

J. Worsdale pinx

J. Faber Fecit

Harry Carey

THE
MUSICAL CENTURY,
IN
One Hundred ENGLISH
BALLADS,
ON

Various SUBJECTS and OCCASIONS ;

ADAPTED

To several Characters and Incidents in HUMAN LIFE.

AND CALCULATED

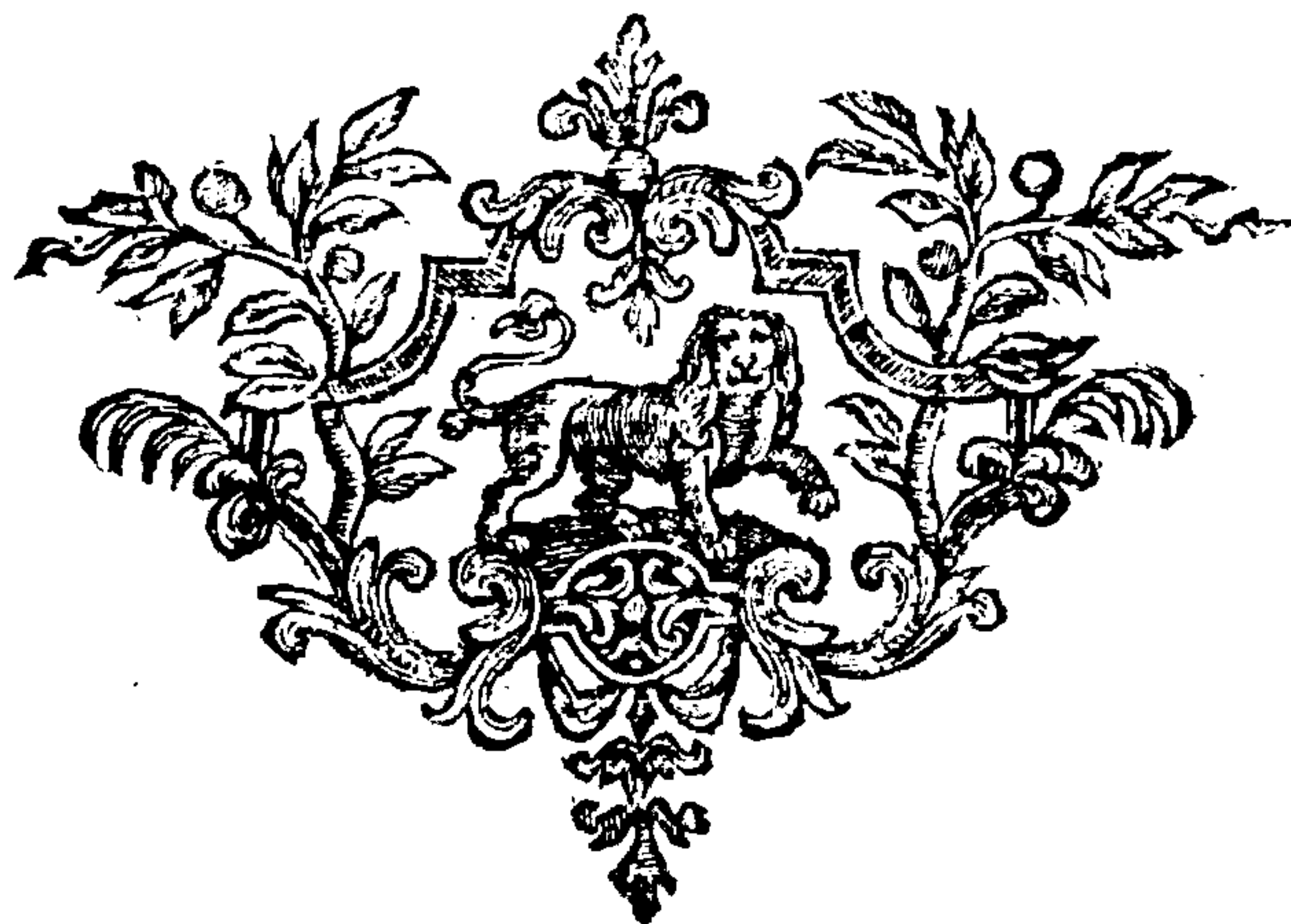
For Innocent CONVERSATION, MIRTH, and INSTRUCTION.

THE
WORDS and MUSICK of the Whole WORK,
By HENRY CAREY:

Hos ego Versiculos feci.

VOL. I. Containing the first Fifty.

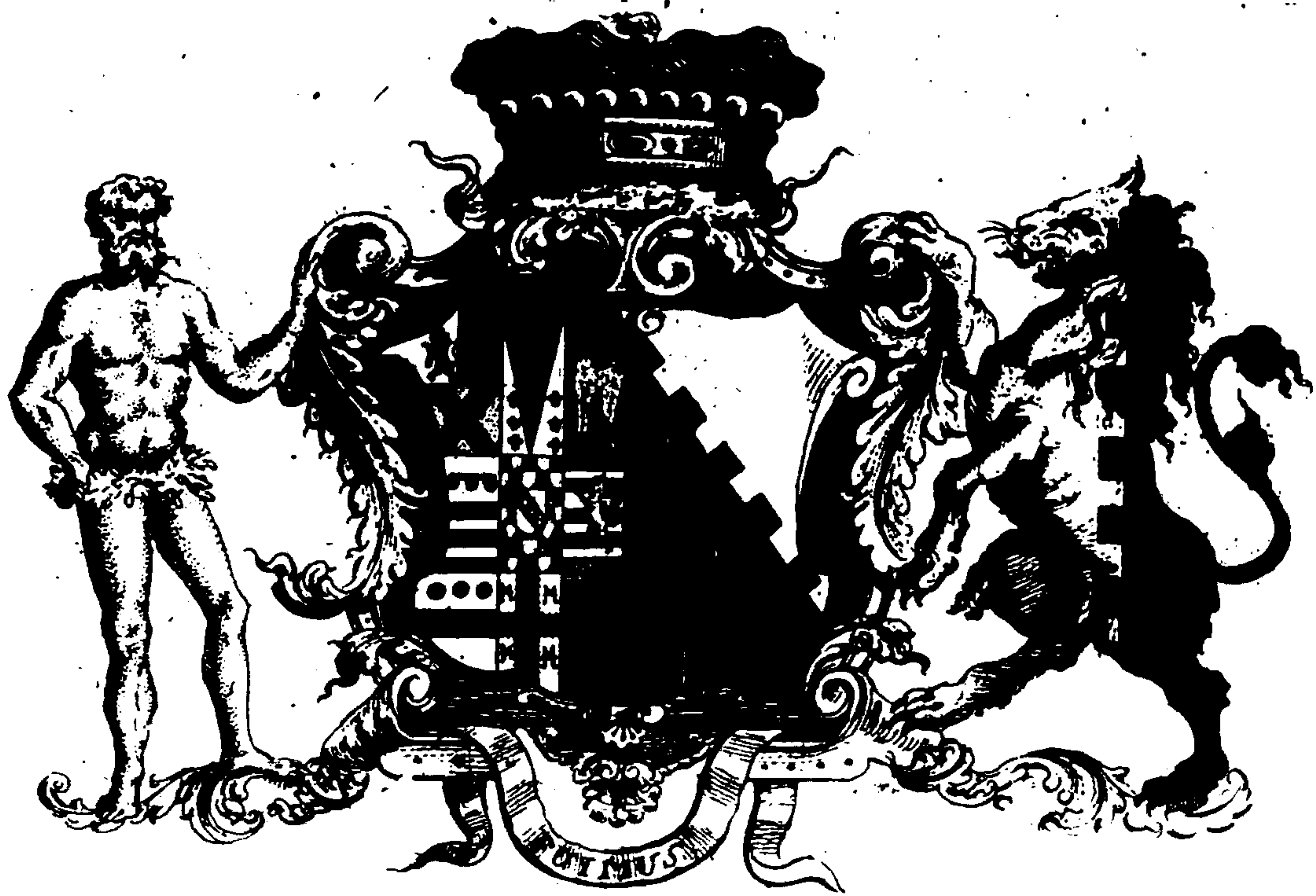
The Second EDITION.



L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR, and sold at the Musick-Shops, 1740.

Price 7s. 6d. each Volume, or 15s. the Set.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES,
Lord Viscount BRUCE.



HERE should the Sister Arts Protection find,
But from the Best and Noblest of Mankind?
Without such Patrons Science would decay,
And in Oblivion, moulder quite away:
The Age would be of Reason's Light bereft,
Were not, like You, some Bright Examples left,
Who nourish Learning, Patronize our Schools,
And rescue Truth, from the assaults of Fools.
By Your most Godlike Acts, the World is told,
That BRUCE is what *Mccænas* was of Old:
Like Him, from Heroes sprung and Ancient Kings,
You feed a fresh the Heliconian Springs;
Relieve Affliction, bid the Poet live,
Bless'd in that Bounty you delight to give.
Amazing Goodness! greatly to bestow,
And not the Person, but the Motive know:
To such High Worth, the Muse presumes to raise
This Monument of Gratitude and Praise.

*Your LORDSHIP's most Obedient,
and ever Oblig'd Servant,*

HENRY CAREY.



T H E

P R E F A C E.



