



CALLIOPE

*Bickham's
Musical Entertainer.*

Vol. II.

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Publish'd according to Act of Parliament.*

G. Bickham jun. del.

J. B. Gravelot. Inv.



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Musical Entertainer.



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[Extremely faint, illegible handwriting covering the majority of the page]



J H C
True Mason.

To the Right Hon.^{ble} the Marquis of CARNARVON Grand Master, these four Plates are humbly Inscib'd.

Genius of Mason-ry descend In mystick Numbers while we sing

Enlarge Our souls the Craft defend And hither all thy influence bring

With Social thoughts Our bosoms fill And give thy turn to ev'ry Will.

*Immortal Science too, be near!
 (We own thy Empire o'er the Mind)
 Dress'd in thy radiant Robes appear;
 With all thy beautiful Train behind:
 Invention young, and blooming, there;
 Here Geometry, with Rule and Square.*

*United thus, and for these Ends,
 Let Scorn deride, & Envy rail;
 From Age to Age the Craft descends;
 And what We Build shall never fail;
 Nor shall the World Our Works survey;
 But ev'ry Brother keeps the Key.*

FLUTE.



Gravelot inv

G. Bickham sc.

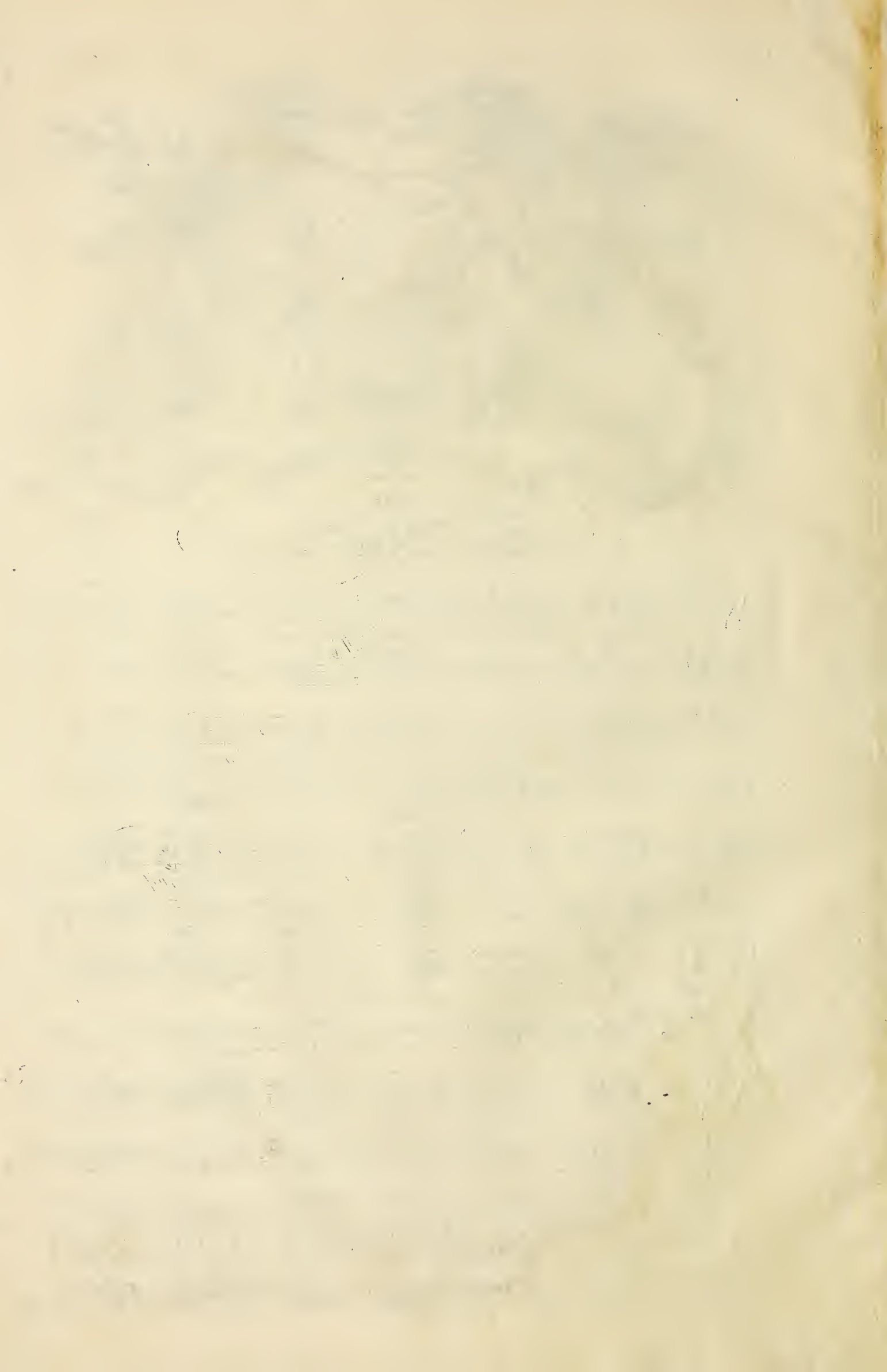
THE
Earth's Motion Drowd.

Set by M.^r Leveridge.

The Words by M.^r Lockman.

My joyous Blades, n^o Roses crown'd, Who quaff bright Nectar at its Spring, Dispute not if y^e
Earth goes round, But hear a thirsty Poet sing. Dispute not if y^e Earth goes round, But hear a
thirsty Poet sing. All take your Glasses, charge them high; - Let Bumpers, swift..... by, Bumpers
chaps, chaps: Each man drink fifty, soon they'll spy, The Earth wheel ro..... und n^o
rap... id Pace. Each man drink fifty, soon they'll spy, The Earth wheel ro..... und n^o rapid Pace.

FLUTE.





THE BACCHANALIAN'S WISH.

Set by M^r. Popely.

For y^e German & Common Flute.

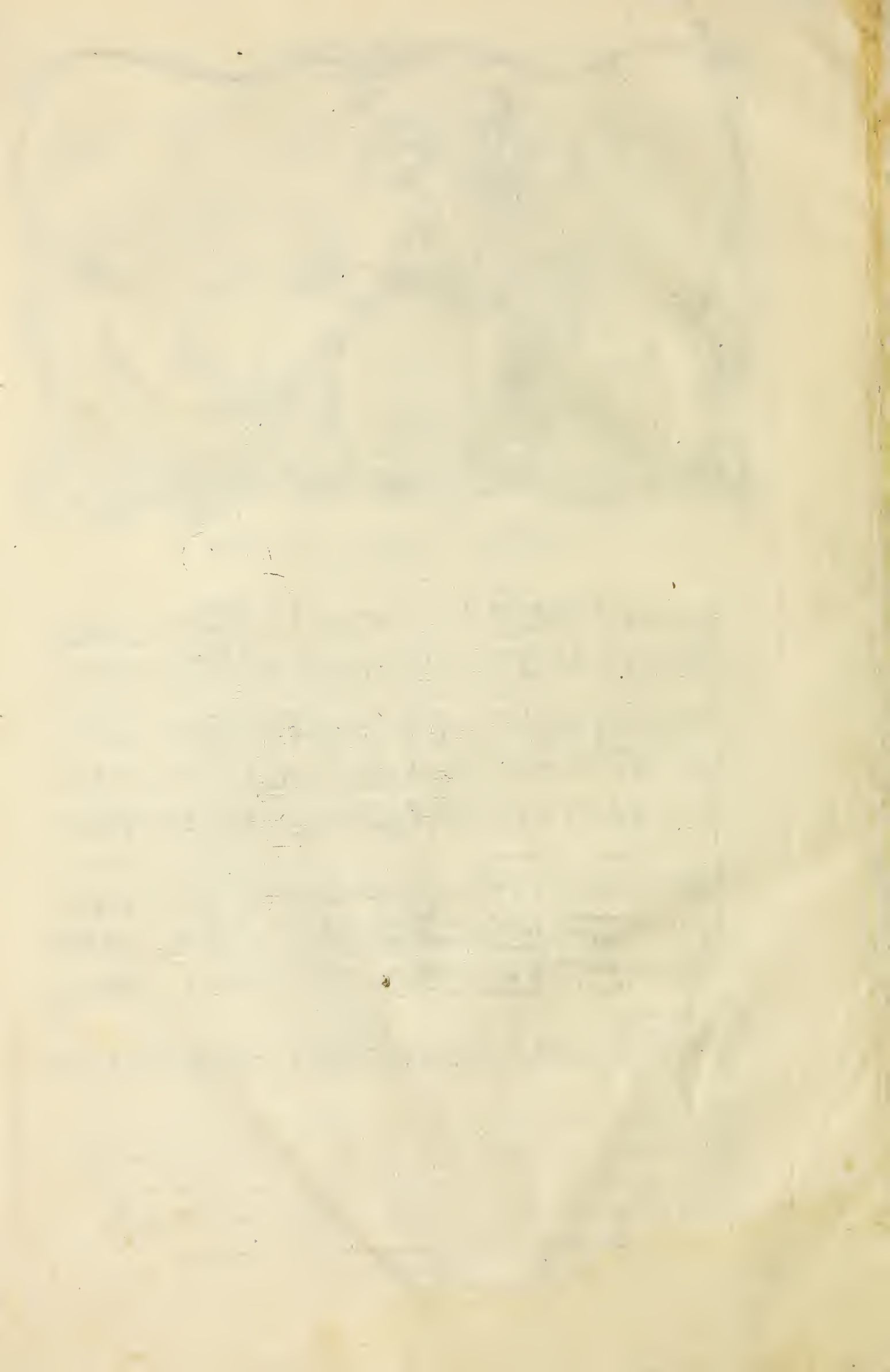
Had Neptune when first he took charge of the Sea, Been as wise or at least been as merry as

we. He'd have thought better on't and instead of his brine, Would have filld y^e vast Ocean with

generous wi... *nc: n^o: have filld the vast Ocean with generous Wine.*

2
*What trafficking then would have been on y^e Main,
 For y^e sake of good liquor as well as for gain.
 No fear then of Tempest or danger of sinking,
 The Fishes w^ore drown, they are always a drinking.*

3
*Had this been the Case what had we enjoyd,
 Our spirits still rising our fancy n^ore dloyd.
 A Pox then on Neptune when 'twas in his pow'r,
 To slip like a fool such a fortunate Hour.*





Moor Circulating the Cheerful Glas.

Leno, Plato, Ari-stotle all were Lovers of the Bottle; Poets, Painters & Musicians, Churchmen, Lawyers & Physicians all ad-

mirre a pretty Laps, all require a cheerful Glas, Leno, Plato, Ari-stotle all were Lovers of the Bottle; Poets, Painters & Musi-

cians, Churchmen, Lawyers & Physicians all admire a pretty Laps, all require a cheerful Glas. Poets, Painters and Mu-

sicians, Churchmen, Lawyers & Physicians all admire a pretty Laps, all require a cheerful Glas. Ev'ry Pleasure has its Season, love &

drinking are no Treason, Ev'ry Pleasure has its Season, love & Drinking are no Treason, love & Drinking are no Treason. DC

FLUTE.

DC



Gravelot inv.
The Words by M^r. Lockman.

G. Bickham jun. sc.
The Musick by M^r. Gladwin.

The Invitation to Mira,

REQUESTING

Her Company to Vaux Hall Garden.

To the Right Hon.^{ble} the Lady FRANCES SEYMOUR, These four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

Affettuoso.

Come, Mira, Idol of y^e Swains (So green y^e Sprays, The Sky so fine) To Bow'rs where
 heav'n-born Flora reigns, & Handel warbles Aires divine: & Handel war.....bles Aires divine.

| | |
|--|---|
| <p>Come, ev'ry sprightly Joy to taste, That rural Art & Nature boast: Fly thither with y^e Lightning's haste, And be y^e universal Toast.</p> | <p>A Scene so beautiful can't be shown, Tho' thou should'st ev'ry Realm survey, As all, wher'er thou com'st must own: Thy Graces claim the highest Sway.</p> |
|--|---|

For the Flute.



The Forsaken Pastoralla.

Glide gently on, thou murmuring Brook, & sooth my tender Grief. 'Twas here the fatal

Wound I took, 'tis here I seek Relief. With Silvio on this Verdant Shore, I fondly sat reclin'd, Be-

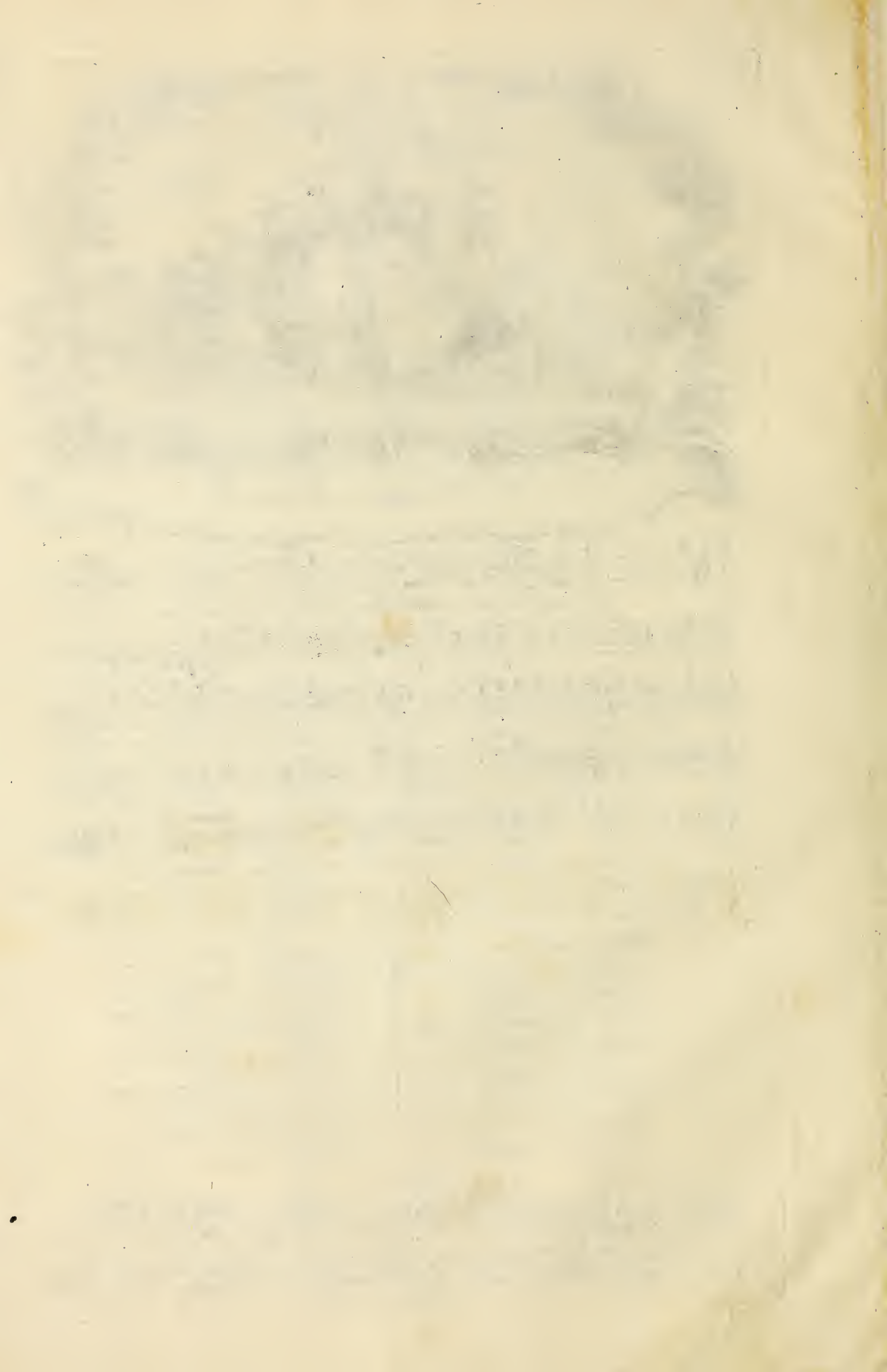
liev'd y' charming things he. Swore too credu-lous-ly kind, too cre-dulously kind.

*While thus he said, this purling Stream
Back to it's Spring shall flow,
O Pastorella! e'er my Flame
The last decay shall know.
Ye conscious Waves roll back again,
Back too your Crystal Head,
The false ungrateful perjur'd Swain,
Has broke the Vows he made.
Has broke &c.*

*Perhaps some fairer Shepherdess,
His faithless Breast has warm'd,
And those kind Vows & soft Ad-dress
Her guiltless Heart has charm'd.
But tell y' Nymph thou gentle Stream,
If e'er she Visits Thee,
The trech'rous Youth has vow'd y' same
Yet broke his Faith with me.
Yet broke &c.*

F. L. W. T. B.

G. Bickham delin. sculp.





Love Relaps'd.

Set by M^r. Arne.

G. Bickham sculp.

Amoroso

If all y^e I love is her Face, from looking I sure can refrain, In others her likeness may trace, Or
 absence may cure all my pain; This said from her charms I retir'd, Nor knew I till then how I
 lov'd: What present my Passion admir'd, In absence my Reason approv'd.

Ah! why should I hope for relief,
 Where all y^e I see is disdain,
 No pity in her for my grief,
 No merit in me to complain,

Nor yet do I fortune upbraid,
 Tho' rob'd of my freedom & ease,
 Still proud of the choice I have made,
 Tho' hopeless it ever can please.

For the Flute.



Moore's Engagement to Margery.

If that's all you ask my sweetest my feateft compleateft & neatet my sweetest my feateft compleateft & neatet Im proud of y^e Task

If that's all you ask my sweetest my feateft compleateft & neatet my sweetest my feateft compleateft & neatet Im proud of y^e Task Im proud of y^e Task

Task Im proud of y^e Task Im proud of y^e Task Im proud of y^e Task Im proud of y^e Task Im proud of y^e Task

Im proud of y^e Task Im proud of y^e Task Im proud of y^e Task Of love take your fill Past measure my treasure sole spring of my pleasure as long as you will Past measure my treasure sole spring of my pleasure as long as you will as long long long as long as you will. CD.

The musical score consists of eight systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a basso continuo line (bass clef). The time signature is 6/8. The music includes various ornaments and dynamic markings such as *adag* and *CD*.



An Ode from *ij Spectator*, Set by *M. C. Smith jun.*

Gravelot inv, Bickham jun. sculp.

THE
Lavland Lover.

To the Right Hon the Lady CHARLOTTE SEYMOUR these 4 Plates are humbly Inscríb'd.

Thou rising Sun whose gladsome Ray, Invites my Fair to rural Play;
Dispell the Mist, and Clear the Skies, And bring my Orra to my Eyes.

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>1 Oh! were I sure my Dear to view, - I'd climb <i>ij</i> Pine Trees topmost bough, Aloft in Air that quivering plays, - And round & round for ever gaze.</p> | <p>3 Oh! I could ride <i>ij</i> Clouds & Skies, - Or on <i>ij</i> Ravens Unions rise, - Ye Storms, ye Inruins, a Moment stay, And waft a Lover on his Way.</p> | <p>5 What may for strength <i>th</i> Steel compare, Oh! Love has Fetters stronger far; - By Bolts of Steel are Links confin'd, - But cruel Love enchants <i>ij</i> Mind.</p> |
| <p>2 My Orra Moor where art thou laid, What Wood conceals my Sleeping Maid, Fast by the Root enrag'd I'll tear, - The Trees <i>ij</i> hide my promis'd Fair.</p> | <p>4 My Blist too long my Bride denies, Apace <i>ij</i> wasting Summer flies, - Nor yet <i>ij</i> wintry Blasts I fear, - Nor Storms nor Night, shall keep me here</p> | <p>6 No longer <i>ij</i> perplex thy Breast, - When Thought torments <i>ij</i> first are best, Tis mad to go, tis Death to stay, - Away to Orra hast away.</p> |

For the Flute.



Set by M. Corry.

G. Bickham, inv. sc.

THE RESOLVE.

Sinca, Sallinda's my, Soc, to a Defart, All go, Where some River, for ever, Shall echo my Woes. Since Sal-

linda's my Soc, to a Defart, All go, Where some River for ever, Shall echo my Woe. The Trees, shall appear, less se-

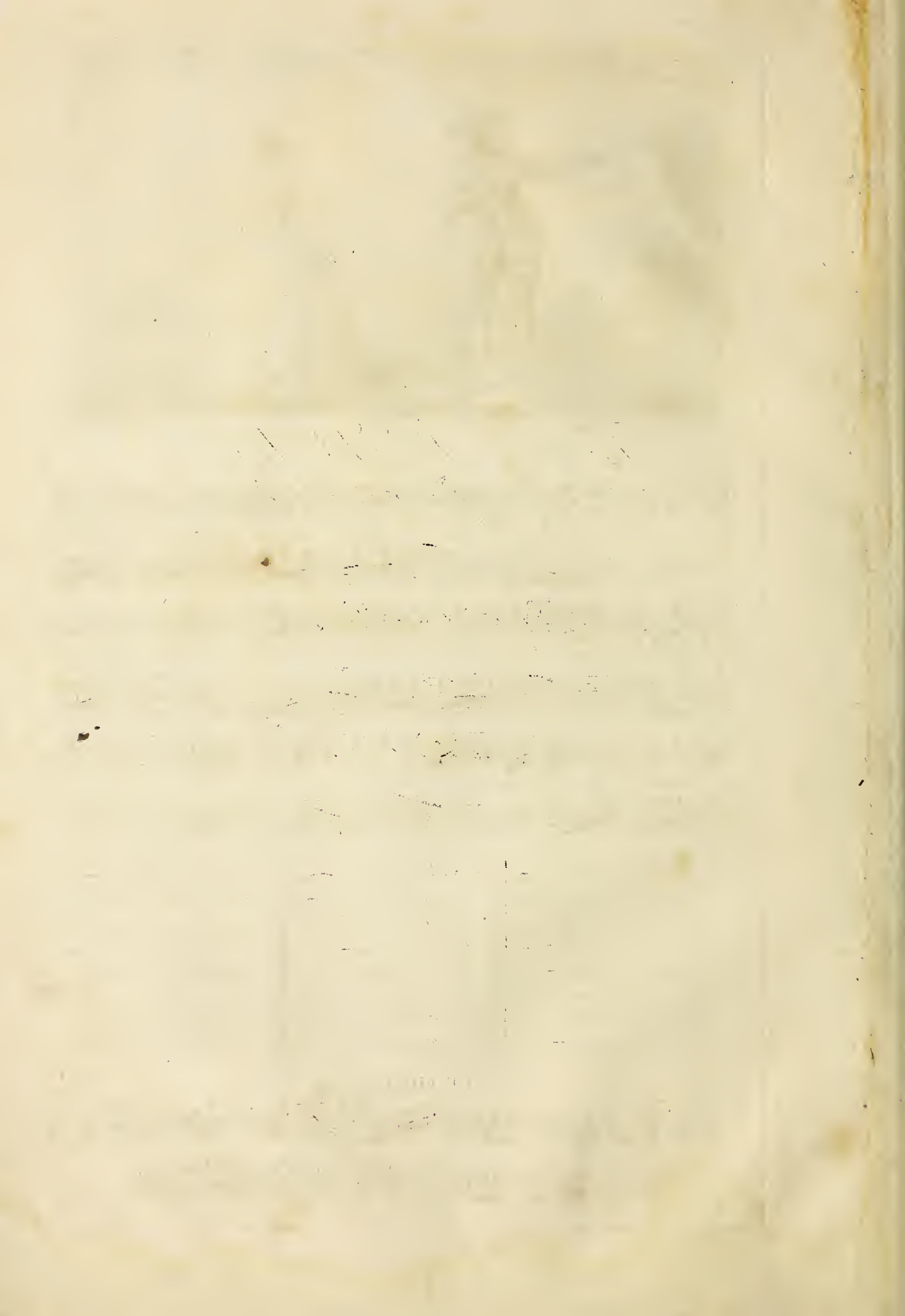
vere than my Dear, In yf Morning adorning each Leaf with a Tear.

2
 To the Rocks all alone,
 When I make my sad Moan,
 From each hollow Will follow
 Some pitiful Groan;
 With silent Sighs,
 She requites all my Pain,
 To my Mourning, Returning,
 No answer again.

3
 Ah, Sallinda, adieu,
 When I cease to pursue,
 You'll discover, No Lover,
 Was ever so true:
 Your sad Shepherd flies,
 From those dear cruel Eyes
 Which not seeing, His being,
 Decays, and he dies.

4
 Yet tis better to Run,
 To the Fate we can't shun,
 Than for ever, Endeavour,
 What cannot be won:
 Gods! what have I done,
 That poor Strephon alone,
 Thus requited, Is flited,
 For Loving but one.

FOR THE FLUTE.





Love and Music.

When y^e bright God of day, Drove to west-ward each ray, And y^e Evening was charming & clear,

The Swallows a-main, Nimble skim o'er y^e Plain, And our Shadows like Giants appear, The

Swallows a-main Nimble skim o'er y^e Plain, And our Shadows like Giants appear.

2 In a Jassamin Bower,
When y^e Bean was in Flower,
And Zephyr breath'd Odours around,
Lovely Sylvia was set,
With a Song and Spinnet;
To charm all y^e Grove with the Sound.

