

THE
MUSES DELIGHT.

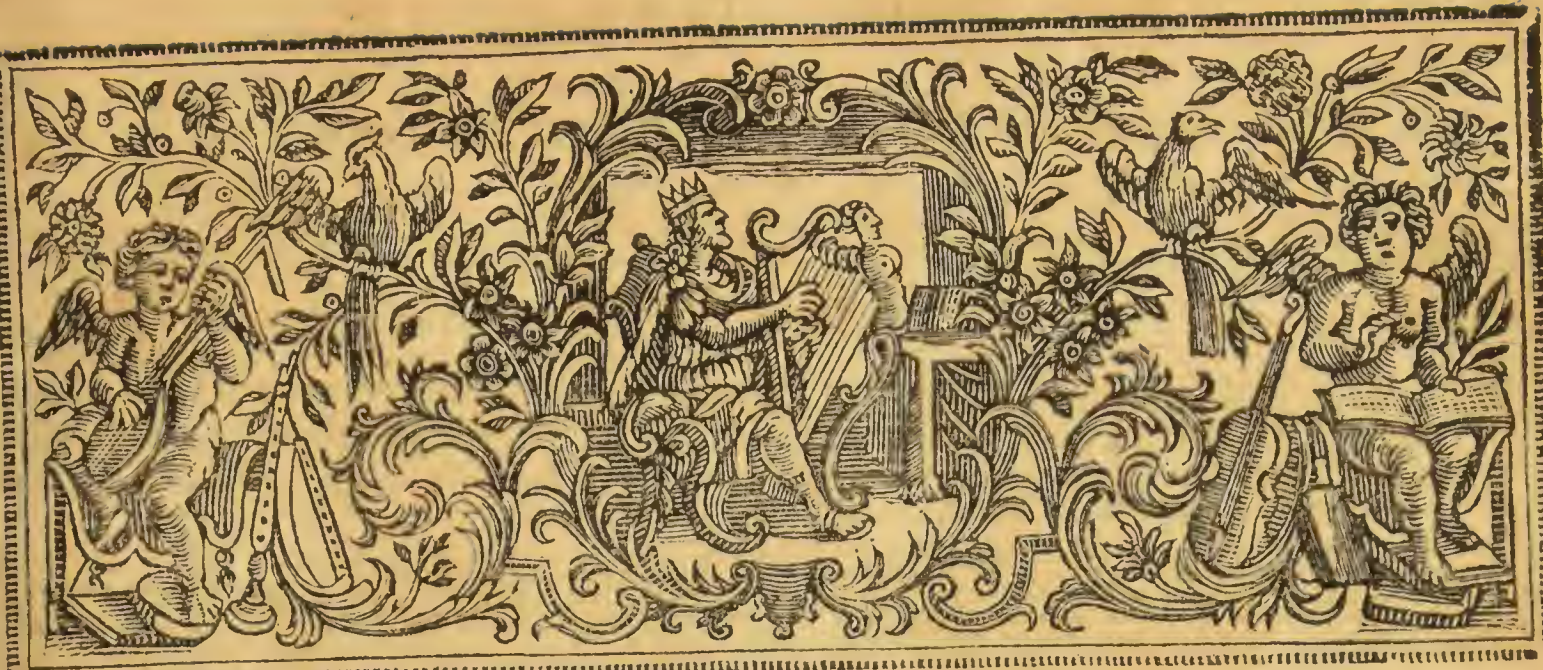
AN ACCURATE
COLLECTION

OF ITALIAN AND ENGLISH

SONGS, CANTATAS and DUETTS.

To the READER.

THE Young Practitioner, who might possibly be at a Loss without this Hint, as he would probably expect to find the Governing FLATS or SHARPS set to the beginning of *every* Stave, (which tho' common in Printed Music are not so necessary but they may be dispensed with) is desired to observe, That the Governing FLATS or SHARPS, fixed only to the *first* Stave of each Part thro' ~~several~~ ^{every} Movements in this Work, are to be play'd thro' each respective Piece, as if they had been fixt at the beginning of every Stave : For Example, in the following Song every B and E must be flat thro' the whole, tho' marked only at the beginning of the first Stave of each Part, except a *Natural* denotes the contrary. And so of the rest.



T H E
MUSES DELIGHT, &c.

The Wit and Beau. Set by Mr. OSWALD.

Andante.

With ev'—ry grace young Strephon chose, His per—son to a--dorn ;

That by the beauties of his face, In Sil—via's

love he might find place, and wonder'd at her scorn.

2.

3.

4.

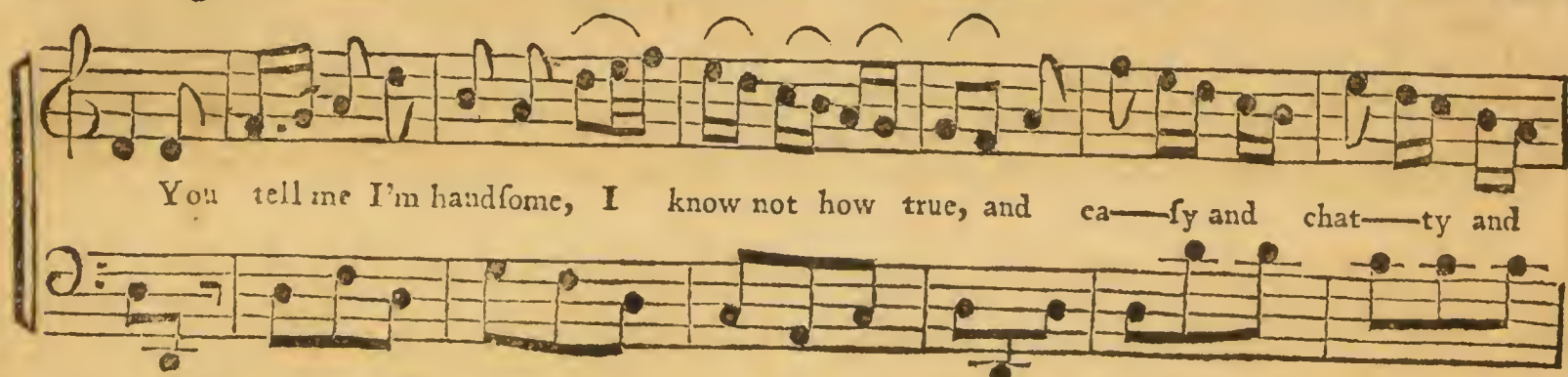
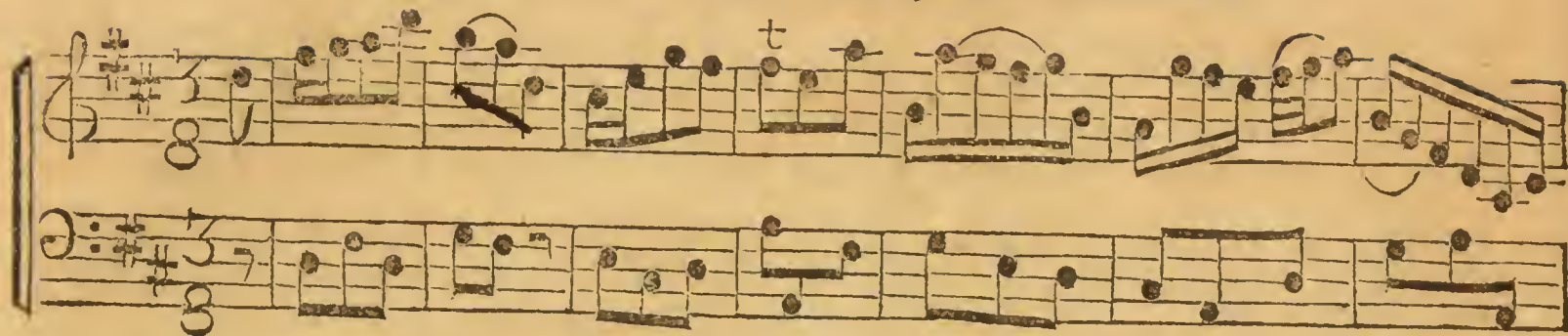
With bows and smiles he did his part,
But ah ! 'twas all in vain ;
A youth less fine, a youth of art,
Had talk'd himself into her heart,
And would not out again.

With change of habits Strephon
press'd,
And urg'd her to admire ;
His love alone the other drest
As verse or prose became it best,
And mov'd her soft desire.

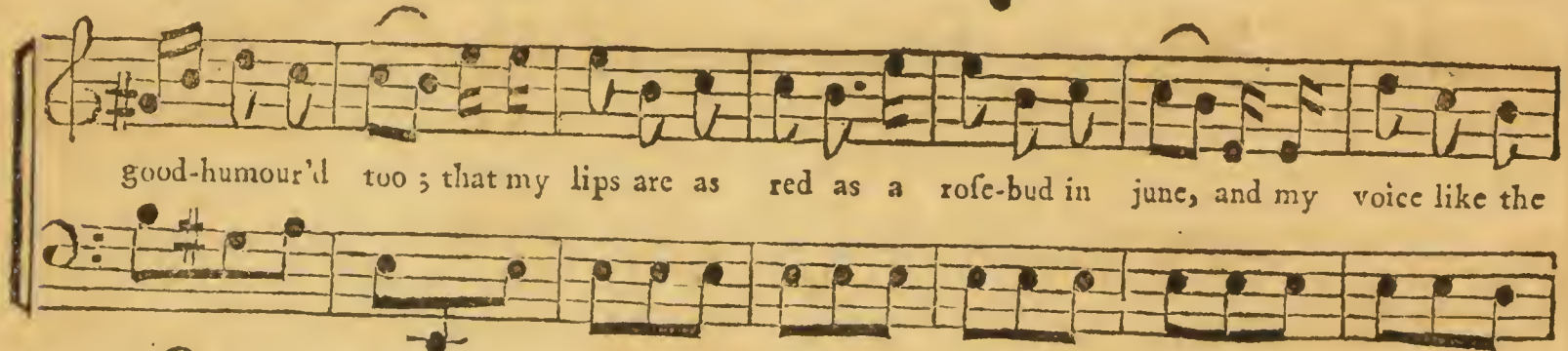
This found, his courtship Strephon
ends,
Or makes it to his glass ;
There in himself now seeks amends,
Convinc'd that where a wit pretends
A beau is but an ass.

The Muses DELIGHT.

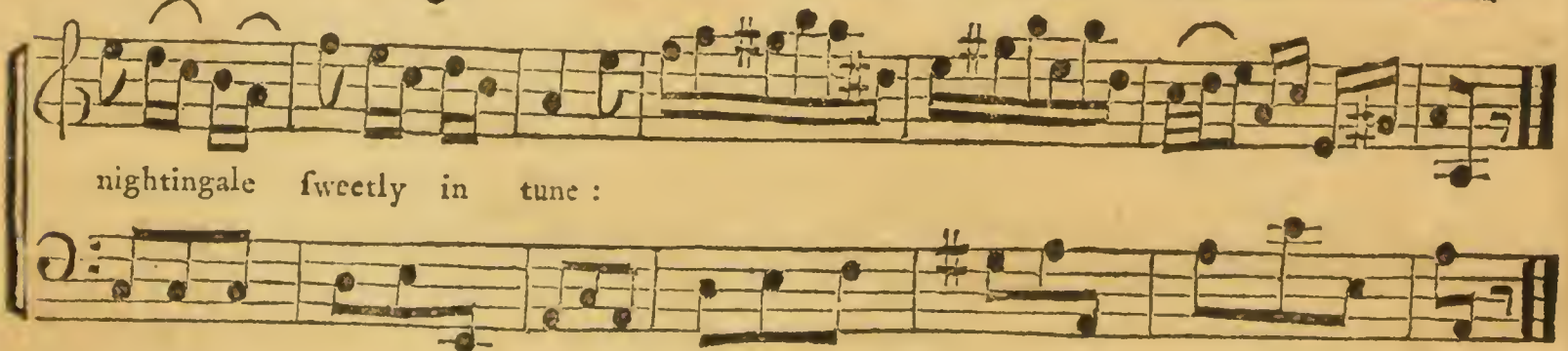
The Judicious Fair One. Set by Mr. HOLCOMB.



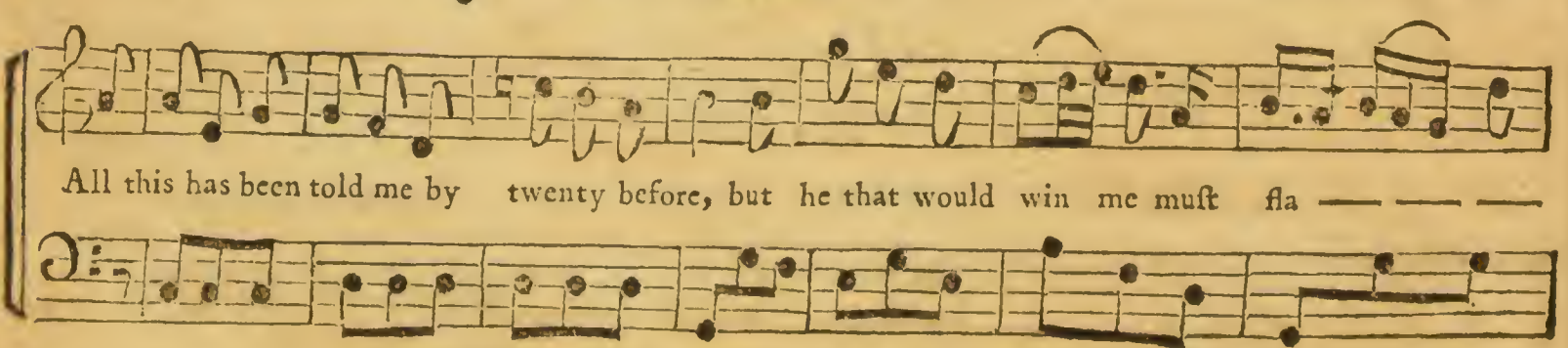
You tell me I'm handsome, I know not how true, and ca—sy and chat—ty and



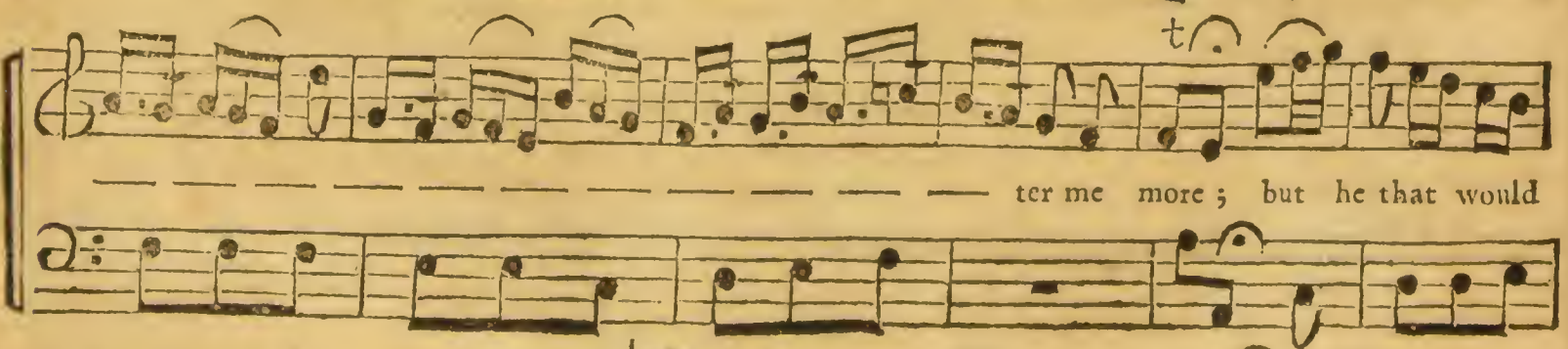
good-humour'd too ; that my lips are as red as a rose-bud in june, and my voice like the



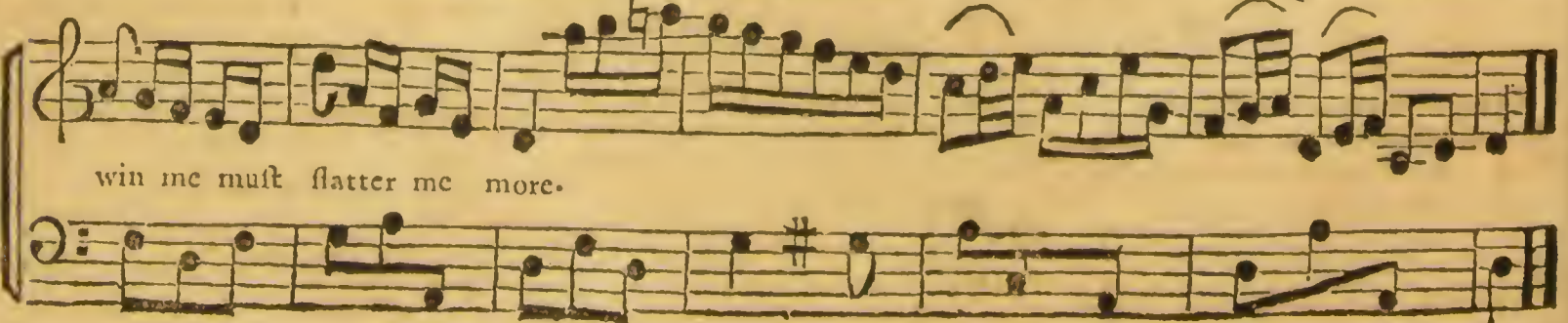
nightingale sweetly in tune :



All this has been told me by twenty before, but he that would win me must fla — — —



ter me more ; but he that would



win me must flatter me more.

2.

If beauty from virtue receives no supply,
Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I!
My ease and good-humour short raptures will bring,
And my voice, like the nightingale's, know but a spring :

For charms such as these then your praises give o'er,
To love me for life you must yet love me more.
To love me, &c.

3.

Then talk to me not of a shape or an air,

For Cloe the wanton can rival me there ;
'Tis virtue, alone, that makes beauty look gay,
And brightens good-humour as sunshine the day :
For that if you love me your flame shall be true,
And I in my turn may be taught to love too. And I, &c.

The Charms of Belinda.

Set by Mr. CORFE.

The

nymph & seems to love in---clin'd Is e—ver love---ly seen : Has wisdom's goddess

in her mind, And fair as beauty's quee—n, And fair as beauty's queen.

2.

Chaste as Aurora's dewy flow'r,
That purifies the morn,
And drops it's sweets on ev'ry flow'r
That does her neck adorn.
That does, &c.

Her breath such odors does disclose,
Perfumes whate'er it meets.
Perfumes, &c.

5.

Such is the nymph, and such my love,
With all her native charms ;
Protect her then, ye pow'rs above,
To bless Philander's arms.
To bless, &c.

3.

Her cheeks are like the op'ning rose,
That blushes at it's sweets ;

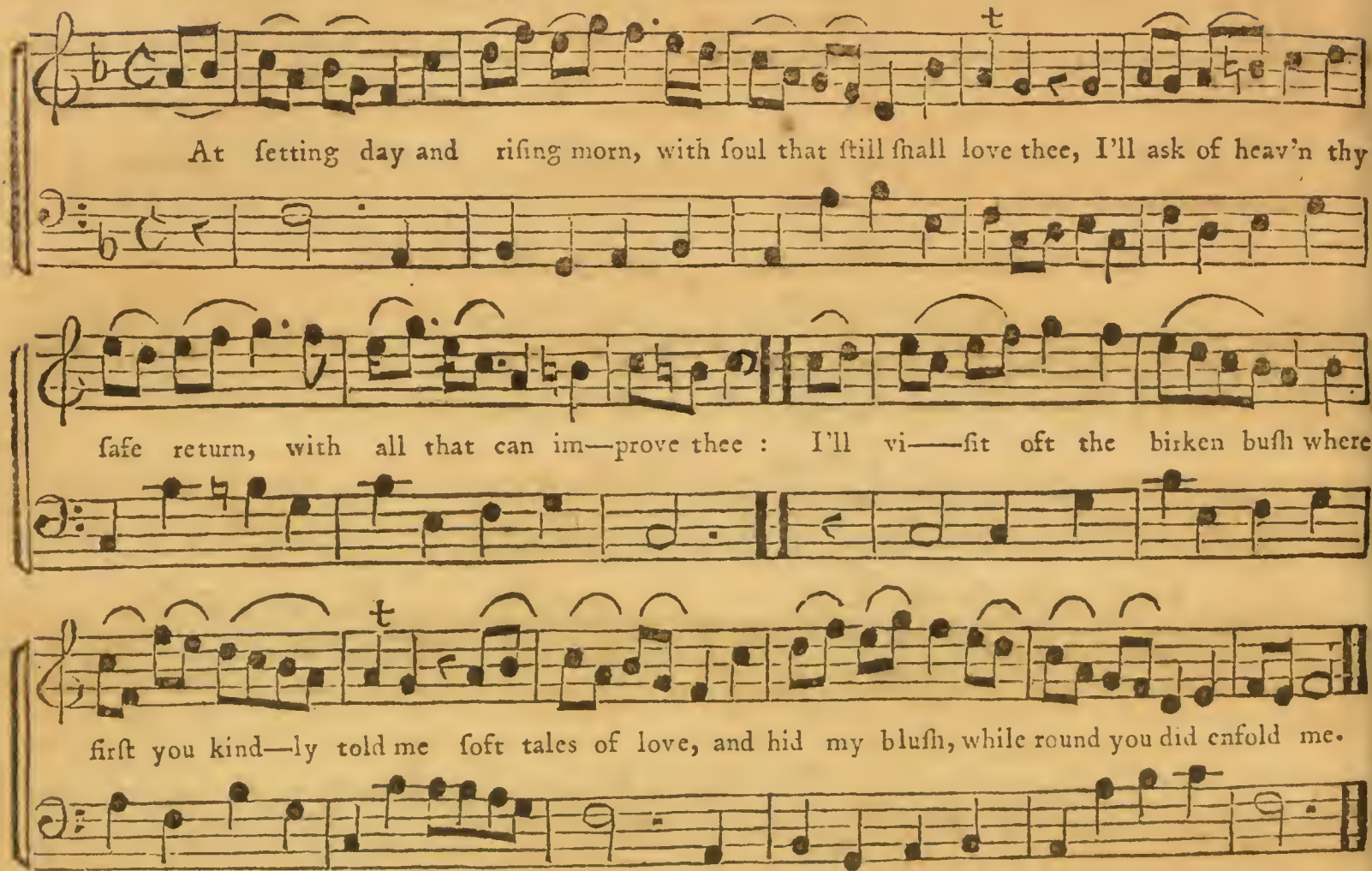
Her lilly breasts are like young doves
With innocence blest,
And at each other trembling move,
As fearful to be prest.
As fearful, &c.

G

The

The Muses DELIGHT.

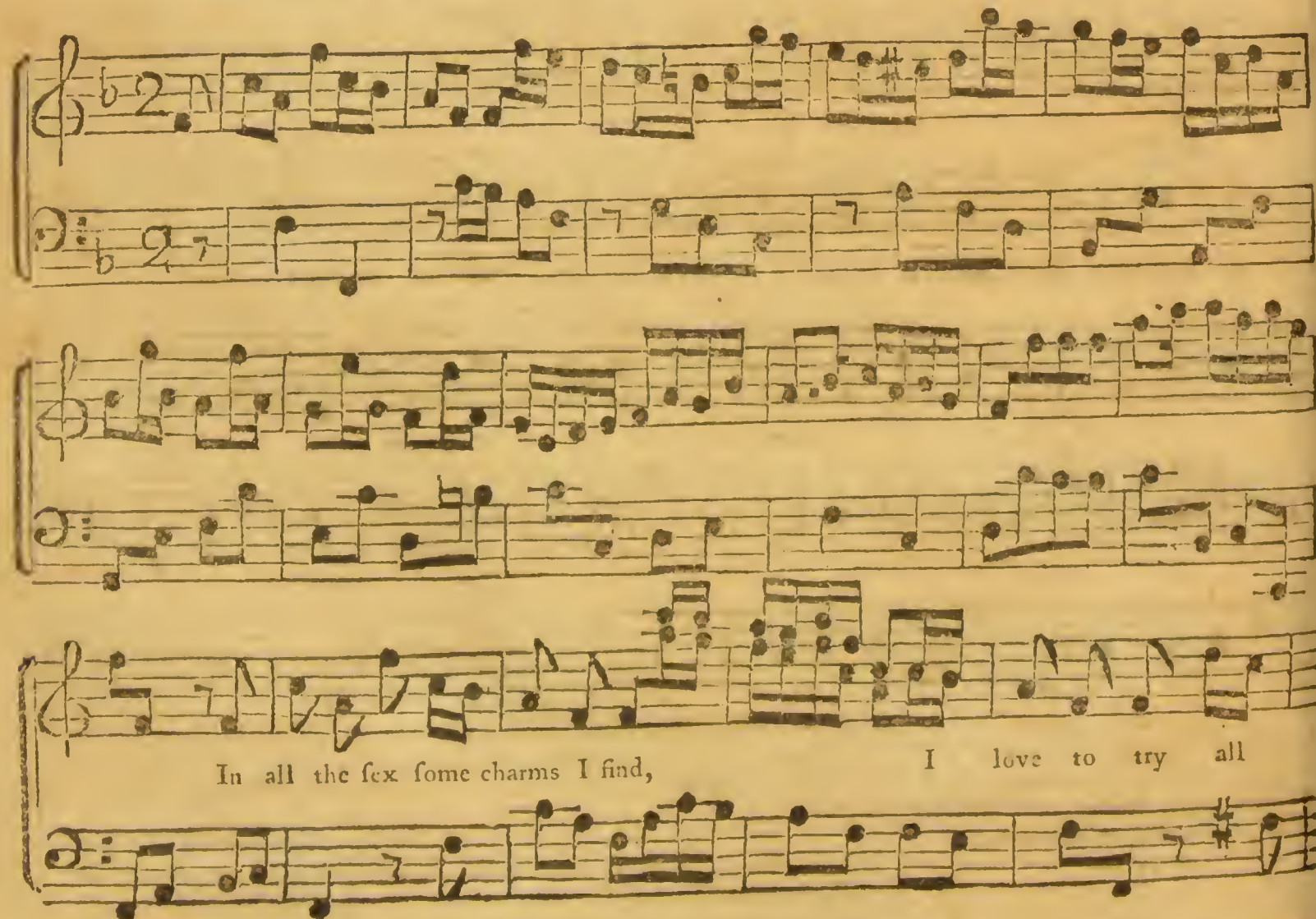
The Faithful Shepherdess. Sung by Mr. LOWE, at Vauxhall.



At setting day and rising morn, with soul that still shall love thee, I'll ask of heav'n thy
safe return, with all that can im—prove thee : I'll vi—sit oft the birken bush where
first you kind—ly told me soft tales of love, and hid my blush, while round you did enfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,	With thee upon yon mountain :	By vows you're mine, by love is
By green-wood shade or fountain ;	There will I tell the trees & flow'rs,	yours
Or where the summer's day I'd share	From thoughts unfeign'd & tender,	A heart that cannot wander.

The ROVER. Sung by Mr. BEARD, at Ranelagh.



In all the sex some charms I find, I love to try all

womankind,

womankind, the smart the fair the witty ; the smart the fair the wit—ty ; the

smart the fair the wit—ty :

In Cupid's fetters most severe, I languish'd out the long long year, The slave of wanton

Kitty. The slave of wanton Kitty.

2.

3.

4.

At length I broke the galling chain,
And swore that love was endless
pain,
One constant scene of folly ;
One constant, &c.
I vow'd no more to wear the yoke,
But soon I felt a second stroke,
And sigh'd for blue-ey'd Molly.
And sigh'd, &c.

With tresses next of flaxen hue,
Young Jenny did my Soul subdue,
That lives in yonder Alley ;
That lives, &c.
Then Cupid threw another snare,
And caught me in the curling hair
Of little tempting Sally.
Of little, &c.

Adorn'd with charms tho' blithe and
young,
Myroving heart from bondage sprung
This heart of yielding metal ;
This heart, &c.
And now it wanders here and there,
By turns the prize of brown and fair,
But never more will settle.
But never more, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Sincere Lover. Set by Mr. ORME.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a complex melodic line with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a simpler accompaniment line with quarter and eighth notes.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics "Sil—via shall I speak or die, My Heart is burst—ing with a sigh; My" are written below the upper staff. The notation includes various musical ornaments and phrasing slurs.

The third system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics "heart is burst—ing with a sigh:" are written below the upper staff. The notation includes various musical ornaments and phrasing slurs.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics "Let it have vent; oh! hear the plea Of love and strict sin—ce—ri—ty. Of" are written below the upper staff. The notation includes various musical ornaments and phrasing slurs.

The fifth system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics "lo—ve, of lo—ve, of lo—ve and strict Sin—" are written below the upper staff. The notation includes various musical ornaments and phrasing slurs.

The sixth system of musical notation concludes the piece. The lyrics "ce—ri—ty." are written below the upper staff. The notation includes various musical ornaments and phrasing slurs, ending with a double bar line.

2.

The swain who tells his passion
best,

Is ever thought to feel it least ;
Is ever thought, &c.

Yet must my coward tongue begin,
For silence ne'er did beauty win.

For silence, &c.

3.

It is our duty first to speak,

The forms of nice decorum break ; Your likeness would divide my love.

The forms, &c.

Your likeness, &c.

The blush of yielding to prevent,
And from a languish steal consent.

And from a languish, &c.

5.

Safe then the lilly and the rose,
May, uncompar'd, their sweets dis-
close :

May, uncompar'd, &c.

If Silvia's conquer'd, it shall be
By love and strict sincerity.

By love, &c.

4.

To rack my brain for simile,
And strive to liken aught to thee,

And strive, &c.

Would eloquence, not passion
prove,

The Happy Couple. Sung by Mr. LOWE at Vaux-hall.

Poco Allegro. Staccato.

At Upton on the Hill there lives a happy pair, the swain his
name is Will, and Mol—ly is the fair : Ten years are gone and more since
Hymen join'd these two, their hearts were one be—fore the sa—cred rites they knew.

2

Since which auspicious day
Sweet harmony does reign ;
Both love and both obey :
Hear this each nymph and swain.
If, haply, cares invade
(As who is free from care)
Th' impression's lighter made
By taking each a share.

3

Pleas'd with a calm retreat
They've no ambitious view ;
In plenty live, not state,
Nor envy those that do.
Sure pomp is empty noise,
And cares encrease with wealth ;
They aim at truer joys,
Tranquillity and health.

4

With safety and with ease
Their present life does flow,
They fear no raging seas .
Nor rocks that lurk below :
May still a steady gale
Their little bark attend,
And gently fill each sail
Till life itself shall end.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Rural Invitation. Set by Mr. BRODERIP.

Come, dear A—man—da, quit the Town, And to the
 ru—ral ham—lets fly; Be—hold the win—try storms are gone, A
 gen—tle ra—diance glads the sky. A gentle radiance glads the sky.
 The birds a—wake, the flowers appear, Earth
 spreads a ver—da—t couch for thee; 'Tis joy and

mu—fic all we hear, 'Tis love and beau—ty all we see. 'Tis lo—
 —————ve and beauty all we see. 'Tis love and
 beau—ty all we see.

Come, let us mark the gradual
 spring,
 How peeps the bud, the blossom
 glows ;
 Till Philomel begins to sing,

And perfect May to spread the
 rose :
 And perfect, &c.
 Let us secure the short delight,
 And wisely crop the blooming

day ;
 For soon, too soon, it will be night.
 Arise, my love, and come away.
 Arise, &c.

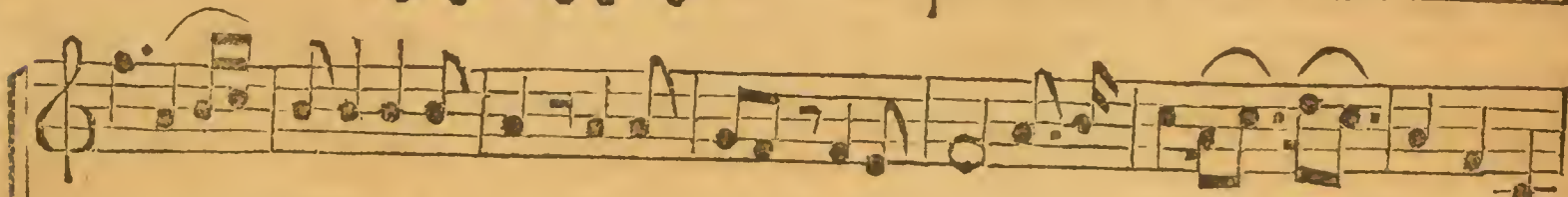
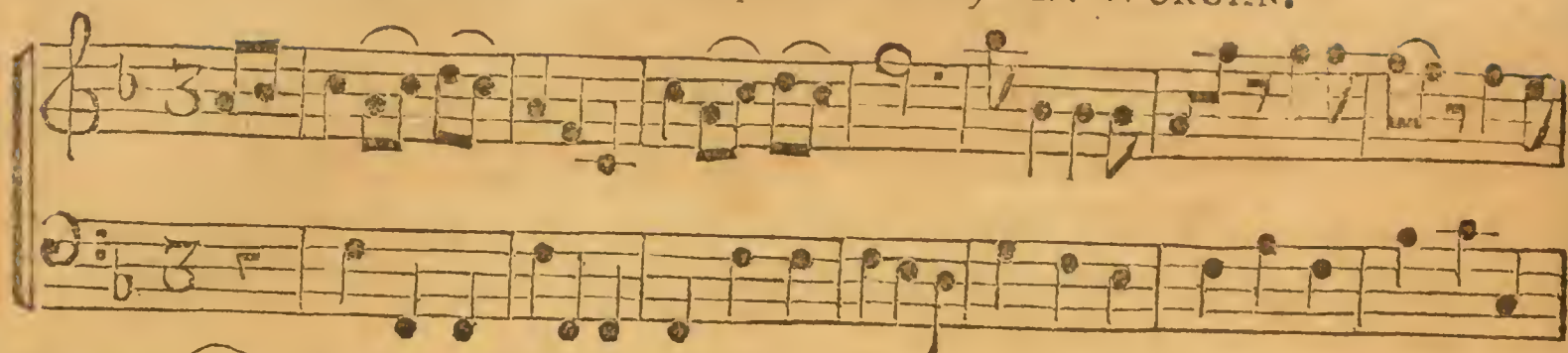
DELIA. *The Music from Mr. HOWARD's Musette in the Amorous Goddess.*

Andante.

De—lia in whose form we trace, All that can a virgin grace, Hark where
 pleasure blithe as May, Bids us to Vaux-hall a—way : Verdant vistas, melting sounds,
 ma—gic e—cho, fairy rounds : Beauties ev'ry where surprize ; Sure that place dropt from the skies.

The Muses DELIGHT.

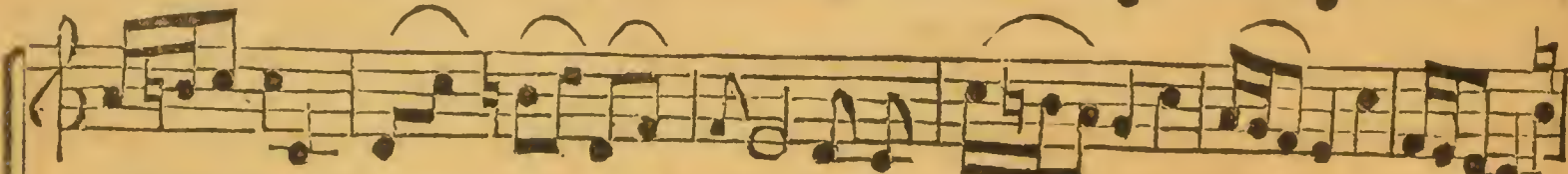
Did you see e'er a Shepherd. *Set by Mr. WORGAN.*



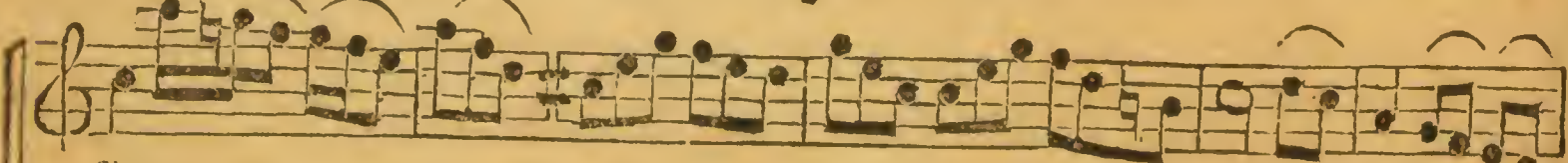
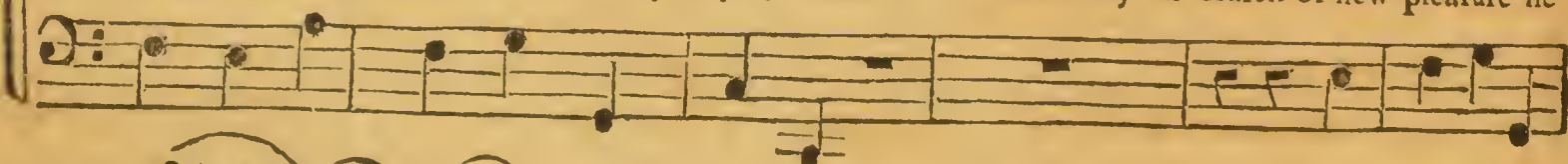
Did you see e'er a shepherd, ye



nymphs, pass this way, Crown'd wth myrtle and all the gay verdure of may? 'Tis my Strephon, O!



bring him once more to my eyes, From his Lu—cy in search of new pleasure he

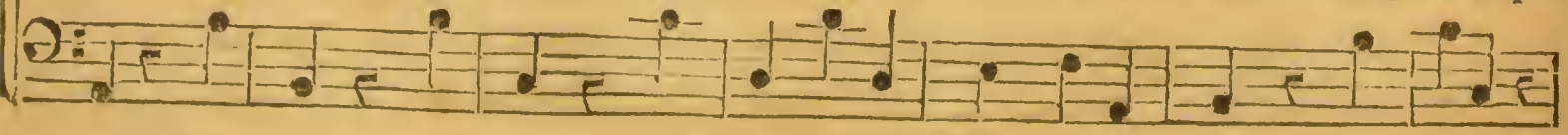


flies.

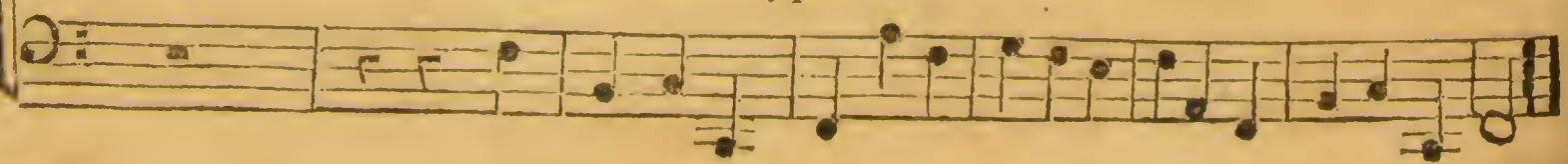
All day have I



travell'd and toil'd o'er the plains, In pur—suit of a rebel that's scarce worth my pains. In pur—



suit of a re—bel that's scarce worth my pains.



2.

Take care, maids, take care,
when he flatters and swears,
How you trust your own eyes, or
believe your own ears :
Like the rose-bud in June, every
hand they'll invite,
But wound the kind heart, like the
thorn out of sight.
And, trust me, whoe'er my false
shepherd detains,
She will find him a conquest that's
scarce worth her pains.
She will find, &c.

3.

Three Months at my feet did he
languish and sigh,
E'er he gain'd a kind look or a ten-

der reply ;
Love, honour and truth, were the
themes that he sung,
And he swore that his heart was a-
kin to his tongue.
Too soon I believ'd, and replied to
his strains,
And gave him, too frankly, my
heart for his pains.
And gave him, &c.

4.

The trifle once gain'd, like a
child at his play,
Soon the wanton grew weary, and
threw it away ;
Now cloy'd with my love, from my
arms he does fly,
In search of another as silly as I.
But, trust me, whoe'er my false

shepherd detains,
She will find him a conquest that's
scarce worth her pains.
She will find, &c.

5.

Beware, all ye nymphs, how you
soothe the fond flame,
And believe me, in time all the sex
are the same ;
Like my Strephon, from beauty to
beauty will range,
Like him they will flatter, dissem-
ble and change ;
And do all we can, still this max-
im remains,
That a man, when we've got him,
is scarce worth the pains.
That a man, &c.

ISABEL. Set by Mr. ARNE, and Sung by Mr. BAKER.

Andante.

Fair is & swan, the er-mine white, And fair the lilly, the lil-ly of the vale, & moon re-

splen-dent queen of night, & snows that drive before & gale ; In fairness these the

rest excel, But fair-er is my I-sabel : In fairness these the rest excel, but

fair-er is my I-sabel.

2.

Sweet is the vi'let, sweet the
rose,
And sweet the morning breath
of May ;
Carnations rich their sweets dis-
close,
And sweet the winding wood.

lines stray.
In sweetness these the rest excel ;
But sweeter is my Isabel.
In sweetness, &c.

3.

Constant the poets call the dove,
And am'rous they the sparrow

call ;
Fond is the sky-lark of his love,
And fond the feather'd lovers
all :
In fondness these the rest excel,
But fonder I of Isabel.
In fondness, &c.

H

Push

The Muses DELIGHT.

Push about the brisk Bowl. Set by Mr. OSWALD.

Vivace. Push about & brisk bowl, 'twill en-

liven & heart while thus we sit round on & grafs: The lover who talks of his sufferings & smart de-

erves to be reckon'd an afsan afs, deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

2. 4. 6.

The wretch who sits watching his
ill-gotten pelf,
And wishes to add to the mafs;
Whate'er the Curmudgeon may
think of himself,
Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.
Deserves, &c.

3.

The merchant from climate to cli-
mate will roam,
Of Cræsus the wealth to surpass;
And oft' while he's wand'ring my
lady at home
Claps the horns of an ox on an afs.
Claps the horns, &c.

5.

The formal phyfician, who knows
ev'ry ill,
Shall last be produc'd in this clafs;
The sick man awhile may confide in
his skill,
But death proves the doctor an afs.
But death, &c.

7.

The beau, who so smart, with his
well-powder'd hair,
An angel beholds in his glafs;
And thinks with grimace to subdue
all the fair,
May justly be reckon'd an afs.
May justly, &c.

The lawyer so grave, when he puts
in his plea, (brafs;
With forehead well cover'd with
Tho' he talks to no purpose, he
pockets your fee: (the afs.
There you, my good friend, are
There you, &c.

Then let us companions be jovial
and gay,
By turns take the bottle and las;
For he who his pleasures puts off
for a day,
Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.
Deserves, &c.

The Charms of FLORIMEL.

The charms of Flo—ri—mel, No force of time o: art shall se—ver from my

heart; But e—ver to the world I'll tell the charms of beaut'ous Florimel.

Each rock and sunny hill,
The flow'ry meads and groves,
Shall say Myrtillo loves;
And echo shall be taught to tell,
The charms of beaut'ous Florimel.
And echo, &c.

3.

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 of beaut'ous Florimel.
To future times, &c.

4.

Each brook and purling rill
Shall, on its bubbling stream,
Convey the virgin's name;
And as it rolls, in murmurs tell

The charms of beaut'ous Florimel.
And as it rolls, &c.

5.

The silvan Gods, that dwell
Amidst this sacred grove,
Shall wonder at my Love;
Whilst every sound conspires to tell
The charms of beaut'ous Florimel.
Whilst ev'ry sound, &c.

The Disconsolate Lover. *Sung by Mr. LOWE.*

Why heaves my fond bosom, Ah! what can it mean? Why flut-

ters my heart & was once so se—rene? Why this sigh—ing and trembling When Daph—ne

is near? Or why when she's ab—sent this for—row and fear? Or why

when she's absent this for—row and fear?

2

For ever, methinks, I with wonder
could trace,
The thousand soft charms that em-
bellish thy face;
Each moment I view thee, new beau-
ties I find,

With thy face I am charm'd, but
enslav'd by thy mind.
With thy face, &c.

3

Untainted with folly, unsullied by
pride,

There native good humour, and vir-
tue reside;
Pray heaven that virtue thy soul
may supply,
With compassion for him, who with-
out thee must die.
With compassion, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Charms of Lovely PEGGY. Set by Mr. HOWARD.

Once more I'll tune the

vo-cal shell, To hills and dales my pas-sion tell; A flame which time can ne-ver

quell, That burns for thee my Peg-gy: Ye greater bards the lyre should hit, For say what subject

is more fit, Than to re-cord the spark-ling wit, And bloom of lovely Peg-gy?

2.

The Sun first rising on the morn,
That paints the dew-bespangled
thorn,
Does not so much the day adorn,
As does my lovely Peggy:
And when in Thetis' lap to rest,
He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
He's not so beautiful, as undrest,
Appears my lovely Peggy.

3.

When Zephyr o'er the violet blows,
Or breaths upon the damask rose,

He does not half the sweets disclose,
That does my lovely Peggy.
I stole a kiss the other day,
And trust me nought but truth I say,
The fragrant breath of blooming
May
Was not so sweet as Peggy.

4.

Was she array'd in rustic weed,
With her $\frac{1}{2}$ bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon an oaten reed,
To please my lovely Peggy.
With her a cottage would delight,
All's happy while she's in my sight,

But when she's gone, 'tis endless
night,
All's dark without my Peggy.

5.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r
shall rove,
And linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or stately swans the water love,
So long shall I love Peggy.
And when Death's his pointed dart,
Shall strike the blow that rives my
heart,
My words shall be when I depart,
Adieu my lovely Peggy.

Advice to CUPID. Set by Mr. VINCENT.

How can they taste of joys or grief, Who beauty's power did
ne—ver prove? Love's all our torments,
our re—lief; Our fate de—pends a—lone on love; Our fate de—pends a—
lone on love.

2.

No flow'r so gay, that doth not
yield
To blooming roses gaudy drefs.
To blooming roses, &c.

5.

Th'am'rous swains no offerings bring
To Cupid's altar, as before;
To her they play, to her they sing,
And own in love no other Pow'r
And own, &c.

6.

Cupid, thine empire to regain,
Upon this conqu'ror try thy dart;
Oh! touch, with pity for my pain,
Neara's cold, disdainful heart.
Neara's cold, &c.

3.

No star so bright, that can be seen
When Phœbus' glories gild the
skies;
No nymph so proud adorns the
green,
But yields to fair Neara's eyes.
But yields, &c.

Were I in heavy chains confin'd
Neara's smiles would ease that
state;
Nor wealth nor pow'r, could blefs
my mind;
Caus'd by her absence or her hate.
Caus'd by, &c.

Of all the plants which shade the
field,
The fragrant myrtle does surpass;

The Muses DELIGHT.

A Song in the Judgment of PARIS. Set by Mr. ARNE.

Largo. *forte*

Na—ture fram'd thee sure for loving, Thus a—dorn'd with ev'ry

grace : Venus' self thy form ap—proving, Looks with pleasure, with

pleasure, Looks with pleasure on thy face, looks with

plea—sure on thy face.

2.
Happy nymph who shall enfold
thee,
Circling in her yielding arms ;
Should bright Helen once behold
thee,

She'd surrender all her charms.
See'd surrender, &c.

Love himself the Conquest aiding,
Thou that matchless fair shalt
gain.

3.
Gentle shepherd, if my pleading,
Can from thee the Prize obtain,

Thou that matchless, &c.

The Complaint. Set by Mr. ARNE.

Allegro assai.

Beholy $\frac{5}{4}$ sweet flowers around, & all $\frac{5}{4}$ gay beauties $\frac{5}{4}$ wear, yet

none on the plain can be found So lov—ly so love—ly so

lovely as Celia is fair, So love—ly as Celi—a is fair.

Ye war—blers come raise your sweet throats, No long—er in si—lence remain, No

longer in silence remain ; O ! lend a fond lover your notes To soften to soften to

sof—ten my Ce—lia's dis—dain, To soften my Celia's dis—dain.

2.

Oft times in yon flow'ry vale,
I breathe my complaints in a
long;

Fair Flora attends the soft tale,
And sweetens the borders along :
And sweetens, &c.
But Celia, whose breath might per-
fume

The bosom of Flora in May,
The bosom, &c.
Still frowning, pronounces my doom,
Regardless of all I can say.
Regardless, &c.

Sweet

Sweet NAN of the Vale. *Sung at the New Spring Gardens.*

In a small pleasant village, by nature compleat, Of a few honest shepherds the
 quiet retreat, There liv'd a young lass of so love-ly a mein, as feldom at balls or at
 courts can be seen : The sweet damask-rose was full blown on her
 cheek, The lil-ly display'd all its white on her neck ; The lads of the village all strove to af-
 fail, And call'd her in raptures sweet Nan of the vale.

2

First young Hodge spoke his passion
 'till quite out of breath,
 Crying wounds ! he cou'd hug her &
 kiss her to death ;
 And Dick with her beauty was so
 much possess'd,
 That he loathed his food and abandon'd
 his rest :
 But she cou'd find nothing in them
 so endear,

So sent them away with a sea in
 their ear,
 And said no such boobies cou'd tell
 a love tale,
 Or bring to compliance sweet Nan
 of the vale.

3

Till young Roger the smartest of all
 the gay green,
 Who lately to London on a frolick
 had been,

Came home much improv'd in his
 air and address,
 And boldly attack'd her, not fear-
 ing success ;
 He said Heav'n form'd such ripe
 lips to be kiss'd,
 And press'd her so closely she cou'd
 not resist,
 And shew'd the dull clowns the
 right way to assail,
 And brought to his wishes sweet
 Nan of the vale.

The Muses DELIGHT.

65

The Blushing Rose. Set by Mr. HOWARD.

Allegro, assai.

Observe the fragrant blushing rose, Tho' in the humble vale it spring;

It smells as sweet, as fair it blows, as in the gar—den

of a king.

So soft con—tent as oft is

found com—plete in the low—ly cot as in the lof—ty

feat, As in the lof—ty feat.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Highland Laffie. Set by Mr. ARNE.

The

Lowland Maids go spruce & fine, But oft they're vain and pert—ly faucy ; So proud they ne—ver

can be kind, Like my good-humour'd High—land Laffie. Like my good-hu—mour'd

High—land Laffie. O! my bonny bon—ny High———land Laffie, My hand—some

charming Highland Laffie ; May ne—ver care make thee less fair : But

bloom of youth still blefs my Laffie.

2.

'Fore any lass in Burrow's town,
Who makes her cheeks wi' patch-
es mottie,
I'd take my Katie wi' one gown,
Barefooted in her little Coatie.
Barefooted, &c.
O! my bonny bonny, &c.

3.

Beneath the brier or birken bush,
Whene'er I court or kifs my
beauty,

Happy and blithe as one would wish, O! my bonny bonny, &c.
My flutt'ring heart goes pitty-
patty.
My flutt'ring heart, &c.
O! my bonny bonny, &c.

4.

The mountains clad wi' purple bloom
And berries ripe, invite my trea-
sure ;
Enamell'd flowers breathe perfume,
And court my love to rural plea-
sure.
And court, &c.

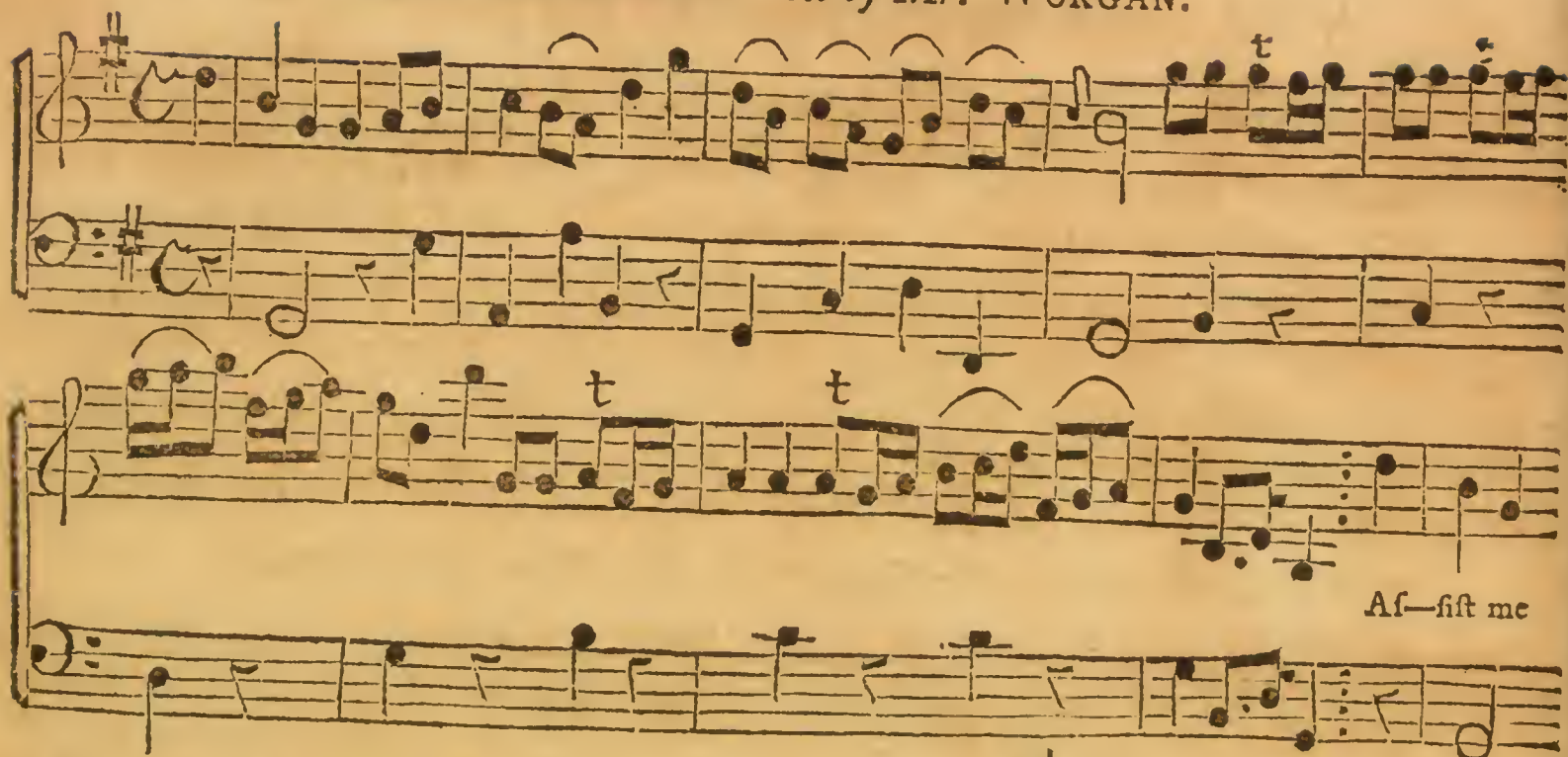
5.

Come, lovely Katie, come away,
We'll cheerful range the flow'ry
meadows ;
Thy smiles shall gild each live-
long day,
And love and truth for ever bed
us.
And love, &c.
O! my bonny bonny Highland
Lassie,
My hearty, smiling, &c

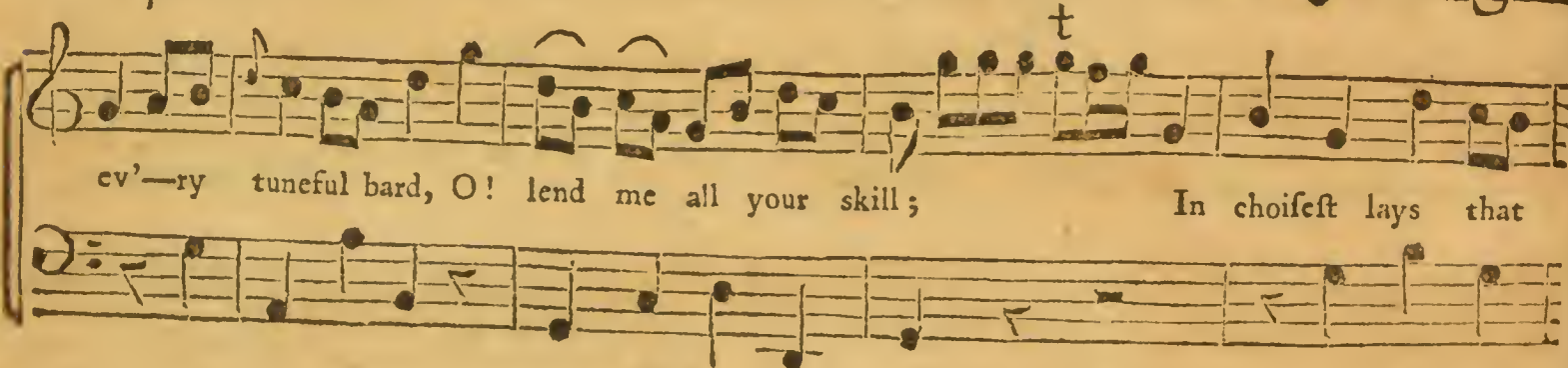
TO ZEPHYRUS. *The Music from Mr. HOWARD's Musette.*

Sportive Ze—phy—rus, fondly blow—ing, breathing o—dours through the
air ; blooming life on groves be—stow—ing, to Vaux—hall my
De—li—a bear : Flora can't more sweet—ly blefs thee play-
ing stray—ing round her charms, Than when De—li—a's smiles a-
drefs me, figh—ing, dy—ing, in her arms.

NANNY of the Hill. Set by Mr. WORGAN.

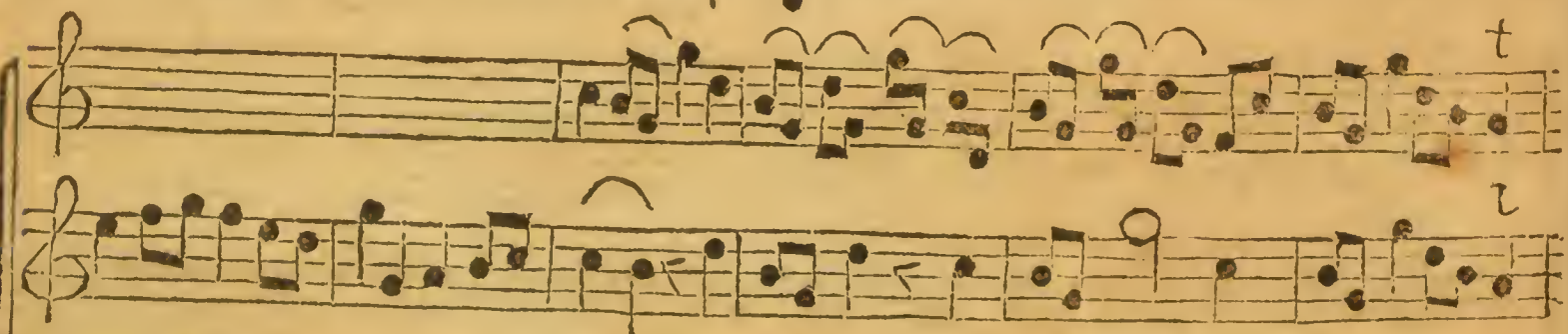


As—sist me

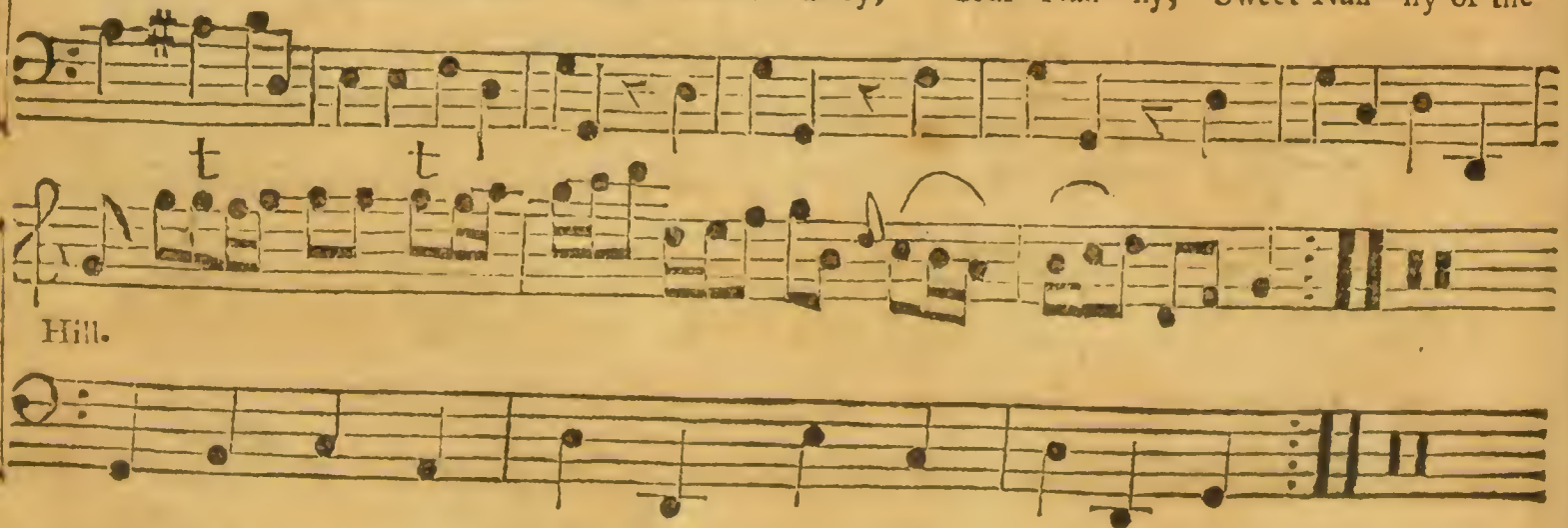


ev'—ry tuneful bard, O! lend me all your skill;

In choicest lays that



I may praise Dear Nanny of the Hill. Sweet Nanny, dear Nan—ny, Sweet Nan—ny of the



Hill.

2.
How gay the glitt'ring beam of
morn,
That gilds the chrystal rill;
But far more bright than morning
light,
Shines Nanny of the Hill.
Dear Nanny, shines Nanny,
Dear Nanny of the Hill.

Sweet Nanny, blooms Nanny,
Sweet Nanny of the Hill.

Wit, beauty, truth, and blooming
youth,
Deck Nanny of the Hill.
Deck Nanny, sweet Nanny,
Dear Nanny of the Hill.

3.

The gayest flow'et so fair of late,
The ev'ning damps will kill;
But ev'ry day more fresh and gay
Blooms Nanny of the Hill.

4.
Old Time arrests his rapid flight,
And keeps his motion still;
Resolv'd to spare a face so fair
As Nanny's of the Hill.
Dear Nanny's, sweet Nanny's,
Dear Nanny's of the Hill.

6.

And now around the feastive board
The jovial bumpers fill;
Each takes his glass to my dear
lads,
Sweet Nanny of the Hill.
Dear Nanny, sweet Nanny,
Dear Nanny of the Hill.

5

To form my charmer, nature has
Exerted all her skill;

The Muses DELIGHT.

69

A favourite Hunting Song. *For two Voices.*

When Phoebus the tops of $\frac{1}{2}$ hills does a--dorn, How sweet is the sound of the e--cho--ing horn when $\frac{1}{2}$

ant--ling stag, is rous'd by the sound, E-----recting his ears nimbly sweeps o'er $\frac{1}{2}$

ground, & thinks he has left us be--hind on the plain, But still we pur--sue, and now come in

view of the glorious Game. O! see how a--gain he rears up his head, & winged $\frac{1}{2}$ fear he re-

doubles his speed, But ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain if he flies, $\frac{1}{2}$ his eyes lose $\frac{1}{2}$ huntsman his ears lose $\frac{1}{2}$

Cries. But now his strength fails he heavily flies, & he pants, pants, pants, pants, pants till $\frac{1}{2}$

well-scented Hounds surrounded he dies, dies, dies, dies, ton--ta-ron ton-ta-ron he dies, he dies, dies.

The Muses DELIGHT.

Ye Swains that are courting a Maid. *Sung by Miss STEVENSON.*

Andante.

Ye swains that are courting a maid, Be

warn'd & instructed by me, Tho' small experience I've had, I'll give you good counsel and free:

The Women are changable things, And

feldom a moment the same; As time a va-ri-ety brings, Their

looks new humours pro-clai ————— m, Their looks new humours pro-

claim.

But he who in love would succeed,
And his mistress's favour obtain,
Must mind it, as sure as his creed,
To make hay while the sun is
serene.

There's a season to conquer the
fair,
And that's when they're merry
and gay ;

To catch the occasion take care,
When 'tis gone, in vain you'll
affay.
When 'tis gone, &c.

On Tree-top'd Hill. Set by Mr. FESTING.

Poco Allegro.

On Tree-top'd Hill or turf—

ted Green, While yet Au—ro—ra's Vest is seen, While yet Au—

ro—ra's Vest is seen: Be—fore the Sun has left the Sea, Let the fresh

Morning breathe on me, Let the fresh Morning breathe on me.

2

To furze-blown heath or pasture
mead,
Do thou my happy footsteps lead ;
Do thou, &c.
Then shew me to y^e pleasing stream,
Of which at night so oft I dream.
Of which at night, &c.

3.

At noon the mazy wood I'll tread,

With autumn leaves and dry moss
spread,
With autumn, &c.
And cooling fruits for thee prepare,
For sure I think thou wilt be there.
For sure, &c.

4

'Till birds begin their evening song,
With thee the time seems never
long,
With thee, &c.

O let us speak our love that's past,
And count how long it has to last.
And count, &c.

5.

I'll say eternally, and thou
Shalt only look as kind as now ;
Shalt only look, &c.
I ask no more, for that affords,
What is not in the force of words.
What is not in the force of words.

The Muses DELIGHT.

ROSALIND. Set by Mr. ARNE.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a trill (t) over the first note. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. Both staves contain a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, mostly beamed together, creating a lively melody.

The second system continues the melody from the first system. It also consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs with one sharp and common time. The notation remains consistent with the previous system.

The third system of musical notation includes the first line of lyrics. The upper staff continues the melody, and the lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Rosalind, oh! come and see What pleasures are in store for thee, The fields in all their

The fourth system continues the musical piece with the second line of lyrics. The upper staff features the melody, and the lower staff has the accompaniment. The lyrics are: "sweets ap—pear, The trees their gay—est beau—ties wear, The trees their gay—est

The fifth system of musical notation includes the third line of lyrics. The upper staff continues the melody, and the lower staff has the accompaniment. The lyrics are: "beauties wear. The joy—ful birds in

The sixth and final system of musical notation on this page includes the fourth line of lyrics. The upper staff continues the melody, and the lower staff has the accompaniment. The lyrics are: "ev'—ry grove, Now war—ble out their songs of love, Now warble out their songs of love. For

thee they sing, and ro—ses bloom, And Col—lin thee in—vites to come, in—vi—

tes to come, And

Col—lin thee in—vites to come.

Come Rosalind, and Collin join ;
My tender flocks and all are thine.
If love and Rosalind be here
'Tis May and pleasure all the
year.

'Tis May, &c.
Come see a cottage and a swain :
Thou couldst my love nor gifts
disdain.
Leave all behind, nor longer stay,

For Collin calls — then haste a—
way.
For Collin, &c.

Advice to CLOE. Set by Mr. HOWARD.

See Cloe, how $\frac{y}{y}$ newblown rose blooms like thy beauteous Face, Youth does its rip'ning

Charms disclose, & perfects ev'ry Grace : Its Virgin Sweets per—fume the Air, and then its

Pride de—cays ; so will it be with thee, my Fair, & past thy youthful Days.

No April can revive thy charms,
No sun can light thy eyes ;
Soft love will leave those snowy

arms
When age begins to rise.
Then Cloe let my passion move

Thy pity for my pain ;
Obey the voice of gentle love,
Love and be lov'd again.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The ADVICE. Set by Mr. HANDEL.

Mortals wisely learn to measure Life by the Ex-tent of Joy; Life is

sho ————— rt, and fleet—ing Plea—sure,

Then be gay while you may, And your Hours in Mirth em—ploy:

2.

3.

4.

Never let a mistress pain you,
Tho' she meets you with disdain;
Fly to wine, 'twill soon unchain you,
Cheer the heart,
And all smart
In a sweet oblivion drown.

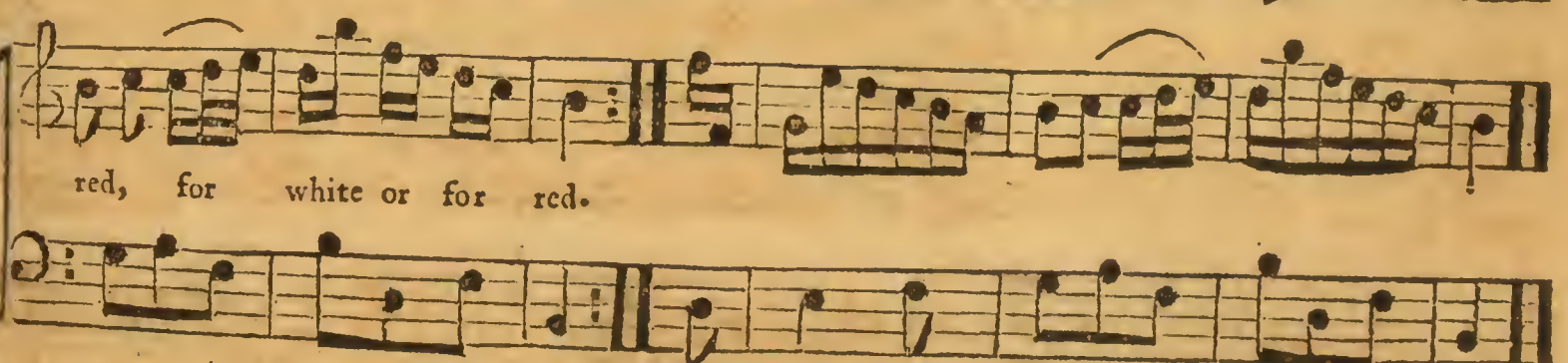
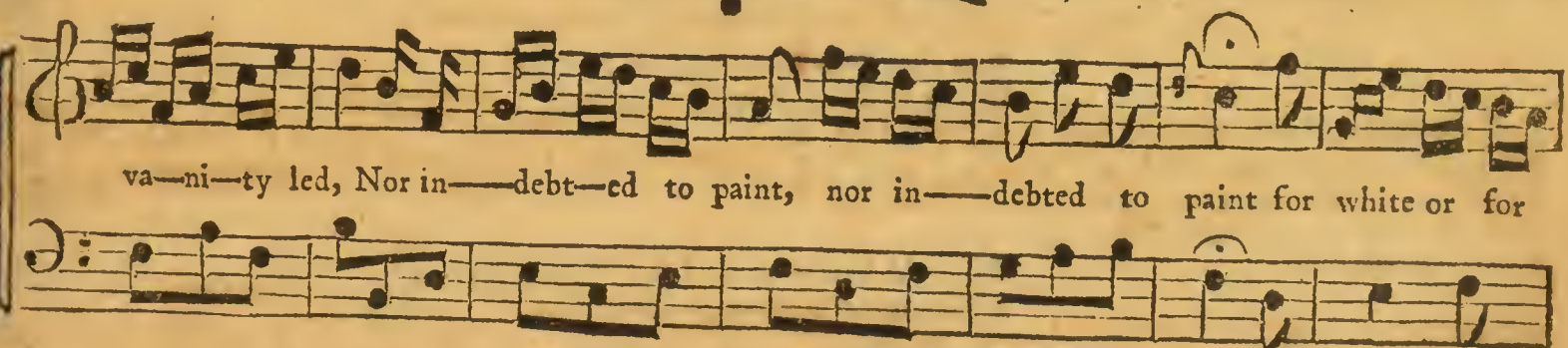
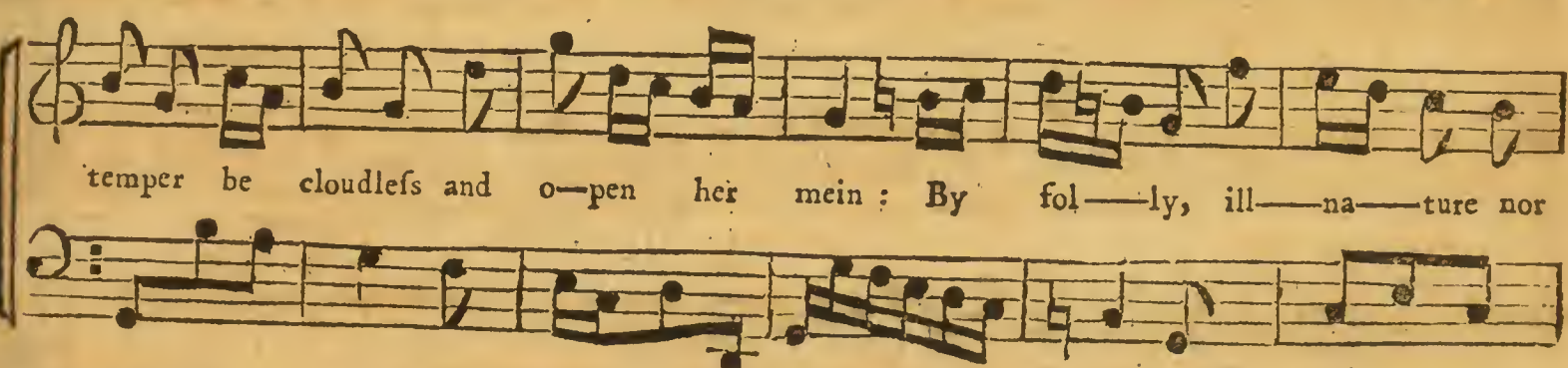
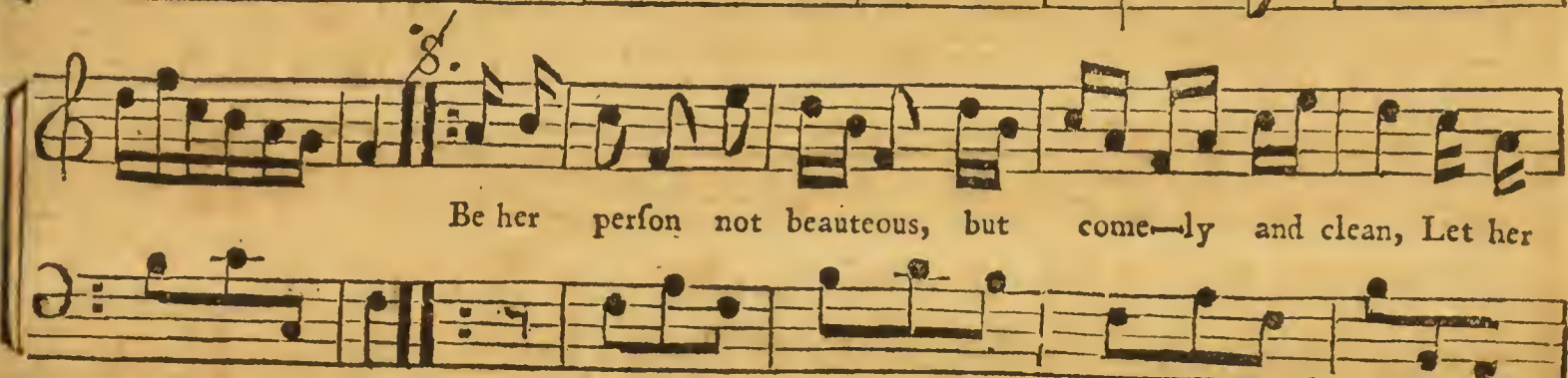
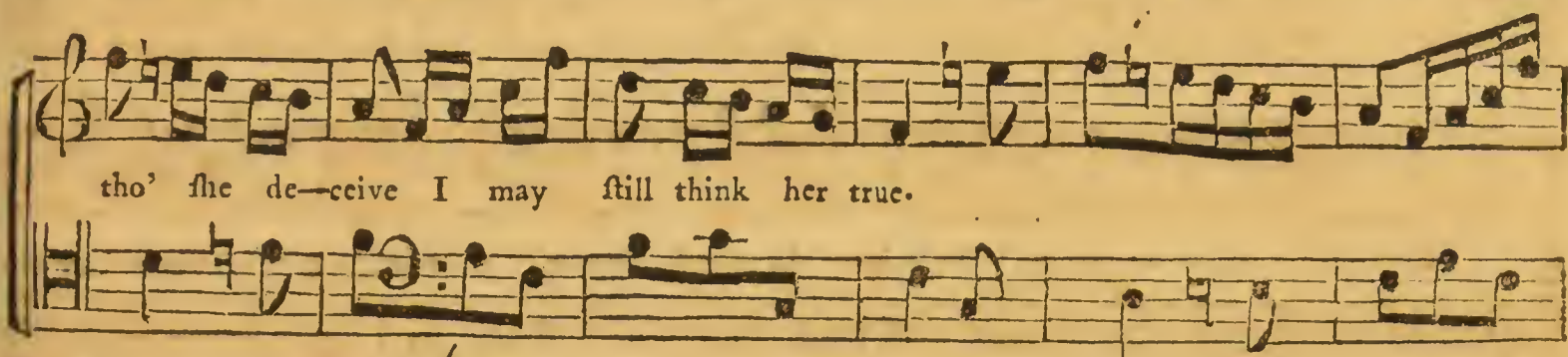
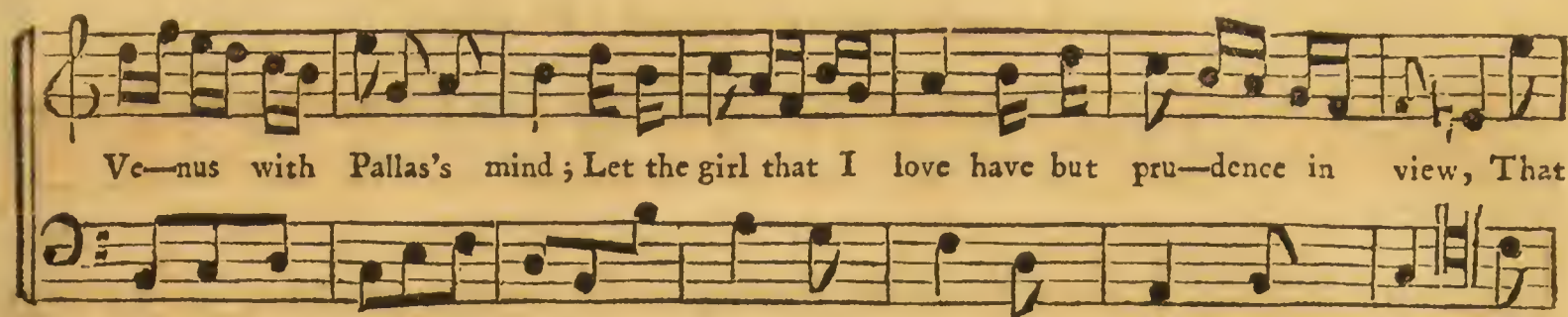
If love's fiercer flames should seize
To some gentle maid repair;
She'll with soft endearments ease
On her breast, (thee.
Lull'd to rest,
Eas'd of love and free from care.

