

T H E

Musical

ENTERTAINER

Engrav'd

By GEORGE BICKHAM jun.^r

Vol. I.



G. Bickham del. Sculp.

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ON
Mira's Singing and Beauty.
 Set by M. TURNER.

To yth Hon.^{ble} & of BURLINGTON, these Four Plates are humbly inscribed,

Singing charms y^e Blest above; Angels Sing & Saints approve:

All we below of Heavn can know, Is that they both Sing and Love.

Is that they both Sing and Love.

2
*Mira hath an Angel's lin;
 Sweet her Notes, her Face as fair
 Vassals and Kings,
 Feel, when she Sings,
 Charms of warbling Beauty near.*

3
*Savage Nature conquer'd bys,
 All is Wonder and Surprise,
 Souls Expiring,
 Hearts a Siring,
 By her charming Notes & Eyes.*

4
*Let the Viol and the Harp,
 Hang & molder till they warp;
 Let Flute and Lyre,
 In Dust Expire,
 Shatter'd by a Vocal Sharp.*

For the Flute.



Andante

G. Biehn fecit.

The Charms of Florimel, No Force of Time or Art, shall sever from my

Heart; But ever to the World, I'll tell, The Charms of Beautous Florimel.

*Each Rock and sunny Hill,
The flow'ry Meads and Groves,
Shall say, Mirtillo Loves;
And Echo shall be taught to tell
The Charms, &c.*

*Each Brook, and purling Rill,
Shall, on its bubbling Stream,
Convey the Virgin's Name;
And as it rolls in Murmurs tell,
The Charms, &c.*

*Each Tree within the Vale,
That on its Bark doth wear,
The Triumphs of my Fair;
To future Times in Verse shall tell.
The Charms, &c.*

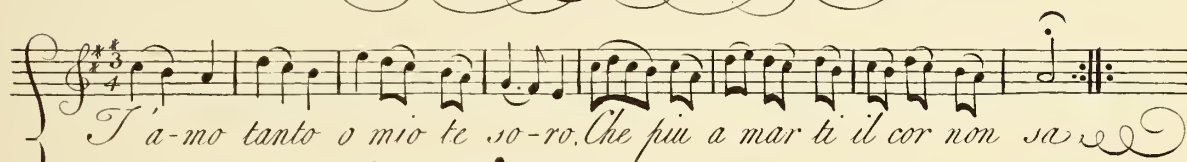
*The Silvan Gods, that dwell,
Amidst this Sacred Grove,
Shall wonder at my Love;
Whilst ev'ry Sound conspires to tell,
The Charms of Beautous Florimel.*

For the Flute:

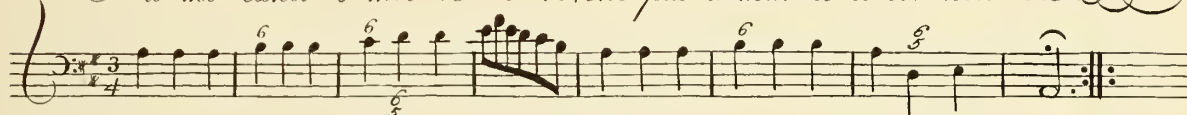


Buckham jun. fecit.

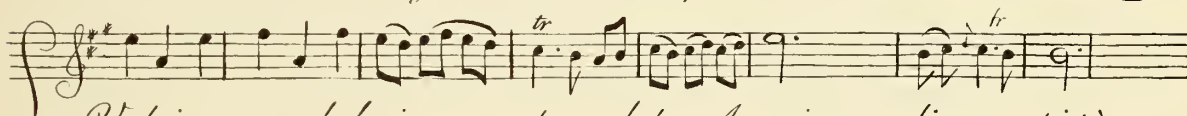
Amo tanto.



I'a-mo tanto o mio te so-ro. Che piu a mar ti il cor non sa



So much I love thee Oh my Treasure. That my Flame no Bounds does know



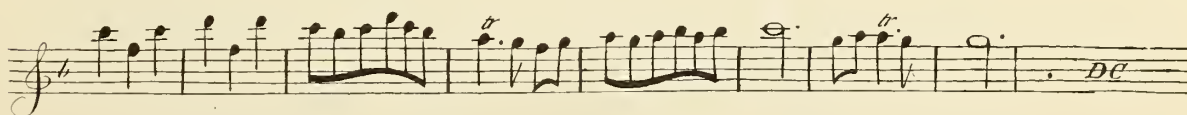
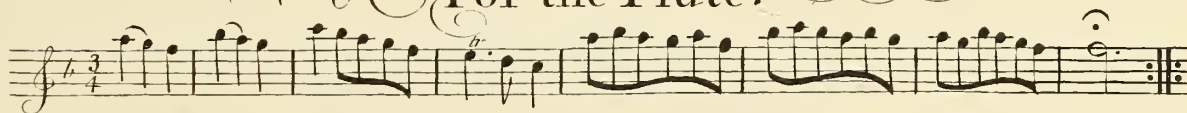
Volgi un guar doal mio maz...toro ed la Avrai..... di me pietà. DC



Oh look upon your Swain with pleasure. For his pain some pi-ty shew.

<i>Par-to si-da te mia vi-ta</i>	<i>Oh my Charmer tho' I leave you</i>
<i>Ma date non parte il cor</i>	<i>Yet my Heart with you remains</i>
<i>Il german tuo chiede ai-ta</i>	<i>Let not then my Absence grieve you</i>
<i>Il tuo bellà mi chiede amor.</i>	<i>Since with pride I wear your Chains.</i>

For the Flute.





The Going out in the Morning.

Hark away 'tis the merry ton'd Horn, calls the Hunters all up w.th the Morn; to the

Vivace
Hills and the woodlands we steer, to unharbour the out-lying Deer.
Minuet. Chorus of Huntsmen.

And all the Day long, this this is our Song, still hollowing and following so
jolic and free, our joys know no bounds, while ne'er after the Hounds, no mortals on

Earth are so jolly as we.

Round the Woods when we beat how we glow,
While the Hills they all Echo Ho!
With a Bounce from his Cover when he flies,
Then our Shouts they resound to the Skies:
(Chorus) And all the Day long, &c.

For the Flute.

When we Sweep o'er the Valleys or climb,
Up the Health breathing Mountain Sublime,
What a Joy from our Labours we feel,
Which alone they who tast can reveal:
(Chorus) And all the Day long, &c.

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



ON
Masons and Masonry.

To the R. Hon.^{ble} the Earl of LOUDON; Grand Master; these 4. Plates are humbly inscribd.

By Masons Art y^e aspiring Dome, In various Columns shall arise,

All Climates are their native Home, Their godlike Actions reach y^e Skies:

Heroes & Kings revere their Name, And Poets Sing their deathless fame.

*Great Generous, Noble, Wise and Brave,
 Are Titles they most justly claim;
 Their Deeds shall live beyond y^e Grave,
 Which Babes unborn shall loud proclaim:
 Time shall their glorious Acts enroll,
 Whilst Love and Friendship charms y^e Soul.*

For the Flute.

N^o II.

Ersten, G. Wickham, jun^r, Sculp.



THE

Slighted Lover.

Believe my Sighs my Tears my Dear, Believe y^e Heart you've
 won. Believe my Vows to you Sincere, Or Moggy I'm Undone.
 You say I'm Fickle and apt to Change, At ev'ry Face that's
 new, Of all the Girls I ever saw, I neer Lov'd one but you.

<p>My Heart was like a Lump of Ice, Till warm'd by your Bright Eye, And then it kindled in a Trice A Flame that neer can die.</p>	<p>Then take & try me and you'll find, That I've a Heart that's true, Of all the Girls I ever Saw I neer Lov'd One like You.</p>
--	---

For the Flute.



The Return from the Chace.

Set by M^r. Leveridge.

The sweet rosy Morn^g, peeps over the Hills, With Blushes adorning the

Meadows & Fields; The merry merry merry Horn calls come come come a-

:s: Cho.

way, Awake from your Slumber, and hail the new Day; the

*The Stag roud^d before us,
 Away seems to fly,
 And pants to the Chorus
 Of Hounds in full Cry;
 Then follow follow follow follow
 The Musical Chace,
 Where Pleasure and vig'rous
 Health you embrace;*

Cho.

*The Day's Sport when over,
 Makes Blood circle right,
 And gives the brisk Lover
 Fresh Charms for the Night.
 Then let us let us now enjoy
 All we can while we may,
 Let Love crown the Night,
 As our Sports crown y^e Day.*

Cho.

For the Flute.

G. Bickham jun^r Sculp.



The Coquet.

Set by M. Vanburgh.

G. Bickham jun. Sculp.

Andante *From*

White's and Will's to purling Rills, The love Sick Strephon Lies;

There full of Woe, His Numbers flow, And all in Rhime he Dies.

The Fair Coquet,
 With feign'd Regret,
 Invites him back to Town;
 But when in Tears
 The Youth Appears,
 She meets him with a frown.

Full of the Maid
 This Prank had play'd,
 Till angry Strephon swore;
 And what is strange,
 Tho' loth to change,
 Would never see her more.

For the Flute.

Song



THE Submissive Admirer

Set by Dr. Handel.

To the R^t Hon.^{ble} the Earl COWPER these Four Plates are humbly inscrib'd.
Within the Compass of the Voice

How is it possible, how can I for-bear? So many Charms all around you wear They ev'ry

Part hath such Power to move, Who see Admirers, & who knows you doth Love, and who knows you doth

Love. In vain you do command a ... way, Me-thinks to thee I'd e.....ver grow,

When You re-main, then must I Stay, When You depart, then must I go. D.C.

For the FLUTE.



The Relief; or, Pow'r of Drinking
Set by M. Monro.

Since Drinking has Pow'r; for to give us Relief, Come fill up y^e Bowl, & a Pax on all grief;

If we find that won't do, We'll have such Another; And so We'll proceed from one Bowl to y^e

Other; Till like Sons of Apollo, We'll make our Wit Scar, Or in Homage to Bacchus fall down on y^e Floor.

2

• Apollo and Bacchus were both merry Souls,
They Each of them lov'd for to top off their Bowls;
Then let's try to show our Selves Men of Merit,
By toasting those Gods in a Bowl of Good Claret,
And then We shall all be deserving of Praise;
But y^e Man that Drinks most, shall go off with y^e Rays.

— FOR THE FLUTE. —

Bickham jun. sculp.



The Despairing Lover.

Sym.

A Swain of Love de-spairing, thus wail'd his cruel fate, his
 grief y^e Shepherds sharing, in Circles round him sat. The Nymphs in kind Compassion, the Luck less Lover
 Mournd; all who had felt y^e Passion, a Sigh for Sigh return'd: All who had felt y^e Passion, A
 Sigh for Sigh re-turn'd.

II	III	IV
O Friends! your plaints give over, Your kind Concern forbear, Should Cloe but discover, For me you've Shed a Tear, Her Eyes shied Arm w th Vengeance, Your friendship soon subdue, Too late you'd Ask forgiveness, And for her Mercy sue	Her Charms such force discover Resistance is in Vain, Spight of your self you'd love her And hug the Galling Chains, Her wit the Flame increases, And rivets fast the Dart, She has ten thousand Graces, And Each could Gain a Heart.	But Oh! one more deserving, Has thaw'd her frozen Breast, Her Heart for him preserving She's cold to all the rest, Their Love with Joy abounding The thought distracts my brain, O cruel Maid! then Sounding He fell upon the Plain.

For the Flute

Sym.



Beckham sculp.

THE
Blind Boy.

O! Say, what is that Thing call'd Light, which I can ne'er Enjoy;

What is the Blessing of the Sight, Oh! tell, tell your poor Blind Boy.

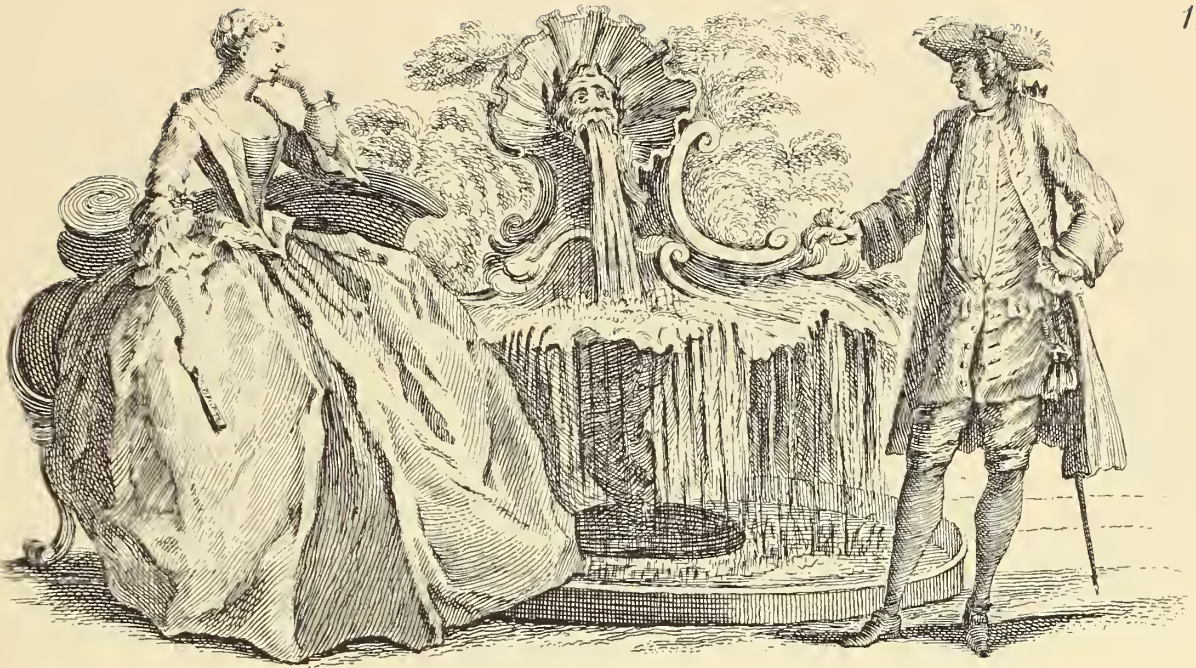
2
 You talk of wondrous Things you see,
 You say the Sun shines bright;
 I feel him warm but how can he
 Then make it Day or Night!

3
 My Day or Night myself I make,
 When e'er I wake or play,
 And could I ever keep awake
 It would be always Day.

4
 With heavy Sighs I often hear
 You mourn my hopeless Woe,
 But sure with Patience I may bear
 A Loss I ne'er can know.

5
 Then let not what I cannot have
 My Cheer of Mind destroy,
 Whilst thus I sing I am a King,
 Altho' a poor Blind Boy.

For the Flute.



THE
Grateful Lover.

To the R.^t Hon.^{ble} of Lady COBHAM these Four Plates are humbly Inscribed.

The Words by M^r Congreve.

Set by M^r Gunn.

