

Glen. 199(1-2)


4464683

THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-
Brise to the National Library of Scotland,
in memory of her brother, Major Lord
George Stewart Murray, Black Watch,
killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.



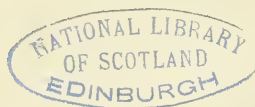


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
National Library of Scotland

Glen 199.

(11)

ONE
HUNDRED
SONGS,
MUSIC AND WORDS,
BY
HENRY RUSSELL.



LONDON:

DAVIDSON, PETER'S HILL, DOCTORS' COMMONS,
ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF ST. PAUL'S.

1111111111

CONTENTS.

A Happy Home is mine.....	58	Let them sing who may.....	58
A Life in the West.....	36	Little Fools and Great Ones.....	48
A Life on the Ocean Wave.....	46	Little Gay Deceiver, the.....	15
Almighty Spirit.....	76		
A Song for a Stormy Night.....	65	Main Truck, the or a Leap for Life.....	20
Beautiful Streamlet, how precious to me.....	62	Man the Life Boat.....	66
Believe not the Tales they have told Thee of me.....	32	Merrily, merrily, merrily, O.....	38
Blow, blow, wild Winds.....	31	Merry Mariners, the.....	61
Bright Hope is dead.....	66	Minstrel of the Tyrol, the.....	27
By the Crimson Hue of the fair Sunset.....	64	My Mother's Bible.....	40
		My Mother's Portrait.....	9
Charter Oak.....	70	My Old Wife.....	39
Chieftain's Daughter, the.....	58	My Strength is failing fast.....	51
Choose ye who will Earth's dazzling Bowers.....	62		
Christmas Carol, a.....	37	Newfoundland Dog, the.....	26
Come, Brothers, arouse.....	43	Nigh to a Grave that was newly made.....	54
Come, fill the Cup.....	48	No sab'e Plall, no waving Plume.....	41
Come, fill my Glass again, old Friend.....	17	Not Married yet.....	34
		Now tell me, Mary, how it is.....	68
Dear Janet.....	47		
Dove of Noah, the.....	77	O! a dainty Plant is the Ivy Green.....	42
Dying Legacy, the.....	43	O! a mournful Sound has the old Church Bell.....	44
		O! Brothers, come hither, and list to my Story.....	36
Eleven Years have pass'd away.....	74	Ocean, the, or the Merry Mariners.....	61
Exile, the.....	38	Oh, Time is a Blessing sent by God.....	62
		Oh, why should we bewail the Dead.....	76
Fisher Boy, the.....	38	Old Arm Chair, the.....	12
From his Mountain Land, with his Harp in Hand.....	27	Old Church Bell, the.....	44
		Old English Hospitality.....	59
Gin Fiend, the.....	10	Olden Time and Present Time.....	64
Greenwood Tree, the.....	73	Old Farm Gate, the.....	35
		Old Ironsides at Anchor lay.....	20
Happy Change, the.....	69	Old King Time.....	54
Happy Days of Childhood, the.....	28	Old Mill-stream, the.....	32
Hark, 'midst the Roar of an eager Crowd.....	24	Old School-House, the.....	56
Hark to the Clinking of Hammers.....	13	Old Sexton, the.....	54
Have you e'er been in Love.....	49	Old Time has dimn'd the Lustre of her Eyes.....	30
Heigho for a Husband.....	55	Old Tubal Cain was a Man of Might.....	34
Hope on her Wings, and God her Guide.....	7	On a Rocky Cliff I stood.....	36
Hope's Sepulchre.....	56	On old Long Island's Seagirt Shore.....	59
		On that lowly Village Green.....	56
I care not for Spring.....	37	On the Brave who have fallen.....	39
I dream'd, dear Janet.....	47	On the Village Green it stood.....	56
If thou would'st win a lasting Fame.....	40	O, sadly, ye dark rolling Waves of the Ocean.....	38
I love it, I love it.....	2	O! scorn me not as a fameless Thing.....	27
I love the Night when the Moon beams bright.....	29	O! this Love.....	31
I'm Afloat.....	50	Our Way across the Mountains.....	53
I'm Single yet—I'm Single yet.....	34		
In cold Misfortune's cheerless Day.....	75	Patriot's Welcome, the.....	39
Influence of Mercy, the.....	5	Pauper's Drive, the.....	11
I've wander'd oft in Childhood.....	28	Pilgrim's Address to the Deity, the.....	77
Ivy Green, the.....	42	Poor Man's Friend, the.....	41
I wear not the Purple of Earth-born Kings.....	51		
		Resignation.....	75
Land, ho!.....	44	Rising Sun, the.....	36
Leap for Life, the.....	20	Rock-away.....	53
Less than a Mao.....	16	Rover's Song, the.....	31
Let's be Gay.....	72	Rushlight, the.....	27

CONTENTS.

Saw ye the Shadow o'er his Brow.....	45
Say not that any Crime of Man.....	75
Sea-King's Burial, the.....	51
She heard the Fight was over.....	57
Ship on Fire, the.....	5
Slave Auction, the.....	24
Slave Ship, the.....	14
Soldier and his Bride, the.....	57
Soldier's Wife, the.....	57
Some love to roam o'er the dark Sea's Foam..	46
Song for the Yacht Clubs.....	31
Song of the Emigrant Sempstress.....	22
Song of the Mariners.....	62
Song of the Scaffold, the.....	13
Song of the Shirt.....	22
So Young and so Lovely.....	29
Spider and the Fly, the.....	33
Spirit and Stream, the.....	50
Spring has Violets blue.....	53
Struggle for Fame.....	40
 The Banks of the River were lovely and bright	50
The Battle Strife was over.....	57
The First Dear Thing that ever I lov'd.....	52
The first gray Dawn of the Morning was beaming	14
The Gin Fiend cast his Eyes abroad.....	10
The Lady leaves the Banquet Hall.....	63
The Main, the Main.....	50
The Mother who hath a Child at Sea.....	24
The Olden Time.....	64
There's a Good Time Coming.....	71
There's a Hearse with one Horse in a jolly round	
Trot.....	11
There's an Eye that looks on the Swelling Cloud	24
There's Room enough for all.....	12
There, there hangs the Portrait which fondly I	
prize.....	9
There was a little Maid.....	16

The Soldier bold, when the Bugles sound.....	73
The Storm o'er the Ocean flew furious and fast	5
The Winds are Free.....	60
The Winds without, in their Midnight Rout...	65
The World is on the Move.....	25
This Book is all that's left me now.....	40
Thou art, O God, the Fount Divine.....	77
'Tis Eve on the Ocean.....	60
Time is a Blessing.....	62
Tubal Cain.....	34
 Upon the barren Sand a single Captive stood..	28
Up, up with a Signal.....	44
 Vision of the Reveller.....	17
 We have faith in old Proverbs, full surely.....	10
We met in other Years.....	58
Wery Pekooliar, or the Lipping Lover.....	42
We were Boys together.....	49
What need of all this Fuss and Strife.....	12
When at the Social Board you sit.....	48
When is a Man less than a Man.....	16
When the Tempest flies.....	70
Where there's a Will there's a Way.....	10
Where, where is the Gate that once serv'd to	
divide.....	35
Why, Dermot, you look Healthy now.....	68
Wife's Dream, the.....	68
Wife's Song, the.....	74
Will Nobody marry me?.....	55
Will you walk into my Parlour.....	33
With Features happy and gay.....	22
Woodman, spare that Tree.....	41
 Yet deeper and deeper and wilder the Night...	26
You ask'd me, Sister, how it was.....	69

THE SONGS AND SCENAS

OF

HENRY RUSSELL.

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

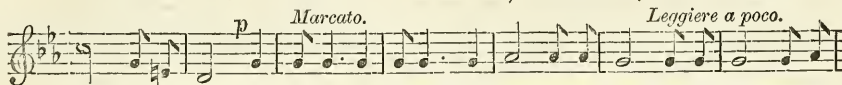
The Poetry by Dr. Mackay.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, Nos. 718-18, Price 6d.

Quasi ad lib. ma Largamento.



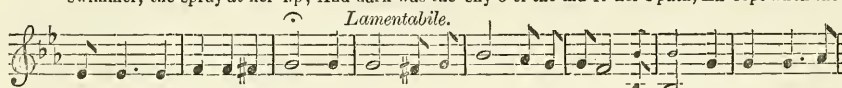
The storm o'er the o-cean flew fu-rious and fast, And the waves rose in foam at the



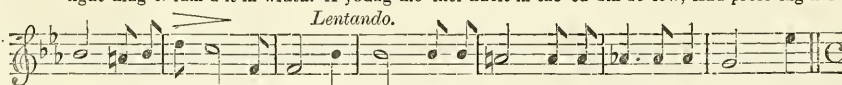
voice of the blast; And hea-vi-ly labour'd the gale-beat-en ship, Like a stout-heart-ed



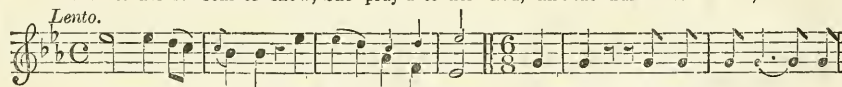
swimmer, the spray at her lip; And dark was the sky o'er the ma-ri-ner's path, Ex-cept when the



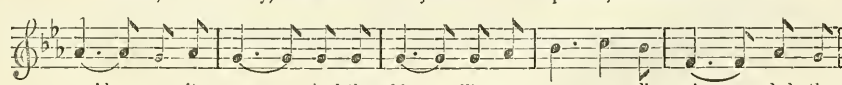
light-ning il-lum'd it in wrath. A young mo-ther knelt in the ca-bin be-low, And press-ing her



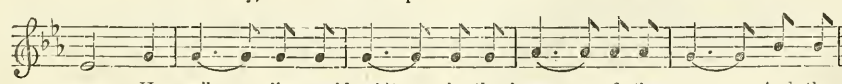
babe to her ho-som of snow, She pray'd to her God, 'mid the hur-ri-cane wild,—'Oh!



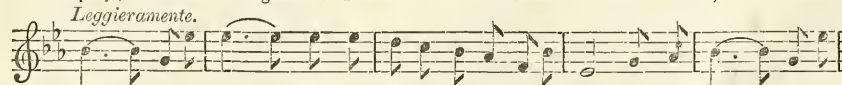
Fa-ther, have mer-cy, look down on my child! It pass'd;—the fierce whirlwind ca-



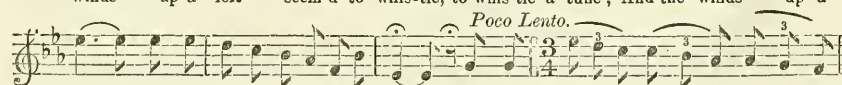
reer'd on its way, And the ship like an ar-row di-vi-ded the



spray; Her sails glim-mer'd white in the beams of the moon, And the



winds up a-foft seem'd to whis-tle, to whis-tle a tune; And the winds up a-



foft seem'd to whistle, to whistle a tune. There was joy in the ship, as she furrow'd the

Mancando.

foam, For fond hearts with-in her were dreaming of home: The young mother press'd her fond
A piacere.
 babe to her breast, And sang a sweet song as she rock'd it to rest. And the hus-band sat
Forando é Spirito.
 chee-ri-ly down by her side, And look'd with de-light on the face of his bride: 'Oh,
 hap-py,' said he, 'when our roam-ing is o'er, We'll dwell in our cot-tage that stands by the
Soave ma con Spirito.
 shore; Al-rea-dy in fan-cy its roof I des-cry, And the smoke of its hearth curl-ing up to the
 sky— Its gar-den so green, and its vine-co-ver'd wall; The kind friends a-wait-ing to
Andantino.
 wel-come us all; And the chil-dren that sport by the old oak-en tree.' Ah! gen-tly the
Recitativo.
 ship gli-ded o-ver the sea. Hark! what was that? Hark, hark to the shout—Fire!
 Then a tramp and a rout, And an up-roar of voi-ces a-rose in the air, And the
 mo-ther knelt down—and the half-spo-ken pray'r That she of-fer'd to God, in her a-go-ny
Lento. *Tempo.*
 wild, Was,—'Fa-ther, have mer-cy! look down, look down on my child!' She flew to her
 hus-band—she clung to his side;— Oh! there was her re-fuge, whate'er might be—
Con forza. *f*
 tide. Fire! fire!— it was ra-ging a-bove and be-low, And the cheeks of the sailors grew

pale at the sight, And their eyes glisten'd wild in the glare of the light. 'Twas vain o'er the ravage the
Rinforzando.

wa - ters to drip,—The pi - ti - less flame was the lord of the ship, And the smoke, in thick
A Tempo.

wreaths, mount-ed high-er and high-er:— Oh, God! it is fear-ful to pe - rist by fire! A-
Poco. A poco e piano. Ritenuto.

lone with des-truc-tion— a - lone on the sea— Great Fa-ther of mer-cy, our
Tempo di Marcia ma a poco Ritenuto.

hope is in Thee! Sad at heart and re-sign'd, yet un - daun-ted and brave, They
Quieto.

lower'd the boat, a mere speck on the wave. First en-ter'd the mo-ther, en-fold-ing her child, It
knew she caress'd it, look'd upward, and smil'd. And then came the husband, and then came the crew; At
Lento.

last came the captain—Oh, what could they do! Cold, cold was the night, as they drifted away, And
p

mis-ti-ly dawn'd o'er the pathway the day; And they pray'd for the light, and at noontide about The
Quasi con Energia ma a poco.

sun o'er the wa - ters shone joy - ous - ly out. 'Ho, a sail! ho, a sail!' cried the
A poco Agitato e Presto.

man on the lee; 'Ho, a sail!' and they turned their glad eyes o'er the sea. 'They see us! they
see us! the sig - nal is wav'd; They bear down up - on us—they bear down up - on us— they
Con Energia.

bear down up - on us-- the sig-nal is wav'd! Thank God, thank God! we're sav'd!

THE FOUNDING OF THE BELL.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, LL.D.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, Nos. 702-3, Price 6d.

Allegro Moderato.

Hark! how the fur-nace pants and roars! Hark! how the mol-ten me-tal
pours, As, burst-ing from its i-ron doors, It glit-ters in the sun!
Now thro' the rea-dy mould it flows, Seeth-ing and hissing as it goes,— And
fill-ing ev'-ry cre-vice up, As the red vin-tage fills the cup! Hur-rah!
... hurrah! the work, the work is done! Unswathe him now,—take off each stay That
binds him to his couch of clay, And let him strug-gle in-to day; Let
chain and pul-ley run, With yield-ing crank and stea-dy rope, Un-til he rise from
rim to cope, In round-ed beau-ty, ribb'd in strength, Without a flaw in all his length. The
Tempo lmo.
clap-per on his gi-ant side Shall ring no peal for blushing bride, For birth, or death, or new-year-
tide, Or fes-ti-val be-gun: A na-tion's joy a-lone shall be The
sig-nal for his re-vel-ry; And for a na-tion's woes a-lone His
me-lan-cho-ly tongue shall moan. Hurrah! hurrah! the work, the work is done!

Borne on the gale, deep-ton'd and clear,
His long loud summons shall we hear,
When statesmen, to their country dear,
Their mortal race have run;
When mighty monarchs yield their breath,
And patriots sleep the sleep of death,—
Then shall he raise his voice of gloom,
And peal a requiem o'er their tomb!
Speak low! speak low! the work is done!
Should foemen lift their haughty hand,
And dare invade us where we stand,
Fast by the altars of our land
We'll gather ev'ry one;
And he shall ring the loud alarm
To call the multitudes to arm,
From distant field and forest brown,
And teeming alleys of the town;
And, as the solemn boom they hear,
Old men shall grasp the idle spear,
Laid by to rust for many a year,
And to the struggle run;
And youths, from hills and dells afar,
Shall rush, to mingle in the war;
And maids have sweetest smiles for those
Who battle with their country's foes.
Hurrah! hurrah! the work is done!

And when the cannon's iron throat
Shall bear the news to dells remote,
And trumpet-blast resound the note
That victory is won,
While down the wind the banner drops,
And bonfires blaze on mountain tops,
His side shall glow with fierce delight,
And ring glad peals from morn to night!
Hurrah! hurrah! the work is done!
But of such themes forbear to tell!
May never war awake this bell,
To sound the tocsin or the knell!
Hush'd be th' alarm gun!
Sheath'd be the sword, and may his voice
But call the nations to rejoice
That war his batter'd flag has fur'd,
And vanish'd from a wiser world!
Still may he ring when struggles cease,
Still may he ring for joys' increase,
For progress in the arts of peace,
And friendly trophies won:—
When rival nations join their hands,
When plenty crowns the happy lands,
When knowledge gives new blessings birth,
And freedom reigns o'er all the earth—
Hurrah! hurrah! the work is done!

MY MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

The Poetry by Leigh Cliffe, Esq.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 720, Price 3d.

Andante Moderato.

There, there hangs the por - trait which fond - ly I prize, The pride of my heart, the de-
light of my eyes. My mo - ther, my mo - ther! I think oft, with tears, Of thy
un - dy-ing fond-ness that grew with my years. Oh, how kind - ly she watch'd me, how
pure was her love, And tho' proud as the ea - gle, she still was the dove. Deep and
rich were her feel-ings, and anxious her care, And I bless her while view-ing that dear face there!

Off, off, when I gaze on those features so fair,
As mild as an angel's, upraised in pray'r,
I fancy her eyes beam with fondness on me,
And my kind mother there, as in life, still I see.
She is shrin'd in my heart, but, alas! with a
tear

I bewail the fair semblance I worshipp'd so here,
And turn from the world off, to utter a pray'r,
And to look, unobserv'd, on that dear face there!

Sweet mother, in childhood you cradled my head,
And I pillow'd thine when thou slept with the dead.
All, all my heart's treasures were center'd in thee,
And for aye unforgotten thy mem'ry will be.
The soft sweet voice that bless'd me falls now on
mine ear,
And the hands that caress'd me seem still to be near.
Tears shame not a man when a tear aids the pray'r
That I breathe for the peace of that dear face there!

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

The Poetry by Eliza Cook.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 228, Price 6d.
Con Anima.

We have faith in old proverbs full sure-ly, For wisdom has trac'd what they
tell, And truth may be drawn up as pure - - ly From them as it
may from a well. Let us ques - tion the think - ers and
do - ers, - - And hear what they ho - nest - ly say, And you'll
find they be-lieve, like bold woo-ers, In where there's a will there's a way.

The hills have been high for man's mounting,
The woods have been dense for his axe,
The stars have been thick for his counting,
The sands have been wide for his tracks;
The sea has been deep for his diving,
The poles have been wide for his sway,
But bravely he's proved, in his striving,
That where there's a will there's a way.

Have ye poverty's pinching to cope with?
Does suffering weigh down your might?
Only call up a spirit to hope with,
And dawn may come out of the night.

Oh! much may be done by defying
The ghosts of despair and dismay,
And much may be gain'd by relying
On where there's a will there's a way.

Should you see that far off worth winning,
Set out on the journey with trust,
And ne'er heed if you at beginning,
Should be among brambles and dust:
Though it is but by footsteps ye do it,
And hardships may hinder and stay,
Keep a heart, and be sure you'll get through it,
For where there's a will there's a way.

THE GIN FIEND.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, LL.D.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, Nos. 553-4, Price 6d.
Allegro con Anima.

The Gin Fiend cast his eyes abroad, And look'd o'er all the land, And number'd his my-riad
wor-ship-pers With his bird-like long right hand. He took his place in the teem-ing streets, And
watch'd the peo-ple go A-round and a-bout, With a buzz and a shout, For
ev-er to and fro. And it's 'Hip!' he said, 'hip! hip! hur-ra! For the mul-ti-tudes I
see, Who of-fer them-selves in sa-cri-fice, And die for the love of me!

There pass'd a man in the crowded way,
 With eyes blood-shot and dim;
 He wore a coat without a sieve,
 And a hat without a brim;
 His grimy hands with palsy shook,
 And fearfully he laugh'd,
 Or drivell'd and swore,
 As he clamour'd for more
 Of the burning poison-draught.
 And it's 'Hip!' said the Gin Fiend, 'hip! hurra!
 Success to him over his bowl;
 A few short months have made him mine—
 Brain, and body, and soul!
 There sat a madman in his cell,
 Palm-clench'd, with lips compress'd—
 God's likeness blotted from his face,
 And fury in his breast.
 There sat an idiot, close beside,
 With a dull and stolid leer,
 The apathy of his heavy eye
 Warming at times to fear.
 And it's 'Hip!' said the Gin Fiend, 'hip! hurra!
 These twain are wholly mine;
 The one a demon, the other a beast—
 And both for burning wine!
 There stood a woman on a bridge;
 She was old, but not with years;—
 Old with excess, and passion, and pain;
 And she wept remorseful tears.
 And she gave her baby her milkless breast,
 Then, goaded by its cry,

Made a desperate leap in the river deep,
 In the sight of the passers-by.
 And it's 'Hip!' said the Gin Fiend, 'hip! hurra!
 Let them sink in the friendly tide;
 For the sake of me the creature liv'd—
 To satisfy me she died.
 There watch'd a mother by her hearth,
 Comely, but sad and pale;
 Her infant slept, her lord was out,
 A quaffing of his ale.
 She stay'd his coming; and, when he came,
 His thoughts were bent on blood;
 He could not brook
 Her taunting look,
 And he slew her where she stood.
 And it's 'Hip!' said the Gin Fiend, 'hip! hurra!
 He does his duty well;
 And he pays the tax he owes to me,
 And the monarchy of hell.
 And ev'ry day, in the crowded way,
 He takes his fearful stand,
 And numbers his myriad worshippers
 With his bird-like long right hand;
 And ev'ry day his victims feast
 Before his flashing eyes;—
 And ev'ry night, before his sight,
 Are offer'd in sacrifice.
 And it's 'Hip!' he says, 'hip! hip! hurra!
 For the deep up-frothing bowl,
 Which gives me victims that I crave,—
 Brain, and body, and soul.'

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

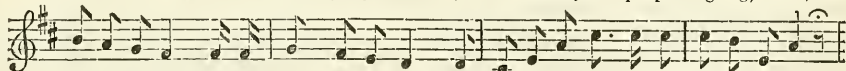
The Poetry by T. Noel, Esq.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, Nos. 78-9, Price 6d.

Moderato con Anima.

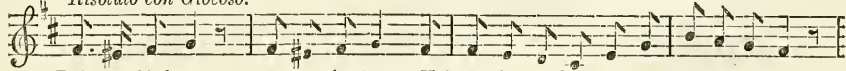


There's a hearse with one horse in a jol-ly round trot; To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot; The

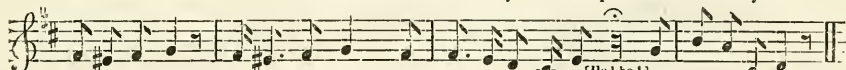


road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs, And hark to the dirge that the sad dri-ver sings:

Risoluto con Giocoso.



Rat-tle his bones o-ver the stones; He's on-ly a Pau-per that no-bo-dy owns!



Rat-tle his bones o-ver the stones; He's on-ly a Pau-per (Ha! ha!) that no-bo-dy owns!

Oh, where are the mourners?

Alas! there are none;

He has left not a gap in the world now he's gone;

Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man!

To the grave with his carcase as fast as you can!

'Rattle his bones,' &c.

What a jolting and creaking, and splashing and din!

The whip, how it cracks! and the wheels, how they spin!

How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurl'd!

The Pauper at length makes a noise in the world!

'Rattle his bones,' &c.

Poor Pauper defunct! he has made some approach

To gentility, now that he's stretch'd in a coach;

He's taking a drive in his carriage at last;

But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast!

'Rattle his bones,' &c.

But a truce to this strain, for my soul it is sad,

To think that a heart in humanity clad

Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,

And depart from the light without leaving a friend!

Bear softly his bones over the stones;

Though a Pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns!

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

The Poetry by Eliza Cook.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, Nos. 565-6, Price 6d.

Andante con Espressione.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare To chide me for lov-ing that old arm-chair; I've



treasur'd it long as a ho - ly prize, I've be-dew'd it with tears, I've em-balm'd it with sighs; 'Tis



bound by a thou-sand bands to my heart; Not a tie will break, not a link will



start. Would ye learn the spe'l,—a mo-ther sat there, And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's home, I linger'd near
The hallow'd seat with lis'ning ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide:
She taught me to lisp my earliest pray'r,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshipp'd her when she smil'd,
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.

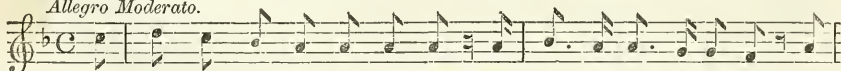
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled:
I learn'd how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nurs'd me, 'twas there she died,
And mem'ry flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

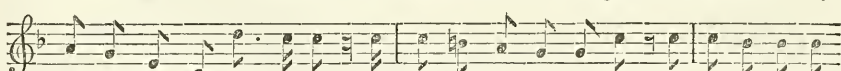
THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

The Poetry by E. L. Blanchard, Esq.

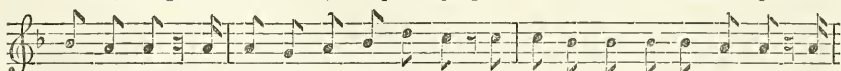
Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, Nos. 507-8, Price 6d.

Allegro Moderato.

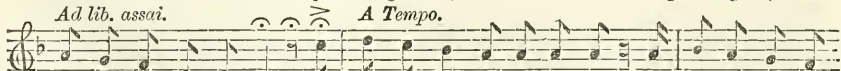
What need of all this fuss and strife, Each war - ring with his bro-ther? Why



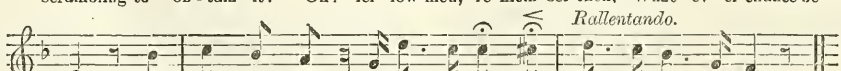
need we, through the crowd of life, Keep trampling on each o - ther? Is there no goal that



can be won With - out a squeeze to gain it, No o - ther way of get - ting on, But



scrambling to ob - tain it? Oh! fel - low men, re-mem-ber then, What - ev - er chance be-



fall, The world is wide in lands beside—There's room e-nough for all.

What if the swarthy peasant find
No field for honest labour?
He need not idly stop behind,
To thrust aside his neighbour!
There is a land with sunny skies,
Which gold for toil is giving,
Where ev'ry brawny hand that tries
Its strength can grasp a living.
Oh! fellow men, remember then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide;—where those abide,
There's room enough for all!
From poison'd air ye breathe in courts,
And typhus-tainted alleys,
Go forth, and dwell where health resorts,
In rural hills and valleys;
Where ev'ry hand that clears a bough
Finds plenty in attendance,

And ev'ry furrow of the plough
A step to independence.
Oh! hasten, then, from fever'd den,
And lodging cramp'd and small:
The world is wide in lands beside.—
There's room enough for all!
In this fair region far away,
Will labour find employment—
A fair day's work a fair day's pay,
And toil will earn enjoyment!
What need, then, of this daily strife,
Each warring with his brother?
Why need we in the crowd of life
Keep trampling down each other?
Oh! fellow men, remember then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide;—where those abide,
There's room enough for all!

THE SONG OF THE SCAFFOLD.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 564, Price 3d.

Allegro Moderato.

Hark to the clink-ing of ham-mers, Hark to the driv-ing of nails,— The
men are e-rect-ing a scaf-fold In one of her Ma-jes-ty's jails. A
life, hu-man life's to be ta-ken, Which the crowd and the hangman hail; Oh, the
men are e-rect-ing a scaf-fold In-side of her Ma-jes-ty's jail!

'Tis midnight, without its deep silence,—
The doom'd wretch in agony moans;
But the clattering still of their hammers
Is drowning the poor victim's groans.
The chaplain now earnestly prayeth
To the God of all mercy for him;
But his mind on his misery strayeth,
For his cup is full up to the brim.

The good man is still o'er him bending,
And trying to teach him to pray;
For the last night on earth is now ending,
And the moments fly quickly away.
But the clinking still of these hammers,
And the driving in of the nails;—
Oh how can he bear it with patience?
Can we wonder his reason fails?

'Oh, pray while you may to your Maker,
His mercy, not justice implore.'
Said the priest, while hot tears fill'd his eyelids,
And his choked voice could utter no more.
'You ask me to pray,' said the felon,
'But no one e'er show'd me the way;
'Tis too late, 'tis too late now to teach me,—
I can't understand what you say.'

Hush! hark! for the death-bell is tolling!
The gallows at last is in view!
The pris'ner, pale, ghastly, and sinking,
To the chaplain has wav'd an adieu.
His frame now with agony quivers,
His strong breast how wildly it heaves!
His hands, oh, how closely they're pinion'd!
The hangman himself almost grieves.

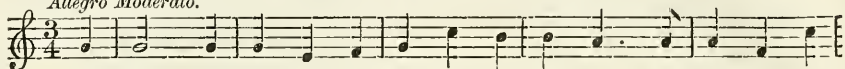
Hush! for the death-bell is tolling,
Dragoons with drawn swords are below;
And the pris'ner appears to be praying,—
'Tis a scene of heart-anguish and woe.
There are crowds in the street, men and women;
The war-steeds are prancing about;
The windows are throng'd with spectators;
Hark! a buzz, and a move, and a shout!

The rope round his neck is adjusted,
(Man's vengeance, how fearful thou art!)
His head now is cover'd, and horror
Strikes every man to the heart.
The dread bolt is drawn! he is plunging
In air—what a horrible tale!
His soul has been borne to its maker,
His corpse taken back to the jail!

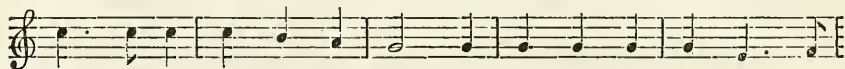
THE SLAVE SHIP.

The Poetry by Henry Russell.

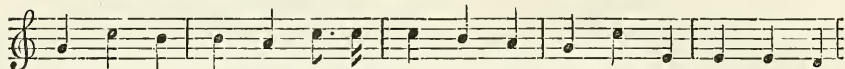
Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, Nos. 229-30, Price 6d.

Allegro Moderato.

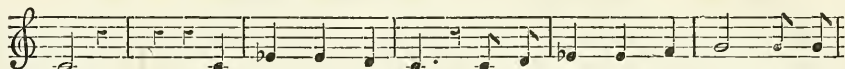
The first gray dawn of the morn-ing was beam-ing, The bright rays shone



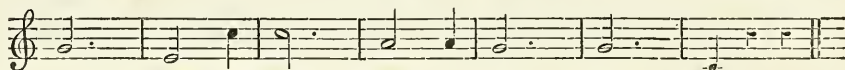
forth, the glad spi-rit of light; The ri-sing sun o-ver the



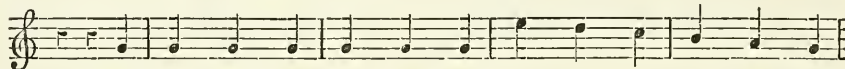
o-cean was stream-ing, And dis-pell'd with his rays the dark sha-dows of



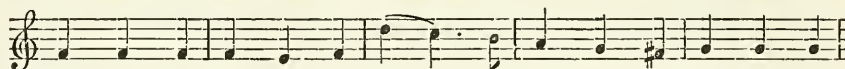
night. The air, oh, how pure, and the morn-ing, how mild,—And the



wa-ters lay hush'd like a sleep-ing child.



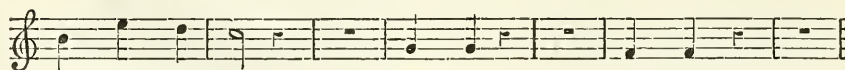
Then up with the an-chor, and let us a-way; Spread the



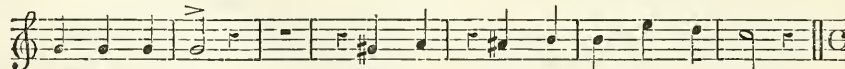
sails, 'tis a fa-vour-ing wind; And long ere the break of the



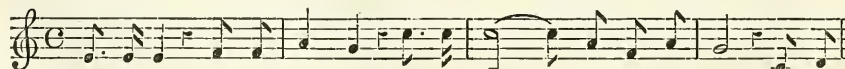
morn-ing, the break of the morn-ing, we'll leave the coast of old



A-frie' be-hind. Soft-ly, Soft-ly,



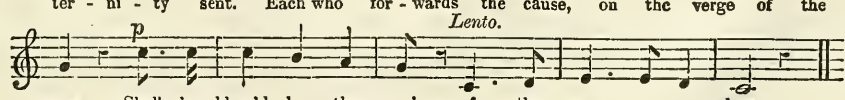
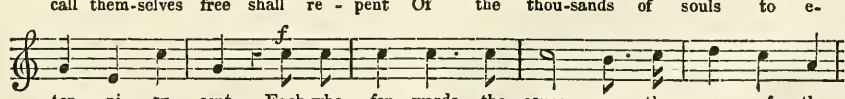
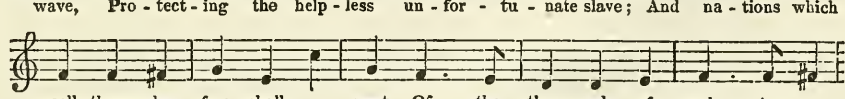
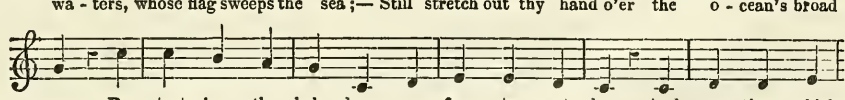
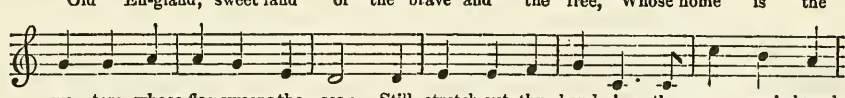
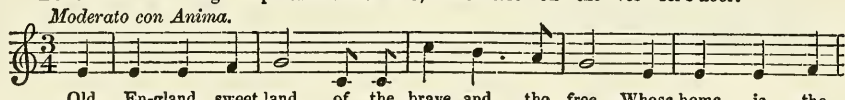
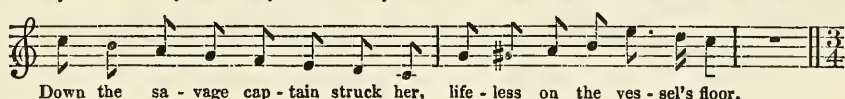
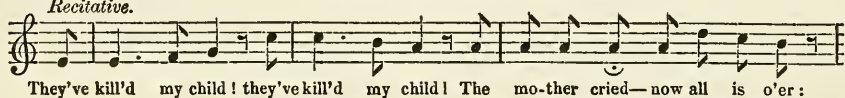
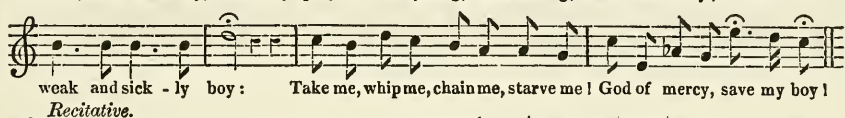
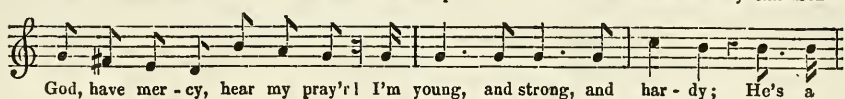
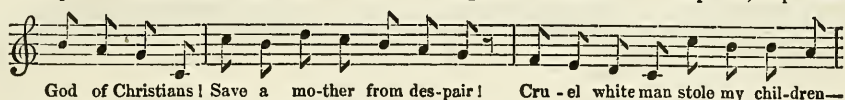
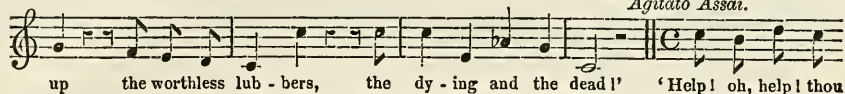
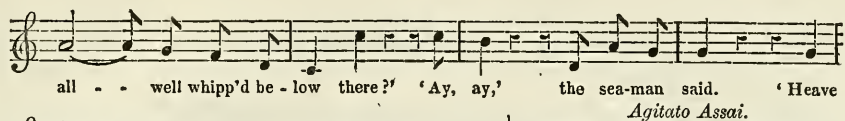
let us a-way! Soft-ly, soft-ly, let us a-way!



