The

FAVOURITE

SONGS,

Sung this Season

AT

VAUX-HALL

Compoſed by

Sig.r Giordani.

Price 5s

LONDON

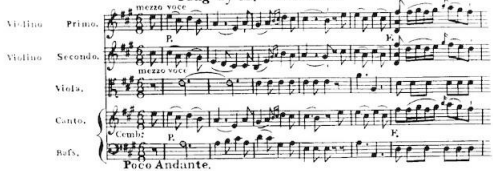
Printed by LONGMAN, and BRODERIP N.o 26 Cheapſide.

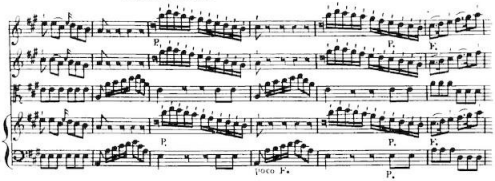
Where may be had by the ſame Author.

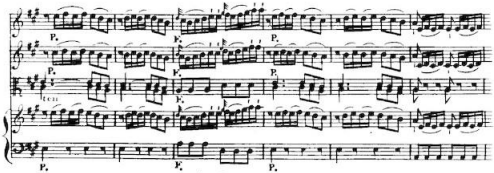
Vaux-hall Songs - 1776 - - - - - 0:5:0
Six Engliſh Canzonets Op.a 11th - - - 0:5:0
Six Trios for a German Flute Tenor and Violoncello - - - Op.a 12th - - - 0:10:6

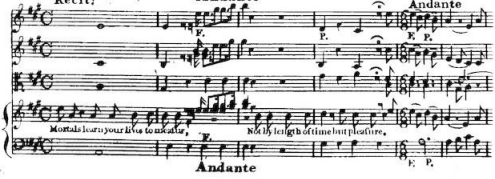
Six Leſſons for the Harpſicord Op.a 10th - 0:10:6
Six Concertos for the Harpſicord Op.a 14th - 0:10:6
Eight Canzonets for two Voices Op.a 15th - 0:6:0
Six Canzonets - - - - - - Op.a 16th 0:5:0

