

T H E  
MUSICAL CENTURY,  
I N  
One Hundred *ENGLISH*  
B A L L A D S,  
O N

Various SUBJECTS and OCCASIONS;

A D A P T E D

To several Characters and Incidents in HUMAN LIFE.

A N D C A L C U L A T E D

For Innocent CONVERSATION, MIRTH, and INSTRUCTION.

---

T H E

WORDS and MUSICK of the whole WORK,

By *HENRY CAREY*.

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*Jam opus exegi.*

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V O L. II. Containing the last Fifty.

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L O N D O N:

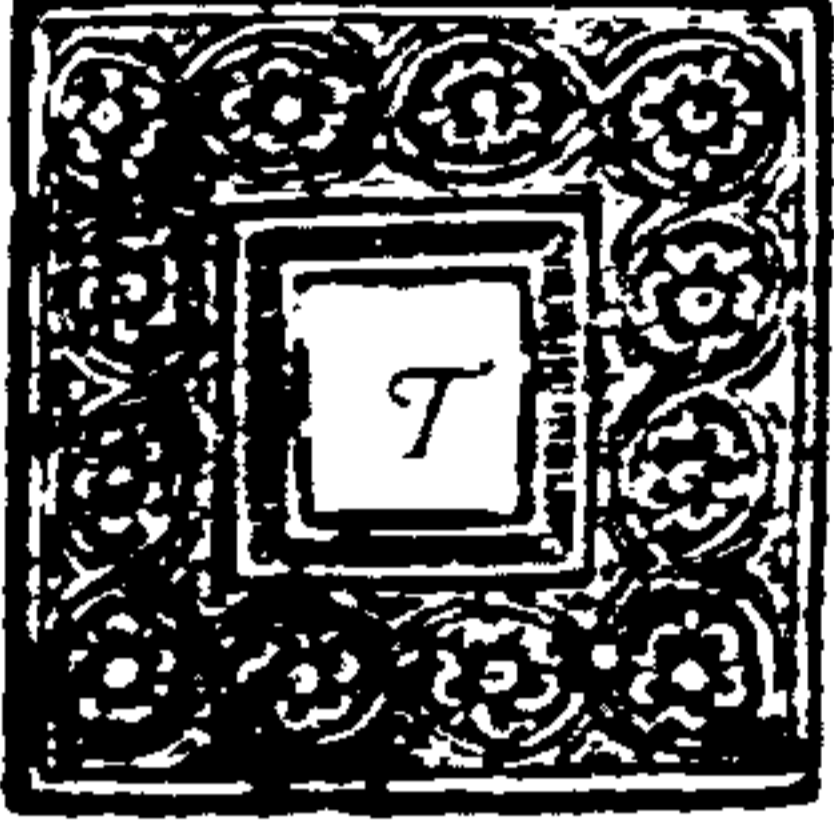
Printed for the AUTHOR, and sold at the Musick-Shops, 1740.  
[ Price Seven Shillings and Six-pence each Volume. ]

Enter'd in the Hall Book of the Company of Stationers, according to Act of  
Parliament.



T H E

P R E F A C E.

 *THE first eight Paragraphs in the former Volume may serve likewise for an Introduction to This. All that can be added is, once more to beg Pardon of my Subscribers for deferring the Publication of this Second Volume thus long; and to assure them it was not through Indolence, but by unexpected and unavoidable Incidents, too many, and I hope now too needless to be particulariz'd; since the Book appears to speak for itself.*

*To make amends for this Delay, I have endeavour'd not only to make good, but even to exceed every Article in my Proposals; that of Time only excepted, which I hope will be excused.*

*I had some Thoughts of giving the Reader a Detail of this Work; how, and in what manner I have taken the Liberty to borrow from myself; transmuted Words to Tunes, and Tunes to Words; what Hints I have taken from my Musical Cards, and other of my former Compositions; how I have improv'd them; what Basses I have added; what amended; what single Songs made into two Parts; what Plates destroy'd; and what new ones, at a very great Expence, plac'd in their Stead: But as this wou'd savour too much of Egotism, and is no general Topic, I leave it to the Speculation of the Curious, who I believe will find on Examination, I have spared nothing in my poor Power to render the Whole not only as Cheap, but also as Compleat and Useful as possible.*

*Nothing now remains but to return my humblest and most sincere Thanks to those Honourable and Worthy Persons, whose Names adorn my List, and give a Sanction to my Labours; should they have the good Fortune to please, I shall no longer deem them Labours, but Pleasures.*

H. C A R E Y.

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A

T A B L E

O F

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# The Musical Hodge Podge.

An Old Woman clothed in grey, whose Daughter was charming & young, her

Senses are all gone astray, e'er since Farinel-li has sung.

Son qual na . . . . . ve. Son qual nave ch'agitata da piu scogli in

mezzo all'onde si confonde si confonde e spaventa . . . . .

ta va folcando in alto mar . . . . .

No

Sooner comes up a Country Clown, with his Leather Breeches to London Town but he

goes to the Opera and pays his Crown, for sente il Fato il Fato che gia

fisso lo Bea-to lo Giocondo Flocks are sporting, Doves are courting

while sweet Senesino sings Fortunate peccorelle Pascollette semplicitte vaghi fiori

molle Erbette Lane L'altri vaghi e Belle senza inganni senza affanni nella vita e

nel amor nella vita e nel amor No Place like Norfolk for Pudding & Dumpling

*Larghetto*

No Place like London for Frolick & Fun. Kent is y Place for a Codling or Crumpling, Stepneys y

Place for a lake or a Bun. But of all the Songsters in the Land, there's none like

Fa-ri-nelli He'll make your Heart to jump and start and caper in your Belly

Your Men of Arts may brag of Parts, they're all a Pack of Ninnies. He shows most

Sense who gets most Pence and pockets all the Guineas.

# The Encouragement.

3

Ah Sil-ly, Bashful, tim'rous Swain, In Love you're but a Dunce: No  
longer languish and complain, but speak your Mind at once. She'll  
miff and she'll tiff and she'll seem to deny, but sure as she pouts, flings  
flounces & flouts, so surely she'll com- ply, so surely she'll comply

2

How much alas is he perplex'd,

Who's in a Woman's Pow'r:

He's ever tortur'd, ever vex'd,

And ne'er at Peace an Hour.

He's frolick, he's stupid, he's merry, he's sad,

One Moment she'll please

Another she'll tease,

And make the poor Soul stark mad.

And make the poor Soul stark mad.

## Flute.

# A Touch on the Times

*A Merry Land by this Light, we Laugh at our own undoing, and*

6 5 6 6 6 6 6

*Labour with all our Might, for Slavery and ruin. New factions we*

6 \* 6.6 6 6 6 5 \* 7 6

*daily raise, new Maxims we're ever instilling, and him that to*

5 \* 6 6 5 6 6

*day we Praise, to Morrow's a Rogue & a Villain.*

6 5 6 2 6 6 7 4

The cunning Politician,  
 Whose aim is to gull the People,  
 Begins his Cant of Sedition,  
 With Folks have a care of the Steeple.  
 The Populace this Alarms,  
 They bluster, they bounce, & they vapour,  
 The Nations up in Arms,  
 And the Devil begins to caper.

If my Friend be an honest Lad,  
 I never ask his Religion;  
 Distinctions make us all mad,  
 And ought to be had in Derision.  
 They christen us Tories and Whigs,  
 When the best of em both is an Evil,  
 But we'll be no Party Prigs,  
 Let such Godfathers go to the D—l.

