

T H E  
W O R K S  
O F  
Mr. Henry Carey.

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V O L. I.

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The THIRD EDITION.

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L O N D O N :

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The Artfull Shepherd's

Cantata

Recit.

The fair Pastora, fate in a Shady

Grove, with Coridon her Darling Swain, Prostrate before her: a Thousand tales of

Love the Shepherd told, but the Relentless Fair, with Air dis-

:dainfull; thus answer'd all, his Proteſtations.

Aria

The

Groves the Plains, the Nymphs the Swains, the Silver Stream, the Cooling

Fingerings: 6 5 4 3, 6 5 4 3, 6 5 4 6 6 5

Shade; all all declare, how false you are, how many Hearts you

Fingerings: 6 5 4 3, 6 5 4 3, 6 5 4 6 6 5

have be-tray'd: Ungratefull! go, too well I know your fatal,

Fingerings: 6 5 4 3, 6 7

false, de-luding Art! to e'er-y She, as well as me; you

tr tr

Fingerings: 6 5, 6

make an Offring of your Heart.

Fingerings: 6 7, 5 4 6 6, 6

tr

Fingerings: 4 3

*Largo*

Yes, I will leave you.

Cruel Maid! yes, I will leave you, Cruel Maid! your dread Com-

= mand shall be Obe'y'd; your dread Command shall be O =

= bey'd. yes, I will leave you, Cruel Maid! your dread Command shall

be O = bey'd; shall be Obe'y'd; your dread Command shall be O =

= bey'd, shall be. Obe'y'd.

But know, thou Charming Tyrant! know from you to Certain Death I go; from

you to Certain, Certain Death I go. Da Capo al segno; 8

Recit.  
This said; with Eyes expressing deadly Reso-lution, the

Melancholy Shepherd took his leave: the Artful Shepherdess

is at a Stand! resolv'd (how'er) she will not lose him so; with

Looks alluring, and a Syrens Voice, she kindly thus recalls him.

*Aria*

Handwritten musical notation for the first system of the Aria. It features a treble clef staff with a 3/4 time signature and a bass clef staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with several ornaments (trills) and slurs. The bass staff contains a bass line with various chordal figures and fingerings (6, 6, b5, b7, b4, 3, \*, 5, 7).

Handwritten musical notation for the second system of the Aria. It features a treble clef staff with a 3/4 time signature and a bass clef staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with several ornaments (trills) and slurs. The bass staff contains a bass line with various chordal figures and fingerings (4, 3, 6, 6, b5).

Handwritten musical notation for the third system of the Aria. It features a treble clef staff with a 3/4 time signature and a bass clef staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with several ornaments (trills) and slurs. The bass staff contains a bass line with various chordal figures and fingerings (6, 6, 5, 4, 5, 6, 6, 5, 6).

*Turn, turn again my Dearest Swain! Gentler Usage*

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth system of the Aria. It features a treble clef staff with a 3/4 time signature and a bass clef staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with several ornaments (trills) and slurs. The bass staff contains a bass line with various chordal figures and fingerings (6, #6, b5, 5, #4, 6, v5, v7, v4, 3).

*thou shalt find, Gentler Usage thou shalt find.*

Dearest Swain! turn, turn a-gain, turn, turn again my

6 6 4 6 6 6

dearest Swain! Gentler Usage thou shalt find,

6 v5 v6 v5 v7 4 3

gentler u-sage thou shalt find, gentler

5 6 # v5 5/3

u-sage, gentler usage thou shalt find; gent - - ler usage

5 4 # 6 5 4 3



*thou shalt find.*

*You have my Heart, but want the Art, the Art of*

*reading Womankind; you have my Heart, but want the Art,*

Da Capo :

*the Art of reading Womankind.*

# An Epithalamium for 2 Voices

*This is the Day, this is the Day,*

*Sa = = = cred, Sa = = = cred to Mirth and Joy! Sa = = =  
Sacred to Mirth, Sacred to Mirth, to Mirth and Joy! Sacred to*

*= = = cred to Mirth & Joy! In which the Happy, happy Pair were  
Mirth, to Mirth & Joy! In which the Happy, happy Pair were*

*Join'd, the hap = py, hap = py, happy Pair were Join'd, let bound = = = =  
Join'd, the hap = py, hap = py, happy Pair were Join'd, let bound = = = =*

...less Pleasure, boundless Pleasure Every Soulemploy; the Swain is

blest, the Swain is blest, the Lovely, Lovely Nymph is Kind.

