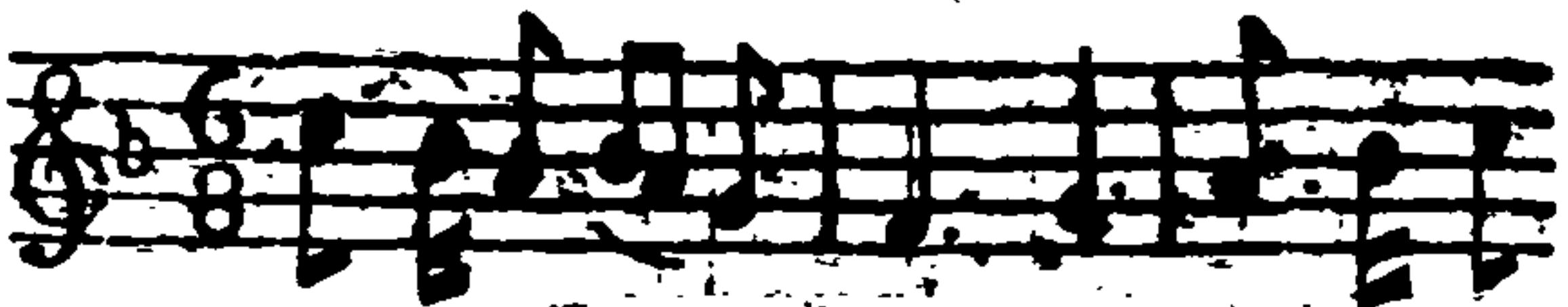
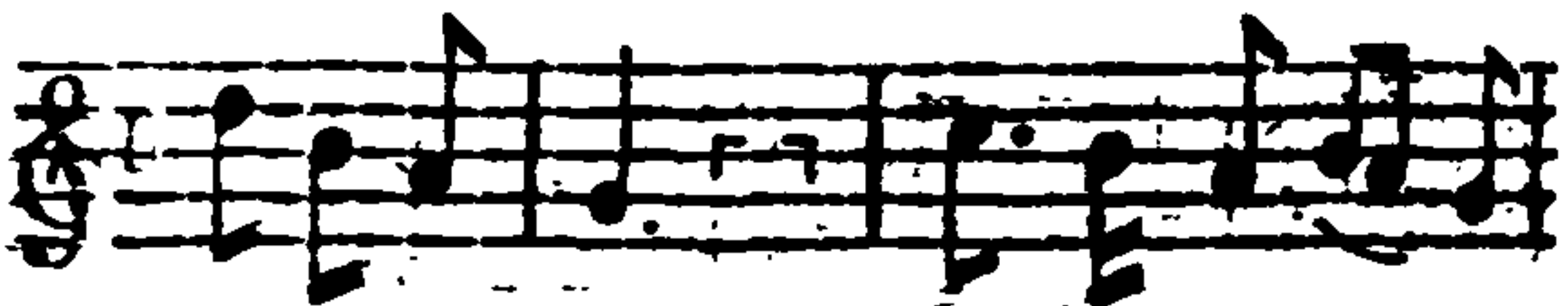


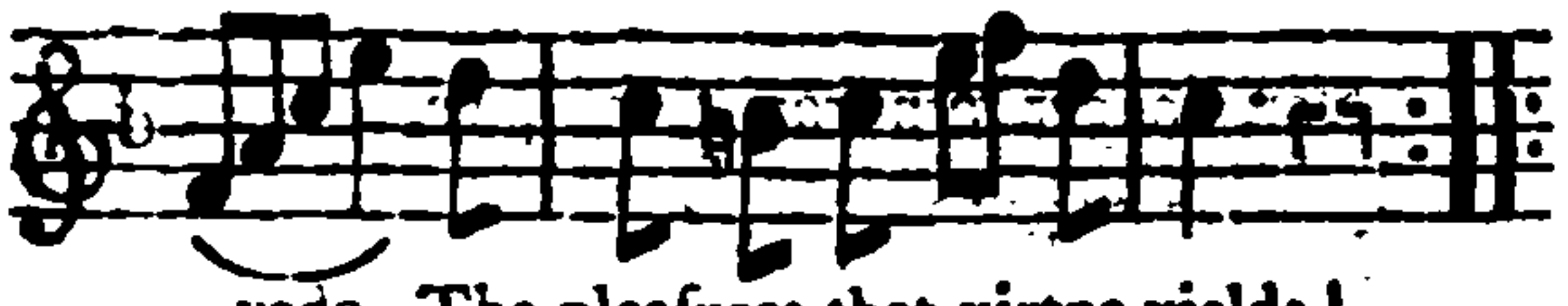
*Hail to the myrtle-shade! &c.*



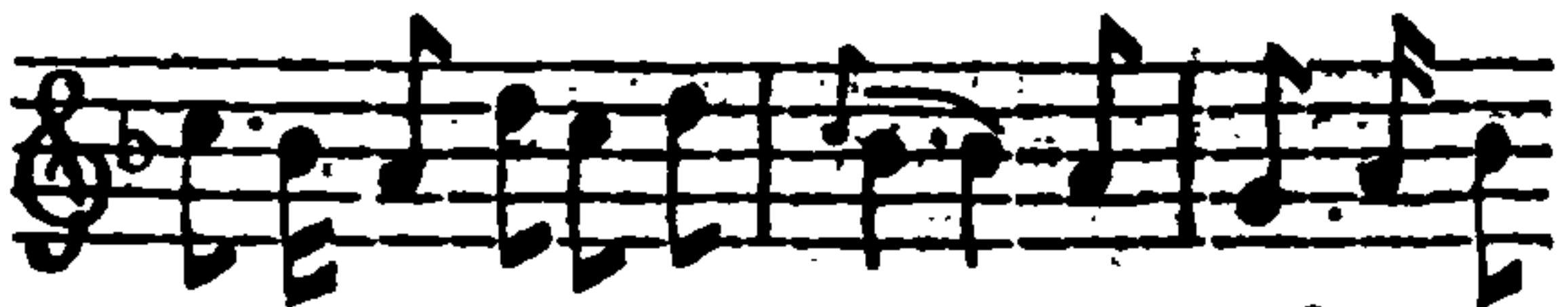
Hail to the myrtle-shade! All-hail to the



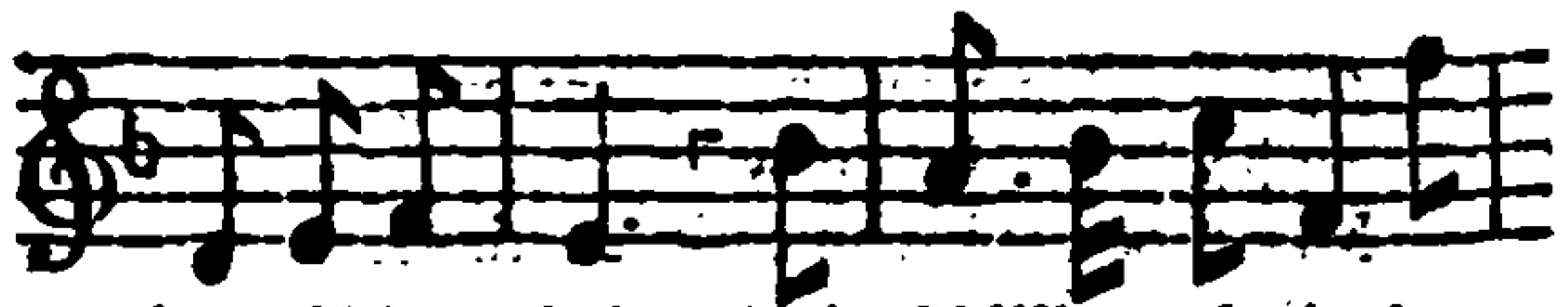
nymphs of the fields! Kings would not here in-



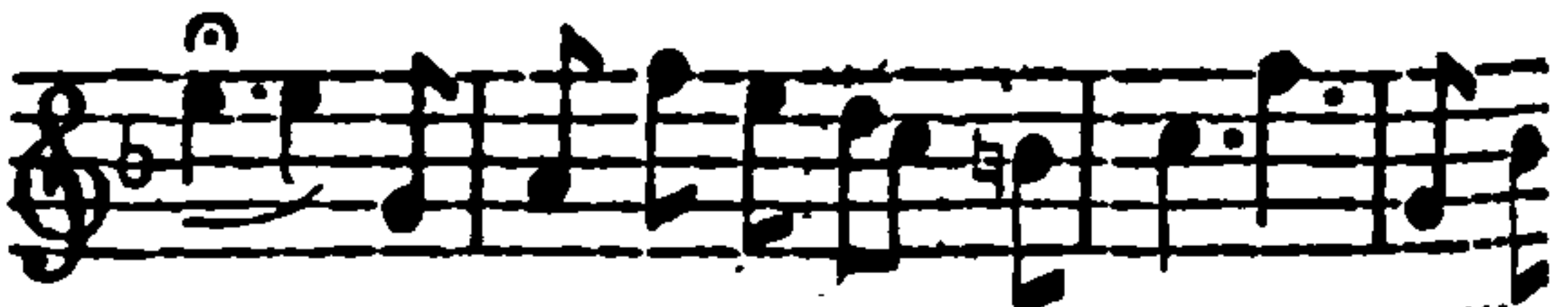
vade The pleasures that virtue yields!



Beauty here opens her arms, To soften the



languishing mind; And Phillis unlocks her



charms! Ah Phillis, ah! why so kind! Ah! Phillis,  
ah!



ah! why so kind! Beauty here opens her arms,



To soften the languishing mind; And Phillis un-



locks her charms; Ah! Phillis, ah! why so kind!

Phillis! the soul of love!

The joy of the neighbouring swains!

'Tis Phillis that crowns the groves,

And Phillis that gilds the plains!

Phillis, that ne'er had the skill

To patch, to paint, and be fine;

'Tis Phillis whose eyes can kill,

Whom nature hath made divine!

Phillis! whose charming song

Makes labour and pain a delight!

Phillis, that makes the day young,

And shortens the tedious night!

Phillis! whose lips, like May,

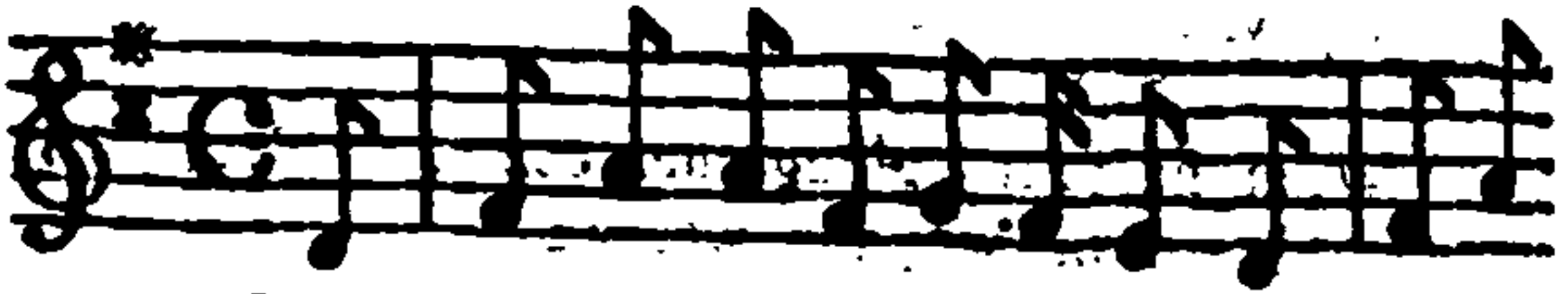
Still laugh at the Tweets they bring

Where love never knows decay,

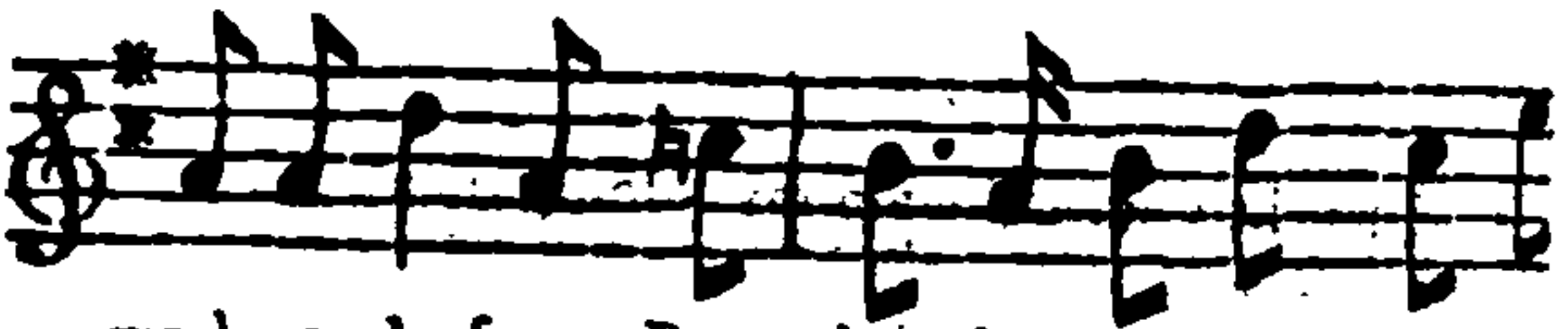
But sits with eternal spring!

*The ploughman is a bonny lad, &c.*

BRISK.



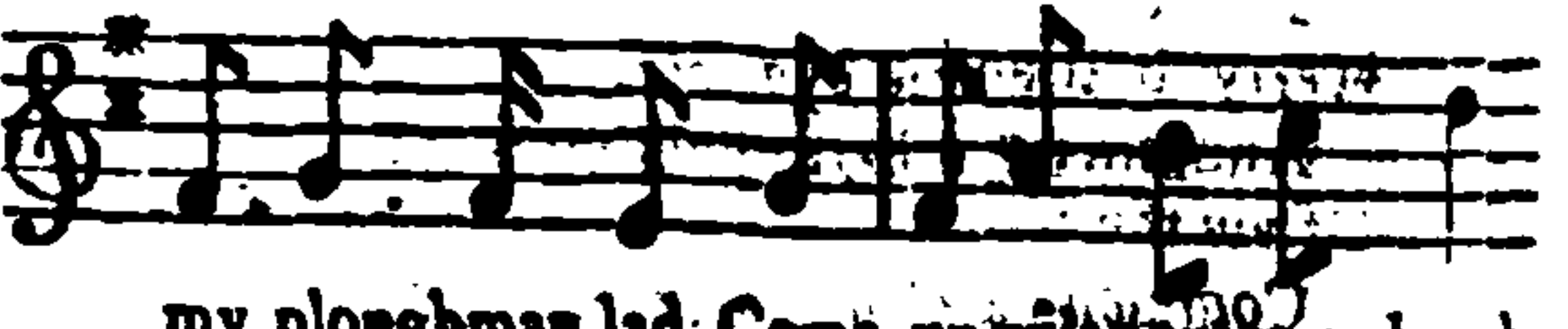
The ploughman he's a bonny lad, And aw his



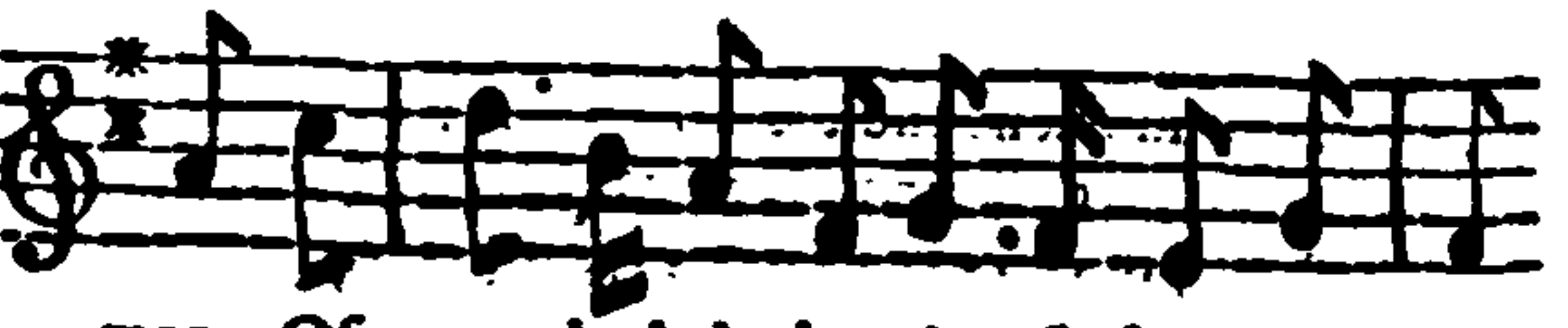
works a pleasure; But when that he comes home at



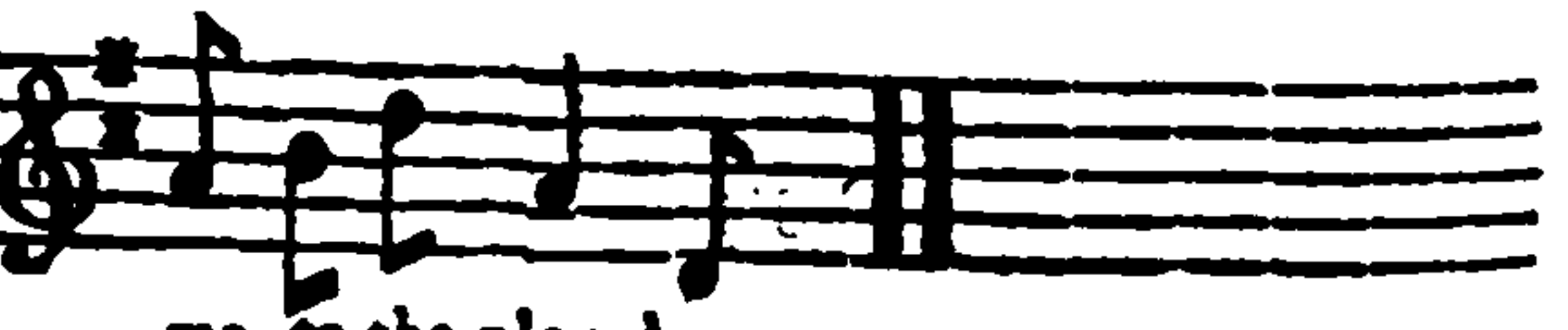
e'en He hugs me as his treasure. Up wi't now,



my ploughman lad; Come, up wi't now, my plough-



man; Of aw the lads that e'er. I saw Commend



me to the ploughman.

Now

Now that the blooming spring's come on,  
 He takes his yoking early;  
 And, whistling o'er the furrow'd land,  
 He gaes to fallow chearly.  
 Up wi't now, &c.

When hame my ploughman comes at e'en,  
 He's often wet and weary;  
 Cast off the wet, put on the dry,  
 And gae to bed, my dearie.  
 Up wi't now, &c.

Right glad I'll wash my ploughman's hose,  
 And I will wash his o'erly;  
 And well I'll mak my ploughman's bed,  
 And chear him late and early.  
 Up wi't now, &c.

He ploughs up hill, and ploughs up dale,  
 And ploughs up faugh and fallow,  
 Wha winna drink the ploughman's health  
 Is but a dirty fellow.

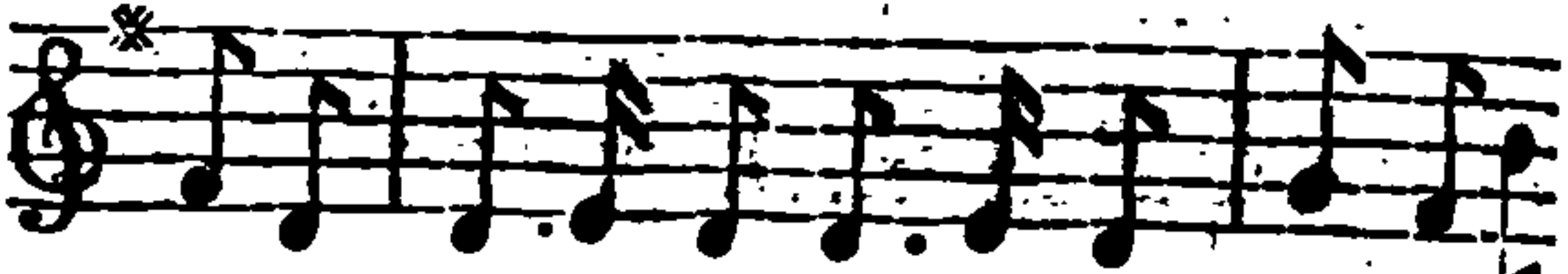
Merry butt and merry ben,  
 And merry is my ploughman;  
 Of all the trades that I do ken,  
 Commend me to the ploughman.

*And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman, &c.*

ALLEGRO MODERATO.



And did you not hear of a jolly young wa-



terman, Who at Blackfriars-bridge us'd for to



ply? And he feather'd his oars with such skill and



dexte-ri-ty, Winning each heart and de-

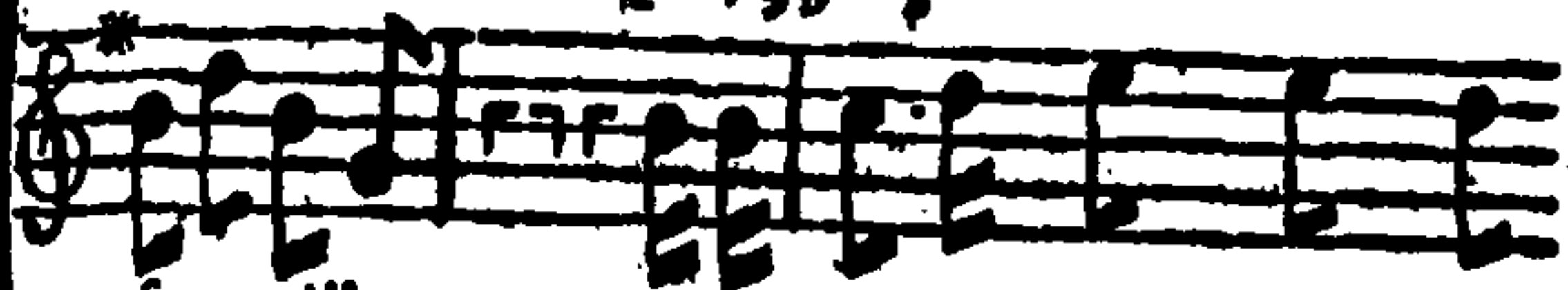


lighting each eye: He look'd so neat and row'd so

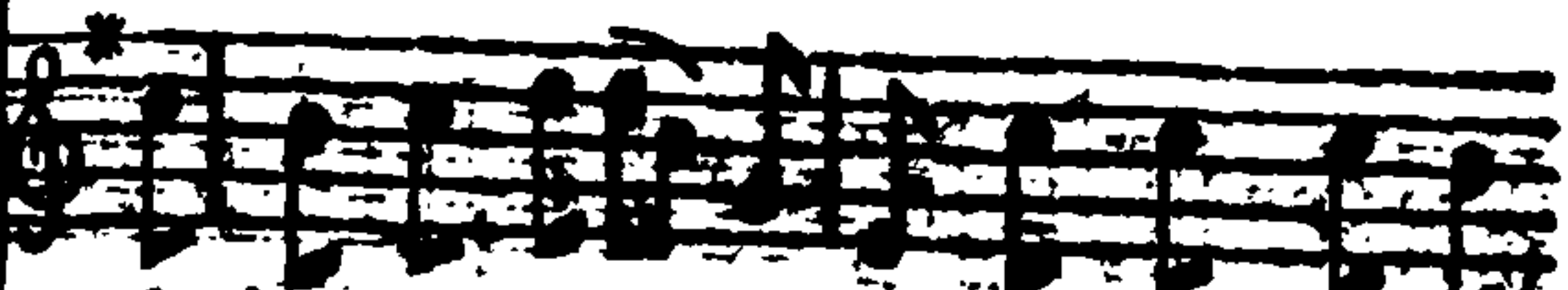


steadily, The maidens all flock'd in his boat

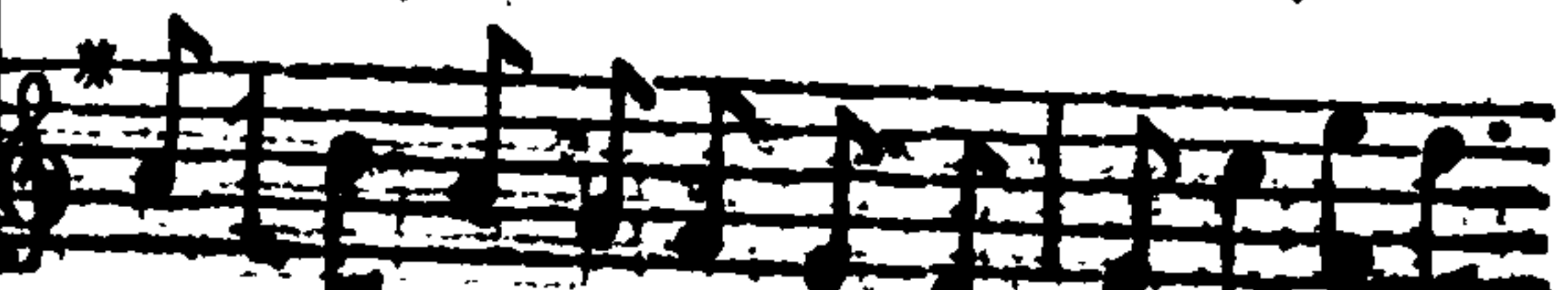
so



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

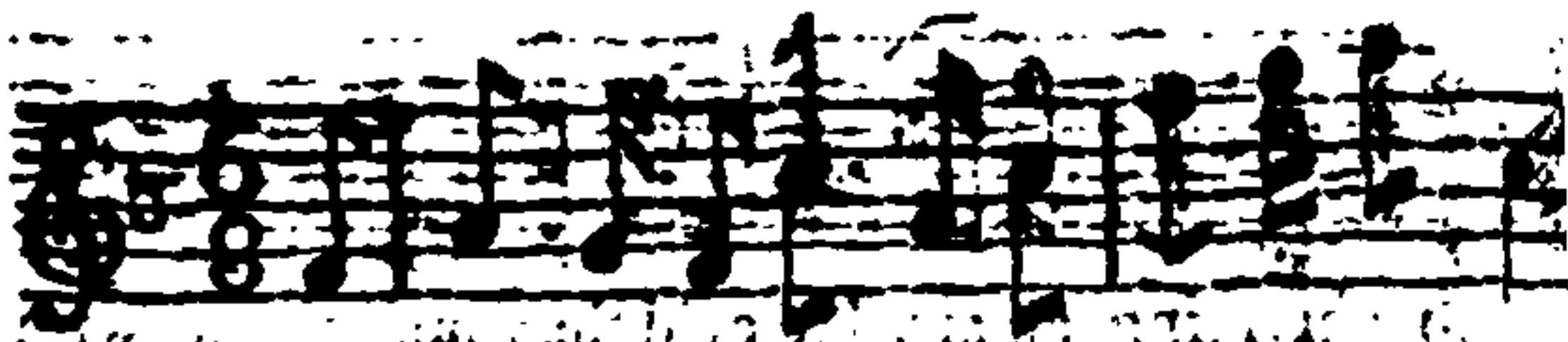


was in want of a fare.

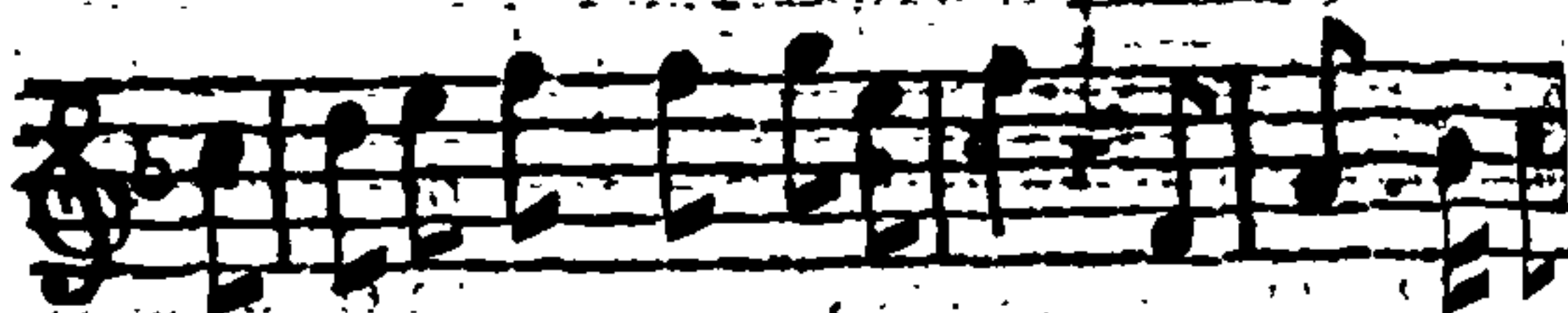
What fights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry !  
 'Twas clean'd out so nice, and so painted withal ;  
 He was always first oars when the fine city ladies  
 In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall.  
 And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering ;  
 But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeering ;  
 For loving or liking he little did care ;  
 For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

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 would 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 ?

*The mind of a woman can never be known, &c.*



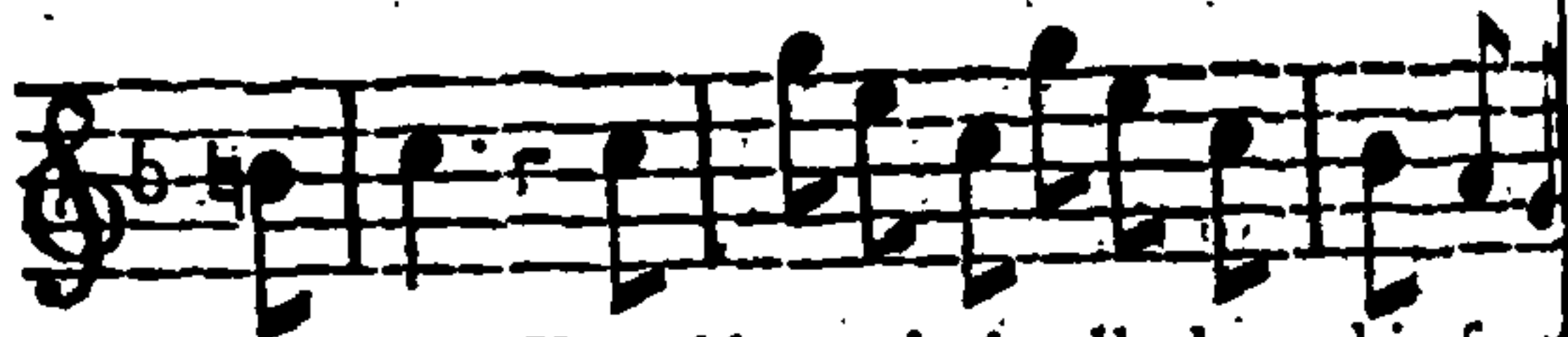
The mind of a woman can never be known



You never can guess it aright: I'll tell you the



reason, She knows not her own, She changes so often



ere night. 'Twould puzzle Apollo her whimsies to



follow; His oracle would be a jest; She'll frown



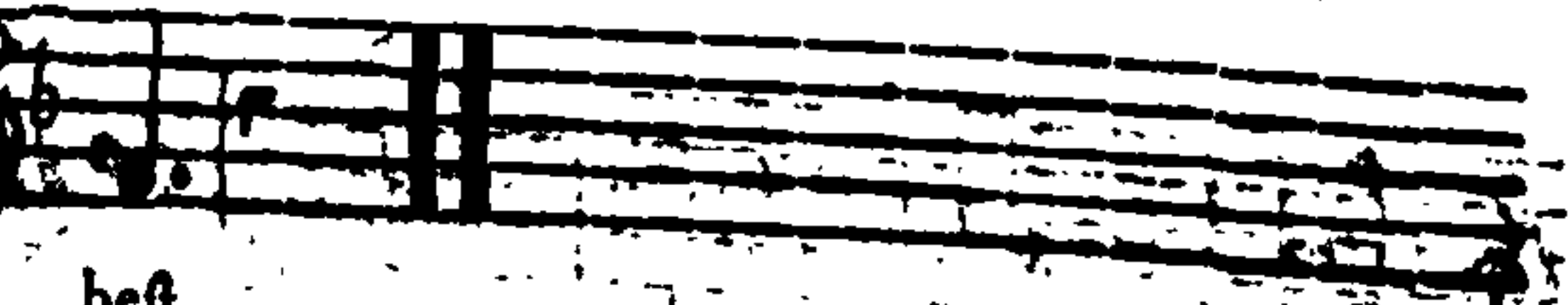
when she's kind, She'll change with the wind, And o



ten a-bu-fes the man that she chooses, And him she



refuses likes best, And him she refuses likes



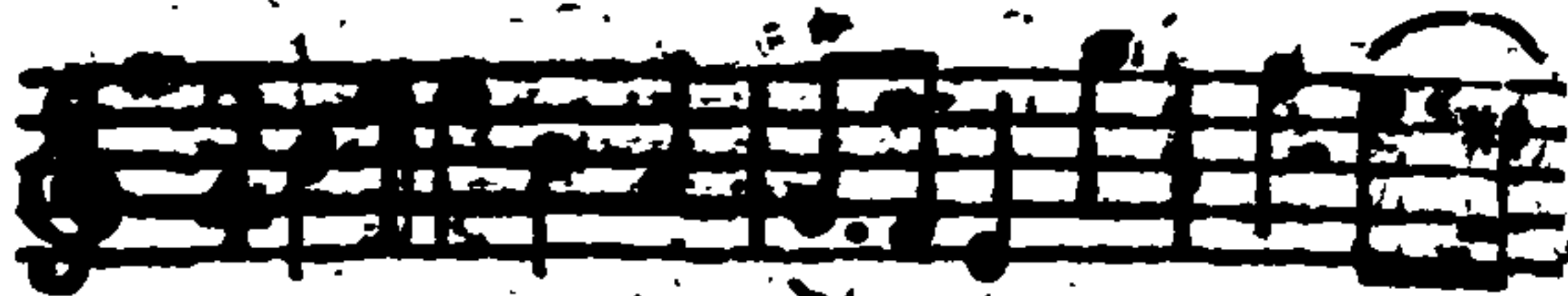
best.

To keep them in temper I'll tell you the way ;  
 I'd have you give ear to my plan ;  
 Be merry and chearful, good-humour'd and gay,  
 And kifs them as oft as you can :  
 For, while you do these, you the ladies will please,  
 Their affections your sure for to gain.  
 Then be of their mind,  
 And quickly you'll find,  
 'Tis better than wrangling, contending and jangling,  
 For they'll love you, and kifs you again.

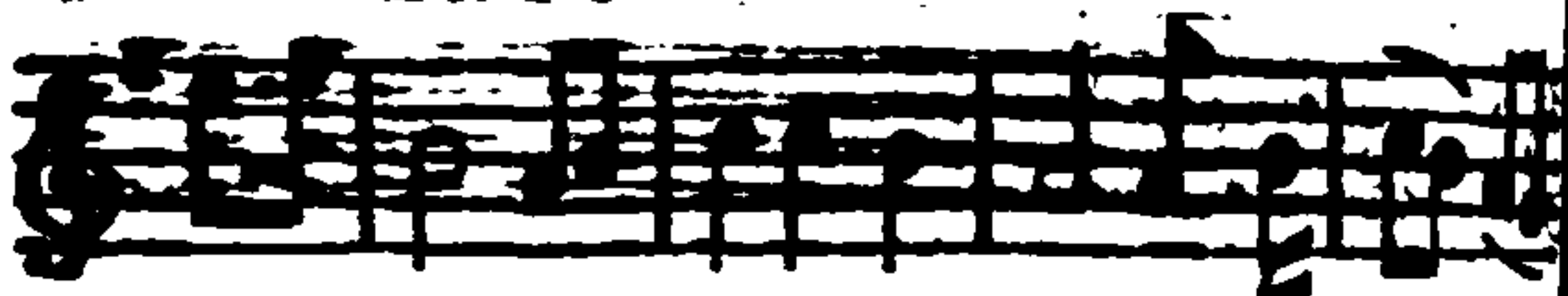
My



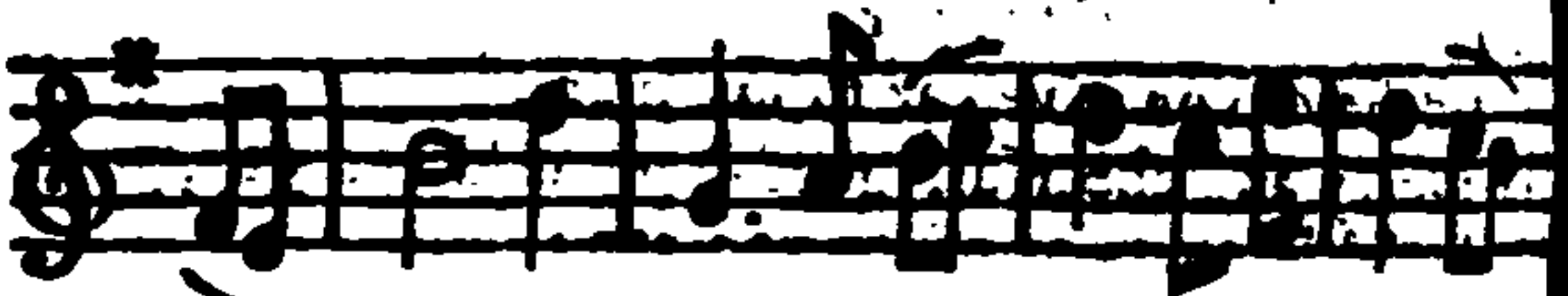
*My temples with clusters of grapes I'll enwine, &c.*



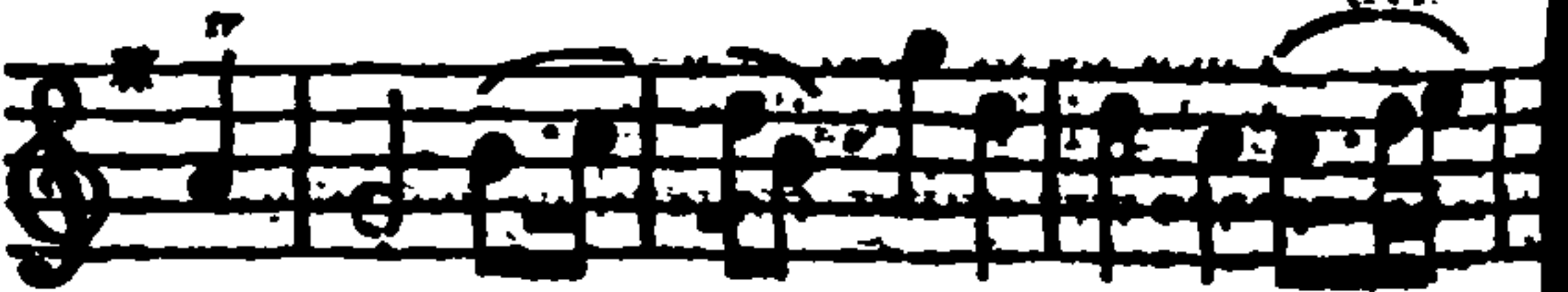
My temples with clusters of grapes I'll



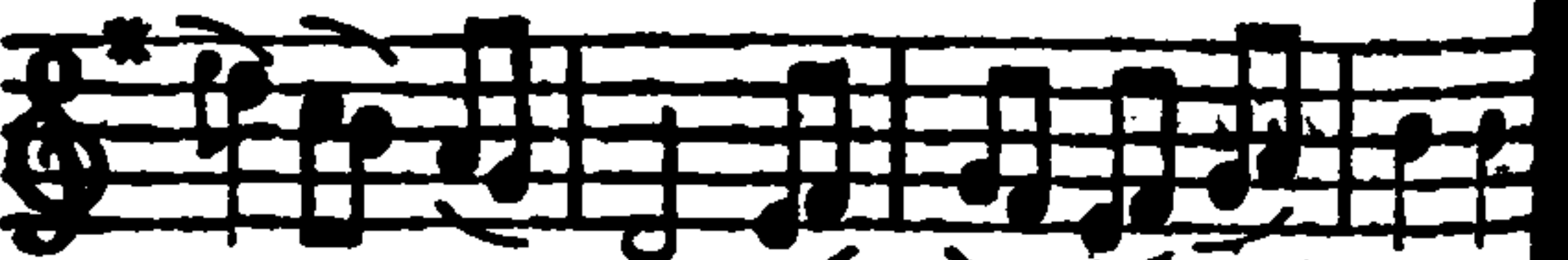
en-twine, And barter all joys for a goblet



of wine, And barter all joys for a goblet



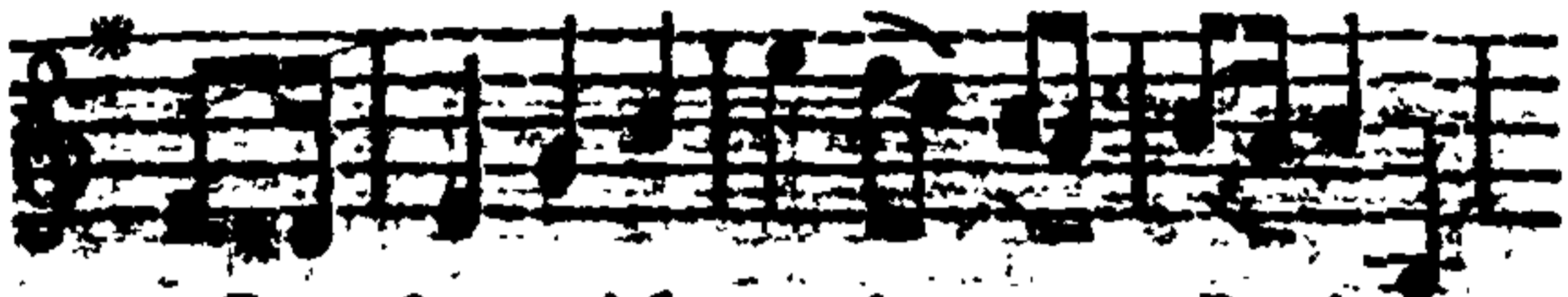
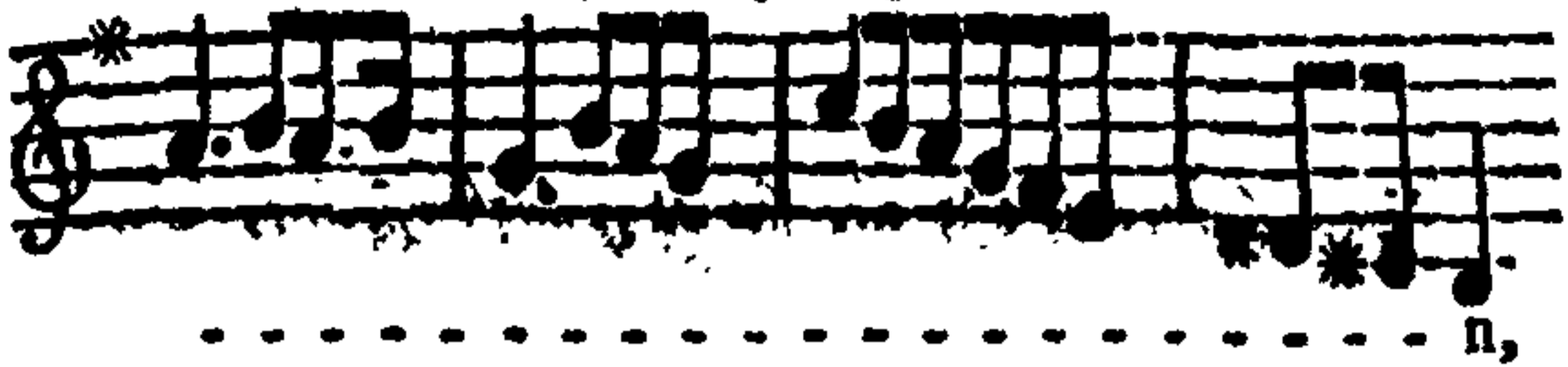
of wine; In search of a Venus no



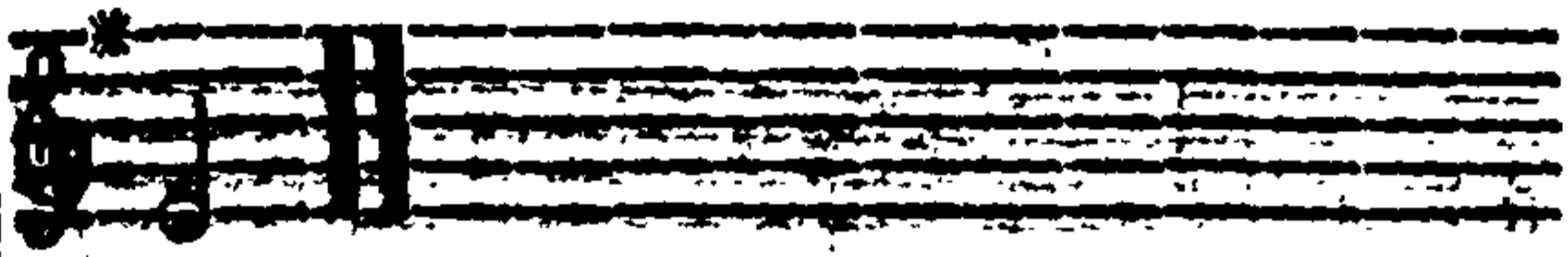
longer I'll run, But stop and for-get her



at Bacchus's tun, no longer I'll ru-



But stop and forget her at Bacchus's



tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair?  
 'Tis a folly, with spirits like mine, to despair;  
 And what mighty charms can be found in a glass,  
 If not fill'd to the health of a favourite lass?

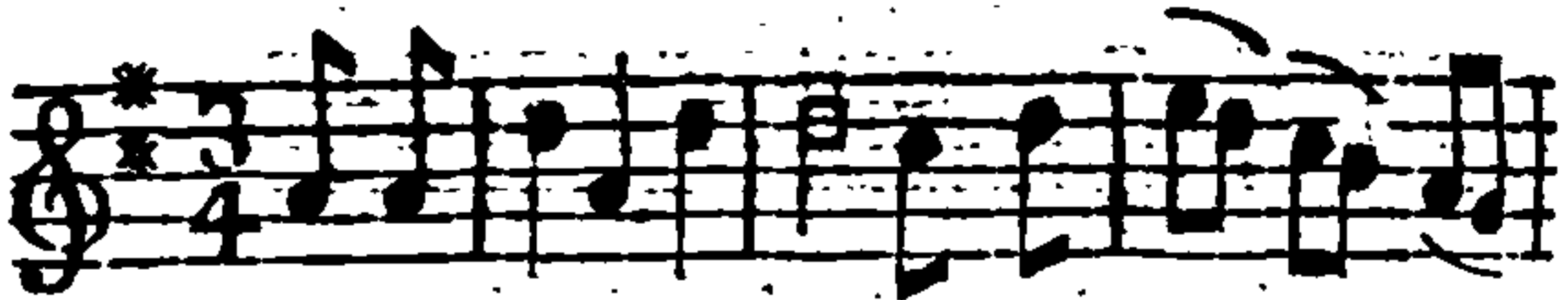
'Tis woman, whose charms every rapture impart,  
 And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart;  
 The miser himself, so supreme is her sway,  
 Grows a convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice, sorrow lifts up her head,  
 And poverty listens, well pleas'd, from her shed;  
 While age, in an extasy, hobbling along,  
 Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her song.

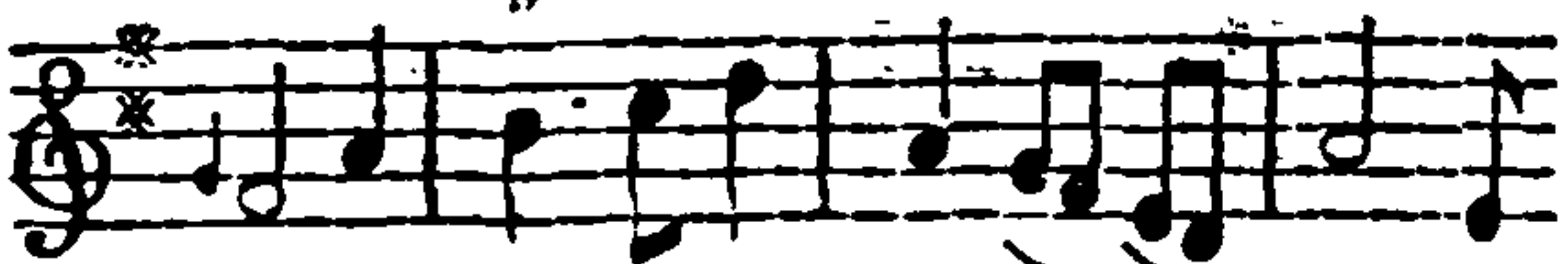
Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,  
 The largest and deepest that stands on his board;  
 I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair;  
 'Tis the thirst of a lover, and pledge me who dare!

*Now Aurora is up, the sweet-goddeſs of day, &c.*

**VIVACE.**



Now Auro-ra is up, the ſweet goddeſs of



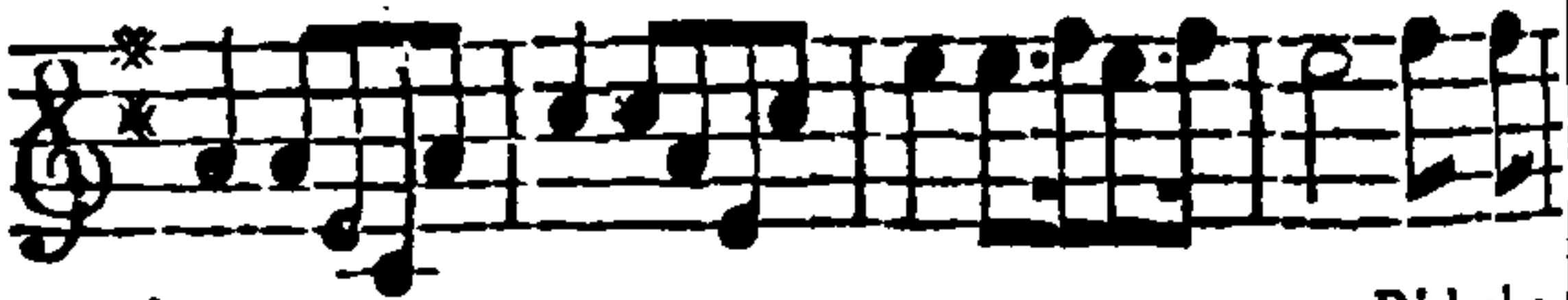
day, Let's hail the gay nymph of the morn; Bid



the ſhepherds and maids tune their tabors and



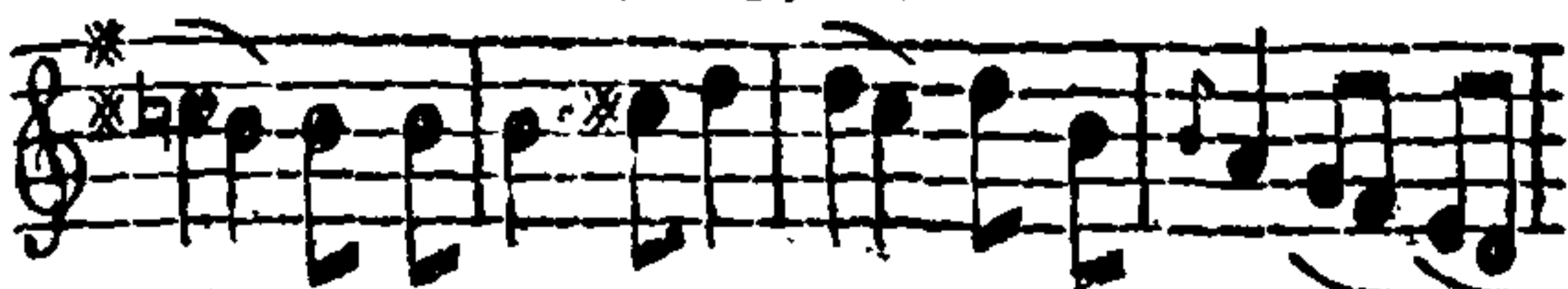
play, Bid the huntsman at-tend with his



hor- - - - -n, Bid the



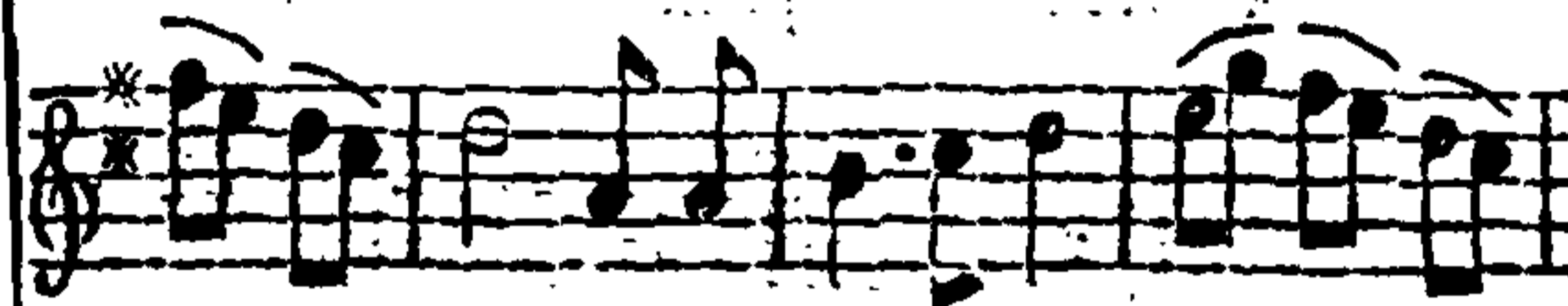
huntsman at-tend with his horn. To ſlavish dull  
rules



rules let the cit be confin'd, Let him toil day and



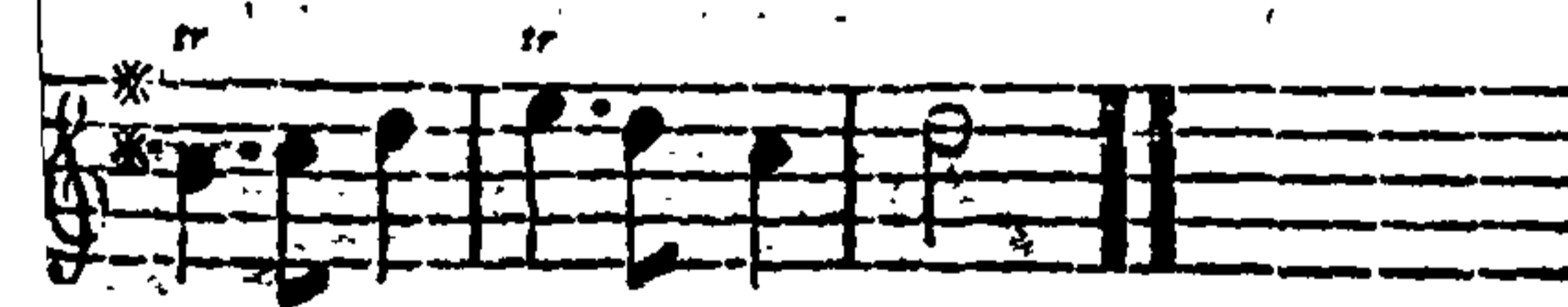
night too for wealth; To hunting & fowling our lives



are confin'd, And our riches, my lads, is good



health! And our

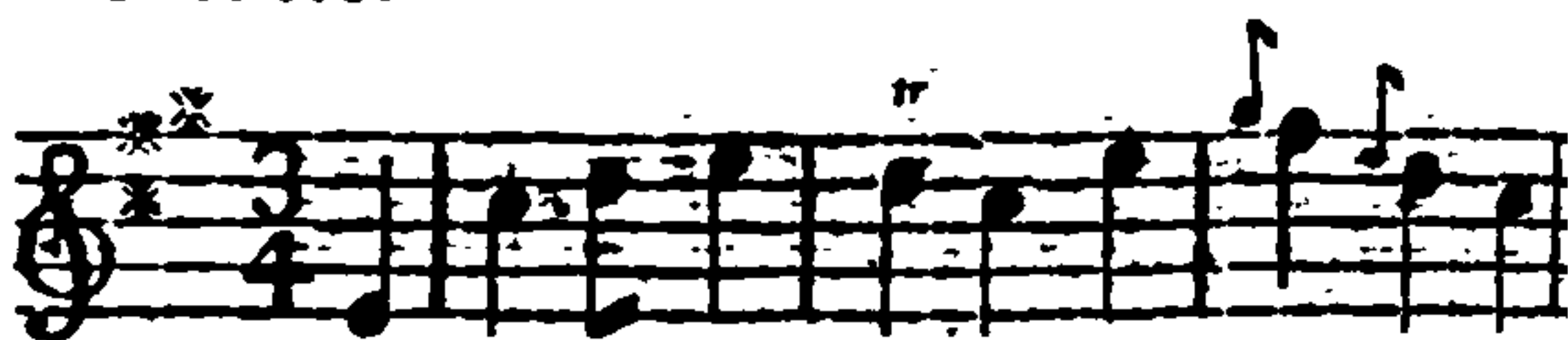


riches, my lads, is good health!