The Statesmen rail at each other,  
 And tickle the Mob with a Story,  
 They make a most Horrible Pother,  
 Of National Int'rest and Glory,  
 Their Hearts they are bitter as Gall,  
 Tho' their Tongues are sweeter than Honey,  
 They don't care a Figg for us all,  
 But only to finger our Money.

Too long have they had their Ends,  
 In setting us one against t'other,  
 And sowing such strife among Friends,  
 That Brother hated Brother.  
 But we'll for the future be wise,  
 Grow sociable, honest and hearty,  
 We'll all their Arts despise,  
 And laugh at the Name of a Party.

**FLUTE.**

# The Beau's Lamentation for y<sup>e</sup> Loss of Farrinelli.

As saunt'ring I rang'd in the Park all a-lone A sparkish young Fellow was

making his Moan, Oh he cry'd like a Child that had newly been whipt, And

wou'd he had rather at Hazard been stript for his dear Far-ri-nel-li was

flown into Spain, and he never should hear the sweet Creature a-gain.

Come never lament for a singer said I,  
 Can't English Performers his Absence supply.  
 There's Beard & there's Salway & smart Kitty Clive,  
 The pleasantest merriest Mortal alive.  
 Lets go to the Dragon good Company's there,  
 There's Margry & Maucy & signor Laquerre.

Oh talk not of horrible English said he,  
 I tell you Italians the Language for me,  
 'Tis better than Latin, 'tis better than Greek,  
 'Tis what all our Nobles & Gentry should speak,  
 Plain English may serve for y<sup>e</sup> Tit or y<sup>e</sup> Clown,  
 But not at the Elegant End of the Town.

Fly Heidegger fly, and my Idol restore,  
 O let me but hear y<sup>e</sup> Enchanter once more,  
 For Handel may study & study in vain,  
 While Strada's expel'd & my Broschi's in Spain,  
 For oh his sweet Warble so highly I prize,  
 Give him to my Ears, I'll surrender my Eyes.

A curse upon silver, a curse upon Gold,  
 That could not my favourite Songster withhold,  
 'Tis Gold that has tempted him over to Spain,  
 'Tis nothing but Gold can allure him again,  
 Lets pay y<sup>e</sup> 7 hundred & 7 hundred more,  
 May 7 times 7 Thousand & 10 times 10 Score,

Adieu Caffarelli, Chimenti likewise,  
 Whom Parties at Hickford's extol to the Skies,  
 Adieu Covent Garden, adieu Drury Lane,  
 I never will darken a Playhouse again,  
 Without Farrinelli the Opra must fall,  
 So I'll fling up my Ticket & not pay y<sup>e</sup> Call.

## Flute.

# A Cure for Love.

5

Alone by a lonely Willow, Poor Damon sighing lay, the Grass was his  
only Pillow, Alack and well a day. I came with my Flask and I  
ask'd him to drink, had it been a whole Cash he'd have drank it I  
think, he danc'd and he sung, and he caper'd like mad, and he vow'd he'd have  
more if more could be had, and he vow'd he'd have more, if more could be had

But Celia with Charms surrounded,  
Came tripping it o'er the Plain,  
The Shepherd afresh was wounded,  
And all undone again,

He call'd her his Goddess, She call'd him an Ass,  
I ply'd him again with a cherishing Glass,  
He laugh'd at her Scorn, and her Pow'r he defy'd,  
And he vow'd his dear Flask should alone be his Bride,  
And he vow'd his dear Flask should alone be his Bride.

Flute.

# The Union of Parties.

A Churchman and Dissenter had once an odd Adventure and grew ex-

-ceeding hot. They made a mighty Pother, and rail'd at one another a-

bout they knew not what, about they knew not what.

2  
 But when they came to cooling,  
 And leave off Party fooling,  
 They found they'd been to blame:  
 Like Christian and like Brother,  
 They look'd at one another,  
 For each Man meant the same,  
 For each &c.

3  
 That Names of Whig and Tory,  
 Were all an Idle Story,  
 A Statesman's Artfull Snare;  
 Invented to divide us,  
 But with a View to ride us,  
 And then the Cash to share  
 And then &c.

4  
 That Trade and Navigation,  
 Those Bulwarks of the Nation,  
 We shou'd with Life defend:  
 And not with tame Subjection,  
 Be subject to Inspection,  
 Or to proud Spaniards bend.  
 Or to &c.

5  
 So Reconciliation,  
 Succeeded Disputation,  
 Both being in one Mind,  
 To make their Hearts the lighter,  
 They made their Cheeks the brighter,  
 And in this Health they joy'd.  
 And in &c.

A Protestant Succession,  
 Without the least Oppression,  
 In Church or yet in State.  
 Oh may our Faith's Defender,  
 Increase the Nations Splendor,  
 And make us truly great.  
 And make &c.

## Flute.

# The True Tarr.

A Knave's a Knave, tho' ne'er so brave, tho' Diamonds round him shine, what  
 tho' he's great, takes mighty State, and thinks himself divine his ill got  
 Wealth, can't give him Health, or future Ills prevent, an honest Tarr is  
 Richer far if he enjoys Content.

2

A soul sincere,  
 Scorns Fraud or Fear,  
 Within its self secure,  
 For Vice will blast,  
 But Virtue last,  
 While Truth and Time endure.  
 Blow high blow low,  
 Frown Fate or Foe,  
 He scorns to tack about,  
 But to his Trust,  
 Is strictly just,  
 And nobly stems it out.

Flute.



# The Effects of Gaming.

A Curse on Cards, a curse on Dice, A curse on ga - ming cursed Vice;

It wastes our Time, it wastes our Wealth, and is the modish Way of Stealth

2  
Where Gaming spreads its fatal Gloom,  
There Mirth & Musick fly the Room,  
While Rage & Discord take their Place,  
And Falschood fleers in c'ery Face.

3  
In Pleasures Men may be profuse,  
And for each failing find excuse;  
While Gaming has no other End,  
But Ruin of your Self or Friend.

## A Two Part Song.

A pretty Country Lass As she tript it o'er the

Grass, In a round Ear'd Cap gave my Heart such a Rap, I fell down

slap, I fell down slap. If e'er upon the Grass, I catch this

slap, I fell down slap. If e'er upon the Grass

Country Lass I'll make her rue the Day, she stole my Heart a-

way, and Heart for Heart before we part. She shall re-pay.

Published according to Act of Parliament 1740.

# Sung by M.<sup>rs</sup> Clive at y<sup>e</sup> Theatre Royal.<sup>10</sup>

Blab not what you ought to smother Honour's Laws should sacred be

boasting Favours from another, ne'er will Favour gain with me, ne'er will

Favour gain with me but inspir'd with In-dig-nation, sooner I'd lead

Apes in Hell, E'er I'd trust my Re-pu-ta-tion, with such Fools as

kiss and tell, with such Fools as kiss and tell.

He who finds a hidden Treasure,  
 Never should the same reveal,  
 He whom Beauty crowns with Pleasure,  
 Cautious should his Joy conceal,  
 Cautious should his Joy conceal.  
 Him with whom my Heart I'll venture,  
 Shall my Fame from censure save;  
 One where Truth and Prudence centre,  
 And as secret as the Grave,  
 And as secret as the Grave.

Flute.

# The Prince of Orange's March. 11

Sung by M<sup>r</sup>. Hulett in Britannia.

Brave Grenadiers re-joyce, with glad some Heart & Voice, For

fair Britannia's Choice your Martial Sports prepare. Let

Silver Trumpets sound, let Brazen Drums re-bound, while

Shouts of Joy fly round, to hail the happy Pair. D.C.