3 Rosy Bowers she Sung,
While the Harmony rung,
And y^e Birds all fluttering arrive,
The industrious Bee,
From y^e Flowers & Trees,
Gently hum with y^e Sweets to their Lives.

4 The gay God of Love,
As he rang'd o'er y^e Grove,
By Zephyr conducted along,
As she touch'd o'er y^e Strings,
He beat time with his Wings,
And echo repeated the Song.

5 Oh ye Rovers beware,
How you venture to near;
Love is doubly arm'd for to Wound,
Your fate you cant shun,
And your surely undone,
If you rashly approach near y^e sound.

For the Flute.

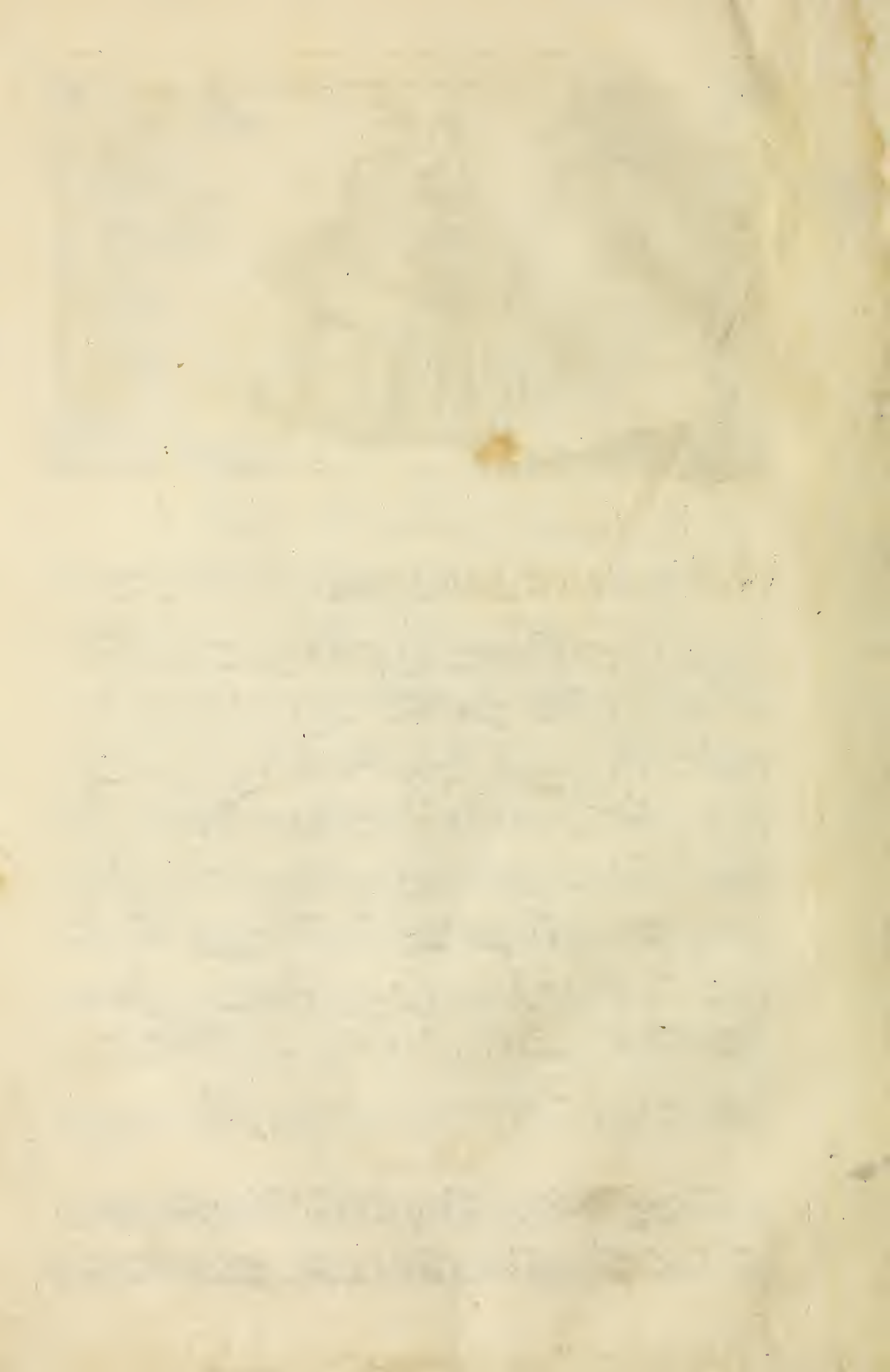


Moore Coaxing Mauzalinda.

By y Beer, as brown as Berry; By y Cyder & the Perry, Which so oft has made us merry wth a
 Hy-down, Ho-down der. ry, With a Hy-down, Ho-down der =

Sym: Mauzalinda's All re-main, True Blue will never Stain, Mauza-
 linda's All re-mai-
 n True Blue will never Stain True Blue will never Stain.

For the Flute.





Gravelot inv.
Bickham jun. sc.

The Words by Mr. Lockman.
Set by Mr. John C. Smith.

LIZZY

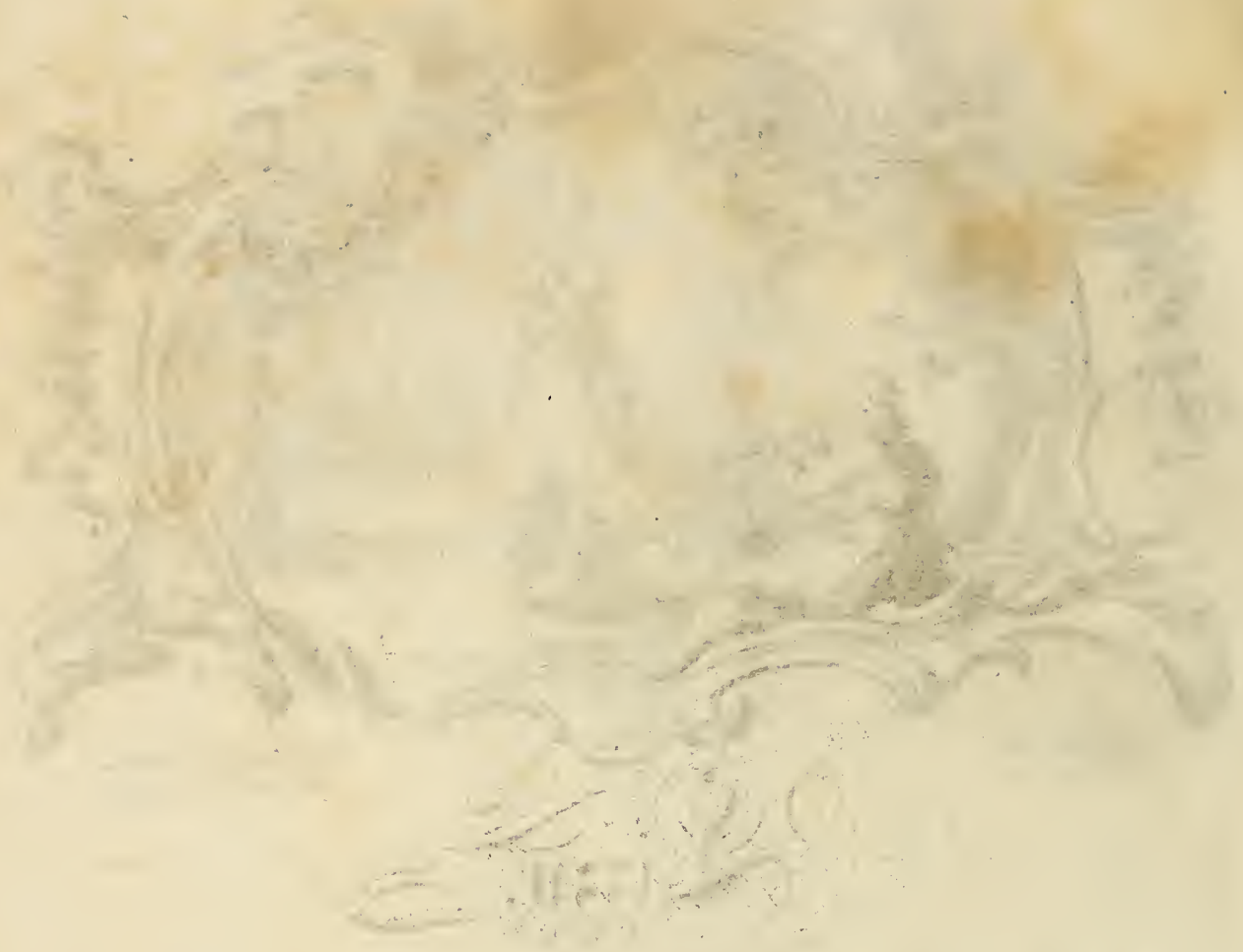
To the Right Hon. the Earl POULET, These four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

Thrice happy Lizzy, blooming Maid, By no false Arts of life betraid, Blest Tenant of the rural scene; Whose joys un-mix'd n^r pining

Care, n^o pry up - on the malish Fair, n^o Ev'ning comes, n^o artless Smile, Does all her pleasing Toils be - guide, n^o tripping o'er th' enamell'd Green.

| | | | |
|--|--|---|---|
| <p>2</p> <p>Clarinda fair in Jewels dress, - The Pride of Theatres confest, - Still shines with irresistib^l Mean: Tho' Musick, Action, Words, conspire, - To wake her soul to soft desire, - I delight like this will quickly dye, - And Lizzy tastes more perfect joy, - In tripping o'er th' enamell'd Green.</p> | <p>3</p> <p>When Lindamira in the Dance, - To sprightly Vire does swift advance, - And graceful moves like Beauty's Queen; Tho' crowds of Beau's admiring gaze, Nor sickning Prudes refuse her praise, The staiter Bell's not half so blest, - And Lizzy's of more joys possest, - In tripping o'er th' enamell'd Green.</p> | <p>4</p> <p>When Coquetilla Cards invite, - To while away in social Night, - And banish far corroding spleen; Tho' Chance indulgent to her will, Conveys each circling Deal, spadille, The sweets of Gain are less refin'd, - And softer Transports both of Mind, Of Lizzy when she trips in Green...</p> | <p>5</p> <p>Had blissful life which Lizzy leads, - Midst bubbling springs & painted Meads, Just Emblem of the golden Mean: - A life, n^o fairer Virtus grace'd, - Whose eluding Moments sweetly waste; Made doubly joyous, cheerful, gay, - When Lizzy crowns th' indulgent Day With tripping o'er th' enamell'd Green.</p> |
|--|--|---|---|

FOR THE FLUTE.



Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely Arabic or Persian, spanning several lines. The text is extremely faint and difficult to decipher.

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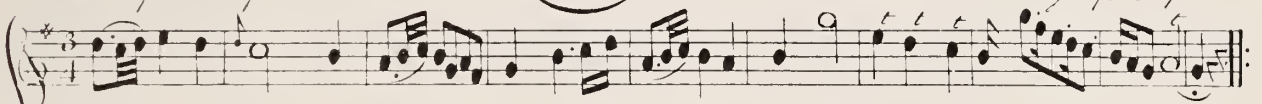
THE

G. Bickham jun. sculp.

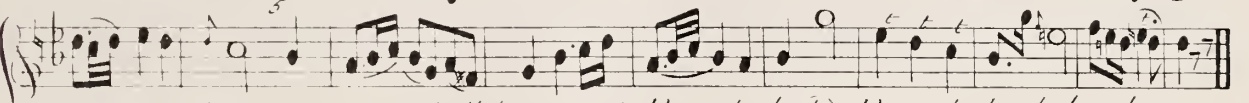
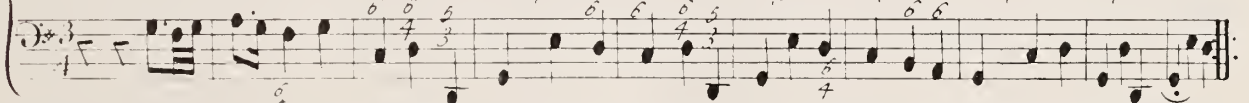
Student Adviser.

The Words by M. Carey.

Music by S. Porpora



Trust not Man, for hell de-ceive you, And too late you may repent, you may repent:



First hell Court you, then hell leave you, Poor de-luded, Poor de-luded to la-ment. DC



Listen to a kind adviser;

Men but conquer to perplex;

Would you happy be, grow wiser,

And despise the faithless sex.

D. F. W. T. E.





Des. by M^r Michello.

G. Bickham jun^r Sc.

THE
Beautys of Hampstead.

Summers heat of Town invades, All repair to cooling Shades;

How inviting, How delighting, Are the Hills and flow'ry Meads?

Here, where lovely Hampstead stands,
 And of Neighb'ring Vale commands;
 What surprising Prospects rising,
 All around adorn the Lands.

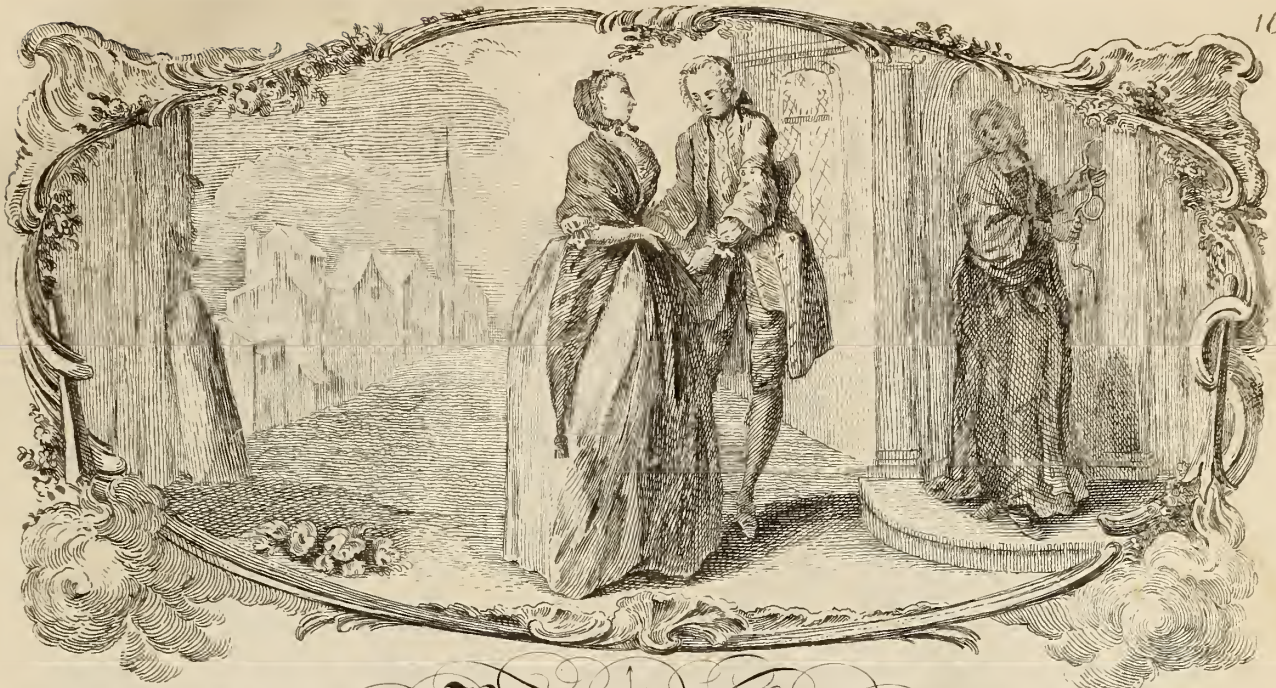
Here are Grottos, purling Streams,
 Shades defying Titans beams,
 Rosy Bowers, Fragrant Flowers,
 Lovers Wishes Poets Themes.

Here, ever woody Mounts arise;
 There, verdant Lawns delight our Eyes;
 Where Thames wanders, In Meanders,
 Lofty Homes approach the Skies.

Of the Chrystal bubbling Well,
 Life & Strength the Current swells
 Health & Pleasure, (Heavenly Treasure)
 Smiling here united dwell.

Here Nymphs & Swains indulge their Hearts,
 Share the Joys our Scenes imparts;
 Here be strangers, To all dangers;
 All - but those of Cupids darts.

FLUTE.



Love Returned.

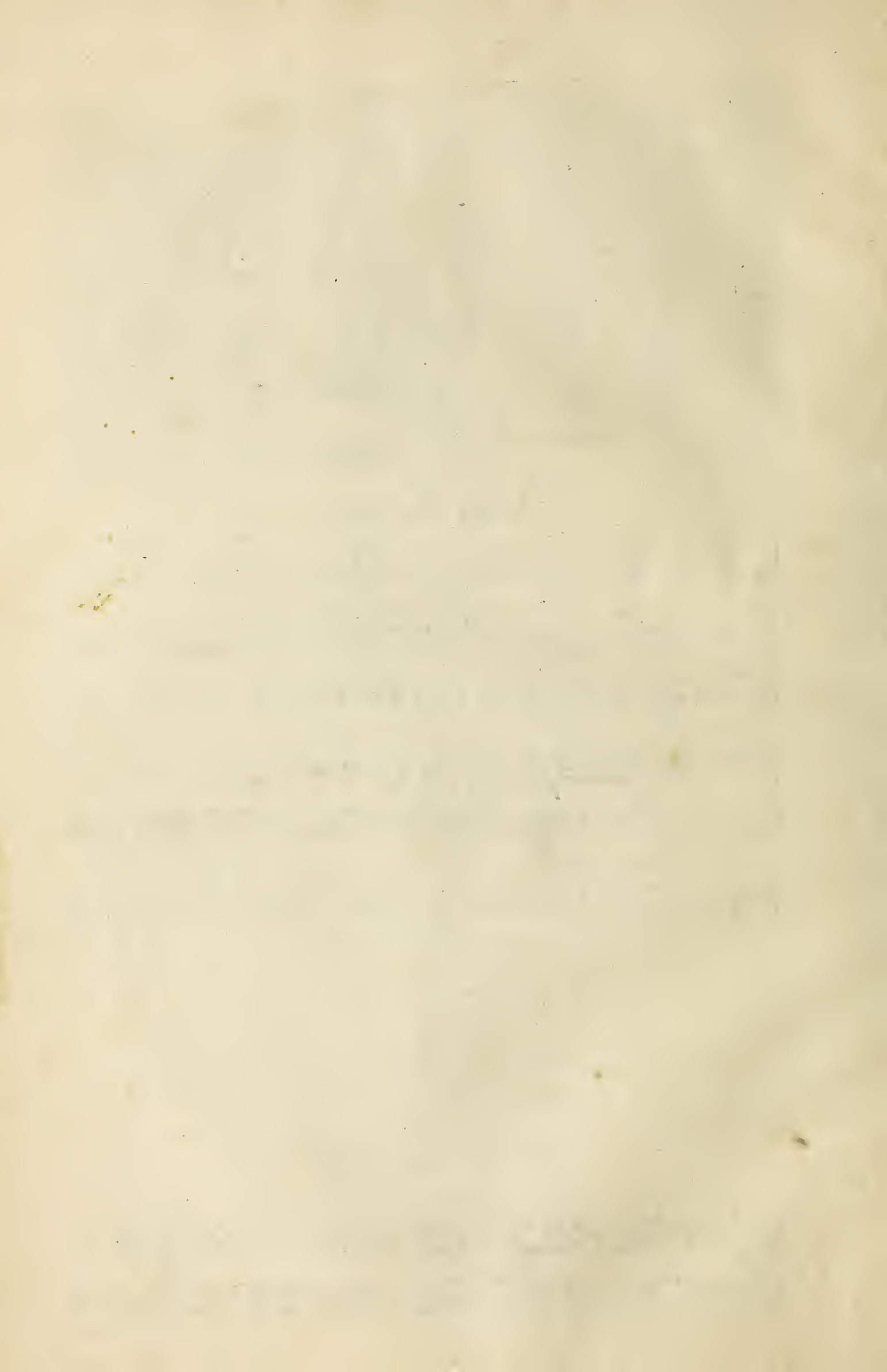
The Words by Mr. Wm. Langford.

G. Bickham jun^r sculp.

By Men beloved, How soon we're mov'd! How easily they persuade! How easily they persuade, They
 please us so, Who can say no, Or who would dye a Maid? Males for Females Heav'n intended, to y^e Heav'n may'nt
 be Offend'd, He y^e first makes Love to me, shall find, I'll be, as fond as he, shall find, I'll be, as fond as he.

A Tender Maid, At first tho' staid
 When once she thinks of Love,
 When once she thinks of Love,
 Will freely own That Lying alone,
 Is what she can't approve,
 Frit when young Cats then the sweetest,
 Looks the Gayest and the Neatest,
 Women too by all confest,
 When they're young kist, Kiss then y^e best,
 When they're young kist, Kiss then y^e best.

FLUTE.





Dithyrambick for two Voices &c.

G. Bickham junr sc.

The Relief.

To the Right Hon^{ble} y^e Lord GEO: GRAHAM, These four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

Cupid no more shall give me Grief, Or anxious Cares op-press my Soul;

Cupid no more shall give me Grief, Or anxious Cares op-press my Soul;

While gen'rous Bacchus brings Re-lief, And drowns 'em in a flowing Bowl.

While gen'rous Bacchus brings Re-lief, And drowns 'em in a flowing Bowl.

2.

Carlia thy Scorn I now dispise,
 Thy boasted Empire I disown;
 This takes y^e Brightness from thy Eyes
 And makes it sparkle in my own.

FLUTE.



Cato's Advice.

Or the

JOVIAL COMPANIONS.

Bickham, jr. sc.

Allegro

What Cato advises, Most certainly wise is, Not always to Labour but sometimes to Play, To
 mingle sweet Pleasure With search after Treasure, Indulging at Night for the Toils of y^e Day, And
 while the dull Miser, Esteems himself wiser, His Bags to encrease, he his Health will decay, Our
 Souls we enlighten, Our Fancies we brighten, And pass y^e long Evnings in Pleasure away.

All cheerful & harty,
 We set aside Party,
 With some tender fair each bright Bumper is crown'd,
 Thus Bacchus invites us,
 Thus Venus delights us,
 While Care in an Ocean of Claret is drown'd.

See here's our Physician,
 We know no Ambition,
 For where there's good Wine & good Company found,
 Thus happy together,
 In Spight of all Weather,
 'Tis Sunshine & Summer with us y^e Year round.

FLUTE.

FLUTE. :S:



G. Bickham jun. sculp.

In spite of Love, at length I find, A Mistress y^e will ease me, Her humour free &
 unconfind, By night or day shall please me, No jealous cares attend my mind, Tho' she's enjoy'd by
 all mankind, Then drink & never spare it, 'Tis a Bottle of good Claret, 'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

If you thro' all her naked charms,
 A little hole discover;
 Then take her blushing to your arms,
 And use her like a Lover;
 Such liquor shall distill from thence,
 As will transform your ravisht sense,
 Then drink &c.

If you her excellence would taste,
 Be sure you use her kind, 'T'
 And clap your hand below her waste,
 To raise her up behind, 'T'
 As for her bottom never doubt,
 Push but home & you'll find it out.
 Then drink &c.

Flute.



G. Bickham junr. sc.

The Artifice.

