C. Neate to D. Davison

Twelve SONGS

Set to Muſic by

William Jackson

OF

EXETER

Properly diſpoſed for

THE VOICE, HARPSICORD,

GERMAN FLUTE

or

VIOLIN.

SECOND EDITION.

Price s 2 d 6

LONDON

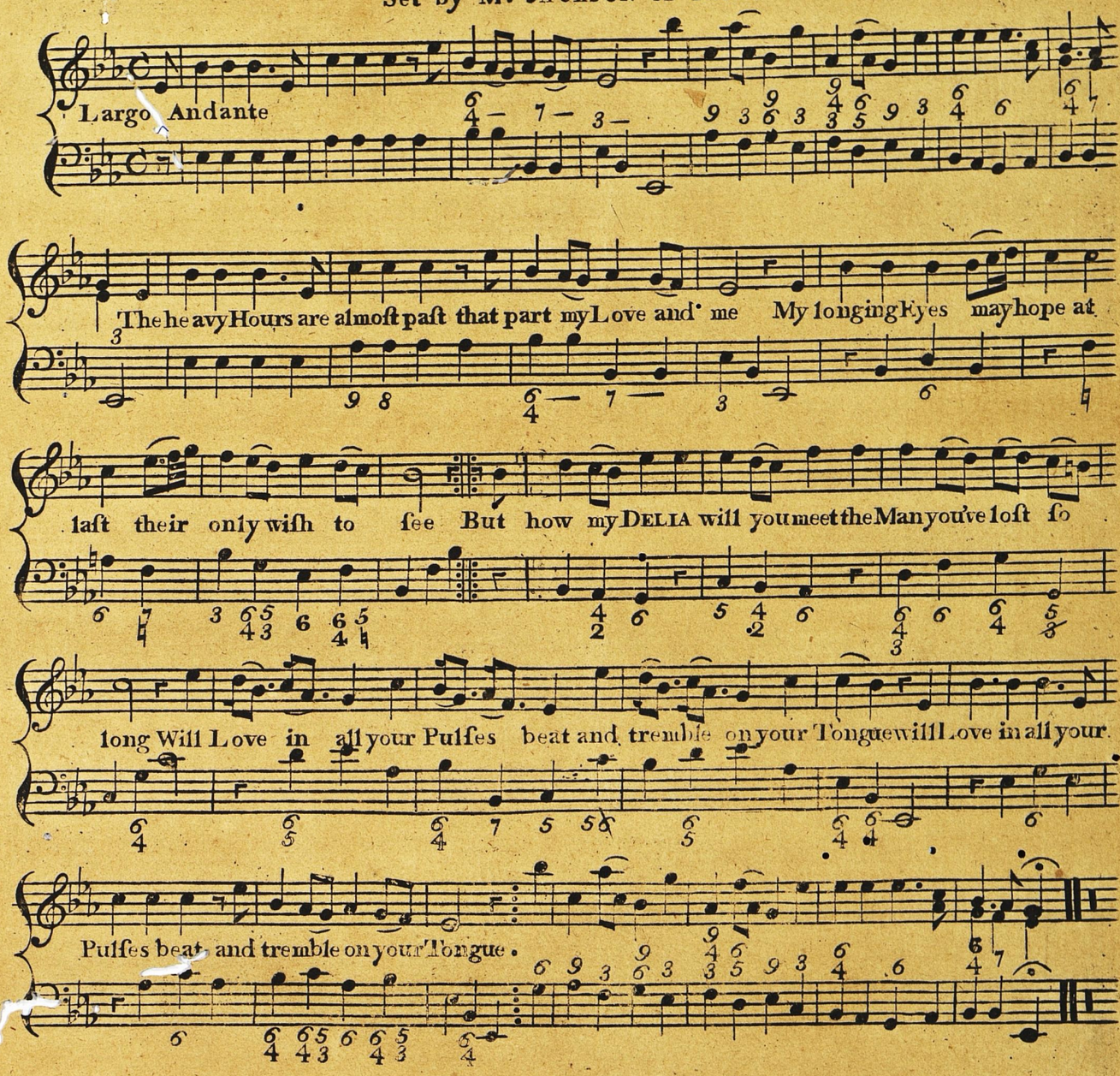
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THE HEAVY HOURS

Set by Mr. JACKSON of Exon



2

Will you in ev'ry Look declare,
Your Heart is still the same?
And heal each idly anxious Care
Our Fears in absence frame?
Thus DELIA thus I paint the Scene,
When we shall shortly meet;
And try what yet remains between,
Of loit'ring Time to Cheat!

3

But if the Dream that sooths my Mind,
Shall false and groundless prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find,
You have forgot to love:
All I of Venus ask is this,
No more to let us Join;
But grant me here the flatt'ring Bliss,
To die and think you mine.

For the German Flute.



BLEST AS TH'IMMORTAL GODS

Set by Mr. JACKSON of Exon.

P.

Taſte to Solo

P.P.P.

F.

Bleſt as th'immortal

Gods is he, the Youth who fondly ſits by thee, And hears and ſees thee all the while,

ſweetly ſpeak and ſweetly ſmile

F.

ſweet-ly ſpeak and

ſweet-ly ſmile.

'Twas this depriv'd my

Soul of reſt, and raiſ'd ſuch tumults in my Breaſt, and raiſ'd ſuch tumults in my Breaſt, for while I

P.

Largo

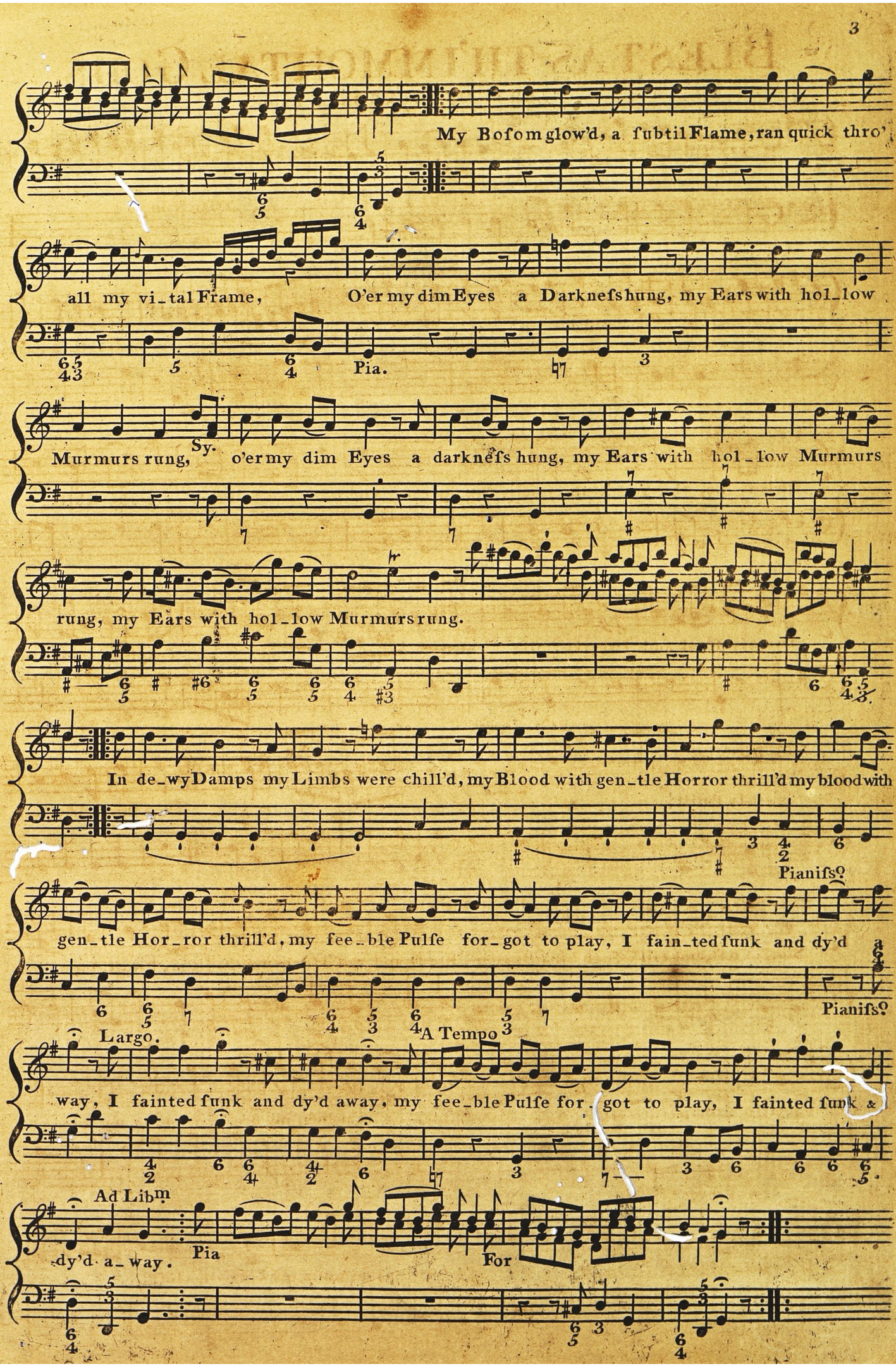
gaz'd in Tranſport toſt, my Breath was gone, my Voice was loſt, my Breath was gone, my Voice was