2

Forgot are Wars Alarms,  
Within the fair One's Arms,  
For Venus pow'rful Charms,  
Can mighty Mars subdue.  
May all the Gods above,  
Reward their constant Love,  
And may they ever prove,  
Still happy as they're true. D.C.

Flute.

D.C.

Published according to Act of Parliament 1740.

12. *A Dialogue in Imitation of M<sup>r</sup>. H. Purcell.*  
*Between a Town Spark and a Country Lass.*  
*Sung by M<sup>r</sup>. Salway and M<sup>rs</sup>. Clive at the Theatre Royal.*

Come come my dear Nymph now all Nature looks Gay non Birds sweetly whistle and

Lambs sweetly play. to yonder cool Shade let us quickly retire and taste all the

Pleasures that Love can Inspire. Good! not so hasty we Innocent Maids, too oft are de-

ceiv'd by you Arch London Blades how many poor Damsels deluded by you are forc'd ever

after their Folly to rue. O think not my fairest so meanly of me, no Harm on my

Honour shall happen to Thee. here's Gold that buys all Things, and Silver good Store and

when that is gone I'll supply thee with more. I'll trust not your Honour your Gold I de-

spise, my Virtue above all Temptations I prize, tho' poor I am honest, I'm not to be

Sold so pray take away both your self and your Gold. I'll take thee to London and

7 3 5 6 6 5 7 6 6 6

deck thee so Fine, that thou shalt the greatest of Ladies outshine and ride in thy

6 6 5 \* 6 6 6 6 6 5 \*

Coach to the Park and the Play all glitt'ring with Diamonds out sparkling the Day No

6 6 5b 6 6 6 6 5 \*

s'r I abhor such a scandalous Life. I'll be no Mortal's Miss but some Honest Mans Wife

6 6 6 6 6 6

pray s'r return. to the Place whence you came, for I'll never buy my Pride at the

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

Price of my Fame. I love thee so dearly I'll not be deny'd. thy Virtue so charms me I'll

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

make thee my Bride. then come my dear Angel in Wedlock let's joyn. I long till I

6 6 5 \* 5 6 6 5b 6 6

make thee Eternally mine. Then s'r I assure you your Love shan't be

6 6 5 \* 6 6 6 6

lost, what I want in my Portion I'll spare in my lost, your Interest your Pleasure I'll

closely attend & save many Pounds which your London Wives spend. I'll drink not, I'll

game not, I'll wear no fine Cloaths, to squander your Wealth & decoy the Town Beau's, but

love you for ever and prove all my Life, a Constant, Affectionate Dutiful Wife.

Chorus

I hasten I hasten to fill thy fond Arms, No Wealth no Possessions can

O hasten to fill my fond Arms, No Wealth no Possessions can

equal thy Charms, Let Libertines live to repent while we prove,

equal thy Charms, Let Libertines live to repent while we prove, No Pleasure so

No Pleasure so lasting as Virtuow's Love.

lasting, no Pleasure so lasting as Virtuow's Love.

# The Tantaliz'd Lover.

15

*Cru-el Charmer tell me why, You'l not let me live or dye*  
*first your Smiles they give me Joy, then your Frowns my Hopes de-*  
*stroy, when you see my Ra-ging pain, out of Sport you smile a-*  
*gain, out of Sport you smile again.*

2

*Thus with a Tyrannick Art,  
You torment my bleeding Heart,  
Taking Pleasure in my Grief,  
Yet affording no Relief.  
O pronounce my Doom outright,  
And in Pity kill me quite.  
And in Pity kill me quite.*

*Flute*

*Publish'd according to Act of Parliament 1740.*

# The Refiners of Mankind.

15

Charming Tea, enchanting Liquor, makes dear Scandal flow the  
quicker, Po - lish - es the rough by Na - ture, to the  
Prude it lends keen Sa - tyr. Helps poli - test Con - ver -  
sation, and gives Glory to a Nation.

2

Sword and Sceptre, Mace and Mitre,  
Can they pass their Time politer,  
Than in Parties at Quadrille,  
Basto punto and Spadille,  
These refine and make Men civil,  
Vulgar Cribbage is the Devil.

Flute.

Published according to Act of Parliament 1740.



# The Jolly Bacchanals

Come all ye Jol

ly Bacchanals that Love to Toppe good Wine, let us

Offer up a Hogs-head, unto our Masters Shrine, our Masters Shrine: Then

let us Drink, & never Shrink for I'll tell you the Reason why: tis a

Great Sin, a Great Sin, to Leave a Hoise till we've Dra

*Piu Largo*

nk the Cellar Dry: In Times of old I was a

Fool. I dran k the Water clear, but Bacchus took me from that

*Rule he thought was too severe: He fill'd a Goblet to the*

*Brim, & he bade me take a Sup, but had it been a Gallon Pot, by*

*Jo - - ve I'd toss'd it up.*

*And ever since that happy Time, good Wine has been my*

*Chear; now nothing puts me in a Swoon but Water, or Small Beer.*

*Then let us Tope about my Boys and never Flinch nor Fly, but fill our*

*Skins with Generous Wine, and Drain the Bottles Dry.*

# The Queen of Spades. A Burlesque Opera Song.

*Allegro*

Fairest of Jades thou art so smart thou art so

smart, thou art so smart, Thine Eyes like Spades dig out my Heart, dig

out my Heart, dig ou- - - - - t, dig

out my Heart. Sym. All?

