

1740

# The Musical Entertainer

George Bickham

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ir.lib.uwo.ca/whitby>



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

---

## Recommended Citation

Bickham, George, "The Musical Entertainer" (1740). *The Drs. Whitby Music Collection*. 5.  
<https://ir.lib.uwo.ca/whitby/5>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Music Research and Composition Department at Scholarship@Western. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Drs. Whitby Music Collection by an authorized administrator of Scholarship@Western. For more information, please contact [tadam@uwo.ca](mailto:tadam@uwo.ca), [wlsadmin@uwo.ca](mailto:wlsadmin@uwo.ca).

The image shows the front cover of an antique book. The cover is decorated with a traditional marbled paper pattern, often called 'shell' or 'scalloped' marbling, featuring repeating, overlapping, shell-like shapes in shades of brown, tan, and a muted greenish-blue. The marbling is set against a darker, possibly leather or cloth, spine and corners. In the center of the cover, there is a small, rectangular, black paper label with a decorative, scalloped border. The label contains the title 'BICKHAM'S SONGS' in gold, all-caps, serif lettering, arranged in two lines.

BICKHAM'S  
SONGS

*Manus*

75/100 original

250 photos

Honorable  
Anne Rushout







CALLIOPE

*Bickham's  
Musical Entertainer.*

Vol. II.

*Printed for C. Corbett at Addison's Head, Fleet Street.  
Publish'd according to Act of Parliament.*



*G. Bickham jun. del.*

*J. B. Gravelot. Inv.*



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2014

<https://archive.org/details/musicalentertain02bick>


  
*Table of the Songs*
  
 in the
   
*Musical Entertainer.*
  

  
*Vol. 2.*

A	Page	I	
<i>A Bonny Northern Lad</i> ...	25	<i>If all that I Love</i> .....	7
<i>As the Snow in</i> .....	33	<i>If that's all you ask</i> ....	8
<i>As I saw fair Chlora</i> ...	93	<i>If Wine and Musick</i> ...	65
B		<i>If the Glasses</i> .....	82
<i>By the Beer as brown</i> ...	12	<i>In Spite of Love</i> .....	19
<i>By a Man belov'd</i> .....	16	<i>In vain you tell</i> .....	61
<i>Britons where's your great</i> ..	71	<i>In these Groves</i> .....	81
<i>Britons Strike Home</i> ...	97	<i>I go to y' Elysian Shades</i> ..	57
<i>Blow on ye Winds</i> ....	86	L	
C		<i>Let Wine to Social</i> .....	53
<i>Come Mira Idol</i> .....	5	<i>Let Poets &amp; Historians</i> ...	64
<i>Come take your Glass</i> ...	46	<i>Love for Love</i> .....	78
<i>Cupid no more shall</i> ....	17	<i>Leave off this foolish</i> ...	87
<i>Cupid God of pleasing</i> ...	44	M	
<i>Cupid God of gay desires</i> ..	85	<i>My Joyous Blades</i> ... ..	2
<i>Charmer permit me</i> .....	56	<i>My lovesick Minds</i> ... ..	23
D		<i>My Time O ye Muses</i> ... ..	47
<i>Dear Chloe attend</i> .....	34	<i>Make hast and away</i> ... ..	89
F		O	
<i>Fill the Bowl</i> .....	45	<i>Oh I would not</i> .....	28
<i>Frown not my Dear</i> ... ..	52	<i>Oh hoh Master Moore</i> ... ..	32
G		<i>Oh my fickle Jenny</i> ... ..	35
<i>Genius of Masonry</i> .....	1	<i>Oh my pretty Punchinello</i> ..	66
<i>Glide gently on</i> .....	6	P	
<i>Glide swiftly on</i> .....	51	<i>Poor Children three</i> ....	24
H		<i>Phillis the Lovely</i> .....	72
<i>Had Neptune when first</i> ... ..	3	S	
<i>Here's to thamy Boy</i> ... ..	22	<i>Since Salinda's my Soe</i> ... ..	10
<i>How brimfull of nothing</i> ..	50	<i>Summers Heat</i> .....	15
<i>How hard is y' Fortune</i> ..	69	<i>Save Women and Wine</i> ... ..	21
<i>Hail Burgundy</i> .....	90	<i>See from y' silent Grove</i> ... ..	37
<i>Happy the Love</i> .....	99	<i>Sweetest of y' nightly</i> ... ..	83
<i>Hear me ye Nymphs</i> ... ..	100	T	
		<i>Thou rising Sun</i> .....	9
		<i>Thrice happy Lizzy</i> ... ..	13
		<i>Trust not to Man</i> .....	14
		<i>Tho' Beauty like y' Rose</i> ... ..	27
		<i>The deep'ning Shadows</i> ... ..	29
		<i>The Smiling Morn</i> .....	48
		<i>The wounded Deer</i> .....	62
		<i>The Lass of Paties Mill</i> ... ..	91
		<i>'Tis thee I love</i> .....	77
		<i>To the God of Wine</i> .....	88
		<i>Twas on a Rivers</i> .....	92
		<i>Thy opening Bloom</i> ... ..	55
		<i>Too lovely fair one</i> ... ..	96
		W	
		<i>When y' bright God</i> .....	11
		<i>When Chloe we ply</i> .....	20
		<i>When Sockey first I</i> ... ..	31
		<i>When Love &amp; Youth</i> .....	54
		<i>When Parents obstinate</i> ..	68
		<i>When e'er my Chloe</i> .....	63
		<i>What Cato advises</i> .....	18
		<i>What mullen Fears</i> .....	41
		<i>What care I for affair</i> ... ..	42
		<i>What beauties does Flora</i> ... ..	89
		<i>Welcome welcome Brother</i> ..	26
		<i>With broken Words</i> .....	30
		<i>Who to win a Roman's</i> ... ..	36
		<i>Whilst wanton Cupid</i> ... ..	49
		<i>Whilst Strephon on fair</i> ... ..	73
		<i>While in a Bow'r</i> .....	84
		<i>Without Affectation</i> ... ..	70
		<i>Why will Florella</i> ... ..	95
		Z	
		<i>Zeno Plato Aristotle</i> ... ..	4



*[Faint, illegible handwriting]*

*[Extremely faint, illegible handwriting covering the majority of the page]*



J H C  
*True Mason.*

To the Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup> the Marquis of CARNARVON Grand Master, these four Plates are humbly Inscib'd.

*Genius of Mason-ry descend In mystick Numbers while we sing*

*Enlarge Our souls the Craft defend And hither all thy influence bring*

*With Social thoughts Our bosoms fill And give thy turn to ev'ry Will.*

*Immortal Science too, be near!  
 (We own thy Empire o'er the Mind)  
 Dress'd in thy radiant Robes appear;  
 With all thy beautiful Train behind:  
 Invention young, and blooming, there;  
 Here Geometry, with Rule and Square.*

*United thus, and for these Ends,  
 Let Scorn deride, & Envy rail;  
 From Age to Age the Craft descends;  
 And what We Build shall never fail;  
 Nor shall the World Our Works survey;  
 But ev'ry Brother keeps the Key.*

FLUTE.





Gravelot inv

G. Bickham sc.

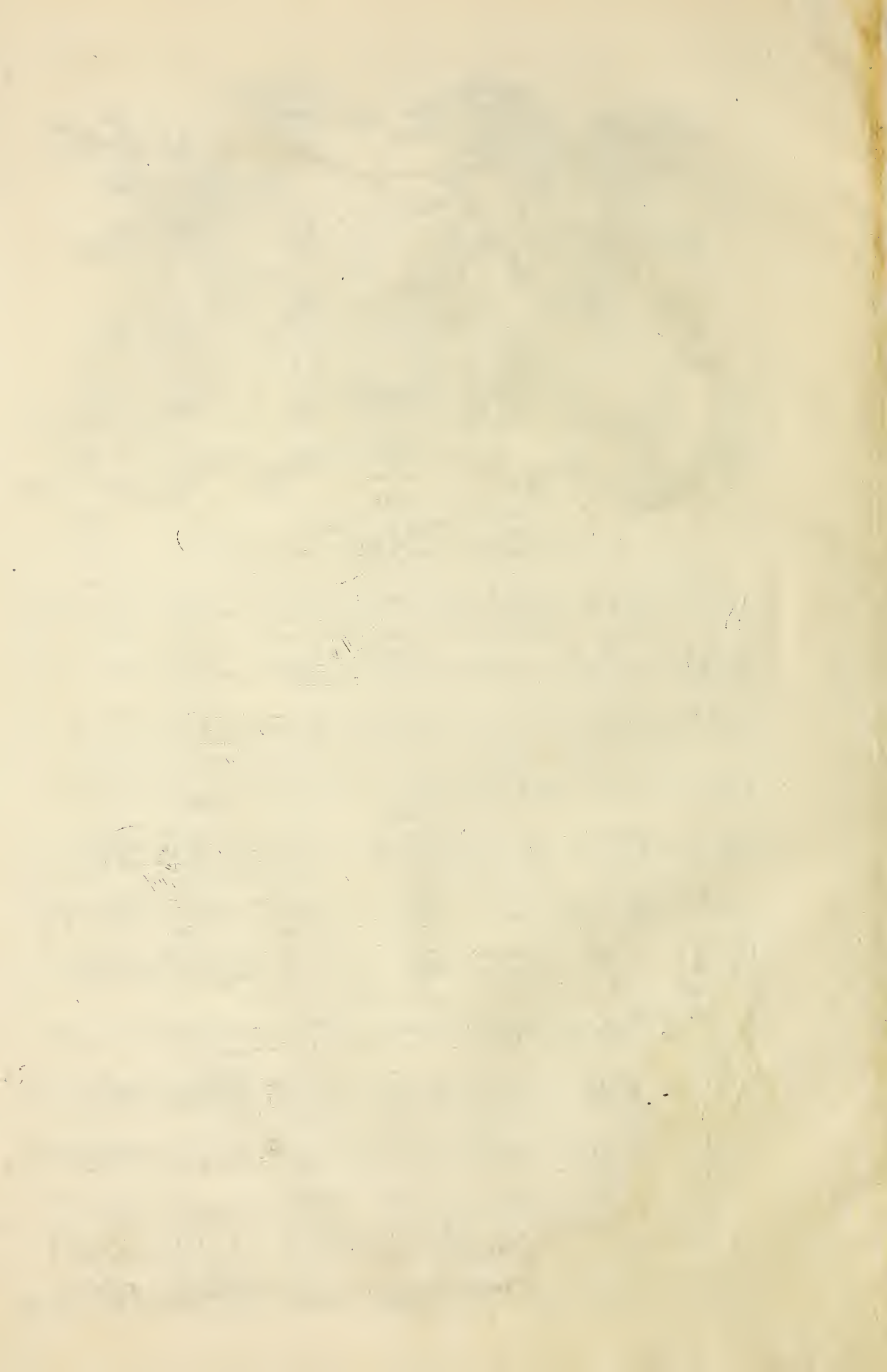
THE  
*Earth's Motion Drowd.*

Set by M.<sup>r</sup> Leveridge.

The Words by M.<sup>r</sup> Lockman.

*My joyous Blades, n<sup>o</sup> Roses crown'd, Who quaff bright Nectar at its Spring, Dispute not if y<sup>e</sup>*  
*Earth goes round, But hear a thirsty Poet sing. Dispute not if y<sup>e</sup> Earth goes round, But hear a*  
*thirsty Poet sing. All take your Glasses, charge them high; - Let Bumpers, swift..... by, Bumpers*  
*chaps, chaps: Each man drink fifty, soon they'll spy, The Earth wheel ro..... und n<sup>o</sup>*  
*rap... id Pace. Each man drink fifty, soon they'll spy, The Earth wheel ro..... und n<sup>o</sup> rapid Pace.*

FLUTE.





*THE BACCHANALIAN'S WISH.*

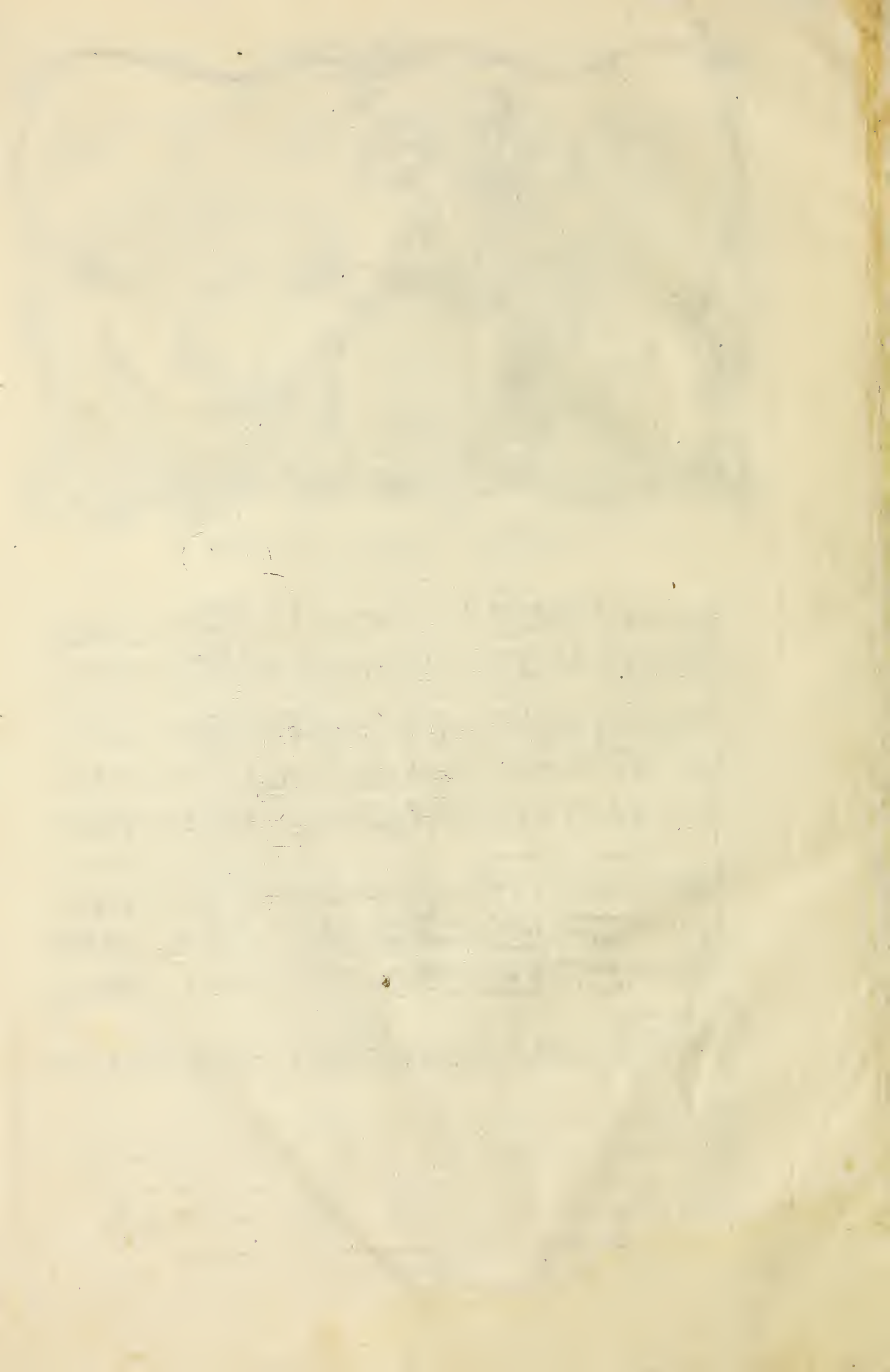
Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Popely.

For y<sup>e</sup> German & Common Flute.

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 his brine, Would have fill'd y<sup>e</sup> vast Ocean with  
 generous wi... ..nc:<sup>rd</sup> have fill'd the vast Ocean with generous Wine.

2  
 What trafficking then would have been on y<sup>e</sup> Main,  
 For y<sup>e</sup> sake of good liquor as well as for gain.  
 No fear then of Tempest or danger of sinking,  
 The Fishes w<sup>re</sup> drown, they are always a drinking.

3  
 Had this been the Case what had we enjoy'd,  
 Our spirits still rising our fancy w<sup>re</sup> droy'd.  
 A Pox then on Neptune when 'twas in his pow'r,  
 To slip like a fool such a fortunate Hour.





*Moor Circulating the Cheerful Glas.*

*Leno, Plato, Ari-stotle all were Lovers of the Bottle; Poets, Painters & Musicians, Churchmen, Lawyers & Physicians all ad-*

*mirer a pretty Glas, all require a cheerful Glas, Leno, Plato, Ari-stotle all were Lovers of the Bottle; Poets, Painters & Musi-*

*cians, Churchmen, Lawyers & Physicians all admire a pretty Glas, all require a cheerful Glas. Poets, Painters and Mu-*

*sicians, Churchmen, Lawyers & Physicians all admire a pretty Glas, all require a cheerful Glas. Ev'ry Pleasure has its Season, love &*

*drinking are no Treason, Ev'ry Pleasure has its Season, love & Drinking are no Treason, love & Drinking are no Treason. DC*

FLUTE.

DC







Gravelot inv.  
The Words by M.<sup>r</sup> Lockman.

G. Bickham jun. sc.  
The Musick by M.<sup>r</sup> Gladwin.

# The Invitation to Mira,

REQUESTING

Her Company to Vaux Hall Garden.

To the Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup> the Lady FRANCES SEYMOUR, These four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

*Affettuoso.*

Come, Mira, Idol of y<sup>e</sup> Swains (So green y<sup>e</sup> Sprays, The Sky so fine) To Bow'rs where  
 heav'n-born Flora reigns, & Handel warbles Aires divine: & Handel war.....bles Aires divine.

<p>Come, ev'ry sprightly Joy to taste,          That rural Art &amp; Nature boast:          Fly thither with y<sup>e</sup> Lightning's haste,          And be y<sup>e</sup> universal Toast.</p>	<p>A Scene so beautiful can't be shown,          Tho' thou should'st ev'ry Realm survey,          As all, wher'er thou com'st must own:          Thy Graces claim the highest Sway.</p>
--	---

# For the Flute.





*The Forsaken Pastoralla.*

*Glide gently on, thou murmuring Brook, & sooth my tender Grief, 'Twas here the fatal*

*Wound I took, 'tis here I seek Relief. With Silvio on this Verdant Shore, I fondly sat reclin'd, Be-*

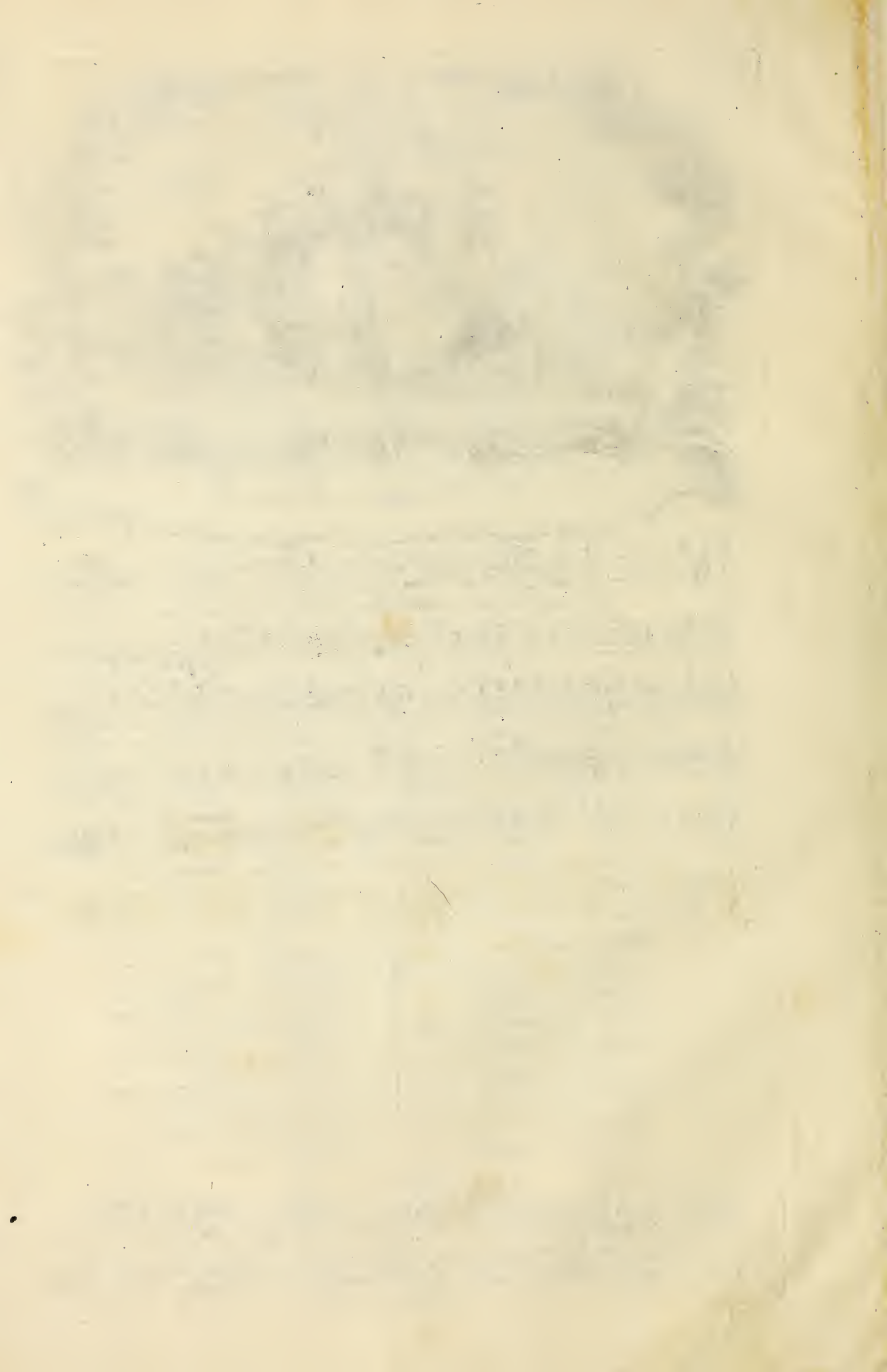
*liev'd y' charming things he swore too credu-lous-ly kind, too cre-dulously kind.*

*While thus he said, this purling Stream  
Back to its Spring shall flow,  
O Pastorella! e'er my Flame  
The last decay shall know.  
Ye conscious Waves roll back again,  
Back too your Crystal Head,  
The false ungrateful perjur'd Swain,  
Has broke the Vows he made.  
Has broke &c.*

*Perhaps some fairer Shepherdess,  
His faithless Breast has warm'd,  
And those kind Vows & soft Address  
Her guiltless Heart has charm'd.  
But tell y' Nymph thou gentle Stream,  
If e'er she Visits Thee,  
The trechrous Youth has vow'd y' same  
Yet broke his Faith with me.  
Yet broke &c.*

*F. L. W. T. B.*

*G. Bickham delin. sculp.*





# Love Relaps'd.

Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Arne.

G. Bickham sculp.

*Amoroso*

If all y<sup>e</sup> I love is her Face, from looking I sure can refrain, In others her likeness may trace, Or  
 absence may cure all my pain; This said from her charms I retir'd, Nor knew I till then how I  
 lov'd: What present my Passion admir'd, In absence my Reason approv'd.

Ah! why should I hope for relief,  
 Where all y<sup>e</sup> I see is disdain,  
 No pity in her for my grief,  
 No merit in me to complain.

Nor yet do I fortune upbraid,  
 Tho' rob'd of my freedom & ease,  
 Still proud of the choice I have made,  
 Tho' hopeless it ever can please.

For the Flute.

Flute accompaniment musical notation.











An Ode from *ij Spectator*, Set by *M. C. Smith jun.*

*Gravelot inv, Bickham jun. sculp.*

THE  
*Lavland Lover.*

To the Right Hon the Lady CHARLOTTE SEYMOUR these 4 Plates are humbly Inscríb'd.

*Thou rising Sun whose gladsome Ray, Invites my Fair to rural Play;*

*Dispell the Mist, and Clear the Skies, And bring my Orra to my Eyes.*

- |  |  |   |
|--|--|---|
| <p>1 Oh! were I sure my Dear to view, -<br/>         I'd climb <i>ij Pine Trees</i> topmost bough,<br/>         Aloft in Air that quivering plays, -<br/>         And round &amp; round for ever gaze. -</p> | <p>3 Oh! I could ride <i>ij Clouds &amp; Skies,</i> -<br/>         Or on <i>ij Ravens</i> Pinions rise, -<br/>         Ye <i>Storks, ye Swains,</i> a Moment stay,<br/>         And waft a Lover on his Way. -</p> | <p>5 What may for strength <i>in Steel</i> compare,<br/>         Oh! Love has Fetters stronger far; -<br/>         By Bolts of Steel are Links confin'd, -<br/>         But cruel Love enchants <i>ij Mind.</i> -</p> |
| <p>2 My Orra Moor where art thou laid,<br/>         What Wood conceals my Sleeping Maid,<br/>         Fast by the Root enrag'd I'll tear, -<br/>         The Trees <i>ij</i> hide my promis'd Fair.</p>      | <p>4 My Blist too long my Bride denies,<br/>         Apace <i>ij</i> wasting Summer flies, -<br/>         Nor yet <i>ij</i> wintry Blasts I fear, -<br/>         Nor Storms nor Night, shall keep me here</p>      | <p>6 No longer <i>ij</i> perplex thy Breast, -<br/>         When Thought torments <i>ij</i> first are best,<br/>         'Tis mad to go, 'tis Death to stay, -<br/>         Away to Orra hast away. -</p>             |

*For the Flute.*





Set by M. Corry.

