

ELECTION

of the
Scottish
Academy

in the
Year
1753

at
Edinburgh
the
10th
of
April

BY THE VOTING OF THE MEMBERS OF THE
SCOTTISH ACADEMY

OF LETTERS

Edinburgh;

Wards # 72-73 West Point
(1332) Glen. 9.

L 360722

Wals 107



THE
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4

Glen
SELECTION

OF
Scottish English and Irish
Songs

with Accompaniments for the
(PIANO-FORTE)

From the most Eminent Composers,

Dedicated by Permission to

MISS MARGT VIOLETTA PRINGLE

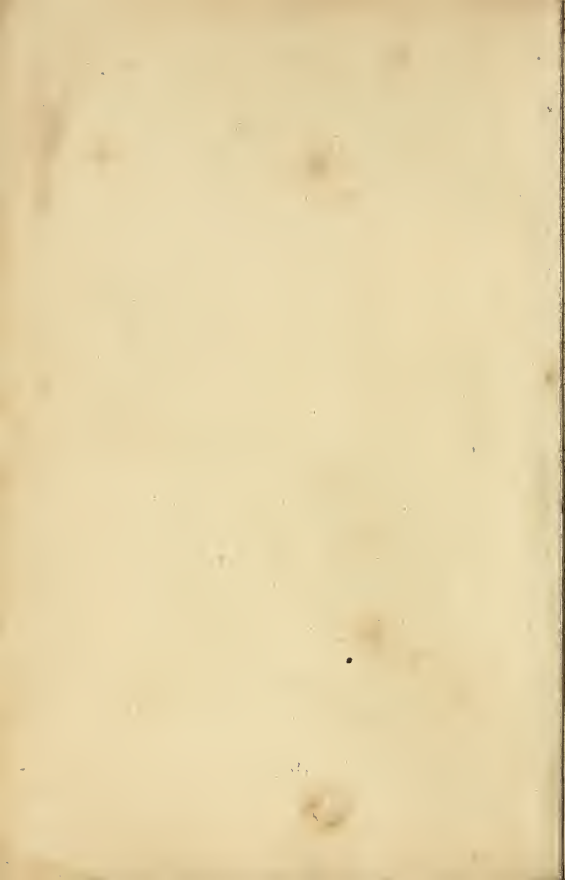
OF CLIFTON.

51



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Printed & Sold by R. MARTIN, Music Seller.



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"O NANNY WILT THOU GANG WITH ME,"

Composed by

J. Carter

Pr. 2/6

Violino

Andante

Espress^o

MF. SE.

MF. SE.

P.

P.

FF.

FE.

O NANNY wilt thou gang with me, Nor sigh to leave the

P. SF.

flaunting Town, Can silent Glens have charms for thee, The

lowly Cot, And russet gown, No longer drest in silk-en sheen,

P. P. F.

ten:
No longer deck'd with Jewels rare, Say canst thou quit, cash

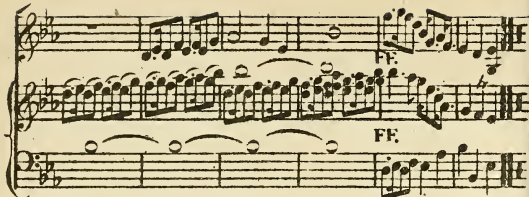
f C

courtly scene, Where thou wert fairest of the Fair, Say can'st

thou quit each courtly scene, Where thou wert fairest of...the

Fair, Where thou ...wert fairest Where thouwert fairest,

Where thouwert fair-est of the Fair.



2

O! NANNY when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind,
 Say can'st thou face the parching Ray,
 Nor shrink before the win'try wind;
 O! can that soft, than gentle Mien,
 Extremes of hardships learn to bear,
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the Fair.

3

O! NANNY can'st thou love so true,
 Thro' Perils keen with me to go,
 Or when thy Swain mishap shalt 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.

4

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 tender Tear,
 Nor then regret those Scenes so gay
 Where thou wert fairest of the Fair

"A PREY TO TENDER ANGUISH."
A Favorite new Song

Composed

BY DR. HAYDN.

Pr. 1/6

A pre y to ten der an guish, Of

1. ar glute

ev ry joy be reav'd, How soft I sigh and

anguish, How oft by hope de ceiv'd, Still

wish.ing, still de.si.ring, To bliss in vain a.

spir.ing, A thousand tears I shed, In night.ly

tri.bute sped, In night.ly tri.bute sped,

2

And love and fame betraying,
 And friends no longer true;
 No smiles my face arraying,
 No heart so fraught with woe!

Sopassd my lifes sad morning,
 Young joys no more returning
 Alas now all around,
 Is dark and cheerless found!

3

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

4

Erelong 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.

5

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 pageam closing,
 No more shall grief assail,
 Nor sorrow longer wail.

"PRAY GOODY,"

The much admired Ballad,

sung by

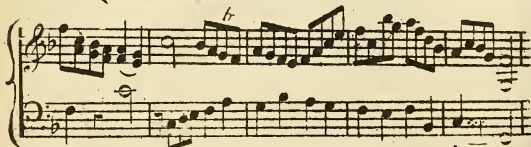
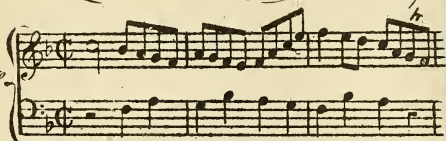
Mr. Sinclair,

In the Burletta

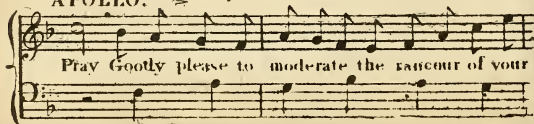
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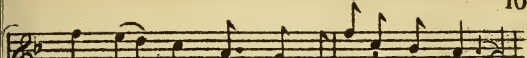
Pr. 1/4

Mod.^{to}

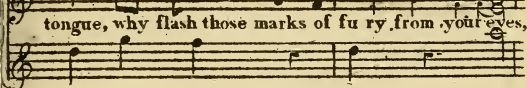
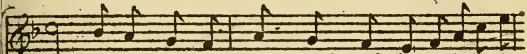


A POLLO.

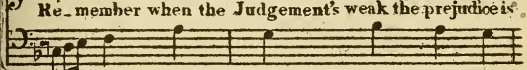
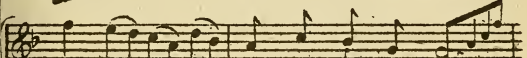




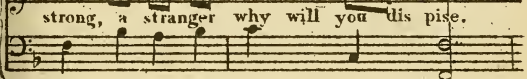
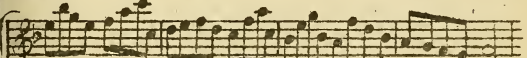
tongue, why flash those marks of fu ry from your eyes,

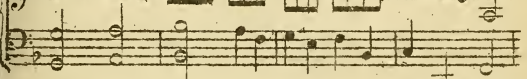
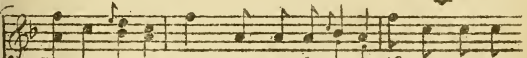
Re member when the Judgement's weak the prejudice is

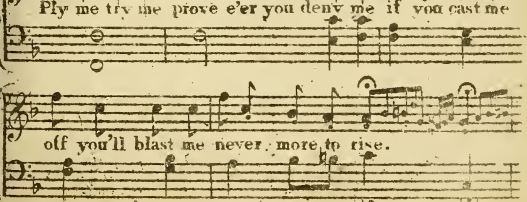
strong, a stranger why will you dis pise.

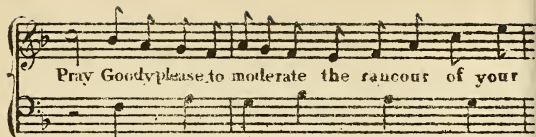



Ply me try me prove e'er you deny me if you cast me

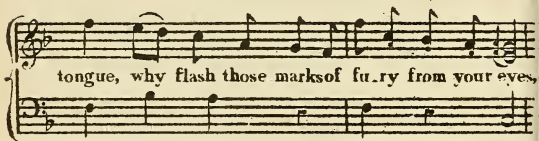



off you'll blast me never more to rise.

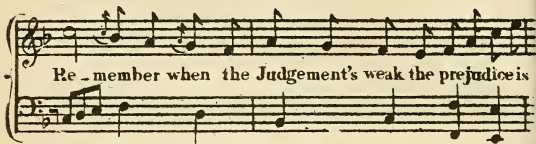




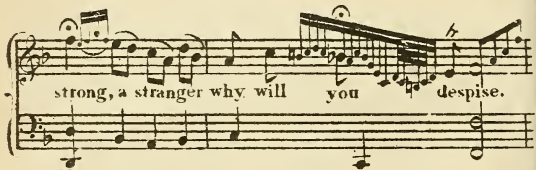
Pray Goody please to moderate the rancour of your



tongue, why flash those marks of fury from your eyes,



Re - member when the Judgement's weak the prejudice is



strong, a stranger why will you despise.



"THE BEAUTIFUL MAID"

Sung by

M^r BRAHAM.

Pr. 1/6

Andante!

When absent from her toy

soul, my soul holds most dear, What medley of passions

What medley of passions in vade; In this bosom what

anguish, what hope and what fear, I endure for my

beautiful Maid, I endure for my beautiful Maid, I en-

dure for my beautiful Maid, In this bosom what anguish

Adagio con

what hope and what fear, I en.dure for my

express: a tempo

beautiful Maid, I en.dure for my beautiful

Maid.

