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28th January 1927.

~~Will~~

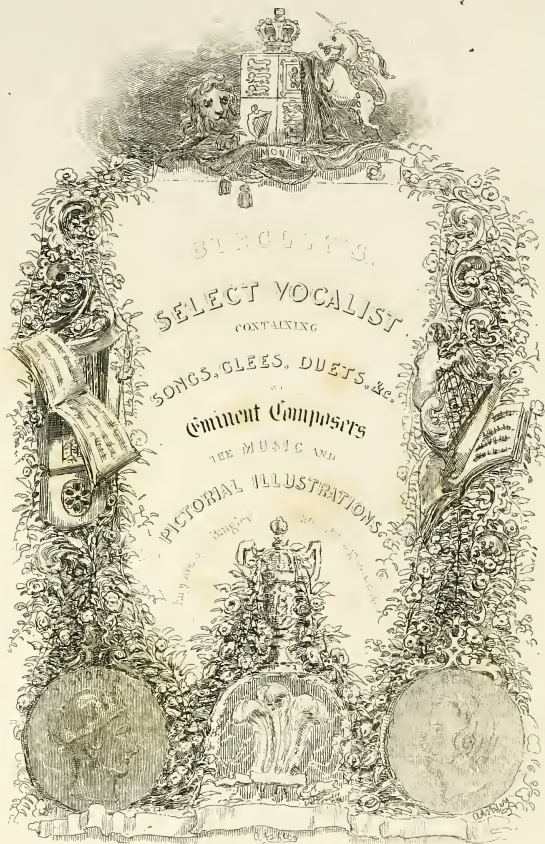
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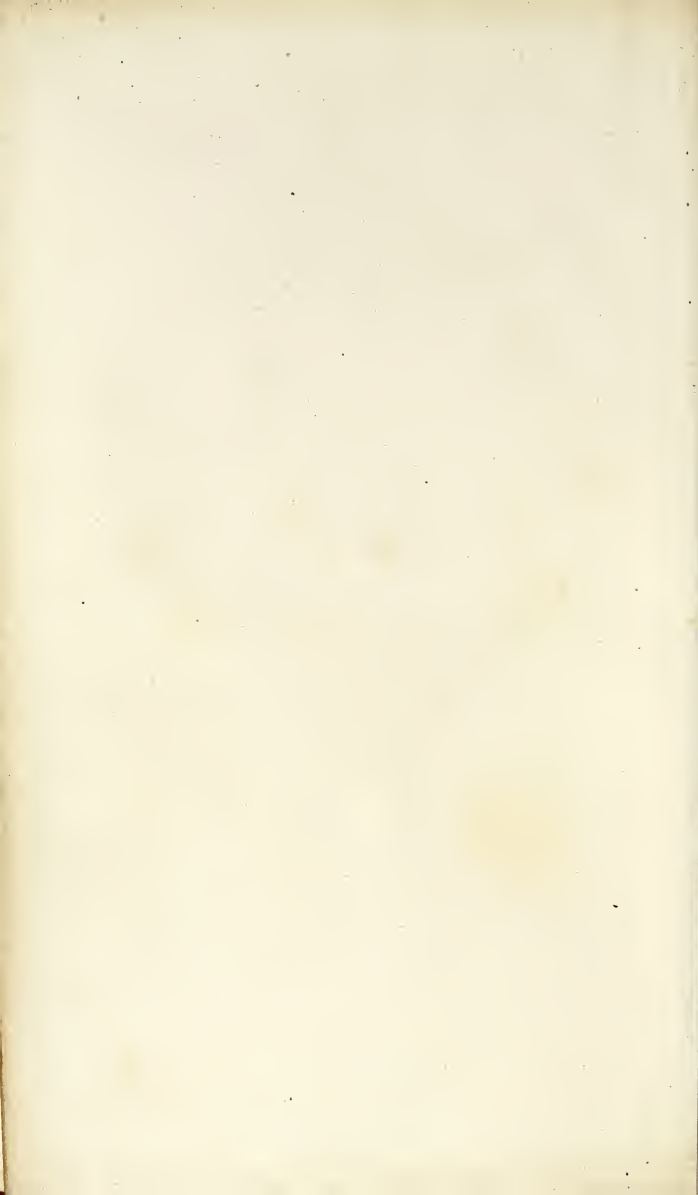


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	Page.
Adieu my native land, adieu	Chandler 34
Auld Robin Gray, <i>with Illustration</i> ...	Lady A. Lindsay 69
Aurora nights darkness banishing, <i>with Illustration</i> .	Rosini 134
Bay of Biscay	J. Davy 124
Blow, blow thou winter's wind	Dr. Arne 23
Boar hunt, written and adapted from Mozart...	T. E. Wolf 90
Bonny Bet	Shield 56
By the croaking of the toad, <i>with Illustration</i> . . .	Purcell 104
Come Anna come, a Duett for Soprani .. .	Gladstones 14
Come follow me, <i>Canon for 4 voices</i>	Mr. Bates 133
Comin' thro' the Rye	49
Demon Musician, comic song, <i>with Illustration</i> . . .	R. Glindon 117
Dread hour of Terror, <i>with Illustration</i>	86
Fair Ellen	9
Fairest Isle	Purcell 88
Far, far from me	M. P. King 36
Farewell to Lochaber	68
Fill high the foaming horn	97
Fish all, a comic song, <i>with Illustration</i>	R. Glindon 42
Friends farewell	Mozart 85
From aloft the Sailor	S. Storace 48
Gaping Catch, <i>with Illustration</i>	D. Harrington 59
Gentle youth, ah tell me why	Arne 84
Good night	91
Great Love	Purcell 110
Hail smiling morn, <i>Glee</i>	Spofforth 7
Happy, happy, we, <i>Duett with Illustration</i>	Handel 25
Heart the seat of soft delight, <i>with Illustration</i> ...	Handel 30
Holy Friar, <i>with Illustration</i>	94
If o'er the cruel tyrant Love	Dr. Arne 111
I like the Bee, <i>Duett</i>	Travers 5
I once rejoyc'd sweet evening gale	6
In infancy our hopes and fears	Dr. Arne 120
Joan's Ale is new, boys <i>Catch</i>	Dr. Arnold 21
John run so long, <i>Catch for 4 voices</i>	Dr. Arnold 73
Laughing Catch, <i>with Illustration</i>	Dr. Harrington 37
LEAS o' Gowrie, <i>with Illustration</i>	Burns 74
Let Fame sound the Trumpet	Shield 1
Let no earthly or sordid feeling, <i>with Illustration</i>	39
Love and Music, <i>Catch</i>	Harrington 3
Love in thine eyes, <i>Carionet</i>	Jackson 2

Love in her eye	<i>P. King</i>	10
Love's the only good night	<i>Miss Fow</i>	10
Love's bright ray, <i>with Illustration</i>		10
Lovers and Shepherds come away	<i>Purcell</i>	102
Love is like the red, red rose		22
Love sadder than the Cherry	<i>Handel</i>	44
Love's Catch	<i>Purcell</i>	63
Prepare your hearts for mirth, a <i>Catch for 3 voices</i> ..	<i>Purcell</i>	61
Remember, love remember, <i>with Illustration</i> ..	<i>T. Parke</i>	13
Rob the Rhymers, <i>with Illustration</i> ..	<i>R. Glindon</i>	147
Sad thou not how stiff and old		100
Sad and what art thou pursuing	<i>Handel</i>	52
Sing, Soldier, <i>Catch</i>	<i>Purcell</i>	133
Sing in'd of wars alarms	<i>Dr. Arne</i>	126
Sweet is the vale, <i>Duett</i>	<i>Hook</i>	96
Take, oh! take those lips away, <i>Canzonet</i>	<i>Jackson</i>	32
Tell her I'll love her	<i>Shield</i>	12
The hardy sailor	<i>Dr. Arnold</i>	17
The heavy hours	<i>Jackson</i>	72
The Prayer, sung by Miss A. Kemble, in <i>Simiramide</i>		113
The Thorn	<i>Shield</i>	24
The Witches, <i>Glee, with Illustration</i>	<i>M. P. King</i>	62
Thine art I my faithful fair	<i>Burns</i>	58
'Tis I that have warm'd you	<i>Purcell</i>	109
Thwas you Sir, <i>Catch for 3 voices</i>		61
Two Daughters of this aged stream, <i>with Illustration</i>		98
Wapping Old Stairs, <i>with Illustration</i>	<i>Percy</i>	16
Water parted from the Sea	<i>Dr. Arne</i>	115
What oh, thou genius of the clime	<i>Purcell</i>	101
When pensive I thought on my love	<i>M. Kelly</i>	60
When the rosy morn appearing, <i>with Illustration</i> ..	<i>Shield</i>	50
Where shall I seek the charming fair	<i>Handel</i>	76
Where shall the lover rest, <i>with Illustration</i> ..	<i>Sir W. Scott</i>	131
Where the Bee sucks		92
Whilst with village maids I stray	<i>Shield</i>	20
Wind gentle evergreen, <i>Catch for 3 voices</i> ..	<i>Dr. Hadyn</i>	73
Wine gives the lover vigour, <i>Glee for 4 voices</i> ..	<i>Mozart</i>	139
Within these sacred temples		10
Would you gain the English creature	<i>Handel</i>	18
You are the only	<i>Dr. Reed</i>	78

Let Fame Sound the Trumpet.

Shield.

All.^o con Spirito

Let fame sound the trumpet and cry to the war, Let glo-ry Let glo-ry re-echo the strain --- The full tide of honor may flow from the scar, And He-ros may smile may smile on their pain, And He-ros may smile may smile on their pain, And He-ros may smile may smile on their pain. The treasures of Autumn let Bacchus dis-play, And Stagger a-bout with his bowl, On science let Sol beam the lustre of day, And wisdom give light to the soul, And wisdom give light --- And wisdom give light to the soul, And wisdom give light to the soul, And wisdom give light to the soul.

Detailed description: The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of 14 staves of music. The first staff begins with the tempo marking 'All.^o con Spirito'. The lyrics are printed below the notes. There are several long horizontal lines (dashed) indicating where the music continues on another page. The score ends with a double bar line.

Let India unfold her rich gems to the view.	What's glory but pride, a vain bubble is fame.
Each virtue, each joy to improve,	And riot the pleasure of wine.
Oh give me the friend that I know to be true,	What's riches but trouble, and title's a name.
And the girl that I tenderly love!	But friendship and love are divine.

Love in Mine Eyes.

Composed by Jackson.

Love in thine eyes for e ver plays He
He in thy stowy bo som strays, He
makes thy ro sy lips his care; And walks the ma zes of thy hair,
makes thy ro sy lips his care; And walks the ma zes of thy hair,
Love dwells in ev ry out ward part, But Ah! he never, Ah! he never,
Love dwells in ev ry out ward part, Ah! he never,
Ah! he never, touch'd thy heart, he ne ver, never, touch'd thy
Ah! he never, touch'd thy heart, he ne ver, never, touch'd thy
1st heart, heart, How dif f'rent is my fate from thine!
2^d heart, heart, How dif f'rent is my fate from thine!
No outward marks of love are mine, No outward marks of
No outward marks of love, of
love are mine. My brow is clouded by despair, And
love are mine, My brow is cloud ed by despair, And grief
Grief loves bit ter foe is there, loves bit ter foe is there, But
loves bit ter foe is there, loves bit ter foe is there, But

deep with in my glow ing soul. He reigns he rules with out con trou, He
 deep with in my glow ing soul. He reigns, he rules, with out con trou, He
 rules, he reigns, with out con trou, he rules, he reigns, with out con trou, He
 rules, he reigns, with out con trou, he rules, he reigns, with out con
 rules, he reigns, with out con trou, with out con trou, with out con trou,
 trou, he reigns, with out con trou, with out con trou, with out con trou.