G. Bickham, inv. sc.

# THE RESOLVE.

*Sinca, Sallindas my, Soc, to a Defart, All go, Where some River, for ever, Shall echo my Woes. Since Sal-*

*lindas my, Soc, to a Defart, All go, Where some River for ever, Shall echo my Woe. The Trees, shall appear, less se-*

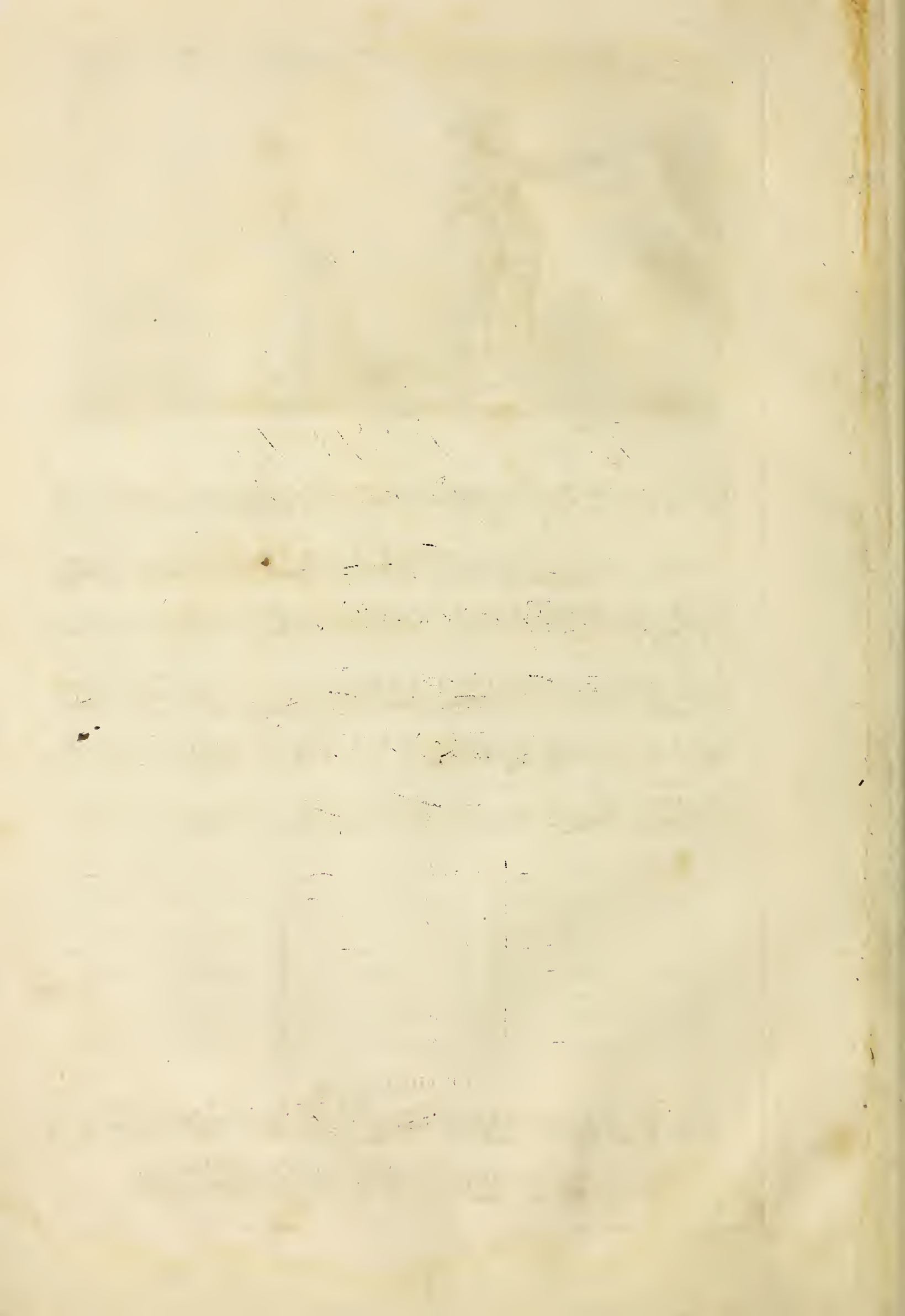
*vere than my Dear, In yf Morning adorning each Leaf with a Tear.*

2  
 To the Rocks all alone,  
 When I make my sad Moan,  
 From each hollow Will follow  
 Some pitiful Groan;  
 With silent Disdain,  
 She requites all my Pain,  
 To my Mourning, Returning,  
 No answer again.

3  
 Ah, Sallinda, adieu,  
 When I cease to pursue,  
 You'll discover, No Lover,  
 Was ever so true:  
 Your sad Shepherd flies,  
 From those dear cruel Eyes  
 Which not seeing, His being,  
 Decays, and he dies.

4  
 Yet tis better to Run,  
 To the Fate we can't shun,  
 Than for ever, Endeavour,  
 What cannot be won:  
 Gods! what have I done,  
 That poor Strephon alone,  
 Thus requited, Is flited,  
 For Loving but one.

## FOR THE FLUTE.





## Love and Music.

When y<sup>e</sup> bright God of day, Drove to west-ward each ray, And y<sup>e</sup> Evening was charming & clear,

The Swallows a-main, Nimble skim o'er y<sup>e</sup> Plain, And our Shadows like Giants appear, The

Swallows a-main Nimble skim o'er y<sup>e</sup> Plain, And our Shadows like Giants appear.

2 In a Jassamin Bower,  
When y<sup>e</sup> Bean was in Flower,  
And Zephyr breath'd Odours around,  
Lovely Sylvia was set,  
With a Song and Spinnet;  
To charm all y<sup>e</sup> Grove with the Sound.

3 Rosy Bowers she Sung,  
While the Harmony rung,  
And y<sup>e</sup> Birds all fluttering arrive,  
The industrious Bee,  
From y<sup>e</sup> Flowers & Trees,  
Gently hum with y<sup>e</sup> Sweets to their Lives.

4 The gay God of Love,  
As he rang'd o'er y<sup>e</sup> Grove,  
By Zephyr conducted along,  
As she touch'd o'er y<sup>e</sup> Strings,  
He beat time with his Wings,  
And echo repeated the Song.

5 Oh ye Rovers beware,  
How you venture to near,  
Love is doubly arm'd for to Wound,  
Your fate you cant shun,  
And your surely undone,  
If you rashly approach near y<sup>e</sup> sound.

For the Flute.





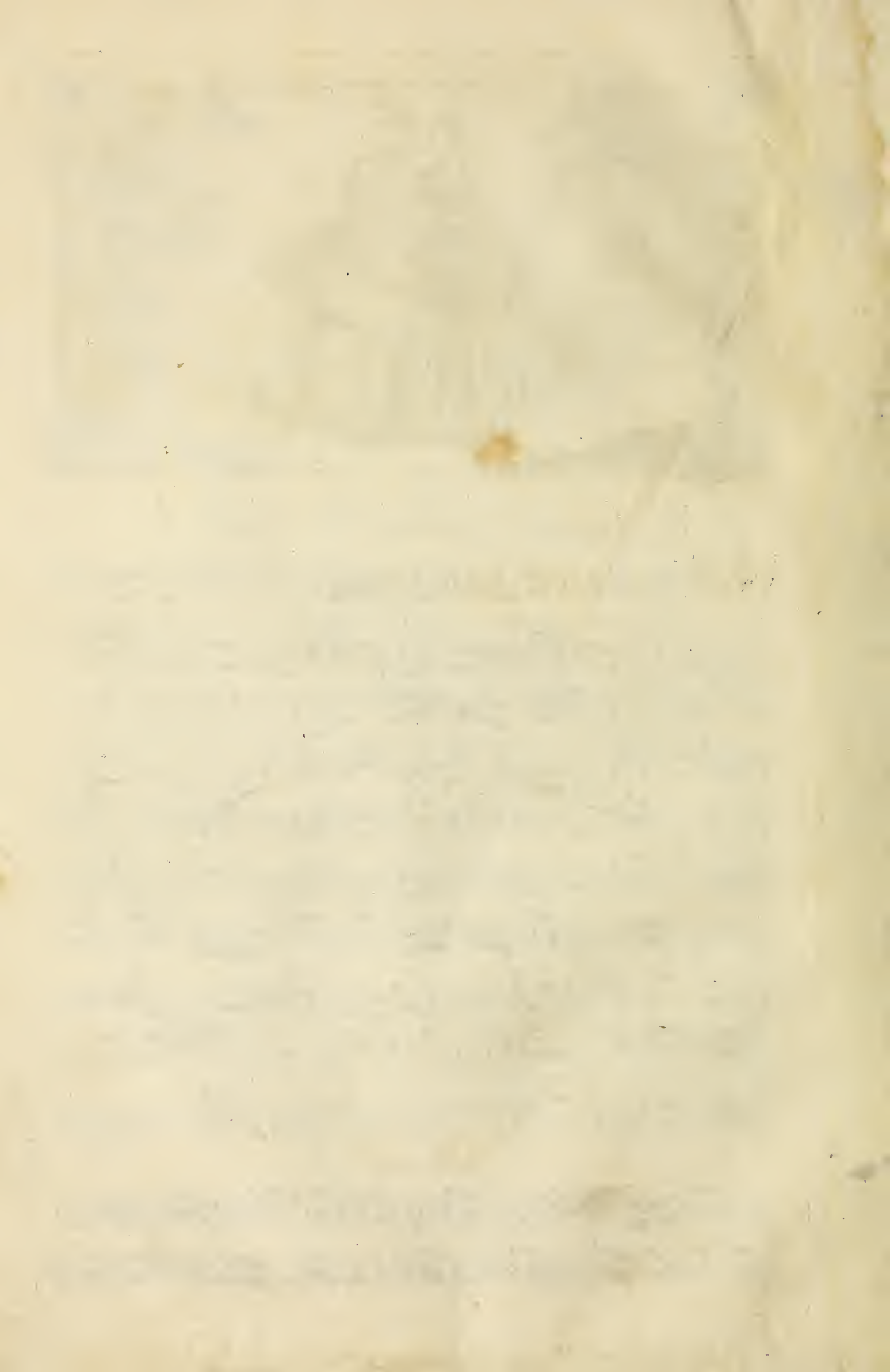
# Moore Coaxing Mauzalinda.

By y Beer, as brown as Berry; By y Cyder & the Perry, Which so oft has made us merry w<sup>th</sup> a  
 Hy-down, Ho-down der. .... ry, With a Hy-down, Ho-down der =

*Sym:* Mauzalinda's All re-main, True Blue will never Stain, Mauza-  
 linda's All re-mai-  
 n True Blue will never Stain True Blue will never Stain.

For the Flute.







Gravelot inv.<sup>t</sup>  
Bickham jun. sc.

The Words by W. Lockman.  
Set by M. John C. Smith.

# LIZZY

To the Right Hon. the Earl POULET, These four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

Thrice happy Lizzy, blooming Maid, By no false Arts of life betraid, Blest Tenant of the rural scene; Whose joys un-mitt'd n<sup>o</sup> pining

Care, n<sup>o</sup> pry up - on the malish Fair, n<sup>o</sup> Ev'ning comes, n<sup>o</sup> artless Smile, Does all her pleasing Toils be - guide, n<sup>o</sup> tripping o'er th' enamell'd Green.

<p>2</p> <p>Clarinda fair in Jewels dress, - The Pride of Theatres confest, - Still shines with irresistibly Mean: Tho' Musick, Action, Words, conspire, - To wake her soul to soft desire, - I delight like this will quickly dye, - And Lizzy tastes more perfect joy, - In tripping o'er th' enamell'd Green.</p>	<p>3</p> <p>When Lindamira in the Dance, - To sprightly Vireo does swift advance, - And graceful moves like Beauty's Queen; Tho' crowds of Beau's admiring gaze, Nor sickning Prudes refuse her praise, The staiter Bell's not half so blest, - And Lizzy's of more joys possest, - In tripping o'er th' enamell'd Green.</p>	<p>4</p> <p>When Coquetilla Cards invite, - To while away in social Night, - And banish far corroding spleen; Tho' Chance indulgent to her will, Conveys each circling Deal, spadille, The sweets of Gain are less refin'd, - And softer Transports both of Mind, Of Lizzy when she trips in Green...</p>	<p>5</p> <p>Had blissful life which Lizzy leads, - Midst bubbling springs &amp; painted Meads, Just Emblem of the golden Mean: - A life, n<sup>o</sup> fairer Virtus graecis, - Whose eluding Moments sweetly waste; Made doubly joyous, cheerful, gay, - When Lizzy crowns th' indulgent Day With tripping o'er th' enamell'd Green.</p>
--	---	---	---

FOR THE FLUTE.



Faint, illegible text or musical notation, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.


Faint, illegible text or musical notation, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.



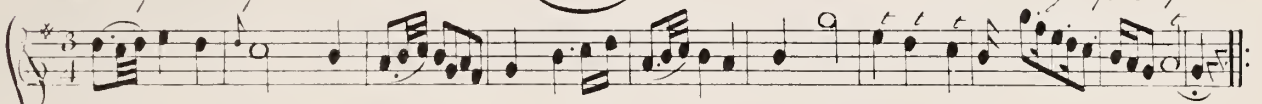
THE

G. Bickham jun. sculp.

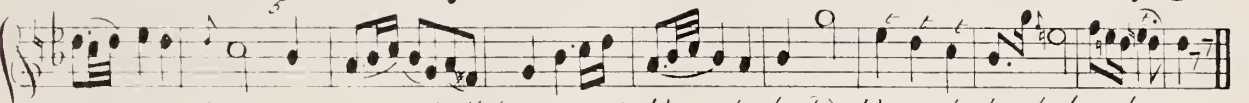
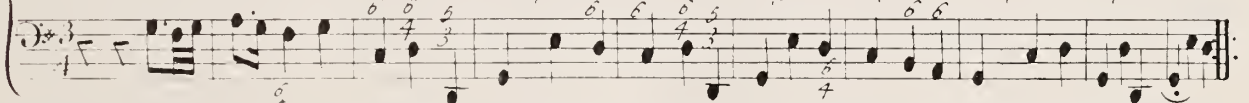
# Student Adviser.

The Words by M. Carey.

Music by S. Porpora



Trust not Man, for hell de-ceive you, And too late you may repent, you may repent:



First hell Court you, then hell leave you, Poor de-luded, Poor de-luded to la-ment. DC



Listen to a kind adviser;

Men but conquer to perplex;

Would you happy be, grow wiser,

And despise the faithless sex.

D. F. W. T. E.







Des. by M<sup>r</sup> Michello.

G. Bickham jun<sup>r</sup> Sc.

THE  
*Beautys of Hampstead.*

Summers heat of Town invades, All repair to cooling Shades;

How inviting, How delighting, Are the Hills and flow'ry Meads?

Here, where lovely Hampstead stands,  
 And of Neighb'ring Vale commands;  
 What surprising Prospects rising,  
 All around adorn the Lands.

Here are Grottos, purling Streams,  
 Shades defying Titans beams,  
 Rosy Bowers, Fragrant Flowers,  
 Lovers Wishes Poets Themes.

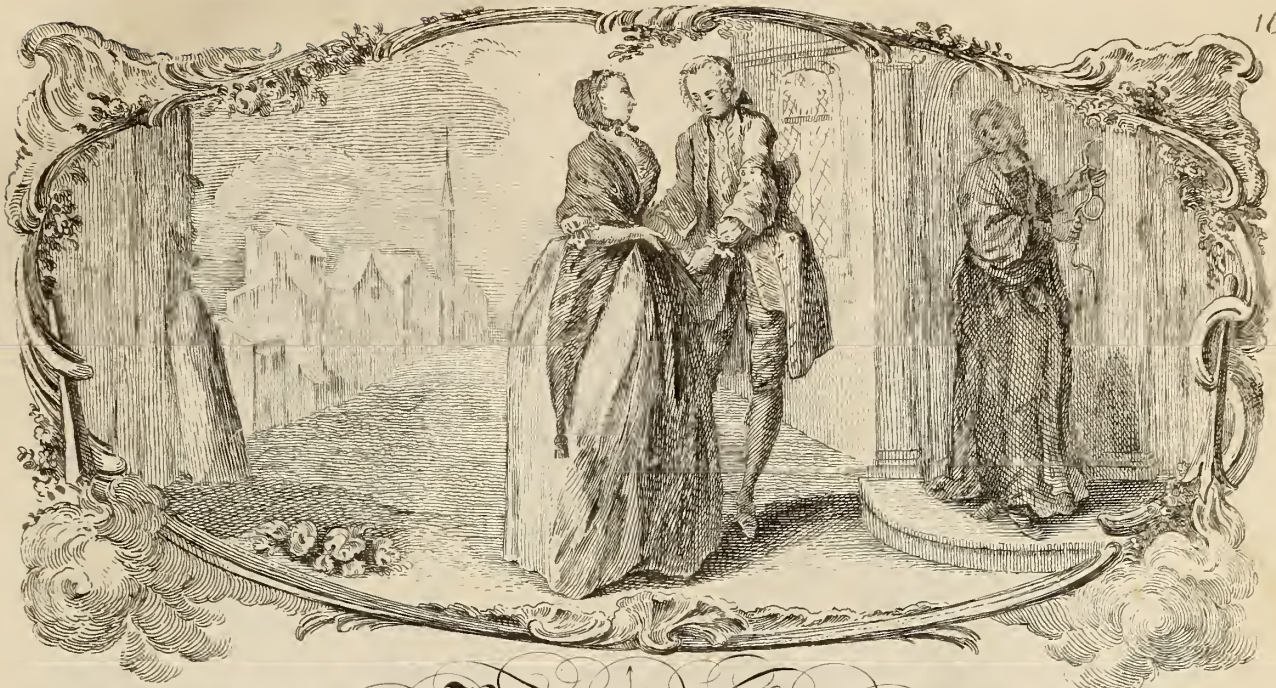
Here, ever woody Mounts arise;  
 There, verdant Lawns delight our Eyes;  
 Where Thames wanders, In Meanders,  
 Lofty Homes approach the Skies.

Of the Chrystal bubbling Well,  
 Life & Strength the Current swells  
 Health & Pleasure, (Heavenly Treasure)  
 Smiling here united dwell.

Here Nymphs & Swains indulge their Hearts,  
 Share the Joys our Scenes imparts;  
 Here be strangers, To all dangers;  
 All - but those of Cupids darts.

FLUTE.





# Love Returned.

The Words by Mr. Wm. Langford.

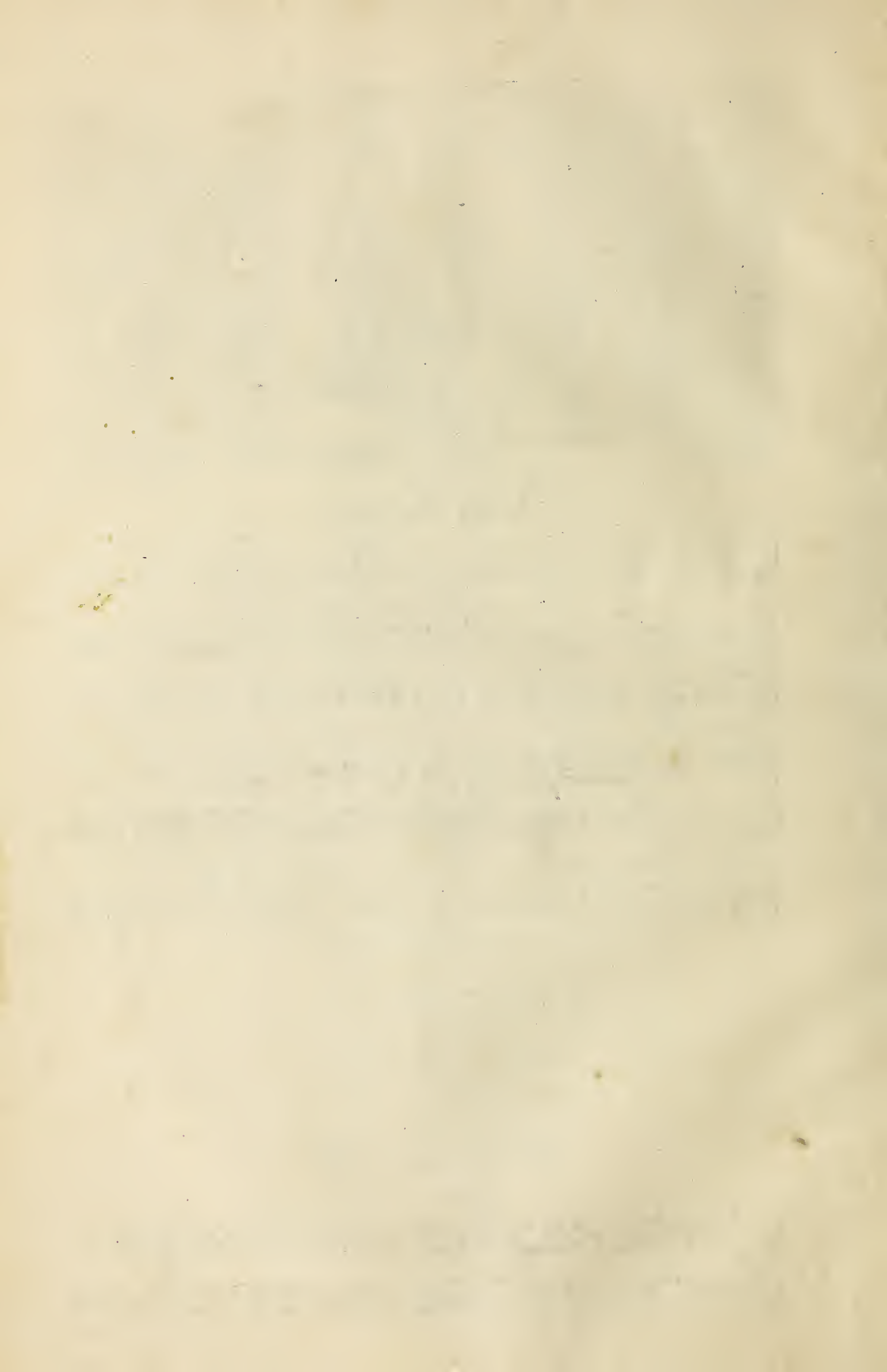
G. Bickham jun<sup>r</sup> sculp.

By Men beloved, How soon we're mov'd! How easily they persuade! How easily they persuade, They  
 please us so, Who can say no, Or who would dye a Maid? Males for Females Heav'n intended, To y<sup>e</sup> Heav'n may'nt  
 be Offend'd, He y<sup>e</sup> first makes Love to me, Shall find, I'll be, As fond as he, Shall find, I'll be, As fond as he.

A Tender Maid, At first tho' staid  
 When once she thinks of Love,  
 When once she thinks of Love,  
 Will freely own That Lying alone,  
 Is what she can't approve,  
 Frit when young Cats then the sweetest,  
 Looks the Gayest and the Neatest,  
 Women too by all confest,  
 When they're young kist, Kiss then y<sup>e</sup> best,  
 When they're young kist, Kiss then y<sup>e</sup> best.

## FLUTE.







*Dithyrambick for two Voices &c.*

*G. Bickham junr sc.*

# The Relief.

To the Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> Lord GEO: GRAHAM, These four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

Cupid no more shall give me Grief, Or anxious Cares op-press my Soul;  
 Cupid no more shall give me Grief, Or anxious Cares op-press my Soul;  
 While gen'rous Bacchus brings Re-lief, And drowns 'em in a flowing Bowl.  
 While gen'rous Bacchus brings Re-lief, And drowns 'em in a flowing Bowl.

2.

Carlia thy Scorn I now dispise,  
 Thy boasted Empire I disown;  
 This takes y<sup>e</sup> Brightness from thy Eyes  
 And makes it sparkle in my own.

FLUTE.





# Cato's Advice.

Or the

## JOVIAL COMPANIONS.

Bickham, jr. sc.

*Allegro*

What Cato advises, Most certainly wise is, Not always to Labour but sometimes to Play, To  
 mingle sweet Pleasure With search after Treasure, Indulging at Night for the Toils of y<sup>e</sup> Day, And  
 while the dull Miser, Esteems himself wiser, His Bags to encrease, he his Health will decay, Our  
 Souls we enlighten, Our Fancies we brighten, And pass y<sup>e</sup> long Evnings in Pleasure away.

All chearful & harty,  
 We set aside Party,  
 With some tender fair each bright Bumper is crown'd,  
 Thus Bacchus invites us,  
 Thus Venus delights us,  
 While Care in an Ocean of Claret is drown'd.

See here's our Physician,  
 We know no Ambition,  
 For where there's good Wine & good Company found,  
 Thus happy together,  
 In Spight of all Weather,  
 'Tis Sunshine & Summer with us y<sup>e</sup> Year round.

### FLUTE.





G. Bickham jun. sculp.

In spite of Love, at length I find, A Mistress y<sup>e</sup> will ease me, Her humour free &  
 unconfind, By night or day shall please me, No jealous cares attend my mind, Tho' she's enjoy'd by  
 all mankind, Then drink & never spare it, 'Tis a Bottle of good Claret, 'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

If you thro' all her naked charms,  
 A little hole discover;  
 Then take her blushing to your arms,  
 And use her like a Lover;  
 Such liquor shall distill from thence,  
 As will transform your ravisht sense,  
 Then drink &c.

If you her excellence would taste,  
 Be sure you use her kind, 'T'  
 And clap your hand below her waste,  
 To raise her up behind, 'T'  
 As for her bottom never doubt,  
 Push but home & you'll find it out.  
 Then drink &c.

Flute.





G. Bickham jun. sc.

# The Artifice.

When Cloe we ply, We swear we shall Die, Her Eyes do our Hearts so intral: But  
 tis for her Pelf. And not for her Self. It is all Artifice all, it is all Artifice, Artifice all.

The Maidens are coy, They'll pish & they'll fie,  
 And vow if your rude they will call:  
 But wisper so low, That they let us know,  
 It is all Artifice all, it is all Artifice &c.

My dear our Wives cry, When ever you die,  
 Oh Marry again we neer shall,  
 But in less than a Year, They make it appear,  
 It is all Artifice all, it is all Artifice &c.

