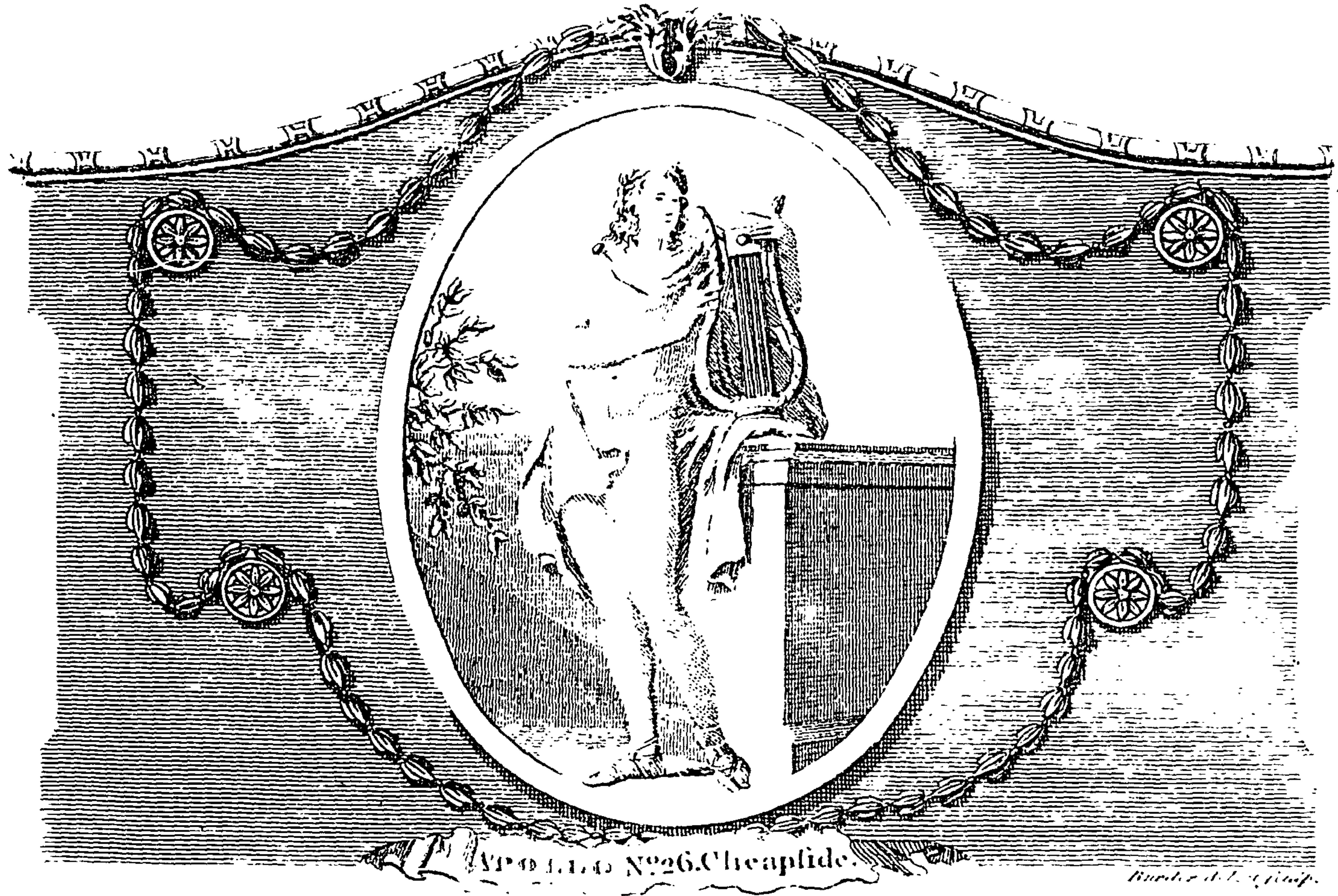




Wm. H. H. H. H. H.

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(FOR THE)

(GENTLEMAN)

(with Directions)

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I N D E X .

Air in Esther, with Variations	12	Easter Hymn	84
Allemande Swisse	13		
Air by M ^r Stanley	25	Fair Hebe	52
As now my Bloom, with the Words	36	Feltons Minuet, with Variations	38
A Dawn of hope	46	Fairing, a Country Dance	33
		Female Duellist, with words	66
Bedfordshire March	7	Greenwood Tree	98
Belisle March	9	Gramachree Melly, with words	72
Building Tune in Harlequin Sorcerer	19	Guardian Angels	60
Blithe as the feather'd Songsters	48	Gently thro' the balmy Air	90
Believe my Sighs	74	He comes	51
Cruel Strephon	106	Haymakers Dance	61
Cupids Recruiting Serjeant	8	How happy was I	78
Country Dance	45	Humphry's Gavot	83
Corn Riggs	47	Jolly Young Waterman	104
Come haste to the Wedding	56	Jigg	15
Down the Burn Davy Love	88	Jack Lattin, with Variations	28
Duett	10	I do as I will with my Swain	64
Duett	14	In this shady blest Retreat	68
Duett	18	Irish Song in the Register Office	76

(INDEX Continued)

If 'tis Joy to wound a Lover - - - 80	Oh Nanny wilt thou - - - - 62
Kate of Aberdeen - - - - - 30	Pallas and Juno - - - - - 92
Lovely Nymph - - - - - 7	Peasants Dance - - - - - 100
Laughing Minuet - - - - - 11	Pantheon - - - - - 51
Lesson by Morelli - - - - - 11	Red Lyon Hornpipe - - - - - 35
La double Entendre - - - - - 21	See while thou weep'st - - - - 97
Lady Coventry's Minuet - - - - 53	Song in Cymon - - - - - 101
La Damofelle - - - - - 86	Stadholder's Minuet - - - - - 86
Mullony's Jigg - - - - - 108	Song in the Chances - - - - - 16
Martini's favorite Minuet - - - - 6	Song in Harlequin's Invasion - - 22
Marionets - - - - - 6	Song in the Country Girl - - - 26
Minuet Italiano - - - - - 9	Song in the Twelvth Night - - - 82
Minuet by Handel - - - - - 15	Sufanna - - - - - 54
March by Handel - - - - - 19	Song in the Deserter - - - - - 42
Moggy Lawther with Variations - - 20	Saw you my Father - - - - - 32
Minuet in Rodelinda - - - - - 24	The Serenade - - - - - 87
Master Tommy's Married - - - - 34	Tho. Prudence may press me - - 96
March in the Institution of the Garter 39	Thou soft flowing Avon - - - - 102
	To keep my gentle Jessy - - - - 10
	Women Wit and Wine - - - - 94
	Weideman's Minuet - - - - - 8
	Willy of the Green - - - - - 58
	When first I saw - - - - - 50
	What Medecine - - - - - 44



The METHOD of TUNING the GUITAR

1

NOTHING can be really more simple in itself than the Guitar, and consequently no musical Instrument more easily Tuned. The most trifling things 'tis true, often appear difficult, but when once known, how easy, we cannot but be angry with our own selves for not knowing them before; especially if we have attempted playing the Instrument, and been obliged to somebody else for tuning it.

The Guitar has greatly the advantage of the Violin, Violoncello, Tenor, &c. in tuning, because it is fretted, and may be tuned almost as well by Method, as by the nicest Ear. It must be a very bad musical Ear, that cannot be sensible of an Octave, or when two Strings are unison, or exactly sound the same one as the other.

My Plan is not to swell this little volume with a general Treatise on the Instrument, Playing, Taste, &c. but only to render it an Useful, Convenient, Portable, Entertaining book; Useful, from its Instruction; convenient and portable, from its diminutive size (as it may be convey'd in the Pocket or in a Guitar Case;) Entertaining, from the great number of delicate and most admir'd
Airs,
Min-

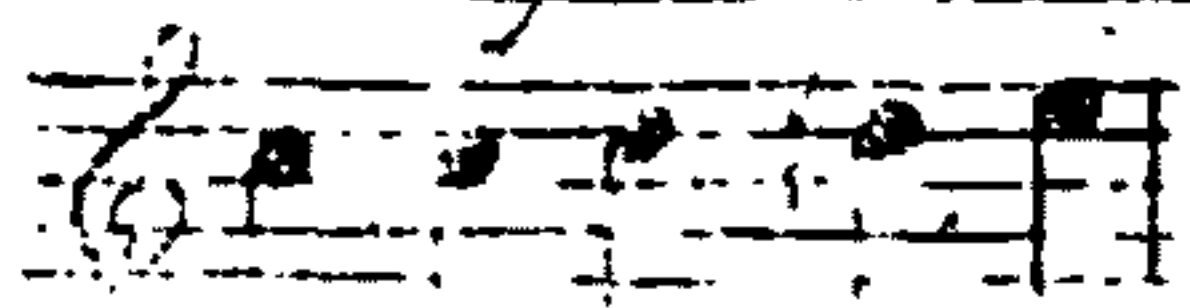
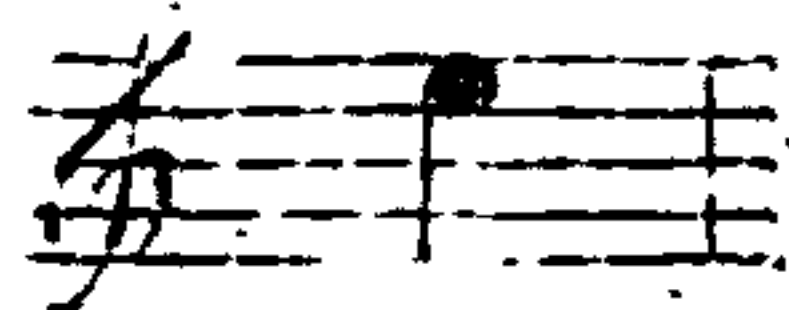
Minuets, Duets, Marches, Songs, &c. calculated purposely for the Instrument, and suitable to the most refined taste of the present Age.

THE first thing to be known is the right pitch of the Guitar; for which purpose we have contriv'd a steel Pitch Fork, as an invariable standard to accompany these infallible directions; and may be had with or without this Book price 2^s — To produce a musical sound from this Pitch Fork, you must hold the single end fast between your fore finger and thumb; then strike one of the fork'd ends against a Table, or solid piece of wood; immediately after you have struck it, place the single End which you hold between your finger and thumb hard down on the solid piece of wood or Table, and you will Surprizingly hear the sound your Guitar must be pitch'd to, which is middle C.



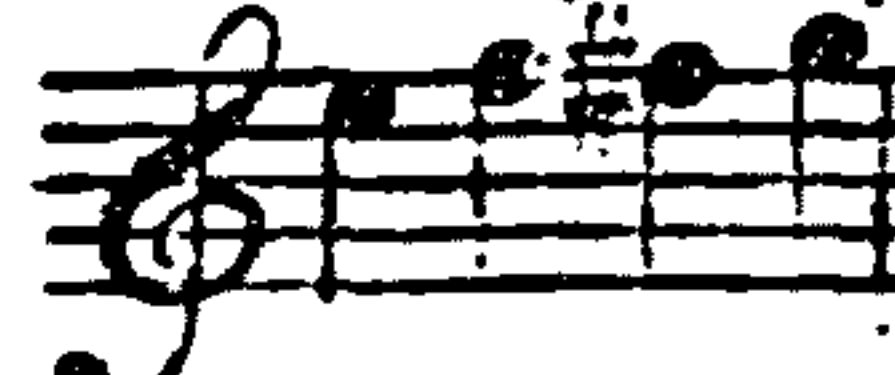
Middle C is open on the third String, and commonly brass wire. It must be your next work to get that string or Strings (as there are two strings the same note unison) to the exact pitch of the tuning Fork; but it will be best to slack one string untill you get the other to the sound of the Fork; then draw up the other you slack'd 'till it is in tune, or the same sound as the string you Pitch'd; this done, you have obtain'd the exact Pitch your Guitar ought to be.

SECONDLY. Having now Pitch'd your Instrument, and got middle C justly in Tune, you must proceed to tune middle E, which is a sharp third above C, and has five semitones. In consequence of the number

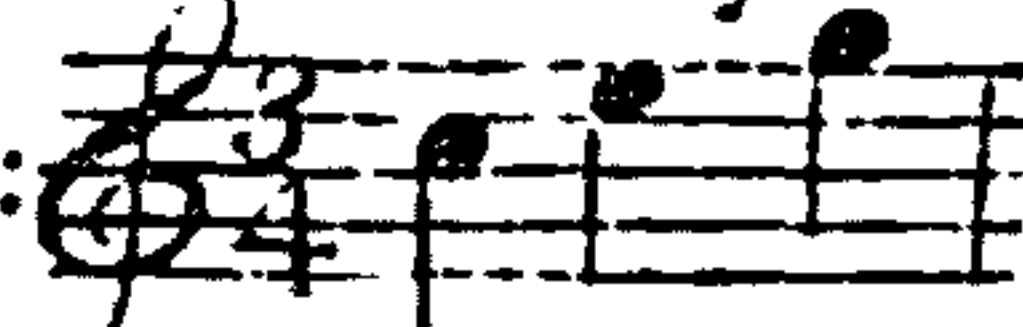


ber

ber of semitones 'tis call'd a Sharp third. In order to tune this string, you must stop the middle C String on the fourth fret, with either finger of your left hand; and with your right hand draw up middle E, striking it often together with the string you stop, to find when it is unison with it, or exactly the same sound; when so, you may take off your finger from the fret, and your E is properly tuned: you must not forget this E has also two steell Strings; I suppose you tuned but one to the fourth stopt fret of the C; if so, you must draw up the other to the sound of that you tuned before, then your E may be said to be completely tuned.

THIRDLY. The next note is call'd upper G,  which is only a flat third above middle E, because it has but four Semitones, Viz! 

in consequence of the number of semitones 'tis call'd a flat third; to tune this G you must put either finger of the left hand on the third fret of the E second Strings, and with your right hand in like manner as you did the others, draw up the G 'till it is unison, or the same sound exactly as the fret you stop on the E strings: this done, your Instrument will sound those three notes

C, E, G, in proper tune:  you may easily hear if tuneable, as they are the first three notes of that well known Minuet, call'd the Stadholders or French Minuet, which is the last tune in Page 56.

The

The other three silver'd Strings are only Octaves to those strings already tuned; and must be tuned in the following manner. Lower C  or the largest Silver String open, must be tuned to the found or Octave of middle C: low-

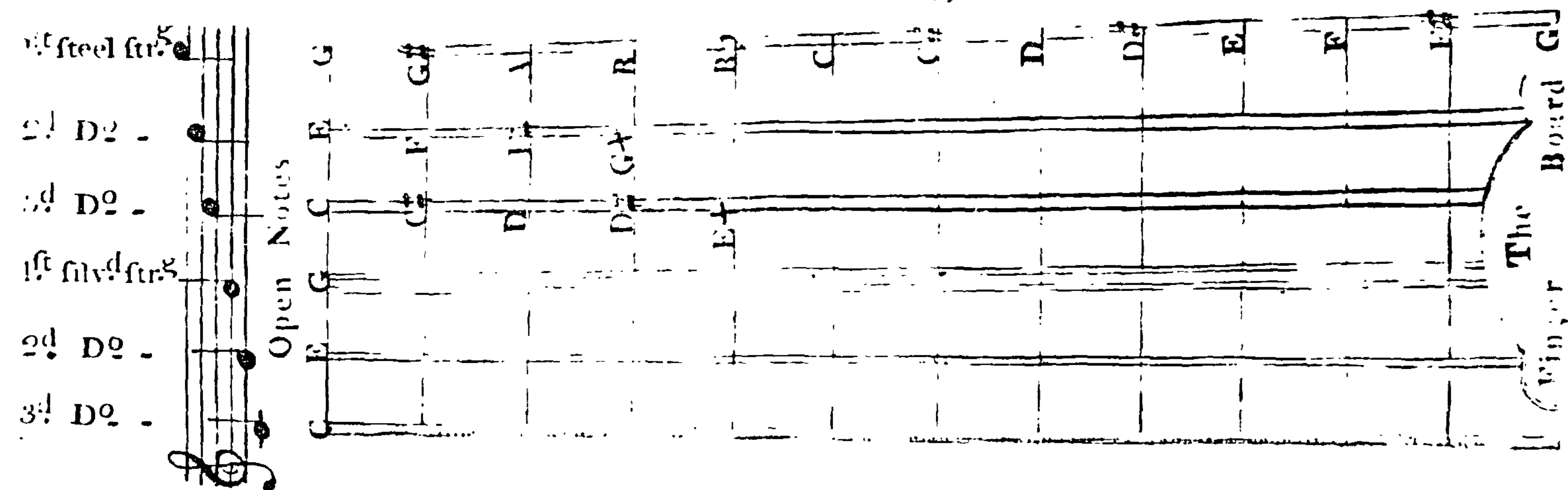
er E  the second silver'd string open, to the Octave of middle E: low-

er G  (which has two silver'd strings) to the Octave or same found as

upper G. This being done your Instrument may be said to be completely tuned. It will probably require some little Practice to those not well acquainted with Music, but in a few hours trial there is not the least doubt of its being familiar to the most unskill'd capacity. To throw stronger light on the arduous Tuner's Idea, following is a drawing of the Guitar finger board which contains all the semitones of the flat and sharp third and the Notes; also a cross X on the strings, and where the finger is topt to tune the others by.