Gloom-i-ly stood the cap-tain, with his arms up-on his breast, And his



cold brow firm-ly knit-ted, And his i-ron lips com-press'd:— 'Are



LESS THAN A MAN.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, L.L.D.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, Nos. 509-10, Price 3d.

Allegro con Espressione.

When is a man less than a man? When he leads or drives his friends - - To danger,
for his self-ish ends, - - And leaves them in the e - vil day, - - To stand or
quasi a quasi.
fall as best they may; Then is a man less than a man;
tempo adagio.
Then we pi-ty him, then we pi-ty him, then we pi-ty him, all we can.

When is a man less than a man?
When he makes a vow he fails to keep;
When without sowing he would reap;
When he would borrow, beg, or steal,
Sooner than work for an honest meal;—
Then is a man less than a man;
Then we pity him all we can.

When is a man less than a man?
When, by misfortune, stricken down
He whines and maudles through the town,
But never lifts his strong right arm
To save himself from further harm;—
Then is a man less than a man;
Then we pity him all we can.

When is a man less than a man?
When he acts the coward's part,
When he betrays a woman's heart,
And scorns, illuses, and deceives
The love that lingers and believes;—
Then is a man less than a man;
Then we pity him all we can.

When is a man less than a man?
When he takes delight in raising strife;
When he values honour less than life,
When he insults a fallen foe,
Or at a woman aims a blow;—
Then is a man less than a man;
Then we pity him all we can.

THE LITTLE GAY DECEIVER.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 400, Price 3d.

Moderato.

There was a lit-tle maid, And she wore a lit-tle bon-net, And she had a
lit-tle fin-ger, with a lit-tle ring up-on it; And what's a lit-tle odd, her
lit-tle heart was then In love (but not a lit-tle) with the best of lit-tle men.

For the little youth had exercis'd his little flatt'ring
tongue,
And down before her little feet his little knees he
flung;
He press'd her little hand, and in her little face he
gaz'd,
And look'd as though his little head had been a
little craz'd.
Alas! her little lover did with little warning leave
her,

And she found him little better than a 'Little Gay
Deceiver;'

Then, in a little moment, stifling all her little wishes,
She took a little jump—all among the little fishes!
Now, all you little maidens, whose little loves grow
fonder,

Upon the little moral of this little song do ponder;
Beware of little trinkets, little men, and little sighs,
For you little know what great things from little
things may rise.

THE VISION OF THE REVELLER.

The Poetry by George Soane, A.B.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, Nos. 199-200, Price 6d.

Mysterioso e legiere.

Come, fill my glass a - gain, old friend, And pry - thee leave off preach - ing : I

ne - ver yet could find the sage Who'd fol - low his own teach - ing. By

heav'n's it makes my blood run wild, While rings the ve - ry raf - ter, To

see the flash - ing eyes a - round, And hear their shouts of laugh - ter. But

what is this? the song grows dull ; Rouse up, and let's be jol - ly : Your

wisdom, when all's said and done, I'll swear's the greatest fol - ly. Ah ! dark - er, dim - mer

grow the lights, And all a - round is reel - ing ; My eye - lids sink, and, spite of me, This

sleep is o'er me steal - ing. But no, I do not dream ; right well I know your face, god

Bacchus ; A plea - sant friend are you when pains Of mind or bo - dy rack us. 'Ay,

ay,' he said, or seem'd to say, 'I'm all that you pronounce me, Though soulless things with

crab - bed looks And words se - vere de - nounce me.' Then round him press'd an ea - ger throng, The

wretch for con - so - la - tion, The bru - tal herd for love of drink, The bard for in - spi -

ra - tion ; The gamester, who had lost his all, And now in draughts of mad - ness Would

lose himself as well, and taste A sin - gle hour of glad - ness. 'Fill, fill,' they shout with
clam'-rous cry, 'And let's for once be jol - ly; Your wis - dom, when all's said and done, I'll
Allegro Agitato.
swear's the great - est fol - ly.' The poor then drank, and straight they deem'd A
pa - lace ri - sing o'er them; And po - ets, as they quaff'd the cup, Saw Pa - ra - dise be -
fore them; The game - ster, mad - den'd by the wine, Saw gold in count - less
mea - sure, And threw the dice, and threw a - gain, And still he won the trea - sure.
'Drink,' thun - ders Bac - chus, 'drink, I say, But with you take this warn - ing,— Who
spends his night with me will find His head ache in the morn - ing; Your blood will boil, your
eyes be dim, Your ap - pe - tite will leave you; Your nerves will shake, and
brain be dull, Yet ne - ver let it grieve you— Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
ha! ha! ha! Yet ne - ver let it grieve you. Though you should be by
all be - side So shame - ful - ly de - sert - ed, Yet I've three friends that
shall be yours, By fash - ion un - per - verted:— Dame Fo - ver - ty's the first I mean, And
she will ne'er de - ceive you,— When once she has you by the hand, Be sure she'll ne - ver

leave you; And next Disease, with hol-low cheek And sunk - en eye, comes creeping: They'll
 guide you to the house of Death, A plea-sant place for sleep-ing. So fill your cups, and
 fill them high, To - night we will be jol - ly; Your wisdom, when all's said - and done, I'll
 swear's the great - est fol - ly;— So fill your cups, and fill them high, To -
 night we will be jol - ly; Your wis - dom, when all's said and done, I'll
 swear's the great - est fol - ly. But not a soul of all that heard Was
 bet - ter for his warn - ing: They cla-mour'd for the treach'-rous cup, His
 so - ber coun-sel scorn - ing. 'Fill, fill,' they cried, and mad - ly danc'd, And sang in fran - tic
 cho - rus, 'We reck not of a - no - ther day, Our care's for that be -
 fore us; And we'll be mer - ry while we can, Let come what will to -
 mor - row; A fool is he who half - way meets That blear - eyed bel - dame,
 Sor - row.' Then Bac - chus swung his cup on high, His sides they shook with
 laugh - ter: 'A health to all! you're mine,' he cried, 'The reck'-ning comes here -
 af - ter. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! The reck'-ning comes here - af - ter.'

THE MAIN TRUCK, OR A LEAP FOR LIFE.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, Nos. 305-6, Price 6d.

Andante con Espressione.

Old Iron-sides at an-chor lay, In the har-bour of Ma-hon; A
 dead calm rest-ed on the bay,— The waves to sleep had gone; When
 lit-tle Hal, the cap-tain's son,— a lad both brave and good,— In
 sport up shroud and rig-ging run, And on the main truck stood.
 A shud-der shot through ev'-ry vein— All eyes were turn'd on
 high! There stood the boy, with diz-zy brain, Be-tween the sea and
 sky! No hold had he a-bove— be-low! A-lone he stood in
 air! At that far height none dar'd to go— At that far
 height none dar'd to go— No aid could reach him there.
 We gaz'd, but not a man could speak!— With hor-ror all a-
 ghost! In groups, with pal-lid brow and cheek, We watch'd the
 quiv'-ring mast, The at-mos-phere grew thick and hot - And

of a lu-rid hue, As, riv-et-ed un-to the spot, Stood
poco.

of-fi-cers and crew. We gaz'd—but not a man could speak! We
ad lib. assai. e pia.

gaz'd—but not a man could speak! Not a man could speak!
Agitato.

The fa-ther came on deck!—He gasp'd, 'Oh God, thy will be done!' Then
Anima.

sud-den-ly a ri-fle grasp'd, And aim'd it at his son! 'Jump far out, boy!
ad lib. Tempo.

in-to the wave! Jump, or I fire!' he said - - 'That on-ly chance your
ad lib. Animato assai.

life can save! Jump, jump, boy!' He o-bey'd—He sank—He rose—He
liv'd— he mov'd— He for the ship struck out! On
colla voce.

board we hail'd the lad be-lov'd, On board we hail'd the lad be-lov'd, On
board we hail'd the lad be-lov'd, On board we hail'd the lad be-lov'd, On
board we hail'd the lad be-lov'd, With ma-n-y, with ma-n-y a man-ly shout.
Andantino. ad lib. assai.


His fa-ther drew, in si-lent joy, Those wet arms round his neck, Then
ad lib.

fold-ed to his heart the boy, And faint-ed on the deck!

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

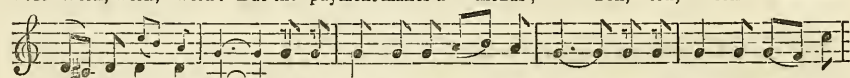
OR THE LAY OF THE EMIGRANT SEMPSTRESS.

The Words by Mrs. F. A. Davidson.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, Nos. 231-2, Price 6d.
Con Anima.


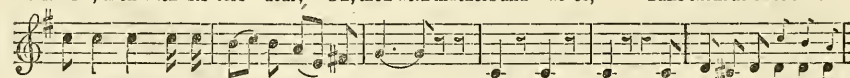
With fea-tures happy and gay, With checks all glowing and red, A wo-man sat in her
cot-tagesmall, Ply-ing her nee-dle and thread. Sing, sing, sing! No
poverty, hunger, or dirt; But with joy she makes the cottage ring, The while she makes the shirt.

V. 2. 'Work, work, work! But I'm happy the live-long while; And work, work, work! But I
V. 3. 'Work, work, work! But the payment makes a - mends; Toil, toil, toil! But the

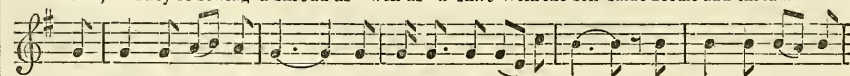


see my chil-dren smile. And it's oh for the land I'm in, Where the poor may earn their
toil at sun-down ends. Health, and pleasure, and peace; Peace, and pleasure, and
bread, Where ho-dy and soul may both be serv'd, And all be cloth'd and fed,
health! In-stead of the pittance I us'd to earn, I'm bless'd with e-nough of wealth.'

V. 4. 'Oh, men with sis-ters dear,— Oh, men with mothers and wives,— Take them at once to an



untax'd land, If you va-lue still their lives. Stitch, stitch, stitch! But let it no longer be
said, They're sewing a shroud as well as a shirt With the self-same needle and thread.'



'Oh, think no more of death, That phantom of gris-ly bone, Whose shrunken form and
sunken eye Re-mind you of your own; But come where plenty reigns, Where all who sow may
reap, Where human toil a-lone is dear, And all things else are cheap. Work, work, work! My

labour never flags, For my wa-ges now are the comforts of home, Instead of dirt and rags.'

'The shat-ter'd roof, the na-ked floor, The ta-ble, the bro-ken chair, Are

chang'd for the joys of a cottage home, And bounteous dai-ly fare. Work, work, work! But my

heart is e-ver light; And work, work, work! But the wea-ther is warm and

bright. Band, and gusset, and sleeve,— Sleeve, and gusset, and band,— But my

heart's not sick, nor my brain benumb'd, As it was in my native land! When I pray'd but for one short

hour To breathe the morning air, And sigh'd from the depths of an aching heart, To

look on the val-leys fair. Those griefs are o'er, my lot is chang'd, And oh, may thousands

come, To reap the har-vest of their toil, In this our new-found home!

With fea-tures hap-py and gay, With cheeks all glow-ing and red, A

woman sits in her cot-tage small, Ply-ing her needle and thread. Sing, sing,

sing! No po-ver-ty, hunger, or dirt: But with joy she makes the cottage ring—

Ad lib. *mf*

Oh! that the poor could hear her sing, Her 'E-mi-grant's Song of the Shirt.'

THE MOTHER WHO HATH A CHILD AT SEA.

The Poetry by Eliza Cook.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 595, Price 3d.
Con molto Espressivo.

There's an eye that looks on the swell-ing cloud, Fold-ing the moon in a fun'-ral
shroud, That watches the stars dy-ing one by one, Till the whole of Heav'n's calm light hath
gone; There's an ear that lists to the hiss-ing surge, As the mourner turns to the an-then
dirge. That eye! that ear! oh, whose can they be, But a mother's who hath a child at sea!

There's a cheek that is getting ashy white
As the tokens of storm come on with the night;
There's a form that's fix'd on the lattice pane.
To mark how the gloom gathers o'er the main,
While the yeasty billows lash the shore,
With loftier sweep and hoarser roar;
That cheek! that form! oh, whose can they be,
But a mother's who hath a child at sea!

She presses her brow, she sinks and kneels,
Whilst the blast howls on, and the thunder peals:
She breathes not a word, for her passionate prayer
Is too fervent and deep for her lips to bear;

It is pour'd in the long convulsive sigh,
In the straining glance of an upturn'd eye;
And a holier offering cannot be,
Than a mother's who hath a child at sea!

Oh, I love the winds when they spurn control,
For they suit my own bondhating soul:
I like to hear them sweeping past,
Like the eagle's pinions, free and fast;
But a pang will rise with sad alloy,
To soften my spirit and sink my joy,
When I think how dismal their voices must be,
To a mother who hath a child at sea!

THE SLAVE AUCTION.

The Poetry by E. L. Blanchard, Esq.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. C45, Price 3d.
Moderato e Marcato.

Hark! 'midst the roar of an ea-ger crowd, For one dark pur-pose blend-ing, The
cry of a help-less mul-ti-tude Is thence in pray'r as-cend-ing; And
ne-gro forms are ga-ther'd round, Their cheeks with hot tears stream-ing, Their
limbs in i-ron shac-kles bound, Their minds as fet-ter'd seem-ing.
Con Espres.
'O! give us back our Rights,' they pray, 'That man from man has ri-ven, That
Free-dom which is your's to-day, Our Birth-right, held from Hea-ven!

The sale is on—and men begin
To sell their fellow creatures;
Yet he who made the whiter skin
Made those with darker features.
A premium on the stout and strong,
A tax on bone and sinew;
O! men with human hearts, how long
Shall this foul trade continue!
'O! give us back our Rights,' &c.

A child is from its mother torn,—
Hark! hear that shriek distressing!
A helpless girl is left to mourn
A parent's nightly blessing.
Another!—and the tend'rest ties
Of life are rent asunder;—
Hath heav'n, in echo to those cries,
No crime-avenging thunder?
'O! give us back our Rights,' &c.

The sale proceeds—a loving wife
They from her husband sever;
But, ere the bargain's seal'd, a knife
Annuls the bond for ever!
The man, self-slaughter'd, yields his breath—
The wife dies broken-hearted!

Far happier to be join'd in death,
Than both in slav'ry parted.
'O! give us back our Rights,' &c.

'Who bids,' none care—the shrieks are drown'd
Beneath the auction's clamour;
They reach not those who hear no sound
Beyond the salesman's hammer;
Still louder grows the din around,
The biddings follow faster,
Till ev'ry slave at last has found
A tyrant, call'd a master.
'O! give us back our Rights,' &c.

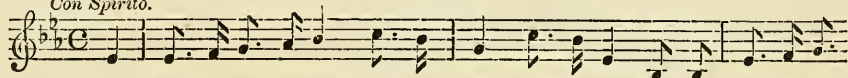
O! let us hope the day is near,
The dawn of brighter ages,
When slaves and slav'ry shall appear
But names in hist'ry's pages;
That man 'gainst man may ne'er combine,
In this inhuman manner,
And ev'ry star shall brighter shine
Upon the spangled banner!
Yes, let us hope that what we pray
To us may soon be given;
When all men shall be free as day,
That freely flows from Heaven!

THE WORLD IS ON THE MOVE.

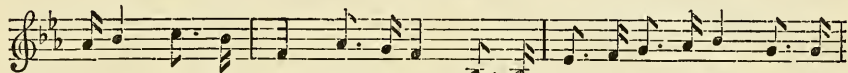
The Words by E. L. Blanchard, Esq.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, Nos. 513-14, Price 6d.

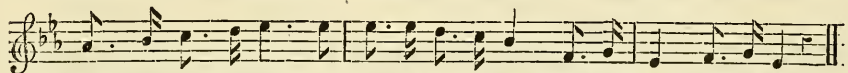
Con Spirito.



The world is on the move, Look a - bout, look a-bout; There is much we may



improve, Do not doubt, do not doubt; And, for all who un - derstand, May be



heard, throughout the land, A warn-ing voice at hand, Ring-ing out, ring-ing out.

Though gloomy hearts despond,
At the sky, at the sky,
There's a sun to shine beyond,
By and by, by and by.
Ere the vessel that we urge
Shall beneath the surface merge,
A beacon on the verge
Shall be nigh, shall be nigh.

Step by step, the longest march
Can be done, can be done;
Single stones will form an arch,
One by one, one by one:
And, with union, what we will
Can be all accomplish'd still,—
Drops of water turn a mill,
Singly, none! singly, none!

Brag and bluster float as froth,
O'er the wave, o'er the wave;
Gory treason, worse than both,
Fools may rave, fools may rave;

But the honest hands that link,
With the solemn heads that think,
And for pikes use pen and ink,
Are the brave, are the brave!

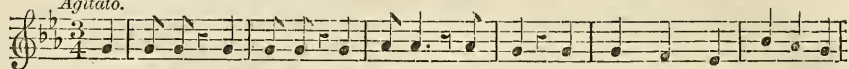
Let us onward, then, for Right,—
Nothing more, nothing more;
And let justice be the might
We adore, we adore.
Build no hopes upon the sand;
For a People hand in hand
Can make this a better land
Than before, than before.

Our country bless'd with all,—
Look around, look around;
No tyranny nor bloodshed
Here is found, here is found;
So, with heart and voice we'll cheer,
The Queen we love so dear;
Let her reign in peace, not fear
From those around, those around.

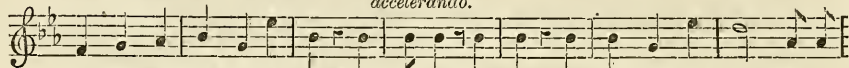
THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

The Poetry by George Soane, A.B.

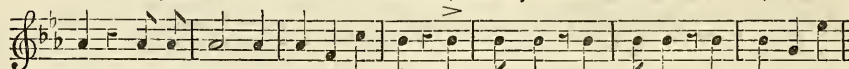
Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 207, Price 3d.

Agitato.

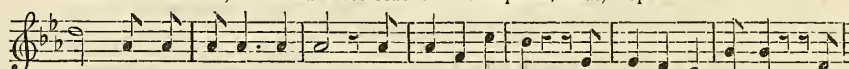
Yet deep-er and deep-er and wild-er the night! I would morn were with us, and

brought its glad light, For my spi-rits they sink; so un-earth-ly the shade, I could fan-cy al-
accelerando.

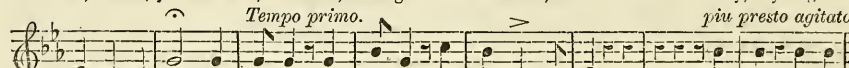
most that my heart were a-fraid. Good heavens, that cry! more keen than the sword; How it



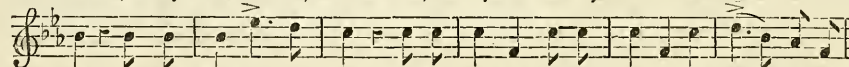
thrills on the ear, 'A child o-ver-board!' Ho! Neptune, what, Neptune—come hi-ther to



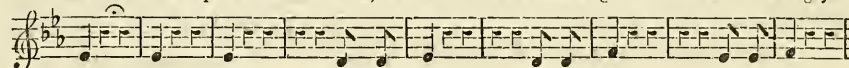
me; There, you see him, I know, Though I can-not see; Hark! hark to that cry, boy!—good



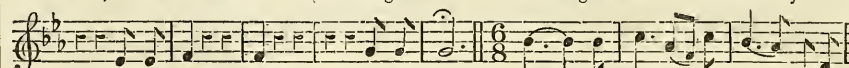
fel-low, a-way! You need not, to track him, the eye of the day. He's gone at the



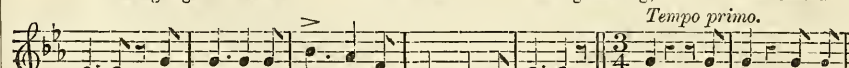
word—How the squall it comes down; And the wa-ter's blacker grown at the Heavens' angry



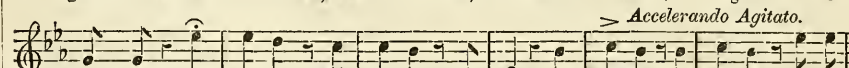
frown; Hush! hark! something seems ' In the gleams Of the sky—



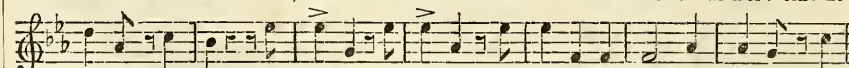
Float-ing nigh— Mark! all is dark. Ha! good dog, do I see thee a-



gain? Heav'n's will be it done, still for ev-er, A - men. Quick, a light! Ah! he



breathes not! Come hi-ther, come hi-ther! So cold! such sweetness to wi-ther! Ah! he



murmurs—dear child! His blue eyes are op'ning! their gaze it is wild! Brave Neptune, good

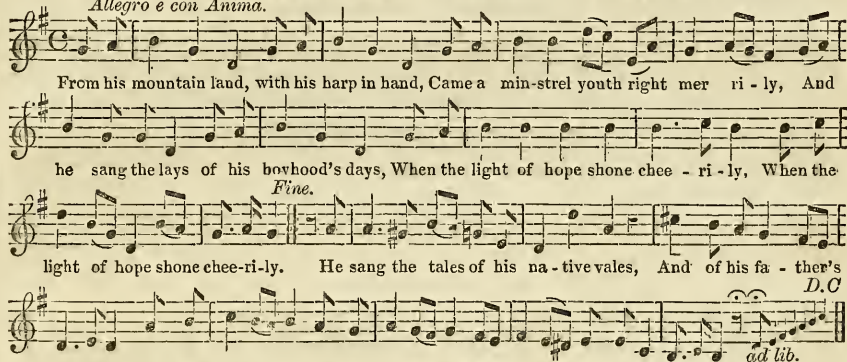


fel-low! thou'rt gal-lant and true;—Was ne-ver com-pa-nion so faith-ful and true.

THE MINSTREL OF THE TYROL.

The Poetry by Jonas B. Phillips, Esq.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 174, Price 3d.

Allegro e con Anima.

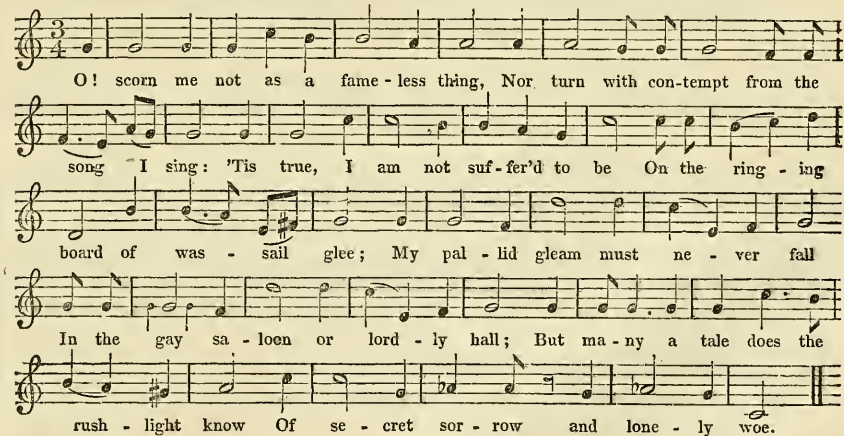
From his mountain land, with his harp in hand, Came a min-strel youth right mer-ri-ly, And
 he sang the lays of his boyhood's days, When the light of hope shone chee-ri-ly, When the
Fine.
 light of hope shone chee-ri-ly. He sang the tales of his na-tive vales, And of his fa-ther's
D.C.
 bra-very; Then with pride he told how his kinsmen bold Fell no-bly, ere yield to slavery. Oh!

'Mid a gallant throng did that son of song
 Tune his harp, but not so merrily,
 For his thoughts would roam to his distant home,
 To the green hills smiling cheerily.
 With trembling hand, of his father land,
 He sang with such deep emotion;

And a tear-drop came as he breath'd the name
 Of the maid of his soul's devotion.
 Oh! 'mid a gallant throng did that son of song
 Tune his harp, but not so merrily,
 For his thoughts would roam to his distant home,
 To the green hills smiling cheerily.

THE RUSHLIGHT.

Poetry by Eliza Cook; Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.



I'm found in the closely curtain'd room,
 Where a stillness reigns that breathes of the tomb—
 Where the breaking heart and heavy eye
 Are waiting to see a lov'd one die—
 Where the doting child with noiseless tread
 Steals warily to the mother's bed;—
 I'm wildly snatch'd, and my glimmering ray
 Shows a glazing eye and stiff'ning clay.
 I am the light that quivering flits
 In the joyless home where the fond wife sits,
 Waiting the one that flies his hearth,
 For the gambler's dice and drunkard's mirth:

She mournfully trims my slender wick,
 As she sees me fading and wasting quick;
 And many a time has my spark expir'd,
 And left her still the weeping and tir'd.
 Many a lesson the bosom learns
 Of hapless grief while the rushlight burns;
 Many a scene unfolds to me
 That the heart of mercy would bleed to see.
 Then scorn me not as a fameless thing,
 Nor turn with contempt from the song I sing;
 But, smile as ye will, or scorn as ye may,
 There's naught but truth to be found in my lay.

THE HAPPY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

The Poetry by George Pendrill; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Andante Affettuoso.

I've wan-der'd oft in child-hood, With playmates blithe and gay, O'er
flow'-ry field and mea-dow, And ga-ther'd sweets of May;— We've
sport-ed 'neath the elm tree that grew be-side our cot;— O! the
hap-py days of child-hood can ne-ver be for-got.

How well I can remember
The sports we us'd to play,—
So dear are they to memory,
It seems but yesterday;
And oft I sport, in fancy,
Within the self-same spot;—
O! the happy days of childhood
Can never be forgot.

And oftimes, in my slumber,
Methinks that I am near
Those ever fond below'd ones,
'n childhood's home so dear;

But, waking from that slumber,
How chang'd I find my lot;—
O! the happy days of childhood
Can never be forgot.

Then bless the steps of childhood,
And let their sports be gay,
That they, at least in memory,
May live to bless the day
When they were blithe and happy,
In palace or in cot;—
O! the happy days of childhood
Can never be forgot.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

The Poetry by G. P. Morris, Esq.—The Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Andante.

Up-on the bar-ren sand, A sin-gle cap-tive stood; A-
round him came, with bow and brand, The Red Men of the wood; Like
Him of old, his doom he hears, Rock-bound on o-cean's rim:— The
chief-tain's daugh-ter knelt, in tears, And breath'd a pray'r for him.

Above his head, in air,
The savage war-club swung;—
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Her arms about him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade,
Like leaves on aspen limb:—
Subdued by that heroic maid,
Who breath'd a pray'r for him!

'Unbind him!' gasp'd the chief
'It is your king's decree!'
He kiss'd away her tears of grief,
And set the captive free.
'Tis ever thus, when, in life's storm,
Hope's star to man grows dim,
An angel kneels, in woman's form,
And breathes a pray'r for him.'

I LOVE THE NIGHT.

Words by G. P. Morris ; Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

Con ans. a allegro.

1 love the night, when the moon beams bright On flow'rs that drink the dew ; When
cas-cades shout as the stars peep out, From boundless fields of blue ; But dear-er far than
ad lib.
moon or star, Or flow'rs of gau-dy hue, Or gurgling trills of moun-tain rills, I
love, I love, love you ! I love, I love, I love, I love, love
you ! I love, I love, I love, I love, love you !

I love to stray, at the close of the day,
Through groves of linden-trees ;
When gushing notes from song-birds' throats
Laden the perfum'd breeze ;

I love the night, the glorious night,
When hearts beat warm and true ;
But, far above the night, I love,
I love, I love, love you !

SO YOUNG AND SO LOVELY.

Composed by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Andante Moderato.

So young and so love-ly, so wise yet so kind—She has gone, she has left me with
sad-ness be-hind ; The hope of my life from my fond arms is torn, And a-
lone in the world I must now wander on. O ! El-len, fond mem'-ry re-
calls the delight, When, like the fair moon, you il-lu-min'd my night—I see thee, O !
lov'd one—I see thee a-gain, And the vi-sion but brings back the plea-sure of pain.

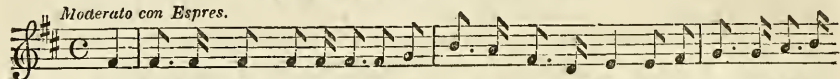
I see thy bright form, and thy face, once so fair,
And the pearls made more white by thy raven black hair ;
I see thee in joy, on thy lip the bright smile
Of love and of beauty, so thoughtless of guile ;
I see thy pure thoughts as in sparkles they rise
From thy fair spotless soul to thy beautiful eyes ;
I hear thy low voice, and its sweet gushing thrill,
As it charm'd and enchain'd my fond heart to its will.

I see thee, I hear thee, I feel thy soft kiss,
And madness succeeds to the mem'ry of bliss ;
She has gone, she has left me alone and to mourn,
From the fading of day to the flush of the morn ;
But, O ! while my thoughts can rove back to the past,
Fond mem'ry will bid me love on to the last ;
But O ! while my thoughts can rove back to the past
Fond mem'ry will bid me love on to the last !

MY OLD WIFE.

The Poetry by Jonas B. Phillips, Esq. ; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

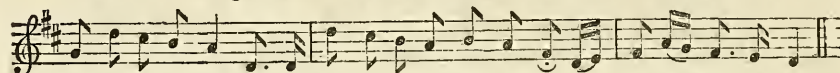
Moderato con Espres.



Old Time has dimm'd the lus-tre of her eyes that brightly shone, And her voice has lost the



sweetness of its girl-hood's sil-v'ry tone; But her heart is still as cheer-ful as in



ear-ly days of life, And as fond-ly as I priz'd my bride, I love my dear old wife.

When the spring of life was in its bloom, and hope
gave zest to youth, [of truth ;
We at the sacred altar stood, and plighted vows
And since, though changeful years have pass'd, with
joys and sorrows rife, [wife.
Yet never did I see a change in her, my good old
Her gentle love my cares hath sooth'd, her smiles
each joy enhanc'd, [advanc'd ;
As fondly through progressive years together we've

Though calmly now the current flows, we've known
misfortune's strife, [old wife.
Yet ever did she cheer my woes, my faithful, fond
And ever since that joyous day I kiss'd her as my
bride, [my side ;
In joy or sorrow, calm or storm, I've found her at
And when the summons from above shall close the
scene of life, [old wife.
May I be call'd to rest with thee, my good, my dear

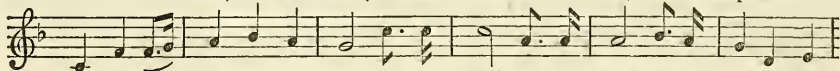
I'M AFLOAT!

The Music composed by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

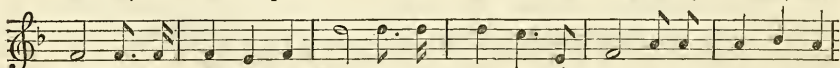
With animation.



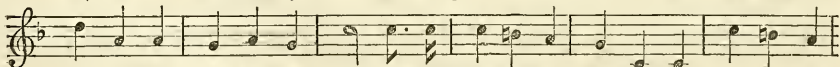
I'm a - float, I'm a - float, what mat-ters it where, So the deep sea's be-



low me, a - bove the pure air? I have rov'd thro' the world on thy bo-som, brave



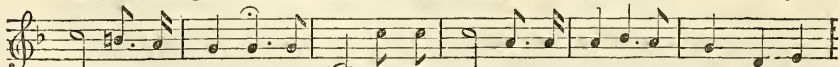
sea, and I hail thee my home, and the grave of the free! I have been where the



trum-pet-shap'd cloud has come down, And has threat'ned our bark with its ter - ri - ble



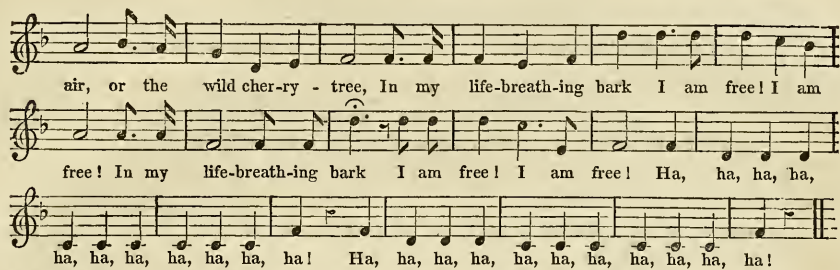
frown ; But the great God pro - tect - ed, His shield-arm was firm, And the wa - ter-spout



burst just a - stem or a - stern. O! I'm hap - pi - er far, on the broad bil - low's



foam, Than the lord - ling who boasts the gay pa - lace his home As bird in the



I have watch'd when the voice of the power of
might
Has call'd forth the storm in the dead of the night;
When the lightning's broad flashes were gleaming
around,
And a mighty voice spake in the thunder-ton'd
sound.
But the sun in his glory arises again,
And his mantle of splendour throws o'er the wide
main;—

O! beautiful ocean, I'm wedded to thee,—
A rich dowry is mine, I'm a child of the sea!
For, rock'd in thy cradle and rear'd on thy
breast,
Where so well as with thee could I take my last
rest;
And while life be spar'd me, my sea-song shall be,
I'm afloat, I'm afloat, I am free, I am free!—
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

ELIZA COOK'S SONG FOR THE YACHT CLUBS, TO THE SAME MUSIC.