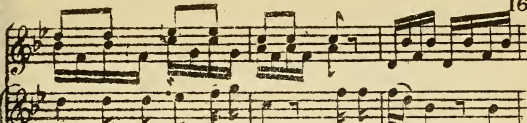
In vain I seek pleasure to lighten to lighten my

grief, Or quit the gay throng, or quit the gay throng, for my

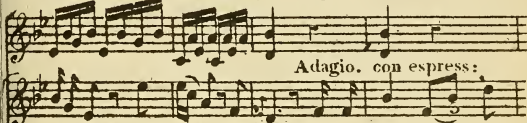
shade nor re-tire-ment nor soli-tude yield me re-

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


When a-way from my beau-ti-ful Maid, when a-



way from my beautiful Maid, Nor re tire ment nor



Adagio. con espress:
solitude yield me re lief, When a way from my



a tempo
beautiful Maid, when a way from my beautiful



Maid

"ROBIN ADAIR,"

Sung with Enthusiastic Applause at the

Lycium Theatre

LONDON;

by
Mr. Graham,

Pr. 1/6

Affett. &c.

P.

cres

F.

dim.

What this dull town to me

P.

ROBIN'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

Musical score for the song "ROBIN Adair". The score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The vocal line is a simple melody with some grace notes. The title "ROBIN Adair." is written below the first vocal staff.

What made th' Assembly shine,

ROBIN Adair,

What made the Ball so fine,

ROBIN was there,

What when the Play was o'er

What made my heart so sore,

Oh! it was parting with

ROBIN Adair.

3

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.

"SUSAN OF THE VALLEY,"

Sung by

MR. GIBBON,

Composed by

D. Blewitt!

Pr. 1/6

Allegro

In constant was each beautiful fair, And

...ver shilly shally; In constant was each beauteous

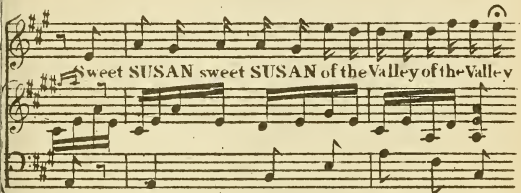
fair, And ever shilly shally. *Bva*

loco Un till I saw my blue ey'd
F.

Maid, Sweet SUSAN of the Valley, Sweet SU-SAN
Andante dolce



of the Valley sweet SUSAN sweet SUSAN of the Valley,
a Tempo Primo.



sweet SUSAN sweet SUSAN of the Valley of the Valley



sweet SUSAN sweet SUSAN of the Valley.
F. P.



FF.

For she excell'd all other Maids, But yet to call this charming mine,
 Yes e'en the blue ey'd SALLY; I could not shilly shally;
 For she excell'd &c. But yet to call &c.
 Her smile it stole my heart's repose, So she became my bonny bride
 Sweet SUSAN of the Valley; Sweet SUSAN of the Valley;
 Sweet SUSAN &c. Sweet SUSAN &c.

AS THOU ART FAIR MY BONNIE LASS;

The Poetry by

(MURRAY'S)

the Music by

D.^r Haydn.

Pr. 46

Voice

Piano

Forte

Allegretto

As

mez:

Fz.

p.

thou art fair my bonnie lass, my bonnie lass, as thou art fair, So

deep in love am I.

thou art fair my bonnie lass, so deep in love am I

And I will love thee still my dear, and

P.

I will love thee still, will love thee still, Till a the

rF

seas the seas gang dry, and I will love thee still, my dear, till

P

a' the seas gang dry. And I will love thee still my dear,

still my dear, till a' the seas, till a' the seas gang dry Till

a' the seas gang dry till a' the seas gang dry

2
Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sand o' life shall run.

3
And far thee well my only love,
And fare thee weel a while,
And I will come again my love;
Tho' it were ten thousand mile

"SOLDIER REST THY WAR FARE O'ER"
 from

THE LADY OF THE LAKE;

Written by

Walter Scott, Esq.

Composed by

G. F. Graham, Esq. *Pr. 16*

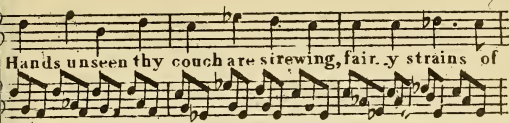
Lute

Soldier rest thy war fare oer,

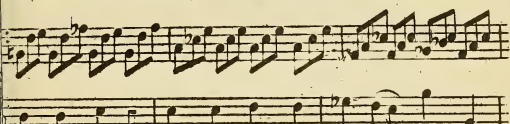
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking, Dream of battled

fields no more, Days of dan..ger nights of wak.ing

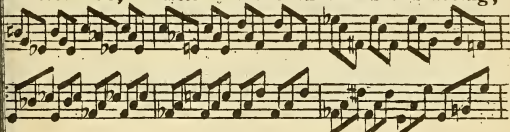
In our isle's in..chant.ed hall,



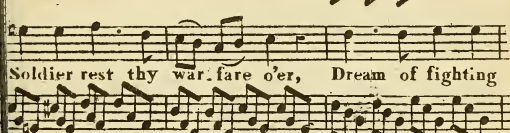
Hands unseen thy couch are srewing, fair y strains of



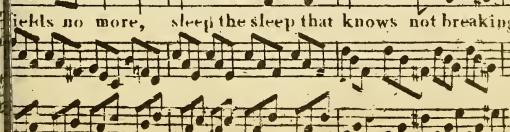
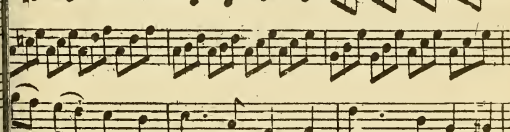
music fall, E...y'ry sense in slumber dew.ing;



Soldier rest thy war.fare o'er, Dream of fighting



ieklts no more, sleep the sleep that knows not breaking



Morn of toil nor nights of waking, Sleep the sleep that

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, containing the lyrics "Morn of toil nor nights of waking, Sleep the sleep that". The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in grand staff notation, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef. The music is in a common time signature and features a complex, rhythmic accompaniment with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes.

knows not breaking, Morn of toil nor night of waking.

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, containing the lyrics "knows not breaking, Morn of toil nor night of waking.". The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in grand staff notation, continuing the complex, rhythmic accompaniment from the first system.

pp.

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is empty. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in grand staff notation. The music continues with the same complex, rhythmic accompaniment. The dynamic marking *pp.* (pianissimo) is present at the beginning of the system.

Dim.

The fourth system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is empty. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in grand staff notation. The music continues with the same complex, rhythmic accompaniment. The dynamic marking *Dim.* (diminuendo) is present at the beginning of the system.

2

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 Armour's clang, or warsteed champing,
 Trump nor pibroch summon here
 Mustering clab, or Squadron tramping.
 Yet the lark's shrill voice may come
 At the day break from the fallow,
 And the bittern sound his drum,
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,
 Guards nor warders challenge here,
 Here's no war steed's neigh and champing,
 Shouting clans or squadrons stamping

3

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
 While our slumb'rous spells assail ye,
 Dream notwithstanding Sun,
 Bugles here shall sound reveillie.
 Sleep! the deer is in his den;
 Sleep! thy hounds are by the lying,
 Sleep nor dream in yonder glen,
 How thy gallant steed lay diving,
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done
 Think not of the rising Sun,
 For at dawning to assail ye,
 Here no bugles sound reveillie.

"AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY"
a Favorite Duet

by
W. A. Mozart

Pr. 1

And. te.

A way with me lan... cho... ly. Nor

dole... ful changes ring, On life and hu... man

F. c. P.

fol-ly but merri-ly merri-ly sing fal-la.

F.

Come on ye ro-sy hour, Gay smiling moments

P.

bring Well strew the way with flow'rs, And

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

what's the use of sigh.ing, when time is on the

wing, Can we prevent his fly.ing then

mer.ri.ly mer.ri.ly sing fa-la.

Fine.

"GALA WATER,"

written by

Robt. Harris,

Pr. 1/

And. te.

The piano introduction consists of two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes, and some chords.

Braw braw lads on Yar, row

F.

P.

1P.

braes, Ye wānder thro' the blooming heather; But

Yerrow braes, nor Ettrick shaw, can match the lads of

GALA Water.

But there is a secret ane
 Aboon them a' I loe him better;
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
 The bonie lad of GALA Water.

3

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
 And tho' I hae na mickle tocher,
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks by GALA Water.

4

It ne'er wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft Contentment, peace or pleasure,
 The bands and bless'd mutual love,
 O that's the chiefest warld's treasure.

"THE THORN,"

Sung by

Mr. Tindal

THE WORDS BY ROB: BURNS.

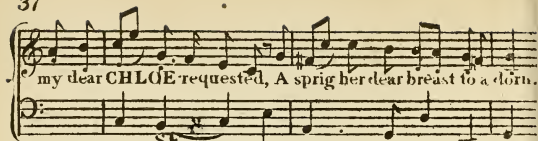
Pr. 1

And.^{te}

From the

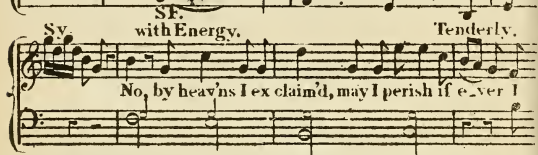
white blossom'd Sloe, my dear CHLOE requested, A sprig

or
her fair breast to a thorn, From the white blossom'd Sloe,



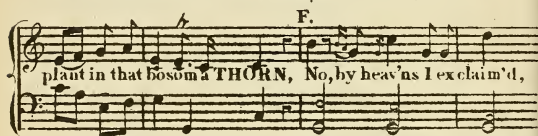
my dear CHLOE requested, A sprig her dear breast to a dorn.