Love and Music.

A Catch.

Harrington.

How great is the pleasure, how sweet the delight, when
 soft love and music to ge ther u nite; how great is the
 pleasure, how sweet the de light, when love, soft love, and
 music u nite; sweet, sweet, how sweet the delight, when
 harmony, sweet harmony, and love do u nite.

My Mother bids me bind my hair.



Haydn.

Allegretto

My Mother bids me bind my hair, with bands of ro- sy hue, Tie
 up my sleeves with ribbands rare, And lace my boddice blue, Tie up my
 sleeves with ribbands rare, And lace and lace my boddice
 blue, For why she cries sit still and weep, while
 others dance and play, A las I scarce can
 go or creep, While Lubin is a way, A las I scarce can go or creep, While
 Lu bin is a way, While Lubin is a way, is a way, is a way.

Tis sad to think the days are gone,
 When those we love are near,
 I sit upon the mossy stone,
 And sigh when none can hear,

And while I spin my flaxen thread,
 And sing my simple lay,
 The village is asleep or dead,
 Now Lubin is away,

Like the Bee.

5

Duet by Travers

The musical score is written for two voices on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The time signature is 3/4. The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics printed below the notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

I like the bee, with toil and pain, fly hum bly
I like the bee, with toil and pain fly
o'er the flow...ry, flow...ry plain.
hum...bly o'er the flow...ry plain.
And with the bu sy, bu...sy throug, the
And with the bu...sy, bu...sy
lit...tle sweets, the lit...tle sweets, my
throug the lit...tle sweets, the lit...tle
la...bours gain, I work in to a song, the
sweets, my la bours gain, I work in to a
lit...tle lit...tle sweets my la...bours gain, the
song, the little, little sweets, my labours
lit...tle sweets my labours gain, I work the little
gain, the lit...tle sweets my la bours gain, I
sweets my labours gain in...to a Song.
work, I work in...to a song.

I once rejoiced.

I once re-joiced sweet Evening gale to see thy

breath the pop-ular wave, but now it makes my cheek turn

pale it waves the grass o'er Henry's grave; Ah! setting

Sun! how chang'd I seem, I to thy rays pre-fer deep gloom,

since now alas! I see them beam up on my Henry's lonely tomb.

Hail smiling Morn.

7

Glee by Spofforth

Hail smiling morn smiling morn that tips the hills with
Hail hail smiling morn smiling morn that tips the hills with
Hail hail smiling morn smiling morn that tips the hills with
Hail hail smiling morn smiling morn

gold that tips the hills with gold Whose rosy fingers ope the gates of
gold that tips the hills with gold Whose rosy fingers ope the gates of
gold that tips the hills with gold Whose rosy fingers ope the gates of
that tips the hills with gold Whose rosy fingers ope the gates of

day ope the gates the gates of
day ope the gates the gates of
day ope the gates of day ope the gates the gates of
day ope the gates the gates of

day hail hail hail Who the gay face of nature doth un
day hail hail hail hail Who the gay face of nature doth un
day hail hail hail hail Who the gay face of nature doth un
day hail hail hail hail Who the gay face of nature doth un

fold Who the gay face of nature doth unfold At whose bright

fold Who the gay face of nature doth unfold At whose bright

fold Who the gay face of nature doth unfold At whose bright

fold Who the gay face of nature doth unfold At whose bright

presence darkness flies away flies away flies away

presence darkness flies away flies away flies away

presence darkness flies away flies away flies away

presence darkness flies away flies away flies away

darkness flies away darkness flies away at whose bright

darkness flies away darkness flies away at whose bright

darkness flies away darkness flies away at whose bright

darkness flies away darkness flies away at whose bright

presence darkness flies away flies away

presence darkness flies away flies away

presence darkness flies away flies away

presence darkness flies away flies away

way. Hail hail hail hail hail
 darkness flies a way darkness flies a way Hail hail hail hail
 way. Hail hail hail hail hail
 darkness flies away darkness flies a way Hail hail hail hail hail

hail hail hail
 hail hail
 hail hail hail
 hail hail hail

Fair Ellen.

Larghetto.

Fair Ellen like a lily grew was beauty's beauty's
 favorite flower, till falsehood chang'd her lovely lovely hue she wither'd in an
 hour, Fair Ellen Fair Ellen She wither'd wither'd in an

Antonio in her virgin breast,
 First rais'd a tender sigh,

His wish obtain'd, the lover blest
 Then left the maid to die.

Within these sacred bowers.

Mozart

Larghetto. With

for

in these sa cred bow ers the wretch shall find re

pose No gloomy vengeance lowers, soft pi ty heals his

woes; *piu* While friendship's hand his steps shall

for

stay and hope shall point to bright er day

While friendships hand his steps shall stay and hope shall

point to brighter day while friendships hand his

steps shall stay and hope shall point to brighter

day to brighter to brighter day

Here far from noise and folly
 Fraternal love presides
 And sweetest melancholy,

A hallowed guest resides,
 If scenes like these thy heart can share
 Then bide a welcome pilgrim here.

Tell her I'll love her.

Shield.

Larghetto

Musical score for the song "Tell her I'll love her." The score is in 2/4 time, key of D major, and marked "Larghetto". It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Tell her I'll love her while the clouds drop rain, Or while there's water in the pathless main! Tell her I'll love her 'till this life is o'er And then my ghost shall vi sit this sweet shore, Tell her I'll love her 'till this life is o'er, And then my ghost shall visit shall vi sit this sweet shore!"

2

Tell her I only ask she'll think of me,
 I'll love her while there's salt within the sea!
 Tell her all this, tell it tell it o'er and o'er,
 The anchor weighs! or I would tell her more!

Musical notation for the final line of the text: "The anchor weighs! or". The notation is a single treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody consists of a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, and a quarter note B4.



Publ'd by J. W. Gray, 37 Minerva St. Boston.

Remember love Remember.

Allegretto.

T. Parke

'Twas ten O'Clock one moon light night I e-ver shall re-mem-ber, When
 ev'ry star shone twinkling bright in fros-ty dark De-cem-ber When
 at the window tap tap tap, I heard a certain well known rap, And with it these
 words most clear, Re-mem-ber ten O'clock my dear, re-mem-ber love re-mem-ber.

My Mother doz'd before the fire,
 My dad his pipe was smoking,
 I dare not for the world retire.
 Now was not that provoking,
 At length the old folks fast asleep,
 I flew my promis'd word to keep,
 And sure his absence to denote,
 He on the window shutter wrote,
 Remember love remember.

And did I heed a treat so sweet,
 O yes for mark the warning,
 Which said at church we were to meet,
 At ten O'Clock next morning,
 And there we met no more to part,
 To twine for ever hand and heart,
 And since that day in wedlock join'd,
 The window shutter brings to mind,
 Remember love remember.

Come Anna Come.

A Duet for Soprani;

The Poetry by Henry Kirk White.

The Music Composed by F. B. Stone.

For Bingley's Select Vocalist.

Trice.

mf Come An na, come, the morning dawns, Streaks of radiance
mf Come An na, come, come, Streaks of radiance

tinge the skies: Come, come, let us seek the dewy lawns, And watch the early
 tinge the skies: Come, come, let us seek the lawns and watch

lark a rise while nature clad in ves-ture gay Hails the
 the lark Seek the lawns, and watch the lark while nature hails the

loved return of day the loved return of day of
 loved return of day, the loved the loved return of day of

day... And then at eve, when silence reigns Save when is heard the
 day *pia e dol.*

bee-tle's hum the bee-tle's hum. We'll leave the so ber tint ed plains, to

those sweet heights a gain to come; And thou to thy soft lute shall play some

solemn hymn to parting day. *mf* Come Anna, come, the morning dawns

mf Come Anna, Come come

Sreaks of radiance tinge the skies, come, come, let us seek the dewy lawns, &

Come, come, let us seek the lawns

watch the early lark a rise while nature clad in vesture gay Hails the

and watch the lark Seek the lawns & watch the lark while nature hails the

loved re turn of day the loved return of day come! come!

loved return of day the loved the loved return of day come! come!



Wapping Old Stairs.

Percy.

Your Molly has never been false she declares, Since
 last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs, When I swore that I still would con-
 tinue the same, and gave you the Bacco Box mark'd with my name and
 gave you the Bacco Box mark'd with my name. When I
 pass'd a whole fortnight be tween decks with you, did I e'er give a kiss Tom, to
 one of your crew, To be usefull and kind with my Thomas I staid, For his
 trowsers I wash'd, And his grog too I made.

Tho' you promis'd last Sunday to walk in the mall,
 With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sal,
 In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,
 And only upbraded my Tom with a tear:
 Why should Sal or should Susan than me be more priz'd,
 For the heart that is true it should neer be despis'd,
 Then be constant and kind nor your Molly forsake.
 Still your trowsers I'll wash, and your grog too I'll make.

The Hardy Sailor.

D. Arnold.

Sung by M^r. Braham in the castle of Andalusia '8.*Gravioso.*

The har-dy sailor braves the o-ccean,
 Fearless of the roar-ing wind, Yet his heart with
 soft e-mo-tion Throbs to leave his love behind.
 throbs! throbs! throbs! throbs! Yet his
 heart with soft e-mo-tion Throbs to leave his love be-
 hind to leave his love be-hind!
 to leave to leave his love be hind!
 To dread of foreign foes a stranger, Tho' the youth can
 dauntless roam, A larming fears paint ev'ry danger,
 In a ri-val safe at home A-larm-ing fears paint
 ev'ry danger, In a ri-val safe at home The

Would you gain the tender Creature.

Sung by Mr. Allen in Ari's & Galatea.

Handel

Allegro.

Would you gain the ten-der crea-ture, soft-ly gent-ly

kind-ly treat her, Suff'ring is the lo-ver's part, soft-ly,

gent-ly, soft-ly, gen-tly kind-ly treat her suff'ring

is the lo-ver's part. would you

gain the ten-der crea-ture, the ten-der crea-ture, soft-ly, gen-tly,

kind-ly treat her soft-ly, gen-tly, soft-ly, gen-tly,

kindly treat her suff'ring is the lover's part soft...ly

gent...ly, kindly treat her, suff'ring is the lover's part.

Beau...ty by con...straint pos...sés...sing, you en...joy but half the

bless...ing, life...less charms with...out the heart. life...less charms

with...out the heart, Beau...ty by con...straint pos...sés...sing you en

joy but half the bless ing, life less charms with out the heart.

8.
D.C.

D.C.
8.