In matters of State And Party Debate,

For Church & for Justice we Bawll:

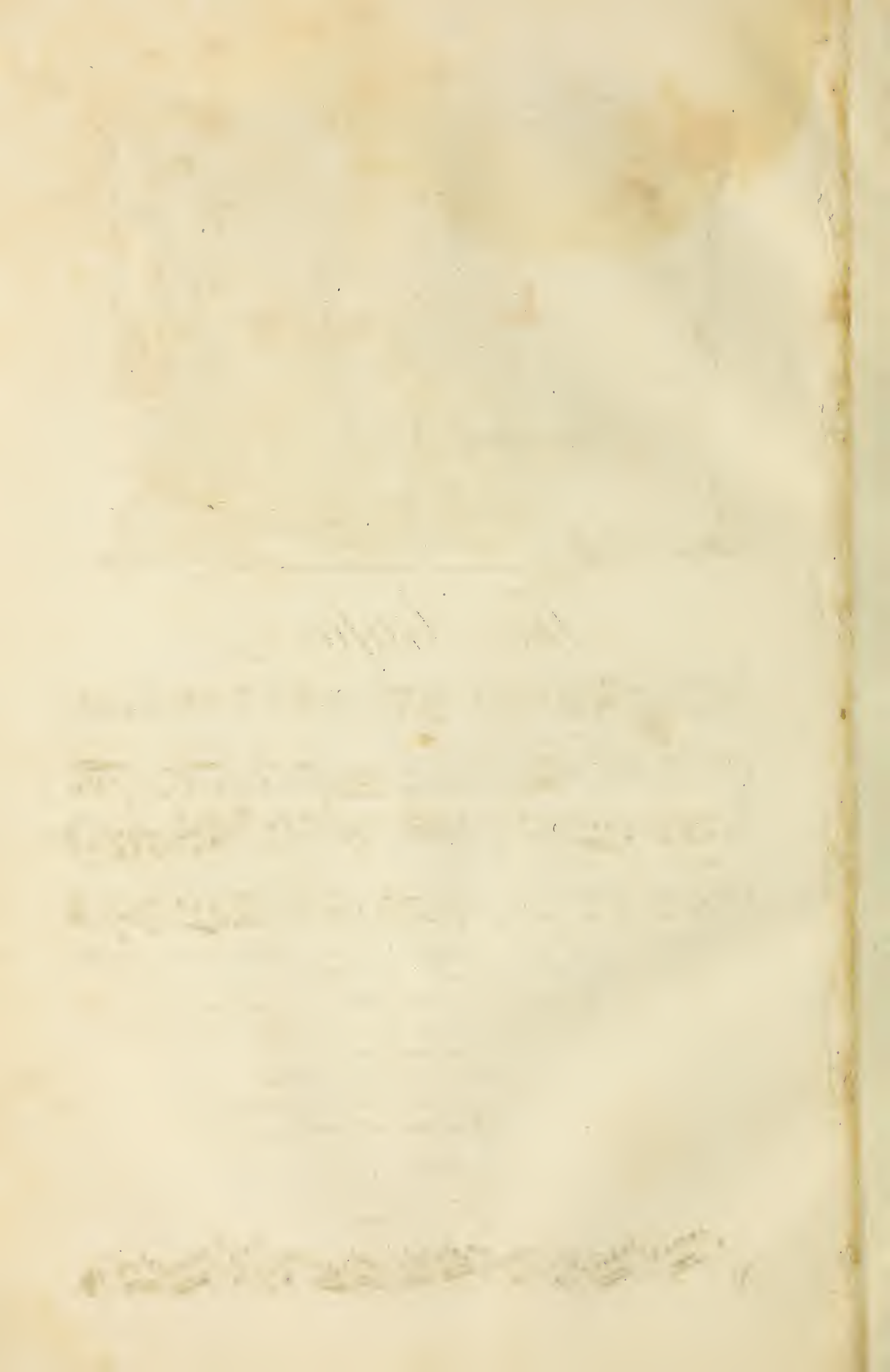
But if you attend, You'll find in the end,

It is all Artifice all, it is all Artifice &c.

FOR

## the Flute.







THE PLEASURES OF LIFE.

To the Right Hon<sup>r</sup> of Earl of SCARBOROUGH These four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

*Save Women & Wine. there is nothing in Life. that can Bribe honest Souls to en-*

*dure it. Save Women & Wine. there's nothing in Life that can Bribe honest Souls to endure it.*

*When y<sup>r</sup> Heart is perplex'd & surrounded with care. dear Women & Wine only cure it. When y<sup>r</sup>*

*Heart is perplex'd & surrounded w<sup>th</sup> care. dear Women & Wine. dear Women & Wine. dear Wo.<sup>m</sup> & Wine only cure it.*

Come on then my Boys well have Women & Wine.  
 And wisely to purpose employ them.  
 Come on then &c  
 It's a Fool that refuses such Blessings Divine.  
 Whilst Vigour & Health can enjoy them.  
 It's a Fool &c.  
 As Women & Wine. dear Women & Wine.  
 Whilst Vigour & Health can enjoy them.

Our Wine shall be Old bright & Sound my dear Jack.  
 To heighten our Amorous Fires.  
 Our Wine &c.  
 Our Girls young & Sound. & shall kiss with a smack.  
 And shall gratify all our Desires.  
 Our Girls &c.  
 The Bottles well Crack. & the Girls we will Smack.  
 And Gratify all our Desires.

FLUTE.





## The Darling Toppers.

For two voices by M. Carey.

G. Bickham jun.'s sculp.

Here's to thee my Boy, My darling my Joy, For a Toper I love as my life, I love as my life; Who

Here's to thee my Boy, My darling my Joy, for a Toper I love as my life; Who

ne'er Baulks his Glass, Nor Cries like an Ass, To go home to his Mistress or Wife, To go ho... me to his Mistress or Wife.

ne'er Baulks his Glass, Nor Cries like an Ass, To go home to his Mistress or Wife, To go ho... me to his Mistress or Wife.

But heartily Quaffs,  
Sings catches & laughs,  
All the Night he looks Jovial & gay,  
Looks Jovial & gay;  
When Morning appears,  
Then homeward he steers,  
To snore out the rest of the Day,  
To snore out the rest of the Day.

He feels not of Cares,  
The Grips or of Fears,  
That the sober too often attend,  
To often attend;  
Nor knows he a Loss,  
Disturbance or Cross,  
Save the want of his Bottle & Friend,  
Save the want of his Bottle & Friend.

FLUTE.





G. Bickham jun. sculp.

Set by Sig.<sup>r</sup> Bliondoracellini.

*On Sacharissa: Adress'd to Miss. A-H*

My Lovesick mind what transport mov'd I was bliss beyond compare When  
 lovely. Sacharissa prov'd as kind as she is fair Joyful on her soft  
 Hand I hung and caught the melting Ac-cents from her Tongue.

The more I gaz'd on that fair Face I more & more admir'd, For still some new discover'd grace My raptur'd bosom fir'd, Happy we sat & talk'd and lov'd I sigh'd & wou'd & kiss'd & she approv'd.	Whilst Sacharissa true remain'd Each former Love was strown I all the rest but her disdain'd And liv'd for her alone True as the Needle to the Pole I turn'd to her if Magnet of my <sup>soul</sup> .	But since no more of once fond heart With equal Ardour burns like mine no longer dreads to part Nor Love for her returns Grant me ye Gods if such there be A Nymph more constant not less fair <sup>she</sup> .
---	--	--

*For the Flute.*





*Poor Children Three. As Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Leguar.*

*Poor Children three, Poor... Chil-dren three, devour did he, devour... did he, y<sup>e</sup> could not*

*with him grapple, grap... ple but at one sup he*

*eat them up he... eat them up as one would eat an Apple*

*ple but at one sup he eat em up as one would eat an Apple an Ap... ple.*

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a bass line. The vocal line features various ornaments (trills, grace notes) and rests. The bass line provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written in a cursive hand below the notes.

*For the Flute.*

The flute part is written on a single staff with a treble clef. It features a complex melodic line with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, including trills and grace notes. The piece concludes with a final cadence.







G. Bickham jun. sculp.

Sung by M<sup>rs</sup> Vincent in y<sup>e</sup> Northern Caps.

# THE Northern Lad's Complaint.

To his Grace y<sup>e</sup> Duke of ATHOL These four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

*A bonny Northern Lad, as ever walkt y<sup>e</sup> streets of Edin-borough Town, Or wore a silken Plad or daught y<sup>e</sup>*

*Laggar by his side, forlorn and wretched made by Moggy's disdain and killing frown, upon a bank was*

*laid dose by the pleasant River Tweed. Ah cruel Love, poor Jockey cry'd of joy - thou rob'st my life, whilst*

*Moggy runs away and frowns, & will not be... my wife, in vain the Shepherds pipe and Sing, in*

*vain to smiles the flow-ry spring, since love can now no comfort bring, come come sweet death & end y<sup>e</sup> strife.*

For the Flute.





# Debtors welcome to their Brother.

Welcome welcome Brother debtor, To y<sup>e</sup> poor but merry place, Where no Bayliff dun or letter, Dare to show their frightful face,  
 But kind Sir as your a stranger, Down your garnish you must lay, Or your coat will be in Danger, You must either Strip or Pay.

<p> <i>Nier</i> Repine at your Confinement,            From your Children or your Wife,            Willom bys in true Refinement,            Thro' y<sup>e</sup> various scenes of Life,            Scorn to show the least Resentment,            Tho' beneath y<sup>e</sup> frowns of fate,            Knaves &amp; Beggars find Contentment,            Fears and Cares attend the Great.         </p>	<p>           Tho' our Creditors are spiteful,            And restrain our Bodys here,            Use will make a Goal delightful,            Since there's nothing else to fear,            Every Islands but a Prison,            Strongly Guarded by the Sea,            Kings &amp; Princes for that Reason,            Prisoners are as well as we.         </p>	<p>           What was it made great Alexander,            Weep at his unfriendly fate,            'Twas because he could not Wander,            Beyond y<sup>e</sup> Worlds strong Prison gate,            For the World is also bounded,            By the Heavens and Stars above,            Why should we then be confounded,            Since there's nothing free but Love.         </p>
---	---	---

# For the Slave.

The Words by M.<sup>r</sup> Coffey. G. Bickham jun. inv<sup>t</sup> et sc.





*THE BEAUTY of Polworth Green.*

Watteau Inv. G. Bickham jun. sculp.

*Tho' beauty like the Rose, That smiles on polworth Green, In various Colours*

*shows As 'tis by Fancy seen; Yet all its different glories lie, Uni- ted in thy*

*Face, And Virtue like the Sun on high, Gives ray to ev'ry Grace.*

*So Charming is her air, —  
 So smooth so calm her Mind,  
 That to some Angels care, —  
 Each motion seems assignd; —  
 But yet so chearful, sprightly, gay,  
 The joyful moments fly, —  
 As if for Wings they stole y ray,  
 She darteth from her Eyes. —*

*Kind am'rous Cupids, while —  
 With tuneful Voice she sings, —  
 Perfume her breath and smile, —  
 And wave their balmy wing,  
 But as the tender blushes rise, —  
 Soft innocence doth warm, —  
 The Soul in blissful extasies, —  
 Dissolveth in the Charm. —*

*Flute.*



*[Faint, illegible text or musical notation, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*



*Moore in Armour, to fight y<sup>e</sup> Dragon.*

Oh, I would not for any Money, this vile Beast should kill my honey,  
 better kiss me gentle Knight, than w<sup>th</sup> Dragons fierce, to fight.

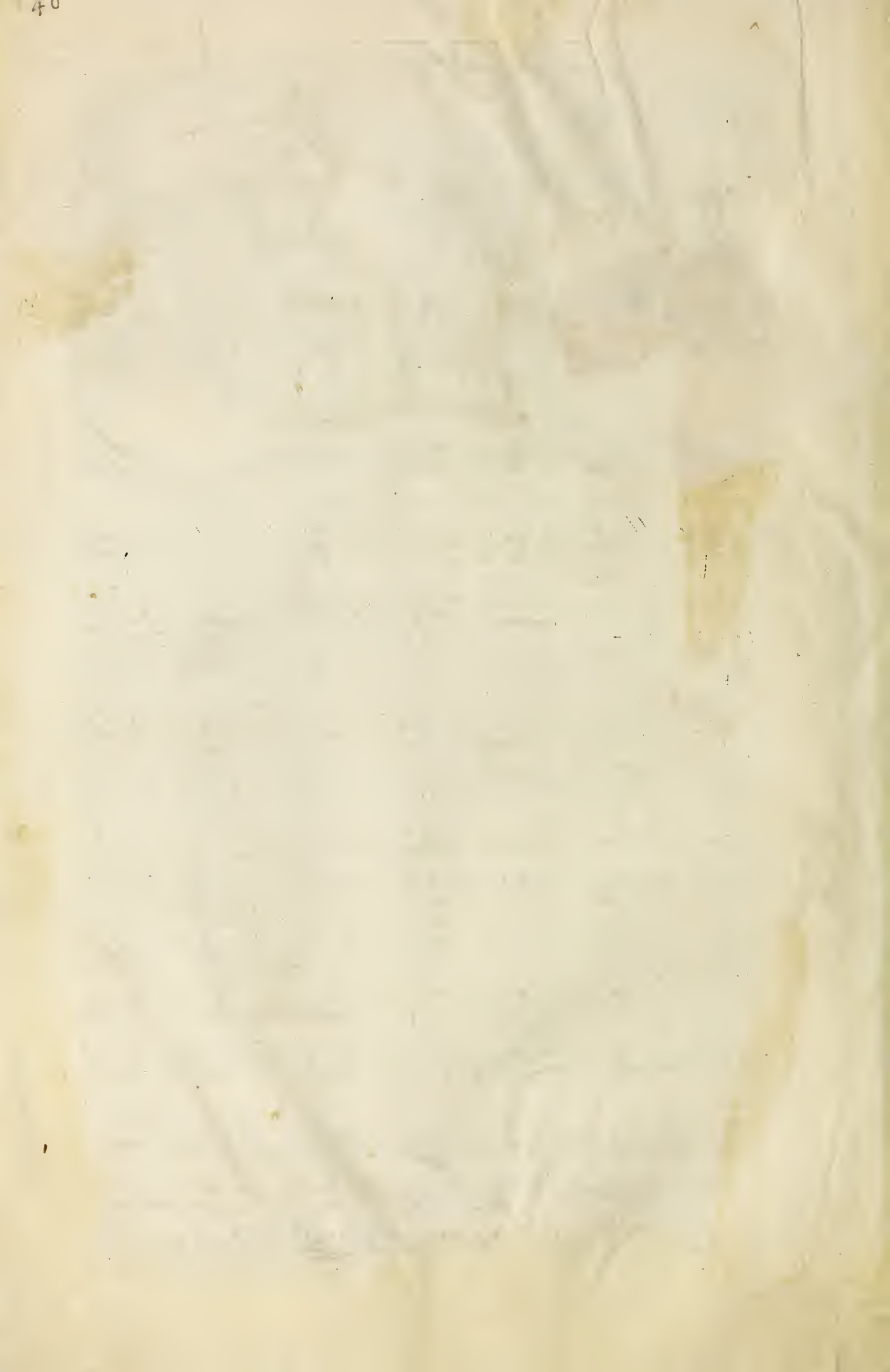
Oh, I would not for a-----ny Money this vile Beast should kill my honey,  
 better kiss me gentle Knight, better kiss me gentle Knight, than w<sup>th</sup> Dragons fierce to  
 fight, than with Dragons fierce to fight.

DC.

For the Flute.

Flute accompaniment consisting of three staves of music.







THE *Blaze of Charms* Bickham sc.

To y<sup>e</sup> R. Hon. y<sup>e</sup> Lord ABERGAVENNY. These four Plates are humbly Inscr<sup>ib</sup>d.

Affettuoso.

The deepning shadows were with-drawn, from slumbers nature seem'd to rise,

And, sol slow mounting from the Dawn, Diffus'd his radiance o'er y<sup>e</sup> skin. When lo! Clarinda's

blaze of charms, breaks pow'ful round my wandring Eye, Swift beats my heart, In all alarms in

sweet a-maze I faint I die. O Phoebus boast no more thy Pow'r e-clips'd by Beauty's brighter

ray. But hide thee in y<sup>e</sup> realms of night, Cla-ri-da will bring on the Day.

FLUTE.





G. Hickham jun. inv. sc.

*Collin's farewell to Grisy.*

*With broken words, & down cast eyes, Poor Collin spoke his passion tender, And parting with his*

*Grisy cries, Ah! woe's my Heart that we should sunder. To others I am cold as Snow; But kindle n<sup>th</sup> thine*

*Eyes like tender, From thee with pain, I'm forc'd to goe; It breaks my Heart that we should sunder.*

*Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,  
No beauty new, my Love shall hinder;  
Nor time, nor place, shall ever change  
My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to sunder:  
The image of thy graceful Air,  
And beauty, that invites our wonder;  
Thy ready wit, and prudence rare,  
Shall e'er be present, tho' we sunder.*

*Dear Nymph, believe thy Swain in this  
You ne'er can find a heart that's kinder; —  
Then seal a promise, with a kiss, —  
Always to love me, tho' we sunder; —  
Ye Gods, take care of my dear Lass, —  
That as I leave her, I may find her; —  
When that blest time shall come to pass,  
We meet again, and never sunder. —*

FLUTE.



*[The text in this section is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be several lines of handwritten or printed text, possibly a list or a set of instructions, but the characters are too light to be transcribed accurately.]*



*Jenny the Pedler, & Amorous Jockey.*

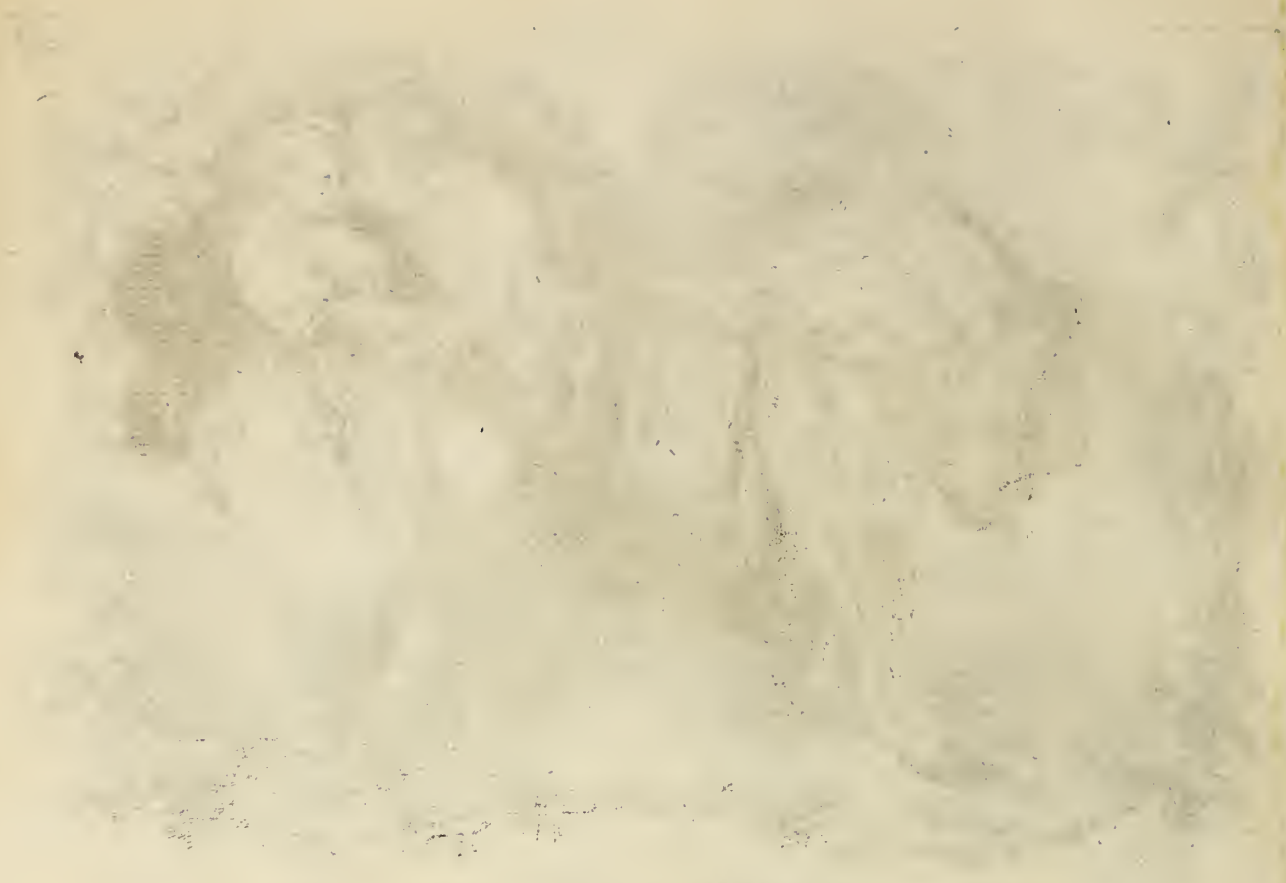
When Jockey first I saw, my Soul was charm'd, To see y<sup>e</sup> bonney Lad so blith, so bli-

...th & gay, My Heart did beat, it being alarm'd, That I to Jockey nought, nought could say.

At last, I courage took, & Passion quite forsook, And told y<sup>e</sup> bonney Lad his charms I felt, He

then did smile, with a Pleasing look And told me Jenny in his Arms, his Arms could melt.

For the Flute.



The text on this page is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be organized into several paragraphs or sections, but the individual words and lines are too light to read. The text is distributed across the lower two-thirds of the page, following a similar layout to the watermark above.



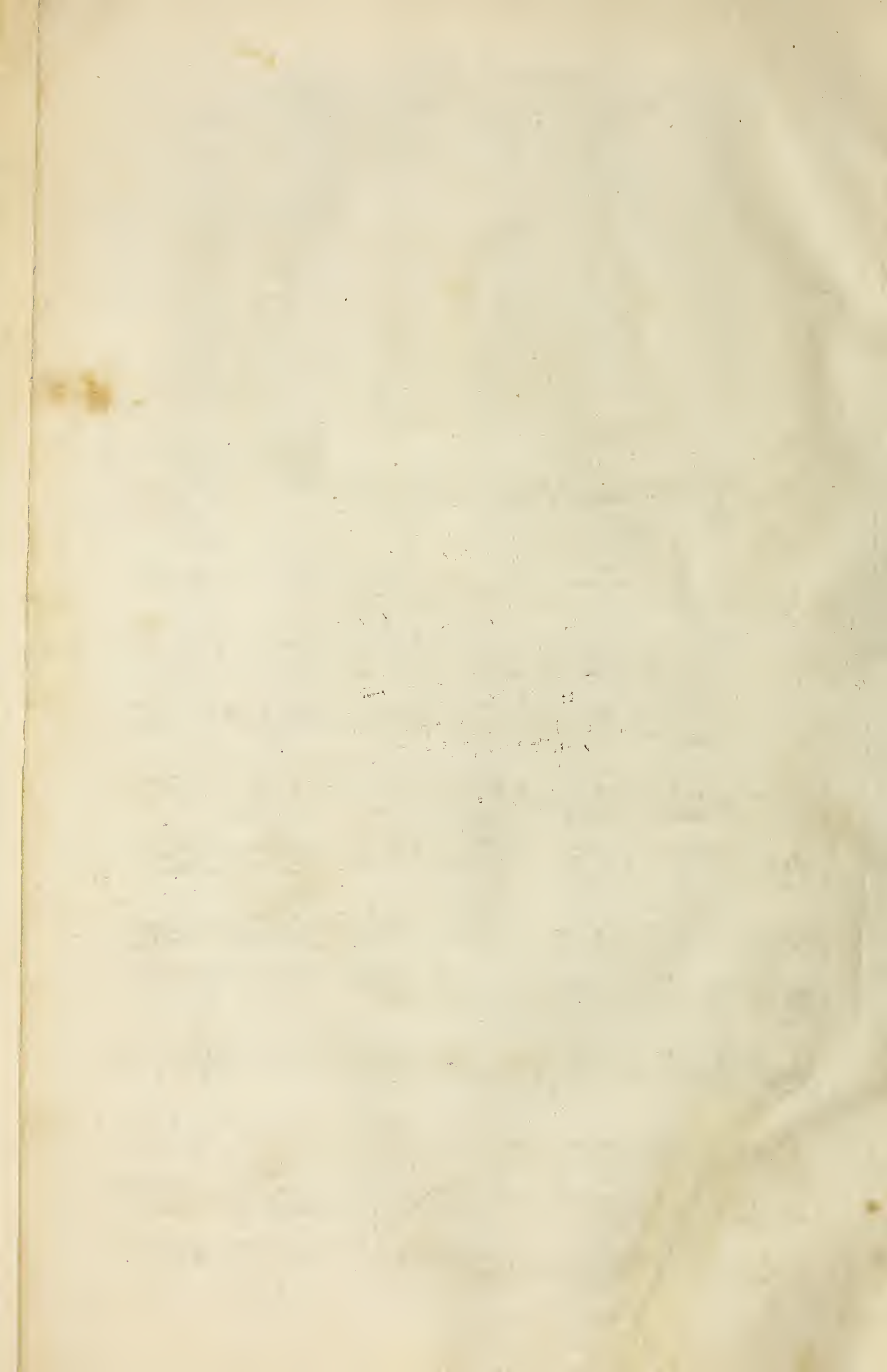
*Moore fighting with y' Dragon.*

Oh hoh Master Moore you Son of a whore I wish I had known your tricks before I  
 wish I had known your tricks before; Oh hoh Master Moore you  
 Son of a whore, I wish I had known your tricks before, you Son of a whore  
 I wish I had known your tricks before, before I wish I had known your tricks before.

For the Flute.

Additional musical notation for the flute part, consisting of three staves of music in the same key and time signature as the vocal line above.

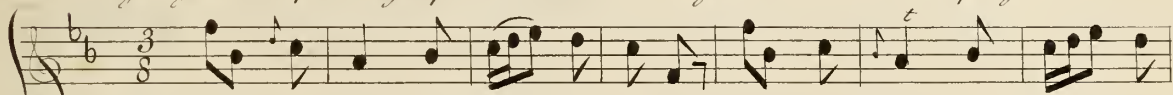




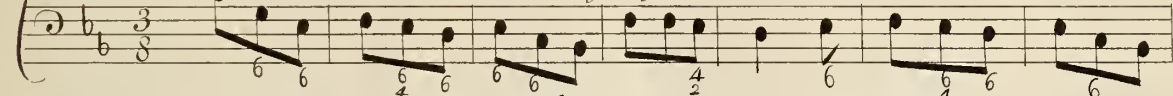


*Beauties Decay.*

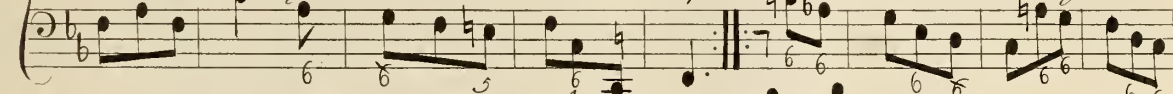
To y<sup>e</sup> Right Hon<sup>or</sup> of Countess of SUNDERLAND these 4 Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.