# Chorus for 3 Voices

Pass the Glass around with Pleasure, Pass the Glass around with Pleasure, 'tis the

Bride and Bridegrooms Health! Send 'em Blessings without measure, send 'em Blessings

Bride and Bridegrooms Health!

Bride and Bridegrooms Health! Send 'em Blessings without measure, send 'em Blessings

5 6 6 6 5 6

without measure, Honour, Peace, long Life and Wealth, Honour! Peace!

Honour! Peace!

without measure, Honour, Peace, long Life and Wealth, Honour! Peace!

6 6 6 4 3 6 5

long Life and Wealth! long Life and Wealth!

long Life and Wealth! long Life and Wealth! Da Capo

long Life and Wealth! long Life and Wealth!

6 6 5 4 3

The Tragical Story of the Mare, Compos'd  
in the High Stile by Sig.<sup>r</sup> Carini

Cantata

Unhappy me! what shall I do! my poor Dear

Mare, has lost her Shoe; and I've no money, to buy new. Some Drunken

Rascal, in the Night, has torn her Saddle, out of Spight;

'thas ruin'd, and undone me quite! but what does most my Soul Af-

-sail; is that in Fury of his Ale, the Cursed Dog, has Lop'd her

Tail. Segue L'Aria

*Aria*

*Andante*

O Mare! O Mare, well mayst thou Grumble, thy

Shoe is lost, and thou must Stumble, thy Shoe is lost and thou must

Stumble, must Stum = ble. O Mare, O

Mare! well mayst thou Grumble, lost is thy Shoe, and thou must

*Adagio Alquanto*

Stum = ble, must Stum = ble!

Surely the Fellow's

Brains were Addle, that cropt thy Tail and tore thy Sad

dle: surely the Fellow's Brains were Addle, surely the Fellow's

Brains were Addle, that cropt thy Tail, thy Tail, and

tore = = thy Sad = dle: that cropt thy Tail, and

*Adagio*  
tore thy Saddle, that cropt thy Tail, and tore = = thy Saddle;

*The Hunting SONG in Love in a Forrest, Sang by  
M<sup>r</sup> Ray at the Theatre Royal. the Words by  
Shakespear*

What shall he have that Kill'd the Deer: what shall he have that Kill'd the

7 6 6 5 6 6 5 5 6 #6 6 #6 5

Deer: his Leathern Skin and Horns to wear, then sing him Home, then

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

sing him Home, then sing him Home sing him Home, sing him Home.

6 6 6

*Chorus of Huntsmen*

Then sing him Home then sing him Home then sing him Home sing him Home sing him Home

Then sing him Home then sing him Home then sing him Home sing him Home sing him Home

Then sing him Home then sing him Home then sing him Home sing him Home sing him Home

Then sing him Home then sing him Home then sing him Home sing him Home sing him Home

Then sing him Home then sing him Home then sing him Home sing him Home sing him Home

6 6 6 7 6 4



Take thou no scorn to wear the Horn, take thou no Scorn to wear thy Horn, to

5 #6 6 6 6 6 # 6 6 #6 5 #

wear the Horn, = = = it was a Crest e'er thou wert born. Chorus again

6 5 #3 6 6 #6 6 5 #3

it was the Crest thy Father bore, it was the Crest thy Father bore, thy

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

Father's Father long before, thy Father's Father long before. Chorus again

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

The Horn, the Horn, the Jolly Horn, y Horn, the Horn, the Jol - ly Horn,

6 6 6 6 #

is not a Thing to Laugh to Scorn, is not a Thing to Laugh to Scorn.

