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*A simple boy, I sing with joy,
Sweet Mary of the Dale.*

Published by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.

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Glen 62.

T H & C

London Minstrel.

a selection of favorite

SONGS, DUETTS, GLEES &c.

SET TO MUSIC

for the Voice, Violon & Flute

with an

INTRODUCTION TO SINGING.



London.

PRINTED FOR DEAN & MUNDAY, THREADNEEDLE STREET.

1821.



THE
LONDON MINSTREL:

BEING

A COLLECTION OF THE MOST APPROVED

ENGLISH,

IRISH, and SCOTCH SONGS,

Glees, Duets, &c.

AS SUNG

AT THE THEATRES AND CONVIVIAL PARTIES,

WITH

The Music,

ADAPTED

TO THE VOICE, FLUTE VIOLIN, &c.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED, AN

Introduction to Singing.

THE WHOLE

WRITTEN, SELECTED, AND ARRANGED,

BY A PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN.

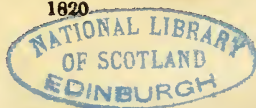


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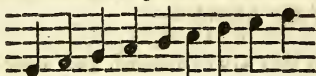
INTRODUCTION TO SINGING.

Music is expressed by certain characters which, when known, will convey to the idea their meaning and effect.

The following is called a staff, or stave—



It contains five lines and four spaces, *on* and *in* which the notes are placed; thus—



But as this is not sufficient to contain all the notes used in music, short lines, either above or below the staff, are added, which are called ledger lines; thus—



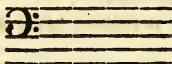
At the beginning of every staff, a character is placed, which is called a clef, to determine the names of the notes; but as the limits of this book will not permit me to explain all the clefs

used in music, I shall confine myself to the two following, which are the principal, and in which all modern music is written :—

The G, or treble clef,



The F, or bass clef,



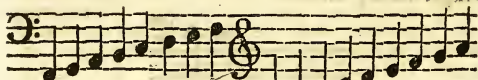
The reason why they are so called, is, that on whatever line a clef is placed, the note upon that line is named.

The notes are derived from the first seven letters of the Alphabet—

A, B, C, D, E, F, G;

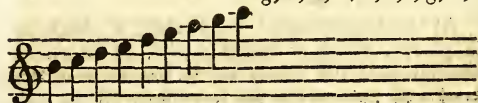
and when they are exhausted, the same are repeated.

The following gamut, or scale, contains all the notes within the compass of the human voice :—



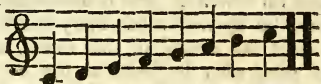
f, g, a, b, c, d, e, f,

g, a, b, c, d, e, f, g, a,



b, c, d, e, f, g, a, b, c.

The student must impress these upon his memory, that, in whatever situation he may see them he may readily know their names. When this is done, he may sound the following eight notes, which is called an octave, with his voice*.



1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8†.

This must be practised both ascending and descending.

In singing the above lesson, every note must bear a due proportion to the other, both in the

* As it is impossible by words to convey the idea of sounds, the student must have recourse to an instrument; or, if he has a quick ear, he may catch the sound of the ringing of eight bells, which, when they first set out, ring the octave, beginning at the highest note first.

† There are various ways of sounding the octave; some recommend the Italian solfeggio, and sing—*do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do*, which, no doubt, to a person who is studying professionally, is the best method, as it gives the pronunciation of all the principal vowels, and forms the mouth to an easy and proper articulation; but it is attended with much difficulty, and would confuse the uninformed student, without numberless examples, and a master to explain them. Some sing the names of the notes; but in sounding them, the mouth is not sufficiently opened to emit a clear, good tone, and the pupil would acquire a bad pronunciation, (too often the case with many singers), which is most disagreeable to the hearer. The figures, while they give free egress to the voice, will be easy to recollect, and greatly assist the learner in practising the intervals.—An interval is the distance from one sound to another.

length of the sound, and quality of the tone ; that is, one note must not be held longer, or sung louder, than the rest ; but each must be begun soft, gradually swelled, and softened again to the tone on which it was commenced. The mouth must be opened moderately wide, so as freely to emit the sound of the vowel, and the consonant must only be heard at the beginning and end of the word. In singing, great attention must be paid to this rule ; for, in speaking, we know, in articulating a consonant, the mouth must be closed, and that it is only by the help of a vowel we form a distinct sound ; therefore unless the mouth be opened sufficiently, the breath necessary to the formation of such sound, escapes through the nostrils, from which proceeds a most disagreeable tone, though not unfrequently heard many who attempt to sing. The sound should come from the chest, and issued from the mouth without interruption ; singing from the throat and through the teeth should also be carefully avoided.

In raising the octave, it will be found that the distance of sound from one note to another is not equal ; the sounds between the third and fourth and the seventh and eighth notes are only half to that of the others, and are called semitones ; thus an octave contains invariably five whole tones and two semitones.

Every tune, or air, has one certain note on which all the rest are founded : it is called the fundamental, or key note ; and it is sometimes the first, but always the last, note of the bass in every piece of music. There are two keys,

a major and a minor. The major key consists of five whole tones and two semitones, which lie in the order I have above described them. The minor key has the same, but differently situated; the semitones lie between the second and third, and fifth and sixth notes of the scale.

Example of the major and minor octaves.

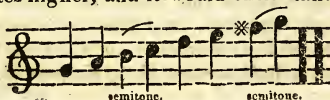
Major.

Minor.




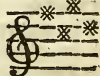



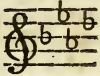


In the properly placing of these semitones, is the most essential part of singing; for if, in either key, a whole tone or semitone is misplaced, the melody is lost, and the tune is immediately deranged.

The above are termed natural keys; there are others which are artificial keys, and require certain characters to express them, called flats and sharps; but the same rule is followed with regard to the situation of the semitones as in the natural keys; each has also a major and a minor; and the only difference between them is in the pitch. For instance, if the above natural key, which is in C major, was too low for the voice, it might be transposed into G major, which is five notes higher, and it would then stand thus—



Observe that the semitones are precisely in the same places as in the natural key, that is, between the third and fourth, and the seventh and eighth notes of the scale, which is now become G major; but it is necessary to have a sharp to denote the last semitone, otherwise, if it stood without that character, it would be natural, which would throw the semitone in the wrong place; thus a sharp \sharp always elevates a note half a tone higher to what it before stood; a flat \flat depresses a note half a tone lower; and a natural \natural brings it either from a sharp or a flat to its original position. To prevent these from occurring too frequently in the middle of a piece, and to determine the key, they are always placed at the beginning of the staff, and called the signature; thus—

G major,	D major,	A major,	E major,
			
or E minor.	or B minor.	or F minor.	or C minor
F major,	B major,	E major,	A major,
			
or D minor.	or G minor.	or C minor.	or F minor

These affect all the notes of same name throughout the piece, and those which occur in the course of the movement in addition to the others, are termed accidental, to distinguish them

from those of the signature ; but the accidentals are understood only to affect the notes of the same name which they immediately precede.

The pupil should write himself lessons in all these keys, both major and minor*, and practise them ascending and descending. It may be necessary to add, that, in whatever key the octave may be placed, the same tune will be heard, only with this difference, that the one may be high and the other low.

The foregoing octave is termed the *diatonic*, because the greater part of the intervals are tones ; but there is another, termed the *chromatic*, which ascends and descends by semitones ; by describing of which it will give the student a better idea of the use of sharps and flats, and enable him to comprehend the nature of major and minor keys.

The chromatic scale generally ascends by sharps and descends by flats, as follows :—



These include every sharp and flat used in music ; by which the student will perceive that the keys may be extended farther than those

* The minor of any key is always the flat third below the major.

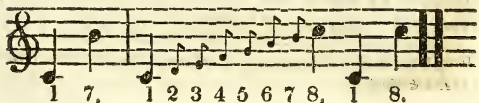
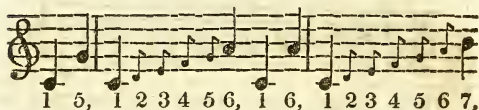
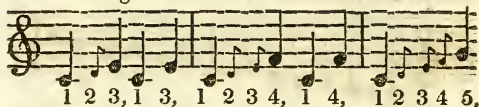
given in the examples above; but as the others are so seldom used, it would be superfluous, in this brief treatise, to mention them.

Though the signature does not express whether the key be major or minor, the same answering to both keys, yet if the scholar examines the last note of the bass, and finds the third note above it contains only four semitones, inclusive of the note counted from, it is a minor key; but if it contains five semitones, inclusive, it is a major key.

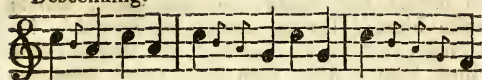
The whole doctrine of melody depends on a right conception of the semitones as to their places in the scale; therefore, great attention must be paid to this subject.

When this is rightly understood, and the student can distinguish the semitones from the tones, and sing them fluently, the following intervals may be practised:—

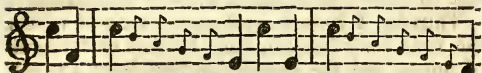
Ascending.



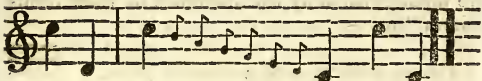
Descending.



1 2 3, 1 3, 1 2 3 4, 1 4, 1 2 3 4 5,



1 5, 1 2 3 4 5 6, 1 6, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7,



1 7, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8, 1 8.

When the pupil can sing the above perfectly, the intermediate notes may be left out, as in the following lesson :—



1 3, 1 4, 1 5, 1 6, 1 7, 1 8.



1 3, 1 4, 1 5, 1 6, 1 7, 1 8.

These must be practised in all keys, both major and minor.

As every tune, or air, is composed of a variety

of notes placed at different distances, the student, to enable him readily to sing them, should write himself lessons containing irregular intervals; that is, for instance, he should rise a third, then a fifth, then fall a third, then rise a sixth, &c. &c. by which means, he will be able to catch any distance without hesitation.

Thus far I have treated of the tune of notes, the next consideration must be that of the time of notes, and the proportion they bear to each other in length or shortness of sound. They are distinguished by the difference of their formation; thus—

The semibreve is of a circular form,



The minim is the same, with the addition of a tail,



The crotchet is a black note, with a tail,



The quaver is a black note, with a tail and a hook,



The semiquaver is a black note, with a tail and two hooks,



A demisemiquaver is a black note, with a tail and three hooks,

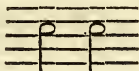


The proportion these notes bear one to another is as follows:—

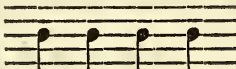
A semibreve



is equal to the time of two minims,



or four crotchets,



or eight quavers,



or sixteen semiquavers,

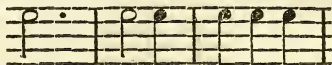


or thirty-two demisemiquavers,



The whole of the above may be grouped together or detached, the tails turned upwards or downwards, without any difference in the time or tune.

The duration of a note may be increased one half of its value by a dot being placed after it ; thus, a dotted minim is as long as a minim and a crotchet, or as three crotchets.



Also, a dotted crotchet is as long as a crotchet and a quaver, or as three quavers ; thus—



Every note has a character to denote silence, which are called rests ; thus—

A semibreve rest is suspended from the fourth line,



A minim rest is upon the third line,



A crotchet rest is turned to the right,



A quaver rest is turned to the left,



A semiquaver rest has two marks, and is turned to the left,



A demisemiquaver rest has three marks, and is turned to the left,



These rests denote, that silence is to be kept during the time of the notes which they represent would otherwise be held.

Every piece of music is measured, and divided into bars; and each bar must contain a certain given quantity, determinable by characters placed at the beginning of the staff. The principal are these:

Common time, containing one semibreve, or two minims, or four crotchets, or eight quavers, or a variety equal to their value, in a bar, which must be beat or counted*, thus:



* Beating time is performed by distinct motions of the hand, which must go down at the beginning of every bar. In common time, where there are four beats in a bar, the ends of the fingers should strike the table, or desk, for the first beat, the hand laid flat, for the second, elevated to the right, for the third, and then to the left, for the fourth; but too great a motion must be avoided, as swinging the hand backwards and forwards has a very ludicrous effect. Some count the time in their minds, but that requires long practice.

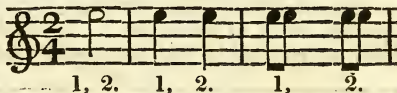
If beaten, the hand must go down twice and up twice, in regular succession, equal to the tick of a house clock.

This character has sometimes a line drawn through it; thus:



which denotes, that, instead of four beats, two only goes to a bar.

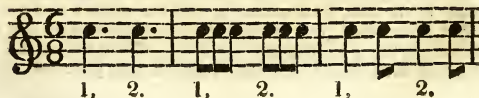
There is another species of common time, which contains only a minim, or two crotchets or eight quavers, &c. in a bar; this is beaten one down and one up, but quicker than the above; thus—



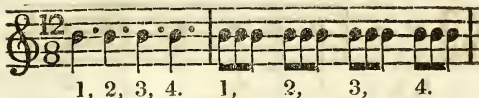
Compound common time is expressed thus:



The first contains six quavers in a bar, and the last twelve. The 6-8 is usually found in lively pieces, and may be beaten one down and one up; thus—

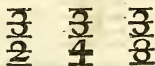


The other may be beaten as common time, two down and two up, thus—

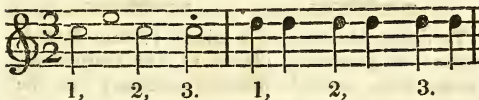


There are various other compound times, which my limits will not permit me to mention; but the above are the most in use, and are sufficient for a learner to know.

Triple time is expressed thus—



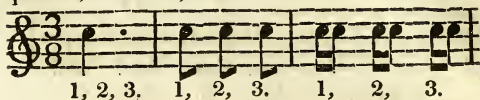
The first contains three minims, or six crotchets, &c. in a bar, and is beaten two down and one up; thus—



The next contains three crotchets, or six quavers, in a bar; thus—



The last contains three quavers, or six semi-quavers, in a bar; thus:—



Every bar must contain its full quantity of notes, or rests, otherwise it is defective. The first bar of a piece frequently contains only a crotchet, or a quaver; but it is always allowed for at the end of the strain, which is marked by a double bar; thus—



If dots are placed on each side of it, it denotes, that each part is to be repeated; thus—



or thus :



To define the time of a piece, certain Italian words are generally placed at the beginning, which, with several others necessary to be known, are given below:—

Adagio, very slow.

Ad libitum, that which is left to the performer's judgment.

Affettuoso, in a soothing, tender style.

Allegro, quick and lively.

Allegretto, rather quick, but not so fast as *Allegro*.

Andantino, slow and expressive.

Andante, rather slow, and every note sung distinct, and in true time.

Cadence, or *Cadenza*, the close of a song, or strain, which is left to the singer for an embellishment.

Chorus, different voices singing together.

Crescendo, or *Cres.* increasing the sound.

Diminuendo, or *Dim.* decreasing the sound.

Da Capo, or *D. C.* to return to the beginning, and end with the first strain.

Dolce, in a sweet, soft manner.

Duet, for two parts.

Forte, or *f.* loud.

Fortissimo, or *ff.* very loud.

Fugue, is when the parts are made to follow and imitate each other.

Grazioso, in a graceful, pleasing style.

Grave, the slowest time.

Largo, slow.

Larghetto, not so slow as *Largo*.

Maestoso, with firmness and grandeur.

Moderato, moderately.

Piano, or *pia.* or *p.* soft.

Pianissimo, or *pp.* very soft.

Presto, quick.

Prestissimo, very quick.

Recitative, a sort singing approaching to speaking, but more elegant.

Siciliana, in a slow, pastoral style.

Solo, one voice only.

Spirito, brisk, and with spirit.

Spiritoso, quick and animated.

Symphony, or *Sym.* the beginning or end of a song, or any intervening part, which is performed by instruments.


Tempo Guisto, in just time.

Verse, one voice to sing each part.

Vivace, with life and spirit.

Trio, for three parts.

Volti Subito, turn over quick.

A pause  sometimes occurs in a piece, which signifies, that the note, or rest, over which it is placed must be held longer than the time allowed for the note, or rest, itself.

The tye, or ligature, is something like the pause, only it has no dot; its use is to connect one note with another of the same name, in the same, or in the next bar, which two notes must be sung as one; thus—



May no cares op - press thy breast.

The slur is of a similar form, and is placed over notes of different names, and signifies that they are to be sung to one word; thus—



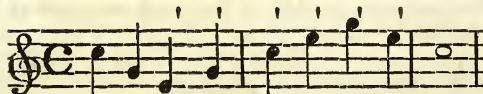
Life let us che - sh, While yet the

A slur has sometimes a figure 3 placed under it; when over quavers, it denotes that they must be sung to the time of a crotchet; when over semiquavers, that they must be sung to the time of a quaver, or six to a crotchet; they are termed triplets, and appear thus—

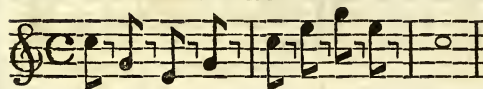


When a dash is placed over notes, it is termed *staccato*, and they are to be sung short and distinct; thus—

Written.



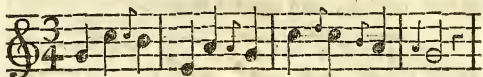
Performed.



The principal graces used in music are, the appoggiatura, the shake, and the turn.

The appoggiatura is a small note prefixed to a large one, from which it borrows half its value; and should be sung rather stronger than the other.

Written.



Performed.



The shake, when performed well, is one of the most beautiful ornaments in music; but, to those who have it not naturally, it is very difficult to attain. It consists of a rapid repetition of two notes, either at the distance of a tone or half a tone; hence the former is called a major, and the latter a minor shake. It should be practised very slow at first, and increased by degrees.

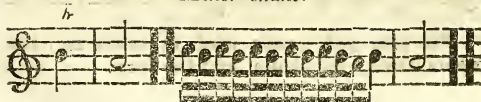
Major shake.

Written.



Performed.

Minor shake.



The turn frequently occurs after a dotted note; thus:—

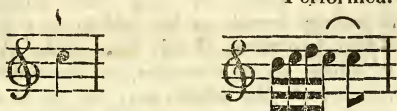
Written.

