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A Collection of  
**SONGS**  
With Symphonies and a  
**Thorough Bass**

With Six Lessons for the Harpsichord

COMPOS'D BY

Miss Eliza Turner.



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A

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# SONG I.<sup>st</sup>

*Larghetto*

How gay that Air, yet how serene; That Countenance di-

vine! Can so much Softness cause a Pain, Can so much Coolness shine? How can the lovely

Blush I see, In so much Whiteness glow, Can things so oppo- site agree, Can Roses bloom in

Snow?

2

Those Vestal Looks chill each Desire,  
 That in the Bosom rise;  
 Yet, Vestal like, they Fan the Fire  
 That Fire, which never dies;  
 Fair Emblem of the purest Mind.  
 That Face Angelick glows,  
 By ev'ry grace, and Art refin'd,  
 That Nature's Boon bestows.

3

Its borrow'd Beauty thus that warms,  
 And paints that Angel Face;  
 But borrow'd from a Mother's Charms,  
 Which hightens ev'ry Grace.  
 Reflected Rays, from mirrors clear,  
 Thus multiply their Light,  
 Enflaming all that comes too near,  
 The Crystal cool as Bright.

SONG II.<sup>d</sup>*The Words by Mat. Prior.*

*Spiritoso*

Say  
curious Painter can thy Art; Angelick Beauty give, Then draw the Mistrifs of my  
Heart, and bid the Canvafs live. First let her  
ea-fy flowing Hair, whose am'rous Locks entwine, in wanton Ringlets sport in Air, And  
negligently shine.

<sup>2</sup>  
Her Temples, draw divinely fair  
As Parian Marble bright,  
Through which meandring Veins appear  
And beautify the White:  
Her Brow, like Cupid's fatal Bow  
Her Eyes, ye Gods! what Fire?  
In pearly Liquids sparkling glow.  
And raise intense Desire.

<sup>3</sup>  
Her blooming Cheek, the Peachlefs Sweet,  
Strikes all description dumb,  
Where Roses with soft Lillies meet,  
But blush to be o'ercome,  
Her Vermile Lips, sweet Smiles bedeck,  
Where Sense with Beauty dwells.  
The polish'd Iv'ry of her Neck,  
A Poet's Thought, excells.

<sup>4</sup>  
The rest, her Air, her Shape, & Mien,  
So sprightly, gay, and free,  
Copy it from the Cyprian Queen,  
Just rising from the Sea;  
Proceed, and when with happiest Art,  
You think your Piece compleat,  
I'll show her Picture on my Heart,  
Shall all your Skill defeat.

# SONG III. *The Words by S. Charles Sedley* <sup>3</sup>

*Andante* Not Chloris

that I juster am, Or better than the rest, For I each Hour could change like them, Were it my

Inter-est; But I am ty'd to value thee, By

ev'ry Thought I have; My Heart if once by you set free, Wou'd be no more a Slave. wou'd

be no more a Slave.

All that in Woman is ador'd  
 In thy dear self I find;  
 For the whole Sex, can but afford,  
 The Charming and the Kind;  
 Then why shou'd I seek further Store,  
 Or still make Love anew?  
 Since Change itself can give no more,  
 'Tis easy to be true.



4 SONG IV. *The Words by Ben. Johnson.*

*Alla Gav. ta*

Drink to me only with thine Eyes, And I will pledge with mine; Or leave a Kiss but

in the Cup, And I'll not look for Wine; And I'll not look for Wine.

The Thirst that from the Soul doth rise, Doth ask a Drink divine;

But might I of *Jove's* Nectar sip, I would exchange for Thine — I would exchange for

Thine.

I sent Thee late a rosie Wreath,  
 Not so much hon'ring Thee;  
 As giving it a hope, that there,  
 It cou'd not wither'd be;  
 But Thou thereon didst only breathe,  
 And sent it back to me,  
 Since when it looks and smells I swear,  
 Not of itself — but Thee —

# SONG V. The Words by Jos. Thurston Gent. 5

*Tender* Forgive, thou fairest  
of thy Kind, Forgive the wretched Swain; Who, while thy  
Charms distract his Mind, Presumes to tell his Pain. While  
other Beauties I rever'd, Amusement'twas to me, For still some kind De- fect appear'd &  
I again was free - - - And I again was free.