I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and my home has no bound;
There's no wall of dark limit to circle me round:
Far away on the wave, I look back to the shore,
With a heart that scarce heeds if I see it no more.

There are playthings & pleasures on land, it is true,
But there's naught like the billow, so fresh and so
blue!

There are things of rare speed, but my own little
bark

Runs a beautiful race, in the day or the dark!

On, on through the tide! let the wind do its worst;
Let the lightning leap out, and the thunder-cloud
burst;

Up, up with my flag, there's no thing that I love
Like my own little cruiser, the gallant Sea-Dove!

She rides in the sunshine with pinions of snow,
But like shaft in the quiver she's ready to go;
Gently breathe on her wings, she is up from her
nest,
And right onward she starts with a foam-cleaving
breast.

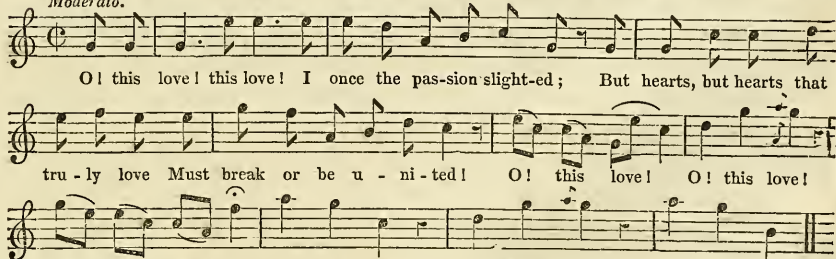
She will turn with a touch when the waters are
wild,
Like an Arab steed rul'd by a fair-handed child.
She is fast—she is free—as that Arab can be,
And is firm in the storm as a young forest tree.

I'm afloat, I'm afloat, in my own little bark;
My home has no bound, in the day or the dark;
Up, up with my flag! there's no thing that I love
Like my own little cruiser, the gallant Sea-Dove!

O! THIS LOVE.

The Poetry by G. P. Morris; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

Moderato.



When first he came to woo,
I little car'd about him;
But soon I felt as though
I could not live without him!

O! this love! &c.

He gave to me the ring,
My hand ask'd of my mother;—

I could not bear the thought
That he should wed another.

O! this love! &c.

And now I'm all his own,—
In all his joys I mingle;
Not for the wealth of worlds,
Would I again be single!

O! this love! &c.

THE OLD MILL-STREAM.

Poetry by Eliza Cook; Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

Andante con Espress.

Beau - ti - ful streamlet! How pre - cious to me Were the fields and the wild blos - soms
wa - ter'd by thee! I think of thee oft, as thou wert in my youth, and thy rip - ple still
murmurs with freshness and truth. Beau - ti - ful streamlet! I dream of thee still, Of thy
pour - ing cas - cade and thy mer - ry old mill; Thou liv - est in mem' - ry, and
ad lib.
will not de - part, For thy wa - ters seem blent with the streams of my heart.

What pleasure it was to spring forth in the sun,
When the school-door was op'd, and the lessons
were done; [the call,

When, 'Where shall we play?' was the doubt and
And, 'Down by the mill-stream' was echo'd by all.
How I lov'd the green spot where my fairy ship
laid, [shade!

And the perch with its golden back slept in the
How I lov'd the tall rushes that grew by its side,
And the cress and the nily-cup kissing its tide!

Home of my youth, if I go to thee now,
None can remember my voice or my brow;—
None can remember the sunny-fac'd child
That play'd by the ware-mill joyous and wild.
Beautiful streamlet! I sought thee again,
And the changes that mark'd thee awaken'd deep
pain!

Desolation had reign'd—thou wert not as of yore—
Home of my childhood! I'll see thee no more!

BELIEVE NOT THE TALES THEY HAVE TOLD THEE OF ME.

Poetry by Leigh Cliffe; Music by Henry Russell.

Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Andante Affetuoso.

Be - lieve not the tales they have told thee of me; My heart beats as tru - ly, as
fond - ly, as free; And, though ma - lice as - sail, with her false-hoods, my name, Through
life thou wilt find me in spi - rit the same. Ah! be - lieve that in me, day and
dark - ness will find One proud in his spi - rit as con - stant in mind.

Let those who delight to inflict the sad pain
On a heart that in faith ne'er can wander again,
Know that whispering Hope, still unwilling to stray,
Has driven Despair from this bosom away, [kind,
And that she, in her fondness, smil'd sweetly and
On the proudest in spirit, most constant in mind

O! mem'ry! may never thy blossoms decay, [way;
Though tempests should scatter life's treasures a -
The past days of pleasure reflected by thee,
Are now the sole solace the world hath left me:
Ah! yet still one fond bosom is faithful and kind
To one proud in his spirit as constant in mind

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

As sung by Henry Russell.

Modérato.

'Will you walk in - to my par - lour?' said a spi - der to a fly, 'Tis the
pret - tiest lit - tle par - lour that e - ver you did spy; You've on - ly got to
pop your head with - in side of the door, You'll see so ma - ny cu - rious things you
ne - ver saw be - fore! Will you, will you, will you, will you, walk in, pret - ty
fly? Will you, will you, will you, will you, walk in, pret - ty fly?'

'Will you grant me one sweet kiss?' said the spider to the fly,—

To taste your charming lips, I've a cu - ri - o - si - ty.
Said the fly, 'If once our lips did meet, a wager I would lay,
Of ten to one, you would not after let them come away.' Will you, will you? &c.

'If you won't kiss, will you shake hands?' said the spider to the fly, [sigh?]
'Before you leave me to myself, to sorrow and to Says the fly, 'There's nothing handsome unto you belongs,—

I declare you should not touch me with a pair of tongues.' Will you, will you? &c.

'What handsome wings you've got,' said the spider to the fly;—

'If I had such a pair, I in the air would fly!—

'Tis useless all my wishing, and only idle talk;
You can fly up in the air, while I'm obliged to walk.
Will you, will you? &c.

'For the last time now I ask you, will you walk i.e., pretty fly?' by.

'No, if I do, may I be shot—I'm off, so now good Then up he springs—but both his wings were in the web caught fast; [you safe at last.

The spider laugh'd, 'Ha, ha! my boy, I've caught Will you, will you? &c.

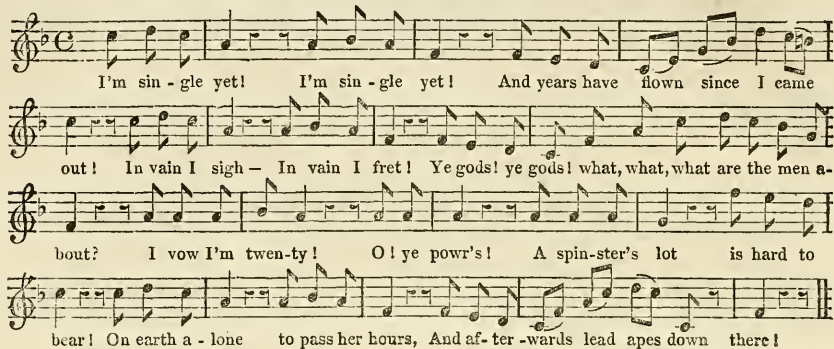
'And pray how are you now?' said the spider to the fly,— [buy

'You fools will never wisdom get, unless you dearly 'Tis vanity that ever makes repentance come too late, And you who into cobwebs run surely deserve your fate!' Will you, will you? &c.

Now, all young men, take warn - ing by this fool - ish lit - tle, lit - tle, lit - tle, lit - tle
fly: Plea - sure is the spi - der that to catch you fast will try; And al -
though you may be think - ing that ad - vice is quite a bore, You're lost if you stand
par - ley - ing out - side of plea - sure's door. Will you, will you, will you, will you
walk out, Mis - ter fly? Will you, will you, will you, will you walk out pret - ty fly?'

NOT MARRIED YET.

Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.



I'm sin - gle yet! I'm sin - gle yet! And years have flown since I came
out! In vain I sigh — In vain I fret! Ye gods! ye gods! what, what, what are the men a -
bout? I vow I'm twen-ty! O! ye pow'r's! A spin-ster's lot is hard to
bear! On earth a - lone to pass her hours, And af - ter - wards lead apes down there!

No offer yet! no offer yet!

I'm sure I cannot make it' out—

For ev'ry beau my cap I set:

What, what, what are the men about?

They don't propose! they won't propose!

For fear, perhaps, I'd not say, 'Yes!'—

'wish they'd try—for, Heav'n knows,

I'm tir'd of single blessedness!

Not married yet! not married yet!

Heigho! alas! and well-a day!

A hand of snow, an eye of jet,

Are all I have to give away.

They say, 'She's pretty, but, alas!'

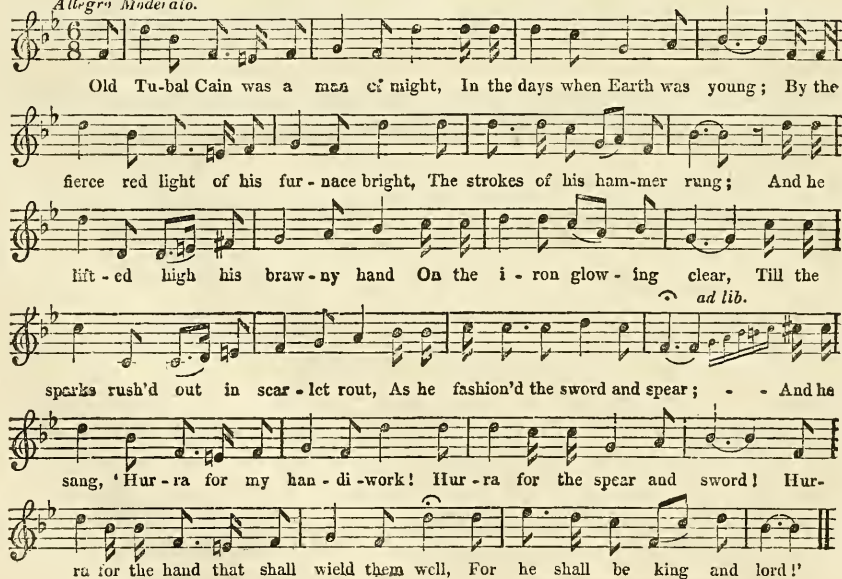
With hand extended, thus they float:

'She has no cash!' and by they pass:—

Ye gods! what are the men about?

TUBAL CAIN.

Poetry by Charles Mackay; Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Jefferys.

Allegro Moderato.


Old Tu-bal Cain was a man of night, In the days when Earth was young; By the
fierce red light of his fur-nace bright, The strokes of his ham-mor rung; And he
lift-ed high his braw-ny hand On the i-ron glow-ing clear, Till the
sparks rush'd out in scar-let rout, As he fashion'd the sword and spear; - - And he
sang, 'Hur-ra for my han-di-work! Hur-ra for the spear and sword! Hur-
ra for the hand that shall wield them well, For he shall be king and lord!'

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one pray'd for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his own desire;

And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of the forest free;

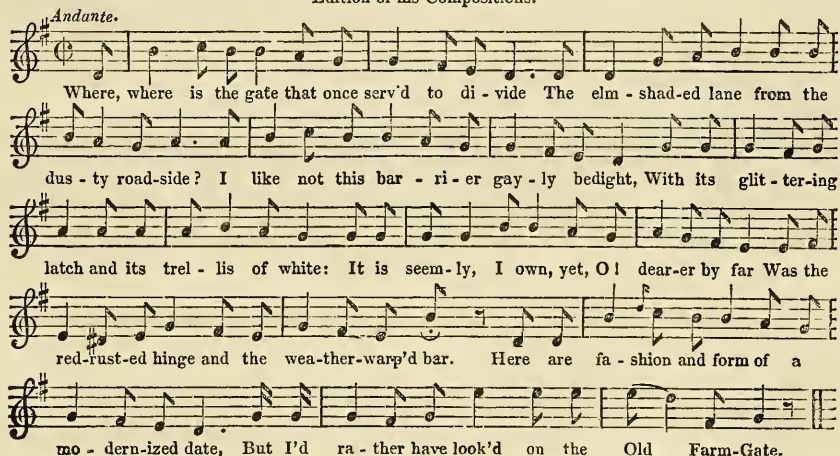
And they sang, 'Hurra for Tubal Cain,
 Who hath giv'n us strength anew—
 Hurra for the smith! hurra for the fire!
 And hurra for the metal true!'
 But a sudden change came o'er his head
 Ere the setting of the sun;
 And Tubal Cain was fill'd with pain
 For the evil he had done:
 He saw that men with rage and hate
 Made war upon their kind,
 And the land was red with the blood they shed
 In their lust for carnage blind;
 And he said, 'Alas! that ever I made,
 Or that skill of mine should plan,
 The spear and the sword for men whose joy
 Is to slay their fellow man!'
 And for many a day old Tubal Cain
 Sat brooding o'er his woe;
 And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
 And his furnace smoulder'd low:

But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
 And a bright courageous eye,
 And bar'd his strong right arm for work.
 While the quick flames mounted high:
 And he sang, 'Hurra for my handiwork!'
 And the red sparks lit the air,—
 'Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,'
 And he fashion'd the first ploughshare.
 And men, taught wisdom from the past,
 In friendship join'd their hands,— [wall,
 Hung the sword in the hall, and the spear on the
 And plough'd the willing lands;
 And sang, 'Hurra for Tubal Cain,
 Our staunch good friend is he;
 And for the ploughshare and the plough,
 To him our praise shall be.
 But while oppression lifts its head,
 Or a tyrant would be lord,
 Though we may thank him for the plough,
 We'll not forget the sword.'

THE OLD FARM-GATE.

The Poetry by Eliza Cook; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Andante.



Where, where is the gate that once serv'd to di- vide The elm- shad-ed lane from the
 dus- ty road-side? I like not this bar- ri-er gay- ly bedight, With its glit- ter-ing
 latch and its trel- lis of white: It is seem- ly, I own, yet, O! dear-er by far Was the
 red-rust-ed hinge and the wea-ther-warp'd bar. Here are fa- shion and form of a
 mo- dern-ized gate, But I'd ra- ther have look'd on the Old Farm-Gate.

'Twas here that the urchins would gather to play
 In the shadows of twilight or sunny mid-day;
 For the stream running nigh, and the hillocks or
 sand, [stand;—

Were temptations no dirt-loving rogue could with-
 But to swing on the gate-rails, to clamber and ride,
 Was the utmost of pleasure, of glory, and pride;
 And the car of the victor, or carriage of state,
 Never carried such hearts as the Old Farm-Gate.

'Twas over that gate I taught Pincher to bound
 With the strength of a steed and the grace of a
 hound:

The beagle might hunt, and the spaniel might swim,
 But none could leap over the postern like him.
 When Dobbin was saddled for mirth-making trip,
 And the quickly pull'd willow-branch serv'd for a
 whip, [freight,

Spite of lugging and tugging, he'd stand for his
 While I climb'd on his back from the Old Farm-
 Gate.

'Twas here where the miller's son paced to and fro,
 When the moo was above and the glow-worms
 below;

Now pensively leaning, now twirling his stick,
 While the moments grew long and his heart-throbs
 grew quick.

Why, why did he linger so restlessly there, [hair?
 With church-going vestment and sprucely comb'd
 He lov'd, O! he lov'd, and had promis'd to wait
 For the one he ador'd, at the Old Farm-Gate.

O! fair is the barrier taking its place,
 But it darkens a picture my soul lov'd to trace;—
 I sigh to behold the rough staple and hasp,
 And the rails, that my growing hand scarcely could
 clasp.

O! how strangely the warm spirit grudges to part
 With the commonest relic once link'd to the heart!
 And the brightest of fortune, the kindest fate,
 Would not banish my love for the Old Farm-Gate!

A LIFE IN THE WEST.

The Poetry by G. P. Morris; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions

All-gro con Spirito.

O! bro - thers, come hi-ther, and list to my sto - ry,— Mer - ry and brief will the
nar - ra-tive be,— Here, like a mon-arch, I reign in my glo - ry— Mas-ter am
I, boys, of all that I see:— Where once frown'd a fo - rest a gar - den is
smil-ing, The meadows and moor-lands are marsh-es no more; And there curls the
smoke of my cot-tage, be-guil-ing The chil-dren who clus-ter like grapes at the door. Then
en-ter, boys—cheer-ly, boys, en - ter and rest; The land of the heart is the land of the
west! O - ho! boys! O - ho! boys! O - ho! boys! O - ho!

Talk not of the town, boys—give me the broad prairie,
Where man, like the wind, rolls impulsive and free;
Behold how its beautiful colours all vary,
Like those of the clouds, or the deep-rolling sea.
A life in the woods, boys, is even as changing;
With proud independence we season our cheer,
And those who the world are for happiness ranging,
Won't find it at all, if they don't find it here!
Then enter, boys, cheerly, &c.

Here, brothers, secure from all turmoil and danger,
We reap what we sow, for the soil is our own;—
We spread hospitality's board for the stranger,
And care not a fig for the king on his throne.
We never know want, for we live by our labour,
And in it contentment and happiness find;
We do what we can for a friend or a neighbour,
And die, boys, in peace and goodwill to mankind!
Then enter, boys, cheerly, &c.

THE RISING SUN.

The Poetry by H. J. Sharpe; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Moderato.

On a rock-y cliff I stood, And the o - cean wash'd its base; A pros-pect broad and
good The grate-ful eye could trace; Not a cloud ob-seur'd the sky, The dawn was
bright and fair; Nature, slum-b'ring, seem'd to lie Un-ruf-fled by the air.

In the east the rising sun
 Display'd his golden crest;
 His daily race he had begun
 T'ward the glowing west.
 O'er the waters of the deep
 His glitt'ring rays he shed,
 While the sparkling billows leap
 From out their liquid bed.
 See where bright Aurora twines
 Her tresses round her brow,
 As the rugged lofty pines
 With admiration bow:

Dewy mists, in sportive play,
 Their glitt'ring veils unfold;
 Like happy spirits, flee away
 In tints of molten gold.

Gentle zephyrs float around,
 And murr'ring surges meet,
 Blending their notes of sound
 In music wild and sweet.
 How the grateful bosom burns
 With wonder and with love,
 As the soul in rapture turns
 To brighter scenes above.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

The Poetry by Charles Dickens, Esq., printed by permission; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's cheap and uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Grazioso con Anima.

1 care not for Spring! On his fic - kle wing Let the blos - soms and buds be
 borne: He woos them a - main with his treach - er - ous rain. And he scat - ters them
 ere the morn. An in - con - stant elf, he knows not him - self or his
 own chang - ing mind an hour, — He'll smile in your face, and with wry gri -
ad lib *a tempo*
 mace He'll wi - ther your young - est flow'r. Let the Sum - mer sun to his
 bright home run. He shall ne - ver be sought by me: When he's dimm'd by a
 cloud I can laugh a - loud, And I care not how sul - ky he be.

A mild harvest night, by the tranquil light
 Of the modest and gentle moon,
 Has a far sweeter sheen for me, I ween,
 Than the broad and unblushing noon.
 But every leaf awakens my grief,
 As it lieth beneath the tree:
 So let autumn air be never so fair,
 It by no means agrees with me.

Let the summer sun, &c.

But my song I troll out, for Christmas stout,
 The hearty, the true, and the bold:
 A bumper I drain, and with might and main
 Give three cheers for this Christmas w.d.

We'll usher him in with a merry din,
 That shall gladden his joyous heart,
 And we'll keep him up, while there's bit or sup,
 And in fellowship good we'll part.
 Let the summer sun, &c.

In his fine honest pride, he scorns to hide
 One jot of his hard-weather scars:
 They're no disgrace, for there's much the same tract
 On the cheeks of our bravest tars.
 Then again I sing, till the roof doth ring,
 And it echoes from wall to wall—
 To the stout old wight, fair welcome to-night,
 As the king of the seasons all!
 Let the summer sun, &c.

THE EXILE.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay.—Music by Henry Russell.

Andante con Espressione.

O sad - ly, ye dark roll-ing waves of the o - cean, O sad - ly ye beat on this
de - so - late shore, And wake, with the voice of your rest - less com - mo - tion, Sad thoughts of the
home I must vis - it no more, Sad thoughts of the home I must vis - it no more. *Fine.*
From the far - dis - tant land which has spurn'd me for ev - er, The land for whose glo - ry I've
strug - gled in vain, Ye come, O ye winds! but, like me, ye can nev - er, O nev - er re -
turn to be - hold it a - gain! O, nev - er re - turn to be - hold it a - gain! O!

Thou bird that dost wing thy fair course o'er the
billow,

How happy, like thee, all unfetter'd to roam!

Each wave-circled rock can afford thee a pillow;

Each isle of the ocean provide thee a home!

But I must still wander in sorrow and sadness,
And stifle the thoughts which for ever awake;
Must brood o'er my woes till they drive me to
madness,

And teach my proud spirit to bend or to break.

THE FISHER-BOY.

The Poetry by Eliza Cook; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's cheap and uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, O! The nets are spread out to the sun; - - O!
mer - ri - ly, O! the Fish - er - boy sings, Right glad that his la - bour's done; O! - - -
mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, O! The nets are spread out to the sun; - - O!
mer - ri - ly, O! the Fish - er - boy sings, Right glad that his la - bour's done. Hap - pv and

gay, with his boat in the bay, The storm and the dan-ger for-got, The weal-thy and great might re-

pine at their state, And en-vy the Fish-er-boy's lot! - O! - - mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly,

O! The bur-den thus he gives;— O! - - chee-ri-ly, O! the blast may

blow.— The Fish-er-boy mer-ri-ly lives; la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

Merrily, merrily, merrily, O !
 He sleeps till the morning breaks ;
 O, merrily, O ! at the seagull's scream
 The Fisher-boy quickly awakes.
 Merrily, merrily, merrily, O !
 He sleeps till the morning breaks •

O, merrily, O ! at the seagull's scream
The Fisher boy quickly awakes.
Down on the strand he is plying his hand,
His shouting is heard again ;
The clouds are dark, but he springs to his bark,
With the same light-hearted strain.
O ! merrily, merrily, &c.

THE PATRIOT'S WELCOME.

The Poetry by Miss Jane Anna Porter; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davdson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Andante Sostenuto.

On the brave who have fal-len, No tear we be-stow; Re-mov'd from a
world of op-pres-sion and woe, It is bet-ter to die as they died, than live
on, When the hope that sup-ports us for ev-er is gone. On the brave who have
fal-len, no tear we be-stow; Re-mov'd from a world of op-pres-sion and woe.

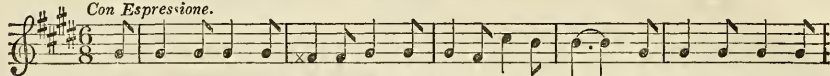
O'er the actions of those who unshrinking could
sell
Their freedom so dearly, enraptur'd we dwell;
And, although unsuccessful, the patriots that roam
Shall be warmly receiv'd in our own island home.
It is here that the spirit can swell uncontroll'd;
It is here that high thoughts need not perish untold;

And a hand for a friend, or a sword for a foe,
Is a gift that the poorest hath power to bestow.
We have mourn'd for the vanquish'd, we mourn that
the brave
Shall ever encounter a premature grave ;
But O! not for those only who fell in the stain
Of our tears still unquench'd, but for them who remain.

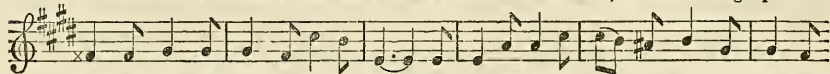
MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

The Poetry by G. P. Morris; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

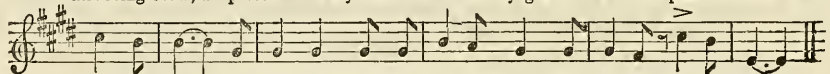
Con Espresione.



This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un-bid-den start; With falt'-ring lip and



throbbing brow, I press it to my heart. For ma-ny gen-e-ra-tions past Here is our



fam'-ly tree: My mother's hands this Bi-ble clasp'd; She, dy-ing, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those,
Whose names those records bear!
Who round the hearth-stone us'd to close,
After the evening pray'r,
And speak of what this volume said,
In tones my heart would thrill;—
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

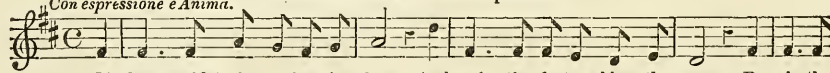
My father read this holy book,
To brothers, sisters, dear;—
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who lean'd God's word to hear!—

Her angel face!—I see it yet!
What thronging mem'ries come!—
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!
Thou truest friend man ever knew
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide:
The mines of earth no treasures give
From me this book could buy;
For, teaching me the way to live,
It teaches how to die!

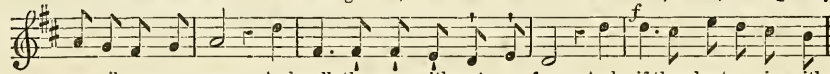
THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, Esq.; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

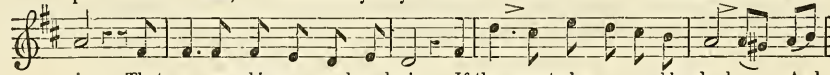
Con espressione e Anima.



If thou wouldst win a last-ing fame, And make the fu-ture bless thy name,—Be-gin thy



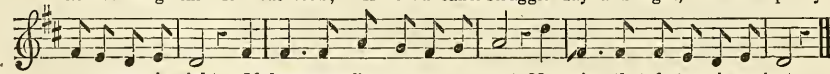
pe-ri-lous ca-reer, And walk thy way with-out a fear: And if thou hast a voice with-



in That e-ver whis-pers work and win;— If thou canst plan a no-ble deed, — And



ne-ver flag till it suc-ceed; If thou canst struggle day and night, And keep thy



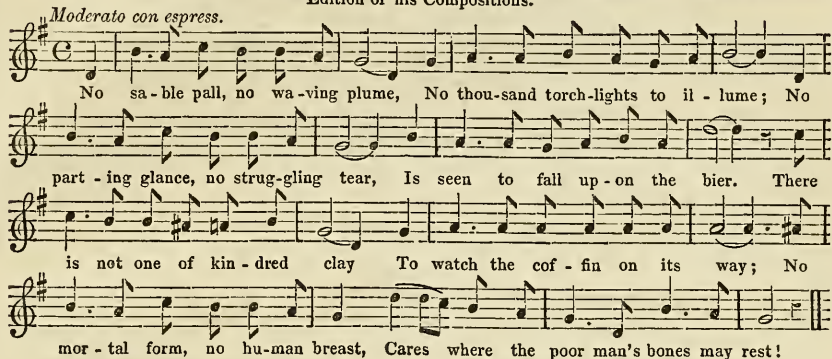
cy-no-sure in sight;—If thou canst dine up-on a crust, Nor pine that fortune is un-just;—
If thou canst see, with tranquil breast,
The knave or fool in purple dress'd;—
If thou canst toil, the long-live day,
At thankless work, for scanty pay;—
If, in thy progress to renown,
Thou canst endure the scoff and frown,
And bear the treacherous embrace
Of those who run the selfsame race;—
If thou in darkest days canst find
An inner brightness in thy mind,
Whatever obstacles control,
Go on, true heart, thou'lt reach the goal.

But, if so bent on worldly fame
That thou must gild thy living name,
And hast not strength to watch and pray
To seize thy time and force thy way;—
If failure might thy soul oppress,
And make thee like thy soul the less;—
Should rivalry thy fame forestal,
And thou let tears or curses fall;—
Pause ere thou tempt the hard career—
Thy heart will break, thy brain will wear:—
Content thee with a meaner lot,
Nor sigh that thou must be forgot.

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.

The Poetry by Eliza Cook; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Moderato con espress.



No sa-ble pall, no wa-ving plume, No thou-sand torch-lights to il-lume; No
part-ing glance, no strug-gling tear, Is seen to fall up-on the bier. There
is not one of kin-dred clay To watch the cof-fin on its way; No
mor-tal form, no hu-man breast, Cares where the poor man's bones may rest!

But one deep mourner follows there,
Whose grief outlives the fun'ral prayer;
He does not sigh, he does not weep,
But will not leave the sadless heap.
No! he who was the poor man's mate,
And made him more content with fate,
The old gray dog, that shared his crust,
Is all that stands beside his dust.

He bends his list'ning head, as though
He thought to hear a voice below;
He pines to miss that voice so kind,
And wonders why he's left behind.

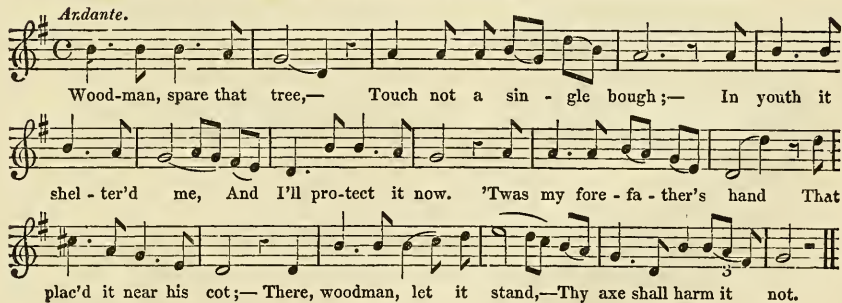
The sun goes down, the night is come—
He needs no food, he seeks no home—
But, stretch'd upon the dreamless bed,
With doleful howl calls back the dead.

The passing gaze may coldly dwell
On all that polish'd marbles tell;
For temples built on churchyard earth
Are claim'd by riches more than worth.
But who would mark with undimm'd eyes
The mourning dog that starves and dies?
Who would not ask, who would not crave,
Such love and faith to guard his grave?

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

The Poetry by G. P. Morris; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

Ar.dante.



Wood-man, spare that tree,— Touch not a sin-gle bough;— In youth it
shel-ter'd me, And I'll pro-tect it now. 'Twas my fore-fa-ther's hand That
plac'd it near his cot;— There, woodman, let it stand,—Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,—
Ah! wouldst thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke—
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O! spare that aged oak,
Now tow'ring to the skies!
When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade,
In all their gushing joy;
Here, too, my sister play'd—

My mother kiss'd me here—
My father press'd my hand;—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.
My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

THE IVY GREEN.

The Poetry by Charles Dickens, Esq. printed by permission; the Music by Henry Russell.
Published by Davidson.

Moderato.

O! a dain-ty plant is the I - vy green, That creepeth o'er ru - ins old! Of
right choice food are his meals, I ween, In his cell so lone and cold: The walls must be
crumbled, the stones de-cay'd, To pleasure his dain - ty whim; And the mould'ring dust that
years have made is a mer-ry meal for him. Creep-ing where no life is seen, A
rare old plant is the I - vy green. O! creep-ing where no life is seen, A
rare old plant is the I - vy green. Creeping, creeping, creeping where no
life is seen, Creeping, creeping, A rare old plant is the I - vy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he!
How closely he twineth, how tightly he clings,
To his mate, the huge oak-tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and creeps around
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where, &c.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decay'd,
And nations have scatter'd been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant, in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past:
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping where, &c.

WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER.

The Poetry by G. P. Morris; the Music by Henry Russell. —Published in Davidson's Edition of his Songs.

Con Anima.

We were boys to - ge - ther, And never can for - get The school-house near the
hea-ther, In child-hood where we met; Nor the green home, to mem - 'ry dear, Its
sorrows and its joys, Which call'd the transient smile or tear, When you and I were boys.

We were youths together,
And castles built in air!
Your heart was like a feather,
While mine was dash'd with care!
To you came wealth with manhood's prime,
To me it brought alloys,
Ne'er imag'd in the primrose time
When you and I were boys.

We're old men together!
The friends we lov'd of yore,
With leaves of Autumn weather,
Are gone for ever more!
How bless'd to age the impulse giv'n,
The hope time ne'er destroys,
Which led our thoughts from earth to heav'n,
When you and I were boys.

COME, BROTHERS, AROUSE.

Composed by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

Vivace.

Come, bro-thers, a - rouse, let the owl go to rest; O! the sum - mer sun's
in the sky; The bee's on the wing, and the hawk's in his nest, And the
ri - ver runs mer-ri-ly by— and the ri - ver runs mer-ri-ly by. Our
mo - ther, the world, a good mo-ther is she, Says to toil is to wel-come her
fare; Some boun - ty she hangs us on ev-e-ry tree, And bless - es us
in the sweet air. O! - - - come, bro-thers, a - rouse! let the owl go to rest; O! the
sum - mer sun's in the sky; The bee's on its wing, and the hawk's in his nest,
and the ri - ver runs mer-ri-ly by— and the ri-ver runs mer - ri-ly
by. Come, dance, lads— come, dance, lads,— oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh! Come,
dance, lads— Come, dance, lads— come, dance, come, dance a - way, a - way, a -
way, a - way a - way, a - way, oh! oh! - - -

And this is the life for a man, a man,
And this is the life for me:

The prince may boast if he can, he can,
But he never was half so free.
Our mother, the world, &c.

THE OLD CHURCH BELL

Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions
Andante Moderato.

O! a mourn-ful sound has the Old Church bell, That swings in the bel-fry old;—How
ma - ny a sad and mer-ry knell Has he rung from his tur - ret bold! The
old gray-beard and the pea-sant boy Havelis-ten'd to his chime, As he chang'd his note from
death to joy, With the chang-ing hours of Time. Toll - ing on, with mournful knell, A
warn-ing voice has the Old Church Bell,—Toll-ing on, with mournful knell, A warn-ing
voice has the Old Church Bell,—Toll-ing on, with mournful knell, A warn-ing voice has the

Old Church Bell. Ding dong, ding dong, bell; ding dong, bell; ding dong, bell; ding dong, bell.

O! his voice is clear as it gayly peals
On a happy bridal morn,
But it mournfully to the fun'ral steals,
Ere the fading day be gone:
Impartial he maketh his summons ring,
Unlike the courtier's plan,
For he'll wail no louder the death of a king
Than he would of a poor old man.
Tolling on, with solemn knell,
A solemn sound has the Old Church Bell.

