



G. A. Daltin:

PEGGY.

B. Cole sculp!

A New Song by C. Shaw.

What tho' the Bloom of Spring be gone, And Na. ture feels de. cay'd, Tho'

Win. ter now his Garb puts on, he casts a Bloom on Day; the Win. ter now his Garb puts

on: And casts a bloom on Day.

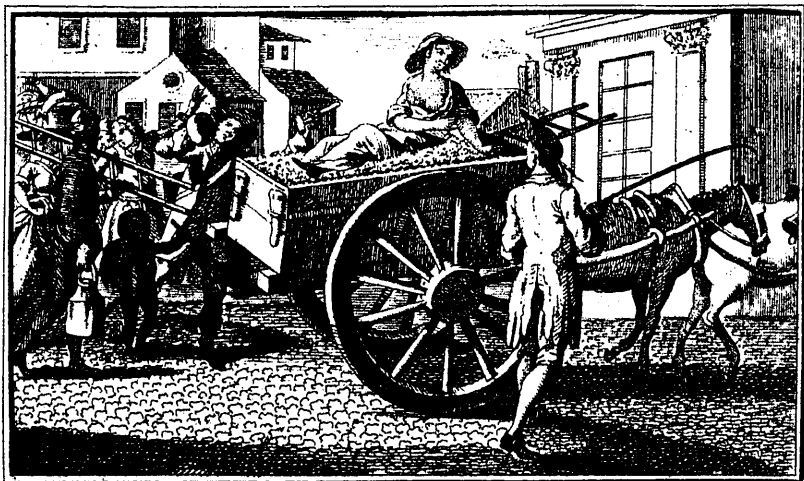
This silent stands the la. zy Hill, and meets the dyl van Throng;

Yet Peg. gy's charms un. ja. ding still, shall flow. rich in my
 Song. Yet Peg. gy's Charms un. ja. ding still, shall flow. rich
 in my Song.

2
 Tho' now no more on Sunny Plains,
 The Shepherd tends his Care;
 And each in emulating Strains,
 Forgets to praise his Pair;
 Tho' un-frequented every Shade,
 That catch'd the Vernal Breeze;
 Yet Peggy's Smiles, enchanting Maid!
 Can charm me more than these.

3
 When Spring in varied Beauties drest,
 Does all it's Sweets disclose;
 Compare the Lilly to her Breast;
 Or to her Lips the Rose;
 Her Breast the Lilly's white outvie,
 Tho' whitest of the Vale;
 And to her Lips in Damon's Eye,
 The reddest Rose how pale!

4
 No more shall Flow'rs bedeck the Meads,
 Or Birds frequent the Spray;
 Or Larks forsake their dewy Beds,
 To hail the dawning Day;
 No more on yonder Mountain's Drive,
 Shall bleating Lambskins rove;
 And she no more be fair or true,
 When I forget to love.



Thomas Hart **The Dust Cart, a favourite CANTATA.** *J. B. Collier*

Sung in the Old Woman's Oratory at the New Theatre in St. Mary Market.

Recit.
As tinkering Tom thro' streets his Trade did ope, he saw his lovely Silvia passing by.

Dust Cart high advanced & Nymph was plac'd with rich Cinders round her lovely Waist.

Tom with uplifted Hands thro' passion burst & thus in soothing Strains of Maid address'd.

Aria
Oh Silvia!

While you drive your carts to pick up Dust, you steal our Hearts; you take our Dust, & steal our Hearts of

mine is gone alas! to live, & dwell a-mong the Dust - will you & dwell a-mong the

Dust with you Oh lovely Silvia give me the Heart you stole, & give me my

Heart out of your Cart; give me the Heart you stole, & gain.

Silvia *advent' above the Rabble rout Exulting roll'd her*

sparkling Eyes about She heard her swelling Breast as black as Sloe & look'd disdain on

little folks below; to Tom she nod'd as if to draw on & then resolv'd to speak she said stop, stop

Air *Con Spirito*
Shall I who ride above the rest be by a faulty

crowd oppress'd; Ambition now my soul does fire, if Wealth shall honourish & admire, dead ex-er-

girl with anxious Heart shall long to ride long to ride long to ride in my Dust Cart &

every girl with anxious Heart shall long to ride in my Dust Cart: shall long to ride in

my Dust Cart.



B. Cole sculp

Mutual Love.

How few amongst the Thousand pairs, by wedlock doom'd to
 constant cares, are fit the yoke to bear, Are fit the yoke to bear:
 The husband claims his sovereign right; the wife runs counter out of spite, And
 does her vows for swear, And does her vows for swear.

But some there are, whom mutual love,
 Does prompt with free consent to move,
 To submit to their fate.

Thrice happy is that prudent he,
 Thrice happy is that prudent she,
 Bless'd with so kind a mate.

Should I and Celis' over joy,
 I would be hers, and she'd be mine,
 For we two would be one.

For &c.
 Complying with each others will,
 Of generous love would take our fill,
 Our joys should ne'er be done. Our &c.

Flute



Love for Love, by J. T. B. Cole sculp.

Sym

Sue re... nat' Bel...inda to grant you the

Blessing As you courted Danae or vainly your a...dressing, For Love she as-

...serts, all that's generous Inspires And therefore rich Presents, as To...kens re quire.

Such suitors as nothing but Aridows are boasting, | They give me y' Nymp, not ungrateful to wooing,
 Will ne'er reach Elysium, but ever be coasting, | Who love pays with love & cares for with Coeing,
 like pennylet's Ghosts deny'd Passage by Charon, | By whom a true Heart is accepted as Starling,
 like him (without Fee) unrelenting y' fair one, | And Cupid alone makes her lover her Darling.



B. Cole sculp.

The Rose

Moderato

Sym.

Happy, blow to her Hand, from Earth to her a rise, from Earth to her a rise.

There in the Sun of Beauty stand, To blow beneath her Eyes, To blow be-

neath her Eyes.

*As the fond Wind her Bosom greets,
Falls gently on her Breast,
There sits with Envy midst those sweets,
That rob'd me first of rest.*

*We gone and every sweet display,
Nor so much pleasure miss,
Each moment that from her gets stray,
You lose an Age of Blyss.*

For the Flute



B. Cole sculp

Advice to Cloe.

See Cloe how the new blown Rose, Blooms like thy beauteous

Fate, Youth does its ripning Charms disclose, And perfects ev'ry Grace;

It's Virgin sweets perfume the Air, And thence its Pile decays; so

will it be, with thee my Fair, When past thy Youthful Days.

No April can revive thy Charms,	Then Cloe, let my Passion move,
No Sun can light thine Eyes;	Thy Pity for my Pain,
Soft Love will leave thy Irony Arms,	Obej the Voice of gentle Love,
When Age begins to riel;	Love and belov'd again.

For the German Flute.



B. Cole Jo.

The Despairing Lover.

Slow *Sy*

Chloe's frowns I read my Fate, Her Eyes do bid despair;

Each Action shows her rook'd hate, O pain too great to

bear, Oh pain too great to bear.

When I'm Tears fall at thine feet,
 Shall not one look afford;
 Nor all the Torments I repeat
 Can gain one tender word,
 Since Chloe's Loves, alas I know
 It is in vain to crave:

Her Bly may one Word bestow,
 And dying Damsel save
 Ye Lovens happy with the Fair,
 Oh teach me all your Art;
 That I to Joy may change my Care
 And gain my Chloe's Heart.



B. Cole sculp.

Love & Freedom.

Sung at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane.

Moderato *Sr* *Pianissimo* *Moderato* *Freedom is a*

real treasure, love a dream all false and vain. Love a dream all false and vain:

Short uncertain is the measure, sure and lasting is the pain, sure and

last:....ing is the pain.

Sr *R*

A Sincere and tender Passion
 Some ill Planet over rules;
 Ah! how blind is inclination,
 Taste and Women doat on Fools.



B. (Ed. Soule)

The GEAR and the BRAGRIE o't
 Sung by M^r. Lauder at the New Theatre in the Hay Market

Brisk. Syn.

Shame light on this Worlds Pelf, when I see how little o't I've got to my self, I'm

nae when I look on my thread bare Coat, O Shame fa' the Gear and the

Bragrie o't.

For Jenny was the Lass that muckled the Byre,
 But now she is clad in her Silken attire,
 And Jenny was y' Lads that wore the Plaidon Coat,
 O shame fa' the Gear and the Bragrie o't.

And Jock was y' Ladie, that gade at the Plough,
 Tho' now he's gotten Gow'd and Gear enough,
 But I have seen y' Day when he was not worth a Groat,
 O Shame fa' the Gear and the Bragrie o't.

But all this shall never Dauntin me
 As long as I keep my fancy free
 As long as I have a Penny to pay for my Pot
 May the Deil take the Gear, and the Bragrie o't.



D. Colver sculp.

SPRING
within the Compass of the German Flute.

Thou calm-ranjd spring, whose bloom-ing face, leads on the year renew'd, thou

or-nament, thou brightest grace, of times ex-tant re-vierv'd. Thy ver-dure

doth each mead-ow dock; by thee each span-gled bed of vi-o-let and

daisies flush, by con-stant care are fed, by con-stant care are fed.

To thee their snowy blossoms owe,
 Each future fruitful tree;
 The birds that charm, their notes do show,
 Tuneful in joy for thee.

Thus every nymph, & faithful swain,
 With earnest wish desires
 Th' inhabitant of mount and plain,
 And vail all thee admire.



The NUN

B. Cole comp.

Sung by Miss Stevenson at Vaux Hall.

Præsto

... Sure a loss in her Bloom at the Age of Nine...

... then Was ne'er so distress'd as of late I have been I know not I won't any

harm I have done But my Mother oft tells me she'll have me a Nun but my Mother oft tells me she'll

have me a Nun I know not I won't any harm I have done but my Mother oft tells me she'll

have me a Nun but my Mother oft tells me she'll have me a Nun.

Don't you think it a pity a Girl such as I,
Should be sentenc'd to pray, & to fast & to Cry,
With way so devout I'm not like to be won,
And my Heart it loves frolic too well for a Nun.

To hear the Nun flatter, and promise and swear,
To a thousand times better, to me I declare
I can keep my self chaste nor by nylow be undone
Nay besides I'm too handsome, I think for a Nun.