With wonder <sup>2</sup>*Sylvia's* Eyes I view'd,  
But felt not long the Smart,  
For when I found the sullen Prude,  
I soon recall'd my Heart.  
I blest her Voice when *Sappho* sung,  
Can only Musick kill?  
*Pastora's* Beauty pleaded strong  
:S: But Wit was wanting still. :S:

Thou, <sup>3</sup>*Celia!* only art design'd  
To keep a Lover true;  
Thy ev'ry Charm of Face and Mind,  
Must ev'ry Heart subdue,  
To some a beautiful Form is giv'n  
To Others Wit or Air;  
But Thou (oh! why so partial Heav'n! )  
:S: Dost all together share. :S:

6 SONG VI. *The Words by a Lady.*

*Un poco All.<sup>o</sup>*

*Phyllis*, with her enchanting Voice, Can all the Village charm, Make ev'ry neighbouring Swain rejoice, And all their Breasts a-larm: And all their Breasts a-larm.

She is the Pride of all the Plain, And Joy of all the Grove,

To gain her Heart each strives in vain, Each strives to gain her Love, Each strives to gain her Love.

Day, after Day, the Shepherd runs,  
 And tells her of his Flame;  
 Tells her for her alone he burns,  
 Adores her very Name!  
 Nature, why didst thou form those Eyes,  
 To wound which will not cure?  
 All Shepherds languish for the Prize,  
 But none can her secure.

# SONG VII. *The Words by a Gentleman.*

7

*Andante*

In Pi-ty, *Sophy*, to my Pain, No more my Heart reprove; Nor let the blasts of cold dif-

-dain, Destroy my rising Love; Destroy my ris-ing Love.

When first the springing Flow'r appears, And shews its Infant Head, Each gentlest Wind it

shivering Fears, And courts the Gard'ner's Aid, and courts and courts the Gard'ner's Aid.

My Love too, yet but newly blown,  
 Must die for want of Care;  
 'Tis your's as you the Seeds have sown,  
 To save the Flow'rs they bear; S:  
 No longer then with ridgid Brow,  
 Perplex my faithful Mind,  
 Since Love you see and justice too,  
 Expects you to be kind,  
 Expects expects you to be kind.

8 SONG VIII. *The Words by Jos. Thurston Gent.*

*Tempo di Gavotta.*

Since my Chloe you ask me what Life I wou'd choose, I prithee distrust not the

truth of my Muse; I prithee distrust not the truth of my Muse.

Tho' I tell you in Rhyme, yet believe me sincere, I'll speak in plain Terms have y<sup>e</sup> Patience to

hear; I'll speak in plain Terms have the Patience to hear.

2  
 To thy self, thy dear self, are my Wishes confin'd  
 :S: I sigh for your Person, but doat on your Mind :S:  
 So easy your Conduct, your Wit, & your Air, :S:  
 :S: 'Tis the meanest Perfection you have, that you're fair. :S:

3  
 I'd repine not at Fortune abounding, or small,  
 :S: Without Thee is nothing, & with Thee is all: :S:  
 For a needful Support ne'ertheless I wou'd move,  
 :S: 'Tis hard for a Lady to live upon Love.: :S:

4  
 To the Town with Content I cou'd soon bid adieu,  
 :S: I find its Politeness all center'd in you: :S:  
 To some quiet Retirement we both wou'd repair  
 :S: Your Joy my Ambition, your Pleasure my Care :S:

5  
 Thus my Angel our Lives wou'd roll gently away,  
 :S: And Love be the business alone of the Day, :S:  
 One Article more, will compleat my Design;  
 :S: That this may be your Wish as much as 'tis mine: :S:

# SONG IX.

The Words by Mat. Prior  
on a Lady weeping

Tender

See, whilst thou weep'st dear *Myra*, see, The World in Sym - pa -

-thy with Thee; The World in Sympa - thy with Thee. The

cheerful Birds no longer sing, But droop the Head, and hang the Wing; but droop the Head and

hang the Wing.

