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A collection of

Favorite Songs

and an OVERTURE adapted for the

HARPSICORD

Composed by

R. Taylor

Book 1st

Pr 3/

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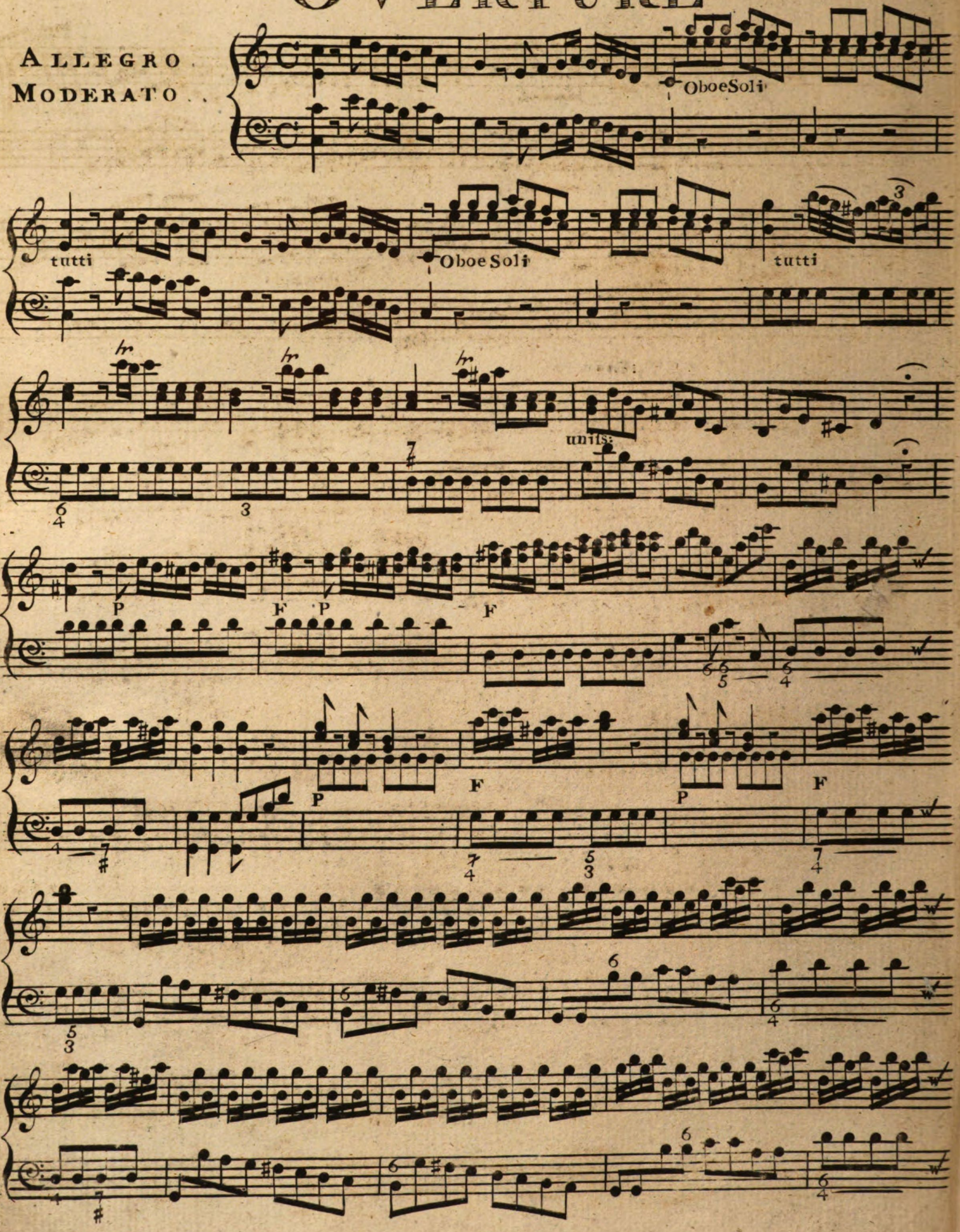
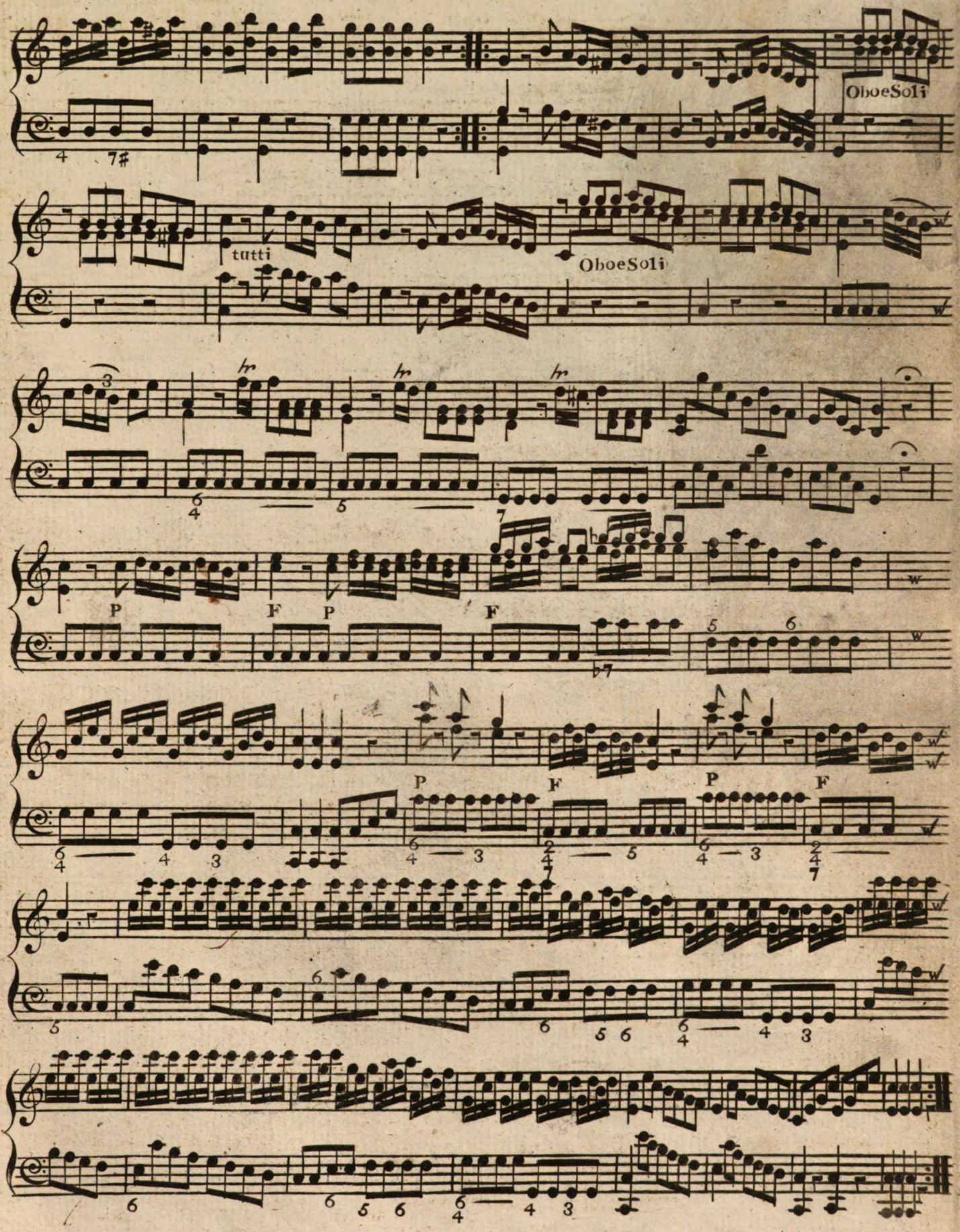
BRITISH MUSEUM

