

THE
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A
SELECT COLLECTION
OF
ENGLISH SONGS,
WITH THEIR
ORIGINAL AIRS.

**HARDING AND WRIGHT,
PRINTERS,
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A
SELECT COLLECTION
OF
ENGLISH SONGS,
WITH THEIR
ORIGINAL AIRS:
AND
A HISTORICAL ESSAY
ON THE
ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF NATIONAL SONG,

BY THE LATE
JOSEPH RITSON, Esq.
IN THREE VOLUMES.

THE SECOND EDITION,
WITH
ADDITIONAL SONGS AND OCCASIONAL NOTES.

By THOMAS PARK, F. S. A.

VOL. III.

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1813.

AIRS
TO THE
SONGS
IN
VOLUME I.

Vol. III.

B

AIRS.

PART THE FIRST.

Lobe Songs.

CLASS I.

Song I.—*Ah Chloris, could I now but sit.*

Song II.—*When first upon your tender cheek.* Miss Aikin.

No air to the first of these songs has been met with ; and the other is not supposed to have been set ; or to have any tune.

Song III.—*When first I saw thee graceful move.*

Set by Signor Pasquali.

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

When first I saw Ah me! what

meant my throbbing breast? Say soft con-fu-sion,

meant my throbbing breast? Say soft con-fu-sion,

LOVE-SONGS.

art thou love? If love thou art, then farewell rest.

art thou love? If love thou art, then farewell rest

Song IV.—*I did but look and love awhile.* Otway.

Air unknown. *

Song V. *Almeria's face, her shape, her air.* Viset. Molesworth.
Set by Mr. John Alcock, organist of Plymouth.

Almeria's face, her shape, her air, With charms resistless

wound the heart: In vain you for defence prepare; When from

her eyes love shoots his dart. So strong, so swift the ar-row

flies, Such sure destruction flying makes; The bold op-poser

* This and such like expressions (used for the sake of brevity) generally mean no more than that the tune has not come to the compiler's knowledge. In some places they imply certainty. The different instances are not worth pointing out.



Song VI. *Ah gaze not on those eyes! forbear.* Mrs. Cockburn.

Song VII. *Oh forbear to bid me slight her.* Hill.

No airs known.

Song VIII. *While from my looks, fair nymph, you guess.*

Prior.

by Mr. Dieupart.

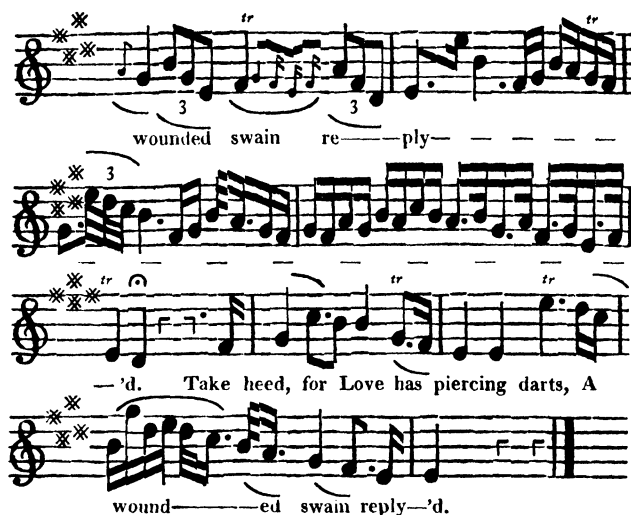


Song IX. *White as her hand fair Julia threw.* Jenyns.

Was poorly set by a Mr. Hawkins; and no other air is known.

Song X. *I smile at love and all his arts.* Vanbrugh.





wounded swain re—ply—

—'d. Take heed, for Love has piercing darts, A

wound—ed swain reply—'d.

Song XI. *Whilst on those lovely looks I gaze.* E. of Rochester.
Air unknown.

Song XII. *I lik'd, but never lov'd, before.*
Set by Mr. William Turner.



I lik'd, but never lov'd, be—fore I saw thy charming

face ; Now ev'ry feature I adore, And dote on ev'ry grace. She

ne'er shall know the kind desire, Which her cold look de-

nies: Unless my heart, that's all on fire, Should sparkle thro' my
 eyes; Then if no gentle glance return A si-lent leave to
 speak, My heart which would for e-ver burn, A-las! must
 sigh and break.

Song XIII. *My love was fickle once and changing.* Addison.
 Air not known.

Song XIV. *I never saw a face till now.* Southern.
 Is set by Capt. Pack, but the tune was not thought worth inserting.

Song XV. *With women I have pass'd my days.*
 Air not known.

Song XVI. *Why will Florella when I gaze.*
 Was originally set by Mr. Berencloew, whose composition has not
 been met with. There are notes to it in Bickham's Musical En-
 tertainers, but they did not appear worth copying.

Song XVII. *Say Myra, why is gentle love.* Lord Lyttelton.
 Set by Mr. (since Dr.) Howard.

Say My—ra, why is gen—tle love, A
 stran—ger to that mind, Which pi—ty and es—



teem can move, Which can be just and kind?



Is it because you fear to know The ills which love mo-



lest? The ten—der care, the anx—ious fear, Which



racks the am'rous breast? A—las! by some de—



gree of woe, We ev'—ry bliss ob—tain : The



heart can ne'er a transport know, Which



ne—ver felt a pain.

Song XVIII.—*In vain you tell your parting lover.* Prior.

Has been set by Mr. Jackson, and others. The following is a minuet by Geminiani, to which it is very happily adapted.

Slow
and
tender.

In vain you tell your part—ing lov—er,
You wish fair winds may waft him o—ver. Alas! what
winds can hap—py prove, That bear me far from
her I love. Alas! what dan—gers on the main
Can equal those which I sus—tain, From slighted
vows and cold dis—dain.

Song XIX.—*Fain would you ease my troubled heart.*

Air unknown.

Song XX.—*Why Delia ever when I gaze.*

Larghetto.

Why De—lia ev—er when I gaze, Ap—

pears in frowns that lovely face; Why are those smiles to
me deny'd, That glad-den ev'—ry heart beside:
In vain your eyes my flame reprove, I may
de—spair, but still must love. In vain your eyes my
flame re—prove, I may de—spair, but still must love.

Song XXI.—*Ah, blame me not if no despair.* Wolseley.

Song XXII.—*Wrong not, sweet mistress of my heart.* Raleigh.

Song XXIII.—*You may cease to complain.*

No airs known.

Song XXIV.—*Saw you the nymph whom I adore.* Carey.

Set by the author.

Larghetto.

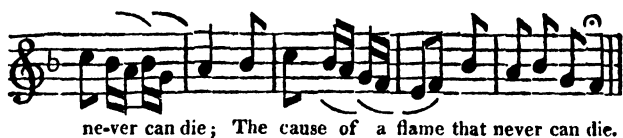
Saw you the nymph whom I a—dore? Saw

you the goddess of my heart? And can you bid me
love no more? Or can you think I feel no
smart? And can you bid me love no more?
Or can you think I feel no smart?

Song XXV. *Tell me no more how fair she is.* Bp. King.
No air known.

Song XXVI. *The nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind.*
Set by Dr. Green.

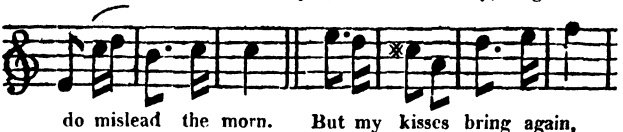
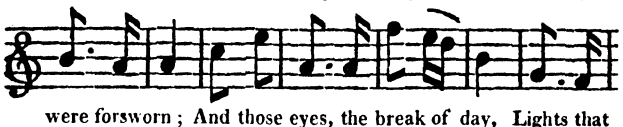
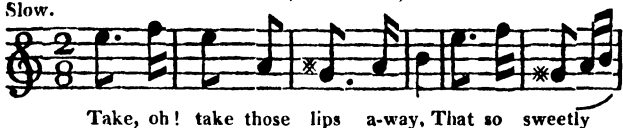
The nymph that undoes me, is fair and un-kind; No
less than a wonder by nature design'd; She's the grief of my
heart, the joy of my eye, And the cause of a flame that



Song XXVII. *Take, oh take those lips away.*

Set by Mr. Galliard. (It has been likewise set by Mr. Jackson of Exeter, and others.)

Slow.



Song XXVIII. *Go lovely rose.* Waller.

Originally set by Henry Lawes, and since by others, but with little success.

Song XXIX. *Go rose, my Chloe's bosom grace.* Gay.

Set by Dr. Green.

Moderately slow.



Go rose, my Chloe's bosom grace, My Chlo—e's



bosom grace, How happy should I prove, How happy



should I prove, Might I supply that envied place With



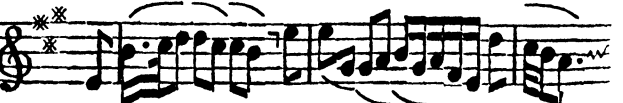
never fading love, With nev—er fading love.



There Phoenix like, be—neath her eye, In—volv'd in



fra—grance, burn and di— — — — — e.



Be—neath her eye, Involv'd in fra—grance burn

and di—e, Burn and die. Know

hapless flower, hapless flower, That thou shalt find, shalt

find More fra-grant ro-ses there, More

fra-grant ro-ses there. I see thy with'ring

head reclin'd, With en-vy and de-spair, with

en-vy and de-spair. One common fate we

both must prove; You die with en-vy, I with love.

One common fate we both must prove; You die - - - with

envy, I die - - with love. You die with envy,
I with love. You with envy, I with love.

Song XXX. *Mistaken fair, lay Sherlock by.* E. of Ches-
terfield.

Andantino.

Mis-ta—ken fair, lay Sherlock by, His doctrine, doctrine
is—de—ceiving: For while he teach—es us to
die; He cheats us, cheats us of our living.

Song XXXI. *When first I fair Celinda knew.*

When first I fair Ce—lin—da knew, Her kindness then was
great; Her eyes I could with pleasure view, And friendly

rays did meet. In all delights we past the time, That
could di-version move; She oft would kind-ly hear me
rhyme Upon some others love, She oft would kind-ly
hear me rhyme Up-on some others love.

Song XXXII.—*When fair Serena first I knew.* Seward.

Song XXXIII.—*Fairest of thy sex and best.*

No airs known.

Song XXXIV.—*Could you guess, for I ill can repeat.*

Wodhull.

Song XXXV.—*If in that breast so good so pure.* Moore.

Neither of these two pieces it is presumed ever had any air.

Song XXXVI.—*The silver rain, the pearly dew.*

The editor has not been able to obtain a sight of the music to the entertainment from which this song is taken.

Song XXXVII.—*Whilst I am scorch'd with hot desire.*

Prior.

Song XXXVIII.—*'Tis not your saying that you love.* Mrs.

Behn.

No airs known.

Song XXXIX.—*Go tell Aminta, gentle swain.* Dryden.

Set by Mr. Robert King. [Composed also as a glee for three voices
by M. H. Park.]

Go tell Aminta, gentle swain, I would not die nor
dare complain; Thy tune-ful voice with numbers join, Thy
voice will more pre-vail than mine: For souls oppress'd and
dumb with grief, The Gods ordain'd this kind relief; That
music should in sounds convey, What dying lovers
dare not say.

Song XL.—*Gentle love, this hour befriend me.* Hill.

Set by Count St. Germain.

Moderato.

Gentle Love, this hour be-friend me, To my eyes

re-sign thy dart; Notes of melting music lend

me, To dissolve a frozen heart. Chill as

mountain snow her bosom, Tho' I tender language

use; 'Tis by cold indifference frozen, To my

arms, and to my muse.

Song XLI.—*I cannot change as others do.* E. of Rochester.
Airs not known.

Song XLII.—*To melancholy thoughts a prey.* Mrs. Pilkington.

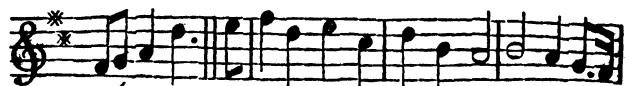
See the music to the additional songs.

Song XLIII.—*To all you ladies now at land.* E. of Dorset.

To all you ladies now at land, We men at sea



indite, But first would have you understand How hard it



is to write. The Muses now and Neptune too, We must im-



plore, to write to you. Fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, la.

Song XLIV — *The heavy hours are almost past.* Ld. Lyt-
telton.

Set by Mr. Jackson of Exeter.

Moderately slow.



The heavy hours are almost past, That part my love and



me; My longing eyes may hope at last, Their



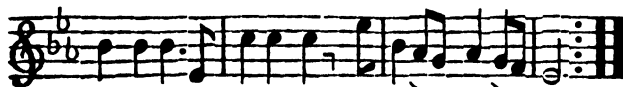
on-ly wish to see. But how my Delia will you meet The



man you've lost so long; Will love in all your



puls—es beat, And tremble on your tongue? Will



love in all your pulses beat, And tremble on your tongue.

Song XLV.—*Of all the torments, all the cares.* Walsh.

Set by Dr. Boyce.



Of all the torments, all the cares, By which our



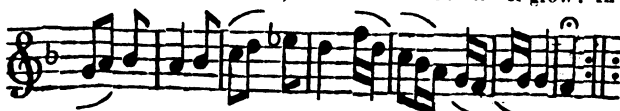
lives are curst: Of all the plagues a lov—er



bears, Sure ri—vals are the worst. By part—ners



in each o—ther kind, Af—flictions ea—si—er grow: In



love alone we hate to find Com—pani—ons of our woe.

Song XLVI.—*Yes, fairest proof of beauty's power.* Prior.
No air known.

Song XLVII.—*Though cruel you seem to my pain.* Carey.
Set by the author.



Though cruel you seem to my pain, And hate me be-
cause I am true; Yet Phillis, you love a false swain, Who
has o—ther nymphs in his view. En-joyment's a tri-ble to
him, To me, what a heav'n would it be! To him but a
woman you seem; But, ah! you're an an-gel to me.

Song XLVIII.—*What fury does disturb my rest.* Walsh.
No air known.

Song XLIX.—*What state of life can be so blest.* Dryden.

Was 'sung by Mrs. Hudson, and set by Mr. John Eccles.' *Durfee.*

The notes have not been met with, but they are supposed to be like the rest of that gentleman's pantomimical performances, good for nothing.

Song L.—*Say lovely dream, where could'st thou find.* Waller.

The original music is unknown, and that of Anthony Neale is scarce worth preserving. [This was beautifully set by Smith, a favourite pupil of Handel, in the opera of 'The Fairies.']

Song LI.—*I'll range around the shady bow'rs.* Carey.

Set by the Author.

I'll range a—round the sha—dy bow--rs, And

ga—ther all the sweetest flow'rs: I'll strip the

gard—en and the grove, To make a gar—land

for my love.

Song LII.—*Why cruel creature why so bent.* Ld. Lansdowne.

Set by Mr. Flacton.

Why, cruel crea-ture, why so bent To vex a

ten—der heart; To gold and ti—tle you re—

lent, Love throws in vain his dar— — — —t. Love throws in vain his dart.

Song LIII.—*The sun was sunk beneath the hill.*

The sun was sunk be—neath the hill, The west-ern clouds were lin'd with gold; The sky was clear, the winds were still, The flocks were pent within the fold; When from the si-lence of the grove, Poor Damon thus despair'd of love.

Song LIV.—*I love, I dote, I rave with pain. Otway.*

The tune alluded to is not known. But the song has been set by Dr. Boyce, though not in his happiest manner.

Song LV.—*My time, O ye Muses! was happily spent.*
Byrom.



My time, O ye Mu—ses! was hap—pi—ly spent, When
Ten thousand soft pleasures I felt in my breast, Sure



Phœbe went with me where—ev—er I went; But
never fond Shep—herd like Col—in was blest:



now she is gone and has left me be—hind, What a



mar—vel—ous change on a sud—den I find; When

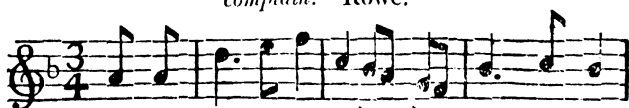


things were as fine as could poss—i—bly be, I thought 'twas the



spring, but a—las! it was she.

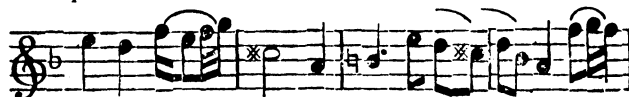
Song LVI.—*To the brook and the willow that heard him complain.* Rowe.



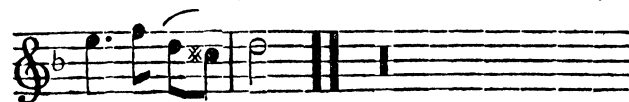
To the brook and the willow, that heard him com-



plain, Ah, willow! willow! Poor Colin sat weepin', and



told them his pain; Ah, willow, wil—low; ah,



willow, wil—low.

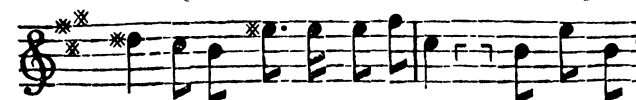
Song LVII.—*How gentle was my Damon's air.* Dalton.
Set by Dr. Arne.



How gentle was my Damon's air, Like sunny



beams his golden hair; His voice was like the nightingale's;



More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales. How hard such



beauties to resign! And yet that cruel task is mine.

Amoroso.



On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove, Along the mar—gin



of each stream; Dear conscious scenes of former



love; I mourn, and Da-mon is my theme. The



hills, the groves, the streams re-main, But Da—mon



there I seek in vain. The hills, the groves, the



streams re—main, But Damon there I seek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled, Groves, flocks and
fountains please no more: Each flow'r in pi-ty
droops its head, All nature does my loss de-plore.
All, all re-proach the faithless swain, Yet Damon
still I seek in vain. All, all reproach the faith-less
swain, Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

Song LVIII.—*The pastoral by Shenstone*: in four parts.

Set by Dr. Arne.

Part I.

Moderately brisk.

Ye shepherds so cheerful and gay, Whose flocks never

carelessly roam; Should Corydon's happen to stray, Oh
call the poor wanderers home. Allow me to muse and to
sigh, Nor talk of the change that ye find; None once was so
watchful as I, I have left my dear Phillis be-
hind, I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Part II.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees, Whose murmur in-
vites one to sleep; My grottos are sha-ded with
trees, And my hills are white over with sheep. I

seldom have met with a loss, Such health do my
foun-tains be-stow: My fountains all border'd with
moss, Where the harebells and vio-lets grow, — —
— —Where the harebells and vi-o-lets grow.

Part III.

Tenderly.

Why will you my passion re-prove? Why
term it a fol-ly to grieve? Ere I
show you the charms of my love, She is



fairer than you can believe, She is fair—er than you can be-



lieve. With her mien she en-a-mours the brave, With her



wit she engages the free, With her modesty pleases the

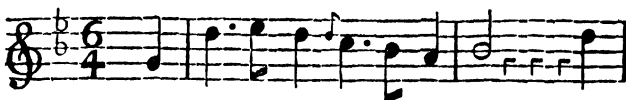


grave, She is ev'ry way pleasing to me, She is



ev'ry way pleasing to me.

Part IV.



Ye shepherds give ear to my lay, And



take no more heed of my sheep; They have

nothing to do but to stray, I have nothing to do but to
weep. Yet do not my fol-ly reprove, She was
fair, and my passion be—gun: She
smil'd, and I could not but love; She was faithless, and I am un-
done.

Song LIX.—*Despairing beside a clear stream.* Rowe.
Grim King of the Ghosts make haste.

De-spairing beside a clear stream, A shepherd forsaken was
laid; And while a false nymph was his theme, A willow sup-
port—ed his head: The wind that blew o-ver the plain, To his



sighs with a sigh did re-ply ; And the brook, in return to his



pain, Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Song LX.—*Come all ye youths whose hearts e'er bled.*
Otway.

The following are supposed to be the original notes. There is a later, but not much superior air, by Dr. Boyce.



Come all ye youths whose hearts e'er bled, By cruel



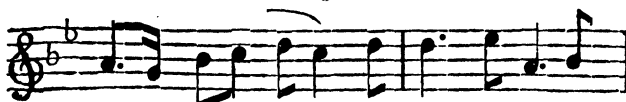
Beauty's pride ; Bring each a garland on his head,



Let none his sorrows hide : But hand in hand a—



-round me move, Sing-ing the sad—dest tales of love : And



see, when your com—plaints you join, If all your



wrongs can e—qual mine.

Song LXI.—*Grim king of the ghosts, make haste.*

See air LIX.

Song LXII.—*One night when all the village slept.* Scroope.

Set by Mr. Oswald.



One night when all the vil—lage slept, Myr-



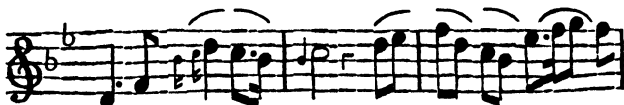
tillo's sad de—spair The wretched shep—herd



waking kept, To tell the woods his care.



Be—gone, (said he) fond thoughts be—gone; Eyes



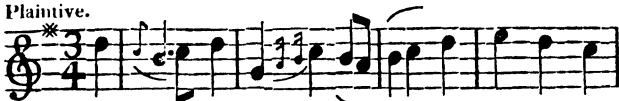
give your sor—rows o'er; Why should you waste your



love for one, Who thinks on you no more.

Song LXIII.—*Ah! Damon, dear shepherd, adieu.*

Plaintive.



Ah! Damon, dear shep-herd a—dieu! By love and first



na—ture al—lied, To—gether in fondness we grew, Ah!



would we to—gether had died, Ah! would we to—



gether had died! For thy faith, which re—sembled my



own, For thy soul which was spot—less and true, For the



joys we to—ge—ther have known, Ah! Damon, dear



shep-herd, a—dieu, Ah! Damon, dear shepherd, a-dieu.

Song LXIV.—*Hark, hark, 'tis a voice from the tomb!*
Moore.

Set by Mr. Worgan.

Plaintive.



Hark, hark, 'tis a voice from the tomb! Come, Lucy, it



cries, come a—way, The grave of thy Col—in has



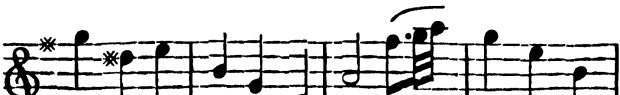
room To rest thee be—side his cold clay. I



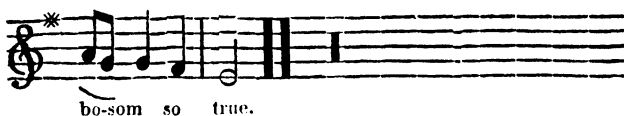
come, my dear shepherd, I come; Ye friends and com-



pa-nions, a—dieu! I haste to my Colin's dark home, To



die on his bosom so true, To die on his



Song LXV.—*'Twas when the seas were roaring.* Gay.
Set by Mr. Handel.

'Twas when the seas were roaring, With hollow blasts of
wind, A damsel lay deploring, All on a rock re-
clin'd: Wide o'er the foaming billows, She cast a wistful
look; Her head was crown'd with wil-lows, That
trembled o'er the brook.

THE SAME SONG, Set by Mr. Jackson of Exeter, under the title of '*Susanna*.'

The extreme sweetness of the air of this cantata, and the masterly style of the whole composition, must be the editor's

apology for inserting it, contrary to his professed design, and immediately after so capital a piece as Mr. Handel's original music.

Recitative.

Largo andante.

'Twas when the seas were roaring, With hollow blasts of
 wind, A damsel lay deploring, All on a rock re-
 clin'd. Wide o'er the foaming billows She
 cast a wistful look ; Her head was crown'd with willows, That
 trembled o'er the brook. Twelve
 months are gone and o-ver, And nine long tedious days, Why
 didst thou, vent'--rous lover, Why didst thou trust the seas ? Cease



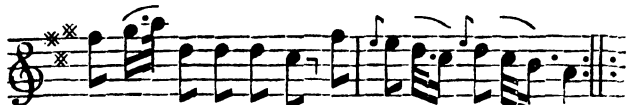
cease thou cru-el o-cean, And let my lover rest. Ah!



what's thy trou — bled mo-tion To



that with—in my breast? Ah!



what's thy troubled motion To that with-in my breast?

Recitative.



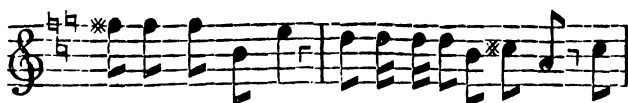
All me-lan-cho-ly lying, Thus



wail'd she for her dear ; Repaid each blast with sighing, Each



billow with a tear. When o'er the wide waves stooping, His



floating corpse she spied ; Then like a lil-ly drooping, She

Largo affettuoso.



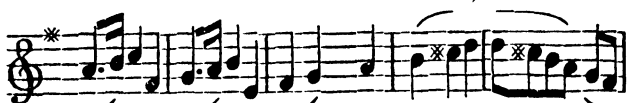
bow'd her head and died.

Song LXVI.—*Alexis shun'd his fellow swains.* Prior.

Set by Mr. Gouge.



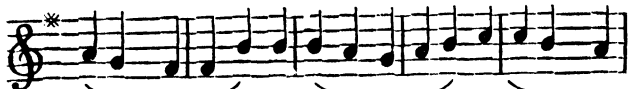
A—lex—is shun'd his fel—low swains, 'Their ru—ral



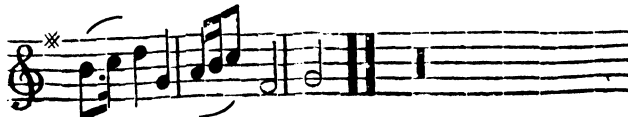
sports and jocund strains. (Heav'n guard us all from



Cu—pid's bow!) He lost his crook, he left his



flocks, And wand'ring thro' the lone—ly rocks, He



nou—rish'd end—less woe.

Song LXVII.—*Hard by the hall, our master's house.*

No airs known.

Song LXVIII.—*Of Leinster fam'd for maidens fair.* Tickell.

May be sung, with great propriety, to the fine old tune of 'The Children in the Wood.' (See the music in Class III. Song XLI.) There is another air for it in the Musical Miscellany, Vol. I. p. 4.; and one or two more it is believed may be found elsewhere. But as none of these compositions is either distinguishable for its merit, or appears to be peculiarly connected with the words, the editor took the liberty to omit them.

Song LXIX.—*Come listen to my mournful tale.* Shenstone.

No air known.

Song LXX.—*Ah! stay; ah! turn; ah! whither would you fly?* Congreve.

Was originally set by Mr. Eccles, and sung by Mrs. Hudson. No other air has been discovered. [Sir John Hawkins informs us that Eccles was a composer for the theatre, of some repute. The following air does him much credit, and had the thorough bass annexed to it by the profoundly scientific Mr. Frike.]

Ah! stay; ah! turn; ah! whither would you
 fly? Too charming, too relentless

maid! I follow not to conquer, but to

die; you of the fearful

are a—fraid. You of the fear—ful are a—

fraid.

Song LXXI.—*She, whom above myself I prize.* Carey.

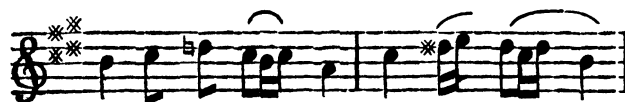
Set by the author.



She whom above my—self I prize,



Does me a— — bove all men de—spise ;



My faithful pas—sion is so great,



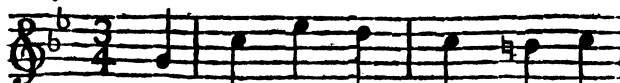
Nothing ex—ceeds it but her hate.



No-thing ex—ceeds it but her hate.

Song LXXII.—*If all that I love is her face.*

Set by Dr. Arne.



Amoroso. If all that I love is her



Song LXXIII.—*Think not, my love, when secret grief.*
Sheridan.

Set by Mr. Linley.

Amoroso. Think not, my love, when se—cret

grief Preys on my sad—den'd heart;

Think not I wish a mea - - n re-

lief, Or would from sor-row part;

Or would from sor-row part. Dearly I

prize the sighs sin—cere, That my true

fond—ness prove; Nor could I

bear to check the tear, That flows from

hap-less love; That flows from

hap-less love.

Song LXXIV.—*Send back my long-stray'd eyes to me.*
Donne.

Send back my long-stray'd eyes to me, Which

oh! too long have dwelt on thee, Send back my long-stray'd

eyes to me, Which oh! too long have

dwelt on thee; But if from you they've

learn'd such ill, To sweet-ly smile, and

then beguile, Keep the de---cciv---ers,

keep them still.

Song LXXV.—*Ah! cruel maid, how hast thou chang'd.*
Sheridan.

The music by Mr. Jackson, for Song II. Class V.