Plan

Plan of a Guitar Finger Board.



THESE directions will I hope be sufficient for ev'ry Lady and Gentleman to tune their own Guitar. It will be more satisfaction to themselves and save a great deal of carriage and expence, to and from the Music Shops: and often when it has been tuned at them, the Strings probably will get out of Tune before the proprietor can have the Instrument in possession.

When ev'ry one of our Obliging Customers can tune their own Guitar, it certainly will be greater satisfaction than the profits arising to the EDITORS.

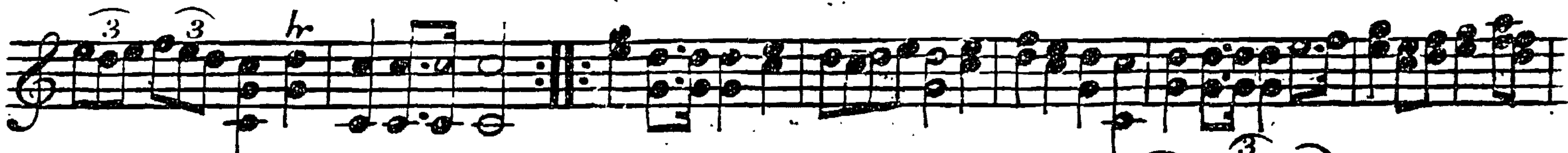
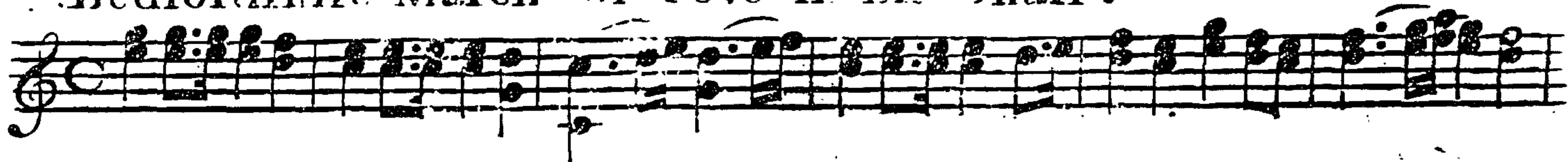
Martini's favorite Minuet.



Marionets.



Bedfordshire March or Jove in his Chair.



Lovely Nymph.



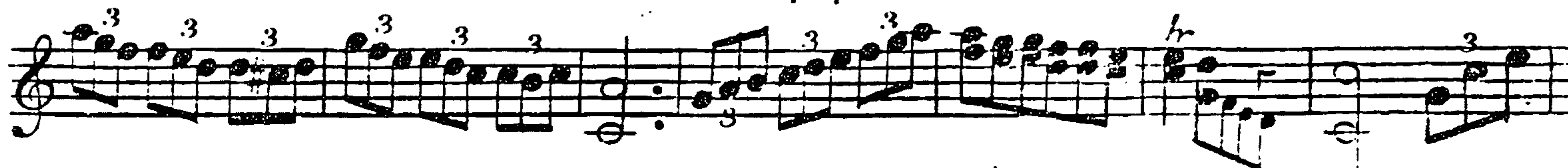
Weidemanns Minuet.



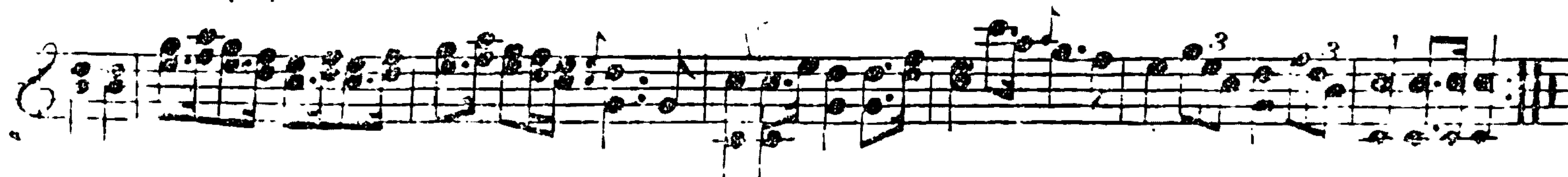
Cupid's Recruiting Serjeant.



Minuet Italiano.



Belisle March.



DUETT.

Citra
PrimoCitra
Secondo

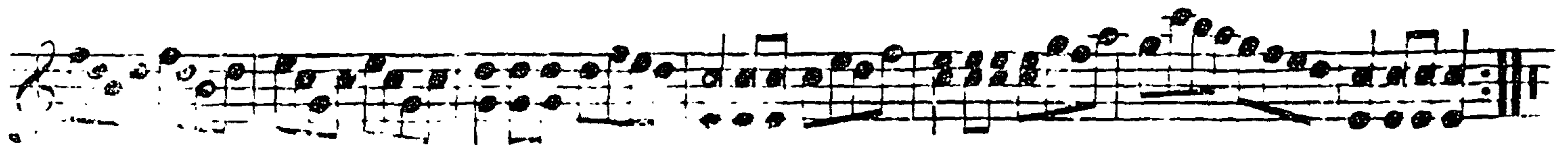
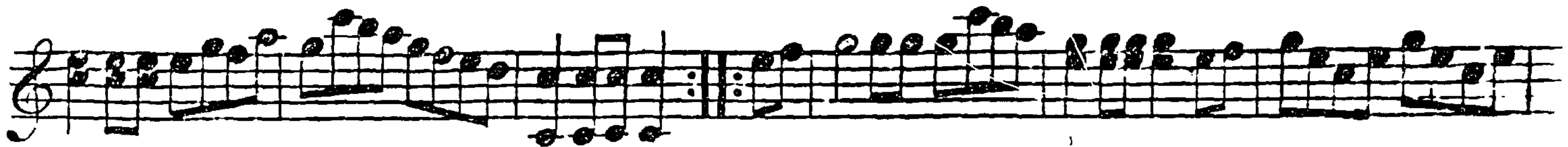
The Laughing Minuet. NB This Minuet is to be accom^d with Laughing. 11



Vivace



Lesson by Morelli.



Air in F#m. with Variations.

This musical score is for a piece titled "Air in F#m. with Variations." It consists of seven staves of music, all written in treble clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/8. The notation includes various musical symbols such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and rests. Trills are indicated by a small 'tr' above the notes. Triplets are marked with a '3' and a bracket. The score is divided into sections by repeat signs. The first section is the main "Air". The second section is labeled "Var. 1." and the third section is labeled "Var. 2.". The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, and includes some chromatic movement. The final staff ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.



Allemande Swifse.



DUETT.



Minuet by Handel.



Jigg.



Song in the Chances.

Sung by Miss Catley.



How



cruel-ly fated is Woman to Woe? Too weak to contend still be - - set with the



Foe; Tho' each Wish we conceiv'd should be crown'd with Suc - - cefs, What would



flow from those Wish-es but Care and Dis - - trefs? For Love in - - ter -



venes, And Fan-cy's gay Scenes, Alas! are clouded all o'er; The



Sun quits the Skies, Hope sickens and dies; - Heigh-o! the Heart says no



more, The Heart says no more.



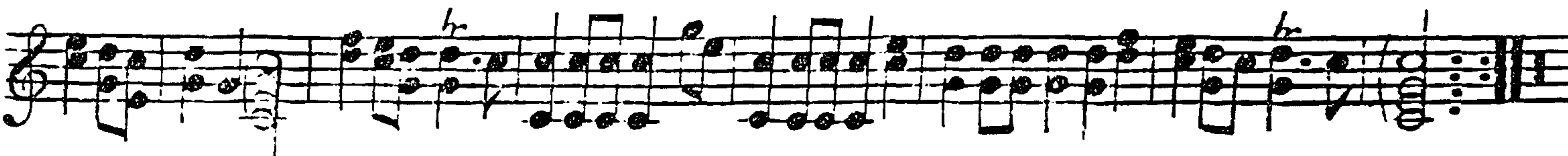
Tho' Beauty and Riches together conspire,
To Flatter our Pride and fulfill each Desire;
Nor Beauty, nor Riches, give Peace to that Preast
Which Passion has tortur'd, and Grief has oppress'd.

For Love intervenes
And Fancy's gay Scenes,
Alas! are clouded all o'er,
The Sun quits the Skies,
Hope sickens and dies;
Heigho! the Heart says no more.

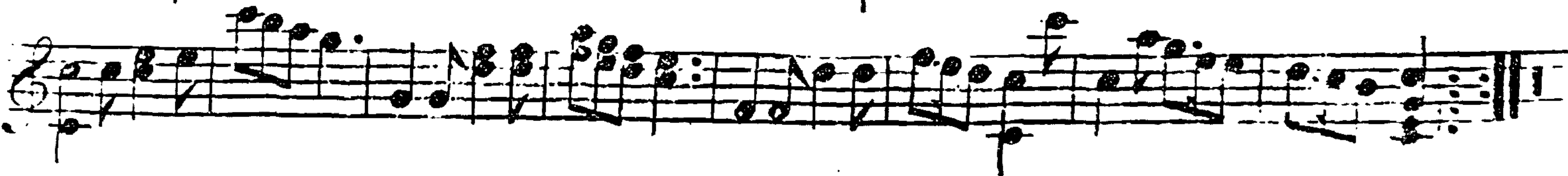
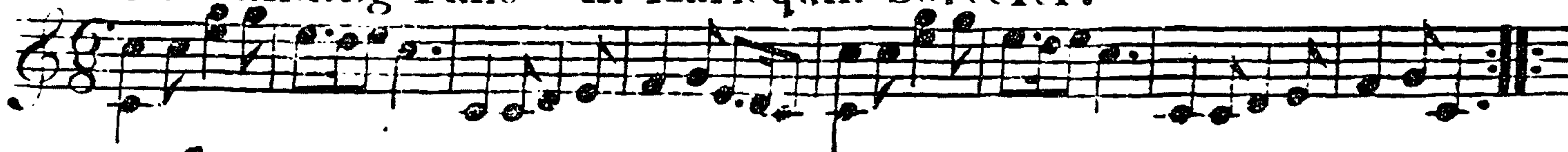
DUETT.



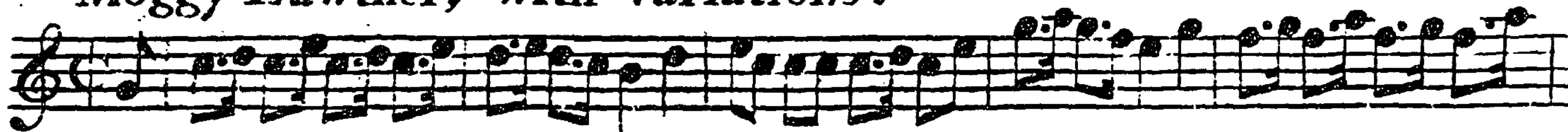
March by Handel, in the Occasional Overture.



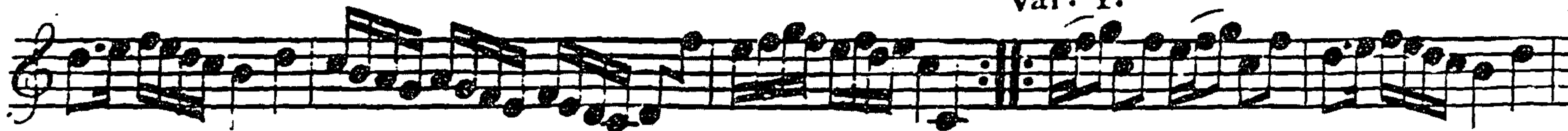
'The Building Tune' in Harlequin Sorcerer.



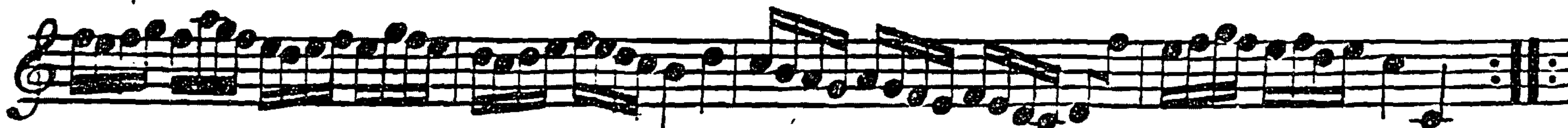
Moggy Lawther, with Variations.



Var. 1.



Var. 2.



Var. 3.



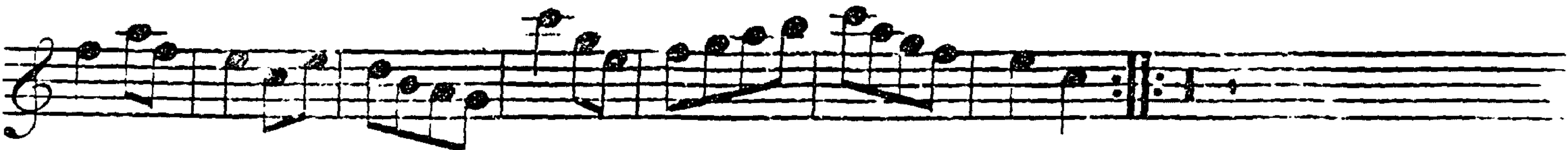
Var. 4.



Var. 5.

