



*Calliope*  
**Bickham's**  
*Musical Entertainer.*

Vol. II.

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*J. B. Grandet Inv.*

*G. Bickham jun. del.*



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J H C  
*True Mason.*

To the Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup> the Marquis of CARNARVON Grand Master, these four Plates are humbly Inscr<sup>ib</sup>l'd.

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

*Enlarge Our Souls the Craft de--fend 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)  
 Drest'd in thy radiant Robes appear,  
 With all thy beauteous 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.





Gravet int

G. Bickham sc.

THE  
*Earth's Motion Drowd.*

Set by M.<sup>r</sup> Leveridge.

The Words by M.<sup>r</sup> Lockman.

*My joyous Blades, w<sup>th</sup> Profes crown'd, Who quaff bright Nectar at it's Spring, Dispute not if y<sup>e</sup>*  
*Earth goes round, But hear a thirsty Poet sing. Dispute not if y<sup>e</sup> Earth goes round, But hear a*  
*thirsty Poet sing. All take your Glasses, charge them high; Let Bumpers, swift..... by, Bumpers*  
*chace. chace Each man drink fifty, soon they'll spy, The Earth wheel ro..... und w<sup>th</sup>*  
*rap... id Pace. Each man drink fifty, soon they'll spy, The Earth wheel ro..... und w<sup>th</sup> rapid Pace.*

FLUTE.







*THE BACCHANALIAN'S WISH.*

Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Popely.

For y<sup>e</sup> 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 fill'd y<sup>e</sup> vast Ocean with  
 generous wi..... ne: n: have fill'd the vast Ocean with generous Wine.

2  
 What trafficking then would have been on y<sup>e</sup> Main,  
 For y<sup>e</sup> sake of good liquor as well as for gain.  
 No fear then of Tempest or danger of sinking,  
 The Fishes ne're drown, they are always a drinking.

3  
 Had this been the Case what had we enjoy'd,  
 Our spirits still rising our fancy ne're droy'd.  
 A Box then on Neptune when 'twas in his pow'r,  
 To slip like a fool such a fortunate Hour.





# Moor Circulating the Cheerful Glass.

*Leno, Plato, Aristotle all were lovers of the Bottle; Poets, Painters & Musicians, Churchmen, Lawyers & Physicians all admire a pretty Lass, all require a cheerful Glass, Leno, Plato, Aristotle all were Lovers of the Bottle; Poets, Painters & Musicians, Churchmen, Lawyers & Physicians all admire a pretty Lass, all require a cheerful Glass. Every Pleasure has its Season, love & drinking are no Treason, Every Pleasure has its Season, Love & Drinking are no Treason, love & Drinking are no Treason. DC*

*adag.*

*adag.*

FLUTE.

*adag.*

*adag.*

DC





# The Invitation to Mira,

REQUESTING

Her Company to Vaux Hall Garden.

To the Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup> the Lady FRANCES SEYMOUR, These four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

*Affettuoso.*

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

<p>Come, ev'ry sprightlier Joy to taste,          That rural Art &amp; Nature boast:          Fly thither with y<sup>e</sup> Lightning's haste,          And be y<sup>e</sup> universal Toast.</p>	<p>A Scene so beauteous 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 Inway.</p>
--	--

# For the Flute.





The Forsaken Pastoralla.

*Allegretto*

the Music by M<sup>r</sup> Lampe

Glide gently on, thou murm'ring 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 re-  
clin'd, Be-  
liev'd of charming things he Swore too credu-  
lous--by kind, too cre--dulously kind.

While thus he said, this purling Stream  
Back to its Spring shall flow,  
O Pastorella! e'er my Flame  
The least decay shall know.  
Ye conscious Waves roll back again,  
Back to 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 Address  
Her guiltless Heart has charm'd.  
But tell ye Nymph thou gentle Stream,  
If e'er she Visits Thee,  
The treach'rous Youth has vow'd ye same  
Yet broke his Faith with me.  
Yet broke &c.

F. L. N. T. B.

G. Bickham deline. sculp.







# Love Relaps'd.

Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Arne.

G. Bickham sculp.

*Amoroso.*

*If all y<sup>e</sup> Love is her Face, from looking I sure can refrain, In others her likenes 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<sup>e</sup> 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.

Musical notation for the flute part, including treble and bass clefs, a 3/4 time signature, and various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and ornaments.





# Moore's Engagement to Margery.

*tr*  
If that's all you ask my sweetest my featest compleatest & neatest my sweetest my featest compleatest & neatest I'm proud of y<sup>e</sup> Task

If that's all you ask my sweetest my featest compleatest & neatest my sweetest my featest compleatest & neatest I'm proud of y<sup>e</sup> Task I'm proud of y<sup>e</sup> Task I'm proud of y<sup>e</sup> Task

*tr*  
Task If that's all you ask my sweetest my featest compleatest & neatest my sweetest my featest compleatest & neatest I'm proud of y<sup>e</sup> Task I'm proud of y<sup>e</sup> Task I'm proud of y<sup>e</sup> Task I'm proud of y<sup>e</sup> Task I'm proud of y<sup>e</sup> Task I'm proud of y<sup>e</sup> Task

*adag.*  
I'm proud of y<sup>e</sup> Task I'm proud of y<sup>e</sup> Task I'm proud of y<sup>e</sup> 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. D.C.





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

Gravelot inv. Bickham jun. Sculp.

THE  
*Lapland Gover.*

To the Right Hon the Lady CHARLOTTE SEYMOUR these 4 Plates are humbly Inscrib'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, -<br/>I'd climb y<sup>e</sup> Pine Trees topmost Bough,<br/>Aloft in Air that quivering plays, -<br/>And round &amp; round for ever gaze. -</p> | <p>3 Oh! I could ride y<sup>e</sup> Clouds &amp; Skies, -<br/>Or on y<sup>e</sup> Ravens Pinions rise, -<br/>Ye Storke, ye Swains, a Moment stay,<br/>And waft a Lover on his Way. -</p>    | <p>5 What may for Strength w<sup>th</sup> Steel compare, -<br/>Oh! Love has Fetters stronger far, -<br/>By Bolts of Steel are Limbs confind, -<br/>But cruel Love enchants y<sup>e</sup> Mind. -</p> |
| <p>2 My Orra Moor where art thou laid,<br/>What Wood conceals my Sleeping Maid,<br/>Fast by the Root enrag'd I'll tear, -<br/>The Trees y<sup>e</sup> hide my promis'd Fair.</p>      | <p>4 My Blist too long my Bride denies,<br/>Apace y<sup>e</sup> wasting Summer flies, -<br/>Nor yet y<sup>e</sup> wintry Blasts I fear, -<br/>Nor Storms nor Night, shall keep me here.</p> | <p>6 No longer y<sup>e</sup> perplex thy Breast, -<br/>When Thought torments y<sup>e</sup> first are best,<br/>Tis mad to go, tis Death to stay, -<br/>Away to Orra hast away. -</p>                 |

*For the Flute.*





See by M. Lacey.

G. Bickham, inv. sc.

# THE RESOLVE.

Since Sallinda's my Foe, to a Defart, I'll go, Where some River, for ever, shall echo my Woe. Since Sal-  
 linda's my Foe, to a Defart, I'll go, Where some River for ever, shall echo my Woe. The Trees shall appear, less se-  
 vere than my Dear, In y<sup>e</sup> Morning adorning each Leaf with a Tear.

2  
 To the Rocks all alone,  
 When I make mysad Moan,  
 From each hollow, Will follow,  
 Some pitiful Groan;  
 With silent Disdain,  
 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 Stephen alone,  
 Thus requited, Is slighted,  
 For Loving but one.

## FOR THE FLUTE.







*Love and Music.*

When y<sup>e</sup> bright God, of day, Drove to west-ward each ray, And y<sup>e</sup> Evening was charming & clear,  
 The Swallows a-main, Nimble skim o'er y<sup>e</sup> Plain, And our Shadows like Giants appear, The  
 Swallows a-main Nimble skim o'er y<sup>e</sup> Plain, And our Shadows like Giants appear.

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

3 Rosy Bowers she Sung,  
 While the Harmony rung,  
 And y<sup>e</sup> Birds all fluttering arrive,  
 The industrious Bees,  
 From y<sup>e</sup> Flowers & Trees,  
 Gently hum with y<sup>e</sup> Sweets to their Slives.

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

5 Oh ye Rovers beware,  
 How you venture too near  
 Love is doubly arm'd for'to Wound,  
 Your fate you cant shun,  
 And your surely undone,  
 If you rashly approach near y<sup>e</sup> Sound.

For the Flute.





# Moore Coaxing Mauzalinda.

By y<sup>e</sup> Beer, as brown as Berry; By y<sup>e</sup> Cyder & the Perry, Which so oft has made us merry n<sup>o</sup>. a

Hy-down, Ho-down der..... ry. With a Hy-down, Ho-down der =.....

*Sym:* Mauzalinda's Ill re-main, True Blue will never Stain; Mauza-

linda's Ill re-mai.....

*adag:* True Blue will never Stain True Blue will never Stain.

For the Flute.





Gravdot inv.  
Bickham jun. sc.

The Words by W. Lockman.  
Set by W. 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 betray'd, Blest Tenant of the rural scene; Whose joys un-mix'd n<sup>r</sup> pining  
Care, n<sup>r</sup> prey up- on the marshy Fair, N<sup>r</sup> living comes, n<sup>r</sup> artless Smile, Does all her pleasing Toils be- quile, N<sup>r</sup> tripping o'er th' enamell'd Green.

Clarinda fair in Jewels drest,  
The Pride of Theatres confest,  
Still shines with irresist'le Mean;  
Tho' Music, Action, Words, conspires  
To wake her Soul to soft desires,  
Delight like this will quickly decay,  
And Lizzy tastes more perfect Joy,  
In tripping o'er th' enamell'd Green.

When Lindamira in the Dance,  
To sprightly Airs does swift advance,  
And graceful moves like Beauty's Queen;  
Tho' crowds of Beaux admiring gaze,  
Nor sickning Prudes refuse her praise,  
The staid Belles not half so blest,  
And Lizzy's of more Joys possess,  
In tripping o'er th' enamell'd Green.

When Coquette Cards invite,  
To while away y<sup>e</sup> social Night,  
And vanish 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 sooth y<sup>e</sup> Mind,  
Of Lizzy when she trips y<sup>e</sup> Green.