6 6 6 6 6 6

End with the Chorus

# The Expostulation

Turn, turn away mine Eyes  
 make not a Sacrifice, make not a Sacrifice of my poor Heart!  
 turn, turn away = = = mine Eyes, make not a Sa = = = crifice,  
 make not a Sa = = = = crifice of my poor Heart!

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves. The right hand is mostly silent, while the left hand plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. Fingering numbers 7, 6, 5, 4, 3 are indicated above the notes.

*Tho, beyond Plea = sure, you share the Plea = sure;*

Musical notation for the first phrase, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment with a bass line that includes a 6-fingered chord.

*that feels the Smart, that feels the Smart, you share the*

Musical notation for the second phrase, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with eighth-note accompaniment and includes a 6-fingered chord.

*Pleasure, you share the Pleasure, that feels the Smart, that*

Musical notation for the third phrase, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with eighth-note accompaniment and includes a 6-fingered chord.

*feels*, *that feels the Smart; you share the Pleasure,*

*Adagio*

Musical notation for the fourth phrase, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked *Adagio*. The piano part features a slower eighth-note accompaniment with a bass line that includes a 4-fingered chord and a 3-fingered chord.

*that feels the Smart. Da Capo*

Musical notation for the final phrase, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a slower eighth-note accompaniment with a bass line that includes a 4-fingered chord and a 3-fingered chord.

*(The Intrigue) by way of Dialogue*

Siciliana

Make haste, and away mine only Dear, make haste and away, a -  
 way, for, all at the Gate, your true Lover does wait; and I  
 Prithce make no delay.

1  
 O how shall I steal away my Love?  
 O how shall I steal away?  
 My Daddy is near, & I dare not for fear,  
 Pray come then another Day.

2  
 O this is the only Day my Love,  
 O this is the only Day!  
 I'll draw him aside, while you throw the Gates wide;  
 And then you may steal away.

3  
 Then Prithce, make no delay, dear Boy!  
 Then Prithce make no delay;  
 We'll serve him a Trick, for I'll slip in the Nick;  
 And to my true Love away.

4  
 O Cupid befriend this Loving Pair,  
 O Cupid befriend 'em, I pray!  
 May their Stratagem take, for thine own sweet sake;  
 And Amen! let all true Lovers say.

(A Reveille)  
Or Morning Call to the Bride & Bridegroom  
For 2 Voices

See! the Morning gives you Warning to suspend your dear Delight! see! the  
 See! the Morning gives you Warning to suspend your dear Delight! see! see! see the

Morning gives you Warning to suspend your dear Delight! Rise to  
 Morning gives you Warning to suspend your dear Delight, Rise, rise, rise to

Bless us, and Carefs us! Cupid bids you quit the Fight.  
 Bless us, and Carefs us! Cupid bids you quit the Fight, quit the

quit the Fight, quit the Fight; Cupid bids you quit the Fight.  
 Fight, quit the Fight, quit the Fight; Cupid bids you quit the Fight.

# Happy Myrtillo

On a Grassy Pillow, the Youthfull Myrtillo, the Youthfull Myrtillo, Transported was laid: in his Arms a Creature, whose Every Feature, whose Every Feature for Conquest was made; to his Side he Clasp'd her, and Fondly Graspt her, and fondly Graspt her, while she Cry'd Oh Dear! Oh Dear Myrtillo! had I known your will Oh! had I known your will Oh! I'd never come here.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/8. The music is written in a style typical of 18th-century sheet music, with many accidentals and ornaments. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words in italics. The score includes various musical notations such as trills, slurs, and dynamic markings.

2

Streams gently flowing,  
 And Zephyr blowing, & Zephyr &c  
 Ambrosial Breeze;  
 A Swain admiring,  
 And all Conspiring, & all &c  
 The Charmer to please:  
 The dear Nymph Complying,  
 No more denying, no more &c  
 A Silent Grove;  
 Oh blest Myrtillo!  
 You may if you will O, you &c  
 Be happy as Jove.

