3)

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The MUSICAL MEDLEY

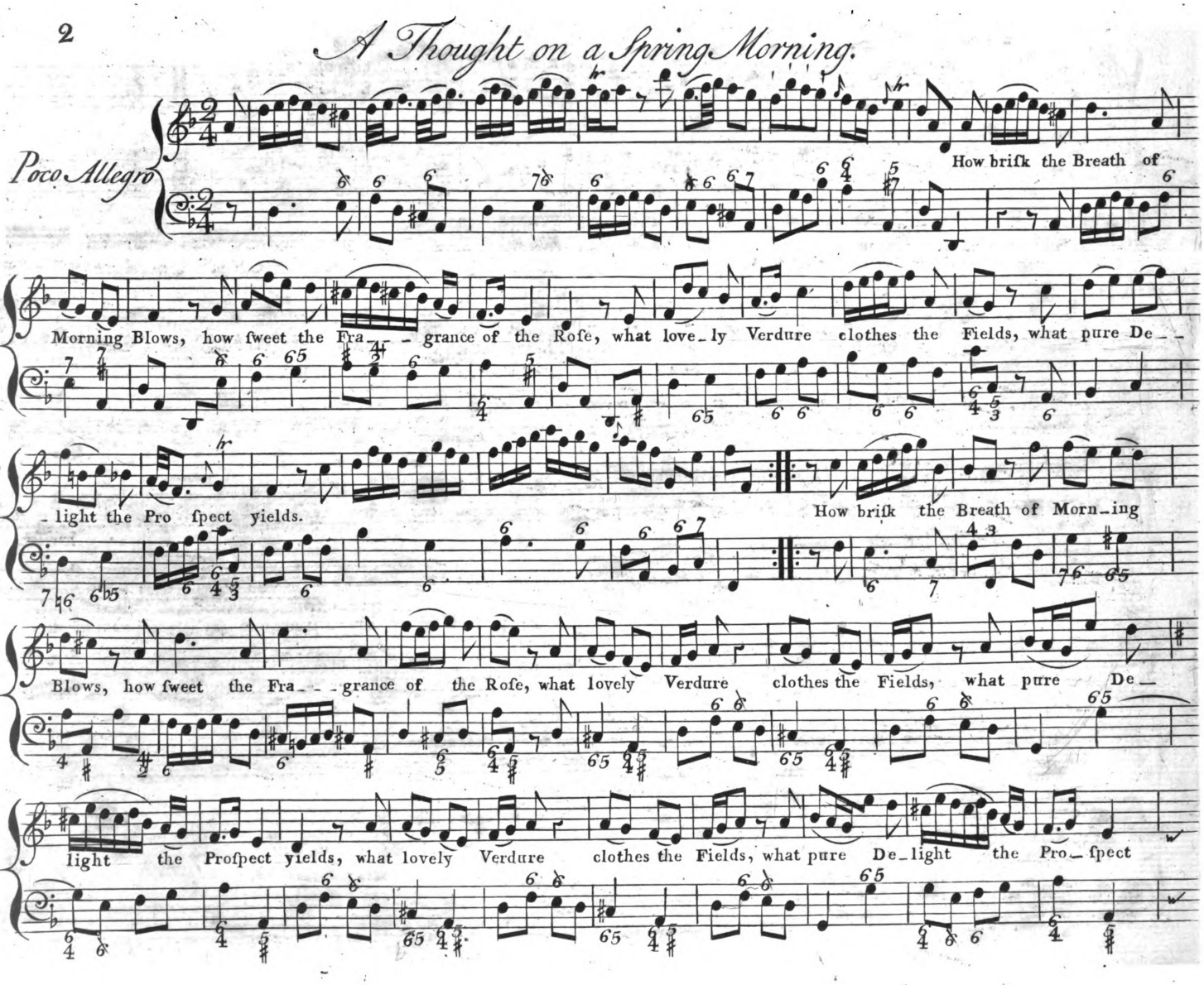
or

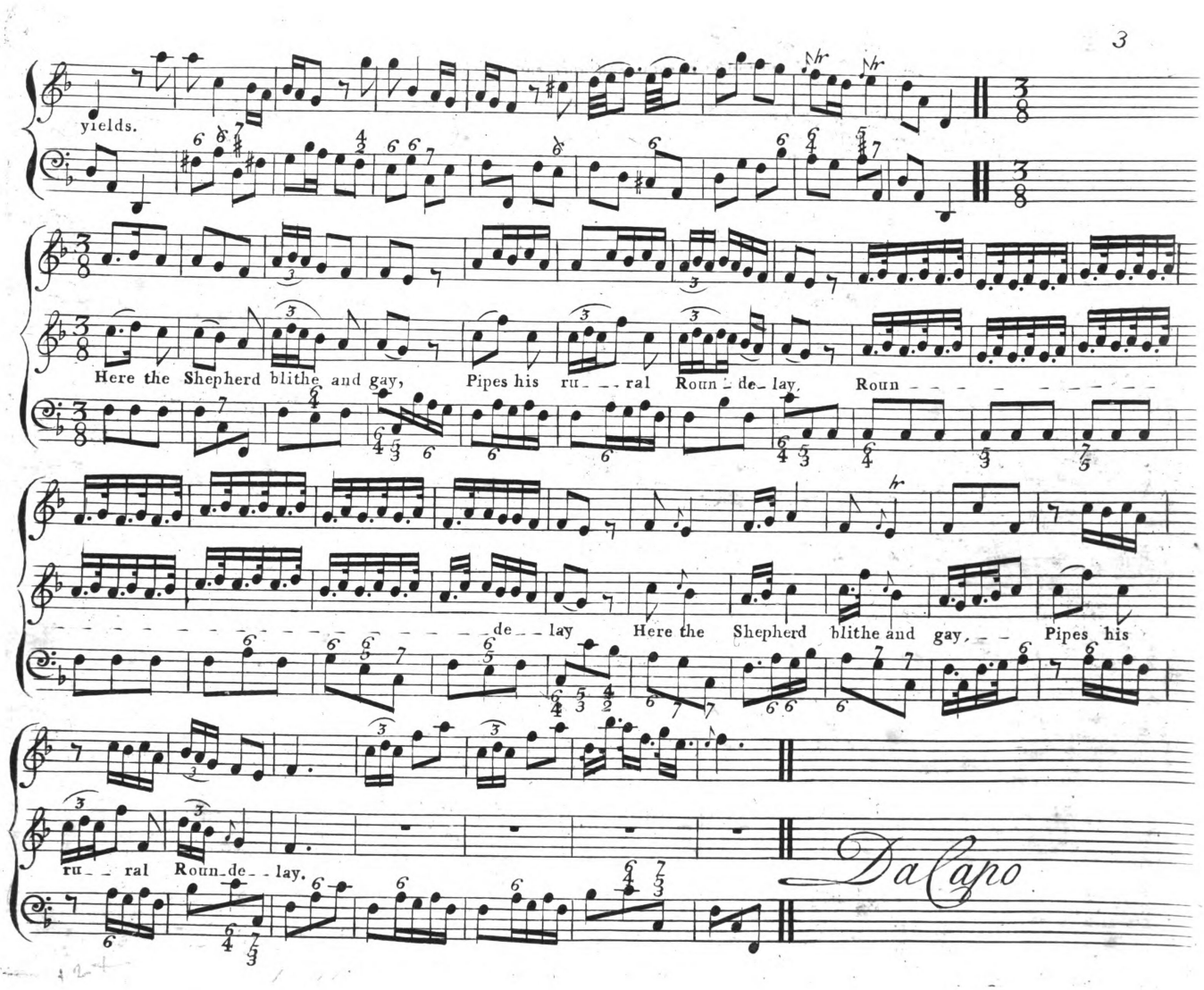
A Collection of English Songs and Cantatas

Set to Muſick by

HENRY HOLCOMBE.

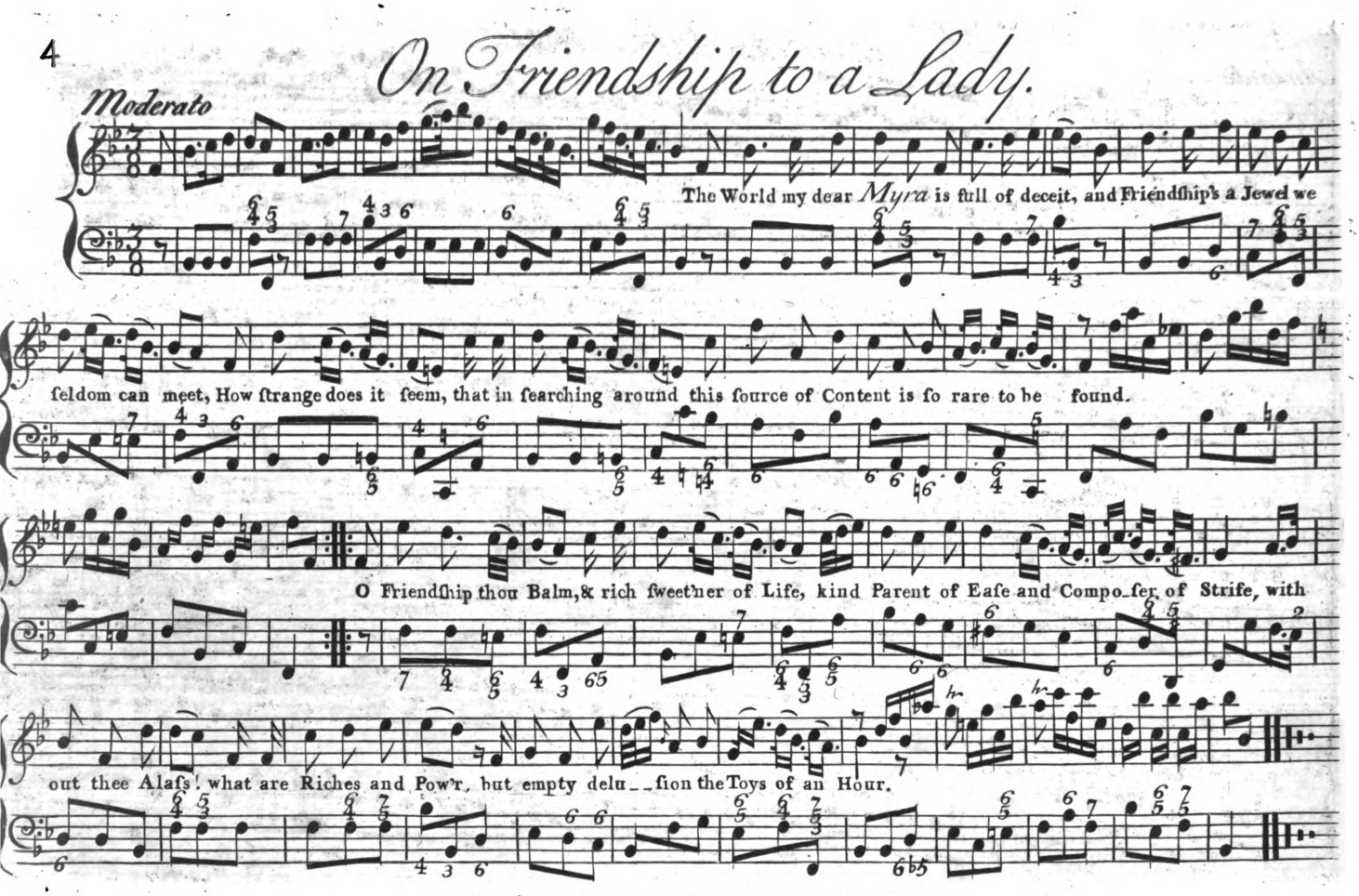
A Thought on a Spring Morning.




yields.
Here the Shepherd blithe and gay, Pipes his ru - - - ral Roun - de - lay. Roun - - - - - - - - - - - -
de - - lay Here the Shepherd blithe and gay, - - Pipes his
ru - - ral Roun - de - - lay.
Da Capo

On Friendship to a Lady.