As the Entertainment of the Publick has been the chief Pleasure and Study of my Life, and as I have had the good Fortune to succeed, I thought it incumbent on me to offer this small Testimony of my Gratitude, in return for the Encouragement I have found from the generous and good Naturesd, which has supported me against the Injuries of Stage Tyrants, whom I now have the Pleasure to despise.

This Work has been long in Hand, and gone through several Amendments, which I hope will terminate to the Satisfaction of my Subscribers, and make them some Amends for indulging me in point of Time

I acknowledge I have over-tasked myself in this Undertaking, little considering the Labour and Expence I have since found, but I had gone too far to recede; and as I promised, so I was determined to perform, thinking no Labour or Expence too much, for the many Favours already received.

As these little Labours are the Offspring of my own Brain, I confess I retain a paternal Concern for them, and am willing to send them into the World in the best Manner I am able.

Besides, many of my Friends being willing to collect 'em, I chose this Method of Publication, for here they have them Compleat and Correct, in one Entire Edition of my own, at less then the tenth Part of the Expence, they must otherwise be at, to purchase them, as scattered Abroad in false and surreptitious Scraps and Miscellanies, published by other Hands

To make all new, would be an Impossibility, as well as an Injury to my former Studies, for there are several Songs contained in this Work, which I hope will be never the worse esteemed, for being Composed many Years ago; they have pleased the Predecessors of many Persons now living, and may do the same to their Successors

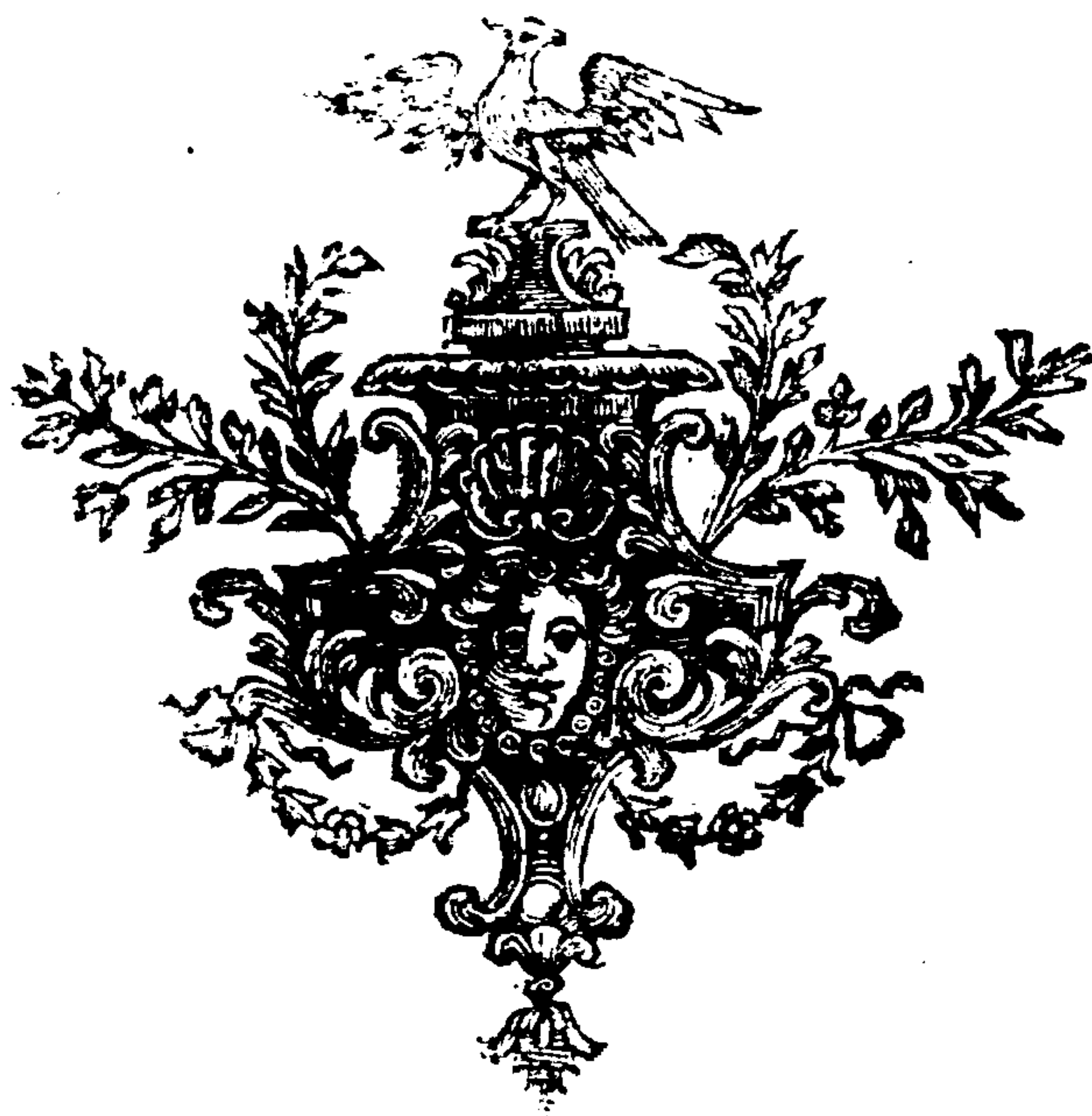
What

P R E F A C E.

What retarded the Publication thus long, was the Prospect I had from an Act depending in Parliament, for securing the Right of Copies to Authors or their Assigns, &c. it being almost incredible how much I have suffer'd by having my Works Pyrated; my Loss on that Account, for many Years past, amounting to little less than 300l. per Annum, as I can easily make appear to any Person, conversant in Publication.

As the Justice of such a Law is self Evident; and an Act already made in Favour of Engravers, I doubt not but the Wisdom and Humanity of the LEGISLATURE, will one time or other regulate this Affair, not confining the Property of Authors, &c. to one particular Branch, but extending it to the Benefit of Arts and Sciences in General.

Oh! could I see the Day!





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O F T H E

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The Lady's Lamentation for the Loss of Senesino.

Lento

Sung by Mrs CLIVE

The musical score consists of five systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first system begins with 'As musing I rang'd in the Meads all a-love, A Beautiful'. The second system continues with 'Creature was making her Moan: Oh the Tears they did trickle full'. The third system has 'fast from her Eyes and she pierc'd both the Air & my Heart with her'. The fourth system reads 'Cries. Oh the Tears they did trickle full fast from her Eyes & she'. The fifth system concludes with 'pierc'd both the Air and my Heart with her Cries'. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

2
I gently requested the Cause of her Moan,
She told me her sweet Senesino was flown,
And in that sad Posture she'd ever remain,
Unless y' dear Charmer would come back again.

3
Pray who is this Mortal so cruel said I,
What draws such a Stream from so lovely an Eye,
To Beauty so blooming what Man can be blind,
To Passion so tender what Monster unkind.

4
'Tis neither for Man or for Woman said she,
That thus in lamenting I water the Lee,
My Warbler Celestial sweet Darting of Fame,
Is a Shadow of something, a Sex without Name.

5
Perhaps 'tis some Linnet, some Blackbird said I,
Perhaps 'tis your Lark y' has soar'd to the Sky,
Come dry up your Tears & abandon y' Grief,
I'll bring you another to give you Relief.

6
No Linnet, no Blackbird no Skylark said she,
But one much more tuneful by far than all three,
My sweet Senesino for whom thus I cry,
Is sweeter than all y' wing'd Songsters that fly.

7
Adieu Farinelli, Cuzzoni likewise,
Whom Stars & whom Garters extol to y' Skies,
Adieu to the Op'ra, adieu to the Ball,
My Darling is gone & a Fig for 'em all.

Largo *The Lover's Complaint.*

Ah cruel Fair can you leave me to despair Or see my
Woe And yet no Pity shew O hear your Swain Relieve my
Pain or Death will soon remove, the Wretch you cannot love Or
Death will soon remove the Wretch you cannot love

2

3

Must all those Charms,
 Fill my happy Rival's Arms,
 Must I repine,
 Yet never see you mine.
 O hapless Fate,
 O causeless Hate,
 Yet Spight of your Disdain,
 I still embrace my Chain.
 Yet Spight &c

May you be blest,
 And of all you wish possess,
 While in some Cave,
 Poor I distracted rave
 Woods Rocks & Stones,
 Shall hear my Groans,
 And greater Pity shew,
 Than you that caus'd my Woe.
 And greater &c.

Flute

Vivace *Hunting Song for two Voices.*

8
Away away the Stag's at Bay, the Stag's at Bay Away away the

8
Away away the Stag's at Bay the Stag's at Bay A
Stag's at Bay the Hounds are waiting for their Prey. the Huntsman's

6
way a-way the Hounds are waiting for their Prey.
call invites ye all, the Huntsman's call invites ye all come in come

7 7
The Huntsman's call, the Huntsman's call invites ye all come in come
in Boys while you may, come in come in Boys while you may.

in Boys while you may, come in come in Boys while you may.

2
The jolly Horn the rosie Morn the rosie Morn,
The jolly Horn the rosie Morn,
With Harmony of deep mouth'd Hounds,
These these my Boys are heavenly Joys,
These these my Boys are heavenly Joys,
A Sportsman's Pleasure knows no Bound!
A Sportsman's Pleasure &c.