Sf. with Energy. *Tenderly.*



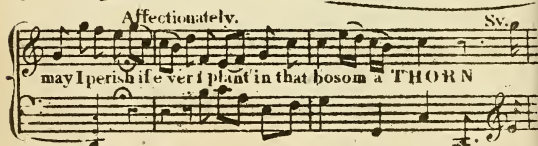
No, by heav'ns I ex claim'd, may I perish if e_ ver I

F.



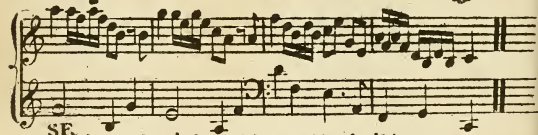
plant in that bosom a THORN, No, by heav'ns I ex claim'd,

Affectionately. *Sv.*



may I perish if e_ ver I plant in that bosom a THORN

Sf.



Then I shew'd her a Ring, and implor'd her to marry,

She blush'd like the dawning' of morn;
When I shew'd her &c.

Yes, I'll consent she reply'd, if you'll promise
That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn;
No, by heav'ns I exclaim'd, may I perish
If ever, I plant in that bosom a THORN.

"THE BEGGAR GIRL,"

A Ballad Sung by

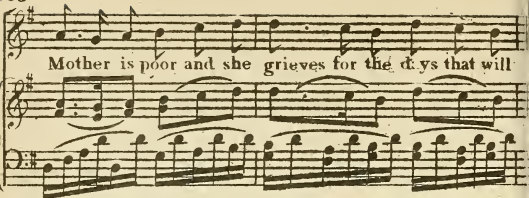
M^{rs} Mountain

Pr. 1/


Grazioso *Dolce.*

Over the mountain and over the Moor, Hungry and

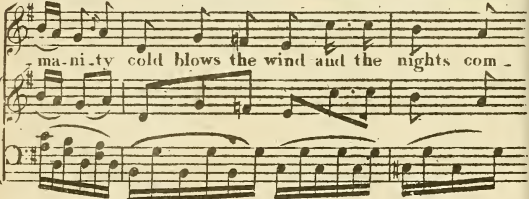
bare foot I wander for lorn, My father is dead and my



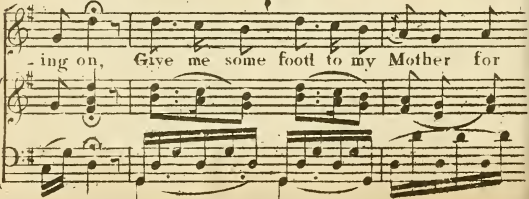
Mother is poor and she grieves for the days that will



never return; Pity kind Gentlemen Friends to Hu-



ma-ni-ty cold blows the wind and the nights com-



-ing on, Give me some food to my Mother for

cha.rity give me some food for then I will be gone.

F.

F.

2

Call me not lazy back Beggar, and bold enough
 Fain would I learn both to knit and to sew,
 I've two little Brothers at home when they're old enough
 They will work hard for the gifts you bestow.
 Pity kind Gentlemen &c.

3

O think while you revel so careless and free
 Secure from the wind and well cloathed and fed,
 Should fortune so change it; how hard would it be,
 To beg at a Door for a morsel of Bread
 Pity kind Getlemen &c.

MARY I BELIEVED THEE TRUE,"

written

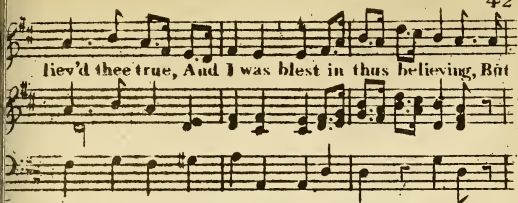
BY M^R. MOOR,

Composed by

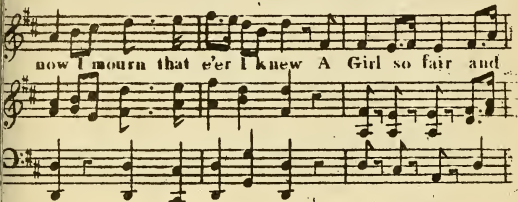
Sir J. Stevenson.

Pr. 4

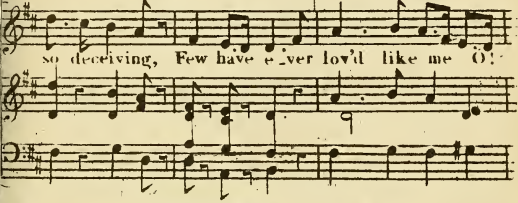
The musical score is presented in two systems. The first system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The second system continues the piano accompaniment and includes the vocal line with the lyrics "MARY I be -". The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The score is written in a classic, engraved style with clear notation for notes, rests, and clefs.



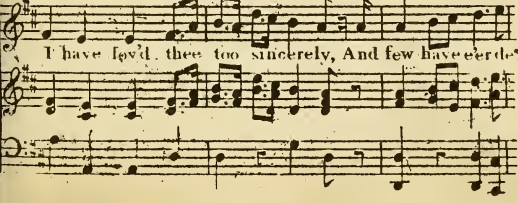
liev'd thee true, And I was blest in thus believing, But



now I mourn that e'er I knew A Girl so fair and



so deceiving, Few have e-ver lov'd like me O!



I have lov'd thee too sincerely, And few have e'er de-

ceiv'd like thee A las deceiv'd me too severely

Fare thee well Fare thee well.

Fare thee well yet think a while,
 On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
 Who now would rather trust that smile,
 And die with thee than live without thee,
 Fare thee well I'll think of thee,
 Thou leav'st me many a bitter token,
 For see, distracting woman see,
 My peace is gone — my heart is broken.
 Fare thee well.

"MY HEART WITH LOVE IS BEATING"

Sung with Enthusiastic applause

BY

Mr. Braham,

Pr. 36

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The left hand is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody in the right hand features eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes.

The vocal and piano accompaniment is presented in three systems, each with a vocal line in treble clef and piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature remains one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8.

My heart with

love is beating, Distracted by those Eyes, Ah! me there's

no retreating, No hope to him who flies, For me disdain you

cherish; Your Eyes you turn a way, Ah! rather bid me perish.

Then then I must obey.

Could deeds my Soul discover,
 Could valor win thy charms,
 Then would I prove thy lover,
 Before a world in arms:
 Behold and see before you,
 A prostrate Warrior lies,
 Whose sighs and words implore,
 To pity ere he dies.

"THOU ART GONE AWAY"

A. Favorite Scottish

BALLAD

Pr. 1/

Tranf. for

Thou art gone a way, thou art gone

a way, Thou art gone a way frae me M.A... R.V.; Nor

friends nor I, could make thee stay, Thou hast cheat.ed

them and me MA_RY; Un.till this hour I never thought

That aught could alter thee MA_RY, Thou'rt still

the mistress of my heart, Think what you will of

2

Whate'er he said or might pertend
 Wha stole this heart of thine, MARY;
 True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end
 Or nae sic love as mine, MARY.
 I spake sincere, nor flatter'd much,
 Nae selfish thought in me, MARY,
 Ambition, wealth, nor naething such;
 No, I lov'd only thee, MARY.

4

Tho' you've been false, yet while I live
 I'll lo'e nae maid but thee MARY,
 Let friends forget, as I forgive
 Thy wrongs to them and me, MARY.
 So then Farewell! of this be sure,
 Since you've been false to me, MARY;
 For a' the world I'd not endure
 Half what I've done for thee, MARY.

"FRIENDSHIP,"

A FASHIONABLE BALLAD

Composed by

W. A. Mozart.

Pl. 1

Violin

Violoncello

Amir?

Sure not to lifes short

span can find shall sa. cred friend ship glow. Be

yond the grave the ardent mind its best delights

shall know Its best delights shall know

2

Blest scenes! where ills no more annoy,
 Where heav'n the flame approves;
 Where beats the heart to nought but joy,
 And ever lives and loves!

3

There friendship's matchless worth shall shine,
 (To hearts like ours so dear!)
 There angels own its pow'r divine;
 Its native home is there.

4

For here below, tho' friendship's charm,
 Its soft delights display;
 Yet souls like ours, so touch'd so warm
 Still pant for brighter day

“WHEN FIRST THIS HUMBLE ROOF I KNEW”

Sung by

Mr. Bannister

Pr. 1/

When first this humble roof I

knew, with various cares I strove; My grain was

scarce my Sheep were few, my all of life was love.

By mutual toil our board was

dress'd the Spring our drink he stow'd; But when her

Lip the brim had press'd, the Cup with Nectar flow'd,

with Nec tar flow'd.

2

Content and peace the dwelling shar'd,
 No other Guest came nigh,
 In them was given tho' Gold was spar'd
 What Gold could never buy,
 No value has a splended lot;
 But as the means to prove,
 That from the Castle to the Cot,
 The all of life is love.



“THE DAY RETURNS”

Pr. 1.

Words by R. Burns.

The day returns my

$\frac{1}{5}$ 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ *tastoso*

bosom burns, The blissful day we twa did meet, Tho'

pp *ff* *pp*

winter wild in tempest toild, Neer summer Sun was

half sae sweet, Than a' the pride that loads the tide,

And Crosses o'er the sultry line, Than Kingly robes, than

crowns and globes, Heav'n gave me more it made thee mine;

F

pp

While day and night can bring delight,
 Or nature aught of pleasure give ;
 While joys above, my mind can move,
 For thee and thee alone I live !
 When that grim foe of life below
 Comes in between to make us part ;
 The iron hand that breaks our band,
 It breaks my bliss it breaks my heart.