Not to love or be lov'd, I never can bear,
Nor yield to be sent, to one cannot tell where,
To live or to die in this case were all one,
May sooner wou'd die, then be reckon'd a Nun.

Perhaps, but to tease me, she threatens me so,
I'm shure were she me, she wou'd sturdily say no,
But if she's in earnest, I from her will run,
And be married, in spite, that I mayn't be a Nun.



B. Cole sculp.

A Loyal Song

The Words by M. H. Rhodes.

Vivace

Now'd Europe: now is up in Arms,

Bellona spreads her dire alarms,

The Trump of Fame with Martial

Sound, Th'admiring World reaches round, And England's King in Dread, array'd strikes Neighbour^g Monarchs,

Neighbouring Monarchs, strikes Neighbouring Monarchs n^o Dijonay.

2
He has the Sword already wield,
And Dy'd with Blood the Waring Field,
From Iron Mouths grim Death has roll'd,
And mimic Thunder frights the World,
Whole Armies now for fight prepare,
And Kings Invoke the Gods of War.

3
Brittania once rose high in Fame,
No state but dreaded Brittain's Name,
As far as is the furthest Shore,
Allons, Lions been heard to roar,
France does England now deride,
Rouse up and crush the Gallic Pride.

4
Send flying Death on rapt in Lead,
Your Chain and shot with double head,
From Bellowing Lungs thro' Lethal Or,
Destroy her Coast, her Monarch scare,
Assert your Rights home Victors bring,
And save your country and your King.



The Mighty Bowl.

B. Cole sculp.

spirited

Fill me a
Bowl, a mighty Bowl, large as my ca-pacious Soul

Fill me a Bowl a
mighty Bowl, large as my ca-pacious Soul, vast as my thirst is let it have depth enough to be my gra-
ve I mean the grave of all my care for I design to bury't there

Let it of silver fashion be, worthy of thine worthy of me
worthy to adorn y^e spheres worthy to adorn y^e spheres, as that bright Cup as y^e bright
Cup amongst y^e Stars Fill me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl, large as my ca-pacious Soul?



B. Cole sculp.

S. ALLY

Sing at the Gardens

Affettuoso

Not Semele's attracting Love, In th' Uru Shom's embraced by Love, Cou'd

Yield more savour of Delight Than to my Heart did the first Sight of

Dear Cluspitous Blooming Sally, Sweet as Lillias of the Valley Dear Cluspitous

Blooming Sally, sweet as Lillias of the Valley.

From Semele's Passion him may lead,
 From Semele to Ganymede;
 Long as the Solar Rays endure,
 My constant Flame shall blaze most pure,
 for dear &c.
 I live but when the Fair is near,
 And breathe but in that Atmosphere;
 When every Grace and every Sweet,
 Concentrated in my Sally meet,
 dear &c.

Her life is form'd on Wisdom's Plan,
 With caution trusts her Heart to Man;
 The Lover that with her succeeds,
 Must be the Swain whose Heart pleads,
 dear &c.
 Her Person, or her Virtues more?
 Might tempt an Angel to adore?
 Those Virtues prompt her to approve
 The softer Dialect of Love!
 dear &c.

My Guardian Genius teach me now,
 My passions lead and tell me how,
 I to her Arms approach'd may fly,
 Or agonizing, shall die,
 for dear &c.



The Adrice! sung at Sadlers Wells. *D. Cole comp.*

Allro Moderato

Sy *6* *6* *6* *7* *7* *3* *6* *6* *6* *6*

Wach me! Chloe *how to prove my Bonded*

Flame in... ce... re *6* *6* *7* *7* *3* *6*

tell how Dear *I* *Love and hard to* *hide my Care*

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

*Sleep in Vain displays her Charms,
To bribe my Soul to Rest,
Vainly Spreads her Silken Arms,
And Courts me to her Breast.
Where can Strephon find repose,
If Chloe is not there?*

|| *For th no peace his Bosom knows,
When Absent from the Fair,
What the Phœbus from on high,
Holds his Cheerful Ray;
Thine Eyes can well his light supply,
And give me more than Day.*



Stephon & Molly.

© B. Cole sculp.

Young Stephon he went t'other Day to the Wake, for some Fuckle my Buff and a

Gingerbread Cake But Oh he was joyous, and bobbish, and jolly, when on the Gay

Green he discover'd his Molly, Oh he was joyous, and bobbish, und jolly, when on the gay

Green he discover'd his Molly.

²
Briak Molly come tripping along y' gay green,
As fine as a Horse, or a Gingerbread Queen,
Young Stephon went to her, & made a low Bow;
And he look'd it, if so be, as he couldn't tell how.

³
With that they began without any Pother,
Of talking of this, and of that, and of eother,
And though she would push, & would cry let me go,
Yet he press'd her likewise, & he squeaz'd her also.

⁴
Come all ye young Youths of St. Laurence's Parish,
Who love ev'ry thing that is finick and rarish,
Be joyous, and buxom, and bobbish, and jolly,
Sing Molly & Stephon & Stephon & Molly.

German Flute



Natural Love

B. Cole comp.?

Vivace

Ask why the Miser hoards his Telf, Or why the

Bee extracts y^e Insects, What makes the Sick Man wish for Health, Or change of Seasons Colds &

Heats, then willing ly I'll try to Prove my Charming DELIA why I

Love!

Why upwards does the Flame aspire,
 Why to the Needle tend?
 Why Nature's Courage does inspire,
 Or why the good and bad does blend,
 Then willingly I'll try to prove,
 My charming DELIA why I love.

Could I but hope loves keenest Dart,
 Ne'er it ever make your Bosom burn,
 And move that icy frozen Heart,
 To mutual Passion in return?
 At once you'd see at once you'd prove,
 My charming DELIA why I love.



The Novice

B. Cole sc.

Sung by Miss Thomas at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane:

441

Andante

Confine to the House till the Age of Fifteen, nor
 Man, but *Clowns* of our Parish had seen, nor Man, but *Clowns* of our Parish had seen.

And I, silly I, still believ'd all she said, and I, silly I,
 formal old Maid, & I, silly I, still believ'd all she said, and I, silly I.

Ad Lib.^{to} or

still believ'd all she said

My Aunt in the Grave to the Town strait I flew
 And instantly fond of each Pleasure I grew, —
 The Sparks wait'd round me where ever I went,
 And I, silly I, could not guess what they meant,
 They call me a *Cuddle's* and *Sighing* declare,
 The *Toasts* of the Town are not like me so Fair,
 They vow & they kneel & my *pidy* invoke,
 And I, silly I, still believ'd all they spoke.

They tickled my *Pride* but my *Heart* still was free,
 Nor one of them all was a *Conquest* for me,
 Till young *Stephon* advanc'd & quickly he taught,
 What I, silly I, till that *Moment* had sought,
 With good *Breeding* & *Sense* his love he declar'd,
 Not like the *vain Fops* who before had appear'd,
 His *Expressions* were sweet & sprung from his *Mind*,
 And I, happy I, to my *Stephon* was *reind*.



A Loyal Song by M.^r Webb.

B. Cole sculp.

Andante

Arise brave Briton's all, to Honour's

noble call, with Pride obey, Exert your selves and fight—

maintain your Country's Right, Danger let none affright, or Force dismay.

Chorus

Exert your selves and fight, maintain your Country's Right— Dan-ger let—

Exert your selves and fight, maintain your Country's Right— Dan-ger let—

Exert your selves and fight, maintain your Country's Right, Dan-ger let—

none affright, or Force dismay.

none affright, or Force dismay.

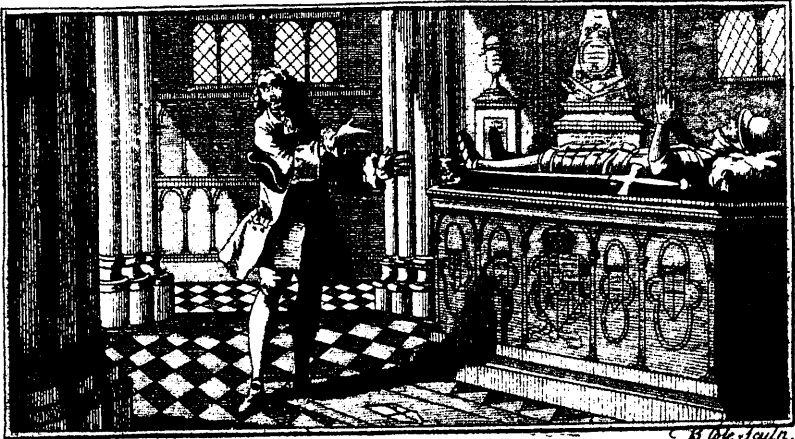
none affright, or Force dismay.

Your souls with Love inspir'd?
And just resentment fir'd,
Boldly advance;
Your Church and Property,
Your Laws and Liberty
Never let Victims be
To faithless France?

Britons renown'd for Arms,
By France's treacherous Charms
Never shall fall;
But their mean Slavery,
And their vile Knavery,
Free British Bravery
Detest ever shall.

Success will Courage crown?
Palaces ruin Pride pull down?
Then War shall cease?
And Peace shall cast a smile?
Once more on Britain's Side,
And in her fertile Soil
Trade shall increase?

Each Briton brave rejoices?
With cheerful Heart, and Voice?
And loudly sing;
Health and Prosperity,
Peace and tranquillity,
Ever attendant be
On George our King.



B. G. Sculpt.

PLATO'S ADVICE. A favourite Song.

Andante

Says Plato why should Man be vain, since bounteous Heav'n has made him great
 why looketh he with Insolent disdain, on those undeck'd with Wealth or State
 Can costly Robes, or Beds of down, and all the gems that deck the fair, can
 all the Glo...ries of a Crown give
 Health or ease the Brow of care.

2

The Scepter'd King, the Burthen'd Slave,
 The humble and the haughty dye,
 The Rich the Poor the Base the Brave,
 In Dust without distinction lie;
 Go search the Tombs where Monarchs rest,
 Who once the greatest Titles wore,
 Their wealth and glory is no more,
 And all their honours are no more.