3
The Horn shall be the Husbands Fee, & Husbands Fee,
The Horn shall be the Husbands Fee,
And let him take it not in Scorn,
The great and sage in e'ery Age,
The great and sage in e'ery Age,
Have not disdain'd to wear the Horn
Have not disdain'd &c.

Flute.

The Words undermark'd with Red are to be left out by the Bass.

Vivace

The Contented Cuckold.

A Cuckold, it is thought a most reproachfull Name, tho'

Wives commit the Fault yet Husbands bear the Blame. 'Tis

easy for a Woman a little Slip to make and if it

were uncommon, how many Heads would ach.

2.

I'll give my Wife her Humour, if she but give me mine.
 And if I feel a Tumour, I never shall repine:
 If she a Cuckold make me, I'll pay her in her kind.
 And may the Devil take me, if e'er I lag behind.

Flute.



Lento *Song in Britannia Sung by Miss Jones* 5

Beautiful Charmer, Pride of Nature I-dol Goddess of my
Heart, Soul of Sweetness, Heav'n born Creature, Ease a tender
Lovers Smart. How I doat adore and languish, Witness
all the Gods a-bove, Nothing can assuage my Anguish
but a Smile from her I love.

Every Step inspires Devotion,
Every Look displays a Grace,
So Majestic is your Motion,
So Angelic is your Face,
If there's Pleasure in beholding,
Such a boundless Blaze of Charms,
Oh the Rapture of enfolding,
So much Beauty in my Arms.

Flute.

The Modern Beau; Sung by M^r Kelly.

In the Honest Yorkshire-Man. Compos'd by M^r Carey.

Come hither my Country Squire, Take friendly Instructions from me. The
 Lords shall admire, thy Taste in Attire, The Ladies shall languish for Thee:
 Such flaunting, gallanting and jaunting, Such frolicking thou shalt see, Thou
 neer like a Clown, shalt quit London's sweet Town, to live in thine own Country.

2

A Skimming-Dish Hat provide,
 With little more Brim than Lace;
 Nine Hairs on a Side,
 To a Pig's Tail ty'd,
 Will set off thy Jolly broad Face.
 Cho. Such Flaunting, &c

3

Go, get thee a Footman's Frock,
 A Cudgel quite up to thy Nose,
 Then frizz like a Shock,
 And plaister thy Block,
 And buckle thy Shoes at the Toes.
 Cho. Such Flaunting, &c.

4

A Brace of Ladies fair,
 To pleasure thee shall strive,
 In a Chaise and Pair,
 They shall take the Air,
 And thou in the Box shalt drive.
 Cho. Such Flaunting &c.

5

Convert thy Acres to Cash,
 And saw thy Timber down,
 Who'd keep such Trash,
 And not cut a Flash,
 Or enjoy the Delights of the Town.
 Cho. Such Flaunting &c



Dithyrambick for two Voices.

Allegramonte

Cupid no more shall give me grief, Or anxious cares oppress my soul; While gen'rous Bacchus brings Relief, and drowns 'em in a flowing Bowl.

Cupid no more shall give me grief Or anxious cares oppress my soul: While gen'rous Bacchus brings Relief and drowns 'em in a flowing Bowl.

2

Cælia thy Scorn I now despise,
 Thy boasted Empire I disown:
 This takes the Brightness from thy Eyes,
 And makes it sparkle in my own.

FLUTE.

Cælia thy Scorn I now despise,
 Thy boasted Empire I disown:
 This takes the Brightness from thy Eyes,
 And makes it sparkle in my own.



The Memorable Ballad of unfortunate Phillis the fair Maid of Preston in Lancashire.

Slow.



Phillis the beautiful & gay,
By all admir'd & lov'd,
Had stol'n y^e Shepherd's heart away,
But mark how Phillis prov'd!

Deaf & regardless to his Pray'r,
With scorn she from him flew;
She was unkind, as she was Fair,
& False, as he was True.

Poor Colin, forc'd by her disdain,
To Desarts wild retir'd;
Where oft he sigh'd, but sigh'd in vain,
For her whom he admir'd.

The other Nymphs for Colin pind,
Phillis his Love despis'd;
She to that passion was unkind,
Which many would have priz'd.

But she, who had thus long deny'd
An humble constant Swain,
Phillis, who had with wondrous Pride
Resisted all the Plain,

Was vanquisht by a Coat of Lacc,
& by an Outside won;
By Flaxen Wig, & Brazen Face,
Poor Phillis was undone.

It chanc'd a splendid Courtier came
To breath the rural Air;
Whose gay Addresses did inflame
The too, too easy Fair.

This Courtier, artful to deceive,
So much on Phillis gain'd,
All he could ask, or she could give,
He easily obtain'd.

But scarce had he the Fair enjoy'd,
& gain'd her tender heart;
When, with her fond Embraces cloy'd,
He quickly did depart.

Phillis thus basely left alone,
By him whom she ador'd,
To ev'ry Echo made her moan,
& ev'ry pow'r implor'd.

But ah, alas! too late she found
Her darling so unkind,
For Love had all their Labour crown'd
& left a Pledge behind.

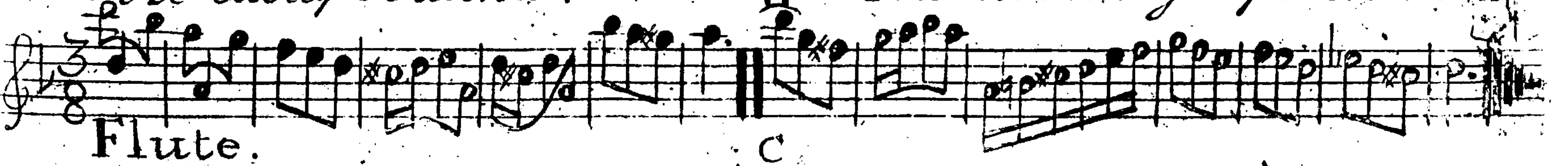
Of Colin now she seeks relief,
And to the desert flies;
Where he had stol'n to vent his grief,
& Echo forth his cries.

But Colin grown much wiser now,
Experienced by his smart,
Met Phillis with an angry brow,
& baffled all her Art.

His love was now to hatred turn'd,
His fondness to disdain,
& she who had his passion scorn'd
He scorn'd as much again.

Back to the Groves he did repair,
& there in Wedlock join'd
A Nymph, as faithless Phillis Fair,
But much more Chaste, & Kind.

Poor Phillis far remoter fled,
Her adverse fate to blame;
Where she conceal'd her guilty head,
But not her grief & shame.





The Maid's Petition.

*Largo e
Affettuoso.*

Cruel Creature can you leave me, can you

then Ungrateful prove! did you Court me, to deceive me,

& to slight my Constant Love?

2
False Ungrateful! thus to woe me,
Thus to make my Heart a Prize:
First to ruin and undo me,
Then to Scorn and Tyrannize.

3
Shall I send to Heavn my prayer,
Shall I all my Wrongs relate;
Shall I curse the dear betrayer?
No, alas! it is too late.

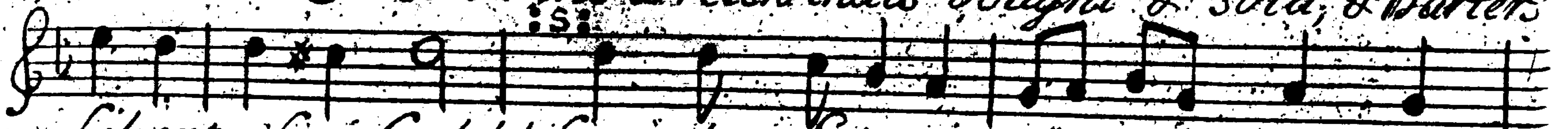
4
Cupid, pity my Condition,
Pierce this unrelenting Swain,
Hear a Tender Maids Petition,
& restore my Love again.

Flute.

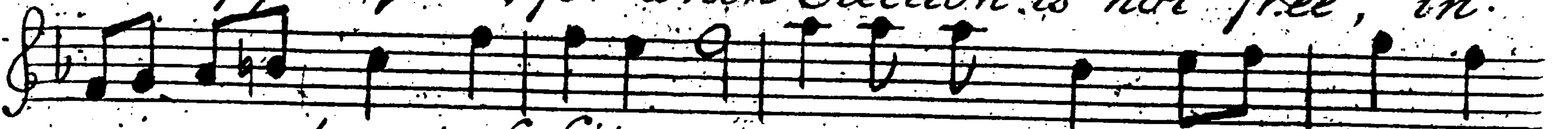
Carey's With a Catch for 3 Voices, { Proper to be sung, at all Elections.