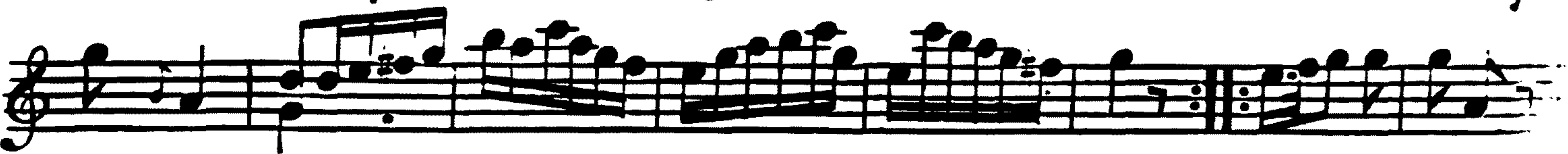
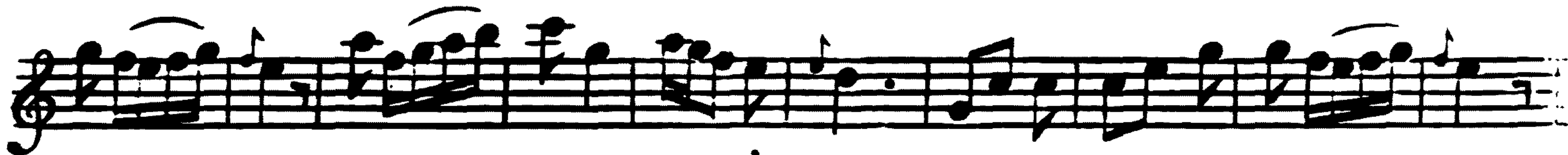
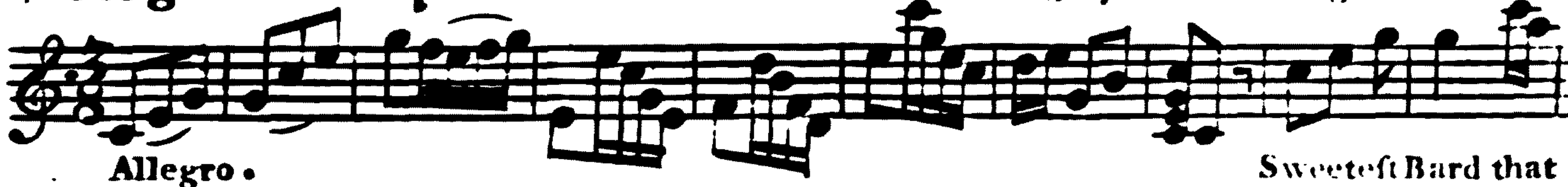


La Double Entender.



Song In Harlequin's Invasion.

Sung by Miss Young.

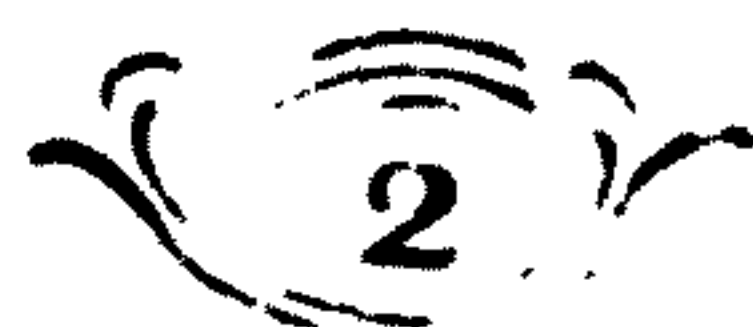




Pow'rs, All u - - niting sing his Praise, - - - - -

- - - All u - - ni - ting sing his Praise, - - - - - All u - - ni - ting

sing his Praise.



Round his Statue's hallow'd Pafe,
 Elves, and Faies sport and play;
 Ev'ry Muſe and ev'ry Grace,
 Ever here keep Holiday.
 Bring the Laurel bring the Flow'rs,
 Lead the Dances myſtic Maze;
 Be united all our Pow'rs,
 All uniting ſing his Praise.

Minuet in Rodelinda.



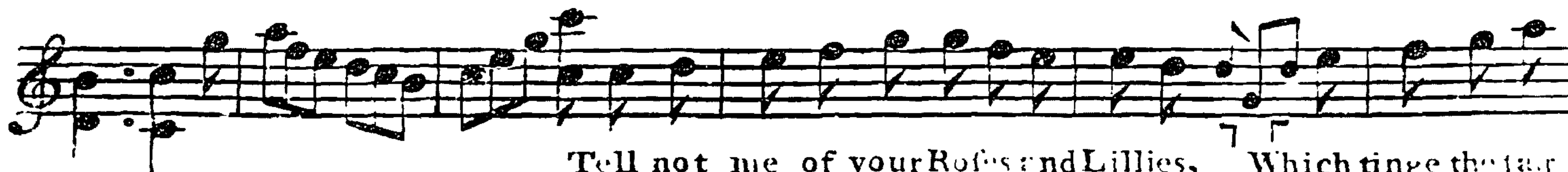
An Air by M^r Stanley.

Song in the Country Girl.

Sung by Mr Dodd.



Allegro.



Tell not me of your Roses and Lillies, Which tinge the fair

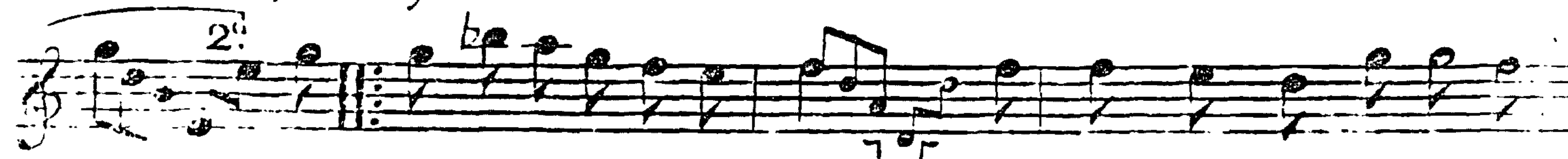


Cheeks of your Phil-lis;

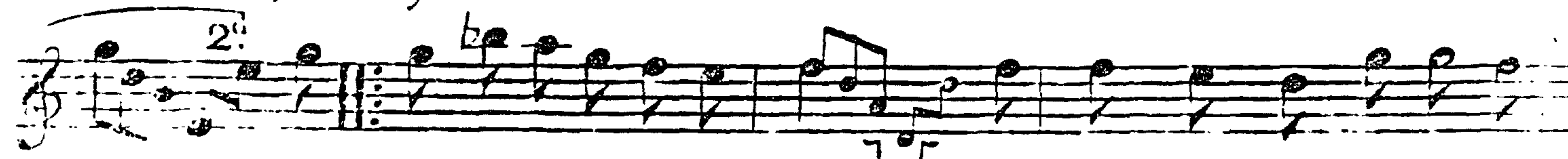


Tell not me of the Dimples and Eyes, For

which fil - ly Co - ry - don dies.



Tell not



L - all 4's, Loves go bang;

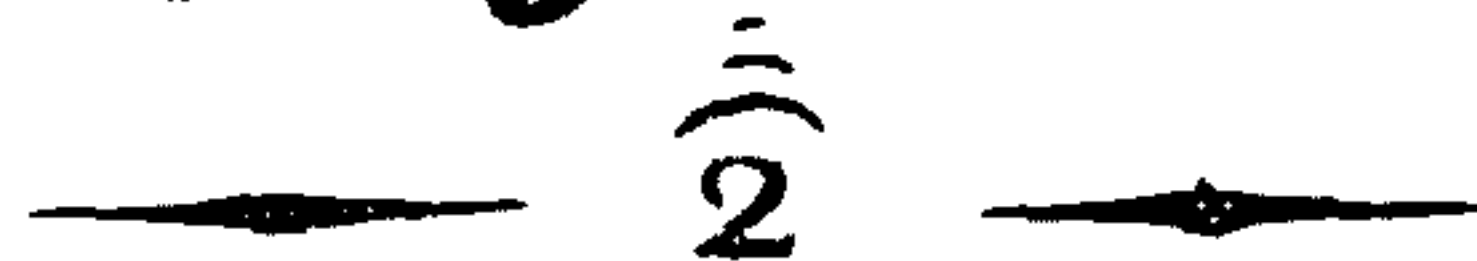
M. H. 17



Arrow with wit, And it comes to my Heart with a Twang, Twang,

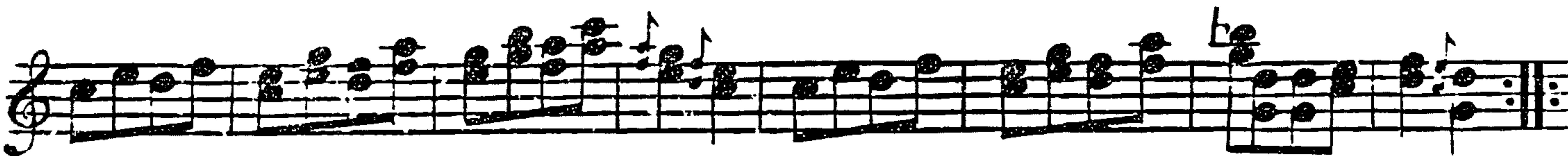


Twang, And it comes to my Heart with a Twang, Let Twang



I am Rock to the Handsome and Pretty,
 Can only be touch'd by the Witty,
 And Beauty may Ogle in vain:
 The way to my Heart's thro' my Brain.
 Let all whining Lovers go hang;
 We Wits you must know,
 Have two strings to our Bow,
 To return 'em their Darts with a Twang, Twang, Twang,
 And return 'em their Darts with a Twang.

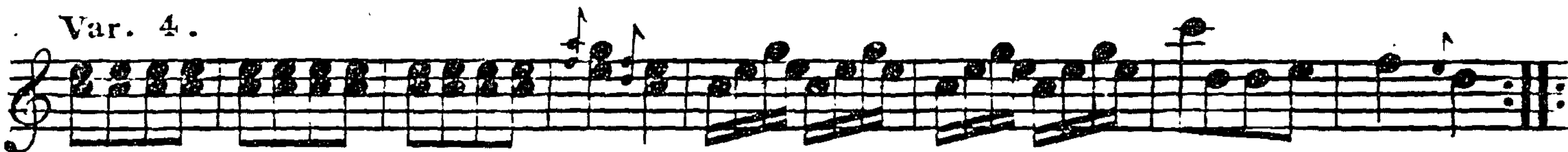
Jack Lattin, with Variations.



Var. 3.



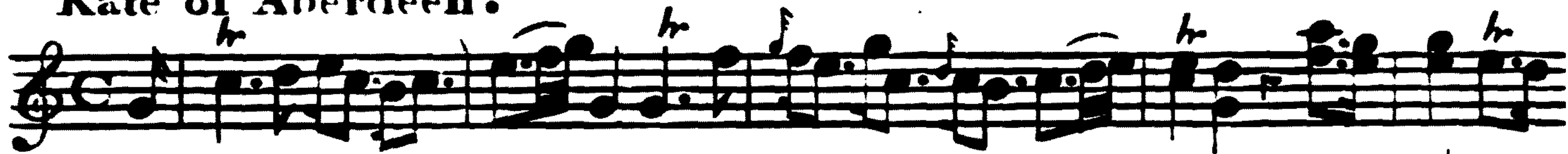
Var. 4.



Var 5



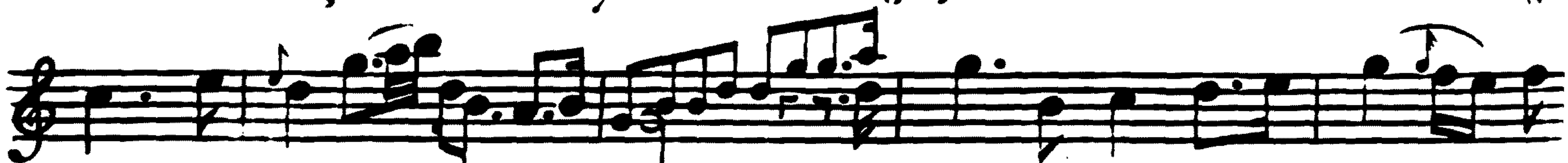
Kate of Aberdeen.



The Sil-ver Moon's en-



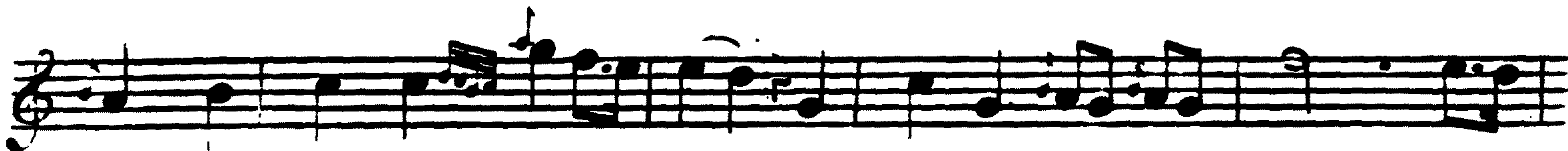
amour'd Beam, Steals soft-ly thro' the Night, To wanton in the wind-ing



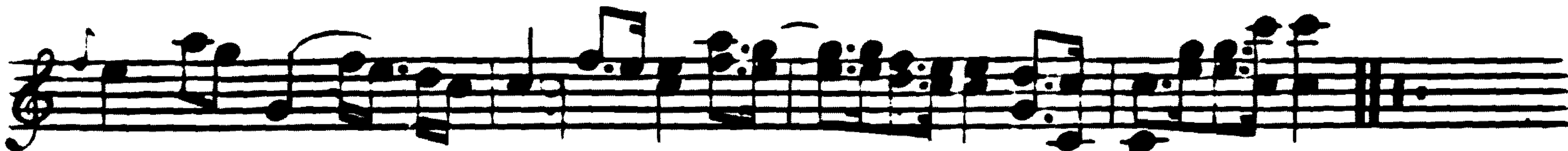
Stream, And kifs re-flect-ed Light: To Courts begone, Heart sooth-ing



Sleep, Where you've so fel-don been; Whilst I my wake-ful Vi-gil



keep, With Kate of A - - ber - deen, With Kate of A - - ber - - deen, With .



Kate of A - - - ber - - deen .

2

The Nymphs and Swains expectant wait,
In Primrose Chaplets gay,
'Till Morn unbars her golden Gate,
And gives the promis'd May:
The Nymphs and Swains shall all declare,
The promis'd May - when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen .

3

I'll tune my Pipe to playfull Notes,
And rouse yon nodding Grove,
'Till the wald Birds distend their Throats,
And hail the Maid I Love :

At her approach the Lark mistakes,
And quits the new dress'd Green;
Fond Birds, 'tis not the Morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen .

4

Now blithsome o'er the dewy Mead,
Where Elves disportive play;
The festal Dance young Shepherds lead,
Or sing their Love tun'd lay:
'Till May in Morning robe draws nigh,
And claims a Virgin Queen;
The Nymphs and Swains exulting cry,
Here's Kate of Aberdeen .

Saw you my Father.

Saw you my Fa - ther? Saw you my Mo - ther? Saw you my
true love John? He told his on - ly Dear, that he soon
would be here, But he to a - - - no - - - ther is gone.

2

I saw not your Father,
I saw not your Mother,
But I saw your true love John;
He has met with some Delay,
Which has caused him to stay,
But he will be here anon.

3

Then John he up arose,
And to the Door he goes,
And he twirled, he twirled at the Pin;
The Laffie took the hint,
And to the Door she went,
And she let her true Love in.

4

Fly up, fly up,
 My bonny Grey Cock,
 And Crow when it is Day;
 Your Breast shall be
 Of the beaming Gold,
 And your Wings of the Silver Grey.



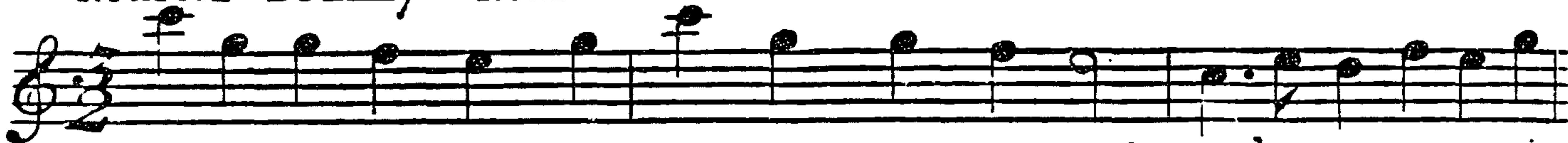
5

The Cock he proved false,
 And untrue he was,
 For he Crowed an Hour too soon:
 The Laffie thought it Day,
 So she sent her Love away,
 And it proved but the Blir! of the Moon.

The Fairing.