P.P.P.

A Tempo ordinario

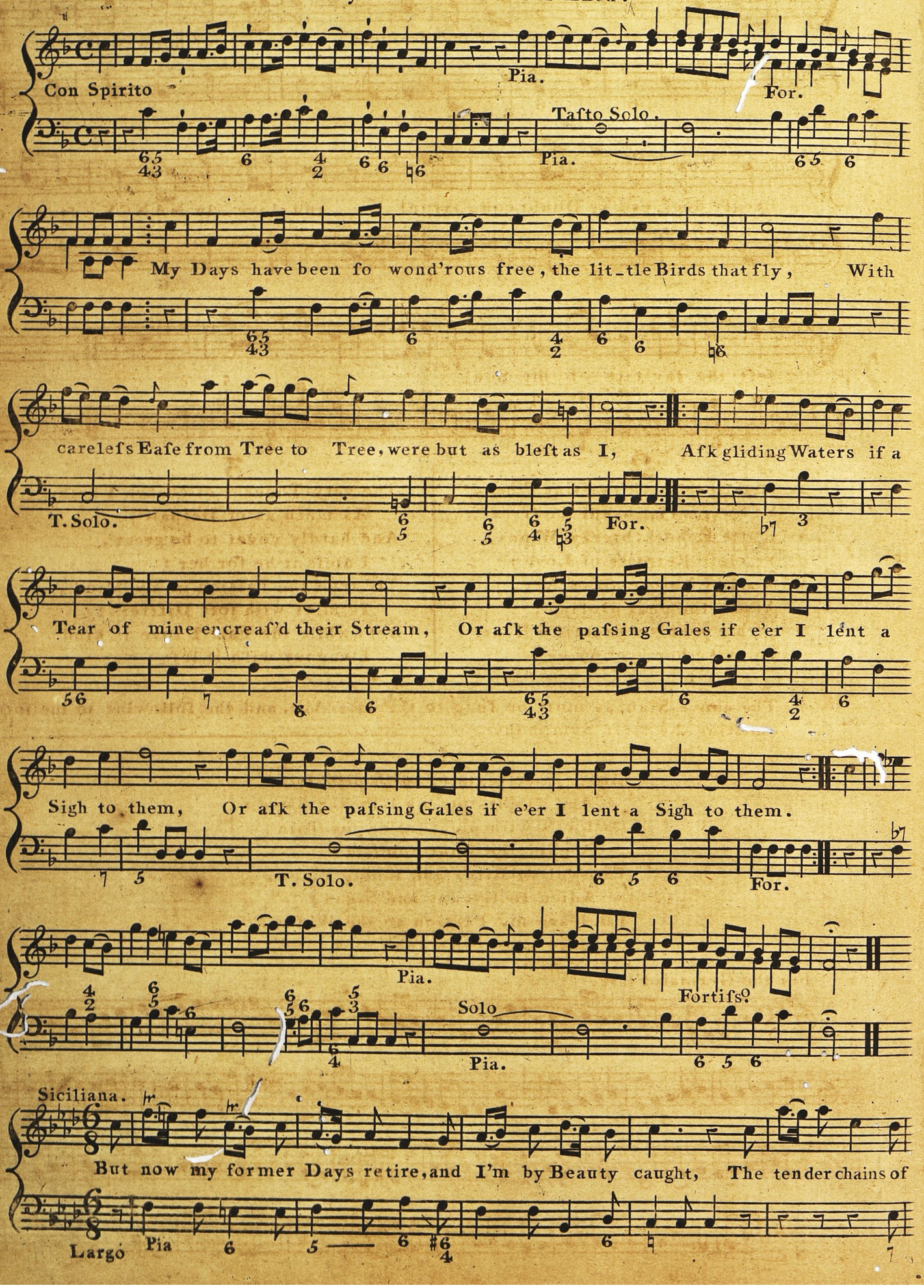
ad Lib:

loſt, for while I gaz'd in Tranſport toſt, my Breath was gone my Voice was loſt!


My Bofom glow'd, a ſubtil Flame, ran quick thro'
all my vi_tal Frame, O'er my dim Eyes a Darkneſs hung, my Ears with hol_low
Pia.
Sy.
Murmurs rung, o'er my dim Eyes a darkneſs hung, my Ears with hol_low Murmurs
rung, my Ears with hol_low Murmurs rung.
In de_wy Damps my Limbs were chill'd, my Blood with gen_tle Horror thrill'd my blood with
Pianiſſo
gen_tle Hor_ror thrill'd, my fee_ble Pulſe for_got to play, I fain_ted ſunk and dy'd a
Pianiſſo
Largo.
A Tempo
way, I fainted ſunk and dy'd away, my fee_ble Pulſe for_got to play, I fainted ſunk &
Ad Libm
dy'd a_way.
Pia
For

My Days.

Set by Mr. JACKSON of Exon.





2

Ye Nightingales ye twiſting Pines,
Ye Swains that haunt the Grove ;
Ye gentle Echoes, breezy Winds ,
Ye cloſe Retreats of Love :
With all of Nature all of Art ,
Aſsiſt the dear Deſign ;
O teach a young unpractiſ'd Heart
To make her ever mine !

3

The very Thought of change I hate ,
As much as of Deſpair !
And hardly covet to be great ,
Unleſs it be for her :
'Tis true the Paſsion in my Mind ,
Is mixt with ſoft Diſtreſs ;
Yet, while the Fair I love is kind
I cannot wiſh it leſs .

N.B. The above Stanzas muſt be ſung to the laſt Air, and the following to the former; omitting the firſt Symphony .

