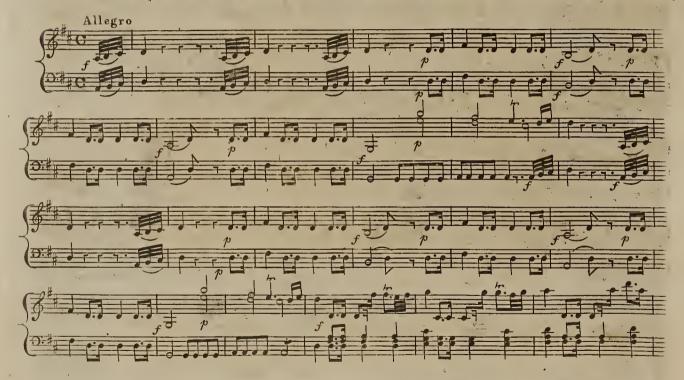




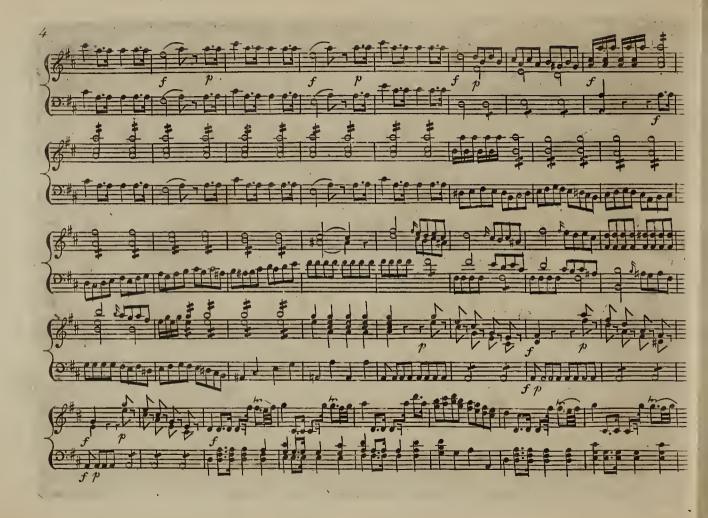


OVERTURE, to the Battle of Hexham, or, Days of Old.

Adapted for the Piano Forte, Harpfichord &c.