Thou shalt be Queen of all the Pack, let me . . . but

be, let me . . . but be thy Darling Jack, let me but be . . . thy

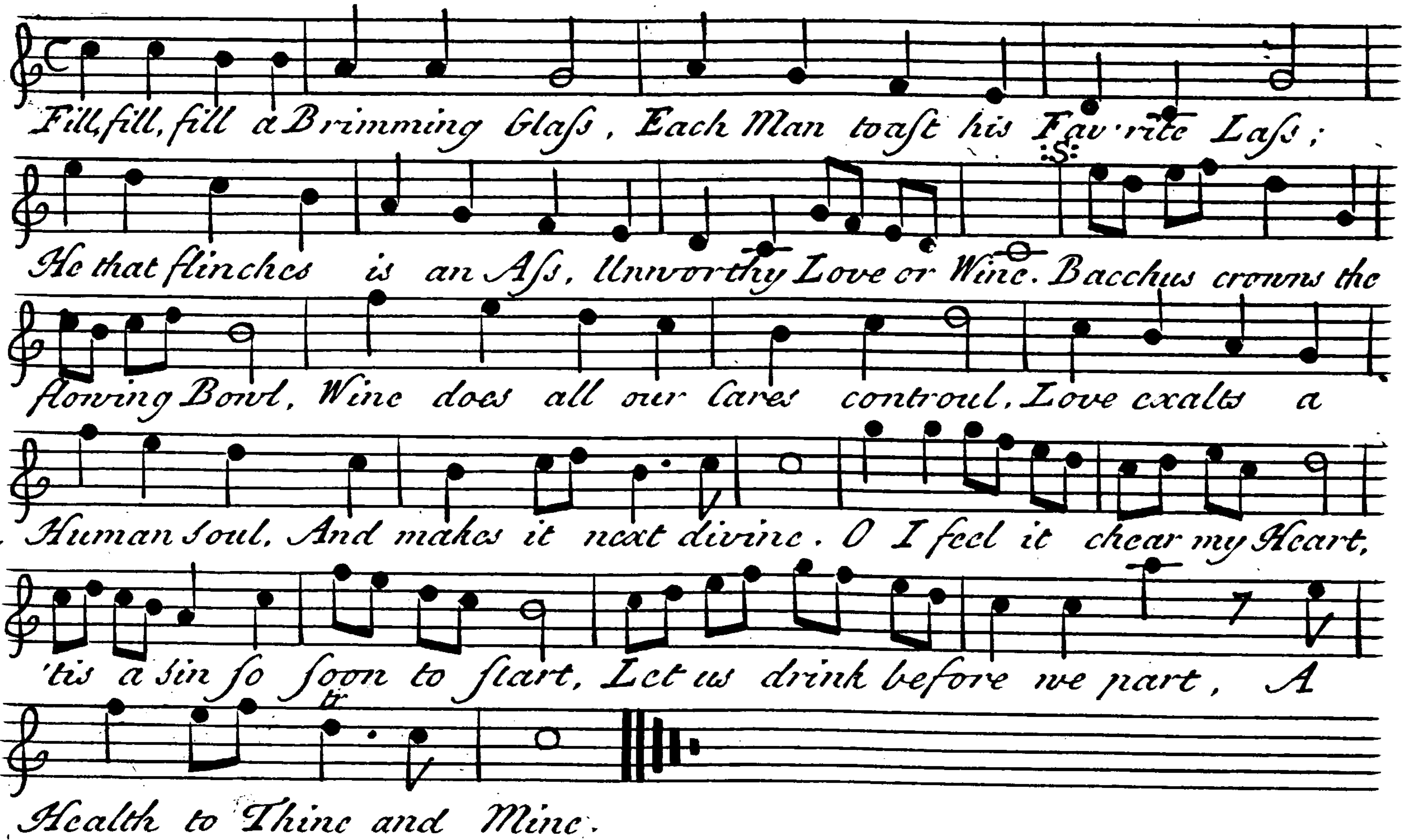
Darling Jack.

Other words to the same tune .

Fly oh fly the fatal Fair Oh fly oh fly the fatal fair  
 By my Distress ye Swains beware ye swains beware  
 Bewa — re ye Swains beware  
 None are safe but those who fly for if you gaze for if you gaze  
 You surely Die for if you gaze you surely die

# A Catch for Three Voices.

20



Fill, fill, fill a Brimming Glass, Each Man toast his Fav'rite Lass;  
He that flinches is an Ass, Unworthy Love or Wine. Bacchus crowns the  
flowing Bowl, Wine does all our cares controul, Love exalts a  
Human Soul, And makes it next divine. O I feel it cheer my Heart,  
'tis a sin so soon to start, Let us drink before we part, A  
Health to Thine and Mine.

## Flute



Published according to Act of Parliament. 1740

# A Two part Song in Britannia - 21

He comes he comes: the Hero comes, sound sound your Trumpets

He comes the Hero comes, sound sound your Trumpets  
beat beat your Drums, From Port to Port let Cannons roar his

beat beat your Drums. From Port to Port let Cannons roar his  
Welcome to the British Shoar. Welcome. Welcome. Welcome.

Welcome to the British Shoar. Welcome

Welcome, Welcome to the British Shoar.

2

Prepare prepare your Songs prepare,  
Loud loudly rend the Ecchoing Air,  
From Pole to Pole, your Joys resound,  
For Virtue is with Glory crown'd.  
Virtue, Virtue, Virtue, Virtue,  
Virtue is with Glory crown'd.

Flute.

# Morning Cries or y<sup>e</sup> Common Disturbers. 22

Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Salway.

How contented on the Plain, is the happy Shepherd Swain, his peaceful Breast is quite at Rest. No

Cares perplex his Brain, no Cares perplex his Brain. How much unlike the Courtly Rake who dates his

Night from Morning's Break, tho' e'er so much his Head does ach, No Rest no Quiet can he take while

sweep, sweep sweep, Old Lead or old Brass, take Money for your old Flint Glass, Knives to grind,

Knives Scissars Penknives to grind, Old Cloaks Suits or Coats, any Work for the Cooper, Come

buy my Card Matches come buy them, of me, for they be y<sup>e</sup> best Matches as ever you see. Dust ho.

any Milk, Sweep sweep, sweep disturbs his Sleep, Sweep sweep sweep disturbs his Sleep & hee. . . . ps him half awake.

2  
 How contented on the Grass,  
 Sits the happy Country Lass,  
 While all the Day  
 Her Lambkins play.  
 How sweet her Moments pass.  
 How sweet &c.

How much unlike the Courtly Dame,  
 Just come from Masquerade or Game,  
 Tho' e'er so much her Head does ach,  
 No Rest no Quiet can she take.  
 While sweep &c (as above)  
 Disturbs her Sleep,  
 And hee. . . . ps her half awake.

# Sung by Master Hamilton in Britannia.



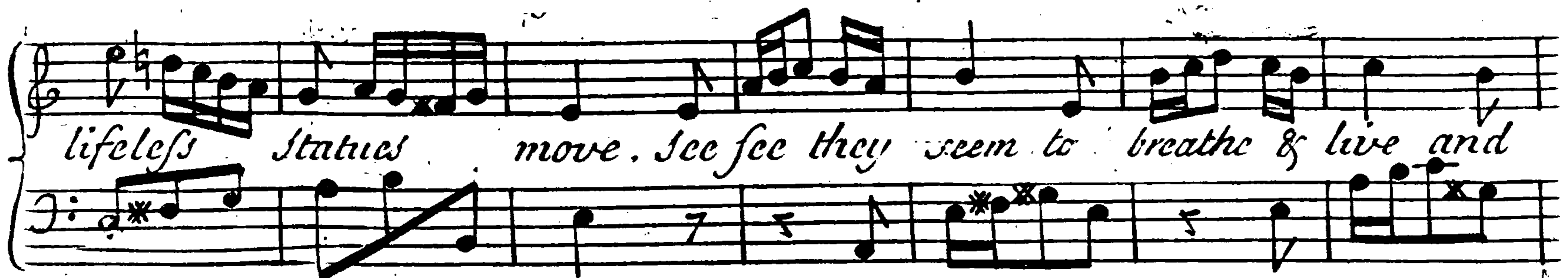
Il.



lustrious Pair by Heav'n design'd the Pride & Pleasure of Mankind. Nature your



Vir-tues does approve, and bids the lifeless Statues move & bids the



lifeless Statues move. See see they seem to breathe & live and



to your Loves their Plaudit give.

2

Come tune your Pipes ye jovial Swains,  
And fill the Air with chearfull Strains.  
Trip trip ye Nymphs the Circle round,  
And light as Zephyrs touch the Ground, & Light &c  
Sing sing and dance, rejoyce and play,  
Tis fair Britannias Nuptial Day.

Flute



so

tr

tr

Published according to Act of Parliament 1740.

# The Prude Demolish'd. a Dialogue

24

She

He

I will not bear it, I do declare it. I will call out if you're so rude. Madam I

know it. Your Looks they show it. I plainly see that you're a Prude.

She

A Prude, what then Sir.

I scorn such Men Sir.

Pray leave me to my self alone.

He

Sweet pretty Creature.

Compose that Feature.

Prudes ne'er cry out but when they're blown.

# The Languishing Lover.

I sigh, I languish, ~~yet~~ hide my Anguish, lest I offend my charming Fair.