Whilst with Village Maids I stray, Sweet

Allattueso

Whilst with Village Maids I stray, Sweetly wears the

joyous day, Whilst with Village Maids I stray, Sweetly wears the joyous day,

Chearful glows my art less breast, Mild content the constant guest,

Chearful glows my artless breast, Mild content the constant guest,

the constant guest, Whilst with Village

Maids I stray, Sweetly wears the joyous day, Chearful glows my artless breast,

Mild content the constant guest,

Col espressione.
Sweetly, sweetly wears the joyous day, Whilst with Village

s.f.
Maid I stray, Sweetly, sweetly wears the joyous day, —

— the joyous day, the joyous day, the joyous day; Sweetly, sweetly

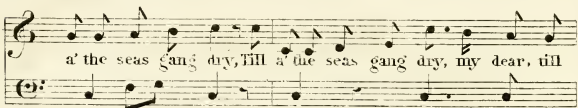
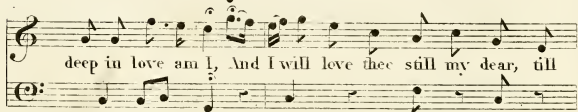
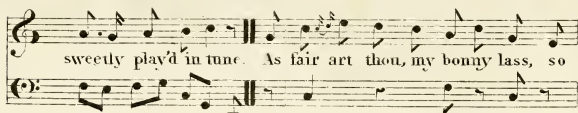
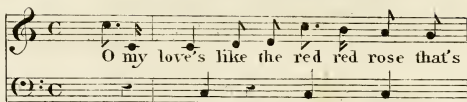
wears the joyous day, — *Cres* the joyous day

Joan's Ale is new boys. D'Arnold

Joan's ale is new, boys, Joan's ale is new;
That's very true, boys, that's ve-ry true

My Love is like the red red Rose.

Andante.



Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt with the sun,
 I will love thee still my dear,
 While the sands of life shall run.
 Then fare thee well, my only love,
 O fare thee well awhile,
 And I will come again, my love,
 Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.
 Tho' 'twere ten, &c.

Blow, Blow thou Winter's Wind!

D. Arne

Andante.

Blow, blow thou Winter's wind, Thou

art not so unkind, thou art not so un-

-kind as man's in gratitude. Thy tooth is

not so keen, because thou art not seen, thy

tooth is not so keen, because thou art not seen, Altho' thy breath be

rude, altho' thy breath be rude. Altho' thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot;
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp,
 As friends remember'd not.

The Thorn.

Shield.

Andante

From the white blossom'd sloe my Ro... set ta re...
 _quested, A sprig her fair breast to a... dorn. From the
 white blossom'd sloe my Ro... set ta re... quest'd.
 sprig her fair breast to a dorn, No! by Heav'ns! I ex -
 claim'd, may I perish! If e... ver I plant in that
 bosom a thorn! No! by Heav'ns! I ex claim'd, may I
 perish! If e... ver I plant in that bosom a thorn.

3^{ra}

Then I shew'd her the ring and implor'd her to marry!

She blush'd like the dawning of morn,

Yes! I'll consent, she replied if you'll promise,

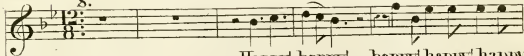
That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.

No! By Heav'ns! &c.

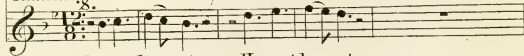


Happy happy we.

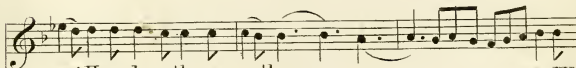
Alcis. *Duet by Handel.*



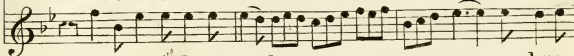
Presto. *Galatea.* Happy! happy! happy! happy! happy



Happy! happy! Happy! happy!



we! Happy, happy! happy we! hap - - - - - py



Happy! happy! happy we! hap - - - - - py happy

we: hap py hap py hap
we Hap py hap py hap

py hap py hap py we
py hap py hap py hap py we

happy happy Happy happy happy we Hap
happy happy Happy

py we Hap py hap py
happy happy we Hap py happy Hap py

we hap py hap py happy we
we hap py hap py happy happy we

What joys I feel Of all youth thou dearest boy
What charms I see of all

Thou all my bliss, thou

Nymphs the brightest fair Thou all my bliss, thou

all my joy! Thou all my bliss, thou all my joy, What

all my joy! Thou all my bliss, thou all my joy.

joy I feel Of all youth thou dearest boy

What charms I see Of all

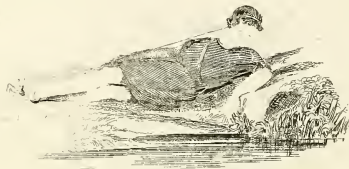
Thou all my bliss, thou

Nymphs thou brightest fair Thou all my bliss, thou

all my joy, Thou all my bliss thou all my joy

all my joy, Thou all my bliss thou all my joy.

D.C. al. scg.



Love sounds th' alarm.

Words by Gay.

Handel.

*Moderato
Spiritoso.*

Love sounds th'a larm, Love sounds th'a larm and

fear is a flying, and fear is a flying when

Beauty's the prize, when Beauty's the prize, what mortal fears dying, when

Beauty's the prize when beauty's the

prize what mor tal fears dying, when beauty's the prize

what mor tal fears dying

Love sounds th'a larm Love sounds th'a larm Love sounds th'a larm and

fear is a fly ing, Love sounds th'a larm

Love sounds th'a larm

and fear is a fly ing, when beauty's the prize when beauty's the

prize what mortal fears dy ing. when beauty's the prize what mortal fears

dy ing.

In de fence of my treasure I'd bleed at each

vein, with out her no pleasure, for life is a pain. with out her no pleasure with

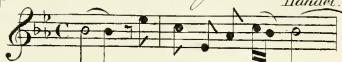
out her no pleasure, for life is a pain for life is a pain.



Pub.^d by J. Bingley, 37, Newgate St. Hert. n. Y. T.

*Heart the seat of
Soft delight.*

Handel.

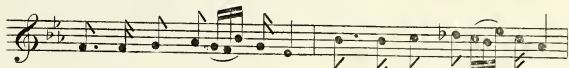


Words by Gay.

Heart the seat of soft de-light



Be thou now a foun-tain bright



Heart the seat of soft delight Heart the seat of soft delight



Be thou now a fountain bright Purple be no more thy



blood Glide thou like a Cry-stal flood glide thou like a

cry stal flood glide -----

----- thou like a

cryst al flood Rock thy hollow womb disclose

the bubb'ling fountain lo it flows Through the

plains he joys to rove Murn'ring still his gentle love thro the

plains he joys to rove Murn'ring still his gen tle love

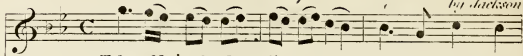
murm'ring still his gentle love murm'ring still his gentle love

m'ring murm'ring still his gentle love.

Take Oh! take those lips away.

*Canzonet
by Jackson.*

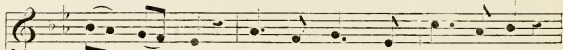
Allure. Adagio.



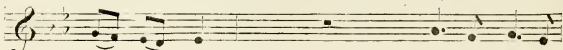
Take Oh! take those lips a way, That so sweet ly



Take Oh! take those lips a way, That so sweet ly

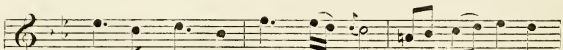


were for sworn, Take oh! take those lips a way.

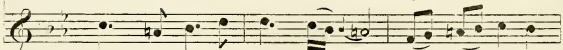


were for sworn,

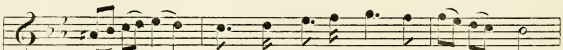
And those eyes the



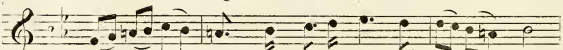
And those eyes the breaks of day, Lights that do mis-



breaks of day, the breaks of day, Lights that do mis-



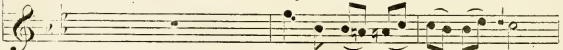
-lead the morn, Lights that do mislead, mislead the morn.



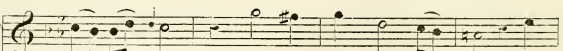
-lead the morn. Lights that do mislead, mislead the morn.



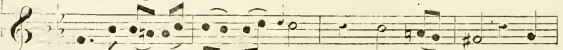
Take Oh! take those lips a way, But my kis ses



Take Oh! take those lips a way,

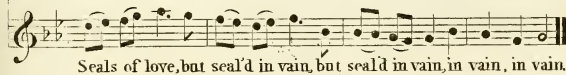
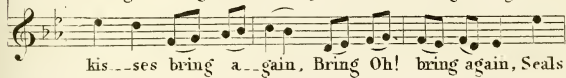
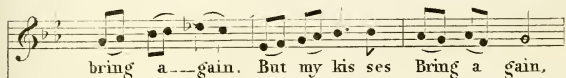
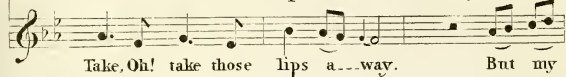
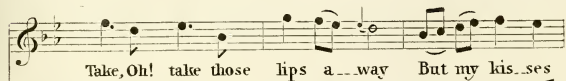
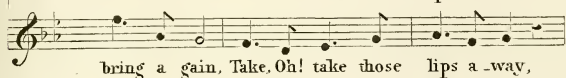
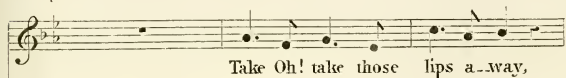
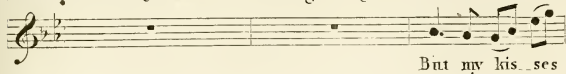
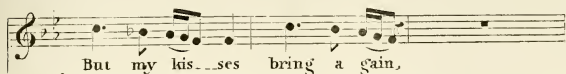
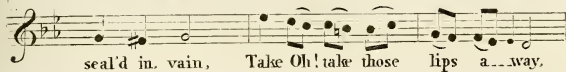
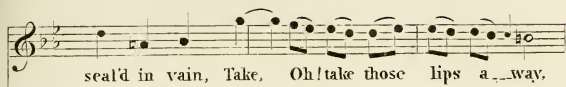


bring a gain, Seals of love, seals of love, but



But my kis ses bring a gain,

of love, but



Adieu my Native Land. Adieu.

Chandler.

An-lan-te.

A dieu my na-tive land, a dieu! The
 ves-sel spreads her swell-ing sails, Per-haps I ne-ver
 more may view, Your fer-tile fields your flow'ry dales.
 De-lu-sive hope can charm no more, Far from the faith-less
 maid I roam, Un-friended seek some foreign shore, Un-
 pitied leave my peaceful home. A dieu my

8va *D.C.*

In vain thro' shades of frowning light
 Mine eyes thy rocky coast explore,
 Deep sinks the fiery orb of night,
 I view thy beacons now no more.

Rise billows rise! blow hollow wind!
 Nor night, nor storms, nor death I fear,
 Ye friendly bear me hence to find
 That peace which fate denies me here!

Words by
Lord Byron

My native land good night

Comp. by
Miss Fowler.

Andante.

A dieu a dieu my native shore,

Fades o'er the waters brine, the night winds sigh the

breakers roar, And shrieks the wild sea mew. You

sun that sits up on the sea, We fol low in his

flight, Farewell awhile to him and thee My native land good

night! My na tive land good night!

With thee my bark I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine,
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine!

Welcome, welcome ye dark blue waves
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome ye deserts and ye caves!
My native land good night!

Far far from me.

M.P. Vind.

Andante.

Far far from me my lo ver flies, A
 faithless lo ver he, In vain my tears, in
 vain my sigh No long er true to me, He
 seeks he seeks a nother, He seeks he seeks a
 nother, No long er long er true to me, He
 seeks he seeks a nother, He seeks he seeks a nother.

Lie still my heart, no longer grieve,
 No pangs to him betray,
 Who taught you those sad sighs to heave,
 Then laughing went away.
 To seek another.



Pub. by Whistler, 57, Abchurch Lane, S. E. London.

Laughing Catch.

By D^r. Harrington.

