

THE MUSICAL MISCELLANY;

Being a COLLECTION of

CHOICE SONGS,

Set to the VIOLIN and FLUTE,

By the most Eminent MASTERS.

The Man that hath no Musick in himself,
And is not mov'd with Concord of sweet Sounds,
Is fit for Treasons, Stratagems, and Spoils.

Shakespear.

VOLUME the

L O N D O N:

Printed by and for JOHN WATTS, at the Printing-
Office in Wild-Court near Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

M DCC XXIX.

But how they shou'd part,
Now becomes all their Smart,
Now becomes all theit Smart:
'Till he vow'd to his Fair,
That to ease his own Care,
He wou'd meet her again,
And 'till then be in Pain;
In a manner, &c.

For the FLUTE.

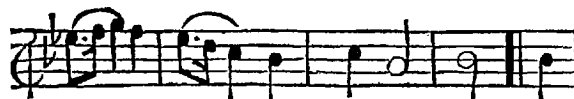


The Words by Mr. BENJ. GRIFFIN.

To a MINUET.



As on a Sunshine Sum-mer's Day, I



to the Green-wood bent my Way; The



lonely Path my Fancy took, Was guided



by a fil-der Brook: And trust me, trust me,



all I meant, Was to be pleas'd and Innocent. *D.C.*

Upon it's flow'ry Bank I fate;
Regardless of or Love, or Hate:
So took my Pipe, and 'gan to play
The jolly Shepherd's Roundelay:

And trust me, trust me, all I meant,
Was to be pleas'd, and Innocent.

All in the self-same shady Grove
Youthful *Silvia* chanc'd to rove;
And, by its Echo led, drew near,
My rural Oaten Reed to hear.

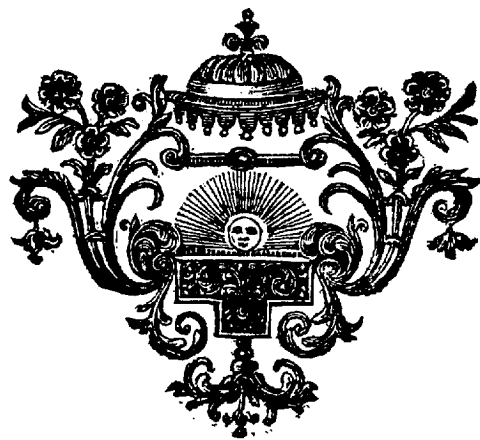
But surely, surely, all she meant,
Was to be pleas'd, and Innocent.

I held her by the glowing Hand,
And something she did understand;
Her swelling Sighs, her melting Look,
That something too, too, plainly spoke:
But trust me, trust me, all I meant,
Was to be pleas'd, and Innocent.

When I beheld her slender Waste,
Her Iv'ry Neck, her panting Breast,
Her blooming Cheek, her sparkling Eye,
Gods! was there ought I could deny?
But sure 'till then, all, all I meant,
Was to be pleas'd and Innocent.

When

When I her Charms had wander'd o'er,
My Heart was then my own no more;
Into her circling Arms I fell:
What follow'd then, I dare not tell;
We only both were in th' Event
Well pleas'd, if not so Innocent.



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MUSIC's the Cordial of a troubled Breast,
The softest Remedy that Grief can find;
The gentle Spell that charms our Cares to rest,
And calms the ruffling Passions of the Mind.

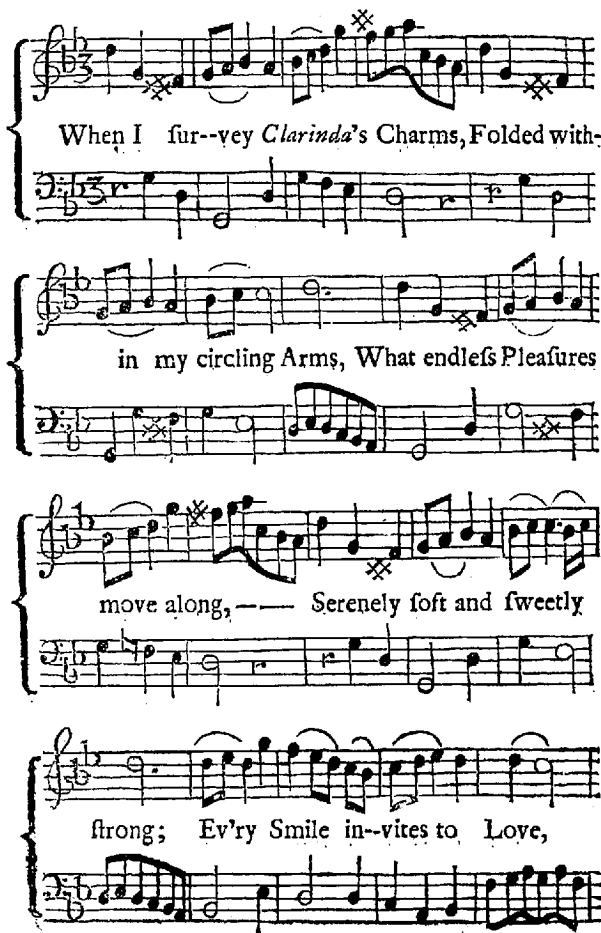
VOLUME the THIRD.