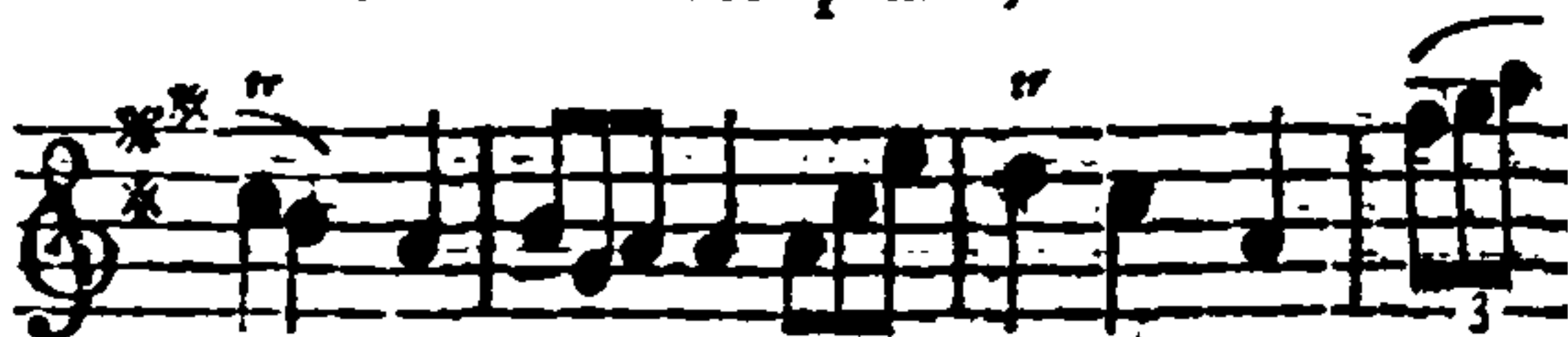
By yon rural copse, just opening to flight,  
 View the young tender brood, and prepare;  
 let them first for the sky, my good boys, wing their flight;  
 True sportsmen delight to shoot fare.  
 When return'd from the chace, let the bumpers go round,  
 Let us merrily revel and sing;  
 In women and wine true harmony's found;  
 Fill your glasses, and toast to the king!

*If love's a sweet passion, how can it torment?*

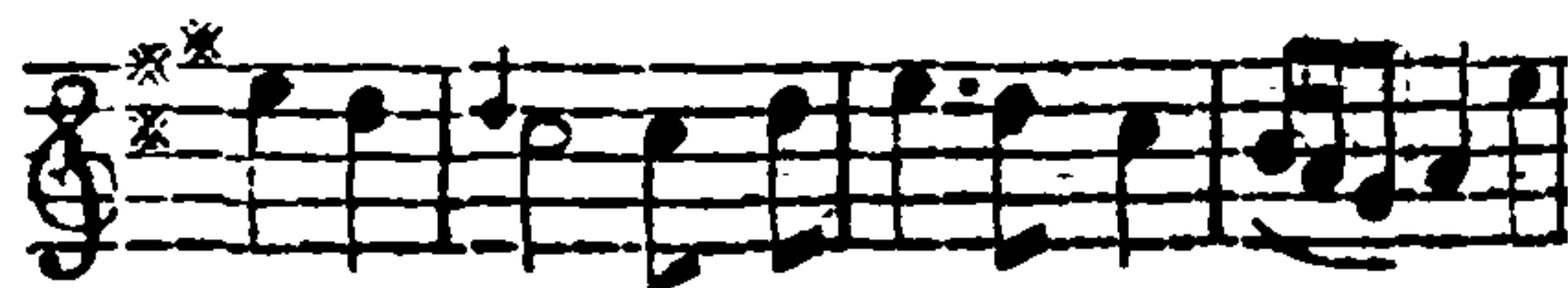
**AMOROSO.**



If love's a sweet passion, how can it tor-



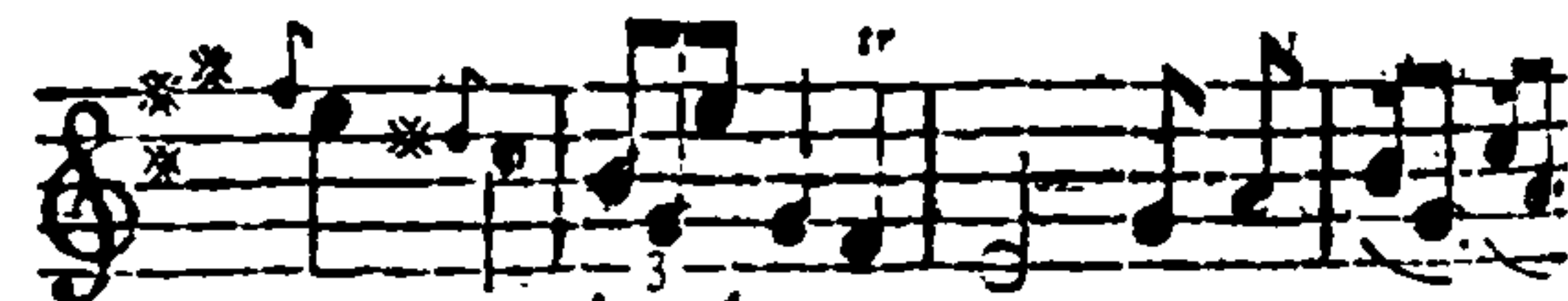
ment? If bit-ter, O tell me whence comes



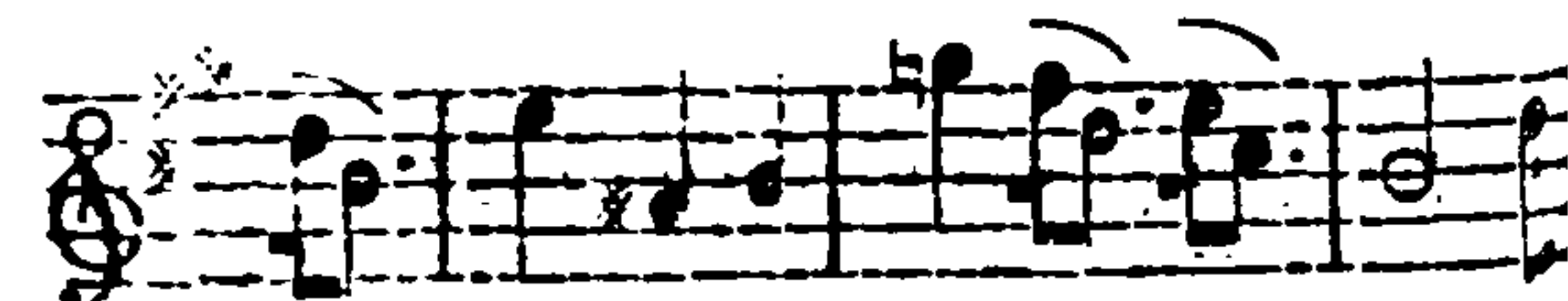
my content? Since I suffer with pleasure, why



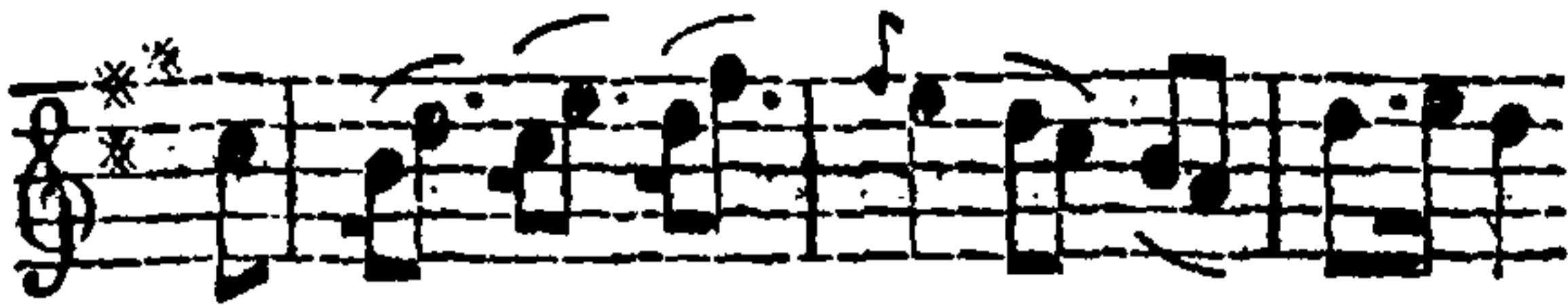
should I complain? Or grieve at my fate,



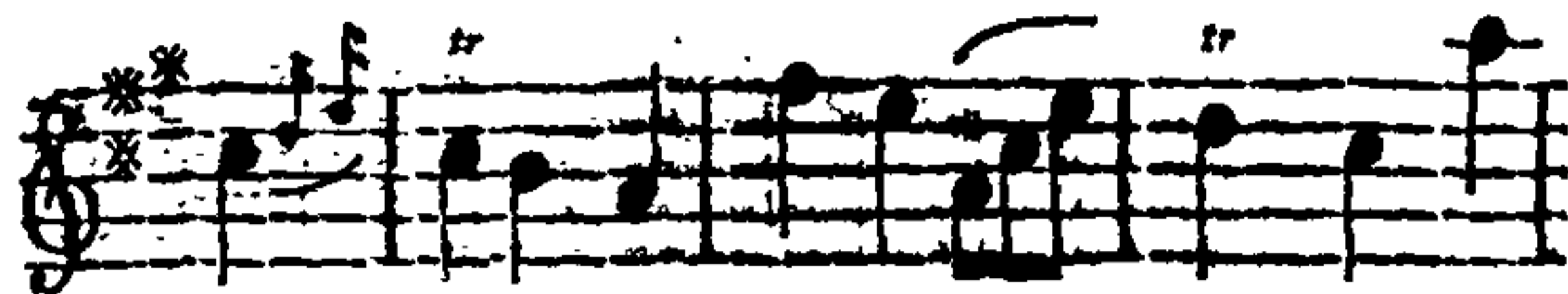
since I know 'tis in vain? Yet, so pleasing



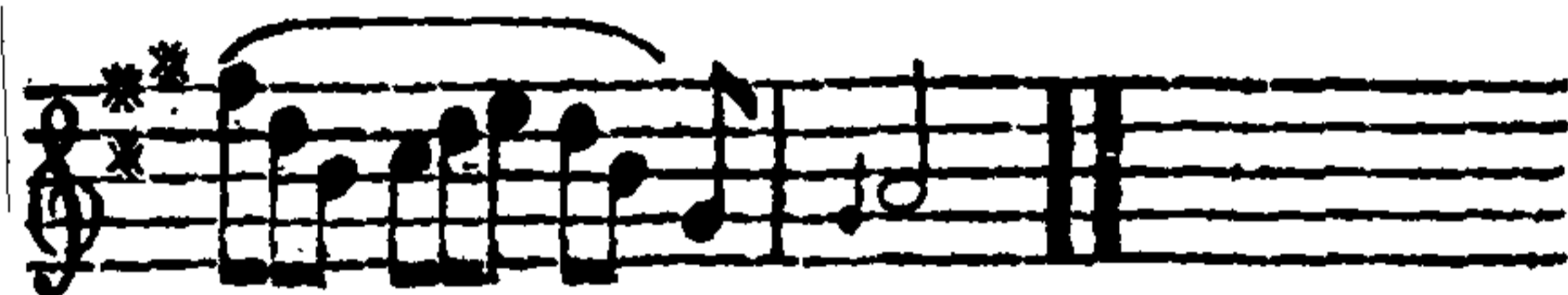
the pain is, so soft is the dart, The



at once it both wounds me, and tickles



my heart, At once it both wounds me, and

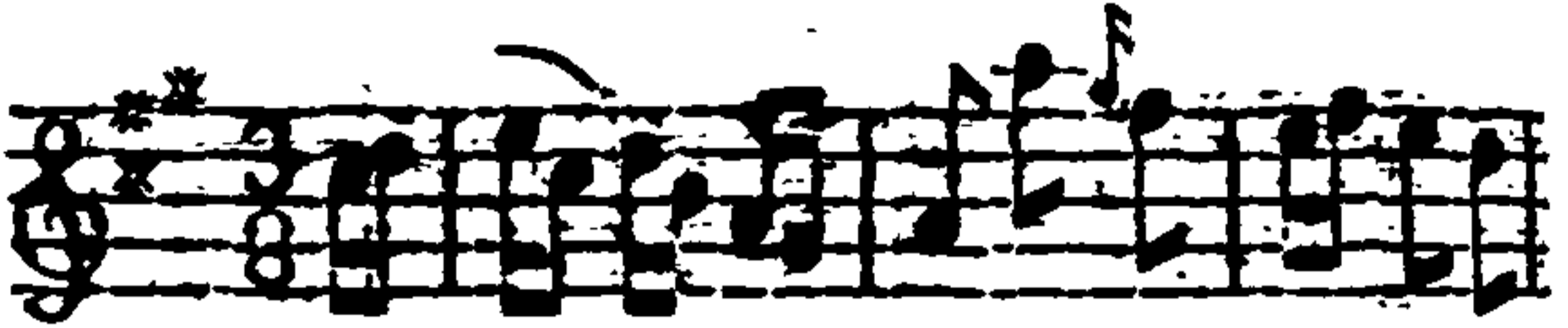


tic- - - - kles my heart.

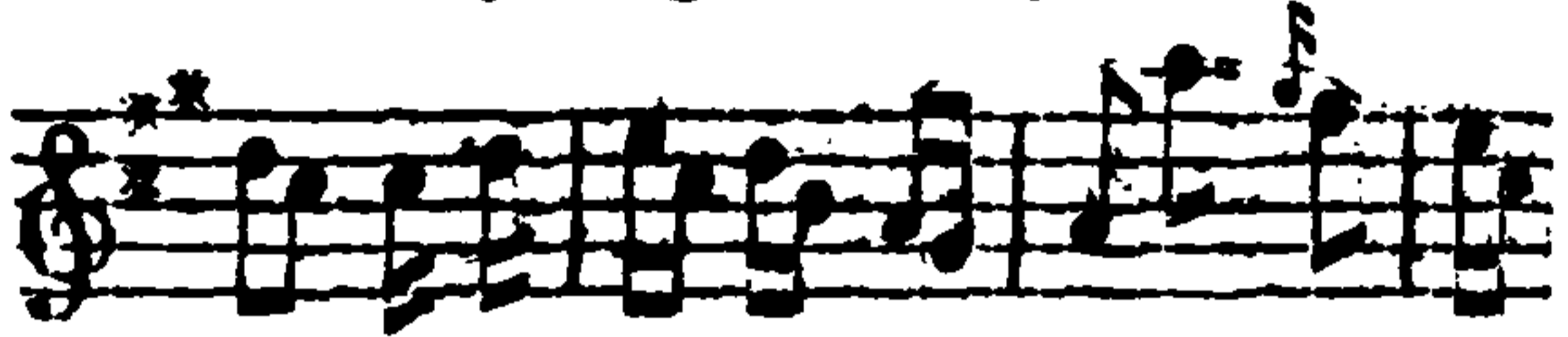
I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,  
 And, by passionate silence, I make my love known;  
 But, Oh! how I'm blest'd when so kind she does prove,  
 By some willing mistake, to discover her love;  
 When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,  
 And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

*How pleasing is beauty, how sweet are the charms! &c.*

**ALLEGRO, MA NON TROPPO.**



How pleasing is beauty, how sweet are the



charms! What de-light-ful em-braces! how peace-



ful her arms! Sure there's nothing so ea-



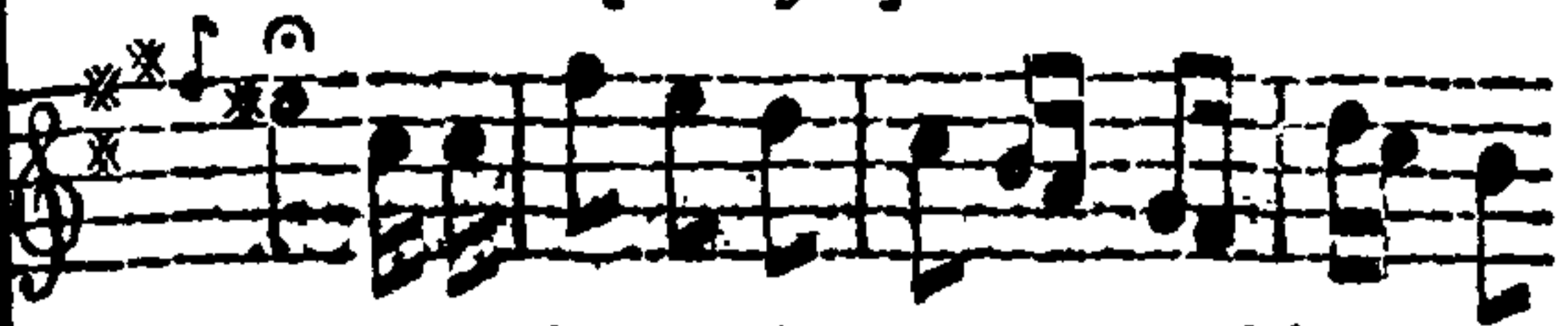
sy as learning to love! 'Tis taught us



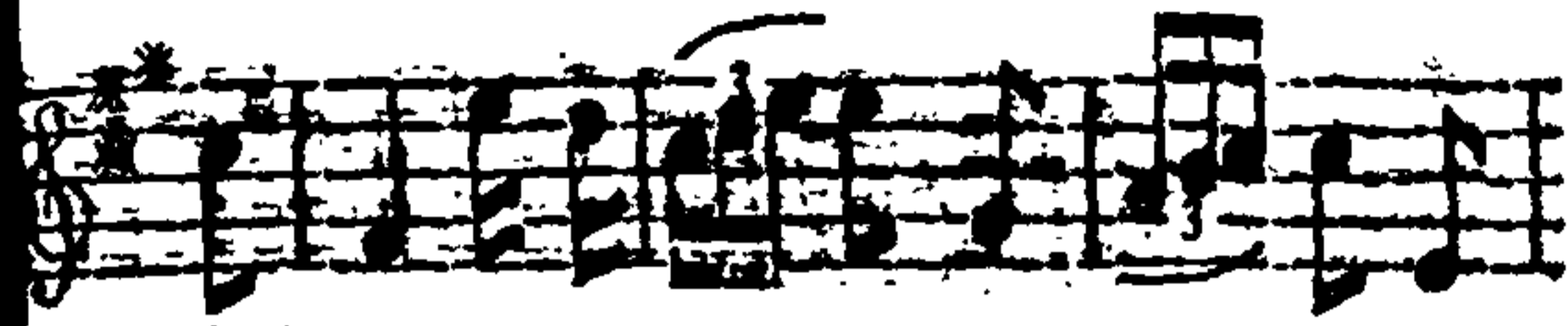
on earth and by all things a----bove: And



to beauty's bright standard all heroes must  
yield,



yield, For 'tis beauty that conquers, and keeps the



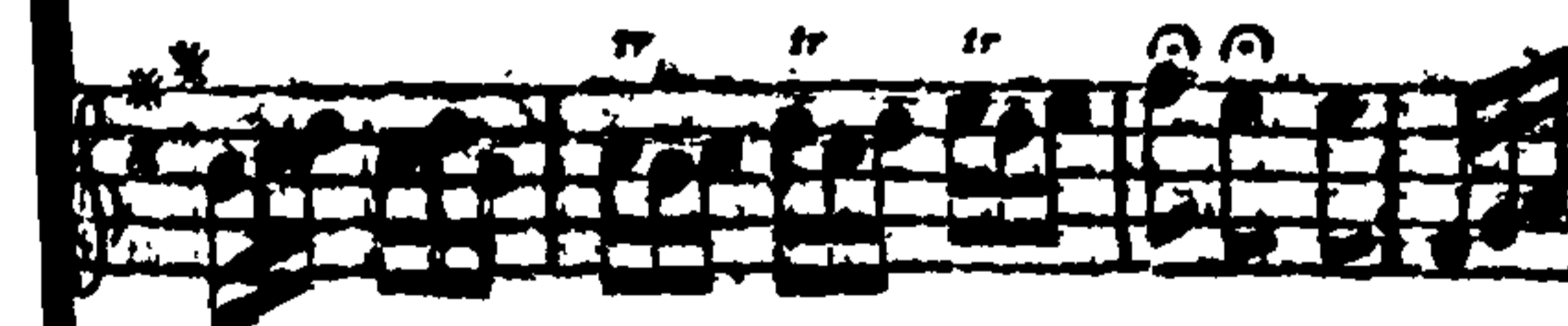
fair field. And to beauty's bright standard all



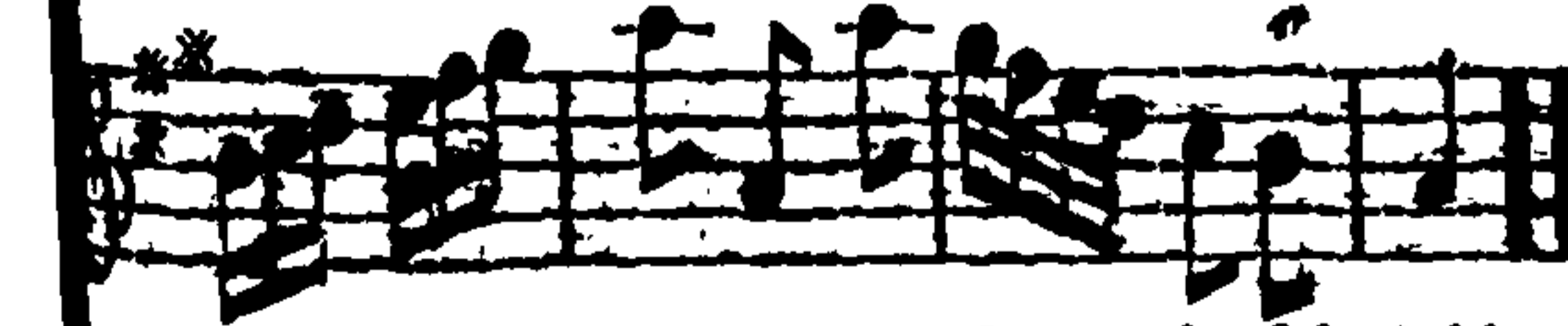
he-roes must yield, 'Tis beauty that



conquers, that con-



quers, 'Tis beau-

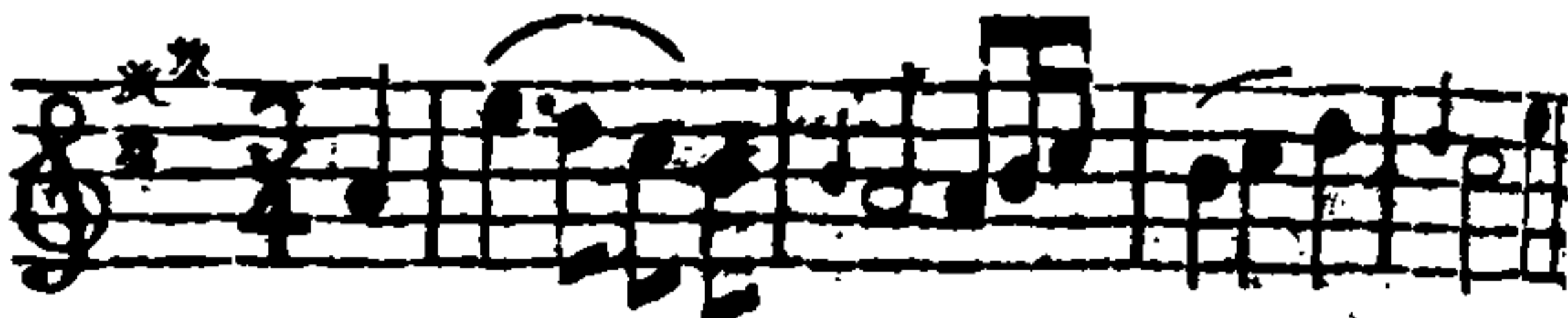


ty that conquers, and keeps the fair field.

*Ab!*



*Ah! cruel creature, why so bent, &c.*



Ah! cru----el creature, why so bent To



vex, to vex, a faith----ful heart!



To gold and ti----tle you re-lent, Love



- throws, love throws in vain his dart. Let

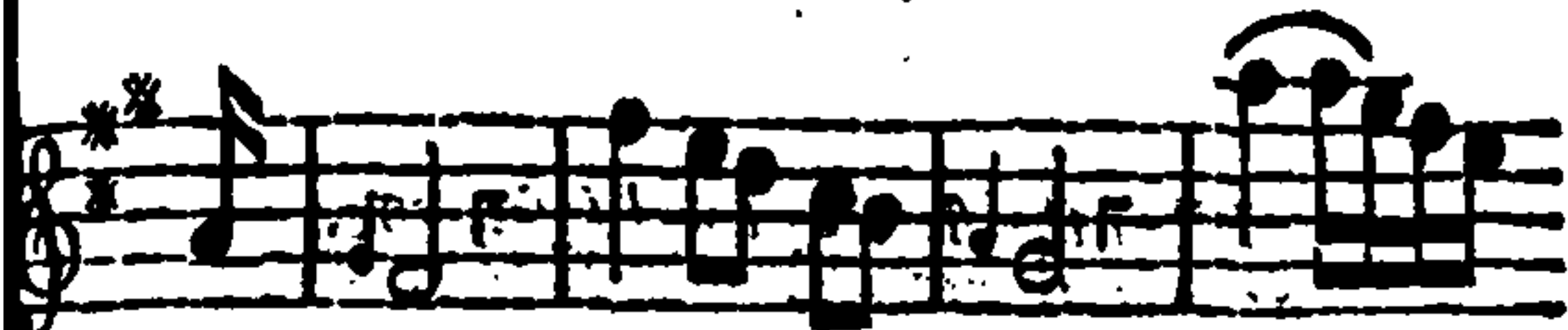


glitt'ring fools in cour---ts be great, For

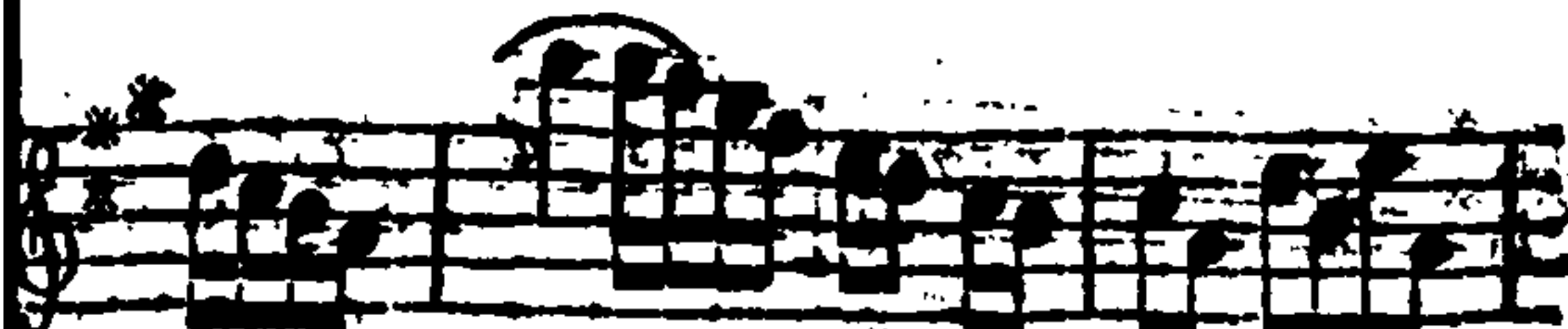


pay, for pay, let armies move, Beauty should

II 1851 II



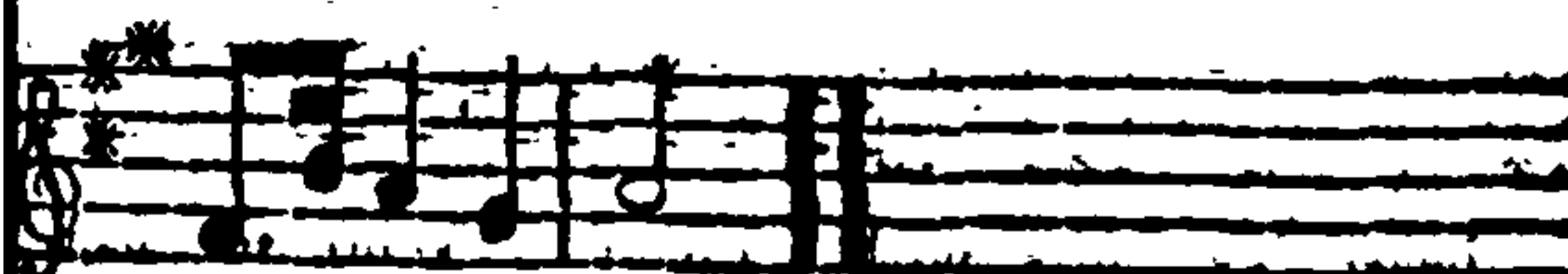
should have no o--ther bait, Beau--ty'



should ha-----ve no o-----ther



bait, But gen-----tle gen-----tle



vows and love.

If on these endless charms you lay  
The value that's their due,  
Kings are themselves too poor to pay!  
A thousand worlds too few!  
But, if a passion without vice,  
Without disguise or art,  
Ah! Celia, if true love's your price,  
Behold it in my heart!

When

*When the flowing bowl I see, &c.*

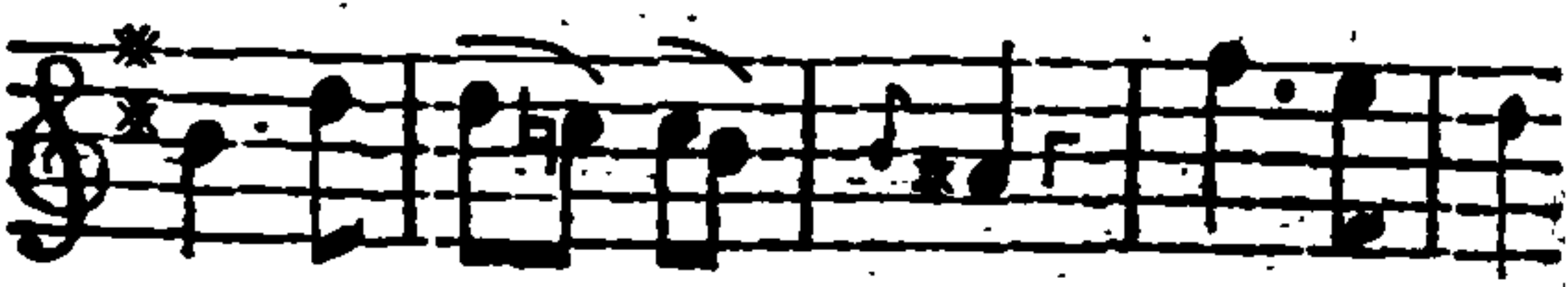
BRISK.



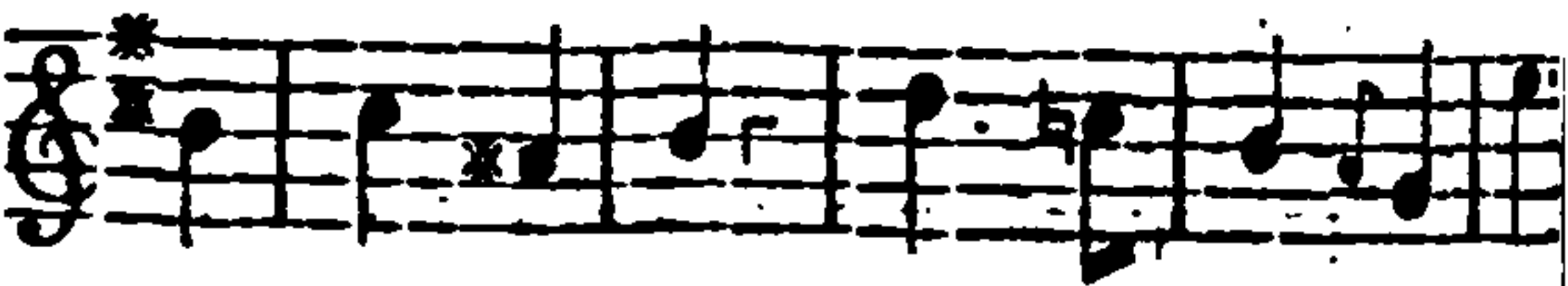
When the flowing bowl I see, Bright-



ly sparkling to the eye, Then my



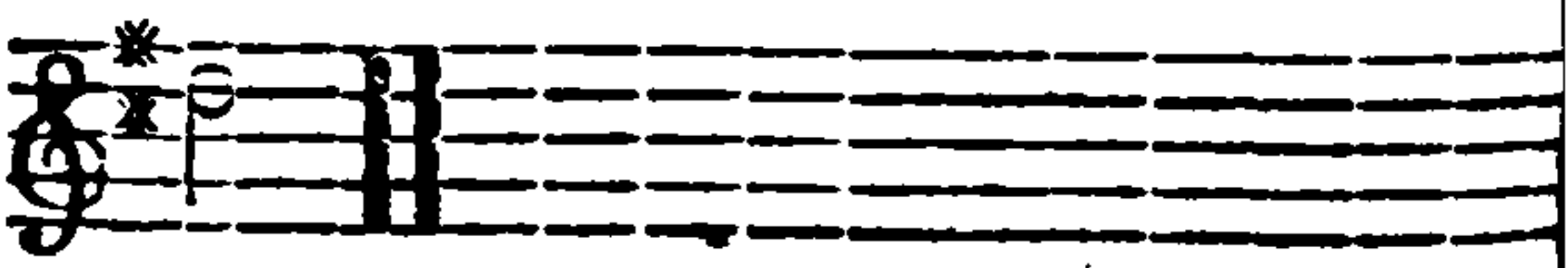
heart ex--ults with glee! Who so hap-



py then as I? Then my heart ex--ults



with glee! Who so happy then as



I?

Mirth and friendship both unite,  
 Love attends the pleasing toast;  
 Monarchs envy such delight,  
 Monarchs have not such to boast.

Fill again the nectar'd bowl,  
 Nobly rising to the fight;  
 Let me feast my raptur'd soul  
 Now with joy and true delight!

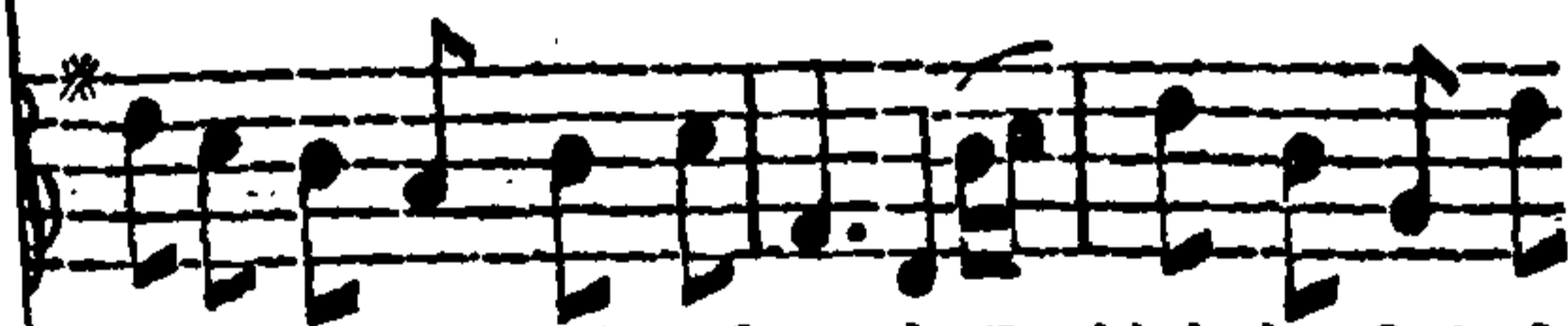
Epilogue to the IRISH WIDOW.

*A widow, bewitch'd with her passion, &c.*

ALLEGRETTO.



A widow, bewitch'd with her passion, Though



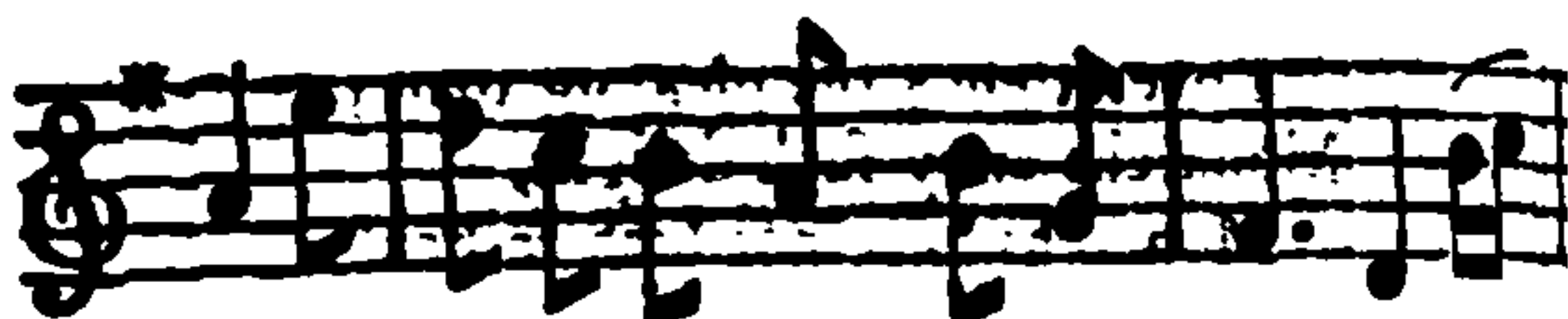
Irish, is now quite ashamed, To think that she's so



out of fashion, To marry and then to be



ta--med. 'Tis Love, the dear joy, that old-fashion'd  
 boy,



boy, Has got in my breast with his quiver; The



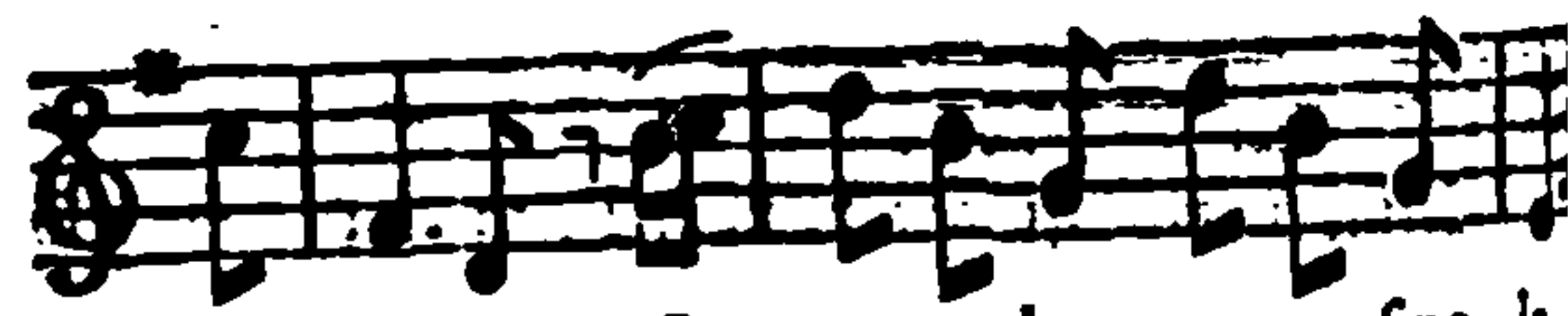
blind urchin he struck the cushiamachree, And a



husband secures me for ever! Ye fair ones I



hope will excuse me; Though vulgar, pray do not



abuse me; I cannot become a fine la-



dy, O love has bewitch'd widow Bra--dy!

Ye critics, to murder so willing,  
 Pray see all our errors with blindness;  
 For once, change your method of killing,  
 And kill a fond widow with kindness.  
 If you look so severe, in a fit of despair  
 Again I shall draw forth my steel, sirs;  
 You know I've the art to be twice through your heart  
 Before I can make you to feel, sirs.  
 Brother soldiers, I hope you'll protect me,  
 Nor let cruel critics dissect me;  
 To favour my cause be but ready,  
 And grateful you'll find widow Brady!

Ye leaders of dress and of fashion,  
 Who gallop post-haste to your ruin,  
 Whose taste has destroy'd all your passion,  
 Pray, what do you think of my wooing?  
 You'll call it damn'd low, your head and arms so,  
 So listless, so loose, and so lazy;  
 But what, pray, can you, that I cannot do?  
 O fie, my dear creatures, be easy!  
 Ye patriots and courtiers, so hearty  
 To speech it and vote for your party,  
 For once be both constant and steady,  
 And grateful you'll find widow Brady.

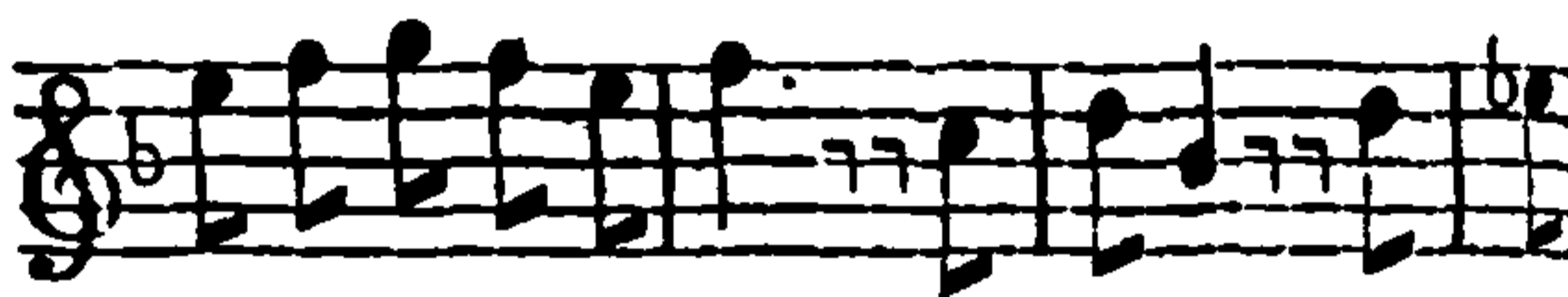
To all that I see here before me,  
 The bottom, the top, and the middle,  
 For music I now must implore ye;  
 No wedding without pipe and fiddle.  
 If all are in tune, pray let it be soon,  
 My heart in my bosom is prancing;  
 If your hands should unite to give us delight,  
 Oh! that's the best piping and dancing!  
 Your plaudits to me are a treasure!  
 Your smiles are a dow'r for a lady!  
 O joy to you all in full measure!  
 So wishes and prays widow Brady.

*When Celia displays her fond charms, &c.*

ALLEGRO.



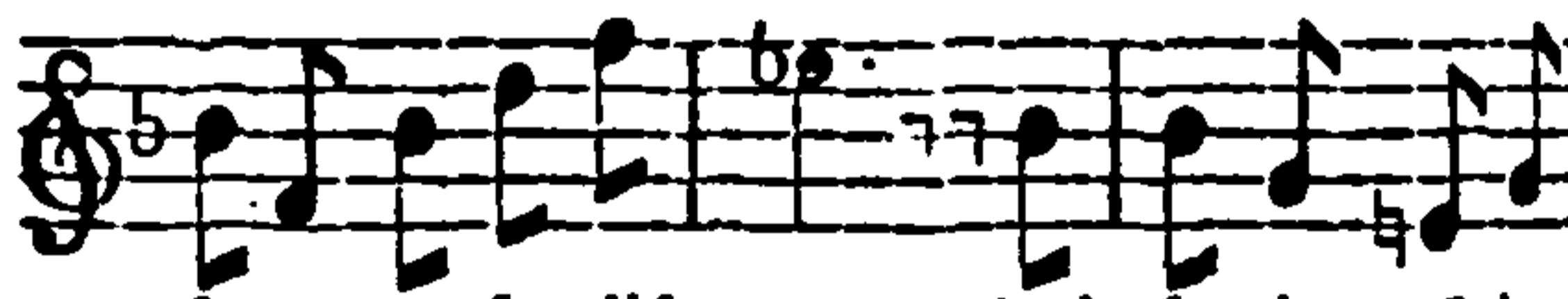
When Celia displays her fond charms, Her ef-



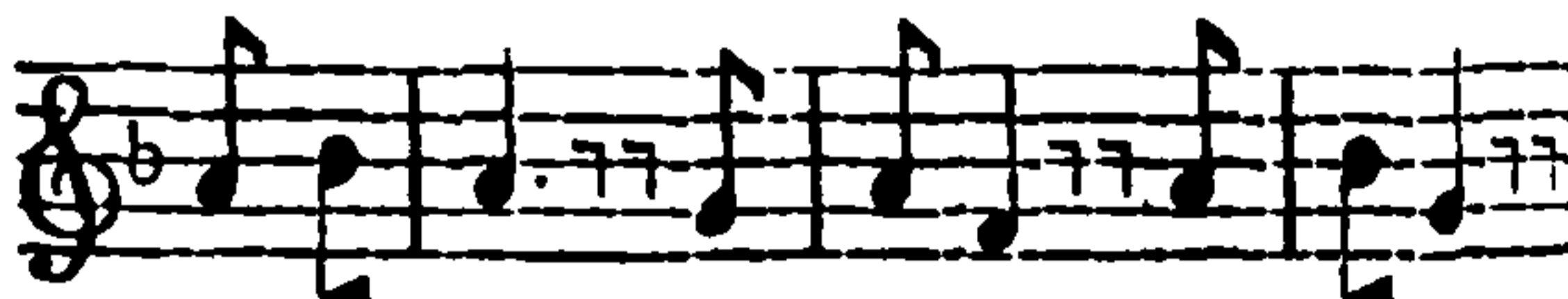
forts I bravely defy, Her efforts, her ef-



forts, her efforts I bravely defy! She thinks



she my reason disarms, And fancies I lan-



guish and die! And fancies, and fancies,



and fancies I languish and die!

But.

But, whilst she thus trifles and toys,  
 In hopes to entangle my heart,  
 Regardless I look on those joys  
 Which often occasions a smart.

With her eyes she pursues in vain,  
 And thinks that her arts I approve;  
 Designing to heighten my pain,  
 Then say, she another must love.

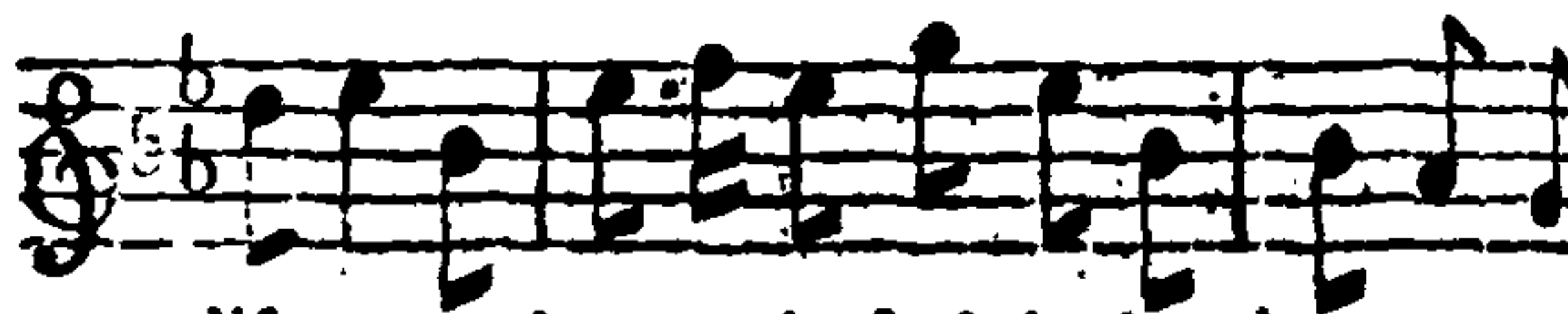
But my heart is unfeigned and true,  
 Not form'd to be won by a glance;  
 The fair-one, to whom it is due,  
 Has certainly caught it by chance.



*Let the schools about happiness warmly dispute, &c.*



Let the schools a-bout happiness warmly



dispute, And weary the sence in the phantom pur-



suit, Let the schools about happiness warm-



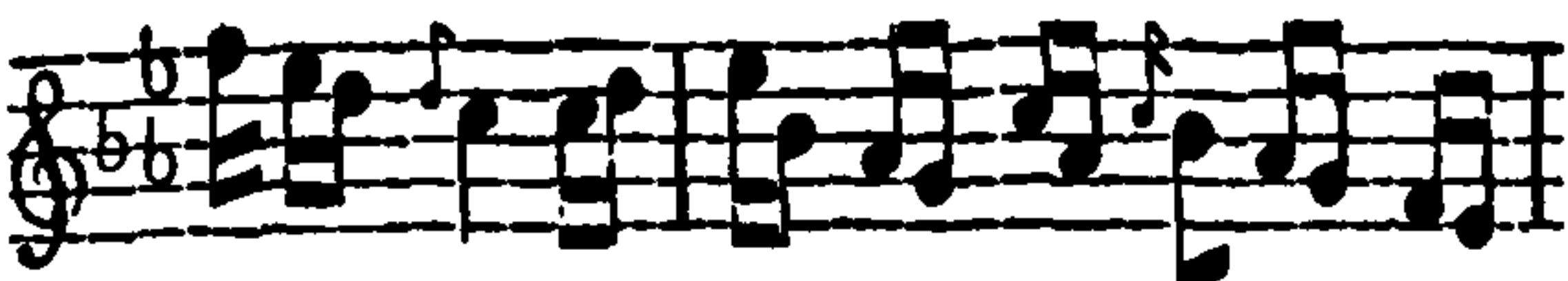
ly dispute, And weary the sence in the phan-



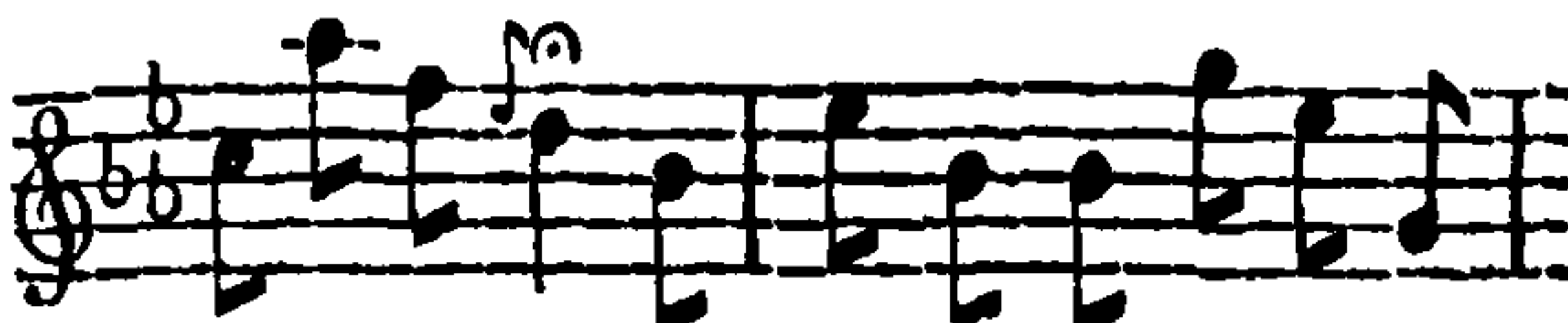
tom pursuit, In spite of their maxims, I dare



to de---fine The grand summum bonum a bum-  
per



per of wine. In spite of their maxims, I



dare to define The grand summum bonum a



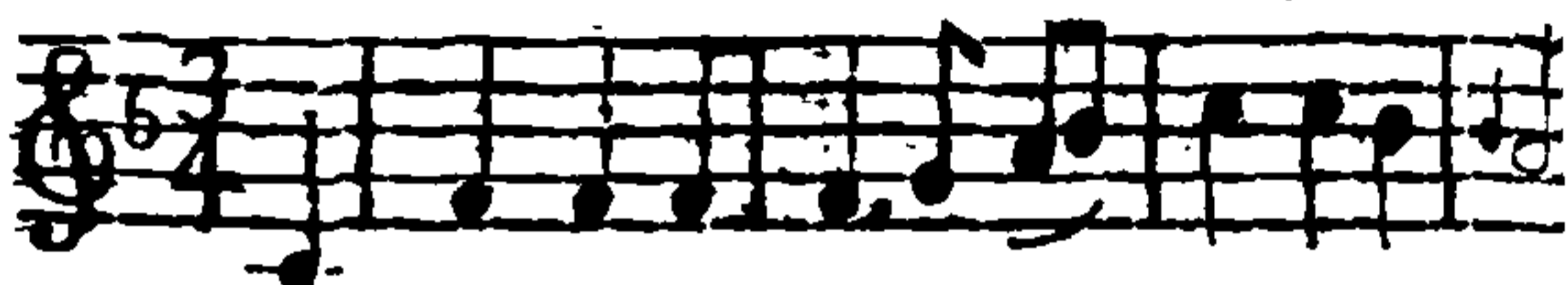
bumper of wine.

'Tis the balsam specific that heals ev'ry sore ;  
 The oft'ner we take it we love it the more :  
 'Tis the cement of friendship, the opium of strife,  
 The plaister of sorrow, and omnium of life !

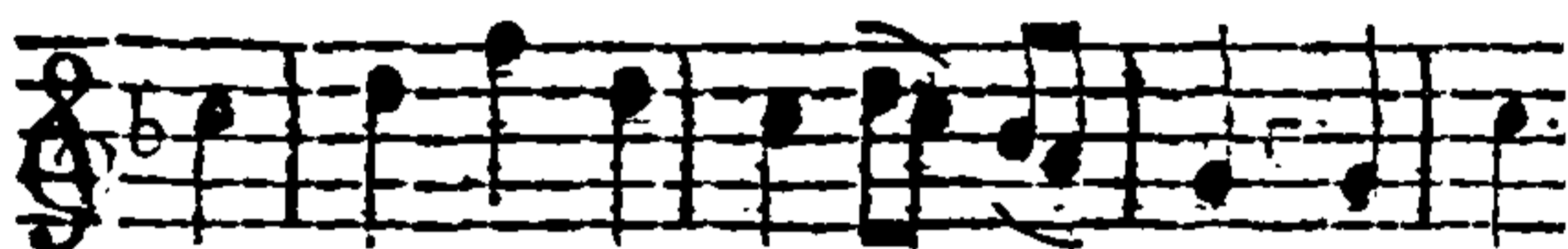
While thus we carouse it, the wheels of the soul  
 O'er life's rugged high-way agreeably roll ;  
 Each thinks on his charmer, who never can cloy,  
 While fancy rides post to the regions of joy.

Then he, who true happiness seeks to attain,  
 Undaunted, the pool of the goblet must drain ;  
 For he, who the court of the goddess would know,  
 Through Bacchus's vinyard-plantation must go.