Hail blissful life which Lizzy leads!  
Must bubbling Springs spruaint Meads,  
Just Emblem of the golden Mean;  
A life, n<sup>r</sup> fairest Virtus grac'd,  
Whose eb'ing Moments sweetly waste;  
Made doubtly joyous, cheerful, gay,  
When Lizzy crowns th' indulgent Day  
With tripping o'er th' enamell'd Green.

## FOR THE FLUTE.

N.º IV, Vol. II.





G. Bickham jun. sculp.

THE  
*Prudent Adviser.*

The Words by W. Carey.

Music by S. Porpora

Trust not Man, for he'll de-ceive you, And too late you may repent, you may repent;  
 First he'll Court you, then he'll leave you, Poor de-luded, Poor de-luded to la-ment.

Listen to a kind adviser,  
 Men but conquer to perplex;  
 Would you happy be, grow wiser,  
 And despise the faithless Sex.

D. F. L. N. T. E. D.

Final musical staff with a trill (tr) and a double bar line.







Set by M.<sup>r</sup>. Wichello.

G. Bickham jun. sc.

## THE Beautys of Hampstead.

Summer's heat y<sup>e</sup> Town invades, All repair to cooling Shades;

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

Here, where lovely Hampstead stands,  
And y<sup>e</sup> Neighbouring 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 Domes approach the Skies.

Of the Chrystal babbling Well,  
Life & Strength the Current Swell  
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 Cupid's darts.

FLUTE.





# Love Returned.

The Words by M<sup>rs</sup>. A. Langford.

G. Bickham jun<sup>r</sup> 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; So y<sup>e</sup> Heav'n may not be Offended, He y<sup>e</sup> first makes Love to me, Shall find I'll be as fond as he, Shall find I'll be as fond as he.

*(Musical notation with lyrics and figured bass for the first part of the song)*

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,  
 Fruit when young eats then the sweetest,  
 Looks the Gayest and the Neatest,  
 Women too by all confess,  
 When young they'er kiss, Kiss then y<sup>e</sup> best,  
 When young they'er kiss, Kiss then y<sup>e</sup> best.

FLUTE.

*(Musical notation for the flute part)*





*A Dithyrambick for two Voices &c.*

*G. Bickham jun<sup>r</sup> sc.*

## The Relief.

*To the Right Hon<sup>r</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Lord GEO: GRAHAM, These four Plats 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.

*Cælia thy Scorn I now despise,  
Thy boasted Empire I disown;  
This takes y<sup>e</sup> 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<sup>e</sup> Day, And  
 while the dull Miser, Esteems himself wiser, His Bags to increase, he his Health will decay, Our  
 souls we enlighten, Our Fancies we brighten, And pass y<sup>e</sup> long Evnings in Pleasure away.

All cheerful & 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.

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

FLUTE.

Two staves of flute music in 3/8 time, marked with 'S' for repeat signs.







G. Bickham jun. sculp.

In spite of Love, at length I find, A Mistress y<sup>e</sup> will ease me, Her humour free &  
 unconfin'd, 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 ravish'd sense.  
 Then drink &c.

If you her excellence would taste,  
 Be sure you use her kind, I,  
 And clasp your hand below her waste,  
 To raise her up behind I,  
 As for her bottom never doubt,  
 Push but home & you'll find it out.  
 Then drink &c.

Chute. See





G. Beckham 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.

The Maidens are coy, They'll pish & they'll fie,  
 And vow if your rude they will call:  
 But whisper so low, That they let us know,  
 It is all Artifice all, it is all Artifice &c.

My dear our 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.

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<sup>r</sup> of Carl 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<sup>e</sup> Heart is perplext, & Surrounded with care, dear Women & Wine only cure it. When y<sup>e</sup>  
 Heart is perplext, & Surrounded w<sup>th</sup> care, dear Women & Wine, dear Women & Wine, dear Wo.<sup>m</sup> & Wine only cure it.

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

For two Voices by M<sup>r</sup> Carey.

G. Bickham jun<sup>r</sup>. 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

neer Baulks his Glafs, Nor Cries like an Afs, To go home to his Miftrefs or Wife, To go ho---me to his Miftrefs or Wife.

neer Baulks his Glafs, Nor Cries like an Afs, To go home to his Miftrefs or Wife, To go ho---me to his Miftrefs 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 y<sup>e</sup> rest of the Day.

He feels not y<sup>e</sup> Cares,  
The Grips or y<sup>e</sup> Fears,  
That the Sober too often attend,  
So often attend;  
Nor knows he a Loss,  
Disturbance or Cross,  
Save the want of his Bottle & Friend,  
Save y<sup>e</sup> wa---nt of his Bottle & Friend.

## FLUTE.







*On Sacharissa: Adress'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.

<p>The more I gaz'd on that fair Face          I more &amp; more admir'd,          For still some new discover'd grace          My raptur'd bosom fir'd,          Happy we sat &amp; talk'd and lov'd          I sigh'd &amp; woo'd &amp; kist &amp; she approv'd.</p>	<p>Whilst Sacharissa true remain'd          Each former Love was floun          I all the Sex 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 soul.</p>	<p>But since no more y once fond heart          With equal Ardour burns          Like mine no longer dreads to part          Nor Love for her returne          Grant me ye Gods if such there be          A Nymph more constant not less fair y<sup>she</sup>.</p>
--	---	--

*For the Flute.*





*Poor Children Three. As Sung by M. Leguar.*

*Poor Children three, Poor... Chil..dren three, devour did he, devour... did he, y' could not*

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

*eat them up he... eat them up as one wou'd eat an Apple...*

*ple but at one sup he eat 'em up as one wou'd eat an Apple an Ap...*

*ple.*

*For the Flute.*





THE  
**Northern Lad's Complaint.**

To his Grace y<sup>e</sup> Duke of ATHOL These four Plates are humbly Inscrīb'd.

*A bonny Northern Lad, as ever walkt y<sup>e</sup> streets of Edin-borough Town, Or wore a silken Plad or daughtly*

*Daggar by his side, forlorn and wretched made by Moggy Lawd disdain and killing frown, upon a bank was*

*laid dose by the pleasant River Tweal. Ah cruel Love, poor Jockey cryd 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<sup>e</sup> strife*

For the Flute.





## Debtors welcome to their Brother.

*Welcome welcome Brother debtor, To y<sup>e</sup> poor but merry place, Where no Bayliff dun or Setter, Dare to show their frightful Face,*  
*But kind Siras your a stranger, Down your Garnish you must lay, Or your coat will be in Danger, You must either Strip or Pay.*

*Neer Repine at your Confinement,*  
*From your Children or your Wife,*  
*Wisdom lyes in true Refinement,*  
*Thro' y<sup>e</sup> various scenes of Life,*  
*Scorn to show the least Resentment,*  
*Tho' beneath y<sup>e</sup> frowns of fate,*  
*Knaves & Beggars find Contentment,*  
*Fears and Cares attend the Great.*

*Tho' our Creditors are spiteful*  
*And restrain our Bodys here,*  
*Use will make a Goat delightful,*  
*Since ther's nothing else to fear,*  
*Every Islands but a Prison,*  
*Strongly Gaurded by the Sea,*  
*Kings & Princes for that Reason,*  
*Prisoners are as well as we.*

*What was it made great Alexander,*  
*Weep at his unfriendly fate,*  
*'Twas because he could not Wander,*  
*Beyond y<sup>e</sup> Worlds strong Prison gate,*  
*The World its self is Strongly bounded*  
*By the Heavens and Stars above,*  
*Why should we then be confounded,*  
*Since ther's nothing free but Love.*

## For the Flute.

*The Words by M<sup>r</sup> Coffey. G. Bickham jun<sup>r</sup> inv<sup>t</sup> et sc.*







*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'd 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.*





*Moore in Armour, to fight y<sup>e</sup> Dragon.*

*Oh I would not for any Money, this vile Beast should kill my honey,*

*better kifs me gentle Knight, than n<sup>th</sup> Dragons fierce, to fight.*

*Oh I would not for a-----ny Money this vile Beast should kill my honey*

*better kifs me gentle Knight, better kifs me gentle Knight, than n<sup>th</sup> Dragons fierce to*

*fight, than with Dragons fierce to fight.*

For the Flute.

*Sym:*





Gravelot inv. THE Blaze of Charms. Bickham sc.

To y<sup>e</sup> R<sup>th</sup> Hon<sup>ble</sup> of Lord ABERGAVENNY. These four Plates are humbly Inscib'd.

Affettuoso.

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

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

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

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

blaze of charms, breaks pow'rful round my wondring Eye, Swift beats my heart, I'm all alarms in

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

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

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

ray, But hide thee in y<sup>e</sup> realms of night, Cla-rin-da will bring on the Day.

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

FLUTE.

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





*g. Richam jun. inv. sc.*  
*Collin's farewell to Grisly.*

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

Grisly cries, Ah! woe's my heart that we should sunder. To others I am cold as snow, But kindle n<sup>th</sup> thine

Eyes like tender. From thee with pain, I'm forc'd to goe; 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.







*Jenny the Pedler, & Amorous Jockey.*

When Jockey first I saw, my Soul was charm'd, To see y<sup>e</sup> 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, & Pasion quite forsook, And told y<sup>e</sup> 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.





*Moore fighting with y<sup>e</sup> 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.





See by M. Vincent.

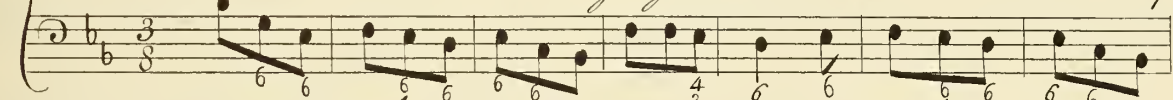
G. Bickham. delin. sc.

# Beauties Decay.

To y<sup>e</sup> Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> of Countess of SUNDERLAND these 4 Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.



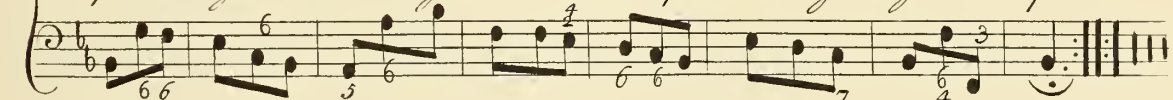
As the Snow in Vallies lying Phæbus his warm beams ap-



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.







