

*Ten*  
SONGS

and a

*Cantata*

Set to Music by

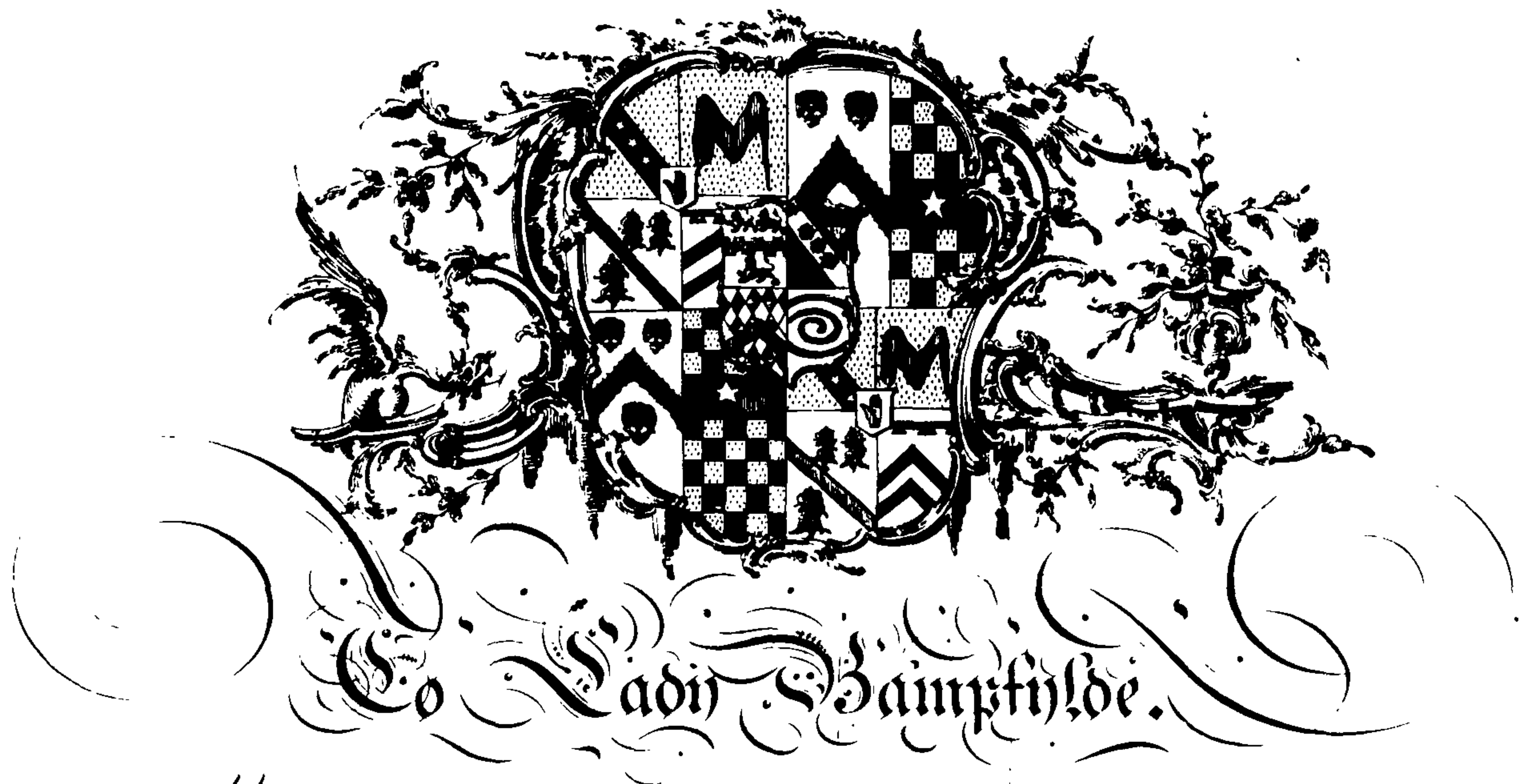
*Richard Sangdon*

*Organist of Exeter Cathedral*

---

L O N D O N

*Printed for the Author by J. Johnson in  
Cheapside.*



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Amongst the many excellencies which adorn Your Ladyship's Musick and the love of Harmony stand eminently distinguished Qualifications without which, Shakespear, that great Master of human Nature, declares no Character can be complete. I have therefore presumed under the sanction of Your Ladyship's Name and Patronage, to publish the following Compositions, rather indeed to comply with the request of my friends, than from a vain opinion of Merit in the Performance. Whichever fate may attend them, I shall still think myself happy in having an opportunity of publicly acknowledging the grateful sense I retain of your Ladyship's Goodness, and the many favours conferred on.

