

1. JOY TO GREAT CESAR. * for 4 Voices.

Joy to Great Cesar, long life, love, and pleasure, 'Tis a health that di -

Joy to Great Cesar, long life, love, and pleasure, 'Tis a health that di -

Joy to Great Cesar, long life, love, and pleasure, 'Tis a health that di -

Joy to Great Cesar, long life, love, and pleasure, 'Tis a health that di -

- vine is, Fill the bowl such as mine is; Let none fear a fever, But take it off.

- vine is, Fill the bowl such as mine is; Let none fear a fever, But take it off.

- vine is, Fill the bowl such as mine is; Let none fear a fever, But take it off.

- vine is, Fill the bowl such as mine is; Let none fear a fever, But take it off.

thus boys, Let the King live for e - ver, 'Tis the bet - ter for us boys.

thus boys, Let the King live for e - ver, 'Tis the bet - ter for us boys.

thus boys, Let the King live for e - ver, 'Tis the bet - ter for us boys.

thus boys, Let the King live for e - ver, 'Tis the bet - ter for us boys.

2. THE THREE RAVENS.*

A Glee.

Slow

There were three ra_vens fat on a tree, Down a down a

There were three ra_vens fat on a tree, Down a down a

There were three ra_vens fat on a tree, Down a down a

down a down, There were three ra_vens fat on a tree,

down a down, There were three ra_vens fat on a tree,

down a down, There were three ra_vens fat on a tree,

Down a down with a down There were three ravens

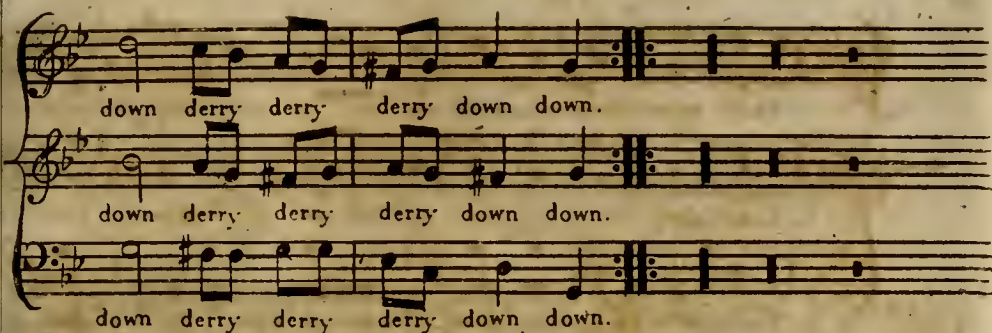
Down a down with a down There were three ravens

Down a down with a down There were three ravens

fat on a tree And they were black as black might be, with a

fat on a tree And they were black as black might be, with a

fat on a tree And they were black as black might be, with a



The one of them said to his mate.

Down a down, hey down, hey down,
When shall we our breakfast take.

With a down derrydown.

Down in yonder green field
There lies a knight slain, under his shield.

His hounds they lie down at his feet,
So well they their master keep.

His hawks they fly so eagerly,
There's no fowl dare come him nie.

Down there comes a fallow doe,
As great with young as she might go.

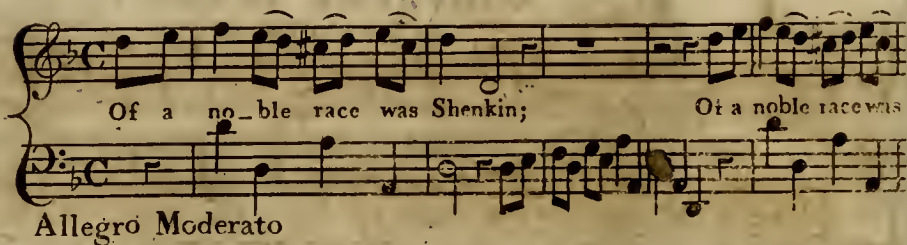
She lift up his bloody head;
And kist his wounds that were so red.

She got him upon her back,
And carried him to earthen lake.

She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herself ere even-song time.

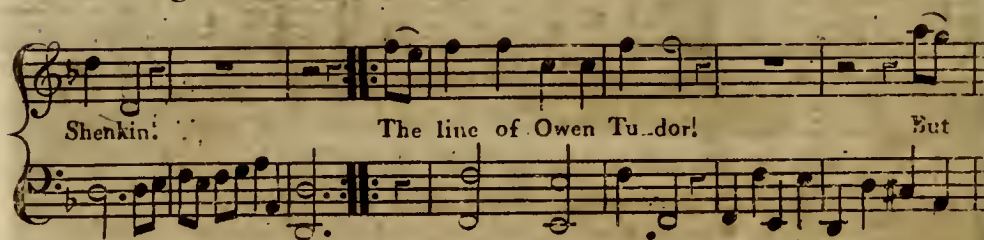
God fend every gentleman
Such hawks, such hounds and such a leppman.

3. OF A NOBLE RACE WAS SHENKIN. Welch Air.

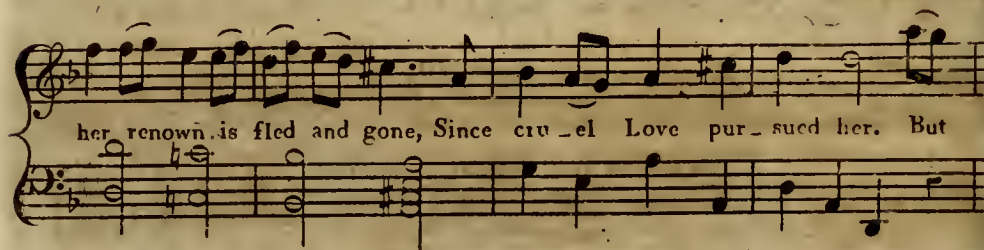


Of a no-ble race was Shenkin; Of a noble race was

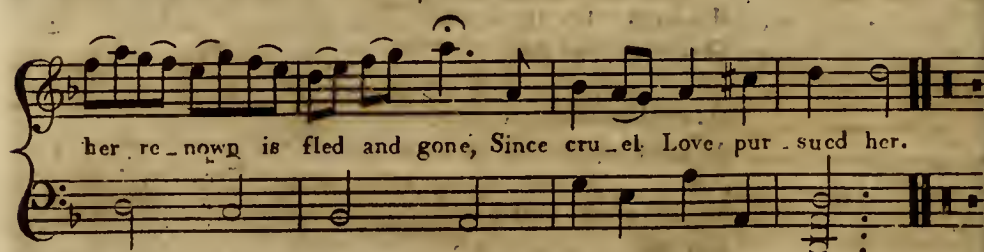
Allegro Moderato



Shenkin! The line of Owen Tudor! But



her renown is fled and gone, Since cru-el Love pur-sued her. But



her re-nown is fled and gone, Since cru-el Love pur-sued her.

Hair Winnieseyes bright shining,
And rosy cheeks alluring,
Poor Jenkins heart, with fatal dart,
Have wounded past all curing.

But now all joys are flying,
All pale and wan her cheeks too;
Her heart so akes her quite forsakes
Her-herrings and her leeks too.

Hur was the prettiest fellow,
At foot-ball or at cricket;
At hunting, chace, or nimble race
Cots plut! how hur could pruk it.

No more must dear Metheglen
Be topt at good Montgomery;
And if Love sore, smart one week more
Adieu cream cheese and flowery.

4. BLOW, NORTHERN WIND.* †

Slow

Blow, blow, thou northern wind, Send thou me my sweetin; Blow, blow thou
 northern wind, Blow, blow, blow. I wot a burd in bow'r bright, That full seem-ly
 is on sight, Menskful maiden she's of might, Fair & free to fond. In all this worldish
 won A burd of blood & of bone, Never e'er wist I none, Lovesom-er in lond.

Her lyre leams light,
 As a lantern a-night,
 Her blee blinketh so bright,
 So fair she is and fine.
 A sweetly swyre she hath to hold,
 With arms, shoulder, as man wold,
 And fingers fair for to fold,
 Gad would she were mine.

For her love I cark and care,
 For her love I droup and dare,
 For her love my bliss is bare,
 And all I wax won.
 For her love in sleep I slake,
 For her love all night I wake,
 For her love mourning I make,
 More than any mon.

† The words written about A.D. 1200. See Wart. Hist. of E. Poet.

5. AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.

Mozart.

A - way with melan - cho - ly, Nor dole - ful changes ring, On
 A - way with melan - cho - ly, Nor dole - ful changes ring, On

The first system of the musical score for 'Away with Melancholy'. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Andante'.

Andante

Life and hu - man fol - ly, But mer - ri - ly mer - ri - ly
 Life and hu - man fol - ly, But mer - ri - ly mer - ri - ly

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Life and human folly, But merry-ly merry-ly'. The piano accompaniment provides a steady accompaniment.

sing fal la; Come on ye rosy hours, Gay smiling
 sing fal la; Come on ye rosy hours, Gay smiling

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line includes a repeat sign before the lyrics 'sing fal la; Come on ye rosy hours, Gay smiling'. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern.

mo - ments bring, We'll strew the way with
 mo - ments bring, We'll strew the way with

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'mo - ments bring, We'll strew the way with'. The piano accompaniment provides a final accompaniment.

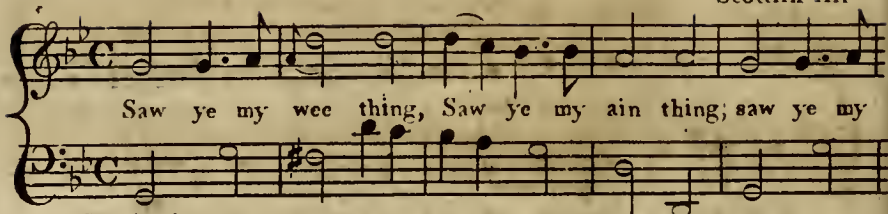
flow'rs And merrily mer-ri-ly sing fal la; For what's the use of
 flow'rs And merrily mer-ri-ly sing fal la; For what's the use of
 fighing, When time is on the wing, Can we prevent his
 fighing, When time is on the wing, Can we prevent his
 fly-ing, Then merri-ly merri-ly sing fal la.
 fly-ing, Then merri-ly merri-ly sing fal la.

Fly fly dull melancholy,
 Let sprightly mirth come in,
 Desponding is a folly,
 Then cheerily sing fal la;
 Come, joyous sounds prepare
 To Lethe sadness fling,

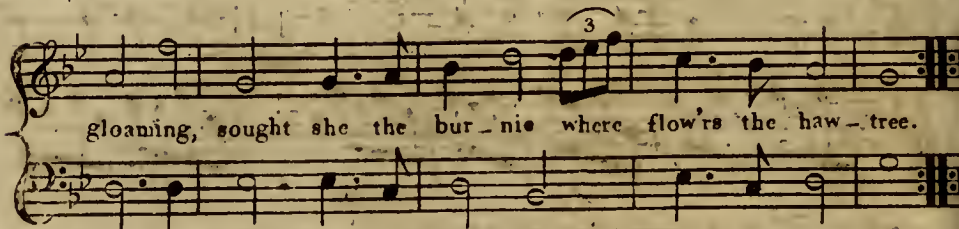
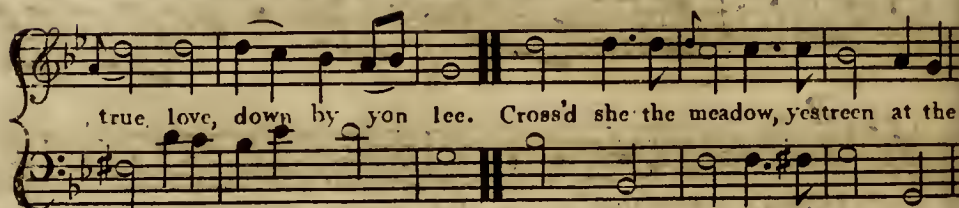
Let others pine thro' care,
 We'll merrily sing fal la;
 Why droops the Man with sorrow,
 Since lifes a tender string,
 That breaks before to morrow,
 Then cheerily sing fal la.

6. SAW YE MY WEE THING.

Scottish Air



Plaintive



"Her hair it is lint-white! her skin it is milk-white!

"Dark is the blue of her saft rolling e'e!

"Red, red her lip is, and sweeter than roses!

"Whar could my wee thing dander-frae me?"

"I saw na' your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,

"Nor saw I your true love down by yon lee;

"But I met my bonny thing late in the gloaming,

"Down by the burnie, whar flow'rs the haw-tree

"Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk white,

"Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling e'e!

"Red war her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;

"Sweet war the kisses that she gae to me!"

"It was na my wee thing! it was na my ain thing!

"It was na my true love ye met by the tree!

"Proud is her leal heart, and modest her nature,
"She never loo'd Le-man till ance she loo'd me.

"Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary,
"Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee!
"Fair as your face is, wa't fifty times fairer,
"Young braggart, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee!

"It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary,
"It was then your true love I met by the tree!
"Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
"Sweet war the kisses that she gae to me!

Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rolling e'e;
"Ye's rue sair this morning, your boasting and scorning;
"Defend, ye fause traitors, for loudly ye lie!"

"Awa wi' beguiling, 'then cried the youth smiling;
Aff gaed the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee:
The belted plaid sa' ling, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the lovd' maid wi' the dark rolling e'e!

"Is it my wee thing? is it my ain thing?
"Is it my true love here that I see?"
"O Jamie! forgie me, your heart's constant to me;
"I'll never mair wander, my true love, frae thee."

7. ROUND for three Voices.

O love-ly maid, pro-pi-tious hear, nor deem thy shepherd in-sin-cere;
Pi-ty a wild il-lu-sive flame, that va-ries ob-jects still the same;
And let their ve-ry chan-ges prove the ne-ver va-ried force of love.

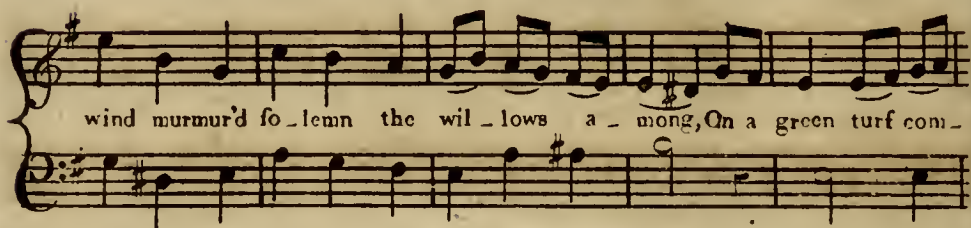
8.

AS THE THAMES &c.

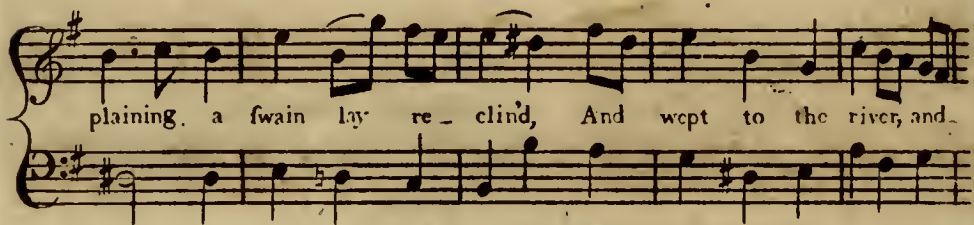
Welch Air



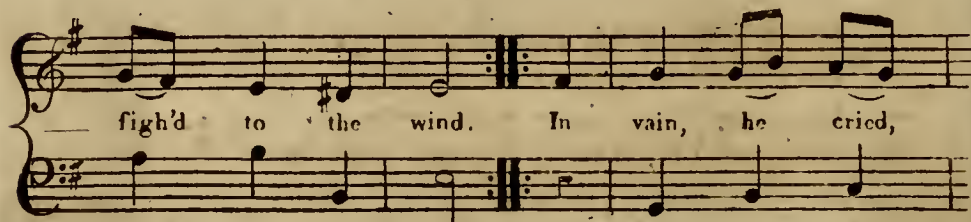
As the Thames si - lent stream crept pen - sive a - long, And the



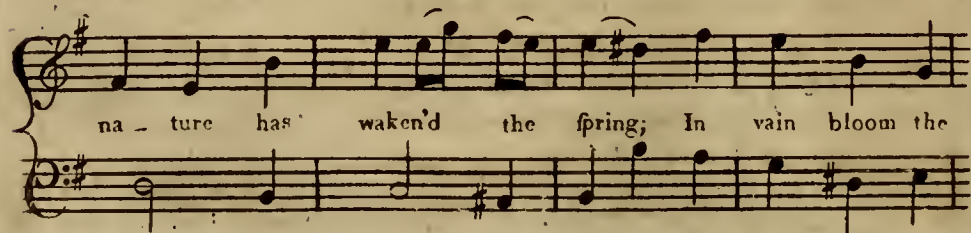
wind murmur'd so - lemn the wil - lows a - mong, On a green turf com -



plaining, a swain lay re - clind, And wept to the river, and



figh'd to the wind. In vain, he cried,



na - ture has waken'd the spring; In vain bloom the

vi - let, the night - in - gales sing; To a heart full of

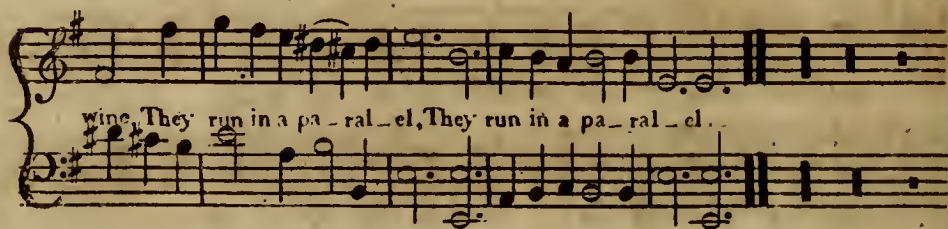
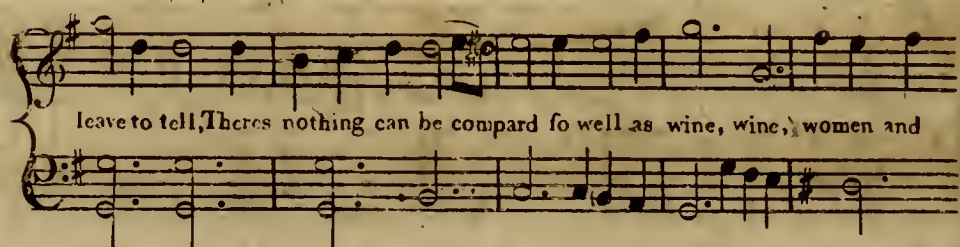
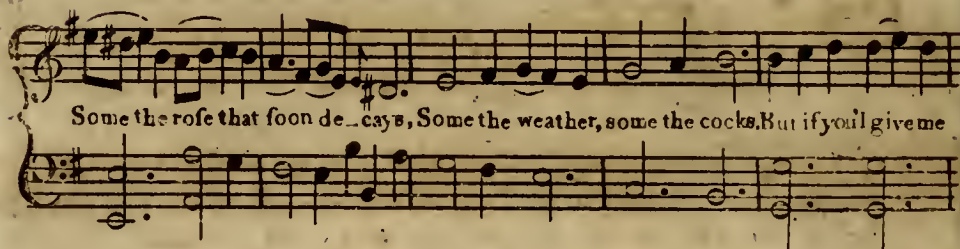
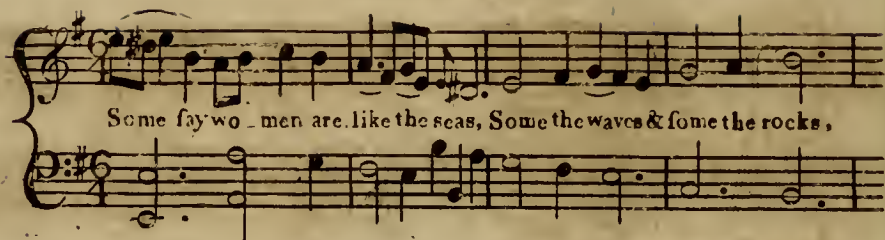
for - row no beau - ties ap - - pear Each

zephyr's a sigh, and each dew drop's a tear.

In vain my Selinda has graces to move,
 The fairest to envy, the wisest to love;
 Her presence no more gives delight to the eye,
 Since without her to live, is more pain than to die.
 Oh! that Somnus his pinions wou'd over me spread,
 And paint but her image in dreams in her stead;
 The beautiful vision wou'd soften my pain:
 But sleep's a relief I solicit in vain.
 The wretch thus, like me, his heart loaden with care,
 Is deluded by hope, and undone by despair:
 His pain ever waking, denies him repose,
 And the moments but vary, to vary his woes.

9.

WOMEN LIKE WINE.



Women are witches when they will,
 So is wine, so is wine,
 They make the statesman lose his skill,
 The soldier, lawyer and divine.
 They put a gigg in the gravest skull,
 And send their wits to gather wool,
 Tis wine, wine, women and wine,
 They run in a paralel.