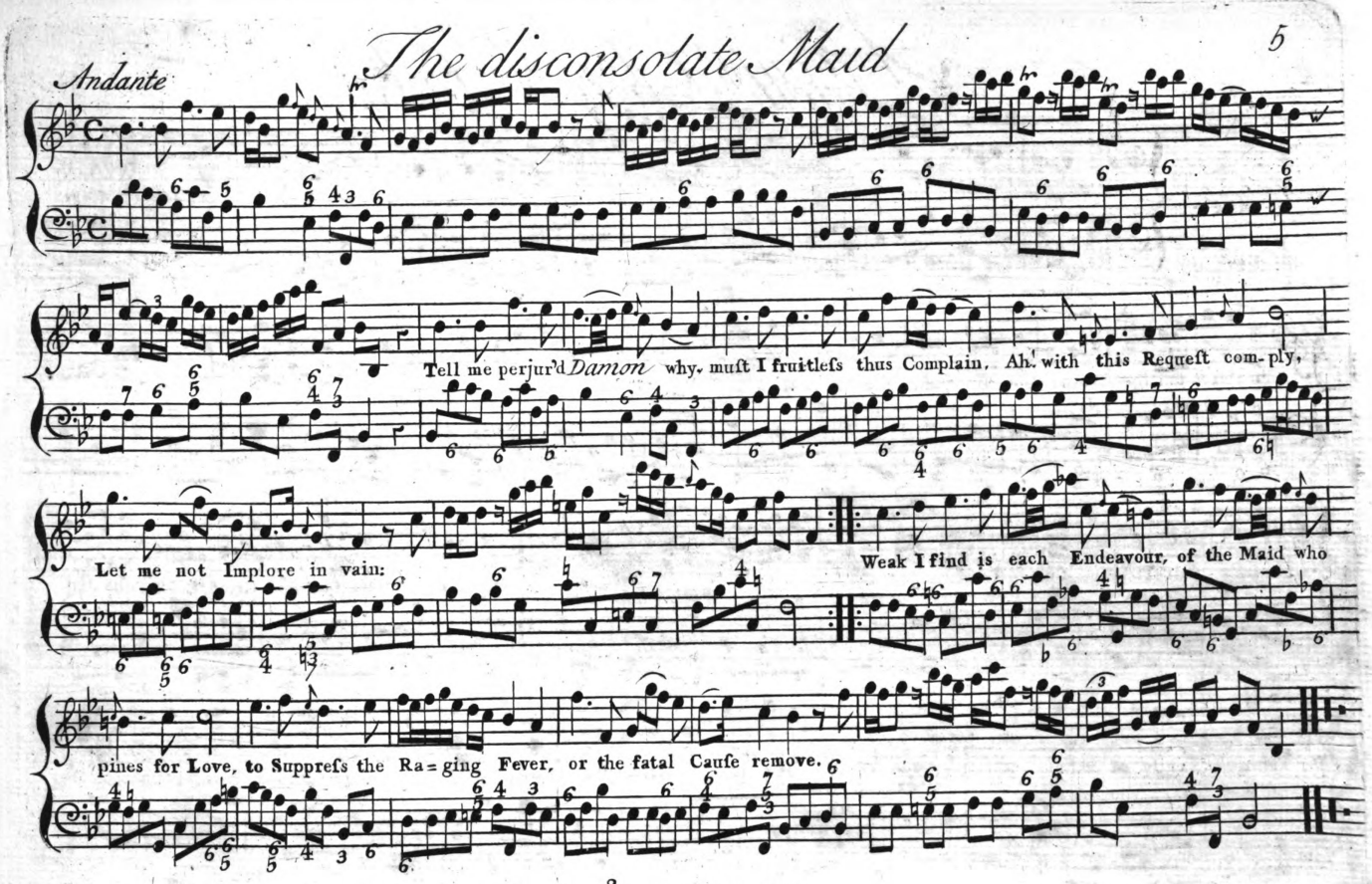
Moderato



How much to be priz'd and eſteem'd is a Friend
On whom we can always with ſafety depend,
Our Joys when extended, will always encreaſe
And Grief's when devided, are huſh'd into Peace;
When Fortune is ſmiling what Crouds will appear
Their Kindneſs to offer, and Friendſhip ſincere.
Yet change but the Proſpect, and point out diſtreſs
No longer to court you, they eagerly preſs.