L O N D O N:

Printed by and for JOHN WATTS, at the Printing-
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M DCC XXX.



*The RAPTURE.*To a Favourite Minuet of Mr. *HANDEL*'s.


When I fur-vey *Clarinda*'s Charms, Folded with—

in my circling Arms, What endless Pleasures

move along, —— Serenely soft and sweetly

strong; Ev'ry Smile in-vites to Love,

Balmy



Balmy Kisses, Am'rous Blisses —, Ev'—ry

ri—sing Charm improve.

Immortal Bliss, that ne'er will cloy,
 Always attends her Angel Form;
 Softest Repose, and blooming Joy
 In her conspire the Soul to charm:
 All that can Joy or Love create,
 Beauteous Bleffing,
 Past expressing,
 Round the tender Fair One wait.

Love on her Breast has fixt his Throne,
 And *Cupid* revels in her Eyes;
 Who can the Charmer's Pow'r disown,
 When in each Glance an Arrow flies?

M 4

Yet

Yet when wounded, we feel no Pain;

No, 'tis Pleasure,

Above Measure,

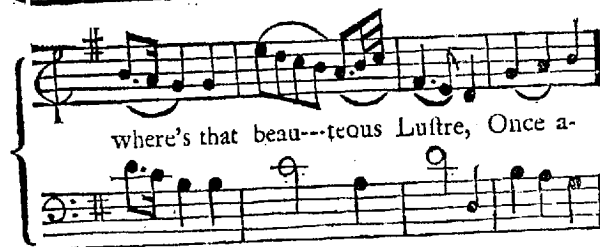
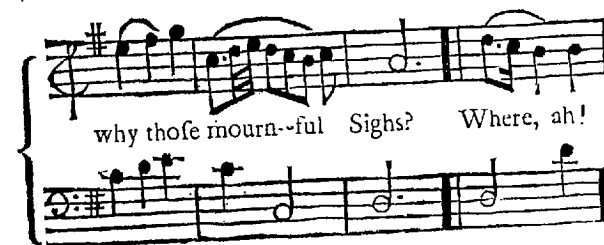
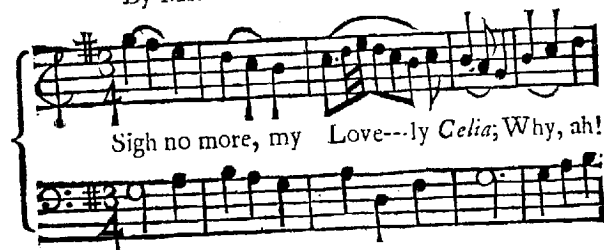
Raptures flow in ev'ry Vein.

For the FLUTE.



CELIA SIGHING.

By Mr. ARTHUR BRADLEY.



See

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VOLUME the FOURTH.

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M DCC XXX.

*STREPHON's COMPLAINT of LOVE.*Set by Mr. *HANDEL*.

Oh! cruel Tyrant *Love!* Why art thou

so--- unkind? Wilt thou no milder prove,

Nor ease my troubled Mind? No Joy shall

I e'er see? But still tormented be? And from such

dismal!

dismal Grief, Shall I ne'er find Relief?

Since thou hast wounded me,
 Why dost thou not impart
 Some of thy Cruelty,
 And make her feel some Smart?
 Tell her how I do burn,
 How I lament and mourn!
 When she the Truth doth know,
 She must some Pity show.