4

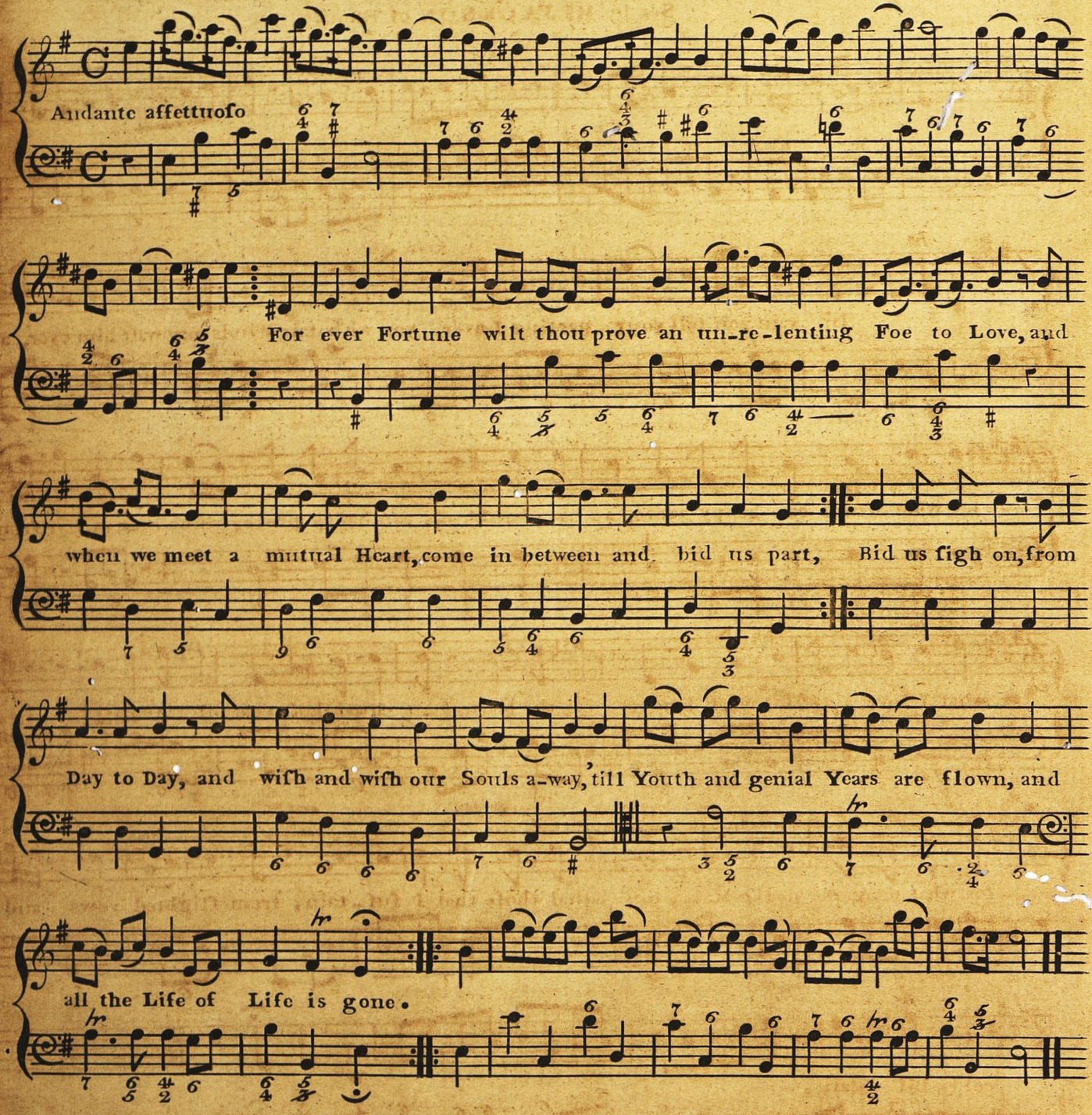
But if ſhe treats me with diſdain ,
And flights my well meant Love ;
Or looks with pleaſure on my Pain ,
A pain ſhe wont remove ;
Farewel ye Birds and lonely Pines ,
Adieu to Groans and Sighs ;
I'll leave my Paſsion to the Winds ,
Love unreturn'd ſoon dies .

For the German Flute.



FOR EVER FORTUNE

Set by Mr JACKSON of Exon.



But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless Vow,
The Heart from Pleasure to delude,
To bind the gentle with the rude,

2

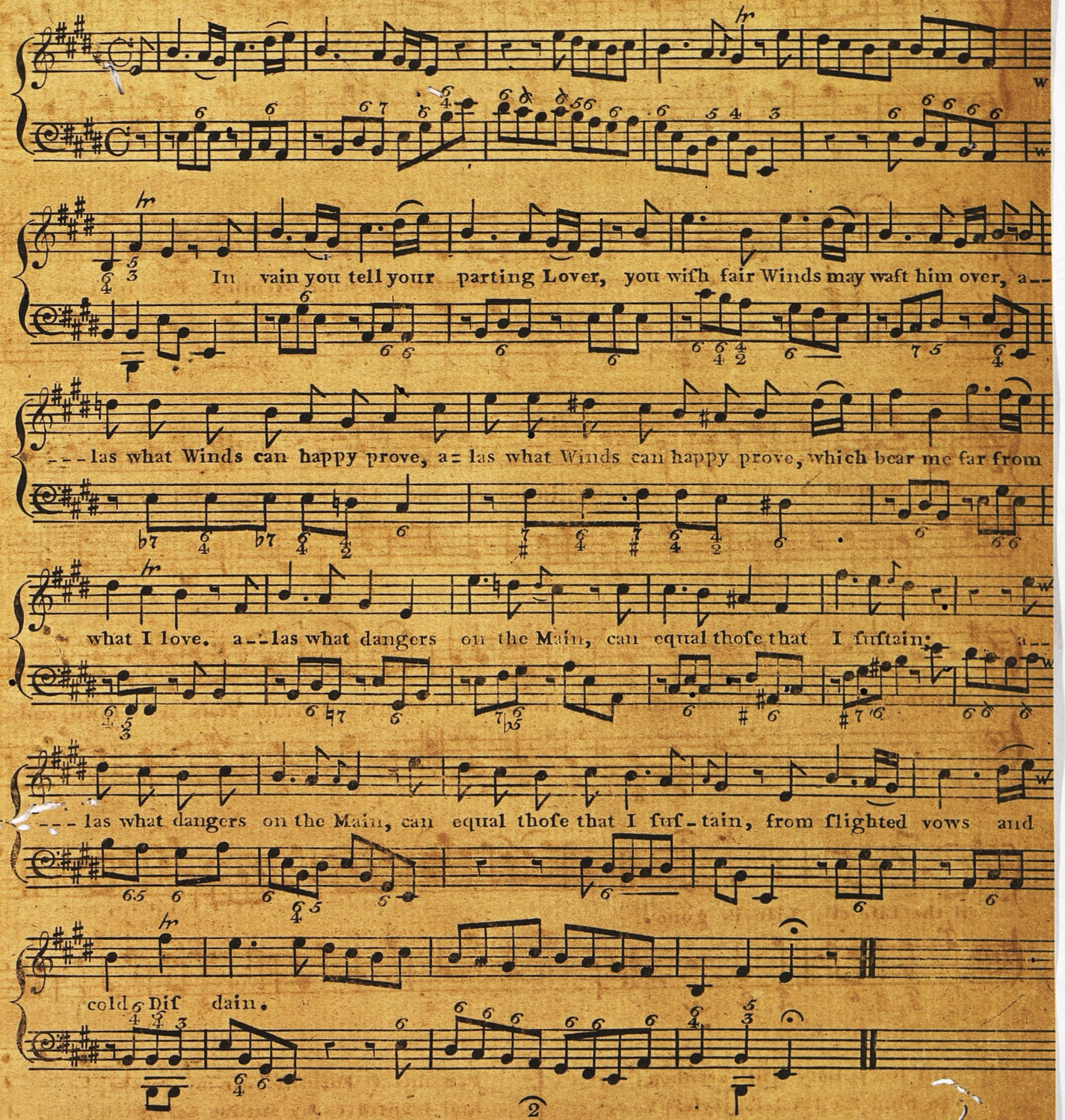
For once O Fortune hear my Pray'r,
And I absolve thy future Care;
All other Blessings I resign,
Make but the dear AMANDA mine.

For the Guitar



IN VAIN YOU TELL

Set by Mr. JACKSON of Exon.



2

Be gentle and in Pity chooſe
To wiſh the wildeſt Tempeſt looſe;
That thrown again upon the Coaſt,
Where firſt my Ship-wreck'd Heart was
(loſt,
I may once more repeat my Pain,
Once more in dying Notes complain,
Of ſlighted Vows and cold Diſdain.