When Cloe we ply, We swear we shall Die, Her Eyes do our Hearts so intral: But
 tis for her Pelf. And not for her Self. It is all Artifice all, it is all Artifice, Artifice all.

| | |
|--|--|
| <p>The Maidens are coy, They'll pish & they'll fie, And vow if your rude they will call: But wisper so low, That they let us know, It is all Artifice all, it is all Artifice &c.</p> | <p>My dear one Wives cry, When ever you die, Oh Marry again we neer shall, But in less than a Year, They make it appear, It is all Artifice all, it is all Artifice &c.</p> |
|--|--|

In matters of State And Party Debate,

For Church & for Justice we Bawll:

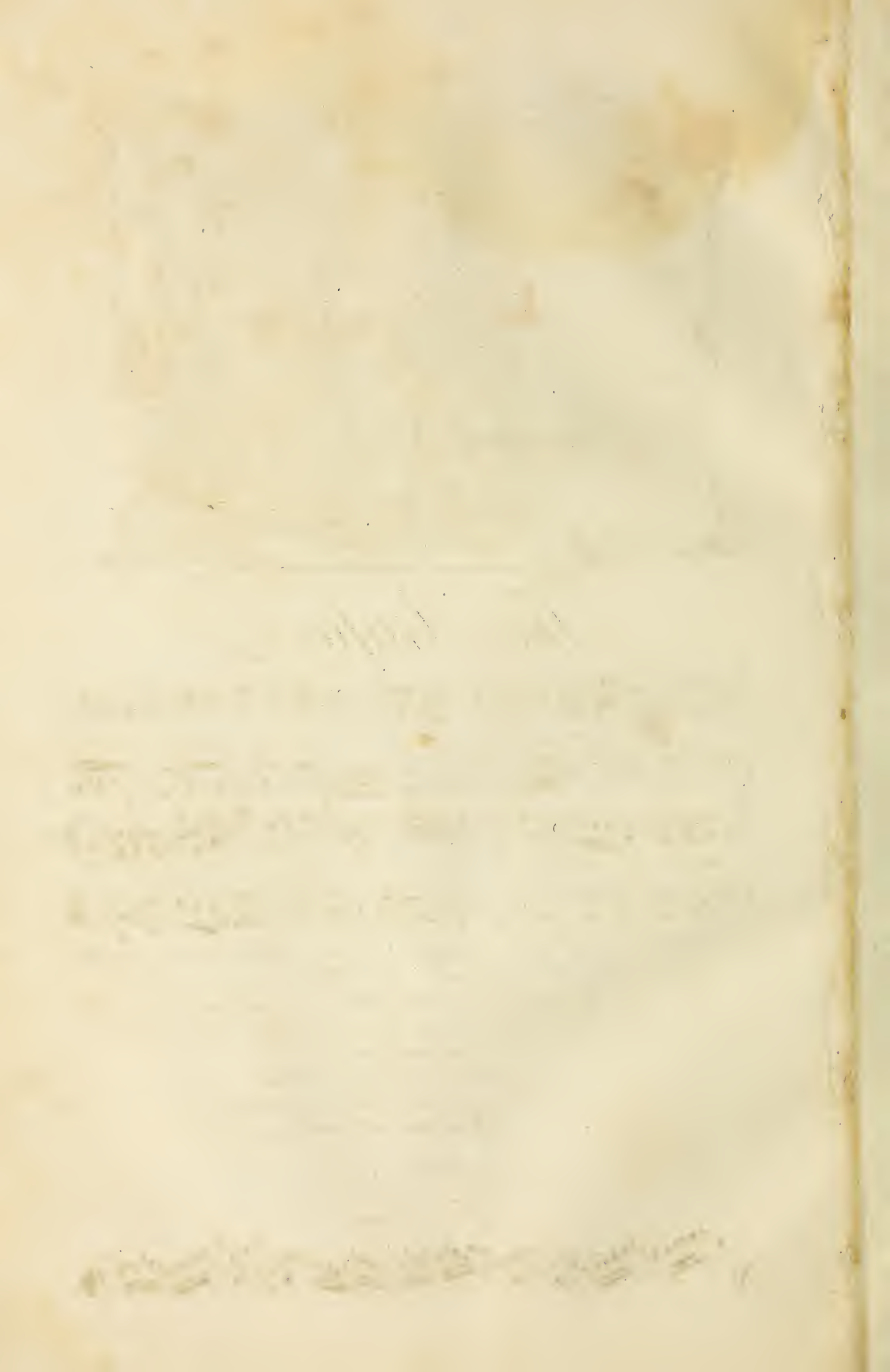
But if you attend, You'll find in the end,

It is all Artifice all, it is all Artifice &c.

FOR

the Flute.







THE PLEASURES OF LIFE.

To the Right Hon^r of Earl of SCARBOROUGH These four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

Save Women & Wine. there is nothing in Life. that can Bribe honest Souls to en-

dure it. Save Women & Wine. there's nothing in Life that can Bribe honest Souls to endure it.

When y^r Heart is perplex'd & surrounded with care. dear Women & Wine only cure it. When y^r

Heart is perplex'd & surrounded wth care. dear Women & Wine. dear Women & Wine. dear Wo.^m & Wine only cure it.

Come on then my Boys well have Women & Wine.
 And wisely to purpose employ them.
 Come on then &c
 It's a Fool that refuses such Blessings Divine.
 Whilst Vigour & Health can enjoy them.
 It's a Fool &c.
 As Women & Wine. dear Women & Wine.
 Whilst Vigour & Health can enjoy them.

Our Wine shall be Old bright & Sound my dear Jack.
 To heighten our Amorous Fires.
 Our Wine &c.
 Our Girls young & Sound. & shall kiss with a smack.
 And shall gratify all our Desires.
 Our Girls &c.
 The Bottles well Crack. & the Girls we will Smack.
 And Gratify all our Desires.

FLUTE.



The Darling Toppers.

For two voices by M^r Carey.

G. Bickham jun^r sculp.

Here's to thee my Boy, My darling my Joy, For a Toper I love as my life, I love as my life; Who

Here's to the my Boy, My darling my Joy, for a Toper I love as my Life; Who

ne'er Baulks his Glass, Nor Cries like an Ass, To go home to his Mistress or Wife, To go ho... me to his Mistress or Wife.

ne'er Baulks his Glass, Nor Cries like an Ass, To go home to his Mistress or Wife, To go ho... me to his Mistress or Wife.

But heartily Quaffs,
Sings catches & laughs,
All the Night he looks Jovial & gay,
Looks Jovial & gay;
When Morning appears,
Then homeward he steers,
To Snore out the rest of the Day,
To Sno... re out if rest of the Day.

He feels not if Cares,
The Grips or if Fears,
That the Sobber too often attend,
So often attend;
Nor knows he a Loss,
Disturbance or Cross,
Save the want of his Bottle & Friend,
Save if wa... nt of his Bottle & Friend.

FLUTE.



G. Bickham, jun. sculp.

Set by Sig.^r Bliondoracellini.

On Sacharissa: Adres'd to Miss. A-H

My Lovesick mind what transport mov'd I was blifs beyond compare When
 lovely. Sacharissa provid' as kind as she is fair Joyful on her soft
 Hand I hung and caught the melting Ac-cents from her Tongue.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| The more I gaz'd on that fair Face I more & more admir'd, For still some new discover'd grace My raptur'd bosom fir'd, Happy we sat & talk'd and lov'd I sigh'd & wou'd & kiss'd & she approv'd. | Whilst Sacharissa true remain'd Each former Love was strown I all the Jar but her disdain'd And liv'd for her alone True as the Needle to the Pole I turn'd to her if Magnet of my ^{loud} . | But since no more of once fond heart With equal Ardour burns like mine no longer dreads to part Nor Love for her returns Grant me ye Gods if such there be A Nymph more constant not less fair ⁿ _{she} . |
|---|---|---|

For the Flute.



Poor Children Three. As Sung by M^r Leguar.

Poor Children three, Poor... Chil-dren three, devour did he, devour... did he, y^e could not

with him grapple, grap... ple but at one sup he

eat them up he... eat them up as one would eat an Apple

ple but at one sup he eat em up as one would eat an Apple an Ap... ple.

For the Flute.



G. Bickham jun. sculp.

Sung by M^{rs} Vincent in y^e Northern Caps.

THE Northern Lad's Complaint.

To his Grace y^e Duke of ATHOL These four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

A bonny Northern Lad, as ever walkt y^e streets of Edin-borough Town, Or wore a silken Plad or daught y^e

Laggar by his side, forlorn and wretched made by Moggy's disdain and killing frown, upon a bank was

laid dose by the pleasant River Tweed. Ah cruel Love, poor Jockey cry'd of joy - thou rob'st my life, whilst

Moggy runs away and frowns, & will not be... my wife, in vain the Shepherds pipe and Sing, in

vain to smiles the flow-ry spring, since love can now no comfort bring, come come sweet death & end y^e strife.

For the Flute.



Debtors welcome to their Brother.

Welcome welcome Brother debtor, To y^e poor but merry place, Where no Bayliff dun or letter, Dare to show their frightful face,
But kind Sir as your a stranger, Down your garnish you must lay, Or your coat will be in Danger, You must either Strip or Pay,

| | | |
|--|---|--|
| <i>Nier-Repine at your Confinement,</i> | <i>Tho' our Creditors are spiteful,</i> | <i>What was it made great Alexander,</i> |
| <i>From your Children or your Wife,</i> | <i>And restrain our Bodys here,</i> | <i>Weep at his unfriendly fate,</i> |
| <i>Wifflom lye in true Refinement,</i> | <i>Use will make a Goal delightful,</i> | <i>'Twas because he could not Wander,</i> |
| <i>Thro' y^e various scenes of Life,</i> | <i>Since there's nothing else to fear,</i> | <i>Beyond y^e Worlds strong Prison gate,</i> |
| <i>Scorn to show the least Resentment,</i> | <i>Every Islands but a Prison,</i> | <i>For the World is also bounded,</i> |
| <i>Tho' beneath y^e frowns of fate,</i> | <i>Strongly Guarded by the Sea,</i> | <i>By the Heavens and Stars above,</i> |
| <i>Knaves & Beggars find Contentment,</i> | <i>Kings & Princes for that Reason,</i> | <i>Why should we then be confounded,</i> |
| <i>Fears and Care attend the Great,</i> | <i>Prisoners are as well as we,</i> | <i>Since there's nothing free but Love.</i> |

For the Slave.

The Words by M.^r Coffey. G. Bickham jun. inv^t et sc.



THE BEAUTY of Polworth Green.

Watteau Inv. G. Bickham jun. sculp.

Tho' beauty like the Rose, That smiles on polworth Green, In various Colours

shows As 'tis by Fancy seen; Yet all its different glories lie, Uni- ted in thy

Face, And Virtue like the Sun on high, Gives ray to ev'ry Grace.

*So Charming is her air, —
 So smooth so calm her Mind,
 That to some Angels care, —
 Each motion seems assignd; —
 But yet so chearful, sprightly, gay,
 The joyful moments fly, —
 As if for Wings they stole y ray,
 She darteth from her Eyes. —*

*Kind am'rous Cupids, while —
 With tuneful Voice she sings, —
 Perfume her breath and smile, —
 And wave their balmy wing,
 But as the tender blushes rise, —
 Soft innocence doth warm, —
 The Soul in blissful extasies, —
 Dissolveth in the Charm. —*

Flute.



Faint, illegible text or markings, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in several lines and is too light to read accurately.

Additional faint, illegible text or markings at the bottom of the page, continuing the bleed-through from the reverse side.



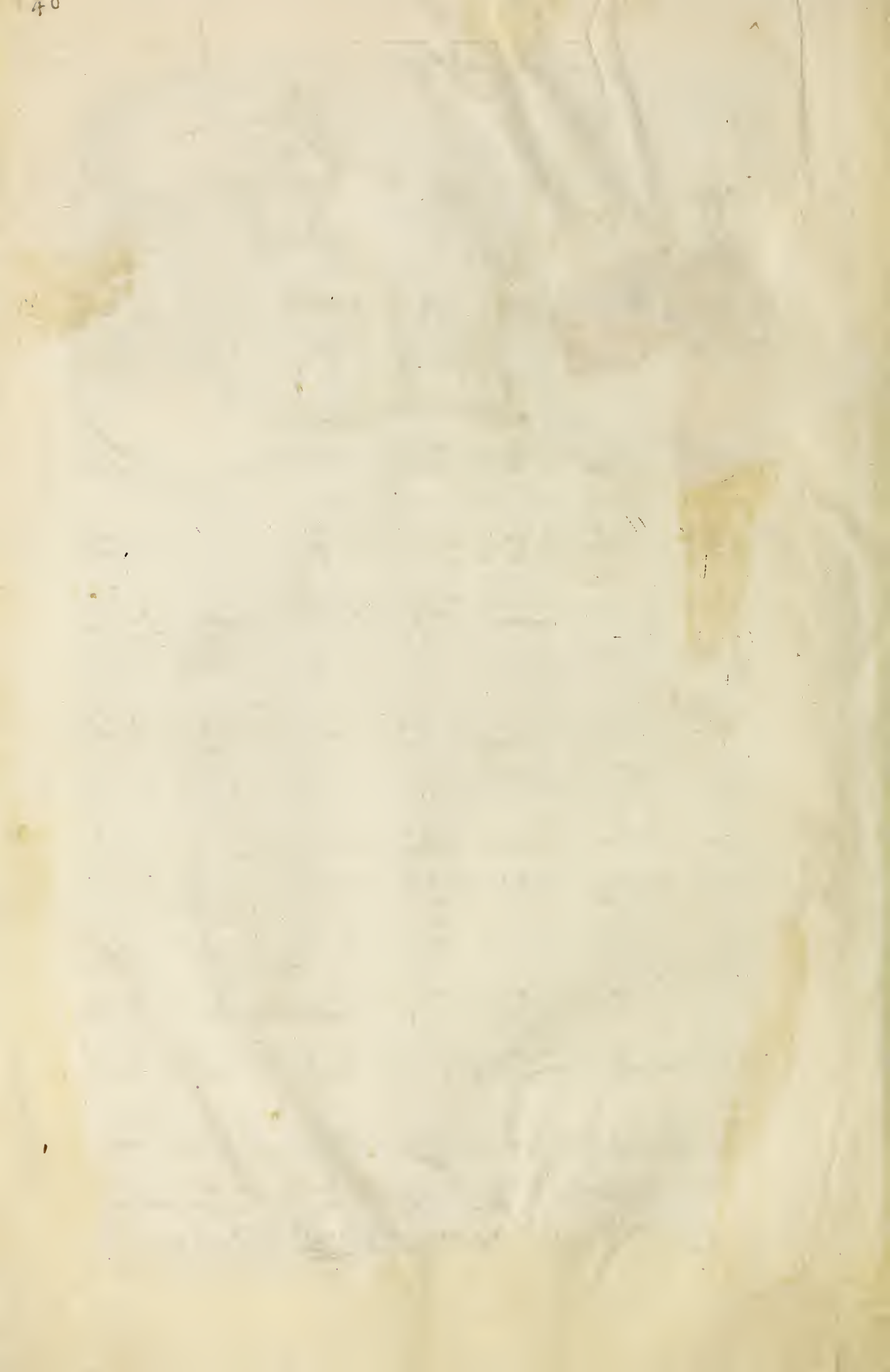
Moore in Armour, to fight y^e Dragon.

Oh, I would not for any Money, this vile Beast should kill my honey,
 better kiss me gentle Knight, than wth Dragons fierce, to fight.

Oh, I would not for a-----ny Money this vile Beast should kill my honey
 better kiss me gentle Knight, better kiss me gentle Knight, than wth Dragons fierce to
 fight, than with Dragons fierce to fight. D.C.

For the Flute.

Flute accompaniment consisting of three staves of musical notation.





THE *Blaze of Charms* Bickham sc.

To y^e R. Hon. y^e Lord ABERGAVENNY. These four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

Affettuoso.

The deepning shadows were with-drawn, from slumbers nature seem'd to rise,

And, sol slow mounting from the Dawn, Diffus'd his radiance o'er y^e Skies. When lo! Clarinda's

Blaze of charms, breaks pow'ful round my wandring Eye, Swift beats my heart, In all alarms in

sweet a-maze I faint I die. O Phoebus boast no more thy Pow'r e-clips'd by Beauty's brighter

ray. But hide thee in y^e realms of night, Cla-ri-da will bring on the Day.

FLUTE.



G. Hickham jun. inv. sc.

Collin's farewell to Grisy.

With broken words, & down cast eyes, Poor Collin spoke his passion tender, And parting with his

Grisy cries, Ah! woe's my heart that we should sunder. To others I am cold as snow, But kindle nth thine

Eyes like tender, From thee with pain, I'm forc'd to go; It breaks my heart that we should sunder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
No beauty new, my Love shall hinder;
Nor time, nor place, shall ever change
My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to sunder:
The image of thy graceful Air,
And beauty, that invites our wonder;
Thy ready wit, and prudence rare,
Shall e'er be present, tho' we sunder.

Dear Nymph, believe thy Swain in this
You ne'er can find a heart that's kinder; —
Then seal a promise, with a kiss, —
Always to love me, tho' we sunder; —
Ye Gods, take care of my dear Lass, —
That as I leave her, I may find her; —
When that blest time shall come to pass,
We meet again, and never sunder. —

FLUTE.



The main body of the page contains several lines of extremely faint, illegible text. The text is arranged in approximately five horizontal lines, with some faint vertical lines or markings interspersed. The overall appearance is that of a document where the text has been significantly faded or is otherwise obscured, making it impossible to read.



Jenny the Pedler, & Amorous Jockey.

When Jockey first I saw, my Soul was charm'd, To see y^e bonney Lad so blith, so bli-

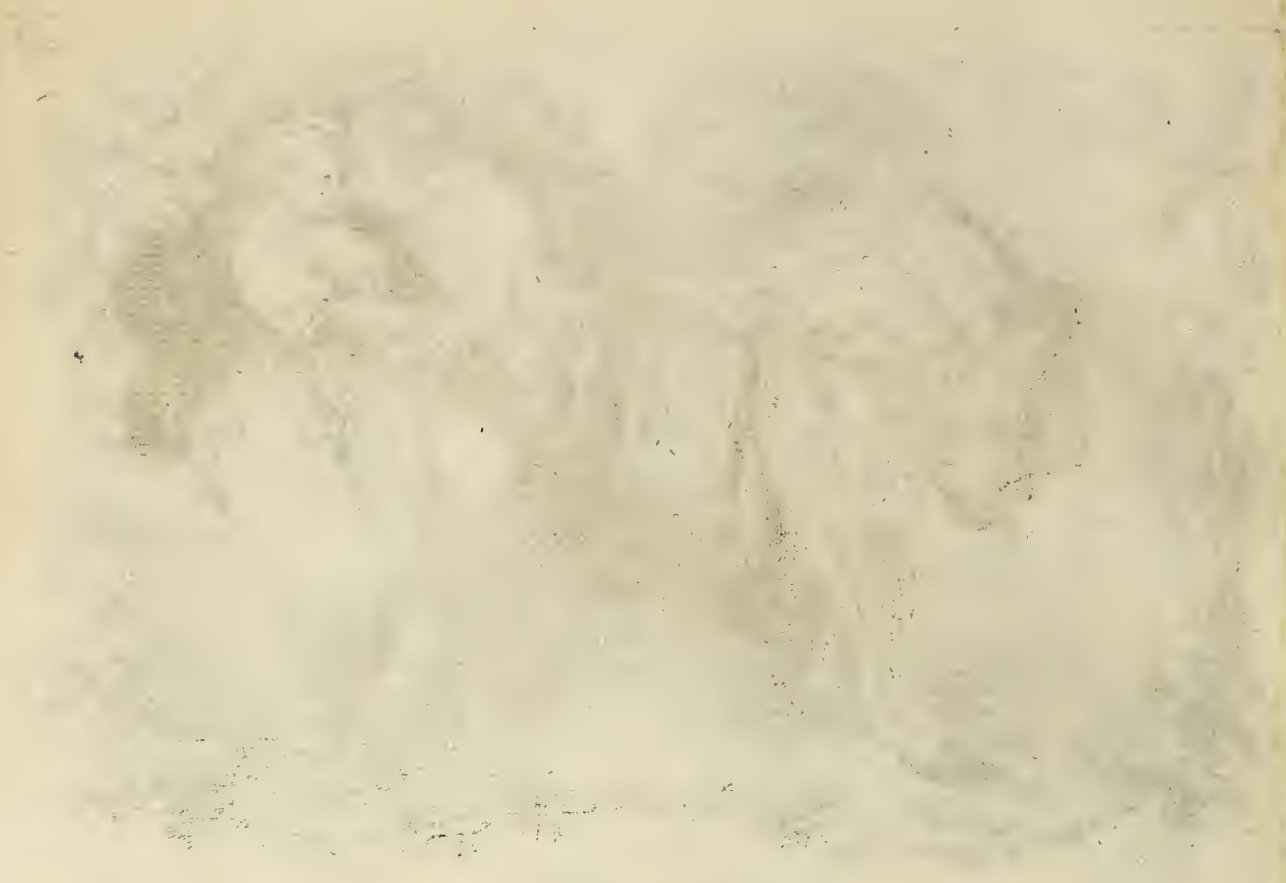
...th & gay, My Heart did beat, it being alarm'd, That I to Jockey nought, nought could say.

At last, I courage took, & Passion quite forsook, And told y^e bonney Lad his charms I felt, He

then did smile, with a Pleasing look And told me Jenny in his Arms, his Arms could melt.

For the Flute.

Flute accompaniment consisting of three staves of music in treble clef, featuring various rhythmic patterns and ornaments.



[The text in this section is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be several lines of handwritten or printed text, possibly in a historical or religious context. The characters are too light to be accurately transcribed.]

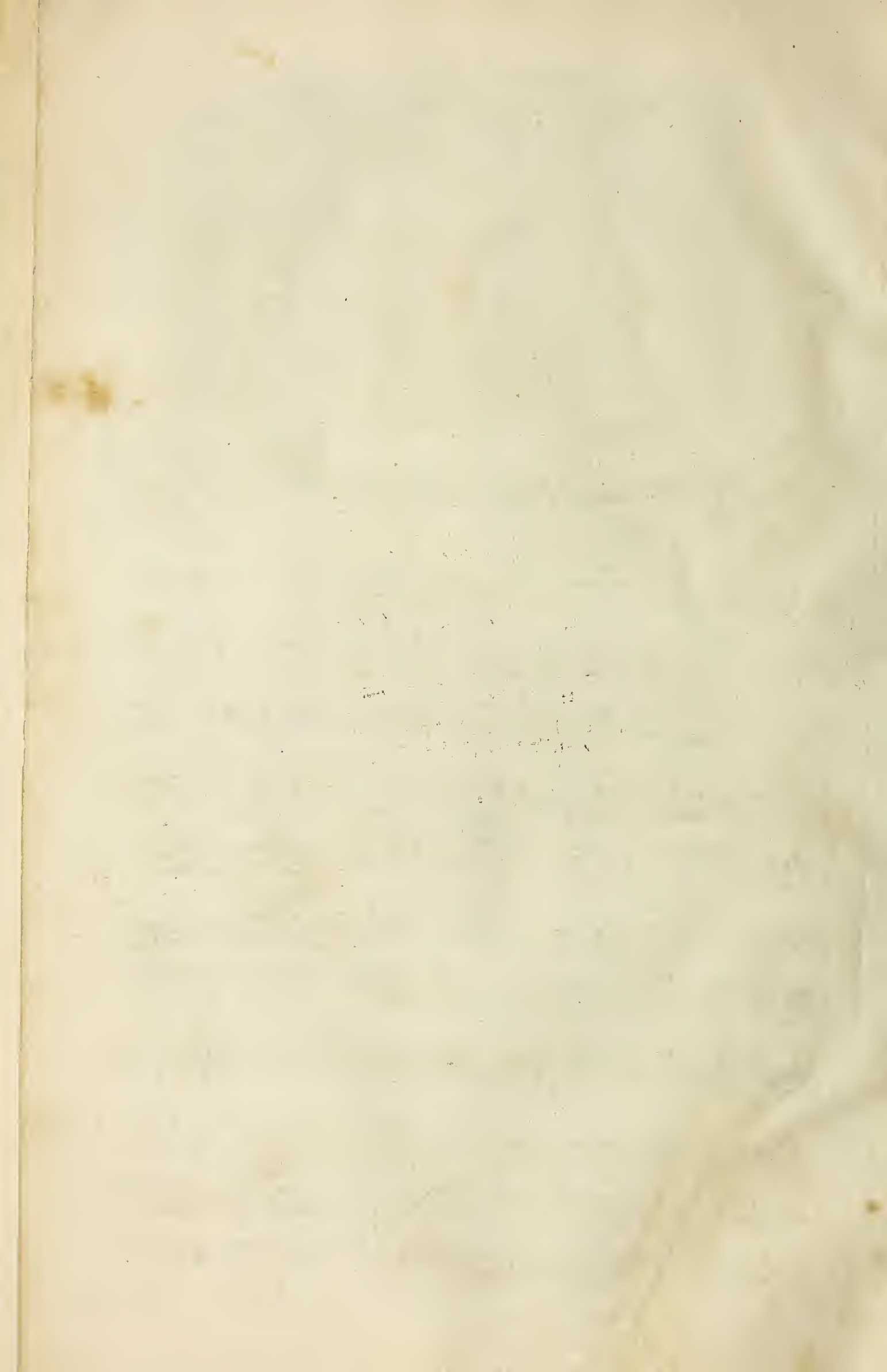


Moore fighting with y' Dragon.

Oh hoh Master Moore you Son of a whore I wish I had known your tricks before I
 wish I had known your tricks before; Oh hoh Master Moore you
 Son of a whore, I wish I had known your tricks before, you Son of a whore
 I wish I had known your tricks before, before I wish I had known your tricks before.

For the Flute.

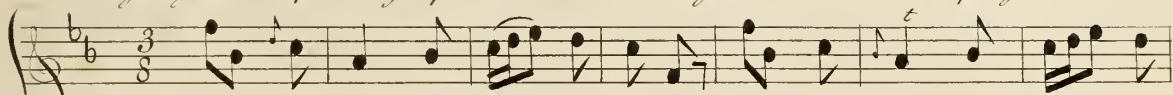
Musical notation for the flute part, consisting of three staves of music in treble clef, G major, 2/4 time.



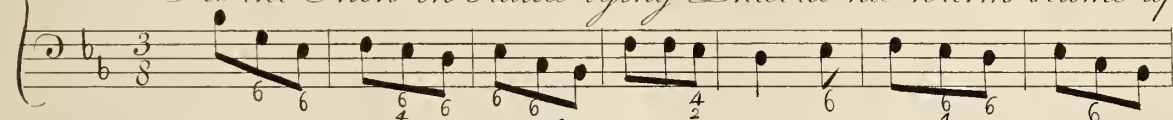


Beauties Decay.