The disconsolate Maid

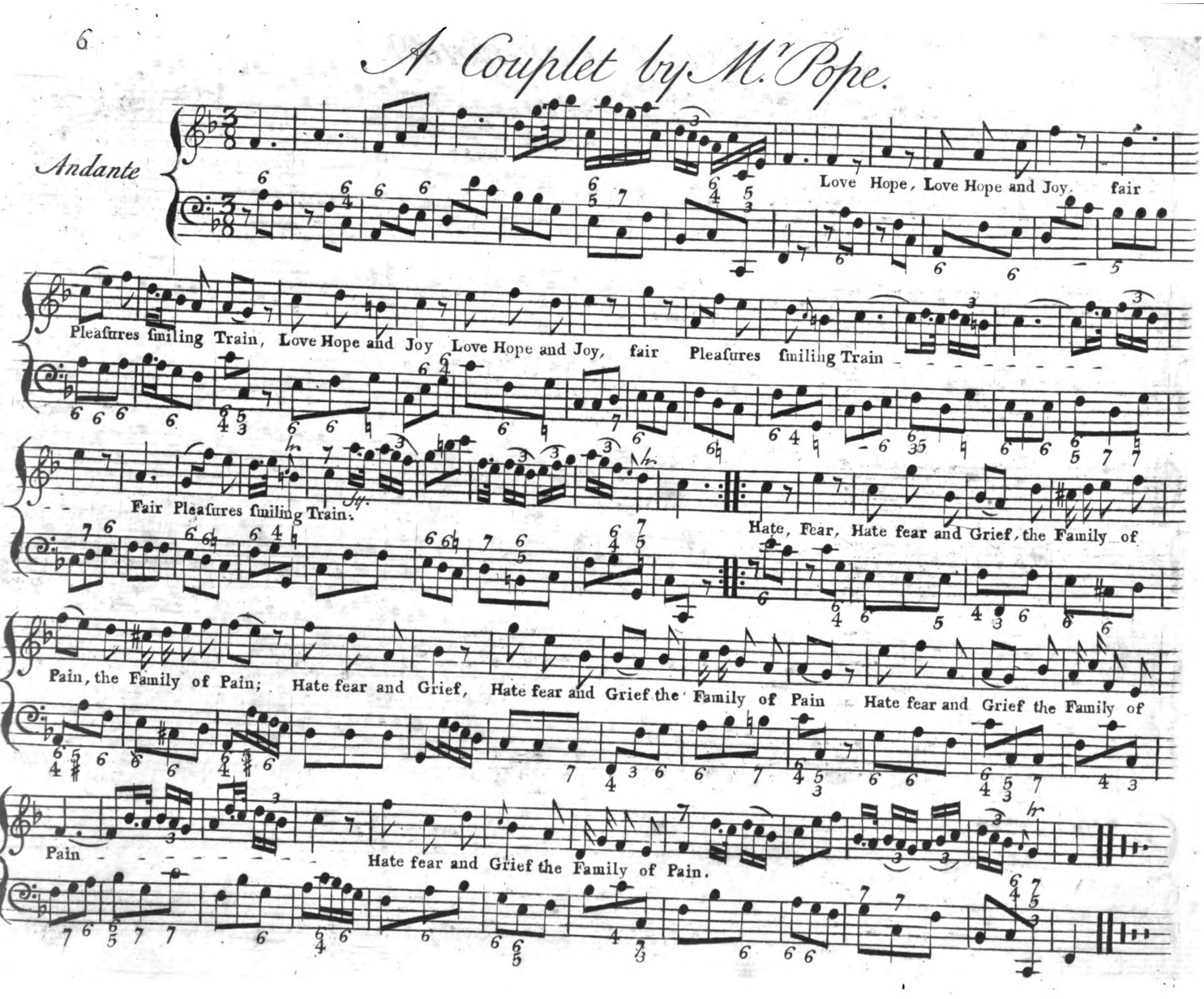
Andante

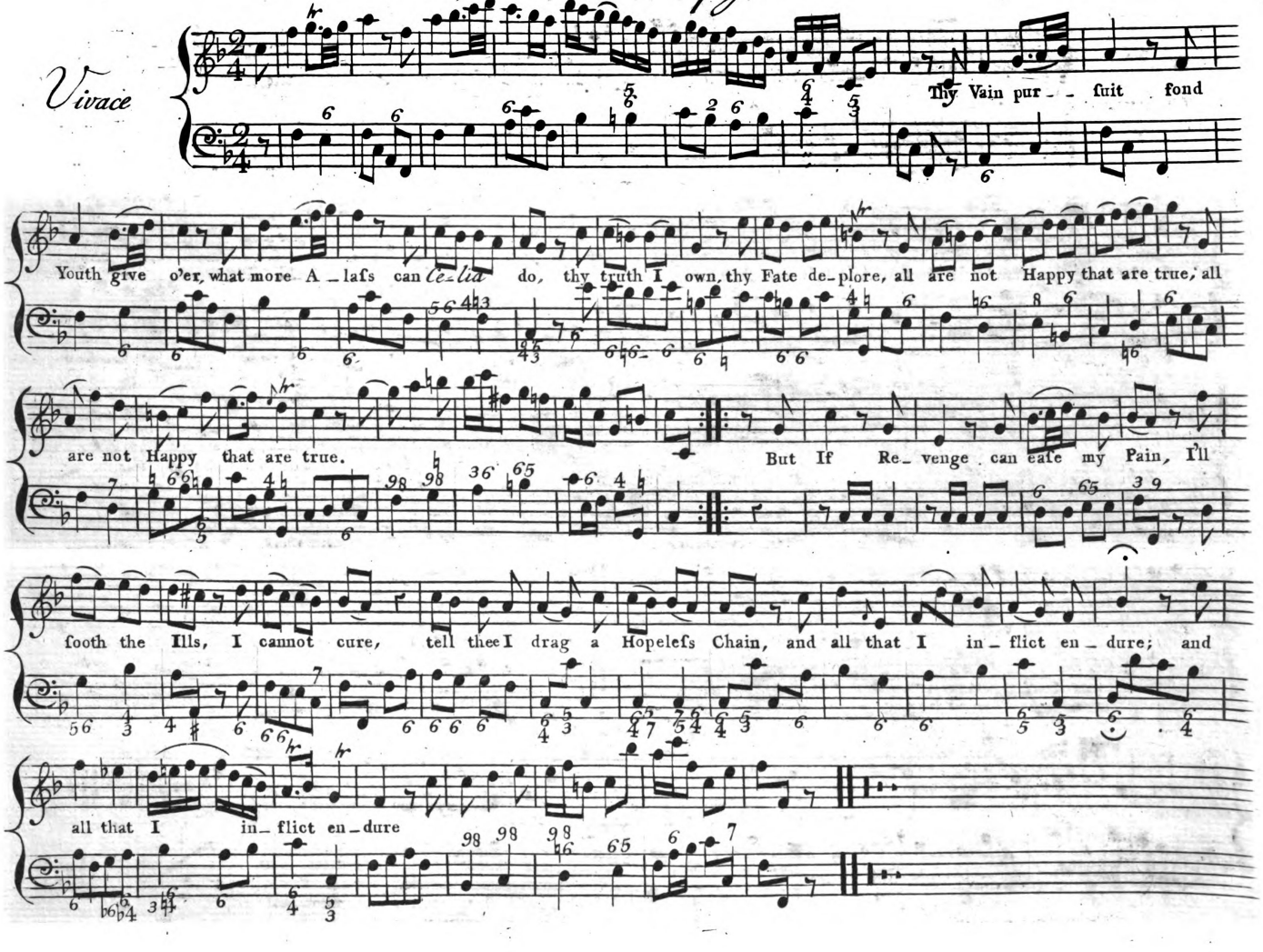


2

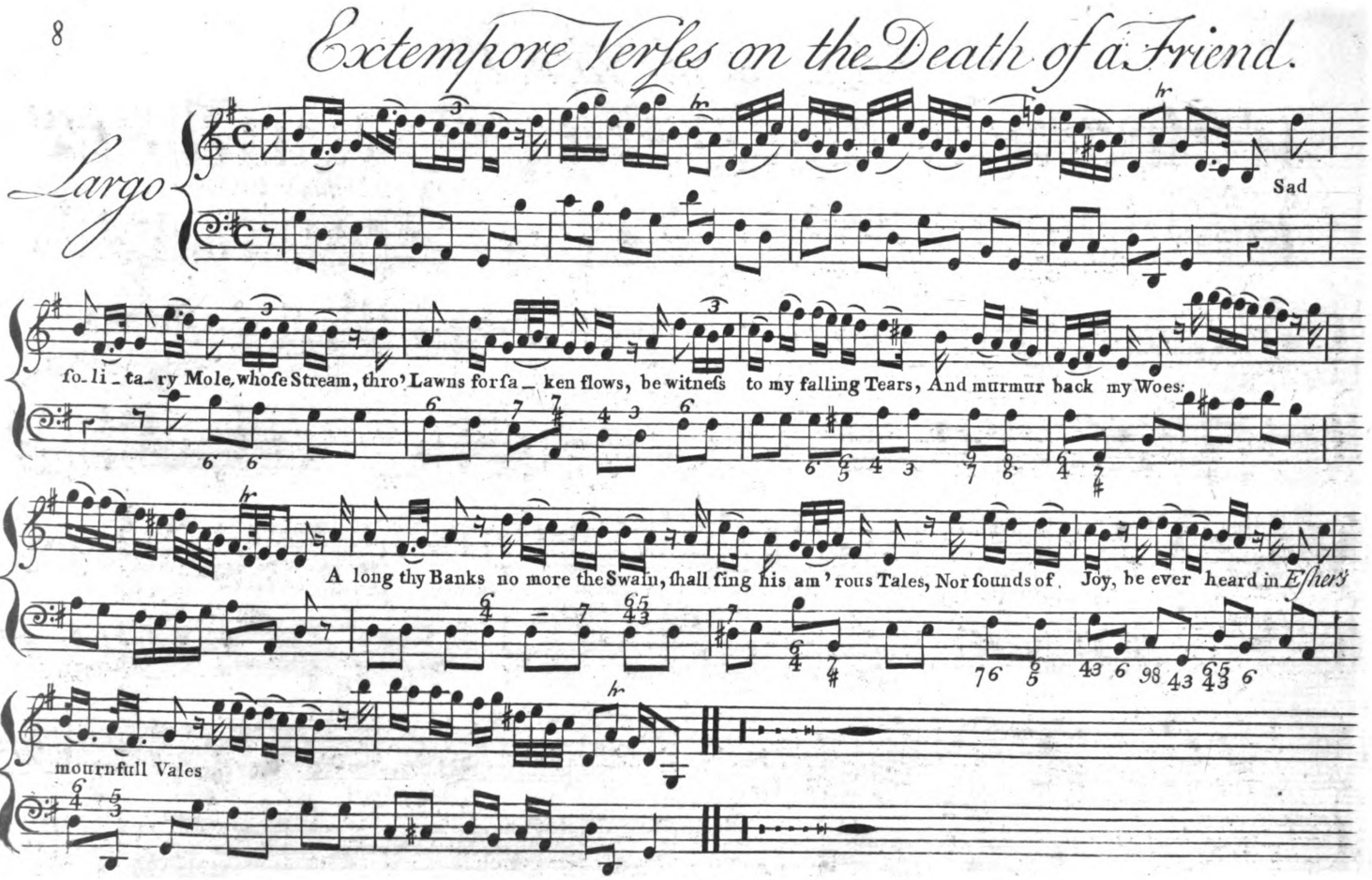
Since then Hope has Wing'd its flight,
Scenes of Joy, and Mirth farewell,
Far remov'd from Human ſight,
In ſome lone Retreat I'll dwell;
Their Poſſeſs'd of ſweet Repoſe,
Calmly paſs to Life's Decline
Time that heals the greateſt Woes,
May at laſt Diminiſh Mine.

A Couplet by M.r Pope.



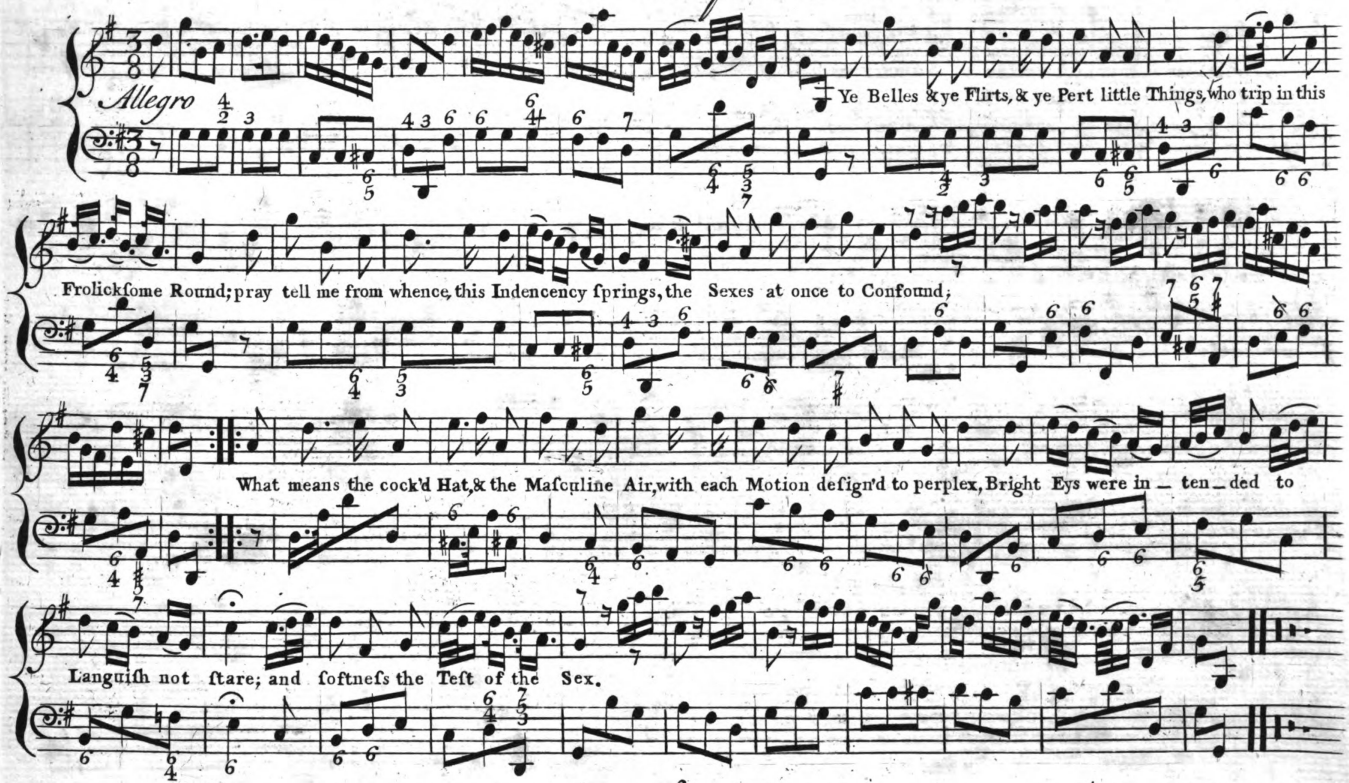

Vivace
Thy Vain pur - - suit fond
Youth give o'er, what more A - lafs can Ce-lia do, thy truth I own, thy Fate de-plore, all are not Happy that are true, all
are not Happy that are true.
But If Re- venge can eafe my Pain, I'll
footh the Ills, I cannot cure, tell thee I drag a Hopelefs Chain, and all that I in - flict en - dure; and
all that I in - flict en - dure

Extempore Verſes on the Death of a Friend.



Not all his Virtues all his Praiſe
The Great, the Good can ſave
Alaſs! *Palemon* beſt of Men
Lies mould'ring in the Grave
In Stately Palaces o'er Kings
Relentleſs Death prevails
Nor can we 'ſcape the Fatal Dart
In *Eſher's* peaceſull Vales.

Advice to the fair Sex.



2

The Girl who on Beauty depends for ſupport,
May call ev'ry Art to her Aid,
The Boſom diſplay'd, & the Petticoat ſhort,
Are Samples ſhe gives of her Trade:
But you on whom Fortune indulgently ſmiles,
And whom Pride has preſerv'd from the Snare,
Should ſlily attack us with Coyneſs and Wiles,
Not with open and Inſolent War.