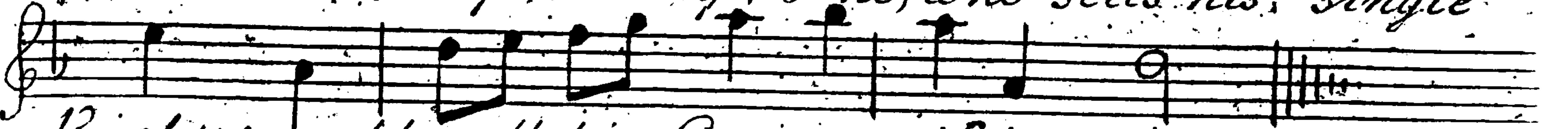
Curst be the Wretch that's bought & sold, & Barter



Liberty for Gold! for when Election is not free, in



vain we boast of Liberty, & he, who sells his, single

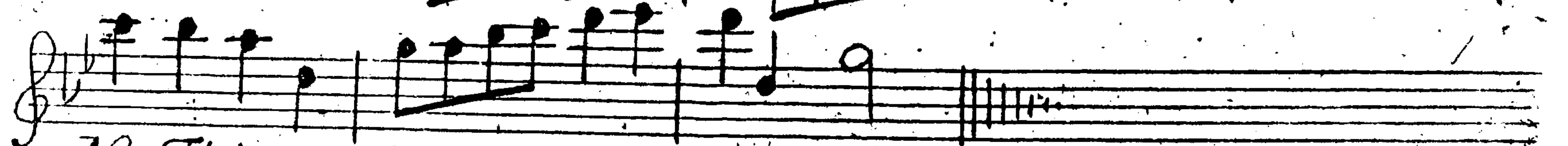
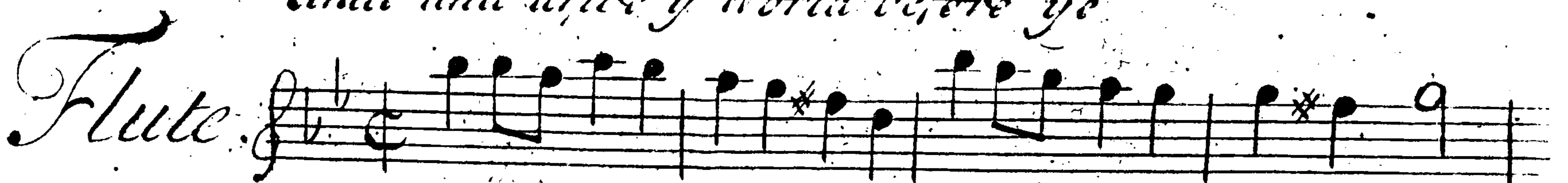


Right, would sell his Country, if he might.

2
When Liberty is put to Sale
For Wine, for Money, or for Ale,
The Sellers must be abject Slaves,
The Buyers vile designing Knaves;
It has a Proverb been of Old,
The Devil's bought, but to be sold.

5
This Maxim, in the Statesman's School
Is always taught, Divide & Rule.
All parties are to him a joke;
While Zealots foam, he fits the yoke:
When men their reason once resume,
'Tis then the Statesman's turn to fume.

4
Learn, learn ye Brittons to unite,
Leave off the old exploded bite!
Hence forth let Whig & Tory cease,
& turn all party rage to peace,
Rouse and revive your ancient glory,
Unite and drive y^e World before ye



NB. This may be play'd in Concert by 3 Flutes of equal pitch.

Sung by Master Osborn in y^e happy Nuptials.

Cupid God of gay Desires. Hymen with thy sacred Fires
 Smiling Zephyrs haste a-way Grace this happy happy Day
 Grace this happy happy Day this hap... py happy
 Day this hap... py happy Day.

*Loves and Graces all attend,
 Pow'rs propitious all befriend,
 Make them your peculiar Care:
 Bless this happy happy Pair,
 Bless this hap-py happy Pair,
 This hap... py happy Pair.*

Flute

Sung by M^{rs} Clive in *Colombine Courtezan*.

Crouds of Coxcombs, thus deluding, cringing chatt'ring

Ogling flatt'ring by coquetting, and by pruding all are

Victims to my Art. While at Will of Fools I'm leading,

they for Favours in-ter-ceed-ing, with vain Hopes their

Fancies feeding, still untouch'd I keep my Heart, - - -

still untouch'd I keep my Heart.

Each imagines he shall gain me,
 Thinks I prize him,
 Who despise him,
 All their Wiles shall ne'er obtain me,
 Born to baffle all Mankind.

Like of Winds & Waves still changing,
 Never constant, ever ranging,
 Cupid from my Heart estranging,
 That's as cold as he is blind.
 That's &c.

Flute

D

The Supplication.

Andante

Divinest Fair, oh ease my
Care and kindly cheer your dy-ing Swain No longer fly
no more deny, but give me Love for Love again, no longer
fly no more deny, but give me Love for Love again.

The musical score consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. Each system has a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is marked 'Andante'. The lyrics are written below the staves. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line. The fourth system ends with a double bar line. There are various fingering numbers (1-5) and articulation marks (accents, slurs) throughout the score.

2

Love's pow'rfull Dart,

Has pierc'd my Heart,

Shot from your irresistless Charms;

Nor can I rest,

Untill I'm blest,

Encircled in your snowy Arms.

Flute.

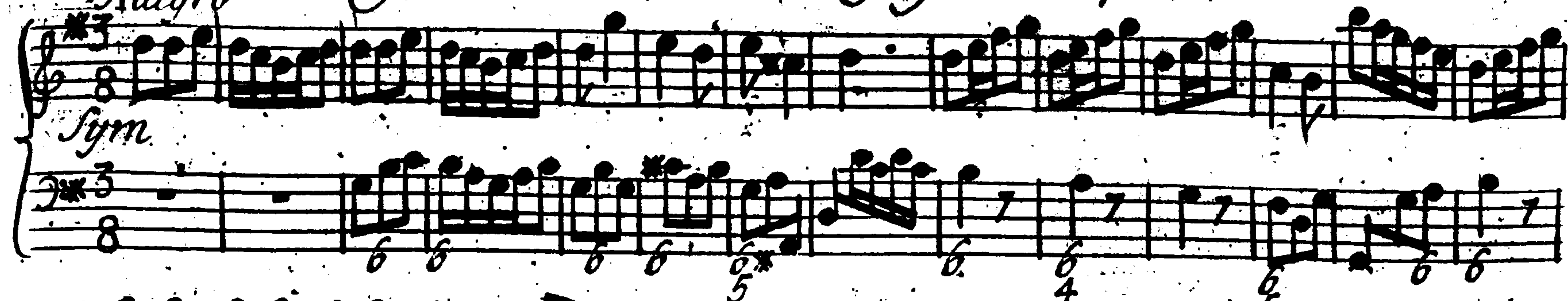
The musical score for the Flute part consists of two systems. The first system is a single staff in treble clef, 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat. The second system is also a single staff in treble clef, 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat. The music is marked 'Andante'. There are various fingering numbers and articulation marks throughout the score.

D₂

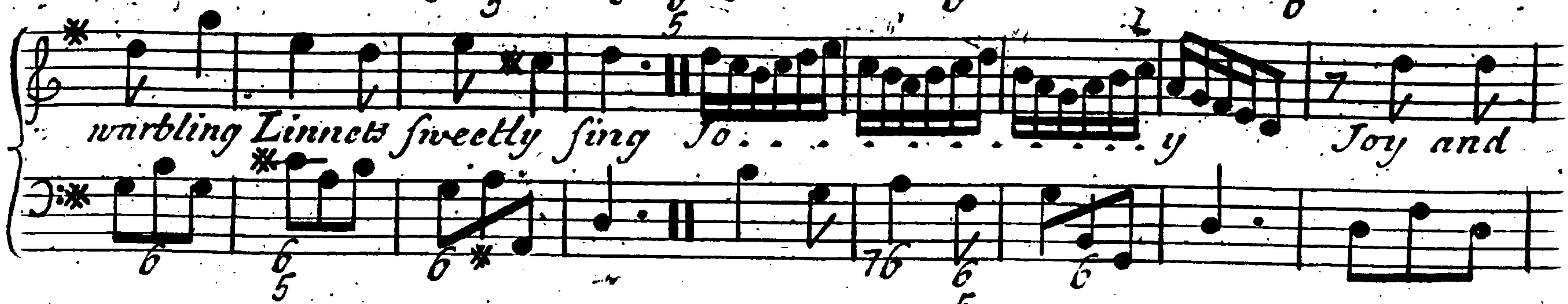
Pastoral made in y^e Year 1715.

Allegro

Sym



Flocks are sporting Doves are courting



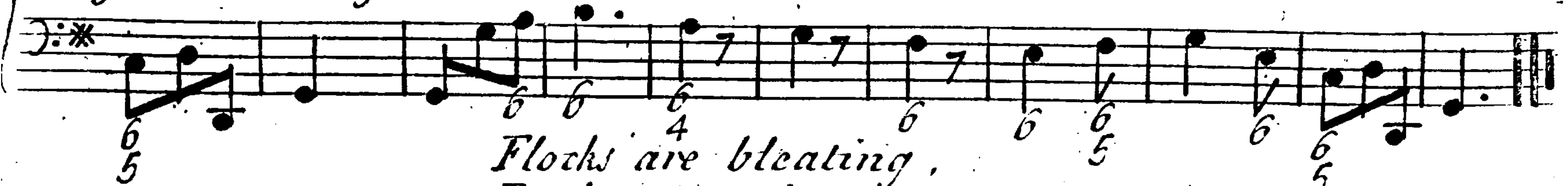
warbling Linnets sweetly sing Jo... Joy and



Pleasure without Measure kindly hail the glorious Spring kindly hail the



glorious Spring. Ritornel



*Flocks are bleating,
Rocks repeating,
Valleys echo back the Sound;
Dancing singing,
Piping springing,
Nought but Mirth and Joy goes round,
Nought but Mirth and Joy goes round.*



Song



Ritornel

Flute.