Friendship, wine and love united,
From all ills defend the mind;
By them guarded and delighted,
Happy state,
Smile at fate,
And leave sorrows to the wind.

The Reasonable Lover. Set by Mr. ARNE.

Spiritoso.

I seek not at once in a fe-male to find The form of a



May her tongue, that dread wea— pon in most of the sex, Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex ; Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a jest ;	For prudes I despise, and coquets I detest. May her humour the taste of the company hit ; Not affectedly wise, nor too pert with her wit.	Go find out the fair that is form'd on my plan, And I'll love her for ever—I mean if I can. I mean, &c.
---	--	---

The Muses DELIGHT.

Oh! lovely Maid. Set by Mr. ARNE.

Amoroso. Oh

love—ly maid how dea—r's thy power! At once I love at once adore; With wonder are my thoughts posselt, While softest love inspires my breast, While softest love inspires my breast.

2.
Yes, charming victor, I am thine,
Poor as it is, this heart of mine
Was never in another's pow'r,
Was never pierc'd by love before.
Was never, &c.

And thus I've bound myself to love
While bliss or misery can move.
While bliss, &c.

5.
But like some discontented shade,
That wanders where it's beauty's
laid,
Mournful I'd roam, with hollow
glare,
For ever exil'd from the fair.
For ever, &c.

3.
In thee I've treasur'd up my joy,
Thou canst give bliss, or bliss de-
stroy;

4.
O should I ne'er possess thy charms,
Ne'er meet my comfort in thy
arms;
Were hopes of dear enjoyment
gone,
Still would I love, love thee alone.
Still would, &c.

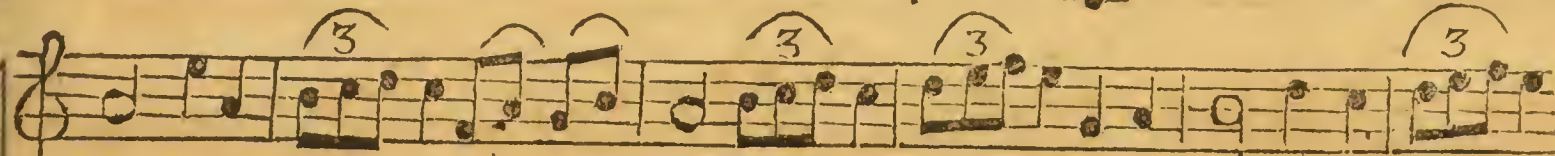
The Syrens Song to ULYSSES. Set by Mr. ARNE.

Allegro. *Piano* *Forte*

Piano *Forte*



Hither sweet Ulysses

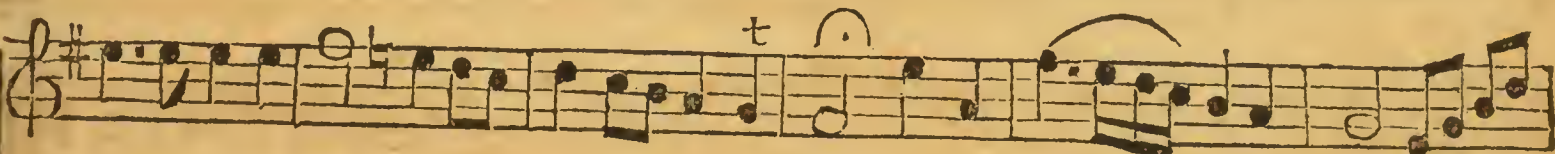


haste, Manly beau—ty come and taste What the pow'rs of blifs un—fold, Joys too mighty

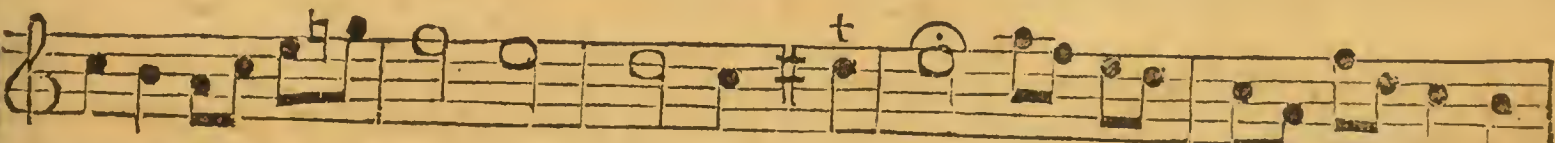
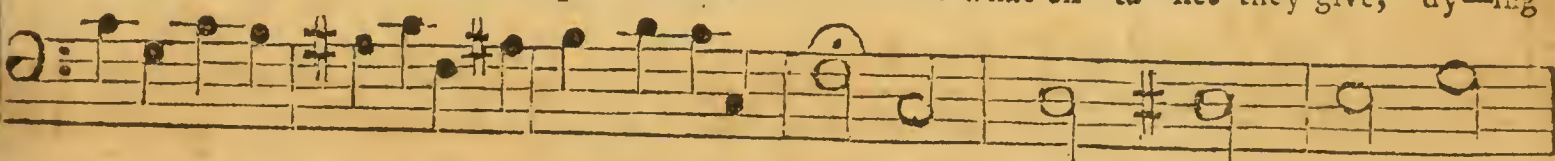


to be told, Joys too migh—ty to be told :

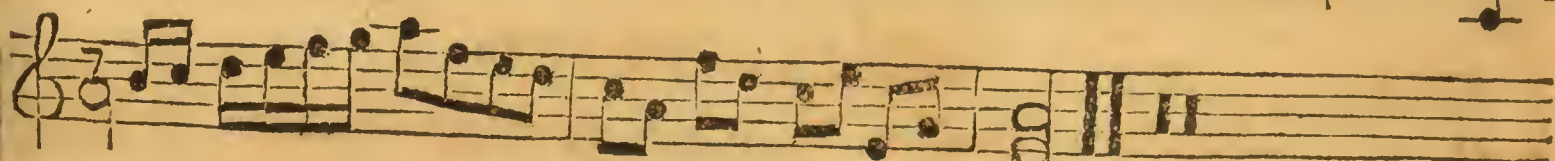
Taste



ex—tacies they give, Dying raptures taste and live : Taste what ex—ta—sies they give, dy—ing



raptures taste and live, taste, taste, taste and live, Dy—ing rap—tures taste and



live.



2.

3.

3.

Lavish nature sheds her store,
Thrilling Joys, unfelt before,
Sweetly languishing desires,
Fierce delights and am'rous fires ;
Fierce delights, &c.
Sweetest, dost thou yet delay ?
Manly beauty come away.
Sweetest, &c.

Lift not when the froward chide,
Sons of pedantry and pride,
Snarlers, to whose feeble sense
April sunshine is offence :
April sunshine, &c.
Envious age alone decries
Pleasures which from love arise.
Envious age, &c.

Come, in pleasure's balmy bowl,
Slake the thirsting of thy soul,
"Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are faint ;
Joys too exquisite to paint :
Joys too exquisite, &c.
Sweetest, dost thou yet delay ?
Manly beauty come away.
Sweetest, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Highland Laddie. Set by Sigr. PASQUALI.

Andante.

The Lowland lads think

they are fine, But O they're vain & i—dly gaudy, How much unlike the manly looks, And

graceful mein of my Highland Laddie! O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie, My handsome charming

Highland Laddie, May heav'ns still guard and love reward The Lowland Lads and Highland

Laddie.

2.

3

4.

If I was free at will to chuse
To be y^e wealthiest lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald without
trews,
With bonnet blue, and belted
plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in borrows-town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a
clown;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin and
dady;
Frac winter's cauld, & summer's fun,
He'll screen me with his highland
plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

5.

6.

7.

A painted room, and filken bed,
May please a lawland laird and
lady;
But I can kiss, and be as glad
Behind a bush in's highland plaid-
dy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear highland lad-
die,
And he ca's me his lawland lass,
Syne rows me in beneath his
plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true &
steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall
end,
While heaven preserves my high-
land laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

The Happy Pair. Sung by Mr. LOWE.

How blest has my time been, & days have I known, Since wedlock's soft bondage made Polly my own: So
joyful my heart is, so ea—sy my chain, & freedom is tasteless & ro—ving a pain, That freedom is
tasteless and roving a pain.

2.

In revels all day with the nymphs
on the green;
Tho' painful my absence, my doubts
she beguiles,
And meets me at night with com-
pliance and smiles.
And meets me, &c.

And gives to her mind what he
steals from her youth.
And gives to her, &c.

5.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines
as often we stray,
Around us our boys and girls frolick
and play;
How pleasing the sport is, the wan-
ton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my
Jeffy and me.
And borrow, &c.

3.

To try her sweet temper, oft-times
am I seen

What tho' on her cheeks the rose
loses its hue,
Her ease and good humour bloom
all the year thro';
Time, still as it flies, brings encrease
to her truth,

Ye shepherds so gay, who make
love to ensnare,
And cheat with false vows the too
credulous fair;
In search of true pleasures, how
vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you must find it
at home.
To hold it for life, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Garland. Set by Mr. WEIDEMAN.

The pride of ev'ry grove I chose, The vi'let sweet & lil—ly fair; The dappl'd

pink & blushing rose, To deck my charming Clo—c's Hair:

At morn the nymph vouchsafed to place up—on her brow the various wreath; The

flowers less blooming than her face, The scent less fra—grant than her brea—

—th, The scent less fragrant tha—n her breath.

2
The flowers she wore along the day,
And ev'ry nymph and shepherd
said,
That in her hair they look'd more
gay,
Than glowing in their native bed.
Undrest at ev'ning, when she found,
Their odours lost, their colour
past;
She chang'd her look, and on the
ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.
Her Garland, &c.

3
That eye dropt sense, distinct and
clear,
As any muse's tongue cou'd speak;

When from its lid, a pearly tear,
Ran trickling down her beauteous
check.
Dissembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, said I, ex-
plain,
This change of humour, prithee tell
That falling tear—what does it
mean?

4.
She sigh'd, she smil'd, and to the
flow'rs
Pointing, the lovely moralist
said,
See! friend, in some few fleeting
hours,
See, yonder, what a change is
made.

Ah me! the blooming pride of may,
And that of beauty are but one:
At morn both flourish bright and
gay,
Both fade at evening, pale, and
gone.

5
At dawn, poor Stella danc'd and
sung;
The am'rous youths around her
bow'd:
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her
shroud.
Such as she is, who dy'd to day:
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow.
Go Damon, bid thy muse display
The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow.

The Muses DELIGHT.

81

Set by Mr. ARNE. Sung by Mr. LOWE, at Vauxhall.

Andante.

When your beau—ty ap—pears In its gra—ces

and airs, All bright as an angel just dropt from the skies: At dist—ance I

gaze, And am aw'd by my fears; So strangely, so strangely you daz—zle my Eyes, So

strangely so strangely you daz—zle my eyes.

2.

But when, without art, your kind
thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes
thro' every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when
it pants in your heart,

Then I know you're a woman, a
woman again.
Then I know, &c.

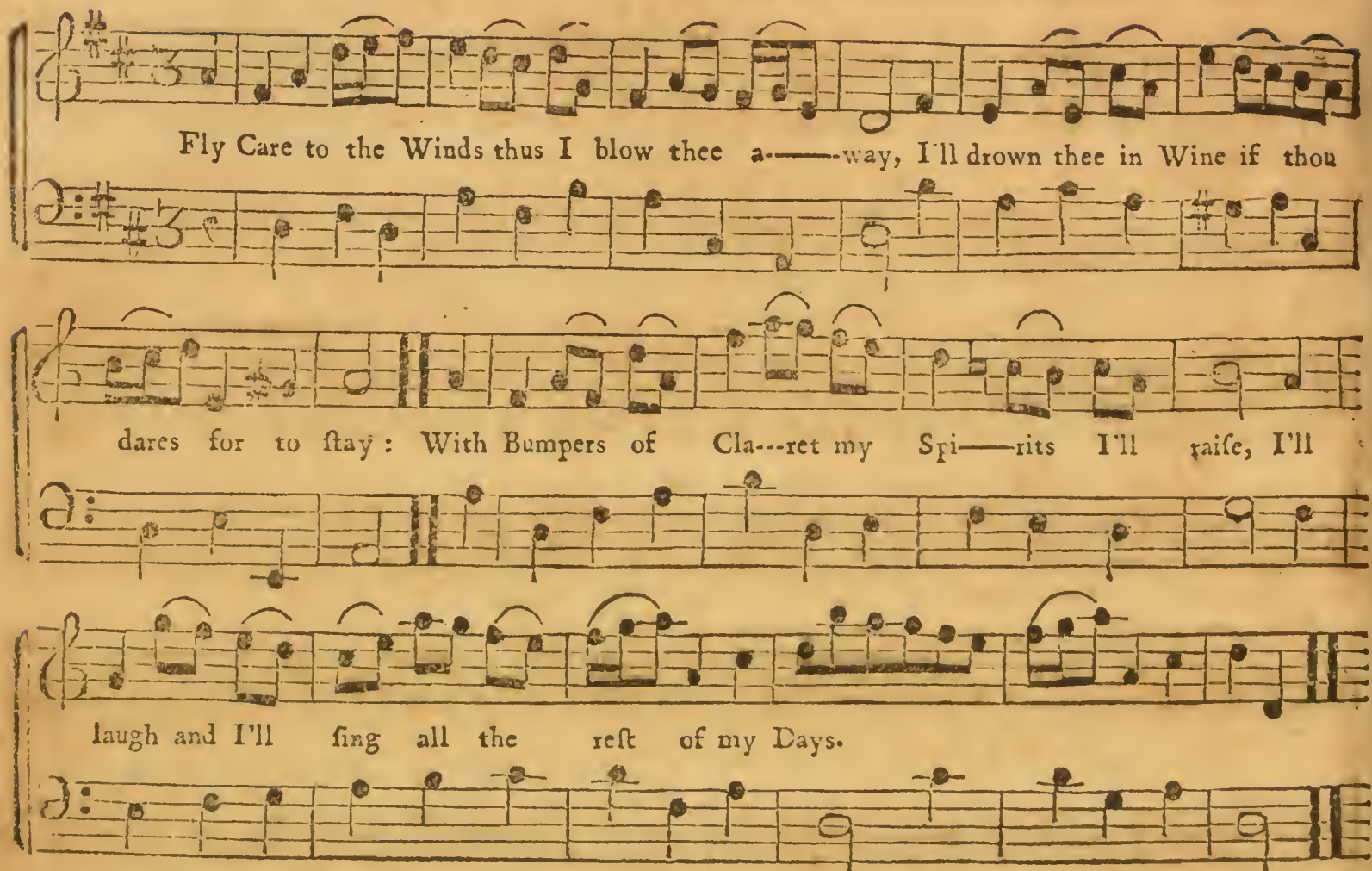
3.

There's a passion and pride in our
sex, she replied,

And thus, might I gratify both,
I would do;
An angel appear to each lover be—
side,
But still be a woman, a woman to
you.
But still, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Careless Toper. Sung by Mr. LOWE.



Fly Care to the Winds thus I blow thee a---way, I'll drown thee in Wine if thou
dares for to stay: With Bumpers of Cla---ret my Spi---rits I'll raise, I'll
laugh and I'll sing all the rest of my Days.

2.

And makes the nymph kind who
before was too wise.

Two bottles of claret will make us
agree;

God Bacchus this moment adopts
me his son,

3.

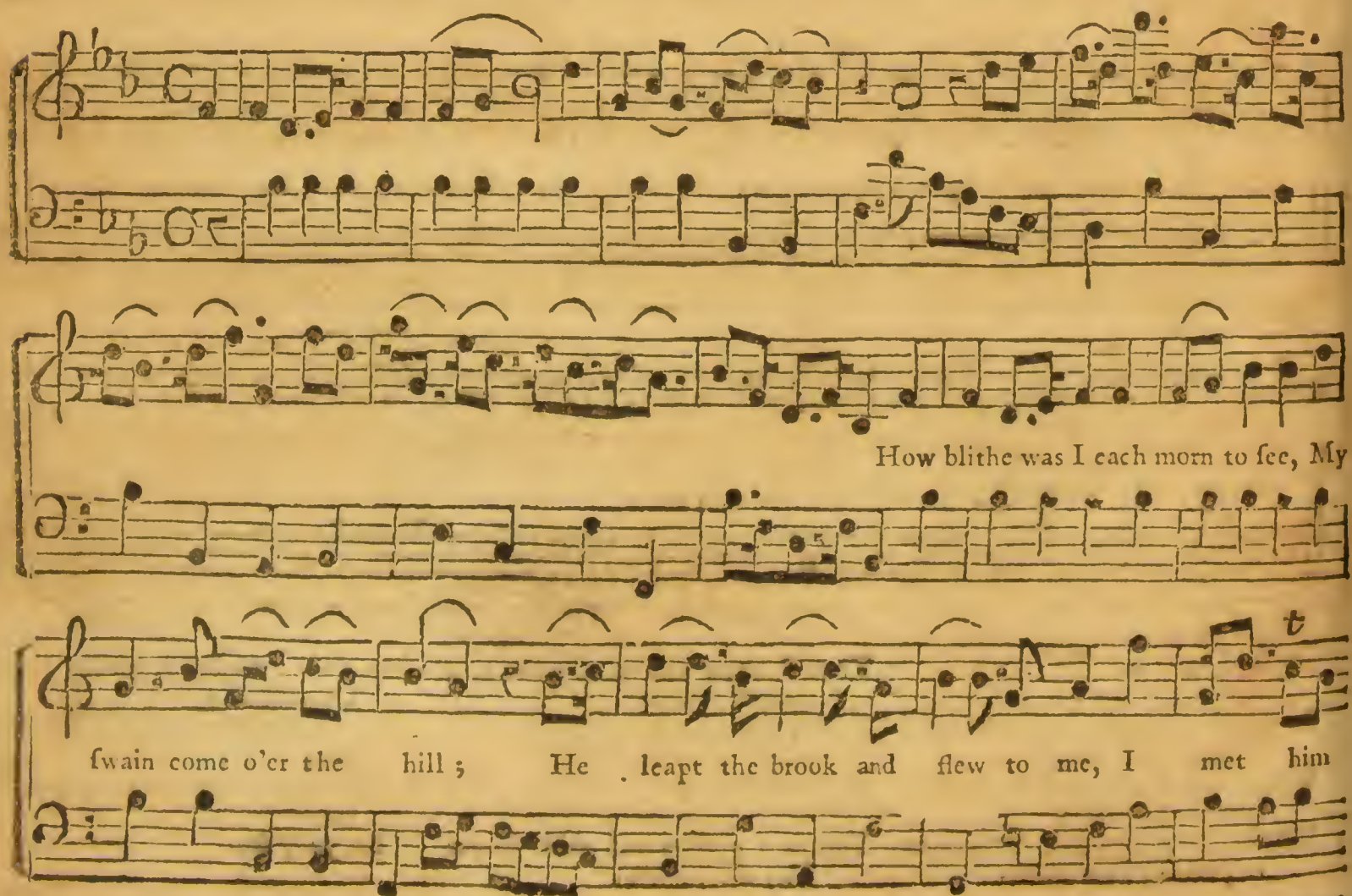
Will open your eyes to see Phillis's
charms,

And, inspir'd, my breast glows with
transports unknown;
The sparkling liquor new vigour
supplies,

Then dull sober mortals, be happy
as me;

And, her coyness wash'd down,
she'll fly to your arms.

The Bonny BROOM. Set by Mr. ARNE.



How blithe was I each morn to see, My
swain come o'er the hill; He leapt the brook and flew to me, I met him
with

with

with good will. I ne—ver wanted ewe nor lamb, While his flocks near me
lay ; He ga—ther'd in my sheep at night, And chear'd me all the
day. O ſ broom, ſ bonny bonny broom, Where loft was my re—pose ; I
wish I was with my dear swain, With his pipe and my ewes.

2.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae
sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by ;
The fleecy sheep stood still, and
gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody.
While thus we spent our time by
turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play ;
I envy'd not the fairest dame,

Tho' e'er so rich and gay.
*O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
Where loft was my repose ;
I wish I was with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes.*

3

He did oblige me ev'ry hour ;
Could I but faithful be ?
He stole my heart, could I re-
fuse

Whate'er he ask'd of me ?
Hard fate, that I must banish'd
be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest swain
That ever yet was born.
*O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
Where loft was my repose ;
I wish I was with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes.*

The Muses DELIGHT.

JOCKEY. *Sung by Miss STEVENSON, at Vauxhall-Gardens.*

I'll
sing of my lover all night and all day, He's e—ver good-natur'd and fro—lic and
gay ; His voice is as sweet as the nightingale's lay, And well on his bagpipe my
shepherd can play : And a bon—ny young lad is my Jockey, And a bon—ny young
lad is my Jockey.

2

3

4

He says that he loves me I'm witty
and fair,
And praises my eyes, my lips and
my hair,
Rose violet nor lilly with me can
compare,
If this be to flatter, 'tis pretty I
swear ;
And a bonny, &c.

He kneel'd at my feet and with
many a sigh,
He cry'd O! my dear will you never
comply,
If you mean to destroy me, why do
it I'll die,
I trembled all over & answer'd not I.
And a bonny, &c.

Around the tall may-pole he dances
so neat,
And sonnets of love the dear boy
can repeat,
He's constant, he's valiant, he's wise
and discreet,
His looks are so kind and his kisses
so sweet ;
And a bonny, &c.

At

5

At eve when the Sun seeks repose
in the west,
And may's tuneful choirists all skim
to their nest,
When I meet on the green, the
dear boy I love best

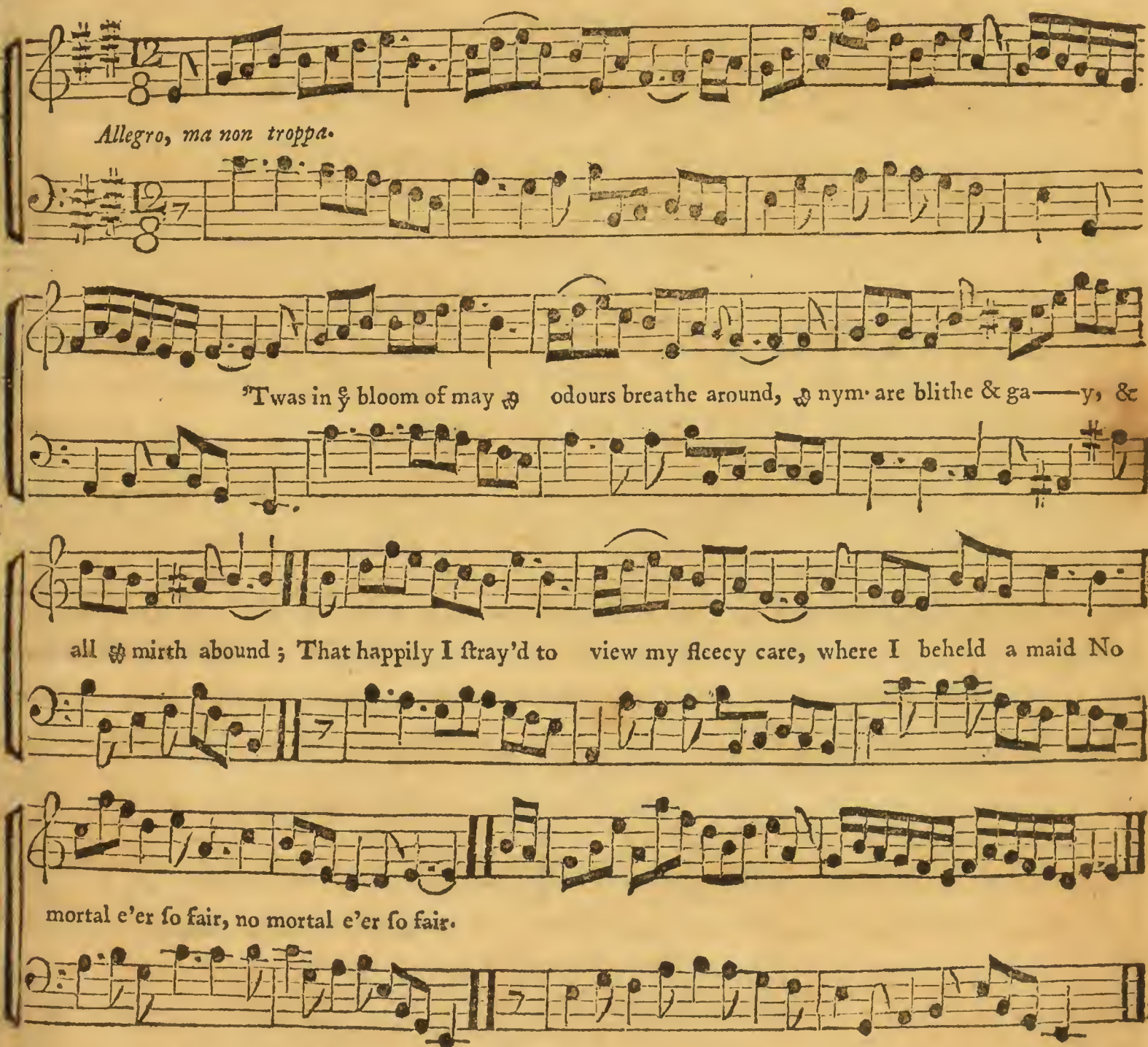
My heart is just ready to burst from
my breast ;
Such a bonny, &c.

6

But see how the meadows are moi-
sten'd with dew,

Come, come my dear shepherd I
wait but for you,
We live for each other, both con-
stant and true,
And taste the soft raptures no mo-
narch e'er knew.
And a bonny, &c.

The Nut-brown Maid. Set by Mr. HOWARD.



Allegro, ma non troppo.

'Twas in y bloom of may w odours breathe around, w nym are blithe & ga—y, &c

all w mirth abound ; That happily I stray'd to view my fleecy care, where I beheld a maid No

mortal e'er so fair, no mortal e'er so fair.

2

A shepherd's daughter she,
Who from a neighb'ring town,
My rival flocks to see
Had now forlook her own ;
She wore upon her head
A bonnet made of straw,
Which such a face did shade
As Phœbus never saw.
As Phœbus, &c.

3

Her locks of nut-brown hue
A round-ear'd coif conceal'd,

Which to my pleasing view
A sporting breeze reveal'd.
Beneath her slender waist
A scrip embroider'd hung ;
The lute her fingers grac'd,
Accompanied with a song.
Accompanied, &c.

4

So soft, yet sweet a note,
Cuzzoni might regale,
Or Philomela's throat,
That warbles thro' the vale.
Charm'd with her tuneful strain,
The swains admiring gaze,

And herds upon the plain
A while forget to graze.
Awhile, &c.

5

Pleas'd with her charming song,
Her winning shape and air,
Into her arms I sprung,
And caught the yielding fair :
The yielding fair obey'd
The sacred laws of love ;
That pow'r which ev'ry maid
Must late or early prove.
Must late, &c.

JENNY of the Green. *Sung by Mr. LOWE.*

Allegro assai.

While o—thers strip the new-fall'n snow, And steal its

fra—grance from the rose, To deck their fancy's queen ; Fain

would I sing but words are faint, All music's pow'r too weak to paint My Jenny of the

Green, My Jenny of the Green.

2.

Beneath this elm, beside this stream,
How oft I've tun'd the favourite
theme,

And told my tale unseen ;
While, faithful in the lover's cause,
The winds would murmur soft ap-
plause
To Jenny of the Green.
To Jenny, &c.

3.

With joy my soul reviews the day,
When deckt in all the pride of May
She hail'd the sylvan scene ;
Then ev'ry nymph that hop'd to
please,

First strove to catch the grace and
ease
Of Jenny of the Green.
Of Jenny, &c.

4.

Then deaf to ev'ry rival's sigh,
On me she cast her partial eye,
Nor scorn'd my humble mein ;
The fragrant myrtle wreath I wear,
That day adorn'd the lovey hair
Of Jenny of the Green.
Of Jenny, &c.

5.

Thro' all the fairy land of love,

I'll seek my pretty wand'ring dove
The pride of gay fifteen ;
Tho' now she treads some distant
plain,
Tho' far apart I'll meet again
My Jenny of the Green.
My Jenny, &c.

6.

(night
But thou, old Time, 'til that blest
That glads my eyes with that dear
sight,
Melt down the hours between ;
And when we meet the loss repay,
On loit'ring wing prolong my stay
With Jenny of the Green.
With Jenny, &c.

Female

The Muses DELIGHT.

87

Female Fortitude. Set by Mr. RUSSEL.

Young Daphne brightest creature

That e'er did heart en—snare, Was blest with all that nature Could

la—vish on the fa—ir, Could lavish on the fair: For her each youth did

languish, And told their am'—rous smart; What tho' she mock'd their anguish, Yet Strephon

won her heart, Yet Stre—phon won her heart.

2.

3.

4.

The stripling swore for ever
He'd true and constant prove;
He was a youth so clever
That she repaid his love:
That she repaid, &c.
But Death, their joys resenting,
Of Strephon made a prize,
Oh! powers unrelenting
To close the shepherd's eyes.
To close, &c.

Now sobbing, pining, crying,
The beauteous widow ran;
And vow'd, in endless sighing
To weep her constant man.
To weep, &c.
But Corydon, the rover
To court her did prepare,
And thought another lover
Might not displease the fair.
Might not, &c.

With boldness he advances,
The fair his love denies,
Till irresistible glances
Shot flashing from his eyes;
Shot flashing, &c.
With oaths and vows affailing
He wipes each tear-swoln cheek;
Untill his love prevailing,
He weds her in a week.
He weds her, &c.

The Lads of the Mill. Set by Mr. FESTING. Sung by Mr. BEARD.

Who has
e'er been at Badlock must needs know $\frac{1}{2}$ mill, At the sign of the horse at the foot of the hill ;
Where $\frac{1}{2}$ grave and the gay, the clown and the beau, With—out all dis-
tinction pro—miscuouf—ly go. Where the grave and $\frac{1}{2}$ gay, the
clown and the beau, Without all distinction pro—miscuously go.

2.

This man of the Mill has a daughter so fair,
With so pleasing a shape, and so winning an air,
That once on the ever-green bank as she stood
I'd swore she was Venus just sprung from the flood.
That once on the ever-green, &c.

3.

But looking again I perceiv'd my mistake,

For Venus, tho' fair, has the look of a rake ;
While nothing but virtue and modesty fill
The more beautiful looks of the Lads of the Mill.
While nothing, &c.

4.

Prometheus stole fire, as the poets all say,
To enliven that mass which he modell'd of clay ;
Had Polly been with him the beams of her eyes

Had sav'd him the trouble of robbing the skies.
Had Polly been with him, &c.

5.

Since first I beheld this dear Lad of the Mill,
I can ne'er be at quiet, but do what I will,
All the day and all night I sigh and think still
I shall die if I have not this Lad of the Mill.
All the day, &c.

The

The NONPAREIL. Set by Dr. BOYCE.

Tho' Cloe

out of fashion, can blush and be fin—cere, I'd toast her in a bumper if

all the belles were here: What tho' no diamonds sparkle a—bout her neck or waste, With

ev'ry shining vir—tue the love—ly maid is gra—

—c'd, With ev'ry shi—ning vir—tue the lovely maid is grac'd.

2.

Nor envies them their conquests,
The hearts of all the fools.
Nor envies them, &c.

The Graces all possessing,
Yet knows not she has one :
Then grant me, gracious heav'n,
The gifts you most approve,
And Cloe, charming Cloe !
Will bless me with her love.
And Cloe, &c.

3.

Who wins her must have merit,
Such merit as her own ;

In modest, plain apparel,
No patches, paint or airs,
In debt alone to nature,
An angel she appears :
From gay coquets high finish'd
My Cloe takes no rules,

M

JOCKEY

JOCKEY and JENNY. *A Dialogue sung by Mr. LOWE and Miss FALKNER.*

Stern Winter has left us, the trees are in bloom, And cowllips and

Vi—lets the mea—dows per—fume ; While kids are dif—porting and birds fill the

spray, I wait but for Jockey to hail the new May. I wait but for Jockey to

hail the new May.

2

3

4

JOCKEY. Among the young lil-
lies, my Jenny, I've stray'd,
Pinks, dazies, and woodbines I bring
to my maid ;
Here's thyme sweetly smelling, and
lavender gay,
A posy to form for my queen of the
May.
A posy to form, &c.

JENNY. Ah ! Jockey, I fear you
intend to beguile ;
When seated with Molly last night
on a stile,
You swore that you'd love her for
ever and aye,
Forgetting poor Jenny, your queen
of the May.
Forgetting poor Jenny, &c.

JOCKEY. Young Willy is hand-
some in shepherd's green dress,
He gave you those ribbands that
hang at your breast,
Besides three sweet kisses upon the
new hay,
Was that done like Jenny, my
queen of the May ?
Was that done like Jenny, &c.

JENNY

5

JENNY. This garland of roses no longer I prize,
Since Jockey falsehearted, his passion denies;
Ye flowers so blooming, this instant decay,
For Jenny's no longer the queen of the May.
For *Jenny's no longer, &c.*

6.

JOCKEY. Believe me dear maiden, your lover you wrong,

Your name is for ever the theme of my song;
From the dews of pale eve to the dawning of day,
I sing but of Jenny, my queen of the May.
I sing but of Jenny, &c.

7.

JENNY. Again balmy comfort with transport I view,
My fears are all vanish'd, since Jockey is true;
Then to our blith shepherds the news I'll convey,

That Jenny alone you've crown'd queen of the May.
That Jenny alone, &c.

8.

JOCKEY. Of ev'ry degree, ye young lovers, draw near,
Avoid all suspicion, whate'er may appear;
Believe not your eyes, if your peace they'd betray,
Then come, my dear Jenny, and hail the new May.
Then come, my dear, &c.

The Shepherd's Invitation. Set by Mr. LAMPE.

Andantino.

The new-flown birds, the shepherds sing, and welcome in the may; Come Pasto—rella
now the spring makes ev'—ry landscape gay: Wide spreading trees their lea—fy shade o'er
half the plain extend, Or in reflecting fountains play'd & quiv'ring branches be — — nd, their
quiv'ring branches bend. Or in reflect—ing fountains play'd, their quiv'ring branches bend.

2.

Come taste the season in it's prime,
And blest the rising year;
Oh! how my soul grows sick of time,
'Till thou, my love, appear:
Then shall I pass the gladsome day
Warm in thy beauty's shine,

When thy dear flock shall sport and play,
And intermix with mine.
And intermix, &c.

3.

For thee, of doves a milk-white pair
In filken bands I hold;

For thee a firstling lambkin fair
I keep within the fold:
If milk-white doves acceptance meet,
Or tender lambkin please,
My spotless heart without deceit
Be offer'd up with these.
Be offer'd, &c.

DAMON and PHILLIS. A Dialogue. Set by Mr. ARNE.

Ah! Phillis shame on you to serve a swain

so, You promis'd, last lammas, you ve-ry well know, If I'd stay but till christmas our

hands should be join'd, And it's midsummer now, Phillis why so un-kind? Why,

why Phillis, why so un-kind?

2.

3.

4.

PHILLIS. True Damon, I promis'd,
I know it—what then?
My mind has since alter'd—how
faithless are men!
You vow'd to be constant, and yet
t'other day
Who swore that young Lucy was
sweet as the May!
Sweet, sweet, was sweet as the
May!

DAMON. When Phillis grew coy,
when she left me forlorn,
And was sighing to Collin beneath
the green thorn;
Mad, jealous and fretting, pray who
was to blame,
If with Lucy I strove to make
Phillis the same?
Strove, strove to make Phillis
the same.

PHILLIS. Like the bee that goes
roving to rifle the spring,
You pip'd to each damsel, to me
you would sing;
I lik'd the sweet lay, for I thought
it sincere,
But why does Pastora so oft drop
the tear?
Why, why, why so oft drop the
tear?

DAMON

5.

DAMON. From my heart let me
tell thee, I proudly assay'd
To conquer each beautiful, insolent
maid ;
The garlands they wreath'd at thy
feet are resign'd,

This, this was my pride ; then is
Phyllis unkind ?
Then, then, then is Phyllis un-
kind ?

6.

PHILLIS. How frail the disguise a
fond lover would try !

How weak the thin snare that the
soul would belie !
Hence, hence with suspicion away
from the grove,
And prove at the church that truth
waits upon love.
Prove, prove that truth waits up-
on love.

The DUETTO.

Hence, hence $\frac{th}{th}$ sus—picion, a—way from $\frac{y}{y}$ grove, And prove at $\frac{y}{y}$ church that truth waits upon

Hence, hence $\frac{th}{th}$ sus—picion a—way from $\frac{y}{y}$ grove, And prove at the church $\frac{y}{y}$ truth waits upon

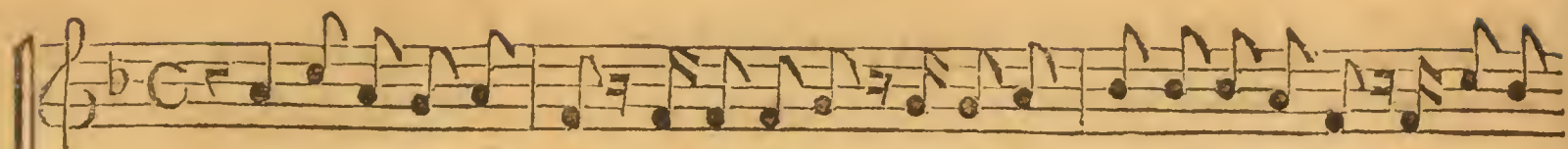
love, Hence hence $\frac{th}{th}$ sus—picion away from the grove, And prove at $\frac{y}{y}$ church truth waits up—on

love. Hence hence with sus—picion a—way from the grove, And prove at $\frac{y}{y}$ church truth waits up—on

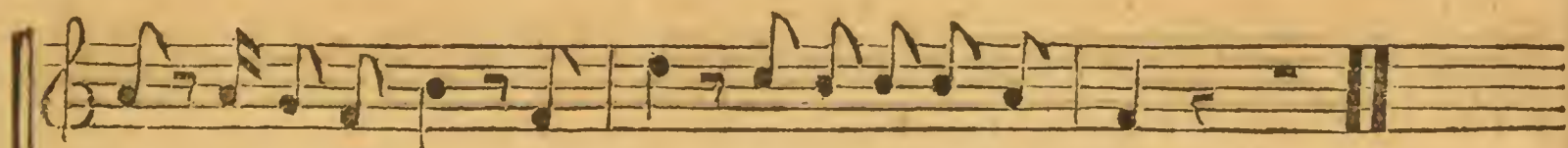
love. Prove, prove truth waits upon love.

love. Prove, prove truth waits upon love.

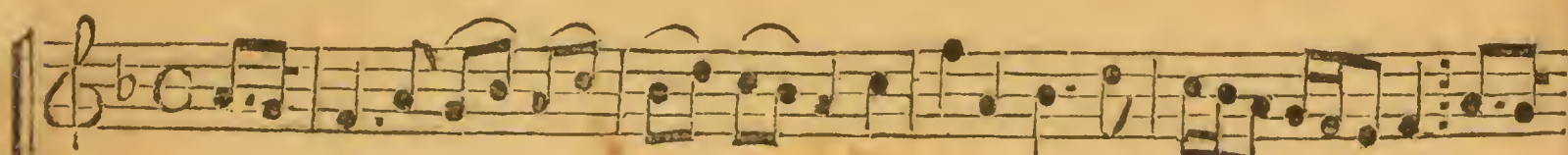
The Sequel to, Who'll buy a Heart. Set by Mr. STANLEY.



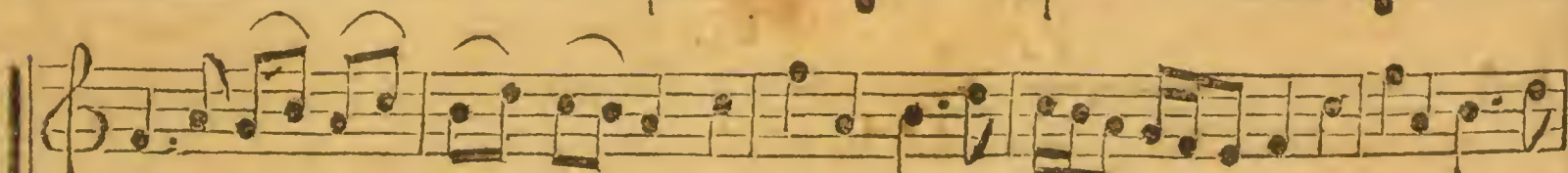
Recit. As in a pensive mood Myrtilla sat resolving on $\frac{e}{y}$ will of fate, A sprightly



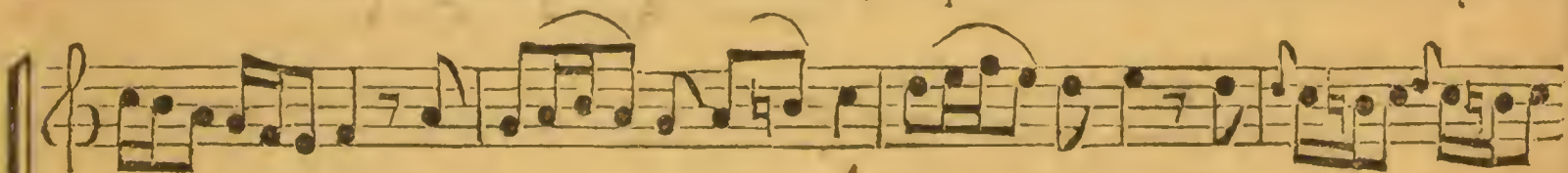
youth devoid of care advanc'd and thus address'd the fair.



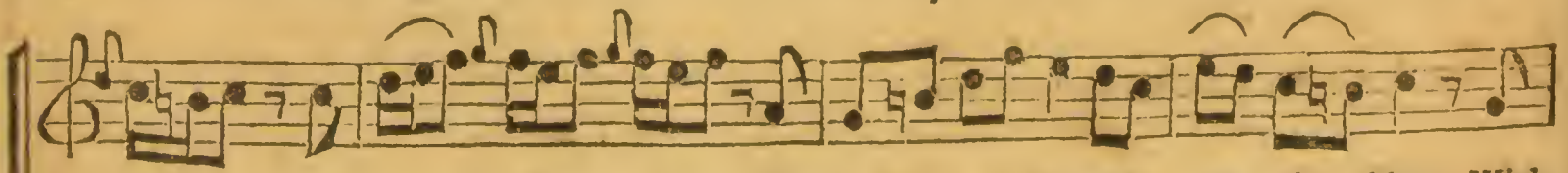
Allegro. Thou




vernal bloom of beau—ty's tree, I'm come to buy a heart of thee:



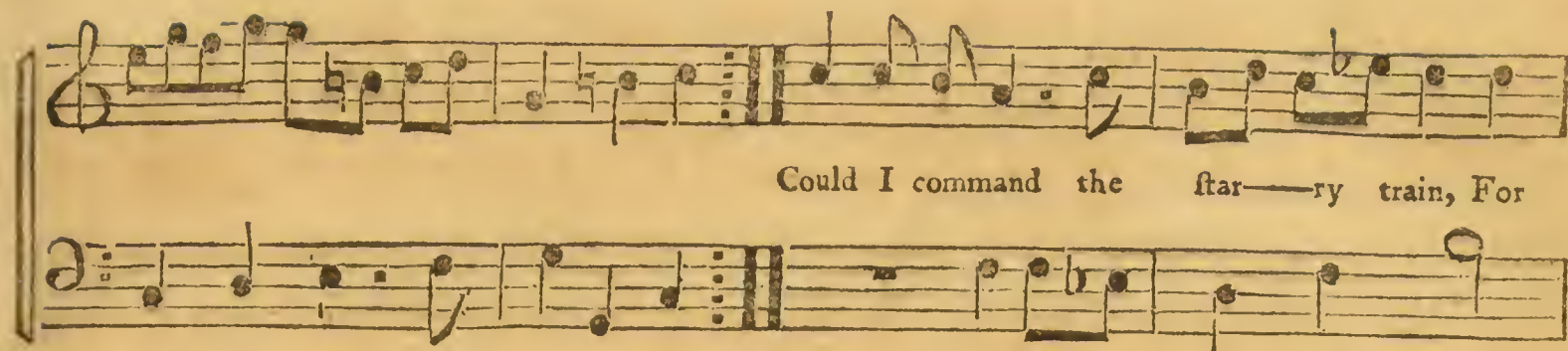
With transf—ports I re—ceiv'd the tale, That such a



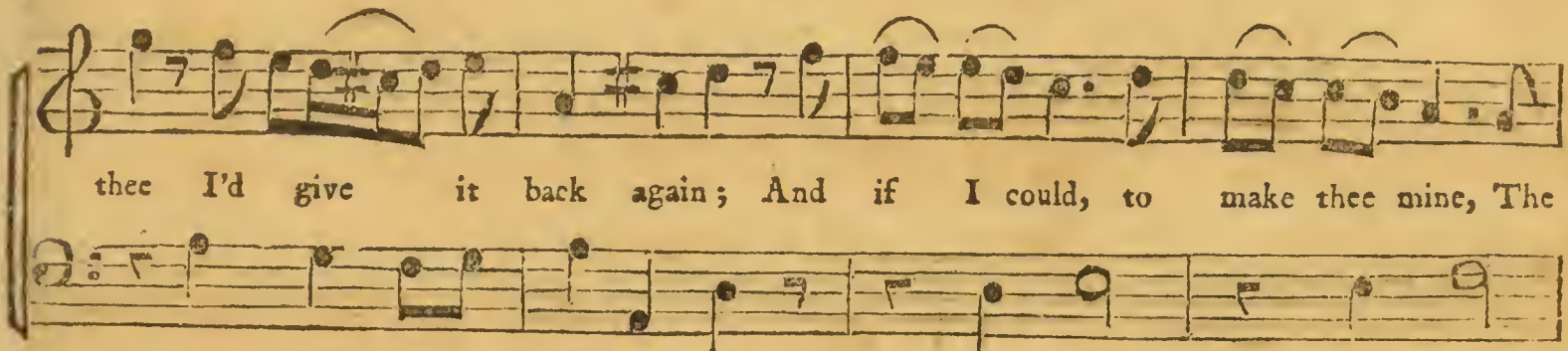
gem was up for sale, That such a gem was up for sale; With



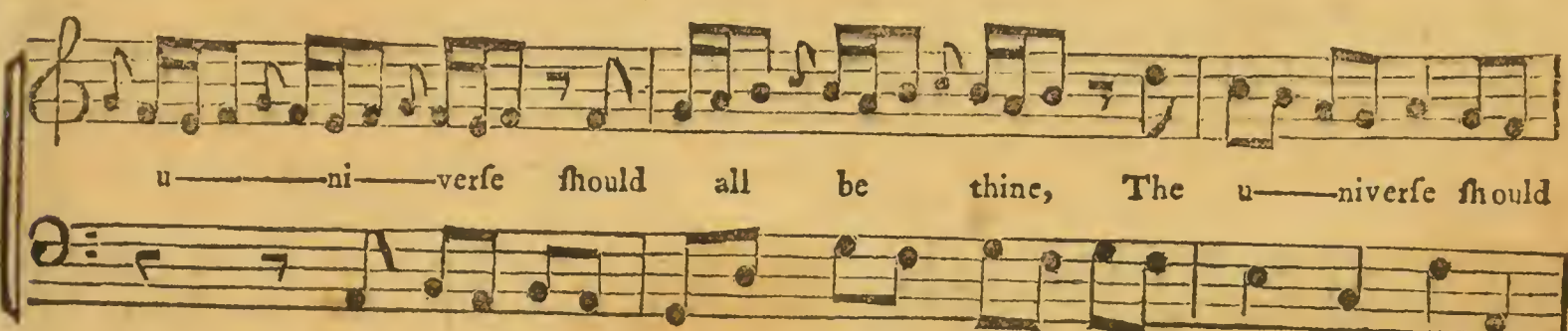
transf—ports I re—ceiv'd the tale, That such a gem was up for sale.



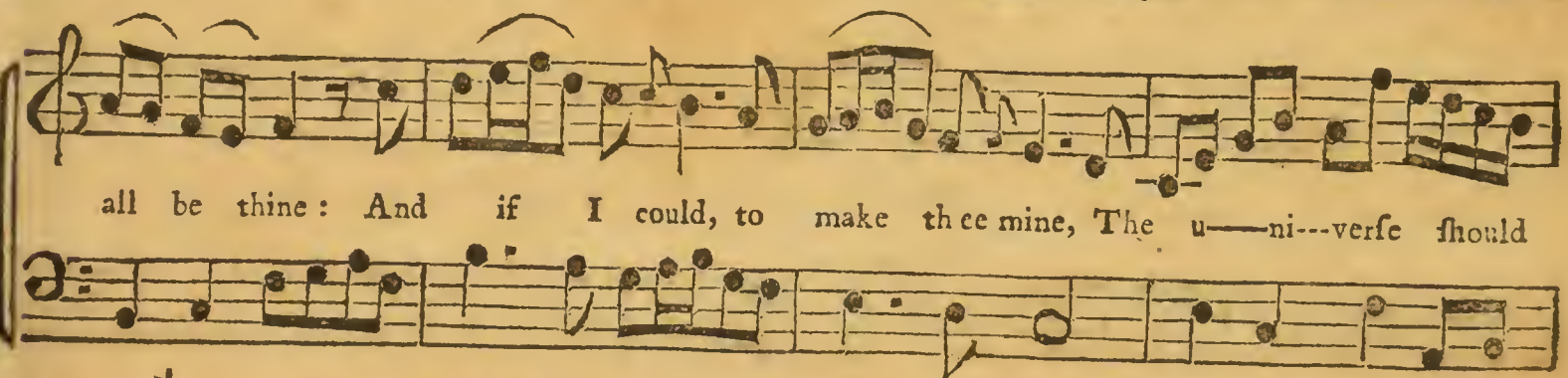
Could I command the star—ry train, For



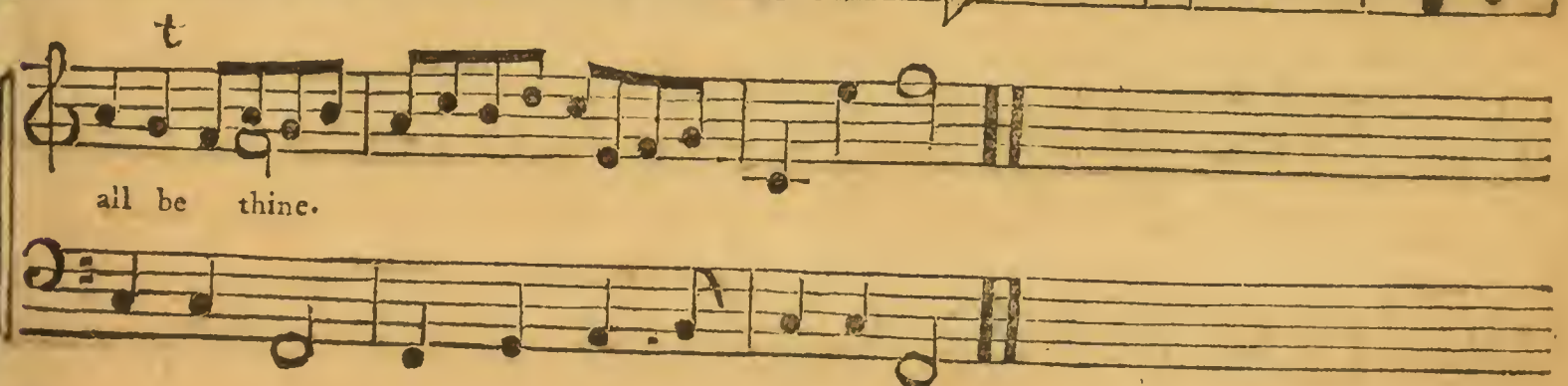
thee I'd give it back again; And if I could, to make thee mine, The



u—ni—verse should all be thine, The u—niverse should

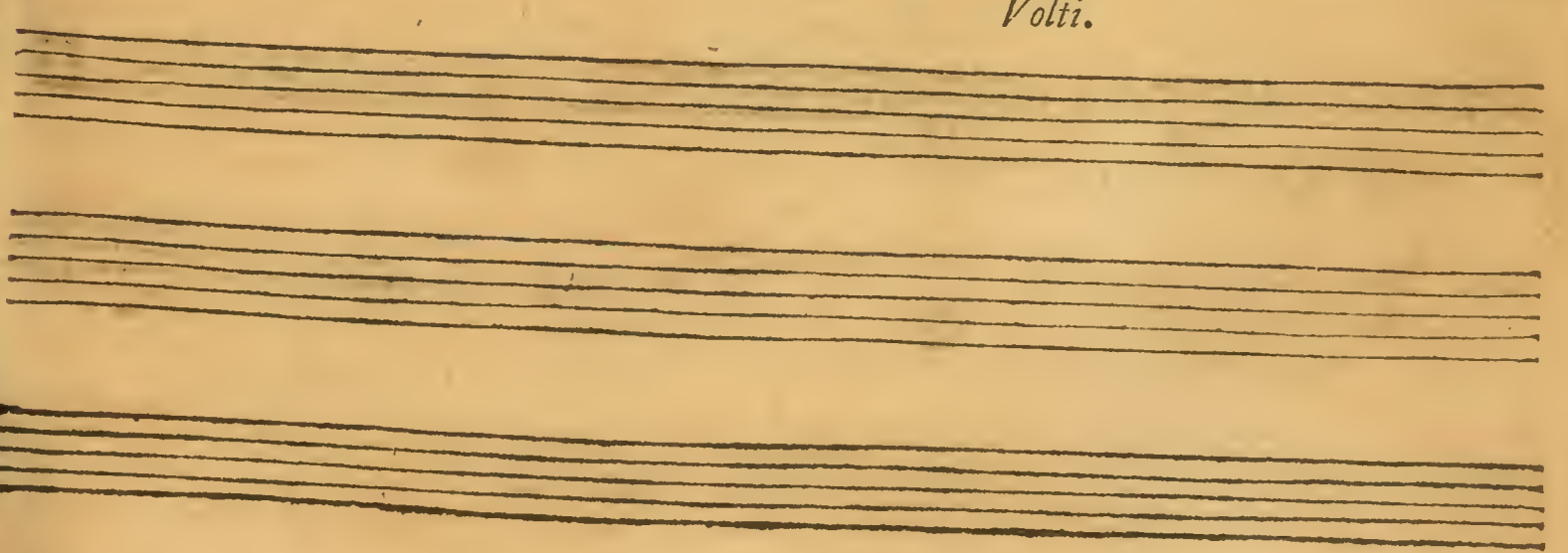


all be thine: And if I could, to make thee mine, The u—ni—verse should




all be thine.

Volti.

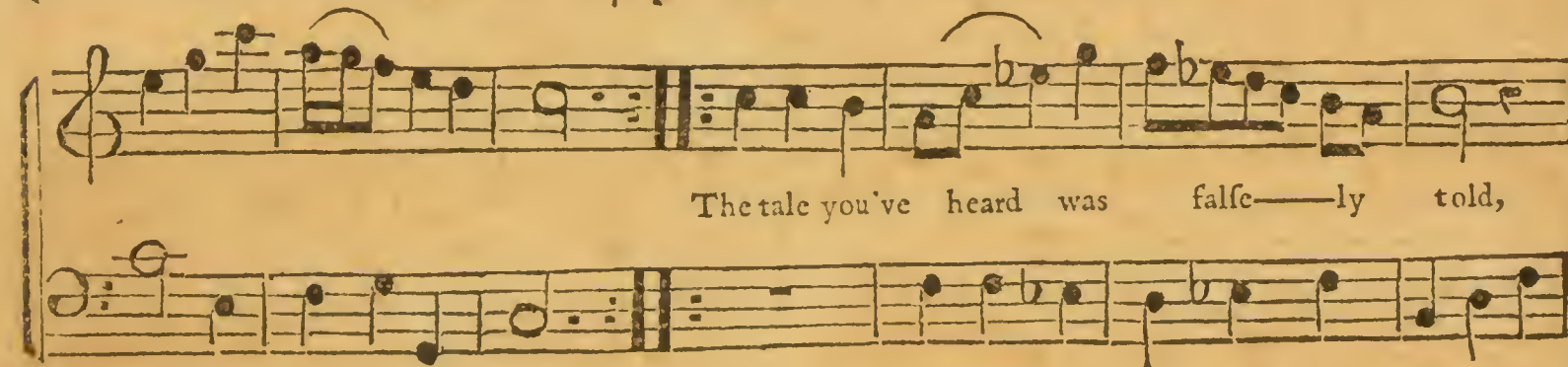




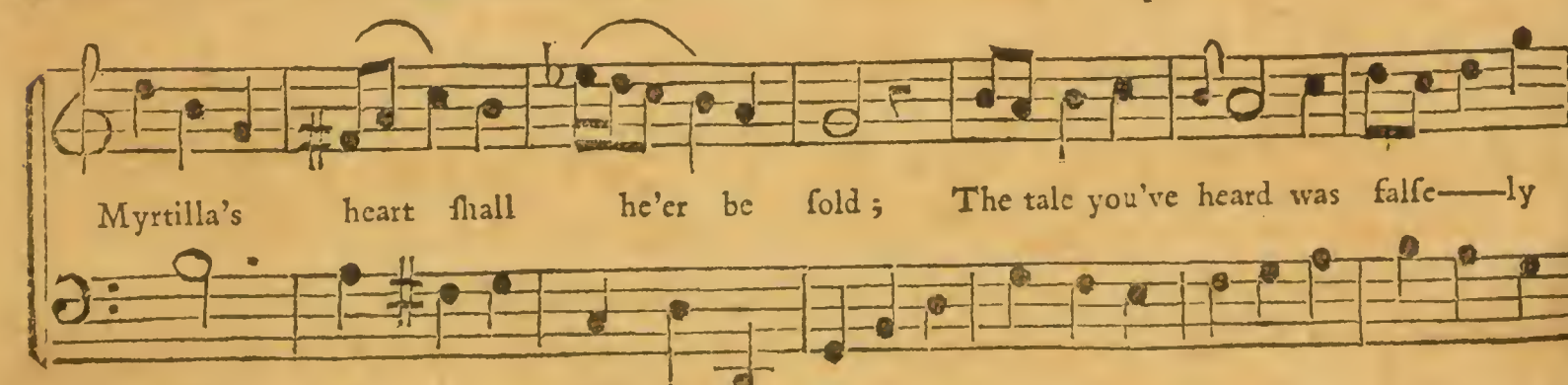
Go hence the maid with soft—ness cries, Merit the best de-



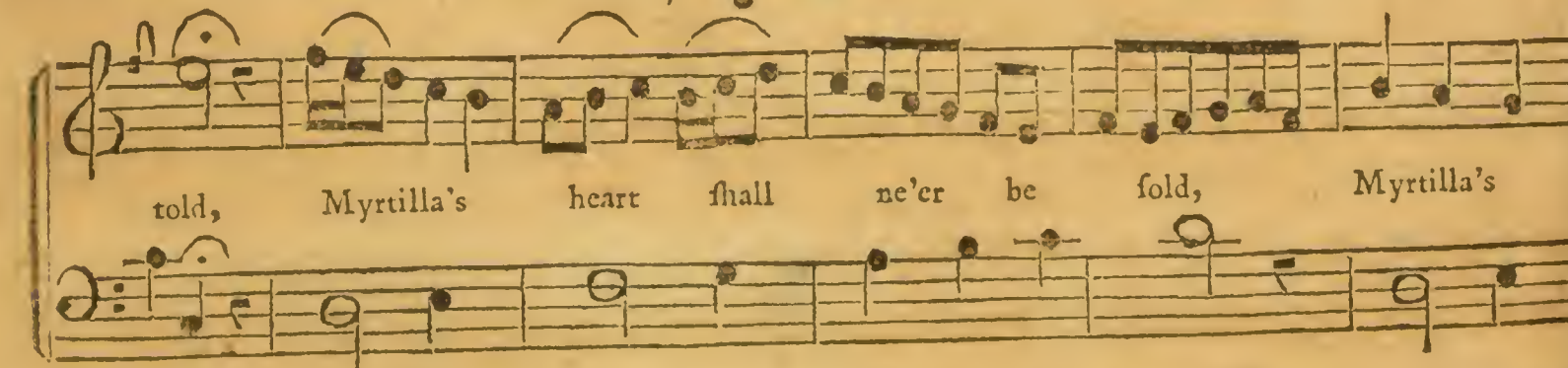
erves the prize, Merit the best de serves the prize:



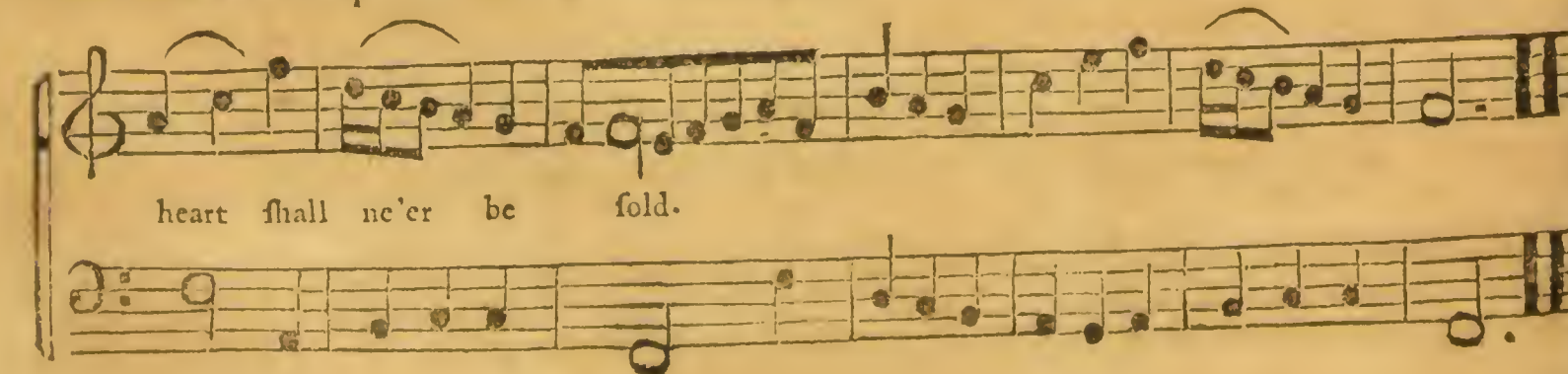
The tale you've heard was false—ly told,



Myrtilla's heart shall he'er be fold; The tale you've heard was false—ly



told, Myrtilla's heart shall ne'er be fold, Myrtilla's



heart shall ne'er be fold.

Set by Mr. WORGAN. Sung by Miss BURCHEL.

Young Col—lin was the bon—niest swain That
e—ver pip'd up—on the plain, Or danc'd up—on the lee : The
wan—ton kid, in game—some bound, That fro—licks o'er the tur—fy
ground, Was not so blithe as he.

2.

3.

4.

Beneath the oak in yonder dale,
You'd think you heard the nightin-
gale,
Whene'er he rais'd his voice ;
But ah ! the youth was all deceit,
His vows, his oaths, were all a
cheat,
And choice succeeded choice.

The maidens sung in willow groves
Of Collin's false and perjur'd loves.
Here Jenny told her woes :
And Moggy's tears increas'd the
brook,
Whose cheeks like dying lillies look
That once out-blush'd the rose.

Unhappy fair ! my words believe,
So shall no swain your hopes de-
ceive,
And leave you to despair ;
E'er he disclose his fickle mind,
Change first yourselves, for ah !
you'll find
False Collins ev'ry where.

DIONE.

The Muses DELIGHT.

DIONE, A Pastoral. Set by Mr. ARNE.

Andante Largo.

Up—on a summer's ev'ning clear, Di-

o-ne hapless maid, All wan & love and pining care, Saught out a secret shade : How wretched ah ! &

chang'd am I, unhap—py maid said she, No scene is pleasing to my view, No

flow'r is sweet to me, No flow'r is sweet to me.

2.

3.

4.

So many vows could Collin make
To me, ah ! faithless swain ;
And yet those plighted vows now
break,
And leave me to complain !
Why did I rashly seek his arms,
And, fond, his tale believe ?
Alas ! I yielded all my charms,
Nor thought he could deceive.
Nor thought, &c.

Yet why of roses such a store,
And lillies in my face,
Since Lucy now can please you
more,
And claims your fond embrace !
My brightest charms I'd willing
give,
Resign my rosy hue ;
Content with Lucy's charms I'd
live
A rural maid for you.
A rural, &c.

But Collin's deaf while I upbraid,
Nor heeds, tho' I complain ;
Thinks not that I'm the injur'd
maid,
And he the faithless swain :
Yet know, false man, Dione's
shade,
To fright you shall appear
And when you climb the marriage-
bed
Dione will be there.
Dione, &c.

The KETTLEBENDER.

All you who are or fair or witty, Come and listen to my ditty ; My

Cho.
muse shall sing, if you'll attend her, Of that same thing call'd the Ket—tleben—der. O

rare Kettle—bender, O rare Kettle-Kettle—bender.

2.

The ladies take it all their heads in
That it's the universal med'cine
For old or young or weak or ten-
der,
All find ease by the Kettlebender.
O rare Kettlebender, &c.

3.

Nay some, who matters fain wou'd
gloss over,
Say 'tis the stone of great philoso-
pher ;
For hardest hearts it soft will ren-
der,
Transmuted by the Kettlebender.
O rare Kettlebender, &c.

4.

Pray what d'ye think made Portf-
mouth's dutchess,
Who, or fame lies, a nonsuch was,

Stick so close to the Faith's De-
fender ?
What, but the love for his Kettle-
bender.
O rare Kettlebender, &c.

5.

I'm sure if you have learn'd but
any way,
You must have read of madam Da-
nac,
That bolts nor bars cou'd e'er de-
fend her,
Or keep her safe from the Kettle-
bender.
O rare Kettlebender, &c.

6.

Europa's case you've heard, I'm sa-
tisfy'd,
How, fearless, on the bull she sat
aftride ;
Nor waves, nor rocks, her flight

could hinder,
She stuck so close to the Kettle-
bender.
O rare Kettlebender, &c.

7.

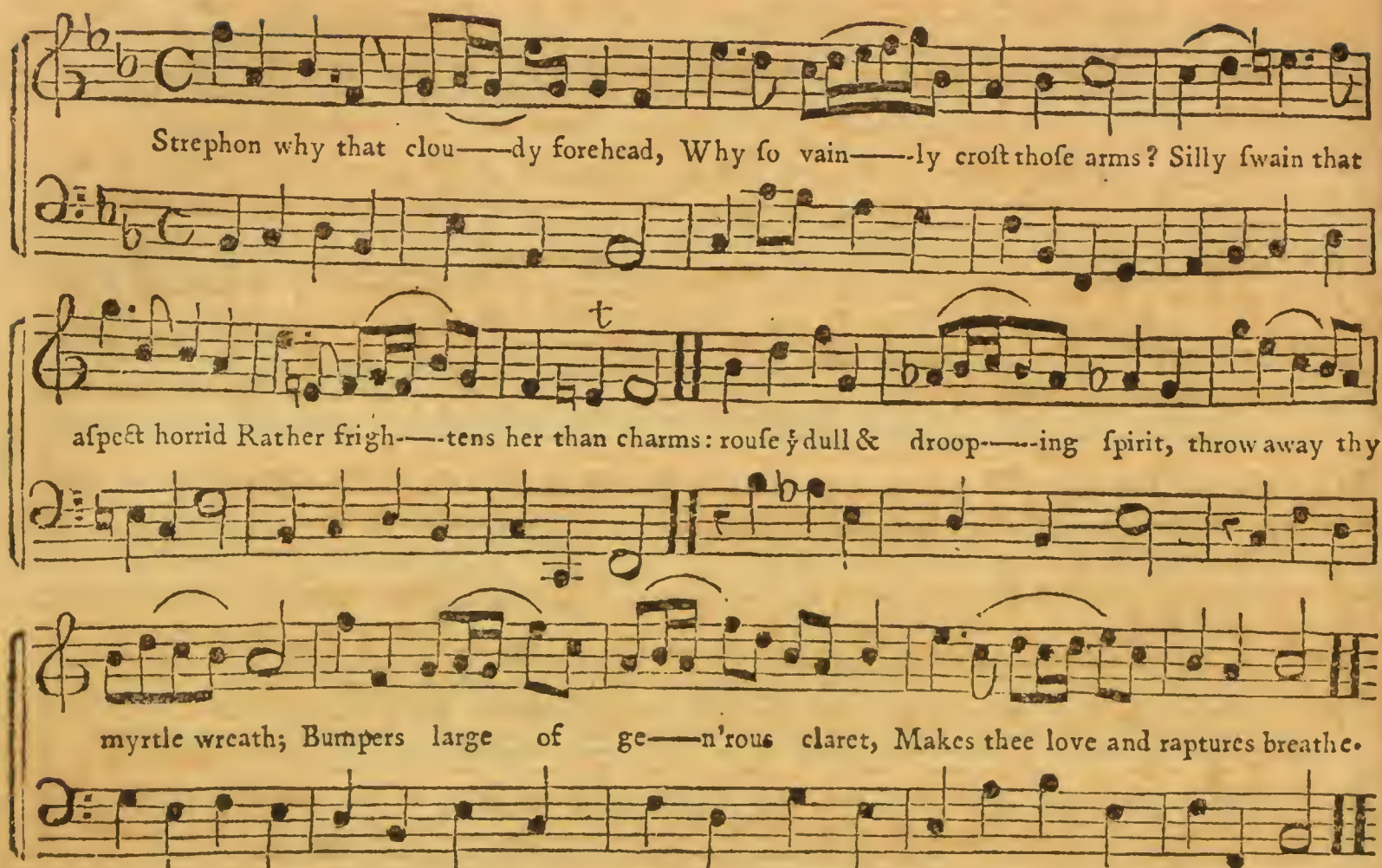
It went so hard too with poor Le-
da,
Who was afraid to die a maid-a,
That to a swan she did surrender,
Rather than want a Kettlebender.
O rare Kettlebender, &c.

8.

I must name Proserpine to you too,
Who ravish'd was, they say, by
Pluto ;
Was she so ?—the devil mend her,
She went to hell for the Kettle-
bender.
O rare Kettlebender, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

Love's Bacchanal. Set by Mr. VINCENT.



Strephon why that clou—dy forehead, Why so vain—ly crost those arms? Silly swain that

aspect horrid Rather frigh—tens her than charms: rouse y dull & droop—ing spirit, throw away thy

myrtle wreath; Bumpers large of ge—n'rous claret, Makes thee love and raptures breathe.

Sacrifice this juice prolific
To each letter of her name;
Gods they deem'd it a specific,
Why not mortals do the same?

See the high-charg'd goblet smi-
ling,
Bids thee Strephon drink and
prove,

Wine's the liquor most beguil-
ing,
Wine's the weapon conquers
love.

The Amorous Protector. Set by Mr. BRODERIP.



Of ev'—ry sweet that glads the spring, A

tri—bute to thy charms I'll bring; I'll i—mi—tate the

bu—sic bee, To make a garland crown for thee, To make a
gar—land crown for thee. When from the
plains we're chac'd a—way, By the fierce god that rules the day ;
I'll lead thee to the shades and
streams, To shield thee from his scorch—ing beams. To shield thee from his
scorch—ing beams.

And when to rest her eyes in-
cline,
And light nor they no longer
shine ;
The fairest fleece of ev'ry sheep
My love shall press in peaceful

sleep.
My love, &c.
From all the ills that night in-
vade
I'll guard the dear, the beauteous
maid ;

My tender, faithful care shall
prove
None watch so well as those that
love.
None watch, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Lover and the Friend. Sung by Mr. LOWE.

Andante Affettuoso.

O thou for whom my lyre I string, Of
whom I think and speak and sing; Thou constant object of my joys, Whose sweetness ev'ry wish em-
ploys, Whose sweetness ev'ry wish employs. Thou dearest
of thy sex attend, And hear the lov—er and the friend, And hear the lov—er and the
friend. Thou dearest of thy sex at—tend, And hear the lov—er and the friend.

S.

t t t

S.

2

Not distant is the cruel day,
That tears me from my self away ;
Then frown not, fair one, if I try
To steal the moisture from your eye,
And from your heart a sigh to send,
To mourn the lover and the friend.
To mourn, &c.

4

I saw you still, your gen'rous heart
In all my sorrows bore a part ;
Yet while your eyes ~~sh~~ pity glow'd,
No words of hope your tongue be-
stow'd ;
But mildly bid me cease to blend,
The name of lover and the friend.
The name, &c.

6

In vain alas ! in vain I strive,
To keep a dying hope alive ;
A last sad remedy remains,
'Tis Absence $\frac{y}{y}$ must cure my pains ;
Thy image from my bosom rend,
And force the lover from the friend.
And force, &c.

3

Whole years I strove against the
flame,
And suffer'd ills without a name ;
Yet still the painful secret kept,
And to myself in silence wept ;
'Till grown unable to contend,
I own'd the lover and the friend.
I own'd, &c.

5

Curse on all wealth that can destroy
My utmost hope of earthly joy ;
Thy gifts, Oh fortune ! I resign,
Let her and poverty be mine :
And ev'ry year that life shall lend
Shall bless the lover and the friend.
Shall bless, &c.

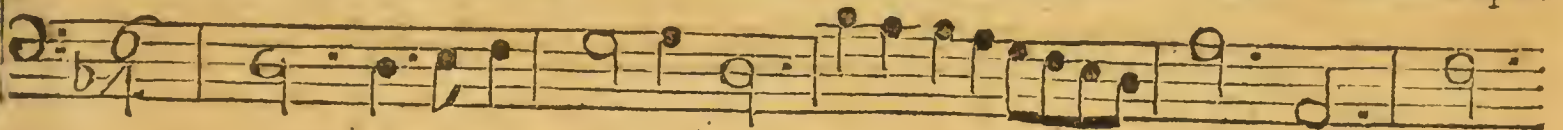
7

Vain thought ! tho' seas between us
roll,
Thy love is rooted in my soul ;
The vital blood that warms my heart
With thy idea must depart ;
And Death's decisive stroke must end
At once the lover and the friend.
At once, &c.

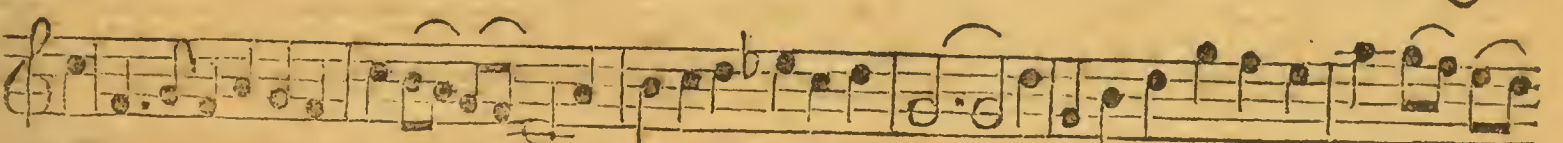
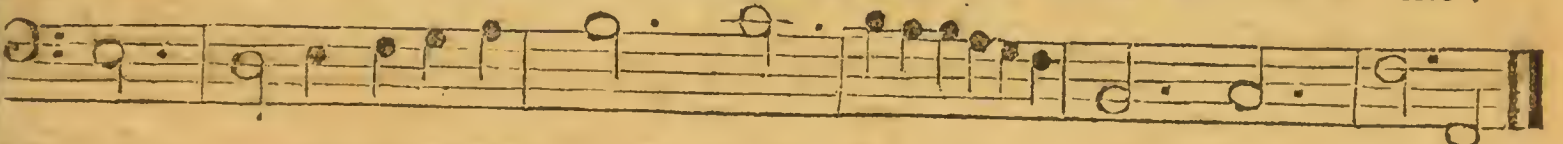
ORPHEUS and EURIDICE. Set by Dr. BOYCE.



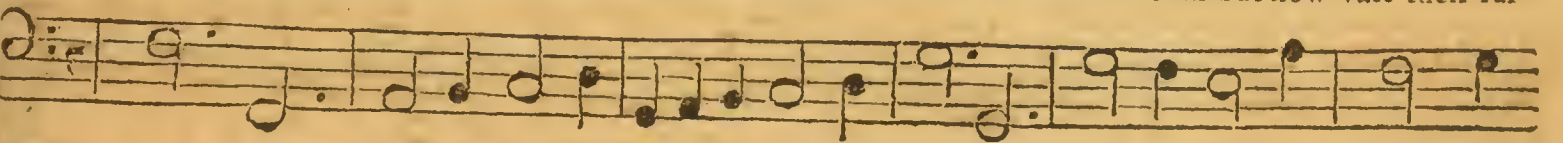
When Orpheus went down to $\frac{y}{y}$ regions below which men are forbid—den to see, He tun'd up his



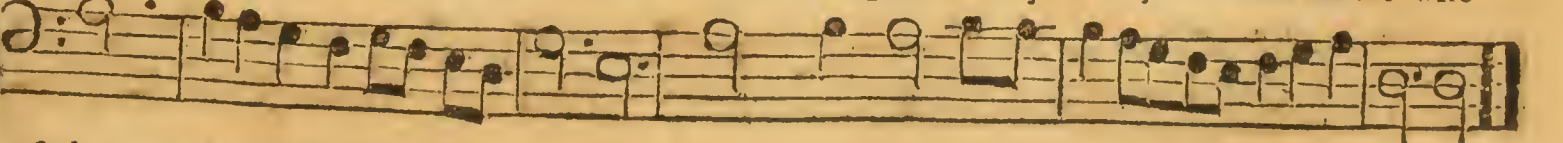
lyre as old his—tories shew, To set his Eu—ri—di—ce free, To set his Eu—ri—di—ce free :



All Hell was astonish'd a person so wise shd. rashly endanger his life, & venture so far but how vast their sur-



prize $\frac{y}{y}$ they heard $\frac{y}{y}$ he came for his wife, How vast their surprize when $\frac{y}{y}$ heard $\frac{y}{y}$ he came for his wife.



