

H 1619 d

S I X
S O N G S
F O R
C O N V E R S A T I O N :

T H E
Words by divers Hands.

T H E

T U N E S contrived to make agreeable little
Lessons for the *Harpfichord, Viol, Violin,*
and *Hautboy.*

T R A N S P O S E D

Into proper Keys for the *German, or common Flute.*

O F F E R ' D

In all Gratitude, as a N E W Y E A R ' S G I F T to the P U B L I C K .

By H E N R Y C A R E T .

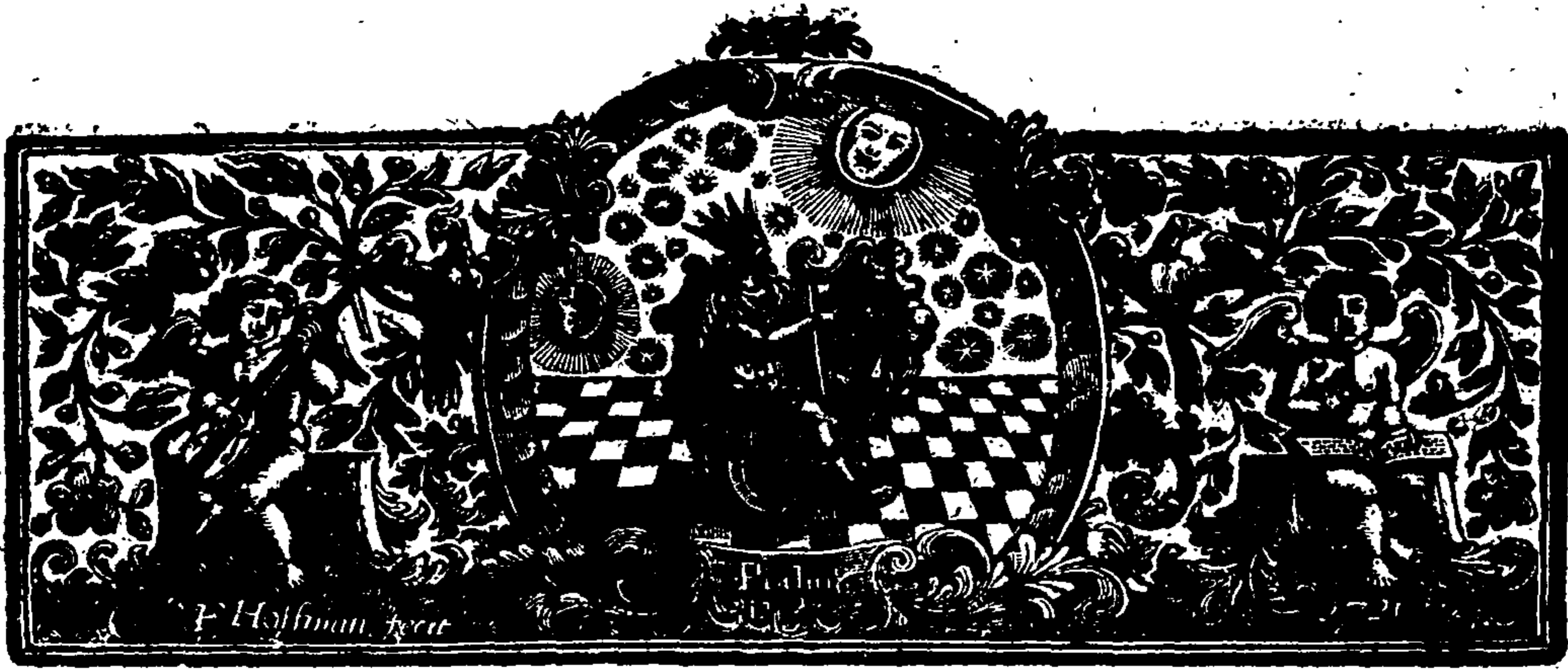
V O L . I I . P A R T I .

L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year 1728. and sold at the *Music Shops.*

[Price One Shilling.]