Performed.



the inverted turn begins from the note below, and is marked thus—

Performed:



Thus far I have explained the principal characters used in music, and how they are applied; but it cannot be expected, in such a limited scope, to elucidate the whole science; I have, however, endeavoured to simplify, as much as possible, whatever is necessary for a beginner to know; which may be the means of urging some to a further research; for a large volume and technical expressions, often deter many from entering on a study, which, were it in a smaller compass and familiarly explained, they would feel a pleasure in pursuing. I shall now add a few hints, with regard to singing in general, that will be found useful. In the first place, never attempt to sing a song that is not within the compass of your voice, nor graces and ornaments that you cannot perform neat and cor-

rect, for any thing of that kind done clumsily, so far from pleasing, generally creates a smile of derision. Before you attempt a song in company, learn well the words, and understand the meaning of the author, that you may give them the best effect possible ; and be careful also to pronounce every word clear and distinct ; for which attend to the instructions given page vi. Always retain a sufficient quantity of breath to give effect to such passages as require energy or emphasis, and never totally exhaust it, that you strain or sing with difficulty. Avoid taking breath in the middle of a word, or between two words closely connected ; at the end of a line, or at a comma, or after a dotted note, or a rest, the breath may be taken with propriety. Never shut your eyes while singing, nor keep continually looking up to the ceiling ; but address yourself to the company, in an easy and free manner, neither affected nor overstrained ; and yet not so tame and inanimate that you appear insensible of what you are singing about ; but give such expression as may be suitable, both to the words and music, in a graceful and impressive style. By attending to these hints, errors will be avoided, which many fall into, and which often appear disagreeable and disgusting

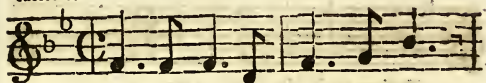
THE

LONDON MINSTREL.

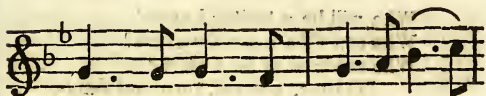


Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled.

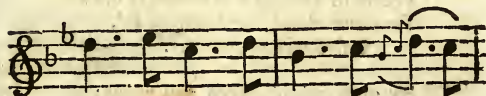
Maestoso.



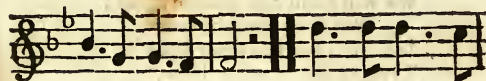
Scots wha ha'e wi' Wal - lace bled,



Scots whom Bruce has of - ten led,



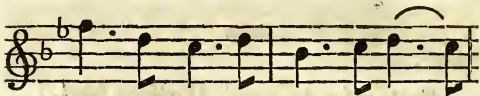
Welcome to your go - ry bed,



Or to vic-to - ry. Now's the day, and



now's the hour, See the front of battle lour,



See ap-proach proud Edward's pow'r,



Chains and sla - ve - ry.

Wha will be a traitor knave?

Wha can fill a coward's grave?

Wha sae base as be a slave?

Traitor, coward, turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and la',

Freedom's sword will strongly draw?

Freeman stand, or freeman fa',

Caledonia on wi' me.

By oppression's woes and pains;

By your sons in servile chains;

We will drain our dearest veins;

But they shall be free.

Lay the proud usurper low;

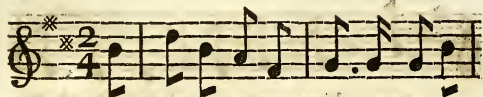
Tyrants fall in ev'ry blow,

Liberty's in ev'ry blow,

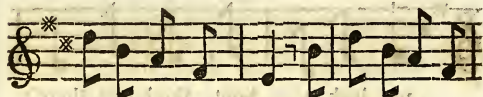
Forward, let us do, or die.

There's nae luck about the house.

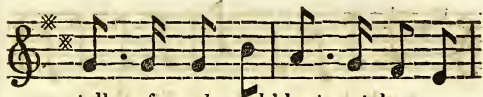
Moderato



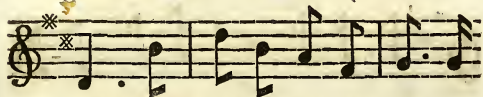
AND are ye sure the news is true, And



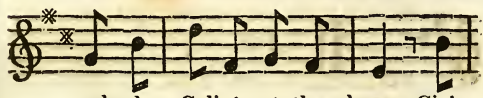
are ye sure he's weel, Is this a time to



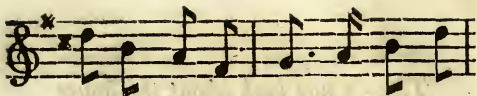
talk of wark, mak' haste set by your



wheel, Is this a time to talk of



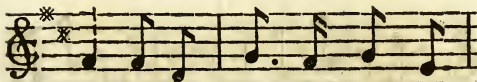
wark when Colin's at the door, Gie'



nae my cloak I'll to the quay, and



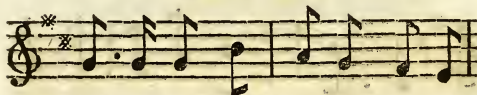
see him come a - - shore, For there's



nae luck a - - bout the house, there's



nae luck at a', there's lit - tle pleasure



in the house, When our gude man's a-

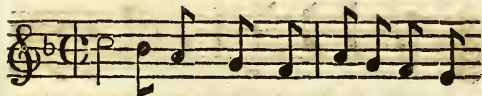


wa'.

Lie still, lie still, my beating breast,
 Ah! welcome him on shore;
 Perhaps from me no more he'll roam,
 Or trust the rude sea's more.
 The cold blasts of the wintry wind
 That thrill'd late through my heart,
 Are all blown by, and Colin's safe;
 Till death, we ne'er shall part.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

But what puts parting in my head?
 It may be far awa';
 The present moment's sure our own,
 The next we ne'er may see.
 Lie still, lie still, my beating heart;
 Hark! hark! he's at the door!
 Perhaps from me no more to part,
 Nor trust the rough seas more,
 For there's nae luck, &c.

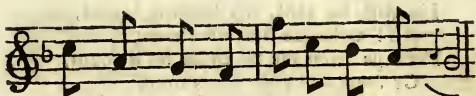
Pray Goody.



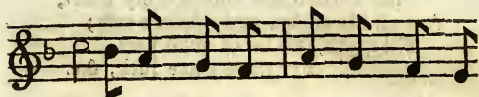
PRAY, Goody, please to moderate the



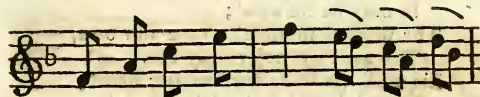
ran - cour of your tongue, Why



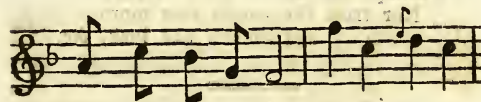
flash those sparks of fu-ry from your eyes?



Remember when the judgment's weak the



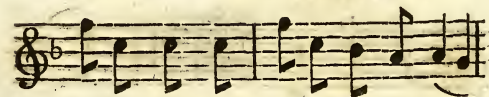
pre - ju - dice is strong, A stran-ger



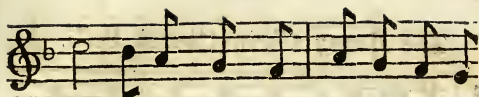
why will you despise? Ply me, try me,



prove, ere you de - ny me; If you cast me



off you blast me never more to rise.



Pray, Goody, please to mo-de-rate the



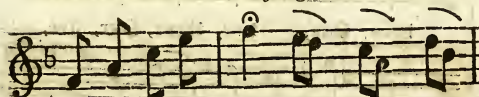
ran - cour of your tongue, Why



flash those sparks of fu - ry from your eyes



Remember when the judgment's weak the

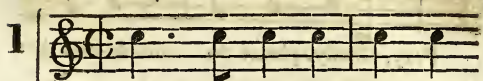


pre - ju - dice is strong, A stran - ger

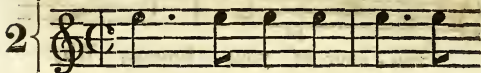


why will you des - pise ?

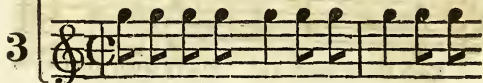
The Bonny Christ-Church Bells.



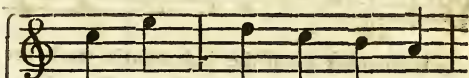
HARK! the Bon - ny Christ Church



Hark! the first and se - cond



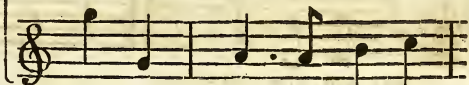
Tingle tingle ting goes the small bell at



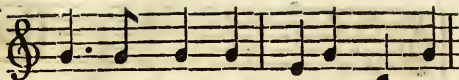
bells, One, two, three, four, five,



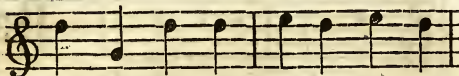
bell, That ev' - ry day at



nine, To call the Bear-ers



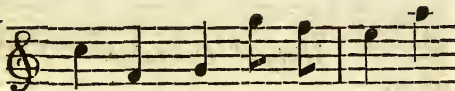
six, They sound so woun-dy great, so



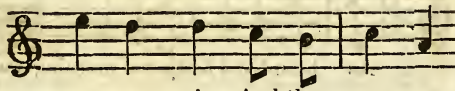
four and ten, Cries come come come come



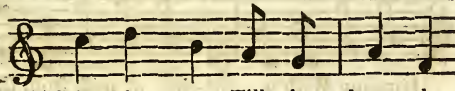
home, But the de'il a man will



wond'rous sweet, And they troul so



come to pray'rs, And the ver - ger



leave his can, Till he hears the

mer - ri - ly mer - - - ri - - ly.

troops be - - fore the Dean.

migh - ty Tom

Kitty of Coleraine

Moderato

As beau-ti-ful Kitty one morning was

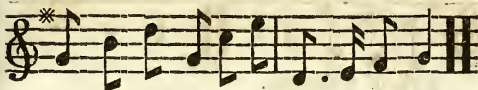
tripping With a pit-cher of milk from the



fair of Cole-raine, When she saw me she



stumbled, The pitcher it tumbled, And



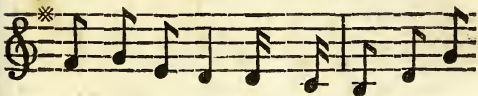
all the sweet buttermilk water'd the plain.



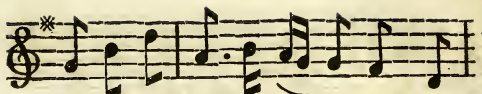
Oh! what shall I do now, 'Twas looking at



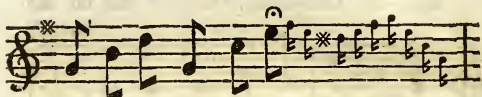
you now, Sure sure, such a pit-cher I'll



ne'er meet a-gain, 'Twas the pride of my



dai-ry, O! Barney Mc Cleary, you're



sent as a plague to the _____



girls of Coleraine.

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such
pain;

A kiss then I gave her, and, before I did leave
her,

She vow'd, for such pleasure, she'd break it
again.

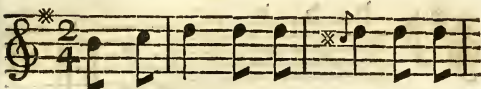
'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,

Misfortune will never come single 'tis plain;

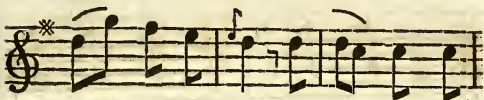
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,

The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

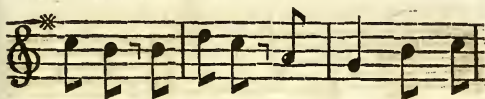
Will you come to the Bow'r?



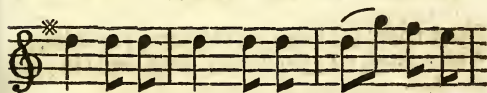
WILL you come to the bow'r I have



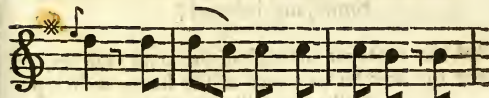
shad - ed for you, Our bed shall be



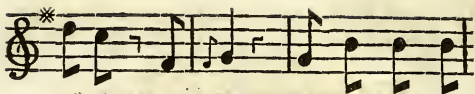
ro - ses, all spangled with dew; Will you



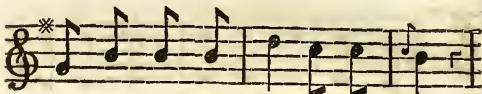
come to the bow'r, I have shad - ed for



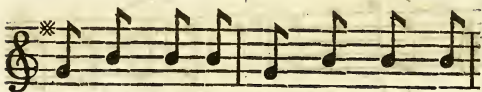
you, Our bed shall be ro-ses, all



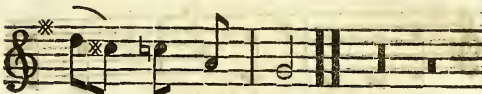
spangled with dew? Will you, will you,



will you, will you come to the bow'r?



will you, will you, will you, will you



come to the bow'r?

There under the bow'r on soft roses you'll lie,
With a blush on your cheek, but a smile in your
eye.

Will you, will you, &c.
Smile, my beloved?

But the roses we press shall not rival your lip,
Nor the dew be so sweet as the kisses we'll sip.

Will you, will you, &c.
Kiss me, my love?

And, Oh ! for the joys that are sweeter than dew,
From languishing roses, or kisses from you.

Will you, will you, &c.

Won't you, my love ?

I'll come to the Bow'r.

Will you promise with roses no thorns there
shall be ?

And I'll come to the bow'r you have shaded for
me.

Will you, will you, &c.

Come to the bow'r ?

As under the bow'r on soft roses we lie,
With a blush on each cheek, and a love-laughing
eye.

Will you, will you, &c.

Say, my belov'd ?

From the roses we press what joys will be found,
Whose kisses so sweet shed their fragrance around.

Will you, will you, &c.

I'll kiss you, my love.

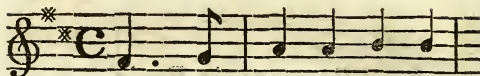
But shew me the ring, more sweeter than dew
From the falt'ring roses, or kisses from you.

Will you, will you, &c.

Can you, my love ?

In my Cottage near a Wood.

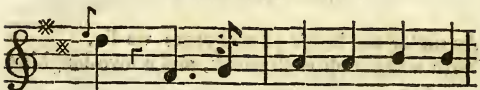
Andante



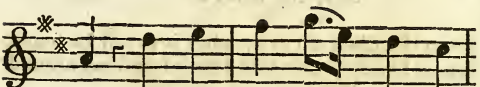
In my cot - tage near a



wood, Love and Ro - sa now are



mine, Ro - sa, e - ver fair and



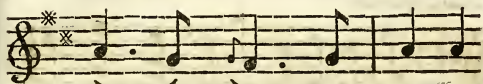
good, Charm me with those smiles of



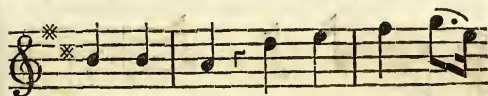
thine. Ro-sa part - ner of my



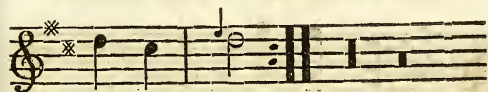
life, Thee a - - lone my heart shall



prize, Thee, the ten - der



friend and wife ; Ah ! too swift life's



cur - rent flies.

Linger yet, ye moments, stay ;

Why so rapid is your wing ?

Whither would you haste away ?

Stay, and hear my Rosa sing.

Love and youth still bless my cot ;

Fortune's frowns are for our good ;

May we live, by pride forgot,

In our cottage near a wood.

*Had I a Heart.**Andante, Affettuoso.*

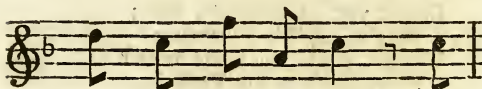
HAD I a heart for falsehood fram'd, I



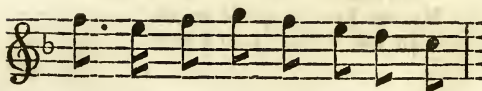
ne'er could in - - - jure you; For



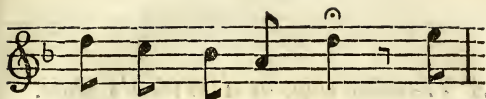
tho' your tongue no promise claim'd, Your



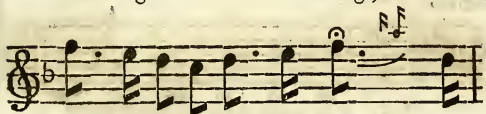
charms would make me true; To



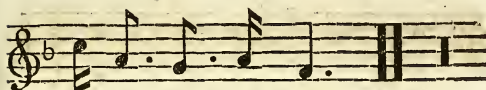
you no soul shall bear deceit, No



stran - ger of - - fer wrong ; But



friends in all the ag'd you'll meet, And



lo - vers in the young.

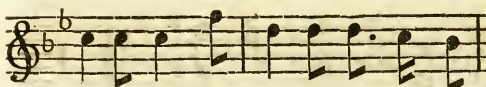
But when they learn that you have blest
 - Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
 And act a brother's part ;
 Then, lady, dread not here deceit.
 Nor fear to suffer wrong ;
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And brothers in the young.

A Traveller stopt at a Widow's Gate.

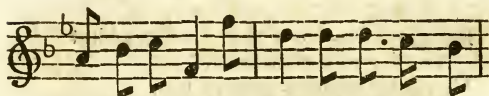
Allegretto



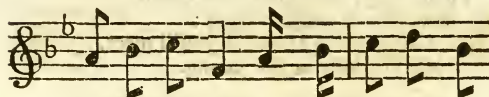
A TRA - VEL - LER stopt at a



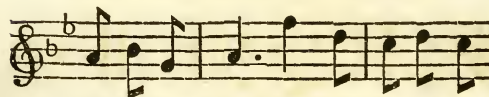
widow's gate, She kept an inn, and he



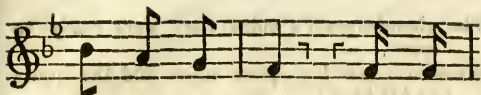
wanted to bait, She kept an inn, and he



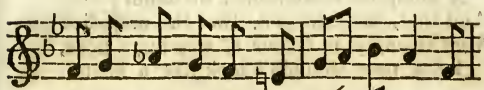
wan-ted to bait; but the wi-dow she



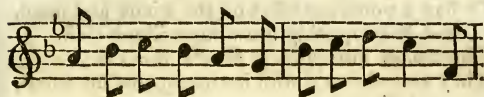
slight-ed her guest; but the wi-dow she



slight - ed her guest For when



Nature was making an ug - ly race, She



certainly moulded the traveller's face, She



certainly moulded the traveller's face, As a



sample for all the rest, As a



sample for all the rest.