3

So flies the Meteor thro' the skies,
 And spreads along a gilded train,
 When shot tis gone its beauty dies,
 Dissolves to common Air again;
 So tis with us my jovial Souls,
 Let friendship reign whil'st here we stay,
 Let's Crown our joys with flowing Bowls,
 When Sov' he calls we must obey.



B. Cole sculp.

Sung by M^r Beard

Within Compaſs of the German Flute

Andantino

S:

To an Arbor of Woodbine ye both ſhall be led, Soft leaves for your Pillow the Graſs for your

Bed Soft leaves for your Pillow the Graſs for your Bed: While

Warren young ſparrows chirp over your Head, all under the Greenwood Shade, all under the

Greenwood Shade.

S:

When y^e Moon with pale Luſtre juſt thro' the Grove, Our pleaſure quite harmleſs, begin with y^e Day,
 And Nightingals anſwer y^e chaſte Turtle Dove, We ever are in love, we ever are gay,
 The Maid without bluſhing ſhall claſp her true love, No Virgins diſhonour'd, no Shepherd's betray,
 All under the Greenwood Shade. All under the Greenwood Shade.

The Frowns for a while arm the Face of the Fair,
 Yet ſoon our young Lover forgets all his Care,
 For Phillis cries do not, Oh! do not deſpair,
 All under the Greenwood Shade.



FAIR DELIA.

B. Cole sculp.

Vivace

S.

Sick of the World fair Delia flew, to Contemplations rural, & at length she cry'd vain World a

dieu, Fools only study to be great; The Borch, the Pump, the Stomachs tell, the

Hops grown Roof, & Matted Floor, all these she had 'twas mighty well; but yet she

wanted something more; yet she wanted yet she wanted but yet she wanted something

more.

3

*Back to the busie World again,
She soon return'd in hopes to find,
Ease for Imaginary Pain,
Quiet of Heart, and Peace of Mind,
Gay Scenes of Grandeur ev'ry hour;
By turns her pickle Fancy fill;
The World she wou'd all within her Power,
But yet she wanted something still,
yet she wanted, &c.*

*Citius and Groves by turns were try'd,
'Twas all ye fair an Idle Tale;
Delia at length became a Bride,
A Bride to Damon of the Tale,
Behold at once the Gloom was clear'd,
Damon grew kind I can't tell how,
Each place a Paradise appear'd,
And Delia wanted nothing now,
Delia wanted, &c.*



B. Collesculp^t

The Blooming Spring

The gloomy Winter

now forbears to Glimmer on our Isle: The charming spring her Lustre wears all Nature seems to

Smile, All Nature seems to smile.

*The Meadows they are painted green,
The Sun bids forth the Day;
And Flowers adorn the pleasant Scene
All Nature Dains to play.
The purling Streams, and Christal Floods,
The murring Brooks so sweet;
The verdant walks and shady Woods,
Combine to make compleat.*

*Non Fishes wanton in the Stream,
And sportive Lambs do play,
The Clown he whistles to his Team;
All happy in the Day,
Repair ye Mortals, then repair,
To a Country life tis best,
The pleasing scenes; sweet Ambient Air,
Give Joy, and Health, and Rest.*

Flute



Sung by Mr. Beard in the Fair Quaker of Deal.
The Words by Mr. Garrick.

How little do the Landmen know of what the Sailors feel: when'll we do mount & sink

do blow, but we have Hearts of Steel: No danger can a fright us, no

E... no... my shall stout; we'll make the Hoarsefours right us, we'll; the Cann about.

Stick Stout to Orders, Resimates,
 We'll Plunder, Burn and Sink;
 Then France have at your first Rates:
 For Britons, never shrink,
 We'll rummage all we fancy,
 We'll bring them in by Scores;
 And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,
 Shall roll in Louis D'ors.

While here at Deal we're lying,
 With our noble Comodore;
 We'll spend our Wages such Boys,
 And then to Sea for more;
 In Peace we'll drink & sing Boys,
 In War we'll never fly;
 Give's a Health to George, our King & Boys,
 And the Royal Family.

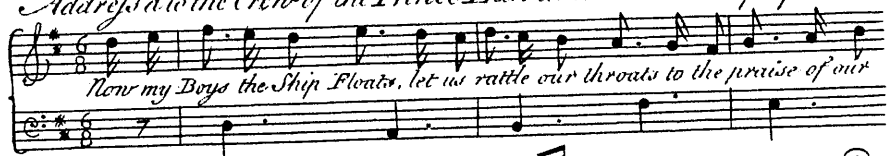
For the German Flute.



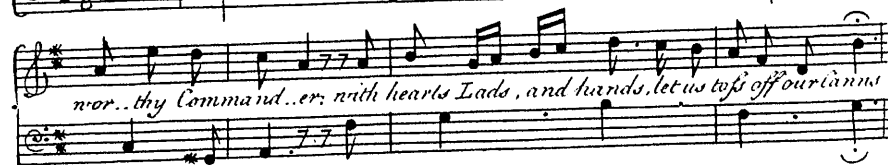
n. o'le joulp.

A New Song.

Address'd to the Crew of the Prince Edward Private Ship of War.



Now my Boys the Ship Floats, let us rattle our throats to the praise of our



nor...thy Command...er: with hearts Lads, and hands, let us toss off our canons



to the Suc...cess of Prince Edward, and to the Prince Edwards Success.

2
While our Ship remains stout,
Let us stand the last bout
To honour our British Commander,
Tho' our Fleets they may fail,
Yet we'll boldly assail
In the defence of Prince Edward &c.

3
Thus Arm'd for the deep,
Should the French dare to peep:
From their Ports, with Pride to attack us:
Those Dashurks of France
Shall be taught a new Dance
From the revenge of Prince Edward &c.

4
When our Ancestors fought,
This grand Lesson was taught,
Have your Country's Glory at Heart Boys:
May that true Martial Fire
Every Bosom inspire
That is engag'd in Prince Edward &c.

5
Remember brave Boys
That the Soul of our Souls
Depend on our Courage and Duty:
May no cowardly Name
With Malignity stain
The Noble Command of Prince Edward &c.

6
Should the Fates kind decree
Us success on the Sea,
Under Morecock our Valiant Commander:
In praises we'll sing
To Heav'n's high King,
Who has preserv'd the Prince Edward
Who has the Prince Edward preserv'd.



The British Sailors Loyal Toast. B. Cole's Soup.
Sung by M^r. Love.

Moderato con Spirito.

Can time be spent better than over good Wine, By a Gang of brave Lads on a

Loyal design, I have been serving Great George all the Day and at Night, to in-

dulge with a Bumper or two is but right; Here's his Majesty's health and confusion to

those who harbour a Thought to disturb his Repose.

2
 What are French Envoies to such Fellows as these
 Whose Courage is such they can do what they please
 Who will speak to Monsieur in such thundering Notes
 That you'll never hear more of their flat bottom Boats
 Who start at no danger who fear no rebuke
 So here's to Prince George, and his Highness the Duke.

3
 The Britains do each kind of Artifice slight
 Altho' we can't Lie they shall find we can fight
 In a very small time my Lads let us not fear
 But to give good account of the smacking Terror
 The French are but Muzzles their Trovins is talk
 So well take off our Glappas to Holbourn and Ilank.

4
 Bold Frankland, Boswain, Brett, Fernon & Knowles
 Are terrible Names to Popistical souls
 Let them but appear and away fly the Craft
 For a Frenchman won't stay to be Rakid fore & aft
 Here's Success to our Arms both by Land & by Sea
 And may England for ever be Happy and Free.



The Huntsmans Rouse. For 2 Voices.

Whole sculp.

In Compass of the French Horn.

The Hounds are all out & the Morning does sleep, why how now you

The Hounds are all out & the Morn-ing does sleep, why how now you
Sluggardly Sot, How can you how can you lie snor-ing asleep, while we all a

Sluggardly Sot, How can you how can you lie snor-ing asleep, while we all a
Horseback have got my brave Boy, while we all a Horseback have got.

Horseback have got my brave Boy, while we all a Horseback have got.

2

3

*I cannot get up, for y' over nights Cup
 So terribly lies in my Head,
 Besides my Wife cries, my dear do not rise,
 But cuddle me longer abed my dear Boy,
 But cuddle me longer abed.*

*Come on with your Boots, & cuddle your Mare,
 Nor tire us with longer delay;
 The cry of y' Hounds, & y' sight of y' Hare,
 Will chase all our Tapours away my brave Boy,
 Will chase all our Tapours away.*

FLUTE



B. Cole sculp.

A Favourite Song.
Inscribed to the choice Spirits

Vivace

Sy

As frisky 5C2E

Well she was sat in her stall, surrounded with Fish & the Devil and all, A Monsieur Tern?

Entre in th' interim come by, Ather Fish and her Flesh he both cast a Sheep's Eye Sherry

Don't down Down Sherry Down.

²
 He stopt at the stall - My sweet pretty Stears?
 Pray wat must I give for dis little Fish ere?
 That Lobster? (cried Susanna) 'll make but one Word
 For life than a Shilling I cannot afford.
Erry down &c.

⁴
 Why I think your a French lying Bougring Hog;
 One half your damn'd Country rev'ul jump at such
 With Arms see a com be them to him she owes,
 And bot' want y' Lobster fill plump gainst his Nose.
Erry down &c.

³
 Oe Schelling! My Deare, Parbleu, & for wat?
 For wone alf de. Hence I've better as dat;
 A ha! Normbleu, Begar, it does stinke,
 Ere smell it your self Madame wat do you think?
Erry down &c.

⁵
 Bougrife bougrivouete! Sacre Dieu! you dam Bitch!
 Tabuss Gott mors dat do come buy your Fistic!
 But I never will buy vone Lig in vone Poke,
 My Nose for me it was always mine Cooke.
Erry down &c.

⁶
 With Borley Nab cock'd Suz; her Fingers she Snap'd,
 And pulling his Nose, a fine Cour'tay she dropt;
 What Business (said she) have Cooke out of their Place?
 Come Nose in your Kitchen - & shew'd her fat & t.
Erry down &c.



B. Cole sculp.

The Distress'd Maid.

