



The beautifull symphonies of the following melodies are so truly Vocal, that the Editor could not resist the impulse of adapting them to English Words -
thinking, as they have been so universally admired in the Autheur's Scrutiny &c. They would not be the less acceptable, when joined to elegant Poetry.

Price 7*6*^d

Entered at Stationers Hall

London Printed & Sold by Longman & Broderip, No. 261 Cheapside & 275 Hay-Market.

52)

(P.)

38

Nº I

LIFE in ODE

Words by Dr Hawkesworth.

Moderato

A musical score for a solo voice and piano. The vocal part is in soprano clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The score consists of four systems of music. The first system starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The second system starts with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The third system starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The fourth system starts with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The vocal line includes lyrics such as "Life! the dear, precarious boon! soon we lose, alas, how soon! fleeting vision, falsely gay, grasp'd in vain, it fades a-way. Mix-ing with sur-rounding shades, Lovely vi-sion, how it fades! Let the Muse in fancy's gla-s, catch the".

Moderato

LIFE in ODE

Words by Dr Hawkesworth.

Life! the dear, precarious boon! soon we

lose, alas, how soon! fleeting vision, falsely gay, grasp'd in vain, it fades a-way. Mix-ing

with sur-rounding shades, Lovely vi-sion, how it fades! Let the Muse in fancy's gla-s, catch the

Phantoms as they pass.

2
See they rise! a Nymph behold,
Cavelets, wanton, young and bold,
Smiling cheeks and roving eyes,
Cavelets' mirth, and vain surprize:
Tripping at her side, a boy
Shares her wonder and her joy:
This is folly, childhood's guide,
This is childhood at her side.

3
What is he succeeding now,
Myrtles blooming on his brow?
Shafts to pierce the strong, I view;
Wings, the flying to pursue:
Love's the Tyrant, Youth the Slave;
Youth in vain, is wise or brave:
Love, with conscious pride, defies
All the brave, and all the wise.

4
Arm in arm, what wretch is he,
Like thy self, who walks with thee?
Like thy own his fears and woes,
All thy pangs his bosom knows:
Well, too well! my boding breast
Knows the names your looks suggest;
Anxious, busy, restless Pair!
Manhood, link'd, by fate, to Care.

5
Spare the last, — the last appears, —
While I gaze, I gaze in tears —
Age — my future self I trace,
Moving slow, with feeble pace;
Bending with disease and cares,
All the load of life he bears:
White his locks, his visage wan,
Strength, and ease, and hope are gone.

4.

ELECY

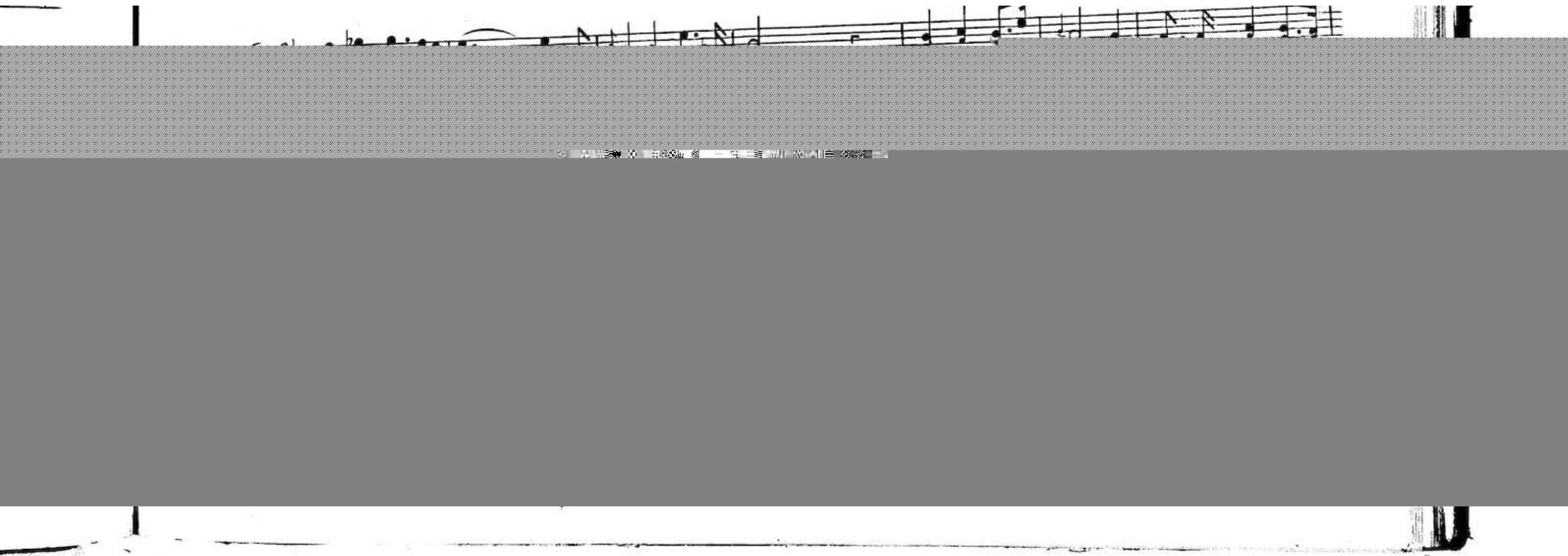
N^o. II

Con affetto

Words by Mr. Hammond

The musical score consists of five staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The time signature varies between common time and 3/4. The lyrics are as follows:

Ah what a - vails thy
 lover's pious care! His lavish'd incense clouds the sky in vain
 Nor wealth nor great - neis
 was his i - dle pray'r,
 For thee, a - lone, he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain! I scorn I scorn the
 Lydians rivers golden wave
 And all the vulgar charms, the charms of human
 life
 And all - the charms the charms of hu - man Life; I on - ly ask to



N^o III To SOLITUDE.

The words by Miss Whately.

Slow

A musical score for 'To Solitude' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, the second with an alto clef, the third with a bass clef, and the fourth with a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The lyrics describe a scene of spring awakening in a pastoral setting.

Now genial Spring o'er
lawn and grove, ex-tends her vivid power, Now Phœbus shines with mildest beams, And wakes each sleeping
flower; Soft breezes fan the smiling mead, Kind dews refresh the plain; While Beauty, Har-mo-
ny, and Love, re-new their cheerful reign. Sym

2

Now far from busineſſ let me fly,
Far from the crowdedfeat
Of envy, pageantry, and power,
To come obfeure retreat.
Where plenty theds with liberal hand
Her various bleſſings round
Where laughing joy delighted roves,
And roſeate health is found,

3

All hail sweet Solitude! to thee
In thy feuerter'd Bower,
Let me invoke the pastoral muse,
And every sylvan power,
Give me to climb the mountain's brow,
When morn's faint bluſhes rife;
And view the fair extenſive ſcene,
With Contemplations eyes,

59
ly.

er

ing

mo-

COLIN and LUCY.

The Words by Mr. Fawcett.

N^o IV

Andante

Leinster, fam'd for Maidens fair, Bright Lucy was the grace; Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid Stream Reflect a fairer face; Till luckless love, and pining care Impair'd her rosy hue, Her dainty lips, her damask cheek, And eyes of glossy blue.

2

Of Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring Swains
 Take heed ye easy fair,
 Of vengeance due to broken vows,
 Ye flatt'ring Swains beware;
 Three times, all in the dead of night,
 A Bell was heard to ring;
 And at her window striking thrice,
 The Raven flapp'd his wing.

3

Full well the lovelorn Maiden knew
 The solemn boding sound,
 And thus in dying words bespoke,
 The Virgins weeping round:
 "I hear a voice you cannot hear,
 That cries, I must not stay;
 I see a hand you cannot see,
 That beckons me away."

4

"Now mark false swain my broken heart,
 Mearly youth I die;
 Am I to blame, because the bride
 Is twice as rich as I?
 Tomorrow in the Church to wed,
 Impatient both prepare;
 But know false man; and know fond maid,
 Poor Lucy will be there.

5

"Then bear my Corse ye comrades dear,
 The bridegroom blithe to meet;
 He in his wedding trim so gay,
 I in my winding Sheet.
 She spake, the dy'd; her Corse was borne,
 The bridegroom blithe to meet;
 He in his wedding trim so gay,
 She in her winding Sheet.

6

What then were Collin's dreadful thoughts!
 How were their Nuptials kept?
 The bridemen flock'd round Lucy dead,
 And all the Village wept.
 Compulsion, Shame, Remorse, Despair,
 At once his bosom swell,
 The damps of Death bedew'd his brow,
 He groan'd, he thook, he fell.

7

From the vain bride, a bride no more,
 The varying crimson fled;
 When stretch'd beside her rival's Corse;
 She saw her lover dead.
 He to his Lucy's new made grave,
 Convey'd by trenching Swains,
 In the same mould, beneath one sod,
 For ever now remains.

N^o.

Mode



ELEGY.

N^o. V

Moderato

The words by M^r Hammond.

Thoufands would seek the lasting peace of death, And in that har - - hour shun the storm of care. Of - - li - - cious
Hope still holdsthe fleeting breath the tells them still to morrow will be fair. Sym

²
She tells me, Delia, I shall thee obtain,
But can I listen to her syren song,
Who sev'n flow months have dragg'd my painful chain
So long thy lover, and despif'd so long.

3
To her I first avow'd my tim'rous flame,
She nurf'd my hopes, and taught me how to sue;
She still woud pity what the wife might blame,
And feel for weaknes which the never knew.

4
"Ceafe cruel man, the mournful theme forbear,
"Tho'much thou suffer, to thyself complain;
"Ah to recall the sad remembrance spare,
"One tear from her, is more than all thy pain.



2

I ask no kind return of love,
No tempting charm to please;
Far from the heart those gifts remove,
That sigh for peace and ease.
Nor peace, nor ease, the heart can know,
That like the needle true,
Turns to the touch of joy or woe;
But turning trembles too.