The chambermaid's sides they were ready to
crack,

When she saw his queer nose, and the hump
on his back ;

A hump isn't handsome, no doubt ;
And tho', 'tis confess'd, that the prejudice goes
Very strongly in favour of wearing a nose,
Yet a nose shouldn't look like a snout.

A bag full of gold on the table he laid,
'T had a wondrous effect on the widow and maid,
And they quickly grew marvellous civil.

The money immediately alter'd the case,
They were charm'd with his hump, and his snout,
and his face,

Tho' he still might have frighten'd the devil.

He paid like a prince; gave the widow a smack ;
And flopp'd on his horse at the door like a sack ;

While the landlady touching the chink,
Cried, "Sir, should you travel this country again,
I heartily hope that the sweetest of men,
Will stop at the widow's to drink."

Ye Banks and Braes of bonny Doon.



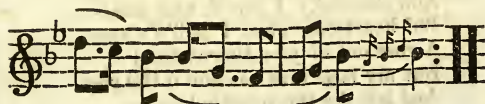
YE banks & braes of bon-ny Doon, How



can you bloom so fresh and fair, How



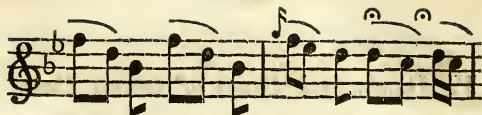
can ye sing, ye lit - tle birds, While



I'm so wae and full of care.



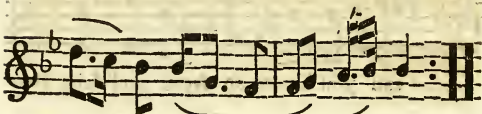
You'll break my heart, ye lit-tle birds, That



wanton thro' the flowing thorn, Ye



'mind me of de - part - ed joys, De-



part - ed ne - ver to re - turn.

Oft have I roam'd by bonny Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,
 Where ilka bird sung o'er its note,
 And cheerfully I join'd with mine.
 Wi' heartsome glee, I pull'd a rose,
 A rose out of yon thorny tree;
 But my false love has stol'n the rose,
 And left the thorn behind to me.

Here's a Health to all good Lasses.

Allegretto.

p

HERE's a health to all good las-ses,

Here's a health to all good lasses, Here s a

Here's a health to all good lasses, Here's a

Here's a

health to all good las-ses, Pledge it

health to all good las-ses, Pledge it

health to all good las-ses, Pledge it

mer - ri - ly, fill your glas-ses, Let a

mer - ri - ly, fill your glasses, Let a

mer - ri - ly, fill your glas-ses, Let a

bum - per toast go round, Let a

bum - per toast go round, Let a

bum - per toast go round, Let a

bumper toast go round. May they

bumper toast go round.

bumper toast go round.

live - - - - -

May they live a life of pleasure, Without

May they live a life of pleasure, Without

- - - - - For with

mix-ture, without mea-sure, For with

mix-ture, without mea-sure, For with

them true joys are found. All good

them true joys are found. All good

them true joys are found.

las - ses, Fill your

las - ses, Fill your

Here's a bum-per,

glas-ses, Here's a *p.*

glas-ses, Here's a *p.*

f. Here's a bumper. Here's a *p.*

health to all good las-ses, Pledge it

health to all good las-ses, Pledge it

health to all good las-ses, Pledge it

mer - ri - ly, fill your glas-ses, Let a

mer - ri - ly, fill your glasses, Let a

mer - ri - ly, fill your glas-ses, Let a

bum - per toast go round, Let a

bum - per toast go round, Let a

bum - per toast go round, Let a



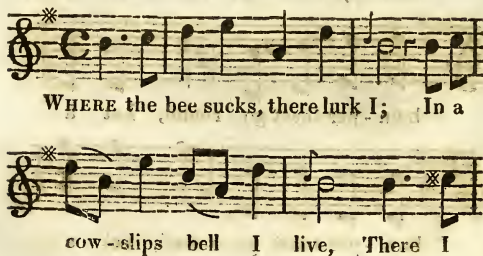
bumper toast go round.

bumper toast go round.

bumper toast go round.

Where the Bee sucks.

Andante.

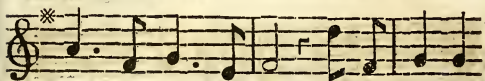


WHERE the bee sucks, there lurk I; In a

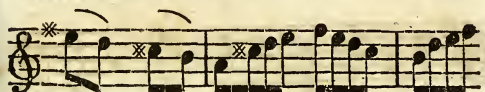
cow-slips bell I live, There I



crouch when owls do cry, when owls do



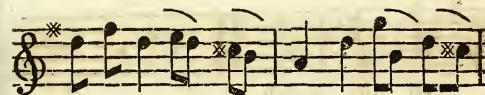
cry, when owls do cry. On the bat's back



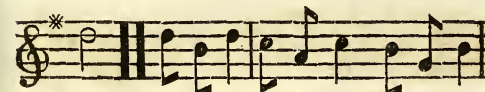
do I fly - - - - -



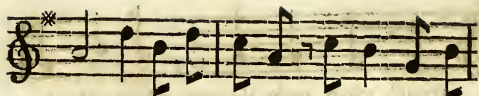
- - - - - Af - ter sun-set mer-ri-ly



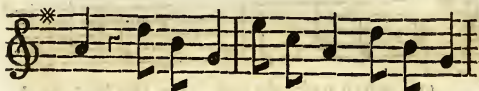
mer-ri-ly, af - - ter sun-set mer - ri -



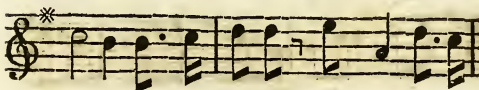
ly. Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri - ly shall I live



now, Under the blossom, that hangs on the



bough, Merri - ly, mer - ri - ly shall I live



now, Under the blossom, that hangs on the



bough, Un - der the blossom, - that hangs



on the bough.

I found the Warrior on the Plain.

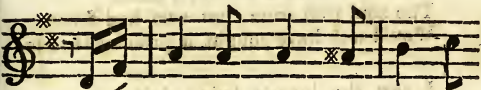
Largo e espressivo.



I FOUND the war - rior on the



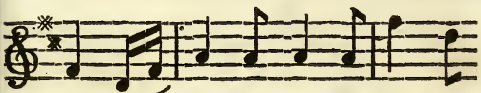
plain, His eye was fix'd, his hand was chill,



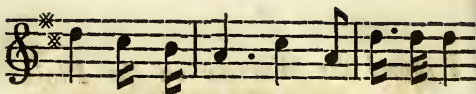
Still bore his breast the life's-blood



stain, The blood was on his hel-met



still, He died as souls like his should



die, In the hot clasp of vic-to-ry



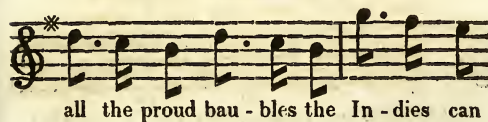
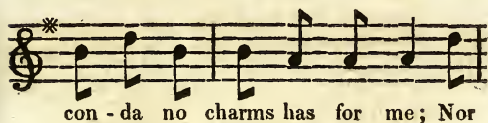
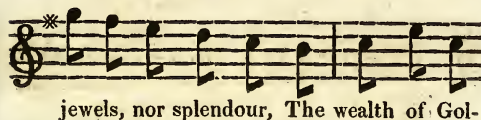
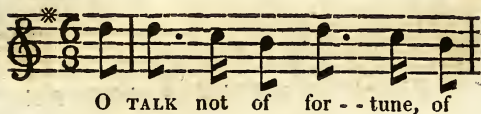
of vic - - - to - ry !

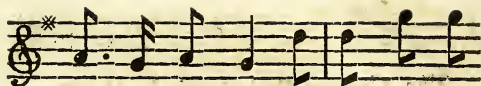
The eye was fix'd, but in its gaze,
Look'd the high soul—the crimson brow
Was cold, but life's departing rays
Had lit it with a warrior's glow.
The soul that from that surf had flown
Would not have sought a prouder throne.

I saw the lover's living shade
Shiv'ring in summer's rosiest gale ;
The look of woe—the cheek decay'd—
The eyes' dark brilliance sunk and pale.
Rather than drag that life of pain,
Give me the sword ! the strife ! the plain !

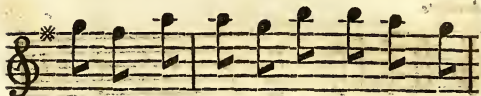
The Cottage that stands by the Sea.

Andante.





side of the sea. That cot where my



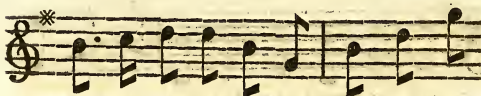
Edward first told his fond wishes And



of - fer'd to Ma - ry his hand and his



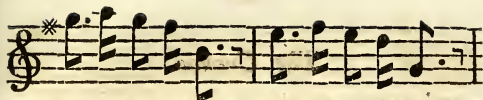
heart, That cot, where re - gard-less of



grandeur or rich-es, We vow'd, and that



tru - ly, O ne - ver to part, but



live in the cottage, live in the cottage,



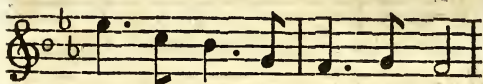
live in the cottage, That stands by the sea.

O talk not of titles, of balls, nor fine places,
 Of palaces, power, of such prithe cease,
 And say, can ye tell, where content glads all faces,
 Compar'd to our cottage, the mansion of peace.
 O no! for our cot, near the brink of the ocean,
 Stands far from all guile and the minions of
 pride;
 And there, while our hearts pant with love's
 soft emotion,
 O there, with my Edward, will Mary abide.
 And live in the cottage, &c.

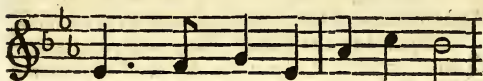
O talk not to me of splendour or glory;
 My splendour and glory are found in the cot,
 Where Edward and Mary (and true is the story)
 Enjoy every blessing, content with their lot.
 Sweet health is a handmaid, that waits on us
 cheerly,
 From care, pain, and sorrow we also are free,
 And thus with the man, of all men I love dearly,
 I live in the cottage that stands by the sea.
 We live in the cottage, &c.

The Cuckoo.

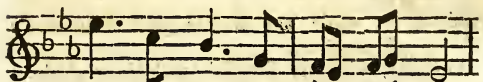
Now the sun is in the west,



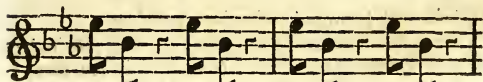
Sink - ing slow be - hind the trees,



And the cuckoo, welcome guest,



Gent - ly woos the eve - ning breeze;



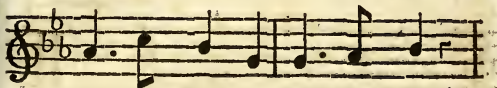
Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!



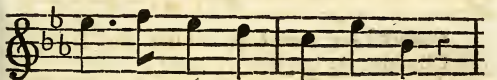
Gent - ly woos the eve - ning breeze;



Spór - tīve now the swal-lows play,



Light-ly skim - ing o'er the brook,



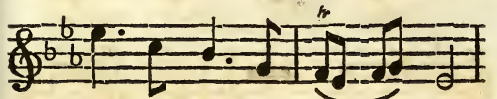
Dart - ing swift they wing their way,



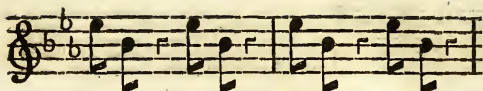
Homeward to their peace - ful nook,



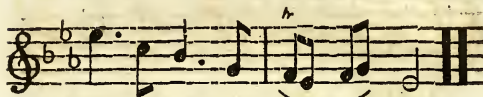
Whilst the cuc - koo, bird of spring,



Still a - midst the trees doth sing,

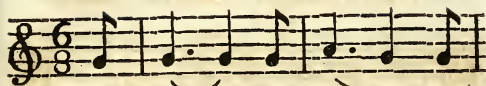


Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!

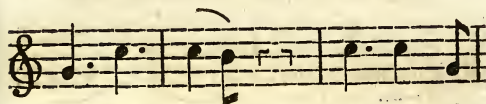


Still amidst the trees doth sing.

Cheerful see yon shepherd boy
 Climbing up the craggy rocks;
 As he views the dappled sky,
 Pleas'd the cuckoo's note he mocks;
 Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!
 Pleas'd the cuckoo's note he mocks.
 Now, advancing o'er the plain,
 Evening's dusky shades appear,
 And the cuckoo's voice again,
 Softly steals upon mine ear;
 While retiring from the view,
 Thus she bids the day adieu,
 Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!
 Thus she bids the day adieu,

The Confession.

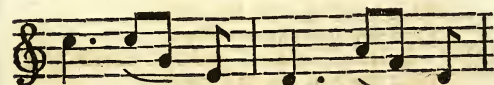
With sor - row and re-



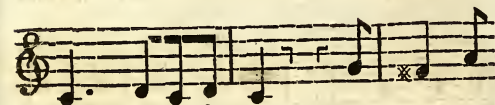
pentance true, Fa-ther I



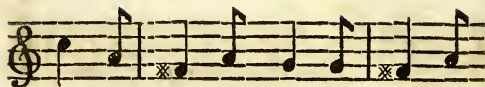
trem - bling come to you,



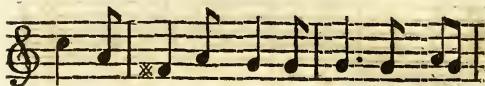
Fa - - ther, I trem - - - bling



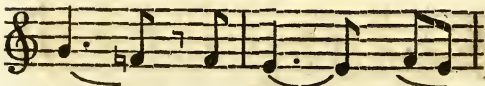
come to you. I know I've



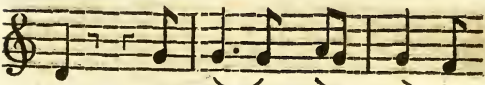
too in - dul-gent been To one but,



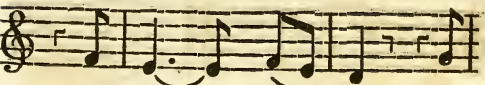
ah! for - give the sin To one whom



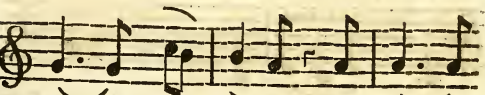
still I love Though



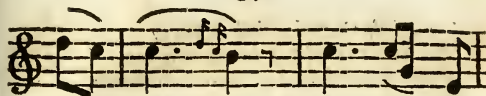
he un - grate - ful prove,



And false to me, Then



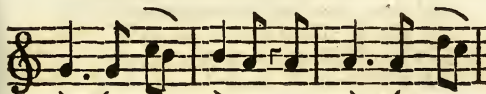
let me on my knees



con - - - fess, How I've been



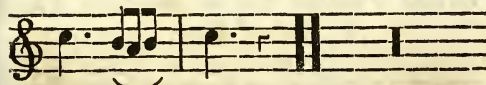
tempt - ed to trans - gress, Then



let me on my knees con-



fess How I've been tempt - ed



to trans-gress.

Oh ! rev'rend father, if you knew
 The charms of him, alas ! untrue,
 Oh ! had you heard the false one swear
 I was the fairest of the fair,
 You would not, holy sir, refuse,
 So slight a weakness to excuse,
 He swore he'd never love me less,
 Oh ! father, must I then confess.

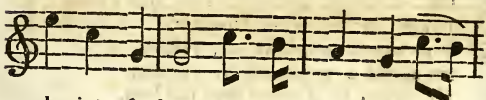
To grief, eternal grief, a prey,
 His name is all my heart can say,
 When bathed in sad repentant tears,
 Still to my mind his name appears;
 Yes, 'tis that name, that name alone,
 Which bends me now before thy throne,
 ALCANDOR!—but I can't express,
 Oh! father, must I then confess.

Oh! tell him should he come to you,
 And thus, like me, for mercy sue,
 Tell him of all the crimes accurs'd,
 Tell him inconstancy's the worst;
 Tell him that he who's false in love,
 Can ne'er hope pity from above,
 Tell him that I alone can bless,
 And send him to me to confess.

Bright Phœbus has mounted the Chariot of Day.



BRIGHT Phœbus has mount - ed the



chariot of day, And the horns and the



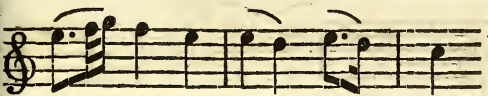
hounds call each sportsman a - way, And the



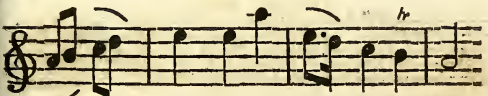
horns and the hounds call each sports-man a-



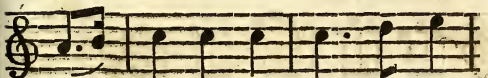
way. Thro' woods and thro' mea-dows with



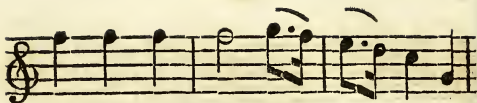
speed now they bound, While health,



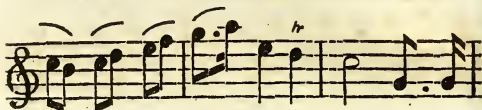
ro - sy health, is in ex - er - cise found,



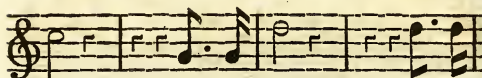
Thro' woods and thro' mea - dows with



speed now they bound, While health, ro - sy



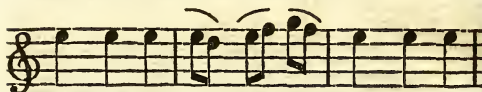
health is in ex - er-cise found. Hark a -



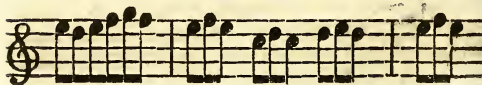
way!

Hark a - way!

Hark a -



way! is the word, to the sound of the



Horn





and e - cho,

and e - cho,

and

e - cho, blithe e - cho makes jo - vial

the morn.

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
 While puss flies the covert, and dogs quick pursue;
 Behold where she flies o'er the wide spreading plain,
 While the loud opening pack pursue her amain.

Hark away ! &c.


At length puss is caught, and lies panting for
 breath,
 And the shout of the huntsman's the signal for
 death ;


No joys can delight like the sports of the field,
 To hunting all pastimes and pleasures must yield.

Hark away ! &c.

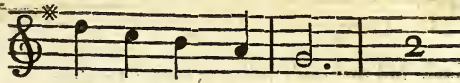
Catch for three Voices.

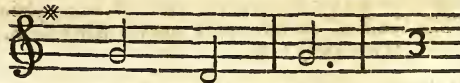
Largo.