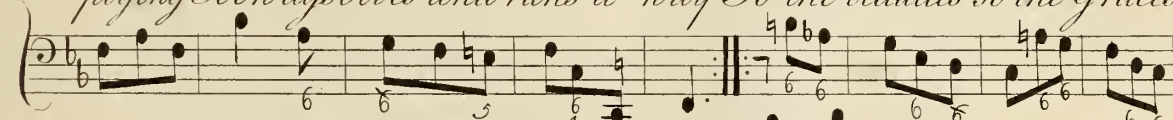
To y^e Right Hon^{ble} of Countess of SUNDERLAND these 4 Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.



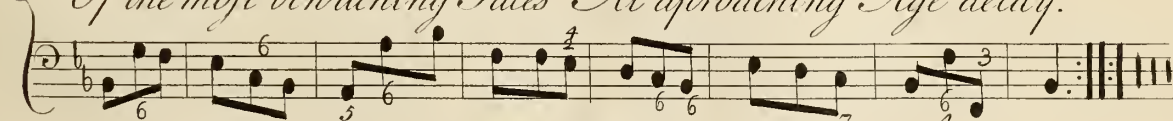
As the Snow in Vallies lying Phæbus his warm beams ap-



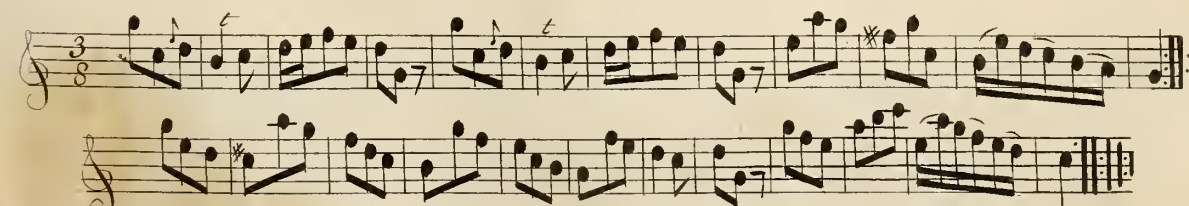
plying Soon dissolves and runs a-way So the beauties so the Graces



Of the most bewitching Faces At aproaching Age decay.



FOR THE FLUTE.





Chloe Admonished.

Set by M. Howard.

Geo Bickham jun' del. sc.

Dear Chloe at-tend, to th' advice of a Friend, And for once be ad-mo-nish'd by me:

Before you en-gage, To Wed with old Age, Think how Sum-mer & Winter a-gree, think how sum-er & winter a-gree.

*To ancient a Fruit, —
 For want of a Root, —
 Is doom'd to a speedy decay;
 Youth might ripen your charms, —
 But old Age in young Arms,
 Is like Frosty Weather in May. —
 Believe me dear Maid, —
 When y' best Cards are play'd, —
 You seldom can meet with a Trump;
 And to help the Jest on, —
 When the Sucker is gone, —
 What a Plague would you do wth a Pump!*

*Let Men of Threescore, —
 Think of Wedlock no more,
 They need not be fond of that Moose; —
 The Cripple that begs,
 Without any Legs,
 Can have no occasion for Shoes. —
 A Clock out of repair,
 Does but badly declare,
 The Hour of y' Day or the Night; —
 For unless my dear Love,
 The Pendulum move, —
 'T would be strange if the Clock should go right.*

FLUTE.



Tickle Jenny & Jockey, a Dialogue.

Oh! my tickle Jenny when there ^{was} not any in all of North had Pow'r to win you, but

blith Jockey to your arms, there's nêre a lad in all of nation was in so happy Station as

Jockey when in Possession of Jenny in her early Charms.

She.
 Had you still Carrépid me
 As when first you préfid me
 No other lad had éer possépid me
 But I still your own had been
 Had none ever been in logue w' ye
 Had you let none else Collogue ye
 Nor wandred after Katherine Ogie
 I had speal as well as any Queen.

He.
 Moggie of Dumferling
 Is my only Darling
 She sing as sweet as any Starling
 And Dances with a Bonny Air
 Moggie is so kind and tender
 Was fate ready now to end her
 And from y' stroke I could defend her
 I'd die but I wou'd Moggie spare.

She.
 Sannie me Carrépses
 Whose Bagpipe so pleases
 That my poor heart néer at ease is
 Unless we are together blith
 O! so heartily befriend him
 Was fate really now to end him
 And from y' stroke I could defend him
 Ten thousand time I'd suffer death.

He. Come lets leave this fooling
 My hearts never cooling
 But Jennys charms are ever ruling
 And thus our loves we fondly try.

She. Would you to your Arms restore me
 Should all y' Lords of th' Land adore me
 Ney our good King himself for me
 With you alone I'd live and die.

For the Flute.



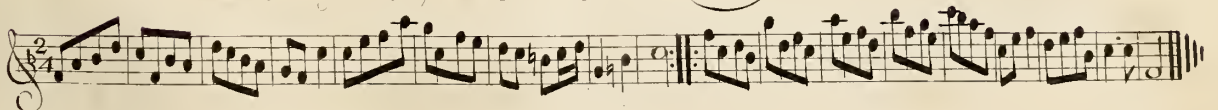
The Rover.

G. Bickham Inv. et Sculp.

Who to win a Woman's Favour, Would solicit long in vain; Who to gain a
 Moments Pleasure, Would endure an Age of Pain: Idly toying, Ne'er enjoying,
 Pleas'd with suing, Fond of ruin, Made y^e Martyr of Disdain, Made y^e Martyr of Disdain.

Give me Love the beautiful Rover,
 Whom a general Passion warms;
 Fondly blessing every Lover,
 Frankly proffering all her charms:
 Never flying,
 Still complying,
 Train'd to please you,
 Glad to ease you,
 Circled in her snowy Arms.

For the Flute.





ALEXIS. Cantata, By D^r Pepusch.

To ^e R^on. of Lord HARVEY, This Cantata's humbly Inscr^{ib}d.

G Bickham, Inget Scr

Recitative.

See from y^e silent Grove Alexis flies & seeks, with ev^{er}y pleasing Art, to ease y^e

pain w^h lovely Eyes cre-ated in his Heart; To shining theatres he now repairs, to learn Camilla's moving

Airs, where thus to Musicks pow^{er} y^e Swain address'd his Pray^{er}s.

Aria.

Charming sounds y^e sweetly languish, Musick O com-^{po}se my anguish, ev^{er}y pas-^{si}on yields to

thee, ev^{er}y pas-^{si}on yields to thee, Charming sounds y^e sweetly languish, Musick O com-^{po}se my

Anguish, ev^{er}y pas-^{si}on yields to thee, ev^{er}y pas-^{si}on yields to thee



Phaebus quickly if relieve me Cupid shall no more deceive me I'll to Sprightlyer Toys be
 free to Sprightlyer Toys I'll be free, I'll to sprightlyer Toys be free, Apollo heard if foolish swain, he
 knew n^o Daphne once he lov'd how weak t'assuage an Am'rous pain his own harmonious art had
 provid & all his healing herbs how vain if, thus he strikes if speaking strings P reluding to his Voice = = Sings

Recit

DC

Aria.

Cimbalo.

Violoncello.

Violoncello.



Sounds tho' charming can't relieve thee *sounds tho'*

charming can't relieve thee do not Shephard then de.ceive thee Musick is the voice of

Love Musick is the Voice of Love; *Sounds tho' charming can't re live thee*

do not Shephard then de.ceive thee Musick is the Voice of Love, Musick is thee

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features complex rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth-note runs and chords. The lyrics are written in a cursive script below the vocal lines.



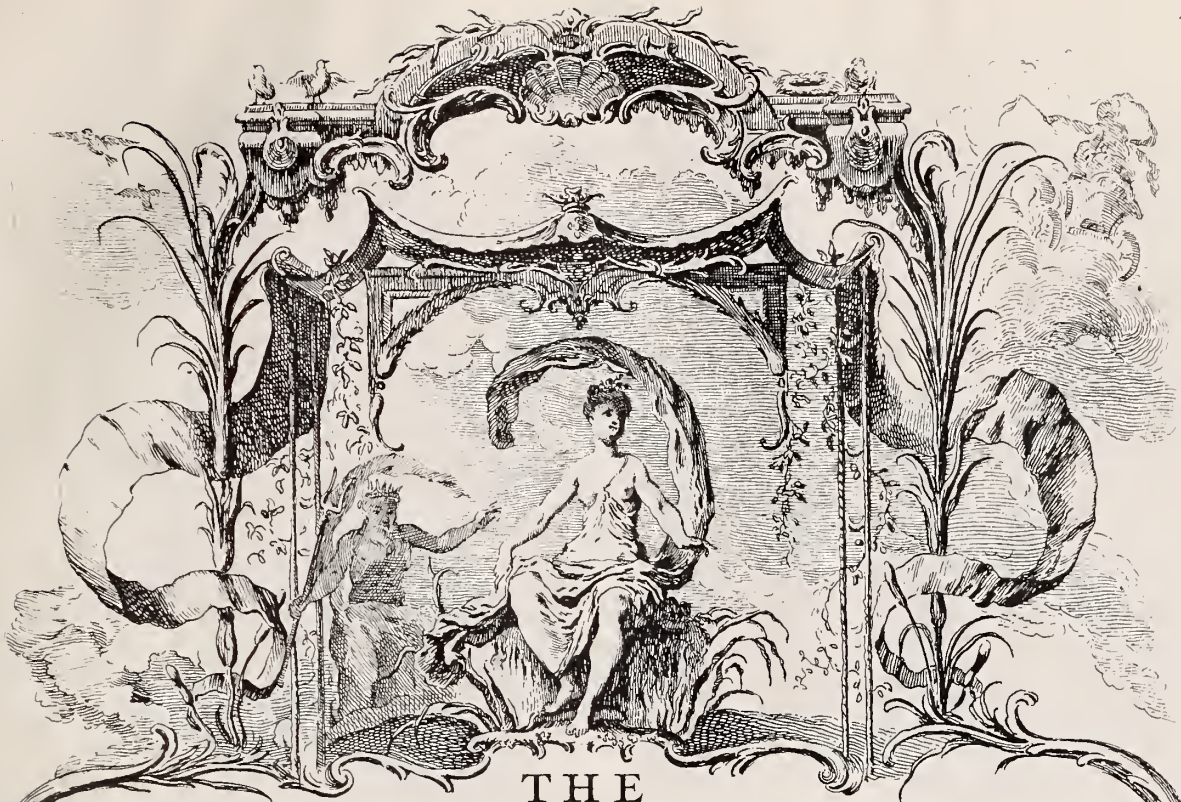
Voice of Love . Music is the Voice of Love

If y tender Maid believe thee

Soft re-lent-ing kind con-sent-ing will a-lone thy pain re-move will a-lone the

pain re-move , Soft re-lent-ing kind con-sent-ing will a-lone thy pain re-move.

DsC 3po

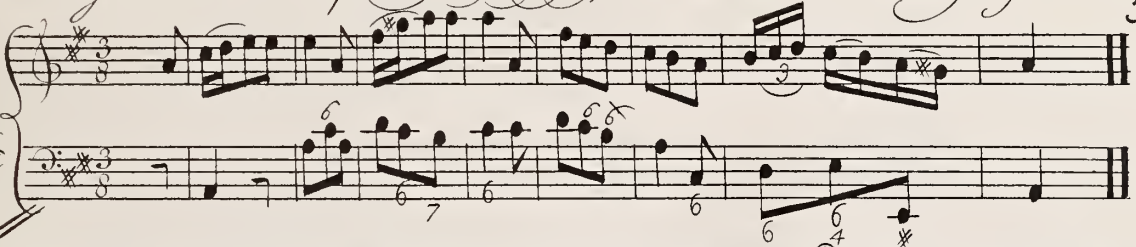


THE

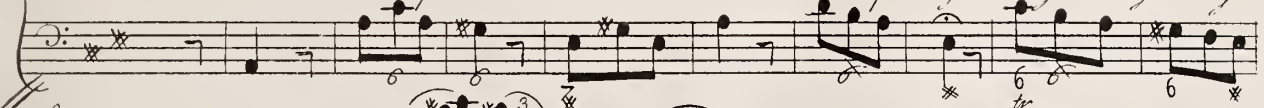
Lamenting Proserpine.

To his Grace the Duke of HAMILTON, these Four Plates are humbly Inscribed.

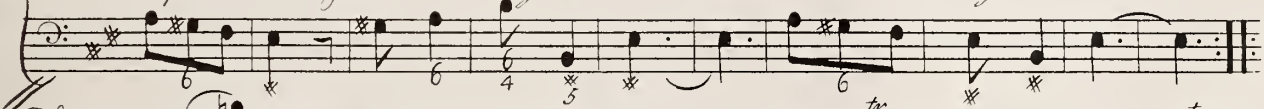
For
The German
and
Common
Flute.



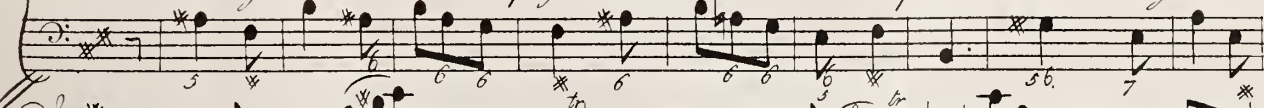
What sub-ten fear my Pice de-vours, What horrors chill my Breast, bring her a gain ye



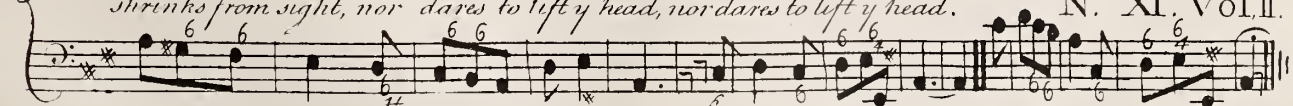
Now paid hours, & with her bring me rest, = = = And with her bring me rest. = = =



The Nestling Bird un-train'd to flight, thus when her Mother's fled, with trembling Pinion,



shrinks from sight, nor dares to lift y^e head, nor dares to lift y^e head.



N^o. XI. Vol. II.



Set by M^r Carey.

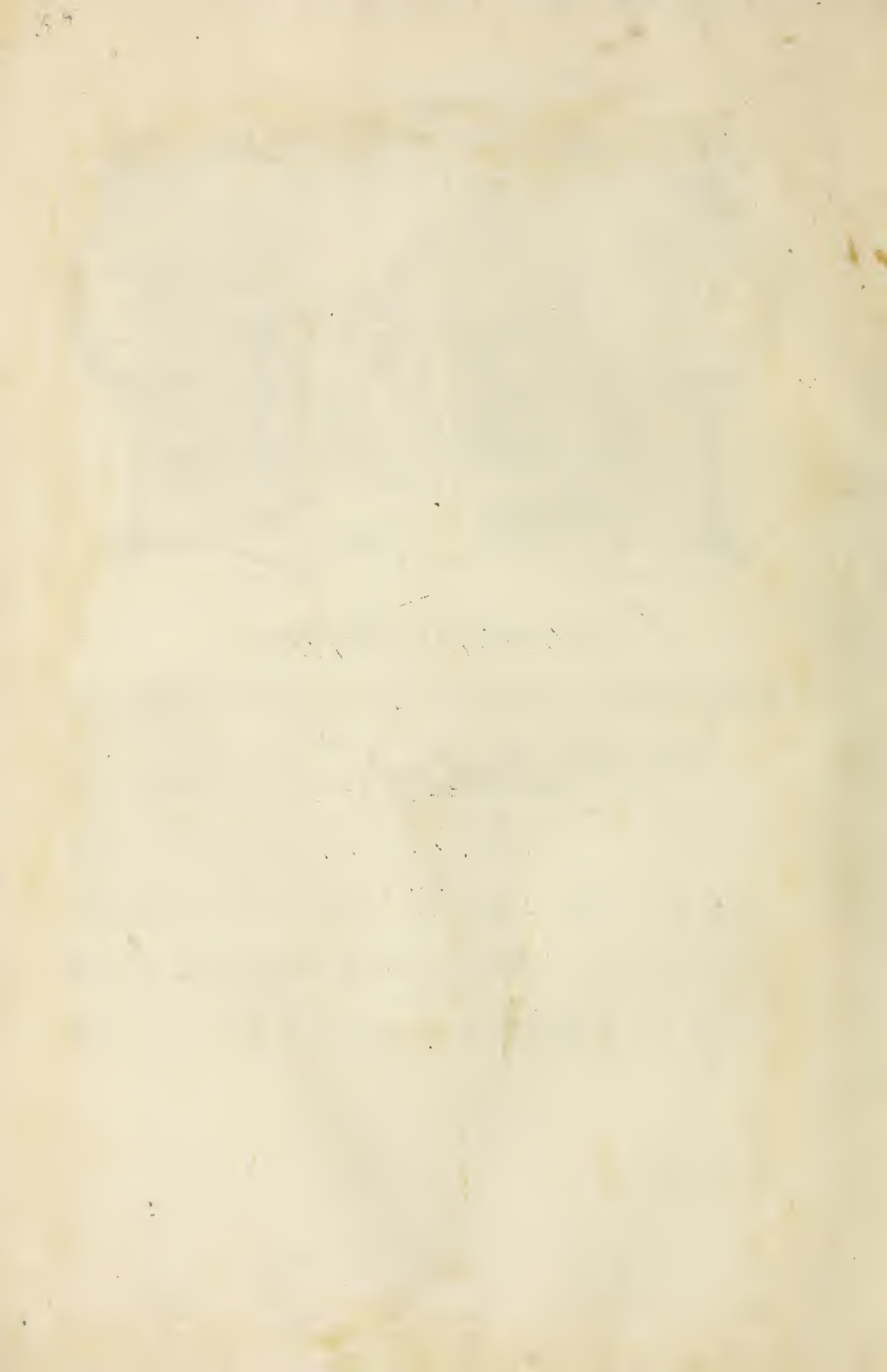
THE

G. Bickham In. Sc.

Contented Farmer.

What care I for affairs of State, or
 who is Rich, or who is Great: How far abroad y^e Am-bitious roam, to bring or Gold or
 Silver home: What ist to me, if France, or Spain, consent to Peace, or Wars maintain.

*I pay my Taxes, Peace or War;
 And wish all well at Gibraltar;
 But mind a Cardinal no more
 Than any other Scarlet Whore;
 Grant me ye Pow'rs but health & rest,
 And let who will the World contest.*





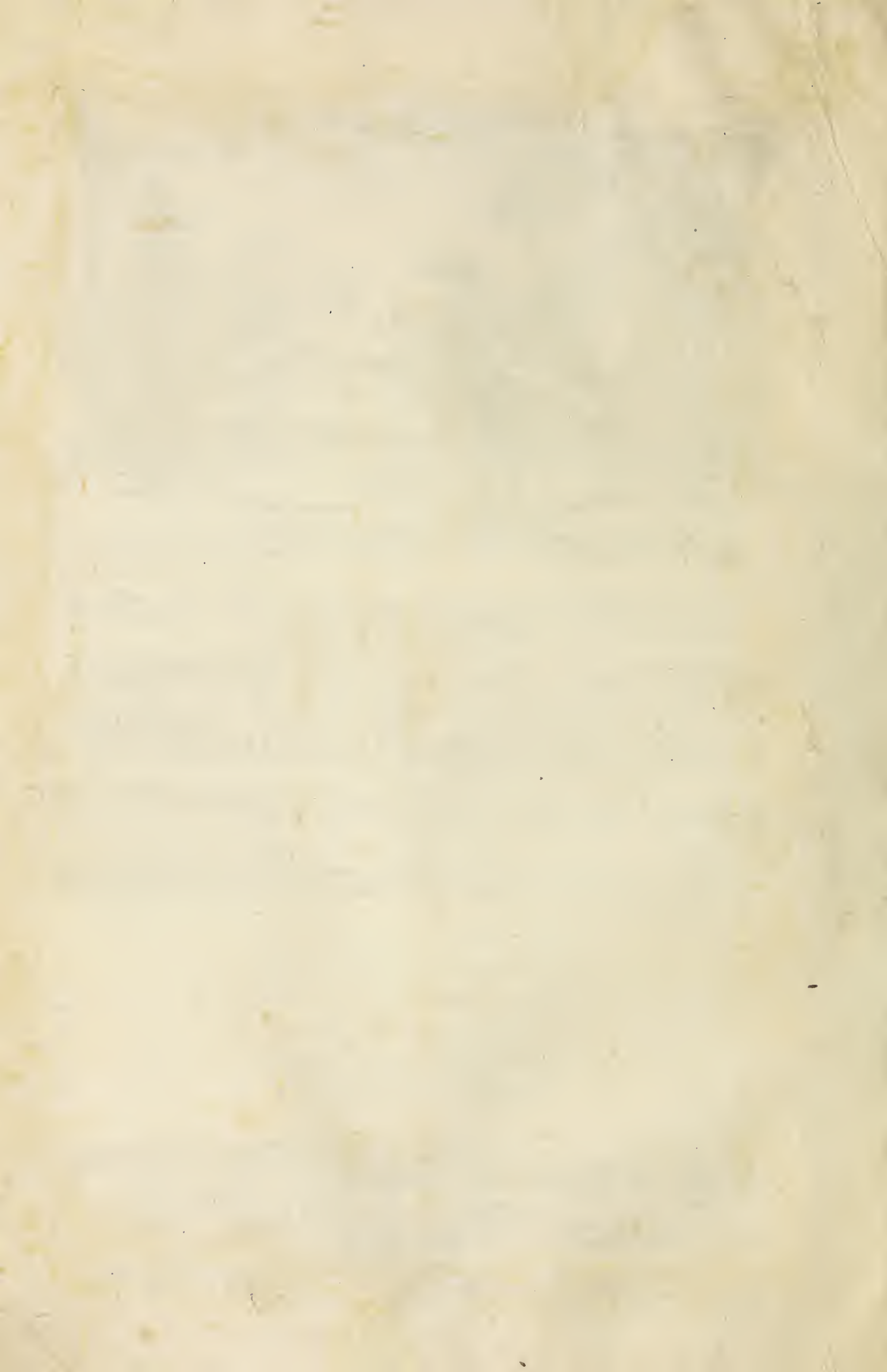
Near some smooth Stream, oh

let me keep, my li-ber-ty & feed my sheep; A shady walk well lined w. th Trees, a Garden with a

range of Bees, an Orchard which good Apples bears, where Spring a long green Mantle wears.

Where Winters never are severe,
Good Barly Land, to make good Beer,
With Entertainment for a Friend,
To spend in peace my latter end,
In honest ease, & home spun gray,
And let y^e Evening Crown y^e Day.

For the Flute.





Helen Charms D. Faustus.

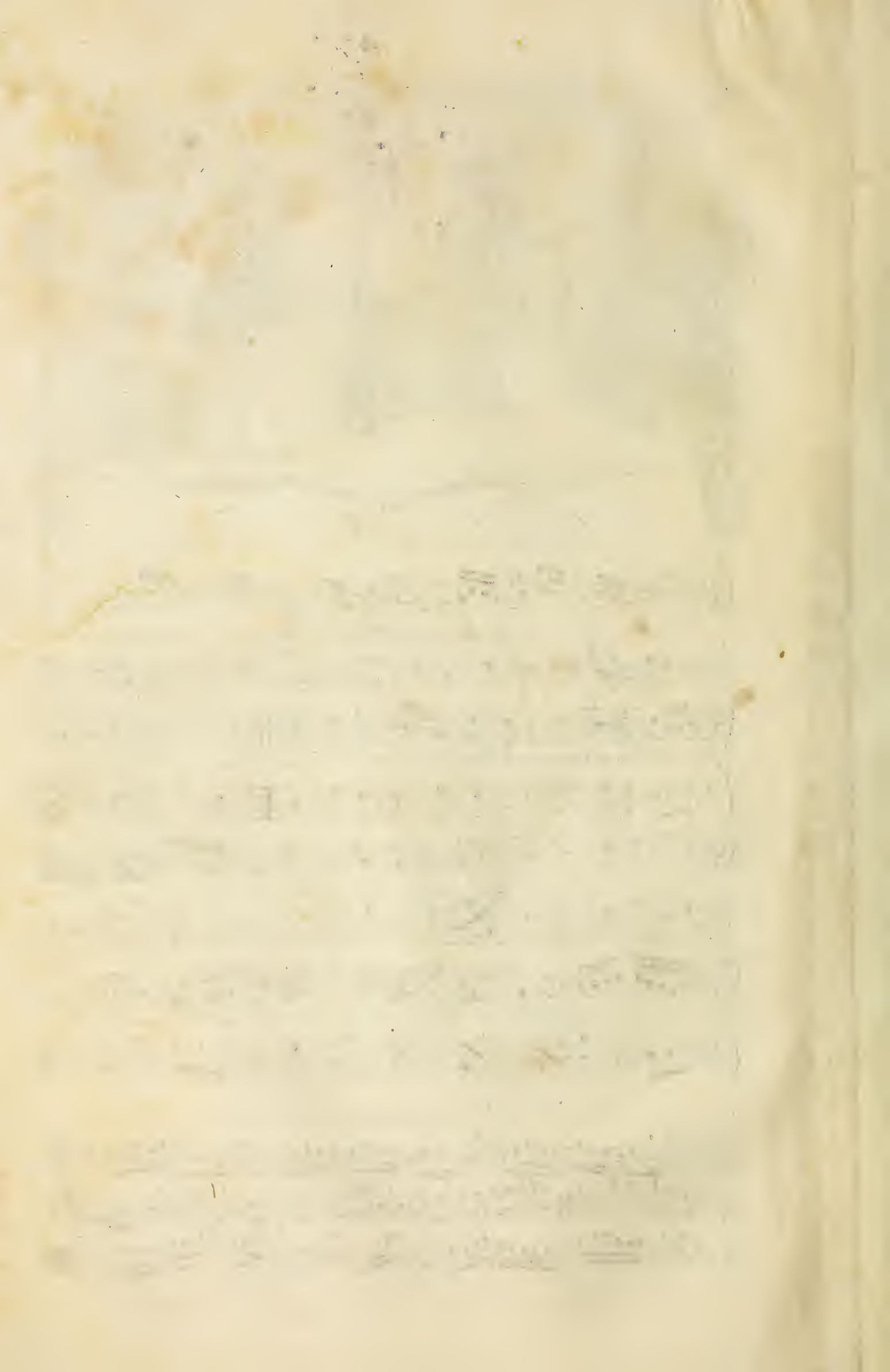
Cupid God of pleasing an quish teach th'ena-mour'd Swain to Languish teach him

fierce de-sires to know teach him fierce de-sires to know Heroes wou'd be lost in Story

did not love in-spire their Glory did not Love in-spire their Glo-

ry Love does all that's great below Love does all that's great be-lon:

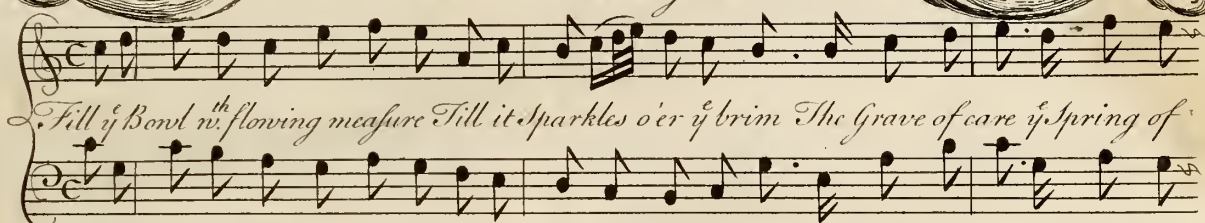
For the Flute.