Should I reveal it, and she not heal it, My Life must end in deep De - snar

Oh fatal Passion.  
Fond Inclination.  
To love where I'm forbid to tell.  
Tho' I conceal it,  
My Eyes reveal it,  
My inmost soul she knows too well.

Flute



# St. William's Birth Day.

Joy awakes with y Festival Morn, when y worthiest of Mortals was  
 born. Let him reign y chief Toast of y Night, while we mention his Name. de  
 light. So here's to his Health. Peace Pleasure & Wealth. Sur-  
 rounding abounding attend all his Days. Let Flatt'ers of State, Toast  
 only the Great. True Merit like his has most Claim to our Praise

2

3

Let his Consort next crown y full Glass,  
 Ever cheerfully round let it pass.  
 By our glad Acclamations let's show  
 What to Beauty and Virtue we owe.  
 So here's to her Health,  
 Peace Pleasure & Wealth  
 Surrounding, abounding,  
 Attend all her Days.  
 Let Flatt'ers of State,  
 Toast only the Great.

Let their Progeny next be our Toast,  
 Long to live their Delight & their Boast,  
 And immortalize Awdy a Name,  
 Ever dear in the Records of Fame:  
 So here's to their Health,  
 Peace Pleasure & Wealth,  
 Surrounding abounding,  
 Attend all their Days.  
 Let Flatt'ers of State,  
 Toast only the Great.

True Merit like hers has most Claim to our Praise True Merit like theirs has most Claim to our Praise.

Flute.

True Merit like theirs has most Claim to our Praise.

The Apotheosis of the most Noble  
Edmund Sheffield Duke of Buckingham  
Who Died at Rome y<sup>e</sup> 30<sup>th</sup> Day of October 1735  
And Lies Entombed in Westminster Abbey.

*Largo*

Immortal Pow'rs who

Immortal Pow'rs who

ru... le a.bove a soul sublime recieve. A Soul sublime re-

rule. a..bove a...soul. sublime recieve A Soul sublime re-

cieve. To Realms of Endless Peace and Love, while we sur-

cieve To Realms of Endless Peace and Love while

vive to gri..... eve while we survive to

we survive. to Gri..... eve. while we. while we survive to

grieve. His sacred Shade ye An..... gels

grieve His Sacred shade ye An..... gels

guide to E..... verlasting Rest to Everlasting Rest.

guide to E..... verlasting Rest to Everlasting Rest.

While Kindred Gods with Joy and Pride, all hail Their

While Kindred Gods with Joy and Pride All  
wel . . . . . come Guest all hail their welcome Guest.

hail, their wel . . . . . come Guest. All hail, all hail their welcome Guest.  
Oh he was Nature's Wonder, All Goodness Mildness Truth.

*Larghetto*

Torn are our Hearts asunder to lose so sweet a Youth.

Heavn has his Worth rewarded, with all its blissful store.

Earth has his Fame recorded, Till Time shall be no more

D.C.

*Flute.*

Immortal &

Oh he was &c.

Oh he was &c.

Oh he was &c.

D.C.

# Molly's Complaint.

In some dreary Desert I'll hide me, Regardless of what shall be-

hide me, the Herbage with Food shall provide me, and Savages pity my Moan.

I'll sleep at the Foot of some Mountain, I'll drink of the Chrystaline

Fountain & while I'm my Sorrows recounting, kind Eccho shall answer each Groan.

The Swain I adore has undone me,  
He woo'd me untill he had won me,  
He courted me sure but to shun me,  
And now from his Arms am I thrown.

My Music is turn'd to lamenting,  
My Triumphs to Tears and repenting,  
From all humane Creatures absenting,  
I wander dejected alone.

Come Death from Distraction relieve me,  
Cold Earth to thy Bosome receive me,  
Come thou who so basely couldst leave me,  
And shed one kind Tear on my Stone...

## Flute

Published according to Act of Parliament 1740.

# The Fortune Hunter's mental Reservation.

Madam your Eyes or Diamonds shine so bright, I'm quite transported

at the dazzling sight. You have ten thousand Charms, Pounds I should

say, whose magic Force have stole my Heart a-way. In Pity then some Com- fort

to me give Pay all my Debts and keep me while I live

# The Prudent Lady's open Declaration.

Sir your As- surance shines so bra- zen bright, I'm quite A- stonish'd

at the shocking sight, You've laid ten thousand Schemes sure to be-

tray, but you shall ne- ver scheme my Heart away. Nor will I Pi- ty to such

Wretches give, who on an A- pron String can stoop to live.

# The Intrepid Lover. for Two Voices

No Diamonds are so bright, so al-luring, so alluring to the  
Sight as the Eyes of the Nymph I admire. I a-  
dore her Cherry Cheeks and she  
-dore her Cherry Cheeks I a-dore her Cherry Cheeks and she  
 charms me when she speaks, but her Touch sets me all on Fire.

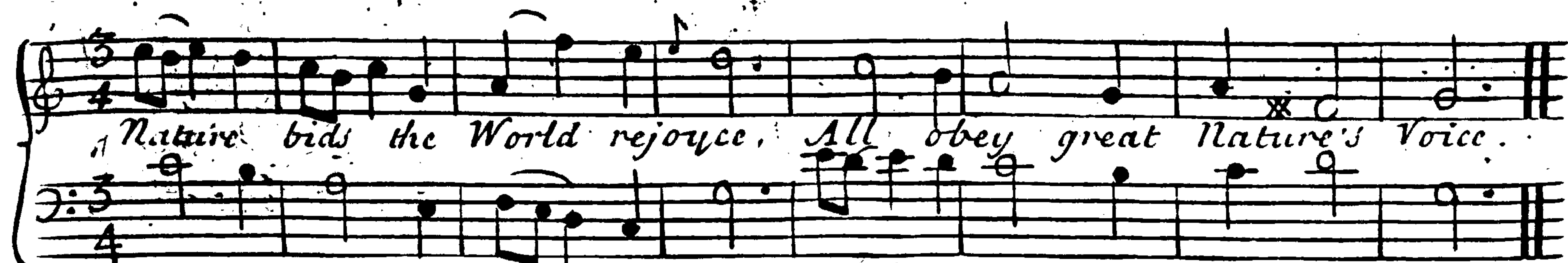
2

I can no longer bear,  
But I must my Love declare my Love declare.  
Bass alone) I'm resolv'd  
Together) I'm resolv'd her Intentions to know.  
Bass alone) But if she proves too stout,  
Together) But if she proves too stout,  
And should make too much a Rout  
To the Devil she may go.

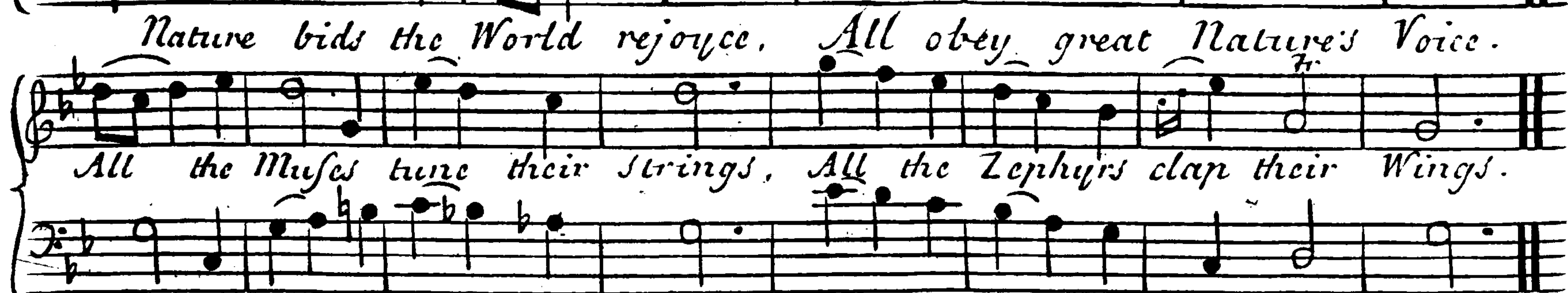
Flute.