He has seen the sire and seen the son
To the village churchyard bend;
And the deep-ton'd welcome shall still ring on,
Till Time itself shall end;
And his loud old tongue, like a lonely bird,
Chimes with a sacred spell;—
For the sweetest music earth e'er heard
Must yield to the Old Church Bell.
Tolling on, with solemn knell,
A mournful sound has the Old Church Bell.

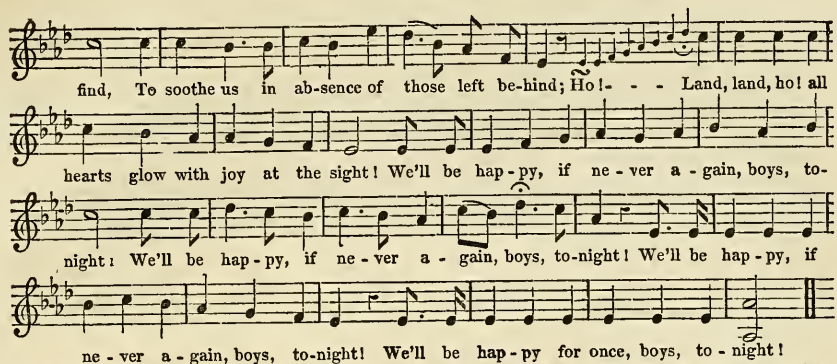
Ding, dong, &c.

Ding, dong, &c.

LAND, HO!

Composed by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.
Moderato con Spirito.

Up, up with the sig - nal! the land is in sight! We'll be hap - py, if
ne - ver a - gain, boys, to - night! The cold cheer - less o - cean in safe - ty we've
pass'd, And the warm ge - nial earth glads our vi - sion at last, And the warm ge-nial
earth glads our vi - sion at last. In the land of the stran-ger true hearts we chal



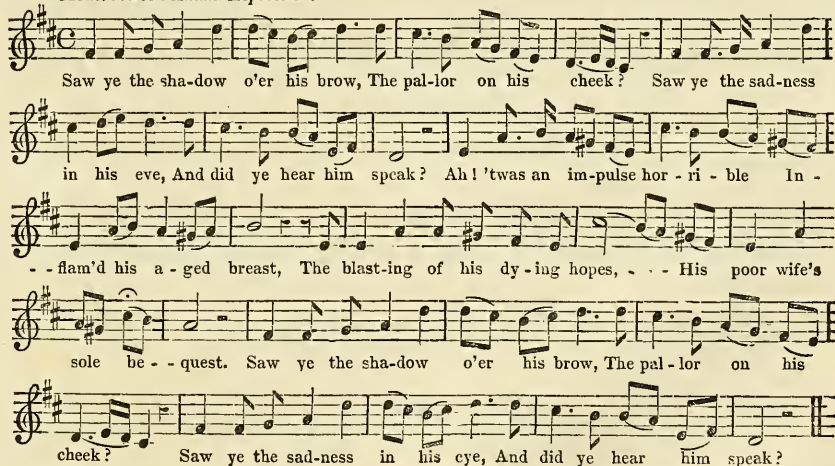
The signal is waving!—Till morn we remain,
Then part in the hope to meet one day again,
Round the hearth-stone of home, in the land of our
birth,
The holiest spot on the face of the earth!
Dear conuntry, our thoughts are as constant to thee
As the steel to the star, or the stream to the sea;
Ho! lana, and, ho! we near it, we bound at the
sight!
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

The signal is answer'd!—The foam-sparkles rise.
Like tears from the fountain of joy to the eyes;—
May rain-drops that fall from the storm-clouds of
care
Melt away in the sun-beaming smiles of the fair!
One health, as chime gayly the nautical oells,—
'To woman—God bless her! wherever she dwells!
Ho! the pilot's on board, and, thank Heaven, all's
right!
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

THE DYING LEGACY.

A Ballad.—The Poetry by J. M. Church, Esq.; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's
Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Moderate con Anima Espressivo.



But late a daughter, simple child,
Sat prattling on his knee;
The solace of his tott'ring days,
His poor wife's legacy!
And, as he look'd into her eyes,
And watch'd her childish glee,
He murmur'd, 'Dear, oh! dear thou art,
My poor wife's legacy!
Saw ye the shadow o'er his brow &c.

'Tis now that old man, weak and wan,
Sits comfortless and lone:
His child, alas! poor fallen thing,
Sick'ning to think upon;—
And, as her image meets his thoughts,
They strive, they strive to flee:—
In vain: 'Poor fall'n Emm!' he sobs,
'My poor wife's legacy!
Saw ye the shadow o'er his brow, &c.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

Composed by Henry Russell; and published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Vivace

A life on the o - cean wave! A home on the roll - ing deep! Where the
 scat-ter'd wa-ters rave, And the winds their re - vels keep! A home on the
 roll - ing deep! Where the scat-ter'd wa-ters rave, And the winds their re - vels
 keep! Like an ca - gle cag'd pine, On this dull un-chang - ing shore—O!
 give me the flash - ing brine, The spray and the tem-pest's roar. - - - A life on the
 o - cean wave! A home on the roll - ing deep! Where the scat-ter'd wa-ters
 rave, And the winds their re - vels keep!—the winds, the winds, the winds their re-vels
 keep; the winds, the winds, the winds their re-vels keep.

Once more on the deck I stand
 Of my own swift-gliding craft;
 Set sail! farewell to the land!
 The gale follows fair abaft!
 We shoot through the sparkling foam,
 Like an ocean-oid set free;
 Like the ocean-bird, our home
 We'll find far out on the sea.
 A life on the ocean wave, &c.

The land is no longer in view;
 The clouds have begun to frown;
 But, with a stout vessel and crew,
 We'll say, let the storm come down!
 And the song of our hearts shall be,
 While the winds and the waters rave,
 A life on the heaving sea!
 A home on the bounding wave!
 A life on the ocean wave, &c.

SOME LOVE TO ROAM.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

Allegro.

Some love to roam o'er the dark sea's foam, Where the shrill winds whis - tle
 free, But a cho - sen band, in a moun-tain land, And a life in the woods, for
 me;
 But a cho - sen band, in a moun - tain land, And a life

in the woods, for me! When morn - ing beams o'er the moun - tain streams, O!

rall
mer - ri - ly forth we go, To fol - low the stag to his slip - p'ry crag, And to

chase the bound - ing roe. Ho, ho, ho, ho! Ho, ho, ho, ho! Ho, ho, ho, ho! - - -

Some love to roam o'er the dark sea's foam, When the shrill winds whis - tle

free; But a cho - sen band, in a moun - tain land, And a life in the woods, for

me, And a life in the woods for me, And a life in the woods for me!

The deer we mark, in the forest dark,
And the prowling wolf we track;
And for right good cheer, in the forest here,
O! why should a hunter lack?

For with steady aim at the bounding game,
And hearts that fear no foe,
To the darksome glade, in the forest shade,
O! merrily forth we go.
Ho, ho, ho! Some love to roam, &c.

DEAR JANET.

The Poetry by Frederick West; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Con espressione.

I dream'd, dear Ja-net, that all the earth Bow'd down to thy beau - ty's might;— The

flash - ing me - teor in Hea - ven had birth, Yet en - vy'd thine eyes' sweet light; The ro - sy

ad lib.
dawn, and the blushing eve, To thee did their light con - sign; - - - The nightingale

ad lib.
left his rose, to sing To thy cheek its song di - vine, Dear Ja-net, Dear Ja-net.

And then the zephyr its spirit dress'd
In the perfume of sweet flow'rs,
And joyously to thy cheek it press'd,
And thy tresses made its bow'r's;
It fann'd thy face, and in dream-like bliss
It pour'd forth its gentle lay,—
As it stole from thy roseate lips a kiss,
Softly sighing, seem'd to say, 'Dear Janet.'

When the frost wither'd, I steep'd my wings
In the balm of the southern skies:
And to cool thy brow in summer's heat,
In realms where the cold snow lies;
And then I chang'd to the zephyr, dear,—
I knelt at thy beauty's shrine,
And, in transport and passion, breath'd the love
Of a heart that is wholly thine, dear Janet.

LITTLE FOOLS AND GREAT ONES.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Allegro Moderato.

When at the so - cial board you sit, And pass a - round the wine, Re-
mem - ber, though a - buse is vile, That use may be di - vine; That
Heav'n in kind - ness gave the grape, To cheer both great and small — — — *cres.*
That lit - tle fools will drink too much, But great ones not at all.
And when, in youth's too fleeting hours, But, in your daily intercourse,
You roam the earth alone, Remember, lest you fall,
And have not sought some loving heart, That little fools confide too much,
That you may make your own, — And great ones not at all.
Remember woman's priceless worth, In work or pleasure, love or drink,
And think, when pleasures pall, Your rule be still the same;—
That little fools will love too much, Your work not toil, your pleasures pure,
And great ones not at all. Your love a steady flame;
And if a friend deceiv'd you once, Your drink not madd'ning, but to cheer—
Absolve poor human kind, — So shall your bliss not pall:
Nor rail against your fellow man, For little fools enjoy too much,
With malice in your mind; But great ones not at all.

COME, FILL THE CUP.

Poetry by Henry John Sharpe; Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Moderato Vivace.

Come, fill the cup, nor fear to sip The gen'rous, gen'rous ru - by wine; Let
love - ly wo-man's ro - sy lip Pro - tect, pro - tect the sa - cred vine! The
cheer-ful cup in - spires the heart with friend - ship's sun - ny, sun - ny glow; In
mod'rate draught, it doth im - part To wit a spark - ling, spark - ling flow. Come,
fill the cup, nor fear to sip the gen' - rous, gen' - rous ru - by wine; Let
love - ly wo-man's ro - sy lip Pro - tect, pro - tect the sa - cred vine.

Come, fill the cup! the regal draught

For ill was ne'er design'd;

The temp'rate will avoid the shaft

Excess may leave behind.

With grateful care the rare old vine

Was rear'd by Nature's hand;

Let not in vain its tendrils twine,

Its juicy buds expand.

Come, fill the cup! &c.

Come, fill the cup! nor dream that harm

Incipient lurks within:

We pledge alone the social charm,

But guard against the sin.

Come, drain the cup! and leave awhile

Dull care to take its flight;

While lovely woman's gentle smile

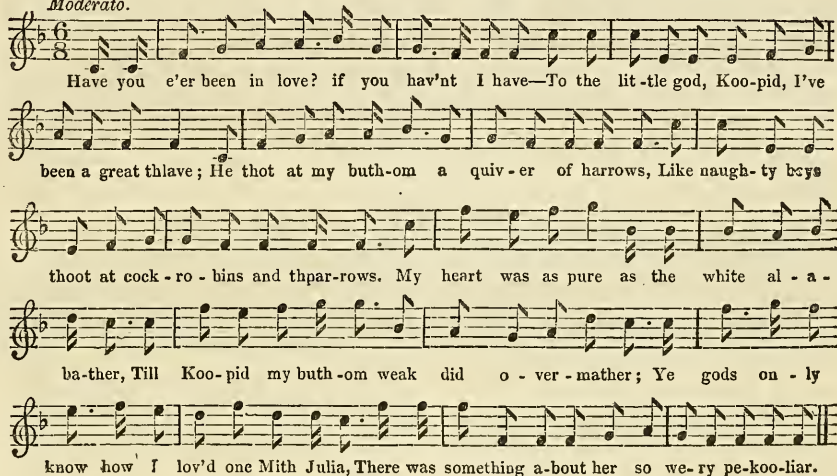
Illumes the shades of night.

Come, drain the cup! &c.

VERY PEKOOLAR, OR THE LISPING LOVER.

As sung by Henry Russell.

Moderato.



Have you e'er been in love? if you hav'nt I have—To the lit-tle god, Koo-pid, I've
been a great thlave; He thot at my buth-om a quiv-er of harrows, Like naugh-ty boys
thoot at cock-ro-bins and thpar-rows. My heart was as pure as the white al-a-
ba-ther, Till Koo-pid my buth-om weak did o-ver-mather; Ye gods on-ly
know how I lov'd one Mith Julia, There was something a-bout her so we-ry pe-koo-liar.

We met first at a ball, where our hands did en-
twine,

And I did squeegee her finger and she did
squeegee mine;

To be my next partner I wentur'd to preth her,
And I found that she lithp'd when she answer'd
me, 'Yeth, thir.'

Now, in lithping, I think, there is something un-
common—

I love, in pertikler, a lithp in a ooman:
I'm sure you'd have liked the lithp of Mith Julia,
There was something about it so very pekooliar.

Like a beautiful peach was the cheek of my Julia,
And then in her eye there was something pekooliar;
Speaking volumnes, it darted each glance to one's
marrow,

As thwift and as keen as the wicked boy's harrow.
A thlight catht in her eye to her looks added
wigor;—

A catht in the eye often tends to disfigure,
But not so the catht in the eye of Mith Julia,—
There was something about it so very pekooliar.

Good friends were we thoon, and midst thmiles
and midst tears,

I courted her nearly for three or four years;

I took her to plays and to balls—oh, ye powers!
How thwettly and thwiftly did then path away
the hours!

But once—oh, e'en now, I my feelings can't thmo-
ther—

She danced all the evening along with another;—
I didn't thay nothing that night to Mith Julia,
But I couldn't help thinking 'twas very pekooliar.

I went next day to thecold; when she, to my heart's
core,

Cut me up by requething I'd come there no more;
And I should be affronted if longer I tarried,
For next week to another she was to be married.
'Gods! Julia,' said I, 'why I you do not thay tho?'

'Yeth, but I do, thir, and you'd better go.'
'Well, I thall go; but, thurely you'll own it, Mith
Julia,

Your behaviour to me hath been very pekooliar.'

[SPOKEN.] Very pekooliar, very pekooliar, in-
deed, Mith.

Ah! from that day to this, I have never theen
Julia;

Her behaviour to me, though, was very pekooliar.

THE SPIRIT AND THE STREAM.

Poetry by Eliza Cook, to the Music of 'The Old Arm Chair,' composed by Henry Russell.

Andante con Espressione.

The banks of the ri-ver were love-ly and bright, As the blos-soms and
boughs met the sum-mer noon - light; The moss hid the flow-er, the
tree screen'd the moss, And the wil-low's thick tres-ses fell sweep-ing a-cross: But
Time took his way on those green banks at last, And pull'd up the
flow'rs and trees as he pass'd;— He stretch'd his cold hand—the white
cot-tage was down, And the spring-y moss wi-ther'd be - neath his stern frown.

He trampled the woodbine, and blotted all trace
Of the willow so lov'd for its wave-kissing grace;
But he touch'd not the river—that still might be
found

Just the same as when beautiful green banks were
The heart, like that water, may quicken and glow;
While rare beauty is seen on the furrowless brow;
It may gayly expand where Love twineth a bow'r,
And faithfully picture the branch and the flow'r.

But Time will soon plough up the forehead so sleek.
He will whiten the dark hair, and shadow the cheek;
The charms that once dazzled will dazzle no more,
But the heart, like the water, shines on as before.
The tide gushes fast, all as fresh and as fair

As it did when the alder and lily were there;
The change that has come o'er the place of its course
Has not lessen'd its ripple, or alter'd its source.

And the heart that is beating with Nature and Truth
May outlive some dear images mirror'd in youth;
Some wrecks may be round it, but none e'er shall
find

Its deep feelings less quick, or its yearnings less
O! the green banks may fade, and the brown locks
turn gray,

But the stream and the spirit shall gleam on their
For the heart that is warm, and the tide that is
free,

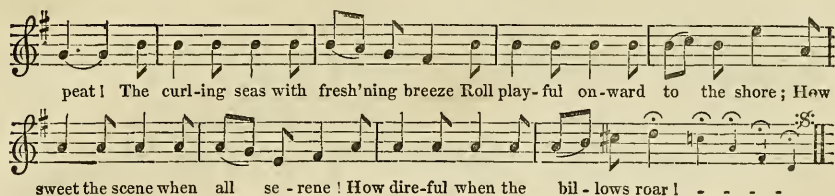
Glide onward unchang'd to Eternity's sea.

THE MAIN.

The Poetry by Henry John Sharpe.—The Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap
and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

S: Allegro Moderato.

The main, the main, the flow-ing main! Where proud-ly rides Vic-to-ria's
fleet— The main, the main is Free-dom's strain; Let ev-ry voice the
lay - re - peat! Where proud-ly rides Vic-to-ria's fleet— The main, the
main, is Free-dom's strain; Let ev-ry voice the lay - re.



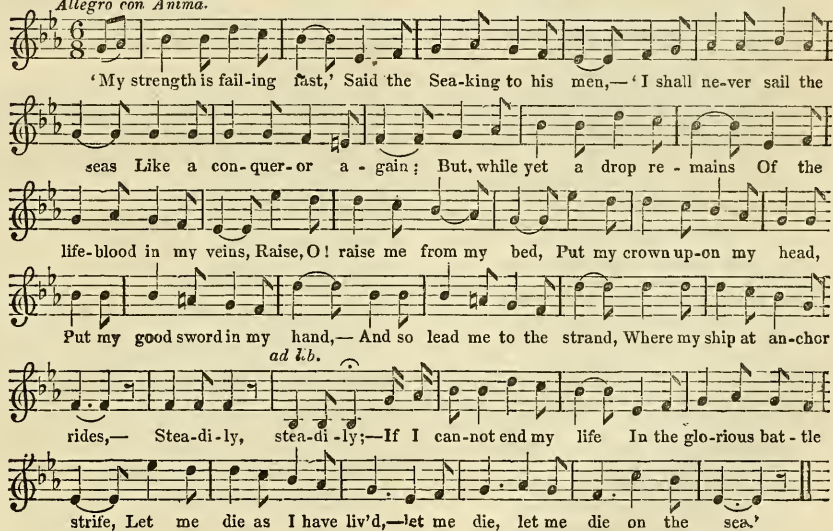
From depths profound the waves resound,
And murr'ning music fills the air;
With what delight the prospect bright
Invites the mariner to share!
The feather'd oar puts out from shore,
And swiftly o'er the waters glides;
The swelling sail heeds not the gale,
But safely through the tempest rides!
The main, &c.

That noble bark with wonder mark,
Emerging from a wat'ry cave:
Now toss'd on high, it braves the sky,
A feather on the mighty wave.
The tempests cease, and, hush'd in peace,
The baffling surges soon are spread;
As Nature sleeps, old Neptune leaps
Triumphant from his liquid bed!
The rain, &c.

THE SEA-KING'S BURIAL.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Allegro con Anima.



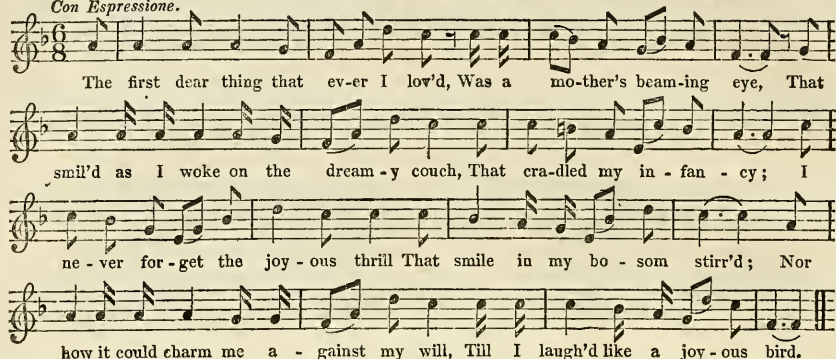
They have borne him to the ship,
With a slow and solemn tread;
They have plac'd him on the deck,
With his crown upon his head;
And in the hold beneath
Lit the slow sure fire of death.
There was music in her sails,
As they spread them to the gales,
And a dashing at her prow,
As she cleft the waves below;
And he rais'd his voice, exulting! gallantly!
'The life is in me yet,
And the courage to forget
All my pain, in my triumph on the sea.'

Once alone, a cry aros,
Half of anguish, half of pride,
As he sank upon the deck,
With the flames on ev'ry side;
'I am coming,' said the king,
'Where the sword and bucklers ring,'
And of Bolder, warrior born,
Naught remain'd, at break of morn,
Of the charr'd and blacken'd hull,
But some ashes and a skull;—
And still the vessel drifted heavily,
With a pale and hazy light,
Until far into the night,
When she founder'd in the silence of the sea.

THE FIRST DEAR THING THAT EVER I LOV'D.*

The Poetry by the Rev. A. C. Coxe; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Con Espressione.



And the next fair thing that ever I loved
Was a bunch of summer flow'rs,
With odours, and hues, and loveliness,
Fresh as Eden's bow'rs:—
I never can find such hues again,
Nor smell such sweet perfume;
And if there be odours as sweet as them,
'Tis I that have lost my bloom.

And the next dear thing that ever I loved
Was a fawn-like little maid,
Half awed, half pleased, by the frolic boy
That tortured her doll, and played;
I never can see the gossamer,
Which rude rough zephyrs tease,
But I think how I tossed her flossy locks,
With my whirling bonnet's breeze.

And the next good thing that ever I loved
Was a bow-kite in the sky;
And a little boat on the brooklet's surf,
And a dog for my company:
And a jingling hoop, with many a bound
To my measured strike and true;
And a rocket sent up to the firmament,
When Even was out so blue.

And the next fair thing I was fond to love
Was a field of wavy grain,
Where the reapers mowed; or a ship in sail
On the billowy, billowy main;
And the next was a fiery, prancing horse,
That I felt like a man to stride;
And the next was a beautiful sailing-boat,
With a helm it was hard to guide.

And the next dear thing I was fond to love
Is tenderer far to tell:
'Twas a voice, and a hand, and a gentle eye
That dazzled me with its spell;
And the loveliest things I had loved before
Were only the landscape now,
On the canvass bright where I pictured her,
In the glow of my early vow.

And the next good thing I was fain to love
Was to sit in my cell alone,
Musing o'er these lovely things,
For ever, for ever flow.

Then out I walked in the forest tree,
Where wantoned the autumn wind,
And the coloured boughs swung shivering,
In harmony with my mind.

And a Spirit was on me that next I loved,
That ruleth my spirit still,
And maketh me murmur these sing-song words,
Albeit against my will.
And I walked the woods till the winter came,
And then did I love the snow; [aisles,
And I heard the gales through the wildwood
Like the Lord's own organ blow.

And the bush I had loved in my greenwood walk
I saw it far away,
Surprised with snows, like the bending priest
That kneels in the church to pray:
And I thought of the vaulted fane and high,
Where I stood when a little child,
Awed by the lauds sung thrillingly,
And the anthems undefiled.

And again to the vaulted church I went,
And I heard the same sweet prayers.
And the same full organ-peals upsent,
And the same soft, soothing airs;
And I felt in my spirit so dear and strange,
To think of the race I ran,
That I loved the sole thing that knew no change
In the soul of the boy and man.

And the tears I wept in the wilderness,
And that froze on my lids, did fall,
And melted to pearls for my sinfulness,
Like scales from the eyes of Paul:
And the last dear thing I was fond to love
Was that holy service high.
That lifted my soul to joys above,
And pleasures that do not die

And then, said I, one thing there is
That I of the Lord desire.
That ever, while I on earth shall live,
I will of the Lord require:
That I may dwell in his temple bless'd,
As long as my life shall be,
And the beauty fair of the Lord of Hosts
In the home of his glory see.

* This elegant poem is printed entire, that the singer may select the verses most consonant to his taste or state of feeling. The First, Second, Fourth, and Sixth, with the first four lines of the Seventh, followed by the last four lines of the Eleventh for a conclusion, will be found a continuous and eloquent song, not too long to be generally acceptable

OUR WAY ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS.

The Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Con Anima.

Spring has vi'-lets blue, all be-sprent with dew, And the summer's song rings cheer-i-ly;—And
win-ter is chill, yet I love him still, For he ne'er to me looks wea-ri-ly, As
sing-ing we go, Our way a-cross the mountains, ho! ho! ho! Our way a-cross the
moun-tains; ho! ho! ho! ho! When winds are loud, and the gath'-ring cloud
Pour-eth the show-er, drea-ri-ly, How it glad-dens the eye if the fire we
spy, From the cot-tage bla-zing mer-ri-ly, O! When our way is past, and the
fire at last Gives a wel-come home right glow-ing-ly, More plea-sant the shout of the
storm with out, While the wine is streaming flow-ing-ly. Then sing-ing we go, Our way a-
cross the mountains. ho! ho! ho! Our way a-cross the mountains, ho! ho! ho! ho!
ho! Our way a-cross the moun-tains, ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! Our way a-cross the moun-tains, ho!
ho! Our way a-cross the moun-tains, ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

Ah! it still is far, like some distant star,
Yet it beameth out right pleasantly;
Our bosoms they swell, and we hope full well
That we shall be there presently.

The ground is white, and through the night
Cometh the squall so gustily;
The sleet drives thick, and the rain falls thick.
But our hearts beat high and lustily.
O! now our way is past, &c.

OLD KING TIME.

Poetry by Eliza Cook; Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Quasi Allegro.

I wear not the pur - ple of earth-born kings, Nor the state - ly er - mine of
 lord - ly things; But monarch and courtier, tho' great they be, Must fall from their glo - ry and
 bend to me, But mon - arch and cour - tier, tho' great they be, Must fall from their glo - ry and
 bend to me. My scap - tre is gem - less; yet who can say, They will not come un - der its
 migh - ty sway? Ye may learn who I am—there's the pass - ing chime and the dial to
 he - rald me— Old King Time! Ha, ha! Old King Time! Ha, ha,
 ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Old King Time! Ha, ha, ha!

Softly I creep, like a thief in the night,
 After cheeks all blooming and eyes all light;
 My steps are seen on the patriarch's brow,
 On the deep-worn furrows and locks of snow.
 Who laughs at my power?—They young and the gay;
 But they dream not how closely I track their way.
 Wait till their first bright sands have run,
 And they will not smile at what Time hath done.

Ha, ha! Old King Time!

I eat thro' treasures with moth and rust;
 I lay the gorgeous palace in dust;
 I make the shell-proof tower my own,
 And break the battlement, stone from stone.
 Work on at your cities and temples, proud man,—
 Build high as ye may, and strong as ye can;
 But the marble shall crumble, the pillars shall fall,
 And Time, Old Time, will be King after all.

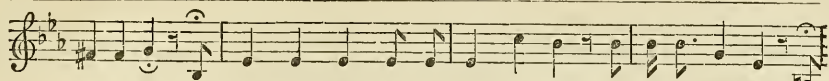
Ha, ha! Old King Time!

THE OLD SEXTON.

The Poetry by Park Benjamin; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Quasi Allegro.

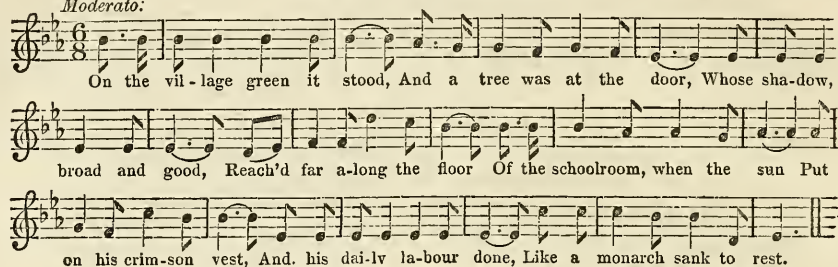
Nigh to a grave that was new - ly made Lean'd a Sex - ton old, on his earth-worn
 spade; His work was done, and he paas'd to wait The fun' - ral train through the
 o - pen gate: A re - lic of by-gone days was he, And his locks were white as the



THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

The Poetry by Park Benjamin ; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Moderato:



How the threshold wood was worn!
How the lintel-post decay'd!
By the tread at eve and morn
Of the feet that o'er it stray'd—
By the pressure of the crowd
Within the portal small—
By the ivy's emerald shroud,
That wrapp'd and darken'd all!

That school-house dim and old—
How many years have flown
Since in its little fold
My name was kindly known!
How different it seems
From what it used to be,
When, gay as morning dreams,
We play'd around the tree!

How we watch'd the lengthen'd ray
Through the dusty window-pane!
How we long'd to be away,
And at sport upon the plain!
To leave the weary books,
And the master's careful eye,
For the flowers and for brooks,
And the cool and open sky

Alas! where now are they—
My early comrades dear?
Departed far away,
And I alone am here!
Some are in distant climes,
And some in churchyard cold—
Yet it tells of happy times,
That school-house dim and old!

THE VILLAGE GREEN.

To the same Music.—Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury.

On that lowly village green
Where those happy school-boys play,
Oft sporting was I seen
In joyous childhood's day;
But that time seems now a dream,
A vision that has been.
Where are, then, my playmates fled,
That once sported on yon green?

Still the school-room gable bends
O'er that little quiet pool;
But I miss my youthful friends,
Friends at that village school!
Far in distant land some roam,
And some are on the sea;
Now I've sought my native home,
I find all are strange to me.

Oh! how little time has wreck'd
My home of life's young tide,
Tho' my spirit's flow is check'd,
And my heart has lost its pride!
Time has not been kind to me;
I feel what I have been,
Since I trod so gaily free,
A boy on that village green!

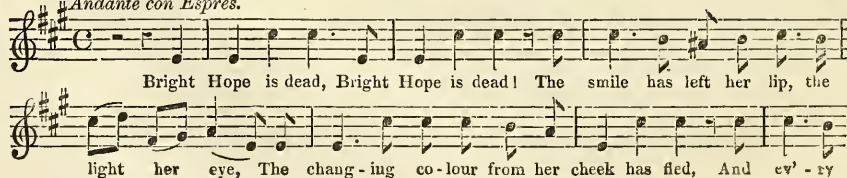
To rest in yon churchyard lone,
Is my first and fond wish now,
With no name to mark the stone
That covers my cold brow.
Oh! my life has been a dream,
A vision faintly seen;
Yet even now I happy seem
When on that dear village green!

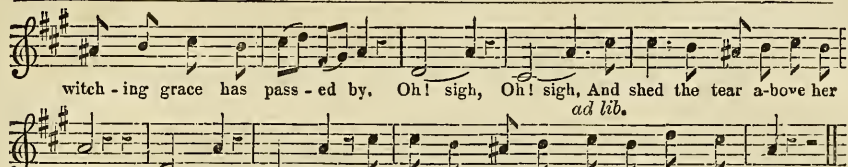
HOPE'S SEPULCHRE.

The Poetry by Anne A. Fremont.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 23, Price 3d.

Andante con Espres.



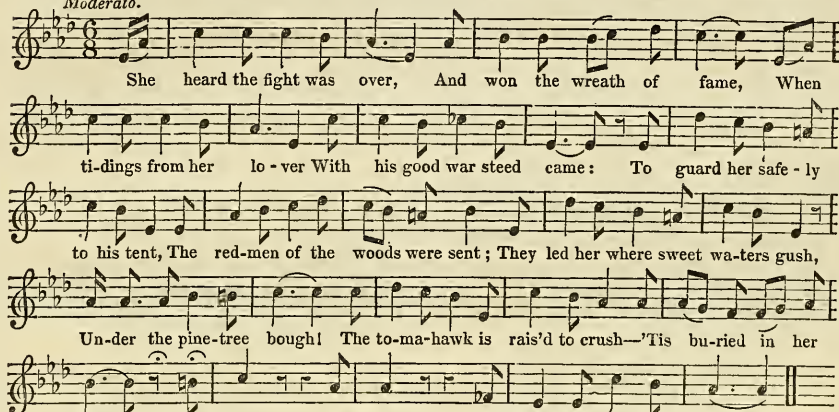


witch - ing grace has pass - ed by. Oh! sigh, Oh! sigh, And shed the tear a - bove her
ad lib.
bier; Oh! sigh, Oh! sigh;—We can - not grieve too much that Hope should die!

Shall we make her grave, shall we make her grave, Far 'neath the sea, far 'neath the sea,
In the rainbow, which so much resembles her? Her rest will be, e'en by its storms unbroken;
In the sparkling foam of the sunny wave? Ah no! 'mid none of these, but let it be
'Midst the glad flowers of the infant year? Where most in life her honey'd words were
Oh! where, 'mid all things sweet on earth that meet, spoken.
Oh! where shall we for bright hope find a Oh! sigh, and lay her low, 'mid sobs of woe,
sepulchre! Deep, within a heart which Love has broken!

THE SOLDIER AND HIS BRIDE.

Composed by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's cheap and uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Moderato.


She heard the fight was over, And won the wreath of fame, When
ti-dings from her lo - ver With his good war steed came: To guard her safe - ly
to his tent, The red-men of the woods were sent; They led her where sweet wa-ters gush,
Un-der the pine-tree bough! The to-ma-hawk is rais'd to crush—'Tis bu-ried in her
brow— She sleeps, she sleeps, be - neath that pine-tree now!

Her broken-hearted lover No more those waters slake their thirst,
In hopeless conflict died; Shadeless to them that tree,—
The forest leaves now cover O'er land and lake they roan accurs'd,
That soldier and his bride. And in the clouds they see
The frown of the Great Spirit fell Thy spirit—thy spirit unaveng'd, M'Cra!

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

To the same Music.—No. 724 of Davidson's Musical Treasury, Price 3d.

THE battle strife was over,
And silence reign'd around,
Save when some martial rover
Patroll'd the coarse-strewn ground.
Yet, wand'ring o'er that gory plain,
One sought her lord amidst the slain;
His duty call'd him to the fray,
Then peace and hope lost she,
And, 'midst the horrors of the day,
His spirit sought the free.
He slept! he slept, in quiet with the dead!

She found him calmly resting,
As in a happy dream;
She felt as she was breathing
The battle's fiercest stream:
Then wildly round his form she clung,
While winds a mournful requiem sang:

And mis'ry breath'd in ev'ry tone
That bade her spirit how;
She felt that she was left alone,
To tlead a desert now!
He slept, he slept, and she embrac'd the dead!

The morning saw her bending,
In fondness, though in pain;—
Her lease of life was ending,
Her heart's affections slain.
With one sad sigh her spirit fled;
The wife, the husband, both were dead!
A grassy mound upon that plain,
Beneath a pine-tree's bough,
Marks where war's victims met again,
And where they slumber now!
They rest, they rest, in peace amongst the dead!

A HAPPY HOME IS MINE.

The Poetry by Angus B. Reach, Esq.

Published, with Piano-forte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury.

Moderato.

Let them sing, whomever, Of the banquet gay, When disturb'd is the calm of night, By the
 dance so free, and the re-vel-ry, In pleasure's wild-est height; Let them
 blithesome flee o-ver land and sea, O'er mountain and fo- rest roam;—But most
 dear in my eyes, the pleasures I prize, Are the joys of a hap-py home. With the
 cheer-ing light of my fire-side bright, Oh, I hail its ge-nial shine; Which
 glows a-far, like a wel-coming star,—Oh, a hap-py home be mine!