OVERTURE


ALLEGRO
MODERATO
Oboe Soli
tutti
Oboe Soli
tutti
unis.
P
F
P
F
P
F
P
F


Oboe Soli
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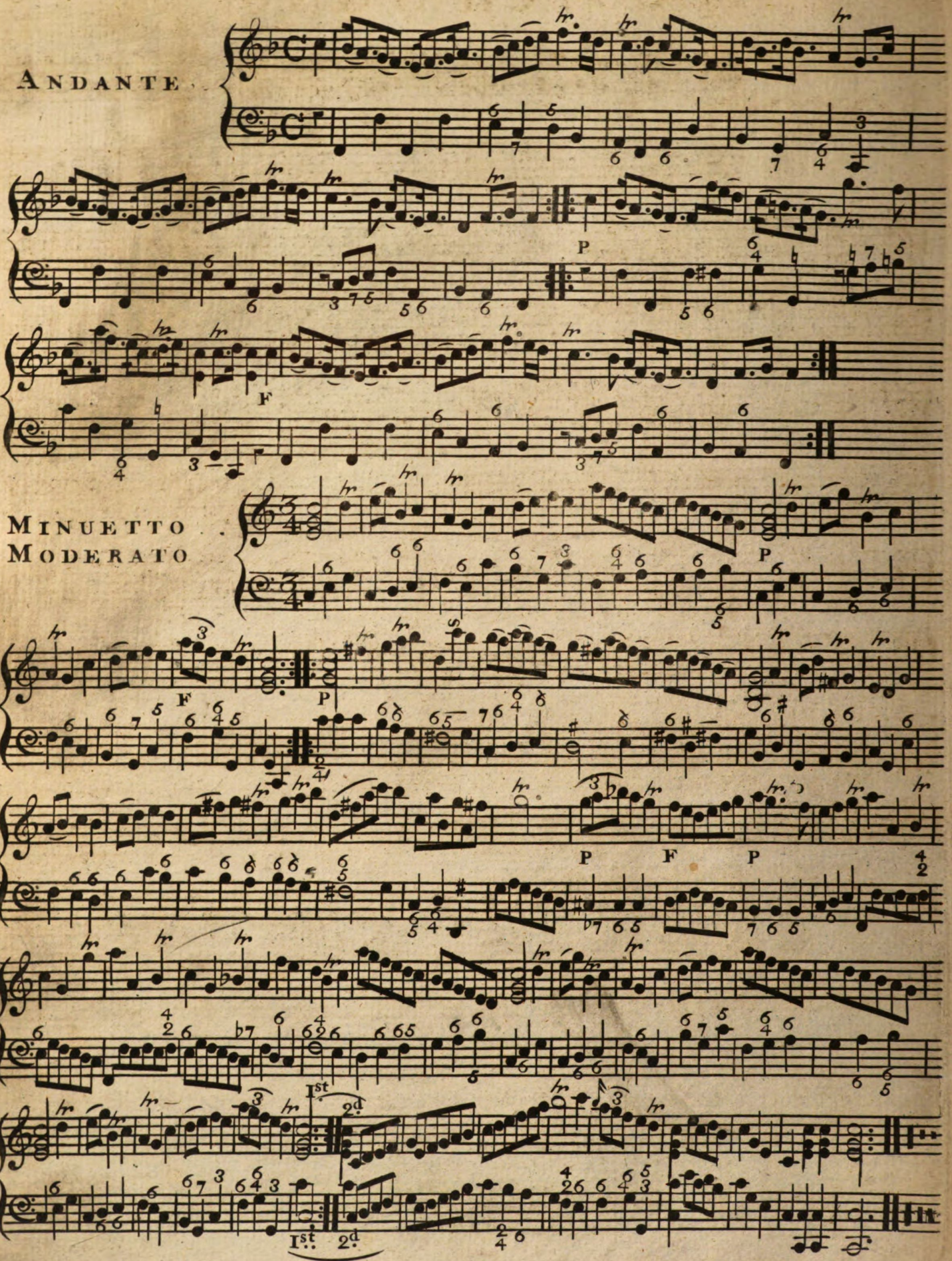
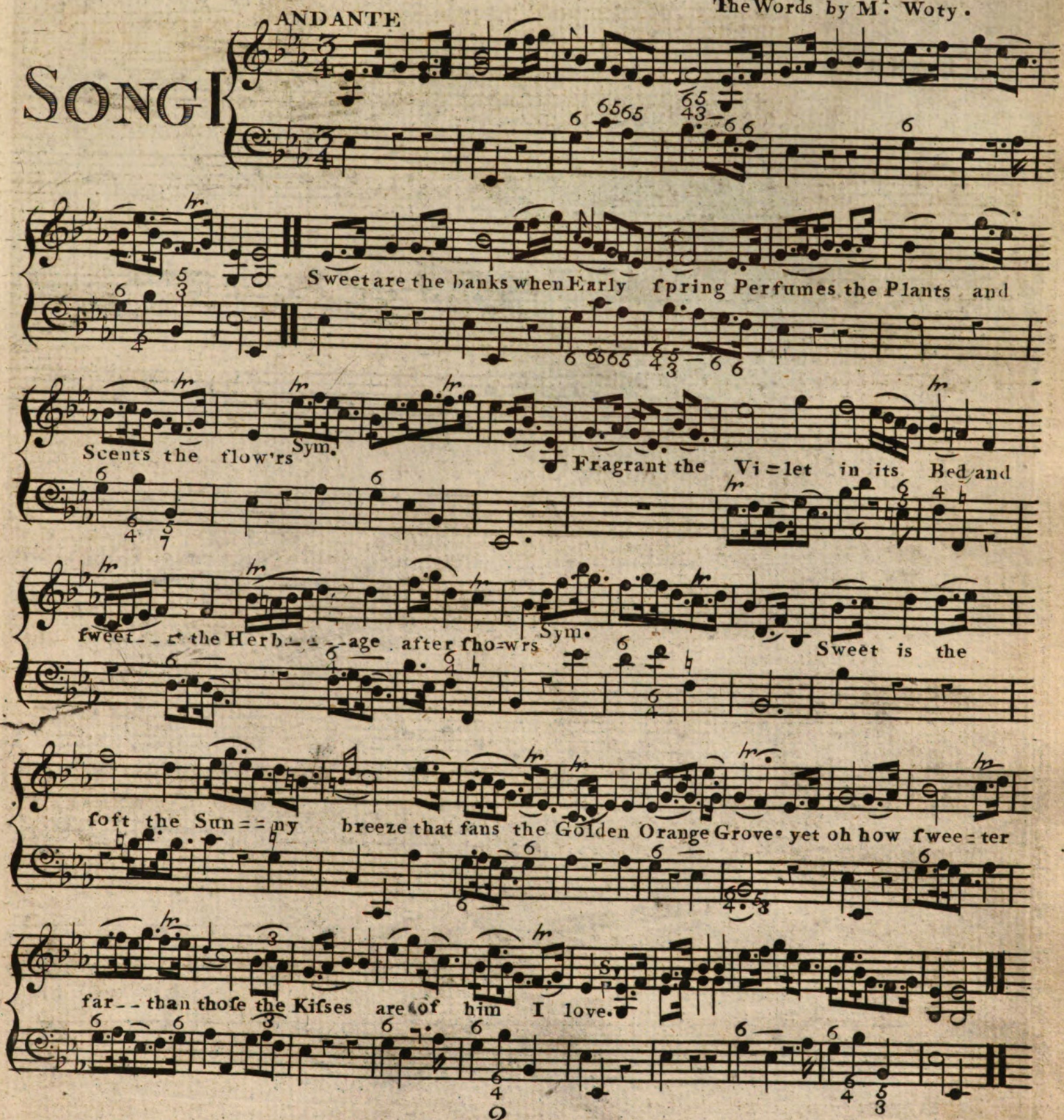

ANDANTE
P
F
MINUETTO
MODERATO
P
F
P
F
P
I.st
2.d
I.st
2.d

A SCOTCH SONG

The Words by Mr. Woty.

SONG I


ANDANTE
Sweet are the banks when Early ſpring Perfumes the Plants and
Scents the flow'rs Sym. Fragrant the Vi=let in its Bed and
ſweet-- the Herb--age after ſho=wrs Sym. Sweet is the
ſoft the Sun==ny breeze that fans the Golden Orange Grove. yet oh how ſwee=ter
far-- than thoſe the Kiſses are of him I love.

2

Sweet is the grain of Lavender,
And ſweet the Roſes damaſk leaf;
Charming the breath of Jeſsamin,
And ſweet the ſpicy myrtle ſheaf:
Grateful the bloſsom of the bean,
The ſpotted Pink and Crimſon Clove;
Yet Oh! how ſweeter far than thoſe,
The Kiſses are of him I love.

THE LOVER OF FASHION

The Words by a Gentleman of Whitehaven.