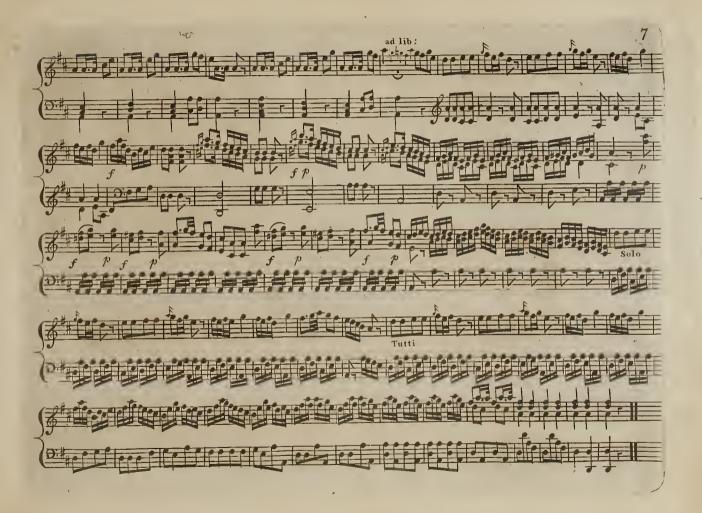


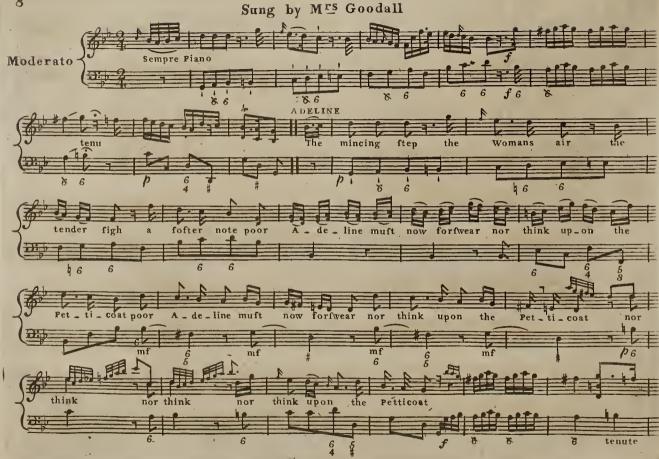
CHARLES TO THE THE STATE OF THE 



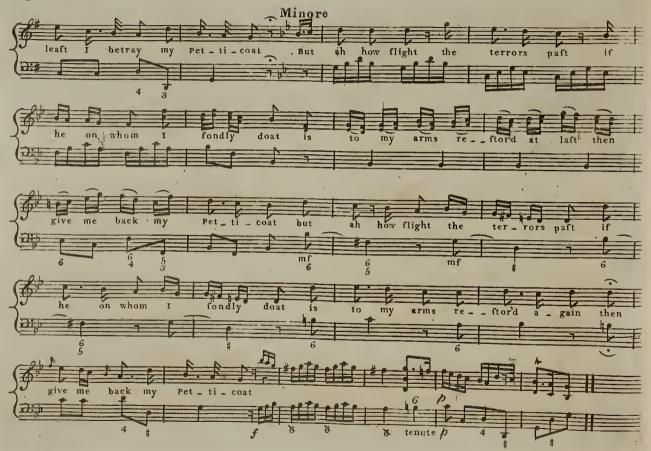
Trumpet Trumpet Trumpet





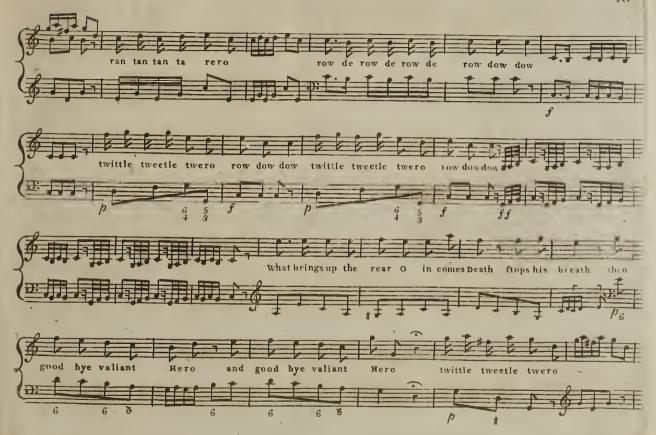


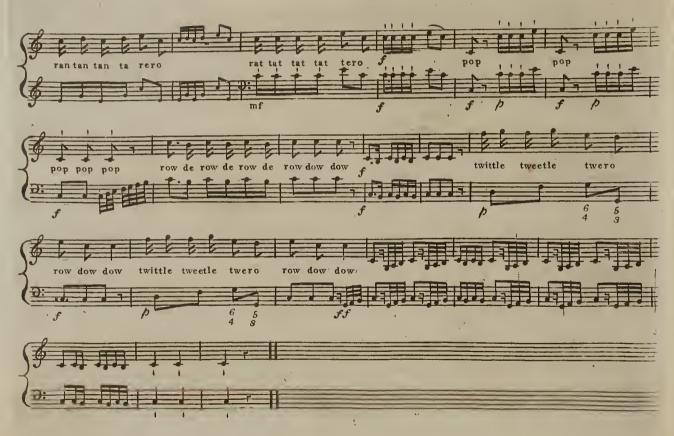




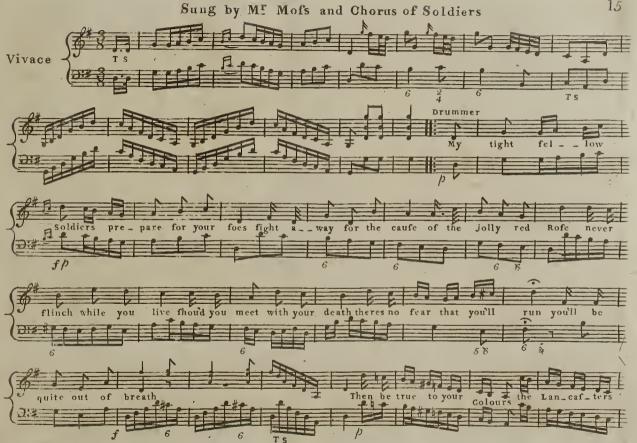


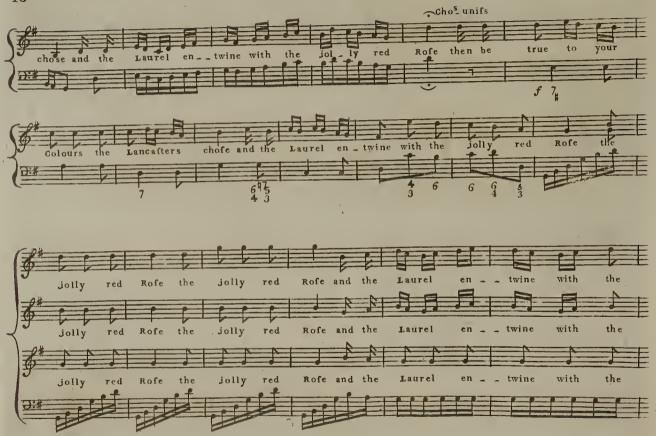




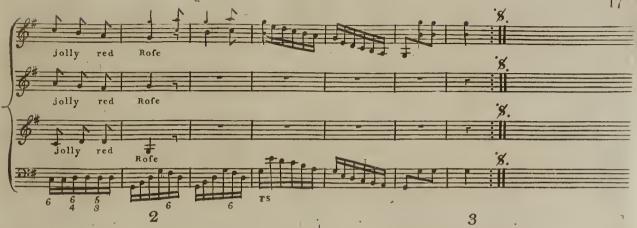








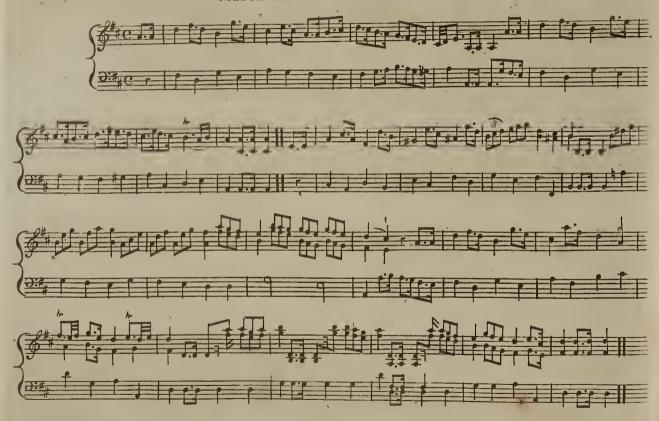


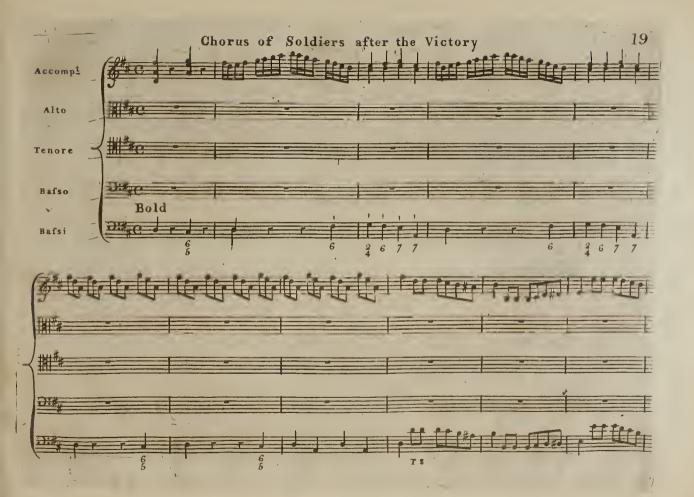


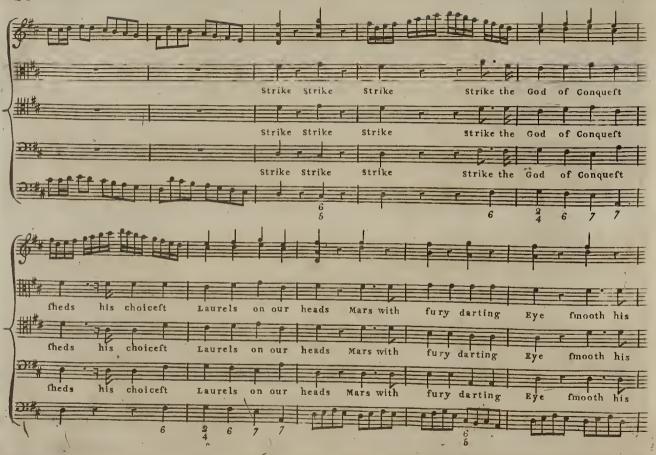
He who follows for honor the Drum or the Fife, May perhaps have the luck to get honor for life! And he who for money makes fighting his trade, Let him now face the foe, he'll be handfomely paid. Then be true &c.