Largo

False tho' she bet to me & Love, Ill neer pursue Re-
venge For still y^e Charmer I approve, Tho' I depl^{or}e her Change

Allegro

In hours of Blifs we oft have met They could
not always last, And tho' y^e present I regret I'm grateful for y^e past. I'm grateful for y^e Past.

N.^o IV.

Bickham Sculp.



Alexis, how artless a Lover! how bashful & silly you grow! In my Eyes can you never discover I mean Yes, when I often say No, say No, I mean Yes, when I often say No?

2
*When you pine, & you whine out your Passion
 And only entreat for a Kiss,
 To be coy, and deny is the Fashion
 Alexis should ravish the Bliss.*

3
*In Love as in War its but Reason
 To make some Defence for y^e Town,
 To surrender without it were Treason,
 Before that y^e Outworks were won.*

4
*If I frown, its my Blushes to cover,
 Its for Honour & Modesty sake;
 He is but a Pityful Lover
 Who is foiled by a Single Attack.*

5
*But when we by Force are ore-power'd
 The best & the bravest must yield;
 I am not to be won by a Coward
 Who hardly dares enter y^e Field.*

For the Sute.

Bickham Sculp.



Charming Cloe.

The Words by M. Jersy.

Set by M. Gladwin.

When charming Cloe gently walks, Or sweetly smiles, or gayly talks,
 No Goddess can with her compare, So Sweet her Look, so soft her Air.

In whom so many Charms are plac'd
 Is with a Mind as nobly grac'd,
 With Sparkling Wit and Solid Sense.
 And soft persuasive Eloquence.

Inframing her divinely fair,
 Nature employ'd her utmost Care,
 That We in Cloe's form should find,
 A Venus with Minerva's Mind.

For the Flute.

Bickham Sculp.

THE
Constant Lover.

Sweet are the Charms of Her, I Love, more Fragrant than the Damask Rose,
Soft as the Down of Turtle Dove; Gentle as Wind wh' Lephyr blows,
freshing as descending Rains, to Sunburnt Climes & thirsty Plains.

True as the Needle to the Pole,
Or as the Dial to the Sun,
Constant as gliding Waters rowl,
Whose swelling Tides obey y^e Moon,
From ev'ry other Charmer free,
My Life & Love shall follow thee.

The Lamb the flow'ry Thyme devours,
The Dam the tender Kid pursues,
Sweet Philonell in Shady Bonv'rs,
Of verdant Spring her Note renews,
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my Soul's desire.

Nature must change her beautiful Face
And vary as the Seasons rise,
As Winter to the Spring gives place
Summer th' approach of Autumn flies
No Change of Love the Season bring;
Love only knows perpetual Spring.

Devouring Time with stealing Pace,
Makes lofty Oaks and Cedars bow,
And Marble Towers & Walls of Brass,
In his rude March he levels low,
But time destroying far & wide,
Love from the Soul can neer divide.

Death only with his Cruel Dart
The gentle God-head can remove,
And drive him from y^e Bleeding Heart,
To mingle with the Blest above,
Where know' to all his kindred Train,
He finds a lasting Rest from Pain.

Love & his Sister fair, the Soul,
Twin born from Heav'n together came;
Love will the Universe controul
When dying Seasons lose their Name,
Divine Abodes shall own his Pow'r,
When Time & Death shall be no more.

For the Flute.

Bickham

Sculp





THE
Request to the Nightingal.

To the Hon: the Lady RICH, these four Plates are humbly Inscribed.

Bird of May, leave if spray, leave if spray, Bird of May, fly to yon Grove, And wake my Love, O there if Love

slumbering lies, Warble an Air, Till if Fair, speaks a Passion with her Eyes, But if my Grief sends no relief, Whisper her that

Thyrosis dies, Bird of May, keep if spray, keep if spray, Bird of May, thbe smiles, my souls all gay, thbe smiles my souls all gay.

The Words by M. Lockman.

Set by M. Handel.





Set by M^r Boyce Organist & Composer to his Majesty

THE Ravish'd Lover.

The Words by M^r Philip.

Bickham Sculp^s

When Fanny Blooming fair, First met my ravish'd Sight, Caught wth her Shape & Air, I felt a strange delight:

Whilst ea-gerly I gaz'd, Admiring ev'ry part, I ev'-ry Fea-ture prais'd, She stole in to my Heart.

2
In her bewitching Eyes,
Young smiling Loves appear,
There Cupid balking lyes
His Shafts are hoarded there,
Her Blooming Checks are dy'd,
With Colour all their own,
Excelling Far the pride,
Of Roses newly Blown.

3
Her well turn'd Limbs confess,
The lucky hand of Jove,
Her Features all express
The Beautous Queen of Love,
What Flames my Nerves invade,
When I behold the Breast,
Of that too lovely Maid,
Rise suing to be prest.

4
Venus round Fanny's Waste,
Hath her own Cestus bound,
With Guardian Cupids grac'd,
Who sport the circle round,
How happy will he be,
Who shall her Zone unloose,
That Blifs to all but me,
May Heav'n and she refuse.

For the Flute

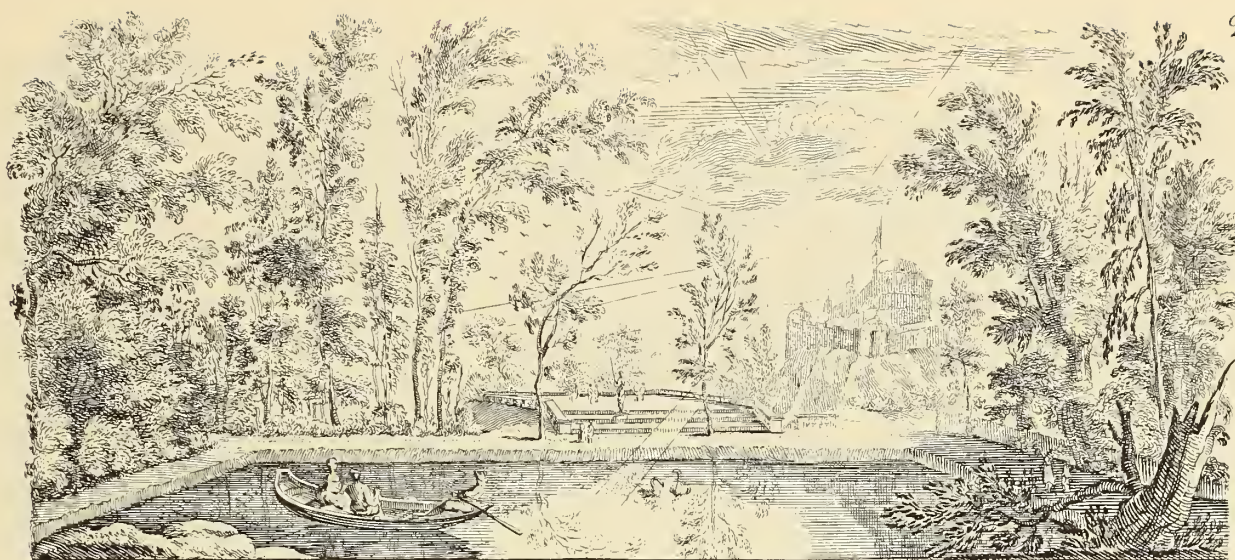


The Rival or Desponding Lover.

Of all the Torments all the Cares, By which our lives are Curst,
 Of all the Sor-rows that we bear, A Rival is the Worst,
 By Part-ners of A-no-ther Kind, Afflictions easier grow,
 In Love A-lone we-hate to find, Com panions of our woe

Silvia, for all those Griefs you see,	Howe're severe, your Rigours are,
Arising in my Breast;	Alone with y ^m I'd Cope,
I beg not that you'd pity me,	I can endure my own Despair.
Would you but Slight the rest:	But not another's Hope.

For the Flute,



Bickham Sculp.

THE MIDSUMMER WISH.

Set by M^r Carey

Not too fast

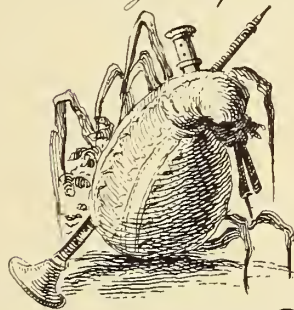
Waft me some soft and cooling Breeze to Windsors sha...dy kind Retreat: Where Silvan

Scenes wide spreading Trees, repel the raging Dog Stars Heat. Where tufted Grass & mossy Beds

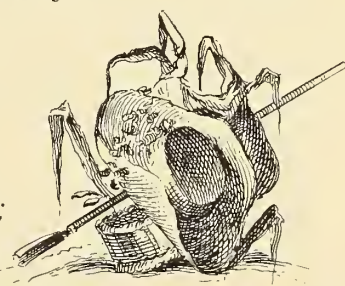
ford a rural calm Repose; Where Woodlines hang their den...y Heads, & fragrant sweets around disclose.

Old oozy Thames that flows fast by,
 Along the smiling Valley plays;
 His glassy Surface cheers the Eye,
 And thro' the flow'ry Meadow strays.
 His fertile Banks with Herbage green,
 His Vales with Golden Plenty swell:
 Where'er his purer Stream is seen,
 The Gods of Health and Pleasure dwell.

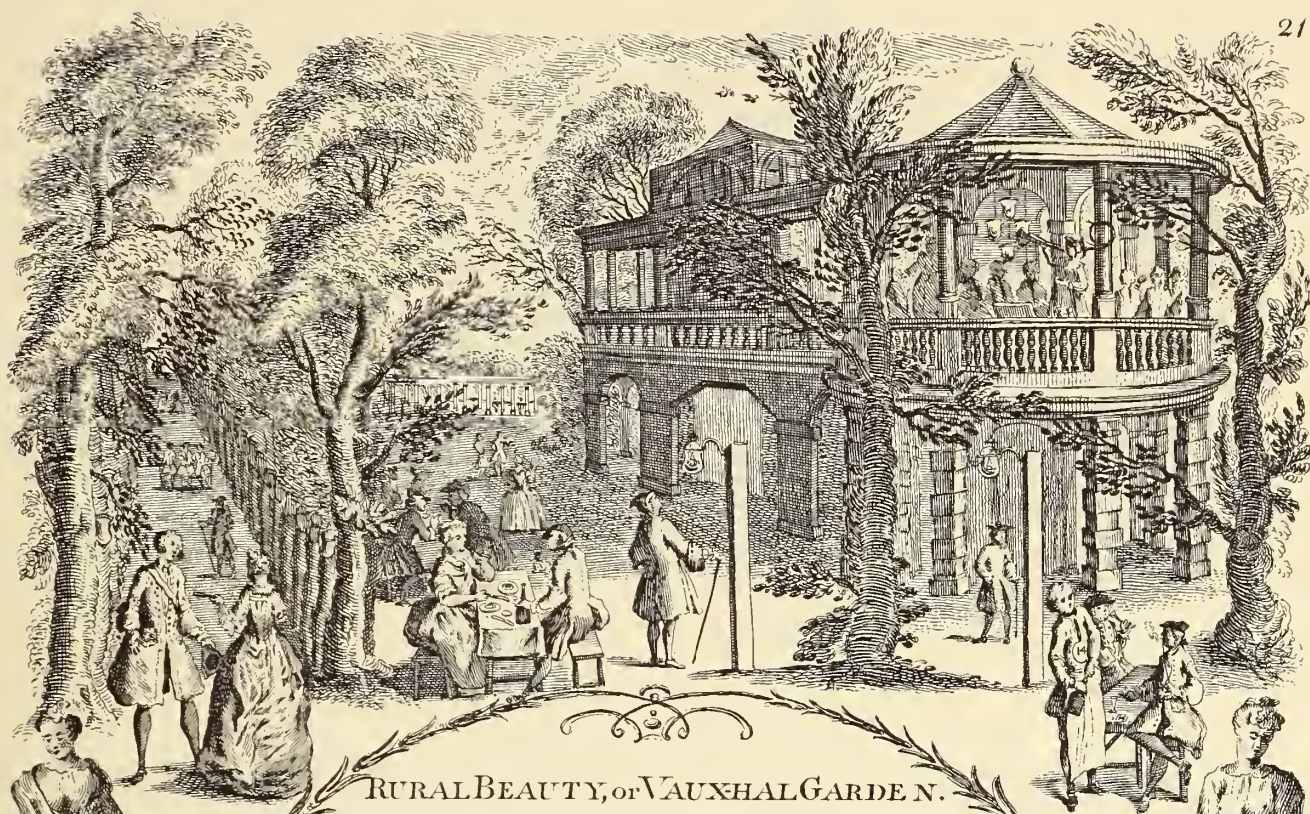
Let me thy Clear thy yielding Wave,
 With naked Arm once more divide:
 In thee my glowing Bosom lave,
 And stem thy gently rolling Tide.
 Lay me with Damask Roses crown'd,
 Beneath some Ozier dusky shade:
 Where Water Lillies paint the Ground,
 And bubbling Springs refresh the glade.



4
 Let chaste Clarinda too be there,
 With azure Mantle lightly drest:
 Ye Nymphs bind up her silken Hair,
 Ye Zephyrs fan her panting Breast.
 Oh! haste away fair Maid and bring
 The Muse the Kindly Friend to Love;
 To Thee alone the Muse shall sing,
 And warble thro' the vocal Grove.



For the Flute.



RURAL BEAUTY, or VAUXHAL GARDE N.

To the R^o Hon^{ble} J^oseph B. BALTIMORE These four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

Alas, Goddess, sweetly blooming, & ever airy, e...ver gay; All her wouled Charms resuming

To Spring-Garden calls a way: With this blissful Spot de lighted, Here if Queen of May retreats,

Belles & Beaus are all in vi ved, So par take of varied Sweets..... To partake of varied Sweets.

See a grand Pavillion yonder,
Rising near embowring Shades,
Ther a Temple strikes with wonder,
In full view of Colonnades;
Art and Nature (kindly lavish)
Here their mingled Beauties yield:
Equal Here the Pleasures rivish,
Of the Court and of the Field.

Lo, what Splendors round us darting,
Swift illumine the charming Scene;
Chandeliers their Light imparting,
Pear fresh Beauties oer y Green,
Glittering Lamps in order planted,
Strike the Eye with sweet Surprise:
Adam was not more enchanted
When he saw the Sun first rise.

Hark! In what Heavenly Notes descending,
Break upon the listning Ear;
Musick all its Graces lending;
O tis Extasy to hear!
Nightingales the Concert joyning,
Breathe their Plaint in melting Strains;
Vanquish'd now their Groves resigning,
Soon they fly to distant Plains.

Now the various Bands are seated,
All dispos'd in bright Array,
Business oer, and Cares retreated,
With soft Mirth they close y Day.
Thou of Old the Sons of Pleasure,
Pass'd in Shades their favorite Hours,
(Nectar chering their gay Leasure)
Blepid by Love, crown'd with Flowers.

The Words by M. Lockman Set by M. Boyce



Charming Silvia.

Set by D.^r Green.