Beauty enthron'd doth stand
 Upon her smiling Brow:
 Her blushing Cheeks command
 Me at her Feet to bow:
 Her golden Tresses wave,
 Her rising Breasts enslave,
 Lightning darts from her Eyes,
 And kills me by Surprise.

Yet tho' she is most fair,
 Why should she me disdain?
 If Wealth surrounds my Dear,
 Why must I suffer Pain?

Were

Were She as poor as *Job*,
I in a Royal Robe,
And Lord of all the Land,
I'd be at her Command.

All Day I sigh and weep,
And vainly do lament!
All Night I cannot sleep!

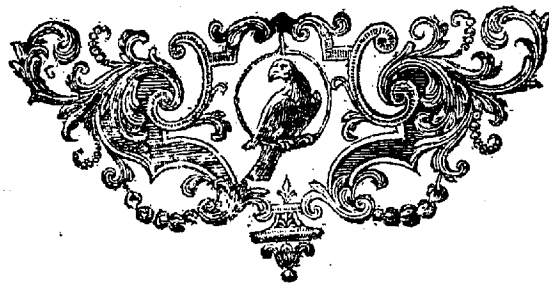
I never rest content!
But still am fill'd with Pain,
Scorn, Woe, and sad Disdain:
These Racks I cannot bear,
And yet she will not hear!

What Joys can *Myra* take,
After she does behold
Poor *Strephon*, for her Sake,
Laid in the Dreary Mould?
O most unhappy Fate!
Then Pity comes too late:
Myra, my Life preserve,
And thee I'll always serve.

I'll wander for her Sake,
Or keep myself confin'd,
If she no Pity take
On my distracted Mind.
O ease the burning Smart,
Of my poor suff'ring Heart;
Else 'twill my Ruin prove;
Farewell then Life and Love!

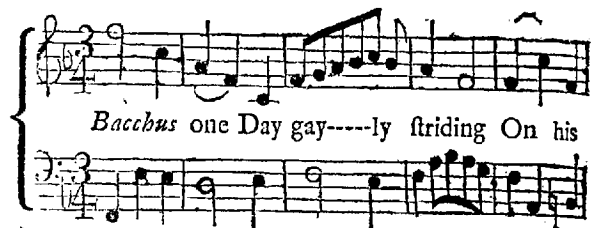
For

For the FLUTE.

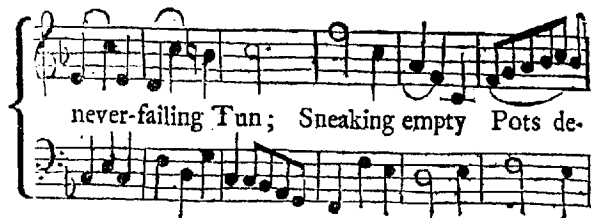


BACCHUS's *Speech in Praise of WINE.*

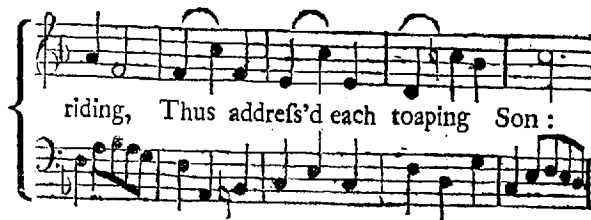
To a Minuet of Mr. *HANDEL*'s.



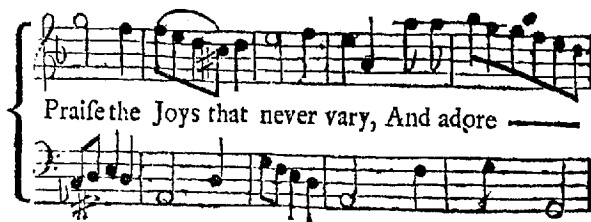
Bacchus one Day gay----ly striding On his



never-failing Fun; Sneaking empty Pots de-

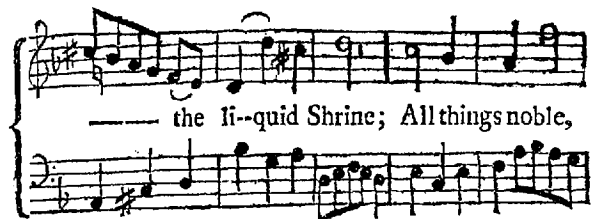


riding, Thus address'd each toasting Son:



Praise the Joys that never vary, And adore —

the



— the li-liquid Shrine; All things noble,



gay and ai-ry, Are perform'd by generous *Wine*.