Ah! cru -- el maid, how

hast thou chang'd The tem-per of my

mind! My heart, by thee from

mirth e-strang'd, Becomes like thee un-

kind. By For—tune fa—vour'd,
 clear in fame, I once am—bi—tious
 was; And friends I had that
 fan'd the flame, And gave my youth ap—
 plause; And friends I had that
 fan'd the flame, And gave my youth ap—
 plause. *Siciliana.* But now my weak—ness
 all a—buse, Yet vain their taunts on

me; Friends, for—tune, fame it—
 self, I'd lose, To gain one smile from
 thee Yet on—ly thou should'st
 not de—spise, My fol—ly or my
 woe; If I am mad in
 o—thers eyes, 'Tis thou hast made me
 so: But days

To the first movement.

* * In adapting Dr. Parnell's song to the above tune, the following lines (added, it should seem, by the composer,) are to be sung as the concluding verse.

But if she treats me with disdain,
 And slights my well-meant love ;
 Or looks with pleasure on my pain,
 A pain she won't remove ;
 Farewell, ye birds and lonely pines,
 Adieu to groans and sighs ;
 I'll leave my passion to the winds,
 Love unreturn'd soon dies.

Song LXXVI.—*To melancholy thoughts a prey.* Mrs. Pilkington.

Moderato.

To melan-cho-ly thoughts a prey, With
 love and grief op—press'd ; To
 peace a stranger all the day, And
 all the night to rest : For
 thee, dis-dain-ful fair, I pine, And

VOL. III. H

wake the ten—der sigh ; By

that ob—du—rate heart of thine, My

balm—y bless—ings fly.

Song LXXVII.—*If guardian powers preside above.* Spenser.

Song LXXVIII.—*Oh, talk not to me of the wealth she possesses.* Bickerstaff.

To the well-known tune in the 'Maid of the Mill.'

Song LXXIX.—*How much superior beauty awes.* Bickerstaff.

To the original tune in 'Love in a Village.'

Song LXXX.—*Ask me no more where Jove bestows.* Carew.

This song has been beautifully set by Mr. Dance, and the music is published with the words.

Song LXXXI.—*Tell me thou soul of her I love.* Thomson.

Mr. Dance has composed this very sweetly, and printed the music.

Song LXXXII.—*A blessing unknown to ambition and pride.*
No air known.

Song LXXXIII.—*O ever in my bosom live.*
To the tune of 'Cauld Kate in Aberdeen.'

Song LXXXIV.—*Are ye fair as opening roses.* Hoare.
Air in the musical farce of 'My Grandmother.'



Love-Songs.

CLASS II.

Song I.—*Fairest isle, all isles excelling.* Dryden.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



Fairest isle, all isles ex-celling, Seat of



plea-sure and of love, Venus here will choose her



dwelling, And for-sake her Cy-prian grove. Cupid



from his fav'rite nation, Care and en-vy will re-



move; Jea'on-sy, that poi-sons passion; And de-



Song II.—*Come thou rosy dimpled boy.* Parrat.

Come thou ro-sy dimpled boy, Source of ev'ry

Come thou ro-sy dimpled boy, Source of ev'ry

Come thou ro-sy dimpled boy, Source of ev'ry

heart-felt joy, Leave the blissful bow'rs a-while,

heart-felt joy, Leave the blissful bow'rs a-while,

heart-felt joy, Leave the blissful bow'rs awhile,

Paphos and the Cyprian isle ; Vi-sit Britain's

Paphos and the Cyprian isle ; Vi-sit Britain's

Paphos and the Cyprian isle ; Vi-sit Britain's

rocky shore, Britons too thy pow'r adore ;

rocky shore, Britons too thy pow'r adore ;

rocky shore, Britons too thy pow'r adore ;

Britons hardy, bold, and free, Own thy laws and

Britons hardy, bold, and free, Own thy laws and

Britons hardy, bold, and free, Own thy laws and

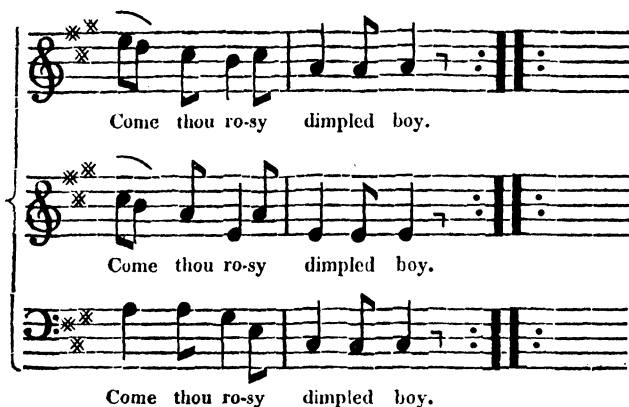
This block contains the first system of a three-part vocal setting. It features three staves: Soprano (treble clef), Alto (treble clef), and Bass (bass clef). Each staff begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics 'Britons hardy, bold, and free, Own thy laws and' are written below each staff. The music consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some beamed sixteenth notes in the Soprano part.

yield to thee. Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy,

yield to thee. Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy,

yield to thee. Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy,

This block contains the second system of the three-part vocal setting. It continues with the same three staves (Soprano, Alto, Bass) and key signature. The lyrics 'yield to thee. Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy,' are written below each staff. The musical notation includes various note values and rests, with some notes beamed together in the Soprano and Alto parts.



Come thou ro-sy dimpled boy.

Come thou ro-sy dimpled boy.

Come thou ro-sy dimpled boy.

Song III.—*Ask me not how calmly I.*



Ask me not how calm—ly I, All the cares of

life de—fy? How I baffle hu-man woes?

Woman, wo-man, wo—man knows. You may live and

laugh as I, You like me may care de—fy;



All the pangs the heart en-dures,



Woman, woman, wo-man cures.

Song IV.—*Ah! how sweet it is to love.* Dryden.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



Ah! how sweet, Ah! how sweet, how



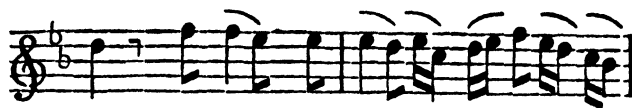
sweet it is to love; Ah! Ah!



Ah! how gay is young desire. And what



pleas-ing pains, and what pleas-ing pains we



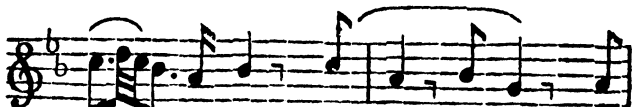
prove, When first, when first we feel a lov—er's



fire. Pains of love are sweet—er far, Than all, all,



all, all, all, all, other pleasures are. Pains of love are



sweet—er far, Than all, all, all, all,



other plea— — — — — sures



are.

are.

Song V.—*Love's no irregular desire.*

Air unknown.

Song VI.—*Love's a gentle gen'rous passion.* Carey.

Set by the author.

Love's a gentle gen'rons pas-sion, Source of

all sub-lime delight, When with mu-tual in-clin-

ation, Two fond hearts in one u-nite, Two fond

hearts in one u-nite.

Song VII.—*O how vain is every blessing.*

The music of this song has not been met with.

Song VIII.—*Honest lover whatsoever.* Suckling.

Song IX.—*Tell me, Damon, dost thou languish?*

No airs known.

Song X.—*Come here fond youth, whoe'er thou be.* Miss

Aikin.

Is supposed never to have been set, nor to have any tune.

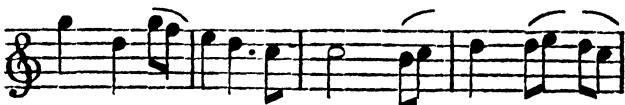
Song XI.—*A maxim this, amongst the wise.*

No air known.

Song XII.—*Over the mountains and over the waves.*



Over the mountains and over the waves, Un-der the



fountains and under the graves, Under floods that are



deepest, Which Neptune o—bey: Over rocks that are



steepest, Love will find out the way.

Song XIII.—*Oft on the troubled ocean's face.* Theobald.

Set by Mr. Galliard.



Oft on the trou--bled o—cean's face, Loud



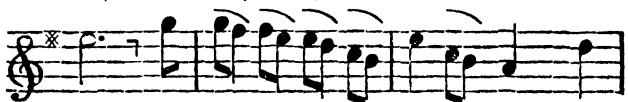
stormy winds a—rise; The murm'ring sur—ges



swell apace, And clouds ob—scure the skies.



But, when the tempest's rage is o'er, Soft breezes smooth the



main; The billows cease to lash the shore, And



all is calm again. Not so in fond and am'rous souls, If



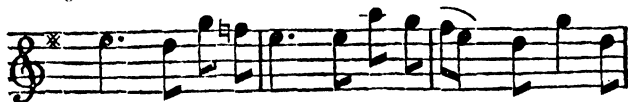
ty-rant Love once reigns; There one e—ter—nal



tempest rolls, And yields unceasing pains. Ah, cruel



god! our peace re—store, Or wound us with thy shafts no



more: Ah, cruel god! ah, cruel god! our peace re-



Song XIV.—*The flame of love assuages.* Carey.
Air unknown.

Song XV.—*Love's a dream of mighty treasure.*
Set by Dr. Arne.

Love's a dream of mighty treasure, Which in
fancy we pos—sess; In the fol—ly
hes the pleasure, Wisdom always makes it
less. When in love by pas—sion
heat—ed, We a goddess have in

chase : Like Ix---i---on we are cheat-ed,

And an empt---y cloud em-

brace.

Song XVI.—*Freedom is a real treasure.* Wolseley.

Moderato.

Freedom is a real treasure, Love a dream, all

false and vain ; Love a dream, all false and vain ;

Short, uncer-tain is the pleasure, Sure and last-ing

is the pain, Sure and last-ing



is the pain.

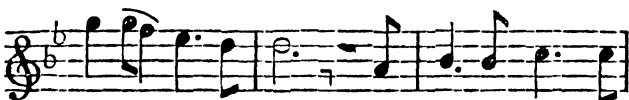
Song XVII.—*Ye happy swains whose hearts are free.*

Etherege.

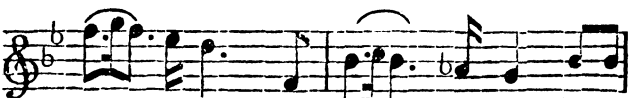
Set by Mr. Damasene.



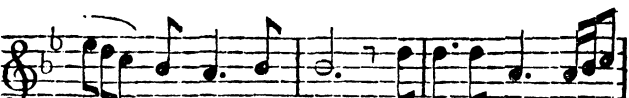
Ye hap-py swains whose hearts are free From



love's im-pe-rial chain; Hence-forth be warn'd and



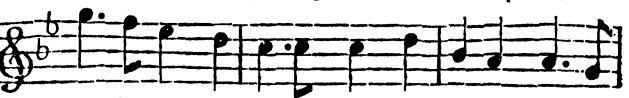
taught by me, And taught by me, T' a-



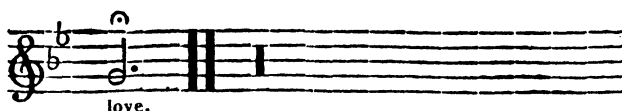
void th'inchanting pain. Fa-tal the wolves to



trembling flocks, Sharp winds to blossoms prove; To



careless seamen hidden rocks. To human qui-et

Song XVIII.—*From sweet bewitching tricks of love.*

Set by Dr. Arne.

Brisk.



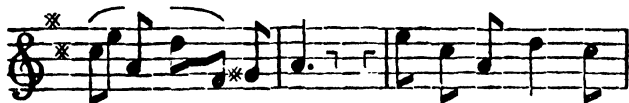
From sweet be—witching tricks of love, Young



men your hearts se—cure; Lest from the paths of



sense you rove, In dot-age pre—ma—ture: In



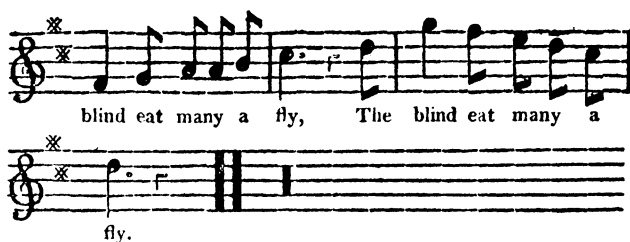
dotage pre—ma—ture. Look at each lass through



wisdom's glass, Nor trust the na—ked eye; Gal-



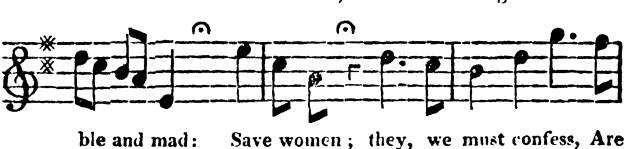
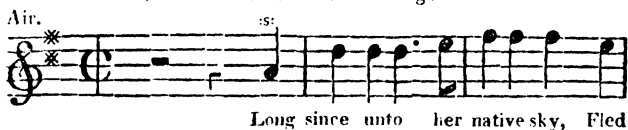
lants beware, look sharp, take care! The



Song XIX.—*Old Chaucer once to this re-echoing grove.*
Smart.

Set by Dr. Arne.
Recitative.

Old Chaucer once to this re-echoing grove, Sung of 'The
sweet bewitching tricks of love ;' But soon he found he'd
sullied his renown, And arm'd each charming hearer with a
frown: Then self-condemn'd, self-condemn'd, anew his lyre he
strung; And in repentant strains, in repentant'





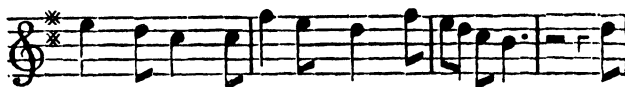
The flow'rs that in the vale are seen, The white, the yellow,



blue and green, In brief complexion id—ly gay, Still



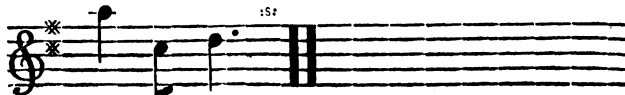
set with ev'ry sett'ing day; Dispers'd by wind, or



chill'd by frost, 'Their odour's gone, their colour lost: But



what is true, though passing strange, The women never



fade or change.

V. 3.—To the common time movement.

V. 4.—To the jig movement.

Chorus.



An hundred mouths, an hundred tongues, An

hundred pair of i-ron lungs; Five heralds, and

five thousand criers, With throats whose ac-cent

never tires, never tires, never tires; Ten speaking-trumpets,

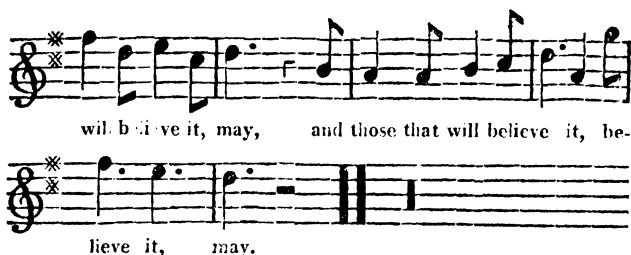
of a size, Would deafness with their din su-pose,

Your praise, sweet nymphs, shall sing and say; Your

praise sweet nymphs shall sing and say, shall sing and say; And

those that will believe it, may, may, Those that

will believe it may. And those that will believe it, that



Song XX.—*Would you with her you love be blest.* Mrs. Cibber.

May be sung to the air of Song XVIII. Class V. It probably had an appropriate air when introduced on the stage.

Song XXI.—*Lucy, I think not of thy beauty.* Mrs. Betham.

May be appositely sung to the air of Song LVIII. Part II. by repeating the strain to the third and fourth lines of each stanza.

Song XXII.—*Would you choose a wife.*

Air unknown.

Song XXIII.—*I pry thee send me back my heart.* Suckling.

See air of Song IX. Class IV.

Song XXIV.—*Happy the world in that blest age.*

Song XXV.—*While for men the women fair.*

To the air of Song XIX. Part II.

Lobe-Songs.

CLASS III.

Song I.—*He that loves a rosy cheek.*—Carew.

Was set by Henry Lawes, whose compositions, however admirable they might be in his own age, will command very little respect in the present.

Song II.—*Vain are the charms of white and red.* Pulteney.

Song III.—*Though, Flavia, to my warm desire.*

Song IV.—*Belinda, see from yonder flow'rs.*

No air known.

Song V.—*It is not that I love you less.* Waller.

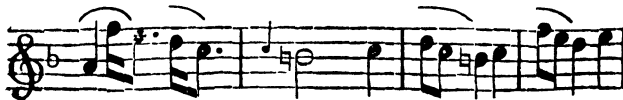
Appears to have been originally set by Henry Lawes. There are likewise notes to it by Mr. Oswald; but the following tune is the composition of Count St. Germain.



It is not that I love you less, Than when be-



fore your feet I lay: But, to pre-vent the



sad in-crease Of hope-less love, I

keep a—way. In vain, a— — las! for
every thing, Which I have known be—long to
you, Your form does to my fancy bring, And makes my
old wounds bleed a—new, And makes my old wounds
bleed a—new.

Song VI.—*Yes, Daphne, in your face I find.*

No air known.

Song VII.—*In Chloris all soft charms agree. How.*

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell; but the music was not judged worth inserting.

Song VIII.—*You say, at your feet I have wept in despair.*

Mendez.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

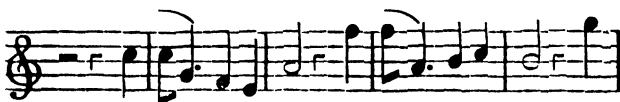
You say, at your feet I have wept in de-spair, And



vow'd that no angel was ev - - er so fair: How could you be-



lieve all the nonsense I spoke? What know we of angels?—



I meant it in joke, I meant it in joke. What



know we of angels?— I meant it in joke.

Song IX.—*Know Celia, (since thou art so proud.)* Carew.

No air known.

Song X.—*Why d'ye with such disdain refuse.* Vanbrook.

Set by Mr. Leveridge.



Why d'ye with such dis-dain refuse, An humble lover's



plea? Since Heav'n denies you pow'r to choose, You

ought to value me. Ungrateful mistress of a heart, Which

I so free—ly gave, Though weak your bow, though

blunt your dart, I soon resign'd your slave.

Song XI.—*Once more Love's mighty charms are broke.*
 Sedley.
 Not known.

Song XII.—*Come, let us now resolve at last. D. of Buck-*
 ingham.
 No airs known.

Song XIII.—*False though she be to me and love. Congreve.*
 Was set by Mr. Gunn, but his music is not worth preserving, and
 no other air has been met with.

Song XIV.—*If 'tis joy to wound a lover. Addison.*
 Set by Dr. Arnold.

Andantino.

If 'tis joy to wound a lover, How much

more to give him ease, When his passion you dis-

cover, Ah! how pleasing 'tis to please. If 'tis

joy to wound a lo-ver, How much more to give him

ease, When his passion you dis—cover, Ah! how

pleas-ing 'tis to please, Ah! how pleas-ing 'tis to

Fine.

please. The bliss re—turns, and we re-

ceive trans-ports great—er than we give. The bliss re-

turns, and we re—ceive transports great—er than we

give. If 'tis joy to wound a lover, How much
more to give him ease, When his
pas-sion you dis-—-cover, Ah! how pleas—ing 'tis to
please. The bliss re--turns, and we re---ceive transports
greater than we give. The bliss re—turns and we re-
ceive transports great—er than we give. — — D. C.

Song XV.—*Away with these self-loving lads.* Lord Brooke.

Set by Mr. Dowland, the lutanist, (about 1600).

A-way with these self loving lads, Whom Cupid's arrow



never glads! A—way poor souls, that sigh and weep, For



love of those that lie asleep! For Cupid is a



mer-ry god, And forceth none to kiss the rod.

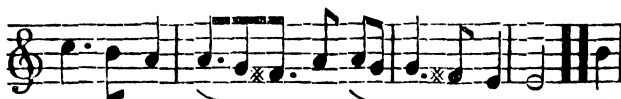
Song XVI.—*Chloris, 'twill be for either's rest.* Bulteel.

No air known.

Song XVII.—*Fair Iris I love, and hourly I die.* Dryden.



Fair I-ris I love, and hourly I die, But



not for a lip nor a languishing eye; She's



fickle and false, and there we agree, For I am as



false and as fickle as she; We nei—ther be—



lieve what ei—ther can say; and nei—ther be—



liev—ing, we neither be—tray.

Song XVIII.—*I love thee, by heavens, I cannot say more.*
Concannen.



I love thee, by heavens, I can-not say more; Then



set not my passion a cool-ing; If thou



yield'st not at once I must e'en give thee o'er, For



I'm but a nov—ice at fool—ing.

Song XIX.—*I'm not one of your fops, who to please a coy lass.* Budgell.

Air unknown.

Song XX.—*Let not Love on me bestow.* Steele.

Was set, in a most laboured mechanical manner, by Daniel Purcell, for Mrs. Harris : but his music was not thought worthy of insertion. It is preserved in the 6th volume of Dufey's 'Pills to Purge Melancholy.'

Song XXI.—*Give me more love, or more disdain.* Carew.

Was originally set by Henry Lawes. (See his 'Ayres and Dialogues,' book 2d. fol. 1669.)

Song XXII.—*If love be life, I long to die.* Davison.

No air known.

Song XXIII.—*Shall I, wasting in despair.* Wither.

The original music is not known ; and of the later airs none appeared worth copying.

Song XXIV.—*Shall I, like an hermit, dwell.* Raleigh.

Not known.

Song XXV.—*Why so pale and wan, fond lover ?* Suckling.

Sung by Mrs. Cross in the 'Mock Astrologer : ' Set by Mr. Ramondon. It was likewise set by Dr. Arne ; but the work of neither composer appeared to be worthy of insertion.

Song XXVI.—*Ye little Loves, that round her wait.*





bring me tid-ings of my fate; As Ce—lia



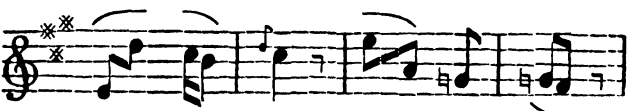
on her pil—low lies, Ah; gent-ly



whisper Stre—phou dies. If this will



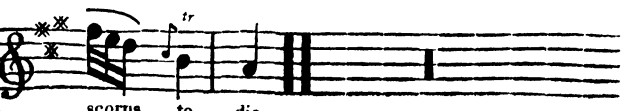
not her pi—ty move, And the proud fair dis-



dains to love, Smile and say



'tis all a lie, And haugh—ty Stre—phou

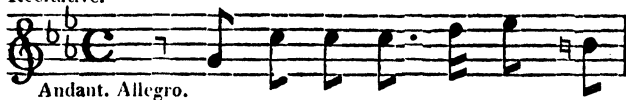


scorns to die.

Song XXVII.—'Tis now since I sat down before. Suckling.
Air unknown.

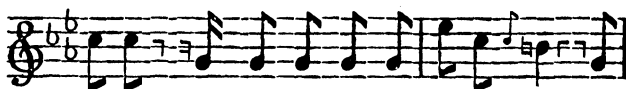
Song XXVIII.—*The merchant to secure his treasure.* Prior.
Was poorly set by Dr. Green. The following music is by Mr.
Jackson of Exeter.

Recitative.



Andant. Allegro.

The merchant to se—cure his



treasure Con—veys it in a borrow'd name; Eu—



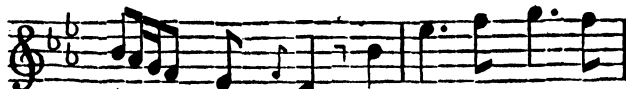
phe—lia serves to grace my measure, But



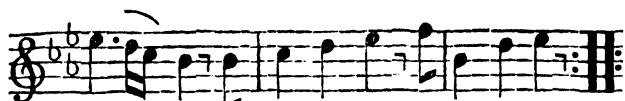
Chloe is my re—al flame. My



soft—est verse, my darling lyre, Up—on Eu—phe—lia's



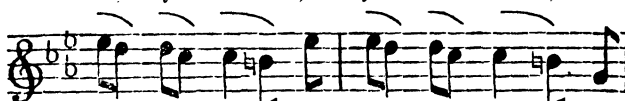
toi—let lay, When Chlo—e not—ed



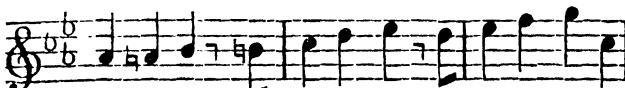
her de-sire, That I should sing, that I should play.



My lyre I tune, my voice I raise, But



with my num--bers mix my sighs; And



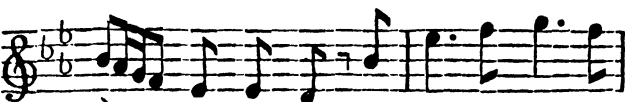
whilst I sing Eu-phre-lia's praise, I fix my soul on



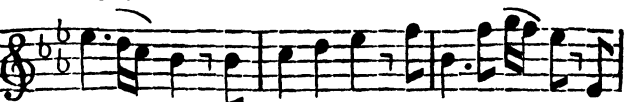
Chloe's eyes. Fair Chlo-e blush'd, Eu-



phe-lia frown'd; I sung, and gaz'd, I



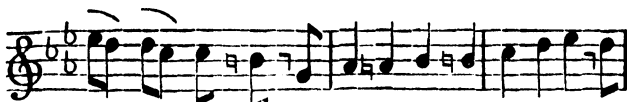
play'd and trembled; And Ve-nus to the



Loves a-round, Remark'd how ill we all dissembled. Fair



Chlo-e blush'd, Euphe-lia frown'd; I sung, and gaz'd, I



play'd and trembled; And Venus to the Loves around re-



mark'd, how ill we all dis-sem-bled: And Venus



to the Loves a-round, Remark'd how ill we



all dis-sem-bled.

Song XXIX.—*In vain, dear Chloe, you suggest.* Yonge.

Set by Mr. Dienpart.



In vain, dear Chlo-e, you suggest, That



I in-con-stant have poss-ess'd, Or lov'd a fair-er

she ; Would you, with ease, at once be cur'd Of
all the ills you've long en-dur'd, Con-
sult your glass and me.

Song XXX.—*Should some perverse malignant star.*
No air known.

Song XXXI.—*Dear Chloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face!*
Prior.

This has been set, but no air of merit has occurred.

Song XXXII.—*When gentle Celia first I knew.* Miss Aikin.
Never set.

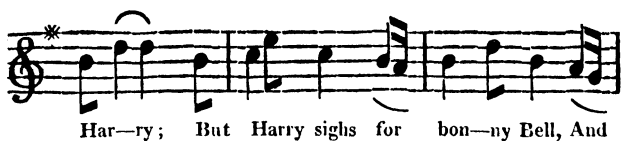
Song XXXIII.—*I grant, a thousand oaths I swore.* Bulteel.

Song XXXIV.—*Margarita first possess'd.* Cowley.

Song XXXV.—*Why we love, and why we hate.* Philips.
No airs known.

Song XXXVI.—*Tom loves Mary passing well.*

Tom loves Mary pasing well, And Mary she loves



Song XXXVII.—*Well met, pretty nymph, says a jolly young swain.*



beautiful shepherd—ess cress—ing the plain ; Why
so much in haste? (now the month it was May) Shall I
venture to ask you, fair maiden, which way? Shall I
venture to ask you fair maid—en, which way? Then
straight to this question the nymph did re-ply, With a
smile on her look and a leer in her eye, I am
come from the village, and homeward I go ; And
now, gentle shepherd, pray why would you know?

Song XXXVIII.—*A courting I went to my love.*

A court-ing I went to my love, Who is



sweeter than roses in May; And when I came to her, by



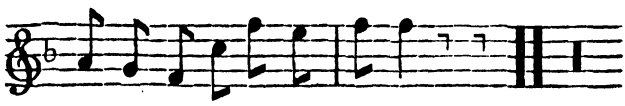
Jove, The de-vil a word could I say. I



walk'd with her in-to the gar-den, There fully intending to



woo her; But may I be ne'er worth a farthing, If of



love I said a—ny thing to her.

Song XXXIX.—*Distracted with care.* Walsh.

Air unknown.

Song XL.—*My name is honest Harry.*

The tune is 'Robin Rowser,' which has not been met with.

Song XLI.—*My passion is as mustard strong. Gay ?*

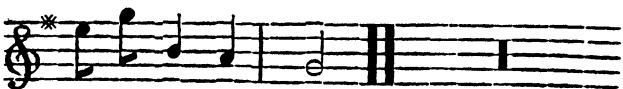
Tune, 'Babes in the Wood.'



My pas-sion is as mustard strong, I sit all sober



sad ; Drunk as a pip—er all day long, Or



like a March hare mad.

Song XLII.—*A cobbler there was, and he liv'd in a stall.*

See the tune in Part III. Song LXI.

Song XLIII.—*Whence comes my love ? Harington.*

No air known.

Song XLIV.—*Still to be neat, still to be drest. Ben Jonson.*

Song XLV.—*Though I am young, and cannot tell. Ben Jonson.*

Song XLVI.—*Remember me, while far away.*

Tenderly set by Mr. Whitaker, who has published the music.