# A Two part Song in Britannia.

31



*Nature bids the World rejoyce, All obey great Nature's Voice.*



*Nature bids the World rejoyce, All obey great Nature's Voice.*  
*All the Muses tune their Strings, All the Zephyrs clap their Wings.*



*All the Muses tune their Strings, All the Zephyrs clap their Wings.*  
*'Tis the happy Nuptial Day, Nature bids the World be gay.*

*'Tis the happy Nuptial Day, Nature bids the World be gay.*

2

*See the beautiful blooming Bride,  
Nature's Glory, Virtue's Pride,  
See the Bridegroom fondly trace,  
Every Feature of her Face,  
Beams of Pleasure & surprize,  
Sparkling in his ravish'd Eyes.*

3

*Fill the Air with Odours sweet,  
Scatter Roses at their Feet,  
Mirth in all its Pomp display,  
Celebrate this happy Day,  
Oh may ev'ry dear Delight,  
Still more happy make the Night.*

Flute



# Salley in our Alley.

32

Of all the girls that are so smart, there's none like pret-ty Salley: She is the

Darling of my Heart, & she lives in our Alley. There's neer a Lady, in y<sup>e</sup> Land, that's half so

sweet as Salley. She is the Darling of my Heart, & she lives in our Alley.

2  
Her Father he makes Cabbage Nets,  
And thro' the Streets does cry 'em;  
Her Mother she sells Laces long,  
To such as please to buy 'em  
But sure such Folks cou'd ne'er beget.  
So sweet a Girl as Salley:  
She is the Darling of my Heart,  
And she lives in our Alley.

3  
When she is by, I leave my Work,  
I love her so sincerely:  
My Master comes like any Turk,  
And bangs me most severely.  
But let him bang his Belly full,  
I'll bear it all for Salley:  
She is the Darling of my Heart  
And she lives in our Alley.

4  
Of all the Days that's in the Week,  
I dearly love but one Day:  
And that's the Day that comes betwixt,  
A Saturday and Monday.  
For then I'm drest all in my best,  
To walk abroad with Salley:  
She is the Darling of my Heart,  
And she lives in our Alley.

5  
My Master carries me to Church,  
And often am I blamed:  
Because I leave him in the Lurch,  
As soon as Text is named:  
I leave the Church in Sermon Time,  
And slink away to Salley:  
She is the Darling of my Heart,  
And she lives in our Alley.

6  
When Christmass comes about again,  
Oh then I shall have Money:  
I'll hoard it up and Box and all,  
I'll give it to my Honey.  
And would it were Ten Thousand Pound,  
I'd give it all to Salley:  
She is the Darling of my Heart,  
And she lives in our Alley.

7  
My Master and the Neighbour: all,  
Make Game of me and Salley,  
And (but for her) I'd better be,  
A Slave and row a Galley.  
But when my seven long Years are out,  
O then I'll marry Salley,  
O then we'll wed, & then we'll bed,  
But not in our Alley.

Flute



# Nancy. Sung by M<sup>rs</sup> Lampe in y Parting Lovers.

Oh where will you hurry my Dear-est, say: say to what  
Clime or what Shore. You tear him from me the sin-cc-rest  
that ever lov'd Mortal before

2

Ah Cruel hard hearted to press him,  
And force the dear Youth from my Arms.  
Restore him that I may caress him,  
And shield him from future Alarms.

3

In vain you insult and deride me,  
And make but a scoff at my Woes:  
You ne'er from my Dear shall divide me,  
I'll follow where ever he goes.

4

Think not of the merciless Ocean  
My Soul any Terror can have,  
For soon as the Ship makes its Motion,  
So soon shall the Sea be my Grave.

Flute.

Oh where will you hurry my Dear-est, say: say to what  
Clime or what Shore. You tear him from me the sin-cc-rest  
that ever lov'd Mortal before

# The Precaution in French & English

Taken from a French Author.

Gardez vous bien ber = gere! de vous laisser Charmer:

de vous laisser Charmer: Conservez L'art de Plaire.

Fuyez celui d'aimer, fuyez celui D'aimer!

L'Amour est un Martire,  
Lui ternit les Appas,  
Lui ternit les Appas:

Souffrez que Lon soupirent,  
Mais ne soupirez pas,  
Mais ne soupirez pas.

This Translated into English by H. C.

O Nymph divinely Charming, take heed thou art not Charmid,

take heed thou art not Charmid! Be still all Hearts a = larming,

but never be Alarmid; no never be Alarmid.

Love is a fatal Anguish,  
Tis Youth & Beauties Bane,  
Tis Youth & Beauties Bane;

Let all Men for you Languish,  
But neer Regard their Pain,  
No neer Regard their Pain.

Published according to Act of Parliament 1740.

# The Reproach.

35

Oh, false ungratefull Traytor to wrong poor Ce - lia so. And  
leave so sweet a Creature, to Misery, and Woe. Oh false ungratefull  
false un - gratefull Traytor, to wrong poor Ce - lia so and leave so  
sweet a Creature to Mi - se - ry and Woe

2

Think not the Gods forget you,  
They but retard your Fate;  
When Celia finds their Pity,  
Then thou shalt feel their Hate.

Oh think not, think not, think not the Gods forget you  
They but retard your Fate.  
When Celia finds their Pity,  
Then thou shalt feel their Hate.

Flute.

Published according to Act of Parliament 1740.

# Cupid put to Defiance.

Obfer . . . . ve, obfer . . ve the num: . . . row Stars that gra . . . . ce the

fair expanded Shies, so ma . . . . ny Charm: has Eld . . . . via's Face

a thou . . . . sand more her Eye: What Pi . ty 'tis a

Crea - ture by Nature form'd so fair, di - vine in ev - ry Fea -

ture, should give Mankind Despair. She gazes all around her and

gains a Thou . sand Hearts but Cu - pid can - not wound her for

she has all his Darts for she has all his Darts

# Dizar Queen of Diamonds.

*Tranf my La-dynny this Fluster, true your Diamonds give a Lustre*

*But that frightful Frosty Face, Does your gau-*

*dy Dress disgrace Queen of Diamonds you may be but the*

*Queen of Hearts for me, Beauties Charms are far more bright, than*

*all this false and gla- ring Light.*

2

'Tis not Jewels, 'tis not Riches,  
 Which the Gen'rous Soul bewitches,  
 Nature's Graces void of Art,  
 Sooner can ensnare the Heart.  
 Let poor sordid worldly Elves,  
 Keep their Mammon to themselves,  
 Give me Beauty, give me Youth,  
 Adorn'd with Love and las-ting Truth.

## Flute.



# The Eclaircissement.

Say why should I, my Love deny, And still conceal my Pain, Or whine  
 and pine, or whine and pine, or whine and pine, or whine &  
 pine & Peace resign to Coldness and Disdain. If in your Heart I have no  
 Part, and there's for me no Room. Say ay, or no. Say ay, or no, Say  
 ay or no, Say ay or no that I may go, and know at once my Doom. D.C.