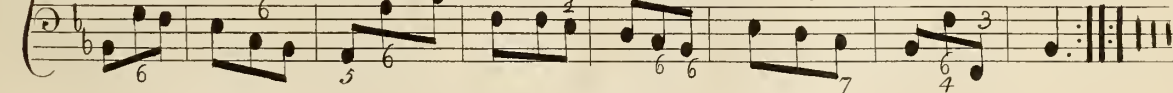
*As the Snow in Vallies lying Phæbus his warm beams ap-*



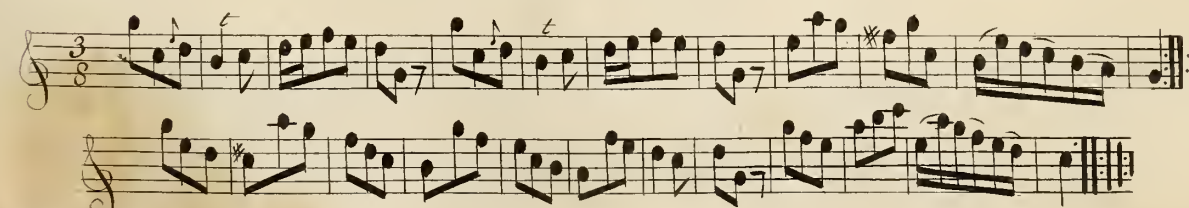
*plying Soon dissolves and runs a-way So the beauties so the Graces*



*Of the most bewitching Faces At aproaching Age decay.*



*FOR THE FLUTE.*







*Chloe Admonished.*

*Set by M. Howard.*

*Geo Bickham jun' del. sc.*

*Dear Chloe at-tend, to th' advice of a Friend, And for once be ad-mo-nish'd by me:*

*Before you en-gage, To Wed with old Age, Think how Sum-mer & Winter a-gree, think how sum-er & winter a-gree.*

*To ancient a Fruit, —  
 For want of a Root, —  
 Is doom'd to a speedy decay;  
 Youth might ripen your charms, —  
 But old Age in young Arms,  
 Is like Frosty Weather in May. —  
 Believe me dear Maid, —  
 When y' best Cards are play'd, —  
 You seldom can meet with a Trump;  
 And to help the Jest on, —  
 When the Sucker is gone, —  
 What a Plague would you do w<sup>th</sup> a Pump!*

*Let Men of Threescore, —  
 Think of Wedlock no more,  
 They need not be fond of that Moose; —  
 The Cripple that begs,  
 Without any Legs,  
 Can have no occasion for Shoes. —  
 A Clock out of repair,  
 Does but badly declare,  
 The Hour of y' Day or the Night; —  
 For unless my dear Love,  
 The Pendulum move, —  
 'T would be strange if the Clock should go right.*

*FLUTE.*





*Tickle Jenny & Jockey, a Dialogue.*

Oh! my fickle Jenny when there <sup>was</sup> not any in all of North had Pow'r to win you, but

blith Jockey to your arms, there's nêre a lad in all of nation was in so happy Station as

Jockey when in Possession of Jenny in her early Charms.

She.  
 Had you still Carrépid me  
 As when first you propos'd me  
 No other lad had e'er propos'd me  
 But I still your own had been  
 Had none ever been in loque w' ye  
 Had you let none else Collogue ye  
 Nor wandred after Katherine Ogie  
 I had speal as well as any Queen.

He.  
 Moggie of Dumferling  
 Is my only Darling  
 She sing as sweet as any Starling  
 And Dances with a Bonny Air  
 Moggie is so kind and tender  
 Was fate ready now to end her  
 And from y' stroke I could defend her  
 I'd die but I wou'd Moggie spare.

She.  
 Sannie me Carrépses  
 Whose Bagpipe so pleases  
 That my poor heart nêre at ease is  
 Unless we are together blith  
 O! so heartily befriend him  
 Was fate really now to end him  
 And from y' stroke I could defend him  
 Ten thousand time I'd suffer death.

He. Come lets leave this fooling  
 My hearts never cooling  
 But Jennys charms are ever ruling  
 And thus our loves we fondly try.

She. Wou'd you to your Arms restore me  
 Shoud all y' Lords of th' Land adore me  
 Ney our good King himself for me  
 With you alone I'd live and die.

For the Flute.





# The Rover.

G. Bickham Inv. et Sculp.

Who to win a Woman's Favour, Would solicit long in vain; Who to gain a

Moments Pleasure, Would endure an Age of Pain: Idly toying, Never enjoying,

Pleased with suing, Fond of ruin, Made y<sup>e</sup> Martyr of Disdain, Made y<sup>e</sup> Martyr of Disdain.

Give me Love the beautiful Rover,  
 Whom a general Passion warms;  
 Fondly blessing every Lover,  
 Frankly proffring all her charms:  
 Never flying,  
 Still complying,  
 Train'd to please you,  
 Glad to ease you,  
 Circled in her snowy Arms.

For the Flute.







ALEXIS. Cantata, By D<sup>r</sup> Pepusch.

To y<sup>e</sup> R<sup>o</sup>n. y<sup>e</sup> Lord HARVEY, This Cantata's humbly Inscribd.

G Bickham, Inget Scr.

Recitative.

See from y<sup>e</sup> silent Grove Alexis flies & seeks, with ev'ry pleasing Art, to ease y<sup>e</sup>

pain w<sup>ch</sup> lovely Eyes cre-ated in his Heart; To shining theatres he now repairs, to learn Camilla's moving

Slow.

Airs, where thus to Musicks pow'r y<sup>e</sup> Swain address'd his Pray'rs.

Aria.

Charming sounds y<sup>e</sup> sweetly languish, Musick O con-verse my anguish, ev'ry passion yields to

thee, ev'ry passion yields to thee, Charming sounds y<sup>e</sup> sweetly languish, Musick O compose my

Anguish, ev'ry passion yields to thee, ev'ry pas- - - - - si-on yields to thee





Phaebus quickly if relieve me Cupid shall no more deceive me I'll to Sprightlyer Toys be  
 free to Sprightlyer Toys I'll be free, I'll to sprightlyer Toys be free, Apollo heard if foolish swain, he  
 knew w<sup>th</sup> Daphne once he lov'd how weak t'assuage an Am'rous pain his own harmonious art had  
 provid & all his healing herbs how vain if, thus he strikes if speaking strings P reluding to his Voice = = Sings

Recit

DC

Aria.

Cimbalo.

Violoncello.

Violoncello.





*Sounds tho' charming can't relieve thee* *sounds tho'*

*charming can't relieve thee do not Shephard then de.ceive thee Musick is the voice of*

*Love Musick is the Voice of Love;* *Sounds tho' charming can't re live thee*

*do not Shephard then de.ceive thee Musick is the Voice of Love, Musick is thee*

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features complex rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth-note runs and triplets. The lyrics are written in a cursive script below the vocal lines.





*Voice of Love . Music is the Voice of Love*

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is on the top staff, and the bass line is on the bottom staff. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5.

*If y tender Maid believe thee*

Musical notation for the second system, continuing the melody and bass line from the first system.

*Soft re-lent-ing kind con-sent-ing will a-lone thy pain re-move will a-lone the*

Musical notation for the third system, continuing the melody and bass line.

*pain re-move , Soft re-lent-ing kind con-sent-ing will a-lone thy pain re-move.*

Musical notation for the fourth system, concluding the piece with a double bar line. Fingerings and dynamics are clearly marked.











Set by M<sup>r</sup> Carey.

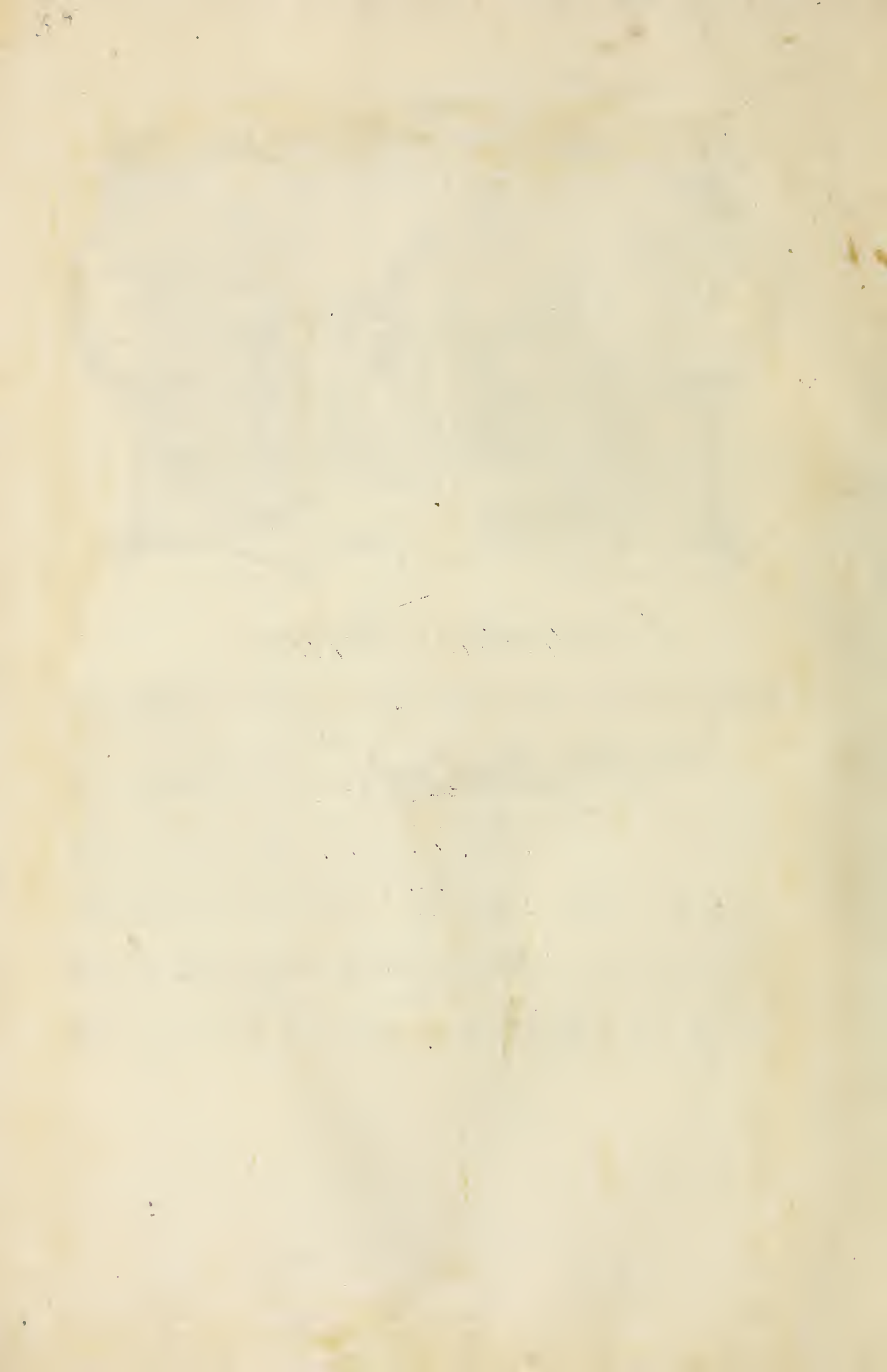
THE

G. Bickham In. Sc.

# Contented Farmer.

What care I for affairs of State, or  
 who is Rich, or who is Great: How far abroad y<sup>e</sup> Am-bitious roam, to bring or Gold or  
 Silver home: What ist to me, if France, or Spain, consent to Peace, or Wars maintain.

*I pay my Taxes, Peace or War;  
 And wish all well at Gibraltar;  
 But mind a Cardinal no more  
 Than any other Scarlet Whore;  
 Grant me ye Pow'rs but health & rest,  
 And let who will the World contest.*





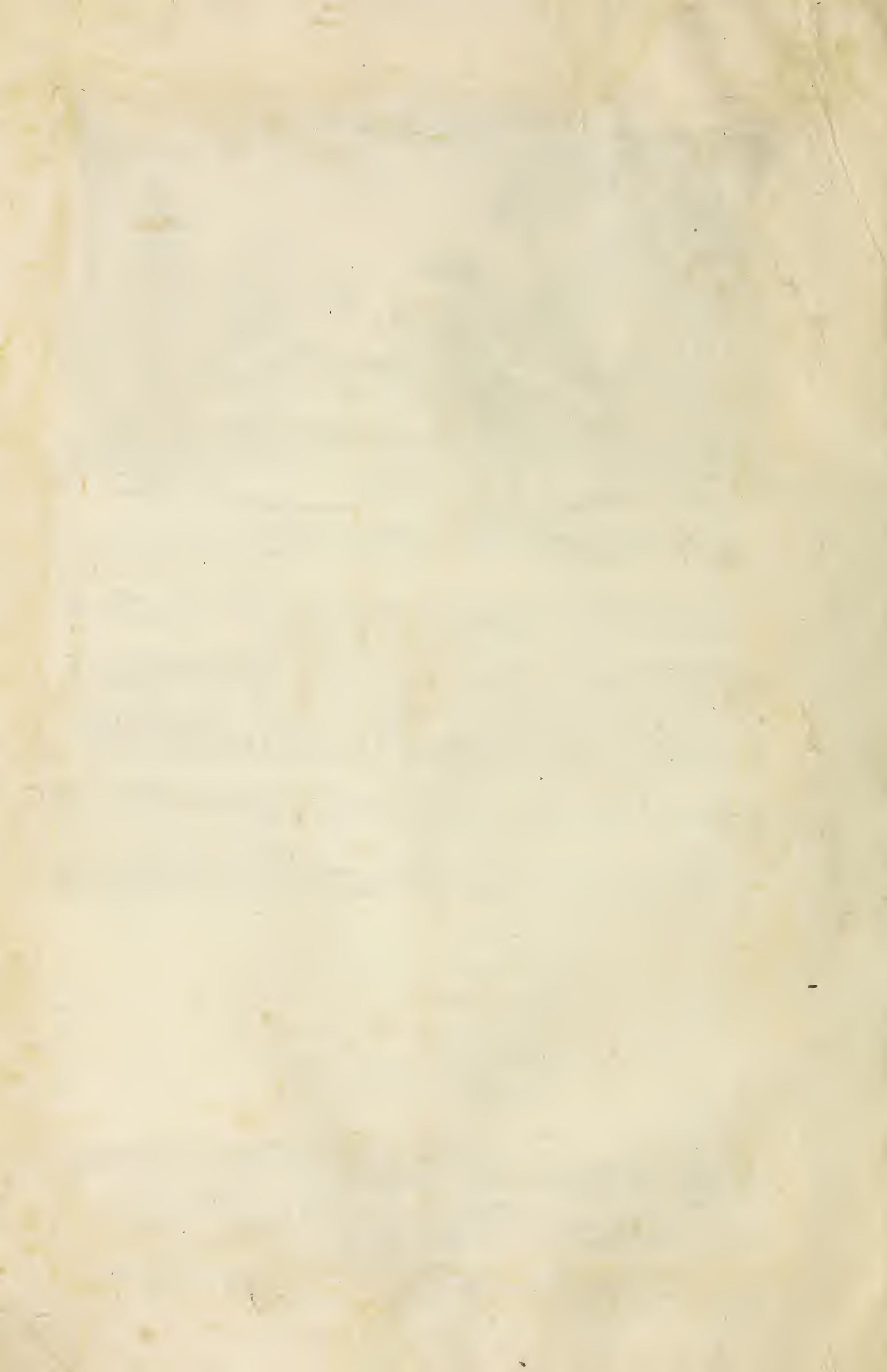
*Near some smooth Stream, oh*

*let me keep, my li-ber-ty & feed my sheep; A shady walk well lined w.<sup>th</sup> Trees, a Garden with a*

*range of Bees, an Orchard which good Apples bears, where Spring a long green Mantle wears.*

*Where Winters never are severe,*  
*Good Barly Land, to make good Beer,*  
*With Entertainment for a Friend,*  
*To spend in peace my latter end,*  
*In honest ease, & home spun gray,*  
*And let y<sup>e</sup> Evening Crown y<sup>e</sup> Day.*

For the Flute.



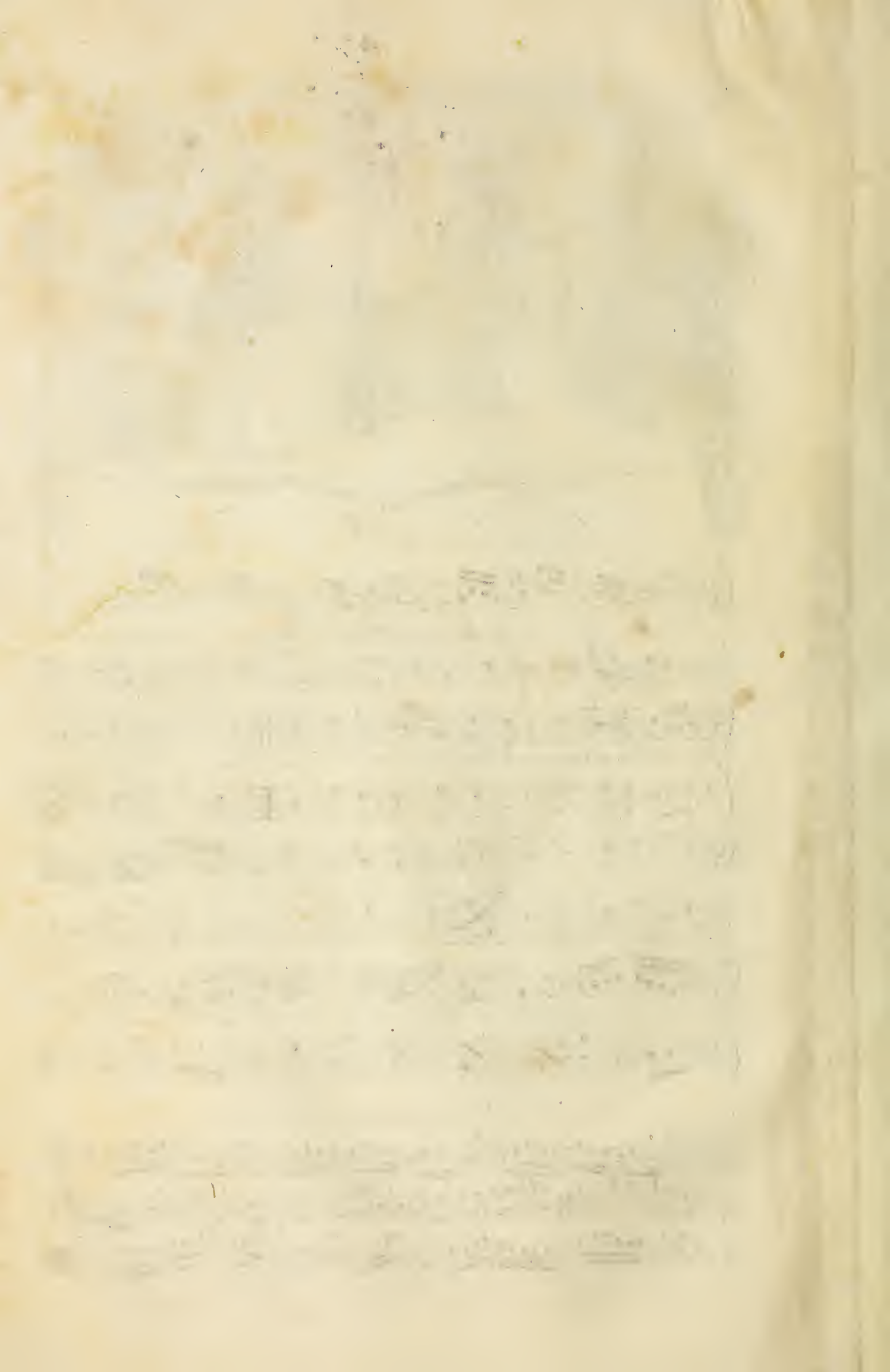


*Helen Charms D. Faustus.*

*Cupid God of pleasing an quish teach th'ena-mour'd Swain to Languish teach him  
 fierce de-sires to know teach him fierce de-sires to know Heroes wou'd be lost in Story  
 did not love in-spire their Glory did not Love in-spire their Glo-  
 ry Love does all that's great below Love does all that's great be-low.*

For the Flute.

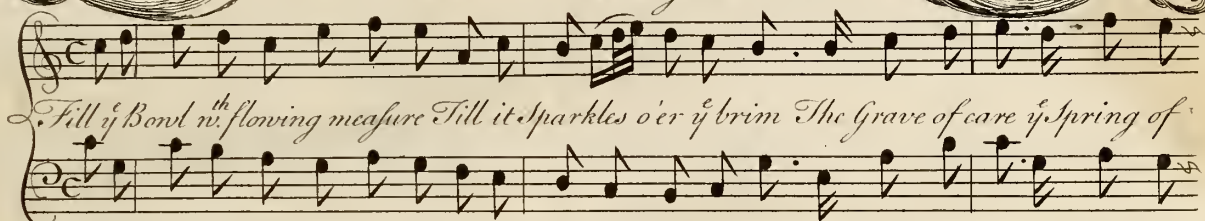




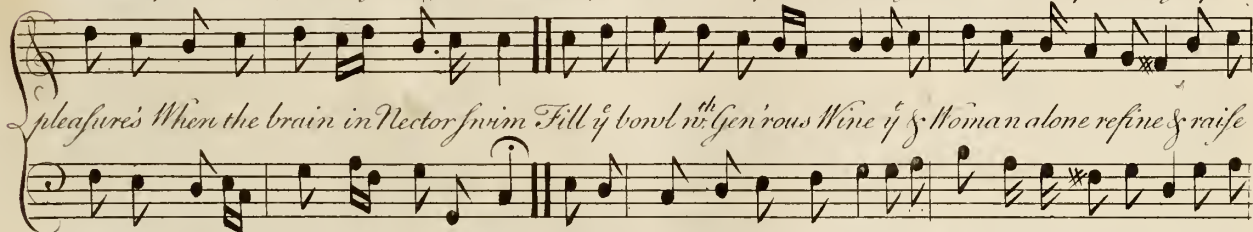


## The Banquet.

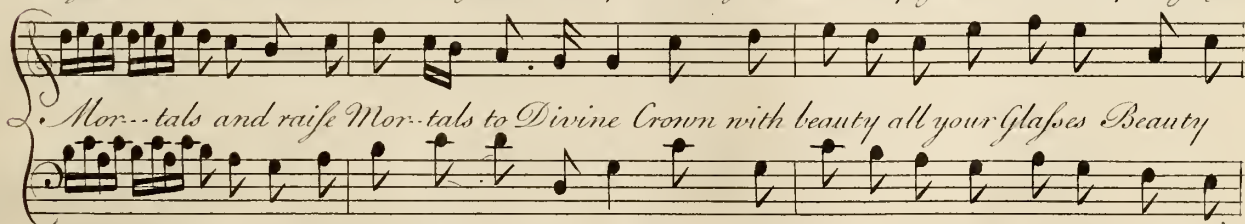
To the Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup> the Lord WALPOLE these  
Four Plates are humbly Inscribd.



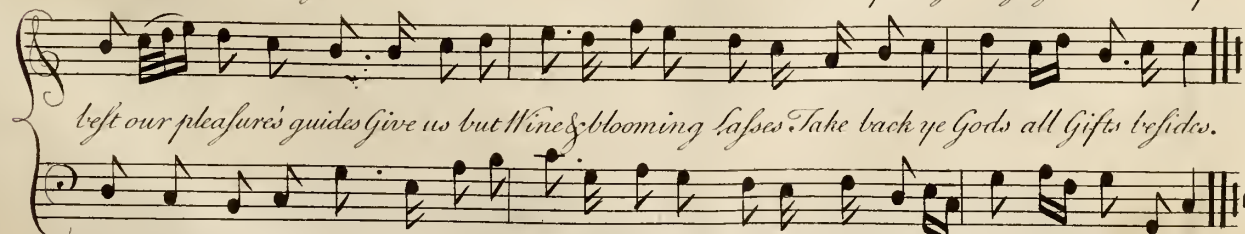
Fill y<sup>e</sup> Bowl w<sup>th</sup> flowing measure Till it sparkles o'er y<sup>e</sup> brim The Grave of care y<sup>e</sup> Spring of



pleasure's When the brain in Nector swim Fill y<sup>e</sup> bowl w<sup>th</sup> Gen'rous Wine y<sup>e</sup> Woman alone refine & raise



Mor--tals and raise Mor--tals to Divine Crown with beauty all your Glases Beauty



best our pleasure's guides Give us but Wine & blooming Lasses Take back ye Gods all Gifts besides.



G. Bickham jun<sup>r</sup> sculp.

THE

The Musick by M<sup>r</sup>. W. Fisher, at Hereford.

# Northern Lass.

Come take your Glass of Northern Laps so prettily advis'd, I drank her  
 Health, & really was Agree-a-bly. Surpriz'd, Her Shape so neat, her Voice so sweet, her  
 Air and Mein so free, The Syren charm'd me from my Meat, but take your Drink said she.

If from the North such Beauty comes,  
 How is it that I feel;  
 Within my Breast of glowing Flame,  
 No Tongue can e'er reveal;  
 Tho' cold & raw of North Wind blows,  
 All Summers on her Breast,  
 Her Skin was like the driven Snow,  
 But Sun shine all of rest.

Her Heart may Southern Climates melt,  
 Tho' Frozen now it seems;  
 That Joy with Pain be equal felt,  
 And ballanc'd in Extreams;  
 Then like our genial Wine shall charm,  
 With Love my panting Breast;  
 Me, like our Sun her Heart shall warm,  
 Be Ice to all the rest.

FLUTE.