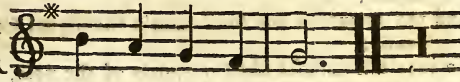
1 
 POOR Johny's dead! I hear his knell bim

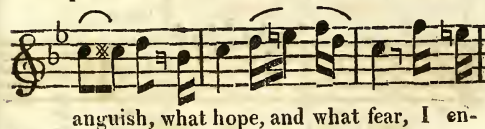
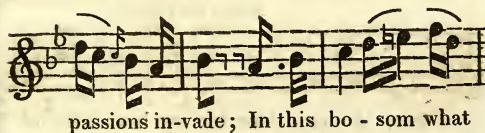
2 
 Bome! bome!

3 
 The bell doth toll, O may his soul in


 bim, bim, bim, bome, bell.


 bim, bome, bell.


 Heav'n for e - ver dwell.

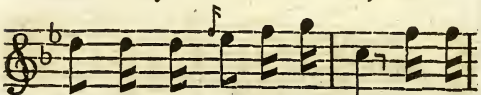
The Beautiful Maid.



dure for my beau-ti - ful maid ; I en-



dure for my beau-ti - ful maid, I en-

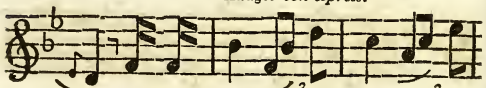


dure for my beau-ti - ful maid ; In this



bosom what anguish, what hope, and what

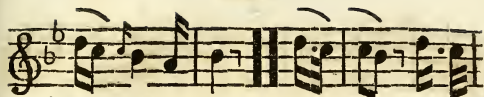
Adagio con espress.



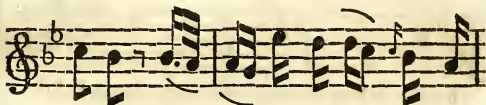
fear, I en - dure for my beau - ti - ful



maid, I en - dure for my



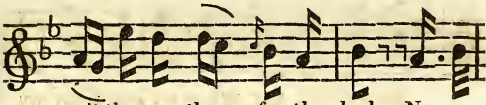
beau - ti - ful maid. In vain I seek



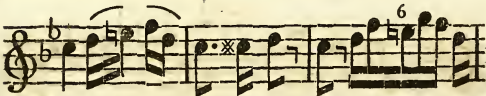
plea-sure to light-en, to light-en my



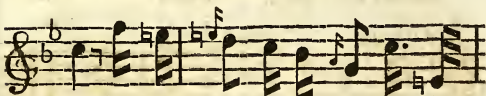
grief, Or quit the gay throng, or



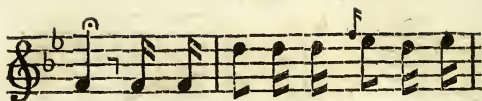
quit the gay throng for the shade; Nor re-



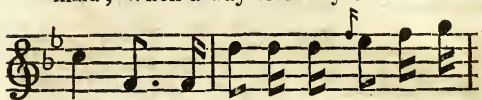
tirement nor so-litude yield me re-



lief, When a - way from my beau-ti - ful



maid ; When a-way from my beau-ti-ful

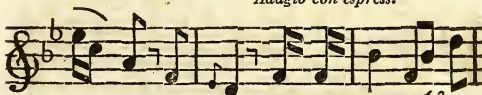


maid ; When a - way from my beau-ti-ful



maid ; Nor re-tirement nor so-li-tude yield

Adagio con espress.



me re - lief, When a - way from my



beau-ti - ful maid, When a-

A tempo



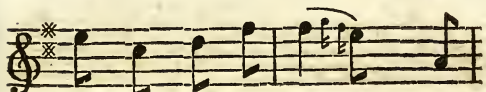
way from my beau - ti - ful maid.

Mary of the Dale.

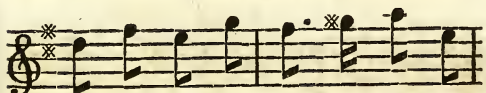
Allegretto.



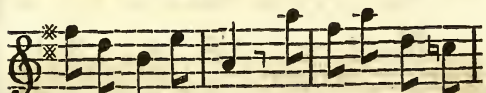
LET po-ets sound the high-flown praise Of



girls in Fash-ion's ring, In



hum-ble strains I chaunt my lays, And



simple beauties sing, A simple boy, I



sing with joy, A sim - ple boy, I



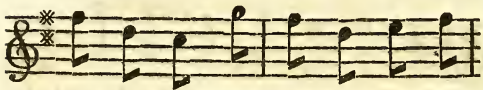
sing with joy, Sweet Ma - ry of the



dale, Sweet Ma - ry of the dale, Sweet



Ma-ry of the dale; A simple boy, I



sing with joy, Sweet Ma - ry of the



dale, Sweet Mary, Sweet Ma - ry, Sweet



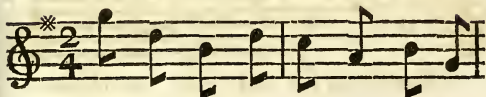
Ma - ry of the dale.

Her cheeks are like the blushing rose;
 Her bosom, lily white;
 Her breath, the sweetest gale that blows;
 Her eyes, the diamond's bright;
 Such charms as these delight and please
 In Mary of the dale.

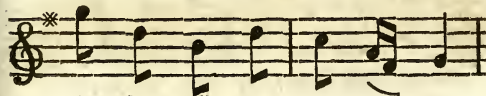
Her heart is innate virtue's seat;
 The seat of wit her mind;
 Her manners soft, her language sweet;
 Her sentiments refin'd;
 And she's so rare, so chaste and fair;
 Sweet Mary of the dale!

By her once lov'd, how blest the youth!
 What joys to him are known!
 To call a maid, all charms and truth,
 A heart like her's his own;
 O happy he must surely be
 With Mary of the dale.

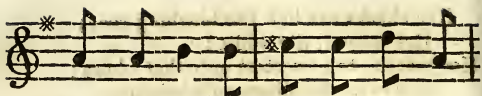
Rosy Joy.



COME with me and pick the blos-soms,



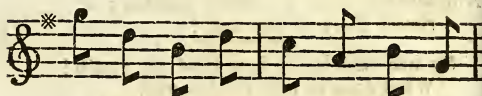
As they fall from ro - - sy Joy,



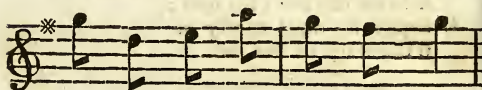
Gen'rous girls to plea-sure lis - ten,



Why should we a bud de-stroy.

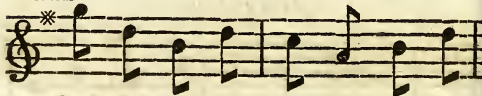


Come with me and pick the blos-soms,



As they fall from ro - sy Joy;

Chorus



Come with me and pick the blossoms,



As they fall from ro - sy Joy

Shall solicitude, with envy,
 Chill our mirth by thoughts of gam?
 Only misers deal in sorrow;
 Only blockheads seek for gain.
 Come with me, &c.

See Contentment's wholesome blushes,
 Ev'ry guiltless heart can warm;
 Malice, and the fiend of Rancour,
 Break the soul's inspiring charm.
 Come with me, &c.

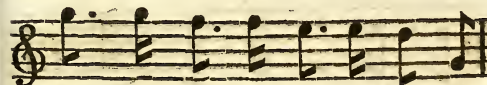
Hark! the hollow Woods.



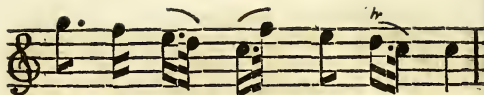
HARK! the hol-low woods re-sound-ing,



E - cho to the hun - ter's cry;



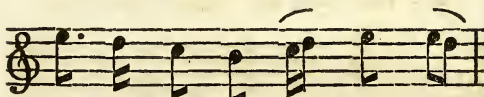
Hark! how all the vales sur-round-ing,



To his cheer - ing voice re - ply.



Now so swift o'er hills a - spir - ing,



He pur - sues the gay de - light



Dis-tant woods and vales re - tir-ing,



Seem to va-nish, seem to va-nish,



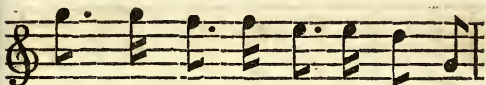
Soem to va - nish from his sight.



Hark ! the hol - low woods re-sound-ing,



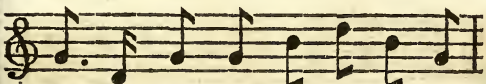
E - cho to the hun - ter's cry ;



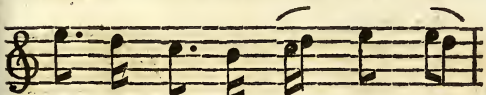
Hark ! how all the vales sur-round-ing,



To his cheer - ing voice re - ply.



Fly - ing still, and still pur - su - ing



See the fox, the hounds, the men,



Cun-ning can - not save from ru - in,



Far from re - fuge, far from re-fuge



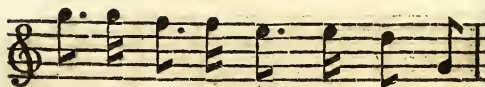
Far from re - fuge, wood, and den.



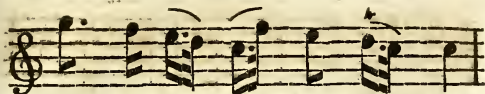
Now they kill him, homeward hie him,



To a jo - vial night's re - past;



Thus no sor-row e'er comes nigh them,



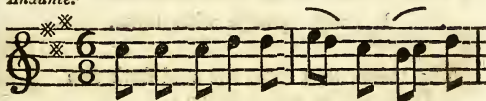
Health - con - ti - nues to the last.



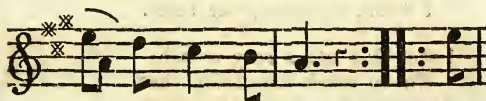
Health con - ti - nues to the last.

Drink to me only.

Andante.



DRINK to me on-ly with thine eyes and

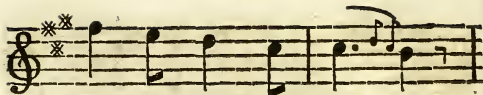


I will pledge with mine.

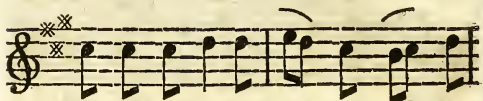
Or



leave a kiss with-in the cup, and



I'll not look for wine.



Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and

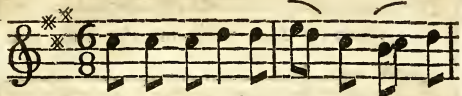


I will pledge with mine.

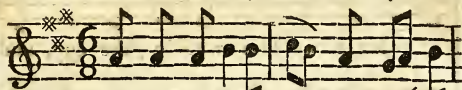
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine ;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It would not wither'd be.

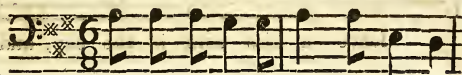
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me,
Since when it looks and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee.

Glee for Three Voices.

DRINK to me on-ly with thine eyes and



DRINK to me on-ly with thine eyes and

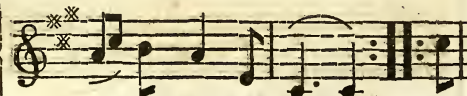


DRINK to me on-ly with thine eyes and



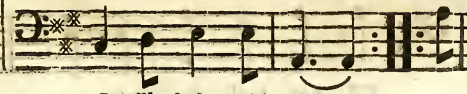
I will pledge with mine.

Or



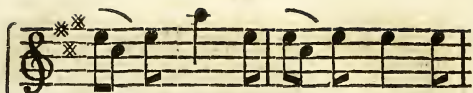
I will pledge with mine.

Or

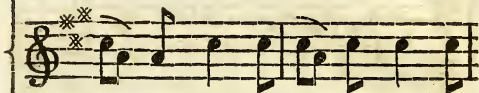


I will pledge with mine.

Or



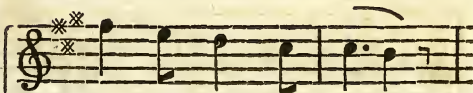
leave a kiss with-in the cup, and



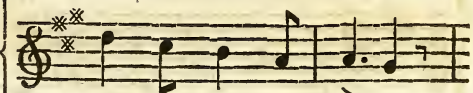
leave a kiss with-in the cup, and



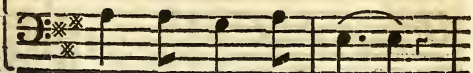
leave a kiss with-in the cup, and



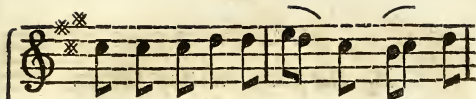
I'll not look for wine.



I'll not look for wine.



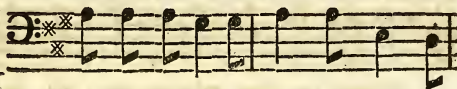
I'll not look for wine.



Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes, and



Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and



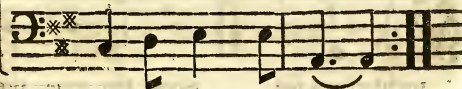
Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and



I will pledge with mine.

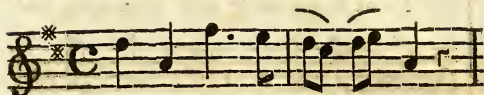


I will pledge with mine.

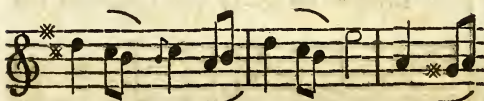


I will pledge with mine.

By the gaily circling Glass.



By the gai - ly cir - cling glass,



We can see how minutes pass; By the



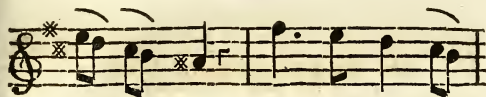
hol - low cask are told, How the waning



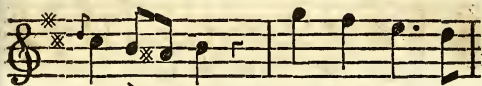
night grows old, How the wan-ing



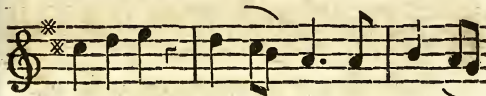
night grows old. Soon, too soon, the



bu - sy day Drives us from our



sport and play. What have we with



day to do? Sons of care, 'twas made for

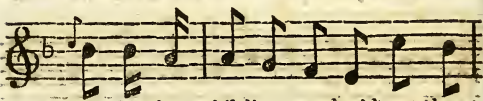


you, Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

By the screeching of the owl,
 By the empty butts that roll,
 By the chirping on the thorn,
 We foretel th' approach of morn.
 Fill, Oh! fill the vacant glass;
 Let no precious moments slip;
 Flout the moralizing ass,
 Joys find entrance at the lip.

*The last Shilling.**Andantino.*

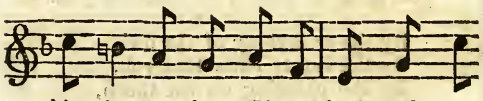
As pen-sive one night in my gar-ret I



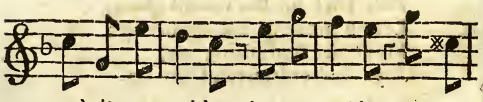
sate, My last shil-ling produc'd on the



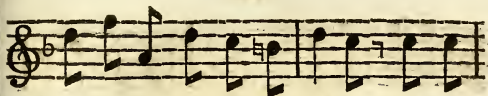
ta - ble, That ad-vent'rer cried I might a



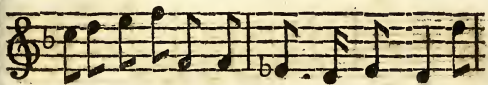
hist-'ry re - late, If to think and to



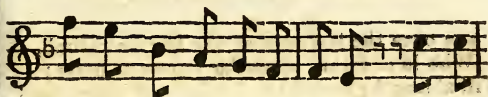
speak it were a-ble, it were a-ble, If to



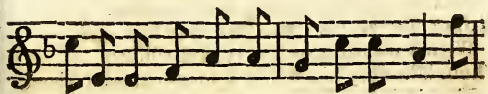
think and to speak it were a - ble. Whether



fancy or magic 'twas play'd me a freak, The



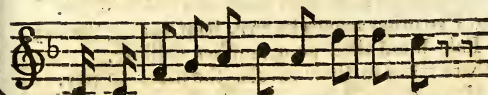
face seem'd with life to be filling, And cried,



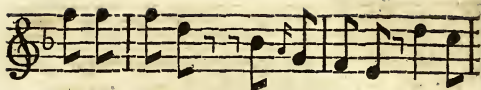
instantly speaking, or seeming to speak, cried



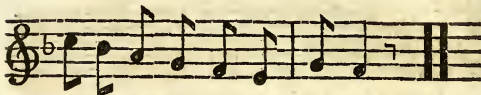
instantly speak-ing, or seem-ing to speak,



Pay at-ten-tion to me, thy last shilling,



thy last shilling, thy last shilling, Pay at-



tention to me, thy last shil-ling.

I was once the last coin of the law a sad limb,
Who in cheating was ne'er known to falter;
Till at length, brought to justice, the law cheated
him,

And he paid me to buy him a halter.

A Jack Tar all his rhino but me at an end,

With a pleasure so hearty and willing,

Though hungry himself, to a poor distress'd friend,

Wish'd it hundreds, and gave his last shilling.

'Twas the wife of his messmate, whose glistening
eye,

With pleasure ran o'er as she view'd me;

She chang'd me for bread, as her child she heard
cry,

And at parting, with tears she bedew'd me.

But I've other scenes known, Riot leading the way,

Pale Want their poor families chilling,

Where rakes in their revels, the piper to pay,

Have spurn'd me, their best friend, and last
shilling.

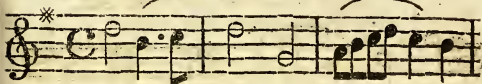
Thou thyself hast been thoughtless for profligates' bail;

But to-morrow all care shalt thou bury,
When my little history thou offerest for sale;
In the interim spend me, and be merry.
Never, never! cried I; thou'rt my Mentor, my Muse;

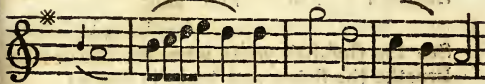
And grateful thy dictates fulfilling,
I'll hoard thee in my heart. Thus men counsel refuse,

Till the lecture comes from the last shilling.

See the Conquering Hero comes.