Sym

M^{rs} Stuart's Retirement.

Moderato.

From y^e Court to the Cottage convey me away, For I'm weary of

Grandeur and what they call gay; From the Court to the Cottage con

vey me away for I'm weary of Grandeur & what they call gay

Where Pride without Measure and Pomp without Pleasure make

Life in a Circle of Hurry decay.

<p>2</p> <p>Far remote & retir'd from y^e Noise of y^e Town, I'll exchange my Brocade for a plain Russet Gown, My Friends shall be few, But well chosen and true, And sweet Recreation our Evening shall crown.</p>	<p>3</p> <p>With a Rural Repast a rich Banquet to me, On a mossy green Bank near some shady old Tree The Rivers clear Brink, Shall afford me my Drink, And Temperance my friendly Physician shall be.</p>
---	---

4

Ever calm and serene with Contentment still blest,
Not too giddy with Joy or with Sorrow deprest,
I'll neither invoke,
Or repine at Death's Stroke,
But retire from y^e World as I wou'd to my Rest.

Flute

Ever calm and serene with Contentment still blest,
Not too giddy with Joy or with Sorrow deprest,
I'll neither invoke,
Or repine at Death's Stroke,
But retire from y^e World as I wou'd to my Rest.



The Happy Inconstant.

Vivace

Happy the youthfull Swain, that feels no lovesick Smart;
But without Grief or Pain, can win a Virgins Heart: Happy be-
yond expressing is he who can ob-tain, That most transporting
Blessing which others seek in vain

2
Love and the Graces smiling,
In all his Actions meet;
Cupid the fair beguiling,
Still makes his Conquests sweet;
Love is his only Treasure,
Beauty his only Gain;
Ever he finds the Pleasure,
But never feels the Pain.

Flute.

E

Love in Perfection. A Sonnet.

I'll range a-round the shady Bow'rs, And gather
all the sweetest Flow'rs, I'll strip the Gar-den and the
Grove, to make a Gar-land for my Love.

²
When in the sultry Heat of Day,
My thirsty Nymph does panting lay;
I'll hasten to the Rivers Brink,
And drain y^e Floods but she shall drink.

³
At Night to rest her weary Head,
I'll make my Love a grassy Bed,
And with green Boug^h I'll form a Shade,
That nothing may her Rest invade.

⁴
And whilst dissolv'd in Sleep she lies,
My self shall never close these Eyes,
But gazing still with fond Delight,
I'll watch my Charmer all y^e Night.

⁵
And then as soon as chearful Day,
Dispells y^e darksome Clouds away,
Forth to the Forrest I'll repair,
To seek Provision for my Fair.

⁶
Thus will I spend y^e Day y^e Night,
Still mixing Labour with Delight,
Regarding nothing I endure,
So I can Ease for her procure.

⁷
But if the Nymph whom thus I love,
Should ever false or faithless prove,
I'll seek some dismal distant Shore,
And never think of Woman more.

Flute:

Sung by M^{rs} Cantrell in the Honest Yorkshire - Man. 19

In Vain you mention Pleasure to one confin'd like
me; Ah what is Wealth or Treasure compar'd to Liber-
ty: O thou for whom I languish and does the same for me, Re-
ceive a Virgins Anguish, and set a Captive free.

2

By Crouds of Spies surrounded,
Who all my Actions trace;
Their Schemes on Mischief founded,
I'm watch'd from Place to Place;
But Innocence shall guard me,
And Patience wait the Day;
When Virtue shall reward me,
And all my Wrongs repay.

Flute.

Sung by Mr. Salway, In y^e Honest Yorkshire Man²⁰

I am in Truth, A Country Youth, Unus'd to London Fashions; Yet
 Virtue guides, and still presides, O'er all my Steps and Passions; No courtly
 Leer, but all sincere, No Bribe shall ever blind me, If you can like, A
 Yorkshire Like, An honest Man you'll find me.

2

Tho' Envy's Tongue,
 With Slander hung,
 Does oft belye our County;
 No Men on Earth,
 Boast greater Birth,
 Or more extend their Bounty;
 Our Northern Breeze,
 With us agrees,
 And does for Business fit us;
 In publick Cares,
 In Loves Affairs,
 With Honour we acquit us.

3

A noble Mind,
 Is neer confin'd,
 To any Shire or Nation;
 He gains most Praise,
 Who best displays,
 A gen'rous Education;
 While Rancour rolls,
 In narrow souls,
 By narrow Views discerning;
 The truly wise,
 Will only prize,
 Good Manners, Sense & Learning.

The Happy Rusticks. For two Voices. 21

Vivace

In these Shades with delightful Tranquility, Free from
 In these Shades with delightful Tranquility Free from
 Envy Care and Strife Blest with Innocence Health and A-
 En-vy Care and Strife, Blest with In nocence Health and A-
 gili-ty. Oh how sweet's a Rural Life
 gili-ty. Oh how sweet's a Rural Life

6 6 6 4 5 6

6 5

6 4 2 6 7 4 3

2

Endless Circles of Pleasure surrounding us,
 Ever easy ever gay;
 No Perplexities ever confounding us,
 Thus our Moments slide away.

3

No Ambition without its Anxiety,
 Crowns themselves are lin'd with Care;
 Sweet Content is sufficient Variety,
 More is but the Misers Share.

F'lute

F

Pastoral.

Andante

Leave leave your folded Flocks in Peace to sleep, All Night upon the

Green your Revels keep; While on y^e Verdant Plain we sport and play, We'll never

Vivace

think of sleep or wish for Day. With innocent Pleasure our Moments we'll

measure Content is a Treasure that ne'er will decay. Tho' Worldlings advise us tho'

Lordlings despise us, they wrongly surmise us We're happier than they.

Flute.

Sung by Mrs. Cantrell. In the Honest Yorkshire Man.

Andante

Love's a gentle
Gen - row Passion, Source of all sublime Delight When with Mu-
- tual Inclination, Two fond Hearts in one u - nite. Two fond
Hearts in one Unite.

2

What are Titles, Pomp or Riches,
If compar'd with true Content;
That false Joy which now bewitches,
When obtain'd we may repent.
When &c.

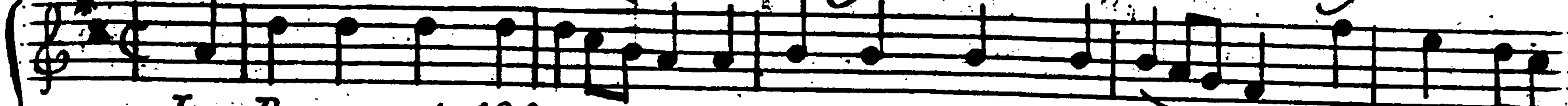
3

Lawless Passions bring Vexation;
But a chaste and constant Love;
Is a glorious Emulation,
Of the Blissfull State above.
Of &c.

Flute.

The Gregorian Constitution Song.

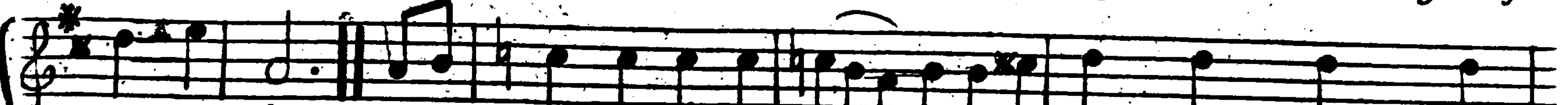
Vivace



Let Poets and Historians, Record the brave Gregorians, In long &



Let Poets and Historians, record y^e brave Gregorians, In long &



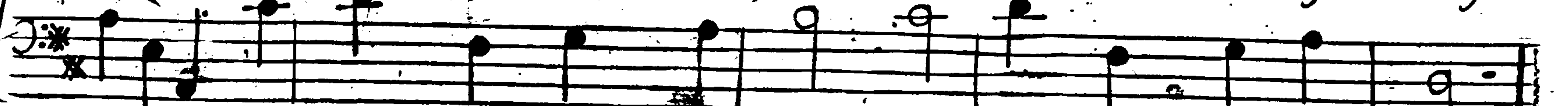
lasting Lays; While Hearts & Voices joyning, in gladsome Songs com-



lasting Lays; While Hearts & Voices joyning, in gladsome Songs com-



bining, Sing forth their deathless Praise. Sing forth their deathless Praise.



bining, sing forth their deathless Praise, Sing forth their deathless Praise.

2

If innocent Variety,
Content and sweet Society,
Can make us Mortals blest;
In social Love united,
With Harmony delighted,
We Emulate the best.

We &c.

3

Our Friendship and Affinity,
Surpasses Consanguinity,
As Gold surpasses Ore;
Success to Every Brother,
Let's stand by one another,
Till Time shall be no more.

Till &c.

Flute.



Sally Sweetbread. Sung by M^{rs} Roberts.

Allegro

Now the good Man's from home I could cast away Care, & with some brisk

Fellow steal out to the Fair, But some are too bashfull, & others too

bold, and Woman's Intentions are not to be told.