Song XLVII.—*Mary, I believ'd thee true.*

Happily set by the scientific Sir John Stevenson.

Song XLVIII.—*Sweet maid, I hear thy frequent sigh.* Mrs.
Opie.

Song XLIX.—*I know you false, I know you vain.*

Song L.—*It was to smiles I did surrender.* Courtier.

Song LI.—*Forgive me, if I do not trust.* By the same.

Song LII.—*Once, and thine alone I blame.* The same.

Song LIII.—*I wonder if her heart be still the same.* By
the same.

Song LIV.—*The lover, in melodious verses.* Cowper.
No air.

Song LV.—*Boast not to me the charms that grace.* Carter.
See air to Song V. in Class III.

Song LVI.—*Ah ! credit not the rival swain.* Bray.

Song LVII.—*Though, Celia, on the flow'ry mead.* By the
same.

Love-Songs.

CLASS IV.

Song I.—*As Amoret with Phillis sat.* Sedley.

Vivace.



would not love, This shepherd do not hear, This shep-
herd do not hear.

Song II.—*When Phillis watch'd her harmless sheep.* Etherege.

Air unknown.

Song III.—*From place to place forlorn I go.* Steele.

From place to place for-lorn I go, With
down—cast eyes, a si-lent shade ; For—bidden
to de—clare ny woe ; To speak, 'till
spok—en to, a—fraid.

Song IV.—*Dear Colin prevent my warm blushes.* Ly. M. W.
Montague.

Set by Mr. Lampe.

Dear Colin, prevent my warm blushes! Since

how can I speak without pain? My

eyes have oft told you my wishes, Oh

can't you their meaning explain? My

pas-sion would lose by expression, And

you too might cru-el-ly blame; Then

don't you ex-pect a con-fes-sion Of

what is too ten-der to name, Of
what is too ten-der to name.

Song V.—*If love and reason ne'er agree,*

Not known.

Song VI.—*Ah! why must words my flame reveal?*

Set by Mr. Jackson of Exeter.

Ah, why must words my flame reveal, Why
needs my Damon bid me tell, What all my actions
prove? A blush whene'er I meet his eye, When-
e'er I hear his name, a sigh Betrays my secret

love. When-e'er I hear his name, a sigh Be-
trays my secret love.

Song VII.—*If Cupid once the mind possess.*

Air not met with.

Song VIII.—*How hardly I conceal'd my tears.* Mrs. Wharton.

No air known.

Song IX.—*Boast not mistaken swain thy art.*

Moderato. *23:*

Boast not mistaken swain thy art To please my par-tial
eyes ; The charms that have subdued my heart, An-
other may des-pise. The charms that have sub-
dued my heart, An —o—-ther may despise.

Song X.—*Too plain, dear youth, those tell-tale eyes.* Jenyns.

Set by Mr. Howard.

Too plain, dear youth, those tell-tale eyes My

heart your own de—clare ; But,

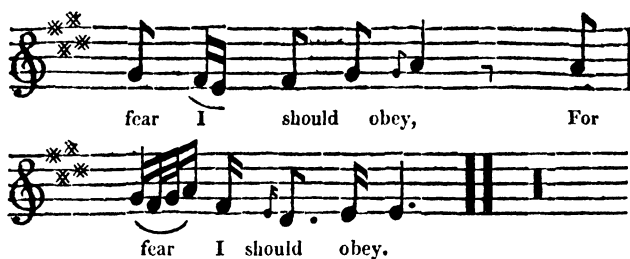
for heav'n's sake, let it suf—fice, You

reign tri—um—phant there. For—

bear your ut—most pow'r to try, Nor

far—ther urge your sway ; Press

not for what I must deny, For



Song XI.—*Ah, false Amyntas! can that hour.* Mrs. Behn.
Set by Mr. Robert Smith.

Ah, false Amyntas! can that hour So soon forgotten

be, When first I yielded up my power, To be be-

tray'd by thee? Heav'n knows with how much innocence, I

did my heart re-sign, Unto thy faithless e—loquence, And

gave thee what was mine.

Song XII.—*When Damon languish'd at my feet.* Moore.

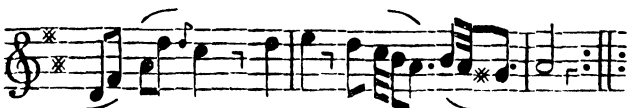
Set by Mr. Oswald.



When Damon languish'd at my feet, And



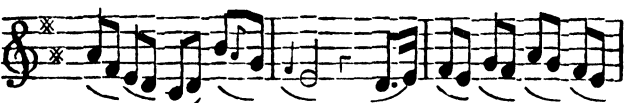
I believ'd him true, The moments of de-



light how sweet, But, ah! how swift they flew!



The sunny hill, the flower — — — y vale, The



garden and the grove, Have oeh—o'd to his

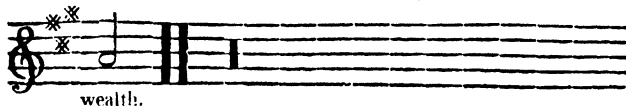


ar—dent tale, And vows of end - - less love.

Song XIII.—*On the brow of a hill a young shepherdess dwelt.*

Miss M. Jones.

Was originally set by Mr. Lampe. But the following is the more favourite music, composed by Mr. Howard.

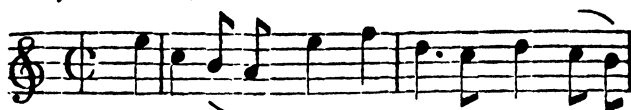


Song XIV.—*When lovely woman stoops to folly.* Goldsmith.

No air.

Song XV.—*Ye virgin pow'rs defend my heart.*

Set by Tho. Farmer, B. M.



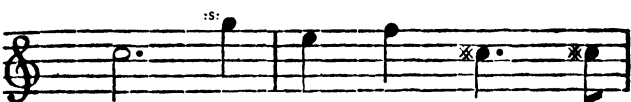
Ye vir—gin pow'rs, de—fend my heart From



am'rous looks and smiles, From fancy love or



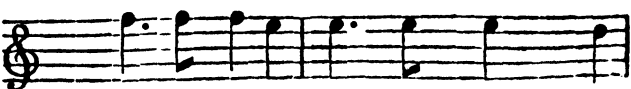
nice—er art, Which most our sex be-



guiles: From sighs and vows, from



awful fears, That do to pi—ty — move; From



speaking silence and from tears, Those



Song XVI.—*By my sighs you may discover.*

Set by Signor Bach.

By my sighs you may dis—

cover, What soft wishes touch my

heart; Eyes can speak and tell the

lov—er, What the tongue must not im—

part; What the tongue must not im—

part; What the

tongue must not im-part, Blush-ing

shame for-bids re-veal-ing, Thoughts your

breast may dis-ap-prove ; But 'tis

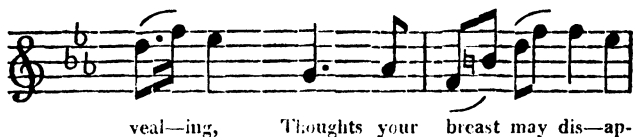
hard and past con-ceal-ing, When we

true-ly fondly love ; When we

true-ly fond-ly love ; When we

true-ly fond-ly love. By my

Blushing shame for-bids re-



Song XVII.—*Vain is ev'ry fond endeavour.* Mendez.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

Vain is ev'—ry fond en—dea—your

To re—sist the ten—der dart;

For ex—am—ples, move us ne—ver,

We must feel, to know the smart.

When the shepherd swears he's dying,

And our beau—ties sets to view,

Va—ni—ty, her aid sup—ply—ing,

Bids us think it all our due;

Bids us think it all our due.

Song XVIII.—*Sigh no more ladies, sigh no more.* Shakspeare.

Set by Dr. Arne. [This has been beautifully set as a glee by Stevens.]

Moderately quick.

Sigh no more, la—dies;

la—dies, sigh no more;

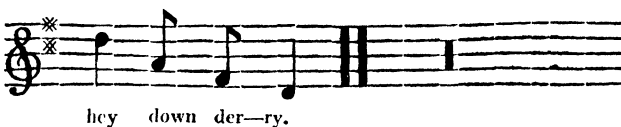
la—dies, sigh no more;

Men were de—ceiv—ers e—ver; Men - -





CHORUS.



Song XIX.—*In vain, Philander, at my feet.*

Set by Dr. Boyce.

Tender,
In vain, Phi- lan- der, at my
feet, You urge your guilt— my
flame; With well dis-
sem- bled tears in — — — treat, New
oaths and im — — — pious
vows re — — — peat, And wrong Love's
sa- cred name.

Song XX.—*Defend my heart, benignant pow'r.*

May be sung to Air of Song XXVII, Part III. repeating the two last lines of each stanza.

Song XXI.—*Drink to me only with thine eyes.* Ben Jonson.

Glee for Three Voices.

Drink to me on—ly with thine eyes, And

Drink to me on—ly with thine eyes, And

Drink to me on—ly with thine eyes, And

I will pledge with mine.

I will pledge with mine.

I will pledge with mine.

Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes, And

Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes, And

Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes, And

I will pledge with mine.

I will pledge with mine.

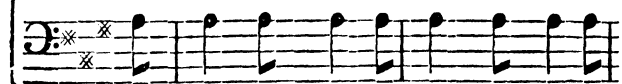
I will pledge with mine.



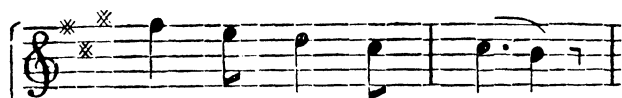
Or leave a kiss with-in the cup, And



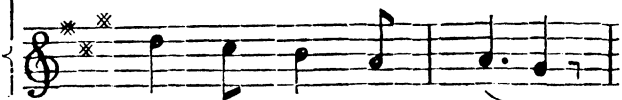
Or leave a kiss with-in the cup, And



Or leave a kiss with-in the cup, And



I'll not look for wine.



I'll not look for wine.



I'll not look for wine.

Drink to me on—ly with thine eyes, And

Drink to me on—ly with thine eyes, And

Drink to me on—ly with thine eyes, And

I will p'edge with mine.

I will pledge with mine.

I will pledge with mine.

Song XXII.—*The tears I shed must ever fall.* Miss C.

Song XXIII.—*If 'tis love to wish you near.* Dibdin.

Song XXIV.—*Oh, Henry! didst thou know the heart,*

To the tune of Song XLIV. Class V.

Song XXV.—*You tell me I'm handsome.* E. Moore.

May be sung to the Air of Song LV. Class I.

Song XXVI.—*How yonder ivy courts the oak.* Way.

See Class III. Song XVII.

Song XXVII.—*Yes, Mary-Anne, I freely grant.* Mrs. Opie.

The music to this will be found in a set of songs published by
Mr. Biggs.

Song XXVIII.—*I heard the evening-linnet's voice.* Finlay.

To the tune of 'Gramachree.'

Song XXIX.—*Does pity give, though fate denies.* Mrs.

C. Smith.

Song XXX.—*Ere Henry embark'd on the blue waves of*

ocean. D. Carey.

Song XXXI.—*Mild breeze, when thou shalt fan my fair.*

Miss Seward.

Song XXXII.—*Good-morrow to the day so fair.* Horrick.

Song XXXIII.—*How sweet, thy modest light to view.* Dr.

Leyden.

Love-Songs.

CLASS V.

Song I.—*Sweet are the charms of her I love.* Booth.

Set by Mr. Leveridge.



Sweet are the charms of her I love, More fra—grant



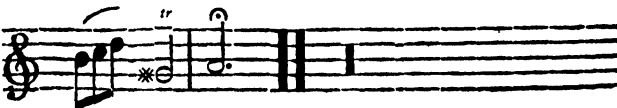
than the da—mask rose, Soft as the down of turtle-



dove, Gentle as wind when Ze—phyr blows ; Re--fresh-ing



as des—cend—ing rains To sun-burnt climes and



thirst—y plains.

Song II.—*My days have been so wond'rous free.* Parnell.

This song has been set by Mr. Jackson of Exeter, whose music will be found among the airs in Class I. Song LXXV. ('Ah, 'cruel maid! how hast thou chang'd.') The following seem to be the original notes.



My days have been so won—d'rous free, The



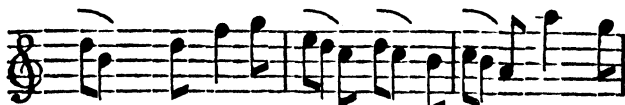
little birds that fly With careless ease from



tree to tree, Were but as bless'd as I. Ask



gliding waters, if a tear Of mine increas'd their



stream, Or ask the flying gales, if e'er I lent, I



lent a sigh to them.

Song III.—*Stella, darling of the muses.* Mrs. Pilkington.

'To a celebrated air in Demetrius.'



Stella, dar—ling of the Muses, Fairer than the



blooming spring ; Sweetest theme the poet chooses,



When of thee he strives to sing, When of thee he



strives to sing. While my soul with wonder trac—es



All thy charms of face and mind, All the beauties,



all the graces, of thy sex in thee I find.



Song IV.—*When Delia on the plain appears.* L. Lyttelton.
Set by Mr. Holcombe.

When Delia on the plain ap-pears, Aw'd
by a thou—sand ten-der fears, I would ap-
proach, but dare not move: Tell me, my heart, if
this be love? Tell me, tell me, my heart, if
this be love?

Song V.—*As he lay in the plain, his arm under his head.*

Song VI.—*Dejected as true converts die.* D. of Buckingham.

Song VII.—*Sighing and languishing I lay.* Ditto.

Song VIII.—*Phillis, men say that all my vows.* Sedley.
No airs known.

Song IX.—*I told my nymph, I told her true.* Shenstone.

Set by Mr. Joseph Harris, organist of Ludlow.

Andant. Affettu°.

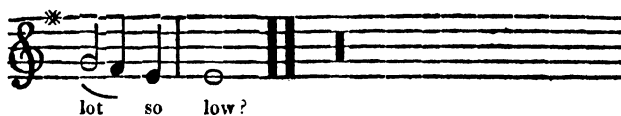
I told my nymph, I told her true, My
fields were small, my flocks were few, My
fields were small, my flocks were few; While
fault'ring accents spoke my fear, That Flavia
might not prove siu-cere, While fault'ring

ac—cents spoke my fear, That Flavia might not
prove sin—cere,

Song X.—*O had I been by fate decreed.* Baker.

Set by Mr. Abiel Whichello. (It may be also sung to Dr. Howard's tune in 'Love in a Village.')

O had I been by fate decreed Some humble
cottage swain, In Rosa—linda's sight to feed My
sheep up—on the plain; How happy would those
days have pass'd, Which now are fill'd with woe! You
envions pow'rs! why have you plac'd My fair one's



Song XI.—*We all to conquering beauty bow.*

Set by Dr. John Blow.

We all to conqu'ring beauty bow, Its

pleas-ing pow'r admire; But I ne'er knew a face till now, That

could like yours in—spire: Now I may say, I've

met with one amazes all mankind; And, like men gaz—ing

on the sun, With too much light am blind.

Song XII.—*Tell me not I my time mis-spend.* Eaton.

Was set by Henry Lawes. No other air is known.

Song XIII.—*Sweet are the banks when spring perfumes.*
Woty.

Allegretto.



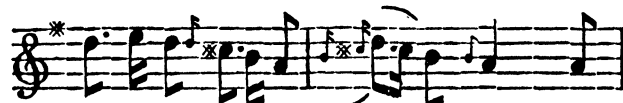
Sweet are the banks when spring perfumes. The



verdant plants and laughing flow'rs; Fragrant the vi—o—let



as it blooms, And sweet the bloss—oms af—ter show'rs,



Fragrant the vi—o—let as it blooms, And



sweet the blossoms af—ter show'rs, And



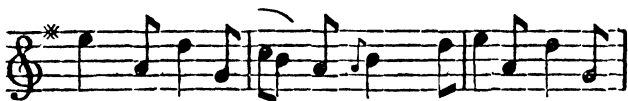
sweet the blossoms, sweet the blossoms, And



sweet the blossoms af—ter show'rs: Sweet is the soft the



sunny breeze, That fans the golden orange grove; But



oh! how sweeter far than these, The kisses are of



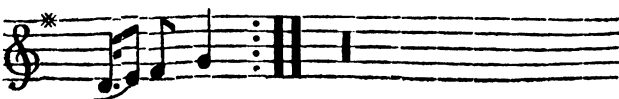
her I love, But oh! how sweeter far than these The



kisses are of her I love. The kisses are



of her I love, The kisses are of



her I love.

Song XIV.—*For me my fair a wreath has wove.* Garrick.

Set by Mr. Giardini.

Siciliana.



For me my fair a wreath has wove, Where rival flow'rs in



union meet, Where rival flow'rs in union meet; As



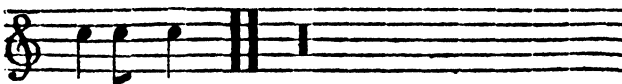
oft she kiss'd this gift of love, Her breath gave sweetness



to the sweet, As oft she kiss'd this gift of love, Her



breath gave sweetness to the sweet, Her breath gave sweetness



to the sweet.

Song XV.—*Cease to blame my melancholy.* Sir J. Moore.

No air.

Song XVI.—*That which her slender waist confin'd.* Waller.

Air unknown.

Song XVII.—*Let the ambitious ever find.* E. of Dorset.

The only notes to this song which have been discovered, possess too little merit to intitle them to a place in this collection.

Song XVIII.—*Bless'd as th' immortal gods is he.* Philips.

Was set by a Mr. Stubbley, and (doubtless in a masterly style) by Mr. Jackson of Exeter. It is however more usually sung to the following very beautiful Scotch tune.

Tune :— 'I wish my love were in a mire.'

*ow. Bless'd as th' immortal gods is he, The

youth who fond—ly sits by thee And

hears and sees thee, all the while, Softly speak, and

sweet-ly smile. 'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest, And

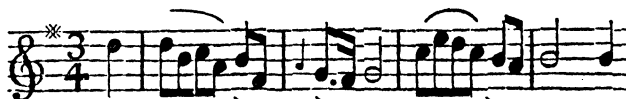


rais'd such tumults in my breast; For while I gaz'd, in



transport toss'd, My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

Song XIX.—*My goddess Lydia, heav'nly fair.* Earl of Rochester.



My god—dess Lydia, heav'n—ly fair, As



li—lies sweet, as soft as air; Let



loose thy tresses, spread thy charms, And



to my love give fresh alarms.

Song XX.—*On Belvidera's bosom lying.*

Air unknown.

Song XXI.—*To be gazing on those charms.* Carey.

Set by the Author.



Song XXII.—*The bird that hears her nestlings cry.*

Moderato.

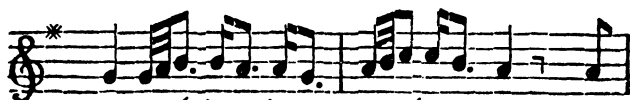
The bird that hears her nestlings cry, And
 flies abroad for food, Re—turns im—pa—tient
 through the sky, To nurse her cal—low brood. The
 tender mother knows no joy, But bodes a thousand
 harms, And sickens for the darling boy, While
 ab — — — sent from her arms.

Song XXIII.—*From all uneasy passions free, Duke of
 Buckingham.
 No air known.*

Song XXIV.—*Once more I'll tune the vocal shell.* Garrick.



Once more I'll tune the vo—cal shell, To



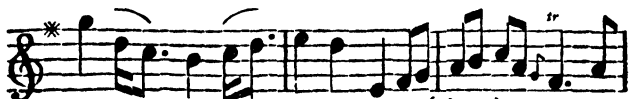
hills and dales my pas—sion tell; A



flame which time can nev - - - er quell, That



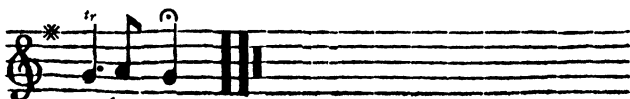
burns for love—ly Pegg—y. Yet greater bards the



lyre should hit; For say what subject is more fit, Than



to re—cord the sa—cred wit, And bloom of lovely



Pegg—y?

Song XXV.—*The silver moon's enamour'd beam.* Cunninghamham.

Set by Mr. Battishill.



The silver moon's en—amour'd beam Steals



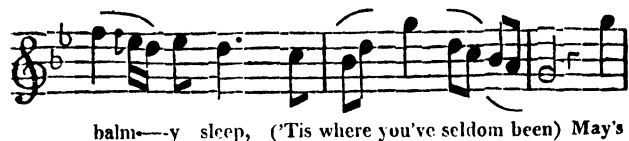
soft—ly through the night, To



wan—ton with the wind—ing stream, And



kiss re—flect—ed light. To beds of down, go



balm—y sleep, ('Tis where you've seldom been) May's



vi—gil while the shep—herds keep, With

Kate of Ab—er—deen, With Kate of Ab—er—
deen, With Kate of Ab—er—deen.

Song XXVI.—*The western sky was purpled o'er.* Shenstone.

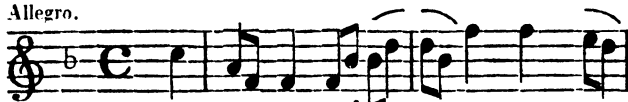
Set by Mr. Dibdin.

Recitative. The west—ern sky was purpled
o'er, With ev'ry pleasing ray; And flocks re—
viving, felt no more The sultry heats of day : When, from an
ha—zle's art—less bow'r, Soft
warbled Stre—phon's tongue; He bless'd the



scene, he bless'd the hour, While Nancy's praise he sung.

Allegro.



Moderato.

Let fops with fickle falsehood range The



paths of wanton love, While weeping maids la—



ment the change, And sad—den ev'—ry



grove: But endless blessings crown the day, I



saw fair Esham's dale; And ev'ry bles-sing



find its way, To Nan—cy of the



Song XXVII.—*Not, Celia, that I juster am.* Sedley.

Song XXVIII.—*Not the soft sighs of vernal gales.* Johnson.
No airs known.

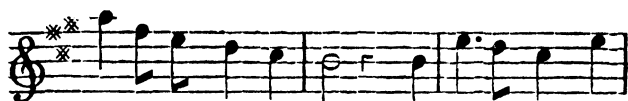
Song XXIX.—*The gentle swan with graceful pride.* Cunningham.

Set by Dr. Arne.

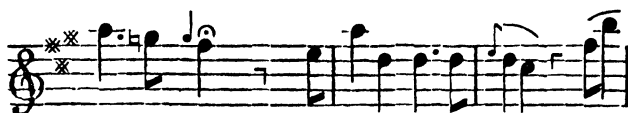




waves. The silver tide - - , that wand'ring flows, Sweet,



sweet to the bird must be! But not so sweet, blithe



Cupid knows, As Delia is to me, As



De — — lia is to me.

Song XXX.—*If wine and music have the pow'r.* Prior.

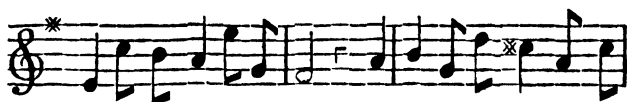
Air unknown.

Song XXXI.—*Come, Chloe, and give me sweet kisses.* Hanbury Williams?

Brisk.



Come, Chloc, and give me sweet kisses, For



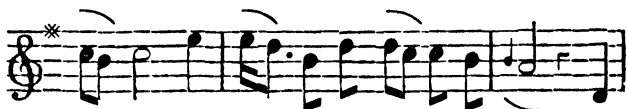
sweeter sure girl never gave ; But why, in the midst of my



blisses, Do you ask me how many I'd



have? I'm not to be stint-ed in



pleasure, Then prithee, my charmer, be kind; For,



whilst I love thee beyond mea—sure, To



numbers I'll ne'er be con—fin'd.

Song XXXII.—*When charming Teraminta sings.* Burnaby ?

Air unknown.

Song XXXIII.—*Thus Kitty, beautiful and young.* Prior ?

Set by Dr. Arne.

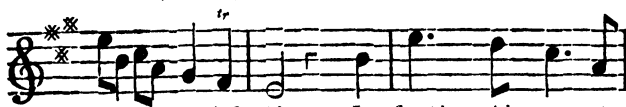


Andante Allegro.

Thus Kitty, beautiful and young, and wild as colt un-



tan'd, Bespoke the fair from whom she sprung, With



little rage inflam'd : In—flan'd with rage at



sad restraint, Which wise ma—ma ordain'd ; And



sorely vex'd to play the saint, Whilst wit and beauty



reign'd, Whilst wit and beau—ty reign — —





—'d, And sorely vex'd to play the saint, Whilst
wit and beauty reign'd.

Song XXXVI.—*Stella and Flavia, ev'ry hour.* Mrs. Pilkington.



Stella and Flavia, ev'—ry hour, Do various
hearts sur—prise; In Stella's soul lies all her
pow'r, And Flavia's in her eyes. In Stella's
soul lies all her pow'r, And Flavia's in her

eyes. More bound-less Flavia's conquests
are, And Stella's more con-fin'd; All can dis-cern a
face that's fair, But few a lovely
mind.

Song XXXV.—*The shape alone let others prize. Akenside.*
No air known.

Song XXXVI.—*When innocence and beauty meet.*

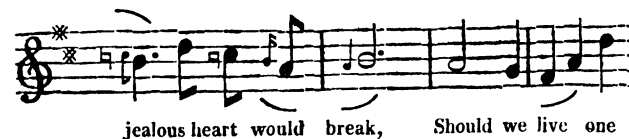
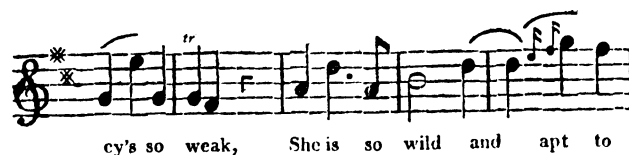
When innocence and beauty meet, To add to love-ly
female grace, Ah, how beyond ex-pression sweet, Is

ev'ry fea—ture of the face. By
 virtue, ripen'd from the bud, The flow'r an—ge—lic
 odours breeds, The fragrant charms of being good, Makes
 gawdy vice to smell like weeds.

Song XXXVII.—*My dear mistress has a heart.* Earl of
 Rochester.

Set by Dr. Arne.

My dear mistress has a heart, Soft as
 those kind looks she gave me, When with love's re—



Song XXXVIII.—*No more of my Harriet, of Polly no more.* Smart.

Set by Dr. Arne.

Mod^o. All^o.

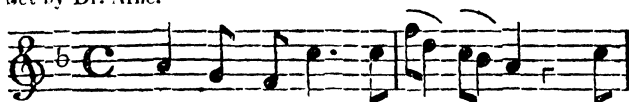
No more of my Harriet, of Polly no more, Nor
all the bright beauties that charm'd me before; My-
self for a slave to gay Venus I've sold, And
barter'd my freedom for ringlets of gold: I'll
throw down my pipe, and neglect all my flocks, And wil,
sing to my lass with the gold-en locks. I'll
throw down my pipe, and neglect all my flocks, And will



sing to my lass with the golden locks.

Song XXXIX.—*Yes I'm in love, I feel it now.* White-head.

Set by Dr. Arne.



Gently. Yes I'm in love, I feel it now, And



Ce—lia has un—done me, And



Ce—lia has un—done me; And yet I'll swear, I



can't tell how, The pleasing plague stole on me: And



yet I'll swear I can't tell how The

pleasing plague stole on me, The pleasing plague stole
on me.

Song XL.—*Of all the girls that are so smart.* Carey.
Set by the author.

Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like
pretty Sally; She is the darling of my
heart, And she lives in our alley.
There's ne'er a la—dy in the
land, Is half so sweet as Sally;



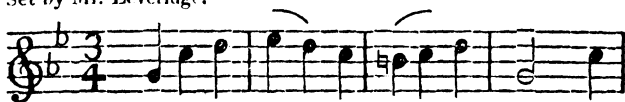
She is the darling of my heart, And she lives in



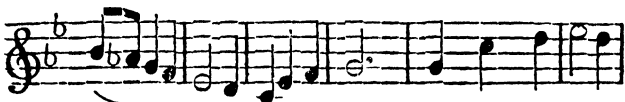
our alley.

Song XLI.—*All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd.* Gay.

Set by Mr. Leveridge.



All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The



streamers waving in the wind, When black-ey'd Susan



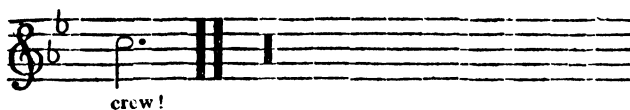
came on board, Oh! where shall I my true love find?



Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true, If my sweet

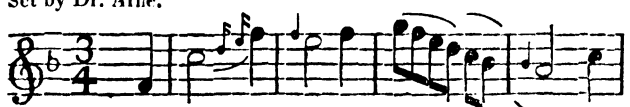


William, If my sweet William sails a-mong the



Song XLII.—*Thou rising sun, whose gladsome ray.* Steel?

Set by Dr. Arne.