Tho' bullets like hailftones shou'd whiz round your Ears, Each man must push on, when his orders he hears; March will foon be the word he who ftops is in fault, When the Battle is over, you'll all of you halt! Then be true &c.

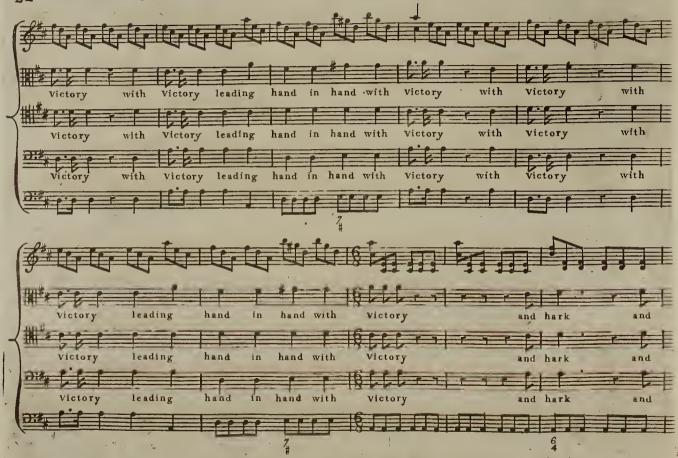
The fight fairly done my brave Boys of the blade, How we'll talk o'er our Cups, of the havock we've made; How we'll talk if we once kill a Captain or two, Of a hundred more fellows, which nobody knew. Then my tight fellow Soldiers prepare for your foes, And the Laurel entwine with the jolly red Rofe.