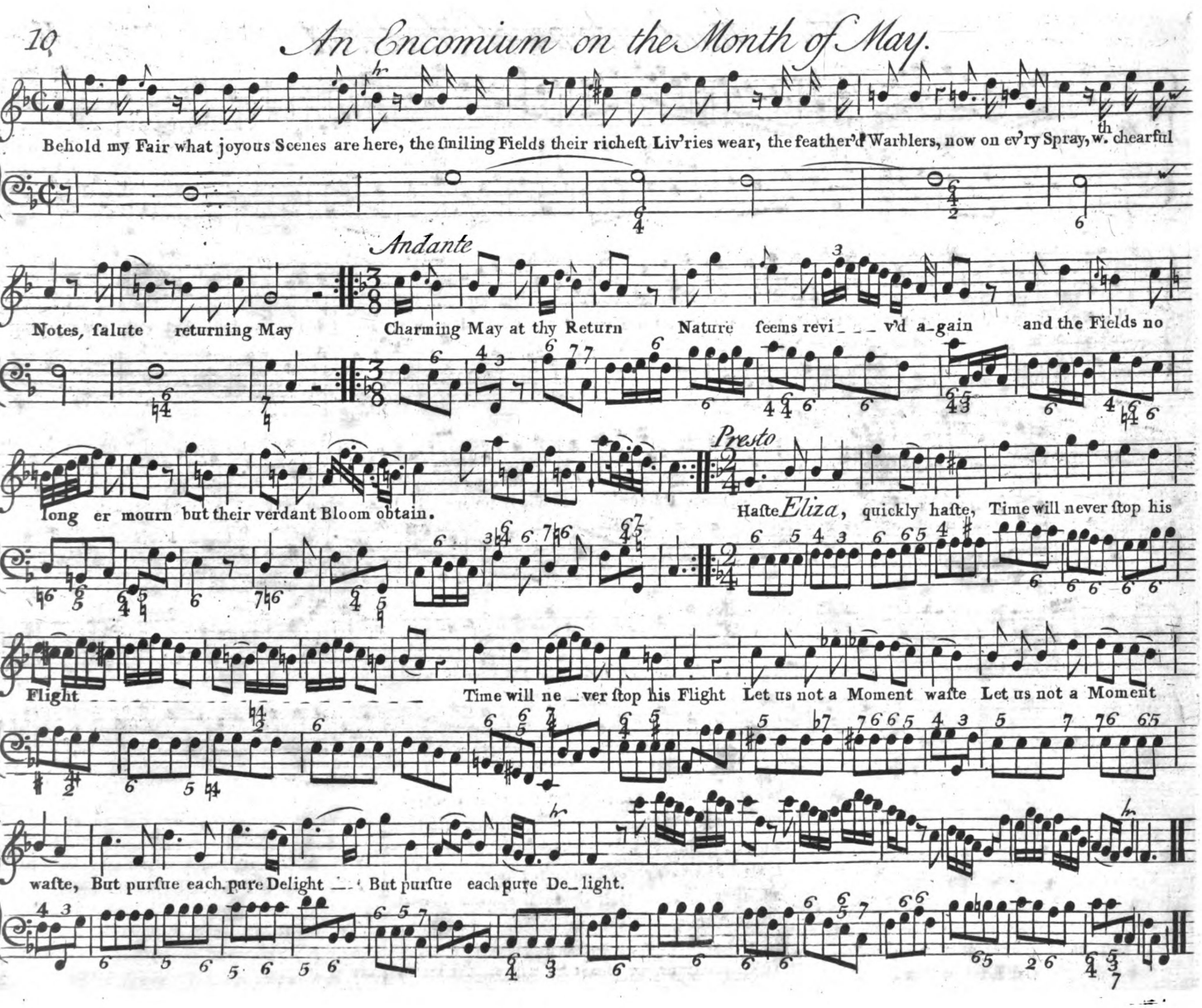
3

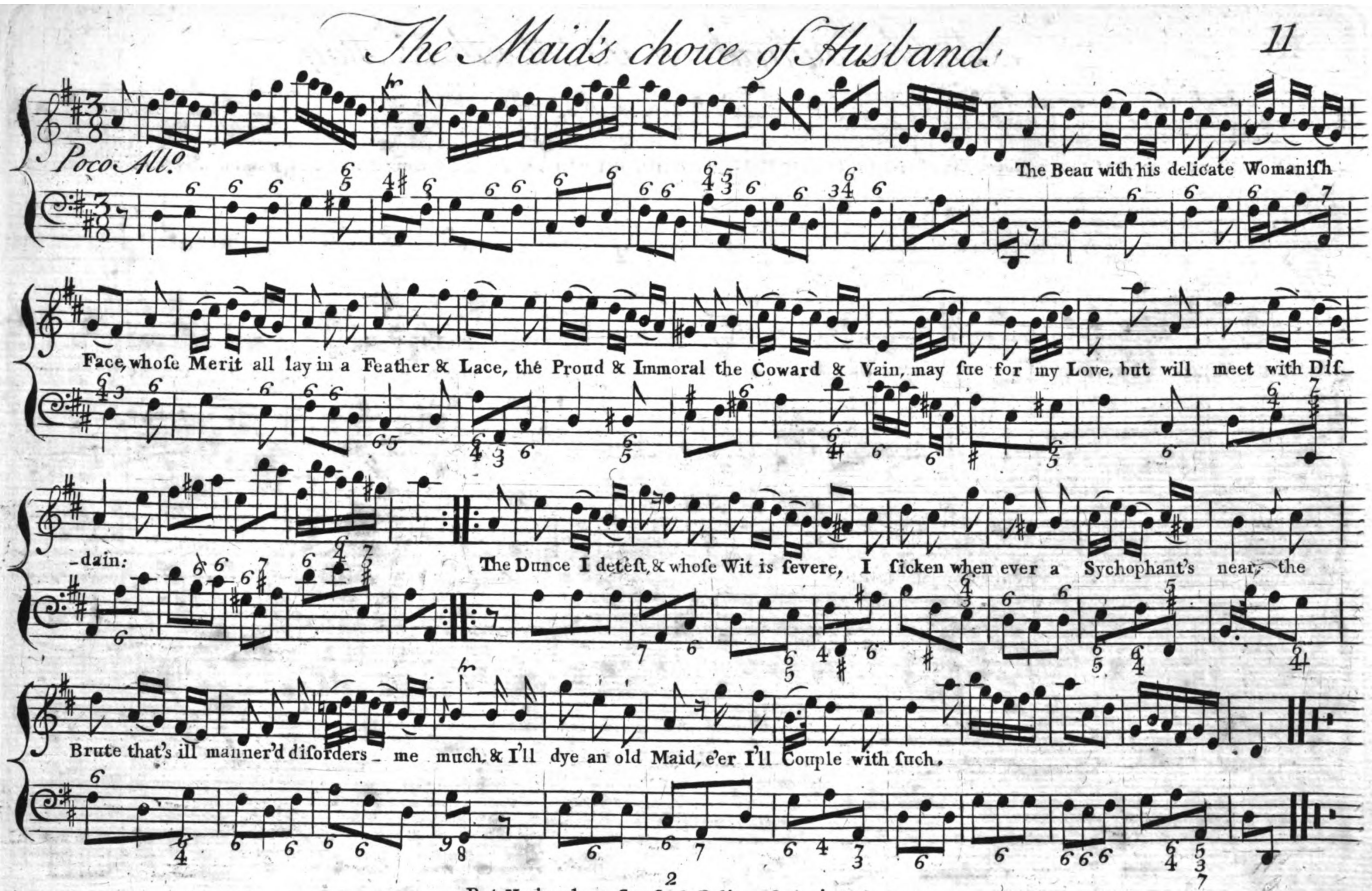
The Venus, whoſe Statue delights all Mankind,
Shrinks modeſtly back from the View,
And kindly ſhou'd ſeem by the Artiſt deſign'd,
To ſerve as a Model for you:
Then learn with her Beauties to Copy her Air,
Nor venture too much to reveal:
Our Fancies will paint what you cover with Care,
And double each Charm you conceal.

4

The Bluſhes of Morn, & the mildneſs of May,
Are Charms which no Art can procure,
Oh! be but yourſelves, & our Homage we'll pay,
And your Empire is ſolid and ſure:
But if Amazon-like, you attack your Gallants,
And put us in fear of our Lives,
You may do very well for Siſters & Aunts,
But believe me you'll never be Wives.

An Encomium on the Month of May.

