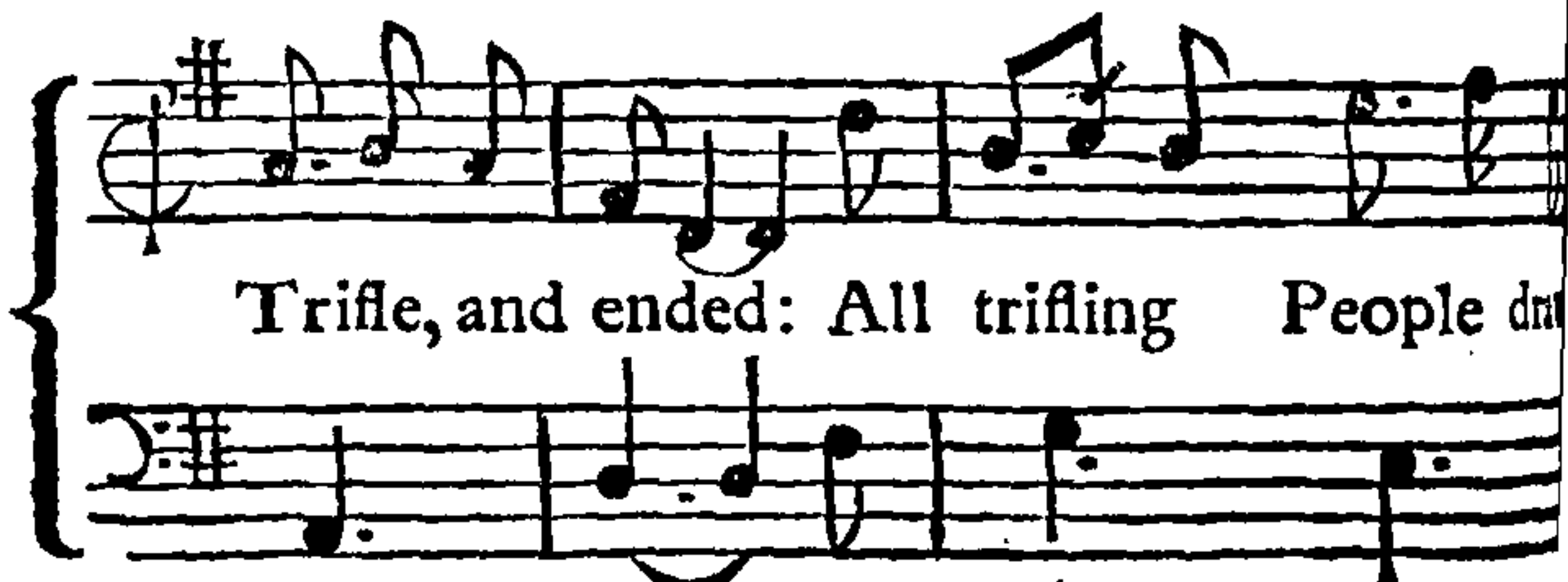
Sweet's the Morn, but quickly flying;
Her Smiles I've known, and her Disdaining:
The Flow'r is fair, but quickly dying;
And *Cloe* still will be complaining.

For the FLUTE.

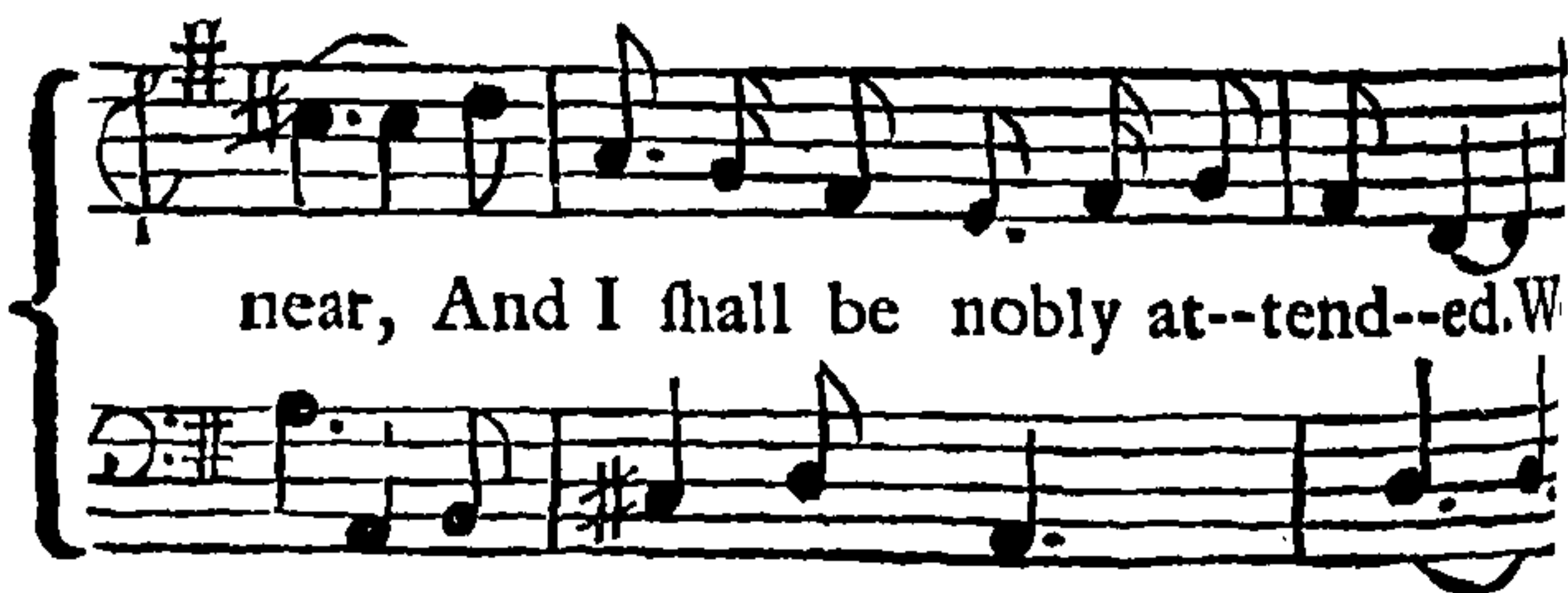


The T R I F L E.Sung by ARCHER in the *Beaux Stratagem*,*Set by Mr. D. PURCELL.*


A Trifling Song you shall hear, Begun with a



Trifle, and ended: All trifling People draw



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



not for Trifles a few, That late-ly have



come into Play, Men wou'd want something to



do, And Women want something to say.



What makes Men trifle in Dressing?

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

When the Lover his Moments has trifled,

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

What Mortal Man wou'd be able

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

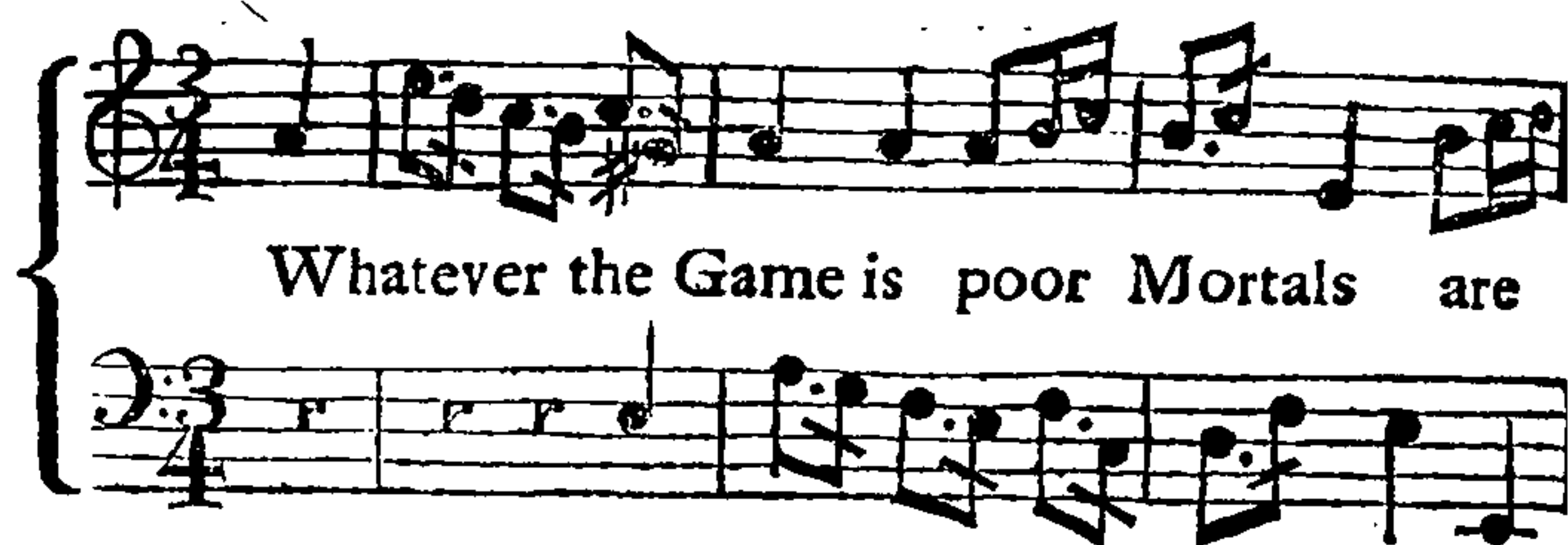
But with People's Malice to Trifle,
And to set us all on a foot,
The Author of this is a Trifle;
And his Song is a Trifle to boot.

For the FLUTE.

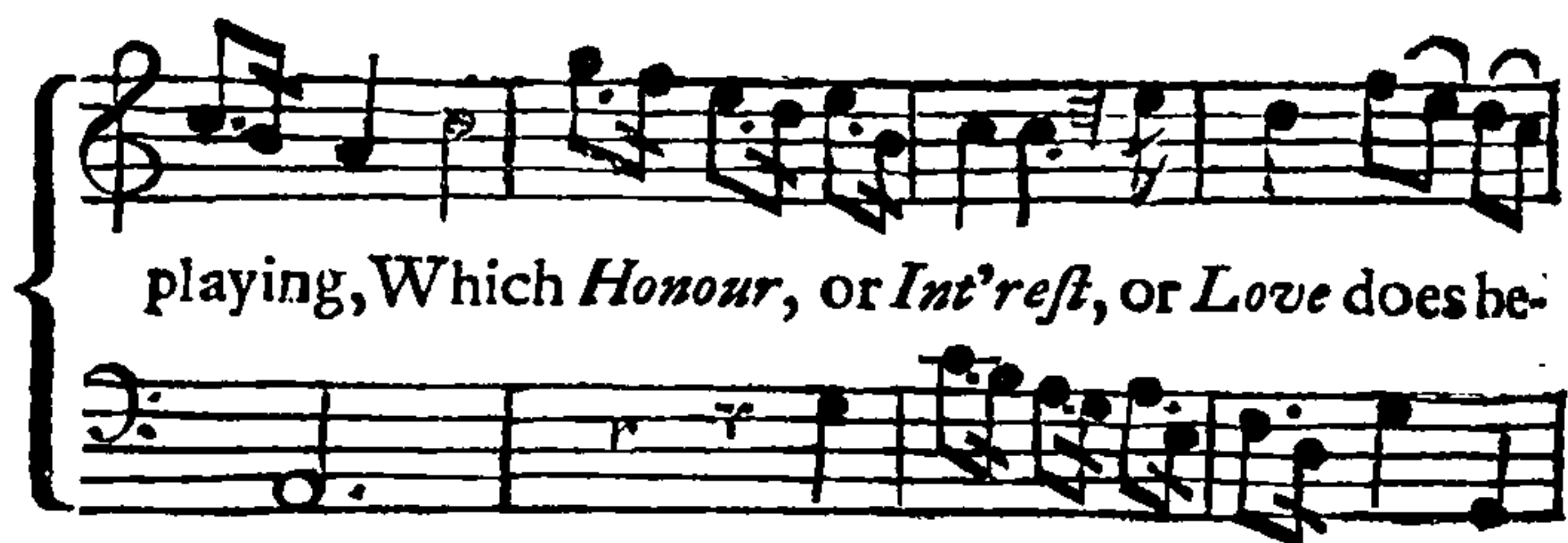


A SURE CARD: Or, The LAST STAKE.

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.



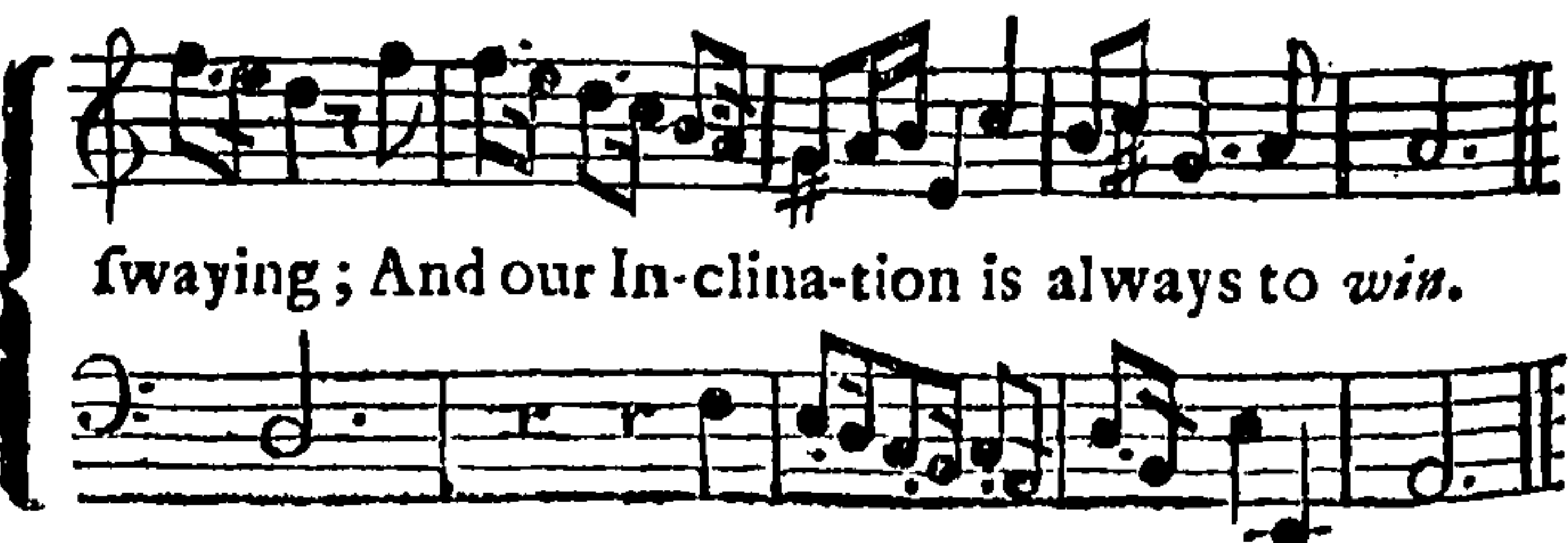
Whatever the Game is poor Mortals are



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



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



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

Who,

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

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

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

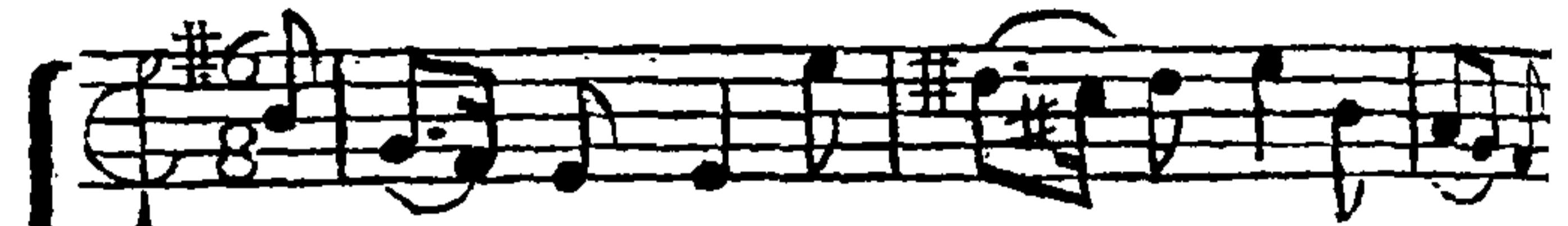
He only is happy, and cannot miscarry,
Who firmly his Faith on true VIRTUE does pin;
For, let others *Triumph*, or *Traffick*, or *Marry*,
He, in the Conclusion, is certain to *win*.

For the F L U T E.


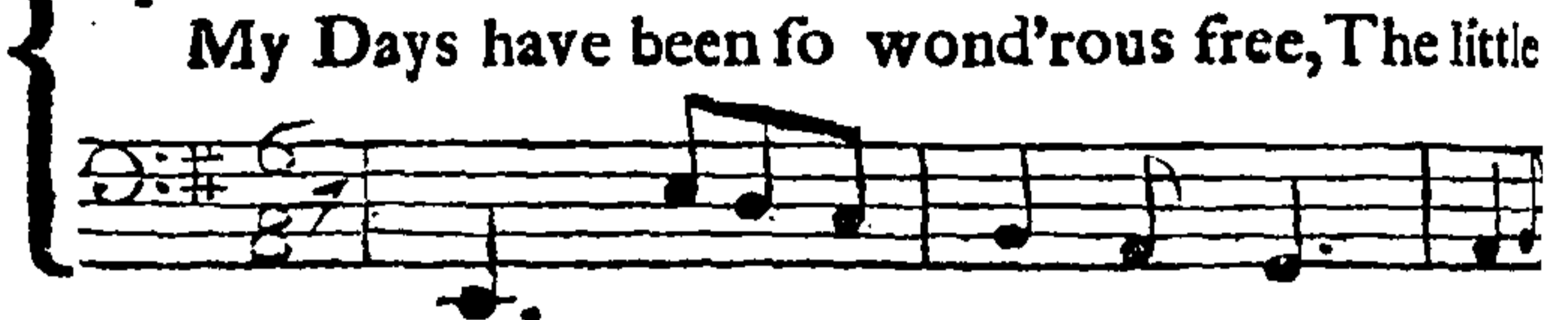


LOVE *and* INNOCENCE.


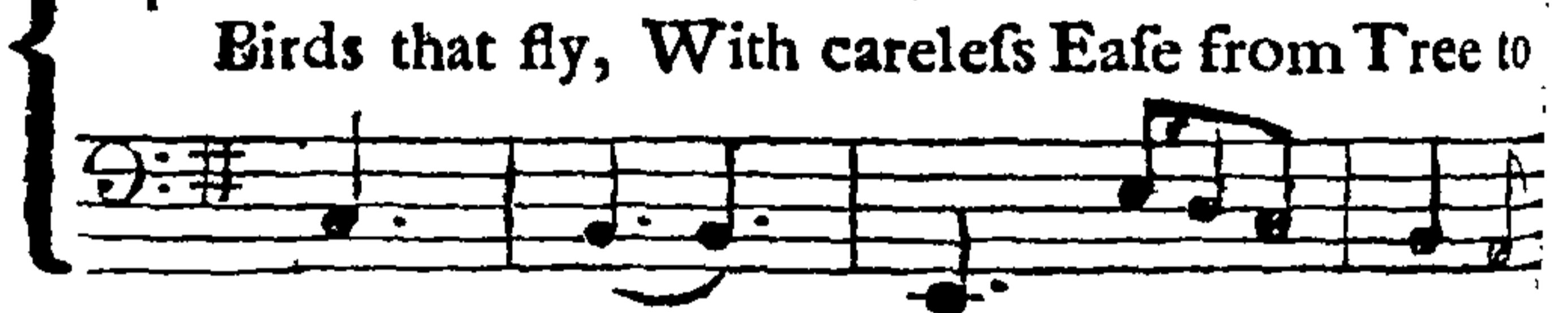
The Words by Dr. *PARNELL*.





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



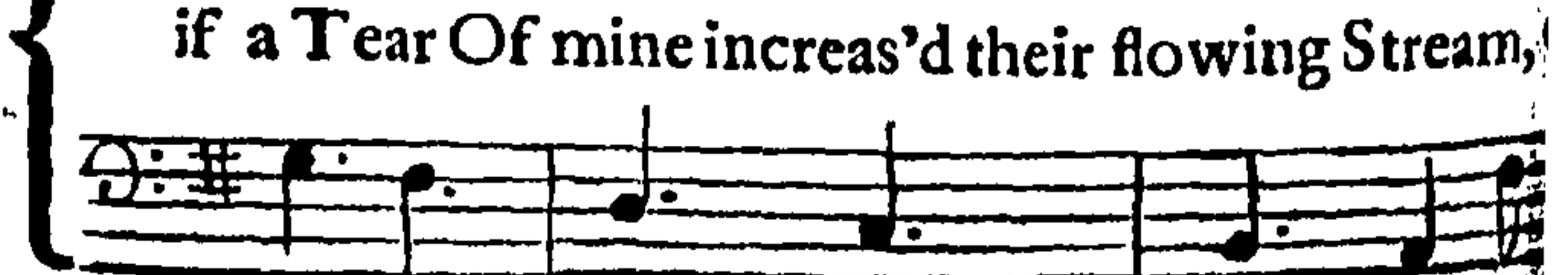
Birds that fly, With careless Ease from Tree to



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



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





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

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

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

'Tis

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

To the foregoing Tune.

NOT *Eden's* Garden did disdain
 That pleasing Passion *Love*;
 Where free from Guilt, and ev'ry Pain,
Adam did gaily rove.

Not Tides of Furies' raging Fires,
 That follow ev'ry wanton Chace,
 Meer Vapours rais'd by hot Desires,
 That vanish with Disgrace.

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

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

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

For the F L U T E.



BACCHUS'S *Speech in Praise of* WINE.

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

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

never-failing Tun; Sneaking empty Pots de-

riding, Thus address'd each toaping Son:

Praise the Joys that never vary, And adore

the



— the li-iquid Shrine; All things noble,



gay and ai-ry, Are perform'd by generous *Wine*.



Ancient Heroes, crown'd with Glory,

Owe their noble Rise to me;

Poets wrote the flaming Story,

Fir'd by my Divinity:

If my Influence is wanting,

Musick's Charms but slowly move;

Beauty too in vain lies panting,

'Till I fill the Swains with Love.