SEE the conq'ring he - - - ro



comes, Sound the trumpets, beat the

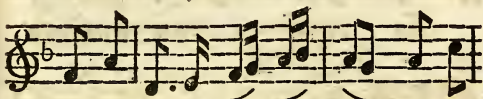


drums; Sports prepare, the lau - - rel



Fare thee well!

FARE thee well ! and if for e - ver



Still for e - ver fare thee well ! E'en tho'



un - for - giv - ing, ne-ver, 'Gainst thee



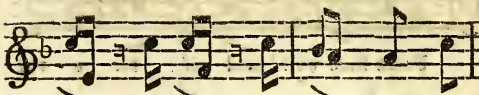
shall my heart re - bel, 'Gainst thee



shall my heart re - - bel, Would that



breast were bar'd be - fore thee, Where thy



head so oft has lain, While that



pla-cid sleep came o'er thee, Which thou



ne'er can'st know a - gain, Which thou



ne'er can'st know a - gain.

Tho' the world for this commend thee—
 Tho' it smile upon the blow,
 — en its praises must offend thee,
 Founded on another's woe—
 Though my many faults defac'd me,
 Could no other arm be found,
 Than the one which once embrac'd me,
 To inflict a cureless wound?

And when thou would'st solace gather,
 When our child's first accents flow,
 Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!"
 Tho' his care she must forego!
 When her little hands shall press thee—
 When her lip to thine is prest—
 Think of him whose pray'r shall bless thee,
 Think of him thy love has blest.

Should her lineaments resemble
 Those thou never more may'st see,
 Then thy heart will softly tremble,
 With a pulse yet true to me.
 All my faults perchance thou knowest—
 All my madness—none can know;
 All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
 Wither—yet with thee they go.

But 'tis done, all words are idle,
 Words from me are vainer still,
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle,
 Force the way without the wil

Fare-thee-well! thus disunited,
 Torn from every nearer tie—
 Sear'd in heart—and love—and blighted
 More than this, I scarce can die.

The sweet little Girl that I love.



My friends all de - clare that my



time is misspent, While in ru - ral re-



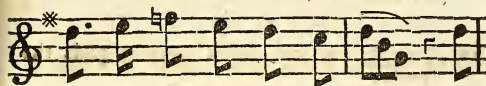
tire - ment I rove; I ask no more



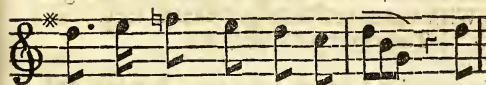
wealth than Dame Fortune has sent, But the



sweet lit-tle girl that I love, The



sweet lit - tle girl that I love. The



rose on her cheek's my de - light, She's



soft as the down, as the down on the



dove; No li - ly was e - ver so

Ad lib.

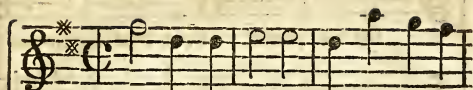
white, As the sweet lit - - tle

girl that I love.

Tho' humble my cot, calm content gilds the
scene,

For my fair one delights in my grove;
And a palace I'd quit for a dance on the green
With the sweet little girl that I love.
The sweet little girl, &c.

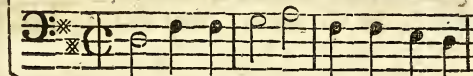
No ambition I know, but to call her my own
No fame but her praise wish to prove;
My happiness centers in Fanny alone;
She's the sweet little girl that I love.
The sweet little girl, &c.

Glorious Apollo.

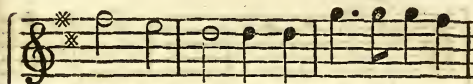
GLORIOUS A - pol-lo from on high be-



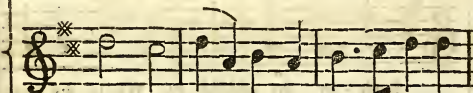
GLORIOUS A - pol-lo from on high be-



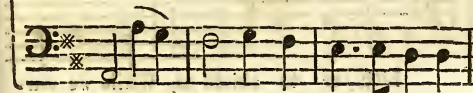
GLORIOUS A - pol-lo from on high be-



held us Wand'ring to find a temple



held us Wand'ring to find a temple



held us Wand'ring to find a temple

for his praise. Sent Po-ly-hym-nia

for his praise. Sent Po-ly-hym-nia

for his praise. Sent Po-ly-hym-nia

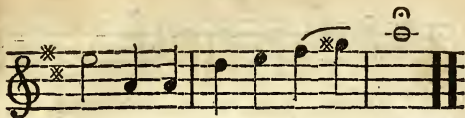
Detailed description: This block contains the first system of a three-part vocal setting. It features three staves: Soprano (treble clef), Alto (treble clef), and Bass (bass clef). Each staff begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The music consists of quarter and half notes, with repeat signs (double bar lines with dots) indicating repeated phrases. The lyrics 'for his praise. Sent Po-ly-hym-nia' are written below each staff.

hith - er to shield us, While we our-

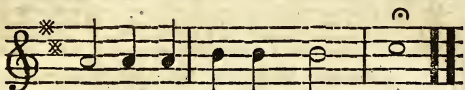
hith - er to shield us, While we our-

hith - er to shield us, While we our-

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the three-part vocal setting. It continues with the same three staves (Soprano, Alto, Bass) and musical notation. The lyrics 'hith - er to shield us, While we our-' are written below each staff, indicating the end of a phrase.



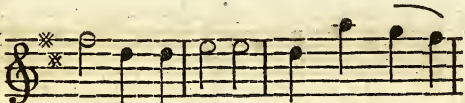
selves such a structure might raise.



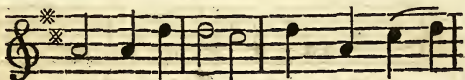
selves such a structure might raise.



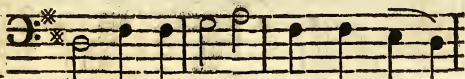
selves such a structure might raise.



Thus then combining, hands and hearts



Thus then combining, hands and hearts



Thus then combining, hands and hearts

join-ing, Sing we in har-mo-ny A-

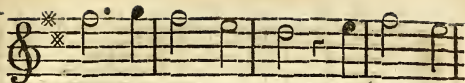
join-ing, Sing we in har-mo-ny A-

join-ing Sing we in har-mo-ny A-

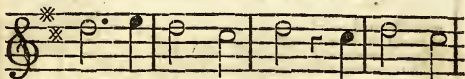
pol-lo's praise. praise. A-pol - lo's

pol-lo's praise. praise. A-pol-lo's

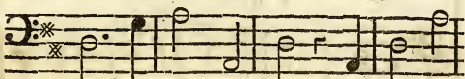
pol-lo's praise. praise. A-pol-lo's



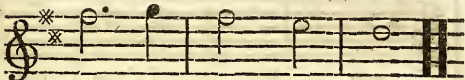
praise, A-pol - lo's praise, A - pol - lo's



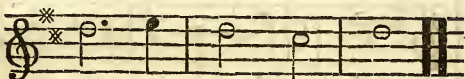
praise, A-pol - lo's praise, A - pol - lo's



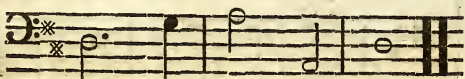
praise, A-pol - lo's praise, A - pol-lo's



praise, A - - pol - - lo's praise.



praise, A - - pol - - lo's praise.



praise, A - - pol - - lo's praise.

Here ev'-ry gen'rous sen - ti - ment a-

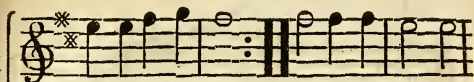
Here ev'-ry gen'rous sen - ti - ment a-

Here ev'-ry gen'rous sen - ti - ment a-

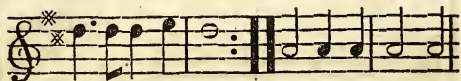
wak - ing, Mu - sic in - spir - - ing

wak - ing, Mu - sic in - spir - ing

wak - ing, - Mu - sic in - spir - ing



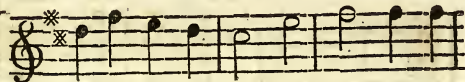
u-ni-ty and joy. Each social pleasure



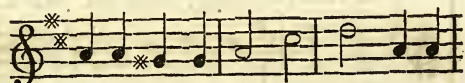
u - ni-ty and joy. Each social pleasure



u-ni-ty and joy. Each social pleasure



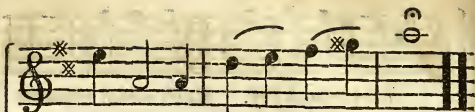
giv-ing and par - tak - ing, Glee and good



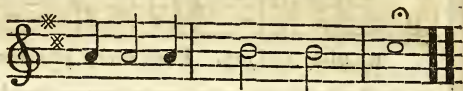
giv-ing and par - tak-ing, Glee and good



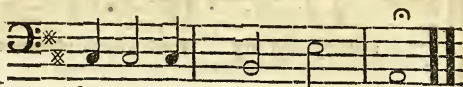
giv-ing and par-tak-ing, Glee and good



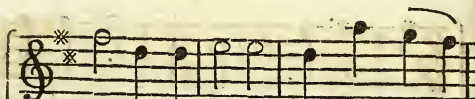
hu-mour' our hours em - - ploy.



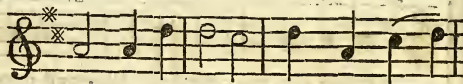
humour our hours em - - ploy.



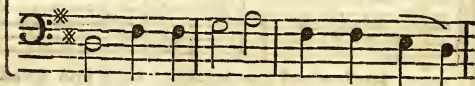
humour our hours em - - ploy.



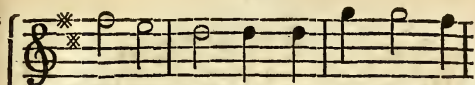
Thus then combining, hands and hearts



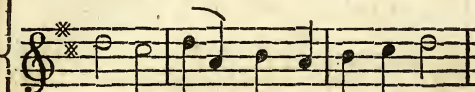
Thus then combining, hands and hearts



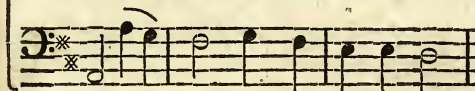
Thus then combining, hands and hearts



join-ing, Long may con - ti - nue our



joining, Long may con - ti - nue our



join-ing, Long may con - ti - nue our



u - ni-ty and joy. joy. Our u - ni-

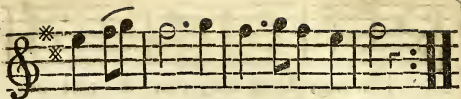


u - ni-ty and joy. joy. Our u - ni-



u - ni - ty and joy. joy. Our u - ni-

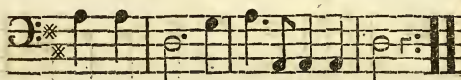




ty and joy, our u-ni-ty and joy.



ty and joy, our u-ni-ty and joy.



ty and joy, our u-ni-ty and joy.

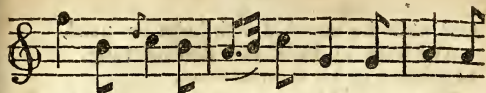
The Troubadour!



GLOWING with love, on fire for fame, A



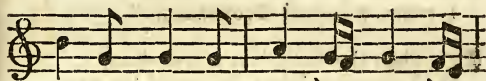
Trou-ba-dour that ha - ted sor-row, Be-



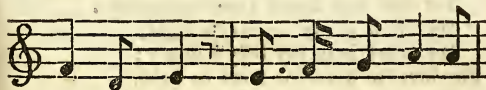
neath his la-dy's win-dow came, And thus he



sung his last good morrow, My arm it is my



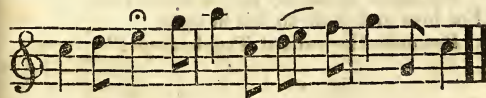
country's right, My heart is in my



true love's bow'r, Gai - ly for love, and



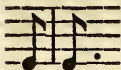
fame to fight, Be - fits the gal - lant



Troubadour! Befits the gal-lant Troubadour!

And while he march'd with helm on head,
 And harp in hand the descant rung,
 As faithful to his favorite maid,

The minstrel burden still he sung ;
 " My arm it is my country's right,
 My heart is in my true love's bow'r ;

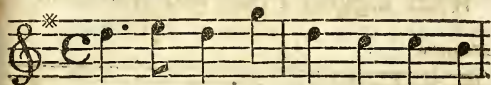


Resolv'd for love and fame to fight,
 I come, a gallant Troubadour !"

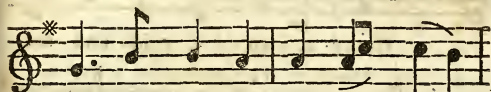
E'en when the battle's roar was deep,
 With dauntless heart, he hew'd his way,
 'Mid splintering lance, and falchion's sweep,
 Yet still was heard the warrior lay :

" My life it is my country's right,
 My heart is in my lady's bow'r ;
 For love to die—for fame to fight,
 Becomes the valiant Troubadour !"

Alas ! upon the bloody field,
 He fell beneath the foeman's cleave ;
 But still, reclining on his shield,
 Expiring sung th' exulting stave :
 " My life it is my country's right,
 My heart is in my lady's bow'r ;
 For love and fame to fall in fight.
 Becomes the valiant Troubadour !"

When the rosy Morn appearing.

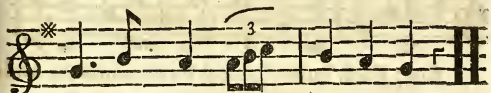
When the ro - sy morn ap - pear-ing,



Paints with gold the ver - dant lawn,



Bees, on banks of thyme di-sport-ing



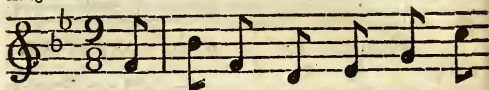
Sip the sweets, and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds, the day proclaiming,
 Carol sweet the lively strain;
 They forsake their leafy dwelling,
 To secure the golden grain.

See, content, the humble gleaner
 Take the scatter'd ears that fall:
 Nature, all her children viewing,
 Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

What argufies Pride and Ambition.

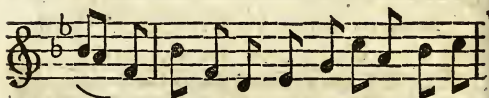
Allegretto.



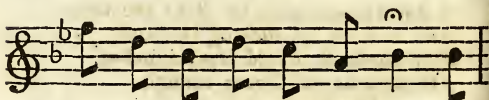
WHAT ar - gu - fies pride and am-



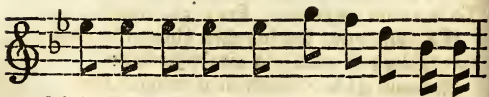
bi-tion, Soon or late death will take us in



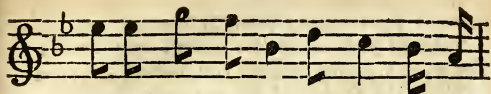
tow; Each bullet has got its commission And



when our time's come we must go. Then



drink and sing, hang pain and sorrow, For the



halter's made ma-ny a neck ; He that's



now live and lus - ty, to-morrow per-



haps may be stretch'd on the deck.

There was little Tom Linstock, of Dover,
 Got kill'd, and left Polly in pain ;
 Poll cried, but her grief was soon over,
 And then she got married again.
 Then drink, &c.

Jack Junk was ill used by Bet Crocker,
 And so took to sucking the stuff,
 Till he tumbled in old Davy's locker,
 And then he got liquor enough.
 Then drink, &c.

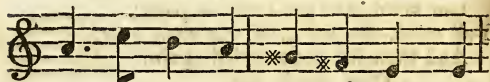
To a sailor says one, Pray go never
 To sea ; your friends died there, 'tis said ;
 Says Jack, Would you sit up for ever,
 Because your friends died in their bed.
 Then drink, &c.

For our prize-money then to the proctor,
 Take of joy, while 'tis going, our freak;
 For what argues calling the doctor,
 When the anchor of life is apeak.
 Then drink, &c.

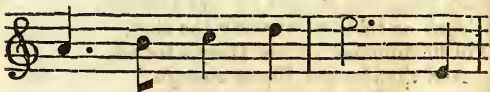
How stands the Glass around.



How stands the glass a-round? For



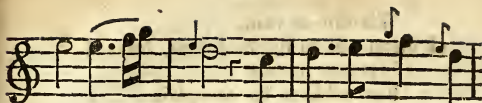
shame! ye take no care, my boys! How



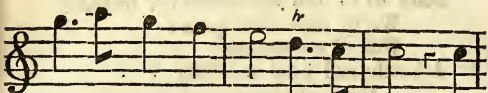
stands the glass a - - round? Let



mirth and wine a - - bound. The



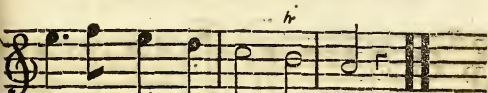
trum - pets sound, The co-lours they are



fly-ing, boys, To fight, kill, or wound ; May



we still be found Con-tent with our hard



fate, my boys, On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys?

Why, soldiers, why,
Whose business 'tis to die?

What—sighing? fie!

Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys;

'Tis he, you, or I,—

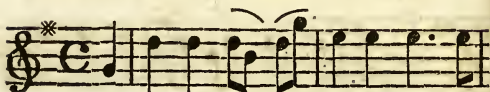
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,

We're always bound to follow, boys,

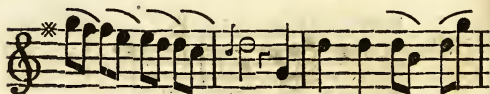
And scorn to fly!

'Tis but in vain,
 (I mean not to upbraid you, boys !)
 'Tis but in vain
 For soldiers to complain :
 Should next campaign
 Send us to him who made us, boys,
 We're free from pain ;
 But if we remain,
 A bottle and kind landlady
 Cure all again.

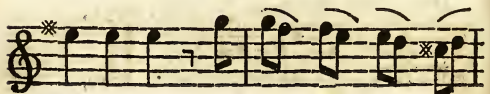
Encompassed in an Angel's Frame.



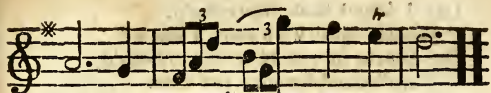
ENCOMPASS'D in an angel's frame, An



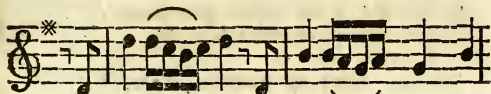
angel's virtues lay ; To soon did heav'n as-



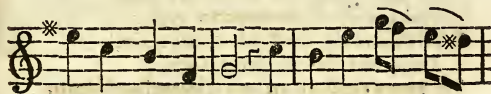
sert its claim, And call'd its own a-



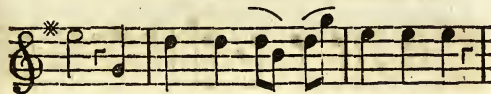
way, And call'd its own a - way.