1 I can not sing this Catch, I shall
 2 For shame you sil - ly Calf, don't you
 3 Look at his

laugh, I shall laugh ah, ah, ah, ah! I shall

laugh, don't you laugh, don't you laugh, you will not sing it

Face! ha, ha, ha, ha! look! look at his Face! ha, ha, ha,

laugh, shall laugh, ha, ha, ha, ha! O dear I shall

half, but make us all to laugh, make us all all to

when he sings the Bass; look! look! at his

laugh ha, ha, ha!

laugh ha, ha, ha!

Face, ha ha, ha, ha!



Let no Earthly or sordid feeling.

Moderato

The musical score is written on six staves. The first two staves are for the vocal line, and the remaining four are for the piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is in a simple, lyrical style, with the vocal line consisting of a single melodic line and the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support.

Let no Earth-ly or sordid feel-ing blight these

transports my heart thus heal-ing Min-gled joys thus around me

steel-ing Yields me dear El-xi-nos love Thus em-

bracing Thy pardon giv-ing Thus for givenness each one re-

-ceiv-ing Hours of bliss here on earth while liv-ing Yes! a

Heav'n shall prove of love hours of bliss here on earth while

liv - ing Yes a Heav'n - shall prove of love Heav'n

Heav'n - shall prove of

Bis
love to love to love to
bis

Oh what joy

The first system of music features a vocal line in G major with a treble clef and a piano accompaniment in G major with a bass clef. The vocal line begins with a whole note G4, followed by a half note A4, and then a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand.

to love

The second system continues the vocal line with a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment features a more complex texture with triplets and sixteenth notes in the right hand.

love to love Yes to love

The third system shows the vocal line with a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment continues with intricate rhythmic patterns.

Yes here a Heav'n a Heav'n shall prove of

The fourth system features a vocal line with a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment includes a section with a double bar line and repeat signs.

love a Heav'n shall prove a heav'n shall prove shall prove of love

The fifth system concludes the vocal line with a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment ends with a final cadence.

Fish All! a Comic Song.

Gait or trolling time.

by P. Olden.

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. It begins with a whole rest followed by a half note G4, then a quarter note A4, and continues with a melodic line. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs respectively, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Come lis ten to my song as to please you I've a wish, the world is but a fishing Net, &

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a note with the lyrics "lis ten" written below it. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic rhythmic pattern.

all the people fish, for in the tide of their affairs, from ages most remote, Mans

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a note with the lyrics "Mans" written below it. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic rhythmic pattern.

greatest study yet has been to keep himself afloat. So listen Anglers all, as to

The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a note with the lyrics "So listen Anglers all, as to" written below it. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic rhythmic pattern.

please you I've a wish, the world is but a fishing Net and all the people fish.

The fifth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a note with the lyrics "please you I've a wish, the world is but a fishing Net and all the people fish." written below it. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord.

The *Banker* he's a *Gold fish*, to this you will agree,
 Of *Soles* and *Eels* the *Cobbler* is a compound you may see,
Cocknies are *fresh water fish* they're *Chubb & Boach & Dace*,
 And *Statesmen* are all *fishermen* each *hecking* after *place*,

Then listen, &c.

3

The *Miser* he's a *Scaly fish* in this I am not erring,
Soldiers they are apt to *Carp* if you call them *red herring*,
 An *Alderman's* a *turtle* fine at least so I've it booked,
 And *Policemen* they are *lobsters blue*, *wet* never have been *cooked*.

Then listen, &c.

4

The *Lasses* are all *Muids* so nice which no one will gainsay,
 But *slippery* as *eels* they prove if they don't have their own way,
Old Maidens, they're all *Thornbacks* & most *old men* are *Crabs*,
Schoolmasters *walk* their *pupils* backs & give them lots of *dabs*,

Then listen, &c.

5

A *Punster* he's a *Sword fish*, sharp & pointed 'bout the *gills*,
 The *Doctor* never tires of *ache / haik* / so sells *Rheumatic Pills*,
 The *Drunkard* he's a *bottle nose* or *porpoise* *floundered caught*,
 And folks all know a *flying fish* is *Green* the *arrant*,

Then listen &c.

6

Our *Small fry*, *Sprets* & *minnows* are yet brisk as *Perch* & *Bream*,
 Our *Millers* *Waltin* & *White bait* found *floating* with the *stream*,
 A *Lawyer* he's a *fish of prey* a *Shark* a *Jack* a *Pike*,
 His *Client* he's a *fat fish*, or a *judgeen* which you like.

Then listen, &c.

7

So *Gentles* all I trust you will most graciously incline,
 To own like *Trout* I've *tickled* ye and *caught* you with my *line*,
 And if you will but own you're pleased I promise great & small
 To treat you with a *dish of fish* next *try day* if you call

Then listen, &c.



O'Ruddier than the Cherry.

Recitative.

Furioso.

I rage I rage, I rage, I

Furioso.

melt, I bann, The feeble God has stab'd me to the heart!

Thou trusty pine, prop of my Godlike steps, I lay thee by: Bring me a hundred

reeds, of decent growth. To make a pipe for my capacious mouth. In soft enchaung

accents let me breathe, Sweet Ga la te a's beauty, and my love.

8.
O ruddier than the cherry, O sweeter than the berry, O

ruddier than the cherry, O sweeter than the berry, O nymph more bright, than

moonshine night, Like liddings blith and merry :

nymph more bright than moonshine night, like liddings blithe and merry, like liddings blithe and

merry, like liddings blithe and merry, O ruddier than the cherry O

sweeter than the berry O ruddier than the cherry O sweeter than the

berry O ruddier than the cherry O sweeter than the berry O

nymph more bright than moonshine night like ladlings blithe & mer

ry blithe and

merry O nymph more bright than moonshine night like ladlings blithe & merry

g're

grc

Ripe as the melting cluster, No li lyhas such luster, Yet hard to tame, as raging flame, And

fierce as storms that bluster, Yet hard to tame, as raging flame, and fierce as storms that

blus ter, yet hard to tame as

rag ing flame, and fierce as storms that bluster.

hal. Sano x
D.C.

From aloft the Sailor.

S. Storace.

Allegro non troppo.

From aloft the Sailor looks around, and hears be-low the munn'ring billows

sound and hears below the munn'ring billows sound, Far

off from home he counts another day, wide o'er the seas the vessel bears away,

wide o'er the seas the vessel bears away, his courage wants no whet, but he

springs the sail to set, with a heart as fresh as rising breeze of May, and

caring nought he turns his thoughts to his love ly Sue or his charm ing

Bet, To his love ly Sue or his charm ing Bet. D.C.

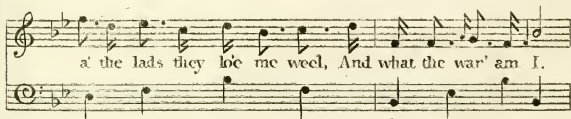
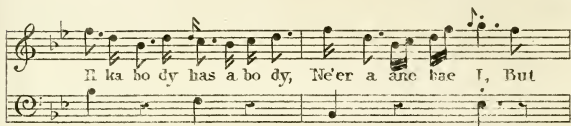
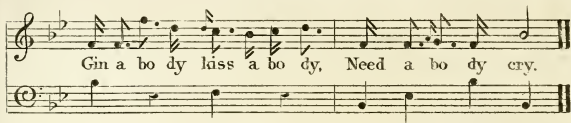
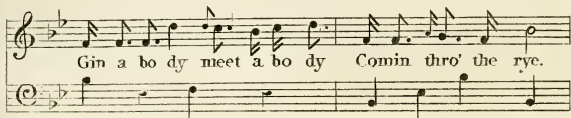
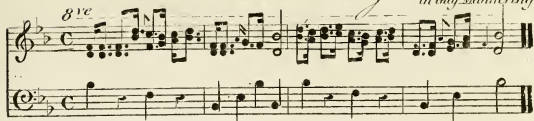
Now to heav'n the lofty topmast soars,
The stormy blast like dreadful thunder roars,
Now oceans deepest gulfs appear below,
The curling surges foam and down we go.

When Skies and Seas are met,
They his courage serve to whet,
With a heart as fresh as rising breeze of May,
And dreading nought &c:

Comin thro' the Rye.

Sung by
Miss Koiner
in Gay Manner.

Andante.



Gin a body meet a body Comin fra the well;	Gin a body meet a body Comin fra the town,	Ilka Jenny has her Jocky, Ne'er a anc hae I;
Gin a body kiss a body, Need a body tell.	Gin a body kiss a body. Need a body frown.	But a' the lads they lo'e me well, And what the war' am I.
Ilka body, &c.		



When the rosy Morn' appearing.

Shield.

Piano

Moderato

Forte

When the ro-sy morn appearing paints with gold the verdant lawn

Bees on banks of thyme disporting Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds the day proclaiming, Carol sweet the

live ly strain, they forsake their leafy dwelling, To se-

cure the golden grain. See content the humble gleaner

Take the scatter'd ears that fall; Nature, all her

chil dren viewing, kind ly bounteous cares for all.

When the rosy morn appearing, Faints with gold the

When the rosy morn appearing, Faints with gold the

verdant lawn; Bees on banks of thyme desporting,

verdant lawn; Bees on banks of thyme desporting,

verdant lawn; Bees on banks of thyme desporting,

Sip the sweets and hail the dawn. Warbling birds the
 Sip the sweets and hail the dawn. Warbling birds the
 Sip the sweets and hail the dawn. Warbling birds the
 day proclaiming Carol sweet the lively strain; They for-
 day proclaiming Carol sweet the lively strain; They for-
 day proclaiming Carol sweet the lively strain; They for-
 sake their leafy dwelling, to secure the golden grain.
 sake their leafy dwelling, to secure the golden grain.
 sake their leafy dwelling, to secure the golden grain.

Shepherd what art thou pursuing. Handel

Words by Gay.

Sung by M. Allen

in *Acis & Galatea*

Shepherd what art thou pur-

suing *f* Shepherd

what art thou pur-suing heedless running to thy

ru-in, heedless running to thy ru-in share our

joy, our pleasure. share, share our plea-

sure, share our joy, our pleasure share.

Shepherd

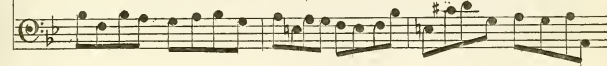
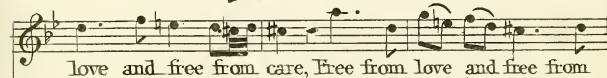
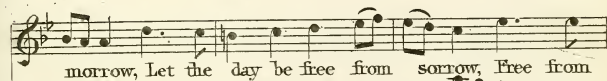
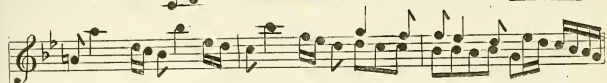
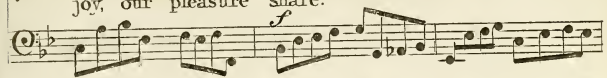
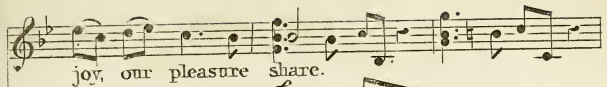
what... art thou pur-suing heedless running to thy

ru... in. share our joy,

share our joy, share our

joy... our pleasure share, our plea

sure, share our



Bonny Bit

Shield

Moderato

more I'll court the town bred fair who shines in ar ti

fi cial beauty; for native charms with out com

pare, claim all my love, re spect and duty.

Oh! my bonny bonny Bet, sweet blossom, Oh! my bonny bonny
 Bet, sweet blossom, Were I a King, so proud to
 wear thee, from off the verdant lawn I'd bear thee to
 grace thy faithful lover's bosom Oh! my bonny bonny
 Bet.