SONG II

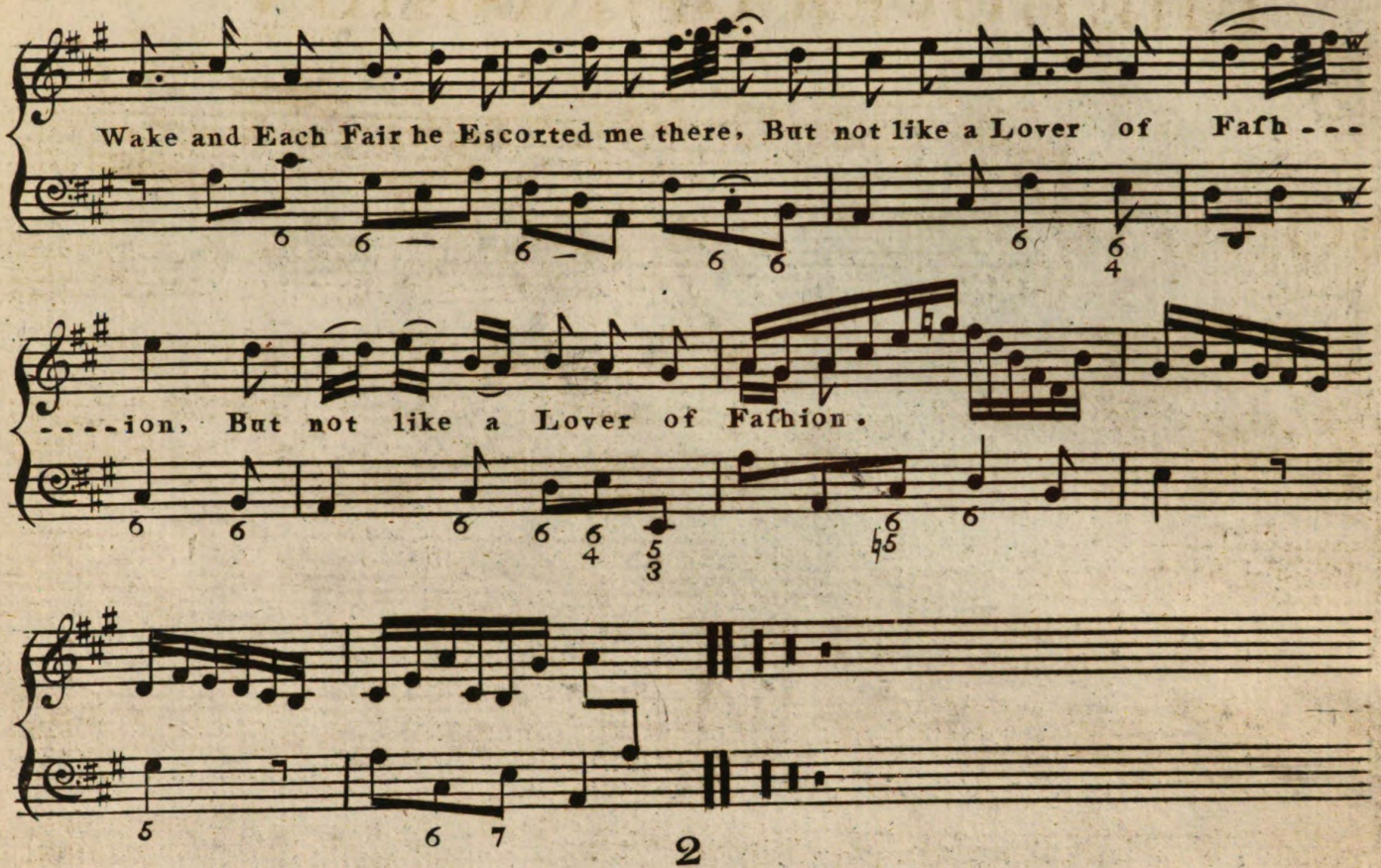
MODERATO

While Courted by Dorus a Wealthy young ſwain of his Flocks and his Cattle Po

--ſſeſt Sy: he ſwore tho' in freedom with all the gay Plain he only with me cou'd be Bleſt He

only with me cou'd be Bleſt He talk't of his

Wealth of his Wiſdom and Health, and call'd Heav'n to Witneſs his Paſſion at Each



2

But Collin top full of his Quibbles and Jokes,
Makes Sonnets, and simpers, and smiles;
He Copies they say, from the great Gentlefolks,
And learns all their Ogles and wiles:
The Goddess of Love, he calls from above,
To Witness, to Witness his Passion;
Without my complying, he Swears that he's dying,
And wooes like a Lover of Fashion.