The Nymph if undoes me, is fair & unkind; No less than a Wonder by Nature design'd;

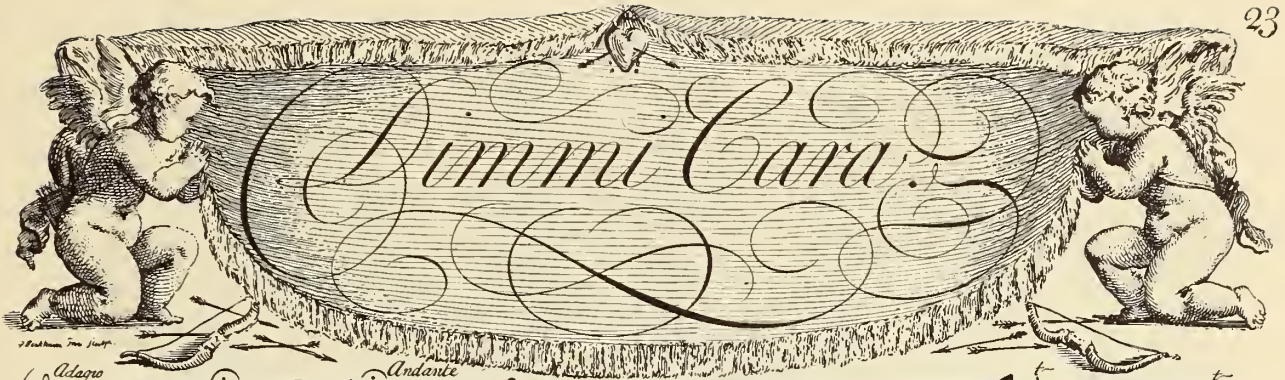
She's if Grief of my Slavery Joy of my Eye, & if cause of a Flame if never can die, if cause of a Flame if never can die.

Her Mouth from whence Wit still obligingly flows,
Has the beautiful Blush, and the Smell of the Rose;
Love and Destiny both attend on her Will,
She Wounds with a look with a Frown she can kill.

The desperate Lover can hope no Redress,
Where Beauty and Rigour are both in Excess:
In Silvia they meet; so unhappy am I,
Who sees her must love, & who loves her must die.

For the Flute.

Bickham sculp. —



Adagio *Andante*

Dim mi Ca ra Dimmi tu dei mo rir mac ca ra non mi dir parti len tan da me len tan da
 me parti len tan Len tan da me Dimmi tu dei mo rir mac ca ra non mi dir parti Len
 tan da me mac ca ra non mi dir parti Len tan Len tan da me

Sym.

Pria di ve derti si forse po tea par tir or che ti veggio no no che non vuol non piu parti re il core il
 piu pria di ve der ti si forse po tea par tir or che di veggio no no che non vuol non piu partire il core il piu.

DA CAPO.

For the Flute.

Adg
Song

andante *Song* *tr* *Symp*

Bickham sculp.



Buckham sculp^e

Dear Chloe, while thus beyond Measure, You treat me with Doubts and Disdain, You rob
 all your Youth of its Pleasure, And hoard up an old Age of Pain. Your Maxim that Love is still founded,
 on Charms that will quickly decay: You'll find to be very illgrounded, When once you its Dictates obey.

The Love that from Beauty is drawn,
 By kindness you ought to improve;
 Soft looks and gay Smiles are the Dawn,
 Fruits on the Sun Shine of Love:
 And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes
 Should be clouded that now are so gay,
 And Darkness obscure all the Skies,
 You neer can forget it was Day.

Old Darby with Joan by his Side
 You've often regarded with Wonder
 He's Dropical She is Dym cy'd
 Yet they're ever uneasy asunder,
 Together they totter about,
 Or sit in the Sun at the Door,
 And at Night when old Darby's Pòts out
 His Joan will not smoke a Whiff more.

No Beauty nor Wit they possess,
 Their several Failings to smother;
 Then what are the Charms can you guess,
 That make them so fond of each other?
 'Tis the pleasing Remembrance of Youth,
 The Endearments which Youth did bestow;
 The Thoughts of past Pleasure and Truth,
 The left of our Blessings below.

Those Traces for ever will last,
 No Sickness or Time can remove;
 For when Youth and Beauty are past,
 And Age brings the Winter of Love:
 A Friendship insensibly grows,
 By Review's of such Raptures as these,
 The Current of Fondness still flows,
 Which death put old Age cannot freeze.

Flute



Of Myrtillo,

Or the Despairing Swain.

TO the R^t Hon^{ble} the Lord DELAWAR, this Cantata is most humbly inscrib'd.

Recitative

A Cypress Grove whose melancholly Shade to mitigate the Tortures of y^e

Sad was made Myrtillo oppress'd with Grief did there retire, and thus in mournful Sound

Aire

direct his Prayr. Venus descend come

Ease my Pain, Daughter of Jove Daughter of Jo.....ve, that rubst y^e Plain.

N^o. VII.

Richard Sulp.



If ere thou heard'st a Lover's Vow, propitious Goddess hear me now; If

ere thou heard'st a Lover's Vow, propitious Goddess, Oh hear me now; propitious Go... ddefs

hear me now; If ere thou heard'st a Lovers Vow; propitious Goddess hear me now, pro-

pitious Go... ddefs hear me now. ----- If ere thou did'st

Tortures prove, that wait upon neglected Love, hear Oh hear, hear; Oh hear, a dying

Youth complain, Oh from my Breast expel this raging Pain. Da Capo.



Recitative.

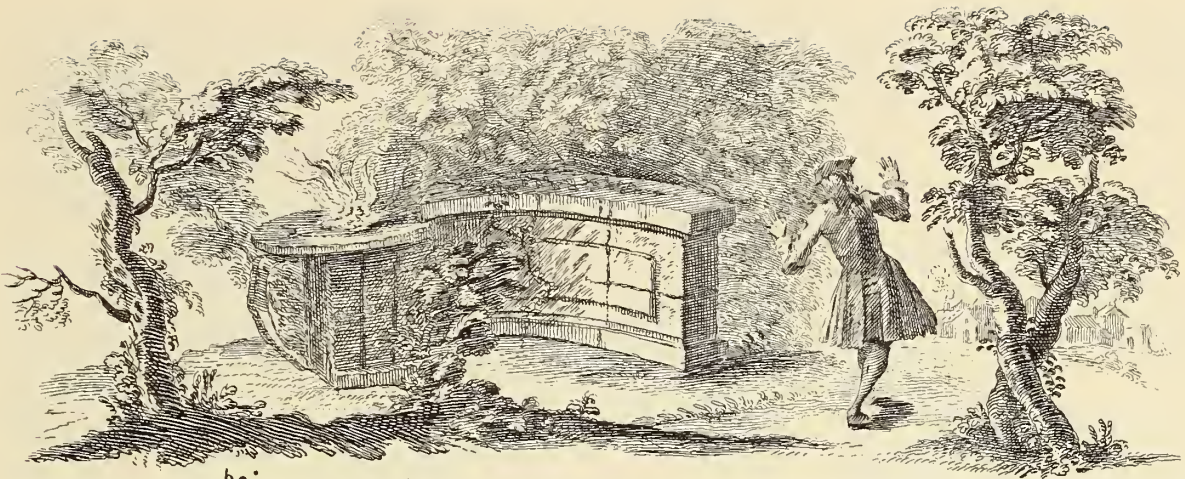
Thus in soft Musick did th'abandon'd Swain Implore y^e Pow'rs of Love...

to ease his Pain: And now with faint Voice, and flowing... Eyes,...

Thus, thus, thus... for the too relenteless... Sylvia... dies,...

Die, die,

die, Myrtillo, die, die, die, Myrtillo.



Fly O Fly..... this hateful Grove

Dye Myrtillo Myrtillo Dye Fly O Fly.....

..... This hateful Grove for what is Life for what is life what is life what is life

Without the Nymph I love Dye Myrtillo Myrtillo Dye Fly O Fly.....

..... This hateful Grove for what is life for what is life what is life what is life without

the Nymph I Love.



The inconstant Fair-One, Or Stephon's Complaint.

To her Grace the Dutches of Manchester, these Four Plates are humbly inscrib'd.

The Words by M^r Lockman.

How can You, lovely Nancy, thus cruelly slight, A Swain who is wretched when banish'd your Sight;

Who for your sake alone, thinks Life worth his Care, But which soon, if you frown on, must end in Despair.

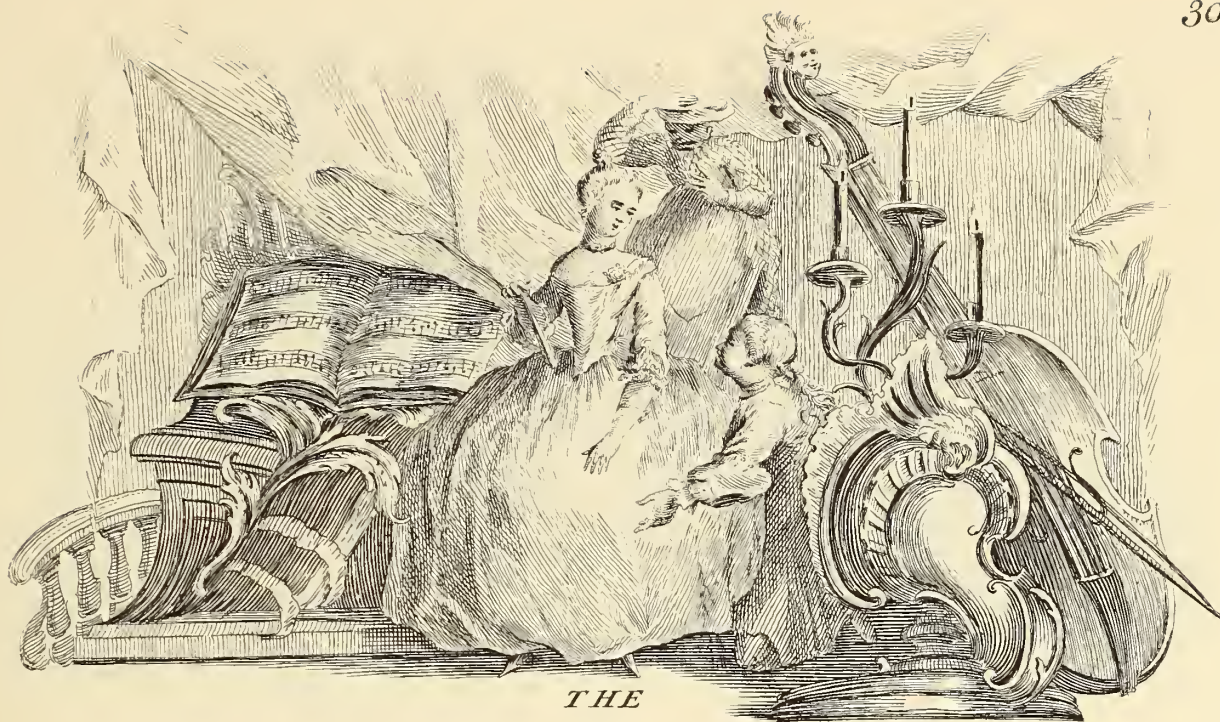
If you meant thus to torture, Or why did your Eyes,
Once express so much Softness, & Swearly Surprise?
By their Lustre inflam'd, I could not believe,
As they shed such mild Influence they e'er would deceive.

But alas! like y^e Pilgrim bewild'rd in Night,
Who perceives a false Splendor at distance invite,
Overjoy'd He hastes on, pursues it and Dies;
Alike Ruin attends me, if away Nancy flies.

Oforget not y^e Raptures you felt in my Arms,
When you call'd me dear Angel, & unveil'd all your Charms.
When you vow'd lasting Love, & Invo're with a Kiss,
That in my fond Embraces was cent'rd all Bliss.

Fairest, but most obdurate consider that Woe,
Will like Sickness neglected, more desperate grow,
That your Heart may relent, I implore y^e kind Powers
Since I'm constant as your Sex, be not Fickle as Ours.

FLUTE.



THE

Melodious Songstrefs.

Set by Sig.^r Patti of Cambridge.

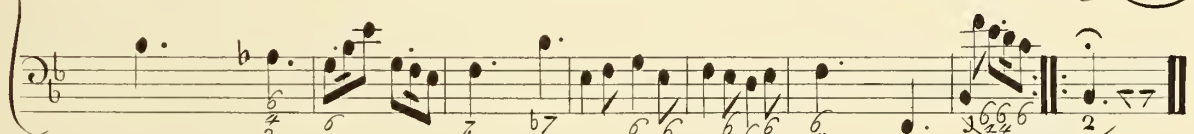
Andante



Beauty and wit, Illus...trious Maid, bri...ght as to you belong;



Charm all mankind without the aid, of Soft melo.....dious Song. Song



Why will you add, Enchanting Fair,
The Magick of your Voice;
By which in us you cause Despair,
Yet make our Fate our Choice.

In Vain to tempt Laerte's heir,
The songs the Syrens try'd;
But cou'd their notes with thine Compare,
He must have heard and dy'd.

4
Sing on bright Maid, repeat each Strain,
Tho' in Each Strain's a dart;
We dye by pleasure not by pain,
While thus you peirce the heart.

FLUTE.





Handsom Latie

or the
Corn Riggs are Bonny.

Within y^e Compas of y^e Flute.

My La. tie is a Lo...ver gay, his Mind is never muddy, his Breath is sweeter than new hay, his
Face is fair and ruddy. His Shape is handsom, middle size, he's stately in his wauking,
The Shining of his Een surprize; 'tis Heaven to hear him tanking.

Last Night I met him on a Bank,
Where yellow Corn was growing,
There mony a kindly Word he spake,
That set my Heart a glowing.
He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony;
That gars me like to sing sinfyne,
O Corn Riggs are bonny.

Let Maidens of a silly Mind,
Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chafly should be granting:
Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
And syne my Cookernony,
He's free to touzle air or late,
Where Corn Riggs are bonny.



PARENTS

antient and modern.

The Words by M^r. Lockman.

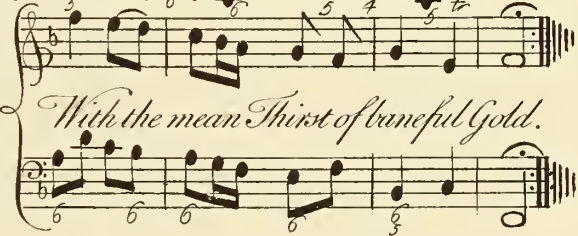
Set by M^r. Monro.



Happy y^e World, in that blest Age, When Beauty was not bought & Sold; When y^e fair



Mind was uninflam'd, With y^e mean Thirst of baneful Go- - - - -ld,

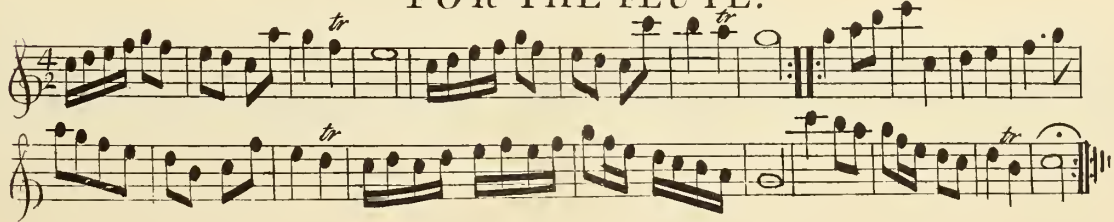


With the mean Thirst of baneful Gold.