If you crave a lasting Pleasure,

Mortals, this way bend your Eyes;

From my ever-flowing Treasure,

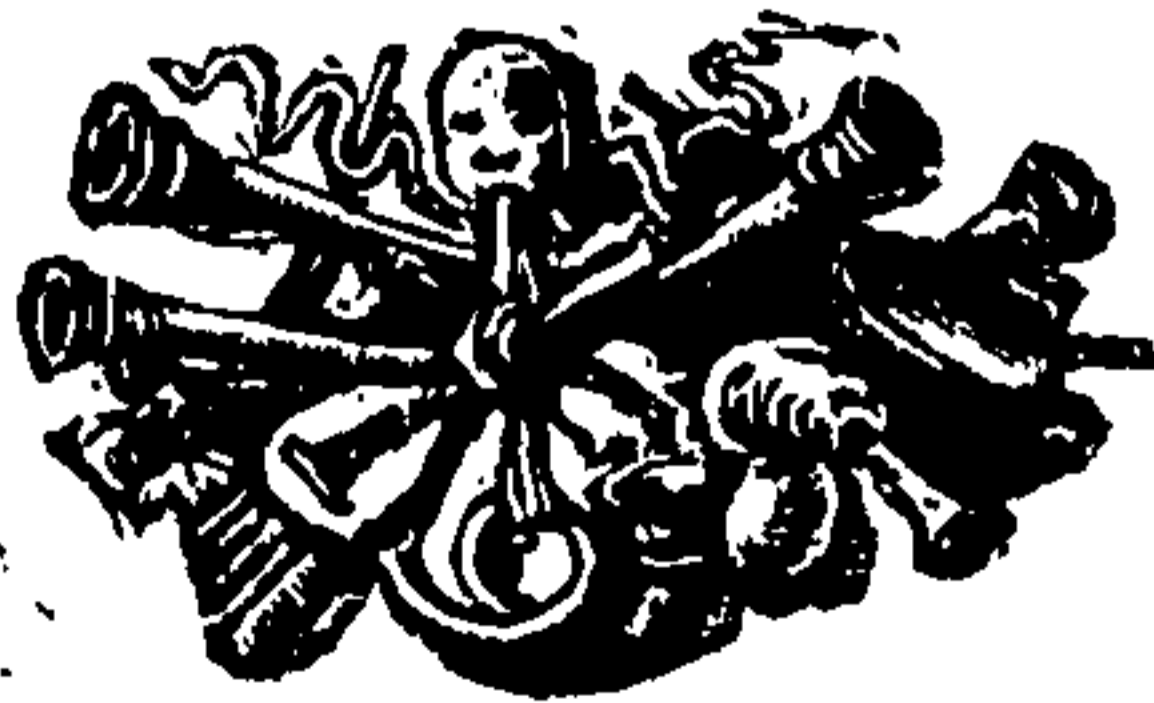
Charming Scenes of Bliss arise.

Here's

112 *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

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

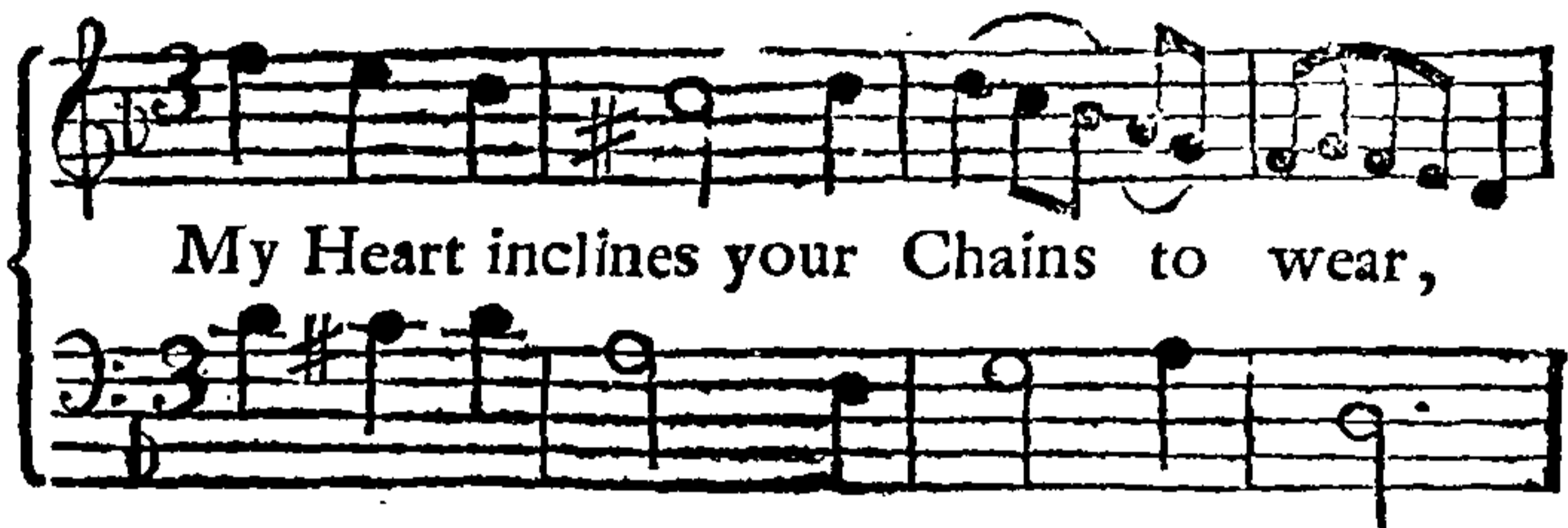
For the F L U T E.



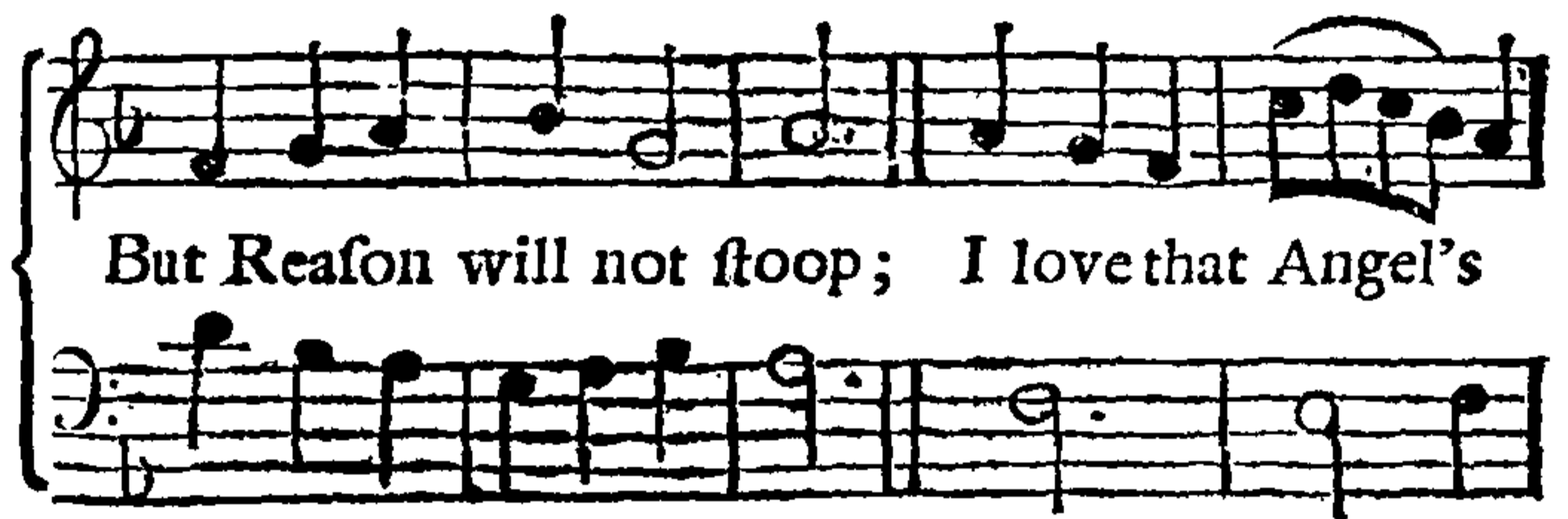
The SNAKE in the GRASS.

To a LADY of Pleasure.

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



My Heart inclines your Chains to wear,



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



Face, but fear The Serpent in your Hoop.

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

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

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

The W A R N I N G.

To the foregoing Tune.

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

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

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

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

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

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

For the F L U T E.



The FOLLY of LOVE.

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.



Freedom is a real Treasure; Love a Dream,



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



Pleasure; Sure and last-ing is the Pain.

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

Answer to the foregoing Song.

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

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

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

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

For the F L U T E.



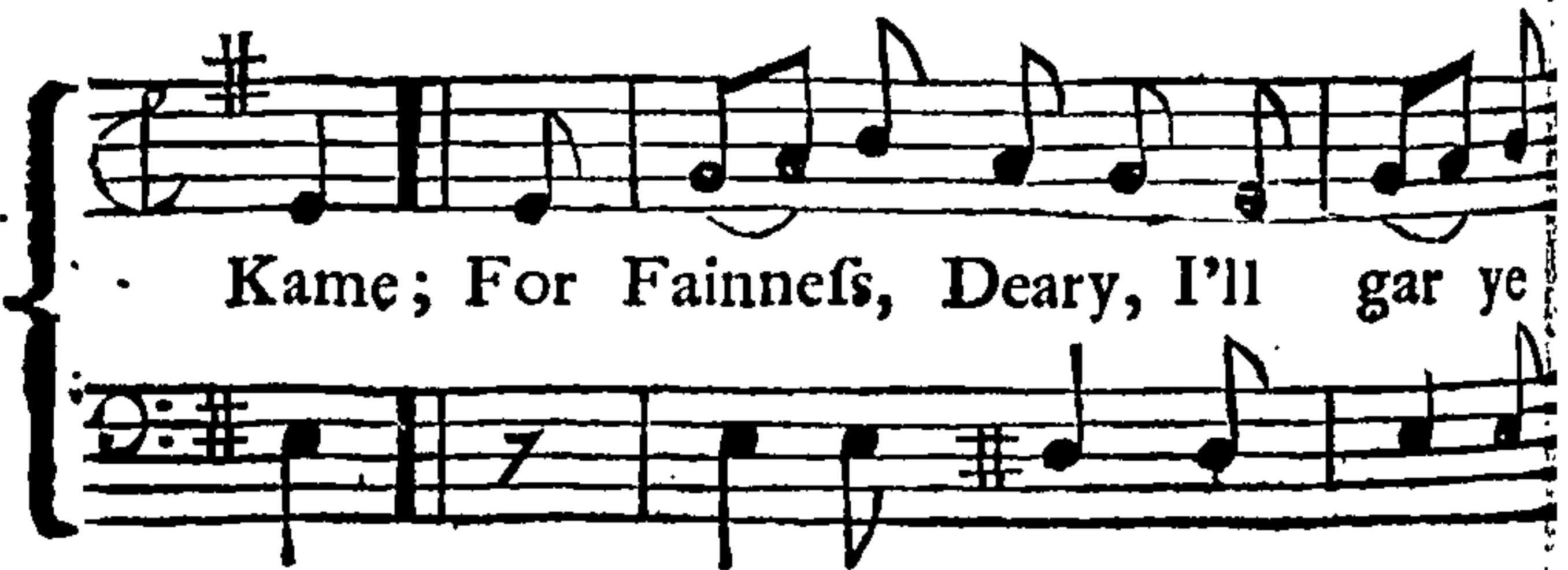
The BOB of DUNBLANE.



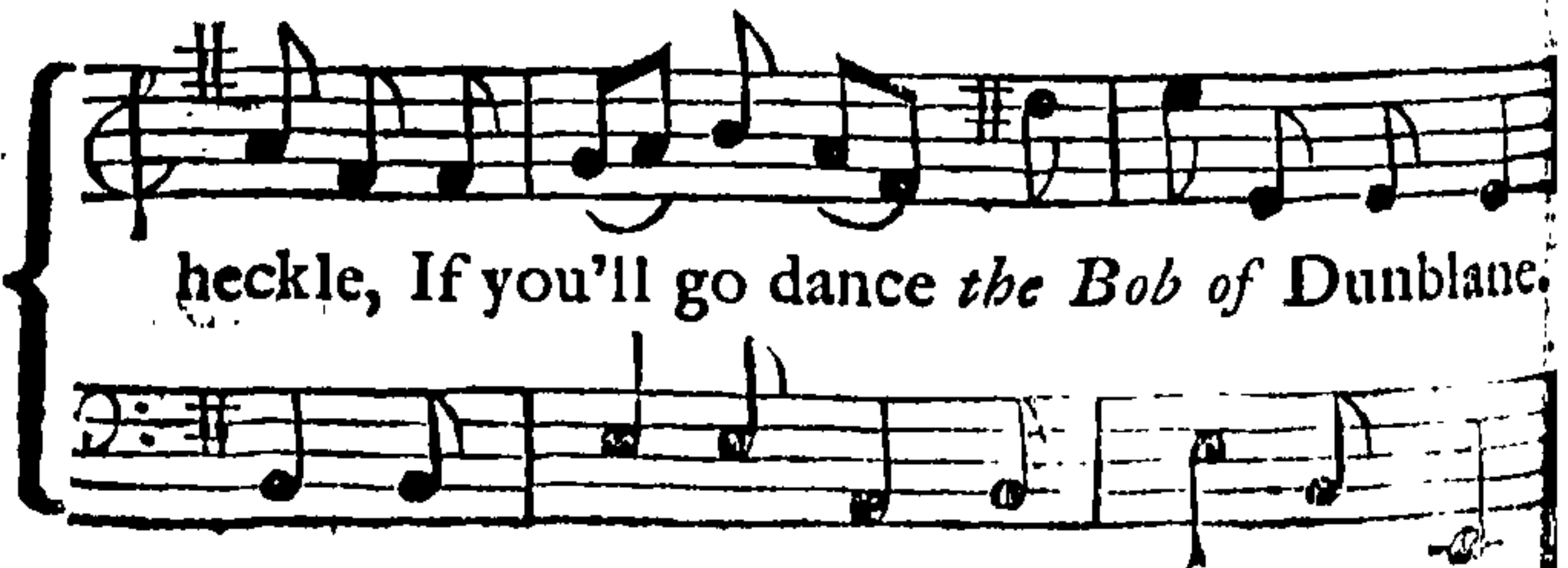
Come Laffie, lend me your braw Hemp



Heckle, And I'll lend you my Thripling



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



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


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

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


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

For the F L U T E.




ADVICE *to the* MELANCHOLY.




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



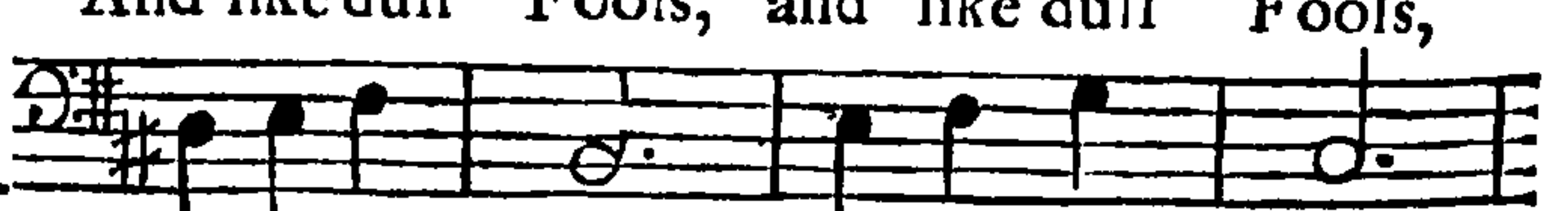


to be sad; For since the World's grown mad, mad

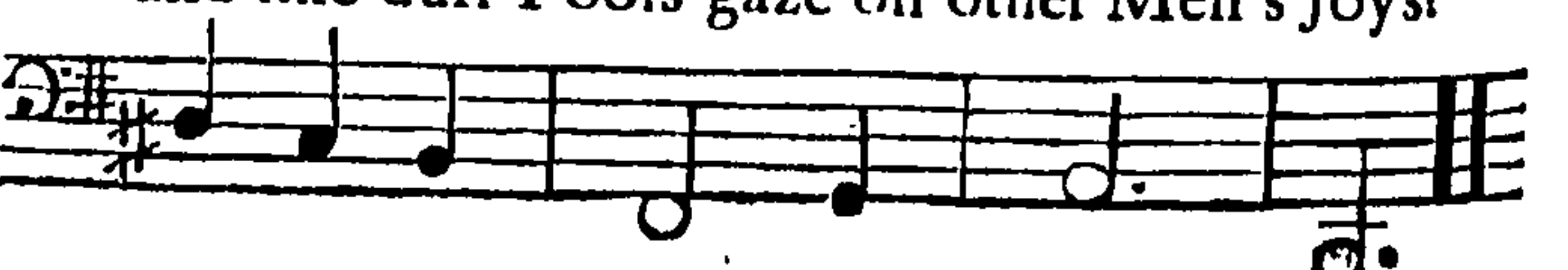
mad, Why shou'd we a---lone be wise,

And like dull Fools, and like dull Fools,

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



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

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

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

For the FLUTE.



ADVICE *to the* MELANCHOLY.

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

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

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

And like dull Fools, and like dull Fools,

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

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But yet your selves, your selves may annoy;
Hearty and free's the poor Man's Joy;
Gladly yielding the Minutes pass,
And when old *Time* shakes him, takes off his Glass.

For the FLUTE.




Translated from the Italian Opera of PHARNACES.

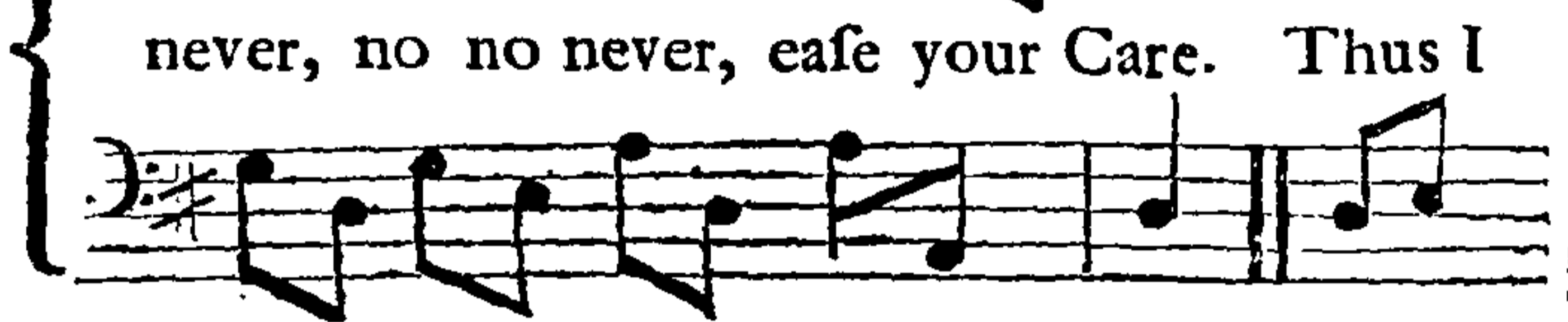
Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.




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

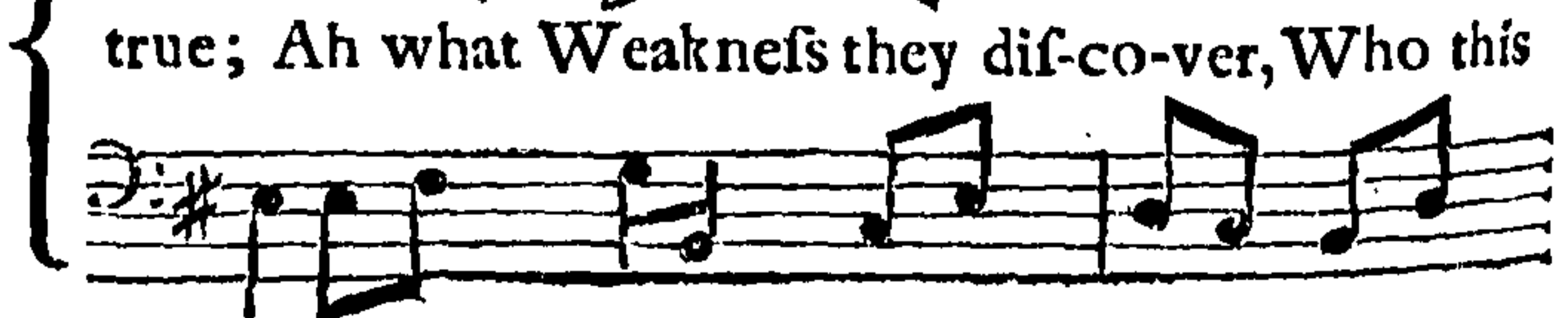
never, no no never, ease your Care. Thus I



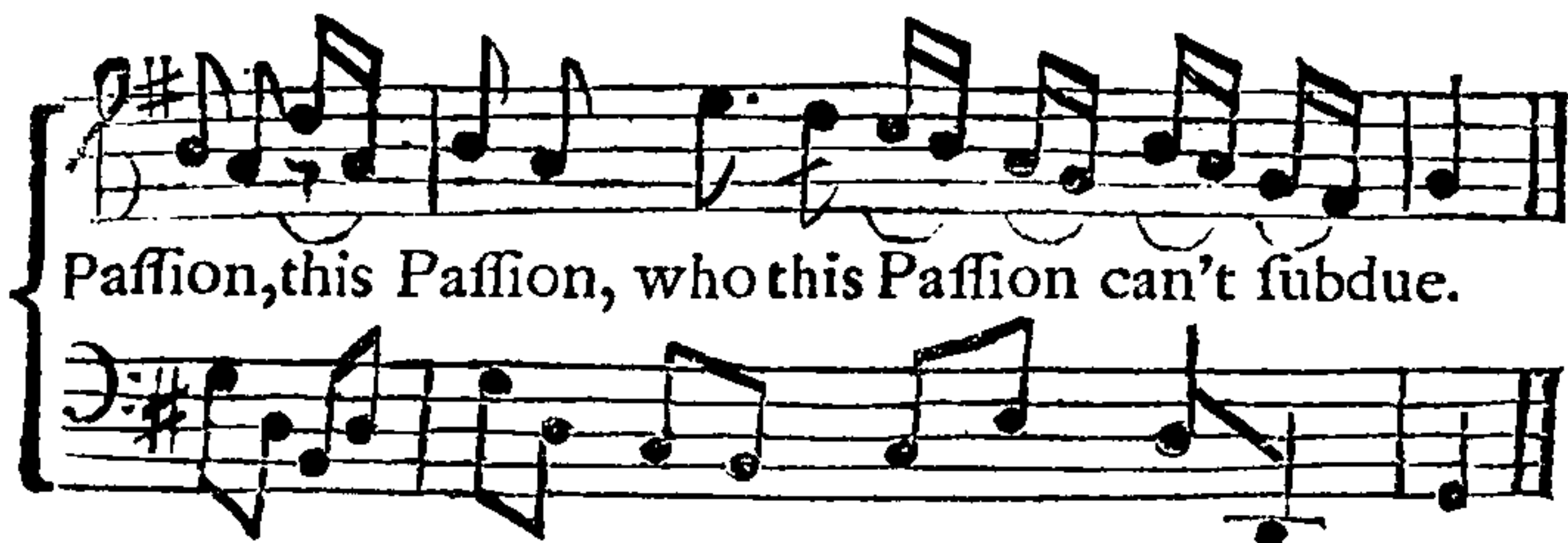

think of ev'ry Lover, No one yet was e-ver

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



Passion



Passion, this Passion, who this Passion can't subdue.