3

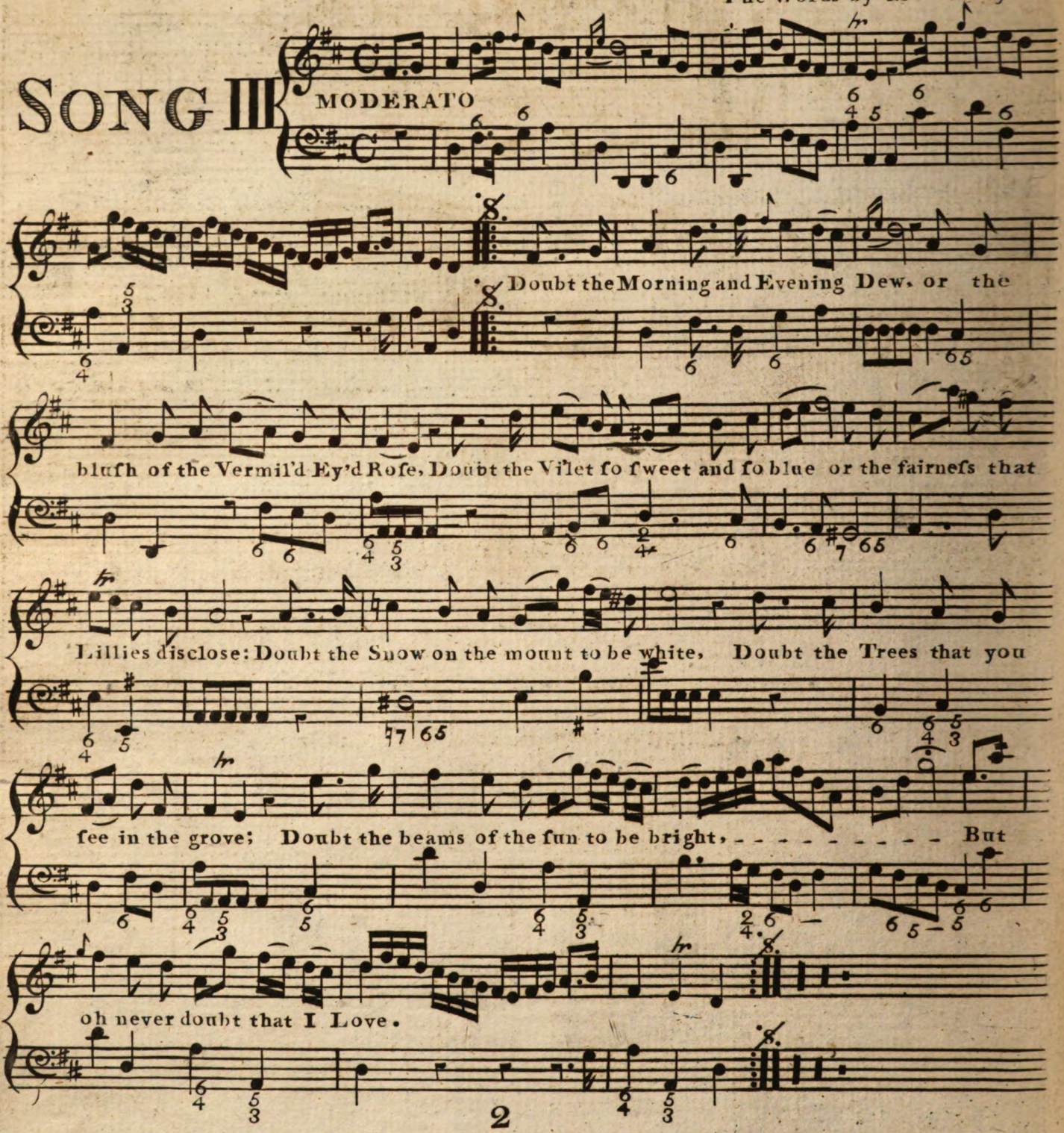
So winning his looks, with such Langour he sighs,
With Each air, with Each motion he charms;
I affect to look Cool, but betray'd by my Eyes,
All vanquish'd, I sink in his arms:
Then Love be my guide, all Ills to decide,
Young Collin bids first for my Passion;
I'll Cast of all toying, Coquetting, and Coying,
And Wed with a Lover of Fashion.

NEVER DOUBT THAT I LOVE.

The Words by M.r Woty

SONG III.