3

Now the Devils in it  
 If such a Minute, if such &c  
 The Shepherd could lose;  
 No, no, no Myrtillo  
 Has better Skill O, has &c  
 His Moments to Chuse:  
 The delightfull Treasure,  
 Of Love & Pleasure, of Love &c  
 He boldly seiz'd!  
 And like Myrtillo,  
 He had his fill O, he had &c  
 Of what he pleas'd.

The Precaution) in French & English

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,  
 Qui ternit les Appas,  
 Qui ternit les Appas:

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

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.

# The Jolly Bacchanal

Come all ye Jol -

ly Bacchanals that Love to Top good Wine, let us

Offer up a Hog-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 'tis a Great Sin, to Leave a House till we've Dra

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

Fool I drank the Water clear, but Bacchus took me from that



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

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

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

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

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

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

*Skins brimfull of Wine, and Drain the Bottles Dry.*

# A Touch on the Times

A Merry Land by this Light, we Laugh at our own undoing, and  
 Labour with all our Might, for Slavery and ruin. New factions we  
 daily rise, new Maxims we're ever infilling, and him that to  
 day we Praise, to Morrow's a Rogue & a Villain.

1  
 The cunning Politician,  
 Whose aim is to gull the People,  
 Begins his Cant of Sedition,  
 Wich 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.

2  
 The Statesmen rail at each other,  
 And tickle the Mob with a Story,  
 They make a most damnable 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 Egg for us all,  
 But only to finger our Money.

3  
 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.

4  
 Too long have they had their Ends,  
 In setting us one against '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.

## CANTATA

Recit:

*I go to the Elysian Shade where Sorrow ne'er shall wound me,*

*where nothing shall my rest invade, but Joy shall still surround me.*

*Aria Allegro* *I fly - - from*

*Celia's cold disdain, from her disdain, I fly -*

*She is the Cause of all my*

*Pain, for her alone I die, I die, I die, I die.*

Recit:

*His Eyes are Brighter than the Midday Sun when he but half his*

*Radiant Course has run when his Meridian Glories Gay - ly shine and*

*Gild all Nature with a Warmth Divine*

*Aria Lento*

*See yonder Rivers flowing Tide <sup>ch</sup> now so full so full appears <sup>ch</sup> now so full so*

*full. appears those Streams that do so sweetly Glide those Streams y*

*do so sweetly Glide are no - - - - - thing no nothing but my Tears*

Recit:

There have I wept till I could weep no more and Curs'd mine Eyes w' Curs't mine

Eyes when they have sated their Store then like the Clouds that rob the Azure Main for

Drai - - - - - n'd the

Flood to weep it back again.

Aria Affettuoso

Pity my Pains ye Gentle Swains, gentle Swains

Pity my Pains, Pity my Pains Pity my Pains ye Gentle Swains

Vivace

Cover me with Ice and Snow cover me with Ice and Snow cover me with Ice and

Snow I Burn - - - I Burn - - -

I scorch I

scorch I Glow *Pretissimo*

Fu - ries tear me quick - ly bear me to the Dismal Dismal Shades below

Where Yelling and Howling & Grumbling & Growling strike our Ears with

## Presto.

Horrid Woe Horrid Woe Hissing Snakes Fiery Lakes were a

## Largo

Pleasure and a Cure Not all the Hells where Pluto dwells can give such

## Aria Allegro

Pains as I endure To some Peaceful Plain con

=vey me on a Mossy Carpet lay me Fan me with am =

= brofial Breeze let me Die let me Die Die

Die and so have Ease

*Songs in Harlequin Doctor Faustus*  
*The Words by M<sup>r</sup> Booth*

*Recit*

*Immortal Pow'rs who favour Humane Race, You who the*

*Various Seasons kindly bless, Appear! Let Mirth & Musick fill the Skies,*

*while from below their glad'om songs arise; The Earth from Magick's*

*Cur'd Pow'r is free, and Heav'n its self Joyns in their Jubilee.*

*Aria Vivace*

*Celestial Pow'rs Celestial Pow'rs Haste haste a -*



-way *Haste haste haste away Haste away* *Sym*

*Haste away* *Sym* *Haste haste away Celestial*

*Tow'rs at Phœbus call* *Sym*

*at Phœbus call who rules the Day haste haste away* *Symphony again*

*Peace and Joy Peace and Joy Peace and Joy on Earth re*

*Store the Great Enchanter the Great Enchanter is no more*

*no no no more no no no more* *Da Capo*

## Flauti unisoni

*Adia Affettuoso*

*Haute O*

*Beautiful Queen of Night - with thy Silver Crescent bright thy lucid Charms ob-*