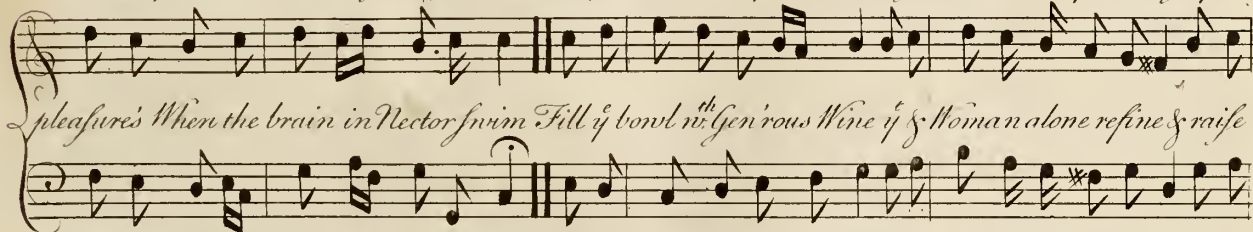


The Banquet.

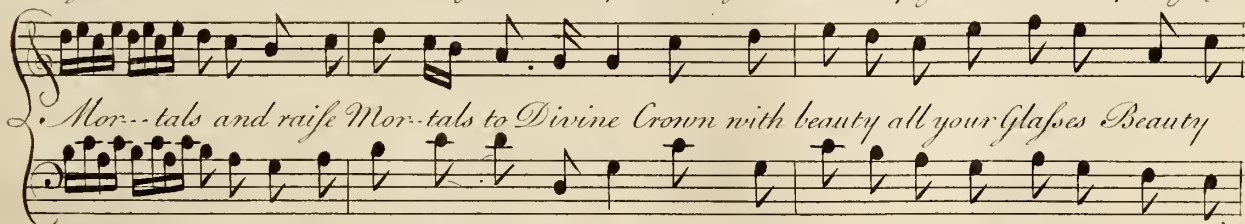
To the Right Hon.^{ble} the Lord WALPOLE these
Four Plates are humbly Inscribd.



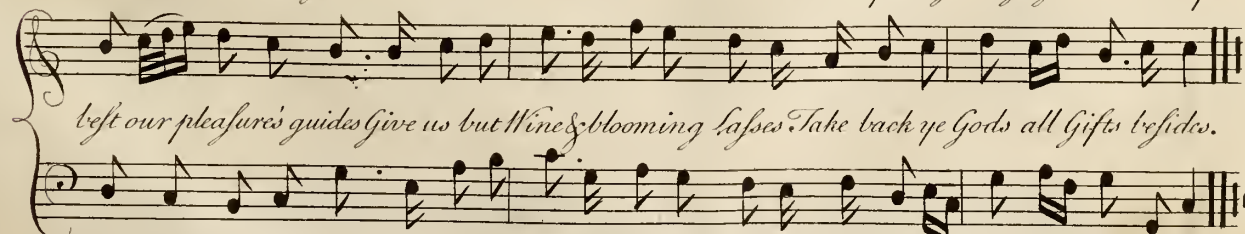
Fill y^e Bowl wth flowing measure Till it sparkles o'er y^e brim The Grave of care y^e Spring of



pleasure's When the brain in Nector swim Fill y^e bowl wth Gen'rous Wine y^e Woman alone refine & raise



Mor--tals and raise Mor--tals to Divine Crown with beauty all your Glases Beauty



best our pleasure's guides Give us but Wine & blooming Lasses Take back ye Gods all Gifts besides.

G. Bickham jun^r sculp.

THE

The Musick by M^r. W. Fisher, at Hereford.

Northern Lass.

Come take your Glass of Northern Laps so prettily advis'd, I drank her
 Health, & really was Agree-a-bly. Surpriz'd, Her Shape so neat, her Voice so sweet, her
 Air and Mein so free, She Syren charm'd me from my Meat, but take your Drink said she.

If from the North such Beauty comes,
 How is it that I feel;
 Within my Breast of glowing Flame,
 No Tongue can e'er reveal;
 Tho' cold & raw of North Wind blows,
 All Summers on her Breast,
 Her Skin was like the driven Snow,
 But Sun shine all of rest.

Her Heart may Southern Climates melt,
 Tho' Frozen now it seems;
 That Joy with Pain be equal felt,
 And ballanc'd in Extreams;
 Then like our genial Wine shall charm,
 With Love my panting Breast;
 Me, like our Sun her Heart shall warm,
 Be Ice to all the rest.

FLUTE.



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[Faint, illegible text or handwriting, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

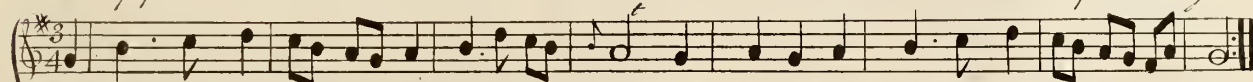
100



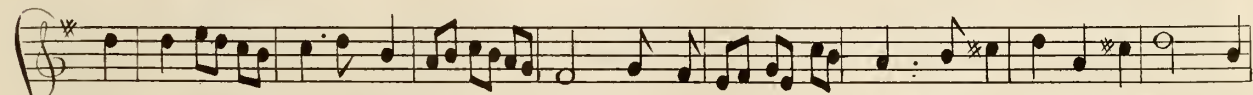
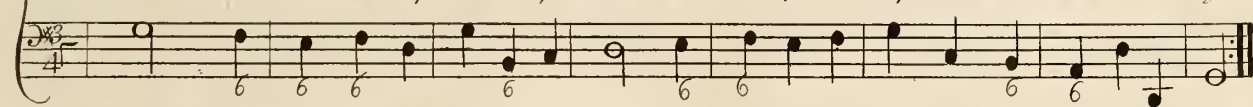
The Pensive Swain.

From *the Spectator*.

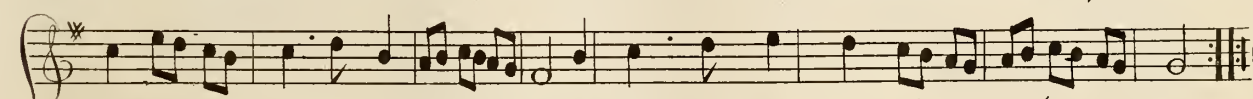
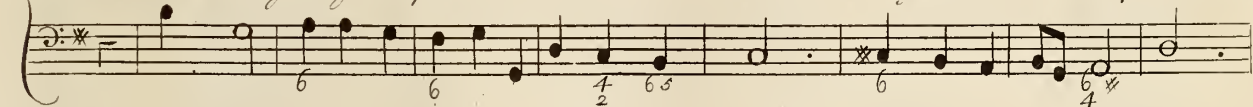
G. Richam jun. sc.



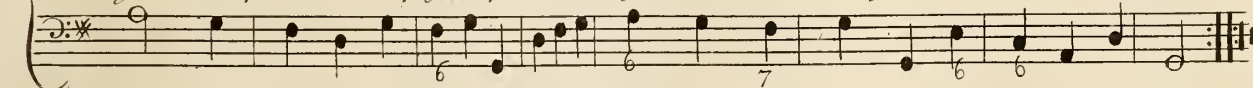
My time O ye Muses was Happily spent, when Phoebe went with me where e-ver I went;
Ten thousand sweet Pleasures I felt in my Breast, sure never fond Shepherd like Collin was blest:



But now she is gone & has left me be hind, what a marvellous change on a sudden I find, when



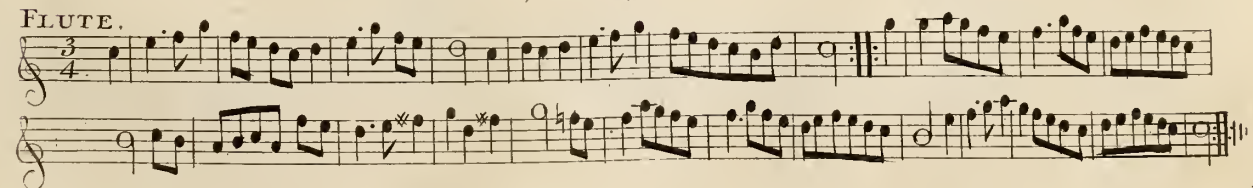
things were as fine as could possibly be, I thought 'twas the Spring but a-las! it was She.



With such a Companion to tend a few Sheep,
To rise up and Play, or to lye down and Sleep,
I was so good humour'd so chearful and gay,
My Heart was as light as a Feather all day,
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy as never was known,
My fair one is gone & my Joys are all drown'd,
And my Heart - I am sure it weighs more y^a Pound.

Will no pittying Power that hears me complain,
Or cure my Disquiet, or soften my Pain?
To be cur'd, thou must Collin thy Passion remove;
But what Swain is so silly to live without love?
No Deity bid the dear Nymph to return,
For neer was Shepherd so sadly forlorn;
Oh what shall I do? I shall die with despair,
Take heed all ye Swains, how you love one so fair.

FLUTE.





THE
Persuasive Lover.

The smiling Morn the breathing Spring In vite the tuneful Birds to sing And while they warble
from each spray Love melts the u-ni-ver-sal Lay Let us Amanda timely wife like them improve the
Hour that flies And in soft Raptures wast the Day A-mong the Birks of Endermay.

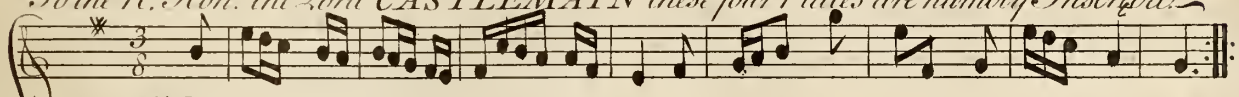
For soon the Winter of the Year
And Age lifes Winter will appear
At this thy living Bloom will fade
As that will strip the Verdant Shade
Our Taste of Pleasure then is o'er
The featherd Songstres love no more
And when they droop and weddaway
Adieu the Birks of Endermay.

FLUTE.



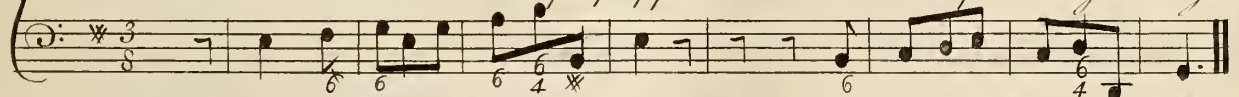
Strephon Inflamed.

To the R. Hon. the Lord CASTLEMAIN these four Plates are humbly Inscribed.

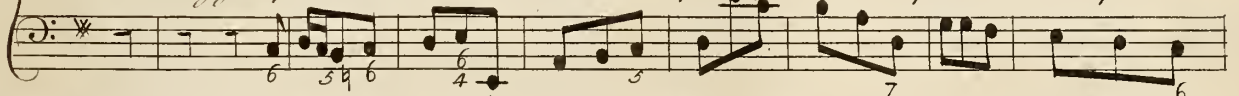


Whilst Wanton Cupids round me Fly, & Charm my Soul with new de-sire.

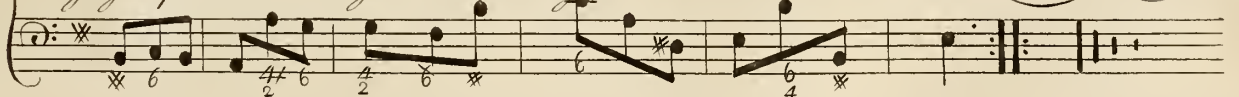
In Vain to Bacchus I ap-ply, for Wine still makes y^e Flame grow higher.



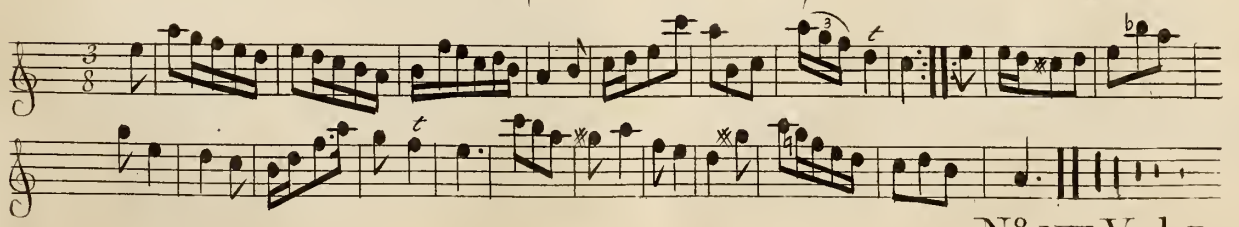
To struggle farther twere in vain, Or of my Fate complain, None y^e true



Joys of Love can taste; But those who meet with Pain.



For the Flute.



What time is so happy as those of the Fair
who care not a moment from pleasure can spare
But those who their husbands' fattered and care
And men to the life of a belle &c

The Fives at noon and just after a gown
Takes a chair to the door and away round the Town
Too much about two in the park is set down
Such &c

The bride up the Hall & soon joins with the rest
Of such and such a sort, the meals makes her best
The best of these hands & a song to be over
Such &c

For dinner & brooding employ her till too
Which sometimes tradesmen for admittance, they have
But a man at the door soon procures a Reprieve
Such &c

The more it is either High Church or Low
In our is about when other takes up
Or troubles to pray if the Bishop be in
Such &c

All evening she waits for the Tea & plays her
And all the hours and what she can do
The women's conversation can be found of a man
Such &c

She goes Ball & to the every night & all day
And sometimes dances with a few female friends
And sometimes in secret - that her long days
Such &c is the life of a belle
Such such is the life of a belle



G. Buckham sc.

THE BEAU.

Sung by
M^{rs} Clive.

How brimful of Nothings y^e Life of a Beau, they've Nothing to

think of they've Nothing to do, Nor they've Nothing to talk of for Nothing they know: Such

such is the Life of a Beau, a Beau a Beau, Such such is the Life of a Beau.

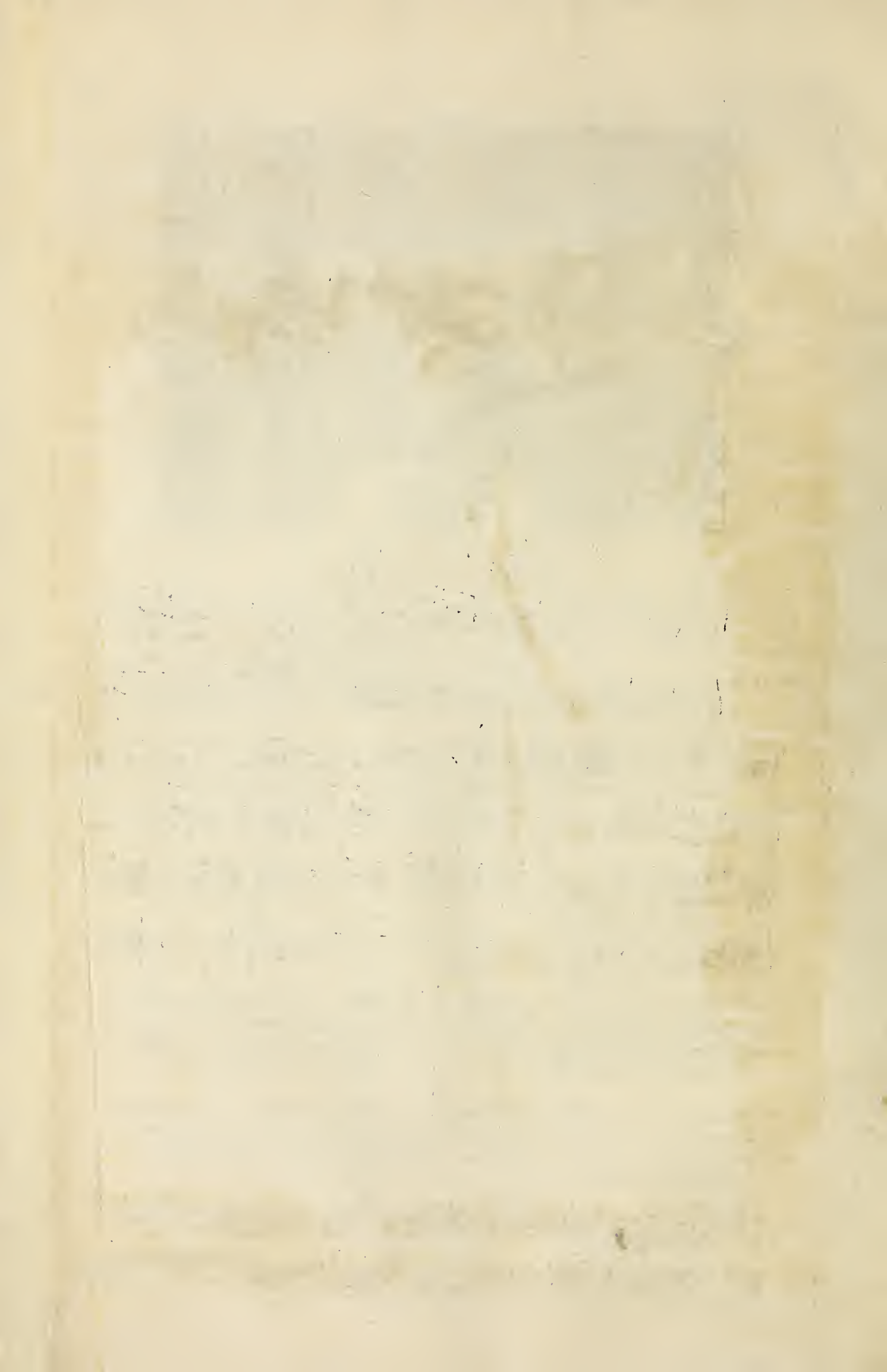
For Nothing they rise but to draw y^e fresh Air,
Spend y^e Morning in Nothing but curling their Hair,
And do Nothing all Day but sing santer & stare,
Such, such is y^e Life of a Beau.

For Nothing they run to th^e Assembly & Ball,
And for Nothing at Cards a fair Partner call;
For they still must be teased who've Nothing at all
Such, such is y^e Life of a Beau.

For Nothing at Night to y^e Playhouse they crowd,
For to mind Nothing done there they always are proud,
But to bow, & to grin, & talk - Nothing aloud,
Such, such is y^e Life of a Beau.

For Nothing on Sundays at Church they appear,
For they've Nothing to hope nor they've Nothing ^{for} to
They can be Nothing no where who's Nothing a che:
Such, such is y^e Life of a Beau.

FLUTE. *Symp.* *Song.*





The Maid's Request.

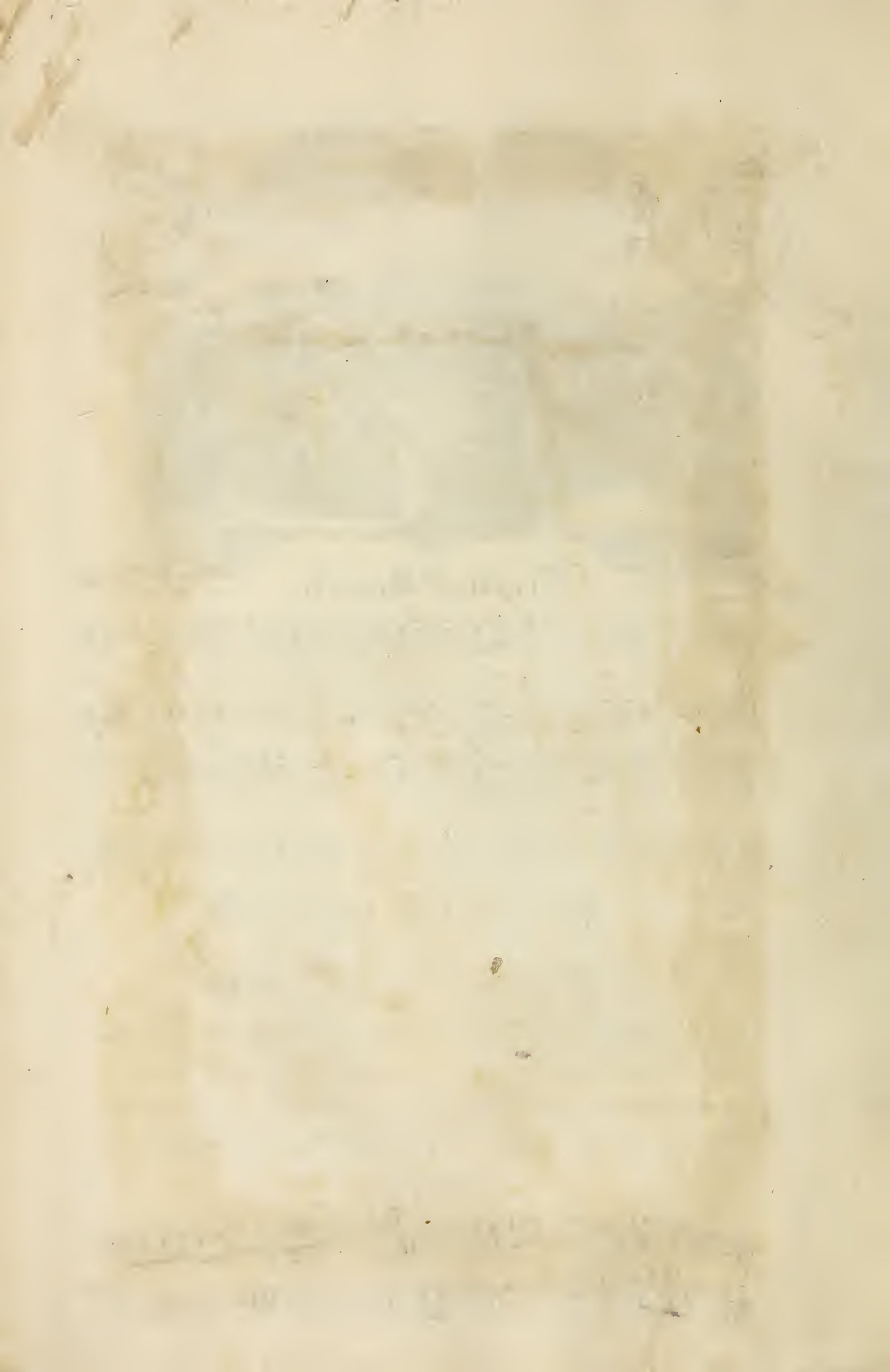
G. Bickham jun. sculp.

Set by J. F. Lampe.

Glide swiftly on thou Silver Stream, Pursue the Lad I love;
 In gentle Murmurs tell my Flame, And try his Heart to move,
 And try his Heart to move.

| | |
|---|---|
| <p>So may thy Banks be always Green, Thy Chanel never Dry; — If e'er thy Spring be failing Seen, — My Tears shall that supply.</p> | <p>May gilded Carps thy surface skim, In place of useless Weeds; — May painted Flowers adorn thy Brim, And Knots of bending Reeds.</p> |
|---|---|

FLUTE.