MODERATO



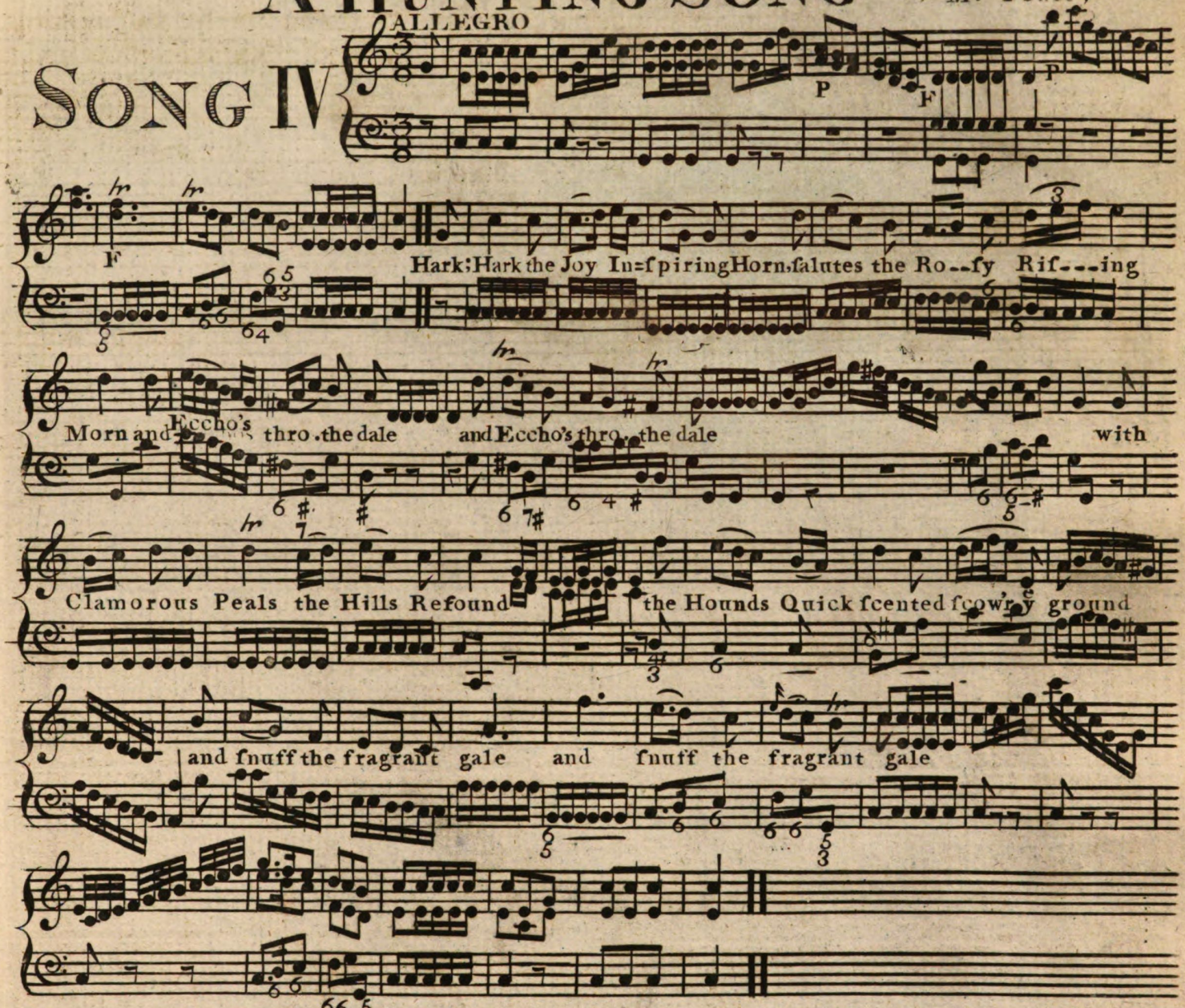
2

Doubt the Music that strikes on your Ear,
Or the Vision so plain to your Eye,
Doubt the Chrystaline gem to be clear,
Or the Stars that Enlighten the Sky;
Doubt the Council of truth can betray,
Or Constancy's longing to Rove,
Doubt that wisdom, can lead you astray,
But oh. never doubt that I Love.

A Hunting Song

The words by
Mr Toufey

Song IV



2

Nor gate, nor Hedges, can Impede,
The briſk High mettl'd ſtarting ſteed,
The Jovial pack purſue;
Like Lightning darting o'er the plains,
The diſtant Hills with ſpeed he gains,
And ſee's the game in View.

3

The path the timid Hare forſakes,