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It contains a vocal melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a bass line for the vocal melody. The lyrics are written between the two staves.

For the FLUTE.



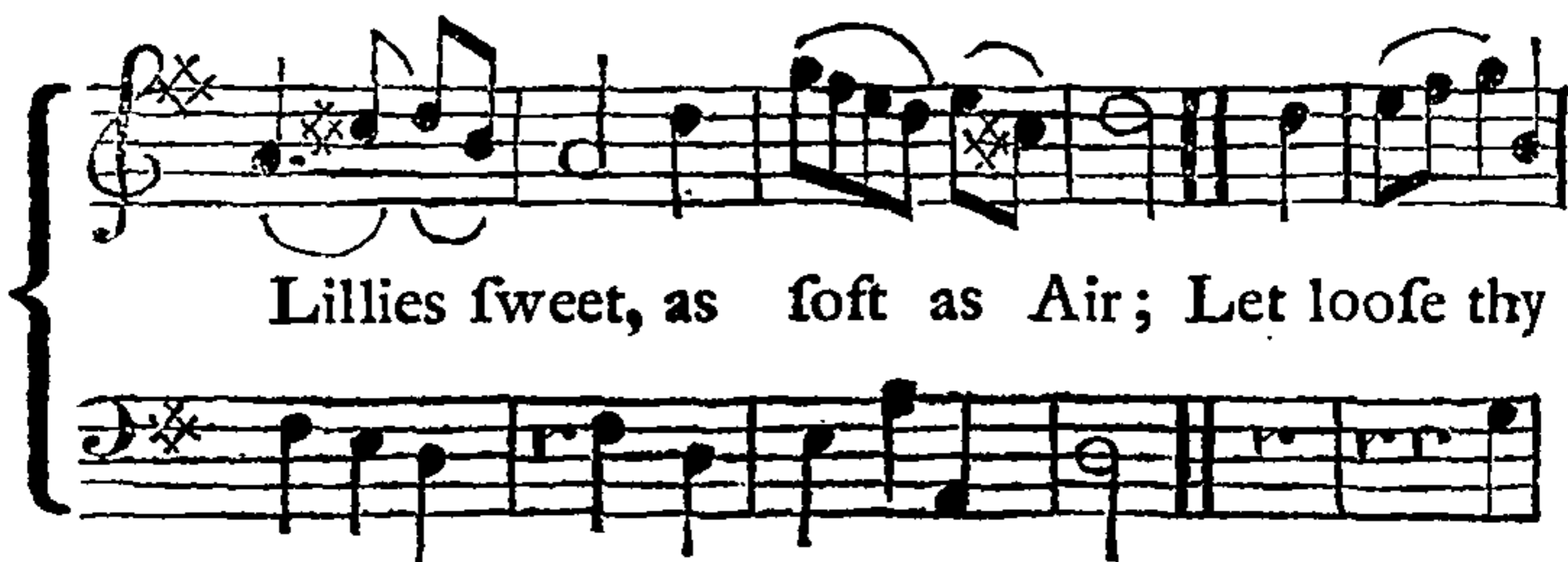
The image displays four staves of musical notation for a flute. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The subsequent three staves are in the same key signature and time signature but do not have clefs, indicating they are part of the same piece. The notation consists of eighth and sixteenth notes with various articulations and slurs.



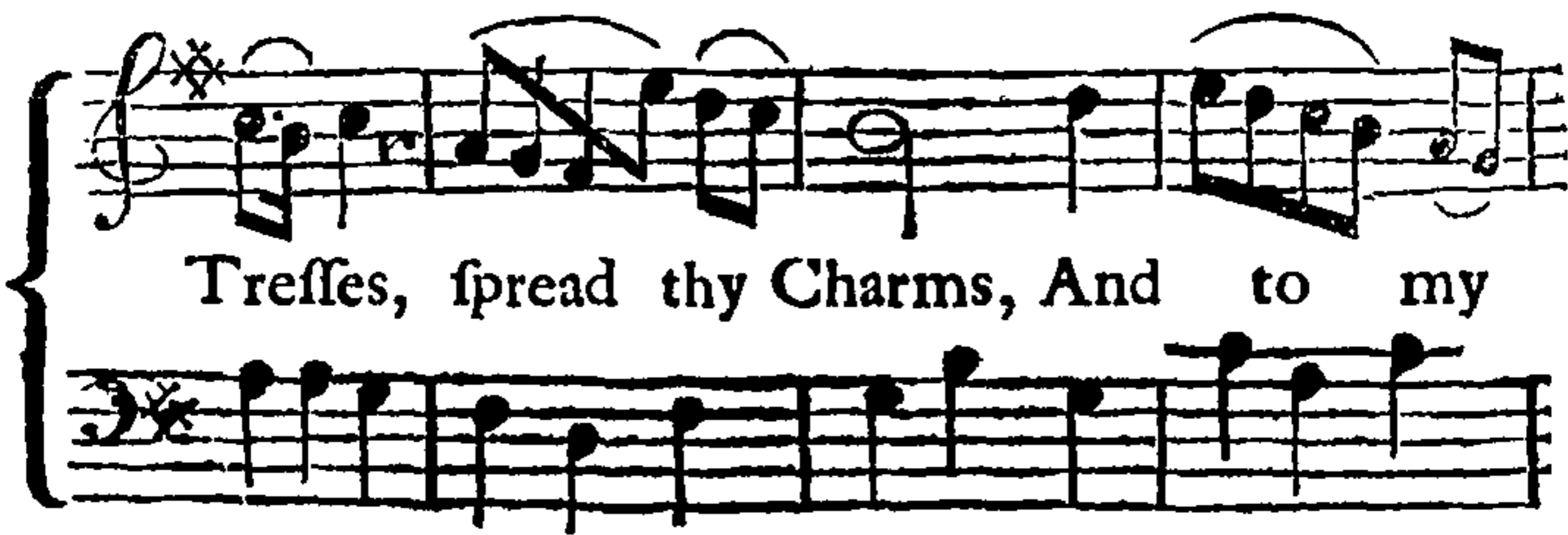
Set by Mr. G. MONRO.



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



Lillies sweet, as soft as Air; Let loose thy



Tresses, spread thy Charms, And to my



Love give fresh Alarms.

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

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

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

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

For the FLUTE.



ADVICE to STREPHON.

Penfive *Strephon*, cease desiring What you never

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

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

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



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



Flocks were more than thine.



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

To the foregoing Tune.

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

Chill

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

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

For the FLUTE.



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

By Mr. WILLIAM BEDINGFIELD.

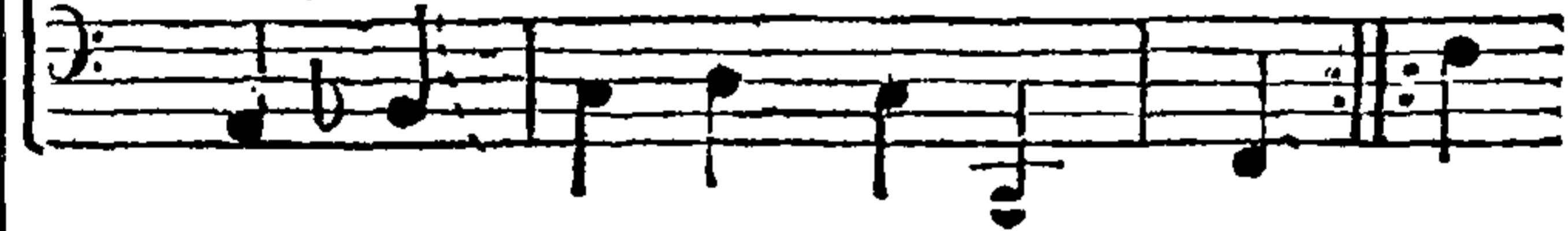
Set by Mr. DIEUPART.



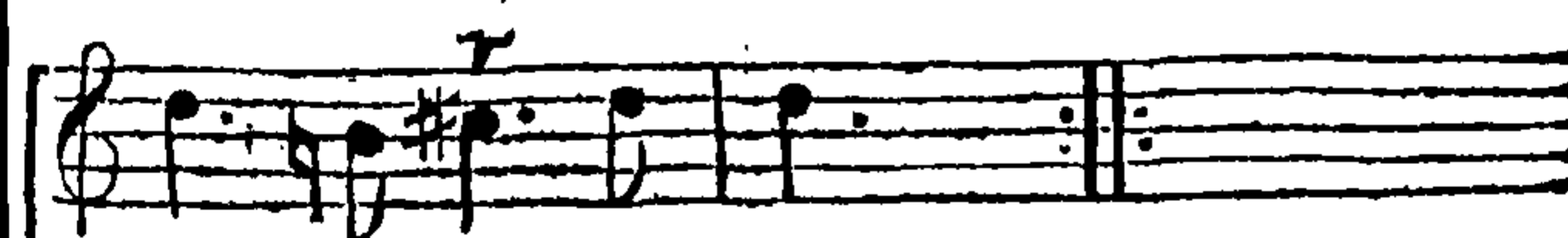
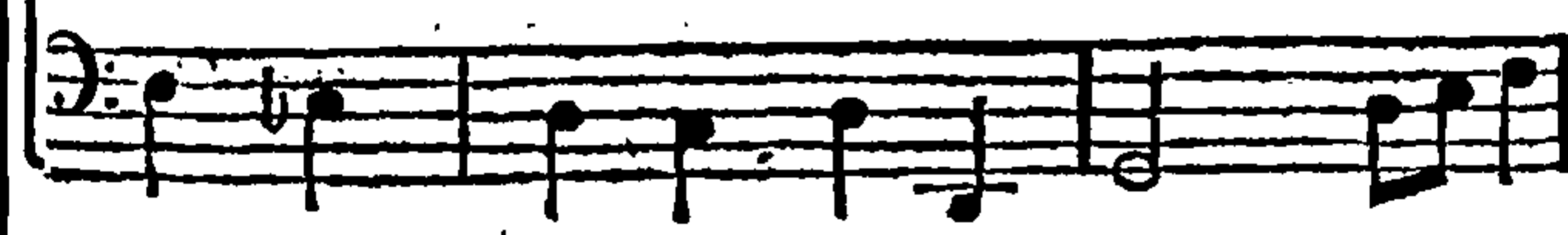
Divine Ce--ci--lia, now grown old, Must



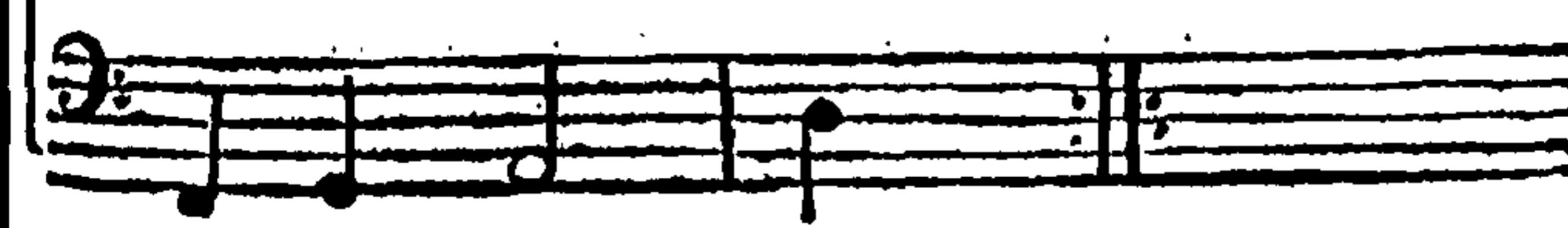
yield to One of fresh--er Mold. Her



Strains brought Angels down to hear, And listen



with a ravish'd Ear:



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

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

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

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

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

For the FLUTE.

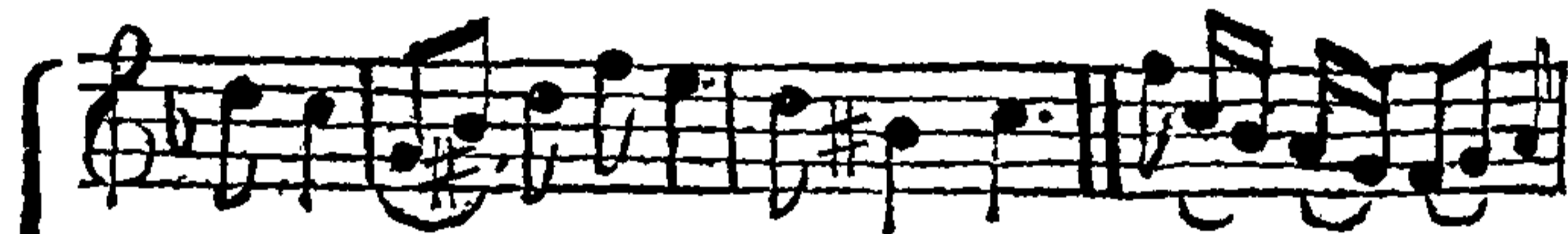


The COMPLAINING LOVER.

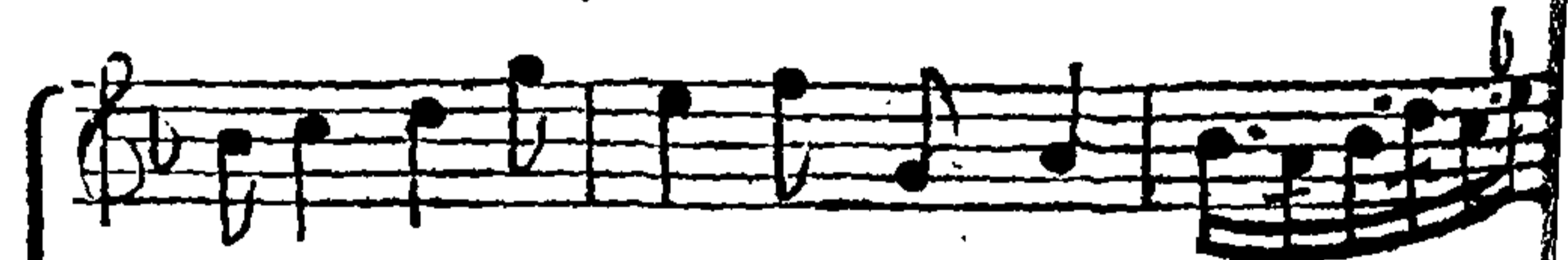
Set by Mr. *M O N R O*.



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



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



not disdain The Love that from me flow —



—s, the Love that from me flows.



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

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

For the F L U T E.



The REPENTING COQUET.

To the PRINCE'S MINUET.



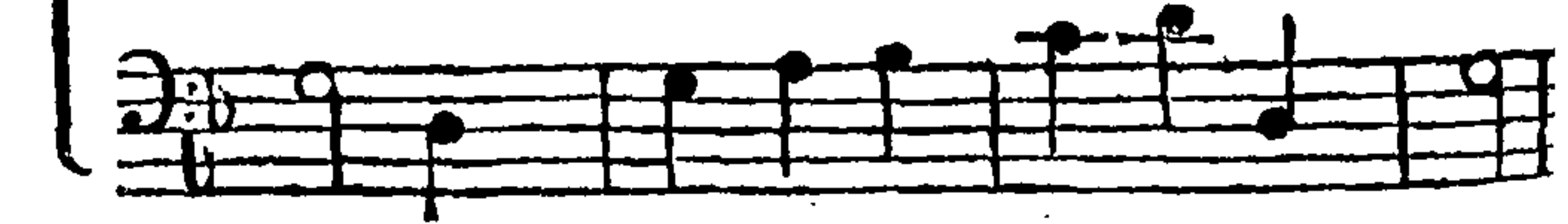
Clarinda, the Pride of the Plain, So fam'd for her



conquering Charms, Repenting her Scorn of a



Swain, Sat pensive, and folding her Arms.



Her Lute, and her shining Attire, Neglected, wer





laid at her Side; While pining with hopeless De-



fire, The Damsel thus mournfully cry'd.



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

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

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

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

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

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

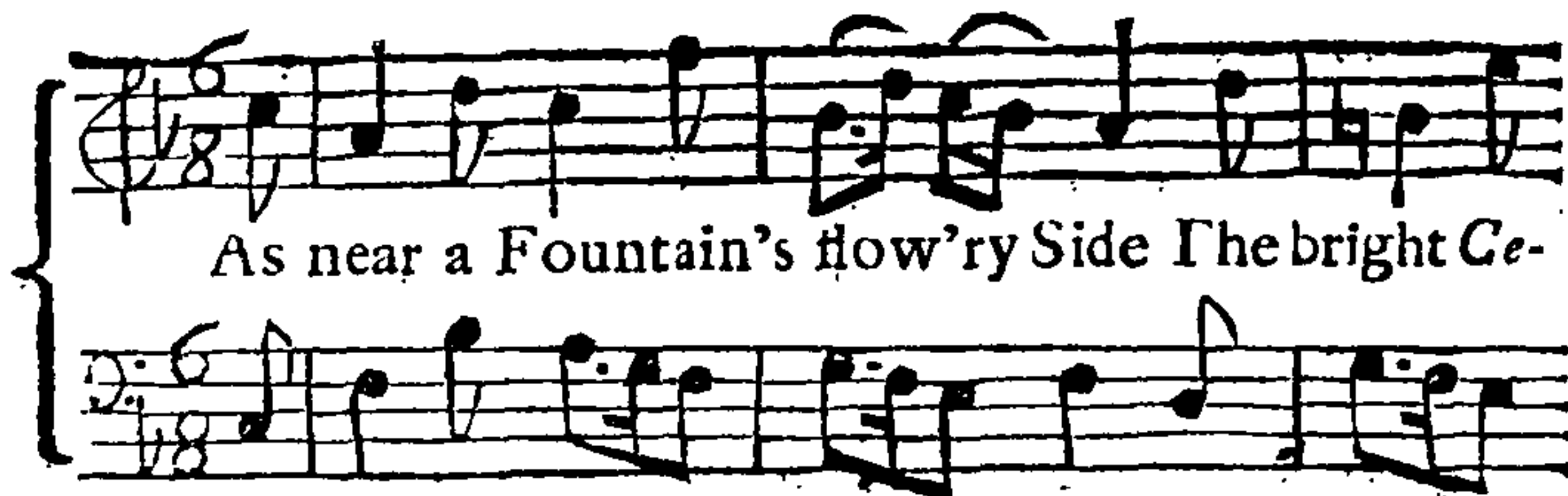
Thus wail'd the sad Nymph all in Tears,
When the Swain to the Green did advance;
In his Hand his new Consort appears,
With a Train, gaily join'd, in a Dance.
Impatient, and sick at the Sight,
To the neighbouring Grove she retir'd,
(Once the Scene of her daily Delight)
And fainting, in Silence expir'd.

For the FLUTE.

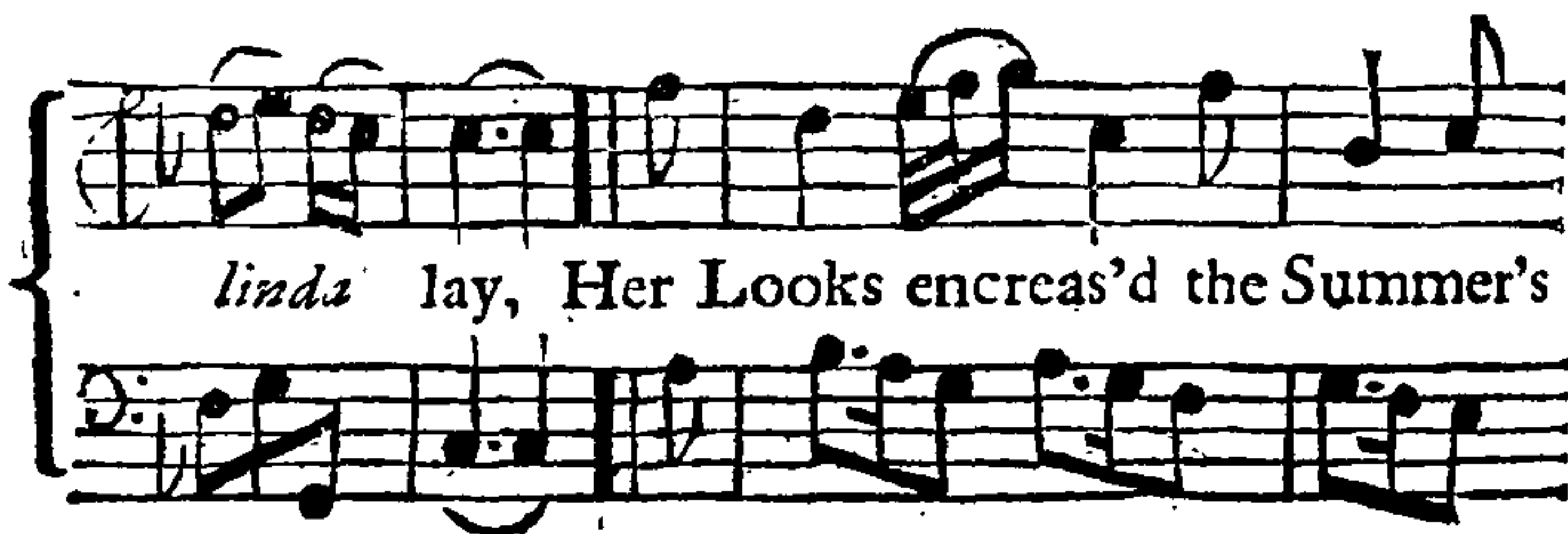


A B E E Expiring on a L A D Y ' S L I P S .