There are some who long, 'mid a merry throng,

To wander far away,

From a rock-bound strand to a vine-clad land,

From sombre scenes to gay;

And some there be, on the murmuring sea,

Who love along to sweep,

With a swelling sail, and an eddying gale,

Away o'er the rolling deep.

But the cheering light, &c.

So then let the world be idly whirl'd,

For its pleasures I little care,

When I have by my side my own lov'd bride,

My peace and my bliss to share.

Then to others I leave, what must ever deceive,

The world's proud pomp and show;

For domestic love is a gift from above,

To bless us here below.

Then a cheering light, &c.

WE MET IN OTHER YEARS.

The Poetry by Ione.

Published, with Piano-forte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 181, Price 3d.

Con molto Espressione.

We met in o-ther years, love, When beau-ty grac'd thy
 brow, Ere world-ly cares and fears, love, Had sad-den'd
 us as now—O! mem'-ry's pleasant pla-ces Seem fai-ry land to me, When
 thought their path re-tra-ces, Be-lov'd one, with thee— Oh! my be-
 lov'd one, my be-lov'd one, with thee, Oh! my be-lov'd one, be-lov'd one, with thee.

What, though thy cheek hath faded ;
Far dearer now thou art,
Than when, with blushes shaded,
Its brightness bless'd my heart.

Time, that with silver twines, love
Our locks once flowing free,
Doth but more closely bind, love,
This dotting heart to thee—

ROCKAWAY.

The Poetry by Henry John Sharpe; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Sempre Moderato.

On old Long Is-land's sea - girt shore, Ma - ny an hour I've whil'd a - way, In
list'n'ing to the breakers' roar, That wash the beach at Rock - a - way; On old Long Island's
sea - girt shore, Ma - ny an hour I've whil'd a - way, In list'n'ing to the
break - ers' roar, That wash the beach at Rock - a - way. *Fine.* Trans-fix'd I've stood while
na - ture's lyre In one har - mo - nious con - cert broke, And, catch - ing its Pro-
me - than fire, My in - most soul to rap - ture woke. O! - - on, &c.

O! how delightful 'tis to stroll
Where murm'ring winds and waters meet.
Marking the billows as they roll
And break resistless at your feet!
To watch young Iris as she dips
Her mantle in the sparkling dew,
And, chas'd by Sol, away she trips
O'er the horizon's quiv'ring blue.
On old Long Island's, &c.

To hear the startling night-winds sigh.
As dreamy twilight lulls to sleep;
While the pale moon reflects from high
Her image in the mighty deep.
Majestic scene, where Nature dwells,
Profound in everlasting love,
While her unmeasur'd music swells
The vaulted firmament above.
On old Long Island's, &c.

OLD ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

To the same Music.—Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury.

Old English Hospitality!
There's something in that sound
Still dear to ev'ry native heart
Within Old England found!
Tho' pleasure wait at fortune's call,
The poor may claim their part;
For there's a wealth more dear than all,
The riches of the heart!
Oh! the honest welcome, frank and free,
Which marks the lib'ral hand!
The brave old Hospitality
That warms our native land!
Old English Hospitality!
On ev'ry shore is heard,
Far as our flag hath swept the sea,
Each long familiar word!
The chieftain in his mountain home,
The peer in halls of state:

Where'er the foot of man may roam,
Though but the Cotter's gate,
Still lives that charm they ne'er forget,
From age to age the same;
Old customs, that keep holy yet
The light of England's fame!
Let Florence vaunt each classic shrine,
Greece sing of glories fled,
Old England with a grace divine
Still lifts her stately head!
For she hath treasure yet untold,
A triumph ever near,
Whilst round her, in heroic mould,
Her generous sons appear!
Then fill the goblet high, ye free,
And cheer whilst round ye stand;
Here's English Hospitality!
God bless the lib'ral hand!

'TIS EVE ON THE OCEAN.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury.

Allegro.

'Tis eve on the 'ocean, The breeze is in mo-tion, And brisk-ly our ves-sel bounds
forth on its way;—The bluesky is o'er us; The world is be-fore us; Then, El-len, my
sweet one, look up and be gay! Why sor-row thus blind-ly For those who un-
kind-ly Could launch, and then leave us, on life's trou-bled sea; Who so heart-less-ly
scant-ed The lit-tle we want-ed, And de-nied us the all that we ask'd—to be
ad lib.
free. But we've 'scap'd from their trammels,—the word is a-way! Then, El-len, my
sweet one, look up and be gay; Then, El-len, my sweet one, look up and be gay, look
up, look up and be gay, look up, look up and be gay.

On—on we are speeding, whilst, swiftly receding,
The white cliffs of Albion in distance grow blue:
Now that gem of earth's treasures, that scene of
past pleasures,

The home of our childhood, fades fast from our
view.

Yet still thy heart's swelling, my dearly-lov'd Ellen!
What recks it to us that we leave it behind?

Dark ills may betide us, but fate cannot guide us
Where foes are more bitter, or friends are less
kind,

Than we've found them at home; but the word is—
away!—

Then, Ellen, my sweet one, look up and be gay.

Now twilight comes o'er us, and dimness hath
bound us,

And the lighthouse looks forth from its sur-
beaten height;

Like Hope's gentle beamings, thro' Sorrow's deep
dreamings,

Or the loadstar of mem'ry to hours of delight.
Tho' self-exil'd, we sever from England for ever,

We'll make a new home in a country afar;
And we'll build us a bower where stern pride hath
no power,

Nor wealth can oppress us, our bliss thus to mar.
We have broken our chain, and the word is—away!

Then, Ellen, my sweet one, look up and be gay.

THE WINDS ARE FREE.

The Poetry by Leigh Cliffe, Esq.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury.

Con molto Anima.

The winds are free,—in spor-tive glee, They can play with the rude waves mer-ri-ly, And
bound and leap o-ver vale and steep, Or calm as a dream-less in-fant sleep, When the



sunbeams bright spread a gir - dle of light, And burst from the clou - dy bed of night; They
 roar to see . . . the bliss for me . . . Of all, or a - ny
 thing, that's free. I love, I love, oh! I love the free,— I love, I love the
 free; I love, I love, oh! I love the free; I love, I love, I love the free!

Not even man, whom nature's plan
 Was to free, from the time his life began,
 Can, like the wind, be unconfin'd,
 For he is fetter'd in heart or mind: [beam
 Though his young day-dream be as bright as the
 Of the sun that tints the flowing stream,
 He ne'er can be like the winds and sea,
 For nature made and keeps them free.

I love, I love, oh! I love the free.


The winds are free,—in sportive glee,
 They can play with the rude waves merrily;
 And bound and leap over vale and steep,
 Or calm as a dreamless infant sleep.
 The eagle that flies in the tempest-torn skies
 Enjoys that pure freedom I would prize;
 Like him I'd be, for happy is he,—
 Wild and daring thing, he's free!

I love, I love, oh! I love the free.

THE OCEAN, OR THE MERRY MARINERS.

The Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Allegro Vivace.



Blow, blow, wild winds, blow, for our course we'll pur - sue, Ca - pri - cious old
 Bo - reas, un - sha - ken by you, Ca - pri - cious old Bo - - reas, un -
 shaken, un - shaken by you. And if with ill - na - ture you mut - ter and growl, Why, we'll
 still keep our way, and sing while you howl! So, if with ill - nature you mutter and growl,
 Why, we'll still keep our way, and sing while you howl; Why, we'll still keep our
 way, and sing while you howl; - - - - Why, we'll still keep our way, and
 sing, and sing while you howl; Why, we'll still keep our way, And sing, and sing while you howl.

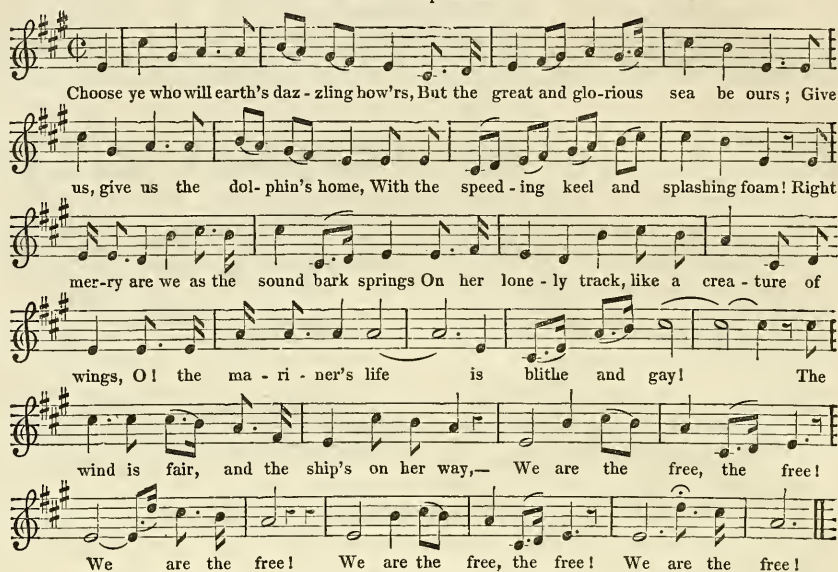
Blow, blow, and unfurling our sails to the gale,
 It shall waft us along, as o'er ocean we sail:

We'll outstrip the breeze, and we'll buffet the blast,
 And like merry mariners sing to the last.

So, if with ill-nature, &c.

SONG OF THE MARINERS.

Poetry by Eliza Cook; Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.



Choose ye who will earth's daz - zling how'rs, But the great and glo - rious sea be ours; Give
us, give us the dol - phin's home, With the speed - ing keel and splashing foam! Right
mer - ry are we as the sound bark springs On her lone - ly track, like a crea - ture of
wings, O! the ma - ri - ner's life is blithe and gay! The
wind is fair, and the ship's on her way,— We are the free, the free!
We are the free! We are the free, the free! We are the free!

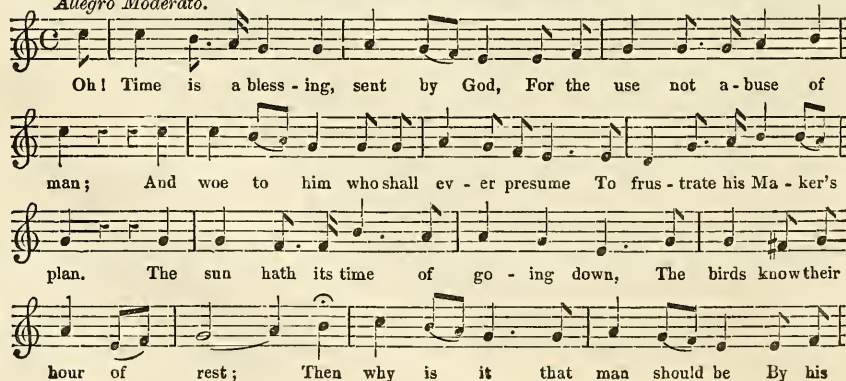
We love the perilous sea because
It will not bend to man or his laws;
It ever hath roll'd, the uncontroll'd;
It cannot be warp'd to fashion or mould.
We are not so apt to forget our God,
As those who dwell on the dry safe sod;
And the chafing tide, as it rolls and swells,
Hath a deeper sound than the old church bells—
We are the free! &c.

'Tis here we may sink 'mid the deluge and blast,
But we cope with the strong, and are quell'd by the
vast;
And a noble urn is the founder'd wreck,
Tho' no incense may burn, and no flow'r may deck.
We need no stately fun'ral-car,
But, tangled with weeds and lash'd to a spar
Down, down below we mariners go,
While thunders volley and hurricanes blow—
We are the free! &c.

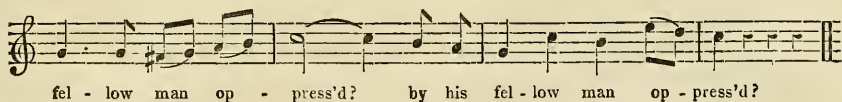
TIME IS A BLESSING.

The Words by I. R.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, Nos. 511-12, Price 6d.
Allegro Moderato.



Oh! Time is a bless - ing, sent by God, For the use not a - buse of
man; And woe to him who shall ev - er presume To frus - trate his Ma - ker's
plan. The sun hath its time of go - ing down, The birds know their
hour of rest; Then why is it that man should be By his



Oh! why should the hour of toil endure,
Till the head and heart grow faint?

Is it because the mind of man
Is better for such restraint?
Need leisure hours be idle hours,
And tend to corrupt the mind?

No! brotherly love is the only chain
That master and man should bind.

Go, ask ye of him whose sunken cheek
Proclaims a life of care,

How many hours of the twenty-four
He for wife and child can spare?
Oh! long ere he wearily seeks his home
His children are gone to rest;—

Little they know of a father's love,
Or the anguish that rends his breast.

Who would not toil for those he loves?

But, alas! human nature is weak,
And if time be not given for mental food,
Some other resource man will seek:
At the hour of ten, at the closing hour,
When the spirits require relief,

He rushes to scenes where excitement dwells,
To drown for a while his grief.

Ye dispensers of time, oh, remember your trust!
Close early, you'll never repent:

Oh! why should a blessing by man be denied
That our Heavenly Father has sent.
Close early, close early, you'll have your reward—
Believe me I say what is true:

Those who have time to seek after their God
Will be the most faithful to you.

THE LADY LEAVES THE BANQUET HALL.

The Poetry by Charles Arnold, Esq.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury.

Allegretto Vivace.

The la - dy leaves the ban - quet hall, The hall of mirth and song; Still
as the night her light steps fall, The mar - bled plain a - long; But oft
cres. *f*
she starts as the Mos - lem harps Ring forth their joy - ous joy - ous strain, And the
Con Espress. *Slentando.* *Piu.*
la - dy sighs to list that sound She may ne - ver ne - ver hear a - gain, she may
A Tempo. *cres.*
ne - ver ne - ver hear a - gain! - - - The la - dy leaves the fes - tive hall, The hall
of dance and song; Light - ly her trem - bing footsteps fall, the shin - ing courts a - long.

Where doth she glide so silently,
From those who love her well?
Why did she shun her father's eye,
When chim'd the midnight bell?
Ask the young knight who reins his steed,
Beside yon portal low.

She hath become the Christian's bride
And from Palestine must go;
For him she steals so silently,
From the bower of her birth,
To seek a home in Christendy,
Far from her sunny earth.

THE OLDEN TIME AND THE PRESENT TIME.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury.

Andante con Espressione.

The old - en time, The old - en time, how peo - ple love to praise In prose and rhyme The
old - en time in old queen Bess's days! The pre-sent time's a plea - sant time, If
men would but a - gree To let the time just take its time, and pass in mirth and glee; The
old - en time, The old - en time be - longs to his - to - ry; Let sa - ges pore its
p *ad lib.*
pa - ges o'er, the pre-sent time . . for me! The old - en time, the old - en time be -
longs to his - to - ry; Let sa - ges pore its pa - ges o'er, the pre-sent time for me!

What though this time, this present time, —
Has swallow'd up the past,
The future time, the future time,
Will swallow this as fast.

Then take your time, and pass your time,
And good from ill divide,
Or, wanting time, you'll lose your time,
And then be cast aside. The olden time, &c.

BY THE CRIMSON HUE OF THE FAIR SUNSET.

Poetry by Leigh Cliffe, Esq.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 25, Price 3d.

Con Anima.

By the crim-son hue of the fair sunset, By the sky all dark-ly blue, Now the
sink-ing sun the moon hath met, I love, I love but you. By the clust'ring stars so
sparkling bright, by yon clouds of dus-ky hue, By the pale rays of the moon's clear light, I
love, I love but you, I love, I love, I love, I love, I love but
you, I love, . . I love, I love, I love but you.

By the birds that sing so merrily
In groves remote from view,
By the leaves that spring on the forest-tree,
I love, I love but you.

By the sun that shines so pleasantly,
'M'dst summer's skies bright blue,
By the white frost on grass and tree,
I love, I love but you.

A SONG FOR A STORMY NIGHT.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, LL.D.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 205, Price 3d.

Quasi con Spirito.

The winds with-out, in their midnight rout, How through our case-ment drea-ri-ly; But
 sweet is our mirth, round the so-cial hearth, When cir-cles the wine cup cheer-i-ly; With a
 heigh ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, With a heigh ho,
 ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. Fill up the bowl, and stir up the coal, Make the
 flames mount bright and chee-ri-ly; We've right good cheer, and a welcome here, Tho' the
 fierce winds whis-tle wea-ri-ly, Oh . . . Yet, a-mid our glee, per-chance there be Some
 near us pi-ning wea-ri-ly; All nipp'd by the cold, some tra-vel-ler old, May be
 trudg-ing through snow-drifts drea-ri-ly; With a heigh ho, ho, ho, ho,
 ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, With a heigh ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,
 ho, . . . ho, With a heigh ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,
 ho, With a heigh ho, . . . ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, . . . ho.

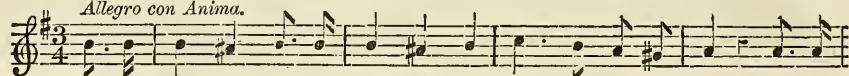
Show, then, a light from our window to-night,
 Let it gleam to guide him cheerily;
 We've a chair and a jug, and a corner snug,
 When he comes to our door so wearily;
 With a heigh ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
 Never shall it be said that we, well fed,
 By our fireside singing cheerily,

Could forget, this night, the bitter plight
 Of the thousands pining wearily!
 Oh, throw open the door, to the old and poor,
 They shall all be welcome cheerily;
 While there's 'tite or sup on our board or cup,
 They never shall pass by wearily;
 With a heigh ho, ho, ho, &c.

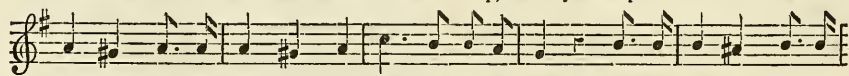
MAN THE LIFE-BOAT.

The Poetry by Mrs. Crawford.

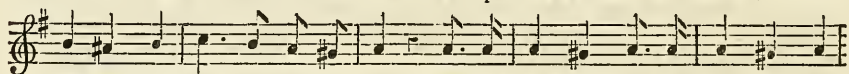
Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, Nos. 337-8, Price 6d.

Allegro con Anima.

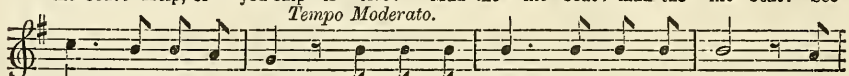
Man the life - boat! man the life - boat! Help, or yon ship is lost! Man the



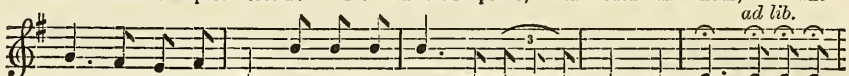
life - boat! man the life - boat! See how she's tempest-toss'd! Man the life-boat! man the



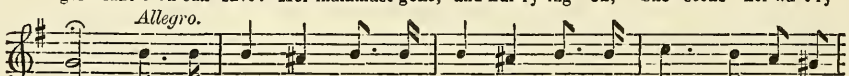
life-boat! Help, or yon ship is lost! Man the life-boat! man the life-boat! See



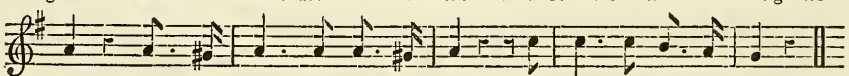
how she's tem-pest - toss'd! No hu-man pow'r, in such an hour, The



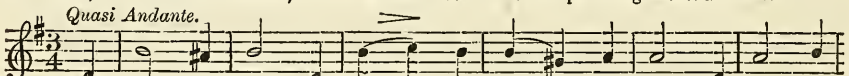
gal-lant bark can save: Her mainmast gone, and hur-ry-ing on, She seeks her wa-t'ry



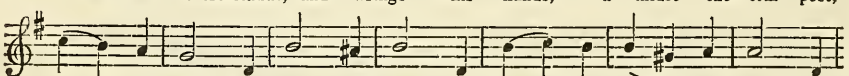
grave. Man the life - boat! man the life - boat! See the dread - ed sig-nal



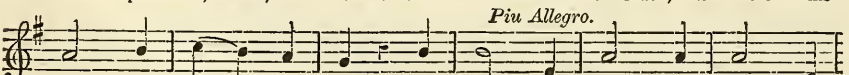
flies;— Ha! she's struck, and from the rock Des-pair-ing shouts a - rise.



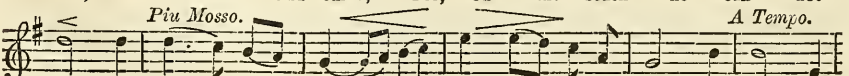
And one there stands, and wrings his hands, a - midst the tem - pest,



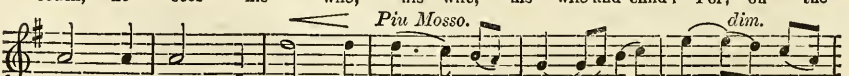
tem - pest wild; For, on the beach he can - not reach, he sees his



wife, his wife and child; For, on the beach he can - not



reach, he sees his wife, his wife, his wife and child! For, on the



beach he can - not reach, He sees his wife . his wife . . and

*Ad lib. assai.**Ad lib. assai.*

child! A - midst the tem-pest wild, He sees his wife and child!

Moderato.

Life-sav - ing ark! you doom-ed bark Im - mor - tal souls doth

bear; Not gems nor gold, nor wealth un - told, But men, brave men, are there.

Oh, speed the life - boat! speed the life - boat! Oh God, their ef - forts

crown! She dash-es on! the ship is gone, Full for - ty fathoms down!

Ah! see! the crew are strug - gling now A - midst, a -

midst the bil - low's roar. Ah! see! the crew are strug - gling

now a - midst the bil - low's, the bil - low's roar! Ah!

see! the crew are strug - gling now A - midst the

bil - low's, the bil - low's roar!

*Ad lib.**A Tempo.*

boat! they're all a - float! Hur - rah! they've gain'd the shore! Bless the

life - boat! bless the life - boat! Oh! God! thou'lt hear our pray'r! Bless the

life - boat! bless the life - boat! No lon - ger we'll des - pair.

THE WIFE'S DREAM.

The Words by I. R.—The Music by Henry Russell

Con Passione.

'Now tell me, Ma-ry, how it is that you can look so gay, When eve-ning af-ter
eve-ning your husband is away? I ne-ver see you sulk or pout, or say an an-gry
lento.
word; And yet you've plen-ty cause for tears, If all be true I've heard.' 'It is because, my
sis-ter dear, a husband you ne'er wed, Nor saw your chil-dren gath'ring round, and
ask-ing you for bread;— You ne'er can know how it be-comes a wo-man's lot, through
Animato. *ad lib.*
life, To be, e'en to a drunk-ard's faults, a faith-ful lov-ing wife.

'And yet I can recall the time when bitter tears I shed,
And, when my husband stagger'd home, what angry words I said;
I never thought that I could be as cheerful now I
Yet this happy change was brought about by a simple little dream.

'One evening, as I sat beside our humble cottage-door,
And listen'd for my husband's step, as oft I'd done before,
Some wicked thoughts came in my mind, and bitterly
"I never wish to see him more! oh, would that he were dead!"

'They say the wretched cannot rest, but surely 'tis not so,
For very soon I fell asleep, 'midst tears of grief and I dream'd I had my wish fulfill'd—my husband was no more,—
I fell upon his lifeless form, and kiss'd him o'er and

"Oh, Dermot, darling, speak to me! I meant not what I said; [not dead!]"
Oh, speak one word unto your wife—say, say you are
"And sure I'm not, my Mary dear"—I woke up with a scream, [but a dream.
And found my husband standing by—his death was

'And since that time, whene'er I feel disposed to be unkind, [my mind;
The warning of that fearful dream comes fresh upon And, though it costs me many a pang to know the life he leads, [heart bleeds.
I try to greet him with a smile, when oft my poor

'I'll humbly put my trust in God, and ask for strength to bear
The trials that he sends on earth for all of us to share;
And if by patience I can change my husband's wand'ring life, [wife!]
I'll bless the hour that dream was sent to his neglected

THE HUSBAND'S DREAM.

To the same Melody.

'WHY, Dermot, you look healthy now, your dress is neat and clean,— [you've been.
I never see you drunk about,—oh, tell me where Your wife and children, are they well? you once did use them strange;
Oh, are you kinder grown? how came this happy

'It was a dream, a warning voice, which Heaven sent to me, [and misery.
To snatch me from the drunkard's curse, grim want My wages all were spent in drink,—oh, what a wretched view! [children too:
I almost broke my Mary's heart, and starv'd my

'I thought once more I "stagger'd home—there seem'd a solemn gloom! [in the room!
I miss'd my wife,—where can she be? and strangers I heard them say, "Poor thing, she's dead,—she led a wretched life, [drunkard's wife?"
Grief and want did break her heart,—who'd be a

'I saw my children weeping' round,—I scarcely drew my breath; [still'd in death:
They knelt and kiss'd her lifeless form, for ever "Oh! father, come and wake her up, the people say she's dead: [cry for bread!"
Oh, make her smile and speak once more—we'll never

"What was my wife or home to me? I heeded not
 her sigh;" [dim'd her eye,
 'Her patient smile oft welcomed me when tears be-
 My children, too, have oft awoke,—“O, father dear,”
 they've said, [had no bread."
 "Poor mother has been weeping so, because we've
 My Mary's form did waste away, I saw her sunken
 eye; [wailing cry:
 On straw my babes in sickness laid, I heard their
 laugh'd and sang, in drunken joy, while Mary's
 tears did stream, [dream:—
 Then like a beast I fell asleep, and had this warning
 "She is not dead," I frantic cried, and rush'd to
 where she lay, [as clay:
 And madly kiss'd her once warm lips, for ever cold
 "Oh, Mary, speak one word to me! no more I'll
 cause you pain; [again.
 No more I'll grieve your loving heart, nor ever drink
 Dear Mary! speak, 'tis Dermot calls"—"Why so I
 do," she cried!— [side!
 I woke—and true my Mary dear was kneeling by my
 I press'd her to my throbbing heart, while joyous
 tears did stream, [that dream!
 And ever since I've Heaven bless'd for sending me

THE HAPPY CHANGE.

The Poetry by L. M. Thornton; the Music by Henry Russell.

Moderato.

You ask'd me, sis - ter, how it was that I ap - pear'd so gay, While
 eve - ning af - ter eve - ning my hus - band was a - way? You own'd I ne'er did
 frown or pout, or say an an - gry word, Al - though I'd plenty cause for tears, if
 all were true you heard. I told you how I rash - ly wish'd my
 hus - band dead might be; I told to you that dread - ful dream, so like re - al - i -
 ty, And said, if e'er by pa - tience I could change his wand' - ring
 life, I'd bless the hour that dream was sent to his neg - lec - ted wife.

A bed of sickness, sister dear, with its attendant woe,
 Oft teaches us a lesson which in health we rarely know;
 We think what now we might have been, and what
 alas! we are,
 And vow in dust what we will be, if God our lives
 will spare.
 Late hours, the drunkard's cup, for weeks had laid
 my husband low,
 When to his side he called me, and, as fast the tears
 did flow,
 He cried, 'For many years I've been a wicked man,
 'tis true,
 But God has pardon'd all my sins;—then, Mary,
 will not you?

'How nearly, dear, your awful dream to me fulfilled
 has been,
 But even from the darkest cloud are gleams of sun-
 light seen;
 And from the grave's dread brink I'm raised, a better
 man to prove,
 And be what long I should have been to her who thus
 can love. [day:—
 And he has been an alter'd man, my sister, from that
 No longer from his wife doth he with loose compan-
 ions stray;
 All is one scene of happiness, and oft he doth exclaim,
 "Mary, I've liv'd to bless the hour that visitation
 came."

CHARTER OAK.

The Poetry by Mrs. Sigourney.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury.

Andante con Espressione.

Char-ter Oak, char-ter Oak! tell us a tale Of the years that have fled, like the
leaves on the gale, For thou bearest a brave an-nal on thy brown root and stem, And thy
heart was a cas-ket for li-ber-ty's gem. Speak out in thy wis-dom, o-
rac-u-lar tree, And we and our children will lis-ten to thee; For the love of the a-ged is
dear in our eyes, Thy leaves and thy a-corns as re-lics we prize. Char-ter
Oak, Charter Oak! tell us a tale Of the years that have fled like the leaves on the gale, For thou
bear'st a brave annal on thy brown root and stem, And thy heart was a cas-ket for
li-ber-ty's gem, And thy heart was a cas-ket for li-ber-ty's gem.

See them, they come, the dim ages of old,
The sires of our nation, true-hearted and bold;
The axe of the woodman rings sharp thro' the glade,
And the worn Indian hunter reclines in thy shade.
I see them, they come! the gray fathers are there,
Who won from the forest this heritage fair;

With their high trust in heaven they suffer'd or toil'd,
Both the tempest and tyrant unflinching they foil'd.
Charter Oak, Charter Oak! ancient and fair,
Thou didst guard of our freedom the rudiment rare,
So, a crown of green leaves be thy gift, noble tree,
With the love of the brave and the thanks of the free

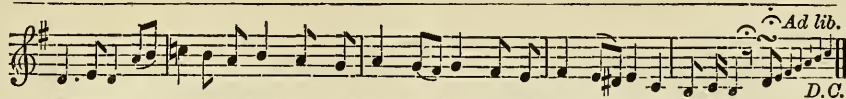
WHEN THE TEMPEST FLIES.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, LL.D.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 174, Price 3d.

Allegro con Anima.

When the tem-pests fly O'er the clou-dy sky, And the pi-ping blast sings wear-i-ly, Oh!
sweet is the nirth of the so-cial hearth, Where the flames are bla-zing chee-ri-ly, Where the
Fine.
flames are bla-zing chee-ri-ly. The moonbeam bright, of a summer night, Shineth but sad and



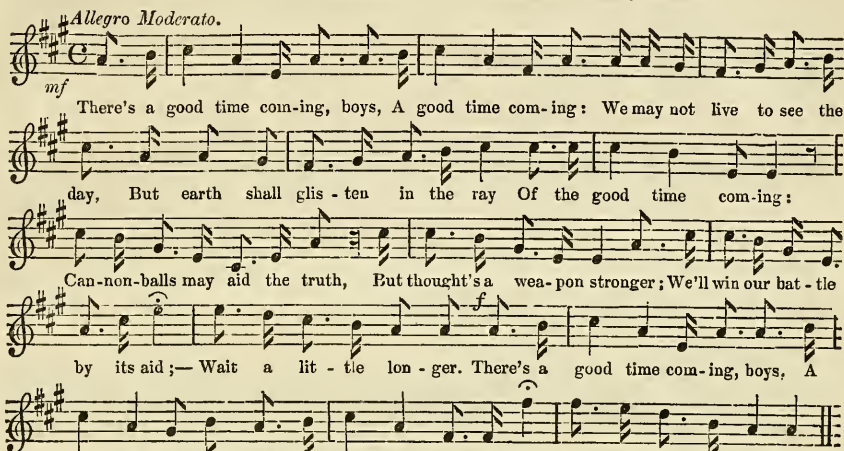
wea-ri-ly, But jol-ly's the glow where the wine-cups flow, And the bright fire blazes cheerily, Oh!

Let the storms without, in their midnight rout,
Howl through the casement drearily,
We're merry within, round the blazing linn,
Where the wine-cup circles cheerily.

The moonbeam bright, of a summer night,
Shineth but sad and wearily,
But jolly's the glow where the wine-cups flow,
And the bright fire blazes cheerily.

THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, L.L.D.; the Music by Henry Russell.



good time coming; There's a good time com-ing, boys;— Wait a lit - tle lon-ger.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And right, not might, shall be the lord,
In the good time coming,
Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledg'd stronger;
The proper impulse has been given;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger,
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed,
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger;
And charity shall trim her lamp;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
And a poor man's family
Shall not be his misery,
In the good time coming:

Every child shall be a help
To make his right arm stronger;
The happier he the more he has;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
Little children shall not toil,
Under or above the soil,
In the good time coming:
But shall play in healthful fields,
Till limbs and mind grow stronger;
And every one shall read and write;—
Wait a little longer.

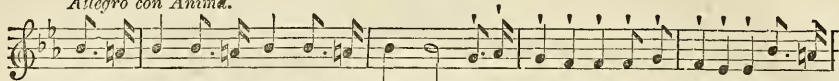
[There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The people shall be temperate,
Abhor what may intoxicate,
In the good time coming.
They shall use and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger;
The reformation has begun;—
Wait a little longer.]

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger;
'Twill be strong enough one day;—
Wait a little longer.

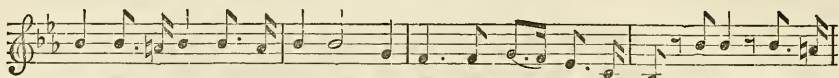
LET'S BE GAY.

The Music by Henry Russell.

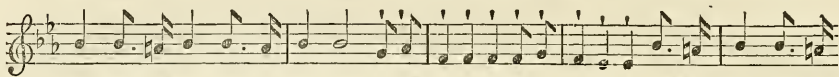
Allegro con Anima.



Let's be gay, let's be gay, let's be gay, boys—Haha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Let's be



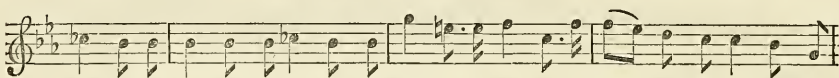
gay, let's be gay, let's be gay, boys—We'll quaff, we'll quaff from this cup. ha ha! Let's be



gay, let's be gay, let's be gay, boys—Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Let's be gay, let's be



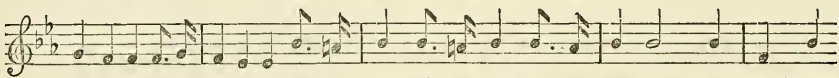
gay, let's be gay, boys—We'll quaff, we'll quaff from this cup, ha, ha! 'Tis night all a-



round us, The chill blast is howling ; 'Tis night all around us, The chill blast is howl-ing, is

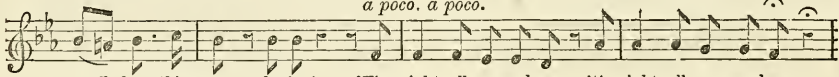


howl-ing away; 'Tis howl-ing a-way; Let's be gay, let's be gay, let's be gay, boys—Ha ha



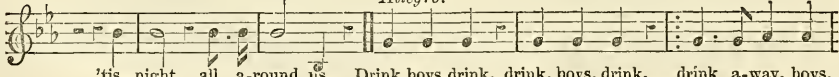
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Let's be gay, let's be gay, let's be gay, boys—We'll quaff, we'll

а poco, а poco.



quaff from this cup, ha ha ! 'Tis night all around us, 'tis night all a- round us,

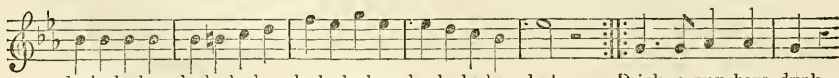
Allegro.