Thou ris—ing sun, whose glad—some ray In—



vites my fair to ru—ral play;



Dispel the mists and clear the skies, And bring my



Orra to— my eyes.

Song XLIII.—*Waft me some soft and cooling breeze.*—

Croxal.

Set by Harry Carey.

Not too fast.



Waft me 'some soft and cooling breeze, To Windsor's

shad—y kind retreat, Where sylvan scenes
wide spreading trees, Re—pell the dog—star's rag—ing
heat. Where tufted grass and mossy beds Af—ford a
rural calm re—pose, Where wood—bines hang their
dewy heads, And fragrant sweets a—round dis—
close.

Song XLIV.—*O Nancy ! wilt thou go with me.* Dr. Percy.

Set by Mr. Carter.

Largo andante espressivo.

O Nan—cy, wilt thou go with me, Nor



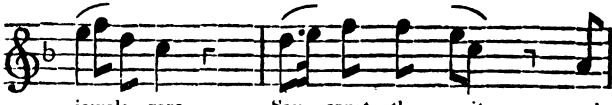
sigh to leave the flaunting town; Can si—lent glens have



charms for thee, The lowly eot, and russet gown? No



longer dress'd in silken sheen, No longer deck'd with



jewels rare, Say, canst thou quit each



court—ly scene, Where thou wert fair—est of the fair?



Say, canst thou quit each court—ly scene, Where



thou wert fair—est of — the fair? Where

thou wert fairest, Where

thou wert fairest, Where

thou wert fair—est of the fair.

Song XLV. — *Come, dear Pastora, come away.* Miss
Whateley.
No air known.

Song XLVI.—*Hail to the myrtle shade.* Lec.

Hail to the myrtle shade, All hail to the

nymphs of the fields, Kings would not here in—vade the

pleasures that vir—tue yields: Beauty here opens her



arms, To soften the languishing mind, And Phillis un-



locks all her charms: Ah, Phillis, ah why so kind?

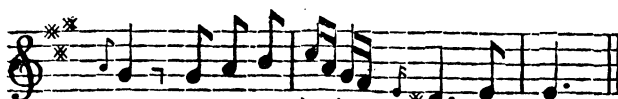
Song XLVII.—*Come, dear Amanda, quit the town.*



Come, dear A—man—da, quit the town, And to the



ru—ral ham-lets fly; Behold, the wintry storms are



gone, A gentle radiance glads the sky.



The birds a—wake, the flow'rs appear, Earth spreads a



ver—dant couch for thee; 'Tis joy and



Song XLVIII.—*Haste, my rein-deer, and let us nimbly go.*
Steele?
No air known.

Song XLIX.—*When here, Lucinda, first we came.* Earl of
Middlesex.
Set by Mr. Holcombe.



When here, Lu-cinda, first we came, Where Arno
rolls his sil-ver stream; How blithe the
nymphs, the swains how gay, Content in-spir'd each
rural lay. The birds in live-li-er concert

sung, The grapes in thick — — er clusters hung ;

All look'd as joy could ne—ver fail, Among the

sweets of Arno's vale.

Song L.—*Be still, O ye winds, and attentive ye swains.*
Moore.

Set by Dr. Arne.

Gently. Be still, O ye winds, and attentive ye swains, 'Tis

Phœbe invites, and replies to my strains ; The

sun never rose on, Search all the world through, A

shepherd so bless'd, or a fair - one so true ; A



shepherd so bless'd, or a fair - one so true.

Phœbe.



'Tis love, like the sun, that gives light to the year, The

Colin.



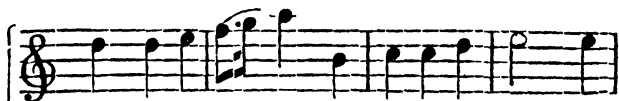
'Tis love, like the sun, that gives light to the year, The



sweetest of blessings that life can en-dear, Our



sweetest of blessings that life can en-dear, Our



pleasures it brightens, drives sorrow a-way, Gives



pleasures it brightens, drives sorrow a-way, Gives

joy to the night, and enlivens the day, Gives joy to the

joy to the night, and enlivens the day, Gives joy to the

night, and en—livens the day.

night, and en—livens the day.

Detailed description: This block contains a musical score for a song. It consists of two staves of music. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The lyrics are written below the staff. The second staff continues the melody and lyrics. The lyrics are: "joy to the night, and enlivens the day, Gives joy to the", "joy to the night, and enlivens the day, Gives joy to the", "night, and en—livens the day.", and "night, and en—livens the day." The music ends with a double bar line.

Song LI.—*Come live with me, and be my love.* Marlow.

The original music.

Come live with me, and be my love, And we will

all the pleasures prove, That vallies, groves, or

hills and fields, And all the steepy mountains yields.

Detailed description: This block contains a musical score for Song LI. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The lyrics are written below the staff. The second staff continues the melody and lyrics. The lyrics are: "Come live with me, and be my love, And we will", "all the pleasures prove, That vallies, groves, or", and "hills and fields, And all the steepy mountains yields." The music ends with a double bar line.

A LATER AIR. The editor is in doubt whether there be not a third (exclusive of Dr. Arne's Scotch air) better than either. It is likewise prettily set as a glee by Mr. Webbe.



Come live with me, and be my love, And



we will all the pleasures prove, That vallies, groves, or



hills, and fields, And all the steepy mountain yields.



There will we sit up---on the rocks, And



see the shepherds feed their flocks, By shal-low rivers,



fo whose falls, Me--lo--dious birds sing madrigals ; Me-



. To accommodate this tune to the words, a verse must be omitted in the singing.

Song LII.—*If all the world and love were young.* Raleigh.

May be sung to the same notes.

Song LIII.—*Where the light cannot pierce, in a grove of tall trees.* Brerewood.

May be sung to the following air.

Song LIV.—*When the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen.* Brerewood.

Set by Mr. Lockhart.





streams are fast bound by the frost: While the



peasant, inactive, stands shiv'ring with cold, As



bleak the winds north-erly blow; And the



innocent flocks run for ease to the fold, With their



fleeces be-sprinkled with snow: And the



in-nocent flocks run for ease to the fold, With their



fleeces besprinkled with snow.

Song LV.—*O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare.* Cunningham.

Set by Mr. W. Goodwin.



O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and



bare, As wilder'd and wearied I roam; A



gentle young shepherdess sees my de—spair, And



leads me, o'er lawns, to her home : Yellow sheaves from rich



Ce—res her cottage had crown'd, Green rushes were



strew'd on the floor, Her casement sweet woodbines crept



wan—ton—ly round, And deck'd the sod
seats at her door.

Song LVI.—*In the merry month of May.* Breton.

Set by Dr. Wilson.



In the merry month of May, In a
morn by break of day, Forth I walk'd by the wood
side, When as May was in his pride; There I
spy'd all alone, all a-lone, Phil—li—da and Co-ry-don.

Song LVII.—*All my pass'd life is mine no more.* Earl of Rochester.

Set by Dr. John Blow.

All my pass'd life is mine no more, The
fly - - ing hours are gone; Like tran-si-to-ry
dreams giv'n o'er, Whose i-ma-ges are kept in store, By
me-mo-ry a-lone.

Song LVIII.—*Can love be controul'd by advice.* Berkeley?

Set by Mr. Russel.

Can love be con-troul'd by ad-vice? Can
madness and reason a-gree? O Molly! who'd

e—ver be wise, If madness is lov—mg of thee?

Let sages pre—tend to de—spise The joys they want

spirits to taste; Let me seize old Time as he

flie — — — s, And the blessings of life while they

last.

Song LIX.—*Though winter its desolate train.* Lloyd.

Set by Mr. Michael Arne.

Though winter its de—so-late train Of

frost and of tempest may bring; . . . Yet

1

CLASS V.

159

Flo—ra steps for—ward a—gain, - - - And

nature re-vives in the spring, re-vives - - - Yet

Flora steps for-ward a-gain, - - - And

na—ture re—vives in the spring; - - - And

nature re-vives in the spring. Though the

sun in his glory's de-creas'd, Of his

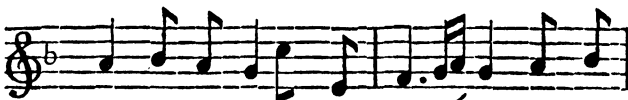
beams in the evening is shorn; Yet he



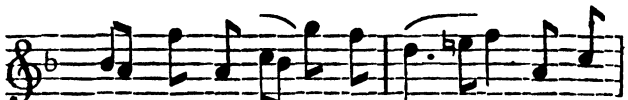
ris—es with joy in the east, And re-



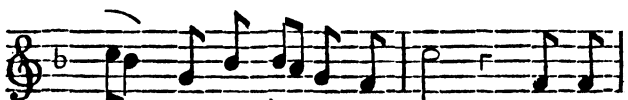
pairs them a—gain in the morn. Though the



sun in his glory's de—creas'd, Of his



beams in the evening is shorn, - - Of his



beams in the evening is shorn; Yet he



rises with joy in the east, — — And re-



pairs them again in the morn: Yet he



rises with joy in the east, — — — And re-



pairs them a-gain in the morn.

Song LX.—*When youth, my Celia's in the prime.* Churchill.

Song LXI.—*Behold my fair, where e'er we rove.* Johnson.

Song LXII.—*It is not, Celia, in our pow'r.*

No airs knowr.

Song LXIII.—*Dear Chloe, while thus beyond measure.*



Dear Chloe, while thus, beyond measure, You



treat me with doubts and disdain; You rob all your



youth of its pleasure, And hoard up an old age of

pain: Your maxim that love is still founded On
 charms that will quickly de — — cay, You'll find to be
 very ill ground — — ed, When once you its
 dictates o—bey.

Song LXIV.—*That Jenny's my friend, my delight and my pride.* Moore.

Lively. That Jenny's my friend, my delight, and my
 pride, I always have boasted, and seek not to
 hide; I dwell on her praises where e—ver I

go; They say I'm in love, but I answer, no,
no, - - no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
no; They say, I'm in love, but I answer, no,
no.

Song LXXV.—*How bless'd has my time been, what days have I known.* Moore.

Lively. How bless'd has my time been, what days have I
known, Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessie my
own! So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain, That



freedom is tasteless, and ro-ving a pain; That



freedom is taste—less and ro-ving a pain.

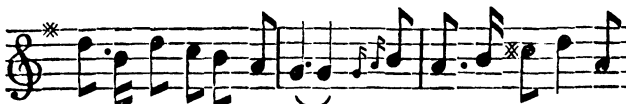
Song LXVI. — *In love should there meet a fond pair.*—

Bickerstaff.

Set by Mr. Bernard.



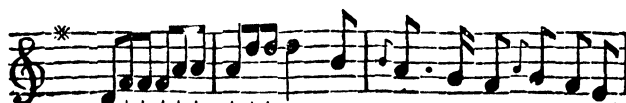
In love shou'd there meet a fond pair, Un-



tutor'd by fashion or art, Whose wishes are warm, are



warm and sincere, Whose words are th' excess of the



hea — — — rt, Whose words are th' excess of the

heart: If aught of substantial de-

light - - On this side the stars can be found, 'Tis

sure when that couple u-ni-te, And

Cupid by Hymen is cro - - - wn'd, And

Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

Song LXVII.—*Away, let nought to love displeasing.*

Tune—'Eveillez vous belle endormie.'

Away, let nought to love displeasing, My Wini-

freda, move your care; Let nought de-lay the heav'nly



blessing, Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

Song LXVIII.—*Ye fair married dames, who so often de-*
plore. Garrick.

Set by Dr. Arne.



Ye fair married dames, who so often de—



plore, That a lover once bless'd is a lover no



more, no more, no more, is a lover no



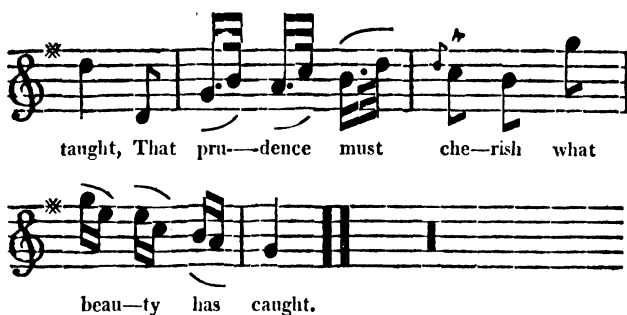
more; At—tend to my counsel, nor blush to be



taught, That prudence must cherish what beauty has



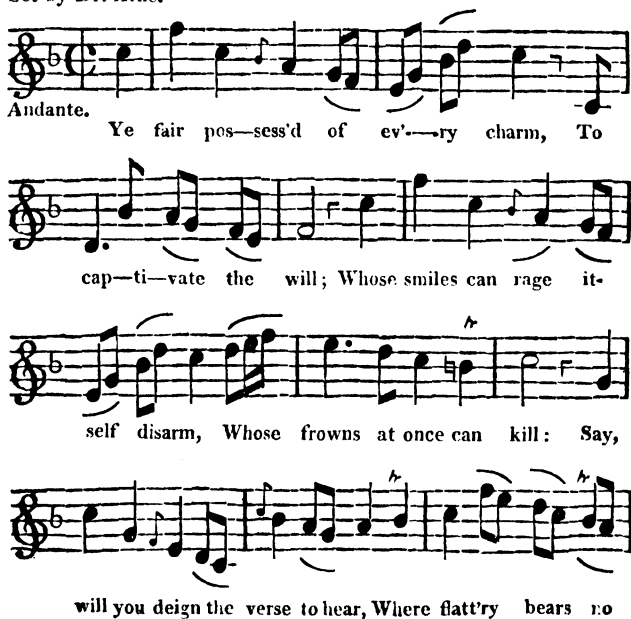
caught: At—tend to my counsel, nor blush to be



taught, That pru—dence must che—rish what
beau—ty has caught.

Song LXIX.—*Ye fair possess'd of ev'ry charm.*

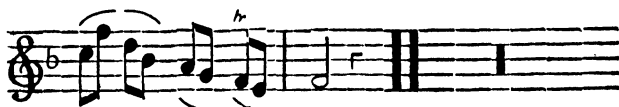
Set by Dr. Arne.



Andante. Ye fair pos—sess'd of ev'—ry charm, To
cap—ti—vate the will; Whose smiles can rage it—
self disarm, Whose frowns at once can kill: Say,
will you deign the verse to hear, Where flatt'ry bears no



part? An ho—nest verse that flows sin—cere, And



can—did from the heart.

Song LXX.—*Say, mighty Love, and teach my song.* Watts.

Set by Mr. W. Hodson.

Amoroso.



Say, migh—ty Love, and teach my song,



To whom thy sweet—est joys be—long, And



who the hap—py, hap—py pairs ;



Whose yield—ing hearts and join—ing hands



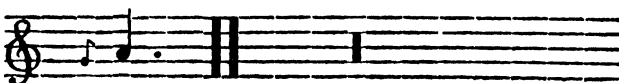
Find blessings twist—ed with their bands,



To soften a — — — — — ll their



cares, To soft—en all their



cares.

Song LXXI.—*Ye belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things.* Whitehead.



Ye belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things, Who



trip in this fro—lic—some round! Pray



tell me from whence this in-de-cen-cy springs, The



sex-es at once to con-found. What



means the cock'd hat, and the mas-culine air, With each



mo-tion de-sign'd to per-plex? Bright



eyes were in-tend-ed to languish, not stare, And



soft-ness the test of your sex, dear girls; And



soft-ness the test of your sex.

Song LXXII.—*Child of summer, lovely rose.*

No air known. [This had an air, though now obsolete.]

Song LXXIII.—*The charms which blooming beauty shows.*

Fitzgerald.

No air known.

Song LXXIV.—*Distress me with those tears no more.*

Song LXXV.—*Blow high, blow low.* Dibdin.

In the music of 'The Seraglio.'

Song LXXVI.—*Within this faithful bosom lies.* Pilon.

Song LXXVII.—*Yes, my fair, to thee belong.* Myles

Cowper.

Song LXXVIII.—*How oft, Louisa, hast thou said.* She-

ridan.

See music of 'The Duenna.'

Song LXXIX.—*In the time of bloom and beauty.*

Tune—'Are ye fair as opening roses.'

Song LXXX.—*When the first dawn of Anna's charms.—*

Boscawen.

Song LXXXI.—*Should the rude hand of care.*

The music of this has been printed.

Song LXXXII.—*When every voice of rapture woos.* Dr.
Brown.

Song LXXXIII.—*I love thee, maiden, truly love.* Sum-
mersett.

Song LXXXIV.—*Thy favourite bird is soaring still.*—
R. Bloomfield.

This has been set by Mr. Leffler, and published. "Rosy Hannah," another of Bloomfield's songs, was set to music, and printed by his brother Isaac, a labouring bricklayer, who was suddenly taken from his family, without any means of providing for them.

Song LXXXV.—*In either eye a ling'ring tear.* Dibdin.
Excellently composed, as well as written, by Mr. Dibdin, sen.
to whom the reader is referred for the printed song.

Song LXXXVI.—*Yes, thou art chang'd since first we met.*
Mrs. Opie.
No air known.

Song LXXXVII.—*Hast thou escap'd the cannon's ire.* Miss
Seward.

Song LXXXVIII.—*From the dwelling of the widower*
Editor.

AIRS.

PART THE SECOND.

Drinking-Songs.

Song I.—*Pho ! pox of this nonsense, I prythee give o'er.*

Moderato.



Pho ! pox of this nonsense, I prythee give o'er, And



talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more; Their



face, and their air, and their mien, what a rout! Here's



to thee, my lad; push the bottle about; Here's

to thee, my lad, to thee, my lad, Here's
to thee, my lad; push the bottle about.

Song II.—*Better our heads than hearts should ache.*

Air unknown.

Song III.—*Some say, women are like the seas.*

Set by Mr. James Graves.

Some say, women are like the seas,
Some the waves, and some the rocks; Some the rose that
soon decays; Some the weather and some the cocks:
But if you'll give me leave to tell, There's



nothing can be com--par'd so well ; As wine, wine,



women and wine, They run in a pa--ral--lel, they



run in a pa--ral--lel.

Song IV. — *The women all tell me, I'm false to my lass.*



The women all tell me, I'm false to my lass, That I



quit my poor Chloe, and stick to my glass :



But to you, men of rea--son, my reasons I'll own ; And



if you don't like them, why let them alone.

Song V.—*She tells me, with claret she cannot agree.—*

D'Urfey?



She tells me, with cla-ret she cannot a-



gree, And she thinks of a hogshead when



e'er she sees me: For I smell like a beast, and



therefore must I Re-solve to for-sake her, or



claret de-ny: Must I leave my dear bottle, that was



always my friend, And I hope will con-tinue so



to my life's end; Must I leave it for her, 'tis a

ve—ry hard task ; Let her go to the
devil, to the devil ; bring the other whole
flask.

Song VI.—*With an honest old friend, and a merry old song.*
Carey.

Set by the author.

With an honest old friend, and a mer—ry old
With an honest old friend, and a mer—ry old

song, And a flask of old port, let me sit the night
song, And a flask of old port, let me sit the night

VOL. III. A A

long: And laugh at the anger of those who re-

long: And laugh at the anger of those who re-

pine, That they must swig porter, while

pine, That they must swig porter, while

I can drink wine.

I can drink wine.

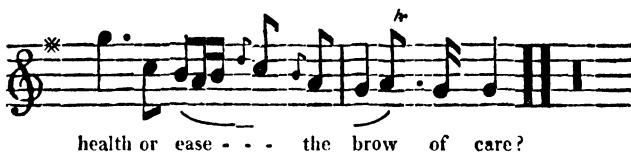
Song VII.—*A book, a friend, a song, a glass.* Thompson.

No air known.

Song VIII.—*Says Plato, why should man be vain.* Pilkington.

Moderately.





Song IX.—*Give me but a friend and a glass, boys.*

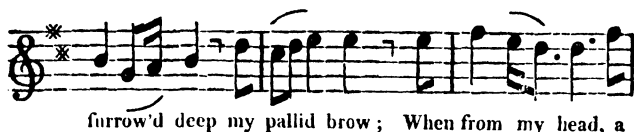
Set by Mr. Young,

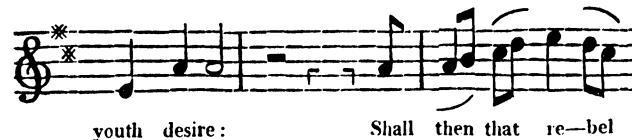


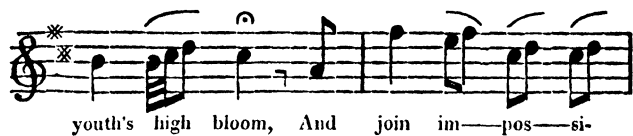


Song X.—*Bid me, when forty winters more.* Dr. Hill.

Set by Dr. Boycé.





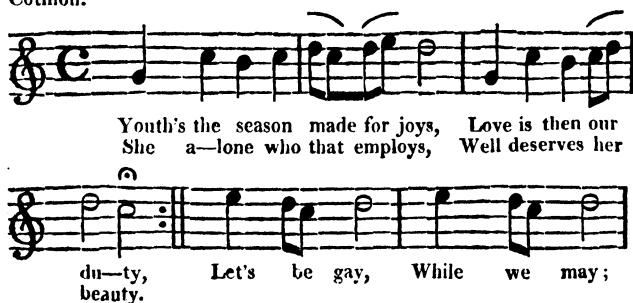




Woman, the soul of all delights, And wine, the
aid of love, be near: All charms me
that to joy in-cites, And ev'-ry she that's
kind is fair; And ev'-ry she that's
kind is fair.

Song XI.—*Youth's the season made for joys. Gay.*

Cotillon.



Youth's the season made for joys, Love is then our
She a-lone who that employs, Well deserves her
du-ty, Let's be gay, While we may;
beauty.

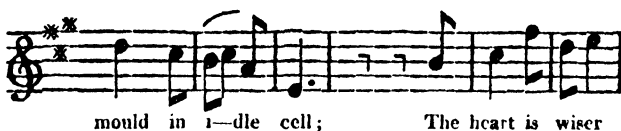


Beauty's a flow'r de—spis'd in decay. D. C.

Song XII.—*Preach not to me your musty rules.* Dalton.
Set by Dr. Arne.



Preach not to me your mus-ty rules, Ye drones that



mould in i-dle cell; The heart is wiser



than the schools, The senses always reason



well. If short my span, I less can spare To



pass a sin-gle pleasure by; An hour is



long if lost in care, They only live, they only



Song XIII.—*Come now, all ye social powers.*

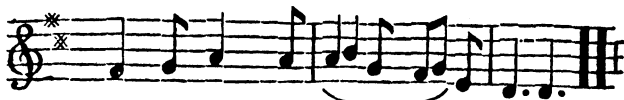


CHORUS.





Joy shall quickly find us; Drink and dance, and



laugh and sing, And cast dull care behind us,

Song XIV.—*What Cato advises, most certainly wise is.*—

Carey.

Set by the author.



What Cato ad--vises, most certainly wise is, Not



al-ways to labour, but sometimes to play: To



mingle sweet pleasure, with search after treasure, In-



dulging at night for the toils of the day: And



wale the dull miser esteems himself wi--ser, His



bags to in-crease, while his health does de--cay; Our



souls we enlighten, our fancies we brighten, And



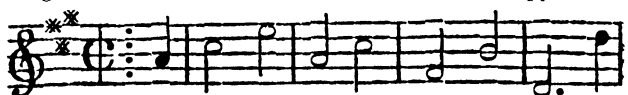
pass the long evenings in pleasure a--way.

Song XV.—*If gold could lengthen life, I swear.*

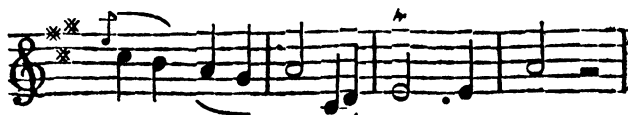
Set by Dr. Worgan.

Allegro Ardito.

F.



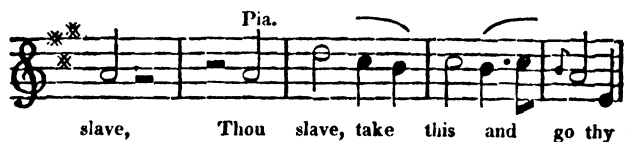
If gold could lengthen life, I swear, It



then should be my chief--est care

DRINKING-SONGS.

182





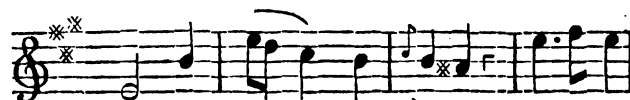
live, Let me not want what love can



give; Freedom and health, and whilst I



live, Let me not want what love can



give, what love can give; Let me not



want what love can give; Let me not



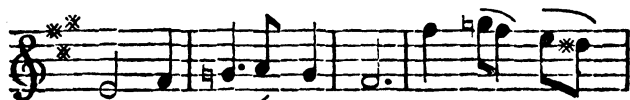
want what lo— — — — —



— — — — — ve, what love can



give, let me not want. Then shall I



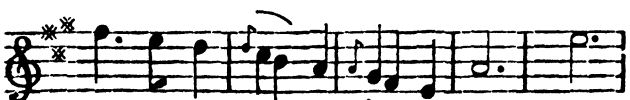
die in peace, and have This con—so—



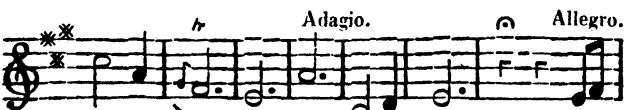
la—ti—on in the grave, in the



grave, That once I had the world my slave :



Then shall I die in peace, and have This



con—so—la—tion in the grave, That



once I had the world my slave ; That



once I had the world my slave;

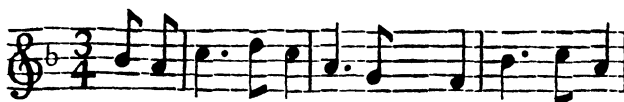


my sla—

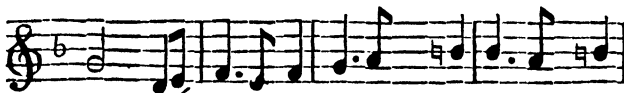


—ve; That once I had the world my slave.

Song XVI.—*Let us drink and be merry.*



Let us drink and be merry, Dance, joke and re-



joice, With claret and sherry, The—or—bo and



voice. The changeable world To our joy is unjust, All



Song XVIII.—*As swift as time put round the glass.*

Set by Dr. Pepusch.



Song XIX.—*Busy, curious, thirsty fly.*

Set by Dr. Green.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly, Drink with me, and

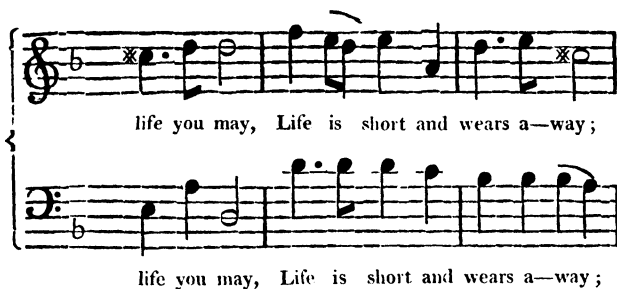
Busy, curious, thirsty fly, Drink with me, and

drink as I; Freely welcome to my cup,

drink as I; Freely welcome to my cup,

could'st thou sip, and sip it up: Make the most of

could'st thou sip, and sip it up: Make the most of



life you may, Life is short and wears a-way;

life you may, Life is short and wears a-way;



Life is short and wears a-way.

Life is short and wears a-way.

Song XX.—*When I drain the rosy bowl.* Fawkes.



When I drain the ros-y bowl, Joy ex-hi-la-

rates my soul; To the Nine I raise my song,

1



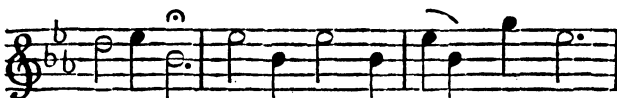
E—ver fair and ever young. When full cups my



cares dispell, So—ber counsels then farewell :



Let the winds, that murmur, sweep All my sorrows



to the deep : Let the winds, that mur—mur, sweep



All my sor—rows to the deep.

Song XXI.—*Mortals, learn your lives to measure.*

There is music to this song, but the editor was not able to procure it.

Song XXII.—*Old Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles.*

Set by Mr. Wise.