Yet ask me where those beauties lie,
 I cannot say in smile or dimple;
 In blooming cheek, or radiant eye,
 'Tis happy nature, wild and simple.
 Oh! my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
 And sigh in numbers trite & common;
 Ye gods! one darling wish be mine,
 And all I ask is lovely woman.
 Oh! my bonny. &c.

Come, dearest girl, the rosy bowl
 Like thy bright eye with pleasure dancing,
 My heaven art thou, so take my soul,
 With rapture ev'ry sense entrancing.
 Oh! my bonny. &c.

Thine am I my faithful fair.

Written by Burns

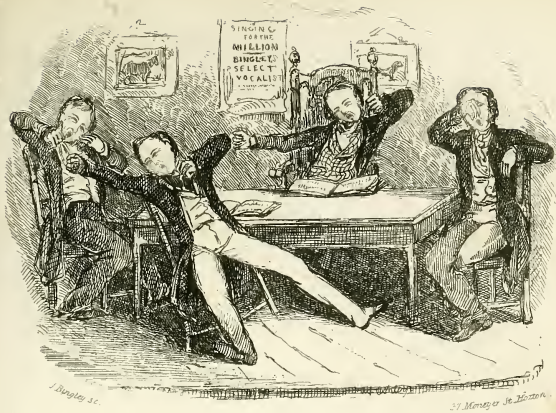
Moderato

Thine am I, my faithful fair, Thine my lovely
Nan cy, Every pulse a-long my veins, Ev'ry roving fan-
cy. To thy bosom lay my heart, there to thro' and lan-
guish, Tho' despair had wrung its core, That would heal its
anguish, Thine am I, my faithful fair, Thine my lovely Nancy,
Ev'ry pulse a-long my veins, Ev'ry roving fancy.

Take away those rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure,
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love,
Night without a morning,
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

This is the original air to which the Band adapted the above beautiful Ballad.



Taping Catch!

By D. Harrington.

1 *Tis Hum drum tis*

2 Here's one looks ve ry wise and a

3

Heigh

Mum Mum what no bo dy speak

nother rubs his eyes then stretches yawns and cries

Ho Hum

When pensive I thought of my love. Comp^d by M. Kelly.

Andante.

When pensive I thought on my Love, The moon on the mountains was bright, &

Phi lo mel down in the grove, Broke sweetly the silence of night. O! I

wish that the tear drop would flow; But felt too much anguish to

weep Till worn by the weight of my woe. I sunk on my pillow to

sleep. to sleep. to sleep. I sunk on my pillow to sleep.

Me thought that me love as I lay.
His ringlets all clouded with gore;
In the paleness of death seem'd to say,
Alas! we must never meet more.

Yes, yes, my belov'd we must part
The steel of my rival prov'd true;
The assassin has struck on that heart,
Which beat with such fervour for you.

Prepare your hearts for mirth.

Catch for 3 Voices.

Prepare your hearts for mirth, Chant clear-ly
 while you may, This is the muse's birth, Let us keep ho-li-day:
 See, see, we all are come, No man for dis-con-tent,
 But lovely fill the room With love and mer-ri-ment;
 Then the sweet muses nine, Do one and all agree;
 Their off-er-ing at the shrine, Is love and har-mo-ny.

'Twas you Sir!

Catch for 3 Voices.

'Twas you, Sir, 'twas you, Sir, I tell you nothing
 new, Sir, 'Twas you that kiss'd the pretty girl, 'twas you, Sir,
 you; 'tis true, Sir, 'tis true, Sir, you look so very
 blue, Sir, I'm sure you kiss'd the pretty girl, 'tis true, Sir, true.
 O, Sir, no, Sir, no, no, no, no, no, Sir, how can you wrong me
 so, Sir. I did not kiss the pretty girl, but I know who.



The Witches.

Glee by M.P. King.

When shall we three meet a gain In thunder lightning

When when shall we three meet a gain

When when shall we three meet a gain In

or in rain when shall we three meet a gain

in thunder lightning or in rain or in
thunder lightning or in rain in thunder lightning or in
in thunder lightning in thunder lightning or in

rain in thunder or in
rain lightning
rain When shall we three meet a gain

rain in thunder or in
lightning
when shall we three meet a gain

rain when shall we three meet when shall
when shall we three meet a gain when shall
when shall we three meet a gain when shall

we three meet a gain in thunder lightning or in
we three meet a gain in thunder lightning or in
we three meet a gain in thunder lightning or in

rain in thun-der in thunder lightning
 rain in thun-der in thunder lightning
 rain in thun-der in thunder lightning

p *cres* *f* *p*

or in rain
 or in rain
 or in rain When the hur-ly burly's

p *cres* *f* *p*

when the battle's lost and won
 when the battle's lost and won
 done when the hur-

when the bat-tle's
 when the bat-tle's
 ly bur-ly's done

lost and won
 lost and won
 when the hur-ly bur-ly's done when the

lost and won and won
lost and won when the bat_tle's lost and won when the
lost and won and won

and won when the battle's
battle's lost and won when the battle's lost when the battle's
and won

lost and won when the bat_tle's
lost and won when the battle's lost lost
when the battle's lost when the bat_tle's

lost and won. That will be ere set of sun that will be ere
and won. That will be ere set of sun that will be ere
lost and won. That will be ere set of sun that will be will be ere

set of sun that will be ere set of sun ere set of
set of sun that will be ere set of sun ere set of
set of sun that will be will be ere set of sun ere set of

dol.

sun that will be ere set of
 sun that will be will
 sun ere set of sun ere set of

f *dim.*

sun that will be ere set of
 be that will be ere set of
 sun that will be ere set of

dol.

sun that will be will
 sun that will be ere set of
 sun ere set of sun ere set of

f *dim.*

be that will be ere set of
 sun that will be ere set of
 sun that will be ere set of

sun ere set of sun.
 sun ere set of sun ere set of sun.
 sun ere set of sun ere set of sun.

Farewell to Lochaber.

Sung by M^{rs} Wilson by desire of Her Majesty during her visit to Scotland.

Andante.

Farewell to Loch

a-ber and farewell my Jean Where heartsome with thee I hae

no ny days been For Loch-a-ber no more Loch-a-ber no

more We'll may be return to Loch-a-ber no more These

tears that I shed they are a' for my dear And no for the dan-gers at

tending on weir Tho' borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore May

be to return to Loch-a-ber no more.

2

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind;
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind,
 Tho' loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd;
 But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave;
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

3

Then glory my Jeany mann plead my excuse,
 Since honour commands me how can I refuse
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
 A gae then my lass to win glory and fame,
 And if I should chance to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

Suld Robin Gray.

Sung by M. Wilson by desire of Her Majesty during her visit to Scotland.

Recit. When the sheep are in the fauld, & a the lye at
 hame and a the weary waird a sleep is gane; The wae's o' my
 heart fall in showers frae my e'e, While my guid Mon sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie lov'd me weel and ask'd me for his bride: But

sa_ving a crown he had nothing else beside: To make the crown

a pound my Jamie went to sea, And the crown and the pound were

baith for me, He had nae been gane a year and a day when my

father brake his arm and our cow was stole a way my

mither she fell sick, and Jamie at the sea; And auld Robin Gray

came a courting to me.



AULD ROBIN GRAY.

By Lady A. Lindsay.

2

My father urg'd me sair, my Mither did nae speak
 But she look'd in my face, till my heart was like to break,
 So they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was on the sea,
 And Auld Robin Gray, was guid mon to me.
 I had nae been a wife, but weeks only four,
 When sittin sa mournfully out my ain door
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I could nae think it he,
 Till he said, "love I'm come hame to marry thee."

3

Sair; sair, did we greet, and mickle did we say,
 We took but ane kiss, and we tore ourselves away,
 I wish I were dead, but I'm nae like to die,
 O why was I born to say "wae's me?"
 I gang' like a ghaist, and I canna like to spin,
 I dare nae think o' Jamie, for that would be a sin,
 But I'll do my best a good wife to be,
 For auld Robin Gray is very kind to me.

The heavy hours.

Com^d by W. Jackson.

Largo Andante.

The heavy hours are almost past that part my love and me My

longing eyes may hope at last their only wish to see But how my Delia,

will you meet the man you've lost so long Will love in all your

pulses beat and tremble on your Tongue Will love in all your

pulses beat and tremble on your tongue.

Will you in evry look declare,
 Your heart is still the same.
 And heal each idly anxious care
 Our fears in absence frame.
 Thus Delia, thus I paint the scene,
 When we shall shortly meet;
 And try what yet remains between,
 Of loitring time to cheat.

But if the dream that sooths my mind,
 Shall false & groundless prove;
 If I am doom'd at length to find,
 You have forgot to love:
 All I of veins ask is this,
 No more to let us join;
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
 To die and think you mine.

Winde gentle evergreen. D.^r Hayes.

Catch for 3 Voices.

Winde gen tle e... vergreen to form a
Sweet i... vy winde thy boughs and in... ter...
Thus will thy last... ing leaves with beauties

shade A round the tomb where Sophocles is laid
twine With blush ing ro ses and the clust'ing vine
hung Hove grate... ful em... blems of the lays he sung.

John run so long.

Catch for 4 Voices.

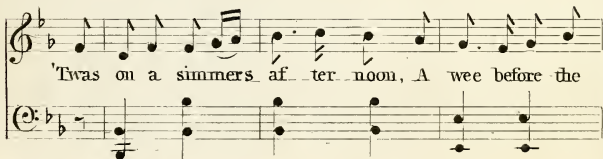
D.^r Arnold.

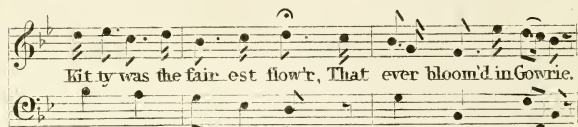
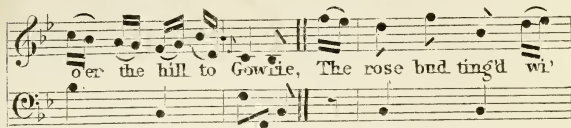
1 John run so long and run so fast 2
2 that he run out his all at last 3
3 he run in debt and then to pay 4
4 took to his heels and run a way 1



Burns

The Laps o' Lourie.





I had nae thought to do her wrang;	Soft kisses on her lips I laid,
But round her waist my arm I lang,	The blush upon her checks soon spread,
And said my lassie will ye gang	She wisper'd modestly and said,
To view the carse o' Gowrie;	I'll gang wi ye to Gowrie.
I'll take ye to my father's ha;	The auld folk soon gied their consent,
In yon green fields beside the shaw,	And to Mess John we quickly went,
And make ye lady o' them a;	Wha tied us to our hearts content,
The bravest wife in Gowrie:	And now she's Lady Gowrie,

Where shall I seek the charming fair.

gay.

Handel.

Larghetto.

Where shall I seek the charming fair Direct the

way kind Genius of the mountains Where shall I seek the charming

fair direct the way kind Genius of the mountains Where shall I

seek the charming fair direct the way kind Ge-nius of the

mountains where shall I seek

... the charming fair where where where ... where shall I

seek my charming fair direct the way kind Ge- nius of the

mountains.

O tell me if you saw my dear seeks she the

groves or bathes in crystal fountains O tell me tell me

if you saw my dear Seeks she the

groves or bathes in crystal fountains Seeks she the groves

. or bathes in crys- tal foun- tains

The gentle Gale.

Composed by R. Reed, for Bingley's Select Vocalist.