'tis night all a-round us. Drink, boys, drink, drink, boys, drink, drink a-way, boys,



drink, drink, drink, The sun's ap-pear-ing now; Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha



ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ! Drink a-way, boys, drink,



drink, drink, The sun's ap- pear - ing now; Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

1st time. 2nd time.

ha ha ha! ha ha ha! ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Drink, boys,
 drink! Drink a-way, boys, drink, drink, drink; The sun's ap-pear-ing now,—
 But let the draught, but let the draught, but let the draught, let the draught be wa-ter,
 be wa-ter! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! ha!
 Drink a-way, boys, drink, drink, drink, The sun's ap-pear-ing now; Drink, a-way, boys,
 drink, drink,—But let the draught be wa-ter, wa-ter,—But let the draught be wa-ter,
 wa-ter!—Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! - -

THE GREENWOOD TREE.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, LL.D.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 196, Price 3d.

Grazioso con Anima.

The sol-dier bold, when the bu-gles sound, Must start from his plea-sant sleep, To
 mea-sure a-lone his wea-ry round, On the gloo-my cas-tle keep; But
 we, mer-ry men, in the path-less woods, Where the nim-ble wild deer run, We
 rise when we will, and sleep when we can, And bend the knee to none. Oh, a
 mer-ry life is ours, I ween, At morn in the fo-rest free, And

Ad lib. *A Tempo*



quaffing at e'en the jol-ly brown ale, All un-der the green-wood tree.

The monk must go when the abbot calls,
To chaunt his vesper hymn ;
Aud warder watch from his loophole grate,
At the hour of midnight dim ;

But we, merry men, in the gay greenwood
We own no master's sway ;
But live to be happy when we can,
And jolly while we may.

Oh, a merry life, &c.

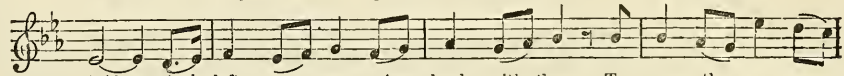
THE WIFE'S SONG.

The Poetry by a Lady ; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

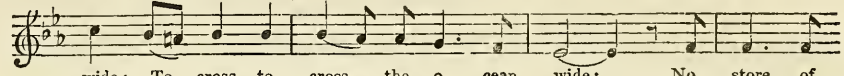
Andante.



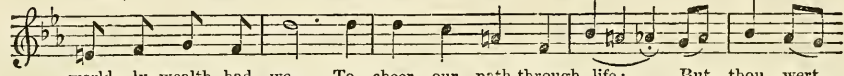
E - le - ven years have pass'd a - way Since I be - came a



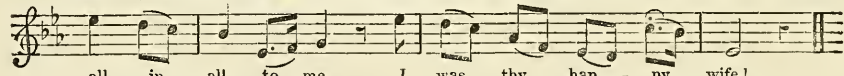
bride, And left my na - tive land with thee, To cross the o - cean



wide ; To cross, to cross the o - cean wide : No store of



world - ly wealth had we, To cheer our path through life ; But thou wert



all in all to me— I was thy hap - py wife !

But, when Colombia's free-born sons
Thy matchless talent knew,
With buoyant hope for fortune's smiles
Thou bad'st thy wife adieu ;
One blessed pledge of love was ours,
To cheer my lonely life ;
And, as I heard thy fame resound,
I felt a happy wife !
Year after year roll'd on its course,
Yet time brought some alloy :
Again I felt a mother's pains,
And felt a mother's joy.

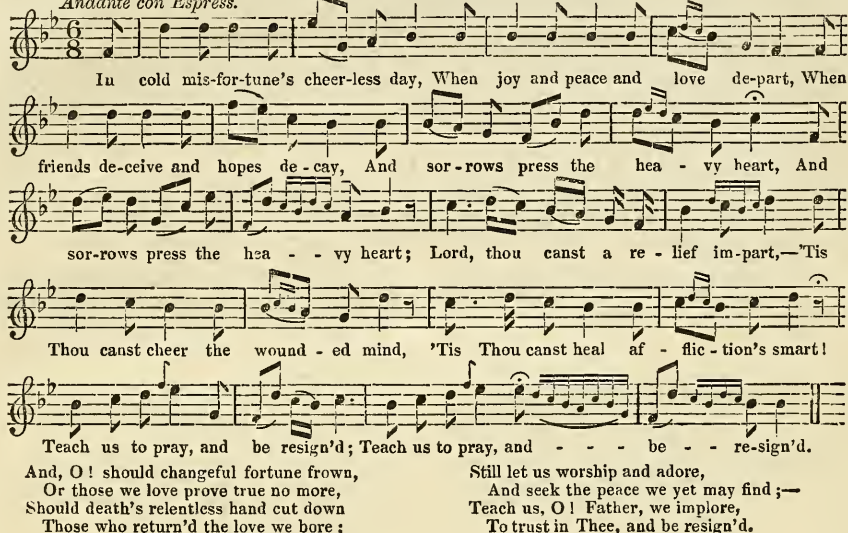
Thou wert not there to join their sports,
Nor watch their playful strife ;
And, as I press'd them to my heart,
I felt a mournful wife !
But now the storm has pass'd away :
Like Noah's wand'ring dove,
I've found, at last, a resting-place,
A happy home of love.
May'st thou, dear husband ! ever find,
In future days through life,
For blessings that I now enjoy,
I am a grateful wife !

HENRY RUSSELL'S SACRED SONGS.

RESIGNATION.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, LL.D.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 488, Price 3d.
Andante con Espress.



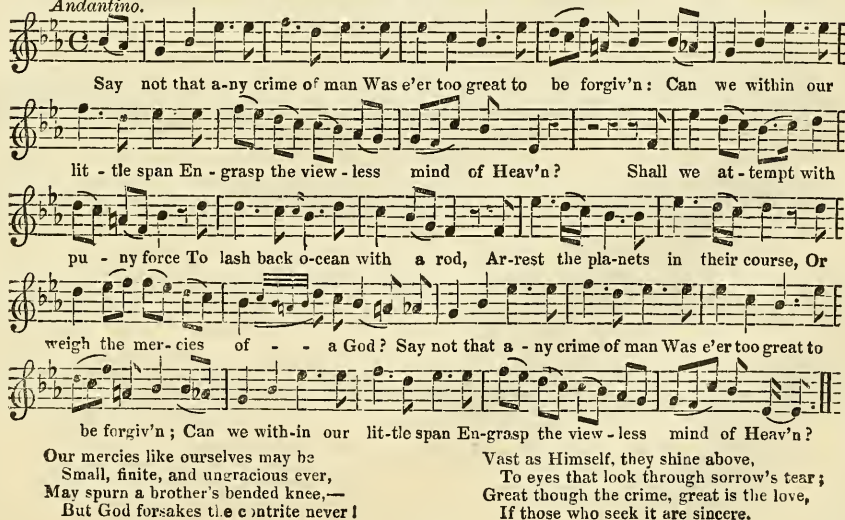
In cold mis-for-tune's cheer-less day, When joy and peace and love de-part, When
friends de-ceive and hopes de-cay, And sor-rows press the hea-vy heart, And
sor-rows press the hea-vy heart; Lord, thou canst a re-lief im-part,—'Tis
Thou canst cheer the wound-ed mind, 'Tis Thou canst heal af-flic-tion's smart!
Teach us to pray, and be resign'd; Teach us to pray, and - - - be - - re-sign'd.
And, O! should changeful fortune frown,
Or those we love prove true no more,
Should death's relentless hand cut down
Those who return'd the love we bore;

Still let us worship and adore,
And seek the peace we yet may find;—
Teach us, O! Father, we implore,
To trust in Thee, and be resign'd.

THE INFINITUDE OF MERCY.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, LL.D.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 462, Price 3d.
Andantino.



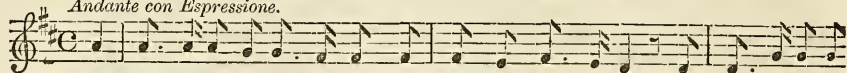
Say not that a-ny crime of man Was e'er too great to be forgiv'n: Can we within our
lit-tle span En-grasp the view-less mind of Heav'n? Shall we at-tempt with
pu-ny force To lash back o-ocean with a rod, Ar-rest the pla-nets in their course, Or
weigh the mer-cies of - - a God? Say not that a - ny crime of man Was e'er too great to
be forgiv'n; Can we with-in our lit-tle span En-grasp the view-less mind of Heav'n?
Our mercies like ourselves may be
Small, finite, and ungracious ever,
May spurn a brother's bended knee,—
But God forsakes the c ontrite never!

Vast as Himself, they shine above,
To eyes that look through sorrow's tear;
Great though the crime, great is the love,
If those who seek it are sincere.

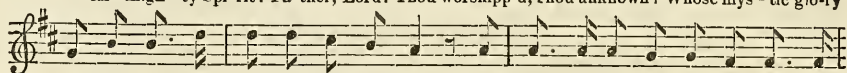
ALMIGHTY SPIRIT.

The Poetry by Eliza Cook.

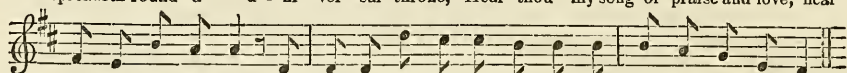
Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 242, Price 3d.

Andante con Espressione.

Al - migh - ty Spi - rit! Fa - ther, Lord! Thou worshipp'd, Thou unknown! Whose mys - tic glo - ry



spreadeth round a u - ni - ver - sal throne, Hear thou my song of praise and love, hear



thou my song, oh God! My tem - ple - dome is thy broad sky, my kneel - ing - place thy sod.

I thank thee, God, enough of joy has mark'd my span of days,
I look upon the yellow fields, I pluck the wild hedge-flow'r,

To fill my heart with gratitude, and wake the words of praise;
And pause to bless Thy lavish hand, and wonder at its pow'r.

I have accepted at thy hands much more of good than ill,
I see too much of happiness for human hearts to find.

And all of trouble has but shown the wisdom of thy will.
To hold the Maker that bestows as aught else but the kind:

I see the climbing sun disperse the misty clouds of night,
Let man be but as kind to man, and soon our woe and strife

And pour devotion to the One who said 'Let there be light;'
Would fade away like mists, and leave us well content with life.

I watch the peeping star that gleams from out the hazy west,
And what is death, that e'en its thought should make us sigh and weep?

And offer thanks to Him who gave his creatures hours of rest.
The grave, to me, but seems a couch of sound and holy sleep.

I see the crystal dew-drop stand upon the bending stem,
Why should I dread the fiat, when my trusting spirit knows

And find as much of glory there as in the diamond gem;
That he who bids my eyelids fall will watch their last repose?

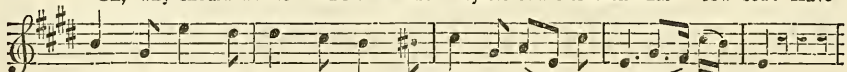
OH, WHY SHOULD WE BEWAIL THE DEAD.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, LL.D.

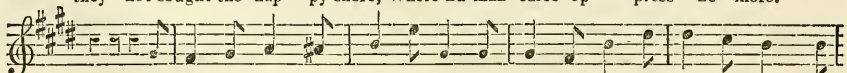
Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 464, Price 3d.

Allegretto.

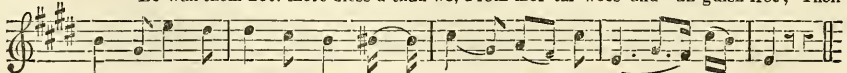
Oh, why should we be - wail the dead? Why sor - row o'er their nar - row bed? Have



they not sought the hap - py shore, Where hu - man cares op - press no more.



Be - wail them not! more bless'd than we, From mor - tal woes and an - guish free; Their



par - ted spi - rits rest in peace, In the still land where trou - bles cease.

Bewail them not! their bright abode

Is with a Father and a God;

Freed from corruption's cold embrace,

They see th' Almighty face to face.

Then weep not for the quiet dead,

Nor sorrow o'er their narrow bed;

For, in the land where troubles cease,

Their parted spirits rest in peace.

THE DOVE OF NOAH.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, LL.D.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 463, Price 3d.

Moderato con Espress.

Hope on her wings and God her guide, The Dove of No-ah soar'd Far through the dim un-
fathom'd space, Where shore-less o - cean roar'd, - Where shoreless o - cean roar'd; But
ah! she found no val-ley green, No rest-ing-place, no track, Un - till the peace-ful
ark receiv'd The wea-ry wand'rer back. - - - Hope on her wings, and God her guide, The
Dove of No-ah soar'd, Far through the dim unfathom'd space, Where shoreless o - cean roar'd.

So we, on life's tempestuous sea,
Beset with grief and pain,
May seek a solace here below,
And find the search in vain.
A resting-place for weary man
Is only found above;

The ark to which the soul returns
Is the Almighty's love:
So we, on life's tempestuous sea,
Beset with grief and pain,
May seek a so'ace here below,
But find the search in vain.

THE PILGRIM'S ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

The Poetry by Henry John Sharpe.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 203, Price 3d.

Andante con Anima.

Thou art, O God! the fount di-vine, From whence all earth - ly blessings flow: Where-
e'er we turn, thy glo - ries shine, And all things praise thee here be - low. The
ra - dian sun which gilds the day, The count - less stars that gem the night,
Owe all their splendour to thy sway, Great source of all things fair and bright! If
Pil-grim thoughts as - cend on high, All things a - dore thee! so do I!

We hail, O God! the vital ray,
With holy inspiration rife:—
Its bright reflection points the way
Which leads to everlasting life.
The changing seasons, as they roll,

Thy pow'r and wisdom, Lord, proclaim!
All creatures join, from pole to pole,
In loud hosannas to thy name!
If Pilgrim pray'rs are heard on high,
All things adore thee! so do I!

DAVIDSON'S MUSICAL TREASURY,

LONDON: DAVIDSON, 19 PETER'S HILL, DOCTORS' COMMONS.

Threepence per Number; those Articles having two Numbers attached are Double Numbers, and are therefore Sixpence. To prevent mistakes, Parties ordering are particularly requested to send the numbers.

SONGS.

- 721 Advance, Britannia's Sons, to the Music o
Partant pour la Syrie, also Dunois the Brave,
in French and English
395 A Heart to Let (Comic)
350-51 Ah, Hope deserts me—En vain j'espere,
from Robert le Diable
410 Ah, how the Night is lovely, from Haydee
115-16 Ah Me, that Night would ne'er be gone, with
Duet, The Hour is Come, from Fidelio
515 A Home in the Heart, by Eliza Cook
707 Albion's Island Queen, New Loyal and Patri-
otic Effusion by E. L. Blanchard, Esq., and
J. N. Sola Esq.
195 A Life in the West, Emigrant's Song, H. Russell
40 A Life on the Ocean Wave, by Henry Russell
713-14 All is Lost now—Recitative, and Still so
gently—Air, both from La Sonnambula
381 All Things love Thee, so do I, by Charles Horn;
and The Beggar Girl
354-5 All this Splendour—All Men confess it; and
This's Spring in Field and Forest, Fille du
456 All to extinguish the Greens (Comic) [Regiment
242 Almighty Spirit, by Eliza Cook and H. Russell
711-12 As I view those Scenes so charming, and
Sounds so Joyful, from La Sonnambula
151 Baecanalian & Laughing Song Der Freyschutz
488 Barcarolle from Rigoletto
749 Behold, the Morn is Breaking, from Masaniello
220 Believe not the Tales they have told thee of me;
and Happy Days of Childhood, H. Russell
689 Ben Bolt; and Ben Bolt's Reply, 'Ah! yes, I
remember that Name'
263 Blow, ye gentle Breezes, and The Treasure-
Finder, from the Crown Diamonds
245 Bud not yet—E! Assiria; and Blow, ye Wind—
Mio Furor, from Nino
605 Buy my Oranges, by Auber, as sung by Alboni
50 Can't you dance the Polka (Comic)
560 Carry me Home to Die, for 1 or 3 Voices; and
Nelly Bly
211 Chieftain's Daughter, Ballad, by H. Russell
561 Christmas Eve, by G. Rodwell, with Engraving
184 Come, Brothers, arouse, by Henry Russell
221 Come, fill the Cup, by Henry Russell
100 Come, my Friends, to Druids' March in Norma,
and Pale Daisies, to Ah vello, in same Opera
334-5 Come shuning forth, my Dearest; and Chide
me, chide me, from Don Juan
302 Cupid mid the Roses Playing, by Knight; and
Shield's Bud of the Rose
401 Dainty Dolly, a Ditty for Dainty Damsels
133 Dark-eyed Beauty, to the Air 'Tu non sai,'
and Let not Sorrow, to the Air 'Ah! non
giunge,' from La Sonnambula
431 Day again sending, Al mio Pregar, Semiramide
344 Dear Janet, by Henry Russell
409 Dear Native Venice, from Haydee
275 Deep in the Abruzzi, and Maidens, would you
know, from Flotow's Stradella
715 Do not Mingle, from La Sonnambula
614 Don't you like my Bloomer? (Comic)
213 Dying Legacy, by J. M. Church and H. Russell
587-8 England's Welcome to the Nations, Solo and
Chorus, Portrait of Prince Albert, Russell
13 Ere around the Huge Oak; and Dear Tom, this
Brown Jug
653 Eva's Song of the World to come, suggested
by the celebrated Novel, Uncle Tom's Cabin
727-8 Excelsior, Longfellow's celebrated Poem,
Music by J. Tilleard, with Embellishment
175 Exile, Poetry by Charles Mackay, H. Russell
450 Farewell, noble Venice; and From Infancy,
both from Auber's Haydee
97 Farewell to Winter—Casta Diva, Norma
276 Fill, fill, from Flotow's Stradella; with Trio
109 Flow, thou Regal Purple Stream
374-5 Fly then, my Love—Il mio Tesoro; and List
and I'll find, Love—Vedrai Carino, Don Juan
403 For Tenderness form'd; The Streamlet; My
Lodging is on the cold Ground; and Tell
me, babbling Echo [Tune, Robert le Diable
349 Fortune, Star of those that love Thee—O For-
732-3 Founding of the Bell, Poetry by Dr. Mackay,
Music by H. Russell, splendidly embellished
93 Galvanic Ring (Comic), by Leman Rede
179-80 Gambler's Wife, the only entire edition of H.
Russell's far-famed Scena
553-4 Gin Fiend, by Charles Mackay and H. Russell
643-4 Gold-Fiend, by E. L. Blanchard and J. Wilson
53 God save the Queen, Solo, Duo, and Trio
347-8 Go, then, dearest Alice—Va, va, dit elle;
and Hark, the Trumpet's glad Sounds
—La Trompette Guerriere, Robert le Diable
92 Green Bushes, as sung by Mrs. Fitzwilliam
580 Guy Fawkes (Comic)
34 Had I a Heart for Falsehood fram'd; I have a
Silent Sorrow here; and Pray, Goody
246 Hark, the Bells are gaily Ringing—the Music
the Deh Perdona in Verdi's Nino
884 Hark, 'tis Fairy Music, by J. Blewitt
280 Harry Bluff, newly arranged with extra Vers
by J. Elsworth [by Henry Russell
562 Happy Change, a Sequel to the Wife's Dream,
153 Hear me, Love, or 'Through the Forests,' and
Bridesmaids' Song & Chorus, Der Freyschutz
706 Heaven defend the Right, New Patriotic and
National Song, by E. L. Blanchard, Esq.
103 Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen, Song
and Chorus; and My Dog and my Gun
534 Home sweet Home; & She never told her Love
233 Hope's Sepulchre, by Henry Russell
492 How gallantly von Vessel, from Masaniello
154-5 How gentle was my Slumber, or When first
mine Eyes, from Der Freyschutz
609 How may Mortals Good discover—Gente e
qui l'Uccellatore; If Lutes can fire the
savage Breast—Quel suono ohimè, Magic
Flute, Mozart
429 How sad, how still—Bel Raggio, Semiramide
579 Husband's Dream, by Henry Russell
46 Hush, ye pretty warbling Choir, by Handel
145 I am a Friar of Orders Gray
90 I am a Young Man that's most highly Respectable
196 I care not for Spring, C. Dickens and H. Russell
637 I live in a World of my own, by F. A. Davidson,
Music by Jolly
285 I'll sail upon the Mighty Main, by Eliza Cook
to the Music of the Brazilian Hymn
52 I love my Love, and The Cabin-Boy
25 I love the Night, with the Air for the Pianoforte
by Henry Russell
21 Ivy Green, by Charles Dickens and H. Russell
411-12 I was won by her Beauty, Haydee, with Due
325 Jug of Punch, from the Green Bushes
251 Kate Kearney, and The Bay of Biscay
545 Katty Darling, the Words by F. A. Davidson,
and Who deeply drinks of Wine
212 Land ho! by Henry J. Sharpe and H. Russell
339 Little Fools and Great Ones, Poetry by Mackay
Music by Henry Russell
400 Little Gay Deceiver, as sung by Henry Russell
312 Little Terese (Comic), by J. Blewitt
356 Live and be Happy Together, by Donizetti
309-10 Less than a Man, by Dr. Mackay & H. Russell
186 Let's be Gay, Laughing Song, by H. Russell
134-5 Like the gentle West Wind blowing,
to Ah! perche, non posse, and All are Joyful,
to 'Tutto e gioia,' from La Sonnambula
38 List! List! List! or the Glories of Altitia He-
roes, by Blanchard

227 Love is just like Gaming, by Leman Rede
 23 Love's Call, or Young Agnes, from Fra Diavolo
 719 Lowback'd Jaun-ing-Car, Lover's celebrated
 Melody, elegantly embellished in colours
 841-2 Mad Girl's Song, by Henry Russell
 265 Maid Marian's Song, by E. J. Loder
 305-6 Main Truck, or Leap for Life, by H. Russell
 169-170 Maniac, the only entire edition, H. Russell
 337-8 Man the Life-Boat, by Henry Russell
 413 Marseillaise Hymn, and Mourir pour la Patrie
 in English and French, Song and Chorus
 594 Mary, Mary, List, Awake, by Leigh Hunt, Music
 by Whittaker
 253 May-Queen, Parts I. and II.: Alfred Tenny-
 son's popular Ballads, with Dempster's Music
 746-7 Minnie, Dear Minnie, with Portrait of Ma-
 damme Thillon, in Coloured Lithography
 174 Minstrel of the Tyrol, by Henry Russell
 98 Minstrel, strike the Harp, and When are Mead
 and Water fairest—Deh Conte, and Vieni in
 Roma, from No ma
 17 Mermaid's Cave, by Charles Horn
 453 My Boyhood's Love, from Leoline
 576 My Lord Tomnoddy (Comic)
 185 My Mother's Bible, by G. P. Morris & H. Russell
 720 My Mother's Portrait, Song & Duet, H. Russell
 171 My Odd Wife, by J. B. Phillips and H. Russell
 745 Nancy Till, with Chorus harmonized for 4 voices,
 and Ella Ree [was once a Little Boy
 42 Ne'er ask where radiant Summer flies; and Love
 635 Never go Dreaming Aloud (Comic Scene)
 207 Newfoundland Dog, by G. Soane and H. Russell
 152 No Joy without Sorrow; and Sturdy Winter,
 from Der Freyschutz
 602 No, no—Non, non, Les Huguenots, Meyerbeer
 206 Not Married Yet (Comic), by H. Russell
 117 Not yet Returning—Un noble Peu, Fidelio
 755 Oh, happy Day, the popular Romance in Meyer-
 beer's L'Etoile du Nord
 183 Oh, this Love, by G. P. Morris and H. Russell
 274 O Italy, my Native Land, and Hark the Merry
 Bells, from Flotow's Stradella
 505-6 Old Arm-Chair, by Eliza Cook and Henry
 Russell, with Portrait of the Authoress, and
 her Autograph, as exhibited in a facsimile
 of her assignment of the Copyright
 222 Old Church Bell, & Piano Arrangement of Fine
 Old Colour'd Gentleman, by Henry Russell
 219 Old Farm-Gate, by Eliza Cook and H. Russell
 182 Old King Time, by Eliza Cook and H. Russell
 191 Old Mill-Stream, by Eliza Cook and H. Russell
 398 Old Saws for Young Gents (Comic)
 332 Old School House, by Henry Russell
 187 Old Sexton, by Park Benjamin and H. Russell
 722-23 On Alma's Heights, splendidly embellished
 352 Once away'd a Prince—Jadis reignait a Norman-
 die, Robert le Diable [Wood-Robin
 382 On the Banks of Allan Water; and Julia to the
 5 On Yonder Rock reclining, Fra Diavolo
 298 Open thy Lattice, Love, by J. P. Knight
 535 O, rest thee, Babe; and The Pranks of Echo
 596 O, say not Woman's Heart is bought
 490 O, Sister Dear, from Masaniello
 519 O, there's a sweeter Empire far, and Pour Ber-
 tha, from Le Prophete
 578 O, the Roast Beef of Old England, Song and
 Chorus, and the Air as Piano-forte Piece
 205 Our Way across the Mountain, oh! H. Russell
 176 Patriot's Welcome, by Henry Russell
 78-9 Pauper's Drive, by W. T. Noel, & H. Russell
 610 Pause where the Sun in his Brightness—Or Che
 Almen, from the Magic Flute, Mozart
 300 Pestal's Song, and the Air as Piano Piece
 601 Piff, Paff—Pour les Couvents, from Huguenots
 203 Pilgrim's Address to the Deity, by H. Russell
 731 Poor Man's Funeral, splendidly embellished.
 Poetry by Eliza Cook, Music by H. Russell
 4 Proudly and Wide, from Fra Diavolo
 520 Quaff, quaff! from Le Prophete
 777 Queen Catharine's Death-bed, by E. J. Loder
 235-6 Red, White, and Blue, With the Chorus
 harmonised, splendidly embellished
 194 Rising Sun, by H. J. Sharpe and H. Russell
 346 Roberto, dearest Roberto, from Robert le Diable

257 Robin Hood is Lying Dead, by E. J. Loder
 172 Rockaway, by H. J. Sharpe and Henry Russell
 105 Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep, by J. P. Knight
 55 Rule Britannia, Song and Chorus
 204 Rushlight, by Eliza Cook and Henry Russell
 289 Sabbath Chimes, by Mrs. Captain Younge
 26 Sailor's Journal, by Dibdin, & Colledge Hornpipe
 426 Sally in our Alley, and Life let us Cherish
 340 Sea-King's Burial, by C. Mackay and H. Russell
 414 Serenade from Don Pasquale
 593 Silent Kisses, by Leigh Hunt & John Whittaker;
 and One that I Know, by L. Hunt, Scotch Air
 136 Smile, Love, to 'Prendi l' Anel ti dono,' from
 La Sonnambula
 177 Soldier and his Bride, Ballad, by Henry Russell
 724 Soldier's Wife, H. Russell, with embellishment
 32 Some Love to Roam, C. Mackay and H. Russell
 449 Song of the Breeze, from Haylee
 192 Song of the Mariners, by E. Cook and H. Russell
 604 Song of the Penitent, and the Harvest Song,
 from Auber's Azael the Prodigal
 603 Song of the Prodigal and Camel-Driver's Song
 from Auber's Azael the Prodigal
 561 Song of the Scaffold, by Henry Russell
 231-2 Song of the Shirt and Emigrant sempstress
 by H. Russell [Eliza Cook and H. Russell
 201 Song of the Yacht Clubs—I'm Afloat—by
 215 So Young and so Lovely, by Henry Russell
 414 Spider and the Fly, as sung by Henry Russell
 217 Spirit and the Stream, to Music of Old Arm Chair;
 and Air—Goin' ober de Mountain, Russell
 343 Struggle for Fame, by C. Mackay and H. Russell
 716 Take, Love, this Ring, from La Sonnambula
 329 Tell John to set the Kettle on, by J. Blewitt
 402 The Barefooted Friar; Child in the Cradle; In
 my Cottage near a Wood; and Elinor's Song
 548 The Better Land, by Mrs. Hemans
 655-6 The Bridge of Sighs, Hood's immortal
 Poem, now first published with Music
 559 The Child's Appeal, by L. M. Thornton; and
 Little Taffine, newly arranged
 563 The Cry from the Courts, by Henry Russell
 120 The Cuckoo—Vous dont la tendre Bienfai-
 sance; and Nothing, to Vive l'Or, Fidelio
 665 The Emigrant's Invitation to the Girl he left
 behind Him, by J. Blewitt
 692 The Fairy Car, to the Music of the Lowback'd
 Car; and the Air as a Fantasia
 197 The First Dear Thing that ever I loved, Russell
 173 The Fisher Boy Merrily Lives, by Eliza Cook and
 H. Russell, & Piano Arrangement of the Air
 754 The Gipsy Song, Music from L'Etoile du Nord
 476 The Gold Time's Come (Comic)
 690 The Honest Working Man, dedicated to the
 Working Men of England
 615-6 The Humourism of Bloomerism, Comic Scene
 214 The Main, by H. J. Sharpe and Henry Russell
 595 The Mother who hath a Child at Sea, by Eliza
 Cook and Henry Russell
 647 The 'Old Folks at Home' [L'Etoile du Nord
 753 The Prayer of the Dying Soldier, the Music
 356 The Ratanlan, from La Fille du Regiment
 749-50 The Ratcatcher's Daughter, the only cor-
 rect edition, with Portrait of Sam. Cowell
 421-2 There's a Good Time Coming, Song & Chorus,
 597-8 There's Room enough for All, by H. Russell
 by Charles Mackay and Henry Russell
 765-6 The Road to Fortune's onward, Boys, the
 new popular Song of Progress.
 725-26 The Saucy Old British Flag, to fine Old
 Martial Air, splendidly embellished
 717-18 The Ship on Fire, Russell's celebrated Scene
 615 The Slave Auction, by E. L. Blanchard and
 Henry Russell [Blanchard
 646 The Slave Mother, by H. West and E. L.
 229-30 The Slave Ship, by Henry Russell
 84 The Thorn—Peaceful Slumbering—and When
 first this humble Roof I knew [Blewitt
 666 The Voice and the Flower, Swiss Song by J.
 756 The Wedding Song, and Barcarolle from Meyer-
 beer's L'Etoile du Nord
 102 The Wide Wide World, by J. Magrath
 513-14 The World is on the Move, by H. Russell, with
 his Portrait

- 11 They tell me thou art False, Love—Clombro o Torellora, from the Magic Flute, Mozart
 511-12 Time is a Blessing—the Early-Closing Song, by Henry Russell
 247-8 Though Woman may be Inconstant; Yet another Day; & Must I leave the Friends, Nino
 394 Trouble your Heads with your own Affairs, Poetry by Eliza Cook, Music by Blewitt
 189-90 Tubal Cain, by C. Mackay and H. Russell
 634 Tuneless Bells, Poetry by G. Daniel, Music by Jolly
 297 'Twill be all the same 100 Years hence, Leder
 573 Vicar of Bray, slightly altered, and dedicated to the Bishops of London, Oxford, and Exeter
 691 Vilikens and his Dinah, with the Additions of both Mr. Toole and Mr. Robson, harmonized Chorus, and Portrait in Colours
 199-200 Vision of the Reveller, by Henry Russell
 455 Wapping Old Stairs, the Original Ballad, with R. G. Pigot's new Drawing-Room Song
 181 We met in other Years; and Air, Old King Time, H. Russell
 202 We were Boys together, by Henry Russell
 132 What is in Riches—Giuro Animi, and How fair the Heavens—Dolce Pensiero, Semiramide
 345 When I left my Norman Valleys—Quand j'ai quitté Normandie, from Robert le Diable
 373 When Women warm us—Finch' han dal Vino, from Don Giovanni [Billy Lackaday
 574 Where are you going, my pretty Maid; and 1 Where the Bee Sucks; and Daisies Pied and Violets Blue, from Shakspeare, by Dr. Arne
 228 Where there's a Will there's a Way, H. Russell
 709-10 While this Heart, and Oh! I cannot give Expression, from La Sonnambula
 575 Why are you Wandering here, I pray
 140 Why Chime the Bells, by J. P. Knight; and Down among the Dead Men
 255 Why does Emmeline wander, by M. W. Balfe
 158 Why don't you come, Love, Serenade, by Jolly
 423-4 Wife's Dream, by Henry Russell
 216 Wife's Song, by Henry Russell
 193 Will Nobody Marry me? Comic, H. Russell
 209-10 Wind of the Winter, Cantata, H. Russell
 48 Woodman, spare that Tree, by H. Russell
 303 Wolf, by Shield, Accompaniments by H. West
 273 Would I were, sweet Bird; and Love, they say, both from Flotow's Stradella
 663-4 Young King Coke, a Merrie Legend and Railway-Buffer Extravaganza, Poem by E. L. Blanchard, Music by J. Blewitt
 71 You tell me, dear Girl, by H. Sefton

574 SCOTCH SONGS.

- 11 A Man's a Man for a' that; & Jock o' Hazeldean
 252 Auld Robin Gray as Song and Chorus
 307 Auld Lang Syne, and The Jolly Beggar
 629 Bonnie Dundee, Song and Chorus
 761-2 Caller Herrin', with Imitation of the Cry, as sung by the Misses Bennett, and coloured Engraving of the Newhaven Fishwomen
 465 Charlie is my Darling—Thou art gane awa'—and the De'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman
 36 Comin' through the Rye, and My Ain Fireside
 467 Duncan Gray—There's nae Luck about the Hoose—and Bonny Wee Thing
 484 Flora McDonald's Lament; and Tak' yer auld Cloak about ye
 468 Green grow the Rashes—O, whistle, and I'll come to Thee; and My Boy Tammy
 494 Happy Friendship—Wae's me for Prince Charlie—and Wanderin' Willie
 77 I'm owre Young to Marry; and Waly, Waly
 58 John Anderson my Jo, and My Bonnie Plaid
 416 Lass o' Gowrie—Mary Morison—and Wilt thou
 164 The Bonnie Wee Wife [be my Dear
 138 My Bosom Flower
 28 My Heart is Sair; and We're a' Noddin'
 482 My Joe Janet—Wha wadna fecht for Charlie?—and Come under my Plaidy
 493 My Tocher's the Jewel; and Bide ye yet
 454 O, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me? and the Laird o' Cockpen
 481 Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch—Birks of Aberfeldy—and Saw ye my Wee Thing

- 463 Scots, wha hae—Farewell to Lochaber—and Ge up an' bar the Door [monized for 3 Voices
 758 The Blue Bells of Scotland, as Solo, and harmonized Heart; Ofa' the Airts; and O, this is no' my ain Hoose [and Annie Laurie
 404 Ye Banks and Braes—Last May a braw Wooser—

GLEES, TRIOS, &c.