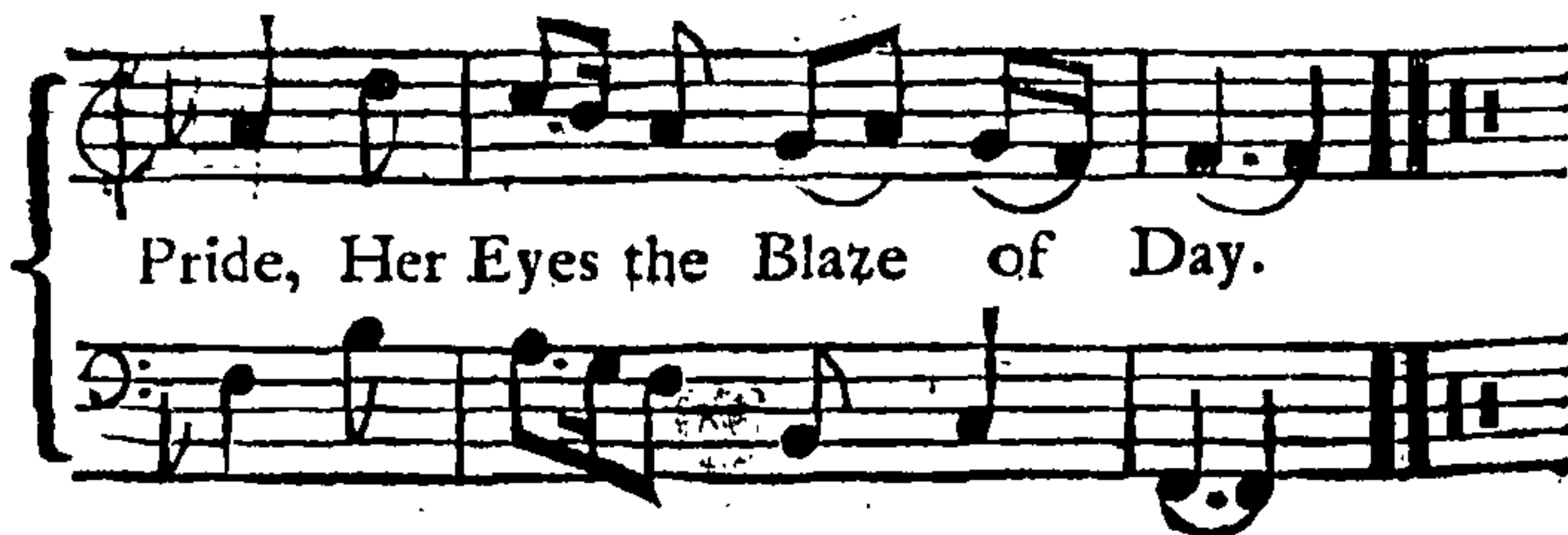
Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.



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



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



Pride, Her Eyes the Blaze of Day.

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

Quick

Quick thro' the Air to this Retreat

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

Drawn by the Fragrance of her Breath,

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

Enjoy, blest Bee, enjoy thy Fate,

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

For the FLUTE.



The PERPLEX'D LOVER.

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

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

fire: Some times thy Eyes do me invite, But

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

create my fire.

I still have Thoughts my Love to quell,
And all its Furies to repel,

Since I no Hope can find;
But when I think of leaving thee,
My Heart as much doth torture me,
As 'twould rejoice if kind.

I still must love, tho' hardly us'd;
And never proffer'd, but refus'd;

Can any suffer more?
Be Coy, be Cruel, do thy Worst;
Tho' for thy sake I am accurst,
I must and will adore.

For the F L U T E.



The HIGHLAND LASSIE.

The Lawland Maids gang trig and fine, But

ast they're four and unco sawfy, Sae proud they

ne--ver can be kind, Like my good-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

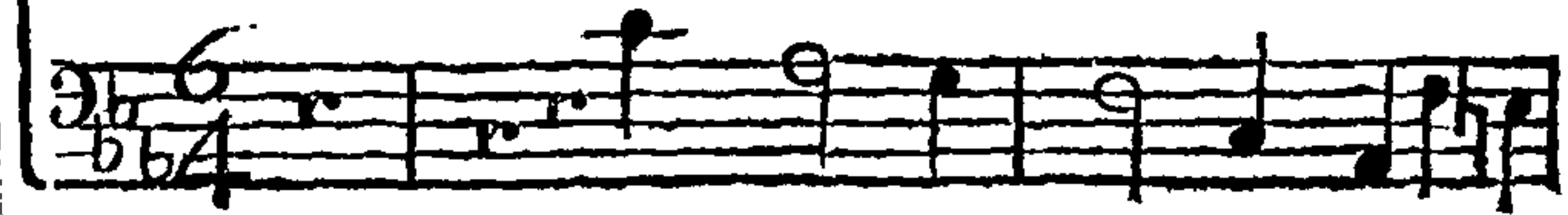


BRIGHT CYNTHIA.

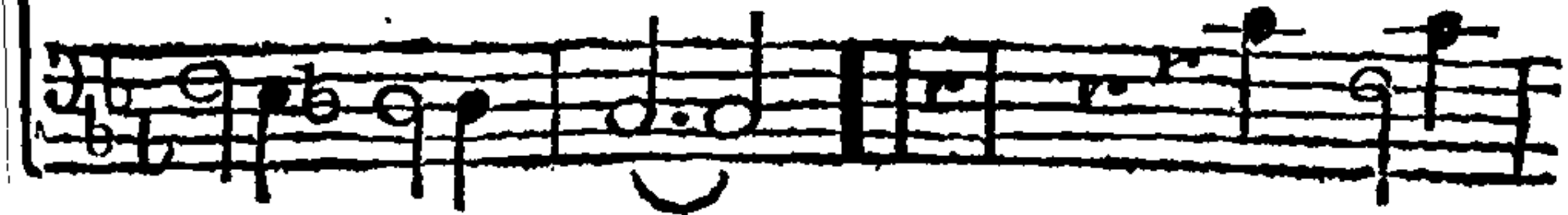
Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.



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



Heart is not obeying? A thousand *Cupids*



on her wait, And in her Eyes are playing.



She seems the Queen, of *Love* to reign;

For she alone dispences

Such Sweets, as best can entertain

The Gust of all the Senses.

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

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

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

To the foregoing Tune.

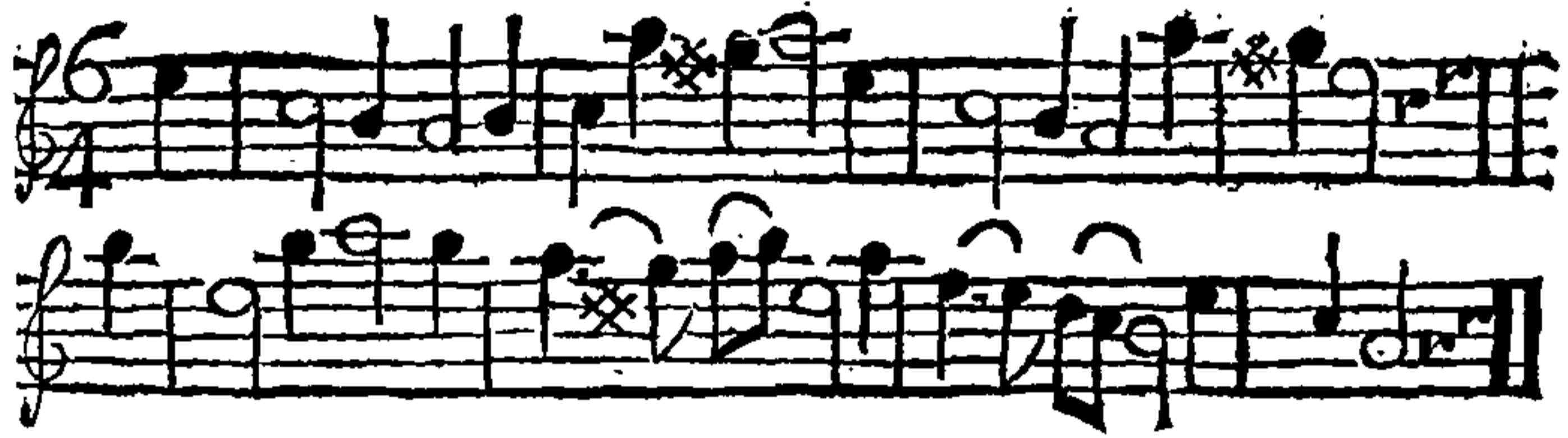
WHILE on those lovely Looks I gaze,
 To see a Wretch pursuing,
 In Raptures of a blest Amaze,
 A pleasing, happy Ruin;

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

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

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

For the FLUTE:




148 *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.


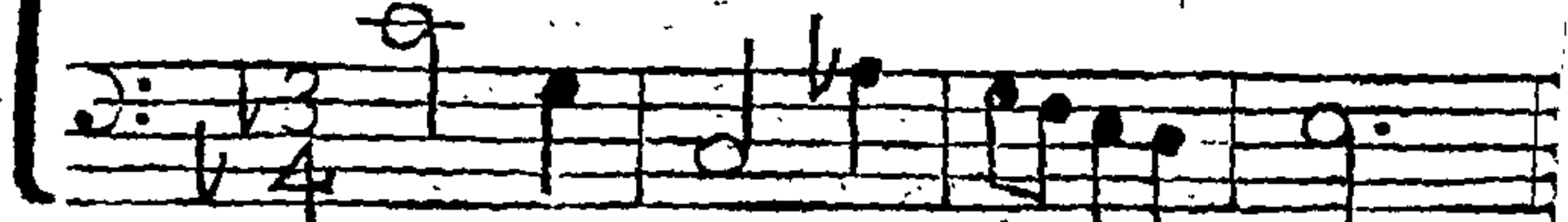
Sweet WILLIAM's FAREWELL *to*
Black-ey'd SUSAN.

By Mr. GAY.



The Tune by Mr. LEVERIDGE.



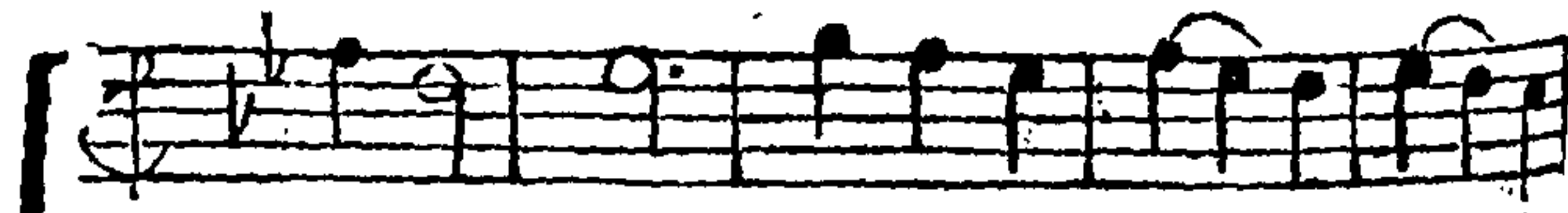

All in the *Downs* the Fleet was moor'd, The



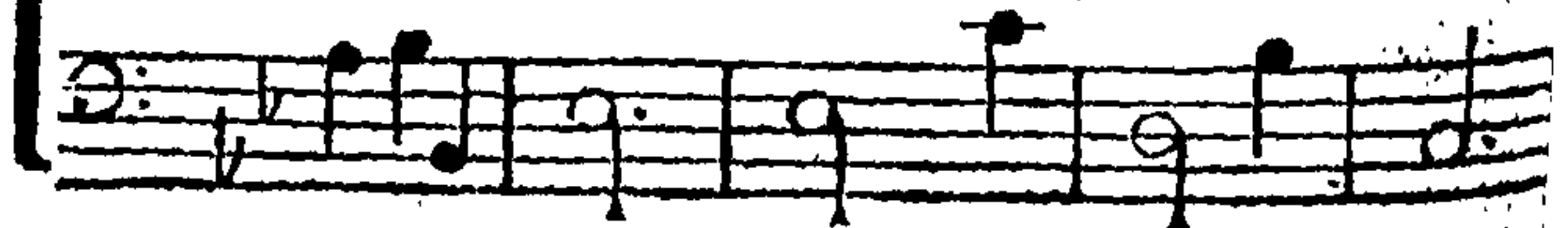
Streamers waving in the Wind, When black-ey'd

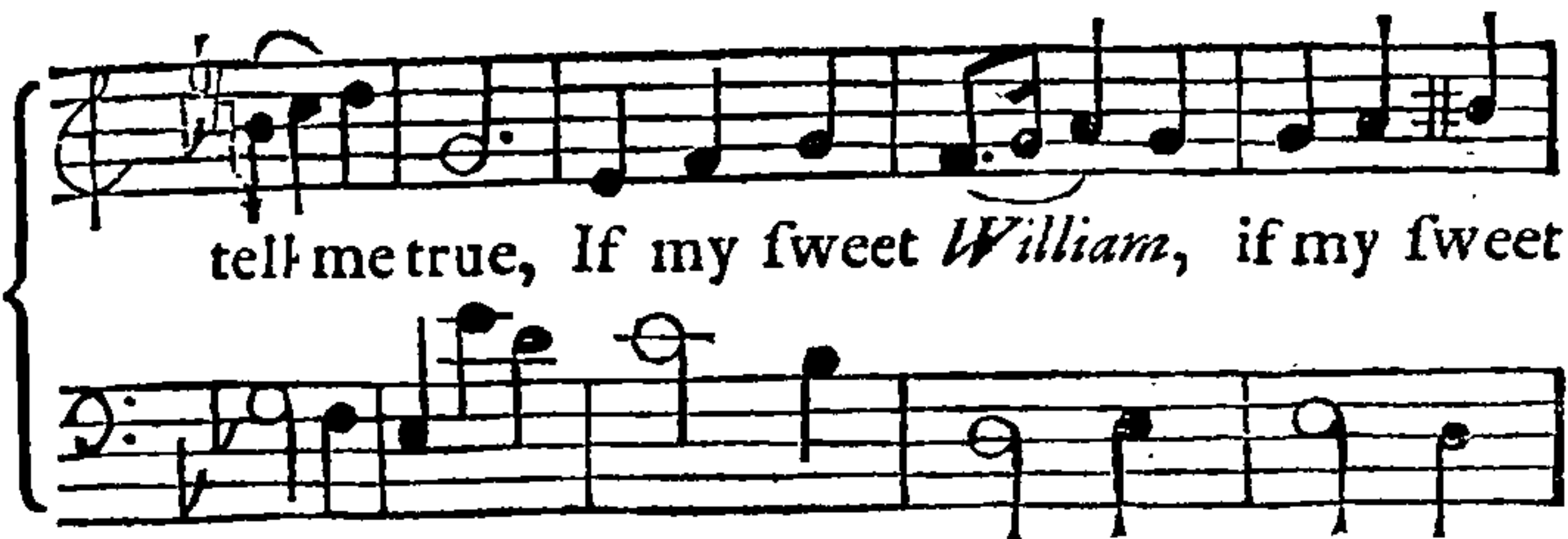


Susan came aboard. Oh! where shall I my

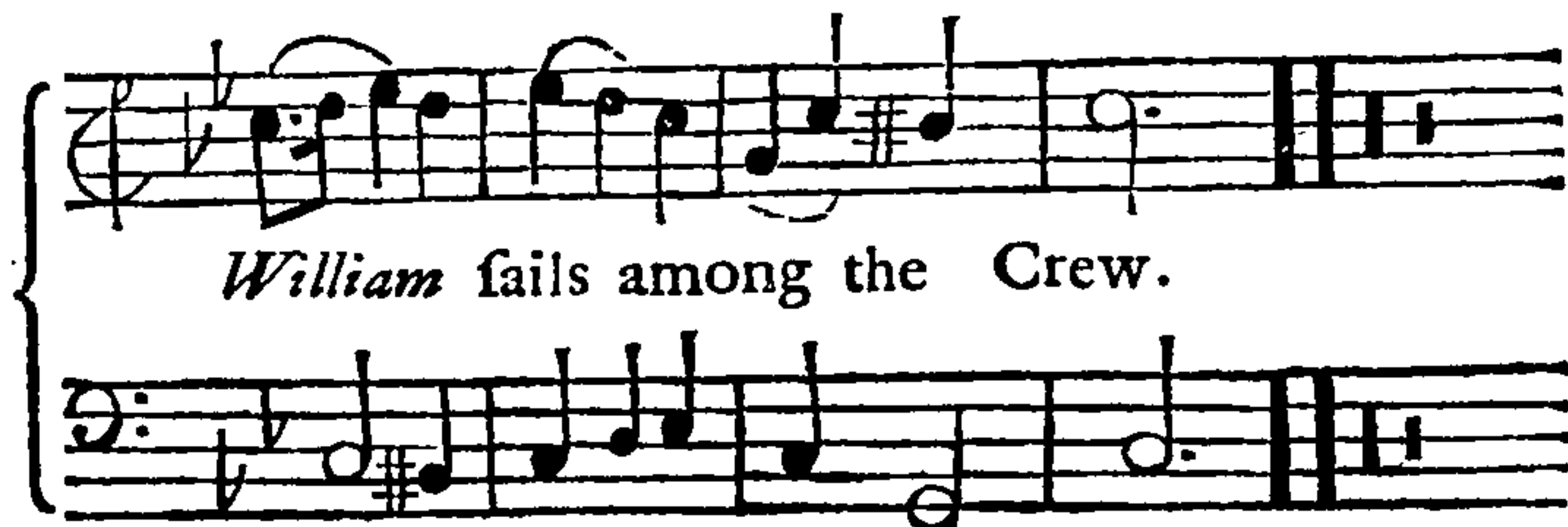


true Love find? Tell me, ye jo-vial Sailors,





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



William fails among the Crew.

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

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

O *Susan*, *Susan*, lovely Dear,

My Vows shall ever true remain;

Let me kiss off that falling Tear:

We only part to meet again:

Change as ye list, ye Winds; my Heart shall be

The faithful Compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the Landmen say,

Who tempt with Doubts thy constant Mind;

They'll tell thee, Sailors, when away,

In ev'ry Port a Mistress find:

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,

For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

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

Thy Eyes are seen in Diamonds bright;

Thy Breath is *Africk's* Spicy Gale;

Thy Skin is Ivory so white:

Thus ev'ry beauteous Object that I view,

Wakes in my Soul some Charm of lovely *Sue*.

Tho' Battel call me from thy Arms,

Let not my pretty *Susan* mourn;

Tho' Cannons roar, yet, safe from Harms,

William shall to his Dear return;

Love turns aside the Balls that round me fly,

Lest precious Tears should drop from *Susan's* Eye.

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

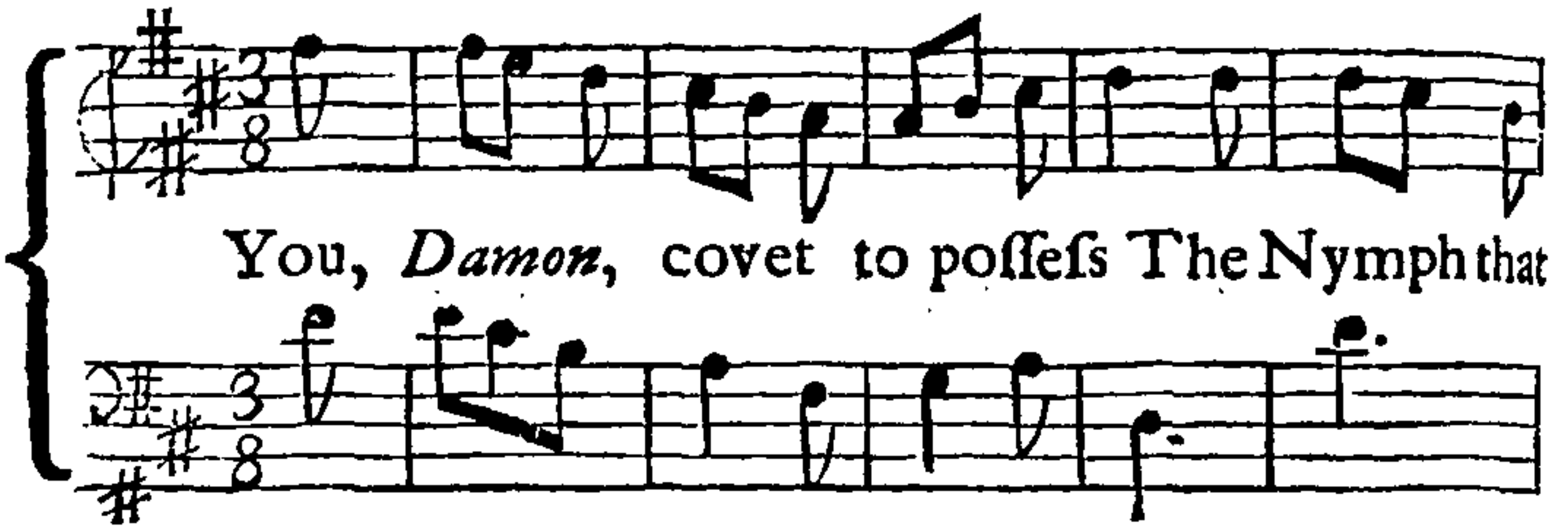
They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his Head.
Her lessning Boat unwilling rows to Land:
Adieu! she cries; and wav'd her Lilly Hand.

For the FLUTE.



The LOVER'S CHOICE.