Old Chi-ron thus preach'd to his pu-pil A-

Old Chi-ron thus preach'd to his

chilles: I'll tell you, I'll tell you, young gentleman,

pu-pil A-chil-les: I'll tell you, young gentleman,

what the Fates will is: You, my boy, you, my

what the Fates will is: You, my boy, you, my

DRINKING SONGS.

boy, Must go, must go (The gods will have it so) To the

boy, Must go, must go (The gods will have it so) To the

siege of Troy, Thence ne-ver to re—turn, thence

siege of Troy, Thence never to re-

never to re-turn, never to re-turn, never to re-

turn, thence never to re—turn, never to re-

turn to Greece a—gain, But be—fore those

turn to Greece a—gain,

But be-

walls to be slain, but be—fore those walls to be
fore those walls to be slain, but be—fore those

slain, be—fore those walls, those walls to be
walls to be slain, be—fore those walls to be

slain. Let not your noble courage
slain. Let not your noble courage be cast down,

be cast down, Let not your no-ble courage
Let not your no-ble courage be cast down,

be cast down; Let not your noble courage

Let not your noble courage be cast down,

Let not your no-ble courage be cast down,

Let not your no-ble courage be cast down,

But all the while you lie be-fore the town, Drink ;

But all the while you lie be-fore the town, Drink ;

all the while drink, all the while you lie be-fore the town,

all the while drink, all the while you lie be-fore the town,

Drink, and drive care away, drink and be merry, You'll

Drink, and drive care a-way, drink and be merry,

ne'er go the sooner, You'll ne'er go the

You'll ne'er go the soon—er, the

sooner, You'll ne'er go the soon—er to the

sooner, You'll ne'er go the soon—er to the

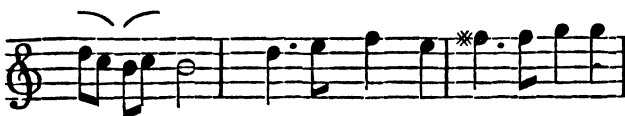
Sty—gian fer—ry.

Sty—gian fer—ry.

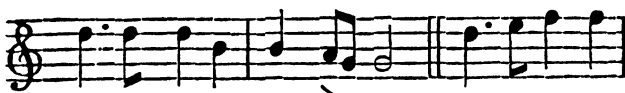
Song XXIII.—*Let's be jovial, fill our glasses.*



Let's be jovial, fill our glasses, Madness 'tis for



us to think, How the world is rul'd by asse,



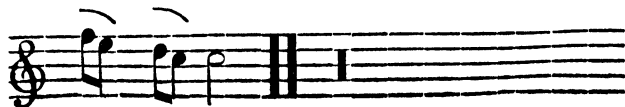
And the wise are sway'd by chink. Never let vain



cares op-press us, Riches are to them a snare;

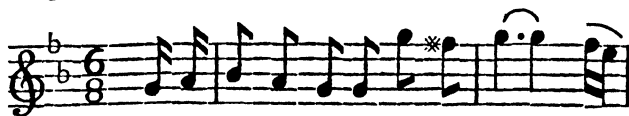


We are all as rich as Cræsus, While our bottle



drowns our care.

Song XXIV.—*Every man take a glass in his hand.*



Ev'-ry man take a glass in his hand, And



drink a good health to the king; Many



years may he rule o'er this land, May his



laurels for ever fresh spring. Let wrangling and jangling



straitway cease, Let ev'ry man strive for his



country's peace; Neither tory nor whig, With their



parties look big: Here's a health to all honest men.

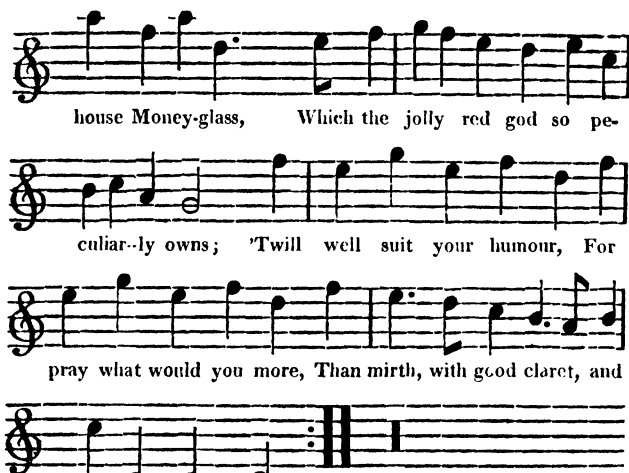


Song XXVII.—*The thirsty earth drinks up the rain.*—
Cowley.

Was originally set by Mr. Roger Hill, and is to be found in Play-ford's second book of 'Ayres and Dialogues,' by Lawes, 'and other Excellent Masters.' 1669. fol.

Song XXVIII.—*Ye good fellows all.* Dawson.

Ye good fellows all, who love to be told, where there's
claret good store, At-tend to the call of
one who's ne'er frighted, But greatly delighted, With
six bottles more. Be sure you don't pass The good



house Money-glass, Which the jolly red god so peculiar-ly owns; 'Twill well suit your humour, For pray what would you more, Than mirth, with good claret, and bumpers, squire Jones?

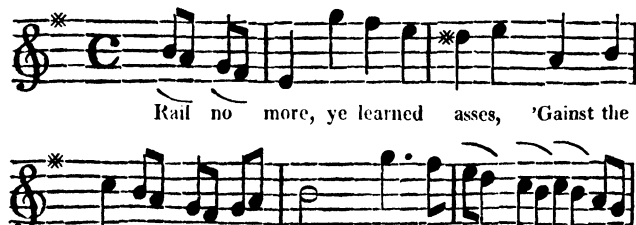
Song XXIX.—*Listen all, I pray.* Beaumont.

Song XXX.—*Come fill me a glass, fill it high.* Philips.

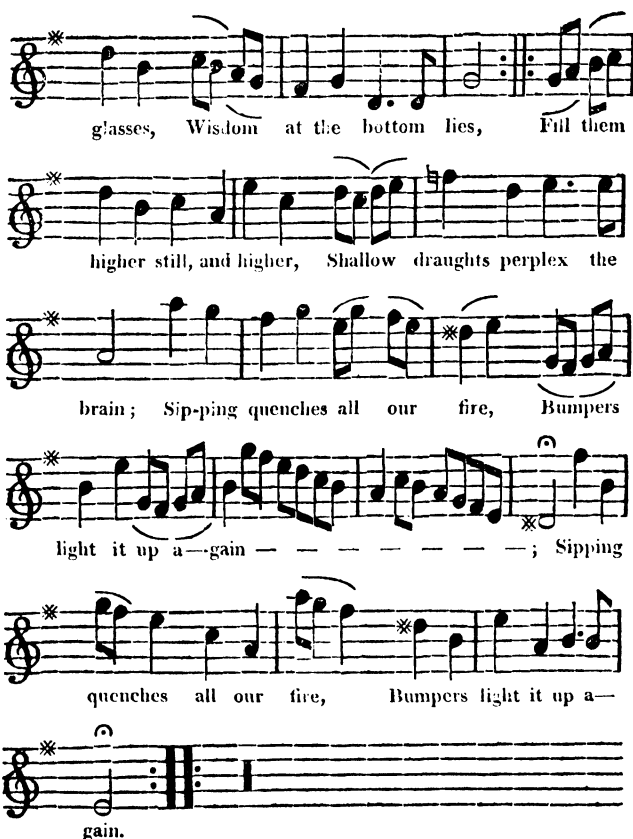
Airs unknown.

Song XXXI.—*Rail no more, ye learned asses.*

Set by Dr. Boyce.



Rail no more, ye learned asses, 'Gainst the joys the bowl sup-plies; Sound its depth, and fill your



glasses, Wisdom at the bottom lies, Fill them

higher still, and higher, Shallow draughts perplex the

brain; Sip-ping quenches all our fire, Bumpers

light it up a—gain — — — — —; Sip-ping

quenches all our fire, Bumpers light it up a—

gain.

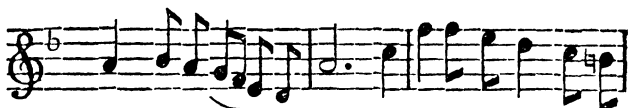
Song XXXII.—*Diogenes surly and proud.*



Dio—ge—nes surly and proud, Who

VOL. III. E E

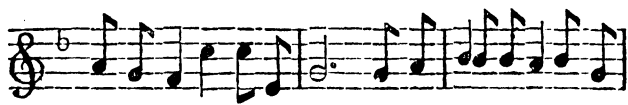
DRINKING-SONGS.



snarl'd at the Macedon youth, Delighted in wine that was



good ; Because in good wine there is truth : 'Till



growing as poor as a Job, And un—able to purchase a



flask, He chose for his mansion a tub, And



liv'd by the scent of the ca — — — — —



— — — sk, And liv'd by the scent of the



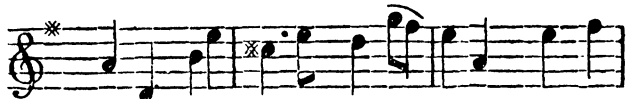
cask.

Song XXXIII.—*Zeno, Plato, Aristotle.* Carey.

Set by Mr. Lampe.



Zeno, Pla—to, A—ris—totle, All were lovers of the



bottle; Poets, painters and mu—sicians, Churchmen,



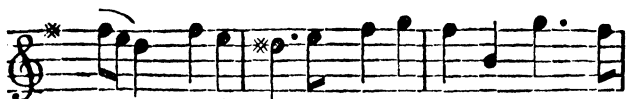
lawyers and phy—sicians, all admire a pret—ty



lass, All re—quire a cheerful glass. Zeno,



Plato, A—ris—totle, All were lov—ers of the



bottle; Poets, painters, and mu—sicians, Churchmen,



lawyers and phy—sicians, All ad—mire a pretty



lass, All re—quire a cheerful glass; Poets,



painters and mu—sicians, Church men, lawyers, and phy-



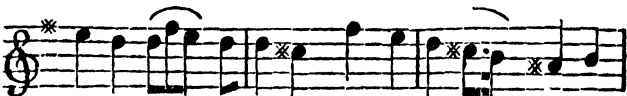
sicians, All ad—mire a pretty lass, All re-



quire a cheerful glass. Ev'ry plea—sure has its



season, Love and drink—ing are no treason. Ev'ry



pleasure has its season, Love and drinking are no

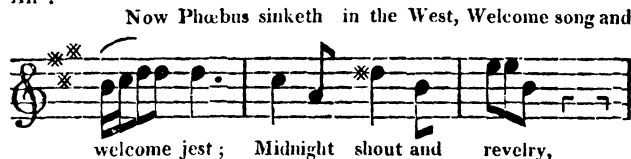


treason; Love and drink — — — — ing, Love and



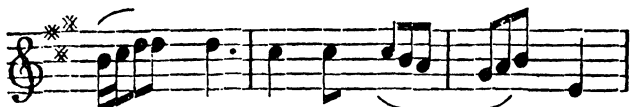
Song XXXIV.—*Now Phæbus sinketh in the West.* Milton.

Set by Dr. Arne.





Tip-sy dance and jol-li—ty. Braid your locks with



ros-y twine, Dropping odours, dropping wine.



Braid your lo — — — — — ecks with



rosy twine, Dropping o—dours, dropping wine,



Dropping odours, dropping wine, Drop-ping odours,



dropping wine. Rigour now is gone to bed,



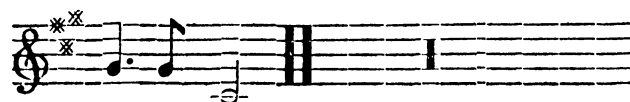
And advice with scrup'lous head ; Strict



age and sour se—ve—ri—ty, With their grave saws in



slumber lie, With their grave saws in



slumber lie. D. C.

Song XXXV.—*By the gaily circling glass.* Dalton.



By the gai—ly cir—cling glass, We can see how



minutes pass; By the hol—low cask are told,



How the wan—ing night grows old: How the wan—ing



night grows old. Soon, too soon, the bu—sy day,



Drives us from our sports a—way; What have we with



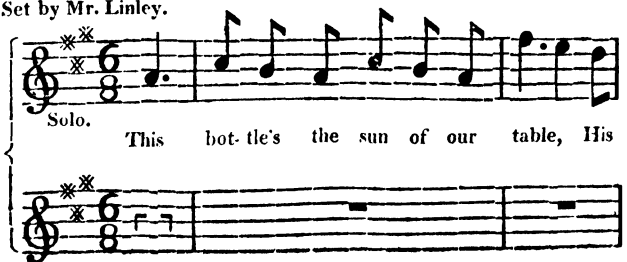
day to do? Sons of care, 'twas made for you.



Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

Song XXXVI.—*This lottle's the sun of our table.* Sheridan.

Set by Mr. Linley.



CHORUS.

beams are ros-y wine. This bottle's the sun of our

This bottle's the sun of our

ta-ble, His beams are ros-y wine; ros-y

ta-ble, His beams are ros-y wine:

wine — — — — —

Tutti.

Cho. This bottle's the sun of our ta-ble, His

This bottle's the sun of our ta-ble, His

Solo.

beams are ros-y wine; We planets that are not

beams are ros-y wine.

Cho.

a-ble, With-out his help to shine. We

We

planets that are not a-ble, Without his help to

planets that are not a-ble, Without his help to

shine. Put it round,

shine. Put it round, Put it

Let mirth and glee a--bound. This

round. This

bottle's the sun of our table, Let mirth and glee a--

bottle's the sun of our ta-ble, Let mirth and glee a--

bound; Let mirth and glee a--bound; Let

bound; Let mirth and glee a--bound; Let

mirth and glee a-bound.

mirth and glee a-bound.

Song XXXVII.—*Vulcan contrive me such a cup.* Rochester.

Set by Mr. Fisher Tench.

Vulcan contrive me such a cup, As Nes-tor us'd of

old; Try all thy skill to trim it up,

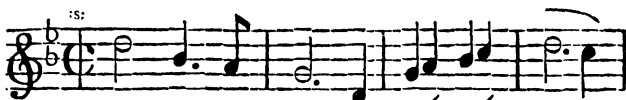
Try all thy skill to trim it up, Damask it round with

gold; Da-mask it round with gold,

Song XXXVIII.—*Fill me a bowl, a mighty bowl.* Oldham.

Was originally set by Dr. Blow, whose composition is much inferior to, and less noticed than, the following air by Mr. Corfe.

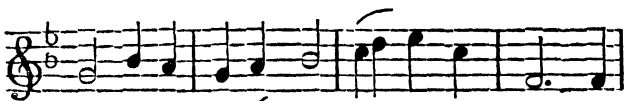
Spiritoso.



Fill me a bowl, a night---y bowl,



Large as my ca---pa---cious *Fine.* soul,



Vast as my thirst is, let it have depth e-



nough to be my grave ; I mean the



grave of all my care, For I de-



sign to bu-ry't there. Let it of sil---ver

fashion'd be, Worth-y of wine, worthy of
me, Worth—y to a—dorn the spheres.
Worth-y to a-dorn the spheres, As that bright
cup, as that bright cup a-mongst the stars.

Song XXXIX.—*You know that our ancient philosophers hold,*

Air unknown.

Song XL.—*Let soldiers fight for pay and praise.* Johnson.

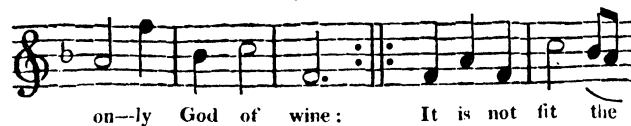
Let soldiers fight for pay and praise, And
money be the mi—ser's wish; Poor scholars study



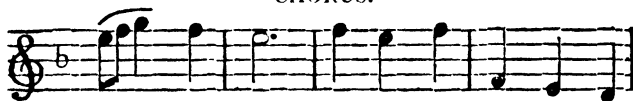
CHORUS.



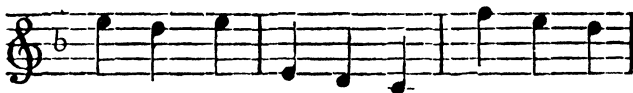
Song XLI.—*Bacchus must now his power resign.* Carey.



CHORUS.



set with me; Who can drink ten times more,



Who can drink ten times more, Who can drink



ten times more, more than he. Ten times



mo — — re, ten times mo — — re,



ten times mo — — — — — re,



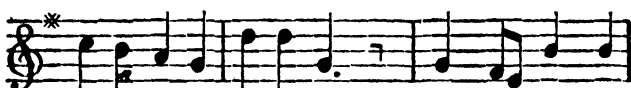
Who can drink ten times more than he.

Song XLII.—*I am the king and prince of drinkers.*

Vivace.



I am the king and prince of drinkers,



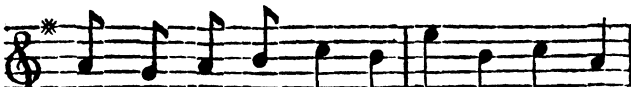
Ranting, roaring, rattling boys; We de-spise your



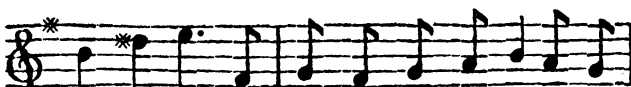
sul—len thinkers, And fill the ta—vern



with our noise. We sing and we roar, And we



drink and call for more, And make more noise than



twen-ty can; 'Tis therefore all we swear, that the

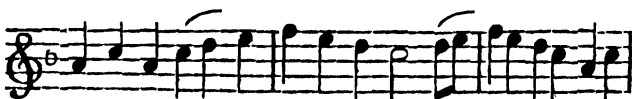
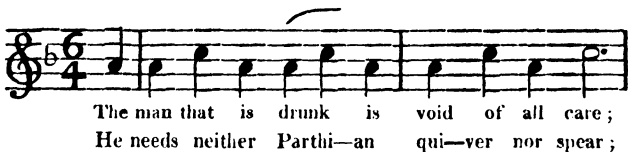


man who knows no care, He on-ly deserves the



Song XLIII.—*The man that is drunk is void of all care.*

Tune—'A shepherd kept sheep on a hill so high.'



Moors poison'd dart he scorns for to wield ; His bottle alone is his



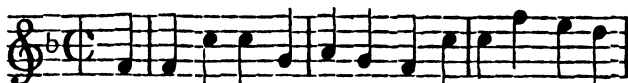
sword and his shield ; Fa la la la la la fa la la la la,



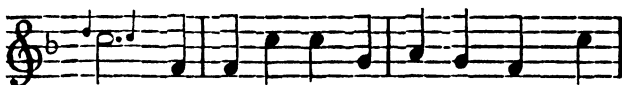
Fa la la fa la fa fa la la la.

Song XLIV.—*Gay Bacchus, liking Estcourt's wine.* Parnell.

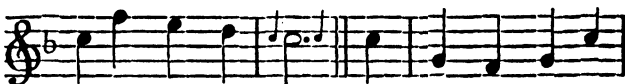
Set by Mr. Galliard.



Gay Bacchus, liking Estcourt's wine, A no-ble meal be-



spoke us; And for the guests that were to dine, Brought



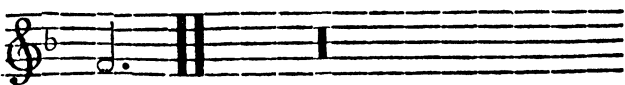
Comus, Love, and Jocus. The god near Cu-pid



drew his chair; Near Comus Jo-cus plac'd; For



wine makes love for-get its care, And mirth exalts a



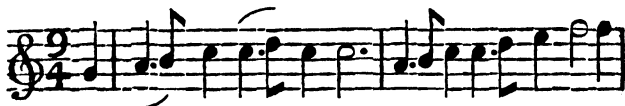
feast.

Song XLV.—*God prosper long from being broke.* D. of Wharton.

Tune—'Chevy Chase.' See the last air of Part III.

Song XLVI.—*Come, come my hearts of gold.*

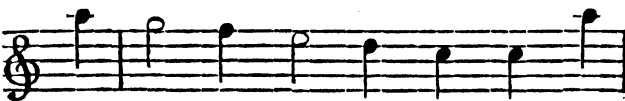
Tune—'Old Sir Simon the king.'



Come, come my hearts of gold, Let us be merry and wise; It



is a proverb of old, Suspicion hath double eyes:



Whate'er we say or do, Let's not



drink to disturb the brain; Let's laugh for an hour or two, And



ne'er be drunk a—gain.

Song XLVII.—*Ye true honest Britons who love your own land.* Garrick.

Set by Dr. Arne.



Moderate. Ye true honest Britons, who love your own land, Whose



sires were so brave, so victo-ri-ous and free, Who



always beat France when they took her in hand, Come



join, honest Bri—tons, in cho—rus with me.



Join in chorus, in chorus with me ; Come join, honest Britons, in



cho-rus with me. Let us sing our own treasures, Old



England's good cheer, The profits and pleasures of



stout British beer ; Your wine-tipling, dram sip—ping

fel-lows retreat, But your beer-drinking Britons can
never be beat.

Song XLVIII.—*When the chill Sirocco blows.*

Moderato.

When the chill Si-roc—co blows, And
win-ter tells a hea—vy tale; When
pyes and daws, and rooks and crows, Sit cursing of the
frosts and snows, Then give me ale, then give me ale,
then give me ale.

Song XLIX.—*Not drunken, nor sober, but neighbour to both.*

Song L.—*Whilst some in epic strains delight.*

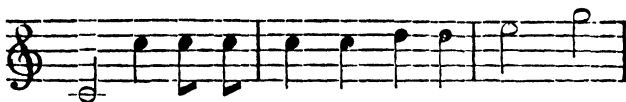
Airs unknown.

Song LI.—*I cannot eat but litle meate.*

Set, four parts in one, by Mr. Walker, before the year 1600.



I cannot eat *my* meate, My stomacke is not



good; But sure I think that I can drynke With



him that weares a hood.

Song LII.—*Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale. Fawkes.*

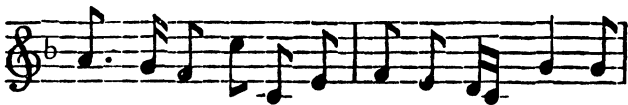
Set by Mr. Hodson.



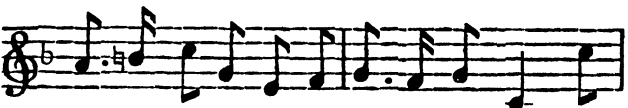
Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale, (In



which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale) Was



once To-by Fill-pot, a thirsty old soul, As



e'er drank a hot-tle or fathom'd a bowl. In



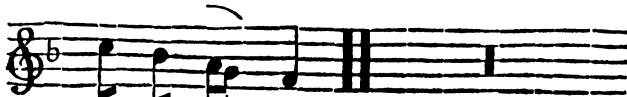
boos-ing about 'twas his praise to excell, And a-



mong jol-ly tope-ers he bore off the bell —



bell, He



bore off the bell.

Song LIII.—*I have been in love, and in debt, and in drink.*

Brome.

Air unknown.

Song LIV.—*Upbraid me not, capricious fair.*

Set by Mr. Leveridge.



Up-braid me not, ca-pri-cious fair, With



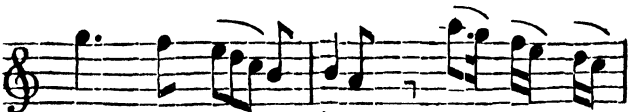
drinking to ex-cess; I should not want to drown de-



spair, Were your in-diff'rence less: Love me, my dear, and



you shall find, When this excuse is gone, That all my



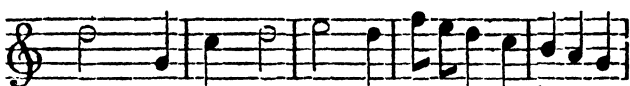
bliss, when Chloe's kind, All - - - - my



bliss, when Chloe's kind, Is fix'd on her alone.



The god of wine, the victory to beauty yields with



joy; The god of wine, the victory to beau-ty



yields with joy; For Bacchus only drinks like me, when



A-ri-adne's coy — — — — — ;



Bacchus only drinks like me, Bacchus only drinks like



me, like me, When A-ri-adne's coy.

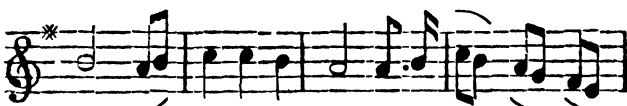
Song LV.—*My temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,*

Woty.

Allegro.



My temples with clus—ters of grapes I'll en-



twine, And barter all joys for a gob—let of



wine; And barter all joys for a gob—let of



wine: In search of a Venus no longer I'll



run, But stop and for—get her at Bacchus's



tun: No longer I'll run — — — —

— — — —, But stop and forget her at

Bac—chus's tun.

Song LVI.—*With women and wine I defy ev'ry care.* Woty.

Set by Mr. Baidon.

With women and wine I de--fy ev'ry care, For

life with-out these is a bubble of air; For

life with—out these, For life without these, For

life without these is a bubble of air. Each

helping the other, in plea-sure I roll, And a
new flow of spi-rits en-live-us my soul. Each
helping the o-ther, in pleasure I roll, And a
new flow of spirits en-live-us my soul.

Song LVII.—*Adieu, ye jovial youths, who join.* Shenstone.

No air known.

Song LVIII.—*Cupid no more shall give me grief.* Carey.

Set by the Author.

Allegremente.

Cupid no more shall give me grief,
Cupid no more shall give me grief,

Or anxious cares oppress my soul;

Or anxious cares oppress my soul;

While gen'rous Bac—chus brings re——lief,

While gen'rous Bac—chus brings re——lief,

And drowns 'em in a flow-ing

And drowns 'em in a flow-ing

bowl.

bowl.

Song LIX.—*How stands the glass around.*



How stands the glass around? For shame, ye take no



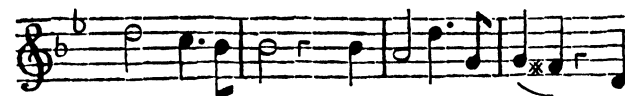
care, my boys: How stands the glass a-round? Let



mirth and wine a—bound. The trump—ets



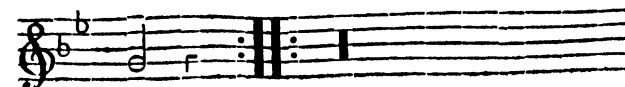
sound: The colours flying are, my boys, To



fight, kill or wound: May we still be found Con-



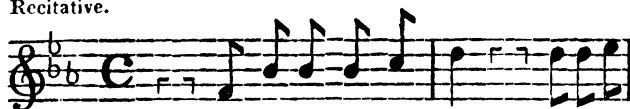
tent with our hard fare, my boys, On the cold,



ground.

Song LX.—*The festive board was met, the social band.*

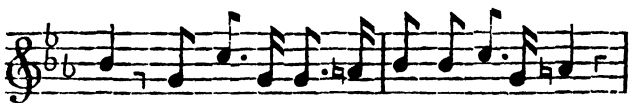
Recitative.



The festive board was met, the social



band, Round fam'd A—na—creon took their si—lent



stand: My sons, (began the sage) be this the rule:



No brow austere must dare ap-proach my school:



Where Love and Bacchus jointly reign with—



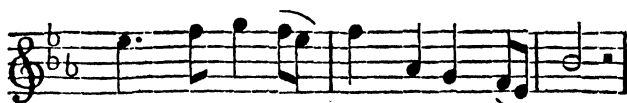
in, Old Care, be gone! Old Care, be gone! here

Air.



sadness were a sin.

Tell not me the joys that



wait On him that's learn'd, or him that's great;



Wealth and wisdom I de-spise, Cares sur—



round the rich and wise; Cares sur—round — —



— — — — —; Cares sur—



round the rich and wise. The queen that



gives soft wishes birth, And Bacchus, god of wine and



mirth, Me their friend and fav'rite own, Me their



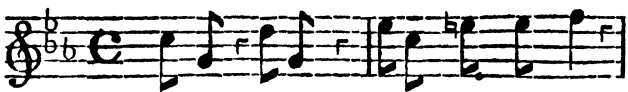
friend and fav'rite own, And I was born for them a—lone :



I was born — — — — —



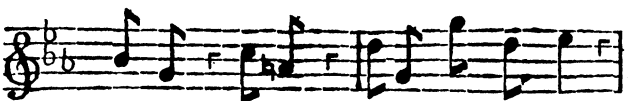
— for them a—lone. I was born for them a—lone.