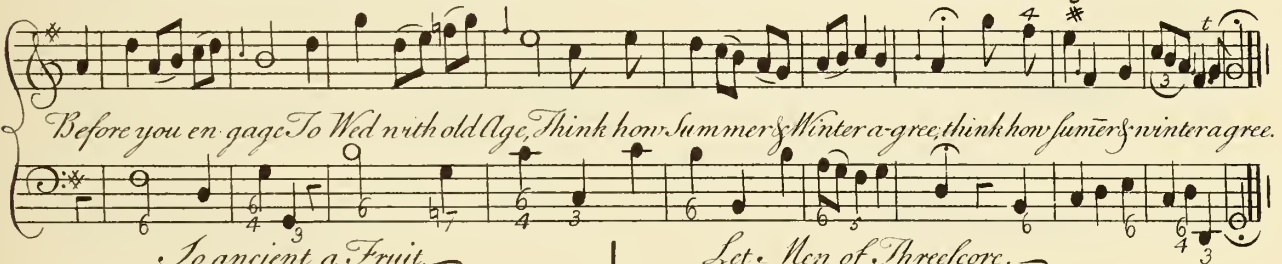
## Chloe Admonished.

Set by M.<sup>r</sup> 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:

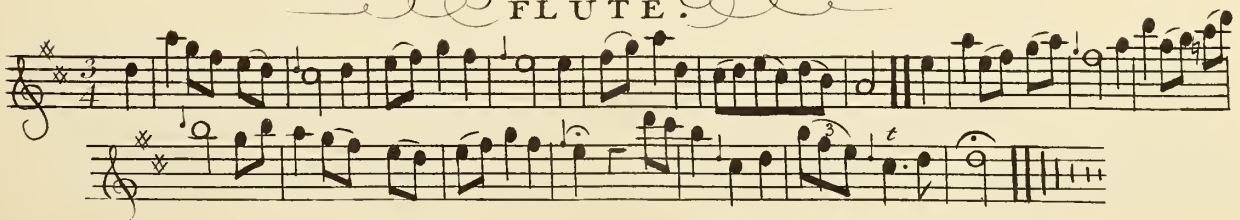


Before you en-gage To Wed with old Age, Think how Summer & Winter a-gree, think how sumer & winter agree.

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<sup>e</sup> 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 w.<sup>th</sup> a Pump!

Let Men of Threescore, —  
 Think of Wedlock no more,  
 They need not be fond of that Noose; —  
 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<sup>e</sup> Day or the Night; —  
 For unless my dear Love,  
 The Pendulum move, —  
 'T would be strange if the Clock should go right.

FLUTE.









## Fickle Jenny & Jockey, a Dialogue.

Oh! my fickle Jenny when there <sup>was</sup> not any in all of North had Pow'r to win you, but

blith Jockey to your arms, there's ne're a lad in all of na-tion was in so ha-py Station as

Jockey when in Possession of Jenny in her ear-ly Charms.

She.  
 Had you still Carress'd me  
 As when first you press'd me  
 No other Lad had e'er posses'd me  
 But I still your own had been  
 Had none ever been in Vogue w' ye  
 Had you let none else Collogue ye  
 Nor wandred after Katherine Ogie  
 I had sped as well as any Queen.

He.  
 Moggie of Dumferling  
 Is my only Darling  
 She sings 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.  
 Sawny me Carresses  
 Whose Bagpipe so pleases  
 That my poor heart ne'er 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  
 Shoud 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.

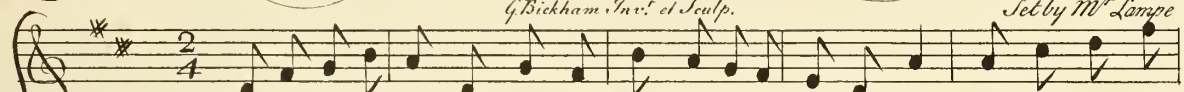




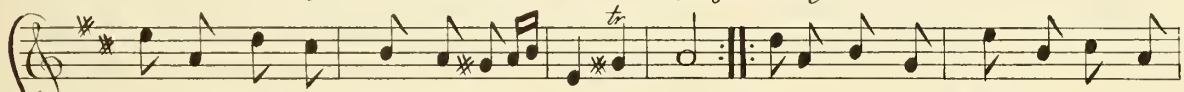
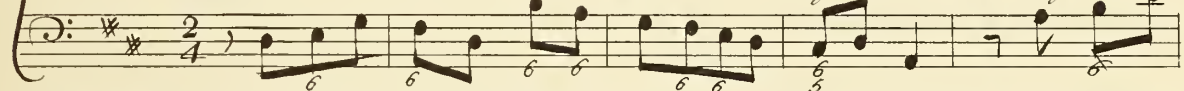
# The Rover.

G. Bickham Inv. et Sculp.

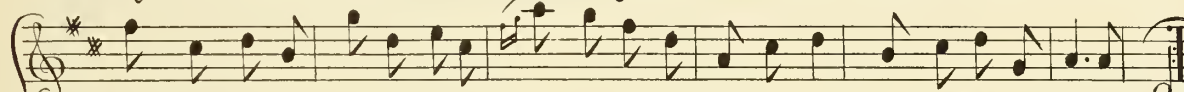
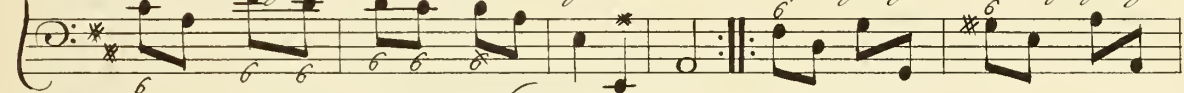
Set by M<sup>r</sup> Lampe



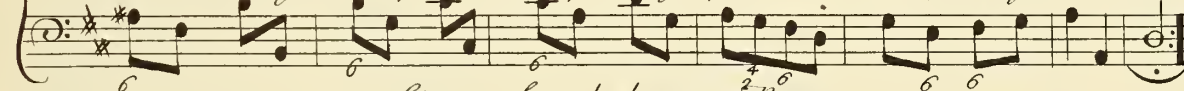
Who to win a Woman's Favour, Would solicit long in vain; Who to gain a



Moments Pleasure, Would endure an Age of Pain: Idly toying, Ne'er enjoying,



Pleas'd with suing, Fond of ruin, Made y<sup>e</sup> Martyr of Disdain, Made y<sup>e</sup> Martyr of Disdain.



Give me Love the beautiful Rover,  
Whom a general Passion warms;  
Fondly blessing ev'ry Lover, —  
Frankly proffring 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.<sup>r</sup> Pepusch.

To <sup>the</sup> Hon.<sup>ble</sup> of Lord HARVEY, This Cantata's humbly Inscr<sup>ib</sup>d.

G Bickham. In uet Scu.

Recitative.

See from y<sup>e</sup> silent Grove Alexis flies & seeks, with ev'ry pleasing Art, to ease y<sup>e</sup>

pain w<sup>th</sup> lovely Eyes cre-ated in his Heart; To shining theatres he now repairs, to learn Camilla's moving

Slow.

Airs, where thus to Musicks pow'r y<sup>e</sup> Swain address'd his Pray'rs.

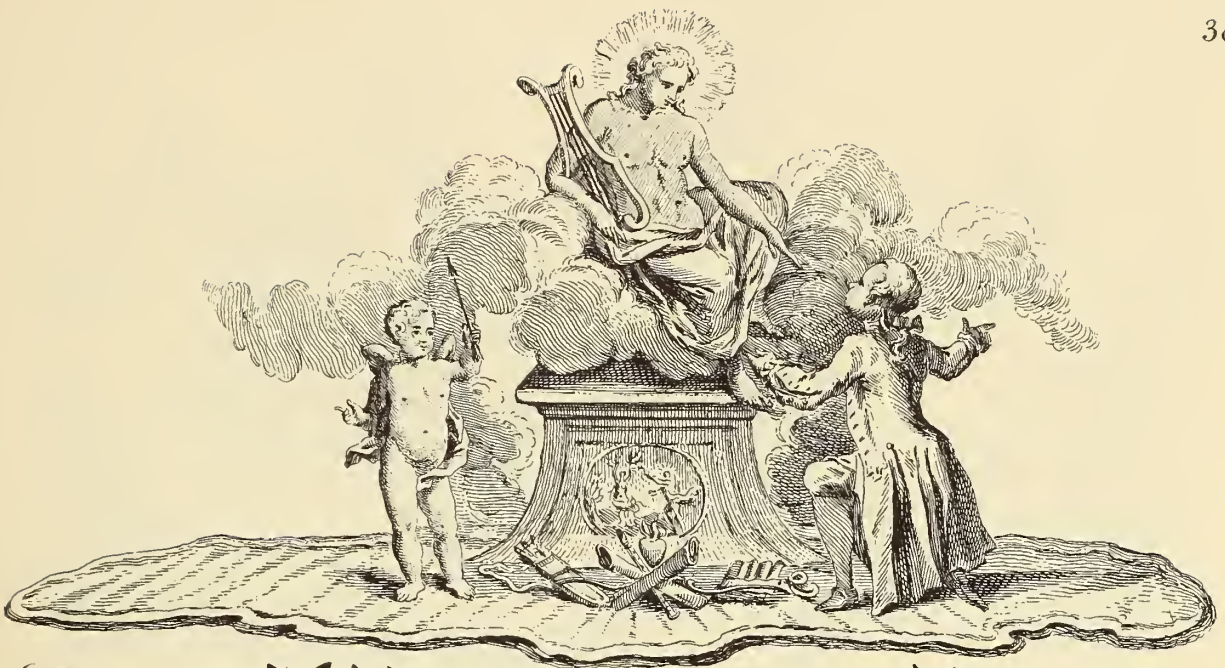
Aria.

Charming sounds y<sup>e</sup> sweetly languish, Musick O compose my anguish, ev'ry passion yields to

thee, ev'ry pas-sion yields to thee, Charming sounds y<sup>e</sup> sweetly languish, Musick O compose my

Anguish, ev'ry passion yields to thee, ev'ry pas- - - - - sion yields to thee





*Phaeus quickly y<sup>n</sup> relieve me Cupid shall no more deceive me I'll to Sprightlyer Joys be*

*free to Sprightlyer Joys I'll be free, I'll to Sprightlyer Joys be free. Apollo heard y<sup>e</sup> foolish swain, he*

*knew n<sup>r</sup> Daphne once he lov'd how weak t'aswage an Am'rous pain his own harmonious art had*

*provid' & all his healing herbs how vain y<sup>e</sup> thus he strikes y<sup>e</sup> speaking strings P reluding to his Voice = & sings*

*Aria.*

*Cimbalo*

*Violoncello.*

The musical score consists of a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes staves for Cimbalo and Violoncello. The score is written in a key with one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are written in a cursive script. The piano accompaniment features complex rhythmic patterns and fingerings.