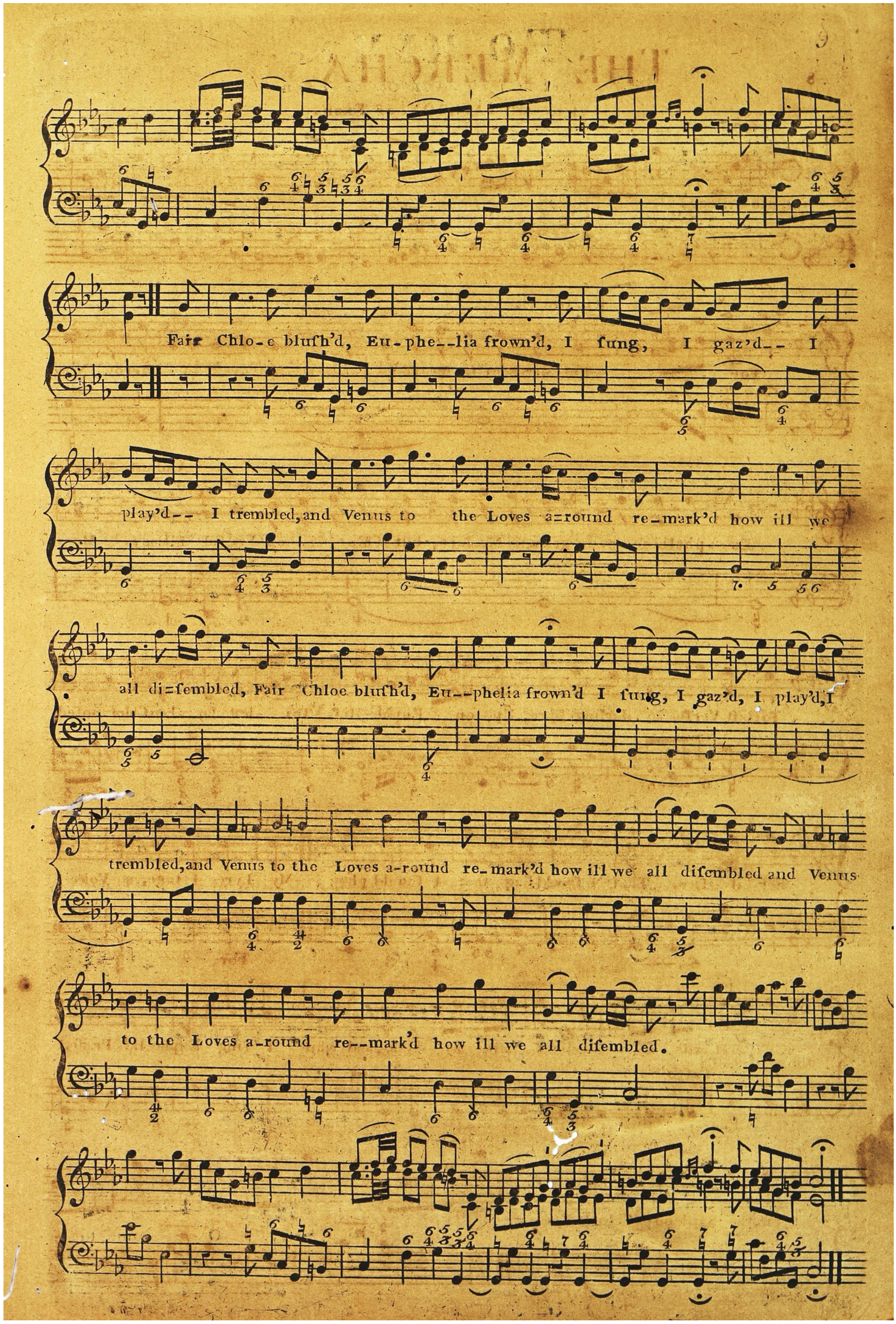
For the German Flute



THE MERCHANT

Set by Mr. JACKSON of Exon.




Fair Chlo-e bluſh'd, Eu-phe--lia frown'd, I ſung, I gaz'd-- I
play'd-- I trembled, and Venus to the Loves a-round re-mark'd how ill we
all di-ſembled, Fair Chloe bluſh'd, Eu--phelia frown'd I ſung, I gaz'd, I play'd, I
trembled, and Venus to the Loves a-round re-mark'd how ill we all diſembled and Venus
to the Loves a-round re--mark'd how ill we all diſembled.

TO HIM &c.

Set by Mr JACKSON of Exon

Larghetto

To him who in an Hour must die, not swifter seems that

Hour to fly, than slow the Minutes seem to me which keep me from the sight of thee,

Not more the trembling Wretch would give a-nother Day or Year to live, than I to

shorten that remains of that long Hour which thee detains, of that long Hour which

thee detains.

Pia

O come to

my im-patient Arms O come with all thy heav'n-ly Charms At once to juf-ti-

fy and pay the Pain I feel from this de-lay the Pain I feel from this delay. At

lay. For

For the Ger: Flute.

Sy.

So.

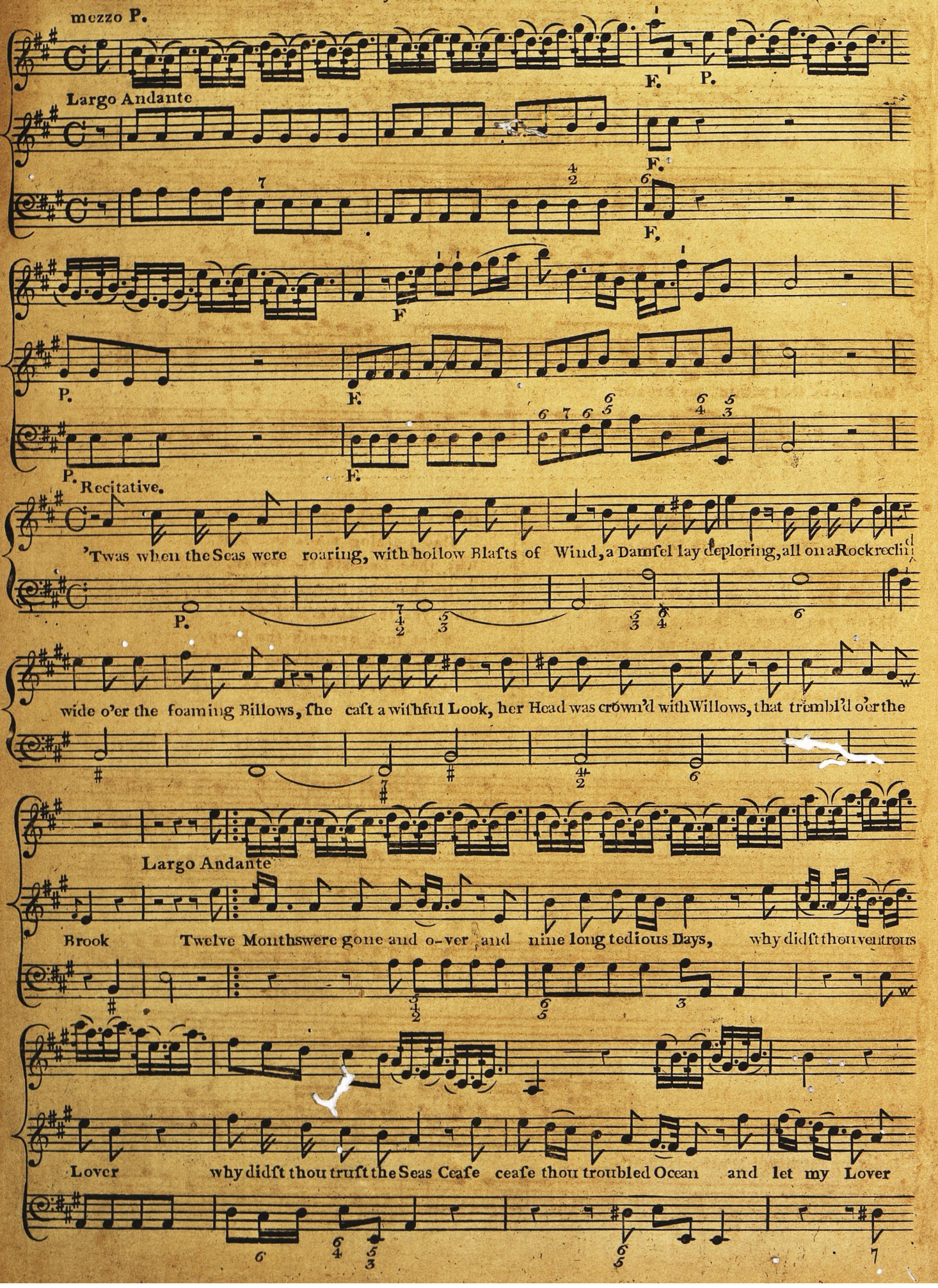
Sy.