Master Tommy's Married.



Master Tommy's Married, Pray what says Saint Paul? If I'm not mistaken,



Marry not at all. Boys, be-fore you mar-ry, Mind the golden Rule,



Look before you leap, Or else you'll play the Fool.

2 If I take a Wife,
Who so e'er she be,
Tho' she prove an Angel,
Still she's Wife to me.

CHO: Boys &c.

3 If she bring me Money,
Will it be forgot?
If she brings me nothing,
Can we boil the Pot?

CHO: Boys &c.

4 If she be a Beauty,
Then the Spaniards say,
She'll be ever gadding;
Very like she may.

CHO: Boys &c.

5 She'll have Beaux's to Ogle,
Or Gallants to Prate;
This is Madam's frisking,
I am Mal de Tete.

CHO: Boys &c.

6 If she be a Wit,
Lord have Mercy then;
When her Tongue is silent,
She'll employ her Pen.

CHO^s Boys &c.

7 If she's weak and filly,
Why am I to blame?
If I take the Folly,
I'm to take the shame.

CHO^s Boys &c.

10 Thus Sir, I've run over
All the Marriage state;
When I more discover
I'll Communicate.

CHO^s Boys &c.

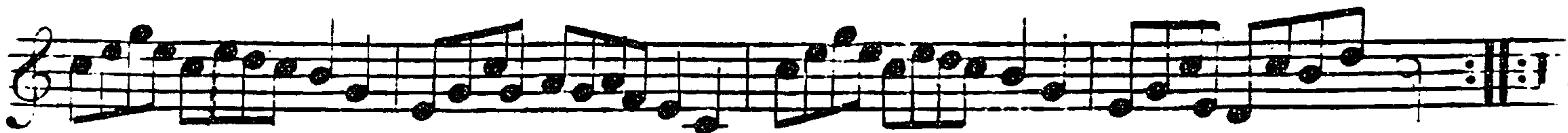
8 But if in Domesticks,
Madam is no Fool;
All the Night I'm lectur'd,
Every day at School.

CHO^s Boys &c.

9 Thus foolish Tommy Married,
Counsels all in Vain;
Nature gave me Freedom,
Freedom I'll maintain.

CHO^s Boys &c.

Red Lyon Hornpipe.



As now my Bloom.

Sung by Miss Jameson at Vauxhall. ■



As now my Bloom comes on a-pace, the Swains begin to tease me



But two who claim the foremost place, Try diff'rent ways to please me, Try



diff'rent ways to please me, To judge aright and choose the best, Is



not so soon de - - ci - ded, Is not so soon de - - cided, Is not so



soon de- - cided When both their Merits are express'd I may be less di- vided



2

Palæmon's Flocks unnumber'd stray,
 He's rich beyond all measure;
 Would I but smile, be kind and gay,
 He'd give me all his Treasure:
 But then our Years so disagree,
 So much as I remember,
 It is but May I'm sure with me,
 With him it is December.

3

Can I who scarcely am in Bloom,
 Let Frost and Snow be suing?
 'Twould spoil each rip'ning Joy to come,
 Bring ev'ry Charm to ruin:



For Dress and Shew, to touch my Pride,
 My little Heart is panting;
 But then there's something else beside,
 I soon should find was wanting.

4

Then Colin, thou my Choice shalt gain,
 For thou wilt ne'er deceive me;
 And grey hair'd Wealth shall plead in
 For thou hast more to give me: ^{vain,}
 My Fancy paints thee full of Charms,
 Thy looks so young and tender,
 Love beats his new and fond Alarms,
 To thee I now surrender.

Feltons Minuet, with Variations.

hr

hr

hr

hr

Var. 1.

hr

hr

Var. 2. 3

D. C.



March in the Institution of the Garter.



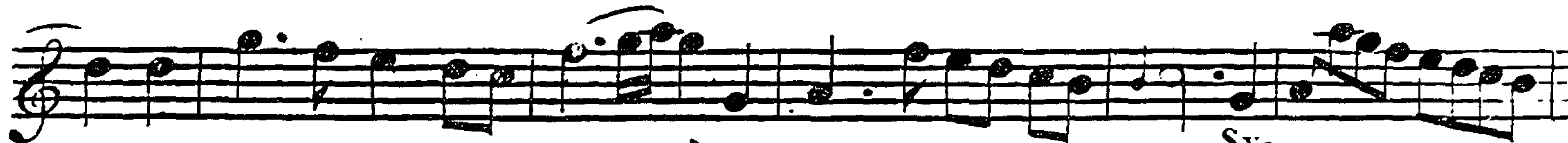
Song in the Merchant of Venice.



T



keep my gentle Jef-sy, What Labour wou'd seem hard? Sy.



Each toil some Task how ea - - sy? Her Love the sweet re - ward, Sy.



the sweet Re - - ward, Her Love the sweet Re ward, the sweet Re - - ward. Her



Love the sweet re - ward: The Bee thus uncom - plaining, Esteems no Toil se -



vere, The Bee thus uncom - - plain - ing, Esteems no Toil se - vere, The sweet re -



ward ob - - tain - ing, Of Honey all the Year, The sweet reward ob - taining.

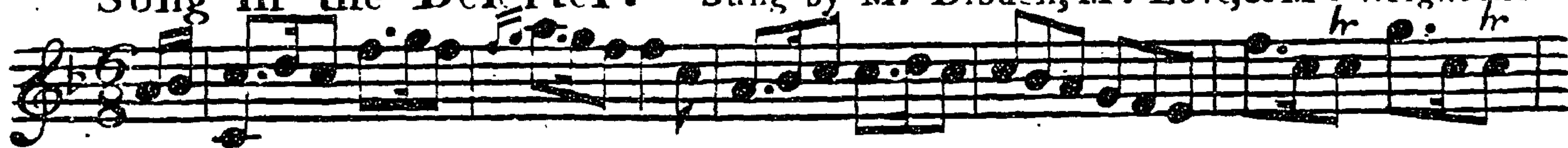


Of Honey all the Year, The sweet re - - ward Of Honey all



Year, The sweet re - - ward of Honey all the Year.

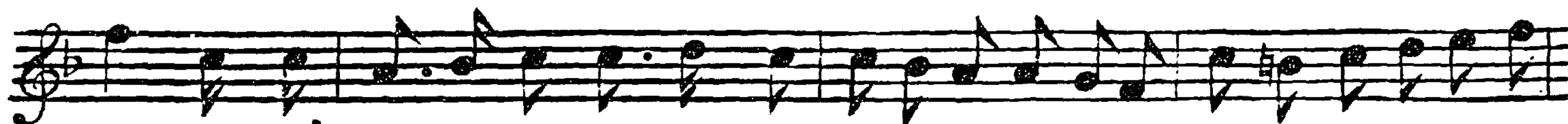
Song in the Desert. Sung by Mr. Dibden, Mrs. Love, & Mrs. Wroughten.



Allegretto.



I can't for my Life guess the cause of this.



Eufs, Why there's Pipers and Fiddlers, while Robin and Harry, And Clodpole & Roger and



ten more of us, Have pull'd as much fruit as we're able to carry! What the Meaning can



he, We shall presently see, For yon old Rufset who certain-ly knows, But



be what it will Our wish shall be still, Joy and Health to the Dutchess where



ever she goes.



Margaret.

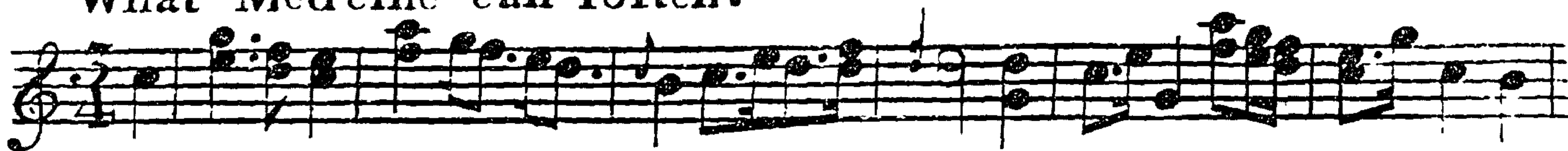
Why Nonsculls that's nothing; her Ladyship's Wine,
 All over the Village, runs just like a Fountain;
 And I heard the Folks say, ev'ry dish when they dine,
 Will be swimming in Claret, Madera and Mountain.
 What the Meaning can be, &c.



Johnny.

Then for Poultry and such like, good Lord, what a store!
 I saw goodman Gander twelve Baskets full cramming:
 Then for Confits and Jellies! why one such feast more,
 Will certainly breed in the Village a Famine.
 What the Meaning can be, &c.

What Medicine can soften.



What Medicine can soften the Bosom's keen Smart? What Lethe can



banish the Pain? What Cure can be met with to sooth the fonda



Heart, That's broke, broke by a faithless young Swain. Sy.



2

In hopes to forget him, how vainly I try
 The Sports of the Walk, and the Green!
 When Coon is dancing, I say with a Sigh,
 "'Twas here first my Damon was seen."

3

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."

4

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,
 When Damon pretended to love.

Country Dance.



A Dawn of Hope.



A Dawn of Hope my Soul revives, And ba - - nish - es de - - spair;



If yet my dear-est Da-mon lives, If yet my dearest Da-mon lives, Make



him, ye Gods, your Care, - - - - - If yet my



dearest Da - mon lives, Make him, ye Gods, your Care, Make him, ye



Gods, your Care.

Dispel those gloomy shades of Night,
 My tender Grief remove;
 O send some cheering Ray of Light,
 And guide me to my Love.

Thus in a secret friendly Shade,
 The pensive Cælia mourn'd;
 While courteous Echo lent her Aid,
 And sigh for sigh return'd.

When sudden Damon's well-known Face
 Each rising fear disarm'd;
 He eager springs to her embrace,
 She sinks into his Arms.

Corn Riggs.



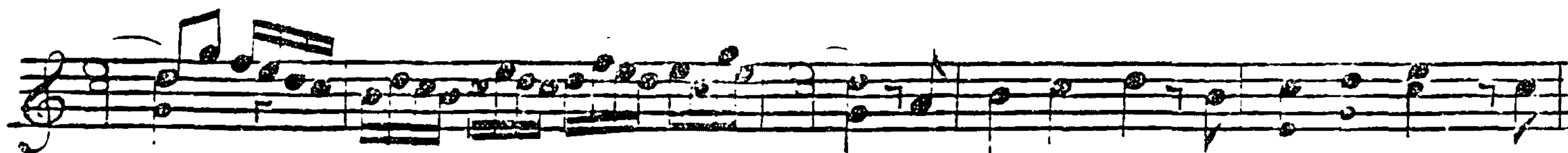
Blythe as feather'd Songsters are. Sung by Mr. Vernon at Vauxhall.



Blythe, blythe as feather'd Songsters are. More



free than Kings and happier far, As Fancy leads I rove, . . . I rove, . . . I

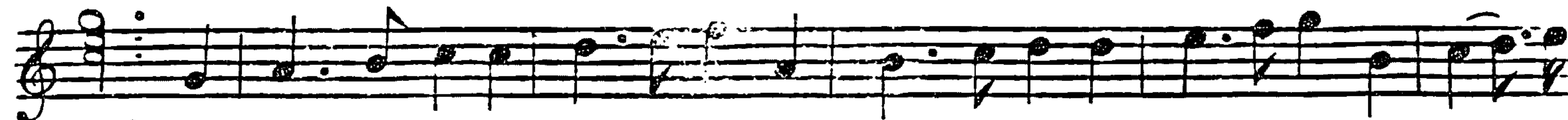


rove;

As Beauty strikes, I Beauty's woo, What



more immortal wish to do. Than a life of Love Than lead a



love? What more can Mortal wish to do, What more can Mortal wish to do, Than lead a



Life of Love, Than lead a Life of Love?

2

For each sweet Nymph fresh Tales I find,
My Heart as Air still unconfin'd,
From joy to joy I rove;
The Charms which daily me delight,
Renew'd in pleasing Dreams by night,
Make a Life a Life of love.

3

Should I be blest a Fair to find,
To love like me, for Life inclin'd;
By all ye Powers above,
With Honour strictly I'll pursue,
And do what mortal Man can do,
To make a Life of Love.

4

Assist me all ye Pow'rs divine,
To forward this my grand design;
And grant, O! mighty Jove,
That I may wed some heavenly Fair,
And show the World (what's very rare,)
A married Life of Love.

When first I saw.

Slow

When first I saw thee graceful move, Ah me! what

meant my throb - - - bing Breast? Say soft con -

fu - sion, art - - - thou Love? If Love thou

art, then fare - - well Rest.

2

With gentle Smiles aswage the Pain,
 Those gentle Smiles did first create;
 And tho' you cannot love again,
 In Pity, ah! forbear to hate.

The Pantheon.

Cotillon.



He comes.



Fair Hebe.



Andante



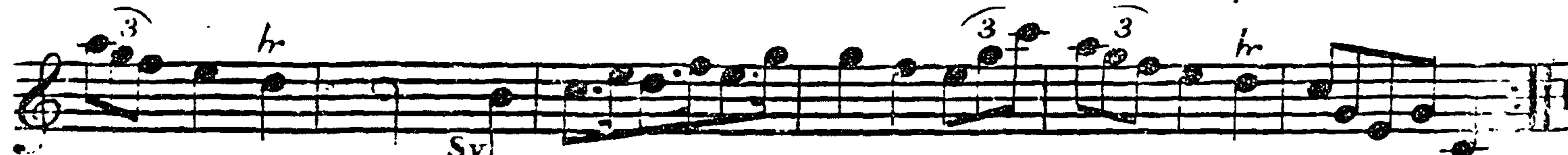
Fair Hebe I left with a cautious de - - sign, To e -



scape from her Charms, and to drown them in Wine; I try'd it but



found, when I came to' de - - part, The Wine in my Head but Love



fill in my Heart. Syl

I repair'd to my Reason, ntreated her Aid,
 Who paus'd on my Case and each Circumstance weigh'd;
 Then gravely pronounc'd in return to my Pray'r,
 That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

3

That's a Truth reply'd I, I've no need to be taught,
 I came for a Council to find out a Fault;
 If that's all (quoth Reason) return as you came,
 To find fault with Hebe would forfeit my Name.

4

What Hopes then alas, of relief from my Pain,
 When like Lightning she darts thro' each throbbing Vein?
 My Sences surpriz'd in her favour took Arms,
 And Reason confirms me a Slave to her Charms.

Lady Coventry's Minuet.



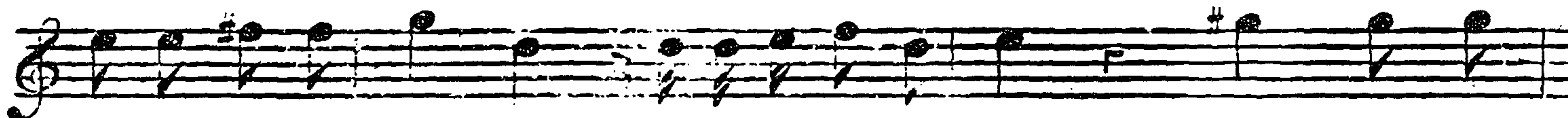
Sufanna.

Largo.