Ancient Heroes, crown'd with Glory,
Owe their noble Rise to me;
Poets wrote the flaming Story,
Fir'd by my Divinity:
If my Influence is wanting,
Mufick's Charms but slowly move;
Beauty too in vain lies panting,
'Till I fill the Swains with Love.

If you crave a lasting Pleasure,
Mortals, this way bend your Eyes;
From my ever-flowing Treasure,
Charming Scenes of Bliss arise.

Here's

Here's the soothing balmy Blessing,
 Sole Dispeller of your Pain ;
 Gloomy Souls from Care releasing:
 He who drinks not, lives in vain.

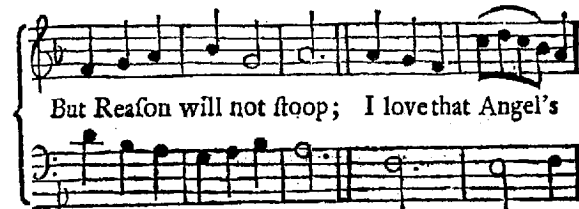
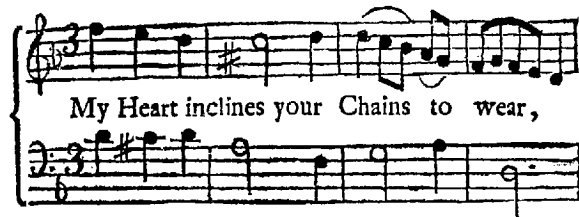
For the FLUTE.



The SNAKE in the GRASS.

To a LADY of Pleasure.

By Mr. W. BEDINGFIELD. Set by Mr. DIEUPART.



Your Eyes discharge the Darts of Love,
 But oh! what Pains succeed,
 When Darts shall Pins and Needles prove,
 And Love a Fire indeed!



Handbook. inv.

J. W. Gault.

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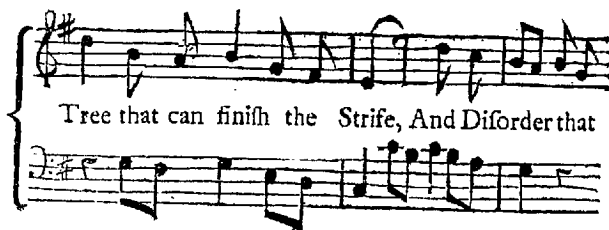
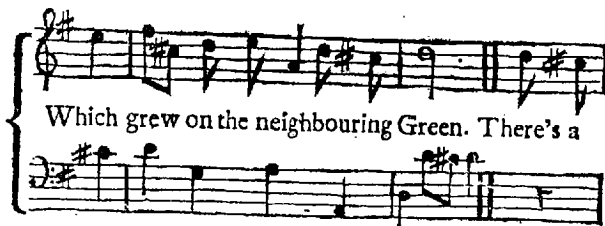
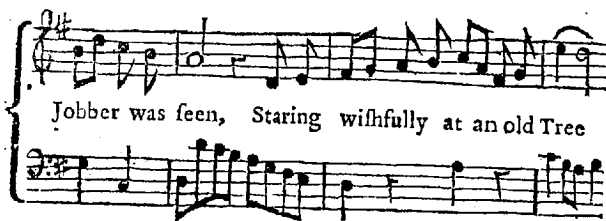
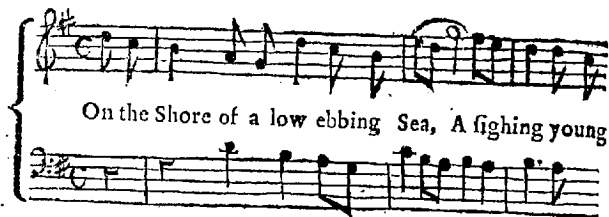
Behold and listen, while the Fair
Breaks in sweet Sounds the yielding Air;
And with her own Breath fans the Fire,
Which her bright Eyes did first inspire. *Waller.*

VOLUME the FIFTH.