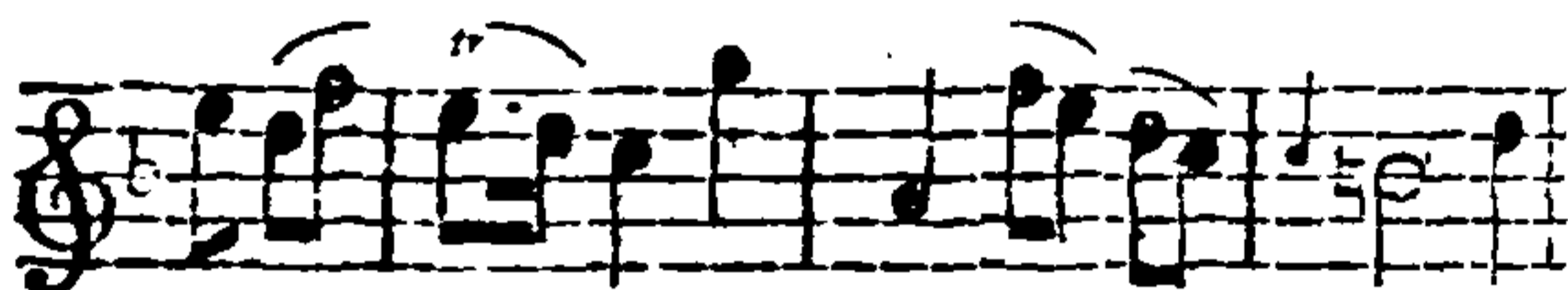
To chase o'er the plains the fox or the hare! &c.



To chase o'er the plains the fox or the hare!



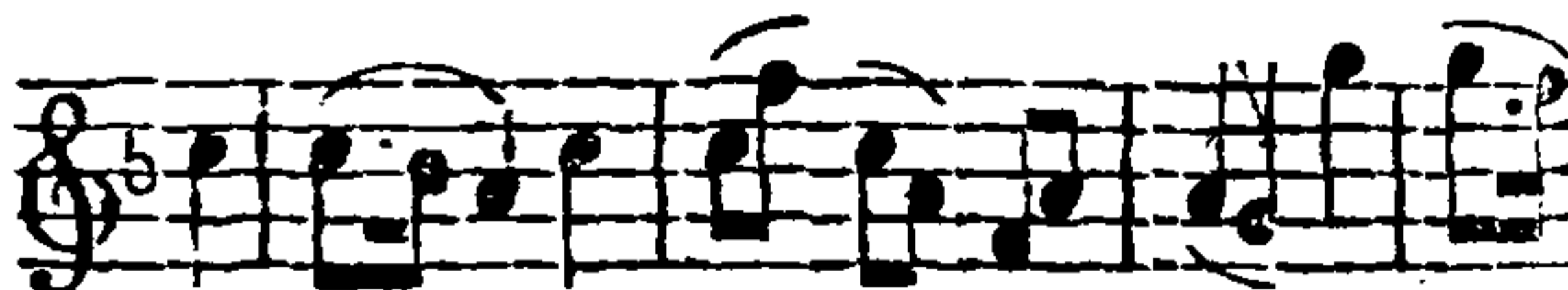
Such pleasure no sport can e'er bring! It ba-



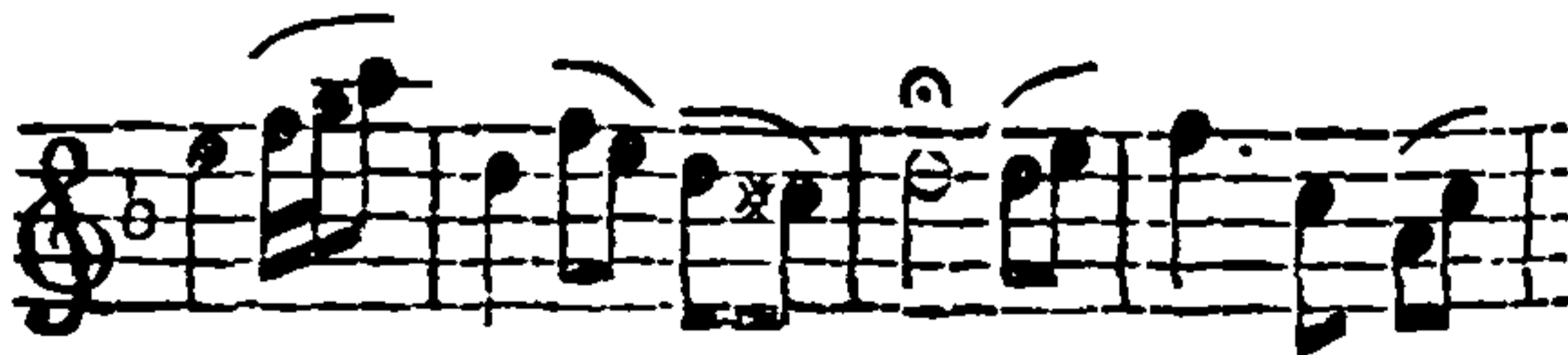
nishes sorrow and drives a-way care, And



makes us more blest than a king! When even



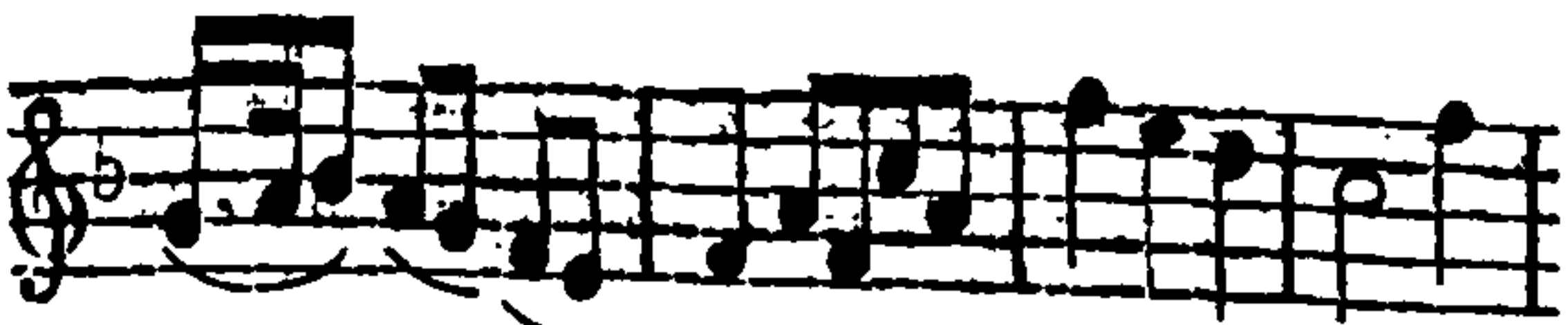
we he--ar the sound of the horn Our hearts



are trans-ported with joy! We rise, and em-  
brace,



brace, with the ear-li-est dawn, A pastime that



ne-----ver can cl- - - - -oy! A



pastime that never can cloy!

O'er furrows and hills our game we pursue,  
 No danger our breasts can invade;  
 The hounds in full cry our joys will renew,  
 An increase of pleasure's display'd!  
 This freedom our conscience never alarms,  
 We live free from envy and strife;  
 If blest with a spouse, return to her arms,  
 Sport sweetens the conjugal life.

The courtier, who toils o'er matters of state,  
 Can ne'er such a happiness know;  
 The grandeur and pomp enjoy'd by the great  
 Can ne'er such a comfort bestow!  
 Our days pass away in a scene of delight,  
 Our pleasure's ne'er taken amiss;  
 We hunt all the day and revel all night,  
 What joy can be greater than this!

*To the woods and the fields, my brave boys, haste away, &c.*



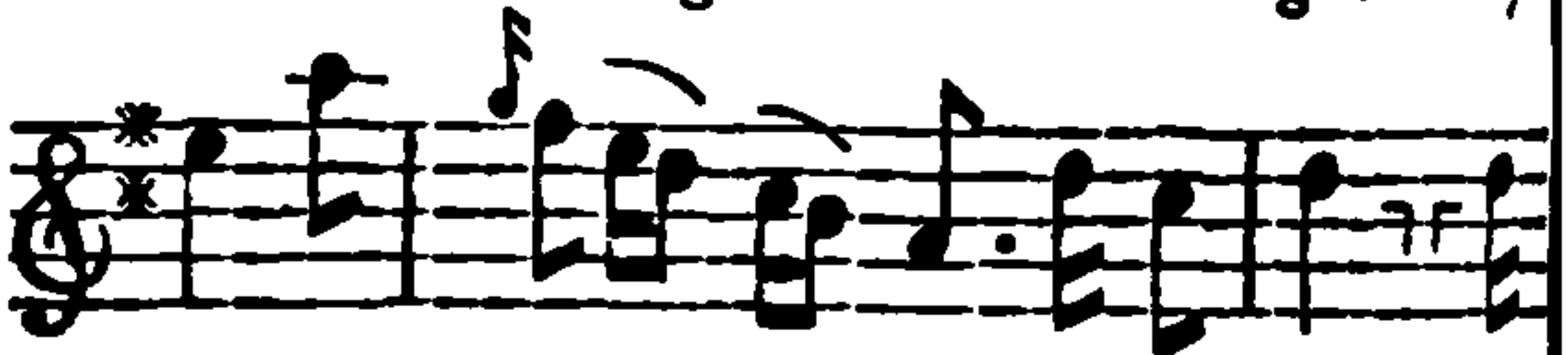
To the woods and the fields, my brave boys,



haste away! Our sport is to follow the hare;



For the morning is clear and de-light-ful-ly



gay, Sure nothing with this can compare! For



the morning is clear and delightfully gay,



Sure nothing with this can compare!

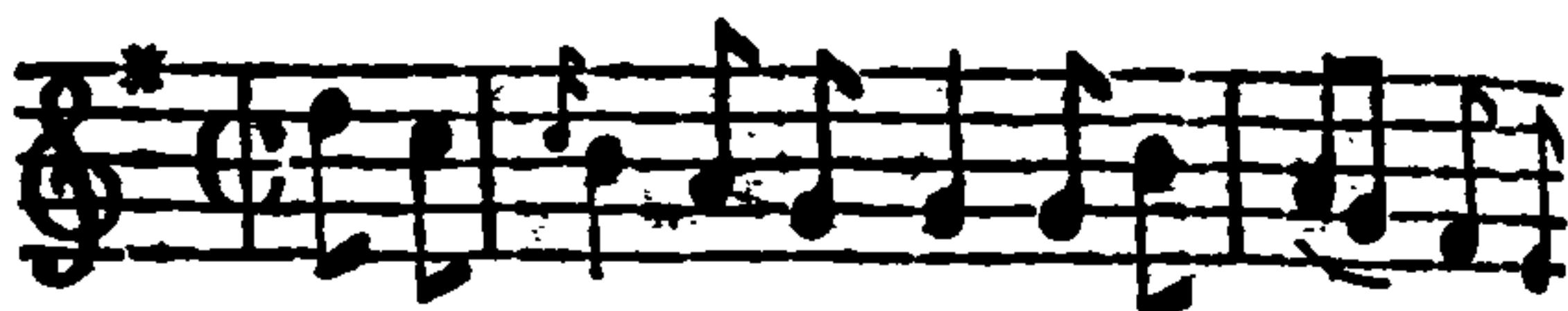
See our horses so swift and courageously bold,  
Our hounds so well-scented and fleet!  
Hark, hark! they're all off; they're crossing the field;  
Let's pursue, then, with courage and heat.

See, see, - how poor pussy redoubles her speed;  
Through briers, brakes, hedges, she flies!  
With the hounds in full tone, and Old-Ball in the lead,  
Sweet Echo resounds to the skies!

But behold, on a sudden, the hounds are all lost;  
She's squatted, and now pants for breath!  
Till, alas! she soon finds, and that to her cost,  
The pursuit will soon finish in death!

Then huzza, my brave boys, let us hasten to crown  
The pleasures of this happy day!  
For our spouses and sweethearts we'll never disown,  
But be always blithe, jolly, and gay!

*Now the trade is so dull, and the town is so full, &c.*



Now the trade is so dull, and the town is so



full Of lads that al-ready are undone, my brave



boys; Let's be wise by their ills, and o-ver the hills



A---way for bold foldiers be gone, my brave



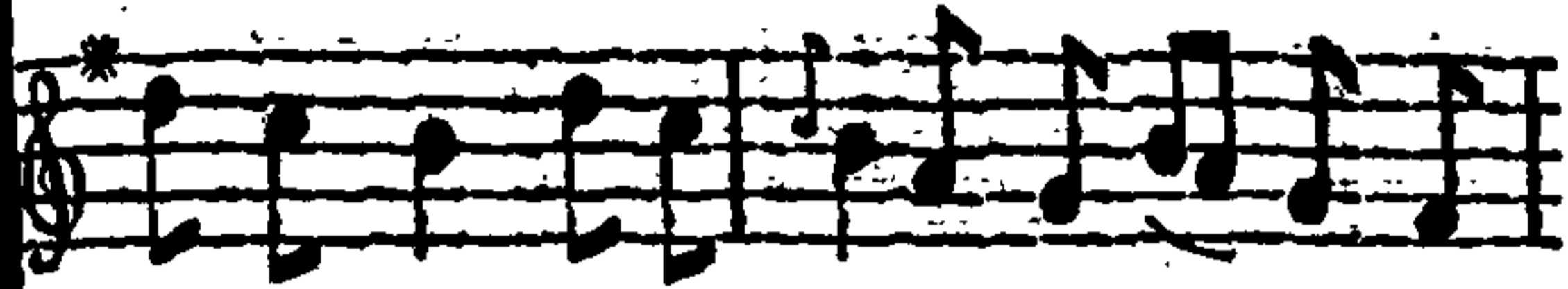
boys! Who 'lifts in his prime is wise in



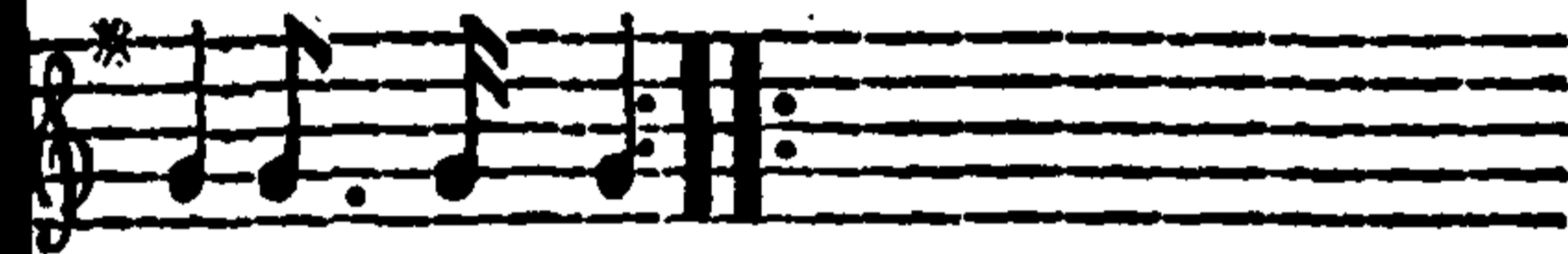
good time, A reg'ment he'll have very soon, my  
brav



brave boys! Then come, my jolly blades, and quit your



starving trades, For a soldier's the best that's a-



going, brave boys!

Who has a scolding wife, the plague of his life,  
 Or is fearful of bailiffs or duns, brave boys,  
 Let him be of the cloth, and a fig for them both  
 When he for a soldier is gone, brave boys.  
 Ye menders of soles and patchers up of holes,  
 Quit your stalls and your shops, and come on, brave boys;  
 Let your landlords be content with their keys to pay  
 the rent,  
 When you for brave soldiers are gone, brave boys!

Never fret, grieve, or pine, though a mistress prove unkind,  
 Since your cure is as sure as a gun, brave boys;  
 Only try, and you'll prove that a soldier cannot love;  
 Then away, for bold soldiers be gone, brave boys.  
 Who would be grenadiers, come join the fuzileers,  
 A regiment inferior to none, brave boys:  
 For we, day and night, get fuddled, sing, and fight;  
 Then away, for bold soldiers be gone, brave boys!

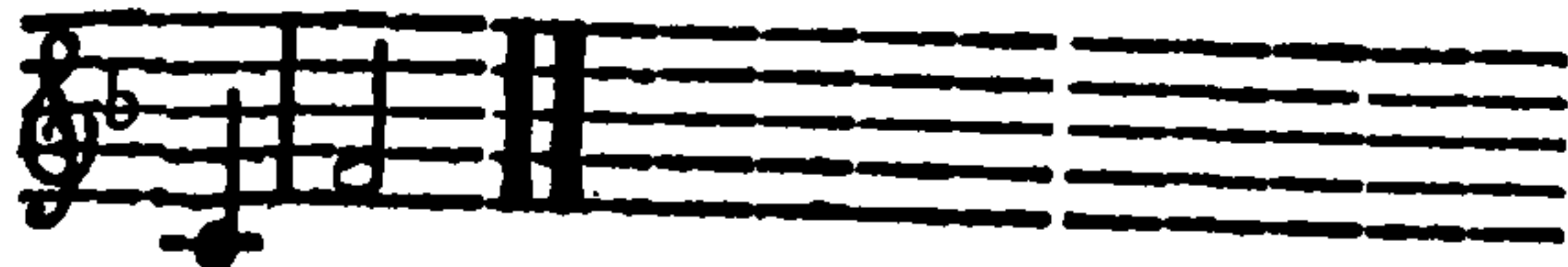
*Prythee,*



*Prytbee, muse, indite my song, &c.*

**ALLEGRO MODERATO.**

The image displays a musical score for a piece titled "Prytbee, muse, indite my song, &c." The tempo is marked "ALLEGRO MODERATO." The score is written on eight staves, each beginning with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The time signature is common time (C). The music consists of a single melodic line with various rhythmic values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. Phrasing is indicated by slurs and breath marks. The notation is clear and legible, typical of a printed musical score.



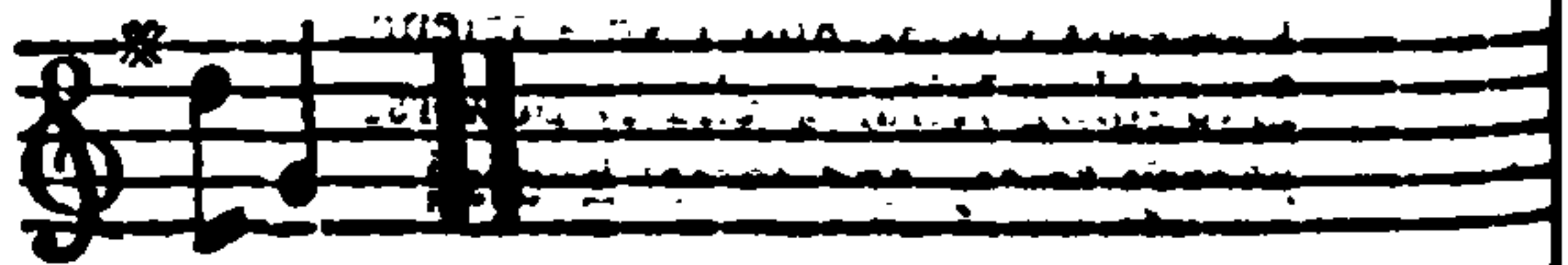
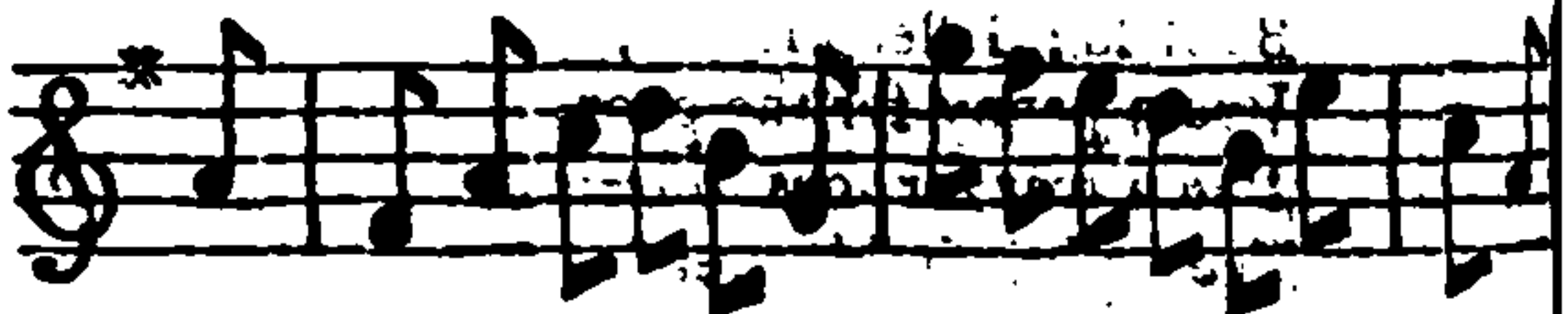
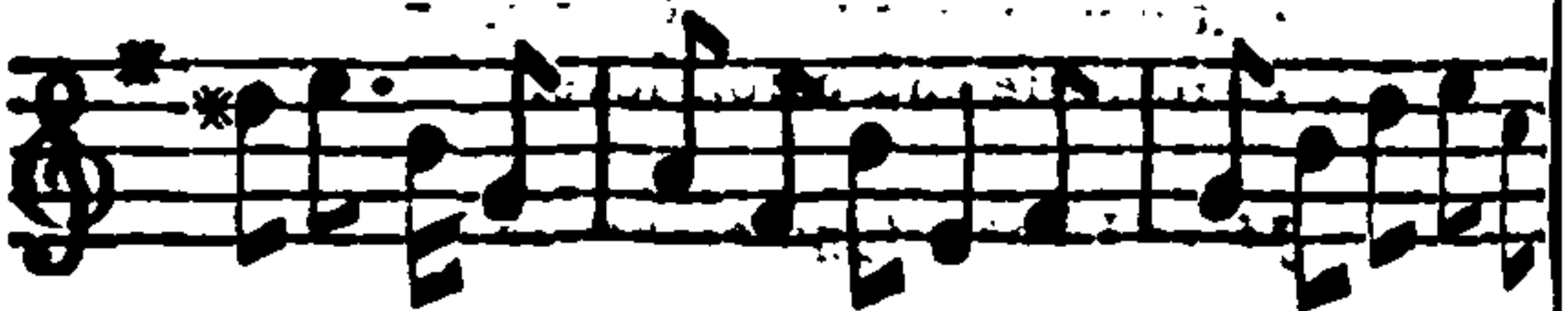
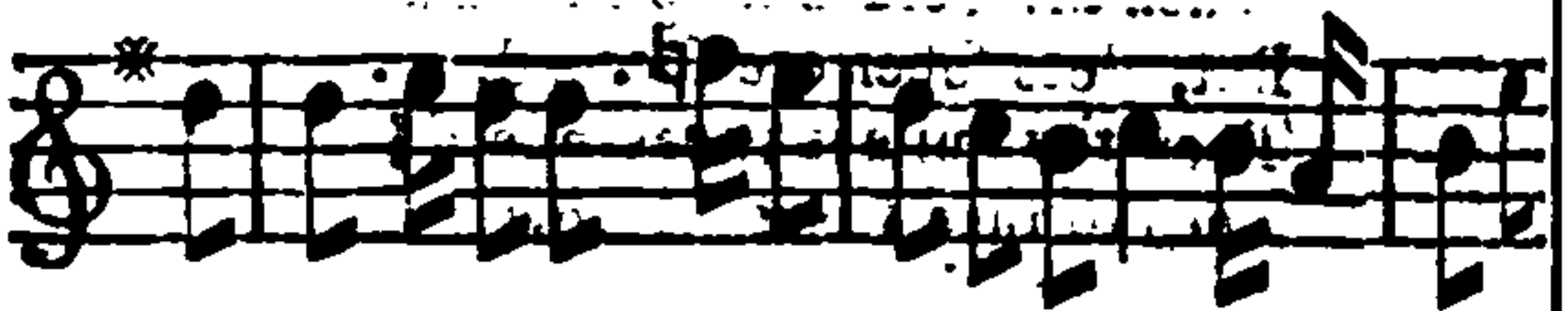
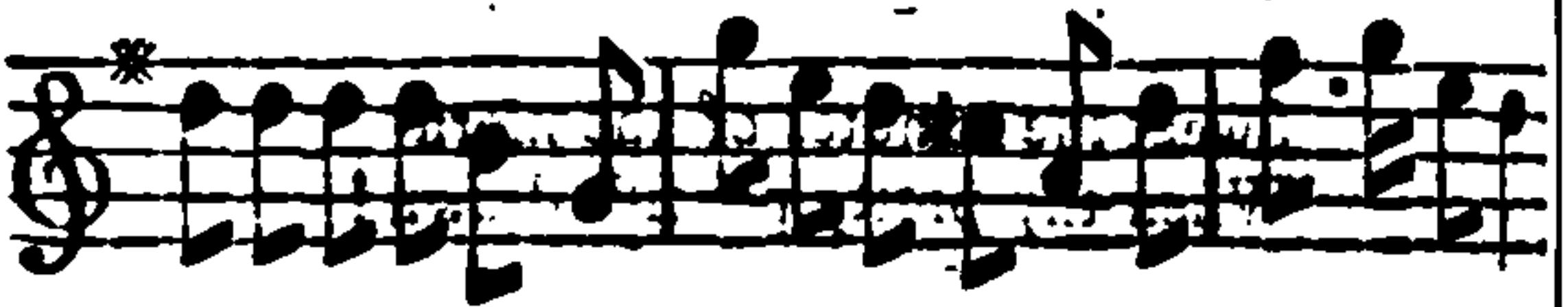
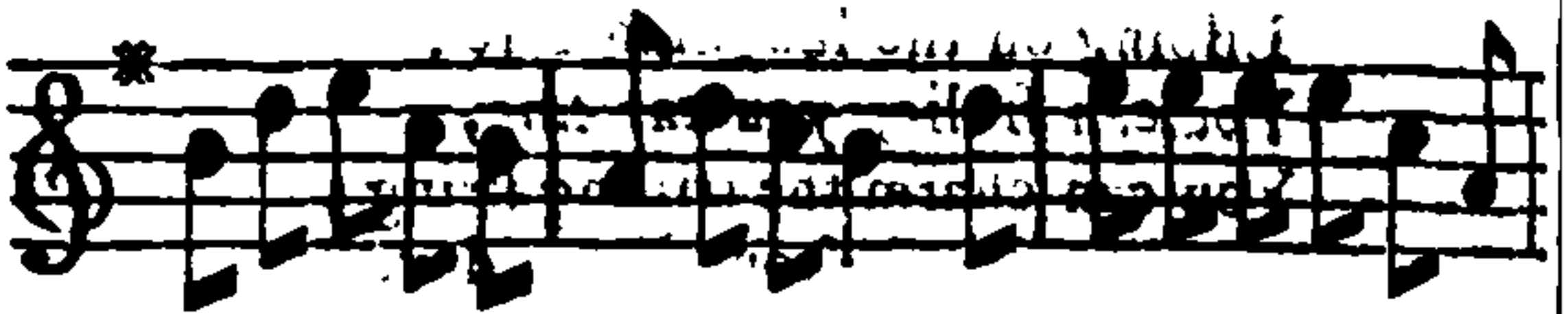
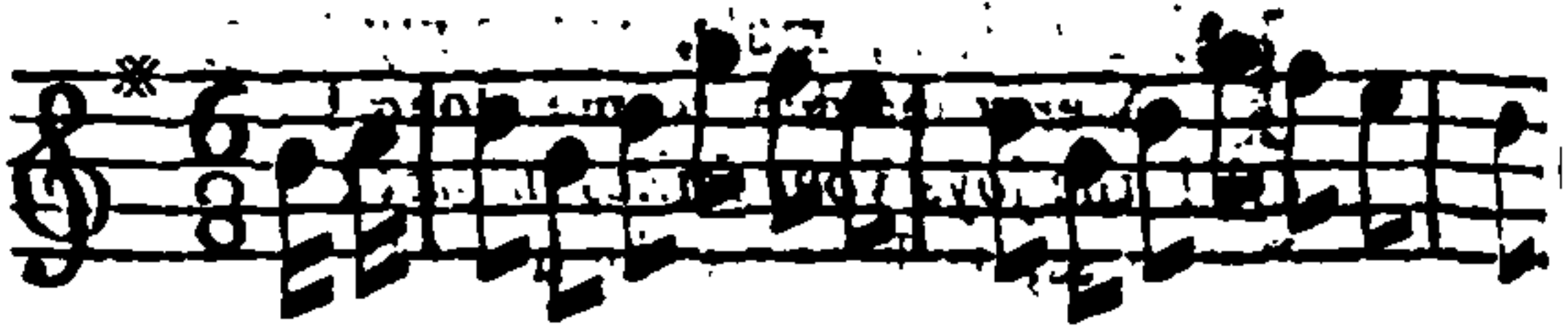
**P**RYTHEE, muse, indite my song,  
 Merry maiden, come along !  
 Oh ! the joys your smiles impart !  
 Raptures, rushing on the heart !  
 Oh ! the themes that you inspire,  
 Lispering on the laughing lyre !  
 You can frolic, you can sing,  
 You can charm the trilling string ;  
 You can drive, from day to day,  
 Thorny-thoughted care away !

Sweet the minutes of the morn  
 When thy pretty pencil's drawn !  
 Sweet the rosy hours of noon  
 When thy golden harp's in tune !  
 But, does sober eve succeed,  
 Then thy smile is sweet indeed !  
 Then to thee I pay my vow  
 On the rural mountain's brow,  
 List'ning while the cooing dove  
 Carols life and carols love.

Have I not a fund of health ?  
 Little, little, little, wealth ?  
 Be it so ; I sleep secure,  
 I've a penny for the poor,  
 I've a tear for foes distress'd,  
 I've a philosophic breast,  
 Seldom borrow, never lend,  
 I've two coats, and I've a friend,  
 Laughing leisure, chatty pow'rs,  
 Merry tales, and social hours !

*Ariadne one morning to Theseus was turning, &c.*

VIVACE.



ARIADNE

**A**RIADNE one morning to Theseus was turning,  
 When, missing her man, to the beach down she flew;  
 Her cries not availing, she saw, far off sailing,  
 His ship fore the wind less'ning full to her view.  
 She tore her fine hair, beat her breast in despair,  
 Spread her arms to the skies, and sunk down in a swoon;  
 When Bacchus, midst æther, begg'd leave of his father  
 To comfort the lady, Jove granted his boon.

Then gently descending, her sorrows befriending,  
 His thyrsus he struck 'gainst the big-belly'd earth,  
 When, o'er the smooth gravel, in murmuring travel,  
 A spring of Champaign at her head bubbled forth!  
 She wak'd with the scent, yet knew not what it meant,  
 But, resolving to drink, quite exhausted with tears,  
 She tastes the Champaign, licks her lips, drinks again,  
 And feels herself suddenly freed from her fears.

On this she kept thinking, on that she kept drinking,  
 And look'd upon The as a pitiful elf;  
 She began to resume, sir, her grief-smother'd bloom, sir,  
 And, social, she wish'd not to drink by herself:  
 The god, her adorer confess'd, stood before her;  
 She hail'd the celestial, she welcom'd the guest:  
 To resist 'tis in vain the force of Champaign  
 She cry'd, as she clasp'd the young buck to her breast.

Each girl, given over, betray'd, by her lover,  
 Her minerals, her hartshorn, and salts, may throw by;  
 Champaign's the elixir will properly fix her,  
 If properly she'll the prescription apply:  
 Spaw, Tunbridge, and Bath, are prescriptions i' faith  
 For megrim, hyp, vapour, and spleen-fancy'd pain;  
 But can they produce such a care-curing juice,  
 Or all their flasks equal one flask of Champaign?

*My dearest life, wert thou my wife, &c.*



**M**Y dearest life, wert thou my wife  
 How happy should I be!  
 And all my care, in peace and war,  
 Should be to pleasure thee!  
 When up and down, from town to town,  
 We jolly soldiers rove,  
 Then you, my queen, in chaise-marine,  
 Shall move like queen of love!

Your

Your love I'd prize beyond the skies,  
 Beyond the spoils of war,  
 Would'st thou agree to follow me  
 In humble baggage-car :  
 For happiness, though in distress,  
 In soldiers wives is seen,  
 And pride in coach has more reproach  
 Than love in chaise-marine.

Oh ! do not hold your love in gold,  
 Nor set your heart on gain ;  
 Behold the great with all their state,  
 Their lives are care and pain !  
 In house or tent I pay no rent,  
 Nor care nor trouble see,  
 And ev'ry day I get my pay,  
 And spend it merrily.

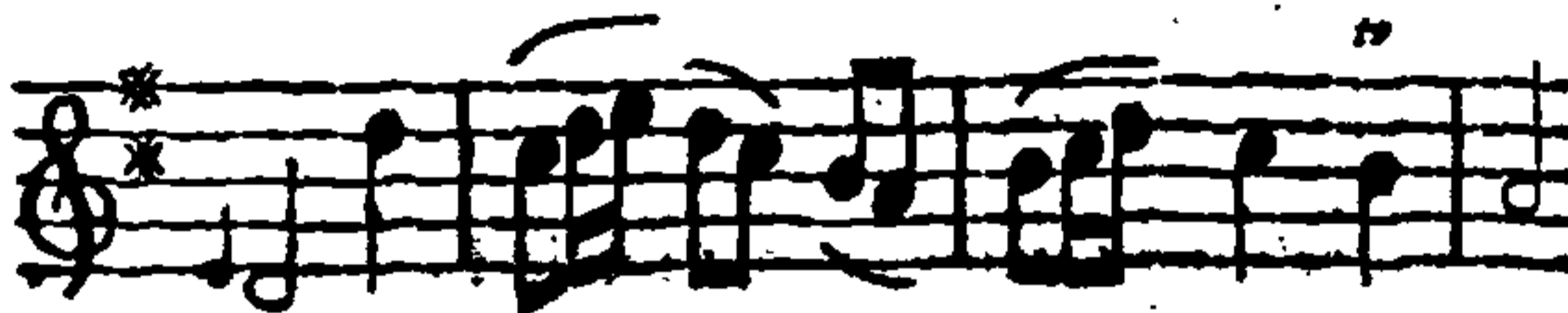
Love not those knaves, great fortune's slaves,  
 Who lead ignoble lives ;  
 Nor deign to smile on men so vile  
 Who fight none but their wives.  
 For Britons right, and you, we fight,  
 And ev'ry ill defy,  
 Should but the fair reward our care  
 With love and constancy.

If sighs nor groans, nor tender moans,  
 Can win your harden'd heart,  
 Let Love in arms, with all his charms,  
 Then take a soldier's part.  
 With fife and drum the soldiers come,  
 And all the pomp of war ;  
 Then dont think mean of chaise-marine,  
 'Tis love's triumphant car.

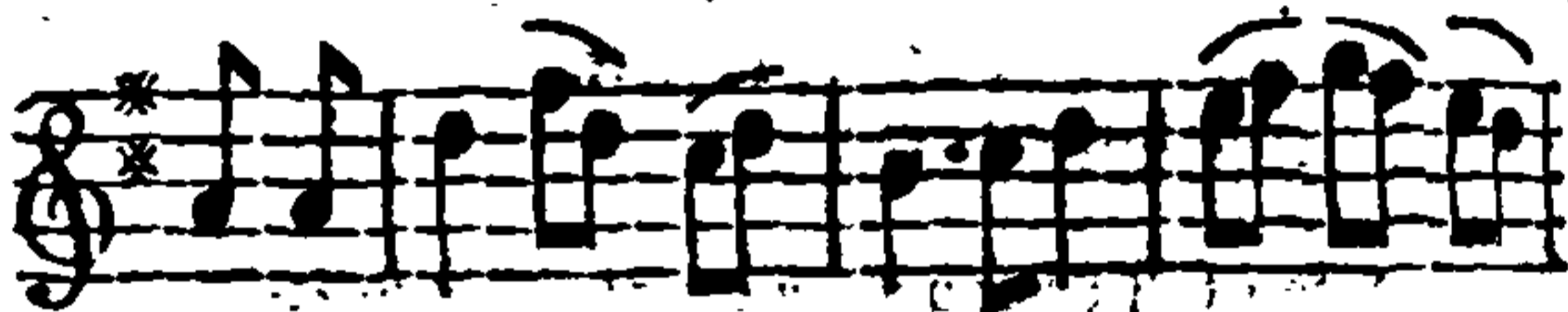
*Contented I am, and contented I'll be, &c.*



Contented I am, and con--tent-ed I'll



be ; For what can this world more ef-ford,



Than a girl that will social-ly sit on my



knee, And a cellar that's plen--ti--ful



sto- . . . . -r'd, And a



cellar that's plen--ti--ful stor'd, My brave boys !

See, my vault-door is open, descend ev'ry guest;  
 Tap the cask, for the wine we will try;  
 'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste,  
 And as bright as her cheeks to your eye,  
 My brave boys!

Sound that pipe; 'tis in tune, and the bins are well fill'd;  
 View that heap of Champaign in the rear!  
 Those bottles are Burgundy; see how they're pil'd,  
 Like artillery, tier upon tier,  
 My brave boys!

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,  
 All gloriously ranged in view!  
 When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks  
 As kingdoms I've got to subdue,  
 My brave boys!

In a piece of flint hoop I my candle have stuck,  
 'Twill light us each bottle to hand;  
 The foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,  
 For I hate that a bumper should stand,  
 My brave boys!

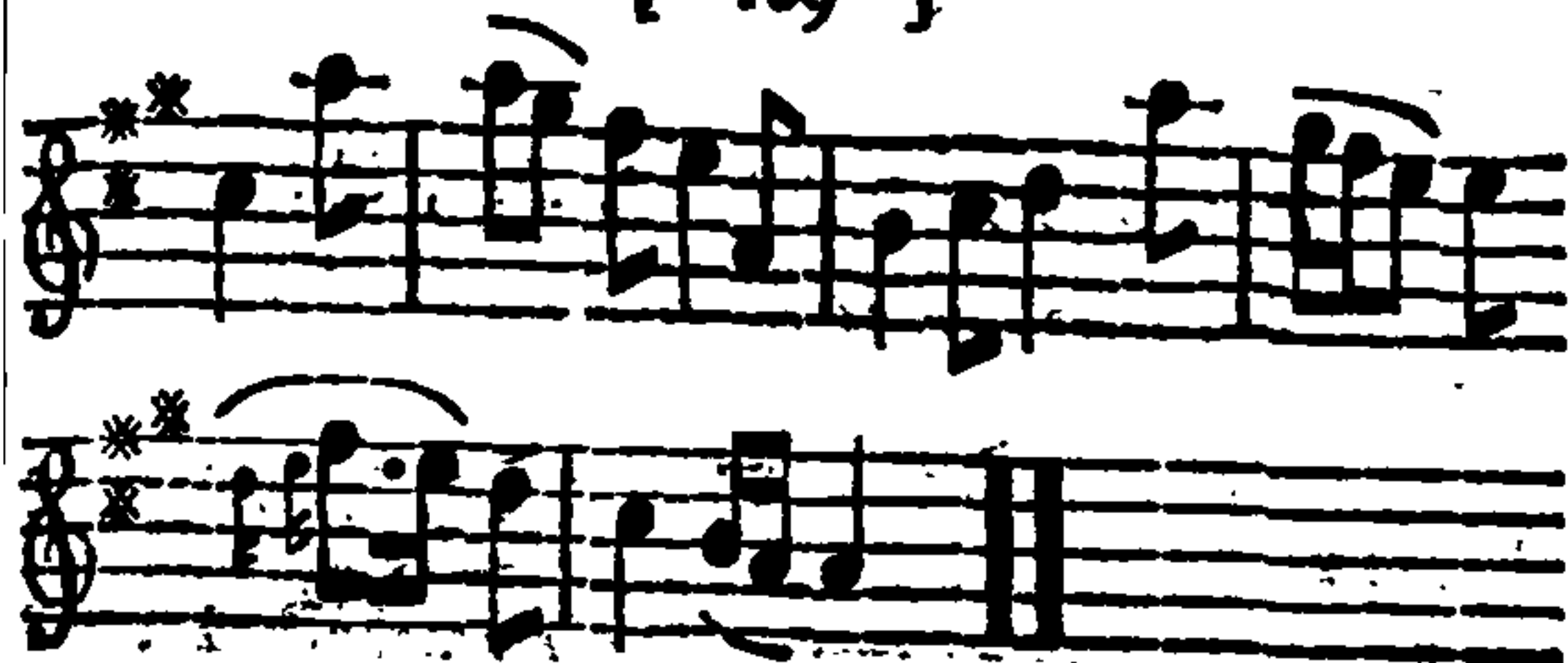
'Tis my will, when I die, not a tear shall be shed,  
 No *hic jacet* engrav'd on my stone;  
 But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,  
 And say, that my drinking is done,  
 My brave boys!



Young Damon, in the woodbine grove, &c.

LIVELY.

A musical score consisting of eight staves of music. Each staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is written in a lively style, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes, often grouped in pairs or fours. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings (asterisks). The first staff has two asterisks above the first two notes. The second staff has two asterisks above the first two notes. The third staff has two asterisks above the first two notes and two asterisks above the eighth and eleventh notes. The fourth staff has two asterisks above the first two notes. The fifth staff has two asterisks above the first two notes. The sixth staff has two asterisks above the first two notes. The seventh staff has two asterisks above the first two notes. The eighth staff has two asterisks above the first two notes. The music concludes with a final cadence on the eighth staff.



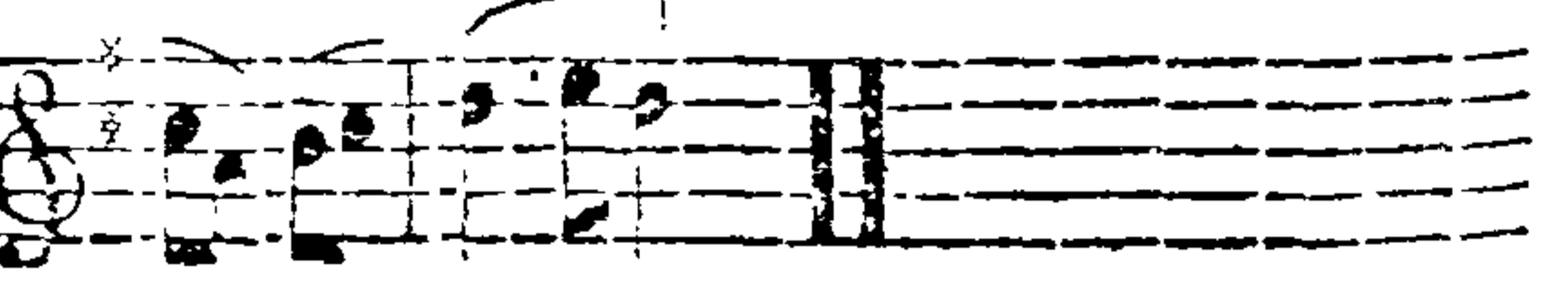
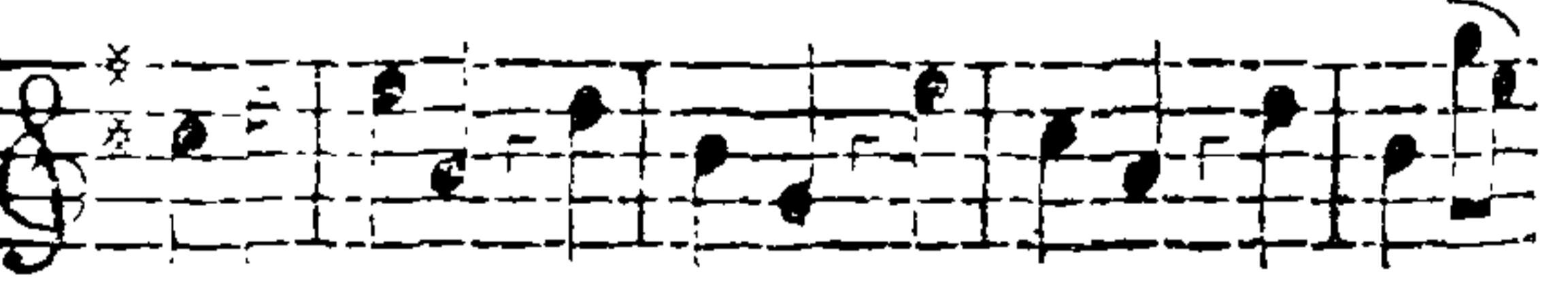
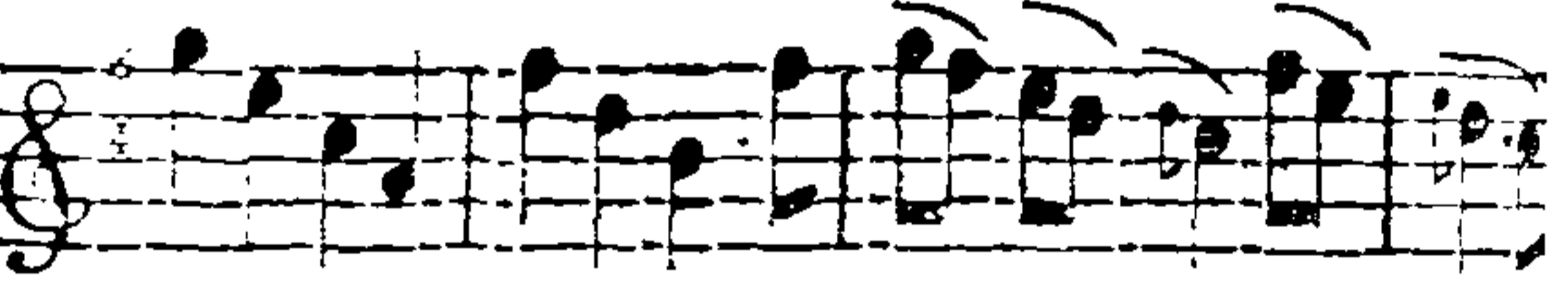
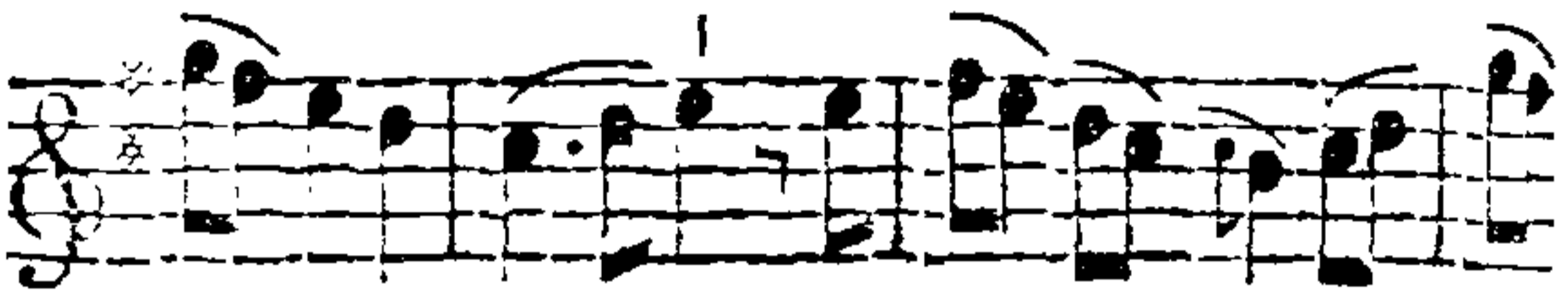
**Y**OUNG Damon, in the woodbine grove,  
 To Phillis vow'd eternal truth,  
 Who, too much blinded by her love,  
 Implicitly believ'd the youth,  
 Implicitly believ'd the youth.  
 He then deplor'd his wretched fate,  
 That he must leave her for an hour,  
 That he must leave her for an hour;  
 And, bidding her adieu, went strait  
 To Chloe in the myrtle bow'r.  
 And, bidding her adieu, went strait  
 To Chloe in the myrtle bow'r,  
 To Chloe in the myrtle bow'r.

Chloe intended to upbraid;  
 But Damon, with a wheedling kiss,  
 Rail'd at the chance that had delay'd  
 So long his joy, his only bliss;  
 Swore that he priz'd her far above  
 His life; and swore by ev'ry pow'r!  
 Then, careless, as he left the grove,  
 He also left the myrtle bow'r.

But Cupid, nettled that the youth  
 Should thus defy his sov'reign art,  
 Sent Delia, fam'd for faith and truth.  
 Damon but look'd, and lost his heart!  
 And, soon as e'er the subtle god  
 Had got the rover in his pow'r,  
 He bow'd submissive, kiss'd the rod,  
 Nor thought of grove or myrtle bow'r.

*Some women take delight in dress, &c.*

LIVELY.



SOME

**S**OME women take delight in dress,  
 And some in cards take pleasure,  
 While others place their happiness  
 In heaping hoards of treasure ;  
 In private some delight to kiss,  
 Their hidden charms unfolding ;  
 But all mistake the sov'reign bliss ;  
 There's no such joy as scolding !  
 As scolding, as scolding !  
 There's no such as scolding !

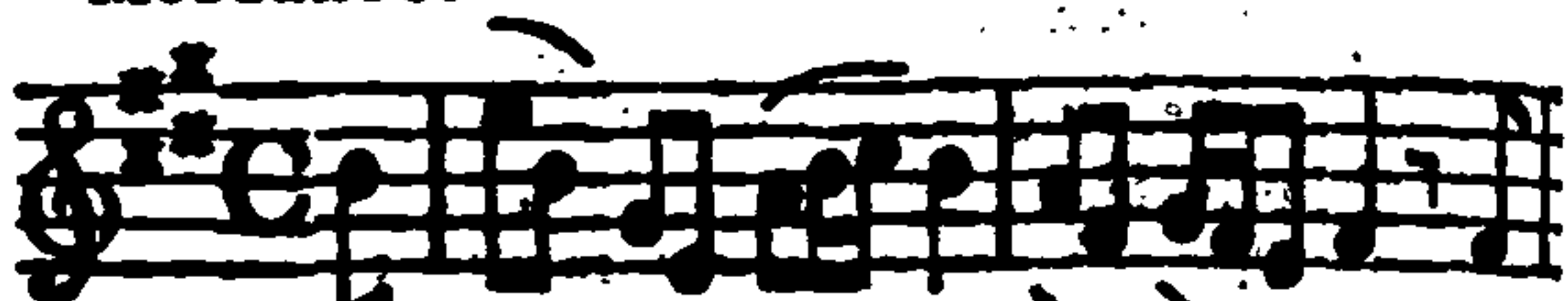
The instant that I ope my eyes,  
 Adieu all day to silence ;  
 Before my neighbours they can rise  
 They hear my tongue a mile hence,  
 When at the board I take my seat  
 'Tis one continu'd riot ;  
 I eat and scold, and scold and eat,  
 My clack is ne'er at quiet.

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold ;  
 I ever am complaining ;  
 Too fresh, too stale, too young, too old ;  
 Each guest at table paining :  
 Let it be fowl, or flesh, or fish,  
 Though of my own providing,  
 I still find fault with ev'ry dish,  
 Still ev'ry servant chiding.

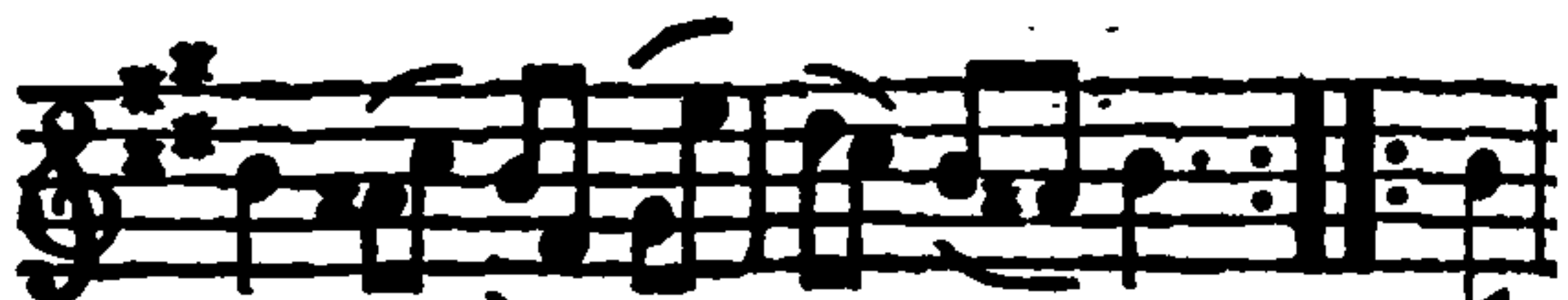
But, when I go to bed at night,  
 I surely fall to weeping ;  
 For then I lose my great delight ;  
 How can I scold when sleeping ?  
 But this my pain doth mitigate,  
 And soon disperses sorrow, —  
 Although to-night it be too late,  
 I'll pay it off to-morrow !

*When from my Sylvia I remove, &c.*

MODERATO.



When from my Syl-via. I re-move, Com-



fort's a stranget to my breast! - Un-



less with her whose sight I love, My wea-



ry'd soul in vain would rest!

Pining I sit and waste the day,  
 Sleepless I pass the darksome night;  
 If Sylvia should refuse to stay,  
 To me the sun affords no light!

But when, return'd to my fond arms,  
 My Sylvia glads my longing eyes,  
 Her beauteous air and killing charms  
 Make day amidst the darkness rise!

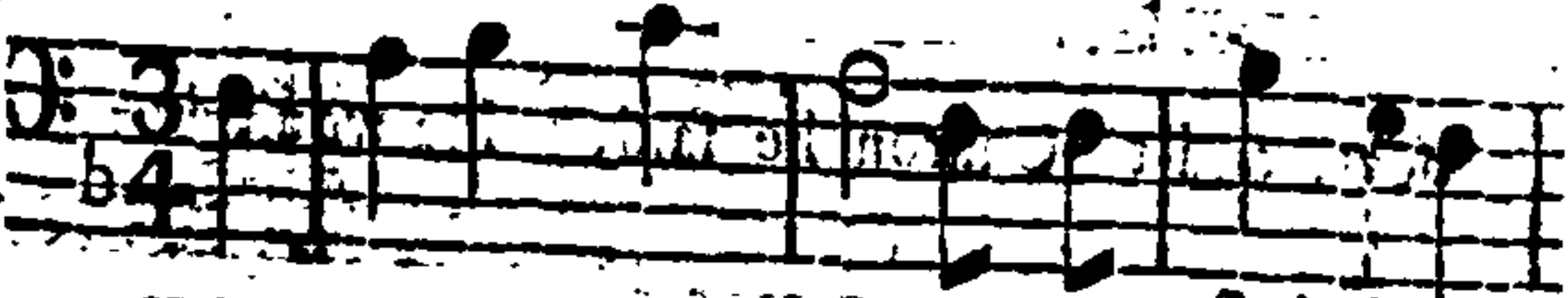
Then let her, heav'n, propitious prove!  
With kindness heal the smiting wound!  
May she return me love for love!  
So shall our joys each day abound.

*When Bibb thought fit from the world to retreat, &c.*

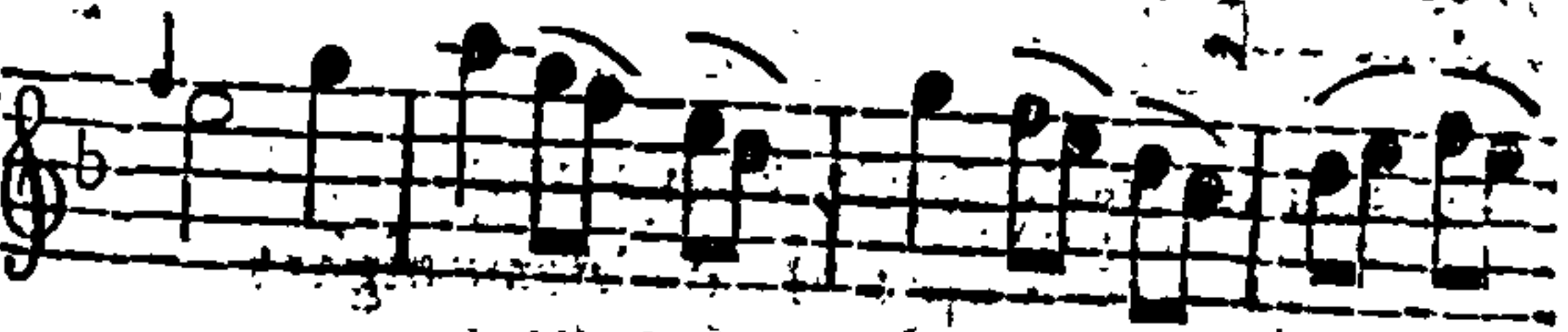
For two Voices.



