



*Sally a new Song for the German Flute*

*Duet*

No Nymph that trips the verdant Plains with Sally can compare She wins the Hearts of  
 all the Swains & rivals all the fair she wins the Hearts of all the Swains & rivals all the fair  
 The beams of Sol delight to Clear white Summers Season roll but Sallys Smiles can all the  
 Year give Pleasure to the Soul but Sallys Smiles can all the Year give Pleasure to the Soul.

When from the East the Morning Ray,  
 Stamps the World below,  
 Her Presence bids the God of Day,  
 With Emulation glow;  
 Fresh Isaacs's flock the painted Ground  
 Birds sweeten Notes perch;  
 The playful Lambskins leap around;  
 And hail the Mothers' air.

The Park but strains his livid throat,  
 To bid the Maid receive,  
 And mimic while he swells his Note;  
 The sweetness of her  
 The running Lark's pipe is in a play,  
 While Flora shed Perfume,  
 And every Flower seems to say:  
 I but for Sally bloom.

The am'rous Youth her Charms proclaim,  
 From Morn to Eve their Song,  
 Her Beauty and unspotted Name  
 Make local every Tale  
 The Stream mead rings thro the Grove,  
 Her echoed Name every way,  
 And every Voice and every heed,  
 Is tun'd to Sallys praise.

None shall by this come safe to Avon,  
 To myrtle vale, or the rose,  
 Nor any May Morn on the Plain;  
 Advance in rural flight,  
 No more shall quail the purling hill,  
 Nor Mynock wake the Grove,  
 Nor Hocks look down like on the Hill;  
 When I forget to Love.