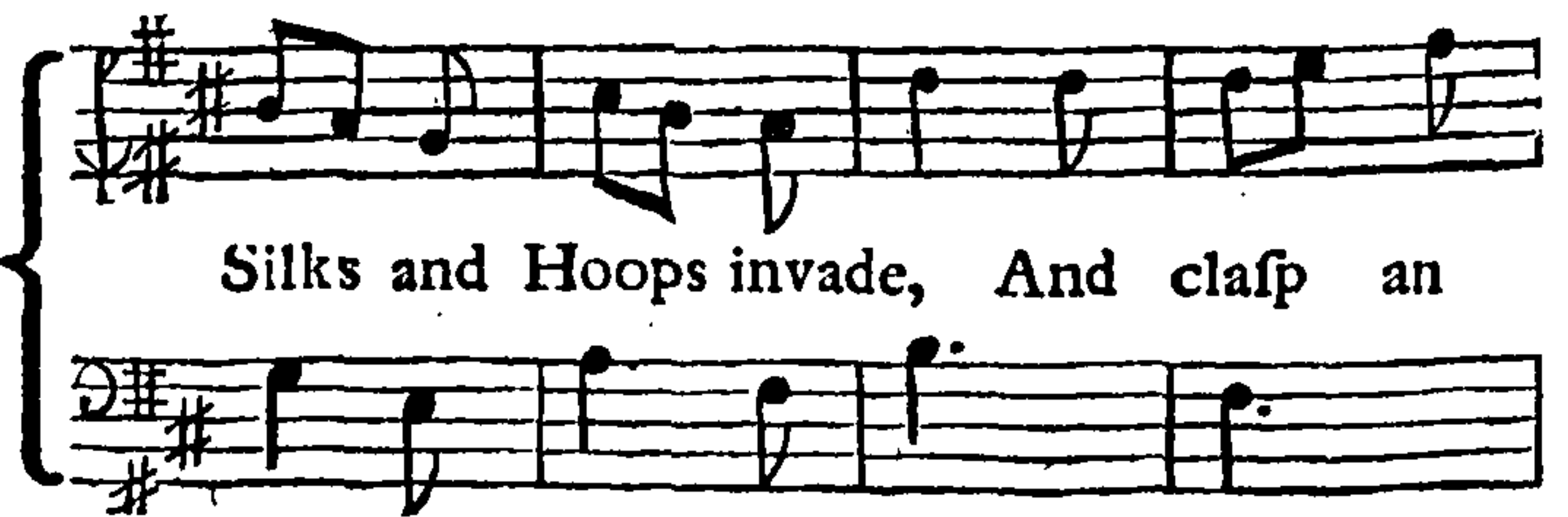
By Mr. W. BEDINGFIELD. *Set by* Mr. DIEUPART.



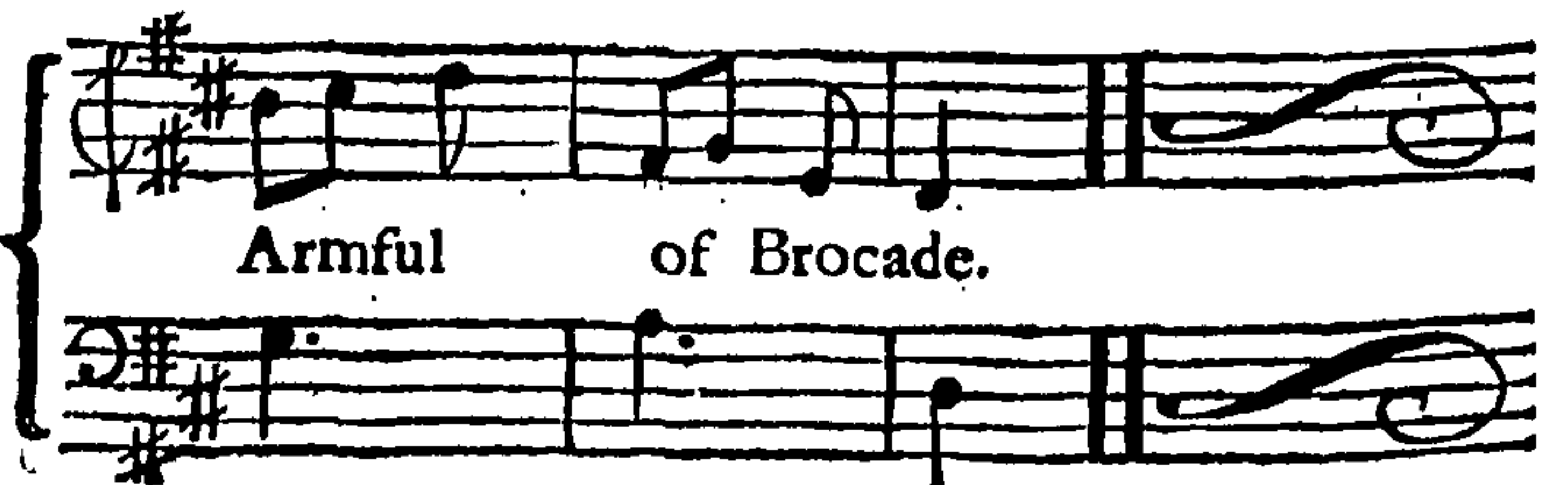
You, *Damon*, covet to possess The Nymph that



sparkles in her Dress; Wou'd rustling



Silks and Hoops invade, And clasp an



Armful of Brocade.

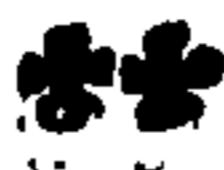
Such

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

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

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

For the FLUTE.



The FOLLY of LOVE.

Set by Mr. *MONROE*.

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

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

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

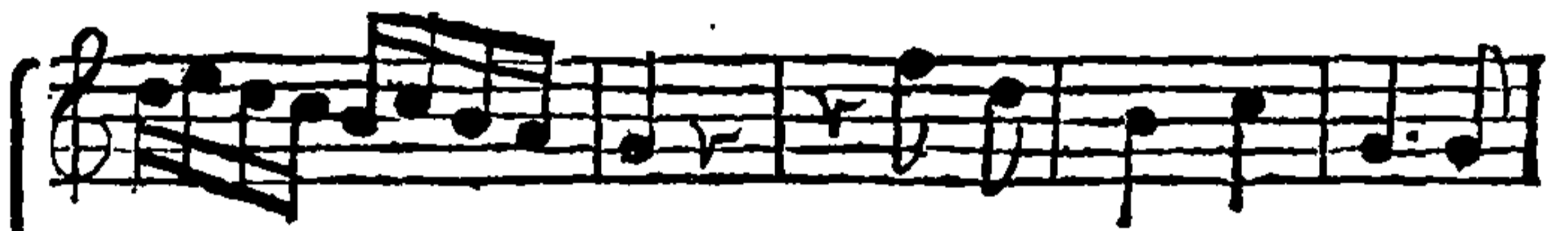
Oste



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



sure to cloy



If we're constant, sure to



cloy. Let us follow Inclination; Always



ranging,

ranging, Ever changing, Brings a fresh Sup-

ply of Joy

Brings a fresh Supply of Joy.

D. C

Fo

For the F L U T E.

A musical score for flute, consisting of ten staves of music. The notation is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The music features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The score concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.



The VANITY of RICHES.

Imitated from ANACREON.


Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.



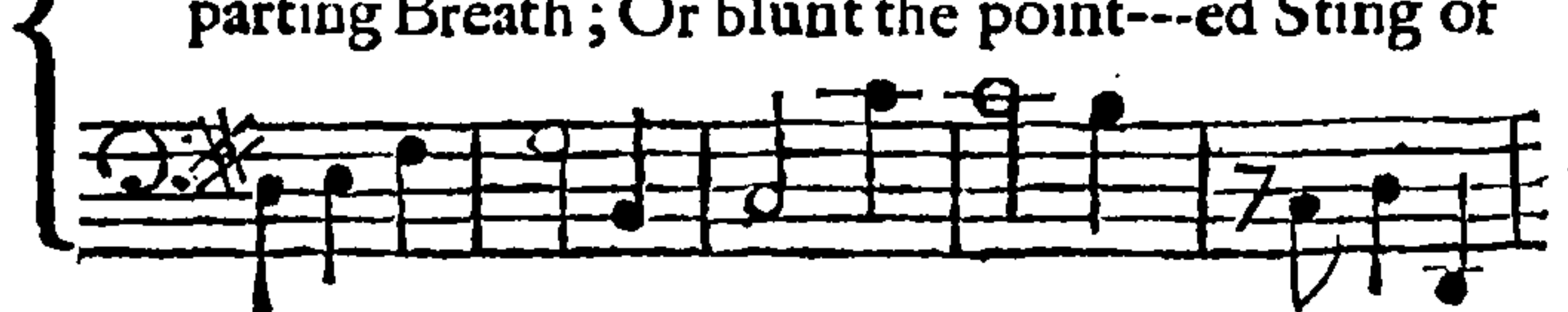

Could Gold im---mor---ta---lize a Man, Or stretch his



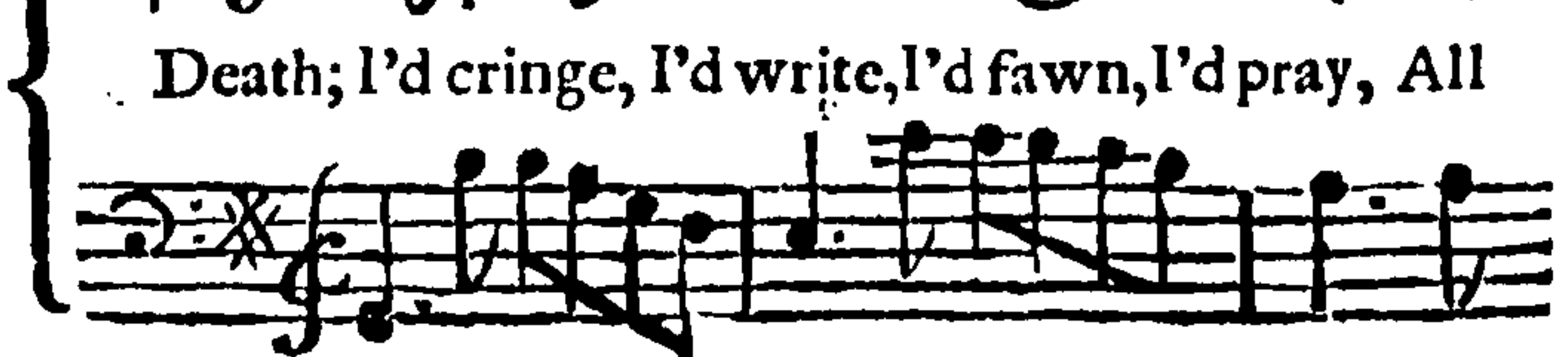

Days beyond their Span; Could it re---tain our

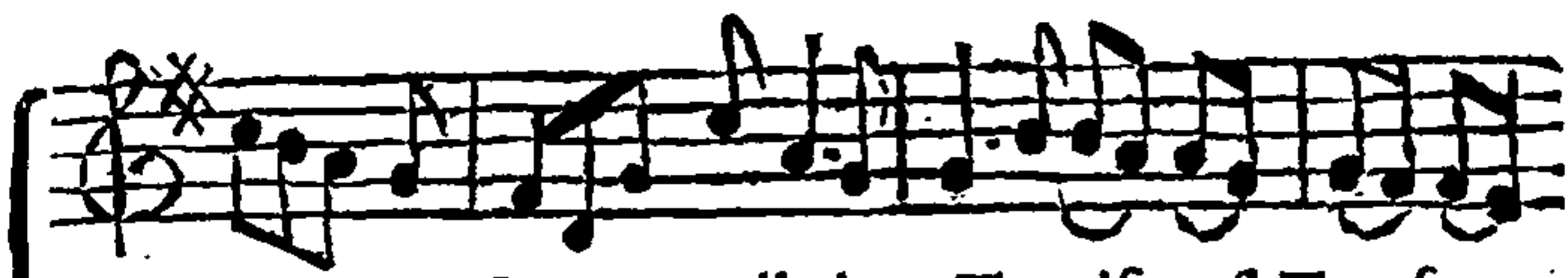



parting Breath; Or blunt the point---ed Sting of

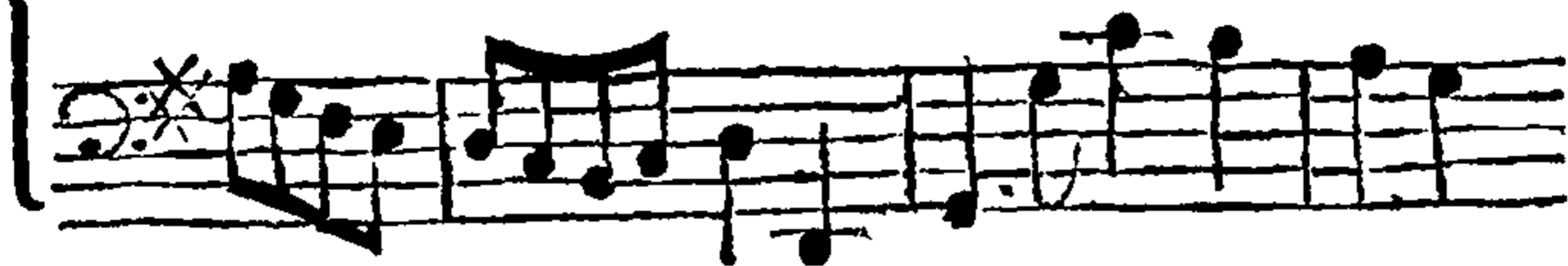



Death; I'd cringe, I'd write, I'd fawn, I'd pray, All





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



of the precious Clay.



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

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

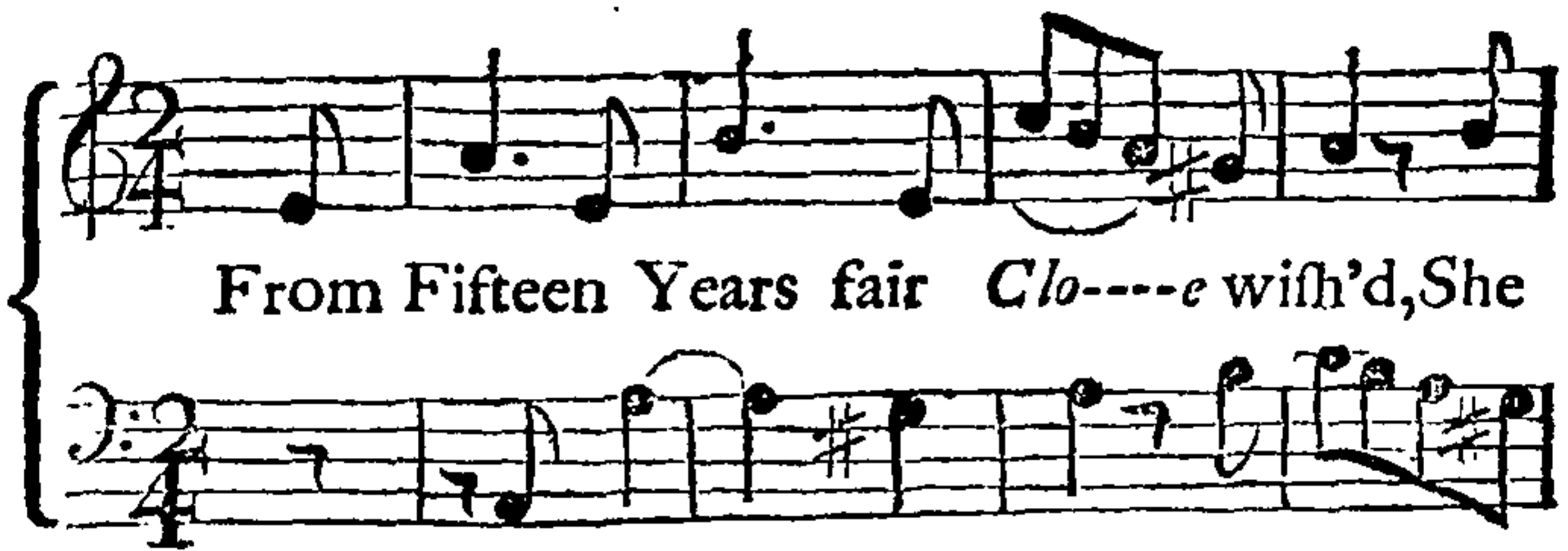
Then

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

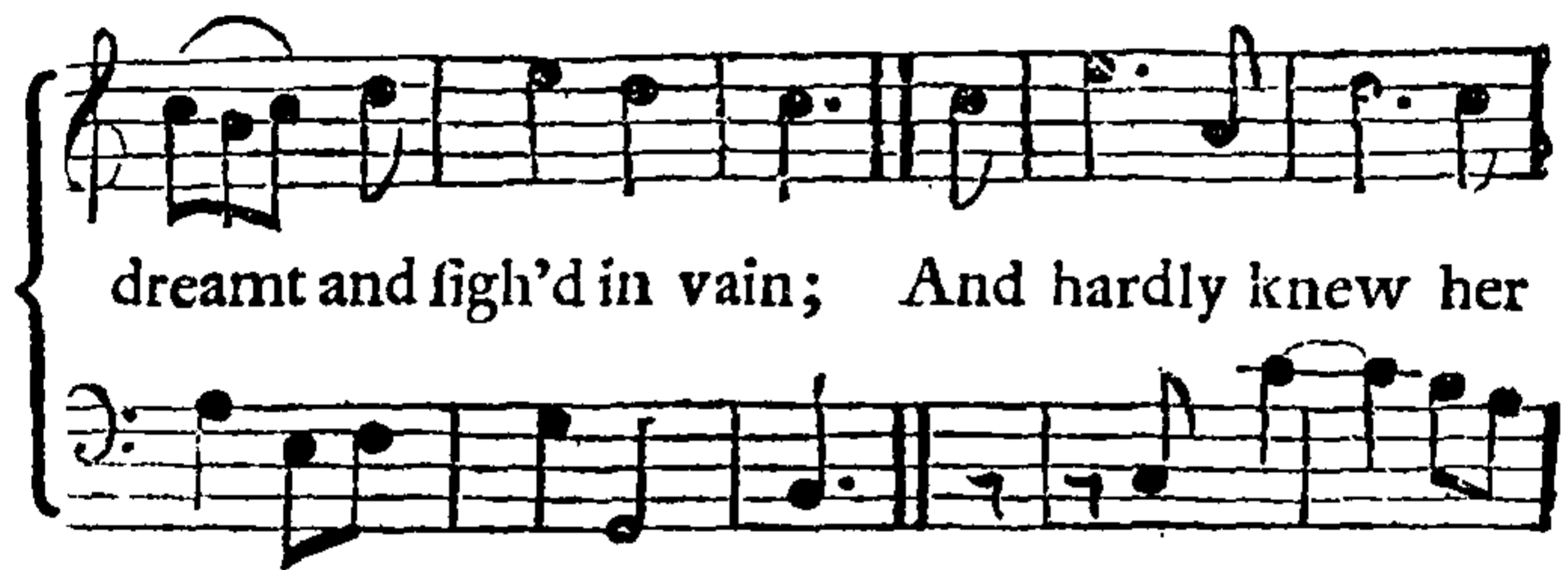
For the FLUTE.



The OXFORDSHIRE MATCH.



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



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



Virgin Thoughts Were hank'ring af-ter Man.

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

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

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

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

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

To the foregoing Tune.

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

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

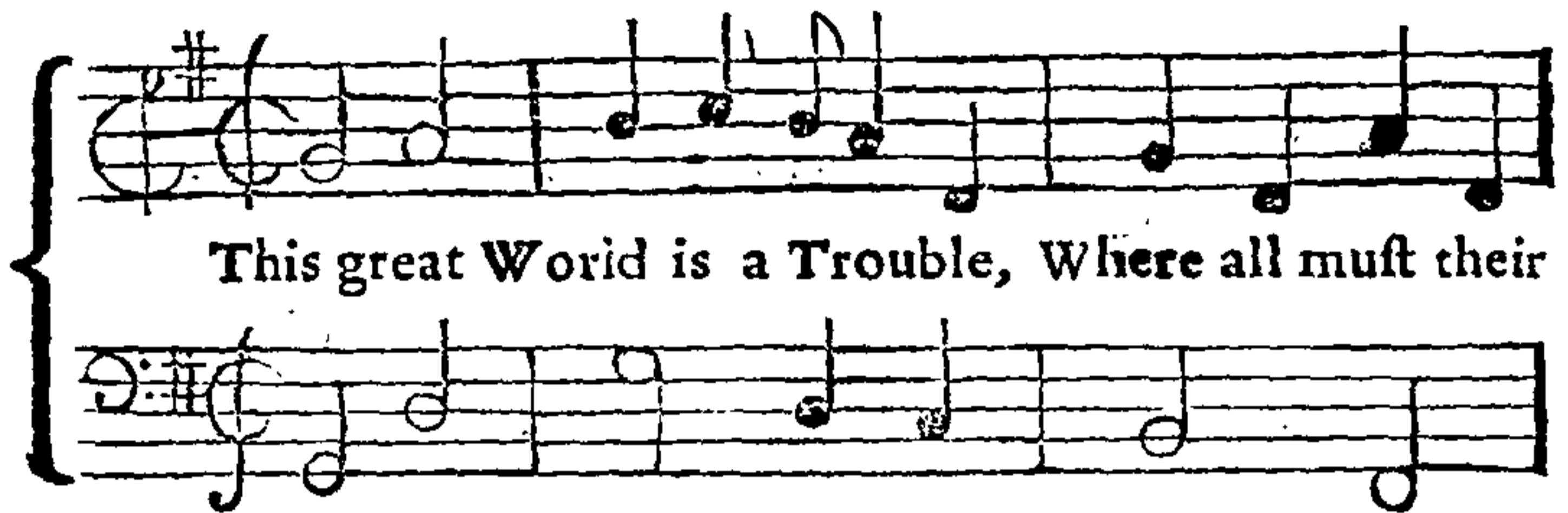
The Swain, perceiving her chang'd Look,
With sudden Rapture starts;
The Card with sweet Compulsion took,
And found it *King of Hearts*.