But could I once meet,
 With a Spark to my Mind;
 One fit to be trusted,
 I then might prove kind;
 With him I'd steal out,
 And I'd range the Fair round;
 Both eating and drinking,
 the best could be found.

Oh! there I shall see,
 The fine Gentlemen Rakes,
 And hear the sweet Cry,
 Of Beer, Ale, Wine and Cakes:
 While I in blue Apron,
 And clean Linnen Gown,
 Allure all the Sparks,
 From the Flirts of the Town.

There's Fielding & Oates,
 There's Hynpsly and Hall,
 There's Pinchbeck & Fawkes,
 There's the Devil and all.
 I'll have the best Place,
 And I'll see every Sight,
 And revel in Pleasure,
 From Morning till Night.

Then home get secure,
 E'er my Husband comes back;
 And cry most demure,
 What d'ye buy, what d'ye lack;
 Thus courted and treated,
 Gallanted and kiss'd:
 Can Deary be cheated,
 When nothing is miss'd

Flute.

G



Sung by M^r Salway & M^{rs} Cantrell in y^e Honest Yorkshire-Man.

Arb: *Now Fortune is past its severest, My Passion of Mortals sincerest kind*

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

Heav'n has repaid in my Dearest, what Gift can it greater bestow. True

6 6 6 5 4 3 6 6 6 6 6 5 4 3 5

Gay:

Love shall thro' Desti-ny guide us, still constant what e-ver betide us, there's

* * *

Nothing but Death shall divide us so faithful a Fondness we'll shew. By

* *

Both

Cupid & Hymen united, with no future Dangers affrighted, we'll live in each

* *

By

other delighted the greatest of Blessings below.

other delighted, the greatest of Blessings below.

Flute.

Sung by Master Osborne in y^e Happy Nuptials.

Alligro

Oh Joy beyond expressing, the Lover free from all Alarms En-

joys the wish'd for Blessing, within the fair ones Arms; In

nuptial Bands united, what Pleasures crown the happy

Pair With nuptial Sweets delighted what Raptures must they

Share. may ev'ry Bliss attend them, no End their sweet Endearments

know And bounteous Heav'n befriend them, with all it can bestow.

Flute.

The Romp. Sung by M^{rs} Cibber in *the Provok'd Husband*. ²⁸

Allegro

Oh I'll have a Husband ay marry, for why should I longer tarry, for
 why should I longer tarry, than other brisk Girls have done: For if I stay till
 I grow grey, they'll call me old Maid, & fusty old Gade, so I'll no longer
 tarry, but I'll have a Husband ay marry, if money can buy me one.

2

My Mother she says I'm too coming;
 & still in my Ears She is drumming,
 & still in my Ears She is drumming,
 That I such vain thoughts should shun:
 My Sisters they cry,
 Oh fye, & Oh fye!
 But, yet I can see,
 They're as coming as me;
 So, let me have Husbands in plenty,
 I'd rather have Twenty times Twenty,
 Than dye an old Maid Undone.

Flute.

Toby Swill, Or the Spunger.

Gavotta Allegro

Old To-by Swill has ne'er his fill, He'll drink from Night to

Day, Yet does not care to pay his Share, but flyly flinks away: He'll

joak & laugh, He'll pay & quaff, untill if Reck'ning's call'd, that

strikes him dumb, He's then Hum drum, and all his Mirth is pall'd,

pay Toby's Shot, 'tis all forgot & he again is gay, He'll stand the

Rub, of a whole Club, to drink and not to pay.

2 { Old Toby's Nose, with Claret glows, his Cheeks are dy'd with Red,
 Give him but Drink, he'll never think, Of Bus'ness or of Bed,
 He scorns to flinch, Or stir an Inch, While there's a Bottle left,
 The Wine once out, He's quite a Lout, And seems of Life bereft,
 Would you restore, The Dead once more, Uncork another Flash,
 He'll then revive, Be all alive, And wish it were a Cask.

2 Flute.

Affettuoso The Happy Butchers Wives.

O the Apron we carry before us, This plentiful Till, Com-

-mands what we will, It makes E'ry Mortal adore us, So

happy are Butchers Wives. So happy are Butchers Wives.

2
 To keep out the cold in a Morning,
 We've always a Pot,
 Of something that's hot,
 Our Husbands to hinder us scorning,
 So happy are Butchers Wives,
 So happy &c.

3
 At Noon wherever we dine too,
 We eat of the best,
 Which nicely is drest,
 Nor want we our Share of good Wine too
 So happy are Butchers Wives,
 So happy &c.

4
 At Night at each others Houses,
 With a Supper & Song,
 When Ev'nings are long,
 We regale with our Neighbours & Spouse,
 So happy are Butchers Wives,
 So happy &c.

5
 Then home to Rest retiring,
 The Curtains drawn,
 'Till Morning's the Dawn,
 There needs no great Enquiring
 How happy are Butchers Wives,
 How happy &c.

H 2

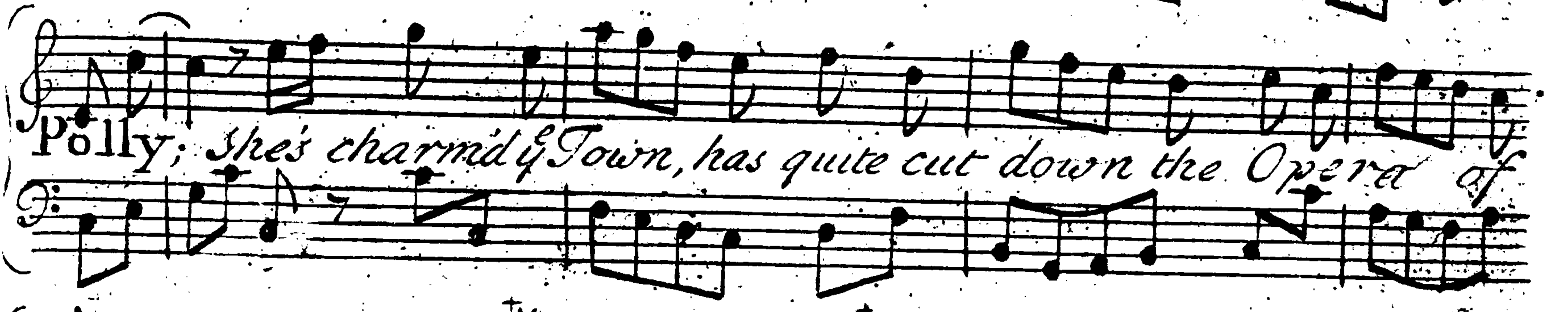
Polly Peachum, to the Tune of Sally in the Alley.



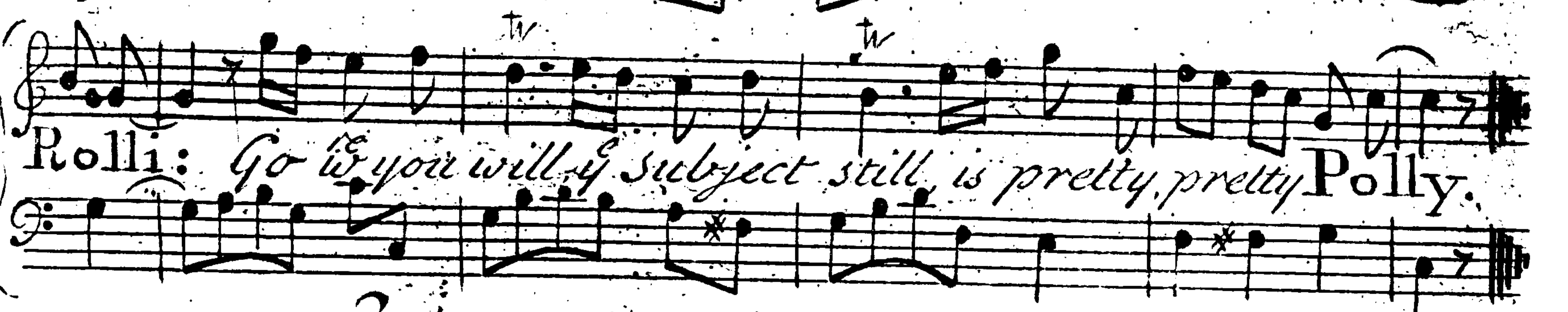
Of all the Toasts, that Britain boasts, the Gem, the Gent, &



Jolly, the Brown, & Fair, & Debonnair, there's none cry'd up like



Polly; she's charm'd & Town, has quite cut down the Opera of



Polli: Go w^{ch} you will, & subject still, is pretty, pretty Polly.

2
 There's Madam Fautina, Catse,
 And eke Madame Catsoni;
 Likewise Signior Senesino,
 Are tutti Ubbandonni:
 Ha, ha, ha, ha; Do, re, mi, fa,
 Are now but Farce & Folly
 We're ravish'd all, wth Toll loll, loll,
 And pretty, pretty Polly.

4
 Oh Johnny Gay! thy Lucky Play,
 Has made the Critics grin, a;
 They cry tis flat, tis this, tis that,
 But, let them Laugh if win, a;
 I swear Parbleu, tis naif & new;
 All Nature is but folly,
 I has lent a Stitch to Fate of Rich,
 And set up Madam Polly.