*tr*

*jure no more th' Enchanter now has lost his Pow'r*

*tr*

*tr*

*Crown our Joys Celestial Queen Crown our Joys Co-*

*tr*

# 6 # 45

*lestial Queen appear and grace the Sacred Scene appear - - appear*

*tr*

*Appear and grace the Sacred Scene*

*Da Capo*

FLAVIS.

A SONG Set by Mr Carey.

33

*Slow*

Saw you the Nymph whom I a-dore. Saw you the Goddess  
of my Heart, and can you bid me Love no more,  
or can you think I feel no Smart.

2

So many Charms around her Shine,  
Who can the Sweet Temptation fly,  
Spight of her Scorn, she's so Divine,  
That I must love her, tho' I die.

for the  
FLUTE

34 (*Pastoral by Mr Carey*): *Sung by Him at the Theatre.*

The musical score consists of 14 staves, arranged in pairs of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/8. The music is a pastoral piece with lyrics and performance instructions.

Lyrics and performance instructions:

- Staff 5: *FLOCKS are Sporting Doves are Courting*
- Staff 6: *warbling Linnets sweetly Sing To*
- Staff 7: *You and Pleasure without measure kindly Hail the Glorious Spring.*
- Staff 8: *kindly Hail the Glorious Spring.*
- Staff 13: *Flocks are Bleating Rocks repeating.*

Performance instructions include fingerings (e.g., 5, 6, 7, 8) and dynamics (e.g., *sweetly*, *without measure*).

Valleys echo back the Sound. Dan-

cing Dancing, Singing, Piping, Springing.

nought but mirth and Joy go round nought but mirth and Joy go round.

Symphony  
for the  
FLUTE

Song

end with the Symphony

A Gipsy SONG for 2 voices Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Carey 50  
*in their own Cant*

Come come come my dainty Daxies come come come my Dells most Dear  
 Come come come my dainty Daxies come come come my Dells most Dear

Tho we've neither Land or Houses yet we never want good Chear  
 Tho we've neither Land or Houses yet we never want good Chear

Come live with us and Blow it Biskey all ye Blonds that  
 Come live with us and Blow it Biskey all ye Blonds that

Love your eases The Jolly Gipsy may be Tipsey and go his  
 Love your eases The Jolly Gipsy may be Tipsey and go his

Game where e'er he pleases  
 Game where e'er he pleases

When it's on him then he's Boozing  
 Toying with his Blosoms Dear  
 When he's seely then he's Cruising  
 Looking out for more good Chear  
 Let the Gagers hoard their treasure  
 'Tis our own when ere we please  
 We can file it at our pleasure  
 And we'll Spend it at our ease

Flauto 1<sup>mo</sup>

for 2 FLUTES

Flauto 2<sup>do</sup>

Sweet William's Farewell to Black-Ey'd Susan  
The Tune by M<sup>r</sup> Carey

37

Musical score for the song, featuring a treble and bass clef with a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written in treble clef, and the bass line is in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes a section titled 'M<sup>r</sup> Leveridge's Tune' at the bottom.

All in the Downs the Fleet was mov'd, the Streamers wa- - - ving in the Wind,  
when Black-eyed Susan came aboard, Oh! where shall I my true Love find? 'Till we  
So, valiant Sailors tell me true, if my sweet William sail among the Crew.

M<sup>r</sup> Leveridge's Tune

William who hie'd up on the Yard,<sup>(2)</sup>  
Rock'd with the Pillow, to and fro,  
Soon as her well-known Voice he heard,  
He sigh'd, and cast his Eyes below;  
The Cord flew swiftly thro' his glowing hands,  
And quick as Lightning on the Deck he stands.