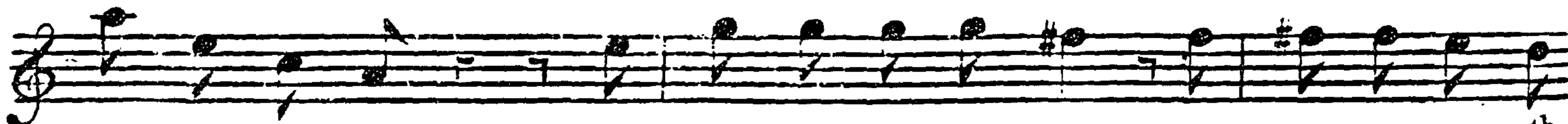
Rec^t

Twas when the Seas were roaring With hollow blasts of Wind,

A



Damsel lay de - plor - ing, All in a Rock re - clind: Wide o'er the

foaming Billows, She cast a wishful Look; Her Head was crown'dth w

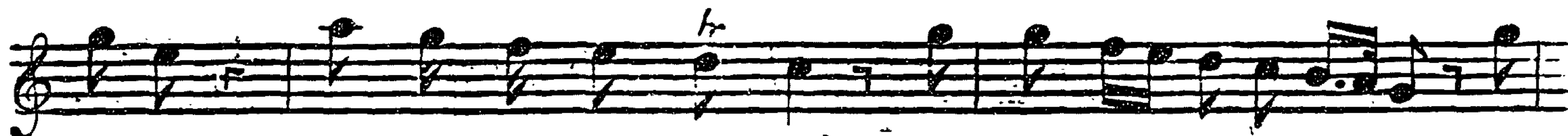
Air.

Willows That trembled o'er the Brook.

Twelve



Months were gone and o - ver, And nine long tedious Days, W' y didst thou, vent'rous



Lover, Why didst thou trust the Seas? Cease, cease thou troubled Ocean, And



let my Lover rest; Ah, what's thy troubled motion, To that within my



Breast; Ah, what's thy troubled Motion, To that within my Breast!

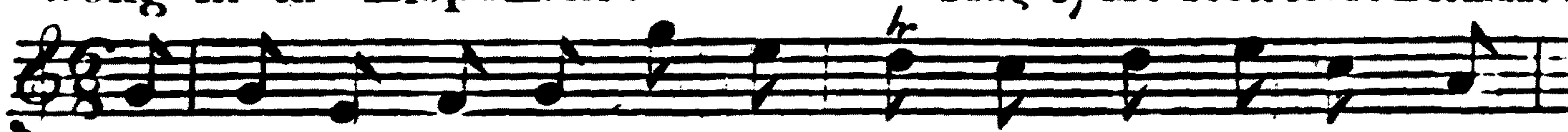
2

The Merchant robb'd of Pleasure,
Views Tempests with Dispair;
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.

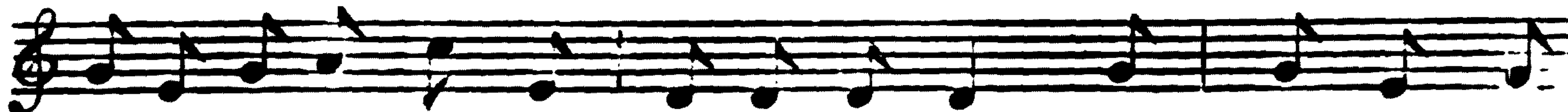
3

How can they say that Nature,
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the Water,
Do hideous Rocks remain?
No Eyes the Rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the Deep;
To wreck the wandering Lover,
And leave the Maid to weep.

Song in the Elopement.

Sung by M^{rs} Scott & M^{rs} Dorman.

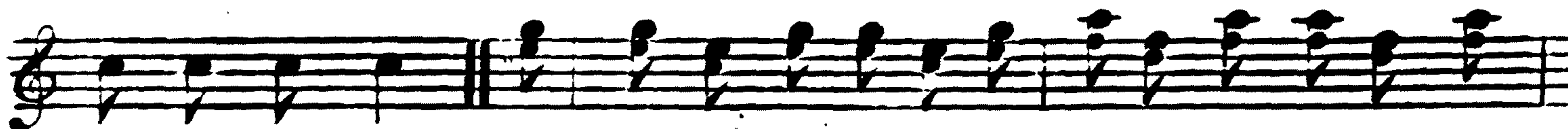
Come haste to the Wedding, Ye Friends and ye Neighbours, The



Lovers their Bliss can no longer de-lay; For-get all your



Sorrows, your Cares and your Labours, And let ev'-ry Heart beat with



Rapture to Day. Ye Vo-taries all, at-tend to my Call, Come



revel in Pleasures that never can cloy; Come see rural Fo-



li - ci - - ty Which Love and In - nocence ever en - joy .

Mrs Dorman. 2

Let Envy, let Pride, let Hate and Ambition

Still crowd to, and beat at the Breast of the Great;

To such wretched Passions, we give no Admission,

But leave them alone to the Wise-ones of State;

We boast of no Wealth,

But Contentment and Health,

In Mirth, and in Friendship our Moments employ.

Come, see, &c.

Mrs Scott. 3

With Reason we taste of each Heart-stirring Pleasure

With Reason we drink of the full flowing Bowl;

Are jocund and gay, but all within Measure,

For fatal Excess will enslave the free Soul:

Come, come at our Bidding,

To this happy Wedding,

No care shall intrude here, our Bliss to annoy:

Come, see, &c.

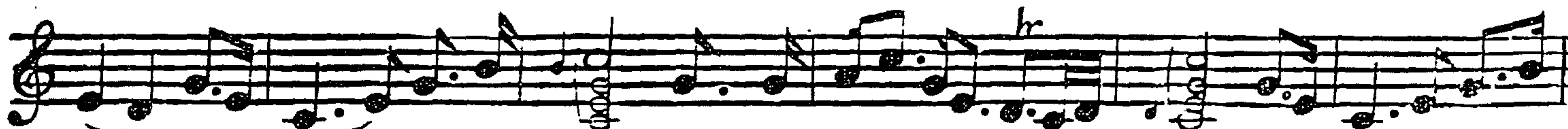
Willy of the Green. Sung by M^{rs} Hudson at Vauxhall.



Andante.



No Swain ever prov'd half so faithfull and



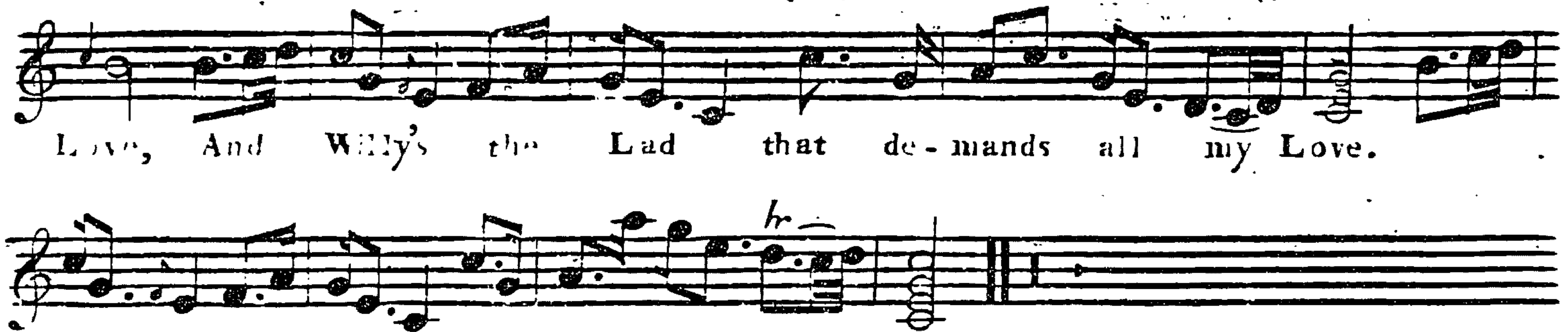
free, As Will of the Green has long prov'd un - to me;



A Youth so en - dear - ing, my Heart must ap -



prove, And Willy's the Lad that d... ..



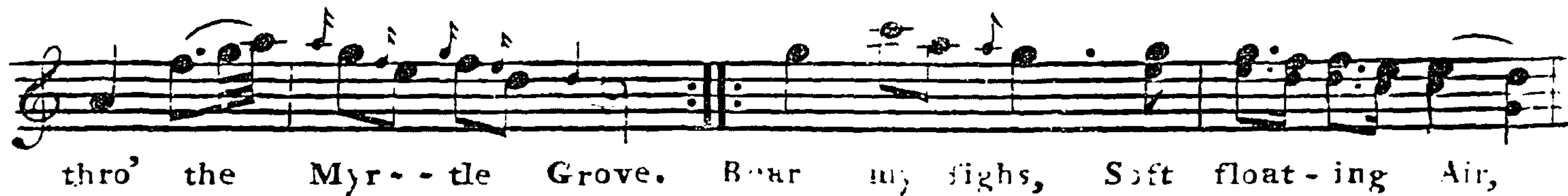
2

When he is but near, and my Lambs all at play,
 Dull Winter appears full as pleasant as May;
 So kindly he treats me, so manly his love,
 Young Willy's the Lad that my Heart must approve.

3

Should he prove but true, and will take me for Life
 Ere Summer is gone, he shall make me his Wife;
 For Worth like to his ev'ry Heart must approve,
 And Willy's the Lad that demands all my Love.

Guardian Angels. Sung by Miss Catley in the Golden Pippin.



2

Mid secluded Dells I'll wander,
 Silent as the shades of Night;
 Near some bubbling rills Meander,
 Where he erst has blest my Sight.
 There to weep the Night away,
 There to waste in Sighs the Day.
 Think, fond Youth, what Vows you swore,
 And must I never see thee more.

3

Then recluse shall be my Dwelling,
 Deep in some sequester'd Vale;
 There with mournful Cadence swelling,
 Oft repeat my Lovesick-tale;
 And the Lark and Philomel,
 Oft shall hear a Virgin tell,
 What the Pain, to bid adieu
 To joy, to Happiness, and you.

The Haymakers Dance.

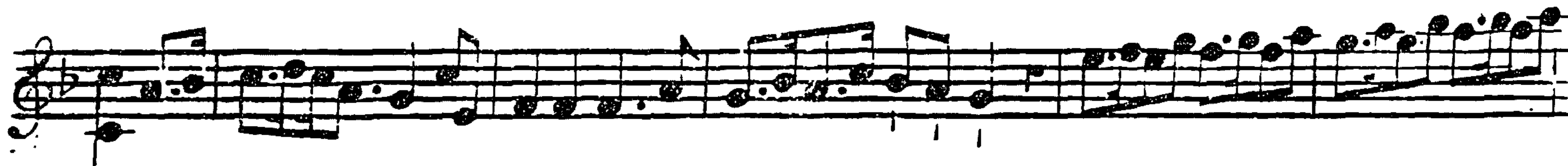


Oh Nanny! wilt thou.

Sung by M^r Vernon at Vauxhall.



Largo, Andante, Espressivo.



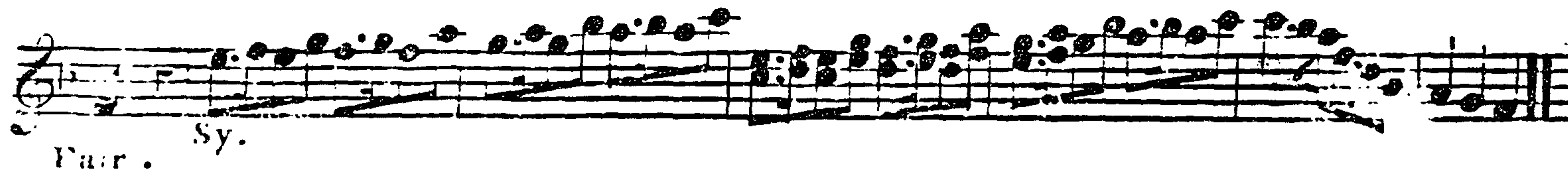
Oh Nanny! wilt thou fly from



me, Nor sigh to leave the charming Town? Can silent Glens have Charms for thee? The



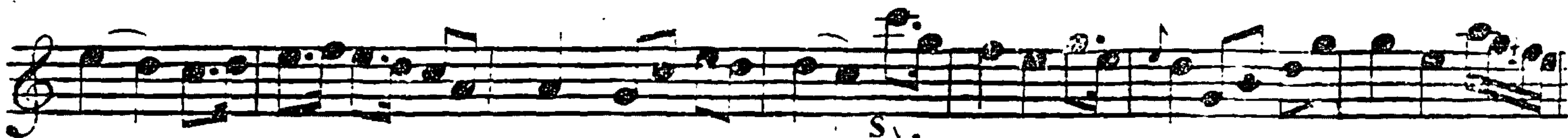
lowly Cot, and russet Gown? No longer drest in sil - ken Sheen, No longer -



I do as I will with my Swain. Sung by M.^{rs} Jamefon at Vauxhall.



I do as I will with my



Swain, He never once thinks I am wrong;

He likes me so well on the



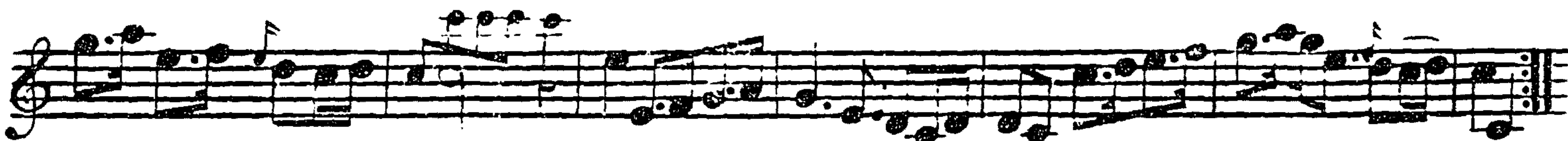
Plain, I please him so much with my Song.



A Song is the Shepherd's de-light, he hears me with Joy all the



day; He's sorry when comes the dull Night That hast - - - ns the



end of my Lay.

2

With Spleen and with Care once oppress'd,

He ask'd me to soothe him the while;

My Voice set his Mind all to rest,

And the Shepherd wou'd instantly smile:

Since when, or in Mead, or in Grove,

By his Flocks, or the clear Rivers side;

I Sing my best Songs to my Love,

And to charm him is grown all my Pride.

3

No Beauty had I to endear,

No Treasures of Nature or Art;

But my Voice that had gain'd on his Ear,

Soon found out the way to his Heart:

To try if that Voice wou'd not please,

I took me to join the gay throng;

I won the rich Prize all with ease,

And my Fames gone abroad th w. my Song.

4

But let me not Jealousy raise,

I wish to enchant but my Swain;

Enough then for me is his Praise,

I sing but for him the lov'd Strain..

When Youth, Wealth, and Beauty may fail,

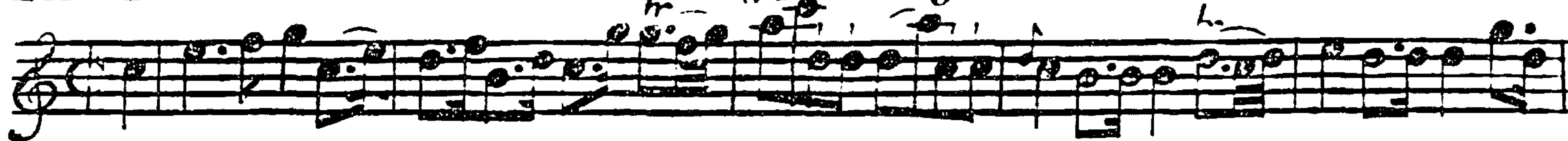
And your Shepherds elude all your Skill;

Your Sweetness of Song may prevail,

And gain all your Swains to your Will.

The Female Duelist.

Sung by Miss Jamefon at Vauxhall.



Gavotte Time.



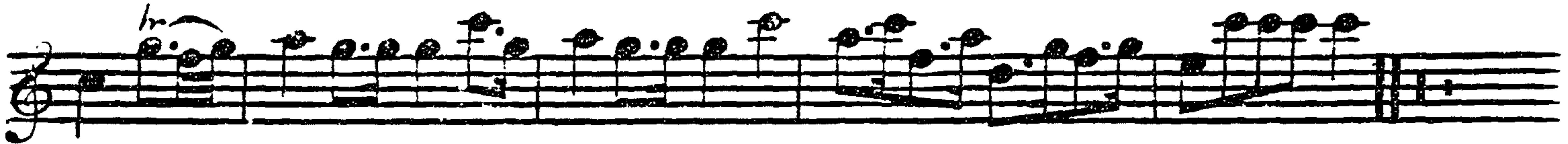
Since all so nicely



take offence, And Pinking is the Fashion, And Pinking is the Fashion, And



Pinking is the Fashion, I soon shall find a good Pretence For being



2

If any on my Dress or Air,
To jest, dare take occasion,
By Female Honour I declare,
I'll have an Explanation.