N. B. *The first Volume is now Reprinting, and will be publish'd with all Speed.*



To my much Honoured Friend

Mr. JOSEPH GREEN,

I N

Whose agreeable Company I have
spent many delightful Hours :

T H E S E

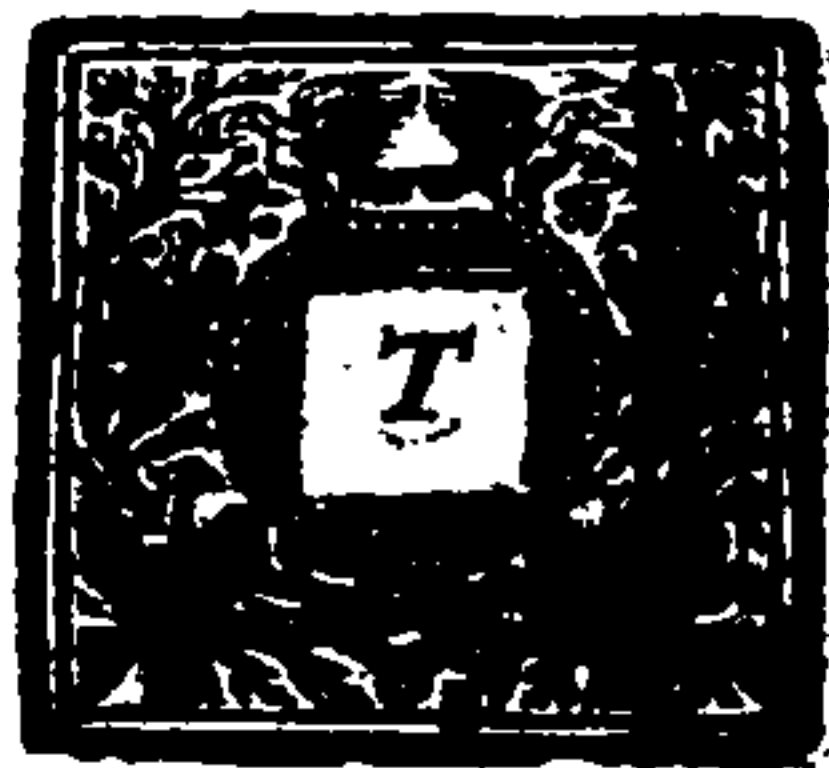
S I X S O N G S

Are most Humbly Dedicated,

By his Obedient Servant

H. CAREY.

The P R E F A C E.



THE generous Reception my former Performances met with, open'd the Mouth of Envy against me, and gave my Enemies Opportunity to brand me with the Title of Ballad-maker; which, at that time did me no small Prejudice among the undiscerning Part of Mankind: And so far piqued me, I determin'd never to compose more. But finding on Reflection, that the greatest Poets have made Ballads, nor have the most eminent Musicians disdain'd to set 'em; and that, even during my Silence, many were publish'd by other Hands, with good Success: I alter'd my peevish Resolution, and re-embrac'd my long rejected Muse; hoping, that what was Merit in others, would not be esteem'd a Crime in me. If I understand a-right the Word Ballad, it implies a Song sung at a Ball*, tho' now it is generally applied to any Song, where two or more Verses are sung to the same Tune; if so, the Odes of the Divine *Horace* are but Ballads, nor are *Tamo tanto*, *Per la Gloria*, and many other excellent Opera Airs I could mention, any better.

It is therefore highly injurious to Poetry and Music, to esteem a Poem the worse for being in Stanzas, or undervalue an Air because it may be sung to more Verses than one.

Were it not for Songs of this Nature, Company would oftentimes grow dull and insipid; why then should good Sense or good Music be depreciated for a Word's sake? And a Poet or Musician derided for supplying the Town with such Helps to Conversation.

There are, however, many Persons of exquisite Taste, who esteem a Song ne'er the worse for being term'd a Ballad; but, that these slight Airs may not seem my *ne plus Ultra*, my next Present to the Publick shall be *Cantatas*: In the mean time I hope, *I go to the Elizian Shade*, will pass for somewhat more than a Ballad.

Patroniz'd by the Generous and Good, I now despise the Malice of Underlings; nor am I to be laugh'd out of a Talent which may afford Diversion to my Friends, or Profit to my self; but, spight of Envy; I shall in Gratitude for Favours receiv'd, exhibit my little Labours, as Occasion Offers, and these find Encouragement.

* A *Balade* or *Balet*, or *Roundelay*; in French *Balade*, in Latin *Tripudium*, a Daunce, quod ejusmodi cantationes apud Gallos tripudiis adaptari soleant. In Spanish *Balada* from *Baylar* to daunce.

Love & Prudence

The Words by a Lady, Set by M^r. Carey.

slow.