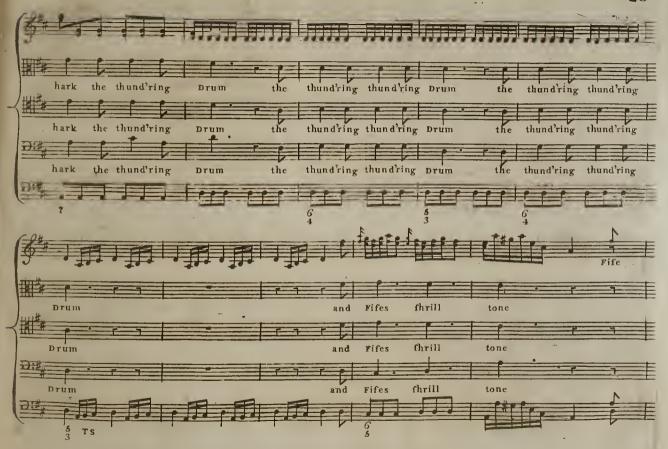


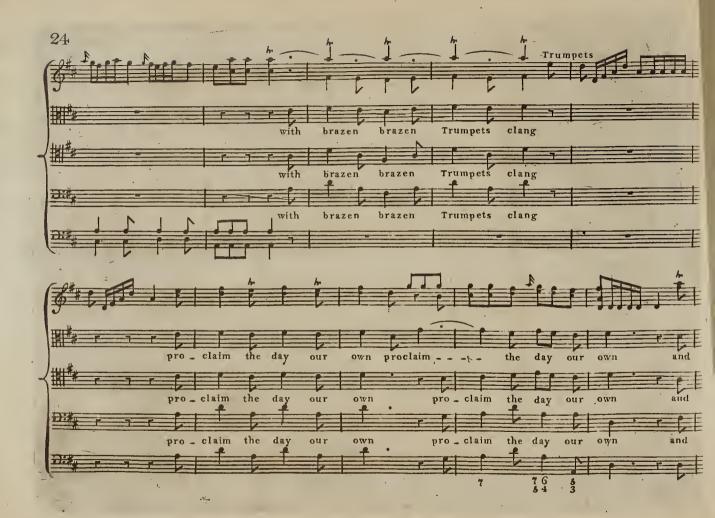


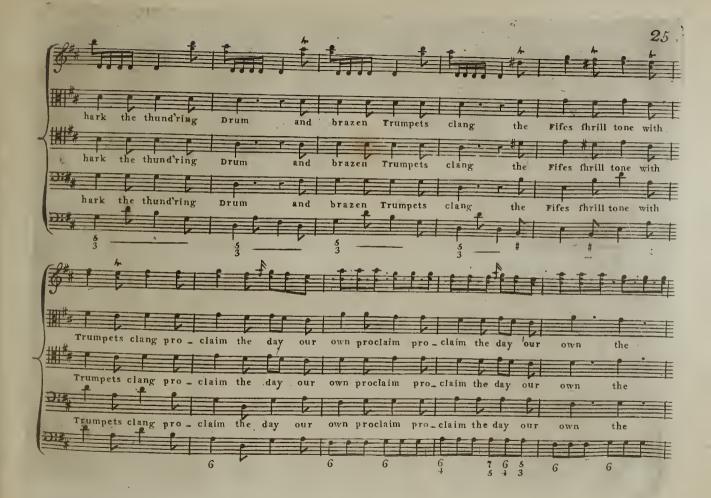








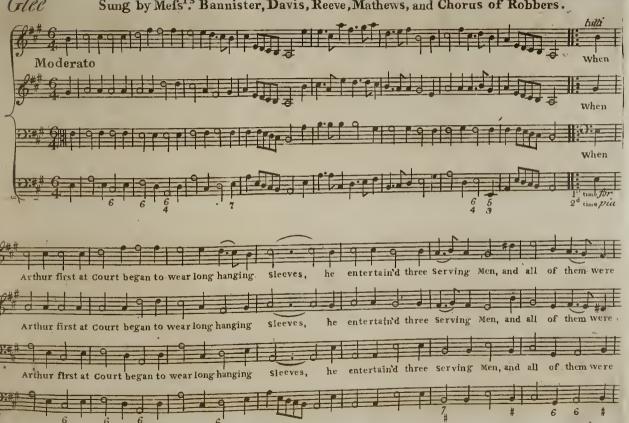


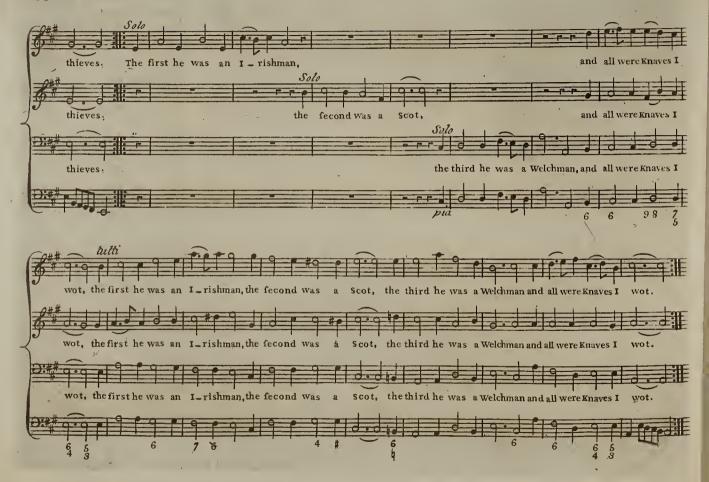