3
 The Sons of Bayes, in Lyric Lays,
 Sound forth her Fame in Print O;
 As we pass, in Frame & Glass,
 We see her Mezzo-tint - O:
 In Ivy Lane, & City strain,
 Is now no more on Dolly;
 As all the Brights, at Mans & White's,
 Of nothing talk, but Polly.

5
 Ah Tuneful Fair! Beware! beware
 Nor Toy with Star & Garter;
 Fine Cloaths may hide a foul Inside,
 & You may catch a Tartar;
 If Powder'd Top Blow up if Stop,
 I will make if melancholly;
 Then left Forlorn & Beaux will scorn,
 Alas, Alas, poor Polly!



Flute

Advice to a Friend in Love.

Prithce Billy ben't so sil-ly, thus to waste thy Days in

Grief, you say Betty strives to fret you but can sorrow but can sor-

row, can sor - row give Relief Leave repining cease your whining

cast off all this needless Woe, if she's tender she'll surrender

if she's tender she'll surren der if she's tough e'en let her

go, let her go let her go

This adoring, and imploring, but exalts her Pride the more,
 say you'll leave her that will grieve her, she'll recall you, she'll recall you, reca-ll you o'er & o'er
 Bold Defiance gains compliance and no more Disdain she'll shew,
 You go hold you, enfold you, but so hold you & enfold you for y^e soul you cannot go. no, no, no, no, no, no.

Flute

3

Sung by Miss Wilson in the Honest Yorkshire-Man. 33

Allegro

Shall I stand
still and tamely see, such Smithfield Bargains made of me, is
not my Heart my own; I hate I scorn their clownish
Squire, nor Lord or Duke do I desire, but him I
love alone

2

The Man that's fix'd within my Heart,
Has e'ry Virtue, e'ry Art,
Can make a Woman blest;
A manly Form, a noble Mind,
With such engaging Sweetness joyn'd,
As cannot be express'd.

Flute.

Justification for Loving

Larghetto

The piano accompaniment consists of six systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The music features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. Trills are marked with 'tr.' and asterisks. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

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

Goddess of my Heart; Saw you the Nymph whom I a-dore

Saw you the Goddess of my Heart; And can you bid me love no

more Or can you think I feel no Smart; And can you

bid me love no more, Or can you think I feel no Smart.

2

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

Flute.

The flute part is written on three staves in treble clef. It begins with a key signature of one sharp and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is characterized by flowing eighth and sixteenth notes, with some trills and grace notes. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Minuet

The Plain Dealer.

Shepherd while you're just a Ro-ver small Success in Love you'll
 find; Till you're grown a constant Lover Virgins never will be
 kind; Till you're grown a constant Lover Virgins never
 will be kind.

The musical score consists of five systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system has a 3/8 time signature. The second system has a 7/8 time signature. The third system has a 4/4 time signature. The fourth system has a 4/4 time signature. The fifth system has a 4/4 time signature. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines. There are also some handwritten annotations like 'S:' and asterisks.

2

Leave this wanton Way of woiny,
 Fickle courtship is but vain,
 While you all are thus pursuing,
 You perhaps may none obtain.
 While you all are thus pursuing,
 You perhaps may none obtain.

Flute

The musical score for the Flute part consists of three systems of a single staff. The first system has a 3/8 time signature. The second system has a 7/8 time signature. The third system has a 4/4 time signature. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines. There are also some handwritten annotations like 'S:' and asterisks.

The Expostulation.

Tho' cruel you seem to my Pain, And hate me because I am

true, yet Phillis you love a false Swain, Who has other

Nymphs in his View. Enjoyments a Trifle to him to

me what a Heav'n wou'd it be to him but a Woman you

seem, but ah you're an Angel to me.

Those Lips which he touches in haste,
 To them I for ever could grow;
 Still clinging around that dear Waste,
 Which he spurs as beside him you go:
 That Hand like a Lilly so white,
 Which over his Shoulders you lay;
 My Bosom could warm it all Night,
 My Lips they could press it all Day.

Were I like a Monarch to reign,
 Were Graces my Subjects to be;
 I'd leave 'em and fly to the Plain,
 To dwell in a Cottage with thee:
 But if I must feel your Disdain,
 If Tears cannot Cruelty drown;
 Oh! let me not live in this Pain,
 But give me my Death in a Frown.

Flute

Sung by Miss Gerard, In the Honest Yorkshire-Man

The Man who best can Danger dare, is most deserving of the

Fair; the Bold and Brave we Women prize, the whining Slave We

all despise. The whining Slave we all despise.

2

Let Coxcombs flatter, cringe and lye,
 Pretend to languish pine and dye;
 Such Men of Words my Scorn shall be,
 The Man of Deeds is the Man for me.

Flute.

K

The friendly Adviser.

38

Affettuoso.

Trust not Man for he'll decieve you, Treach'ry is his
sole Intent, first he'll court you then he'll leave you, poor de-
luded to lament; listen to a kind Adviser, Men pursue but
to perplex wou'd you happy be grow wiser and avoid the
faithless Sex.

Form'd by Nature² to undo us,
They escape our utmost Heed;
Oh! how humble when they wooe us,
Oh! how vain when they succeed:
So the Bird when once deluded,
By the artful Fowler's Snare;
Mourns out Life in Cage secluded,
Virgins then in Time beware.

Flute.

Sung by Mr. Salway In the Honest Yorkshire Man 39
In the Scottish Stile.

Thou only Darling I admire, My Heart's Delight, my

Soul's Desire: Possessing thee I've greater Store, Than

King to be of India's Shore.

2

For ev'ry Woman were there three,
And in the World no Man but me,
I'd single you from all the rest,
To sweeten Life and make me blest.

Flute

The Huntsman's Rowze. For 2 Voices.

In Compass of the French Horn.

The Hounds are all out and the Morning does peep, why how now you
 sluggardly sot. How can you, how can you lie snoring asleep, while
 we all a Horseback have got my brave Boy, while we all a
 Horseback have got.

2

I cannot get up, for the over-night's Cup,
 So terribly lies in my Head;
 Beside my Wife cries; my Dear, do not rise,
 But cuddle me longer a-bed, my dear Boy.
 But cuddle me longer a-bed.

3

Come on with your Boots, & saddle your Mare;
 Nor tire us with longer Delay:
 The Cry of y^e Hounds, & y^e sight of y^e Hare,
 Will chase all our Vapours away, my brave Boys.
 Will chase all our Vapours away.

Flute.

Simon Snugg, Or the safe One.

Andante.

To banish Care when Stocks were sinking, six jolly Fellows got to

drinking, and wisely laid a-side dull thinking. While Misers they

with Thirst were choking, these merry Souls were drinking

smoking, laughing, quaffing singing joking and brave-ly

drank six Flasks apiece, while Worldlings fret-ted in their Grease.

Allegro

Ever scolding, never holding, ever teasing, never ceasing is my

sweet dear precious Spouse: ever merry ever airy, ever

smiling, Care beguiling, still am I when I carouse

Sequel to Simon Snugg

shall I lose the Comfort of my Life, shall I leave my Bottle for my Wife

let her scold I do not fear it, I'll get where I shall not hear it, for I'll

dro ... on my self in Claret.

Song the 43^d

On the Reduction of Interest, to y^e Tune of Simon Snugg.

Andante
 To banish Grief for Interest sinking
 Come come my Friends let's get to drinking.
 Nor make our selves stark mad with thinking.
 While Misers o'er their Hoards are noaking.
 We'll spend y^e Night in drinking, smoaking,
 Laughing, quaffing, singing, joaking,
 And take a chearful Flash a piece,
 Tho' Funds expire & Int'rest cease.

Ever whining and repining, *all^o*
 At Reduction our Destruction.
 Is my poor dear anxious Spouse.
 Ever merry, ever airy,
 Ever smiling, care beguiling,
 Still am I when I carouse:
 Shall I lose y^e Comfort of my Life,
 Shall I leave my Bottle for my Wife,
 If she fret I'll not come near it,
 I'll get where I shall not hear it,
 For I'll dro — on my self in Claret.

Flute.

The thoughts of an Ambitious Country Girl, on the pleasures of the Town⁴³
 Sung in the Provok'd Husband by Mr. Cibber.

What tho they call me Country Lass, I read it plainly

In my Glass, that for a Dutchess I might pass, Oh could I see the Day!

Would Fortune but attend my call, at Park, at Play, at Ring, at Ball, I'd

Brave the Proudest of 'em All; with a stand by! - Clear the way.

Surrounded by a Croud of Beaux,
 With smart Toupets, and Powder'd Cloaths;
 At Rivals I'll turn up my Nose;
 Oh could I see the Day!
 I'll dart such glances from these Eyes,
 Shall make some Lord or Duke my Prize,
 And then, Oh how I'll Tyrannize!
 With a stand by! - Clear the way!

O then for Grandeur and Delight,
 For Equipage, for Diamonds bright,
 And Flambeaux, that outshine the light;
 Oh could I see the Day!
 Thus ever easy, ever gay,
 Quadrille shall wear the Night away,
 And pleasure crown the growing Day;
 With a stand by! - Clear the way!

