



The
Vocal Magazine.



Vol. IV.

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S O N G I.

WHO LIKE BACCHUS CAN CONTRUOL. *ATTEBURY.*

Who like Bacchus can con - troul? Who re -

Who like Bacchus can con - troul? Who re -

Who like Bacchus can con - troul? Who re -

store the drooping foul? Who like

store the drooping foul? Who like

store the drooping foul?

Bacchus who like Bacchus Who like Bacchus

Bacchus who like Bacchus Who like Bacchus

who like Bacchus Bacchus who like Bacchus

CONTINUED.

can con - trol who re - store the

can con - trol who re - store the

can con - trol who re - store the

drooping foul the drooping foul? When o'er -

drooping foul the drooping foul? When o'er

drooping foul the drooping foul? When o'er -

whelm'd with grief and care, Bacchus lifts us

whelm'd with grief and care, Bacchus lifts us

whelm'd with grief and care, Bacchus lifts us

CONTINUED.

from def - pair. Bacchus lifts us Bacchus

from def - pair, Bacchus lifts us Bacchus

from def - pair, Bacchus lifts us

lifts us Bacchus lifts us from def - pair,

lifts us Bacchus lifts us from def - pair.

lifts us Bacchus lifts us from def - pair.

Bacchus lifts us from def - pair Bacchus

Bacchus Bacchus lifts us Bacchus

Bacchus lifts us Bacchus

CONTINUED

lifts us from def - pair. *Largo.* Why then
lifts us from def - pair. Why then droops my
lifts us from despair,

droops my chearful friend, why then droops
droops my chearful friend, why then droops
Why then droops my friend, why then droops

Why then droops my chear - ful friend?
Why then droops my chear - ful friend?
Why then droops my chear - ful friend?

C O N T I N U E D,

*
 Drink and let your sorrows end your sorrows end,
 *
 Drink and let your sorrows end your sorrows end
 *
 Drink and let your sorrows end,

*
 drink and let your sorrows end, drink drink drink drink
 *
 drink and let your sorrows end, drink drink drink drink drink
 *
 drink and let your sorrows end, drink and let your sorrows end drink

*
 drink and let your sorrows end. Drink drink
 *
 drink and let your sorrows end Drink and let your
 *
 drink and let your sorrows end. Drink drink

CONTINUED.

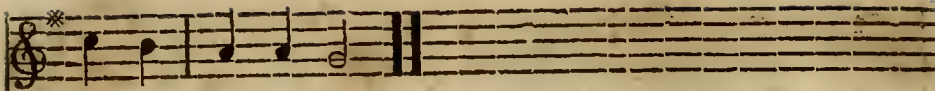
drink drink drink drink, and let your
for rows end, drink drink

drink drink drink drink

forrows end, drink and let your forrows end,
drink drink drink, drink and let your forrows end,
drink drink drink and let your forrows end,

drink drink drink drink and
drink drink drink drink and
drink and let your forrows end, drink and

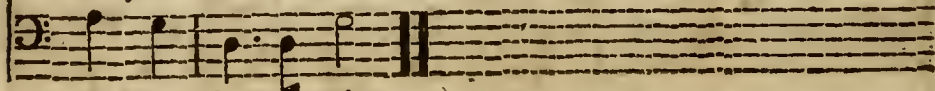
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let your sorrows end.



let your sorrows end.



let your sorrows end.

S O N G II.

AS I CAM' DOWN BY YON CASTLE WA'

As I cam down by yon castle wa' And in by yon.

garden green, O there I spied a bon - ny

lafs, But the flow'r borders were us' between.

A bonny bonny lassie she was,
 As ever mine eyes did see,
 O five hundred pounds I would give
 For to have such a pretty bride as thee.

Talk not so high my bonnie bonnie lafs,
 O talk not so very very high,
 The man at the fair that wald fell,
 Maun learn at the man that wald buy.

To have a pretty bride like me,
 Young man ye are fair mista'en
 Tho' ye were king o' fair Scotland,
 I wad disdain to be your queen.