So the sweet Lark, high pois'd in Air,  
Shuts close his Lincons to his Breast,  
(If chance his mate's shrill Call he hears)  
And drops at once into her Nest,  
The Noblest Captain in the British Fleet,  
Might envy Williams Lips those Kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, <sup>(4)</sup>lovely Dear,  
My Vows shall ever true remain;  
Let me Kiss off that falling Tear,  
We only part to meet again,  
Change as ye list, ye Winds, my Heart shall be  
The faithfull Compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the Landmen say,<sup>(5)</sup>  
It ho tempt with Doubts thy constant mind,  
They'll tell thee Sailors, when away,  
In every Part a Mistress find,  
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
For thou art present where-soe'er I go.

If to far Indias Coast we sail,<sup>(6)</sup>  
Thy Eyes are seen in Demands bright,  
The Breath is Africks spicy Gale,  
Thy Skin is Ivory so white,  
Thou' every beauteous Object that I view,  
Unless in my Soul some Charm of Jemely Sue.

Though Battel calls me from thy Arms,<sup>(7)</sup>  
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;  
Though Cannons roar, yet safe from Harms,  
William shall to his Dear return,  
Love turns aside the Bully that round me strow,  
Left precious Tears should drop from Susans Eye.

The Boutsuain gav<sup>(8)</sup> the dreadful word,  
The Sails their swelling Bosom spread,  
No longer must she stay aboard;  
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his Head,  
Her less'ning Boat, unwilling rows to Land;  
Adieu, she cries, and wav'd her Lilly Hand.

For the Flute

Musical score for the Flute part, written in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written in treble clef.

*Black-Ey'd Susan*  
to M<sup>r</sup> Leveridge's Tune

For the  
Flute



The musical score is written on three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff continues the melody with similar rhythmic patterns. The third staff concludes the piece with a double bar line and a repeat sign.



(The Midsummer With) Taken from the Journal. 38

And Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup> Carey

*Vocal Part*

Waft me some soft and cooling Breeze, to Windsor's shady kind Retreat: where Silvan  
 Scenes, wide spreading Trees repel the raging Dog Star's Heat. Where tufted Grasse & mossy Beds, af-  
 ford a rural calm Repose, where Woodbines hang their dew... Heads, & fragrant sweets around difuse.

2  
 Old oozy Thames, that flows fast by,  
 Along the smiling Valley plays;  
 His glossy Surface cheers the Eye,  
 And thro' the flow'ry Meadow strays,  
 His fertile Banks, with Herbage green,  
 His Vales with golden Plenty swell;  
 Where e're his purer Stream is seen,  
 The Gods of Health and Pleasure dwell.

3  
 Let me thy clear, thy yielding Wave,  
 With naked Arm once more divide:  
 In thee my glowing Bosom lave,  
 And stent thy gently rolling Tide.  
 Lay me, with Damask Roses crown'd,  
 Beneath some Oziers 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

(Salley in our Alley) The Words and Tune by Mr Carey 40

OF all the Girls that are so smart, there's none like pretty Salley, she is the darling of my  
Heart and she lives in our Alley: there is no Lady in the Land, is half so sweet as Salley

She is the darling of my Heart, and she lives in our Alley.

(2)  
Her Father he makes Cabbages Nets,  
And through the Street does Cry 'em;  
Her Mother she Sells Laces long  
To such as please to buy 'em:  
But five such Folks could 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 he 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 dress'd (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 Church,  
As soon as Text is nam'd:  
I leave the Church in Sermon time,  
And flink away to Salley:  
She is the darling of my Heart,  
And she lives in our Alley.

(6)  
When Christiansals comes about again,  
O 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 Neighbours 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 w'll wed and then w'll Bed,  
But not in our Alley.