*[Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

*[Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

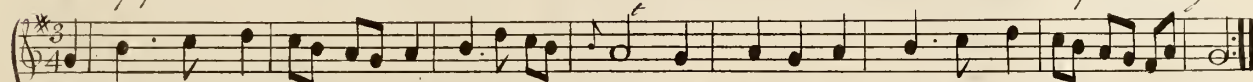
100



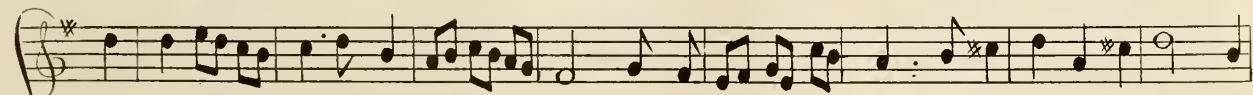
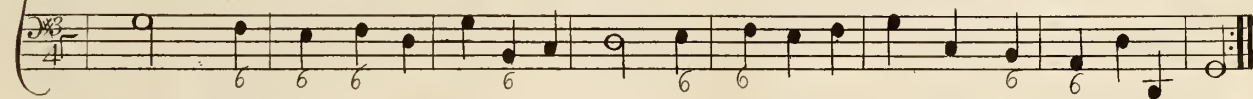
# The Pensive Swain.

From *the Spectator*.

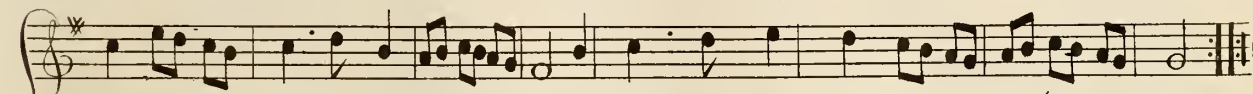
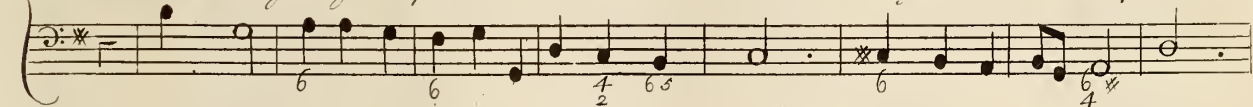
G. Richam jun. sc.



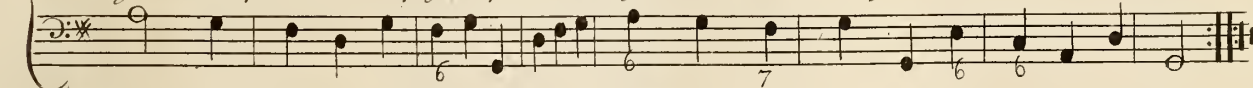
My time O ye Muses was Happily spent, when Phoebe went with me where e-ver I went;  
Ten thousand sweet Pleasures I felt in my Breast, sure never fond Shepherd like Collin was blest:



But now she is gone & has left me be hind, what a marvellous change on a sudden I find, when



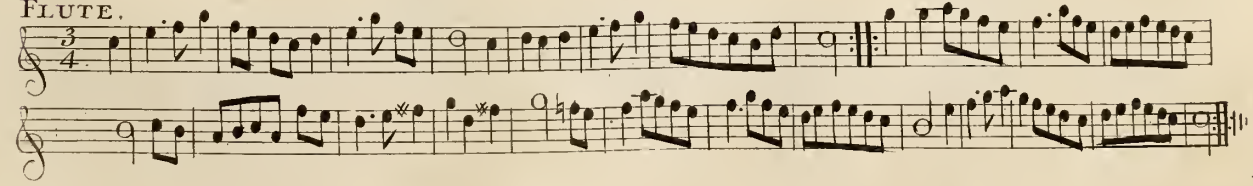
things were as fine as could possibly be, I thought 'twas the Spring but a-las! it was She.



With such a Companion to tend a few Sheep,  
To rise up and Play, or to lye down and Sleep,  
I was so good humour'd so chearful and gay,  
My Heart was as light as a Feather all day,  
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,  
So strangely uneasy as never was known,  
My fair one is gone & my Joys are all drown'd,  
And my Heart - I am sure it weighs more y<sup>a</sup> Pound.

Will no pittying Power that hears me complain,  
Or cure my Disquiet, or soften my Pain?  
To be cur'd, thou must Collin thy Passion remove;  
But what Swain is so silly to live without love?  
No Deity bid the dear Nymph to return,  
For neer was Shepherd so sadly forlorn;  
Oh what shall I do? I shall die with despair,  
Take heed all ye Swains, how you love one so fair.

FLUTE.







THE  
**Persuasive Lover.**

*The smiling Morn the breathing Spring In vite the tuneful Birds to sing And while they warble  
 from each spray Love melts the u-ni-ver-sal Lay Let us Amanda timely wife like them improve the  
 Hour that flies And in soft Raptures wast the Day A-mong the Birks of Endermay.*

*For soon the Winter of the Year  
 And Age lifes Winter will appear  
 At this thy living Bloom will fade  
 As that will strip the Verdant Shade  
 Our Taste of Pleasure then is o'er  
 The featherd Songstres love no more  
 And when they droop and weddaway  
 Adieu the Birks of Endermay.*

FLUTE.

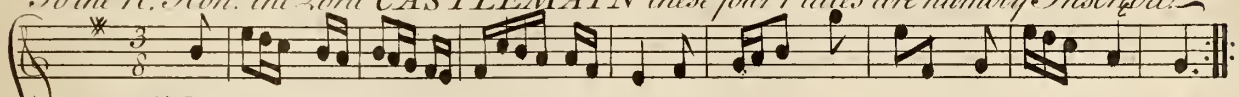






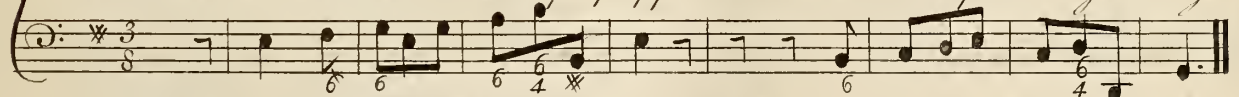
# Strepson Inflamed.

To the R. Hon. the Lord CASTLEMAIN these four Plates are humbly Inscribed.

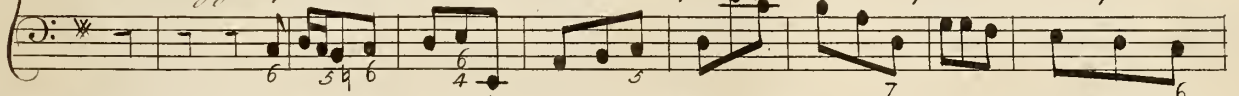


*Whilst Wanton Cupids round me Fly, & Charm my Soul with new de-sire.*

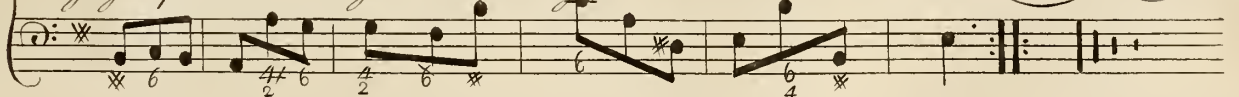
*In Vain to Bacchus I ap-ply, for Wine still makes y<sup>e</sup> Flame grow higher.*



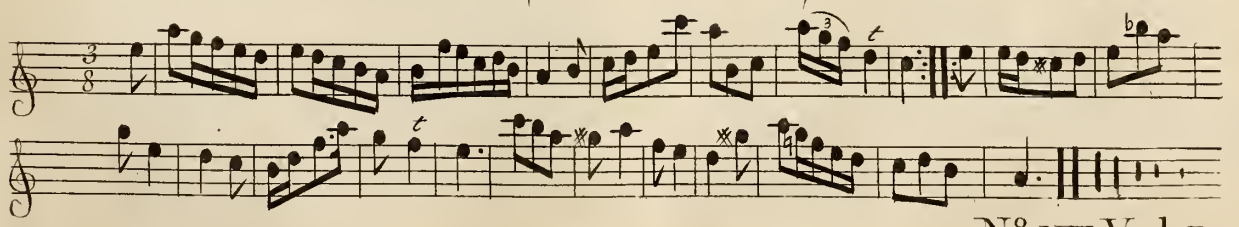
*To struggle farther twere in vain, Or of my Fate complain, None y<sup>e</sup> true*



*Joys of Love can taste; But those who meet with Pain.*



# For the Flute.



What time is so happy as those of the Fair  
who care not for moment from pleasure can spare  
but those who their husbands' gallies on and care  
not men is the life of a belle &c

The rides at noon and just after on a gown  
take a chair to the door and away round the town  
too much about two in the park is set down  
&c &c

The bride up the Hall & soon joins with the rest  
of such and such great &c. she makes makes her first  
step to or near hand & a song to be over  
&c &c

For dinner & buying employ her till too  
which sometimes tradesmen for admittance, they have  
but a small at the door soon procures a Reprieve  
&c &c

The more it is either High Church or Low  
In our is about when other takes up  
or troubles to pray if the Bishop be in  
&c &c

All during the night drink tea & play till  
morning all the hours and what period in the evening  
the women's conversation can be found of a man  
&c &c

Days Ball & Fiddlers every night &c &c  
and sometimes dances with a few female friends  
and sometimes in secret - that have my long days.  
Such as is the life of a belle  
Such such is the life of a belle



G. Buckham sc.

THE BEAU.

Sung by  
M<sup>rs</sup> Clive.

How brimful of Nothings y<sup>e</sup> Life of a Beau, they've Nothing to

think of they've Nothing to do, Nor they've Nothing to talk of for Nothing they know: Such

such is the Life of a Beau, a Beau a Beau, Such such is the Life of a Beau.

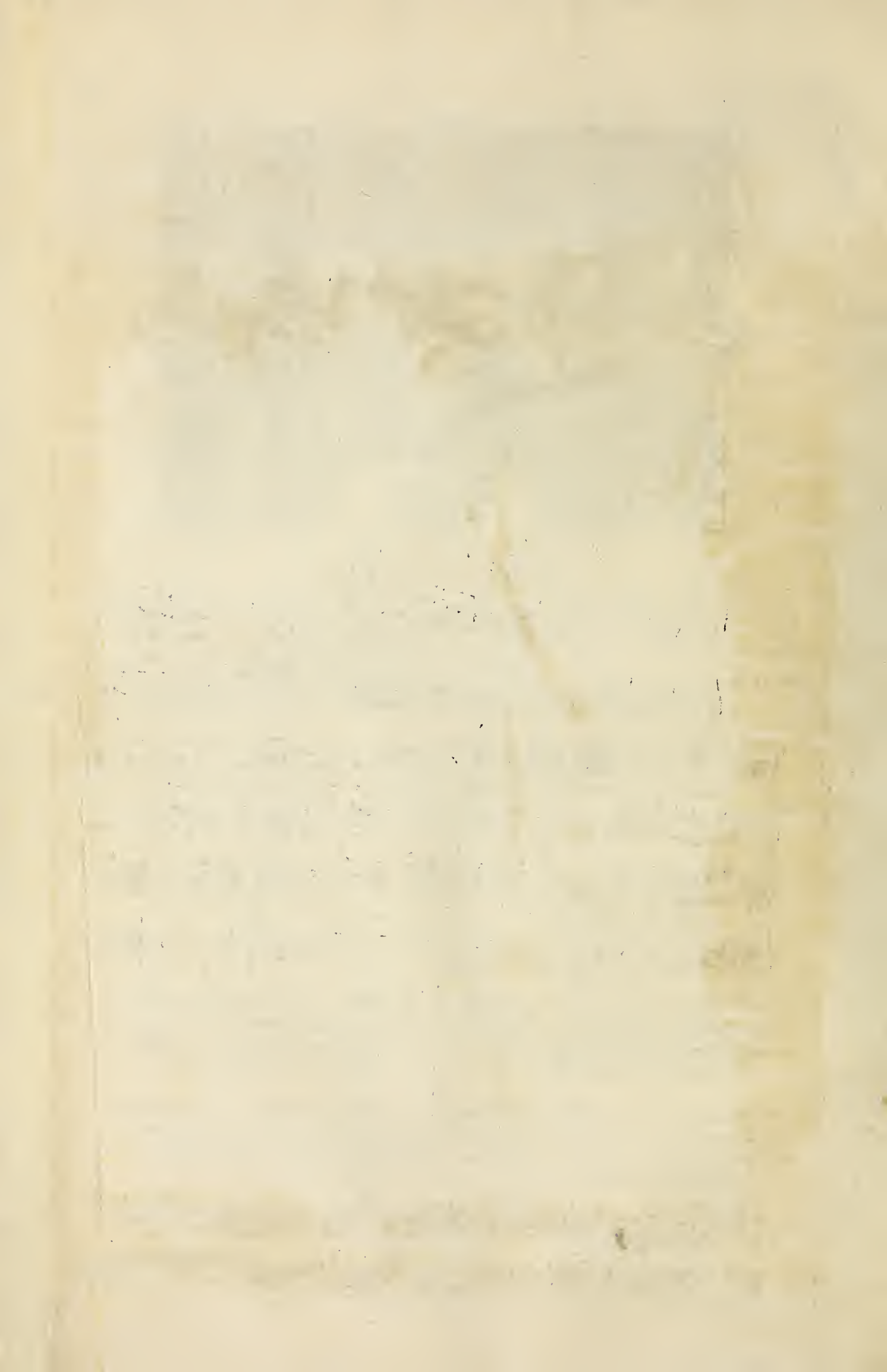
For Nothing they rise but to draw y<sup>e</sup> fresh Air,  
Spend y<sup>e</sup> Morning in Nothing but curling their Hair,  
And do Nothing all Day but sing santer & stare,  
Such, such is y<sup>e</sup> Life of a Beau.

For Nothing they run to th<sup>e</sup> Assembly & Ball,  
And for Nothing at Cards a fair Partner call;  
For they still must be teased who've Nothing at all  
Such, such is y<sup>e</sup> Life of a Beau.

For Nothing at Night to y<sup>e</sup> Playhouse they crowd,  
For to mind Nothing done there they always are proud,  
But to bow, & to grin, & talk - Nothing aloud,  
Such, such is y<sup>e</sup> Life of a Beau.

For Nothing on Sundays at Church they appear,  
For they've Nothing to hope nor they've Nothing <sup>for</sup> to  
They can be Nothing no where who's Nothing a che:  
Such, such is y<sup>e</sup> Life of a Beau.

FLUTE. *Symp.* *Song.*





# The Maid's Request.

G. Bickham jun. sculp.

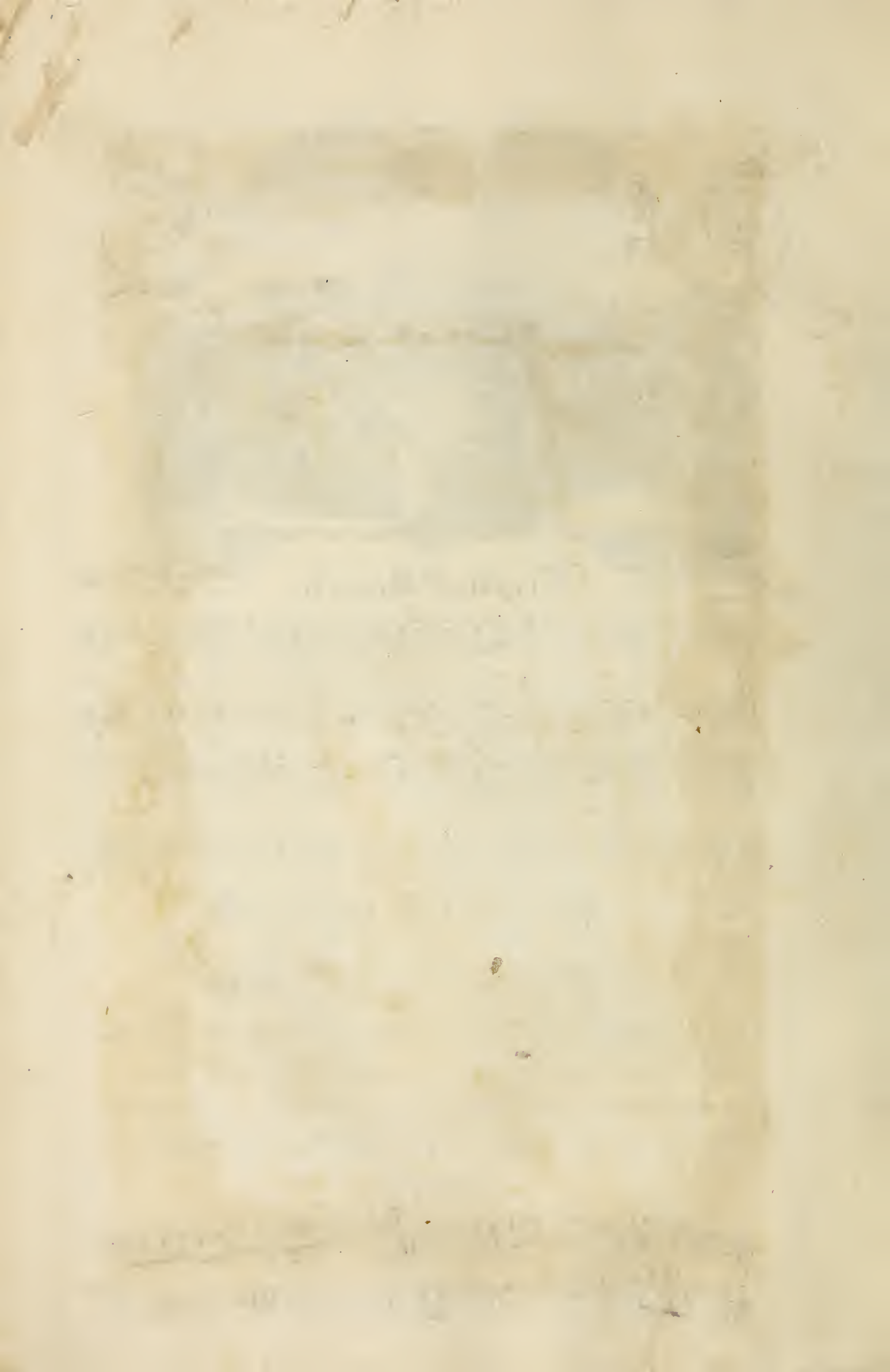
Set by J. F. Lampe.

Glide swiftly on thou Silver Stream, Pursue the Lad I love;  
 In gentle Murmurs tell my Flame, And try his Heart to move,  
 And try his Heart to move.

<p>So may thy Banks be always Green,          Thy Chanel never Dry; —          If e'er thy Spring be failing Seen, —          My Tears shall that supply.</p>	<p>May gilded Carps thy surface skim,          In place of useless Weeds; —          May painted Flowers adorn thy Brim,          And Knots of bending Reeds.</p>
---	---

## FLUTE.

Flute musical notation consisting of two staves with various notes and rests.





## The Apology.

*Frown not my Dear, nor be se vere, Be cause, I did Co-rin-na  
kiss; For all th' Intent, was Compli ment, And truly no thing else but this.*

*No single Charm,  
Of hers can warm,  
Like yours my whole devoted Heart;  
She can't subdue,  
My Soul like you,  
Nor such Celestial Joy impart.*

*Call me not base,  
In such a Case,  
Nor misinterpret my Design;  
For I averri,  
I Love not her,  
But am with Resignation thine.*

## For the Flute.







To y<sup>e</sup> R. Hon. y<sup>e</sup> Lord CHARLES CAVENTISH these 4 Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

G. Bickham jun. sc.

The Words by Cap. Morrice

Set by M. Leveridge.

Let Wine to Social Joys give Birth, Let Reason still be Crown'd; With  
 free yet, not Ungracious Mirth, Still let the Glafs go round: Let's put (to puri-  
 fy our Joys). Indecency away; And shunning strife Dispute and Noise, Let's  
 be discreetly Ga.....y, Let's be discreetly Gay.

<p>Let's call to mind our cheif Affairs,          Nor make our Mirth a Crime;          Let's not defying usefull Cares,          Abolish Wealth and Time:</p>	<p>The Future only some pursue,          Some the Instant only prize;          But He, who gives to both their due,          Is only truly wi.....se.</p>
---	---

For the Flute.

*[The text on this page is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be a handwritten document or a page from a book, but the characters and words cannot be discerned.]*



## Gold a Receipt for Love.

When Love & Youth can-not make way, Nor with the Fair a-vail, To bend to  
Cupids gen-tle In-vay, What Art . . . . .  
What Art can then pre-vail. . . . . What Art can then pre-vail.

*Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Houro.*

2  
I'll tell you Strephon a Receipt,  
Of a most sovereign Pow'r,  
If you the Stubborn wou'd defeat,  
Let drop a Golden Show'r.

3  
This method try'd enamour'd Jove,  
Before he cou'd obtain,  
The cold regardleſs Danaë's Love,  
Or conquer her Diſdain.

Let drop &c.

Or conquer &c.

4  
By Cupids ſelf I have been told,  
He never wounds a Heart;  
So deep as when he tips with Gold,  
The fatal piercing Dart.  
The fatal &c.

Flute.





The first part of the document  
 discusses the general principles  
 of the system and the  
 various methods of  
 application. It is  
 divided into several  
 sections, each dealing  
 with a different aspect  
 of the subject. The  
 second part of the  
 document contains  
 a detailed description  
 of the various  
 instruments and  
 apparatus used in  
 the system. It  
 also includes a  
 list of the names  
 of the various  
 parts of the  
 system. The third  
 part of the  
 document contains  
 a list of the  
 names of the  
 various  
 parts of the  
 system. The fourth  
 part of the  
 document contains  
 a list of the  
 names of the  
 various  
 parts of the  
 system.



THE  
Young Lovers first Address.

Set by M<sup>r</sup> Lampe. &c

Adagio.

Charmer per-mit me to make a Sur-render, Of an un-  
 artful and innocent Heart: Might not my Pas-sion be cause it is  
 tender, Think on your Charms & you'l pit-ty 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 O pittty my Anguish,  
 And let your Smiles for your Rigour atone.

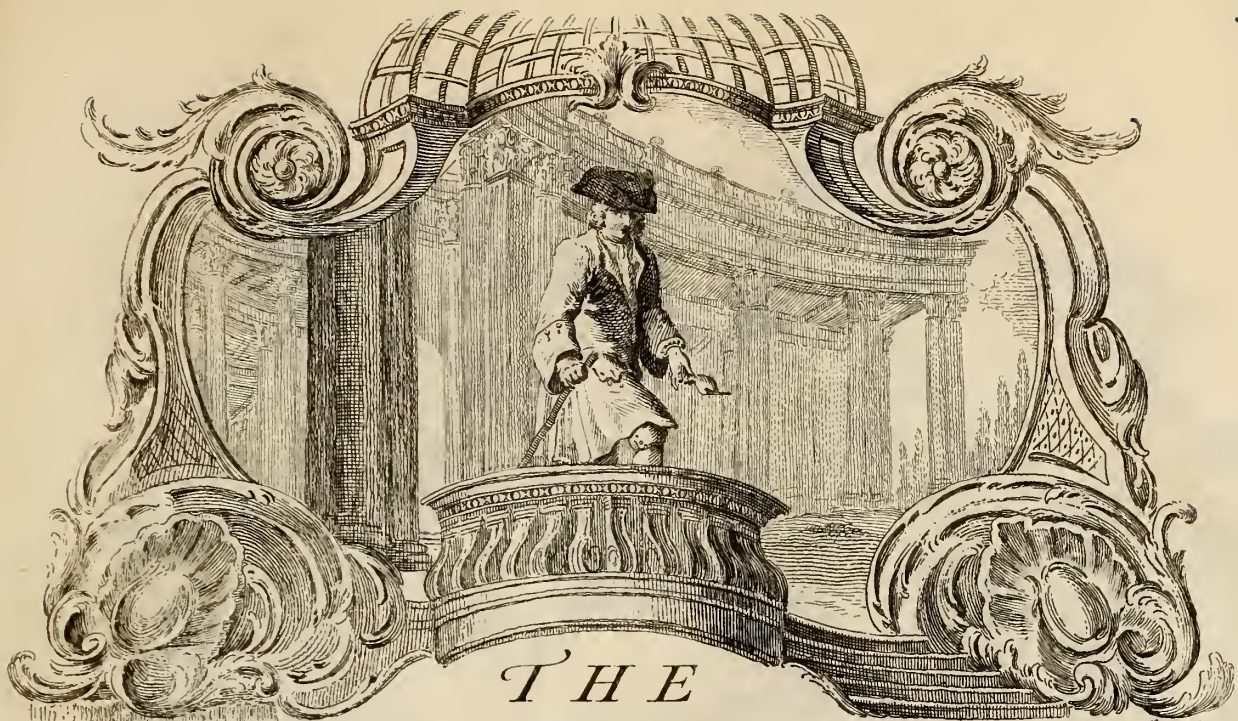
For the Flute.



1875  
The following is a list of the  
names of the persons who  
were present at the  
meeting of the  
Board of Directors  
of the  
Company held on  
the 15th day of  
January 1875.