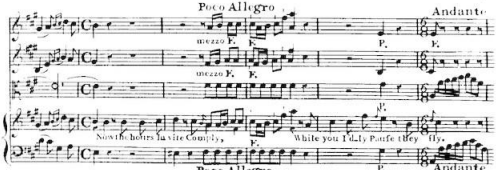
Sung by Mrs Weichfell

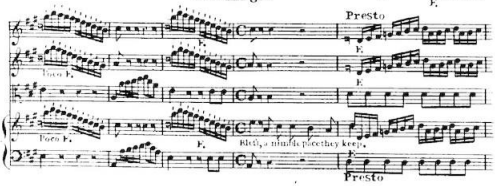


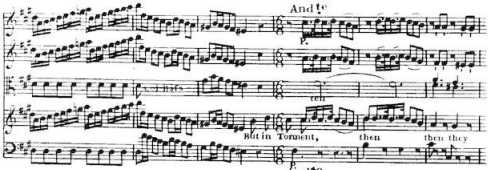


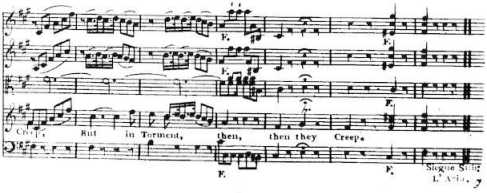


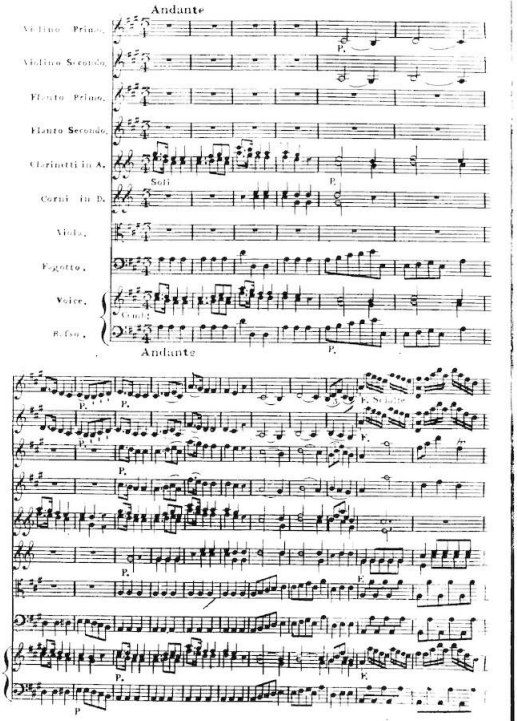


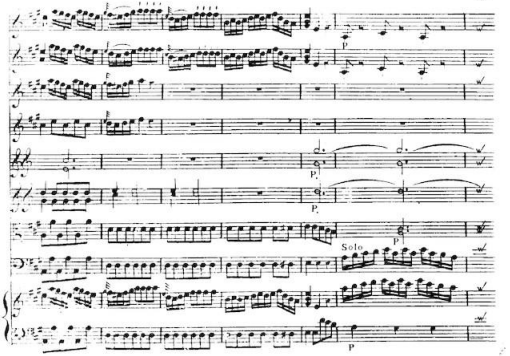


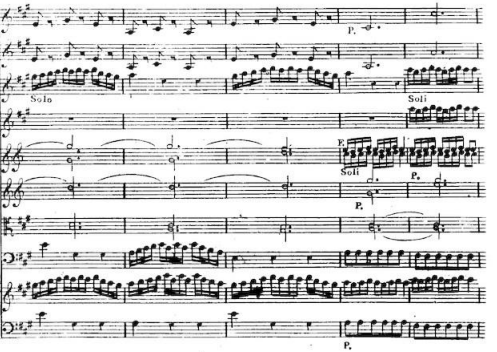


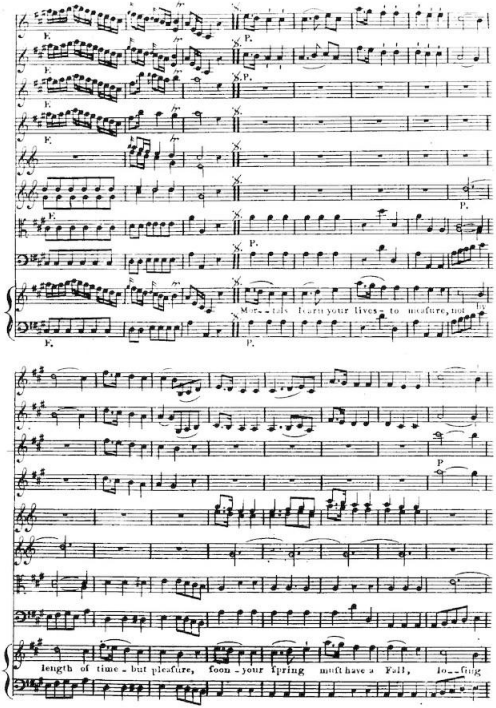


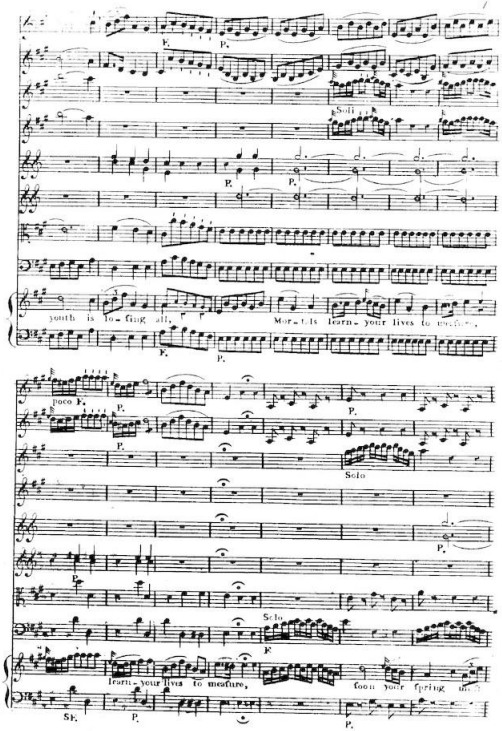


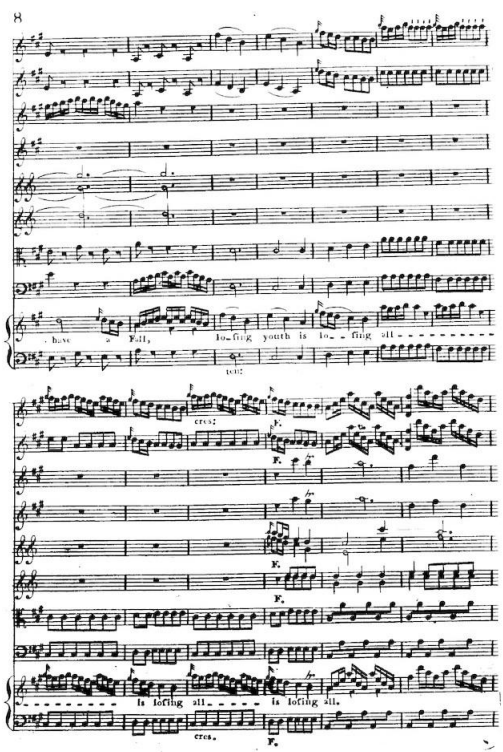

Andante
Violino Primo.
Violino Secondo.
Flauto Primo.
Flauto Secondo.
Clarinetti in A.
Soli
Corni in D.
Viola.
Fagotto.
Voice.
Canto
B. fon.
Andante

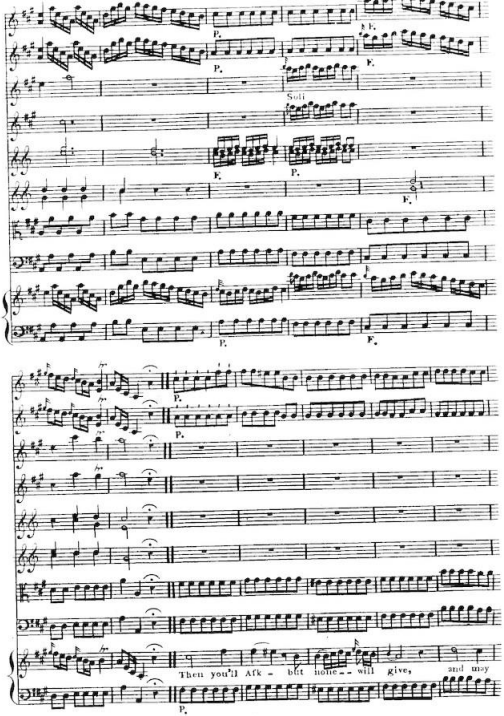

Solo

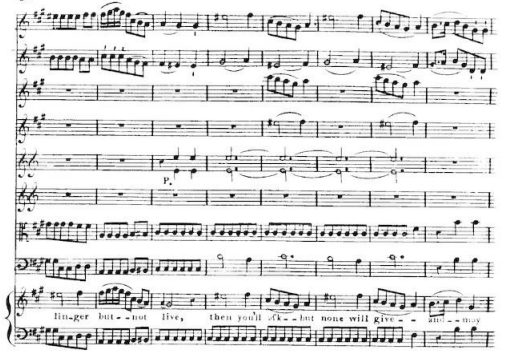

Solo
Soli
Soli

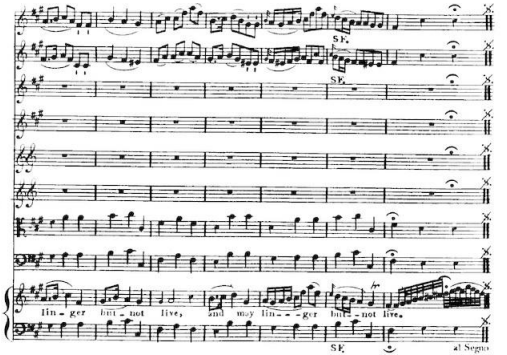

Mor-tals learn your lives to meaſure, not to
length of time - but pleaſure, ſoon - your ſpring muſt have a Fall, lo-ſing