The bashful Fool,  
 His Heels may cool,  
 And cringe with Cap in Hand,  
 While he that's bold,  
 While he that's bold,  
 While he that's bold,  
 While he that's bold,  
 Defies the Cold,  
 And puts her to a Stand.

The Girl that's wise,  
 Secures one Prize,  
 And blest in that remains,  
 Coquets they try,  
 Coquets they try,  
 Coquets they try,  
 Coquets they try,  
 At all to fly,  
 Yet scarce one Conquest gain.

Flute.

# The Inexorable

She whom above my Self I prize, does me above all  
Men despise. My faithful Passion is so great, Nothing ex-  
ceeds it but her Hate, Nothing exceeds it but her Hate.

The first system of the musical score consists of three systems of staves. Each system has a treble and bass staff. The first system includes a trill (tr) above the first measure. The second system includes a trill (tr) above the first measure. The third system includes a trill (tr) above the first measure. The lyrics are written below the staves.

2  
Must I Ye Gods for ever love,  
Must she for ever cruel prove,  
Must all my Torment, all my Grief,  
Meet no Compassion, no Relief.  
Meet no &c.

3  
Charmer my final Sentence give,  
Let me not in this Anguish live;  
But sweetly smile and ease my Pain,  
Or frown and kill me with Disdain.  
Or frown &c.

Flute.

The Flute part consists of three systems of staves. Each system has a single staff. The first system includes a trill (tr) above the first measure. The second system includes a trill (tr) above the first measure. The third system includes a trill (tr) above the first measure. The lyrics are written below the staves.



# A Drinking Song

41

Sons of Bacchus let's be gay Nimbly move the chearful Glass

Life is short and glides a-way let it then in Pleasure pass.

Phœbus now may hide his Light Silver Cynthia cease to shine,

Bacchus Rays are far more bright sparkling from the gen'rous Wine.

sparkling from the gen'rous Wine.

2

When the Nymph is Coy and Cold,  
And puts on a scornful Air;  
Bacchus makes the Lover bold,  
Courage ever gains the Fair.  
While the Fool who wastes his Time,  
Trifling o'er Insipid Tea:  
Ne'er can aim at Things sublime,  
Till he freely drinks like Me.

Flute.

Published according to Act of Parliament 1740.

12 *A Burlesque Song for Two Voices.*

Thou hast such Eyes my pretty Fubs, Thou hast such Eyes my pretty Fubs

that there is no withstanding no withstand - - ing Thou surely art the

Queen of Clubs, thou surely art the Queen of Clubs thy Looks are so, com-

manding thy looks are so commanding, thy Looks are so command-

ing. Then be less killing or more kind, then be less killing

or more kind, my Souls Delight my Charmer my Charm - er Or Cupid

soon shall strike thee blind, Or Cupid soon shall strike thee blind, and take a-

way thine Armour & take away thine Armour and take away thine Ar-

thine Armour thine Armour and take away thine Ar-



# The Effeminate.

44

Tell me gentle Hobby de hoy, Art thou Girl or art thou Boy,

tell me gentle Hobby de hoy, Art thou Girl, or art thou Boy.

for thy Features and thy Dress, such Contraries do express, I

stand amaz'd, and at a Loss to know, to what new Species

thou thy Form dost owe.

2

By thy Hair tuck'd up behind,  
Thou shouldst be of Woman kind.  
By thy Hair tuck'd up behind,  
Thou shouldst be of Woman kind.  
Yet no Woman thou canst be,  
For no Petticoats we see.

Then to what Sex alas hast thou a Claim,  
Who'rt Either, Neither, yet to both a Shame.

3

If thou art a Man, forbear,  
Thus this Motly Garb to wear;  
If thou art a Man, forbear,  
Thus this Motly Garb to wear.  
Let thy Dress thy Sex impart,  
And appear like what thou art.

Like what thou art, oh no, pray pardon me,  
I mean, appear like what you ought to be.

Published according to Act of Parliament 1740.

Sung by M<sup>rs</sup> Clive at the Theatre Royal. 45  
 In the Character of the Wanton Wife.

These Old Fellows when they're Jealous, are a Woman's Curse, for e' ver bearing

never pleasing, nothing can be worse Nature made 'em sure to vex us

to torment us and perplex us, full of Satyr, and Ill Nature, to their Passion

blind, for now we're bid, anon we're chid, they never know their Mind.

what a Pi-ty, Damsels pretty, shou'd be so confin'd.

Tho' we're virtuow,  
 If we're Courteous,  
 Forward we're esteem'd,  
 Or if reserv'd,  
 Tho' undeserv'd,  
 We then are sullen deem'd,  
 Kept for ever in Subjection,  
 To Reproaches and Reflection.

2  
 Contradiction,  
 And Restriction,  
 Endless Noise and Strife,  
 'Tis wond'rous hard,  
 To be debar'd,  
 Of ev'ry Joy in Life,  
 Happy never,  
 Plagu'd for ever,  
 Whether Maid or Wife.

Flute.

# Polly's Birth Day.

40

'Tis wondrous hard a licens'd Bard can only now be witty. Or dare re-

hearse in Hidebound Verse his lamentable Ditty. So I'll not

sing of George our King, but of Angelic Polly. 'Tis her Birth

Day, let all be gay, let ev'ry soul be Jolly.

2

Within her Face,  
Shines ev'ry Grace,  
Can give Beholders Pleasure,  
Her Heav'n born Mind,  
Is most refin'd  
'Tis Truth & Virtue's Treasure,  
Of all approv'd,  
By all belov'd,  
Most Noble is her Spirit,  
So he's an Ass,  
That baulks his Glass,  
To so much Worth and Merit.

Flute.

Published according to Act of Parliament 1740.

*True-Blue and Nancy.*  
*Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Salway & M<sup>rs</sup> Lampe at y<sup>e</sup> Theatre Royal Cov<sup>t</sup> Garden.*

He

To be ga-zing on those Charms, to be fol-ded in those Arms

To u-nite my Lips with those, whence eter-nal Sweetness flows

to be lov'd by one so fair is to be ble-ss'd beyond Compare

She

On my Dear-est to re-cline, While his Hand is lock'd in mine

In those Eyes my self I view gazing still and still on you

In thy Arms while thus I'm blest. Of e'ry Jo-y I am possess'd

Duello in Britannia: Sung by Miss Chambers & Miss Jones. 48

Britannia

Germanicus

2<sup>d</sup> Verse *Brit* How great the Bliss. When I behold thee. *Germ:* How sweet the Kiss. While I unfold thee. *Both* How sweet &c. &c. &c.

Flauto 1<sup>mo</sup>

Flauto 2<sup>do</sup>



# The Welcome in Britannia.

49

For two Voices

May ev'ry Joy attend

Welcome to Britain Godlike Youth. May ev'ry Joy attend

thee. and all the

thee The Royal Fair reward thy Truth, and all the

Gods befriend thee.

Gods befriend thee.

2

Neptune has safely brought thee o'er.

See Venus haste to meet thee:

While Gladsome Crouds from Albion's Shoar.

With loud Applauses greet thee.

Flauto 1<sup>mo</sup>

Flauto 2<sup>do</sup>

Flauto 2<sup>do</sup>

Published according to Act of Parliament 1740.

# The Contrast or Difference in Women

50

Woman's an Angelic Creature. When with Virtue she is crown'd  
She's the Master piece of Nature. Ev'ry Joy in her is found.  
When Afflictions they o'ertake you. Yet a kind and constant Mate,  
In Distress will ne'er forsake you. Struggling thro' the Storms of Fate.