3

If you're too free, and full of Play,
By Jove my Lads, I'll cure ye;
And if too cold you turn away,
You'll rouse a very Fury.

4

A law is every thing I say,
No Swain shall call me cruel;
Who'er my Will shall disobey,
'Tis signal for a Duel.

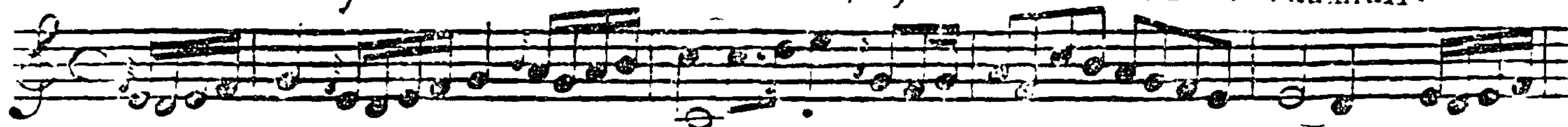
5

A very Amazon am I,
And various Weapons carry;
I've glancing Lightning in my Eye,
And Tongue, a Sword to parry.

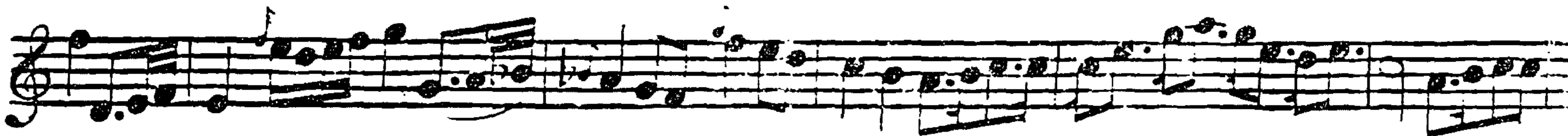
6

E'en let him arm with what he will,
With Cupid's Bow and Arrow;
You soon shall see my Man I'll kill,
As easy as a Sparrow.

In this shady blest Retreat. Sung by Mrs. Welchell at Vauxhall.



Andante.

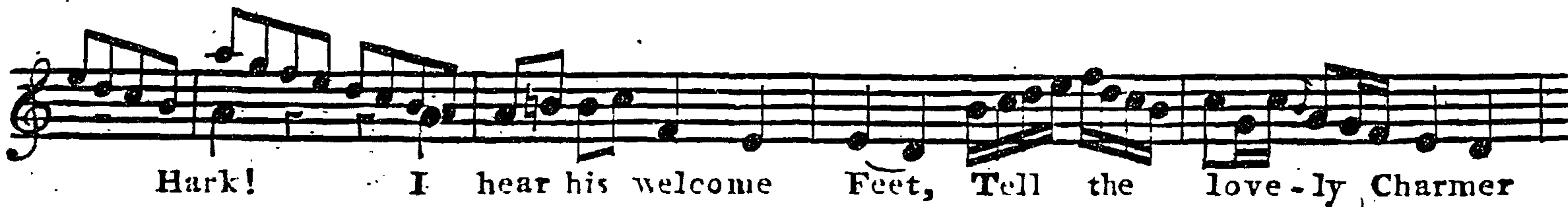
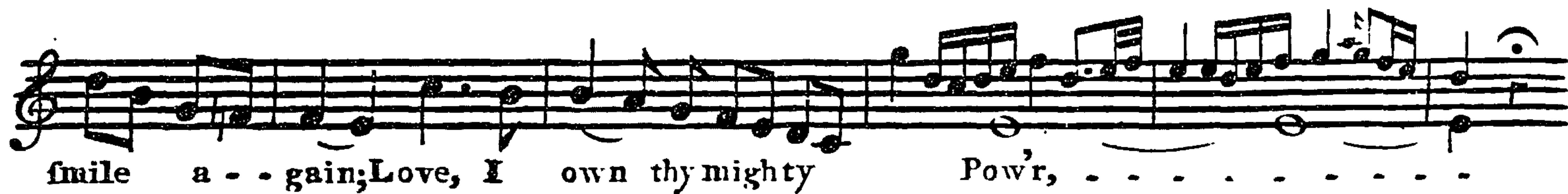


In this



shady - blest Re - treat, - I've been willing for my Dear; Sy.







Gramachree Molly, a favorite Irish Air.

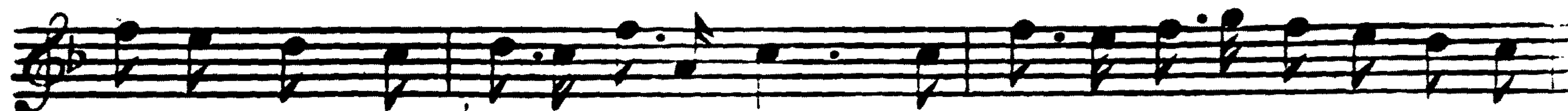


Andante Affettuoso.

As



down on Banna's banks I stray'd, One ev'ning in May, The lit-tle Birds in



blithest Notes, Made vocal ev'-ry spray; They sung their little Tales of Love, They



sung them o'er and o'er; Ah Gramachree, na Cholleenouge, Ma Molly Air.



ture!

The Daisy pied, and all the sweets the crown of Nature yields,
 The Primrose pale, the Violet blue, lay scatter'd o'er the Fields;
 Such fragrance in the Bosom lies, of her whom I adore,

3

Oh Gramachree! &c.

I laid me down upon a Bank, bewailing my fate,
 That doom'd me thus the Slave of Love, and all my Liberty to hate;
 How can she break the honest Heart that wears no iron corse!

4

Oh Gramachree! &c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear, ah, why did I believe?
 Yet who could think such tender Words were meant but to deceive?
 That Love was all I ask'd on Earth, nay Heav'n could give no more,

5

Oh Gramachree! &c.

Oh, had I all the Flocks that graze on yonder yellow hill;
 Or low'd for me the numerous Herds that yon green pasture fill!
 With all I love I'd gladly share my Kine and fleecy store:

6

Oh Gramachree! &c.

Two turtle Doves above my Head sat courting on a Bough;
 I envied them their Happiness, to see them bill and coo:
 Such Fondness once for me she shew'd, but now alas 'tis o'er!

7

Oh Gramachree! &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear, thy loss I e'er shall mourn,
 Whilst Life remains in Scrophons Heart, 'twill beat for thee alone.
 Tho' thou art false, may Heav'n on thee its choicest blessings pour;

Oh Gramachree! &c.

Believe my Sighs.

Sung by M^r. Vernon at Vauxhall.



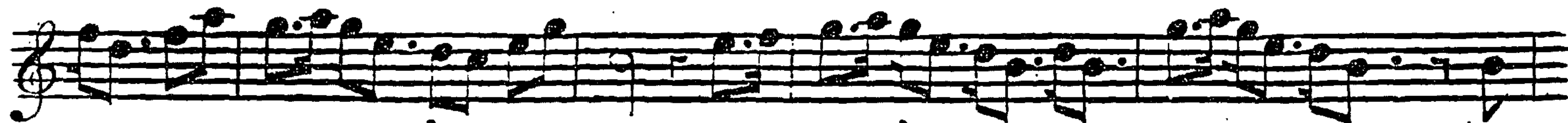
Affettuoso.



Be - lieve my Sighs, my Tears my



Dear, Be - - lieve the Heart you have won; Be - lieve my Vows to you fin -



cere, Or Peggy, I'm un - done: You say I'm fick - le apt to change, At



ev' - ry face that's new, Of all the Girls I e - - ver saw, I ne'er lov'd.



2

My Heart was once a Flake of Ice,
 Till thaw'd by your bright Eyes;
 Then warm'd and kindled in a trice,
 A Flame that never dies:

Then take and try me, & you'll find
 A Heart that's kind and true;
 Of all the Girls I ever saw,
 I ne'er lov'd one like you.

The Irish Song in the Register Office . Sung by M^r Moody.



My sweet pret - ty



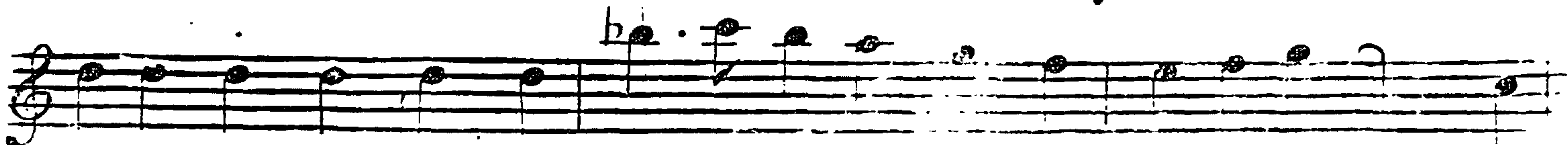
Mogg, You're as soft as a Bog, And as wild as a Kitten, as wild as a Kitten! Those



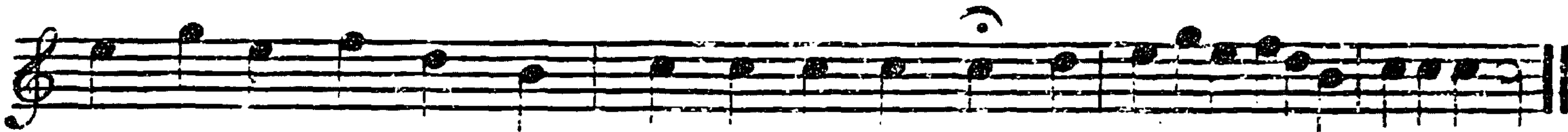
Eyes in your Face, (O pity my case!) Poor paddy have smitten, Poor paddy have smitten.



Far softer than Silk, And as fair as new Milk, Your lilly white Hand is, Your



lilly white Hand is: Your shap's like a Pail, From your Head to your Tail, You're



strait as a Wand is, You're strait as a wand is.

2

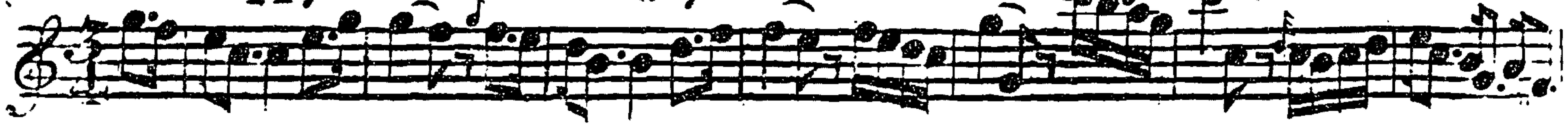
Your Lips red as Cherries,
 And your curling Hair is
 As black as the Devil,
 As black as the Devil;
 Your Breath is as sweet too
 As any Potatoe,
 Or Orange from Seville,
 Or Orange from Seville;
 When drest in your Boddice,
 You trip like a Goddess,
 So nimble, so frisky,
 So nimble, so frisky;
 A Kiss on your Cheek,
 (Tis so soft and so sleek)
 Would warm me like Wisky,
 Would warm me like Wisky.

3

I grunt and I pine,
 And sob like a Swine,
 Because you're so cruel,
 Because you're so cruel;
 No rest can I take,
 And a sleep and awake,
 I dream of my Jewel,
 I dream of my Jewel:
 Your hate then give over,
 Nor Paddy your Lover,
 So cruelly handle,
 So cruelly handle;
 Or Paddy must die,
 Like a Pig in a Sty,
 Or Snuff of a Candle,
 Or Snuff of a Candle.



How happy was I. Sung by M^{rs} Weichfell at Vauxhall.



Andante Grazioso.



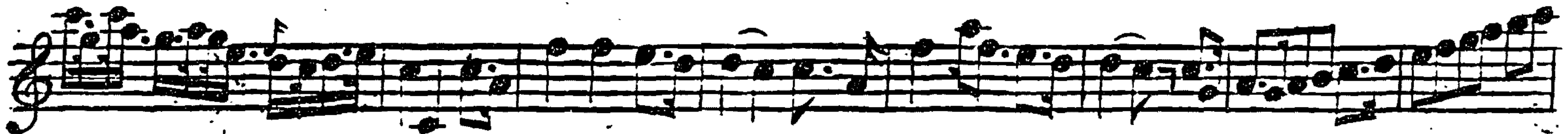
How happy was I, my blythe



Jockey to see, When down at the Brook he first bent on his knee; To gi' me a Drink, wif sweet



looks on his Een, And hail'd me of a' he had met for his Queen; Sy



Such Beauties he said were my Een & my Hair, As none on the green could



wi' me compare, His Hand and his Flock, his true Love be - fide, Shoud' a be mine, ain gin



Id be his Bride, gin Id be his Bride.



2

Daff Lad I replied, wi' thy Flocks never part,
 To the Lass that wou'd meanly dispose of her heart;
 For thine I but fought in return for mine ain,
 O gi' me but that and thy Flocks I disdain:
 He sighing replied, I had it lang syn,
 And he had his wish in possessing of mine;
 My hand I then gi'm without thought of his Flock,
 While even the Brook murmur'd faithful Jock.

If 'tis Joy to wound a Lover.

Rondo

Andantino.

Fin

For

If 'tis Joy to wound a Lover, How much more to give him ease? When his

Passion we dis - cover, O how pleasing 'tis to please! If 'tis Joy to wound a Lover, how much more to

give him ease? when his Passion we dis - cover, O how pleasing 'tis to please, O how pleasing



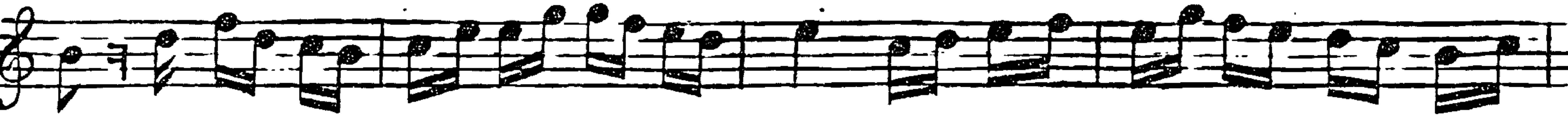
'tis to please! The Blifs re - turns, and



we re - ceive Transports greater than we give; The Blifs returns and we re - ceive Transports



greater than we give; The Blifs re - turns, and we receive Transports greater than we

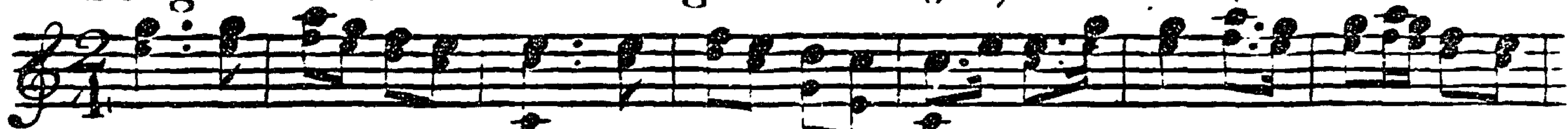


give; The blifs re - turns, and we re - ceive Transports greater than we



give. Da Capo

Song in the 'Twelfth Night

Sung by M^{rs} Abington.