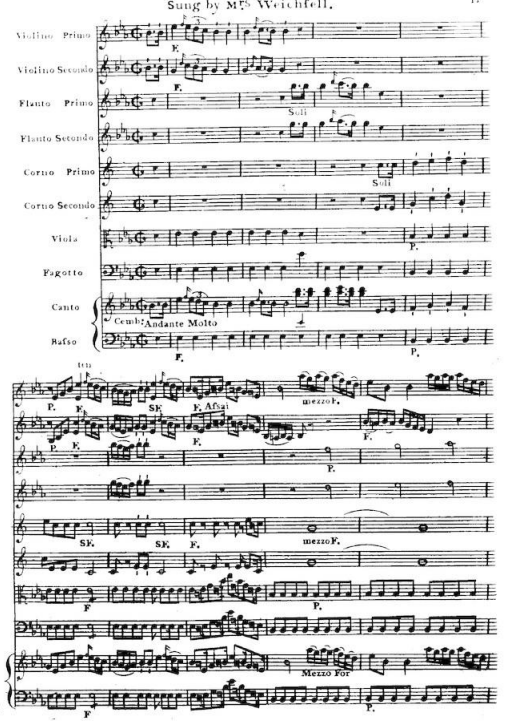


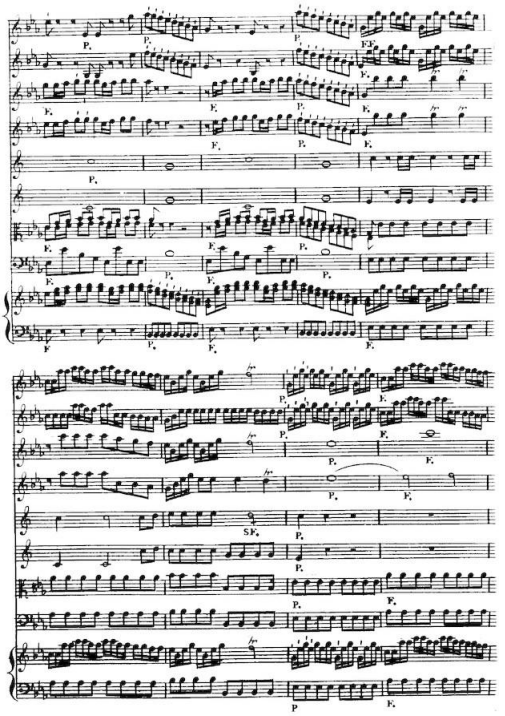

have a Fall, lo_ſing youth is lo_ſing all
ten:
cres:
F.
F.
F.
F.
is loſing all is loſing all.
cres.
F.

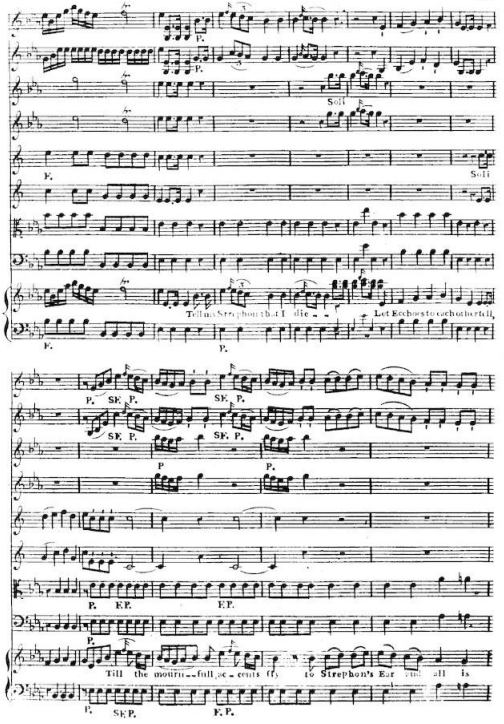

P.
F.
P.
F.
Soli
F.
P.
F.
P.
F.
P.
P.
Then you'll Aſk - but none - will give, and may
P.


P.
lin-ger but-not live, then you'll ob-tain but none will give - - and - - may


SE.
SE.
lin-ger but-not live, and may lin-ger but not live.
SE.
al Segno


Violino Primo
Violino Secondo
Flauto Primo
Flauto Secondo
Corno Primo
Corno Secondo
Viola
Fagotto
Canto
Cembl:
Basso
F.
Soli
Andante Molto
tr
P.
SE.
F. Affai
mezzo F.
mezzo For
F




Soli
Soli
Tell my Strephon that I die - - Let Eccho's to each other tell,
Till the mourn - - full ac - cents fly to Strephon's Ear and all is

F F F

P P P

Well but gent__ly breathe the Fa__tal truth and soften ev__ry

SF

F. F.

solo

harsher sound for Strephon's such a tender youth, the softest Words,

PP SF P

legato

F P.

too deep will wound the softest sound too deep will wound too deep will

F P

SF. P. SF. P. F. P.

SF. P. F. P.

F. F.

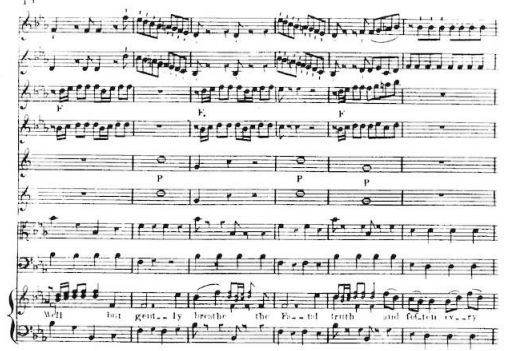
F. F.

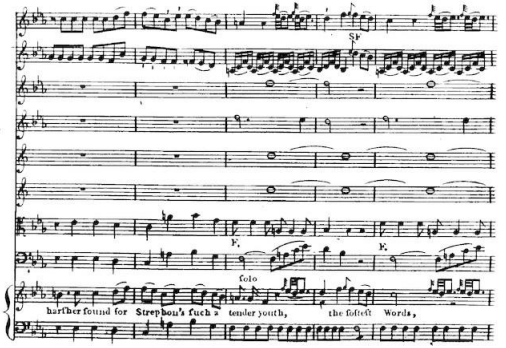
F. F.

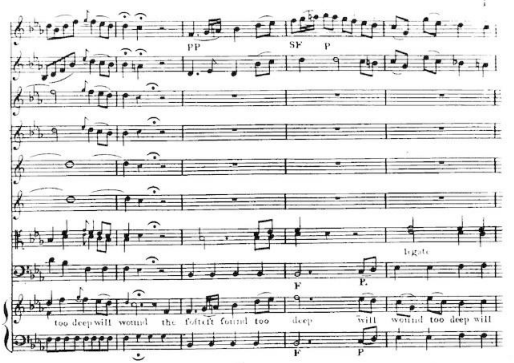
SF. P F. P.