Ye gen-tle gales that fan the air, And

Ye gen-tle gales that fan the air, And

wanton in the vocal grove, O whisper O whisper to my

wanton in the vocal grove, O whisper O whisper O whisper to my

absent fair, My secret pain my absent love My

absent fair, My secret pain my absent love my absent love My

My secret pain my absent love my love My

secret pain my absent love My se-cret pain my absent love.

secret pain my absent love My se-cret pain my absent love.

secret pain my absent love My se-cret pain my absent love.

And in the sul-try heat of day When she does

And in the sul-try heat of day When she does

seek some cool re treat *for* And in the sul-try
 seek some cool re treat *for* And in the sul-try
 And in the sul-try

heat of day When she does seek some cool re-
 heat of day Where she does seek some cool re-
 heat of day seek some cool re

treat- Throw spi-cy
 treat Throw spi-cy odours in her way Throw spi-cy
 treat Throw spi-cy odours in her way

odours in her way *for* And scatter roses at her
 odours in her way *for* And scatter roses at her
 And scatter roses at her

feet And scat-ter roses at her feet.
 feet And scat-ter roses at her feet.
 feet And scat-ter roses at her feet.

Love in her Eyes.

Poetry by Gay.

Recitative.

Music by G.F. Handel.

Lo, here my love, turn Ga la te a, hi ther turn thine

eyes, See at thy feet the long ing Acis lies.

Larghetto.

Love in her eyes sits play ing, And sheds de li cious

death; Love... in her lips is stray ing, And

warbling in her breath Love in her lips is stray ing, And

warbling in her breath Love in her lips is stray ing, And

warbling in her breath Love in her lips is stray ing, And

warbling in her breath

Love....in her eyes sits playing, Love....in her eyes sits

playing, And sheds de li cious death; Love.....

...in her eyes sits playing, Love.....in her eyes sits

play - ing, sits play - ing and sheds de li cious

death Love in her lips is stray ing and war bling in her

breath,and warbling in her

breath

Love on her breast sits panting And

swells with soft desire No grace no charm is want ing No

grace no charm is wanting To set the heart on fire, --- To

set the heart on fire No grace no charm is wan ting To

set the heart on fire No grace no charm is wan ting To

set the heart on fire



Pub'd by "Dunster"

37 Monmouth St. Boston

My Dog and my Gun

Arise

Let gay ones and great Make the
 most of their fate, From pleasure to pleasure they
 run, From pleasure to pleasure they
 run, Well who cares a jot, I
 en_vy them not, While I have my dog and my
 gun----- while I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air to the fields I repair
 With spirits unclouded and light.
 The blisses I find, no sting leave behind,
 But health and diversion unite,

Gentle Youth, ah! tell me why.

Largo.

Sung in Love in a Village.

Arne

Gentle youth, ah! tell me why, Still you force me

tins to fly; Cease, oh! cease, to per...se...vere,

Speak not what I must not hear, Speak not

what I must not hear, To my heart its

ease re store, Go and ne...ver see me more,

To my heart its ease re store, Go and ne...ver

See me more, Go and ne...ver see me more.

Friends farewell.

Sinf. *Sinf.*

The musical score is written in a two-staff system (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece is marked 'Sinf.' (Sinfonico) in two places. The lyrics are: 'Friends fare_well friends fare_well', 'Here we must not longer dwell social plea_sures', 'now are fleeing, But an earthly course completing', and 'Joys await that far excel Friends farewell!'.

Friends fare_well friends fare_well

Here we must not longer dwell social plea_sures

now are fleeing, But an earthly course completing

Joys await that far excel Friends farewell!

Now adieu!

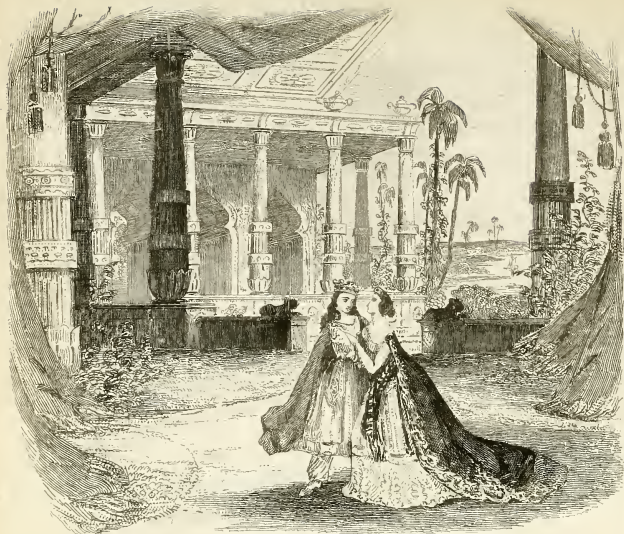
We must lose each others view

But united still in spirit

Mansions soon we shall inherit

Everlasting ever new,

Now adieu!



Dread hour of Terror

Duett Sung by Miss A. Kemble, & M^{rs} A. Shaw in Semiramide.

Senia.

Dread hour of ter_ror yet one of pleasure

Arsace.

Thee while ca_ressing joy beyond measure

Un to o_bli_vion this heart con_signeth Destiny

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. Each system has a vocal line for Senia (treble clef) and a vocal line for Arsace (treble clef). The music is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the corresponding vocal lines. The first system covers the first two lines of lyrics. The second system covers the third line of lyrics. The third system covers the fourth line of lyrics. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and triplets.

ter ri ble Fates stern de cree Joyous to meet one

bo som land to meet one bosom kind when sorrow shadeth

Beholding pitys tear when grief in sable cloud the heart pervadeth

Blest in our mu... tual loves what joy to me

Eyes beam ing mu... tual love what joy to me

tis joy to me tis joy tis joy to

me tis joy tis joy to me tis

me tis joy joy joy to me.

Fairest Isle

Purcell

Fairest Isle all Isles ex_cel-ing Seat of

pleasures and of loves Venus here will

chuse her dwelling And forsake her egyptian groves

Cupid from his fav-rite nation Care and

envy will re-move Jealou--sy that poi--sons

pas-sion And des-pare that dies for love

Gentle murmers sweet com-plain'g, Sighs that

blow the fire of love: Soft re-pulses kind dis-

dain'g shall be all the pains you prove.

Ev'ry swaint shall pay his du-ty, Grate-ful

ev'ry nymph shall prove; And as these ex-cel-in

beauty, Those shall be re-noun'd for love.

The Boar Hunt

Written and adapted from Mozart by T. E. Wolf.

See the bright Sun beam of
 gold lights the mountain Soon will he gild both the
 mo-rass and flood Now the wild Boar drinks from
 na-tures clear foun-tain Soon will the ja-ve lin
 reek in his blood Hark the horn calls away and
 starts the wild Boar Then boldly we follow thro'
 forest o'er moor while our dogs bay loud and our
 horses neigh Thro' brushwood and danger hark
 on and away while our dogs bay loud and our
 horses neigh Thro' brushwood and danger hark
 on and away To hunt the boar whose
 roars as loud As na-tures rude trumpet
 a burst ing cloud.

Together and loud as Jove cracking thunder,
 We dash thro' the thicket and swim thro' flood,
 Strange animals rush from coverts in wonder,
 Birds to the air call away their young brood.
 Hark the yager's blast the boats in sight,
 Our dogs gather round him he turns to the fight,
 But our dogs fall back from his tusk at bay,
 Then again to the chase hark on and away.
 To hunt the boar &c.

3

Thunder he's roaring like lightning we're flying,
 The dogs again grapple gain he's at bay,
 The javline fix him but tho' he is dying,
 Dogs he throws from him till lifeless they lay.
 Hark the horn sounds his knell and gathers the band
 With javelins rais'd round the carcass we stand,
 Then mounting our steeds right homeward we stray
 Till next morning's sun beam shall call us away.
 To hunt the boar &c.

Good Night.

Good night good night May peace & rest dwell in your breast

May peace & rest dwell in your breast

May peace & rest dwell in your breast good night good night good night.

breast and rest good night.

Where the Bee sucks.

Where the Bee sucks there lurk I in the

cowslip's bell I lie There I couch when Owls do

ery When Owls do cry when owls do cry On the

Bats back do I fly_ _ _ _ _ After

sun-set merrily merrily after sun-set merri-

ly Merrily merri-ly shall I live

now under the blossom that hangs on the bough Merrily

merrily shall I live now under the blossom that hangs on the

bough Under the blossom that hangs on the bough Merrily

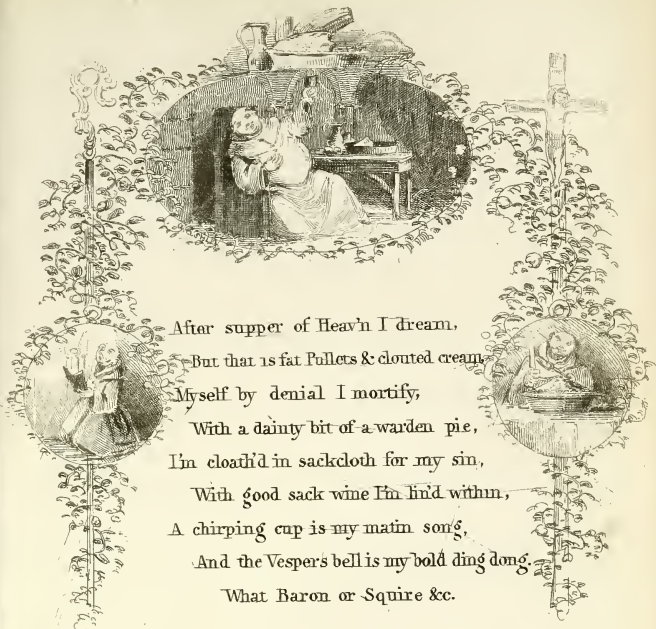
merrily shall I live now Under the blossom that hangs on the

bough Merrily merrily shall I live now under the blossom that

hangs on the bough under the blossom that hangs on the bough

The Holy Friar.

I am a Friar of orders grey And
 down the valley I take my way I pull not black berry,
 haw, or hip, Good store of ven' son fills my scrip; My
 long bead roll I mer-ri-ly chant Where e-ver I go no
 mo-ney I want Where e-ver I go no mo-ney I want And
 why I'm so plump the rea-son I'll tell who leads a good life is
 sure to live well Who leads a good life is
 sure to live well What Ba-ron or Squire or
 King of the shire lives half so well as a
 Ho-ly Friar lives half so well Half so well
 Half so well as a Ho-ly Friar as a
 Ho-ly
 friar a Ho-ly friar
 lives half so well as a Ho-ly Friar.



After supper of Heav'n I dream,

But that is fat Pullets & clouted cream,

Myself by denial I mortify,

With a dainty bit of a warden pie,

I'm cloath'd in sackcloth for my sin,

With good sack wine I'm hind' within,

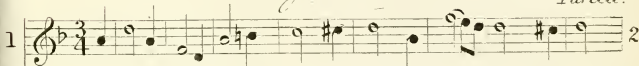
A chirping cup is my main song,

And the Vesper's bell is my bold ding dong.

What Baron or Squire &c.

Parting Catch:

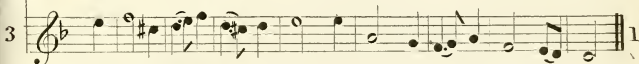
Purcell.



When V and I to ge ther meet, we make up six, in house or street;



Yet I & V may meet once more, & then we two can make but four;



But when that V from I am gone, a lass poor I can make but one.

Sweet is the Vale.