The Apology.

*Frown not my Dear, nor be se vere, Be cause, I did Co-rin-na
kiss; For all th' Intent, was Compli ment, And truly no thing else but this.*

*No single Charm,
Of hers can warm,
Like yours my whole devoted Heart;
She can't subdue,
My Soul like you,
Nor such Celestial Joy impart.*

*Call me not base,
In such a Case,
Nor misinterpret my Design;
For I averri,
I Love not her,
But am with Resignation thine.*

For the Flute.



To y^e R. Hon. y^e Lord CHARLES CAVENDISH these 4 Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

G. Bickham jun^r. sc.

The Words by Cap^t. Morrice

Set by M^r. Leveridge.

Let Wine to Social Joys give Birth, Let Reason still be Crown'd; With
 free yet, not Ungracious Mirth, Still let the Glafs go round: Let's put (to puri-
 fy our Joys). Indecency away; And shunning strife Dispute and Noise, Let's
 be discreetly Ga.....y, Let's be discreetly Gay.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Let's call to mind our cheif Affairs, | The Future only some pursue, |
| Nor make our Mirth a Crime; | Some the Instant only prize; |
| Let's not defying usefull Cares, | But He, who gives to both their due, |
| Abolish Wealth and Time: | Is only truly wi.....se. |

For the Flute.

[Faint, illegible handwriting throughout the page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.]



Gold a Receipt for Love.

When Love & Youth can-not make way, Nor with the Fair a-vail, To bend to
Cupids gen-tle In-vay, What Art
What Art can then pre-vail. What Art can then pre-vail.

Set by M^r. Houro.

2
I'll tell you Strephon a Receipt,
Of a most sovereign Pow'r,
If you the Stubborn wou'd defeat,
Let drop a Golden Show'r.

3
This method try'd enamour'd Jove,
Before he cou'd obtain,
The cold regardless Danaë's Love,
Or conquer her Disdain.

Let drop &c.

Or conquer &c.

4
By Cupids self I have been told,
He never wounds a Heart;
So deep as when he tips with Gold,
The fatal piercing Dart.
The fatal &c.

Flute.





The True Lover.

Music by M^r Festing

Sent by an unknown hand.

Musical notation for the first line of the song, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5.

Thy opening Bloom and so-----stend Charms, None

Musical notation for the second line of the song, continuing the melody from the first line. It includes a bass clef and a 3/4 time signature.

Musical notation for the third line of the song, including a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. It features a triplet of eighth notes.

Clo--e, can more just-ly prize; But oh! thy gen-tle Good-ness

Musical notation for the fourth line of the song, including a bass clef and a 3/4 time signature. It features a triplet of eighth notes.

Musical notation for the fifth line of the song, including a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. It features a triplet of eighth notes.

warms Be-yond the Force of Brightest Eyes.

Musical notation for the sixth line of the song, including a bass clef and a 3/4 time signature. It features a triplet of eighth notes.

| | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| Like Flow'rs y' crown y' youthful Spring | But me thy Wit and Humour please |
| The liveliest Features soonest dye | Thy Heavenly Mind tis, I adore |
| And sickle Love on Swallow wing | Whoever doats on Charms like these |
| Shall to new Suns in Winter fly. | Can never love Thee less nor more. |

FLUTE.

Musical notation for the flute part, consisting of two staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The second staff has a bass clef and a 3/4 time signature. The music includes various rhythmic patterns and ornaments.

The first part of the document
 discusses the general principles
 of the system and its
 application in various
 cases. It is followed by
 a detailed description of
 the methods used to
 collect and analyze the
 data. The results of the
 study are presented in
 the following section, and
 the conclusions are drawn
 from the findings.



THE
Young Lovers first Address.

Set by M^r Lampe. &c

Adagio.

Charmer per-mit me to make a Sur-render, Of an un-
 artful and innocent Heart: Might not my Pas-sion be cause it is
 tender, Think on your Charms & you'l pit-ty my Smart.

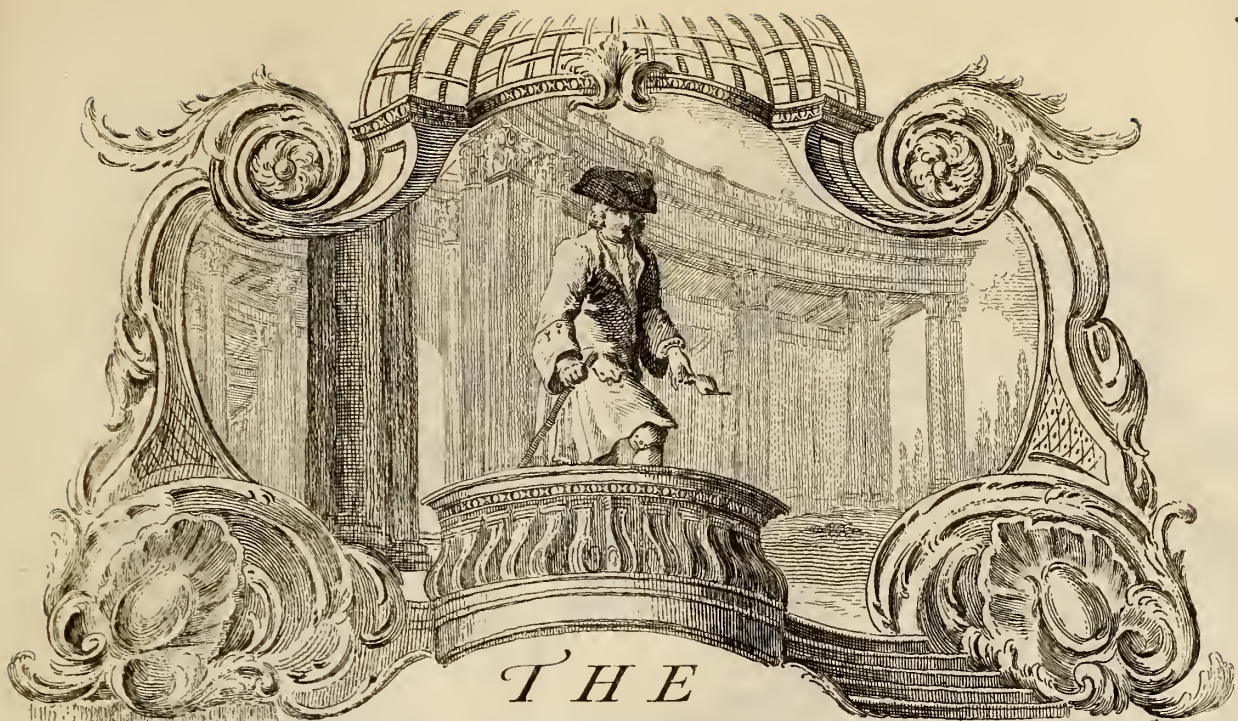
*You are the first that e'er made me to Languish,
 And to the last I shall Love you alone;
 As you occasion'd O pittty my Anguish,
 And let your Smiles for your Rigour atone.*

For the Flute.

1875
The following is a list of the
names of the persons who
were present at the
meeting of the
Board of Directors
of the
Company held on
the 15th day of
January 1875.

| Name | Address |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| John A. Smith | 123 Main St. |
| James B. Jones | 456 Elm St. |
| William C. Brown | 789 Oak St. |
| Robert D. White | 1011 Pine St. |
| Thomas E. Green | 1313 Maple St. |
| Charles F. Black | 1616 Birch St. |
| Henry G. Gray | 1919 Cedar St. |
| George H. King | 2222 Spruce St. |
| Edward I. Lee | 2525 Willow St. |
| Frank J. Hall | 2828 Ash St. |
| David K. Young | 3131 Hickory St. |
| Richard L. Adams | 3434 Walnut St. |
| Samuel M. Baker | 3737 Chestnut St. |
| John N. Miller | 4040 Poplar St. |
| George O. Wilson | 4343 Sycamore St. |
| Thomas P. Moore | 4646 Dogwood St. |
| Charles Q. Taylor | 4949 Magnolia St. |
| Edward R. Evans | 5252 Camellia St. |
| Frank S. Walker | 5555 Azalea St. |
| David T. Hill | 5858 Gardenia St. |
| Richard U. Scott | 6161 Hibiscus St. |
| Samuel V. Green | 6464 Begonia St. |
| John W. Adams | 6767 Zinnia St. |
| George X. Baker | 7070 Petunia St. |
| Thomas Y. Miller | 7373 Marigold St. |
| Charles Z. Wilson | 7676 Sunflower St. |
| Edward A. Moore | 7979 Dandelion St. |
| Frank B. Taylor | 8282 Poppy St. |
| David C. Evans | 8585 Tulip St. |
| Richard D. Walker | 8888 Iris St. |
| Samuel E. Hill | 9191 Orchid St. |
| John F. Scott | 9494 Rose St. |
| George G. Adams | 9797 Jasmine St. |
| Thomas H. Baker | 10000 Lavender St. |

The following is a list of the
names of the persons who
were present at the
meeting of the
Board of Directors
of the
Company held on
the 15th day of
January 1875.



Set by H. Carey

G. Beckham jun. inv. sc.

THE LORD.

To the R.^t Hon.^{ble} Sackville Earl of Thanet, this Cantata is humbly Inscrib'd.

Recit. *I go to the Elysian Shade where sorrow neer shall wound me: nothing*

shall my rest invade but joy shall still surround me Allegro.

I fly.....from

Celia's cold dis-dain from her dis-dain I fl

He is the cause of all my Pain for her alone I die I die I die I die



Handwritten text, possibly a title or heading, written in a cursive or stylized script.

Multiple lines of handwritten musical notation, including staves with notes and clefs, arranged in a structured format typical of a musical score.



Recitative.

Her Eyes are brighter than the Mid day Sun w he but half his radiant course has

run When his Meridian Glories gay-----ly Shine glad all nature w a warmth divine

See yonder Rivers flowing Side w- now so full so full ap-pears which

now so full so full ap-pears. Those streams that do so sweetly glide those

Streams y do so sweetly glide are no----- thing no nothing but my Tears ;



Recit.

* There have I wept till I could weep no more & curd mine Eyes, & curd mine Eyes, when

they have shed their store, then like y^e Clouds y^e rot y^e Azure Main I've drai.....

.....nd the flood to weep it back a gain

Pitty my pains ye gentle, Swains gentle, Swains

pitty my pains pittty my pains pittty my pains ye gentle swains Cover me wth Ice & snow

cover me wth Ice and snow cover me wth Ice and snow, I burn..... I

burn..... I scorch, I scorch, I glow



The main body of the page contains several lines of extremely faint, illegible text. The characters are too light to be read accurately, but they appear to be arranged in a structured format, possibly a list or a series of entries. There are some faint markings that could be interpreted as numbers or symbols, but they are not clear enough to transcribe.



Preſtiſſimo. De

Furies tear me quickly tear me to y^e diſſiſſal diſſiſſal

Shades below Where yeling & howling & growling & growling ſtrike our Ears wth horrid woe horrid woe

Howling makes fiery Lakes were a pleaſure & a Cure Not all y^e Helles wth Pluto dwells can give ſuch pain

as Tendure. So ſome peaceful Plain convey me on a moſſy Carpet lay me ſan me with Am-

broſial breeze let me die let me die die die and ſo have Eaſe.



To his Grace of Duke of MARLBOROUGH these four Plates are humbly Inscribe.

In Vain you tell your Parting Lover, you wish fair winds may waft him Over, &c

— as what winds can happy prove that bear me far from what I Love & last in Danger;

On y^e Main, can Equal those that I sustain, From Slighted Vows & Cold Disdain from Slighted Vows & Cold Disdain;

Be Gentle & in Pity Choose,
To wish the Wildest Tempests Loose,
That thrown again upon y^e Coast,
Where first my Shipwreckt heart was Lost,
I may Once More Repeat My Pain,
Once More in Dying words Complain
Of Slighted Vows & Cold Disdain; &c.

For the Flute.



Advice to the Unwary.

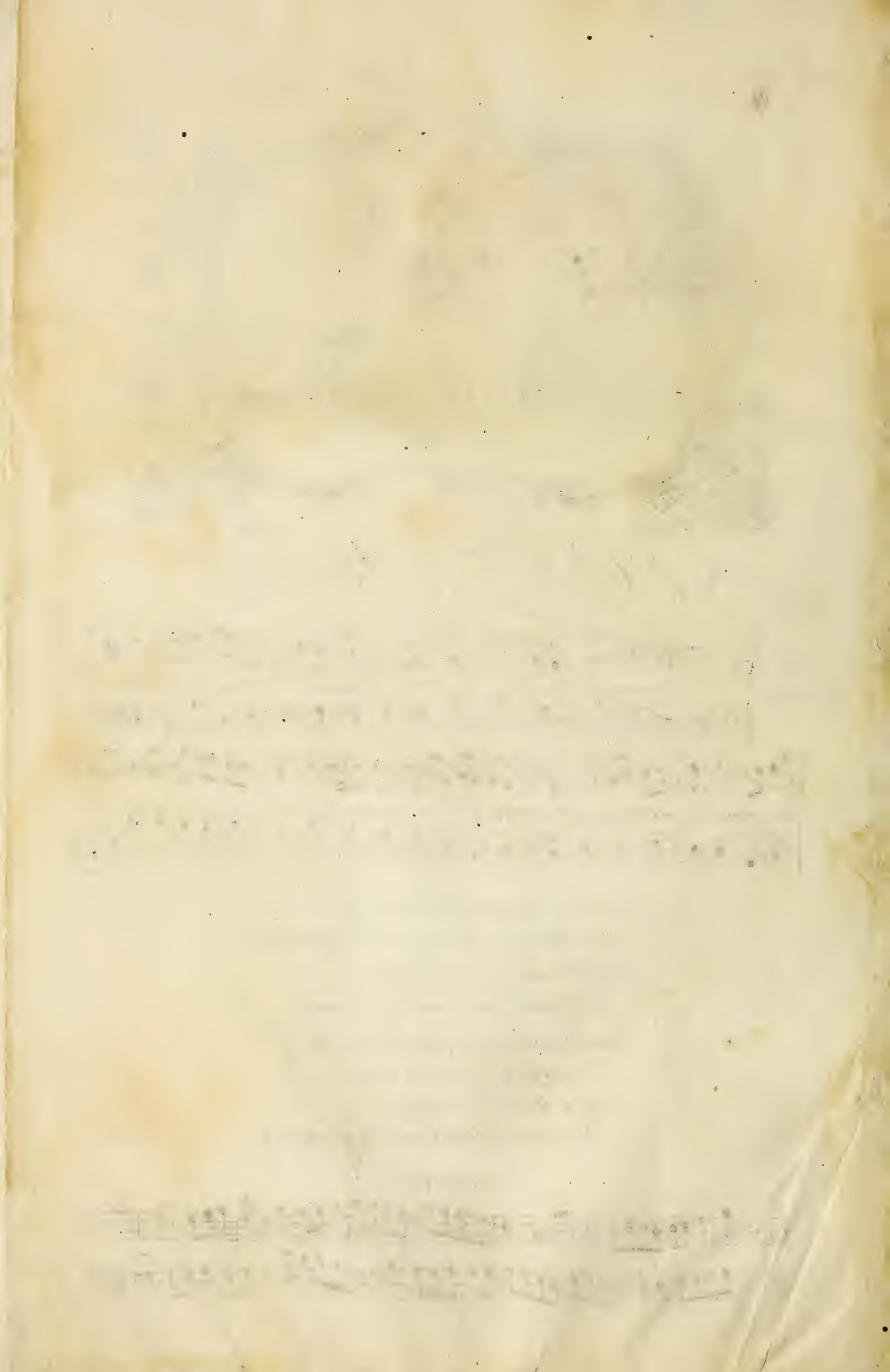
G. Bickham, junr. sc.

Set by
M^r Lampe

The wounded Deer flies swift away, The bearded Arrow in his Side; still
vainly hoping that he may. Mix'd with y^e Herd escape unspijd, mix'd with y^e Herd escape unspijd

But oh y^e Moment² that they See,
The Streaming Blood flow from his Wound,
They shun him in his Misery,
And leave him dying on y^e Ground.
Thus the poor Nymph³ who sore distrest,
Has gaz'd her Liberty away;
To all y^e World becomes a Jest,
And falls of Stand'rous Tongues y^e Prey.

For the Flute.





Go Chloe.

When e'er my Cloe I begin thy Breast like mine to move,

You tell me of that crying Sin of unchast Lawless Love, of unchast lawless Love,

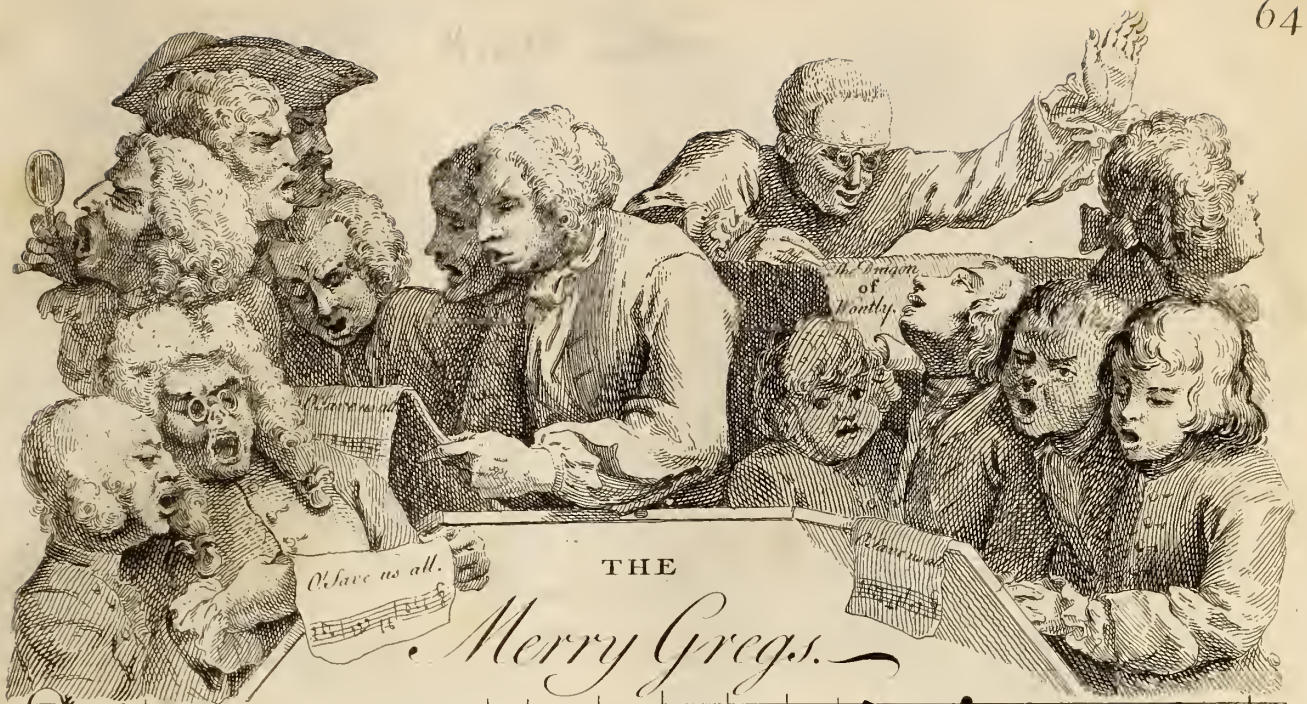
How can that Pleasure be a Crime,
That gave to Cloe Birth,
How can those Joys but be Divine,
That make a Heav'n on Earth,

³
To wed Mankind y' Priest trapannid,
By some sly Fallacy;
And disobey'd God's great Command,
Increase & Multiply.

You say that Love's a Crime, content,
Yet this allow you must,
More Joy's in Heav'n when one repent,
Then over Ninety Just.

⁵
Sin then dear Girl for Heaven's sake,
Repent and be forgiven;
Bless me & by Repentance make:
A Holiday in Heav'n.

FOR THE FLUTE.



THE
Merry Gregs.

Let Poets & Historians Record y^e brave Gregorians In long & lasting Sings:

Let Poets & Historians Record y^e brave Gregorians In long & lasting Sings:

While Hearts & Voices joyning in gladsome Songs combining. Sing

While Hearts & Voices joyning in gladsome Songs combining. Sing

forth their deathless Praise. Sing forth their deathless Praise.

forth their deathless Praise Sing forth their deathless Praise.

*If innocent Variety,
Content & Sweet Society,
Can make us Mortals blest,
In social Love united
With Harmony delighted,
We Emulate the best
We &c.*

*Our Friendship & Affinity,
Surpasses Consanguinity,
As Gold surpasses Ore,
Success to Ev'ry Brother,
Lets stand by one another,
Till Time shall be no more.
Till &c.*

For the Flute.



The Words by Prier

G. Beckham junr invt sc

THE Jovial Lover.

To her Grace the Dutchess of NEWCASTLE these 4 Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

If Wine & Musick have y^e Pow'r, To ease y^e Sickness Of y^e Soul, Let Phoebus Ev'ry
 String explore, And Bacchus fill y^e Sprightly Bowl, Let them their friendly Aid employ, To
 make My Cloe's Absence light, And seek with Pleasure to Destroy y^e Sorrows of this live long Night;

But she to Morrow will return
 Venus, be thou to Morrow Great.
 Thy Myrtles Strew thy Odours bum,
 And Meet thy favorite Symp in state.

Kind Goddess to No Other Pow'r,
 Let us to Morrow's blessings own
 Thy Darling love's shall guide y^e Flours
 And all y^e Day be Thine Alone.

For the Flute

N^o XVII, Vol. II.



THE
Taste a Dialogue.

The Music by Mr. Handel

G. Bickham junr sculp.

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with notes and ornaments.

Col.

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves with notes and ornaments.

O my pretty Punchi-nello O my little Dapper Fellow have you heard of Furi-

Musical notation for the third system, including treble and bass staves with notes and ornaments.

nelli is coming over. no. . . . my Colom-bino I hear. . . .

Musical notation for the fourth system, including treble and bass staves with notes and ornaments.

..... that Care-tino y famous Care-tino who has pleas'd both King and Queen O both King and

Musical notation for the fifth system, including treble and bass staves with notes and ornaments.

Queen O. . . . Sets out for Do-ver. . . . But I hope my Sene -



[The text in this section is extremely faint and illegible, appearing as a series of horizontal lines.]



The Masque at the Old House

sino is no such Re-ver Ono your, Sene sino has lickid himself quite dean O has Thousands got fif-

teen O..... and lives in clo-ver;

I'm glad my Sene sino has Thousands got fifteen O..... & lives in clo-ver.

C After Porpora or Handel
Where'd ye think if Town will dandle
Or which must hold the Candle

P I dont care a Farthing
But Harlequin O Lun O
Has Cookid a deal of Fun O
Of Pantomine and Pun O
And expects a mighty Run O

C Shall we go and see the Fun O
At Covent Garden

P In Play-houses full Six O
One knows not where to fix O
Till they let us in for Nix O
That's Pinches bargain

B Well see 'em round all Six O
If they'll let us in for Nix O
That's allways our bargain

FLUTE.

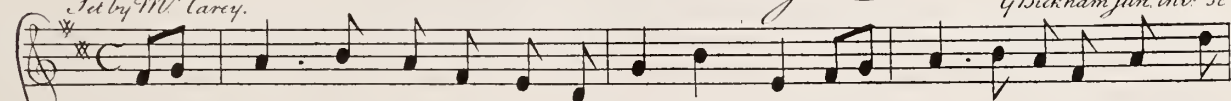
At Covent Garden.



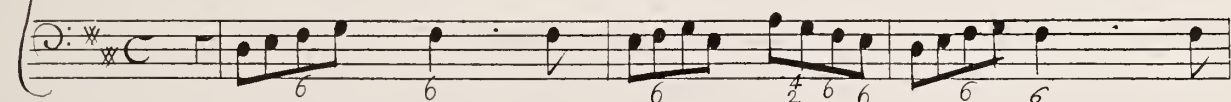
The Resolved Lass.

Set by M^r Carey.

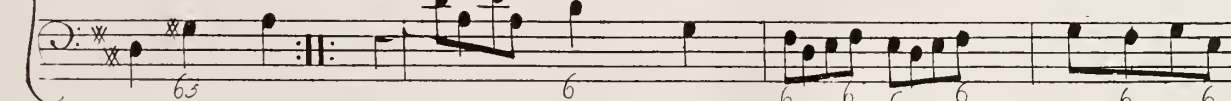
G. Dickham jun. inv^t sc



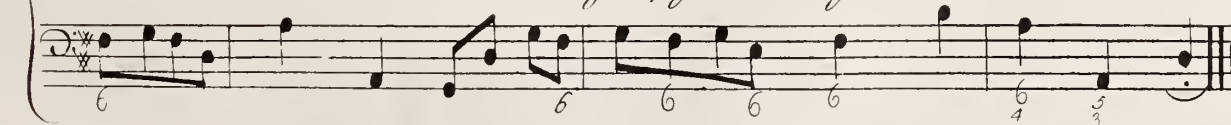
When Parents obstinate & cruel prove, & force us to a Man we



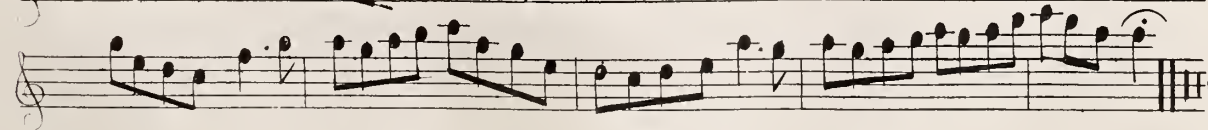
cannot love: 'tis fit we disappoint y^e Sordid elves, & wisely get us



Husbands for our Selves; & wisely get us husbands for our Selves.