*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 lveive thee*

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

The musical score consists of two systems of three staves each. The top staff in each system is for the vocal line, and the bottom two are for the keyboard accompaniment. The notation includes various musical symbols such as treble and bass clefs, time signatures, and dynamic markings like 'f'.





*Voice of Love Musick is the Voice of Love*

*If y<sup>e</sup> 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 spo

The musical score consists of two systems of three staves each. The first system begins with the vocal line and the title. The second system continues the vocal line with the instruction 'If y<sup>e</sup> tender Maid believe thee'. The third system contains the lyrics 'Soft re-lent-ing kind con-sent-ing will a-lone thy pain re-move will a-lone the' and 'pain re-move. Soft re-lent-ing kind con-sent-ing will a-lone thy pain re-move.' The score includes treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. The piece concludes with the instruction 'DsC spo'.





THE  
*Lamenting Proserpine.*

To his Grace the Duke of *HAMILTON*; these Four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

For  
The German  
and  
Common  
Flute.

*What sul-len fear my Face de-vours, What horrors chill my Breast, bring her a gain ye*

*Slow-pac'd hours, & with her bring me rest, = = = And with her bring me rest. = = =*

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

*shrinks from sight, nor dares to lift y' head, nor dares to lift y' head.*





Set by M<sup>r</sup>. 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<sup>e</sup> Am- bitious roam, to bring or Gold or  
 Silver home: What is't 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 lind w<sup>th</sup> 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 Barley 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<sup>e</sup> Evening Crown y<sup>e</sup> 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 woud 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-low.*

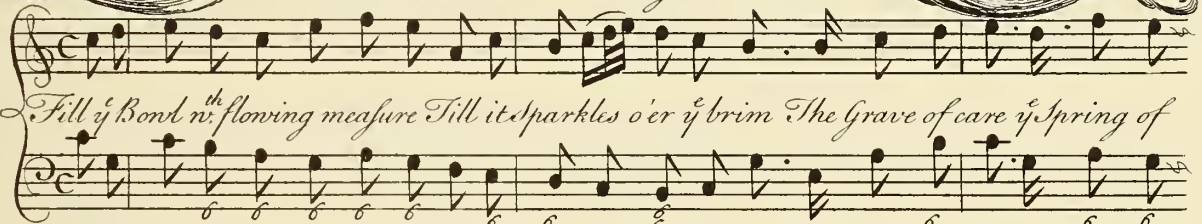
For the Flute.





## The Banquet.

To the Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup> the Lord WALPOLE these  
Four Plates are humbly Inscribd.



Fill y<sup>e</sup> Bowl w<sup>th</sup> flowing measure Till it Sparkles o'er y<sup>e</sup> brim The Grave of care y<sup>e</sup> Spring of

Fill y<sup>e</sup> Bowl w<sup>th</sup> flowing measure Till it Sparkles o'er y<sup>e</sup> brim The Grave of care y<sup>e</sup> Spring of



pleasure's When the brain in Nector swim Fill y<sup>e</sup> bowl w<sup>th</sup> Gen'rous Wine y<sup>e</sup> & Woman alone refine & raise

pleasure's When the brain in Nector swim Fill y<sup>e</sup> bowl w<sup>th</sup> Gen'rous Wine y<sup>e</sup> & Woman alone refine & raise



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

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



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

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



G. Bickham jun<sup>r</sup> sculp.

THE

The Musick by M<sup>o</sup>. W. Fisher, at Hertford.

# Northern Lass.

Come take your Glass y<sup>e</sup> Northern Lass 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, The 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 y<sup>e</sup> glowing Flame,  
No Tongue can e'er reveal,  
Tho' cold & raw y<sup>e</sup> North Wind blows,  
All Summer's on her Breast,  
Her Skin was like the driven Snow;  
But Sun-shine all y<sup>e</sup> 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.







# The Pensive Swain.

From *the Spectator*.

G. Bickham jun. sc.

My time O ye Muses was Happily spent, when she 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<sup>a</sup> 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 Pasion remove;  
 But what Swain is so silly to live without love?  
 No Deity bid the dear Nymph to return,  
 For neer was poor Shepherd so sadly forlorn  
 Ah what shall I do? I shall die with despair,  
 Take heed all ye Swains, how you love one so fair:

FLUTE.

3/4  
 Musical notation for the flute part, consisting of two staves of music.





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. Songster love no more  
And when they droop and we decay  
Adieu the Birks of Endermay.

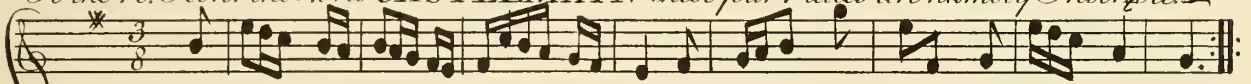
FLUTE.





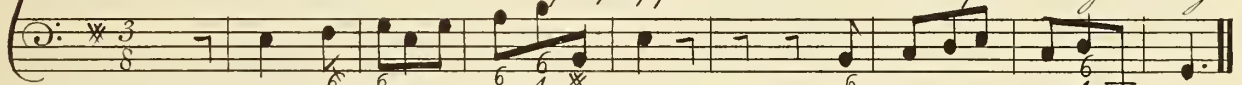
## Stephon Inflamed.

To the R.<sup>t</sup> Hon.<sup>ble</sup> the Lord CASTLEMAIN these four Plates are humbly Inscribed.

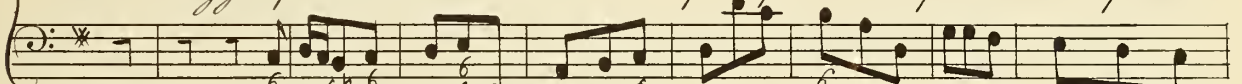


*Whilst Wanton Cupids round me Fly, & Charm my Soul with new de-sire.*

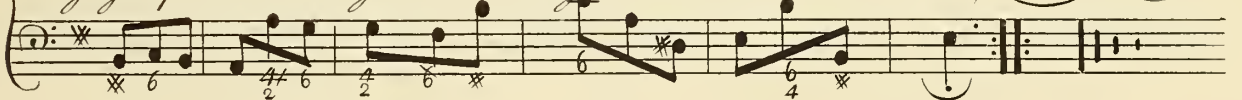
*In Vain to Bacchus I ap-ply, for Wine still makes y<sup>e</sup> Flame grow higher;*



*To struggle farther 'twere in vain, Or of my Fate complain, None y<sup>e</sup> true*



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



## For the Flute.







G. Bickham sc.

THE BEAU.

Sung by  
M<sup>rs</sup> Clive.

How brimful of Nothings is 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 is fresh Air,  
Spend is Morning in Nothing but curling their Hair,  
And do Nothing all Day but sing santer & stare,  
Such, such is is Life of a Beau.

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

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

For Nothing on Sundays at Church they appear,  
For they've Nothing to hope nor they've Nothing to <sup>fear</sup>,  
They can be Nothing no where who Nothing are here  
Such, such is is Life of a Beau.

FLUTE. *Symp.* *tr 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.

So may thy Banks be always Green,	May gilded Carps thy surface skim,
Thy Channel never Dry;	In place of useleſs Weeds;
If e'er thy Spring be failing Seen,	May painted Flowers adorn thy Brim,
My Tears shall that Supply.	And Knots of bending Reeds.

## 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 averr,  
I Love not her,  
But am with Resignation thine.*

## For the Flute.





To y<sup>e</sup> R.<sup>h</sup> Hon.<sup>r</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Lord CHARLES CAVENTISH these 4 Plates are humbly Inscriv<sup>d</sup>.

Gibbham jun<sup>r</sup> sc.

The Words by Cap<sup>t</sup> Morrice

Set by M<sup>r</sup> 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 chief Affairs,	The Future only some pursue,
Nor make our Mirth a Crime;	Some the Instant only prize;
Let's (not despying usefull Cares)	But He, who gives to both their due,
Abolish Wealth and Time:	Is only truly wi.....se.

For the Flute.





## 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. S. Monro.*

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

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

Let drop &c.

4 Or conquer &c.

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<sup>r</sup> Festing

Sent by an unknown hand.

Thy op'ning Bloom and so.....stend Charms, None  
 Clo...e, can more just-ly prize; But oh! thy gen-tle Good-ness  
 warms Be-yond the Force of Brightest Eyes.

Like Flow'rs y <sup>e</sup> crown y <sup>e</sup> youthful Spring	But me thy Wit and Humour please
The liveliest Features soonest dye	Thy Heavnly Mind'tis I adore
And fickle Love on Swallows wing	Whoever doats on Charms like these
Shall to new Suns in Winter fly.	Can never love Thee less nor more.

## FLUTE.

Flute musical notation consisting of two staves with various notes, rests, and ornaments.





THE  
*Young Lovers first Address.*

Set by M<sup>r</sup> Lampe. t

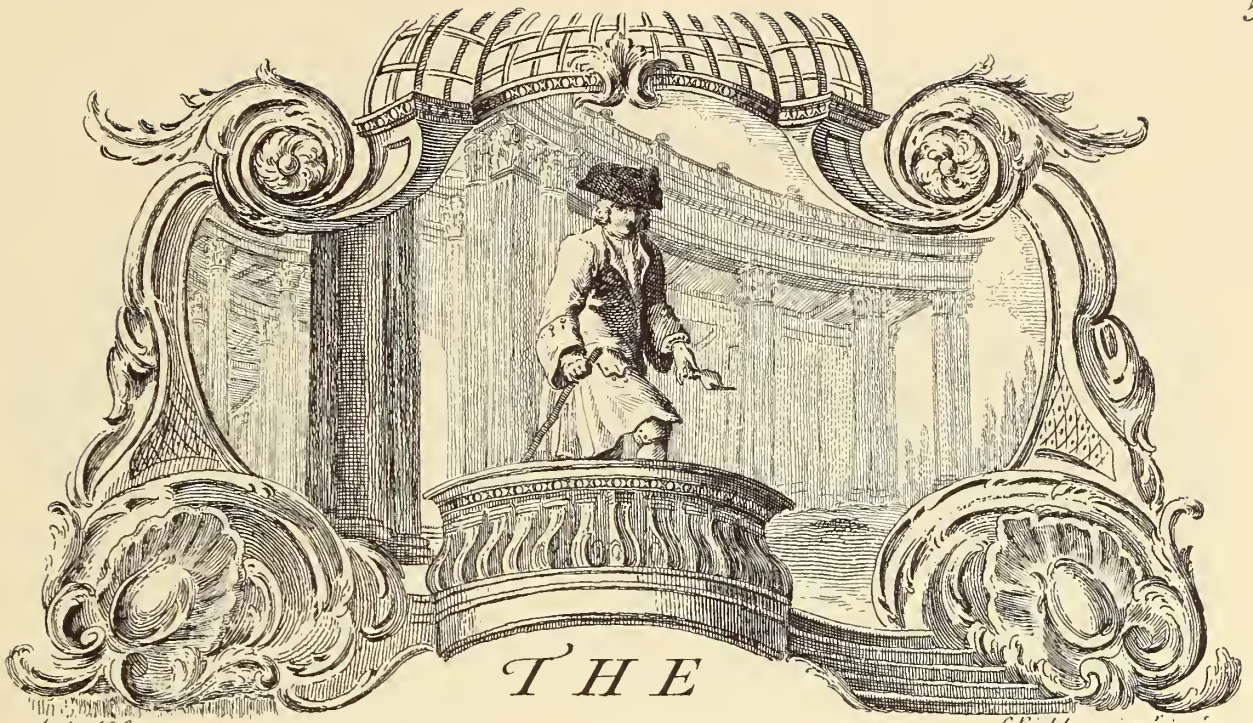
Adagio.