I trust to climb a far higher tree,
 And herry a far richer nest ;
 Tak this advice o' me bonny lafs,
 Humility wad set thee best.

SONG III.

THE SILLER CROWN.

And ye fall walk in filk at - tire, And siller hae to

spa - re, Gin ye'll con - sent to be his bride, Nor

think o' Donald mair. O, wha wad buy a silken

gown, Wi' a poor broken heart Or what's to me a

fil - ler crown Gin frae my love I part!

C O N T I N U E D.

The mind whafe every wish is pure,
Far dearer is to me,
And e'er I'm forc'd to break my faith,
I'll lay me down and die.
For I hae pledged my virgin troth,
Brave Donald's fate to share,
And he has gien to me his heart
Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners wan my heart,
He, gratefu' took the gift,
Could I but think, to seek it back,
It wou'd be war than theft.
For langest life can ne'er repay,
The love he bears to me,
And e'er I'm forc'd to break my faith,
I'll lay me down and die,

S O N G IV.

FROM THE FAIR LAVINIAN SHORE. DR. WILSON.

From the fair La - vinian shore, I your markets

From the fair La - vinian shore, I your markets

From the fair La - vinian shore, I your markets

come to store, Muse not tho' so far I dwell

come to store, Muse not tho' so far I dwell

come to store, Muse not tho' so far I dwell

and my wares come here to sell. Such is the sacred

and my wares come here to sell. Such is the sacred

and my wares come here to sell. Such is the sacred

CONTINUED.

hunger for gold, Then come to my pack while I cry what d'ye

hunger for gold, Then come to my pack while I cry

hunger for gold, Then come to my pack while I cry

lack what d'ye buy for here it is to be fold.

what d'ye lack what d'ye buy for here it is to be fold.

what d'ye lack wt. d'ye buy for here it is to be fold.

I have beauty, honour, grace,
 Fortune, favour, time and place,
 And what else thou wouldst request,
 Even the thing thou likest best.
 First let me have but a touch of thy gold,
 Then come to me, lad,
 Thou shalt have what thy dad,
 Never gave, for here it is to be fold.

SONG V.

THE GARD'NER WI' HIS PAIDLE.

When rosy May comes in wi' flow'rs, To deck her gay green

spreading bow'rs, Then busy busy are his hours, The

gard'ner wi' his paidle. The crystal waters

gently fa, The merry birds are lovers a' The

scented breezes round him blaw, The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

C O N T I N U E D .

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews he maun repair,
The Gard'ner wi' his paidle.

When day, expiring in the West,
The curtain draws o'er nature's rest,
He flees to her arms, he loves the best,
The Gard'ner wi' his paidle,

SONG VI.

AS I WAS WALKING ALL ALONE.

As I was a walking all alone, Be - tween a water

and a wa', And there I spy'd a wee wee man, And he was the leaf that

e'er I saw. His legs were scarce a mathmont's length, And

thick and thimber was his thighs, Between his brows there

was a span, And between his shoulders there was three.

C O N T I N U E D

He took up a meikle stane,
And he flang't as far as I could see,
Though I had been a Wallace wight,
I couldna listen't to my knee.
O wee wee man, but thou be strong,
O tell me where thy dwelling be,
My dwelling's down at yon' bonny bower
O will you go with me and see.

On we lap and awa we rade,
Till we came to yon' bonny ha',
Where the roof was o' the beaten gold,
And the floor was o' the chrystal a'
When we came to the stair foot,
Ladies were dancing jimp and sma',
But in the twinkling of an eye,
My wee wee man was clean awa.

SONG VII.

CONTENTED ALL DAY.

DR BOYCE.

Con - tent - ed all

day I will sit at your side, Where poplars far

stretching o'er arch the cool tide, And while the clear

river runs purling a - long, The thrush and the

C O N T I N U E D .

linnet con - tend in their song, The thrush and the linnet con-

tend in their song.