To find out a punishment due to
the fault,
Old Pluto had puzzl'd his brain ;
But hell had not torments sufficient
he thought,
So he gave him his wife back a-

gain.
He gave him, &c.
But pity succeeding soon vanquish'd
his heart,
And pleas'd with his playing so
well,

He took her again, in reward of
his art ;
Such power had music in hell.
Such power, &c.

The Wanderer fix'd. Set by Mr. ARNE.

My youthful heart an

ea—sy prize, Was first enslav'd by Sal—ly's eyes; With ev—ry glance enchanted, With

e—v'ry glance en—chanted: But, tho' the rapture thrill'd my soul, With aukward

air each kiss I stole, Nor knew the bliss I want—ed, Nor knew the bliss I

wanted.

2.

To study then I flew for aid,
But there, too soon, soft thoughts
invade,
And taint my inclinations;
Why did ye, gods, such warmth
impart?
Why form my unresisting heart
A slave to all the passions
A slave, &c.

3.

Doom'd still a dupe to giddy love,
False Sukey's charms I needs must
prove,
And rush'd to my undoing;
For O too soon the gentle flame
A wild destructive fire became,
And hurried me to ruin.
And hurried, &c.

4.

Then short and tall and brown and
fair,
By turns my am'rous moments share
Unfix'd as April weather;
Nor would my heart submit t'en-
treat
A single nymph, but proudly beat
For all the sex together.
For all, &c.

At

5.

And was again unhearted ;
To her the little flutt'rer flew,
And grafted to her bosom grew,
At length I Jenny chanc'd to see,
Like gentle nature fair and free,

Nor can from thence be parted.
Nor can, &c.

SUSANNAH. Set by Mr. HANDEL.

Sung by Mr. BRETT, at Ranelagh Gardens, at LIVERPOOL.

Andante. Ask

if yon damask rose is sweet & scents the am---bient Air, Then ask each shepherd & you meet if

dear Su—san—nah's fair ; if dear dear Su—san—nah's fair, if dear Su—san—nah's fair : Ask

if yon damask rose is sweet & scents the am--bient Air ; Then ask each Shepherd & you meet if

dear Sufannah's fair, if dear Sufannah's fair.

2.

Say, will the vulture leave his prey,

And warble thro' the grove ?

Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,

Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

Then doubt doubt thy shepherd's

love,

Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

Say will the vulture, &c.

3.

The spoils of war let heroes share,

Let pride in splendor shine ;

Ye bards unenvy'd lawrels wear,

Be fair Sufannah mine,

Be fair, fair Sufannah mine,

Be fair Sufannah mine.

The spoils of war, &c.

COLLIN's Description of Vauxhall. Set by Mr. GLADWIN.

O! Mary soft in feature, I've been at dear vauxhall, No pa---ra---dise is
sweeter, Not that they E---den call: At night such new va---ga---ries, Such
gay such harmless sport; All look'd like giant fai---ries, And this their monarch's court

2.

4.

6.

Methought, when first I enter'd,
Such splendor round me shone,
Into a world I ventur'd
Where rose another sun:
Whilst music, never cloying,
As sky-larks sweet I hear;
The sounds I'm still enjoying,
They'll always soothe my ear.

3.

Here paintings sweetly glowing,
Where'er your glances fall;
Here colours, life bestowing,
Bedeck this Greenwood-hall:
The king there dubs a farmer,*
There John his doxy loves;*
But my delight's the charmer
Who steals a pair of gloves.*

As still amaz'd I'm straying
O'er this enchanted grove,
I spy a harper § playing
All in his proud alcove:
I doff my hat, desiring
He'd play up Buxom Joan,
But what was I admiring?
Odzooks! a man of stone.

5.

But now the tables spreading
They all fall to with glee;
Not e'en at 'squire's fine wedding
Such dainties did I see:
I long'd (poor starv'ling rover)
But none heed country elves,
Those folk with lace dawb'd over
Love only dear themselves.

Thus whilst 'mid joys abounding,
As grasshoppers they're gay,
At distance crowds surrounding
The lady of the May, †
The man i'th' moon tweer'd sily,
Soft twinkling thro' the trees,
As tho' 'twould please him highly
To taste delights like these.

* Alluding to three pictures in the pavillions; the king and miller, the sailors in a tippling-house, and the girl stealing a kiss from a sleepy gentleman. § Mr. Handel's statue. † Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales sitting under her splendid pavillion.

The Wish. Set by Mr. HOWARD.

The Wish. Set by Mr. HOWARD.

Am—bition ne—ver me seduc'd To soar on for—tune's painted wing,
Far humbler mo—tives strong induc'd To haunt un—
vex'd the mu—ses spring, To haunt un—vex'd the muses spring.
Some cot I wish for where sweet peace Mild o'er y soul her influence sheds,
Where pleasures flow with fond encrease, And sport at ease on ro—sy beds. And
sport at ease on rosy beds.

Where sylvan scenes the fancy
raise,
Exalt the soul, improve the
lay;
Where fanning Zephirs soothe the
blaze

Of summer's fiercely-darting ray.
Of summer's, &c,
The dimpl'd stream, the winding
shade,
The lawn in charming verdure
drest;

Th' aspiring hill, the tufted glade,
Soft themes shall pleasing
thoughts suggest.
Soft themes, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

Philosophy no Remedy for Love. *Sung by Mr. LOWE.*

Long had I borne of
love the pain, And long in silence drag'd & chain; With re—so—lution ne'er to tell the
love I bore to I—sa--bel, The love I bore to Isa--bel.

2.

3.

4.

The fire she kindled in my breast,
Philosophy would have suppress'd;
But in that breast love took it's
stand,
'Triumphant, with a burning brand.
Triumphant, &c.

Dear Isabel, thou much-lov'd maid,
Bring to a bleeding heart thine aid;
Thou hast the fountain, thou the
pow'r
To quench a flame & would devour.
To quench, &c.

To ease me of the thrilling smart,
To wrench the dagger from my
heart,
And to apply a hand divine,
O goddess of my soul! is thine.
O goddess, &c.

The Dying Swan. *Set by Dr. GREENE.*

'Twas on a River's ver—dant side, Just at the close of Day:
A dy—ing Swan with Mu—sic tried To chase her Cares a—way.

And

2.
And tho' she ne'er had stretch'd
her throat,
Nor tun'd her voice before ;
Death, ravish'd with so sweet a
note,
Awhile the stroke forbore.

Where Phœbus us'd to dart his
beams,
And bless both me and you.

See yonder setting sun
Attends while I my last rehearse,
And then I must be gone.

3.
Farewel the cry'd you silver streams,
Ye purling streams adieu,

4.
Farewel the tender whistling reeds,
Soft scenes of happy love ;
Farewel ye bright ennamell'd meads
Where I was us'd to rove.

6.
Weep not my tender, constant
mate,
We'll meet again below ;
It is the kind decree of fate,
And I with pleasure go.

5.
No more with you may I converse,

O wouldst thou know, &c. Set by Mr. ST. GERMAIN.

O wouldst thou know what se-----cret charms, This destin'd heart of mine a-

larms ; This destin'd heart of mine a-----larms ;

What kind of nymph & heav'n's de—cree, & maid &'s made for

Love and me - - - - - & maid &'s

made for love and me.

2.
Who joys to hear the sighs sincere,
Who melts to see the tender tear:
Who melts, &c.
From each ungente passion free,
O be the maid that's made for me.
O be the maid, &c.

Who feels the blessing she bestows:
Who feels, &c.
Gentle to all, but kind to me,
Be such the maid that's made for
me.
Be such, &c.

Be such the maid that's made for
me.
Be such, &c.

2
Whose heart with gen'rous friend-
ship glows,

4. (art,
Whose simple thoughts devoid of
Are all the natives of her heart :
Are all, &c.
A gentle train, from falshood free.

5
Avaunt, ye light coquets retire,
Where flutt'ring fops around ad-
mire :
Where flutt'ring fops, &c.
Unmov'd your tinsel charms I see,
More genuine beauties are for me.
More genuine beauties, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

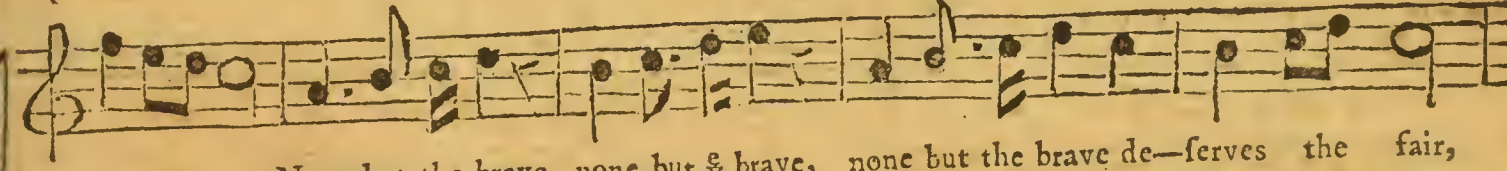
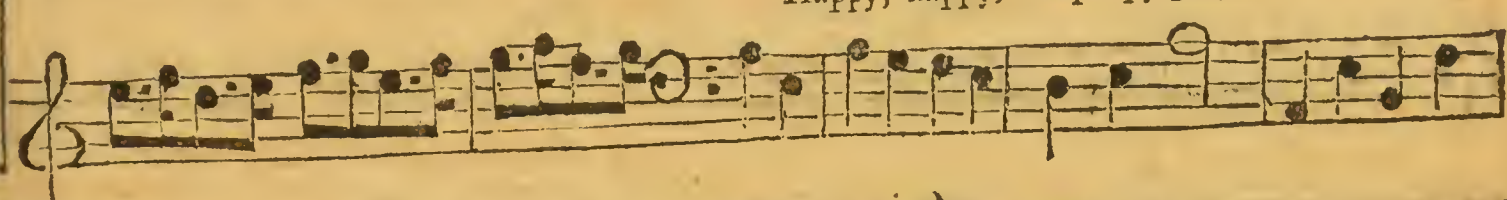
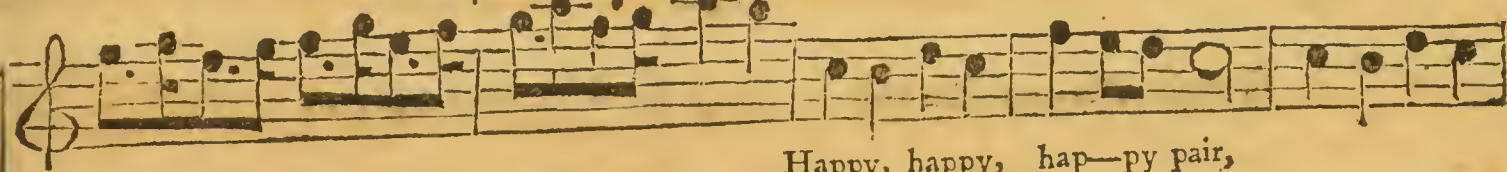
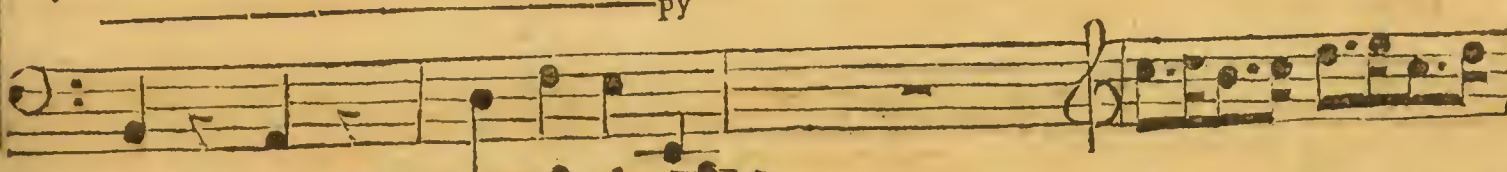
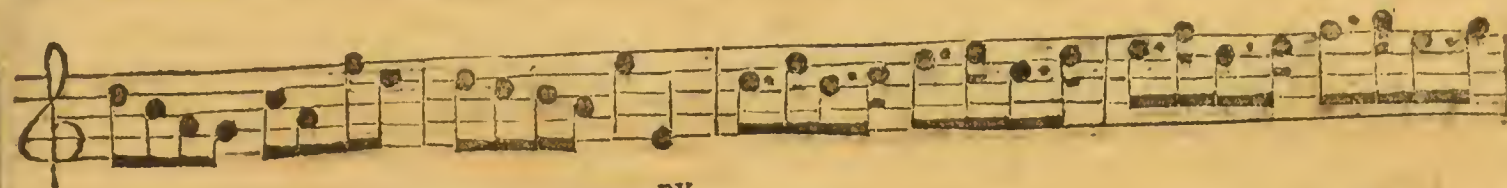
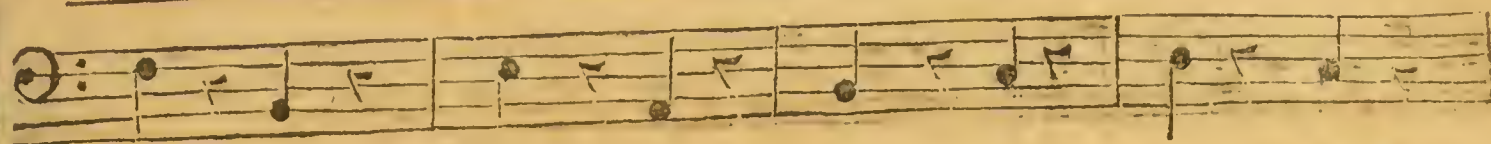
Happy Pair. Set by Mr. HANDEL.

Happy happy, hap—py pair,

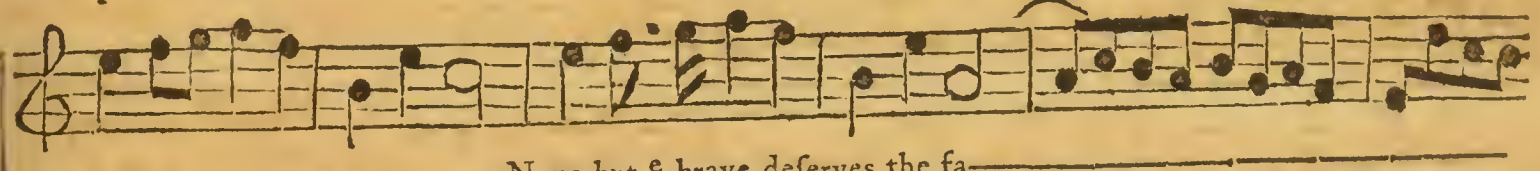
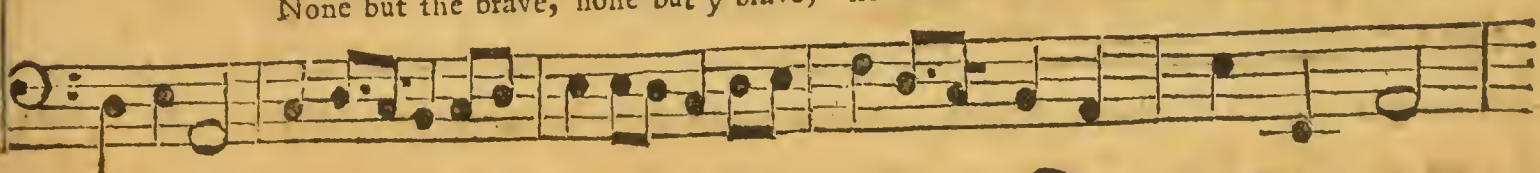
None but the brave, none but the brave deserves the fair, None but the brave

none but the brave, none but the brave deserves the fair.

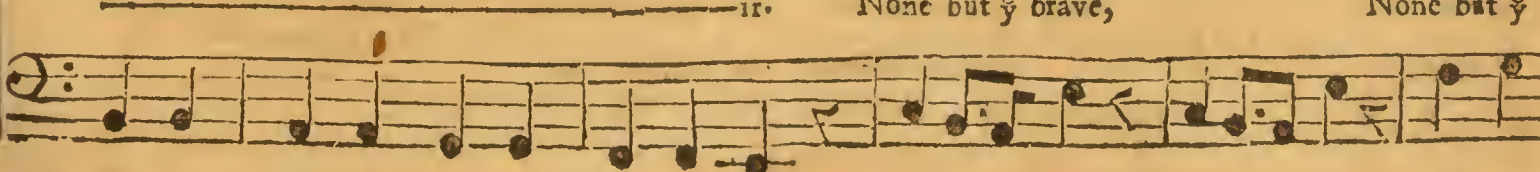
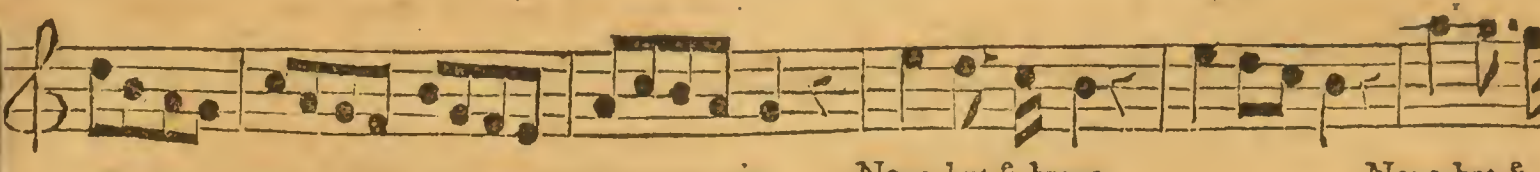
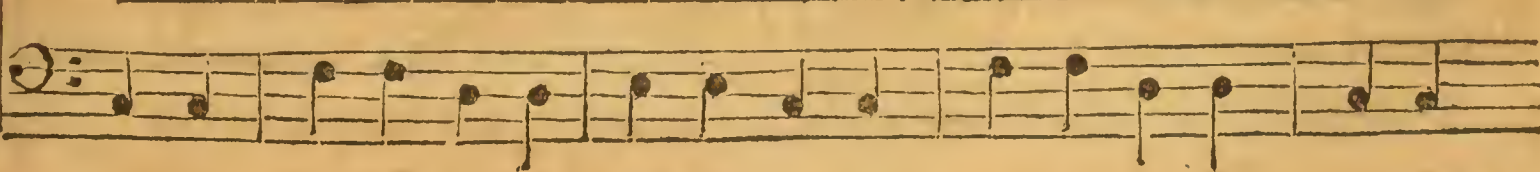
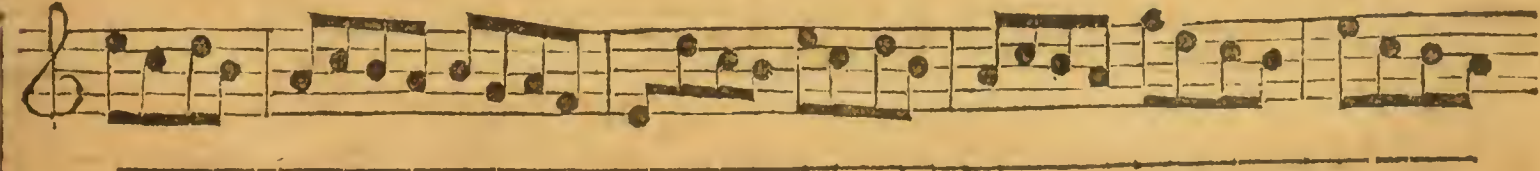
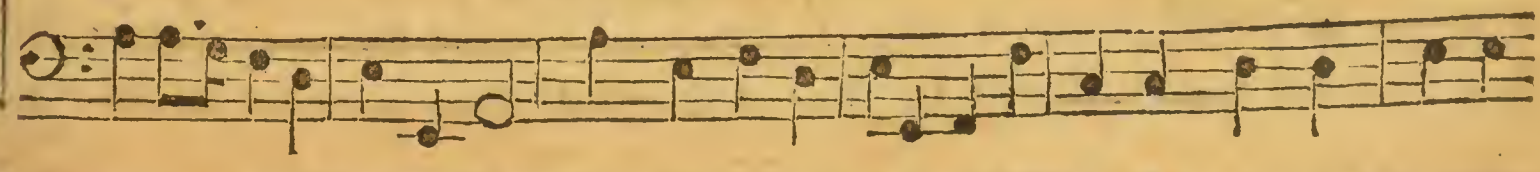
Happy happy hap—py pair, happy ha—



Happy, happy, hap—py pair,
None but the brave, none but $\frac{e}{y}$ brave, none but the brave de—serves the fair,



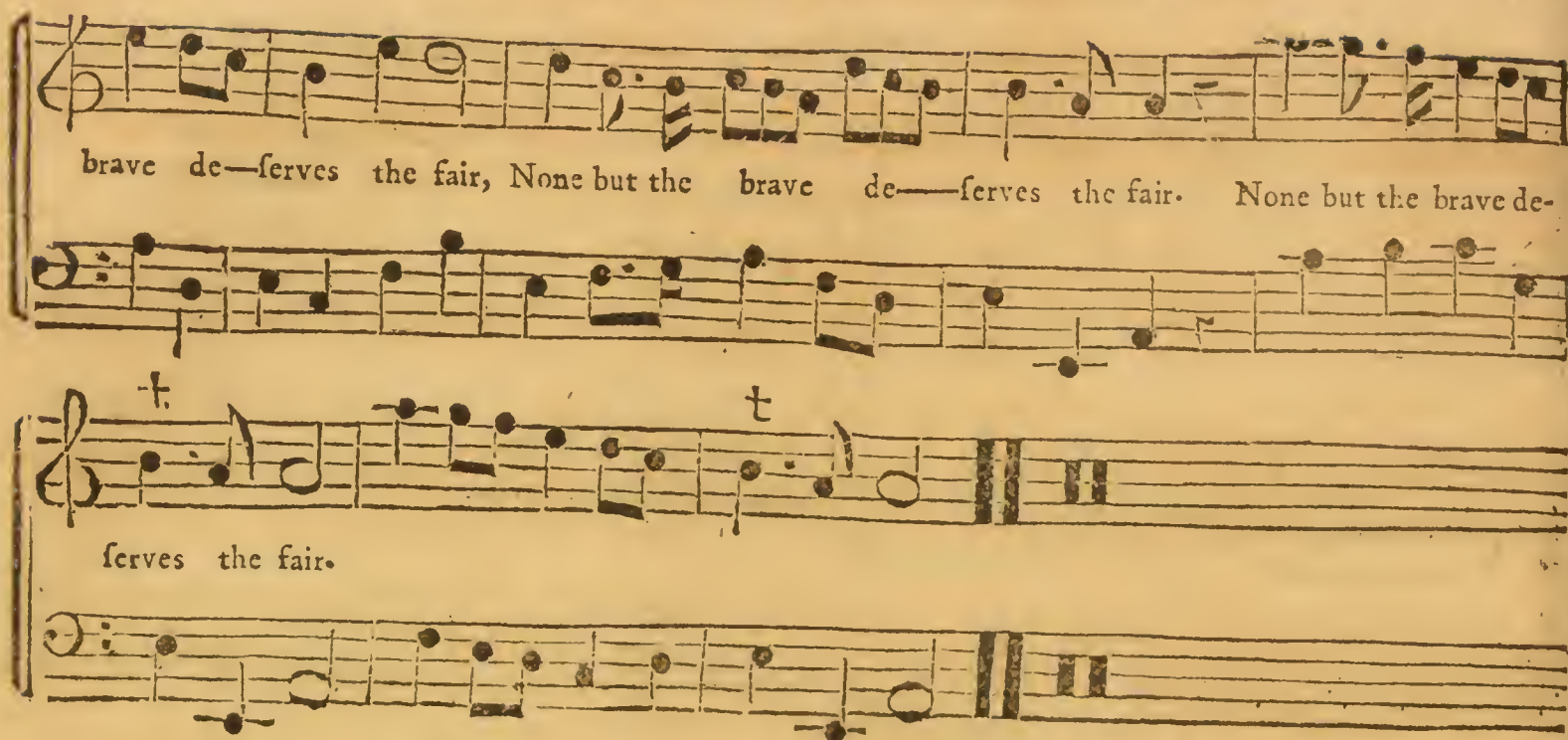
None but $\frac{e}{y}$ brave deserves the fa—



ir. None but $\frac{e}{y}$ brave, None but $\frac{e}{y}$


brave

The Muses DELIGHT.



brave de—serves the fair, None but the brave de—serves the fair. None but the brave de—
serves the fair.

Gentle PARTHENISSA. *Sung by Mr. SULLIVAN.*



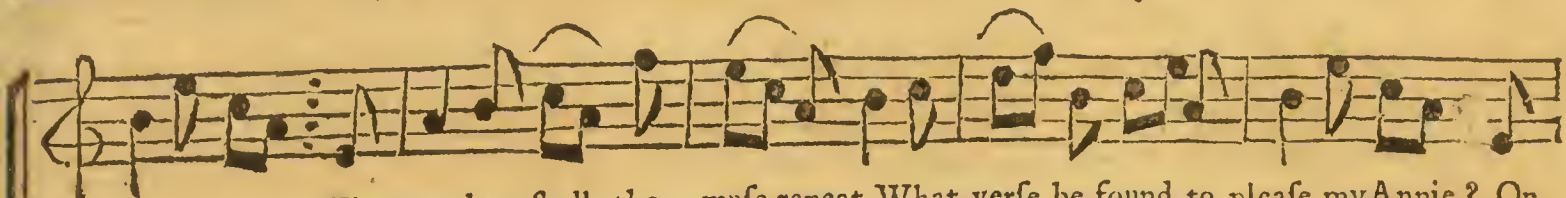
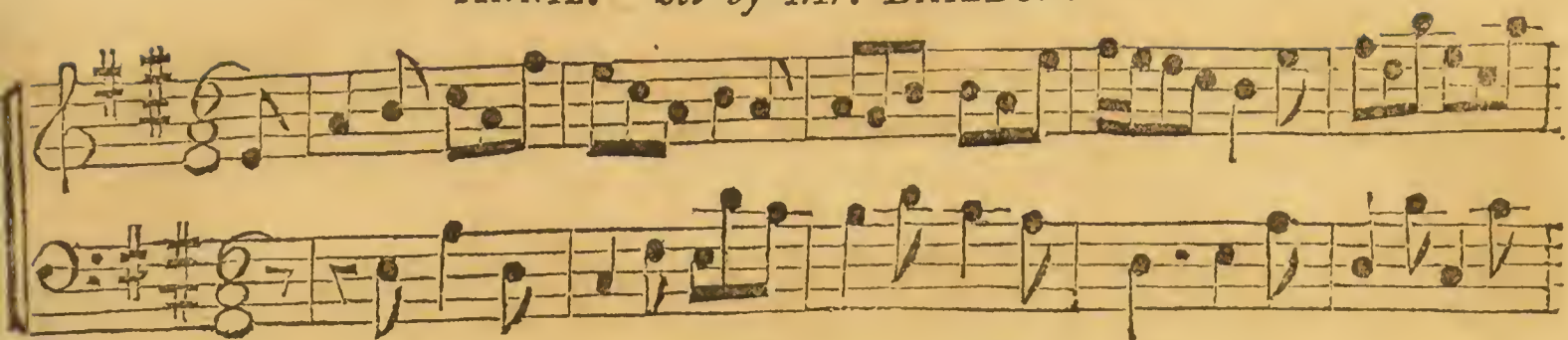
When gen—tle Parthe—nif—sa walks, Or gay—ly smiles, or sweet—ly talks ;
A thou—sand charms a—round her fly, A thou—sand swains un—heed—ed die ; A
thou—sand swains a—round her die.

If then she labours to be seen, From so much beauty, so much heart ?
With all her killing charms and art, What mortal, &c.
mein ; What mortal can secure his

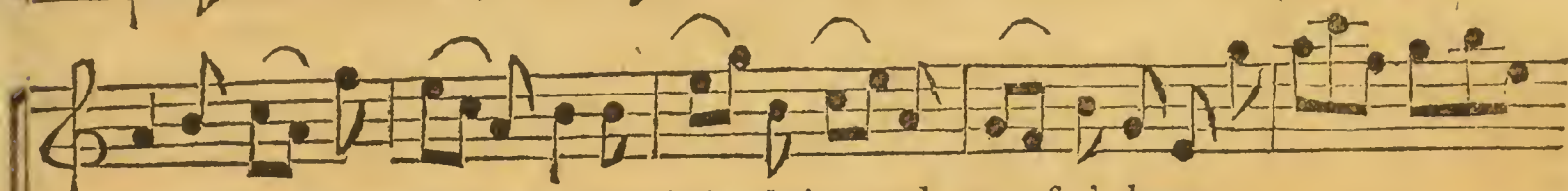
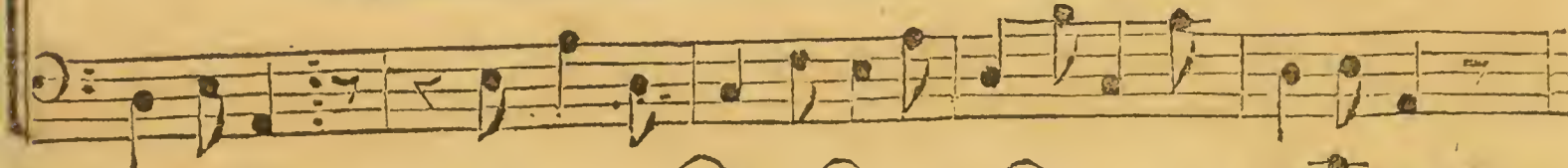
The Muses DELIGHT.

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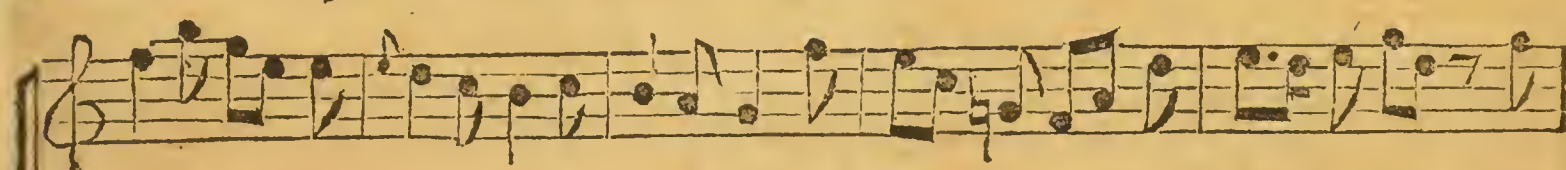
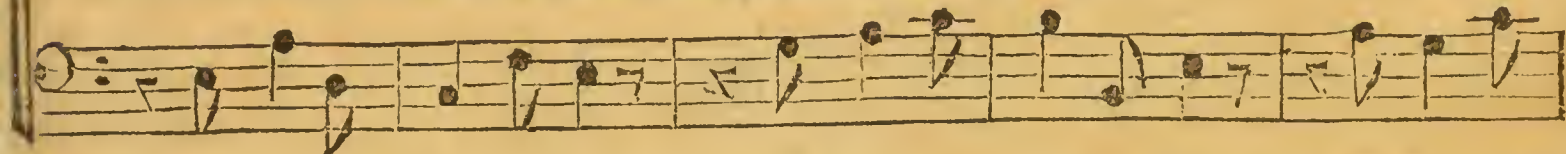
ANNIE. Set by Mr. BAILDON.



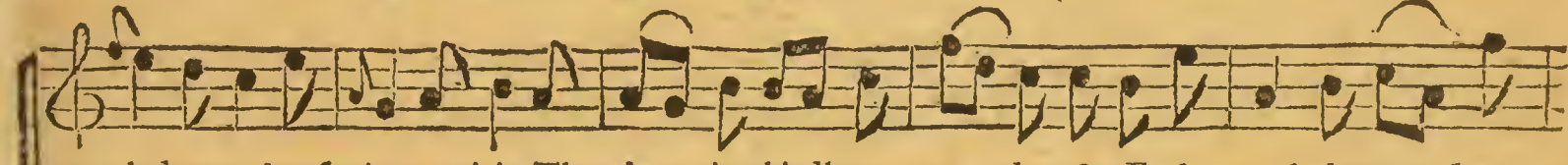
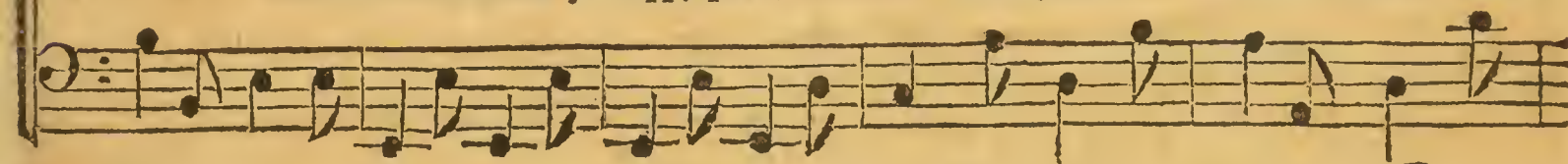
What numbers shall the muse repeat, What verse be found to please my Annie ? On



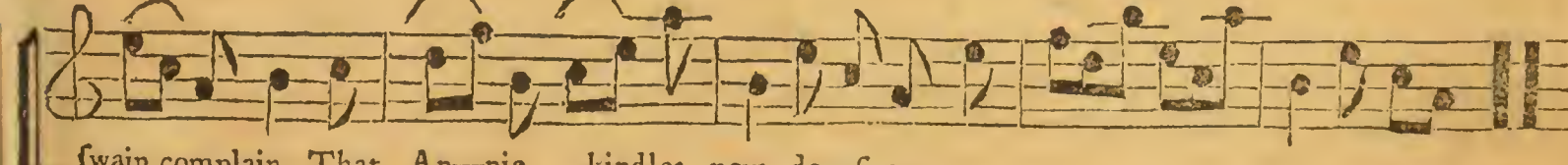
her ten thousand graces wait, Each swain admires and owns she's bonny :



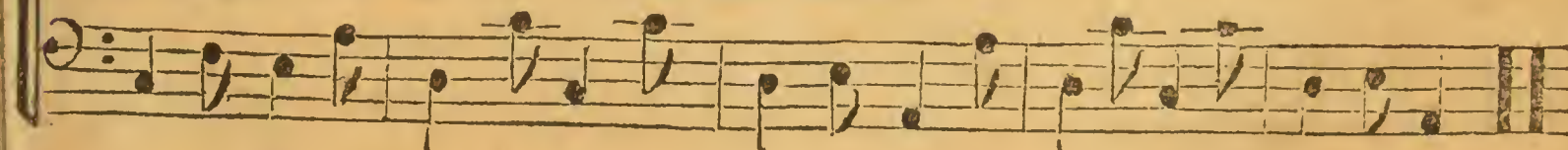
Since first she strode y' happy plain, She set each youthful heart on fire ; Each



nymph does to her swain complain, That An-nie kindles new de-fire. Each nymph does to her



swain complain, That An-nie kindles new de-fire.



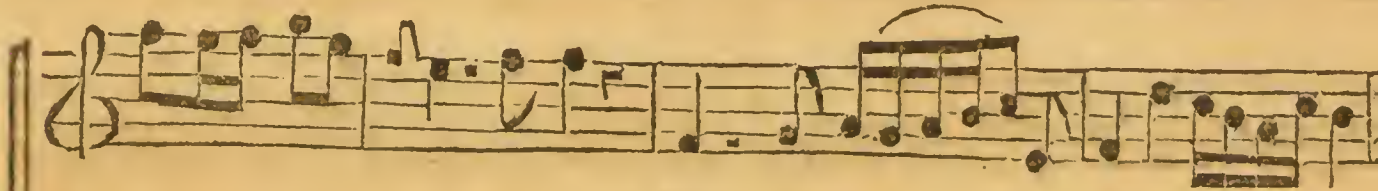
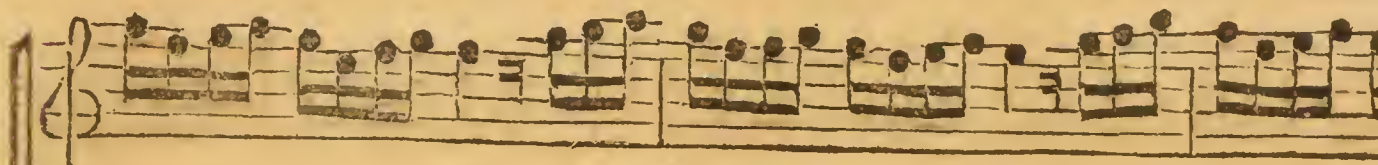
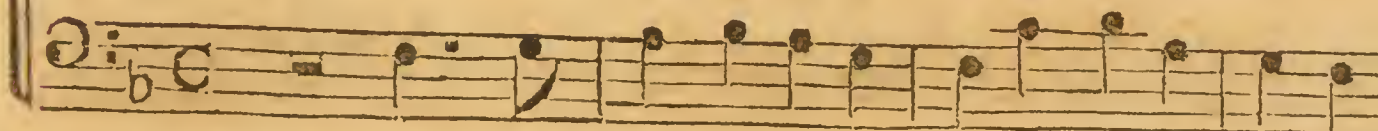
2.
This lovely darling, dearest care,
This new delight, this charming
Annie ;
Like summer's dawn is fresh & fair,
When Flora's fragrant breezes
fan ye :
All day the am'rous youths conven,
Joyous they sport and play before
her ;
All night when she no more is seen,
In blissful dreams they still adore
her. All night, &c.

3.
Among the crowd Amintor came,
He look'd he lov'd, he bow'd to
Annie ;
His rising sighs express his flame,
His words were few his wishes
many : (plied,
With smiles the lovely maid re-
Kind shepherd why should I de-
ceive you ;
Alas ! your love must be denied,
This destin'd breast can ne'er re-
lieve you. Alas, &c.

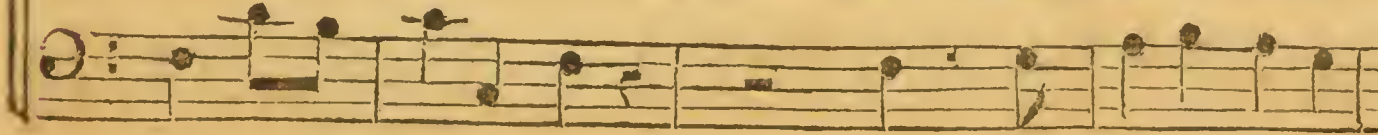
4.
Young Damon came to Cupid's art,
His wiles, his smiles, his charms
beguiling ;
He stole away my virgin heart,
Cease poor Amintor, cease be-
wailing :
Some brighter beauty you may find,
On yonder plain the nymphs are
many ; (confin'd,
Then chuse some heart that's un-
And leave to Damon his own
Annie. And leave, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

Powerful Guardians. Sung by Mr. SULLIVAN.

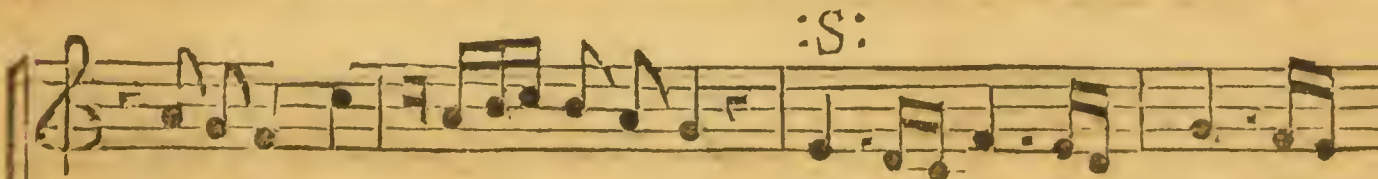
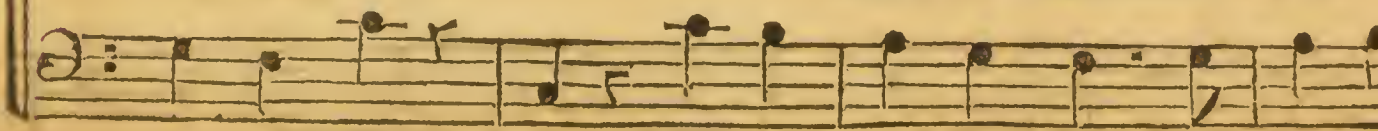


Pow'r—ful guar—dians of all na—ture,

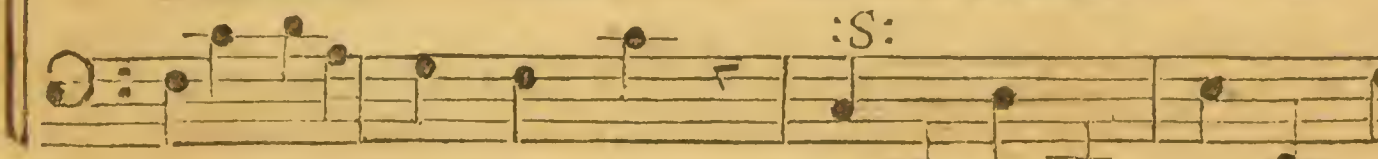


beauteous love.

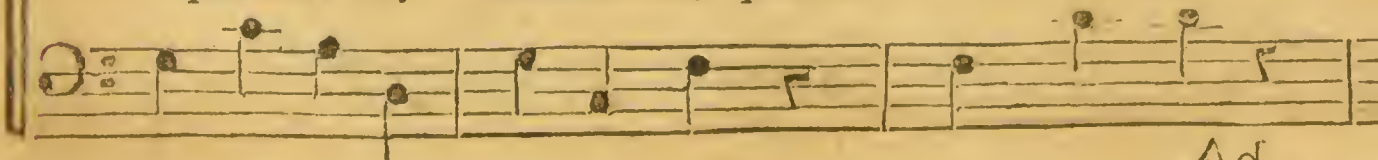
Pow'r—ful guar—dians of all



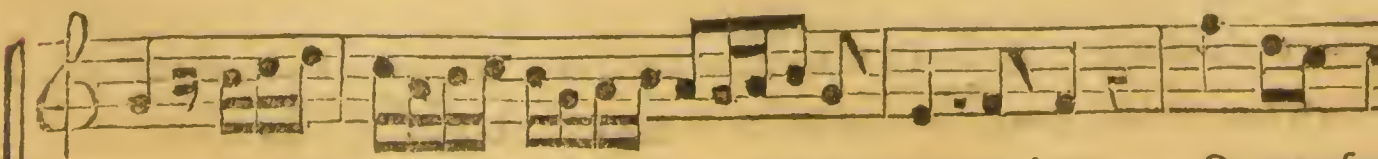
O pre—serve my beauteous love. Pow'r—ful guar—dians of all



O pre—serve my beauteous love, pre—




Ad.

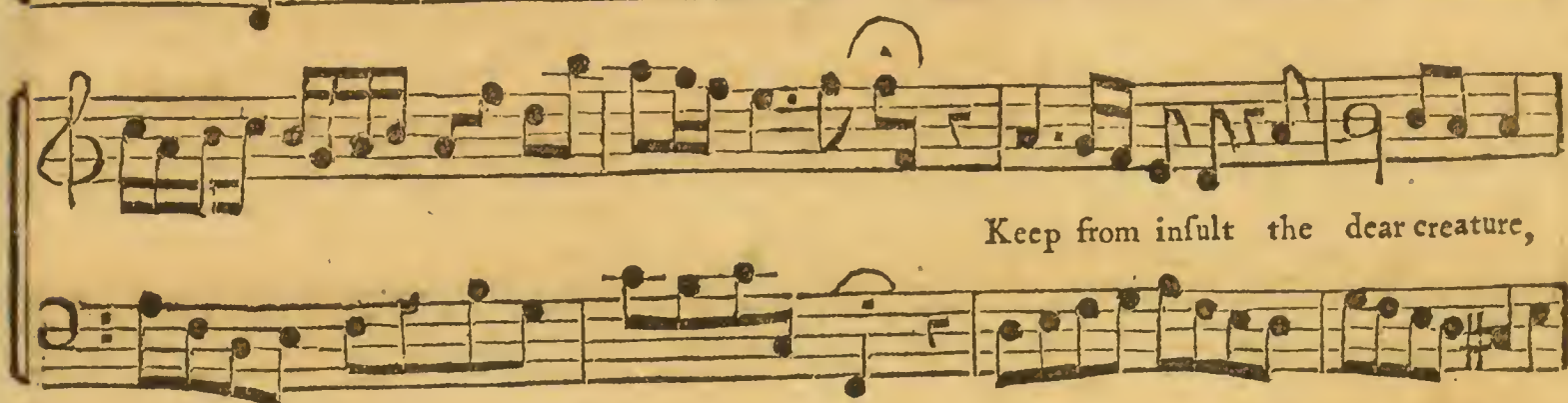


—rve my beauteous love.

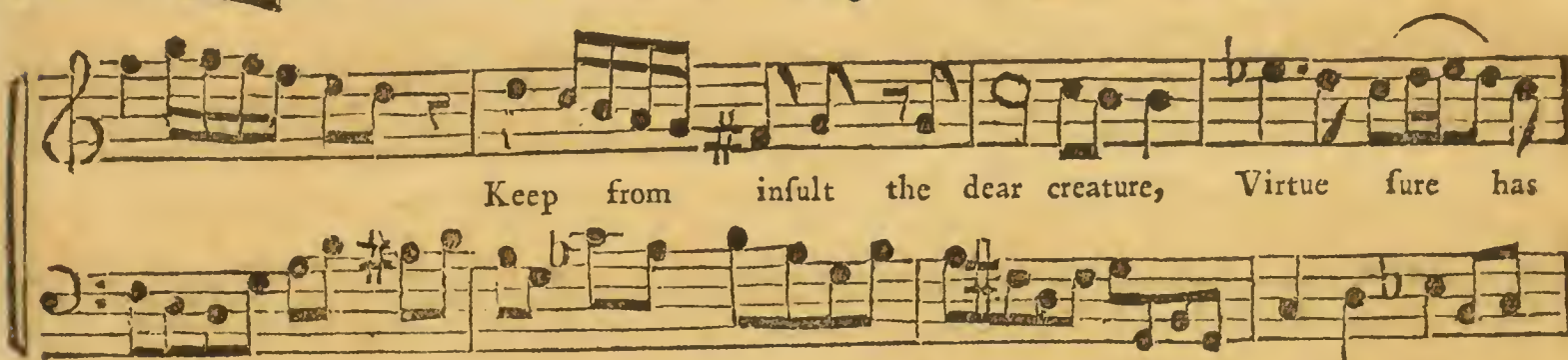
O pre—fer



beauteous love.




Keep from insult the dear creature,



Keep from insult the dear creature, Virtue sure has



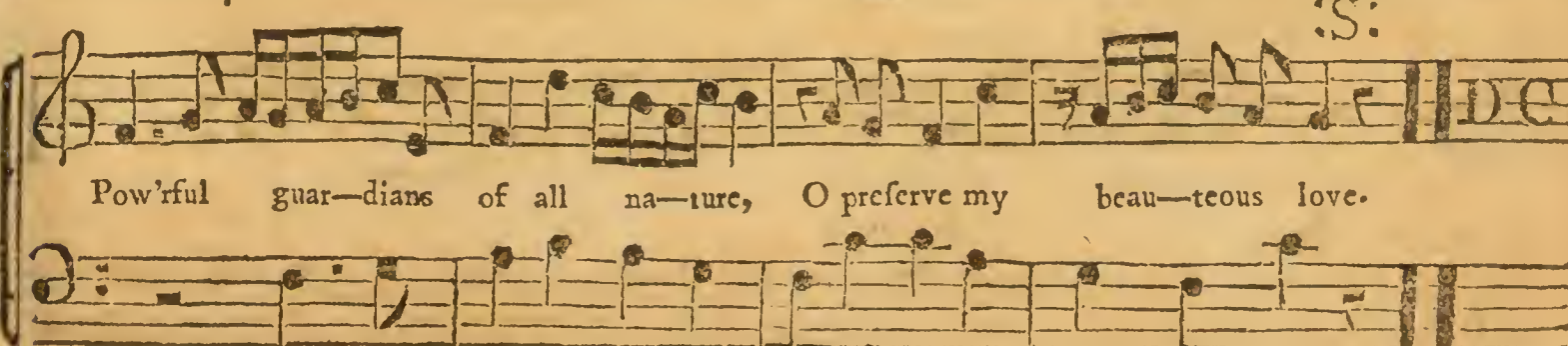
charms to move. Has cha—rms, to



mo—ve. Vir—tue sure has



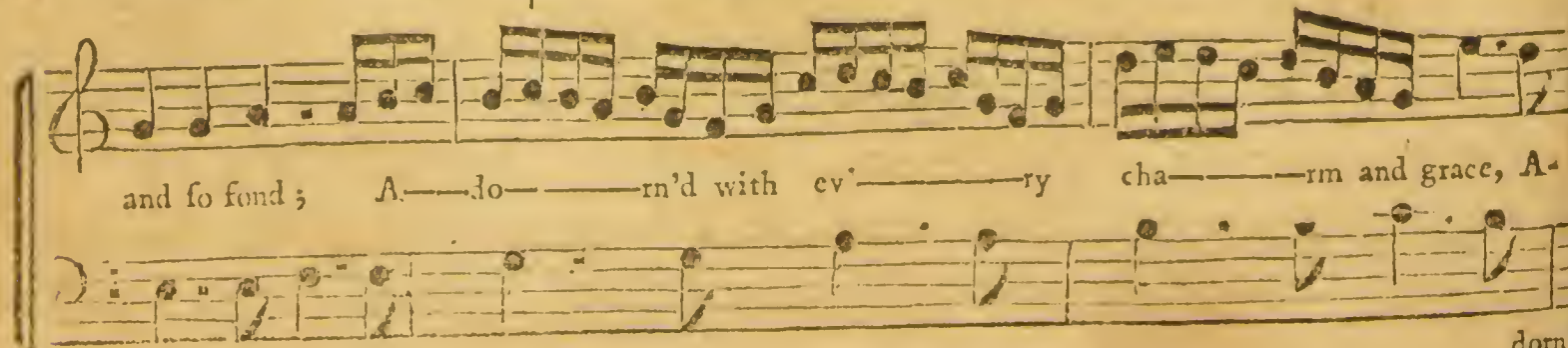
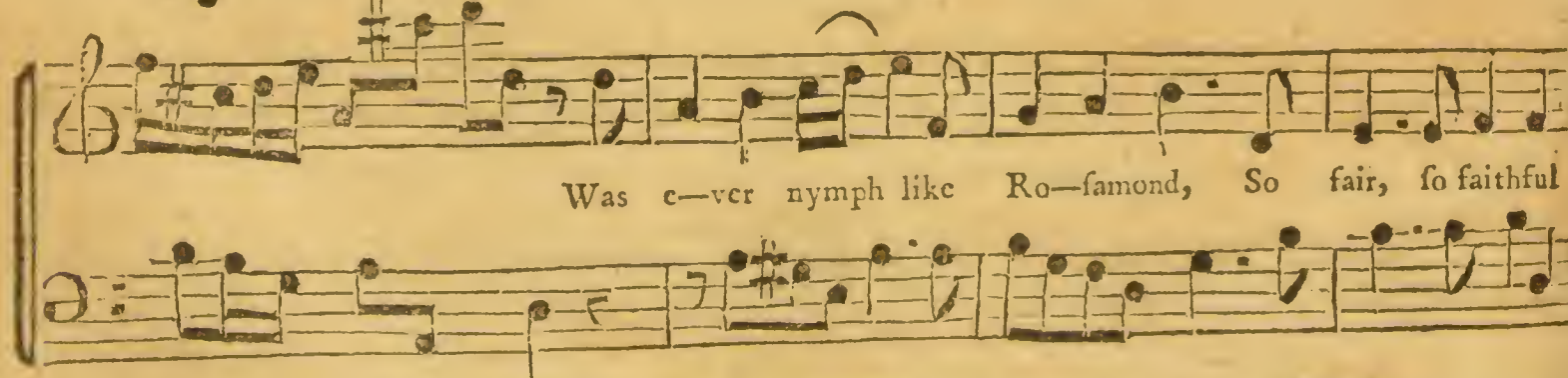
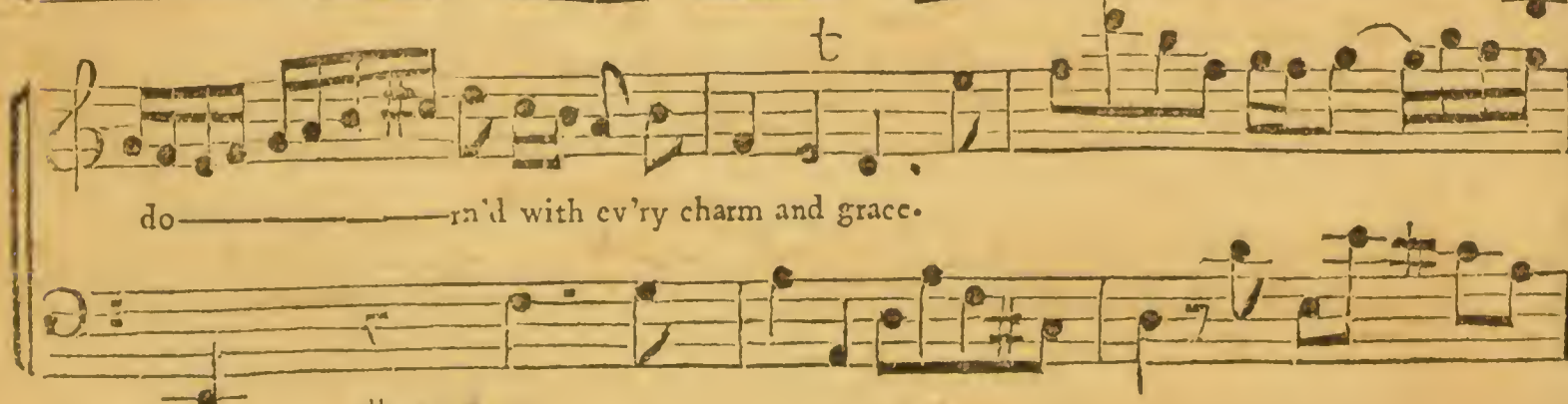
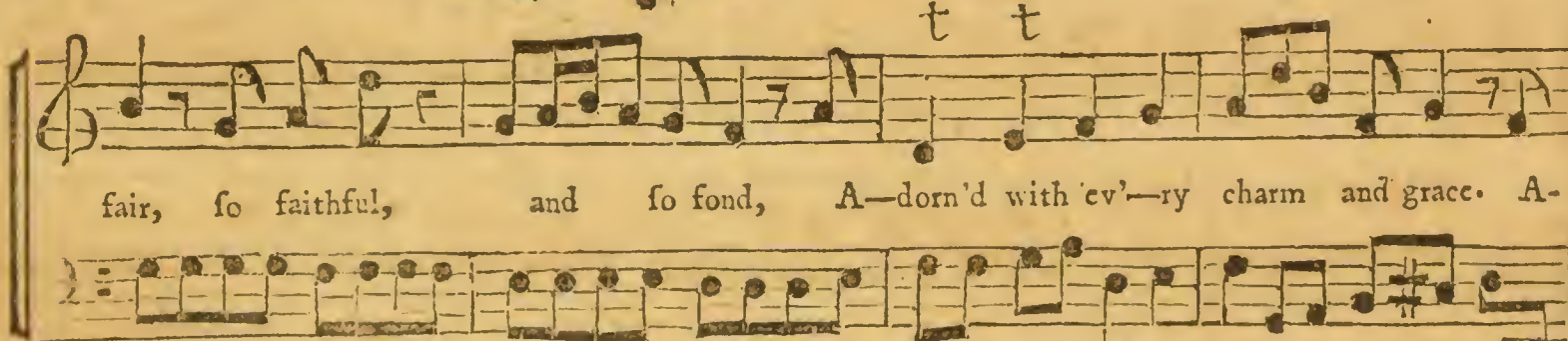
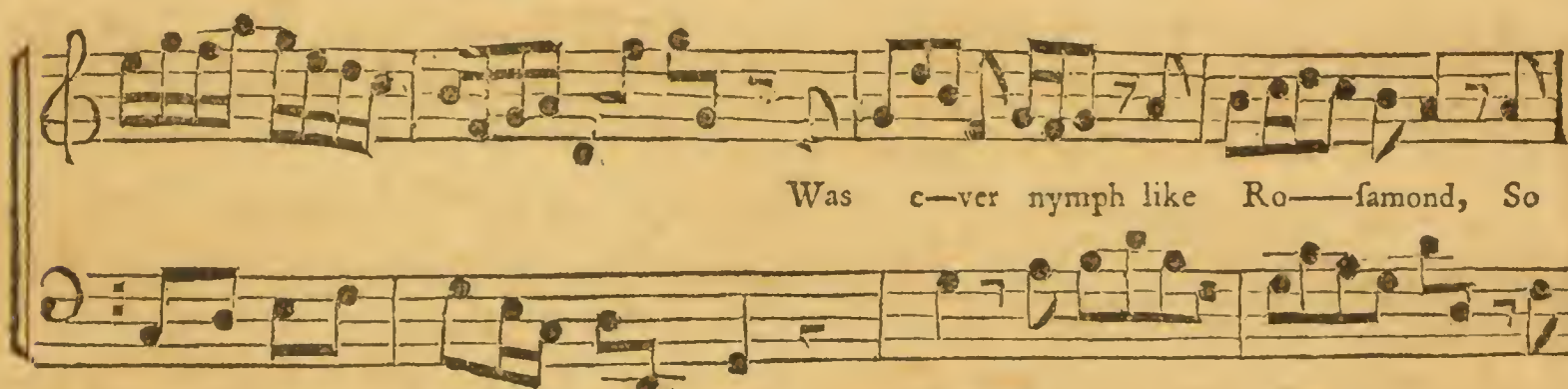
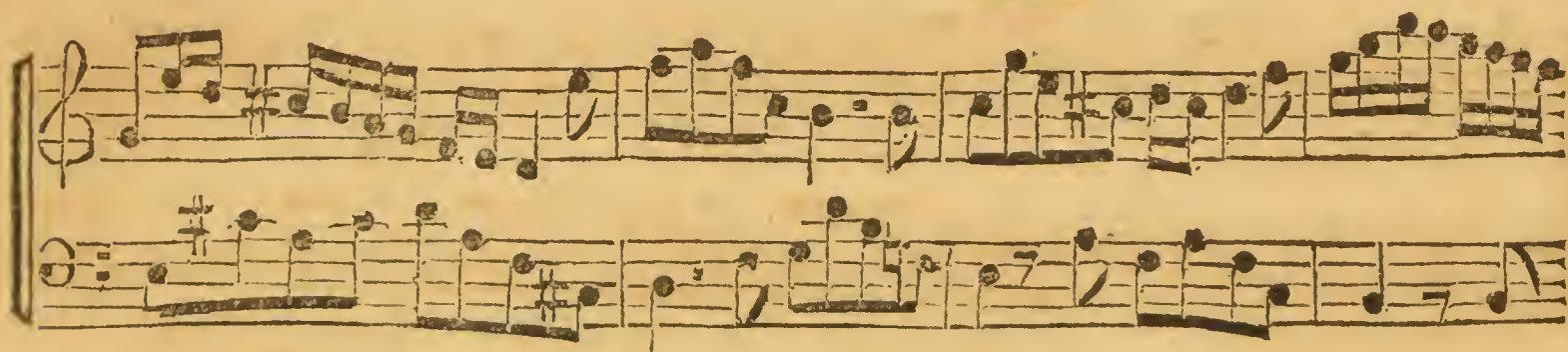
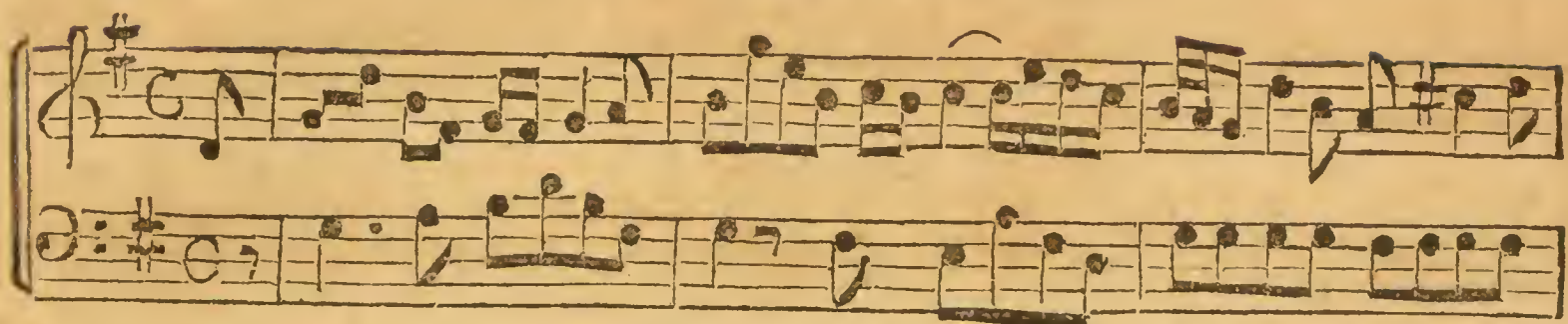
charms to move. Pow'ful guardians, of all nature,



Pow'ful guar—dians of all na—ture, O preserve my beau—teous love.

The Muses DELIGHT.

ROSAMOND. Set by Mr. PURCEL.



dorn'd

dorn'd with ev'ry charm and grace. Was e—ver nymph like Ro—fa—mond, So

fair, so faithful and so fond, A—dorn'd with ev'—ry charm and grace. A—

do — — — — — rn'd with ev'ry charm and grace.

I'm all de—fire, My heart's on fire, And leaps and


skips to her em—brace. I'm all desire, My heart's on fire, And leaps and

springs to her embrace. And leaps and springs to her embrace.

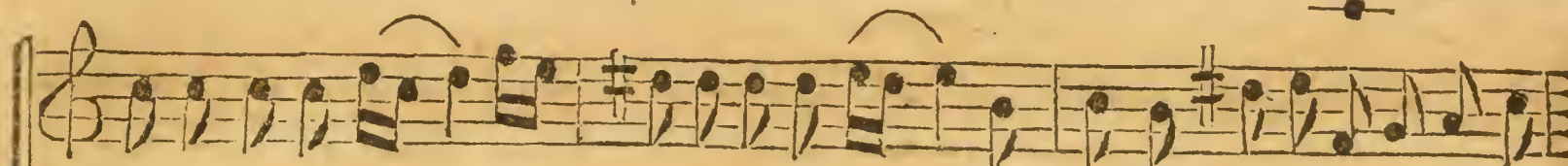
The

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Poet to the Rose. *The Words by Mr. GAY.*



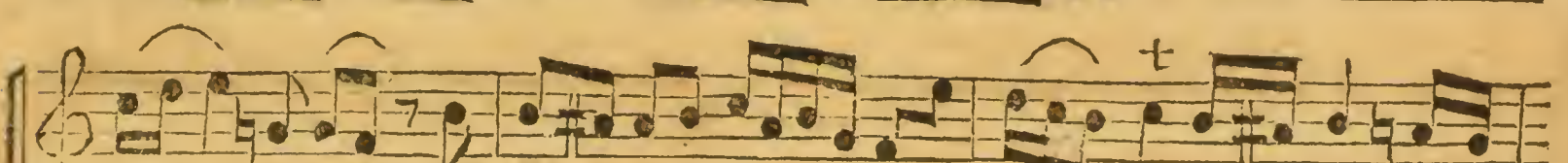
Go rose, my Cloe—'s bo—som grace, My Cloe—'s bo—som grace ; How



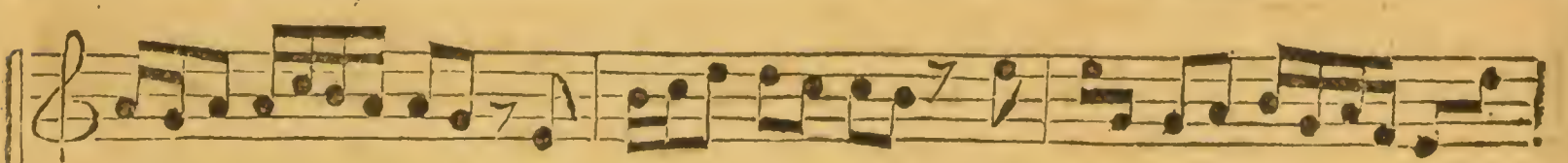
hap—py should I prove, how happy should I prove, Might I sup—ply & envy'd place with



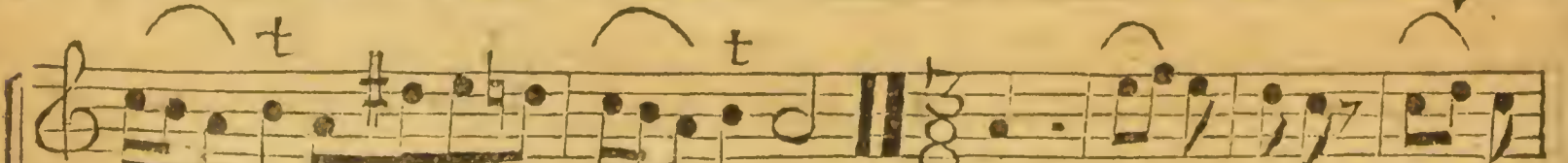
ne—ver fading love. With ne—ver fading love. There, phoenix like, be—




neath her eye, In—volv'd in fra—grance burn and di—



—c. Be—neath her eye, In—volv'd in fra—grance

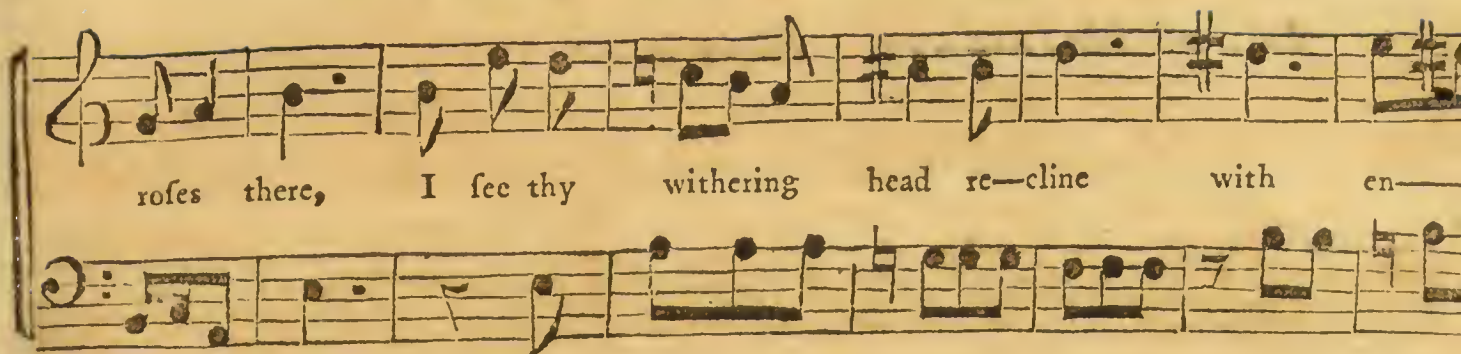


burn and di—c, burn and die. Know hapless flower, hapless

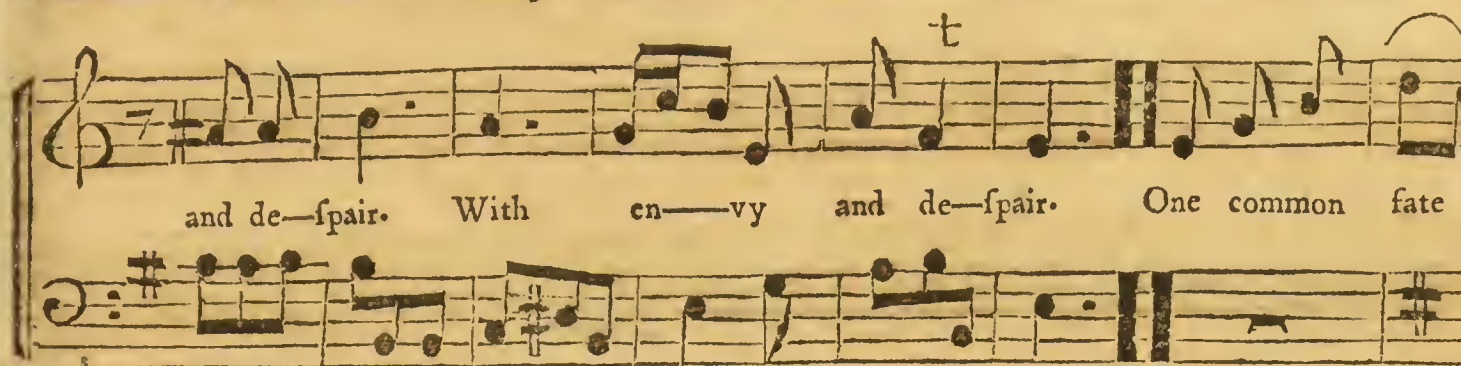


flower, that thou shalt find shalt find more fragrant ro—ses there, more fragrant

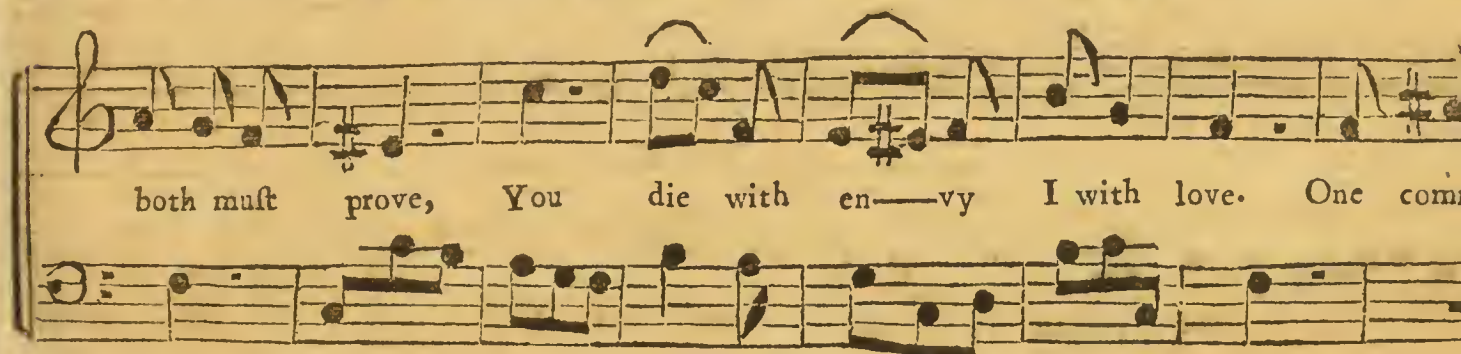
The Muses DELIGHT.



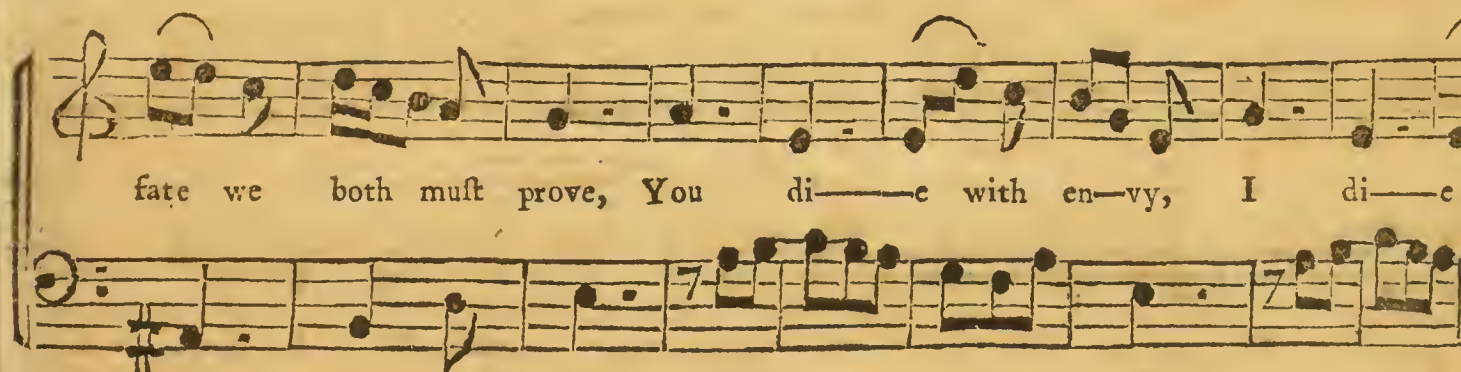
roses there, I see thy withering head re—cline with en—



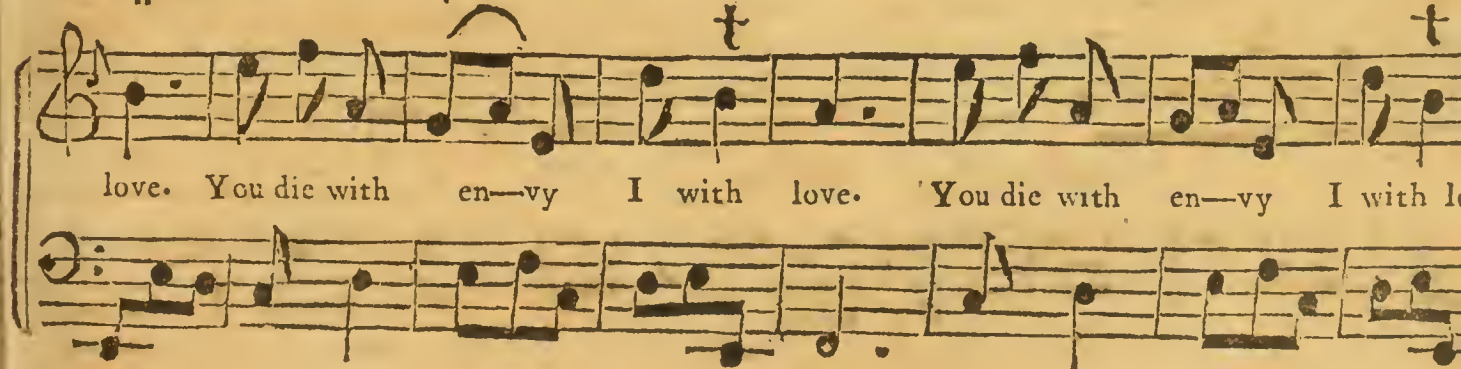
and de—spair. With en—vy and de—spair. One common fate



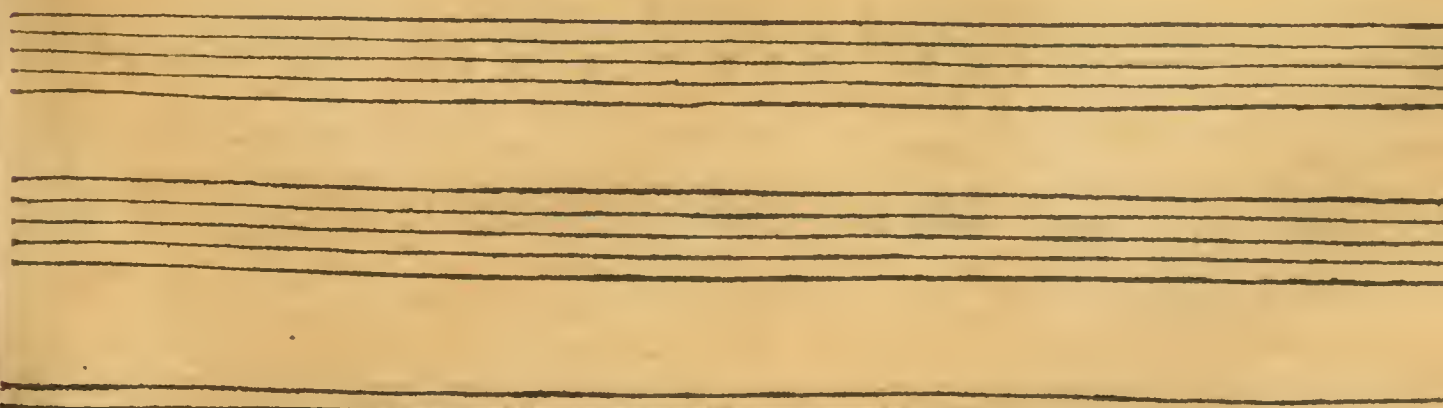
both must prove, You die with en—vy I with love. One com



fate we both must prove, You di—e with en—vy, I di—e



love. You die with en—vy I with love. You die with en—vy I with l

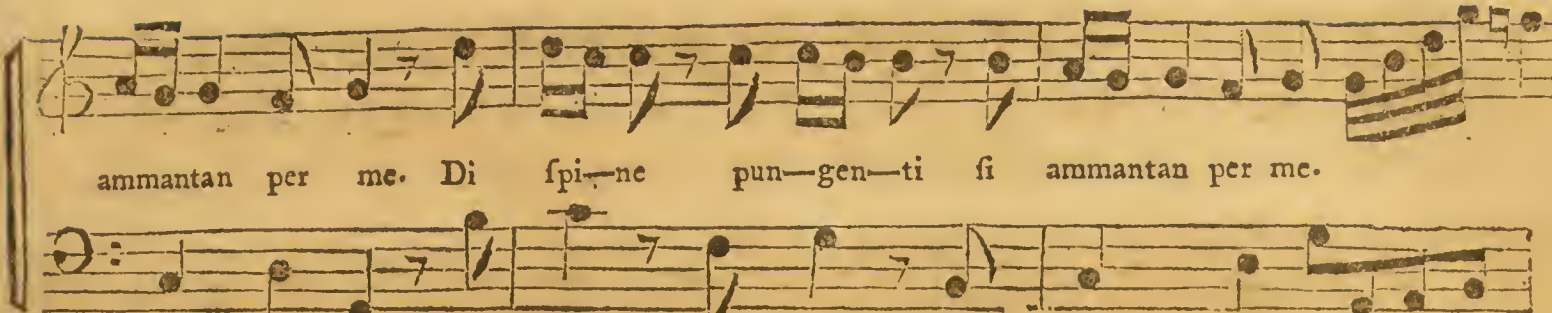


The Muses DELIGHT.