Pia

If all the Experience, how vast the amount, since

For Pia

Fifteen long Winters I fairly can count Was ever poor, I am so sadly betray'd, for to

live to these Years, & yet still be a Maid

*You Heroes triumphant, by Land or by Sea,
In vain to rise to Love, yet unmindful of me,
You can storm a strong Fort, or gain formal Bles-
Yet ye stand by like Dastards, & see me a Maid.*

*You Lawyers so just, who with slippery Tongue
Can do what you please, or wth right or wth wrong,
Can it be or by Law, or by Equity said,
That a charming young Girl ought to die ^{for me} a Maid.*

*You learned Physicians, whose excellent Skill,
Can save, or demolish, can Cure, or can Kill,
To a poor forlorn I am, contribute your Aid,
Who is sick, very sick of remaining a Maid.*

*You Fops I invoke not to list to my song,
Who answer no Lord, & to no Sex belong,
Ye Echoes of Echoes & Shadows of Shades,
For if I had you - I might still be a Maid.*



The Maidens Hopes in the Lottery. B. Cole Solo. P.

Vivace I am a Young Damsel that

flatters my self, That I shall grow Rich have a bundance of Wealth, I have got but one thing that at

all I am worth And a fortunate Girl, I have been from my Birth, I'll buy me a Ticket my hopes for a

Crown, with a flattery in the Lottery of Ten Thousand Pound.

²
My fortune was told me that I should be rich,
Told by an Old Woman I think she's a Witch,
For I have as good chance as the best in the Town
For to be a fine Lady of Fame and renown,
For in buying this Ticket my hopes, &c.

³
Young Roger he swears that he loves me as dear,
As tho' I was worth full three hundred a Year,
But if I, a Lady of fortune should be
Why should I accept of such fellows as he,
For in buying, &c.

⁴
Last night on my Bed as I slumbering lay
I fancied I heard them in Guildhall to say
Here's Number Three Thousand Three hundred & one
I started & thought the great Prize was my own,
For in buying, &c.

⁵
Then many a Young Nobleman would me approach
And oftentimes take me aboard in his Coach
I'll need the best bidder my fortune to rise
Why should I look low when I have a high Prize,
For in buying, &c.

⁶
But if that a Blank should be drawn up for me
If my money I loose still cheerful I'll be
For I can have Roger when at the last push
One Bird in the hand is worth two in the Bush,
And if in my Ticket no hopes there is found,
Farewel flattery in the Lottery of Ten Thousand Pound.



Sung by Miss Stevenson at Vauxhall, 1757.

B. Cole's comp.

Since we went out a Maying, to late even I find, Young Harry has
 run Day & Night in my Mind. Young Harry has run Day & Night in my mind
 Has grown so bewitching as ne- ver before, for I find that I love him each
 time more & more for I find that I love him each time more and more.

Each Morning his Face with what pleasure I see
 Not my own at the Glass is so handsom to me,
 I'm so vext I could cry when his Visit is o'er,
 Nor help if I would but must love more & more.

He'd have me to sing to him all the Day long,
 And wags mine as sweet as the Nightingale's song,
 Such praises as these I had never before,
 I'm sure that he loves me, tho' him I love more.

When my Mother was gone, with resistless a look,
 He begg'd for one Kiss that heav'ny mung he took,
 Ask'd why so free, who was never so before,
 He blush'd and then promis'd to do so no more.

How I wish the dear Shepherd for Life were all mine,
 I should have no occasion to chide or to pine,
 Then Harry my Lips may with Kisses run o'er
 And I'll try if it can be, to love him still more.



Anon. Song, Sung by M^r. Beard. R. Cole sculp.

Sy *S*

Vivace Give us

Glasses my Wench, give us Wine & well Pursue y^e Remembrance of Pain & of Grief to the

Winds wth our Care for well never Despair: while a Bottle can give us Re- lief: while a

Bottle can give us Re- lief: In our Revels & joy well forget y^e Proud Boy list y^e Lethe in M^{rs} made

Worth for as hollow I find; as y^e Bottle's her Mind: & her Heart is light as y^e Cork: & her

Heart is as light as the Cork. *Sy*

*Ariadne the Gay, in despair as they say,
For the Bully that left her behind;
Would have hang'd or have drown'd
But in Bacchus she found
A New Lover as Constant as kind;*

*These are Fables my dear, but if Moral is Clear,
It was Wine that her Peace did restore,
When he left the poor Lads,
Why she took to her Glass,
And she never remembred him more.*



The Charms of Kitty Fells. C. B. Cole Sculp.

It hush am... rows Bards in raptures Sing the

charms of Kitty Fells; & say the lovely bloom of Spring for sweetness can't excel. Yet

was she bright as yonder Sun, with beaming Rays, what then, her boasted Beauty's

far out done by Sally, and by Pen.

Saw I his eye upon the Green,
 The fairest Nymphs were met;
 No lovelier sight was ever seen,
 They fill my fancy yet;
 But for to speak the truth I swear,
 There was not one in ten,
 For native Beauty could compare,
 With Sally or with Pen.

Ye Swains who rove from fair to fair,
 This admonition take;
 With cautious Eyes survey the pair,
 Their Chains are hard to break;
 In vain for freedom lost ye'll try,
 If can't be had again,
 For who can e'er attempt to fly,
 From Sally or from Pen.



A New Song in Honour of the King of Prussia.

Sung by Mr. Kear.

B. Cole Soul.

Musical notation for the first system, consisting of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

Musical notation for the second system, including the vocal line and bass line. The lyrics "Let ev'ry Martial Soul advance and loudly tune their Notes to Sing; y^e Courage of Aus-" are written below the notes.

Musical notation for the third system, including the vocal line and bass line. The lyrics "tria and France, In Prussia's glorious Godlike King." are written below the notes.

Musical notation for the fourth system, including the vocal line and bass line. The lyrics "Be hold' before our wond'ring Eyes A Second, A - lex - ander rise. Be hold' before our" are written below the notes.

Musical notation for the fifth system, including the vocal line and bass line. The lyrics "wond'ring Eyes A Second, Alexander rise." are written below the notes.

In future Times, his History read;
 Heroes late prais'd will be forgot;
 Ev'n Charles the hardy, conquering Swede,
 No more will claim a Britons thought:
 Ages unborn shall joyful Sing
 The feats of Prussia's glorious King.

The Everlasting Trump of Fame
 Shall sound the Valour of his Soul;
 And spread the terrour of his Name
 In daring sounds, from Pole to Pole.
 His Magnanimity shall be
 Recorded to Eternity.



H. 186 16

The Shepherds Resolution, within compass of the German Flute.

Allegro

Young Collin the
 Wildest upon the way Green, the arrows of Cupid do fly, a Shepherd so happy sure never was
 seen, he conquer'd each Female he try'd, he conquer'd each Female he try'd. Poor
 Silvia, poor Laphoe, poor Chloe in vain in hopes to be wedded had liv'd: he kiss'd em
 profusely; but this was his sin, God rather be hang'd than be Married, God rather be hang'd
 than be Married

Now woe his resolves when fair Delia he saw,
 The warm'd the cold Heart in his Breast;
 He look'd, he lov'd, & approach'd her with Ardent
 And softly his wishes Express'd;
 Bright Virtue ador'd her, he found in the Maid,
 A Charm he before ne'er had found;
 He sigh'd, he trembled, & cry'd, I'm afraid,
 'Tis worse to be hang'd than be Married.

Oh pity sweet Goddess, the Convert you've made,
 To Slaves our Sons let us pray,
 Now live an Example, the Shepherds said,
 And teach all your Sex to obey;
 The Youths & the Lasses thus for the poor Swain,
 Now where's the proud Heart that you carried;
 And sighing he utters alone on the Plain,
 Ye Powers, Oh let me be Married!



B. Cole Sculp.

Rouse Brittons

Moderato

Rouse! Rouse! Lathargic Brittons Rouse & Crush and Crush your Tyrant-Tyrant foes

don't slumber now while France exerts & threatens many Woes and threatens many

Vivace

Woes But Brittons exert in your Country's Cause neer yield to proud France ne'er

yield to proud France ne'er yield to proud France & her Tyrannichans,

Your Islands Plead their want of Force,
From you their Succour's flown,
Then haste Peter mine now exert,
And Crush these desperate Foes,
Take heed in due time,
Of that Politic Crew,
So Courage give Scope,
Then you'll surely Subdue.

Convince again once more Convince,
That when the Lions Rous'd,
Not France with all her Force can quell,
When we the Cause espouse,
Then Dauntless advance,
So that paullery Crew,
Disspel all your fears,
And success is your Due.

For the German Flut.

Musical notation for the German Flute part, including treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The notation includes various musical ornaments and dynamics.



B Cole sculp.

A NEW SONG

Sung by Miss Faulkner at Marybone Gardens.

Vivace *Went thou yet*

fairer than thou art, Which lies not in y^e powr of Art; Or hadst thou in thine Eyes more Darts, than Cupid

ever shot at Hearts: Yet if they were not thrown at me, I would not

cast a thought on thee, I would not cast a thought on thee. Yet if they

were not thrown at me, I would not cast a thought on thee.

*I'd rather marry a Disease,
Than Court the thing I cannot please;
She that would cherish my Desires,
Must Court my Flame with equal Fires:
What pleasure is there in a Kiss,
To him that doubts the Heart not his
To him &c
What pleasure is there in a Kiss,
To him that doubts the Heart not his.*

*Flows, thee not cause thou art Fair;
Softer than Down, smoother than Air;
Nor for the Cupids that do Lye,
In either corner of thine Eye:
Would you then know what it may be,
Tis I love you, cause you love me.
Tis I &c.
Would you then know what it may be,
Tis I love you, cause you love me.*



Sung by. M^r. Beard.

J. Cole sculp.

Moderato

The Sun was sleeping in the Main, Bright Cynthia silver'd

S.

all the Stars, When Colin turn'd his Steam to rest, And soug'd the Lips he lov'd the best, As toward her Coll he

S.

jog'd along, Her Music was frequent in his Song; but when his errand Dolly knew; She wou'd — Shou'd

Po Fe

something else to do, Shou'd something else to do, She wou'd. Shou'd something else to do.

Fe Fe

He swore he did esteem her more,
Than any Maid he'd seen before,
In London's sighs protesting He
Wou'd constant as the Turtle be.
Talk'd much of Death should she refuse,
And wou'd touch Arts as Lovers use.
His Finnyays Doll, if tis but true,
But soon — I've something else to do.