(SHE) While you are but by me no danger I fear,
 Ye lambs rest in safety, my Damon is near ;
 Bound on ye blithe kids, now your gambols may please,
 For my shepherd is kind, and my heart is at ease.
 For my shepherd &c.

(HE) Ye virgins of Britain, bright rivals of day,
 The wish of each heart, and the theme of each lay,
 Né'er yield to the swain till he makes you his wife,
 For he who loves truly will take you for life.
 For he who loves truly, &c.

(SHE) Ye youths who fear nought but the frowns of the fair,
 Tis yours to relieve not to add to their care,
 Then scorn to their ruin assistance to lend,
 Nor betray the sweet creatures you're born to defend.
 Nor betray the sweet, &c,

(BOTH) For their honour and truth be our virgins renown'd,
 Nor false to his vows one young shepherd be found,
 Be their moments all guided by virtue and truth,
 To preserve in their age what they gain'd in their youth
 To preserve in their, &c.

SONG VIII.

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

Hearken and I, will tell you how, Young Muirland Willie

came to woo, Tho' he could neither fay nor do, The

truth I tell to you. But ay he cries what

e'er be - tide, Maggy I'fe hae to be my bride,

with a fall da lall la lall, la la lall la lall

C O N T I N U E D .



On his gray yad as he did ride,
 With durk and pistol by his side,
 He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee.

Out o'er yon mofs, out o'er yon muir,
 Till he came to her daddy's door,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
 I'm come your daughter's love to win,
 I carena for making meikle din,
 What answer gie ye me ?

Now wooer, quoth he, will ye come in ?
 I'll gie ye my daughter's love to win,
 With a fal, &c.

Now wooer, fin' ye are lighted down,
 Where do ye won or in what town ?
 I think my daughter winna gloom,
 On sic a lad as ye.

The wooer he step'd up the house,
 And wow but he was wondrous crouse
 With a fal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
 She was the brawest in a' the town,
 I wat on him she didna gloom,
 But blinkit bonnilie.

The lover he stended up in haste,
 And gript her hard about the waste,
 With a fal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here
 I'm young, and hae enough o' gear,
 And for mysell you need na fear
 Troth try me when you like.

He took aff his bonnet and spat in his chow
 He dighted his gab, and he prie'd her mou,
 With a fal, &c.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu law,
 She hadna will to fae him na,
 But to her daddy she left it a',
 As they twa could agree.

The lover he gae her the tither kifs,
 Syne ran to her daddy, and tell'd him this
 With a fall, &c.

The bridal day it came to pass,
 Wi' mony a blithesome lad and lass,
 But sicken a day there never was,
 Sic mirth was never seen.

This winsome couple straked hands,
 Mefs John ty'd up the marriage bands,
 With a fal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
 Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blue,
 Frae tap to tae they were bra' new,
 And blinket bonnilie.

Their toys and natches were fae clean,
 They glanced in our ladses' e'en,
 With a fal, &c.

SONG IX.

HOW BLEST WITH SYLVIA.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat, providing a simple harmonic accompaniment.

The second system of music includes the lyrics: "Blest with my Sylvia, life proves a pleasure". The treble staff continues the melody from the first system. The bass staff has rests for the first two measures, then continues with the accompaniment.

The third system of music includes the lyrics: "but from my treasure 'tis nought but pain". The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff has rests for the first two measures, then continues with the accompaniment.

The fourth system of music includes the lyrics: "Fondly loving, constant moving". The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff has rests for the first two measures, then continues with the accompaniment.

The fifth system of music includes the lyrics: "sweet - ly flowing, smiles be - flow". The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff has rests for the first two measures, then continues with the accompaniment.

CONTINUED

ing, with joy then Sylvia

fly to your lover you'll there dif - - cover how

much you reign.

If when you find my foul sincere, Why should you fly me,

CONTINUED.

what can you fear, why should you fly me, what

can you fear? DA CAPO.

SONG X.

ALAS! WHAT BOAST.

HARRINGTON.

Larghetto.