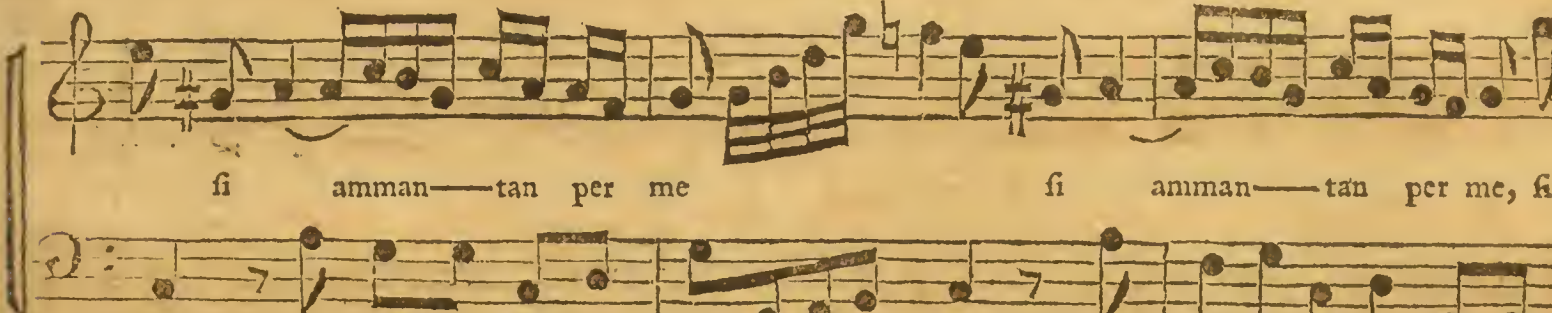
Aria nel MITRIDATE. Set by Signor TERRADELLIS.

Sung by Signiora PIRCKER.

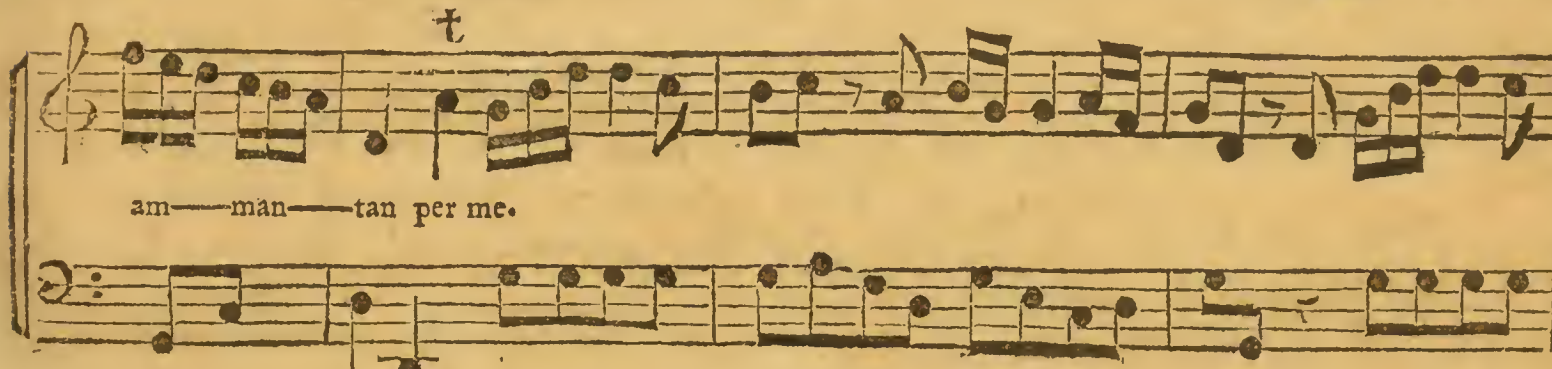
Se spuntan ve—zose full' alba le ro—se, Di spi—ne pun—
genti si ammantan per me; Se spun—tan ve—zose, se spun—tan
ve—zose, full' al—ba le ro—se, full' al ————
———ba, Di spi—ne pun—gen—ti, si



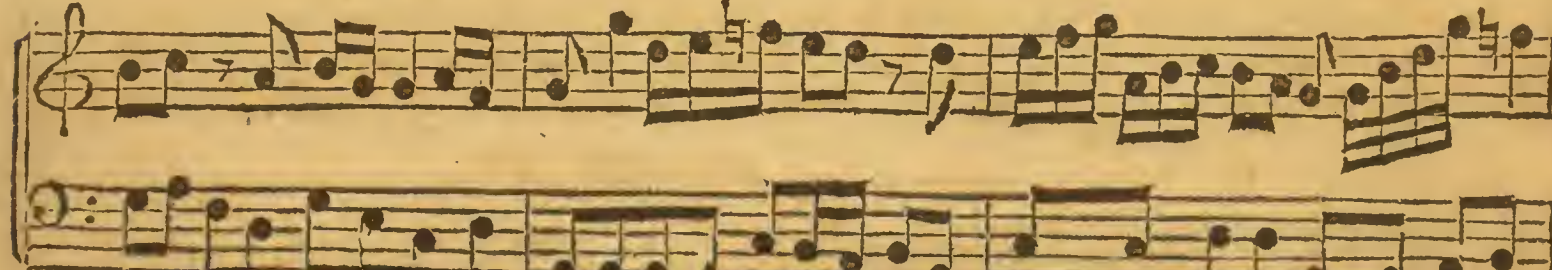
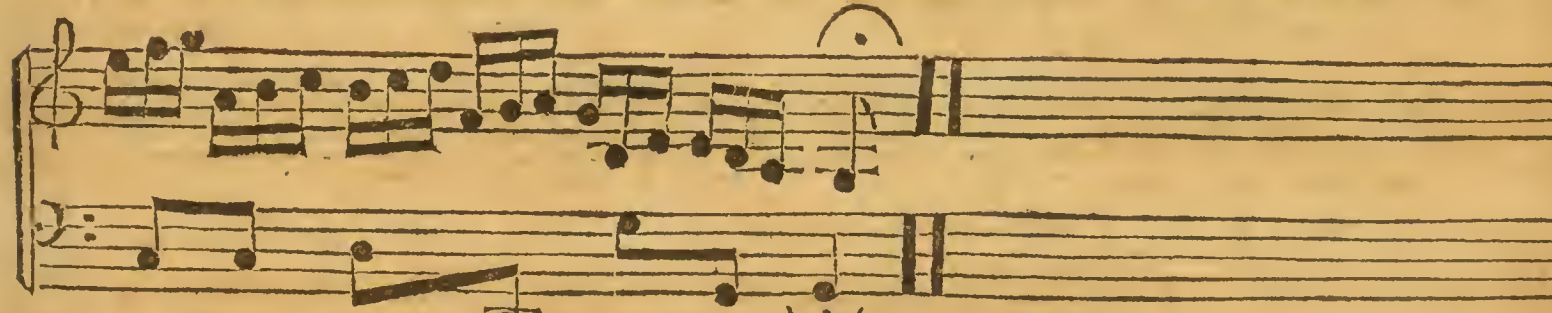
ammantan per me. Di spi-ne pun-gen-ti si ammantan per me.



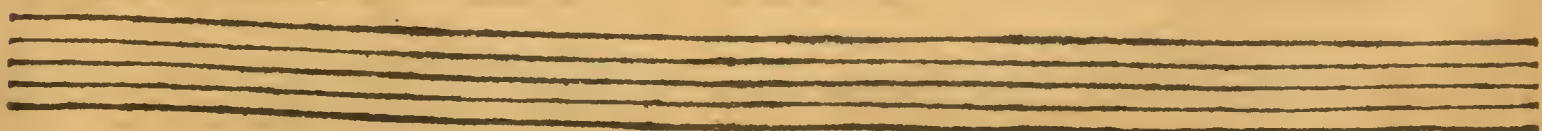
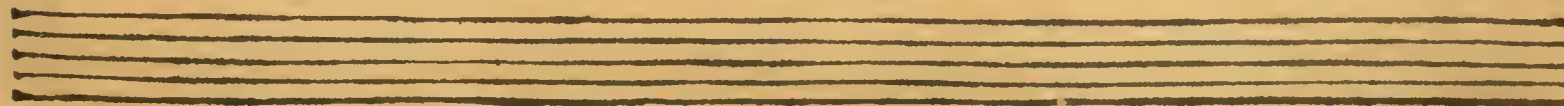
fi amman—tan per me fi amman—tan per me, fi



am—man—tan per me.

Volti subito



Ni—mi—ca la for—te min'—vita in conten—ti, Ma poi di ri—tor—te ma

poi di ri—tor—te cir—conda—mi il pie min'vita,

la forte, Ma poi di ri—tor—te ma poi di ri—tor—te cir—

conda—mi il pie cir—condami il pie. cir—

conda—mi il pie. Cir—con—da—mi il pie.

HBC

The Mournful Fair. Set by Mr. ARNE.

On ev'—ry hill, in ev'—ry grove, A—long the

mar—gin of each stream, Dear conscious scenes of for—mer love, I

mourn and Da—mon is my theme: The hills the groves the streams re-

main, But Da—mon there I seek in vain. The hills the groves the streams re-

main, But Damon! there I seek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
Groves, flocks and fountains please no more;
Each flow'r, in pity, droops it's head,
All nature does my loss deplore:
All all reproach the faithless swain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.
All all reproach the faithless swain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.

The Muses DELIGHT.

Spring Gardens: Set by Dr. BOYCE.

Flora god---deffs sweetly blooming, E--ver ai--ry e-ver gay ; All her wonted

charms re--fuming, To Spring Gardens haste a--way : With this blisful spot de--lighted

Here the queen of may retreats ; Belles and beaux are all in--vi--ted To par-

take of va--ri--ed swee-----ts, To partake of varied sweets.

2.

See a grand pavillion yonder,
Rising near embow'ring shades ;
There a temple strikes with won-
der,
In full view of collonades:
Art and nature, kindly lavish,
Here their mingled beauties
yield,
Equal here the pleasures ravish,
Of the court and of the field.
Of the court, &c.

3.

Hark, what heavenly notes de-
scending,
Break upon the list'ning ear ;
Music all it's graces leading,
O! 'tis extacy to hear :

Nightingales the concert joining,
Breathe their plaints in melting
strains,
Vanquish'd now their groves re-
signing,
Soon they fly their distant plains.
Soon, &c.

4.

Lo ! what splendors round us dart-
ing,
Swift, illumine the charming
scene ;
Chandeliers their light impart-
ing,
Pour fresh beauties o'er the
green ;
Glittering lamps in order plant-
ed, (prize :
Strike the eye with sweet sur-

Adam scarce was more enchanted
When he saw the sun first rise.
When he saw, &c.

5.

Now the various bands are seat-
ed,
All dispos'd in bright array ;
Business o'er, and cares retreat-
ed,
With gay mirth they close the
day :
Thus, of old, the sons of plea-
sure
Pass'd in shades their favourite
hours ;
Nectar cheering their soft leisure,
Blest by love and crown'd with
flow'rs.
Blest, &c.

The Contest between Love and Glory. Set by Mr. ARNE.

At leſt, too ſoon thy creature receive thy fond adieu, Thy pains O love how
bitter, thy joys how ſhort how few, thy joys how ſhort how few: No more thoſe eyes ſo
killing the melting glance repeat, Nor boſom gently ſwell to love's ſoft tumult beat, nor boſom gently
ſwelling with love's ſoft tumult beat.

2.

3.

4.

I go where glory leads me,
And points the dang'rous way;
Tho' coward love upbraids me
Yet honour bids obey:
Yet honour, &c.
But honour's boasting story
Too ſoon thoſe tears reprove,
And whispers fame, wealth, glory!
Ah! what are they to love!
And whispers fame, wealth, glory!
Ah! what are they to love.

Two paſſions, ſtrongly pleading,
My doubtful breast divide;
Lo! there my country bleeding,
And here a weeping bride:
And here, &c.
But know, thy faithful lover
Can true to either prove;
Fame fires my veins all over,
Yet ev'ry pulse beats love.
Fame fires my veins all over,
Yet ev'ry pulse beats love.

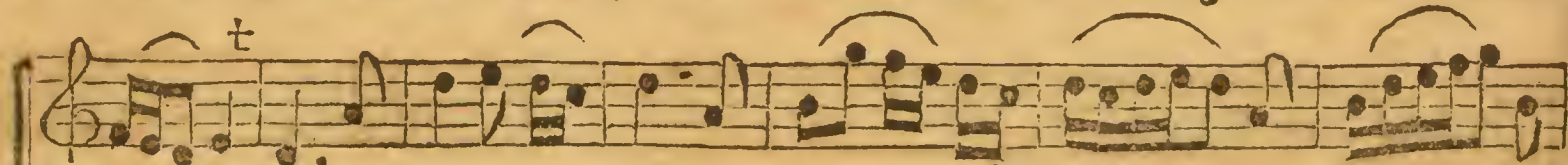
Then think where'er I wander,
The ſport of ſeas or wind,
No diſtance hearts can ſunder
Whom mutual faith has join'd:
Whom mutual faith, &c.
Kind heav'n, the brave requiting,
Shall ſave thy ſwain reſtore;
And raptures crown the meeting,
Which love ne'er felt before.
And raptures crown the meeting,
Which love ne'er felt before.

The Muses DELIGHT.

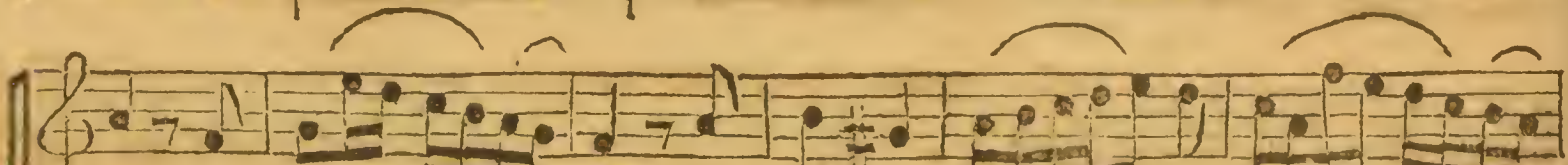
The Little Heart. Set by Mr. DUNN.



Allegro, ma non presto.



When Ce—lia's heart un—set—tled roves 'Thro' hills and



dales and flo—w'ry groves, When Celia's heart un—sett—led



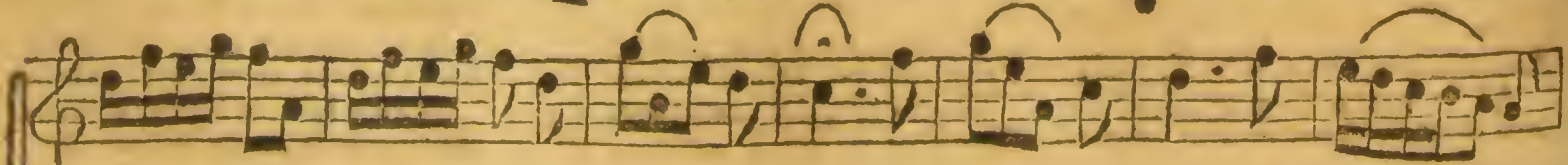
roves 'Thro' hills and da—les and sha—dy groves:



O tell me love the ti—me and day This lit—tle heart will



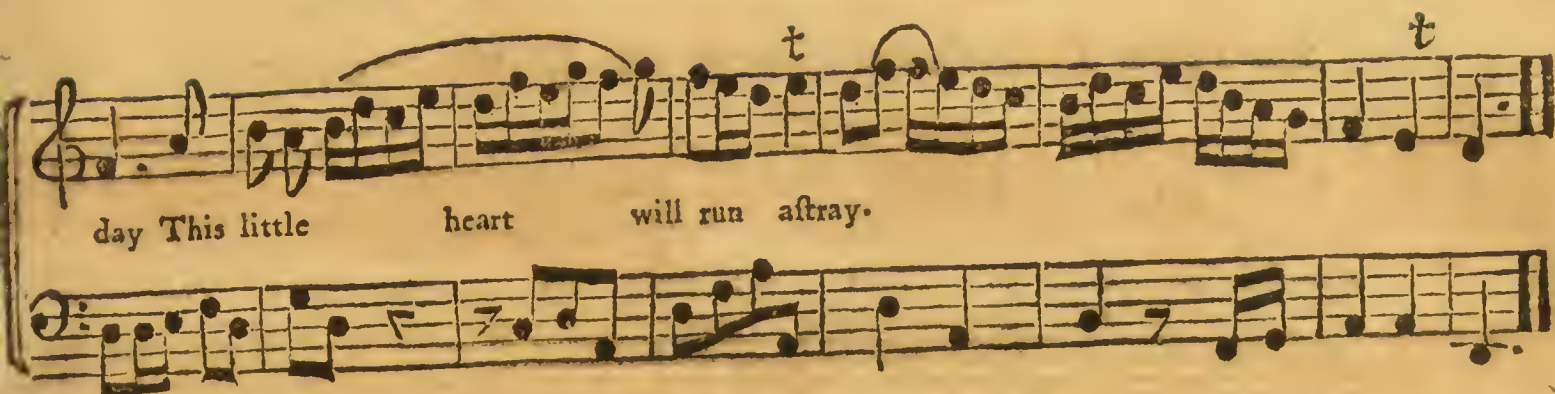
run a—stray, O tell me love the time and day This little heart this



I't—tle heart will run astray, O tell me love the time and



day



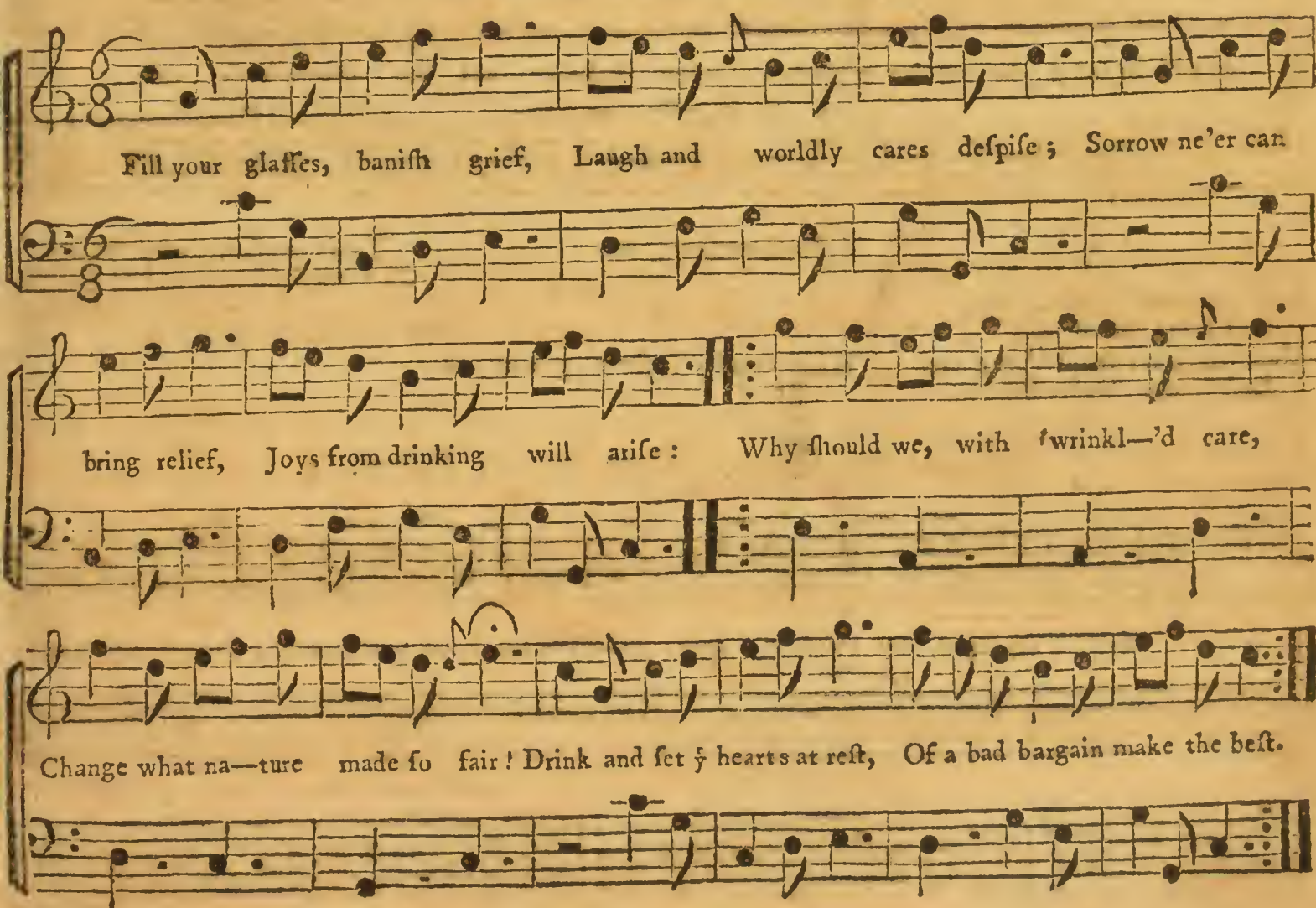
day This little heart will run astray.

2. If to some shade, from summer's heat,
This little heart should seek retreat;
If to some shade, &c.
Direct me love this heart to find,
For in that place she'll prove more kind.
Direct me love, &c.

3. If near some stream where chrystal fall
Invites the virgin to it's call,
If near some stream, &c.
Sweet murm'ring echos reach my ear,
And say, my love your heart is here.
Sweet murm'ring, &c.

4. Then swift as light I'll seek the way,
And make this little heart my prey. Then swift, &c.
Kind love with joy shall make her own
She ne'er repents her heart was stol'n.
Kind love, &c.

The Happy BACCHANALIAN.



2. Some pursue the winged wealth,
Some to honour do aspire;
Give me freedom, give me health,
There's the sum of my desire:
What the world can more present
Will not add to my content.
Drink and set your hearts at rest,
Quiet of mind is always best.

3. Busy brains we know, alas!
With imaginations run;
Like the sand in th' hourglass,
Turn'd and turn'd and still runs on:
Never knowing when to stay,
But uneasy e'ery way.
Drink and set your hearts at rest,
Peace of mind is always best.

4. Mirth, when mingl'd with our wine,
Makes the heart alert and free;
Let it rain, or snow, or shine,
Still the same thing 'tis with me:
There's no fence against our fate,
Changes daily on us wait.
Drink and set your hearts at rest,
Of a bad bargain make the best.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Power of Music and Beauty. Set by Mr. STANLEY.

Mu—sic has power to melt the soul, by beau—ty na—ture's
fway'd ; Each can the u—ni—verse con—troul without the other's
aid, Each can u—ni—verse con—troul with—out the o—ther's aid.

2.

Music enchants, &c.

But here together both appear,
And force united try ;
Music enchants the list'ning ear,
And beauty charms the eye.

3.

What cruelty ! these powers to
join !

These transports who can bear !
Oh ! let the sound be less divine,
Or look the nymph less fair.
Oh ! let the sound, &c.

The Ardent Lover. Sung by Mr. LOWE.

Tender. Believe my sighs, my tears, my dear, re—lieve the heart you've won ; Believe my vows
to you fin—cere, or Mog—gy I'm undone ! You say I'm fickle, and apt to change to
ev'—ry face that's new, But of all the girls I e—ver saw I ne'er lov'd one like you.

My heart was like a lump of ice,
Till warm'd by your bright
eye ;
But then it kindled in a trice

A flame that ne'er can die.
Then take me, try me, and you
shall find,
That I've a heart that's true ;

For of all the girls I ever saw,
I ne'er lov'd one like you.

Sweet WILLIAM. *Sung by Miss STEVENSON, at Vauxhall.*

Set for the German-Flute.

By a pratt—ling stream, on a Midsummers Eve, Where woodbines and jess'min their
boughs, inter—weave ; Fair Flora I cry'd to my ar—bour repair, For I must have a
chap—let for sweet William's hair, For I must have a chap—let for sweet William's
hair.

2.

She brought me the vi'let, that
grows on the hill,
The vale-dwelling lilly and gilded
jonquil ;
But such languid odours how could
I approve,
Just warm from the lips of the lad
that I love.
Just warm, &c.

3.

She brought me his faith and his
truth to display,

The undying myrtle and ever-green
bay ;
But why these to me, who've his
constancy known,
And Billy has lawrels enough of
his own.
And Billy, &c.

4.

The next was a gift that I could
not contemn,
For she brought me two roses that
grew on a stem ;
Of the dear nuptial tie they stood
emblems confest,

So I kifs'd them and pres'd them
quite close to my breast.
So I kifs'd, &c.

5.

She brought me a sun-flow'r—this
fair one's your due,
For it once was a maiden and love-
sick like you ;
O give it me quick, to my shepherd
I'll run,
As true to his flame as this flow'r
to her sun.
As true, &c.

Bumpers, 'Squire JONES. Sung by Mr. LOWE.



Ye good fellows all who love to be told where there's claret good store, At—tend to the

call of one who's ne'er frightened but greatly delighted with fix bottles more : Be—sure you don't

pass the good house money glaſs & the jol—ly red god so pe—culiarly owns; 'Twill well suit your

humour, for pray & would you more than mirth & good cla—ret and bumpers 'Squire Jones.

2.

Ye lovers who pine
For lasses that oft prove as cruel
as fair ;
Who whimper and whine,
For lillies and roses,
With eyes, lips and noses,
Or tip of an ear ;
Come hither I'll show ye,
How Phillis nor Cloc,
No more shall occasion such sighs
and such groans ;
For what mortal so stupid,
As not to quit Cupid,
When call'd by good claret, &c.

3.

Ye Poets who write,
And brag of your drinking fam'd
Helicon's brook ;
Tho' all you get by't
Is a dinner oft times,
In reward for your Rhimes,
With Humphry the duke ;

Learn Bacchus to follow,
And quit your Apollo,
Forſake all the Muses, thoſe ſenſe—
leſs old crones :
Our jingling of Glaſſes
Your rhyming ſurpaſſes,
When crown'd with good claret,
and bumpers, &c.

4.

Ye Soldiers ſo ſtout,
With plenty of oaths, tho' no plenty
of coin,
Who make ſuch a rout,
Of all your commanders
Who ſerv'd us in Flanders
And eke at the Boyne ;
Come leave off your rattling,
Of ſieging and battling,
And know it's much better to ſleep
with whole Bones :
Were you ſent to Gibraltar,
Your note you'd ſoon alter,
And wiſh for good claret, &c.

5.

Ye Clergy ſo wiſe,
Who myſ'tries profound can de—
monſtrate clear ;
How worthy to riſe !
You preach once a Week,
But your tithes never ſeek
Above once a year :
Come here without failing,
And leave off your railing
'Gainſt biſhops providing for dull,
ſtupid drones :
Says the text ſo divine,
What is life without wine ?
Then about with the claret, &c.

6.

Ye Lawyers ſo juſt,
Be the Cauſe what it will you ſo
learnedly plead ;
How worthy of truſt ?
You know black from white,
Yet prefer wrong to right,
As you're chanc'd to be feed :

Leave

Leave musty reports,
And forsake the King's Courts,
Where dullness and discord have
set up their thrones ;
Burn Salkield and Ventris,
With all their damn'd entries,
And away with the claret, &c.

7.

Ye Physical Tribe,
Whose knowledge consists in hard
words and grimace ;
When e'er you prescribe,
Have at your devotion,

Pills, Bolus or Potion,
Be what will the case :
Pray where is the need,
To purge, blister or bleed,
When ailing yourselves the whole
faculty owns,
That the forms of old Galen,
Are not so prevailing
As mirth, with good claret, &c.

8.

Ye Fox-hunters eke,
That follow the call of the horn
and the hound ;

Who your Ladies forsake
Before they're awake
To beat up the brake,
Where the vermin is found,
Leave Piper and Blueman,
Shrill Dutcheffs and Trucman,
No Music is found in such dissonant
tones :
Wou'd you ravish your ears,
With the Songs of the Spheres,
Hark away to the claret and bum-
pers, 'Squire Jones.

The Shepherd's Complaint. Set by Mr. RUSSEL.



Sweet were once the joys I tast-ed, All was jol-ly-ty and love ;

Time me—thought too nimb-ly hasted, Which on pleasure's wings did move :

Chloe's heart was all my treasure, Never was a rich-er swain : Chlo-e

doubled ev'—ry pleasure, Chlo-e ba-nish'd e--ve-ry pain.

2

But the envious Gods repining
So much bliss on earth to see,
All their bitt'rest curses joining,
Dash'd my cup with jealousy ;
Now where erst my pipe resounded,
Steals the sigh & heart felt groan ;

Love by doubts and fears surround-
ed,
I'll dispute a tott'ring throne.

3.

Fool that ever art pursuing,
What conceal'd is always best ;

Jealousy, love's child and ruin,
Leave, oh leave, my tortur'd
breast !
With the slave thy pow'r confessing,
Thou to Venus mildly deal,
They who shun or slight thy blessing
Should alone thy torments feel.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Absent Lover. Set by Mr. BARNARD.

Ye gen—tle gales that fan the air, And wan—ton in the shady grove ;

O! whif—per to my ab—sent fair, My secret pain and endless love.

2.

3.

4.

And in the sultry heat of day,
When she does seek some cool
retreat ;
Throw spicy odours in her way,
And scatter roses at her feet.

That when she sees their colour
fade,
And all their pride neglected lie,
Let that instruct the charming maid
That sweets untimely gather'd
die.

And when she lays her down to
rest,
Let some auspicious vision shew
Who 'tis that loves Camilla best,
And what for her I undergo.

The Beggar. Sung by Mr. BRETT.

A beggar, a beggar, a beggar I'll be, For none live a life so jovial as he, a beggar I

was, and a beggar I am, a beggar I'll be, from a beggar I came; & if it happens our trading should

fall, we in conclusion shall beggars be all; Tradesmen are un—fortunate in their affairs, and

few men are thriving but Courtiers and Players.

2.

4.

6.

A craver my father, a maunder my mother,
A filer my sifter, a filcher my brother,
A canter my uncle, who values no pelf,
A lifter my aunt, and a beggar myself;
In white wheaten straw, when their bellies were full,
There I was begotten, 'twixt tinker and trull;
And therefore a jolly bold beggar I'll be,
For none lives a life so jovial as he.

3.

When boys they come to us, and say their intent is
To follow our calling, we ne'er bind 'em 'prentice;
Soon as they come to't we learn 'em to do't,
We give them a staff and a wallet to boot;
We lend 'em our cant, for to crave and to cant,
So the devil is in it if e'er they can want:
Therefore he or she that a beggar will be,
Without an indenture may soon be made free.

We beg for our bread, yet sometimes it happens
We feast it on pigs, pullets, cunnies or capons;
For churchmens affairs we are no men-flayers,
We have no religion, yet live by our pray'rs;
And oft' when we beg and men draw not their purses,
We charge and give fire with a volley of curses;
The devil confound your good worship we cry,
And such a bold brazen-face beggar am I.

5.

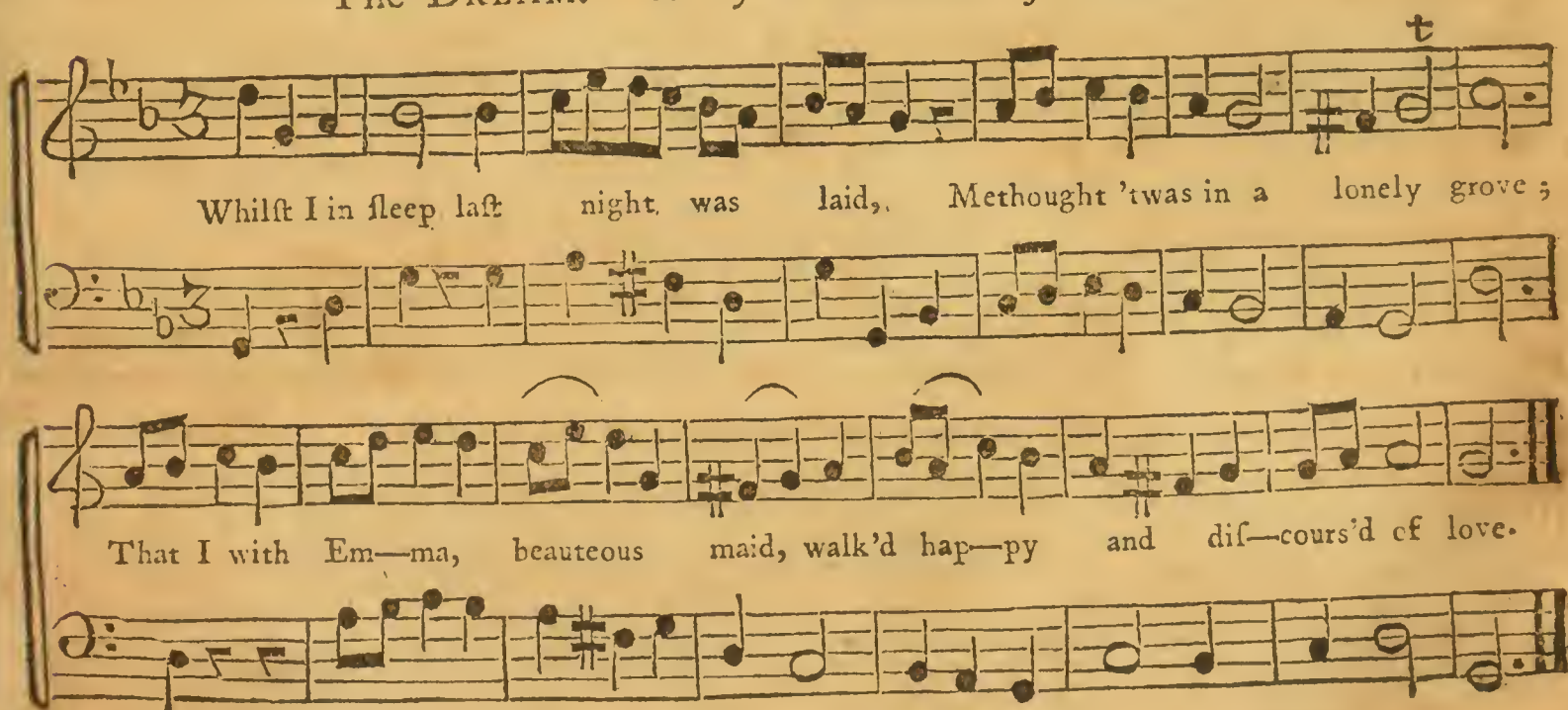
We do things in season, and have so much reason,
We raise no rebellion, nor ever talk treason;
We bill with our mates at very low rates,
Yet some keep their quarters as high as their gates:
With Shenkin or Morgan or Lounfman or Teague.
We into no covenant enter, or league;
And therefore a jolly bold beggar I'll be,
For none lead a life so jovial as he.

For such petty pledges as shirts from the hedges,
We never do fear being drawn upon fledges;
Yet sometimes the whip does make us to skip,
And then we from titing to titing do trip;
But when in a poor boozing ken we do bib it,
We are more afraid of the stocks than the gibbet;
And if from the stocks we keep our feet,
We fear not the compter, king's bench or the fleet.

7.

Sometimes we frame ourselves to be lame,
And when a coach comes we hop to our game;
We seldom miscarry, nor ever do marry,
By gown, common prayer or cloak-directory:
But Simon and Susan, like birds of a feather,
They laugh and they kiss and they lie down together;
Like pigs in the peas entangled they lie. (rogue as I.
And there they begot such a bold

The DREAM. Set by a Gentleman of Oxford.



Whilst I in sleep last night was laid, Methought 'twas in a lonely grove;
That I with Em—ma, beauteous maid, walk'd hap—py and dis—cours'd of love.

2.

Sweet cruel nymph, said I, reject
No more the 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 don't their words belie their mind?

Are not your sex a perjur'd crew?
Their promises ne'er made to bind.

4.

Then I'll return, with equal fire,
The love you shew your happy fair;
Then shall the world our loves admire,
And say, behold one perfect pair.

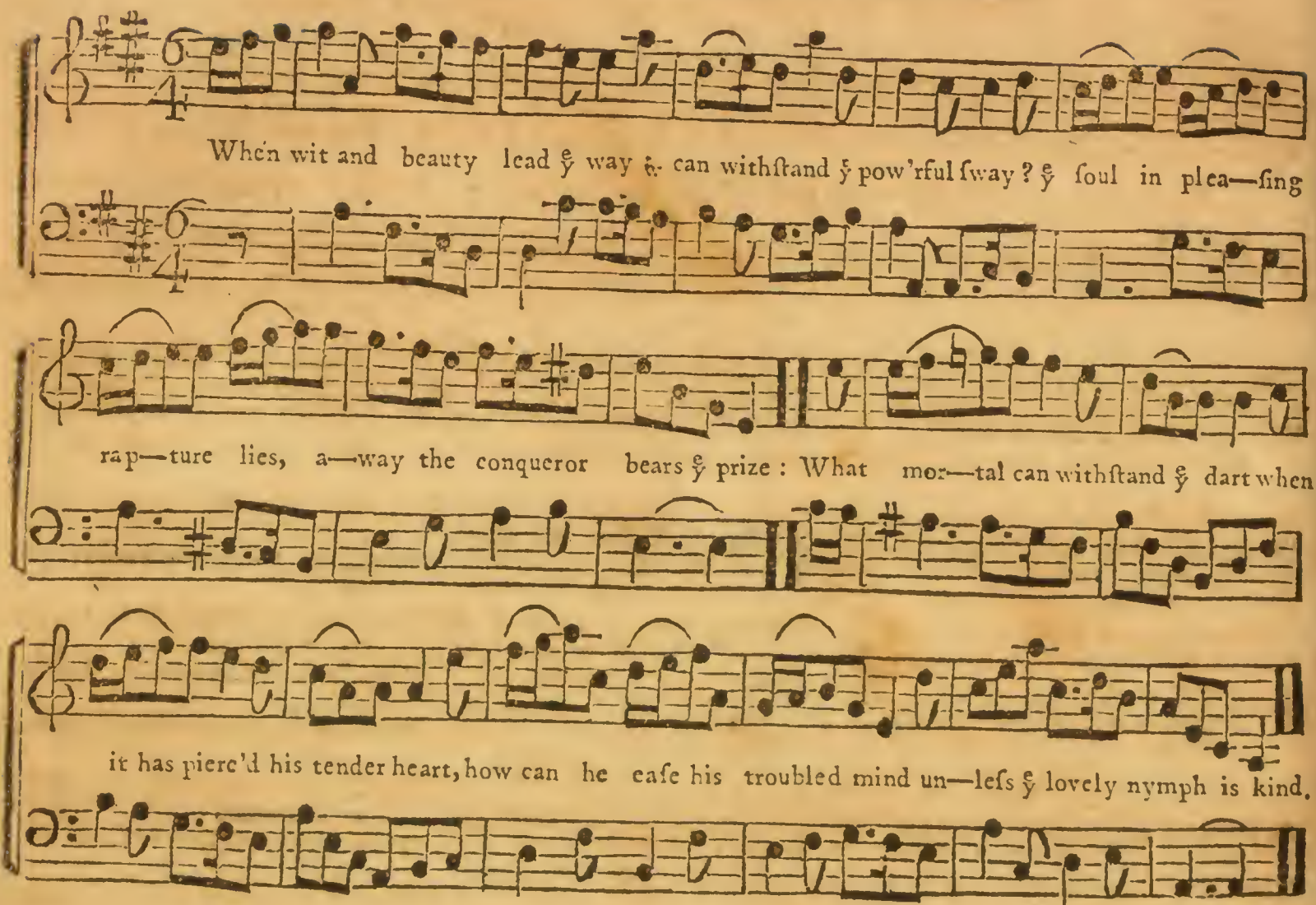
5.

With transport seiz'd, I 'gan to wake,
(Grieving, my muse pursue the theme)
A perfect pair! O dire mistake!
I found such bliss is but a dream.

PEDRO'S.

The Muses DELIGHT.

PEDRO's Dance. *The Words by a Gentleman.*



When wit and beauty lead \hat{y} way & can withstand \hat{y} pow'rful sway? \hat{y} soul in plea—sing

rap—ture lies, a—way the conqueror bears \hat{y} prize: What mor—tal can withstand \hat{y} dart when

it has pierc'd his tender heart, how can he ease his troubled mind un—less \hat{y} lovely nymph is kind.

2.

Enjoys the nymph amidst her friends.

Each woe his mate with rural notes:

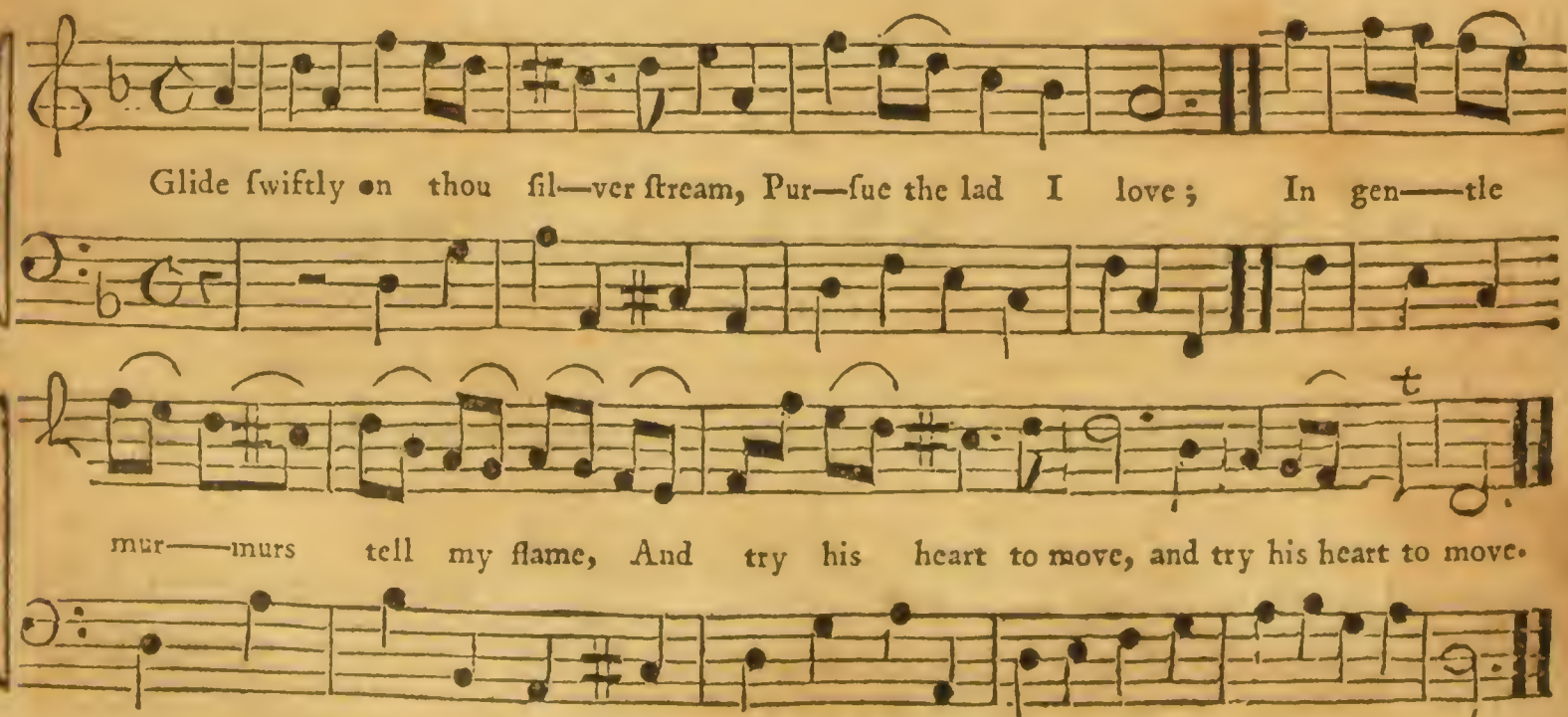
Where shall I go to vent my woes,
Or whither fly to seek repose?
To whom shall I disclose my mind,
And say, my Celia proves unkind?
I'll follow the receipt that Jove
Try'd to obtain his Danae's love;
In show'rs of gold the god descends,

3.

If thro' the shady groves I rove,
Still ev'ry object prompts to love;
The warblers, with their little throats,

Direct me, Cupid, to the place
Where I may view her charming face;
With her to wear out all my days,
Embalm'd in bliss and blest with ease.

The Maid's Request. *Set by Mr. J. F. LAMPE.*



Glide swiftly on thou sil—ver stream, Pur—sue the lad I love; In gen—tle

mur—murs tell my flame, And try his heart to move, and try his heart to move.

2.

My tears shall that supply.
My tears, &c.

In place of useless weeds;
May painted flow'rs adorn thy
brim,
And knots of bending reeds.
And knots, &c.

So may thy banks be always green,
Thy channel never dry;
If e'er thy spring be failing seen,

3.


May gilded carps thy surface skim,

The

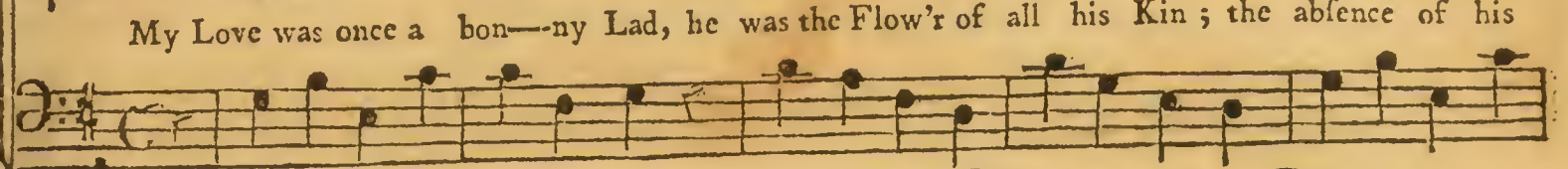
The Muses DELIGHT.

135

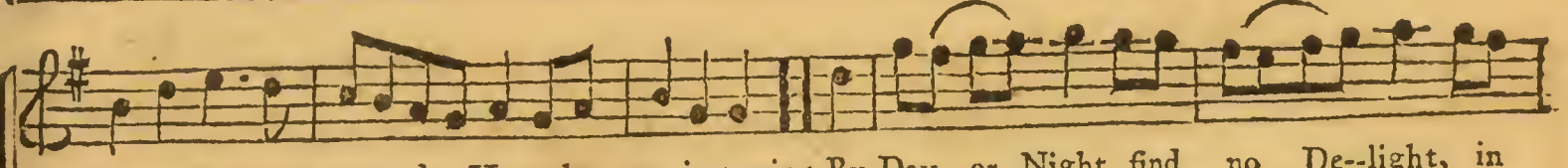
The Flower of EDINBURGH. Set by Sigr. D. RIZZIO.



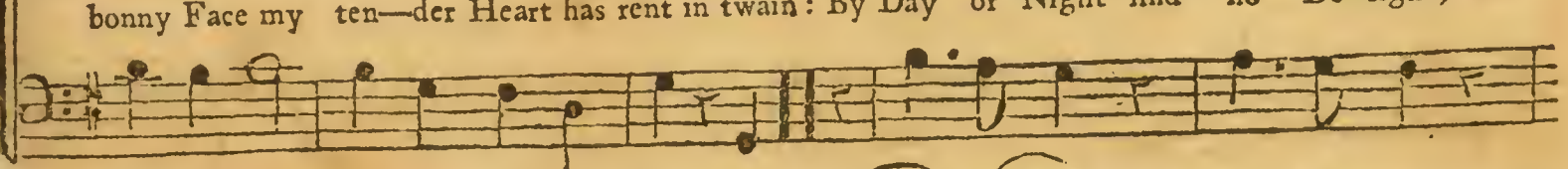
My Love was once a bon—ny Lad, he was the Flow'r of all his Kin ; the absence of his



bonny Face my ten—der Heart has rent in twain : By Day or Night find no De-light, in



si—lent Tears I still complain & rail at those my ri--val Foes, that took from me my darling Swain.



2.
Despair and Anguish fill my Breast,
Since I have lost my blooming
Rose ;
I sigh and mourn while others rest,
His absence yields me no repose :
To seek my Love I'll range and
rove,
Thro' ev'ry Grove and distant
Plain ;
I ne'er will cease, nor be at ease,
'Till I hear from my darling
Swain.

3.
I need not strange at Nature's change
Since Parents shew'd such cruelty ;
Therefore my Love from me does

range,
And knows not to what Destiny :
The pretty Kids and tender Lambs,
Shall cease to sport upon the
Plain,
And shall lament in discontent,
The Absence of my darling
Swain.

4.
Kind Neptune, let me you intreat
To send a fair and pleasing Gale ;
Your Dolphins sweet upon me wait,
For to convoy me on your Tail :
May Heavens bless me with Suc-
cess,
While crossing of the raging
Main ;

And send me o'er to that same
Shore,

To meet my lovely darling Swain.

5.
All Joy and Mirth, at our Return,
Shall then abound from Tweed
to Tay ;
The Bells shall ring, the Birds shall
sing,


To grace and crown our Nuptial
Day :

Thus, blest with Charms, in my
Love's Arms,

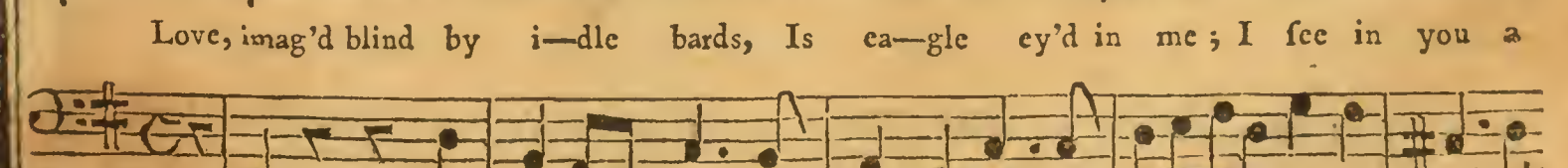
Once more my Heart I will ob-
tain ;

I'll range no more t'a distant Shore,
But will enjoy my darling Swain.


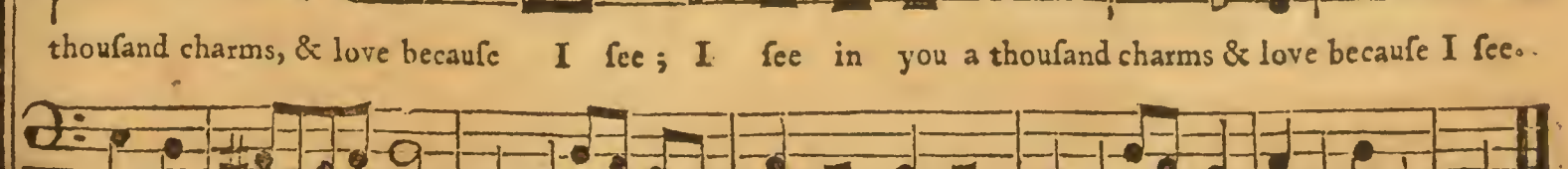
TO SALINDA. Set by Mr. M. C. FESTING.



Love, imag'd blind by i—dle bards, Is ea—gle ey'd in me ; I see in you a



thousand charms, & love because I see ; I see in you a thousand charms & love because I see.

When

2.

(face

When nature form'd that angel
 She lavish'd all her pow'r ;
 Be this, she cry'd, my master-piece,
 Kneel, mortals, and adore.
Be this, &c.

3.

Like her own Flora's vernal blush,
 Her blooming cheek she dies ;
 And from the morning dew-drops
 takes

The lustre of your eyes.
And from the morning, &c.

4.

Like equal rows of orient pearl
 She sets your even teeth ;
 With live vermillion stains your
 lips,
 With nectar dews your breath.
With live vermillion, &c.

6.

Where all the graces thus unite,
 'Tis merit to approve ;
 And reason, which at first admir'd,
 Is forc'd to end in love.
And reason, &c.

The blytheft Bird. Sung by Mr. LOWE.

The blyth---est Bird that sings in May, Was ne'er more blyth was ne'er more gay than

I, a-----well a-----day ! Than I, a-----well a-----day ! E'er Col—lin

yet had learn'd to Sigh, Or I to guess the Reason why ; Oh Love ! a-

well a-----day, Oh Love ! a-----well a-----day.

2.

We kiss'd, we toy'd, but neither
 knew
 From whence those fond Endear-
 ments grew,
 'Till he, a-well a-day ! 'till he, a-
 well a-day !
 By Time and other Swains made
 Wife,
 Began to talk of Hearts and Eyes,
 And Love, a-well a-day ! and Love,
 a-well a-day.

3.

Kind Nature now took Collin's
 Part,
 My Eyes inform against my Heart,
 My Heart, a-well a-day ! my Heart,
 a-well a-day !
 Straight glow'd with thrilling Sym-
 pathy,
 And echo'd back each gentle
 Sigh,
 Each Sigh, a-well a-day ! each Sigh
 a-well a-day !

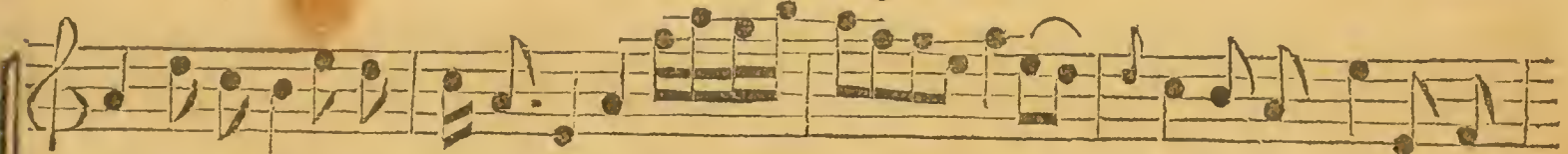
4.

Can Love, alas ! by Words be
 shewn,
 He ask'd a Proof, a tender One,
 While I, a-well a-day ! while I,
 a-well a-day !
 In silence blush'd a fond Re-
 ply ;
 Can she who truly Loves deny ?
 Ah ! no, a-well a-day, ah ! no, a-
 well a-day !

The Lad for me. Set by Mr. WORGAN.

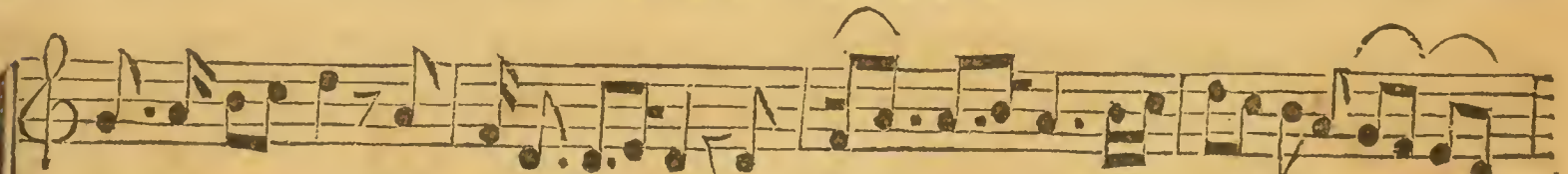


Since Jenny thinks mean her love to deny, And



Peg-gy's un-easy when Harry's not by ;

I'll own without blushing, were



all the world by, That Willy's the lad, the lad for me. And Willy's the lad, the



lad for me.



2.

4.

6.

He brought me a wreath which his
hands did compose,
While the dale-loving lilly was
turn'd with the rose ;
Young myrtle, in sprigs, did the
border enclose.
And Willy's the lad for me.

3.

These ribbands of mine his gift at
the fair,
My mother look'd cross, and cry'd
Fanny beware :
But d'ye think I regard her ? Not
I, I declare.
And Willy's, &c.

5

I cry'd you're too rude—with af-
fected disdain,
(For early in life we're instructed
to feign)
He made me no answer, but kiss'd
me again.
And Willy's, &c.

7.

By myrtle, said he, is my passion
express'd,
The rose, like your lips, in ver-
million is drest,
And the lilly, for whiteness, would
vie with your breast.
And Willy's, &c.

Beneath a tall beech, and reclin'd
on his crook,
I saw my young shepherd ; how
sweet was his look !
He ask'd for one kiss, but a hun-
dred he took.
And Willy's, &c.

Then what can I do ? Instruct me
ye maids,
When a lover so kindly, so warm-
ly invades,
Whose silence as much as his lan-
guage persuades.
And Willy's, &c.

S

The

The Miller's Wedding. Sung by Mr. LOWE.

Con Spirito. Leave

neighbours your work, and to sport and to play, Let the tabor strike up and the village be gay; Let the ta—bor strike up and the village be gay: No day thro' ½ year shall more chearful be seen, For Ralph of the Mill marries Sue of the Green. For Ralph of the Mill marries Sue of the Green. I love Sue, and Sue loves me, And while the wind blows, and while the mill goes, Who'll be so hap—py so hap—py as we.

2.

Let lords and fine folk, who for
wealth take a bride,
Be married to-day, and tomorrow
be cloy'd;
Be married, &c.
My body is stout, and my heart is
as sound,

And my love, like my courage, will
never give ground.
And my love, &c.
Cho. I love Sue, &c.

3.

Let ladies of fashion the best join-
ters wed,

And prudently take the best bid-
ders to bed;
And prudently, &c.
Such signing and sealing's no part
of our bliss,
We settle our hearts and we seal
with a kiss.
We settle, &c.
Cho. I love Sue, &c.

Tho'

4

Tho' Ralph is not courtly, nor none
of our beaus,
Nor bounces nor flutters nor wears
your fine cloaths;
Nor bounces, &c.
In nothing he'll borrow from folks
of high life,

Nor e'er turn his back on his friend
or his wife.
Nor e'er, &c.
Cho. *I love Sue, &c.*

5.

While thus I am able to work at
my mill,

While thus thou art kind, and thy
tongue but lies still;
While thus thou art kind, &c.
Our joys shall continue, and ever
be new,
And none be so happy as Ralph
and his Sue.
And none, &c.
Cho. *I love Sue, &c.*

The Adieu to SUSAN. Set by Mr. LAMPE.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The stream—ers waving in the
wind, When black-ey'd Susan came on board, O! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me ye jovi—al sailors, tell me true, If my sweet William fails among the crew.

2.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he
heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes be-
low;
The cord slides swiftly thro' his
glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck
he stands.

3.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in
air,
Shuts close his pinions 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 William's lips those
kisses sweet.

4.

O Susan, Susan! 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 faithful compass that still
points to thee.

5.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy con-
stant mind;
They'll tell thee sailors when a-
way
At every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe 'em when they
tell thee so,
For thou art present wherefoe'er I
go.

6.

If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds
bright;
Thy breath is Africk's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white:
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I
view
Wakes in my soul some charm of
lovely Sue.

7

Tho' battle calls me from thy
arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from
harms
William shall to his dear re-
turn;
Love turns aside the balls that
round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop
from Susan's eye.

8.

The boatswain gave the dreadful
word,
The sails their swelling bosoms
spread;
No longer must she stay on board,
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 lil-
ly hand.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Virgin's Last Resolve. Sung by Mr. LOWE.

Ye Virgins who do

list—en to what—e'er your Mothers say, Be rul'd by me and let's a—gree no

long—er to o—bey : For I've been snubb'd, & I've been drubb'd, till I've been black &

blue ; But I'll behave no more like a Slave, But I'll be—have no more like a Slave, I

with I may die if I do, if I do. I wish I may die if I do.

2.

Both night and day she prates a-
way

About my being nice,
But I declare 'twould make you
stare

To hear her dull advice ;
She says that I from men must fly
Or mischief will ensue ;
But in all the kind no harm I find,

In all the kind, &c.
I wish I may die if I do.
I wish, &c.

3.

She says that youth, still blind to
truth,
The danger ne'er can tell ;

And 'tis from sense and experience
That she can talk so well :
But if she got sense from experi-
ence,

Then she may depend upon't,
I'll try to be as wise as she ;
I'll try, &c.

I wish I may die if I don't.
I wish, &c.

4.

Young Damon gay, the other day,
Would struggle for a kiss ;
I pish'd and cry'd, and him did
chide,

With—What d'ye mean by this?
'Tis wond'rous rude, that you'll
intrude,
When I have so oft forbid ;

I wish I may die if you don't make
me cry, *I wish, &c.*
But I wish I may die if he did.
I wish, &c.

5

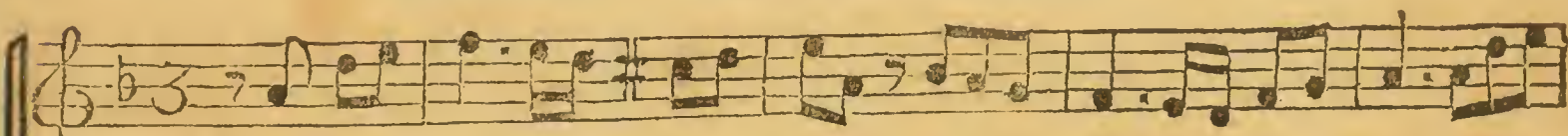
Then I'll be free whilst young I
be,

And let my mother scold ;
And I'll despise being quite as
wife,

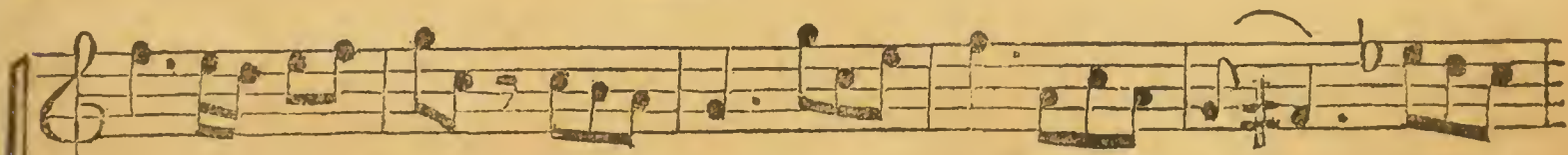
Until I am quite as old :
At forty-three a prude I'll be,
And lay my follies by ;
But never till then will I shun the
men,

But never, &c.
If I do—I wish I may die,
If I do, &c.

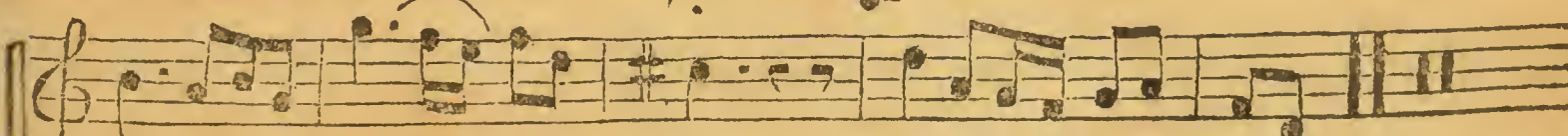
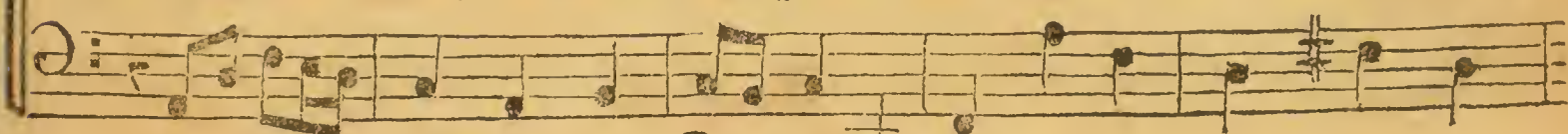
Fair SALLY. Set by Dr. GREENE.



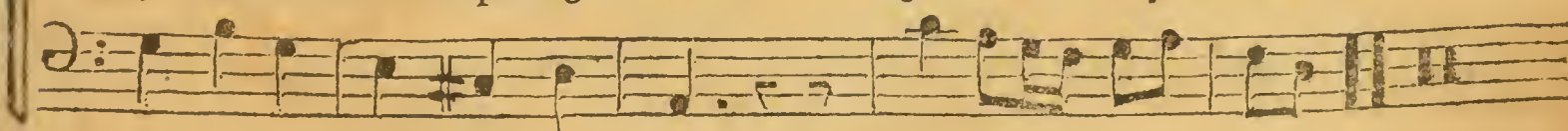
Spiritoso. Fair Sally lov'd a bonny seaman, & tears she sent him out to roam, & Thomas



lov'd no other woman, but left his heart & her at home ; she view'd the sea from off the



hill, & as she turn'd her spinning wheel, Sung of her bonny Seaman.



2.

The winds blew loud, and she grew
paler

To see the weather-cock turn
round,

When lo! she spy'd her bonny fail-
lor

Come tripping o'er the fallow
ground ;

With nimble haste he leapt the
style,

And Sally met him with a smile,
And hugg'd her bonny failor.

3.

Fast round the waist he took his
Sally,

But first around his mouth wip'd
he ;

Like home-bred spark he could not
dally,

But kiss'd and prest her with a
glee :

Thro' winds and waves and dash-
ing rain,

Cry'd he, thy Tommy's return'd
again,

And brings a heart for Sally.

4

Welcome, she cry'd, my constant
Thomas,

Tho' out of sight ne'er out of
mind ;

Our hearts if seas have parted from
us

Yet they my thoughts did leave
behind ;

So much my thoughts took Tom-
my's part

That time nor absence, from my
heart

Could drive my constant Thomas

5.

This knife, the gift of lovely Sally,

I still have kept for her dear
sake ;

A thousand times, in am'rous folly,
Thy name I've earv'd upon the

deck ;

Again the happy pledge returns,
To tell how truly Tommy burns,

How truly burns for Sally.

6,

This thimble didst thou give to
Sally,

Whilst this I see I think on
you ;

Then why does Tom stand still—I
shall-I

While yonder steeple's in our
view :

Tom, never to occasion blind,
Now took her in the coming
mind,

And went to church with Sally.

The Lads of the Mill. Set by Mr. HOWARD.

Dan Gay first in Vogue bro't the blithe Molly Mogg, and flourish'd her Praise with

his Quill: But 'tis strange that as yet the Twick-en-ham Wit never thought

of a Neighbouring Mill, Never tho't of a Neigh-bour-ing Mill.

2

5

8

That the seas foaming juice
Did Venus produce,
Let poets insist on it still;
I stoutly aver,
That a fairer than her
Took her rise from the froth of a mill.
Took her rise, &c.

3

But say, O ye nine,
How a nymph so divine,
Could the lap of a miller's wife fill,
Unless that some God,
Stray'd out of his road,
And set up his staff in his mill?
And set, &c.

4

Once Juno's good man,
In the shape of a Swan,
Did Leda so lovingly bill,
That Helen she hatch'd,
Who never was match'd
But by the fair lads of the mill.
But by, &c.

In another disguise
Alcmena he plies,
Like Amphitryon he frolicks his fill:
Then why might not Jove,
As a cloak for his love,
Take upon him the man of the mill?
Take, &c.

6

Once Homer inflam'd,
An hundred tongues claim'd,
Some arduous work to fulfill;
Let me tell thee old bard,
This task were to hard,
Tho' thou hadst all the clacks of the
mill.
Tho' thou hadst, &c.

7

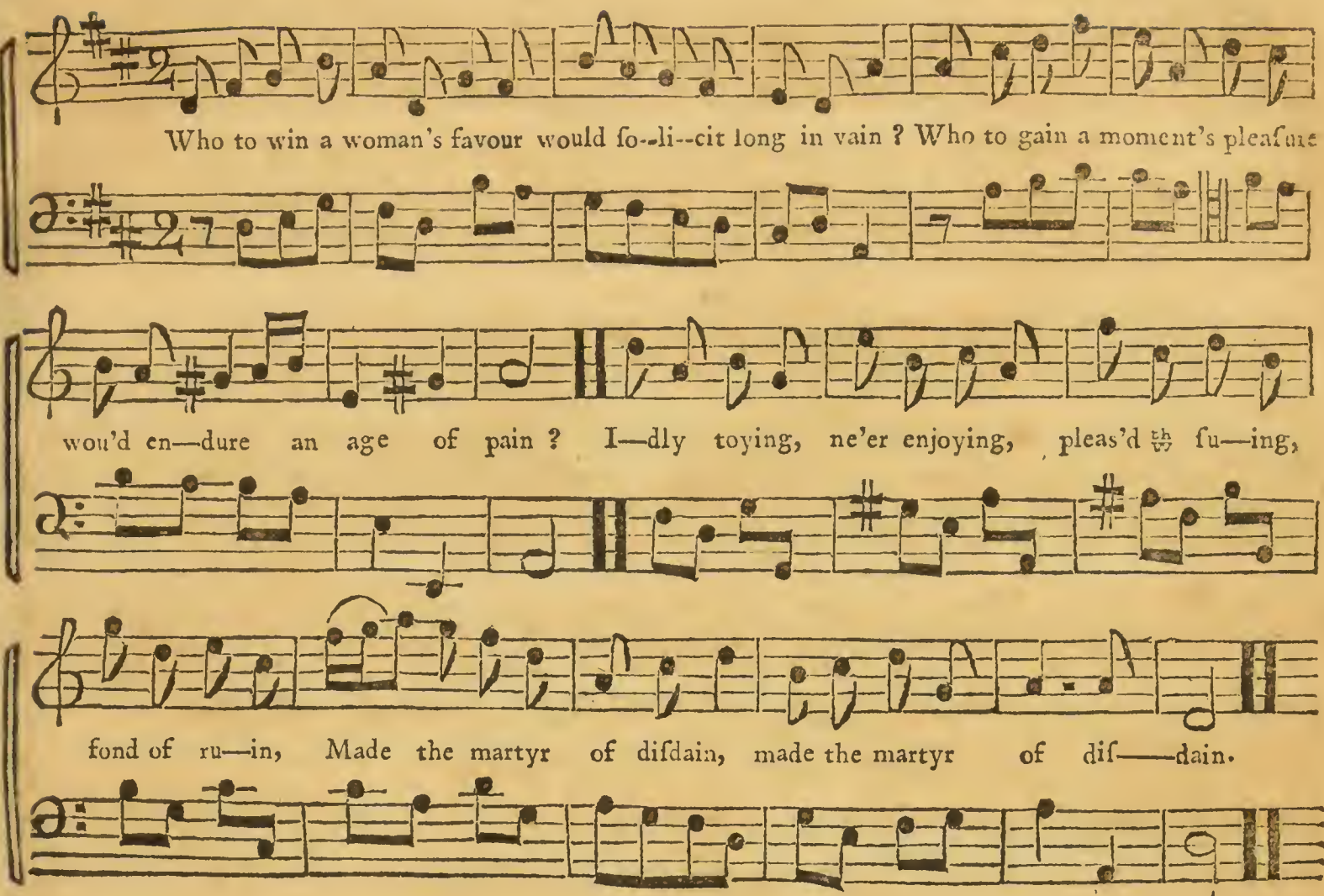
But fie, muse, forbear,
'Tis better by far
No more of these charms to reveal;
Lest thereby you might
New rivals excite,
And carry more sacks to the mill.
And carry, &c.

With influence benign,
Oh! would she incline,
With my stars, but to favour my
will;
So it might be with her,
'Twould be raptures I swear,
And music to live in a mill.
And music, &c.

9.

Then fair one be kind,
Nor with water and wind,
Inconstant turn round with the
wheel;
Lest when I am dead,
It should truly be said,
Thy heart was a stone of a mill.
Thy heart, &c.

The ROVER. Set by Mr. LAMPE.



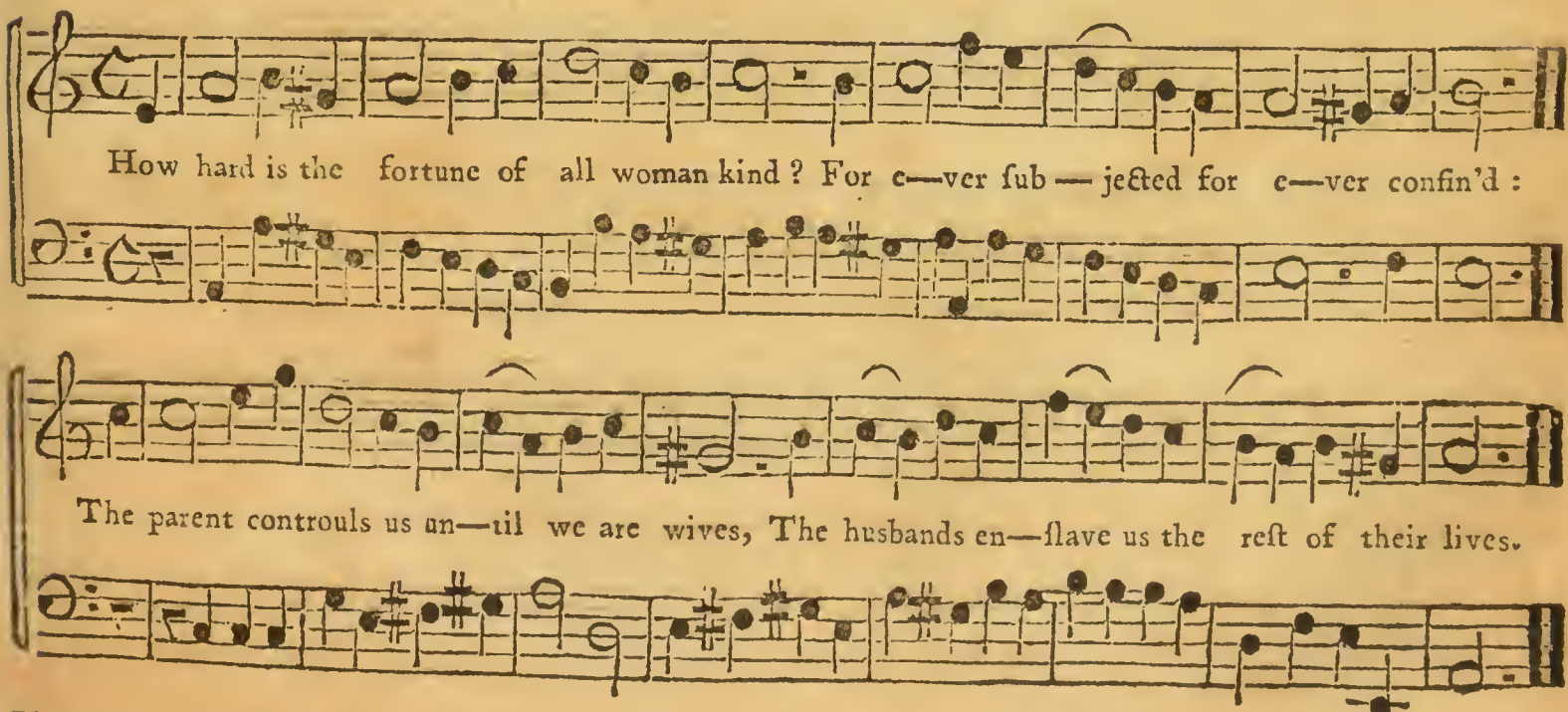
Who to win a woman's favour would so-li-cit long in vain? Who to gain a moment's pleasure
 wou'd en-dure an age of pain? I-dly toying, ne'er enjoying, pleas'd to fu-ing,
 fond of ru-in, Made the martyr of disdain, made the martyr of dis-dain.

Give me, love, the beauteous ro-
 ver,
 Whom a general passion warms;
 Fondly blessing every lover,

Frankly proffering all her
 charms:
 Never flying,
 Still complying,

Train'd to please you,
 Glad to ease you,
 Circled in her snowy arms.
 Circled, &c.

The Ladies Case. Set by Mr. GOUGE.



How hard is the fortune of all woman kind? For e-ver sub-jested for e-ver confin'd:
 The parent controuls us un-til we are wives, The husbands en-flave us the rest of their lives.

If fondly we love, yet we dare
 not reveal,
 But secretly languish, compell'd

to conceal;
 Deny'd e'ery freedom of life to
 enjoy,

We're sham'd if we're kind, we're
 blam'd if we're coy.

The FLY ; moderniz'd from CHAUCER. Set by Mr. ARNE.

Allegro, ma non presto

From sweet bewitching tricks of love young men your hearts se-

cure, lest from the paths of sense you rove in do-tage prema-ture, in do-tage

pre-ma-ture : Look at each lass thro' wisdom's glass, nor

trust the na-ked Eye ; Gallants beware look sharp take care the

blind eat many a fly, the blind eat many a fly.

2.

3.

4.

Not only on their hands and necks
The borrow'd white you'll find ;
Some belles, when interest directs,
Can even paint the mind :
Joy in distress
They can express,
Their very tears can lie,
Gallants beware,
Look sharp, take care,
The blind eat many a flie.

There's not a spinster in the realm
But all mankind can cheat,
Down to the cottage from the helm,
The learn'd, the brave and great.
With lovely looks
And golden hooks,
T'entangle us they try ;
Gallants beware,
Look sharp, take care,
The blind eat many a flie.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Was earth of parchment made ;
Was ev'ry single stick a quill,
Each man a scribe by trade ;
To write the tricks
Of half the sex,
Would suck the ocean dry ;
Gallants beware,
Look sharp, take care,
The blind eat many a flie.

FLORELLA. Set by Mr. KILBURNE.



Flo-----rella, lovely nymph, for---bear To cloud a face like thine With frowns &
nought but smiles shou'd wear, To please and bless man---kind : With envious
haste old Time and care, will tar-----nish e-----v'ry bloom ; then do not
by im---pru-----dence marr, What may be lost too soon.

2.

See with what pleasure ev'ry swain
The cheerful Cloe views ;
See with what joy they wear the
chain,
All pleas'd whom she subdues :
Tho' fair her face, divinely fair !
Yet she her conquest owes

To that good-nature that appears
In every thing she does.

3.