O come to find the sovereign balm,
My shatter'd nerves new string,
And for my guest serenely calm,
The nymph Indiff'rence bring!
And what of life remains for me,
I'll pass in sober ease;
Half pleas'd, contented will I be,
Content but half to please.

N^o. VIII

The Winter's Walk

The Words by Dr Saml Johnson.

Tempo di
Minuetto

Be -

hold, my fair, where'er we rove, What dreary prospects round us rise; The

naked hill the leaf-less grove, The hoary ground, the frowning skies! Not

only through the waf- ted plain, stern win- ter is thy force confes'd; Still

wonder spreads thy horrid reign, I feel thy pow'r usurp my breast.

2

Enlivening hope, and fond desire,
Resign the heart to spleen and care;
Scarce frightened love maintains his fire,
And rapture faddens to despair.

3

Tir'd with vain joys and false alarms,
With mental and corporeal strife,
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
And screen me from the ills of life.

*Invitation to the feathered Race*The Words by the Revd M^r Graves.N^o. IXun poco Vivace
e Staccato

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, key signature of one sharp (F#), and treble clef. The vocal line starts with eighth-note patterns and transitions to sixteenth-note patterns. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, appearing below the vocal staff.

A - gain the bal - my Zephyr blows, Fresh verdure decks the

grove; Each bird with vernal rapture glows, And times his notes to Love Ye

gen - tle warblers hi - ther fly, And thun the noon-tide heat; my shrubs a cooling

shade sup - - ply, my Groves a safe re - - treat.

²
Here freely hop from Spray to Spray,
Or weave the mossy Nest;
Here rove and sing the live long day,
At night here safely rest.
Amidst this cool translucent Rill,
That trickles down the Glade,
Here bathe your Plumes, here drink your fill,
And revel in the Shade.

³
My Trees, for you, ye artless Tribe,
Shall store of fruit preserve;
O let me thus your friendship bribe,
Come, feed without reserve.
Then let this league, betwixt us made,
Our mutual Interests guard;
Mine be the gift of Fruit and Shade,
Your Songs be my Reward.

In the Barn, the tenant Cock, Close to Parlet, perch'd on high, Briskly crows (the Shepherd's
Clock) Jocund that the morning's nigh; Swiftly from the Mountain's brow, Shadows,
nues'd by Night, re - tire, And the peeping Sunbeam now, Paints with gold the Village Spire. sym

A handwritten musical score for voice and piano. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal line consists of four staves of music, with lyrics written underneath each staff. The piano accompaniment is provided by a basso continuo line at the bottom of the page.

From the low roof'd Cottage ridge, See the chatt'ring Swallow spring, Darting through the one arch'd
Bridge, Quick the dips her dappled wing; Sweet, O sweet the warbling throng, On the
white emblosom'd Spray! Nature's u - ni - ver - fal Song Echoes to the ri - fling
Day, Sym

The Words by the Rev^d Mr Parsons.

N^o. XI

Innocentemente

ABSENCE *a Pastoral.*

How sweet to recall the dear moments of day! 'Tis this, and this only, can absence employ: Can
 ease my fond heart, and beguile my soft pain, Till I see, with delight, the dear Charmer again.

2
 How dull and how slow do the moments retreat,
 Time was when they flew, now there's lead on their feet:
 Ye loit'rers be gone, why so long do ye stay.
 Ye fly when I'm with her, ye creep when away.

3
 Ah Colin how foolish Times progress to blame,
 His paces are equal, his motions the same;
 'Twas the Joy of her presence made Time appear fleet,
 'Tis the pain of her absence adds lead to his feet.

N^o XII PALEMON. *a Pastoral.*

The Words by M^r Brooke

Tendrement

As late, to shun the noon day's scorching heat, I
fought, in yon-der Grove, a cool Re-treat; Be-neath an Elm around whose branches
twine the fragrant Woodbine and the curling vine, Fair Doris fat, and in a dying

strain the lovely Maid accus'd her faith-less Swain,
sym

2

Ye wavy Trees! ye gently murmuring Springs!
Attend! to you the wretched Doris sings:
Oft have ye heard, but now shall hear no more,
The melting Vows my perjur'd Damon swore:
Here while he sung, the Winds forgot to blow,
The leaves to tremble, and the Streams to flow.

3

Return, fair Charmer, to thy native Plains;
Return, and bless me with thy tender Strains:
For thee the Meads shall brighter Liveries wear,
And studious Nature deck the smiling Year;
For thee the Flowers a fairer bloom disclose,
And Odours breathe more fragrant from the Rose.

4

Tho' wealthy Daphne larger flocks may feed,
And he's the Herds that graze yon flow'ry Mead,
Yet I can boast unrival'd rural Strains,
And Charms that fire to love the fishing Swains:
Can sorid Gain my Damon's bosom move,
And what is Wealth, alas! to faithful Love.

11

Ano