A - las what boast hath blooming youth Since

A - las what boast hath blooming youth Since

A - las what boast hath blooming youth, Since

thus Flo - rel - la lies! Palenefs o'er her

thus Flo - rel - la lies! Palenefs o'er her

thus Flo - rel - la lies! Palenefs o'er her

damask'd cheek and clos'd her beauteous eyes.

damask'd cheek and clos'd her beauteous eyes.

damask'd cheek and clos'd her beauteous eyes

C O N T I N U E D .

If fade these glories of her face, ah why such frailty

If fade these glories of her face, ah why such frailty

If fade these glories of her face, ah why such frailty

trust! when virtue still its sweetness keeps and blossoms

trust! when virtue still its sweetness keeps and blossoms

trust! when virtue still its sweetness keeps and blossoms

blossoms in the dust and blossoms

blossoms in the dust and blossoms

blossoms in the dust and blossoms

C O N T I N U E D

The image shows three staves of musical notation. Each staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first two staves are for a vocal line, and the third is for a piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'blossoms in the dust.' are written below each staff. The music consists of a short melodic phrase followed by a rest and then a final note. The first staff has a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes. The second staff has a similar melodic line. The third staff has a piano accompaniment with quarter notes.

blossoms in the dust.

blossoms in the dust.

blossoms in the dust.

SONG XI.

AS ON AN EMINENCE I STOOD.

As on an eminence I stood a musing, A heavenly

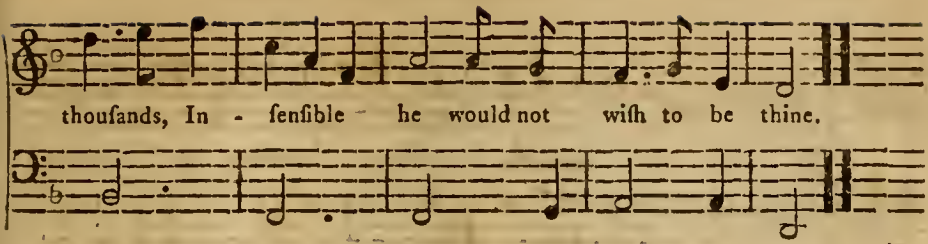
form broke forth on my sight, She darted a look from her

two lovely diamonds, Then vanishing left me o'erwhelm'd with de-

light. O on my faithful, faithful, faithful, on my faithful

bosom re - cline, Those sparkling black eyes that make conquest of

CONTINUED.



Aw'd by her mien and heavenly like motion,
 I follow'd the goddess who ravish'd my eye ;
 I would, but oh, heavens ! could I but describe her,
 Thousands like me would adore her and die,
 O ! on my faithful, &c.

Her complexion is like to the delicate snow,
 Lilies and roses compar'd with her skin,
 Soon lose their hue and sink back in confusion,
 Unable to bear the bright rays of the sun.
 O ! on my faithful, &c.

S O N G XII.

THERE CAM' A YOUNG MAN TO MY DADDIE'S DOOR.

There came a young man to my daddie's door, My

daddie's door, my daddie's door, There came a young man to my

daddie's door, Came seeking me to woo. And wow but he was a

braw young lad, A brisk young lad and a braw young lad, And

wow but he was a braw young lad, Came seeking me to woo.

C O N T I N U E D.

But I was bakin when he came,
When he came, when he came,
I took him in and gae him a scone,
To thow his frozen mou'.
And wow but, &c.

I fet him in aside the bink,
I gae him bread and ale to driuk,
And ne'er a blyth styme wad he blink,
Until his wame was fou.
And wow but, &c.

Gae, get ye gone, ye cauldriife wooer,
Ye four-looking, cauldriife wooer,
I straighway shou'd him to the door,
Saying, come nae mair to woo.
And wow but, &c.

There lay a duck-dub before the door,
Before the door, before the door,
There lay a duck-dub before the door,
And in fell he I trow,
And wow but, &c.

Out came the goodman, and high he shouted,
Out came the goodwife, and low she louted,
And a' the town neighbours was gather'd about it,
And there lay he I trow.
And wow but, &c.