ARRANGED MOSTLY FOR THREE VOICES; WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS.

- 528 Ah! how Sophia (A House on Fire); Give me the sweet Delights of Love; Fye, nay, prithee; and The Sneezing Catch
 43-4 Are the White Hours for ever fled; and Time, fly with greater Speed
 307 Auld Lang Syne, Solo & Chorus; & Jolly Beggar
 86 Bells of St. Michael's Tower, by Knyvett
 523 Boat Glee, by H. West, R.A.
 54 Britain's Best Bulwarks
 296 Canadian Boat-Song
 129 Cheerfulness, by Henry West, R.A.M.
 445 Come, let us all a-Maying go; and 3 Catches
 390 Come on, Jolly Hearts, Canon, by Dr. Hayes; and Forgive, bless'd Shade
 258-9 Curfew, by Attwood, and two Rounds, Hark the Bonnie Christ-Church Bells, and Wind gentle Evergreens
 60 Dame Durden; and Catch, Wo Dobbin
 262 Dance, Boatman, Dance, for three Voices
 2-6 Down among the Dead Men; and Catch, To the
 525 Erl-King, by Calcott [Old Long Life
 3 Fair Flora Decks, &c.
 446 Five Times by the Taper's Light; and To all you Ladies now on Land
 276 Gently, softly, by Flotow; and Song, Fill, fill
 524 Gipsies' Glee, by W. Reeve
 111 Glorious Apollo, and Hail to Victoria
 53 God save the Queen, Solo, Duet, Trio, and Chorus; and Non Nobis Domine
 20 Hail, smiling Morn, for Three Voices
 225 Hail, smiling Morn, for Four Voices
 24 Hark the Lark, and the Laughing Catch
 76 Here in Coul Grot [a Boat—Round
 51 Here's a Health to all good Lasses, and A Boat,
 156 Huntsmen's Chorus in Der Freyschutz
 372 It was a Friar of Orders Gray, Calcott
 72 I went to the Fair, Whitaker, harmonized Song
 299 Life's a Bumper
 555 Lo, Morn is Breaking, Canon, to the Perfida Clori, by Cherubini, English and Italian
 632 Martini's celebrated Laughing Trio, 'Vaudasivia di qua,' with Italian and English Words
 30 O Happy, Happy Fair
 569 Old England, the Queen, and the Church
 15-16 Red-Cross Knight; and Care thou Canker
 52-83 Rejoice the Morn is Breaking, introducing 35 London Cries; and the Yawning Catch
 55 Rule Britannia, Song and Chorus
 447 See our Oars with Feather'd Spray
 572 The Alderman's Thumb
 389 The Bonny Bonny Owl, by Davy
 657-8 The Bridge of Sighs, Hood's Immortal Poem, now first harmonized for four Voices
 35 The May-Fly
 571 Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut, for three Voices
 9-10 Witches, from Macbeth, and Two Rounds
 369 When Arthur first, Calcott
 526 When Sappho Tun'd, by Danby
 527 When Time was Entwining, Calcott; and Breathe soft, ye Winds, Paxton
 623 When the Rosy Morn appearing, by Shield
 570 Where the Bee sucks, for three Voices
 160 Ye Gentlemen of England, and a Catch
 318-19 Ye Spotted Snakes, and Lightly Tread
Locke's Music for Macbeth.
 Entire, in full-size Music Folio, with Pianoforte Symphonies & Accompaniments, embellished with a highly-finished Shakespearian Engraving, 1s.
Russell's Songs for the Sabbath,
 The Poetry by Charles Mackay, LL.D., Eliza Cook &c., in a neatly bound book for 2s. 6d., or separately in Ten Threepenny Sheets.

2

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST,

A Fragment of Davidson's Universal Melodist

Vol I (II) 8°. each ff 436. First issued in 16p. numbers, and later bound, 28 nos. to the vol. V1, 1847, V2, 1848.

This fragment lacks the title pages, preface and index pages, and contains only the following music pages, bound as hereunder: -

Vol I. No 4, ff 49-64; No 25 (here given as no 24), ff 385-400

(ff 388, 389 & 397 are numbered 42, 43 & 41 respectively).

No 24 (here given as no. 25), ff 369-372, [378, recto for verso],

372-377, [378], 379-384.

Vol II. No 47, ff 289-304; No 55, ff 417-432.

C. H. Davidson
Dec 31, 1848.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

G. H. DAVIDSON, WATER STREET, BRIDGE STREET.

MDCCLXVI. 1.



BREATHE NOT AGAIN THAT DREADFUL WORD.

Poetry by Leman Rede; to the Irish Melody, Moore's 'Whene'er I see those smiling eyes.'

Affettuoso.

Breathe not a - gain that dread - ful word, That from your lip so
late - ly fell, Which then my ear with hor - ror heard, — It
woke like dy - ing pas - sion's knell! Chase not the dear de - lu - sive dream, Which
now has lull'd my heart so long; Let not thy harp for -
sake the theme In which it breath'd the soul of song.

Still smile, my love, as when the dream
Of passion woke that sunny ray,
Which melted, like the western beam,
When daylight fades in dew away.
Let my adoring eyes perceive
The smile you gave, when love was young;
Still let thy playful fancy weave
The tale on which, entranc'd, I've hung.

Tell me you love, and let me see
The truth in thy dissolving glance:
Turn, turn that languid eye to me,
And let its light my soul entrance; —
But if that bliss you now refuse,
And love no more can wake those charms,
O! take me, then, and let me lose
Existence in thy faithless arms.

WHY DOES EMMELINE WANDER?

Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; Music by M. W. Balfé.—Published by Davidson.

Andantino.

Why does Em - me - line wan - der, so lone and so pale, While night
winds are blow - ing through the fo - rest and vale? While the moon's light is cloud - ed,
slum - ber so cold the streams; Earth in darkness, too, shrouded; no star kind - ly
gleams. While the moon's light is cloud - ed, slum - ber so cold the streams;
Earth in dark - ness, too, cloud - ed; no star kind - ly gleams.

'Tis her babe now is sleeping
'Neath the yew-tree's dull shade.
Death soon dropp'd her flower—
Ah! it bloom'd but to fade.

Day will brush off the dew-drops
From the blue vi'let's eye;
But no morning will ever
A mother's tears dry!

WHAT SHALL I DO?

By H. Purcell.

Andante.

What shall I do to show how much I love her: How ma-ny mil-lions of
sighs can suf - fice? That which wins o-thers' hearts ne - ver can
move her; Those com-mon me-thods of love she'll des - pise. I will love
more than man e'er lov'd be - fore me, Gaze on her all the day, Dream
of her all the night, Till, for her own sake, at last she'll im -
plore me To love - her less, - To pre - serve - our de - light

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

By J. C. Doyle.

Young Love flew to the Pa-phian bow'r, And ga - ther'd sweets from
ma-ny a flow'r; From ro-ses and sweet jes - sa-mine, The li - ly, and the
eg - lan - tine. The Gra-ces there were cull - ing po - ses, The Gra - ces
there were cull-ing po-ses, And found young Love a - mong the ro-ses, Young
Love a - mong the ro - ses, Love a - mong the ro - ses; The

Gra-ces there were cull-ing po-ses, And found young Love a - mong the ro-ses.
O! happy day, O! joyous hour!
Compose a wreath of every flow'r;
Let's bind him to us, ne'er to sever,—
Young Love shall dwell with us for ever.

Eternal spring the wreath composes,
Content is Love among the roses!
Young Love among the roses, &c.

WE TARS HAVE A MAXIM.

Allegretto.

We Tars have a max-im, your ho-nours, d'ye see, To live in the same way we
fight: We ne-ver give in, and, when run-ning a lee, We pipe hands the ves-sel to
right, We pipe hands the ves-sel to right. It may do for a lub-ber to
sni-vel and that, If by chance on a shoal he be cast; But a Tar a-mong
break-ers, or thrown on a flat, But a Tar a-mong break-ers, or thrown on a flat, Pulls a-
way, tug and tug, to the last; With a yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo,
fol de rol lol de rol le. With a yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo,
yeo, hip, yeo, yeo, yeo, hip, Foi lol de rol lol de rol le.

This life, as we're told, is a kind of a cruise,
In which storms and calms take their turn:
If it storm, why we bustle, if calm then we booze,
All taut from the stem to the stern;

Our Captain, who in our own lingo would speak,
Would say, to the cable stick fast,
And, whether the anchor be cast or a-peak,
Pull away, tug and tug, to the last.

With a yeo, yeo, yeo, &c.

THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

Music by a Lady.

Andante.

On the banks of Al-lan wa-ter, When the sweet spring time did fall, Was the
mil-ler's love-ly daugh-ter, Fair-est of them all. For his bride a sol-dier sought her, And a
win-ning tongue had he; On the banks of Al-lan water. None so gay as she!

On the banks of Allan water
When brown autumn spread its store,
There I saw the miller's daughter,
But she smil'd no more:
For the summer grief had brought her,
And her soldier false was he,—
On the banks of Allan water
None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan water
When the winter snow fell fast,
Still was seen the miller's daughter;
Chilling blew the blast,
But the miller's lovely daughter
Both from cold and care was free;—
On the banks of Allan water
There a corse lay she.

THE SOLDIER AND HIS BRIDE.

Composed by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's cheap and uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Moderato.

She heard the fight was over, And won the wreath of fame, When
 ti-dings from her lo-ver With his good war steed came: To guard her safe-ly
 to his tent, The red-men of the woods were sent; They led her where sweet wa-ters gush,
 Un-der the pine-tree bough! The to-ma-hawk is rais'd to crush—'Tis bu-ried in her
 brow— She sleeps, she sleeps, be-neath that pine-tree now!
 Her broken-hearted lover No more those waters slake their thirst,
 In hopeless conflict died; Shadeless to them that tree;—
 The forest leaves now cover O'er land and lake they roam accurs'd,
 That soldier and his bride. And in the clouds they see
 The frown of the Great Spirit fell Thy spirit—thy spirit unaveng'd, M'Crea!
 Upon the Red Men, like a spell;

MINSTREL, STRIKE THE HARP.

The Music to the 'Da Conta,' in Bellini's Opera of Norma, by G. Soane, A.B.—Published by Davidson.

Min-strel, strike the harp that slum-bers; Let it gush in sweet-est num-
 bers, Gently as the stream-let flow-ing, When the winds of spring are blow-ing. Sing to
 me no themes of glo-ry, Nor the wild Bac-chan-tes' sto-ry, Nor the
 sea-man for his plea-sure, Brav-ing Death be-low, a-bove;— Tune for
 me a gold-en mea-sure, All in praise of love, young love, — Tune for
 me a gold-en measure, All in praise of love, young love.
 Minstrel, while your gentle finger
 On the gold wire seems to linger,
 Dreams of other days come o'er me,
 Like a volume spread before me,
 Where I read the thoughts I cherish,
 Joys that only came to perish;

Yet go on, go on, I pray thee;—
 Though I flutter like a dove,
 In her lonely prison pining,
 Sing me still of love, young love!
 In her lonely prison pining,
 Sing me still of love, young love!

TELL HER I'LL LOVE HER.

Composed by Shield.

Moderato.

Tell her I'll love her while the clouds drop rain, Or while there's
wa-ter in the path-less main! Tell her I'll love her till this life is
o'er, And then my ghost shall vi-sit this sweet shore! Tell her I'll love her till this
life is o'er, And then my ghost shall vi-sit, shall vi-sit this sweet shore!

Tell her, I only ask she'll think of me,—
I'll love her while there's salt within the sea!

Tell her all this, tell it o'er and o'er,—
The anchor weighs, or I would tell her more.

WILL NOBODY MARRY ME?

The Words by G. P. Morris; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Vivace.

Heigh-o! for a husband! Heigh-o! There's dan-ger in lon-ger de-lay! Shall I
ne-ver a-gain have a beau? Will no-bo-dy mar-ry me, pray? I be-
gin to feel strange, I de-clare—With beau-ty my pros-pects will fade; I'd
give my-self up to de-spair, If I thought I should die an old maid! Heigh-
o! for a hus-band, heigh-o! Will no-bo-dy mar-ry me, say? Will
no-bo-dy, no-bo-dy? no! Will no-bo-dy, no-bo-dy? no!

These men are the plague of my life!

'Tis hard from so many to choose:

Should any one wish for a wife,

Could I have the heart to refuse?

I don't know, for none have propos'd;—

O! dear me! I'm frighten'd, I vow—

Good gracious! who ever suppos'd

That I should be single till now!

Heigho! &c.

I once cut the beaus in a huff;

I thought it a sin and a shame,

That no one had spirit enough

To ask me to alter my name.

So I turn'd up my nose at the short,

And roll'd up my eyes at the tall;

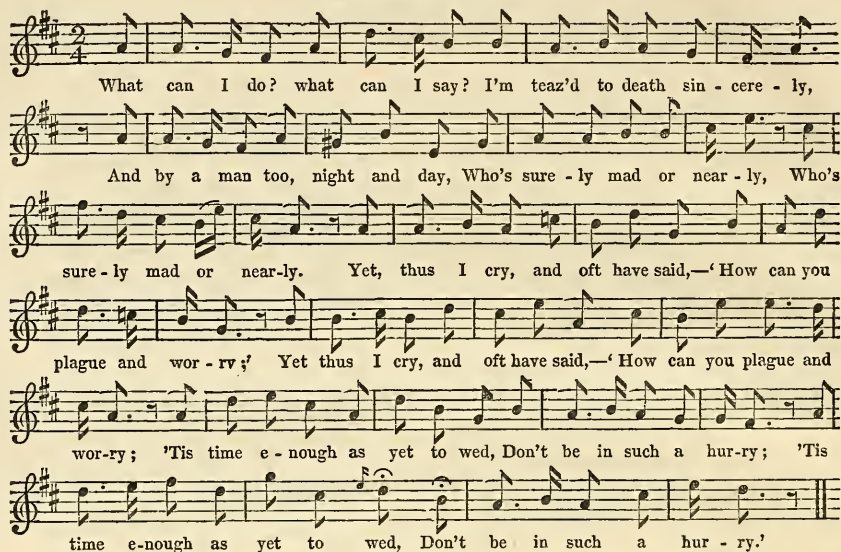
But, then, I just did it in sport

And now I've no lover at all!

Heigho! &c.

DON'T BE IN SUCH A HURRY.

Composed by W. T. Parke.



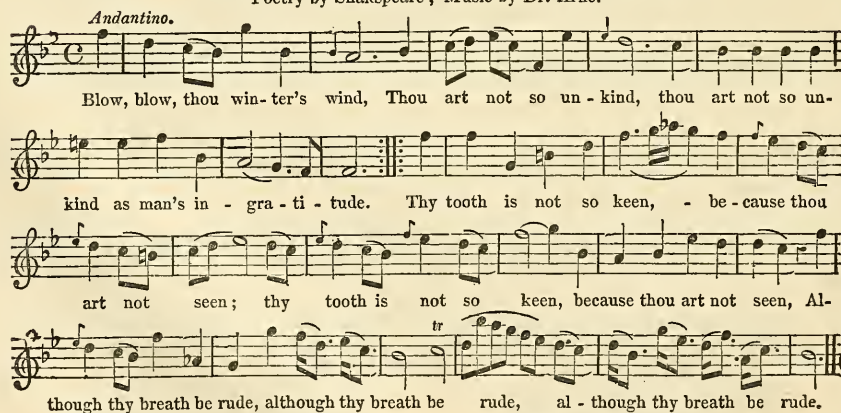
What can I do? what can I say? I'm teaz'd to death sin - cere - ly,
 And by a man too, night and day, Who's sure - ly mad or near - ly, Who's
 sure - ly mad or near - ly. Yet, thus I cry, and oft have said,—'How can you
 plague and wor - ry?' Yet thus I cry, and oft have said,—'How can you plague and
 wor - ry; 'Tis time e - nough as yet to wed, Don't be in such a hur - ry; 'Tis
 time e - nough as yet to wed, Don't be in such a hur - ry.'

But all I say, or all I do,
 Avails, I own, but rarely;
 He's teasing, teasing me, 'tis true,
 And that both late and early.
 O! yes, and though I often cry,
 It is in vain to worry;
 I'll not be serv'd so,—no, not I—
 Don't be in such a hurry.

And yet the truth, since 't must be so,
 It is in vain to smother;
 So, when last night he said he'd go,
 And vow'd he'd wed another,—
 Surpris'd, alarm'd, I know not how,
 While quite o'ercome with flurry,
 I cried—'I'm yours—will you leave me now?
 O! you're not in such a hurry!'

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER'S WIND.

Poetry by Shakspeare; Music by Dr. Arne.



Blow, blow, thou win - ter's wind, Thou art not so un - kind, thou art not so un -
 kind as man's in - gra - ti - tude. Thy tooth is not so keen, - be - cause thou
 art not seen; thy tooth is not so keen, because thou art not seen, Al -
 though thy breath be rude, although thy breath be rude, al - though thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,—
 Thou dost not bite so nigh,
 As benefits forgot.

Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friends remember'd not.

BY RHINE'S BLUE WATERS.

The Words by G. Soane, A.B.; the Music from Fra Diavolo, by Auber, to the Air 'On yonder Rock reclining.'—Published by Davidson.

Allegretto.

By Rhine's blue wa-ters sleep-ing, Up - on the bank the min - strel lay; The
bil-lows, rip - pling, creep-ing, A - bout his slum-bers play. A voice from out the
wa-ters sings sweet-ly on his sleep - ing ear, 'Come to me, my min-strel dear, Be -
neath the wa-ters clear;— love - ly our grots and beau-ti-ful to see, The floors all bright with
pearls so white; Come then, love, come then, love, come to me. Love - ly our grots, and beau - ti -
ful to see, The floors all bright, with pearls so white; Come then, love, come then, love, come to me.
Come to me, Come to me, Come to me,

The boy from sleep awaking,
Gaz'd long and fondly on the stream;
Strange longings then came o'er him,
The echoes of his dream:
And where the sun was falling
Upon the waters deep and blue,
Grots and meadows met his view,
And flowers of ev'ry hue;
Wildly then throb'd his breast with hope and fear,
Still seems him near that voice so clear:
'Come, my love, come to me.'

Then deeper heav'd his bosom,
As if beneath the waters fair
A paradise were lying,
And beauty call'd him thither.
The perfume of those flowers,
Upon the aching sense they came,
And still the voice rung on the same:
'O! come, my love, to me!'
Madly he plung'd where deep the waters be,
And wildly cried, 'My bride! my bride!
Yes, I come, love, to thee!'

SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE.

Canzonet by Haydn—Words by Shakspeare.

Largo assia con Expressione.

She ne-ver told her love, she ne-ver told her love! But let con-
ceal - ment, like a worm i' th' bud, feed on her da - mask
cheek. She sat, like Pa - tience on a mon - u - ment, smil - ing
smil - ing at grief! Smil - ing smil - ing at grief!

O! SAY NOT WOMAN'S HEART IS BOUGHT.

O! say not wo-man's heart is bought With vain and emp-ty treasure! O! say not wo-man's
heart is caught By ev'-ry i-dle plea-sure! When first her gen-tle bo-som knows Love's
flame, it wan-ders never: Deep in her heart the pas-sion glows, Deep in her heart the
pas-sion glows; She loves, and loves for ev-er; She loves, and loves for ev-er; She
loves and loves for ev-er; She loves, and loves for ev-er; Deep
in her heart the pas-sion glows, She loves and loves for ev-er.

O! say not woman's false as fair—
That like the bee she ranges,
Still seeking flow'rs more sweet and rare,
As fickle fancy changes;—

Ah, no! the love that first can warm,
Will leave her bosom never:
No second passion e'er can charm—
She loves, and loves for ever.

THE WANDERER.

By Thomas Dibdin.

Animato.
Come, lads, here's good luck to the pur-ser, As long as he finds us in
grog, And tho' growl-ers say times can't be wor-ser, We'll keep up hi-la-ri-ty's log.
Tho' a roll-ing stone, cy-nics may tell us, Is fam'd for not ga-ther-ing moss; Its
ab-sence to wan-der-ing fel-lows Like us can be scarce deem'd a loss, While thro'
each change of scene, 'tis our no-tion, For air, health, and plea-sure to roam; And we
oft drink in Port on the o-cean, 'The Wan-der-er al-ways at Home.'

She skims o'er the surge like a fairy,
With wonder while land-lubbers gaze,—
No lady so lightsome and airy,
Is smarter than she is in stays.
So ship-shape she graces the water,
Of each tar she's the love, pride, and joy;
And love, too, has boarded her quarter,
For she's sometimes attach'd to a buoy.
Thro' each change, &c.

You may talk of the breeze and the battle,
For neither has she any fears;
Were great guns to blow, or shot rattle,
She'd meet them with so many cheers.
'Tis alike whether beating or running,
There is none can this craft overtake;
They may try all their steering and cunning,
But they'll soon be asleep in her wake.
Thro' each change, &c.

She's placid and calm in fair weather,
Or when storms seem her hull to o'erwhelm;
She rides o'er the waves like a feather,
And cheerfully answers her helm.
With idleness ever untainted,
A housewife from taffrail to bows,

With the Needles she's not unacquainted;
And no dairy-maid knows more of Cowes.
Thro' each change, &c.

When once she down channel was thrashing,
A French frigate design'd her a treat,
But at beating quite failed, though so dashing,
Then tried running, and there too got beat.
Than the Crapaud's craft none was completer,
While sail after sail up he crowds,
But the little brig, laughing, dead beat her,
For she was alive in her shrouds.
Thro' each change, &c.

Then fill, fill again, and again, boys;
The Wanderer claims your regards,—
Her skipper, her officers, men, boys,
Hull, rigging, masts, canvass, and yards.
On her helmsman and hands safe relying,
Mischance may she ever avoid,—
May she ever come off 'colours flying,'
And always by fortune be buoyed:
And, while through new scenes 'tis our notion
For air, health, and pleasure to roam,
We'll oft drink in port on the ocean—
'The Wanderer always at Home!'

THE PLOUGH-BOY.

A flax - en head - ed cow - boy, as sim - ple as may be, And
next a mer - ry plough - boy, I whis - tled o'er the lea; But now a sau - cy
foot - man, I strut in wor - sted lace, And soon I'll be a but - ler, And
wag my jol - ly face: When stew - ard I'm pro - mo - ted, I'll snip a tradesman's
bill, My mas - ter's cof - fers emp - ty, my poc - kets for to fill. When
roll - ing in my cha - riot, So great a man I'll be, So great a man, so great a man, so
great a man I'll be, You'll for - get the lit - tle plough - boy that whis - tled o'er the
lea, You'll for - get the lit - tle plough - boy that whis - tled o'er the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections, and when I've made the
pelf, [myself;
I'll stand poll for the parliament, and then vote in
Whatever's good for me, sir, I never will oppose—
When all my ayes are sold off, why then I'll sell
my noses.

I'll joke, harangue, and paragraph—with speeches
charm the ear; [a peer:
And when I'm tired on my legs, then I'll sit down
In court or city honour, so great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled
o'er the lea.

ROCK'D IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

Sacred Song, the Poetry by Mrs. Willard; the Music by J. P. Knight.—Published by Davidson.
Slow, and with expression.

Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep; Se-
 cure I rest up-on the wave,—For thou, O Lord, hast pow-er to save; I
 know thou wilt not slight my call, For thou dost mark the spar-row's fall; And
 calm and peace-ful shall I sleep,—Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep; And
 calm and peace-ful shall I sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
 Though stormy winds sweep o'er the brine;
 Or though the tempest's fiery breath
 Rous'd me from slumber to wreck and death.

In ocean-cave still safe with thee,
 The germ of immortality,
 And calm and peaceful, will I sleep,
 Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

Composed by Percy, with an Additional Verse by James Powell, Esq.

Andante.

Your Mol-ly has ne-ver been false she de-claims, Since last time we parted at
 Wap-ping old stairs, When I swore that I still would con-tin-ue the same, And
 gave you the 'bac-co-box mark'd with my name, And gave you the 'bac-co-box
 mark'd with my name: When I pass'd a whole fort-night be-tween decks with you, Did I
 e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of your crew? To be use-ful and kind with my
 Tho-mas I stay'd, For his trou-sers I wash'd, and his grog too I made.

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

'Dear Molly!' cried Tom, as she heav'd a deep sigh,
 And the crystalline tear stood afloat in each eye,
 'I prithee, my love, my unkindness forgive,
 And I ne'er more will slight thee, as long as I live:
 Neither Susan nor Sal shall again grieve my dear.
 No more from thine eye will thy Tom force a tear:
 Then be cheerful and gay, nor thy Thomas forsake,
 But his trousers still wash, and his grog too still
 make.'

THE DEEP BLUE WAVE.

Words by F. S. Wallis, Esq.—Music by Pendleton.—Published by Davidson.

The deep blue wave is roll - ing past, As on the beach I stand; The lit-tle bark
yields to the blast, And strains to reach the land; A sig-nal flag now mounts on high,
Boom goes the warn-ing gun; And ma - ny an eye and anx-ious sigh Now press in forward
run, And ma - ny an eye and anx - ious sigh Now press in for-ward run.

The bark rides boldly o'er each wave,
That sports in frolic fun;
Before her prow is seen to lave
The light of setting sun.

The deep blue wave has roll'd its last,
As on the beach I stand;
The little bark heeds not the blast,
For now she's gain'd the land.

THE LILY.

Poetry by J. W. Leslie, Esq.; Music by J. M. Jolly.—Published by Davidson.

Moderato.

There is a sweet pale flow-er, That oft un - heed-ed blows, And round its na-tive
so - li-tude Its balmy perfume throws. It blooms not in the garden, Nor decks the gay par -
terre; It owns no cul - ti - va-tion, But 'tis fra-grant as it's fair; It
owns no cul - ti - va-tion, But 'tis fra-grant as it's fair. No gaudy tints a-dorn it, Nor
paint-ed bean - ties rise To dazzle its be - hold-ers, Or court ad - mi-ring eyes: Like
un-pretending me-rit, Neg-lect-ed and un - seen, Its pearly drops lie fold-ed in a
vest of hum-ble green, Its pearl-y drops lie fold-ed in a vest of hum-ble green.

In maiden guise and bashfulness
Its modest form it rears;
It lives in Nature's wilderness—
Exists on Nature's tears;
And, like some child of Charity,
Unwarm'd by genial fires,
Just breathes its fragrant gratitude
In sighs, and then expires'

Thou art a frail and tender thing,
Though beautiful and wild,
And, 'midst a lovely sisterhood,
Art Nature's darling child!
I love thee not a whit the less
That thou art wan and pale—
I greet thy coming, mourn thy loss—
Sweet Lily of the Vale.

LOST GERTRUDE.

Poetry by Thomas C. Brabant, Esq. ; Music by F. H. S. Pendleton.—Published by Davidson.

Andante non Troppo.

Earth, to thy bosom, take in peace This gentle flower of yes-ter-day; But
take not then that mem-o-ry Which ling'reth sad-ly past de-cay: She
stood a-lone, our hope, our pride; We lov'd her in that ham-let rude. A-
las! in vain, for she is gone, And love hath lost its own Ger-trude!

Fair clust'ring round the lower'd vine,
Which leads the slope to this soft rill,
Our rustic daughter led the dance,
Herself the fairest 'midst them still:
And now, with blinding tears, they tell
How Death's cold garment doth intrude
On that pale form, and hide the brow
We lov'd so well in our Gertrude.

Ah! how with dewy feet she trod
The early summit, where pale hues lay!
And light, which o'er her close-bound hair
Betray'd the slowly-mounting day!
Our village youths have ceas'd from toil,
Save where she rests with tears they've strew'd,
And flow'rs whose drooping odours sigh
A low farewell to lost Gertrude!

TUBAL CAIN.

Poetry by Charles Mackay ; Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Jeffcrys.

Allegro Moderato.

Old Tu-bal Cain was a man of might, In the days when Earth was young; By the
fierce red light of his fur-nace bright, The strokes of his ham-mer rung; And he
lift-ed high his braw-ny hand On the i-ron glow-ing clear, Till the
sparks rush'd out in scar-let rout, As he fashion'd the sword and spear; - - And he
sang, 'Hur-ra for my han-di-work! Hur-ra for the spear and sword! Hur-
ra for the hand that shall wield them well, For he shall be king and lord!'

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one pray'd for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his own desire;

And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of the forest free;

And they sang, 'Hurra for Tubal Cain,
Who hath giv'n us strength anew—
Hurra for the smith! hurra for the fire!
And hurra for the metal true!
But a sudden change came o'er his head
Ere the setting of the sun;
And Tubal Cain was fill'd with pain
For the evil he had done:
He saw that men with rage and hate
Made war upon their kind,
And the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage blind;
And he said, 'Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow man!
And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoulder'd low:

But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bar'd his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high;
And he sang, 'Hurra for my handiwork!
And the red sparks lit the air,—
'Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,
And he fashion'd the first ploughshare.
And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship join'd their hands,— [wall,
Hung the sword in the hall, and the spear on the
And plough'd the willing lands;
And sang, 'Hurra for Tubal Cain,
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough,
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword.'

SMILE ON, FOR THY YOUNG DAY IS DAWNING.

Poetry by Leman Rede; to the Music of an Irish Melody, Moore's 'Sing, Sing.'

Allegretto.

Smile on, for thy young day is dawn-ing; The world beams for thee in its
bright-est of hours; Warm gleams are be-fit-ting the morn-ing, When
rap-ture bursts forth, like the sun up-on flow-rs. Bright as the sky is thine
eye's bril-liant beam-ing; Light bounds thine heart, as the roe on the moun-tain;
Calm flow thy thoughts, as the sum-mer lake stream-ing, Spark-ling in joy, like the
spray from the foun-tain. Smile on: soon time will a-wa-ken Thy
bo-som from peace, to o'er-whelm it in sad-ness; Thou'lt rise a-lone and for-
sa-ken, To feel the world's tem-pest, its wrath and its mad-ness.

Young dreams, like the bright lotus* growing,
Arise from the stream when the sun kisses ocean,
Bud in his beams, whilst the waters are glowing,
All warm with his smiles in their tremulous motion.
As the cold eve draws in darkness around it,
The flowers of the earth from the sunbeam must
sever,

The lotus awakes from the bright spell that bound it,
And vanishes 'neath the dark waters for ever.
Smile on, for thy young day is dawning;
Bask while you may in joy's roseate light:
For soon you'll relinquish your morning,
And sink in the cares of the world's gloomy
night.

* An Egyptian flower that rises above the stream at sunrise, and sinks at sunset

THE SPIRIT AND THE STREAM.

Poetry by Eliza Cook, to the Music of 'The Old Arm Chair,' composed by Henry Russell.

Andante con Espressione.

The banks of the ri-ver were love-ly and bright, As the blos-soms and
boughs met the sum-mer noon - light; The moss hid the flow-er, the
tree screen'd the moss, And the wil-low's thick tres-ses fell sweep-ing a-cross: But
Time took his way on those green banks at last, And pull'd up the
flow'rs and trees as he pass'd;— He stretch'd his cold hand— the white
cot-tage was down, And the spring-y moss wi-ther'd be -neath his stern frown.

He trampled the woodbine, and blotted all trace
Of the willow so lov'd for its wave-kissing grace;
But he touch'd not the river—that still might be
found [round.

Just the same as when beautiful green banks were
The heart, like that water, may quicken and glow,
While rare beauty is seen on the furrowless brow;
It may gayly expand where Love twineth a bow'r,
And faithfully picture the branch and the flow'r.

But Time will soon plough up the forehead so sleek,
He will whiten the dark hair, and shadow the cheek;
The charms that once dazzled will dazzle no more,
But the heart, like the water, shines on as before.
The tide gushes fast, all as fresh and as fair

As it did when the alder and lily were there;
The change that has come o'er the place of its course
Has not lessen'd its ripple, or alter'd its source.

And the heart that is beating with Nature and Truth
May outlive some dear images mirror'd in youth;
Some wrecks may be round it, but none e'er shall
find [kind.

Its deep feelings less quick, or its yearnings less
O! the green banks may fade, and the brown locks
turn gray, [way;

But the stream and the spirit shall gleam on their
For the heart that is warm, and the tide that is
free,

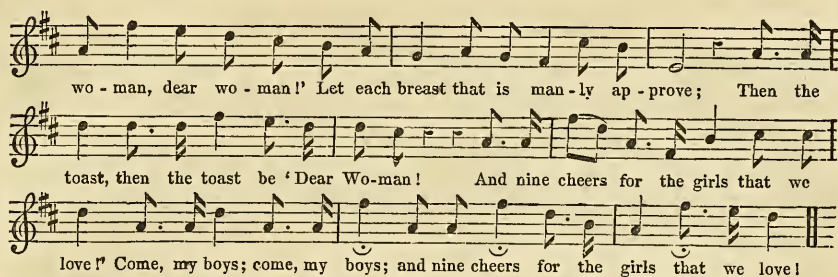
Glide onward unchang'd to Eternity's sea.

HURRAH FOR THE GIRL OF OUR HEARTS.

Vivace.

Composed by J. Blewitt.

I've a toast now to give, which, as long as I live, Should my locks with bright
sil-ver be crown'd, 'Tis a toast more than wine, or friend-ship I prize, And with
cheers will go round and go round: It is not the land of my birth, Nor the
he-roes in bat-tle that fall, Nor the monarch we love and re-vere; But dear
Woman, the pride of us all! Then the toast then the toast be, 'Dear

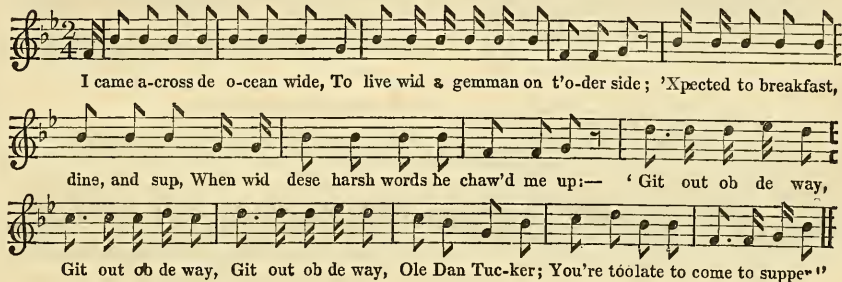


Bright, bright are the dreams of our earliest years,
And sweet are the scenes of our youth;
But brighter fond woman before us appears,
And sweeter her love and her truth.