And that will please when ev'ry
joy
That beauty gave is dead ;
And friendly smooth the wrinkled

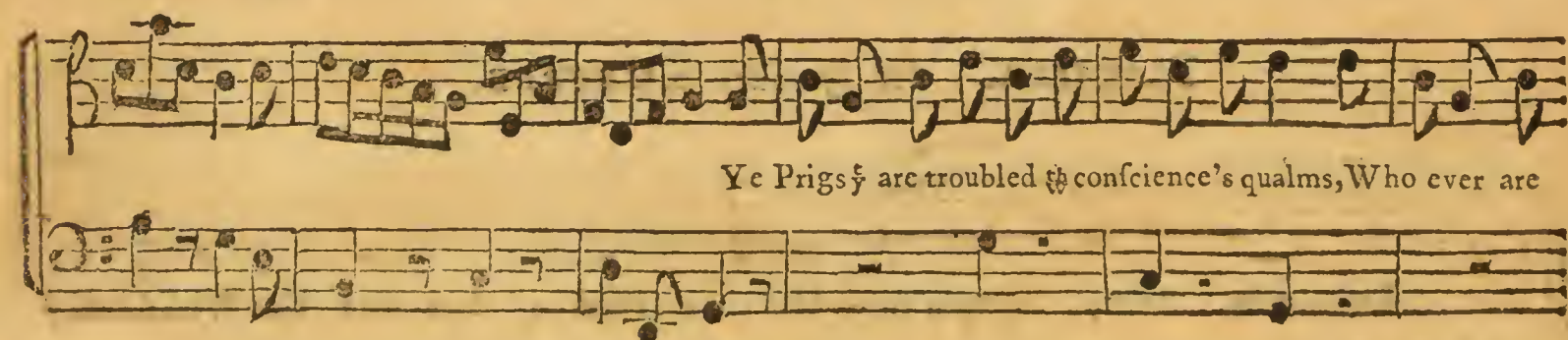
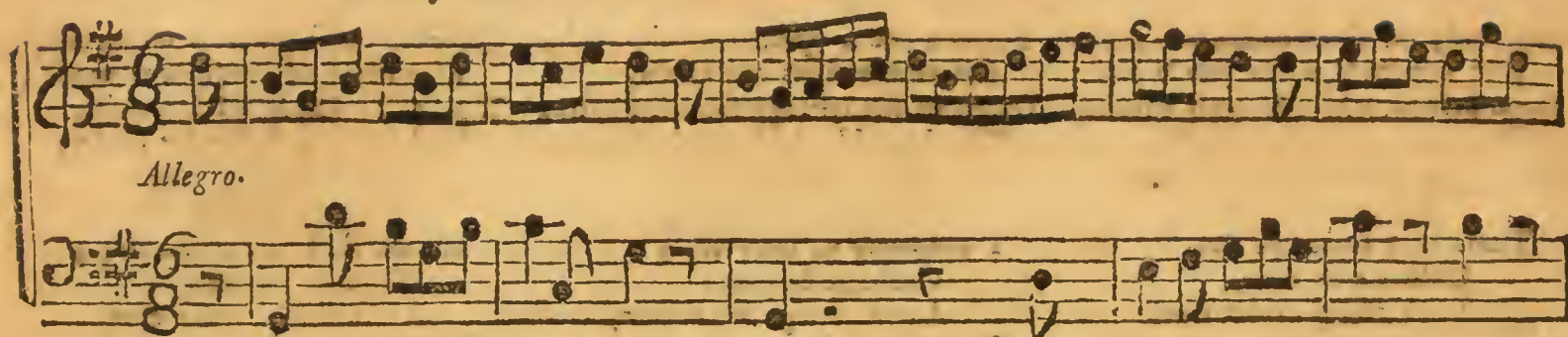
brow
Of age's hoary head :
Then give to smiles and mirth the
hour,
Enjoy the present store ;
Defraud not beauty of that pow'r
That soon will be no more.

T

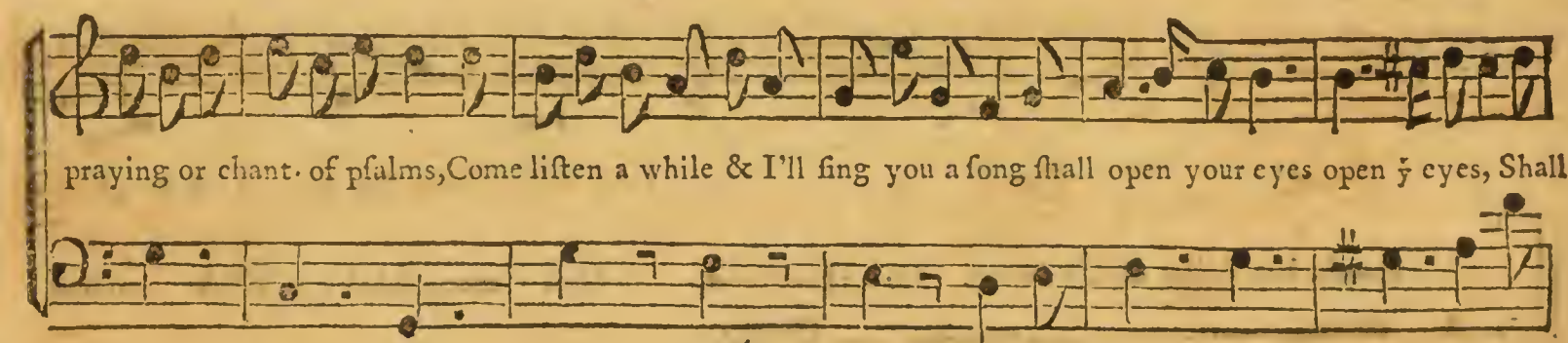
Set

The Muses DELIGHT.

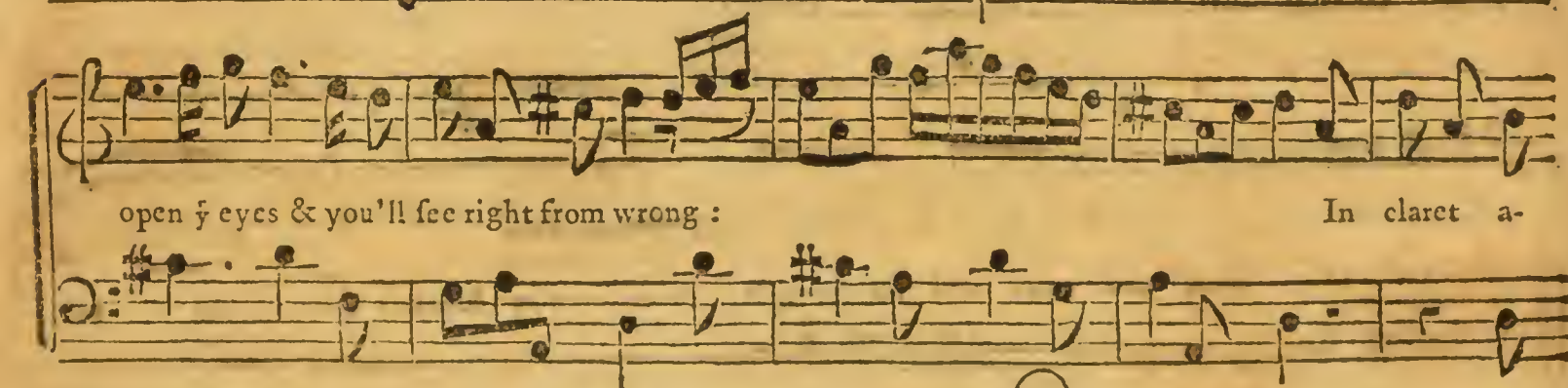
Set by Mr. ARNE. Sung by Mr. BEARD.



Ye Prigs are troubled wth conscience's qualms, Who ever are

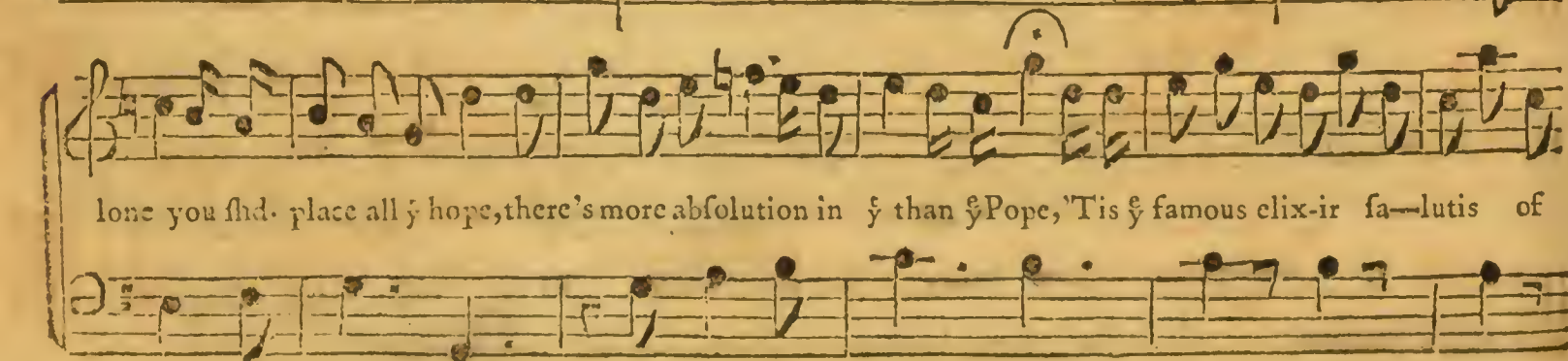


praying or chant. of psalms, Come listen a while & I'll sing you a song shall open your eyes open y^e eyes, Shall

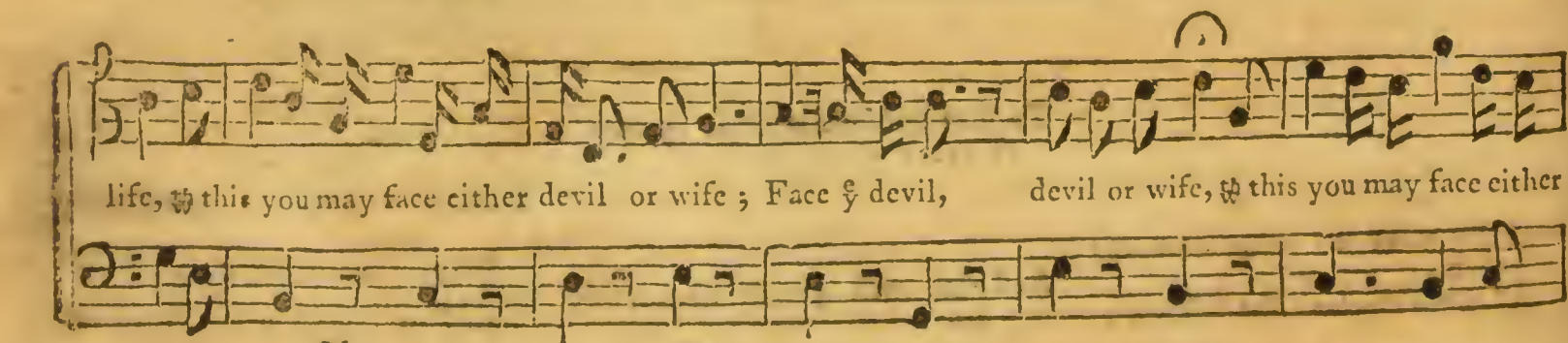


open y^e eyes & you'll see right from wrong :

In claret a-

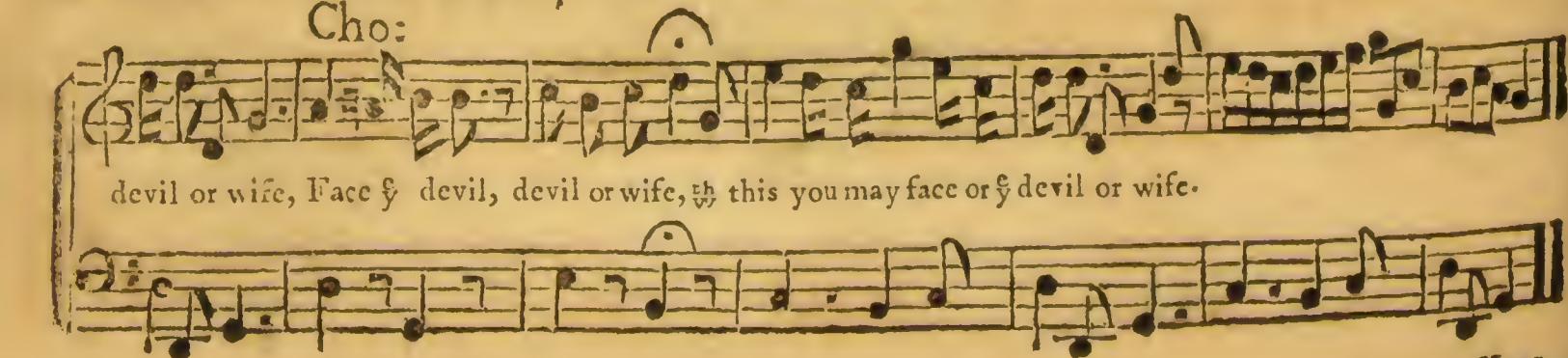


lone you shd. place all y^e hope, there's more absolution in y^e than y^e Pope, 'Tis y^e famous elix-ir sa-lutis of



life, wth this you may face either devil or wife ; Face y^e devil, devil or wife, wth this you may face either

Cho:



devil or wife, Face y^e devil, devil or wife, wth this you may face or y^e devil or wife.

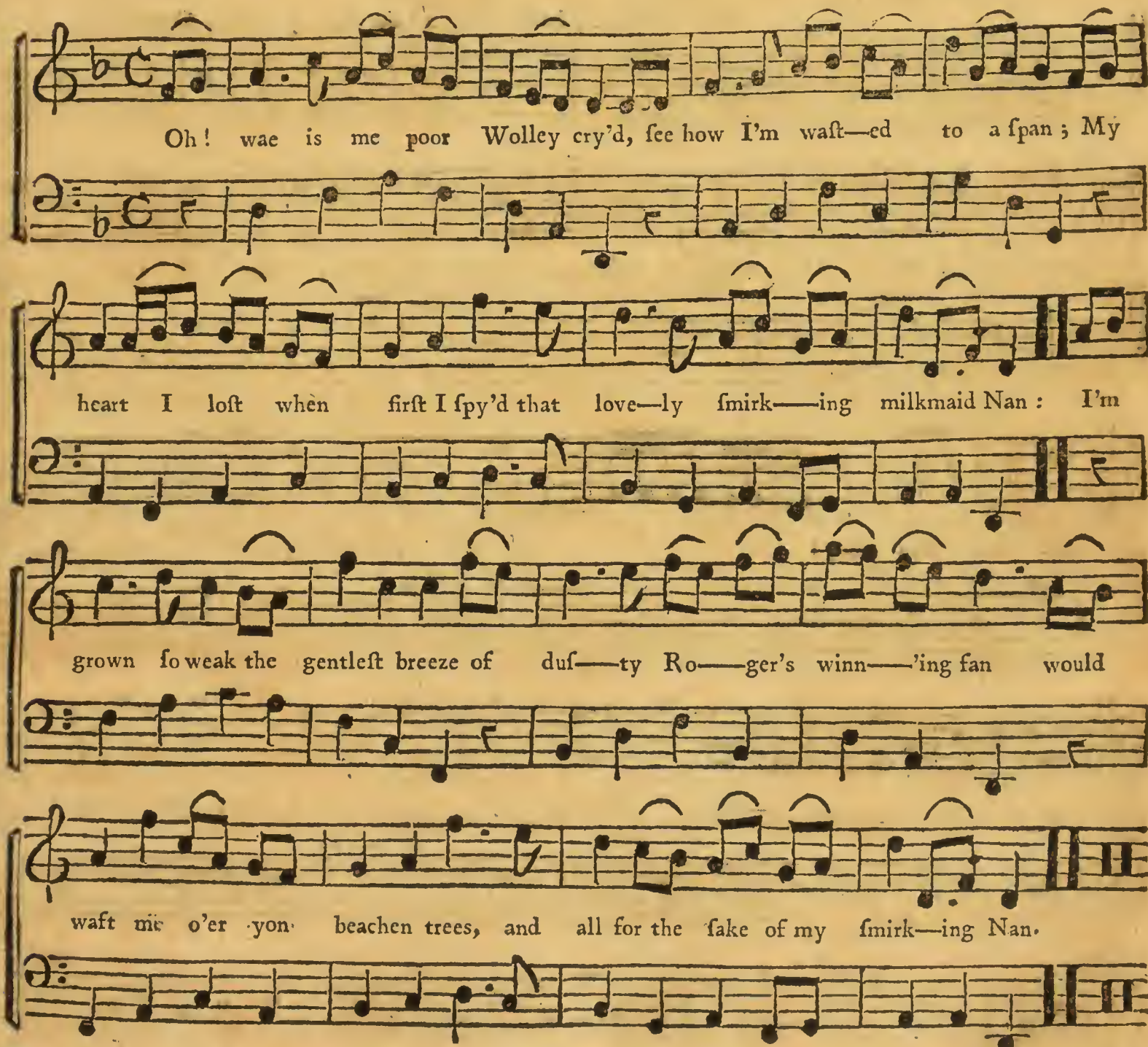
2
Your Mars and Apollo, in spight
of the schools,
And Jupiter eke, to our Bacchus
are fools ;
When his blessed spirit enliven
our clods,
Each mortal's inspir'd with the
pow'r of the gods :
Not Mars is so valiant when watch-
men provoke,
Not Phœbus so wise when the juf-

tice we smoke ;
Nor Jove half so rampant in all his
amours,
When we thunder away from our
claret to whores.

the priest,
And thus I go on till the saint is
deceas'd :
And when I no longer can revel
and roar,
But must part with my bottle, my
friend and my whore,
Embalm me in claret, pay rites at
my shrine,
Thus living I'm happy, when dead
I'm divine.

3.
My morals are found—for they
lie in my glafs ;
My religion and faith are my bot-
tle and las ;
My church is the tavern, a vintner

Smirking NAN. *The Words by Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY.*



Oh ! wae is me poor Wolley cry'd, see how I'm waft—ed to a span ; My

heart I lost when first I spy'd that love—ly smirk—ing milkmaid Nan : I'm

grown so weak the gentlest breeze of duf—ty Ro—ger's winn—'ing fan would

waft me o'er yon beachen trees, and all for the sake of my smirk—ing Nan.

2.
The ale-wife misses me of late,
I us'd to take a hearty can ;
But I can neither drink nor eat,
Unless 'tis brew'd or bak'd by
Nan.
The baker makes the best of bread,
The flower he takes, and leaves
the bran ;

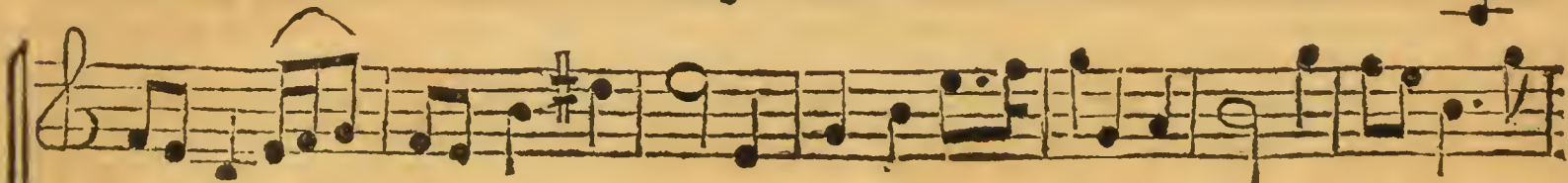
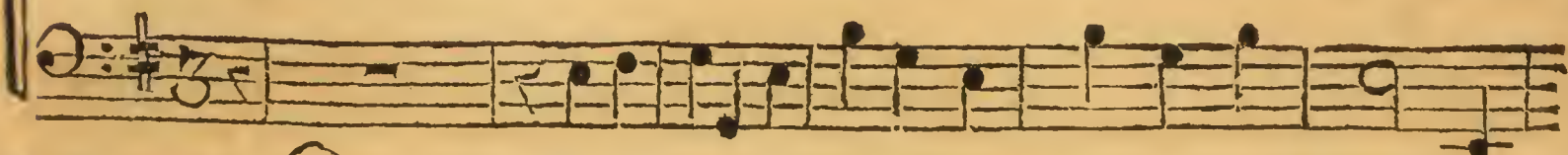
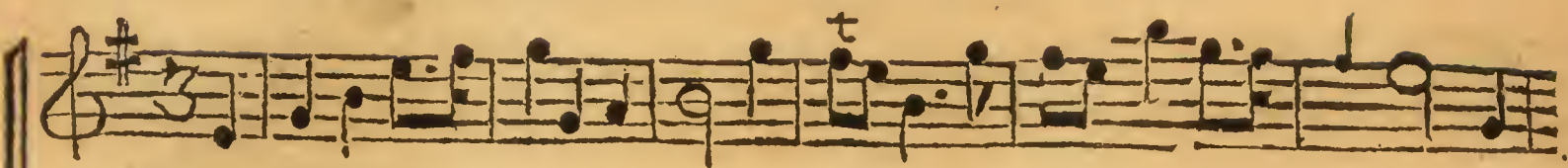
The bran is every other maid,
Compar'd with thee, my smirk-
ing Nan.

3.
But Dick o'th green, that nasty
loun,
Last sunday to my mistress ran ;

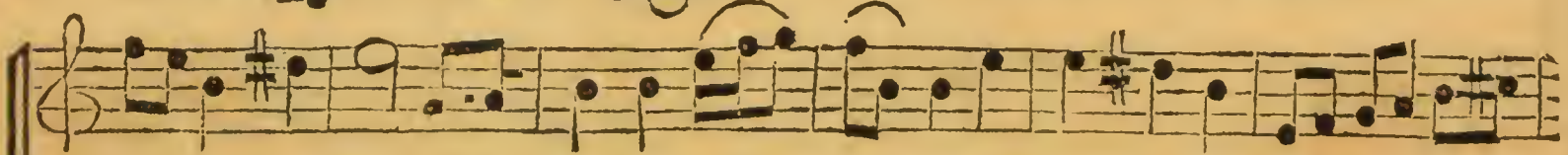
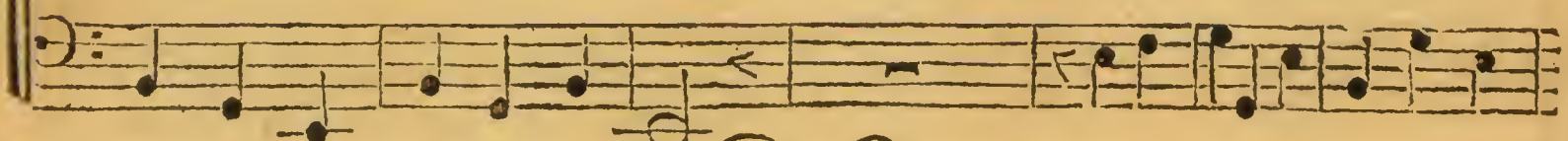
He snatch'd a kiss—I knock'd
him down,
Which hugely pleas'd my smirky
Nan.
But hark ! the roaring foger comes,
And rattles tantara tarran ;
She leaves her cows for noisy drums,
Woes me, I've lost my smirky
Nan.

The Muses DELIGHT.

Sung by Miss BURCHEL. Set by Mr. WORGAN.



Hark ! hark ! 'tis a voice from y^e tomb, Come Lucy it



cries come a—way ; The grave of thy Col—lin has room To rest thee be—



2.

All mournful the midnight-bell
rung,
When Lucy, sad Lucy, arose,
And forth to the green turf she
sprung,
Where Collin's pale ashes repose;
All wet with the night's chilling
dew,
Her bosom embrac'd the cold
ground,
While stormy winds over her blew,
And night-ravens croak'd all a-
round.
And night-ravens, &c.

3

How long my lov'd Collin, she cry'd,
How long must thy Lucy com-

plain?

How long shall the grave my love
hide,
How long e'er it join us again?
For thee, thy fond shepherdes liv'd,
With thee, o'er the world wou'd
she fly,
For thee, has she sorrow'd and
griev'd,
For thee, wou'd she lie down and
die.
For thee, &c.

4.

Alas! what avails it how dear
Thy Lucy was once to her swain!
Her face like the lilly so fair,
And eyes that gave light to the
plain!
The shepherd that lov'd her is gone,

That face and those eyes charm
no more,
And Lucy forgot and alone,
To death shall her Collin deplore.
To death shall her, &c.

5.

While thus she lay sunk in despair,
And mourn'd to y' echos around,
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
And thunder shook dreadful the
ground:
I hear the kind call and obey,
Ah Collin! receive me, she cry'd,
Then breathing a groan o'er his
clay,
She hung on his tomb-stone and
dy'd.
She hung on his, &c.

The Modest Question. Set by Mr. RUSSEL.

Can love be con—troll'd by ad—vice, can madnes and reason a—gree? O

Molly who'd e—ver be wife if madnes is lov—ing of thee: Let

fages pre—tend to de—pise the joys they want spirits to taste, Let me seize old

time as he fli—es, And the blef—sings of life while they last.

Dull wisdom but adds to our cares,
Brisk love will improve ev'ry
joy;
Too soon we may meet with gray
hairs,

Too late may repent being coy:
Then Molly, for what should we
stay
Till our best blood begins to run
cold?

Our youth we can have but to-
day,
We may always find time to
grow old.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Fair Thief. Set by Mr. WORGAN.

Be — fore the ur — chin well could go She
stole the whiteness of the snow ; And more, that whiteness to a — dorn, She stole the blushes
of the morn : Stole all the sweets & æther sheds On prim — rose buds or vi' — let beds, On
primrose buds or vi'let beds.

2.

Still, to reveal her artful wiles,
She stole the graces silken smiles ;
She stole Aurora's balmy breath,
And pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth :
The cherry dipt in morning dew
Gave moisture to her lips and hue.
Gave moisture, &c.

3.

These were her infant spoils, a
store
To which in time she added more ;

At twelve she stole from Cyprus' queen
Her air and love-commanding mein:
Stole Juno's dignity, and stole
From Pallas sense to charm the
soul.
From Pallas, &c.

4.

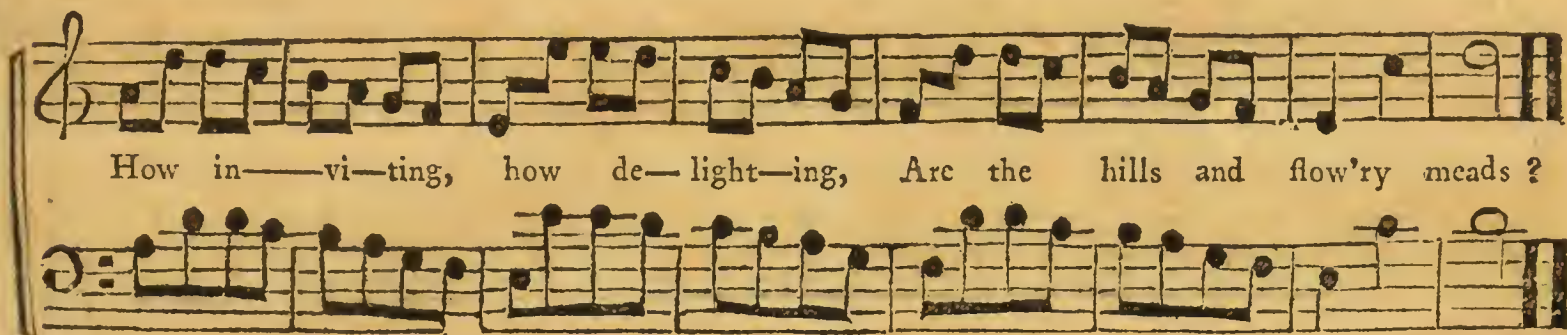
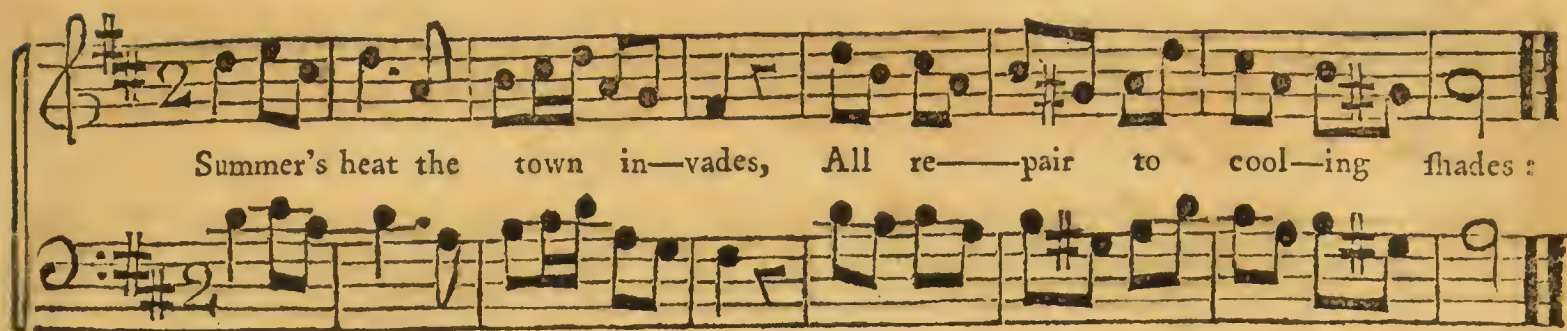
Apollo's wit was next her prey,
Her next the beam that lights the
day ;
She sung, amaz'd the Syrens heard
And to assert their voice appear'd :

She play'd, the Muses from the
hill
Wonder'd who thus had stole their
skill.
Wonder'd, &c.

4.

(art,
Great Jove approv'd her crimes and
And t'other day she stole my heart.
If lovers, Cupid, are thy care,
Exert thy vengeance on this fair ;
To trial bring her stol'n charms,
And let her prison be my arms.
And let, &c.

The Beauties of HAMPSTEAD. Set by Mr. ERIS.



2.

Here, where lovely Hampstead
stands,
And the neighb'ring vale commands;
What surprising prospects rising,
All around adorn the lands.

3.

Here, ever woody mounts arise ;
There, verdant lawns delight our
eyes ;
Where Thames wanders, in mean-

ders,
Lofty domes approach the skies.

4.

Here are grottos, purling streams,
Shades defying Titan's beams,
Rosy bowers, fragrant flowers,
Lovers wishes poets themes !

5.

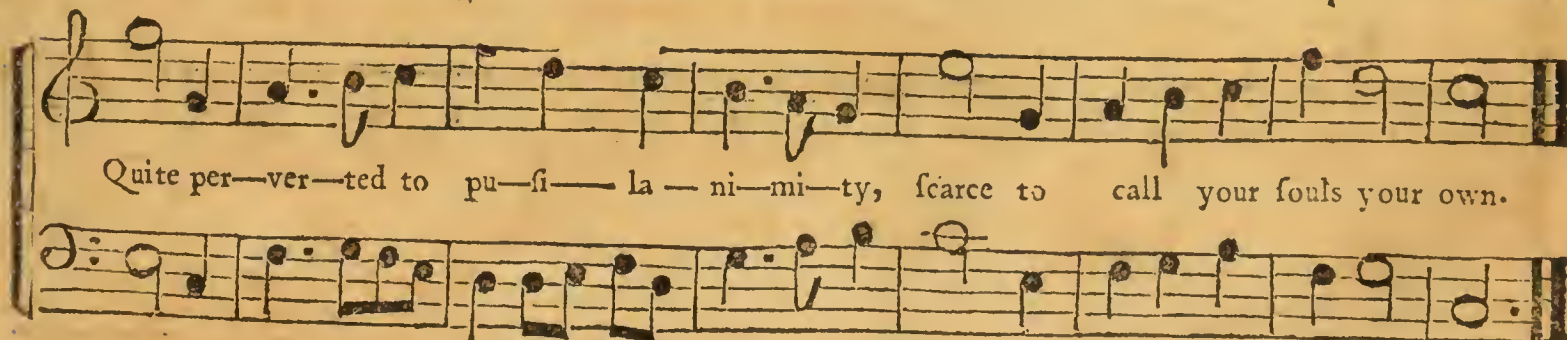
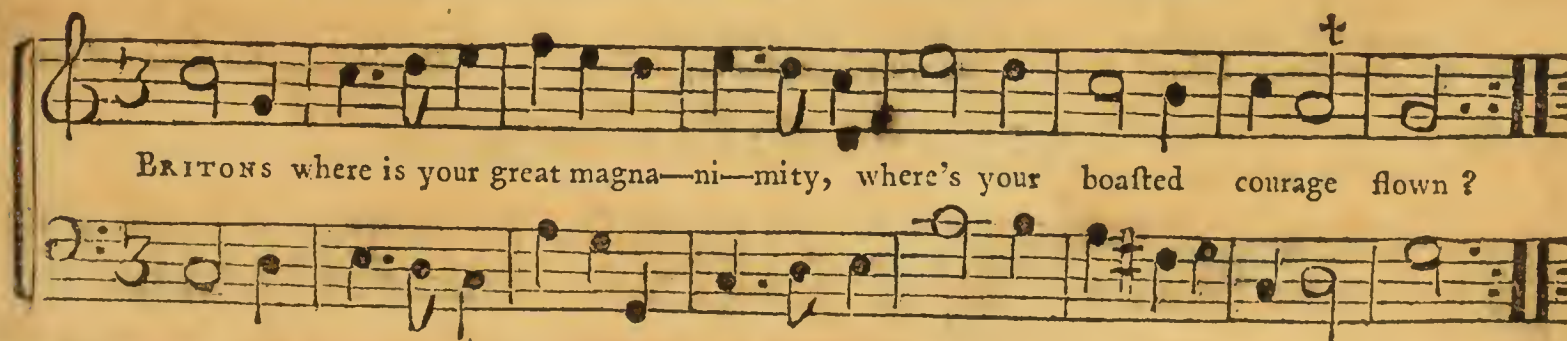
Of the chrystal bub'ling well,
Life and strength the current swell

Health and pleasure, heavenly
treasure,
Smiling here united dwell.

6.

Here nymphs and swains indulge
their hearts,
Share the joys our scenes impart ;
Here are strangers to all dangers,
All—but those of Cupid's darts.

The State of Little Britain. Set by Mr. CAREY.



2.

What your ancestors won so victo-
riously,
Crown'd with conquest in the
field,
You'd relinquish, and O ! most in-
gloriously,
To oppression tamely yield.

3.

Freedom now for her flight makes
preparative,
See her weeping quit the shore ;
Britain's loss will be then past com-
parative,
Never to behold her more.

4.

Gracious gods, to assist exurgi-
tate,
Stretch forth your vindictive hand,
Make oppressors their plunder re-
gurgitate,
And preserve a sinking land.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Lass of PATTIE'S MILL. Set by Sigr. DAVID RIZZIO.

Andante. The Lass of Pattie's Mill So bonny blythe and gay, In spite of all my Skill has stole my Heart a—way: When tedding of the hay bare head—ed on the Green, Love 'midst her locks did play, And wanton'd in her Ey'n.

2.

3.

4.

Her arms white, round and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn;
To age it would gi youth
To prefs 'em wi' his hand:
Thro' all my spirits ran
An extacy of blifs,
When I such sweetness found
Wrapt in a balmy kifs.

Without the help of art,
Like flowers that grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd:
Her looks they were so mild.
Free from affected pride;
She me to love beguil'd,
Ife wish'd her for my bride.

O! had I all the wealth
Hopton's high mountains fill;
Insur'd long life and health,
And pleasure at my will;
I'd promise, and fullfil,
That none but bonny she,
The Lass of Pattie's Mill
Should share the same wi' me.

A Loyal Song, for two Voices.

God save great George & king, long live our no—ble king, God save the king: Send him vic—
torious, happy & glo—rious, long to reign o—ver us, God save the king.

2.

3.

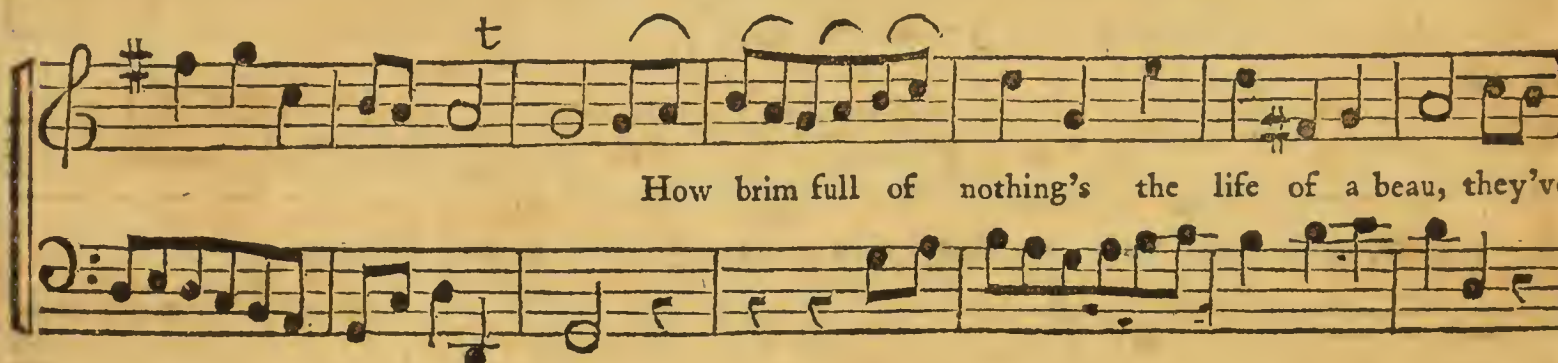
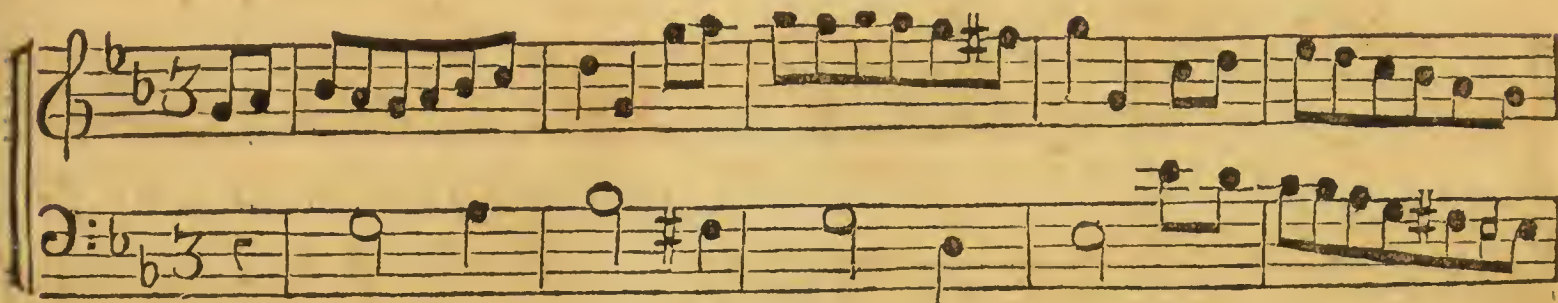
4

O! grant that Cumberland
May, by his mighty hand,
Victory bring;
May he sedition hush,
And like a torrent rush,
Rebellious hearts to crush,
God save the king.

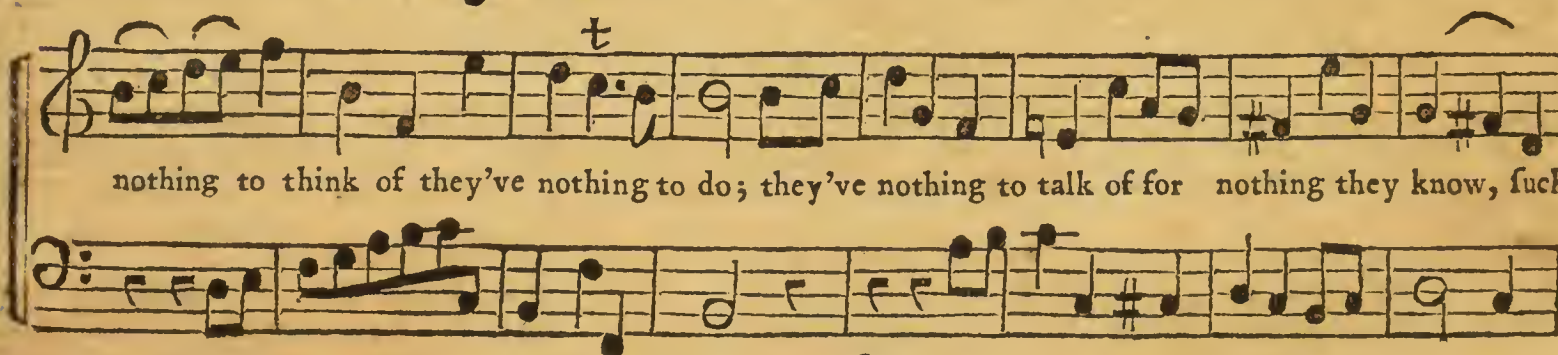
O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On him our hearts we fix,
God save the king.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleas'd to pour,
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To cry with loud applause,
God save the king.

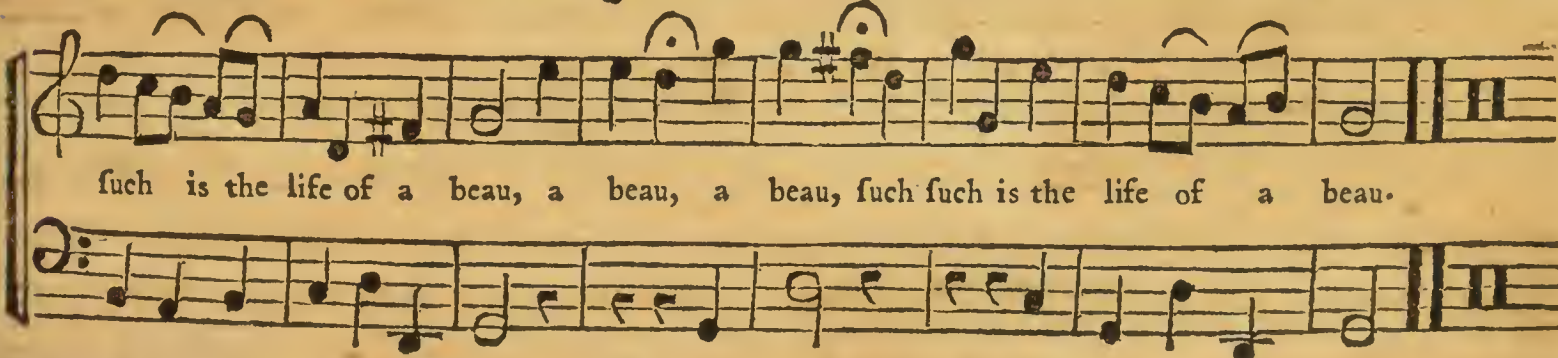
The Life of a Beau. Sung by Mrs. CLIVE.



How brim full of nothing's the life of a beau, they've



nothing to think of they've nothing to do; they've nothing to talk of for nothing they know, such



such is the life of a beau, a beau, a beau, such such is the life of a beau.

For nothing they rise but to draw
The fresh air,
Send the morning in nothing but
curling their hair,
And do nothing all day but sing,
saunter and stare.

Such, such is the life of a beau.

3.

For nothing at night to the play-
house they crowd,

For to mind nothing done there
they always are proud,
But to bow, and to grin, and talk
—nothing aloud.

Such, such is the life of a beau.

4.

For nothing they run to th' affem-
bly and ball,
And for nothing at cards a fair
partner call,
For they still must be beasted who
have—nothing at all.

Such, such is the life of a beau.

5.

For nothing, on sundays, at church
they appear,
For they've nothing to hope, nor
they've nothing to fear;
They can be nothing nowhere who
nothing are here.
Such, such is the life of a beau.

Sung

The Muses DELIGHT.

Sung by Miss STEVENSON. Set by Mr. WORGAN.

Young Strephon a shepherd the pride of the

plain, Each day is at—tempt—ing my kindness to gain :

He takes all oc—ca—sions his

flame to re—new, I always re—ply that his court—ing won't

do.

2	3	4
He spares no rich presents to make me more kind, And exhausts in my praise all the wit of his mind ; I say I'm engag'd—and I wish him to go : He asks me so oft till I rudely say no.	To Thyrsis, last Valentine's day, the dear youth, I tell him I plighted my faith and my truth ; That wealth cannot peace and con- tentment bestow, And my heart is another's, so beg he will go.	That love is not purchas'd with titles and gold, And the heart that is honest can never be sold ; That I sigh not for grandeur, nor look down on shew ; But to Thyrsis must hasten, and not say him no.

He

5

He hears me, and trembling all o-
ver replies,
If his suit I prefer not he instantly
dies ;
He gives me his hand, and would

force me to go,
I pity his suffering, but boldly say
no.

6

I try to avoid him, in hopes of
sweet peace,

He haunts me each moment, to
make me say yes ;
But to-morrow, ye fair ones, with
Thyrsis I go,
And trust me, at church, that I
will not say no.

Youth and Beauty. Set by Mr. HARRIS.

Andante.

Whilst youth and beau—ty jo—in to please, The
pre—sent bliss en—joy : Youth fi—es and
beauty soon de—cays, And time on ev'ry cha—rm will seize, Then Ce—
lia be not coy.

2.

3

4

Behold the lilly as it grows,
White as thy snowy breast ;
Observe the fragrant blushing rose,
Such rival sweets thy lips disclose,
View these, and make me blest.

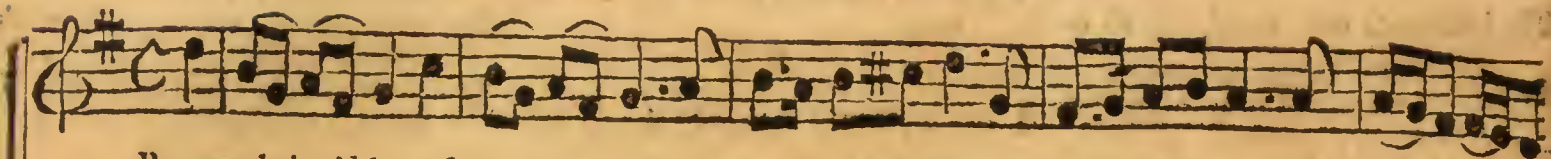
When nature's in her best array,
In spring's gay robe attir'd ;
When smiling Phoebus gilds the day
Like thee they shine, like thee look
gay,
And are like thee admir'd.

(shade
But when bleak winter's chilling
Deforms the gloomy sky,
Their bloom decays, their glories
fade,
Low is their pride of beauty laid,
They droop their head and die.

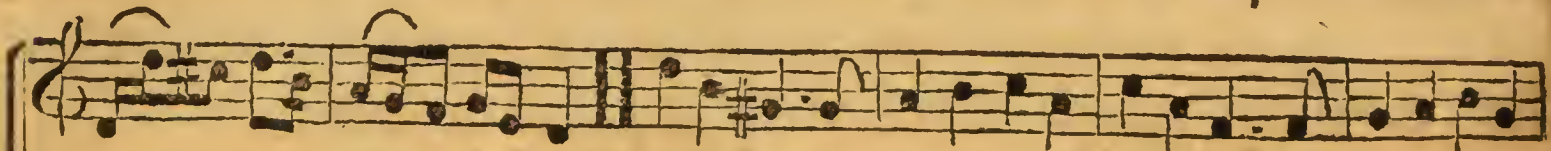
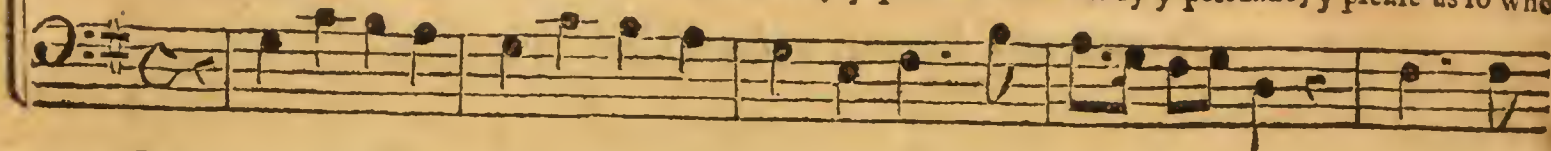
By

The Muses DELIGHT.

By Men belov'd. Set by Mr. STANLEY.



By men belov'd how soon we're mov'd how eas'ly y^e persuade how cas'ly y^e persuade, y^e please us so who



can say no or who'd die a maid? Males for females heav'n intended, so y^e heav'n mayn't be offended



he that first makes love to me, shall find I'll be as fond as he, shall find I'll be as fond as he.



A tender maid, at first tho' staid,
When once she thinks of love,
When once, &c.

Is what she can't approve :
Fruit when young eats then the
sweetest,

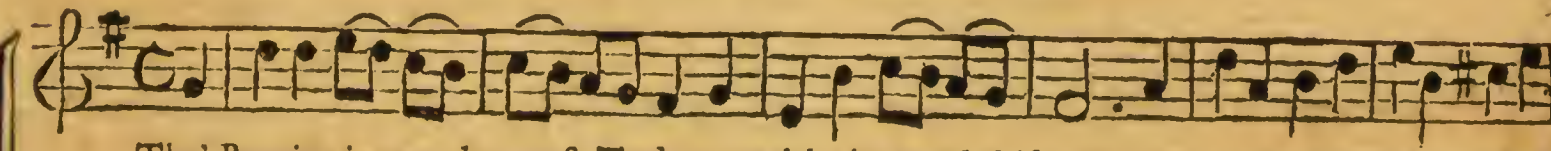
Women too, by all confest,
When young they're kist kifs then
the best.

Will freely own, that lying alone

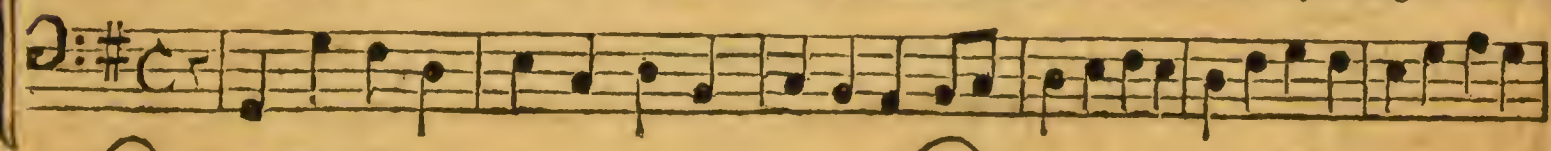
Looks the gayest and the neatest ;

When young, &c.

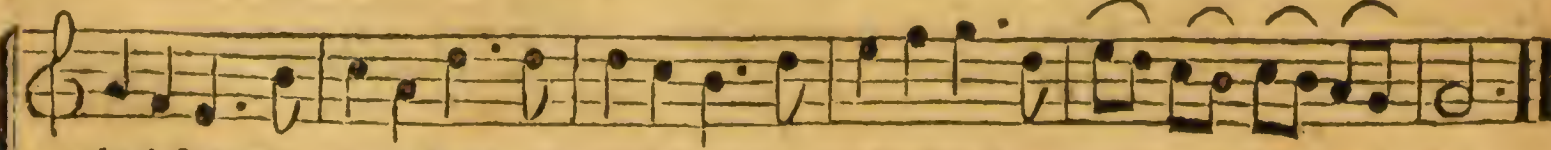
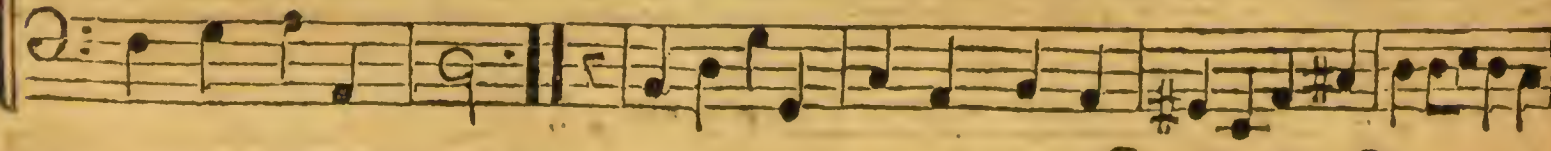
The Happy Beggars. Set by Mr. EATON.



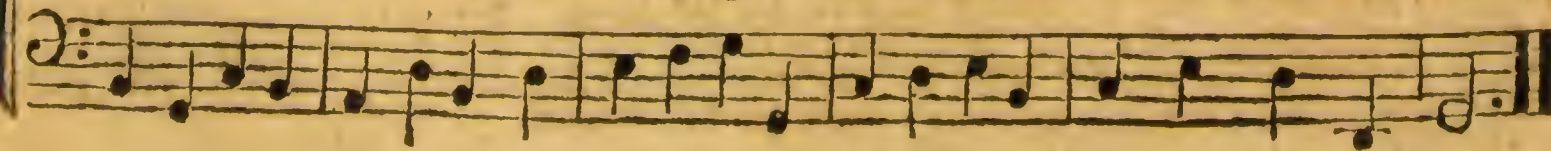
Tho' Begging is an ho—nest Trade & wealthy knaves despise, Yet rich men may be Beggars made &



we that beg may rise : The greatest Kings may be betray'd, & lose their sov'reign Pow'r ; But



he y^e stoops to ask his Bread, but he y^e stoops to ask his Bread can ne—ver fall much lower.



Tho'

2.

3.

4

Tho' foreigners have swarm'd of late
and spoil'd our begging trade,
Yet still we live and drink good ale
tho' they our rights invade ;
Some say they for religion fled, but
wiser people tell us
They were forc'd here to seek their
bread, for being too rebellious.

Let heavy taxes greater grow, to
make our army fight,
Where 'tis not to be had, you know
the king must lose his right ;
Let one side laugh the other mourn,
we nothing have to fear,
But that great lords will beggars be
to be as great as we are.

What tho' we make the world be-
lieve that we are sick or lame,
Tis now a virtue to deceive, our
teachers do the same :
In trade dissembling is no crime,
and we may live to see
That begging, in a little time, the
only trade will be.

The Happy Swain. Set by Mr. WORGAN.

As Da—mon on a summer's day be—neath a shade be—gan his lay, The

wa—ters murm'ring pass'd a—long, well pleas'd to hear their Da—mon's song :

His theme was love, for De—lia's charms had won

the shepherd to her arms. Had won y^e shepherd to her arms.

2

How blest am I, who only know
The joys of love, that ever flow ;
Dear scenes of pleasure now ap-
pear,
And love is all a Damon's care :
Hear then, ye warbling birds and
groves,

That Delia's kind, and Damon
loves.
That Delia's kind, &c.

3.

Delia, as Morn, is true and fair ;
Sweet as the rose and violet are :

Our hearts in mutual bliss shall
live,
(No more can bounteous Nature
give)
And every tree our passion tell,
That shepherds liv'd, and lov'd
so well.
That shepherds, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Jolly Bacchanalians. Set by Mr. GALLIARD.

Jolly Mortals fill your Glaffes, No—ble Deeds are done by Wine ; Scorn the
 nymph, scorn the nymph and all her Graces ; who'd for love or beauty pi—
 — ne ? Who'd for Love or Beau—ty pine ?

2.

Look within the bowl that's flow-
 ing
 And a thousand charms you'll
 find
 More than Cloc when juſt going

In that moment to be kind.
In that moment, &c.

3.

Alexander hated thinking,
 Drank about at council-board ;

He ſubdu'd the world by drinking
 More than by his conquering
 ſword,
More than, &c.

The Hunting Song in APOLLO and DAPHNE.

The ſweet roſy morning peeps over the hills, With bluſh—es adorning the
 meadows and fields. The merry merry merry horn calls come come come a—
 way, A—wake from dull flum—bers and hail the new day.

2.

Where pleasure and vigorous
Health you embrace.
Chorus. Then follow, &c.

And gives the brisk lover
Fresh charms for the night;
Then let's now enjoy
All we can while we may,
Let love crown the night
As our sports crown the day.
Chorus. Then let's, &c.

3.

The day's sport, when over
Makes blood circle right,

The stag rous'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,

STELLA and FLAVIA. *Set by Mr. HOWARD.*

Stel—la and Flavia ev'ry hour, Do various hearts sur—prize ;

In Stella's soul is all her power, And Flavia's in her eyes : In

Stel—la's soul is all her pow'r, And Fla—via's in her

eyes : More boundless Fla—via's con—quests are, And Stel—la's more con—

fin'd ; All can dis—cern a face that's fair, But few a heav'nly mind.

Stella, like Britain's monarch,
reigns
O'er cultivated lands ;
Like eastern tyrants Flavia deigns

To rule o'er barren sands ;
Like eastern tyrants, &c.
Then boast, fair Flavia, boast thy
face,

Thy beauty's only store ;
Each day that makes thy charms
decrease
Will yield to Stella more.

Love

Love Relaps'd. Set by Mr. ARNE.

all that I love is her face, From looking I sure can re—frain ; In o—thers her

likenels may trace, Or absence may cure all my pain : This said, from her charms I re—

tir'd, Nor knew I till then how I lov'd ; What pre—sent my pas—sion ad-mir—

—'d, In absence my rea—son ap—prov'd.

Ah! why should I hope for re-	No pity in her for my grief,	ease ;
lief,	No merit in me to complain.	Still proud of the choice I have
Where all that I see is dis-	Nor yet do I fortune upbraid,	made,
dain !	Tho' robb'd of my freedom and	Tho' hopeless it ever can please.

The Sleepy Fair. Set by Mr. HOWARD.

One summer's eve as Strephon rov'd wrapt up in thought profound, Surpriz'd he saw his

best belov'd lie sleeping on the ground: A—wake my pret—ty sleeper wake, a—wake to

Strephon's call; be careful for your lo—ver's sake, 'tis night the dew-drops fall.

2 Then fault'ring bids the swain be gone,
Then sigh and clos'd her eyes,
Can sighs proceed from hate?
My doubts are gone! then down he laid,
Resolv'd to share her fate:
Defended from the noxious air,
Within his arms she lay,
And tho' the swain oft wak'd the fair,
She said no more till day.

3 Then to her cheeks his lips he laid,
And gently stole a kiss;
She still slept on, he not dismay'd
Repeats the transient bliss:
She wakes & thus, with angry tone,
Away! away! she cries,

4 Tho' cruel are your words sweet maid,

The Forsaken Maid. Set by a Lady.

How happy I liv'd on the plain, the en—vy of each lass, till

fate presented to my view the charm—ing Mr. Glafs.

2. His wit and graceful mein,
His voice and killing smile;
His looks! the like ne'er seen!
Too soon did me beguile.

3. And when, in pity, I
Did love for love return;
He left me for to sigh,
Nor e'er did more return.

4. Then learn from this unkind,
Each charming lovely lass,
Left ye, like me, should find
Another Mr. Glafs.

The Power of Beauty ; or the Snake. Set by Mr. CAREY.

Is there a charm, ye Pow'rs above, To ease a wounded breast? Thro' reason's glafs to look at

love, To love and yet to rest: Let wisdom boast, 'tis all in vain, An Empire o'er the

Mind ; 'tis beauty beauty holds chain, & tri--umphs o'er Man—kind & triumphs o'er Man—kind.

2-

3

4.

Thrice happy birds who on the spray
Unartful notes prolong,
Your feather'd mates reward the lay
And yield to pow'ful song ;
By nature fierce, without controul,
The human savage ran,
Till love refin'd his stubborn soul,
And civiliz'd the man.
And civiliz'd, &c.

Verse turns aside the tyrant's rage,
And cheers the drooping slave ;
It wins a smile from hoary age,
And disappoints the grave :
The force of numbers must succeed,
And soothe each other ear, (plead
Tho' my fond cause shou'd Phœbus
He'd find a Daphne here.
He'd find, &c.

(produce
Did heav'n such wond'rous gifts
To curse our wretched race ?
Say, must we all the heart accuse,
And yet approve the face ?
Thus in the sun, bedropt with gold,
The basking adder lies,
The swain admires each shining fold,
Then grasps the snake and dies.
Then grasps, &c.

Gold a Receipt for Love. Set by Mr. MONROE.

When love and youth could not make way, Nor with the fair a—vail :

To bend to Cu—pid's gen—tle sway, what Ar—

— t, what art can then prevail—l, What art can then prevail ?

2

3

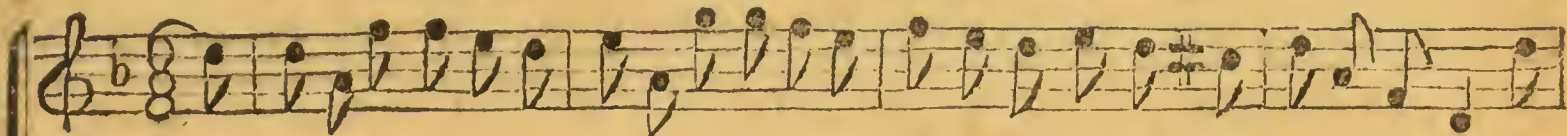
4

I'll tell you, Strephon, a receipt
Of a most sovereign power;
If you the stubborn would defeat,
Let drop a golden shower.
Let drop, &c.

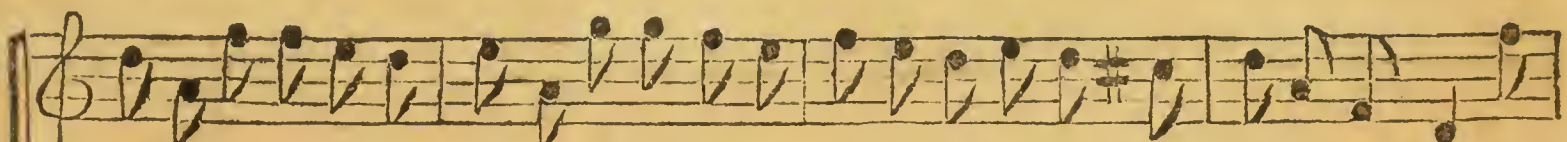
This method tried enamour'd Jove,
Before he could obtain
The cold, regardless Danae's love,
Or conquer her disdain.
Or conquer, &c.

By Cupid's self I have been told,
He never wounds a heart
So deep as when he tips with gold
The fatal piercing dart.
The fatal, &c.

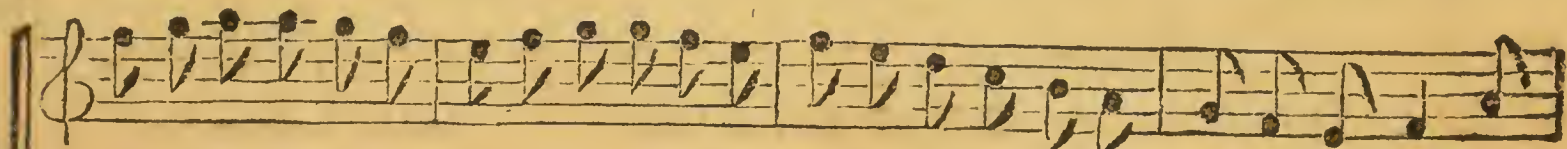
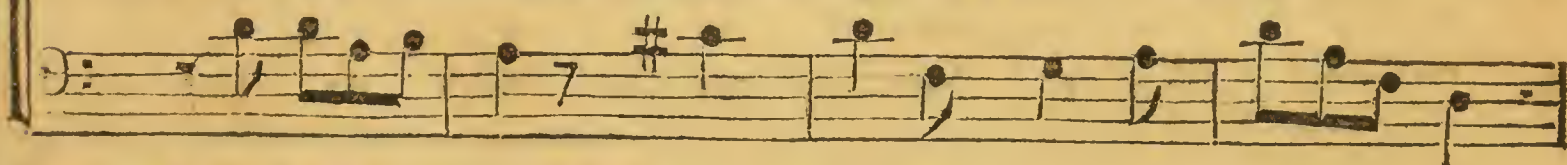
The Dispute of the Gods, decided by VENUS.



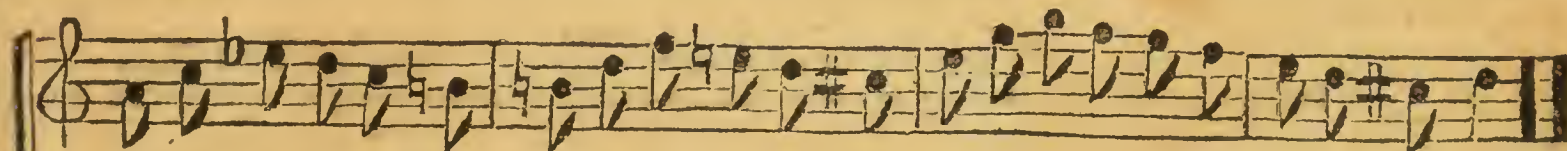
Two gods of great honour, Bacchus and Apollo, one famous in music the other in wine, In



heaven were raving, dis—puting and braving, whose theme was y noblest and trade most di—vine; Your



music says Bacchus wou'd stun us and rack us did claret not soften the discord you make, Songs



are not in—viting nor ver—ses delighting Till poets of my great influ—ence 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 swing:
In love I am noted, by old and
young courted,
A girl when inspired by me is
soon won;
So great are the motions of one of
my potions,
The Muses, tho' maids, I could
whore ev'ry one.

3. (or indebted,
When mortals are fretted, perplex'd
To me, as a father, for succour
they cry;
In their sad conditions, I hear their
petitions,

A bottle revives the oppress'd vo-
tary;
Then leave off your tooting, your
fidling and fluting,
Aside throw your Harp, and now
bow to the flask;
My joys they are riper than songs
from a piper:
What music is sweeter than found-
ing a cask.

4.
Says Phœbus, this fellow is drunk
sure, or mellow,
To prize music 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 buxom 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 music has charm'd me, your
wine has alarm'd me,
When I have shew'd coyness and
hard to be won;
When both have been moving I
cou'd not help loving,
And wine has compleated what
music begun.
The Gods struck with wonder,
vow'd both by Jove's thunder,
They'd mutually join in supplying
love's flame;
Since each in their function mov'd
on in conjunction,
To melt with soft pleasures the
amorous dame.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The RECOVERY. Set by Mr. KILBURNE.

When pro—strate first at Fla—via's shrine, I a—do—ra—tion

paid, I fan—cied ev'—ry charm di—vine that deck'd the lovely maid. I

fan—cied ev'—ry charm di—vine, That deck'd the lovely maid.

2.

Each smile and frown dispatch'd a
dart,

Whilst they her thoughts declare:
That sooth'd with love my captive
heart,
This pierc'd it with despair.
That sooth'd with love, &c.

3.

Thus for a while I wore her chain,
With love and fears possess'd,
And calmly suffer'd her to reign,

Sole mistress in my breast.
And calmly suffer'd, &c.

4.

The muses too, those friends to
love,
I summon'd to my aid,
And left no art untry'd to move,
The fair obdurate maid.
And left no art untry'd, &c.

5.

(pain,
But when I found she mock'd my

And lov'd another He
I bravely snatch'd my heart again,
And vow'd I would be free.
I bravely snatch'd, &c.

6.

Unheeded now, those charms I
view,
Which once I did adore,
Have chang'd my Goddess for a
new,
And worship her no more.
Have chang'd my Goddess, &c.

JESSY MOORE. Sung by Mr. LOWE.

Thou ri—sing fun whose glad—some ray In—vites my fair to ru—ral play :

Dis—pel the mist and clear the skies, And bring my Jes—sy to my eyes.

Oh!

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <p>2.
Oh! were I sure my dear to view,
I'd climb the pine-tree's topmost
bough;
Aloft in air that quivering plays,
And round, and round for ever gaze.</p> | <p>4.
Oh! I cou'd ride the clouds and
skies,
Or on the raven's pinions rise;
Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
And waft a lover on his way.</p> | <p>6.
What may, for strength, with steel
compare?
O love has fetters stronger far:
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel love enslaves the mind.</p> |
| <p>3.
My Jessy fair, where art thou laid?
What wood conceals my sleeping
maid?
Fast by the root, enrag'd I'll tear
The trees, that hide my Jessy fair.</p> | <p>5.
My blifs too long my bride denies,
Apace the wasting summer flies;
Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
Nor storms nor night shall keep me
here.</p> | <p>7.
No longer then perplex thy breast,
When thoughts torment, the first
are best;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,
Away, to Jessy! haste, away!</p> |

The Jolly Toper. Sung at the public Gardens.

The women all tell me I'm false to my lass, That I quit my poor Cloe and
stick to my glass; But to you men of rea—son my reasons I'll own, And
if you don't like 'em, why let 'em a—lone.

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>2.
Altho' I have left, her, the truth
I'll declare,
I believe she was good and I'm sure
she was fair,
But goodness and charms in a bum-
per I see,
That makes it as good and charm-
ing as she.</p> | <p>4.
Her lillies and roses were just in
their prime,
Yet lillies and roses are conquer'd
by time;
But in wine, from its age, such a
benefit flows,
That we like it the better the older
it grows.</p> | <p>6.
Let murders, and battles, and histo-
ry, prove
The mischiefs that wait upon rivals
in love;
But in drinking, thank Heav'n, no
rival contends,
For the more we love liquor the
more we are friends.</p> |
| <p>3.
My Cloe had dimples and smiles I
must own,
But tho' she could smile, yet in
truth she could frown;
But tell me, ye lovers of liquor di-
vine,
Did you e'er see a frown in a bum-
per of wine?</p> | <p>5.
They tell me my love would in time
have been cloy'd,
And that beauty's insipid when
once 'tis enjoy'd;
But in wine I both time and enjoy-
ment defy,
For the longer I drink the more
thirsty am I.</p> | <p>7.
She too might have poison'd the joy
of my life,
With nurses, and babies, and squat-
ling, and strife;
But my wine neither nurses, or
babies can bring,
And a big-bellied bottle's a mighty
good thing.</p> |

8.

9.

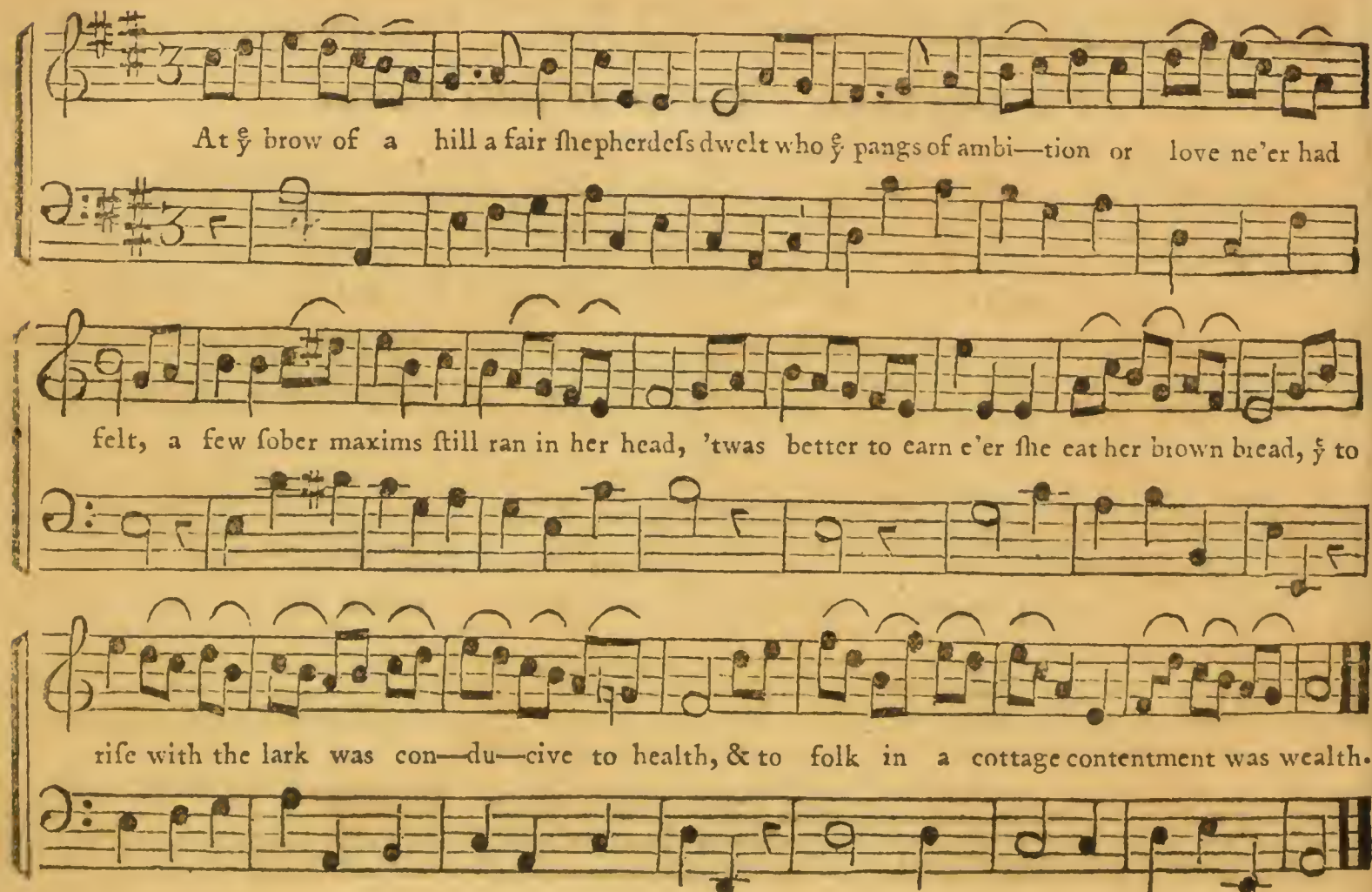
10.

We shorten our days when with
love we engage,
It brings on diseases and hastens old
age ;
But wine from grim Death can its
voraries save,
And keep out t'other leg, when
there's one in the grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to
their word,
She had left me to get an estate or
a lord ;
But my bumper regarding, nor title,
nor pelt,
Will stand by me when I can't
stand by myself.

Then let my dear Cloe no longer
complain,
She's rid of her lover and I of my
pain ;
For in wine, mighty wine, many
comforts I spy,
Shou'd you doubt what I say, take
a bumper and try.

The Lads of the Hill. Set by Mr. HOWARD.



At y^e brow of a hill a fair shepherdes dwelt who y^e pangs of ambi—tion or love ne'er had
felt, a few sober maxims still ran in her head, 'twas better to earn e'er she eat her brown bread, y^e to
rise with the lark was con—du—cive to health, & to folk in a cottage contentment was wealth.

2.

Young Roger that liv'd in the val-
ley below,
Who at church and at market was
reckon'd a beau ;
Wou'd oftentimes try o'er her heart
to prevail,
And would rest on his pitchfork to
tell her his tale ;
With his winning behaviour he so
wrought on her heart,
That quite artless herself she sus-
pected no art,

3.

He flatter'd, protested, he kneel'd
and implor'd ;
And would lie with the grandeur

and air of a lord ;

Her eyes he commended with
language well drest,
And enlarg'd on the tortures he
felt in his breast ;
With his sighs and his tears, he so
soften'd her mind,
That in downright compassion to
love she inclin'd.

4.

But as soon as he'd melted the ice
of her breast,
The heat of his passion in a mo-
ment decreas'd ;
And now he goes flaunting all o'er
the vale,
And boasts of his conquests to Susan
and Nell ;

Tho' he sees her but seldom, he's
always in haste,
And whenever he mentions her,
makes her his jest.

5.

Take heed ye young virgins of
Briton's gay isle,
How you venture your hearts for a
look or a smile ;
For young Cupid is artful, and vir-
gins are frail,
And you'll find a false Roger in
every vale ;
Who to court you, and tempt you,
will try all their skill,
But remember the lads at the brow
of the hill.

Tweed Side ; or MOGGY. Set by Signor DAVID RIZZIO.

What beauties does Flora disclose, how sweet are her smiles upon tweed? yet Mary's still sweeter than

those, both na-ture and fancy exceed: No da-sie nor sweet blushing rose, nor

all the gay flow'rs of the field, nor tweed gliding gently thro' those, such beauty and pleasure yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush;
The blackbird & sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant ev'ry bush:
Come let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the Primroses
spring?
We'll lodge in some village on
Tweed,
And love while the feather'd
folks sing.

How does my love pass the long
day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her
to rest;
Kind nature indulging my bliss
To relieve the soft pains of my
breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her can compare,
Loves graces all round her do dwell,
She's fairest where thousands are
fair:
Say, charmer where do thy flocks
stray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they
feed?
Shall I seek them on sweet winding
Tay? (Tweed?
Or the pleasanter banks of the

The FLY. Set by Mr. CAREY.

Busy curious thirsty fly, drink w me and drink as I; Freely welcom to my cup, cou'dst thou sip &

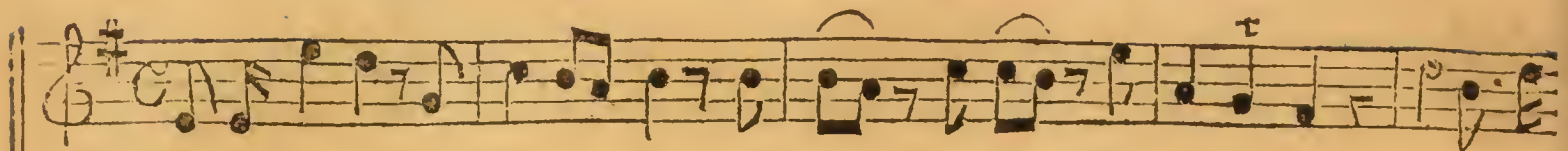
sip it up: Make y most of life you may, life is short and wears a-way, life is short & wears away.

Both alike both mine and thine,
Hasten quick to their decline;

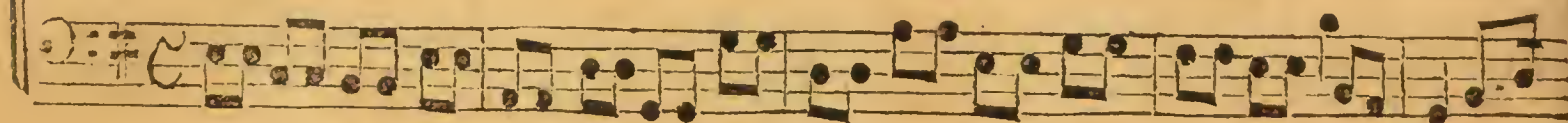
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Tho' repeated to threescore;

Threescore summers when they're
Will appear as short as one. (gone,

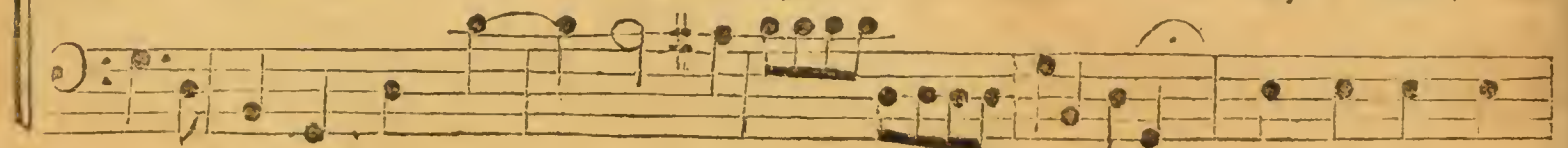
The

The generous Distrest Lover. Set by Mr. ARNE.

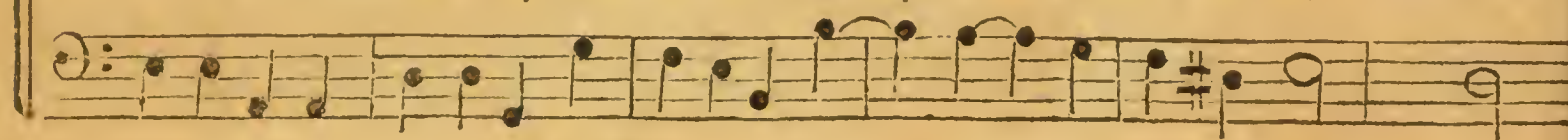
Blow ye bleak winds around my head, And soothe my soul's corroding care ; Flash round my



brows ye lightning red, And blast the lawrels plant—ed there : But may the maid, where-



e'er she be, Think not of my distrefs nor me ; But may the maid, where'er she be, Think not of



my distrefs nor me, Think not of my distrefs nor me.