*Then the kind Shepherd when he sigh'd,
(The Swain whose Dog was all his Wealth)
Was not by cruel Parents forc'd
To breathe his amorous Vows by Stealth.*

*Now the first Question Fathers ask,
When for their Girls fond Lovers sue,
Is - What's the Settlement You'll make?
You're poor - He flings the Door at you*

FOR THE FLUTE.





THE DREAM.

To the Right Hon^r the Marquis of CARNARVEN, these four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

Not too fast

Whilst I in Sleep last night was laid, Methought 'twas in a lonely Grove.

That I with Emma, beautiful Maid, walk'd happy, and discours'd of Love.

2
Sweet cruel Nymph, said I reject
No more of Vows of one sincere;
If Love unfeign'd you e'er expect,
To find in Man, you find it here.

3
Can Love in Man, said she, be true?
And dont their words bely their Mind?
Is not your Sex a perjurd Crew,
Their promises ne'er made to bind?

4
Then Ill return with equal Fire
The Love you shew your happy Fair,
Then shall the World our Loves admire
And say, Behold! one perfect pair.

5
With transport seiz'd, I gan to wake,
(Grieving pursue, my Muse y^e Theme)
A perfect pair! O dire mistake!
I found such blis is but a dream.

Compos'd & Set to Musick by a Gentleman of Oxford.
FOR THE FLUTE.



DAMON'S
Artition to Cupid.

Set by M.^r Popely.

Come little Cupid, God of Love, Each tender Passion gently Move,

With fondest Wishes, softest Pain; Exert thy courted pleasing Reign,

Assist this present new Desire, And gently Fann y^e glowing Fire.

*Then prune thy Silken Wings, & bear;
 These sounds to haughty Chloes Ear;
 Capricious fair One, lay aside,
 Thy aukward Coynefs, hateful Pride;
 For know, that now's y^e happy Hour;
 That roving Damon owns thy pow'r:*

*Then quickly Snatch thy golden Bow,
 Accept the Flame, receive the Vow;
 Tell her, I rage, I smart, I die,
 Nor tell her, Boy, tis all a Lye;
 Yet tell her, if she will not Yield,
 To morrow Celia takes the Fidd.*

Flute.



IN
PRAISE of BACCHUS.

For two Voices & other Instruments.

The Musick by Corelli.

Bacchus, assist us to sing thy great Glory; Chief of the Gods, we exult in thy story.

Bacchus, assist us to sing thy great Glory; Chief of the Gods, we exult in thy story.

Wine's first Projector, Mankind's Protector, Patron to Toppers, how we do adore thee!

Wine's first Projector, Mankind's Protector, Patron to Toppers, how we do adore thee!



*Friend to the Muses, a Whetstone to Venus;
Herald to Pleasures, when Wine would convene us,
Sorrow's Physician,
When our Condition,
In worldly Cares wants a Cordial to screen us.*

*Nature she smil'd when thy Birth it was blazed;
Mankind joyc'd when thy Altars were raised;
Mirth will be flowing,
Whilst the Vine's growing,
And sober Souls at our Joys be amazed.*



1. FLUTE

2. FLUTE



Gouzelot inv.

Bickham junr. sculp.

THE
Coblers End.

Set by M^r Leveridge.

A Cobler there was, & he liv'd in a Stall, Which serv'd him for Parlour; for
 Kitchen & Hall; No Coin in his Pocket, nor Care in his Gate; No Am-
 bition had he, nor Duns at his Gate. Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he Work'd, & he thought himself Happy,
 If at Night, he could purchase a Jug of brown Nappy;
 He'd laugh then, & Whistle, & Sing to most sweet,
 Saying, just to a Hair, I've made both Ends meet.
 But Love, the Disturber of High and of Low,
 That shoots at y^e Peasant, as well as y^e Beau;
 He shot the poor Cobler quite thro' the Heart,
 I wish it had hit some more ignoble Part.
 It was from a Window, this Archer did Play,
 Where a buxom young Damsel continually lay;
 Her Eyes shon so bright when she rose ev'ry Day,
 That she shot y^e poor Cobler quite over the Way.

He sung her Love Songs as he sat at his Work,
 (But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk;
 When ever he spake, she would flounce & would sneer,
 Which put the poor Cobler quite into Despair.
 He took up his Axl, that he had in y^e World,
 And to make away with himself was resolv'd,
 He pierc'd thro' his Body, instead of the Soul,
 So the Cobler he dy'd, and y^e Bell it did toll.
 And now in good Will, I advise as a Friend,
 All Coblers take Notice of this Cobler's End,
 Keep your Hearts out of Love for we find by n^y past,
 That Love brings us all to an End at the last.

F L U T E .



Set by M. Halcombe.

G. Bickham jun. sc.

THE Doubtful Shepperd.

To his Grace, y^e Duke of BOLTON, these four Plates are humbly Incribed.

When Delia on the Plain ap-pears, Awild by a thou-sand tender Fears, I wou'd ap-proach, but
 dare not move. Tell me my Heart if this be Love, tell me, tell me my Heart, if this be Love.

When e'er she speaks, my ravish'd Ear,
 No other Voice but hers can bear,
 No other Wit but hers approve,
 Tell me my Heart, if this be Love. &c.

If she some other Invain commend,
 Tho' I was once his fondest Friend,
 That Instant Enemy I prove,
 Tell me my Heart, if this be Love. &c.

When she is absent, I no more
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,
 The clearest Spring, or shady Grove,
 Tell me my Heart, if this be Love. &c.

When arm'd with Insolent disdain,
 She seem'd to triumph o'er my Pain,
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove,
 Tell me my Heart, if this be Love. &c.

FLUTE.



The Ladies Lamentation for y^e Loss of Senesino.

G. Bickham jun. sc.

Set for y^e German Flute & c.

As musing I rang'd in the Meads all alone, A beautifull Creature was making her Moan,

Oh! the Tears they did trickle full fast from her Eyes, And she peirc'd both the Air and my

Heart with her Cries, Oh! the Tears they did trickle full fast from her Eyes, And she peirc'd both y^e

Air and my Heart with her Cries.

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

Why who is this Mortal so Cruel said I,
That draws such a stream from so Lovely an Eye,
To Beauty so blooming, what Man can be blind,
To Passion so tender, what Monster unkind.

'Tis neither for Man, nor for Woman, said she,
That thus in Lamenting I water the lee,
My Warbler Celestial sweet Darling of fame,
Is a Shadow of something, a Sex without Name.

Perhaps 'tis some Linnet, some Blackbird, said I,
Perhaps 'tis your Lark, that has soar'd to the sky;
Come dry up your Tears, and abandon your grief,
I'll bring you another, to give you relief.

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

Adieu Farinelli, Cuzzoni, Livenise,
Whom stars, and whom Garters, extol to the skies,
Adieu to the Opera, adieu to the Ball,
My darling is gone, and a fig for them all.

FOR THE FLUTE.



The Dejected Lads.

A Lad that was loaden with care, set heavily under a Thorn, His-tend a-while for to hear, And thus she be-gan for to mourn. So merry as we tva have been, So happy as we tva have been, O my Heart it is like to dis-pair, When I think of the Days we have seen.

*When you my dear Shepherd was there,
The Birds did melodiously sing,
And the cold nipping Winter did wear,
A face that resembled the Spring.
Our Flocks feeding close by his side,
As he gently prest my Hand,
I had y^e wide World in my Pride,
And could all it's Glories withstand.*

*My Dear, he would oft to me say,
What makes you hard-hearted to me?
Or why do you thus turn away,
From him who is dying for thee?
But now he is far from my sight,
Perhaps new Advice may approve,
Which makes me lament Day & Night,
That ever I granted him Love.*

*At the Eve when the rest of y^e Folk,
Were merrily seated to Spin,
I sat myself under his Oak,
And I heavily sighed for him.*

For the Flute.

G. Bickham jun. sc.



The KING and the MILLER.

How happy a state does the Miller possess, Who would be no greater nor fears to be less, On his Mill is himself he De-

pends for support, which is better than Servitude cringing at Court, What tho' he all Duffey and what end does go the

More he's been derid the more like a Beau a Clown in this Dress may be honest far, than a Courtier who strutts in a

Garter and Star, Than a Courtier who strutts in his Garter and Star.

Tho his hands are so Daub'd they're not fit to be seen,
The Hands of his Betters are not very clean,
A Palm more Polite may as Dirtily deal,
Gold in Handling will stick to the Fingers like Meal.

Or Should he Endeavour to heap an Estate,
In this too he Mimicks the Fools of the State,
Whose Aim is alone their Coffers to fill,
Is all his Concerns to bring Grift to his Mill.

What if when a Pudding for Dinner he lacks,
He crib's without scruple from other Men's sacks,
In this of right noble Examples he trags,
Who Borrow as freely from other Men's Bags.

He Eats when he's Hungry he Drinks when he's Dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lye,
Then Rises up chearfull to work and to sing,
If so happy a Miller then who'd be a King.

Set by Mr. Arne.

FLUTE.

G. Bickham sc.



G. Bickham jun. Sculp.

The LOVELY BETRAYERS.

To the R. Hon. the Earl of CHESTERFIELD, these four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

In vain bright Nymphs ye would disguise, your Secrets & elude our Eyes:

A sudden Paleness in your Cheeks, A Blush emphatical - ly Speaks: A

tender Sigh, a rising Smile; A Glance, will your Resolves beguile: Even

artless Silence, Thought displays: And all the inmost Soul betrays:

For the Flute. *The Words by M. Lockman.*



The Charms of Dishabille, or New Sunbridge Wells at Islington.

Whence comes it that y^e shining Great, To Titles born & awful State, Thus condescend thus
 check their Wills, And scud away to Sunbridge Wells, To mix with vulgar Beaux & Belles. Ye
 Sages your fam'd Glasses raise. Survey this Meteors dazzling Blaze, And say, portends it Good or Ill.

Soon as Aurora gilds the Skies,
 With brighter Charms y^e Ladies rise,
 To dart forth Beams that save or kill.
 No Homage at the Toilette paid,
 (Their lovely Features unsurvey'd)
 Sweet Negligence her Influence lend,
 And all y^e artless Graces blends,
 That form y^e tempting Dishabille.

Behold y^e Walks, a checquer'd Shade,
 In y^e gay Pride of Green array'd;
 How bright y^e Sun! y^e Air how still!
 In wild Confusion there we view,
 Red Ribbons group'd with Aprons blew,
 Scrapes, Curtzies, Nods, Winks, Smiles & Frowns,
 Lords, Milkmaids, Dutchesses and Clowns,
 In their all various Dishabille.

Thus, in the famous Age of Gold,
 (Not quite romantic tho' so old)
 Mankind were merely Jack & Gill,
 On flow'ry Banks, by murmuring Streams,
 They talk'd, walk'd, had pleasing Dreams,
 But dress'd indeed, like a whorward Folks;
 Not Steeple Hats, Surtouts, short Cloaks;
 Fig-leaves the only Dishabille.

For the Flute.

G. Bickham jun^r sculp.

The Words by M. Lockman, Written in 1733.

To y^e Tune of y^e Black Joke.



THE
Dying Nymph.

Slow.

Whilst endless Tears & Sighs declare, Thy slighted Love & breaking Heart; The little warblers of y^e Air, In thy soft Sorrow seem to share, And plain-tive notes, like Sighs impart.

*The Rose, that late adorn'd thy Brow;
And near thee glow'd, with brighter Grace,
And ev'ry Flow'r that bloom'd but non;
Their fragrant Beauties pensive bow;
Sweet drooping Copies of thy Face.*

*The God of Love, ev'n he, thy Foe,
Unstrings his Bow, neglects his Dart,
And soft'nd with Louisa's Woe,
Does all his cruel Wiles forego,
And silent, Weeps his Fatal Art.*

FLUTE.

Set by M. Lampe *G. Bickham jun. sculp.*



Sung by

S^{ra} Faustina

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with various musical notations such as slurs, trills, and ornaments.

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics: *Si car o caro Si ti stringo al fin co si nel se no amato caro Si ca ro ca ro Si Si ca ro caro*

Musical notation for the third system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics: *Si ti stringo al fin co si nel seno ama to ca ro ca ro Si*

Musical notation for the fourth system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics: *ca ro ti stringo al fin co si nel seno ama to ca ro ca ro Si caro ti stringo al fin co*

Musical notation for the fifth system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics: *si nel se no ama to*

Musical notation for the sixth system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics: *Non da piu gelo sia tormento al alma mia ne al sen piaga to non da piu gelo*

Musical notation for the seventh system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics: *sia tormento al alma mia ne al sen piaga to*

D C.

For the Flute.

Musical notation for the flute part, consisting of a single staff with various musical notations including slurs, trills, and ornaments.





Set by M.^r. Digard.

G. Bickham jun. sculp.

The Amour.

To her Grace the Dutches of QUEENSBERRY, these four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

Not too Fast.

Whilst I gaze on Cloe trembling, Straight her Eyes my Fate declare; When she smiles I fear dissembling; When she Frowns I fear despair; Jealous of some rival Lover, If a wandring look she gives, Fain I would resolve to leave her, But can sooner cease to live.

Why should I Conceal my Passion,
Or the torments I Endure;
I'll disclose my Inclination,
Unful Distance yeilds no Cure.
Sure it is not in her Nature,
To be Cruel to her Slave;
She is to Divine a Creature,
To Destroy what she can Save.

Happy he whose inclination,
Warms but with a Gentle heat,
Never flies up to a Passion;
Loves a torment if too Great;
When y^e Storm is once blown Over;
Soon the Ocean quiet grows;
But a Constant, faithful Lover,
Seldom meets with true Repose.

FLUTE.

Not too Fast.

N^o. XII.

Published, According to Act of Parliament, August 5. 1737.



THE Cautious Maid.

Leave me Shepherd leave me give o'er your art-ful Wiles, Ev'ry look Deceives me & ev'ry Word be quilas.

If I yeild you will fly, I must re-pent & mourn, Shepherd tis too soon to try, what tis to be for-lorn.

2
 Why are you Pursuing,
 To urge me to my Fate,
 To Contrive my Ruin,
 And prove yourself Ingrate.
 If I yeild you will fly,
 I must repent and mourn;
 Still I can't forbear to try,
 What tis to be forlorn.

3
 Joys which Lovers borrow,
 Some few sweet Moments make;
 Years of grief and sorrow,
 They in exchange must take.
 It is madness to be wise,
 When Cupid bends his bow,
 Every sense then open L. eyes,
 To entertain the Foe.