Her Pride then Collin thus address'd,
Forgive me Doll, I did but jest.
To her that's kind I'll constant prove,
But trust me, I'll ne'er die for Love.
The first she did his Courtship scorn,
Then Doll began to Court in turn:
Dear Collin, I was jesting too,
Steer in — I've nothing else to do.

For the German Flute

Moderato

S.

Sy So Sy



Colin and Dolly

B. Cole juqf.

Proper for the German Flute.

Moderato

The Morning Cloud was ting'd with gold, when Colin went to view his Fold, & as he whistled o'er the Plain, Young Dolly met the injur'd Swain . 7 Anger and Love were in her Eye, her tender Breast heav'd with a sigh but when her grief she came to show, He cry'd, I cannot hear thee now, I cannot, I cannot, I cannot hear thee now

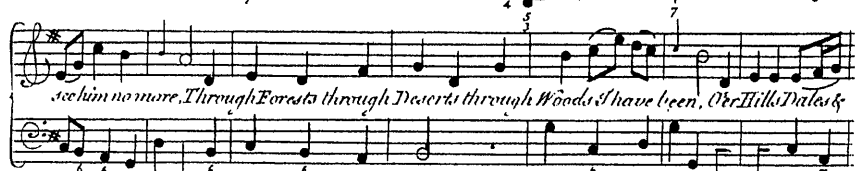
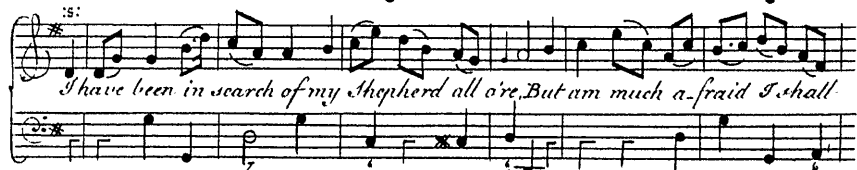
In moving words she told a Tale,
That might o'er any Heart prevail
Askd why he had forsok her Cot,
And was poor Dolly quite forgot?
If so Tears trembling in her Eye
She said, she'd sit her down & dye;
Do so, says Colin, and I vow,
My Dear, I cannot hear thee now.
I cannot, &c.

Resentment killing o'er her Cheek,
Says she, another Love I'll seek,
Damon will prize these slighted Charms,
And kindly take them to his Arms,
She swain whom Honour could not move,
By Jealousy was wak'd to love,
Says he, forgive, see youler Non,
Step there, I'll stay to hear thee now.
I'll stay, &c.



The Distress'd Shepherdess.

B. Cole Sculp.



When we were together then all things were gay,
 In Music and Pleasure we pass'd all the Day,
 But now a dull Aspect appears on my plain,
 For Sam transported from pleasure to pain,
 He told me he lov'd me too soon I believ'd,
 No thoughts had I then I should thus be deceiv'd,

Too soon I consented to grant his demands,
 Nor could I refuse his most earnest commands,
 I once was determin'd to dye an old Maid,
 He woo'd me so closely my Heart he betray'd,
 He hugg'd me he kiss'd me I'll wear this is true,
 And did I know what, then he bid me adieu.



JOHN and NELL. sung by M^r. Green.

B. W. Stajp!

As Nell sat un-derneath her Cow, upon a Cuck of
 Hay; Brisk John was coming from his Throgh, and chanc'd to pass that way: like
 Lightning to the Maid he flew, by the hand he squeez'd her: Pray John she cry'd be-
 quiet do. And prou'd because he trat'd her.

2
 Young Cupid from his Mother's knee,
 Observ'd her female Pride;
 Go on and Prosper John, says he!
 And I will be your Guide
 Then aim'd at Nelly's Breast a Dart,
 From Pride it soon releas'd her;
 She faintly cry'd I feel Loves smart
 And sigh'd - because it eas'd her.

3
 John laid himself down by her side,
 And stole a kiss or two;
 And flatt'ry's Charms he also try'd,
 Will she the kinder grow:
 The Poison soon began to spread,
 And in the Nick he seiz'd her;
 She trembled, blush'd, & hung her Head,
 Then smil'd, because he pleas'd her.



B. Cole Sc.

True Blue

I hope there's no Soul met over this Bowl, but means honest ends to pur-

Sue. With the Voice go the heart, and lets never depart from the faith of an

honest True Blue. True Blue, from the faith of an honest True Blue.

For Country and Friends
 Let us scorn private ends,
 And keep old British Virtue in view;
 (Despising the Tribe)
 Who are swayed by a bribe,
 Be honest and ever True Blue.

Be honest &c. 3.
 On the Polish Slave
 Who strives to enslave,
 Whose schemes the whole Nation may rue,
 On Pension and Place,
 That cursed disgrace,
 Turn your backs & be staunch to True Blue.
 Turn your backs &c.

With Honors & with Horn,
 We will rise in the Horn,
 With Vigour the Fox to pursue,
 Corruption's the cry,
 We will chase till we die,
 'Tis worthy a British True Blue.
 'Tis worthy &c. 5.
 Here's a Health to all those,
 Who do Slavery oppose,
 And our Trade both defend and renew:
 To each honest Voice,
 That concurs in the choice
 And support of an honest True Blue.
 And support &c.

Germ. Flute



B. Colclough.

Sung by W. Lowe at Vaux-hall.

Dear Cloe come give me sweet Kisses, for sweeter no Girl ever
 gave; But why, in the midst of my Bliss.....es, do you
 ask me how ma-ny I'd have? I am not to be stinted in
 Pleasure, then prithee, dear Clo-e, be kind, for since I love thee be-
 yond measure to Numbers I'll neer be confin'd.

Count the Bees that on Hybla are playing,
 Count the Flowers that Enamel the Fields,
 Count the Flewts that on Tempe are straying,
 Or the Grain that rich Sicily yields;
 Count how many Stars are in Heaven,
 Go number the Sands on the Shore,
 And when so many Kisses you've given
 I still shall be asking for more.

To a Heart full of Love let me hold Thee,
 A Heart which, dear Cloe, is thine,
 In my Arms I'd for ever enfold Thee,
 And twist round thy Neck like a Vine;
 What Joy can be greater than this is!
 My Life on thy Lips shall be spent,
 But the Wretch who can number his kisses,
 Will always with few be content.



R. Cole sculp.

Molly Carr.

Moderato

When I at my Window am
 gazing, tis not at a Comet or Star,
 Carr: The Face of my sweet Molly Carr: No Deiphobe, no Chloe nor Phillis, She
 Pacts put them on the par, With the Beauties of Moses or Lillan, Can vie with my sweet Molly Carr:
 can vie wth my sweet Molly Carr: Sy

²
 Ye soldiers who boast in your prattle,
 Yet always hope danger is far,
 You're more safe from the Cannons in Battle
 Than the Eyes of my sweet Molly Carr:
 The Prelate so famous for teaching
 The excellent Vertues of Tar,
 Had he seen his hat have left of his Proaching
 To treat of my sweet Molly Carr.

³
 Ye Lawyers who make your selves Drydges,
 With much dirty worth at y^r Bars,
 You would quit all your Fees and y^r Judges,
 To plead to my sweet Molly Carr:
 Ye Doctors so learned in Physick,
 Who Nature decease can repair,
 May search but you'll find no specific
 So certain as my sweet Molly Carr.

⁴
 Let those out of Play with the Nation,
 With great ones eternally far,
 I am humbly content with my Station,
 So smiles but my sweet Molly Carr:
 Tho' Rich as a Cassia in Treasure,
 Tho' Kingdoms as great as a Tar,
 All all I would lay down with Pleasure
 To see the Feet of my sweet Molly Carr.



B. Cole Sculp.

Sung by M^r Lowe at Vaux-Hall Gardens.

When
 first by good Damon, Flavela was seen, He slightly regarded her Air and her Mein; the
 Charms of her Mind he alone did commend; Not warm'd as a Lover, but cool as a friend; from
 Friendship, not Passion, his Raptures did move; And the Swain crav'd his Heart was a
 Stranger to Love.

As his charms he discover'd, as more she was known,
 Her face grew a wonder, her shade was his own,
 Her Manners were gentle, her sense was refin'd,
 And Oh! what dear Virtues beam'd forth in her mind!
 Yet still for the Sanction of Friendship he strove,
 Till sleep gave the Men, and showed it was Love.

3
 Not proud to be conquer'd, he sighs for the Fair,
 Givens dull to all Pleasure, but being with her,
 His mute, while his Heart strings are ready to break,
 For the fear of offending prevents him to speak;
 And numbers a willing sacrifice to prove,
 That Friendship with woman is better to Love.

4
 A Love thus conquer'd can ne'er give offence,
 Not a Duke to her Smiles, but allow to her sense;
 She's Reason, nor wrinkles, nor Age can annoy,
 Since founded on that which can never decay;
 And am, that will Beauty's short Empire remove,
 In increasing her Reason, increases his Love!



C. B. Cole comp.

The Reply... Sung by M^{rs} Hooper.

Larghetto

In vain fond with thy tears give O'er what more
 Myself can thrive
 South... own thy fate... deplore all are not happy that are true.

sym.

sym.

2 3

Suppress those sighs & Weep no more,
 Should Heaven & Earth with thee Combine,
 There all in vain since any power,
 To crown thy Love must alter mine.

But if revenge can ease thy pain,
 I'll sooth the Ills I cannot Cure,
 Tell that I drag a hopeless Chain,
 And all that I inflict endure.



Sung by M^r. BEARD: within compass of the German Flute.

To an Arbor of Woodbine ye both shall be led soft Leaves for your pillow the Grass for your

Bed, soft Leaves for your pillow the Grass for your Bed, while

wanton young Sparrows chirp over your Head all under the Greenwood Shade all under the

Green wood Shade.

<p>When the Moon with pale Lustre just thro' the Grove, And Nightingales answer the Chaste Turtle Dove; The Maid without blushing shall clasp her true Love, All under the Greenwood Shade. Our pleasure quite harmless begin with the Day, We ever are buxom, we ever are gay,</p>	<p>No Virgins dissemble, no Shepherd betray, All under the Greenwood Shade. Tho' Browns for a while arm the Dice of the Fair, Yet soon our young Lover, forgets all his Care, For Phillis cries do not, oh, do not despair, All under the Greenwood Shade.</p>
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B. Cole sculp.