2

But a false deceitful Harlot,  
Who for Int'rest sake is kind;  
Fond alike of Ev'ry Varlet,  
And Inconstant as the Wind...  
Tilts you till she's quite undone you,  
Then your Error's found too late;  
When she's fleec'd you then she'll shun you,  
Laughing while you curse your Fate.

## Flute.

Publish'd according to Act of Parliament 1740.

# A Dialogue after the Manner of Horace.

Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Salway & M<sup>rs</sup> Lampe at Theatre Royal Cov<sup>t</sup> Garden.  
In the Characters of True-Blue & Nancy.

And canst thou leave thy Nancy. And quit thy Native Shore. It  
comes in - to my Fan-cy, I ne'er shall see thee more

*He*  
Yes I must leave my Nancy  
To humble haughty Spain,  
Let Fear ne'er fill thy Fancy,  
For we shall meet again.

*She*  
Amidst the foaming Billows,  
When Thund'ring Cannons roar,  
You'll think on these green Willows,  
And wish your Self on Shore.

*He*  
I fear not Land or Water,  
I fear not Sword or Fire,  
For sweet Revenge and Slaughter,  
Are all that I Desire.

*She*  
May Guardian Gods protect Thee,  
From Water, Fire, or Steel,  
And may no Fears affect Thee,  
Like those which now I feel

*He*  
I leave to Heav'n's Protection,  
My Life my only Dear,  
You have my Soul's Affection,  
So still conclude me here.

German Flute

Common Flute

# The Musical Hodge Podge For the Flute <sup>52</sup>

*An Old Woman*

Musical notation for the piece 'An Old Woman', featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

Musical notation for the piece 'Son qual nave', featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

*Son qual nave*

Musical notation for the piece 'Son qual nave', featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

Musical notation for the piece 'No sooner', featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

Musical notation for the piece 'il fato', featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

Musical notation for the piece 'Flocks are sporting', featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

Musical notation for the piece 'Fortunate', featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

Musical notation for the piece 'Peccorelle', featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 7/8 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

Musical notation for the piece 'No Place like', featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

Musical notation for the piece 'But of all the songsters', featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

Musical notation for the piece 'No Place like', featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

Musical notation for the piece 'But of all the songsters', featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

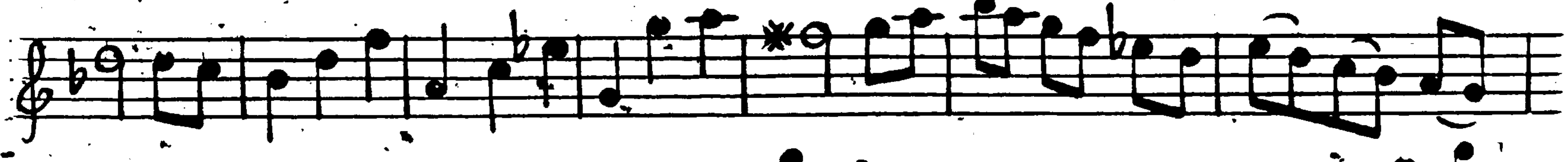
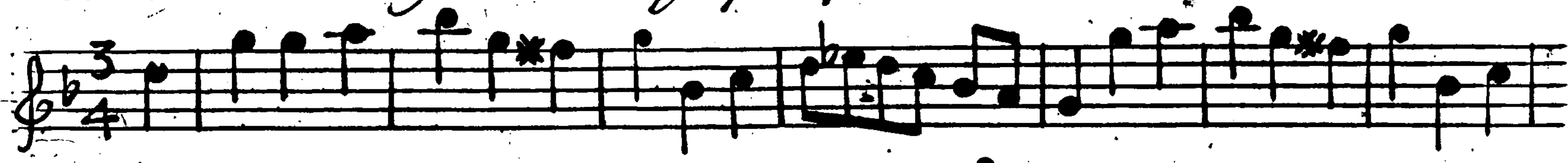
Musical notation for the piece 'No Place like', featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

Musical notation for the piece 'But of all the songsters', featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

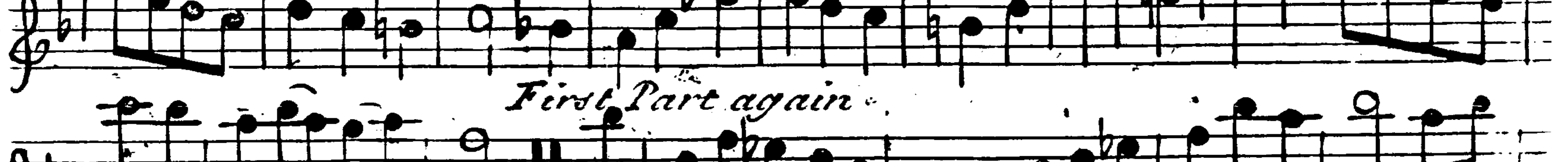
Musical notation for the piece 'No Place like', featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

Musical notation for the piece 'But of all the songsters', featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

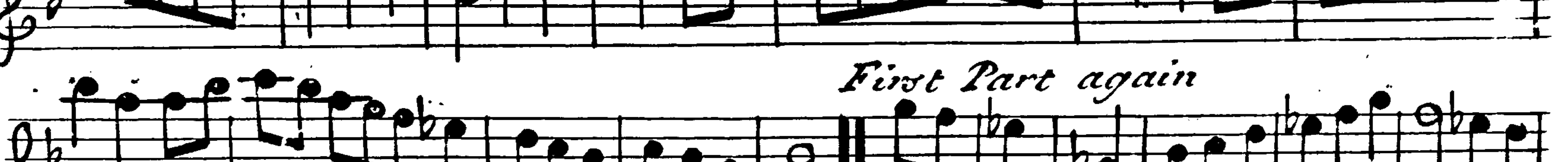
Come come my dear Nymph for the Flute



First Part again



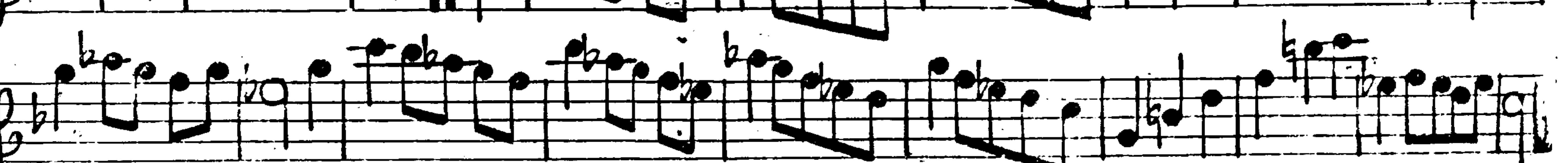
First Part again



First Part again



Slow



*Come all ye Jolly Bacchanals*

Musical score for 'Come all ye Jolly Bacchanals' consisting of ten staves. The music is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is characterized by frequent sixteenth-note runs and slurs. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

*Fairest of Jades*

Musical score for 'Fairest of Jades' consisting of five staves. The music is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (F) and a 2/4 time signature. It features a prominent sixteenth-note pattern throughout. The score includes first and second endings, marked with '1' and '2'. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

*O Nymph divinely*

Musical score for 'O Nymph divinely' consisting of two staves. The music is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (F) and a 3/8 time signature. The melody consists of eighth-note runs with trills. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

*Da Capo*

*Observe the Numerous Stars &c. for the Flute*

*Publish'd according to Act of Parliament 1740.*

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