2.

3.

4.

Let all the traces of our love
Be ever blotted from her mind ;
May from her breast my vows re-
move,
And no remembrance leave be-
hind :

*But may the maid, where e'er she be,
Think not of my distrefs nor me.
But may the maid, &c.*

O ! may I ne'er behold her more ;
For she has robb'd my soul of
rest ;
Wisdom's assistance is too poor
To calm the tempest in my
breast :

*But may the maid, where'er she be,
Think not of my distrefs nor me.
But may the maid, &c.*

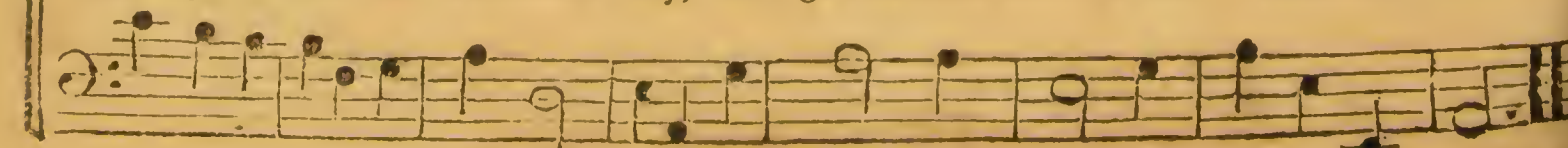
Come, Death, oh ! come, thou
friendly sleep,
And with my sorrows lay me low ;
And should the gentle virgin weep,
Nor sharp nor lasting be her woe :
Then may she think, where'er she
be,
No more of my distrefs nor me.
Then may she think, &c.

The Judgment of PARIS. Set by Mr. MONRO.

When for a fil—ly glit—ter—ing toy Three God—des—ses were in dispute :



Each try'd to bribe the gen—tle boy, And ga— in the gold—en fruit.



2.

My present will more tempting
prove ;

What king so great, what sage so
wife,

A beauty promis'd, let me win,
And quit all else for love.

As he who rules a heart ?

To me, said Juno, give the prize,
A kingdom shall be your reward:
I'll give you wisdom, Pallas cries,
More worthy your regard.

4.

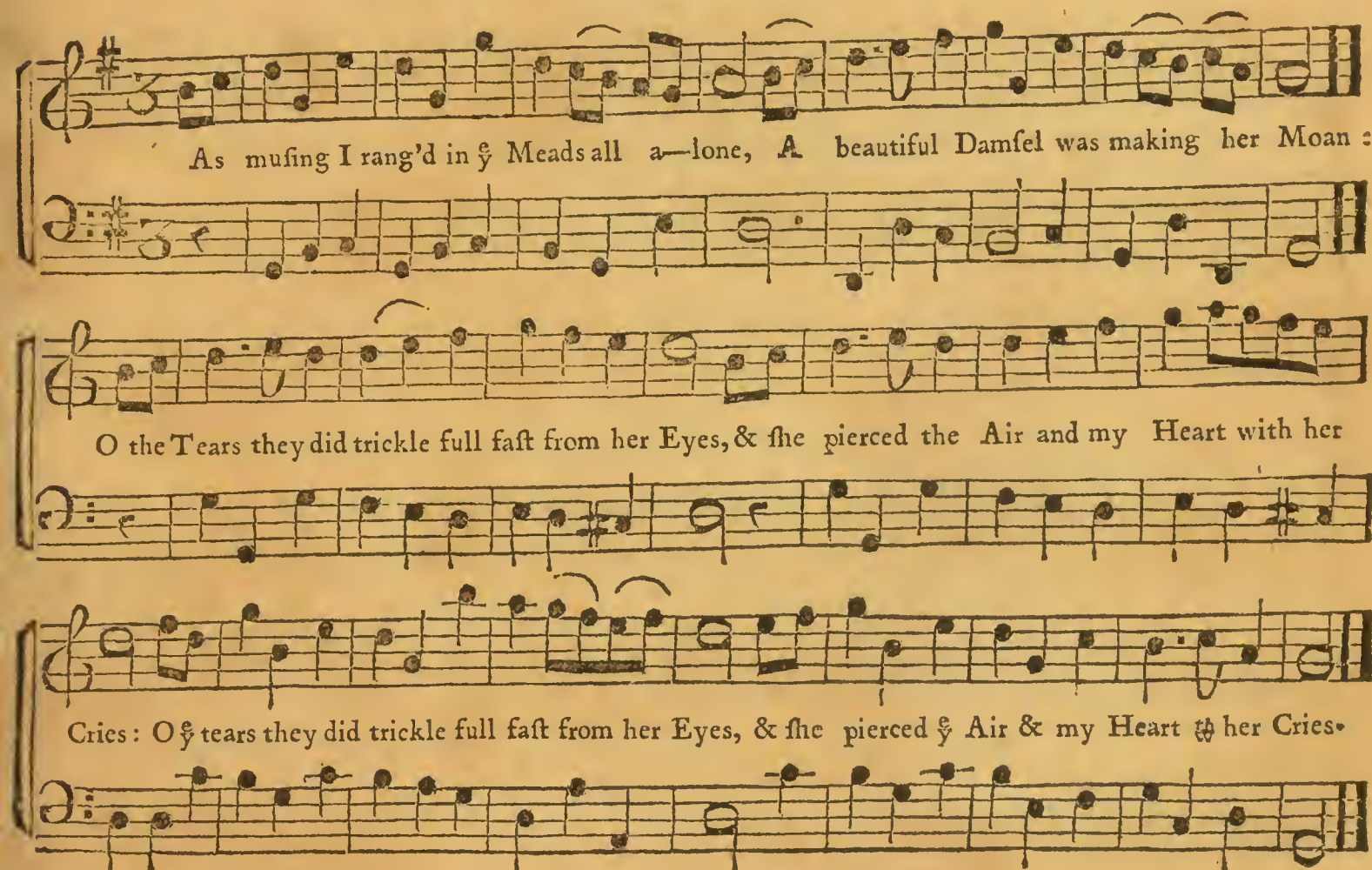
plies,
She said : He bows, and thus re-
Goddeffs ! I can't but take this
part ;

5.
Like Paris, I would scorn a crown,
To pow'r, or fordid riches, blind;
I'd learning slight, my books lay
down,
Would Emma but be kind.

3.

Here Venus artfully slept in ;

SENESINO. *Sung at the public Gardens.*



As musing I rang'd in y Meads all a-lone, A beautiful Damsel was making her Moan :

O the Tears they did trickle full fast from her Eyes, & she pierced the Air and my Heart with her

Cries : O y tears they did trickle full fast from her Eyes, & she pierced y Air & my Heart w her Cries.

2

4

6

I gently requested the cause of her
moan,
She told me her sweet Senifino was
flown ;
And in the sad posture she'd ever
remain,
Unless the dear charmer wou'd come
back again.

'Tis neither for man, nor for woman,
said she,
That thus in lamenting I water the
lee ;
My warbler, celestial, sweet dar-
ling of fame,
Is a shadow of something, a sex
without name.

No linnet, no blackbird, no sky lark
said she,
But one much more tuneful by far
than all three ;
My sweet Senifino, for whom thus
I cry,
Is sweeter than all the wing'd song-
sters that fly.

3

5

7

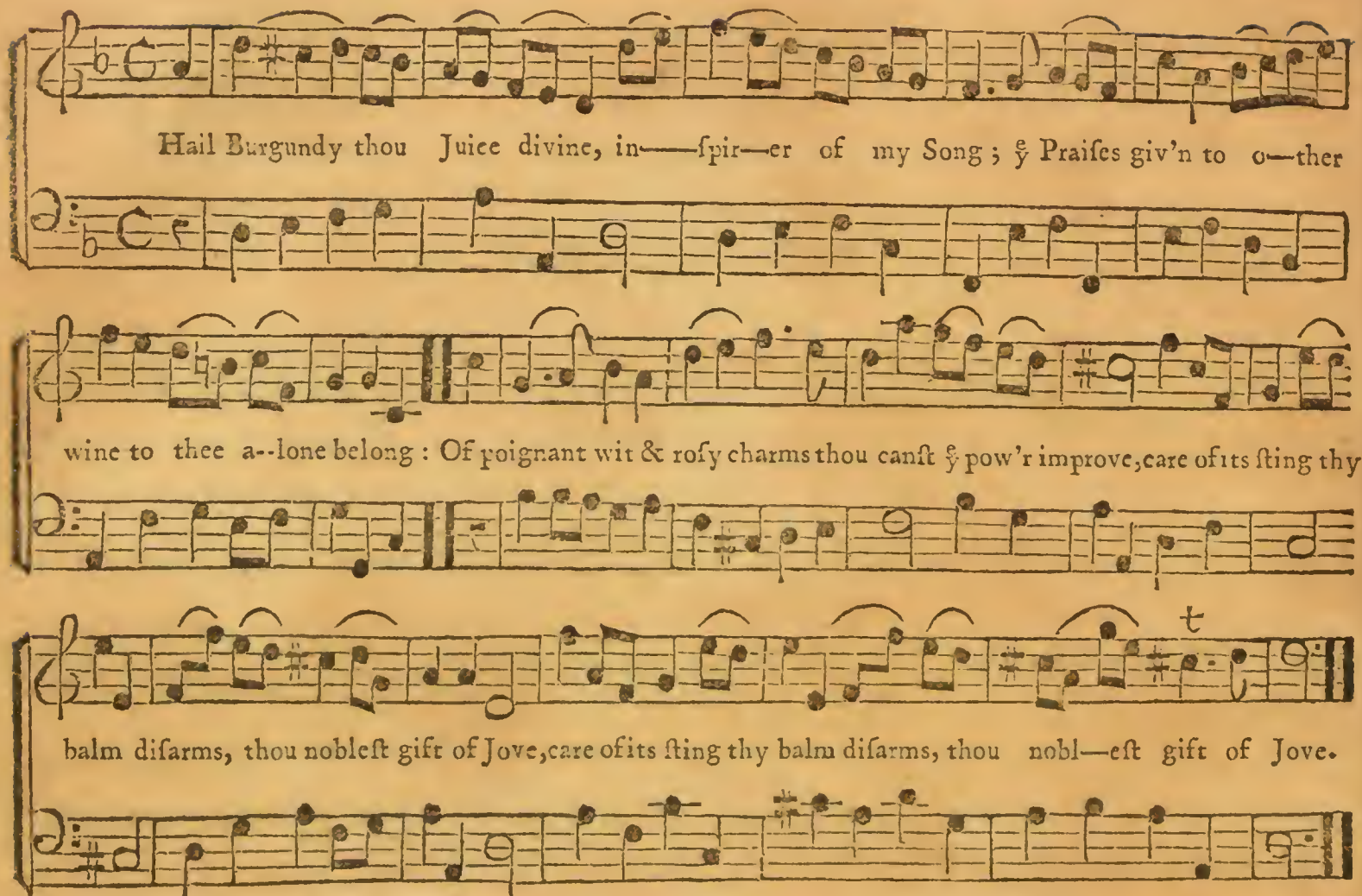
Why who is this mortal so cruel,
said I,
That draws such a stream from so
lovely an eye ?
To beauty, so blooming, what man
can be blind ?
To passion, so tender, what monster
unkind ?

Perhaps 'tis some linnet, some black-
bird, 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.

Adieu Farinelli, Cuzzoni likewise,
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.

The

Y

The Praise of Burgundy. *Sung by Mr. LOWE.*


Hail Burgundy thou Juice divine, in—spir—er of my Song ; $\frac{5}{4}$ Praises giv'n to o—ther

wine to thee a—lone belong : Of poignant wit & rosy charms thou canst $\frac{5}{4}$ pow'r improve, care of its sting thy

balm disarms, thou noblest gift of Jove, care of its sting thy balm disarms, thou nobl—est gift of Jove.

2
Bright Phoebus on the parent vines
From whence thy current streams,
Sweet smiling through the tendrils
shines,
And lavish darts his beams.
'The pregnant grape receives his fires,
And all his force retains
With that same warmth our brains
inspires,
And animates our strains.

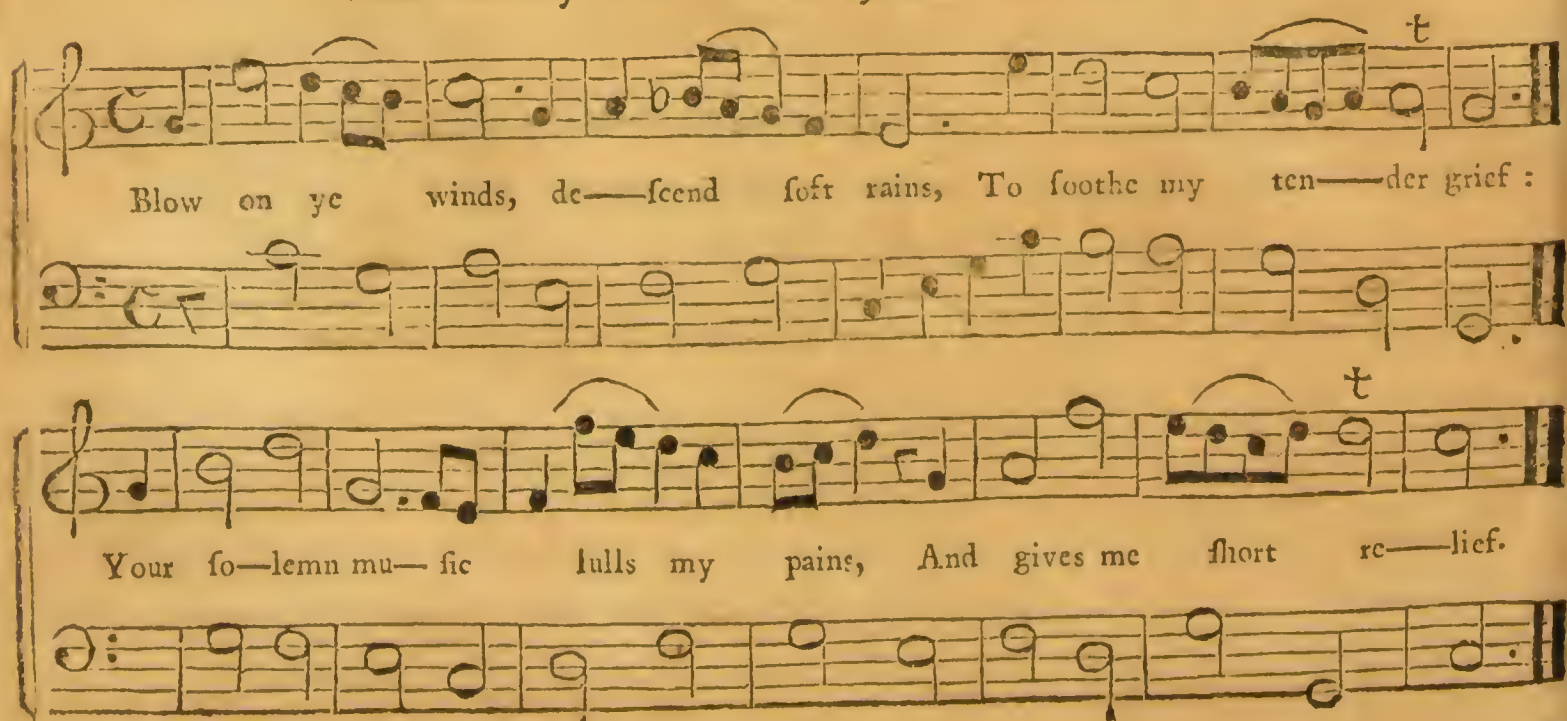
Her cheeks imbibe a rosier dye,
Her beauteous bosom heaves.
Summon'd to love by thy alarms,
O with what nervous heat !
Worthy the fair, we fill their arms,
And oft our bliss repeat.

And then concludes his time well
spent
In honest social life.

4
The Stoick prone to thought in—
tense,
'Thy softness can unbind,
A cheerful gaiety dispence,
And make him taste a friend.
His brow grows clear, he feels con—
tent,
Forgets his pensive strife,

5
E'en beaux those soft amphibious
things,
Wrapt up in self and dress,
Quite lost to the delight that springs
From sense, thy pow'r confess.
The sep with chitty maudlin face,
'That dares but deeply drink,
Forgets his cue, and stiff grim—
ace,
Grows free, and seems to think.

3
From thee my Chloe's radiant eye,
New sparkling beams receives,

The Solitary Relief. *Set by Mr. LAMPE.*


Blow on ye winds, de—scend soft rains, To soothe my ten—der grief :

Your so—lemn mu—sic lulls my pains, And gives me short re—lief.

2.

3.

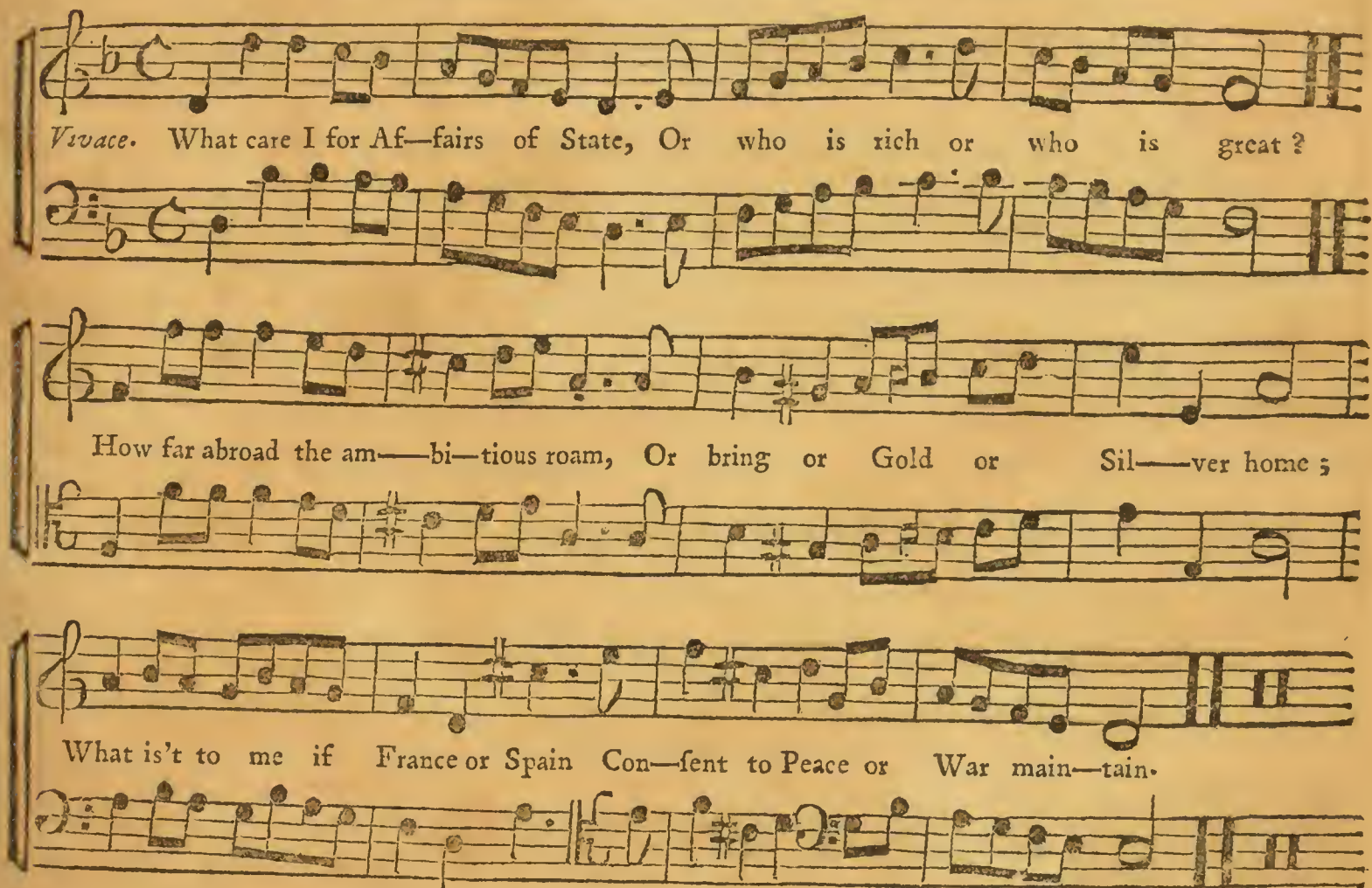
4.

In some lone corner would I sit,
Retir'd from human kind;
Since mirth, nor shew nor sparkling
wit,
Can soothe my anxious mind.

The sun, which makes all nature
Torments my weary eyes;
And in dark shades I spend the
day,
Where eccho sleeping lies.

(gay,
The sparkling stars, which daily
shine,
And glitt'ring deck the night,
Are all such cruel foes of mine,
I sicken at their fight.

The Contented Farmer. Set by Mr. CAREY.



Vivace. What care I for Af-fairs of State, Or who is rich or who is great?

How far abroad the am-bi-tious roam, Or bring or Gold or Sil-ver home;

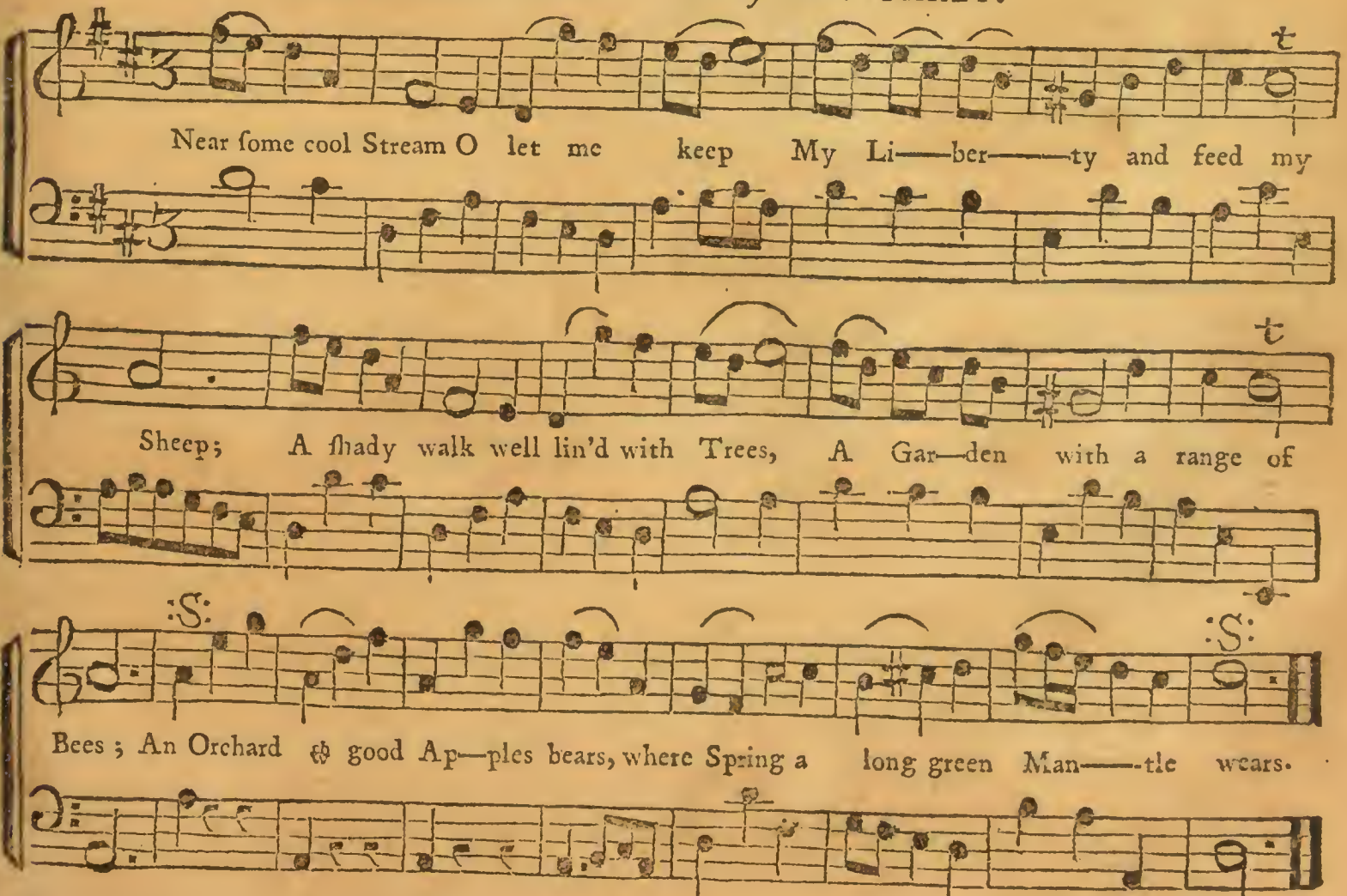
What is't to me if France or Spain Con-sent to Peace or War main-tain.

I pay my taxes peace or war,
And wish all well at Gibraltar;

But mind a Cardinal no more
'Than any other scarlet whore:

Grant me, ye pow'rs, health & rest,
And let who will the world contest

The Farmer's Wish. Set by Mr. CAREY.



Near some cool Stream O let me keep My Li-ber-ty and feed my

Sheep; A shady walk well lin'd with Trees, A Gar-den with a range of

Bees; An Orchard & good Ap-ples bears, where Spring a long green Man-tle wears.

Where winters never are severe;
Good barley land to make me beer;

With entertainment for a friend,
To spend in peace my latter end:

In honest ease and home-spun gray,
And let the evening crown the day.

The Muses DELIGHT.

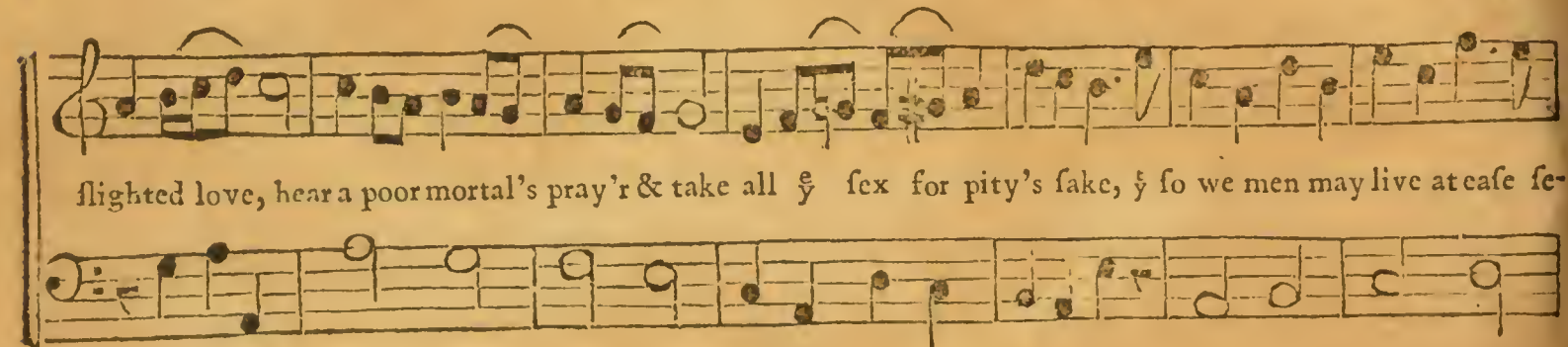
COLLIN. Set by Mr. KILBURNE.



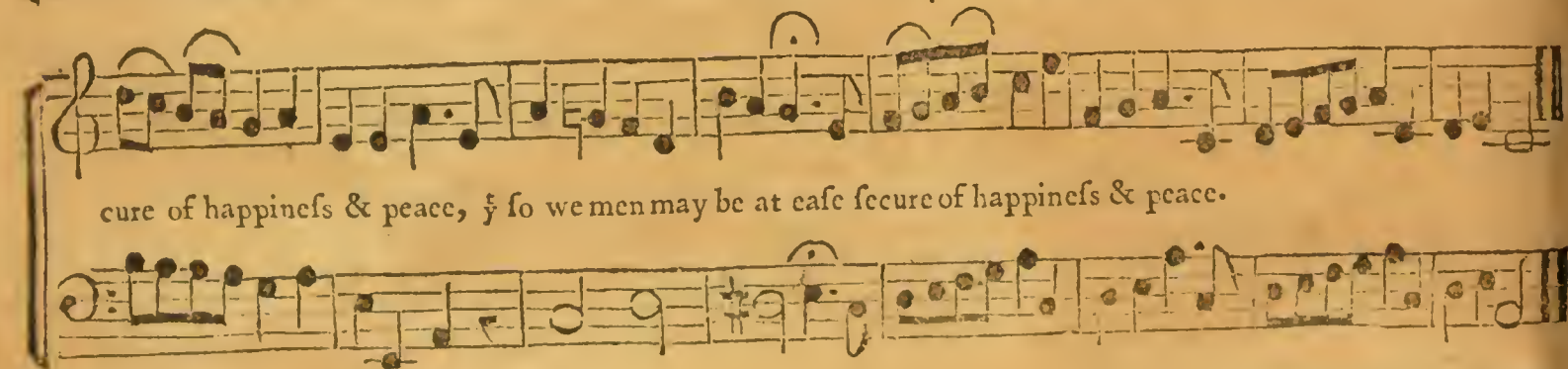
Collin, one day in angry mood, because Myrtilla & he lov'd laugh'd at his flame, mock'd his sighs, so



fervently to Jove applies: O Jove & sov'reign god above who feel'st & pains of



slighted love, hear a poor mortal's pray'r & take all & sex for pity's sake, & so we men may live at ease se-



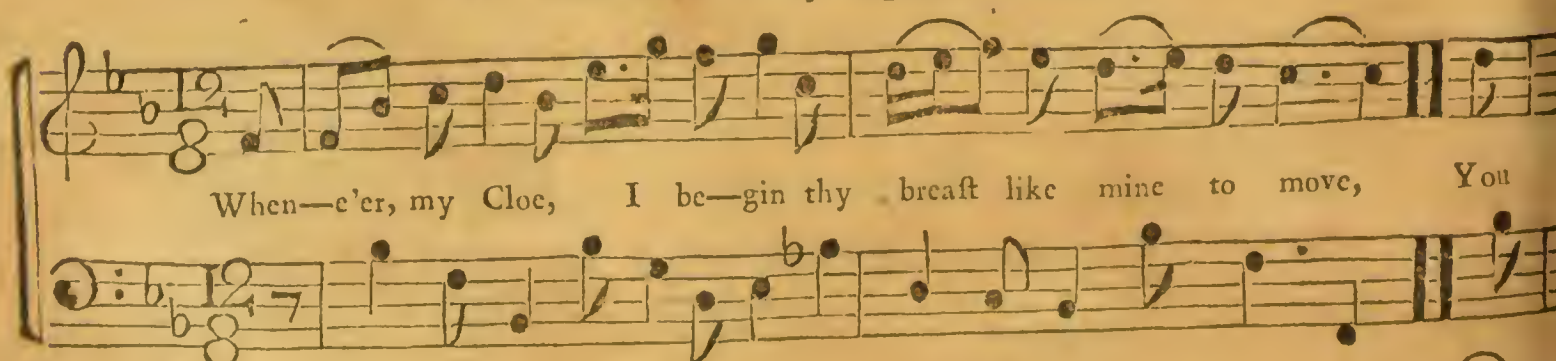
cure of happiness & peace, & so we men may be at ease secure of happiness & peace.

Jove kindly heard; he pray'd not
twice,
And took the women in a trice;
When Collin saw the coast was

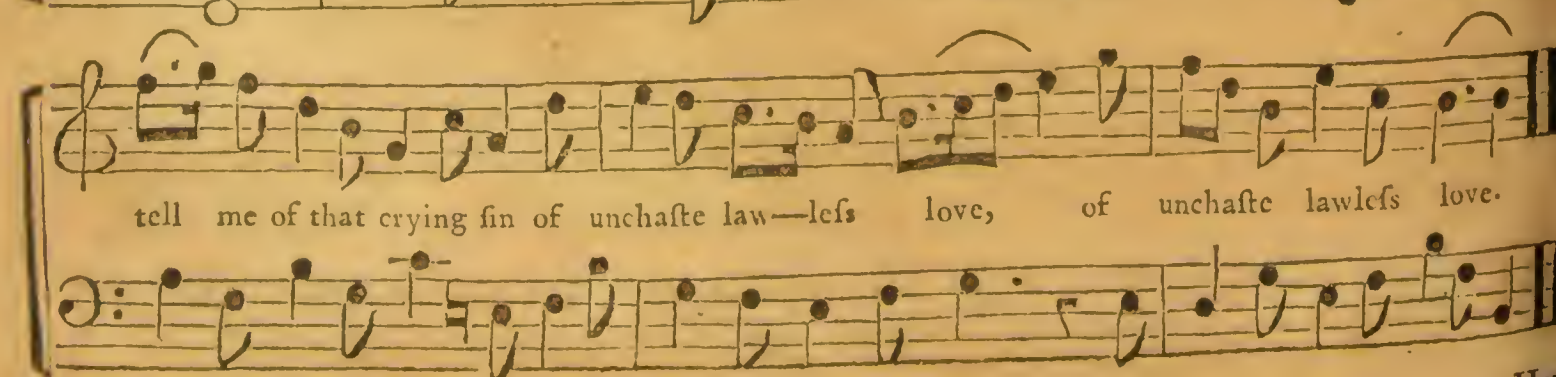
clear,
For not a single girl was there;
Reflecting with himself, 'twas kind
Says he, to gratify my mind;

Put now my passion's o'er, O Jove!
Give me Myrtilla back, my love,
Let me with her on earth be bless'd,
And keep in Heaven all the rest.

TO CLOE. Set by Signor PUTTI.



When—e'er, my Cloe, I be—gin thy breast like mine to move, You



tell me of that crying sin of unchaste law—less love, of unchaste lawless love.

2.

How can that pleasure be a crime,
That gave to Cloe birth?
How can those joys but be divine,
That make a Heav'n on earth?
That make a Heav'n, &c.

By some fly fallacy;
And disobey'd God's great com-
mand,
Increase and multiply.
Increase and multiply.

Than over ninety just?
Then over, &c.

5.

Sin then dear girl for Heav'n's sake,
Repent and be forgiven?
Bless me, and by repentance make,
A holiday in Heav'n.
A holiday, &c.

3.

To wed mankind the priest tra-
pann'd,

4. You say that love's a crime, con-
Yet this allow you must,
More joys in heav'n when one re-
pent,

(tent,

Song in the CHAPLET. Set by Dr. BOYCE.

DAMON. Con—tent—ed all day, I will sit at your

fide, Where pop—lars far stretch—ing o'er—arch the cool tide, And

while the clear ri—ver runs purl—ing a—long, The thrush and the

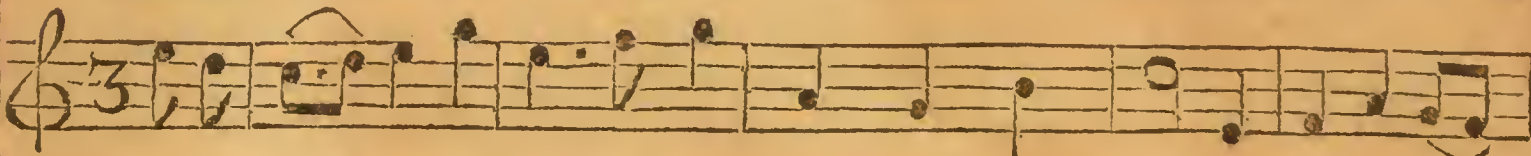
lin—net con—tend in their song, The thrush and the linnet con—

tend in their song.

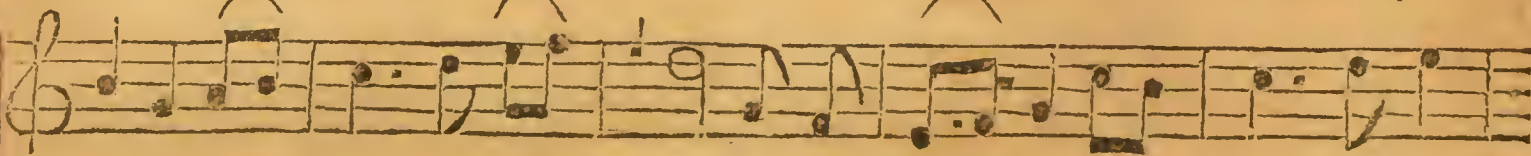
DUETTO, in the CHAPLET.



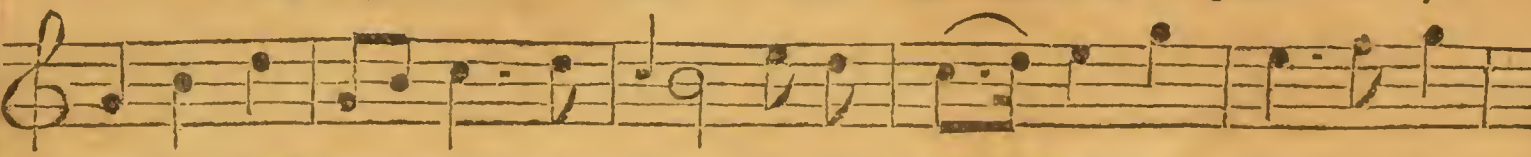
For their ho—nour and faith be our vir—gins re—nown'd, Nor false to his



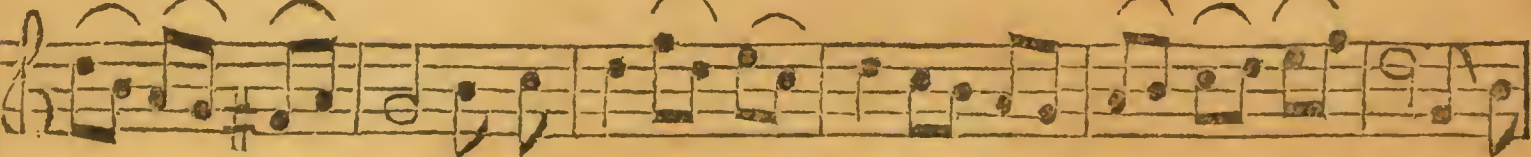
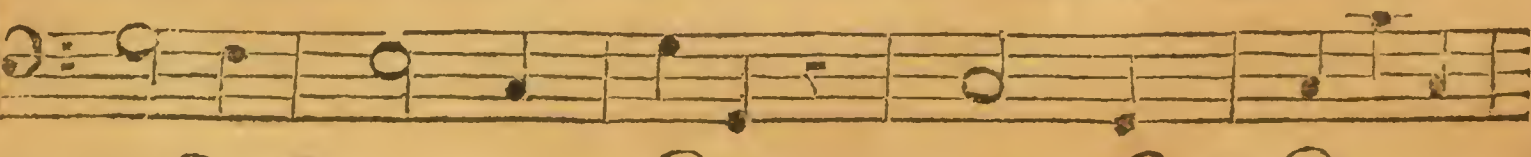
For their ho—nour and faith be our vir—gins re—nown'd, Nor false to his



vows one young shep—herd be found; Be their mo—ments all guid—ed by



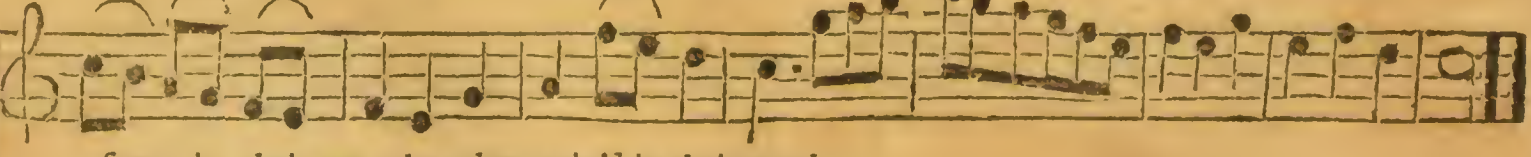
vows one young shep—herd be found; Be their mo—ments all guid—ed by



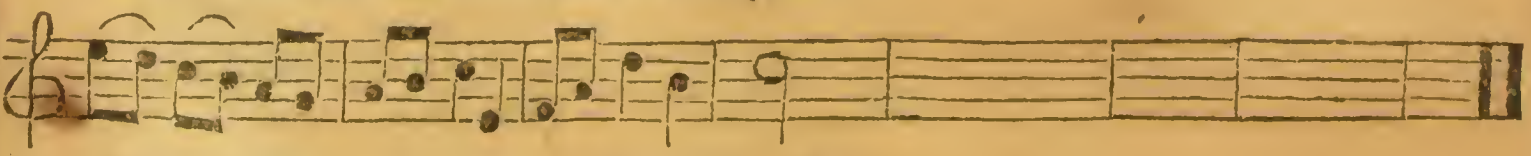
vir—tue and truth, To preserve in their age what they gain'd in their youth. To pre—



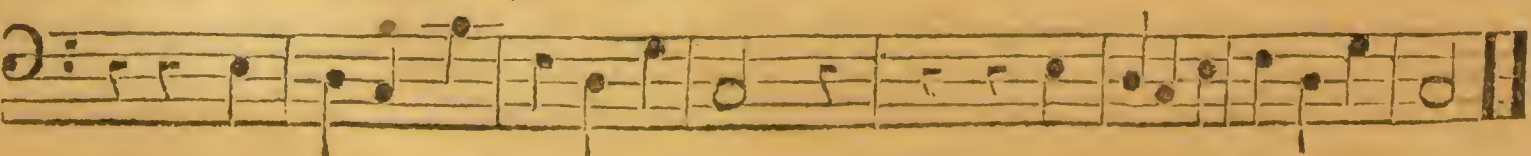
vir—tue and truth, To preserve in their age what they gain'd in their youth. To pre—



serve in their age what they gain'd in their youth.



serve in their age $\frac{5}{w}$ they gain'd in their youth.



The Muses DELIGHT.

175

The Beauty of True Love. Set by Mr. CAREY.

Andante.

Love's a gen—tle
ge—n'rous Passion, source of all sub—lime De—light: When th mu—tual In—cli—
na—tion two fond Hearts in one u—nite, two fond Hearts in one u—nite.

2.

When obtain'd we may repent.
When obtain'd, &c.

But a chaste and constant love
Is a glorious emulation
Of the blissful state above.
Of the blissful, &c.

What are titles, pomp or riches,
If compar'd with true content?

3.

That false joy that now bewitches, Lawless passion brings vexation,

ARNO'S VALE. Set by Mr. HOLCOMBE.

When here Lu—cinda first we came where Arno rolls his sil—ver stream, how blyth y nymphs y
fwains how gay, content inspir'd each ru—ral lay: The birds in livelier concert sung, y grapes in
thick — er clusters hung, all look'd as joy cou'd ne—ver fail among y sweets of Arno's vale.

But now since good Palemon died,
The chief of shepherds, and the
pride;

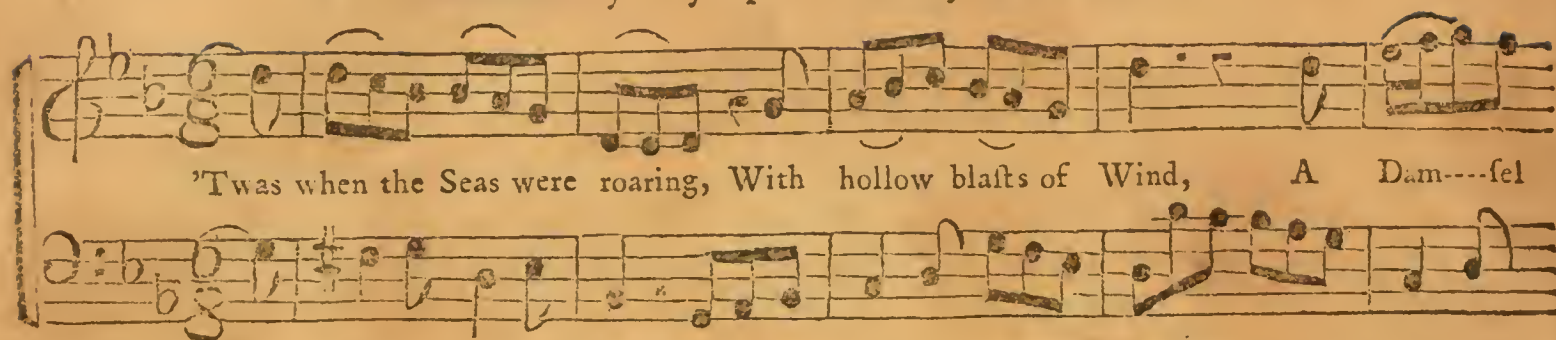
Old Arno's sons must all give place
To northern fwains, an iron race:
The taste of pleasure now is o'er,

Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more,
The muses droop, the Goths prevail,
Adieu the sweets of Arno's Vale.

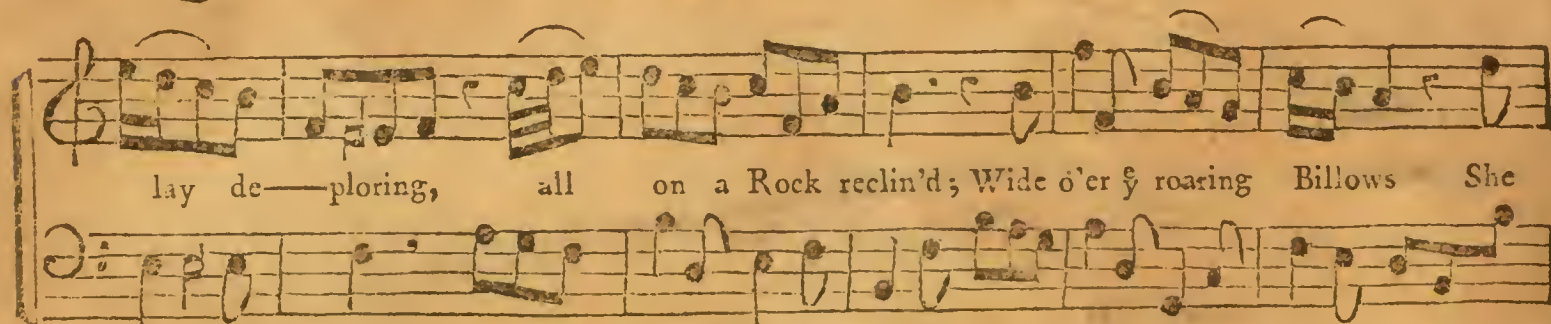
The

The Muses DELIGHT.

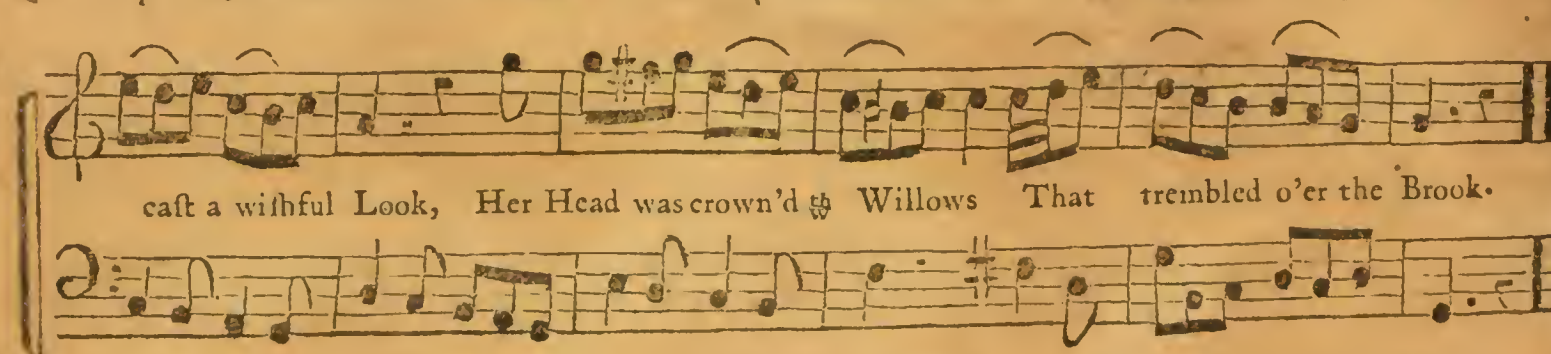
The Melancholly Nymph. Set by Mr. HANDEL.



'Twas when the Seas were roaring, With hollow blasts of Wind, A Dam---fel



lay de---ploring, all on a Rock reclin'd; Wide o'er y' roaring Billows She



cast a wishful Look, Her Head was crown'd w' Willows That trembled o'er the Brook.

2.

But what's the loss of treasure
To the losing 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.

To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

5.

Twelve months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou vent'rous lover?
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease then cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest;
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

3.

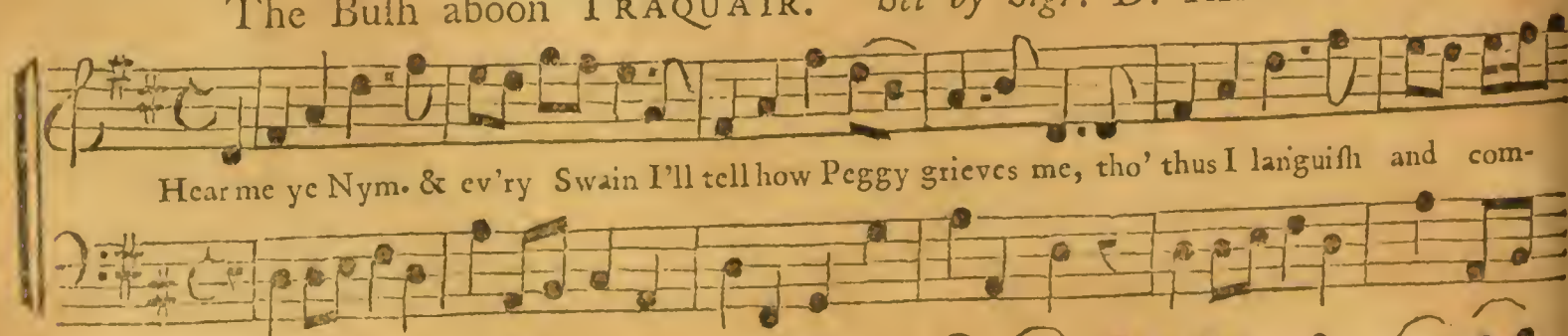
The merchant robb'd of treasure,
Views tempests in despair;

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain?
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain?
No eyes those rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep;

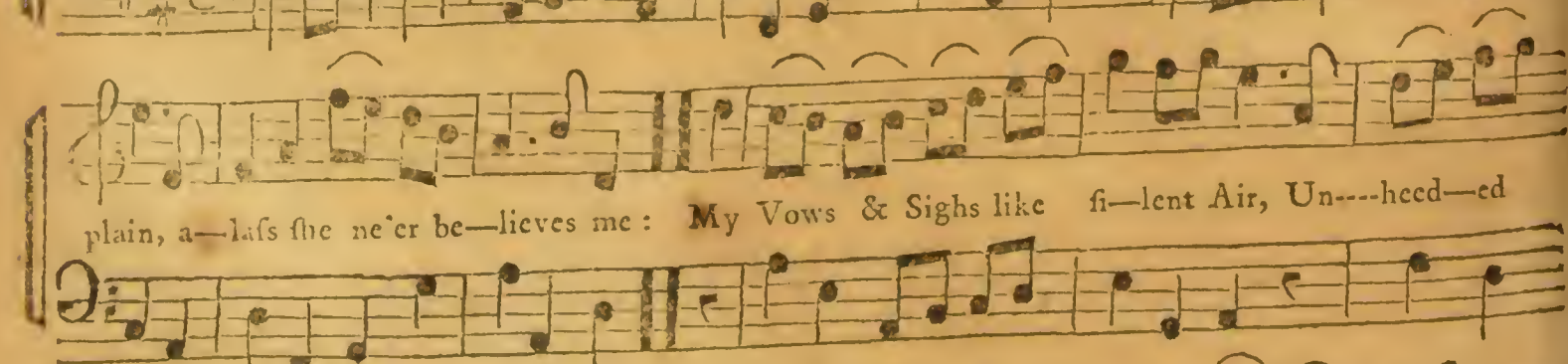
4.

All melancholly lying,
'Thus wail'd she for her dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear:
When o'er the white waves stoop-
ing,
His floating corps she spy'd;
Then like a lilly drooping,
She bow'd her head and dy'd.

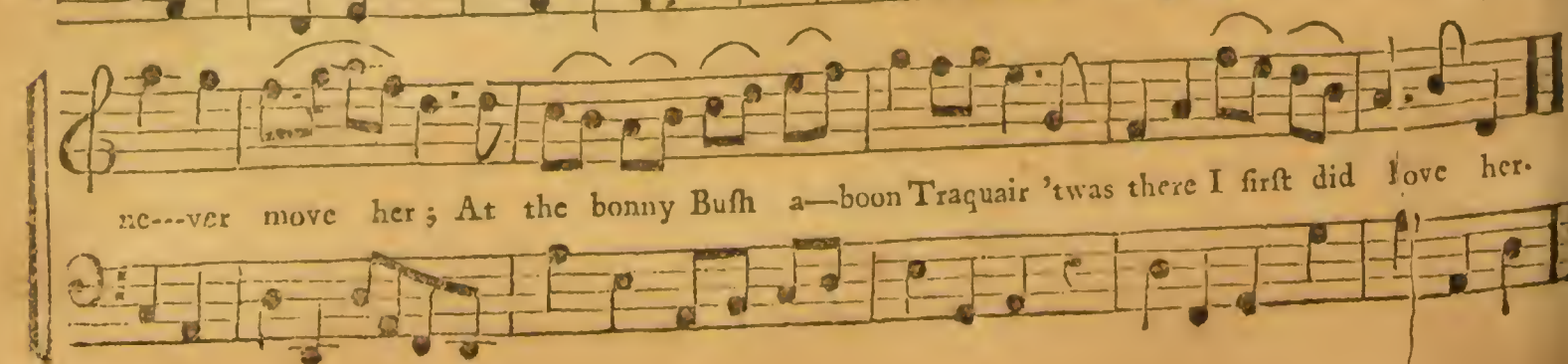
The Bush aboon TRAQUAIR. Set by Sigr. D. RIZZIO.



Hear me ye Nym. & ev'ry Swain I'll tell how Peggy grieves me, tho' thus I languish and com-



plain, a---lafs she ne'er be---lieves me: My Vows & Sighs like fi---lent Air, Un---heed---ed



ne---ver move her; At the bonny Bush a---boon Traquair 'twas there I first did love her.

2.

3.

4.

That day she smil'd and made me
glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder ;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her :
I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender ;
If more there pass'd I'm not to
blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
The fields we then frequented,
If e'er we meet she shews disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted :
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in
May,
Its sweets I'll ay remember,
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers who hear my
strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve
me ?
Oh ! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me :
If not my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender,
I'll leave the Bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

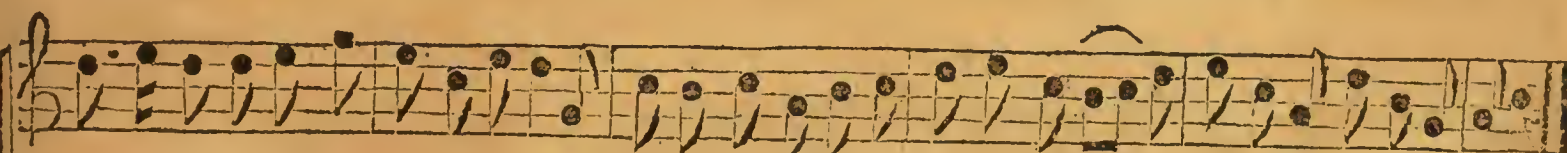
A CANT SONG. *The Words by Mr. STEVENS.*



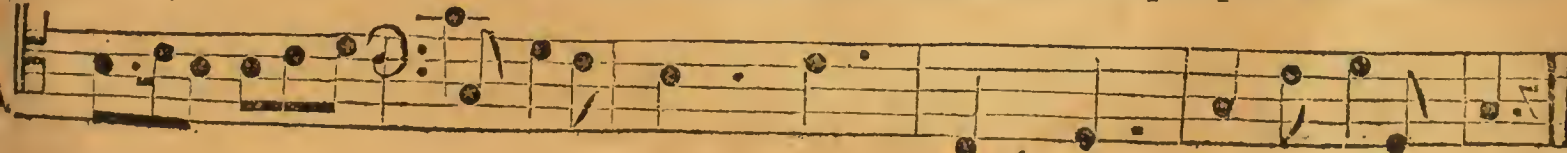
As I derick'd along to dofs on my pad, young Molly § fro-file I touted ; She'd nail'd a rum codger of



*tilter and nab, But in filing his † tatler was routed : As I § trolled a-long I ‡ grappl'd her shell, She



rag'd § rum bowman & knew me full well, § harmans tap'd her but d—me to hell, I plumpt'm & fav'd'er fro limbo



2.

3.

4

The || buznapper's kenchin my rum-
mer did seize,
But I soon right and left daddle
tipt him ;
I darken'd his daylights, and sew'd
up his fees,
And up with my ** dew-beaters
tript him :
While I mill'd his mazzard she
†† snaff'd his poll,
Away she went laughing, I hik'd
after Moll ;
We fil'd the rum codger and plumpt
the queer cull,
And away we went to the †† ken
boozie.

As there we sat §§ yaffling and
fluicing our gobbs,
She tipt me the gum very clean-
ly ;
L—d d—me 'twill never be out
of my nob,
The brimstone she wheedled so
bienly :
Round my scrag her dear daddles
did lovingly fold,
She tipt me the velvet, her day-
lights she roll'd ;
She said I must love you, you're
quiddish and bold,
You shall dofs with me Jemmy
till || jamming.

Dear Molly, he cried, I will dofs
in your pad,
I'm a bowman that ne'er will
deceive you ;
I'll cut a bien wid for to keep you
in scan,
And boldly will pad to relieve
you :
The |||| darbies I dread not, death's
common to all,
Those that rumble in §§§ rattlers
or pad in the Mall ;
I can but shake trotters at fam'd
††† Bilby's ball,
And go off like a bowman that's
quiddish.

* Sword and Hat. † Watch. § Loiter'd. ‡ Took hold of her. || Constable's Attendant. ** Feet. †† Stole
his Wig. †† Alehouse. §§ Eating and drinking. ||| Hanging. |||| Feters. §§§ Coaches. ††† Gallows.

Who'll buy a Heart. A CANTATA. Set by Mr. STANLEY.

:S:

:S:

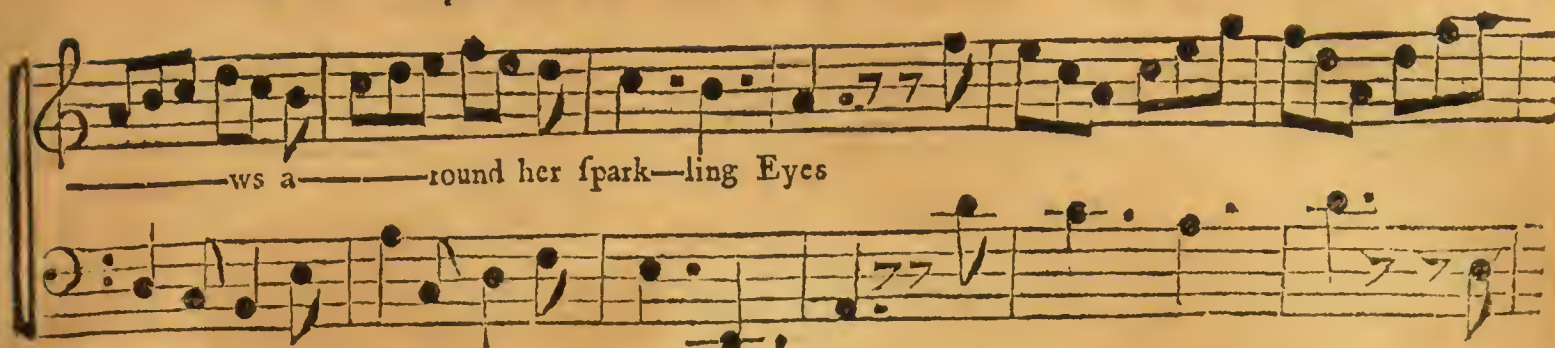
Who'll buy a heart Myr—til—la cries,

Who'll buy a heart, who'll buy a heart, Who'll buy a

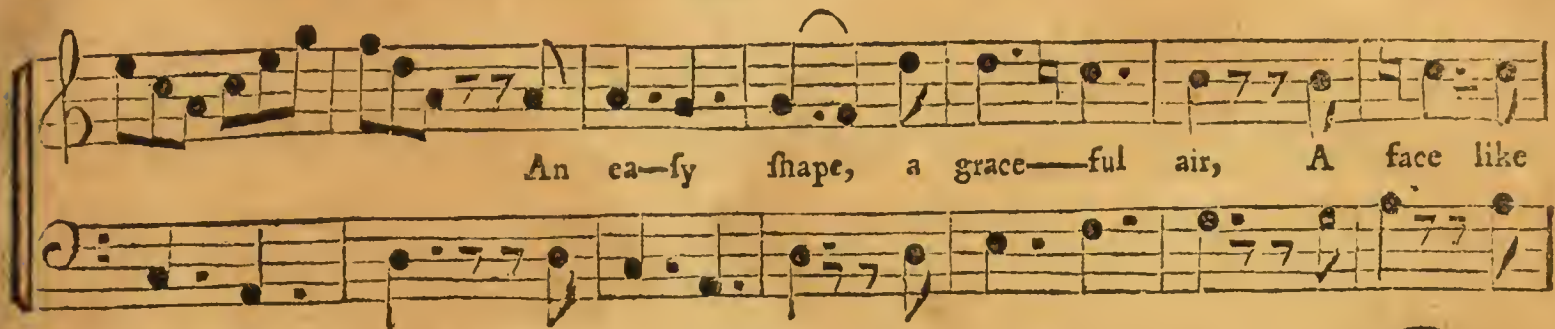
heart Myr—til—la cries, And throws a—round her spark—ling Eyes. And

throws a—round her spark—ling eyes, And throws a—round her

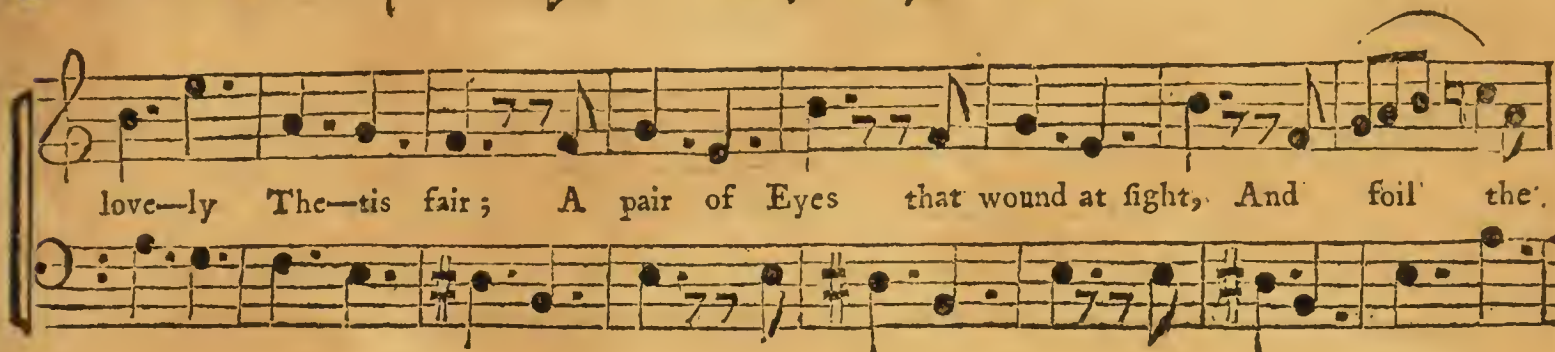
sparkling Eyes, her spa—rkling Eyes, And thro—



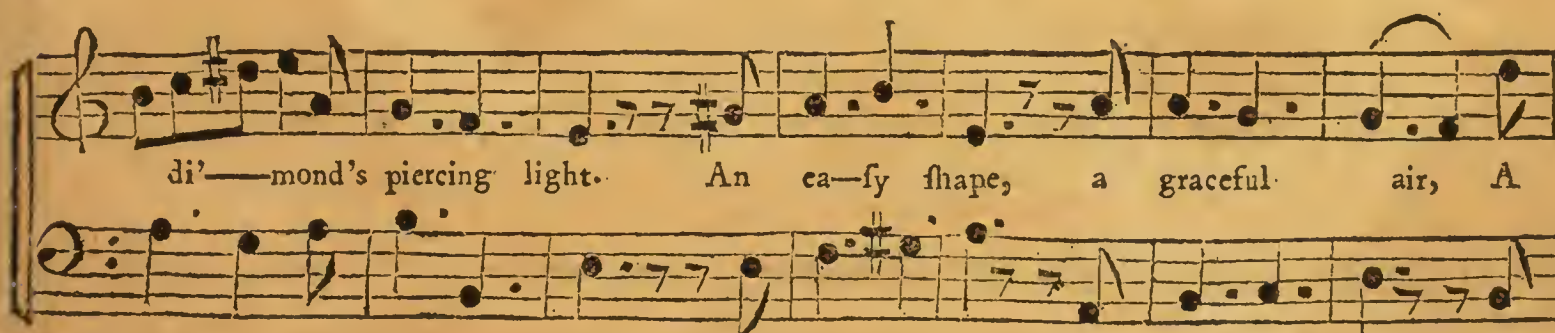
ws a—round her spark—ling Eyes



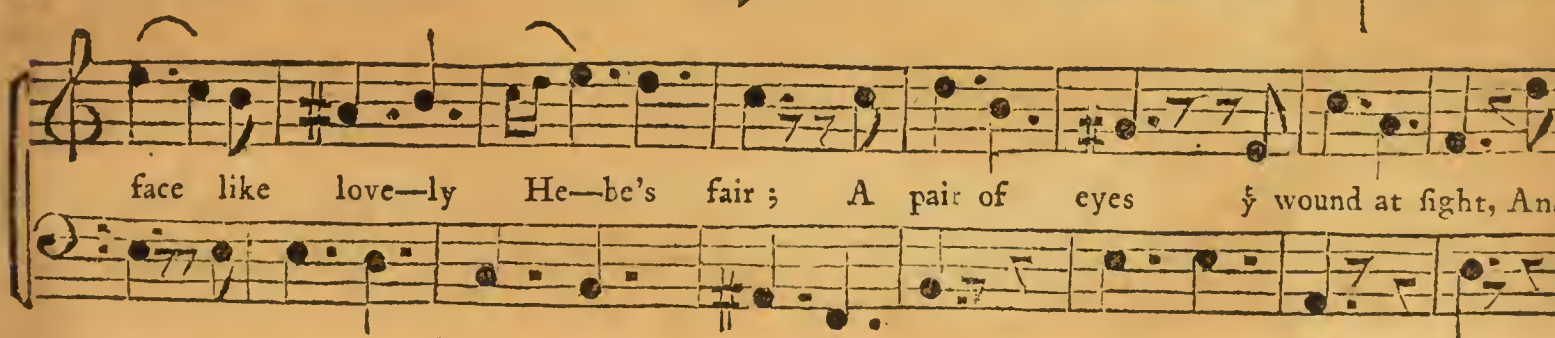
An ea—sy shape, a grace—ful air, A face like



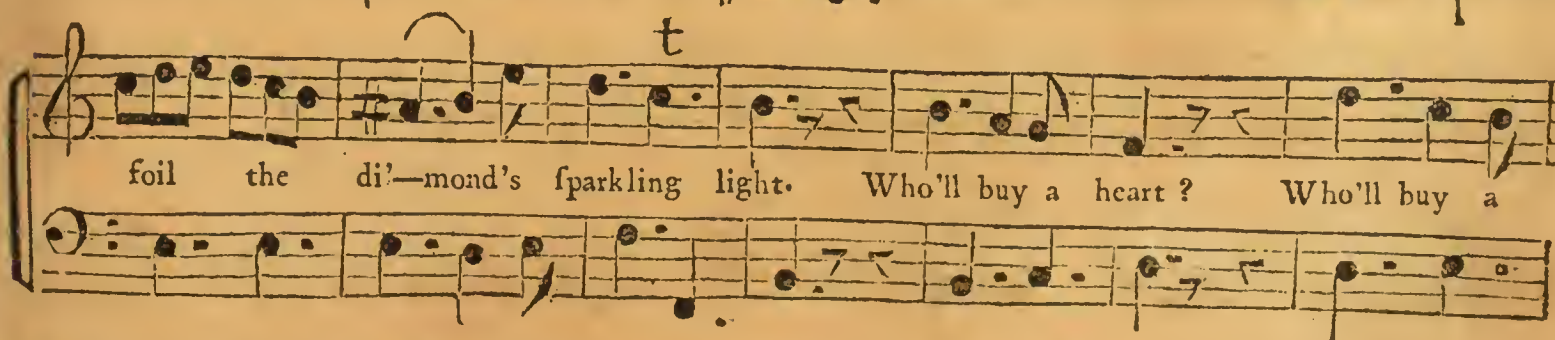
love—ly The—tis fair; A pair of Eyes that wound at fight, And foil the



di'—mond's piercing light. An ea—sy shape, a graceful air, A



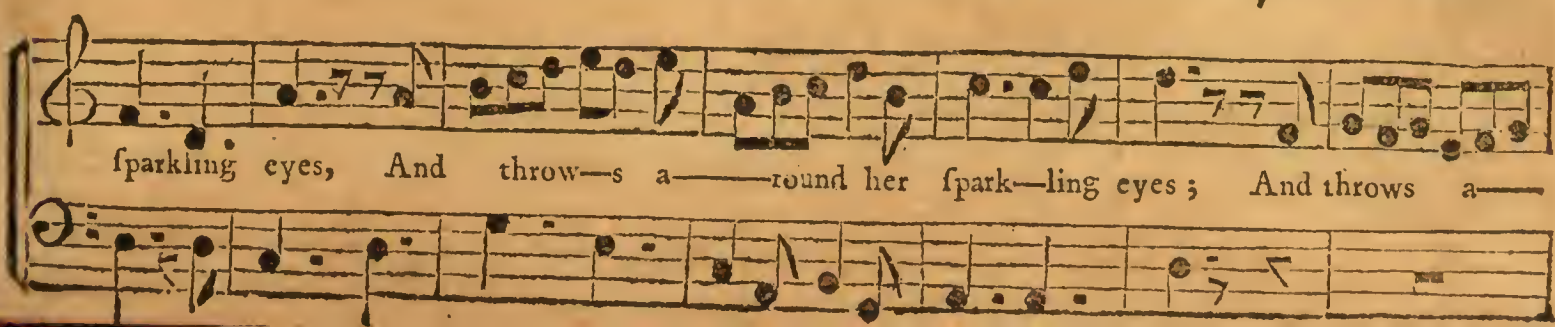
face like love—ly He—be's fair; A pair of eyes $\frac{1}{2}$ wound at fight, And



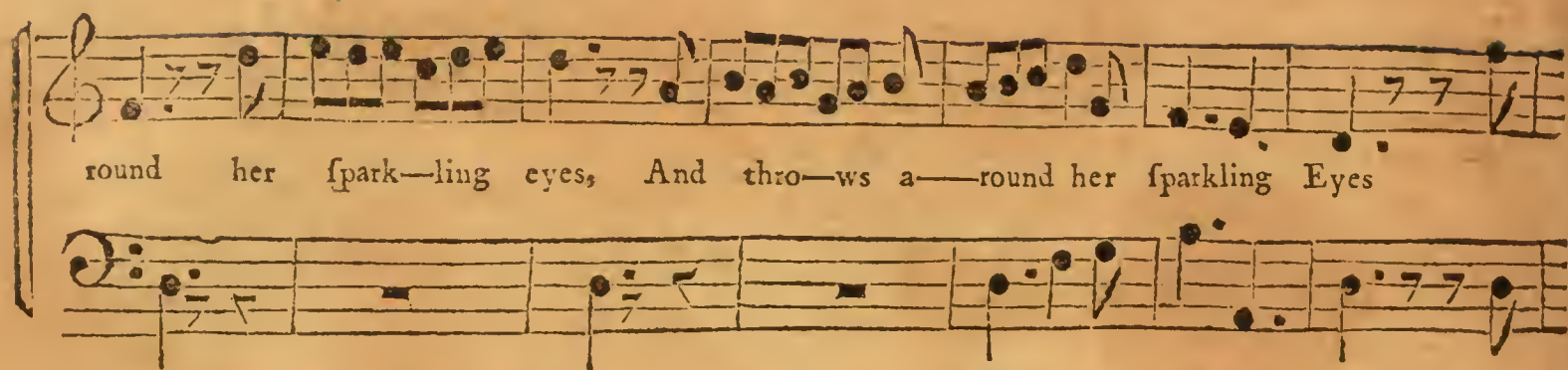
foil the di'—mond's sparkling light. Who'll buy a heart? Who'll buy a



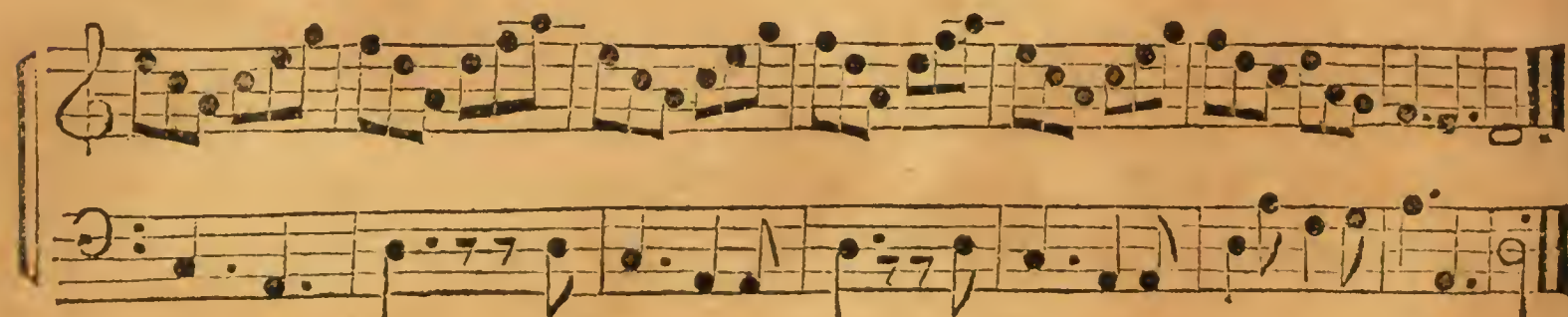
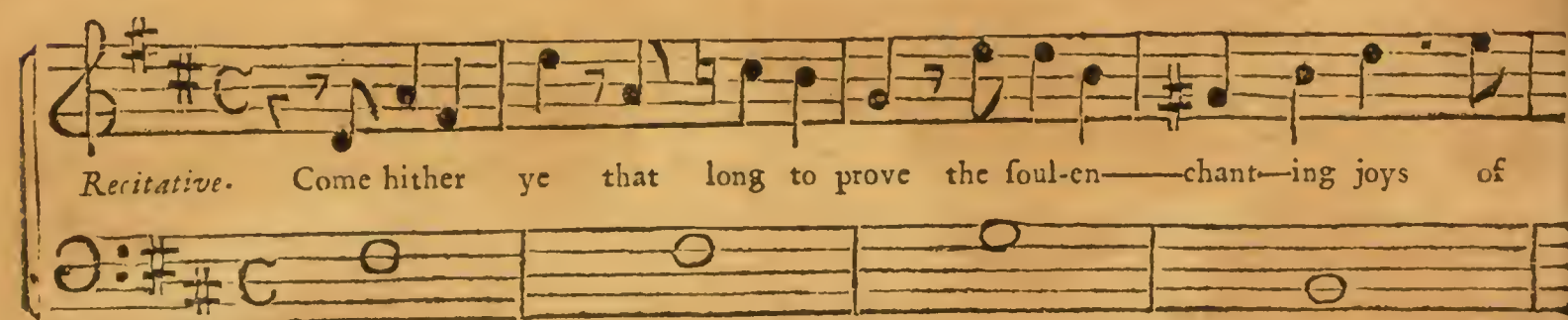
heart? Who'll buy a heart Myr—til—la cries; And throws a—round her



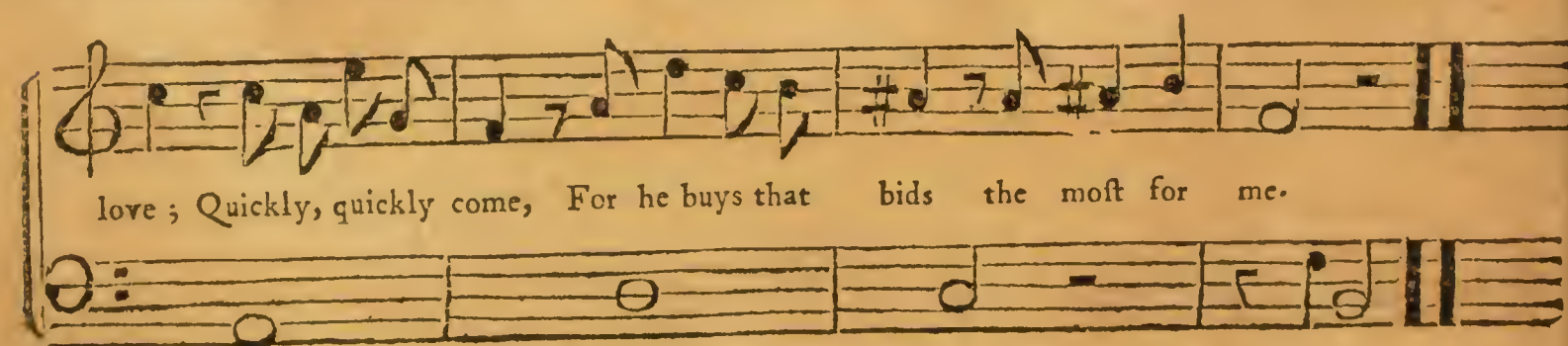
sparkling eyes, And throw—s a—round her spark—ling eyes; And throws a—



round her spark—ling eyes, And thro—ws a—round her sparkling Eyes

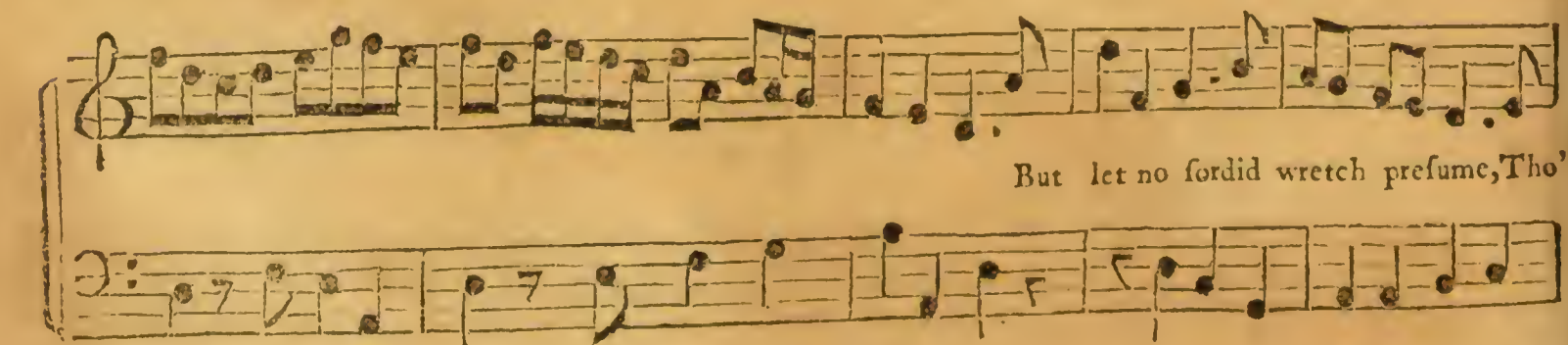



Recitative. Come hither ye that long to prove the soul-en—chant—ing joys of

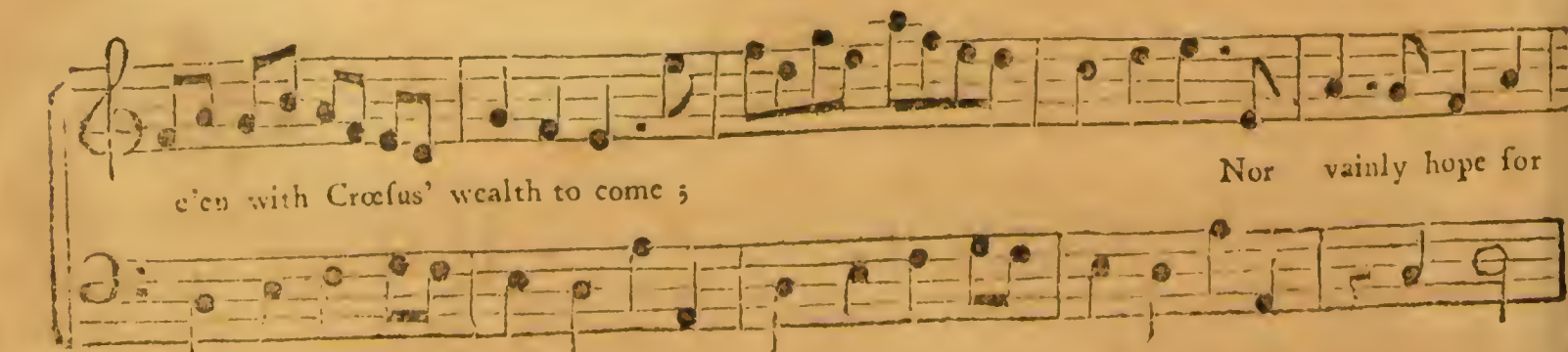


love ; Quickly, quickly come, For he buys that bids the most for me.