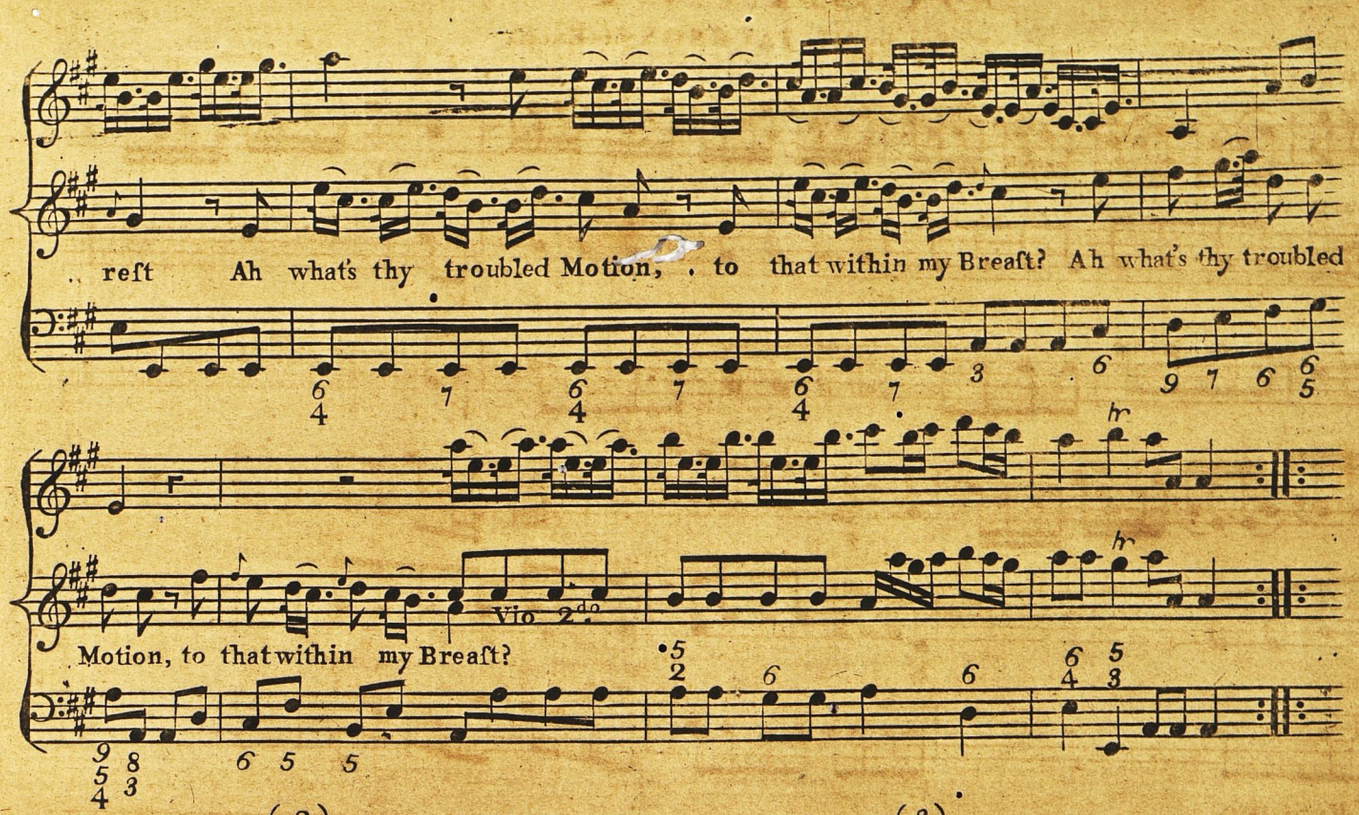
So.

Sy.

SUSANNA

Set by Mr. JACKSON of Exon.



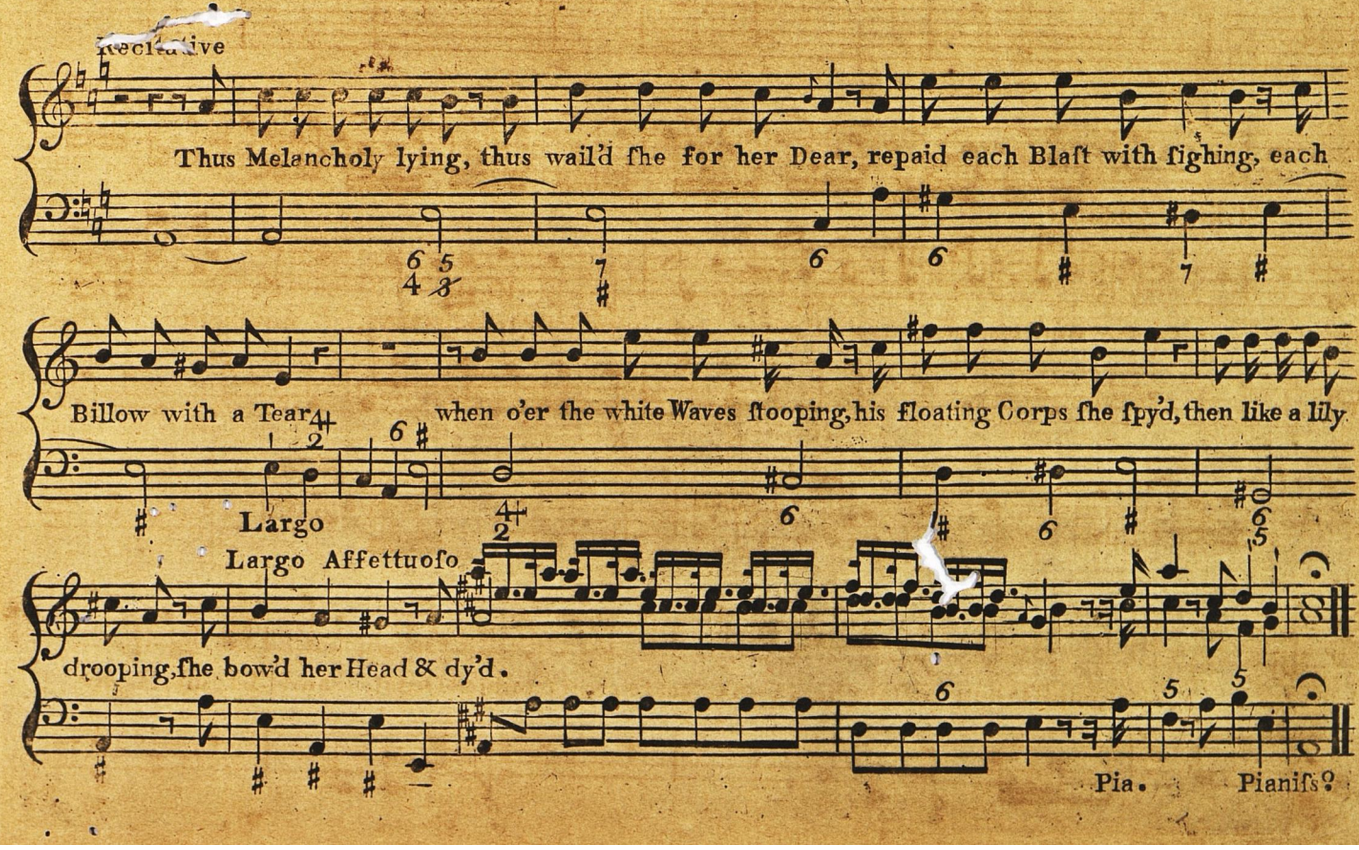


(2)

The Merchant robb'd of Pleaſure,
Views Tempeſts with Diſpair;
But what's the Loſs of Treaſure,
To loſing of my Dear?
Shou'd you ſome Coaſt be laid on,
Where Gold and Diamonds grow;
You'd find a richer Maiden,
But none that loves you ſo.