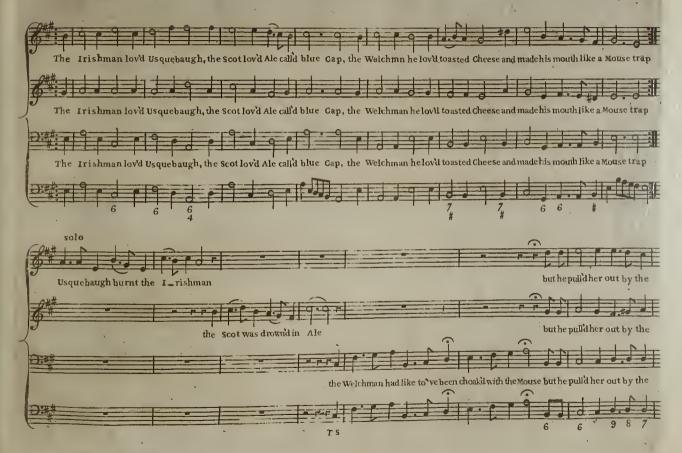


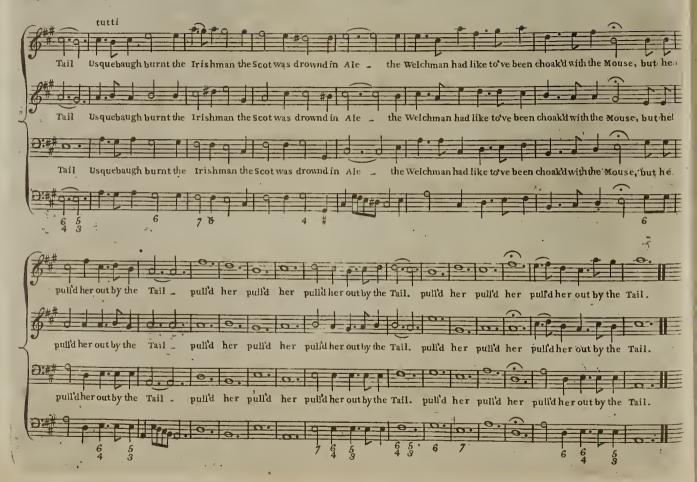
Glee

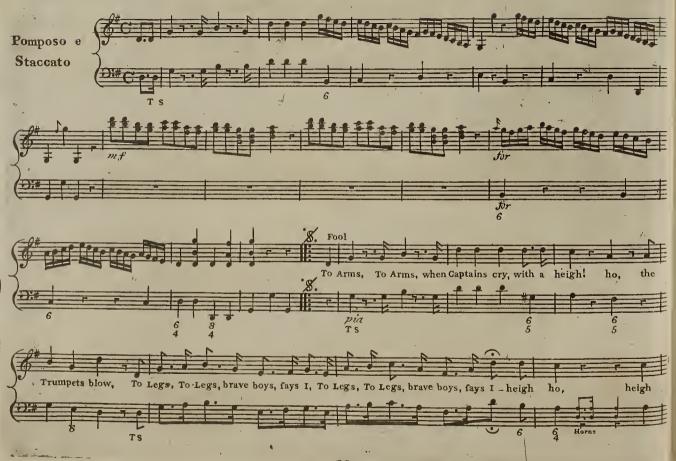
Sung by Mefsrs Bannister, Davis, Reeve, Mathews, and Chorus of Robbers.

