Happy are we, poor flying birds, that roam through woods and plains.

Main that roam through woods and plains.
How happy are we, how truly, how sweet that

Do through the woods and the plains, how happy are we, how

A joy so rare, that Do - through the woods and plains
The Brown Poak
The Echowing air so be sounding Shall

Sondly speak her fame Shall so sondly speak she
Shall proclaim her Glo-

Shall proclaim her Glo-

Shall proclaim her Glo-

Shall proclaim her Glo-

Voce capo
Sic te Jolie, sic te Helle, luce bella che splendi.
Flying where the fates direct my way. Corrading ere I

The beauty of your mind proclaiming to theason that glist from your eyes.
A Opera Song

To the sweetest pain. Why for leisure with you be losing ease to enquire ease to enquire and ease to

plain ease to ease to ease to ease to enquire and enquire ease to
Farewell love in pain still be so--we and love in pain
prima le procelle parevan-tase, a stella l'alma parventa.

[Music notation]

[Handwritten text] Testa poi portar la stella.
nei male procetti parentosi afflitta Salma fende posteri Ta Calma Ta Ca-

ma Senicello...
Nel sospirò delle

Helle già risplende il mio pensiero, pena lunga sonata per la solfata.
A New Song on Cloe. Singing and playing on a Spinet

When we on the Spinet play the Tunmony sweet her voice shall raise and touch each heart we:

Charming sounds the Pleasing Airs the Harmony abounds The Sire's play such various ways vary

An pleasing tree how charming fair her fingers strangely move her song all do appears it: melodies are: An o'er

Thus as your heart to hear her charming strains so strangely pleasing air appears the tvb o'er fair Thy rea -

Melrose Boyes each strain raise we desire all our pain and all adscribe. to hear Anguish. Bow to the Author.
The pleasures of a country life

How happy the man who does take of his pain and its pleasures lives

Free from the flite of the town, no hurry does meet all the
day passes sweet and at night the content does the happy own that
merry and free in a country life the factions distractions no

Sure as sleep what living with this can compare.
A Song on a Scolding Wife

Suppose a man does all he can to please himself at a scolding wife

He may get out but he stays about like a sickly bird in his cage of life

The same misfortune sent in need of comfort which makes the poor man worse

To untie himself, to find peace, fate noseprieve but the grave and bond

In time I'll tell you now this wise to bear

And before you bring him to your last

And when your fate your spirits please

Rest the pleasure while it lasts

Then let him fall and fear and branch

And with Whinen look the sky out

Take a tilt a double shift

Whip it off, stop it with those, poor physician
di ventagli e d'armoni a di ventagli e d'armoni a

Essa fra la procetta, vi fa dide trovare in mezza nel tempo, in mezza nel tempo.
A Drinking Song

Hear to the my boy, my destined my joy for thee. I bow on my life shining

Life. The more false, the more false I am at least, to go home to his parents or to go home to

He fees not the less the more or the more, the more false he often to often attains

Then! home in the deep Christmas evil! Save the most of the bottle or speed, save yore peace! save the bottle
Cold Song

O' Hen Hall H.

Love the Trouds of Love
Take not the first subject. Though I now the most soon. The 10th

As I was walking I heard a maid talking.
Art twenty years a Virgin sincere.

Her eyes shall be his treasure.

Whoe'er the noblest, she is he who

She be fair for never to dance. She thinks her self no beauty.

Art forty years of her the years that lasting are more lovely.

The rose upon the rock have those that are both rich and cunning.

Art sixty years of her with tears the flower. The rose shall snare

The day that ever after she was born. Can ever sing

For I no longer can obey

The Scotch passion's daughter

Fussy in devotion stood from tenes years from my loving motion Still was

All to please. Ah! mine Angel I'll rush from feet to shin but the kirk

Australis fore her own 1798

Faith in words your daughter answer in casting grace,

Brother I have daughter ever he was gone.

Lay's on the Sunday with her body. Spred

Come to me on Wednesday and forget my test

Nature took my part still since did reason blind

That far all this art still she to me jolly

Strange delights hereafter did so will appear

She as I did taught her word to share on her
Flows in the month of May I go When joy doth first I rise to seek as

![Musical notation](image)

The coming tide at last I saw you gone away But did you think last though full of strength than that day

The morning breeze my soul did fill with those I had left The morning breeze was gone left of might have

...
And the fear of the Lord shall fill them.
Came that poor only Gloire change me high God drink away all cogitations

God's death lets me think of to endure this from all our friends for this friendly one

Thus I wish an joy but none our enemies fail us down

Deedt this Affair us well done the plagues that call us in to joy

No Angel shall be found one all the Cannons louder than mock instead of


This was to the s' Frain

Nest the God to the 5 acres from meza the any rubble yet Christendom

This the true end of What better taken the 3rd Christendom taken part of

This 22nd with quart in hand
All's still, Spain that I was. This happy Complaining, to Thee, 

When first I beheld her, her fair face, thence better, for she had 

She talked, and I closed the door, singe when she find how a pleasure to 

And told and said, when this song was, frighting, to, Tam for, heaven. 

In our simple way, to believe, she would, want, to God, a woman, 

Or them, for their heart, and not, grate, to sacrifice, the time, of the season. 

And I hope that a beauty, to say, to find, and to understand, 

For go, and thus our madam, in grey, and live, in a cottage, on down. 

When she, then, shall, to Complains, that the flaps, my father, have known, 

What this, when they hear, my feet, from, saying, in, living, 

As Colin, the cows are in climb, thy pipe, and thy Swedes, assign. 

They false, our, incline, to a train, where, my sick, is, better, than mine. 

And to, my companion, to: I am, not, sooner, to be the goal. 

What was I, suffix, further, to drench, the poll, 

Go: through the wide word, we throw, ramp, fit in rain, then, our chariot to 

Go, thus, to England, and to change, his mind, to be, Constant, and age.
The Lovae

Ah tell me no more of your love, why should your heart be full of sorrow?

No love can allay, yet must I bear the pain, for I know not how.

Fortune left me no choice, and since such is my fate, I must endure it.

Often been common that death is a woman's way to peace in such cases.

And make with our fiddles, the best of all matters, in.

In short, Frappure by taking occasion to call on

Our passions as well as we can.
A Single Song

Tell me in your silent grove, as I calmly alone you move, if you by slumber

Chase Throng See the joy ring the clear tone, awakened love and

Think on me remember love and think on me, then when your head with

Walking round you set your self upon the ground, and you shall hear

Soft wings fly, think of me.
That you let me dye complaining that you let me dye, And if y'be my

Freestone King to Strephon tale of love they being unnatural

Screams then think they came of wretched Strephon nought a thing, and

Beg yond be as kind as pain and beg yond be as kind as pain.