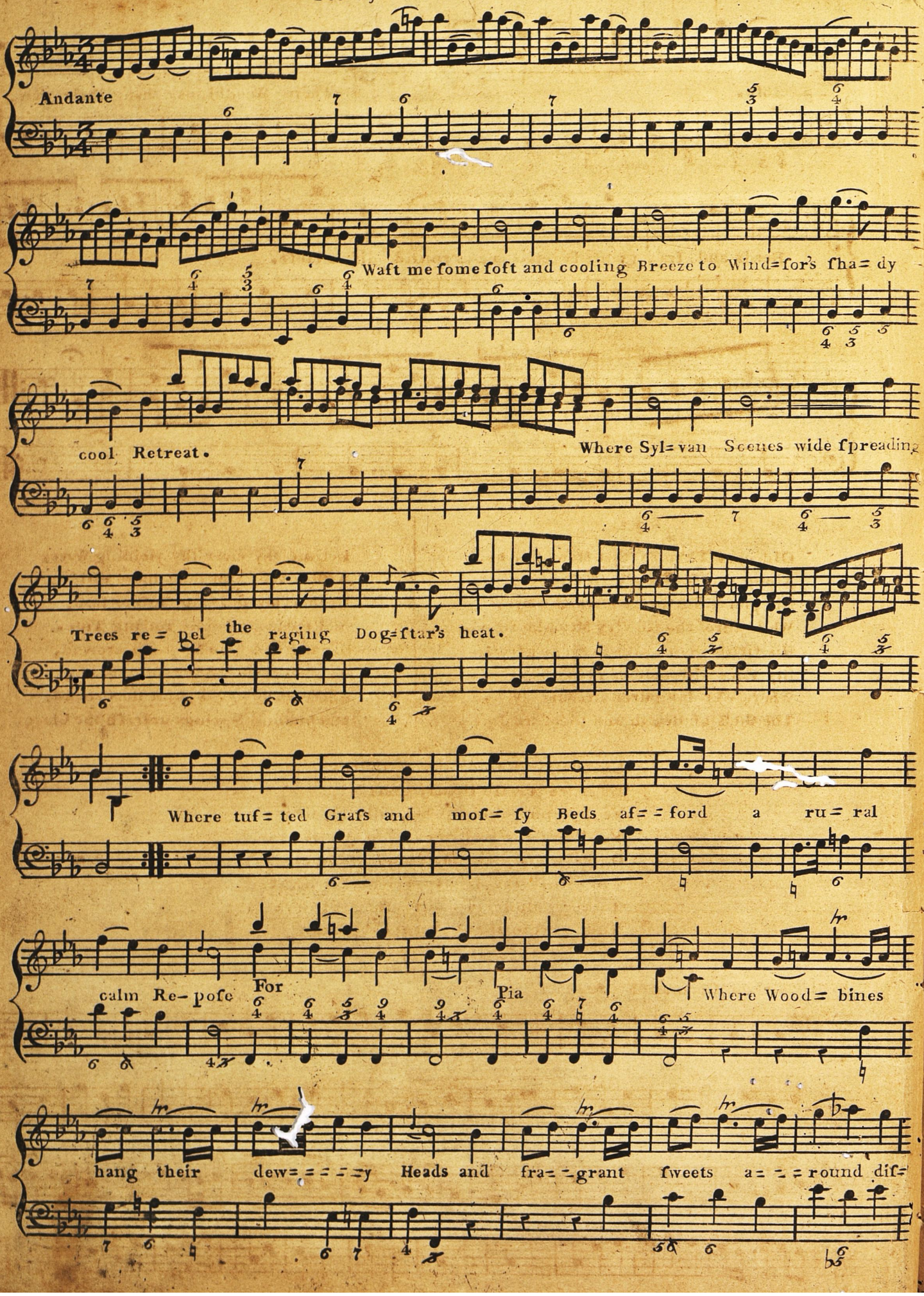
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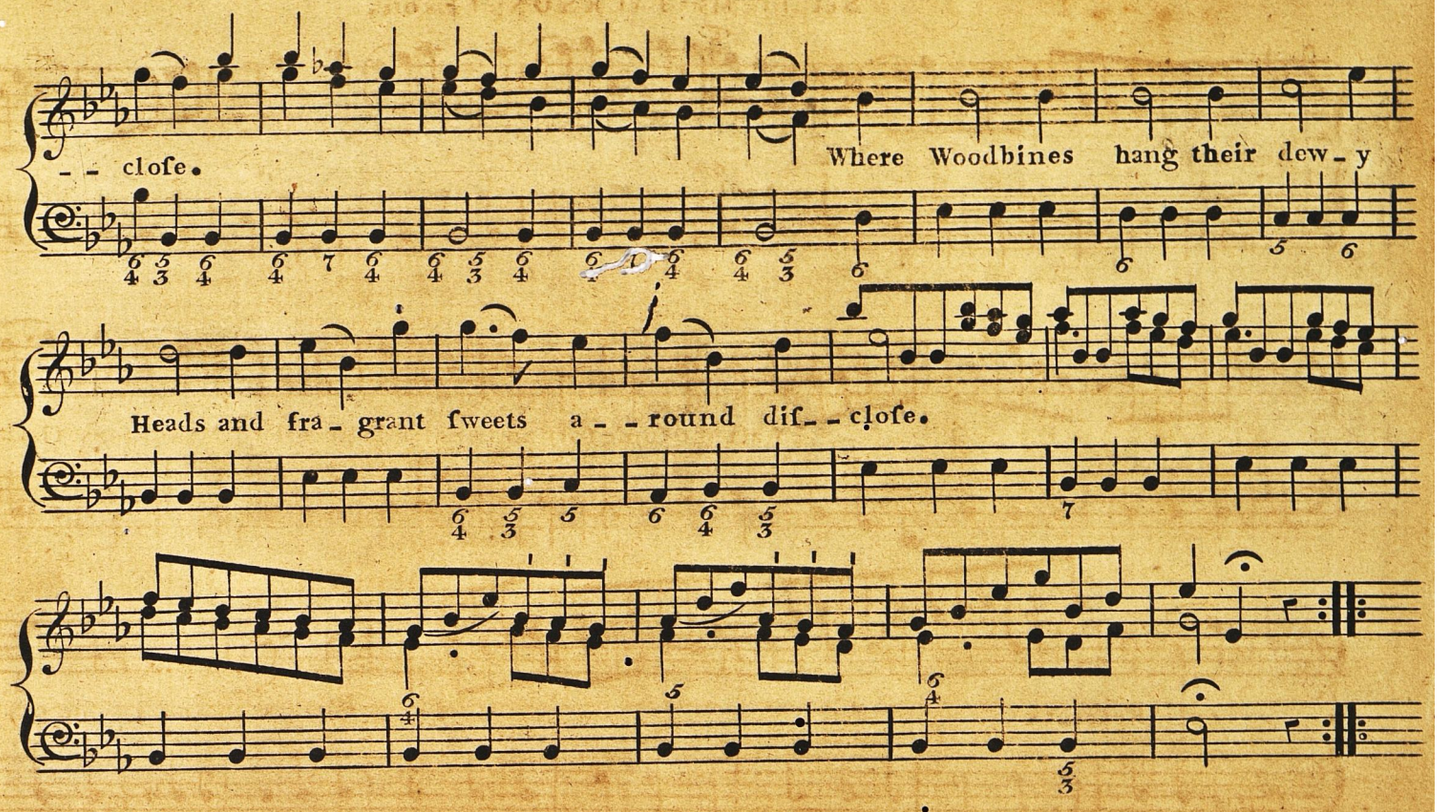
How can they ſay that Nature,
Has nothing made in vain?
Why then beneath the Water,
Do hideous Rocks remain?
No Eyes the Rocks diſcover,
That lurk beneath the Deep,
To wreck the wand'ring Lover,
And leave the Maid to weep.