The Clouds have bent their Bosom low'r,  
And shed their Sorrows in a Show'r,  
And shed &c.  
The Brooks beyond their Limits flow,  
And louder Murmurs speak their Woe,  
And louder &c.

The Nymphs and Swains adopt thy Cares;  
They heave thy Sighs, and weep thy Tears;  
They heave &c.  
Strange Tears whose Pow'r can soften all;  
But that dear Breast on which they fall.  
But that &c.

# SONG. X.

*Allegro  
ma non  
Presto*

Bles'd be those sweetly shining Eyes, Where

Smiling Love with Beauty lies; As in - nocent as Fair;

Whose na - tive Charms, dis - daining Art, Have freed a - long de - luded Heart, From false Co -

-risca's Snare, From false Co - ris - ca's Snare.

Preserv'd from her, to fall by you,  
With Pleasure, I my Fate pursue,  
With Pride embrace my Chain;  
Should you, your faithful Slave deny,  
He may lament, despair, and die,  
But never can complain,  
But never &c.

So fares the Wolf's intended Prey,  
The trembling Lamb, when snatch'd away,  
From mean ignoble death;  
And doom'd to bleed at Beauty's Shrine,  
An offering to the Pow'r divine,  
Requies his willing Breath,  
Requies &c.

# SONG XI. *The Words by a Lady.*

11

*Tender* Thyriss be-

lovd of all the Plain, A love-ly kind and blythfome Swain; Till first he saw fair *Jessys* Eyes; And

now the Swain for *Jessy* dies. To silent Groves, thus

did he cry, Must *Thyriss* for sweet *Jessy* die? Say will she use me with Disdain, And must I

live to love in vain? And must I live to love in vain?

But why shoud I still Sigh and moan.  
 And not to her my Passion own?  
 How can I think her Heart to move,  
 Before she knows how much I love?  
 On Wings of Love I'll fly and tell,  
 Fair *Jessy*, all the Pangs I feel  
 Shoud she be kind and Pity me  
 :S: For ever blest'd will *Thyriss* be.:S:



# SONG XII *The Words by a Gentleman.*

*Allegro*

When first my *Phillis* did appear, I look'd and thought her

*For* passing fair; And when she spoke Attention hung, To catch the Musick of her Tongue; to

catch the Musick of her Tongue. But still I

thought my self secure, She pleas'd but Ah! cou'd no-thing more, But still I

thought my self secure, She pleas'd but Ah! cou'd no thing more.

2  
 Tho' all the Day I gaz'd, my Sight,  
 Was still engag'd with new Delight;  
 All Day I listen'd still I found,  
 :S: New Life, new Sense, in ev'ry Sound: :S:  
 And what so slightly pleas'd before,  
 :S: I now admir'd — or something more :S:

3  
 But when my Wishes I confess,  
 With each fond Thought that fill'd my Breast,  
 To find the dear consenting Maid,  
 :S: At once so kind to all I said, :S:  
 If Love possess'd my Soul before  
 :S: Now sure — it must be something more: :S:

4  
 And judge ye Youths, what Heart-felt Blifs,  
 Sprung from the soft inspiring Kifs;  
 When Love the faithful Union ty'd,  
 :S: And gave me PHILLIS for my Bride, :S:  
 'Twas simple all I felt before,  
 :S: 'Twas now — there cou'd be nothing more: :S:

14 SONG XIII. *The Words by M<sup>r</sup> Parnell.*

*Moderato*

My Days have been so wondrous free, The lit-tle

Birds that flie, With careless Ease from Tree to Tree, Were but as blest as I. Ask

gliding Waters if a Tear, Of mine encreas'd their Stream? Or ask the flying Gales if e'er I

lent a Sigh to them.