For the Flute.

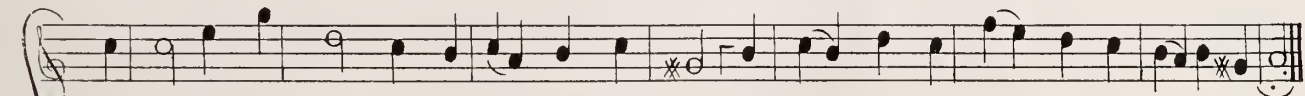
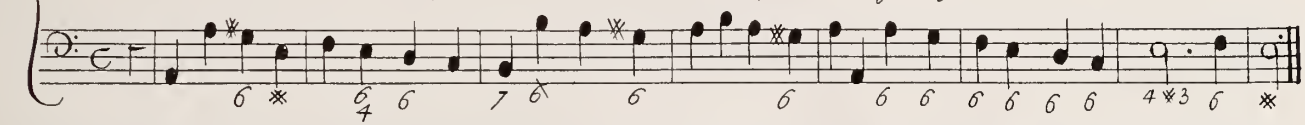




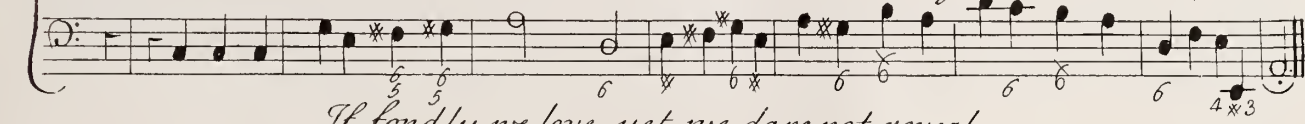
To the R. H. the Lady Elizabeth GERMAIN these 4 Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.
Words by Mr. Carey Set by Mr. Gouge



How hard is y^e Fortune of all Woman kind, forever subjected for ever confin'd,

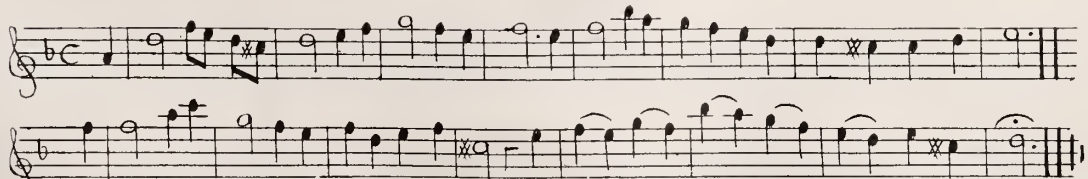


The Parent controuls us untill we are Wives, y^e Husband enslaves us y^e rest of our lives



If fondly we love, yet we dare not reveal,
But secretly languish, compell'd to conceal,
Deny'd ev'ry freedom of Life to enjoy,
We're Sham'd if we're kind, we're blam'd if we're coy.

For the Flute.





The Bachelors Wife.

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with notes and rests.

Without affectation gay, youthful & pretty, without pride or meanness, familiar & witty;

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves with notes and rests.

Without forms obliging, good natur'd & free, without art as lovely, as lovely can be,

*She acts what she thinks, & she thinks what she says,
 Regardless alike both of censure and praise,
 But her thoughts, & her words, & her actions are such,
 That none can admire 'em, or praise her too much.*

Song & Symphony for \forall German & Common Flute.

Musical notation for the flute part, including treble and bass staves with notes and rests.



The Present

State of Little Britain.

Set by M^r Carey.

Britons where is your great Magnanimity, wheres your boasted Courage floun.

Britons where is your great Magnanimity; wheres your boasted Courage floun:

Quite perverted to Pu si-la-nimity, Scarce to call your Souls your own,

Quite perverted to Pusila-nimity, Scarce to call your Souls your own.

| | |
|--|---|
| What your Ancestors won so Victoriously, | Freedom now for her Flight makes preparative, |
| Crown'd with Conquest in y ^e Field; | See her weeping quit y ^e Shore, |
| You'd relinquish & O! most Ingloriously, | Britain's Loss will be then past Comparative; |
| To oppression tamely yield, | Never to behold Her more. |

Gracious Gods to assist exurgitate,
 Stretch forth thy Vindictive Hand;
 Make oppressors their Plunder regurgitate,
 And preserve a Sinking Land.

FLUTE.



Minuet by W. Mandel.

G. Bickham jun^r sculp.

Phillis Advised.

Phillis the Lovely, turn to your Swain, turn to your Swain, before it's too late.

Should you Deny, he'll Fly, you'll Dye, Curs.....ing your Fate.

He's young and Airy,
 Soon he may va.....ry,
 Soon he may va.....ry,
 And think you a Joy,
 Then you'll Despair,
 Beware, Dear Fair,
 You.....be not Coy.

For the Flute.



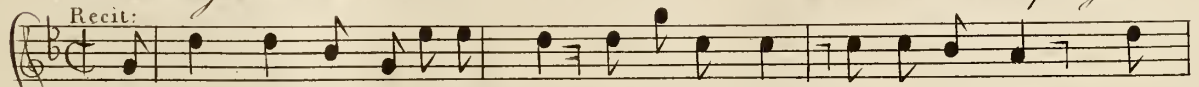
The Words & Music by M^r. Philips

G. Bickham jun. inv. sculp.

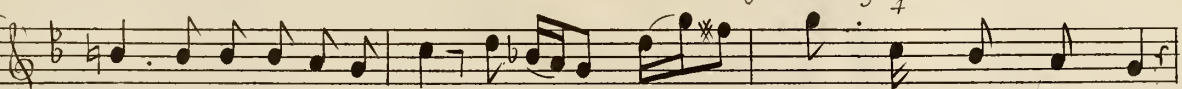
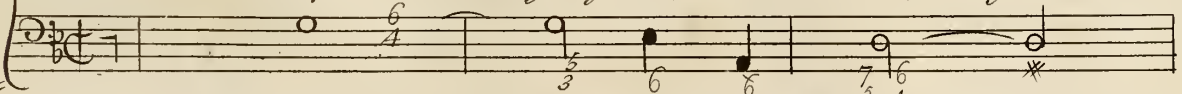
Goquetrn.

To the Right Hon.^{ble} the Earl STANHOPE this Cantata is humbly Inscrib'd.

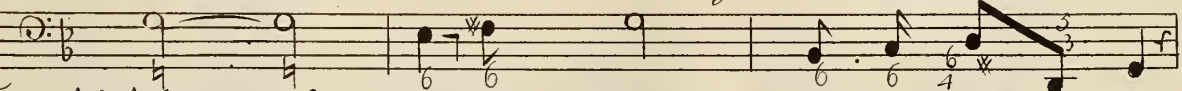
Recit:



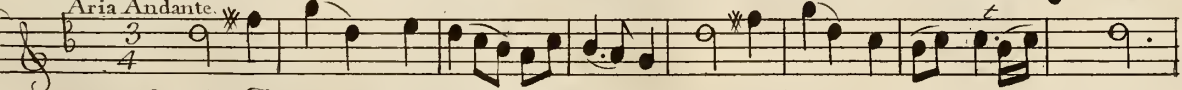
Whilst Strephon on fair Chloe hung & gently woo'd & Sweetly Sung, The



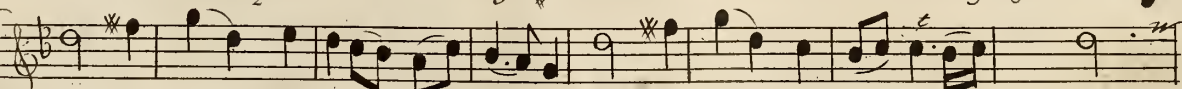
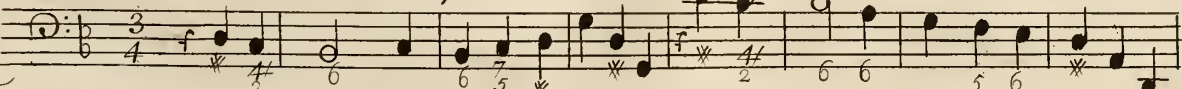
Nymph in a disdainful Air thus Smiling mock'd the Shepherds care



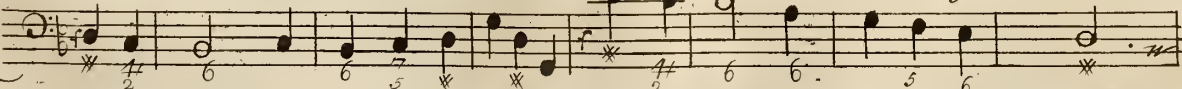
Aria Andante.

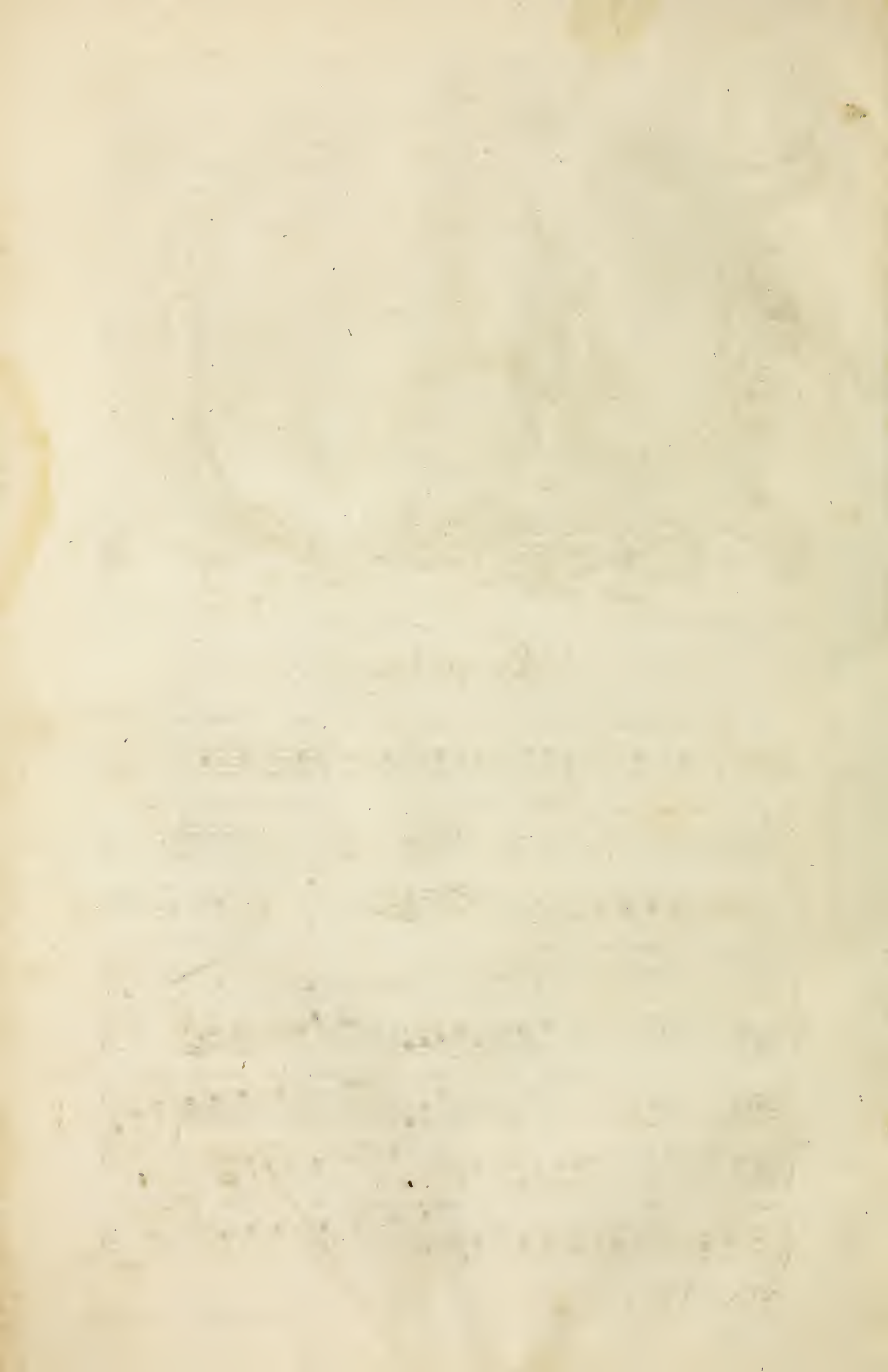


Swain I know that you dis-cover In my Form a thousand charms,



Can you point me out a Lo-ver worthy my En-cir-ling Arms;







S:

Boy no more ap-proach my Beauty till you e-gual

S:

Merit boast to..... a... do... re... me... i... s... a.....

S:

Duty Thousands witness to their Cost.

Recit:

Stung to the heart..... the red'ning Swain,

on the vain maid re-tor..... ts again

S:



Foolish creature, did each feature, bloom, beyond y^e

pride of Nature, artfull feigning, Coy disdainning,

vain Coquet, destroys them all; go o'er bearing, Proud en

Snaring, lay a thousand Fops despairing, then complying,

Sighing, dying, To Some fool a Victim fall;

The musical score consists of ten systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written in italics between the staves. The bass staff includes various figured bass notations such as #, 4, 3, 6, 7, 5, and 7.



:S:

Symphs like you, whilst they're deceiving Angels

:S:

all in front appear. But the So.....

t their A.....rts believing but the Lot their

arts beleving finds the Devil in the rear

Aria Andante for the Flute

Aria Allegro

(Musical notation for the end of the piece)



G. Bickham jun. sculp.

THE

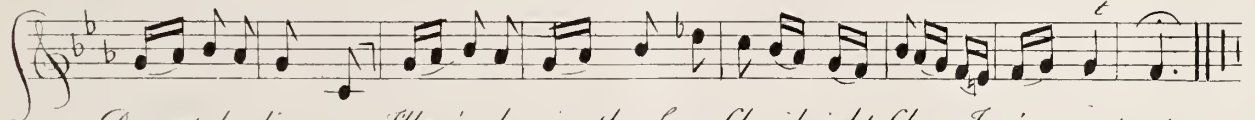
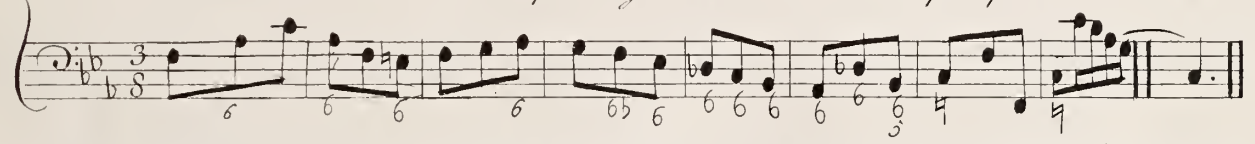
inv. et Sculp.

Sincere Swain.

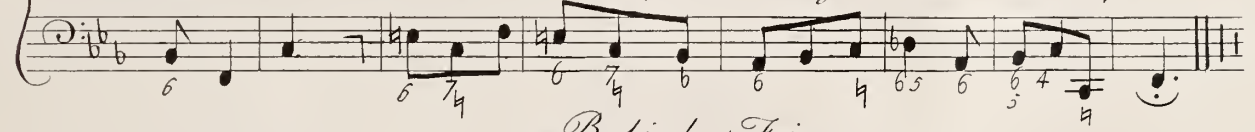
To the Right Hon.^{ble} Earl of DERBY, these four Plates are humbly Inscriv'd.



As thee I love, I'll constant prove you are the Char-mer of my Heart Heart

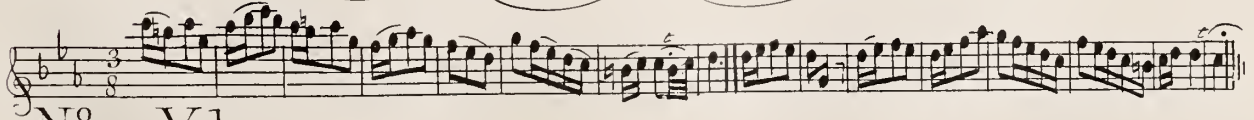


Dearest be-lieve me, I'll ne'er de-ceive thee from Clo-e bright Clo-e I ne'er can part.



*Be kind as Fair
 Oh be not severe
 But shew Compassion on your Swain
 You'll ne'er repent it
 No ne'er relent it
 Dear Creature dear Creature now ease my Pain.*

For the Flute.





Love for Love is a charming trade, Love on ly can, Love on-ly

Love for Love is a charming trade, a charming trade. Love on-ly

can, on-ly can by Love be paid; who e'er by entrest gain...

can on-ly can by Love be paid; who e'er by entrest who e'er by en trest gain...

gain..... s y fair, must think her fa...vours un sin-cere: But who in serving perseveres

gain..... s y fair, must think her fa...vours un sin cere But who in serving perseveres



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and late prevails by Prayers & Tears his joys beyond his wishes move he only

late and late prevails by Prayers & Tears his joys be yond be yond his wishes move he only

knows y^e blifs of Love for Love he knows y^e blifs of Love for Love

knows y^e blifs of Love for Love he knows y^e blifs he knows y^e blifs of Love for Love Love for

Love for Love he knows y^e blifs of Love for Love Love for Love he knows y^e blifs of Love for Love

Love Love for Love he knows y^e blifs of Love for Love Love for Love he knows y^e blifs of Love for Love.

| | |
|--|--|
| <p>Love for Love is a Sacred tyē Preserves on earth Society Tis Harmony of Love for Love To which y^e dancing Planets move</p> | <p>And if we may presume to guess What Angels in their Songs express Howe'er y^e Music is above The Chorus still is Love for Love.</p> |
|--|--|

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The Intrigue.

Siciliana

Make hast & away mine only Dear! make hast & away away For

all at the Gate your true love he does wait And I prithee make no delay.

She She

O how shall I steal away my Love
O how shall I steal away
My Daddy is near & I dare not for fear
Pray come then another Day.

He

O this is the only Day my Life
O this is the only Day!
I'll draw him aside while you throw y^e Gate wide
And then you may steal away.

Then prithee make no delay my dear
Then prithee make no delay
Well serve him a Trick for I'll slip in y^e Nick
And to my true Love away.

Chorus.

O Cupid befriend a Loving Pair
O Cupid befriend us we pray.
May our Stratagem take for thine own sweet sake
And Amen! let all true Lovers say.

For the Flute.



A
Peaceful Life.

To the Right Hon. the Lord CARPENTER these four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

In these Groves, with Con-tent and Tran-quility, Free from envy, care & Strife:

In these Groves, with Con-tent and Tran-quility, Free from envy, care & Strife:

Bless'd with Vigour, with Health, and a-gility, We enjoy a Peaceful Life.

Bless'd with Vigour, with Health, and a-gility, We enjoy a Peaceful Life.

Endless Circles of Pleasure surrounding us
 Ever chearful ever gay
 No Perplexities ever confounding us,
 Life in comfort slides away.

For the Flute.

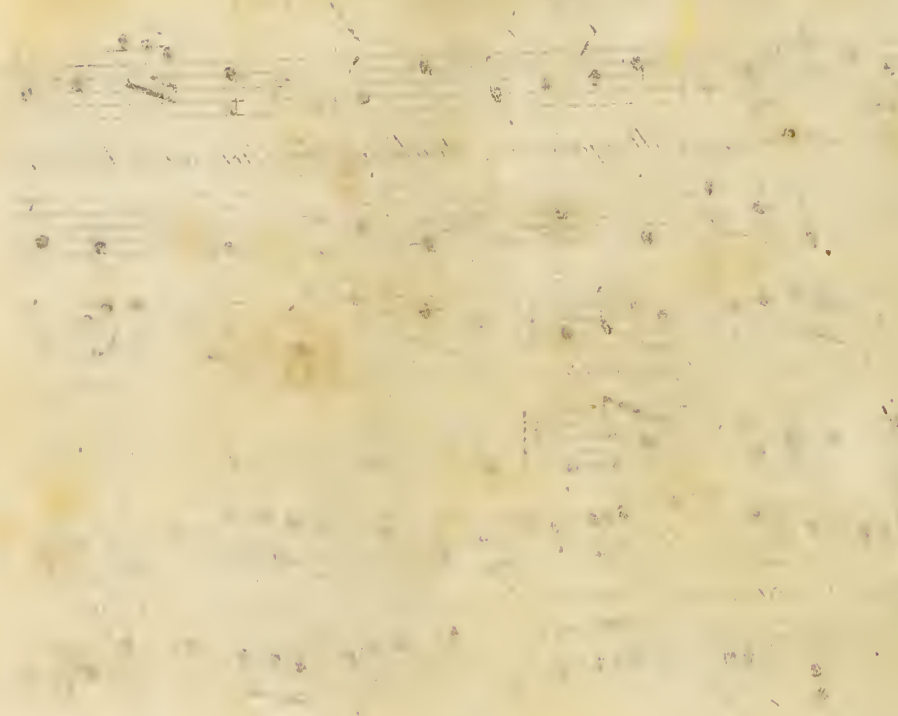


The Thirsty Toper.

*If the Glasses they are empty, Fill again my Soul's a Dry, Sure such Wine as
 this will tempt ye to Carouse in Sympathy: Thirsty Souls like Plants expiring,
 Moisture ever are desiring, Thus carping Natures Blessing, Will the Sober World desir.*

| | |
|--|--|
| <i>See the Bottle how its beauty —</i> | <i>Could the Globe be fill'd with Claret —</i> |
| <i>Smiles in ev'ry Ruby Face. —</i> | <i>Souls like mine woud never spare it</i> |
| <i>We to Bacchus owe a Duty —</i> | <i>Ever drinking Void of thinking —</i> |
| <i>Drink brave Heroes drink apace</i> | <i>Wed the happy Hours embrace. —</i> |

Flute.





The Ballad Singer's Summons to her Lover.

Sweetest of the Nightly Choir vocal partner Roger rise Ginglyng Halfpence

loud requi...re to bung our Eyes Then to geth - er

in all Weather As true Turtles of a Feather Alloys shall resound our Song.

*Soft Duetto's gently trilling
 Shall fix those wandring Damsels Feet
 Who in quest of Cull and Shilling
 Hunt o'er each Street
 Musick sending
 Crouds attending
 In their Jobs our Hands descending
 Mingles Profit with our Praise*

FLUTE.

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The Nightingale.

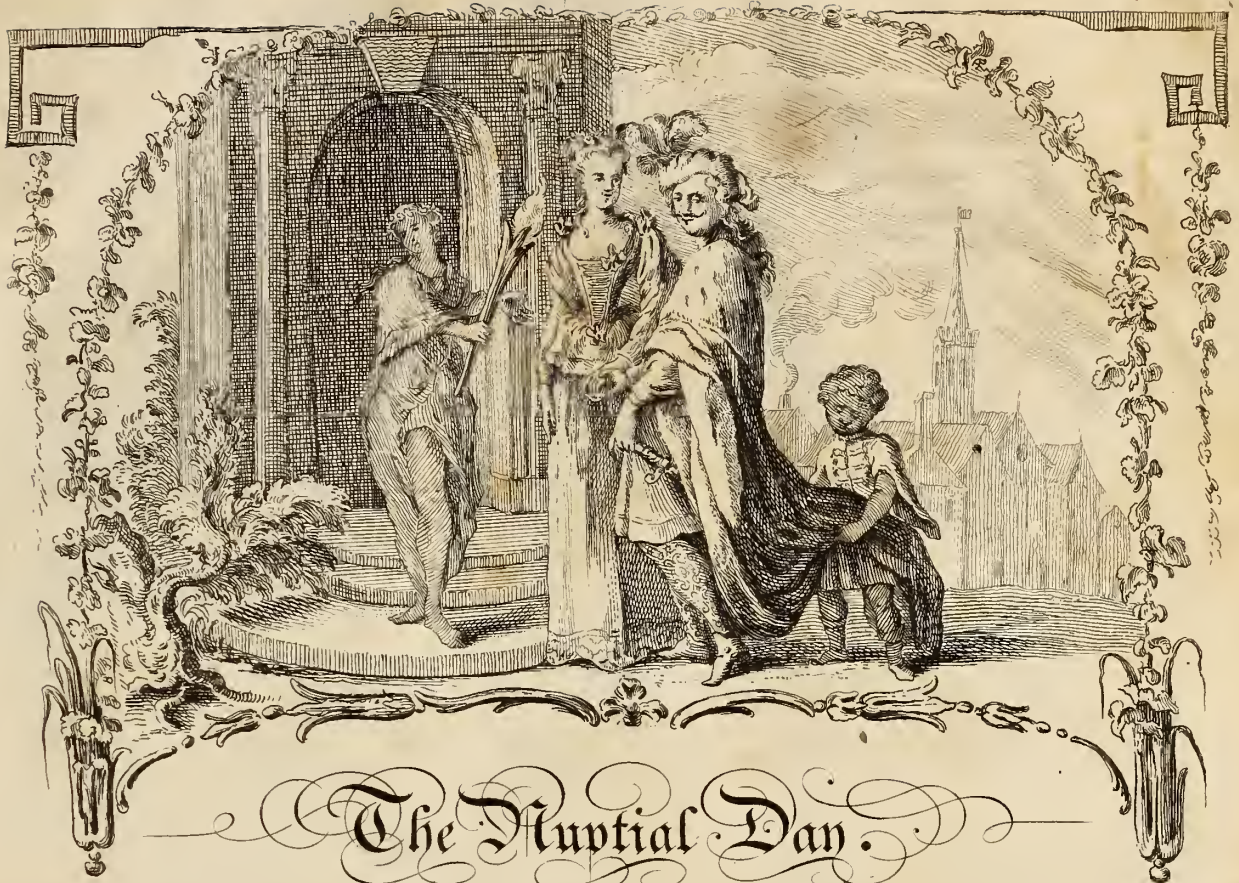
Gently

While in a Bow'r with Beauty blest The lov'd & lov'd Amintor lies while sinking
 on Lucinda's breast he fondly fondly kiss'd her Eyes A wakeful Nightingale who long had
 mourn'd had mourn'd within y^e Shade sweetly renew'd her plaintive song & now.... led thro' y^e Glade.