Flute

Sung by M^r. Roberts in the Honest Yorkshire-Man.
For the French Horn

Why should Women so much be controul'd, why should Men with our

Rights make so bold. let y^e Battle 'twixt Sexes be try'd, we shall soon prove the

strongest Side. Then stand to your Arms & trist to your Charms soon

whining & pining the Men will pursue but if you grow tame they'll

make you their Game & prove perfect Tyrants if once they subdue.

Let us learn but ²the Lib'ral Arts,
 We'll eclipse 'em in Brightness of Parts,
 But they lay a Restraint on the Mind,
 And in Ignorance keep Woman kind.
 Or we'd make 'em know
 That Women can show,
 Both Merit, and Spirit,
 When put to the Test,
 Our Hearts will dispense,
 To Men of good sense,
 But Coxcombs shall be both our Scorn & our Jest.

Flute.

Esteem'd when living and when dead recorded.
So should a faithful Servant be rewarded.

An Elegiac Ode to the Memory of that sober Ingenious Youth.

M^r Richard Osborne.

Educated by the Author, and lamented by all,

Largo He died Dec^r 22^d 1736. in y^e 19th Year of his Age.

Where is my Soul's chief Comfort flown, where vanish'd
Where is my Soul's chief Comfort flown, where vanish'd
all my Joy; Sure Grief like mine was never known. I've
all my Joy; Sure Grief like mine was never known. I've
lost my darling Boy.
lost my darling Boy.

2
Oh he was Art and Nature's Pride.
So sweet a Form and Mind;
Were ne'er before so near allied,
Or in One Person join'd.

3
Pure were his Thoughts, his Words sincere,
His Actions just and true;
To him was Virtue ever dear,
For Vice he never knew.

4
Music was all his Soul's Delight,
And Learning all his Store;
His constant Study Day & Night,
Was still to gain the more.

5
Gifts so sublime in one so Young,
To future Times shall shine;
And tell when these sad Strains are sung,
How great a Loss was mine. H.C.

Flute.

Largo

A Fig for our Foes.

Quod me Roma legit, rumpitur Invidia.
 Rumpitur Invidia quod sum jucundus Amicis,
 Rumpitur Invidia quod amamur, quodque probamur.
 Rumpatur quisquis rumpitur Invidia.

Mart. Lib. 9

With an honest old Friend & a merry old Song, & a Flask of old
 With an honest old Friend & a merry old Song, & a Flask of old
 Port let me sit the Night long, And laugh at y^e Anger of those who re
 Port let me sit the Night long And laugh at y^e Anger of those who re
 pine that they must swig Porter while I can drink Wine.
 pine that they must swig Porter while I can drink Wine.

2

I envy no Mortal tho' ever so great,
 Nor scorn I a Man for his lowly Estate,
 But what I abhor and esteem as a Curse,
 Is Poorness in Spirit not Poorness in Purse.

3

Then dare to be generous dauntless and gay,
 Let us merrily pass Life's Remainder away,
 Upheld by our Friends we our Foes may despise
 For the more we are envy'd the higher we rise.

Flute

The Importunate Lover.

Wanton Cupids cease to ho - ver thus around y smiling

Fair; you exclude a faithful Lover with your too of-

-ficious care. Gentle Zephyrs cease approaching, fly to

some remoter Grove, e'ery Whisp' is encroaching and disturbs my

Tale of Love.

2

If my Charmer trace the Mountain,
 O'er the Mountain I'll pursue,
 If she seeks the Chrystal Fountain,
 There my Passion I'll renew.
 I'll so far enforce my Anguish,
 If I can't her Love obtain,
 Surely when she sees me languish,
 'Twill at least her Pity gain.

Flute

CATO'S ADVICE.

Interpone tuis interdum Gaudia Luris.

Ut possis animo quemvis sufferre Laborem

into lib 3.

Allegro

What Cato advises most certainly wise is not allways to labour but sometimes to

play, to mingle sweet Pleasure with search after Treasure indulging at

Night for the Toils of the Day And while the dull Miser esteems himself

wiser, his Bags to encrease he his Health will decay, Our Souls we en-

lighten, our Fancies we brighten, And pass y^e long Ev'nings in Pleasure away.

<p>All chearful and hearty, 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.</p>	2	<p>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</p>
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Flute.

* pointing to y^e Bottle

Faint, illegible markings or text at the bottom left corner.

Roger and Dolly 49 Sung by Mrs CLIVE

Young Roger came tapping at Dolly's Window. Lumpaty, Lumpaty, Lump. He

begg'd for Admittance, she answer'd him No. Glumpaty, Glumpaty Glump. My

Dolly my Dear, your true Love is here. Dumpaty, Dumpaty, Dump. No

No Roger No, as you come you may go. Clumpaty, Clumpaty, Clump

2
O what is the Reason dear Dolly he cry'd, Pumpaty &c.
That thus I'm cast off and unkindly deny'd, Frumpaty &c.
Some Rival more dear, I guess has been here, Grumpaty &c.
Suppose there's been two, pray I! what's that to you, Numpty &c.

3
O then with a sigh a sad Farenwell he took, Lumpaty &c.
And all in Despair he leap'd into the Brook, Flumpaty &c.
His courage it cool'd, he found himself scold'd, Trumpaty &c.
He swam to the Shore, & saw Dolly no more, Rumpaty &c.

4
O then she recall'd, & recall'd him again, Humpty &c.
But he like a Madman ran over y^e Plain, Stumpaty &c.
Determin'd to find, A Damsel more kind, Plumpty &c.
While Dolly's afraid she shall dye an old Maid, Mumpaty &c.

FLUTE

A New Year's Ode.

For 1736-7.

Compos'd in a Dream.

Recit. The Author imagining himself to be the Poet Laureat.

A New Year's Ode, Heavns! how shall I begin: One Year's gone

out, and t'other Years come in; but Yesterday, if I aright remember, was

stil'd the One and Thirtieth of December; this present is y^e first of Janu-

ary, good lack a Day! how Times & Seasons vary! 'Tis an old Subject

quite to Letters wore; what can I say that han't been said before?

but yet I wish Chronologers wou'd fix, whether 'tis Thirty

Seven or Thirty Six.

Segue L'Aria.

A New Year's Ode

Aria Allegro

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It contains a melodic line with several slurs and asterisks. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a bass line with numerous fingerings (6, 7, 5, 6) and asterisks.

The second system continues the musical piece with two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with slurs and asterisks. The lower staff is a bass line with many fingerings (6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6) and asterisks.

The third system features two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with slurs and asterisks. The lower staff is a bass line with fingerings (6, 4, 6) and asterisks. The lyrics "Ye Fiddlers all come fid." are written across the staves.

The fourth system consists of two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with slurs and asterisks. The lower staff is a bass line with fingerings (6, 5, 7, 5, 6) and asterisks. The lyrics "fiddle" and "Strum, strum, Strum and twid." are present.

The fifth system has two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with slurs and asterisks. The lower staff is a bass line with fingerings (6, 6, 6, 6, 5, 6, 5) and asterisks. The lyrics "dle diddle" and "some high some" are included.

A New Year's Ode

Adagio

Adagio

low some fast some slow like Bellman Waits or Beadle. Ye Choir-men bear a..

Allegro

Bob. Ye Fiddlers all come fiddle strumstrum & twiddle diddle

some high some low some fast some slow like Bellman Waits or Beadle. Ye

Adagio

some high some low some fast some slow like Bellman Waits or Beadle. Ye

Allegro

Choirmen bear a Bob Ne'er boggle at F-fa-ut. but strain to Gsol-re-ut. while

Adagio

F & C.D.A & E Melodiously you bray out. this is your yearly Job. D.C.

Recit 2^d The Melody stolen from an Old Ballad called Death and the Lady

Untill next Birth Day we shall have some Rest, and then be fed with Venison of the

best, then at y^e Bell in Plenty we shall dine, & each Man have his Belly full of Wine.

Air 2^d The Melody stolen from an Old Ballad called Death and the Cotter.

King George he was

King George he was

born in the Month of October 'tis a Sin for a Subject that Month to be sober

born in the Month of October 'tis a Sin for a Subject that Month to be sober

God grant that our Grandsons his Fiddlers may be, and all prove as drunk & as

God grant that our Grandsons his Fiddlers may be and all prove as drunk & as

loyal as we derry down down down derry down.

loyal as we derry down down down derry down. End of the Ode.

The New Years Ode: for y^e Common Flute.

Rec 1st

Musical notation for the first recitative section, consisting of four staves of music in a common time signature with a key signature of one flat.

Air 1st Allegro

Musical notation for the first air, consisting of two staves of music in a common time signature with a key signature of one flat.

Adagio

Musical notation for the adagio section, first staff, in a common time signature with a key signature of one flat.

All^o

Musical notation for the adagio section, second staff, in a common time signature with a key signature of one flat.

All^o

Musical notation for the adagio section, third staff, in a common time signature with a key signature of one flat.

Musical notation for the adagio section, fourth staff, in a common time signature with a key signature of one flat.

Da Capo

Rec. 2^d

Musical notation for the second recitative section, consisting of two staves of music in a common time signature with a key signature of one flat.

Air 2^d

Musical notation for the second air, first staff, in a 6/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat.

Musical notation for the second air, second staff, in a 6/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat.

Musical notation for the second air, third staff, in a 6/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat.

The End of the first Volume.