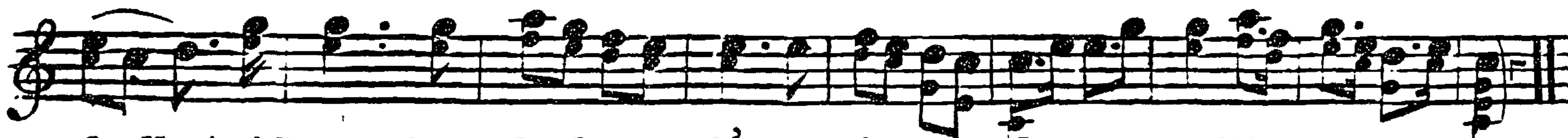
How im - per - fect is Ex - - preffion, Some E - - motions to im -



part; When we mean a soft Con - fef - sion, And yet seek to hide the



heart? When our Bosoms all com - ply - ing, With de - - licious Tu - mulds



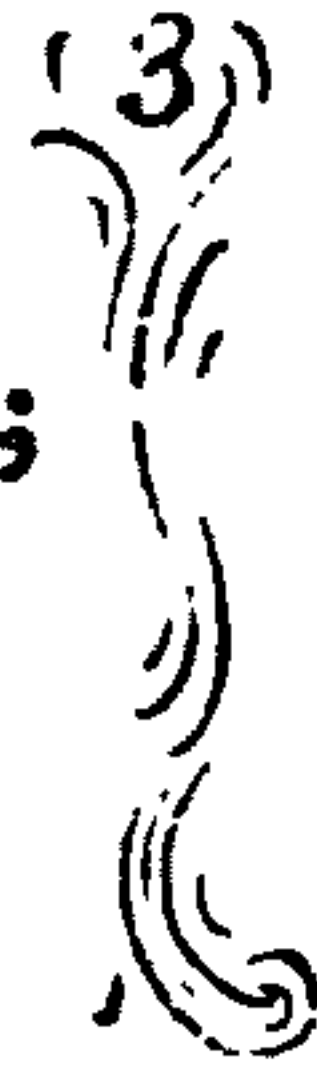
swell, And Beat what broken, faltering, dy - ing Language would, but cannot tell.

Deep Confusions rosy Terror,
Quite expressive paints my Cheek;
Ask no more — behold your error;
Blushes eloquently speak! —

(2)
(((

What tho' silent is my anguish,
Or breath'd only to the Air;
Mark my eyes, and as they languish,
Read what yours have written there.

O that you could once conceive me,
Once my Souls strong feelings view;
Love has nought more fond believe me,
Friendship nothing half so true.



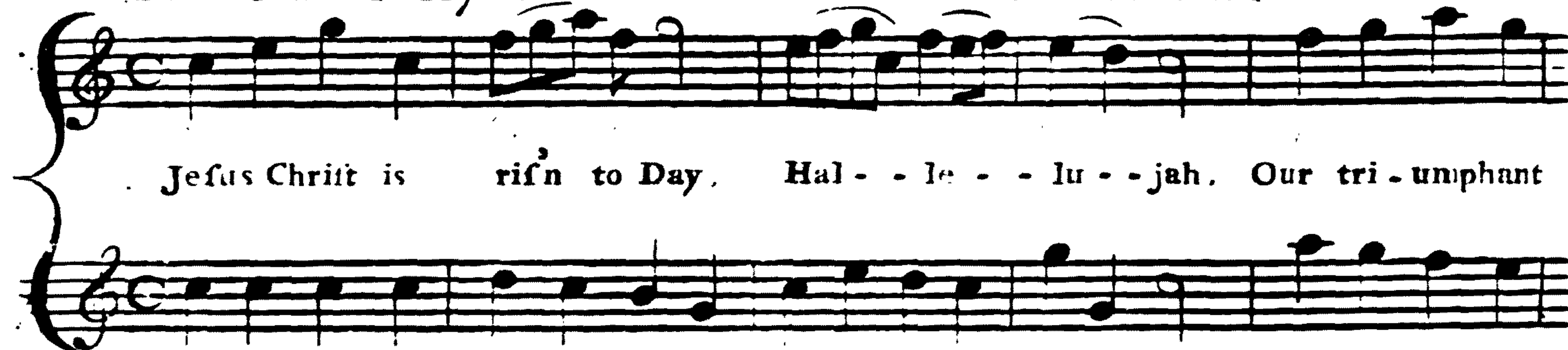
From you, I am wild, despairing,
With you speechless as I touch;
This is all that bears declaring,
And perhaps declares too much.

Gavot by Humphrys.



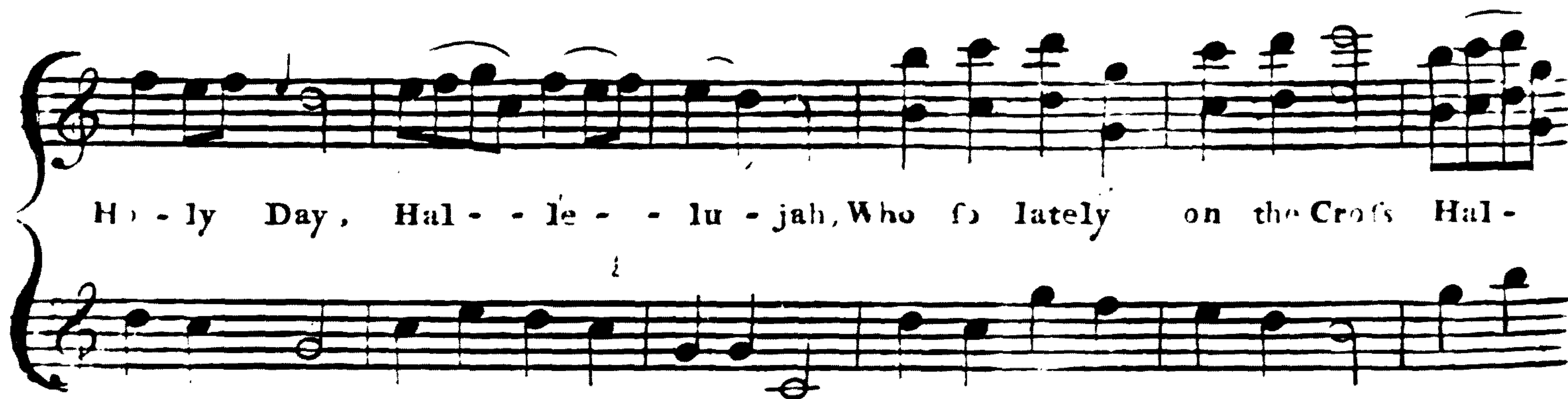
The Easter Hymn.

For one or two Guittars.



Jesus Christ is ris'n to Day, Hal - - le - - lu - - jah, Our tri - umphant

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). It contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The bottom staff also begins with a treble clef and a common time signature, and contains a similar melody. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating long notes.



Ho - ly Day, Hal - - le - - lu - jah, Who so lately on the Cross Hal -

The second system of musical notation also consists of two staves. The top staff continues the melody from the first system, ending with a double bar line. The bottom staff continues the melody, also ending with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating long notes.



2

Hymns of Praises let us sing,
 Unto Christ our heav'nly King,
 Who endur'd both Cross and Grave,
 Sinners to redeem and save,

Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah,

3

But the Pains which he endur'd,
 Our Salvation has procur'd,
 Now he reigns above the Sky,
 Where the Angels ever cry,

Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah.

La Demofelle .

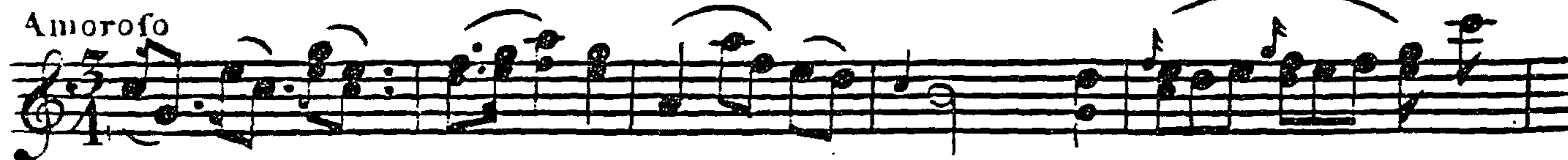


Stadholders or French Minuet .

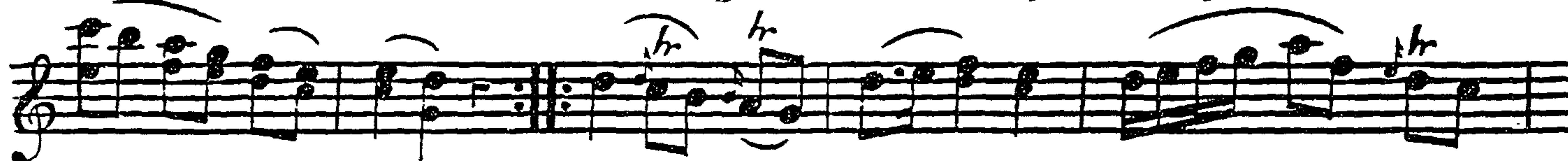


'The Serenade .

Amoroso



Waft to her Ears kind gen - tle Breeze, a hap - - - - - less



Lov - - ers Lay; Tell her while she lays - - - at



Ease, I die I die - - I die - a - - way.

2.

This to her tender Bosom bear,

And tell her all my Pain;

And if a spark of Pity's there,

Oh fan it to a Flame!

Down the burn Davy Love.

Sung at Vauxhall.

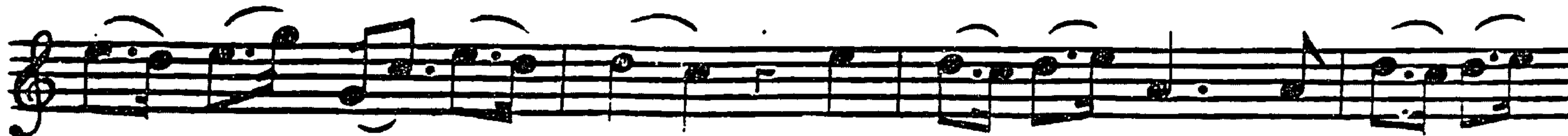
Allegretto



When Trees did bud and Fields were green, and Broom bloom'd



fair to see; when Ma - - ry was com - pleat Fifteen, and



Love laugh'd in her Eye; Blithe Da - vy's blinks her heart did



move to speak her mind thus free; Gang down the burn



Davy love, down the burn Davy love, down the burn Davy love and I will follow



thee; Down the burn Davy love, down the burn Da-vy love, down the burn Davy love, gang



down the burn Da-vy love and I will follow thee.

2

Now Davy did each Lad surpass
That dwelt on this burn side,
And Mary was the bonniest Lass,
Just meet to be a Bride.
Blithe Davy's blinks, &c.

3

Her Cheeks were rosy red and white,
Her Een was bonny blue;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping Dew.
Blithe Davy's blinks, &c.

4

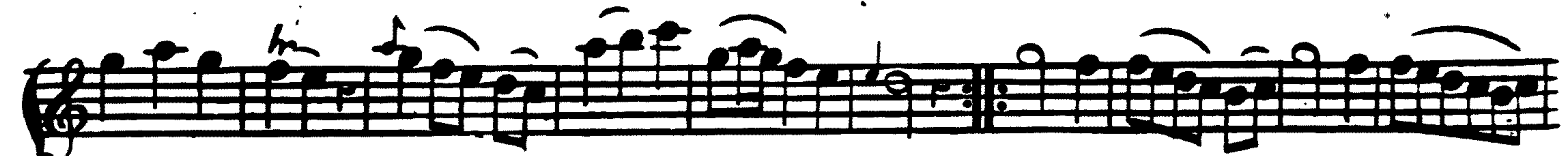
As Fate had dealt to him a Ruth,
Strait to the Kirk he led her;
There plighted her, his faith and truth,
And a bonny Bride he made her.

No more ashamed to own her love,
Or speak her mind thus free;
Gang down the burn Davy love
And I will follow Thee.

Sung by M^r Vernon in the Witches.

for 2 Guitars

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a treble clef, a 3/4 time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, G5, A5, B5, C6, D6, E6, F#6, G6, A6, B6, C7, D7, E7, F#7, G7, A7, B7, C8, D8, E8, F#8, G8, A8, B8, C9, D9, E9, F#9, G9, A9, B9, C10, D10, E10, F#10, G10, A10, B10, C11, D11, E11, F#11, G11, A11, B11, C12, D12, E12, F#12, G12, A12, B12, C13, D13, E13, F#13, G13, A13, B13, C14, D14, E14, F#14, G14, A14, B14, C15, D15, E15, F#15, G15, A15, B15, C16, D16, E16, F#16, G16, A16, B16, C17, D17, E17, F#17, G17, A17, B17, C18, D18, E18, F#18, G18, A18, B18, C19, D19, E19, F#19, G19, A19, B19, C20, D20, E20, F#20, G20, A20, B20, C21, D21, E21, F#21, G21, A21, B21, C22, D22, E22, F#22, G22, A22, B22, C23, D23, E23, F#23, G23, A23, B23, C24, D24, E24, F#24, G24, A24, B24, C25, D25, E25, F#25, G25, A25, B25, C26, D26, E26, F#26, G26, A26, B26, C27, D27, E27, F#27, G27, A27, B27, C28, D28, E28, F#28, G28, A28, B28, C29, D29, E29, F#29, G29, A29, B29, C30, D30, E30, F#30, G30, A30, B30, C31, D31, E31, F#31, G31, A31, B31, C32, D32, E32, F#32, G32, A32, B32, C33, D33, E33, F#33, G33, A33, B33, C34, D34, E34, F#34, G34, A34, B34, C35, D35, E35, F#35, G35, A35, B35, C36, D36, E36, F#36, G36, A36, B36, C37, D37, E37, F#37, G37, A37, B37, C38, D38, E38, F#38, G38, A38, B38, C39, D39, E39, F#39, G39, A39, B39, C40, D40, E40, F#40, G40, A40, B40, C41, D41, E41, F#41, G41, A41, B41, C42, D42, E42, F#42, G42, A42, B42, C43, D43, E43, F#43, G43, A43, B43, C44, D44, E44, F#44, G44, A44, B44, C45, D45, E45, F#45, G45, A45, B45, C46, D46, E46, F#46, G46, A46, B46, C47, D47, E47, F#47, G47, A47, B47, C48, D48, E48, F#48, G48, A48, B48, C49, D49, E49, F#49, G49, A49, B49, C50, D50, E50, F#50, G50, A50, B50, C51, D51, E51, F#51, G51, A51, B51, C52, D52, E52, F#52, G52, A52, B52, C53, D53, E53, F#53, G53, A53, B53, C54, D54, E54, F#54, G54, A54, B54, C55, D55, E55, F#55, G55, A55, B55, C56, D56, E56, F#56, G56, A56, B56, C57, D57, E57, F#57, G57, A57, B57, C58, D58, E58, F#58, G58, A58, B58, C59, D59, E59, 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now con-vey him to the fair; Quickly end the Lovers care, -



join their hands and blefs the Pair, Quickly end the lovers care, join their hands and



blefs the Pair.





Ju-no all who see true know, ne-ver no never can bear can



bear the Bell, Pal-las and Ju-no all who see true know,



ne-ver no never can bear - - the Bell, No chuck the gold



Pippin fair Ve - - nus's lip in for Venus herself is a Non -



pa - - riel - - a Non-pa - riel - - a Non-pa - - riel

Women Wit and Wine.

Sung at Vauxhall.

Allegretto



2

The sentiments tickled the Ear of each God,
 Apollo he wink'd to the Nine;
 And Venus gave Mars too, a sly wanton Nod,
 When she drank to Wit Women and Wine.

3

Old Jove shook his sides, and the Cup put around,
 While Juno for once look'd divine:
 These blessings says He, shall on Earth now abound,
 And the Toast is Wit, Women and Wine.