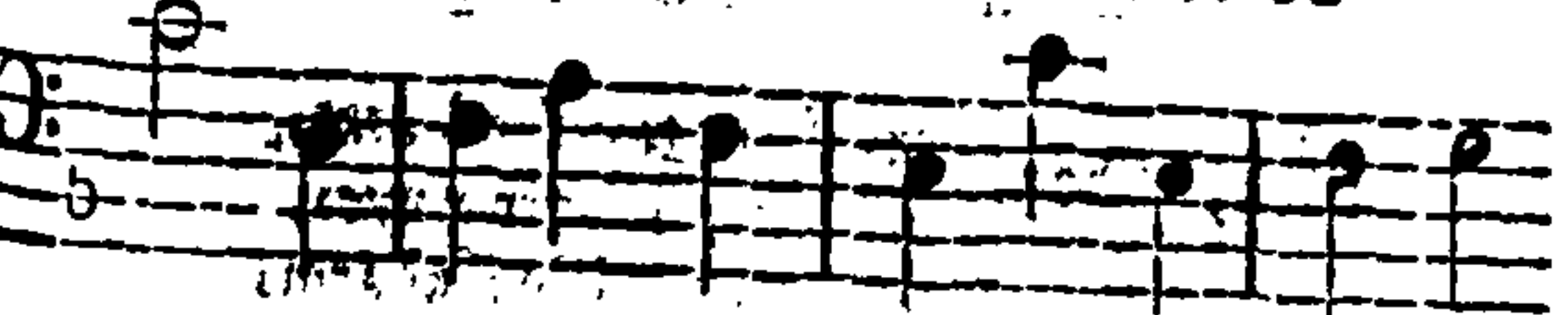
When Bi-bo thought fit from the world to re-



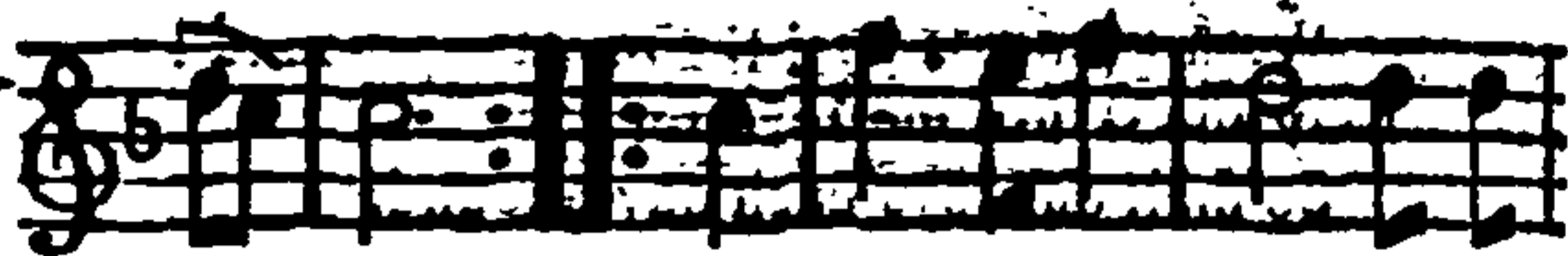
When Bi-bo thought fit from the world to re-



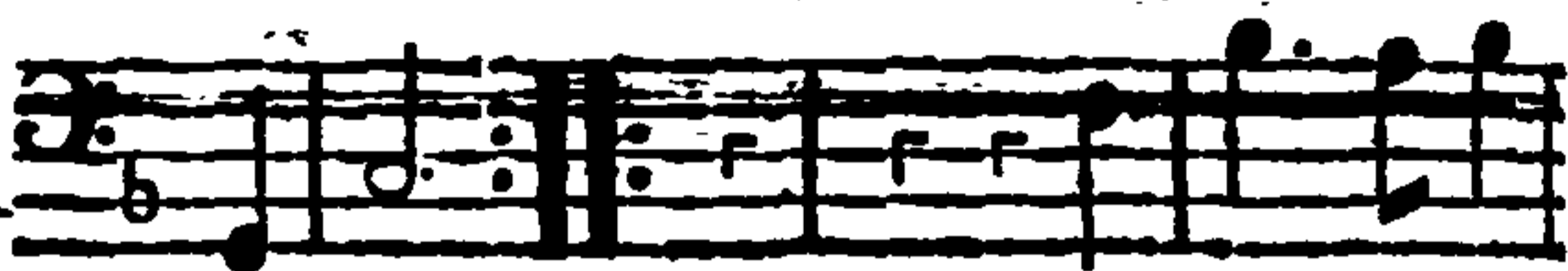
treat, As full of Champagne as an egg's full



treat, As full of Champagne as an egg's full  
S of



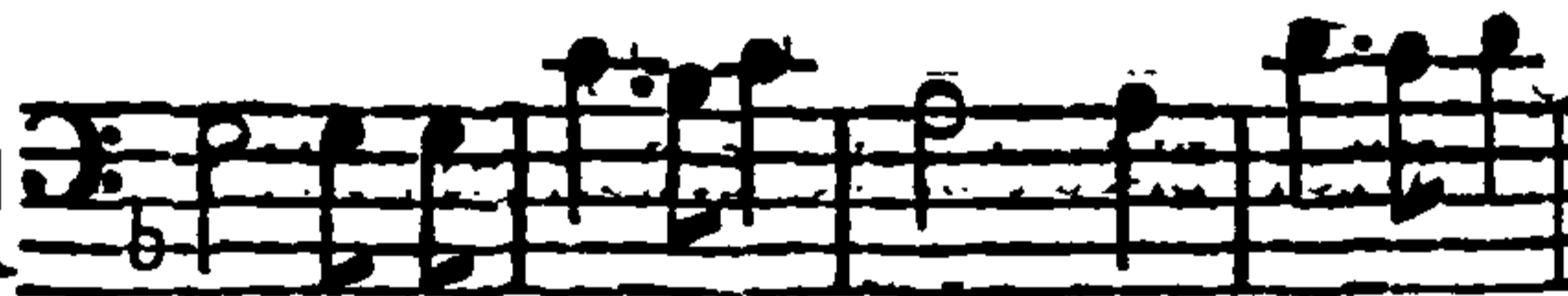
of meat, He wak'd in the boat, and to



of meat, He wak'd in the



Charon he said, He would be row'd back, he



boat, and to Charon he said, He would be row'd

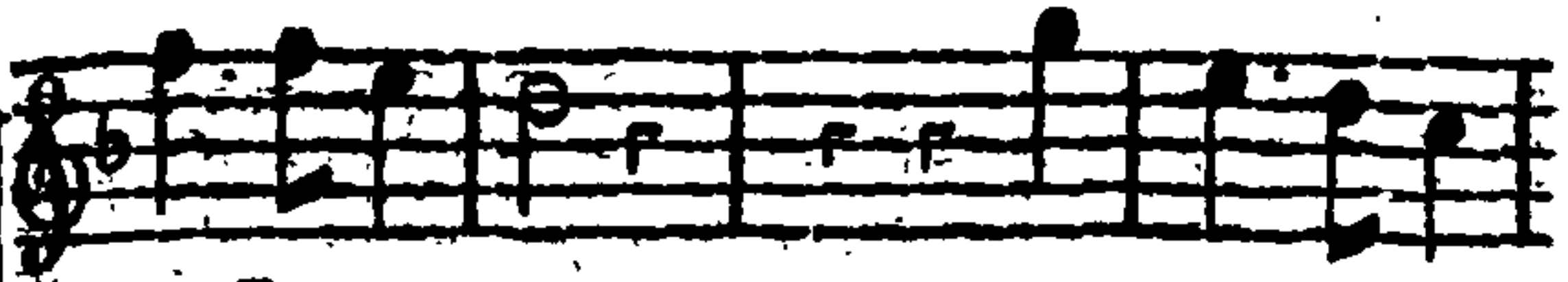


would be row'd back, For he was not yet dead, he

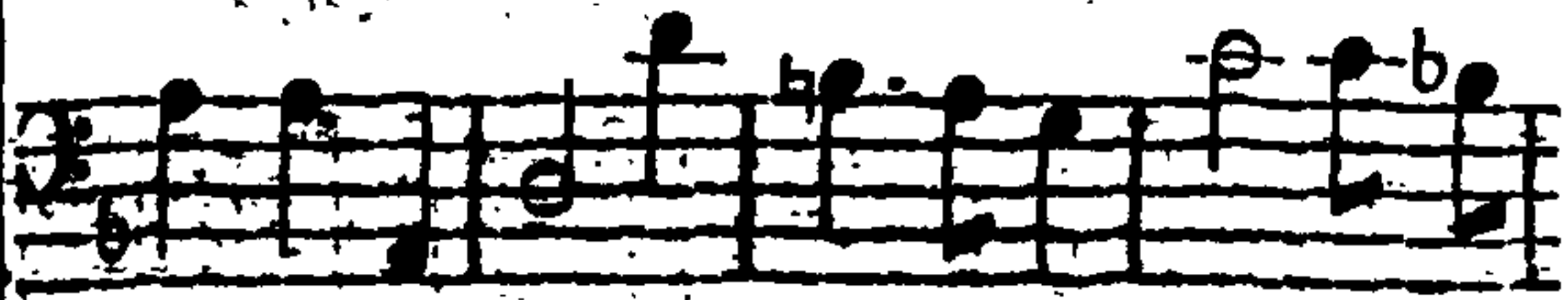


back, he would be row'd back, For he was not, he

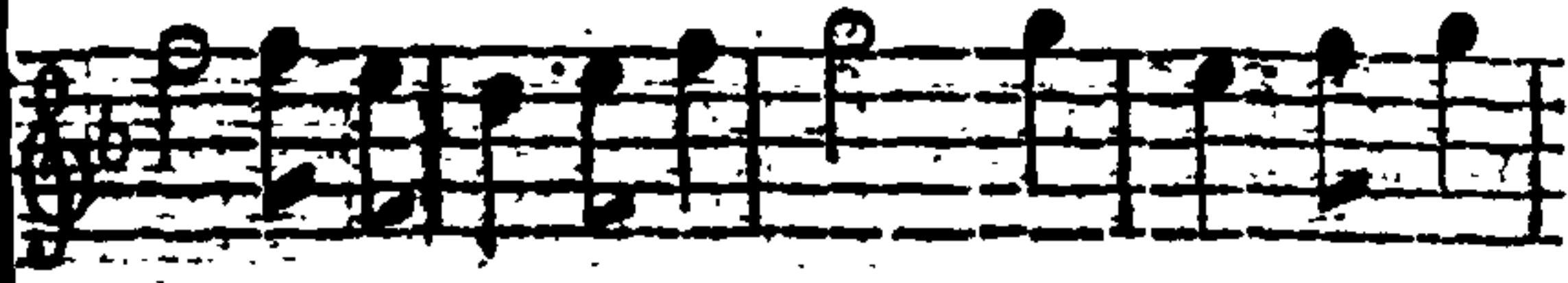
wa



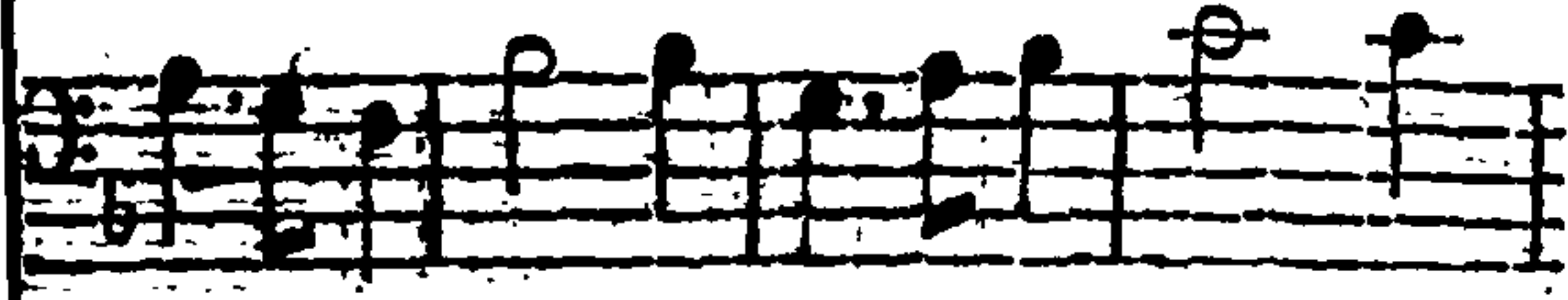
was not yet dead, He wak'd in the



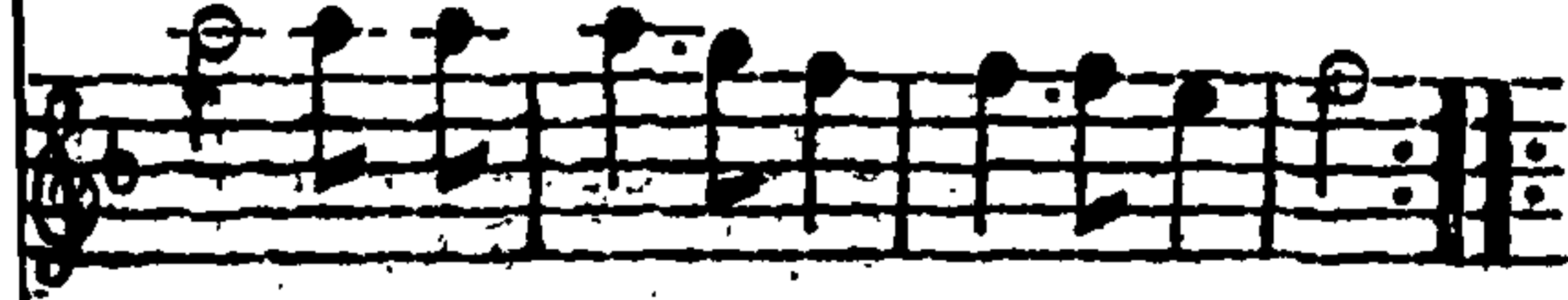
was not yet dead. He wak'd in the boat, and to



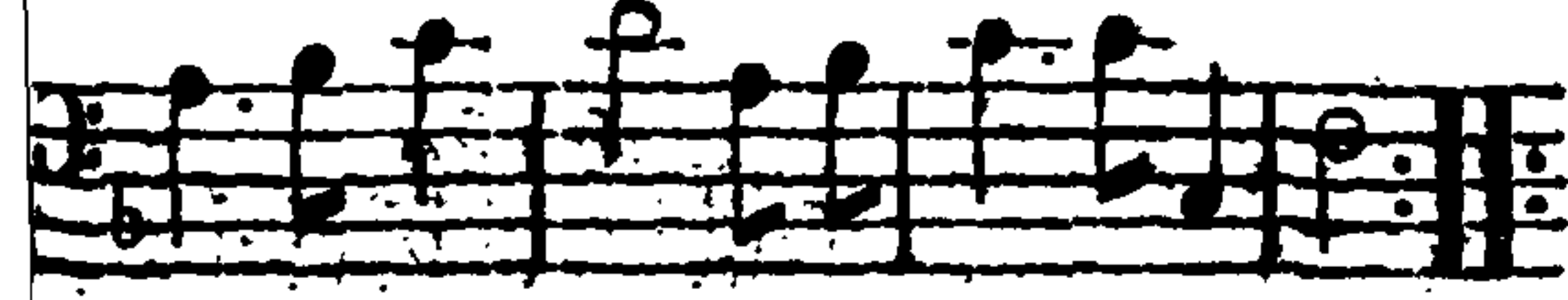
boat, and to Charon he said, He would be row'd



Charon he said, He would be row'd back, he



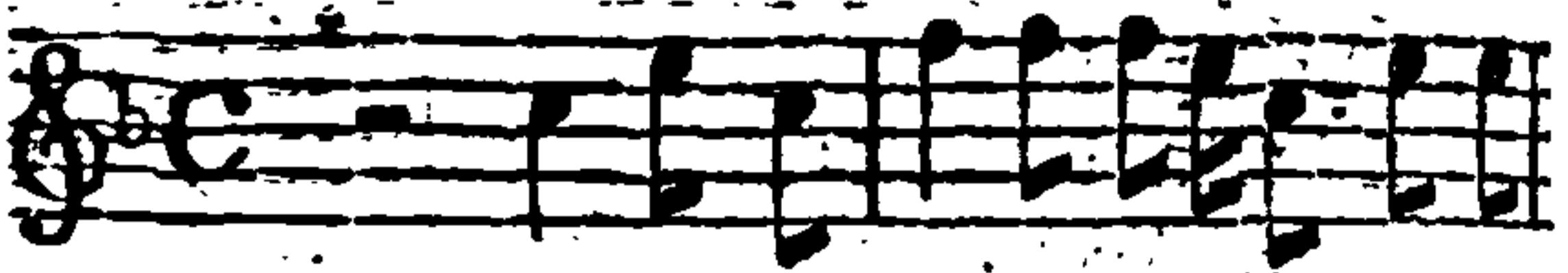
back, For he was not, he was not yet dead.



would be row'd back, For he was not yet dead.



BRISK.

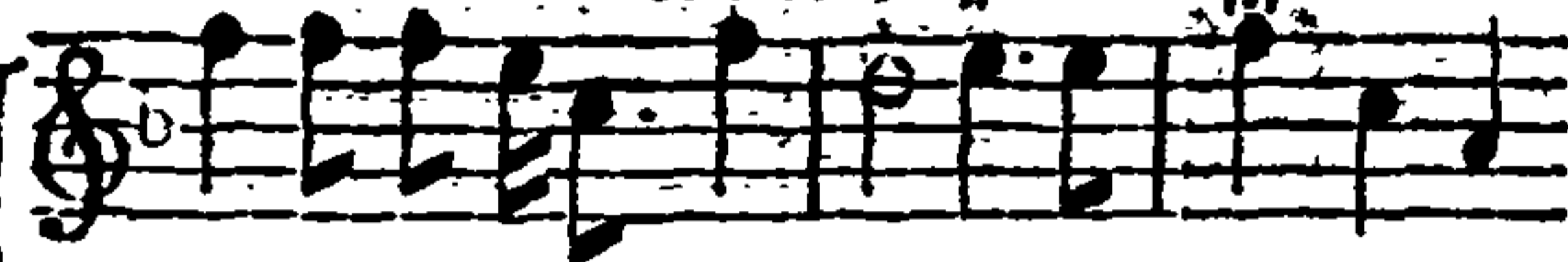


Trim trim the boat and sit quiet, Trim the



Trim trim the boat and sit quiet, Trim the boat & sit

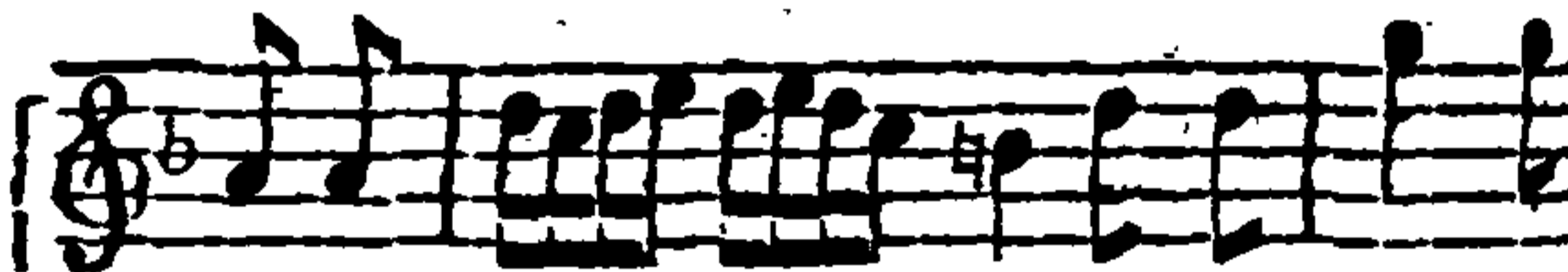
SLOW. . . . . FASTER.



boat and sit quiet, Stern Charon reply'd; You may



quiet, sit quiet, Stern Charon reply'd;



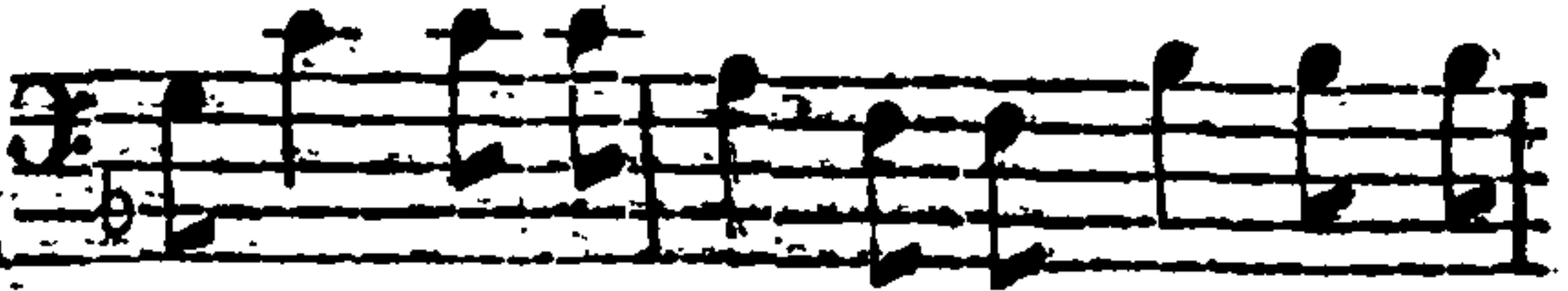
have for- - - - -got, You were drunk when



You may have for- - - - -got, You



you died, You were drunk when you died, You.



were drunk when you died, You were drunk when you



were drunk, were dru- - - - nk, were dru-



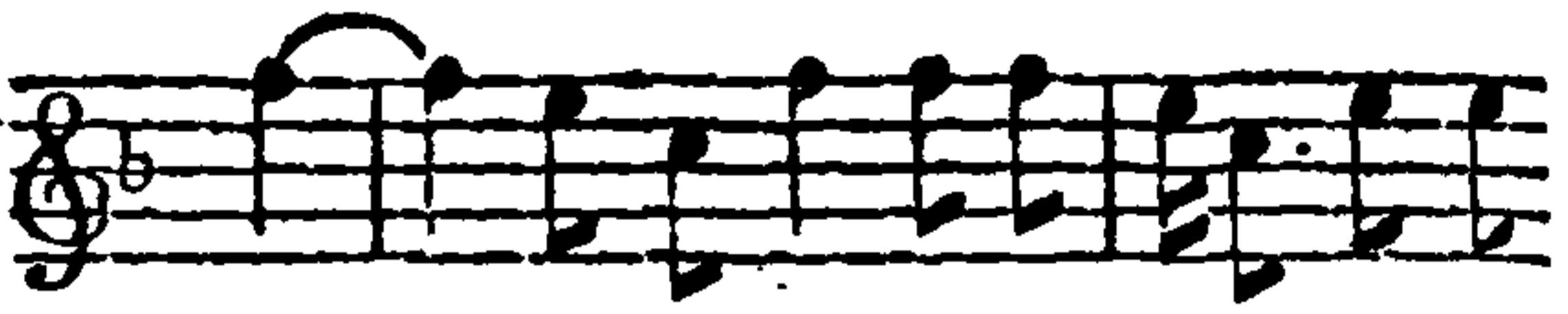
died, You were drunk, were dru- - - - nk, were



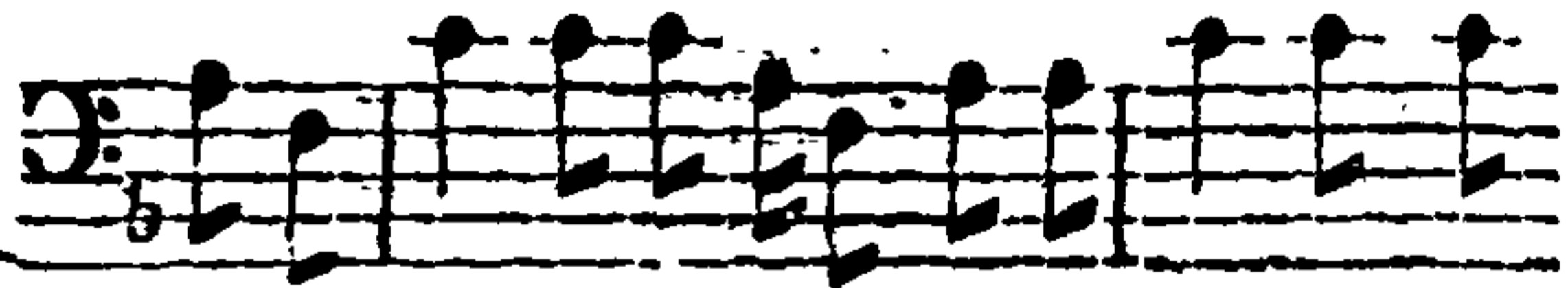
- - - - nk, were drunk, when you died.



dru- - - - nk, were drunk, when you died.

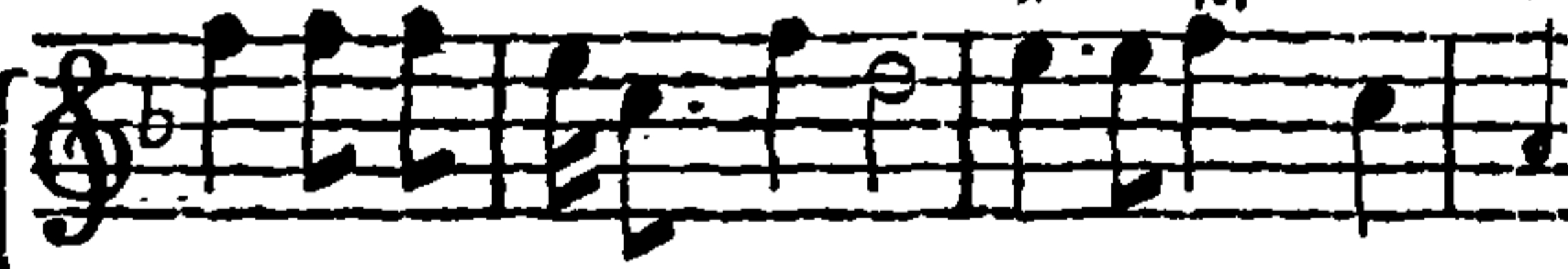


Trim trim the boat and sit quiet, Trim the

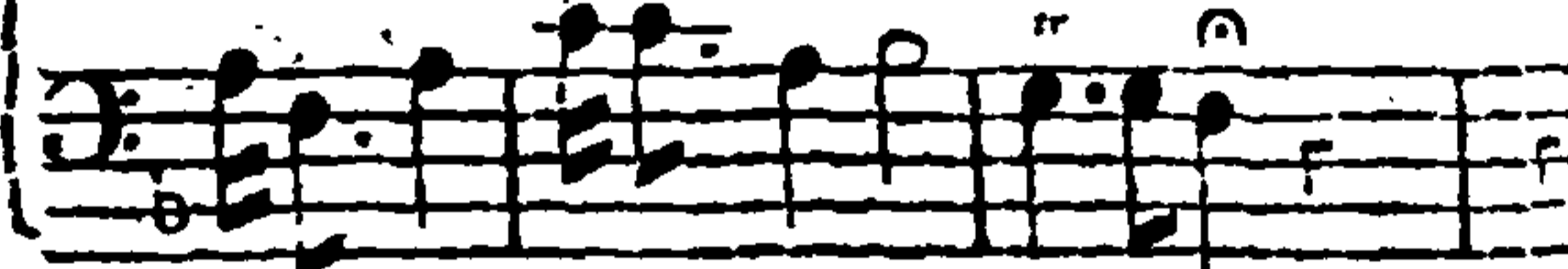


Trim the boat and sit quiet, Trim the boat and sit

SLOW. *tr* *o* FASTER.



boat and sit quiet, Stern Charon reply'd; You may



quiet, sit quiet, Stern Charon reply'd;



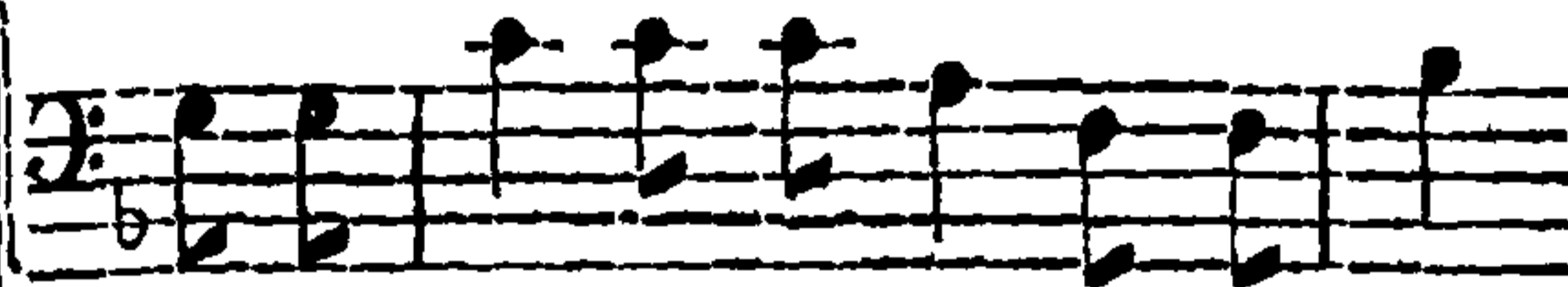
have for- - - - -got, You were drunk



You may have for- - - - -got,



when you died, You were drunk when you died,



You were drunk when you died, You were drunk



You were drunk, were dru- - - - -



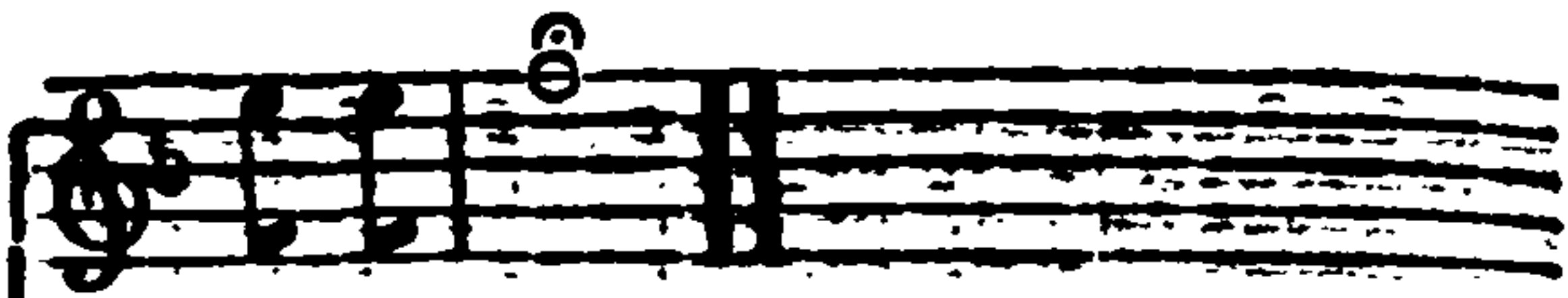
when you died, You were drunk, were dru- - - - -



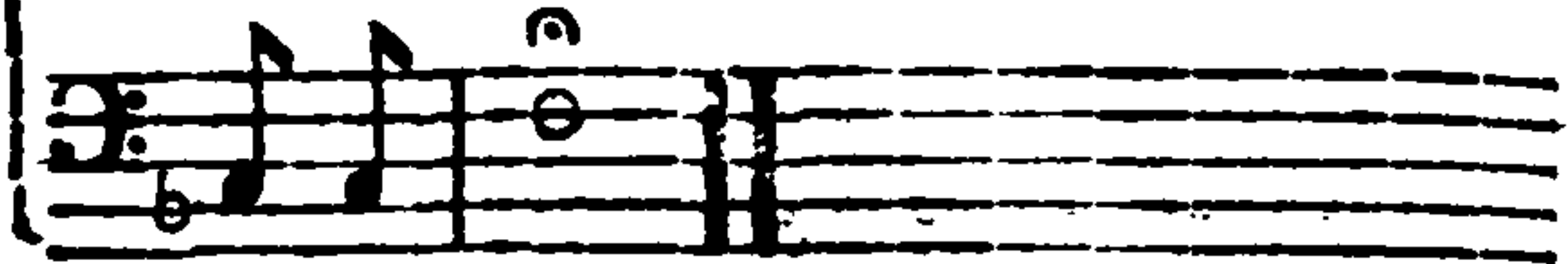
-nk, were dru- - - - - -nk, were drunk



- - -nk, were dru- - - - - -nk, were drunk  
when



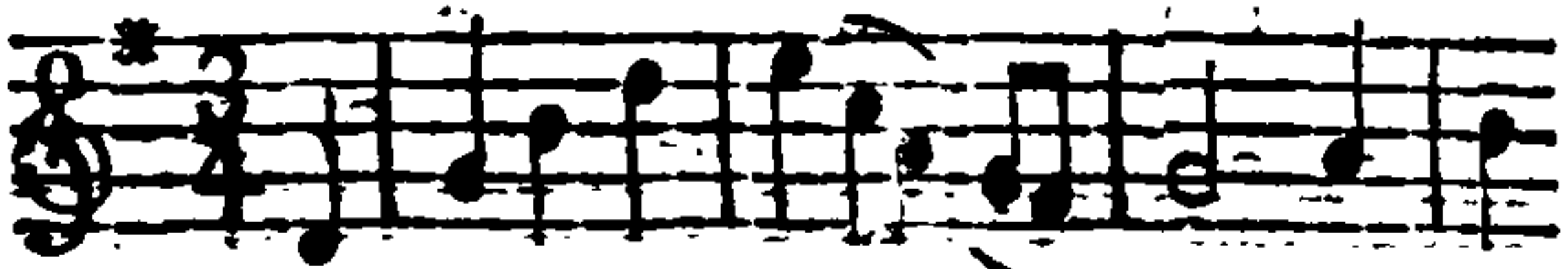
when you died.



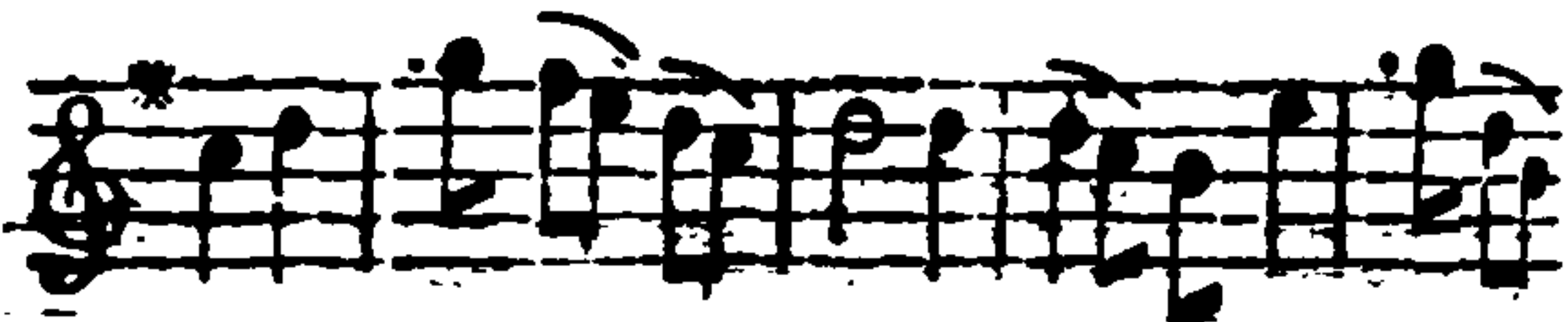
when you died.

*A tender passion sure is love, &c.*

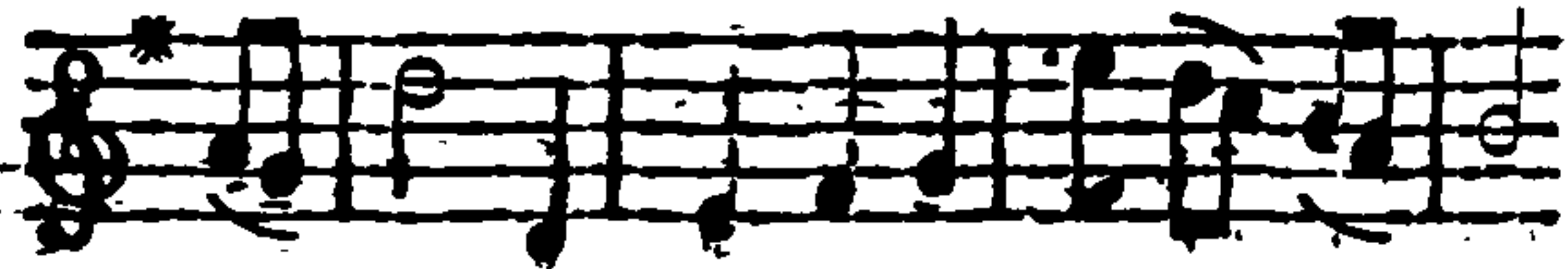
MODERATO.



A tender passion sure is love, Sent un-



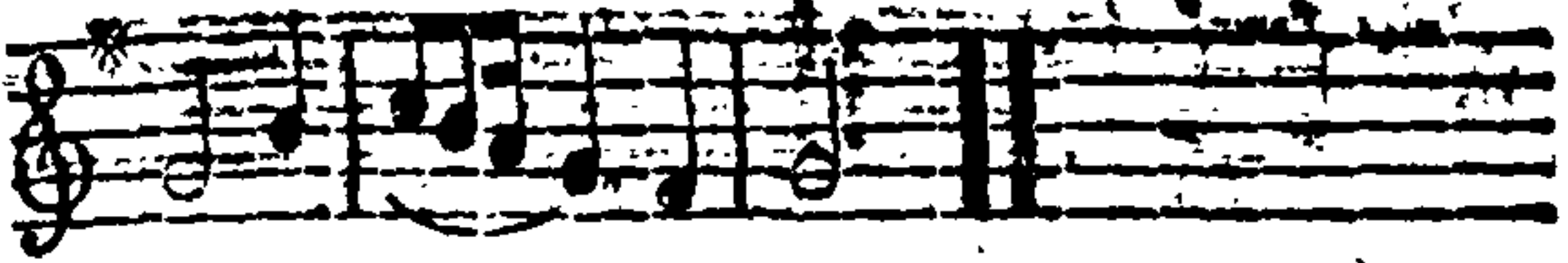
to us down from a-bove; It kindles us in--to



a fire, And makes the longing soul de-sire!



It kindles us in--to a fire, And makes the  
longing



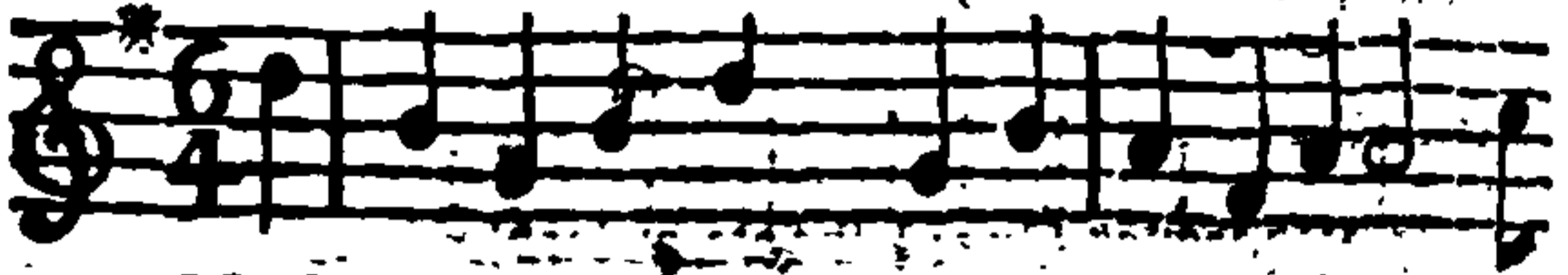
longing soul desire!

Wherever Cupid shoots a dart  
Love always makes the wound to smart;  
Love makes the stubborn heart to yield,  
The mighty warrior quit the field.

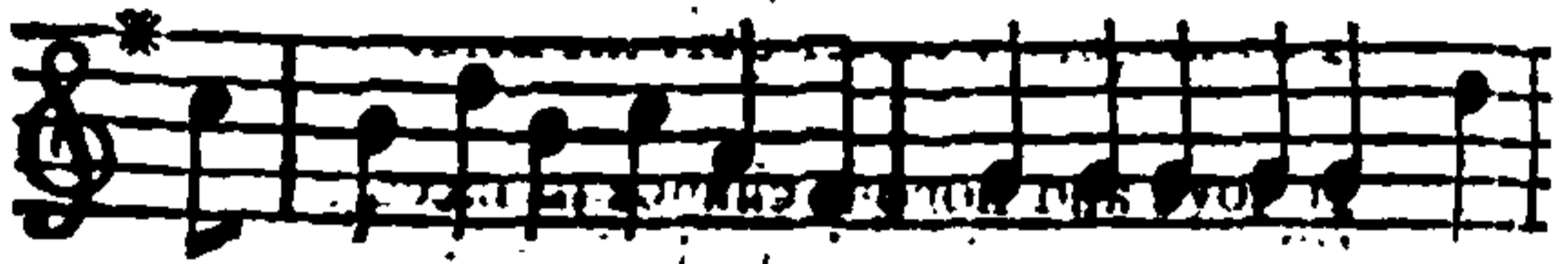
If love and honour chance to meet,  
Then tender love is truly sweet;  
And from such love as this alone  
True happiness is always known.

*My finest pretty Mog, you're as soft as a bog, &c.*

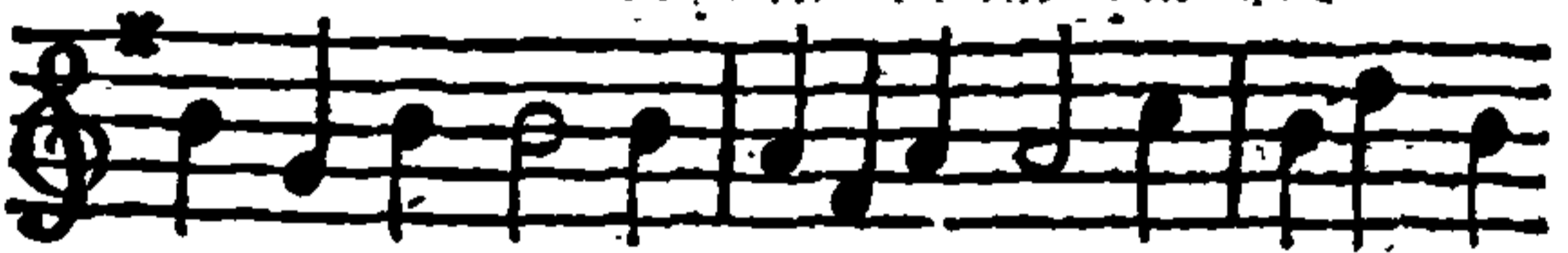
**Sung in the REGISTER OFFICE.**



My finest pretty Mog, 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



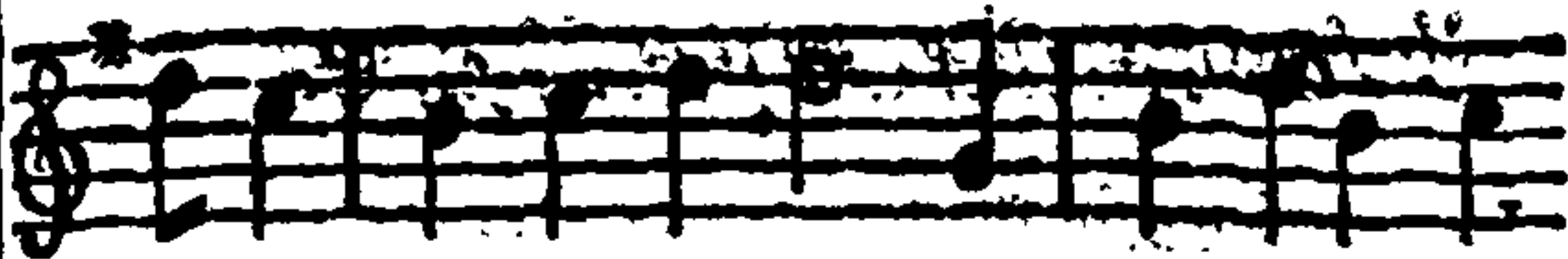
smitten, poor Paddy have smitten! Far softer than



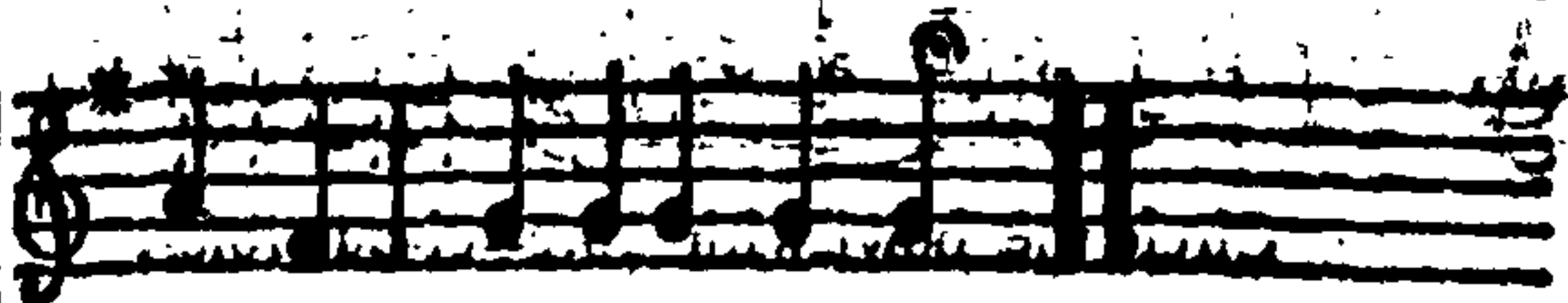
filk, and as fair as new milk, Your lily-white hand



is, your lily-white hand is; Your shape's like a pail;  
from



from your head to your tail You're strait as a wand



is, you're strait as a wand is!

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 dress 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 whisky, would warm me like  
whisky!

I grunt, and I pine, and I sob like a swine,

Because you're so cruel, because you're so cruel;

No rest I can take, and, asleep or 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!

Circle



*Circle the bowl with precious roses, &c.*

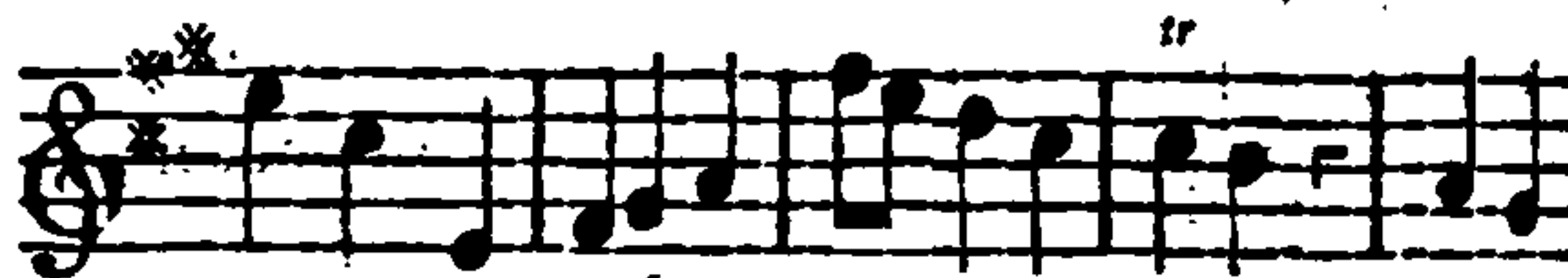
**LARGHETTO.**



Circle the bowl with pre--ci-ous roses,



And, strew the board with me--ats di--vine ;



Cull for my Chloë precious posies, Chloë



with me this da---y shall dine, Chloë with



me this da---y shall dine.

While Prussia's warlike monarch blusters  
Some mighty empires to obtain,  
Cupid for me his forces musters  
To conquer Chloë's proud disdain.

And,

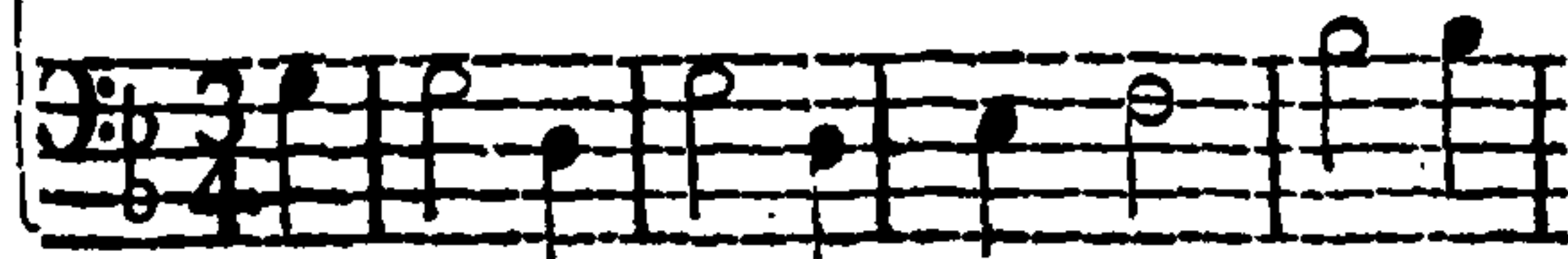
And, if both heroes prove victorious,  
 Pleas'd I shall Fred'rick's conquests see,  
 Nor think my own campaign less glorious ;  
 Empire for him, and love for me !

*O lack! O lay! O well-a-day! &c.*

For two Voices.



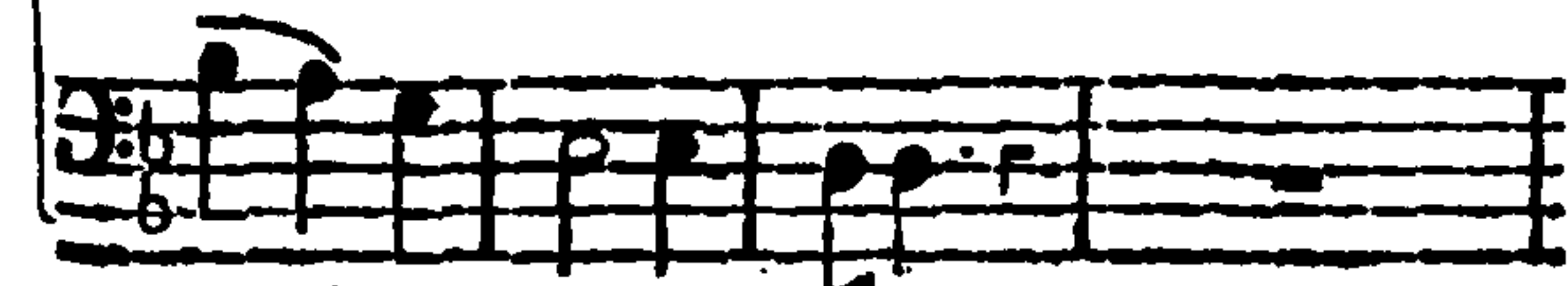
O lack! O lay! O well---a---day! O



O lack! O lay! O well---a---day! O



sad and doleful ditty! Great grief to



sad and doleful ditty!



tell, to tell, That la---te be--fel Poor



Great grief to tell, That la---te be--fel Poor



young un--hap--py Kitty! Great grief to



young un--hap--py Kitty! Great grief to



tell, that late be----fel Poor young un-



tell, that late be--fel Poor young un-  
hap-



hap-py Kitty!



hap-py Kitty!

Of virgin-bloom bereav'd too soon!  
 Alas! the more the pity!  
 Her merry vein is crack'd in twain!  
 Ah! poor unhappy Kitty!

Mourn her, ye hills, ye rocks, and rills!  
 Mourn her, ye flocks that feed!  
 Mourn her, ye plains, ye nymphs and swains!  
 Mourn your deflower'd maid!

O cruel fate! to violate  
 The charms of one so pretty!  
 So fair, so young, so sweet a tongue,  
 So sprightly, gay, and witty!

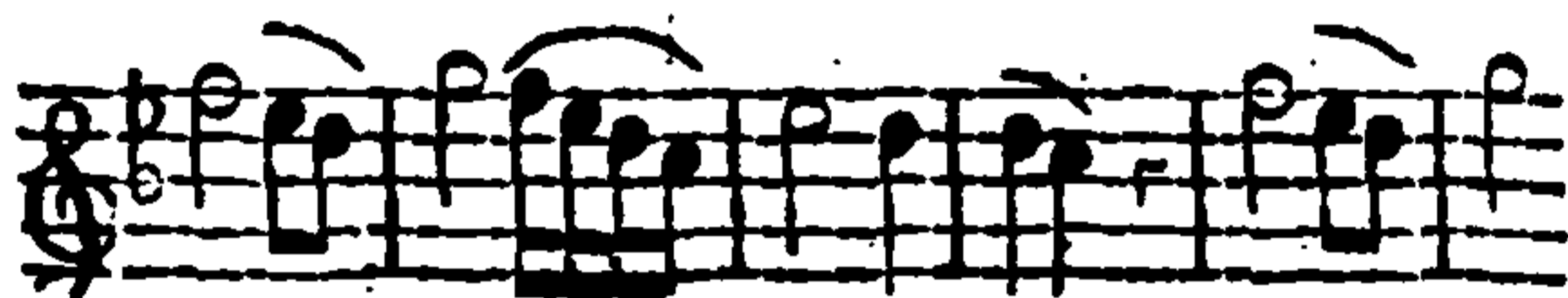
Of all posses't, that could be blest,  
 Or could be fancy'd pretty!  
 But now no more these charms in store!  
 Ah! poor unhappy Kitty!

*Love, thou trifler, cease to tease me, &c.*

**ANDANTE.**



Love, thou trifler, cease to tease me,



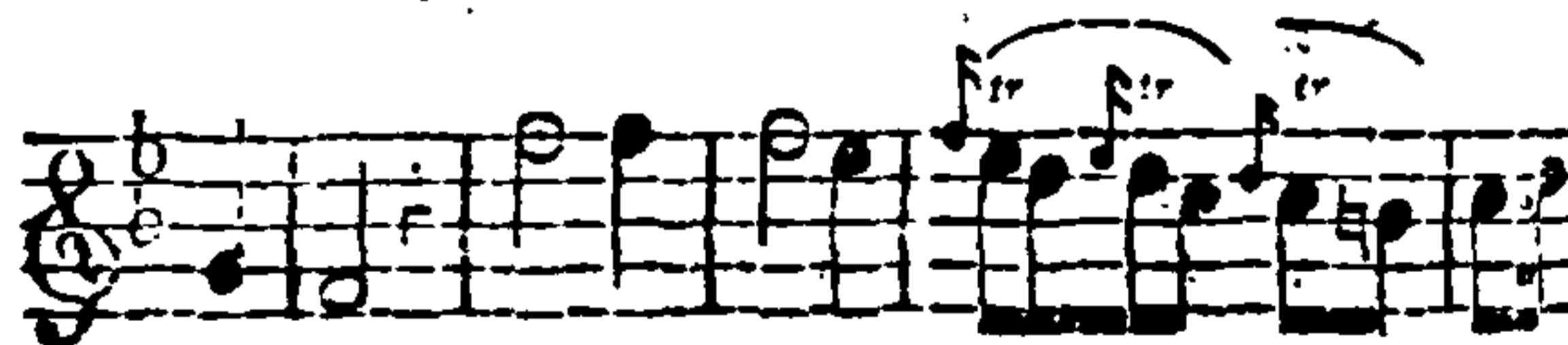
Chloe ne-- -ver will consent, Chloe ne-



ver will consent, Chloe never will



consent, Chlo---e ne---ver will



consent. Friendship only no---w can ease



me, Cease, thou trifler, to tor---ment!  
Friendship



Friendship only now can ease me,



Cease, thou trifter, to torment! Cease,



thou tri-----fter, to torment!