Name	Address
John A. Smith	123 Main St.
James B. Jones	456 Elm St.
William C. Brown	789 Oak St.
Robert D. White	1011 Pine St.
Thomas E. Green	1313 Maple St.
Charles F. Black	1615 Cedar St.
Henry G. Gray	1917 Birch St.
George H. Pink	2219 Walnut St.
Edward I. Blue	2521 Chestnut St.
Frank J. Yellow	2823 Spruce St.
Richard K. Purple	3125 Fir St.
Samuel L. Red	3427 Poplar St.
David M. Orange	3729 Willow St.
Joseph N. Green	4031 Ash St.
Samuel O. Blue	4333 Hickory St.
John P. Yellow	4635 Sycamore St.
William Q. Purple	4937 Dogwood St.
Robert R. Red	5239 Magnolia St.
Thomas S. Orange	5541 Jasmine St.
Charles T. Green	5843 Lavender St.
George U. Blue	6145 Rose St.
Edward V. Yellow	6447 Iris St.
Frank W. Purple	6749 Tulip St.
Richard X. Red	7051 Daffodil St.
Samuel Y. Orange	7353 Peony St.
David Z. Green	7655 Pansy St.
Joseph AA. Blue	7957 Marigold St.
Samuel BB. Yellow	8259 Zinnia St.
John CC. Purple	8561 Geranium St.
William DD. Red	8863 Hibiscus St.
Robert EE. Orange	9165 Begonia St.
Thomas FF. Green	9467 Fuchsia St.
Charles GG. Blue	9769 Camellia St.
George HH. Yellow	10071 Aster St.
Edward II. Purple	10373 Gladiolus St.
Frank JJ. Red	10675 Phlox St.
Richard KK. Orange	10977 Verbena St.
Samuel LL. Green	11279 Salvia St.
David MM. Blue	11581 Petunia St.
Joseph NN. Yellow	11883 Impatiens St.
Samuel OO. Purple	12185 Dianthus St.
John PP. Red	12487 Primula St.
William QQ. Orange	12789 Ranunculus St.
Robert RR. Green	13091 Anemone St.
Thomas SS. Blue	13393 Delphinium St.
Charles TT. Yellow	13695 Larkspur St.
George UU. Purple	13997 Foxglove St.
Edward VV. Red	14299 Poppy St.
Frank WW. Orange	14601 St. Nicholas St.
Richard XX. Green	14903 St. George St.
Samuel YY. Blue	15205 St. Andrew St.
David ZZ. Yellow	15507 St. David St.
Joseph AAA. Purple	15809 St. Elizabeth St.
Samuel BBB. Red	16111 St. Anne St.
John CCC. Orange	16413 St. Agnes St.
William DDD. Green	16715 St. Margaret St.
Robert EEE. Blue	17017 St. Ursula St.
Thomas FFF. Yellow	17319 St. Veronica St.
Charles GGG. Purple	17621 St. Catharine St.
George HHH. Red	17923 St. Isidore St.
Edward III. Orange	18225 St. Joseph St.
Frank JJJ. Green	18527 St. Patrick St.
Richard KKK. Blue	18829 St. Ignace St.
Samuel LLL. Yellow	19131 St. Francis St.
David MMM. Purple	19433 St. Vincent St.
Joseph NNN. Red	19735 St. Basil St.
Samuel OOO. Orange	20037 St. Nicholas St.
John PPP. Green	20339 St. George St.
William QQQ. Blue	20641 St. Andrew St.
Robert RRR. Yellow	20943 St. David St.
Thomas SSS. Purple	21245 St. Elizabeth St.
Charles TTT. Red	21547 St. Anne St.
George UUU. Orange	21849 St. Agnes St.
Edward VVV. Green	22151 St. Margaret St.
Frank WWWW. Blue	22453 St. Ursula St.
Richard XXX. Yellow	22755 St. Veronica St.
Samuel YYY. Purple	23057 St. Catharine St.
David ZZZ. Red	23359 St. Isidore St.
Joseph AAAA. Orange	23661 St. Joseph St.
Samuel BBBB. Green	23963 St. Patrick St.
John CCCC. Blue	24265 St. Ignace St.
William DDDD. Yellow	24567 St. Francis St.
Robert EEEE. Purple	24869 St. Vincent St.
Thomas FFFF. Red	25171 St. Basil St.
Charles GGGG. Orange	25473 St. Nicholas St.
George HHHH. Green	25775 St. George St.
Edward VVVV. Blue	26077 St. Andrew St.
Frank WWWW. Yellow	26379 St. David St.
Richard XXXX. Purple	26681 St. Elizabeth St.
Samuel YYYYY. Red	26983 St. Anne St.
David ZZZZ. Orange	27285 St. Agnes St.
Joseph AAAAA. Green	27587 St. Margaret St.
Samuel BBBBB. Blue	27889 St. Ursula St.
John CCCCC. Yellow	28191 St. Veronica St.
William DDDDD. Purple	28493 St. Catharine St.
Robert EEEEE. Red	28795 St. Isidore St.
Thomas FFFFF. Orange	29097 St. Joseph St.
Charles GGGGG. Green	29399 St. Patrick St.
George HHHHH. Blue	29701 St. Ignace St.
Edward VVVVV. Yellow	30003 St. Francis St.
Frank WTTTT. Purple	30305 St. Vincent St.
Richard XXXXX. Red	30607 St. Basil St.
Samuel YTTTT. Orange	30909 St. Nicholas St.
David ZTTTT. Green	31211 St. George St.
Joseph ATTTT. Blue	31513 St. Andrew St.
Samuel BTTTT. Yellow	31815 St. David St.
John CTTTT. Purple	32117 St. Elizabeth St.
William DTTTT. Red	32419 St. Anne St.
Robert ETTTT. Orange	32721 St. Agnes St.
Thomas FTTTT. Green	33023 St. Margaret St.
Charles GTTTT. Blue	33325 St. Ursula St.
George HTTTT. Yellow	33627 St. Veronica St.
Edward VTTTT. Purple	33929 St. Catharine St.
Frank WTTTT. Red	34231 St. Isidore St.
Richard XTTTT. Orange	34533 St. Joseph St.
Samuel YTTTT. Green	34835 St. Patrick St.
David ZTTTT. Blue	35137 St. Ignace St.
Joseph ATTTT. Yellow	35439 St. Francis St.
Samuel BTTTT. Purple	35741 St. Vincent St.
John CTTTT. Red	36043 St. Basil St.
William DTTTT. Orange	36345 St. Nicholas St.
Robert ETTTT. Green	36647 St. George St.
Thomas FTTTT. Blue	36949 St. Andrew St.
Charles GTTTT. Yellow	37251 St. David St.
George HTTTT. Purple	37553 St. Elizabeth St.
Edward VTTTT. Red	37855 St. Anne St.
Frank WTTTT. Orange	38157 St. Agnes St.
Richard XTTTT. Green	38459 St. Margaret St.
Samuel YTTTT. Blue	38761 St. Ursula St.
David ZTTTT. Yellow	39063 St. Veronica St.
Joseph ATTTT. Purple	39365 St. Catharine St.
Samuel BTTTT. Red	39667 St. Isidore St.
John CTTTT. Orange	39969 St. Joseph St.
William DTTTT. Green	40271 St. Patrick St.
Robert ETTTT. Blue	40573 St. Ignace St.
Thomas FTTTT. Yellow	40875 St. Francis St.
Charles GTTTT. Purple	41177 St. Vincent St.
George HTTTT. Red	41479 St. Basil St.
Edward VTTTT. Orange	41781 St. Nicholas St.
Frank WTTTT. Green	42083 St. George St.
Richard XTTTT. Blue	42385 St. Andrew St.
Samuel YTTTT. Yellow	42687 St. David St.
David ZTTTT. Purple	42989 St. Elizabeth St.
Joseph ATTTT. Red	43291 St. Anne St.
Samuel BTTTT. Orange	43593 St. Agnes St.
John CTTTT. Green	43895 St. Margaret St.
William DTTTT. Blue	44197 St. Ursula St.
Robert ETTTT. Yellow	44499 St. Veronica St.
Thomas FTTTT. Purple	44801 St. Catharine St.
Charles GTTTT. Red	45103 St. Isidore St.
George HTTTT. Orange	45405 St. Joseph St.
Edward VTTTT. Green	45707 St. Patrick St.
Frank WTTTT. Blue	46009 St. Ignace St.
Richard XTTTT. Yellow	46311 St. Francis St.
Samuel YTTTT. Purple	46613 St. Vincent St.
David ZTTTT. Red	46915 St. Basil St.
Joseph ATTTT. Orange	47217 St. Nicholas St.
Samuel BTTTT. Green	47519 St. George St.
John CTTTT. Blue	47821 St. Andrew St.
William DTTTT. Yellow	48123 St. David St.
Robert ETTTT. Purple	48425 St. Elizabeth St.
Thomas FTTTT. Red	48727 St. Anne St.
Charles GTTTT. Orange	49029 St. Agnes St.
George HTTTT. Green	49331 St. Margaret St.
Edward VTTTT. Blue	49633 St. Ursula St.
Frank WTTTT. Yellow	49935 St. Veronica St.
Richard XTTTT. Purple	50237 St. Catharine St.
Samuel YTTTT. Red	50539 St. Isidore St.
David ZTTTT. Orange	50841 St. Joseph St.
Joseph ATTTT. Green	51143 St. Patrick St.
Samuel BTTTT. Blue	51445 St. Ignace St.
John CTTTT. Yellow	51747 St. Francis St.
William DTTTT. Purple	52049 St. Vincent St.
Robert ETTTT. Red	52351 St. Basil St.
Thomas FTTTT. Orange	52653 St. Nicholas St.
Charles GTTTT. Green	52955 St. George St.
George HTTTT. Blue	53257 St. Andrew St.
Edward VTTTT. Yellow	53559 St. David St.
Frank WTTTT. Purple	53861 St. Elizabeth St.
Richard XTTTT. Red	54163 St. Anne St.
Samuel YTTTT. Orange	54465 St. Agnes St.
David ZTTTT. Green	54767 St. Margaret St.
Joseph ATTTT. Blue	55069 St. Ursula St.
Samuel BTTTT. Yellow	55371 St. Veronica St.
John CTTTT. Purple	55673 St. Catharine St.
William DTTTT. Red	55975 St. Isidore St.
Robert ETTTT. Orange	56277 St. Joseph St.
Thomas FTTTT. Green	56579 St. Patrick St.
Charles GTTTT. Blue	56881 St. Ignace St.
George HTTTT. Yellow	57183 St. Francis St.
Edward VTTTT. Purple	57485 St. Vincent St.
Frank WTTTT. Red	57787 St. Basil St.
Richard XTTTT. Orange	58089 St. Nicholas St.
Samuel YTTTT. Green	58391 St. George St.
David ZTTTT. Blue	58693 St. Andrew St.
Joseph ATTTT. Yellow	58995 St. David St.
Samuel BTTTT. Purple	59297 St. Elizabeth St.
John CTTTT. Red	59599 St. Anne St.
William DTTTT. Orange	59901 St. Agnes St.
Robert ETTTT. Green	60203 St. Margaret St.
Thomas FTTTT. Blue	60505 St. Ursula St.
Charles GTTTT. Yellow	60807 St. Veronica St.
George HTTTT. Purple	61109 St. Catharine St.
Edward VTTTT. Red	61411 St. Isidore St.
Frank WTTTT. Orange	61713 St. Joseph St.
Richard XTTTT. Green	62015 St. Patrick St.
Samuel YTTTT. Blue	62317 St. Ignace St.
David ZTTTT. Yellow	62619 St. Francis St.
Joseph ATTTT. Purple	62921 St. Vincent St.
Samuel BTTTT. Red	63223 St. Basil St.
John CTTTT. Orange	63525 St. Nicholas St.
William DTTTT. Green	63827 St. George St.
Robert ETTTT. Blue	64129 St. Andrew St.
Thomas FTTTT. Yellow	64431 St. David St.
Charles GTTTT. Purple	64733 St. Elizabeth St.
George HTTTT. Red	65035 St. Anne St.
Edward VTTTT. Orange	65337 St. Agnes St.
Frank WTTTT. Green	65639 St. Margaret St.
Richard XTTTT. Blue	65941 St. Ursula St.
Samuel YTTTT. Yellow	66243 St. Veronica St.
David ZTTTT. Purple	66545 St. Catharine St.
Joseph ATTTT. Red	66847 St. Isidore St.
Samuel BTTTT. Orange	67149 St. Joseph St.
John CTTTT. Green	67451 St. Patrick St.
William DTTTT. Blue	67753 St. Ignace St.
Robert ETTTT. Yellow	68055 St. Francis St.
Thomas FTTTT. Purple	68357 St. Vincent St.
Charles GTTTT. Red	68659 St. Basil St.
George HTTTT. Orange	68961 St. Nicholas St.
Edward VTTTT. Green	69263 St. George St.
Frank WTTTT. Blue	69565 St. Andrew St.
Richard XTTTT. Yellow	69867 St. David St.
Samuel YTTTT. Purple	70169 St. Elizabeth St.
David ZTTTT. Red	70471 St. Anne St.
Joseph ATTTT. Orange	70773 St. Agnes St.
Samuel BTTTT. Green	71075 St. Margaret St.
John CTTTT. Blue	71377 St. Ursula St.
William DTTTT. Yellow	71679 St. Veronica St.
Robert ETTTT. Purple	71981 St. Catharine St.
Thomas FTTTT. Red	72283 St. Isidore St.
Charles GTTTT. Orange	72585 St. Joseph St.
George HTTTT. Green	72887 St. Patrick St.
Edward VTTTT. Blue	73189 St. Ignace St.
Frank WTTTT. Yellow	73491 St. Francis St.
Richard XTTTT. Purple	73793 St. Vincent St.
Samuel YTTTT. Red	74095 St. Basil St.
David ZTTTT. Orange	74397 St. Nicholas St.
Joseph ATTTT. Green	74699 St. George St.
Samuel BTTTT. Blue	75001 St. Andrew St.
John CTTTT. Yellow	75303 St. David St.
William DTTTT. Purple	75605 St. Elizabeth St.
Robert ETTTT. Red	75907 St. Anne St.
Thomas FTTTT. Orange	76209 St. Agnes St.
Charles GTTTT. Green	76511 St. Margaret St.
George HTTTT. Blue	76813 St. Ursula St.
Edward VTTTT. Yellow	77115 St. Veronica St.
Frank WTTTT. Purple	77417 St. Catharine St.
Richard XTTTT. Red	77719 St. Isidore St.
Samuel YTTTT. Orange	78021 St. Joseph St.
David ZTTTT. Green	78323 St. Patrick St.
Joseph ATTTT. Blue	78625 St. Ignace St.
Samuel BTTTT. Yellow	78927 St. Francis St.
John CTTTT. Purple	79229 St. Vincent St.
William DTTTT. Red	79531 St. Basil St.
Robert ETTTT. Orange	79833 St. Nicholas St.
Thomas FTTTT. Green	80135 St. George St.
Charles GTTTT. Blue	80437 St. Andrew St.
George HTTTT. Yellow	80739 St. David St.
Edward VTTTT. Purple	81041 St. Elizabeth St.
Frank WTTTT. Red	81343 St. Anne St.
Richard XTTTT. Orange	81645 St. Agnes St.
Samuel YTTTT. Green	81947 St. Margaret St.
David ZTTTT. Blue	82249 St. Ursula St.
Joseph ATTTT. Yellow	82551 St. Veronica St.
Samuel BTTTT. Purple	82853 St. Catharine St.
John CTTTT. Red	83155 St. Isidore St.
William DTTTT. Orange	83457 St. Joseph St.
Robert ETTTT. Green	83759 St. Patrick St.
Thomas FTTTT. Blue	84061 St. Ignace St.
Charles GTTTT. Yellow	84363 St. Francis St.
George HTTTT. Purple	84665 St. Vincent St.
Edward VTTTT. Red	84967 St. Basil St.
Frank WTTTT. Orange	85269 St. Nicholas St.
Richard XTTTT. Green	85571 St. George St.
Samuel YTTTT. Blue	85873 St. Andrew St.
David ZTTTT. Yellow	86175 St. David St.
Joseph ATTTT. Purple	86477 St. Elizabeth St.
Samuel BTTTT. Red	86779 St. Anne St.
John CTTTT. Orange	87081 St. Agnes St.
William DTTTT. Green	87383 St. Margaret St.
Robert ETTTT. Blue	87685 St. Ursula St.
Thomas FTTTT. Yellow	87987 St. Veronica St.
Charles GTTTT. Purple	88289 St. Catharine St.
George HTTTT. Red	88591 St. Isidore St.
Edward VTTTT. Orange	88893 St. Joseph St.
Frank WTTTT. Green	89195 St. Patrick St.
Richard XTTTT. Blue	89497 St. Ignace St.
Samuel YTTTT. Yellow	89799 St. Francis St.
David ZTTTT. Purple	90101 St. Vincent St.
Joseph ATTTT. Red	90403 St. Basil St.
Samuel BTTTT. Orange	90705 St. Nicholas St.
John CTTTT. Green	91007 St. George St.
William DTTTT. Blue	91309 St. Andrew St.
Robert ETTTT. Yellow	91611 St. David St.
Thomas FTTTT. Purple	91913 St. Elizabeth St.
Charles GTTTT. Red	92215 St. Anne St.
George HTTTT. Orange	92517 St. Agnes St.
Edward VTTTT. Green	92819 St. Margaret St.
Frank WTTTT. Blue	93121 St. Ursula St.
Richard XTTTT. Yellow	93423 St. Veronica St.
Samuel YTTTT. Purple	93725 St. Catharine St.
David ZTTTT. Red	94027 St. Isidore St.
Joseph ATTTT. Orange	94329 St. Joseph St.
Samuel BTTTT. Green	94631 St. Patrick St.
John CTTTT. Blue	94933 St. Ignace St.
William DTTTT. Yellow	95235 St. Francis St.
Robert ETTTT. Purple	95537 St. Vincent St.
Thomas FTTTT. Red	95839 St. Basil St.
Charles GTTTT. Orange	96141 St. Nicholas St.
George HTTTT. Green	96443 St. George St.
Edward VTTTT. Blue	96745 St. Andrew St.
Frank WTTTT. Yellow	97047 St. David St.
Richard XTTTT. Purple	97349 St. Elizabeth St.
Samuel YTTTT. Red	97651 St. Anne St.
David ZTTTT. Orange	97953 St. Agnes St.
Joseph ATTTT. Green	98255 St. Margaret St.
Samuel BTTTT. Blue	98557 St. Ursula St.
John CTTTT. Yellow	98859 St. Veronica St.
William DTTTT. Purple	99161 St. Catharine St.
Robert ETTTT. Red	99463 St. Isidore St.
Thomas FTTTT. Orange	99765 St. Joseph St.
Charles GTTTT. Green	100067 St. Patrick St.

The following is a list of the  
names of the persons who  
were present at the  
meeting of the  
Board of Directors  
of the  
Company held on  
the 15th day of  
January 1875.



Set by H. Carey

G. Bickham jun. inv. sc.

# THE LORD.

To the R.<sup>t</sup> Hon.<sup>ble</sup> Sackville Earl of Thanet, this Cantata is humbly Inscrib'd.

Recit. *I go to the Elysian Shade where sorrow neer shall wound me: nothing*

*shall my rest invade but joy shall still surround me* Allegro.

*I fly.....from*

*Celia's cold dis-dain from her dis-dain I fl*

*He is the cause of all my Pain for her alone I die I die I die I die*



Handwritten text, possibly a title or heading, written in a cursive or stylized script.

Multiple lines of handwritten musical notation, including staves with notes, clefs, and other musical symbols, arranged in a structured format.



## Recitative.

*Her Eyes are brighter than the Mid day Sun w<sup>h</sup> he but half his radiant course has*

*run When his Meridian Glories gay-----ly Shine glad all nature w<sup>h</sup> a warmth divine*

*See yonder Rivers flowing Side w<sup>h</sup> now so full so full ap-pears which*

*now so full so full ap-pears. Those streams that do so sweetly glide those*

*Streams y<sup>e</sup> do so sweetly glide are no-----thing no nothing but my Tears ;*





Recit.

\* There have I wept till I could weep no more & curd mine Eyes, & curd mine Eyes, when

they have shed their store, then like y<sup>e</sup> Clouds y<sup>e</sup> rot y<sup>e</sup> Azure Main I've drui.....

.....nd the flood to weep it back a gain

Pitty my pains ye gentle, Swains gentle, Swains

pitty my pains pittty my pains pittty my pains ye gentle swains Cover me w<sup>th</sup> Ice & snow

cover me w<sup>th</sup> Ice and snow cover me w<sup>th</sup> Ice and snow, I burn..... I

burn..... I scorch, I scorch, I glow

.....



The main body of the page contains several lines of extremely faint, illegible text. The characters are too light to be read accurately, but they appear to be arranged in a structured format, possibly a list or a series of entries. There are some faint markings that could be interpreted as numbers or symbols, but they are not clear enough to transcribe.



*Prestissimo. De*

*Furies tear me quickly tear me to y<sup>e</sup> dismal dismal*

*Shades below Where yeling & howling & growling & growling strike our Ears w<sup>th</sup> horrid woe horrid woe*

*Howling makes fiery Lakes were a pleasure & a Cure Not all y<sup>e</sup> Hells w<sup>th</sup> Pluto dwells can give such pain*

*as Tendure. So some peaceful Plain convey me on a mossy Carpet lay me San me with Am-*

*profial breeze let me die let me die die die and so have Ease.*







To his Grace of Duke of MARLBOROUGH these four Plates are humbly Inscribe.

*In Vain you tell your Parting Lover, you wish fair winds may waft him Over, &c*

*— as what winds can happy prove that bear me far from what I Love & last in Danger;*

*On y Main, can Equal those that I sustain, From Slighted Vows & Cold Disdain from Slighted Vows & Cold Disdain;*

*Be Gentle & in Pity Choose,*  
*To wish the Wildest Tempests Loose,*  
*That thrown again upon y Coast,*  
*Where first my Shipwreckt heart was Lost,*  
*I may Once More Repeat My Pain,*  
*Once More in Dying words Complain*  
*Of Slighted Vows & Cold Disdain; &c.*

For the Flute.





# Advice to the Unwary.

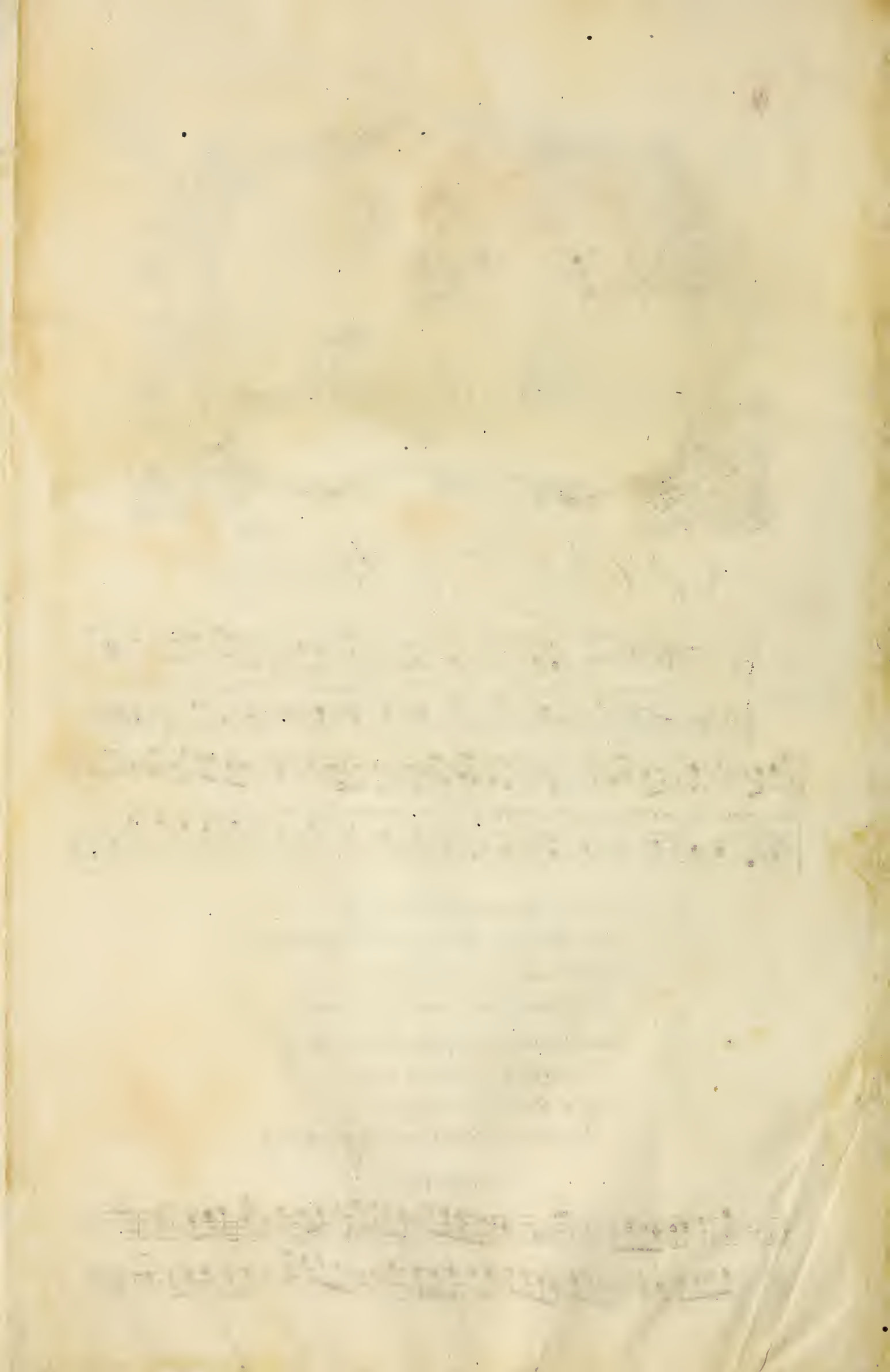
G. Bickham, junr. sc.

Set by  
M<sup>r</sup> Lampe

The wounded Deer flies swift away, The bearded Arrow in his Side; still  
vainly hoping that he may. Mix'd with y<sup>e</sup> Herd escape unspijd, mix'd with y<sup>e</sup> Herd escape unspijd

But oh y<sup>e</sup> Moment<sup>2</sup> that they See,  
The Streaming Blood flow from his Wound,  
They shun him in his Misery,  
And leave him dying on y<sup>e</sup> Ground.  
Thus the poor Nymph<sup>3</sup> who sore distrest,  
Has gaz'd her Liberty away;  
To all y<sup>e</sup> World becomes a Jest,  
And falls of Stand'rous Tongues y<sup>e</sup> Prey.

For the Flute.





## O Chloe.

When e'er my Cloe I begin thy Breast like mine to move,

You tell me of that crying Sin of unchast Lawless Love, of unchast lawless Love,

How can that Pleasure be a Crime,  
That gave to Cloe Birth,  
How can those Joys but be Divine,  
That make a Heav'n on Earth,

<sup>3</sup>  
To wed Mankind y' Priest trapannid,  
By some sly Fallacy;  
And disobey'd God's great Command,  
Increase & Multiply.

You say that Love's a Crime, content,  
Yet this allow you must,  
More Joy's in Heav'n when one repent,  
Then over Ninety Just.

<sup>5</sup>  
Sin then dear Girl for Heaven's sake,  
Repent and be forgiven;  
Bless me & by Repentance make:  
A Holiday in Heav'n.