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

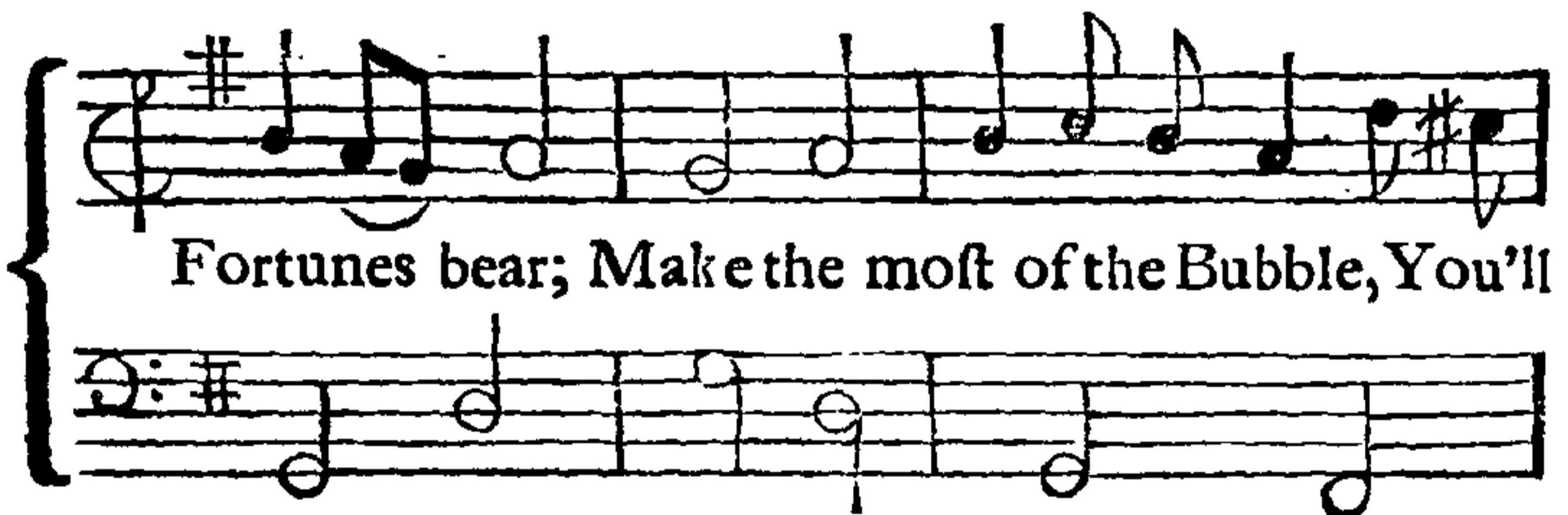
For the FLUTE.




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



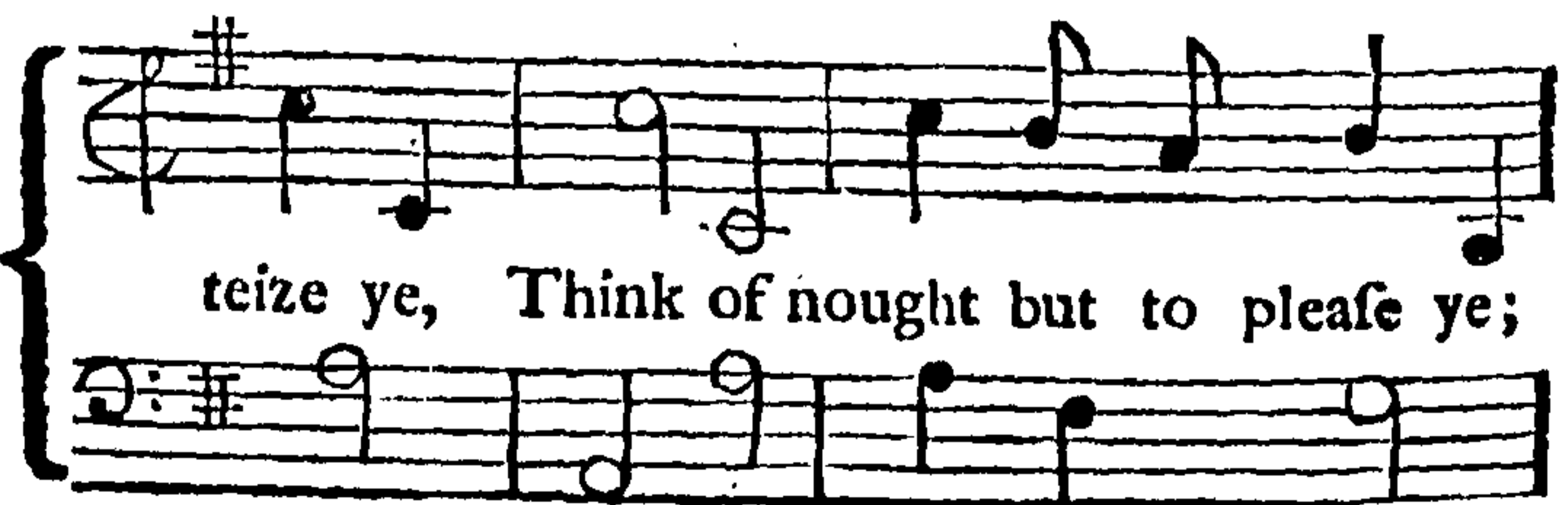
This great World is a Trouble, Where all must their



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



have but Neighbours Fare: Let not Jealousy



teize ye, Think of nought but to please ye;

What's

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

gain.

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

For the F L U T E.

The H A P P Y M A N.



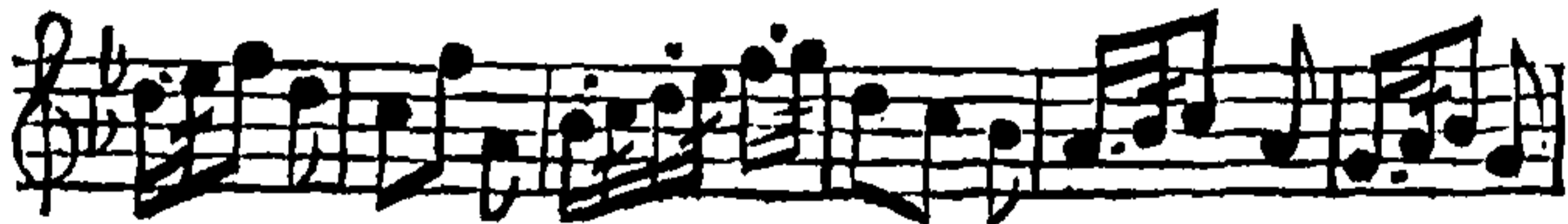
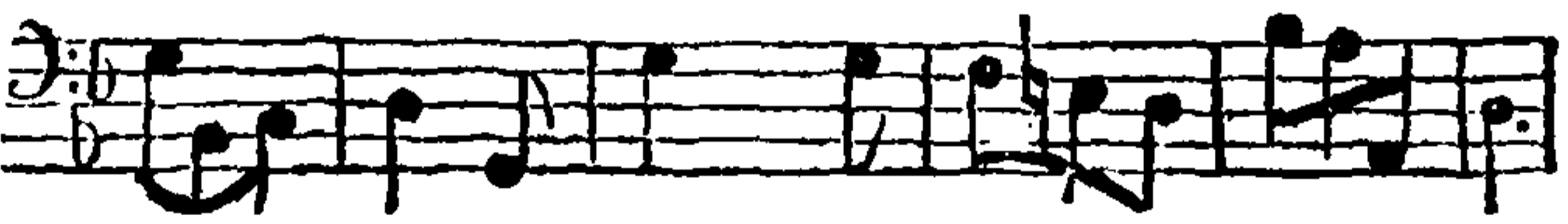
Happy Hours, all Hours ex-cel-ling, When re-



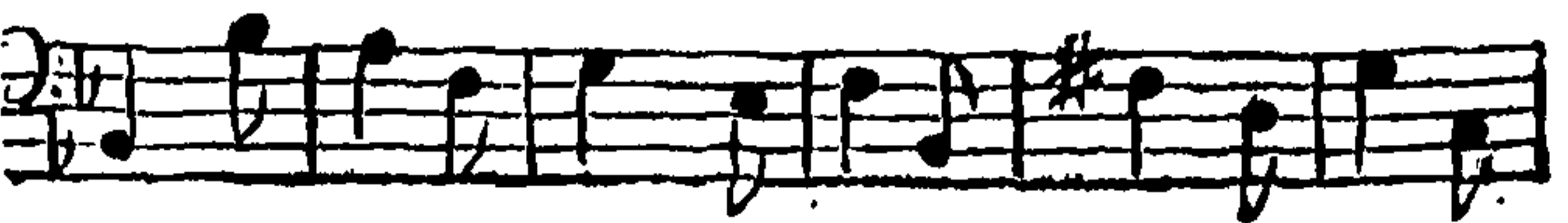
tir'd from Crowds and Noise; Happy is that



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



Happy that contented Creature, Who with fewest



Things

Things is pleas'd, And consults the Voice of

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

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

To the foregoing Tune.

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

M 4

All

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

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

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

For the F L U T E.



To a Young L A D Y Weeping.

By a Gentleman of OXFORD.



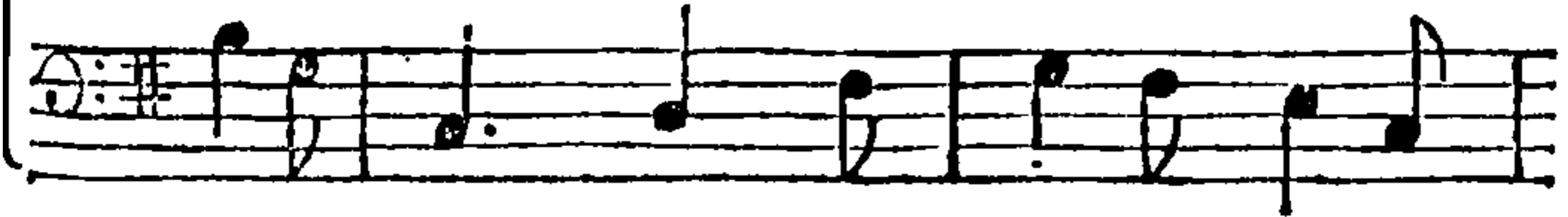
Behold the skilful Ar-tist's Hand Con-



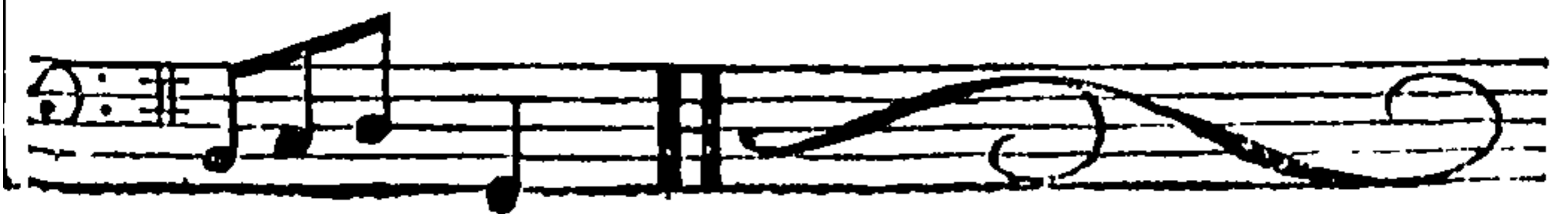
troul our Passions at Command, And with a



single Note impart Or Pain, or Pleasure



to the Heart.



Or,

170 *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

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

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

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

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

To the foregoing Tune.

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

Musick,

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

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



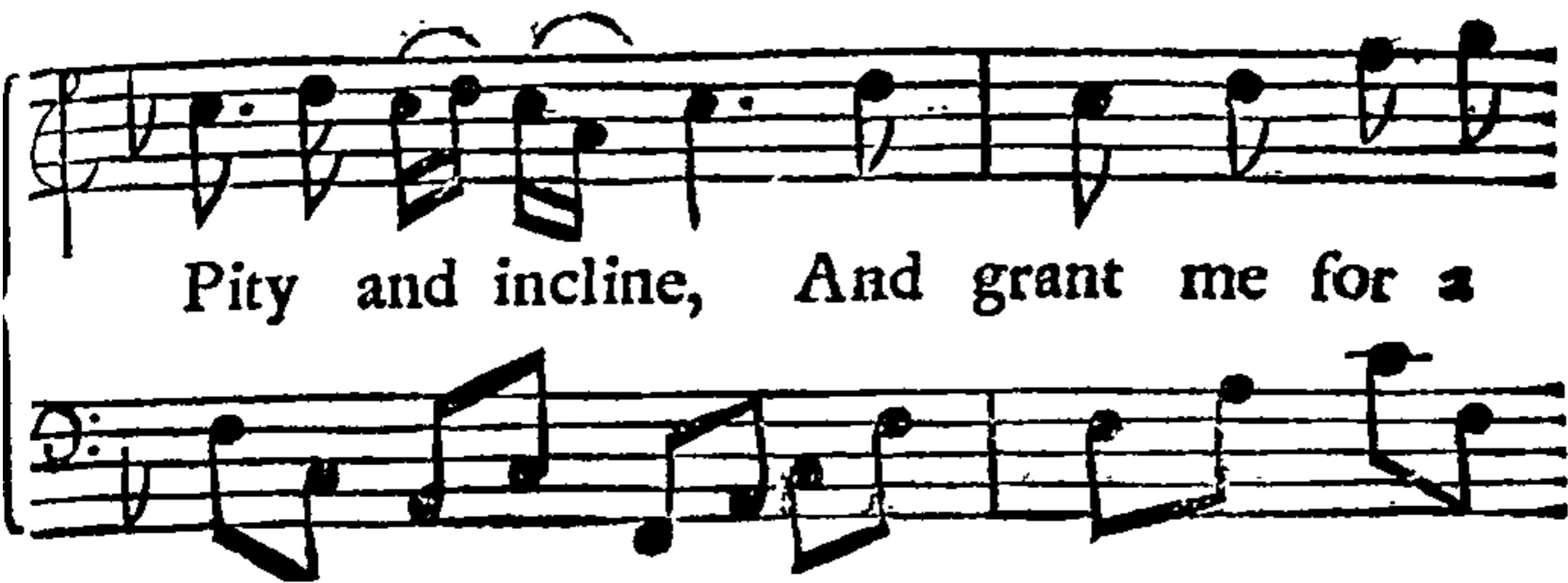
Wrap me with thy PETTICOAT.

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

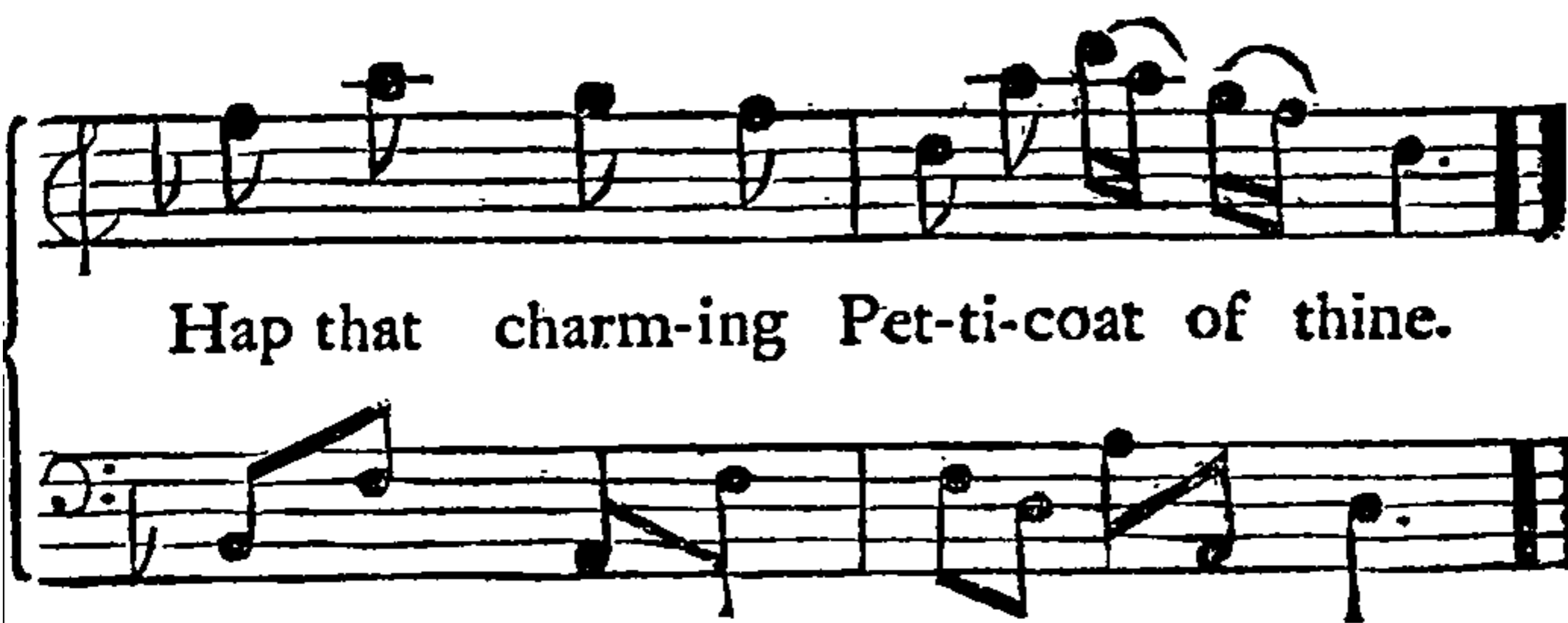
pass the Day in Pain, When Night returns I

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

starving cold, while thou art warm, Have



Pity and incline, And grant me for a



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

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

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

Oh!

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

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

To the foregoing Tune.

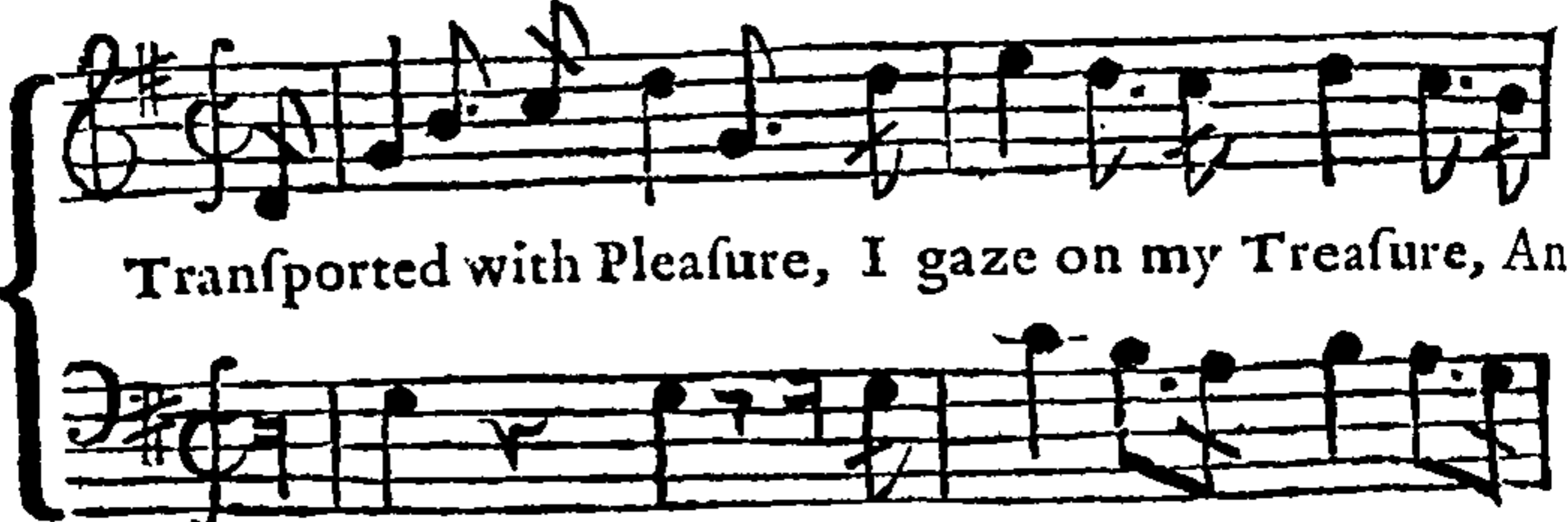
WHILST *Strephon*, in his Pride of Youth,
 To me alone profess
 Dissembled Passion, drest like Truth,
 He triumph'd in my Breast.
 I lodg'd him near my yielding Heart,
 Deny'd him not my Arms;
 Deluded by his pleasing Art,
 Transported with his Charms.

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

For the FLUTE.

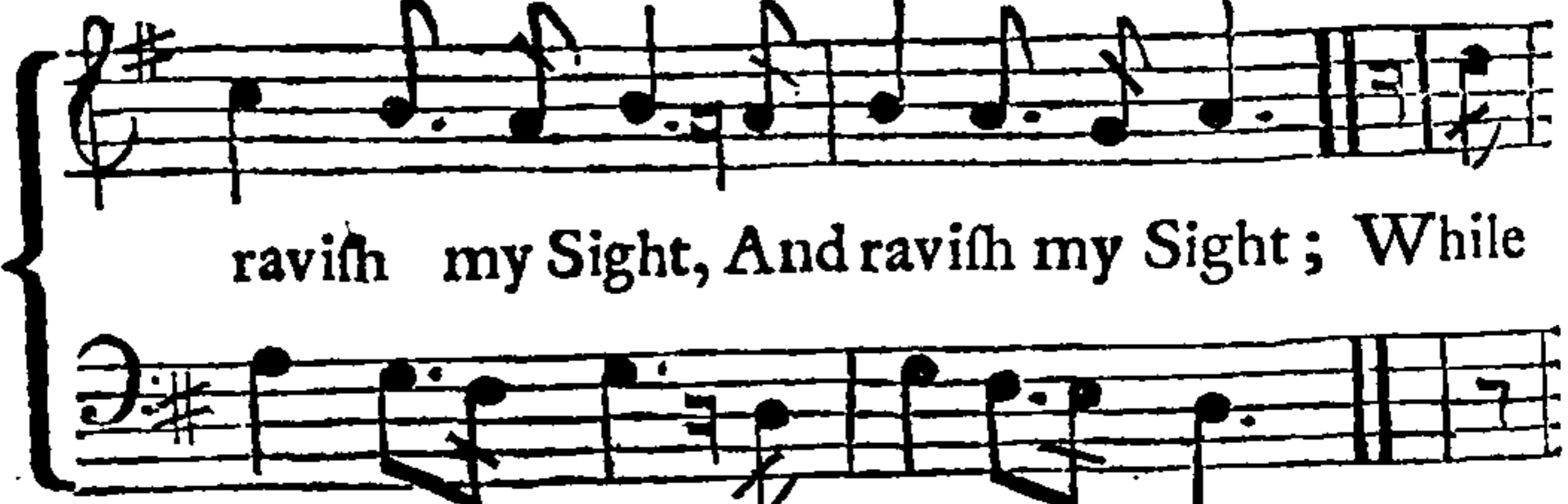


The HAPPY LOVER.