WAFT ME SOME SOFT &c.

Set by Mr JACKSON of Exon.





2

Old oozy Thames that flows faſt by,
Along the ſmiling Valley plays;
His glaſsy Surface chears the Eye,
While thro' the flow'ry Mead he ſtrays.
His firtile Banks with Herbage green,
His Vales with golden Plenty ſwell,
Where e'er his purer ſtream is ſeen,
The Gods of Health and pleaſure dwell.

3

Let me thy clear thy yielding Wave,
With naked Arm once more divide;
In thee my glowing Boſom lave,
And ſtem thy gently rolling Tide.
Lay me with Damaſk roſes crown'd,
Beneath ſome Oziers duſky ſhade,
Where Water-lilies paint the Ground,
And bubling Springs refreſh the Glade.

4

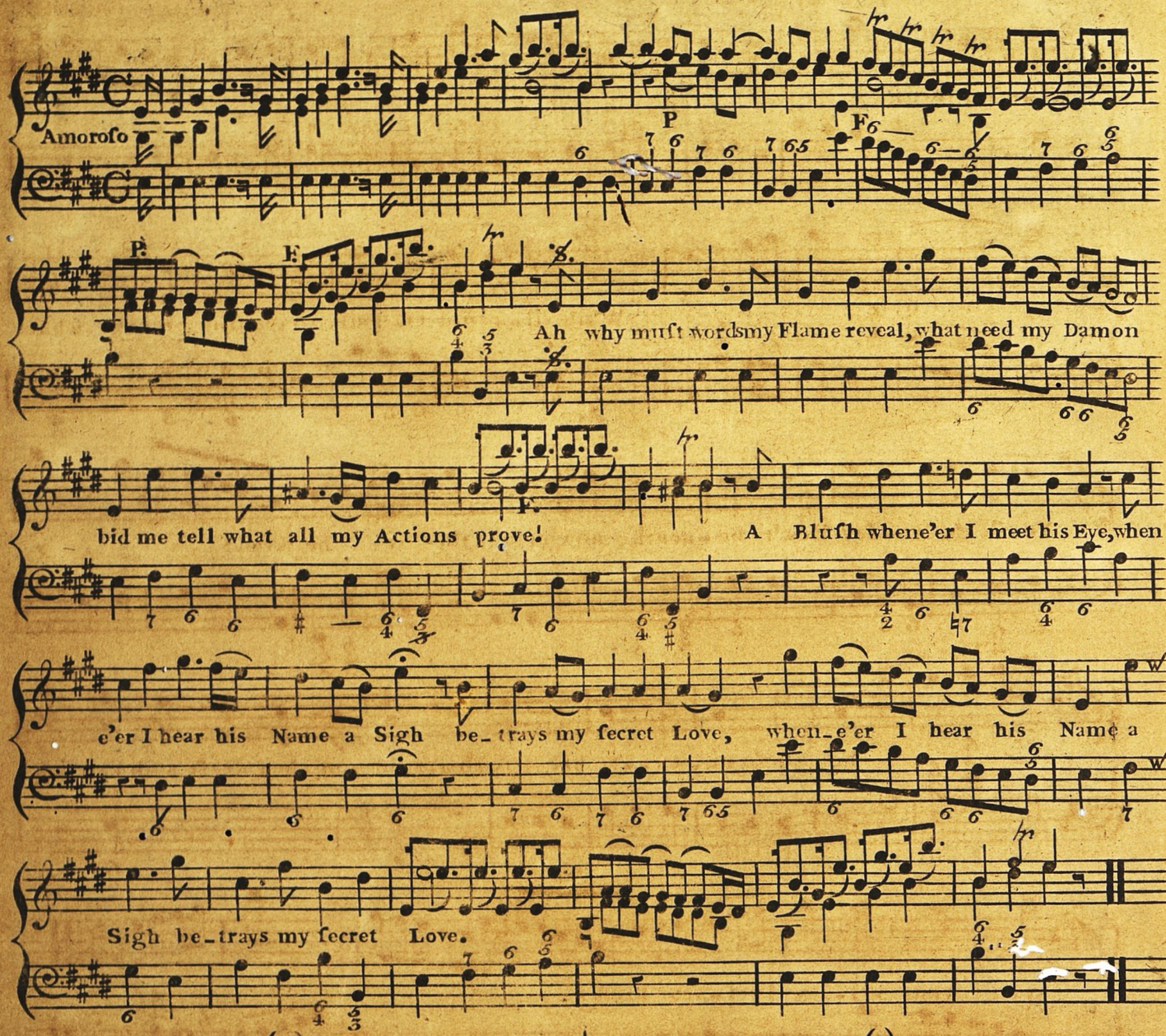
Let chaſte Clarinda too be there,
In azure Mantle lightly dreſt;
Ye Nymphs bind up her ſilken Hair,
Ye Zephirs fan her panting Breaſt,
O haſte away fair Maid and bring,
The Muſe the kindly Friend to love;
To thee alone the Muſe ſhall ſing,
And warble thro' the vocal Grove.

For the German Flute.



AH WHY MUST WORDS

Set by Mr. JACKSON of Exon.



(2)

In all their ſports upon the Plain,
My Eyes ſtill fix'd on him remain,
And him alone approve.
The reſt unheeded dance or play,
From all he ſteals my Praiſe away,
And can he doubt my love!

(3)

Whene'er we meet my looks confeſs,
The Joys which all my Soul poſſeſs,
And ev'ry care remove;
Still ſtill too ſhort appears his ſtay,
The moments fly too faſt away,
Too faſt for my fond Love!

(4)

Does any ſpeak in Damon's praiſe!
So pleaſ'd am I with all he ſays,
I ev'ry word approve.
But is he blam'd, altho in Jeſt,
I feel reſentment fire my Breaſt,
Alaſs becauſe I love!

(5)