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'll 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.





Engr. by H. Carey.

G. Hickham jun. inv. sc.

# THE LORD.

To the R.<sup>t</sup> Hon.<sup>ble</sup> Sackville Earl of Thanet, this Cantata is humbly Inscrīb'd.

Recit. *I go to the Elisian Shade where sorrow ne'er shall wound men<sup>r</sup> nothing*

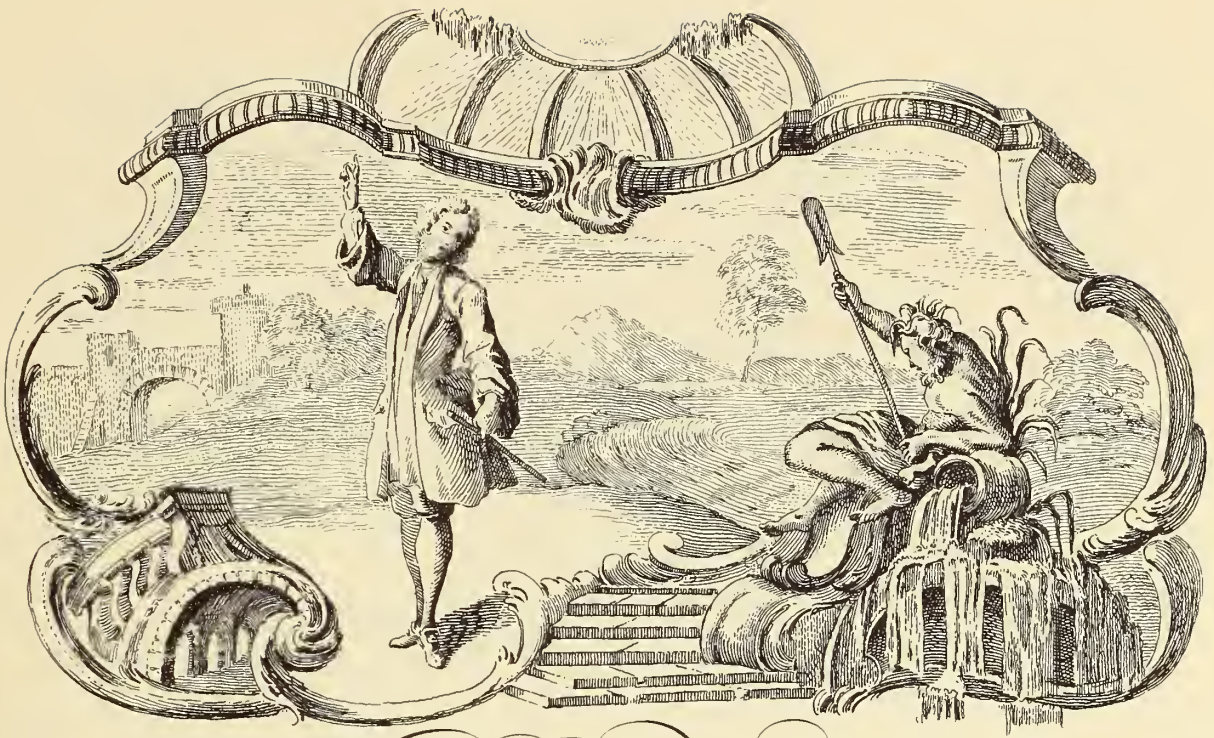
*shall my rest invade but Joy shall still sur-round me* **Allegro.**

*I fly-----from*

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

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





## Recitative.

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

run When his Meridian Glories gay.....ly Shine glad all nature w<sup>th</sup> a warmth divine

See yonder Rivers flowing Tide w<sup>th</sup> now so full so full ap-pears which

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

Streams <sup>t</sup> do so sweetly glide are na.....thing no nothing but my Tears ;







Recit.

\* There have I wept till I could weep no more & cursid mine Eyes, & cursid mine Eyes, when  
 they have shed their store, then like y<sup>e</sup> Clouds y<sup>e</sup> rob y<sup>e</sup> Azure Main I've drai  
 and the<sup>\*</sup> flood to weep it back a gain  
 Pitty my pains ye gentle Swains gentle Swains  
 pitty my pains pitty my pains pitty my pains ye gentle Swains Cover me w<sup>th</sup> Ice & snow  
 cover me w<sup>th</sup> Ice and Snow cover me w<sup>th</sup> Ice and Snow, I burn..... I  
 burn..... I scorch I scorch I glon:





*Prestissimo.*

*Furies tear me quickly bear me to y<sup>e</sup> dismal dismal*

*Shades below Whose yelling & howling & grumbling & growling strike our Ears w<sup>th</sup> horrid woe horrid woe*

*Hissing makes fiery Lakes were a pleasure & a Cure Not all y<sup>e</sup> Hells w<sup>ch</sup> Pluto dwells can give such pain*

*as I endure To some peaceful Plain convey me on a mossy Carpet lay me Fan me with Am-*

*profial breeze let me die let me die die die and so have Ease.*





## The Faithfull Lover

To his Grace y<sup>e</sup> Duke of MARLBOROUGH these four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

In Vain you tell your Parting Lover, you wish fair winds may Waft him Over, &  
 =las what winds Can happy prove that bear me far from what I Love &=las in Dangers  
 On y<sup>e</sup> Main, Can Equal those that 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<sup>e</sup> 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<sup>r</sup>. Lampe

The wounded Deer flies swift away, The bearded Arrow in his Side; still

vainly hoping that he may, Mix'd with y<sup>e</sup> Herd escape unspy'd, mix'd with y<sup>e</sup> Herd escape unspy'd

2  
But oh y<sup>e</sup> Moment that they see,  
The Streaming Blood flow from his Wound,  
They shun him in his Misery,  
And leave him dying on y<sup>e</sup> Ground.  
3  
Thus the poor Nymph who sore distress,  
Has gaz'd her Liberty away;  
To all y<sup>e</sup> World becomes a Jest,  
And falls of Sland'rous Tongues y<sup>e</sup> 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,

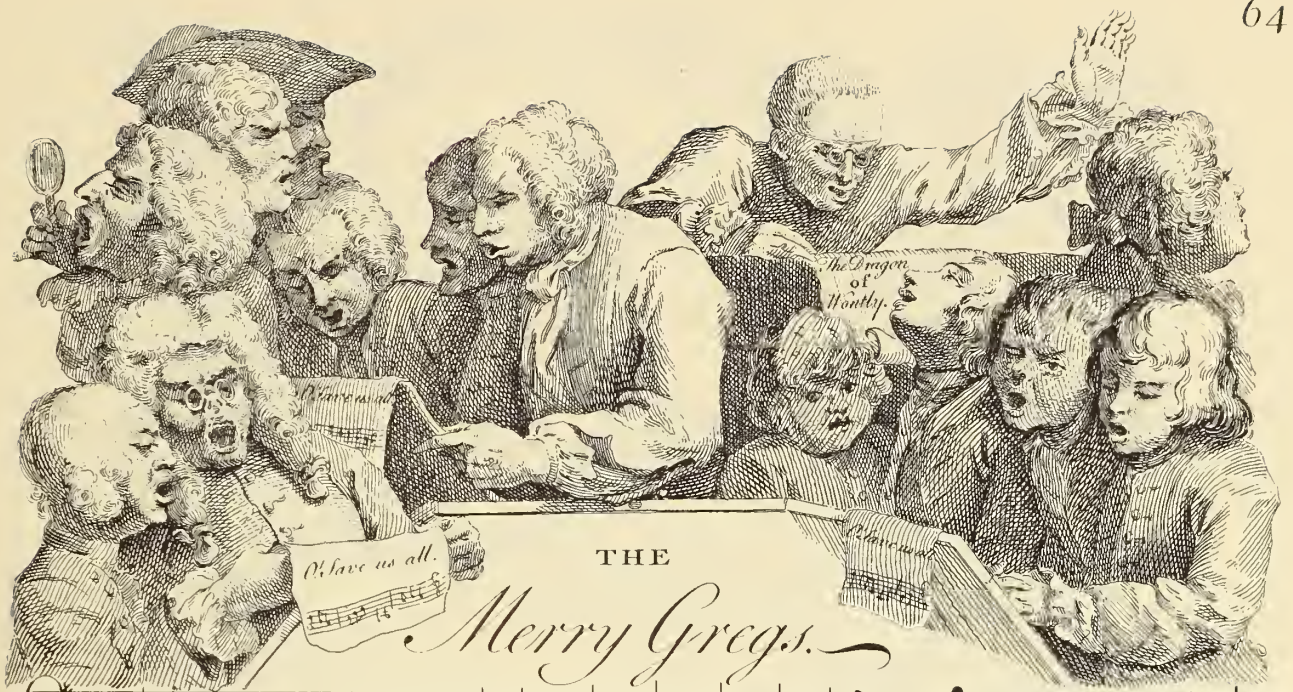
To wed Mankind y<sup>3</sup> Priest trapannid,  
By some sly Fallacy;  
And disobey'd Gods' great Command,  
Increase & Multiply.

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,

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.