THE MEADOWS LOOK CHEARFUL,

Allegro

The meadows look chearful, the birds sweetly sing

So gayly they carrol the praises of Spring: Tho' nature rejoices

poor Norah shall mourn, un-till her dear Patrick again shall re-tur

Ye lasses of Dublin, ah, hide your gay charms,
 Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms,
 Tho' sattins and ribbons and laces are fine,
 They hide not a heart with such feeling as mine.

"WILL CHEERLY"

Sung by

M^r GIBBON

Composed by

W. Russell.

Pr. 1

Spirit^{to}

Will Cheer-ly

P

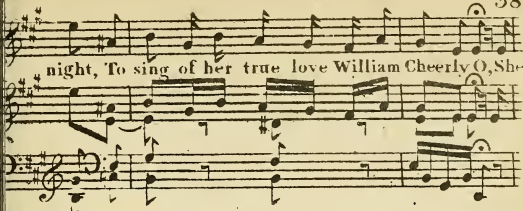
he was a Sailor bold, And MARY was of low degree, Of

Love they'd store but each lack'd gold, So William

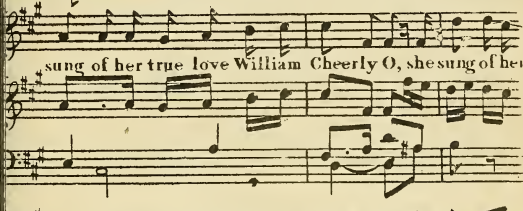
went a gain to sea, He oft would

sigh as oft she'd cry, They lov'd one a nother very

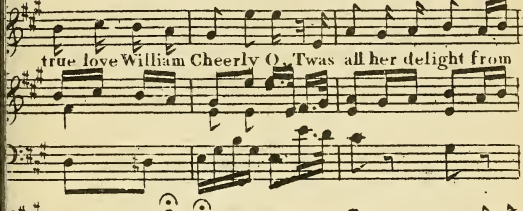
dearly O, 'Twas all her de-light from morning till




night, To sing of her true love William Cheerly O, She



sung of her true love William Cheerly O, she sung of her



true love William Cheerly O, Twas all her delight from



morning till night, to sing of her true love William Cheerly O.



2

Across the mead one morn in May,
 She sportive tripp'd with chee:ful brow,
 The Squire beheld her on the way
 And ask'd to kiss her bonny mow,

O no, said she,

That must not be

For there's one whom I love most sincerly O

Pray who is the youth

Come tell me the truth

Sir my true love is call'd William Cheerly O.

3

Dear lass said he a nobler lot,

Awaits my love, come share my state

Content and virtue bless my cot

Say will your mansion accord my fate

She smiling cried

And homeward hied

Just then return'd she met her deary O

Her Sailor she prest

To her throbbing breast

Then married her true love William Cheerly O

OH! NO, MY LOVE, NO,

Composed by

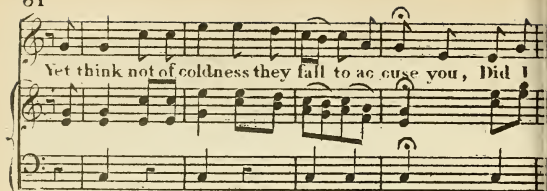
Wm. Kelly, Esq.

Pr. 1/

Espress.^o

While I hang on your bosom dis.

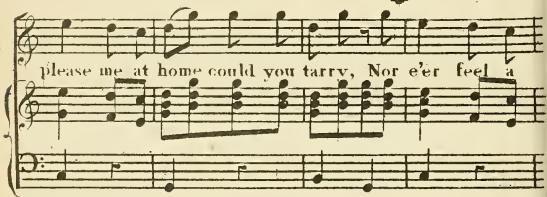
attracted to lose you, High swells my sea heart and fast my tears flow.



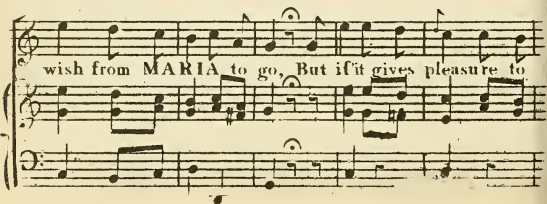
Yet think not of coldness they fall to accuse you, Did I



ever up-braid you oh no my love no, I own it would



please me at home could you tarry, Nor e'er feel a



wish from MARIA to go, But if it gives pleasure to

you my dear HARRY Shall I blame your departer oh

no my love no, shall I blame your de part er! oh

no my love no.

Now do not dear HARRY while abroad you are straying,
 That heart which is mine on a rival bestow,
 Nay banish that frown such displeasure betraying,
 Do you think I suspect you, oh! no my love no.
 I believe you too kind for one moment to grieve me,
 Or plant in a heart which adores you such woe,
 Yet should you dishonour my truth and deceive, me
 Should I e'er cease to love you, oh! no my love no.

"O LIST UNTO MY TALE OF WOE,"

Composed by

Wm. A. Harrison.

Pr. 1/

V. in

Accomp

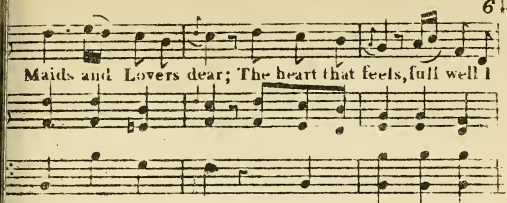
T. Org.

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part includes a treble clef staff with a melodic line and a bass clef staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest.

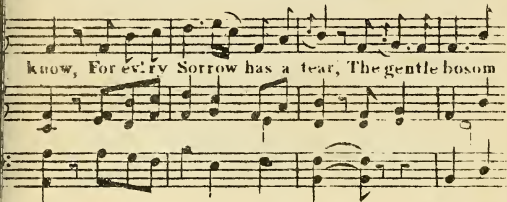
The second system continues the piano accompaniment from the first system. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff with a melodic line and a bass clef staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature remains one flat and the time signature is 3/4.

Oh! list un to my tale of woe, Ye ten der

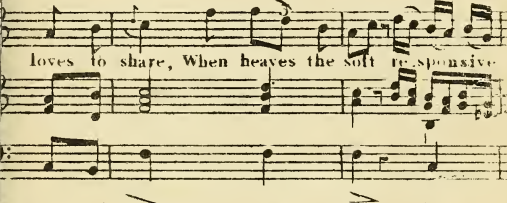
The third system features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature is one flat and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal line contains the lyrics "Oh! list un to my tale of woe, Ye ten der". The piano part includes a treble clef staff with a melodic line and a bass clef staff with a harmonic accompaniment.



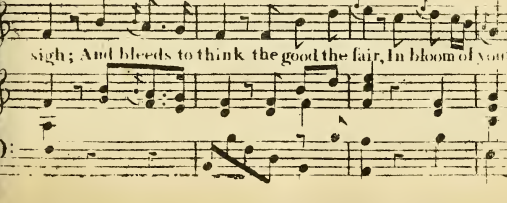
Maids and Lovers dear; The heart that feels, full well I



know, For ev'ry Sorrow has a tear, The gentle bosom



loves to share, When heaves the soft responsive



sigh; And bleeds to think the good the fair, In bloom of youth

are doom'd to die

cres

2

'Twas dead of night, the wind blew keen,
 The moon shone round a gloomy red ;
 When poor MARIA all unseen,
 Arose and left her sleepless bed.
 Her sleepless bed, she nightly tost,
 Nor aught of rest, her days e'er knew ;
 For long her hopeless love was crost,
 And nipt the bud, where first it grew.

3

Ah, me, how cruel was the word,
 Which then forbade her virgin heart ;
 To think of HENRY, own'd it's Lord,
 And forc'd for ever both to part.
 Unhappy doom her reason fled,
 In keen despair she bears the storm,
 Fearless she from the window sped,
 Nor fears to bruise her tender form.

4

And soon she clim'd the garden wall,
 Tho' piercing glass it's top surround ;
 Her dread intent nought could appal,
 And all in blood she reach'd the ground,
 The crimson ground she smild to view,
 Nor dropt one tear, nor breath'd one moan ;
 Alas, no more to nature true
 Unhappy Maid, each sense was gone.

"O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE"

Composed and Dedicated to

MAXWELL GORDON ESQ!

by G. F. Graham.

Pr. II

Alla Scozzese

The first system of music features a treble clef staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). Below it is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves: a treble clef staff with chords and a bass clef staff with a melodic line. The tempo marking "Alla Scozzese" is written above the piano part.

O gin my love were you red rose, That grows upon the

Castle wa, An' I wad sel a drap o' dew In to her bonny breast to be.

O there beyond expression blest I'd feast on beauty

a' the night seal'd on furr silk soft fauld to rest Till fly'd a

wa' by Phaebus' light. dim > PP

F P

O were my love you hawthorn wild .
 That scents afar the evening gale,
 An' I myself the winged breeze
 To kiss her fragrant flowers so pale .
 Each day I'd taste entrancing bliss
 Till time had stol'n her luscious bloom,
 An' when she'd fade, my warmest breath
 Should shield frae cauld, and winter's gloom .

"HOW HAPLESS THE BARD"

Written and Composed

BY

J. W. Graham.

Pr. 1'

Adagio
Lament
evole

How hapless the bard whom his mistress denies, Oue

love speaking smile fore move all his care, Who reads proud

disdain in her dark beaming eyes, And resigns his sad soul

to the grasp of despair.

No

longer his harp and its high themes of glory, His woods and his

mountains responsive awake, No longer each Maid at his

soul moving story, Bestow her bright tribute for soft Pity's

sake.

dim p pp ppp

3

That harp which was wont in warm fancy's rich hour,
 To call forth the raptures of love's sweetest song,
 Neglected hangs up in the dark leafless bower,
 While the cold winds of Night o'er its chords sweep along.