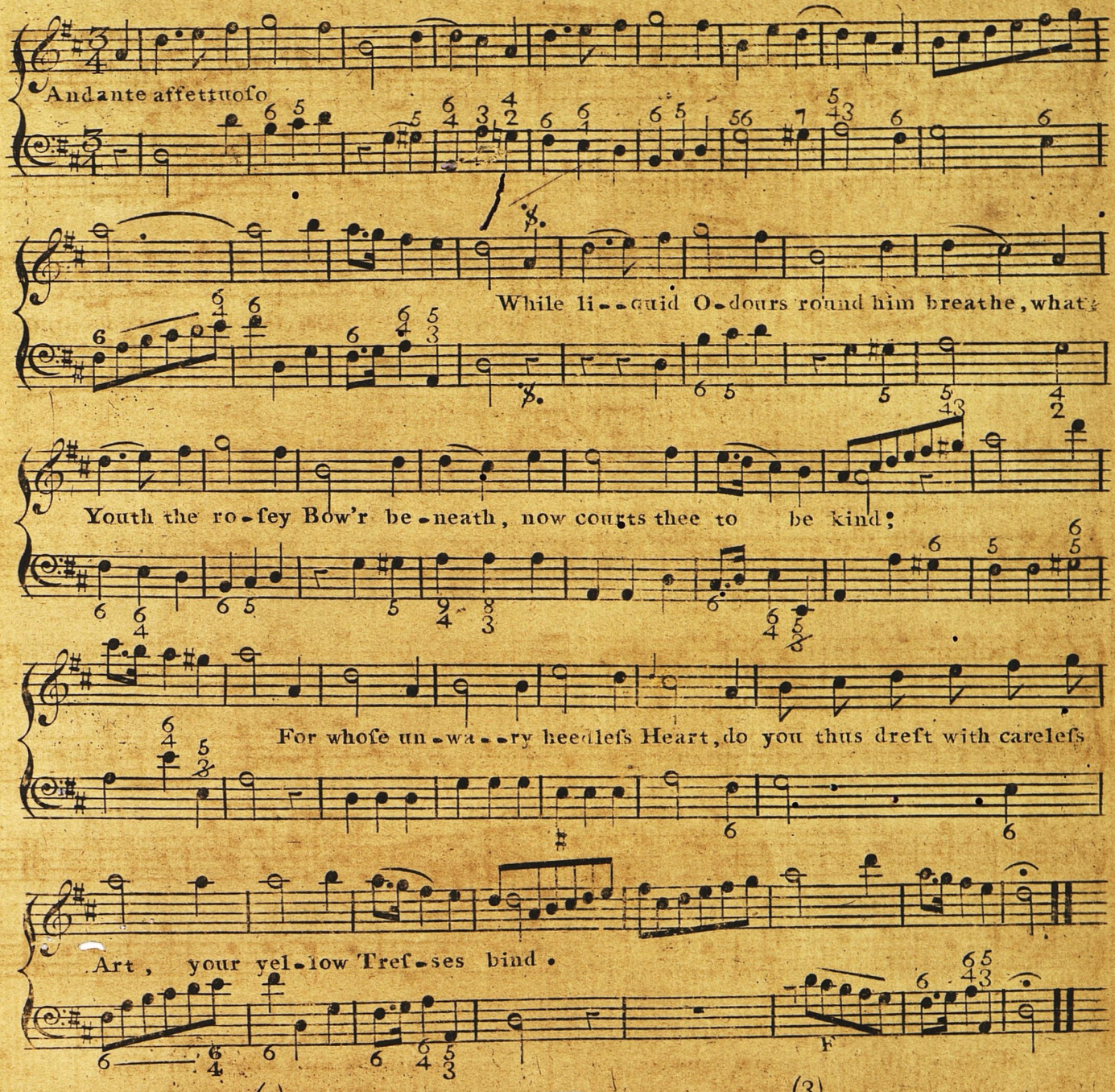
But Oh! what Tortures tear my Heart,
When I ſuſpect his looks impart,
The leaſt deſire to rove;
I hate the Maid that gives me pain,
Yet him to hate I ſtrive in vain,
For ah! that hate is Love.

(6)

Then aſk not words but read my Eyes,
Believe my bluſhes truſt my Sighs,
My Paſſion theſe will prove;
Words oft deceive and ſpring from Art,
The true Expreſſion of my Heart
To Damon muſt be love.

WHILE LIQUID ODOURS

Set by Mr. JACKSON of Exon —



(2)

How often ſhall th'unpractiſ'd Youth,
Of alter'd Gods, and injur'd Truth,
With Tears alas complain!
How ſoon behold with wond'ring Eyes
The black'ning Winds tempeſtuous riſe,
And ſcowl along the Main.

(3)

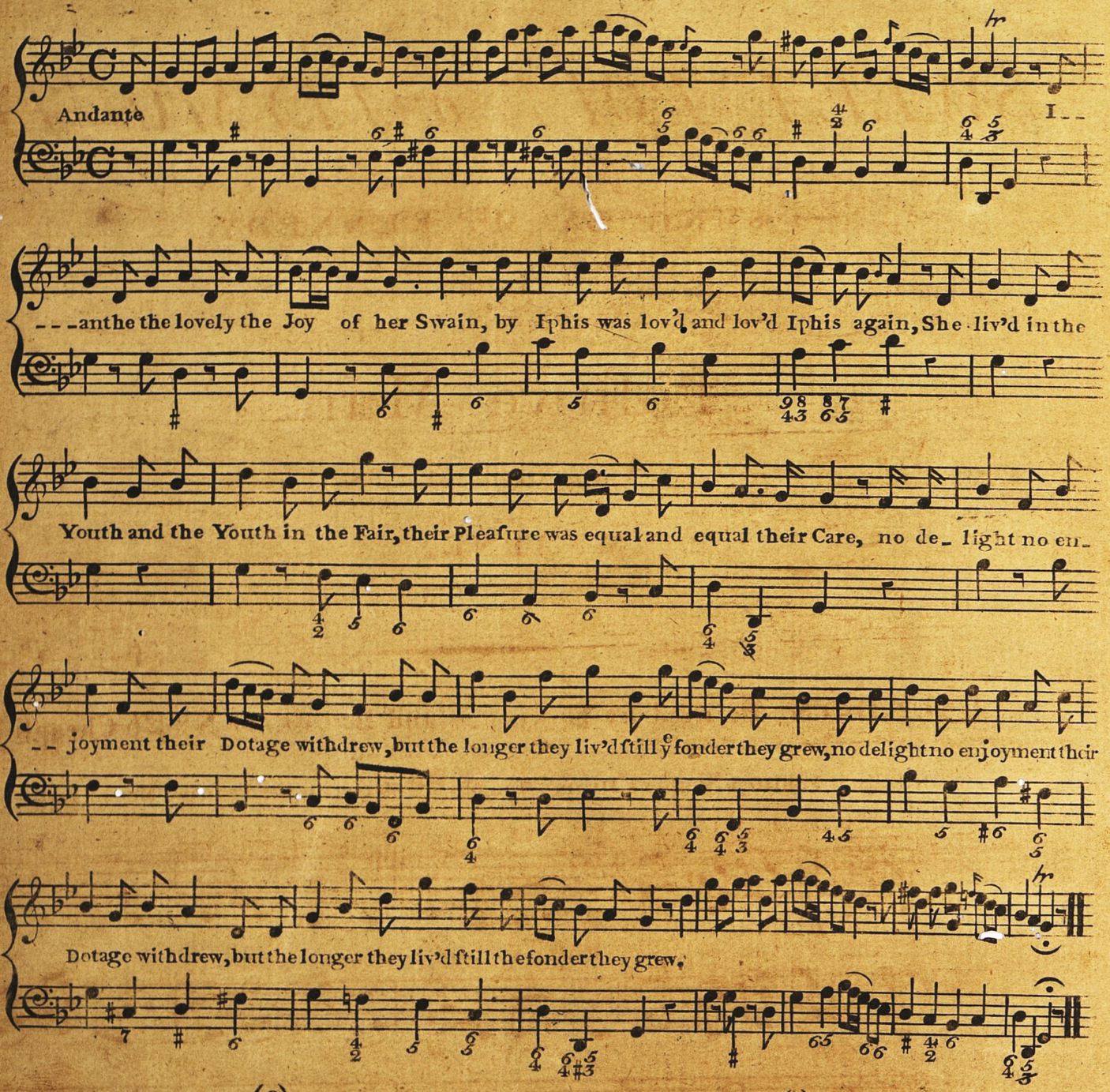
While by his eaſy Faith betray'd,
He now enjoys thee, golden Maid,
All amiable and kind;
He fondly hopes that you ſhall prove
Thus ever vacant to his Love,
Nor heeds the faithleſs Wind.

(4)

Unhappy they to whom untry'd
You ſhine, alas! in Beauty's pride;
While I, now ſafe on Shore,
Will conſecrate the pictur'd Storm,
And all my grateful Vows perform
To Neptune's ſaving Pow'r.

IANTHE

Set by Mr JACKSON of Exon.



(2)

A Passion so happy alarm'd all the Plain,
Some envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd the Swain,
Some swore 'twou'd be pity their Loves to invade,
That the Lovers alone for each other were made,
And all all consented that none ever knew,
A Nymph be more kind or a Shepherd so true.

(3)

Love saw them with Pleasure and vow'd to take Care,
Of the faithfull, the tender, the innocent Pair,
What either might want he bid either to move,
But they wanted nothing but ever to love,
He said all to bless them his Godhead cou'd do,
That they still shou'd be kind & they still shou'd be true.

For the German Flute