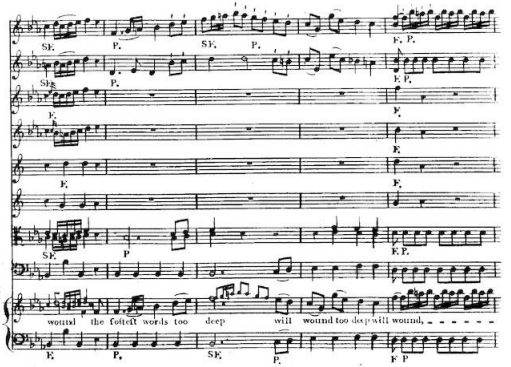
wound the softest words too deep will wound too deep will wound, - - - - - -

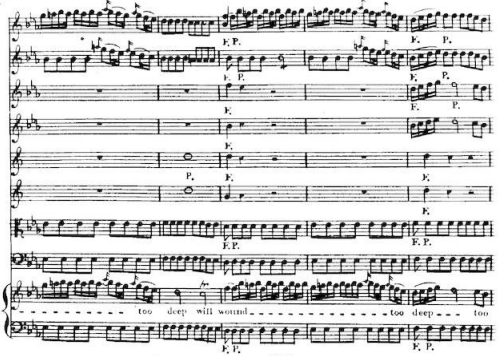
F. P. SF. P. F P

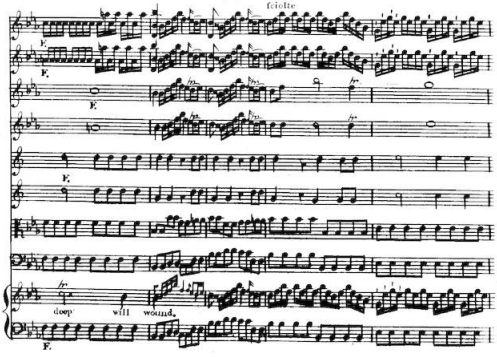


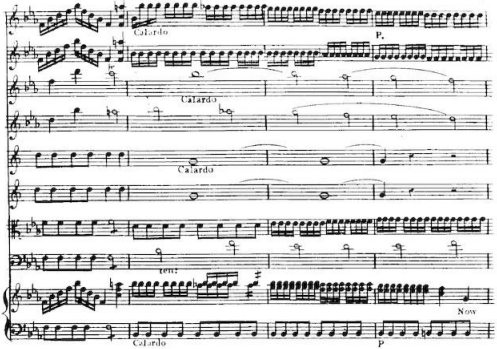


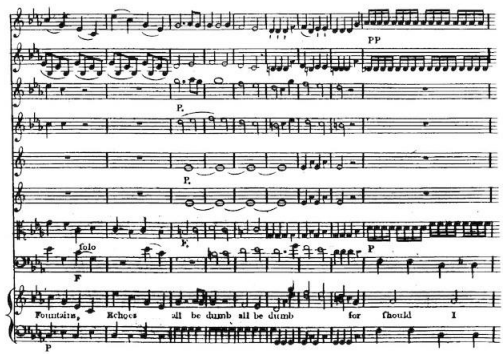


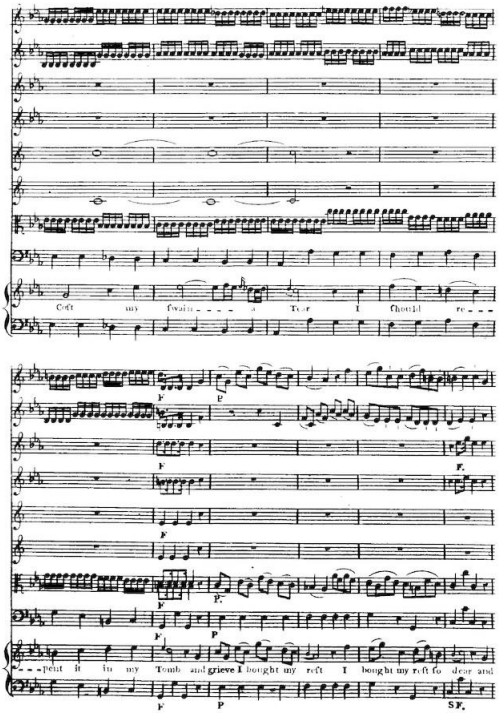


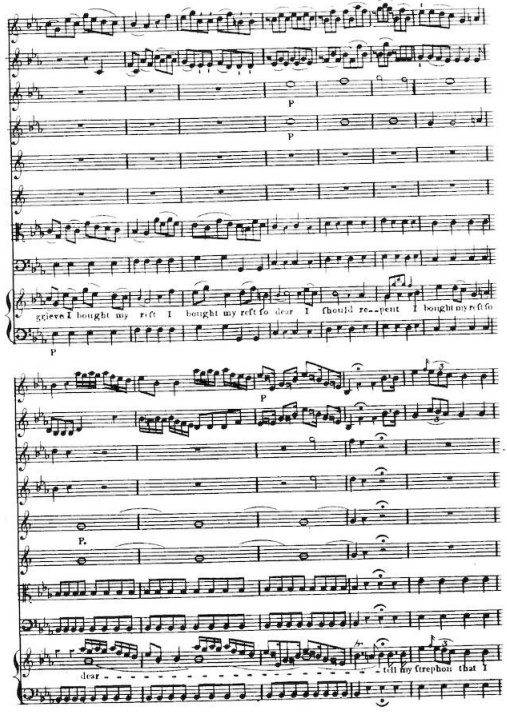

too deep will wound too deep too deep will wound

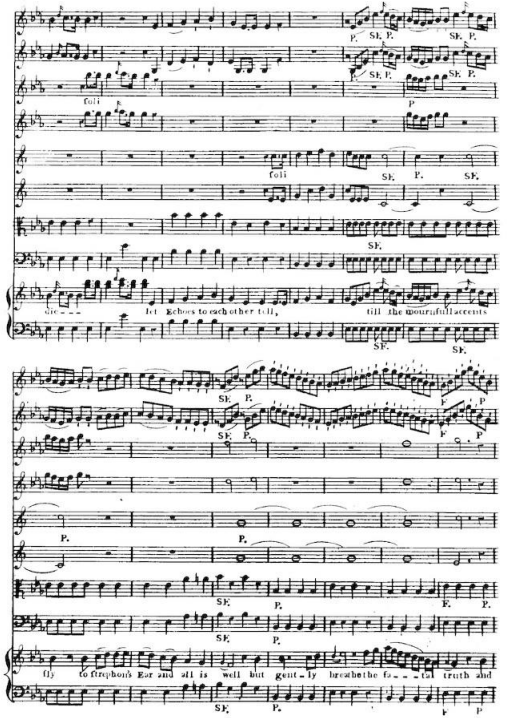

fciolte
deep will wound

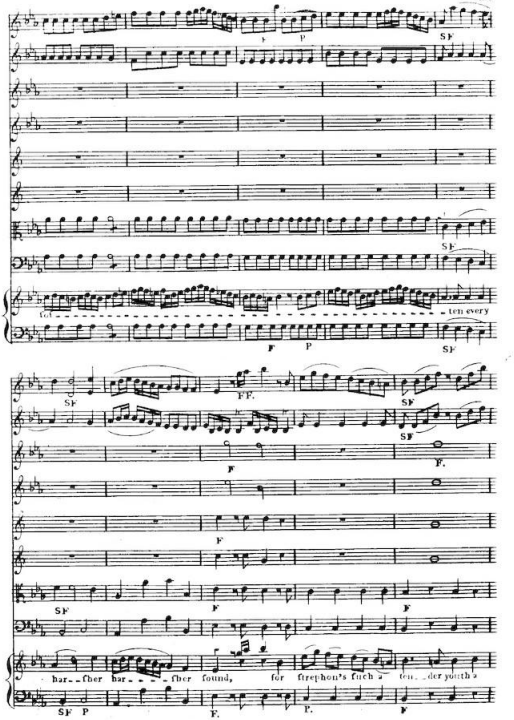

Calardo
Calardo
Calardo
Calardo
Nov


PP
Solo
Fountains Echoes all be dumb all be dumb for fhould I


Oft my swain - - - True I should re - - -
pent it in my Tomb and grieve I bought my reft I bought my reft so dear and

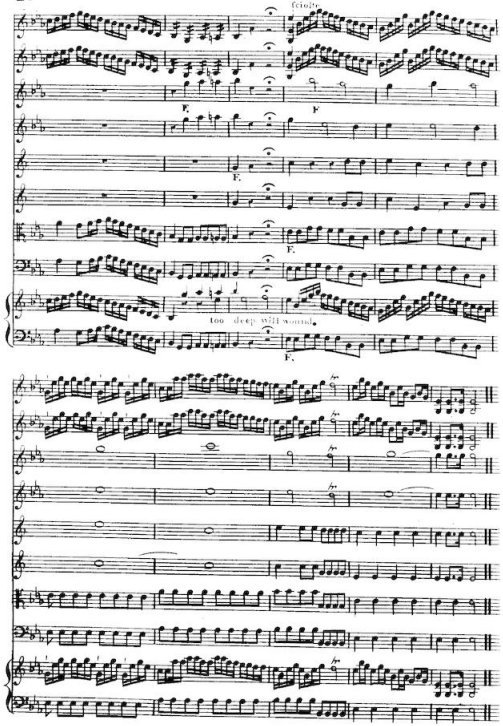

grieve I bought my reft I bought my reft so dear I should re - pent I bought my reft so
dear - till my firephon that I

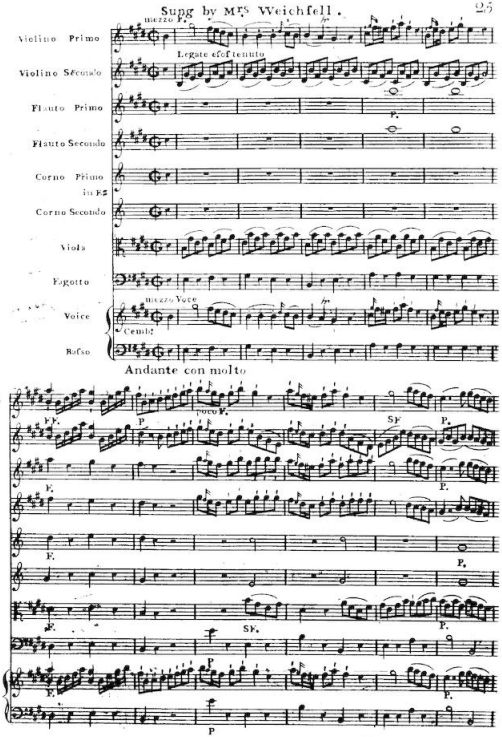