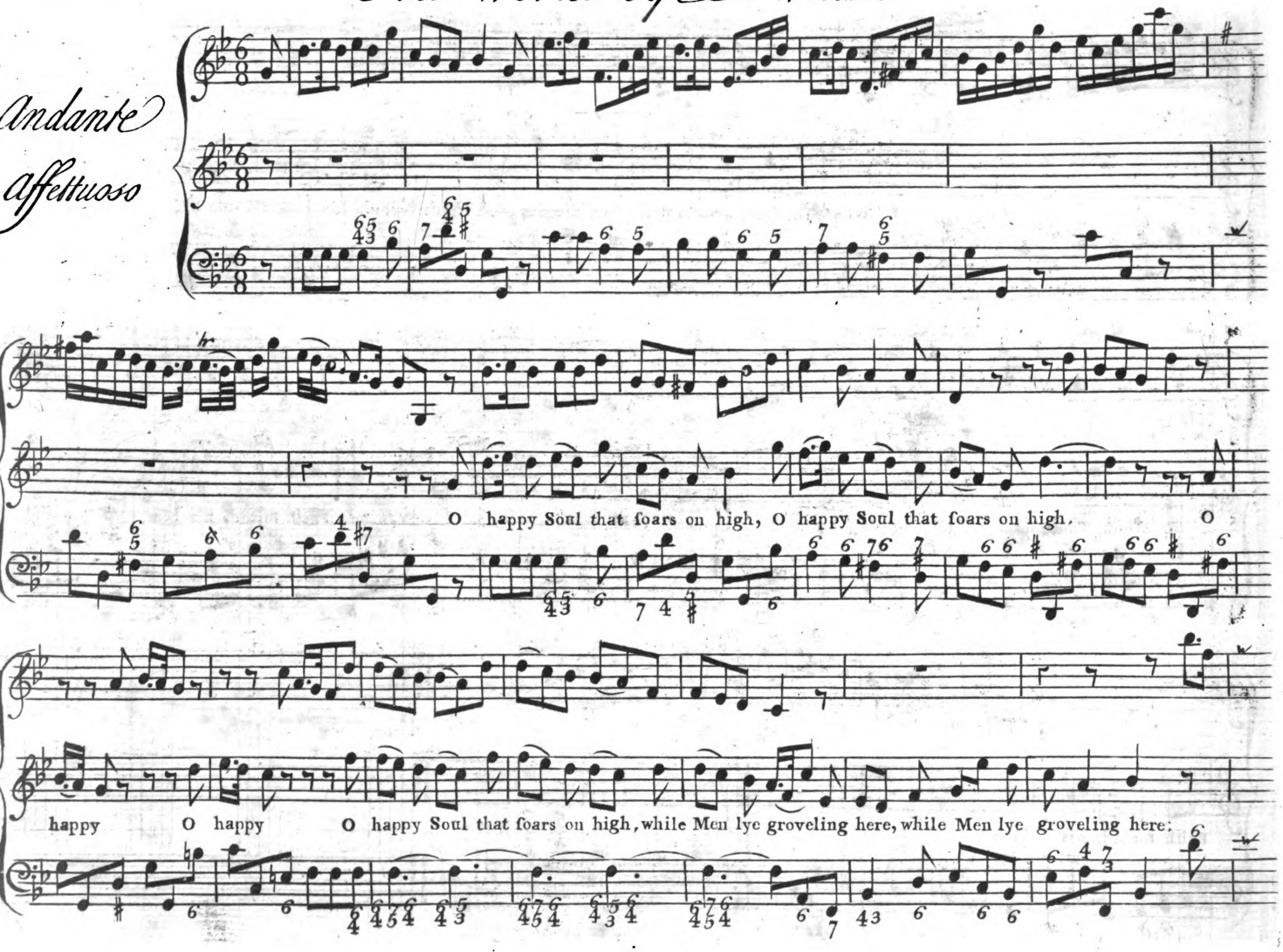


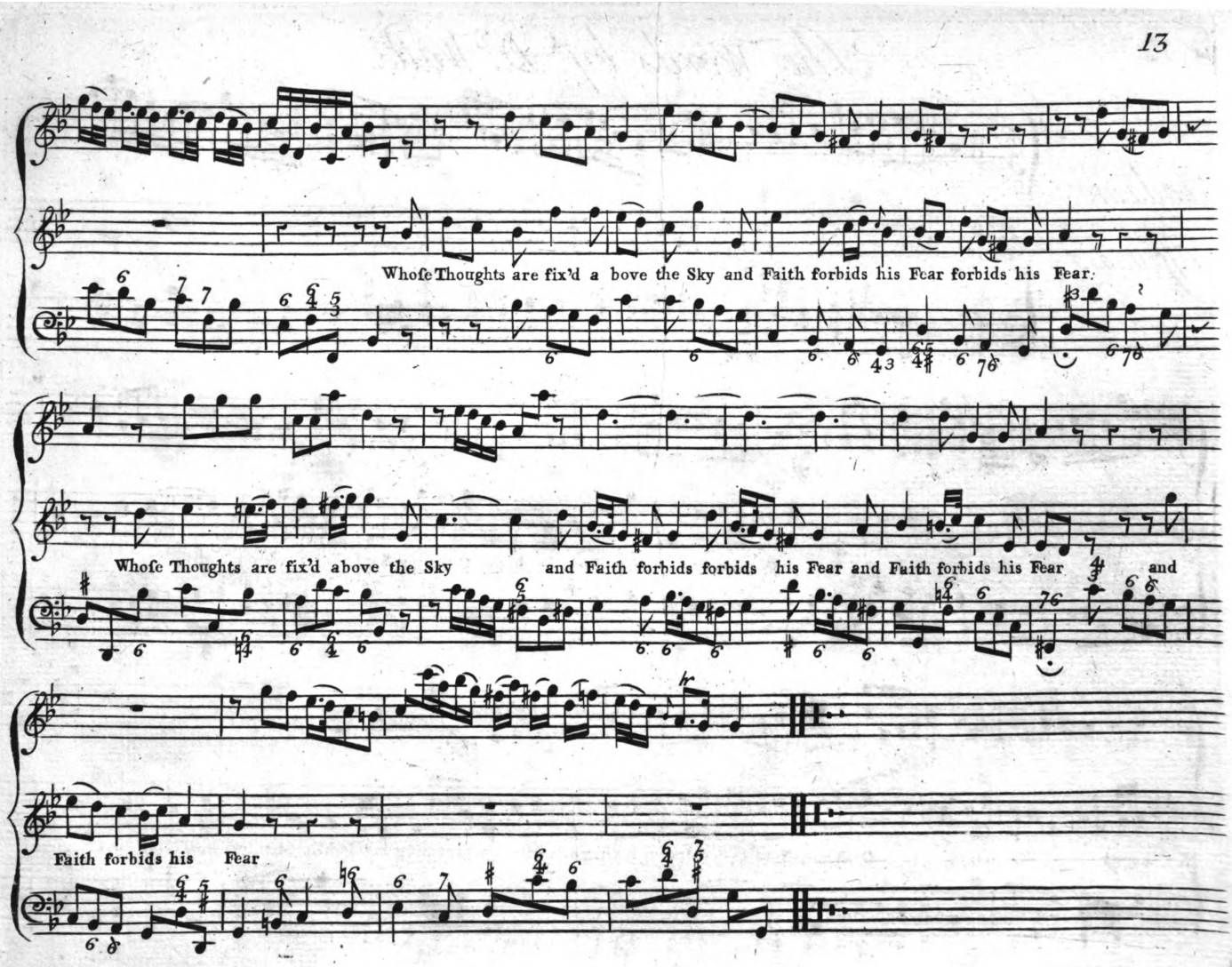


2

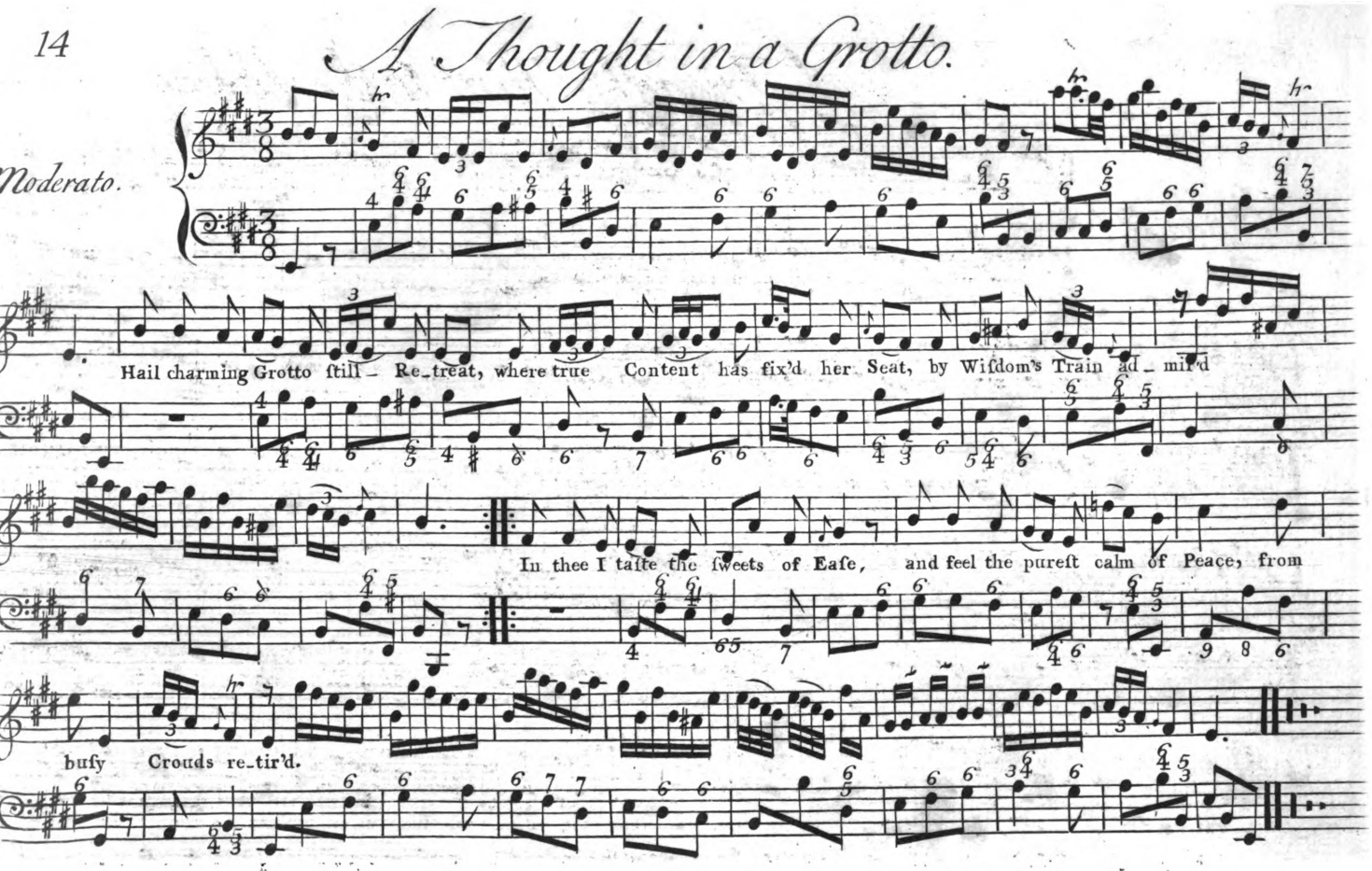
But He in whom Senſe & Politeneſs is join'd,
Whoſe ſtudy has been to embelliſh his Mind;
Whoſe Pleaſures ne'er injure his health or is Purſe,
Is fit to be taken for better for worſe:
Whoſe Wit has no Gall whoſe Tongue no deceit,
Whoſe Nature is Noble his Conduct deſcreet,
Ne'er knew any fear, but to hurt or Offend,
If he queſtions my Heart he will find it his Friend.

The Words by D.r Watts.




Whose Thoughts are fix'd a bove the Sky and Faith forbids his Fear forbids his Fear.
Whose Thoughts are fix'd above the Sky and Faith forbids forbids his Fear and Faith forbids his Fear and
Faith forbids his Fear

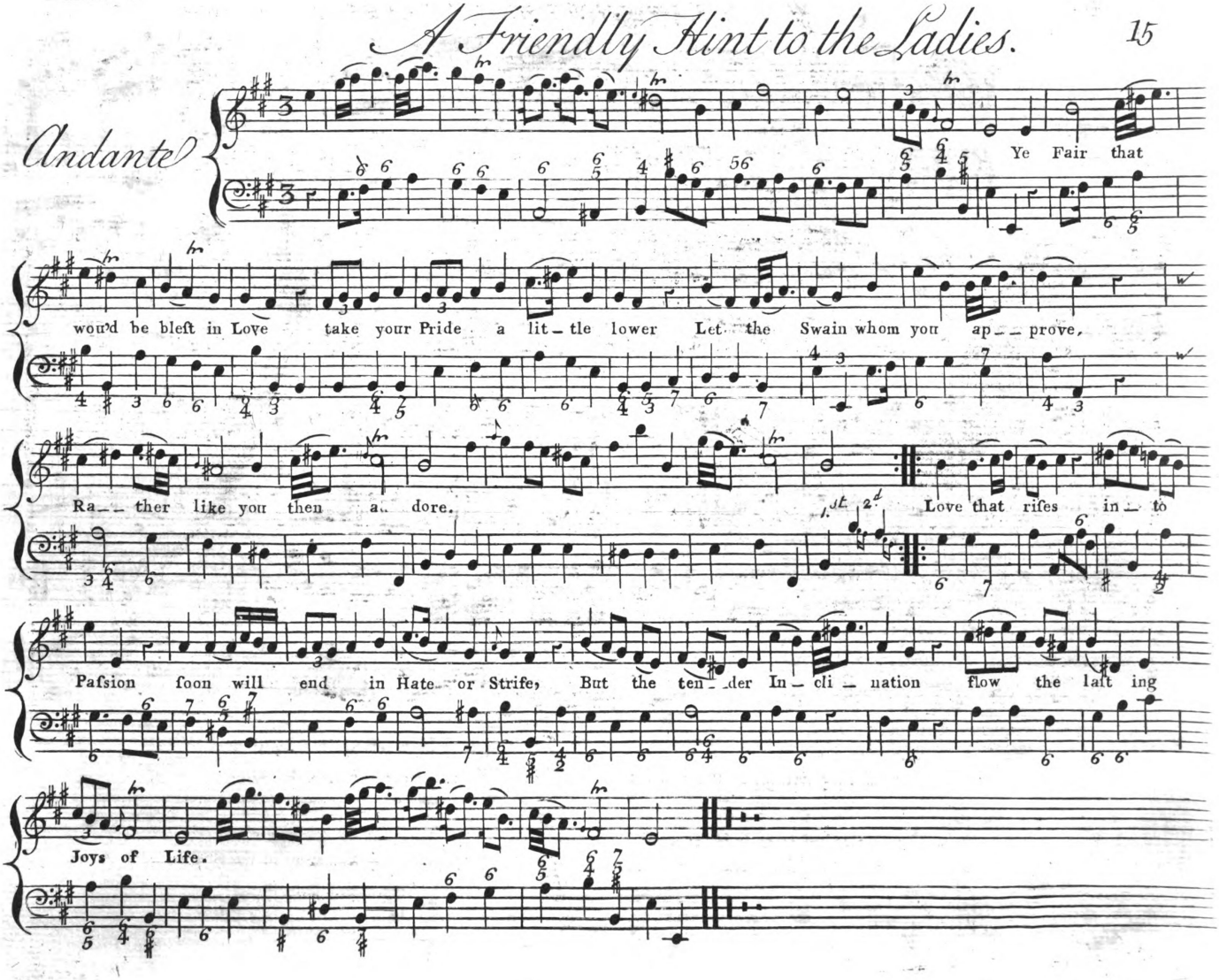
A Thought in a Grotto.



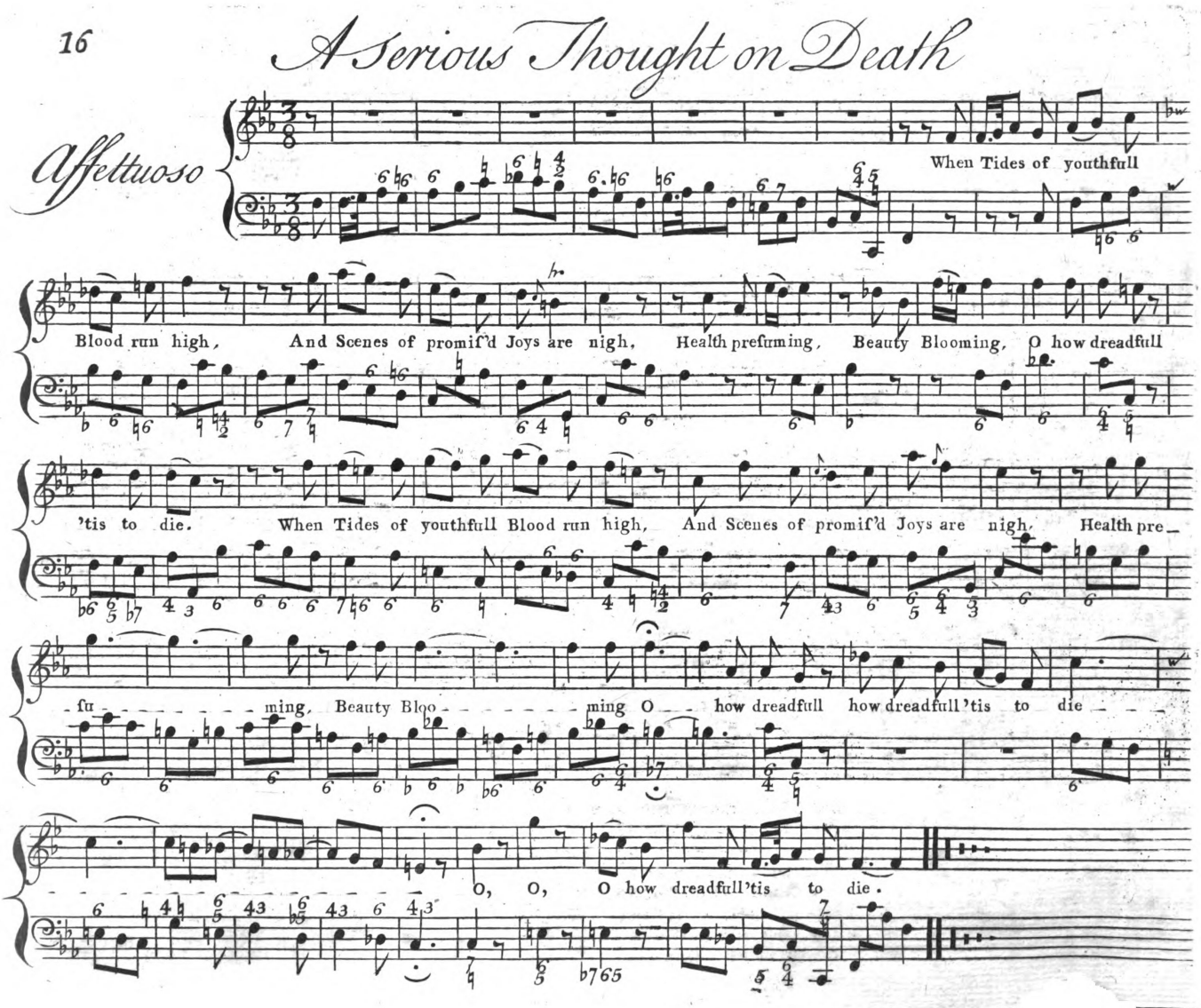
'Tis here I oft reflect on all,
The trifling Things, we Pleaſure call
And ardently purſue;
When ſtript of ev'ry falſe Diſguiſe,
No more they cheat our dazled Eyes,
But vaniſh from the View.

In this ſweet Solitude I find,
Amuſements of a nobler kind,
Then what the World can give;
'Tis here I learn that happy Art,
To poiſe the Will, & mend the Heart,
'Tis here I only live.