4

At times its wild strain, as of heart-breaking woe,
 On the wanderer steals, as at twilight he bends,
 O'er the moss-covered grave where its master lies low,
 And a tear of regret to his memory lend

THE LEGACY,

or the

GREEN BANKS OF SHANNON

Pr. 1/

*with
Feeling*

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, 6/8 time, starting with a whole rest. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

The second system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with the lyrics "On the green banks of Shannon, When". The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment.

The third system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with the lyrics "Sheelah was nigh, No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I So". The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment.

"SWEET MAID ON THY CHEEK"

Written and Composed

BY

(J. P. Johnson)
Pr 1

Violin

Adagio

Sweet maid on thy cheek where the

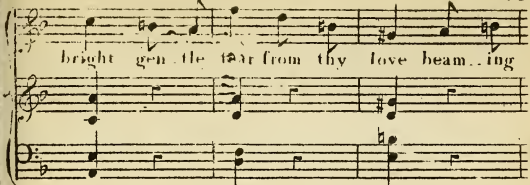
blush of the rose, And the mountain snow

white-ness and pu-ri-ty blend, I see the soft

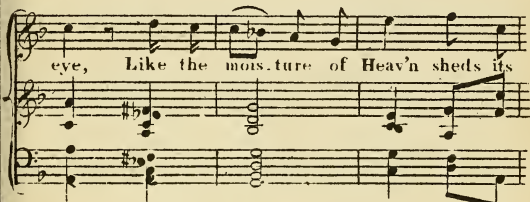
dew drop af-fec-tion be-stows on the dark

droop-ing hopes of thy heart's dearest friend,

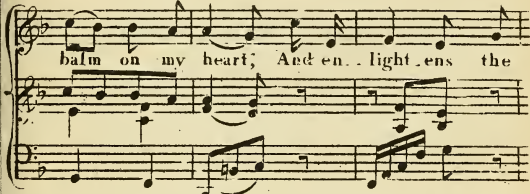
That




bright gentle tear from thy love beam.ing



eye, Like the moisture of Heav'n sheds its



balm on my heart; And en. light ens the



gloom of the moment so nigh, When the

voice of proud hon-our shall forge me to

part.

P

SF

Dim.

P

If the laurel of conquest encircle my brow,
 On thy fond faithful bosom again I'll recline,
 Again shall I breathe to thee constancy's vow,
 And again shall I hear thee declare thy self mine.

4

But if Fate shall my course in the battle arrest,
 My Laura's dear name, with my last fleeting breath,
 Through yonder far sky shall ascend to the blest,
 Nor quit my fond soul in the moment of death.

"SOLDIER'S ADIEU,"

A Celebrated Song,

Written & Composed by

(M^r. DIBDIN.)

Pr. 1/6.

Andante

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a common time signature. The bottom two staves are the piano accompaniment, with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and a common time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante'.

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. It features more complex rhythmic patterns and dynamics. The piano part includes a section marked 'A..'

The third system of music shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'dierr. A.dien. my only life, My honour calls me' are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm.

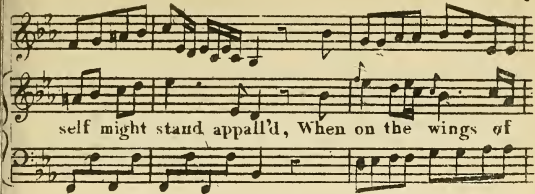
Eng^d by WILKINS

from thee, Re. member thou'rt a Soldier's wife, Those

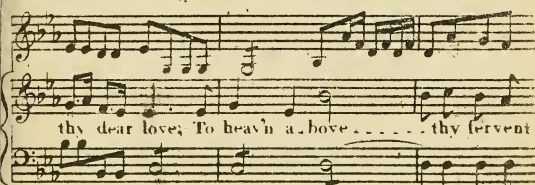
Tears but ill be. come thee, What tho' by du. ty

I am call'd, Where thund'ring Cannons rattle, Where

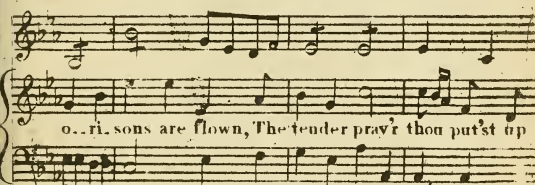
va. lour's self might stand, appall'd, Where va. lour's



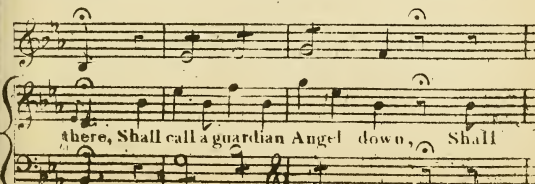
self might stand appall'd, When on the wings of



thy dear love; To heav'n a-bove thy fervent



o-ri-sons are flown, The tender pray'r thou put'st up



there, Shall call a guardian Angel down, Shall

call a guardian Angel down, To watch me in the battle

2

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
 As sword and buckler serving,
 My life shall be more dear to me,
 Because of thy preserving:
 Let peril come, let horror threat,
 Let thundering Cannons rattle,
 I'll fearless seek the conflict's heat,
 Assured when on the wing of love
 To heav'n above &c.

3

Enough, with that benignant smile,
 Some kindred God-inspired thee,
 Who saw thy bosom void of guile,
 Who wondered and admired thee:
 I go, assured, my life adieu,
 Tho' thundering Cannons rattle
 Tho' murdering carnage stalk in view,
 When on the wings of thy true love,
 To heav'n above &c.

“CRAZY JANE,”

the words by

(ALEXANDER H. B. S. O. S.)

the music by

Miss. Schumann. P. 16

Andante.

Why fair Maid in ev'ry feature are such

signs of fear express'd, Can a wand'ring wretch, ed

Creature, With such terror fill thy breast,

Do my frenzied looks alarm thee, Trust me sweet thy

fears are vain,

Not for Kingdoms would I

harm thee, Shun not then poor CRAZY JANE.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish Mark me and

a void my woe, When Men flatter sigh and languish

Think them false I found them so, For I lov'd oh

so sincerely, None could ever love a gain, But the

Youth I lov'd so dearly, Stole the wits of CRAZY JANE

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him, Which was

doon'd to love but one, He sigh'd he vow'd and I be

liev'd him, He was false and I undone, From that

A little faster

hour has reason never Held her Empire o'er my

Brain, HENRY fled with him for ever Fled the

wits of CRAZY JANE. Now forlorn and broken

heart.ed, And with frenzied thoughts be.set.

On that spot where last we part.ed,

On that spot where first we met, Still I

sing my love lorn ditty, Still I slowly

pace the plain, Whilst each passer by in

patiently Cries God help thee CRAZY JANE.

"THE WELCH HARPER"

Composed by

Thos. C. Smith *pr. 1.*

Over the sunny hills I stray, Tuning

many a rustic lay, And sometimes in the shadowy

vales I sing of love and Battle tales. Mer. ri. ly

thus I spend my life Tho' poor my breast is free from strife

The blithe old Harper call'd am I, In the welch

vales 'mid mountains high, In the welch vales 'mid

mountains high.

Sometimes be-

fore a Castle Gate, In Song a Battle I relate, Or how a

Lord in Shepherds guise, Sought favour in a Virgin's eyes.

With rich and poor a welcome guest, No cares in...

...trude up on my Breast, The blithe old Harper call'd am

I, In the welch vales mid mountains high, In the welch

vales mid mountains high.

When Sol it lumes the western Sky, And Evening

Zephyrs softly sigh, Oft times on Village green I play While

round me dance the Rustics gay. And oft' when veild by

sable Night, The wand'ring Shepherds I delight, The blithe old

Harper call'd am I, In the welch vales 'mid mountains high,

In the welch vales 'mid mountains high.

“BY A MURMURING BROOK”
A Favorite Song,

Andante

(J. W. Braham,)

Composed by

(Sir J. Stevenson, Mus. Doc.)
No. 1

Andante.

X.

By a murmuring brook in a valley's deep

shade, Where the wood Dove and Nightingale dwell where the

harsh eye of en-vy may ne-ver per-vade, O

grant me some moss co-verd cell. O

grant me some moss co-verd cell. Round the

mouth of my cave let the L-vy entwine, With the

wood-bine and sweet scented rose, ¶ Let the

blessings of health and contentment be mine, And no

cares shall disturb my repose, Ad:lib: And no.

cares shall disturb my repose. Cres.

But free from the Ills that attend on the great,
 And far from all folly and strife,
 With sweet Solitude's charms in this humble retreat,
 Let me spend the remains of my life,
 Round the mouth of my cave &c.

"THE WILLOW,"

Sung by

Mrs. Jordan.

at the

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE,

Composed by

Giosuè

Pr. 1.

Andante.

A poor soul sat

F. **F.**

sich... ing, Under a si...ca more tree, O

F. **P.**

Wil..low, Wil..low, Wil..low, with his hand on his

F. **P.**

bo... som, His head on his knee, O

Cres. **F.** **P.**

Wil..low, Wil..low, Wil..low, O Wil..low, Wil..low,

F.

Wil..low, Sing O the green Willow, Shall be my garland,

F. P.

O the green Willow, Shall be my garland.

F.

Sing O the green Willow, &c.

2

He Sigh'd in his Singing and after each groan,
 O Willow, Willow, Willow,
 I am dead to all pleasure my true love is gone,
 O Willow, Willow, Willow,
 Sing O the green Willow, &c.

3

Let nobody blame me, her scorn I thus prove,
 O Willow, Willow Willow,
 She was born to be fair, I to die for her love,
 O Willow, Willow, Willow,
 Sing O the green Willow, &c.