10.

COMELY SWAIN

A Glee.

[illegible]

If thy Nymph no favor shew, Fa la la la &c.

Chuse another, let her go, Fa la la la &c.

II. ILL DO WHAT I LIKE MYSELF. †

Air "Tak" your auld cloak about ye."

Slow

Get up, gude wyfe, don on your claife, And to the market make you bounē, Tis

lang tyme fyne your neighbours raise, They're weel nye get-ten

to the towne; See you don on your bet-ter gowne, And

gar the lasse big on the fyre; Dame, doe not looke as

ye wad frowne, But doe the thing whilk I desyre.

† The words from a MS. in Brit. Mus. temp. Car. I.

I speere what haist ye hae, gude man,
Your mither staid till ye war borne;
Wad ye be at the tother can,
To scoure your throat so fune this morne?
Gude faith, I haud it but a scorne,
That yee sud with my rising mel;
For when ye have baith said and sworne,
He do but what I like mysel.

Gude wyfe we maun needs have a care
Sae lang's we wun in neighbours rawe,
On neighbour-hood to tak a share,
And rise up when the cocke does crawe;
For I have hard an auld said sawe,
They that rise the last big on the fire,
What wind or weather so ever blawe,
Dame, do the thing quhilk I desire.

Nay, what do ye talk of neighbourhead,
Gif I lig in my bed while noone,
By na mans shins I bake my bread,
And ye need not reck what I ha done;
Nay, luik to th' clouting o' yer shoone,
And with my rising do not mel.
For gin ye lig baith sheets abone,
He do but what I wil mysel.

Gud wife, we maun needs take a care,
To save the geer that we ha wun,
Or lay away baith plow and carre,
And hang up Ring* when all is done;
Then may our bairnes a begging runne,
To seeke their mifter in the myre,
So fair a thread as we hae spun,
Dame, do the thing that I require.

*"The dog."

Gude man, ye may weel a begging gang,
Ye seeme sae weel to bear the poake,
Ye may as weel gang fune as syne,
To seeke your meat amang gude folk;
In ilka house yese get a loake,
When ye come whar yer gossips dwell;
Nay, lo you luke sae like a goake,
He do but what I list mysel.

Gude wyfe, you promis'd, when we were wed,
That ye wad me truly obey,
Sir John can witness what you said,
And I'll go fetch him in this day;
And gif that haly man will say
Yese do the thing that I defy.
Then sal we fune end up this fray;
Dame, do the thing that I require.

I nowther care for Jone nor Jacke,
He tak my leasure at myne ease,
I care no what you say a placke,
You may go fetch him gin ye please;
And gin ye want ane of a mease,
You may eene gae fetch the deele in hell;
Nay, I wad you wad let your japin cease,
For He do but quhat I like mysel.

Wel, fine it wil nae better bee,
He tak my share or all be gane;
The warst card in my hand sal flee,
And, ifaith I wait I can shift for ane;
He sel the plew, and lay to wed the waine,
And the greatest spender sal beare the bell;
And than, when all the goods are gane,
Dame, do the thing ye list yoursel.

12. AH WHY SO SAD! *

Largo

Ah why so sad, in balmy breathings, Pines my soul's dear I - dol so?

Though a - far from thee I wander, My heart is thine where e'er I go.

Our mutual love no time can alter, Fond re - mem - brance will to me Res -

tore the past, my core still con - stant, True to ho - nour and to thee.

Thus let me kiss the swelling dew drops,
 That bedim those beaming eyes,
 Calm thy fears - that bosom heaving,
 Must no more thee waste in sighs.
 For be assured thy beauteous image
 Shall my waking dreams pursue;
 Thy mind I'll trace in every virtue,
 All their charms ascribe thy due.

13. GLEE for three Voices *

The words by Dr. S. Johnson.

Hermit hoar, in so-lemn cell, Wear-ing out life's ev'ning gray,

Hermit hoar, in so-lemn cell, Wear-ing out life's ev'ning gray,

Hermit hoar, in so-lemn cell, Wear-ing out life's ev'ning gray,

Strike thy bosom, Sage, & tell, Where is blifs, & which the way? Thus we spoke, &

Strike thy bosom, Sage, & tell, Where is blifs, & which the way? Thus we spoke, &

Strike thy bosom, Sage, & tell, Where is blifs, & which the way? Thus we spoke, &

speaking sigh'd, Scarce repress'd the starting tear; When the smiling sage replied,

speaking sigh'd, Scarce repress'd the starting tear; When the smiling sage replied,

speaking sigh'd, Scarce repress'd the starting tear; When the smiling sage replied,

Quick

Come, my lads, & drink some beer, Come, my lads, & drink some beer.

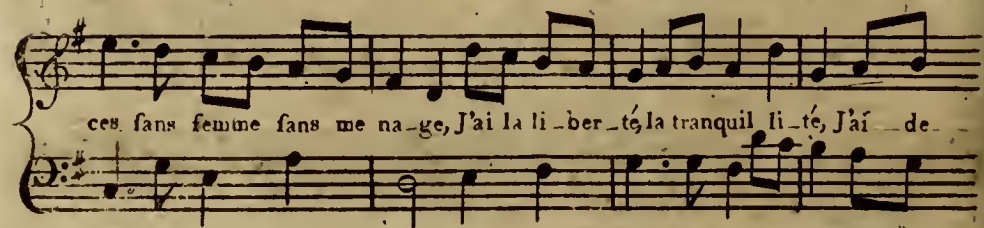
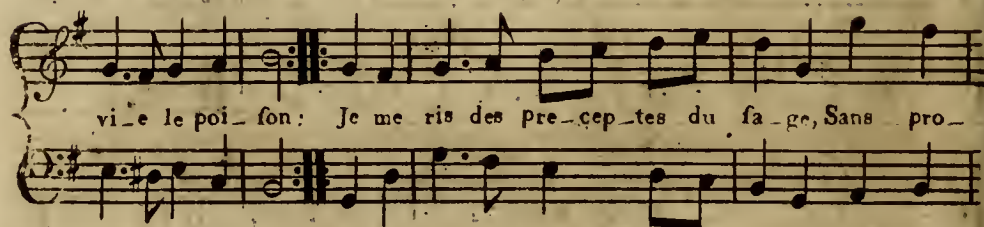
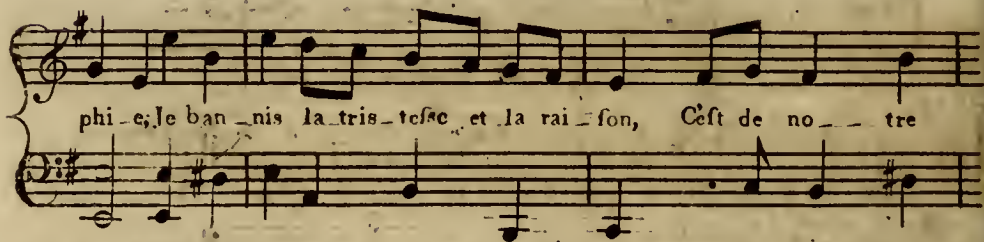
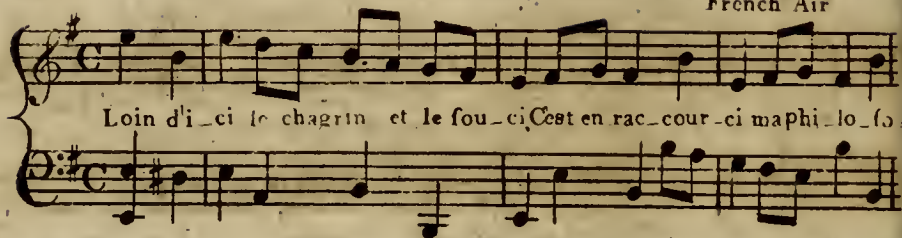
Come, my lads, & drink some beer, Come, my lads, & drink some beer.

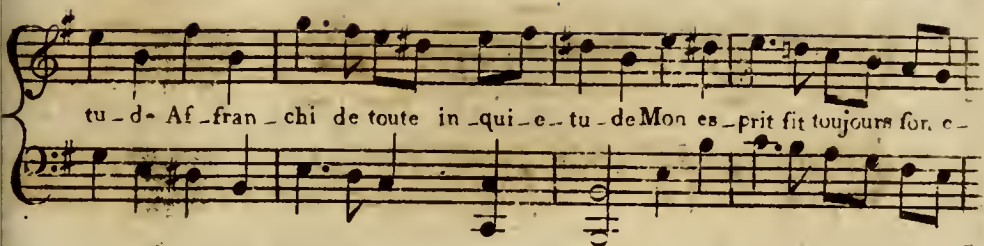
Come, my lads, & drink some beer, Come, my lads, & drink some beer.

11. LE SANS-SOUCI

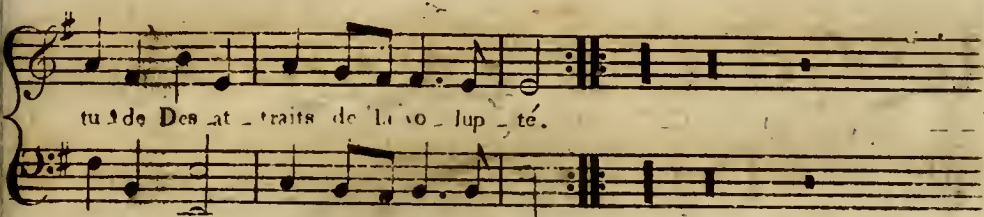
French Air

All^o





tu - d - Af - fran - chi de toute in - qui - e - tu - de Mon es - prit fit toujours son, e -

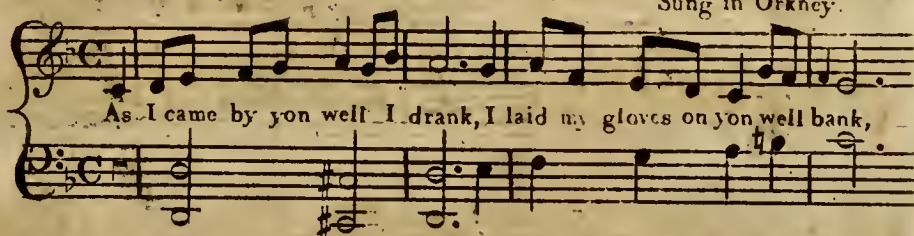


tu d - e Des at - traits de la vo - lup - té.

15.

YULE CAROL

Sung in Orkney.



As I came by yon well I drank, I laid my gloves on yon well bank,



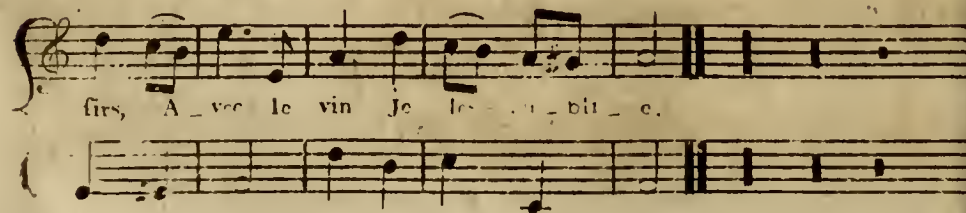
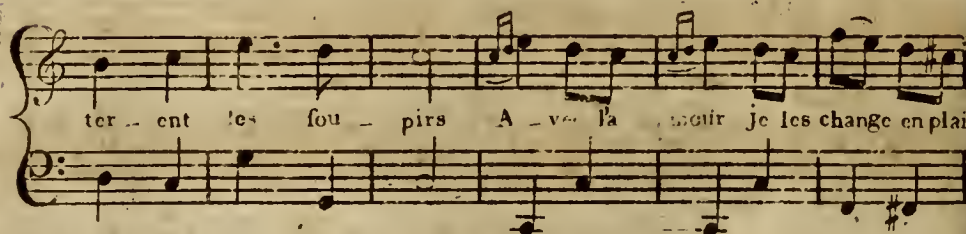
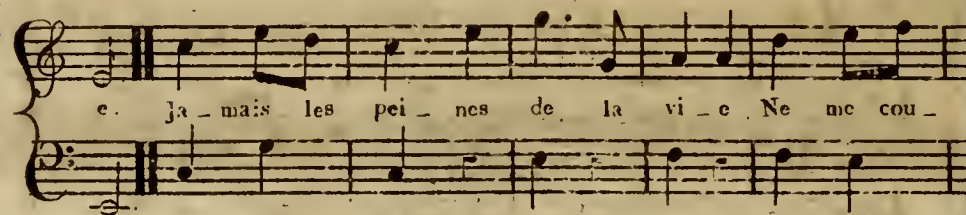
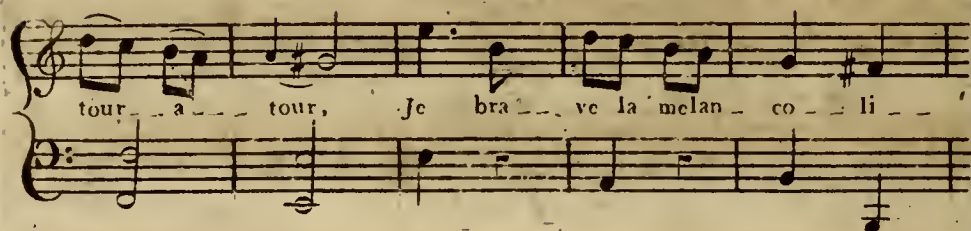
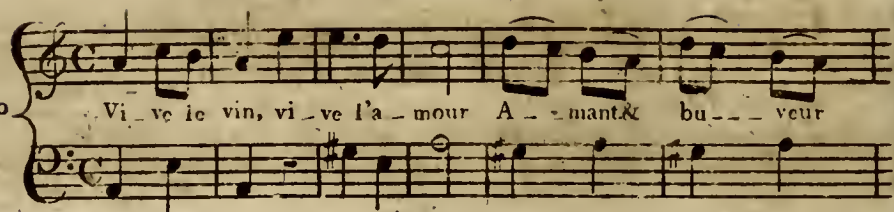
where by came Yule with sport & play, and stole my gloves and ran a - way.

I followed him frae town to town,
And bade him lay my bonny gloves down,
He laid them down upon a stone,
Sing you a carrol I've sung one.

16. VIVE LE VIN, VIVE L'AMOUR.

French Air

And^{no}



17. GAY FLATTERING HOPE.*

And^{no} Gay flatt'ring hope the fan - cy warms, That
 none can fly from beau - tys charms; And still at
 lures us with a scene Of plea - sure love - ly
 and fe - rene

When oft the dawn is rosy red,
 Succeeding clouds the skies o'er spread;
 So love that seems at first so fair,
 Its joys oft changes to despair.

18.

A GERMAN AIR.

Der Herbst beginnt schon faßt der Wind, und raubt die Blätter den

The first system of musical notation for 'A German Air'. It consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics 'Der Herbst beginnt schon faßt der Wind, und raubt die Blätter den' are written below the staff.

Bau - men. Die Störche ziehn, die Schwalben fliehn, es schweigen

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff. The lyrics 'Bau - men. Die Störche ziehn, die Schwalben fliehn, es schweigen' are written below the staff.

Grillen und Heimen. Komm im - mer zu! auch

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff. The lyrics 'Grillen und Heimen. Komm im - mer zu! auch' are written below the staff.

schön bist du, in dei - nem selb - ren Kran - ze! Du gibst uns

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff. The lyrics 'schön bist du, in dei - nem selb - ren Kran - ze! Du gibst uns' are written below the staff.

Moss, der scheucht den Frost und macht uns fröhlich zum Tan - ze. D.C.

The fifth and final system of musical notation on the page. The melody concludes in the treble staff. The lyrics 'Moss, der scheucht den Frost und macht uns fröhlich zum Tan - ze. D.C.' are written below the staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

Beginnt den Rhein,
Und laßt uns freun,
Wohl bei Schalmeyen und Leiern!
Mit Fruchten mild
Sind sie gefüllt,
Die Keller, Boden und Scheuern.

Der kalte Nord
Mag immerfort
Die öde Stoppel durchblasen!

Uns kummert nicht,
Sein wild Gesicht
Er mag nur sausen und rasen!

Das schnelle Jahr
Eilt immerdar
Auf Sonnenfittigen wieder;
In Jugendglanz,
Und Veilchenkranz,
Bringts bald den Frühling hernieder.

19. A VENETIAN AIR. †

Slow

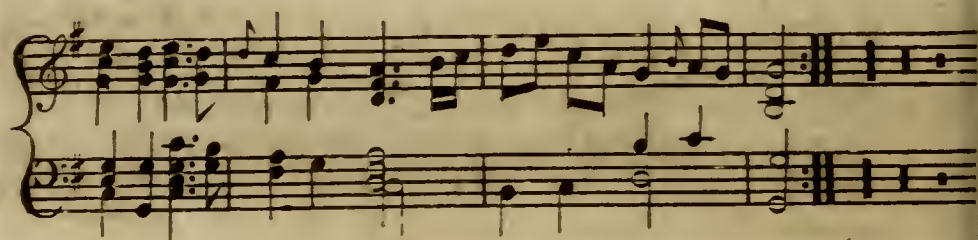
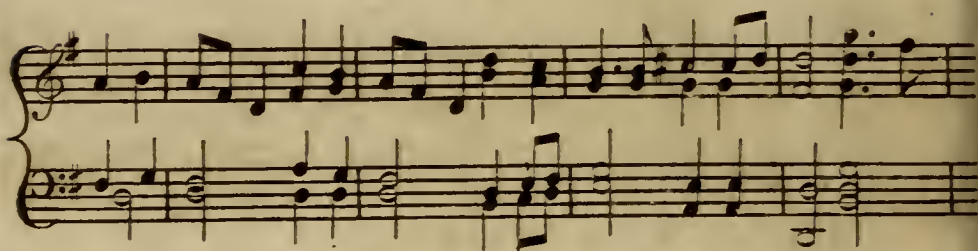
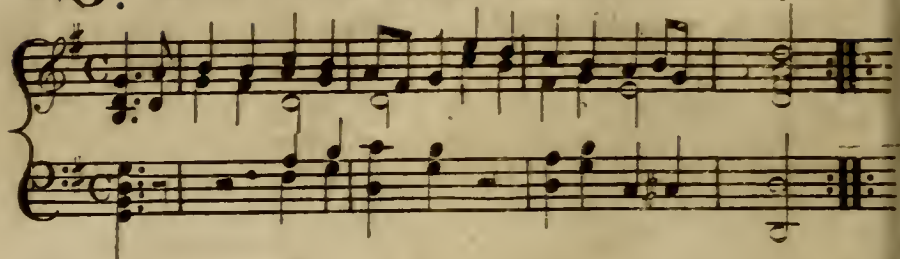
El Fruttariol mia bella, Xe qua, mia vaga stella, Xe qua, mia vaga

stel la, Xe qua, mia cara ben, Cas tag ne se vo les si, No

fel le se bra mas si, Tol le viso se ren, Tol le vi so se ren.

† Sung by the Gondoliers.

20. GOD SAVE THE EMPEROR. Haydn.



God preserve the Emperor Francis!

Sov'reign ever good and great!

Save, O! save him from mischances,

In prosperity and state:

May his laurels ever blooming

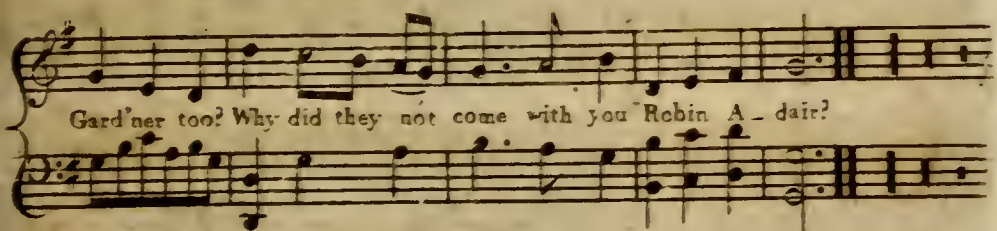
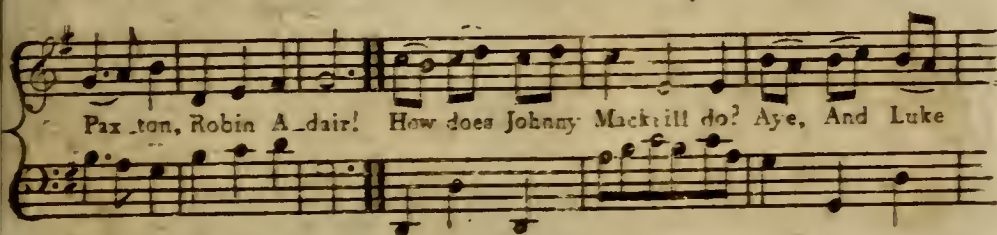
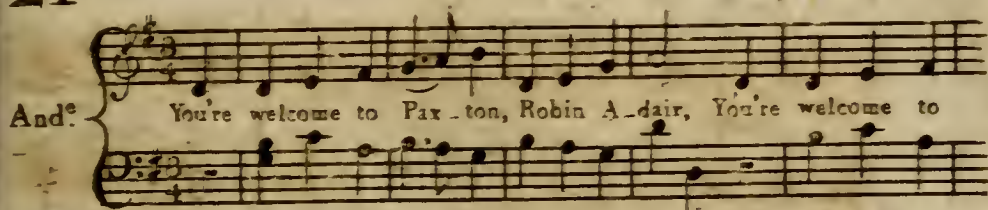
Be by patriot virtue led:

May his worth the world illumine

And bring back the sheep mislead.