Madam,

Your Ladyship's

most obliged and  
obedient humble servant

Richard Sangden



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# Damon and Phillis, a Pastoral Dialogue

In Praise of Matrimony the Words by the Rev. M. Cotton.

Trav: 1<sup>o</sup>

Allegro

Trav: 2<sup>o</sup>

Viol: 1<sup>o</sup>

Viol: 2<sup>o</sup>

Viola

Basso



*Violino *pia*:*

*S:*  
 Trav: con voice  
**DAMON**  
 Hap- less must the Shepherd prove, who has ne- ver learn'd to love,

6 4 7 6 5 3

*pia:*  
 Feast ed ne'er his ex-cess'd sense, With the sweets of In-no-cence,

Ne'er has fought the Nup-tial Tye, Hap-less he but hap-py I.

7 6 6 6 4

Ne'er has fought the Nup-tial Tye, Hap-less he but hap-py I.

6 8 6 6 6 4 3

For:

Trav: 1<sup>o</sup> & 2<sup>o</sup>

Vio: 1<sup>o</sup> & 2<sup>o</sup>

PHILLIS

Hapless is the Maid, who ne'er  
 Made the Rites of Love her care,  
 Ne'er has found a gentle Youth,  
 Warm with tendernefs and Truth,  
 Ne'er has fought the Nuptial Tye,  
 Hapless ſhe, but happy I.

*Luette* From the Nuptial Tye &c.  
 DAMON

"First my lovely Fair, I knew  
 Truth and happinefs in you,  
 You real Joy alone can give,  
 For thee alone I wiſh to live,  
 Bleſſ'd and happy thoſe who prove  
 The cordial ſweets of nuptial Love.

PHILLIS

"Phillis never caſt an Eye,  
 Aſk'd a bliſs, or breath'd a ſigh,  
 Ne'er to Cupid bent a knee,  
 Never Damon but for thee;  
 Bleſt and happy thoſe who prove  
 The cordial ſweets of nuptial Love.

From the Nuptial Tye &c.

PHILLIS

Hear ye kind and gracious Gods,  
 Happy in y ur bleſt abodes;  
 Hear my Pray'r ye pow'rs divine,  
 Long be gentle Damon mine;  
 Happy in the Nuptial Tye  
 Elſe together let us die.

From the Nuptial Tye &c

DAMON

"Ev'ry day, a day of Love,  
 Does our fondnefs ſtill improve,  
 Care with fullen look is fled,  
 Banish'd from the nuptial Bed;  
 Would ye Shepherds happy prove,  
 Learn, O! quickly learn to love.

PHILLIS

"Lock'd within thy Arms to reſt  
 Sorrow ne'er invades my Breſt.  
 Hence diſquietude and care,  
 Nought but Joy can enter here.  
 Would ye Virgins happy prove,  
 Learn, O! quickly learn to love.

From the Nuptial Tye &c.  
 DAMON

Hear my Pray'r ye pow'rs divine,  
 Long be gentle Phillis mine!  
 Elſe, if cruelly ſevere  
 Envious Fates denies my Pray'r,  
 Happy in the Nuptial Tye,  
 O! together let us die.



*Allegretto.*

*Solo.*

*pia* *Rinfor:* *pia:* *Rinfor:* *pia:*

PHILLIS

*Pinfor:*

*pia:*

Union flow all the blefsings here be\_low. From the Nup\_tial Union flow

Union flow all the blefsings here be\_low. From the Nup\_tial Union flow

7 65 \* 6 5 \* 6 8 7

*Mezzo for:*

*for:*

all the blefsings here be\_low.

all the blefsings here be\_low.

6 6 6 4 5 3 6 6 6 5 3



# Amanda.

*Affettuoso*

2<sup>o</sup> Vio: Pia:

1<sup>o</sup> Vio: Pia: con Voce.

Go, tell A-MAN-DA, gen-tle Swain, How much I love, nor

dare com-plain; How much I love, nor dare com-plain; Thy

2<sup>o</sup> Vio: con Vo:

1<sup>o</sup> Vio:

2<sup>o</sup> Vio:

tune-ful Voice can Num-bers joyn, Thy words can more per-swade than

mine. Thy tune . . ful Voice can Num . . bers .joyn, Thy words can

more per . . fwade than mine.

*for:*

6 7 6 6 5 4 3 2 1 6 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 6 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

2

3

To Hearts, opprest and dumb with grief,  
 The Gods ordain this kind relief;  
 That Musick should in, sounds convey,  
 What dying Lovers dare not say.

A sigh, a Tear, perhaps she'll give,  
 But Love on Pity cannot live;

Tell her, that Hearts, for Hearts were made;  
 And Love with Love is only Paid.

Tell her that Hearts &c.

4

Tell her, my Pains so fast increase,  
 That soon they will be past redress;  
 For ah! the Swain that bleeding lies,  
 Attends but Death to close his Eyes.