2  
 But now my former Days retire,  
 And I'm by Beauty caught,  
 The tender Chains of sweet Desire,  
 Are fix'd upon my Thought;  
 An eager Hope within my Breast,  
 Does ev'ry doubt controul,  
 And charming Nancy stands confest,  
 The fav'rite of my Soul.

3  
 Ye Nightingales, ye twisting Pines,  
 Ye Swains that haunt the Grove,  
 Ye gentle Echo's, breezy Winds,  
 Ye close retreats of Love;  
 With all of Nature, all of Art,  
 Assist the dear Design;  
 O! teach a young unpractiz'd Heart,  
 To make her ever mine.

4  
 The very Thought of Change I hate,  
 As much as of Despair,  
 And hardly covet to be great,  
 Unless it be for her;  
 'Tis true the Passion in my Mind,  
 Is mix'd with soft Distress,  
 Yet while the Fair I love, is kind,  
 I can not with it less.

# SONG XIV. *The Words by a Lady* 15

Vio. 1<sup>mo</sup>

Vio. 2<sup>do</sup>

Trav. 1<sup>mo</sup>

Trav. 2<sup>do</sup>

Voc.

Baffo.

The first system of the musical score consists of six staves. The top four staves are for Violin 1, Violin 2, Viola 1, and Viola 2. The fifth staff is for the Voice, and the sixth staff is for the Bass. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The bass staff includes figured bass notation: 6, 6 6, 6 6, 7, 6 6, 6 4, 2 6, 6 4, 5 3.

Colla Parte

The second system of the musical score consists of six staves. The top four staves are for Violin 1, Violin 2, Viola 1, and Viola 2. The fifth staff is for the Voice, and the sixth staff is for the Bass. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The bass staff includes figured bass notation: 6, 6, 6, 7, 6, 6, 5, #, 4, #, 6, 4, 6, 5.

A Man that's neither high, nor low in Party or in Stature. A Rake, a Rattle, and a Beau, &

not unuf'd to flatter and not unuf'd to flatter. Let him not be a

6 # 6 6 6 # 6 4 5 6

Learned Fool, who nods o'er musty Books, who eats & drinks & lives by Rule, and weighs our Words &

6 6 # 4 6 - 6 # 6 6 6 6

Looks, and weighs our Words and Looks.

2

Let him be easy free and gay,  
 Of dancing never tir'd;  
 Have always something smart to say  
 :S: Yet silent when requir'd :S:  
 Let him be rich, not covetous  
 Nor generous to Excess,  
 Willing that I should keep the Purse,  
 :S: And please myself in Drefs. :S:

3

A little Courage let him have,  
 From Insults to protect me,  
 Provided that he's not so brave,  
 :S: As e'er to contradict me :S:  
 Ten thousand Pounds a Year, I like,  
 But if so much can't be,  
 You, Seven from the Ten, may strike,  
 :S: I'll be content with Three :S:

4

His Face, no matter if 'tis plain,  
 But let it not be fair,  
 The Man is sure my Heart to gain,  
 :S: Who can with this compare, :S:  
 And if some Lord should chance agree,  
 With this above Description,  
 Tho' I'm not fond of Quality,  
 :S: It shall be no Objection. :S:

# SONG XV. *The Words by James Thomson.*

G. Flute

*Affettuoso*

The first system of music 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 melodic line with several triplet markings (indicated by a '3' above the notes). The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with various fingerings (6, 5, 4, 7, 5, 6, 7, 6, 6, 4, 6) written above the notes.

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with triplet markings and trills (tr). The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with fingerings (6, 6, 6, 5, 4, 3, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6). The lyrics "Hard is the Fate of him who loves, Yet dares not tell his trembling" are written between the two staves.

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with triplet markings and trills (tr). The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with fingerings (6, 6, 6, 5, 4, 3, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6). The lyrics "Pain, But to the Sympa-thetick Groves, But to the lonely list'ning Plain." are written between the two staves.

Oh! when she blefses next your Shade, Oh! when her Footsteps next are  
 seen, in flow'ry Tracks a - long the Mead, in fresher Mazes o'er the Green.