God preserve our Emptor Francis!

Sov'reign ever good and great. &c.



Come, and sit down by me, Robin Adair;

Come, and sit down by me, Robin Adair;

And welcome you shall be

To every thing that you see:

Why did they not come with you, Robin Adair?

I will drink wine with you, Robin Adair,

I will drink wine with you, Robin Adair;

Rum punch, aye, or brandy too,

By my soul I'll get drunk with you;

Why did they not come with you, Robin Adair?

Then let us drink about, Robin Adair,

Then let us drink about, Robin Adair,

Till we've drunk a Hogstead out,

Then we'll be fow nae doubt;

Why did they not come with you, Robin Adair?

And^c

O'er the bowl we'll laugh and sing, Me-lan-cho-ly, hence a

O'er the bowl we'll laugh and sing, Me-lan-cho-ly, hence a

O'er the bowl we'll laugh and sing, Me-lan-cho-ly, hence a

way! Ring ring, the bowl is out, Ring, ring the bowl is out, Fill it,

way! Ring ring, the bowl is out, Ring, ring the bowl is out, Fill it,

way! Ring ring, the bowl is out, Ring, ring the bowl is out, Fill it,

land lord, let's be gay. O'er the bowl we'll laugh and sing, Me-lan-

land lord, let's be gay. O'er the bowl we'll laugh and sing, Me-lan-

land lord, let's be gay. O'er the bowl we'll laugh and sing, Me-lan-

-cho-ly, hence a way! Ring, ring, the bowl is out, Ring,

-cho-ly, hence a way! Ring, ring, the bowl is out, Ring,

-cho-ly, hence a way! Ring, ring, the bowl is out, Ring,

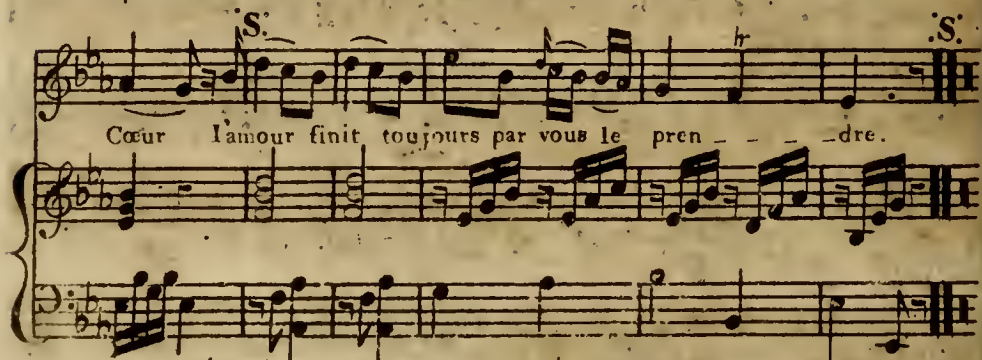
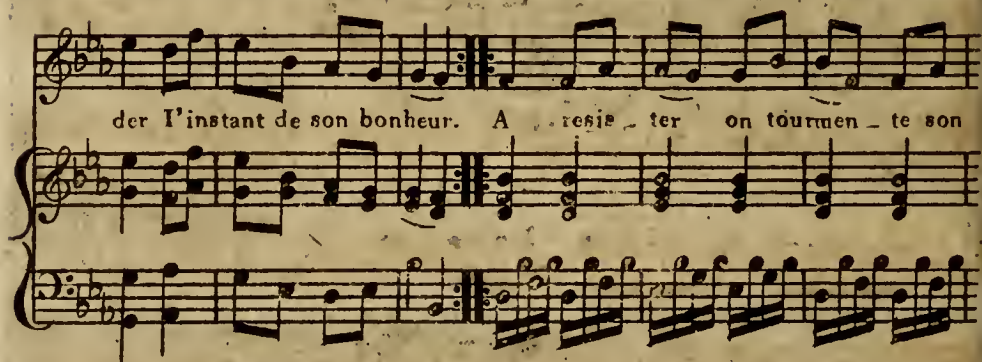
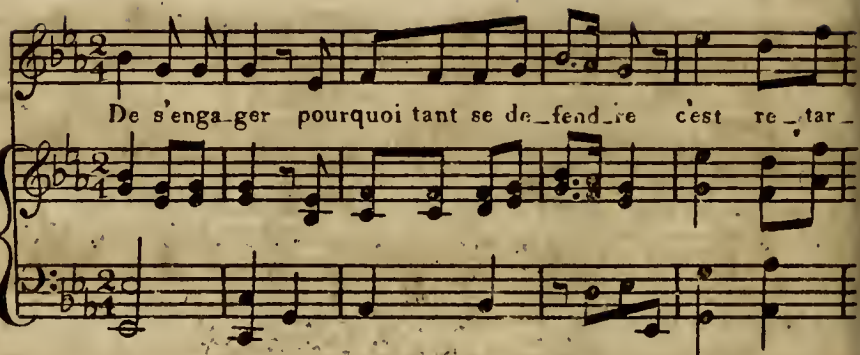
Quicker

ring, the bowl is out, Fill it, land - lord, let's be gay. Roufe! ye
ring, the bowl is out, Fill it, land - lord, let's be gay.
ring, the bowl is out, Fill it, land - lord, let's be gay.

jo - vial fons of mirth! Now's the time to baf - fle
Roufe! ye jo - vial fons of mirth! Now's the time to baf - fle
Roufe! ye jo - vial fons of mirth! Now's the time to baf - fle

Slow

care! Tho' we're mor - tal now on earth, Tho' we're mortal now on earth, Let's
care! Tho' we're mor - tal now on earth, Tho' we're mortal now on earth, Let's
care! Tho' we're mor - tal now on earth, Tho' we're mortal now on earth, Let's
fan - cy heaven here! Let's fan - cy heaven here, Let's fancy hea - ven here.
fan - cy heaven here! Let's fan - cy heaven here, Let's fancy hea - ven here.
fan - cy heaven here! Let's fan - cy heaven here, Let's fancy hea - ven here.

And.^e

Dés qu'une fois on commence à l'entendre,
 C'est pour jamais qu'on se laisse engager;
 Au tendre amour on ne peut s'arracher,
 Il tient trop bien ce qu'il a si vous prendre.

Jeunes beautés, que vous perdez d'attendre,
 Aimez, aimez, jouissez, hâtez vous;
 L'Age flétrit les traits les plus doux,
 L'amour s'enfuit s'il n'a rien à vous prendre.

2d. Cruel flatt'rer you deceiv'd me & traduc'd my feeling heart. Weep-ing,

And^e. Cruel flatt'rer you deceiv'd me & traduc'd my feeling heart. Weep-ing,

sighing, flatt'ring, lying, Pledg'd your faith with skill and art; Traitor false, unkind de-

sighing, flatt'ring, lying, Pledg'd your faith with skill and art; Traitor false, unkind de-

ceiver, all my griefs first sprung from you, love, fond love & tender passion bid me

ceiver, all my griefs first sprung from you, love, fond love & tender passion bid me

think you would prove true.

think you would prove true..

But forsworn your cruel usage
Merits now my just Disdain;
Go else where, ungrateful Lover
I my liberty regain.
Traitor false, unkind deceiver,
All my griefs first sprung from you;
But to love and you for ever
Will I bid — a long adieu.

With my Jug in one hand, and my Pipe in the other, I
 With my Jug in one hand, and my Pipe in the other, I
 With my Jug in one hand, and my Pipe in the other, I
 drink to my neighbour and friend; in a whiff of to-
 drink to my neighbour and friend; in a whiff of to-
 drink to my neighbour and friend; My cares in a whiff of to-
 bac-co I smother, For life I know short-ly must end. While
 bac-co I smother, For life I know short-ly must end.
 bac-co I smother, For life I know short-ly must end.
 Ce-res most kind-ly re-fills my brown Jug, With good ale I will
 most kind-ly re-fills my brown Jug, With good ale I will
 re-fills my brown Jug, With good ale I will

make my-self mellow, In my old wicker chair I will feat my self

make my-self mellow, In my old wicker chair I will feat my self

make my-self mellow, In my old wicker chair I will feat my self

fnug, Like a jol-ly and true hap-py fel-low, like a jolly, like a

fnug, Like a jol-ly and true hap-py fel-low, like a jolly, like a

fnug, Like a jol-ly and true hap-py fel-low, like a jolly, like a

jol-ly, like a jol-ly and true hap-py fel-low.

jol-ly, like a jol-ly and true hap-py fel-low;

jol-ly, like a jol-ly and true hap-py fel-low.

I ne'er trouble my head with the cares of the nation,
 I've enough of my own for to mind;
 All the cares of this life are but grief and vexation,
 And to death we must soon be consign'd.
 For while Ceres &c.

The fields were gay and sweet the hay, Our gypsies sat u -
 - pon the grass; Both lad and lass by you were fed, Twas all to cheat poor
 sil - ly Fan. The fields were gay and sweet the hay our gyp - sies sat u -
 - pon the grass, u - pon the grass Both lad and lass by you were fed by
 you were fed, 'Twas all to cheat poor sil - ly Fan.

When'er we met, with kisses sweet,
 With speeches soft you won my heart,
 The hawthorn bush should make you blush;
 Twas there you did betray my heart.

AN IRISH AIR.

And.^c Man's a poor de-lu-ded bub-ble,

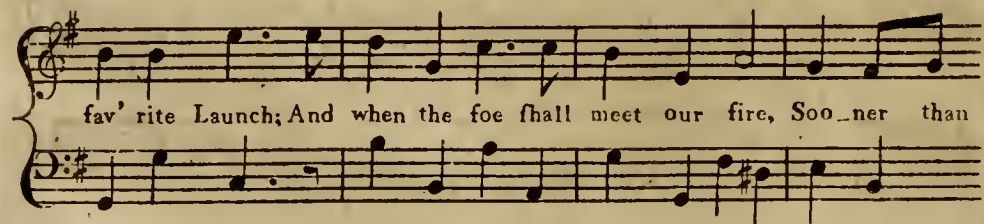
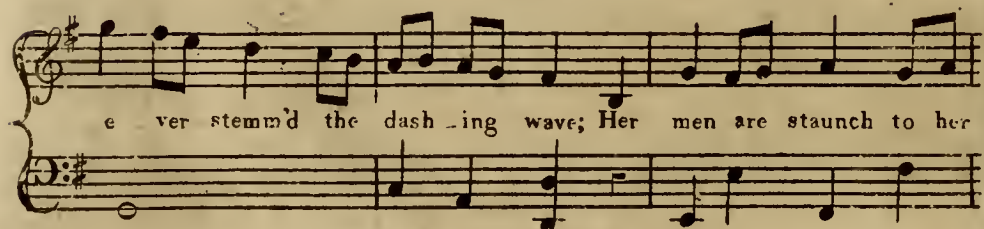
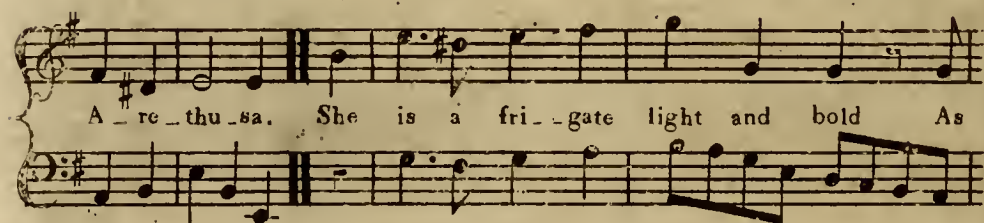
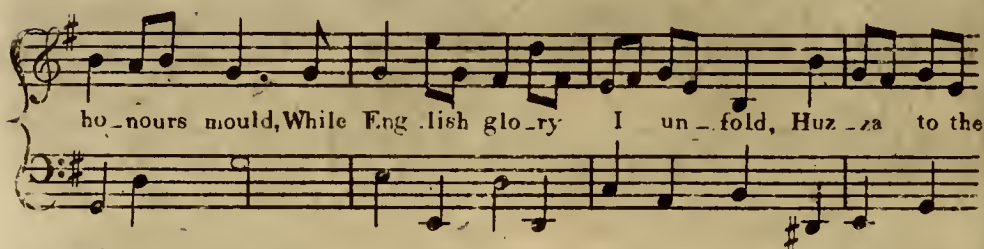
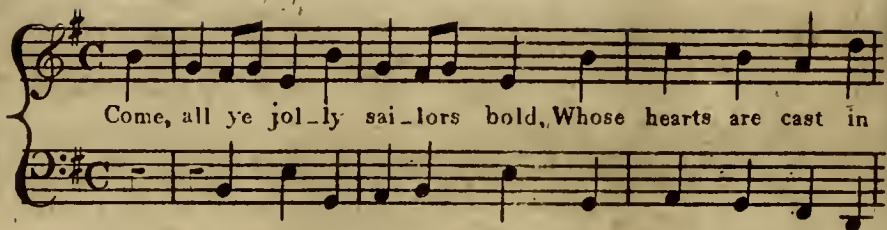
Wan-d'ring in a mist of lies; See-ing, false or fee-ing

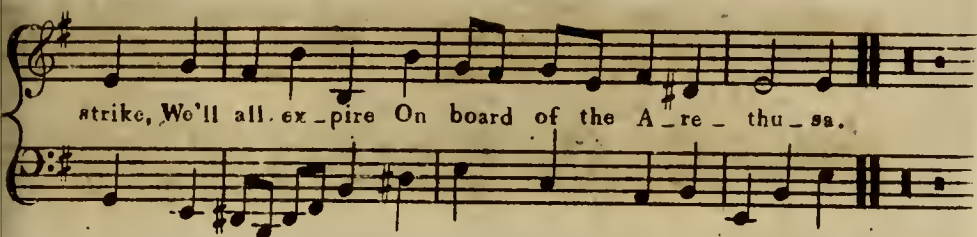
dou-ble, Who would trust to such weak eyes? Yet pre-su-ning

on his fen-ses, On he goes most won-drous wise; Doubts of

truth be-lieves pre-ten-cies, Lost in er-ror, lives, and dies.

THE ARETHUSA.





'Twas with the spring-fleet she went out,
The English Channel to cruise about,
When four French sail, in show so stout,
 Bore down on the Arethusa.
The fam'd Belle Poule straight a head did lie,
The Arethusa seem'd to fly,
 Not a sheet, or a tack,
 Or a brace did she slack,
Tho' the Frenchmen laugh'd, and thought it stuff,
But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,
 On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France;
We with two hundred did advance,
 On board of the Arethusa.
Our Captain hail'd the Frenchman, ho!
The Frenchmen then cry'd out, hallo!
 "Bear down, d'ye see,"
 "To our Admiral's lee."
"No, no," says the Frenchman, that can't be!"
"Then I must lug you along with me,"
 Says the saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land,
We forc'd them back upon their strand,
For we fought till not a stick wou'd stand
 Of the gallant Arethusa.
And now we've driven the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more,
 Let each fill a glass
 To his favorite lass!
A health to our Captain, and Officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew,
 On board of the Arethusa!

Ande.

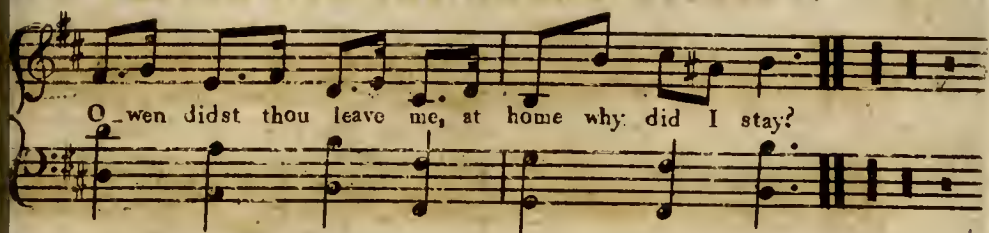
Tho' far beyond the mountains, that look so-distant here, To

fight his country's bat - tles, Last May day went my dear. Ah

well shall I re-mem-ber with bit-ter sighs the day, Why

O—wen didst thou leave me, at home why did I stay? Ah

well shall I re-mem-ber with bit-ter sighs the day, Why



Owen didst thou leave me, at home why did I stay?

Ah! cruel was my Father who did my flight restrain,
And I was cruel hearted that did at home remain,
With thee, my love, contented I'd journey far away,
Why Owen &c.

To market at Langollen each morning do I go,
But how to strike a bargain no longer do I know;
My Father chides at evening, my Mother all the day,
Why Owen &c.

When thinking of my Owen, my eyes with tears they fill,
And then my Mother chides me because my wheel stands still;
How can I think of spinning whilst Owen's far away?
Why Owen &c.

Oh! could it please kind heaven to shield my love from harm,
To clasp him to my bosom would ev'ry care disarm;
But ah! I fear far distant will be that happy day,
Why Owen &c.

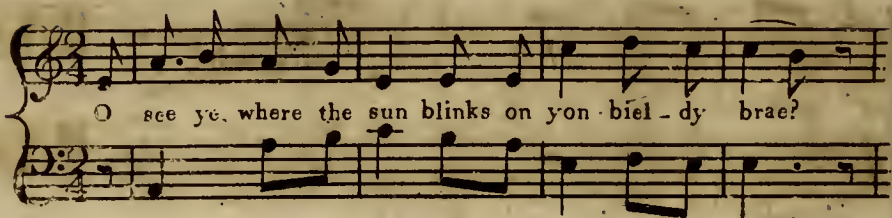
30 POOR JOHNNY'S DEAD.

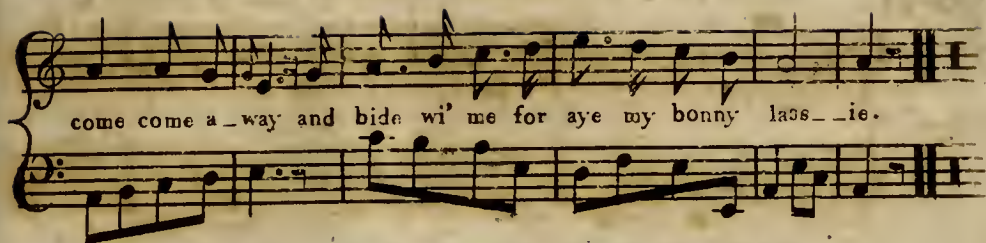
1 Poor Johnny's dead! I hear his knell! Bim, bim, bim, bome bell.

2 Bome Bome Bim Bome bell.

3 The bell doth toll, Then may his soul In heav'n for e- ver dwell.

Slow



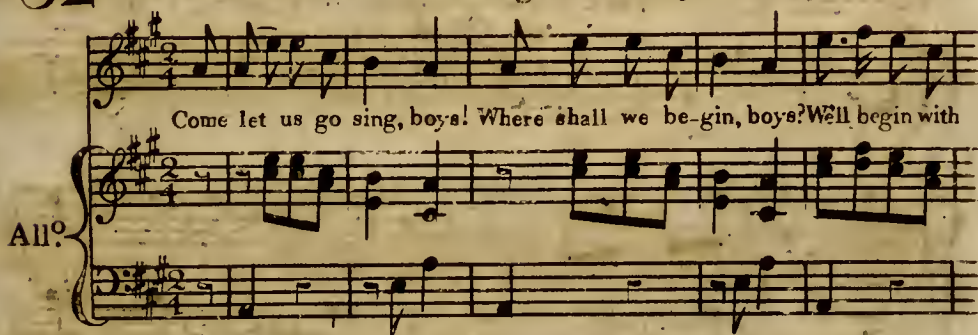


come come a-way and bide wi' me for aye my bonny lassie.

In winter when the storm's up, and rain, sleet or snaw
Scour thro' the sky wi' sic unka souchs, my lassie.
I'll fauld thee in my arms, luvie, and lay thee neist the wa'
Nor eerie shalt thou be, my bonny lassie.

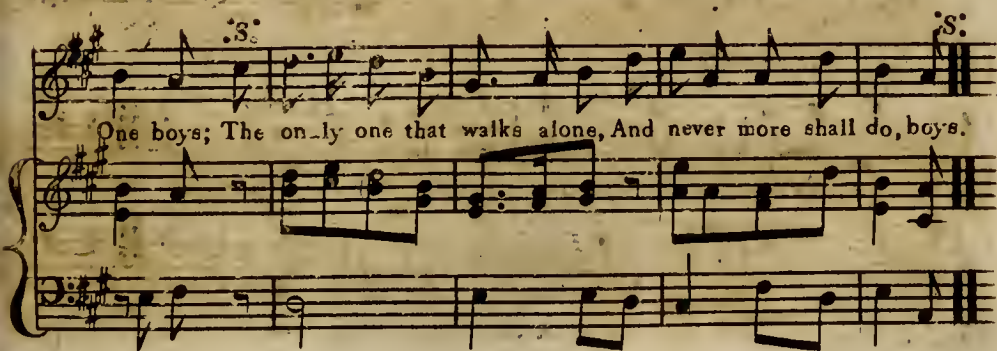
In spring-time when the lambs come, and maivies sing
The hazels amang, a' to please my bonny lassie:
Then simmer and the harst-time will pleasantly bring
O' seilba fowth, and comforts to my lassie.