Airy Damon's vary'd graces

Charm the fair I thought my own;

In her eyes suspicion traces

Smiling joy for him alone.

“ Jealous, bashful, idle, creature,

“ (Love reply'd,) dismiss thy cares;

“ Let fond hope explain each feature,

“ And no longer trust thy fears.”

Shall I credit the deceiver,

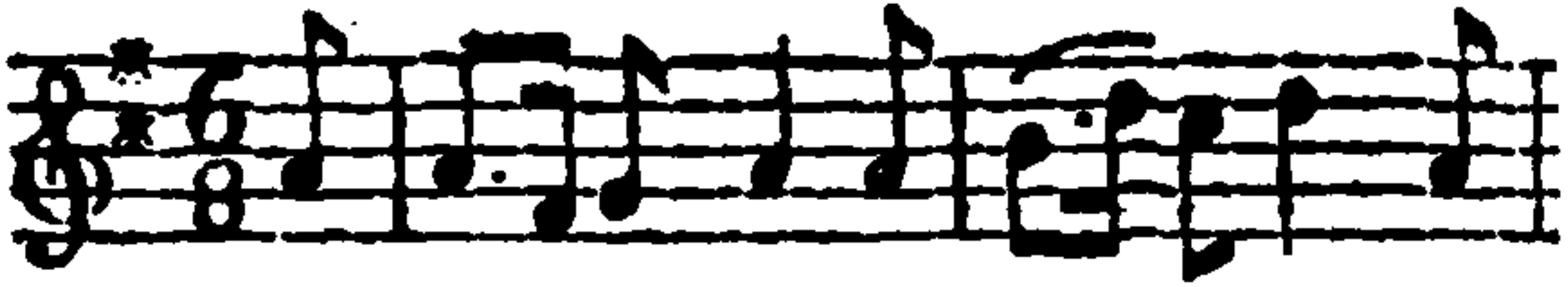
Or my charmer lose for life?

O confirm me a believer!

Dearest Chloe, end the strife!

*Since Peggy's charms, divinely fair! &c.*

**ANDANTE.**



Since Peggy's charms, di-vine-ly fair! Have



pour'd their lus-tre on my heart, Ten thou-



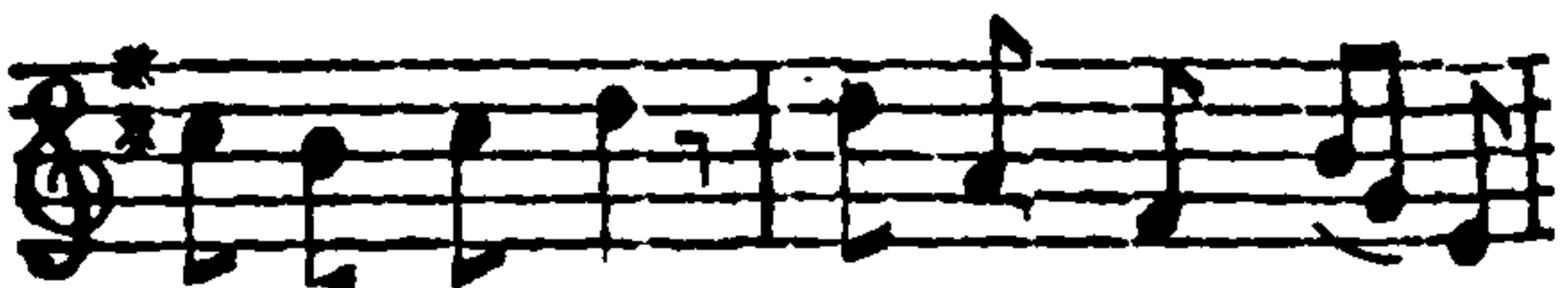
sand pangs my bo-som tear, And ev'-ry



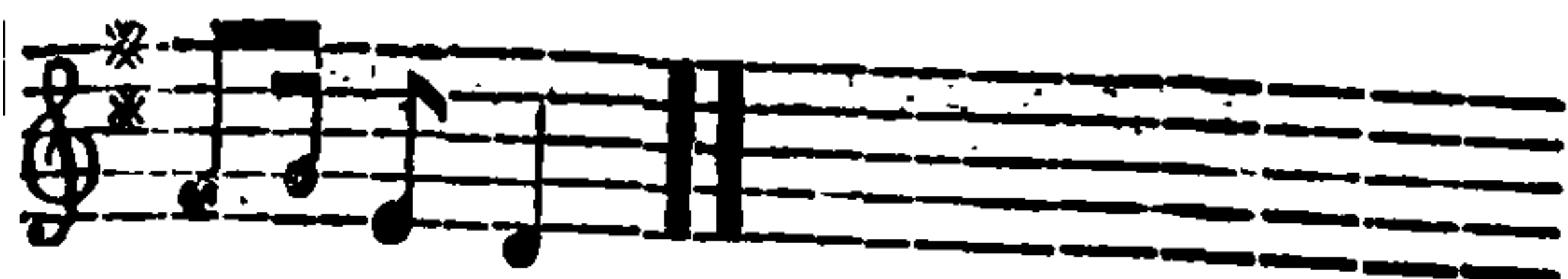
fi-bre feels the smart! If such the mourn-



ful moments prove, Ah! who would give,



ah! who would give, ah! who would give his  
heart



heart to love?

I meet my fondest friends with pain,  
 Though friendship us'd to warm my soul;  
 Wine's gen'rous spirit flames in vain,  
 I find no cordial in the bowl.  
 If such the mournful moments prove,  
 Ah! who would give his heart to love?

But, should the yielding virgin smile,  
 Drest in her spotless marriage-robcs,  
 I'd look on thrones and crowns as vile,  
 The master of two fairer globes!  
 If such the rapt'rous moments prove,  
 Oh! let me give my heart to love!

*White*

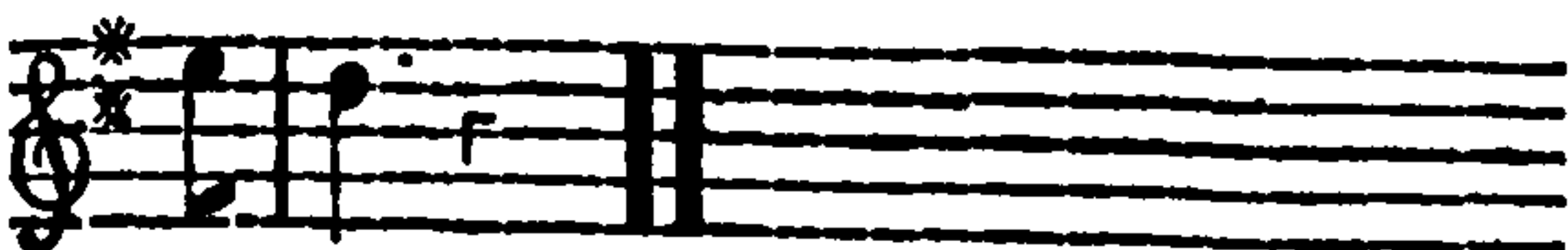


*While the yet-standing corn, &c.*

**ALLEGRO ASSAI.**

The musical score consists of seven staves of music in treble clef, 6/8 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a sharp sign, and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are: "While the yet-standing corn Forbids the". The second staff continues: "brisk horn To lead us abroad to the". The third staff continues: "chace, To lead us abroad to the chace,". The fourth staff continues: "O'er the fields then we run, With our dogs and". The fifth staff continues: "a gun, And the pleasure of shooting em-". The sixth staff continues: "brace, And the pleasure of shooting". The seventh staff concludes with: "embrace.".

While the yet-standing corn Forbids the  
brisk horn To lead us abroad to the  
chace, To lead us abroad to the chace,  
O'er the fields then we run, With our dogs and  
a gun, And the pleasure of shooting em-  
brace, And the pleasure of shooting  
embrace.



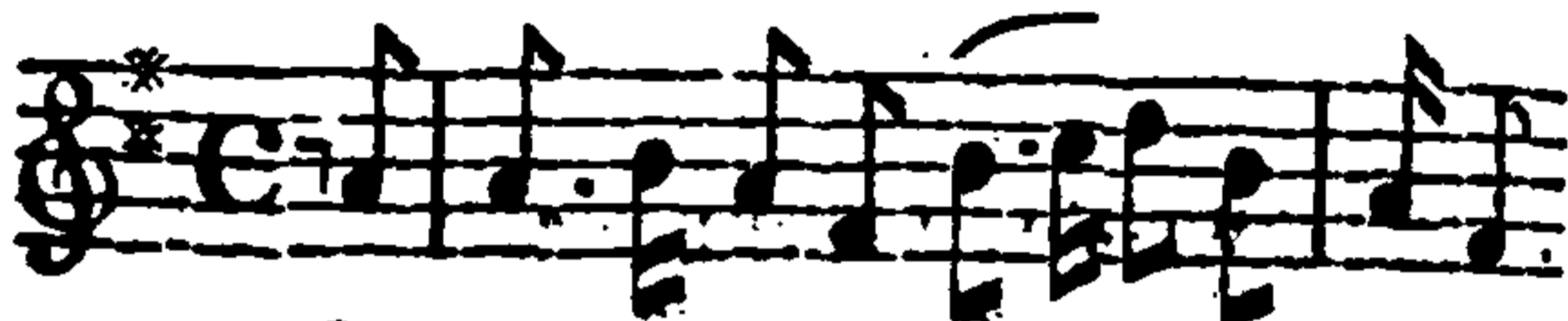
. embrace.

When the dogs make a stand  
 We are ready at hand ;  
 On a sudden the partridges rise :  
 Then we fire away — pop ! —  
 Down down the birds drop,  
 And yield us a delicate prize !

The reaper cries, Hark !  
 We hallo out, Mark !  
 And speedily cross o'er the mead.  
 Follow closely your game,  
 Ever true to your aim,  
 And with fowl and with fair you'll succeed.

*One morning very early, one morning in the spring, &c.*

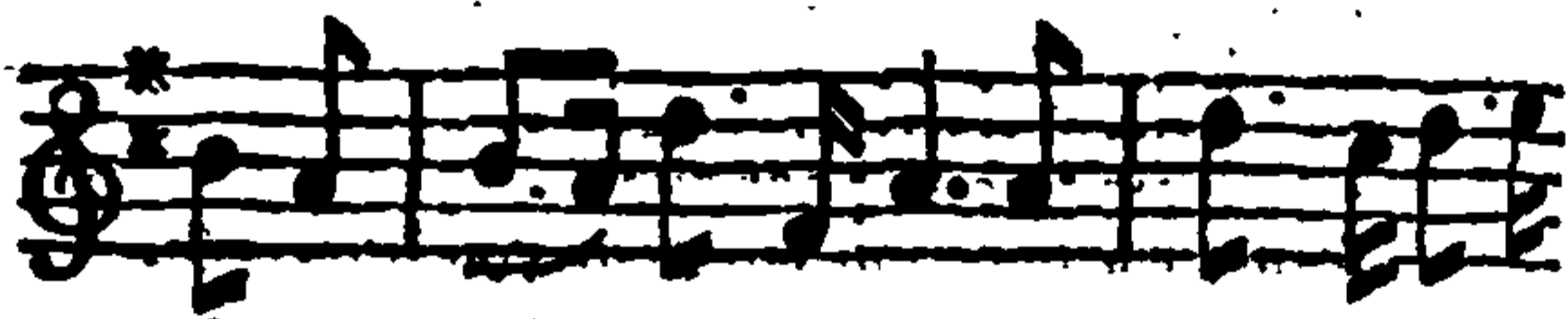
ANDANTE AFFETTUOSO.



One morning very ear-ly, one morning



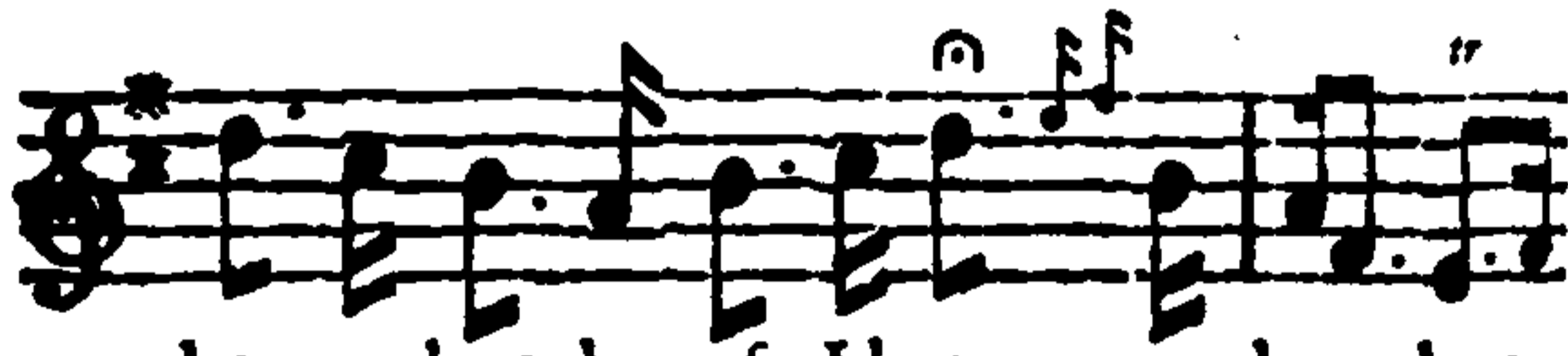
in the spring, I heard a maid in Bedlam



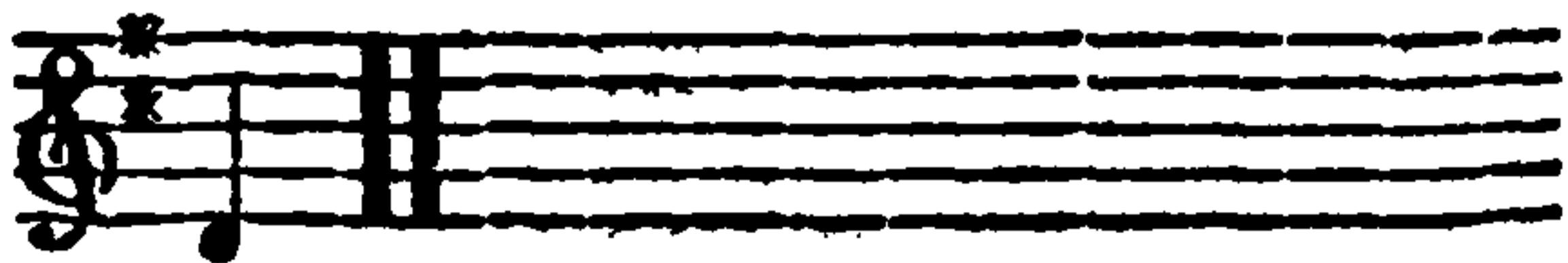
who mourn-ful-ly did sing; Her chains she rattled



on her hands, while sweetly thus sang she, I



love my love, because I know my love loves



etc.

Oh!

Oh ! cruel were his parents who sent my love to sea !  
 And cruel, cruel, was the ship which bore my love from  
 me !

Yet I love his parents although they have ruin'd me !  
 And I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh ! should it please the pitying powers to call me to  
 the sky,

I'd claim a guardian-angel's charge around my love to fly ;  
 To guard him from all dangers how happy should I be !  
 For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wond'rous fine !  
 With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll weave the eglantine ;  
 And I'll present it to my love when he returns from sea :  
 For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh ! if I were a little bird, to build upon his breast !  
 Or if I were a nightingale, to sing my love to rest !  
 To gaze upon his lovely eyes all my reward should be :  
 For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh ! if I were an eagle to soar into the sky !  
 I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my love  
 might spy !  
 But ah ! unhappy maiden, that love you ne'er shall see !  
 Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

*Where is pity's melting eye! &c.*



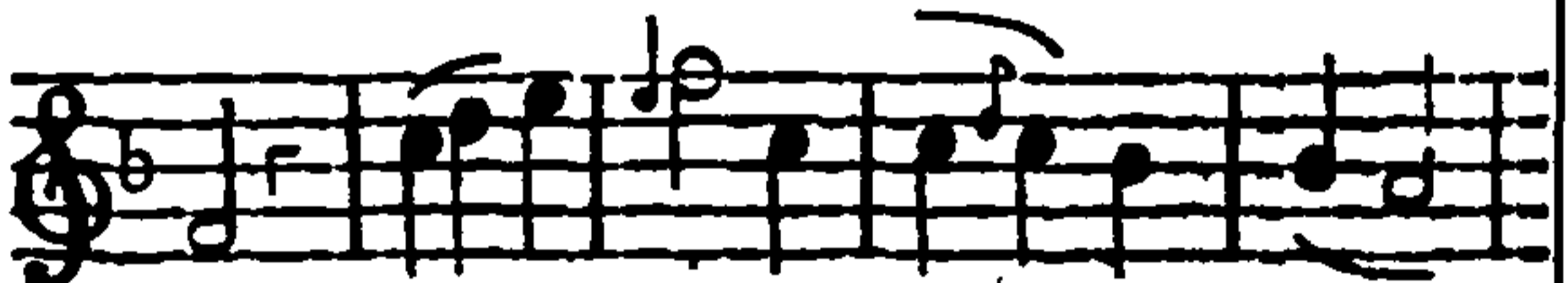
Where is pi---ty's melting eye! Beaming,



like the widow 'dove, As she heaves the



tender sigh, Pining in the sha---dy



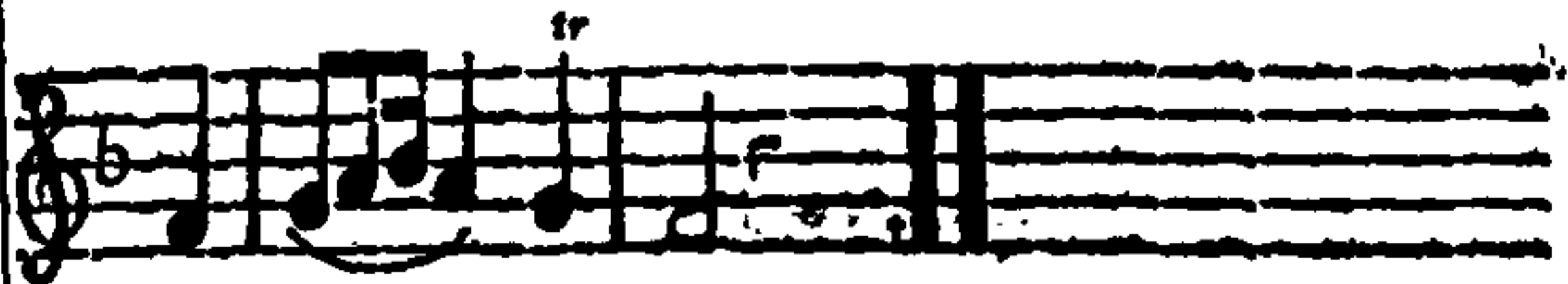
grove! Can I bear the barb'rous knife!



Plunge the dagger in his breast! Drain



the pur--ple stream of life! Wretched mo-  
narch,



narch, most distress!

Rise, parental fondness, rise!  
 Here obey the lost alarm!  
 Thy infant lifts imploring eyes!  
 Pity should thy rage disarm!  
 Where is nature's tender call?  
 Where a father's dear delight?  
 In death the wife and infant fall,  
 Bury'd in eternal night!

The LADY'S MEDLEY.

*Nigh to a place, call'd Dover, in Kent, &c.*



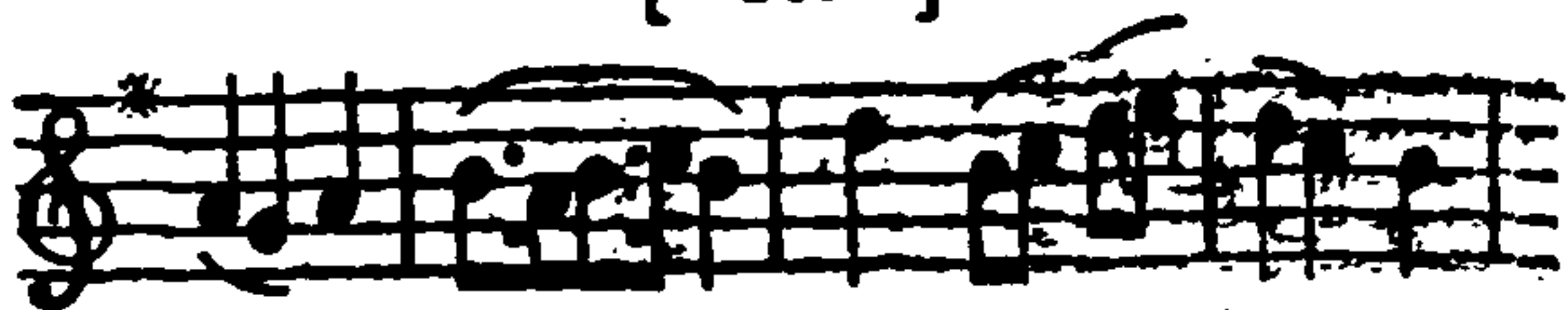
Nigh to a place, call'd Dover in Kent, Roger,



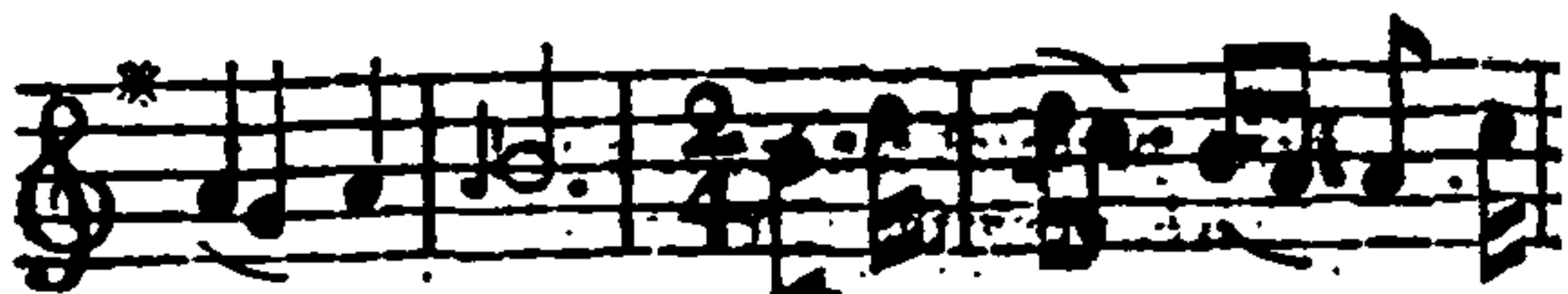
a farmer, happen'd to dwell; And of a day to



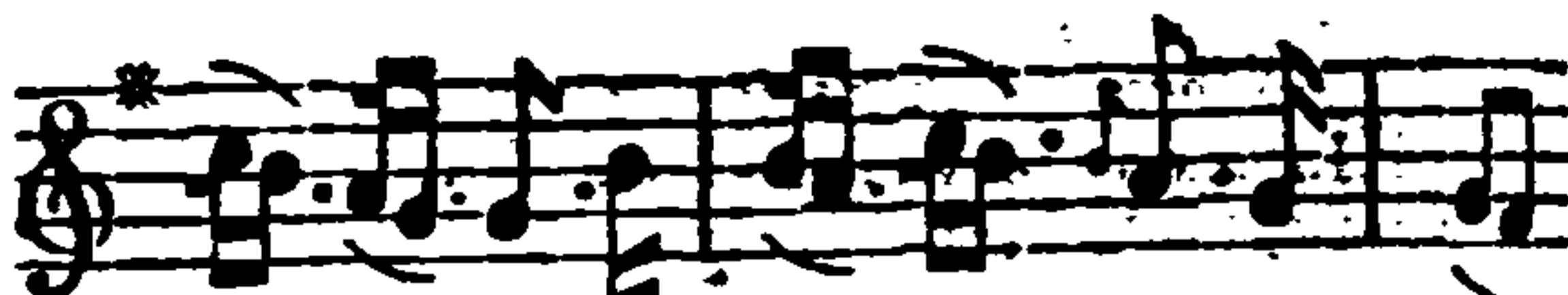
wooing he went Down to the woods and  
 U sha-



sha-dy gro--ves, There did he mourn for



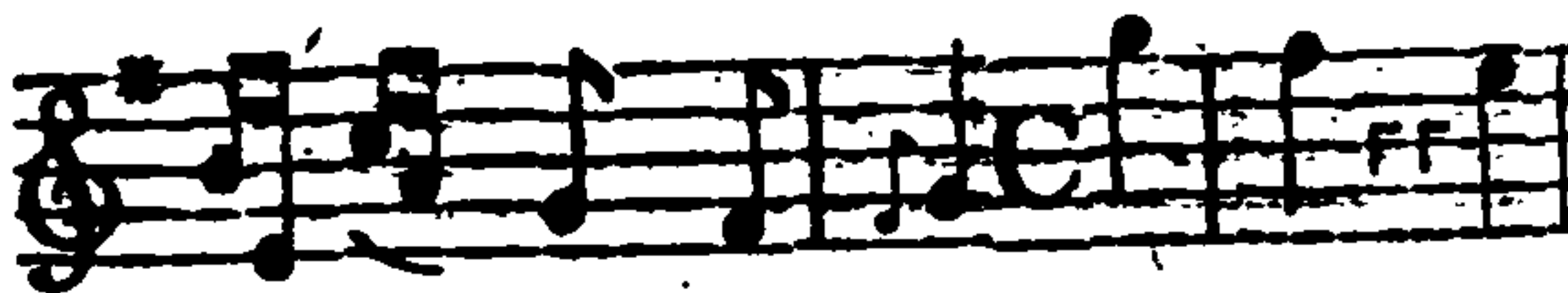
his true love! Dearest crea--ture of all



nature! Oh! I rage, I burn, I smart!



Cease to grieve me, soon re-lieve me, Or too



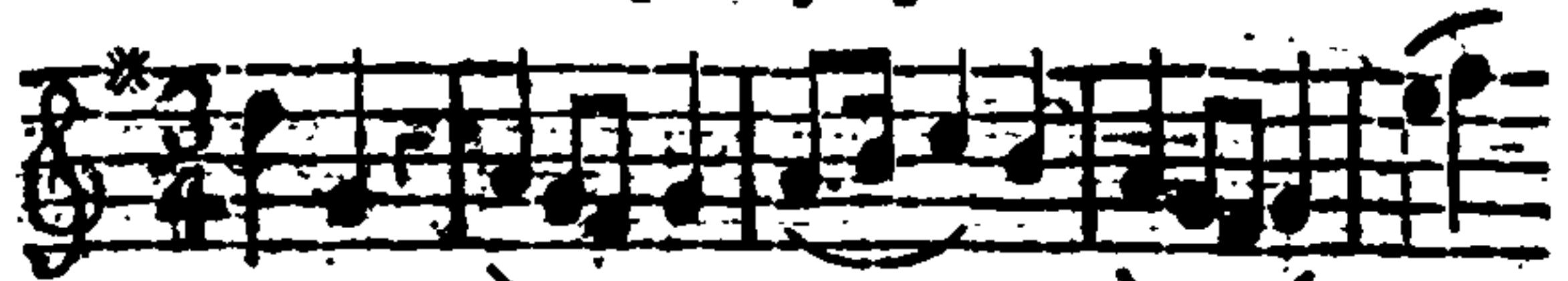
sure you'll break my heart! Dear heart, dear



heart, what a terrible life am I led! Dear heart,



dear heart, what a ter-rible life am I led!  
Shall



Shall I, wa-sting with de-spair, die,



be-cause My Jockey is the blithest lad



that e-ver maid did woo! when he ap-



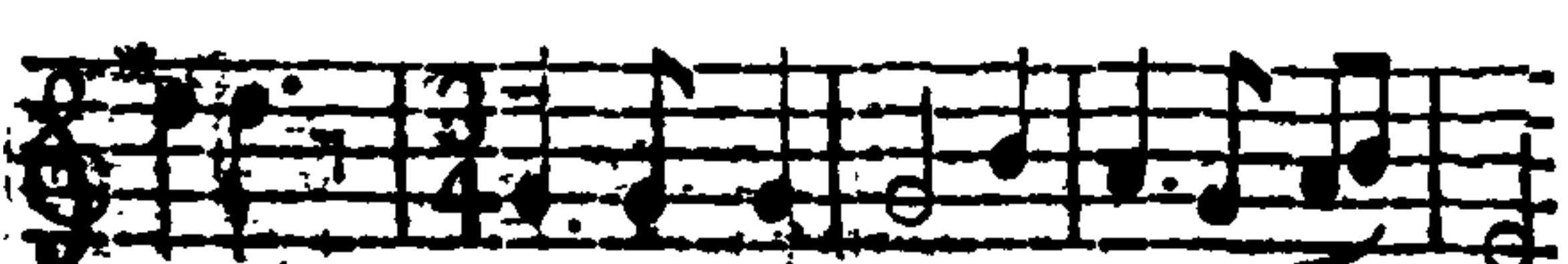
pears My heart is so free it roves like a bee!



Till bringing home, the o-ther day, Two

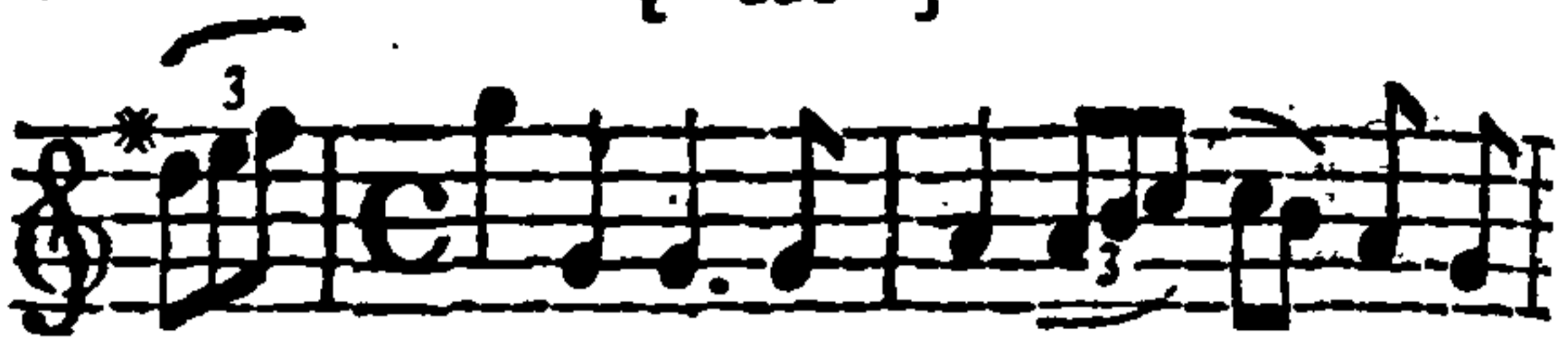


linnets I had ta'en, The pretty warblers seem'd



to say, Oh! what a sad misfortune is this!





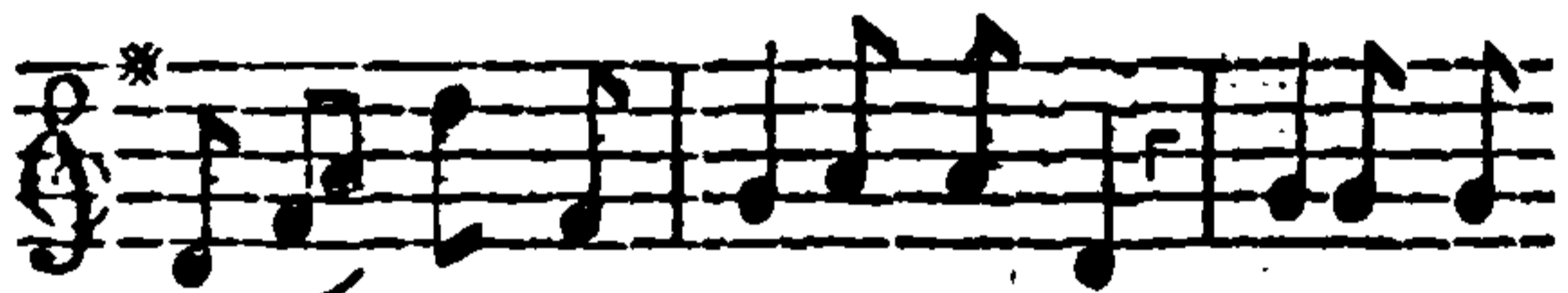
To be confia'd, against one's mind, In a



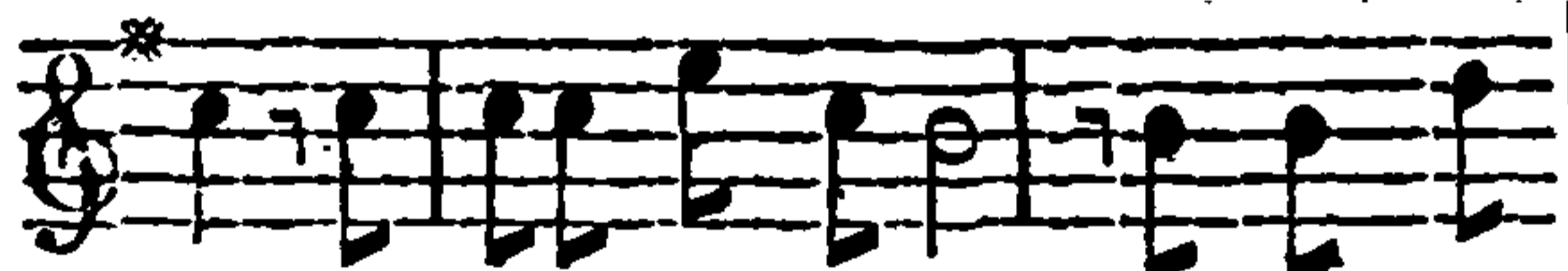
place so dark that I'm almost blind! In the dead of



the night, when with labour oppress'd, All mortals



en-joy the calm blessing of rest. Cymon, a



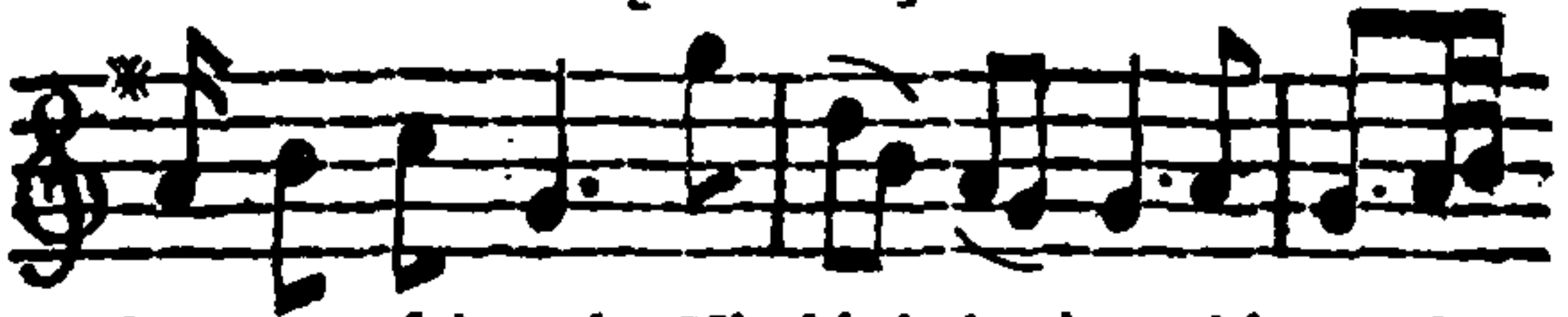
clown, who never dreamt of love, By chance came



stumping to the neighb'ring grove: He trudg'd along



unknowing what he sought, And whistled as he went,  
for



for want of thought. The bird, that hears his nest-



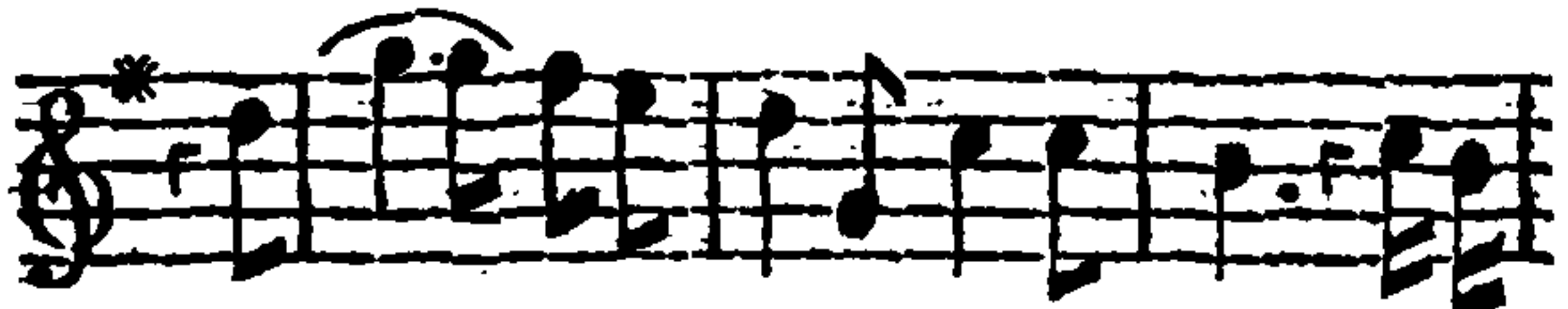
lings cry, And flies abroad for food, Returns,



impatient, through the sky to Say, little fool-



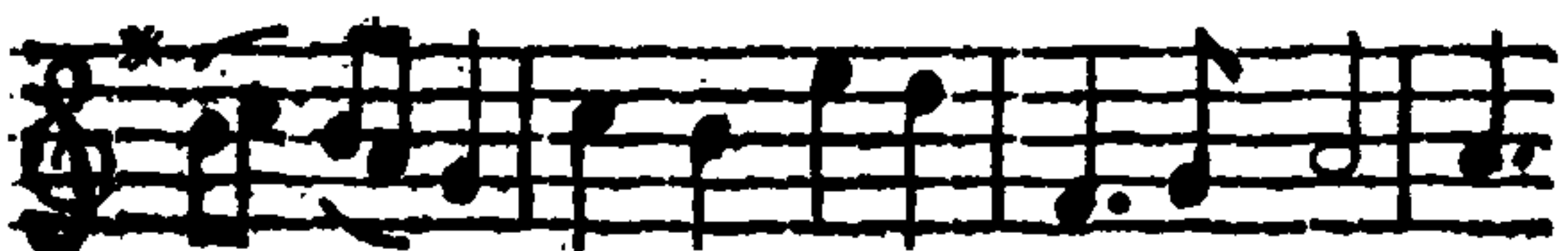
ish flutt'ring thing, little foolish flutt'ring thing,



to Say, little foolish flutt'ring thing, little



foolish fluttering thing, Where shall Celia fly,



for shelter, To what secret grove or cave, Sighs  
and





baffled his scheme, and a----void---ed his



snare : For vir---tue I love, and was taught,



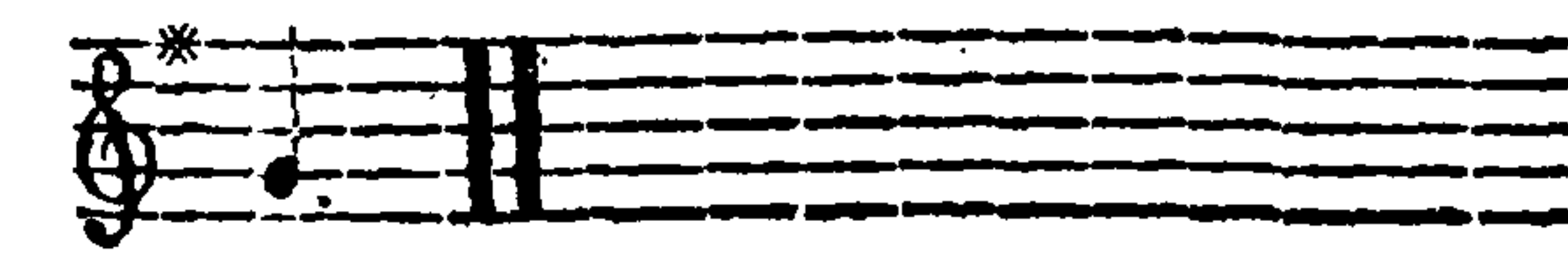
in my dawn, When I ga-ther'd a rose,



to be-----ware of a thorn ! When I



gather'd a rose, to be-----ware of a



thorn !

*Out*

*Oh! what charms to us belong! &c.*



Oh! what charms to us be---long! Come,



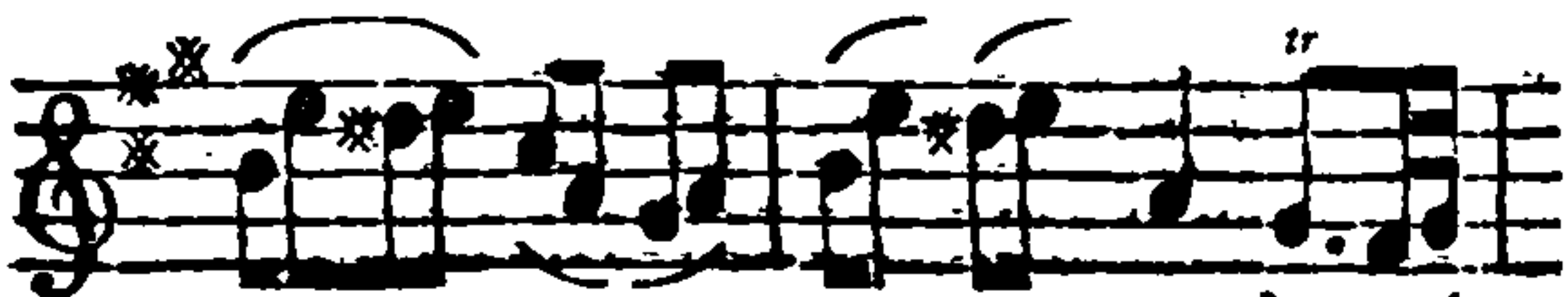
Lucinda, come away! Hear the shepherds



sim---ple song, All is mirth, and



all is gay! With her meekest beauties



crown'd, Smiling evening comes con-



fest, And the fields and dales around In  
their



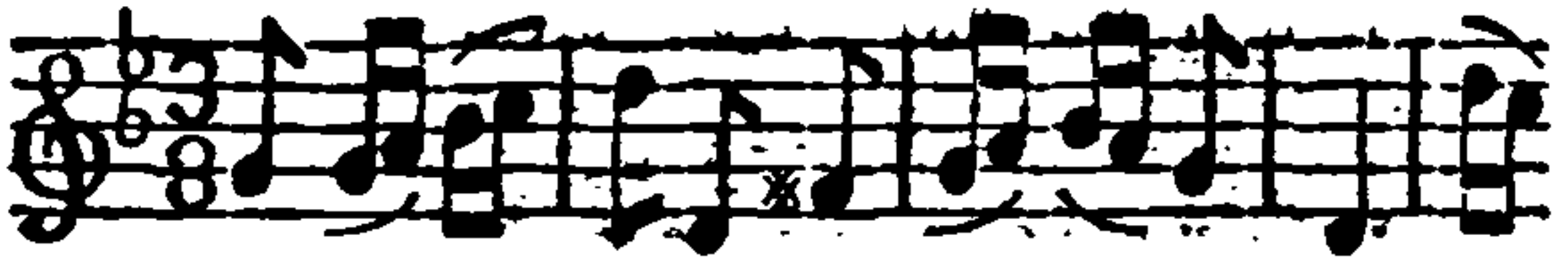
their richest suits are drest.

Let us now with haste repair  
 To the lawns and distant vales ;  
 Eve dispels the clouds of care,  
 Universal joy prevails !  
 Now the laughing rustic throng  
 Meet to crown departing day  
 With a festive past'ral song,  
 With a carol roundelay.

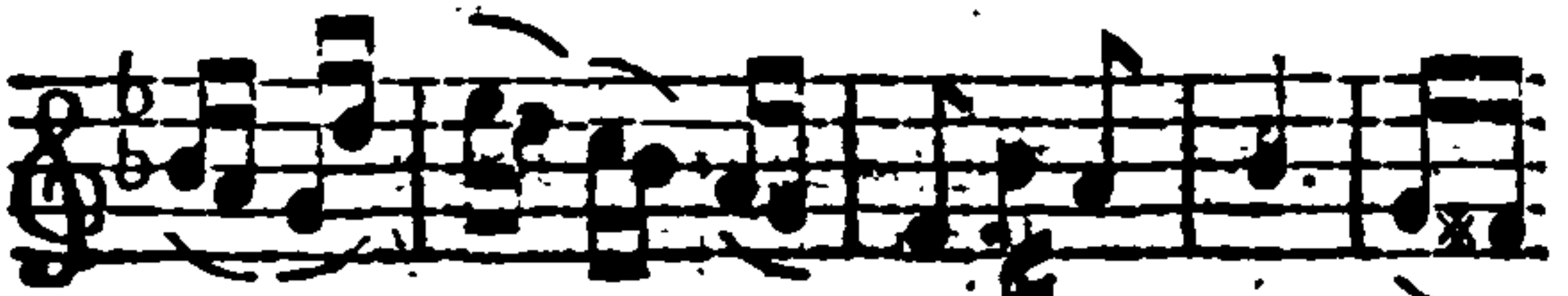
Now the happy village-swains  
 Harmless evening sports pursue,  
 Sol invites them to the plains  
 Ere he takes his last adieu.  
 Colin now forfakes the plough  
 To enjoy the sweets of love ;  
 Punctual to the plighted vow,  
 Forth he seeks the destin'd grove.

Bless me ! what a sylvan scene !  
 Russet heaths, and meadows green ;  
 Now a rill, and now a rock,  
 Here a farm, and there a flock :  
 Pleasure's paths, and plenty's plains,  
 Merry nymphs, and jolly swains !  
 All is harmony and love,  
 All below and all above !

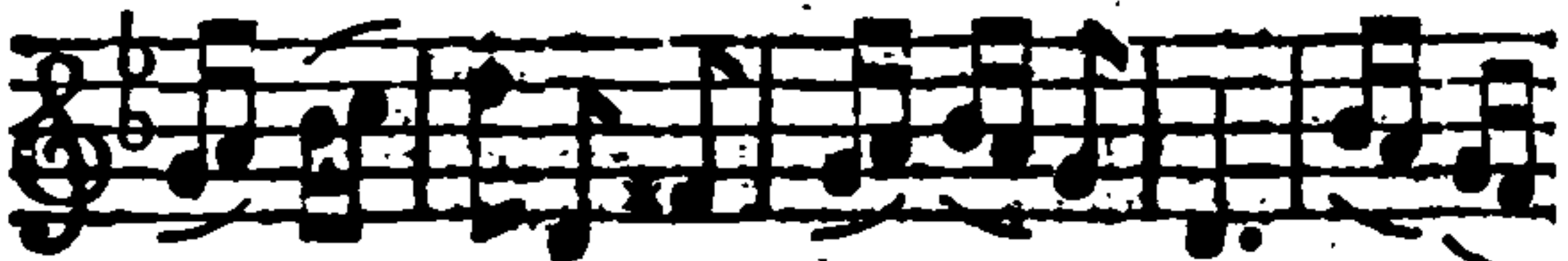
*Whilst I'm carousing, to cheer up my soul, &c.*



Whilst I'm carousing, to cheer up my soul, Oh!



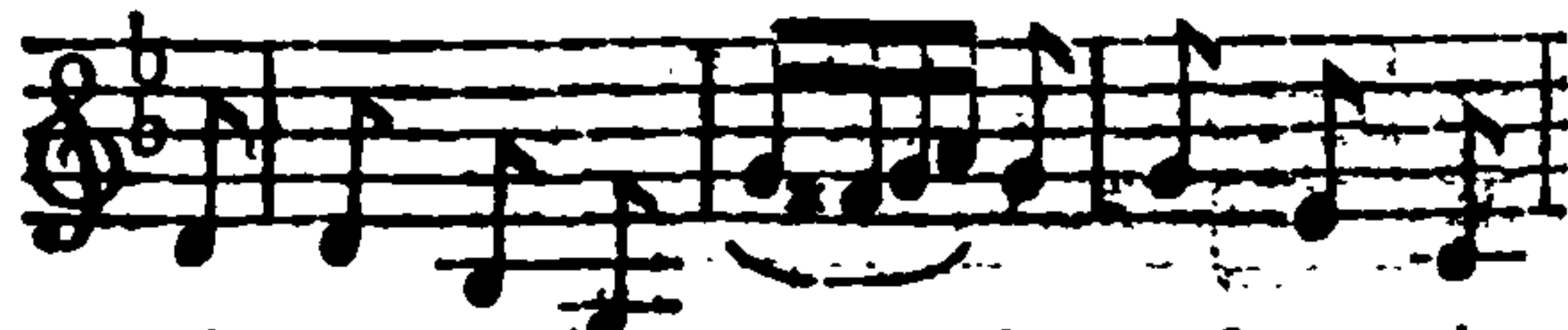
how I triumph to see a full bowl! Whilst



I'm carousing, to cheer up my soul, Oh! how



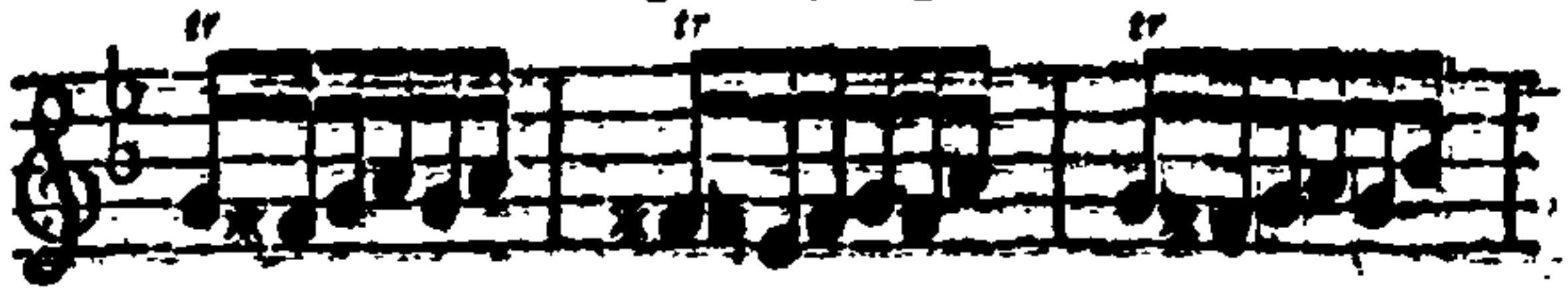
I triumph to see a full bowl! This is



the pleasure, the on-ly treasure, the



on-ly treasure, The bless- . . . . .



ing that makes me re-



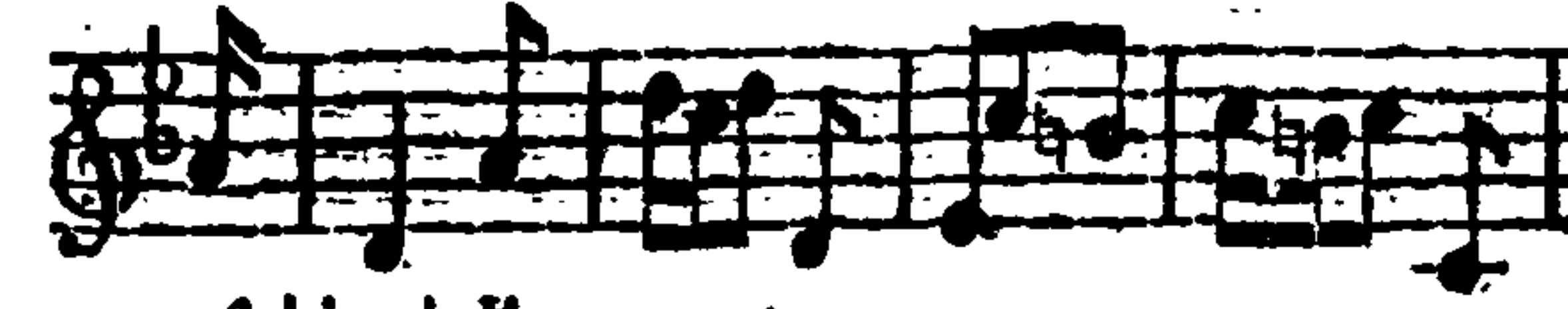
joice and sing, re-joice and sing! Thus, while I'm



drinking, free from dull think-ing, Then am I



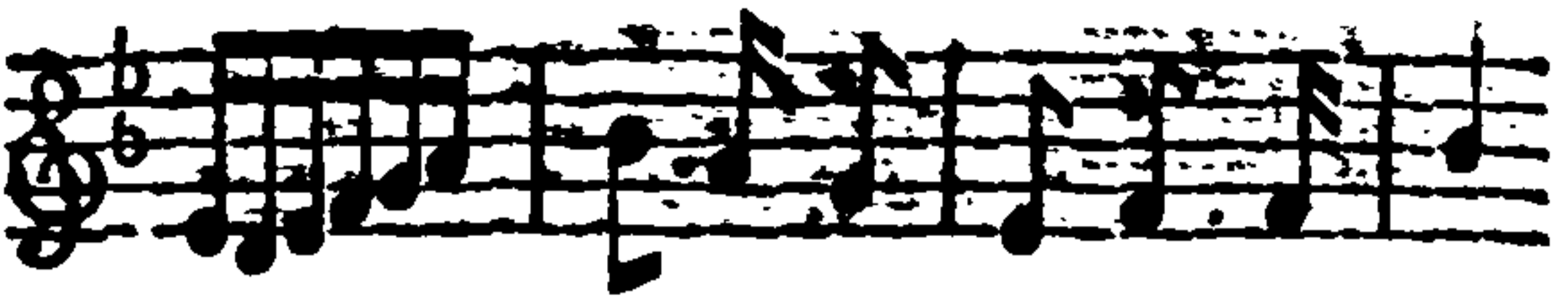
great --er than the greatest king! than the great-



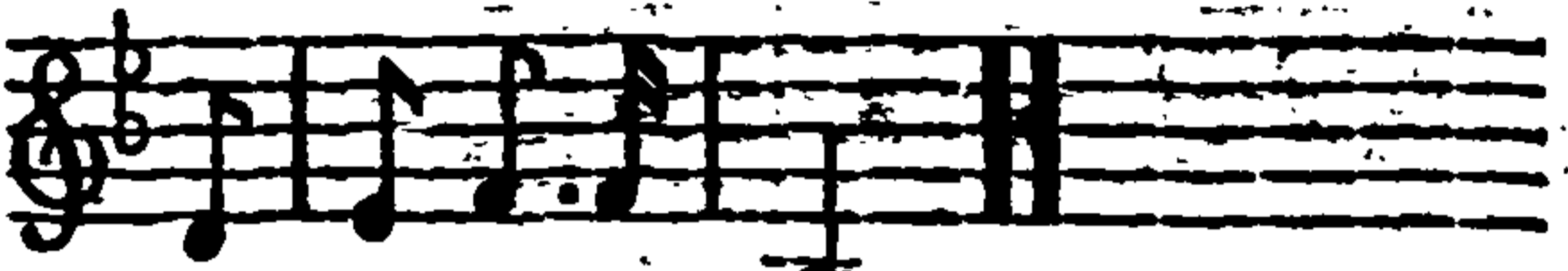
est king! I'm great-





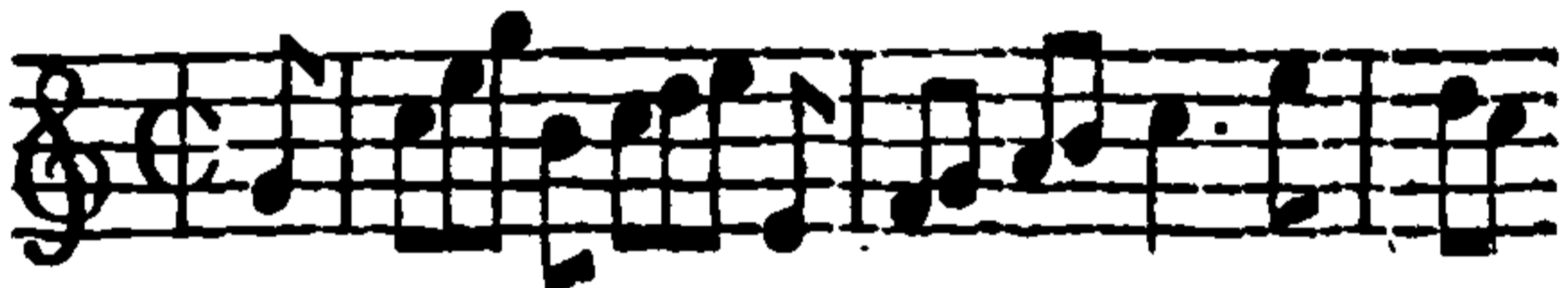


.....er than the greatest king!



than the greatest king! DA CAPO.