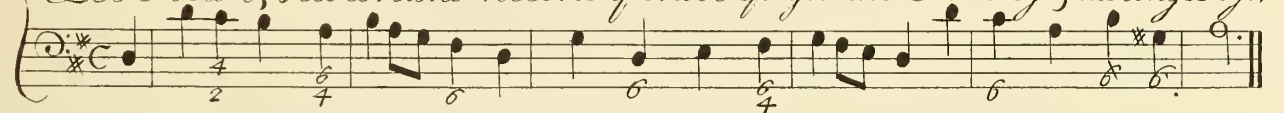


THE

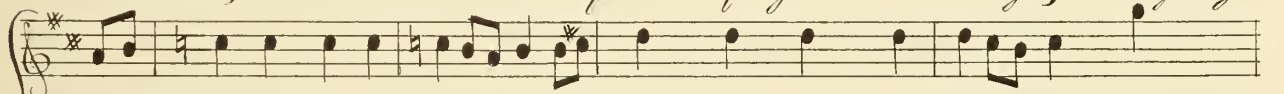
# Merry Gregs.



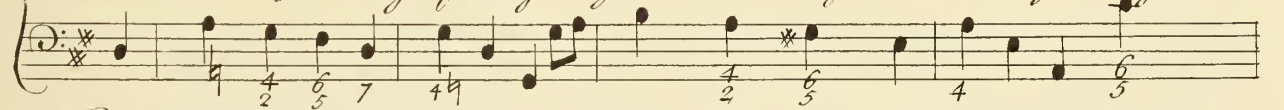
*Let Poets & Historians Record y<sup>e</sup> brave Gregorians In long & lasting Sings:*



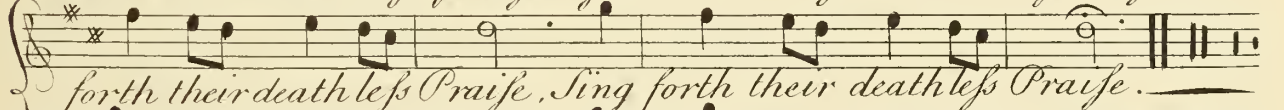
*Let Poets & Historians Record y<sup>e</sup> brave Gregorians In long & lasting Sings:*



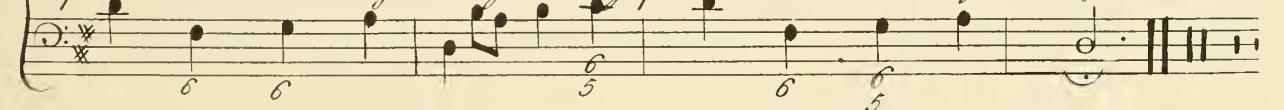
*While Hearts & Voices joyning in gladsome Songs combining Sing*



*While Hearts & Voices joyning in gladsome Songs combining Sing*



*forth their deathless Praise. Sing forth their deathless Praise.*

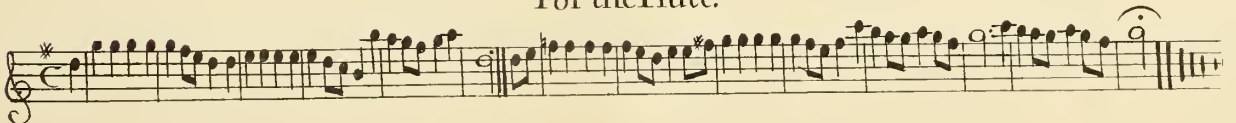


*forth their deathless Praise Sing forth their deathless Praise.*

*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. Buckingham jun' inv' sc

## THE Jovial Lover.

To her Grace the Dutchess of NEWCASTLE these 4 Plates are humbly Incribed.

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

But she to Morrow will return  
 Venus, be thou to Morrow Great.  
 Thy Myrtles strew thy Odours bun,  
 And Meet thy favrite Symp in State.

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

### For the Flute.





THE  
*Taste a Dialogue.*

The Music by M<sup>r</sup> Handel

G Bickham jun<sup>r</sup> sculp.

Col.

*O my pretty PUNCH-nello O my little DAPPER Fellow have you heard y<sup>e</sup> Fari-*

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

*.....that Cares-tino y<sup>e</sup> famous Cares-tino who has pleas'd both King and Queen O both King and*

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

The musical score consists of ten systems of staves. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a basso continuo line (bass clef). The music is in common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments. The lyrics are: "O my pretty PUNCH-nello O my little DAPPER Fellow have you heard y<sup>e</sup> Fari-nelli is coming over. no..... my Colom-bino I hear..... that Cares-tino y<sup>e</sup> famous Cares-tino who has pleas'd both King and Queen O both King and Queen O..... Sets out for Do-ver. But I hope my Tene-".







The Masque at the Old House

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

*teen O..... and lives in do-ver,*

*I'm glad my Sene sino has Thousands got fifteen O..... & lives in do-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 Cook'd 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.*

*That's allways our bargain.*





# The Resolved Lass.

Set by M<sup>r</sup> Carey.

G. Bickham jun. inv<sup>t</sup>. sc.

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

cannot love: 'tis fit we disappoint y<sup>e</sup> Sordid elves, & wisely get us

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

For the Flute.





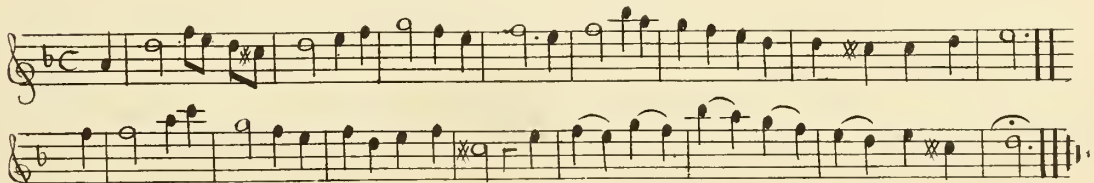
To the R.<sup>ty</sup> H.<sup>ty</sup> the Lady Elizabeth GERMAIN these 4 Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.  
 Words by M<sup>r</sup> Carey Set by M<sup>r</sup> Gouge

How hard is y<sup>e</sup> Fortune of all Woman kind, for ever subjected for ever confin'd.

The Parent controuls us untill we are Wives, y<sup>e</sup> Husband enslaves us y<sup>e</sup> rest of our lives

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

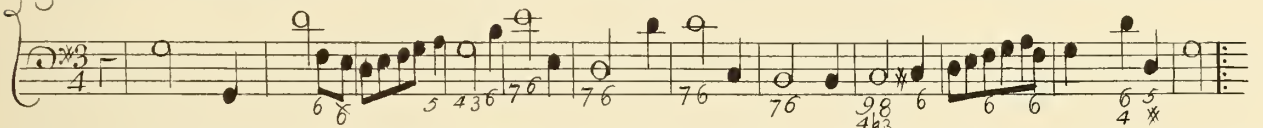
For the Flute.



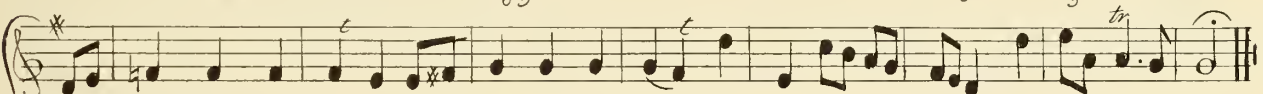




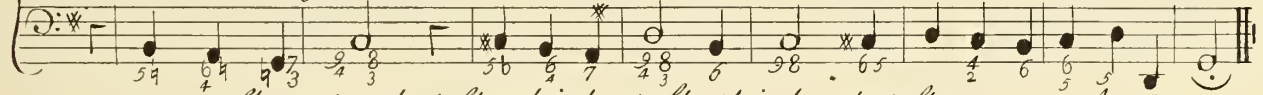
## The Bachelors Wife.



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

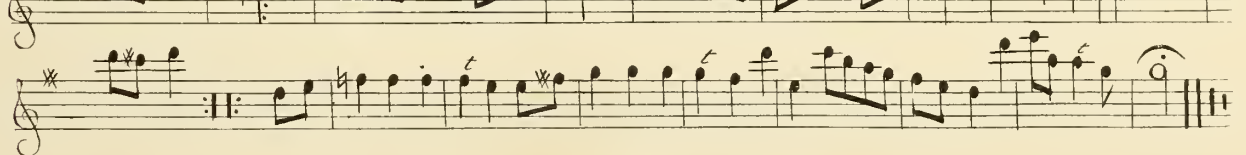
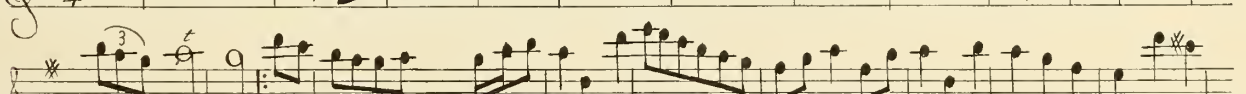


*Without forms obliging, good natur'd & free, without art as lovely, as lovely can be,*



*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  $\hat{y}$  German & Common Flute.









The Present

## State of Little Britain.

Set by M. Carey.

Britons where is your great Magnanimity, wheres your boasted Courage flown,  
 Britons where is your great Magnanimity; wheres your boasted Courage flown,  
 Quite perverted to Pusilanimity, Scarce to call your Souls your own,  
 Quite perverted to Pusilanimity, Scarce to call your Souls your own.

What your Ancestors won so Victoriously,  
 Crown'd with Conquest in y Field  
 You'd relinquish & O! most Ingloriously,  
 To oppression tamely yield.

Freedom now for her Flight makes preparative,  
 See her weeping quit y Shore,  
 Britain's Loss will be then past Comparative,  
 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 M.<sup>r</sup> Handel.G. Bickham jun.<sup>r</sup> sculp.