4

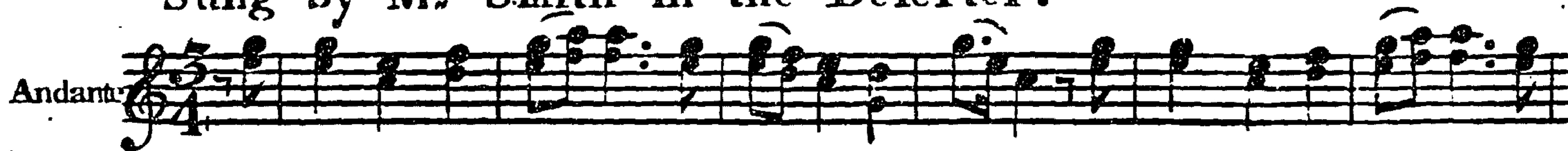
These are joys worthy Gods, which to mortals are giv'n,
 Says Momus, who will not repine?
 For what's worth our Notice, pray tell me in Heav'n,
 If Men have Wit, Women and Wine?

5

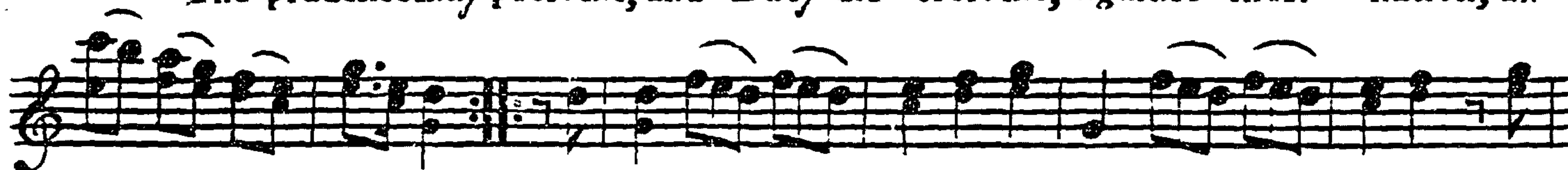
This joke you'll repent, I'll lay Fifty to Seven,
 Such attractions no pow'r can decline;
 Old Jove by yourself you'll soon keep house in Heav'n,
 For well follow Wit, Women and Wine.

6

Thou'rt right says old Jove, let us hence to the Earth,
 Men and Gods think variety fine:
 Who'd stay in the Clouds, when good nature and Mirth,
 Are below with Wit Women and Wine.

Sung by M^{rs} Smith in the Defenter.

Tho' prudence may press me, and Duty dis-tress me, against incli - - nation, ah



what can they do, No longer a Rover his fol-lies are over, my



heart my fond heart says my Hen-ry is true.

2

The Bee thus as changing,
 From sweet to sweet ranging,
 A Rose shou'd be light on, ne'er wishes to stray;
 With rapture possessing,
 In one ev'ry blessing,
 'Till torn from her Bosom he flies far away.

A Favorite Song

Set and fung by M^r Wall

Amor^o

See while thou weepst Lu - - cin - da fee, - the World in
 sym - pa - - thy - with Thee; the chearfull Birds no long - - er
 sing, each droops his head and hangs his Wing.

2

The Clouds have bent their bosom lower,
 And shed their sorrows in a Shower:
 The Brooks, beyond their Limits flow,
 And louder murmurs speak their Woe.

3

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

Under the Greenwood Tree

Sung at Vauxhall

Allegro Moderato



Young Colin having much to say in secret to a Maid, per-suaded.



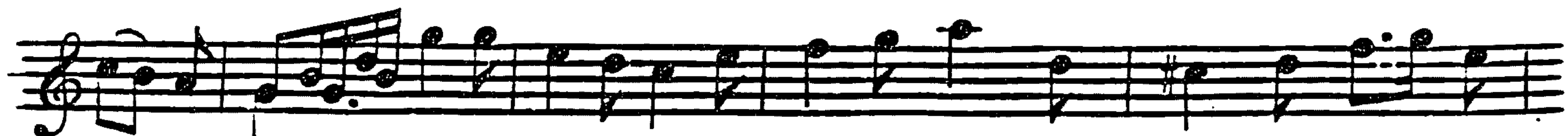
her to leave the Hay and seek th'embowring shade: young Colin having



much to say in secret to a Maid, per-suaded her to leave the Hay and



seek th'embowring shade, and seek th'embowring shade, and seek th'em-



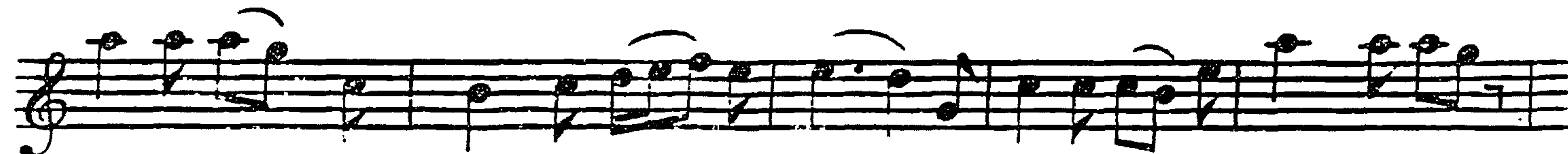
bowring shade; And after roving with his Mate, where none could hear or



fee, and after roving with his Mate, where none cou'd hear or fee, up -



on the velvet ground they fat, under the Greenwood Tree, and after roving



with his Mate, where none cou'd hear or fee, up - on the Velvet ground they fat,



under the Greenwood Tree, under the Greenwood Tree, under the Greenwood.



Tree, up - on the Velvet ground they fat, under the Greenwood Tree .

2

Your Charms, says Colin, warm my breast,
 What must I for them give?
 Nor night nor day can I have rest,
 I can't without you live;
 My Flocks, my Herds, my All is thine,
 Could you and I agree,
 Oh say, you to my Wish incline,
 Under the Greenwood Tree.

3

Too late you tempt my heart, fond Swain,
 The wary Lass replies,
 A Lad, who must not sue in vain,
 Now for my favour tries;

He bids me name the sacred Day,
 In all things we agree;
 Then why should you or I now stay
 Under the Greenwood Tree.

4

All this but serv'd to fire his mind,
 He knew not what to do;
 Till to his suit she would be kind,
 He would not let her go;
 His love, his wealth, the Youth display'd,
 No longer coy was she;
 At Church she seal'd the Vow she made,
 Under the Greenwood Tree.

The Peasant's Dance in Queen Mabb.



Sung by M^{rs} Arne in Cymon.

Largo



Yet awhile sweet Sleep deceive me, fold me in thy down-y Arms;



let not Care a - - wake to greive me, Lull it with thy Po - tent Charms:



I a Turtle doom'd to stray, quitting yours the Parents Nest; find each

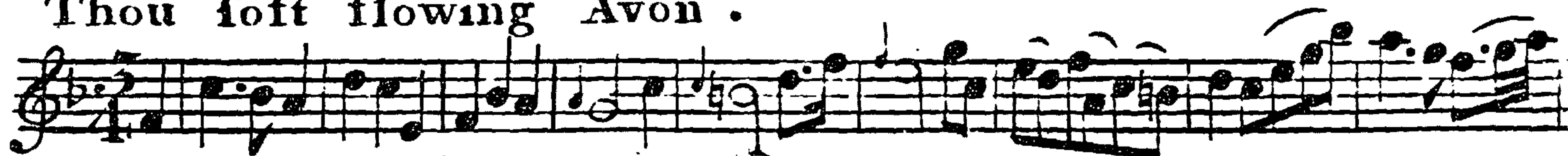


Bird a bird of Prey, Sor - row knows not where to rest; find each Bird a

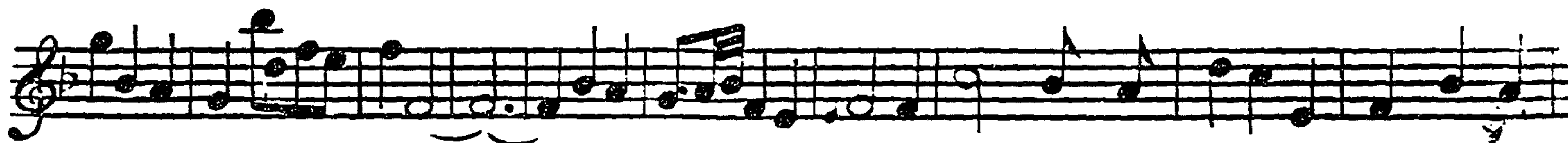


bird of Prey, Sorrow, knows not where to rest, Sor - - row knows not where to rest.

'Thou soft flowing Avon.



Larghetto



Pianiss?

'Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silver



Stream, of things more than mortal thy Shakespear would dream, would dream, would



dream, thy Shakespear would dream; Sy.

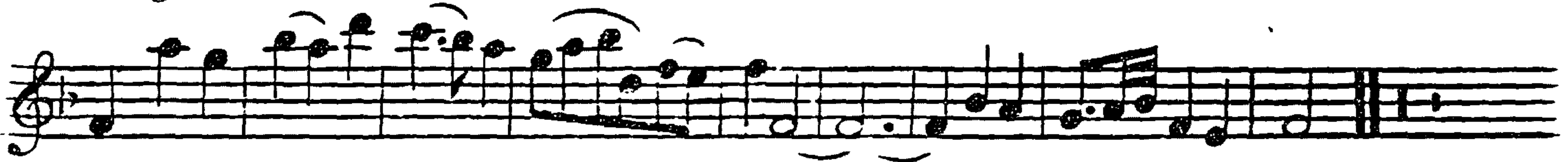
The Faïres by moonlight dance



round his green Bed, for hallow'd the Turf is which pillow'd his head; the Faïres by



moonlight dance round his green Bed, for hallow'd the Turf is which pil-low'd his



head.



The Love-stricken Maiden, the fighting young Swain,
Here rove without danger, and fight without pain;
The sweet bud of Beauty no blights shall here dread,
For hallow'd the Turf is that pillow'd his head.

3

Here Youth shall be fam'd for their love and their truth,
Here smiling Old Age feels the spirit of Youth;
For raptures of Fancy here Poets shall tread,
For hallow'd the Turf is that pillow'd his head.

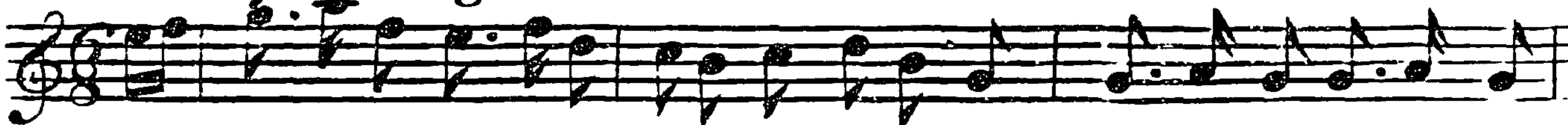
4

Flow on silver Avon, in Song ever flow;
Be the Swans on thy Bosom still whither than Snow;
Ever full be thy Stream, like his Fame may it spread,
And the Turf ever hallow'd that pillow'd his head.

The Jolly Young Waterman .

All?

Mod?



And did you no hear of a jolly young Waterman, Who at Blackfriars Bridge



us'd for to ply; And he feather'd his Oars with such skill and dexter-i-ty, Winning each



Heart and de-lighting each Eye; He look'd so neat and row'd so steadily, The



Maidens all flock'd in his Boat so readily, And he Ey'd the young



rogues with so charming an air, He Ey'd the young rogues with so charming an



air, That this Waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

2

What fights of fine Folks he oft row'd in his Wherry!

'Twas cleand' out so nice, and so painted with all;
He was always first Oars when the fine City Ladies,

In a party to Ranelagh went or Vauxhall.

And oftentimes wou'd they be giggling and leering,

But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeering,

For loving, or liking, he little did care,

For this Waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

3

And yet, but to see how strangely things happen;

As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,
He was ply'd by a Damsel so lovely and charming,

That she smil'd, and so straitway in love he did fall;

And wou'd this young Damsel but banish his sorrow,

He'd wed her to night before to morrow:

And how should this Waterman ever know care,

When he's Married and never in want of a fare.

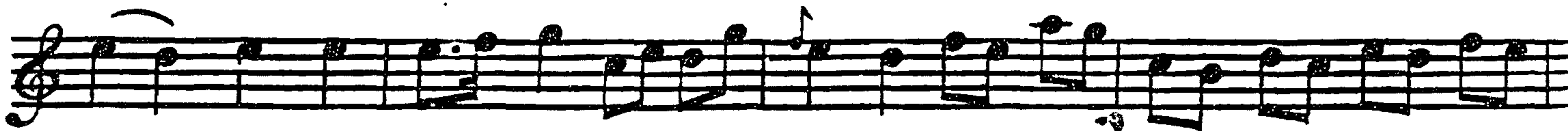
Cruel Strephon, a favorite Rondeau.

Andantino



:S:

Cruel Strephon will you leave me, will you prove your-self for-



fsworn, will you leave me Cru-el Strephon, will you prove your-self for-



fsworn? can, ah can you thus de - - ceive me can you treat my love with



fcorn, cruel Strephon will you leave me will you prove your-self for-



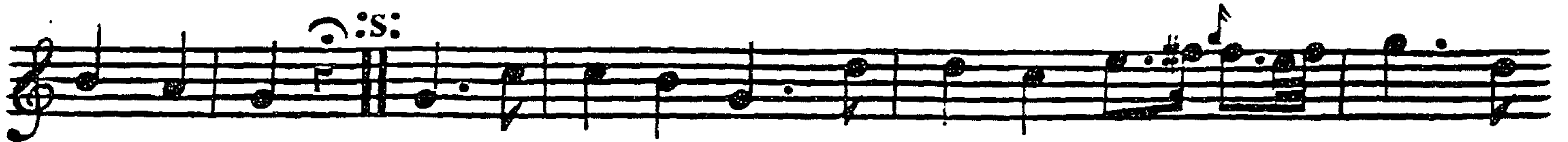
fsworn will you prove your-self for - fsworn, O be - hold your Cloe



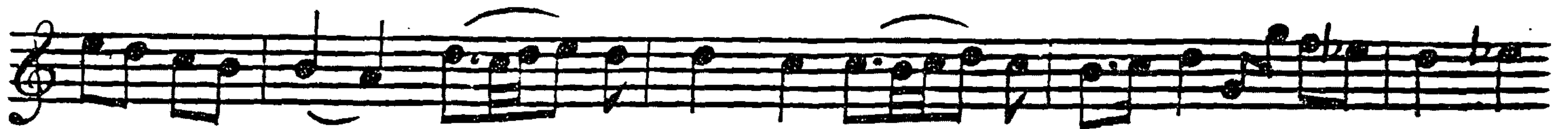
.pleading, turn and see your once lov'd Maid, let soft Pi-ty in-ter-



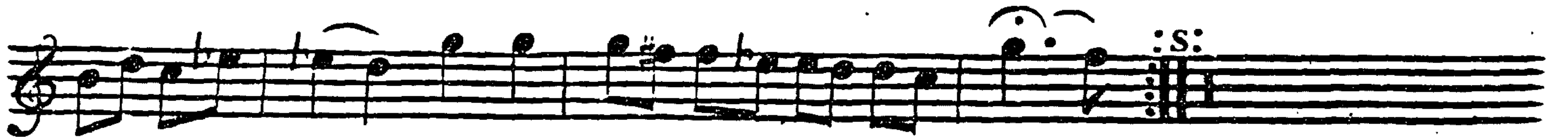
ceed-ing, ease a heart your vows be--tray'd, ease a heart your.



vows be-tray'd. Must I hopeless pine and languish, Fren-zy seize my.



.tor-tur'd Brain, see he triumphs in my anguish, see he glories



. in my Pain, see he glories in my Pain;

Mullony's Jigg.