Allegro.

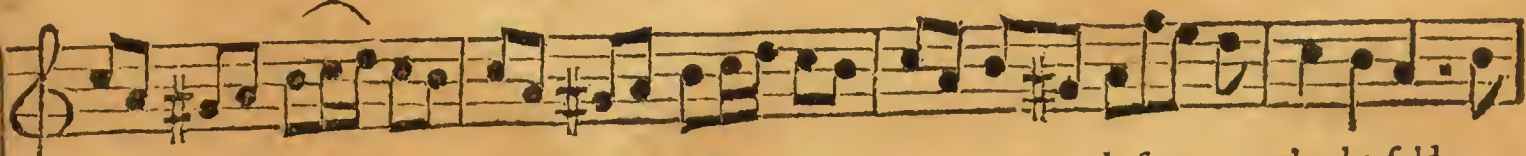
But let no sordid wretch presume, Tho'



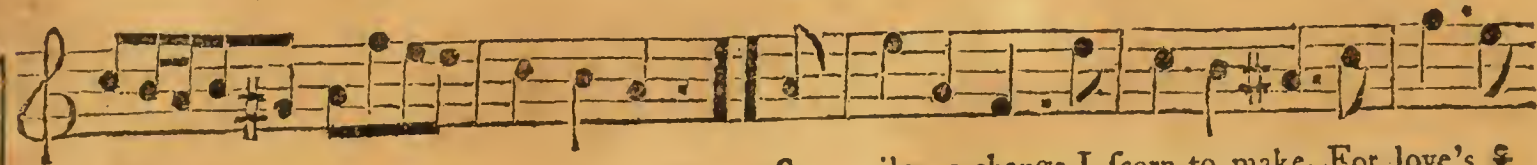
e'en with Croesus' wealth to come ; Nor vainly hope for



gems or gold, Such charms as these can e'er be fold, Such charms as these can e'er be fold. Nor



vain—ly hope, for gems or gold, Such charms as these can e'er be fold.



So vile a change I scorn to make, For love's



on—ly coin I take.

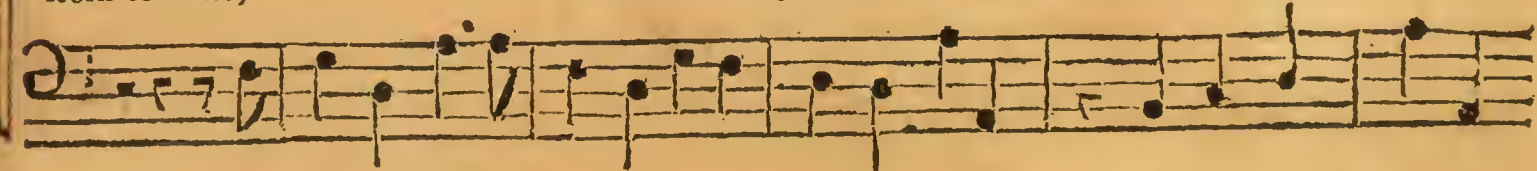
So vile a change

I

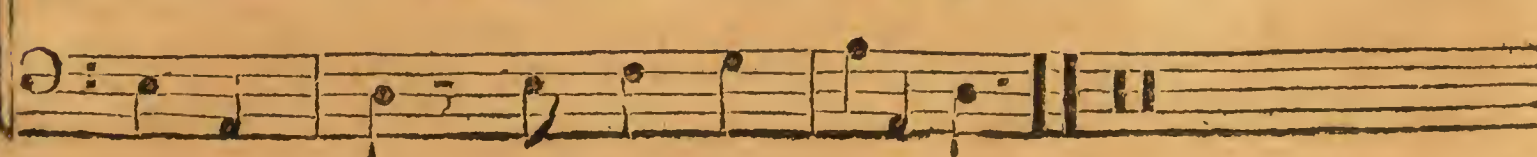
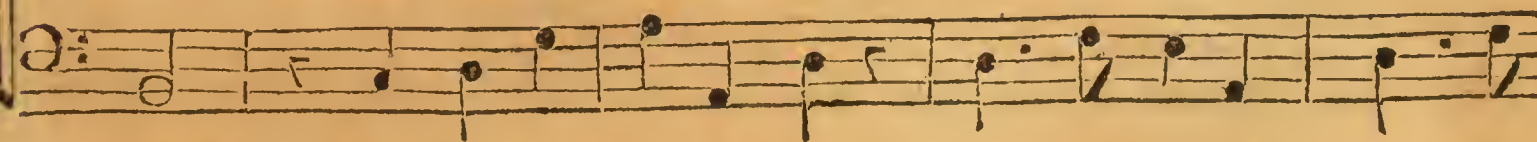


scorn to make,

For love's the only coin I take, For love's the on—ly coin I



take, For love's the on—ly coin I take.



The Muses DELIGHT.

Set by Sigr. PASQUALI. Sung by Mr. SULLIVAN, at Ranelagh Garden, Liverpool.

When absent from my soul's de-light, What cold sus-pi-ci-ous freeze my breast? Once
more re—turn'd to thy lov'd fight, Hope too re—turns, my fears have rest.

2 This heart, the victim of your It's cares are far superior found;
 pow'r. A dawning hope we scarce possess,
If the light air curl but a wave, 3.
Move but a leaf, or bend a E'er 'tis in some new sorrow
flow'r, drown'd.
Fears for your safety never leave In love there's no true happiness,

The Blind Boy. Set by Mr. STANLEY.

O! say what is that thing call'd light, Which I can ne'er en—joy?
What is the blef—sing of the sight Oh! tell, tell your poor blind boy.

2.

You talk of wond'rous 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,
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I always 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 Blind.

Song in the FOUNDLING. Set by Mr. ARNE.

For a shape and an air, and a bloom and a mein, Myr—til—la was
brightest of all the gay green; But art—ful—ly mild and af—fect—ed—ly coy, those her
beau—ties in—vited her pride would de—stroy. Those her beauties in—vi—ted her
pride would de—stroy.

2.

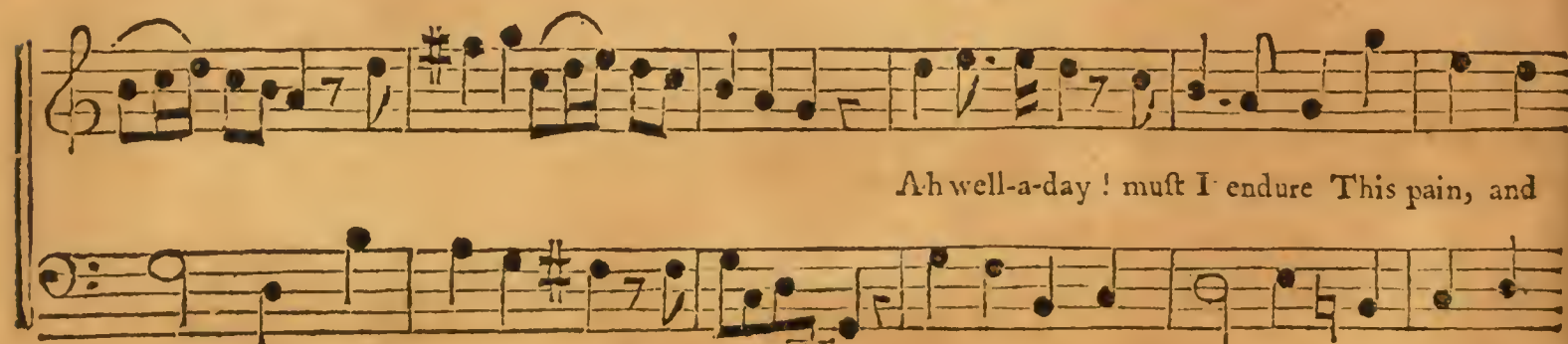
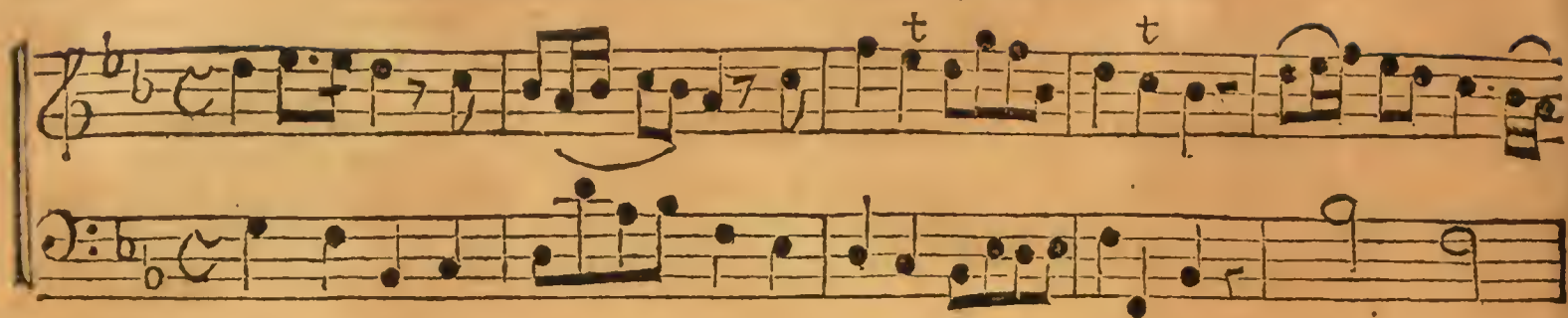
By the flocks as she stray'd, with
the nymphs of the vale,
Not a shepherd but w'd her to
hear his soft tale;
Tho' fatal the passion, she laugh'd
at the swain,
And return'd with neglect what she
heard with disdain.
And return'd, &c.

3.

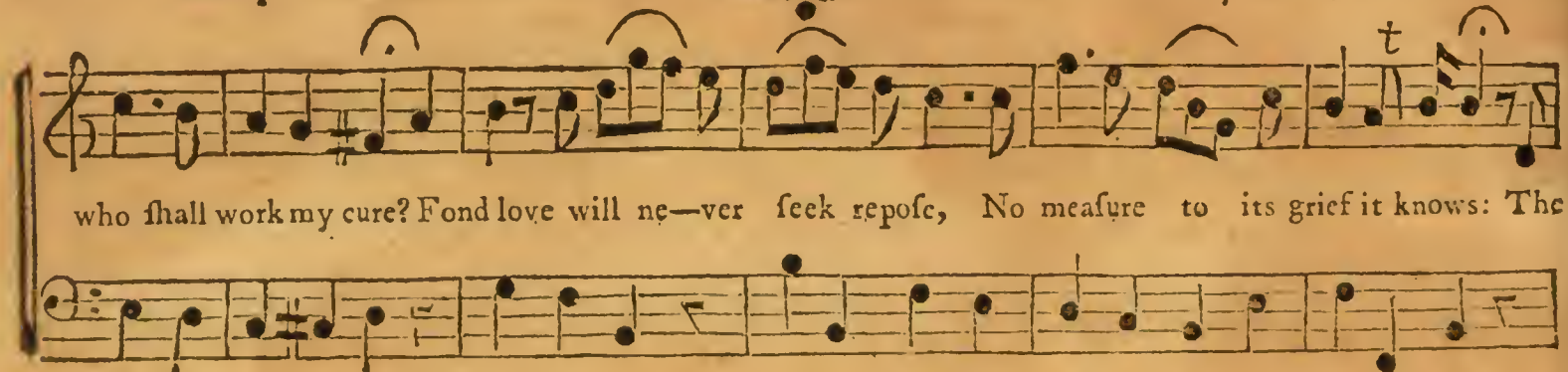
But beauty has wings, and too hast—
ily flies,
And love unrewarded soon sickens
and dies;
The nymph, cur'd by time of her
folly and pride,
Now sighs in her turn for the bliss
she denied.
Now sighs, &c.

4.

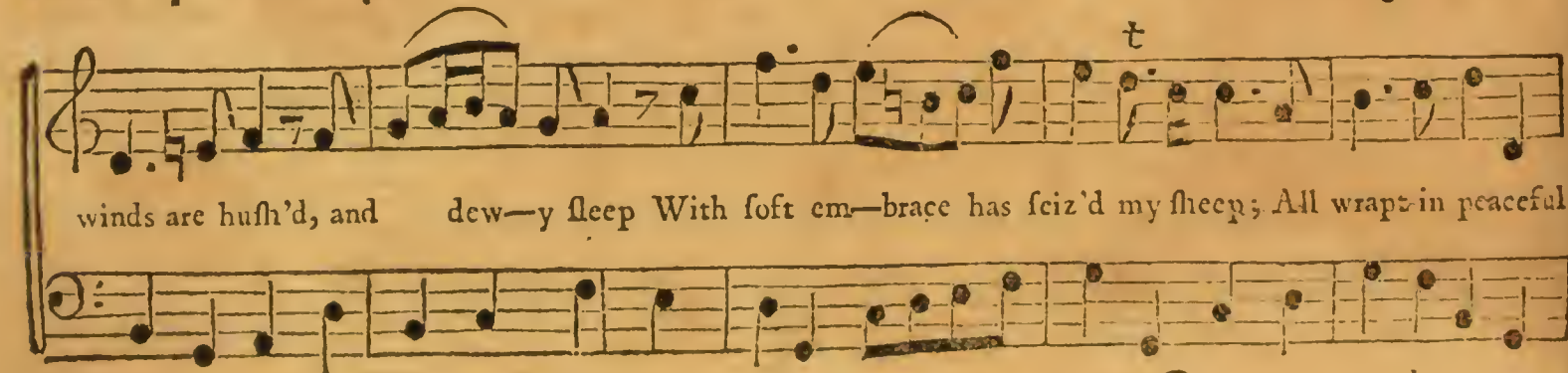
No longer she frolics it wide o'er
the plain,
To kill with her coyness the lan—
guishing swain;
So humbled her heart is; so sof—
ten'd her mind,
That, tho' courted by none, she
to all would be kind.
That tho' courted, &c.

The Despairing Shepherd. Set by Mr. ARNE.

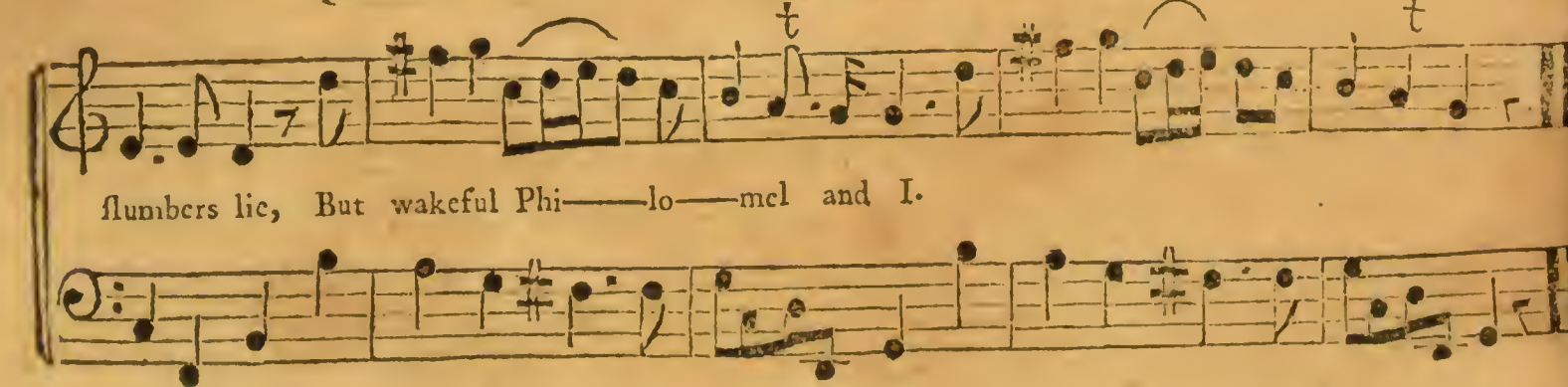
Ah well-a-day ! must I endure This pain, and



who shall work my cure? Fond love will ne—ver seek repose, No measure to its grief it knows: The



winds are hush'd, and dew—y sleep With soft em—brace has seiz'd my sleep; All wrapt in peaceful



slumbers lie, But wakeful Phi—lo—mel and I.

2.

Who better seen, in shepherds arts,
To win the wanton lasses hearts?
How to my oaten pipe so sweet,
Wont they to change their nimble
feet?

And many tales of mirth had I
To chace the Sun adown the sky:
Since Lucy wrought her spight, alone
To woods I pour my fruitless moan.

3.

Oh quit thy scorn, relentless fair!
E'er long I perish thro' despair:
Had Rosalind possess'd my mind,
The maiden wou'd have been more
kind.

Oh think! for beauty will not
stay,

And flow'rs ungather'd will decay:
The flow'rs returning seasons bring;
But beauty has no second spring.

4.

Oh wou'd my gifts but win her
heart!

Cou'd I but half I feel impart!
For plumbs I'd climb the knotty
tree,

Of honey rob the thirsty Bee:
Fair is my flock, nor clomeless I,
If fountains flatter not, and why
Shou'd fountains flatter us; yet
show

The flow'rs less beauteous than

they grow?

5.

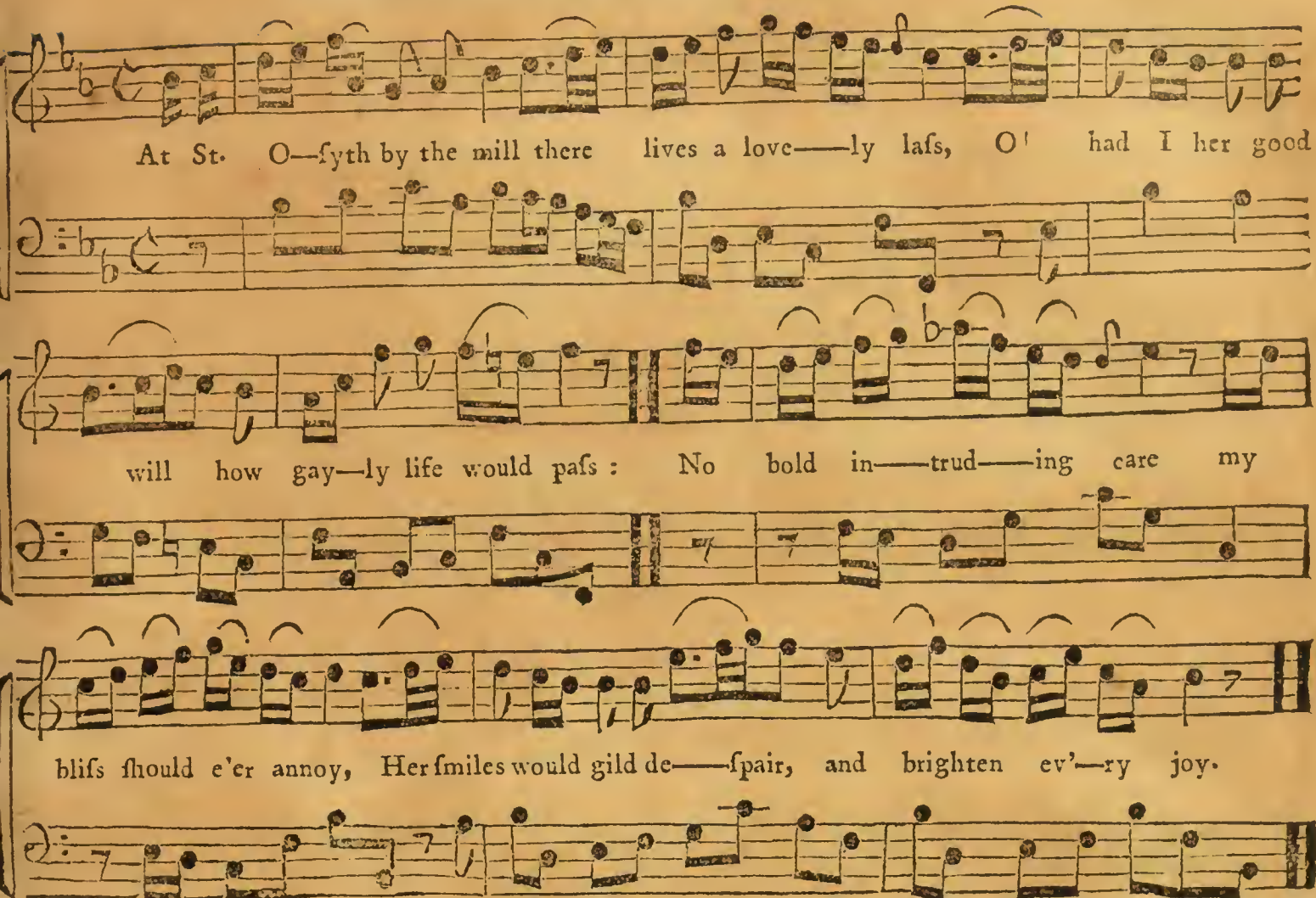
Oh come, my love! nor think it
mean,
The Dams to milk, the Lamkins
wean:

How wou'd the Crook bescem thy
hand!

How wou'd my younglings round
thee stand!

Ah younglins! gaze not on her eye,
Such glances are the cause I die.
Sleep, sleep, my flock; for you
may take
Your rest; tho' thus your master
wake.

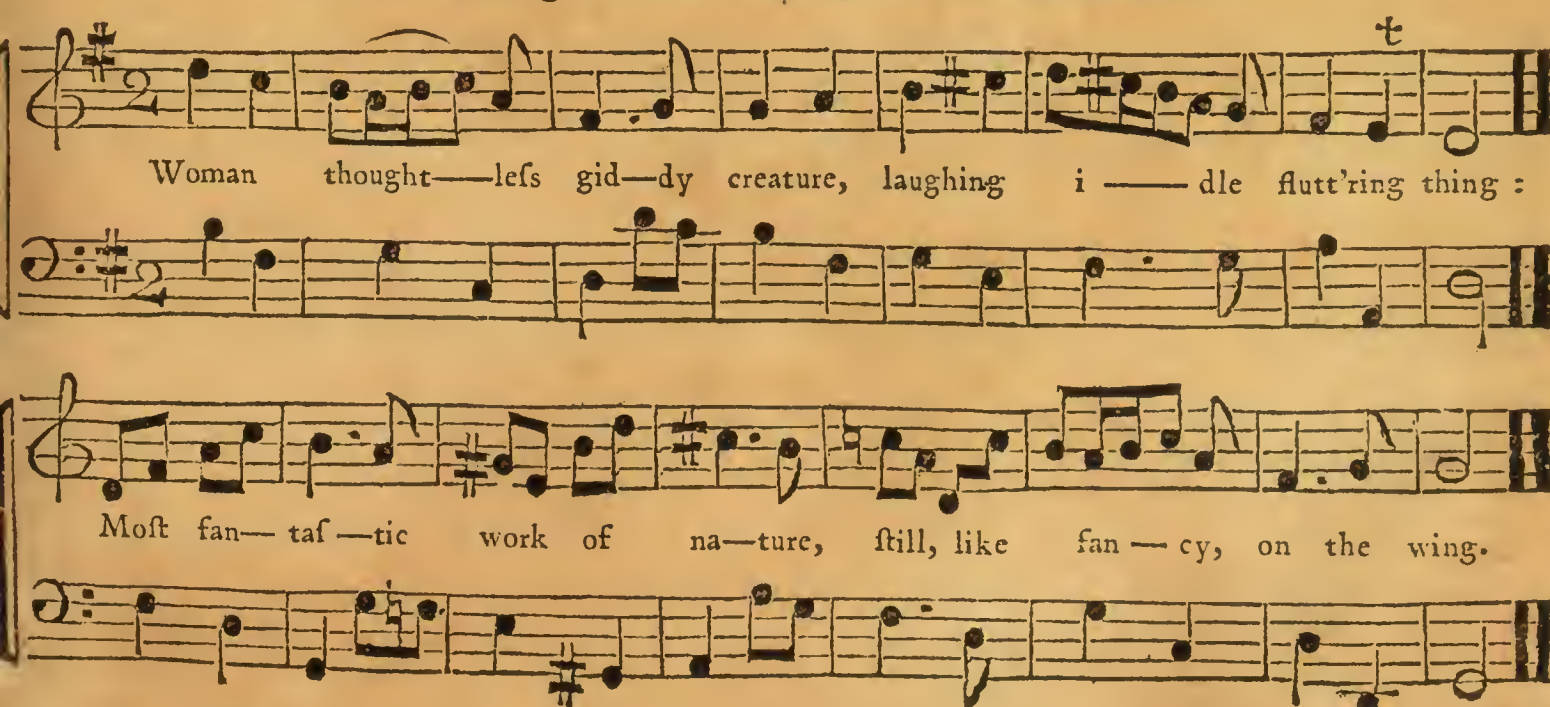
The Lads of the Mill. Set by Mr. HOWARD.



At St. O—fyth by the mill there lives a love—ly lads, O' had I her good
will how gay—ly life would pass: No bold in—trud—ing care my
bliss should e'er annoy, Her smiles would gild de—spair, and brighten ev'—ry joy.

2. Like nature's rural scene
Her artless beauties charm,
Like them, with joys serene,
Our wishing hearts they warm;
Her wit, with sweetness crown'd,
Steals ev'ry sense away;
The list'ning swains around
Forget the short'ning day.
3. Health, freedom, wealth and ease,
Without her tasteless are,
She gives 'em pow'r to please,
And makes 'em worth our care;
Is there, ye fates, a bliss
Reserv'd my future share?
Indulgent, hear my wish,
And grant it all in her.

The Whining Lover. Set by Mr. MARKWELL.



Woman thought—less gid—dy creature, laughing i — dle flutt'ring thing :
Most fan—tas—tic work of na—ture, still, like fan—cy, on the wing.

2. Slaves to ev'ry changing passion,
Loving, hating in extream;
Fond of ev'ry foolish fashion,
And at best a pleasing dream.
3. Lovely trifle! dear illusion!
Conqu'ring weakness, wish'd for
pain;
Man's chief glory and confusion,
Of all vanities most vain.
4. Thus deriding beauty's power,
We will call it all a cheat;
But in less than half an hour,
Knecl'd and whin'd at Celia's feet.

JOHNNY JENNY'S.

A DIALOGUE. *Set to Music by Doctor BOYCE.**Sung by Mr. and Mrs. BAKER, at the Theatre in Drury-lane, Liverpool.*

HE. Let rakes for

plea—sure range the town, And mi—fers doat on gold—en guineas, Let plenty smile or

for—ture frown, The sweets of love are mine and Jenny's, Mine and Jenny's

mine and Jenny's, The sweets of love are mine and Jenny's.

SHE. Let wan—ton maids in—dulge delight, How soon the fleet—ing pleasure

gone is! The joys of vir—tue ne—ver tire, And such shall still be mine and Johnny's,

Mine and Johnny's, mine and Johnny's, And such shall still be mine and Johnny's.

HE.

SHE

To—gether let us sport and play, And live in pleasure

HE

SHE

where no sin is; The priest shall tie the knot to—day, And wedlock's bands make

Johnny Jenny's, Johnny Jenny's, Johnny Jenny's, And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

DUETT.

D U E T T.

SHE. To—ge—ther let us sport and play, And live in pleasure where no sin is ; The

HE. To—ge—ther let us sport and play, And live in pleasure where no sin is ; The

priest shall tie the knot to-day, And wed—lock's bands make John—ny Jenny's,

priest shall tie the knot to—day, And wedlock's bands make John—ny

John—ny Jenny's John—ny Jenny's, And wedlock's bands make John—ny Jenny's.

Jenny's John—ny Jenny's, Jenny's, And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

2

HE. Let roving swains young hearts
invade, [folly ;
The pleasure ends in shame and
So Willy woo'd, and then betray'd,
The poor believing simple Molly.
Simple Molly, &c.

SHE. So Lucy lov'd, and lightly
toy'd,
And laught at hamlets maids who
marry ;

But now she finds her shepherd
cloy'd, [less Harry.
And chides, too late ! her faith-
Faithless Harry, &c.

DUET. But we'll together, &c.

3.

HE. By curling streams our flocks
we'll feed, [ninnies ;
And leave deceit to knaves and
Or fondly stray where love shall
lead,

And ev'ry joy be mine and
Jenny's.

Mine and Jenny's, &c.

SHE. Let guilt the faithless bosom
fright, [bonny ;

The constant heart is always
Content and peace, and sweet de-
light, [Johnny.

And love, shall live with me and
Me and Johnny, &c.

DUET. Together then, &c.

Song in the CHAPLET. Set by Dr. BOYCE.

What med'cine can sof—ten the bo—som's keen smart, What Lethe can ba—nish the

pain ? What cure can be met to soothe the fond heart, That's broke !

broke by a faithless young swain.

2.

3.

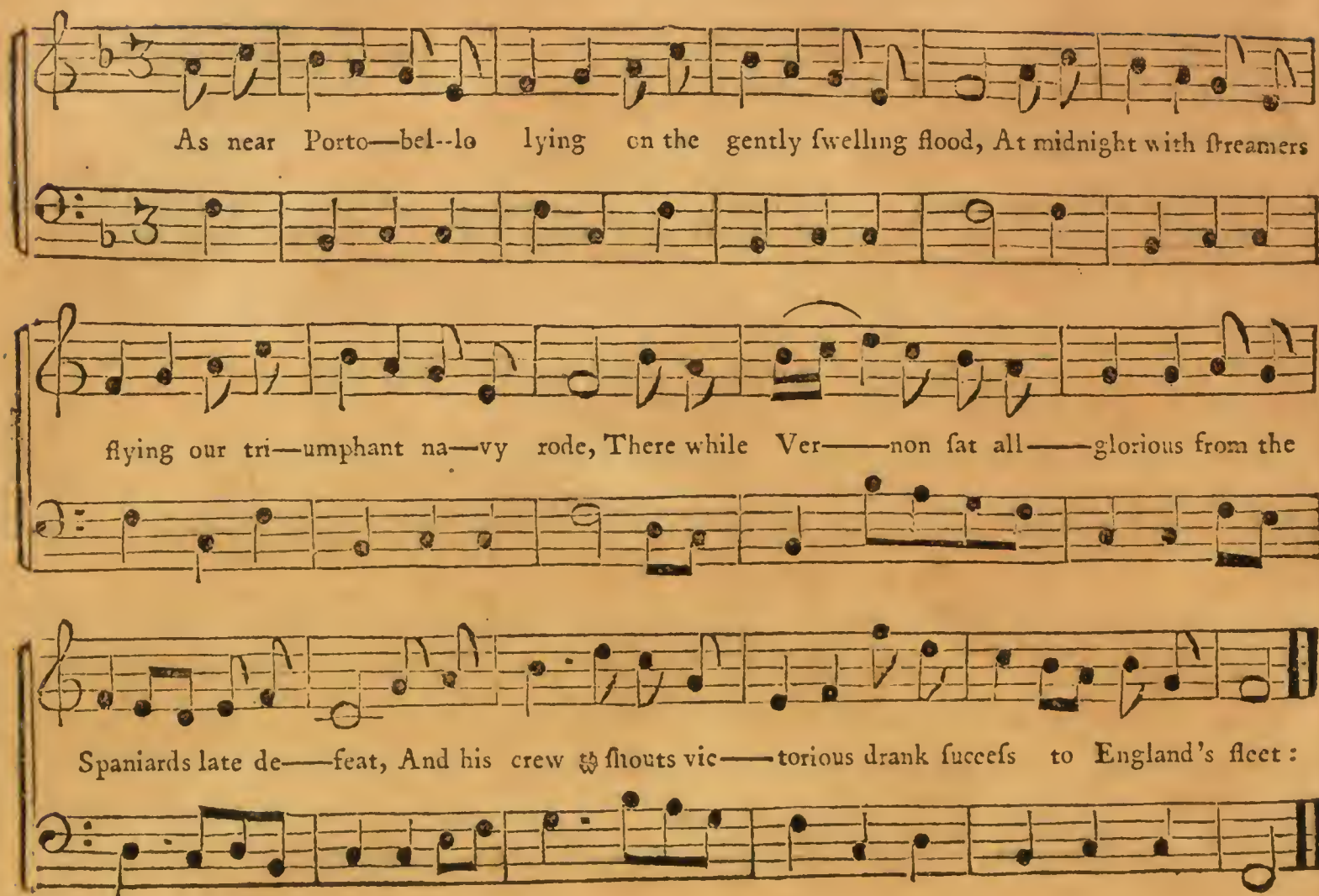
4.

In hopes to forget him how vainly
I try,
The sports of the wake and the
green ;
When Collin is dancing I say with
a sigh,
'Twas here first my Damon was
seen.

When to the pale moon the soft
nightingales moan,
In accents so piercing and clear ;
You sing not so sweetly, I cry
with a groan,
As when my dear Damon was
here.

A garland of willow my temples
shall shade,
And pluck it, ye nymphs, from
yon grove ;
For there, to her cost, was poor
Laura betray'd,
And Damon pretended to love.

HOSIER'S Ghost. Set by Mr. HANDEL.



As near Porto—bel—lo lying on the gently swelling flood, At midnight with streamers
 flying our tri—umphant na—vy rode, There while Ver—non sat all—glorious from the
 Spaniards late de—feat, And his crew shouts vic—torious drank success to England's fleet :

2.
 On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
 Hideous yells and shrieks were
 heard ;
 Then each heart with fear con—
 founding,
 A sad troop of ghosts appear'd :
 All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
 Which for winding-sheets they
 wore ;
 And with looks by sorrow clouded,
 Frowning on that hostile shore.

3.
 On them gleam'd the moon's wan
 lustre,
 When the shade of Hosier brave
 His pale hand was seen to muster,
 Rising from their watry grave :
 O'er the glim'ring waves he hied
 him, [sail,
 Where the Burford rear'd her
 With ten thousand ghosts beside
 him,
 And in groans did Vernon hail.

4.
 Heed, oh heed, our fatal story,
 I am Hosier's injur'd ghost ;
 You who now have purchas'd glory
 At the place where I was lost :
 Tho' in Portobello's ruin
 You now triumph, free from
 fears,
 Yet, to hear of my undoing,
 You will mix your joys & tears.

5.
 See these mournful spectres sweep—
 ing
 Ghastly o'er this hated wave,

Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with
 weeping ! [brave !
 These were English captains
 Mark those numbers pale & horrid !
 Who were once my sailors bold ;
 Lo, each hangs his drooping fore—
 head
 Whilst his dismal tale is told.

6.
 I, by twenty sail attended,
 Did this Spanish town affright ;
 Nothing then it's wealth defended
 But the Orders *not to fight* !
 O that in the rolling ocean
 I had cast them with disdain,
 And obey'd my heart's warm mo—
 tion, [Spain.
 To have quell'd the pride of

7.
 For resistance, I could fear none,
 But with twenty ships had done
 What thou brave and happy Vernon
 Didst achieve with six alone :
 Then the Bastimentos never
 Had our foul dishonour seen,
 Nor the sea the sad receiver
 Of these gallant men had been.

8.
 Thus, like thee, proud Spain dis—
 maying,
 And her galleons leading home,
 Tho' condemn'd for disobeying
 I had met a traitor's doom ;
 To have fall'n, my country cry—
 ing
 He has play'd an English part,
 Had been better far than dying
 Of a griev'd and broken heart.

9.
 Unrepining at thy glory,
 Thy successful arms we hail,
 But remember our sad story
 And let Hosier's wrongs pre—
 vail :
 Sent on this foul crime to lan—
 guish,
 Think what thousands fell in
 vain ;
 Wasted with disease and anguish,
 Not in glorious battle slain.

10.
 Hence, with all thy train attend—
 ing,
 From their oozy tombs below :
 Through the hoary foam ascend—
 ing,
 Here I feed my constant woe :
 Here, the Bastimentos viewing,
 We recall our shameful doom ;
 And, our plaintive cries renew—
 ing,
 Wander thro' the midnight
 gloom !

11.
 O'er these waves, for ever mourn—
 ing,
 Shall we roam, depriv'd of rest,
 If, to Britain's shores returning,
 You neglect my just request :
 After this proud foe subduing,
 When your patriot friends you
 see,
 Think on vengeance for my ruin,
 And for England sham'd in me.

The Muses DELIGHT.

191

An Address to VULCAN. Set by Mr. TENCH.

Vulcan contrive me such a cup As Ne—stor us'd of old: Try all thy skill to trim it up, Try all thy skill to trim it up, And damask it round with go — — ld, And damask it round with gold.

2.

3.

4.

Make it so large, when fill'd with punch,
Up to the swelling brim,
Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
Like ships at sea may swim.
Like ships, &c.

Carve me thereon a curling vine,
And add two lovely boys;
Whose limbs in amorous folds en-
twine,
The types of future joys.
The types, &c.

Cupid and Bacchus my gods are,
May love and wine still reign;
With wine I wash away my care,
And then to my love again.
And then, &c.

The ADVICE. Set by Mr. GALLIARD.

Prithce fool—ish boy give o'er, cease thy bosom to tor—ment; Prithce figh and whine no more, come with me and taste content: Love's a foe of thine and mine, Let us dr — — — — — own, let us drown the god in wine.

2.
Stella's fairer shape and eyes,
Charms too lovely to behold;
Let us seek, to crown our joys,
Where the best Champaigne is
fold.

Love's a foe of thine and mine,
Let us drown the god in wine,
Let us, &c.

And believe me, when I say
All the joys they give are vain:
Leave 'em then, and come away.
Love's a foe of thine and mine,
Let us drown the god in wine.
Let us drown, &c.

3.
Leave the filly, gaudy train,

Sung by Mr. LOWE, at Vauxhall Gardens.

Allegro affai.

When first by fond Damon Flavel—la was seen, He lightly re-

garded her air and her mein; The charms of her mind he a—lone did commend, Not

warm as a lover but cool as a friend: From friendship, not passion, his raptures did

move, & swain brag'd his heart was a stranger to love.

2.
New charms he discover'd, as more
she was known,
Her face grew a wonder, her taste
was his own;
Her manners were gentle, her sense
was refin'd,
And O what dear virtues beam'd
forth in her mind:
Still, still for the sanction of friend-
ship he strove,
Till a sigh gave the omen, and
shew'd it was love.

3.
Now proud to be conquer'd, he
sighs for the fair,
Grows dul' to all pleasure, but be-
ing with her;
He's mute, till his heart-strings are
ready to break,
For fear of offending forbids him
to speak;
And wanders a willing example to
prove,
That friendship with woman is
sister to love.

4.
A lover thus conquer'd, can ne'er
give offence,
Not a dupe to her smiles, but a
slave to her sense;
His passion, not wrinkles, nor age
can allay,
Since founded on that which can
never decay;
And time, that can beauty's short
empire remove,
Increasing her reason, increases his
love.

CUPID'S

The Muses DELIGHT.

193

CUPID'S Refuge. Set by Mr. OSWALD.

Vivace. Jove

he saw my Fanny's face, wond'rous passion mov'd, Forgot y care of human race & found at last he
lov'd. And found at last he lov'd. Then to the god of soft desire His suit he thus address'd, I
Fanny love; with mutual fire O touch her tender breast. —ast, I Fanny love, with mutual fire O touch her tender breast. O touch her tender
breast.

2.
Your sighs are hopeless, Cupid cries,
I lov'd the maid before;
What, rival me ' the pow'r replies,
Whom gods and men adore:
Whom, &c.
He grasp'd y bolt he shook y springs
Of his imperial throne,

While Cupid wav'd his rosy wings,
And in a breath was gone.
While Cupid, &c.

3.
O'er earth and seas the godhead flew
But still no shelter found,
For as he fled his dangers grew,

And light'ning flash'd around:
And light'ning, &c.
At last his trembling fear impells
His flight to Fanny's eyes,
Where happy, safe and pleas'd he
dwells,
Nor minds his native skies.
Where happy, &c.

B b

The

The Muses DELIGHT.

The AMAZON. Set by Mr. HOWARD.

Swains I scorn, who, nice and fair, Shiver at the morn—ing air ; rough and

har—dy, bold and free, be the man that's made for me ; Rough and

har—dy, bold and free, be the man that's made for me.

2.

Slaves to fashion slaves to dress,
Fops alone themselves care ;
Let them without rival be,
They are not the men for me.
Let them, &c.

3.

He whose nervous arm can dart
The javelin to the tiger's heart,
From all sense of danger free ;
He's the man that's made for me.
From all sense, &c.

4.

While his speed outstrips the
wind,
Loosly wave his locks behind ;
From fantastic foppery free,
He's the man that's made for me.
From fantastic, &c.

5.

Nor simpering smile, nor dim-
pled sleek,
Spoil his manly sun-burnt cheek ;

By weather let him painted be,
He's the man that's made for me,
By weather, &c.

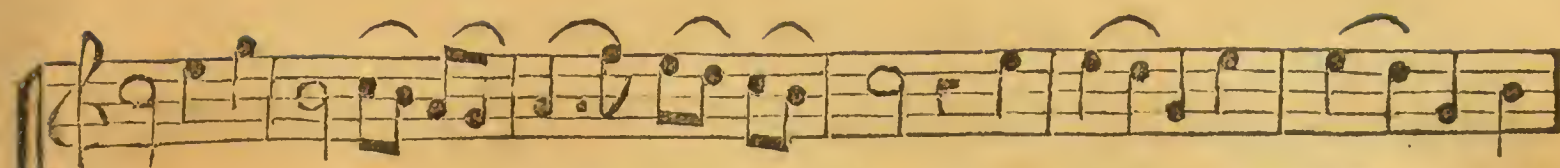
6.

If false he proves, my javelin
can
Revenge the perjury of man ;
And soon another, brave as he,
Shall be found the man for me.
*And soon another, brave as he,
Shall be found, &c.*

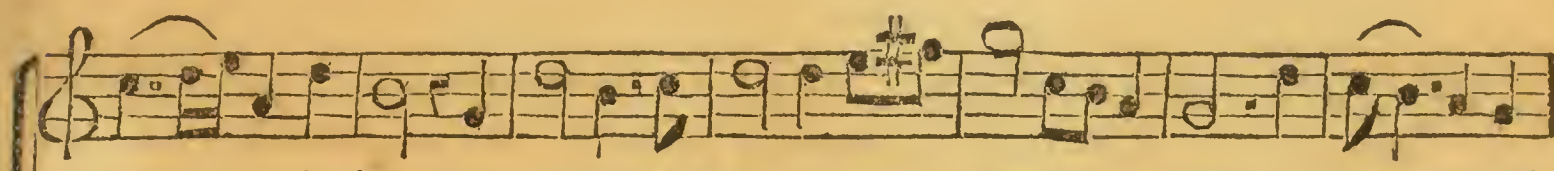
Song in the CHAPLET. Set by Dr. BOYCE.

You

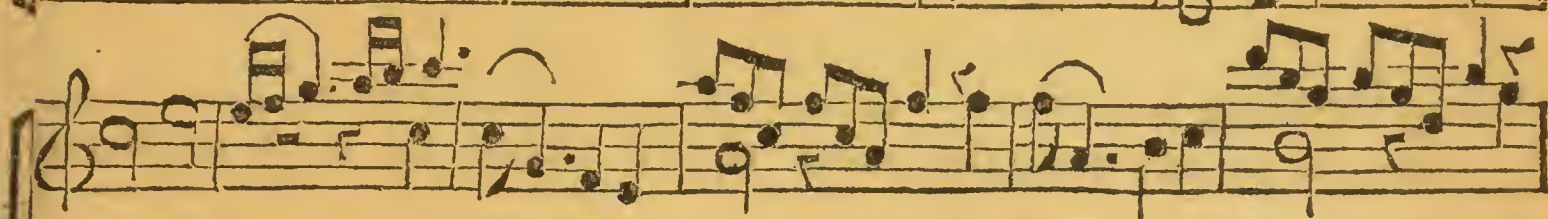
say



lay at your Feet that I wept in De—spair, And vow'd that no An—gel was



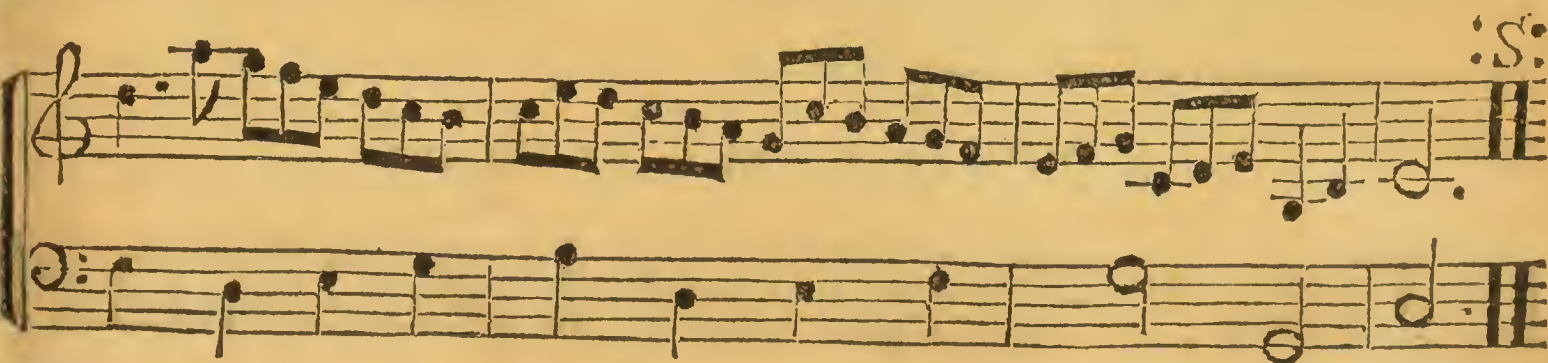
e—ver so fair; How could you believe all the Nonsense I spoke? What know we of



Angels? I meant it in joke, I meant it in joke. What



know we of Angels? I meant it in joke.




I next stand indicted for swearing
to love,
And nothing but death should my

passion remove;
I have lov'd you a twelvemonth,
a calendar year,


And not yet contented ! have con-
science my dear.

The Muses DELIGHT.


The LOVER. Set by Mr. HOWARD.




If love be a fault and in me thought a crime, how sad my of—fence, bear witness O!



time; The days & $\frac{1}{2}$ nights & $\frac{1}{2}$ hours as they roll'd You know may be felt, but are ne'er to be



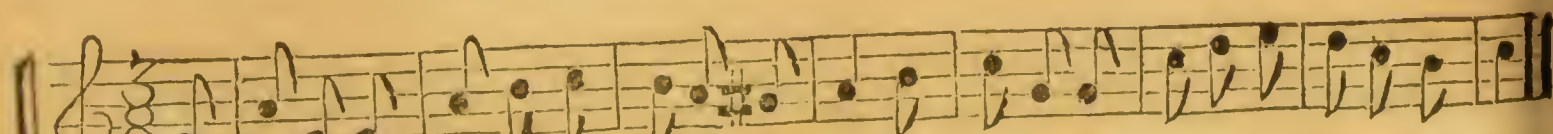
told: One day past a—way, & saw nothing but Love, Another came on & $\frac{1}{2}$ same thing did




prove, The Sun it grew tir'd still to look on the same, But I grew more pleas'd as $\frac{1}{2}$ next moment came.

I saw you all day, and all day with new gulf,
And yet ev'ry day was to me as the first;
Thus fleeting time passes with down on its wings,
And whilst this remains rest unenvy'd ye kings:
If this be a crime, be my judges ye fair,
And if I must suffer for what is so rare,
True lovers hereafter this wonder shall tell,
The cause of my death was for loving too well.

Fond CELADON. Set by Dr. GREENE.



As Cela—don once from his cottage did stray, To court his dear Jugg on a hillock of hay;



What aukward confusion oppres'd the poor swain, When thus he de—liver'd his passion in pain!

2.

O joy of my life! and delight
of my eyes,
Sweet Jugg! 'tis for thee that
poor Celadon dies;
My pipe I've forsaken, tho' reckon'd so sweet,
And sleeping or waking thy name
I repeat.

3.

When swains to an alehouse by
force do me lug,
Instead of a pitcher I call for a
jugg;
And sure you can't chide at repeating
your name,

When the nightingale every night
does the same.

4

Sweet Jugg he a hundred times
o'er does repeat,
Which makes people say that his
voice is so sweet;
Ah! why dost thou laugh at my
sorrowful 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
confess'd;
I own it says Jugg, he has gotten
my heart,
His short curling hair looks so pretty
and 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 and kiss me,
and do what you can,
It signifies nothing, for Roger's
the man.

TRUE BLUE. The Words by Mr. S. S.

I hope there's no foul met o—ver this bowl, But means honest ends to pursue:
With the voice go the heart, And let's ne—ver de—part From the
faith of an honest True Blue, True Blue. From the faith of an honest True Blue.

2.

For country and friends
Let us damn private ends,
And keep old British virtue in
view;
Despising the tribe
Who are sway'd by a bribe,
Be honest and ever True Blue.
Be honest, &c.

3.

On the politic knave
Who strives to enslave,

Whose schemes the whole nation
may rue;
On pension and place,
That cursed disgrace,
Turn your backs and be staunch,
be True Blue.
Turn your backs, &c.

4.

With hounds and with horn,
We will rise in the morn,
With vigour the fox to pursue;
Corruption's the cry,
We will chase till he die,

'Tis worthy a British True Blue.
'Tis worthy, &c.

5.

Here's a health to all those
Who do slavery oppose,
And our Trade both defend and
renew;
To each honest voice
That concurs in the choice,
And support of an honest True
Blue.
And support, &c.

Aria nel MITRIDATE. *Sung by Signiora CASARINI.*

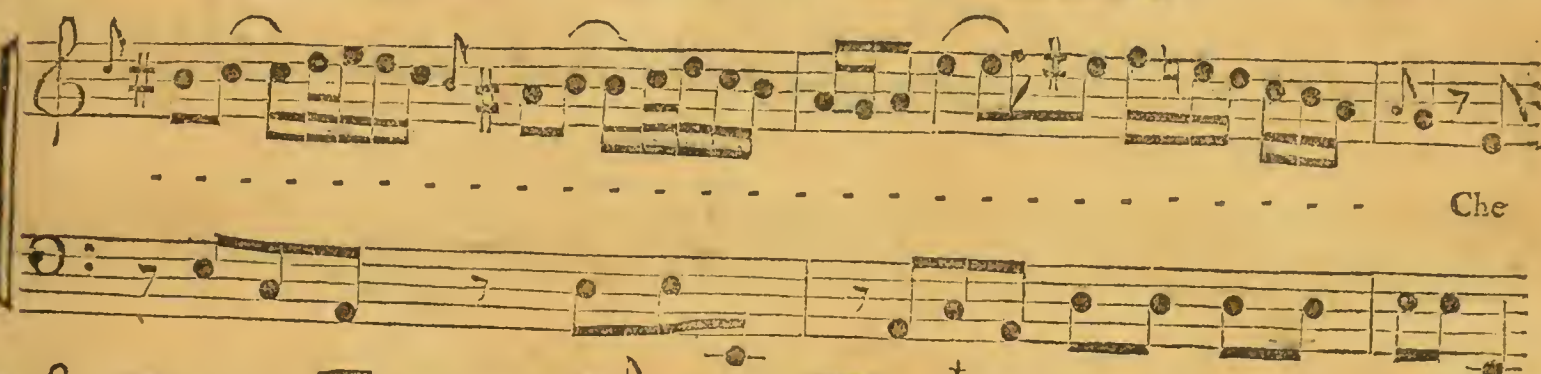
Chi naque alle pene non
 spera con-ten-to, No no non spe-ri con-ten-to, Che
 ogni ombra di be-ne di be-ne tor-men-to tor-
 men-to si fa; Che ogni ombra di bene tor-men-to tor-
 men-to si fa - - - - - tor-men-to si fa
 fa.



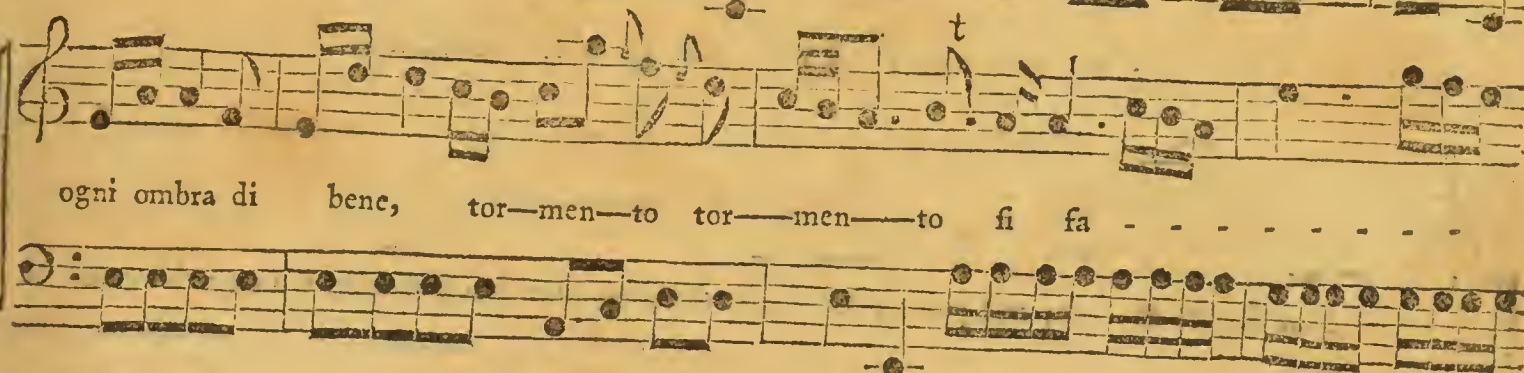
Che naque alle pene, non sperì con—ten—to, Non sperì con—



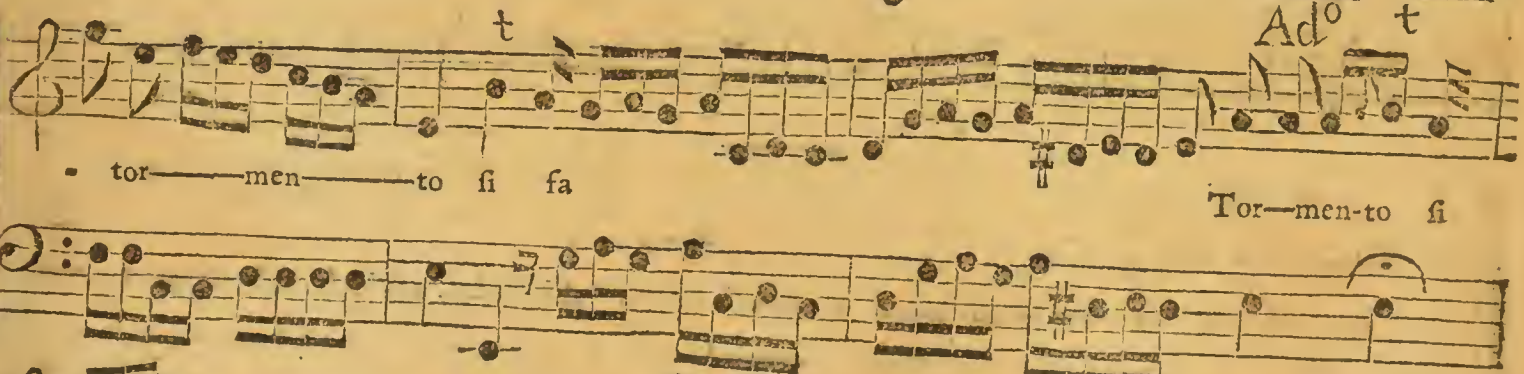
—ten—to, Che ogni ombra di bene, tor—mento fi fa - - - - -



..... Che



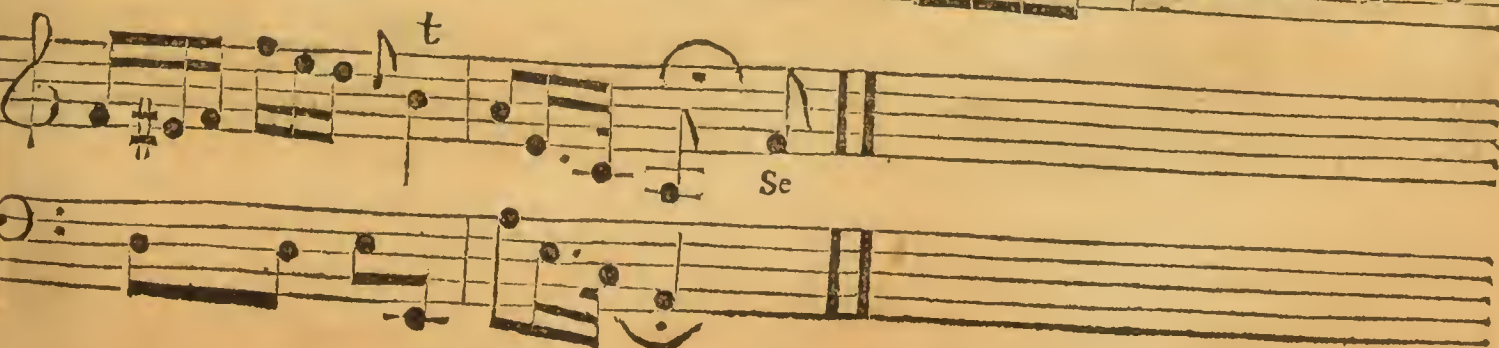
ogni ombra di bene, tor—men—to tor—men—to fi fa - - - - -



tor—men—to fi fa *Ad^o* *t* Tor—men-to fi



fa. *t*



t Se

The Muses DELIGHT.

Un lampo di pa—ce tal vol—ta f—'accende, in
 fiam—ma vo—ra—ce ser—pen—do ser—pen—
 do sen va. Ser—pen—do sen va.

The INCONSTANT. Set by Mr. CAREY.

Fair & soft & gay and young, All charms she play'd she danc'd & fung, No way there was to
 'scape the dart, No care could guard a lover's heart: Ah! why, cry'd I, and dropt a tear, a—
 doring, yet de—spairing e'er To have her to my—self alone, Was so much sweetn' f's made for one?

But,

2.

But, growing bolder, in her ear
In soft numbers told my care;
She heard, and rais'd me from her
feet,
And seem'd to glow with equal
heat:
Like Heav'n, too mighty to ex-
press,

My joys could be but known by
guess;
Ah fool, said I, what have I done,
To wish her made for more than
one!

3.

But long I had not been in view

Before her eyes their beams with-
drew;
E'er I had reckon'd half her charms
She sunk into another's 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.

The MASQUERADE Song. Sung by Mr. BEARD.

Ye medley of Mortals y make up y throng, spare y Wit for a moment & list to my Song, & you

would not expect here my wit shall be new, & what is more strange ev'ry word shall be true, *Sing*

tan--ta-ra-ra-ra truth all, truth all, sing tan--ta-ra-ra-ra truth all.

2.

Not a toy in the place you'll buy
cheaper than mine,
Bring your jasses to me, and you'll
save all your coin;
The ladies alone, will pay dear for
my skill,
For if they will hear me, their
tongues must lie still.
Sing tantarara, mute all, &c.

3.

Tho' our revels are scorn'd by the
grave and the wise,
Yet they practise all day, what they
seem to despise;
Examine mankind, from the great,
to the small,
Each mortal's disguis'd, and the
world is a ball.
Sing tantarara, masks all, &c.

4.

The parson, brimful of October
and grace
With a long taper pipe, and a
round ruddy face;
Will rail at our doing—but when
it is dark,
The doctor's disguis'd, and led
home by the clerk.
Sing tantarara, &c.

5.

The fierce roaring blade, with long
sword and cock'd hat,
Who with wounds! he did this, and
d's-blood he'll do that;
When he comes to his trial, he
fails in his part,
And proves that his looks were
but masks to his heart.
Sing tantarara, &c.

6.

The beau acts the rake, and will
talk of Amours.
Shews letters from wives, and ap-
pointments from whores;
But a creature so modest, avoids all
disgrace,
For how would he blush, should he
meet face to face?
Sing tantarara, &c.

7.

The courtiers and patriots, 'mongst
other fine things,
Will talk of their country, and love
of their kings;
But their masks will drop off, if
you shake but their pelf,
And shew king and country all cen-
ter'd in self.
Sing tantarara, &c.

8.

With an out-side of virtue, Miss
Squeamish the prude,
If you touch her, she faints; if you
speak, you are rude;
Thus she's prim, and she's coy, till
her blossoms are gone,
And when mellow, she's pluck'd by
the Coachman or John.
Sing tantarara, &c.

9.

With a grave mask of wisdom, say
physic and law,
In your case there's no fear, in your
cause there's no flaw;
Till Death and the Judge have de-
creed, they look big;
Then you find you have trusted—a
full-bottom'd Wig.
Sing tantarara, &c.

10.

Thus life is no more than a round
of deceit,
Each neighbour will find, that his
next is a cheat;
But if, O ye mortals, these tricks
ye pursue;
You at last cheat yourselves—and
the Devil cheats you.
Sing tantarara, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

BRITONS Strike Home. *Set by Mr. PURCELL.*

Britons Strike home re—venge re—venge your Country's Wrongs: Fight, fight & re—

cord, Fight, Fight & re—cord your—selves in Dru—id Songs; Fight,

Fight and re—cord, fight, fight and re—cord re—cord your—selves in Dru—id Songs.

D A M O N and S I L V I A.

A DIALOGUE. *Sung by Mr. and Mrs. BAKER. Set by Mr. ARNE.*

Dear Silvia no longer my passion de—

spife, Nor arm thus with ter—ror those beau—ti—ful eyes, Nor arm thus with ter—ror those

beau—ti—ful eyes. They become not dis—dain, but most charming would prove, If once they were

sof—ten'd with smiles and with love, If once they were sof—ten'd with smiles and with

love.

2.

O then be that pity extended to me,

5.

SIL. While I with a smile can each shepherd subduc,
O Damon I must not be soften'd by you;
O Damon, &c.
Nor fondly give up, in an unguard-ed hour,
The pride of us women, unlimited power.
The pride, &c.

I'll kneel and acknowledge no gods but thee.
I'll kneel, &c.

SIL. Well then, faithful swain, I'll examine my heart,
And, if it be possible, grant you a part:
And, if it be, &c.

4.

SIL. Suppose to your suit I should listen awhile,
And only, for pity's sake, grant you a smile?
And only, &c.

DA. Now that's like yourself, like an angel express'd,
For grant me but part, and I'll soon steal the rest.
For grant, &c.

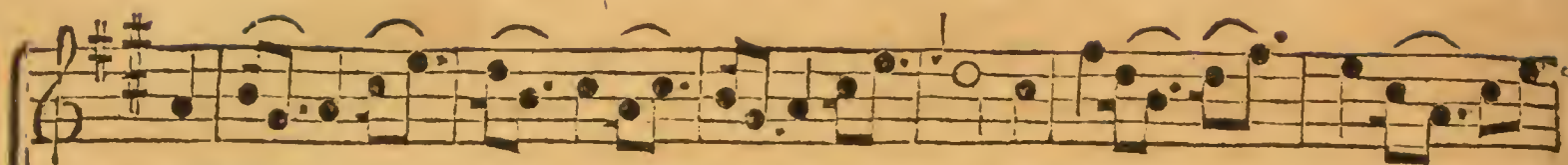
3.

DA. Tho' power, my dear, be to Deities given,
Yet generous pity's the darling of heav'n;
Yet generous, &c.

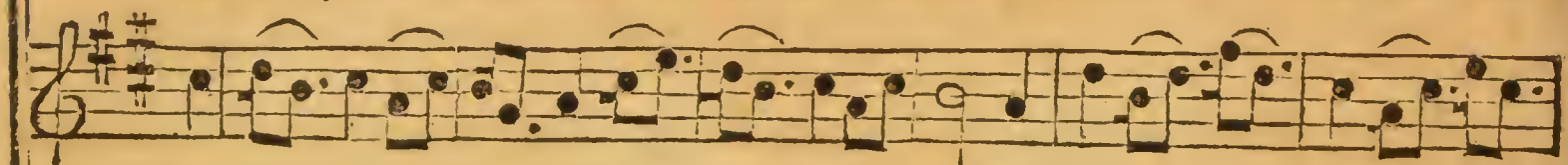
DA. Nay, stop not at that, but your kindness improve,
And let gentle pity be ripen'd to love.
And let, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

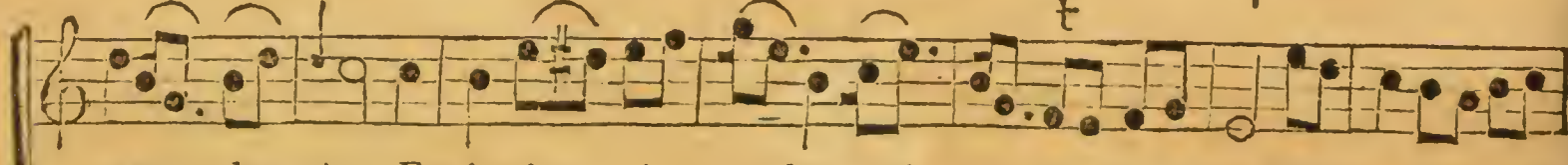
The D U E T T.



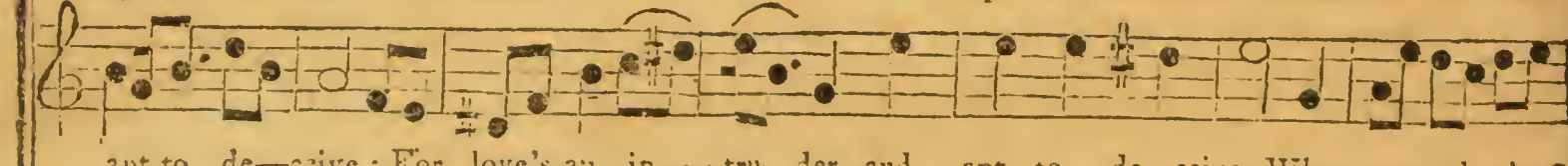
Take heed ye fair Maids, and with caution be—lieve, For love's an in—tru—der and



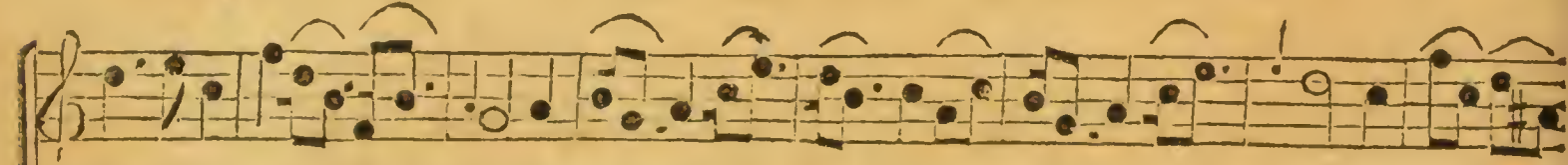
Take heed ye fair maids, and with caution be—lieve, For love's an in—tru—der and



apt to de—ceive ; For love's an in—truder, and apt to de—ceive. When once the least



apt to de—ceive ; For love's an in—truder, and apt to de—ceive. When once the least



part the fly urchin has gain'd, You'll ne'er be at ease till the whole is ob—tain'd. You'll ne'er be



part the fly urchin has gam'd, You'll ne'er be at ease till the whole s ob—tain'd. You'll ne'er be



at ease till the whole is obtain'd.



at ease till the whole is ob—tain'd.



The Muses DELIGHT.

205

CLOE. Set by Dr. GREENE.

Tender. In vain the force of Female arms, In vain their offer'd Love; Their Smiles, their

Air, nor all their Charms my Passion can remove: For all that's fair and good I

find in Cloe's Form, in Cloe's Mind, In Cloe's Form, in Cloe's Mind.

2.

3.

4.

Let Celia all her wit display,
That glitters as it kills;
My heart disdains the feeble ray,
Nor light nor heat it feels:
For all that's bright and gay I
find
In Cloe's form, in Cloe's mind.
In Cloe's, &c.

Fair Flavia shines in gems & gold,
And uses all her arts;
Not richest chains my heart can
hold,
Unpierc'd by diamond darts:
For all that's rich and fair I find
In Cloe's form, in Cloe's mind.
In Cloe's, &c.

Those notes, sweet Mira, now give
o'er;
That once had pow'r to wound;
When Cloe speaks they are no more
But mix with common sound:
All grace, all harmony I find
In Cloe's form, in Cloe's mind.
In Cloe's, &c.

The Words by Mr. SMOLLET. Set by Mr. OSWALD.

When Sappho tun'd the raptur'd strain, The list'ning wretch for——got his pain;

With Art divine the Lyre she strung, Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung;

Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung.

For

2.

3.

4.

For while she struck the quiv'r-
ing wire,
The eager breast was all on fire ;
And when she join'd the vocal
lay,
The captive soul was charm'd a-
way.

The captive soul, &c.

But had she added still to these
Thy softer, chaster pow'r, to
please ;
Thy beauteous air of sprightly
youth,
Thy naive smiles of artless truth.
Thy native, &c.

She ne'er had pin'd beneath
disdain,
She ne'er had play'd and sung in
vain ;
Despair had ne'er her soul possess'd,
To dash on rocks the tender
breast.
To dash, &c.

The CYPRESS GROVE. Set by Mr. OSWALD.

Tender. Be—neath a cypress grove young Strephon sought re—lief, The flowers a—
round his head, pin'd, conscious of his grief : Fond foolish wretch he cry'd
I love and yet de—spair ; Pur—sue tho' still de—nied by the too cruel fair.

The Courtier asks a place,
The sailor tempts the sea,
The miser begs increase ;

Love only governs me.
Nor honour, wealth nor fame,
Can like soft transports move ;

On earth 'tis bliss supreme,
And heav'n is but to love.

Aria nel MITRIDATE. Sung by Signora FRASI.

Non so se f'degno o amor, se f'degno o amor, Di
quell

quell a-ma-bil cor, a-ma-bil cor, Tur-ban-la pa-

cc; Non fo se f'degno non fo se amor, Di quell a-ma-bil cor, Tur-

ban-la pa-cc, Tur-ban-la pa-cc.

L'af-col-to fos-pi-rar

Ne-su quel ciglio ap-par, No-vel-la

fa-cc. No-vel-la fa-cc.

D.C.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Northern Lads. Set by Mr. FISHER.

Come take y^e glafs y^e nor—thern Lads fo pret—ti—ly advis'd ; I drank her Health, & real—ly

was agree—a—bly surpriz'd ; her Shape so neat, her Voice so sweet, her Air and Mein so

free ; the Sy—ren charm'd me from my Meat, but take your Drink said she.

2.

If from the North such 'beauty
comes,
How is it that I feel
Within my breast that glowing
heat
No tongue can e'er reveal ?
'Tho' cold and raw the north winds
blow,

All summer's on her breast ;
Her skin is like the driven snow,
But sunshine all the rest.

3.

Her heart may southern climates
melt,
'Tho' frozen now in seems ;

That joy with pain be equal felt
And ballanc'd in extremes :
Then like our genial wine she'll
charm,
With love, my panting breast ;
Me, like our sun, her heart shall
warm,
Be ice to all the rest.

The Parting Kifs. Set by Mr. OSWALD.

One kind Kifs be—fore we part, Drop a Tear and bid a--dieu :

Tho' we se—ver my fond Heart till we meet shall pant for you. Till we

meet shall pant for you, shall pant for you.

2.

All my soul will still be here.
Will still be here.

And ev'ry wish shall pant for
you ;

Yet yet weep not so my love,
Let me kiss that falling tear ;
Tho' my body must remove,
All my soul will still be here.

3

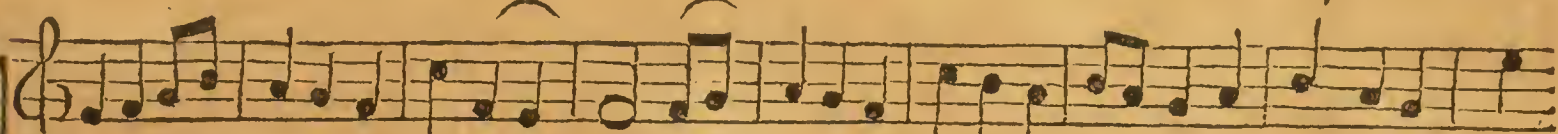
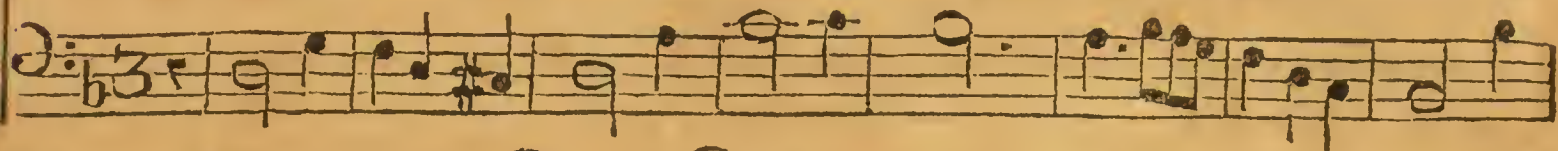
All my soul, and all my heart,

One kind kiss then e'er we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu.
Drop a tear, and bid adieu.
And bid adieu.

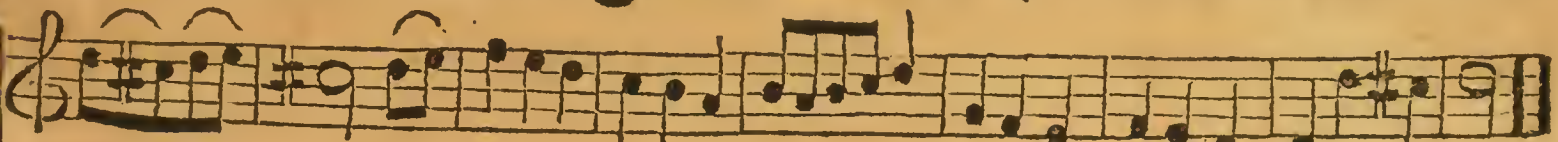
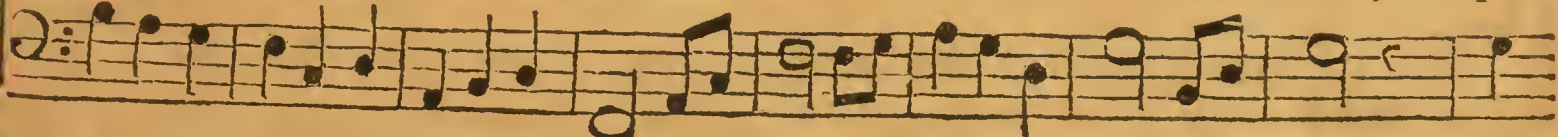
Advice to CLOE. Set by Dr. GREENE.