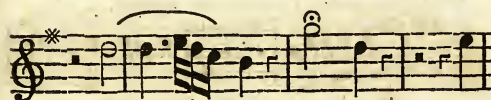
My An-na's worth my An-na's charms, Can



ne-ver more re-turn, Can never more re-



turn. What now shall fill these widow'd arms?



Ah! - - - - me! Ah! me! Ah!

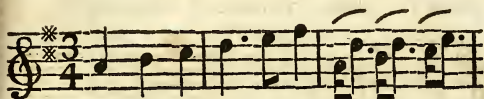


me! my An - na's urn!

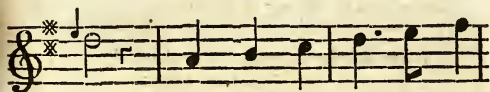
Can I forget that bliss refin'd,
 Which, blest with her, I knew?
 Our hearts in sacred bonds entwin'd,
 Were bound by love too true.
 That rural train, which once were us'd
 In festive dance to turn,
 So pleas'd, when Anna they amus'd,
 Now, weeping, deck her urn.

The soul escaping from its chain,
 She clasp'd me to her breast;
 "To part with thee is all my pain,"
 She cried—then sunk to rest!
 While memory shall her seat retain,
 From beauteous Anna torn,
 My heart shall breathe its ceaseless strain
 Of sorrow o'er her urn.

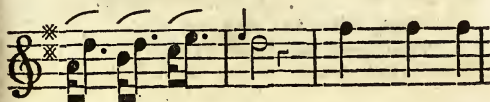
There, with the earliest dawn, a dove
 Laments her murder'd mate;
 There Philomela, lost to love,
 Tells the pale moon her fate.
 With yew and ivy round me spread,
 My Anna there I'll mourn,
 For all my soul, now she is dead,
 Concentres in her urn.

Robin Adair.

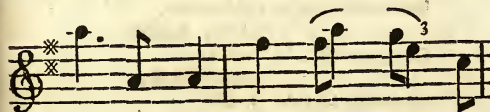
WHAT'S this dull town to me? Ro-bin's not



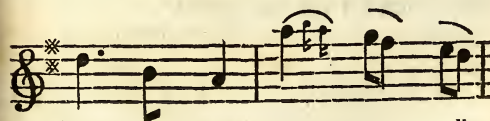
near. What was't I wish'd to see?



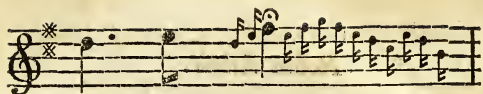
What wish'd to hear? Where's all the



joy and mirth, Made this town a



heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all



fled with thee,



Ro - bin A - - - dair.

What made th' assembly shine ?

Robin Adair.

What made the ball so fine ?

Robin was there.

What, when the play was o'er,

That made my heart so sore ?

Oh ! it was parting with

Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,

Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,

Robin Adair,

Yet him I lov'd so well

Still in my heart shall dwell ;

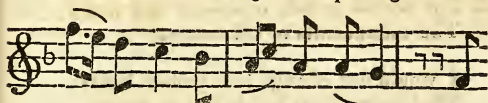
Oh ! I can ne'er forget

Robin Adair.

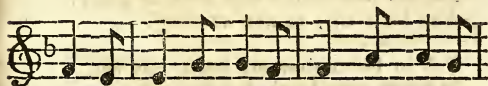
I would not change for Cups of Gold.



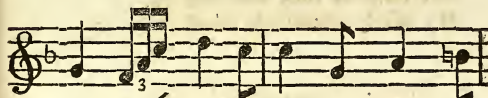
I would not change for cups of gold This



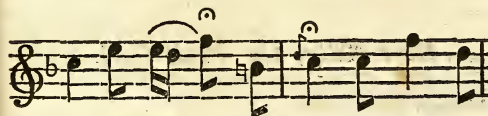
lit - tle cup that you be - hold, 'Tis



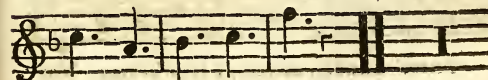
from the beech that gave a shade, 'tis from the



beech that gave a shade at noon - day



to my vil - - lage maid, At noon-day



to my vil-lage maid.

I would not change for Persian loom
This humble matting of my room ;
'Tis of those very rushes twin'd,
Oft press'd by charming Rosalinde.

I would not change my lowly wicket,
That opens in her fav'rite thicket,
For portals proud, or towers that frown,
The monuments of old renown.

I would not change this foolish heart
That learns from her to joy or smart,
For his that burns with love of glory,
And loses life, to live in story.

Yet in themselves my heart, my cot,
My mat, my bowl, I value not ;
But only as they one and all,
My lovely Rosalinde recall.

Poor Kitty, the Fruit Girl.

Allegretto.



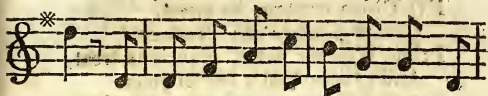
THRO'—London streets, I trip a-long, Nor



feel the least a - larm, And mer-ry



chant my dai-ly song, With basket on my



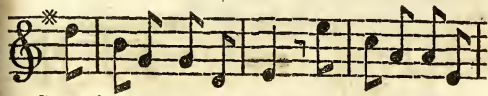
arm. There's jurga-nels and pippins fine, Gold



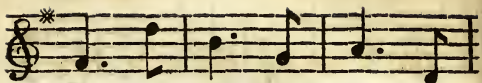
ren-nets fair to view, With nuts, a relish



for your wine, Come buy of Kit - ty, do,



Come buy of Kit-ty, do, Come buy of Kitty



do, Come buy, Come buy, Come



buy of Kit - ty do.

I've China oranges so sweet,
 Choice peaches can produce,
 Prime Windsor pears, luxurious treat,
 And grapes that's full of juice.
 Yet tho' I'm poor, the splendid great
 I ne'er with envy view,
 But cheerful sing, to all I meet,
 Come buy of Kitty do.

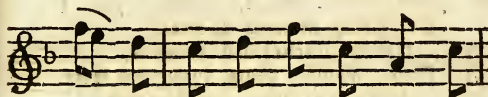
In jocund mood, I oft compare
 My fruit to folks in life;
 The red-streak is a virgin fair;
 Lemon, a scolding wife;
 The grape, unripe, to no one thing,
 Like bachelors compares;
 The nonpareil, our gracious king;
 The nonesuch, British tars.

Oh! I am the Boy to be Easy.

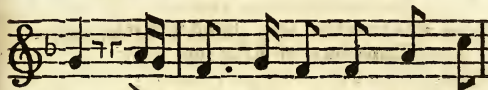
Moderato.



ONE Ches-terfield wrote on good breed-



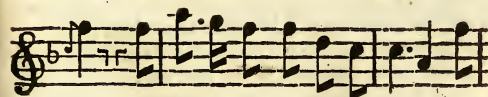
ing, On man-ners, and grace, and all



that; But mine is a diff'-rent pro-



ceeding, That comes to my fin-gers quite



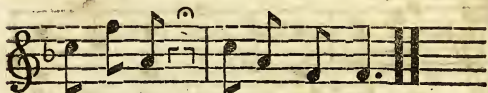
pat. Oh! I am the boy to be ea-sy, With



all kind of folks I am free; My



jewel, says I, does it please you, If it



don't, it is nothing to me.

Cries a beau—Sir, your polish'd behaviour,—

Arrah, honey, says I, is that you.

Cries a lady—Pray do me a favour:

So I will when I've nothing to do.

Oh! I am the boy, &c.

Do reach me that book, I entreat, sir.

Says I, You may get on the shelf.

An old lady requests me a seat, sir;

And I'll get it—but take it myself.

Oh! I am the boy, &c.

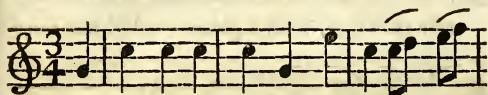
Now the mode you'll be after admiring,

When you see how I carry the day,

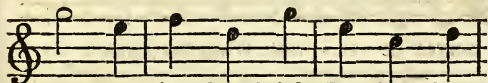
For the gentlemen all keep retiring,

And the ladies get out of my way.

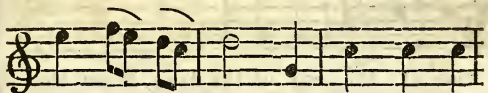
Oh! I am the boy, &c.

Ye brave jolly Sportsmen.

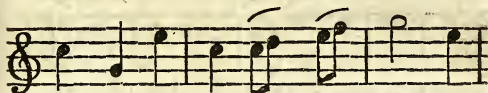
YE brave jol-ly sportsmen who fol-low the



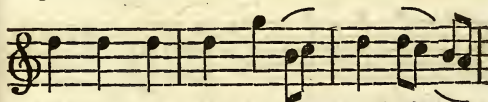
chase, Who rise when bright Phœ-bus first



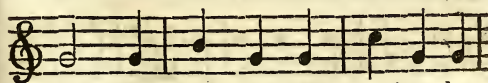
smiles in the east, Ye brave jol - ly



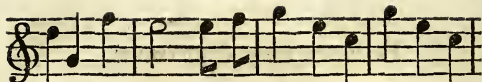
sportsmen who fol - low the chase, Who



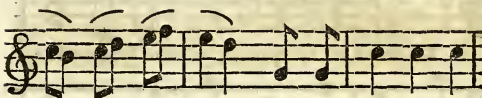
rise when bright Phœbus first smiles in the



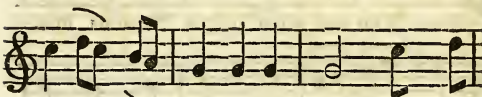
east, While health blushing charm-ing - ly



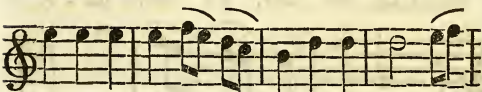
over each face, With a glow so delightful can



scarce be ex - prest, When the game is in



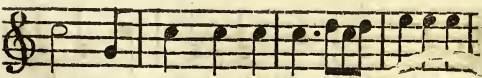
view at the peep of the dawn, When the



game is in view at the peep of the dawn, How



sweet the horn sounds o'er the dew-sprinkled



lawn, How sweet the horn sounds . . .



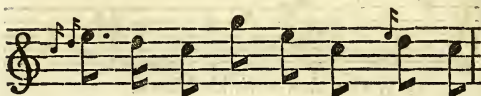
o'er the dew-sprinkled lawn.

The fox is unkennel'd, the woodland he tries,
 Now strains up the hill, or now sinks in the dale,
 Tho' swift as the wind cunning Reynard he flies,
 Yet his speed or his cunning will nothing avail;
 When the game is in view at the rise of the dawn,
 How sweet the horn sounds o'er the dew-sprinkled lawn.

'Tis exercise gives us the blessings of life,
 Health, peace, and contentment, all cheerful attend,
 All strangers to faction, to envy, and strife,
 And the eve is still crown'd with a bottle and friend;
 Then like hearty sportsmen we rise the next dawn,
 While sweet the horn sounds o'er the dew-sprinkled lawn.

*Beneath a weeping Willow.**Andantino.*

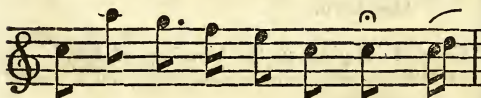
How soft-ly blew the southern breeze, How



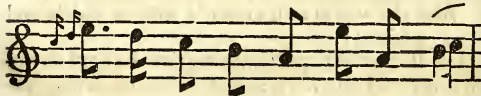
sweet - ly sung the birds a - round, The



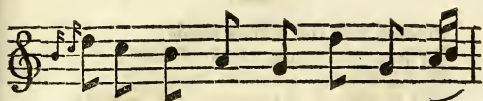
sun-beams danc-ing thro' the trees, The



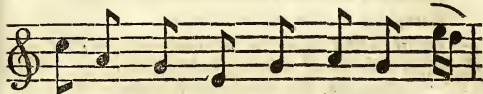
dew-drops sparkling on the ground, When



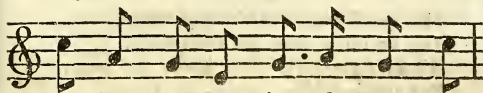
low - land Will first talk'd of love, And



sung wi' mic - kle skill and art, A



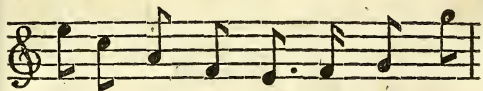
song so sweet my mind did move, And



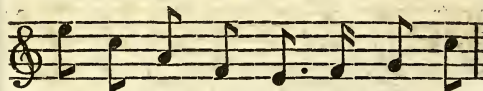
won from me my sim - ple heart, Be-



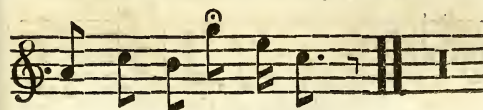
neath the weep - ing wil - low, A



song so sweet, my mind did move, And



won from me my sim - ple heart Be-

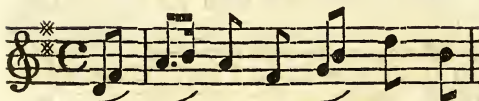


neath the weeping wil - low.

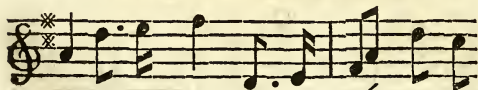
Ill fated was the willow shade,
 To hear sic tender vows of love;
 Ill fated is the constant maid,
 The falsehood of those vows to prove;
 Forsaken are our verdant plains,
 Forsaken is the silver stream,
 By Will the pride of lowland swains,
 Who still is all my fondest theme,
 Beneath the weeping Willow.

The cruel wars entic'd my swain,
 And he more cruel far than they,
 His love resign'd—nor heeds my pain,
 But seeking fame, gangs far away.
 Ah! woe is me, since he went hence,
 From me all joy and peace is fled;
 And till my Willy pluck it hence
 I'll wear upon my drooping head
 A wreath of weeping willow.

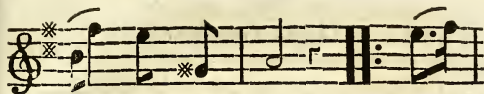
The Streamlet.



THE stream-let that flow'd round her

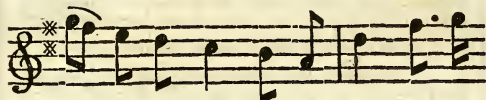


cot, All the charms, all the charms of my

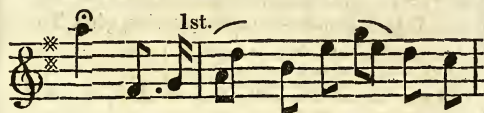


E - mi - ly knew.

How



oft has its course been for-got, While it



paus'd, while it paus'd her dear image to



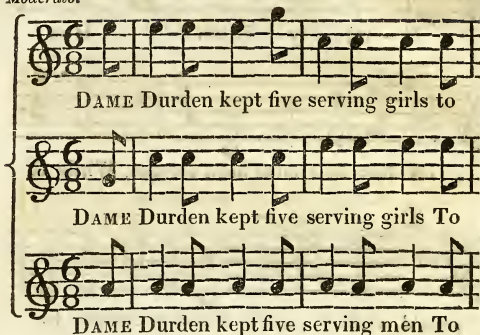
view ! paus'd her dear image to view !

Believe me, the fond silver tide

Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize ;

For, silently swelling with pride,

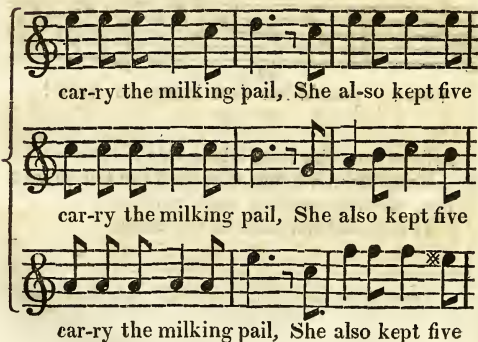
It reflected her back to the skies.

*Dame Durden.**Moderato.*


DAME Durden kept five serving girls to

DAME Durden kept five serving girls To

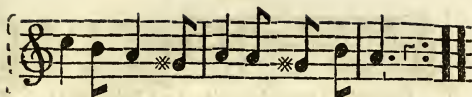
DAME Durden kept five serving men To



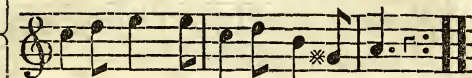
car-ry the milking pail, She al-so kept five

car-ry the milking pail, She also kept five

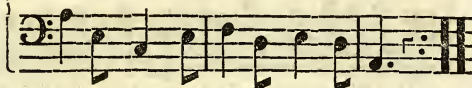
car-ry the milking pail, She also kept five



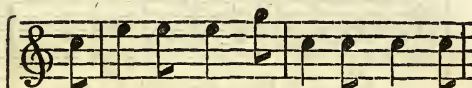
lab'ring men to use the spade and flail.



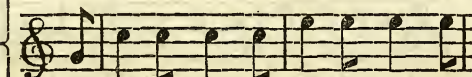
lab'ring men to use the spade and flail



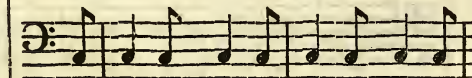
lab'ring men to use the spade and flail.



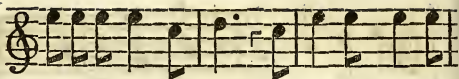
'Twas Moll, and Bet, and Doll, and Kate, and



'Twas Moll, and Bet, and Doll, and Kate, and



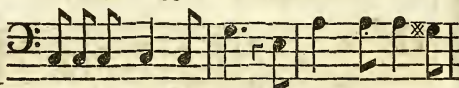
'Twas Moll, and Bet, and Doll, and Kate, and



Dorothy Draggie Tail, And John, & Dick, &



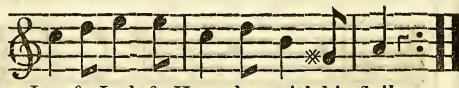
Dorothy Draggie Tail, And John, & Dick, &



Dorothy Draggie Tail, And John, & Dick, &



Joe, & Jack, & Humphry with his flail.



Joe, & Jack, & Humphry with his flail.



Joe, & Jack, & Humphry with his flail.