FOR THE FLUTE.

Set by M. Stanley.

G. Bickham jun Sculp.

THE ADDRESS to SYLVIA.
Set by M. Handel.

G. Bickham

jun. Sculpt.

Blest with my Sylvia, life proves a pleasure, but from my treasure
 tis nought but pain:..... Fondly Loving,
 constant moving, sweetly flowing, smiles bestow:
ing; with Joy then Sylvia fly to your Lover, you'll there discover, how
 much you reign:..... If when you find my
 Soul sincere, why should you fly me, what can you fear; why should you
 fly me, what can you fear. D.C.

For the German and Common Flute.

D.C.



The Absent Lover.

Affettuoso.

Ye gentle Gales that fan y^e Air, And wanton in y^e shady Grove;

Oh! whisper to my absent Fair, My secret Pain and endless Love.

2 *And in the sultry heat of Day, That when she sees their Colours Fade,*
When she does seek some cool retreat; And all their Pride neglected bye;
Threw spicy Odours in her way, Let that instruct the charming Maid,
And scatter Roses at her feet. That sweets not timely gather'd dye.

4 *And when she lays her down to rest,*
Let some Auspicious Vision shon;
Who 'tis that loves Camilla best,
And what for her I'd undergo.

FLUTE.



Shelbords (in 1735) by M. Lockman. Set to Music by M. Boyce.

The ADIEU to the SPRING-GARDENS.

To y^e R. Hon. y^e Earl of ANGLESEA, these four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

Lively.

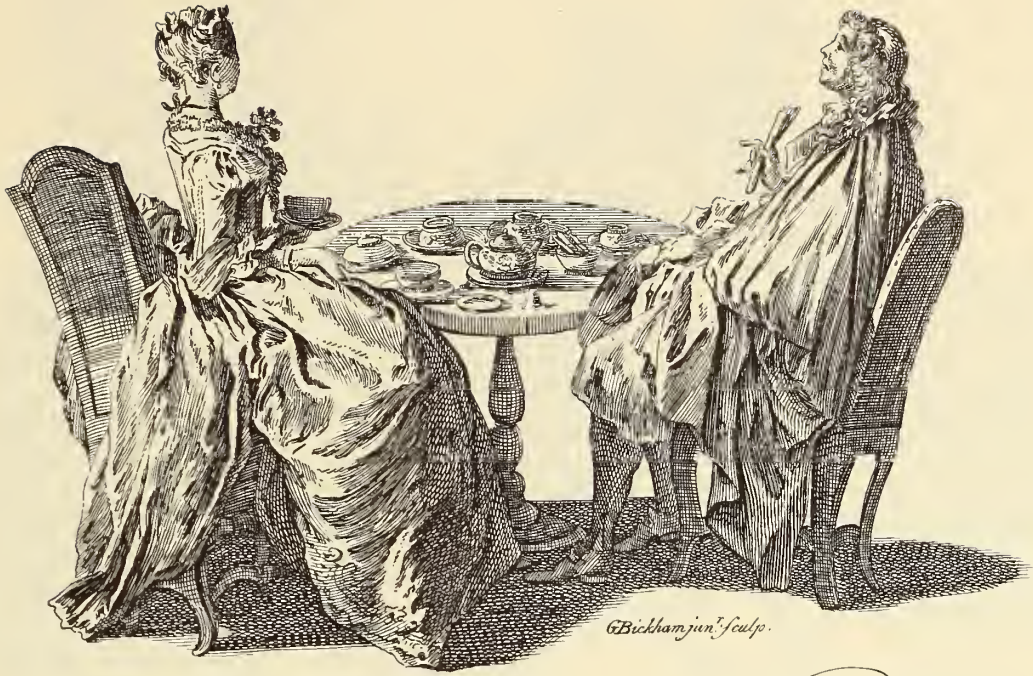
The Sun now darts fainter his Rays, The Meadows no longer in vire, The Wood Nymphs are all tript a way, No
 Verdure cheers sweetly the Sight. Then adieu to the pastoral Scene, Where Harmony charm'd with her Call: Where
 Pleasure presided as Queen; In y^e ec-choing Shades of Vaux-hall In y^e ecchoing Shades of Vaux-hall.

- (2) Such Transports a Soul ne'er enjoy'd,
 When wast'd to th' Elysian Plains,
 As those which my Senses employ'd,
 Convey'd to Vaux-hall by y^e Thames;
 Such Splendors illumin'd the Grove;
 My Ears drank such rapturous Sound:
 I seem'd in Enchantment to rove,
 And Deities gliding around.
- (3) How sweet 'twas to sit in the Maze,
 Amid the bright Choirs of the Fair!
 Their Glances diffus'd such a Blaze,
 I thought Beauty's Goddess was there.
 Not Venus, whose Smiles breed Allarms,
 And with vain Allurements destroy;
 But Beauty, whose Bashfulness charms,
 And which when possess'd gives true Joy.

- (4) The Maid to whom Honour is dear,
 Uncensur'd might take off her Glass;
 And stray among Beauties without fear,
 No Snake lurking there in the Grass.
 In blissful Arcadia of old,
 Where Mirth, Wit, and Innocence joy'd,
 The Swains thus discreetly were bold,
 The Nymphs were thus prudently kind.
- (5) Old Winter, with Sides spread,
 Will soon all his Horrors resume;
 Those past, Spring must lift her fair Head,
 And Nature exult in fresh Bloom.
 Thy Bowers, O Vaux-hall, then shall rise,
 In all the gay pride of the Field:
 Thy Music shall sweetly surprize,
 To thee, fam'd Cypsum shall yield.

FLUTE

N.º XIII. Published according to an Act of Parliament, 17 August, 1737.



Advice to Cælia.

Set by
Mr
Stanley

Oh Cælia recall thy lost Hours, And Duty & Reason obey; Despise Love &

all those false Powers, That first gave young Strephon y^e Sway: Believe me the

Invain is a Rover, Nor constant to any can be, Then prithee discard, dis-

card such a Lover, And once more resolve to be free, & once more resolve to be free.

FLUTE



O. N.
Beauty.

Set by Seign. Putti.

G. Bickham jun. sculp.

*Beauty gilds y' blushing Morn, hangs y' dew-drop on y' Thorn; Paints y' Rose in
richest Bloom, That fills y' Air with sweet perfume: But sweet perfume Nor Rose in
Bloom, nor dew-drop bright, Nor morning Light, In charms can vie with woman's Eye.
In woman's Eye we rapturd view, Beauty at once and Pleasure too.*

For the Flute.



The Lovers Protestation

Set by Mr. Popely

G. Bickham Sculp.

Siciliana

No more shall Buds on Branches spring, Nor Violets paint the Grove; Nor
 warbling Birds delight to Sing, If I forsake my Love. The Sun shall cease to spread his Light, if
 Stars their Orbits leave, And fair Creation sink in Night, When I my Dear deceive.

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each. The first system is marked 'Siciliana' and has a tempo of 12/8. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second system continues the lyrics and includes a trill (tr) above a note. The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence and a trill (tr) above a note.

Siciliana

For the German and Common Flutes.

The musical score for the flutes is presented on two staves. It begins with a treble clef and a 12/8 time signature. The melody is characterized by frequent sixteenth-note patterns and includes several trills (tr) and grace notes. The piece concludes with a final cadence.



Set by M^r Handel.

The Melancholly Nymph

To his Grace the Duke of RICHMOND, these four Plates are humbly Inscribed.

In was when the Seas were Roaring, with Hollow Blasts of Wind, A damsel Lay deploring all on a Rock redinid Wide

er the rinding billow, She cast a wishfull look, Her Head was Crown'd with willow, that Trembled oer the Brook

²
 Twelve Months were gon and over
 And nine long tedious Days;
 Why didst thou ventrous Lover,
 Why didst thou trust the Seas,
 Cease Cease then Cruel Ocean,
 And let my Lover rest;
 Ah! what's thy troubled motion,
 So that within my Breast.

³
 The Merchant robb'd of Pleasure,
 Views Tempests in despair;
 But whats the loss of Treasure,
 To the loosing of my Dear.
 Should you some Coast be laid on,
 Where Gold and Diamonds grow;
 You'd find a Richer Maiden,
 But none that Loves you so.

⁴
 How can they say that Nature,
 Has nothing made in Vain;
 Why then beneath the water,
 Do hideous Rocks remain:
 No Eyes the Rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the Deep;
 To wrack the wandring Lover,
 And leave the Maid to Weep.

⁵
 All Melancholly Lying,
 Thus waild She for her Dear;
 Repaid each blast with sighing,
 Each Billow with a Tear:
 When oer y^e white waves stooping,
 His floating Corps she spy'd;
 Then like a Lilly drooping,
 She bow'd her head and Dy'd.

FLUTE.

N^o.XIV^s.

G. Richham jun. sculp.



The Sailor's Complaint

Come and listen to my Ditty, All ye jolly Hearts of Gold; Lend a Brother Fair your Pity, Who was once so stout &

Bold: But the Arrows of Cupid, alas! has made me rue; Sure true Love was ne'er so treated, As I am by scornful Sue.

(2)

When I landed first at Dover,
 She appear'd a Goddess bright;
 From Foreign Parts I was just come over,
 And was struck with so fair a sight:
 On the Shore pretty Sukey walk'd,
 Near to where our Frigate lay,
 And altho' so near the landing
 I, alas! was cast away.

(3)

When first I held my pretty Creature,
 The delight of Land and Sea;
 No Man ever saw a sweeter,
 I'd have kept her Company:
 I'd have fain made her my true Love,
 For Better; or for Worse;
 But alas! I cou'd not compass her;
 For to steer the Marriage Course.

Long I wonder'd why my Jewel,
 Had the Heart to use me so;
 Till I found by often sounding,
 She'd another Love in tow:

(4)

Once, no greater Joy and Pleasure,
 Cou'd have come into my Mind,
 Than to see the Bold-Defiance,
 Sailing right before the Wind:
 O'er the white Waves as she danced,
 And her Colours gayly flew;
 But that was not half so charming,
 As the Firm of lovely Sue.

(5)

On a rocky Coast I've driven,
 Where the stormy Winds do rise,
 Where the rowling Mountain-Billows,
 Lift a Vessel to the Skies:
 But from Land, or from the Ocean,
 Little dread I ever knew;
 When compar'd to the Dangers,
 In the Frowns of scornful Sue.

(6)

So farewell hard hearted Sukey,
 Till my Fortune seek at Sea,
 And try in a more friendly Latitude,
 Since I in yours cannot be.

FOR THE FLUTE.



The Dispute of the Gods

Decided by Venus.

Two gods of great Honour Bacchus and Apollo, one famous in Musick the other in Wine, in Heaven were raving disputing and Braving whose Theme was the Noblest and Trade most divine; Musick says Bacchus will stun us & rack us did Claret not soften the discord you make, Songs are not Inviting nor verses delighting till Poets of my great Influence partake

(2)
I'm young plump and Jolly free from Melancholly,
Who ever grew Fat by the Sound of a String;
Rogues doom'd to a Gibbet do often Contribute,
To purchase a Bottle before they dare Inving
In Love Jam noted by Old and young Court'd,
A Girl when Inspir'd by me is Soon won;
So great are the motions of one of my Potions;
The Muses tho' maids I could whore ery one.

(3)
When mortals are fretted perplex'd or Indebted,
To me as a Father for Succour they cry;
In their sad Conditions I hear their Petitions,
A Bottle revives the Opprest Volary;
Then leave of your Tooting y' Fudding and Fluting,
Aside throw your Harp and now bow to a Flask;
My Joys they are Riper than songs from a Piper,
What Musick is Sweeter than sounding a Cask.

(4)
Says Phœbus this Fellow is Drunk sure or mellow,
To prize Musick less than Wine and October;
When those who love drinking are past thoughts of thinking,
And want so much wit as to keep themselves Sober,
As they were thus wrangling a scolding and Jangling,
Came luxom bright Venus to end the Dispute;
Says she now to ease ye Mars best of all pleas'd me,
When arm'd with a Bottle and Charm'd with a Flute.

(5)
Your musick has Charm'd me your wine has alarm'd me,
When I have shew'd Coyne's and hard to be won;
When both have been moving I cou'd not help Loving,
And Wine has compleated what Musick begun.
The Gods struck with wonder vow'd both by Jove's Thunder,
They'd mutually Joyn in Supplying Loves Flame,
Since each in their Functon mov'd on in Conjunction,
To melt with soft pleasures the Amorous Dame.

FLUTE.

G. Bickham jun. sculp.



ON
Zelinda.

On dear Zelinda's charms I gaze And drink destruction from her Eyes In those bright

Orbs Love gayly plays And laughing bids his Arrows fly He wounds without ceasing if

pain is yet pleasing So sweet is if anguish I love & I languish I love & I languish And

when from my charmer methinks I could Dye & when from my charmer methinks I could dye.

*With Venus when on Ida's Grove
For charms Zelinda may compare
She looks and moves if Queen of love
As fair her Face divine her Air
Bright Youth & good nature
Light up ev'ry Feature
With Wit all inviting
She's gay and delighting
Inviting delighting
O Cupid assist me my charmer to move
O Cupid assist me my charmer to move.*

FLUTE.

Set by Sen^r Patti of Cambridge.

G. Bickham jun. sculp.



G. Burckham Junr. sculp.

The 'Inamour'd' Swain?

Set by M^r Howard.

To the R.^t Hon.^{ble} the Earl ROCKINGHAM these four Plates are humbly inscrib'd.

Tell me dear Charmer tell me why, all other Joys so quickly cloy, all but the Joys of Loving thee, and

They alone Im... mortal be, they neither dull the Mind or Sense, nor loose their pleasing

In....fluence, they neither dull the Mind or Sense, nor lose their pleasing Influence

For ever I with fierce Desire,
 Could gaze on thee and never tire,
 My ravish'd Ears cou'd all Day long,
 Feast on the Musick of thy Tongue,
 And when that fails yet still in you,
 I something find that's always new.

For the Flute.



G. Bickham Jun. Sculp.

Jenny's Lamentation

In a Bonny Lads were Sawney & Jockey, Sawney was len'd, but Jockey unlucky, Sawney was tall well favour'd & witty, but

Jockey was all, because he was pretty, For when he woo'd me, I lov'd me, said me, Never was Lad so like to un dome

Fye Jocky, almost dyed, least is should Rue me, If Jockey should gang and come no more to me.

Jockey could love but he would not marry,
And I was afraid least I should miscarry;
His cunning tongue with Wit was so gilded,
That I was afraid least I might have ill did:
For when he Bless'd me press'd me kiss'd me,
Lost was the Hour I thought when he mis'd me,
Crying denying and sighing I woo'd him,
And mickle adoo I had to get from him.

But cruel fate rob'd me of my Jewel,
For Sawney would make him to fight in a Duell,
Down in a Dale with Cypress surrounded,
Oh! there to his Death poor Jockey was wounded:
For when he fell'd him, thrall'd him, kill'd him,
Who can express my Greif that beheld him,
Sighing I love my hair all for to bind him,
And wou'd and swore I would not stay behind him.