32 A CAROL — — — Sung in Orkney.



Come let us go sing, boys! Where shall we be-gin, boys? We'll begin with

All:



One boys; The on-ly one that walks alone, And never more shall do, boys.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE

Ancient Scottish Air

And^{te}

The King sat in Dun-ferm-line town, Drinkin' the blude reid
wine; O quhar fall I get a fai-lor hold, To
fail this schip o' mine? Up then spak an el-dern
knight, Was sit-tin' at the Kings richt knee; Sir Pa-trick
Spence is the best fai-lor, That fails u-pon the sea.

The king has written a braid letter,
 And sign'd it wi' his hand;
 And sent it to sir Patrick Spence,
 Was walking on the sand.
 The first line that sir Patrick red,
 A loud laugh lauch'd he;
 The next line that sir Patrick red
 The teir blinded his ee.

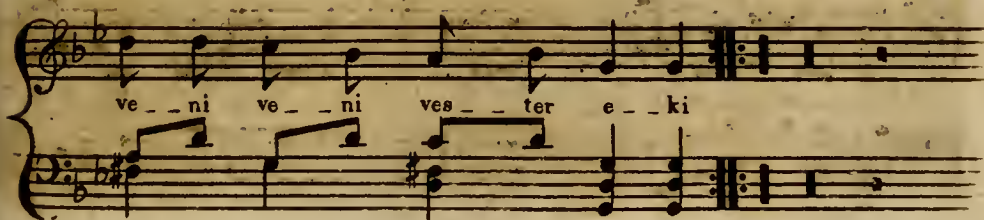
Late late yestreen I saw the new moone
 Wi' the auld moone in her arme;
 And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
 That we will come to harme.
 O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
 To weet their cork heild schoone;
 Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
 Thair hats they swam aboone.

O quhan is this has don this deid,
 This ill deid don to me;
 To send me out this time o the zeir,
 To sail upon the sea?
 Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all,
 Our guid schip fails the morne.
 O say na fae, my master deir,
 For I feir a deadlie storme.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies sit
 Wi' thair fans into thair hand,
 Or eir they see sir Patrick Spence
 Cum sailing to the land.
 O lang, lang, may the ladies stand,
 Wi' thair gold kemis in thair hair,
 Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
 For they'll se thame na mair.

Ha'f owre, ha'f owre to Aberdour
 It's fiftie fadom deip:
 And thair lies guid sir Patrick Spence,
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feir.

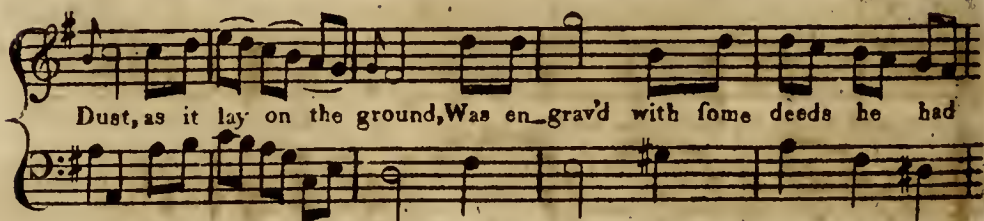
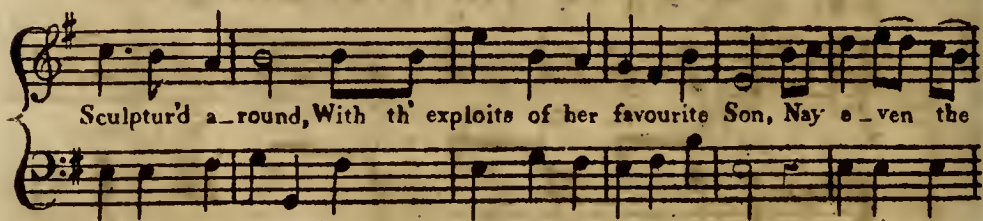
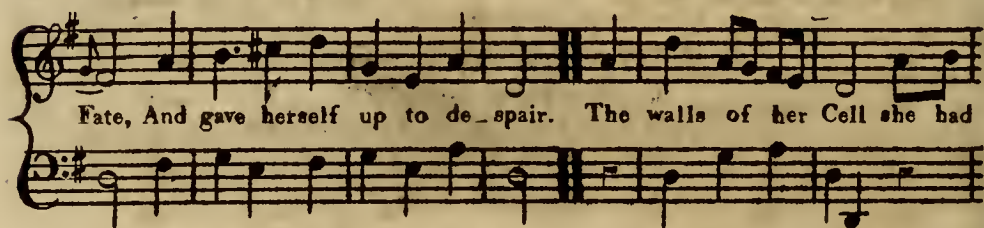
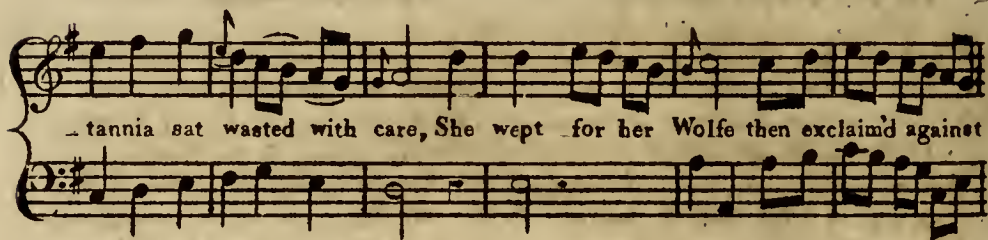
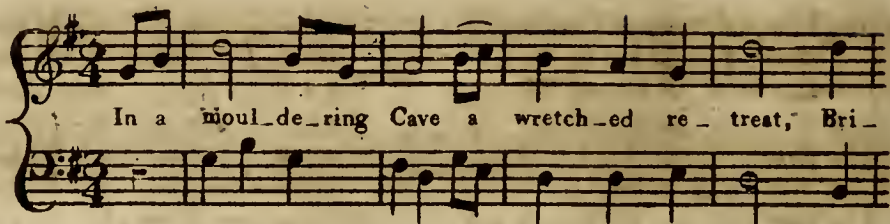
34 RUNA OF THE FINLANDERS ❄

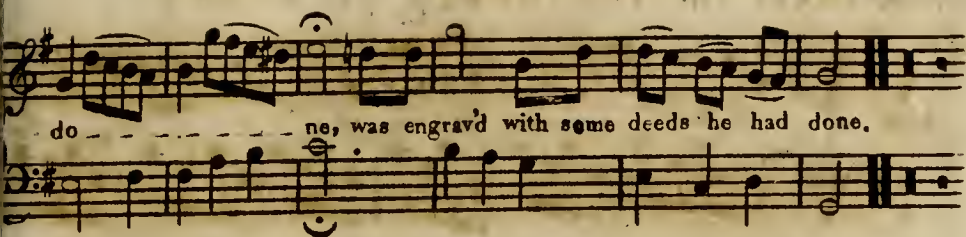


❄ *From Acerbi's Travels.*

BRITANNIA, OR, THE DEATH OF WOLFE.

35

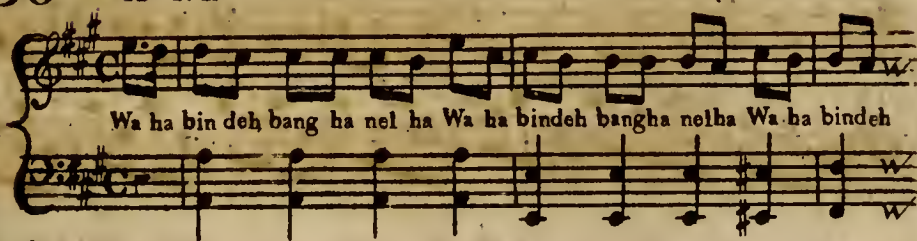




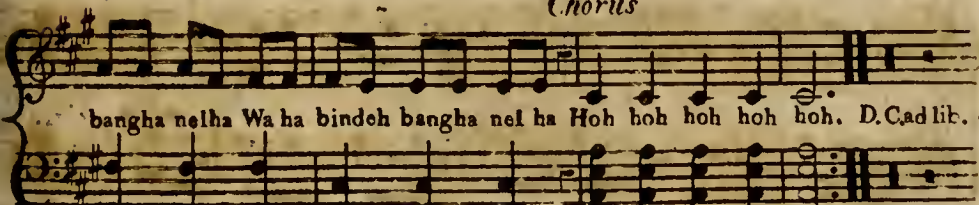
The sire of the gods from his chrystalline throne,
Beheld the disconsolate dame;
And, mov'd with her tears, sent Mercury down,
And those were the tidings that came:
Britannia! forbear, nor a sigh nor a tear
For thy Wolfe so deservedly lov'd;
Thy grief shall be chang'd into tumults of joy,
For Wolfe is not dead, but remov'd.

To the plains of Québec with the orders I flew,
Wolfe beg'd for a moment's delay;
He cry'd, oh forbear, let me victory hear,
And then the commands I'll obey;
With a darkning film I encompass'd his eyes,
And bore him away in a Urn;
Lest the fondness he bore to his own native shore
Should tempt him again to return.

36 A NEW-SOUTH-WALES SONG †



Chorus



† The Air & words brought over by an Officer from N. S. Wales.

And^e.

Mon pè-re je viens de-vant vous, A-vec une a-mé

pe-ni ten-te, Me confes-ser a vos ge-noux, D'a-voir é-té trop

in-dul gen-te, D'a-voir é-té trop in-dul gen-te, Pour un in-

grat que j'aime en-core, Pour un in-grat que j'aime en-core,

D'i-rai-je mon con-fi-te-or? D'i-rai-je mon con-fi-te-or.

Ah, mon pere, si vous saviez
 Quel charme avoit cet infidele,
 Sans peine vous m'excuseriez;
 Il me disoit, que j'étois belle,
 Qu'il m'aimeroit jusqu'à la mort:
 Dirai-je mon Confiteor?

Il ne m'eut pas dit quatre mots,
 Que je crus son ardeur sincere
 Je songeais à tous ses propos,
 Le soir, filant avec ma mere:
 Le souvenir m'en plait encor.
 Dirai-je &c.

Dans mon chagrin & mes ennuis,
 Je repetois son nom sans cesse;
 Ce n'est que pour parler de lui,
 Que vous me voyez à confesse.
 Mon pere, il se nomme Alcidor.
 Dirai-je &c.

LE DIRECTEUR

Dites-lui, s'il vient devant vous
 Vous exprimer sa repentance,
 Que le plus grand péché de tous
 Est le péché de l'inconstance;
 Et me le renvoyez d'abord,
 Pour dire son Confiteor:

38

ROUND for Three Voices

1 Bear to the nymph my soft - est sighs. And

2 But if that won't her pi - ty move, And

3 Then let her know, 'tis all a lie, For

tell her, her a - do - rer dies.

she, proud thing, dis - dains to love

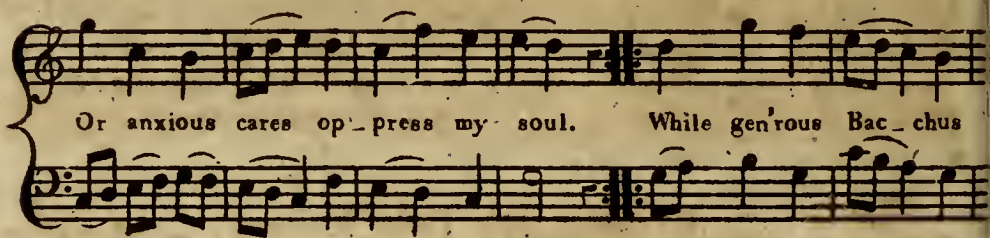
haugh - ty Stre - phen scorns to die.

CUPID NO MORE

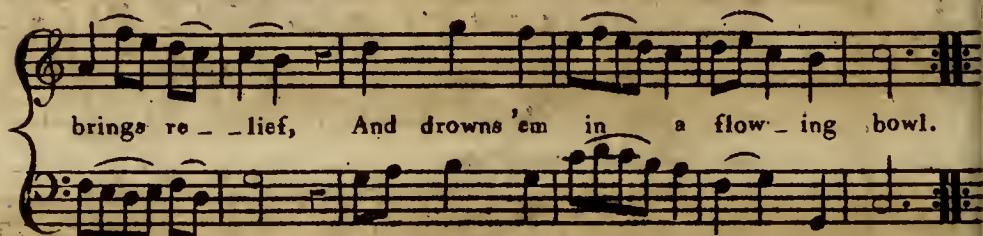
Allegretto



Cu-pid no more shall give me grief,
Cu-pid no more shall give me grief,



Or anxious cares op-press my soul. While gen'rous Bac-chus
Or anxious cares op-press my soul. While gen'rous Bac-chus



brings re-lief, And drowns 'em in a flow-ing bowl.
brings re-lief, And drowns 'em in a flow-ing bowl

Cælia! thy scorn I now despise,

Thy boasted empire I disown.

THIS takes the brightness from thy eyes,

And makes it sparkle in my own.

And^e.

Bilkt auf, wie hehr das lich te Blau hoch ü-ber uns sich

Bilkt auf, wie

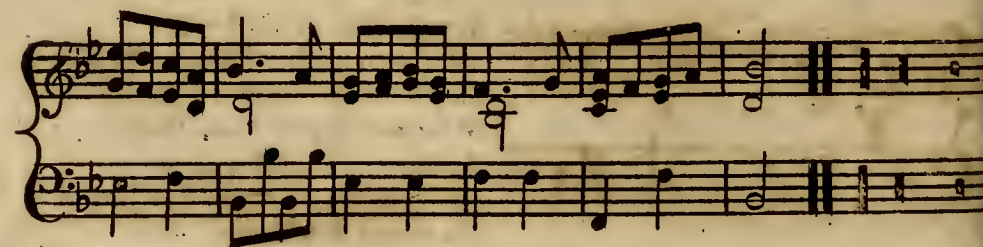
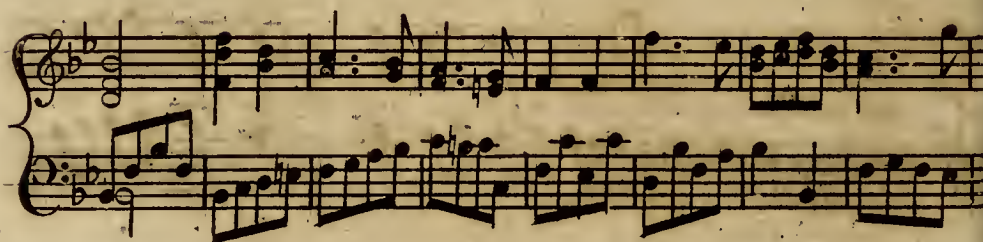
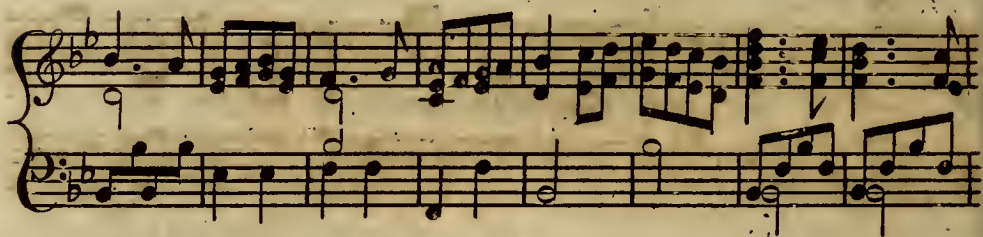
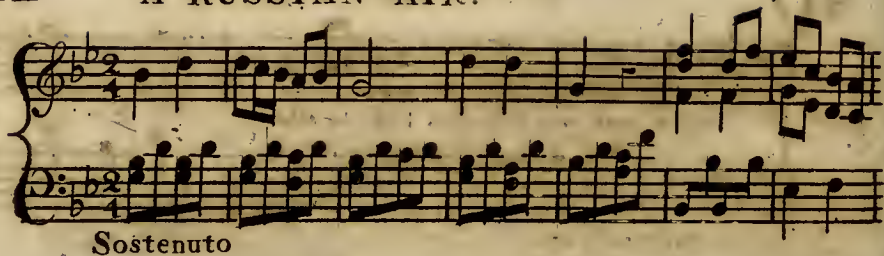
wol-bet wie fern den grünen Glanz der Au die But-ter-blu-me

gel-bet! Um uns im Sonnen schei-ne wehn der Bü-chen zar-te

Blat-ter; aus tau-send Keh-len schallt, wie schön, viel stim-mi

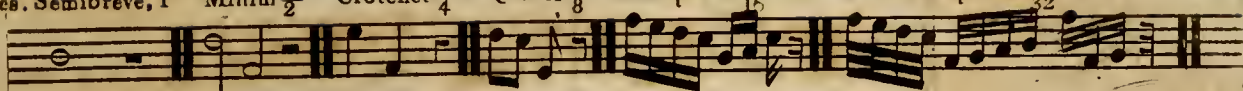
-ges Ge-schmet-ter.

Ringsum an Bäumen und Gebusch
 Entschwellen junge Triebe:
 Hier schattets kuhl! Hier athmet frisch,
 Und trinkt den Geist der Liebe!
 Wir leben dir, der Liebe Geist,
 In dieser Auferstehung.
 Wie wenn du einst vom Tod'erneust
 Zu seliger Erhöhung!



Names and Values. Semibreve, 1 Minim $\frac{1}{2}$ Crotchet $\frac{1}{4}$ Quaver $\frac{1}{8}$ Semiquaver $\frac{1}{16}$ Demisemiquaver $\frac{1}{32}$ Plate 2^d

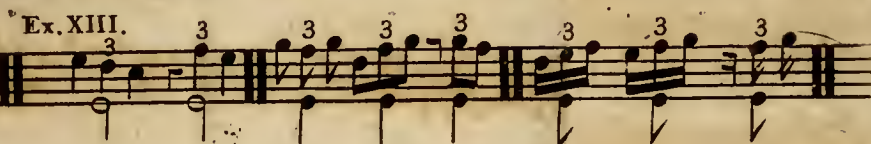
Ex. XI.
Notes and Rests



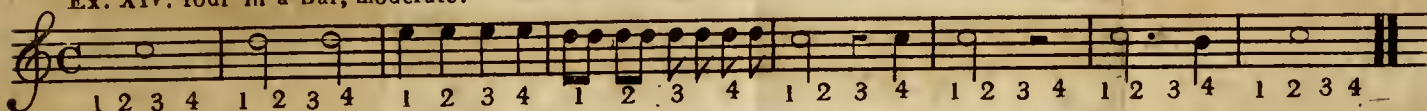
Ex. XII.



Ex. XIII.



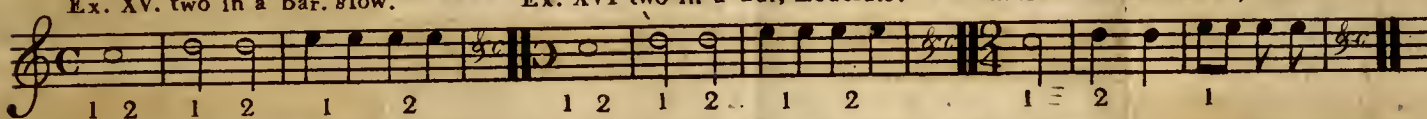
Ex. XIV. four in a Bar, moderate.



Ex. XV. two in a Bar, slow.

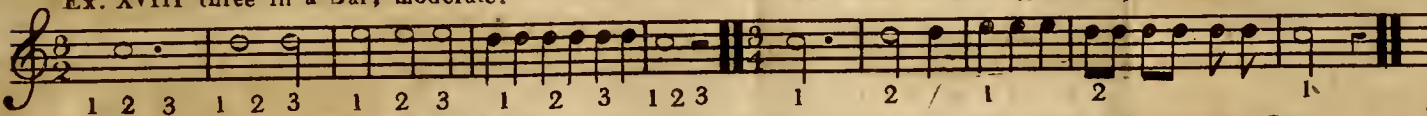
Ex. XVI two in a Bar, moderate.

Ex. XVII One in a Bar, Slow.



Ex. XVIII three in a Bar, moderate.