# Long. Attend, ye Nymphs

*Allegro*

Violon con Voce e Pianifis?

Attend, ye Nymphs, while I impart the secret wishes

of my Heart, the secret wishes of my Heart,

And tell what Swain, if one there be, whom Fate designs for

Love and me, whom Fate designs for Love and me,

2

4

Let Reason o'er his Thoughts preside,  
 Let Honour, all his Actions guide;  
 Stedfast in Virtue let him be  
 The Swain design'd for Love and me.

Where Sorrow prompts the penfive sigh,  
 Where Griefs bedew the drooping Eye;  
 Melting in Sympathy I see  
 The Swain design'd for Love and me.

3

5

Let Solid Sense inform his Mind,  
 With pure good nature sweetly joyn'd;  
 Sure Friend to modest merit be  
 The Swain design'd for Love and me.

Let Sordid a'rice claim no part,  
 Within his tender generous Heart;  
 Oh! be that Heart from falshood free,  
 Devoted all to Love and me.

*German Flute, to Amanda*

The musical score is written for a German Flute in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. It is marked with a dynamic of *sym:* and a tempo of *Affettuoso*. The second staff is marked with *hr* and *Song.*. The third staff continues the melody. The fourth staff features a triplet of eighth notes. The fifth staff continues the melody. The sixth staff is marked with *hr* and *:S:* and concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.



# The Miracle, or the Reasonable Fair.

*Allegro ma non troppo*

*pia:*

While PHILLIS with ambitious views, her int'rest

with the Men pur-sues; while self-ish SYLVIA aims her Darts, at

*for:* *pia:*

Lovers purfes, not their Hearts; May I, in calm con.

...tentment, find, an ea...fy Ballance o'er the Mind; in...dulse, ye Pow'rs that

*for:*

I adore! those tri...vial Boons, I ask no more.

2 3

O! may I be with Wisdom fraught,  
 A Pallas in the depth of thought;  
 Let me in sweets with Flora vie,  
 With Heav'n's great Queen in Majesty;  
 Let me be more than Venus fair,  
 With such a shape, and such an Air,  
 No Female e'er possess'd before,  
 Of Fate, and Heav'n I ask no more.

Let Fame, who with the rest makes free,  
 Or celebrate, or wink at me;  
 Let me instead of Rivals, find  
 Friends, and Allies, in Womankind:  
 Let, what I do, or say, or wear,  
 Be fashion 'mongst the young and fair.  
 Indulge, ye Pow'rs that I adore!  
 Those trivial Boons, I ask no more.

4

May crowds of Lovers throng my Gate,  
 And in obsequious Levees wait;  
 To make all Day a grand Parade,  
 All Night as grand a Serenade;  
 Let them wait sighs, and Verses sing,  
 And every Amorous present bring,  
 Let them grant all they have in store,  
 Of them, and Heav'n I ask no more.



*Molto*

Musical score for the first section, featuring five staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with a 'Molto' tempo marking. The second and third staves are also vocal lines, with 'Song' markings. The fourth and fifth staves are piano accompaniment, with 'sym' markings.

*Song. The Words by M. Hilton*

Musical score for the second section, featuring four staves of music. The first two staves are piano accompaniment in 4/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. The third and fourth staves are vocal lines, with 'Vivac.' and 'How' markings. The piano accompaniment includes various fingering numbers.

ea-ly was COLIN, how blithe and how gay! E'er he met the fair CHLORIS, how

4/2 6 6 6 6 8 7 6 6 6

sprightly his Lay! So graceful her form, so ac-complish'd her Mind, sure

6 6 4 # 7 6 6 4 #

pi-ty, he thought, with such charms must be join'd! Sure pi-ty, he thought, with such

6 7 6 6 4 3 4 2 6 6 6

Charms must be join'd!

5 4 3 6 6 7 5 6 6 5 4 3



## 2

Whenever she danc'd, or whenever she sung,  
 How just was her motion how sweet was her Tongue!  
 And when the Youth told her his passionate flame,  
 She allow'd him to fancy her Heart felt the same.

## 3

With ardour he press'd her to think him sincere,  
 But alas! she redoubled each hope and each fear;  
 She would not deny, nor she would not approve,  
 And she neither refus'd him, nor gave him her love.

## 4

Now cheer'd by complacence, now froze by disdain,  
 He languish'd for freedom, but languish'd in vain:  
 Till Thyrsis, who pity'd so helpless a Slave,  
 Eas'd his Heart of its pain by the counsel he gave.

## 5

Forfake her, said he, and reject her a while;  
 If she loves you, she soon will return with a smile:  
 You can judge of her passion by absence alone,  
 And by absence will conquer her Heart or — your own.