Then out came I and laugh'd and smil'd,
Ye came to woo, but ye're a' beguil'd,
Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a' befyl'd,
We'll hae nae mair o' you,
And wow but, &c.

SONG XIII.

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

There was a jolly beggar, And a begging he was bound, And

he took up his quarters in - to a land'art town, And we'll

gang nae mair a roving, Sae late into the night, And we'll

gang nae mair a roving, Let the moon shine ne'er fae bright And we'll

gang nae mair a roving.

C O N T I N U E D.

He wad neither lie in barn, nor yet wad he in hyre,
But in ahint the ha' door, or else afore the fire.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en wi' good clean straw and hay,
And in ahint the ha' door and there the beggar lay,

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Up raise the goodman's daughter, and for to bar the door,
And there she saw the beggar standing i' the floor,

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he ran,
O hooly, hooly, wi' me Sir, ye'll waken our goodman,

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar was a cunnin' loon, and ne'er a word he spake,
Until a little while was o'er, syne he began to crack,

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Is there ony dogs into this town, my dear, pray tell me true ;
And what wad ye do wi' them, my niuny and my dow ?

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

They'll rive a' my meal pocks, and do me meikle wrang,
O dool for the doing o't, are ye the poor man ?

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Then she took up the mealpocks and flang them o'er the wa',
'The dool gae wi' the meal pocks—the dogs may tak' them a'.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

I took ye for some gentleman, at least the Laird of Brodie,
O dool for the doing o't, are ye the poor bodie ?

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses three,
And four and twenty hunder mark to pay the nurice fee.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar was a clever loon, and he lap shoulder height,
O ay for sicken quarters as I gat yesternight.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

S O N G X I V .

THE VIRGIN WHEN SOFT'NED BY MAY.

The virgin when soft'ned by May, Attends to the

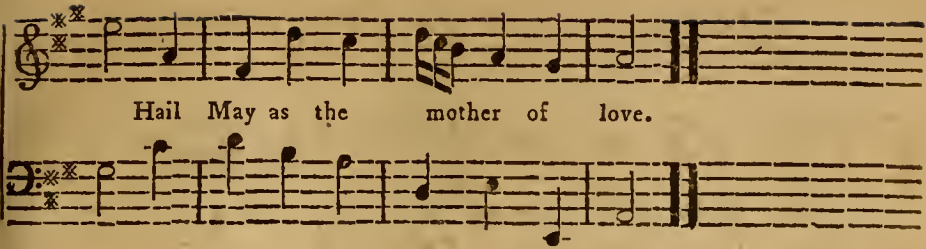
villager's vows, The birds fondly bill on the spray, And

poplars embrace with their boughs On Ida bright

Venus may reign - - A - dor'd for her beauty a -

bove We shepherds that dwell on the plain -

C O N T I N U E D.



From the West as it wantonly blows,
 Fond zephyr caresses the vine,
 The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
 And willows and woodbines entwine.
 The pinks by the rivulets side,
 That border the vernal alcove,
 Bend downward and kiss the soft tide,
 For May is the mother of love.

May tinges the butterflies wings,
 He flutters in bridal array,
 If the larks and the linnets now sing,
 The music is taught them by May.
 The stock-dove recluse with her mate,
 Conceals her fond bliss in the grove,
 And murmuring seems to repeat,
 That May is the mother of love.

SONG XV.

DONALD AND FLORA.

When merry hearts were gay, Careless of ought but play, Poor Flora

slipt away, Sadning to Mora. Loose flow'd her coal black hair,

quick heav'd her bosom bare, & thus to the troubled air, She vented her sorrow.

" Loud howls the northern blast,
 " Bleak is the dreary waste,
 " Haste thee, O Donald, haste,
 " Haste to thy Flora.
 " Twice twelve long months are o'er
 " Since on a foreign shore,
 " You promis'd to fight no more,
 " But meet me in Mora.