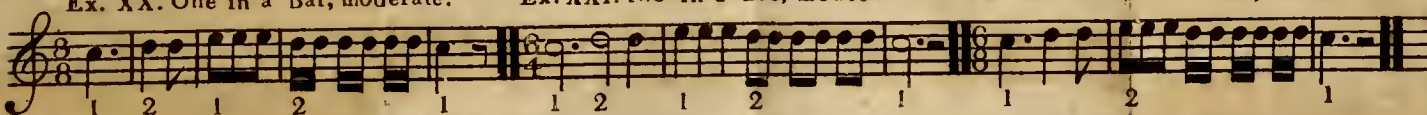
Ex. XIX One in a Bar, Slow.



Ex. XX. One in a Bar, moderate.

Ex. XXI. two in a Bar, moderate.

Ex. XXII. One in a Bar, Slow.



Ex. XXIII. two in a Bar, moderate.

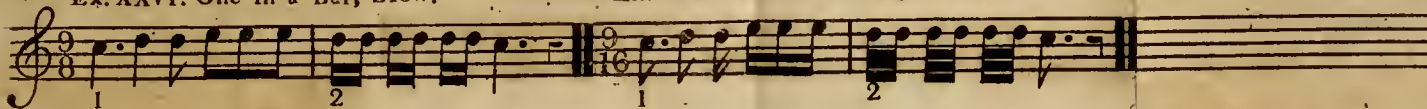
Ex. XXIV. one in a Bar, slow.

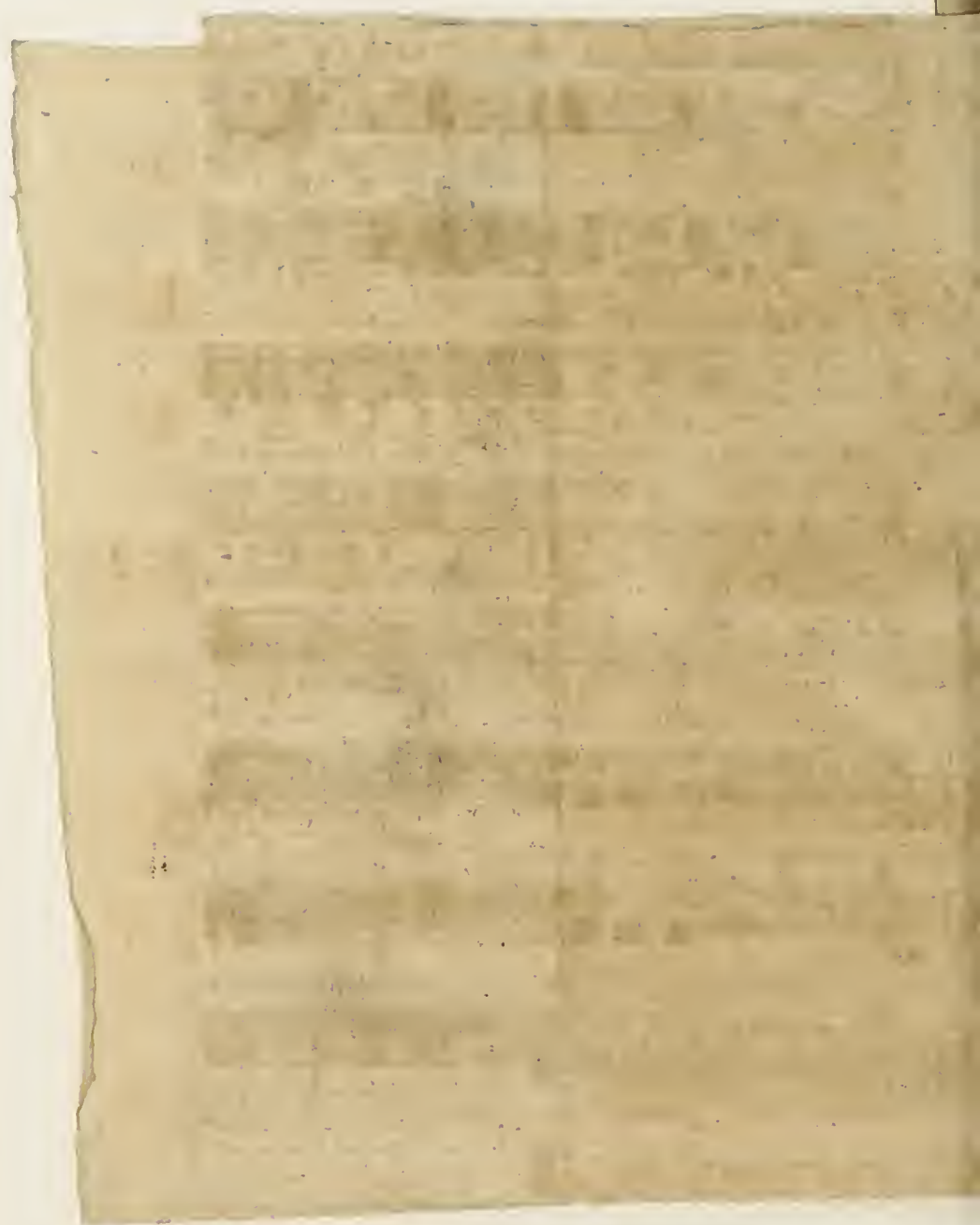
Ex. XXV three in a Bar, moderate.



Ex. XXVI. One in a Bar, Slow.

Ex. XXVII. One in a Bar, moderate.





42 THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL. By M.^{rs}J. Hunter.

And.^c Far from hope and lost to pleasure, Haste a way to wars alarms;-

Sad I leave my soul's dear treasure For the dismal din of arms. But,

ah! for thee I fol_low glory, To gain thy love I dare to die; And

when my comrades tell my story, Thou shall la_ment me with a sigh.

Thou shall lament me with a sigh.

All my griefs will then be over,
 Sunk in death's eternal rest;
 You may regret a faithful lover,
 Though you refuse to make him bless'd
 Bestow a tear of kind compassion,
 To grace a hapless soldier's tomb;
 And ah! forgive a fatal passion,
 Which reason could not overcome.

HUSH EVERY BREEZE.

Hush every Breeze! let no-thing move; My De-lia

Andantino

sings, and sings of love. A-round the win-ning gra-ces

wait, And calm con-tent-ment guards the seat. Hush ev'ry

Breezel let no-thing move, my De-lia sings, and sings of

love. In the sweet shade, my De-lia, stay, You'll scorch those

charms more sweet than May, The Sun now ra-ges

in his noon, 'Tis pi-ty, tis pi-ty sure to part so

soon, 'tis pi-ty, 'tis pi-ty sure to part so soon. D.C.

Oh! hear me De - lia hear me now, In - cline pro -

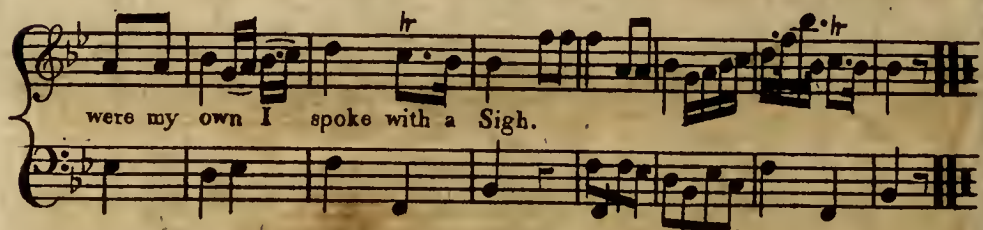
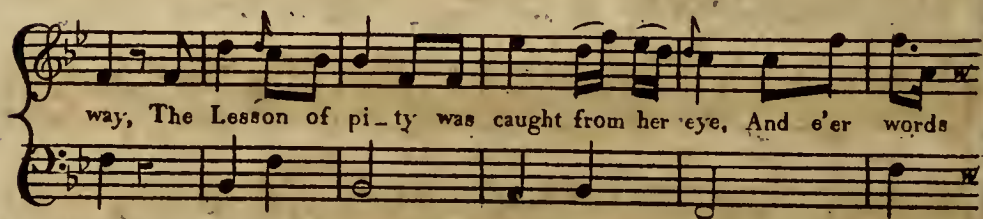
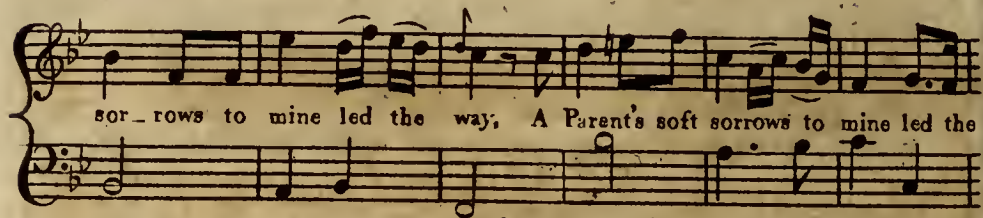
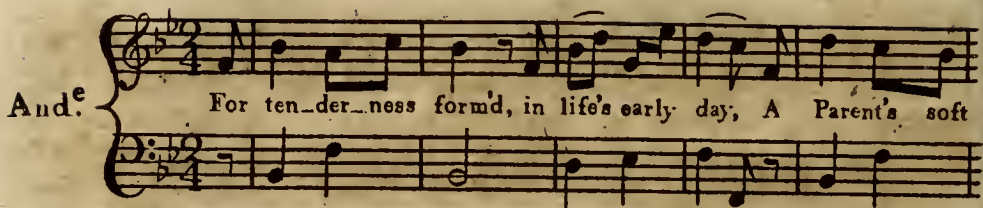
pit - ious to my Vow, So may thy charms no chang - es

prove, But bloom for e - ver like my love, So may thy

charms no changes prove, But bloom for e - ver like my love. S.

44 FOR TENDERNESS FORM'D.

And.^e



The nightingale plunder'd, the Mate widow'd dove,
The warbled complaint of the suffering grove;
To youth as it ripen'd gave sentiments new,
The object still changing, the sympathy true.

Soft embers of passion, still rest in their glow,
A warmth of more pain, may this breast never know,
Or if too indulgent the blessing I claim,
Let the spark drop from Reason, that wakens the flame.

AN IRISH AIR.

Slow

O Mol - ly, Mol - ly, my dear - est honey, Come & sit thee

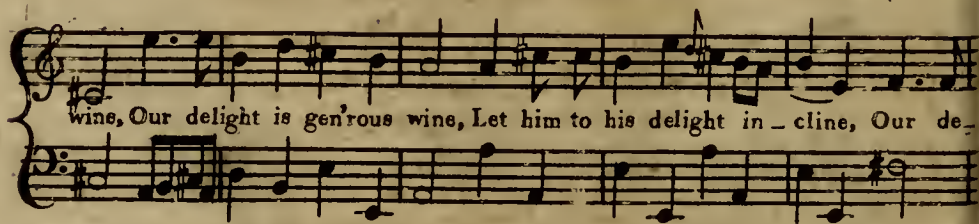
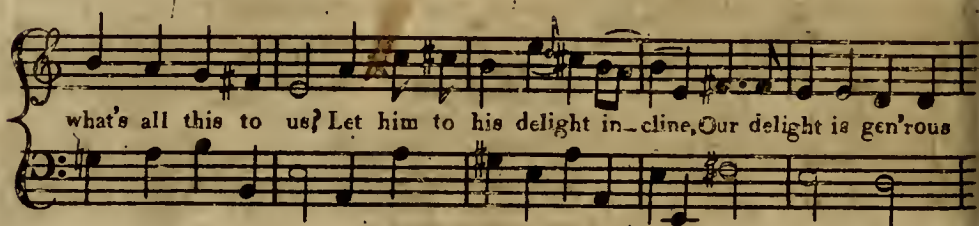
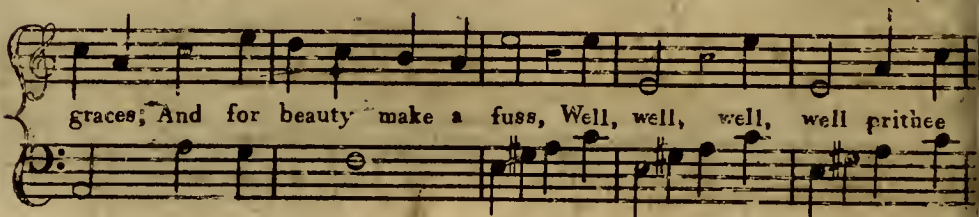
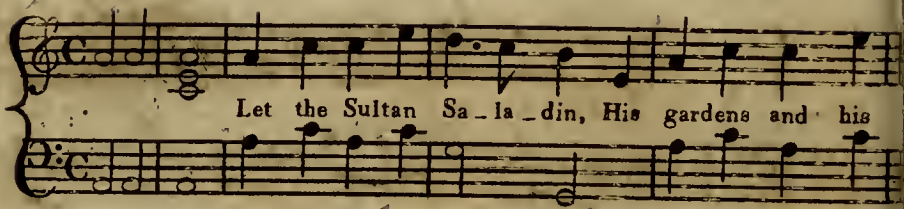
down by me; And tell to me what is the reason That I so slight-ed

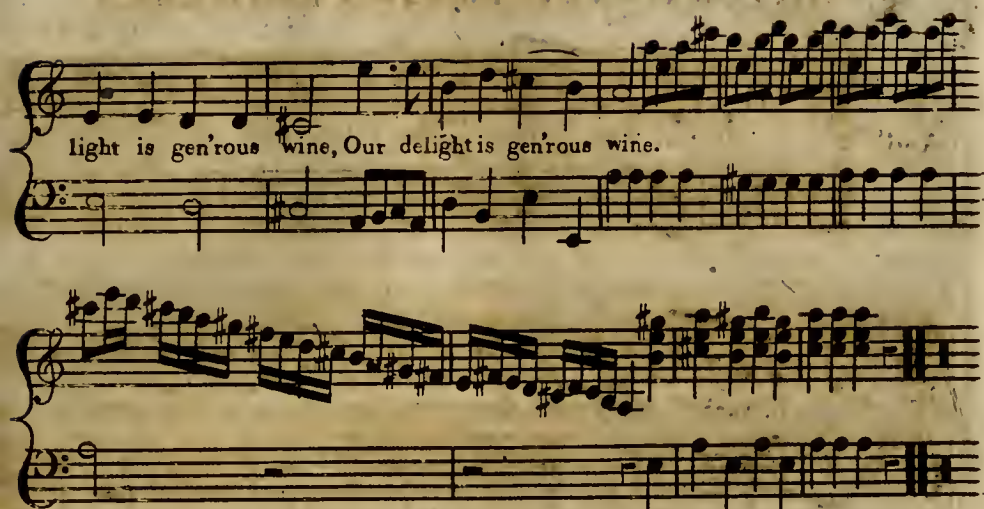
am by thee. For, if I speak, you say I flatter; And

if I speak not, how shall I speed? And if I chance to

write a let-ter, Your answer is, "I can-not read."

46 LET THE SULTAN SALADIN.





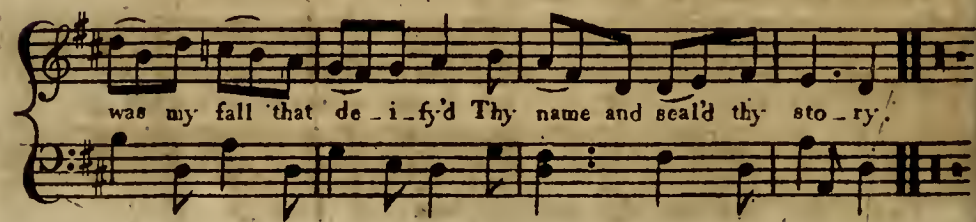
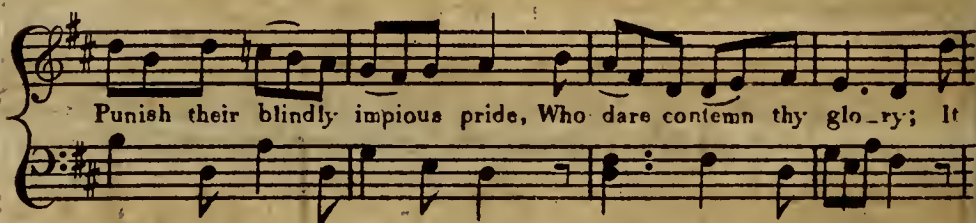
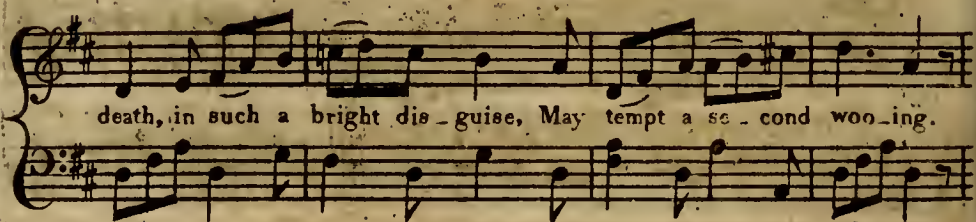
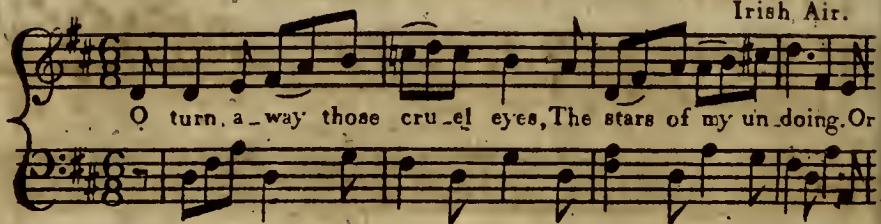
Let some chief in high command
Sell his houses, sell his land,
Let him prance about Crusading,
Peacefull Tartars still Invading,
And for glory make a fuss,
Well, well, prithee what's all this to us?
Let him to his fun incline,
Our fun is gen'rous wine.

Let the valiant Richard go,
Reaping laurels from the foe;
Let him then return with Trophies,
Pluck'd from Sultans and from Sophys.
'Gainst him who had made a fuss,
Well, well, prithee what's all this to us?
To such vagaries they incline,
Our vagary's generous wine.

47 O TURN AWAY THOSE CRUEL EYES.

Irish Air.

And^c



Yet no new sufferings can prepare
 A higher praise to crown thee;
 Tho' my first death proclaim thee fair,
 My second will dethrone thee.
 Lovers will doubt thou canst entice
 No other for thy fuel;
 And if thou burnst one victim twice,
 Think thee both poor and cruel.

48 MORTALS, WISELY LEARN TO MEASURE.

As a Glee.

Mod^o 

Mortals, wisely learn to measure Life by the ex- tent of joy;

Mortals, wisely learn to measure Life by the ex- tent of joy;

Mortals, wisely learn to measure Life by the ex- tent of joy;

Life is sho - - - rt, and fleeting plea- sure;

Life is short, - - - Life is short, and fleeting plea- sure;

Life is short, and fleeting pleasure, Life is short, and fleeting plea- sure;

Then be gay, While you may, And your hours in mirth em- ploy.

Then be gay, While you may, And your hours in mirth em- ploy.

Then be gay, While you may, And your hours in mirth em- ploy.

Never let your mistress pain you,
Tho' she meet you with a frown;
Fly to wine, 'twill soon unchain you,
Cheer your heart,
And all smart
In a sweet oblivion drown.

If love's fiercer flames should seize you,
To some gentle maid repair;
She'll with soft endearments ease you,

On her breast,
Lull'd to rest,
Eased of love, and free from care.

Friendship, love, and wine united,
From all ills defend the mind;
By them guarded and delighted,

Happy state!
Smile at fate,
And leave sorrow to the wind.

2^d

Un fin re-gard, de part en part, perce un

Un fin re-gard, de part en part, perce un

Allegro

cœur sans lui di-re Gar-re. Le Dieu d'a-mour gros-

cœur sans lui di-re Gar-re. Le Dieu d'a-mour gros-

sit sa cour, quand l'on chante sur la Gui-tar-re Qui fait

sit sa cour, quand l'on chante sur la Gui-tar-re Qui fait

tin, tin, tin, qui fait tin, tin, tin, qui fait tin, tin, tin, tin,

tin, tin, tin, qui fait tin, tin, tin, qui fait tin, tin, tin, tin,

51 WHY, FAIR MAID, IN EV'RY FEATURE.

Slow

Why, fair maid, in ev'ry feature, Are such signs of fear ex-
 prest? Can a wand'ring wretched creature With such terror fill thy breast?
 Do my frenzied looks a-larm thee? Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain: Not for
 King-doms would I harm thee, Shun not then poor Cra-zy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
 Mark me, and avoid my woe;
 When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
 Think them false, I found them so.
 For I loved; Oh, so sincerely—
 None could ever love again:
 But the youth I lov'd so dearly
 Stole the wite of Crazy Jane.