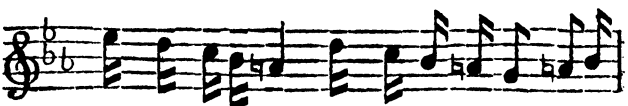
Bus'ness, title, title, pomp and state,



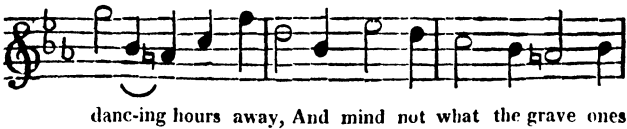
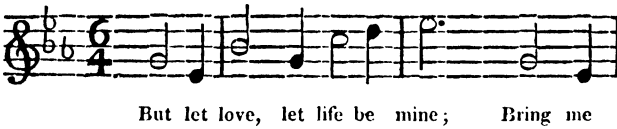
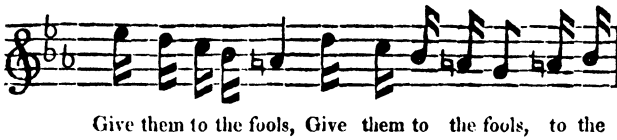
Title, pomp and state, Give them to the fools I hate ;

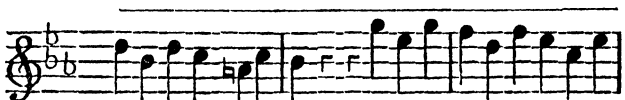


Bus'ness, ti-tle, ti-tle, pomp and state,

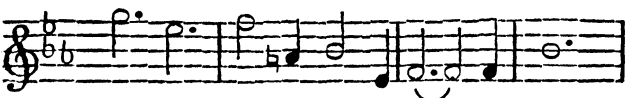


Give them to the fools, Give them to the fools, to the

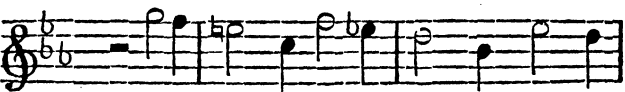




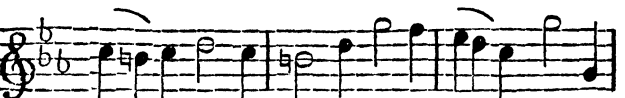
— — — — — ncing hours a—way,



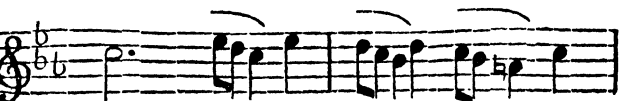
Mind not, mind not what the grave ones say.



Gaily let the minutes fly, In love, and



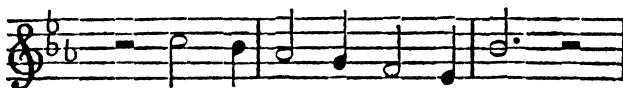
freedom, wit, and joy, In love and freedom, wit, and



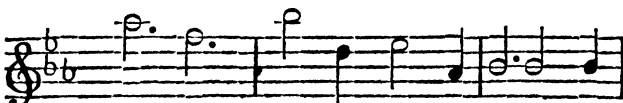
joy; Gai—ly let the mi—nutes



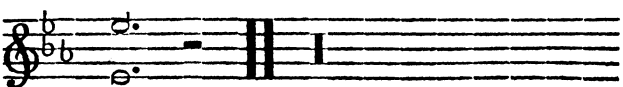
— ncing, Speed the dancing hours a—way;



Mind not what the grave ones say;



Mind not, mind not what the grave ones



say.

Song LXI.—*When Bacchus, jolly god, invites.* Whitehead.

Has been set: But the only composition met with was a very in-
different cantata.

Song LXII.—*Hence with cares, complaints and frowning.*—

Bickerstaff.

Was set to the air of Song XXXI. Part II.—See the Music, at
p. 208.

Song LXIII.—*When the bottle to human and social delight,*

H. Kelly.

Song LXIV.—*What dreaming drone was ever blest.*—W.

Smith.

Song LXV.—*Who thirsts for more knowledge is welcome to roam.*

Song LXVI.—*Whene'er the gods like us below.*

To the tune of Song XLIII. in Class I. of Love-Songs.—See p. 18.

Song LXVII.—*In the social amusements of life let me live.*

Song LXVIII.—*Let the waiter bring clean glasses.*



Let the waiter bring clean glasses, with a fresh sup—



ply of wine; For I see by all your faces, in my



wishes you will join: Let the waiter bring clean



glasses, with a fresh supply of wine, with a fresh





beauty, which I pur—pose to proclaim; we a—



while will leave that du-ty, We a—while will leave that



du-ty, for a more pre-vail-ing theme, a more



prevail — — — — ing theme; We a-while will leave



that duty, for a more pre-vail-ing, more — — — —



— — pre-vail-ing theme.



N. B.—Sing the third stanza to the first part of the tune.

Song LXIX.—*Care thou canker of our joys.* Dr. Grant.

Composed as a glee.

Song LXX.—*Let care be a stranger to each jovial soul.*

Song LXXI.—*Ye free-hearted sons of good humour and mirth.*

To the tune of the well-known Anacreontic song.



AIRS.

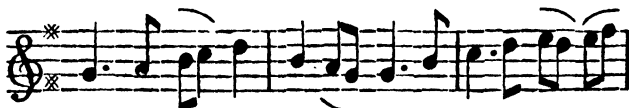
PART THE THIRD.

Miscellaneous Songs.

Song I.—*My mind to me a kingdom is.*



My mind to me a king-dom is; Such



per-fect joy there—in I find, As far excels all



earth-ly bliss, That God or Nature hath assign'd.



Though much I want that most would have, Yet



still my mind for—bids to crave.

Song II.—*Would we attain the happiest state.* Countess
of Winchelsea.
No air known.

Song III.—*To hug yourself in perfect ease.* Bedingfield.
Set by Mr. Dieupart.



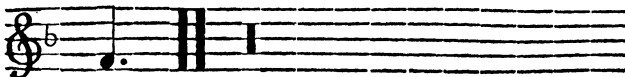
To hug yourself in per—fect ease, What would you



wish for, more than these? A healthy clean pa-



ter—nal seat, Well shad—ed from the summer's



heat,

Song IV.—*I envy not the proud their wealth.* Mrs. Pilk-
ington.
No air known.

Song V.—*How happy is he born and taught.* Wotton.

Song VI.—*I envy not the mighty great.* Jacob.

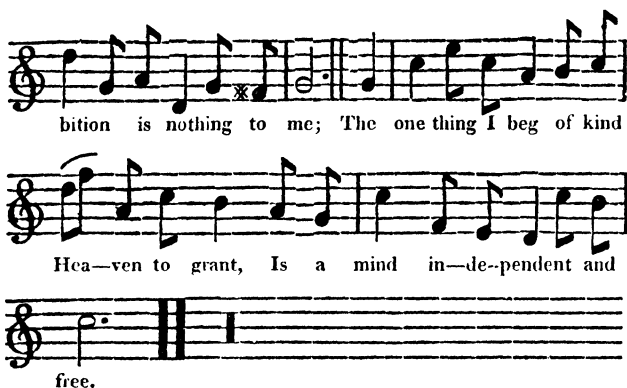
No airs known.

Song VII.—*What man, in his wits, had not rather be poor.*

S. Wesley.

Set by Mr. Leveridge.





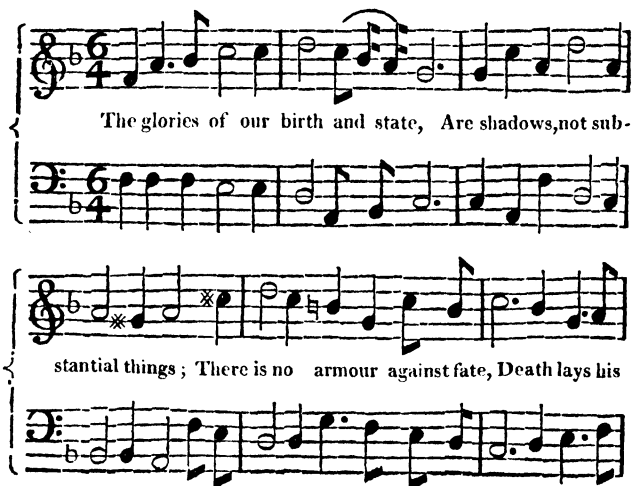
bition is nothing to me; The one thing I beg of kind
Hea—ven to grant, Is a mind in—de—pendent and
free.

Song IX.—*Some hoist up fortune to the skies.*

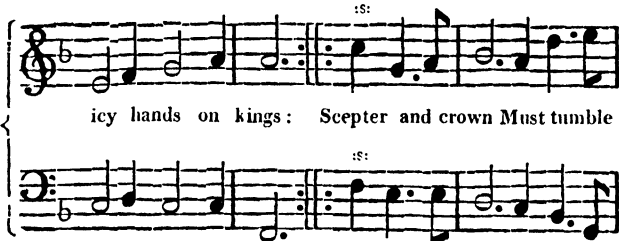
No air known.

Song X.—*The glories of our birth and state.* Shiriey.

Set by Ed. Coleman.—For two voices.



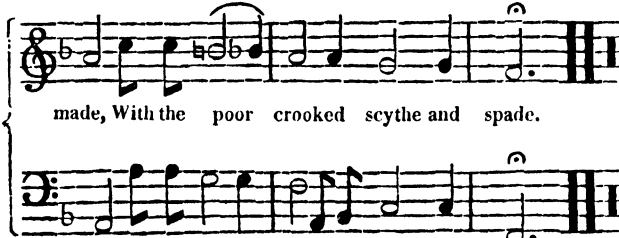
The glories of our birth and state, Are shadows, not sub-
stantial things; There is no armour against fate, Death lays his



icy hands on kings: Scepter and crown Must tumble



down, And in the dust be e—qual



made, With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

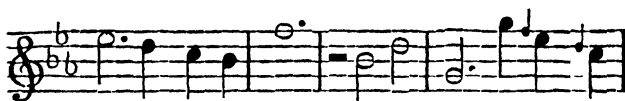
Song XI.—*Nor on beds of fading flowers.* Dalton.

Set by Dr. Arne.



Nor on beds of fade—ing flow'rs, Shed—ding

1



soon their gawdy pride; Nor with swains in sy—ren



bow'rs, Will true plea-sure, Will true pleasure



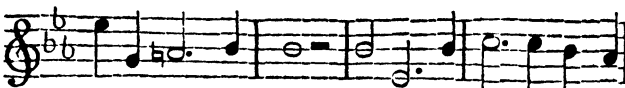
long re—side. On awful Vir—tue's



hill sublime, Enthroned sits th' immortal fair;



Who wins her height must patient climb, The steps are



peril, toil and care. So from the first did Jove or-



dain, E-ter-nal bliss for transient pain; E-ter-nal

bliss for transient pain ; E-ter-nal

bliss for tran-sient pain.

Song XII.—*What frenzy must his soul possess.* Hoole.

Song XIII.—*To tinkling brooks, to twilight shades.* Warton.

No airs known.

Song XIV.—*Come, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we must shear.* Garrick.

Set by Mr. Michael Arne.

Come, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we must shear,

In your ho-li-day suits with your lass-es appear ; The

happiest of folk are the guile-less and free, And



who are so guile-less, so hap—py as we?



Who are so guile-less, so hap—py as we? The



hap—piest of folk are the guile-less and free,



guile-less and free, guile-less and free, And



who are so guile-less, so hap—py as we?

Song XV.—*How sacred and how innocent.* Mrs. Philips.

Song XVI.—*Through groves sequester'd, dark and still.*—
Hawkesworth.

No airs known.

Song XVII.—*Goddess of ease, leave Lethe's brink.* Smart.

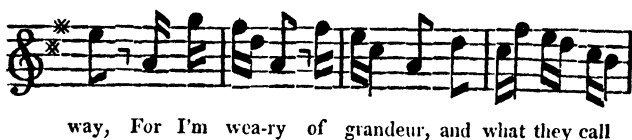
Set by Dr. Boyce.

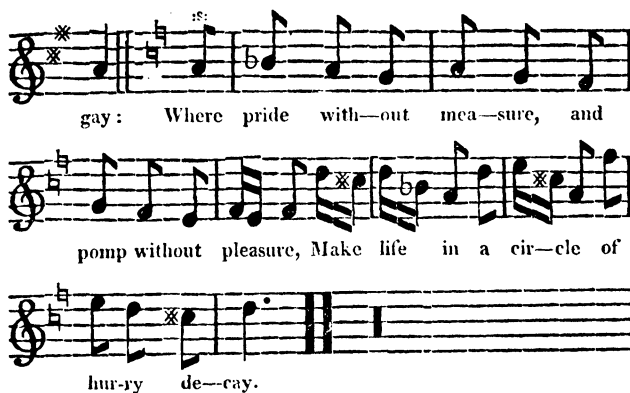




Song XVIII.—*From the court to the cottage convey me away.* Carey.

Set by the Author.





gay: Where pride with—out mea—sure, and
pomp without pleasure, Make life in a cir—cle of
hur-ry de—cay.

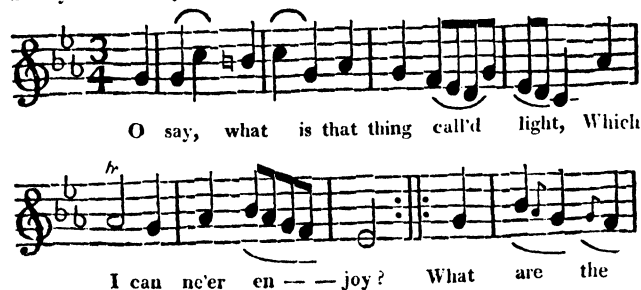
Song XIX.—*Princes that rule and empire sway.* Otway.

Song XX.—*What is th' existence of man's life.* Bp. King

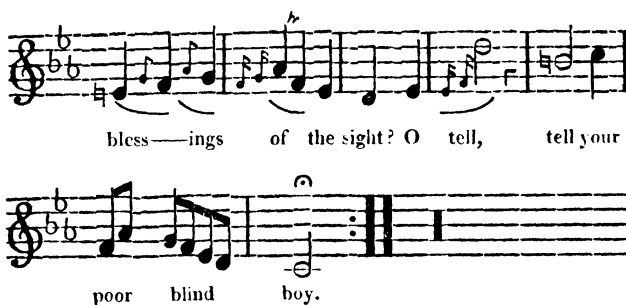
Song XXI.—*The sweet and blushing rose.* Lillo.

Song XXII.—*Man's a poor deluded bubble.* Dodsley.
No airs known.

Song XXIII.—*O say, what is that thing call'd light.* Cibber.
Set by Mr. Stanley.



O say, what is that thing call'd light, Which
I can ne'er en — — joy? What are the

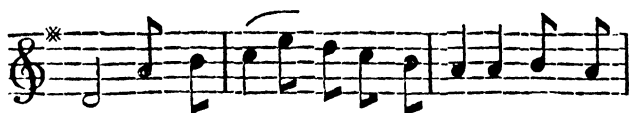


bless—ings of the sight? O tell, tell your
poor blind boy.

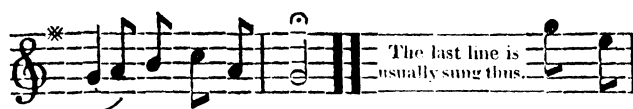
Song XXIV.—*Welcome, welcome, brother debtor.* Coffey.



Welcome, wel—come, bro—ther debtor, To this
poor but merry place; Where no hai—lif, dun, or
setter, Dare to show his frightful face. But, kind
sir, as you're a stranger, Down your garnish you must



lay, Or your coat will be in danger, You must



ei—ther strip or pay.

You must



ei—ther strip or pay.

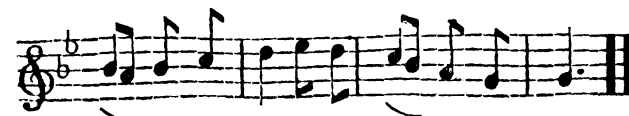
Song XXV.—*How pleasant a sailor's life passes.*



How pleasant a sailor's life passes, Who



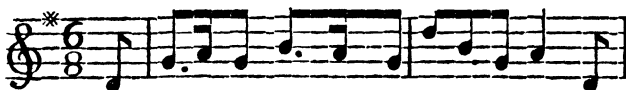
roams o'er the wa—tery main; No treasure he e—ver a-



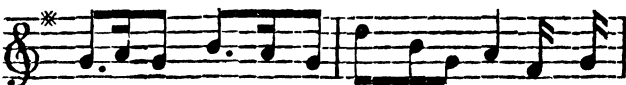
mass-es, But cheerfully spends all his gain.

Song XXVI.—*How happy a state does the miller possess.*—

Highmore.



How happy a state does the mil-ler possess, Who



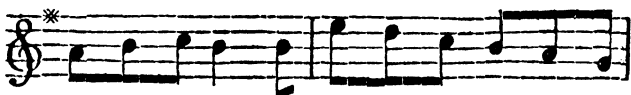
would be no greater, nor fears to be less; On his



mill and himself he depends for support, Which is



better than servilely cringing at court. What tho' he all dusty and



whiten'd does go, The more he's be-powder'd, the



more like a beau: A clown in this dress may be



ho-nest-er far, Than a cour-tier who struts in his



garter and star; Than a cour-tier who struts in his



gar-ter and star.

Song XXVII.—*The honest heart whose thoughts are clear.*

Bickerstaff.

Set to a tune of Mr. Festing.



The ho-nest heart whose thoughts are clear From



fraud, disguise and guile, Need nei-ther Fortune's



frowning fear, Nor court the har-lot's smile: The



greatness that would make us grave, Is but an emp—ty,



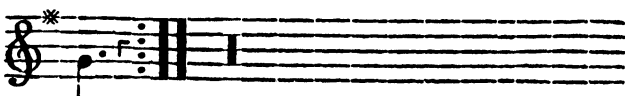
emp—ty thing ; What more than mirth would mortals have ?



What more than mirth would mor-tals have? The cheerful,



cheerful man's a king, The cheerful man's a



king.

Song XXVIII.—*If I live to grow old, as I find I go down.*

Pope.

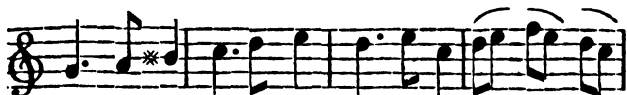
Set by Dr. Blow.



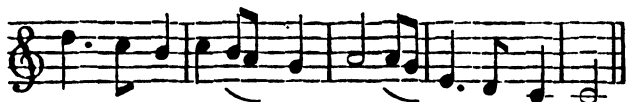
If I live to grow old, as I find I go



down, Let this be my fate: in a coun—try

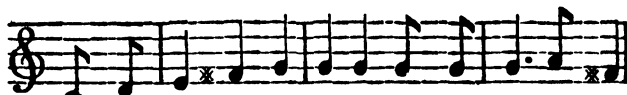


town, May I have a warm house with a stone at my

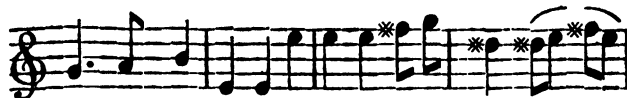


gate, And a clean-ly young girl to rub my bald pate:

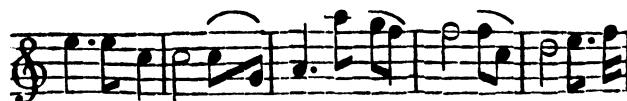
CHORUS.



May I go-vern my passion with an ab—so—lute



sway, And grow wiser and better as my strength wears a-



way, Without gout or stone, Without gout or stone, by a

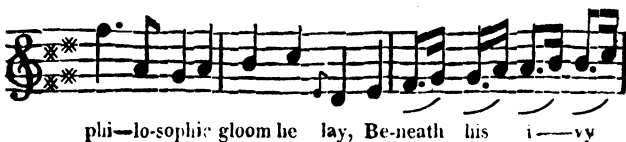
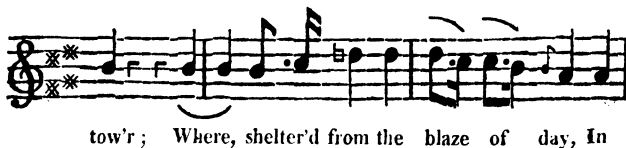


gen-tle de—cay, by a gen— — — — —



Song XXIX.—*The solitary bird of night.* Miss Carter.

Set by Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE.





bow'r; Beneath his i-vy bow'r.

Song XXX.—*Friendship, peculiar gift of heaven.* Mrs. Williams.

No air known.

Song XXXI.—*The world, my dear Myra, is full of deccit.*

Set by Mr. John Gerrard.



Mod. brisk.

The world, my dear My-ra, is full of de-



ccit, And friendship's a jew-el we seldom can



meet; How strange does it seem, that, in searching a-



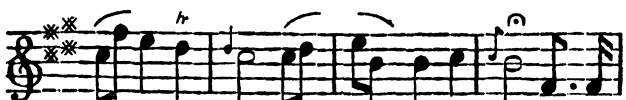
round, This source of con—tent is so rare to be



found. O friendship, thou balm, and rich



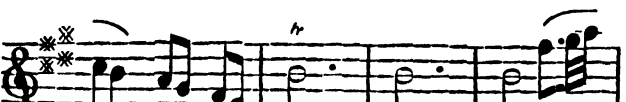
sweet-ner of life, Kind parent of ease, and com-



pos-er of strife, With-out thee, a-las! what are



rich-es and pow'r? But emp-ty de-lu-sion, the



joys of an hour — — — — —; But



emp-ty de-lu-sion, the joys of an hour.

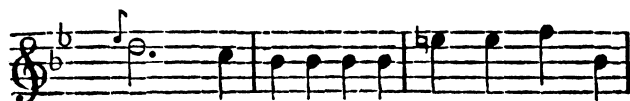
Song XXXII.—*Blow, blow, thou winter wind.* Shakspeare.

Set by Dr. Arne.

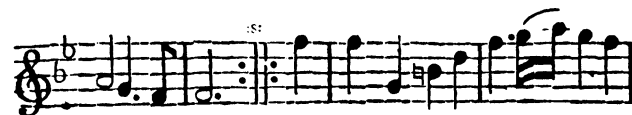


Gently.

Blow, blow, thou win-ter wind, Thou art not so un-



kind, Thou art not so un-kind, as man's in-



gra-ti-tude. Thy tooth is not so keen, Be-



cause thou art not seen; Thy tooth is not so



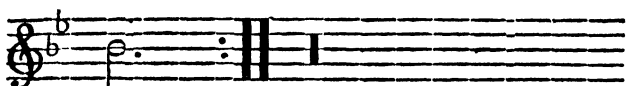
keen, Be-cause thou art not seen, Al-



though thy breath be rude; Although thy breath be



rude - -, Al—though thy breath be



rude.

Song XXXIII.—*Go soul, the body's guest.* Davison.

Air unknown.

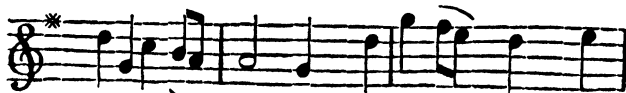
Song XXXIV.—*When this old cap was new.*

To the tune of—'Ile nere be drunk againe.'

Song XXXV.—*In good king Charles's golden days.*



In good king Charles's golden days, When



loyalty no harm meant, A zealous high-church-



man I was, And so I got pre—ferment. To



teach my flock I ne-ver mist, Kings were by God ap-



pointed! And damn'd are those that do resist, Or

CHORUS.



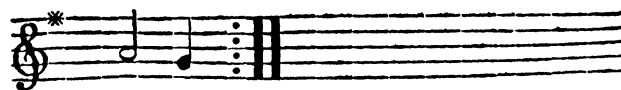
touch The Lord's A—pointed: And this is law I



will maintain, Un—til my dy-ing day, sir, That



whatso—ever king shall reign, I'll be the Vicar of



Bray, sir.

Song XXXVI. — *Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer!*—
Stevens.

See the Music to Song LXIV. in this part.

Song XXXVII.—*You gentlemen of England.*

[Set also as a glee by Dr. Calcott.]



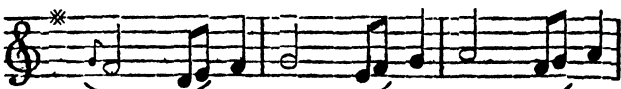
You gentlemen of England, Who live at home at



ease, How little do you think upon The dangers of the



seas: Give ear unto the mariners, And they will plainly

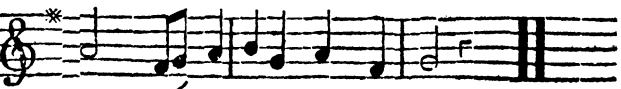


show, All the cares, and the fears, When the

CHORUS.



stormy winds do blow: All the cares, and the



fears, When the stormy winds do blow.

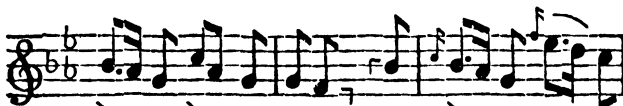
Song XXXVIII.—*The wretch condemn'd with life to part.*

Goldsmith.

Set by Mr. Hook.



The wretch condemn'd with life to part, Yet,



yet on hope re—lies; And ev'ry pang that



rends the heart, Bids ex—pec—ta—tion



rise: And ev'—ry pang that rends the heart, Bids



ex—pec—ta—tion rise.

Hope, like the gleamy



ta—per's light, Adorns and cheers our way; And



still, as darker grows the night, E—



mits a brighter ray. Hope, like the gleam—y



ta—per's light, A—dorns and cheers our way ; And



still, as dark—er grows the night, E—



mits a brighter ray ; E—mits a bright—er



ray ; E—mits a brighter ray.

Song XXXIX.—*O memory ! thou fond deceiver.* Goldsmith.

Air unknown.

Song XL.—*Gently stir and blow the fire.*

Signor Geminiani's minuet.

Gent-ly stir and blow the fire,

Lay the mutton down to roast; Dress it

quick-ly I de-sire, In the dripping

put a toast; That I hun-ger

may re-move, Mut-ton is the meat I

love.

Song XLI.—*When Orpheus went down to the regions below.*

Lisle.

Set by Dr. Boyce.



When Orpheus went down to the regions below, Which



men are for-bid-den to see ; He tun'd up his lyre as old



histories show, To set his Eury-dice free, To



set his Eu-ry-dice free. All hell was astonish'd a



per-son so wise, should rashly endanger his life, And



venture so far ; but how vast their surprise ! When they

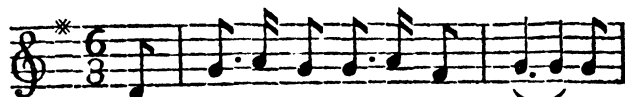


heard that he came for his wife; How vast their surprise! When they



heard that he came for his wife.

Song XLII.—*Two gossips they merrily met.*



Two gossips they merri—ly met, At



nine in the morning full soon; And they were resolv'd for a



whet, To keep their sweet voices in tune: A-



way to the tavern they went; Here, Joan, I do vow and pro-



test, That I have a crown yet un-spent ; Come,



let's have a cup of the best.

Song XLIII.—*With an old song, made by an old ancient*
pate.

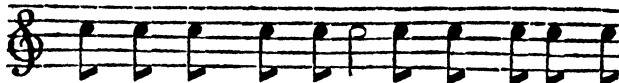
Ad libitum.



With an old song, made by an old an-cient



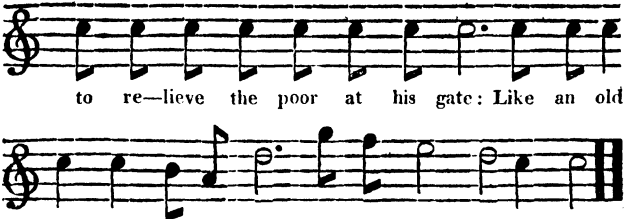
pate, Of an old wor-ship-ful gen-tle-man,



who had a great estate, Who kept an old house



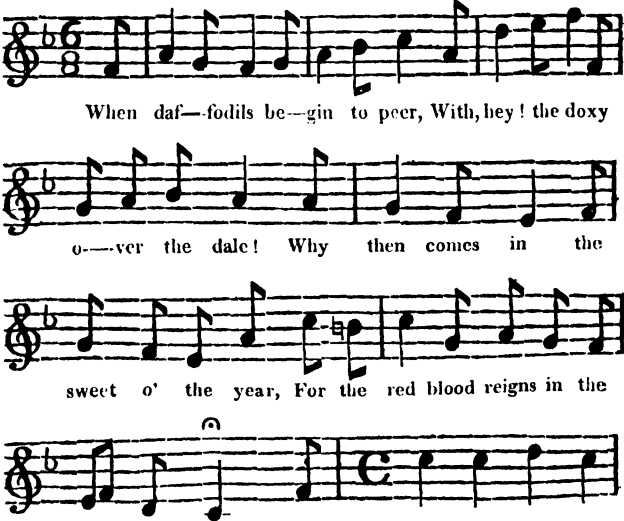
at a boun-ti-ful rate, And an old porter



to re—lieve the poor at his gate: Like an old
courtier of the queen's, And the queen's old courtier.

Song XLIV.—*When daffodils begin to peer.* Shakspeare.

This tune is not known to have been ever printed before, and was not obtained without some difficulty. The two last verses were transposed in the copy, but are here placed in their proper order.