## 6

This advice he pursu'd; but the remedy prov'd  
 Too fatal, alas! to the fair one he lov'd;  
 Which cur'd his own Passion, but left her in vain  
 To fight for a Heart she could never regain.

*Flute*

The musical score is written for a Flute in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of five staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The music is marked 'sym' (symphony). The second staff has a 'tr' (trill) marking above a note. The third staff has a 'Song' marking below it. The fourth staff has a 'tr' marking above a note. The fifth staff has a 'sym' marking below it and ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

# Philander and Sylvia A Pastoral Dialogue.

Corno 1<sup>o</sup>

Corno 2<sup>o</sup>

Vio: 1<sup>o</sup>

Vio: 2<sup>o</sup>

Viola

*Andante ma (p)ritoso*

6 6 5 4 3 6 7 b5 9 4 6

*pia*

*for: pia*

*tr*

*tr*

9 8 7 6 5 6 6 4 3 6 5 4 3



*Violins Pa:*

:S: *Con Voce*

:S:

:S:

*Philander*

:S:

While Blossoms deck each Verdant Spray, and Flora breaths the

:S:

:S:

:S:

:S:

:S:

Sweets of May; and Flora breaths the Sweets of May; Ill leave my

:S:

*Poco Tor.*  
*pia.*  
*pia.*  
*pia.*  
Flock to Fro... lick free, and tune my Pipe a lone for thee. and tune my

*Tosto Solo*  
1<sup>o</sup> Corno  
2<sup>o</sup> Corno  
Violins  
*for.*  
Pipe a lone for thee.

SYLVIA

PHILANDER

What if thy Flock shou'd leave the Plain,  
While Tray is fleeping by my Swain,  
Would'st thou not think the Minutes dear?  
And rail at me that kept thee here?

First shall the Lark forget his Note!  
The Linnet stop his Liquid Throat!

SYLVIA

So oft, you gamefome Shepherds say,  
And only jest when ye betray.

Deck but your Song with Truth alone;  
My Virgin Heart shall be your own.

PHILANDER

The Turtle shall forsake his Love;  
E'er I to thee inconstant prove.



# Duetto.

Corno 1<sup>o</sup>

Corno 2<sup>o</sup>

Vio: 1<sup>o</sup>

*piu.*

Vio: 2<sup>o</sup>

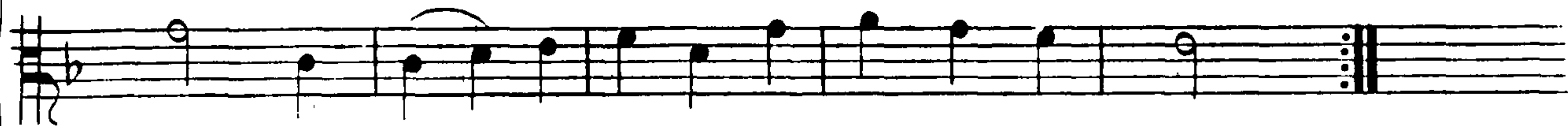
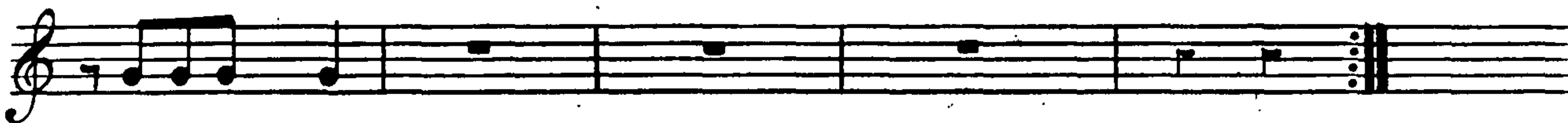
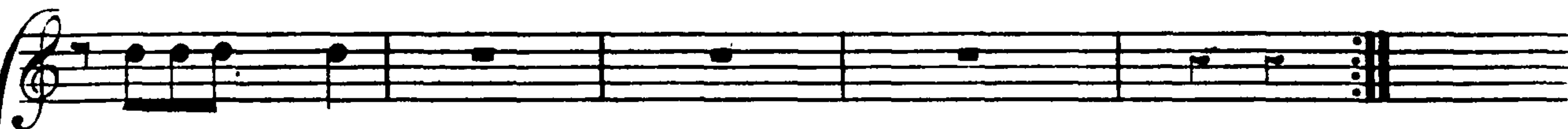
Viola