And to the Copſe for ſhelter makes,
There pants awhile for breath;
When now the Noiſe alarms her Ear,
Her Haunts deſcry'd, her fate is near,
She ſee's approaching death.

4

Directed by the well known breeze,
The Hounds their trembling Victim ſeize,
She faints, ſhe falls, ſhe dies:
The diſtant courſers now come in,
And Join the loud Triumphant din,
Till Eccho Rends the Skies.

SONG V

WHAT WOU'D you be at

The words by Mr. Toufey

MODERATO

Young Mira the fairest of all the gay Plain, Neglected and laugh't at the

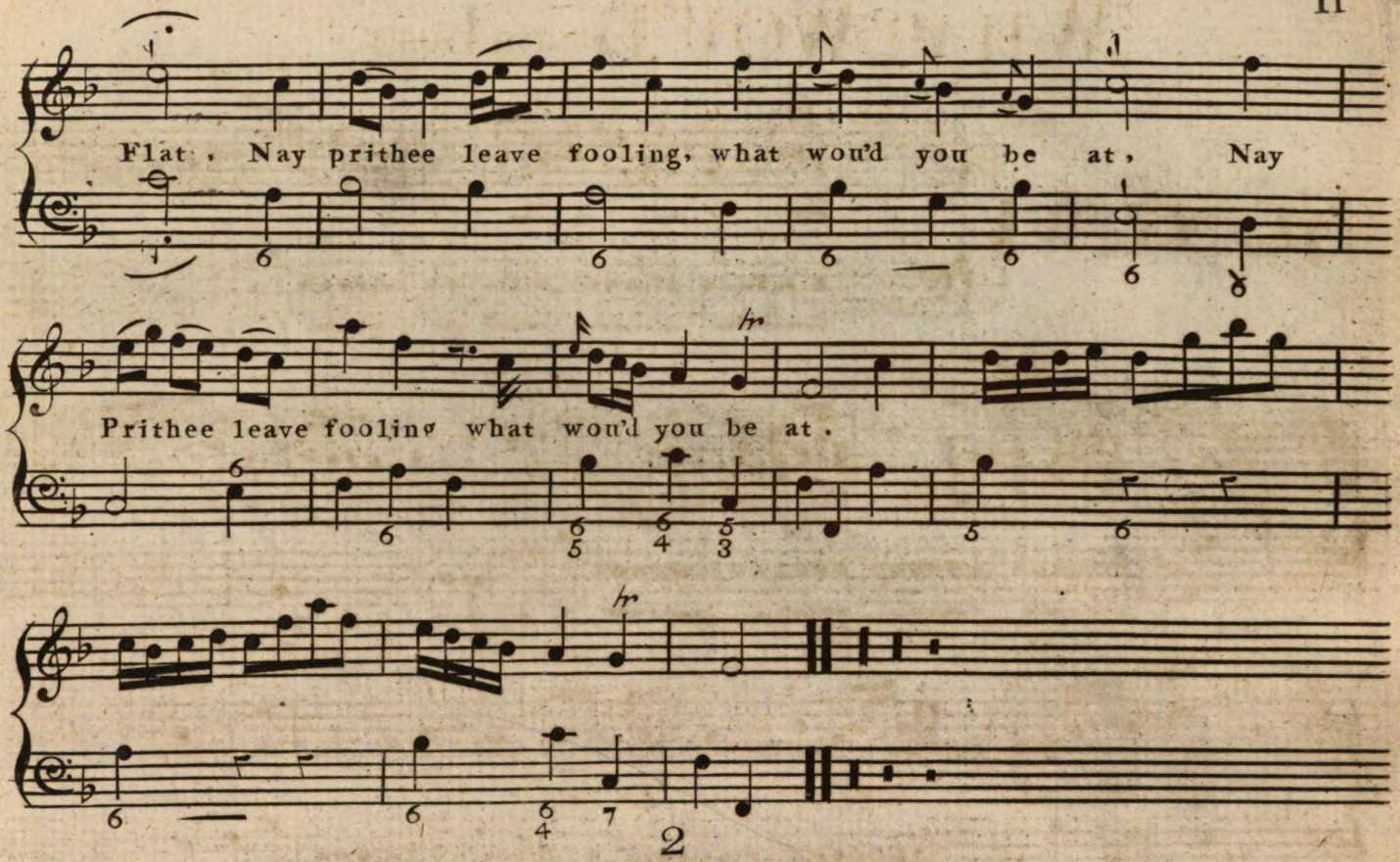
Vows of Each ſwain, In vain they their Paſsion their truth would Protest, at their