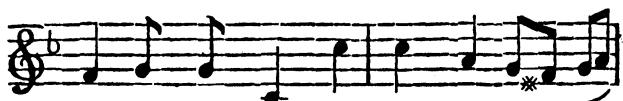
When daf—fodils be—gin to peer, With, hey! the doxy
o—ver the dale! Why then comes in the
sweet o' the year, For the red blood reigns in the
winter's pale. The white sheet bleaching



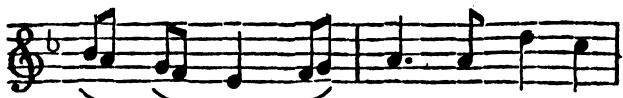
on the hedge, With, hey! the sweet birds, how they sing! Doth



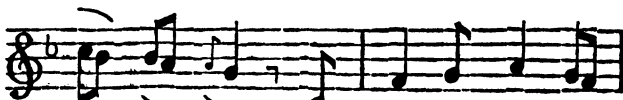
set my pug-ging tooth on edge, For a quart of ale is a



dish for a king: The white sheet bleach-ing



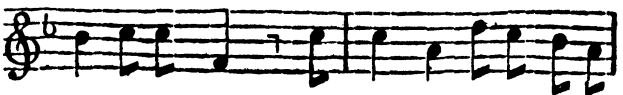
on the hedge, With, hey! the sweet birds,



how they sing! Doth set my pug-ging



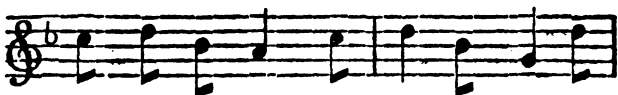
tooth on edge, For a quart of ale is a



dish for a king. The lark, that tir-ra lir-ra,



tir-ra lir-ra chaunts, With, hey! with, hey! the



thrush and the jay! Are summer songs for



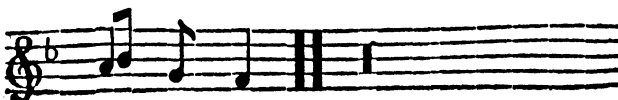
me and my aunts, As we lie tumbling



in the hay; As we lie tum—bling



tumbling, tumbling, As we lie tum—bling



in the hay.

Song XLV.—*When daisies pied, and violets blue.* Shak-
speare.

Set by Dr. Arne.



Allegro non troppo.

When daisies pied, and violets blue, And



lady-smocks all silver white, And cuckow-buds of



yellow hue, Do paint the meadows with delight, The



cuckow, then, on ev'ry tree, Mocks marry'd men,



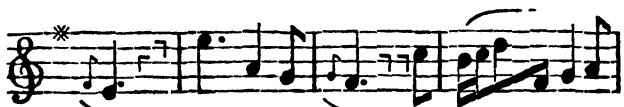
mocks marry'd men, mocks marry'd men, for thus sings he :



Cuckow, cuckow, cuckow, cuckow,



cuckow, cuckow; — — O word of



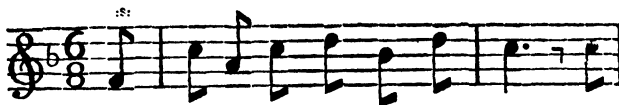
fear! O word of fear! Un-pleasing to a



marry'd ear, Un-pleasing to a marry'd ear.

Song XLVI.—*When icicles hang on the wall.* Shakspeare.

Set by Dr. Arne.

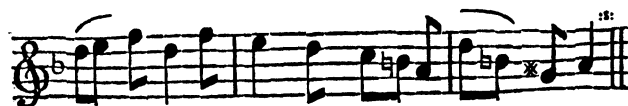


Poco allegro.

When ici—cles hang on the wall, And



Dick the shepherd blows his nail, And Tom bears logs in-



to the hall, And milk comes fro-zen home in pail;

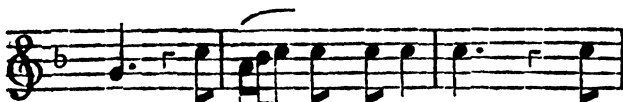
Song XLVII.—*Under the green-wood tree.* Shakspeare.

[This has been also set as a glee for three voices, by Mrs. Park.]

Set by Dr. Arne.

*Non troppo allegro.*

Under the green-wood tree, Who loves to lie with



me, And tune his merry note, his



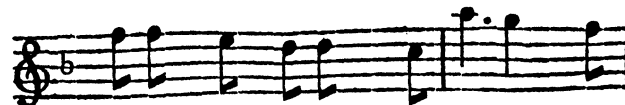
merry, merry note, Unto the sweet bird's throat; And



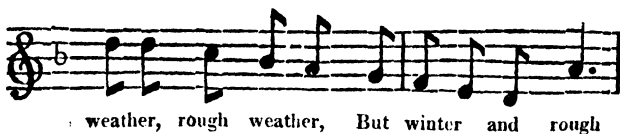
tune his merry note, Un—to the sweet bird's



throat; Come hither, hither, come



hither, come hither, come hither, come





loves to lie with me, And tune his merry



note Unto the sweet bird's throat ; And tune his mer-ry



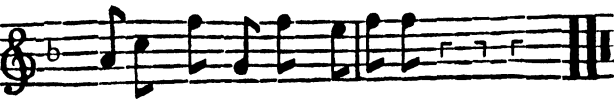
note Unto the sweet bird's throat ; Come hither,



hither, hither, hither, Come



hither, come hither, come hither, come hither, come



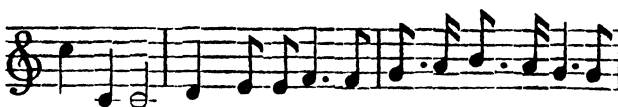
hither, come hither, come hither.

Song XLVIII.—*Forth from my dark and dismal cell.*

Set by Mr. Purcell.



Forth from my dark and dismal cell, Or from the deep a-



byss of hell, Mad Tom is come to view the world again, To



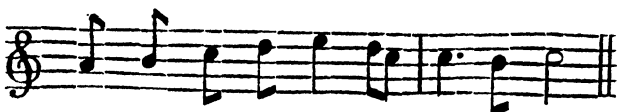
see if he can cure his distemper'd brain. Fears and cares op-



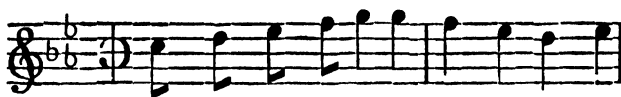
press my soul; Hark! how the an-gry Furies howl:



Pluto laughs, and Pro-ser-pine is glad, To



see poor an-gry Tom of Bed-lam mad.



Through the world I wander, night and day, To



find my straggling senses; In an angry mood I



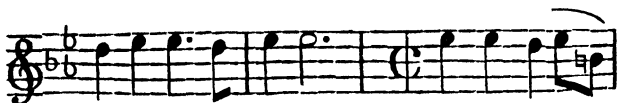
met old Time, With his pentateuch of tenses, When



me he spies, A—way he flies, For Time will stay for



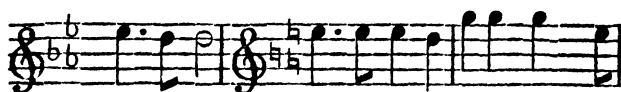
no man; In vain, with cries, I rend the skies, For



pi—ty is not common, Cold and comfort—



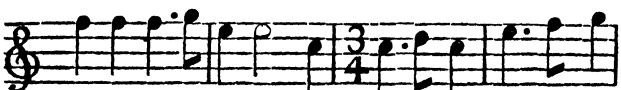
less I lie, Help, help, oh help! or



else I die. Hark! I hear A-pollo's team, The



carman 'gins to whistle; Chaste Diana bends her bow, And the



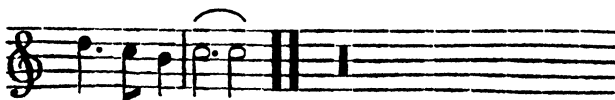
boar begins to bristle. Come, Vulcan, with tools and with



tackles, To knock off my troublesome shackles; Bid



Charles make rea—dy his wain, To bring me my



sens—es a—gain.

Song XLIX. — *Come, shepherds, let's follow the hearse,—*
Cunningham.

No air of merit has been met with. But *quære* if it were not set by
Dr. Alcock of Litchfield?

Song L.—*Sleep, sleep, poor youth; sleep, sleep in peace.*—

D'Urfey.

This air has not been found.

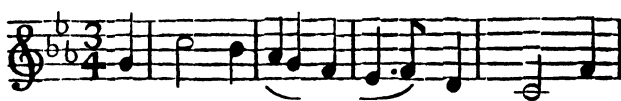
Song LI.—*How sleep the brave, who sink to rest.* Collins.

Has only been set as a glee.

Song LII.—*To fair Fidele's grassy tomb.* Collins.

[Composed as a glee for four voices by Mrs. Park.]

Set by Dr. Arne.



To fair Fi—de—le's grass—y tomb, Soft



maids and village hinds shall bring Each op'ning



sweet of earliest bloom, And ri—fle all the



breath—ing spring.

Song LIH.—*Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream.*

Garrick.

Set by Dr. Arne.

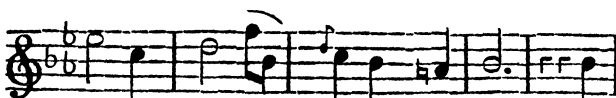


Larghetto.

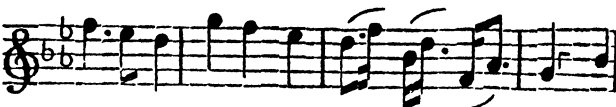
Thou soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream, Of



things more than mortal, thy Shakspeare would dream, would



dream, would dream, thy Shakspeare would dream: The



fairies, by moonlight, dance round the green bed, For



hallow'd the turf is, which pil-low'd his head: The



fairies, by moonlight, dance round the green bed, For

hallow'd the turf is, which pil-low'd his
head.

Song LIV.—*Oft I've implor'd the gods in vain.* Mrs. Gre-
ville.

Has been set as a Cantata.

Song LV.—*Come, follow, follow me.*

Come, follow, follow me, Ye fairy-elves that
be Light trip-ping o'er the green; Come
follow Mab your queen: Hand in hand we'll dance around;
For this place is fairy ground.

Song LVI.—*Lo ! here, beneath this hallow'd shade.*

No air known.

Song LVII.—*From Oberon, in Fairy-land.*

[This has been set as a glee by Stevens.]

Tune is—'Dulcina.'*



From Oberon, in Fairy-land, The king of ghosts and



shadows there, Mad Robin I, at his command, Am



sent to view the night-sports here; What revel rout is



kept about, In ev'ry cor-ner where I go, I will o'ersee and



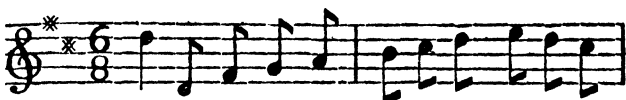
mer-ry be, And make good sport, with ho ! ho ! ho !

* This Song, which is very old, may be seen in Percy's collection.

Song LVIII.—*Happy insect, what can be.* Cowley.

No air known, worth inserting.

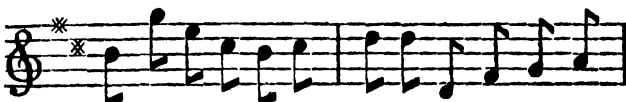
Song LIX.—*Songs of shepherds, in rustical roundelays.*



Songs of shepherds, in rust-i-cal roundelays,



Form'd in fancy, and whistled on reeds, Sung to solace young



nymphs upon holidays, Are too un—worth-y for



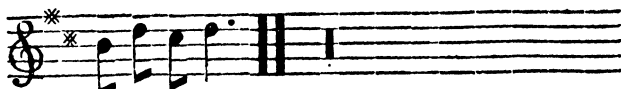
wonderful deeds. Sot-tish Silenus, To Phœbus the genius, Was



sent by dame Venus, a song to prepare, In pluras nicely coin'd,



And verse quite re-fin'd, How the states divine



hunted the hare.

Song LX.—*Hark ! hark ! jolly sportsmen, a while to my tale.*



Hark ! hark ! jol-ly sportsmen, a while to my tale, To



pay your attention I'm sure it can't fail: 'Tis of



lads, and of hors—es, and dogs that ne'er tire, O'er



stone walls and hedges, through dale, bog and briar : A



pack of such hounds, and a set of such men, 'Tis a



shrewd chance if ever you meet with again ; Had



Nimrod, the mightiest of hunters, been there ; 'Fore



gad, he had shook like an as—pen, for fear.

Song LXI.—*Who has e'er been at Paris must needs know the Grève. Prior.*



Who has e'er been at Pa—ris must



needs know the Grève, The fa—tal re-treat of th'un-



for—tu-nate brave ; Where ho—nour and justice most

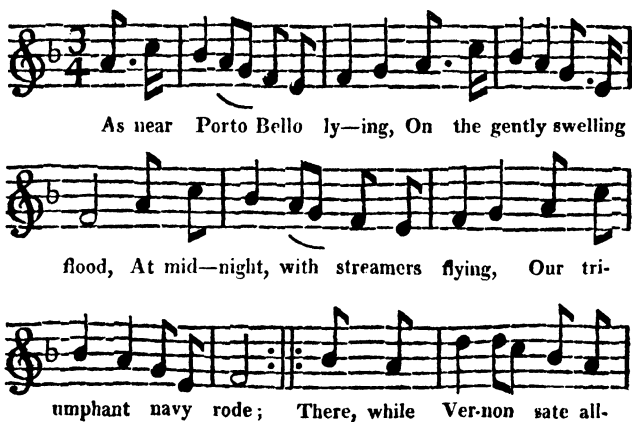


odd—ly con-tribute To ease heroes' pains by a
hal—ter and gib—bet. Der—ry down, down,
hey derry down.

Song LXII.—*In Tyburn-road a man there liv'd.*

May be sung to the 'Children in the wood,' (See the music,
Part I. Class III. Song XLI.)

Song LXIII.—*As near Porto-Bello lying.* Glover.



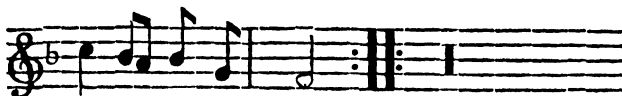
As near Porto Bello ly—ing, On the gently swelling
flood, At mid—night, with streamers flying, Our tri—
umphant navy rode; There, while Ver-non sate all—



glorious, From the Spaniards late de—feat, And his



crews, with shouts vic—to—ri—ous, Drank suc—



cess to England's fleet.

Song LXIV.—*The muse and the hero together are fir'd.*

Set by Mr. Oswald.



The muse and the hero together are fir'd, The



same noble views have their bo—soms in—spir'd; As



free—dom they love, and for glo—ry con—tend, The



muse o'er the he—ro still mourns as a friend; And



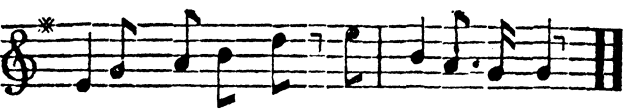
here let the muse her poor tri—bute bequeath To



one Brit—ish he—ro, 'tis brave cap—tain Death; 'Tis



brave cap—tain Death, 'tis brave captain Death; To



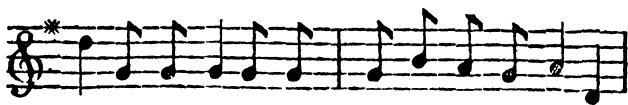
one Bri—tish he—ro, 'tis brave captain Death.

Song LXV.—*Thursday in the morn, the ides of May.*

Set by Mr. Ackeroide.



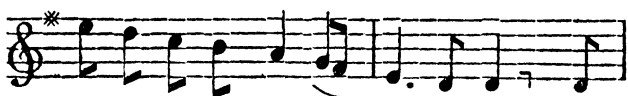
Thursday in the morn, the ides of May, Re-



corded for e-ver the fa-mous nine-ty two, Brave



Rus-sel did dis-cern, by dawn of day, The



loft-y sails of France ad-vanc-ing now: All



hands a-loft, a-loft, let English valour shine, Let



fly a cul-ve-rin, the signal of the line; Let



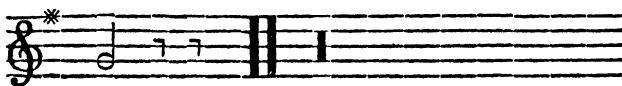
every hand sup-ply his gun; Follow me, And you'll



see, That the bat-tle will be soon be-gun: Fol-low



me, And you'll see That the battle will be soon be-



gun.

Song LXVI.—*Through many a land and clime a ranger.*

Mrs. Barbould.

To the tune of—'Poor Tom,' by Mr. Dibdin.

Song LXVII.—*The loud wind roar'd.* Duchess of Devonshire.

This has been characteristically set by Mr. Ferrari.

Song LXVIII.—*Woman, dear woman.*

Song LXIX.—*Say, sweet carol, who are they?* Miss J. Baillie.

Song LXX.—*I hate that drum's discordant sound.* J. Scott.

This has been set as a song by Mrs. William Carr, and by Mrs. Park. That of the former is published : the latter is too long for publication here.

Song LXXI.—*What are outward forms and shows.* Bicker-
staff.

See music in the 'Maid of the Mill.'

Song LXXII.—*In the down-hill of life.* Collins.

Song LXXIII.—*Let Spain's proud traders.* Dr. Watts.

Song LXXIV.—*With any so happy, in this happy nation.*—
Plumptre.

Song LXXV.—*Yes, once more that dying strain.* H. K.
White.

Song LXXVI.—*If those who live in shepherd's bower.*—
Thomson.

See music in the 'Masque of Alfred.'

Song LXXVII.—*'Tis not wealth, it is not birth.* Bicker-
staff.

See the opera of 'Love in a Village.'

Song LXXVIII.—*Tell me on what holy ground.* Coleridge.

Song LXXIX.—*The rose had been wash'd.* Cowper.

Set and published by Dr. Crotch; who displays one of those few
germs of genius which has borne fruit beyond its early promise.

Song LXXX.—*When my hand thus I proffer.* Plumptre.

Song LXXXI.—*While happy in my native land.*

Song LXXXII.—*Ye mariners of England.* Campbell.

To the tune of 'Ye gentlemen of England,' printed at p. 274.

Song LXXXIII.—*Toll for the brave.* Cowper.

Adapted by the poet to the March in Scipio, by Handel.

Song LXXXIV.—*Toll for the brave.* M. C. Park.

Set by M. H. Park, and published.

Song LXXXV.—*O for the death of those.* Montgomery.

Song LXXXVI.—*Ye spotted snakes.* Shakspeare.

Set by Smith, Handel's scholar.

Song LXXXVII.—*In the sightless air I dwell.* Mrs. Radcliffe.

Set by Percy.

Song LXXXVIII.—*Down, down, a thousand fathom deep.*

By the same.

Set by Percy, and sung at the Society of Harmonists.

Song LXXXIX.—*Nor blazing gems, nor silken sheen.*

Set by Danby, as a glee for four voices.

Song XC.—*Life's like a ship, in constant motion.*

Set by Carey.

Song XCI.—*As now the shades of eve imbrown.*

Set by Dr. Cooke, as a glee for four voices.

Song XCII.—*As o'er the varied meads I stray.*

Set by Webbe, as a glee for three voices.

Song XCIII.—*Blow, warder, blow thy sounding horn.*

Set as a glee for three voices, by Dr. Callcott.

Song XCIV.—*When 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come.*

R. B. Sheridan, Esq.

Set by Mr. Linley.

Song XCV.—*When Britain, on her sea-girt shore.*

Set by Dr. Arne, as a glee for three voices.



AIRS.

PART THE FOURTH.

Ancient Ballads.

Ballad I.—*Lord Thomas he was a bold forestèr.*

To a pleasant tune called—‘Lord Thomas, &c.’

Ballad II.—*As it fell out upon a day.*

The notes of the tune, or tunes, to these two ballads have not been discovered.

Ballad III.—*You dainty dames so finely fram’d.*

To the tune of—‘The Lady’s Fall.’ See below.

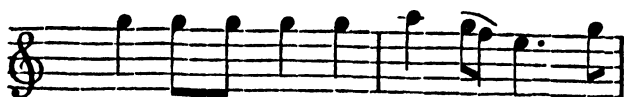
Ballad IV.—*When Troy town, for ten years wars.*



When Troy town, for ten years wars, With-



stood the Greeks in man—ful wise,



Then did their foes en—crease so fast, 'That



to re—sist none could suf—fice :



Waste lie those walls that were so good, And



corn now grows where 'Troy town stood.

Ballad V.—*Will you hear a Spanish lady.*

'To a pleasant new tune.' Not known.

Ballad VI.—*Mark well my heavy doleful tale.*

'To the tune of—'In Pescod time, &c.' This is presumed to be the same air with that of the 'Children in the Wood.'

Ballad VII.—*As it fell out on a high holiday.*

'To an excellent new tune.' The same perhaps, with that of one or both of the two first Ballads.

Ballad VIII.—*When as King Henry rul'd this land.*

The tune is, most probably either that of—'The Lady's Fall,' or that of 'Chevy Chase.'

Ballad IX.—*If Rosamond, that was so fair.*

'To the tune of, Live with me, &c.' See the first air to Song LI. Class V. Part I. The burden would only be a repetition of the latter part of the tune.

Ballad X.—*There was a youth, and a well beloved youth.*

Air not known.

Ballad XI.—*In the days of old.*

'To the tune of, Crimson Velvet.'

Ballad XII.—*You beauteous ladies great and small.*

'To the tune of, Flora's Farewell: or, Summer-time; or, Love's Tide.'

Ballad XIII.—*Now ponder well, you parents dear.*

'To the tune of, Rogero, &c.' See the Music, Part I. Class III. Song XLI.

Ballad XIV.—*All youths of fair England.*

'To the tune of, The Merchant.'

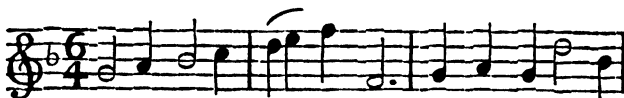
Ballad XV.—*Henry, our royal king, would ride a hunting.*

‘ To the tune of, The French Lavalto, &c.’

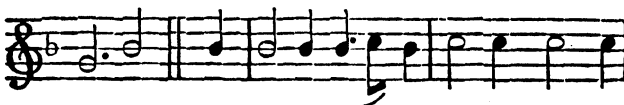
Ballad XVI.—*I’ll tell you a story, a story, anon.*

‘ To the tune of, The King and Lord Abbot.’ See this tune, though in a more modern and refined state, before. (Song LXI. Part III.)

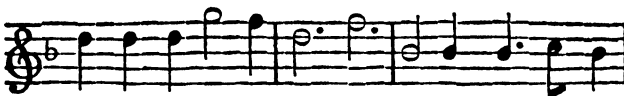
Ballad XVII.—*Cold and raw the North did blow.*



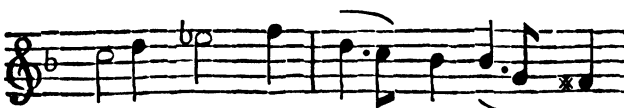
Cold and raw the North did blow, Bleak in the morning
All the hills were cover'd with snow, Cover'd with winter



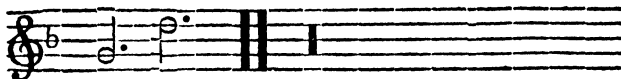
ear—ly ; As I was rid—ing o'er the slough I
year—ly ;



met with a farmer's daughter ; Ros-y cheeks and a



bonny brow ; Good faith, my mouth did



wa—ter.

Ballad XVIII.—*When Arthur first in court began.*

‘To the tune of, Flying Fame.’ The same with ‘Chevy Chase,’ and a most favourite melody with the old ballad-makers. See the last air of this part.

Ballad XIX.—*Was ever knight for lady’s sake.*

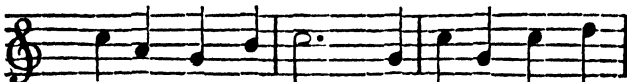
‘Tune, Was ever man, &c.’

Ballad XX.—*Of a worthy London prentice.*

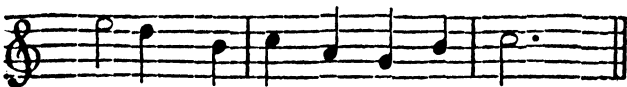
‘To the tune of, All you that love good fellows, &c.’



Of a worthy Lon—don pren—tice My



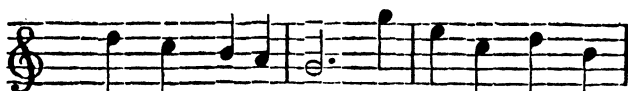
purpose is to speak, And of his brave ad—



ventures Done for his country’s sake:



Seek all the world a—bout, And



you shall hardly find A man in va—lour



to exceed A prentice' gallant mind.

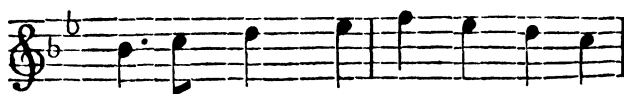
Ballad XXI.—*Old stories tell how Hercules.*



Old sto—ries tell, how Her—cules A



dragon slew at Lerna, With se—ven heads and



four—teen eyes, To see and well dis—



cern—a, But he had a club This



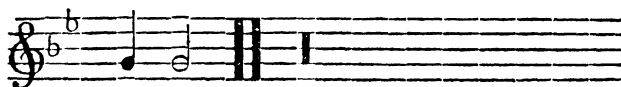
dragon to drub, Or he had ne'er done't, I



warr'nt ye; But More of More-hall, With



nothing at all, He slew the dragon of



Want—ley.

Ballad XXII.—*When Flora with her fragrant flowers.*

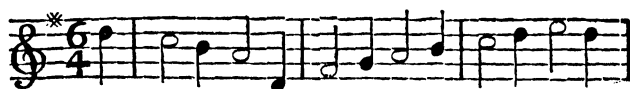
To the tune of—'Come follow my Love.'

Ballad XXIII.—*Is there never a man in all Scotland.*

'To a pretty new Northern tune.'

Ballad XXIV.—*God prosper long our noble king.*

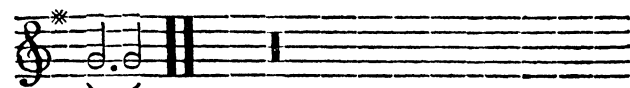
‘Tune—Flying Fame.’



God prosper long our noble king, Our lives and safeties



all, A woeful hunting once there did In Chevy-chase be-



fall.

Ballad XXV.—*When England's fame did ring.*

Ballad XXVI.—*A merchant of great riches dwelt. Munday.*

To a tune called—‘*Prima Visto.*’

Ballad XXVII.—*Farewell rewards and fairies. Corbet.*

To the tune of—‘Fortune’ or ‘The Meddow Brow.’

Ballad XXVIII.—*In woeful wise my song shall rise. Walter Scott.*

END OF THE MUSIC.

INDEX.

I N D E X.

VOLUME I.

PART I.

Love-Songs.

N. B. The songs and ballads marked in these indexes with an asterism are those of which the third volume contains the musical airs.

A BLESSING unknown to ambition and pride, Page 92

* A cobbler there was, and he liv'd in a stall, 164

* A courting I went to my love, 157

A maxim this, amongst the wise, 106

Ah! blame me not, if no despair, 17

Ah, Chloris! could I now but sit, 1

Ah! credit not the rival swain, 175

* Ah! cruel maid, how hast thou chang'd, 87

* Ah, Damon, dear shepherd, adieu, 70

* Ah, false Amyntas! can that hour, 186

* Ah! gaze not on those eyes! forbear, 5

* Ah! how sweet it is to love, 98

* Ah! stay; ah! turn; ah! whither would you fly, 83

* Ah! why must words my flame reveal, 181

* Alexis shunn'd his fellow swains, 74

* All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, 250

* All my past life is mine no more, 271

* Almeria's face, her shape, her air, 4

Are ye fair as opening roses, 94

* As Amoret with Phillis sat, 177

As he lay in the plain, his arm under his head, 212

* Ask me not how calmly I, 97

Ask me no more, where Jove bestows, 91

* Away! let nought to love displeasing, 281

* Away with these self-loving lads, 131

* BE still, O ye winds, and attentive, ye swains, 261

Behold, my fair, where'er we rove, 275

Belinda, see from yonder flow'rs, 123

* Bless'd as th' immortal gods is he, 224

VOL. III.