The Incurious.

Verse

Sy Give me but all life I expect not to find, *tr* *tr*
 Virtue & grace in one female combin'd, No Goddes for me tis a Woman I prize, & he that seeks
 more is more curious than wise *Sy* No Goddes for me tis a Woman
 I prize, And he that seeks more is more curious than wise? *Sy*

Be she Young sh²s not stult-orn, but easy to mould,
 Or she claims my respect, like a Mother if Old,
 Thus either can please me, since No man I prize,
 And he that se²e?

Like Lewis the ogles, if wanton her Eye? ³
 If blind she the roving of mine cannot spy,
 Thus either is lovely, for No man I prize,
 And he that se³e?

If rich be my Bride, she brings tokens of Love, ⁴
 If poor the further from pride's my remove?
 Thus either contents me, for No man I prize,
 And he that se⁴e?

True shall want converse, if Tongue she possess, ⁵
 And if mute still the rarity pleases me less,
 I'm suited to either, for No man I prize,
 And he that se⁵e?

Then cease ye profane, on the Sex to descant, ⁶
 If you're Wit to discern, no Perfection they want?
 Each fair can make happy, if No man we prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wise?



B. Cole Sculp.

KITTY Sung by M^r. Lowe.

Dearest Kitty, kind and fair, tell me when, and tell me where: say
 tell thy fond thy faithful Swain, when we thus shall meet again, where shall I stop
 fondly see Beauties only found in thee *Kejo thro' press'd thee*
 to and stay all the happy livelong Day Dear'st Kitty, kind & fair, tell me when &
 tell me where, tell me where and tell me where?

All the happy Day 'tis true
 Blest but only then with you
 A right Strophon sigh'd alone
 Tills till Hymen makes us one
 Tell mother and ease my pain
 Tell thy fond and faithful Swain
 When the Priest shall kiss thy join
 Kitty's trembling hand to mine
 Dearest Kitty, kind and fair
 Tell me when I care not where:



B. Cole sculp

Elsy's Charms.

Set for the German Flute.



Let other Bards im-plore the Nine, To sing their Fancies Pride



Bright inspi-ration's more di-vine, When El-sy's by my side.



2
 Tho' Hermon's marble Bust has said,
 Was turn'd by Phoebus Ray:
 A Glean from th' Eyes of that gay Maid,
 More soft had made the Lay.

3
 Caught by her melting piercing Look!
 I glow'd with Transports Fire;
 And from her Modulation took,
 The Rapture on the Lyre.

4
 Behind her Neck with careless grace,
 The auborn Tresses strew;
 Her Look so meek, majestic Pace!
 This Venus here below.

5
 The dawn'dk Rose upon her Cheek,
 Displays its blushing Hue:
 The lillies whiteness on her Neck,
 Bequeath their equal due.

6
 To her not Forms alone belong;
 To make her Beauties shine;
 No-Heaven-born Virtues round her;
 And stamp the Maid divine.

7
 Where Charms & Merit thus are mixt,
 Each Mortal will approve;
 And tho' fell Reason e'er so fixt
 We must admire & love.



B. 166. Souper

A Favourite Song Sung at the Public Gardens.

Sottaza
Lolling

The

Nymph that I lov'd was as benny & gay, and as sweet as the Blof- sem- ing Hawthorn in

May & as sweet as if Blof- sem- ing Hawthorn in May: Her Temper was smooth as the

Down on the Dove, and her Face was as fair as the Mothers of Love, & her Face was as

fair as the Mother of love.

*Tho' mild as the pleasantest Zephyr that sheds
 And receives gentle odors from Violet Beds,
 Yet warm in affection as Phoebus at Noon,
 And as chaste as the silver-white beams of y^e Moon,
 Her mind was unswoll'd as new fallen Snow,
 Yet as lively as tints of young Iris's Bow:*

*As clear as the spring as deep as the Flood,
 She tho' witty was wise, & tho' beautiful good,
 The sweets that each Virtue or Grace had in store
 She cull'd as the Bee does the Bloom of each Flower,
 Which treasur'd for me, when happy was I,
 For tho' hers to collect it was mine to enjoy.*



The Beer-drinking Briton. Sung by Mr. Beard?
at the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane, in y^e New Pantomime call'd Hurlequin Mercury.

Moderato

He true honest Britons, who love your own Land, H^{is} King were so brave, so victorious &

See, H^e always beat them, when they took her in hand, Come you honest Britons, in Chorus H^{is}

me join in Chorus, in Chorus H^{is} me, come join honest Britons in Chorus H^{is} me.

Let us sing our own Treasures, O'ld England's good Cheer, O'f Joy & Pleasur of your British Beer: Your

Wine-tipping, Dram-sipping fellows retreat, but your Beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.

The French, H^{is} their Vineyards, pay money & salt. They drink of the Squeezing of half-rip'd fruit: But we, who have high grounds to mellow our Ale: Are Rosy & Plump, and have freedom to boot.

Let us sing our own Treasures

H^{is} should H^{is} French dare invade us, thus O'rnid H^{is} our O'ld, H^{is} all bring their Leary Bells, make their lantern Jambler, For your Inspiring Beer-drinking Britons, are our King: H^{is} will, that their be, I Drop for his Country & King.

Let us sing our own Treasures



B. Cole's Engraving

A NEW SONG.

Written by a Lady on leaving the Town for the Summer Season?

Andante

tr
Welcome, Sun & Southern Show'rs Hartingers of Birds & Flow'rs

Welcome, Sun & Southern Show'rs Fair Singers of Birds & Flow'rs

Cooling Shads & Travel Balls; Masquerades, Fare well Balls & Masquerades.

2

3

Blooming Hay approaches near:
Lowring of the Herds we hear:
Fattling Lambs around us Bleat:
Daisies spring beneath their feet.

Birds are Pished on every spray.
Warbling Notes to praise the Day:
Thousand Herbs their fragrance yield,
Convulps cover all the Field.

4

Sure 'tis time that now we flee:
London from thy Smoak and thee:
Welcome Joys more pure and true.
Drums, and Routs, adieu! adieu!



Sung by Miss Stevenson at Vaux-Hall? B. 186. Coupl.

Other Day to grief betray'd by Jockey's cold disdain, I sought a cooling conscious shade to weath my am'rous

Pair: In a limpid Rivers brink beneath y^e spreading Trees where

Heads & Flocks resort to drink, I found y^e fanning breeze, where Herks & Flocks resort to drink, I found y^e fanning

Breeze

The Birds to tell their little loves,
 All strain'd their warbling throats,
 And Echo answer'd through the Groves
 The modulated Notes:
 The Meads and Lawns in motly Dyes,
 Diffus'd their sweets around;
 And various beautys met my Eyes
 Along the enamell'd ground!

Soon was my ev'n^d sense suppress'd,
 In leaden slumbers stole;
 Each eye was hush'd within my Breast,
 And sleep enform'd the whole.
 Although while thus I lay reclind,
 The River of the Plain
 Cry'd Phyllis calm thy tortur'd mind,
 For Jockey's thine again.

Then starting at so sweet a sound,
 With rapturous Joys in view:
 Too soon my self awake I found,
 And on my Shepherd glen;
 Think fair ones how surpriz'd was I:
 How shocking it must seem,
 To find no Jockey had been by,
 And all my Nuptial Dream.



B. Cole sculp.

The INCONSTANT Fair One.

The Words by M^r. Lockman.

How can you lovely Nancy thus cruel - ly slight; A Swain who is

wretched when banish'd your sight: Who for your sake alone thinks life worth his

care: But which soon if you frown on must end in I despair.

If you meant thus to torture, O why did your eyes,
Once easy refuse much, of joys, so sweetly in prize,
By their Lustre inflam'd, I would not believe
As they shed such mild influences, they serene'd desire.

But alas like the Pilgrim bewild'rd in Night,
Who perceiv's a false Splendor at distance invite,
Engag'd to hasten on, pursues it and dies,
Alas Ruin attends me, if away Nancy flies.

Forget not the Thap'urs you felt in my Arms,
When you call'd me dear Nephew, all yours have you,
When you said 'last'g Love, I never will I kiss,
That in my fond embraces was center'd all Bliss.

Fairest, but most obdurate, consider that I too,
Will like sickness neglected more desperate grow,
That your Heart may relent, I implore the kind Powers,
Since I'm constant as your Sex, be not fickle as ours.

FLUTE.



The Man to my Mind.

B. Cole Sculp.

Allegro moderato

Vol. 2. 2da

Fin

Since the locks in Tye and state

Virgins despis'd, So all Dutch lords, greeting, these lines are promis'd; I'm a Maid that would, Hurry - Me!

Fin 2. 2da

Fin

would I but find (I care not for fortune) a Man to my Mind, a Man to my Mind, a Man to my

Fin

Mind (I care not for fortune) a Man to my Mind.

1
Not the fair weather'd Cox, fond of Fashion and Dress;
Not the Squire that can relish no joys but the Chase
Nor the speeching Snake whom no Morals can bind -
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the Man to my Mind.

4
Not the Nish with full Wags, without Breeding or Merit;
Nor the Flash that's all Fury without a my Spirit;
Nor the fine Master Fiddle, the Sorn of Mankind;
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the Man to my Mind.

3
Not the ruly-faced Sot, who toyes world without end;
Nor the Drone that can't relish his Battle and friend;
Nor the fool that's so fond, nor the Cheat that's unkind;
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the Man to my Mind.

5
But the Youth whom good Sense & good nature inspire;
Whom the Brave most esteem & the fair should admire;
In whose heart Love & Truth are with Honour enjoy'd;
This, this, and no other's the Man to my Mind.



B. Colclough sculp.

A New Song.

Set to Music by Mr. John Hughes.

Allegro Moderato

For

lay dost thy jealous fears proceed from those external Charms, which

grace the Maid dost know or dearest To shelter in my Arms, or

canst thou think I fond to stray to thine a double Smart— That every tender

glancing Ray can turn my settled heart. . . . Can turn my settled Heart.