Basson

*This part may be sung with the Words by a Bass Voice.*

When Beau ty o pens all her Charms and Ho nour flies to Beau ty's

When Beau ty o pens all her Charms and Ho nour flies to Beau ty's



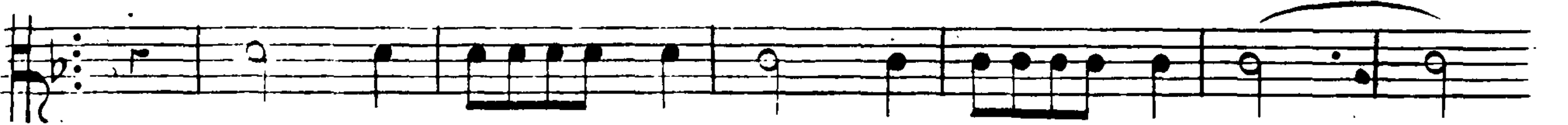
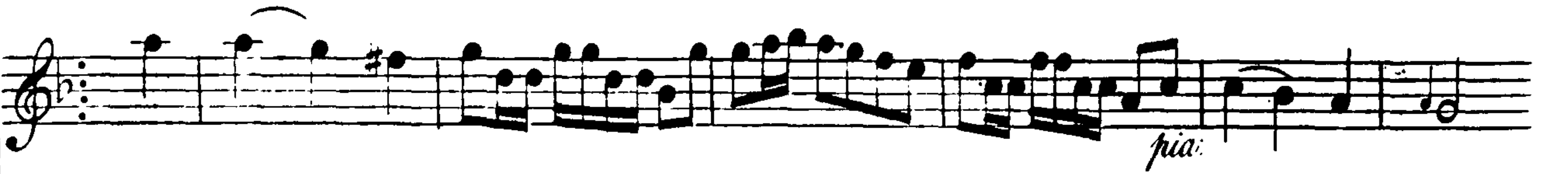
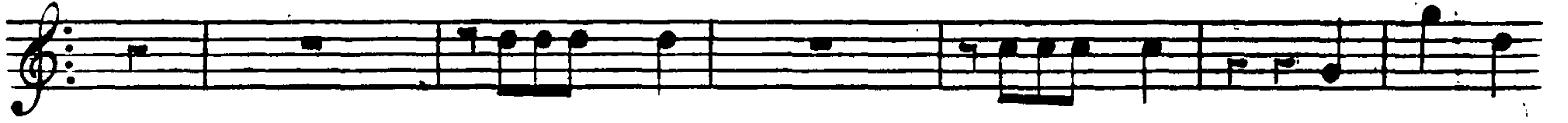
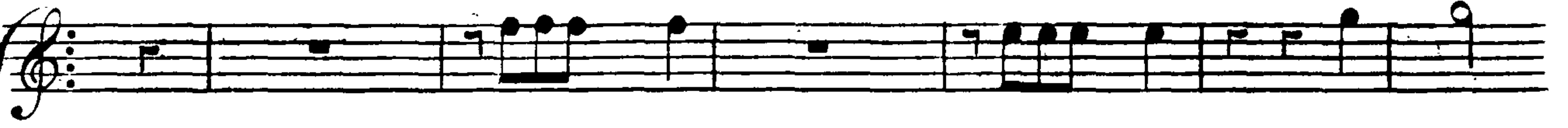
Arms and Ho...nour flies to Beau...ty's Arms



Arms and Ho...nour flies to Beau...ty's Arms







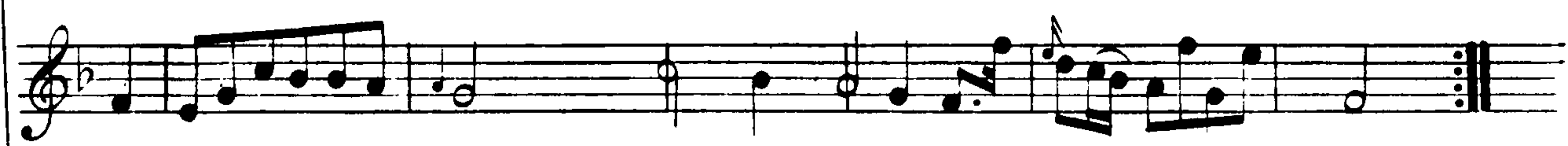
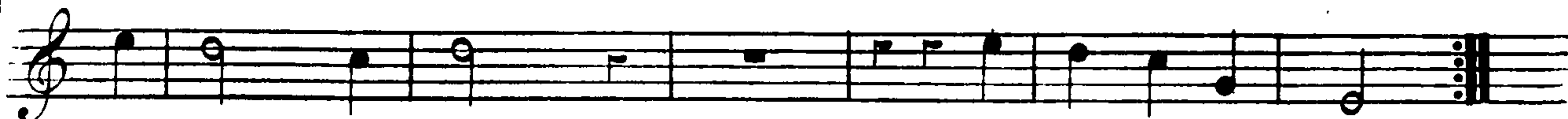
Sweet Peace and Love take up their Crown and Vir. tue then



Sweet Peace and Love take up their Crown and Virtue



*Tutti Solo*



ascends her Throne and Vir tue then ascends her Throne.



ascends her Throne and Vir tue then ascends her Throne.