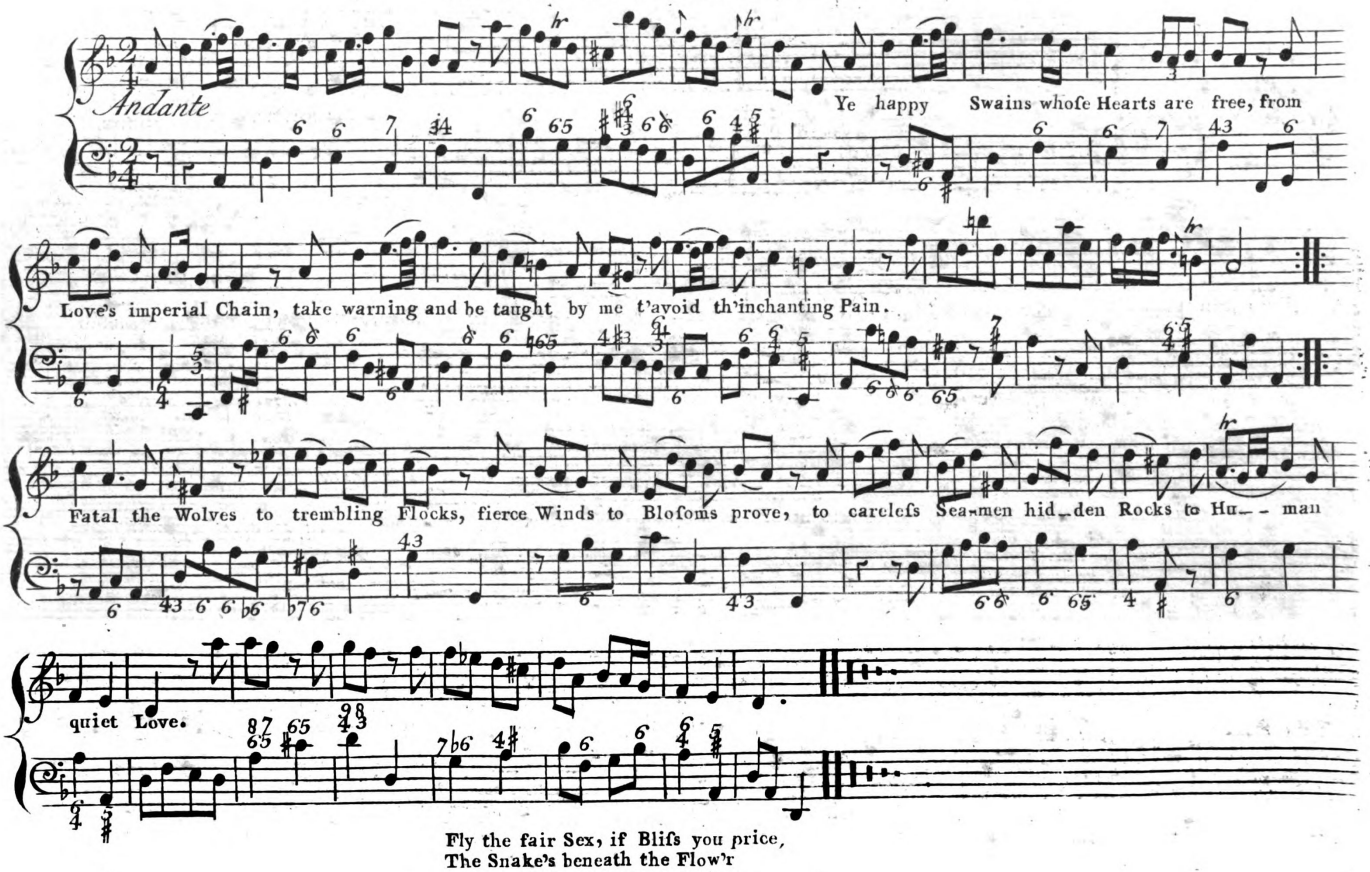
A Friendly Hint to the Ladies.