2  
 Ye gentle Spirits of the Vale,  
 To whom the Tears of Love are dear,  
 From dying Lillies waft a Gale,  
 And sigh my Sotrows in her Ear;  
 Oh! tell her what she cannot blame,  
 Tho' fear my Tongue must ever bind:  
 Oh! tell her that my virtuous Flame,  
 Is as her spotless Soul refin'd.

3  
 Not her own Guardian Angel's Eyes,  
 With chaster tenderness his Care,  
 Not purer her own Wishes rise,  
 Not holier her own Sighs in Pray'r,  
 But if at first her Virgin Fear,  
 Should start at Love's suspected Name;  
 With that of Friendship footh her Ear,  
 True Love and Friendship are the same.



# SONG XVI. *The Words by a Gentleman*

*All.º ma non troppo*

At Windfor, where

*Thames* glides so smoothly a-long, lives the Wish of my Heart, the dear Girl of my Song, Her

Name all the Day I with Raptures repeat, and am blest'd if the Shepherds but talk of my

For

KATE, and am blest'd if the Shepherds but talk of my KATE.

When my Fair one is by, the whole Village is gay, For 'tis she, not the

Sun that enlivens the Day The Lads all are happy while round her they wait And y<sup>e</sup> Lafses learn

Beauty by watching my KATE And the Lafses learn Beauty by watching my KATE.

Shou'd I join the pale Lilly, or blush painted Rose,  
 And with Pinks, & sweet Wood bines a Garland compose.  
 More lovely to fight are her looks, & more sweet ;  
 % Is the fragrance that dwells on the Lips of my KATE %  
 Hush, hush ye vain Warblers, no more croud the Spray,  
 Nor think to delight with your love-liven'd Lay:  
 With success each may tune the shrill strain to his Mate,  
 % But your Notes are all harsh to the Voice of my KATE %

As she sits on the Bank, by the side of a stream,  
 The Fish without fear, feed, & play by the Brim  
 And why shou'd they not, they can dread no deceit,  
 % Such truth is confest in the looks of my KATE : %  
 The Shepherds bring Posies of Flowers, but the Maid  
 Cries these are but Emblems that I too must fade  
 But Myrtles I'll bring & in their happy Date %  
 % Shew the unfading Charms, of the Mind of my KATE

SONG XVII *The Words by James Thomson.*

*Tender*

6 7 6 6 6 6 6 6 5 6 7

G. Fl. *Vio: Primo con la Parte*

6 7 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

Tell me, thou Soul of

For Pia

her I love; Ah! tell me whither art thou fled? To what delightful World a-

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

bove Appoint.ed for the happy Dead?

7 6 9 5 6 4 5 3 4 - b5 4 3

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure roam, and sometimes share thy Lover's woe;

Chord symbols: #, #2, 6, b6, 6, #, 5, b6, b7, 6, -, 7, 6, #, 6, 7, 6, 5, 4, 2

Where, void of thee, His cheerless home can now, a-las! no Comfort know.

Chord symbols: 6, 7, #, 5, 5, #, #, 6, #, #, b6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 5, #

Chord symbols: 6, 6, 5, 6, 6, 6, 5

Oh! if thou hover'st round my Walk,  
 While under ev'ry well-known Tree,  
 I to thy fancy'd Shadow talk,  
 And ev'ry Tear is full of Thee,  
 Should then the weary Eye of Grief,  
 Beside some Sympathetick Stream,  
 In Slumber find a short relieve,  
 Oh! visit thou my soothing Dream!

# SONG XVIII. To the Rose. *The Words by a Gentleman.* 25

*All.<sup>o</sup> ma non troppo*

*Pia*

Come Lyrist tune thy Harp and play, responsive

to my vocal Lay, Ah! gently touch it while I sing, The Rose, the Glory of the

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system includes a vocal line (treble clef) and a lute accompaniment (bass clef). The second system also includes a vocal line and a lute accompaniment. The lute part features numerous figured bass notations (e.g., 6, 6, 5, b7, 7, 4/2, 6, 6, 5, 4/2, 6, 6, 3/2, 6) and various ornaments (trills, mordents, grace notes). The tempo is marked 'All.<sup>o</sup> ma non troppo' and the dynamics include 'Pia' (piano). The lyrics are interspersed between the staves.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with several triplet markings. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment, also featuring triplet markings.