## Phillis Advised.

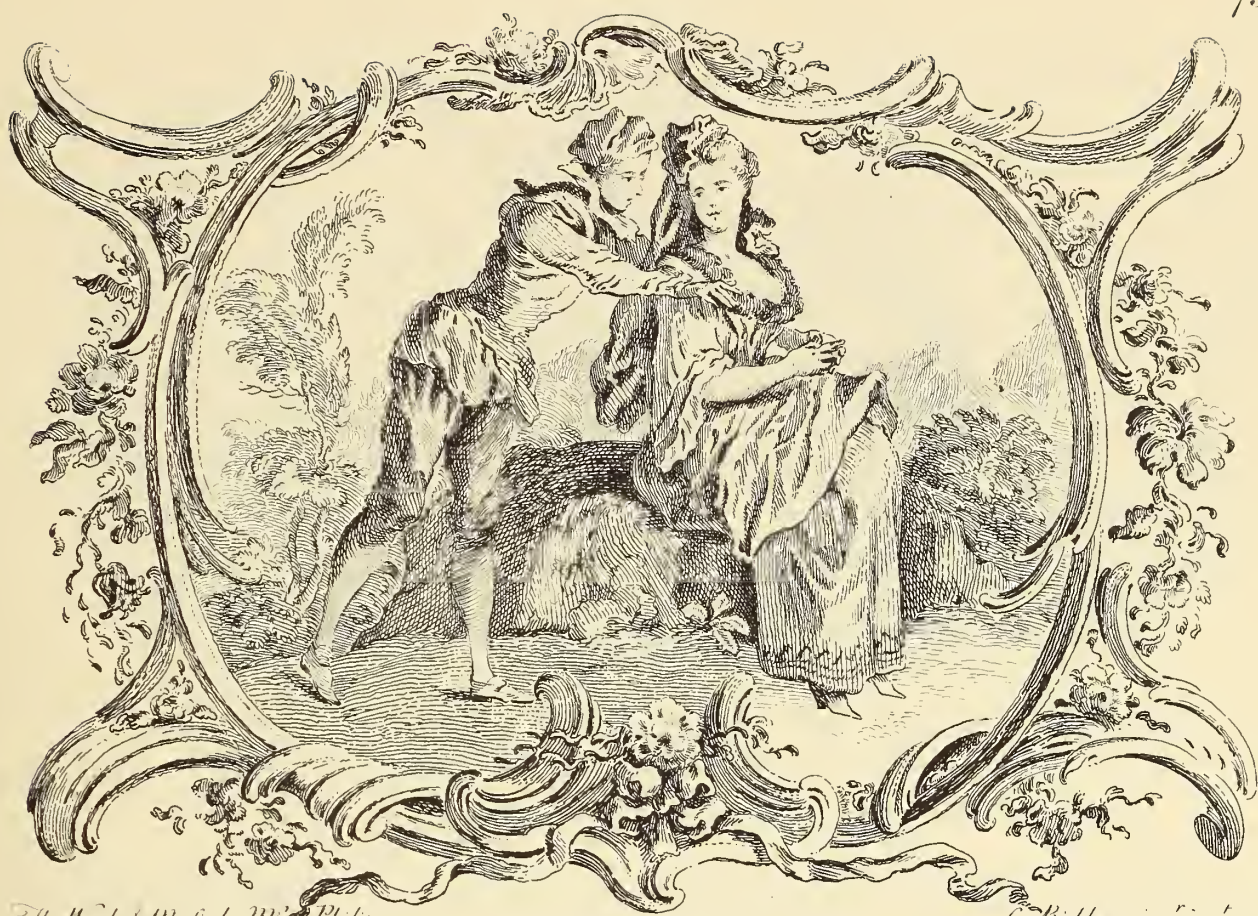
Phillis the Lovely, turn to your Swain, turn to your Swain, before it's too late,  
 Should you Deny, he'll Fly, you'll Dye, Curs.....ing your Fate.

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.







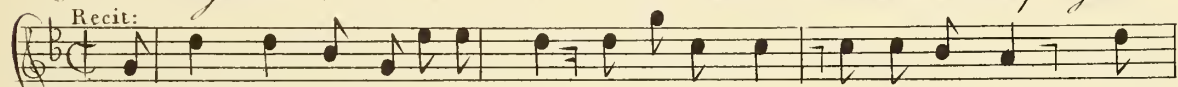
The Words & Music by M<sup>r</sup>. Philips.

G. Bickham jun<sup>r</sup>. inv<sup>t</sup>. sculp.

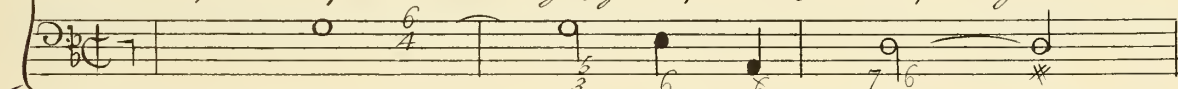
## Goquetrn.

To the Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup> the Earl STA. VHOPE this Cantata is humbly. Inscrito.

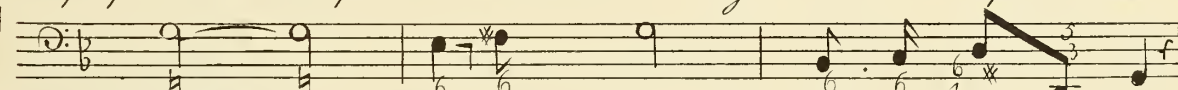
Recit:



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



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

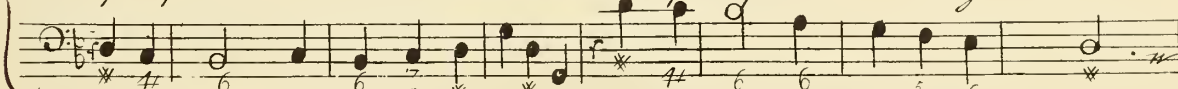


Aria Andante.

Swain I know that you discover In my Form a thousand charms,



Can you point me out a Lover worthy my En-cir-cling Arms;







*S:*

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

*S:* 6 6 6 6

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

4 5 6 5 6 5

*tr* *S:*

Duty Thousands witness to their Cost

*Recit:*

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

*tr*

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

6 \*







*Foolish creature, did each feature, bloom, beyond y<sup>e</sup>*

*pride of Nature, artfull feigning, Coy disdaining,*

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

*Snaring, lay a thousand Tops despairing, then complying,*

*Sighing, dying, To Some fool a Victim fall;*

The musical score consists of ten systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a bass line (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 a cursive script below the notes. The score includes various musical notations such as accidentals, ornaments, and figured bass (e.g., 4 3, 6, 7 2, 7, 6, 6, 7 3).





:S:

*Nymphs like you, whilst they're deceiving Angels*

:S:

6

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

6

6 5 4 3

*t their A.....rts believing but the So t their*

6

6 # 6

tr # :S:

*arts beleiving finds the Devil in the rear*

4 3

*Aria Andante for the Flute*

6 4 #

:S:

*Aria Allegro*

tr

tr

2/4

Continuation of the *Aria Allegro* musical notation.





G. Bickham jun.

THE

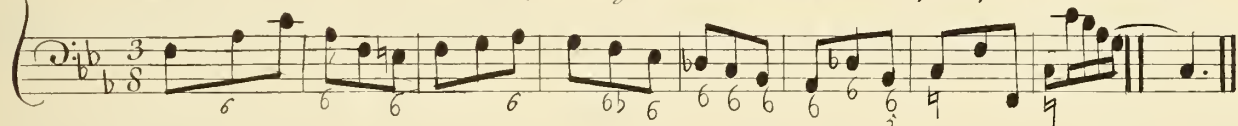
inv.<sup>t</sup> et Sculp.

# Sincere Swain.

To the Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup> Earl of DERBY, these four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.



'Tis 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

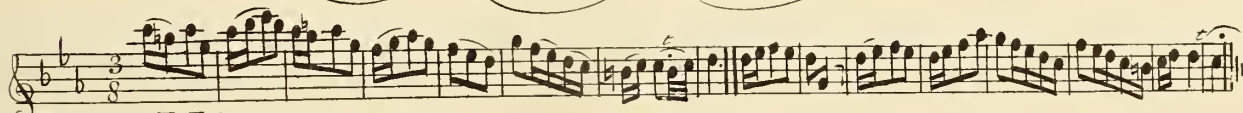
But shew Compassion on your Swain

You'll ne'er repent it

No ne'er relent it

Dear Creature dear Creature now ease my Pain.

# For the Flute.







*See by M. King.* **LOVE for LOVE.** *G. Bickham sculp.*

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 intrest gain...  
 can on-ly can by Love be paid; who e'er by intrest who e'er by in trest gain...  
 gain..... s y fair, must think her fa...vours un sin - cere: But who in serving persever  
 ....s y fair, must think her fa...vours un sin cere But who in serving persever







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<sup>e</sup> blifs of Love for Love he knows y<sup>e</sup> blifs of Love for Love  
 knows y<sup>e</sup> blifs of Love for Love he knows y<sup>e</sup> blifs he knows y<sup>e</sup> blifs of Love for Love Love for

Love for Love he knows y<sup>e</sup> blifs of Love for Love Love for Love he knows y<sup>e</sup> blifs of Love for Love  
 Love Love for Love he knows y<sup>e</sup> blifs of Love for Love Love for Love he knows y<sup>e</sup> 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<sup>e</sup> dancing Planets move</p>	<p>And if we may presume to guess          What Angels in their Songs express          Howev<sup>r</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Music is above          The Chorus still is Love for Love.</p>
--	---





# 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<sup>e</sup> 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<sup>e</sup> 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.





Scit by M. Cary.

G. Bickham in. sc.

*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-qui-lity, free from envy, care & Strife:*

*In these Groves, with Con-tent and Tran-qui-lity, 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 Soul's like Plants expiring,  
Moisture ever are desiring. Thus carousing, Natures Blessing, Well the Sober World defie.*

<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 Alleys shall resound our Song.*

*Soft Duettos 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 Sobs our Hands decending  
 Mingles Profit with our Praise*

FLUTE.

Flute musical notation consisting of two staves with treble clefs and a key signature of one sharp (F#).





# 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<sup>e</sup> Shade sweetly renew'd her plaintive Song & war... bled thro' y<sup>e</sup> Glade.

Melodious Songstrels! cry'd the Swain  
 To Shades to Shades less 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<sup>ble</sup> the Earl of EFFINGHAM these 4 Plates are humbly Inscr<sup>ib'd</sup>.

*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 Fair.

J. L. U. T. S.

*tr*



Set by M<sup>r</sup> Lampe

By B. Johnson

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.

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

4

The sparkling Stars which gayly shine  
 And glittering deck y<sup>e</sup> Night  
 Are all such cruel Foes of mine —  
 I sicken at their Sight.

O F L U T E.







## Good Advice

Set & sung by M. Leveridge.

Leave off this foolish prating talk no more of Whig & Tory But fill your Glafs round  
 let it pass the Bottle stands be fore you Fill it up to the Top Let this Night w<sup>th</sup>  
 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<sup>e</sup> God of Wine my Song & my design With a grateful Spirit will I raise 'Tis 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.