Thus Jenny for Jockey lay sighing and weeping,
For the loss of her Dear whilst others are sleeping;
And Sawney to see her thus sorely distressed,
For the loss of her Dear in his heart was Oppressed:
But when this Deluder woo'd her, said her,
She bid him be gone and call'd him Intruder;
And said should you die for my love I would mock ye,
You have been the Cause of the Death of my Jockey.

Oh! Jockey there's none that is left to inherit,
The Tythe of thy Virtue thy wondrous Merit;
Thy Goodness by me shall neer be forgotten,
I'll sing out thy Praise when thy Carcass lays rotten.
For thou wert the fairest rarest and dearest,
And now thou art gone like a Saint thou appearest,
I'll have on thy Grave Stone this Motto inserted,
Here lies lifeless Jockey who Dy'd broken hearted.

FLUTE



The FLY

Busy Curious thirsty Fly Drink with me and Drink as I, Freely welcome to my Cup couldst thou sip & sip it up

Busy Curious thirsty Fly Drink with me and drink as I, Freely welcome to my Cup couldst thou sip & sip it up

Make the most of Life you may, Life is short and wears away, Life is short and wears away.

Make the most of Life you may, Life is short and wears away, Life is short and wears away.

Both alike both mine and thine, —
 Hasten quick to their decline; —
 Thine's a Summer mine no more, —
 Tho' repeated to threescore; —
 Threescore Summers when they're gone,
 Will appear as short as one. —

For the Flute



The Delirious Lady.

To her Grace the Dutchess of BEDFORD, this Song of Purcel's is humbly Inscrib'd.

From Rosy Bow'rs where Sleeps the God of Love, hither, hither, ye little waiting Cupids

fly, fl-----y, fl-----y hither, ye lit tle waiting Cu-----pids fly, teach me, teach me in

soft me-----lodious Songs, to move with ten-----der ten-----der Passion my Hearts, my Hearts dar--ling Joy

Ah! let the Soul of Musick Tune my Voice to win dear Strephon, ah! ah! let the Soul of Musick tune my

Voice to win dear Strephon dear, dear, dear Strephon, who my Soul en--joys.

Published according to Act of Parliament October 5. 1737.



G. Richam jun. Design et sculp.

Or if more in-flu-encing is to be brisk and a-ryll with a Leap & a Bound & a Frisk from the Ground, I will Trip like a ny Fairy:

As once on I-da Dancing were three Co-lesstial Bodies, With an Air & a Face, and a Shape, and a Grace, let me

Charm like Beauty's Godde's, With an Air and a Face and a Shape and a Grace let me charm like Beauty's Godde's.

Ah! ah! tis in vain, tis all, tis all, all in vain Death and De-spair must end the su-ral Pain, cold Despair, cold De-

s-pair disguis'd like Snow and Rain falls, falls, falls on my Breast; Bleak Winds in Tempest

Blo-----w in Tempests Blo-----w My Veins all Shiver, & my Fingers glow: My Pulse beats a dead, dead

March, my pulse bea- ts a dead, dead March for lost Repose And to a solid lump of Ice my poor poor sord Heart is froze.



Or say ye Pow'rs say say ye Pow'rs my Peace to Crown shall I shall I shall I

Shan my self or drown shall I shall I shall I shan my self or drown, A-mongst the foaming?

Billows In-creasing, all with Tears I shed On Beds of Ooze and Chrystal Pillows, lay down, down,

down, lay down, down, down my Love sick Heads, Say, say ye Pow'rs say say ye Pow'rs my Peace to Crown

shall I, shall I, shall I shan my self or drown, shall I, shall I, shall I. Shan my self or drown.



G. Bickham jun. Design et sculp.

No, no, no, no, no I'll straight run Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad that soon, that

Soon my Heart will warm, When once the Sense is fled is fled Love, Love has no pow'r, no, no, no,

no, no, pow'r to Charm, Love has no pow'r no, no, no, no, Love has no pow'r no, no, no, no, no, no,

no, no, pow'r to Charm, Wild thro' the Woods, I'll fl-----y, Wild thro' y' Woods, I'll fl-----y

Robes, Locks shall thus, thus, thus, thus, be tore, a Thousand, Thousand, Deaths, I'll dye a Thousand,

Thousand, Deaths, I'll dye, e're thus, thus in Vain, e're thus, thus in Vain, thus, in Vain adore.



ON
Princess Amelia.

Set by Dr. Greene.

To the Right Hon. the Earl RIVERS, these Four Plates are humbly inscrib'd.

Ye Nymphs of Bath prepare the Lay, Why, why are you so slow to Pay? Amelia claims the Song:

But if you fear to wrong your Cause Go bor. row from y Croud applausels; rob the Publick Tongue

²
*Sweet as her softly flowing Name,
Sweet is Amelia's rising Fame;
And as her Virtue Great:
Attend ye Nymphs the fav'rite sound,
And what from Shore to Shore goes round,
Let Avon's Banks repeat.*

³
*See, see, and sure you can no less,
See how the thronging People press!
Who, dwelling on her Face,
Cry, is she then of Brunswicks Line?
Are all like Her are all Divine?
And bless the Royal Race.*

⁴
*Encircled by our British Fair,
The Boast of Nature and her Care!
Amelia charms alone;
And will it not your Ear amaze,
To hear ev'n vanquish'd Beauty praise,
And Pride to be out shone?*

⁵
*But chief our Youthfull Heroes trace,
While humbly on that Form they gaze,
And tell us their surprize;
Yet how ye Nymphs can that be said?
No, no; let's be content to read
Their wonder in their Eyes.*

For the Flute



See by M. Howard

G. Bickham junr. Sculp.

The Diffident Lover

When Cloe was by Da. mon seen, What Heart could be unmov'd? She look'd so like y^e
 Cyprian Queen, He gaz'd, admir'd & lov'd: He lov'd alas! but lov'd in vain & full of grief & carche
 know he never could obtain. The lovely, charming fair, the love...ly charming fair.

Cloe deserv'd a better Swain,
 He, not so fair a Bride:
 Yet still he hugg'd the fatal Chain,
 He lov'd despair'd and dy'd:
 Take pity, then, thou charming Maid,
 For Cloe's case is thine
 I dare not ask so much I dread,
 Must Damons fate be mine?

For the Flute.



The Beautiful Charmer

Stella darling of the Muses, Fairer than the Blooming Spring, Sweetest Theme the Poet Chuses,
 When of Thee he strives to Sing, when of Thee He strives to Sing, While my Soul with Wonder Traces,
 All thy Charms of Face & Mind, All y Beauties, all y Graces of thy Sex in Thee I find, of thy Sex in Thee I find

Love and Joy and Admiration,
 In my Breast Alternate rise,
 Words no more can Paint my Passion,
 :S: Then the Pencil can thy Eyes. :S:
 Lavish Nature Thee adorning
 O'er thy Lips, and Cheeks hath spread;
 Colours that can Shame the Morning,
 :S: Smiling with Celestial Red. :S:

Pallas Venus too must never
 Boast their Charms triumphant; Sit;
 Stella bright! outvying even
 :S: This in Beauty, that in Wit. :S:
 Could the Gods, in Blast Condition,
 Ought on Earth with Envy View;
 Lovely Stella! their Ambition,
 :S: Would be to Resemble you. :S:

For the Flute.

Geo. Bickham junr. Sculp.



The words by M. Smith.

G. Bickham jun. Sculp.

The POWER of MUSIC.

Music! How pow'rfull is thy Charm; That can y^e fiercest Rage disarm; Calm P^assions in a human Breast and
Lull eⁿ jealousy to rest; With am'rous Thoughts, y^e soul inspire Or kindle up a warlike Fire; So great is Music's Pow'r:

(2)

Amphion with his tunefull Lyre
Cou'd Rocks remove, and Stones inspire;
Command a City to arise,
And lofty Buildings touch the Skies
While Stones, obedient to his call,
Harmonious mov'd and form'd a Wall,
So great is Music's Pow'r.

(3)

Arion, from his Vessel cast,
In safety o'er the Seas he pass'd;
For, mounted like the Ocean's God,
Upon a Dolphin's Back he rode;
Whilst Shoals of Fishes flock'd around,
Well-pleas'd, drank in y^e charming Sound,
So great is Music's Pow'r.

(4)

Sad Orpheus through Hell's dreary Coast
Was seeking, for his Consort lost,
His Music drew the Ghosts along
And Furies listen'd to his Song;
His Song cou'd Charon's Rage disarm,
And Pluto and his Consort charm,
So great is Music's Pow'r.

(5)

Inflam'd by Music Soldiers fight,
Inspir'd by Music Poets write.
Music can heal the lover's wounds
And Calm fierce Rage by gentle Sounds;
Philosophy attempts in vain,
What Music can with ease attain,
So great is Music's Pow'r.

FOR THE FLUTE.

Set by M^r. John Hudson.



G. Bickham sc.

The Judgment of Paris.

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

When for a Silly glitt'ring Toy, Three God--deses were in dispute;

Each try'd to bribe the gentle Boy, And gain the Got--den Fruit.

To me, said Juno, give the Prize;
A Kingdom shall be your Reward:
I'll give you Wisdom Pallas cries,
More worthy your Regard.

She said: he bows & thus replies,
Goddess, I can't but take this part:
What King so great, what Sage so wise,
As He who rules a Heart!

Here Venus artfully step'd in;
My Present will more tempting prove:
A Beauty promis'd, let Me win,
And quit all else for Love.

Like Paris I would scorn a Crown,
To Pow'r; or sordid Riches blind:
I'd Learning slight; my Books lay down,
Would Emma' but be kind.

FOR THE FLUTE.

N.º XVIII.

By the Author of the Dream in N.º 9.



TO Sallinda.

Set by Mr. M. C. Festing.

Love. I mag'd Blind by ly--ing Bards, To Eagle--ey'd in me; I see in you a Thousand
 Charms, And Love because I see. I see in you a Thousand Charms, And Love because I see.

When Nature form'd that Angel Face,
 She lavish'd all her Pow'r:
 Be This, she cry'd, my Master Piece,
 Kneel Mortals, and adore!

Like equal rows of Orient Pearls,
 She sets your even Teeth;
 With live Vermillion stains your Lip,
 With Nectar Dews your Breath.

Like her own Flora's vernal Blush,
 Your blooming Check she dyes,
 And from the Morning Dew-drops takes
 The Lustre of your Eyes.

Fond Love, and open Truth appear,
 The Features of your Mind;
 And Pleasure Speaks in ev'ry Glance,
 The Wish of all Mankind.

Where all the Graces thus Unite,
 'Tis Merit to Approve;
 And Reason, which at first Admir'd,
 Is forc'd to end in Love.

For the Flute.



Set by D. Green.

G. Bickham sculp.

THE Fond Celadon.

As Celadon once from his Cottage did stray, To court his dear Jug on a Hilllock of Hay,
 What awkward Confusion oppress'd the poor Swain When thus He deliver'd his Passion in pain.

O! Joy of my Heart & Delight of my Eyes,
 Sweet Jug tis for Thee faithfull Celadon dies;
 My Pipe I've forsaken tho' reckon'd so sweet,
 And sleeping and waking thy Name I repeat.

(3)

When Swains to an Alehouse by Force do me lug,
 Instead of a Pitcher I call for a Jug;
 And sure You can't chide at repeating your Name,
 When the Nightingale every Night does the same.

Sweet Jug He a hundred Times ore does repeat,
 Which makes People say that his Voice is so sweet;
 Ah! why dost thou laugh at my sorrowfull Tale,
 Too well I'm assur'd that my Words won't prevail.

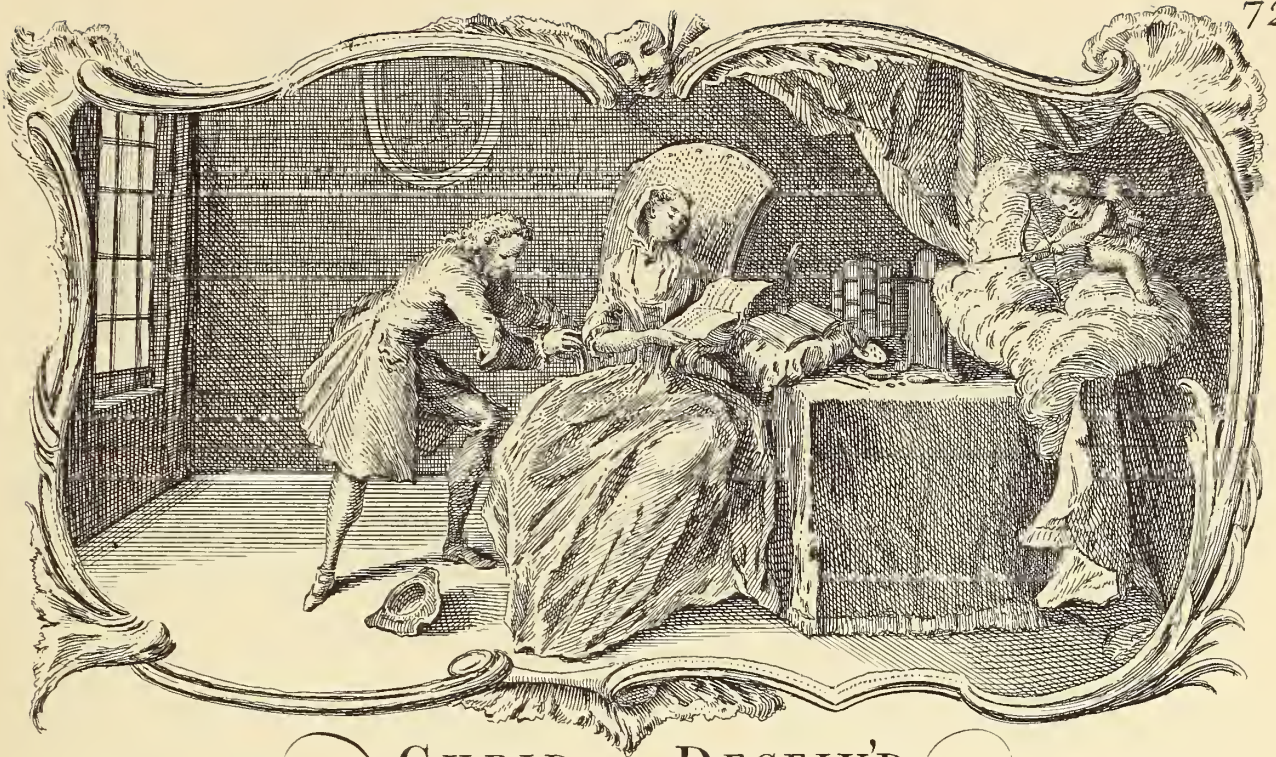
(5)

For Roger the Thatcher possesses thy Breast,
 As He at our last Harvest Supper confest;
 I own it says Jug He has gotten my Heart,
 His long Curling Hair looks so pretty & smart.