For the FLUTE

*Sad Mufidora*) *The Words by a Lady* 41  
*Set by Mr Carey*

*Slow*

*Sad Mufidora all in woe, a silent Grotto seeks, no  
 more her self on Plains does show, but sighing thus she Speaks;  
 why was I born of high degree? an humble Shepherdes, had been much  
 happier far for me, than all this gau- - - - dy dress.*

2  
*A sumptuous Palace full of Joy,  
 To me a Dungeon is,  
 And all that mirth does me annoy,  
 Which others Count for Blifs:  
 Then lost in Grief the lovely maid,  
 Retir'd from all the Throng,  
 And on a Bank reclin'd her head,  
 While Tears ran trick-ling down.*

for  $\overset{c}{y}$   
 Flute

*Slow*

*The Maidens Rejoice, A new SONG to a New TUNE. 12*  
by M<sup>r</sup> Carey

TWAS when the Sun began to shine, a Nymph, as Phœbus self Divine, a  
Nymph, as Phœbus self, Divine fate singing in a shade, and while the moments  
slid a-long, this was the Burthen of her Song, this was the Burthen  
of her Song she would not Die a Maid.

<sup>2</sup>  
A Shepherd heard her Tune full tale,  
And streight appear'd; the Nymph grew pale,  
When he appear'd the Nymph grew pale,  
He flew unto her aid;

He caught the fair one in his arms,  
He gaz'd and swore by all her Charms,  
He gaz'd and swore by all her Charms,  
She should not die a maid.

<sup>3</sup>  
She rudely pusht the Swain away,  
While with her Eyes she bad him stay,  
While with her Eyes &c.

Those Eyes her Heart betray'd;  
The Shepherd all her scorn defies,  
He sees it written in her Eyes,  
He sees it written in her Eyes,  
She will not Die a maid.

<sup>4</sup>  
In vain she sighs, and sobs, and Cries,  
And strives unwillingly to Rise,  
She strives unwillingly to Rise,  
The Shepherd to upbraid,

That was alas the fatal Plain,  
And he the happy happy Swain,  
Then since he was the happy Swain,  
How could she die a maid!

<sup>5</sup>  
The Shepherd meery of Delays,  
Upon a Bank his Goddess lays,  
He on a Bank &c.

And there her Charms displaid;  
And when she felt Loves pleasing Dart,  
I'm glad said she with all my Heart,  
I'm glad said she with all my Heart,  
I shall not Die a maid.

<sup>6</sup>  
Thus claspt within the Fair ones arms,  
He rifled all her store of Charms,  
He rifled all &c.

As some have boldly said;  
But this I humbly do conceive,  
And this I hope you will believe,  
And this &c.  
She did not Die a maid.

for the  
FLUTE

A Drinking Song for 2 Voices the words by a Gentleman Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup> Carcy 43

Here's to thee my Boy my Darling my Joy for a Toper I Love as my Life I

Here's to thee my Boy my Darling my Joy for a Toper I

Love as my Life. Who ne'er Baulks his Glass, nor Cries like an Ass, to go

Love as my Life. Who ne'er Baulks his Glass, nor Cries like an Ass, to go

Home to his Mistress or Wife, to go Ho ..... me to his Mistress or Wife.

Home to his Mistress or Wife, to go Ho ..... me to his Mistress or Wife.

(2)

But Heartily Quaffs,  
Sings Catches and Laughs,  
All the Night he Looks Jovial and Gay,  
Looks Jovial and Gay.  
When morning appears,  
Then Homeward he Steers,  
To Snore out the rest of the Day,  
To Sno... re out the rest of the Day.

(3)

He feels not the Cares,  
The Greifs or the Fears,  
That the Sober too often attend,  
too often attend.  
Nor knows he a Loss,  
Disturbance or Cross,  
Save the want of his Bottle and friend,  
Save of ma... nt of his Bottle, and friend

For the Flute

# Song by Mr. Carey

411

Happy the Youthfull Swain, that feels no Lovesick Smart,  
 But without Grief or Pain, can win a Virgins Heart.  
 Happy beyond Expressing, is he who can obtain, that most transf-  
 -porting Blessing, which others seek in vain.

2

Love and the Graces Smiling,  
 In all his actions meet,  
 And Cupid all beguiling,  
 Still makes his Conquests Sweet.  
 Love is his only Treasure,  
 Beauty is all his Gain,  
 Ever he finds the Pleasure,  
 But never feels the Pain.