<p>If such oppressive Thoughts ensue, And still persist to Reign, Expect them least their growing force Consume with Concupiscent Pain.</p>	<p>For my Colin Amble, I'm fully blest; My soul dissolves to love, And will suspicious fly her Breast, Thine would envy Love.</p>
--	--



The Sex, Sung by M^r. Beard.

B. C. H. 1717

Sunt
Vivare

As Jockey was
walking one Midsummer Morn he sat him down on his side beneath a green Thorn he had not eat long till a
Damsel came by to whom Jockey sent forth a lamplishing Eye a lamplishing a lamplishing Eye
Did you see says the Fair one a fleet bundle of Lam. with two little
Lambkins trot each by their Dam if you did gantle Shepherd pray tell me in what way if innocent Krovers nest
carelessly stray the innocent Krovers nest carelessly stray.

He told her he saw them pass hastily by,
And make to the Copse th' in faith, twas a lie;
The Damsel she karboled, & thank'd with a blush;
But Jockey stole after and lurk'd in a Bush.
She search'd if Copse o'er the no Sheep could she find,
And heartily cur'd it if young swain in her mind,
She found she was trick'd, but alas! silly Maid:
She knew not the snare was so artfully laid.

The Shepherd appear'd & say, he partly Maid
Shy Eyes & thy Lambkins have happily stray'd
When sprung to her closely & ravish'd a kiss,
But the Maiden second coy & sorry, spits a mis-
Stew o'er as her Friends little liberty gave,
She left her old Gaffer to trust a young swain,
And now the her Sheep are all safe in the Den
She visits the Copse o'er again & again.



The Unnatural Parent, or the Virgins last Resolve.
Sung by M.^{rs} Beard at Ranelagh.

Virgins who do listen to whate'er your Mothers say, Be rul'd by me, and lets agree, no longer to a...
...boy for I've been snub'd, and I've been dubb'd, till I've been black and blue, but I'll behave no...
more like a Slave, but I'll behave no more like a Slave, I wish I may die if I do, if I do, I...
wish I may die if I do.

2
'Both Night & Day she prates away,
about my being a Vice,
'But I declare, 'twould make you stare,
To hear her dull discourse,
She says that I from Men must fly,
Or mischief will ensue,
'But in all the kind no harm I find,
I wish I may die if I do.

3
She says that Youth, still blind to Truth,
The danger never can tell,
And 'tis from sense and experience,
That she can talk so well,
But if she got sense from experience,
Then she may depend upon't,
I'll try to be as wise as she,
I wish I may die if I dont.

4
Young Damon gain, the other Day,
Would struggle for a Kiss,
I push'd and cry'd, and him did chide,
With - what do you mean by this,
'Tis proud & rude, that you'll intrude,
When I have so oft forbid,
I wish I may die if you dont make me cry,
But I wish I may die if he did.

5
Then I'll be free whilst young I be,
And let my Mother scold,
And I'll do just being quite as wise,
Until I am quite as old,
At Forty three a Pude I'll be,
And lay my Follies by
But never till then will I shun the Sin,
If I do - I wish I may die.



B. Cole sculp

affettuoso **The Friendly Adviser.**

Trust not Man for he'll deceive you, Treachery is his

Sole Intent, first he'll Court you then he'll leave you poor de-lu-ded

to lament; listen to a kind Adviser Men pursue, but to perplex

would you happy be; grow wiser and avoid the faithless Sex.

<p>Formid by Nature, to undo us, They escape our utmost heed; Oh! how humble when they woo us, Oh! how vain when they succeed.</p>	<p>To the Bird when once deluded, By the Artful Fowler's Snare; Mourns out Life in Cage secluded, Virgins then in Time beware.</p>
--	--

Flute.



DAMON A New Song sung at the Gardens. R. 166. 30

As Damon on a Summer day, beneath a shade began his Lay, the Waters

murmuring rapid along, well pleas'd to hear their Damons Song. His

Theme was Love, for Delias Charms had won the Shepherd to her Arms, had won

the Shepherd to her Arms. Sy.

How best am I who only know
 The Joys of Love, which ever flow;
 Dear Scenes of transport now appear;
 While Truth & Love are all my Care.
 Hear then the Waters Birds & Groves;
 S: That Delias kind and Damon love. :S:

She as the Moon, is true and Fair,
 Sweet as the Rose and Violets are;
 Our Hearts in mutual bliss shall love,
 No more can count'rous Nature give:
 Each Tree shall hence our Physicians tell,
 S: That Shepherds liv'd & Lov'd so well. S:

Flute



POLLY.

B. Cole sculp.

Sung by Miss Falkner at Marybone Gardens. For $\dot{\gamma}$ G.F.

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with notes and rests.

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves with notes and rests.

Spring Renewing, all things Gay, Nature's dictates all obey, In each Creature we may

Musical notation for the third system, including treble and bass staves with notes and rests.

see $\dot{\gamma}$ Effects of Loves Decree, Thus their State, Such their Fate, Do not Polly stay too

Musical notation for the fourth system, including treble and bass staves with notes and rests.

late Do not Polly stay too late, Thus their state Such their Fate Do not Polly stay too

Musical notation for the fifth system, including treble and bass staves with notes and rests.

late Do not Polly stay too late.

Look around and see them Play;
All are wanton while they may,
Why should precious Time be lost,
After Summer comes a Frost,
S: All pursue Nature's due,
Let us Polly do so too. Let us &c:S:

Flowers all around us blowing;
Herds on ev'ry Meadom lowing;
Birds on ev'ry Branch are moving;
Turtles all around us crowing;
S: Hark! they coo, see they woo.
Let us Polly do so too. Let us &c:S:

Hark! how kind yon Swain is L'af,
Yonder sitting on the Grass;
See how Earnestly he sues,
While she blushing can't refuse,
S: See you ever how they woo,
Let us Polly do so too. Let us &c:S:

Mark that Cloud above the Plain;
See it seems to threaten Rain;
Herds & Flocks do run together,
Seeking shelter from the Weather,
S: Fear not you, Ill be true,
Let us therefore do so too. Let us &c:S:



B. Colwell sculp.

The happy Clubb, A new Song.

Poco Allegro.

While Masters all Night still are

natching their Stores, Audibly Doxy, stormly drive y^e Idlers from their Doors, While Courtiers each

Chorus

other subvert in y^e State, And obstinate Churchmen ren: Maxims create, We are Frigidly Generous nor

each other wrong, But en-joy us at Night then con-clude with a Song. But en-joy us at

Night, then con-clude with a Song.

Let Shopers attempt by false Arts to ensnare,
Till at length they receive their long merited Pare,
Let spend-thrifts consume till too late they repent,
The loss of their Riches, so lavishly spent,
Cho.
While with honest industry we live y^e Day long,
And enjoy us at Night, then conclude with a Song,
And enjoy &c.

The Drunkards in Court such Virtue profess,
They'd find it more sovr'ign were they to drink less,
The Reas say in Women is Contend our Bless,
They're Reason sometimes to regret a close & life,
Cho.
Such different extremes then to us don't belong,
And yet Women & Wine are y^e life of our Song,
And yet &c.

Yet Topers & Rakes would ye had happy Lives,
Be moderate in Drinking & chuse modest Wives,
For Church men wth Churchmen & Courtiers be Friends,
For on Friendship all Earthly enjoyment depends.

Cho.
And when y^ere united thus lasting and strong,
Like us you'll be jovial & end with a Song,
Like us &c.



The Jovial Lover,

D. Cole sculp

If Wine & Musick have y^e Pow'r. To ease y^e sickness of y^e Soul; Let Phœbus Ev'ry

String explore. And Bacchus fill y^e sprightly Bow, let them their friendly Aid employ To

make. My Loves Absence light; And seek with Pleasure to Destroy y^e Sorrows of this long Night

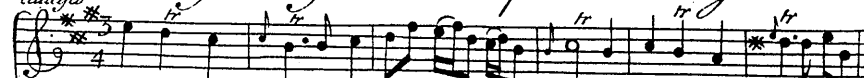
*But she to Morrow will return — Kind Goddess to no Other Pow'rs. —
 Venus, be thou to Morrow Great: — Let us to Morrow's blessings own; —
 Thy Myrtles strew; thy Odours burn. Thy Darling loves shall guide y^e Hours
 And Meet thy favrite Nymph in State? And all y^e Day be Thine Alone. —*

For the Flute.



The Young Lovers first Address B Colesdip

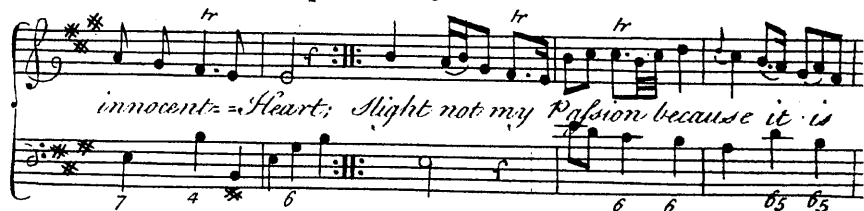
Adagio



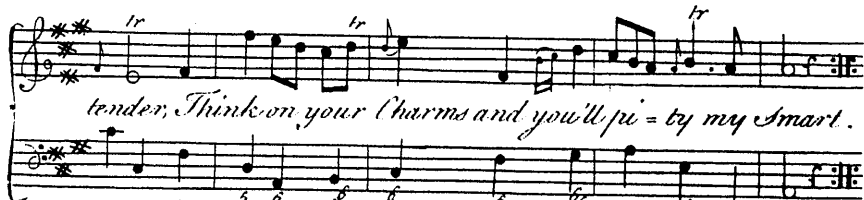
Charmers, permit me to make a Surrender of an unartfull &



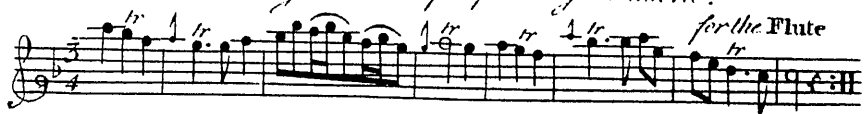
innocent Heart; Slight not my Passion because it is

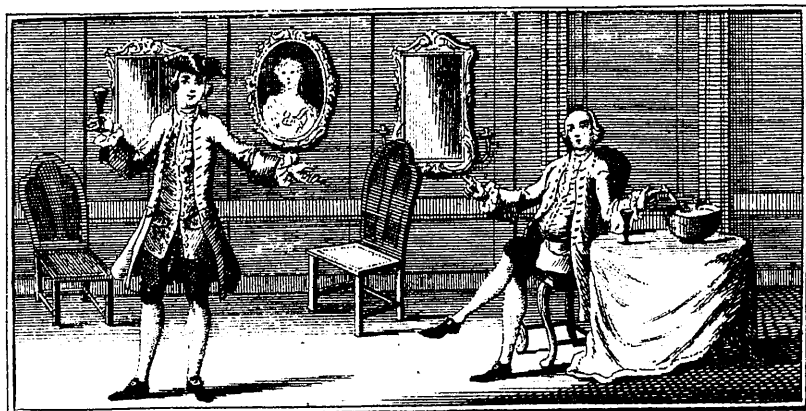


tender; Think on your Charms and you'll pity my Smart.