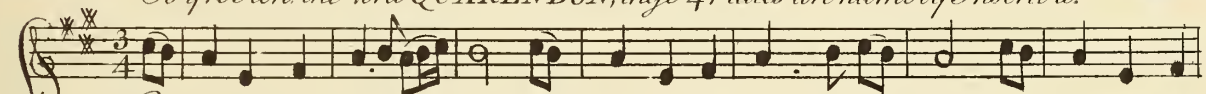
Should a Mortal dare	Set the Rebel to the Bar,
His merry Subjects sneer	That y <sup>e</sup> Traytor's Bound in Fetter
Let him dread y <sup>e</sup> Fate decreed	May his Sentence hear:
A new Law well weigh'd	Let the Rogue in a String
The drinking Court has made	Like a Dog take a Sving
And to Justice thus they'll proceed.	Or be drown'd in rot gut small Beer.

Flute.

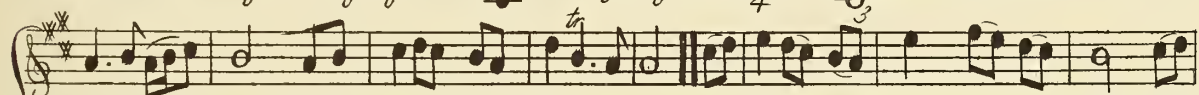
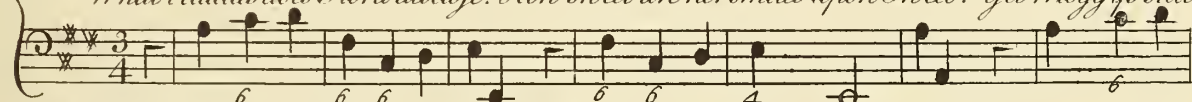




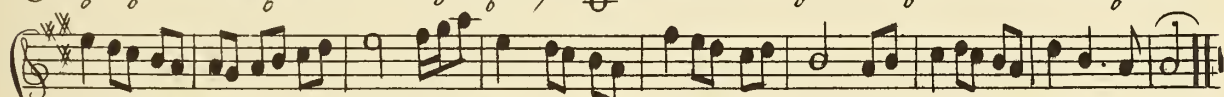
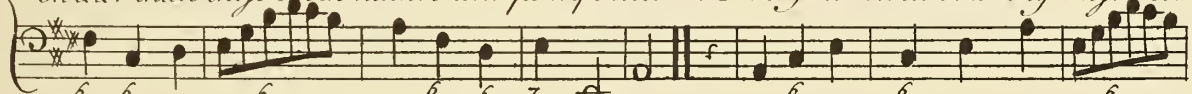
To y<sup>e</sup> R<sup>t</sup> Hon<sup>ble</sup> the Lord QUARENDON, these 4 Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.



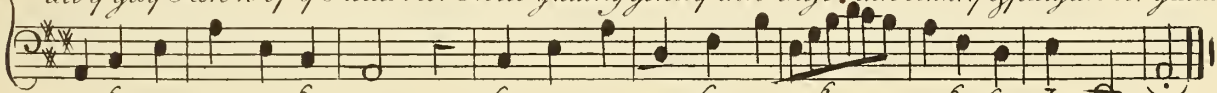
What beauties does Flora disclose? How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed? Yet Moggyn's still



sweeter than those Both nature and fancy exceeds Nor Daisy nor sweet blushing Rose Nor



all y<sup>e</sup> gay Flow'rs of y<sup>e</sup> Fields Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those such beauty & pleasure e'er yields.



<p>2 The warblers are heard in y<sup>e</sup> Grove The Linnet y<sup>e</sup> Lark &amp; y<sup>e</sup> Thrush The Blackbird &amp; sweet cooing Dove With Musick enchant ev'ry Bush Come let us go forth to the Mead Let us see how y<sup>e</sup> Primroses spring We'll lodge in some Village on Tweed And love while y<sup>e</sup> featherd folks sing</p>	<p>3 How does my love pass y<sup>e</sup> long Day Does Mary not tend a few Sheep Do they never carelessly stray While happily she lies a Sleep Tweeds murmurs should lull her to rest Kind Nature indulging my bliss To relieve y<sup>e</sup> soft pains of my breast I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.</p>	<p>4 'Tis she does the Virgins excel No beauty n<sup>r</sup> her can compare Loves graces all round her do dwell She's 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 Tay Or y<sup>e</sup> pleasanter banks of y<sup>e</sup> Tweed.</p>
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FLUTE.







## In Praise of Burgundy.

Hail Burgundy thou Juice divine, In-spirer of my Song, The praises given 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 Jove Care of its Sting, thy balm disarms thou noblest gift of Jove.

Bright Phœbus on the parent vines  
 From whence thy Current streams  
 Sweet smiling through the Tendrel 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.

From thee my Chloë's radiant Eye  
 New sparkling Beams receives  
 Her Cheeks 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.

The Stoick prone to thought intense  
 Thy softness can unbind  
 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.

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 confers  
 The Fop with chitty maudlin Face  
 That dares but deeply drink  
 Forgets his Cue and stiff grimace  
 Grows free & seems to think.

FLUTE.







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 wanton'd in her Ey'n.

(2)  
Her Arms white round & smooth  
Breasts rising in y' dawn —  
To age it would gi youth —  
To press them w<sup>th</sup> his Hand  
Thro' all my Spirits ran —  
An ecstasie of blifs —  
When Ise such sweetness found  
Wrapt in a balmy kiss. —

(3)  
Without the help of Art —  
Like Flow'rs 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 beguild —  
Ise wish'd her for my bride.

(4)  
Oh! had Ise an the Wealth —  
Hopton's high mountains fill  
Insur'd 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<sup>r</sup>. Monro.

*I was 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 ne'er 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 Phoebus 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<sup>r</sup>. Cary's Tune.

*Alon:*





*Set by M<sup>r</sup> Hayden.* *G. Bickham jun. inv. et sc.*

*As I saw fair Clora walk a lone y<sup>e</sup> fea- ther'd*

*As I saw fair Clora walk a lone y<sup>e</sup> fea- ther'd*

*Snow came softly down softly down softly down softly down softly down came softly softly soft-ly down*

*Snow came softly down softly down softly down came softly softly soft-ly down*

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

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

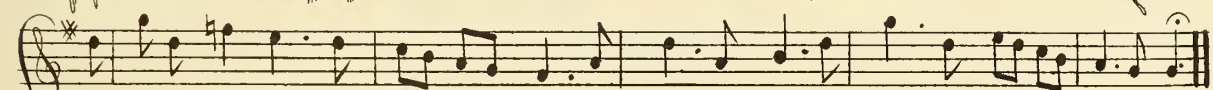
*sending from his Tow'r to Court her to Co- urt her in a Silver Show'r*

*sending from his Tow'r to Court her to Co- urt her in a Silver Show'r*

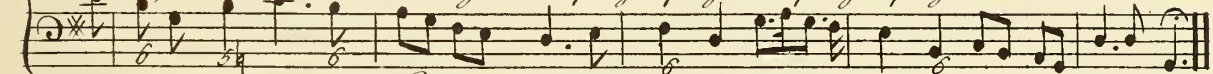
*The wan-ton Snow flew to her Breast as little little Birds in to their Nests.*

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

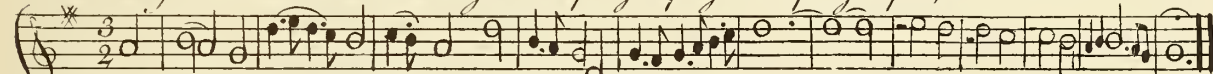




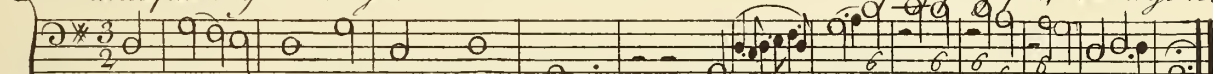
*But being o'er come with Whiteness there for Grief dissolv'd for Grief dissolv'd in-to a Tear*



*But being o'er come with Whiteness there for Grief dissolv'd for Grief dissolv'd in-to a Tear*

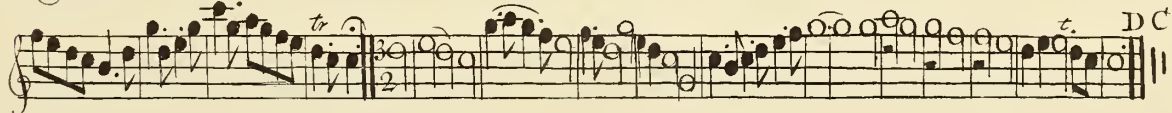
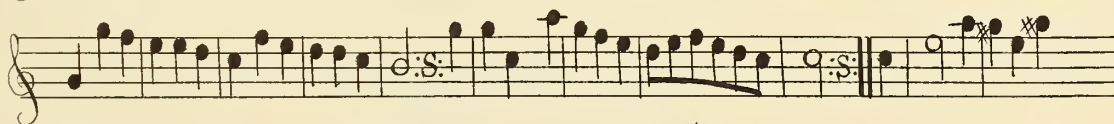
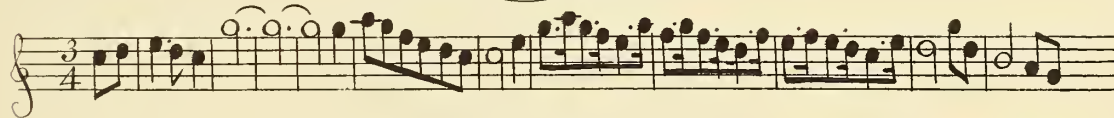


*Thence fall-ing on her Gar-ments Hem to de.....ck her froze froze froze into a Gem.*



*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 ravisht Eyes reprove And chide them from y<sup>e</sup> on-by 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 exiles doom'd to roam —  
 Meet pitt'y ev'ry where  
 But languish for their native home  
 Tho' Death attends them there.

Flute.





# The Proud Fair.

By M. Tho. Phillips.

Within y<sup>e</sup> Compass of y<sup>e</sup> Flute.

Slow

Too lovely fair one I confess y<sup>e</sup> Swain whom you will deign to bless might sigh an Age a-way  
 In ex-pec-ta-ti-on of y<sup>e</sup> 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 I'm maid I've shaken off my chain by Wine a conquest I obtain  
 triumph in my turn & tri... umph & tri-umph in my turn.









*The Oracle for War de clares for War de clares Succes depends Suc*

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

*War declares Suc-cess depends Succes depends up-on our hearts & spears*

*Britains strike home re venge re venge your Country's 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.*







# 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 To Ma-ry Scot if flow'rs of yarrow

Ah no her form too heav'nly fair  
 Her love if Gods above must share  
 While Mortals n<sup>th</sup> 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 All not despair  
 My Mary's 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 aboon Traquair  
To lonely Wilds I'll wander.

### FLUTE.