ſuff'rings ſhe Laugh't, of their Love made a Jest: at their ſuffe-rings ſhe

Sy

Laugh't, of their Love made a Jeſt.

and what ever they ſaid thus would anſwer them



2

Phillander the pride of the Village Eſsay'd,
And boldly declar'd, he wou'd win the fair maid,
He talk't of her beauty her Charms and her wit,
To which all mankind muſt Undoubtedly ſubmit;
Then whiſper'd his love but ſhe anſwer'd him flat,
What Nonſence is this ſir, what wou'd you be at."

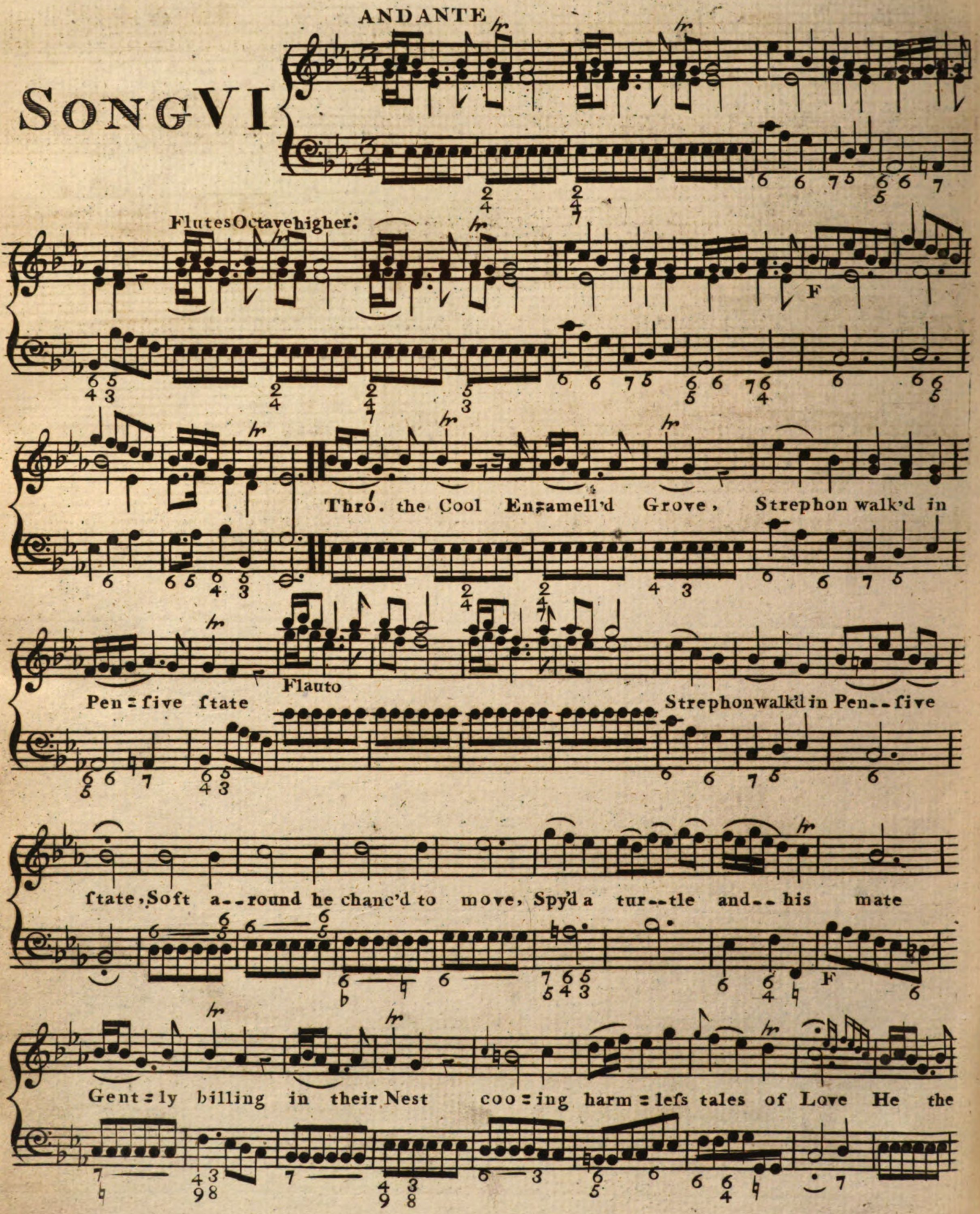
3

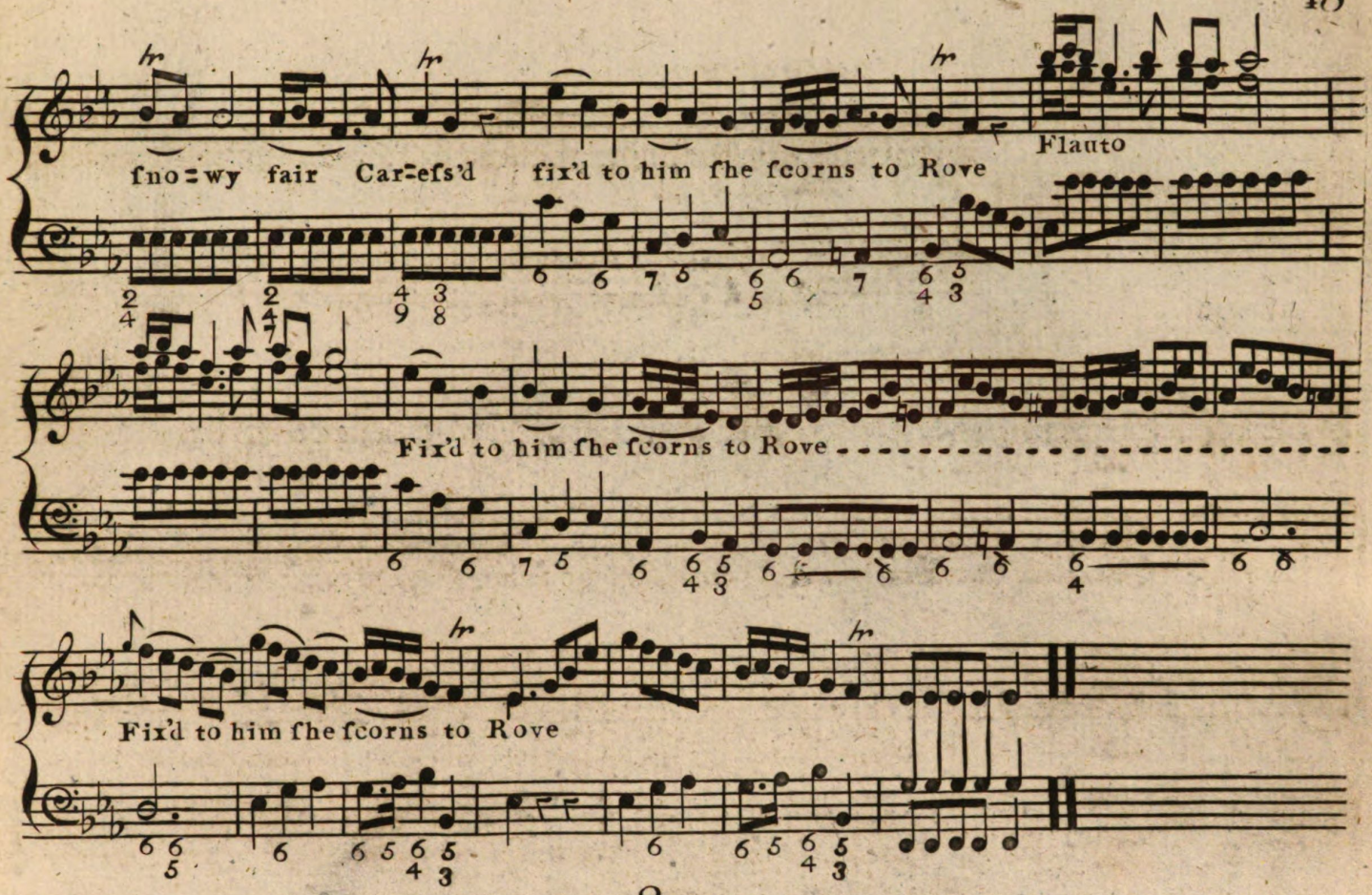
Yet at this not Repulſ'd he his Paſsion purſu'd,
For he found that the fair muſt with ſpirit be woo'd,
He hinted at marriage at Hymen's ſoft bands,
And beg'd that the prieſt might unite both their Hands;
She alter'd her Key from a Sharp to a flat,
And ſmiling ſaid yes, nor aſk'd "what he'd be at."

4

Quite Charm'd with her frankneſs hermein and her air,
Next morning to Church he attended the fair,
Where Hymen United their Hearts and their Hands,
And Join'd them for life in Connubial bands;
Her tongue keeps in tune not too ſharp nor too flat,
She always is kind, nor aſk's "what he'd be at."

SONG VI


ANDANTE
Flutes Octave higher:
F
Thro. the Cool Enamell'd Grove, Strephon walk'd in
Flauto
Pen = five ſtate
Strephon walk'd in Pen-- five
ſtate, Soft a--round he chanc'd to move, Spy'd a tur--tle and-- his mate
F
Gent = ly billing in their Nest coo = ing harm = leſs tales of Love He the



2

While the Swain with Rapture gaz'd !
On the faithfull Happy pair,
Tho' a different ſcene it raiſ'd,
Some Reflections on his fair:
Ah! how Conſtant ſay's the ſwain
Is the ſnowy feather'd throng;
I alaſs! muſt love in vain,
In vain I tune my am'rous ſong.

3

Did Florella but approve
Me to fill her ſnowy arms;
Strephon's gift ſhou'd be his love,
Her's wou'd be her blooming Charms;
But alaſs! ſhe ſlights her ſwain,
And his Paſsion ſtill denies;
Come, florella, Ease my Pain,
Or th' Enamour'd Strephon dies.