(6)

His Eyes are so Black and his Cheeks are so Red,
 They prevail more with me than all you have said;
 Tho' you Court me & Kiss me & do what you can,
 I will signify Nothing for Rogers the Man.

For the Flute.



CUPID DECEIV'D.

Set by M.^r Howard.

Young Cupid thought from Cloe's Eyes to send a fatal Dart to fill my soul wth soft-surprise & steal away my Heart

This Dart, I'm Sure says he will do then Smiling took his Aim wth wondrous force y^e Bow he drew let fly but mist his Game

Surpris'd to See his Arrow Miss
 He gaz'd on Cloe's Face,
 When just where Strephon stole a Kiss
 He found out Cloe's Cafe
 No wonder cry'd the subtle Boy
 My Power provid so faint
 The foolish Girl has spoil'd my Toy
 With various sorts of Paint

Enrag'd to Venus straight he flies
 And humbly thus he pray'd
 Bestow a Curse on Cloe's Eyes
 And make her dye a Maid
 The Goddess granted his request
 Her charms no more excel
 To all She's now become a jest
 And must lead Opos in Hell.

For the Flute



Set by M.^r Carey.

THE CHACE.

G. Bickham sculp.

To the R. Hon. the Earl of HALIFAX, these four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

A way a way we've Crown'd the Day we've Crown'd the Day a way a way we've

Crown'd the Day the Hounds are waiting for their Prey, The Huntsman's Call, In-vites ye all the

Huntsman's Call, In-vites ye all, Come in Come in Boys while you may, Come in come in Boys while you may.

*The Jolly Horn, the Rosie Morn, the Rosie Morn
The Jolly Horn the Rosie Morn, with Harmony of Deep Mouth'd Hounds
These These my Boys, are Heavenly Joys
These These my Boys are Heavenly Joys
A Sportsman's pleasure knows no bounds a Sportsman's pleasure &c*

*The Horn shall be the Husband's Fee, the Husband's Fee,
The Horn shall be, the Husband's Fee, and let him take it not in Scorn,
The Grave and Sage in ev'ry Age, the Grave and Sage in ev'ry Age
Have not Disdain'd to wear the Horn, Have not &c.*

For the Flute.



Set by M^r. W^c. Festing.

Reason for Loving, Address'd to Salinda.

Moderato. G. Bickham, sc.

If Beauty's lure a-lone in-vite, Absence may heal our Pain, But prudence vainly
quits her sight, whose sence and worth re-main. But pru-dence vain-ly quits her sight, whose sence & worth re-main.

The fairest Face we may Despise, Caught by thy Person & thy Sence,
Which hides a foolish Mind, 'Tis both alike I fear;
But Reason guides y^e Lovers Eyes, For if y^e Eye could make defence,
When Charms and Wit are joynd. You'd Conquer by the Ear.

For the Flute.



To Amanda.

Set by M.^r Howard.

Not too fast.

For e-ver Fortune, wilt thou prove An un-re-lenting Foe to Love, And n^o we meet a Mu-tual
 Heart, Come in between & bid us part: Bid us sigh on from Day to Day, & wish, & wish y^e
 Soul a-way, Till Youth, and Ge-ni-al Years are flown, And all y^e Life of Life is gone.

But Busy, Busy still art thou,
 To bind the Loveleſs Joyleſs Vow;
 The Heart from Pleaſure to delude,
 To bind the Gentle with the Rude:

For once, O Fortune! hear my Pray'r,
 And I abſolve thy Future Care;
 All other Bleſſings I reſign,
 Make but y^e dear Amanda mine.

For the German and Common Flute.



The Power of Love.

Set by a Gentleman of Oxford.

Love how dispo-tic is thy Sway, how pleas-ing are thy Pains! Both Gods & Men thy Pow'r obey & glory in their Chains.

From thee all Godlike Actions spring; when Heroes fight & Poets sing, 'tis all, all, for Love.

2
This Little Tyrant of the Skies
The Thund'rer's Bosom warms,
To Earth th' enamour'd Thund'rer flies
A Slave to Mortal Charms:
See! he Deserts the Blast abodes,
Celestial Beauties, Kindred Gods
And all for Love.

3
The Beauteous Queen of Smiles & Loves,
The Am'rous Bliss approv'd,
Adonis in the Lonely Groves,
She saw admir'd & Lov'd:
Phœbus ador'd a mortal Maid
Th' infernal King himself obey'd
The Power of Love.

4
Then Why Ye Powers must here below
The joys of Love be slighted!
Why taste we not the Sweets that flow
From two fond hearts United!
Since from the Cottage to the Throne,
Both King & Clown alike must own
The Power of Love.

For the Flute.



THE

Set by M^r. R. Vincent.

Compassionate Maid.

The Words by M^r. Handshagen.

To the R^t. Hon^r. the Lady BURLINGTON, these four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

See Phillis yonder Bower, With e'ry beautiful Flower, And twining Green array'd;

Sweet Jonquills, Daffodillies, Carnations, Roses, Lillies, Invite us to its Shade. — invites us to its Shade

There clasping Thee, my Treasure,
In Extacy 'bove measure,
I'll on your Bosom lye;
While you're with Looks expiring,
My Blissful Death desiring,
My Soul with Joy shall fly.

With balmy melting Kisses,
I'll crown my Dying Bliss,
Whilst you, in Pity, cry;
"My Love, I'll not be cruel,
"But in this am'rous Duet,
"We'll both together die.

For the Flute.

N^o. XX.G. Bickham jun^r.



G. Bickham jun. sc.

THE Meeting in the Morning.

Sung by Mr. Beard with Universal Applause.

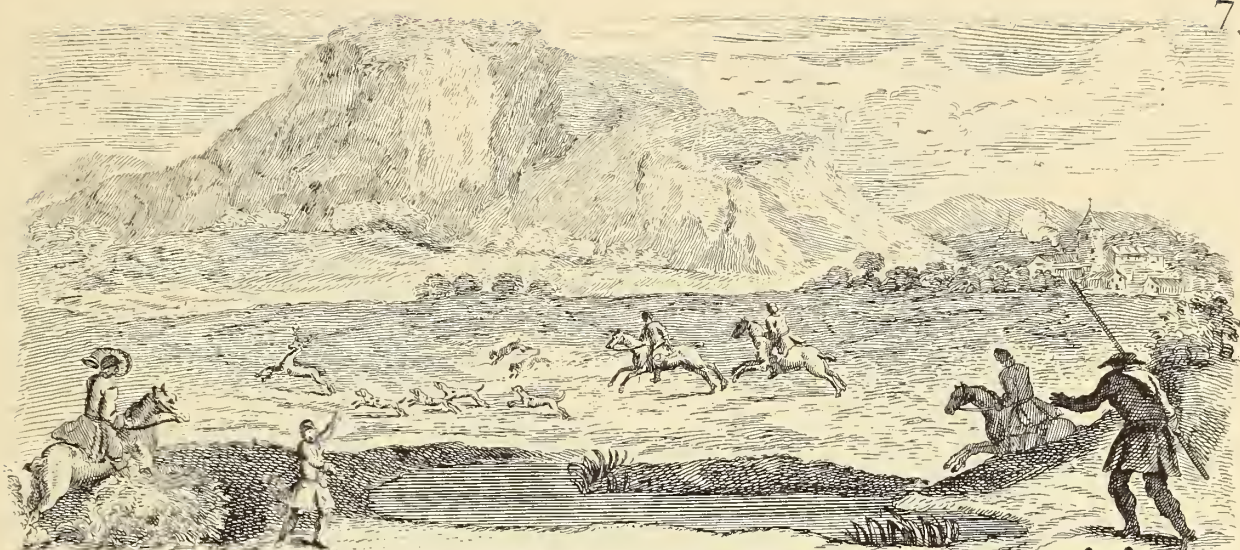
With early Horn salute of Morn, y'

gilds this charming Place with cheerful cries, bids echo rise & joyn y' jovial Cha.....ce and

joyn y' jovial Cha.....ce and joyn y' jovial Chace.....

With early Horn salute of Morn y' gilds y' charming Place with cheerful cries bids echo rise bids echo rise

The musical score consists of five systems of staves. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The music features various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lyrics are written in a cursive script below the vocal lines.



and joyn the jovial Chace.

ce with chearful cries bids eccho rise & joyn y^e jovial Chace and joyn y^e jovial

Chace... The vocal Hills around y^e

waving Woods y^e christal Floods all all re turn their livening sound y^e vocal Hills a

round y^e waving Woods y^e christal Floods all all return their livening sound. D.C.

FLUTE.

FLUTE. D.C.



THE
Maid's Husband.

Set by M. Carey.

G. Bickham sc.

Genteel in Personage, Conduct & Equipage, Noble by Heritage, Generous & Free;

Brave not Romantic, Learn'd not Pedantic, Frolic not Frantic, This must be He.

6 5 # 7 5 4 4 3 6 # 7 5 (2) 6 6 6 # 6 5 4 #

*Honour Maintaining,
Meanness Disdaining,
Still Entertaining,
Engaging & New;
Neat but not Finnacle,
Sage but not Cynical,
Never Tyranical,
But ever True.*

For the Flute.

Sym:

Song tr

tr



Mad Bess.

Set by M. Henry Purcell.

To y^e Right Hon.^{ble} Earl of Gainborough thes^e 4 Plates are humbly Inscrib'd

From silent Shades and the Elizian Groves, where sad departed Spirits mourn their

Loves, from Chrystal Streams & from that Country where, Jove Crowns y^e Fields wth Flowers all y^e

Year, poor Senseless Bess cloath'd in her Rags & Folly, is come to cure her Lovesick Melancholly

Geo: Bickham jun.



Design et Sculp.



Bright Cynthia keep her Revels late, while Mab y^e Fairy Queen did Dance, & Oberon did set in

State, w^h Mars at Venus ran his Lance, in yonder Conyship lies my Dear en tomb'd, in liquid Gems of

Deu, each day I'll water it wth a Tear, the fading Blossom to re new; For since my Love is

dead and all my Joys are gone, poor Bess for his sake a Garland will make, my Musick shall be a

Geo. Bickham jun. Design et Sculp.



Groan; I'll lay me down and die with in some hollow Tree; the Raven and Cat, the Owl and Bat, shall war...ble forth my Ele....gy, Did you, see my Love as he past by you, his two flaming Eyes if he come nigh you, they will scorch up your Hearts: Ladys beware ye, lest he should dart a glance that may en- snare ye, Hark, hark I hear old Charon band, his Boat he will no longer stay, y furis lash their Whips & call, come, come away, come, come away, poor

Geo. Bickham jun. Sculp.



G. Bickham jun^r sculp.

Bess will return to y^e place whence she came, since y^e world is so mad, she can hope for no cure, for

Loves grown a Bubble, a shadow a name, which fools do admire, & wise men en- dure. Gold and

Hungry am I grown, Am- brosia will I feed upon, drink Nectar still and sing; who is content does, all

sorrow prevent, & Bess in her Straw, whilst free from y^e lan; in her thoughts is as great, great as a King.

For the Flute.

THE
Nightingale Lark & Linnet s.

To y^e Right Hon^{or} y^e Earl of OXFORD and MORTIMER, these four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

The shrilltoned lark now just awake was warbl.....ing in y^e

The shrilltoned lark now just awake was warbl.....ing in y^e

The shrilltoned lark now just awake was warbl.....ing in y^e

The shrilltoned lark now just awake was warbl.....ing warbling in y^e

Sky, the Linnets on each Spray, Salute y^e new born

Sky, the Linnets on each Spray, Salute y^e new born

Sky, y^e Linnets on each Spray y^e Linnets on each Spray, Salute y^e new born day Salute y^e new born

Day, and Lark & Linnets Sing, and Lark & Linnets Chant & fly,

Day, and Lark & Linnets Sing, and Lark & Linnets Chant & fly, the Linnets on each,

the Linnets on each Spray, Salute y^e new born,

the Linnets on each Spray, Salute y^e new born,

Spray the Linnets on each Spray, Salute the new born day, Salute y^e new born,

Spray the Linnets on each Spray, Salute the new born day, Salute y^e new born,

Spray the Linnets on each Spray, Salute the new born day, Salute y^e new born,

Spray the Linnets on each Spray, Salute the new born day, Salute y^e new born,

Spray the Linnets on each Spray, Salute the new born day, Salute y^e new born,

Spray the Linnets on each Spray, Salute the new born day, Salute y^e new born,

Spray the Linnets on each Spray, Salute the new born day, Salute y^e new born,

Spray the Linnets on each Spray, Salute the new born day, Salute y^e new born,

Spray the Linnets on each Spray, Salute the new born day, Salute y^e new born,

Spray the Linnets on each Spray, Salute the new born day, Salute y^e new born,

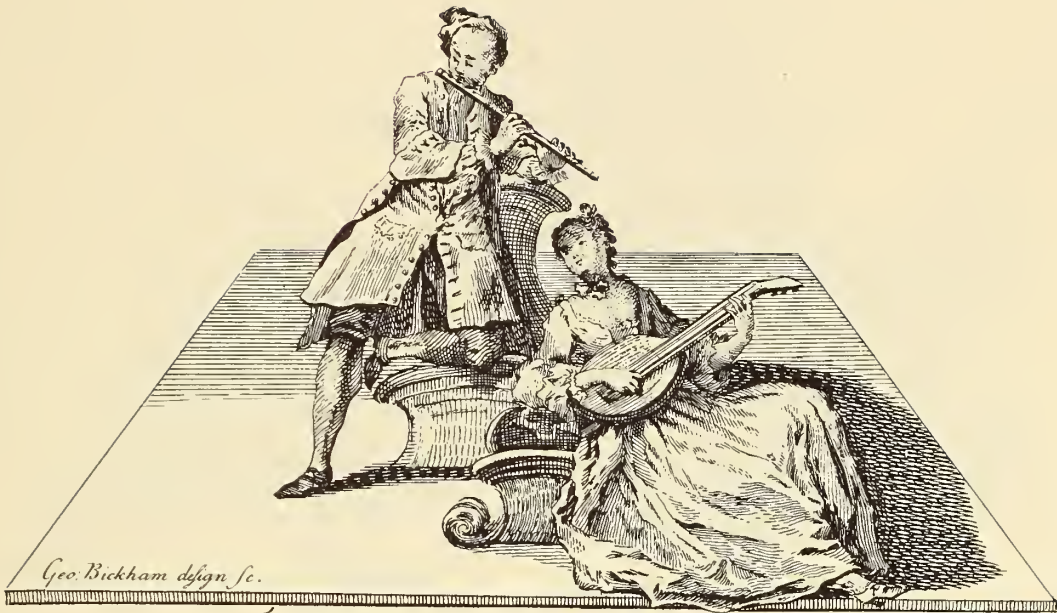
Spray the Linnets on each Spray, Salute the new born day, Salute y^e new born,

Wrote by M^r Young.