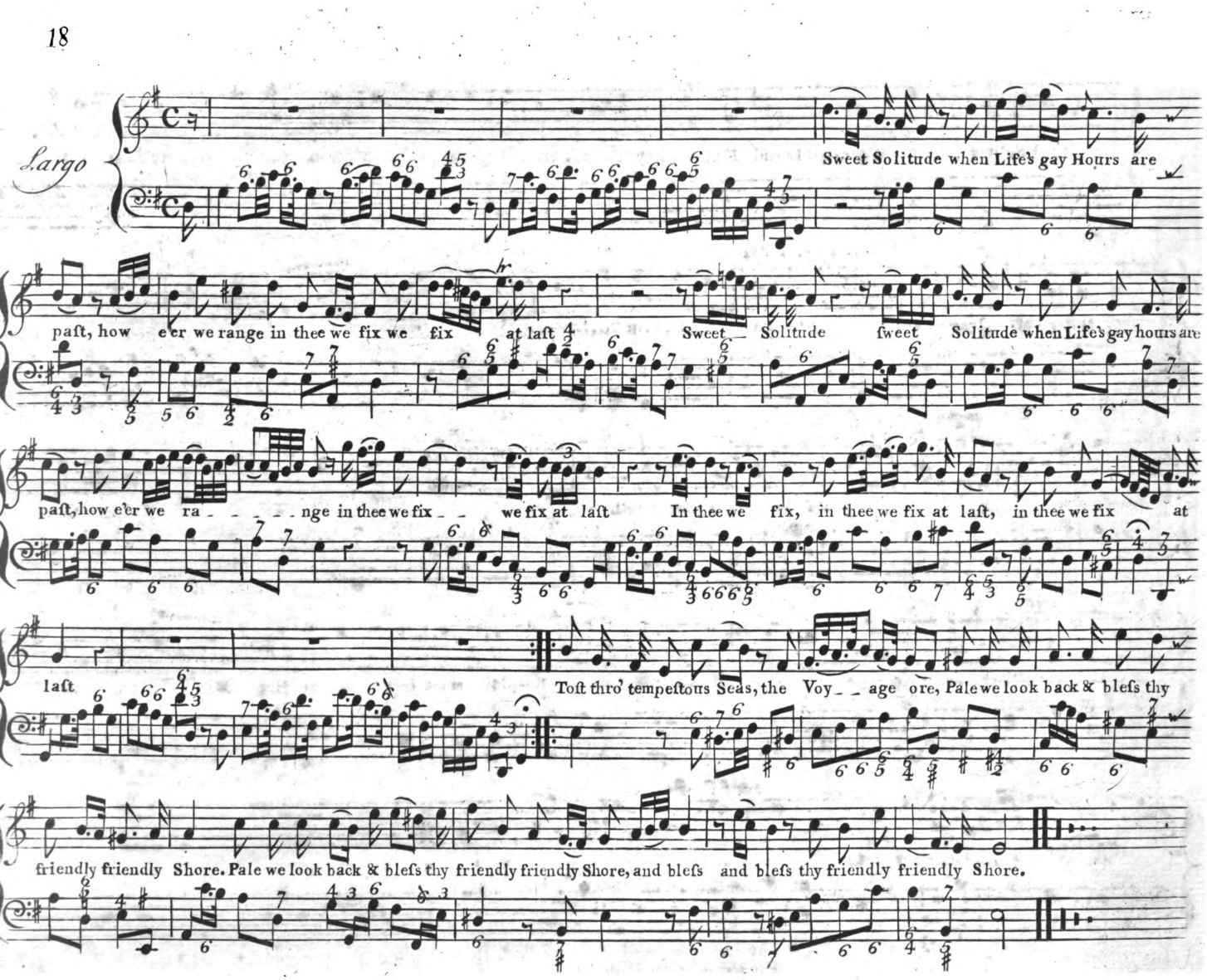
A Serious Thought on Death

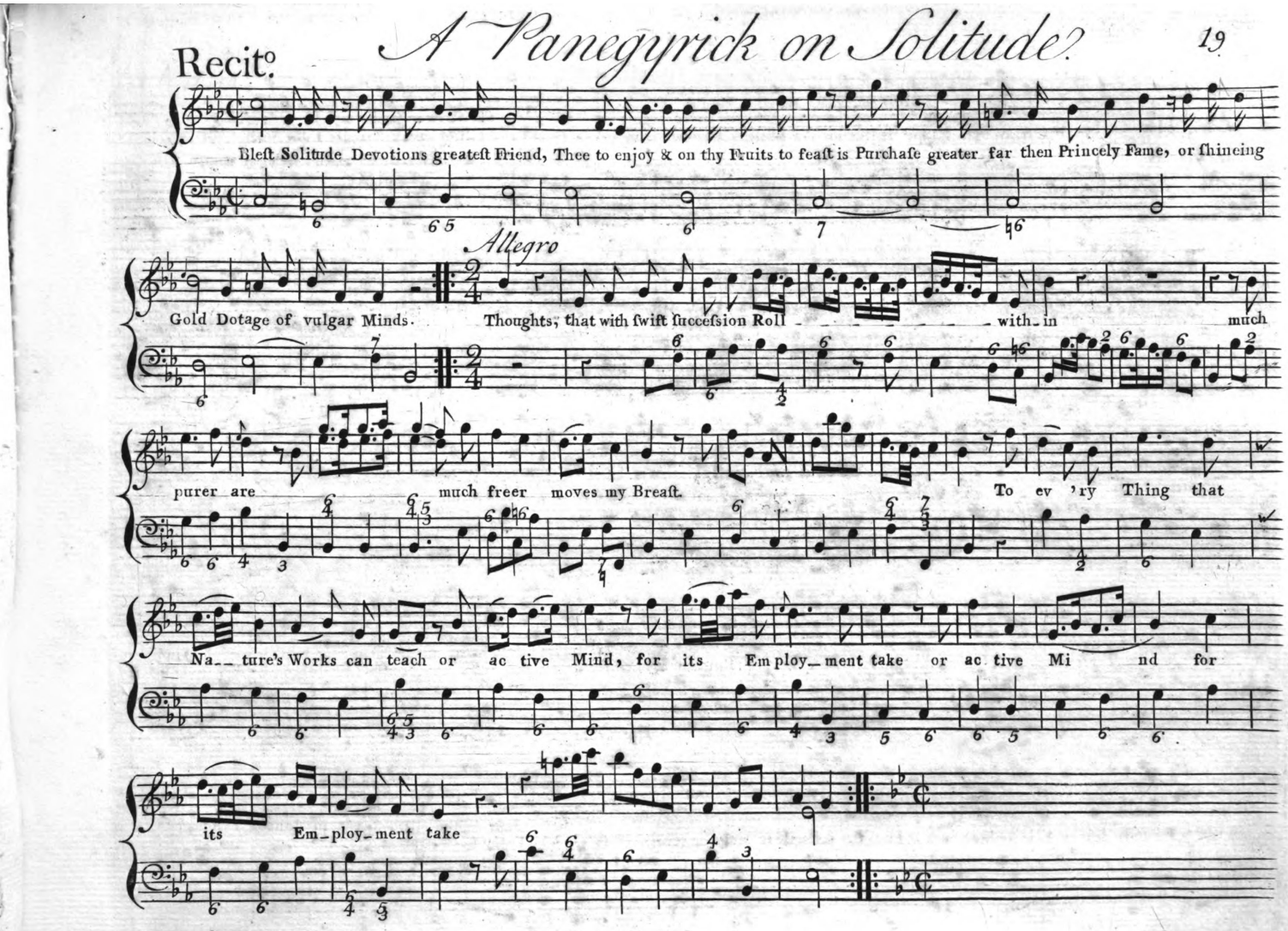


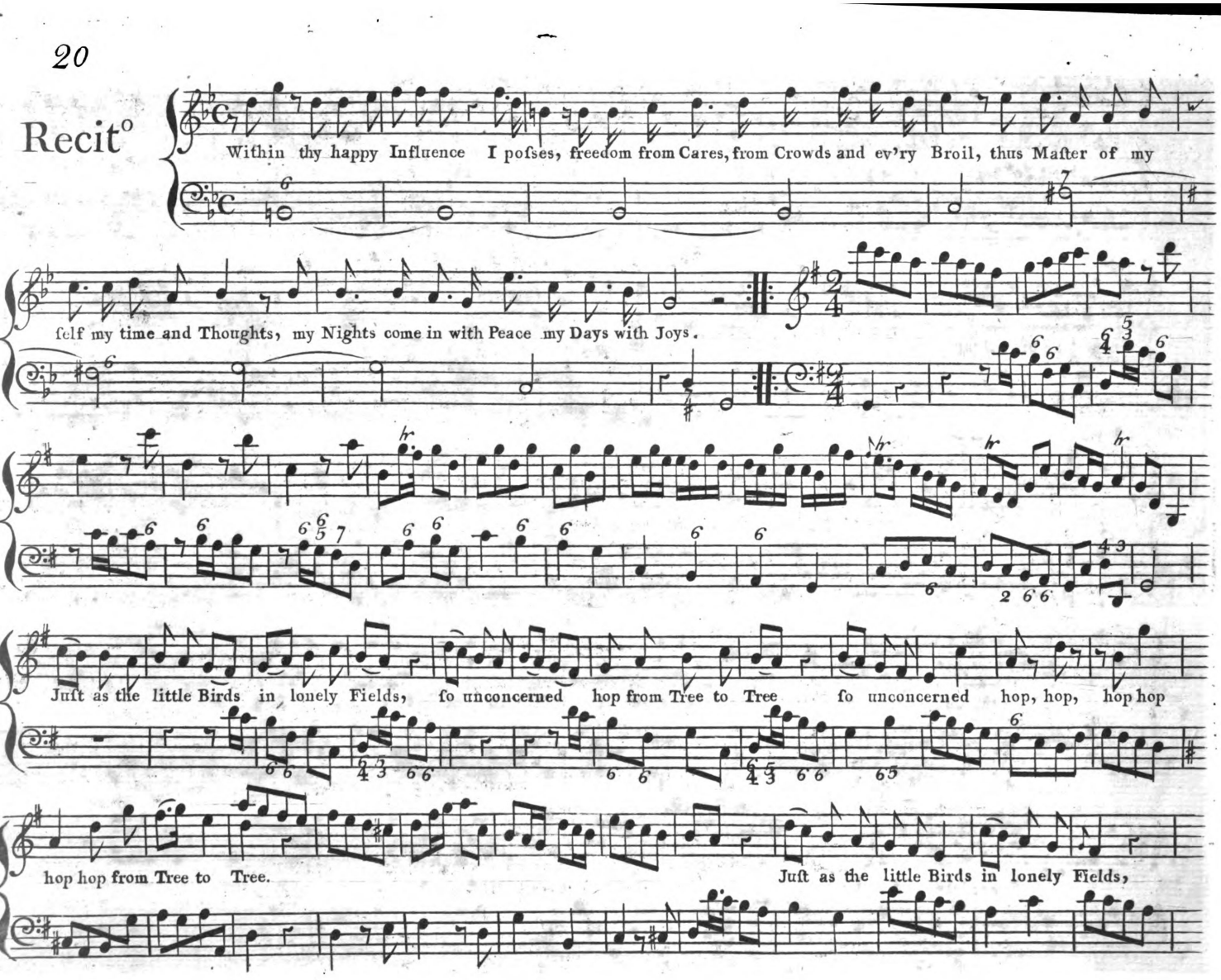
The Caution.

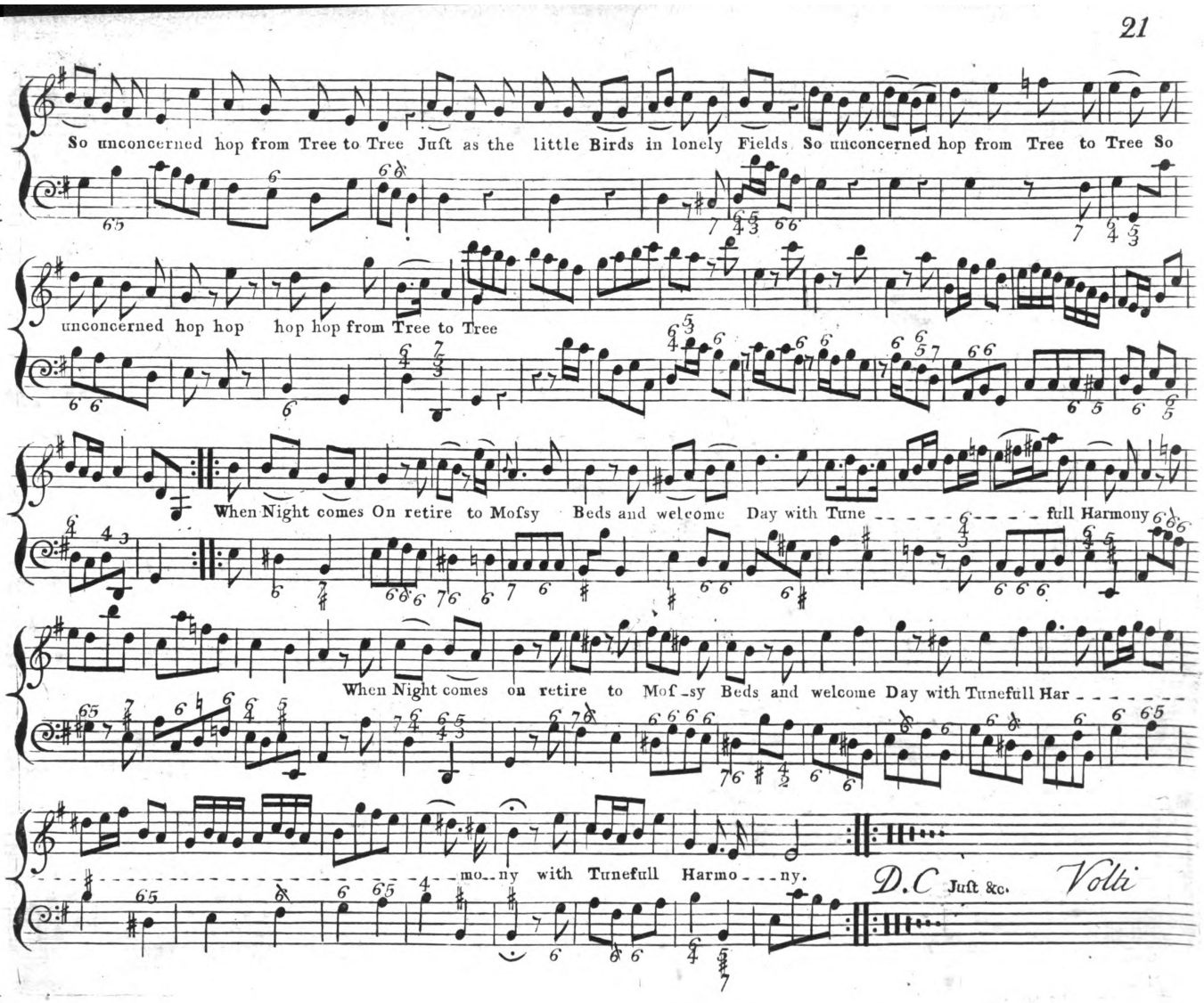


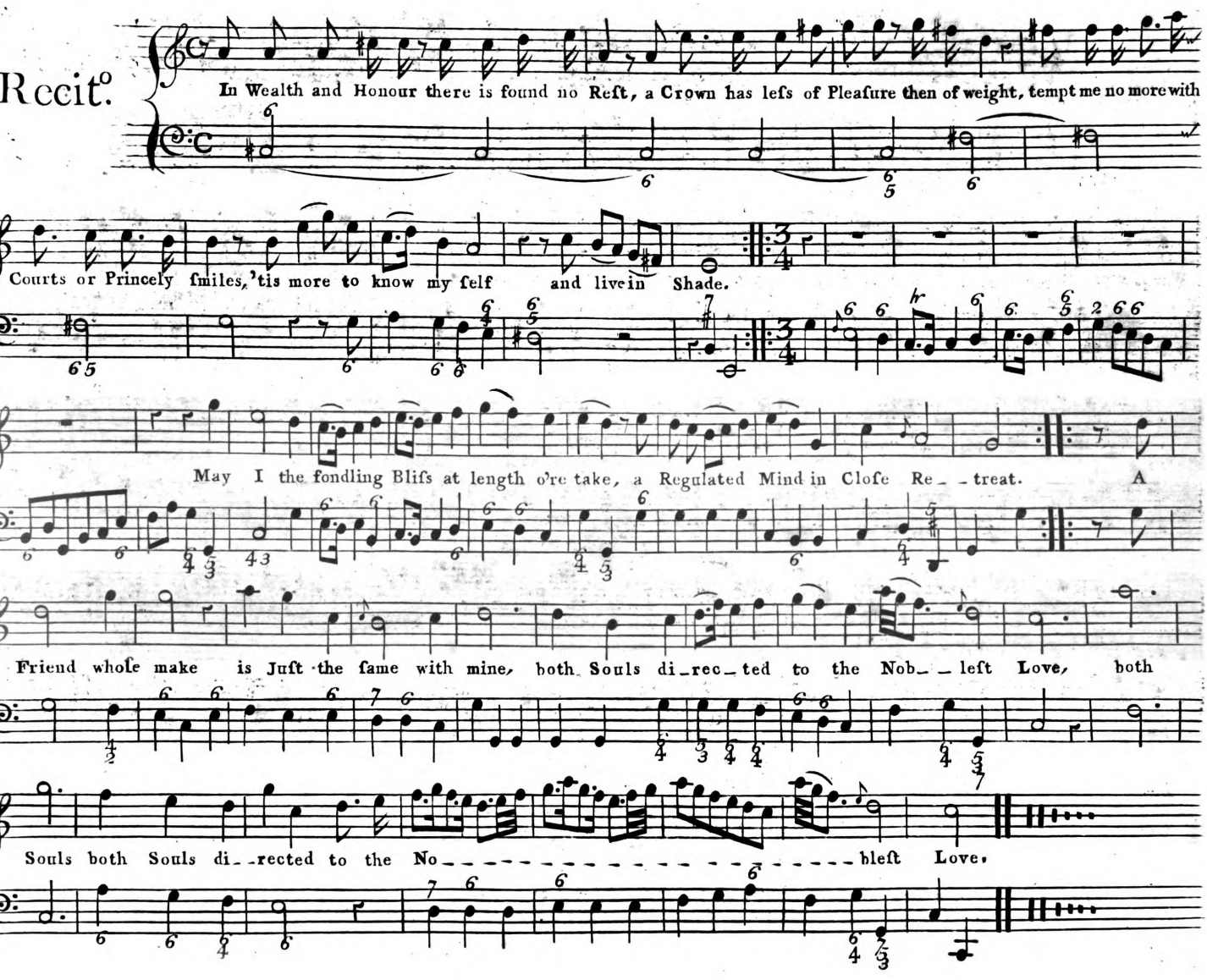
Fly the fair Sex, if Bliſs you price,
The Snake's beneath the Flow'r
Who ever gaz'd on beauteous Eyes,
That taſted quiet more?
How faithleſs is the Lover's Joy,
How conſtant is his Care,
The kind with Falſehood do deſtroy,
The Cruel with Diſpair.