You are the first that e'er made me to Languish;
 And to the last I shall love you alone;
 As you occasion'd; Pity my Anguish,
 And let your Smiles for your Rigour atone.





B. Cole Sculp.

The Fly. Sec by D. Green

Busy curious thirsty Fly, Drink with me and Drink as I, Freely welcome

Busy curious thirsty Fly, Drink with me and Drink as I, Freely welcome

to my cup, Could'st thou sip and sip it up. Make the most of Life you may,

to my cup, Could'st thou sip and sip it up. Make the most of Life you may,

Life is short and wears a-way, Life is short and wears a-way.

Life is short and wears a-way, Life is short and wears a-way.

Both alike are mine and thine;
 Hasten quick to their decline.
 Thine's a Summer, mine no more,
 Tho' augmented to threescore,
 Threescore Summers, when they're gone
 Will appear as short as One.
 Will appear &c.

Time seems little to look back,
 And moves on like clock or sack,
 As the movement of the fly,
 Fortune swiftly passes by,
 And when Life's short thread is spun,
 The larum strikes and then 'tis done.
 The larum &c.

For the Flute



B Cole sculp

The Happy Couple.

Allegretto When Morn her Sweets shall first unfold, and
 round the fix'd Clouds with Gold; On rif- ted Green, O' let me play, and welcome up the p-ond
 Day Walk'd by the green Ae Voice of Love. U - rise my
 Fair a - rise and prove The dear de - lights fond. Lovers know, The best of Blessings
 here be - low the best of Blessings here be - low

To some dear Rivers verdant side,
 Do thou my happy Footsteps Guide;
 In Concert with the purling Stream,
 We'll sing, and Love shall be the Theme.
 E'er Night of our masher gloomy Reign,
 When Shadows lengthen o'er the Plain,
 We'll to your Myrtle Grove repair,
 For Peace and Pleasure wait us there.

The laughing God, there keeps his Court,
 And little Loves incessant sport,
 Around the winning Graces wait,
 And adm' contentment guards the Seat:
 There lost in Extracies of Joy,
 While tenderest Scenes our thoughts employ
 We'll bless the Hour, our Loves begun
 The happy Moment made us One.

allegretto.
 for the German Flute.



B. Cole Sculp.

Life is Chequer'd .

Philosophical *Social*

Life is Chequer'd - Toil and Pleasure fill up all the various measure;

See the Crew in Flannel Jerkins, Drinking, Topping Flip by Perkins;

And as they raise the Dip, to their happy Dip, by the Deck is heard no other sound, But

prithee Jack, prithee Dick, prithee Sam, prithee Tom, Let the Can go round.

Then, Hark to the Boatwain's Whistle! Whistle! Then, Hark to the Boatwain's Whistle! Whistle!

Bustle, Bustle, Bustle my Boy, let us sail, let us toil, but let's drink all the while, For

Labour's the Price of our Joy, For Labour's the Price of our Joy.

Life is Chequer'd - Toil and Pleasure,
Fill up all the various measure.
Hark! the Crew, on Sunburnt faces,
Chawing blackey'd Singin' grass,
:S: And as they raise their tops
Thro' their rusty Throats,
On the Deck is heard no other sound,
But prithee Jack, prithee Dick,
Prithee Sam, prithee Tom,
Let the Can go round, :S:

C chorus Then, Hark to the Boatwain's whistle &c.

Life is Chequer'd - Toil and Pleasure,
Fill up all the various measure.
Hark! the Crew, their Caps discharging,
With Buzle-Cap, or with Chuck-farthing :
:S: Fall in a merry Pin,
Let us loose of win;
On the Deck is heard no other sound,
But prithee Jack, prithee Dick,
Prithee Sam, prithee Tom,
Let the Can go round, :S:

C chorus, Then, Hark to the Boatwain's whistle &c.

Flute.



Sung by M^r. Beard at Ranelagh.

B. Cole sculp.

That Jenny's my Friend, my Delight and my Bride, I always have

boasted and seek not to hide; I dwell on her Praises whereso

ever I go, They say I'm in Love but I answer'd no

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, they say I'm in

Love but I answer'd no, no.

At living oft times ⁽²⁾ with what pleasure I see,
 A Note from her hand, I'll be with you at Tea;
 My Heart how it bounds, when I hear her below,
 But say not us Love, for I answer no, no.
 She sings me a Song, and I echo its Strain,
 Again O'ry Jenny, sweet Jenny again;
 I kiss her sweet Lips as if there I could grow,
 But say not us Love, for I answer no, no.

She tells me her Faults ⁽⁴⁾ as she sits on my Throne,
 I hide her and swear she's an Angel to me;
 My Shoulder she tips and still bids me think so,
 Who knows but she loves, tho she answers no, no.
 From Beauty and Wit ⁽⁵⁾ and good Humour how I,
 Should Prudence advise and compell me to fly;
 Thy bounty O Fortune make haste to bestow,
 And let me deserve her, or still I'll say no.



My Grandmother Cot. *Sung by M.^{rs} Yates at Saddlers Wells.*

Musical score for "My Grandmother Cot." featuring a treble and bass clef with lyrics and figured bass notation.

When I liv'd in my Grandmother's Cot, what a happy young Damsel was I each Day mid'd
 'tween the Pot, with plenty of Pudding & Pie, 'tild a Horse that cou'd amble and trot, and good
 Neighbours to find hard by: Yet I wanted I cou'd not tell what and I sigh'd but I cou'd not tell why.
 I sigh'd, I sigh'd, I sigh'd but I cou'd not tell why.

My Daddy, he bought me a knot,
 With a Fan, and a new fashion'd Fly,
 A Pair of Silk shoes too I got,
 To wear when the Weather was dry;
 Yet to pine all the Day was my Lot,
 And in Bed ever wallops to lye;
 For I wanted - I cou'd not tell what -
 And I sigh'd; - but I cou'd not tell why.

I wou'd have said I cou'd not a jot,
 How I'd some new Project to try,
 And I thought I should die on the Spot,
 If a pretty young Fellow pass'd by;
 At last a brisk Husband I got,
 'Twas the Man I had long in my Eye;
 He gave me - I must not tell what,
 And I lov'd him; - but need not tell why.



Polly of the Plain.

B. Cole sculp.

Sung by M.^{rs} Chambers at Marybon Gardens.

Let

others sing in loft: Lays, the wanton and the vain. My artful's Muse aspires to praise dan

Polly of the Plain. Tho' poor my skill, my Song, shall still, be Polly of the Plain, Be

Polly, be Polly, be Polly of the Plain.

Which vanity admits her aid,
 Let meaner Beauties stune;
 Her faithless Glare bedims the Maid,
 Whom Nature stamps divine:
 Her pow'r to shew
 She sent below:
 Dear Polly of the Plain.

The Face, the Mein, may Charms dispense
 To kindle fierce Desire;
 But Virtue, Modesty, and Sense,
 Must quiv'rous Love inspire:
 'Tis those that move
 My Soul to love
 Dear Polly of the Plain.

Hon' sweetly looks the silver Ray
 That beams y' moon at night!
 But when great Phoebus gives us Day
 What Pow'r has Cynthia's Light
 Thus all the Fair
 Eclips'd appear
 By Polly of the Plain.

'Tis best the Youth, within whose Mind
 A happy Passion reigns,
 Yet happyest he of all Mankind
 Who tolls his Heart of chains.
 And in his Arms
 Enjoys the Charms
 Of Polly of the Plain.



B. Cole sculp.

Arno's Vale 2

When here, Lucinda first we came, there Arno rolls his Sil...ver. Streams, how bright y' Nymphs y'

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

Swains how gay content inspir'd each me - ral Lay. The Birds in livelier Concert sing, y' Grapes in

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

which...er (clusters hung, All look'd, joy could never fail, Anon y' Sweets of Arno's Vale.

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

But now since good Palemon dy'd,
The Chief of Shepherds & the Bride,
Now Arno's Sons must all give Place,
To Northern Swains, on Iron Race.

The Taste of Pleasure now is o'er;
Thy Notes Lucinda please no more;
The Muses droop, y' Goths prevail,
Adieu the Sweets of Arno's Vale.

Flute



Women love kissing as well as the Men.

Moderato

As love to the Fair from my Childhood I've been, before I was down had appear'd on my Chin

It's from Experience all matters are known, I've found 'em all kind, I've

found 'em all kind, from Clarinda to Foari. I'll strive to convince ye

Dino of J'Pons that Women love kissing, Women love kissing, Women love kissing as well as the Men

Young Cloe was wanton but sorry she had,
 I woo'd her so closely she yielded ead! —
 And now you'll be constant she whimpers & cries
 I knew what I thought, so I smiling replied,
 My Dear can you doubt it! & kiss'd her again,
 For Women love kissing as well as the Men,
 Chaste Celina deviously read Lectures to me,
 She wonder'd what Pleasure in kissing could be,
 I press'd her to cry it & then I speak her Mind

She made the sweet Proof & grew instantly kind,
 Then answer'd me softly I'll try it again! —
 All Women love kissing as well as the Men,
 That Women are cruel is all a Mistake,
 For every fair Female at heart is a Snake, —
 'Tis Conduce ye Lovers the Damsell secures,
 Stick close to her Lips, she's infallibly yours,
 And search thro' the Sex, I'll lay twenty to ten,
 All Women love kissing as well as the Men.