foli
foli
die - - let Echoes to each other tell, till the mournfull accents
fly to ſtrephon's Ear and all is well but gent - ly breathe the fa - - - tal truth and


fof - ten every
har - - ſher har - - - - - ſher ſound, for ſtrephon's ſuch a ten - - der youth's

ten_der ten_der youth, the fof_test words too deep will wound too deep too deep will
ten.
poco F. P.
wound, the fof_teft words too deep will wound too deep too deep will wound

too deep will wound
fciolte
too deep will wound.


Violino Primo
Violino Secondo
Flauto Primo
Flauto Secondo
Corno Primo in Es
Corno Secondo
Viola
Fagotto
Voice
Cembl
Baso
too deep will worms.


Violino Primo
Violino Secondo
Flauto Primo
Flauto Secondo
Corno Primo in Es
Corno Secondo
Viola
Fagotto
Voice
Cembl
Baso
Legate e ritenuto
Andante con molto

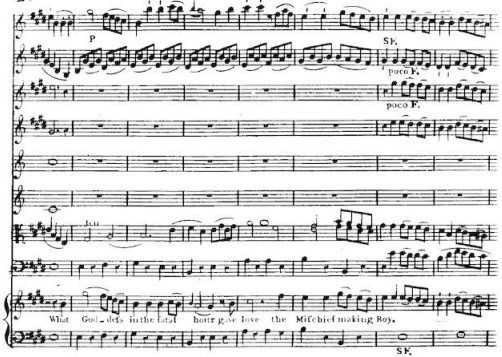
P SF. poco F. poco F. Ten

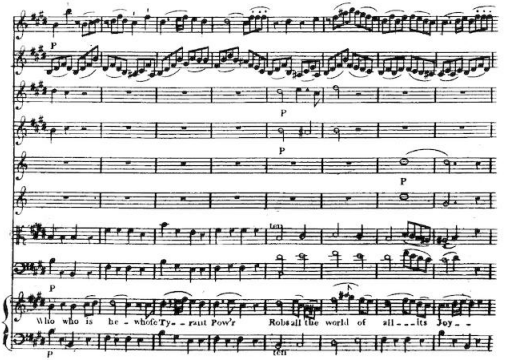
What God-dess in the fatal hour gave love the Mischief making Boy.

SF.