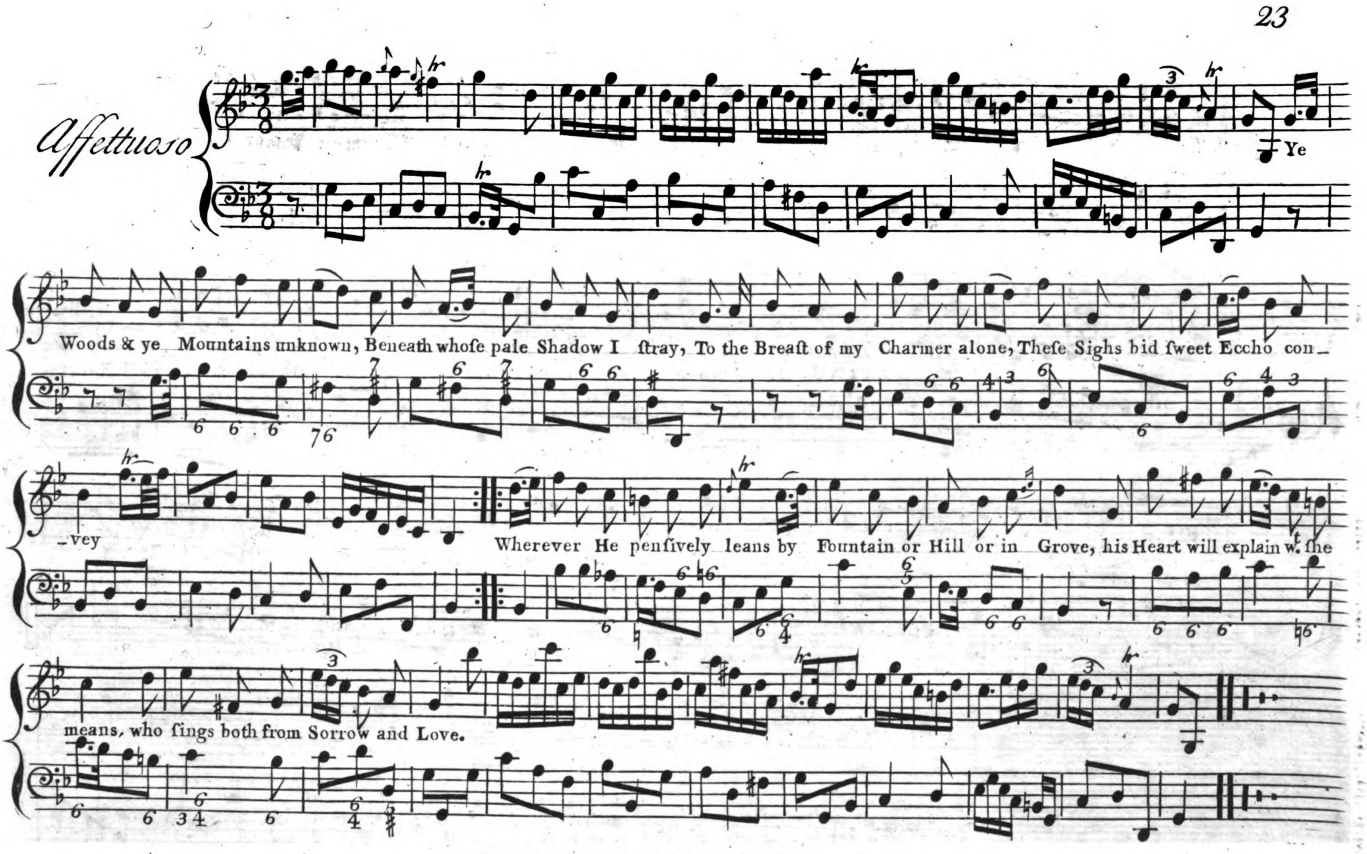

Largo
Sweet Solitude when Life's gay Hours are
paſt, how e'er we range in thee we fix we fix at laſt
Sweet Solitude ſweet Solitude when Life's gay hours are
paſt, how e'er we ra - - - - nge in thee we fix - - we fix at laſt
In thee we fix, in thee we fix at laſt, in thee we fix at
laſt
Toſt thro' tempeſtous Seas, the Voy - - age ore, Pale we look back & bleſs thy
friendly friendly Shore. Pale we look back & bleſs thy friendly friendly Shore, and bleſs
and bleſs thy friendly friendly Shore.


Recit.o
Bleſt Solitude Devotions greateſt Friend, Thee to enjoy & on thy Fruits to feaſt is Purchaſe greater far then Princely Fame, or ſhineing
Allegro
Gold Dotage of vulgar Minds. Thoughts, that with ſwift ſucceſsion Roll with-in much
purer are much freer moves my Breaſt. To ev 'ry Thing that
Na-ture's Works can teach or ac tive Mind, for its Em ploy-ment take or ac tive Mi nd for
its Em-ploy-ment take


Recit°
Within thy happy Influence I poſses, freedom from Cares, from Crowds and ev'ry Broil, thus Maſter of my
ſelf my time and Thoughts, my Nights come in with Peace my Days with Joys.
Juſt as the little Birds in lonely Fields, ſo unconcerned hop from Tree to Tree ſo unconcerned hop, hop, hop hop
hop hop from Tree to Tree.
Juſt as the little Birds in lonely Fields,

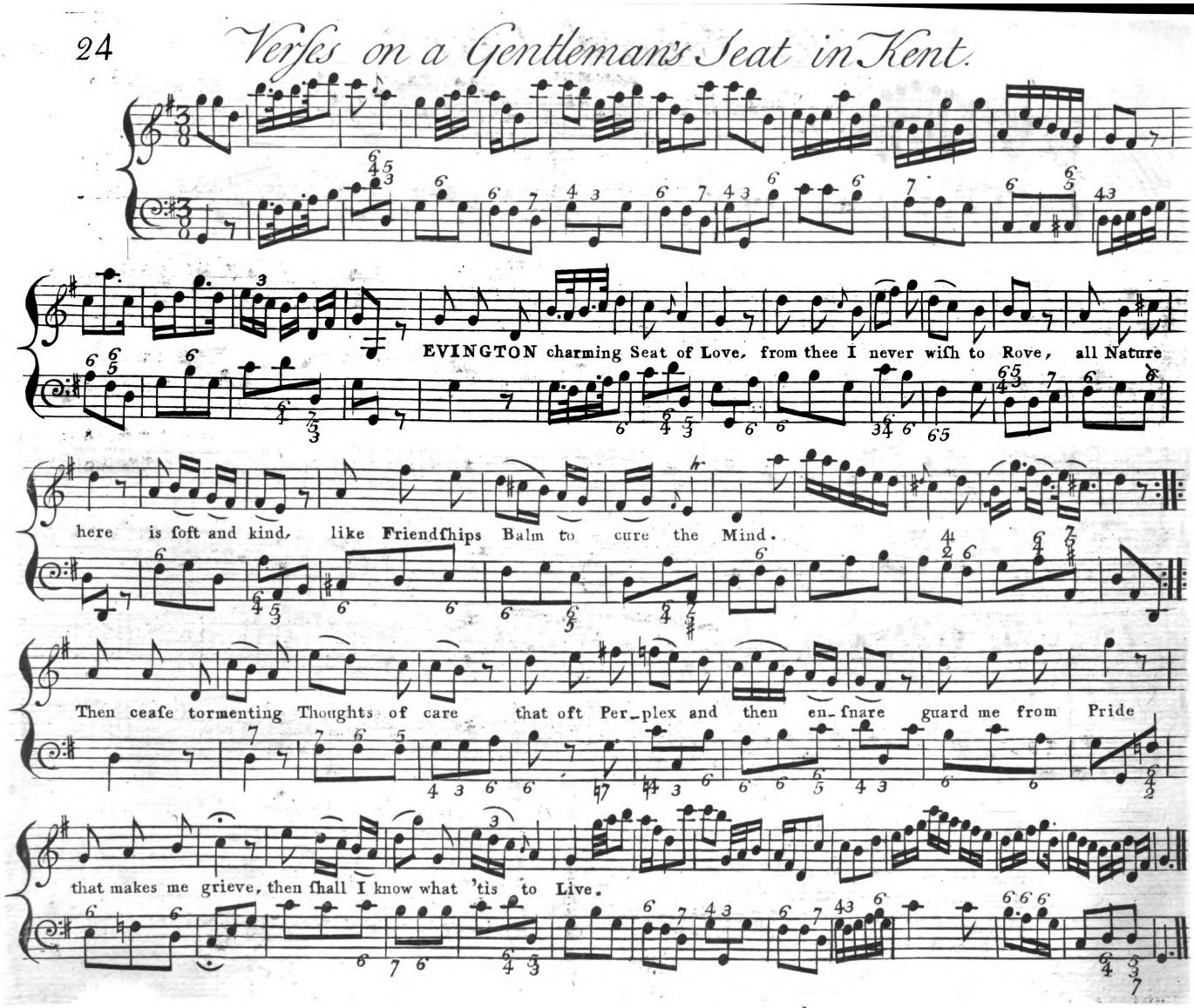

So unconcerned hop from Tree to Tree Juſt as the little Birds in lonely Fields So unconcerned hop from Tree to Tree So
unconcerned hop hop hop hop from Tree to Tree
When Night comes On retire to Moſsy Beds and welcome Day with Tune full Harmony
When Night comes on retire to Moſ-sy Beds and welcome Day with Tunefull Har
mo-ny with Tunefull Harmo-ny.
D.C Juſt &c.
Volti


Recit.
In Wealth and Honour there is found no Reſt, a Crown has leſs of Pleaſure then of weight, tempt me no more with
Courts or Princely ſmiles, 'tis more to know my ſelf and live in Shade.
May I the fondling Bliſs at length o're take, a Regulated Mind in Cloſe Re_ _treat. A
Friend whoſe make is Juſt the ſame with mine, both Souls di_rec_ted to the Nob_ _leſt Love, both
Souls both Souls di_ _rected to the No_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _bleſt Love.

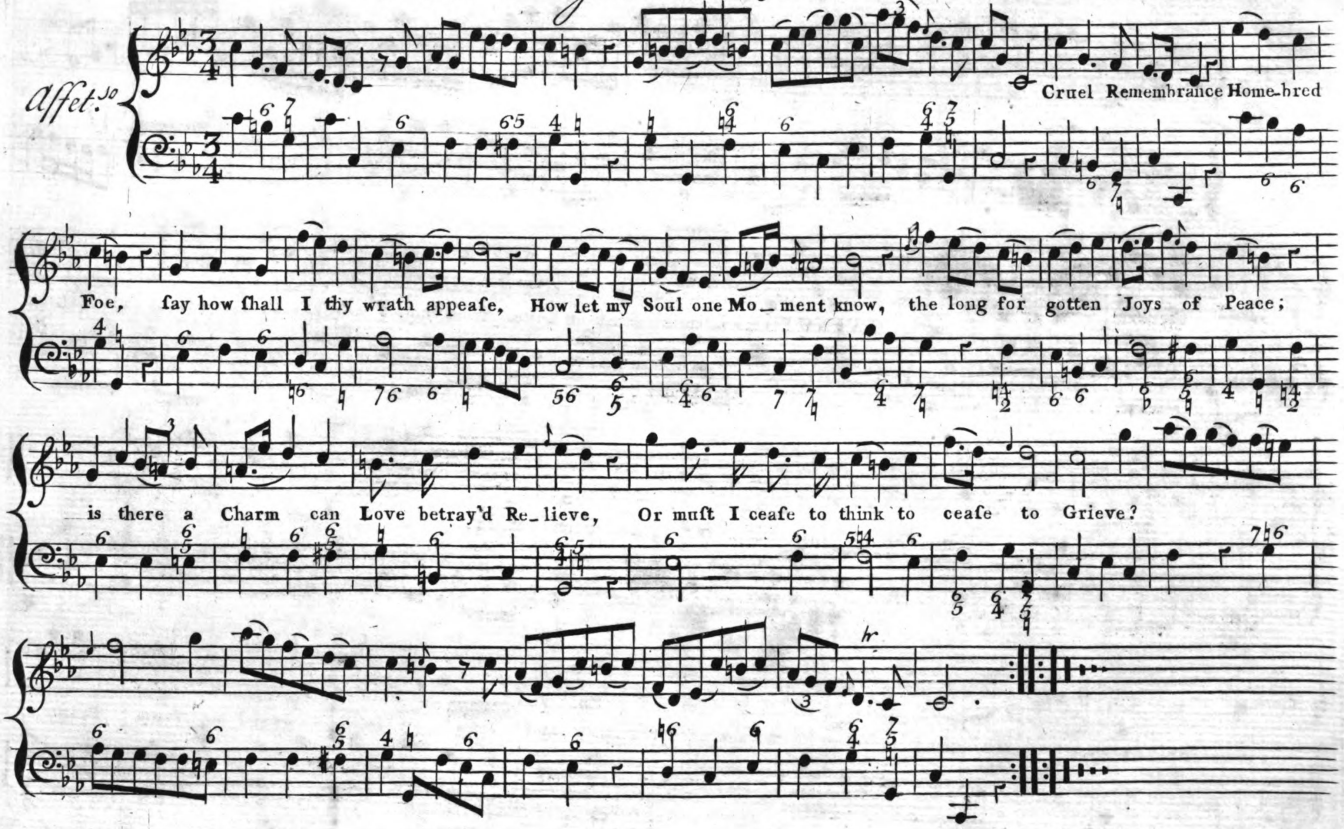


More ſoft than the Nightingale's Song.
O waft the ſad Sound to his Ear,
And ſay tho' divided ſo long.
The Friend of his Boſom is near
Then tell him what Years of Delight
Then tell him what Ages of Pain
I felt while I liv'd in his Sight
I feel 'till I ſee him again.

Verſes on a Gentleman's Seat in Kent.



The Injur'd Lover



With Unavailing Pray'rs for Aid,
To Pride or Reaſon do I run
Pride bids me ſcorn the haughty Maid,
And Reaſon perjur'd Beauty ſhun,
They point the way that ſhou'd, but don't relieve,
For I muſt ceaſe to think, to ceaſe to Grieve.

Thoſe Charms which not deſpair cou'd Move,
Reſign'd and Silent then I'll bear,
Nor murmur at my careleſs woe,
Nor wiſh that peace, I've loſt for her;
For Death the ſad Remembrance muſt Relieve,
Oh! let me ceaſe to think to ceaſe to Grieve.