T T

- Blow high, blow low, 291
 * Boast not, mistaken swain, thy art, 184
 Boast not to me the charms that grace, 173
 * By my sighs you may discover, 190
 * CAN love be controul'd by advice, 272
 Cease to blame my melancholy, 222
 Child of summer, lovely rose, 288
 Chloris, 'twill be for either's rest, 133
 * Come, all ye youths whose hearts e'er bled, 66
 * Come, Chloe, and give me sweet kisses, 253
 * Come, dear Amanda, quit the town, 258
 Come, dear Pastora, come-away ! 256
 Come here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be, 104
 Come, let us now resolve at last, 130
 Come listen to my mournful tale, 80
 * Come live with me, and be my love, 263
 * Come thou rosy-dimpled boy, 96
 Could you guess, for I ill can repeat, 28
 DEAR Chloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face, 147
 * Dear Chloe, while thus beyond measure, 277
 * Dear Colin, prevent my warm blushes, 179
 Defend my heart, benignant pow'rs, 193
 Dejected as true converts die, 213
 * Despairing beside a clear stream, 64
 Distress me with those tears no more, 290
 Distracted with care, 158
 Does pity give though fate denies, 201
 * Drink to me only with thine eyes, 194
 ERE Henry embark'd, 202
 FAIN would you ease my troubled heart, 15
 * Fair Iris I love, and hourly I die, 134
 * Fairest isle, all isles excelling, 95
 Fairest of thy sex, and best, 27
 False though she be to me and love, 130
 Forgive me if I do not trust, 171
 * For me my fair a wreath has wove, 221
 * Freedom is a real treasure, 111
 From all uneasy passions free, 228
 * From place to place forlorn I go, 179
 * From sweet bewitching tricks of love, 112
 From the dwelling of the widower, 302
 * GENTLE Love, this hour befriend me, 52
 Give me more love, or more disdain, 137
 Go lovely rose, 23
 Good morrow to the day so fair, 204
 * Go, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace, 25
 * Go tell Amynta, gentle swain, 31
 * Grim king of the ghosts, make haste, 67

- * HAIL to the myrtle shade, 257
- Happy the world in that blest age, 119
- Hard by the hall, our master's house, 76
- * Hark! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb, 71
- Hast thou escap'd the cannon's ire, 302
- Haste, my rein-deer, and let us nimbly go, 259
- He that loves a rosy cheek, 121
- Honest lover whatsoever, 101
- * How bless'd has my time been, what joys have I known, 279
- * How gentle was my Damon's air, 54
- How hardiy I conceal'd my tears, 183
- How oft, Louisa, hast thou said, 293
- How much superior beauty awes, 90
- How sweet thy modest light to view, 205
- How yonder ivy courts the oak, 199
- I CANNOT change as others do, 33
- I did but look and love awhile, 4
- I grant, a thousand oaths I swore, 150
- I heard the evening linnet's voice, 200
- * I lik'd, but never lov'd before, 10
- * I'll range around the shady bowers, 44
- I love, I dote, I rave with pain, 47
- I love thee, maiden, truly love, 296
- * I love thee, by heavens, I cannot say more, 135
- I'm not one of your fops, who, to please a ccy lass, 136
- I never saw a face till now, 11
- * I smile at Love, and all his arts, 8
- * I told my nymph, I told her true, 216
- * If all that I love is her face, 85
- If guardian pow'rs preside above, 89
- If all the world and love were young, 265
- If Cupid once the mind possess, 182
- If in that breast, so good, so pure, 29
- If Love and Reason ne'er agree, 180
- If love be life, I long to die, 137
- * If 'tis joy to wound a lover, 131
- If 'tis love to wish you near, 196
- I know you false, I know you vain, 170
- If wine and music have the pow'r, 237
- In Chloris all soft charms agree, 125
- In either eye a lingering tear, 299
- * In love should there meet a fond pair, 280
- * In the merry month of May, 270
- In the time of bloom and beauty, 293
- * In vain, dear Chloe, you suggest, 145
- * In vain, Philander, at my feet, 192
- * In vain you tell your parting lover, 14

- I pry thee send me back my heart, 118
 It is not, Celia, in our pow'r, 276
 * It is not that I love you less, 124
 It was to smiles I did surrender, 171
 I wonder if her heart be still, 172
 KNOW, Celia, (since thou art so proud) 127
 LET not Love on me bestow, 136
 Let the ambitious ever find, 223
 * Love's a dream of mighty treasure, 110
 * Love's a gentle gen'rous passion, 100
 Love's no irregular desire, 99
 Lucy, I think not of thy beauty, 116
 MARGARITA first possess'd, 151
 Mary, I believ'd thee true, 168
 Mild breeze, when thou shalt fan my fair, 203
 * Mistaken fair, lay Sherlock by, 25
 * My banks they are furnish'd with bees, 58
 * My days have been so wond'rous free, 209
 * My dear mistress has a heart, 244
 * My goddess Lydia, heav'nly fair, 225
 My love was fickle, once, and changing, 10
 My name is honest Harry, 159
 * My passion is as mustard strong, 161
 * My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent, 49
 * NO more of my Harriot, of Polly no more, 215
 Not, Celia, that I juster am, 234
 Not the soft sighs of vernal gales, 235
 * O HAD I been by fate decreed, 217
 * O Nancy, wit thou go with me, 255
 * O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare, 269
 * Of all the girls that are so smart, 248
 * Of all the torments, all the cares, 38
 Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair, 77
 * Oft on the troubled ocean's face, 109
 Oh! ever in my bosom live, 93
 Oh! forbear to bid me slight her, 6
 Oh! Henry, didst thou know the heart, 197
 Oh! how vain is every blessing, 101
 Oh! talk not to me, 90
 * Old Chaucer once to this re-echoing grove, 113
 On Belvidera's bosom lying, 226
 * On the brow of a hill a young shepherdess dwelt, 187
 * Once more I'll tune the vocal shell, 229
 Once and thine alone I blame, 172
 Once more Love's mighty charms are broke, 129
 * One night when all the village slept, 69
 * Over the mountains, 107
 PHILLIS, men say that all my vows, 215

REMEMBER me while far away, 168

* SAW you the nymph whom I adore? 21

Say, lovely dream, where couldst thou find, 45

* Say, mighty Love, and teach my song, 284

* Say, Myra, why is gentle love, 14

* Send back my long stray'd eyes to me, 87

Shall I, like an hermit, dwell, 140

Shall I, wasting in despair, 138

* She whom above myself I prize, 84

Should some perverse malignant star, 146

Should the rude hand of care, 295

* Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more, 191

Sighing and languishing I lay, 214

* Stella and Flavia, ev'ry hour, 211

* Stella, darling of the muses, 210

Still to be neat, still to be drest, 166

* Sweet are the banks when spring perfumes, 220

* Sweet are the charms of her I love, 207

Sweet maid, I hear thy frequent sigh, 169

TAKE, oh! take, those lips away, 23

Tell me, Damon, dost thou languish, 103

Tell me no more how fair she is, 21

Tell me not I my time misspend, 219

Tell me, thou soul of her I love, 92

* That Jenny's my friend, my delight, and my pride, 278

That which her slender waist confin'd, 222

* The bird that hears her nestlings cry, 227

The charms which blooming beauty shows, 269

The flame of love assuages, 109

* The gentle swan with graceful pride, 236

* The heavy hours are almost past, 37

The lover in melodious verses, 173

* The merchant to secure his treasure, 144

* The nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind, 22

The shape alone let others prize, 212

* The silver moon's enamour'd beam, 230

* The silver rain, the pearly dew, 29

* The sun was sunk beneath the hill, 46

The tears I shed must ever fall, 194

* The western sky was purpled o'er, 232

* Think not, my love, when secret grief, 85

* Thou rising sun, whose gladsome ray, 252

* Though cruel you seem to my pain, 40

Though Celia on the flowery mead, 175

Though, Flavia, to my warm desire, 123

Though I am young, 167

* Though winter its desolate train, 273

* Thus Kitty, beautiful and young, 240

* Thy fav'rite bird is soaring still, 297

- 'Tis not your saying that you love, 30
 'Tis now since I sat down before, 142
 * To all you ladies now at land, 34
 * To be gazing on those charms, 226
 * To melancholy thoughts a prey, 33, 88
 * To the brook and the willow that heard him complain, 52
 * Tom loves Mary passing well, 154
 * Too plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes, 185
 * 'Twas when the seas were roaring, 73
 VAIN are the charms of white and red, 122
 * Vain is ev'ry fond endeavour, 191
 * Waft me, some soft and cooling breeze, 253
 * We all to conquering beauty bow, 218
 * Well met, pretty nymph, says a jolly young swain, 155
 What fury does disturb my rest, 41
 What state of life can be so blest, 41
 When charming Teraminta sings, 259
 Whence comes my love? 165
 * When Damon languish'd at my feet, 187
 * When Delia on the plain appears, 211
 When every voice of rapture woos, 296
 When fair Serena first I knew, 27
 * When first I fair Celinda knew, 26
 * When first I saw thee graceful move, 3
 * When first upon your tender cheek, 2
 When gentle Celia first I knew, 148
 * When here, Lucinda, first we came, 260
 * When innocence and beauty meet, 243
 When lovely woman stoops to folly, 189
 When Phillis watch'd her harmless sheep, 178
 When the first dawn, 294
 * When the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen, 267
 When youth, my Celia's in the prime, 273
 Where the light cannot pierce, in a grove of tall trees, 266
 * While from my looks, fair nymph, you guess, 6
 While for men the women fair, 120
 Whilst I am scorch'd with hot desire, 30
 Whilst on those lovely looks I gaze, 9
 White as her hand, fair Julia threw, 7
 * Why, cruel creature, why so bent, 45
 * Why, Delia, ever when I gaze, 16
 * Why d'y'e with such disdain refuse, 128
 Why so pale and wan, fond lover, 141
 Why we love and why we hate, 154
 Why will Florella, when I gaze, 13
 * Why will you my passion reprove, 60
 Within this faithful bosom lies, 292
 With women I have pass'd my days, 12
 Wrong not, sweet mistress of my heart, 18

- Would you with her you love be blest, 115
 Would you choose a wife, for a happy life, 117
 * YE belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things, 286
 * Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore, 282
 * Ye fair possess'd of every charm, 283
 * Ye happy swains, whose hearts are free, 111
 * Ye little Loves that round her wait, 142
 * Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay, 62
 * Ye shepherds so cheerful and gay, 56
 * Ye virgin pow'rs, defend my heart, 189
 Yes, Daphne, in your face I find, 125
 Yes, fairest proof of beauty's pow'r, 39
 Yes, Mary-Ann, I freely grant, 200
 * Yes, I'm in love, I feel it now, 246
 Yes, thou art chang'd since first we met, 301
 Yes, my fair, to thee belong, 292
 You may cease to complain, 19
 * You say, at your feet I have wept in despair, 126
 You tell me I'm handsome, 198

I N D E X.

VOLUME II.

PART II.

Drinking-Songs.

- A** BOOK, a friend, a song, a glass, 7
Adieu, ye jovial youths, who join, 83
* As swift as time put round the glass, 18
* BACCHUS must now his power resign, 47
Backe and side go bare, 77
Better our heads than hearts should ache, 2
* Bid me, when forty winters more, 10
* Busy, curious, thirsty fly, 19
* By the gayly circling glass, 42
CARE thou canker of our joys, 93
* Come, come, my hearts of gold, 59
Come fill me a glass, fill it high, 35
* Come now, all ye social powers, 12
* Cupid no more shall give me grief, 34
* DEAR Tom, this brown jug, that now foams with mild ale, 72
* Diogenes surly and proud, 37
* EVERY man take his glass in his hand, 23
* FILL me a bowl, a mighty bowl, 44
* GAY Bacchus, liking Estcourt's wine, 52
* Give me but a friend and a glass, boys, 9
* God prosper long from being broke, 55
* HAD Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea, 25
* Hence with cares, complaints and frowning, 87
* How stands the glass around, 84
* I am the king and prince of drinkers, 48
* I cannot eat but lytle meat, 77
* If gold could lengthen life, I swear, 14
I have been in love, and in debt, and in drink, 80
In the social enjoyments of life let me live, 92
* JOLLY mortals, fill your glasses, 17
LET care be a stranger to each jovial soul, 94
* Let the waiter bring clean glasses, 93

- Let soldiers fight for pay and praise, 46
- * Let us drink and be merry, 15
- * Let's be jovial, fill our glasses, 22
- Listen all, I pray, 31
- MORTALS, learn your lives to measure, 21
- * My temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine, 61
- NOT drunken, nor sober, but neighbour to both, 63
- * Now Phœbus sinketh in the west, 41
- * OLD Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles, 21
- PHO! pox o' this nonsense, I prithee give o'er, 1
- * Preach not to me your musty rules, 11
- * RAIL no more, ye learned asses, 36
- * SAYS Plato, why should man be vain, 3
- * She tells me, with claret she cannot agree, 5
- * Some say, women are like the seas, 3
- * THE festive board was met, the social band, 86
- * The man that is drunk is void of all care, 50
- The thirsty earth drinks up the rain, 26
- * The women all tell me I'm false to my lass, 3
- * This bottle's the sun of our table, 42
- * UPBRAID me not, capricious fair, 81
- * VULCAN, contrive me such a cup, 43
- WHAT dreaming drone was ever blest, 89
- * What Cato advises, most certainly wise is, 13
- When Bacchus, jolly god, invites, 87
- Whene'er the gods, like us below, 91
- When the bottle to human and social delight, 88
- * When I drain the rosy bowl, 20
- * When the chill sirocco blows, 62
- Who thirsts for more knowledge is welcome to roam, 90
- Whilst some in epic strains delight, 75
- Wine, wine in a morning, 24
- * With an honest old friend, and a merry old song, 6
- * With women and wine I defy every care, 82
- YE free-hearted sons of good humour and mirth, 95
- * Ye good fellows all, 27
- * Ye true honest Britons, who love your own land, 61
- You know that our ancient philosophers hold, 45
- * Youth's the season made for joys, 11
- * ZENO, Plato, Aristotle, 41

PART III.

Miscellaneous Songs.

- AS near Porto-Bello lying, 192
 As now the shades of eve imbrown, 224
 As o'er the varied, 224
 * BLOW, blow, thou winter wind, 154
 Blow, warder, blow thy sounding horn, 225
 * CEASE rude Boreas, blust'ring railer! 144
 * Come, come, my good shepherds, 110
 * Come follow, follow me, 172
 Come shepherds, we'll follow the hearse, 165
 DOWN, down a thousand fathom deep, 221
 * FORTH from my dark and dismal cell, 162
 Friendship, peculiar gift of Heaven, 132
 * From Oberon in fairy-land, 175
 * From the court to the cottage convey me away, 116
 * GENTLY stir and blow the fire, 152
 Go soul, the body's guest, 134
 * Goddess of ease, leave Lethe's brink, 115
 HAPPY insect, what can be, 180
 * Hark! hark! jolly sportsmen, a while to my tale, 184
 * How happy a state does the miller possess, 124
 How happy is he born and taught, 103
 * How pleasant a sailor's life passes, 123
 How sacred and how innocent, 111
 How sleep the brave, who sink to rest, 167
 I ENVY not the mighty great, 104
 I envy not the proud their wealth, 102
 * If I live to grow old, for I find I go down, 126
 If those who live in shepherd's bow'r, 209
 I hate that drum's discordant sound, 203
 * In good king Charles's golden days, 141
 In the down-hill of life, 204
 In Tyburn-road a man there liv'd, 189
 In the sightless air I dwell, 220
 LET Spain's proud traders, 206
 Life's like a ship in constant motion, 222
 Lo! here, beneath this hallow'd shade, 174
 MAN'S a poor deluded bubble, 120
 * My mind to me a kingdom is, 97
 * NO glory I covet, no riches I want, 105
 * Nor on beds of fading flowers, 108
 Nor blazon'd gems, nor silken sheen, 222
 O FOR the death of those, 218

- O memory! thou fond deceiver, 151
 * O say, what is that thing call'd light, 121
 Oft I've implor'd the gods in vain, 170
- PRINCES that rule and empire sway, 113
- SAY, sweet carol, who are they, 202
 Sleep, sleep poor youth, sleep, sleep in peace, 166
 Some hoist up Fortune to the skies, 106
 * Songs of shepherds, in rustical roundelays, 182
- TELL me on what holy ground, 210
 * The glories of our birth and state, 107
 * The honest heart whose thoughts are clear, 126
 The loud wind roar'd, 200
 * The muse and the hero together are fir'd, 195
 The rose had been wash'd, 211
 * The solitary bird of night, 123
 The sweet and blushing rose, 120
 * The world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit, 133
 * The wretch condemn'd with life to part, 151
 * Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream, 169
 Through groves sequester'd, dark, and still, 115
 Through many a land and clime a ranger 199,
 * Thursday in the morn, the ides of May, 197
 'Tis not wealth, it is not birth, 210
 * To fair Fidele's grassy tomb, 168
 * To hug yourself in perfect ease, 101
 Toll for the brave, 215, 217
 To tinkling brooks, to twilight shades, 109
 * Two gossips they merrily met, 154
 * UNDER the greenwood tree, 162
 * WELCOME, welcome, brother debtor, 122
 What are outward forms and shows, 204
 What frenzy must his soul possess 109
 What is th' existence of man's life? 118
 * What man in his wits had not rather be poor, 104
 * When daffodils begin to peer, 159
 * When daisies pied, and violets blue, 160
 * When icicles hang on the wall, 161
 When my hand thus I proffer, 212
 * When Orpheus went down to the regions below, 153
 When 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come, 226
 When Britain on her sea-girt shore, 227
 When this old cap was new, 138
 While happy in my native land, 213
 * Who has e'er been at Paris must needs know the Grèce, 187
 With any so happy in this happy nation, 207
 * With an old song made by an old ancient pate, 156
 Woman, dear woman, 201
 Would we attain the happiest state, 100

- YES, once more that dying strain, 208
 Ye mariners of England, 214
 Ye spotted snakes with double tongue, 219
 * You gentlemen of England, 146
-

PART IV.

Ancient Ballads.

- ALL youths of fair England, 292
 As it fell one holyday, 254
 As it fell out upon a day, 232
 A merchant of great riches dwelt, 374
 * COLD and raw the North did blow, 321
 FAREWELL rewards and fairies, 377
 * GOD prosper long our noble king, 359
 HENRY, our royal king, would ride a hunting, 307
 * IF Rosamond, that was so fair, 266
 * I'll tell you a story, a story anon, 317
 In the days of old, 274
 In woeful wise my song shall rise, 380
 Is there never a man in all Scotland, 355
 LORD Thomas he was a bold forestèr, 228
 MARK well my heavy doleful tale, 249
 * NOW ponder well, you parents dear, 286
 * OF a worthy London prentice, 335
 * Old stories tell how Hercules, 340
 THERE was a youth, and a well-beloved youth, 272
 WAS ever knight for lady's sake, 330
 When Arthur first in court began, 325
 When as king Henry rul'd this land, 259
 When England's fame did ring, 369
 When Flora with her fragrant flowers, 346
 * When Troy-town, for ten years wars, 240
 Will you hear a Spanish lady, 245
 YOU beauteous ladies, great and small, 282
 You dainty dames, so finely fram'd, 235

In both Volumes; with References.

- ADDITION, JOSEPH, ESQ. VOL. I. Page 10. 131.**
AIKIN, MRS. I. 2. 104. 148. II. 199.
AKENSIDE, MARK, M. D. I. 242.
BAILLIE, MISS JOANNA, II. 202.
BAKER, MR. I. 217.
BARBAULD, MRS. (See AIKIN, MISS)
BATH, EARL OF (See PULTENEY)
BEAUMONT FRANCIS, II. 51. 63.
BEDINGFIELD, MR. WM. II. 101.
BEHN, MRS. APHARA, I. 30. 186.
BERKFLEY, ———, ESQ. I. 272.
BETHAM, MRS. MATILDA, I. 116.
BICKERSTAFF, ISAAC, I. 90. 280. II. 87. 126. 204.
BLOOMFIELD, ROBERT, I. 297.
BOOTH, MR. BARTON, I. 207.
BOSCAWEN, WM. ESQ. I. 294.
BRAY, MR. E. A. I. 175.
BREREWOOD, THOMAS, ESQ. I. 266. 267.
BRETON, NICHOLAS, I. 270.
BROME, ALEXANDER, II. 80.
BROOKE, LORD. (See GREVILLE.)
BROWN, THOMAS, M. D. I. 296.
BROWN, TOM, II. 24.
BUCKINGHAM, DUKE OF (SHEFFIELD) I. 130. 213. 214. 228.
BUDGELL, EUSTACE, ESQ. I. 136.
BULTEEL, JOHN, I. 133. 150.
BURNABY, CHARLES, I. 239.
BYROM, JOHN, ESQ. I. 49.
CAMPBELL, THOMAS, ESQ. II. 214.
CAREW, THOMAS, ESQ. I. 91. 108. 115. 137.
CAREY, HENRY, I. 21. 40. 44. 84. 100. 109. 121. 127. 226. 248.
————, DAVID, ESQ. I. 202.
CARTER, HENRY, ESQ. I. 173.
CARTER, MRS. ELIZABETH, II. 128.
CHESTERFIELD, EARL OF, (PHILIP STANHOPE,) I. 25.
CHICHESTER, BISHOP OF. (See KING.)
CHURCHILL, CHARLES, I. 273.

- CIBBER, COLLEY, II. 121.
 CIBBER, MRS. I. 115.
 COCKBURN, MRS. I. 5.
 COFFEY, MR. II. 122.
 COLERIDGE, S. F. II. 210.
 COLLINS, II. 167. 168. 204.
 CONCANEN, MATTHEW, I. 135.
 CONGREVE, WM. ESQ. I. 83. 130.
 COOPER, GILBERT, ESQ. I. 281.
 COOPER, MYLES, ESQ. I. 292.
 CORBET, REV. DR. (BP. OF NORWICH) II. 377.
 COURTIER, P. L. I. 171. 172.
 COWLEY, ABRAHAM, ESQ. I. 151. II. 26. 180.
 COWPER, WILLIAM, ESQ. I. 175. II. 211. 215.
 CROXALL, REV. DR. I. 253.
 CUNNINGHAM, MR. JOHN, I. 230. 236. 269. II. 165.
 DALTON, REV. DR. I. 54. II. 11. 42.
 DAVISON, FRANCIS, I. 137. II. 108. 134.
 DAWSON, ARTHUR, ESQ. II. 27.
 DEVONSHIRE, GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF, II. 200.
 DIBDIN, MR. SEN. I. 196. 291. 299.
 DODSLEY, ROBERT, II. 120. 124.
 DORSET, EARL OF, (CHARLES SACKVILLE,) I. 34. 223.
 DROMORE, BISHOP OF, (See PERCY).
 DRYDEN, I. 31. 41. 95. 98. 134.
 D'URFEY, TOM, II. 166.
 EATON, SIR JOHN, I. 219.
 ETHEREGE, SIR GEORGE, I. 111. 178. 276.
 FAWKES, REV. FRANCIS, II. 20. 79.
 FINLAY, JOHN, ESQ. I. 200.
 FITZGERALD, REV. THOMAS, I. 289. II. 105.
 GARRICK, DAVID, I. 221. 229. 232. II. 61. 110. 169.
 GAY, JOHN, I. 25. 73. 161. 250. II. 11.
 GLOVER, RICHARD, ESQ. II. 192.
 GOLDSMITH, DR. I. 189. II. 151.
 GRANT, REV. DR. II. 93.
 GREVILLE, SIR FULKE, (LORD BROOKE) I. 131.
 GREVILLE, MRS. I. 170.
 HARRINGTON, JOHN, ESQ. I. 165.
 HAWKESWORTH, REV. DR. II. 115.
 HERRICK, ROBERT, I. 204.
 HIGHMORE, MR. CHARLES, II. 124.
 HILL, AARON, ESQ. I. 6. 32.
 HOARE, PRINCE, ESQ. I. 94.
 HOOLE, MR. JOHN, II. 109.
 HOWE, MR. JOHN, I. 125.
 JACOB, HILDEBRAND, ESQ. II. 104.
 JENYNS, SOAME, ESQ. I. 7. 77. 185.

- JOHNSON, DR. SAMUEL, I. 275.
 JONES, MISS MARY, I. 187. 235.
 JONSON, BEN, I. 166. 167. 194. II. 46.
 KELLY, HUGH, ESQ. II. 88.
 KING, DR. HENRY, (BP. OF CHICHESTER) I. 121. II. 113.
 LANSDOWN, LORD, (GEORGE GRANVILLE) I. 45.
 LEE, NATHANIEL, I. 257.
 LEYDEN, JOHN, M. D. I. 205.
 LILLO, GEORGE, II. 120.
 LISLE, REV. DR. II. 153.
 LLOYD, ROBERT, I. 273.
 LYTTTELTON, LORD, GEORGE, I. 14. 37. 211.
 MARLOW, CHRISTOPHER, I. 265.
 MENDEZ, MR. MOSES, I. 126. 191. 262.
 MIDDLESEX, EARL OF, CHARLES, I. 260.
 MILTON, II. 41.
 MOLESWORTH, VISCOUNT, JOHN, I. 4.
 MONTAGUE, LADY MARY WORTLEY, I. 179.
 MONTGOMERY, JAMES, ESQ. II. 218.
 MOORE, EDWARD, I. 71. 187. 198. 261. 278. 279.
 MOORE, SIR JOHN, BART. I. 29. 222.
 OLDHAM, MR. JOHN, II. 44.
 OPIE, MRS. I. 169. 200. 301.
 OTWAY, THOMAS, I. 4. 47. 66. II. 117.
 PARK, MR. I. 302. II. 95.
 PARK, MISS, M. C. II. 217.
 PARNELL, REV. DR. I. 209. II. 52.
 PARRAT, MR. I. 96.
 PERCY, REV. DR. (BP. OF DROMORE) I. 255.
 PHILLIPS, AMBROSE, ESQ. I. 154. 224. 226.
 PHILIPS, MRS. KATHERINE, II. 111.
 ———, MR. II. 35.
 PILKINGTON, MRS. I. 33. 88. 210. 241. II. 102.
 ———, REV. MATTHEW, II. 8.
 PLUMPTRE, REV. JAMES, II. 207. 212.
 POPE, WALTER, M. D. II. 126.
 PRIOR, MATTHEW, I. 6. 14. 30. 39. 74. 144. 147. 237. 240.
 II. 187.
 PULTENEY, WILLIAM, (EARL OF BATH) I. 122.
 RADCLIFFE, MRS. II. 220. 221.
 RALEIGH, SIR WALTER, I. 18. 140. 265.
 ROCHESTER, EARL OF, JOHN, I. 9. 33. 224. 225. 271. II. 43.
 ROWE, NICHOLAS, ESQ. I. 52. 64.
 SACKVILLE, CHARLES, (SEE EARL OF DORSET).
 SCOTT, WALTER, ESQ. II. 380.
 SCOTT, JOHN, OF AMWELL, II. 203.
 SCROOPE, SIR CAR, I. 69.
 SEDLEY, SIR CHARLES, I. 129. 177. 215. 234.
 SEWARD, REV. THOMAS, I. 27.

- SEWARD, Miss, ANNA, I. 203. 302.
 SHAKSPEARE, I. 191. II. 154. 159. 160. 161. 162. 219.
 SHENSTONE, WILLIAM, ESQ. I. 56. 80. 216. 232. II. 83.
 SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY, ESQ. I. 85. 87. 293. II. 42.
 SHIRLEY, JAMES, II. 17.
 SMART, REV. CHRISTOPHER, I. 113. 245. II. 115.
 SMYTH, WILLIAM, ESQ. II. 89.
 SMITH, MRS. CHARLOTTE, I. 201.
 SOUTHERN, THOMAS, I. 11.
 SPENCER, W. R. ESQ. I. 89.
 STANHOPE, PHILIP, (See CHESTERFIELD).
 STEELE, SIR RICHARD, I. 136. 179. 252. 259.
 STEVENS, GEORGE ALEXANDER, II. 144.
 SUCKLING, SIR JOHN, I. 101. 118. 141.
 SUMMERSETT, HENRY, I. 296.
 TAYLOR, MRS. I. 189.
 THEOBALD, MR. I. 109.
 THOMPSON, REV. WILLIAM, II. 7.
 THOMSON, JAMES, ESQ. I. 92. II. 209.
 TICKELL, THOMAS, ESQ. I. 77.
 VANBROOK, MR. I. 123.
 VANBRUGH, SIR JOHN, I. 8.
 WALLER, EDMUND, ESQ. I. 23. 43. 129. 222.
 WALSH, WILLIAM, ESQ. I. 38. 41. 158.
 WARTON, REV. THOMAS, II. 109.
 WATTS, ISAAC, D. D. I. 284. II. 206.
 WAY, GREGORY LEWIS, ESQ. I. 199.
 WESLEY, REV. SAMUEL, II. 104.
 WHARTON, DUKE OF, II. 55.
 WHARTON, MRS. I. 183.
 WHATELEY, Miss, I. 256.
 WHITE, HENRY KIRKE, II. 208.
 WHITEHEAD, WILLIAM, ESQ. I. 246. 286.
 WHITEHEAD, PAUL, ESQ. II. 87.
 WILLIAMS, MRS. ANNA, II. 132.
 WILLIAMS, SIR CHARLES HANBURY, I. 238.
 WINCHELSEA, COUNTESS OF, ANNE, II. 100.
 WITHER, GEORGE, I. 138.
 WODHULL, MICHAEL, ESQ. I. 28.
 WOLSELEY, ROBERT, ESQ. I. 17. 111.
 WOTTON, SIR HENRY, II. 103.
 WOTY, MR. WILLIAM, I. 220. II. 81. 82.
 YONGE, SIR WILLIAM, I. 145.

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