“SPRIG OF SHILLELAH”
A Favorite Irish Song,

SUNG BY

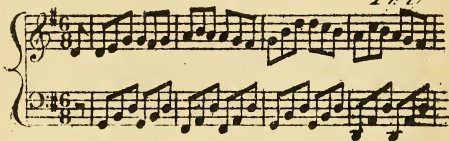
Mr. Johnstone

at the

Theatre Royal Drury Lane

Pr. 1/

Moderato.



Och Love is the Soul of a

neat Irish man, He loves all that love by loves

all that he can with his Sprig of Shillelah and Shamrock so

green.

His heart is good humour'd 'tis

honest and sound, No mallice or hatred is

there to be found; He courts and he marries, He

drinks and he fights, For love all for love, For an

that he de. lights with his Sprig of Shillelah and

Shamrock so green.

2

Who e'er had the luck to see Donny brook fair,
 An Irish man all in his glory is there,
 With his Sprig of Shillelah and Shamrock so green,
 His Cloaths spic and span new without e'er a speck,
 A neat Barcelona tied round his nice neck,
 He goes to a tent and he spends half a crown,
 He meets with a friend and for love knocks him down,
 With his Sprig of Shillelah and Shamrock so green.

3

At Ev'ning returning as homewards he goes,
 His heart soft with whisky his head soft with blows,
 From a Sprig of Shillelah and Shamrock so green,
 He meets with his Shelah who blushing a smile,
 Cries "get agon' Pat" yet consents all the while,
 To the Priest soon they go and nine months after that,
 A fine Babie cries "how d'ye do father Pat?"
 With your Sprig of Shillelah and Shamrock so green.

4

Bless the Country I say that gave Patrick his birth,
 Bless the Land of the Oak and its neighbouring earth,
 Where grows the Shillelah and Shamrock so green,
 May the Sons of the Thames the Tweed and Shannon,
 Drub the French who dare plant at our confines a Cannon,
 United and happy at Loyaltys Shrine,
 May the Rose and the Thistle long flourish and twine,
 Round a Sprig of Shillelah and Shamrock so green.

“THE STREAMLET”

Sung by

Mr. Sutcliff

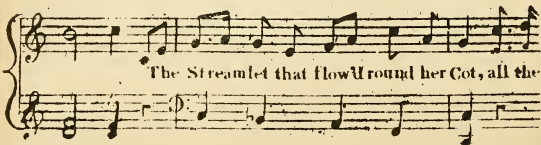
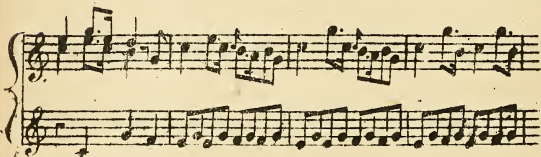
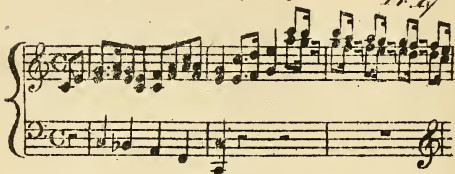
IN THE WOODMAN

Composed by

W. Shield:

Tr. W.

Affettuoso



charms all the charms of my E...MILLY knew

How oft has its course been for...got, While it

paus'd, While it paus'd her dear L...mage to woo!

paus'd her dear L...mage to woo.

Rinf. Rinf. Dim.

2^d Verse.

Re..lieve me the fond sil..ver Tide knew from

whence knew from whence it deriv'd the far prize

For si..lent.ly si..lent.ly swelling with pride it re..

..flect.ed her back to the Skies. flect.ed her back

to the Skies; Rinf. Rinf,Rinf. Dim.

COTTAGE ON THE MOOR

Sung by M^{rs} Herbert

Composed by

J. Sanderson Esq

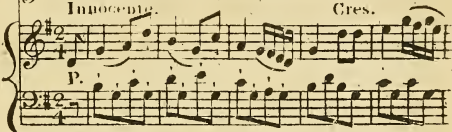
Flute



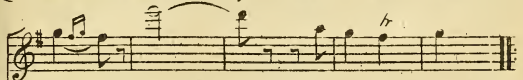
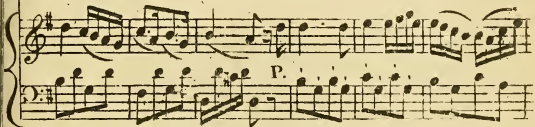
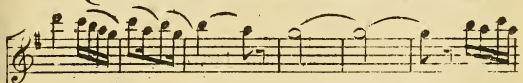
Innocente.

Cres.

Piano



Basso



P.
My Mam is no more and my Dad in his Grave, Little

Or, phaus are Sisters and I sadly poor.

P.
In dustry our wealth and no dwelling we have,

Dolce.
But you neat little Cottage that stands on the Moor, You

Musical score for "The Lark's early Song" in G major, 3/4 time. The score consists of three systems of three staves each (treble, alto, and bass clefs). The first system includes the lyrics "neat little Cottage, you neat little Cottage, you neat little". The second system includes "Cottage, That stands on the Moor." and a piano marking "P.". The third system includes a forte marking "F.". The score concludes with a double bar line.

2

The Lark's early Song does to Labour invite,
 Contented we just keep the Wolfe from the Door,
 And Phoebus retiring, trips home with delight,
 To our neat little Cottage that stands on the Moor.

3

Our meals are but homely, mirth sweetens our cheer,
 Affection's our Inmate, the Guest we adore,
 And heart-ease and health makes a Palace appear,
 Of our neat little Cottage, that stands on the Moor.

THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD,

Sung by

Mr Inledon.

Composed by

W. Shield.

P. 1

Moderato

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef, both in common time. The music begins with a series of chords and moving lines in the piano part, while the vocal line remains silent.

The second system of music continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line enters with the lyrics "For England,". The piano accompaniment features a prominent sixteenth-note pattern in the right hand.

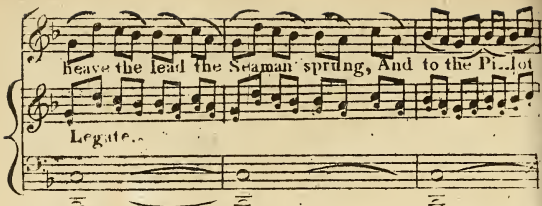
The third system of music continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line enters with the lyrics "when with lav'ring gale, Our gallant Ship up channel I steer'd &". The piano accompaniment continues with the sixteenth-note pattern.

scudding under easy sail, The high blue western land ap-

pearl; To heave the lead the

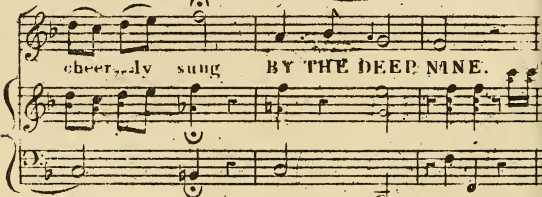
Seaman sprung, And to the Pilot cheerly sung,

ad lib:
BY THE DEEP NINE! BY THE DEEP NINE! TO



heave the lead the Seaman sprung, And to the Pilot

Legato.



cheerily sung BY THE DEEP NINE.

2
 And bearing up to gain the Port,
 Some well known object kept in view;
 An Abby Tower, an Harbour Fort,
 Or Beacon, to the Vessel true,
 While oft the Lead the Seaman hung,
 And to the Pilot cheerly sung
 BY THE MARK SEVEN.

3
 And as the much lov'd shore we near
 With transport we beheld the roof;
 Where dwelt a Friend or Partner dear,
 Of faith and love a matchless proof;
 The Lead once more the Seaman hung,
 And to the watchful Pilot sung
 QUARTER LESS FIVE.

THE GALLEY SLAVE,

Sung by M^r Dignum

(Composed)

MR. RELIANT

Pr. 1 /

Andante

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment, with the left hand in bass clef and the right hand in treble clef. The tempo marking 'Andante' is written vertically to the left of the piano part.

Horns and Clarinets.

The second system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a horn part in treble clef. The bottom two staves are clarinet parts, with the left hand in bass clef and the right hand in treble clef. The tempo marking 'Andante' from the previous system applies to this section as well.

The third system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a piano part in treble clef. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment, with the left hand in bass clef and the right hand in treble clef. The tempo marking 'Andante' from the previous system applies to this section as well.

Oh, think on my fate! Once I free.. dom en..

.. joy'd, Was as hap..py as hap..py could be,

But plea..sure is fled! Even hope is des..

.. troy'd, a Cap..tive a..las! on the Sea. I was

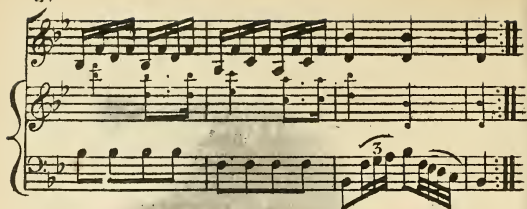
taken by the low, 'twas the fiat of fate, To

SF

tear me from her I adore, When thought brings to

mind my once hap-py es....tate, I sigh! I

sigh! While I tug at the Oar.

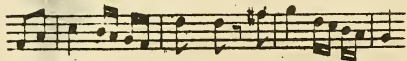


2

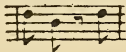
Hard, hard is my fate! Oh how galling my chain,
 My life's steer'd by misery's chart;
 And though 'gainst my Tyrants I scorn to complain,
 Tears gush forth to ease my full heart!
 I disdain e'en to shrink tho' I feel sharp the lash,
 Yet my breast bleeds for her I adore;
 While around me the unfeeling billows will dash,
 I sigh and still tug at the Oar.