*O greedy Midas! I've been told, &c.*



O greedy Midas, I've been told That what



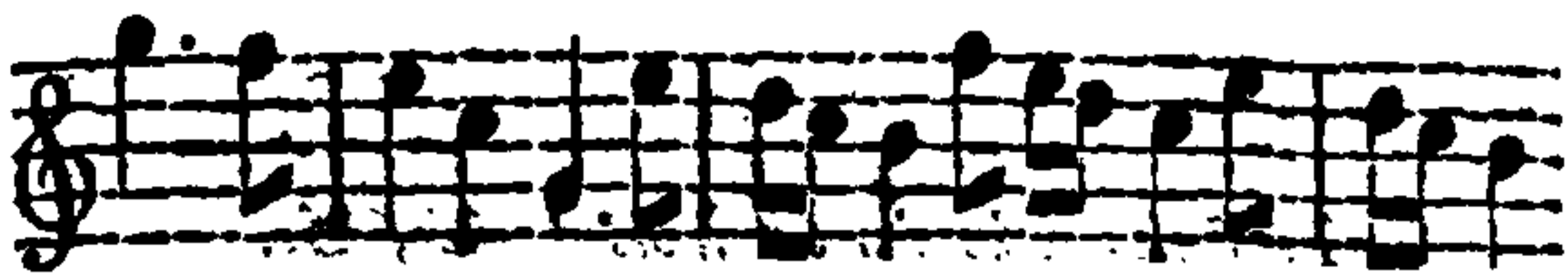
you touch'd you turn'd to gold! That what you



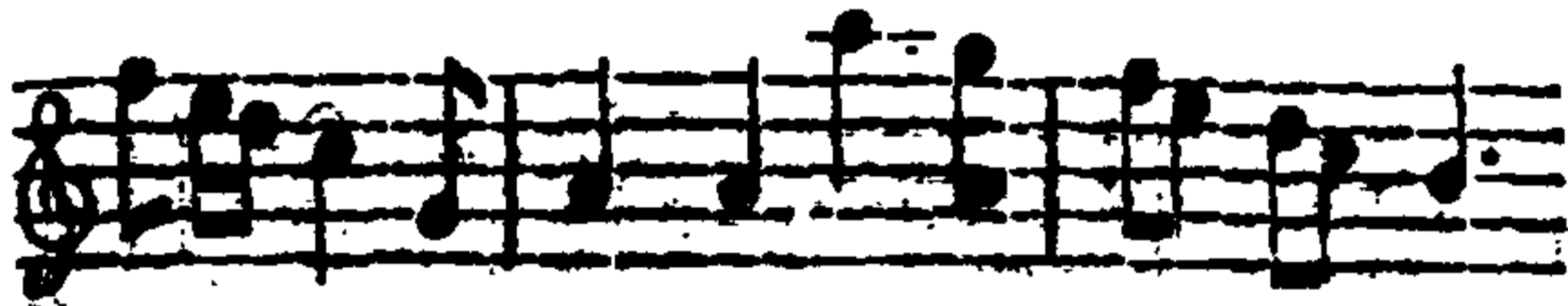
touch'd you turn'd to gold! Oh! had I but



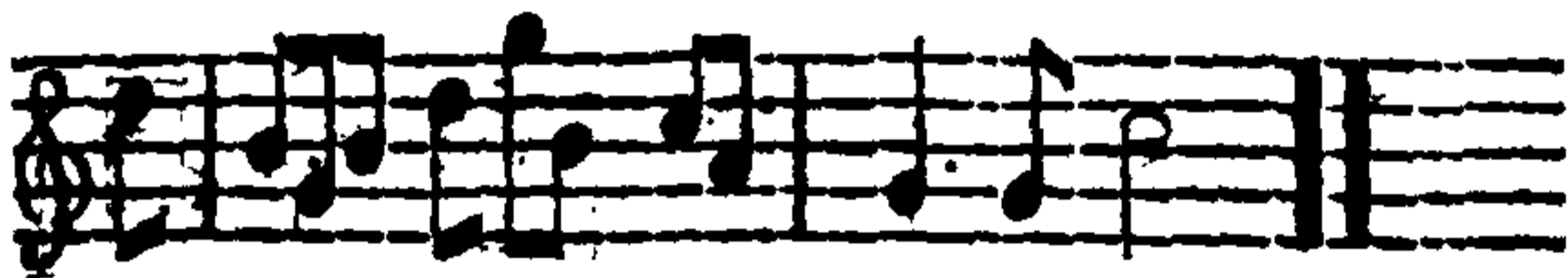
a pow'r like thine! Oh! had I but a pow'r like  
thine!



thine! I'd tur- - - - -



- - -n, I'd turn whate'er I touch to wine!



I'd turn whate'er I touch to wine!

Each purling stream should feel my force,  
 Each fish my fatal power mourn;  
 And, wond'ring at the mighty change,  
 Should in their native regions burn!  
 Nor should there any dare approach  
 Unto my mantling, sparkling, shrine,  
 But first should pay their vows to me,  
 And stile me only God of wine!

*-Ye fates, who o'er our lives preside, &c.*

ANDANTE CON MOTO.



Ye fates, who o'er our lives preside,



In your decrees I wi-----ll a-



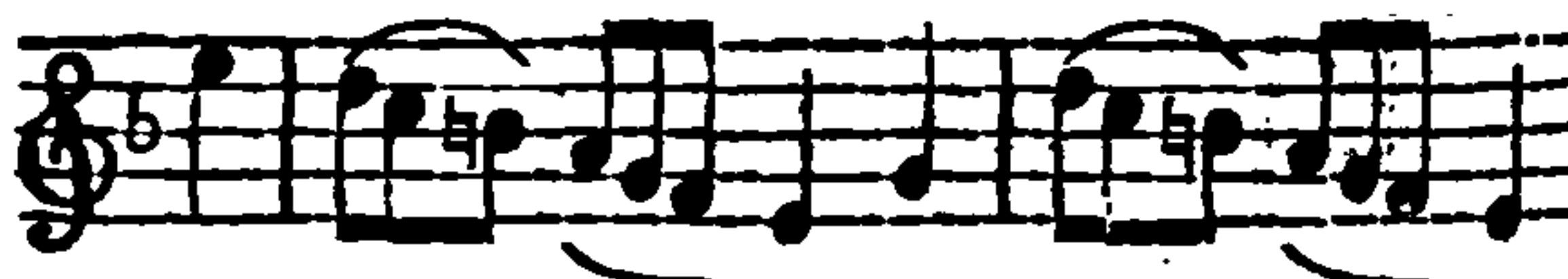
bide; 'Tis you de-----termine peace or



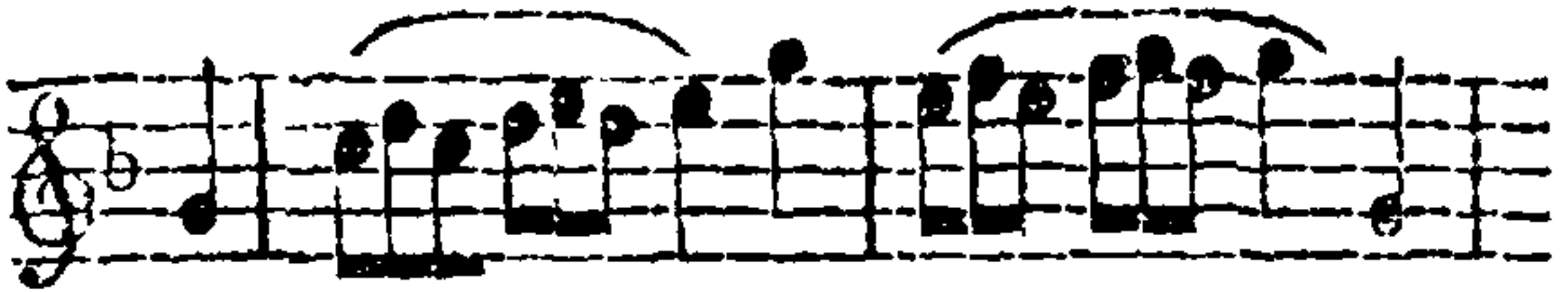
strife, And keep, or cut, the thread of life.



'Tis you de-----termine peace or strife,



And keep, or cut, the thread of life,  
And



And ke-----p, or cu-----t, the



thre-----ad of li-----fe, And keep,



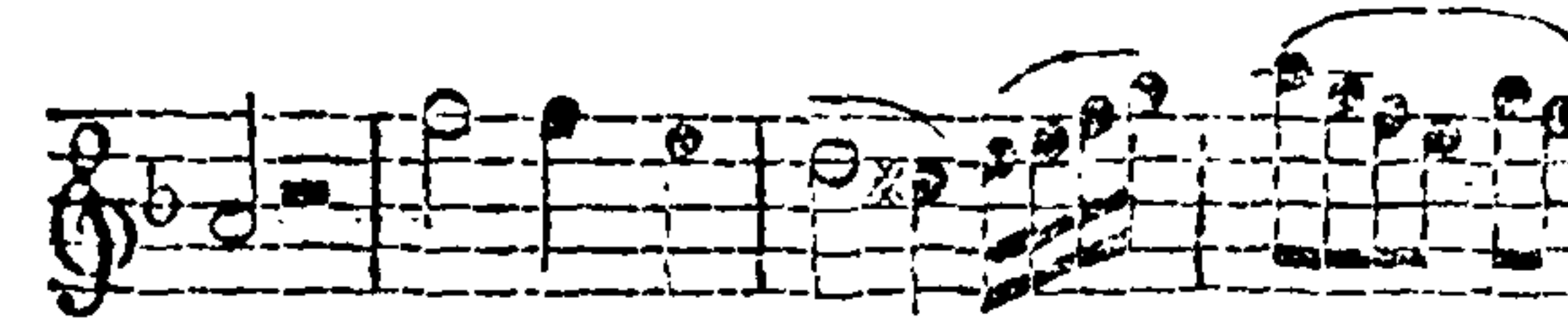
or cut, the thread of life, of life.



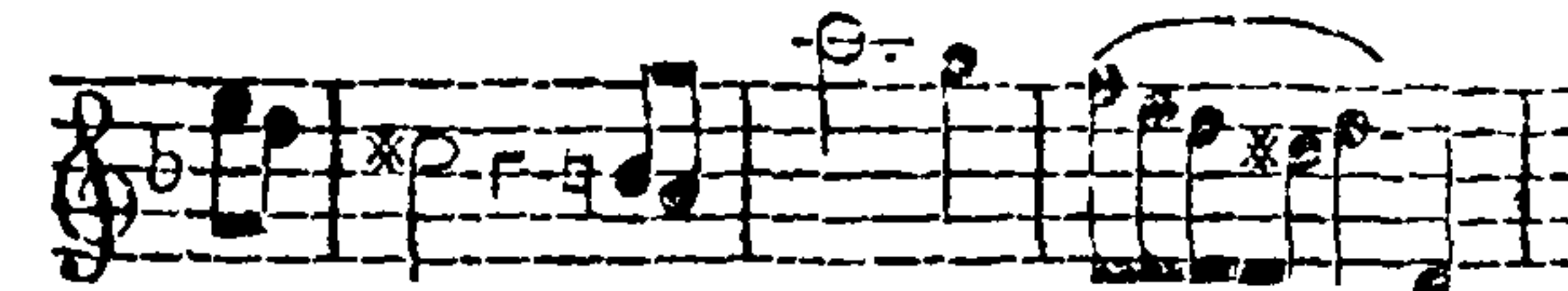
Give me my charmer, and I'll



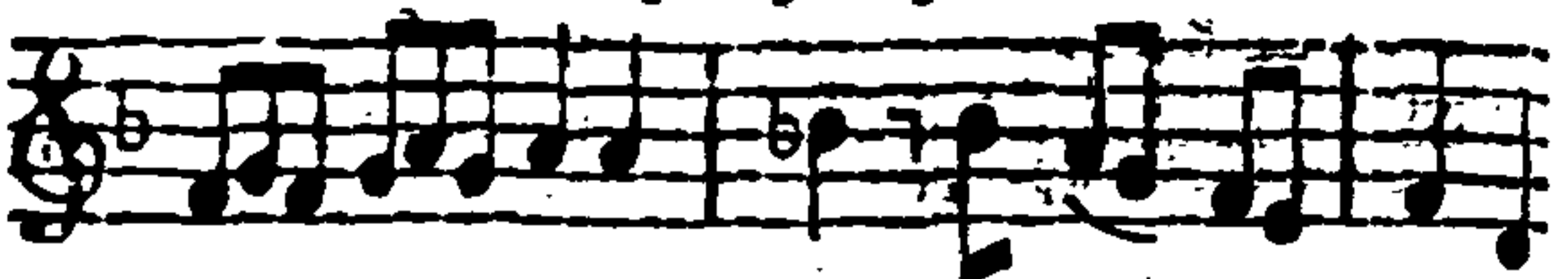
prove How great's the power of con-----stant



love! Place me with her at ei-----



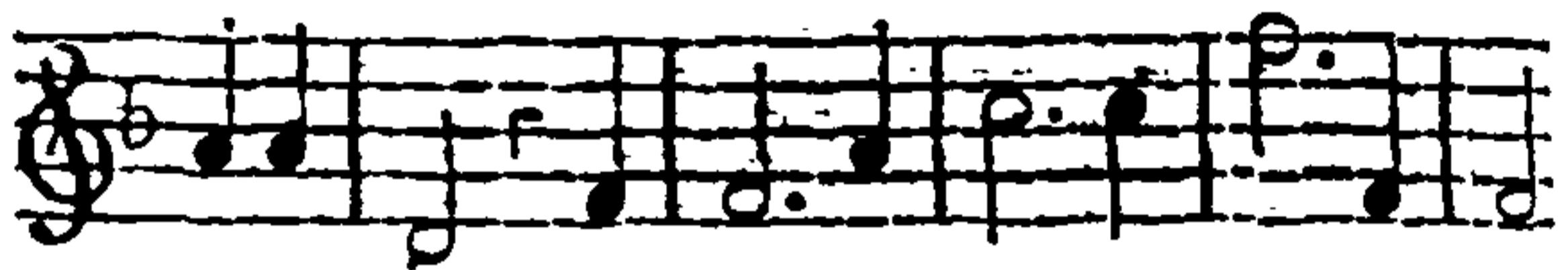
ther pole, Or where the loud-----est  
X 2 thun-



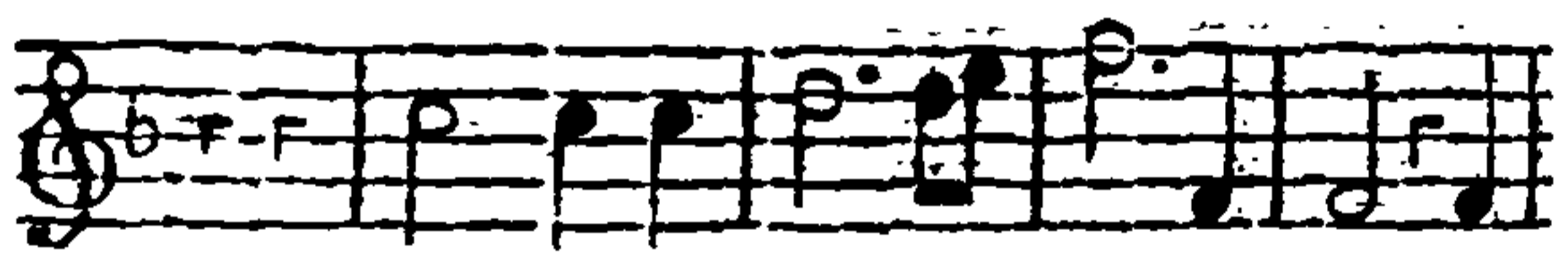
thun-----ders roll! Or where the 'loudest



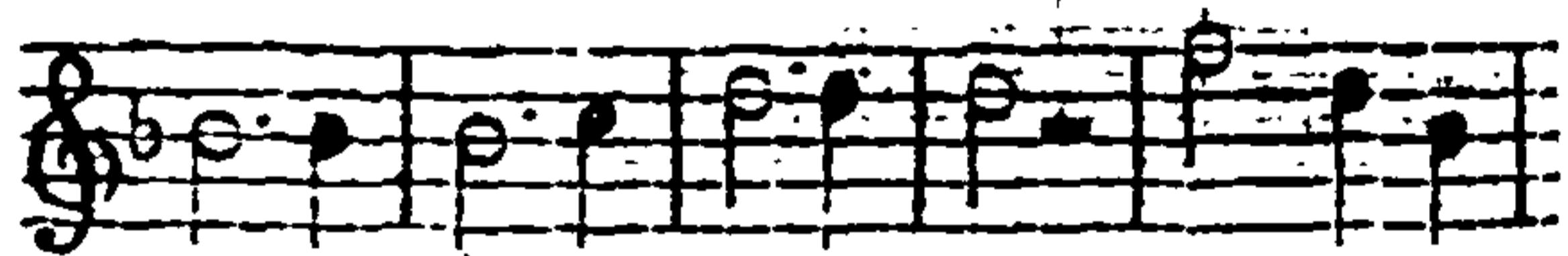
thun- - - - -ders, thun- - -



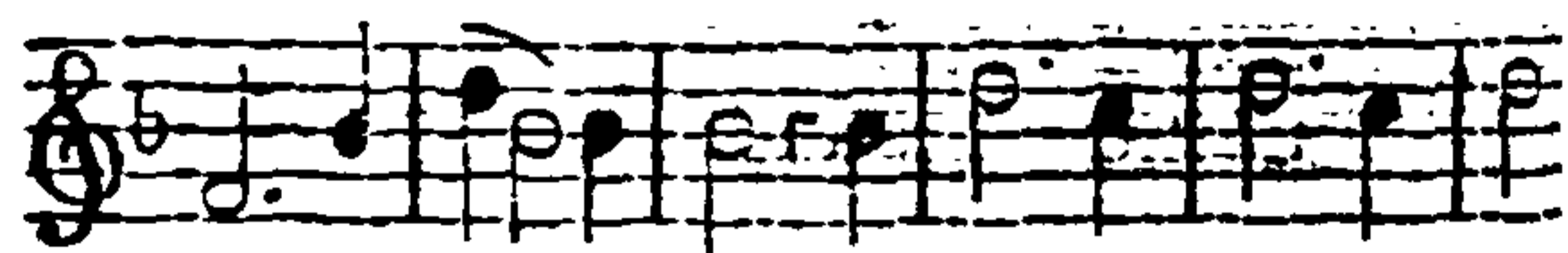
- -ders, roll! O come, ye fates, ye sisters three,



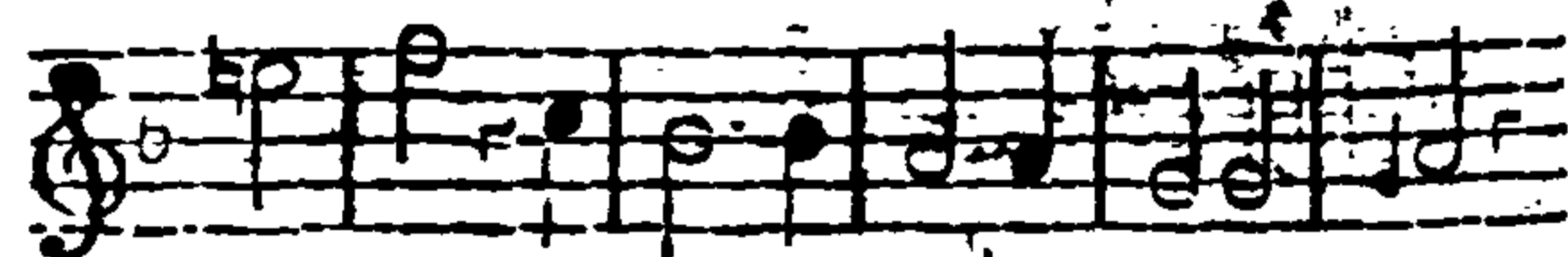
Come, and declare my def-ti--ny! O



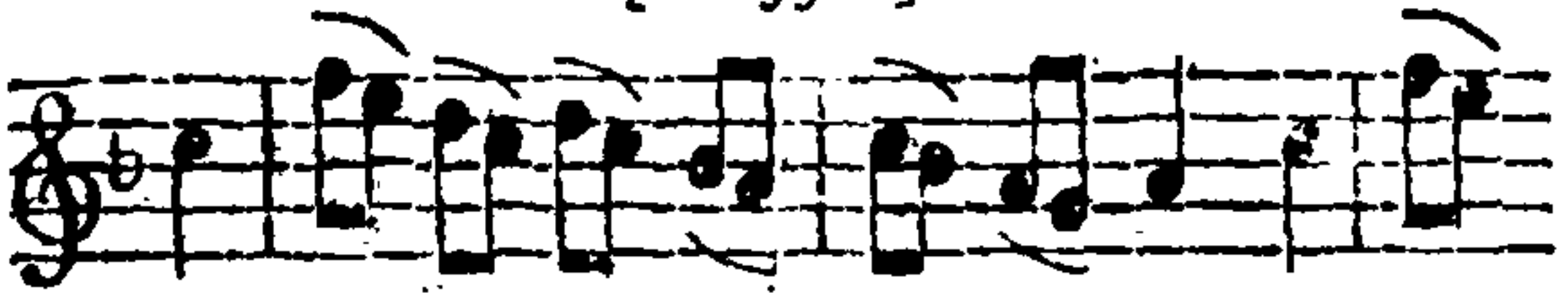
come, ye fates, ye sisters three, Come, and de-



clare my def-ti--ny! I care not to what spot



I move, So I possess my dearest love!  
I care



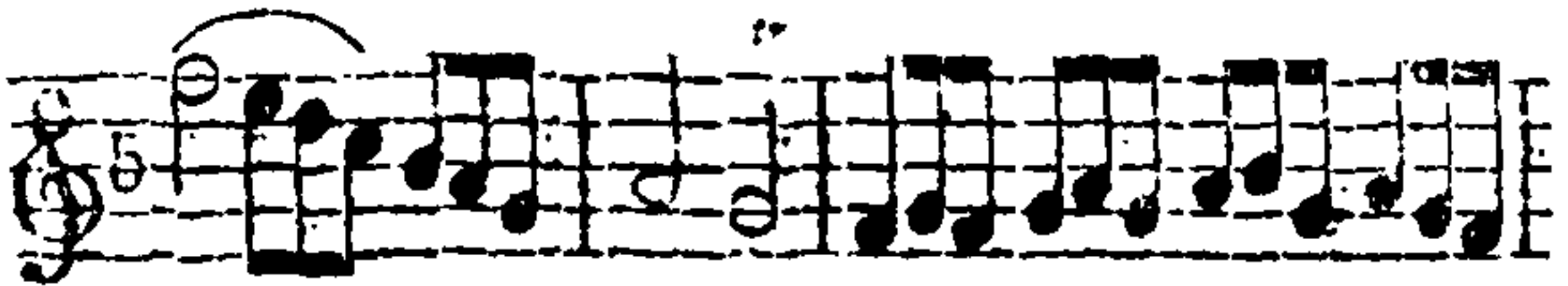
I care not to what spot I move; So I



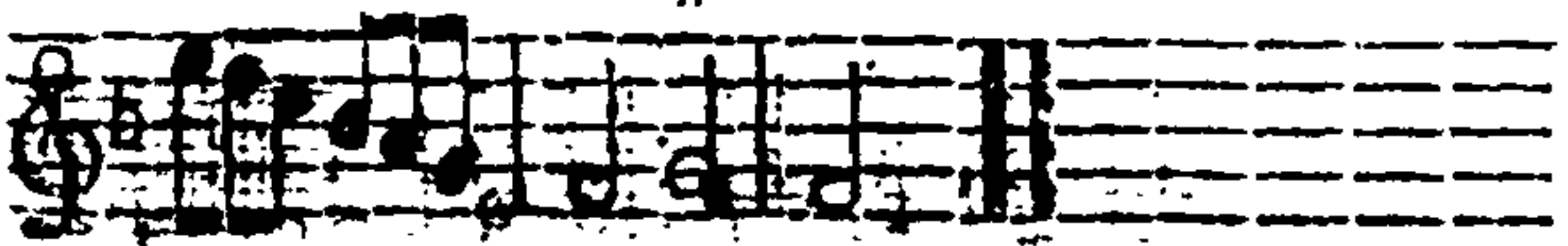
possess my dearest love! I care not to



what spot I move, So I pos- - - - - sels my



dear- - - - - est, dearest, lo- - - - -



- - - - - ve, dearest love!

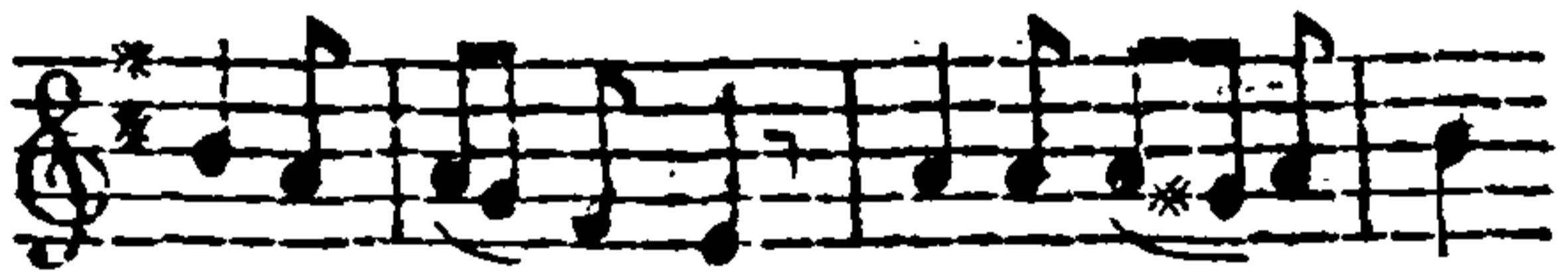
X 3

Gloomy

*Gloomy care, no more perplex me! &c.*



Gloomy care, no more perplex me! Hence, be-



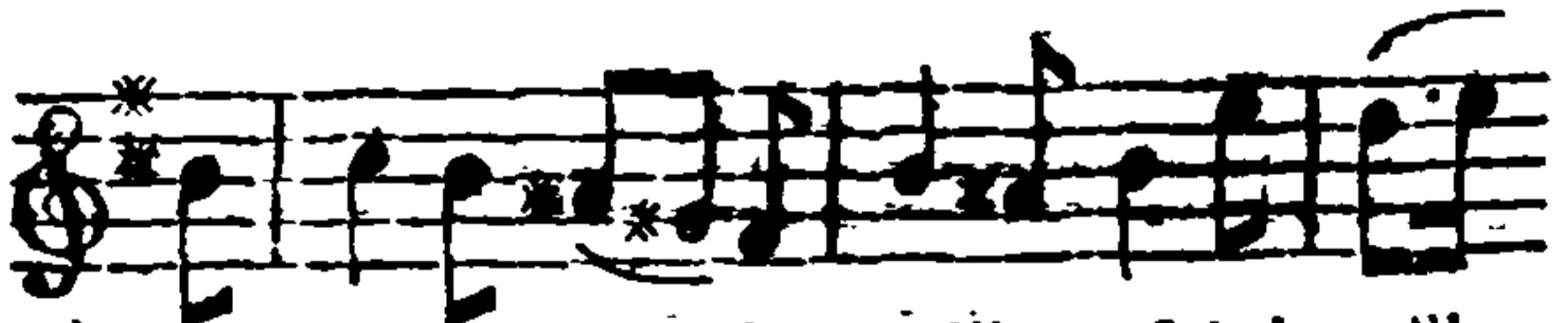
gone! don't me controul; Lovely Chlo--e scorns



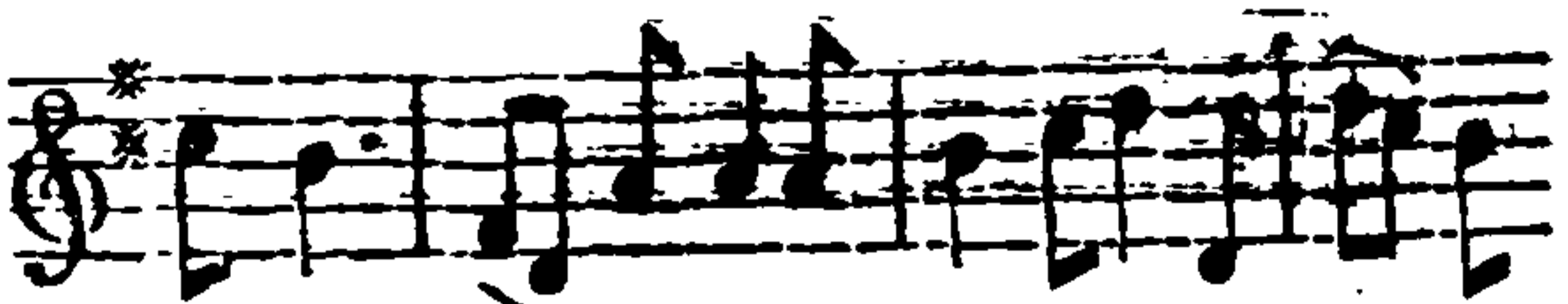
to vex me, Nor the gen'rous sparkling bowl,



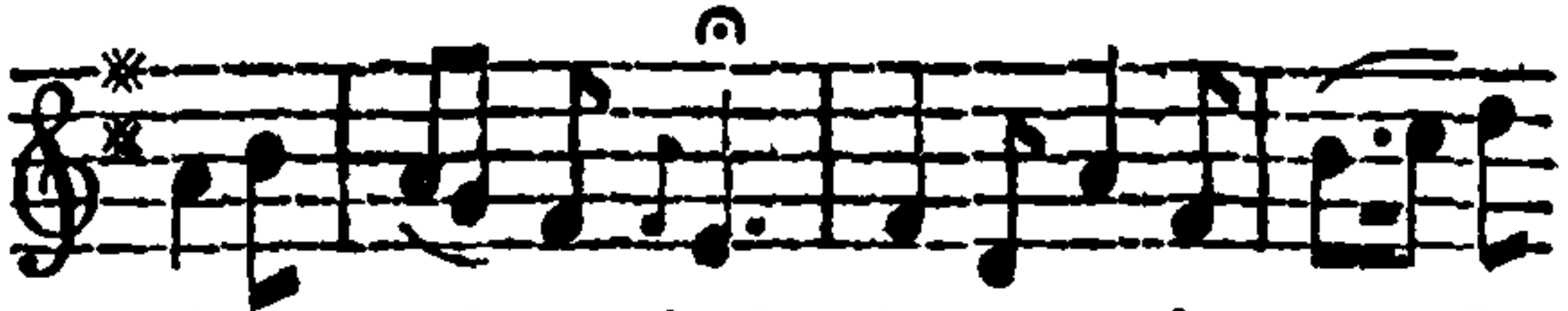
Nor the gen'rous sparkling bowl. Aid those slaves,



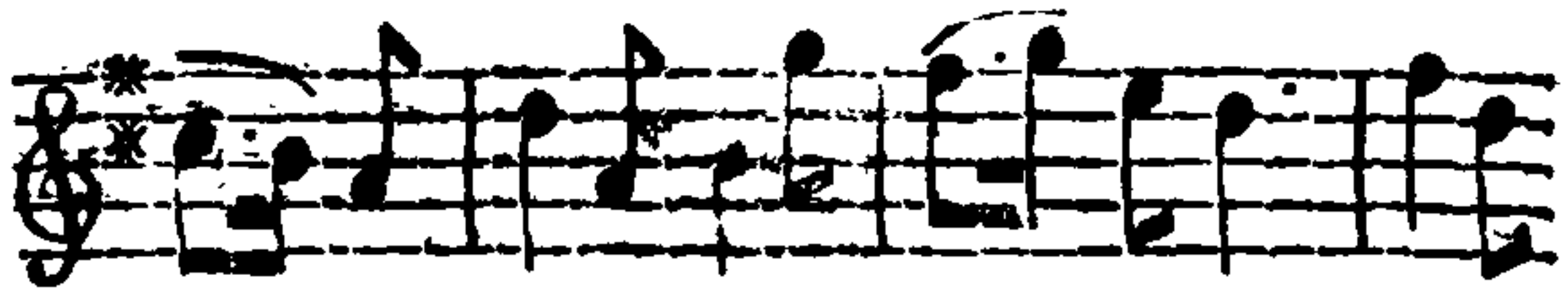
that most de---light in Telling of their ill-



got coin; What to me is most inviting Is my  
Chloe



Chloe and my wine! What to me is most in-



vi---ting Is my Chloe and my wine! Is my



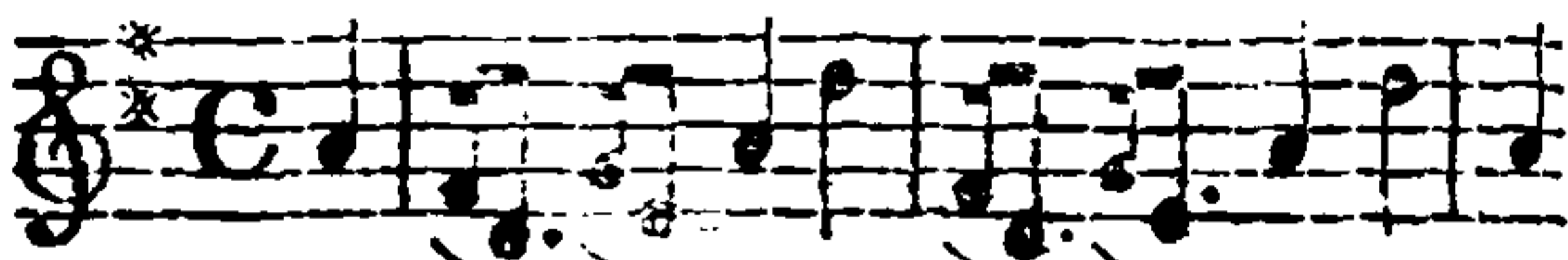
Chloe and my wine!

What is life without enjoyment?  
 To live merrily and gay  
 Certainly's a god's employment;  
 Fears and cares be far away!  
 Though old age shall steal upon me,  
 With its pain I'll not repine;  
 Death shan't force my Chloe from me,  
 Him I'll drown in gen'rous wine!

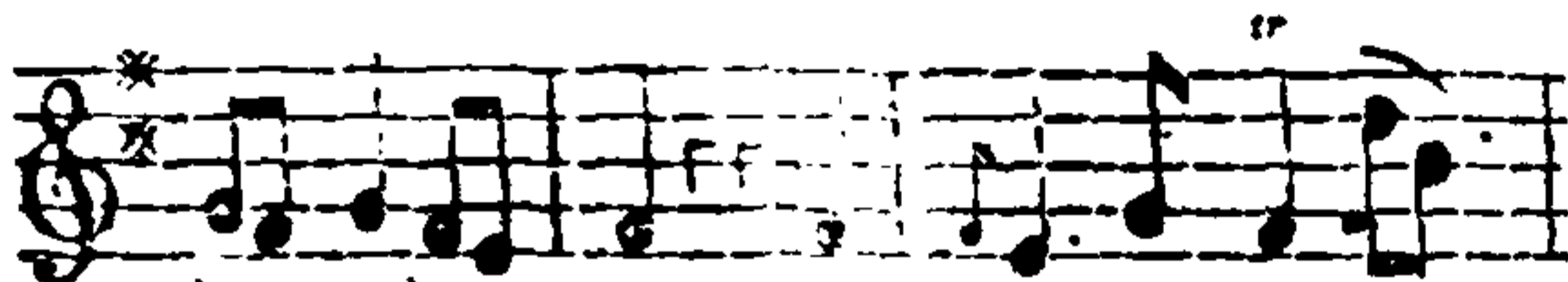


*As Amoret with Phillis - sat, &c.*

VIVACE.



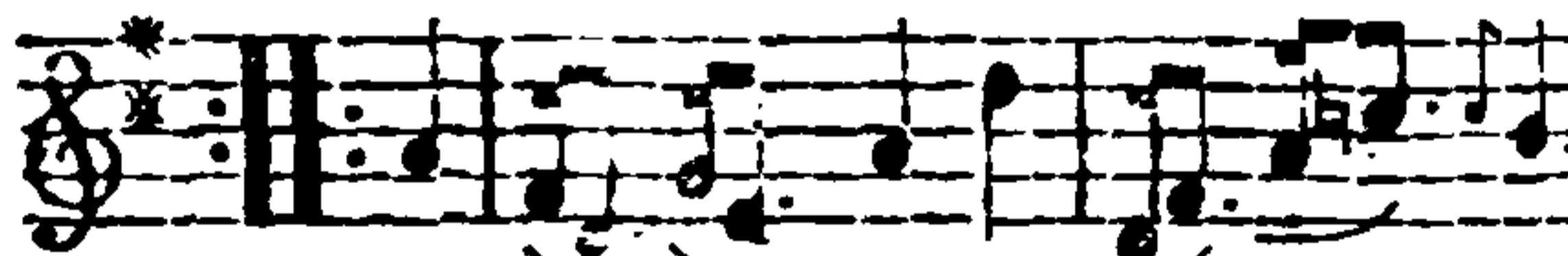
As A---moret with Phil-lis sat One ev'-



nig on the plain, And saw the charming



Stre--phon wait To tell the nymph his pain;



The threat'ning danger to re---move



She whisper'd in her ear, Ah! Phil----lis,



if you would not love, This shepherd

do



hear.

None ever had so strange an art  
 His passion to convey  
 Into a list'ning virgin's heart  
 And steal her soul away :  
 Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give  
 Occasion for your fate : ———  
 In vain, said she, in vain I strive ;  
 Alas! 'tis now too late !

*Let my fair-one only be, &c.*



Let my fair-one on-ly be Female sex, and



she's for me: I can love her, fair or



brown, Of the country or the town: I can



love her, rich or poor, All her wealth or charms



a-dore! I can love her, rich or poor, All her



wealth or charms adore!

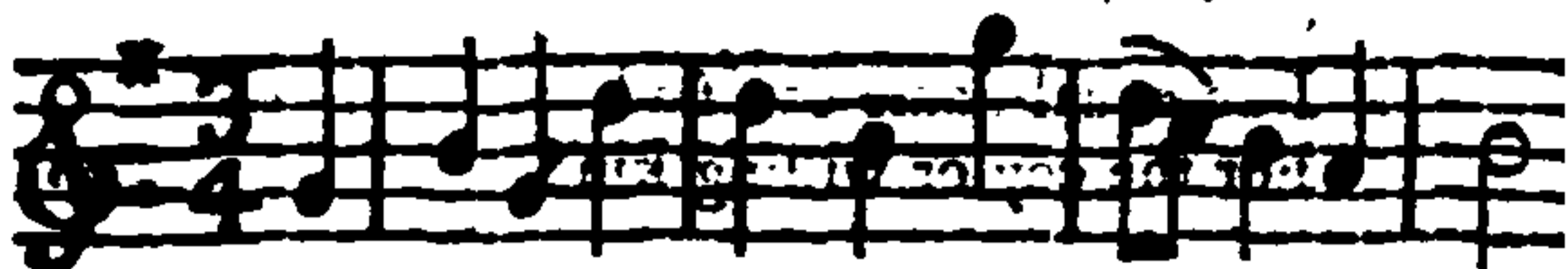
Be she dull, or be she gay,  
 Haunting church, or haunting play,  
 I her piety admire,  
 Or her brisk coquetting fire :  
 I an equal flame can find  
 For the coy or willing kind.

If she's kind, 'twould ungen'rous be  
 Not to love as well as she ;  
 If she's coy, 'twould unjust prove  
 So much virtue not to love :  
 If she's fickle, so am I,  
 Each will have their liberty.

If she's tall, I like her mien,  
 Stalking nobly like a queen ;  
 If a little tiny thing,  
 Like fairy frisking in a ring,  
 Let my fair-one only be  
 Female sex, and she's for me.

They, I hope, will credit give  
 That I alone for them do live :  
 Tell unto the wand'ring fair,  
 I this moment sigh for her ;  
 Sigh for her whoe'er she be,  
 If woman, she's enough for me.

*Poor Celia fell sick, and look'd wonderful bad! &c.*



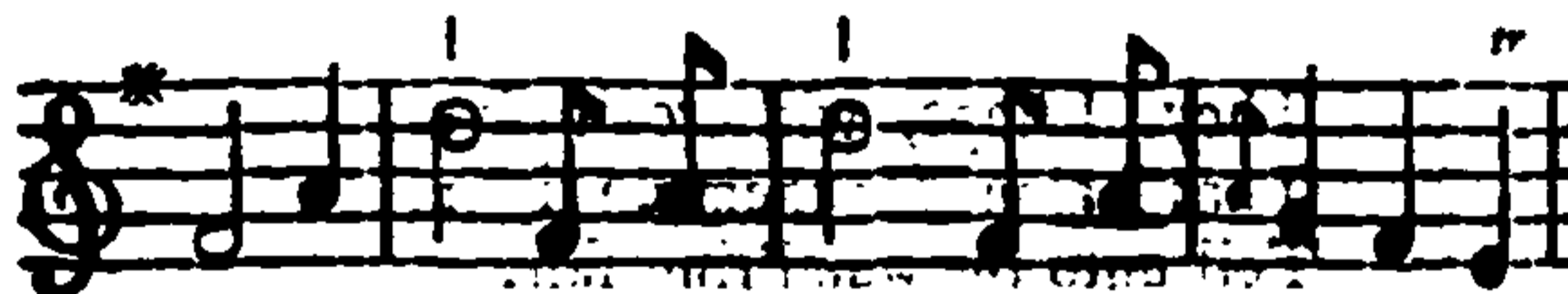
Poor Celia fell sick, and look'd wonderful bad!



Which greatly alarm'd both her mammy and dad:



The cause of her illness no one could come



nigh, For all that she said was, A--las! I shall



die! Alas! I shall die! A---las! I shall die!



For all that she said was, Alas! I shall die!

The

The doctor was sent for, and came in all haste ;  
 In desperate cases there's no time to waste.  
 He smelt at his cane, and turn'd up his eye ;  
 Yet Celia said, Doctor, alas ! I shall die !

He next felt her pulse, cry'd hem, and then ~~he~~  
 And canvass'd in thought o'er the physical law ;  
 Paracelsus or Galen could not shew him why  
 A damsel so young should complain she should die.

Secure of his fee, he resolv'd to prescribe ;  
 The fee's the chief end of the physical tribe.  
 With his pills and his potions oblig'd to comply,  
 She took, yet continued, Alas ! I shall die !

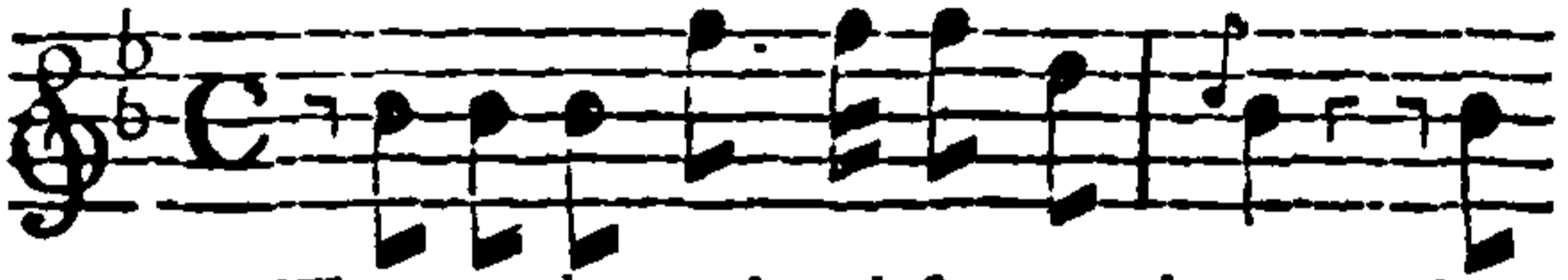
Brisk Damon, a youth of great natural skill,  
 As soon as he heard that poor Celia was ill,  
 With the wings of a lover unto her did fly,  
 And whisper'd, My dearest, my Celia, shan't die !

He press'd, she consented ; next day they were wed,  
 And her cheeks with their former sweet bloom are o'er-  
 spread ;  
 The pleasures of Hymen relumine her eye,  
 And Celia, thank heav'n, is not likely to die.

THE MILK-MAID. A CANTATA.

*'Twas at the cool and fragrant hour, &c.*

RECITATIVE.



'Twas at the cool and fragrant hour, When



ev'ning steals upon the sky, That Lucy sought



the woodbine grove, And Colin taught the grove to

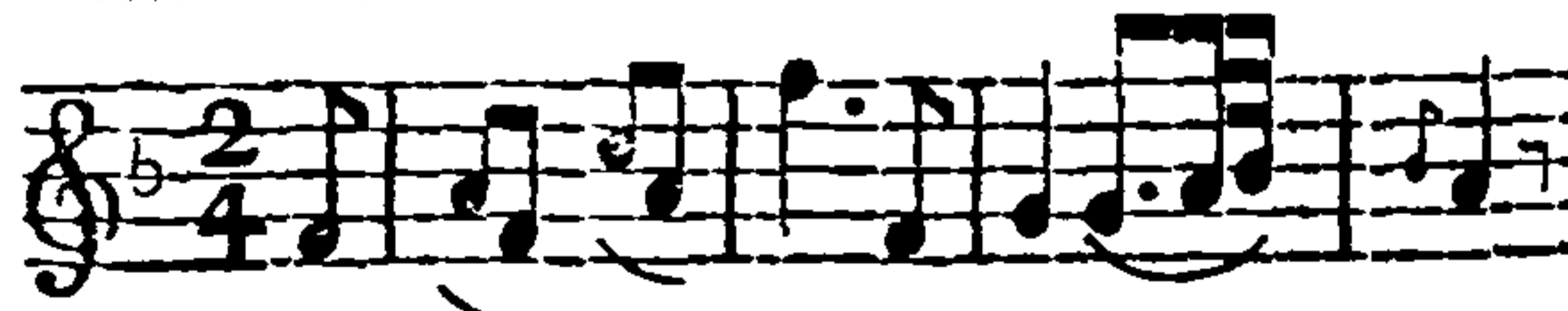


sing. The sweetest damsel she on all the plains, The

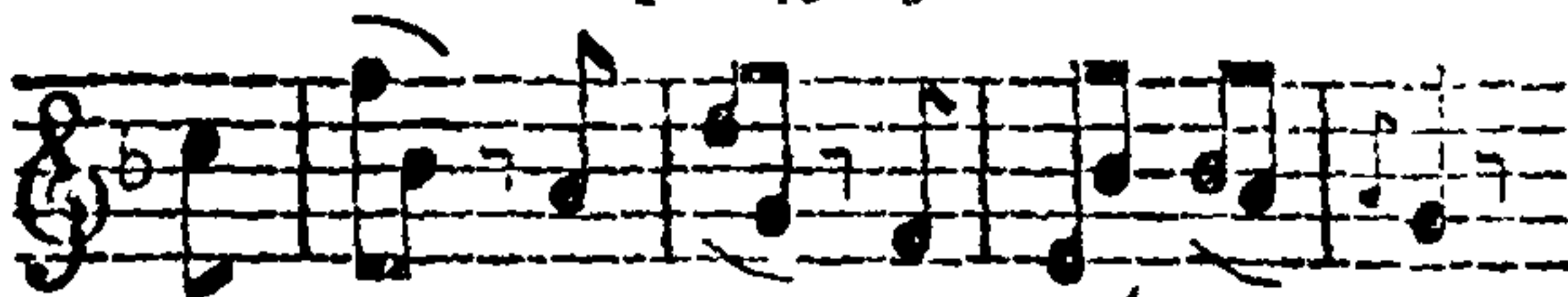


softest lover he of all the swains.

AIR. ANDANTE AMOROSO.



He took her by the li-...-ly hand,  
Which



Which oft had made the milk look pale :



Her cheeks with mo--dest ro---ses



glow'd, As thus he breath'd his ten---der tale.



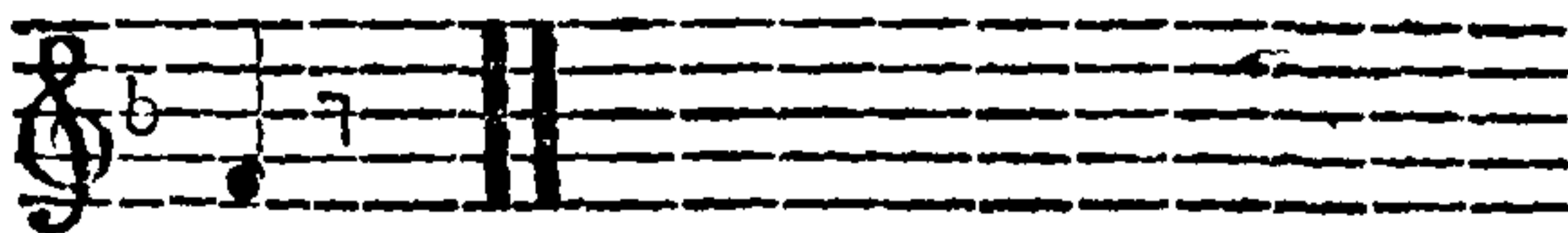
Her cheeks with modest ro---ses glow'd,



As thus he breath'd his ten-der tale, As



thus he breath'd his ten---der



tale.



Oh! smile, my love! thy dimply smiles  
 Shall lengthen on the setting ray:  
 Then let us melt the hours in blifs,  
 Thus sweetly languish life away!

So may thy cows for ever crown  
 With floods of milk thy brimming pail;  
 So may thy cheese all cheese surpass,  
 So may thy butter never fail.

Thy lips with streams of honey flow,  
 And, pouting, swell with healing dew;  
 More sweets are blended in thy breath  
 Than all thy father's fields diffuse!

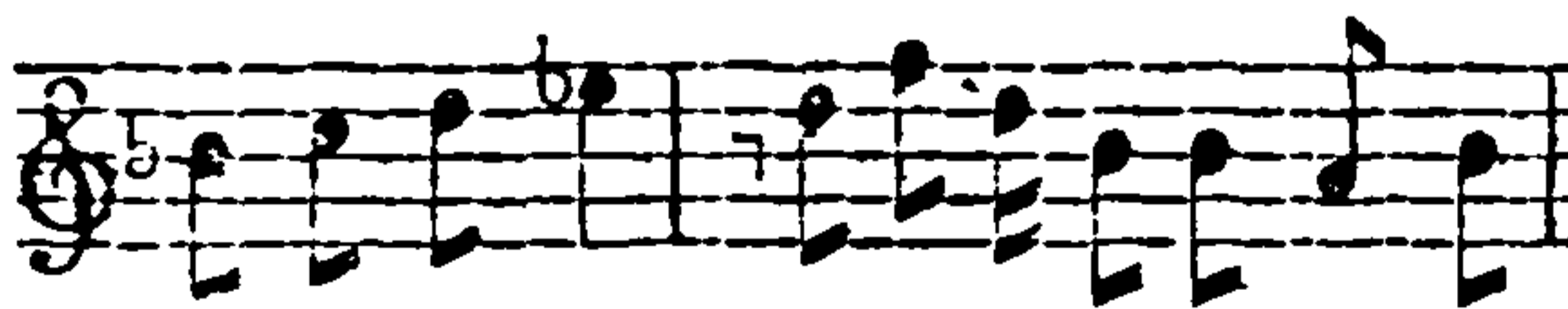
RECITATIVE.



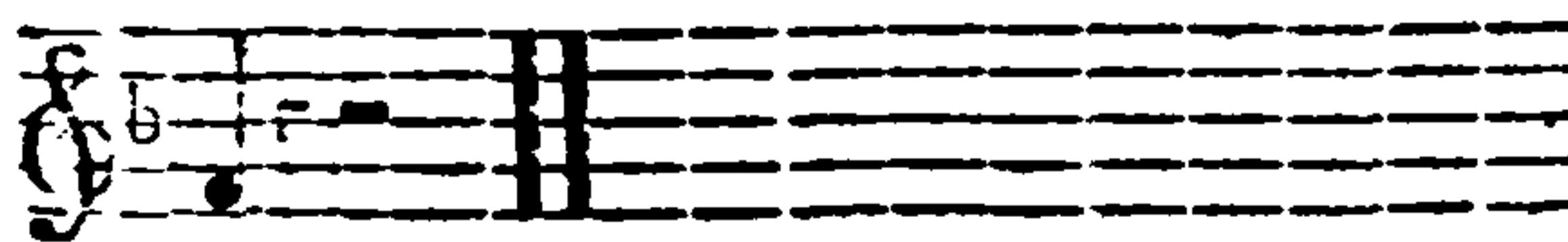
Too long my erring eyes had rovd On city



dames in fear---let drest, And scorn'd the charm-



ful village-maid, With innocence and program



blest.

AIR.

AIR. VIVACE.