2<sup>d</sup>

*for.* *pia.*

*for.* *pia.* *for.* *pia.* *tr*

*tr*

Throne.

Throne.

7 6 9 6 12 3 7 6 5 6 5 4 3 6 6 6 5 6 5 4 3

2<sup>d</sup>

# German Flute

## Duetto



# Code to Cupid on Valentine's Day.

*Vivace*

Come thou rosy dimpled Boy, Source of ev'ry heart felt Joy, Leave the blissful

how'rs awhile, Paphos and the Cyprian Isle: Vifi' Britain's rocky shore, Britons too thy

pow'r adore, Britons hardy, bold, and free, Own thy laws, and yield to thee

*Tasto Solo*

own thy laws and yield to thee.

Source of ev'ry heart felt Joy, Come thou rosy dimpled Boy. Come thou ro... sy dimpled

Source of ev'ry heart felt Joy, Come thou rosy dimpled Boy. Come thou ro... sy dimpled

Boy.

6 — 5 7 5 6 6 6 6 4 5

for: pia. for: tr

Haste to SYLVIA, haste away,  
 This is thine, and HYMEN'S day;  
 Bid her thy Soft bondage wear,  
 Bid her for Love's rites prepare.  
 Let the Nymphs with many a flow'r  
 Deck the sacred Nuptial bow'r:  
 Thither lead' the lovely fair,  
 And let HYMEN too be there.  
 This is thine, and HYMEN'S day,  
 Haste to SYLVIA, haste away.

Only while we love we live,  
 Love alone can pleasure give;  
 Pomp and pow'r, and tinsel state,  
 Those false Pageants of the great,  
 Crowns and Scepters, envied things,  
 And the pride of Eastern Kings,  
 Are but Childish empty toys,  
 When compar'd to Love's sweet Joys.  
 Love alone can pleasure give,  
 Only while we love we live.

*For the German Flute*

*Vivace*

Song

tr sym tr









But now, when urg'd by tender Woes  
 I speed to meet my Dear,  
 That hill and stream my zeal oppose,  
 And check my fond career.  
 No more, since DAPHNE was my Theme,  
 Their winted charms I see:  
 That verdant Hill, and Silver stream,  
 Divide my Love and me.

*German. Valse*

# SONG.

The Words by William Shentstone Esq. Imitated from J. French

Violins

Viola

Affetuoso

6  
4

3  
5

6

6  
5

6  
4

6

6  
5

*pia.*

*fer.*

6 6 7 6 4 3 5 6 6 5 6 4 3 6 6 5 6 5 6

*pia.*

6 6 6 5 6 7 4 3 7 4 3

Yes, these were the

scenes where with IRIS I stray'd; but short was her way for so

6 4 3 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5



love, ly a Maid! In the bloom of her Youth to a Cloister she run; In the

bloom of her graces, too fair for a Men! Ill grounded, no doubt, a de --

...votion must prove So fatal to Beauty, so killing to Love! So fatal to



2

3

Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs and the plains; Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my pains How many soft moments I spent in this grove! How fair was my nymph! and how fervent my love! Be still tho', my heart, thine emotion give o'er; Remember, the season of Love is no more.	With her how I stray'd amid fountains and bow'rs, Or loiter'd behind and collected the flow'rs! Then breathless with ardor my fair one pursu'd, And to think with what kindness my garland she view'd! But be still, my fond heart! this emotion give o'er; Fain wouldst thou forget thou must love her no more.
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------



Song



# The Cheat's Apology

The words by M<sup>r</sup>. Elton

'Tis my Vocation, Mal! Shakespear.

*Vivace*

Look

round the wide world each profefion you'll find has something difhoneft which

myrv they call; Each knave points ano ther at home is ftark blind Ex-

cept of his own there's a cheat in them all; When tax'd with impof ture the

charge he'll evade, and like Falftaff pretend he but lives by his

Trade And like Falftaff pretend he but lives by his Trade.

*for:*



2

5

The hero ambitious (like Philip's great Son,  
Who wept when he found no more mischief to do)  
Ne'er scruples a neighbouring realm to o'er-run,  
While slaughters and carnage his sabrè imbrue.  
Of rapine and murder the charge he'll evade,  
For conquest is glorious, and fighting his trade.

The Lawyer, as oft on the wrong side as right,  
Who tortures for fee the true sense of the laws,  
While black he by sophistry proves to be white,  
And falshood and perjury lifts in his cause,  
With steady assurance all crimes will evade:  
His clients his care, and he follows his trade.