3

How fortune deceives I had pleasure in tow,
 The Port where she dwelt we'd in view;
 But the wish'd Nuptial Morn was o'er clouded with woe,
 And dear ANNA! I hurried from you:



Our Shallop was boarded and I borne away,
 To behold my dear ANNA, no more;



But despair wastes my spirits my form feels decay,
 He sigh'd and expir'd at the Oar.

YES HENRY YES WITH THEE I'LL GO,

Answer to "O Nanny wilt thou gang with me"

A Favorite

Ballad

Composed by

MR. RAUZZINI.

Andante

B. 1/6

Piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked *Andante*. The music is written for piano (P.) and consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

Continuation of the piano accompaniment. The right hand has a more active melodic line with some triplets and sixteenth notes. The left hand continues with a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *F.* (forte).

Vocal line starting with the lyrics "Yes Henry yes with thee I'll go,". The melody is written in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats. Dynamics include *X.* (crescendo) and *P.* (piano).

Piano accompaniment for the vocal line. The right hand has a melodic line with some triplets. The left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment. Dynamics include *X. P.* (crescendo to piano).

Final section of the piano accompaniment, continuing the rhythmic pattern from the previous section. Dynamics include *X. P.*

Where'er thy footsteps thy footsteps point the way.

F.

With thee a cot could bliss bestow, And silent glens

P.

can charms display.. Can charms

P.

dis..play, If thee in

P.

russet gown I please russet is

FF.

more than Silk to me. Each courtly Scene I'd

quit with ease nor think of any Joybut

thee, nor think of a

Joy, Nor think of any Joy but
 thee.

F. P. F. F. D.C.

Yes Henry yes with thee I'll go,
 Nor sigh for any pleasure past,
 Whether with sultry heat I glow,
 Or Shiver in the Northern blast,
 Supported by thy friendly Arm,
 Fatigue and toil were light to me,
 My Soul no dangers can alarm,
 Blest thro' the world to follow thee.

3

And should the ill which most I dread,
 Should pain or grief thy peace molest,
 This arm should prop thy drooping head,
 This voice should sooth thy cares to rest,
 No muse untaught by fondest love,
 Could like thy Nancy watchful be,
 Whilst ev'ry tender care should prove,
 How much my joys depend on thee.

THE BOLD DRAGOON

A Comic Song, Sung by

Mr. Johnston.

There was an ancient Fair, O she

F. P.

Detailed description: This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics "There was an ancient Fair, O she" are written below the vocal line. Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves: a right-hand staff in treble clef and a left-hand staff in bass clef. The piano part includes dynamic markings "F." (Forte) and "P." (Piano).

lov'd a nate young man. And she could not throw sly

Detailed description: This system contains the second line of music. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics "lov'd a nate young man. And she could not throw sly" are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with the same two-staff structure.

looks at him, But on-ly thro' her fan: with her

Detailed description: This system contains the third line of music. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics "looks at him, But on-ly thro' her fan: with her" are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with the same two-staff structure.

winks and blinks this waddling minx, her quizzing glass, be

leer and sidle, O! she lov'd a bold Dragoon with his.

ad lib:

MF. P.

long Sword, Saddle, Bridle, Whack! row di

F. P.

dow dow, tal la la di rol di whack! row di

P.

dow dow, tal de ral de ral de ral.

F.

She had a rolling eye, its fellow it had none,
 Would you know the reason why, it was, because she had but one,
 With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx,
 She Could'nt keep her one eye idle,
 O! she leer'd at this Dragoon, with his long Sword, Saddle, Bridle
 Whack &c.

Now he was tall and slim, she squab and short was grown,
 He look'd just like a mile in length, she just like a milk stone;
 With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx;
 Her quizzing glass, her leer and sidle,
 O! she sigh'd to this Dragoon, "bless your long Sword, Saddle, Bridle
 Whack &c.

Soon he led unto the Church, the beauteous Mistress Flinn,
 Who a walnut could have crack'd 'tween her lovely nose and chin,
 O then such winks in marriage links,
 The four foot Bride from Church did sidle,
 As the Wife of this Dragoon, with his long Sword, Saddle, Bridle:
 Whack &c.

A Twelve month scarce had pass'd when he laid her under ground,
 Soon he threw the onion from his eyes, & touch'd ten Thousand Pound
 For her winks and blinks, her money chinks,
 He does not let her Cash lie idle,
 So long life to this Dragoon, with his long Sword, Saddle, Bridle:
 Whack &c.

DEAR ELIZA,

the Words by

W. G. Burton.

the MUSIC by

R. TOPLIFF

Adagio.

No. 1

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. The piano part features a steady bass line with chords and a more active treble line.

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns and melodic lines.

Would, Heav'n some

sig-...nal gift...be...stow,

To smooth our rug...ged path be...

...low, And leave to man his

choice to name, Canst thou not

tell, Canst thou not tell,

Canst thou not tell, What I should

name. Thee dear E...LI...ZA.



2

By thy lov'd name my throbbing breast,
 Is oft with grief or joy imprest;
 For frequent with a lengthen'd sigh,
 And oft with joy, I raptur'd cry,
 "Dear, dear ELIZA."

3

Ah why did fate in angry mood,
 Thee from my longing arms exclude;
 When thou, of all thy sex beside,
 Wert form'd with me thro' life to glide,
 Charming ELIZA.

4

Tho' busied through the live long day,
 Still o'er my heart thou hold'st thy sway;
 And thro' the varying dreams of night,
 Thy form is present to my sight,
 Lovely ELIZA.

5

When all thy various charms I trace,
 And the bright gems thy mind which grace.
 Thy love to me, Oh thought most dear,
 I moan thy absence with a tear,
 Charming ELIZA.

WILL YOU COME TO THE BOW'R,
A Favorite Song,

WRITTEN BY

Thomas Moore Esq.

Pr. 1

Andamento.

Will you come to the

Bow'r I have shaded for you, Our Bed shall be

Roses all spangled with Dew, Will you come to the

Bow'r I have shaded for you, Our Bed shall be Roses 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.

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand. The second system continues the piano accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

2

There under the Bow'r on Roses you'll lie,
 With a blush on your Cheek but a smile in your eye,
 Will you, will you, will you, will you
 Smile my belov'd.

3

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, will you, will you
 Kiss me my Love.

4

And Oh! for the joys that are sweeter than Dew,
 From languishing Roses or kisses from you,
 Will you, will you, will you, will you
 Won't you my Love.

ADIEU MY NATIVE LAND ADIEU

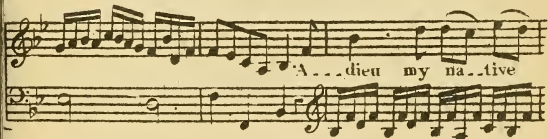
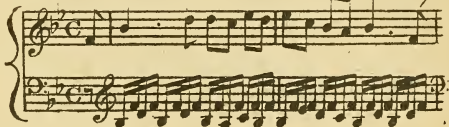
Sung by M^r Lee at the

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE,

Written & Composed by

J. Westbrooke Chandler Esq.

Pr. 1/



...haps I ne-ver more may view, Your fertile fields you

flow, tydales, De...lusive hope can charm no more far

from the faithless maid I roam, Un...friendly seek some

fo-riegn shore unpitied leave my peaceful home, A...

...dieu my na-tive land, A...dieu, the Ves...sel

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The lyrics are written below the treble clef staff. The first system of lyrics is: "spreads her swelling Sails, Perhaps I never". The second system of lyrics is: "more may view, you fertile fields, you flow'ry dales." The word "Sy." is written at the end of the second system. The music is in a 7/8 time signature.

2

Farewell, dear Village, oh, farewell,
 Soft on the gale thy murmur dies;
 I hear thy solemn ev'ning bell,
 Thy spires yet glad my aching eyes.
 Tho' frequent falls the dazzling tear,
 I scorn to shrink from Fate's decree;
 And think not, cruel maid, that e'er,
 I'll breathe another sigh for thee.
 Adieu &c.

3

In vain, thro' shades of frowning night,
 Mine eyes thy rocky coast explore;
 Deep sinks the fiery orb of light,
 I view thy beacons now no more,
 Rise, billows, rise, Blow, hollow wind,
 (Nor night, nor storms, nor death I fear;)
 Ye friendly, hear me hence, to find,
 That Peace which Fate denies me here.
 Adieu &c.

HENRY'S COTTAGE MAID

A Favorite Song, Sung by

MRS DAVIS

Composed by

PLEYEL.

Andante

Pr. 1/

Ah where can fly my soul's true love


sad I wander this lone grove,

Sighs and tears for him I shed,

HEN...RY is from LAU...RA fled,

Thy love to me thou didst im...

...part thy love soon won my vir...gin heart.



But dear...est HEN..RY thou'st be tray'd,

Espress.

thy... love with thy poor Cottage maid.

PP

2

Through the Vale my grief appears,
 Sighing sad, with pearly tears;
 Oft thy Image is my theme,
 As I wander on the green.
 See from my cheek the colour flies,
 And loves sweet hope within me dies;
 For oh dear HENRY thou'st betray'd,
 Thy love- -with thy poor Cottage Maid

WANDERING WILLIE,

Written by

Robt. Burns

With Symphonies & Accompaniments by

P L E Y E L.

Pr 1

Symphonie

Here a wa

there a wa wandering WILLIE, Here a wa there

a .wa haud a .wa haime, Come to my ho .som my

P

p

ain on .ly .dearie, Tell me thou bring'st memy WIL .LIE

the same. Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,

Fears for my WILLIE brought tears in my eye, Welcome now

P

Summer and welcome my WILLIE, The Summer to

P

Nature my WILLIE to me.