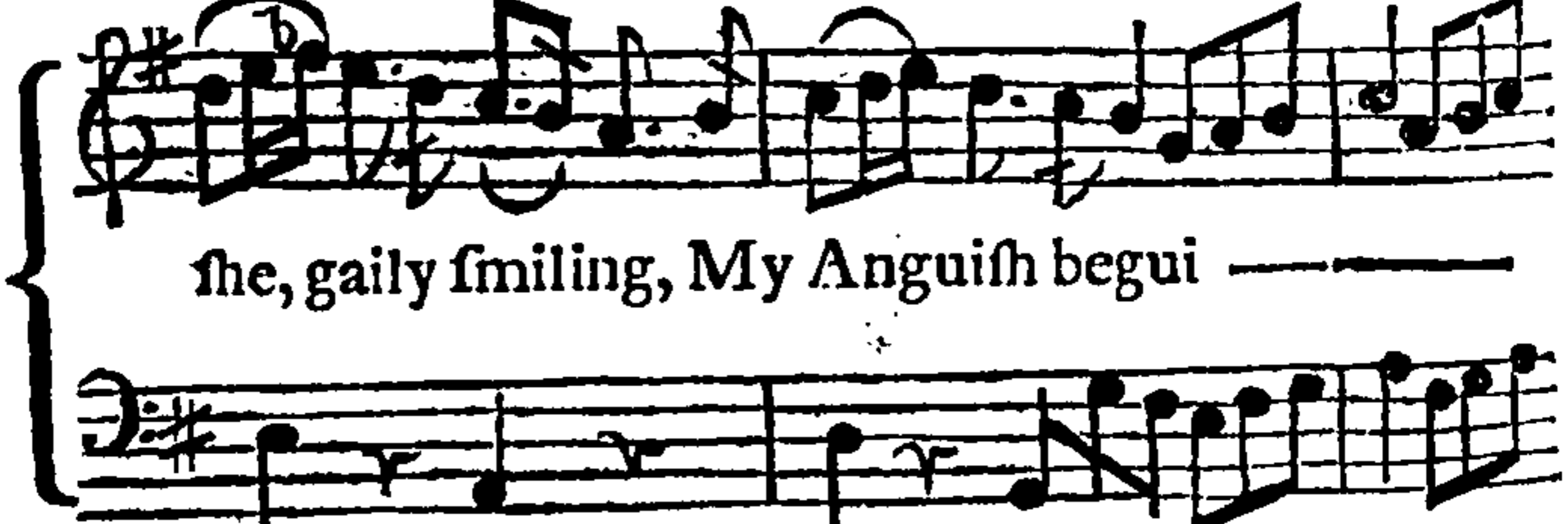


Transported with Pleasure, I gaze on my Treasure, And

Adagio



ravish my Sight, And ravish my Sight; While



she, gaily smiling, My Anguish begui



ling, Augments my Delight.

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

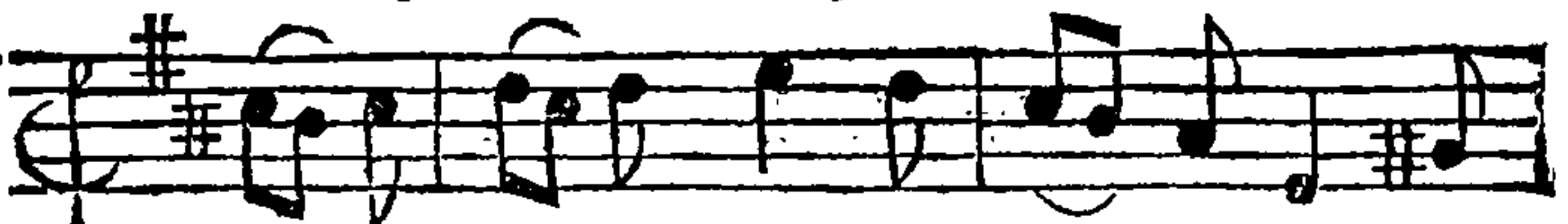
For the FLUTE.



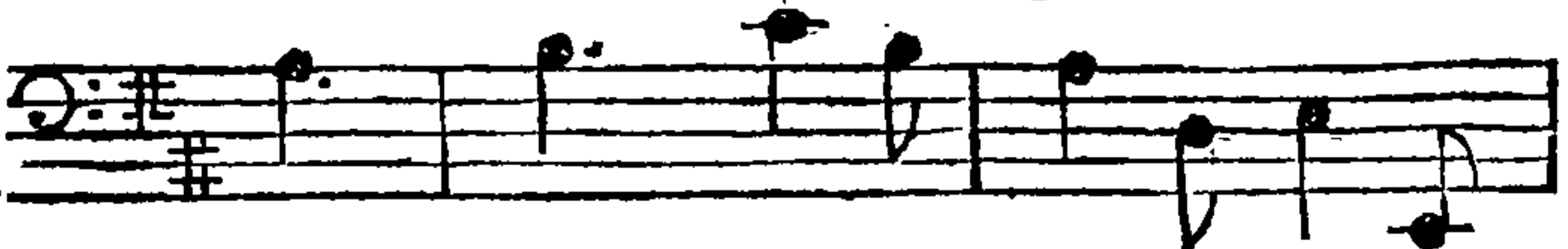
To the Disconsolate D O R I S.



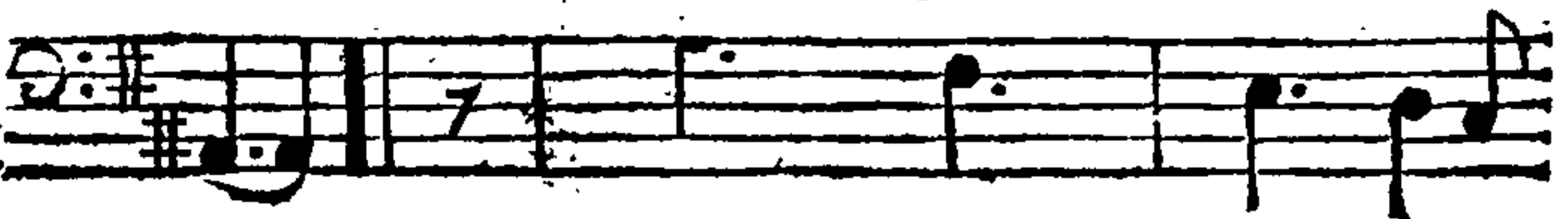
Fie! pretty *Doris*, weep no more; Doubtless your



Love is safe on Shore, Despight of Wave and



Wind; The Tears which you so freely shed, Are



much too precious for the Dead, And for the



Quick too kind.



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

Still then those Tempests of your Breast,
And set that pretty Heart at rest;

The Man will soon return:
Those Sighs for Heav'n are only fit,
Arabian Gums are not so sweet,
Nor Off'rings when they burn:

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

To the foregoing Tune.

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

Gay *Celia's* Eyes were dazling fair ;

Sabina's easy Shape and Air

With softer Magick drew.

He haunts the Stream, he haunts the Grove,
Lives in a fond Romance of Love,

And seems for each to die ;

'Till each a little spiteful grown,

Sabina, Celia's Shape ran down ;

And she *Sabina's* Eye.

Their Envy made the Shepherd find

Those Eyes, which Love cou'd only blind ;

So set the Lover free :

No more he haunts the Grove or Stream,

Or, with a true-love Knot and Name,

Engraves a wounded Tree.

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

Now to support the Sex's Pride,

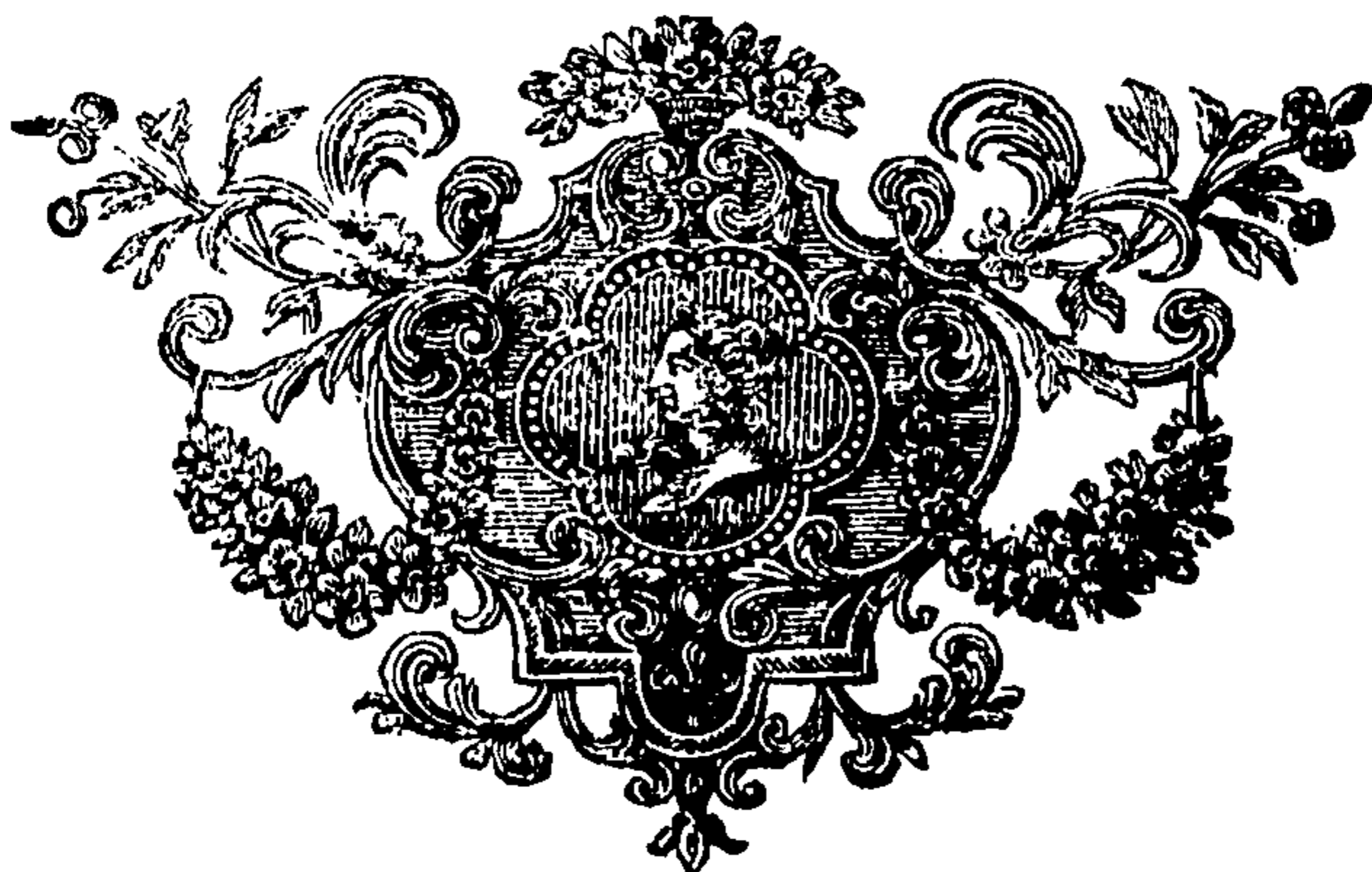
Let either fix the Dart.

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

For, shou'd the Swain but one adore,

'Twou'd break the other's Heart.

For the FLUTE.



B L O U Z I B E L.

By Mr. BAKER.

[To the Tune of *Sally*.]



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



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



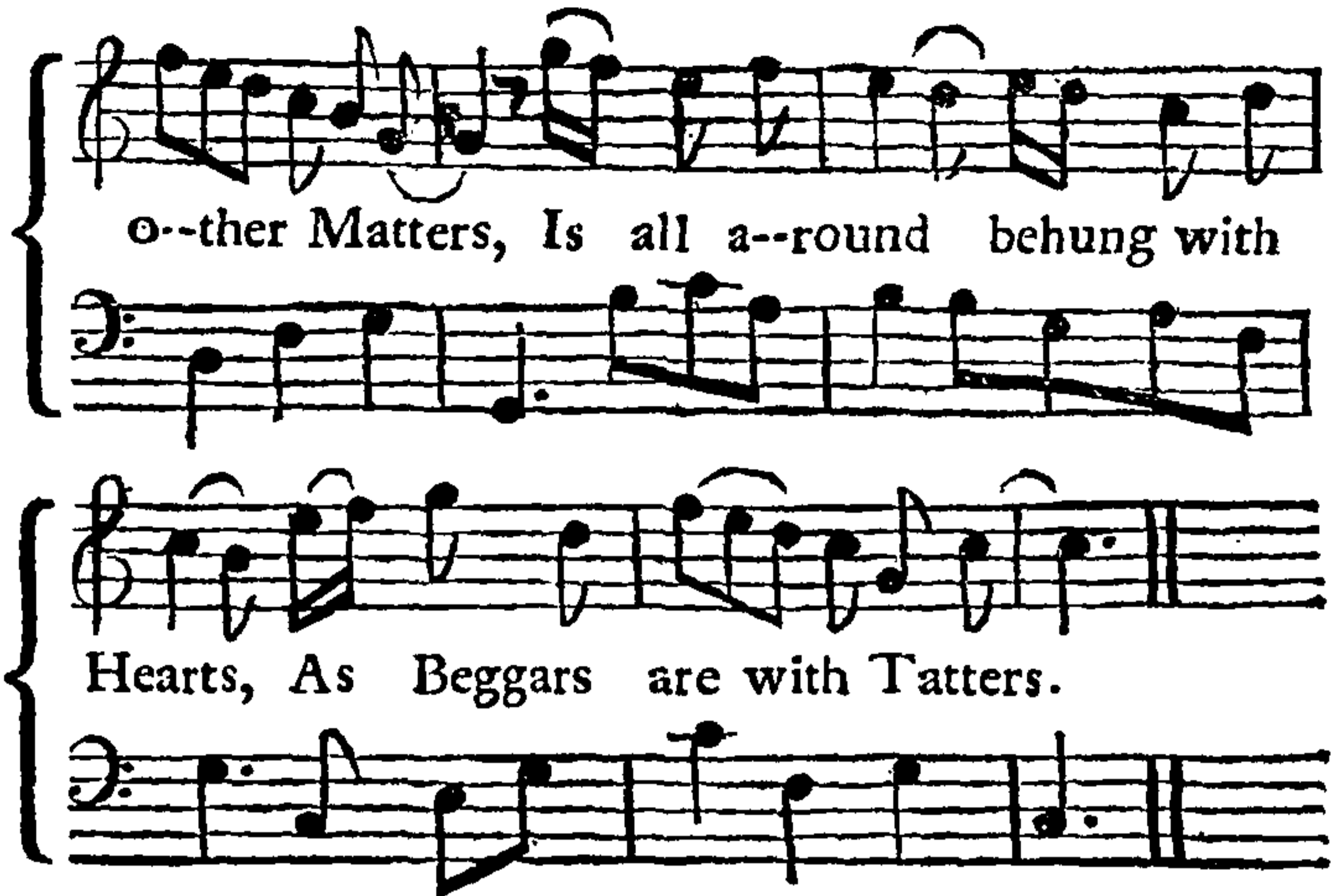
bel, To sing of her's my Duty: The Fair, who



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



other



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

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

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

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

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

To the foregoing Tune.

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

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

For the FLUTE.



The M I L K - M A I D.

By Mr. *W. BEDINGFIELD.*

To the Tune of BRIGHT AURELIA.

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

Morn beneath your Cow, How can the Swain hi

Joy exprefs, To fee thee in thy rural

Drefs, And hear thee Singing too?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*To the foregoing Tune.*]

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

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

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

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

For the FLUTE.



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

Set by Mr. *JAMES GRAVES.*



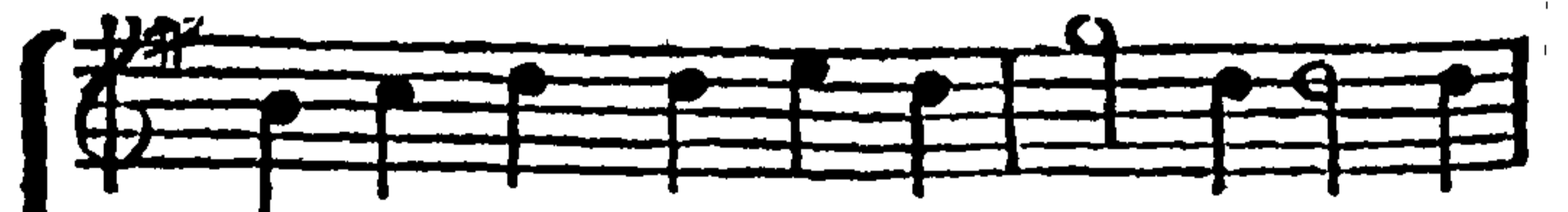
Some say Women are like the Seas, Some the



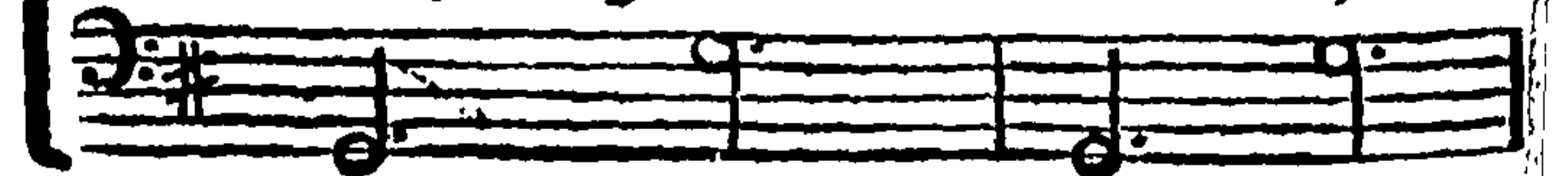
Waves, and some the Rocks; Some the Rose that



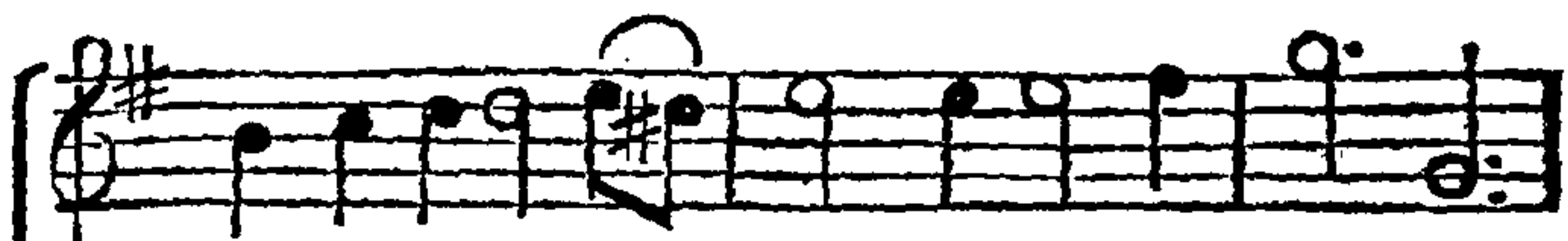
soon decays; Some the Weather; some the Cocks;



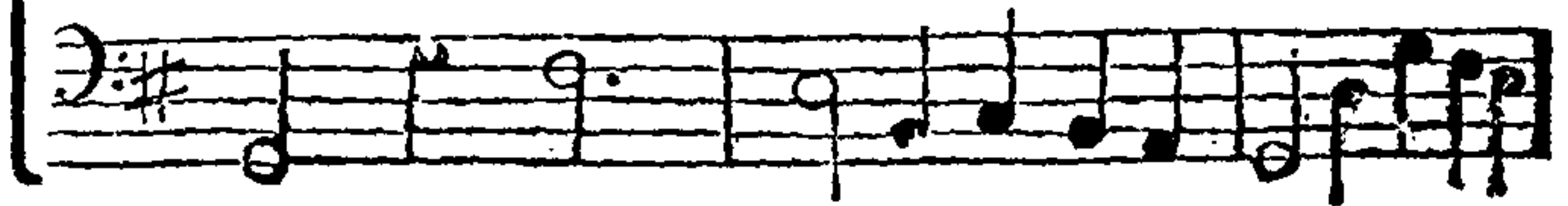
But if you'll give me leave for to tell, There's



nothing



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



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



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



Women are Witches when they will,

So is Wine, so is Wine;

They make the Statesman lose his Skill,

The Soldier, Lawyer, and Divine,

They put a Gigg in the gravest Skull,

And send their Wits to gather Wool:

As Wine, Wine, Women and Wine, they run in a
Parallel, they run in a Parallel.

What

What is't that makes your Visage so pale?

What is't makes your Looks divine?

What is't that makes your Courage to fail?

Is it not Women? Is it not Wine?

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

'Tis Women that makes your Forehead to swell;

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

For the F L U T E.



A PASTORAL COURTSHIP.

Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.

Gentle Zephyrs, si---lent Glades, Purling

Streams, and cooling Shades, Senses pleasing,

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

vades.