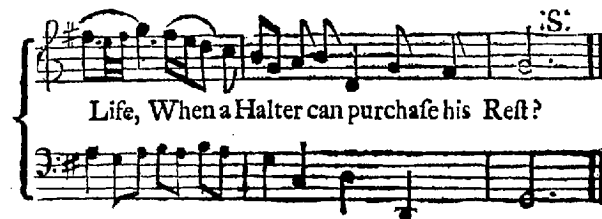
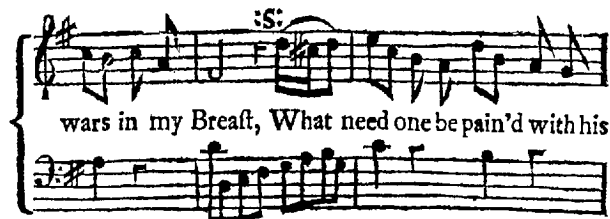
L O N D O N :

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M DCC XXXL

*The SATYR'S ADVICE to a STOCK-JOBBER.*The Musick by Mr. *HANDEL.*

wars



Sometimes he would ſtamp, and look wild,
 Then roar out a terrible Curſe
 On Bubbles that had him beguil'd,
 And left ne'er a Doit in his Purſe.
 A Satyr that wander'd along,
 With a Laugh to his Raving reply'd:
 The Savage maliciously fung,
 And jok'd while the Stock-Jobber cry'd.

To Mountains and Rocks he complain'd,
 His Cravat was bath'd with his Tears;
 The Satyr drew near like a Friend,
 And bid him abandon his Fears.
 Said he, Have you been at the *Sea*,
 And met with a contrary Wind,
 That you rail at fair Fortune ſo free?

Don't blame the poor Goddeſs, ſhe's blind.

Come

Come hold up thy Head, foolish Wight,
 I'll teach thee thy Loss to retrieve;
 Observe me this Project aright,
 And think not of Hanging, but live.
Hecatiffa, conceited and old,
 Affects in her Airs to seem young,
 Her Jointure yields plenty of Gold,
 And plenty of Nonsense her Tongue:

Lay Siege to her for a short Space,
 Ne'er mind that she's wrinkled or gray;
 Extol her for Beauty and Grace,
 And doubt not of gaining the Day.
 In Wedlock ye fairly may join,
 And when of her Wealth you are sure,
 Make free of the old Woman's Coin,
 And purchase a sprightly young Whore.

To the foregoing Tune.

YE Swains that are courting a Maid,
 Be warn'd and instructed by me;
 Tho' small Experience I've had,
 I'll give you good Counsel, and free.
 All Women are changeable things,
 And seldom a Moment the same:
 As time a Variety brings,
 Their Looks new Humours proclaim.

But

But who in his Love wou'd succeed,
 And his Mistress's Favour obtain;
 Must mind it, as sure as his Creed,
 To make Hay while the Sun is serene.
 There's a Season to conquer the Fair,
 And that's when they're merry and gay:
 To catch the Occasion take care:
 When 'tis gone, in vain you'll essay.

For the FLUTE.





The Sailor's Complaint.



When I landed first at Dover;
She appear'd a Goddess bright;
From Foreign Parts I was just come over,
And was struck with so fair a Sight:
On the Shore pretty Lukey walked,
Near to where our Frigate lay,
And altho' so near the landing
I, alas! was cast away.

When first I hail'd my pretty Creature,
The delight of Land and Sea;
No Man ever saw a sweeter,
I'd have kept her Company:
I'd have fain made her my true Love,
For Better, or for Worse;
But alas! I cou'd not compass her,
For to steer the Marriage Course.

Long I wonder'd why my Jewel,
Had the Heart to use me so;
Till I found by often sounding,
She'd another Love in tow:

Once, no greater Joy and Pleasure,
 Could have come into my Mind,
 Than to see the Bold—Defiance,
 Sailing right before the Wind:
 O'er the white Waves as she danced,
 And her Colours gayly flew;
 But that was not half so charming,
 As the Trim of lovely Luc.

On a rocky Coast I've driven,
Where the stormy Winds do rise,
Where the rowling Mountain Billows,
Lift a Vessel to the Skies:
But from Land, or from the Ocean,
Little dread I ever knew,
When compared to the Dangers,
In the Frowns of scornful Sue.

So farewell hard hearted Sukey,
I'll my Fortune seek at Sea,
And try in a more friendly Latitude,
Since I in yours cannot be.