## FOR THE FLUTE.





*Let Poets & Historians Record y<sup>e</sup> brave Gregorians In long & lasting Sings.*

*Let Poets & Historians Record y<sup>e</sup> brave Gregorians In long & lasting Sings:*

*While Hearts & Voices joyning in gladsome Songs combining. Sing*

*While Hearts & Voices joyning in gladsome Songs combining. Sing*

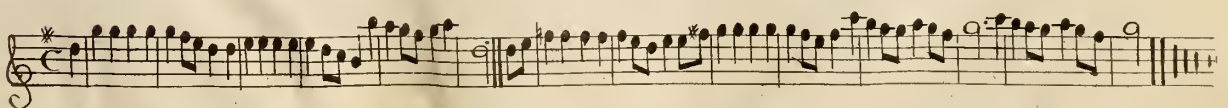
*forth their deathless Praise. Sing forth their deathless Praise.*

*forth their deathless Praise Sing forth their deathless Praise.*

*If innocent Variety,  
Content & Sweet Society,  
Can make us Mortals blest,  
In social Love united  
With Harmony delighted,  
We Emulate the best  
We &c.*

*Our Friendship & Affinity,  
Surpasses Consanguinity,  
As Gold surpasses Ore,  
Success to Ev'ry Brother,  
Lets stand by one another,  
Till Time shall be no more.  
Till &c.*

For the Flute.









The Words by Prier

G. Beckham junr invt sc

## THE Jovial Lover.

To her Grace the Dutchess of NEWCASTLE these 4 Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

If Wine & Musick have y<sup>e</sup> Pow'r, To ease y<sup>e</sup> Sickness Of y<sup>e</sup> Soul, Let Phoebus Ev'ry  
 String explore, And Bacchus fill y<sup>e</sup> Sprightly Bowl, Let them their friendly Aid employ, To  
 make My Cloe's Absence light, And seek with Pleasure to Destroy y<sup>e</sup> Sorrows of this live long Night;

But she to Morrow will return  
 Venus, be thou to Morrow Great.  
 Thy Myrtles Strew thy Odours bum,  
 And Meet thy favorite Symp in state.

Kind Goddess to No Other Pow'r,  
 Let us to Morrow's blessings own  
 Thy Darling love's shall guide y<sup>e</sup> Flours  
 And all y<sup>e</sup> Day be Thine Alone.

### For the Flute

N<sup>o</sup> XVII, Vol. II.





THE  
Taste a Dialogue.

The Music by M<sup>r</sup> Handel

G. Bickham jun<sup>r</sup> sculp.

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

Col.

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

O my pretty Punchi-nello O my little Dapper Fellow have you heard of Furi-

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

nelli is coming over.

no.....

my Colom-bino I hear.....

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

.....that Care-tino y famous Care-tino who has pleas'd both King and Queen O both King and

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

Queen O.....

sets out for Do-ver.

But I hope my Sene-



*[The text in this section is extremely faint and illegible, appearing as a series of horizontal lines.]*



The Masque at the Old House

*sino is no such Re-ver Ono your, Sene sino has lickid himself quite dean O has Thousands got fif-*

*teen O..... and lives in clo-ver;*

*I'm glad my Sene sino has Thousands got fifteen O..... & lives in clo-ver.*

C After Porpora or Handel  
Where'd ye think if Town will dandle  
Or which must hold the Candle

P I dont care a Farthing  
But Harlequin O Lun O  
Has Cookid a deal of Fun O  
Of Pantomine and Pun O  
And expects a mighty Run O

C Shall we go and see the Fun O  
At Covent Garden

P In Play-houses full Six O  
One knows not where to fix O  
Till they let us in for Nix O  
That's Pinches bargain

B Well see em round all Six O  
If they'll let us in for Nix O  
That's allways our bargain

FLUTE.

At Covent Garden.





# The Resolved Lass.

Set by M<sup>r</sup> Carey.

G. Dickham jun. inv<sup>t</sup> sc

When Parents obstinate & cruel prove, & force us to a Man we

cannot love: 'tis fit we disappoint y<sup>e</sup> Sordid elves, & wisely get us

Husbands for our Selves; & wisely get us husbands for our Selves.

For the Flute.







To the R. H. the Lady Elizabeth GERMAIN these 4 Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.  
 Words by Mr. Carey Set by Mr. Gouge

How hard is y<sup>e</sup> Fortune of all Woman kind, forever subjected for ever confin'd,

The Parent controuls us untill we are Wives, y<sup>e</sup> Husband enslaves us y<sup>e</sup> rest of our lives

If fondly we love, yet we dare not reveal,  
 But secretly languish, compell'd to conceal,  
 Deny'd ev'ry freedom of Life to enjoy,  
 We're Sham'd if we're kind, we're blam'd if we're coy.

*For the Flute.*





## The Bachelors Wife.

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

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

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

*Without affectation gay, youthful & pretty, without pride or meanness, familiar & witty;*

*Without forms obliging, good natur'd & free, without art as lovely, as lovely can be,*

*She acts what she thinks, & she thinks what she says,  
 Regardless alike both of censure and praise,  
 But her thoughts, & her words, & her actions are such,  
 That none can admire 'em, or praise her too much.*

Song & Symphony for  $\forall$  German & Common Flute.

Musical notation for the fourth system, including three staves with notes and fingerings.





The Present

# State of Little Britain.

Set by M<sup>r</sup> Carey.

Britons where is your great Magnanimity, wheres your boasted Courage floun.

Britons where is your great Magnanimity; wheres your boasted Courage floun;

Quite perverted to Pu si-la-nimity, Scarce to call your Souls your own,

Quite perverted to Pusila-nimity, Scarce to call your Souls your own.

What your Ancestors won so Victoriously,	Freedom now for her Flight makes preparative,
Crown'd with Conquest in y <sup>e</sup> Field;	See her weeping quit y <sup>e</sup> Shore,
You'd relinquish & O! most Ingloriously,	Britain's Loss will be then past Comparative;
To oppression tamely yield,	Never to behold Her more.

Gracious Gods to assist exurgitate,  
 Stretch forth thy Vindictive Hand;  
 Make oppressors their Plunder regurgitate,  
 And preserve a Sinking Land.

FLUTE.





Minuet by W. Mandel.

G. Bickham jun<sup>r</sup> sculp.

## Phillis Advised.

Phillis the Lovely, turn to your Swain, turn to your Swain, before it's too late.

Should you Deny, he'll Fly, you'll Dye, Curs.....ing your Fate.

He's young and Airy,  
 Soon he may va.....ry,  
 Soon he may va.....ry,  
 And think you a Joy,  
 Then you'll Despair,  
 Beware, Dear Fair,  
 You.....be not Coy.

For the Flute.







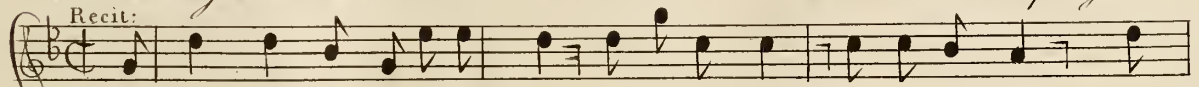
The Words & Music by M<sup>r</sup>. Philips

G. Bickham jun. inv. sculp.

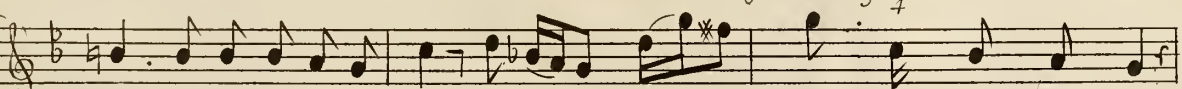
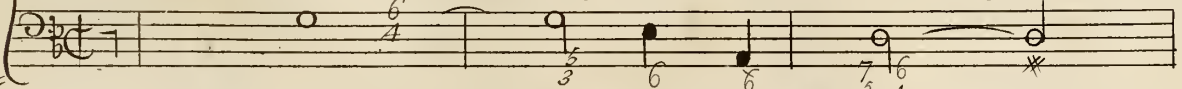
## Goquetrn.

To the Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup> the Earl STANHOPE this Cantata is humbly Inscrib'd.

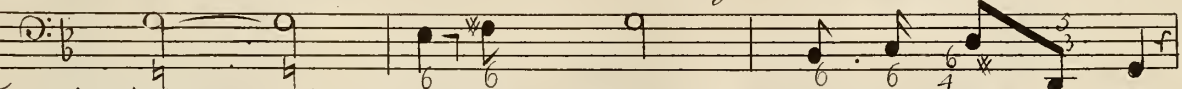
Recit:



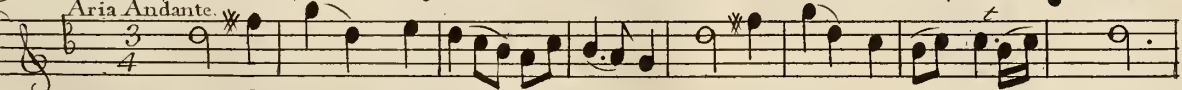
Whilst Strephon on fair Chloe hung & gently woo'd & sweetly sung, The



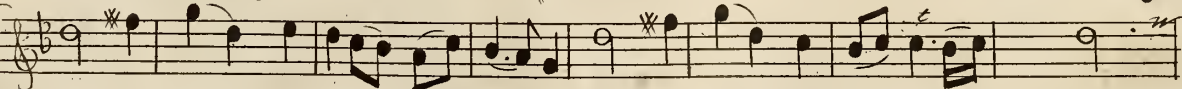
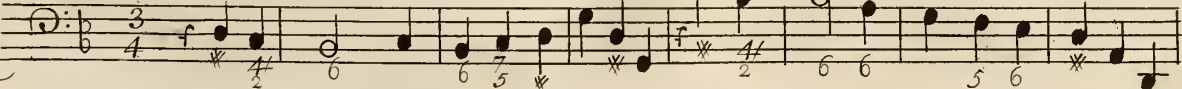
Nymph in a disdainful air thus smi.....ling mock'd the Shepherds care



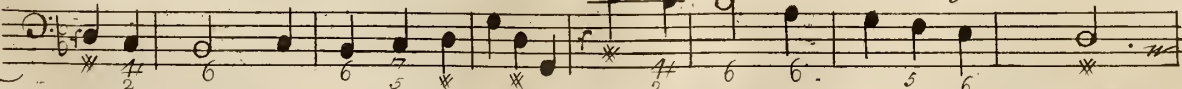
Aria Andante.

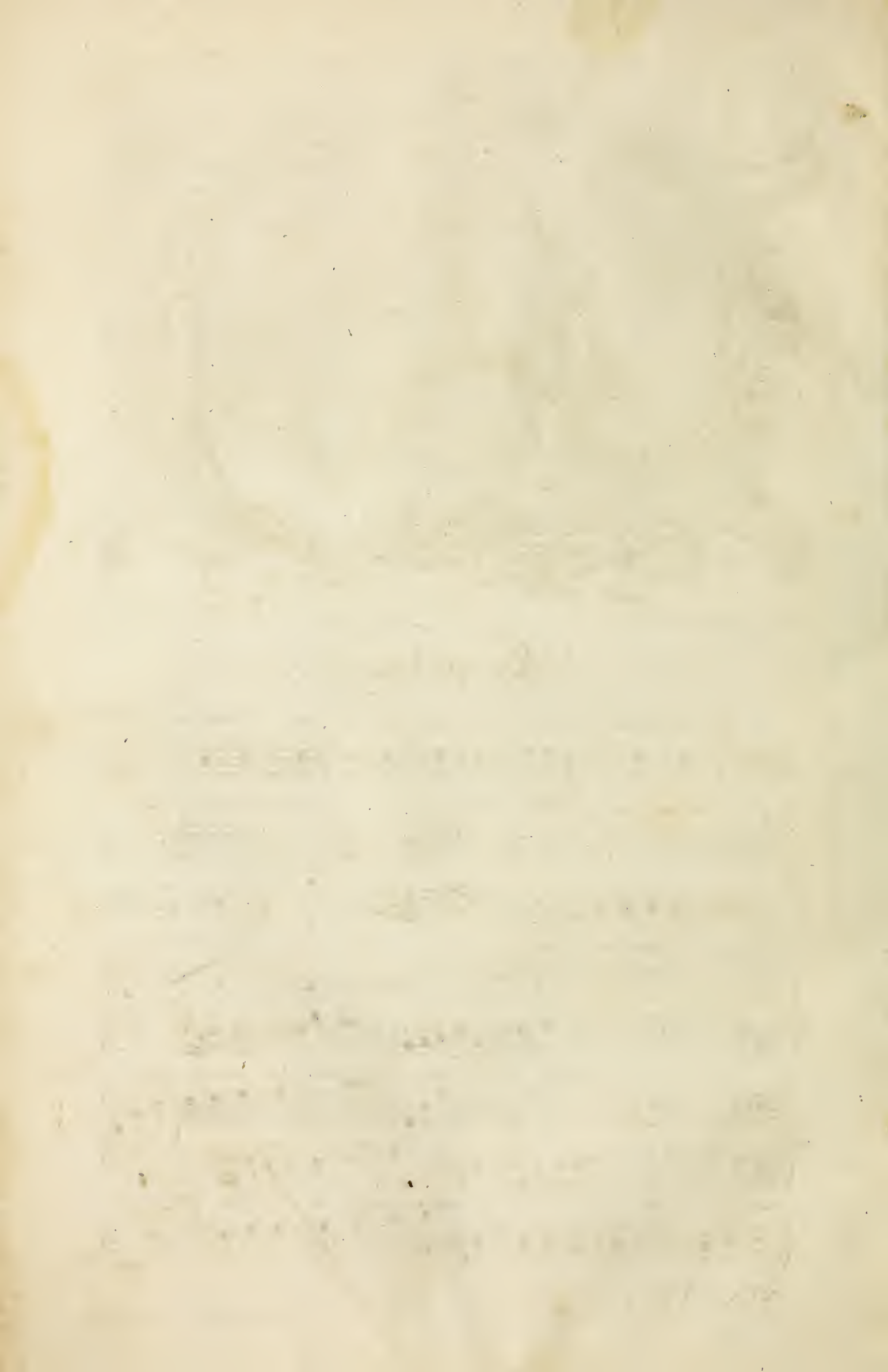


Swain I know that you dis-cover In my Form a thousand charms,



Can you point me out a Lo-ver worthy my En-cir-ling Arms;







*S:*

Boy no more ap-proach my Beauty till you e-gual

*S:*

Merit boast to..... a..... do..... re-me-i-s..... a.....

*S:*

Duty Thousands witness to their Cost.

*Recit:*

Stung to the heart..... the red'ning Swain,

on the vain maid re-tor..... ts again

*S:*





*Foolish creature, did each feature, bloom, beyond y<sup>e</sup>*

*pride of Nature, artfull feigning, Coy disdainning,*

*vain Coquet, destroys them all; go o'er bearing, Proud en*

*Snaring, lay a thousand Fops despairing, then complying,*

*Sighing, dying, To Some fool a Victim fall;*

The musical score consists of ten systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written in a cursive hand below the notes. The score includes various musical notations such as accidentals, ornaments, and figured bass numbers (e.g., 4 3, 6, 4 3, 6, 2, 4 3, 6, 6, 4 3, 7, 6, 6, 5).





:S:

*Symphs like you, whilst they're deceiving Angels*

:S:

*all in front appear. But the So.....*

*t their A.....rts believing but the Lot their*

*arts beleving finds the Devil in the rear*

*Aria Andante for the Flute*

*Aria Allegro*

*Aria Allegro*







G. Bickham jun. sculp.

THE

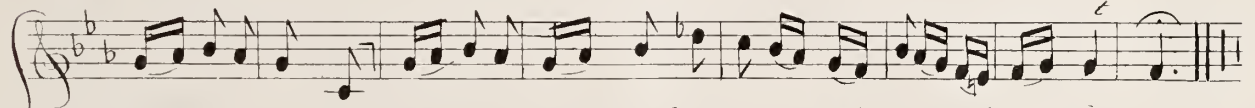
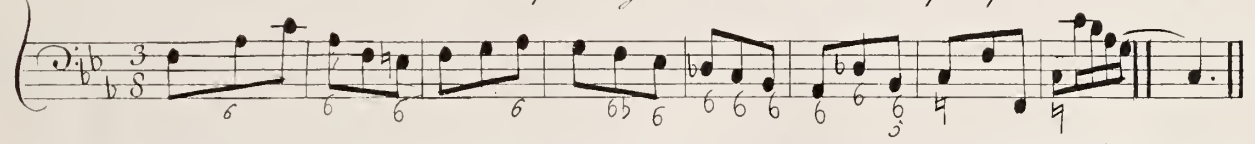
inv. et Sculp.

# Sincere Swain.

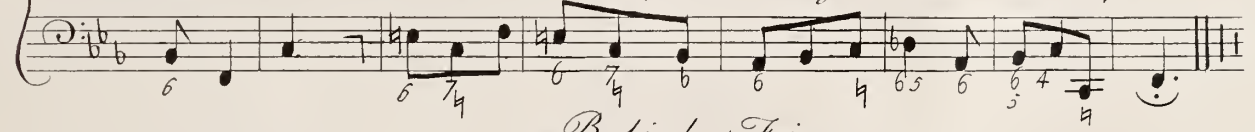
To the Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup> Earl of DERBY, these four Plates are humbly Inscriv'd.



*As thee I love, I'll constant prove you are the Char-mer of my Heart Heart*

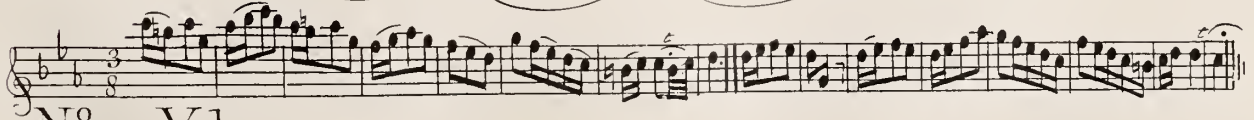


*Dearest be-lieve me, I'll ne'er de-ceive thee from Clo-e bright Clo-e I ne'er can part.*



*Be kind as Fair  
 Oh be not severe  
 But shew Compassion on your Swain  
 You'll ne'er repent it  
 No ne'er relent it  
 Dear Creature dear Creature now ease my Pain.*

## For the Flute.







*Set by M. King.* **LOVE for LOVE.** *G. Bickham sculp.*

Love for Love is a charming trade, Love on ly can, Love on-ly  
 Love for Love is a charming trade, a charming trade. Love on-ly  
 can, on-ly can by Love be paid; who e'er by entrest gain...s  
 can on-ly can by Love be paid; who e'er by entrest who e'er by en trest gain...s  
 gain.....s y' fair, must think her fa...vours un sin-cere: But who in serving perseveres  
 gain.....s y' fair, must think her fa...vours un sin cere But who in serving perseveres



*[The following text is extremely faint and illegible due to the quality of the scan. It appears to be several lines of a document, possibly a letter or a report, but the characters cannot be read.]*



and late prevails by Prayers & Tears his joys beyond his wishes move he only

late and late prevails by Prayers & Tears his joys be yond be yond his wishes move he only

knows y<sup>e</sup> blifs of Love for Love he knows y<sup>e</sup> blifs of Love for Love

knows y<sup>e</sup> blifs of Love for Love he knows y<sup>e</sup> blifs he knows y<sup>e</sup> blifs of Love for Love Love for

Love for Love he knows y<sup>e</sup> blifs of Love for Love Love for Love he knows y<sup>e</sup> blifs of Love for Love

Love Love for Love he knows y<sup>e</sup> blifs of Love for Love Love for Love he knows y<sup>e</sup> blifs of Love for Love.

<p>Love for Love is a Sacred tyē Preserves on earth Society Tis Harmony of Love for Love To which y<sup>e</sup> dancing Planets move</p>	<p>And if we may presume to guess What Angels in their Songs express Howe'er y<sup>e</sup> Music is above The Chorus still is Love for Love.</p>
--	--

*[Faint, illegible handwritten text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*



# The Intrigue.

Siciliana

Make hast & away mine only Dear! make hast & away away For

all at the Gate your true love he does wait And I prithee make no delay.

She She

O how shall I steal away my Love  
O how shall I steal away  
My Daddy is near & I dare not for fear  
Pray come then another Day.

He

O this is the only Day my Life  
O this is the only Day!  
I'll draw him aside while you throw y<sup>e</sup> Gate wide  
And then you may steal away.

Then prithee make no delay my dear  
Then prithee make no delay  
Well serve him a Trick for I'll slip in y<sup>e</sup> Nick  
And to my true Love away.

Chorus.

O Cupid befriend a Loving Pair  
O Cupid befriend us we pray.  
May our Stratagem take for thine own sweet sake  
And Amen! let all true Lovers say.

For the Flute.







*A*  
Peaceful Life.

To the Right Hon. the Lord CARPENTER these four Plates are humbly. Inscrib'd.

*In these Groves, with Con-tent and Tran-quility, Free from envy, care & Strife:*

*In these Groves, with Con-tent and Tran-quility, Free from envy, care & Strife:*

*Bless'd with Vigour, with Health, and a-gility, We enjoy a Peaceful Life.*

*Bless'd with Vigour, with Health, and a-gility, We enjoy a Peaceful Life.*

Endless Circles of Pleasure surrounding us  
 Ever chearful ever gay  
 No Perplexities ever confounding us,  
 Life in comfort slides away.

For the Flute.





# The Thirsty Toper.

*If the Glasses they are empty, Fill again my Soul's a Dry, Sure such Wine as  
this will tempt ye to Carouse in Sympathy: Thirsty Souls like Plants expiring,  
Moisture ever are desiring, Thus carping Natures Blessing, Will the Sober World desic.*

<i>See the Bottle how its beauty —</i>	<i>Could the Globe be fill'd with Claret —</i>
<i>Smiles in ev'ry Ruby Face. —</i>	<i>Souls like mine woud never spare it</i>
<i>We to Bacchus owe a Duty —</i>	<i>Ever drinking Void of thinking —</i>
<i>Drink brave Heroes drink apace</i>	<i>Wed the happy Hours embrace. —</i>

Flute.

*[Faint, illegible handwritten text, possibly musical notation or a list of names]*

*[Faint, illegible handwritten text, possibly musical notation or a list of names]*



*The Ballad Singer's Summons to her Lover.*

*Sweetest of the Nightly Choir vocal partner Roger rise Ginglyng Halfpence*

*loud requi...re to bung our Eyes Then to geth - er*

*in all Weather As true Turtles of a Feather Alloys shall resound our Song.*

*Soft Duetto's gently trilling  
 Shall fix those wandring Damsels Feet  
 Who in quest of Cull and Shilling  
 Hunt o'er each Street  
 Musick sending  
 Crouds attending  
 In their Labs. our Hands descending  
 Mingles Profit with our Praise*

**FLUTE.**

Faint, illegible text at the top of the page, possibly a title or header.

Several lines of faint, illegible text in the middle section of the page.

Bottom section of the page containing faint, illegible text and possibly musical notation or diagrams.



# The Nightingale.

*Gently*

While in a Bow'r with Beauty blest The lov'd & lov'd Amintor lies while sinking  
 on Lucinda's breast he fondly fondly kiss'd her Eyes A wakeful Nightingale who long had  
 mourn'd had mourn'd within y<sup>e</sup> Shade sweetly renew'd her plaintive song & now... led thro' y<sup>e</sup> Glade.

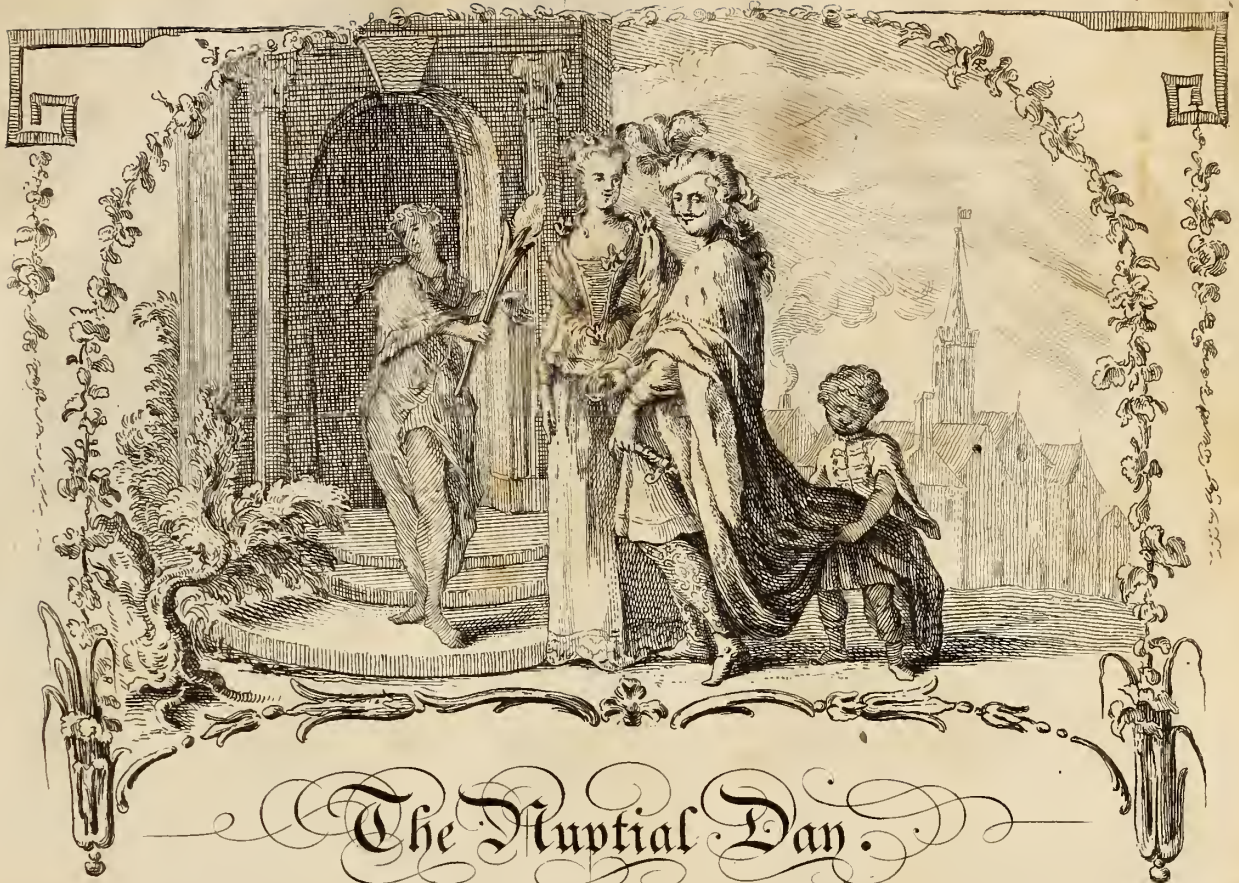
Melodious Songstrefs! cry'd the Swain  
 To Shades to Shades lets happy go  
 Or if thou wilt with us remain  
 Forbear forbear thy tuneful woe.