3

6

The statesman, who steers by wise Machiavel's rules  
Is ne'er to be known by his Tongue or his Face;  
They're traps by him us'd to catch credulous fools,  
And breach of his promise he counts no disgrace;  
But policy calls it reproach to evade,  
For flattery's his province, cajoling his trade.

The Sons of Machaon, who thirsty for gold  
The patient past cure visit thrice in a day,  
Write largely the Pharmacop league to uphold,  
While poverty's left to diseases a prey;  
Are held in repute for their glittering parade:  
Their practice is great, and they shine in their trade.

4

7

The Priest will instruct you this World to despise,  
With all its vain pomp, for a kingdom on high;  
While earthly preferments are chiefly his prize;  
And all his pursuits give his doctrine the lye;  
He'll plead you the gospel your charge to evade.  
The lab'rer's entitled to live by his trade.

Since then in all stations imposture is found,  
No one of another can justly complain;  
The coin he receives will pass current around,  
And where he is coufend' he coufens again:  
But I, who for cheats this apology made,  
Cheat myself by my ~~tricks~~ and starve by my trade.





# The Cheat's Apology

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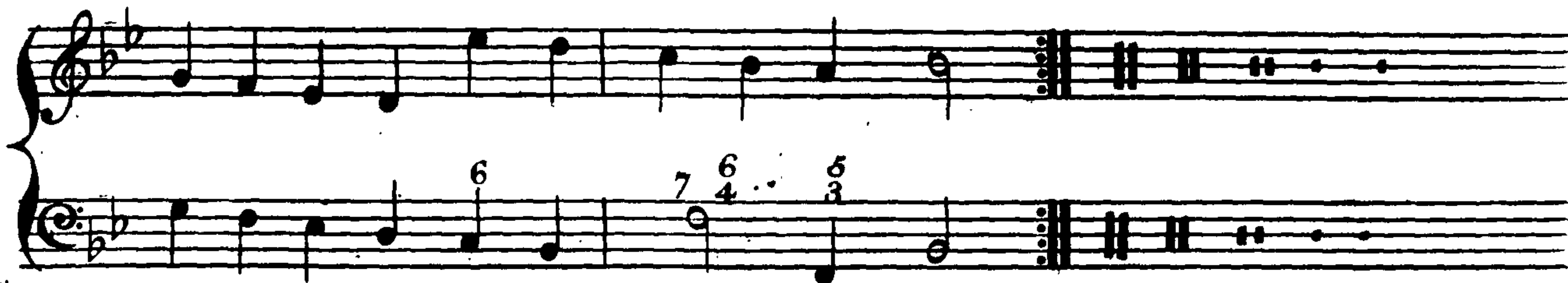
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# CUPID and CHLOE *A Cantata.*

*Recit*

To deck her Bosom *Chloe* chose; before all Flow'rs, the blushing Rose; it made her

6 4 5 3

Breasts more lovely shew, and added whiteness to their Snow. The tender

7 4 2 5 3 6

Nymph, herself a bud, so much already - understood.

*Amoroso*

5 6 6 5 6 6 5 6 6 6 6 6

*Tasto Solo* But once, blest hour, he went to see the produce of the favorite Tree; a

6 6 6 6 5 6 6 4 5 6 6 5 6

large and tempting Rose she found, which spread its perfumes all around, which spread its

5 6 4 2 6 6 5 # 6 6 5 7 6 6

perfumes all around. Sym: It seem'd to court the Virgin shandy

Virgin did not long withstand, She pluck'd — but O! a sudden pain, made her release the

stalk again. The Wound appear'd, her finger bled, and stain'd the Rose with guilty Red, The Sy-

Nymph with pain and anger mov'd, began to hate what once she lov'd; she sigh'd, she wept, and

stamp'd, and swore she'd touch the odious tree no more she'd touch the odious tree no more. Sy

Tafto Solo



Recit:

When forth a little *Cupid* came, t'appease the crying, angry Dame, The angry

Nymph the God perceives, struggling, through th'intangling leaves: When from his fragrant ambuf-

...cade he thus accoits the weeping Maid.

Violins con Sordini  
Affetto  
2. Vio.  
1 Vio: con Voce  
Cease, *Chloe*,

cease; and do -- not cry, nor blame the harmless Tree, 'twas I. 'Twas

I, that caus'd the little Pain, and I will make it well a gain, I will.

4  
2

1 & 2 Vio: 2 Vio:

For: Pia:

make it well a -- gain. My.

6 6 5 # 4# 6 5 6 4 5 #

6 6 5 # 4# 6 5 6 4 5 #

Mother bad me do't: and said, this herb wou'd ease the suff'ring Maid.