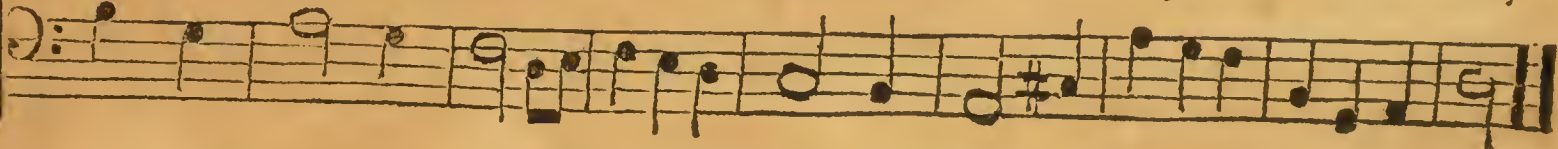
Dear Chloe while thus beyond measure you treat me to doubts & dis--dain, You rob all y^e youth of its



Pleasure and hoard up an old age of Pain: Your Maxim that love is still founded on Charms y^e will quick-



ly de--cay, You'll find to be very ill ground--ed when once you its dictates o--bey.



2

The passion from beauty first
drawn
Your kindness will vastly im-
prove ;
Soft looks and gay smiles are the
dawn,
Fruition's the sunshine 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 ne'er can forget it was
day.

3.

Old Darby with Joan by his side,
You've often regarded with won-
der ;

He's dropical, she is fore-ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneasy asun-
der :
Together they totter about,
And sit in the sun at the door ;
And at night, when old Darby's
pipe's out,
His Joan will not smoke a whiff
more.

4.

No beauty nor wit they possess,
Their several failings to smo-
ther ;
Then what are the charms, can
you guess,
That make them so fond of each
other ?
'Tis the pleasing remembrance of
youth,
The endearments that youth did

bestow,

The thoughts of past pleasure and
truth,
The best of all blessings below.

5.

Those traces for ever will last,
Nor sickness, nor time can re-
move ;
For when youth and beauty are
past,
And age brings the winter of
love,
A friendship insensibly grows
By reviews of such raptures as
these,
And a current of fondness still
flows,
Which decrepid old-age cannot
freeze.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Midsummer Wish. Set by Mr. CAREY.

Waft me some soft and cooling Breeze to Windsor's sha-dy cool Re-treat; Where Silvan

Scenes wide spreading trees re—pel the raging Dog-star's heat: where tufted Grass & mossy beds af-

ford a rural calm Retreat, or Woodbines hang y dewy heads & fragrant sweets around disclose.

2.

3.

4.

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
nave,
With naked arm once more di-
vide;
In thee my glowing bosom lave,
And stem thy gently rolling
tide:
Lay me with damask roses crown'd,
Beneath some oziars dusky shade,
Where water lillies paint the
ground,
And bubbling springs refresh the
glade.

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.

The Huntsman's Delight.

I am a jolly Huntsman my voice is shrill & clear, well known to drive y stag & y drooping dogs to

cheer, And a hunting we will go will go will go, & a hunt—ing we will go.

2.

I leave my bed betimes,
Before the morning gray;
Let loose my dogs, and mount a
horse,
And hollow, come away.
And a hunting, &c.

3.

The game's no sooner couz'd,
But in rush the cheerful cry,
Thro' bush and brake, o'er hedge
and stake,
The frightened beast does fly.
And a hunting, &c.

4.

In vain he flies to covert,
A num'rous pack pursue,
That never cease to trace his steps,
Ev'n tho' they've lost the view.
And a hunting, &c.

5.

There's Scentwell and Finder,
Dogs never known to fail,
To hit off with humble nose,
But with a lefty tail.
And a hunting, &c.

6.

To Scentwell, hark! he calls,
And faithful Finder joyns;
Whip in the dogs, my merry rogues,
And give your horse the reins.
And a hunting, &c.

7.

Hark! forward how they go it,
The view they'd lost they gain;
Tantivy, high and low,
Their legs and throats they strain.
And a hunting, &c.

8.

There's Ruler and Countess,
That most times lead the field;
Traveller and Bonnylafs,
To none of 'em will yield.
And a hunting, &c.

9.

Now Dutchess hits it foremost,
Next Lightfoot leads the way,
And Toper bears the bell,
Each dog will have his Day.
And a hunting, &c.

10.

There's Music and Chanter,
Their nimble trebles try;
Whilst Sweetlips and Tunewell
With counters clear reply.
And a hunting, &c.

11.

There's Rockwood and Thunder,
That tongue the heavy bass;
Whilst Trowler and Ringwood

With tenors crown the chase.
And a hunting, &c.

12.

Now sweetly in full cry
Their various notes they join;
Gods! what a comfort's here my
lads!
'Tis more than half divine.
And a hunting, &c.

13.

The woods, rocks, and mountains,
Delighted with the sound,
To neighb'ring dales and fountains
Repeating, deal it round.
And a hunting, &c.

14.

A glorious chace it is,
We drove him many a mile,
O'er hedge and ditch, we go thro'
fitch,
And hit off many a foil.
And a hunting, &c.

15.

And yet he runs it stoutly,
How wide, how swift he strains!
With what a skip he took that leap,
And scow'rs it o'er the plains!
And a hunting, &c.

16.

See how our horses foam!
The dogs begin to droop;
With winding horn, on shoulder
born,
'Tis time to chear 'em up.
And a hunting, &c.

17.

Hark! Leader, Countess, Bouncer,
Chear up my merry dogs all;
To Tatler, hark! he holds it smart,
And answers ev'ry call.
And a hunting, &c.

18.

Co co there, drunkard Snowball,
Gadzooks! whip Bomer in;
We'll die i'th' place, ere quit the
chace,
'Till we've made the game our
own.
And a hunting, &c.

19.

Up yonder steep I'll follow,
Beset with craggy stones;
My lord cries, Jack, you dog! come
back,
Or else you'll break your bones.
And a hunting, &c.

20.

Huzza! he's almost down,
He begins to slack his course,
He pants for breath; I'll in at's
death,

Or else I'll kill my horse.
And a hunting, &c.

21.

See, now he takes the moors,
And strains to reach the stream;
He leaps the flood to cool his blood,
And quench his thirsty flame.
And a hunting, &c.

22.

He scarce has touch'd the bank,
The cry bounce finely in,
And swiftly swim a-cross the stream,
And raise a glorious din.
And a hunting, &c.

23.

His legs begin to fail,
His wind and speed is gone,
He stands at Bay, and gives 'em
play,
He can no longer run.
And a hunting, &c.

24.

Old Hector long behind,
By use and nature bold,
In rushes first, and seizes fast,
But soon is flung from's hold.
And a hunting, &c.

25.

He traverses his ground,
Advances, and retreats,
Gives many a hound a mortal wound
And long their force defeats.
And a hunting, &c.

26.

He bounds, and springs, and snorts,
He shakes his branched head;
'Tis safest farthest off, I see,
Poor Talboy is laid dead.
And a hunting, &c.

27.

Vain are heels and Antlers,
With such a pack set round,
Spight of his heart, seize ev'ry part,
And pull him fearless down.
And a hunting, &c.

28.

Ha! dead, ware dead, whip off,
And take a special care;
Dismount with speed, and cut his
throat,
Lest they his haunches tear.
And a hunting, &c.

29.

The sport is ended now,
We're laden with the spoil;
As home we pass, we talk o'th'
chace,
O'erpaid for all the toil.
And a hunting, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The MILLER's SONG.

Sung by Mr. ATKINS at the New Sadler's Wells.

Vivace. Near the side of a

pond, at the foot of a hill, A free-hearted fellow attends on his Mill, Fresh health blooms a

strong rosy hue o'er his face, And honesty gives e'en to awkwardness grace :

S. Besflower'd & his meal does he labour and sing, And re-

galing at night he's as blest as a king ; After heartily eating he takes a full

S. swill Of liquor home-brew'd, & success of his Mill.

2.

3.

4.

He makes no nice scruple of toll for
his trade,
For that's an excise to his industry
paid;
His conscience is free, and his in-
come is clear,
And he values not them of ten
thousand a year:
He's a freehold sufficient to give
him a vote,
At elections he scorns to accept of
a groat;
He hates your proud placemen, and
do what they will,
They ne'er can seduce the stanch
Man of the Mill.

On Sunday he talks with the barber
and priest,
And hopes that our statesmen do
all for the best;
That the Spaniards shall ne'er inter-
rupt our free trade,
Nor good British coin be in subsi-
dies paid:
He fears the French navy and com-
merce increase,
And he wishes poor Germany still
may have peace;
'Tho' Old England he knows may
have strength and have skill
To protect all her manors, and save
his own Mill.

With this honest hope he goes
home to his work;
And if water is scanty he takes up
his fork,
And over the meadows he scatters
his hay,
Or, with the stiff plough turns up
furrows of clay:
His harvest is crown'd with a good
English glee,
That his country may ever be hap-
py and free:
With his hand and his heart to
king George does he fill,
And may all loyal souls act the
Man of the Mill.

FICKLE JENNY. Set by Sigr. D. RIZZO.

Ah! my fic—kle Jenny, while there was not a—ny in awy north had pow'r to

win ye But Jocky only to his arms; Ne'er a laird in aw the na—tion was

in so happy a station as Jocky when in pos—session of Jenny in her early charms.

2.

Had you still caress'd me,
As you once address'd me,
No other Laird had e'er possess'd
me,
But thine alone I'd only been:
Had I only been in vogue wi' ye,
Or had you let none else col-
logue ye,
Nor rambled after Cath'rine Ogue,
I'd ha' sped as well as any
queen.

3.

Moggy of Dumferlin
She's my only darling,
Who sings as sweet as any starling,
And dances with a bonny air:

Moggy is so kind and tender,
If fate was ready now to end
her,
Cou'd I but from the stroke defend
her,
I'd die if he wou'd Moggy
spare.

4.

Sawny me careffes,
Whose bagpipe so pleases,
That never my poor heart at ease
is,
But when we are together
baith:
I so heartily befriend him,
If fate was ready now to end
him,
Cou'd I but from the stroke de-

fend him,
I thousand times I'd suffer
death.

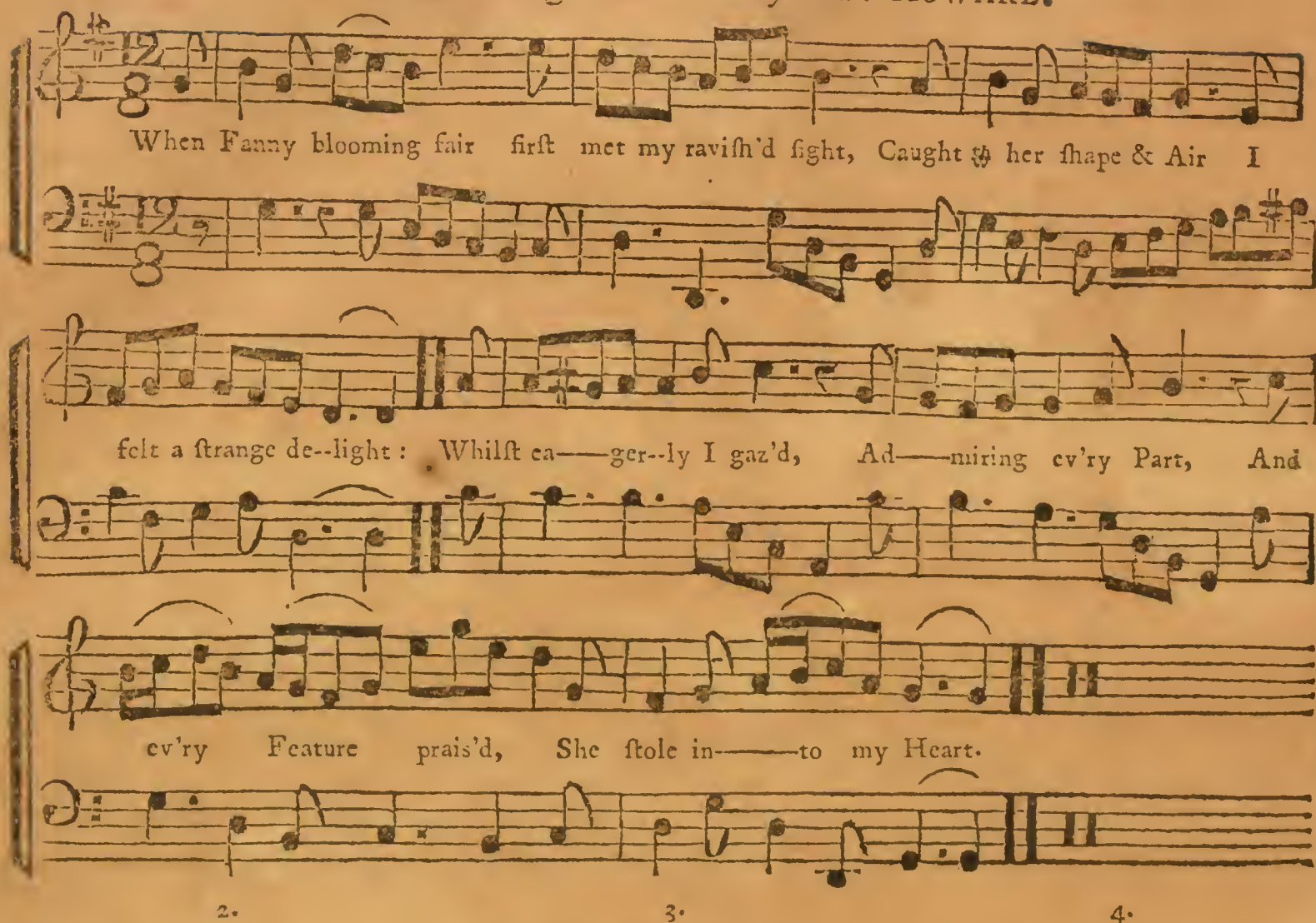
5.

Come, let's leave this fooling,
My heart ne'er was cooling,
None else but Jenny e'er was rule-
ing,
But thus our hearts we fondly
try:
To thy arms if thou restore me
Shou'd all the Lairds o' th' land
adore me,
Nay our good king himself send
for me,
With thee alone I'd lig and
die.

FANNY

The Muses DELIGHT.

FANNY Blooming Fair. Set by Mr. HOWARD.



When Fanny blooming fair first met my ravish'd sight, Caught by her shape & Air I
felt a strange de-light: Whilst ea—ger-ly I gaz'd, Ad—miring ev'ry Part, And
ev'ry Feature prais'd, She stole in—to my Heart.

2. 3. 4.

In her bewitching eyes
Ten thousand Loves appear;
There *Cupid* basking lies,
His shafts are hoarded there.
Her blooming cheeks are dy'd
With colours all their own,
Excelling far the pride
Of roses newly blown.

Her well-turn'd limbs confess
The lucky hand of *Jove*;
Her features all express
The beauteous queen of love:
What flames my nerves invade,
When I behold the breast
Of that too charming maid
Rise, suing to be prest!

Venus, round Fanny's waist
Has 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 bliss to all but me
May heav'n and she refuse.

Collin's Request. Set by Mr. MONRO.



Help me each har—monious grove, gently whisper all ye trees; tune each warbling
throat to love, and cool each mead with softest breeze: Breathe sweet odours ev'—ry flower,
all your various paintings shew, pleasing verdure grace each bow'r, a-round let ev'ry blessing flow.

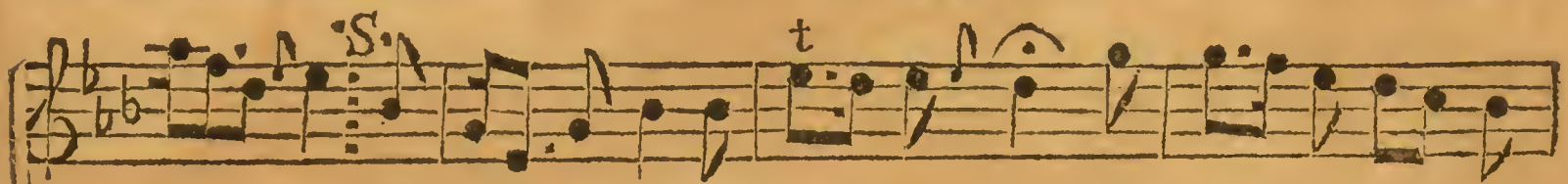
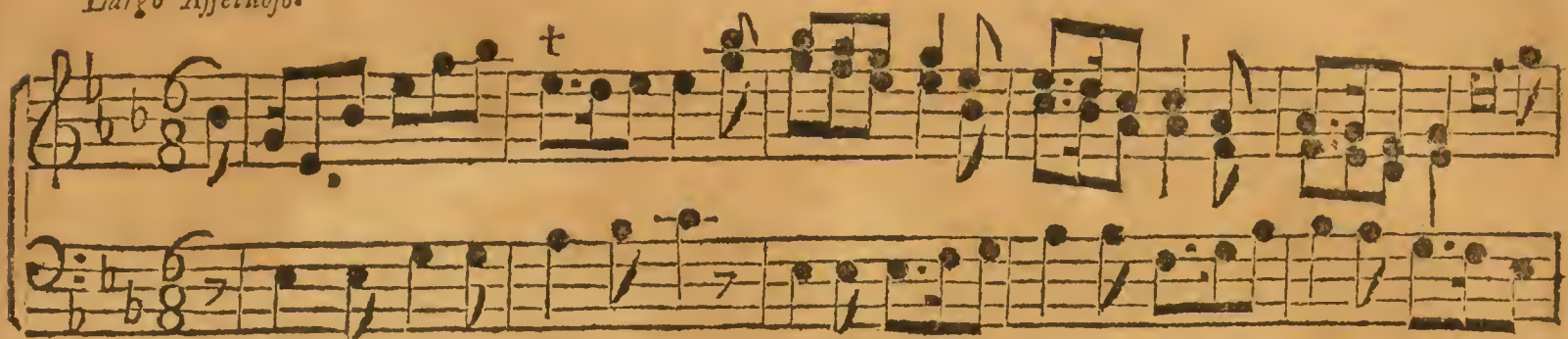
Glide ye limpid Brooks along,
Phæbus glance thy mildest ray;
Murm'ring floods repeat my song,

And tell what Colin dare not
say:
Celia comes! whose charming air,

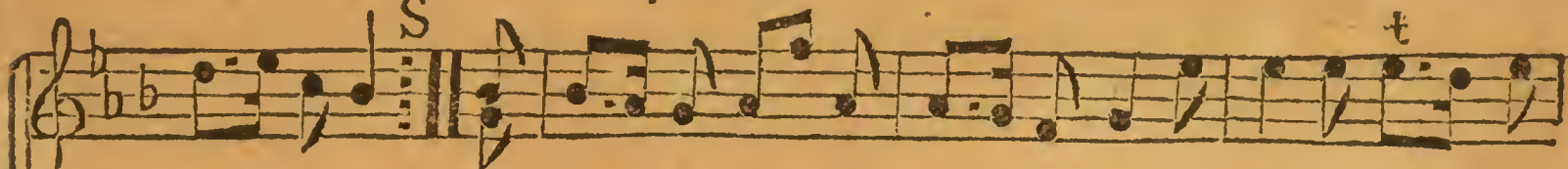
Fires with love the rural Swains;
Tell, oh tell the blooming fair
That Colin dies if she disdains.

OPHELIA. Set by Mr. E. ORME.

Largo Affettuoso.



When fair O—phe—lia tunes her voice, The feather'd choir at—



tend the song; And as they catch the melt—ing notes, And as they catch the



melt—ing notes, Re—peat them as they fly a—long, Re—peat them as they



fly along.



2.

Were half so sweet as those of
her's.
Were half so sweet, &c.

Blest with Apollo's charming
tongue!
So like the Goddess she appear'd,
So like, &c.
So like the God himself she sung,
So like, &c.

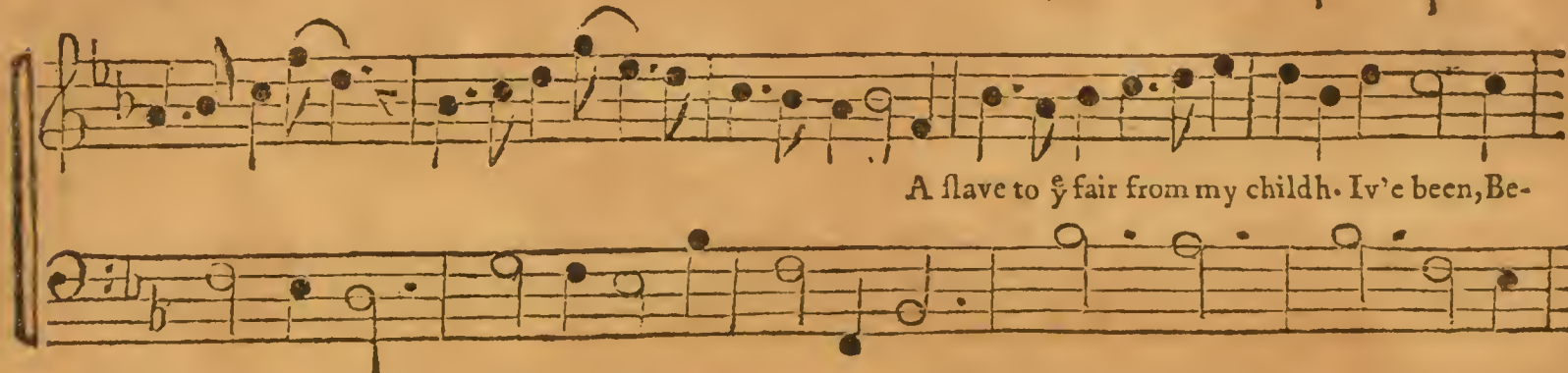
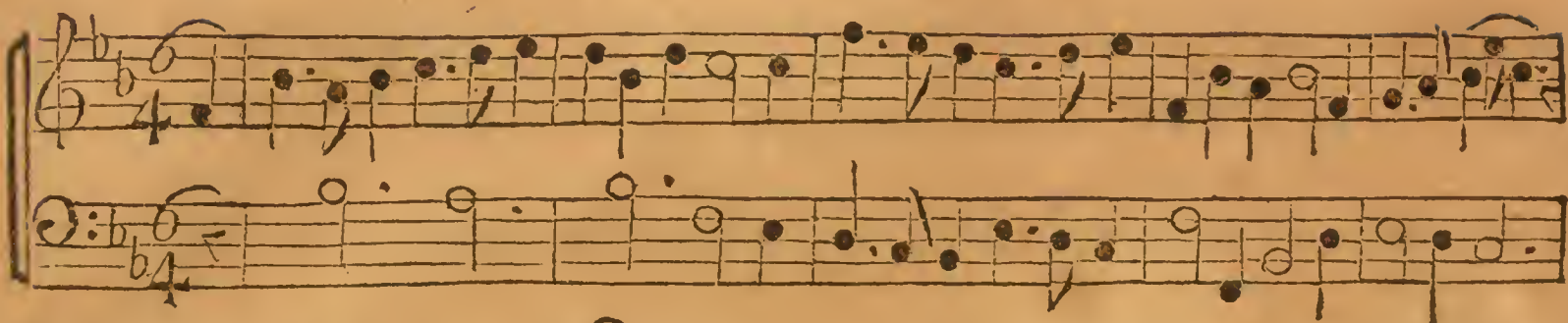
3.

'Twas sure fair Venus in disguise,

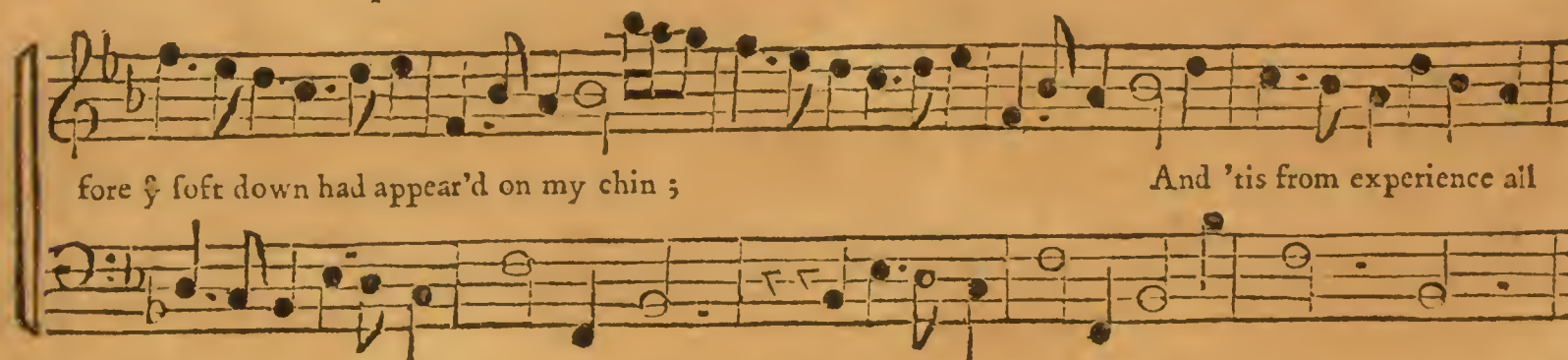
Not all the music of the Nine,
Nor of the sweet enchanting
Spheres;
Or plaintive notes of dying swans,
Or plaintive notes, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

Women love Kissing as well as the Men. *Set by Mr. ARNE.*

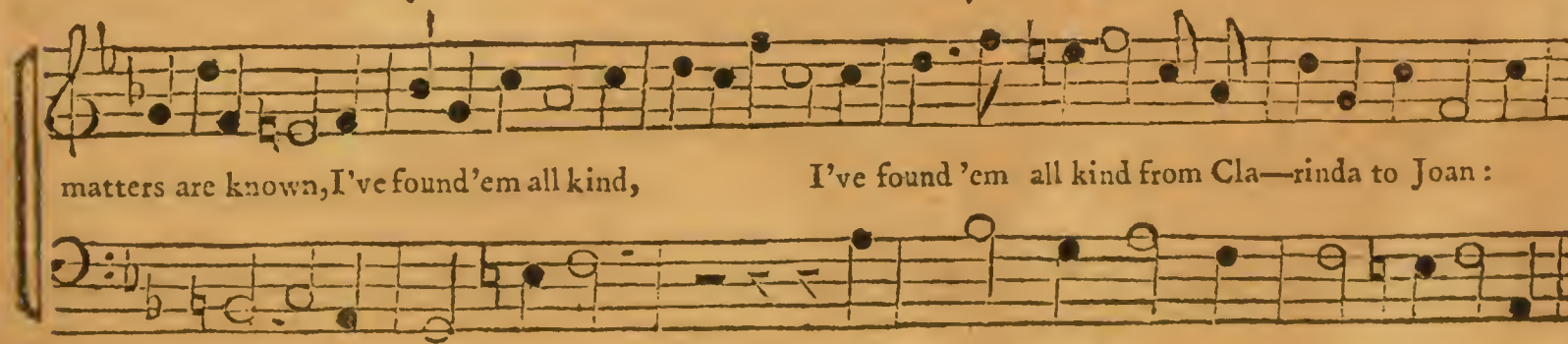


A slave to $\frac{1}{2}$ fair from my childh. Iv'e been, Be-



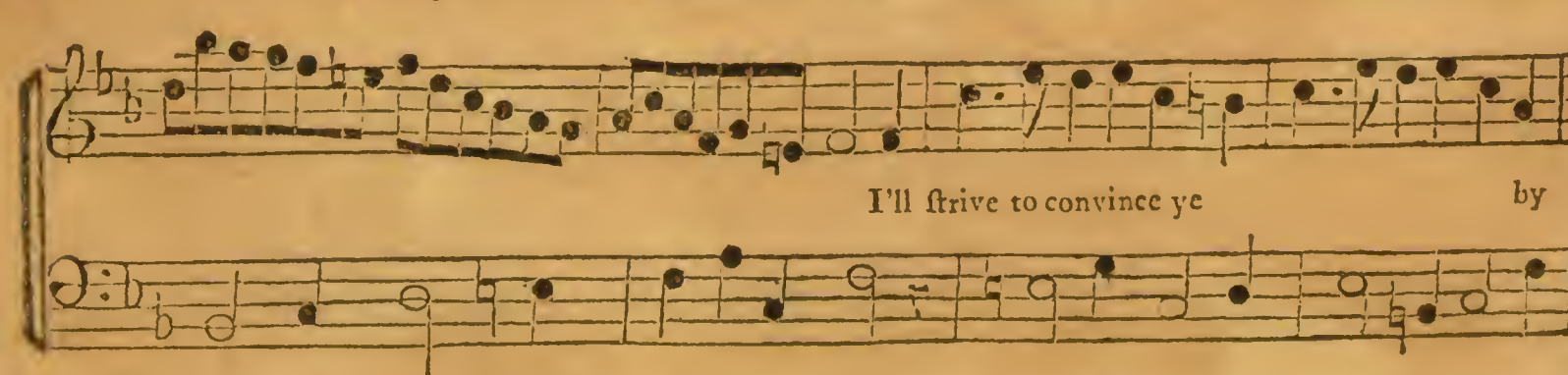
fore $\frac{1}{2}$ soft down had appear'd on my chin ;

And 'tis from experience all



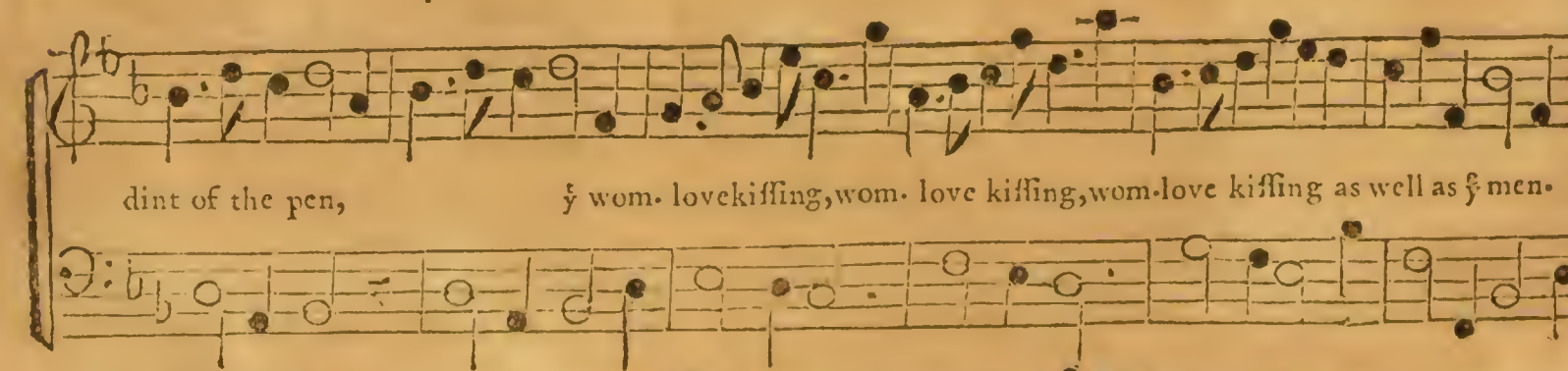
matters are known, I've found 'em all kind,

I've found 'em all kind from Cla—rinda to Joan :



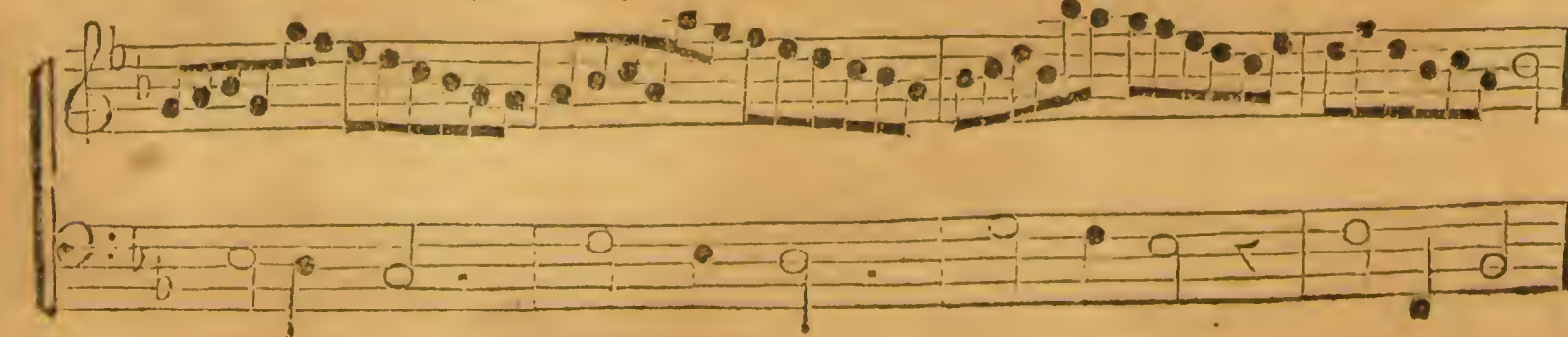
I'll strive to convince ye

by



dint of the pen,

$\frac{1}{2}$ wom. lovekissing, wom. love kissing, wom. love kissing as well as $\frac{1}{2}$ men.



2.

3.

4.

Young Cloe was wanton, but scruples
she had,
I woo'd her so closely she yielded,
egad !
And now you'll be constant ? she
whimper'd and cry'd :
I knew what I thought, so I smiling
reply'd,
My dear, can you doubt it ? and
kiss'd her again ;
For women love kissing as well as
the men.

Chaste Cælia devoutly read lectures
to me,
She wond'ring what pleasure in kiss-
ing could be ;
I press'd her to try it, and then
speak her mind :
She made the sweet proof, and
grew instantly kind,
Then answer'd me softly, I'll try it
again :
All women love kissing as well as
the men.

That Women are cruel, is all a
mistake,
For ev'ry fair female at heart is a
rake :
'Tis conduct, ye lovers, the damsel
secures ;
Stick close to her lips, she's infalli-
bly yours ;
And search thro' the sex, I'll lay
twenty to ten,
All women love kissing as well as
the men.

The Highland Laddie. Set by Master ARNE.



The Lowland Lads think they are fine, But oh they're vain and i—dly gaudy ; How
much un—like the grac—eful mein, And man—ly looks of my Highland Laddie !
Oh my bon—ny Highland Laddie, My handsome charming Highland Laddie ; May
heav'n still guard and love re—ward The Lowland Lads and her Highland Laddie.

2.
If I was free at will to chuse
To be y^e wealthiest lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald without
trews,
With his bonnet blue, and belted
plaidy. O my bonny, &c.

4.
O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin & dady,
Frae winter's cauld, & summer's sun,
He'll screen me with his highland
plaidy. O my bonny, &c.

6.
Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
And he ca's me his lawland lass,
Syne rows me in beneath his
plaidy. O my bonny, &c.

3.
The brawest beau in borrows-town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown ;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

5.
A painted room, and filken bed,
May please a lawland laird and
lady ;
But I can kiss, and be as glad
Behind a bush in's highland plai-
dy. O my bonny, &c.

7.
Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true &
steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall
end,
While heaven preserves my high-
land laddie. O my bonny, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

ALLY CROAKER.

There lived a man in Bali—no—cra—fy, Who wanted a wife to make him un—easy

long had he sigh'd for dear Ally Croaker, And thus the gentle youth be—spoke her,

Will you marry me dear Al—ly Croaker? Will you marry me dear Ally Ally Croaker?

2

3

4.

This artless young man, just come
from the schoolery,
A novice in love and all its foolery,
Too dull for a wit, too grave for a
joaker,
And thus the gentle youth bespoke
her;
Will you marry me, dear Ally
Croaker.
*Will you marry me, dear Ally, Ally
Croaker.*

He drank with the father, he talk'd
with the mother;
He rompt with the sister, he gam'd
with the brother;
He gam'd till he pawn'd his coat to
the broker,
Which lost him the heart of his
dear Ally Croaker,
Oh! the fickle, fickle Ally Croaker.
Oh! the fickle Ally, Ally Croaker.

To all ye young men who are fond
of gaming,
Who are spending your money
whilst others are saving,
Fortune's a jilt, the De'il may
choak her,
A jilt more inconstant than dear
Ally Croaker;
Oh! the inconstant Ally Croaker,
Oh! the inconstant Ally, Ally Croaker.

The Parrot's Song, from the fourth Book of TASSO. Set by Mr. BRODERIP.

Recit. Whilst at Armida's feet Rinaldo lay, Sinking be—neath the pleasing force of

love; A feather'd songster, from a nei'b'ring spray, the sweetest sounds thus fill'd the enchanted grove.

The Muses DELIGHT.

219

Air Andante.

The gent—ly bud—ding rose be—hold, Half op'n—ing

to the ver—nal beams ; Its beau—ties cau—tious to un-fold, The

less 'tis seen the fair—er seems.

Ye ten—der maids be—sieg'd by figh—ing beaux, Learn from my song,

learn from my song, Learn from my song the mo—ral of the

rose.

And as, tho' guarded round with Which ne'er the lover's breast a- When maiden aunts their sage ad-
 thorns, dorns, vice propose,
 Time trips the fading usefess Nor e'er bedecks the bridal bow'r, Learn from my song the moral of
 how'r, the rose.

The DUET T.

Check the growing i—dle passion, On—ly built on In—cli—

Check the growing i—dle passion, On—ly built on In—cil—

na—tion: Check the growing i—dle passion, On—ly built on

na—tion: Check the growing i—dle passion, On—ly built on

In—cli—nation: Then a—lone it reigns complete,

Then a—lone it reigns complete,

When mutual love and friendship me—

When mutual love and friendship me—

et. Then a—lone it reigns com—

et.

plete, when mutual love and friendship meet.

Then a—lone it reigns complete, when mutual love and friendship meet.

Lovely BETT. Set by Mr. CROME.

Of all the flow'rs that deck the field, In spring's en—liv'n—ing verdure set; Nor

one such fragran—cy does yield, None half so sweet as love—ly Bett. None

half so sweet as love—ly Bett.

2
The men with rapture view the lass,
The women eye her charms and
fret,
All vainly wishing to surpass,
All falling short of lovely Bett.

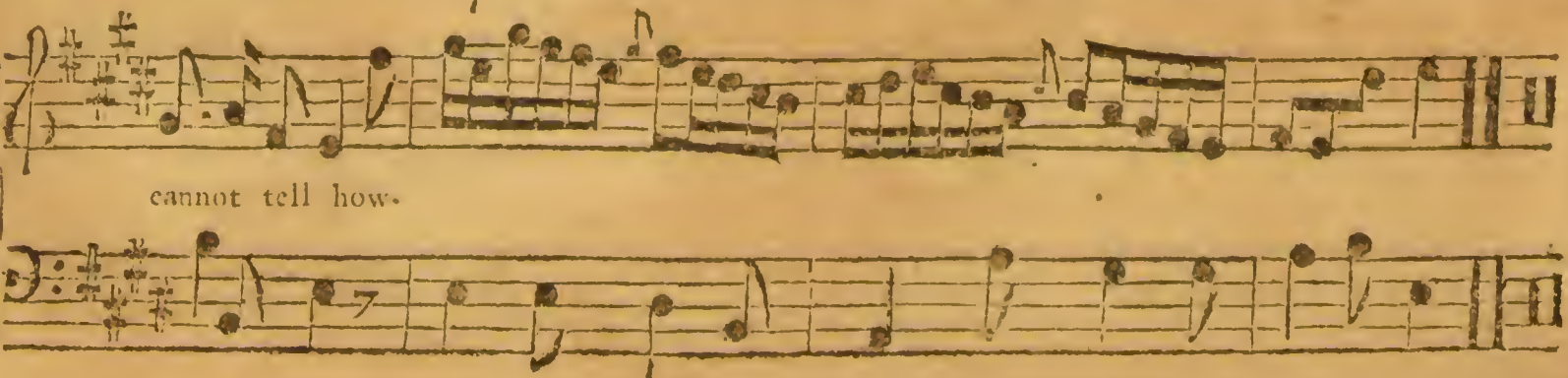
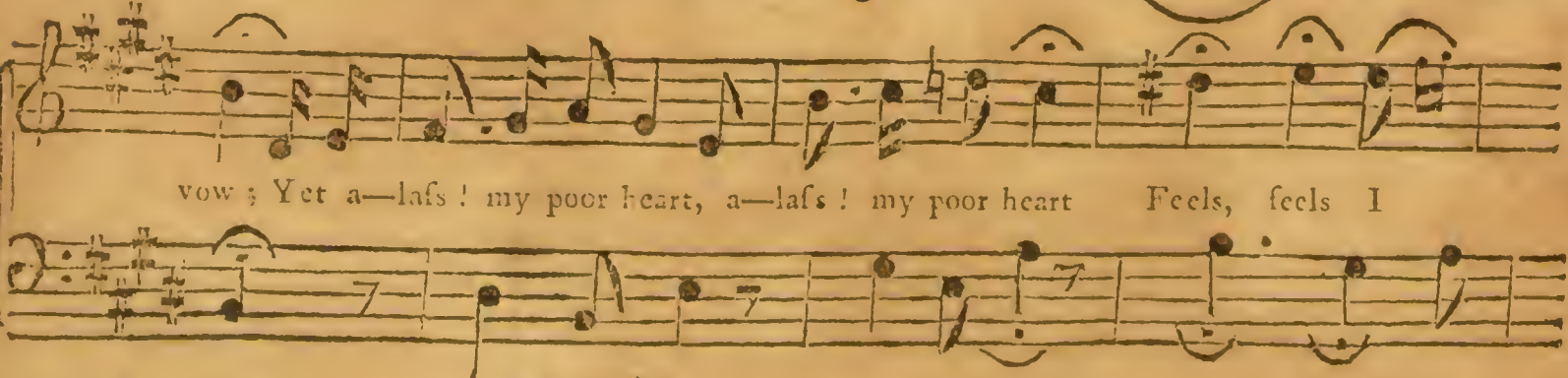
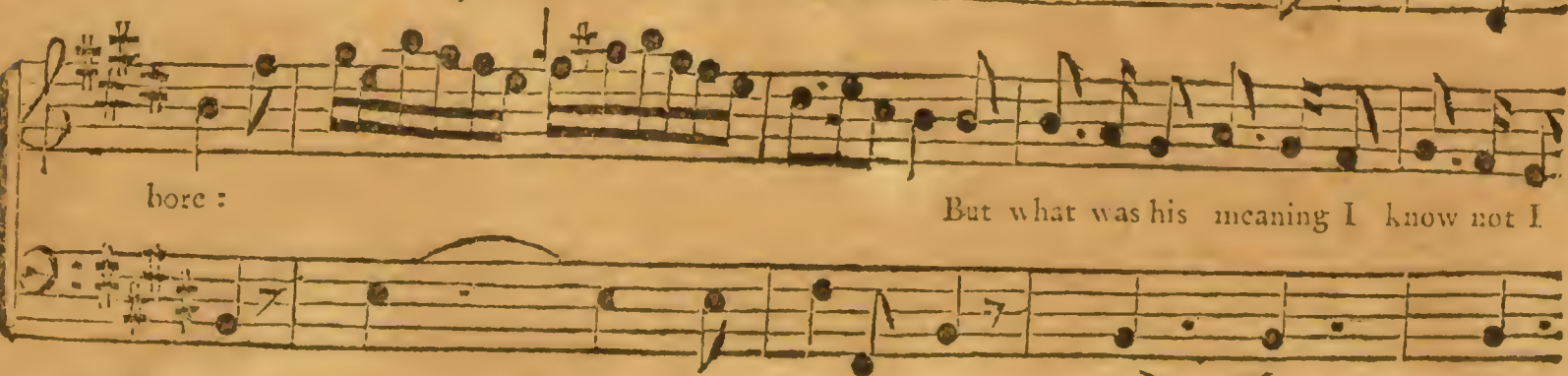
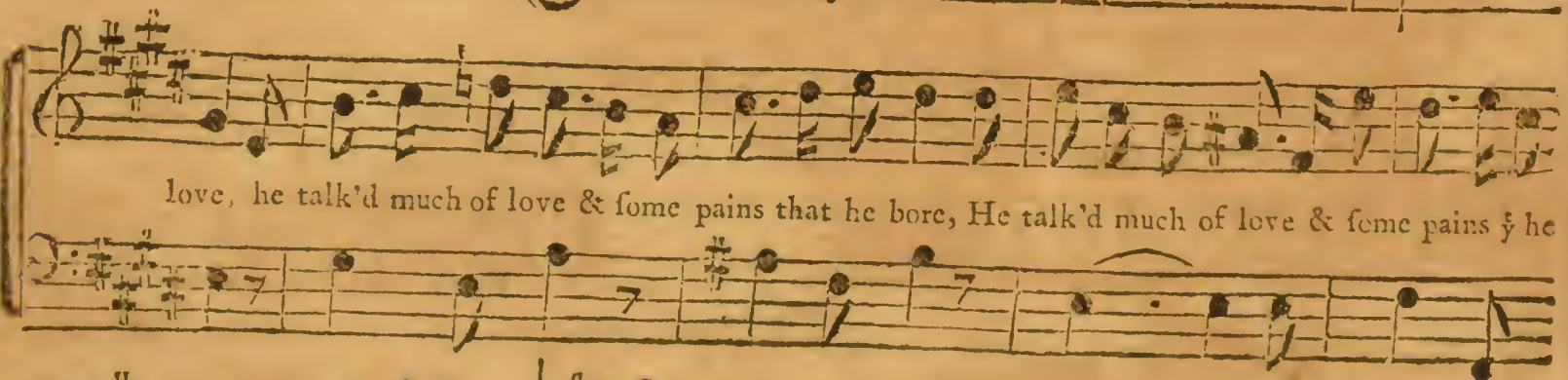
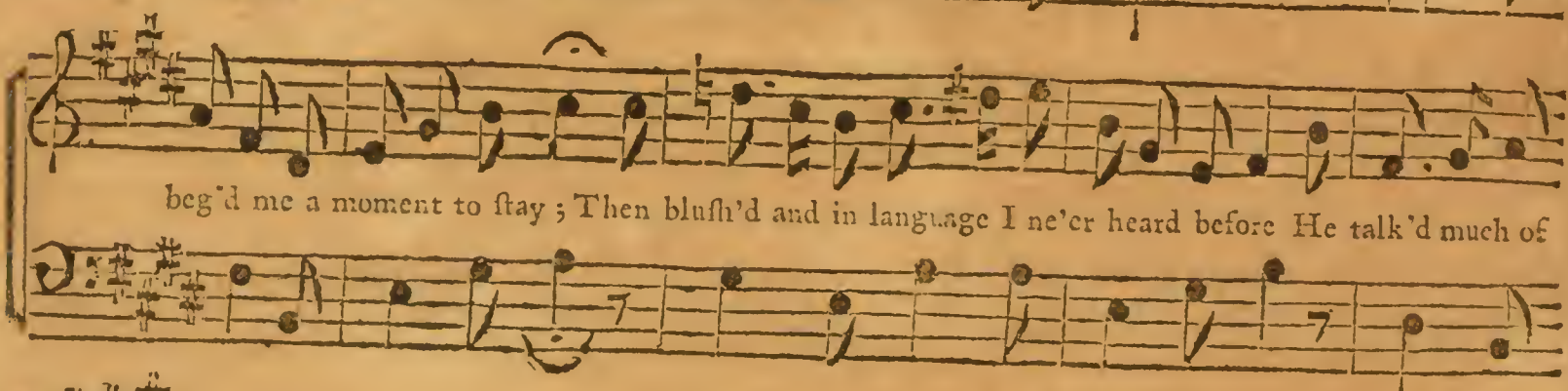
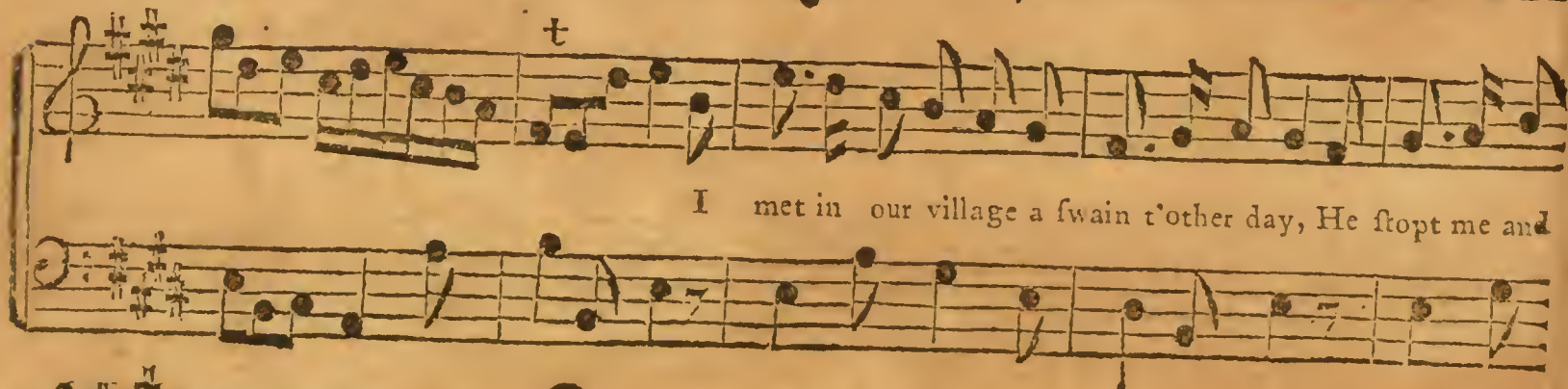
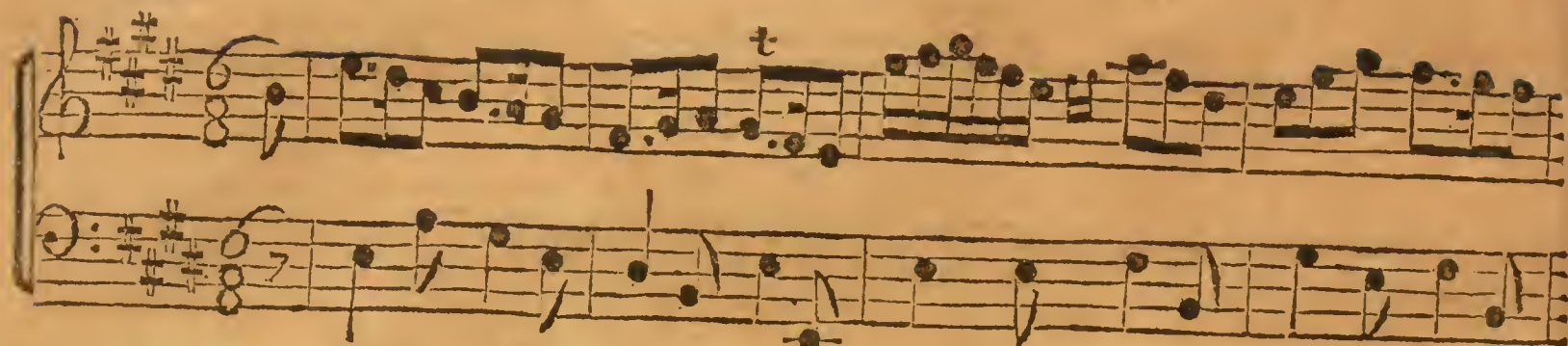
3
Sol shakes the reins and whips his
nags,
To sit with Thetis tete a tete,
Yet knows no joys what e'er he
brags, (Bett
Like mine when sitting with my

4
Minerva's wit, and Venus' charms,
With chaste Diana's thought are
met:
Wou'd fortune give her to my arms,
Death only shou'd part me and
Bett.

The Muses DELIGHT.

Love and Innocence. Set by Mr. ORME.

Vivace.



2.

3.

4.

Each morning he brings me the vi-
let and rose,
The woodbine, and ev'ry sweet
flower that blows ;
The choicest and sweetest he picks
from the rest,
And begs me to wear the fine things
in my breast :
But what is his meaning I know
not, I vow,
Yet alas ! my poor heart, &c.

At my feet my dear shepherd for
ever I see,
Protesting he'll never love any but
me ;
He gazes with transport, and kisses
me too,
And swears he'll for ever be con-
stant and true :
But what is his meaning I know
not, I vow,
Yet alas ! my poor heart, &c.

Alas ! why for me does the shep-
herd complain,
And say my bright eyes are the
cause of his pain ?
Indeed, were I sure (for his fate
I deplore)
That he suffer'd for me, he should
suffer no more.
I'll do all I can to relieve him, I
vow,
That my heart may no more feel &c.

Why am I doom'd, &c. Set by Mr. STEEMSON.

Largo.

Why am I doom'd to spend my days

Alone in pain, and mourn at fate? As void of pi-ty:

as of praise, Un-heed-ed even a-mong the great.

2.

3.

4.

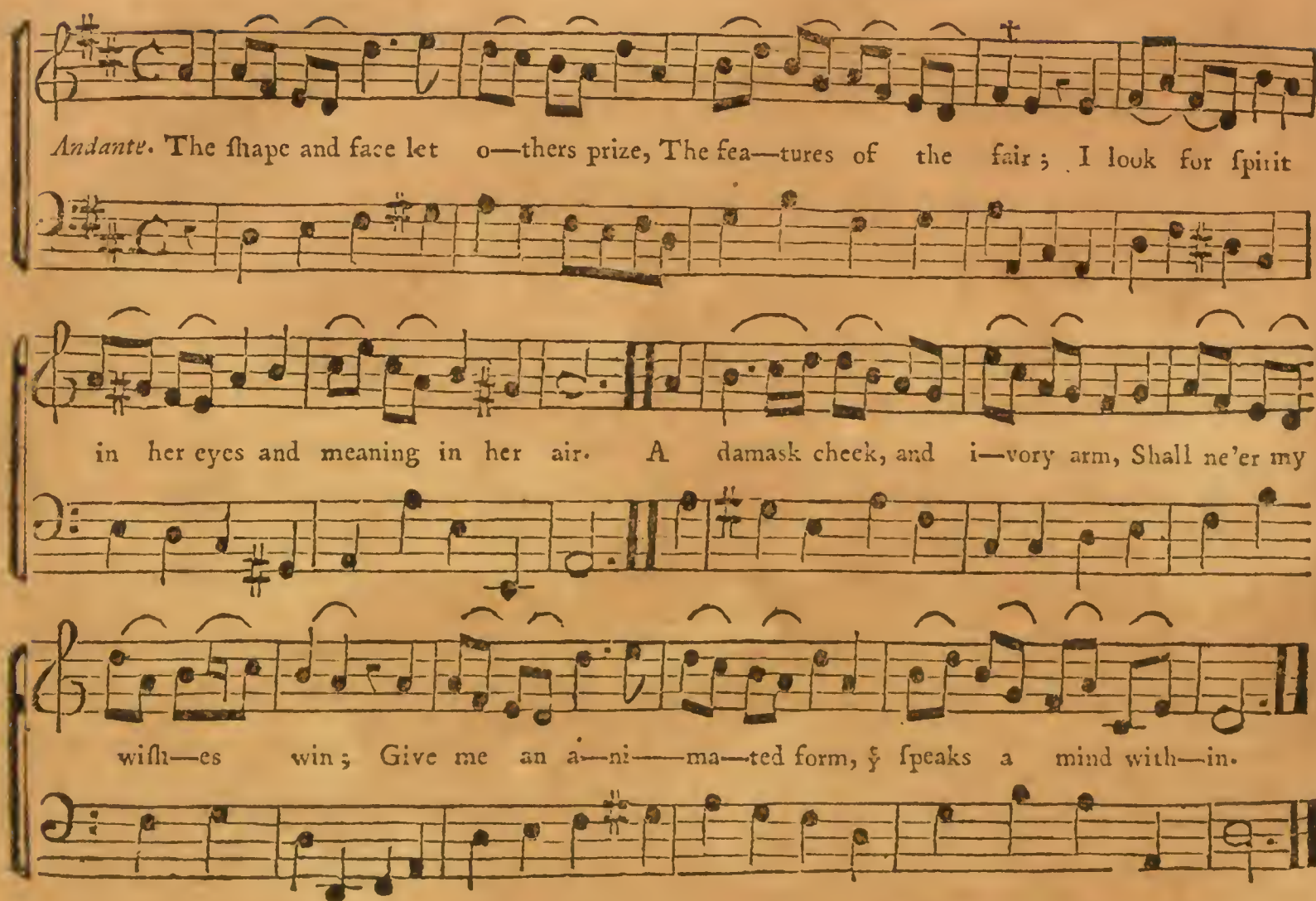
None has a sense of what I feel ;
None knows the anguish of my
heart ;
None but the pow'r to whom I kneel ;
None, none, but he can cure my
smart.

'Tis he alone that can restore
That darling object of my soul ;
Give, what he only lent before,
For endless time, without con-
troul.

Thus time, as boundless as my love,
Shall yield me joys as boundless,
store,
'Till gift and giver one shall prove.
Where time and sorrow is no
more.

The Muses DELIGHT.

A SCOTS Song. Set by Mr. OSWALD.



Andante. The shape and face let o—thers prize, The fea—tures of the fair; I look for spirit
in her eyes and meaning in her air. A damask cheek, and i—vory arm, Shall ne'er my
wish—es win; Give me an a—ni—ma—ted form, & speaks a mind with—in.

2.

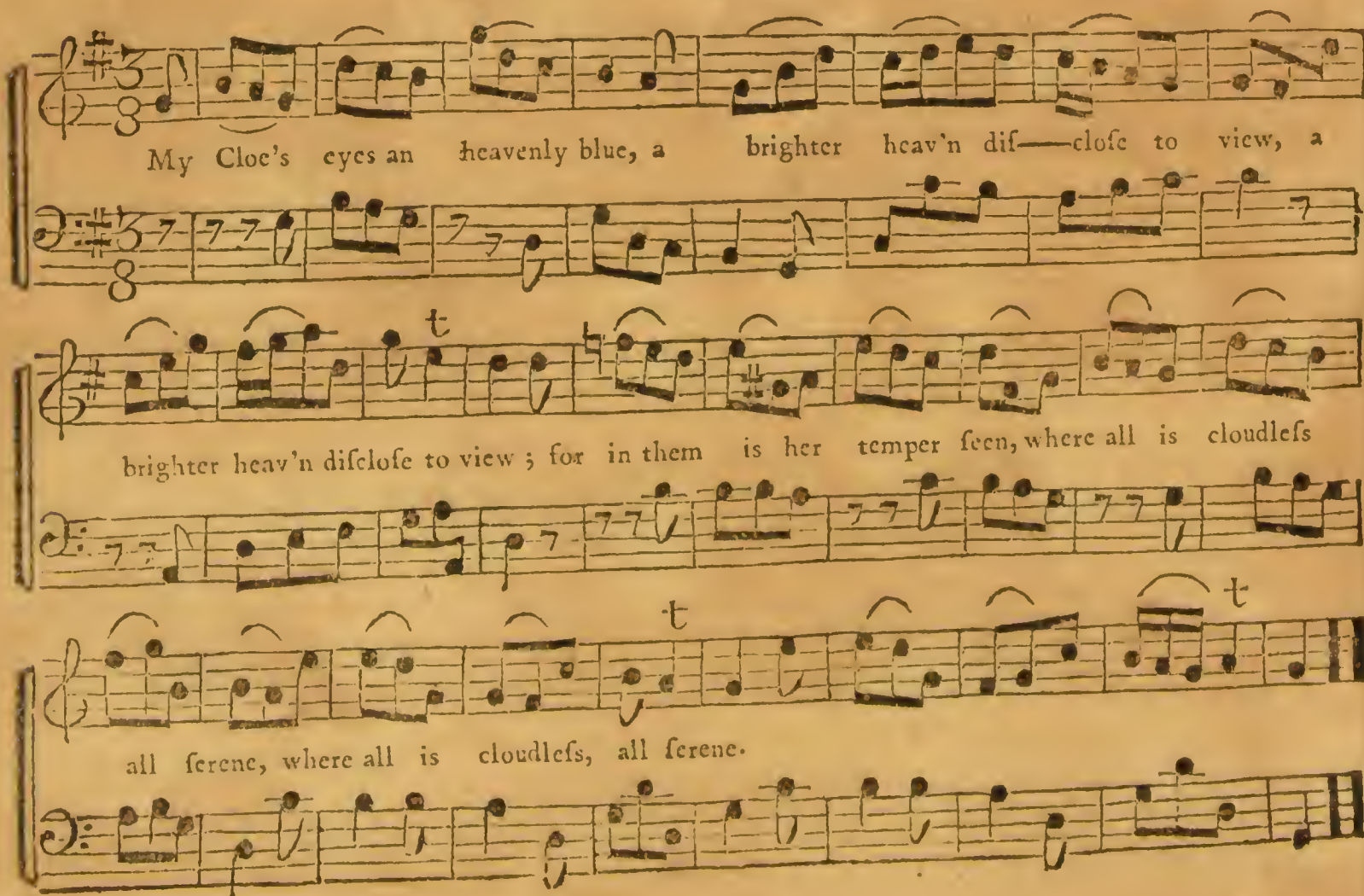
A soul where awful honour shines,
Where sense and sweetness move;
And angel innocence refin'd,
The tenderness of love:
These are the soul of beauty's
frame,

Without whose vital aid
Unfinish'd all her features seem,
And all the roses dead.

3

How perfect is the view!
With ev'ry image of delight,
And graces ever new;
Their pow'r but faintly to express,
All language must despair;
But go, behold Aspasia's face
And read it perfect there.

C L O E. Set by Dr. GREENE.



My Cloe's eyes an heavenly blue, a brighter heav'n dis—close to view, a
brighter heav'n disclose to view; for in them is her temper seen, where all is cloudless
all serene, where all is cloudless, all serene.

2.

3.

4.

No vain coquet, nor pertly gay,
But keeping still the middle way;
Gentle to all, and kind to me,
Is the lovely darling she.

O may her rosy cheeks still bloom,
Her breath the ambient air perfume;
May age nor wrinkling care destroy
Those beauties which diffuse such
joy.

So may me live and love and toy
In one continual round of joy,
Till Time, vindictive, with his
scythe
Cuts our slender thread of life.

What beauteous Scenes, &c. Set by Mr. HOWARD.

What beauteous scenes en—chant my sight! How close—ly yon—der vine Does
round that elm's sup—port—ing height It's wanton ring—less twine: That
elm, no more a bar—ren shade, Is with her clusters crown'd; And
that fair vine with—out it's aid Had crept a—long the gro—und, Had
crept along the ground.

2

Let this, my fair one, move thy
heart

Connubial joys to prove;
But mark what age and care impart,
Nor thoughtless rush on love:
Know thy own bliss, and joy to hear
Vertumnus loves thy charms,

The youthful God that rules the
year
And keeps the groves from harms.
And keeps, &c.

3.

While some with short-liv'd pas-
sion glow,

His love remains the same;
On him alone thy heart bestow
And crown his constant flame:
So shall no frost's untimely pow'r
Deform the blooming spring;
So shall thy trees, from blasts se-
cure,
Their wonted tribute bring.
Their wonted, &c.

Set by Mr. LANGSHAW.

Say mighty love, and teach my song, To whom the sweetest joys be-long, And
 who the happy pairs, Whose yielding hearts and join-ing
 hands Find blessings twist-ed in their bands which soften all their
 cares ?

2.

3.

4.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and
 swains,
 Who thoughtless run into the chains,
 As custom leads the way :
 If there be bliss, without design,
 Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
 And be as blest as they.

Not the dull souls, whose marble
 form
 None of the melting passions warm,
 Can mingle hearts and hands :
 Logs of green wood, that quench the
 coals,
 Are married just like stoic souls,
 With ozers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholly strain,
 Still silent, or that still complain,
 Can the dear bondage bless :
 As well may heav'nly concert spring
 From two old lutes with ne'er a
 string,
 Or none beside the bass.

Nor

5.

Not sordid souls of earthly mold,
Who, drawn by kindred charms of
gold,
To dull embraces move :
So two rich mountains of Peru
Might rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

6.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind

A gentle to a savage mind,
For love abhors the fight :
Loose the fierce tyger from the deer !
For native rage and native fear
Rise, and forbid delight.

7.

Nor can the soft enchantment hold
Two jarring souls of angry mold,
The rugged and the keen :
Sampson's young foxes might as
well

In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands tied between.

8.

Two kindest souls alone must meet,
'Tis friendship makes the bondage
sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves :
Fair Venus, in her rowling throne,
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupid's yolk the doves.

An HYMN for CHRISTMAS-DAY.

Sing we prai—ses to the Lord, Hal—le—lu—i—a ; Blefs his name

one accord, Hal—le—lu—i—a : For it's owing to his Care, Hal—

le—lu—i—a, What we have, and what we are. Hal—le—lu—i—a.

2.

He first made us by his power,
Hal-le-lu-i-a,
He preserves us every hour,
Halleluia ;
Food and raiment all are His,
Halleluia,
Present comforts, future blifs.
Halleluia.

3.

He directs our steps by day,
Halleluia,
Pointing out the safest way,
Halleluia,
And at night in mercy still,
Halleluia,
Guards us from all kinds of ill.
Halleluia.

4.

God forgave us when undone,
Halleluia,
And redeem'd us by his son,
Halleluia :
Raise your voices then, and sing
Halleluia,
Thanks to heaven's eternal king.
Halleluia.

Sweet

The Muses DELIGHT.

Sweet Tyrant Love, &c. Set by Mr. STERNSON.

Sweet ty—rant Love! but hear me now, And cure, while

young, the plea—sing smart; Or ra—ther aid my

tremb—ling vow, And teach me to re—veal my heart. Or

ra—ther aid my tremb—ling vow, And teach me to

re—veal my heart,

2.
Tell her, whose goodness is my bane,
Whose looks have smil'd my
peace away,
Oh! whisper how she gives me pain
While, undesigned, frank and
gay.
Oh whisper, &c.

3.
'Tis not for common charms I sigh,
Nor what the vulgar beauty call;
'Tis not a lip, a cheek, an eye,
But 'tis the soul that lights them
all.
'Tis not a lip, &c.

4.
For that I drop this tender tear,
For that I breathe this artless
moan;
Oh! whisper love into her ear,
And make the bashful lover
known.
Oh! whisper, &c.

COLLIN. Set by Mr. DEFESCH.

Oh pi—ty Collin, cru—el

fair, Think on his sighs and tears; His sighs re—gardless as the air, And without hope his

fears : Young Collin was $\frac{e}{y}$ hap—

pi—est swain That e'er in Al—bion dwelt, He laugh'd at love and mock'd at pain, It's

pangs he ne'er had felt.

2.
The neighb'ring nymphs had often
tried
With love to lure the swain,
And he as oft their suit denied;
For love return'd disdain:
Burah! how chang'd his former state,
With folded arms he walks,
Upbraids the God and curses fate,
And like a madman talks.

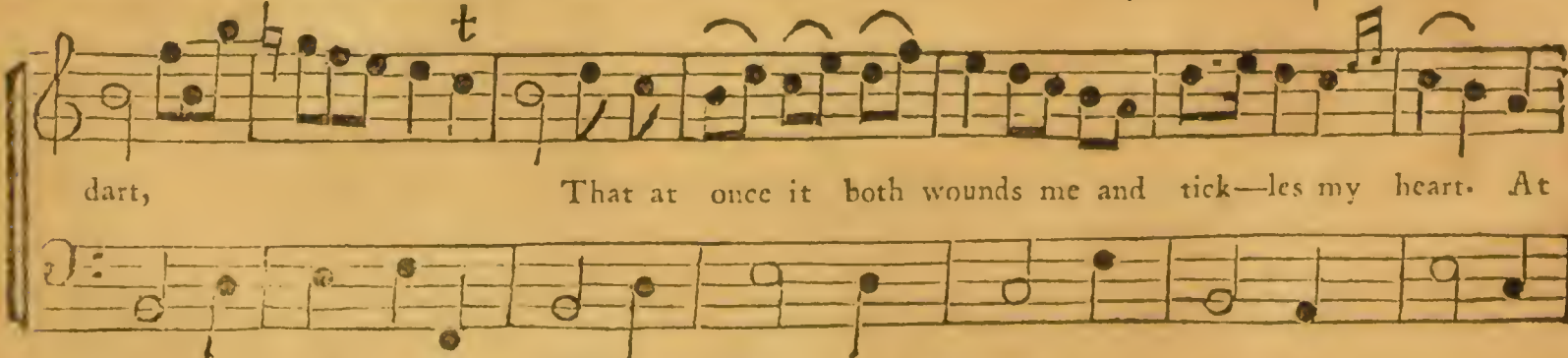
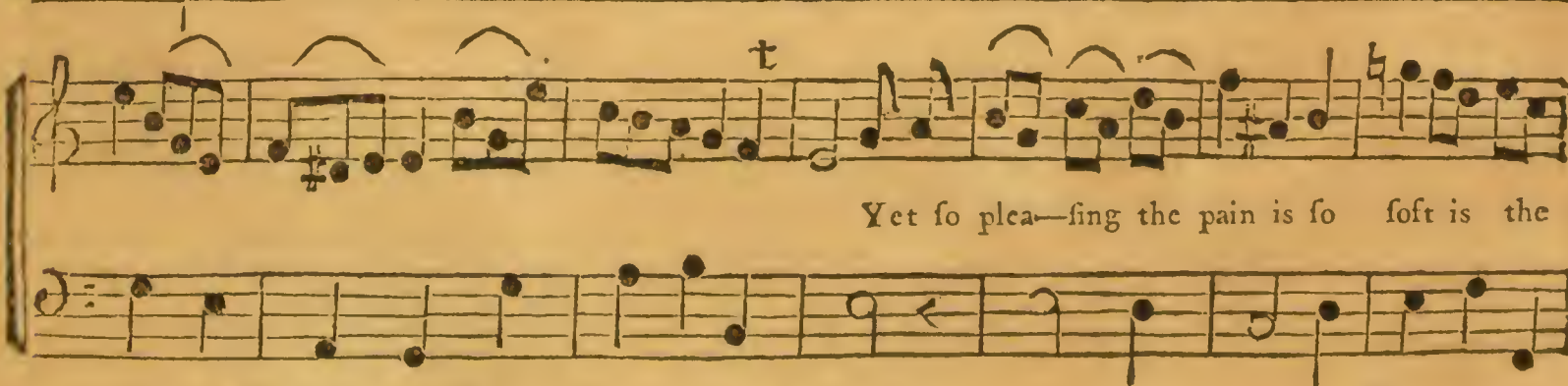
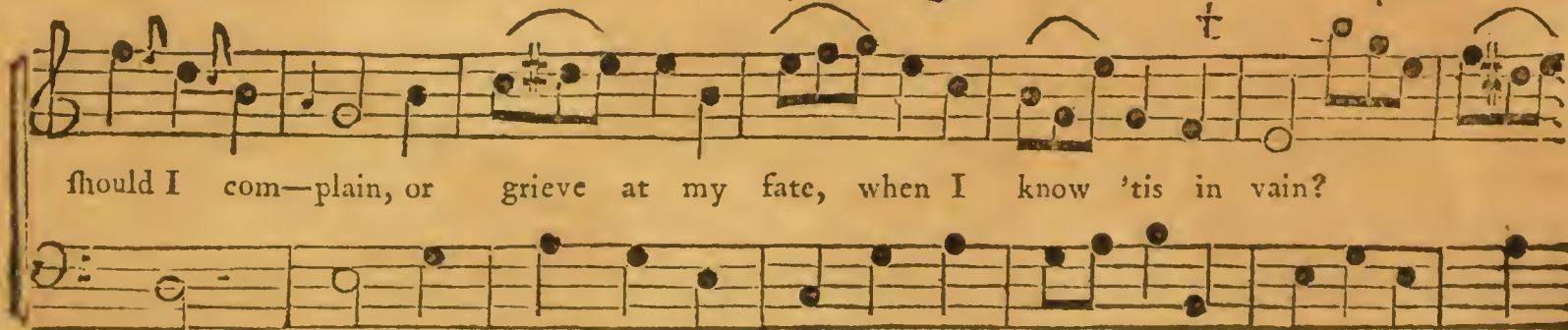
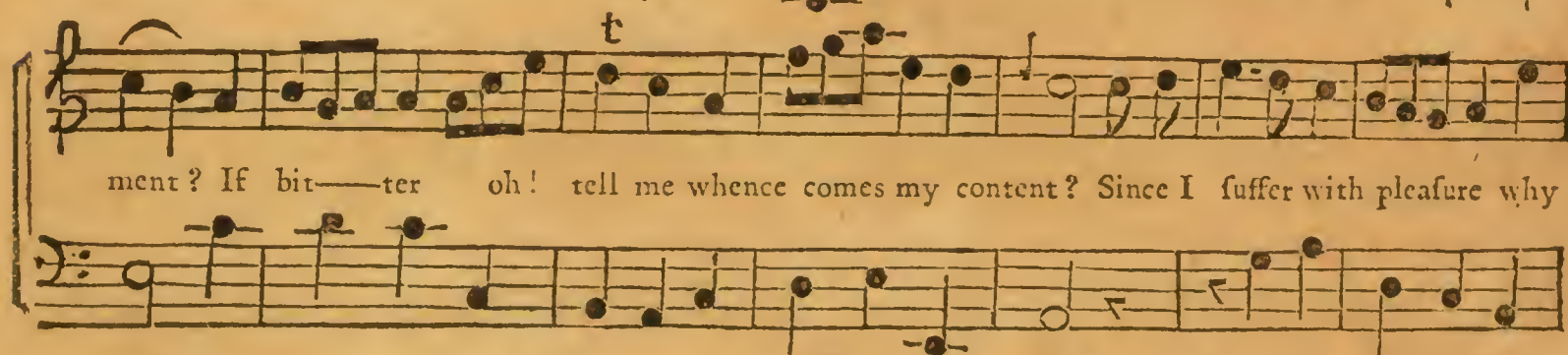
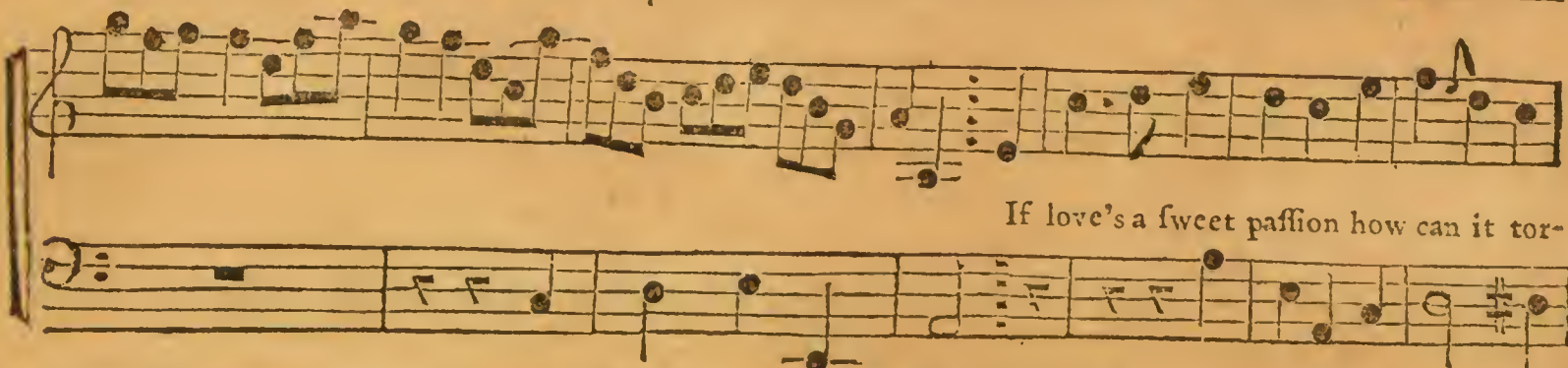
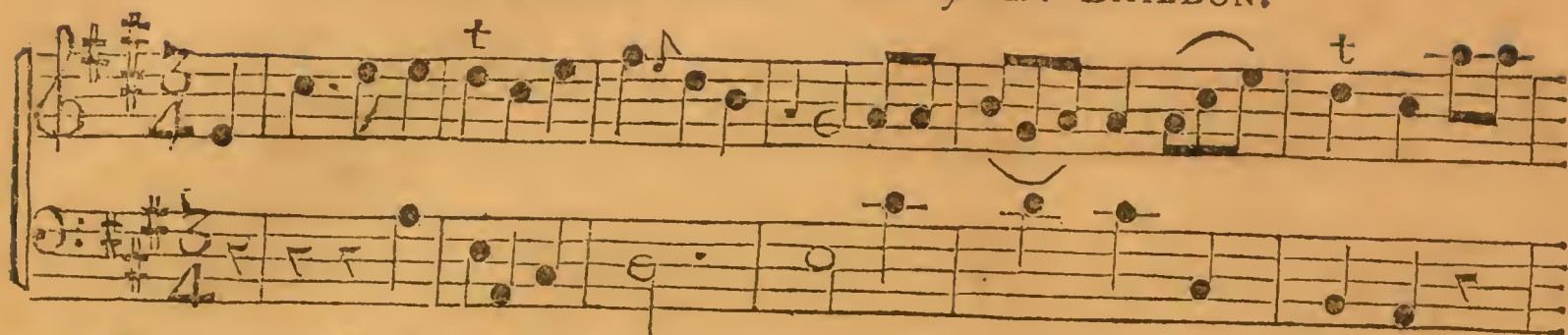
2.
Nor can soft music's flatt'ring charm
Give now the least delight:
No more the bowl his bosom warm,
Or rural sports invite:
Relent, fair maid, e'er Collin dies;
Let him not mourn in vain;
His helpless love, regardless pangs
And unrewarded pain.

4.
O! think Myrtilla on his grief,
And on your cruel hate;
Reward his love and bring relief,
Before it is too late:
So shall his gen'rous, constant flame
Reward the beaut'ous fair,
And every hour and day shall beam
New blessings on the pair.

If

The Muses DELIGHT.

If Love's a sweet Passion. Set by Mr. BAILDON.



2.
I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down.
And by passionate silence I make my love known;
But oh! how I'm blest'd, when so kind she does prove,
By some willing mistake to discover her love!

When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dares name!
Our eyes, &c.

3.
How pleasing is beauty, how sweet are the charms,
How delightful embraces, how

peaceful her arms!
Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above;
And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield,
For 'tis beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair field.
'Tis beauty, &c.

Song in the Chaplet. Set by Dr. BOYCE.

De—clare my pret—ty Maid, Must my fond suit miscarry? With you I'll toy, I'll

kiss and play, But hang me if I marry, Hang me if I mar—ry. With you I'll

toy, I'll kiss and play, but hang me if I marry.

2.
Then speak your mind at once,
Nor let me longer tarry;
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play,
But hang me if I marry.
With you, &c.

The stroke I well can parry;
I love to kiss, and toy and play,
But do not choose to marry.
I love to kiss, &c.

The foolish swain would marry.
Because when they, &c.

3.
Tho' charms and wit assail,

4.
Young Molly of the dale
Makes a meer slave of Harry;
Because when they had toy'd and
kiss'd,

5.
These fix'd resolves, my dear,
I to the grave will carry:
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play,
But hang me if I marry.
With you, &c.