Spring, the Rose the Glo- ry of the Spring.

The second system continues the musical piece. It features two staves with lyrics written below the upper staff. The music includes various notes, rests, and triplet markings.

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line with triplet markings, and the lower staff provides the corresponding bass accompaniment.

When *Venus* from the Oceans Bed, rais'd o'er the

The fourth system of music consists of two staves with lyrics. The upper staff contains the vocal line, and the lower staff contains the bass accompaniment. The lyrics are: "When *Venus* from the Oceans Bed, rais'd o'er the".

The fifth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line with triplet markings, and the lower staff provides the corresponding bass accompaniment.

Waves her love-ly head, to grace the World the teeming Earth (with Fragrance) gave the

The sixth system of music consists of two staves with lyrics. The upper staff contains the vocal line, and the lower staff contains the bass accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Waves her love-ly head, to grace the World the teeming Earth (with Fragrance) gave the".

Infant Birth, to grace the World the teeming Earth (With Fragrance) gave the

Infant Birth.

In fabled Song and tuneful Lays,  
 The favorite Rose, the Muses praise,  
 To pluck the Rose, the Virgin Train,  
 :S: With Blood their pretty Fingers stain, :S:  
 See how they wave the charming Toy,  
 Now kiss, now snuff, the fragrant joy,  
 :S: Nor dread the pointed Terrors round,  
 Which threaten and inflict a Wound. :S:

Oh! ever lovely ever Sweet,  
 The Object where thy Beauties meet,  
 AURORA with a blushing Ray,  
 :S: And rosy Fingers spreads the Day, :S:  
 The Graces more enchanting Show,  
 When rosy blishes paint their Snow,  
 :S: And ev'ry pleas'd Beholder seeks,  
 The Rose in DELAMIRA's Checks. :S:



SONG XIX.

*Siciliana con giusto*

6 4 — 5 7 6 4 6 5 6 6 b5 4 5 6 6

The Mind of bright SUKEY's a Jewel well fet in a delicate Frame, But

ANNAMA pleases me to well, to examine what causes my Flame; to examine what causes my

Flame.

Song

The Charms of sweet SUKEY inspire me Her

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

Face Shape & Wit I adore But ANNAMA's smiling Eyes Fire me, I ne'er felt such

Rapture before But ANNAMA's Smiling Eyes fire me, I ne'er felt such Rapture be-

fore

The one ev'ry Grace is so good in,  
 Each Word, and each Look I approve;  
 The other so smiles on a Sudden,  
 :S: I only know this — that I love, :S:  
 His Measure (with SUKEY) Time loses,  
 Hours glide like the Minutes away,  
 :S: But if ANNA her Prefence refuses,  
 One Moment appears a whole Day. :S:

To Musick when SUKEY light bounds,  
 My Fancy too, dances the Hays,  
 But when ANNAMA's Spinnet reounds,  
 :S: It is on my Heart-strings she plays; :S:  
 One Sister my Head so possesses,  
 My Reason with her would take Part;  
 :S: The other that Rebel suppresses,  
 And absolute reigns in my Heart. :S:

For the German Flute.

Song 1.<sup>st</sup>

*Larghetto*

Fl. 2<sup>d</sup>

For

*Spiritofo*

F 2<sup>d</sup>

Song

Song

Song

Teilder

Song

Sym

Song

Sym

4<sup>th</sup>

Alla Gavotta

Song

5<sup>th</sup>

Tender

Sym.

Song

Sym

Song

Sym

Song

*Tender*

Sym.

Sym

18<sup>th</sup>  
Allo ma non troppo

Sym. Song