6 # 6 5 # 6 7 4 5 3 6 4 5 3 7

con Voce

Let it but to the place be bound, 'Twill stop the blood, and heal the

6 7 7 6 5 3 6 4 7 6 5 3



2.Vio: 1.Vio:  
Pia: *Pia: f*

wound 'twill stop the blood and heal -- the wound. Let it but to the.

can voice

place be bound, 'Twill stop the blood, and heal -- the wound, 'twill

For:

stop the blood and heal -- the Wound.

Recit.

But, Chloe, if so small a Dart, and in the finger, gives such

smart, What, Madam — if I'd pierc'd your Heart? Cease then to

scorn my pow'r; and know, by what I've done, what I can

do. Here he assum'd an awful look; he nodded thrice, his Locks he

hook, and mimick'd Jove in all he spoke. With strenuous Arm he twang'd his

bow, he shew'd her all his Quiver too; This, says the God, — and this, the





dart, that wounded such and such a heart.

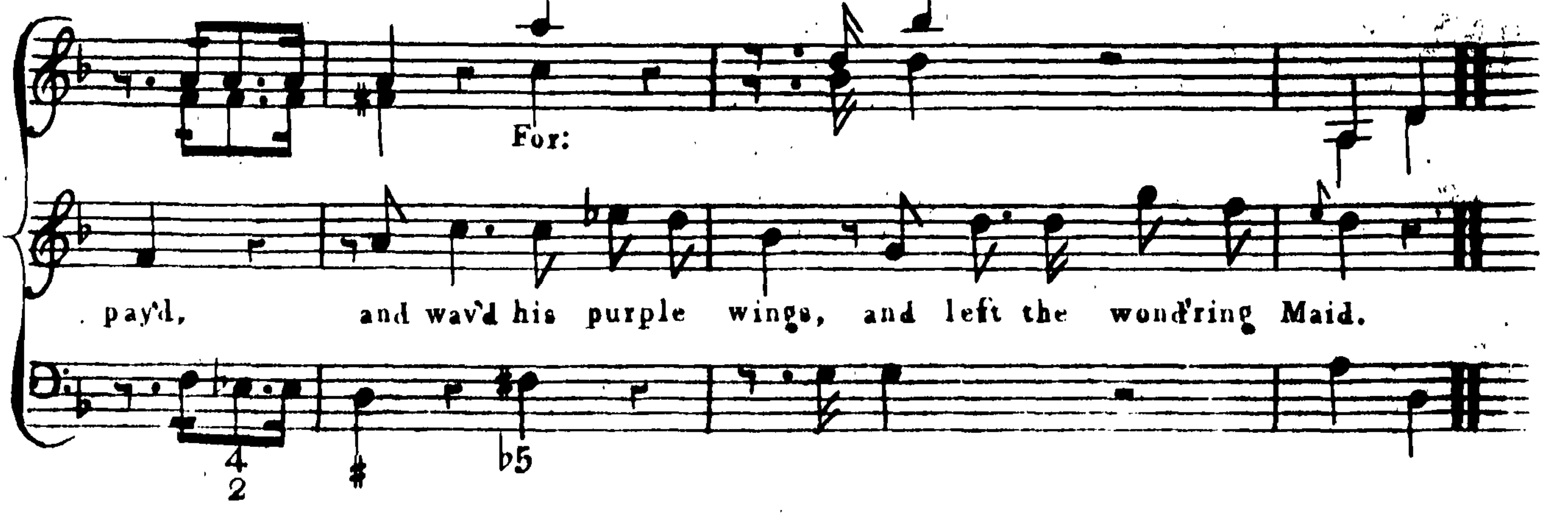


*Largo Mezzo* *Pia:*

The Virgin saw, admir'd, believ'd, and



bow'd, The God with smiles receiv'd the Ado-ration which she



*For:*

pay'd, and wav'd his purple wings, and left the wond'ring Maid.

*Vivace* *Pia:*

My *Chloe* still can shew the fear, and boasts the God's pe-

*For:* *Pia:*

- cular care, and boasts the God's pe- cular care. She

*Solo* *Tutti*

loves, and is be-lov'd again fe- cure of Pleasure free from Pain.

*Pia:*

My *Chloe* still can shew the fear, and boasts the Gods pe- cular



care, She loves and is be-lov'd again, se-cure of Pleasure, free from Pain, se-

For: -cure of pleasure, free from pain. free, free from

Pain. she loves and is be-lov'd again, se-

For: Pia: -cure of pleasure, free from pain.

For:   
 *rit.*

I've seen the Rose a--dorn'd with blood, which from my *Chloe's*

finger flow'd; I've seen the sprig where Cupid' stood; I, saw his little

*Pia-*

fragrant Nest -- and *Chloe* told me

all the rest. *Chloe* told me all the rest. Da Capo.