For the  
Flute

A SONNET By M<sup>r</sup> Carey

45

I'll Range ar-round the Sha-de Bows, and  
 Gather all the sweetest Flowers, I'll strip the Gar-den  
 and the Grove, to make a Gar-land for my Love.

2  
 When in the Sultry heat of Day  
 My thirsty Nymph does Panting lay,  
 I'll hasten to the Rivers Brink  
 And drain the Floods but she shall drink.

3  
 At night to rest her weary Head,  
 I'll make my Love a Grassy Bed,  
 And with green Boughs I'll form a shade,  
 That nothing may her Rest invade.

4  
 And whilst dissolv'd in sleep she Lies,  
 My self shall never Close these Eyes,  
 But Gazing still with fond Delight,  
 I'll watch my Charmer all the Night.

5  
 And then as soon as Chearful Day  
 Dispells the Darksome shadow away,  
 Forth to the Forrest I'll repair,  
 To seek Provision for my Fair.

6  
 Thus will I spend the Day the Night  
 Still mixing Labour with Delight,  
 Regarding nothing I Endure,  
 So I can Ease for her procure.

7  
 But if the Nymph whom thus I love,  
 Should ever False or Faithless prove,  
 I'll seek some Dismal distant Shore,  
 And never think of Woman more.

for the  
 FLUTE

The Charming Sailor) A BALLAD the Words made 46  
 by a LADY, the Tune by M<sup>r</sup> Carey.

Farewell the fatal Pleasures, the shining Masquerade, and all the  
 dying measures, that tender Love persuade: the Notes that sweetly  
 Languish, to aid the Lover's flame, whilst He reveals his Anguish, and  
 begs the fair one's name.

2  
 No more you can invite me,  
 You sing, alas! in vain,  
 No Musick can delight me,  
 Tho' Orpheus play'd again:  
 A lovely Sailor pleading,  
 With wit in every Word,  
 Both skil'd in Love, and Breeding,  
 Has fix'd my Heart on board.

3  
 In evry Dream appearing,  
 All Charming, all Divine,  
 A manner most endearing,  
 A Voice as soft as mine:  
 His hand so gently pressing,  
 As if no Ropes they knew,  
 What is my Song confessing,  
 It grows a Billet Dour.

4  
 Some tuneful Voice befriending,  
 The fondness of my Heart,  
 In mournful Notes descending,  
 My tenderness impart:  
 Ah! sure he soon will know it,  
 If Love inspire his Sight,  
 Those Eyes that made the Poet,  
 I fear will guess too right.

for  $\hat{y}$   
 flute



A SONG the Words by M<sup>r</sup> Wilks.  
Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup> Carey.

47

Young Philoet and Celia met, in an old shady Grove, the Nymph was coy;  
the artious Boy still sigh'd and talk'd of Love.  
He prais'd her Face her air her Grace her lovely charming mein, and  
swore she was the brightest Lufs, that tript it on the Green.

2  
With artfull Tongue  
The Shepherd sung,  
And told a melting tale,  
But all his art  
Could not touch her Heart,  
Nor all his skill prevail:

The insulting Fair  
With scornfull air  
Still mock'd the lovesick Swain,  
And while he sigh'd,  
She still reply'd  
She'd pleasure in his pain.

for the  
FLUTE

48

The Hunting SONG in Apollo and Daphne as it was  
 Performd at the THEATRE ROYAL in Drury Lane  
 Set by M<sup>r</sup> Carey

A way a way we've Crownd the day we've Crownd the day a way a way we've

Crownd the day the Hounds are waiting for their prey  $\frac{3}{4}$  Huntsmans Call In Vites ye

all the Huntsmans 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 Soys  
 These These my Boys are Heavenly Soys  
 Come in Come in Boys while ye may, Come in & c

The Horn shall be the Husbands fee, the Husbands fee  
 The Horn shall be, the Husbands fee, and let him take it not in Scorn  
 The Brave und Sage in ev'ry age, the Brave and Sage in ev'ry age  
 Have not Disdain'd to wear the Horn, Have not & c

for the  
 FLUTE