G. Bickham design et sc.

The musical score is arranged in a central column, flanked by two large, detailed illustrations of trees. Each tree has several birds perched on its branches. The score consists of multiple systems of staves, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines. The music is in a key with one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics include: "Day & Lark & Linnets Chant & Sing The Nightingale who's", "Day & Lark & Linnets Sing & Lark & Linnets Chant & Sing. The Nightingale who's", "Sighing breast neer Sin... gs in consort with y", "Sighing breast neer Sin... gs in consort with y", "Sighing breast neer Sin... gs in consort with y", "rest but by her-self she still complain in Sweet a dajior moving Strain DC", "rest but by her-self she still complain in Sweet a dajior moving Strain DC", "rest but by her-self she still complain in Sweet a dajior moving Strain DC".





The Syren of the Stage.

Little Syren of the Stage, Charmer of an idle Age, Empty Warbler, breathing Lyre,
Wanton Gale of fond desire, Bane of ev'ry manly Art, Soft enfeebl'g of the Heart,
O too pleasing is thy strain Hence to Southern Climes again Tuneful mischief! Vocal spell
To this Island bid fare-well Leave us as we ought to be Leave us Britons rough & free!

For the Flute.



Set by M. Carey.

G. Bickham jun^r design. sc.

GENEROUS LOVE.

Love's a gentle gene rous Passion, Source of
 all sublime delights, When with mu tual in clination Two fond
 Hearts in one unites, Two fond Hearts in one unites.

6 6 6 5 7 6 6 5 6 6 2 6 6
 6 6 6 4 4 * 6 6 6 6 6 6 6
 6 6 6 6 6 7 6 6 4 3

What are titles, pomp or Riches,
 If compar'd with true content?
 That false joy which now bewitches,
 When obtain'd, we may repent,
 When obtain'd &c.

Lawless Passion brings vexation,
 But a chaste & constant Love
 Is a glorious Emulation,
 Of the Blissful state above,
 Of the &c.

For the Flute.

tr tr tr tr



Achilles brought by Thetis to his Tutor Chiron.

The Musick by M^r Purcel.

To y^e R. Hon. y^e Lord Viscount WEYMOUTH, these 4 Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

Old Chiron thus Preach'd to his Pupil Achilles I'll tell you I'll tell you young Gentleman w^h y^e Fates will is You my
 Old Chiron thus Preach'd to his Pupil Achilles I'll tell you young Gentleman w^h y^e Fates will is You my
 Boy you my Boy must go must go y^e Gods will have it so to y^e Siege of Troy, thence never to return thence never to re-
 Boy you my Boy must go must go y^e Gods will have it so to y^e Siege of Troy. thence never to re-turn thence
 turn never to return never to return to Greece again but before those Walls to be Slain but before those Walls to be Slain before those
 never to re-turn never to re-turn to Greece again but before those Walls to be Slain but before those Walls to be Slain be
 Walls these Walls to be Slain Let not y^e noble Courage be cast down Let not y^e noble Courage be cast down Let not y^e noble Courage
 fore those Walls to be Slain Let not y^e noble Courage be cast down Let not y^e noble Courage be cast down Let not y^e noble Courage be cast down
 Let not y^e noble Courage be cast down but all y^e while you lye before y^e Town drink all y^e while drink all y^e while you lye before y^e Town drink & drive a far way
 Let not y^e noble Courage be cast down but all y^e while you lye before y^e Town Drink all y^e while drink all y^e while you lye before y^e Town drink & drive a far way
 Drink & be Merry you'll neer go the Sooner you'll neer go the Sooner you'll neer go the Sooner to the Stygian Ferry
 Drink & be Merry You'll neer go the Sooner y^e Sooner you'll neer go the Sooner to the Stygian Ferry.



THE Generous Repulse.

The Words by A. Hill Esq.

Set by M^r Carey.

Thy vain pursuit fond Youth give o'er, What more alas can Flavia do:

Thy worth I own thy fate deplore All are not happy that are true.

*Suppress thy sighs & weep no more
Should Heav'n & Earth wth thee combine
'Twere all in vain since any pow'r
To Crown thy Love must alter mine.*

*But if revenge can ease thy pain
I'll sooth the Ills I cannot cure
Tell thee I drag a hopeless chain
And all that I inflict endure.*

FOR THE FLUTE.



Geo. Bickham jun. sculp.

The Inconstant.

Fair & soft & gay & young all Charms she play'd she danc'd she sung there was no way to

scape the dart no care could guard a Lovers Heart Ah why cry'd I and dropt a tear (A-

do- ring yet despairing eer to have her to my self alone) was so much sweetness made for one.

*But growing bolder in her Ear
I in soft Numbers told my care
She heard & rais'd me from her feet
And seem'd to glow with equal heat
Like Heav'n too mighty to express
My Joys could be but known by guess
Ah fool said I what have I done
To wish her made for more than one.*

*But long I had not been in view
Before her Eyes their Beams withdrew
E'er I had reckon'd half her Charms
She sunk into anothers Arms
But she that once could faithless be
Will favour him no more than me
He too will find himself undone
And that she was not made for one.*

FLUTE.



The Generous Lassie.

Ye Gals that gently wave the Sea, & please the jol--ly Boatman, Bear me from hence, Or
bring to me, My brave my bon--ny Scotman; In holy Bands, we joynd our Hands, Yet
may not this dis--cover, While Parents rate, A large Estate, Before a faithful Lover.

But I wou'd chuse in Highland Glens,
To herd the Kid and Goat-man;
E'er I cou'd for such little Ends,
Refuse my bonny Scot-man;
Wae worth y' Man, who first began,
The base ungen'rous Fashion;
From greedy Views Loves Art to use,
Whilst Strangers to its Passions.

From foreign Fields my lovely Youth,
Hast to thy longing Lassie;
Who pants to kiss thy balmy Mouth,
And in her Bosom press thee:
Love gives y' Word then hast on board,
Fair Wind and gentle Boat-man;
Waft o'er, waft o'er from yonder Shoar;
My blith my bonny Scot man.

For the Flute.



July M^r. Vincent.

Love's Bacchanal.

The Words by M^r. Tho^s. Hundeshagen.

To y^e Right Hon^{ble}. y^e Earl of WESTMORLAND These four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

Strophon why y^e Clow-dy Forehead Why so vain-ly cross'd these Arms? Silly Swain thy

6 6 7 7 6 5 4 4 6 6 6 7 6

Aspect horrid Rather fright-ens her than charms Rouse each dull & droop-ing Spirit

6 7 3 3 4 6 6 4 6 6 5 6 7 6 5 3

Fling away thy Myrtle Wreath Bumpers large of gen-erous Claret makes thee Love & Raptures breath.

7 6 3 4 7 7 7 7 7 7 6 4 7

Sacrifice this Juice prolific,
To each Letter of her Name,
Gods they deem'd it a Specifick,
Why not Mortals do the same?

See the high-charg'd Goblet smiling,
Bids thee Strophon drink & prove
Wine's the Liquor most beguiling,
Wine's the Weapon conquers Love.

For the Flute.

tr tr tr tr tr tr tr tr



The Words from Wälder.

Set by Antony Neale.

The Dream.

Andante

Say love by Dream where couldst thou find Shades to counterfeit that Face
 Co-lours of that glo-rious kind Come not from a-ny Mor-tal place.

In heav'n it self thou sure wert drest
 With that Angel-like disguise
 Thus deluded I am blest
 And see my joy with closed Eyes
 But ah! this image is too kind
 To be other than a dream.
 Cruel Sacherissa's mind
 Ne'er put on that sweet extream
 Fair Dream if thou intendst me grace
 Change that heav'nly face of thine
 Paint despis'd love in thy face
 And make it to appear like mine.

Pale wan and meagre let it look
 With a pity-moving shape
 Such as wander by the Brook
 Of Lethe or from graves escape
 Then to that matchless Nymph appear
 In whose shape thou shinest so
 Softly in her sleeping Ear
 With humble words express my woe.
 Perhaps from greatness state and Pride
 Thus surpris'd she may fall
 Sleep does disproportion hide
 And Death resembling equals all.

FOR THE FLUTE.



THE
Conquerd Swain.

Divinest Fair Oh ease my Care And Charm the fondest Swain

No more deny But still Comply Give Love for Love again.

*The Conquering dart | Has peirc'd my Heart
 With all thy wondrous Charms
 Nor can I rest | Untill I best
 Enfolded in thy Arms.*

FOR THE FLUTE.



On looſing their Toaſt and Butter.

The Words by M.^r Carey.

Set by M.^r Lampe.

Larg.
9^o But to hear of Children Mutter, n^r they'd loſt their Toaſt and Butter, And to ſee my La...dy moan, Oh!

tr
 I would melt a heart of Stone, a heart of Stone. But to hear the Children Mutter, n^r they'd loſt their Toaſt & Butter, to

tr
 ſee my La...dy Moan, Oh! I would melt a heart of Stone, a Heart of Stone. Oh I would melt a heart of Stone.

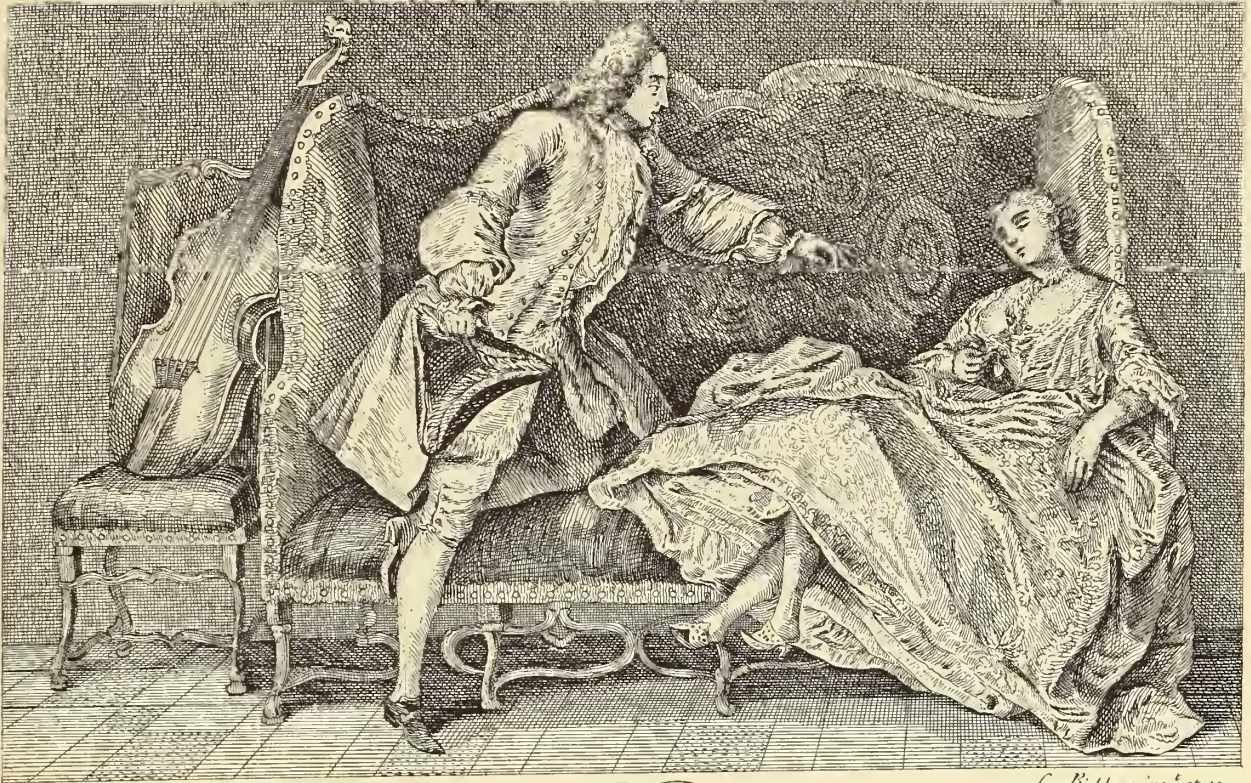
all
 Here the Squire n^r Servants Wrangling; there of Maids and Miſtreſs jangling, and of ſpritty hungry Dears all to

tr
 gether by the Ears, scrambling for a Barley-Cake Oh, I would make one's heart to Ake. *D.C.*

Largo
 For the Flute.

tr
Ad lib.

DC 1



Geo. Richman inv. et sc.

The Dream.

To his Grace y^e DUKE of SOMERSET these four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

The Words by John Mottley Esq^r

When Night had set y^e World to rest, And mortal Cares appear'd, Strait was my longing thoughtful Breast With Lelias Image seiz'd;

Had she appear'd, yet smiling too, Willing & yet afraid, she blush'd and knew not what to do, But thus she sighing said:

Cease Strephon cease it must not be.
 In vain you weep & sigh,
 Talk not of Love or Flames to me,
 For I must still deny:
 Do but this wither'd Rosebud see,
 How dead it does appear,
 Before 'twas gather'd from y^e Tree
 You thought it fresh & Fair.

False Men with study'd treachrous Arts,
 Fond Innocence betray,
 They talk of Charms & Flames & Darts,
 But mean not what they say,
 Yet ah! could Strephon faithful prove,
 And constant to these Charms,
 No more, said I, no more my Love
 But clasp'd her in my Arms.

F L U T E.



Set by a Lady.

T H E
Loving fearful Nymph.

Alas when charming Stephon's gone I sigh & think my self undone But when the lovely

Youth is here I'm pleas'd yet grieve & hope yet fear. Thoughtless of all but him I rove ah

tell me is not this call'd Love ah tell me is not this call'd Love.

*Ah me what pow'r can move me so
I dye with grief when he must go
But I revive at his return
I smile I freeze I pant I burn
Transports so Sweet so Strong so new
Say can they be to Friendship due
Say can they be to Friendship due.*

*Ah no tis love tis now to plain
I feel I feel the pleasing pain
For who e're Sun bright Stephons Eyes
But wish'd & long'd & was his prize
Gods if the truest may be blest
O let him be by me possess
O let him be by me possess.*

For the Flute.



The Neglected Lass.

Farewel thou false Philander. Since now from me you rove; & leave me here to wander, No more to think of Love; Must I forbear to Languish I must for ever Mourn From Love I now am Banish'd and shall no more Return.

*Farewel deceitful Traytor,
Farewel thou perjurd. In vain;
Let never Injur'd Creature
Believe your vows again.*

*The passion you pretended
Was only to obtain;
For now the Charm is ended
The Charmer you disdain.*

For the Flute.



On Gallant Moor of Moor Hall.

Sung by Miss Isabella Young.

S.

How Man ev'ry Inch T'asure you stout vig'rous active & tall There's none can from Danger se-

S.

cure you like brave gallant Moor of Moor Hall. *Sym.* no giant or Knight e'er

quell'd him he fills all their hearts wth alarms no virgin yet e ver beheld him no virgin yet e ver be-

held him no virgin yet e ver beheld him but wish'd herself clasp'd in his Arms wish'd herself clasp'd in his Arms.

adag. *tr.*

FOR THE FLUTE.

S.

adag.