The tune--ful lin-----net's warb- - -



bling notes Are grate--ful to the



shep--herd-swain; To droop-----ing plants



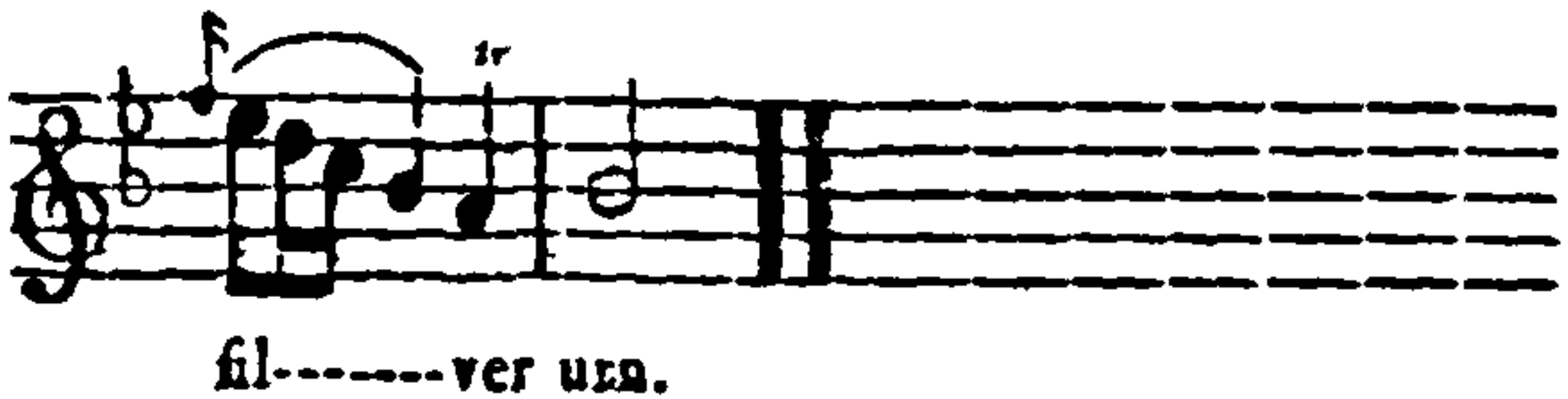
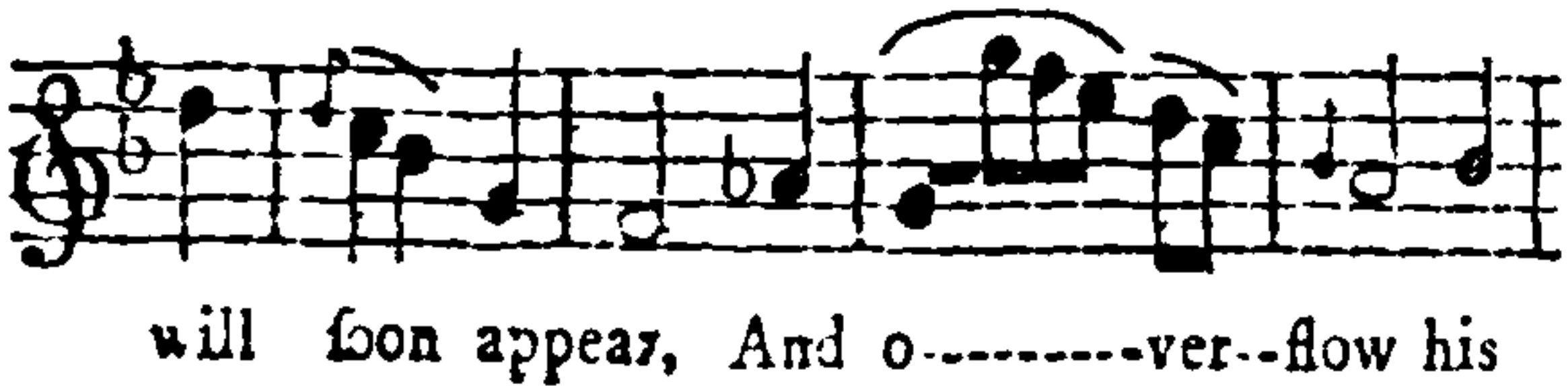
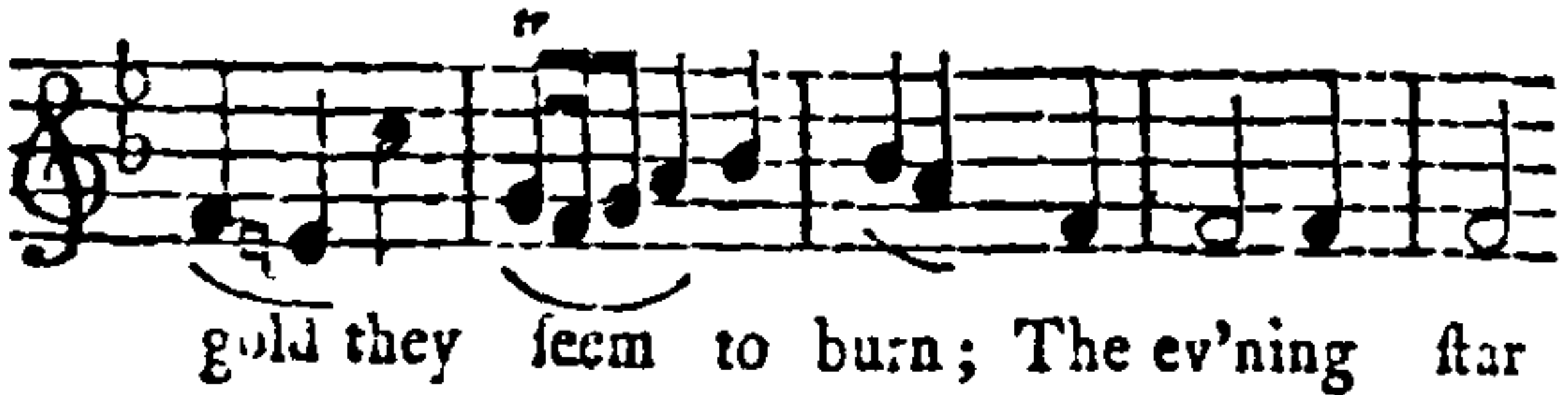
and thirf-----ty fields The sil-----ver



drops of kind-----ly rain: But mark, my



love, you west-----ern clouds; With li-----quid

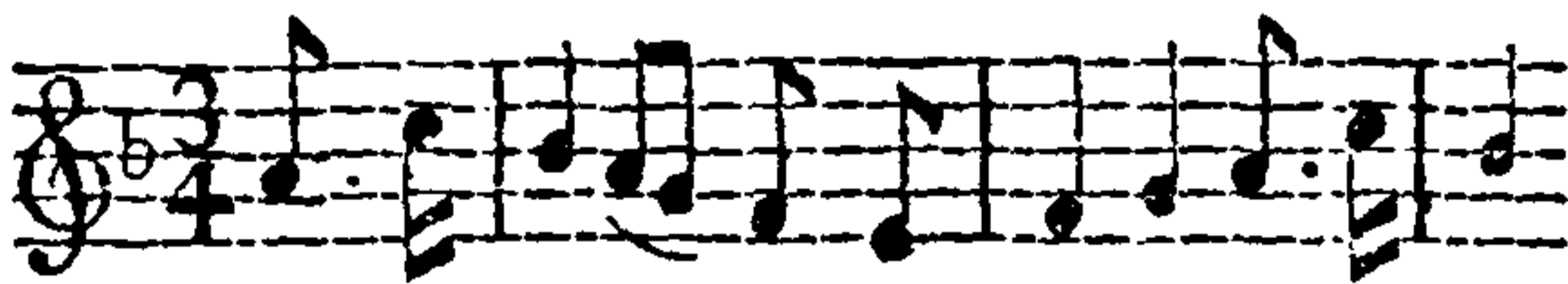


Yet, ere we part, one boon I crave, —  
 One tender boon, — nor this deny;  
 Oh! promise that you still will love!  
 Oh! promise this, or else I die!  
 She sigh'd, and blush'd a sweet consent;  
 Joyous, he thank'd her on his knee,  
 And warmly press'd her virgin lips!  
 Was ever youth so blest as he?

*Crisp*

*Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer, &c.*

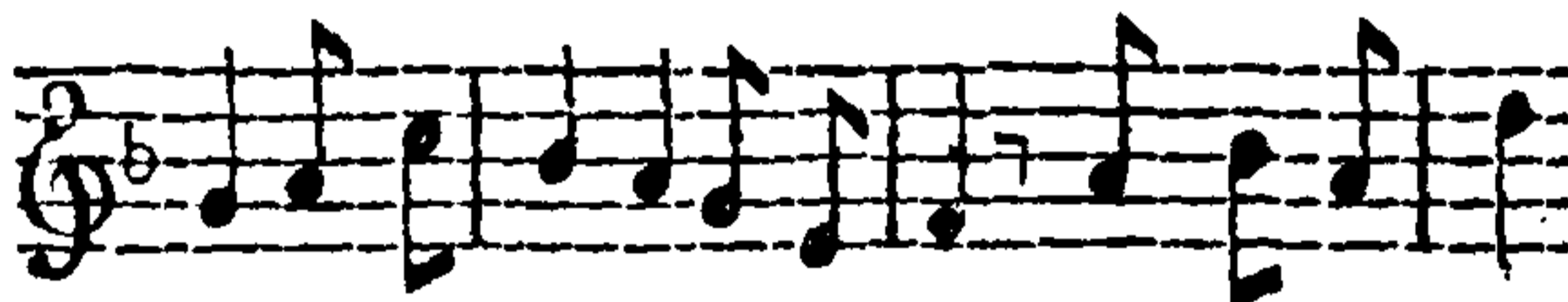
SLOW.



Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer! Lift, ye landi-



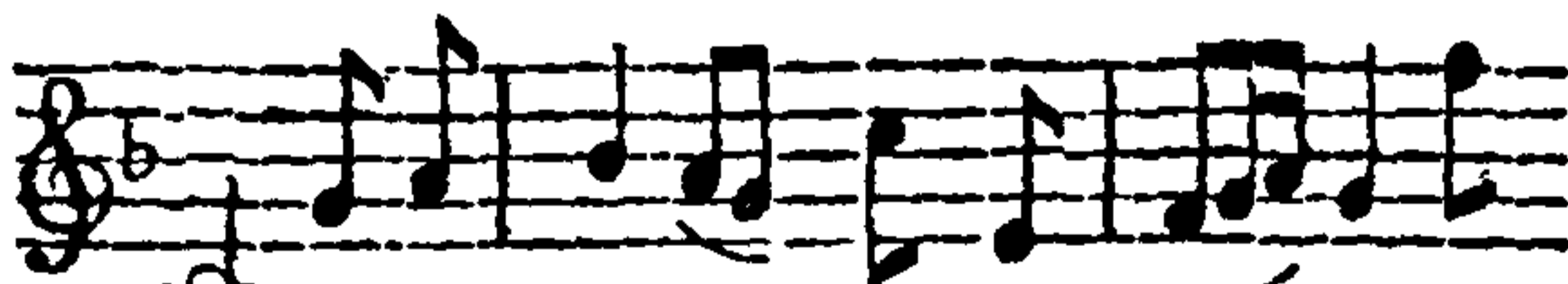
men all, to me: Messmates, hear a brother - sail-



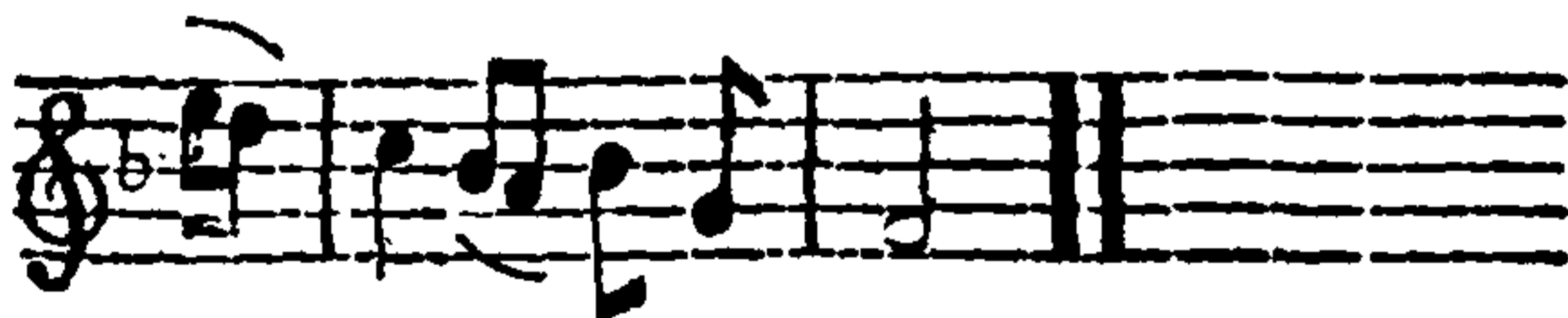
or Sing the dangers of the sea, From bounding bil-



lows first in motion, When the distant whirlwinds



rise, To the tempest - troubled ocean, Where



the seas contend with skies!

LIVELY.

**LIVELY.**

Hark! the boatswain, hoarsely bawling,  
 By top-fail-sheets and haulyards stands:  
 Down top-galients, quick be hauling!  
 Down your main-fail hand, boys, hand!  
 Now it freshens — braces —  
 Now the top-fail sheets set —  
 Luff, boys, luff — don't make wry faces —  
 Up your top-fails nimbly clew.

**SLOW.**

Now all you, on down beds sporting,  
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,  
 Fresh enjoyments ever courting,  
 Safe from all but love's alarms,  
 While the tempest roars yet louder,  
 Think what fear our minds enthrals!  
 Harder yet, it blows yet harder, —  
 Now again the boatswain calls!

**QUICK.**

The top-fail yards point to the wind, boys —  
 See all clear to reef each course;  
 Let the foresheet go, don't mind, boys,  
 Though the weather should be worse.  
 Fore and aft the spritail-yard get —  
 Reef the mizen — see all clear; —  
 Hands up, each preventer-brace set —  
 Man the fore-yard — Cheer, lads, cheer.

**SLOW.**

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring!  
 Peals, on peals contending, clash!  
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,  
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash!  
 One wide water all around us,  
 All above us one black sky!  
 Different deaths at once surround us! —  
 Hark! — What means that dreadful cry!

**QUICK.**

**QUICK.**

The fore-mast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,  
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck !  
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out ! —  
 Call all hands to clear the wreck !  
 Quick, the lanniards cut to pieces —  
 Come, my hearts, be stout and bold !  
 Plumb the well — the leak increases —  
 Four feet water in the hold !

**SLOW.**

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating  
 We for our wives and children mourn !  
 Alas ! from hence there's no retreating !  
 Alas ! from hence there's no return !  
 Still the leak is gaining on us !  
 Both chain-pumps are choak'd below !  
 Heav'n have mercy here upon us !  
 For only that can save us now !

**QUICK.**

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,  
 Let the guns o'er-board be thrown —  
 To the pump come, ev'ry hand, boys —  
 See, our mizen-mast is gone !  
 The leak we've found ! it can't pour fast,  
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more :  
 Up and rig a jury fore-mast —  
 She rights, she rights, boys ! — 'ware of shore

Now, once more, on joys we're thinking,  
 Since kind fortune fav'd our lives ;  
 Come, the cann, boys ! let's be drinking  
 To our sweethearts and our wives.  
 Fill it up ; about ship wheel it ;  
 Close to th' lips a brimmer join :  
 Where's the tempest now ? who feels it ?  
 None — our danger's drown'd in wine !

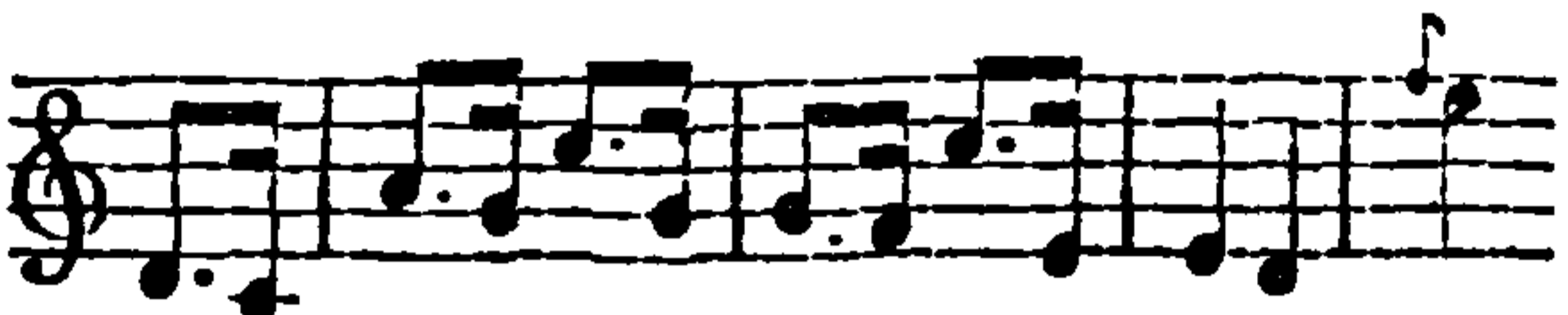
*Rise,*

*Rise, ye fav'rites of the muses, &c.*

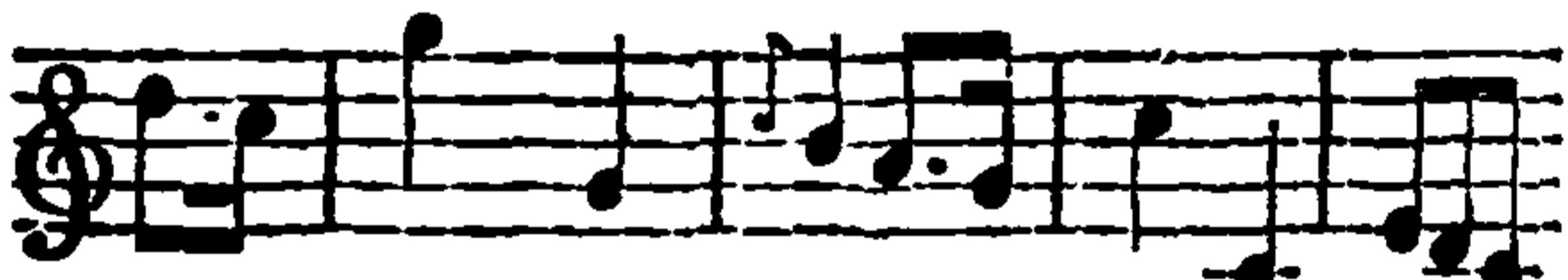
SPRITOSO.



Rise, ye fav'rites of the muses, Tune



your lyres with soft-----est art, Sing



the nymph whom Da-mon chooses For



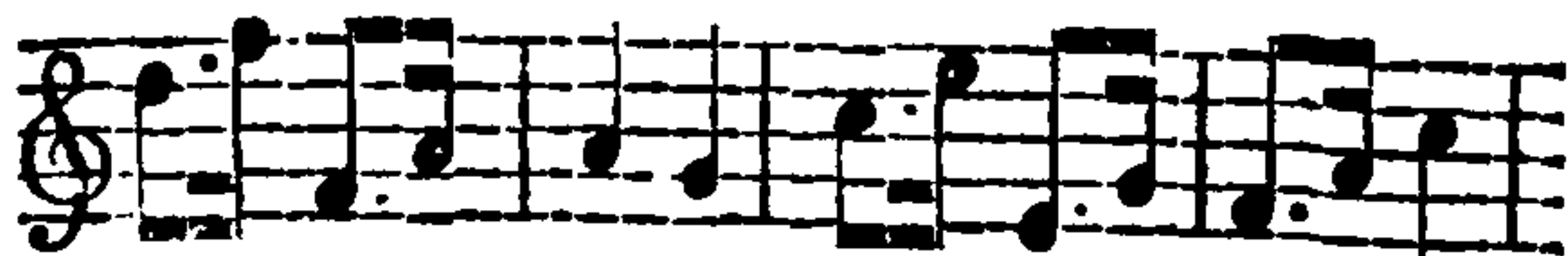
the god---des of his heart! Sing her



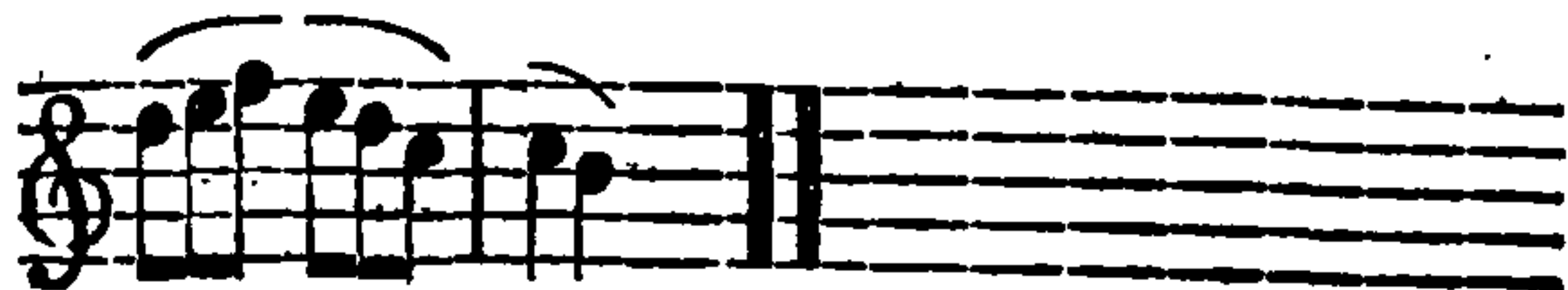
eyes, so sweet--ly slay-ing; Sing her grace-



ful sprightly air! Sing her youthful cheeks,



cheeks, dis---play-ing All that's love---ly,



all that's fair! DA CAPO.

Swell the sound with bolder spirit!  
 Loftier notes harmonious raise!  
 From her person's outward merit  
 Pass to that her mind displays!  
 Sing her wit, that always pleases!  
 Cheerful humour, taste refin'd!  
 Sing the softer female graces,  
 With a manly sense combin'd!  
 Rise, ye fav'rites, &c.

Now rehearse, in lulling measure,  
 All the joys that Damon wait!  
 Sing his days, all spun in pleasure!  
 Sing his happy happy fate!  
 View thy treasures, sordid Mammon!  
 Proud ambition, rear thy crest!  
 Poor your joys to these of Damon,  
 Biest with love, with beauty blest!  
 Rise, ye fav'rites, &c.

*Love's*



*Love's a dream of mighty pleasure, &c.*

Set by Mr. AMBROSE PITMAN.

ANDANTE AMOROSO.

The musical score is written on eight staves in treble clef, 2/4 time. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE AMOROSO'. The music consists of a single melodic line. The first staff begins with a 2/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat. The melody is characterized by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. Various ornaments are used throughout the piece, including asterisks (\*) and trills (tr). A double bar line appears in the fifth staff, indicating a section break. The score concludes with a final cadence in the eighth staff.



DA CAPO.

**L**OVE's a dream of mighty pleasure  
 Which in fancy we possess,  
 We possess, we possess,  
 Which in fancy we possess;  
 In the folly lies the danger,  
 Wisdom always makes it less,  
 Makes it less, makes it less,  
 Wisdom always makes it less.

Happy only is the lover  
 Whom his mistress well deceives;  
 Striving nothing to discover,  
 He, contented, sits at ease,  
 He, contented, sits at ease.

DA CAPO.

*Young Colin, having much to say, &c.*

ALLEGRO MODERATO.



Young Co--lin, having much to say In se-



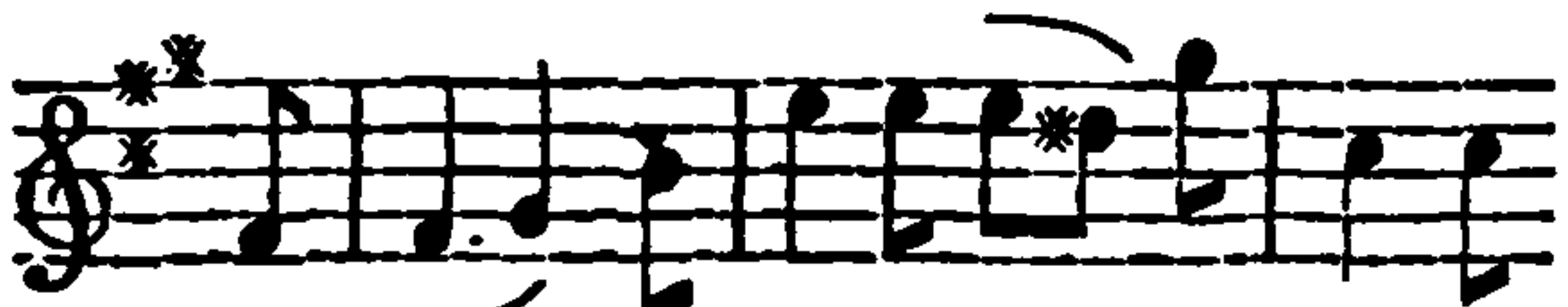
cret to a maid, Per--sua--ded her to leave



the hay, And seek th'embow'ring shade. Young



Colin, having much to say In secret to



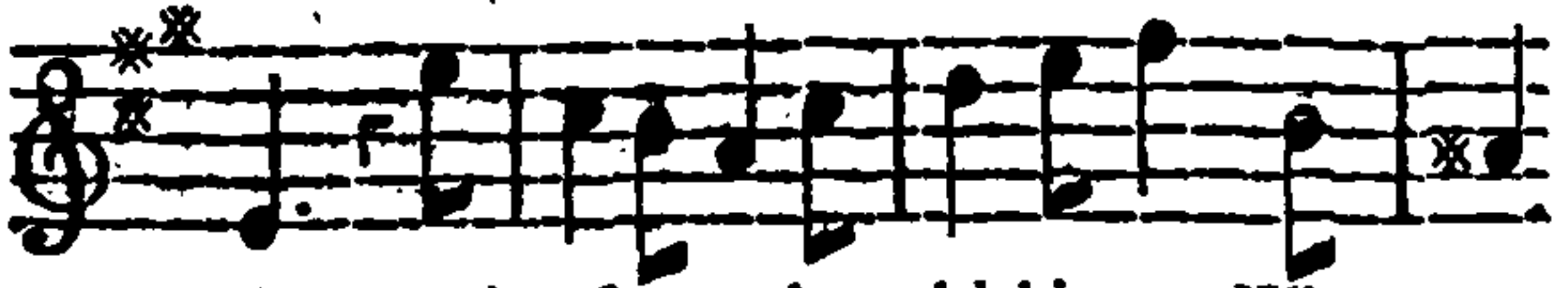
a maid, Persuaded her to leave the



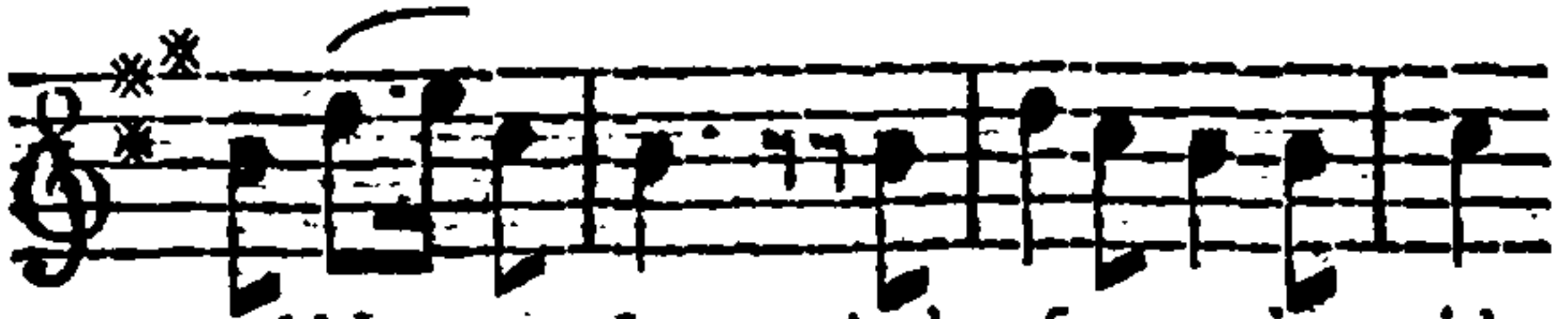
hay, And seek th'embow'ring shade, And seek  
th'embow'ring



th'embow'ring shade, And seek th'embow'ring



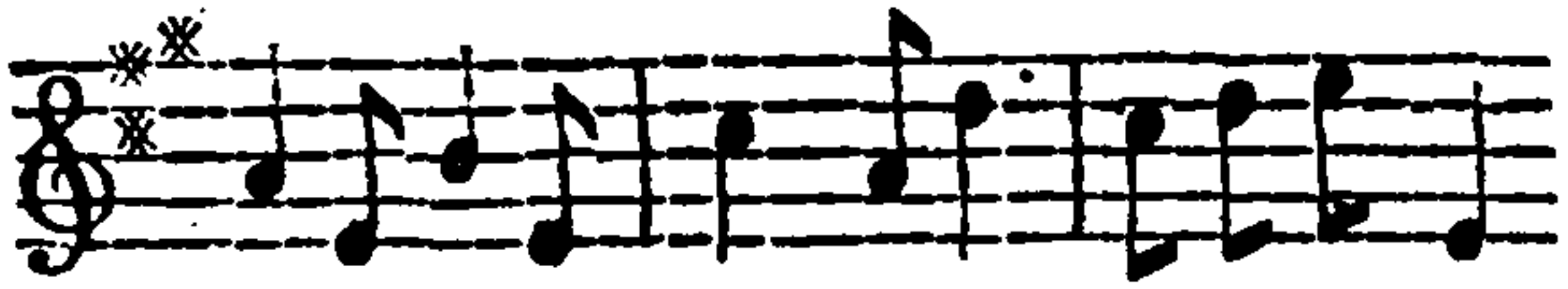
shade. And, after roving with his mate Where none



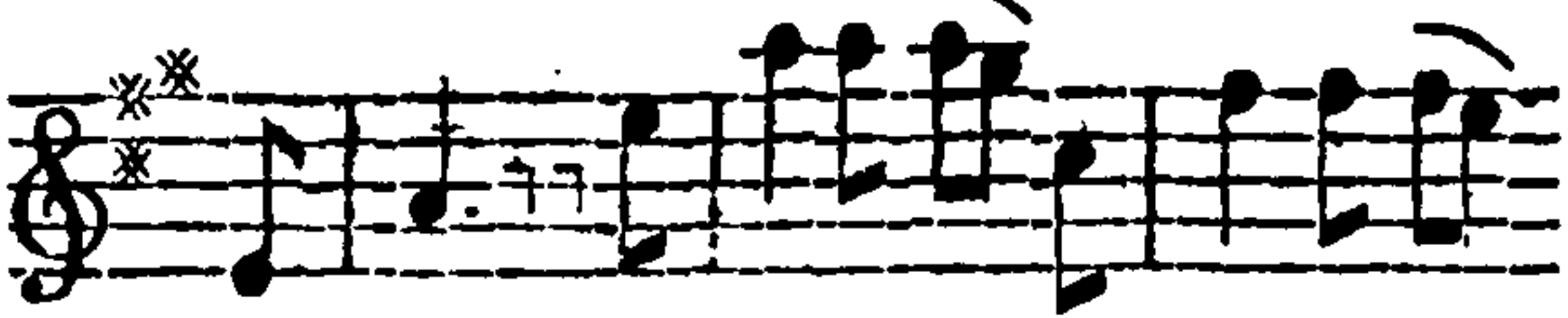
could hear or see, And, after roving with



his mate Where none could hear or see, Up-



on the velvet ground they sat Under the green-



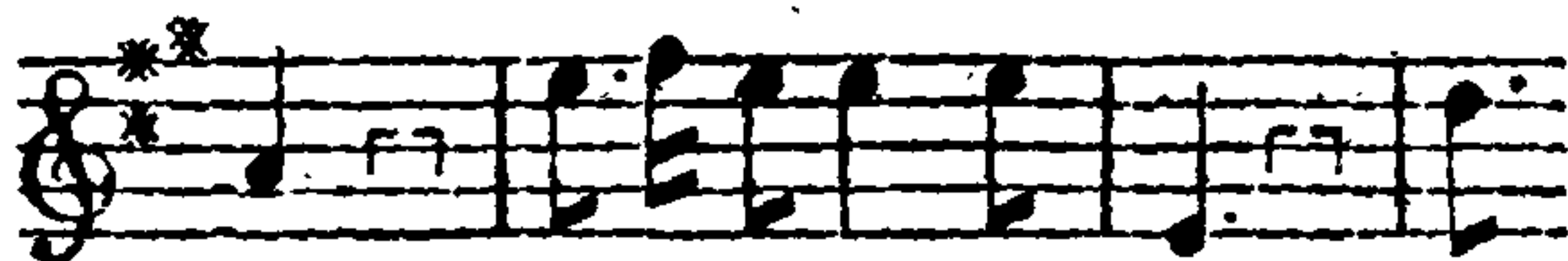
wood tree. And, after roving with his mate



Where none could hear or see, Upon the vel-  
vet



vet ground they fat Under the greenwood



tree. Under the greenwood tree, Un-



der the greenwood tree, Upon the velvet



ground they fat Under the greenwood tree.

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, are thine,  
 Could you and I agree;  
 Oh! say you to my wish incline,  
 Under the greenwood tree.

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

He bids me name the sacred day ;  
 In all things we agree :  
 Then why should you and I now stay  
 Under the greenwood tree ?

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.

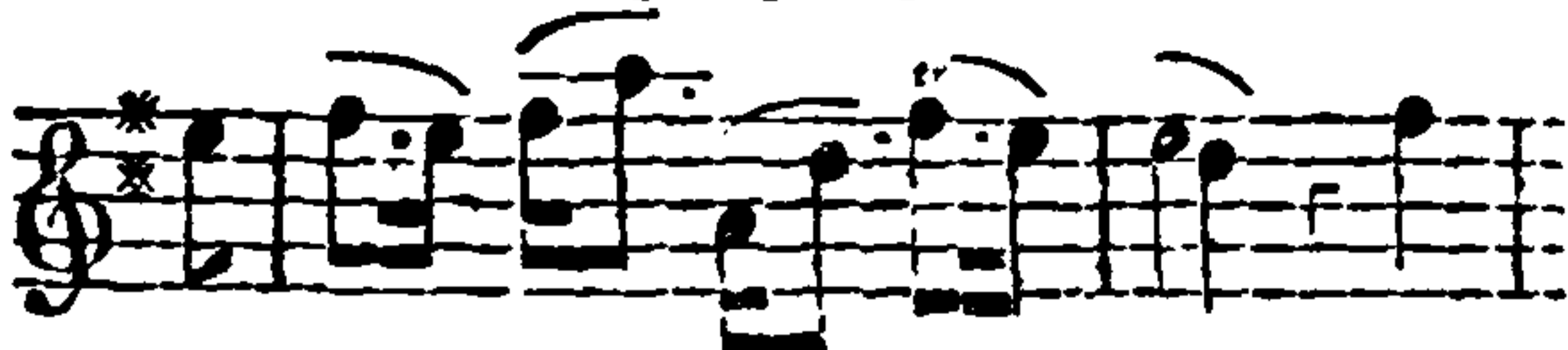
*When trees did bud and fields were green, &c.*

**ALLEGRETTO.**

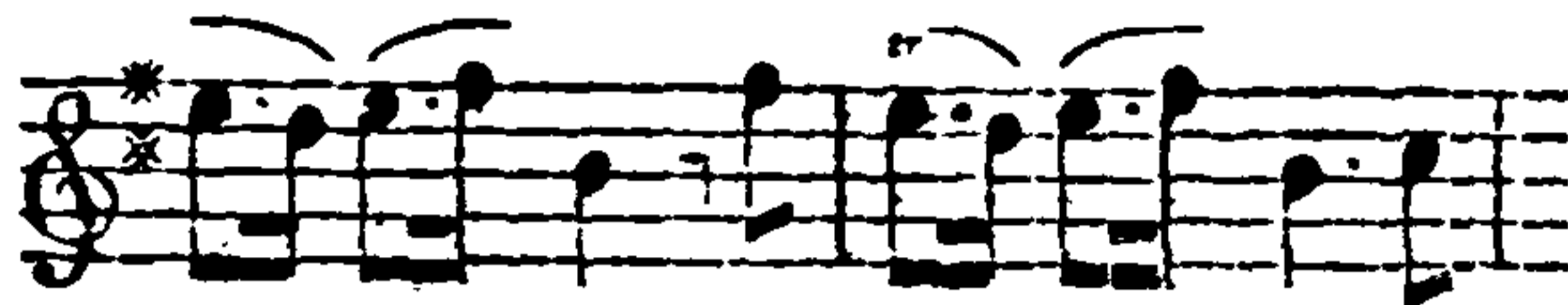
When trees did bud and fields were

green, And broom bloom'd fair to see,

When Ma-----ry was complete fif.-teen. And



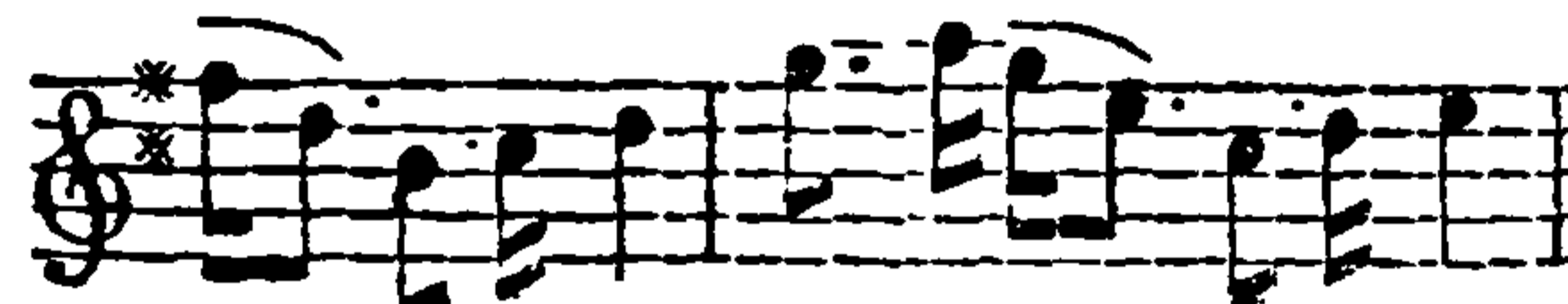
And love laugh'd in her eye, Blithe



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



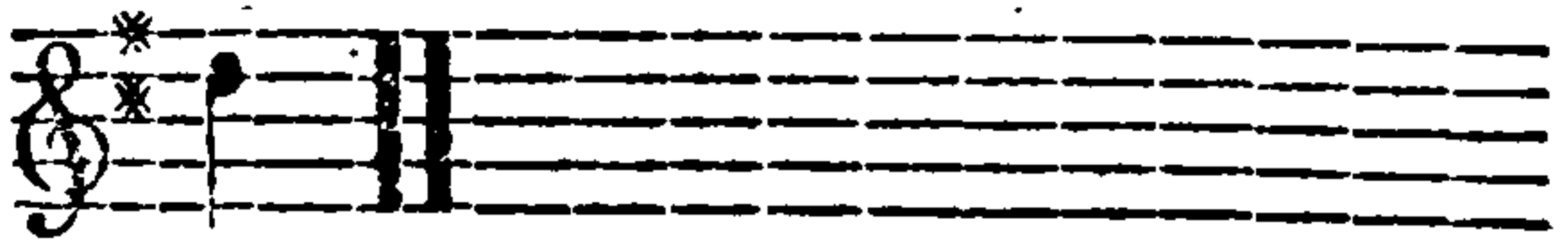
thee. Down the burn, Davy, love, Down the



burn, Davy, love, Down the burn, Davy, love, Gang  
down



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



thee.

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.

Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,  
 Her eyne were bonny blue,  
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,  
 Her lips like dropping dew.  
 Blithe Davy's blinks, &c.

As fate had dealt to him enough,  
 Straight to the kirk he led her,  
 There plighted her his faith and truth,  
 And a bonny bride he made her :  
 No more a sham'd to own her love,  
 Or speak her mind thus free, —  
 Gang down the burn, Davy, love,  
 And I will follow thee.

**SINCERITY.**



SINCERITY.

*Attend, thou pow'r of soft repose, &c.*

The Words by T. P. Set by Mr. AMBROSE PITMAN.

AFFETTUOSO.

The musical score consists of six staves of music in treble clef, common time (C). The first staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in a simple, flowing style with various note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, along with rests and slurs. The second staff continues the melody with similar note values and includes a fermata over a note. The third staff continues the melody with a fermata over a note. The fourth staff continues the melody with a fermata over a note. The fifth staff continues the melody with a fermata over a note. The sixth staff concludes the melody with a double bar line and repeat dots.

ATTEND,

**A**TTEND, thou pow'r of soft repose,  
 Relieve my partial pain!  
 Sweet soother of relentless woes,  
 What joy is in thy train!  
 Experience tells us, it is plain,  
 On men we can't rely;  
 Their promises are mostly vain! —  
 There's no sincerity!

Go, teach the youthful tender maid  
 The ills that 'wait our race,  
 To know the wiles they should evade  
 When beauty lends a face;  
 The tongue, the index of the heart,  
 Is seldom true or free,  
 And adulation tries its art  
 T'avert sincerity.

Steel, steel, each breast against the wile  
 The tyrant men pursue;  
 Know, each enchanting soothing smile  
 Is meant but to undo:  
 Ev'n rural swains can act the rake,  
 Delusion now they try; —  
 Obtain our promise, then forsake; —  
 Is this sincerity?

Thy hour is past! O thou unkind!  
 Fidelity shall shun  
 Such miserable scenes as mine!  
 My hopes are all undone!  
 But, sure, that form i'th' distant glade  
 Is Strephon's I descry!  
 It is! it is! no fears invade!  
 There is sincerity!

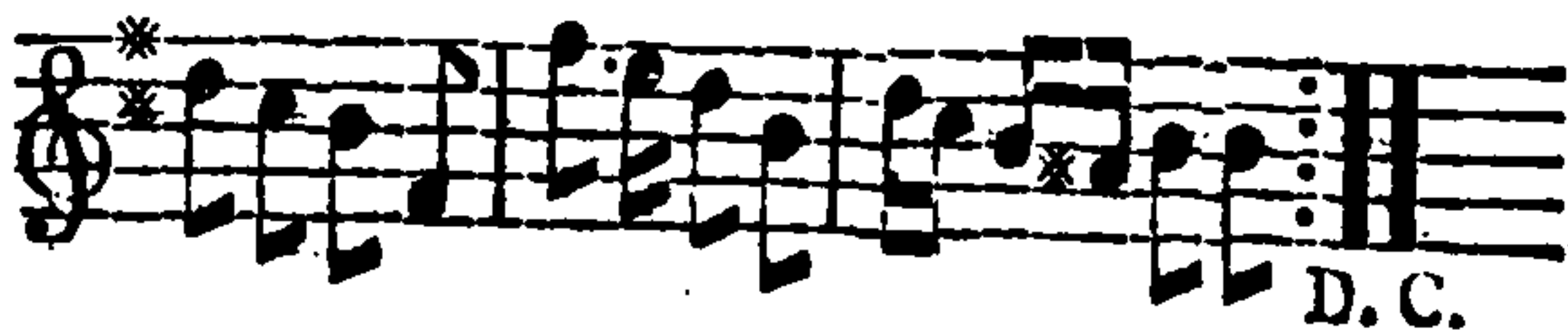
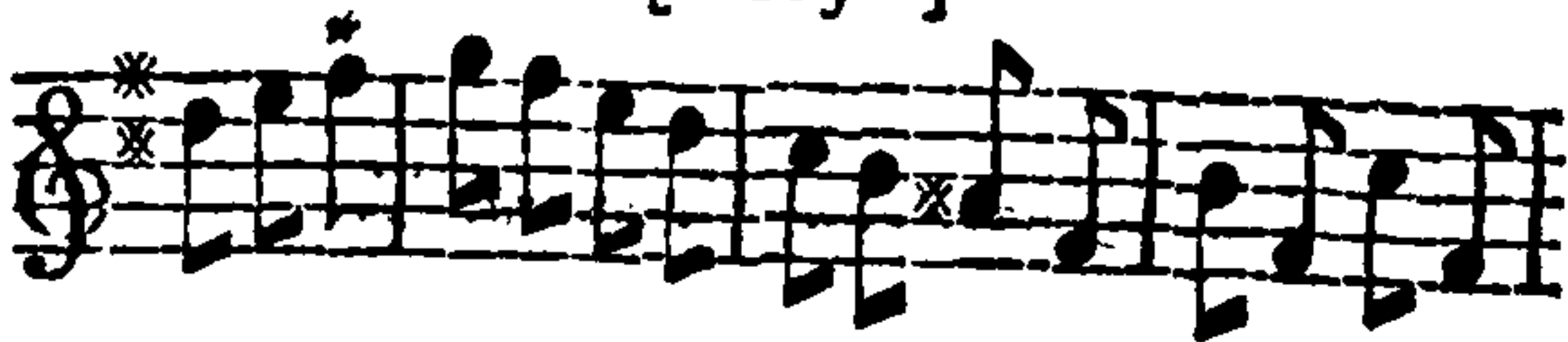
THE THATCHED-HOUSE.

*Wai'ry vapours, weep no more, &c.*

RONDEAU. Set by Mr. AMBROSE PITMAN.

MAESTOSO.

The musical score is written on seven staves of five-line treble clefs. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 2/4. The music consists of a series of rhythmic patterns, primarily using quarter and eighth notes. There are several asterisks (\*) placed above or below notes throughout the score, likely indicating specific performance techniques or ornaments. The piece concludes with the instruction 'D. C.' (Da Capo) below the final staff.



RONDEAU.

**W**AT'RY vapours, weep no more,  
 Cease, ye winds, ah! cease to roar!  
 Gloomy skies, no longer frown,  
 Nor my flow'ry borders drown,  
 Nor my flow'ry borders drown.

Oft the graces here would stay,  
 But you frightened them away;  
 Sophy loves my straw-thatch'd cot,  
 But you drive her from the spot;  
 From the spot, from the spot,  
 But you drive her from the spot.  
 DA CAPO. Wat'ry, &c.

Clio oft would spend an hour  
 In my sweet sequester'd bow'r;  
 But they now desert their places,  
 Sophy, Clio, and the graces,  
 Sophy, Clio, and the graces.  
 DA CAPO. Wat'ry, &c.

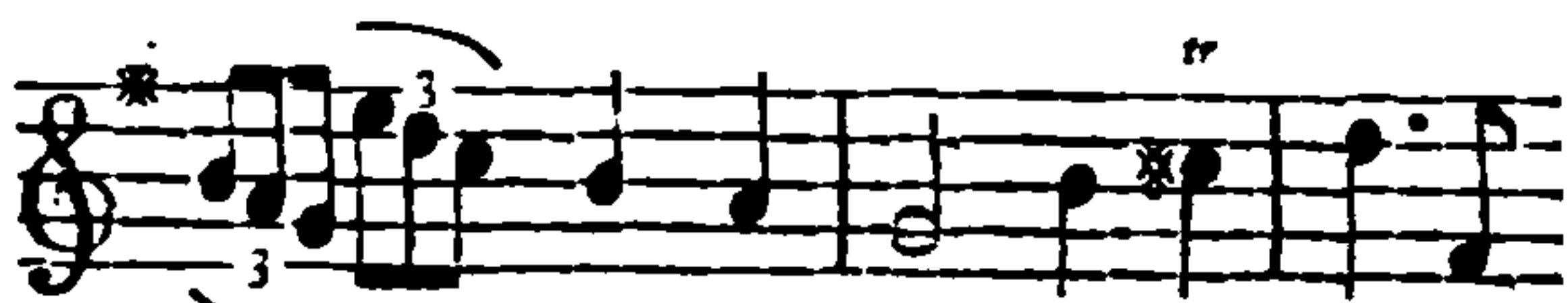
*Cast;*

*Cast, my love, thine eyes around, &c.*

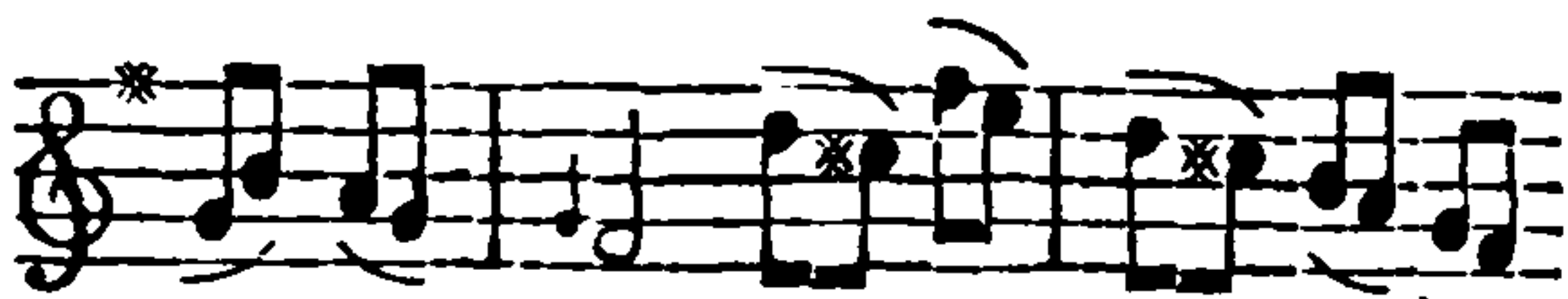
ANDANTE.



DAMON. Cast, my love, thine eyes a-round, See the



spor--tive lambkins play ; Nature gayly



decks the ground, All in ho---nour of



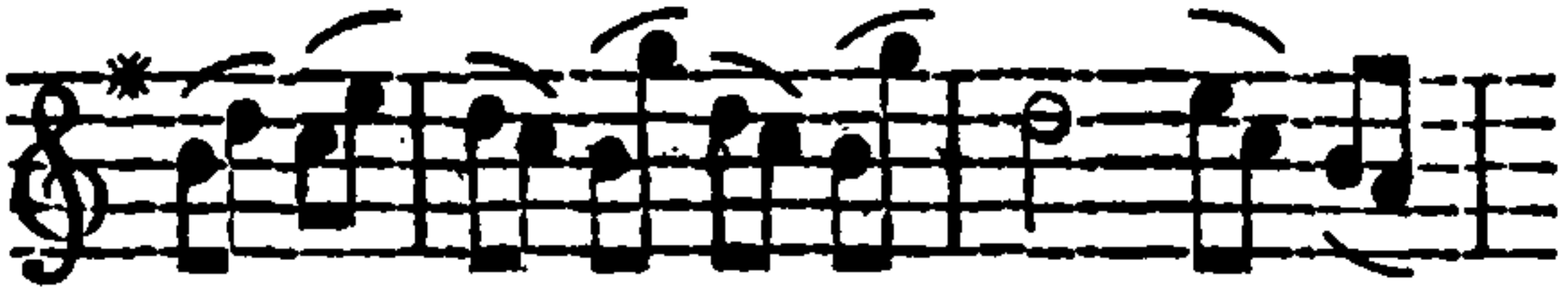
the May. Nature gayly decks the ground,



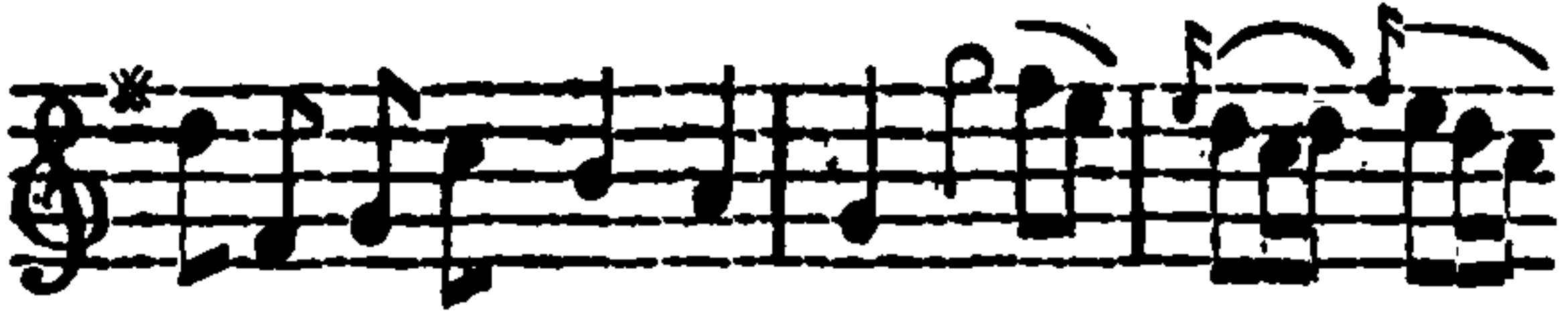
All in honour of the May. Like the sparrow



and the dove, Listen to the voice of love.  
Like



Like the sparrow and the dove, Listen



listen to the voice of love, Listen to the



voice of love.

FLORELLA.

Damon, thou hast found me long  
 List'ning to thy soothing tale,  
 And thy soft persuasive song  
 Often held me in the dale :  
 Take, O Damon, while I live,  
 All that virtue ought to give.

DAMON.

Not the verdure of the grove,  
 Nor the garden's fairest flow'rs,  
 Nor the meads where lovers rove  
 Tempted by the vernal hours,  
 Can delight thy Damon's eye  
 If Florella is not by.

FLORELLA.

Not the water's gentle fall  
 By the bank with poplars crown'd,  
 Not the feather'd songsters all,  
 Nor the flute's melodious sound,

A a

Can

Can delight Florella's ear  
If her Damon is not near.

BOTH.

Let us love, and let us live,  
Like the cheerful season gay;  
Banish care, and let us give  
Tribute to the fragrant May:  
Like the sparrow and the dove,  
Listen to the voice of love.

*Thursday in the morn, the nineteenth of May, &c.*

MODERATO.



Thursday in the morn, the nineteenth of May,



Recorded for aye be the famous ninety-two!

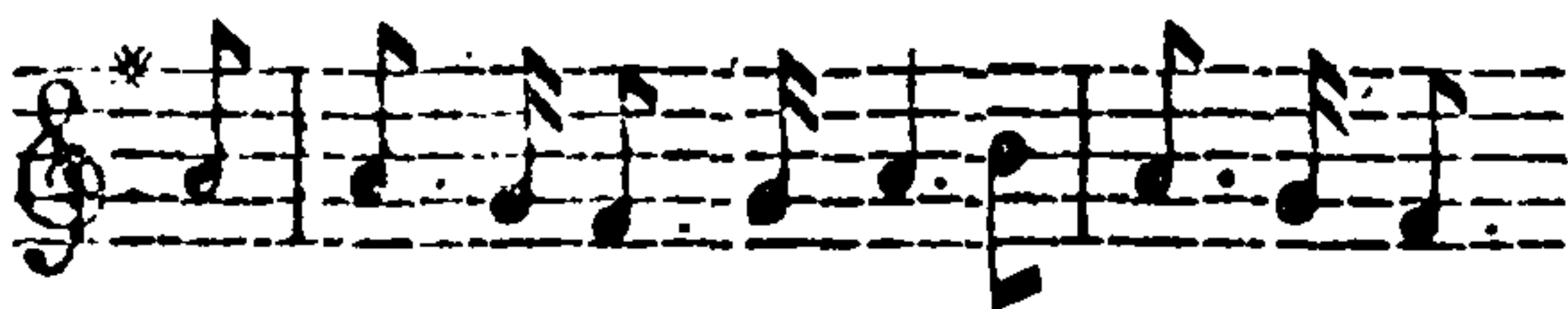


Brave Ruffel did discern, by break of day,

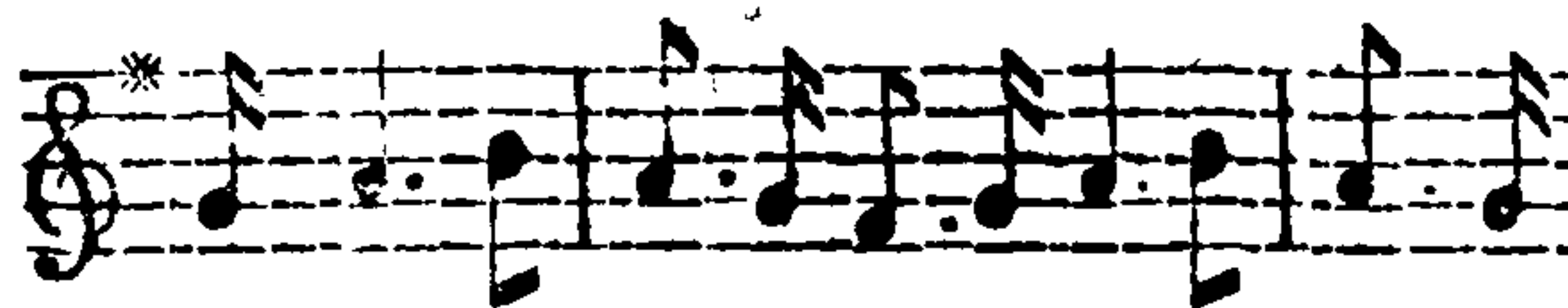


The lofty sails of France advancing-to.