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

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

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

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

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

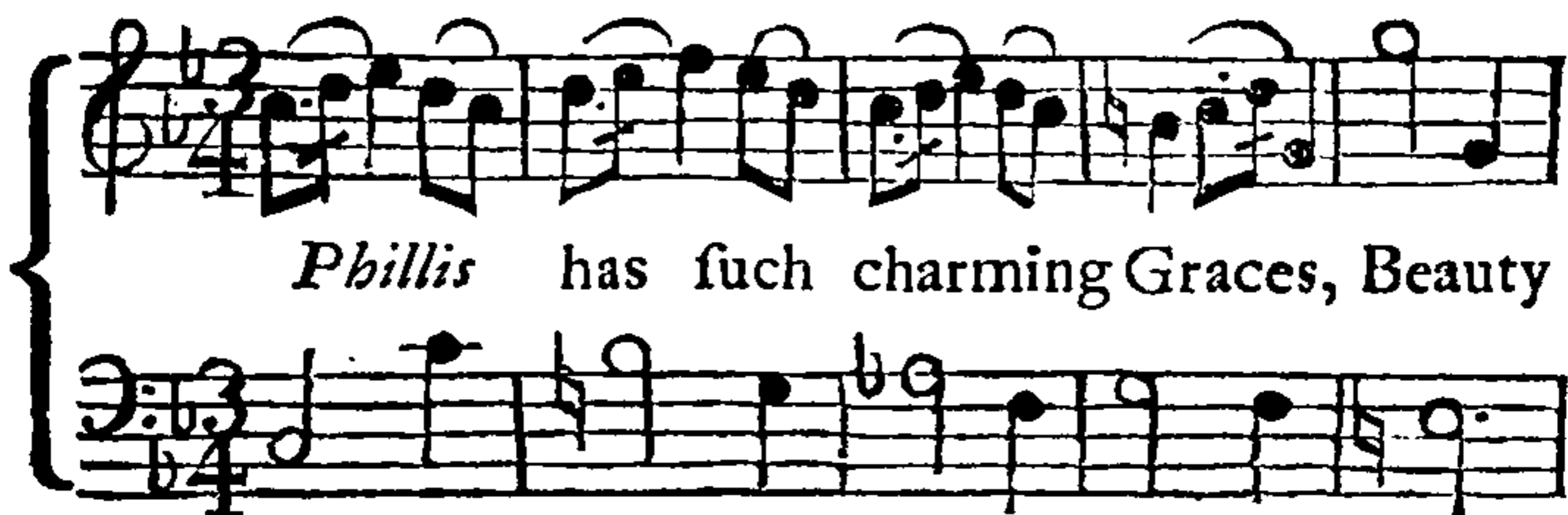
Let me touch this panting Breast;
Here for ever let me rest;
 Bliss enjoying,
 Never cloying,
Ever loving, ever blest.

For the FLUTE.




Advice to PHILLIS.

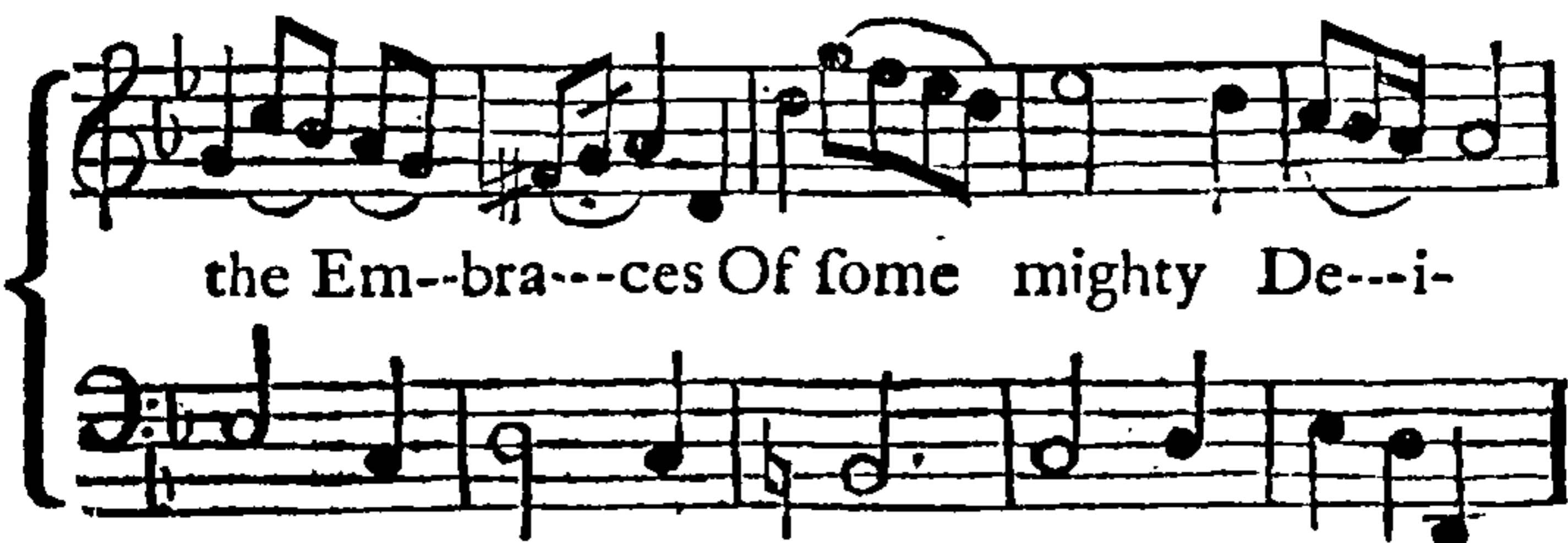
The Tune by Mr. ANTHONY YOUNG.



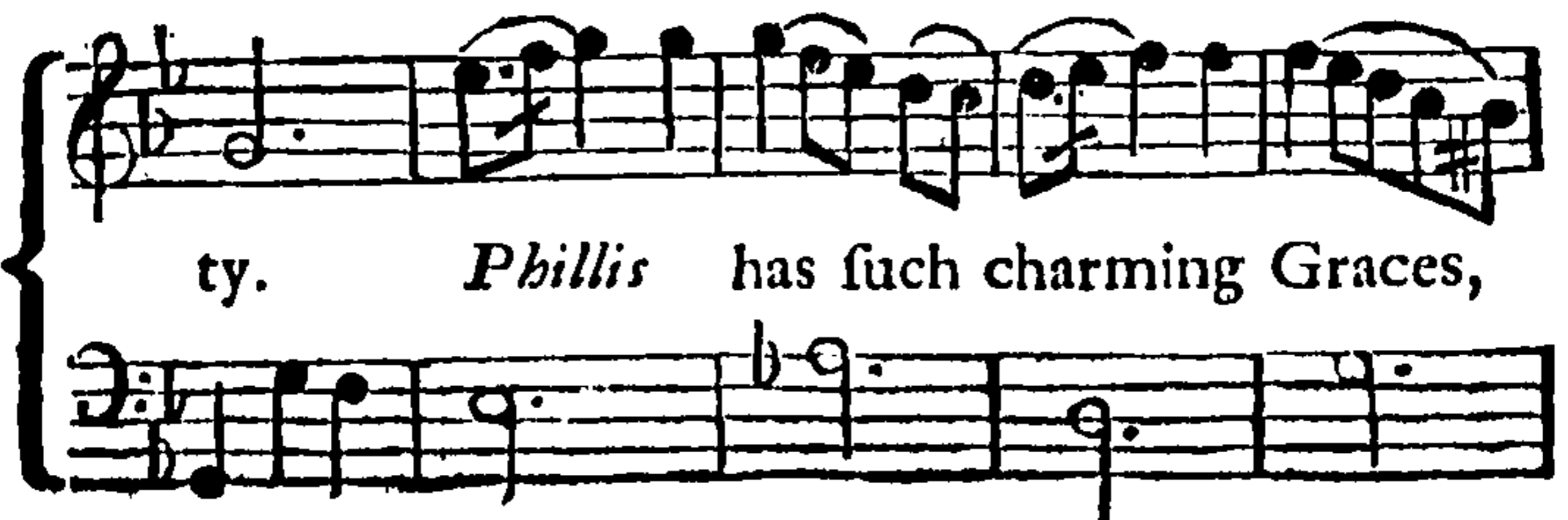
Phillis has such charming Graces, Beauty



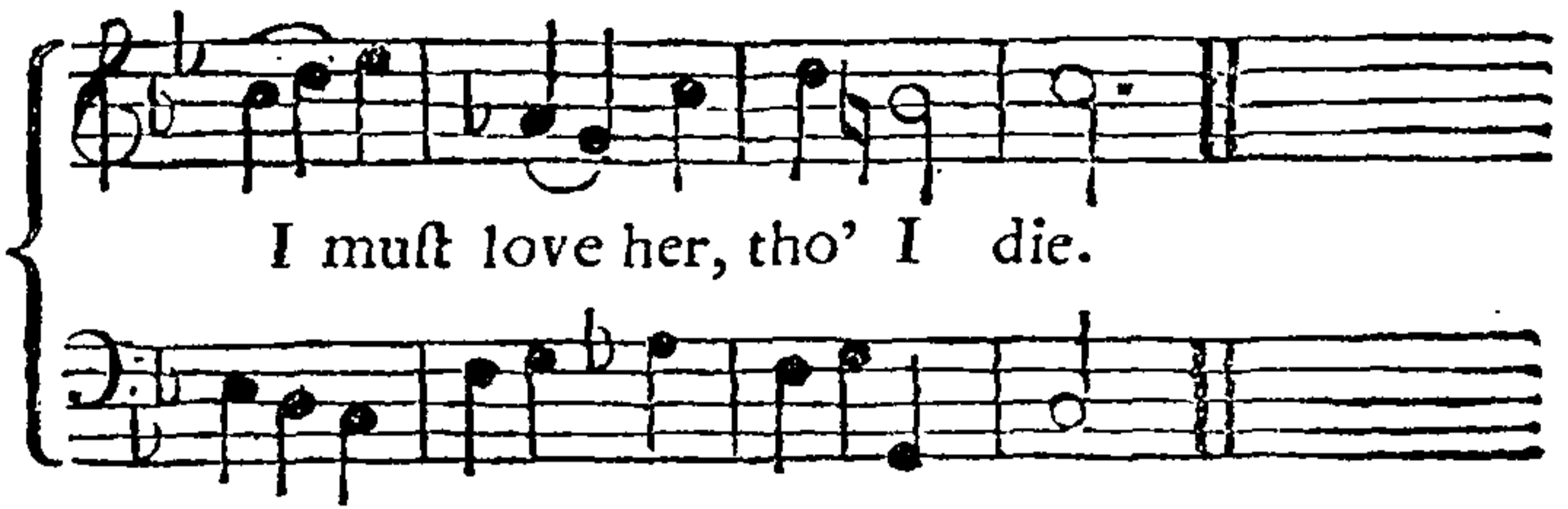
triumphs in her Eye: She was made for



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



ty. *Phillis* has such charming Graces,



I must love her, tho' I die.

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

For the FLUTE.



The Words by Lord *GAINSBOROUGH*.

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 12/8 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: "Persians stretch their Votive Arms To Phœbus in his rising State, I gaze on dear Myrtilla's". The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The first system shows the beginning of the piece. The second system includes the word "As" at the end of the vocal line. The third system includes the lyrics "Persians stretch their Votive Arms To Phœbus". The fourth system includes the lyrics "in his rising State, I gaze on dear Myrtilla's". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a more melodic treble line.

tilla's



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



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



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



Eyes that dart — my Fate.



The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 7/4 time signature. It contains three measures of whole rests. The lower staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a melodic line of eighth and sixteenth notes.

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 3/4 time signature. It contains three measures of whole rests followed by a melodic line. The lower staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a melodic line. The lyrics "So, so the fond" are positioned between the two staves.

So, so the fond

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 3/4 time signature, containing a melodic line with slurs. The lower staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a melodic line. The lyrics "Moth round Tapers plays, Nor dreams of" are positioned between the two staves.

Moth round Tapers plays, Nor dreams of

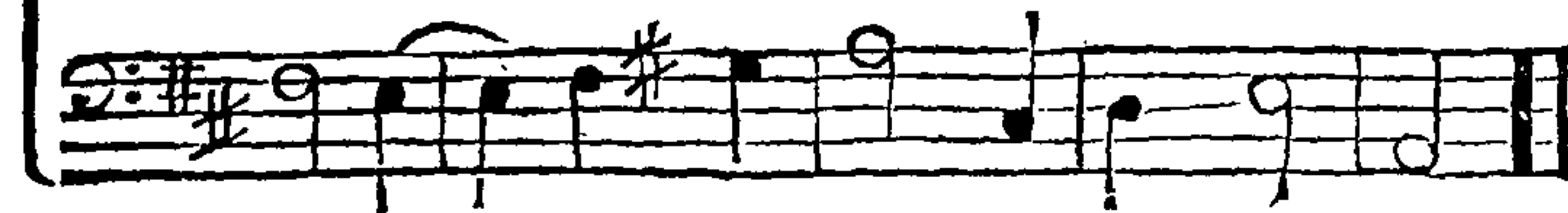
The fourth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 3/4 time signature, containing a melodic line with slurs. The lower staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a melodic line. The lyrics "Death, in such bright Fires, nor dreams of" are positioned between the two staves.

Death, in such bright Fires, nor dreams of

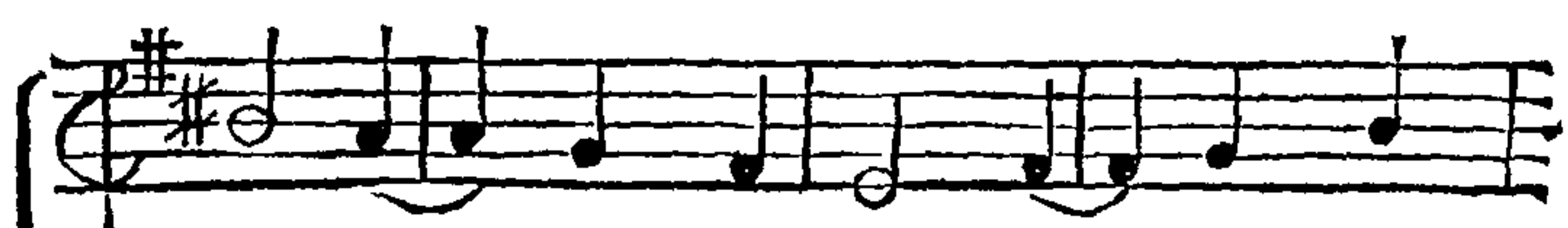
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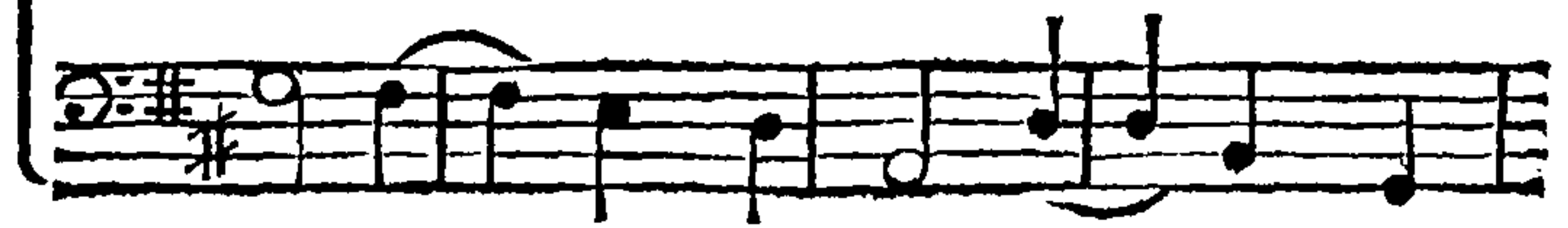
Death, nor dreams of Death in such bright Fires.



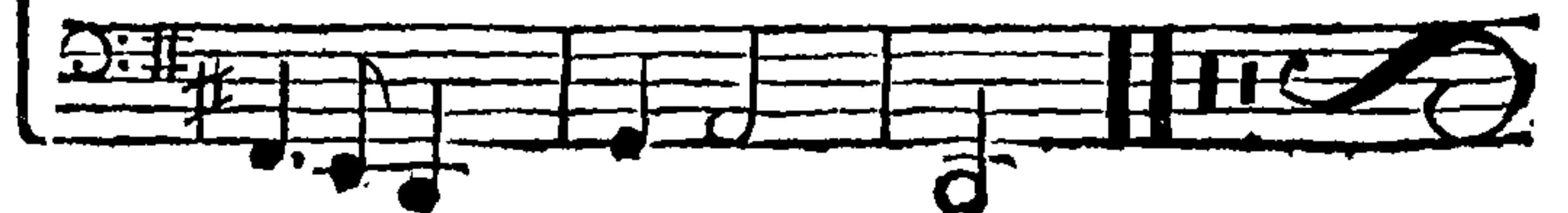
With Joy he hastes into the Blaze, He courts his



Doom, and there expires, He courts his



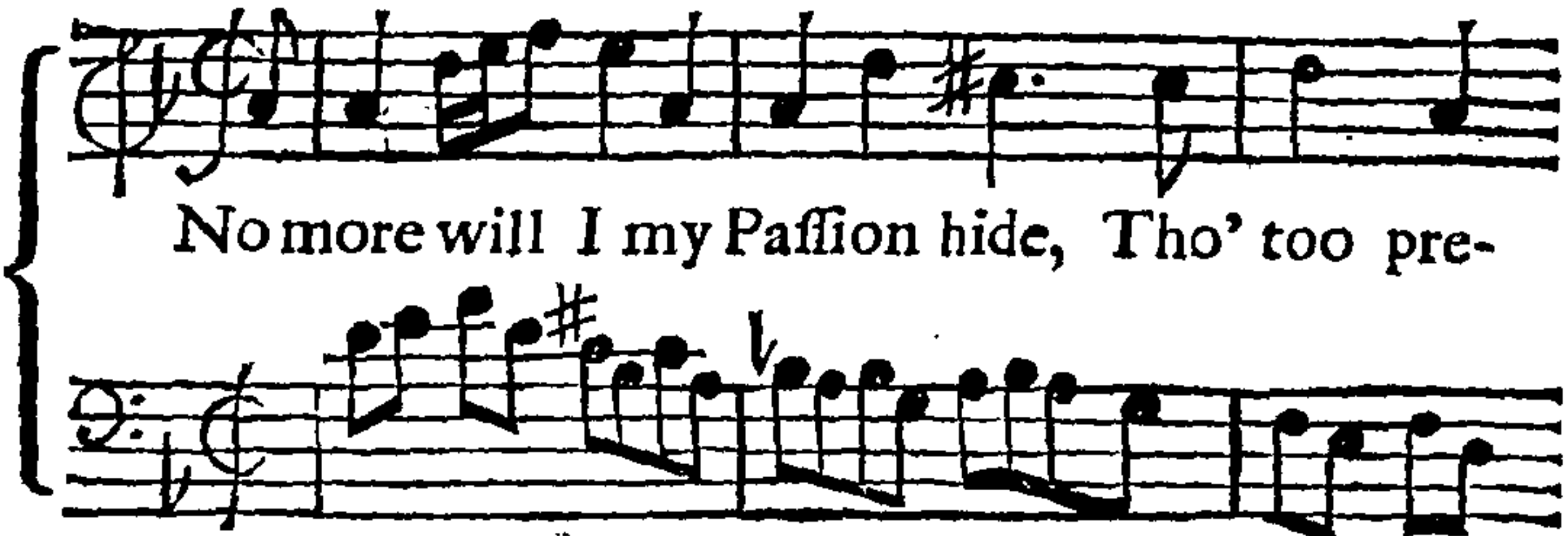
Doom, and there ex--pires.



For the FLUTE.

A musical score for flute, consisting of ten staves of music. The notation is in a single system, with each staff containing a line of music. The music is written in a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is 12/8. The score features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are several measures with a '7' written below the staff, possibly indicating a specific fingering or a measure rest. The music concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

The CONSTANT LOVER.



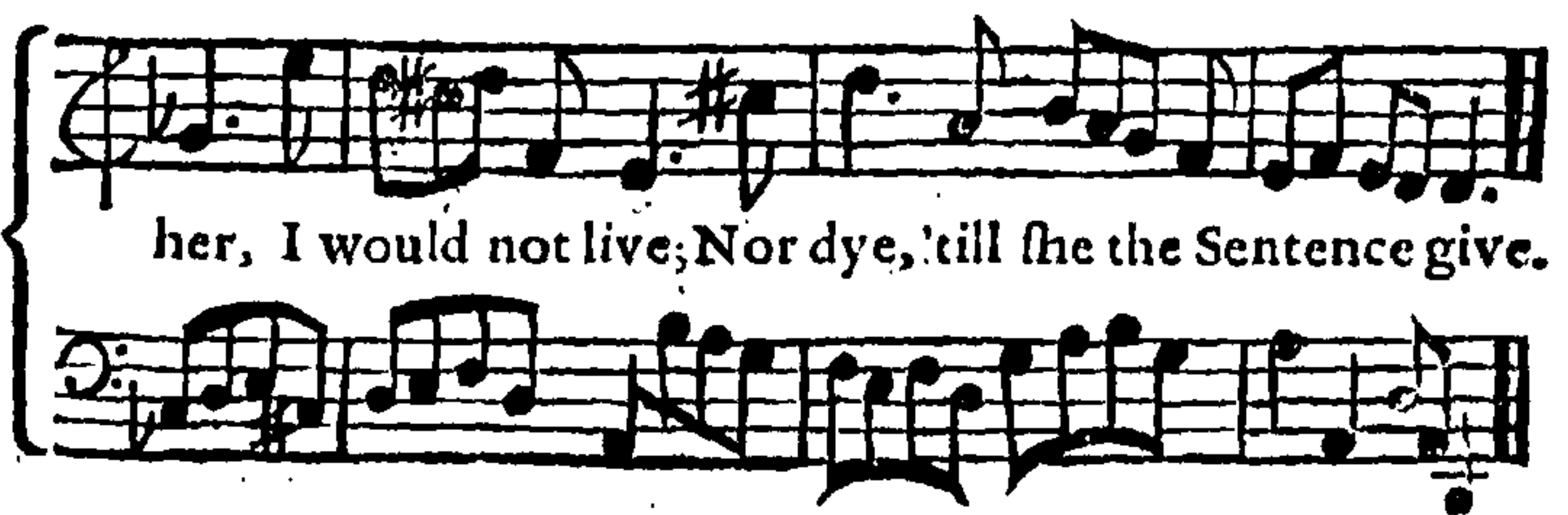
No more will I my Passion hide, Tho' too pre-



fuming it appear; When long Despair a Heart has



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



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

Why

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

For the FLUTE.