P P P P ten P

Who who is he - whose Ty - rant Pow'r Robs all the world of all - - its Joy - -





P ten

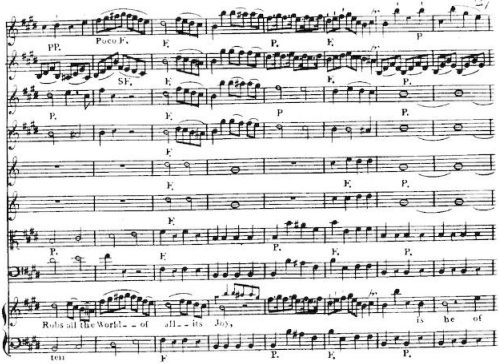
PP. Poco F. F. P. F. P SF. F. F. P. P. F. P P. F. F. F. P. F. P. F. P. F. P.

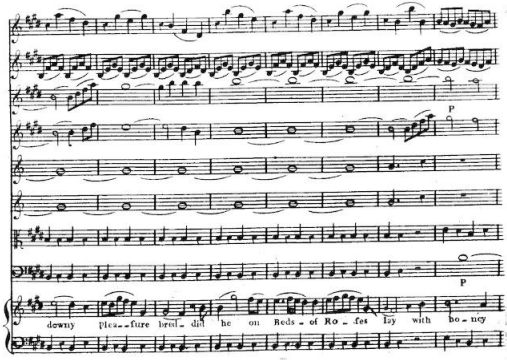
Robs all the World - of all - its Joy, is he of

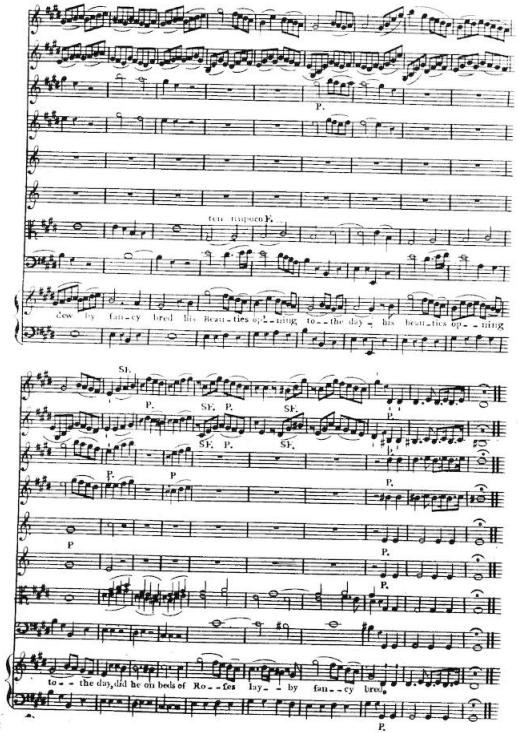
ten F P. F. P.

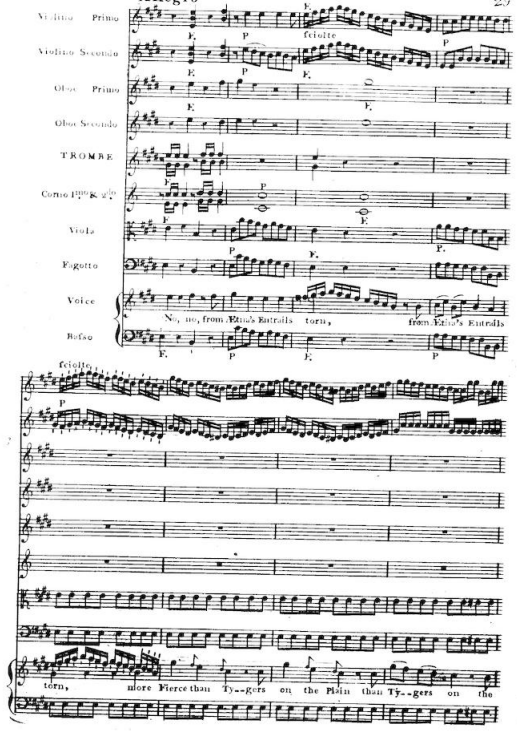
P P

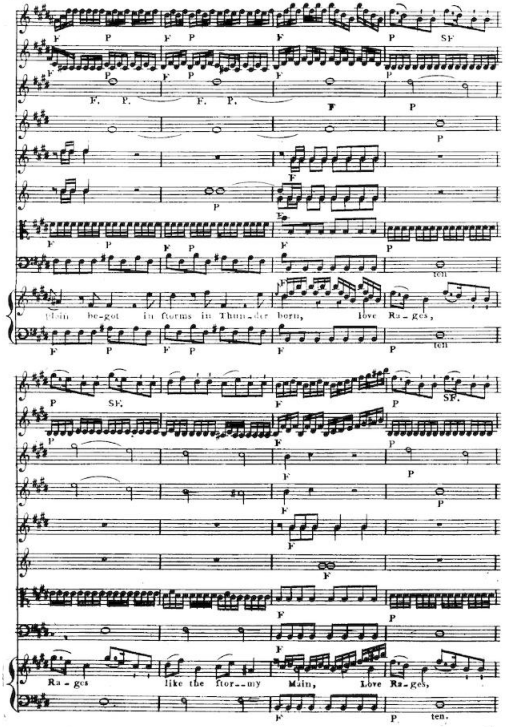
downy plea - sure bred - did he on Beds - of Ro - ses lay with ho - ney