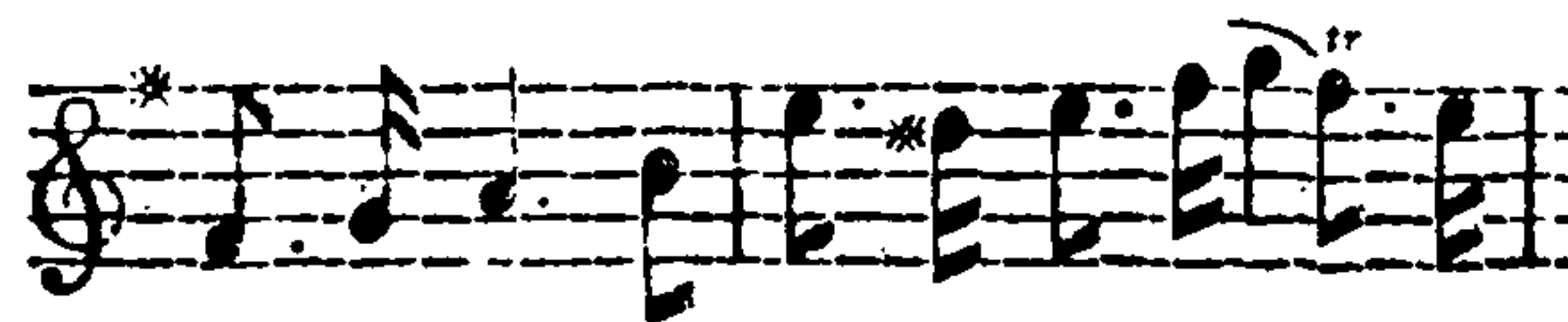
All



All hands aloft, they cry, let English cou-



rage shine! Let fly a culverine, the sig-nal



of the line; Let ev'--ry man supply his



gun! Follow me, you shall see That the battle

CHORUS.



it will soon be won! Follow me, you shall



see That the battle it will soon be won!



**Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd**

**To meet the gallant Russel in combat o'er the deep ;  
He led his noble troops of heroes bold**

**To sink the English admiral and his fleet.**

**Now ev'ry gallant mind to victory does aspire,**

**The bloody fight's begun, the sea is all on fire !**

**And mighty fate stood looking on,**

**Whilst the flood all with blood**

**Fills the scuppers of the rising sun.**

**Sa'phur, smoke, and fire, disturbing the air,**

**With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic shore !**

**Their regulated bands stood trembling near**

**To see their lofty streamers now no more !**

**At six o'clock the red the smiling victors led**

**To give the second blow — the total overthrow.**

**Now death and horror equal reign !**

**Now they cry, Run or die !**

**British colours ride the vanquish'd main !**

**See, they fly, amaz'd, o'er rocks and sands !**

**One danger they grasp to shun a greater fate :**

**In vain they cry'd for aid to weeping lands,**

**The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate.**

**For evermore adieu, thou ever-gazzling Sun !**

**From thy untimely end thy master's fate began !**

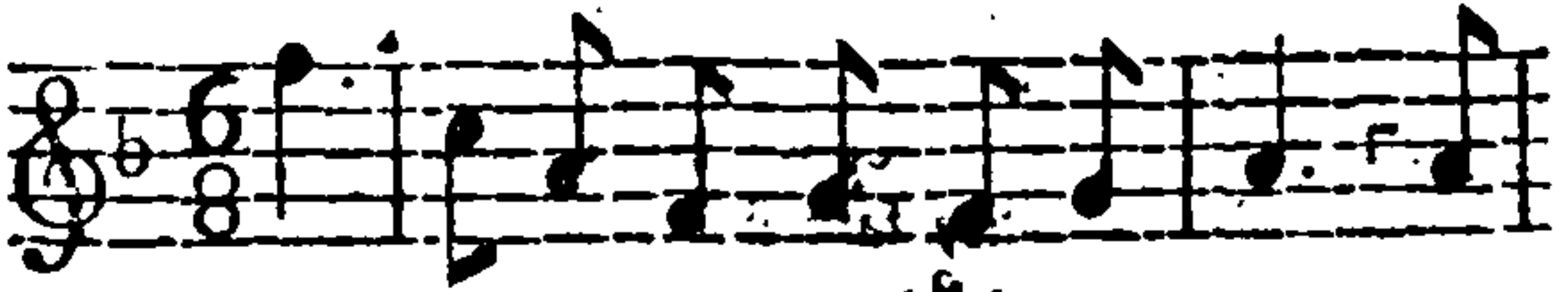
**Enough, thou mighty god of war !**

**Now we sing, Bless the king,**

**Let us drink to ev'ry English tar !**

*Ye frolicsome sparks of the game, &c.*

MODERATO.



Ye frolicsome sparks of the game, Ye



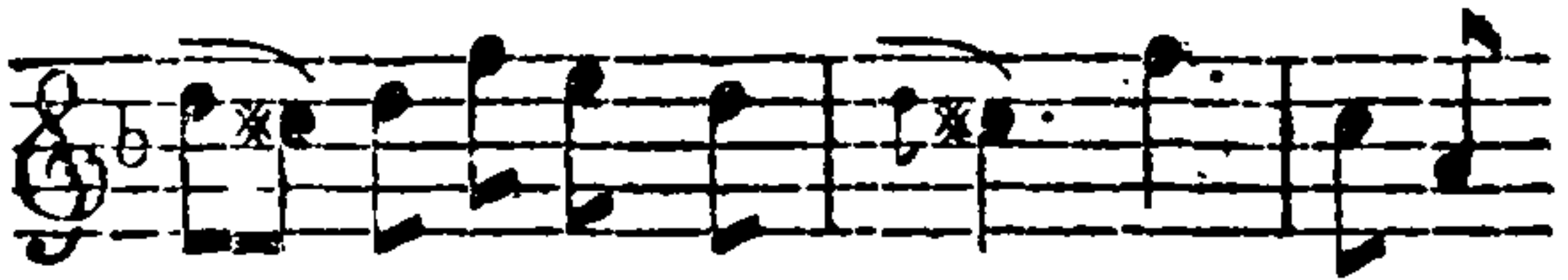
misers, both wretched and old, Come listen to



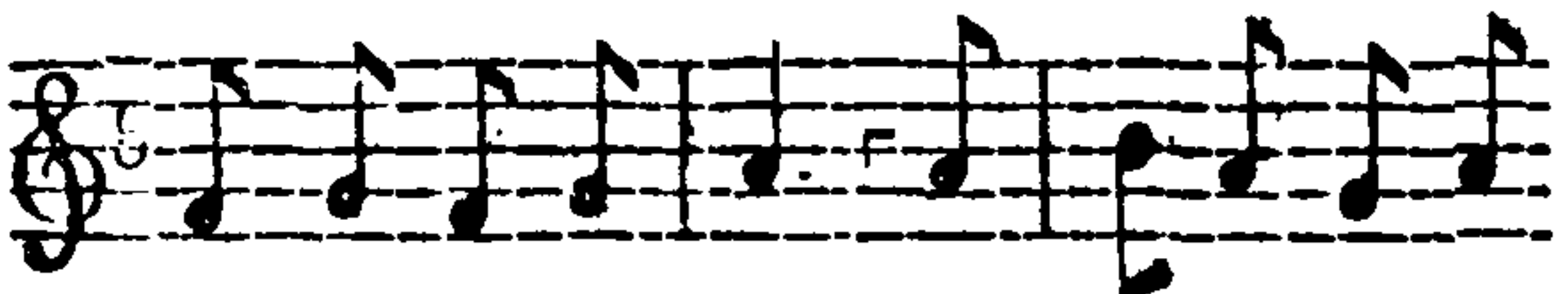
Billy by name, Who once had his hat full of



gold, With seven score acres of land, And



corn and cattle great store: Though now I

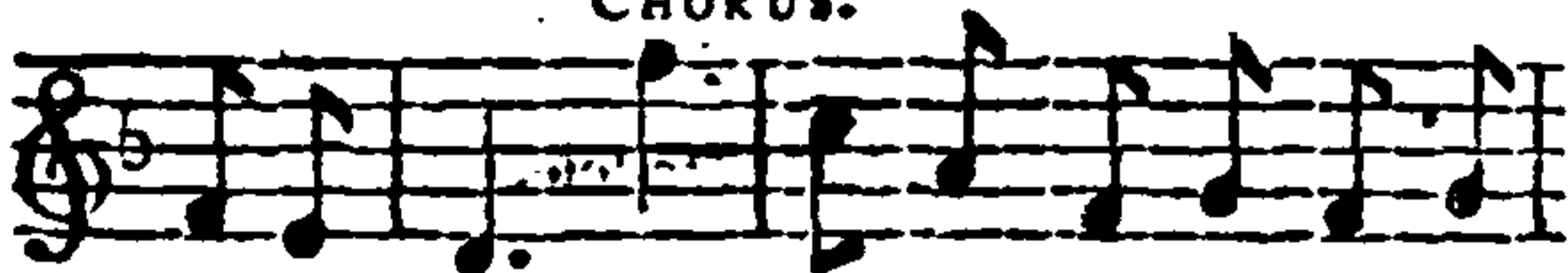


have none at command Yet still I'm as gay

A a 3

as

## CHORUS.



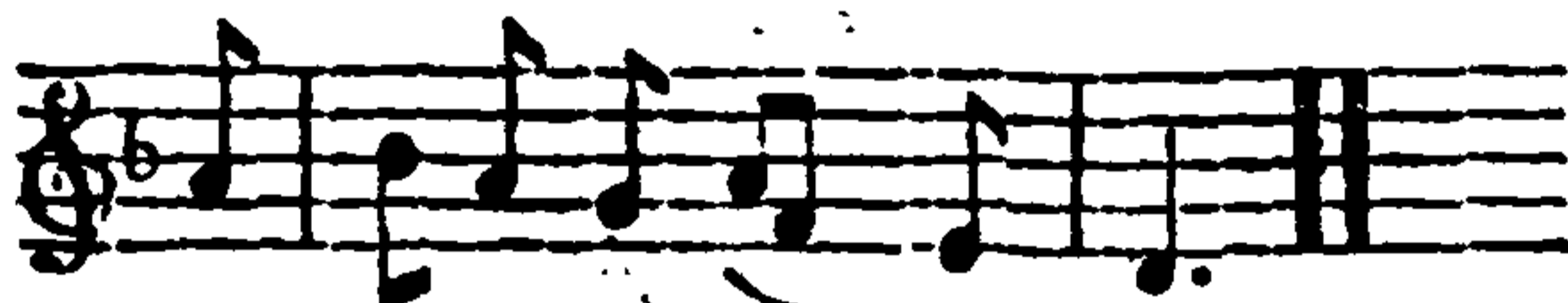
as before. Then why should we quarrel for



riches, Or any such glittering toys!



A light heart and a thin pair of breeches



Go through the world, brave boys!

My father was cloathed in leather,  
 My mother in sheep's russet grey;  
 They labour'd in all sorts of weather,  
 That I might go gallant and gay.  
 My rapier, hat mounted with feather,  
 A heart too as light as a cork!  
 What my old dad had rak'd up together  
 I spread all abroad with my fork.  
**CHORUS.** Then why, &c.

The merchant, who trades on the seas  
 For riches, you very well know  
 Can never be much at his ease  
 When blustering tempests do blow:

His

His happiness can be but small  
 For fear of some terrible news;  
 But he that has nothing at all  
 Hath little or nothing to lose.

CHORUS. Then why, &c.

Should they make me a justice of peace,  
 An alderman, sheriff, or may'r,  
 With riches my cares would increase  
 And drive me quite into despair:  
 I love to be jovial and free,  
 And quite unconcern'd in the state;  
 My mind is a kingdom to me;  
 There's danger in being too great.

CHORUS. Then why, &c.

My fortune is pretty well spent,  
 My lands, my cattle, and corn,  
 Yet I am as full of content  
 As e'er I was since I was born.  
 I ne'er will be troubled with wealth,  
 My pockets are drain'd very dry;  
 I walk where I please for my health,  
 And never fear robbing, nor I.

CHORUS. Then why, &c.

Some say that old Care kill'd the cat,  
 And starv'd her for fear she should die;  
 But I will be wiser than that,  
 For the devil a care I'll come nigh,  
 But to toss off the jolly full bowl,  
 To drive away sorrow and strife.  
 Here's a health to that honest brave soul  
 Who never took care in his life.

CHORUS. Then why, &c.

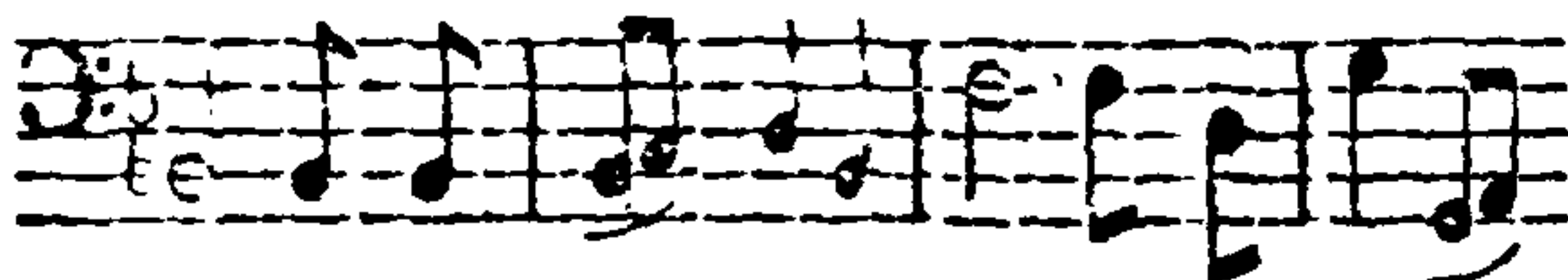
*Had Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea, &c.*



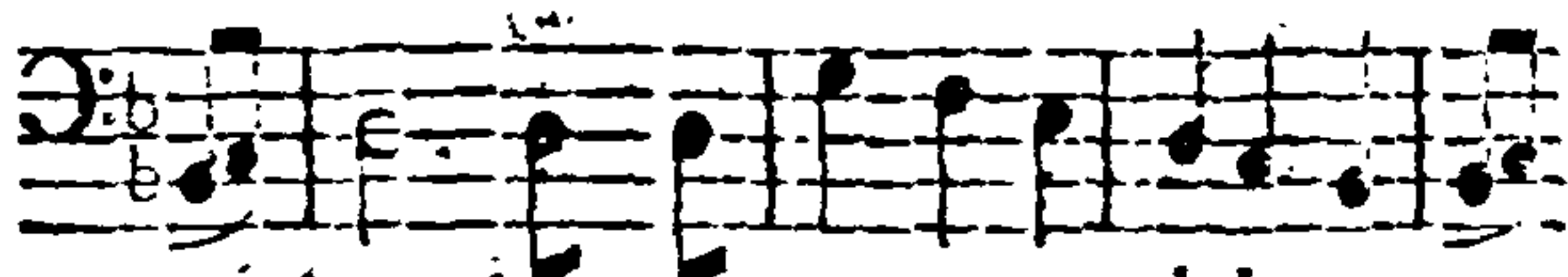
Had Neptune, when first he took charge of the



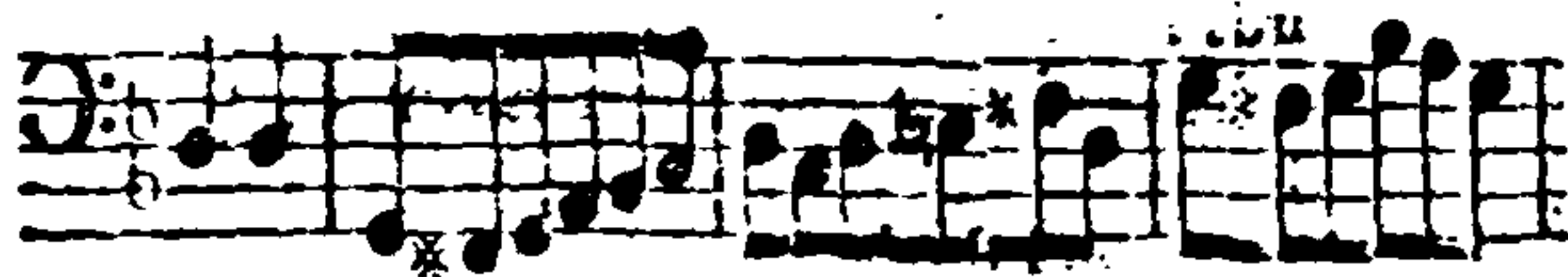
sea, Been as wise, or at least been as merry, as



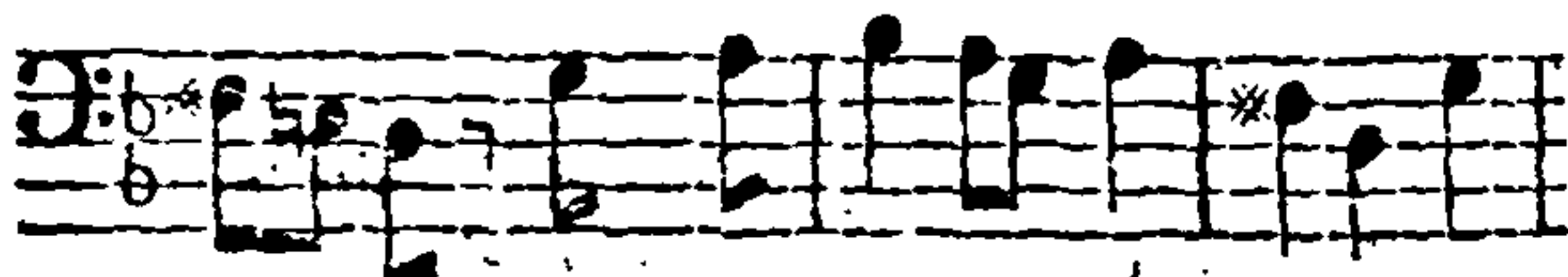
we, He'd have thought better on't, and, instead of



the time, Would have fill'd the vast ocean with ge-



nerous wi-



ne, Would have fill'd the vast ocean with

ge-



generous wine.

What trafficking then would have been on the main !  
 For the sake of good liquor as well as for gain :  
 No fear then of tempest or danger of sinking ;  
 The fishes ne'er drown that are always a-drinking :

The hot thirsty Sun would drive with more haste,  
 Secure in the ev'ning of such a repast ;  
 And, when he'd got tipsey, would have taken his nap  
 With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,  
 Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine !  
 What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high  
 To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.

How happy we mortals when blest with such rain !  
 To fill all our vessels, and fill 'em again !  
 Nay even the beggar, that has ne'er a dish,  
 Might jump in the river and drink like a fish !

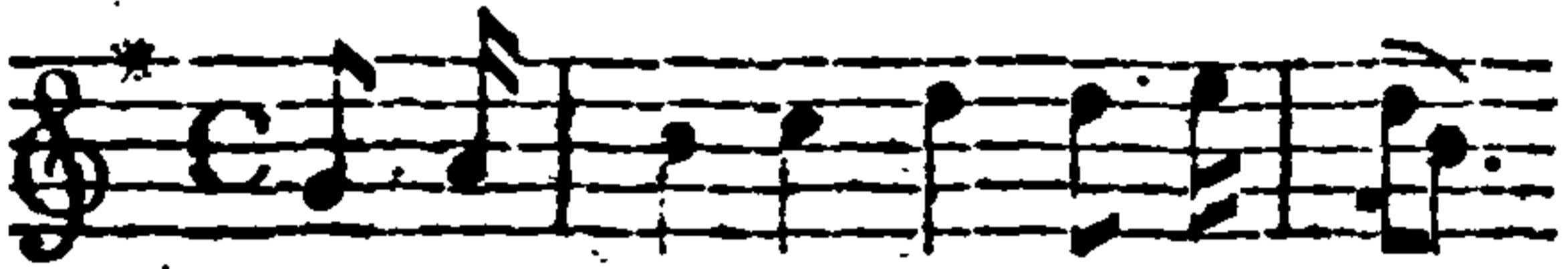
What mirth and contentment on ev'ry one's brow !  
 Hob as great as a prince dancing after his plough !  
 The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,  
 Although they but sip, would eternally sing !

The stars, who I think don't to drinking incline,  
 Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine,  
 And, merrily twinkling, would soon let us know  
 That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the case, what had we enjoy'd !  
 Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd !  
 A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,  
 To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour !

*On a primrose bank, by a murmuring stream, &c.*

ANDANTE.



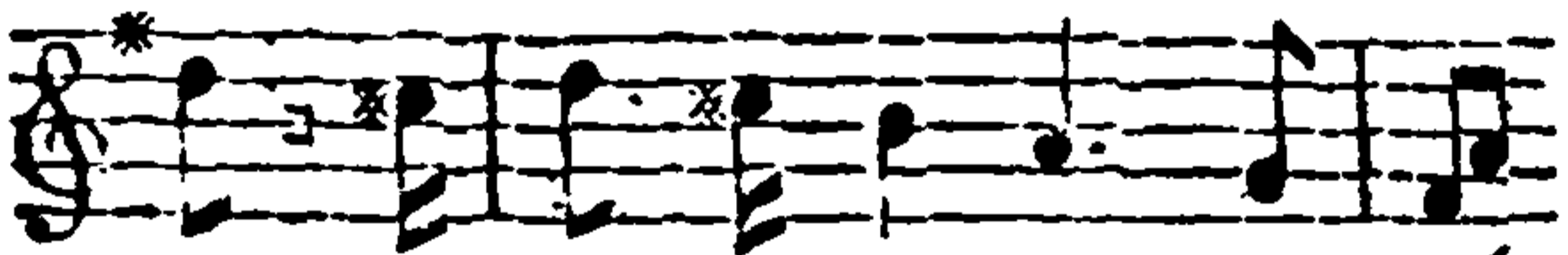
On a primrose bank, by a mur-



m'ring stream, Pas---to---ra sat fingering, and



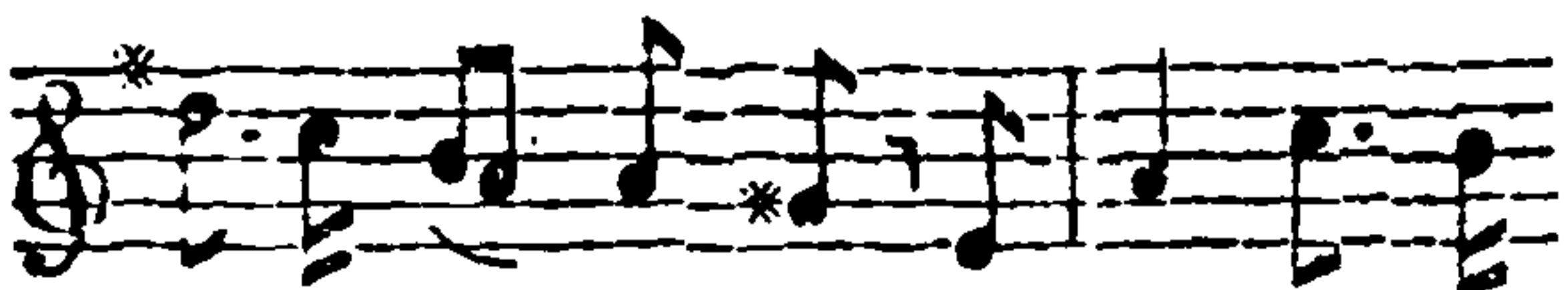
I was her theme! Whilst charm'd with her beau-



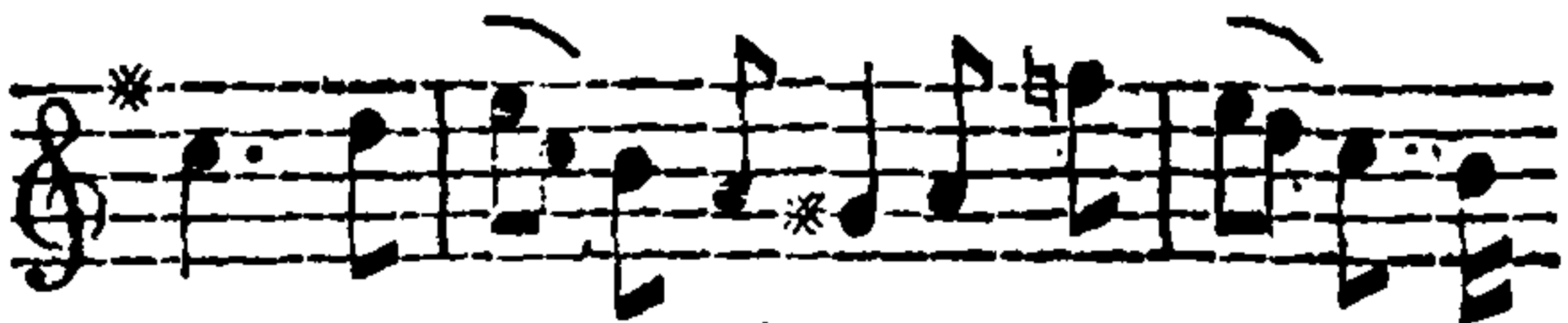
ty, behind a green bush, I lis-



ten'd to hear her sweet tale with a blush. " Of



" all the young shepherds, that pipe on the  
" reed,



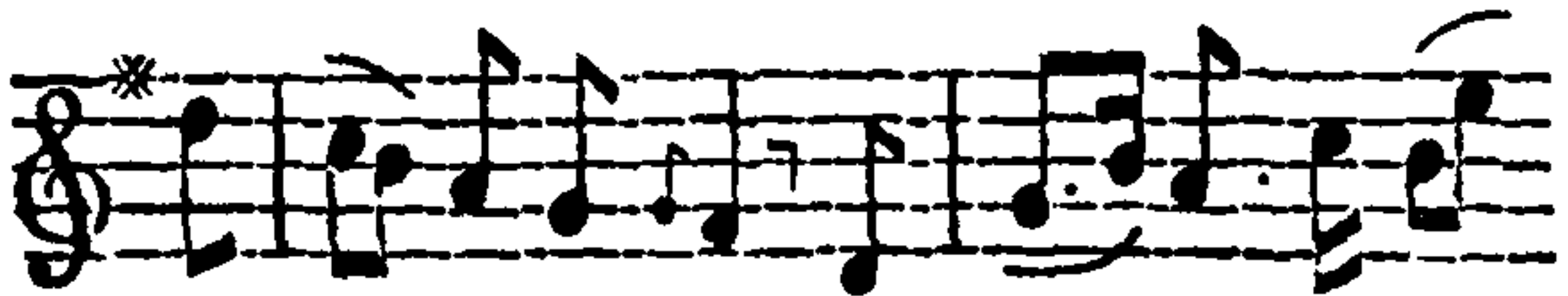
“ reed, 'Tis Damon alone I can fancy in-



“ deed : I tell him I value him



“ not of a rush, Yet surely I love him,



“ or why do I blush ? Yet sure-ly I love



“ him, or why do I blush ?

“ When I went to the grove, at the top of a hill,  
 “ (It was the last May, I remember it still,)  
 “ He brought me a nest of young linnets quite flush,  
 “ And I the kind present receiv'd with a blush.  
 “ Whenever he meets me he'll simper and smile ;  
 “ I seem as I did not observe him the while.  
 “ He offer'd to kiss me, I gave him a push ; —  
 “ Why can't you be easy ? I cry'd, with a blush.



“ One Sunday he came to intreat me to walk ;  
 “ ’Twas down in a meadow ; of love was our talk :  
 “ He call’d me his dearest :—Now pray, Damon, hush,  
 “ There’s somebody coming, — I cry’d, with a blush.  
 “ My mother she chides when I mention the swain,  
 “ Forbids me to go to the meadow again ;  
 “ But sure, for his sake, I will venture a brush,  
 “ For love him I do ! I confess with a blush.”

Thus warbled the fair, and my heart leapt for joy,  
 Though little she thought that her Damon was nigh ;  
 But, chancing to spy me behind a green bush,  
 She ended her song, and arose with a blush.

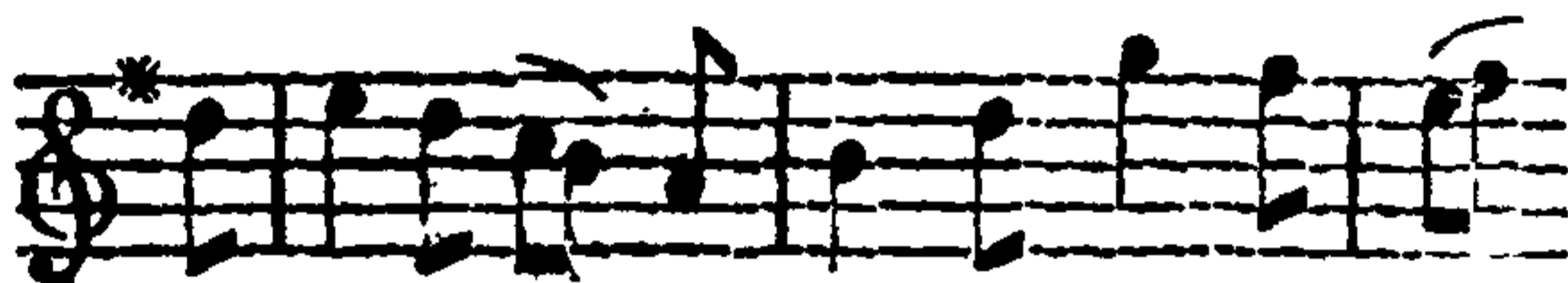
*N. B. This last verse must be sung twice over.*

*Come,*

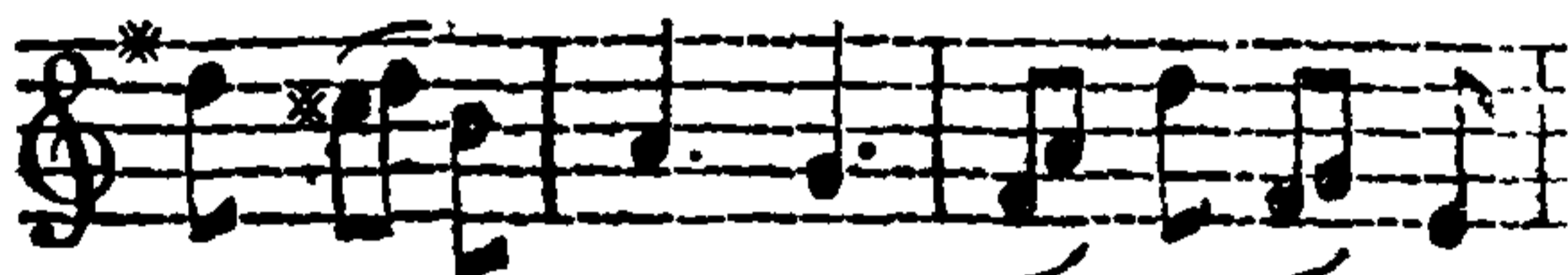
*Come, listen, all, and you shall hear, &c.*



Come, listen, all, and you shall hear Of all



the beauties that appear, And move on fa-



shion's motley sphere, The fat, the lean, the



boney; The boast, the glory, of the



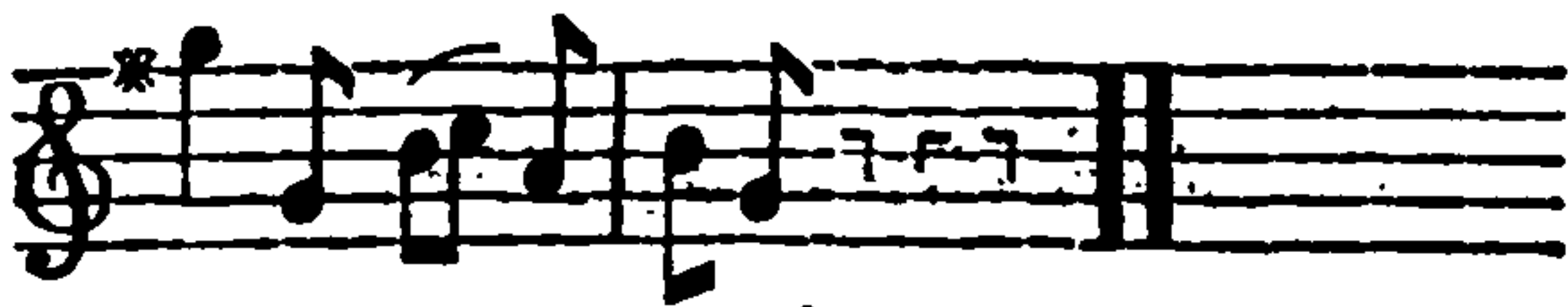
age! How young and old can now engage;



Each master, miss, and parent sage, Is

B b

now



now a ma--ca--ro--ni.

Each tries the other to outvie,  
 With foretops mounting to the sky;  
 And some you oft with tails may spy  
     As thick as any poney:  
 Infipid gait, affected sneer,  
 With side-curls high above the ear,  
 That each may more the a/s appear,  
     Or shew the macaroni.

Each doctor's now become a prig,  
 That us'd to look so wise and big,  
 With stiffen'd shirt, and swinging wig,  
     That got him all his money:  
 They've all thrown off the grave disguise,  
 Which made each quacking owl look wise,  
 For wigs of whip, the coachman's size,  
     To shew the macaroni.

The lawyer's too become a crop,  
 Instead of tails a Tyburn top!  
 Alack-a-day, each barber's shop  
     Now looks not half so funny  
 As when the windows once were grac'd  
 With stately wigs, in rows well plac'd;  
 But these are days of wit and taste!  
     Huzza for macaroni!

The priest did once wear rose and band,  
 With formal wig and hat in hand,  
 Sagacious phyz that might demand  
     A scrape from any Toney;

Behold

Behold him now all debonnair,  
 With tiny hat and tortur'd hair!  
 And, while he prattles to the fair,  
 He shews the macaroni.

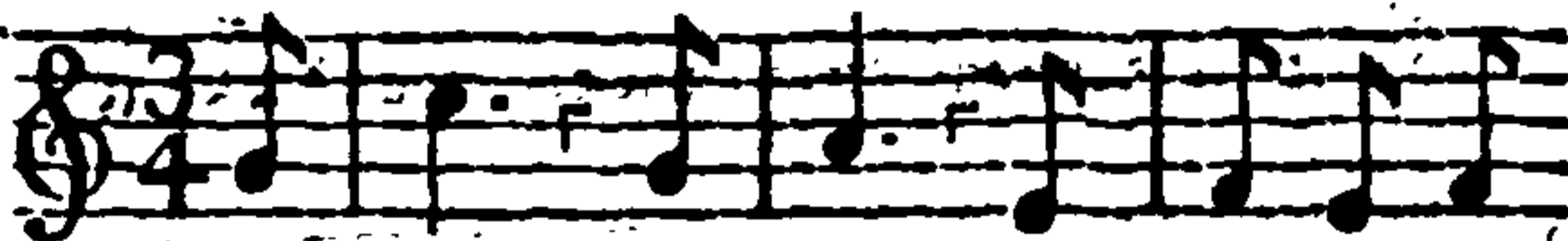
The cit, that us'd, like Jerry Sneak,  
 To dress and walk out once a week,  
 That durst not to his betters speak,  
 Is now a jolly honey;  
 Each Sneak is now a buckish blade  
 When in the park; but, talk of trade,  
 He thinks you mean him to degrade;  
 Each cit's a macaroni.

Who would not live in days like these?  
 In days of jollity and ease!  
 There's no exception to degrees,  
 My lord with John is crony;  
 Each order and profession claim  
 An equal right and equal fame,  
 For nothing's equal to the name  
 Of modern macaroni.

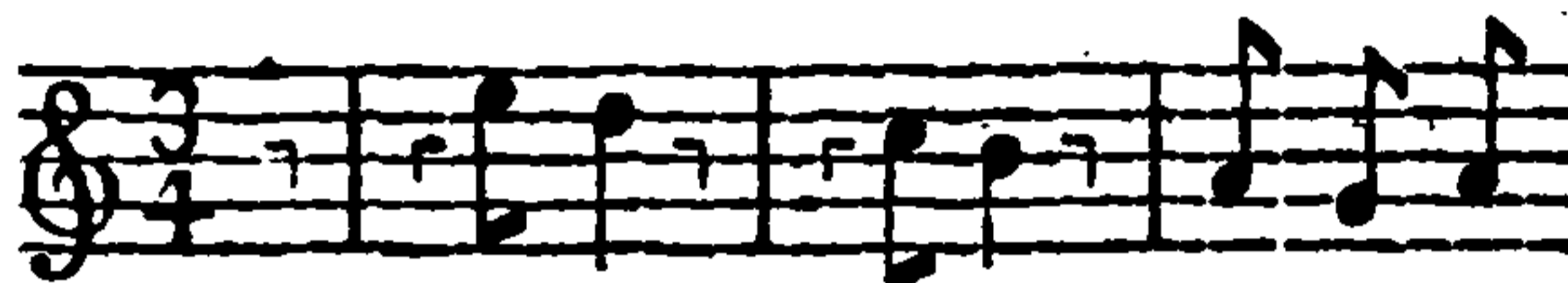
*Sir, you are a comical fellow! &c.*

**A CATCH, for three Voices.**

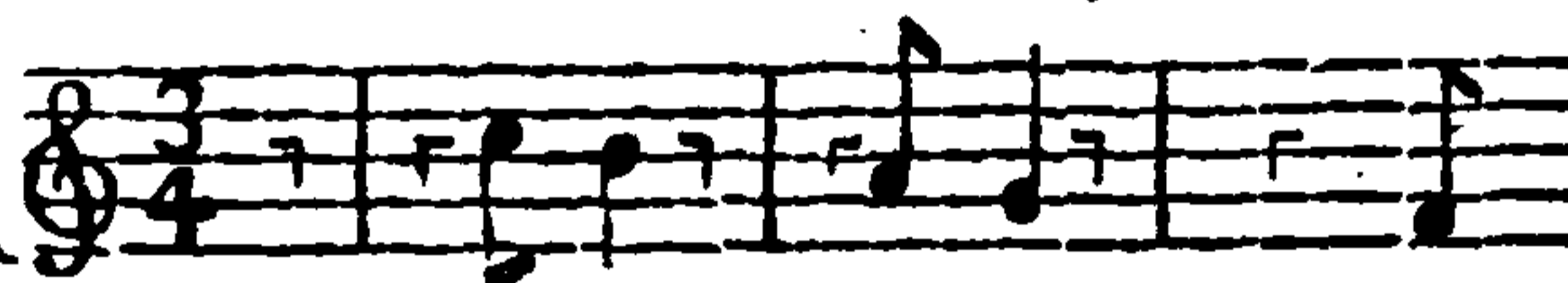
**ALLEGRO.**



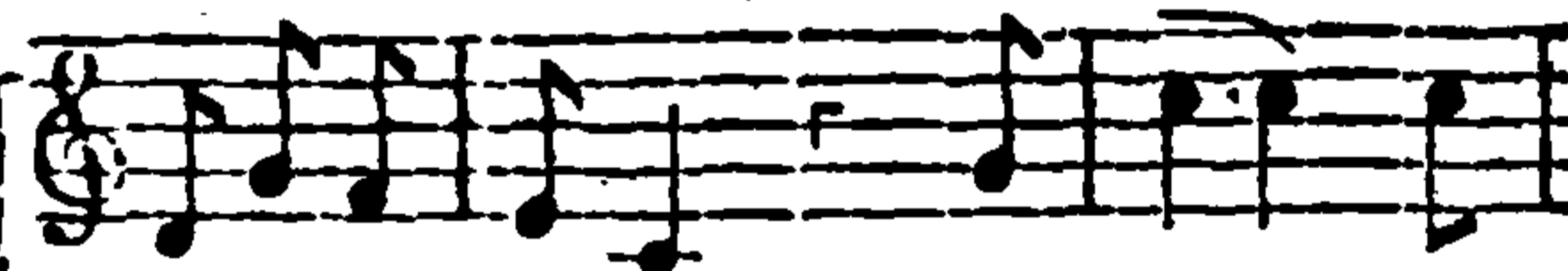
Sir, you, fir, you, fir, you are a



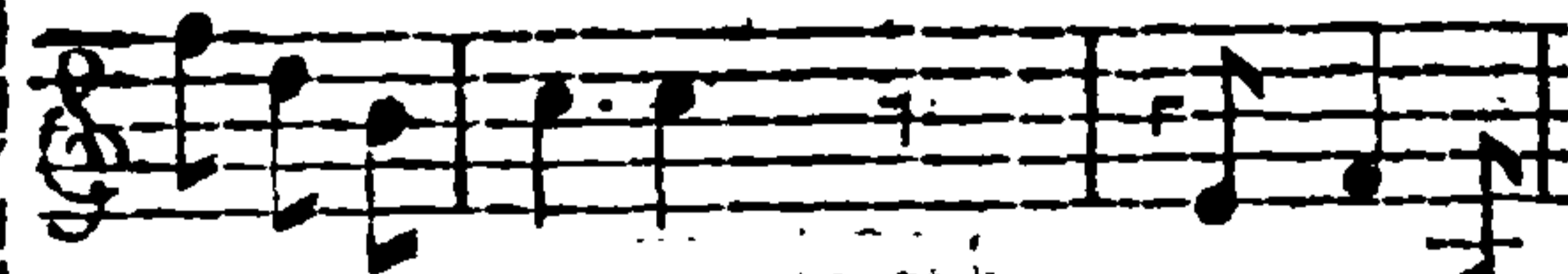
Nay you, nay you, you are a



What I! what I! am



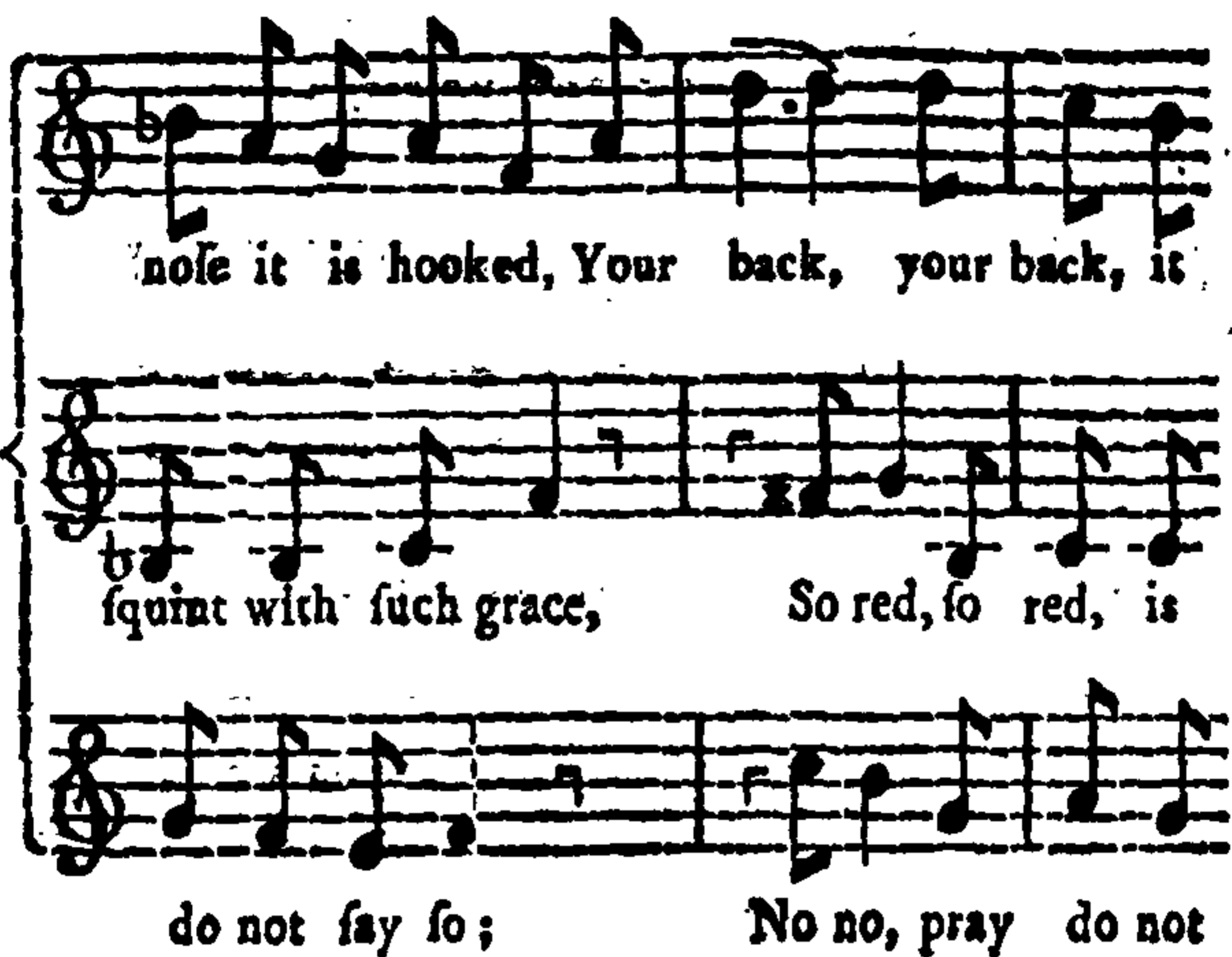
comical fellow! Your nose, your



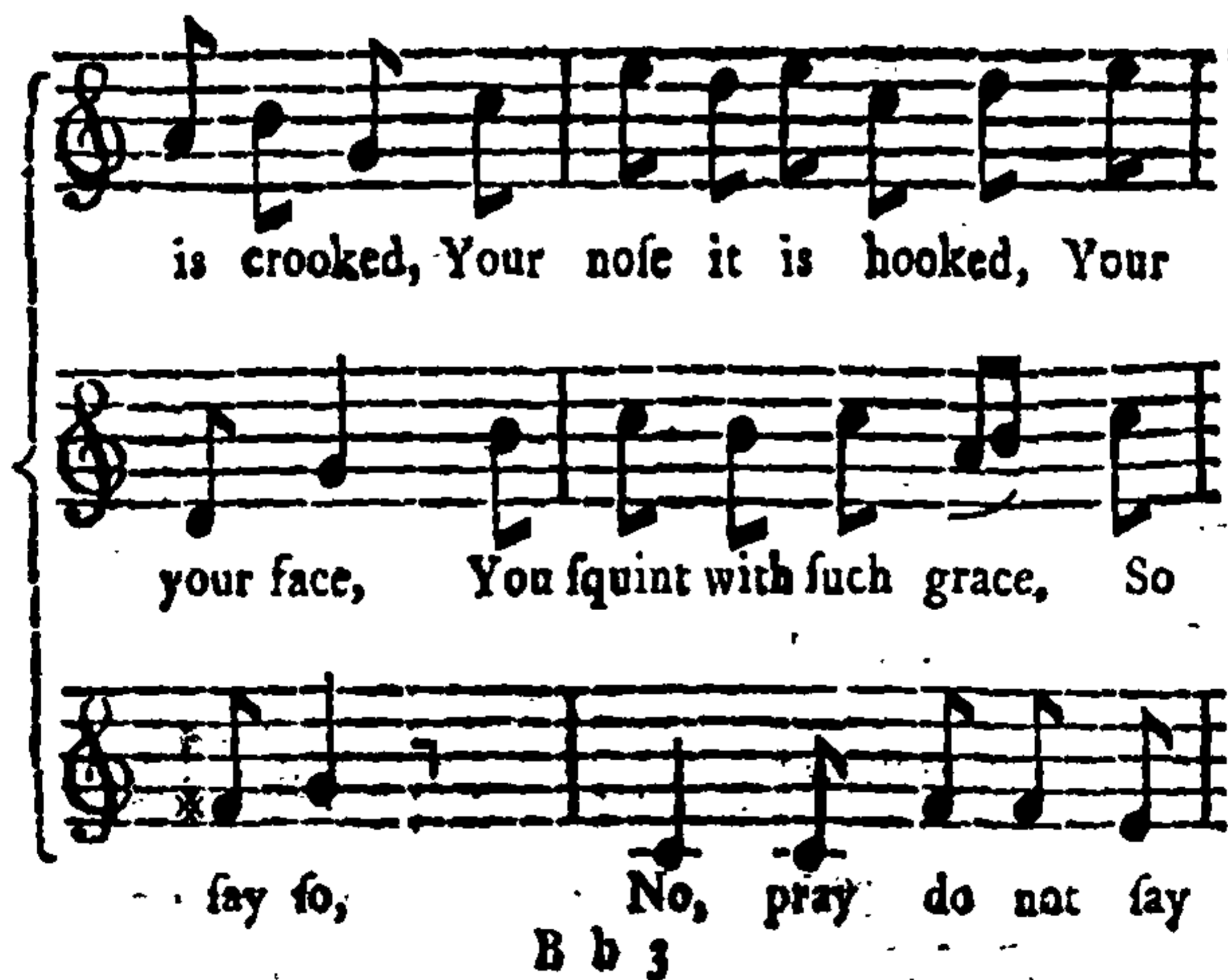
comical fellow! You squint, you



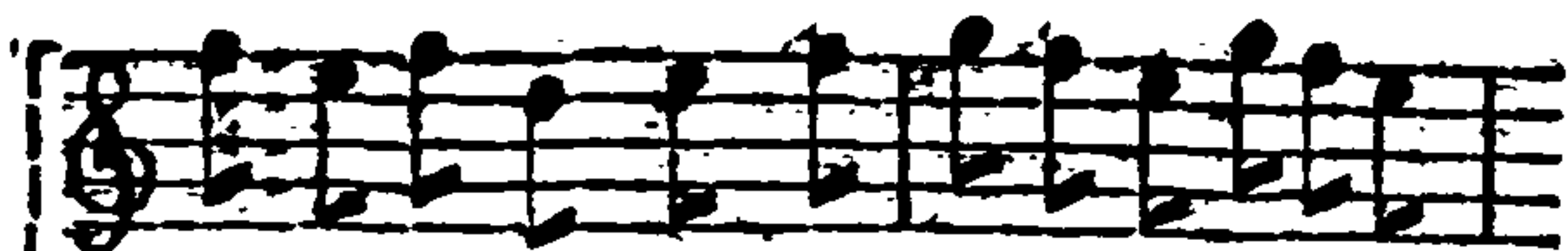
I a comical fellow? No no, pray



nose it is hooked, Your back, your back, it  
squint with such grace, So red, fo red, is  
do not say so; No no, pray do not



is crooked, Your nose it is hooked, Your  
your face, You squint with such grace, So  
say so, No, pray do not say  
B b 3



back it is crooked, And you are a comical



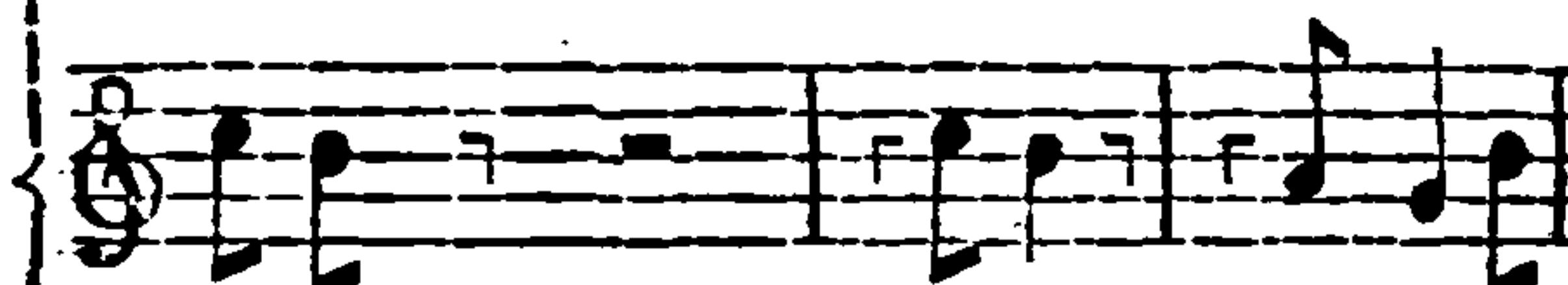
red is your face, 'Tis you are a comical



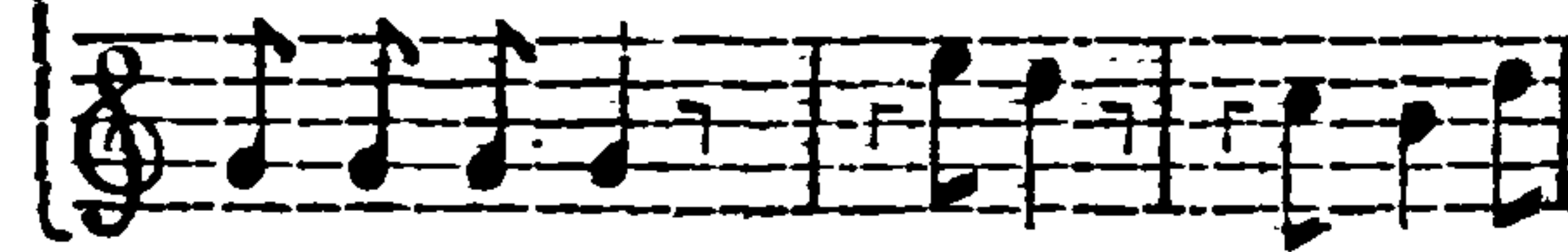
fo, pray do not say fo; No,



fellow! What I? No you, Yes



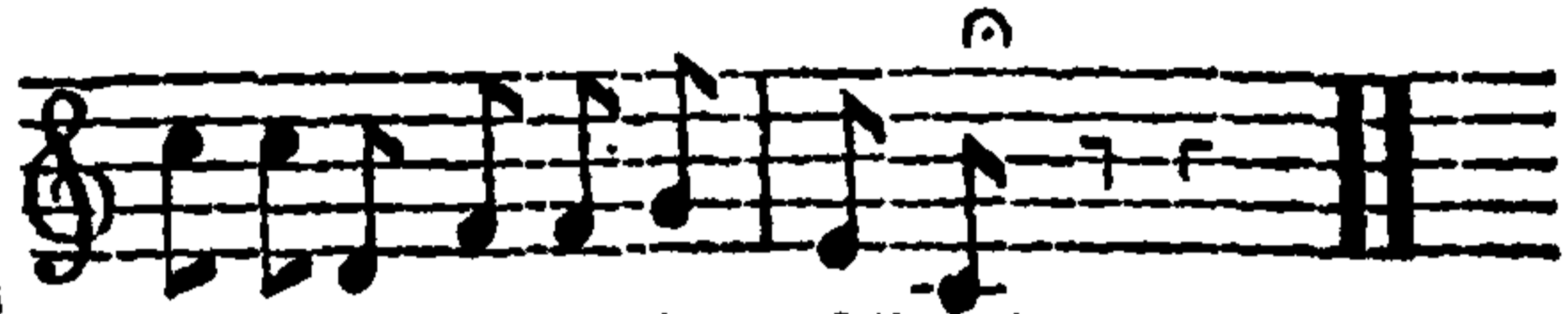
fellow! Yes you, 'tis you, 'tis



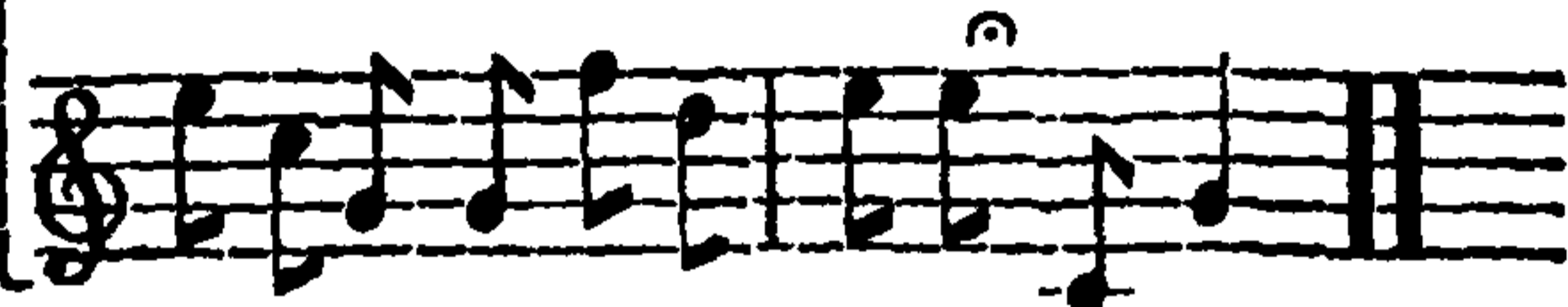
pray say not fo, No no, no no, I'm



you are a comical fellow!



you are the comical fellow!



sure I'm no comical fellow! what I?

**T H E E N D .**