While in Lucinda's Arms I lie  
 To Song to Song I am not free  
 On her soft bosome while I die  
 I dis — cord find in thee.

FLUTE.







# The Nuptial Day.

To the Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup> the Earl of EFFINGHAM these 4 Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

*tr*

Cupid God of gay desires Hymen with thy sacred fires smiling Zephyrs hast away

Grace this happy happy day Grace this happy happy day this hap.....py happy day.

Love and Graces all attend  
 All ye Nuptial Powers befriend  
 Make them your peculiar Care  
 Bless the Hero bless the Fair.

J. L. U. T. S.

*tr*

Handwritten text, possibly a title or header, appearing as a faint line of script.

Main body of handwritten text, consisting of several lines of cursive script, significantly obscured by a large, irregular water stain.

Handwritten text at the bottom of the page, appearing as a faint line of script.

Final line of handwritten text at the bottom of the page, appearing as a faint line of script.

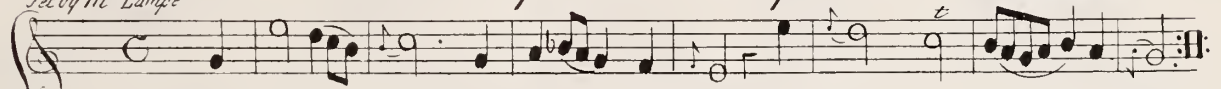


THE

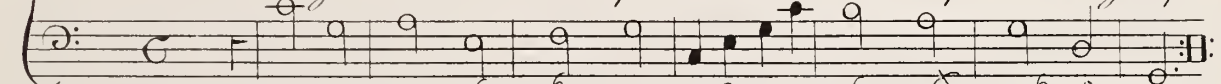
## Solitary Relief.

Set by M<sup>r</sup> Lampe

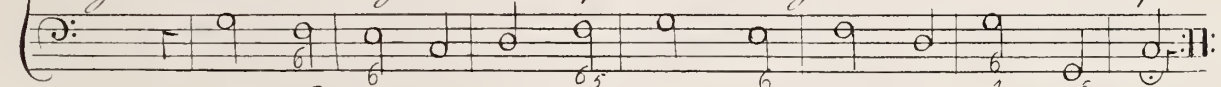
By B. Pham, Jr. in Jew



*Blow on ye Winds, descend soft Rains, To sooth my ten-der Grief,*



*Your so-lemn Musick lulls my Pains, And gives me short Re-lief.*

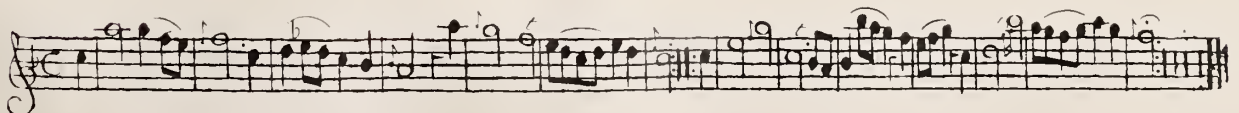


<p><i>In some lone Corner would, I sit — Retir'd from human kind — Since Mirth nor: there nor sparkling Wit Can sooth my anxious Mind. —</i></p>	<p><i>The Sun which makes all Nature gay Torments my weary Eyes — And in dark Shades I spend y<sup>e</sup> Day Where Eccho sleeping lies. —</i></p>
--	---

4

*The sparkling Stars which gayly shine  
And glittering deck y<sup>e</sup> Night  
Are all such cruel Foes of mine —  
I sicken at their sight.*

D. F. L. U. T. E.







# Good Advice

*Set & sung by M.<sup>r</sup> Leveridge.*

*Leave off this foolish prating talk no more of Whig & Tory But fill your Glass round  
 let it pass the Bottle stands be fore you Fill it up to the Top Let this Night w.<sup>th</sup>  
 Mirth be crown'd drink about see it out Love & Friendship still go round.*

*If Claret be a Blessing  
 This Night devote to Pleasure  
 Let Worldly cares  
 And State affairs  
 Be thought on at more Leisure  
 Fill it up &c.*

*If any is so Zealous  
 To be a party Minion  
 Let him drink like me.  
 We'll soon agree  
 And be of one Opinion  
 Fill it up &c.*

Flute.





*The Topers Sentence on a Sneaker.*

To y<sup>e</sup> God of Wine my Song & my design With a grateful Spirit will I praise His my  
 Hearts delight to give him every Night & to Carrol merrily his Praise Monarch Bacchus gay &  
 Young Free to save us and relieve us when the World goes wrong Sound his Name  
 raise it high Sing his Fame to the Sky till the wise World join in our Song.

Should a Mortal dare	Set the Rebel to the Bar;
His merry Subjects sneer	That y <sup>e</sup> Traytors Bound in Fetter
Let him dread y <sup>e</sup> fate decreed	May his Sentence hear:
A new Law well weigh'd	Let the Rogue in a String
The drinking Court has made	Like a Dog take a Swing
And to Justice thus they'll proceed.	Or be drown'd in rot gut small Beer.

Flute.







Moggy

To y<sup>e</sup> R<sup>o</sup> Hon<sup>ble</sup> the Lord QUARENDON, these 4 Plates are humbly Inscribid.

What beauties does Flora disclose? How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed? Yet Moggy's still  
 sweeter than those Both nature and fancy exceeds Nor Daisy nor sweet blushing Rose Nor  
 all y<sup>e</sup> gay Flow'rs of y<sup>e</sup> Fields Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those Such beauty & pleasure e'er yields.

<p>The warblers are heard in y<sup>e</sup> grove          The linnet y<sup>e</sup> lark &amp; y<sup>e</sup> Thrush          The blackbird &amp; sweet cooling Dove          With Musick enchant every Bush          Come let us go forth to the Mead          Let us see how y<sup>e</sup> Primroses spring          We'll lodge in some Village on Tweed          And love while y<sup>e</sup> feather'd folks sing</p>	<p>How does my love pass y<sup>e</sup> long Day          Does Mary not tend a few Sheep          Do they never carelessly stray          While happily she lies a Sleep          Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest          Kind Nature indulging my bliss          So relieve y<sup>e</sup> soft pains of my breast          I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.</p>	<p>'Tis she does the Virgins excel          No beauty n<sup>o</sup> her can compare          Loves graces all round her do dwell          This fairest where thousands are fair          Say charmer where do thy flocks stray          Oh tell me at noon where they feed          Shall I seek them on sweet winding Bay          Or y<sup>e</sup> pleasanter banks of y<sup>e</sup> Tweed.</p>
--	--	---

FLUTE.





## In Praise of Burgundy.

Hail Burgundy thou juice divine, In-spirer of my Song, The praises giv'n to o-ther Wine to thee a-lone belong

Of poignant wit & rosy charms thou canst the pow'r im-prove Care of its Sting thy balm dis-

arms thou noblest gift of love Care of its Sting, thy balm disarms thou noblest gift of love.

2  
 Bright Phœbus on the parent vines  
 From whence thy Current streams  
 Sweet smiling through the Tendrils shines  
 And lavish darts his beams  
 The pregnant Grape receives his fires  
 And all his force retains  
 With that same warmth our brains inspires  
 And animates our Strains.

3  
 From thee my Chloë's radiant Eye  
 New sparkling Beams receives  
 Her Checks imbibe a Rosier dye  
 Her beautiful Bosom heaves  
 Summon'd to love by thy alarms  
 Oh with what nervous heat  
 Worthy the Fair, we fill their Arms  
 And oft our bliss repeat.

FLUTE.

4  
 The Stoick prone to thought intense  
 Thy softness can unwind  
 A Cheerful gaiety dispence  
 And make him taste a Friend  
 His Brow grows clear he feels Content  
 Forgets his pensive Strife  
 And then concludes his time well spent  
 In honest Social Life.

5  
 E'en Beaux those soft amphibious things  
 Wrapt up in self and dress  
 Quite lost to the delight that springs  
 From Sense thy pow'r confess  
 The Top with chitty maudlin Face  
 That dares but deeply drink  
 Forgets his Cue and stiff grimace  
 Grows free & seems to think.





THE  
*Lass of Patties Mill*

*The Lass of Patties Mill, so bonny blith and gay, In spite of any my skill, she*

*stole my Heart away When tedding of the Hay Bare Headed on the Green Love*

*midst her Locks did play And wantonid in her Ey'n.*

*Her Arms white round & smooth  
Breasts rising in y dawn —  
So age it would gi youth —  
So press them w<sup>th</sup> his Hand  
Thro' all my Spirits ran —  
An extasic of bliss —  
When he such sweetness found  
Wrapt in a balmy kiss. —*

*Without the help of Art —  
Like Flowers y grace y Wild  
She did her sweets impart —  
When e'er she spoke or smild  
Her looks they were so mild  
Free from affected pride —  
She me to Love bequild —  
I wish'd her for my bride.*

*Oh! had Ise an the Wealth —  
Hopton's high mountains fill  
Insurid long Life & Health —  
And pleasure at my will —  
I'd promise and fulfill —  
That none but bonny she —  
The Lass of Patties Mill —  
Shoud share y same wi me.*

For the Flute.





# The Dying Swan.

Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Monro.

*Twas on a Rivers verdant Side Just at the Close of Day . A*

*dying Swan with Musick try'd To chase her Cares away.*

2  
*And tho' she neer had stretch'd her Throat  
 Nor tun'd her Voice before  
 Death ravish'd with so sweet a Note  
 . A while the Stroke forbore.*

3  
*Farewell she cry'd you silver Streams  
 Ye purling Streams adieu  
 Where Phaëbus us'd to dart his beams  
 . And blest both me & you.*

*Farewell ye tender whistling Reeds  
 . Soft scenes of happy Love  
 Farewell ye bright enamell'd Meads  
 Where I was us'd to rove.*

5  
*No more with you may I converse  
 See yonder setting Sun  
 Attends whilst I my last rehearse  
 And then I must be gone.*

6  
*Weep not my tender constant Mate  
 We'll meet again below  
 . It is the kind decree of Fate —  
 (And I with pleasure go.)*

M<sup>r</sup> Cary's Tune.

*Mon:*







*Set by Mr. Hayden.* *G. Bickham jun. inv. et sc.*

*As I saw fair Clora walk a lone y<sup>e</sup> sea there*

*As I saw fair Clora walk a lone y<sup>e</sup> sea there*

*Now came softly down softly down softly down softly down softly down came softly softly soft-ly down*

*Now came softly down softly down softly down came softly softly soft-ly down*

*As love descending descending from his Tow'r to Court her in a Silver Show'r. As love de-*

*As love descending from his Tow'r to Court her in a Silver Show'r as love de-*

*scending from his Tow'r to Court her to Co...urt her in a Silver Show'r*

*scending from his Tow'r to Court her to Co...urt her in a Silver Show'r*

*The wan-ton Snow flew to her Breast as little little Birds in to their Vests.*

*The wanton Snow flew to her Breast as little Birds in to their Vests.*

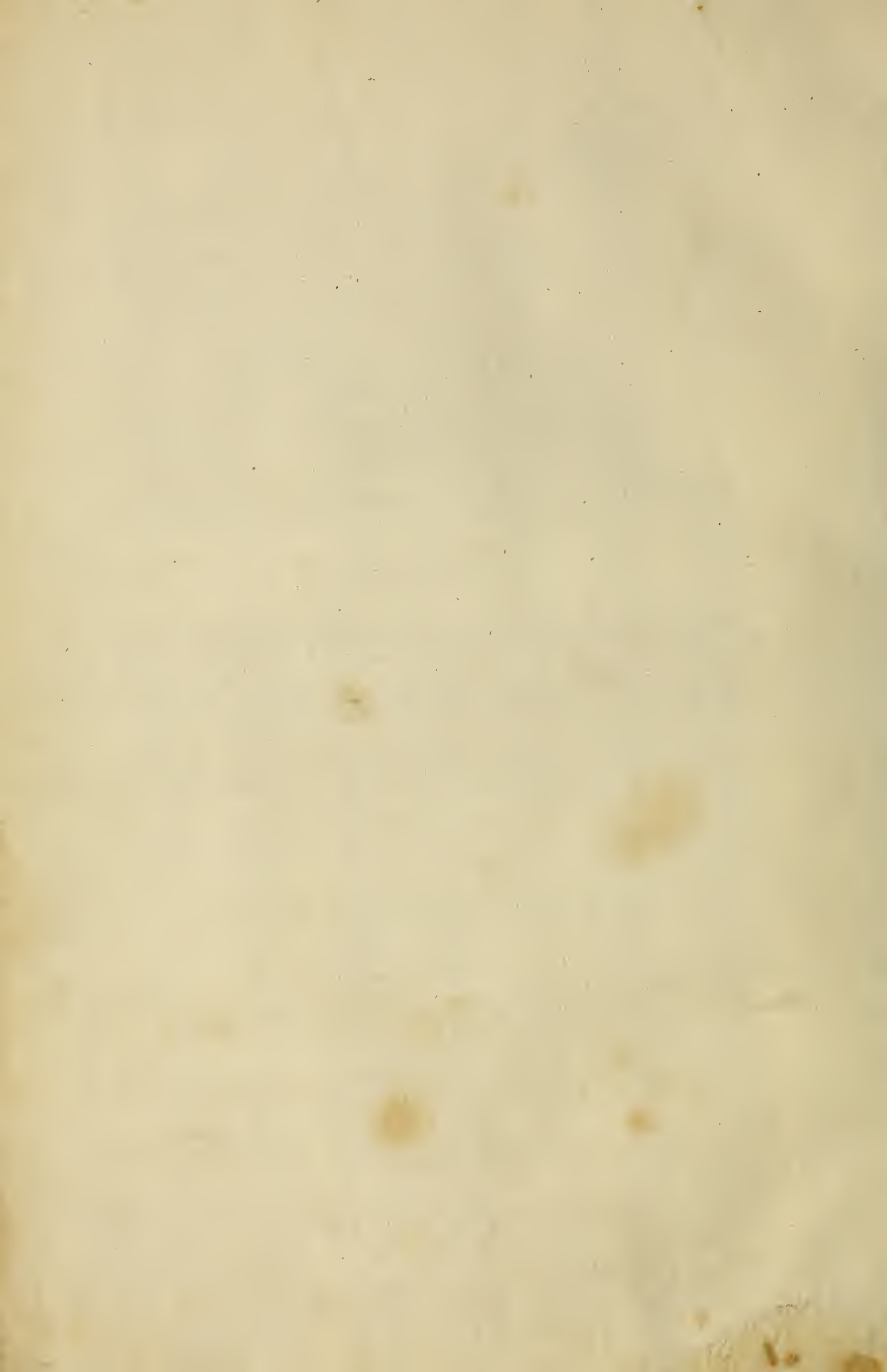


*[Faint, illegible handwritten text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*



But being o'er come with Whiteness there for Grief dissolv'd for Grief dissolv'd in-to a Tear  
 But being o'er come with Whiteness there for Grief dissolv'd for Grief dissolv'd in-to a Tear  
 Thence fall-ing on her Gar-ments Hem to de.....ck her froze froze froze into a Gem.  
 Thence fall-ing on her Gar-ments Hem..... to de.....ck her froze froze froze into a Gem.

## For the Flute.





## Florella.

Why will, Florella when I gaze my ravish'd Eyes reprove And chide them from y<sup>e</sup> on-ly Face they  
 can behold with love To shun your scorn & ease my care I seek a Nymph more kind  
 while I range from fair to fair still gentle u-sage find.

But Oh! how faint is ev'ry Joy —  
 Where Nature has no part  
 New beauties may my Eyes employ  
 But you engage my Heart  
 So restless wiles doom'd to roam —  
 Meet pitty ev'ry where  
 But languish for their native home  
 No Death attends them there.

Flute.





# The Proud Fair.

By M. Tho' Phillips.

Within y<sup>e</sup> Compass of y<sup>e</sup> Flute.

Slow

Too lovely fair one I confess y<sup>e</sup> hvain whom you will deign to bless might sigh an Age a-way  
 In ex-pec-ta-ti-on of y<sup>e</sup> Joy when you no longer cold or coy shall all his Pains allay.

Indulgent Heaven has made thy form  
 So Soft so Perfect and so Warm  
 Who Gazes must adore  
 But I so long in vain have try'd  
 To move thy heart that seat of Pride  
 That here, I give it o're.

And now proud fair a cure I've found I'll be no longer tamely bound in hopelefs flames to Bu...  
 ... in hopelefs flames to burn vain maid I've shaken off my chain by Wine a conquest I obtain  
 triumph in my turn } tri... triumph } triumph in my turn.







*Britons strike Home.*

To y<sup>r</sup> Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup> the Earl of CHESTERFIELD these 4 Plates are humbly Inscribe.

*To Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to*

*To Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms to*

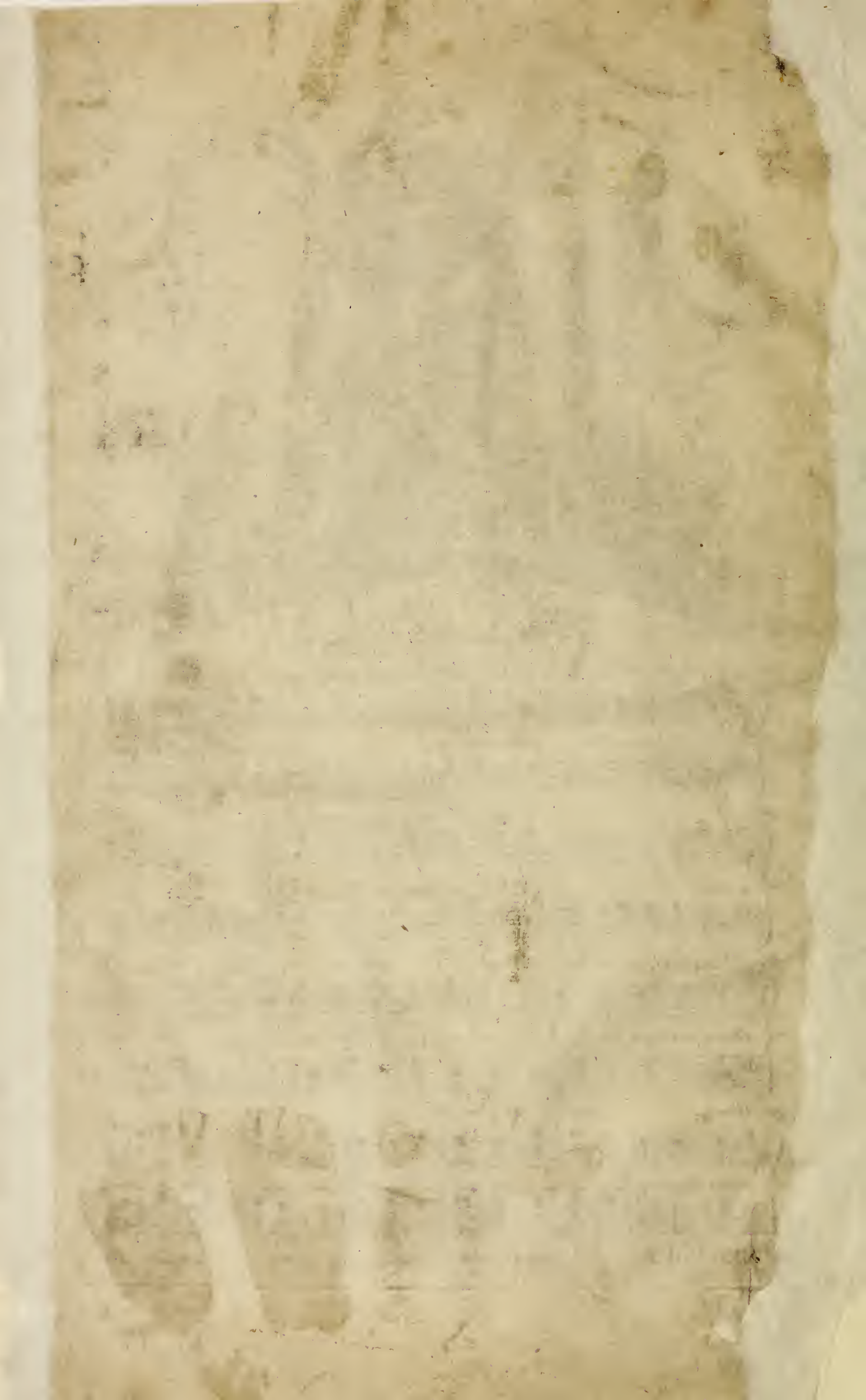
*Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to*

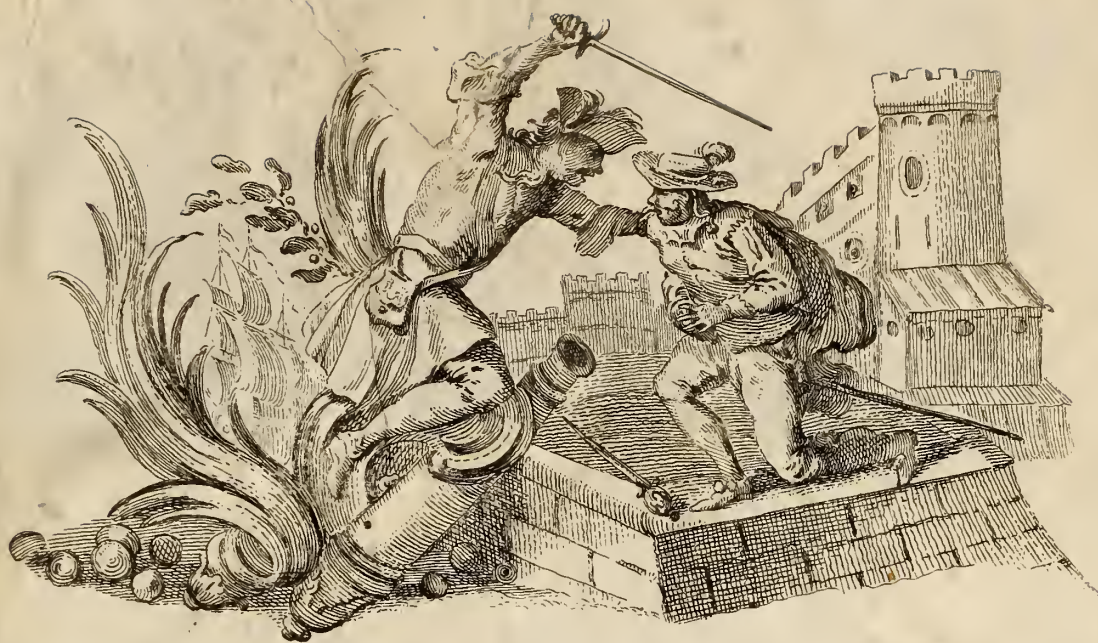
*Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to*

*Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, Your En-signs*

*Arms, to Arms, to Arms, &c.*

*strait display, Now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, Set y<sup>e</sup> Battle in array.*





*The Oracle for War declares for War declares Success depends Suc*

*cess depends up on our hearts & speaks the Oracle for War declares for*

*War declares Suc-cess depends Success depends up-on our hearts & speaks*

*Britains strike home re venge re venge your Countrys wrongs Fight*

*fight & re cord fight fight & re-cord your Selves in Druid Songs fight*

*fight and re..cord fight fight & re cord re-cord your Selves in Druid Songs.*

The musical score consists of ten systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is in a minor key with a common time signature. It includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings. The lyrics are written in a cursive script across the staves.





# Love Return'd.

Happy's the love if meets re-turn When in soft flames souls equal burn But Words are  
 wanting to dis-co-ver The tor-ments of a hopeleſs Lover Ye registers of Heav'n re-late If  
 looking o'er if rolls of fate Did you if see me mark'd as mar-ron So Ma-ry Scot if flow of yarrow

Ah no her form too heav'nly fair  
 Her love if Gods above must share  
 While Mortals in despair explore her  
 And at a distance due adore her  
 O lovely Maid my doubts beguile  
 Revive and bleſs me with a ſmile  
 Alas if not you'll ſoon debar a  
 ſighing Swain if banks of yarrow.

Be hush ye fears I'll not deſpair  
 My Mary tender as ſhe's fair  
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish  
 She is too good to let me languish  
 With ſucceſs Crown'd I'll not envy  
 The folks who dwell above the Sky  
 When Mary Scot's become my mar-ron  
 We'll make a Paradise on Yarrow.

Flute.





## Traquair.

Hear me ye Nymphs & ev-ry Swain I'll tell how Peg-gy Grieves me Tho' thus I Languish  
and complain alas she ne'er believes me My Vows and Sighs like si-lent Air un-heeded ne-ver  
mo-ve her At the bonny Bush a boon Traquair 'Twas there I first did loe her.

That Day she smild & made me glad  
No Maid seem'd ever kinder  
I thought my self y' luckiest Lad  
So sweetly there to find her  
I try'd to sooth my am'rous Flame  
In Words y' I thought tender  
If more there pass'd I'm not to blame  
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies y' Plain  
The fields we then frequented  
If e'er we meet she shews disdain  
She looks as ne'er acquainted  
The bonny Bush bloom'd fair in May  
Its sweets I'll ay remember  
But now her Frowns make it decay  
It fades as in December.

Ye rural Powers who hear my strains  
Why thus should Peggy grieve me  
Oh make her Partner in my Pains  
Then let her Smiles relieve me  
If not my love will turn Despair  
My Passion no more tender  
I'll leave y' Bush a boon Traquair  
To lonely Wilds I'll wander.

### FLUTE.