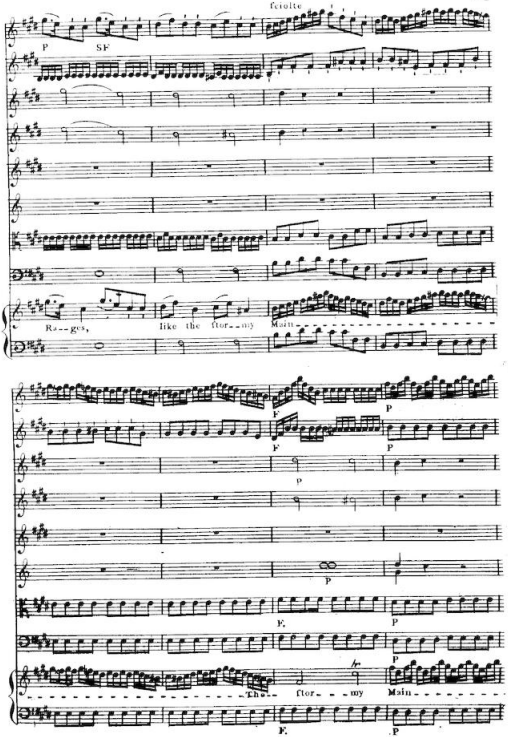


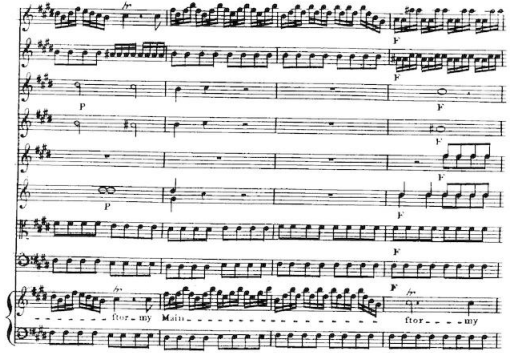


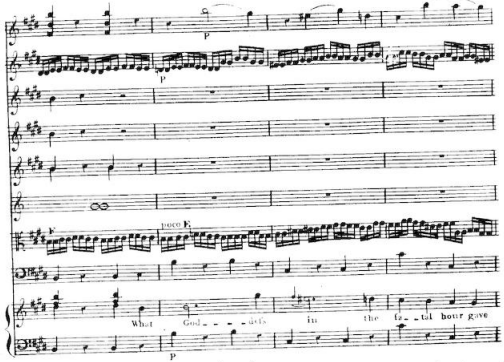

ten mipoco F.
dew by fan-cy bred his Beau-ties op-ning to-the day his beau-ties op-ning
to-the day, did he on beds of Ro-ses lay-by fan-cy bred.

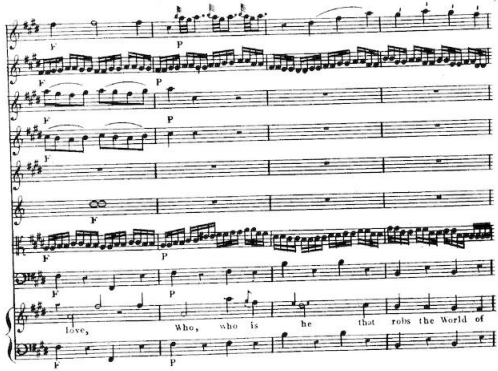

Allegro
Violino Primo
Violino Secondo
Oboe Primo
Oboe Secondo
TROMBE
Corno 1mo & 2do
Viola
Fagotto
Voice
Basso
sciolte
No, no, from Ætna's Entrails torn, from Ætna's Entrails
torn, more Fierce than Ty-gers on the Plain than Ty-gers on the

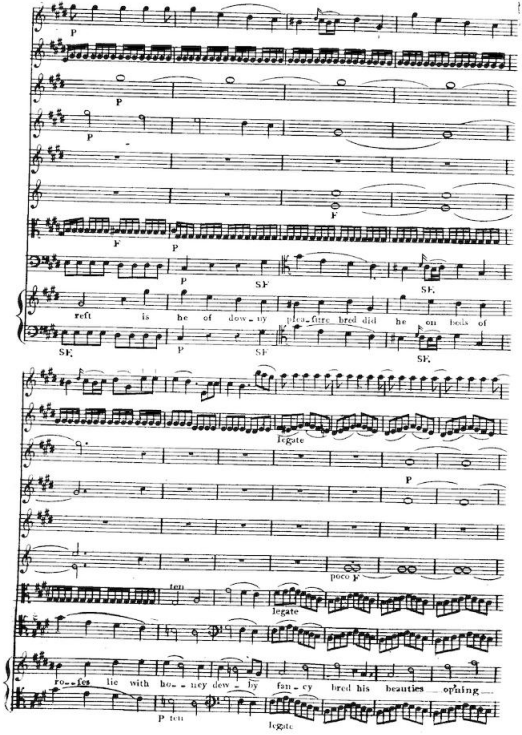

Plain be-got in ſtorms in Thun-der born, love Ra-ges,
Ra-ges like the ſtor--my Main, Love Ra-ges,


ſciolte
Ra--ges, like the ſtor--my Main
The ſtor--my Main


for my Mama for my
Mama


poco F.
What God gives in the fa tal hour gave


love, Who, who is he that robs the World of


reft is he of dow_ny plea_ſure bred did he on beds of
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ro_ſes lie with ho_ney dew_by fan_cy bred his beauties op'ning
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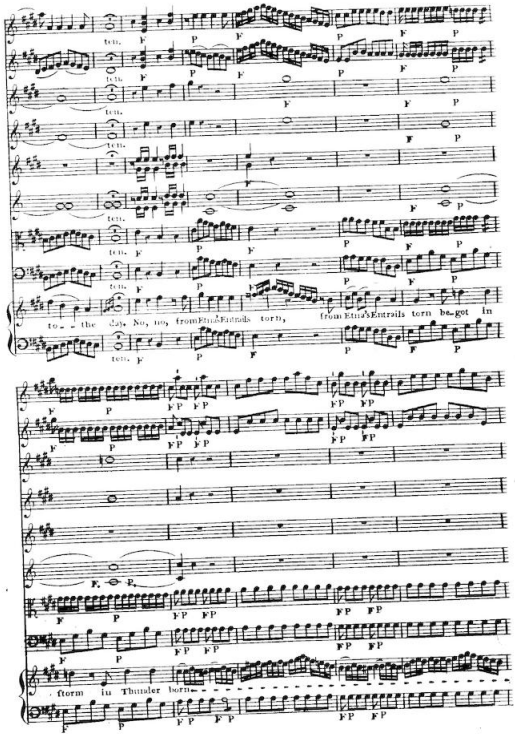
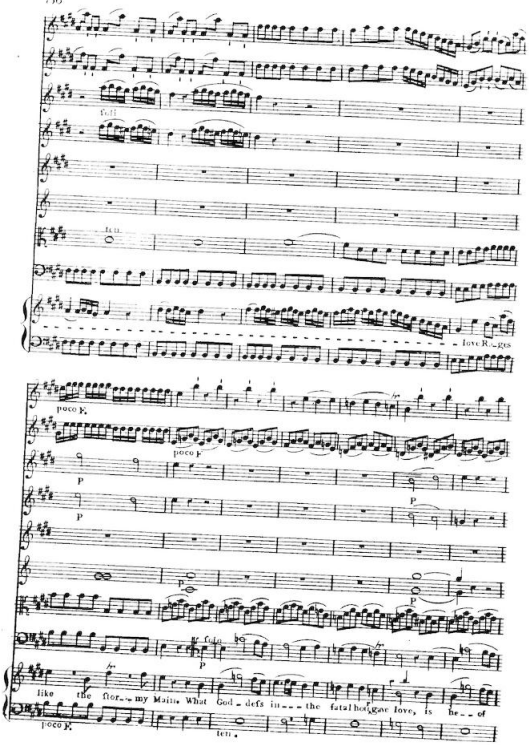