Duet by Hook

Sweet is the vale, where innocence re_sides,

Sweet is the vale, where innocence re_sides,

Sweet is the vale, where innocence re_sides,

Blest is the cot where vir__tue dwells;

Blest is the cot where vir__tue dwells;

Blest is the cot where vir__tue dwells.

Blest is the cot where vir__tue dwells.

Where harmless love un_tought pre_sides, Se-

Where harmless love un_tought pre_sides, Se-

_cure from flatt'ries bane__ful spells

_cure from flatt'ries bane__ful spells

This is the spot and here I wish to live

This is the spot and here I wish to live, Des-

This is the spot and here I wish to live, Des-

pis ing all that wealth and pow'r can give, Des-

pis ing all that wealth and pow'r can give.

pis ing all that wealth and pow'r can give.

Fill high the foaming horn.

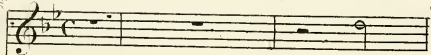
Fill the foaming horn up high, Nor let the tuneful lips be dry.

Let the brimming goblet smile, And blood red wine our cares beguile.

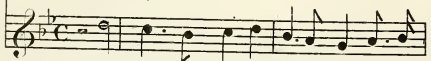
Fill fill it high Fill fill it high.



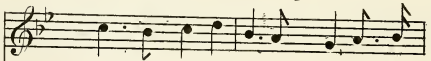
Two Daughters of this aged stream



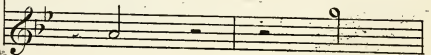
Two



Two Daughters of this aged stream are



Daughters of this aged stream are



we,

Two

we, Two Daughters of this
 Daughters of this a ged stream are we, Two
 a ged stream are we, And both our
 Daughters of this a ged stream are we, And
 sea green locks have comb'd and both our sea green
 both our sea green locks have comb'd for ye. & both our
 locks have comb'd have comb'd for ye. Come, come,
 sea green locks have comb'd for ye.
 come, come, bathe with us an hour or two, Come, come.
 Come, come, bathe with us an hour or two, Come, come,
 come, come, na ked in for we are so, What dan ger
 come, come, na ked in for we are so, What
 What dan ger from a na ked foe;
 danger from a na ked foe; Come, come,

come, come, bathe with us, come, come, bathe and share what
 come, come, bathe with us, come, come, bathe and share what
 plea- sures in the floods ap- pear. We'll
 plea- sures in the floods ap- pear. We'll beat the
 beat the wa- ters till they bound We'll beat the waters till they
 wa- ters till they bound We'll beat the waters till they bound,
 bound, And cir- cle round
 And cir- cle round And
 And cir- cle round and circle round.
 cir- cle round and circle round.

What do thou Genius of the clime.

Purcell.

*Sung
in King
Arthur*

What ho! what ho! thou Genius of the

clime! What ho! what ho! ————— what ho!

ly'st thou a sleep be neath those hills of snow; what

ho! what ho! what ho! stretch out thy la-zy limbs;

awake! awake! a wake! and winter from thy furry mantle shake

a wake! a wake! and winter from thy furry mantle shake.



Dryden

Nymphs & Shepherds come away.

Purcell.

Sung
in King
Arthur

Nymphs and Shepherds come a way come a way

Nymphs and Shepherds come a way come a way come

come come come a way; in the groves in the groves

let's sport and play let's sport and play let's sport and

play for this, this is Flora's Ho-li-day, this is Flora's Ho-li-

day, this is Flora's ho-li-day sacred to ease

And hap-py love, to Music, to dan

ing to Music to dan cing to

Ma sic and to Poet ry. your flocks may

now now now now now now now now now

now se cure ly rove, whilst you ex press, whilst

you ex press your jol li ty.

Nymphs and Shepherds come a way come away

Nymphs & Shepherds come away come away come come come a way.

By the croaking of the toad.

Purcell

Sung
in King
Arthur

By the croaking of the

Toad, In her cave that makes a bode;

By the croaking of the Toad, In her cave that makes a

bode; Earthy Dun Earthy Dun that

pants for breath, With her

swell'd sides full full of

death; By the crested Adder's pride,

By the crested Adder's pride, That along the cliffs do

glide By thy

visage by thy visage fierce and black,

By the Death's head on thy back; By the twist

ed Serpents plac'd For a

girdle round thy waist; by the

hearts of gold that deck thy breast, thy shoulders,

and thy neck; From thy sleeping mansion

rise, And open and open thy unwilling eyes!

While bubbling springs their music keep,

While bubbling springs their music keep, that

us'd to lull thee us'd to lull thee lull thee in thy

See'st thou not how stiff & old.

See'st thou not, how stiff how

stiff and wondrous old Far far un fit to bear the

bit ter cold I can scarcely move or draw my

breath can scarcely move or draw my breath Let me

let me let me freeze a gain Let me let me freeze

again to death let me let me let me freeze again to death

'Tis I that have warm'd you.

Sung in K. h'thur

Purcell

*Allegro
Moderato*

'Tis I 'Tis I 'Tis I that have

warm'd you 'Tis I 'Tis I 'Tis I that have

warm'd you. In spite of cold weather, I've brought you to-

gether 'Tis I 'Tis I 'Tis I that have warm'd you 'Tis

I 'Tis I 'Tis I that have warm'd you.

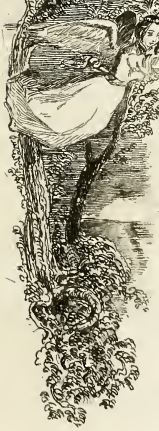


’TIS I THAT
 HAVE WARM’D YE
Sung in King Arthur.

Great Love!

Purcell

Great love! I know thee
 now! Eldest of the gods art
 thou!



Heav'n and earth by thee were made Heav'n and
 earth by thee were made Human nature is thy creature Human
 nature is thy creature Ev'ry where ev'ry where ev'ry
 where art thou art thou o bey'd Ev'ry where ev'ry where
 Ev'ry where art thou art thou o bey'd Ev'ry where art thou o bey'd.

If e'er the cruel tyrant love.

Sung in Artaxerxes. *lr lr*

D'Arne.

Andante.

If o'er the cruel Ty_rant love, a con_quest I be-

liev'd The flatt'ring er_ror cease to prove, Oh! let me be de-

ceiv'd Oh! let me be de_ceiv'd Oh! let me be de-

ceiv'd.

For_bear to fan the

gen_tle flame, which love did first cre_ate, What

was my pride, is now my shame, and must be turn'd to

hate. Then call not to my wav'ring mind the weakness
of my heart, Which ah! I feel too much inclin'd. To
take the Trai_tor's part, part, ----- to
take -- the Trai_tor's part.

The score consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system includes the lyrics 'hate. Then call not to my wav'ring mind the weakness'. The second system includes 'of my heart, Which ah! I feel too much inclin'd. To'. The third system includes 'take the Trai_tor's part, part, ----- to'. The fourth system includes 'take -- the Trai_tor's part.'. The fifth and sixth systems are instrumental accompaniment for the piano, with no lyrics.

The Prayer.

Sung by Miss A. Kemble in Semiramide

The score for 'The Prayer' consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a grand staff format.

The Prayer.

Being supreme! thy sup-pliant hear, Let, ah!

let, thy boun-teous care, up-on my Son be-nign-ly

fall, nor e'er ----- im-part, to him the crime, the crime that

wrecks his mothers heart.

sup-reme one thy

suppliant hear. Ah! let thy boun-teous care up-

-on my son be-nign-ly fall, Nor e'er----- im-

-part To him the crime, the crime that wrecks his mothers heart.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a piece titled "The Prayer." It consists of eight systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings like *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The lyrics are: "Being supreme! thy sup-pliant hear, Let, ah! let, thy boun-teous care, up-on my Son be-nign-ly fall, nor e'er ----- im-part, to him the crime, the crime that wrecks his mothers heart. sup-reme one thy suppliant hear. Ah! let thy boun-teous care up- -on my son be-nign-ly fall, Nor e'er----- im- -part To him the crime, the crime that wrecks his mothers heart." The piece concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.

his mother's heart his mo... ther's heart

Water parted from the Sea.

Sung in *Artaxerxes* by
M. Harrison.

D. Arne.

Andante.

f *p* *f* *p*

f

p Wa... ter part ed from the sea

May in crease the ri ver's tide; To the bub bling fount may

flee Or thro' fer-tile val-lies glide.

Tho' in search of

lost re- pose, Thro' the land 'tis free to roam. Still it

murrners as it flows Pan-ting for its na-tive home

Tho' in search of lost re- pose. Thro' the land 'tis free to

roam Still it mur-mers as it flows Pan-ting for its

na-tive home.

The Demon Musician.

Copyright.

*Con Spirito Symff*by M^r R. Glendon.

The musical score is written in G major and 6/8 time. It begins with a piano introduction of eight measures, followed by a vocal line. The lyrics are as follows:

Voce
 For some Sinister act in a
 prison did dwell, a fid_dling fiend as old
 histories tell, and he bought of old scratch a
 fid_dle they say and augmented his life forty
 years and a day. Thro' his Semibrieve Minum, his
 Crotchet and Quaver, bow away scrape away fid_dle de de .

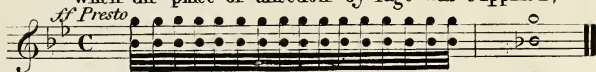
2

The fiddlers fingers being bony and long,
 The crotchets and quavers got quickly among.
 From his fiddle at length he produced such a tone,
 Peoples cash left their pockets, to chink in his own.

With his Semibrieve, &c .

3

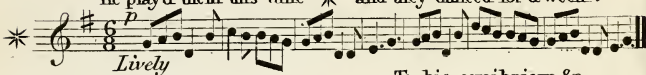
From a wedding returning a party he spied,
His bow to the fiddle he quickly applied,
When the place of affection by rage was supplied;



And the bridegroom he very near strangled his bride,
Thro' his semibrieve &c.

4

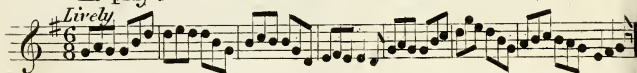
To a meeting of Quakers he went they say,
Determined a tune on his fiddle to play,
When none being moved by the spirit to speak,
He play'd them this tune * and they danced for a week.



To his semibrieve, &c.

5

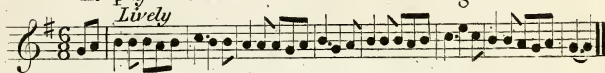
To Ireland then on a visit he wint,
And found M^r O'Connell collecting his rint,
He play'd him a tune he had oft heard before;



And all he collected he gave to the poor,
Thro' his semibrieve, &c.

6

A society then for Temperance famed,
The Demon Musician's attention claimed,
He play'd them this tune with a sardonic grin;



And each member produced a full bottle of Gin.
Thro' his semibrieve, &c.

7

At length the forty years were gone,
With horrible tone the clock struck one,

Discord ad lib.

The fiddle turned into a Demon red,
And carried him off by the hair of his head;
And his semibrieve, &c.



In Infancy our hopes and fears. D. Arne

Andante

In in fan cy our hopes and fears were to each o ther

known, And friend ship in our ri per years has

twind our hearts in one has twind our hearts in

one. one. Oh!

clear him then from this of fence. Thy love thy du ty

prove; Re store him with that innocence which first inspired my

love which first in spir'd my love. love.



Now joys bright ray

Andante Grazioso.