" Where now is Donald dear,
 (Maids cry with taunting sneer,
 " Say is he still sincere,
 " To his lov'd Flora?—
 " Parents upbraid my moan,
 " Each heart is turn'd to stone,
 " Ah Flora, thou't now alone,
 Friendless, in Mora.

C O N T I N U E D .

“ Come then, oh come away,
“ Donald no longer stay,
“ Where can my rover stray,
“ From his dear Flora !
“ Ah sure he ne'er could be,
“ False to his vows and me,
“ O Heaven ! is not yonder he,
“ Bounding in Mora.

“ Never Oh wretched fair !
(Sigh'd the sad messenger,)
“ Never shall Donald mair,
“ Meet his lov'd Flora !
“ Cold cold beyond the main,
“ Donald thy love lies slain ;—
“ He sent me to soothe thy pain,
“ Weeping in Mora.

“ Well fought our gallant men,
“ Headed by brave Burgoyne,
“ Our heroes were thrice led on,
“ To British glory.—
“ But ah ! tho' our foes did flee,
“ Sad was the loss to thee,
“ While ev'ry fresh victory,
“ Drown'd us in sorrow.

“ Here take this trusty blade,
(Donald expiring said,)
“ Give it to yon dear maid,
“ Weeping in Mora.—
“ Tell her, oh Allen, tell,
“ Donald thus bravely fell,
“ And that in his last farewell,
“ He thought on his Flora.”

Mute stood the trembling fair,
Speechless with wild despair,
Then striking her bosom bare,
Sigh'd out poor Flora.
“ Oh Donald ! oh welladay !”
Was all the fond heart could say,
At length the sound died away,
Feebly in Mora.

SONG XVI.

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

Out over the Forth, I look to the North, But what is the

North and its Highlands to me, The South nor the East, gie

eafe to my breaft, The far foreign land, or the wide rolling fea.

But I look to the West, when I gae to rest, That happy my

dreams and my slumbers may be, For far in the West, lives

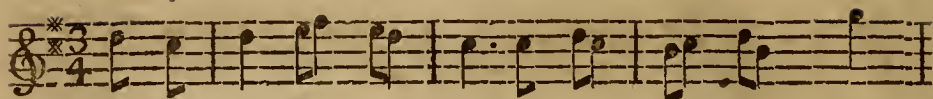
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he I lo'e best, The man that is dear to his

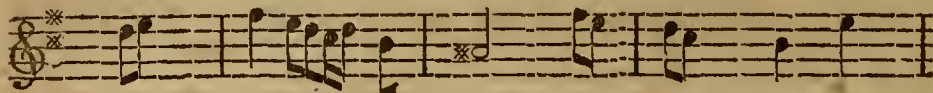
babie and me.

S O N G X V I I .

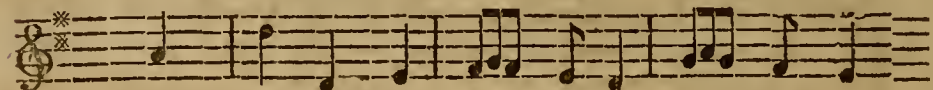
WOULD YOU KNOW HOW WE MEET.



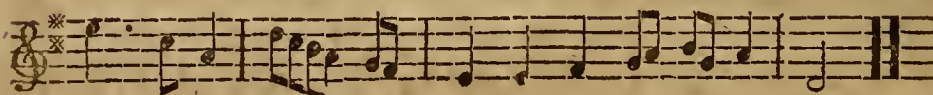
Would you know how we meet o'er our jolly full



The sweet melts the sharp the kind foosth the



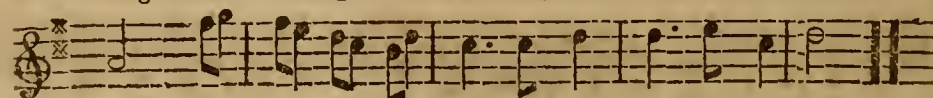
We drink laugh and gra - ti - fy every de -



bowls as we mingle our liquors we mingle our souls.



strong and nothing but Friendship grows all the night long.



fire Love only remains our un - quenchable fire.