Melodious Songstrefs! cry'd the Swain
 To Shades to Shades lets happy go
 Or if thou wilt with us remain
 Forbear forbear thy tuneful woe.

While in Lucinda's Arms I lie
 To Song to Song I am not free
 On her soft bosome while I die
 I dis — cord find in thee.

FLUTE.



The Nuptial Day.

To the Right Hon.^{ble} the Earl of EFFINGHAM these 4 Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

tr

Cupid God of gay desires Hymen with thy sacred fires smiling Zephyrs hast away

Grace this happy happy day Grace this happy happy day this hap.....py happy day.

Love and Graces all attend
 All ye Nuptial Powers befriend
 Make them your peculiar Care
 Bless the Hero bless the Sair.

J. L. U. T. S.

tr

18th June 1850

Dear Mother
I received your kind letter
of the 14th and was glad to
hear from you and to hear
that you were all well.
I am well at present and
hope these few lines will
find you all the same.

Yours affectionately
John

18th June 1850



THE

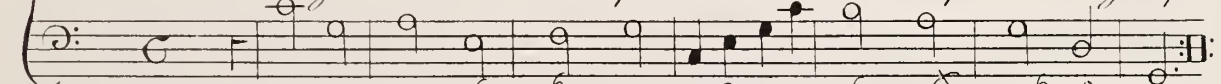
Solitary Relief.

Set by M^r Lampe

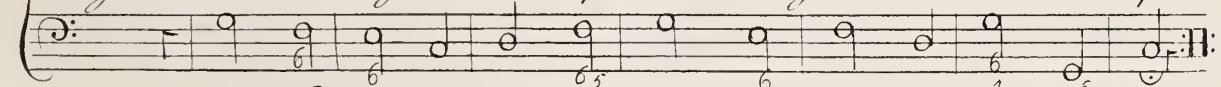
By B. Pham, Jr. in Jew



Blow on ye Winds, descend soft Rains, To sooth my ten-der Grief,



Your so-lemn Musick lulls my Pains, And gives me short Re-lief.

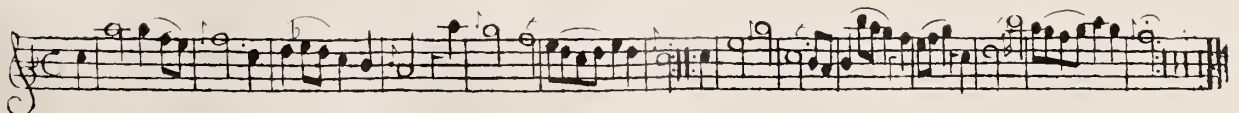


| | |
|--|---|
| <p><i>In some lone Corner would, I sit —</i> <i>Retir'd from human kind —</i> <i>Since Mirth nor: there nor sparkling Wit</i> <i>Can, sooth my anxious, Mind. —</i></p> | <p><i>The Sun which makes all Nature gay</i> <i>Torments my weary Eyes —</i> <i>And in dark Shades I spend y^e Day</i> <i>Where Eccho sleeping lies. —</i></p> |
|--|---|

4

The sparkling Stars which gayly shine
And glittering deck y^e Night
Are all such cruel Foes of mine —
I sicken at their sight.

D. F. L. U. T. E.





Good Advice

Set & sung by M.^r Leveridge.

Leave off this foolish prating talk no more of Whig & Tory But fill your Glass round
let it pass the Bottle stands be fore you Fill it up to the Top Let this Night wth
Mirth be crown'd drink about see it out Love & Friendship still go round.

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

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

Flute.



The Topers Sentence on a Sneaker.

To y^e God of Wine my Song & my design With a grateful Spirit will I praise His my
 Hearts delight to give him every Night & to Carrol merrily his Praise Monarch Bacchus gay &
 Young Free to save us and relieve us when the World goes wrong Sound his Name
 raise it high Sing his Fame to the Sky till the wise World join in our Song.

| | |
|---|--|
| Should a Mortal dare | Set the Rebel to the Bar; |
| His merry Subjects sneer | That y ^e Traytors Bound in Fetter |
| Let him dread y ^e fate decreed | May his Sentence hear: |
| A new Law well weigh'd | Let the Rogue in a String |
| The drinking Court has made | Like a Dog take a Swing |
| And to Justice thus they'll proceed. | Or be drown'd in rot gut small Beer. |

Flute.





Moggy

To y^e Rth Hon^{ble} the Lord QUARENDON, these 4 Plates are humbly Inscribid.

What beauties does Flora disclose? How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed? Yet Moggy's still
 sweeter than those Both nature and fancy exceeds Nor Daisy nor sweet blushing Rose Nor
 all y^e gay Flow'rs of y^e Fields Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those Such beauty & pleasure e'er yields.

| | | |
|--|--|---|
| <p>The warblers are heard in y^e grove The linnet y^e lark & y^e Thrush The blackbird & sweet cooling Dove With Musick enchant every Bush Come let us go forth to the Mead Let us see how y^e Primroses spring We'll lodge in some Village on Tweed And love while y^e feather'd folks sing</p> | <p>How does my love pass y^e long Day Does Mary not tend a few Sheep Do they never carelessly stray While happily she lies a Sleep Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest Kind Nature indulging my bliss So relieve y^e soft pains of my breast I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.</p> | <p>'Tis she does the Virgins excel No beauty n^o her can compare Loves graces all round her do dwell This fairest where thousands are fair Say charmer where do thy flocks stray Oh tell me at noon where they feed Shall I seek them on sweet winding Bay Or y^e pleasanter banks of y^e Tweed.</p> |
|--|--|---|

FLUTE.



In Praise of Burgundy.

Hail Burgundy thou juice divine, In-spirer of my Song, The praises giv'n to o-ther Wine to thee a-lone belong

Of poignant wit & rosy charms thou canst the pow'r im-prove Care of its Sting thy balm dis-

arms thou noblest gift of love Care of its Sting, thy balm disarms thou noblest gift of love.

2
 Bright Phœbus on the parent vines
 From whence thy Current streams
 Sweet smiling through the Tondrel shines
 And lavish darts his beams
 The pregnant Grape receives his fires
 And all his force retains
 With that same warmth our brains inspires
 And animates our Strains.

3
 From thee my Chloë's radiant Eye
 New sparkling Beams receives
 Her Checks imbibe a Rosier dye
 Her beautiful Bosom heaves
 Summon'd to love by thy alarms
 Oh with what nervous heat
 Worthy the Fair, we fill their Arms
 And oft our bliss repeat.

FLUTE.

4
 The Stoick prone to thought intense
 Thy softness can unwind
 A Cheerful gaiety dispence
 And make him taste a Friend
 His Brow grows clear he feels Content
 Forgets his pensive Strife
 And then concludes his time well spent
 In honest Social Life.

5
 E'en Beaux those soft amphibious things
 Wrapt up in self and dress
 Quite lost to the delight that springs
 From Sense thy pow'r confess
 The Top with chitty maudlin Face
 That dares but deeply drink
 Forgets his Cue and stiff grimace
 Grows free & seems to think.



THE
Lass of Patties Mill

The Lass of Patties Mill, so bonny blith and gay, In spite of any my skill, she

stole my Heart away When tedding of the Hay Bare Headed on the Green Love

midst her Locks did play And wantonid in her Ey'n.

*Her Arms white round & smooth
Breasts rising in y dawn
So age it would gi youth
So press them wth his Hand
Thro' all my Spirits ran
An extasic of bliss
When he such sweetness found
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.*

*Without the help of Art
Like Flowers y grace y Wild
She did her sweets impart
When e'er she spoke or smild
Her looks they were so mild
Free from affected pride
She me to Love bequild
She wishd her for my bride.*

*Oh! had Ise an the Wealth
Hopton's high mountains fill
Insurid long Life & Health
And pleasure at my will
I'd promise and fulfill
That none but bonny she
The Lass of Patties Mill
Shoud share y same wi me.*

For the Flute.



The Dying Swan.

Set by M^r. Monro.

Twas on a Rivers verdant Side Just at the Close of Day . A

dying Swan with Musick try'd To chase her Cares away.

2
*And tho' she neer had stretch'd her Throat
 Nor tun'd her Voice before
 Death ravish'd with so sweet a Note
 . A while the Stroke forbore.*

3
*Farewell she cry'd you silver Streams
 Ye purling Streams adieu
 Where Phaëbus us'd to dart his beams
 . And blest both me & you.*

*Farewell ye tender whistling Reeds
 . soft scenes of happy Love
 Farewell ye bright enamell'd Meads
 Where I was us'd to rove.*

5
*No more with you may I converse
 See yonder setting Sun
 Attends whilst I my last rehearse
 And then I must be gone.*

6
*Weep not my tender constant Mate
 We'll meet again below
 . It is the kind decree of Fate —
 (And I with pleasure go.)*

M^r Cary's Tune.

Mon:



Set by Mr. Hayden. G. Bickham jun. inv. et sc.

As I saw fair Clora walk a lone y^e sea there

As I saw fair Clora walk a lone y^e sea there

Now came softly down softly down softly down softly down softly down came softly softly soft-ly down

Now came softly down softly down softly down came softly softly soft-ly down

As love descending descending from his Tow'r to Court her in a Silver Show'r. As love de-

As love descending from his Tow'r to Court her in a Silver Show'r as love de-

scending from his Tow'r to Court her to Co...urt her in a Silver Show'r

scending from his Tow'r to Court her to Co...urt her in a Silver Show'r

The wan-ton Snow flew to her Breast as little little Birds in to their Vests.

The wanton Snow flew to her Breast as little Birds in to their Vests.

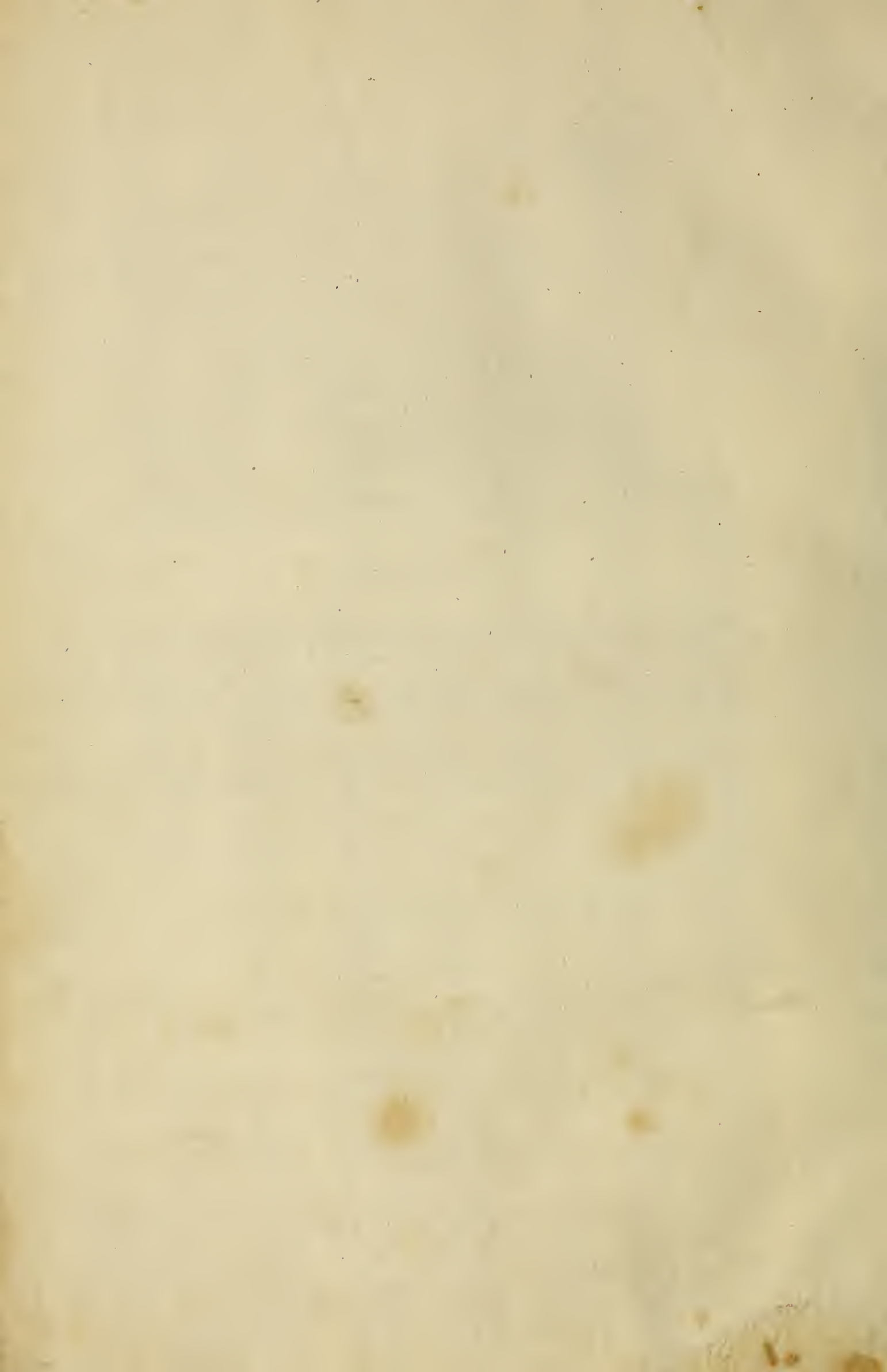


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But being o'er come with Whiteness there for Grief dissolv'd for Grief dissolv'd in-to a Tear
 But being o'er come with Whiteness there for Grief dissolv'd for Grief dissolv'd in-to a Tear
 Thence fall-ing on her Gar-ments Hem to de.....ck her froze froze froze into a Gem.
 Thence fall-ing on her Gar-ments Hem..... to de.....ck her froze froze froze into a Gem.

For the Flute.





Florella.

Why will, Florella when I gaze my ravish'd Eyes reprove And chide them from y^e on-ly Face they
 can behold with love To shun your scorn & ease my care I seek a Nymph more kind
 while I range from fair to fair still gentle u-sage find.

*But Oh! how faint is ev'ry Joy —
 Where Nature has no part
 New beauties may my Eyes employ
 But you engage my Heart
 So restless wiles doom'd to roam —
 Meet pitty ev'ry where
 But languish for their native home
 No Death attends them there.*

Flute.



The Proud Fair.

By M. Tho' Phillips.

Within y^e Compass of y^e Flute.

Slow

Too lovely fair one I confess y^e hvain whom you will deign to bless might sigh an Age a-way
 In ex-pec-ta-ti-on of y^e Joy when you no longer cold or coy shall all his Pains allay.

Indulgent Heaven has made thy form
 So Soft so Perfect and so Warm
 Who Gazes must adore
 But I so long in vain have try'd
 To move thy heart that seat of Pride
 That here, I give it o're.

And now proud fair a cure I've found I'll be no longer tamely bound in hopelefs flames to Bu...
 ... in hopelefs flames to burn vain maid I've shaken off my chain by Wine a conquest I obtain
 triumph in my turn } tri... triumph } triumph in my turn.



Britons strike Home.

To y^e Right Hon.^{ble} the Earl of CHESTERFIELD these 4 Plates are humbly Inscribe.

To Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to

To Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms to

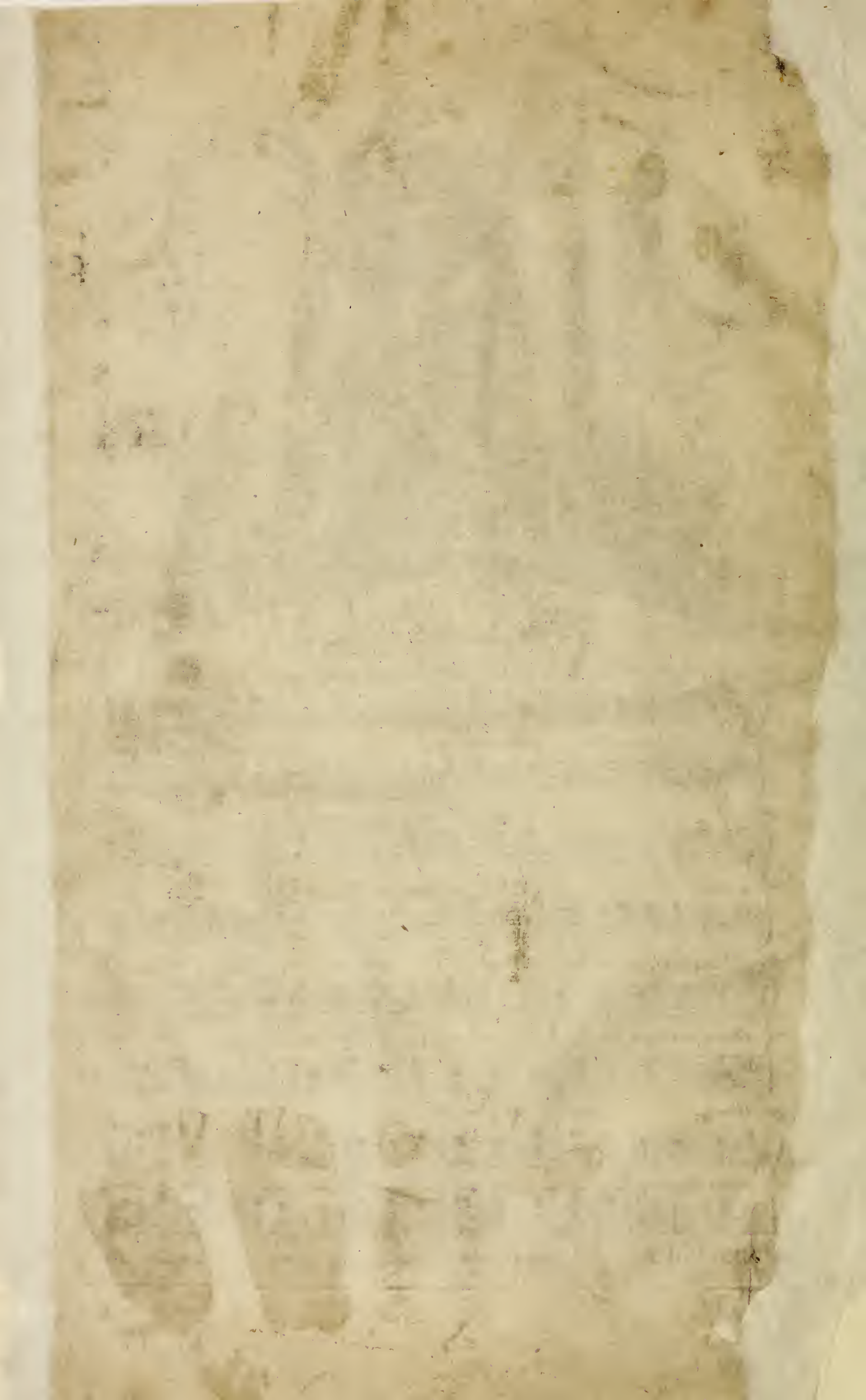
Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to

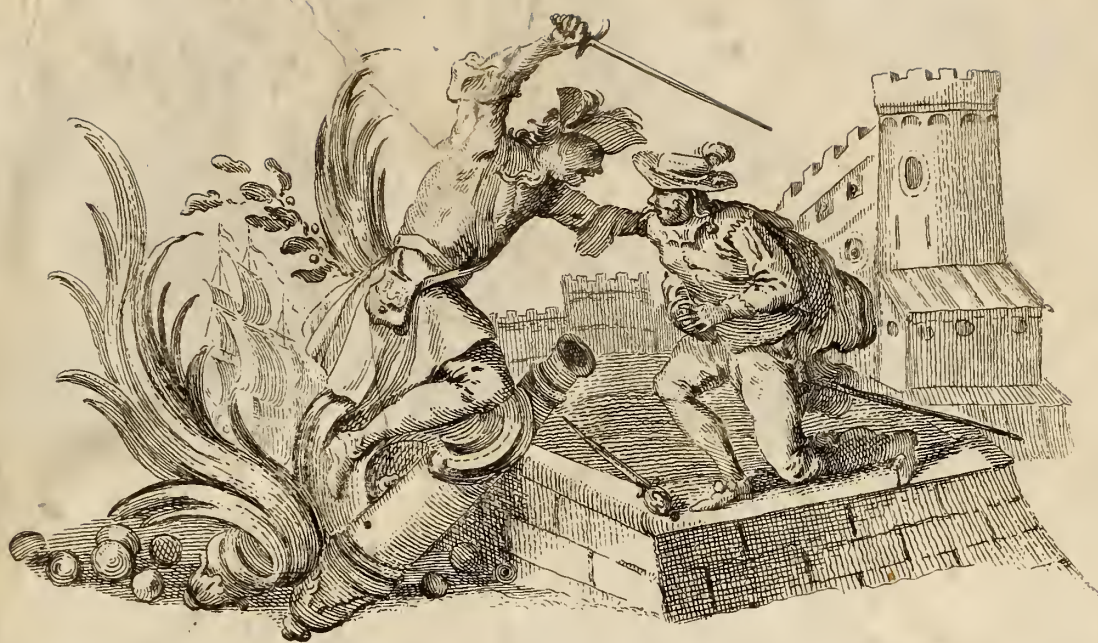
Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to

Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, Your En-signs

Arms, to Arms, to Arms, &c.

strait display, Now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, Set y^e Battle in array.





The Oracle for War declares for War declares Success depends Suc-

cess depends up-on our hearts & speaks the Oracle for War declares for

War declares Suc-cess depends Success depends up-on our hearts & speaks

Britains strike home re venge re venge your Countrys wrongs Fight

fight & re cord fight fight & re cord your Selves in Druid Songs fight

fight and re cord fight fight & re cord re cord your Selves in Druid Songs.

The musical score consists of ten systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is written in a style characteristic of 18th-century sheet music, with various ornaments and dynamic markings. The lyrics are written in italics between the staves. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.



Love Return'd.

Happy's the love if meets re-turn When in soft flames souls equal burn But Words are
 wanting to dis-co-ver The tor-ments of a hopeleſs Lover Ye registers of Heav'n re-late If
 looking o'er if rolls of fate Did you if see me mark'd as mar-ron So Ma-ry Scot if flow of yarrow

Ah no her form too heav'nly fair
 Her love if Gods above must share
 While Mortals in despair explore her
 And at a distance due adore her
 O lovely Maid my doubts beguile
 Revive and bleſs me with a ſmile
 Alas if not you'll ſoon debar a
 ſighing Swain if banks of yarrow.

Be hush ye fears I'll not deſpair
 My Mary tender as ſhe's fair
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish
 She is too good to let me languish
 With ſucceſs Crown'd I'll not envy
 The folks who dwell above the Sky
 When Mary Scot's become my mar-ron
 We'll make a Paradise on Yarrow.

Flute.



Traquair.

Hear me ye Nymphs & ev-ry Swain I'll tell how Peg-gy Grieves me Tho' thus I languish
and complain alas she ne'er believes me My Vows and Sighs like si-lent Air un-heeded ne-ver
mo-ve her At the bonny Bush a boon Traquair 'Twas there I first did loe her.

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

Yet now she scornful flies y' Plain
The fields we then frequented
If e'er we meet she shews disdain
She looks as ne'er acquainted
The bonny Bush bloom'd fair in May
Its sweets I'll ay remember
But now her Frowns make it decay
It fades as in December.

Ye rural Powers who hear my strains
Why thus should Peggy grieve me
Oh make her Partner in my Pains
Then let her Smiles relieve me
If not my love will turn Despair
My Passion no more tender
I'll leave y' Bush a boon Traquair
To lonely Wilds I'll wander.

FLUTE.