Mol-ly Bet-ty

kiss'd kiss'd

'Twas John and Dick and

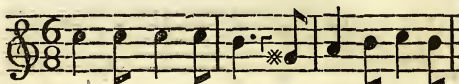
Dol-ly Kitty, and

kiss'd kiss'd and

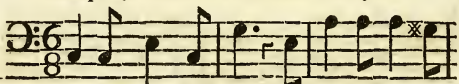
Joe and Jack and



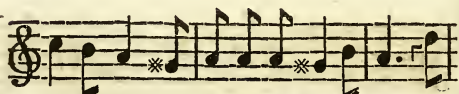
Dorothy Draggie Tail, And Kitty was a



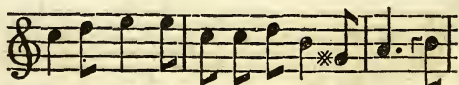
Humphry with his flail, And Kitty was a



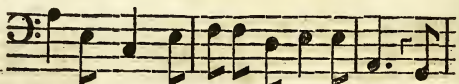
Humphry with his flail, And Kitty was a



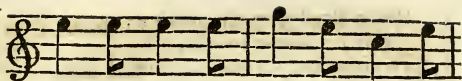
charming maid to carry the milking pail, And



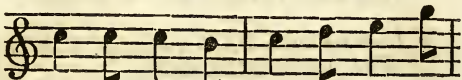
charming maid to carry the milking pail, And



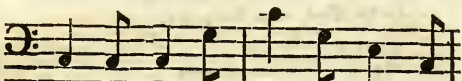
charming maid to carry the milking pail, And



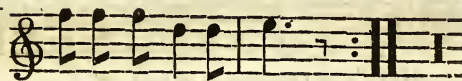
Kit - ty was a charm-ing maid to



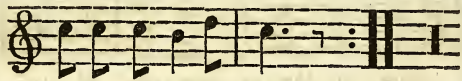
Kit - ty was a charm-ing maid to



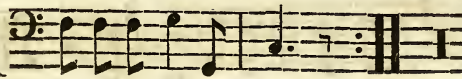
Kit - ty was a charming maid to



carry the milking pail.



carry the milking pail.



carry the milking pail.

Dame Durden in the morn so soon,
 She did begin to call,
 To rouse her servant maids and men,
 She then began to bawl;
 'Twas Moll, and Bet, &c.

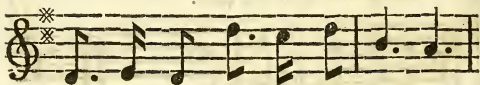
'Twas on the morn of Valentine,
 The birds began to prate,
 Dame Durden's servant maids and men
 They all began to mate;
 'Twas Moll, and Bet, &c.

Here's to the Maiden of bashful Fifteen.

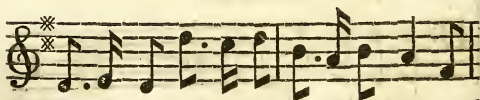
With Spirit.



HERE's to the maiden of bash-ful fif-teen ;



Now to the wi-dow of fif-ty ;



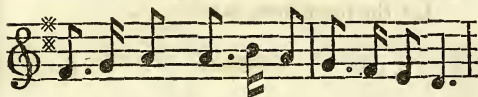
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean, And



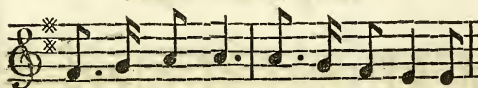
here's to the house-wife that's thrif - ty.



Let the toast pass, Drink to the lass, I



warrant she'll prove an ex-cuse for the glass.



Let the toast pass, Drink to the lass, I



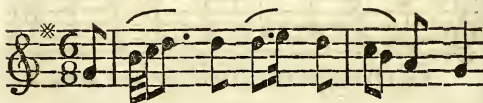
warrant she'll prove an ex-cuse for the glasss.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize ;
 Now to the damsel with none, sir ;
 Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes ;
 And now to the nymph with but one, sir.
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;
 Now to her that's brown as a berry;
 Here's to the wife with a face full of woe;
 And now to the damsel that's merry.
 Let the toast pass, &c.

For let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
 Young, or ancient, I care not a feather;
 So fill up a bumper—nay, fill to the brim,
 And let us e'en toast 'em together.
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Kitty of the Clyde.



A BOAT danc'd on Clyde's bonny stream



When winds were rude-ly blow-ing, There



sat, what might a goddess seem, O' th'



wave be-neath her flow-ing, O' th'



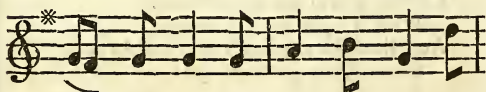
wave be - neath her flow - ing, But



no, a mor - tal fair was she, Sur-



pass - ing all be - side, And



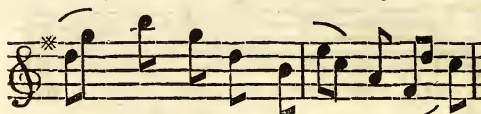
youths all tried her choice to be, Sweet



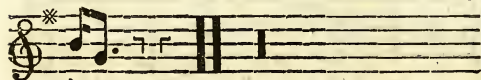
Kit-ty of the Clyde ; sweet Kitty, Sweet



Kit-ty of the Clyde, Sweet Kit-ty of the



Clyde, Sweet Kit-ty, Sweet Kit-ty of the



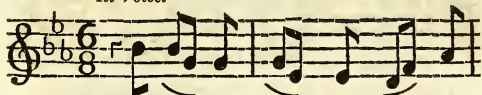
Clyde.

I saw the boatman spread a sail,
 And while his daftness noting,
 The boat was upset by the gale;
 I saw sweet Kitty floating;
 I plung'd into the silver wave,
 With Cupid for my guide,
 And thought my heart well lost to save
 Sweet Kitty of the Clyde.

But Kitty is a high-born fair,
 A lowly name I carry,
 Nor can with lordly Thanes compare,
 Who woo the maid to marry.
 For tho' she scornful looks on me,
 But joy may yet betide,
 For hope dares flatter, mine may be
 Sweet Kitty of the Clyde.

The Manly Heart.

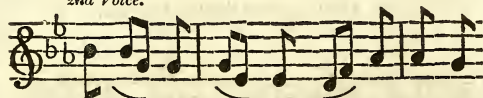
A DUET.

*Andantino.**1st Voice.*

THE man-ly heart with love o'er-



flowing, Each fair-er vir-tue calls its own.

2nd Voice.

'Tis beauty's task soft smiles be-stow-ing



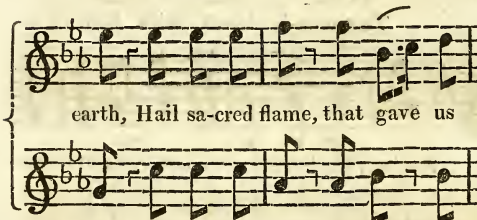
To share, and soothe the lo - ver's moan.



Hail sa - cred love, thro' heav'n and

Hail sa - cred love, thro' heav'n and

The first system of the hymn consists of two staves of music. Both staves are in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/4. The lyrics are 'Hail sa - cred love, thro' heav'n and'.



earth, Hail sa-cred flame, that gave us

earth, Hail sa-cred flame, that gave us

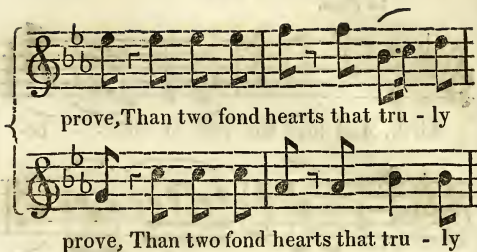
The second system of the hymn consists of two staves of music. Both staves are in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody continues from the first system. The lyrics are 'earth, Hail sa-cred flame, that gave us'.



birth, Hail sacred flame, that gave us

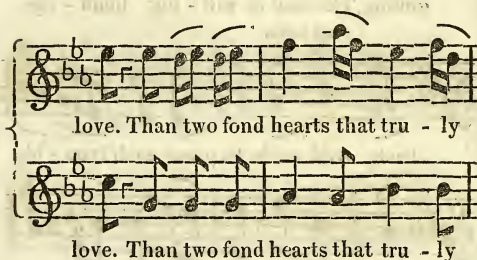
birth, Hail sa-cred flame, that gave us

The third system of the hymn consists of two staves of music. Both staves are in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody continues from the second system. The lyrics are 'birth, Hail sacred flame, that gave us' and 'birth, Hail sa-cred flame, that gave us'.



prove, Than two fond hearts that tru - ly

prove, Than two fond hearts that tru - ly



love. Than two fond hearts that tru - ly

love. Than two fond hearts that tru - ly



love. Love and truth, and truth and

love. Love and truth, and truth and



love, - Love and truth, and truth and love,



love, Love and truth, and truth and love,



E - mu - late the joys a-bove. Love and




E - mu - late the joys a-bove. Love and



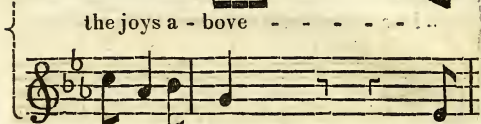
truth, and truth and love, E-mu-late



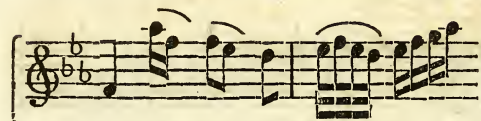
truth, and truth and love, E-mu-late



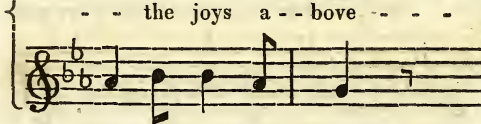
the joys a - bove - - -




the joys a - bove, a -



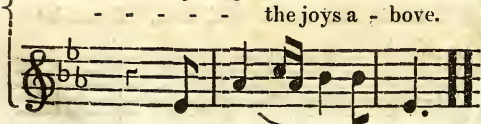
- - the joys a - - bove - - -



bove, the joys a - - bove, -



- - - the joys a - bove.



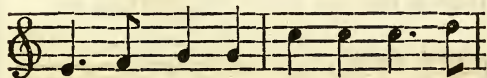
a - bove, the joys a - bove.

Lash'd to the Helm.

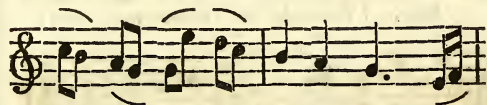
IN storms when clouds obscure the sky And



thun-ders roll, and light-nings fly, In



midst of all these dire a-larms, I



think, my Sal-ly, on thy charms. The



troubled main, The wind and rain, My



ar - - dent pas - - sion prove;



Lash'd to the helm, Should seas o'erwhelm, I'd



think on thee, my love, I'd think on thee, my



love, I'd think on thee, my love;



Lash'd to the helm, Should seas o'erwhelm, I'd



think on thee, my love.

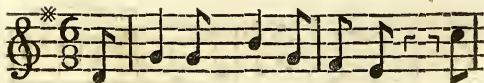
When rocks appear on ev'ry side,
 And art in vain the ship to guide;
 In varied shapes when death appears,
 The thoughts of thee my bosom cheers.

The troubled main,
 The wind and rain,
 My ardent passion prove;
 Lash'd to the helm,
 Should seas o'erwhelm,
 I'd think on thee, my love.

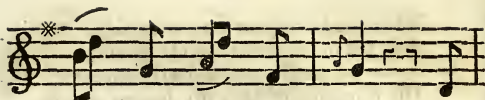
But should the gracious pow'rs prove kind,
 Dispel the gloom, and still the wind,
 And waft me to thy arms once more,
 Safe to my long-lost native shore

No more the main
 I'd tempt again,
 But tender joys improve;
 I then with thee
 Should happy be,
 And think on nought but love.

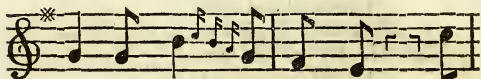
My Heart with Love is beating.



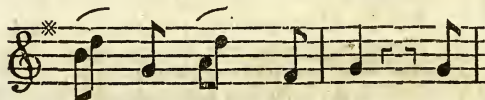
My heart with love is beat-ing, Trans-



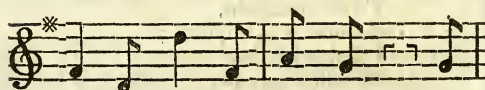
port - ed by those eyes; A-



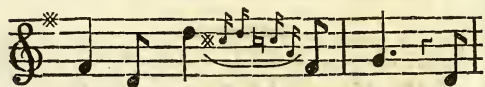
las! there's no re - treat - ing, In



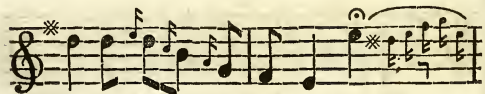
vain your cap - tive flies; Then



why such an - ger che - rish, Why



turn those eyes a - way, For



if thou bidst me pe-rish, A - - -



las ! I must o - bey ; For

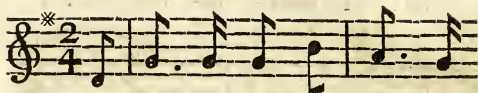


if thou bidst me pe-rish, A - - -

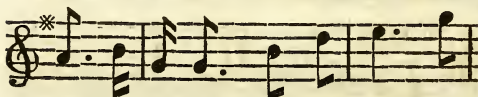


las ! I must o - - bey.

Could deeds my heart discover,
 Could valour gain those charms,
 I'd prove myself your lover,
 Against a world in arms.
 Proud fair, thus low before thee,
 A prostrate warrior view,
 Whose love, delights, and glory,
 Are center'd all in you.

Auld Lang Syne.

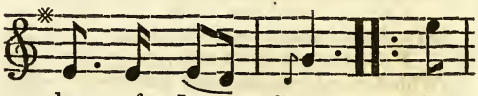
SHOULD auld ac - quittance be for-



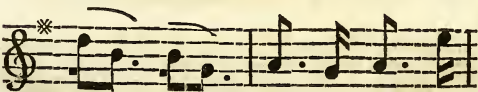
got, and ne - ver brought to mind, Should



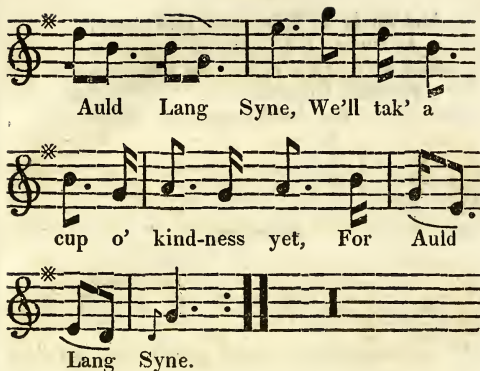
auld ac-quittance be for-got, And



days of Lang Syne. For



Auld Lang Syne, my dear, For



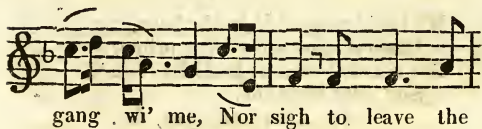
We twa' hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fitt,
Sin' auld langsyne.
For Auld Langsyne, &c.

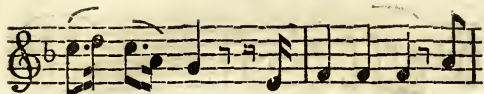
We twa' hae paidelt in the burn,
When simmer days were prime,
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld langsyne.
For Auld Langsyne, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty fere,
And gie's a haud o' thine,
And toom the cup to friendship's growth,
An auld langsyne.
For Auld Langsyne,

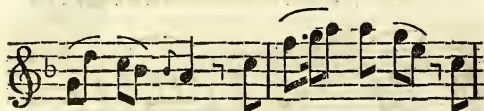
And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
 As sure as I'll be mine,
 And we'll tak' a right guid willie waught,
 For auld langsyne.
 For Auld Langsyne, &c.

O Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?





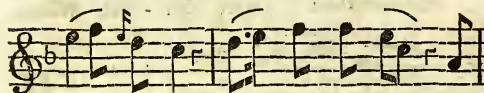
charms for thee, The low-ly cot, and



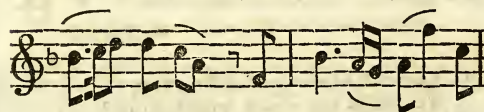
rus - set gown? No lon - ger drest in



silk - en sheen, No lon - ger drest in



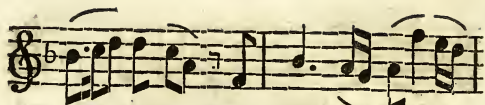
jew - els rare, Say, can'st thou quit each



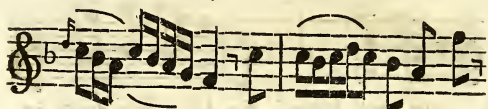
court - ly scene, Where thou wert fair-est



of the fair? Say, can'st thou quit each



court-ly scene, Where thou wert fair - est



of the fair? Where thou wert fairest,



where thou wert fair - est, Where



thou wert fair - est of the fair.

O Nanny ! when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind ?
 Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind ?
 O ! can that soft, that gentle mien,
 Extremes of hardships learn to bear ?
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nanny! can'st thou love so true,
 Thro' perils keen with me to go,
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pang of woe?
 Say, should disease or pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
 Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recall,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair.

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay,
 Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear,
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair.

The Fishing Duet.

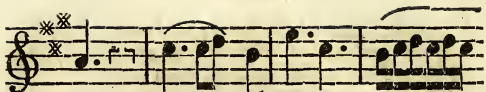
1st Voice.



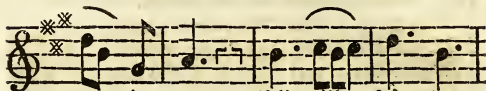
THUS for men the wo - - - men



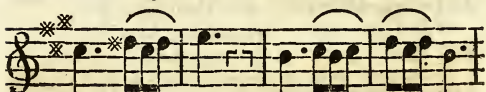
fair, Lay the cunning can - - - ning



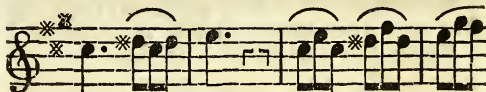
snare, Lay the cunning cun - - -



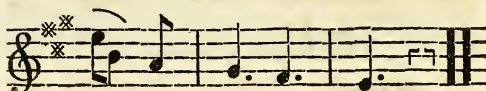
- - ning snare While, like fish, the



men will rove, And with beau - ty -



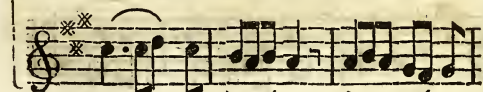
fall in love, And with beau -



- - ty fall in love.



What is beau - ty, but the



What is beau - ty, but the

Handwritten note: 7/1 by A. C. ...

bait, Oft re - pent-ed when -

bait, Oft re - pent-ed when,

- - too late. What is beau - ty

- - too late.