*Sung by Miss A. Kemble
in Semiramide.*

Now joys bright ray illumines my rapturd soul Now

joys bright ray no more shall grief control My trembling heart heart

de-light-ing My son once more re- turns Ye s

Ar- sa-ee comes this way My throbbing breast from

pain Is free Is free a gain No fears affrighting

Winter now takes wing takes wing Come wel- - come

spring welcome spring come wel- - come wel- - come spring Yes the

God of day ap-pears O'er dark'ning clouds to roll My

an-gel boy is here Yes gladd'ning thus my soul Ah

welcome hap-py day My dar-ling Son ap-

pears My dar-ling Son appears Ar-sa-ce comes this

way

pp *f* *p* *ff*

The Boy of Biscay.

Sung by Mr. Braham.

Comp^d by J. Davy

Moderato.

Loud roard the dreadful Thun...der The rain a de...luge

show'rs - The clouds were rent a - sun - der By

light'nings vi.vid pow'rs The night was drear and dark Our

poor de - vo - ted bark till next day There she
lay In the Bay of Bis cay O.

2

Now dash'd upon the billow,
Our op'ning timbers creak;
Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
None stop the dreadful leak;
To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,
Each breathless seaman crouds;
As she lay, 'till next day
In the Bay of Biscay O.

3

At length the wish'd for morrow,
Broke thro' the hazy sky;
Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
Each heav'd a bitter sigh;
The dismal wreck to view,
Struck horror to the crew;
As she lay on that day,
In the Bay of Biscay O.

4

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent;
When Heavn all bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent:

A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers,
Now we sail, with the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay O.

The Soldier tir'd of Wars alarms.

D. Arne

Andante.

f

p

f *soli p* *f* *p*

f *p*

f *p*

f *p*

f *tr* *tr* *ff*

p

p

p

The Soldier tir'd

p

of wars alarms for swears the

clang of hos tile arms

And scorns the spear & shield

The Sol dier tird of wars a larms For

swears the clang of hos tile arms And scorns

the spear the

spear and shield For swears the clang of hos_tile arms And

scorns

the

spear the spear and shield

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, with lyrics "spear the spear and shield". The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The piano part features a dense texture of sixteenth-note chords, with dynamic markings *f* and *ff*. A fermata is placed over the final note of the piano accompaniment.

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a melodic contour with some slurs. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns and chordal textures.

The third system shows the vocal line with a more active melodic line. The piano accompaniment features dynamic markings *p*, *f*, and *p* across the system.

The fourth system features a vocal line with triplet markings (3) over several notes. The piano accompaniment also includes triplet markings and dynamic markings *f* and *p*.

But if the brazen trumpet

The fifth system begins with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a dynamic marking *f*. The piano accompaniment continues with the established texture.

sounds

f Tromba Solo

This system contains three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a whole note rest followed by a melodic phrase. The middle staff is for the Tromba Solo, marked *f*, with a triplet of eighth notes. The bottom staff is the bass line, which is mostly rests.

He burns with conquest to... be crown'd And

Tutti f

This system contains three staves. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The middle staff is marked *Tutti f* and contains a complex rhythmic pattern. The bottom staff is the bass line.

dares again the field... And dares

Solo Trumpet f p

This system contains three staves. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The middle staff is marked *Solo Trumpet* and contains a melodic line with dynamics *f* and *p*. The bottom staff is the bass line.

again the field

f

This system contains three staves. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The middle and bottom staves contain accompaniment with dynamics *f*.

He dares.

p

This system contains three staves. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The middle and bottom staves contain accompaniment with dynamics *p*.

a gain the field He dares

a gain the field

Where shall the lover rest.

Sir W. Scott.

Maria Danvers.

Andante

Where shall the lover rest Whom the fates

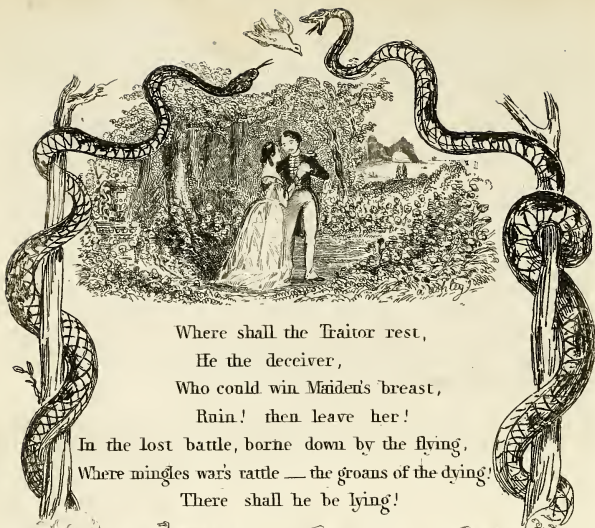
sever, From his true Maiden's breast Parted for

ever, Where thro' groves deep and high sounds the far

billow, Where early violets die under the

willow; E-lu lo-ro, E-lu

lo-ro, Un-der the Wil-low.



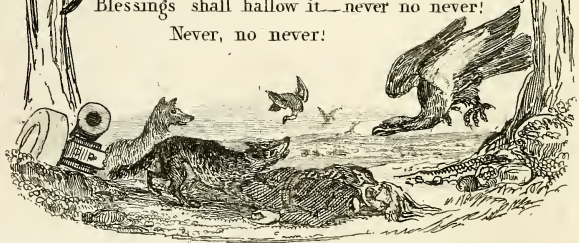
Where shall the Traitor rest,
He the deceiver,
Who could win Maiden's breast,
Ruin! then leave her!

In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle — the groans of the dying!
There shall he be lying!



Her wing shall the Eagle flap
O'er the false hearted,
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
'Ere life be parted.

Shame and dishonor sit by his grave ever!
Blessings shall hallow it—never no never!
Never, no never!



Soldier, Soldier.

Catch by H. Purcell.

1
2
3
4

Soldier, Soldier, take off thy wine and shake thy
 How can I my poor locks shake that have but
 one of them must go for tythe so there re-
 four and five, and that makes nine, then take off your
 locks and shake thy locks as I shake mine
 ten I have but ten hairs on my pate And
 -mains, so there remains but four and five
 drink then take off your drink as I take wine.

2
3
4
1

Canon for 4 Voices.

Come follow me.

Comp.^d by M. Bates.

1
2
3
4

Come follow me, with mer-ry glee, and hail the blush-ing
 morn hark! forward! our game's in view, which we pursue, with
 deep ton'd horn; o'er hills and o'er rocks, we follow the
 fox, for see more slo_w he moves, and now he di_es, he diés.

Autumn nights darkness banishing.



Andante Auro ----- ra nights darkness

p *sempre legato*

Sung in the Lady of the Lake

Comp.^d by Rossini.

banish ing, Each de_wy va_pour clears, Her mists before thee

vanishing each drooping flowret cheers; But thou art darkness

still to me, till she I love appears! Yes dark

ness Yes dark - - ness darkness thou'rt to me, un till Yes un -

till my love my love appears.

Sheerless the World were to me. Comp^d by Rosini.

Duet in the Lady of the Lake.

Andante

Cheerless the world were to me, Depriv'd, depriv'd of thee my

fair --- Nor in it me --- to thy Were thy sweet

voice were thy sweet voice --- not there

Cheerless the world were to me, Depriv'd, depriv'd of thee my

fair --- Nor in it me lo

Wre thy sweet voice, wre thy sweet voice not

there. Cheer less the world wre to me, to me, De-

pride of thee my fair, Nor in it me-lo-

pp Wre thy sweet voice

pp dy. Wre thy sweet voice, wre thy sweet voice, not there, Wre thy

Not there were thy sweet voice not there, Nor in it me lo

voice not there, love thy voice not there Nor

ff

dy, Were thy sweet voice were thy sweet voice not

pp

p

there, love thy voice, love thy voice not there.

there, love thy voice, love thy voice not there.

p

Wine gives the lover vigour. Glee for 4 Voices.

Vivace

Wine gives the lover vigour makes glow the cheeks of

beauty, makes Poets write, and Soldiers fight, and

friendship do its duty. Pow'r, and wealth. Beauty, health,

Joys abound, Pleasure's found,

Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd; Joys abound, Pleasure's found,

on ly where the glass goes round. He who enjoys the

banquet may plenty e-ver crown him; who

rails at a bowl is a Turk in his soul. And a christian ne'er should

own him. Pow'r, and wealth. Beau-ty, health.

Joys a-bound

Wit, and mirth in wine are crown'd, Joys a-bound,

Pleasure's found on-ly where the Glass goes round.

Rob the Rhymer.

Written & Sung
by R. Gindon.

In dancing time.

Sym. forte

p

Oh! begging is an ancient trade And so is ballad writing, For

8ve

poets are but poorly paid, And starve while theyre in-di-ting;

ff

Voice p

While ballad singing by the bye's a better trade than a ny. If

Chorus f

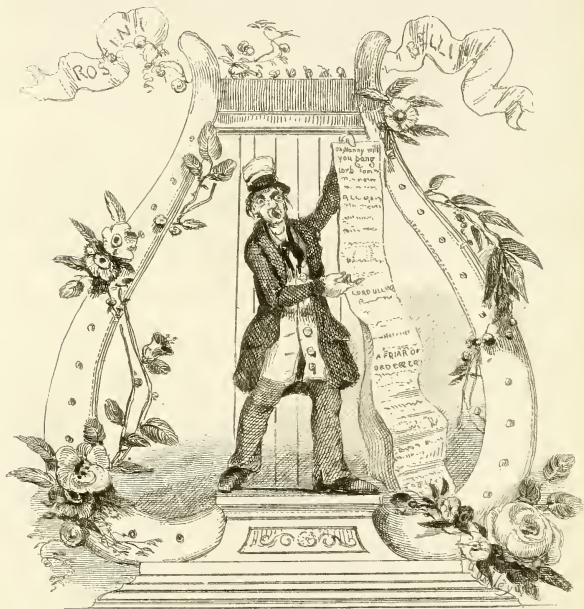
youre inclin'd to take and try, Here's fifty for your penny. Then

ff

listen to my funny chaunt, in jingling verse a chimer, and

if I'm faulty pardon grant, to ranting Rob the Rhymer

The musical score consists of two systems of three staves each. The first system contains the first line of lyrics, and the second system contains the second line. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'p' and 'f'. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.



2

Oh Nanny will you gang wi me, To th'wake of Teddy Rowe, now,
 Or wheel about and turn about and jump Jim Crow, now,
 Or meet me in the Willow Glen, when I perform Othello,
 To all you Ladies now on land, I've brought my Umbreller.

Chorus; Then listen &c.

3

Oh! Tell me where is fancy bred, Jinny Jones and Alice Gray, can,
 I met her at the fancy fair, with Barclay and Perkins Drayman,
 And The Maid of Judah, Rory o' More, I should very much like to know, Sirs,
 Miss Nicholls who lodged on the first floor, with a Donkey vot wouldnt go Sirs,

Then listen &c.

4

I'm over young to marry yet, with Lord Ullin's Daughter,
 They mourn me dead in my Father's Hall, on the Banks of Allan Water,
 Ch proud must be our Admiral, When Comin thro' the eye, Sirs,
 Bessy was a Sailor's Bride, And a reglar ax my eye, Sirs

Then listen &c.

5

My love is but a lassie yet, They've given her to another,
 I'm sure I never can forget, Ben Block, The Dustman's Brother,
 After many roving years, how should he upbraid, now,
 Sich a gettin up de stairs, all with the Mountain maid, now.

Then listen &c.

6

My love is like the red red rose, a Friar of orders Gray. Sirs,
 Heres Jolly Dick the lamplighter, the light of other days, Sirs,
 Here we meet too soon to part, Lovers should not wrangle,
 Victoria Queen, Tell me my heart, Has your Mother sold her Mangle.

Then listen &c.

End of Vol. 1.