to_the day. No, no, from Etna's Entrails torn, from Etna's Entrails torn be_got in
ſtorm in Thunder born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like the stor_my Main. What God_dess in_the fatal hoe, gave love, is he_of
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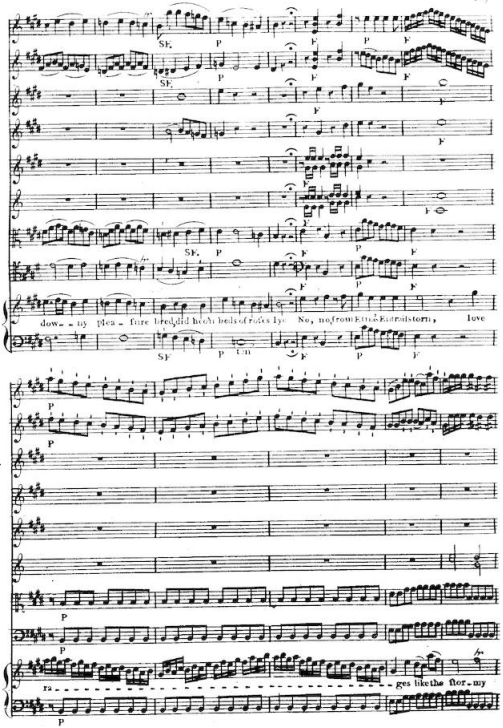
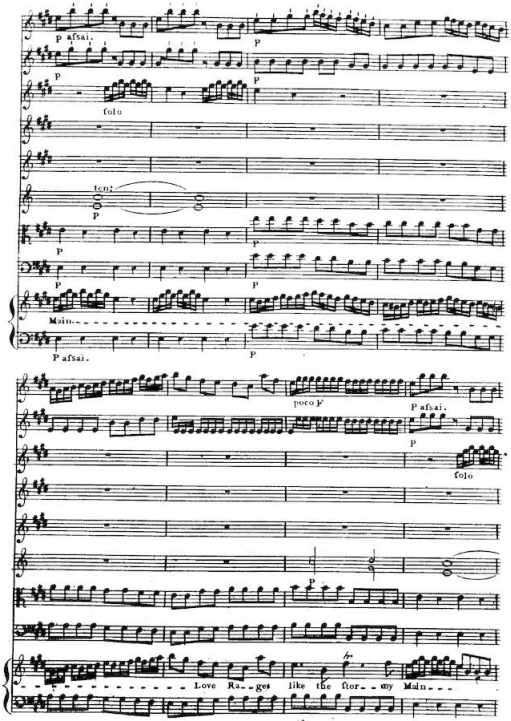

dow_ny plea_sure bred, did heo'n beds of roses lye No, no, from Ethna's Entrails torn, love
ra_ges like the stor_my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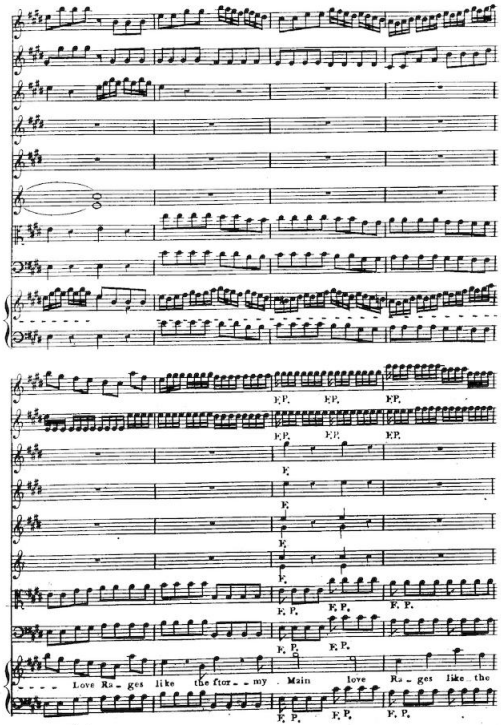
Love Ra_ges like the ftor_my Main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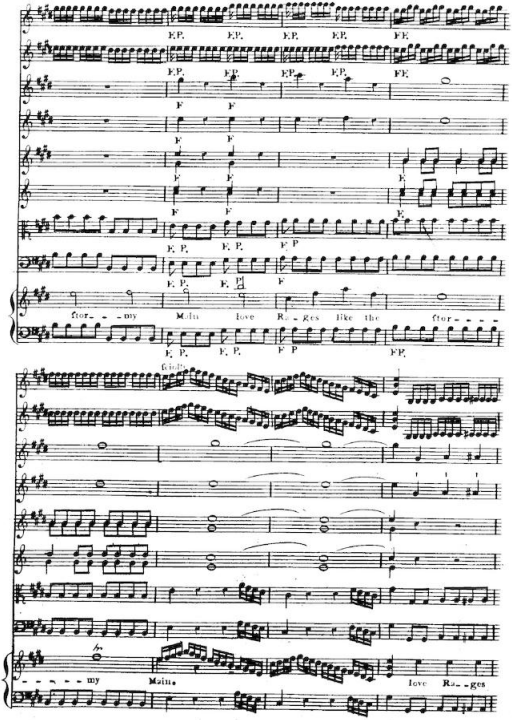
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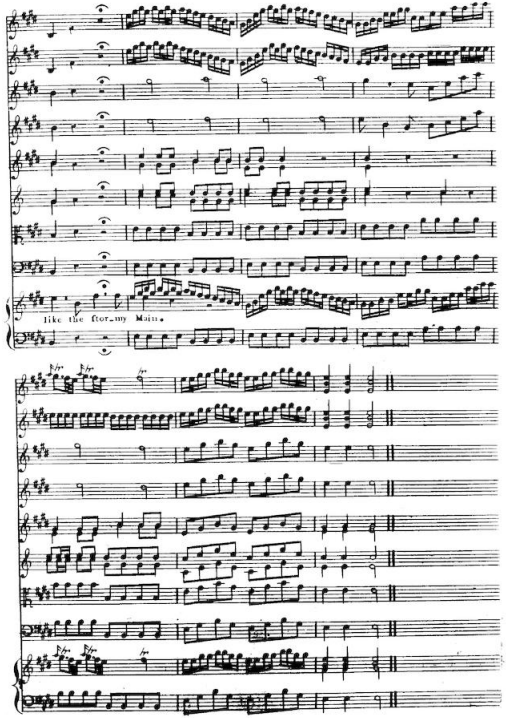
like the ſtor-my Main.