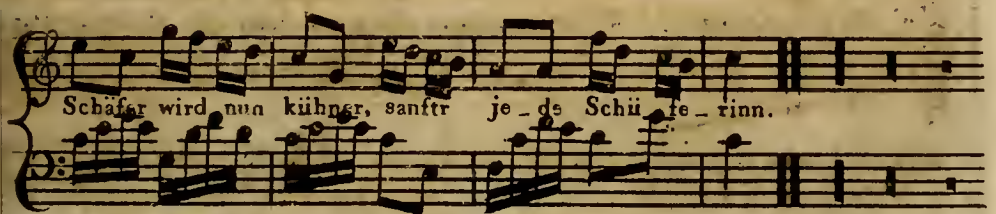
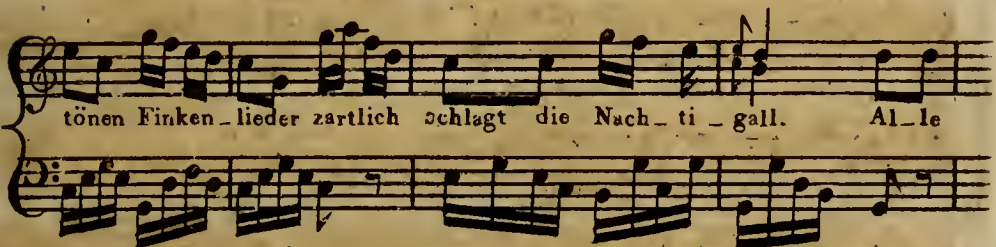
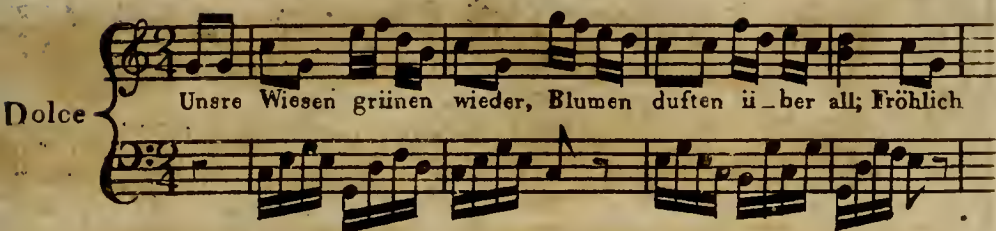
Fondly my young heart receiv'd him
 Which was doom'd to love but one;
 He sigh'd, he vow'd, and I believ'd him,
 He was false, and I undone.

From that hour has Reason never
 Held her empire o'er my brain,
 Henry fled—with him, for ever
 Fled the wite of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn, and broken-hearted,
 And with frenzied thoughts beset;
 On that spot where last we parted,
 On that spot where first we met,
 Still I sing my lovelorn ditty,
 Still I slowly pace the plain;
 While each passer-by in pity,
 Cries, "Godhelp thee, Crazy Jane."

52 A GERMAN AIR.

Dolce

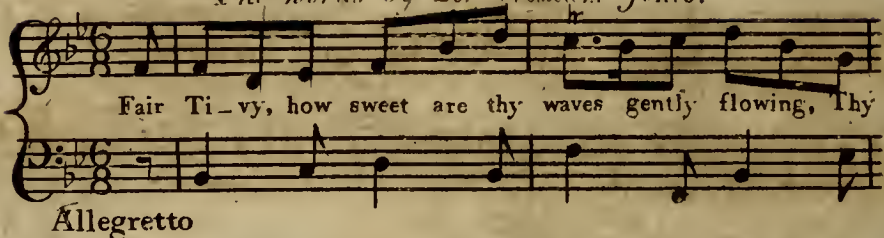


Blüten, die die Knosp' entwickeln,
Hüllt der Lenz in zartes Laub;
Färbt den Sammet der Aurickeln
Pudert sie mit Silberstaub.
Sieh! das holde Maienreischen
Dringt aus breitem Blatt hervor,
Beut sich zum bescheiden Sträuschen
An der Unschuld Busenflor.

Auf den zarten Stengeln wanken
Tulpenkelche, roth und gelb,
Und das Geisblatt flicht aus Ranken
Liebenden ein Laubgewölb.
Alle Lüfte säuseln lauer
Mit der-Liebe Hauch uns an;
Frühlingslust und Wonnenschauer
Fühlet was noch fühlen kann.

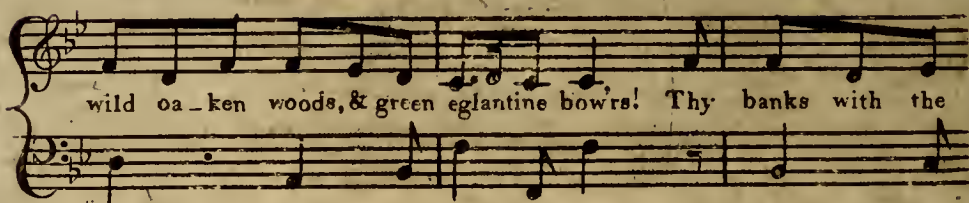
53

DAMSELS OF CARDIGAN.

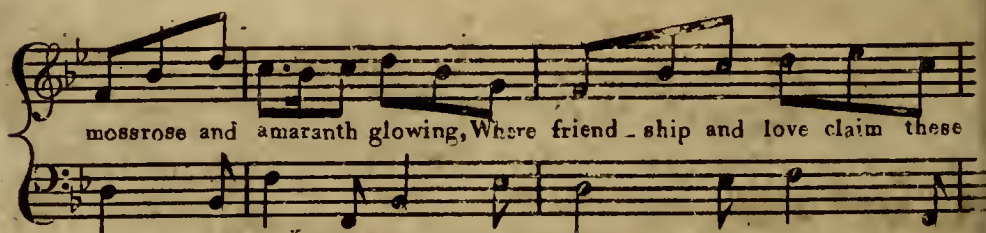
The words by Sir William Jones.

Fair Ti-vy, how sweet are thy waves gently flowing, Thy

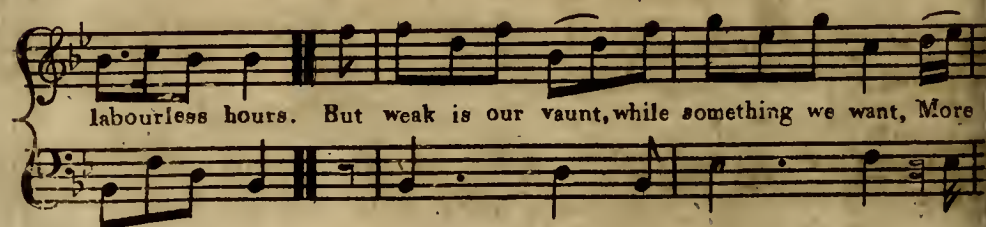
Allegretto



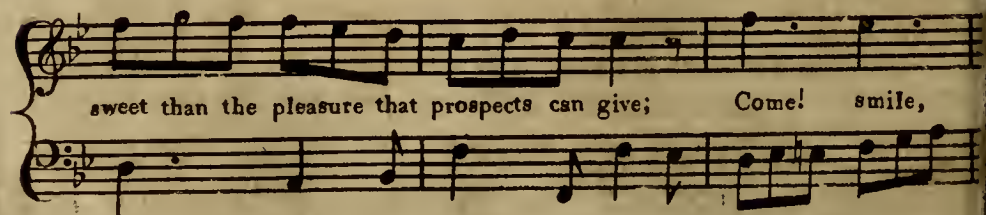
wild oa-ken woods, & green eglantine bowrs! Thy banks with the



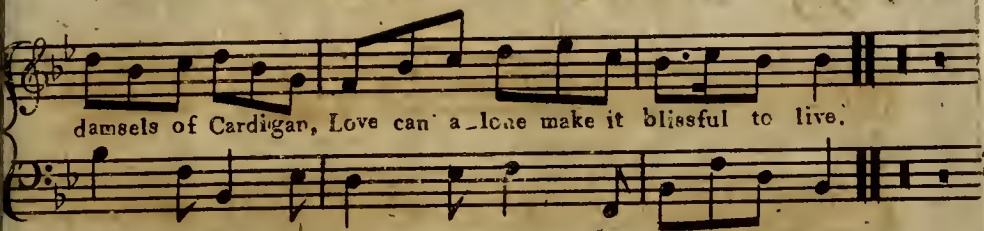
mossrose and amaranth glowing, Where friend-ship and love claim these



labourless hours. But weak is our vaunt, while something we want, More



sweet than the pleasure that prospects can give; Come! smile,



damsels of Cardigan, Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How sweet is the Nectar that glistens and dances,

When quick from this vase the bright sparkler we pour;
And when to our lips the beguiler advances,

He bids us be pensive and anxious no more.

But weak is the vaunt, while something we want,

More sweet than the pleasure that Nectar can give;

Come, smile, damsels &c.

How sweet is the scent of the jessamine and roses,

That Zephyr around us so lavishly flings!

Perhaps for Blainpant fresh perfumes he composes,

Or tidings auspicious from Bonwith he brings.

But weak is our vaunt, while something we want,

More sweet than the pleasure that odours can give;

Come, smile, damsels &c.

How sweet is the strain that enlivens the spirit,

And cheers us with melody, frolic and reel!

The poet is absent, be just to his merit,

Ah! may he in love be more happy than we!

For weak is our vaunt, while something we want,

More sweet than the pleasure that music can give;

Come, smile, damsels &c.

How sweet is the circle of friends round the table,
Where stately Kilgarran o'erhangs the brown dale!
While none are unwilling, and few are unable
To carol wild notes, or relate a wild tale:
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that Friendship can give;
Come smile, damsels &c.

How vainly we prose over black-letter pages,
To cull a rude gibb'rish from Hotham or Brook!
Leave your books, and your parchments to grey bearded sages;
Be Nature our law, and fair Woman our book:
For weak as our vaunt, while some thing we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that knowledge can give;
Come smile, damsels &c.

Admit that our labours were crown'd in full measure,
And gold was the fruit of rhetorical flowers;
That India supplied us with long hoarded treasure,
That Divinor, Slebeck, or Coedmore were ours;
Yet weak is our vaunt, while some thing we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that riches can give;
Come smile, damsels &c.

Or say that preferring fair Thames to fair Tivy,
We gain'd with bright ermine, robes purple and red,
And peep'd through large perukes, like owlets through ivy,
Or grant that a coronet blaz'd on each head;
Yet weak were our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that honours can give;
Come smile, damsels &c.

Ande

Je le compare a_vec Louis, qui pens tou-jours comme Lou_i-se,

Blaise est de d'même, et quoique J'di se, Blaise est tou-jours de mon a_

vis; Quand on est deux, et quand on s'aime, quand on est deux, et

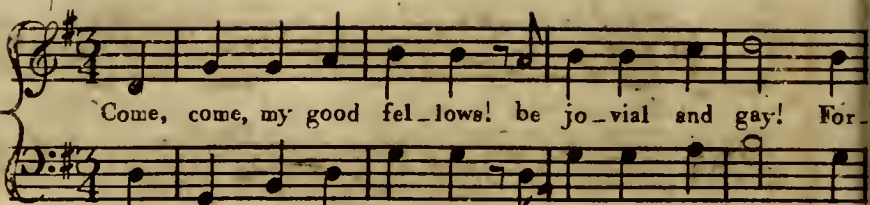
quand on s'aime, c'est bien doux, c'est bien doux, de Pen-ser de

d'me-me, de pen-er de d'me-me.

Ton cher Louis ne voit que toi,
 Tout à ses yeux peint ton Image,
 Parmi les Filles du Village,
 Blaise jamais ne voit que moi:
 Quand on est deux et quand on s'aime,
 C'est bien doux de se voir de d'même.

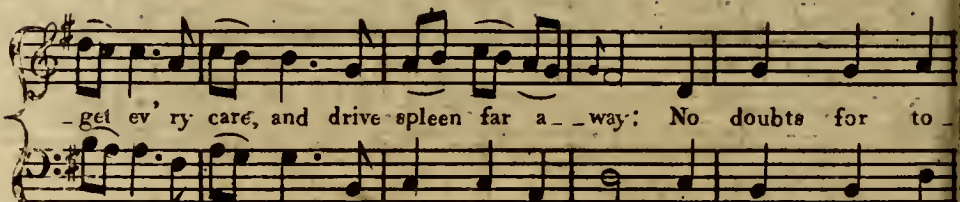
Si dans nos Jeux s'donne un baiser,
 C'est toujours toi qu' Louis embrasse,
 Blaise veut toujours même Grace:
 Et puis-je ti la lui refuser?
 Quand on est deux et quand on s'aime,
 C'est bien doux d'embrasser de d'même

Vivace



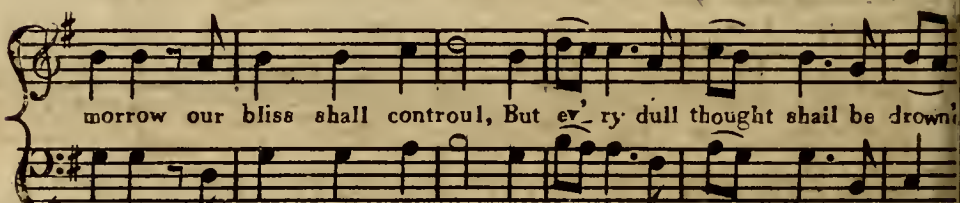
Come, come, my good fel_lows! be jo_vial and gay! For_

Come, come, my good fel_lows! be jo_vial and gay! For_



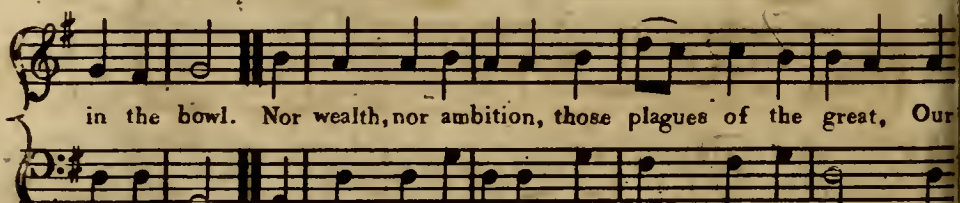
-get ev' ry care, and drive spleen far a__way: No doubts for to

-get ev' ry care, and drive spleen far a__way: No doubts for to



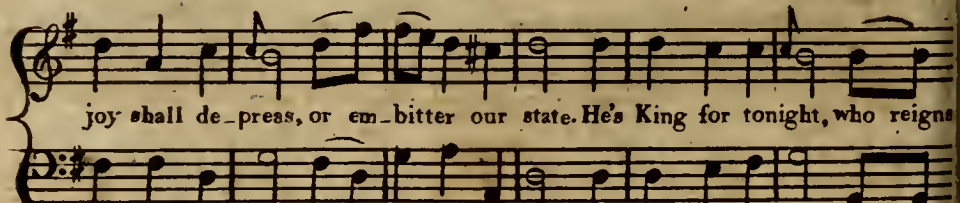
morrow our bliss shall controul, But ev' ry dull thought shall be drown

morrow our bliss shall controul, But ev' ry dull thought shall be drown



in the bowl. Nor wealth, nor ambition, those plagues of the great, Our

in the bowl. Nor wealth, nor ambition, those plagues of the great, Our



joy shall de_preas, or em_bitter our state. He's King for tonight, who reigns

joy shall de_preas, or em_bitter our state. He's King for tonight, who reigns

p
Sad is my day and ling'ring night, In si-lent Grief I

P
Sad is my day and ling'ring night, In si-lent grief I
weep a-lone; Sad is my day and ling'ring night,

f *P*
weep a-lone, Delia is lost Delia is lost, My
f *p*
Delia is lost Delia is lost, My past delight is

1st 2^d
past delight is now the source of end-less moan! end less moan! When
now the source of endless moan, of end-less moan! end less moan! When

spent with grief I die at last, Will De_lia see my poor Remains La -

ment the time in absence past, And pi_ty then her lo_ver's pains her

Lo_vers pains? When spent with grief I die at last, When spent with grief I

die at last, Will Delia see my poor remains, La ment the time in

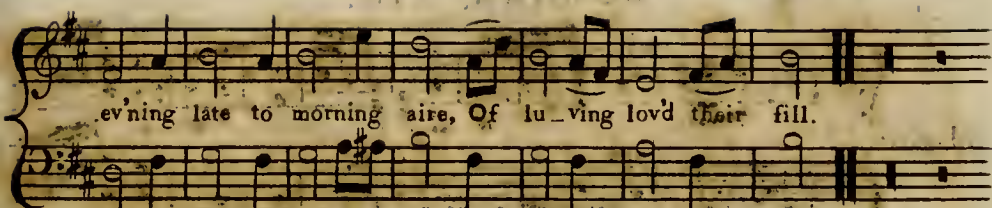
ab - sence past, La - ment the time in ab - sence past, And
 ab - sence past, La - ment the time in ab - sence past, And
 pi - ty then her lo - vers pains, her lovers pains?
 pi - ty then her lo - vers pains, her lovers pains?

WILLIE AND ANNETTE.

58 *The Air communicated by a Lady in Orkney.*

Slow Liv'd once twa lo - vers in yon dale, And they lov'd o - ther weel;

Fra ev'ning late to morning aire, Of lu - ving, luv'd their fill; Fra



evening late to morning aire, Of lu_ving lov'd their fill.

"And we will sail the sea sae green,
Unto some far countrie,
Or we'll sail to some bonnie isle
Stands lanelk midst the sea."

But lang ere the schip was built,
Or deck'd, or rigged out,
Came sick a pain in Annet's back,
That down she could na lout.

"Now, Willie, gif ye luv me weel,
As sae it seems to me,
O haste, haste, bring me to my bow'r,
And my bow'r maidens three."

He's taen her in his arms twa,
And kiss'd her cheik and chin;
He's brocht her to her ain sweet bow'r,
But nae bow'r-maid was in.

Now, leave my bower, Willie, she said,
Now, leave me to my lane;
Was nevir man in a lady's bower
When she was travelling.

He's stepped three steps down the stair,
Upon the marble stane,
Sae loud's he heard his young son's greet,
But and his lady's mane!

Now come, now come, Willie, she said,
Tak your young son frae me,
And his him to your mother's bower
With speed and privacie.

He's taen his young son in his arms,
He's kiss'd him cheik and chin,
He's hied him to his mother's bower
By the light of the moon.

And with him came the bold barone,
And he spake up wi' pride,

"Gar seek, gar seek the bower-maidens,
Gar busk, gar busk the bryde."

"My maidens, easy with my back,
And easy with my side;
O set my saddle saft, Willie,
I am a tender bryde."

When she came to the burrow town,
They gied her a broach and ring;
And when she came to * * * *
They had a fair wedding.

O up then spake the Norland lord,
And blinkit wi' his ee,
"I trow this lady's born a bairn;
Then laucht loud laughters three.

And up then spake the brisk bridegroom,
And he spake up wi' pryde,
"Gin I should pawn my wedding-gloves,
I will dance wi the bryde."

Now had your tongue, my lord, she said,
Wi' dancing let me be;
I am sae thin in flesh and blude,
Sma' dancing will serve me.

But she's taen Willie be the hand,
The tear blinded her ee,
"But I wad dance wi' my true luv -
But bursts my heart in three."

She's taen her bracelet frae her arm,
Her garter frae her knee,
"Gie that, gie that to my young son,
He'll ne'er his mother see."

* * * * *
"Gar deal, gar deal the bread, mother,
Gar deal, gar deal the wyne;
This day hath seen my true luv's death,
This nicht shall witness myne."

59

RUSSIAN AIR.

Adagio

This musical score is for a piece titled "RUSSIAN AIR." in Adagio tempo. It is a piano accompaniment, consisting of five systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings. The first system begins with a treble clef and a 2/4 time signature. The second system starts with a treble clef and a 2/4 time signature. The third system starts with a treble clef and a 2/4 time signature. The fourth system starts with a treble clef and a 2/4 time signature. The fifth system starts with a treble clef and a 2/4 time signature. The score concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

60. THE DEATH SONG OF THE CHEROKEES. ..

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day; But

Maestoso

glo - ry re - - mains when their lights fade a - way. Be -

gin, ye ter - men - tors, your threats are in vain; For the

son of Alk - no - mook shall ne - ver complain.

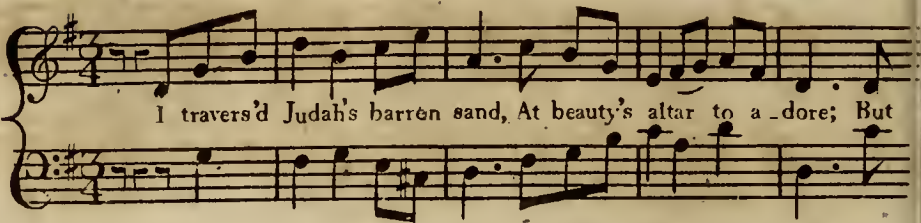
Detailed description: The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo marking 'Maestoso' is placed below the first system. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line. The fourth system ends with a double bar line.