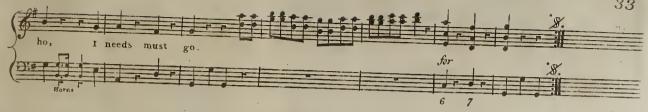


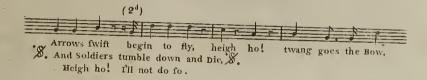


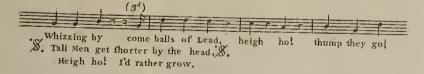


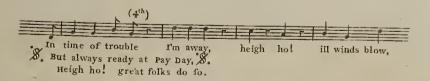


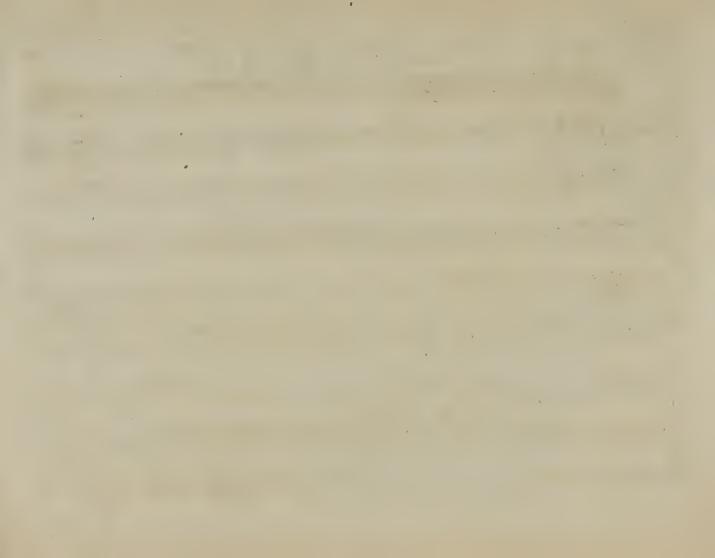






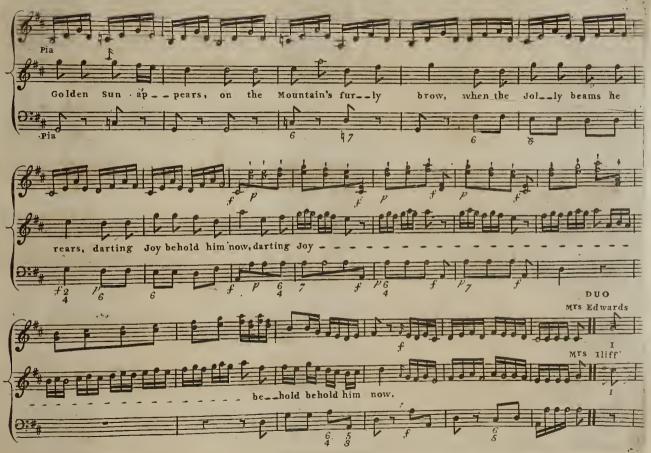


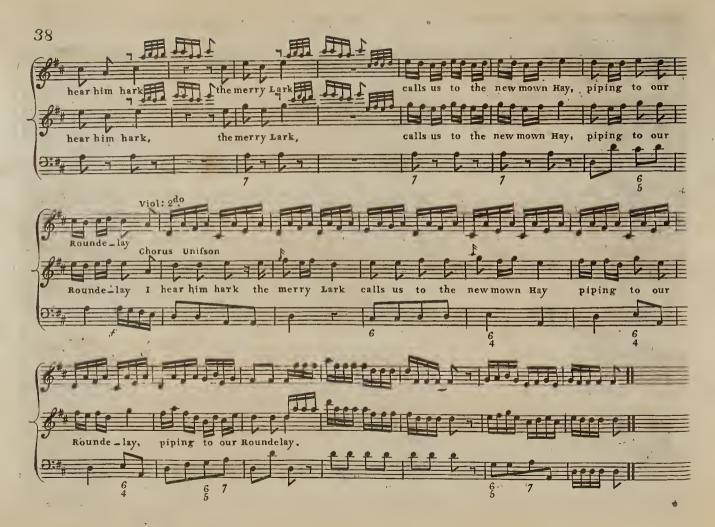


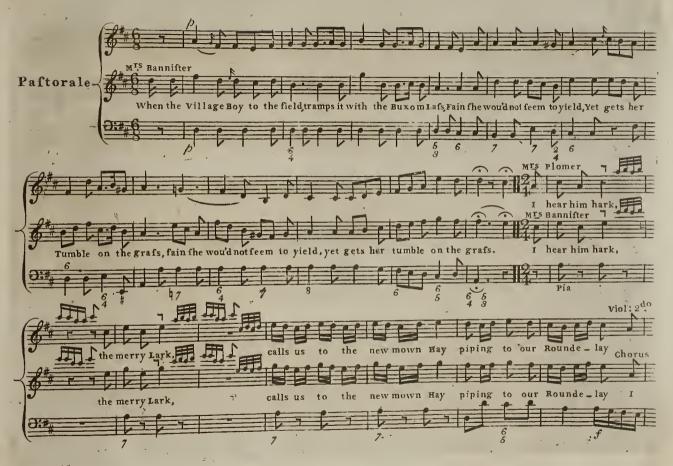


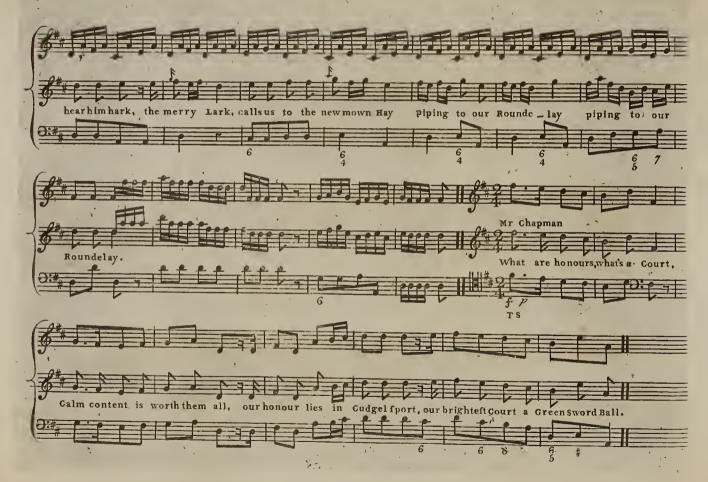


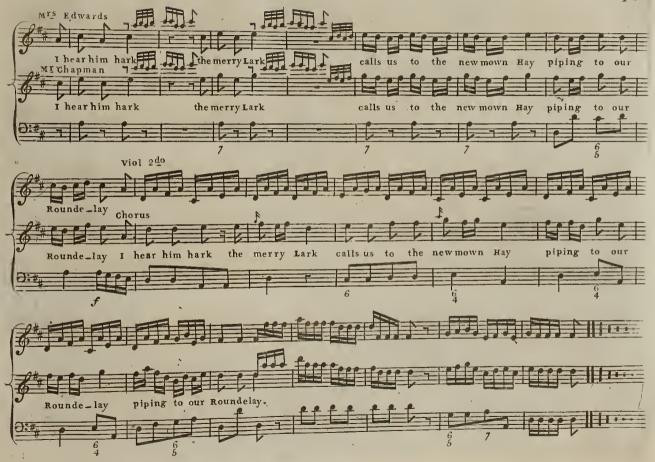


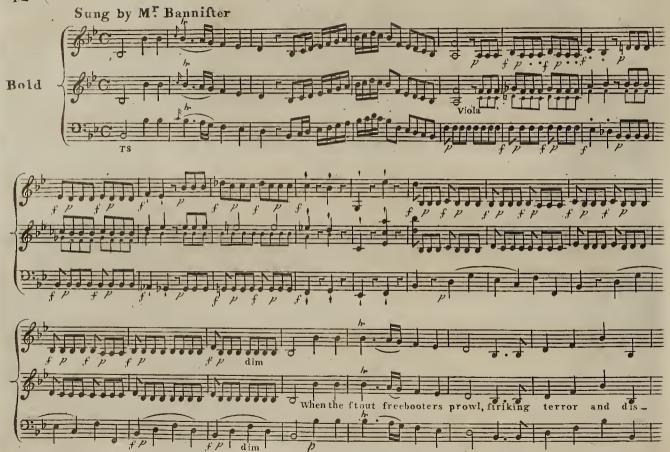




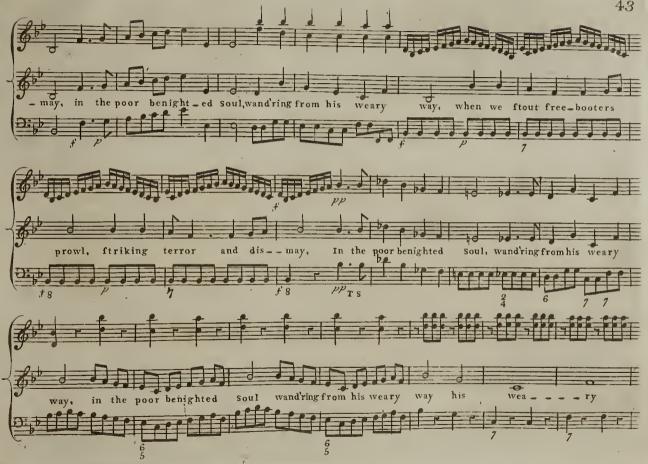