What is beau-ty, What is

What is beau-ty, What is

beau - ty, but the bait,

beau - ty, but the bait

Oft re - pent - ed when too late,

Oft re - pent - ed when too late,

Oft re - pent - ed when too late.

Oft re - pent - ed when too late.

If too rash, you seize the prize,
 Now display'd before the eyes,
 How you'll rue, when all is past,
 Hymen's hook which holds you fast;
 Ere you marry then beware;
 'Tis a blessing or a snare.

Come, come, my jolly Lads.



COME comemyjolly lads the wind's abaft brisk



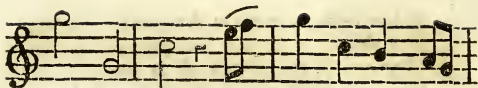
gales our sails shall crowd, Come bustle bustle



bustle, boys, Haul the boat, The boat-swain



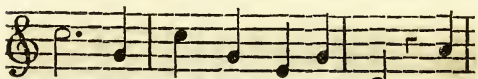
pipes a - loud, The ship's un-moor'd, All



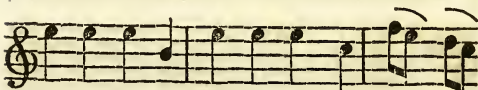
hands on board, The ri - sing gale fills



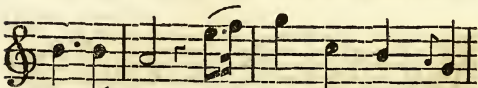
ev - 'ry sail, The ship's well mann'd and



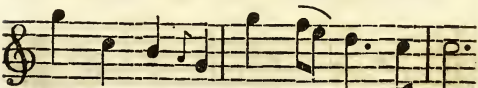
stor'd; Then fill the flow-ing bowl, Fond



hopes a-rise, The girls we prize shall bless each



jo-vial soul, The can, boys, bring, We'll



drink and sing, While foam-ing bil-lows roll.

Cho.

Pia.

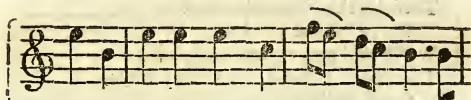


Then fill the flow-ing bowl, Fond hopes a-

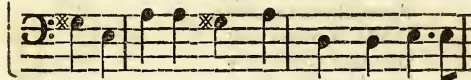
Pia.



Then fill the flow-ing bowl, Fond hopes a-

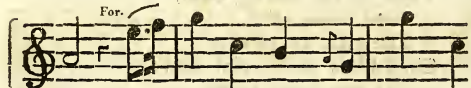


rise, The girls we prize shall bless each jo-vial



rise, The girls we prize shall bless each jovial

For.

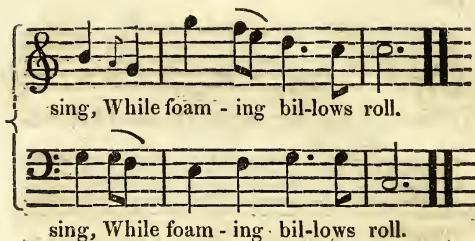


soul, The can, boys, bring, We'll drink and

For.



soul, The can, boys, bring, We'll drink and



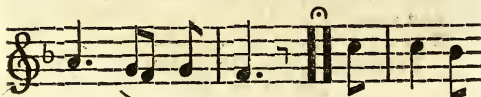
Tho' to the Spanish coast
 We're bound to steer,
 We'll still our rights maintain,
 Then bear a-hand, be steady boys,
 Soon we'll see
 Old England once again :
 From shore to shore,
 While cannons roar,
 Our tars shall shew
 The haughty foe
 Britannia rules the main.
 Then fill the flowing bowl,
 Fond hopes arise,
 The girls we prize
 Shall bless each jovial soul :
 The can, boys, bring,
 We'll drink and sing,
 While foaming billows roll.
Chos. Then fill the, &c.

Life let us Cherish.

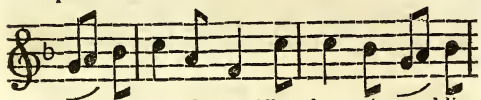
LIFE let us che - rish, While yet the



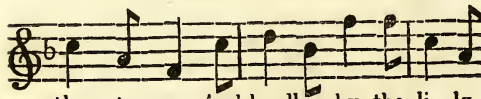
ta - per glows, And the fresh flow - 'ret



pluck ere it close. Why are we




fond of toil and care, Why chuse the rankling



thorn to wear, And heedless by the li - ly



stray, Which blossoms in our way. *Da Capo.*

N. B. The Music to the following verses begins from the pause  and ends with the first strain.

When clouds obscure the atmosphere,
 And forked lightnings rend the air,
 The sun resumes his silver crest,
 And smiles adown the west.

Life let us, &c.

The genial seasons soon are o'er ;
 Then let us, ere we quit the shore,
 Contentment seek ; it is life's zest,
 The sunshine of the breast.

Life let us, &c.

Away with every toil and care,
 And cease the rankling thorn to wear ;
 With manful heart life's conflict meet,
 Till death sounds the retreat.

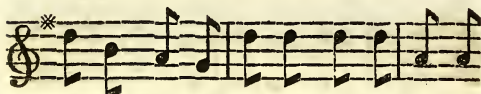
Life let us, &c.

*Love's Concerto.**Allegro.*

How much I love thee, girl, wouldst know



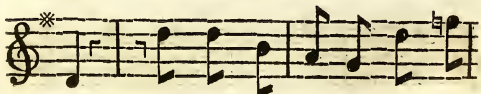
Better than ro-sin loves the bow, than treble



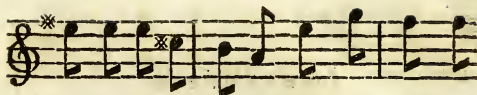
shrill the growling bass, than tre-ble shrill the



growling bass, Or spruce guitar. a taw-dry



case. No more then let us so - lo



play, To Hymen's tem-ple jig a-way, There



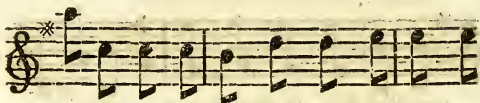
when we get in a du-et, Of plea-sure



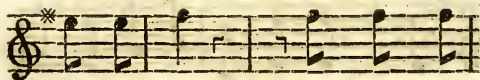
will we take our swing; Joy's fiddles shall



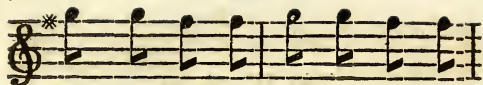
play, Love's bells shall ring, And while we



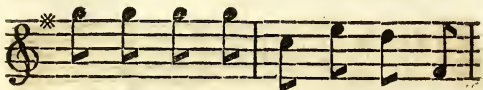
ce-le-brate the day, We'll frisk a-way, and



laugh and play, And dance and



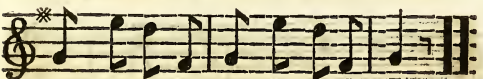
sing, And frisk a - way, and laugh and



play, And frisk a - way like a - ny



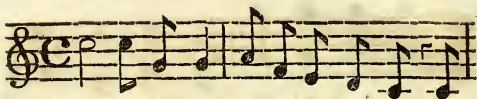
thing; And frisk a - way, like a - ny



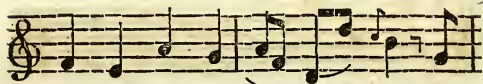
thing, like a - ny thing, like a - ny thing.

I love thee more I really think,
 Than dancers jigs, or fiddlers drink,
 Than dancing masters love a kit,
 Or jolly sailors fal de ral tit.
 No more then, &c.

I love thee, Griddy, oh! much more
 Than singers love a loud encore,
 Than curate's crowdies love to scratch,
 Or roaring drunkards love a catch.
 No more then, &c.

The Woodman.

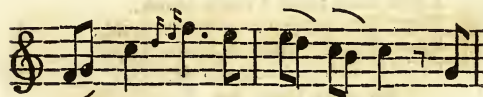
STAY tra-vel-ler ! tar-ry here to night, The



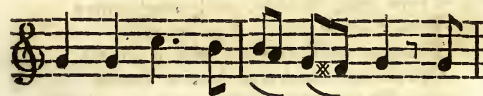
rain yet beats the wind is loud, The



moon has too with-drawn her light, and



gone to sleep be - hind a cloud, 'Tis



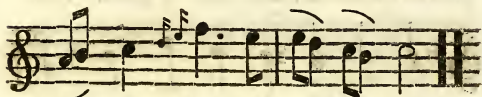
sev'n long miles a - cross the moor, And



should you chance to go a - stray, You'll



meet I fear no friend - ly door, Nor



soul to tell the rea - dy way.



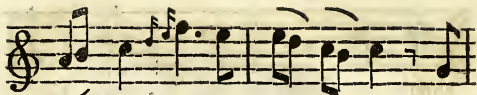
Come, dearest Kate, our meal pre-pare, The



stran-ger shall par - take our best; A



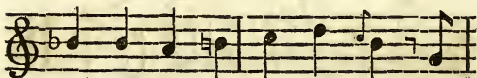
cake and rash - er be his fare, With



ale that makes the wea - ry blest. Ap-



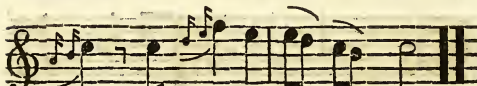
proach the hearth, there take a place, And



till the hour of rest draws nigh, Of

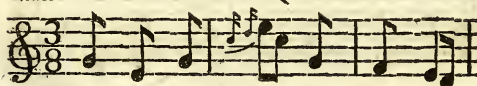


Ro - bin Hood, and Che - vy Chace, We'll

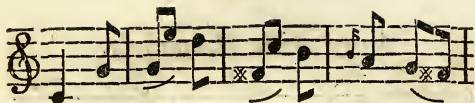


sing, then to our pal - lets hie.

Vivace



Had I the means I'd use you



well, 'Tis lit - tle I have got to



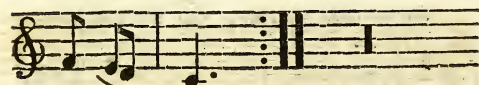
boast; Yet should you of this



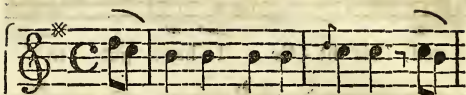
cot-tage tell, Say Hal the wood-man



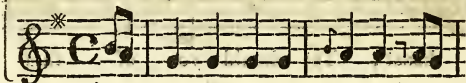
was your host, Say Hal the woodman



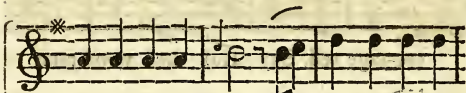
was your host.

Away with Melancholy.

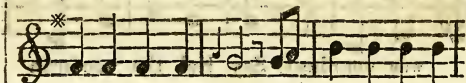
A - way with melan - cho - ly, Nor



A - way with melan - cho - ly; Nor



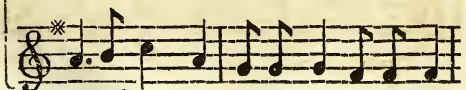
doleful changes ring, On life and human



doleful changes ring, On life and human



fol - - ly, But mer-ri - ly, mer - ri - ly



fol - ly, But mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly

sing fal la. Come on ye ro - sy

sing fal la. Come on ye ro - sy

hours, Gay smiling mo-ments bring, We'll

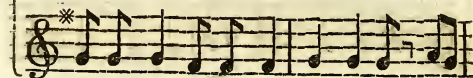
hours, Gay smiling moments bring, We'll

strew the way with flow - - ers, And

strew the way with flow - - ers, And



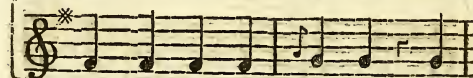
mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing fal la; For



mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing fal la; For



what's the use of sigh-ing, When



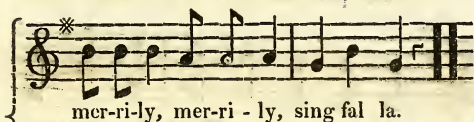
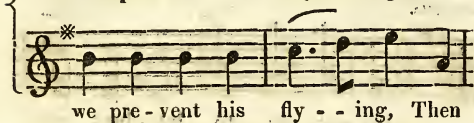
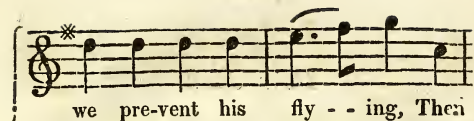
what's the use of sigh-ing, When



time is on the wing, Can



time is on the wing, Can



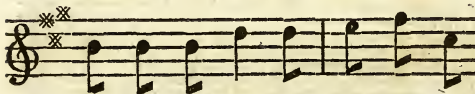
Fly, fly dull melancholy,
 Let sprightly mirth come in,
 Desponding is a folly
 Then cheerily sing fal la.

Come joyous sounds prepare,
 To Lethe sadness fling,
 Let others pine through care,
 We'll merrily sing fal la.

Why droops the man with sorrow
 Since life's a tender string
 That breaks before to-morrow
 Then cheerily sing fal la.

*Poor Jack.**Allegretto.*

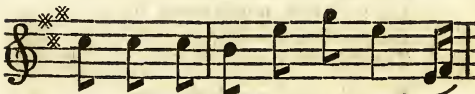
Go pat - ter to lub - bers and



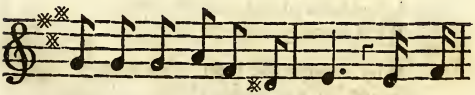
swabs do you see, 'Bout dan - ger and



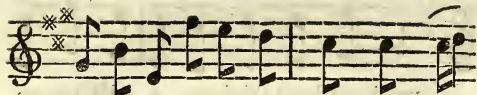
fear and the like, A tight wa - ter



boat and good sea-room give me and



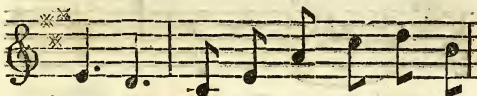
'tan't to a lit - tle I'll strike. Tho' the



tempest top-gallant mast smack smooth sho'd



smite, And shi-ver each splin-ter of



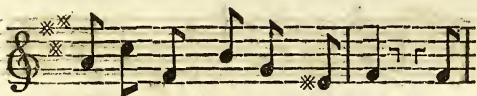
wood, And shi - ver each splin-ter of



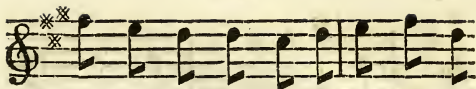
wood ; Clear the deck, stow the



yards, and bouze ev - 'ry thing tight, And



un-der reef'd fore-sail we'll scud ; A-



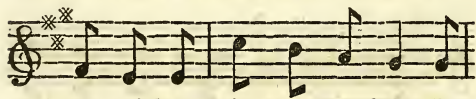
vast! nor don't think me a milk-sop so



soft To be ta - ken for tri - fles a -



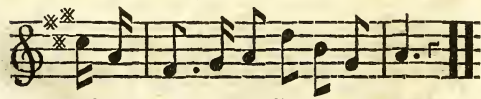
back ; For they say there's a



Pro - vi - dence sits up a - loft, They



say there's a Providence sits up a - loft



To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

Why I heard the good chaplain palaver one day
 About souls, heaven, mercy, and such,
 And, my timbers ! what lingo he'd coil and be-
 lay,

Why 'twas just all as one as high Dutch ;
 But he said, how a sparrow can't founder dy'e
 see,

Without orders that comes down below,
 And many fine things, that proved clearly to
 me,

That Providence takes us in tow ;
 " For," says he, " do you mind me, let storms
 e'er so oft

Take the top lifts of sailors aback,
 There's a sweet little cherub sits perch'd up
 aloft,

To keep watch for the life of poor Jack."

I said to our Poll, for you see she would cry,
 When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,

" What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye,
 Why what a d—n'd fool you must be ;

Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room
 for us all,

Both seamen, and lubbers ashore ;
 And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
 Why you never will hear of me more.

What then ! all's a hazard, come don't be so
 soft,

Perhaps I may laughing come back,
 For d'ye see there's a cherub sits smiling aloft
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack."

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be ev'ry inch
 All as one as a piece of the ship,
 And with her brave the world without off'ring to
 flinch

From the moment the anchor's a trip;
 As to me in all weathers, all times, sides, and
 ends,

Nought's a trouble from duty that springs;
 My heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my friend's,
 And as for my life, 'tis the king's:
 E'en when my time comes, ne'er believe me so
 soft

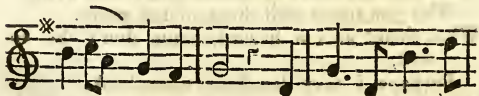
As with grief to be taken aback,
 That same little cherub that sits up aloft
 Will look out a good birth for poor Jack.



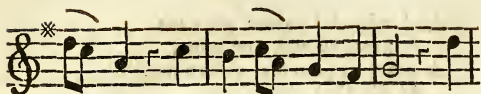
A Prey to tender Anguish.



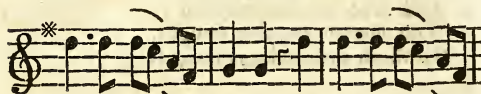
A prey to ten - der an - guish, Of



ev'ry joy be-reav'd; How oft I sigh and



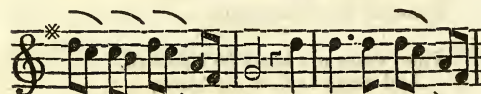
lan-guish, How oft by hope deceiv'd, Still



wishing, still de-sir-ing, To bliss in vain a-



spiring, A thousand tears I shed, In



nightly tri-bute sped, In nightly tri - bute



sped.

And love and fame betraying,
 And friends no longer true ;
 No smiles my face arraying,
 No heart so fraught with woe !
 So pass'd my life's sad morning,
 Young joys no more returning ;
 Alas ! now all around,
 Is dark and cheerless found !

Ah ! why did nature give me
 A heart so soft and true ;
 A heart to pain and grieve me,
 At ills that others' rue.
 At others' ills thus wailing,
 And inward griefs assailing ;
 With double anguish fraught,
 To throb each pulse is taught.

Ere long, perchance, my sorrow
 Shall find its welcome close ;
 Nor distant far the morrow,
 That brings the wish'd repose.
 When death, with kind embracing
 Each bitter anguish chasing,
 Shall mark my peaceful doom,
 Beneath the silent tomb.

Then cease my heart to languish,
 And cease to flow my tears ;
 Though nought be here but anguish,
 The grave shall end my cares.
 On earth's soft lap reposing,
 Life's idle pageant closing ;
 No more shall grief assail,
 Nor sorrow longer wail !

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