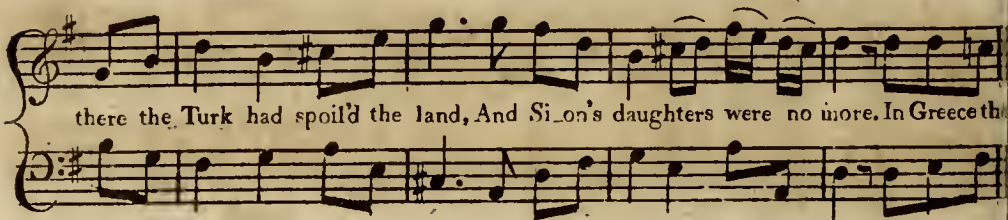
Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
 Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low:
 Why so slow?—do you wait 'till I shrink from the pain?
 No, the son of Alknomook will never complain.

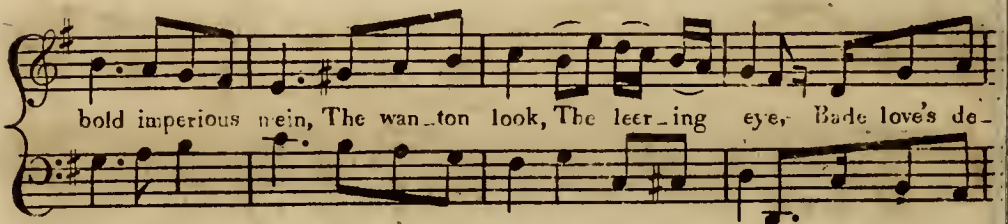
Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
 And the scalps which we bore from your nation away;
 Now the flame rises fast, you exult in my pain,
 But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

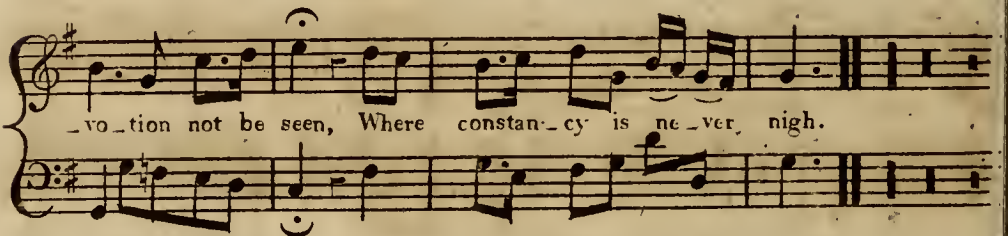
I go to the land where my father is gone,
 His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son:
 Death comes like a friend, he relieves me from pain;
 And thy son, O Alknomook, has scorn'd to complain.

61. I TRAVERSED JUDAH'S BARREN SAND.

And^e  I travers'd Judah's barren sand, At beauty's altar to adore; But

 there the Turk had spoil'd the land, And Si-on's daughters were no more. In Greece the

 bold imperious rein, The wanton look, The leering eye, Bade love's de-

 -vo-tion not be seen, Where constan-cy is ne-ver nigh.

From thence to Italy's fair shore,
I bent my never ceasing way,
And to Loretto's temple bore
A mind devoted still to pray.
But there, too, superstition's hand
Had sicklied ev'ry feature o'er
And made me soon regain the land,
Where beauty fills the western shore.

Where Hymen, with celestial pow'r,
Connubial transport doth adorn;
Where purest virtue sports the hour,
That ushers in each happy morn.
Ye daughters of old Albion's isle,
Where'er I go, where'er I stray,
O Charity's sweet children, smile,
To cheer a pilgrim on his way.

62. ADDRESS' TO BELI MAWR. Welch Air.
Translated from Ancient Welch.

And^e.

I will sing his prai_ses high, Darling son of vic-to-ry:†

Chiefs like him who guard the land, Well de_ serve su_preme command.

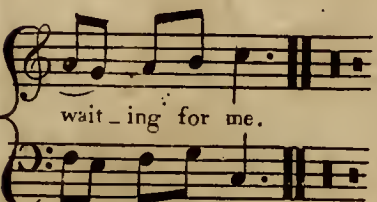
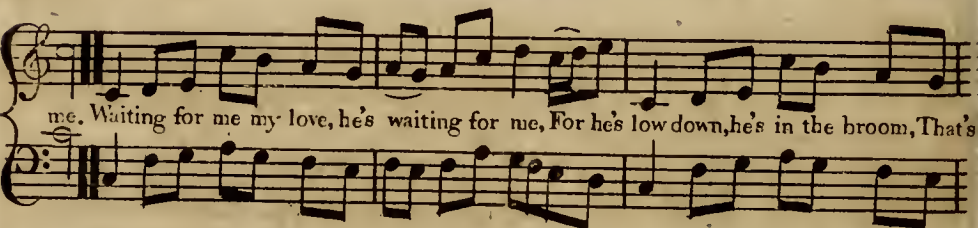
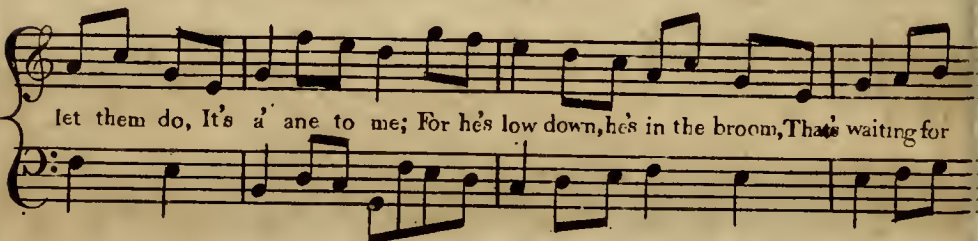
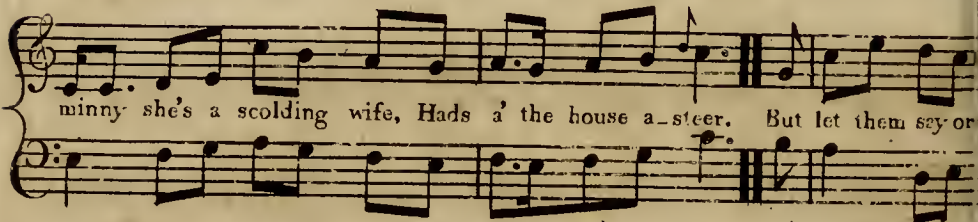
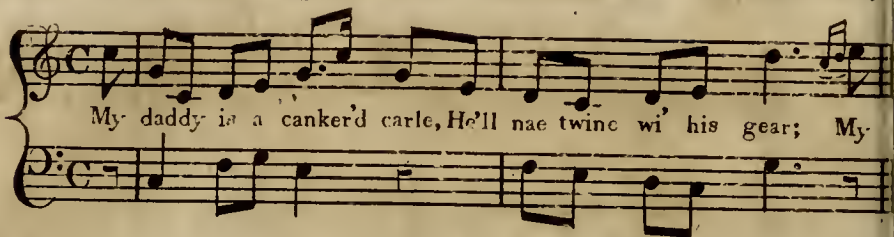
Be_li like 'a dra_gon sup_ Ho_nied drink from glit_tring cups; Joy the

gol_den horns af_ford, Joy to Bri_tain's war_like lord.

Hands that left the sparkling mead
Slaughter through the tents have spread!
Fame and honour he has won,
Great Monogan's gallant son.
I will sound his praises high,
Darling son of victory.
Chiefs like him who guard the land
Well deserve supreme command.

63. LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM. Scottish Air.

Slow



My aunty Kate sits at her wheel;
And sair she lightlies me;
But weel ken I it's a' envy,
For ne'er a jo has she.
But let them &c.

My cousin Nell was sair beguill'd
Wi' Johnie in the glen;
And aye since syne she cries, "Beware
"Of false deluding men."
But let them &c.

Gleed Sandyhe cam wast ae night,
And speer'd when I saw Pate;
And aye since syne the neebors round
They jeer me air and lae.
But let them &c.

64.

THE LITTLE SAILOR BOY.

The sea was calm, the sky se-re-ne, And gently blew the eastern
 Moderato
 gale: When Anna, seated on a rock, Watch'd the Lovina's less'ning sail: To heav'n she
 thus her pray'r address'd, To heav'n she thus her pray'r address'd, Thou who canst save, or
 canst destroy! From each surrounding dan-ger guard My much lov'd little Sailor boy,
 My much lov'd little Sailor boy, my Sailor boy, my Sailor boy, my much lov'd little Sailor boy.

When tempests o'er the ocean howl,
 And even sailors shrink with dread,
 Be some protecting angel near.
 To hover round my William's head;

He was belov'd by all the plain,
 His father's pride, his mother's joy;
 Then safely to their arms restore
 Their much lov'd little Sailor boy.

65. THE JOLLY MILLER. ✱ As a Glee

And^e

There was a jol-ly mil-ler once, Liv'd on the ri-ver

There was a jol-ly mil-ler once, Liv'd on the ri-ver

There was a jol-ly mil-ler once, Liv'd on the ri-ver

Dee ; He wrought and sang from morn to night, No lark so blythe as

Dee ; He wrought and sang from morn to night, No lark so blythe as

Dee ; He wrought and sang from morn to night, No lark so blythe as

he - - ; And this the bur-den of his song For e-ver used to be - - ; I

he - - ; And this the bur-den of his song For e-ver used to be - - ; I

he - - ; And this the bur-den of his song For e-ver used to be - - ; I

care for no-bo-dy, no, not I, since no bo-dy cares for me - - -

care for no-bo-dy, no, not I, since no bo-dy cares for me - - -

care for no-bo-dy, no, not I, since no bo-dy cares for me - - -

I live by my mill, God bless her, she's kindred, child and wife;
 I would not change my station for any other in life.
 No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor, e'er had a groat from me,
 I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

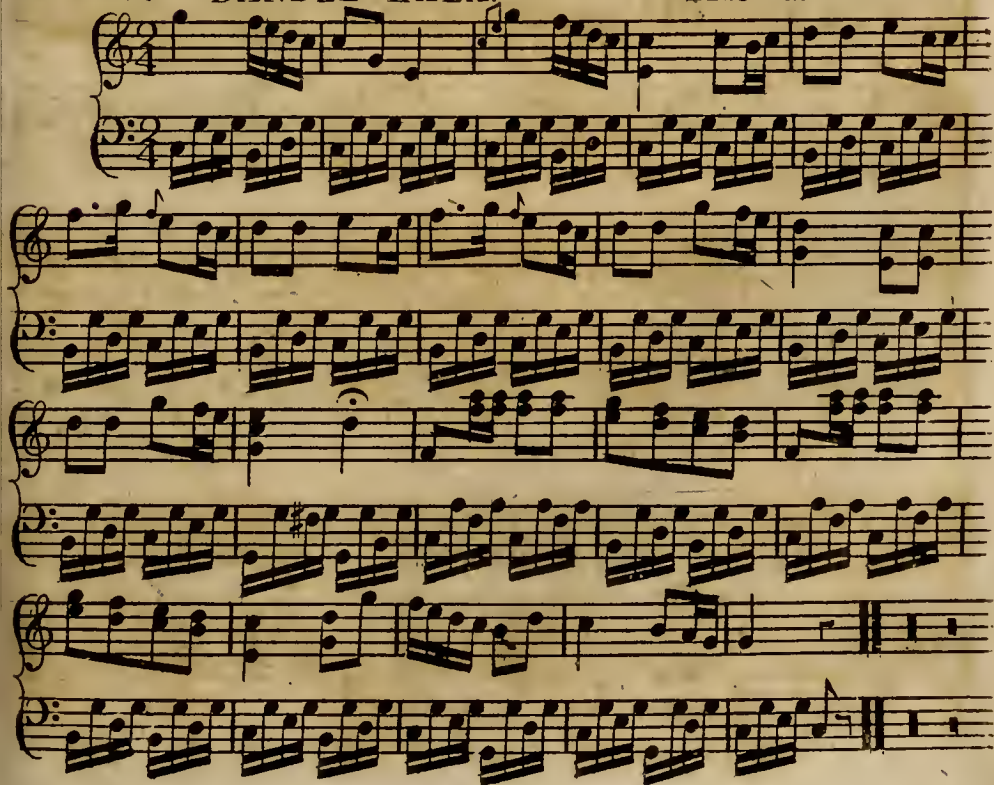
When spring begins her merry career, oh! how his heart grows gay!
 No summer's drouth alarms his fears, nor winters sad decay.
 No foresight mars the miller's joy, who's wont to sing and say;
 Let others toil from year to year, I live from day to day.

Thus, like the miller, bold and free, let us rejoice and sing;
 The days of youth are made for glee, and time is on the wing;
 This song shall pass from me to thee, along this jovial ring;
 Let heart and voice and all agree to say - Long live the King!

66.

DANDEE KALA.

Hindoostan Air.

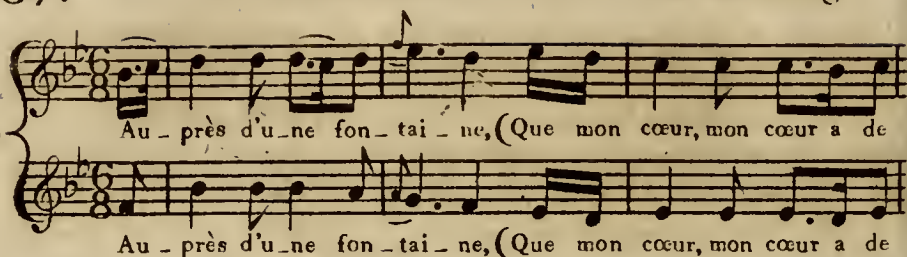


67.

ROMANCE.

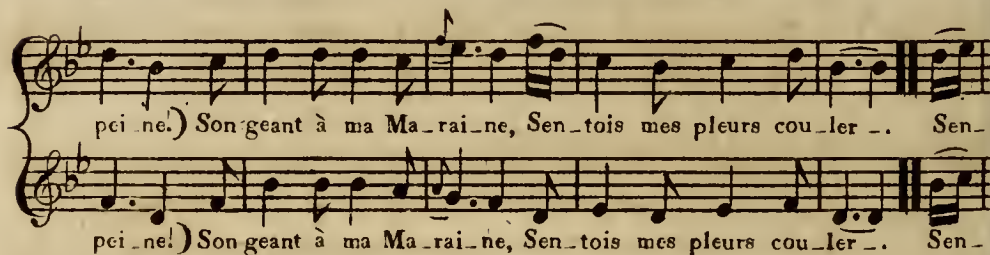
Air Malbrong

Largo



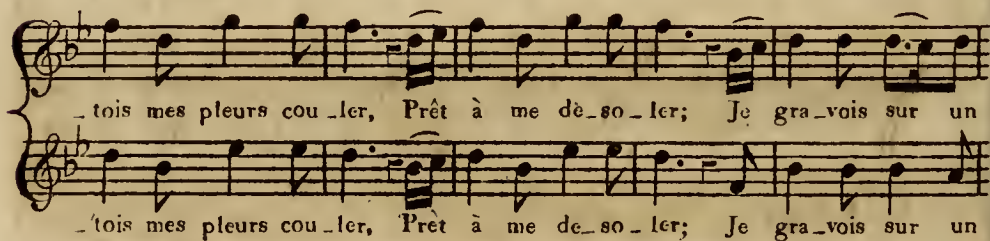
Au - près d'u-ne fon-tai-ne, (Que mon cœur, mon cœur a de

Au - près d'u-ne fon-tai-ne, (Que mon cœur, mon cœur a de



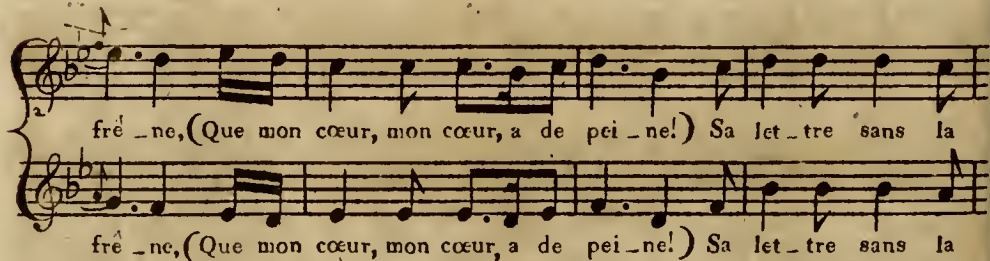
pei-ne.) Son-geant à ma Ma-rai-ne, Sen-tois mes pleurs cou-ler. Sen-

pei-ne!) Son-geant à ma Ma-rai-ne, Sen-tois mes pleurs cou-ler. Sen-



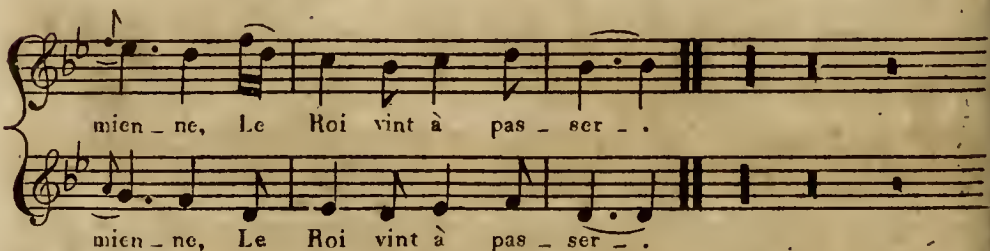
-tois mes pleurs cou-ler, Prêt à me de-so-ler; Je gra-vois sur un

-tois mes pleurs cou-ler, Prêt à me de-so-ler; Je gra-vois sur un



fré-ne, (Que mon cœur, mon cœur, a de pei-ne!) Sa let-tre sans la

fré-ne, (Que mon cœur, mon cœur, a de pei-ne!) Sa let-tre sans la



mien-ne, Le Roi vint à pas-ser.

mien-ne, Le Roi vint à pas-ser.

Le Roi vint a passer;
Ses Barons, son clergé;
"Beau Page," dit la Reine,

(Que mon cœur, mon cœur a de peine!)

"Que vous met à la gêne?
"Que vous fait tant plover?

"Qui vous fait tant plover?

"Nous faut le déclarer."

"Madame, et Souveraine,

(Que mon cœur, mon cœur a de peine!)

"J'avois une Maraine;

"Que toujours adorai.

"Que toujours adorai;

"Je sens que j'en mourrai."

"Beau Page," dit la Reine,

(Que non cœur, mon cœur a de peine.)

"N'est-il qu'une Maraine?

"Je vous en servirai.

"Je vous en servirai;

"Mon Page vous ferai;

"Puis à ma jeune Helène,

(Que mon cœur, mon cœur a de peine!)

"Fille d'un Capitaine,

"Un jour vous marierai.

"Un jour vous marierai. —

"Nenni, n'en faut parler;

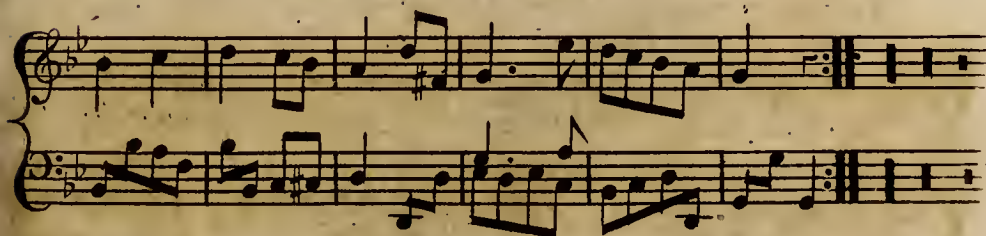
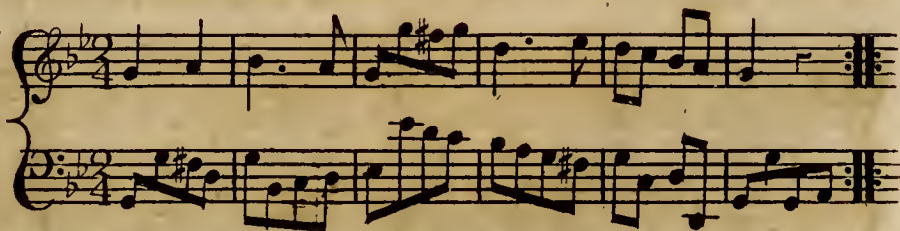
"Je veux, trainant ma chaîne,

(Que mon cœur, mon cœur a de peine!)

"Mourir de cette peine,

"Mais non m'en consoler."