Alone by a Fountain I press the cold Ground, I press y^e cold
Ground, lest y^e Rocks & the Mountain my grief should resound: For y^e
Man thats so dear, I'll never discover, no never discover, lest y^e Eccho
should hear, the Eccho should hear & repeat to my Lover.

Figured bass: * 6 * 4 2 6 7 * 6

Figured bass: 9 6 6 4 5

Figured bass: * 6 7 6 6 6 6 * 3

The pains that invade me
I never will tell,
No never will tell;
Lest the World should upbraid me
With Loving too well:
If my truth cannot move,
No fondness I'll show,
No fondness I'll show;
'Tis enough that I Love,
Enough that I Love,
And too much he should know.

Flute.

Gross Sculp.

The Generous Repulse.

2

The Words by A. Hill. Esq^r. 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 th thee combine;
 'Twere all in vain since any pow'r
 To Crown thy Love, must alter mine.

3

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

Gross Sculp.

The Wheedler.

The Words by an unknown hand, Set by M. Carey. 3

brisk

In vain dear Chloe you suggest, that I, Inconstant
 have possess, or Lov'd a fairer She: But if at once you
 would be cur'd, of all the ills you have endur'd, look
 in your Glass and see.

2
 And if perchance if there should find
 A Nymph more Lovely or more kind,
 You've reason for your tears:
 But if impartial you will prove,
 Both to your Beauty & my Love,
 How needless are those fears.

3
 If in my way I should by chance,
 Give, or receive a wanton glance,
 I like but whilst I view:
 How faint if glance, how slight if kiss,
 Compar'd to that substantial bliss,
 I still receive from you.

4
 With wanton flight if curious Bee,
 From Flower to Flower still wanders free
 & where each Blossom blows:
 Extracts if Juice of all he meets,
 & for his Quaintescence of Sweets,
 He Ravishes if Rose.

5
 So I my leisure to employ,
 In each variety of Joy,
 From Nymph to Nymph do roame.
 Perhaps see Fifty in a Day,
 They are but visits which I pay,
 For Chloe's still my home.

Flute. $\frac{2}{4}$

And if perchance if there should find
 A Nymph more Lovely or more kind,
 You've reason for your tears:
 But if impartial you will prove,
 Both to your Beauty & my Love,
 How needless are those fears.

Cross Sulp.

The Dying Swan.

4

The Words from an old Author, Set by Mr. Carey.

Slow.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff with the lyrics: "I was on a Rivers verdant side, just at y^e close of Day." The second system also has a treble and bass staff with the lyrics: "Dying Swan wth Music tried, to chase her cares away." The music is in 3/4 time and includes various ornaments and trills.

2
And, tho' she ne'er had stretch'd her Throat,
Or tun'd her Voice before;
Death (ravish'd with so sweet a Note,)
A while the Stroke forbore.

3
Farewel, she cry'd, ye Silver Streams;
Sweet purling Streams adieu!
Where Phœbus us'd to dart his beams,
And bless both me & you.

4
Farewel, ye tender whistling Reeds;
Soft Scenes of happy Love!
Farewel ye dear Enamell'd Meads,
Where I was wont to rove.

5
No more with you must I converse,
See! yonder setting Sun,
Attends, while I my last rehearse,
& then I must be gone.

6
Weep not, my tender, constant Mate!
We'll meet again below;
It is the Fixt decree of Fate,
& I with pleasure go.

The Flute part is written on a single staff in 3/4 time. It includes various ornaments and trills. The text "Flute." is written at the beginning of the staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Cross Sculp.

The Nightingale.

The Words by Mr. Welfsted, Set by Mr. Carey.

gently

While in a Bower wth beauty blest, y^e lov'd, y^e lov'd Amintor lies;

while sinking on Lucinda's breast, he fondly, fondly kiss'd her Eyes:

A wakeful Nightingale who long had mourn'd, had mourn'd within y^e Shade,

sweetly rememb'd her plaintive Song, & war — bled through the Glade.

Melodious Songstrefs! cry'd y^e Swain,
 To Shades, to Shades less happy go;
 Or, if thou wilt with us remain,
 Forbear, forbear thy tuneful roe:
 While in Lucinda's arms I lie,
 To Song, to Song, I am not free;
 On her soft bosome, while I die,
 I dis — cord find in thee.

Flute.

Cross Sculp.

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

Words & Music by M^r Carey.

Gig time.

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

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

Flute.

Gross Sculp.