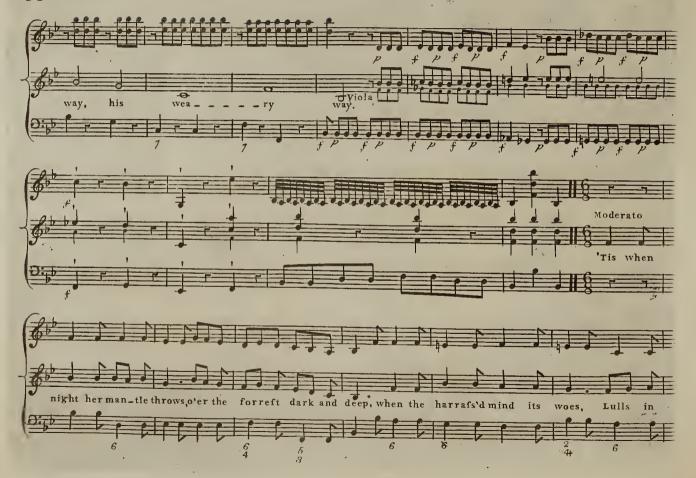


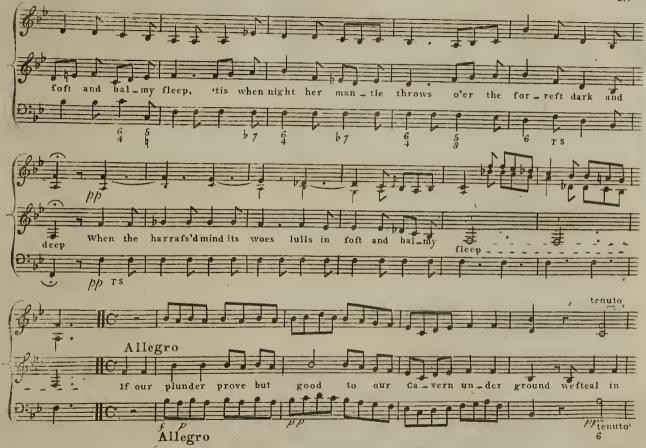


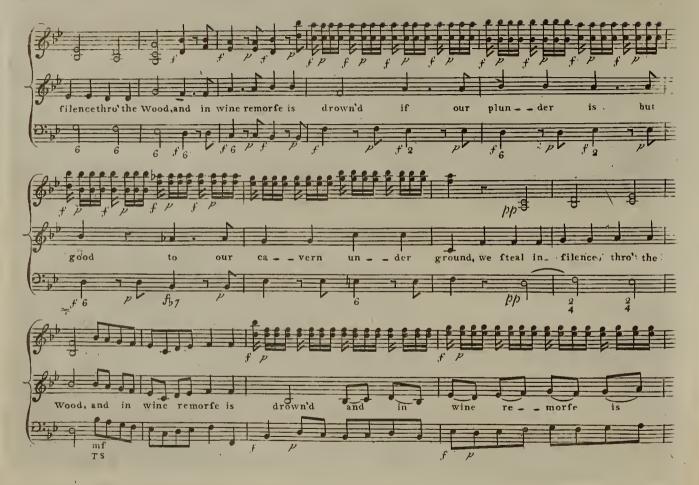


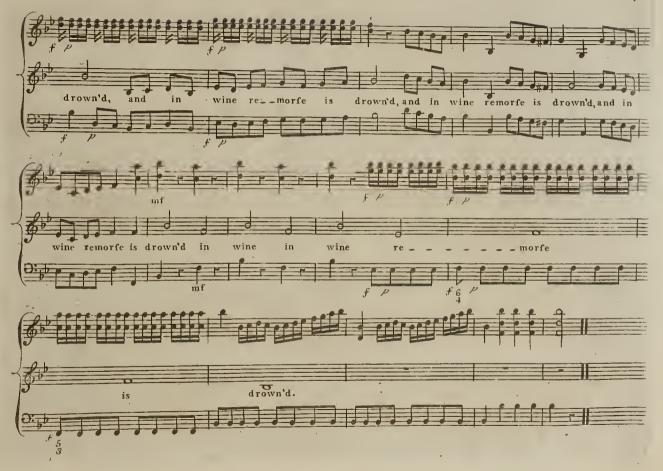


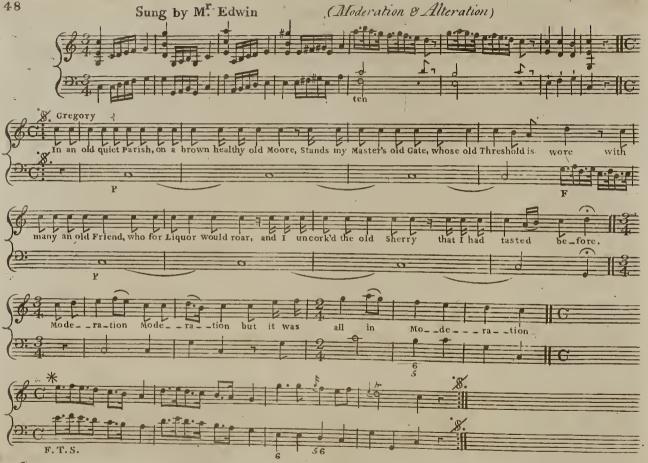












2

Then I had my old quiet Pantry, of the Servants was the head,
Kept the Key of the old Cellar, old Plate, and chip'd the brown bread;
If an odd old Barrel was mifsing it was easily faid,
That the very old Beer was one morning found dead!
Moderation &c.

3

But we had a good old Custom, when the Week it did begin,
To fhew, by my Accounts, I had not wasted a Pin;
For, my Lord, tho he was bountifull, thought waste it was a Sin,
And never wou'd lay out much, but when my Lady lay in!
Moderation &c.

4

Good lack! good lack! Dame Fortune once did frown,

And I left my old quiet Pantry to trudge from Town to Town,

Worn quite off my old Legs, in fearch of bobs, thumps, and cracks of the crown,

I was fairly knock'd up, and almost foully knock'd down!

Alteration, Alteration! O'twas a wonderfull Alteration!