68. RUSSIAN AIR.

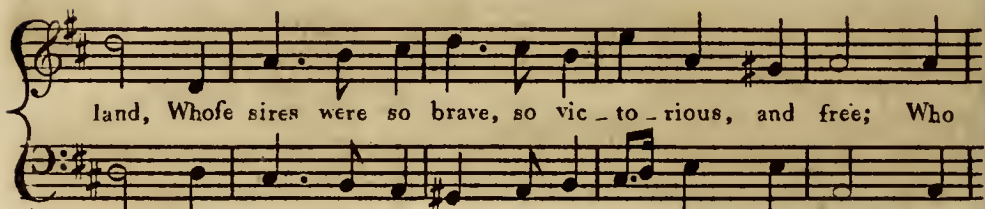


69. YE TRUE HONEST BRITONS. A Duet



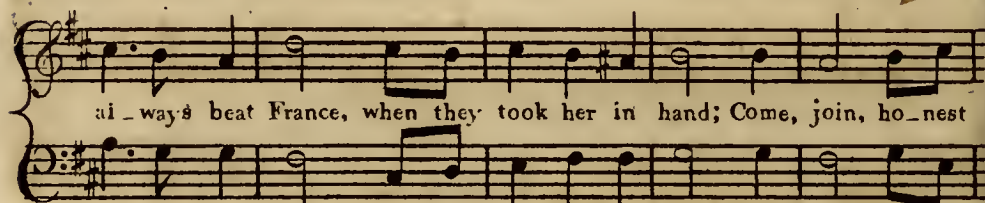
Ye true ho_nest Bri_tons, who love your own

Ye true ho_nest Bri_tons, who love your own



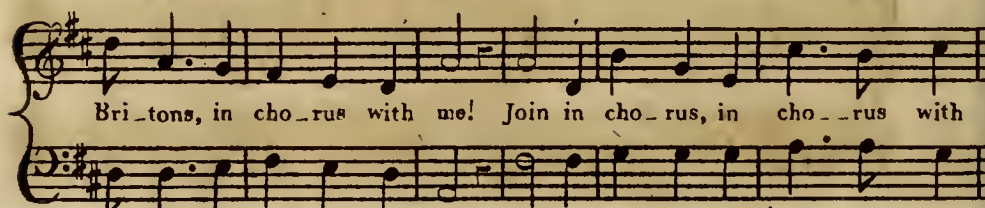
land, Whose sires were so brave, so vic_to_rious, and free; Who

land, Whose sires were so brave, so vic_to_rious, and free; Who



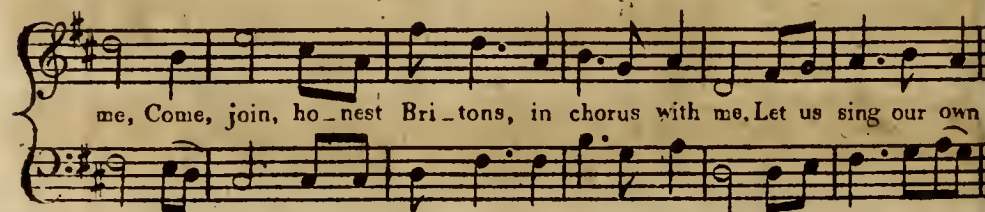
al_ways beat France, when they took her in hand; Come, join, ho_nest

al_ways beat France, when they took her in hand; Come, join, ho_nest



Bri_tons, in cho_rus with me! Join in cho_rus, in cho_rus with

Bri_tons, in cho_rus with me! Join in cho_rus, in cho_rus with



me, Come, join, ho_nest Bri_tons, in chorus with me. Let us sing our own

me, Come, join, ho_nest Bri_tons, in chorus with me. Let us sing our own

treasures, Old Eng-land's good cheer, The pro-fits and pleasures, of
treasures, Old Eng-land's good cheer, The pro-fits and pleasures, of
stout British beer! Your wine-tipling dram sip-ping fel-lows re-treat;
stout British beer! Your wine-tipling-dram sip-ping fel-lows re-treat;
But your beer-drinking Bri-tons can ne-ver be beat.
But your beer-drinking Bri-tons can ne-ver be beat.

The French, with their vineyards, are meagre and pale,
They drink of the squeezings of half ripen'd fruit;
But we, who have hop-grounds to mellow our ale,
Are rosy, and plump, and have freedom to boot,
Let us sing our own treasures &c.

Should the French dare invade us, thus arm'd with our poles,
We'll bang their bare ribs, make their lantern-jaws ring,
For your beef-eating, beer-drinking Britons are souls,
Who will shed their last drop for their country and King.
Let us sing our own treasures &c.

70. DUET.

by Jackson.

Allegro

S.
Ah! where does my Phillida stray, Ah! where are her Grots and her

Bow's? Are the Groves and the Valleys so gay, Are the Shepherds so gentle as

ours?
Ah where does my Phillida stray, Ah! where are her Grots and her

Ah! where are her Grots and her Bow's Ah where are her Grots and her Bow's
Bow's, Ah! where are her Grots and her Bow's, Ah! where,

Ah! where, Ah! where? Are the Groves and the Valleys so gay, Are the
Ah! where, Ah! where? Are the Groves and the Valleys so gay,

Shepherds so gentle as ours? so gentle as ours? so gentle as ours?
Are the Shepherds so gentle so gentle as ours? so gentle as ours?

The Groves may perhaps be as fair, The Face of the Valleys as

fine, The Swains may in Manners compare, But their Love is not

For Their Love is not equal to mine, Their Love is not equal to mine, not equal to

equal to mine, Their Love is not equal to mine, not equal to

Pia mine! The Groves may perhaps be as fair, The Face of the Valleys as

Pia mine! The Groves may perhaps be as fair, The Face of the Valleys as

fine, The Swains may in Manners compare, But their Love, their

e - qual to mine The

is not e - qual to mine The

Swains may in Manners com - pare, But their Love is not equal to

Swains may in Manners com - pare, But their Love is not

mine, not e - qual to mine, not e - qual to mine!

equal, not e - qual to mine, not e - qual to mine!

71.

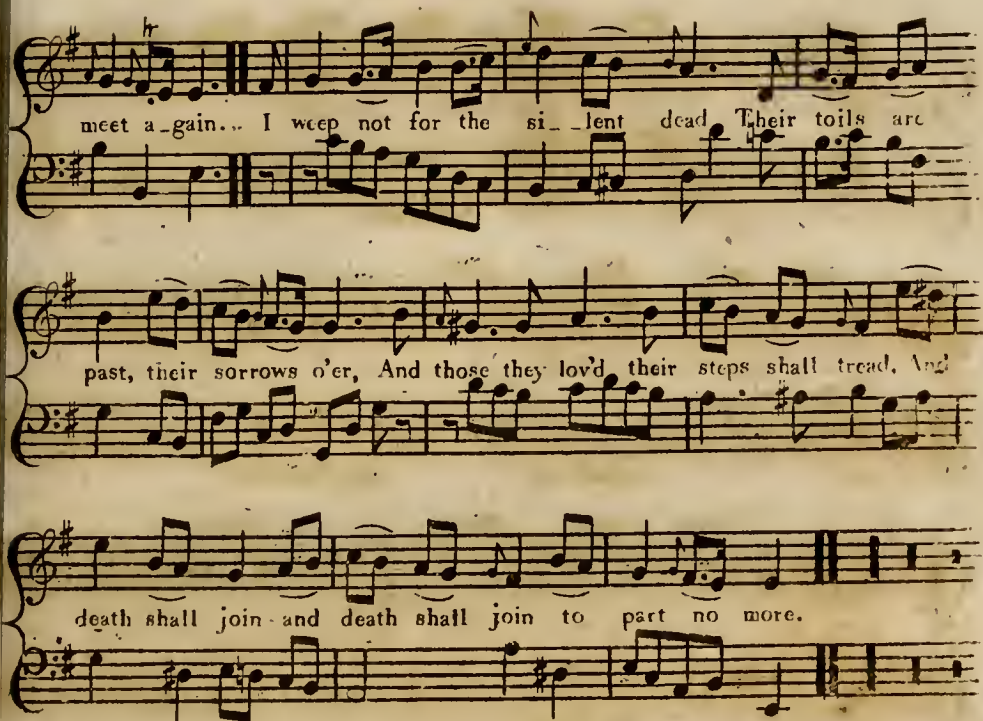
THE TEARS I SHED.

The tears I shed must e - ver fall I mourn not for an

Plaintive

absent Swain, For thought my past de - lights re - call And par - ted Lo - vers

absent Swain, For thought my past de - lights re - call And par - ted Lo - vers



meet a gain... I weep not for the si_lent dead Their toils are
past, their sorrows o'er, And those they lov'd their steps shall tread, And
death shall join and death shall join to part no more.

Tho' boundless ocean roll between,
If certain that his heart is near,
A conscious transport glads each scene,
Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.
E'en when by death's cold hand remov'd,
We mourn the tenant of the tomb;
To think that even in death he lov'd,
Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter are the tears
Of her who slighted love bewails;
No hope her dreary prospect cheers,
No pleasing melancholy hails.
Her's are the pangs of wounded pride,
Of blasted hope, of wither'd joy:
The prop she lean'd on pierc'd her side,
The flame she fed burns to destroy.

Even conscious virtue cannot cure
The pangs to every feeling due,
Ungen'rous youth! thy boast how poor,
To steal a heart, and break it too!
In vain does memory renew
The hours once ting'd in transports dye:
The sad reverse soon starts to view,
And turns the thought to agony.

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
Just what would make suspicion start;
No pause the dire extremes between,
He made me blest, and broke my heart.
From hope, the wretched's anchor, torn,
Neglected, and neglecting all,
Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
The tears I shed must ever fall.

Slow

While free I roam'd the fields of, May, Beneath a spreading thorn, I

spied a Primrose smi-ling gay, Ex-pan-ding to the morn. How

sweet its fragrance that per-fum'd The bal-my sum-mer gale! In

health and pu-ri-ty how bloom'd The Primrose of the vale!

This beauteous gem, with fond desire
 I saw, and wish'd it mine;
 No garden flow'r we most admire
 Did half so lovely shine,
 Nor beau nor belle could e'er compare,
 In richest silk array,
 With my sweet Primrose fresh and fair,
 Robed by the hand of May.

With happy hand I pluck'd the flow'r,
 Its tender stem I tore;
 It felt my hand in hapless hour,
 It droop'd — it bloom'd no more.
 How sweet its fragrance that perfum'd
 The balmy summer gale!
 In health and purity how bloom'd
 The Primrose of the vale!

73. A SHEPHERD KEPT SHEEP &c.

All:

A shepherd kept sheep on yon mountain so high, fa la la

fa la fa la la la la A shep-herd kept sheep on yon

moun-tain so high, When a pretty young damsel came tripping there by;

fa la la la la fa la la fa la fa la la fa la la fa la la la.

O shepherd, O shepherd, will ye have a wife?

Fa, la la &c.

Quoth the shepherd, "I am not yet wearied of life."

Fa, la la &c.

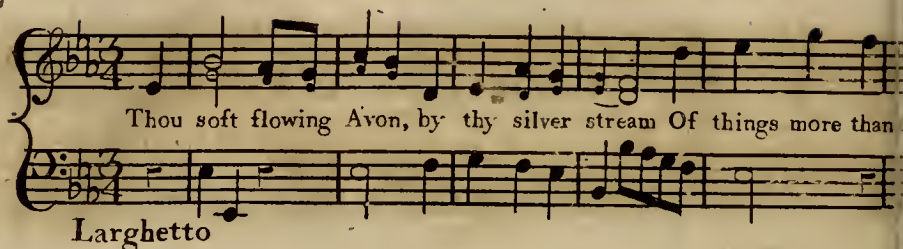
O shepherd, O shepherd, you're not worth a fly!

Fa, la la &c.

To set a young damsel so lightly by.

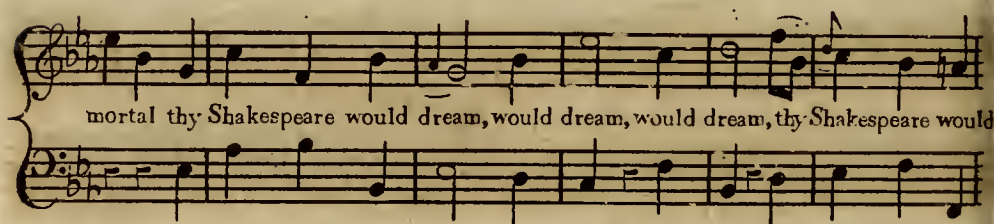
Fa, la la &c.

74. THOU SOFT FLOWING AVON.

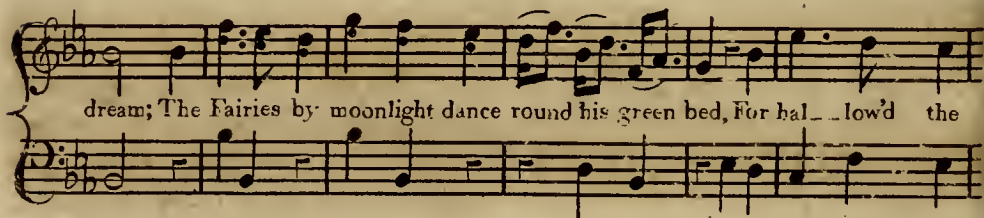


Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream Of things more than

Larghetto



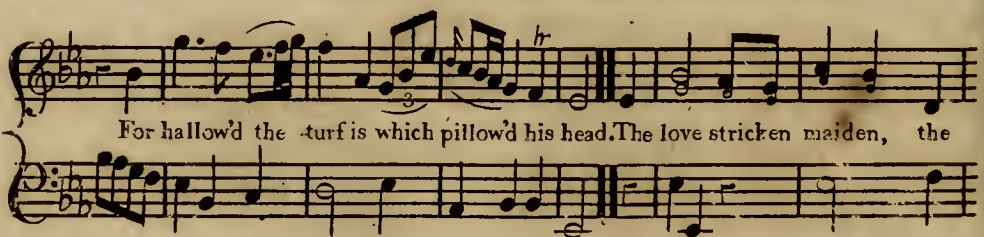
mortal thy Shakespeare would dream, would dream, would dream, thy Shakespeare would



dream; The Fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed, For hal- low'd the



turf is which pillow'd his head; The Fairies by moon light dance round his green bed



For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head. The love stricken maiden, the

sighing young swain, here love without danger & sigh without pain, and sigh, & sigh, & sigh without

pain: The sweet bud of beauty no blights shall here dread, For hallow'd the

turf is which pillow'd his head; The sweet bud of beauty, no blights shall here

dread, For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their truth,
 Here smiling old age feels the spirit of youth;
 For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread;
 For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.
 Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow,
 Be the swans on thy bosom still whiter than snow;
 Ever full be thy stream, like fame may it spread,
 And the turf ever hallow'd that pillow'd his head.

75. WHERE THE JESSAMINE SWEETENS &c.

Where the Jes_sa_mine sweetens the bow'r, And cowslips a -

-dorn the gay green, And the roses refresh'd by the show'r, Contri_bute to

brighten the scene. In a cottage re_tirement there live young Colin and

Phoebe the fair, The blessings each o_ther re_ceive, In mu_tual en -

Vivace

-joy_ment they share. And the lads and the las_ses that dwell on the

plain Sing in praise of fair Phœbe, and Co-lin the swain.

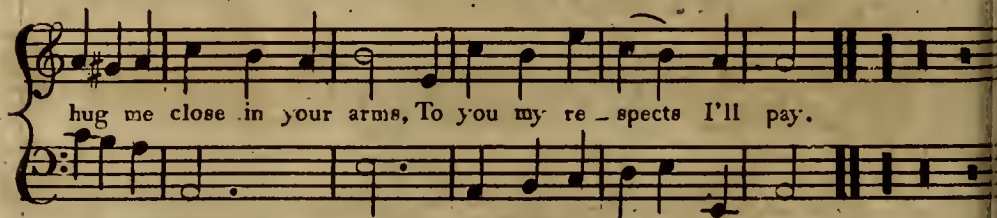
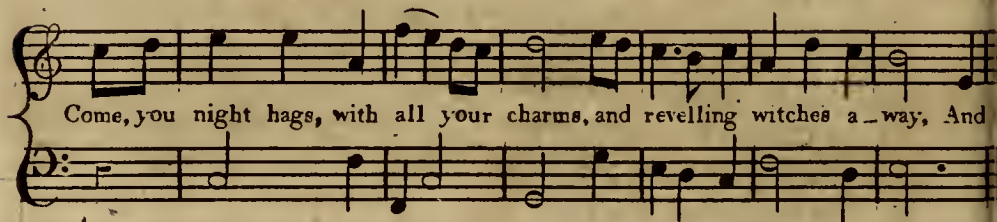
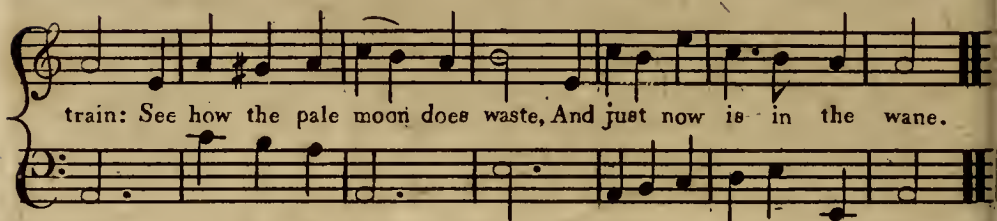
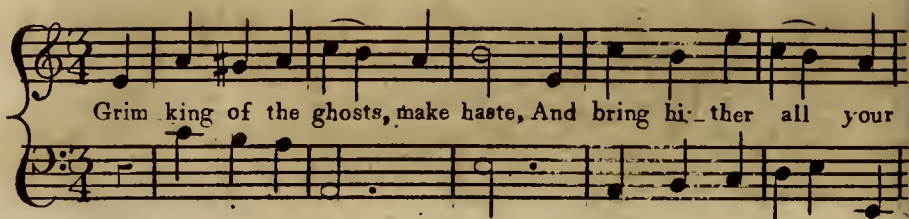
The sweets of contentment supply
 The splendor and grandeur of pride.
 No wants can the shepherd annoy,
 When blest with his beautiful bride.
 He wishes no greater delight,
 Than to tend his lambkins by day,
 And return to his Phœbe at night,
 His innocent toil to repay.

Cho.^s And the lads tell the lasses, in hopes to prevail,
 They're constant as Colin who lives in the vale.

76. ROUND, for 3 Voices.

1 Call George a - gain boy, call George a - gain; And
 2 George is a good boy, and draws us good wine; # Then
 3 George is a brave lad, and an hon - est man;
 for the love of Bac - chus call George a - gain.
 fill us more clar - et our wits to re - fine.
 If you will know him, he dwells at the Swan.

GRIM KING OF THE GHOSTS.



I'll court you, and think you fair,
 Since love does distract my brain;
 I'll go, and I'll wed the night-mare,
 And kiss her, and kiss her again:
 But if she prove peevish and proud,
 Then a pize on her love, let her go;
 I'll seek me a winding shroud,
 And down to the shades below.

A lunacy sad I endure,
 Since reason departs away;
 I call to those hags for a cure,
 As knowing not what I say.
 The beauty, whom I do adore,
 Now slighte me with scorn and disdain
 I never shall see her more,
 Ah! how shall I bear my pain?

I ramble and range about,
 To find out my charming saint;
 Whilst she at my grief does flout,
 And laughs at my loud complaint.
 Distraction I see is my doom,
 Of this I am now too sure;
 A rival is got in my room,
 While torments I do endure.

Strange fancies do fill my head,
 While wandering in despair,
 I am to the desert led,
 Expecting to find her there.
 Methinks in a spangled cloud
 I see her enthroned on high;
 Then to her I cry aloud,
 And labour to reach the sky.

When thus I have raved a while,
 And wearied myself in vain,
 I lie on the barren soil,
 And bitterly do complain.

Till slumber hath quieted me,
 In sorrow I sigh and weep;
 The clouds are my canopy,
 To cover me while I sleep.

I dream that my charming fair
 Is then in my rival's bed,
 Whose tresses of golden hair
 Are on the fair pillow bespread.
 Then this doth my passion inflame,
 I start, and no longer can lie;
 Ah! Sylvia, art thou not to blame
 To ruin a lover? I cry.

Grim king of the ghosts, be true,
 And hurry me hence away,
 My languishing life to you
 A tribute I freely pay:
 To the Elysian shades I post,
 In hopes to be freed from care,
 Where many a bleeding ghost
 Is hovering in the air.

78. BAHO MO LENNABH.

Gaelic Air.

And^e

Ba-ho &c.

79. DAS LIED DER HOFNUNG. German Air

And.^e *S.* *P.*
 Hoffnung, Hoffnung, immer grün wenn dem Armen al - les feh - let,

cresc *F.*
 al - les weicht, ihn al - les quälet, du, o Hoffnung la - best ihn, du o
P. *cresc*

Allein
 Hoffnun la best ihn Alles mag das Glük uns rauben, Freunde, Freuden Wur - de,

Gut; *S.*
 Nur um sonst ist Glückes Schnaben, wenn uns Hoffnung gutlich thut. *S.*

Wenn die Meereswogen brüllen,
 Singet der Sirenen Schaar;
 Hofnung kann die Fluthen stillen,
 Führt den Schiffer durch Gefahr.
 Hofnung, &c.

Dir, o süsse Hofnung, säet
 Froh der Landmann seine saat:
 Trauet dir und frölich mähet
 Was er dir vertrauet hat.
 Hofnung, &c.

Jener, der das Reich verloren
 Dieser in den Fesseln hier,
 Der zum Sklaven nur geboren,
 Alle, alle singen dir:
 Hofnung &c.

Ist des Lebens Baum verdorret,
 Will die letzte Blüthe fliehn!
 Trittst du, Trösterin, zum Kranken,
 Zeigst ihm noch die Wurzel grün.
 Hofnung &c.