Rest ye wild Storms, in the cave of your Slumbers,
 How your dread howling a lover alarms;
 Wauken ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.
 But Oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his NANTIE,
 Flow still between us, thou wide roaring Main,
 May I never see it, May I never trow it,
 But dying, believe that my WILLIE'S my ain

THE FOWLER'S SONG,
As sung with great Applause by

Mr. Incedon.

THE WORDS BY MONTGOMERY,

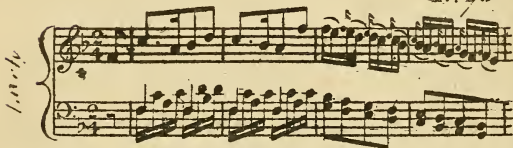
Composed & Dedicated to

Mrs. W. Thomson?

by

G. F. GRAHAM.

Pr. 1/6



Song is published by permission of Messrs

W. & C. F. G.

sky, lark wings my moments fly, There's not a Fowler more re

nown'd, In all the world for ten miles round...

Ah who like me can spread the net, Or tune the merry

flageolet, Then why O why should I repine, Since all the roving

birds are mine, Then why O why should I repine, Since &c.

2

The thrush and Linnet in the vale,
 The sweet sequester'd Nightingale,
 The Bull-finch, Wren, and Woodlark all
 Obey my Summons when I call,
 O! could I form some cunning snare,
 To catch the coy coquetting fair,
 In cupid's filmy web so fine,
 The pretty girls should all be mine

3

When all were mine, Among the rest,
 I'd choose the lass I liked the best,
 And should my charming mate be kind,
 And smile, and Kiss me to my mind,
 With her I'd tie the nuptial Knot,
 Make Hymen's cage of my poor cot,
 And love away this fleeting life,
 Like Robin Red-breast and his wife!

HERE'S A HEALTH & C

an Admired Scotch air

Set to Music for two Voices

BY

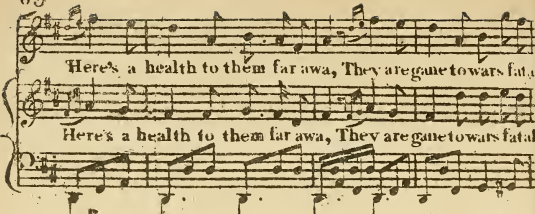
Urbani

Pr. 1/

Andante.

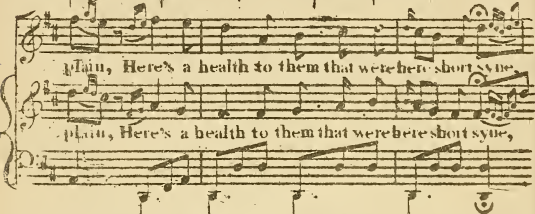
The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef, both sharing the 6/8 time signature and key signature. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. It also consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef at the top, and piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs below. The notation continues with similar rhythmic patterns and melodic lines, ending with a double bar line and repeat dots.



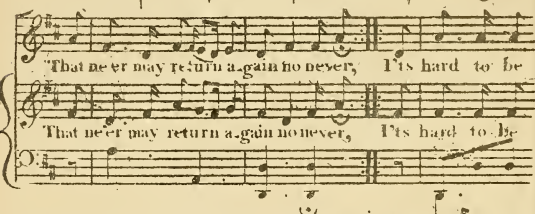
Here's a health to them far awa, They are gane towards fatal

Here's a health to them far awa, They are gane towards fatal



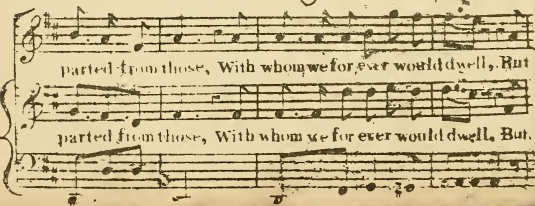
plain, Here's a health to them that were here short syne,

plain, Here's a health to them that were here short syne,



That ne'er may return a gain no never, It's hard to be

That ne'er may return a gain no never, It's hard to be



parted from those, With whom we for ever would dwell, But

parted from those, With whom we for ever would dwell, But.

bitter indeed is the sorrow that flows Perhaps we're saying fare

bitter indeed is the sorrow that flows Perhaps we're saying fare

...well for ever.

...well for ever.

2

They are gone the sword for to draw,
 In defence of their country's Law,
 But woe to the arm that does any harm,
 To them that's gone far awa— for ever,
 But why should we live in despair,
 Some Guardian may watch on the plain,
 And shield them in battle from dangers to share,
 And send them to us safe home— for ever.

THE BOATIE ROWS

A FAVORITE DUET FOR 2 VOICES.

Violin

P

Weel may the Boat, ie row, And bet..ter may it
Weel may the Boat, ie row, And bet..ter may it

PP

speed, Weel may the Boat, ie row, That
speed, Weel may the Boat, ie row, That

PP

gains the bairn's bread. The Boatie rows the
gains the hairn's' bread. The Boatie rows the

Boatie rows the Boatie rows fu' weel,
Boatie rows the 'Boatie rows fu' weel,

Meickle luck attend the Boat, The merlin & the creel.
Meickle luck attend the Boat, The merlin & the creel.

2

I cunst my line in Largo Bay,
 And fishes I catch'd Nine,
 'Twas Three to boil, and Three to fry,
 And Three to bait the line,
 The Boatie rows, the Boatie rows,
 The Boatie rows indeed,
 And happy be the lot of a',
 Who wishes her to speed.

3

O weel may the Boatie row,
 That fills a heavy creel,
 And cleads us a' frae head to feet,
 And buys our pottage weal,
 The Boatie rows, the Boatie rows,
 The Boatie rows indeed,
 And happy be the lot of a',
 That wish the Boatie speed.

4

When JAMIE vow'd he wou'd be mine,
 And wan frae me my heart,
 O muckle lighter grew my creel,
 He swore we'd never part,
 The Boatie rows, the Boatie rows,
 The Boatie rows, fu' weel,
 And muckle lighter is the load,
 When love bears up the creel.

5

My kurtch I put upo' my head,
 And dress'd mysel' fu' brow,
 I true my heart was douf an' wae,
 When JAMIE ga'ed awa,
 But weel may the Boatie row,
 And lucky be her part
 And lightsome be the lassie's care,
 That yields an honest heart:

6

When SA.VNEY, JOCK, an' JANETIE,
 Are up and gotten lear,
 They'll help to gar the Boatie row,
 And lighten a' our cai
 The-Boatie rows, the Boatie rows,
 The Boatie rows fu' weel,
 And lightsome be her heart that bears,
 The Merlie, and the creel.

And when wi' age we worc down,
 And hirpling tounn the floor,
 They'll row to keep us dry and warm,
 As we did them before,
 Then weel may the Boatie row,
 She wins the bairn's bread,
 And happy be the lot o' a',
 That wish the Boat to speed.

CLARINDA,

the WORDS by

BURNS

Pr. I/

pp

pp

Cl. rin. da mis. tres

PR

of my soul, The measur'd time is run!

wretch be. neath' the dreary pole, So marks

la..fest Sun. To what dark cave of frozen

night, Shall poor Syl.van.der hic,

-privtl of thee his life and light, The sun of all his

joy.

We part—but by these precious drops,
 That fill thy lovely eyes,
 No other light shall guide my steps,
 Till thy bright beams arise,
 She, the fair Sun of all her sex,
 Has blest my glorious days,
 And shall a glimmering planet fix
 My worship to its ray.

LIFE LET US CHERISH

A Favorite BALLAD Composed by

M O Z A R T

Andante

Tr. L.

Life let us che-rish, While yet the

ta-...per glows, And the fresh flow-ers

pluck 'em it close. Why are we fond of

toll and care why choose the rankling thorn to wear and
 heedless by the lily stray which blossoms in our way

D.C.

2

When clouds obscure the atmosphere,
 And forked lightnings rend the air,
 The Sun resumes his Silver crest,
 And smiles adorn the West.

3

The genial Seasons soon are o'er,
 Then let 'ere we quit this Shore,
 Contentment seek; it is life's zest,
 The Sunshine of the Breast.

4

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

AULD LANG SYNE

Sung by M^r Sinclair

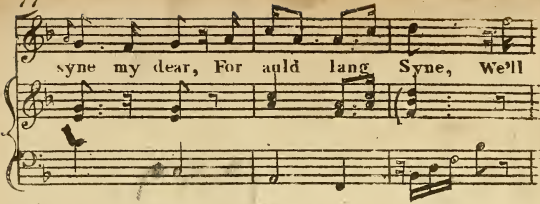
Pr. 1/

The first system of the score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The time signature is 2/4. The music begins with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, followed by a double bar line.

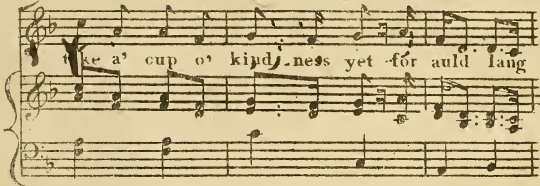
The second system continues the melody. The upper staff has the lyrics "Should auld acquaintance be for-". The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a double bar line in the middle of the system.

The third system continues the melody. The upper staff has the lyrics "-got, & neverbrought to mind, Should auld acquaintance". The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a double bar line in the middle of the system.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The upper staff has the lyrics "be forgot, And days o' lang. syne. For auld lang". The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a double bar line in the middle of the system.



syne my dear, For auld lang Syne, We'll



take a' cup o' kindness yet for auld lang



syne

2

We twa hae paillet in the Burn,
 Frae morning Sun till dine,
 But Seas between us braid he' a roar'd,
 Sin' auld lang syne,
 For auld lang syne &c.

5

And surely you'll be your pint stoup,
 And surely I'll be mine,
 And we'll take a' cup o' kindness yet