Her voice is the trumpet of gladness,—
Who hears must the summons obey;
Her tear-drop o'erwhelms us with sadness,
But 'tis transport to chase it away.
Then the toast, &c.

OLD DAN TUCKER.

Negro Melody by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's uniform Edition of his Compositions.



I see a yellow bush-a-belle,
But when I come may lub to tell,
And all de pangs she causes me,
What you tink she answer me?

Get out ob de way, &c.

Sheep and de hog are in de paster,
I go to kill one for de master;
When I kill him dead as a nit,
Dey would'n't let me hab a bit,—

But said, Git out ob de way, &c.

I 'fraid I don't look well a-dancing,
'Cos my legs too much a slanting:
'Rub 'em well wid gin and water,
Soon come straight,—so says de doctor.

Git out ob de way, &c.

'But den, Massa Doctor,' ole Dan quicker
Say, 'What de good ob wasting de liquor?'
So I swig de gin to wet my trottles,
Den I rub my leg wid de bottle.

Git out ob de way, &c.

I go to dance so hard one night,
I dance myself clean out ob sight;
Next morning early my head was found
Sticking upright, an' my body in de ground.

Git out ob de way, &c.

When I ran away one moonlight night,
De proclamation describe me right:
His legs is thin, his ankles fat,—
He has but one eye, and he squints wid dat.

Git out ob de way, &c.

THE FOLLOWING MAY BE SUBSTITUTED AS ENCORE VERSES.

On Nigger hill, as I heard tell,
A darkey woman us'd to dwell,
From New Orleans I think she came,
And Misses Tucker was her name.

Git out ob de way, Misses Tucker, &c.

Misses Tucker is eighty-nine,—
Her hair hangs down like a bunch ob twine,—
Her nose sticks out, her eyes stick in,—
Her under-lip hangs ober her chin.

Git out ob de way, &c.

Misses Tucker and my aunt Sally,
Dey live down in Jawbone Alley,

Name on de house, and knocker on de door,
De first house ober de grocery store.

Git out ob de way, &c.

When Misses Tucker goes to bed,
She puts a nightcap on her head;
She blows out de light, and shuts up her eyes,
And don't git up till de sun does rise.

Git out ob de way, &c.

Misses Tucker's short and fat,—
Her face is black as my old hat,—
De white ob her eye you can see in de dark—
Her eyeballs shine like de candle-spark.

Git out ob de way, &c.

WHEN MY VERY FIRST DAY.

Composed by Kelly.

Allegretto.

When my ve-ry first day to the field I had got, I dis-co-ver'd great
na-tu-ral parts as a shot: My span-i-el had put up a snipe from a bog; I
miss'd it, I vow, but I brought down the dog, Down, down, down,
der-ry der-ry down, der-ry down, down, down, der-ry, der-ry down.

So keen my first hunt, I brush'd over the grounds,
I decidedly distance'd the fox and the hounds;
And I leap'd my first hedge with so earnest a mind,
That I left a fine gelding I rode on behind.
Down, derry down.

But time and experience have render'd me cool,
And I counsel young sportsmen to think of this rule:
When you go out a shooting, don't shoot your dog
dead;
And in riding a horse, don't fly over his head.
Down, derry down.

BUD NOT YET, YE GENTLE FLOWERS.

Poetry by George Soane, A.B., to the Music of 'E l'Assiria,' in Verdi's Opera of Nabucodonosor,
or Nino.—Published by Davidson.

Andante e Staccato.

O! bud not yet, ye gen-tle flow-ers, Nor trust those winds, those sun-
-ny show-ers: They but tempt you, to de-destroy you, to de-
stroy you; They but tempt you, to de-destroy you, to de-destroy you! In your
beds a-while en-joy you, en-joy you, 'Tis not Spring's warm airs
-in-vite you, But a false and lu-rid
ray Lie be-hind a frost, to blight, to blight you, Gen-tle
flow'rs, gen-tle flow'rs, gen-tle flow'rs, gen-tle flow'rs.

O! wait till May, Spring's youngest daughter,
In robe of blue, and eyes of laughter,
Soon shall call you from your slumber,
While the stars in countless number

Fill the Heav'n above to greet you;
And upon the earth below
Frolic zephyrs haste to meet you—
Gentle flowers, gentle flowers!

THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, Esq.; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Con espressione e Anima.

If thou wouldst win a last-ing fame, And make the fu-ture bless thy name,—Be-gin thy
pe-ri-ous ca-reer, And walk thy way with-out a fear: And if thou hast a voice with-
in That c-ver whis-pers work and win;—If thou canst plan a no-ble deed, - - And
ad lib. tempo.
ne-ver flag till it suc-ceed; If thou canst struggle day and night, And keep thy
cy-no-sure in sight;—If thou canst dine up-on a crust, Nor pine that fortune is un-just;—

If thou canst see, with tranquil breast,
The knave or fool in purple dress'd;—
If thou canst toil, the long-live day,
At thankless work, for scanty pay;—
If, in thy progress to renown,
Thou canst endure the scoff and frown,
And bear the treacherous embrace
Of those who run the self-same race;—
If thou in darkest days canst find
An inner brightness in thy mind,
Whatever obstacles control,
Go on, true heart, thou'lt reach the goal.

But, if so bent on worldly fame
That thou must gild thy living name,
And hast not strength to watch and pray
To seize thy time and force thy way;—
If failure might thy soul oppress,
And make thee like thy soul the less;—
Should rivalry thy fame forestal,
And thou let tears or curses fall;—
Pause ere thou tempt the hard career—
Thy heart will break, thy brain will sear:—
Content thee with a meaner lot,
Nor sigh that thou must be forgot.

HOW FAIR THE HEAVENS.

The Poetry by G. Soane, A.B.; arranged to the air 'Dolce Pensiero,' in Rossini's opera of 'Semiramide.'
Published by Davidson.

Allegretto.

How fair the hea - vens, how sweet the flow - - - ers, To one who leaves - - - the
bed of pain! Ah! what joy is in the wel-come hours! I live and
breathe my-self a - gain, I live and breathe - - -
- - - my-self - - - a - - - gain - - - I live
and breathe my-self - - - a - - - gain, my-self a-gain.

In all around me itself revealing,
The spirit stirs of life and love;

Ah! in such an hour of blissful feeling
We seem more near the world above.

THOUGH DARK BE THE WOES.

The Poetry by J. A. Wade; the Music by Pleyel.

Vivace.

Tho' dark be the woes thou wilt bring me, And days of an ex-ile be mine,— Tho' death with its sor-rows may sting me, Still, Free-dom, I'll e-ver be thine! With thee, to the de-sert I'll wan-der, Or roam on the bil-low-y sea; And there I'll but cling to thee fond-er, When I know what it is to be free!

In the glen of some far-distant mountain,
Like that where thy image first smil'd,
I will sing, by the fall of the fountain,
The songs thou hast taught me so wild:

For there is the place I will find thee,
Far, far from the courts of the slave;
And I'll think not of joys left behind me,
If bless'd with thy light o'er my grave.

ALONE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

Composed by Hook.

Andantino.

The day is de-parted, and round from the cloud The moon in her beau-ty ap-pears; The voice of the night-in-gale war-bles a-loud The mu-sic of love in our ears: Ma-ri-a, appear! now the sea-son so sweet With the beat of the heart is in tune; The time is so ten-der for lov-ers to meet, A-lone by the light of the moon,— A-lone by the light of the moon, A-lone by the light of the moon, A-lone by the light of the moon.

I cannot, when present, unfold what I feel;
I sigh—can a lover do more?
Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
Yet I think of her all the day o'er.
Maria, my love, do you long for the grove?
Do you sigh for an interview soon?
Does e'er a kind thought run on me, as you rove
Alone by the light of the moon?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear,
My bosom is all in a glow; [ear,
Your voice when it vibrates so sweet through mine
My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.
Ye pow'rs of the sky, will your bounty divine
Indulge a fond lover his boon?
Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,
Alone by the light of the moon?

THE BRIDE AND HER LOVE, WHERE ARE THEY?

The Poetry by Neele; the Music by Robert William Dixon.

Andante Grazioso.

Did ye see the red rose on its bon-ny green stem, As it o-pen'd its lips to the
dew? The new-ly fledg'd birds, did ye look up-on them, Just flutt'-ring their
wings as they flew? Did ye mark the young light, dawn-ing dim in the east, With the
clouds cold and si-lent a - bove? Did ye hear the bells ring at the vil-lage-spread
feast? Did ye see the young bride and her love? Did ye hear the bells
Ritard. piu lento ad lib.
ring at the vil-lage-spread feast? Did ye see the young bride and her love?

O! the rose it has bloom'd—it is wither'd, is dead,
And the leaves blown away with a breath;
O! the birds they are grown—they are strong, they
are fled,
And the fowler has done them to death:

O! the light brighten'd forth over woodland and
dell,
Then it faded and faded away;
And the bells that were ringing are tolling a knell,
And the bride and her love, where are they?

THE SIGH OF HER HEART WAS SINCERE.

The Poetry by Peter Pindar; the Music by Sir J. Stevenson.

Largo Espress.

The sigh of her heart was sin-cere, When blush-ing she whis-per'd her love,— A
sound of de-light in my ear, Her voice was the voice of a dove. Ah! who could from
Phil-li-da fly? Yet I sought o-ther nymphs of the vale,— For-got her sweet blush and her
sigh— For-got that I told her my tale, For-got that I told her my tale.

In sorrow I wish'd to return,
And the tale of my passion renew:—
'Go, shepherd,' she answer'd with scorn—
'False shepherd, for ever adieu!

For thee no more tears will I shed;
From thee to fair friendship I go:
The bird by a wound that has bled
Is happy to fly from its foe.'

NANCY'S TO THE GREEN-WOOD GANE.

Scottish Melody.—The Words by Ainslie.

Moderato.

Nan - cy's to the green-wood gane, To hear the gowd - spink chatt'-ring ;
 And Wil - lie he has fol - low'd her, To gain her love by flatt' - ring :
 But a' that he could say or do, She geck'd and scorn - ed at him ; And,
 aye when he be - - gan to woo, She bade him mind wha gat him.

'What ails ye at my dad?' quoth he,
 My minnie or my auntie ?
 Wi' crowdy-mowdy they fed me,
 Lang-kale, and ranty-tanty :
 Wi' bannocks o' gude barley-meal,
 Of thae there was richt plenty,
 Wi' chappit stocks fu' butter'd weel,
 And was not that richt dainty ?

'Although my father was nae laird,
 'Tis dafin to be vaunty,
 He keppit aye a guid kale-yard,
 A ha' house, and a pantry :
 A guid blue bonnet on his head,
 An overlay 'bout his craigie ;
 And, aye until the day he dee'd,
 He rade on guid shank's-naigie.'

'Now wae and wonder on your snout,
 Wad ye hae bonnie Nancy ?
 Wad ye compare yoursel' to me—
 A docken till a tanzie ?
 I hae a wooer o' my ain,
 They ca' him Souple Sandy ;
 And weel I wat his bonnie mou'
 Is sweet like sugar-candy.'

'Now, Nancy, what need a' this din ?
 Do I no ken this Sandy ?
 I'm sure the chief o' a' his kin
 Was Rab, the beggar-randy :
 His minny Meg upon her back
 Bare baith him and his billy ;
 Will ye compare a nasty pack
 To me, your winsome Willie ?'

'My gutcher left a guid braidsword ;
 Though it be auld and rusty,
 Yet—ye may tak' it on my word,—
 It is baith stout and trusty ;
 And if I can but get it drawn,
 Which will be richt uneasy,
 I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
 That he shall get a heezy.'

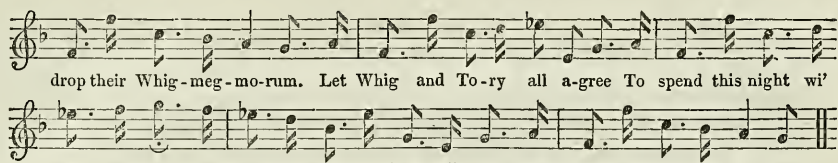
Then Nancy turn'd her round about,
 And said, 'Did Sandy hear ye,
 Ye wadna miss to get a clout ;
 I ken he disna fear ye :
 Sae haud your tongue, and say nae mair ;
 Set somewhere else your fancy ;
 For, as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
 Ye never shall get Nancy.'

TULLOCHGORUM.

The Poetry by the Rev. John Skinner ; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

Allegro con Spirito.

'Come, gie's a sang,' Mont-gome-ry cried, 'And lay your dis-putes all a-side ; What
 sig - ni - fies't for folks to chide For what's been done be - fore 'em ? Let Whig and To - ry
 all a - gree, Whig and To - ry, Whig and To - ry, Whig and To - ry all a - gree, To



drop their Whig-meg-mo-rum. Let Whig and To-ry all a-gree To spend this night wi'

mirth and glee, And cheer-fu' sing a-lang wi' me, The reel of Tul-loch-go-rum.'

'O, Tullochgorum's my delight;
It gars us a' in aye unite;
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.

For blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we's be a',

And mak' a cheerfu' quorum.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
The reel of Tullochgorum.

'There need na be sae great a praise,
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;
I wadna gie our ain strathspeys

For half a hundred score o' 'em.
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie;
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their varioum.

They're douff and dowie at the best,
Their allegros, and a' the rest;
They canna please a Highland taste,
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

'Let worldly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fear of want and double cess,
And sullen sots themselves distress
Wi' keeping up decorum.

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,—

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,

Like auld Philosophorum?

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,

Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,

And canna rise to shake a fit

To the reel of Tullochgorum?

'May choicest blessings still attend

Each honest-hearted open friend;

May calm and quiet be his end,

And a' that's good watch o'er him!

May peace and plenty be his lot,

Peace and plenty, peace and plenty;

May peace and plenty be his lot,

And dainties, a great store o' 'em!

May peace and plenty be his lot,

Unstain'd by any vicious blot;

And may he never want a groat,

That's fond of Tullochgorum.

'But for the discontented fool,

Who wants to be oppression's tool,

May envy gnaw his rotten soul,

And discontent devour him!

May dool and sorrow be his chance,

Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow;—

May dool and sorrow be his chance,

And nane say, Wae's me for 'im!

May dool and sorrow be his chance,

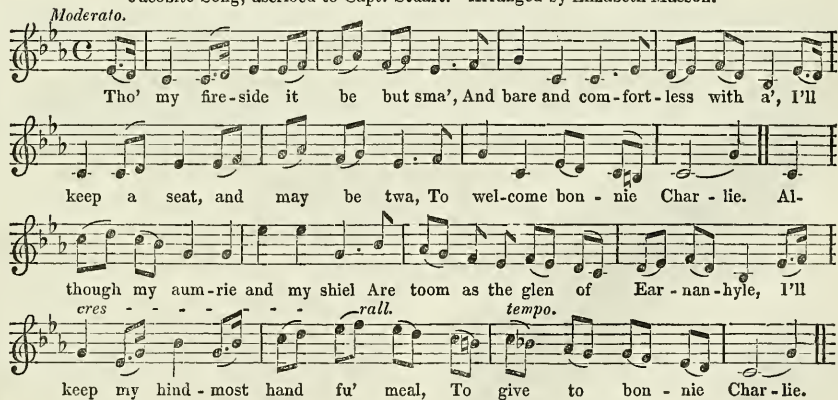
And a' the ills that come frae France,

Whae'er he be that winna dance

The reel of Tullochgorum!

BONNIE CHARLIE.

Jacobite Song, ascribed to Capt. Stuart.—Arranged by Elizabeth Masson.



Tho' my fire-side it be but sma', And bare and com-fort-less with a', I'll

keep a seat, and may be twa, To wel-come bon-nie Char-lie. Al-

though my aum-rie and my shiel Are toom as the glen of Ear-nan-hyle, I'll

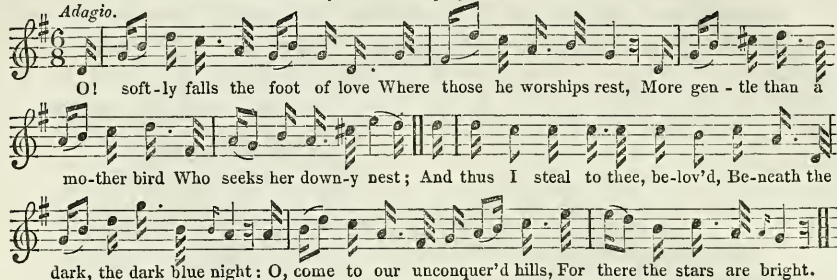
keep my hind-most hand fu' meal, To give to bon-nie Char-lie.

Although my lands are fair and wide,
It's there nae longer I maun hide;
Yet my last hoof, and horn, and hide,
I'll gie to bonnie Charlie.

Although my heart is unco sair
And lies fu' lowly in its lair,
Yet the last drap o' blude that's there,
I'll gie for bonnie Charlie.

ZORCICO.—THE BISCAYEN TO HIS MISTRESS.

Peninsular Melody—The Poetry by the Hon. Mrs. Norton.

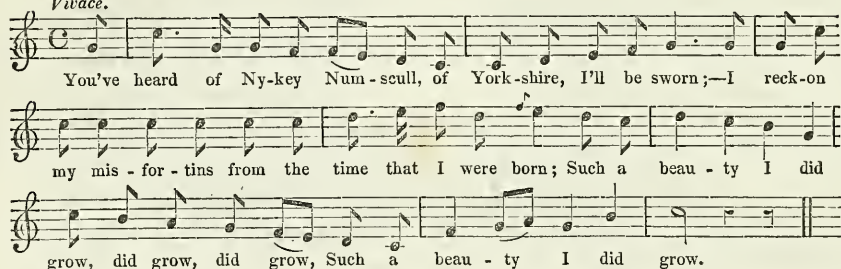
Adagio.

O! soft-ly falls the foot of love Where those he worships rest, More gen - tle than a
mo-ther bird Who seeks her down-y nest; And thus I steal to thee, be-lov'd, Be-neath the
dark, the dark blue night: O, come to our unconquer'd hills, For there the stars are bright.
O! pleasant 'tis to wander out,
When only thou and I
Are there, to speak one happy thought
To that far silent sky!
The valleys down beneath are full
Of voices and of men;
O! come to our untrodden hills;
They will not tell again.

The balmy air may breathe as sweet,
With perfume floating slow;
But here, where thou and I may roam,
The fresh wild breezes blow.
O! here each little flow'ret seems
To know that it is free;
The winds on our unconquer'd hills—
Are full of liberty!

THE YORKSHIRE BEAUTY, OR THE MISFORTUNE OF
BEING HANDSOME.

Written by John Major.

Vivace.

You've heard of Ny-key Num-scull, of York-shire, I'll be sworn;—I reck-on
my mis - for - tins from the time that I were born; Such a beau - ty I did
grow, did grow, did grow, Such a beau - ty I did grow.
For when I was a little boy, at two or three years
old,
The people all admir'd me, as I have since been told,
Such a beauty I did grow!
My Mother, she was frightful as the sun wou'd tan
my skin, [my very chin,
So she slouch'd my hat o'er eyes and all,—down to
Such a beauty I did grow!
Then I were sent to school, in another year or two;
But I ne'er cou'd larn my letters,—folks they made
so much a-do,
Such a beauty I did grow!
But, as for education, Mother said as that were
naught;
For the lad cou'd make his fortin, ay! as quick, as
quick, as thought!
Such a beauty I did grow!
Yet, ere I came to man's estate, my chance were
a'most gone,
For among so many lasses, I cou'd never fix on one,
Such a beauty I did grow!

Then the girls pretend to hate me, lord! the cause
were plain to see; [o' me,
'Twere such a disadvantage, when they stood beside
Such a beauty I did grow!
O! the plague of being handsome there's but very
few as knows;
I cou'dn't walk about, but folks cried, 'Look! see—
there he goes!
Such a beauty I did grow.
Some said it were a shame I wasn't made a prince's
page; [stage!
And some said I were fitter to be—show'd up on a
Such a beauty I did grow!
So, tir'd quite wi' being praised (upon my life, it's
true),
I wish'd mysen as ugly—ay! as—any one o' you,
Such a beauty I did grow!
Thus, teas'd and vex'd on all sides—lord! what
cou'd a body do? [see me now,
I fretted sick, and made mysen—just—what you
Such a beauty I did grow!

HYMN TO FREEDOM

Irish Melody, 'Down beside me;' the Poetry by M. J. Barry, published in Duffy's 'Spirit of the Nation.'

Andante.

God of love! low bending
To thy throne we turn—
Let thy rays descending
Through our island burn;
Let no strife divide us,
But, from Heaven above,
Look on us and guide us;—
Hear us, God of love!

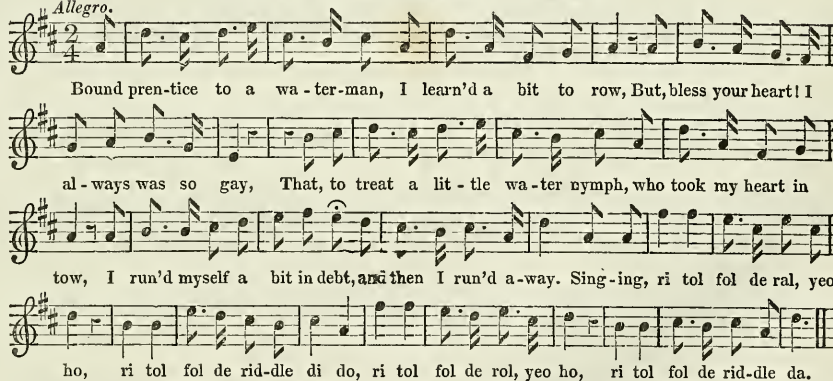
God of battles! aid us;
Let no despot's might
Trample or degrade us.
Seeking this our right!
Arm us for the danger;
Keep all craven fear
To our breasts a stranger;—
God of battles! hear.

God of right! preserve us
Just—as we are strong;
Let no passion swerve us
To one act of wrong—
Let no thought unholy
Come our cause to blight;—
Thus we pray thee, lowly—
Hear us, God of right!

God of vengeance! smite us
With thy shaft sublime,
If one bond unite us
Forg'd in fraud or crime!
But, if humbly kneeling,
We implore thine ear,
For our rights appealing—
God of nations! hear.

BOUND 'PRENTICE TO A WATERMAN.

The Words by Cross; the Music by J. Sanderson.

Allegro.

Board man-of-war I enter'd next, and learn'd to
quaff good flip,

And far from home we scudded on so gay:
I ran my rigs, but lik'd so well my captain, crew,
and ship, [away.

That, run what will, why—damme if ever I run
Singing, ri tol, &c.

With Drake I've sail'd the world around, and
learn'd a bit to fight,

But somehow I a prisoner was ta'en;

So, when the Spanish jailor to my dungeon show'd
a light, [again.

I blinded both his peepers, and then ran away
Singing, ri tol, &c.

I've run a many risks in life, on ocean and on shore,
But always, like a Briton, got the day;

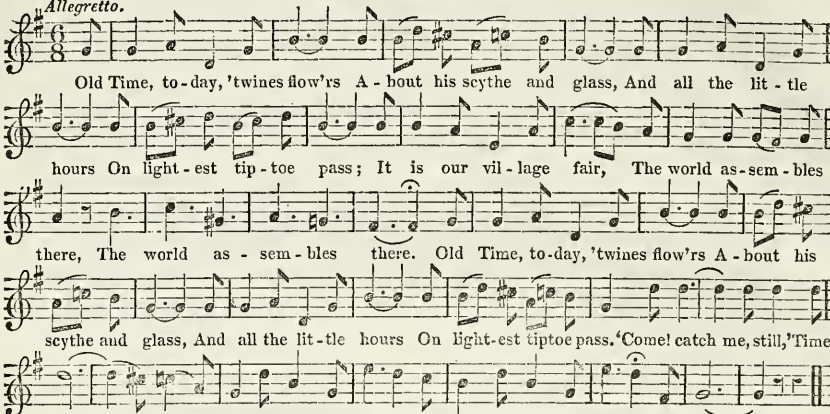
And, fighting in old England's cause, will run as
many more,

But, let me face ten thousand foes, will never
run away. Singing, ri tol, &c.

TIME FLIES.

The Music arranged by T. Cooke.

Allegretto.

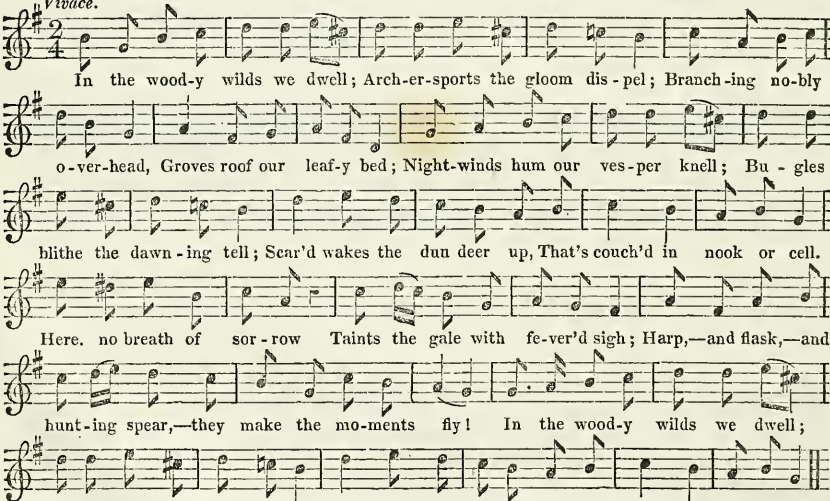


Old Time, to-day, 'twines flow'rs A-bout his scythe and glass, And all the lit-tle
hours On light-est tip-toe pass; It is our vil-lage fair, The world as-sem-bles
there, The world as-sem-bles there. Old Time, to-day, 'twines flow'rs A-bout his
scythe and glass, And all the lit-tle hours On light-est tip-toe pass. 'Come! catch me, still,' Time
cries, 'Time cries; He smiles, but ah! ah! he flies, he smiles, but ah! ah! he flies.
The beaux will round me crowd, I blush of course,—and smile,—
To gaze on face so fair; But copy Time the while.
They sigh, they whisper loud, Old Time, to-day, &c.
And murmur'd raptures swear:

IN THE WOODY WILDS WE DWELL.

Hindustanee Melody, arranged by C. E. Horn, to the Poetry of W. Reader.

Vivace.



In the wood-y wilds we dwell; Arch-er-sports the gloom dis-pel; Branch-ing no-bly
o-ver-head, Groves roof our leaf-y bed; Night-winds hum our ves-per knell; Bu-gles
blithe the dawn-ing tell; Scar'd wakes the dun deer up, That's couch'd in nook or cell.
Here, no breath of sor-row Taints the gale with fe-ver'd sigh; Harp,—and flask,—and
hunt-ing spear,—they make the mo-ments fly! In the wood-y wilds we dwell;
Arch-er-sports the gloom dis-pel; Scar'd wakes the dun deer up, that's couch'd in nook or cell.
From man's situl gory game, Here, no hapless stranger
War, which spirits weep to name; Ever sought repose in vain;
Dreaming pride, whose antic toil Harp,—and flask,—and hunting-spear,—how swift
Fate views with pensive smile; they banish pain!
Love, whose hopes and wistful fears In the woody wilds we dwell;
Draw the Houries' vision-tears; Archer-sports the gloom dispel;
Fly from these to our green wood, which Joy's fair Scar'd wakes the dun deer up, that's couch'd in
taper cheers. nook or cell.

DIE FEEN KONIGINN—THE FAIRY QUEEN.

The Poetry by T. H. Stirling; the Music by C. Walther.

Allegretto espressivo.

I am a Fai-ry Queen! my ma-gic pow-er Bound-less ex-tends o'er the
sea and the land; Thou - sands will hast - en from wood, cave, and bow-er,
Should my rais'd scep-tre their pre-sence com-mand; And swift-ly and si-lent-ly,
hush, hush, hush, hush! On air-y pin-ions, My fair-y min-ions Speed o'er the
heath, Through the woods and the bush,—Speed o'er the heath, through the woods and the bush.

When in deep midnight, while mortals would slum-
ber,

Silv'ry the full-moon beams over the mound;

Fairies about me, and countless in number,

Dancing in nine-fold encirclets around;

With nimble and airy steps, trip, trip, trip, trip!

Silently gliding,

Circling and sliding,

Light o'er the grass, and the flowers they'll skip.

And when the mystical dance is concluded,

Each of the fairies relates her best feat;

Then, sent again 'mongst the sleepers deluded,

Haste! the assembly will make their retreat;

And in my missions quick, quick, quick, quick,

Good people pleasing, [quick!

But the bad teasing,

Or they will cherish, or play them some trick.

I THOUGHT OUR QUARRELS ENDED.

From 'No Song, no Supper'; the Music by Gretry.

Allegretto.

I thought our quar-rels end-ed, And set my heart at ease; 'Tis strange you've thus of-
fend-ed! You take de-light to tease; Yes, yes! you take de-light to tease! Dear
sir, de-cide the strife Be-tween your child and wife; A-las! the grief I feel I
dare not to re-veal,—I know that you be-lieve For Fred'rick's loss I grieve—Psho, psho, psho,
psho; ve-ry well, ve-ry— well, as you please; ve-ry well, ve-ry well, think as you please.

In vain I'm always striving

To make our diff'rence cease:

If you're disputes contriving,

And will not live in peace,—

No, no!

You will not live in peace:

I'm vex'd, dear sir, for you,

But say, what can I do?

To none I can complain,—

How cruel is my pain!

I know that you believe, &c.

IF FOR ME, IF FOR ME.

The Poetry by William Marshall ; the Music by Aug. Voigt.

Allegretto.

If for me, if for me, o-ther maid thou shouldst leave, And be-tray the young
heart thou hast taught to be-lieve, That no sigh for an - o-ther hath poi-son'd thy
lip, Since from her's Love's first dew - drop you ven - tur'd to sip, Since from
her's Love's first dew - drop you ven-tur'd to sip, No no, no! No, no, no! ne-ver
come to my bow'r; No, no, no! No, no, no! ne-ver come to my bow'r.

But, O! if to me, if to me thou canst bring
A heart that first vibrates to love's dulcet string,

A lip that hath ne'er broke the vow it could frame,
An eye that, once fix'd, burns with one steady flame;
Yes, you may come to my bow'r.

AND THIS I THINK A REASON FAIR.

The Words by Capt. Morris ; the Music by Dibdin.

Vivace.

I'm of-ten ask'd by plodding souls, And men of so-ber tongue, What joy I take in
drain-ing bowls, And tippling all night long ; But tho' these cau-tious knaves I scorn, For
once I'll not dis - dain To tell them why I sit till morn, And fill my glass a - gain, To
tell them why I sit till morn, And fill my glass a-gain, And fill my glass a-gain.

'Tis by the glow my bumper gives,
Life's picture 's mellow made ;
The fading light then brightly lives,
And softly sinks the shade.
Some happier tint still rises there,
With every drop I drain,
And that I think 's a reason fair—
To fill my glass again.
My Muse, too, when her wings are dry
No frolic flights will take,
But round the bowl she'll dip and fly,
Like swallows round a lake.
Then, if each nymph will have her share,
Before she'll bless her swain,
Why, that I think 's a reason fair—
To fill my glass again.
In life, I've rung all changes through,
Run ev'ry pleasure down,
'Mid each extreme of folly, too,
And liv'd with half the town :

For me, there's nothing new nor rare,
Till wine deceives my brain,
And that I think 's a reason fair—
To fill my glass again.
There's many a lad I knew is dead,
And many a lass grown old,
And, as the lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold :
But wine awhile drives off despair,—
Nay, bids a hope remain ;—
Why, that I think 's a reason fair—
To fill my glass again.
I find, too, when I stint my glass,
And sit with sober air,
I'm pros'd by some dull reasoning ass,
Who treads the path of care ;
Or, harder still, am doom'd to bear
Some coxcomb's fribbling strain,
And that I'm sure's a reason fair—
To fill my glass again.

Though hipp'd and vex'd at England's fate,
In these convulsive days,
I can't endure the ruin'd state
My sober eye surveys;
But, through the bottle's dazzling glare,
The gloom is seen less plain,
And that I think 's a reason fair—
To fill my glass again.

But now I'll tell, to end my song,
At what I most repine;
This war has been as other wars—
No friend to good port wine;
For port, they say, will soon be rare,
As juice of France and Spain,
And that I think 's a reason fair—
To fill my glass again.

‘NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL!’

The Poetry and Music by Miss Louisa H. Sheridan.

Andante con Espress.

O, Love! I de-fy'd thee this bo-som to move, And dar'd thee my re-bel pre-
sump-tion to quell; Now I yield! for I've seen one I could not but love, 'Not
wise-ly, but too well!' I dare not en-coun-ter his eyes, nor re-prove The
feel-ing their e-lo-quent glan-ces oft tell; But I'm told I
must shun him, for hope-less I love, 'No wise-ly, but too well!'
In the dance there is joy,—if together we move;— They tell me that I shall behold him no more,
In his voice, when we sing, there's a rapturous spell; That Time's chilling hand may his image dispel;
His presence gives light to this soul! for I love, But they know not this heart! which was formed
'Not wisely,—but too well!' to adore
'Not wisely,—but too well!'

REMEMBER ME, WHEN FAR AWAY.

The Poetry by G. Walker; the Music by J. Whitaker.

Andante con Espress.

Re-mem-ber me when, far a-way, I jour-ney thro' the world's wide waste; Re-
mem-ber me at ear-ly day, Or when the ev'-ning sha-dows haste, Or
when the ev'-ning shadows haste. When high the pen-sive moon ap-pears, And night, with
all her star-ry train, Gives rest to hu-man hopes and fears, Gives rest to hu-man
hopes and fears, Remem-ber I a lone com-plain, Re-mem-ber I a lone complain
Remember me, when'er you sigh, When'er you think on those away,
Be it at midnight's silent hour; Or when you bend the pious knee,
Remember me, and think that I Or when your thoughts to pleasure stray,
Return thy sigh, and feel its pow'r. O! then dear maid, remember me.

O! SWIFT WE GO.

The Poetry by J. T. Fields; the Music by Joseph Philip Knight.

Allegro sprito.

O! swift we go o'er the flee-cy snow, When moon-beams spar-kle round; When
hoofs keep time to mu-sic's chime, As mer-ri-ly on we bound, As mer-ri-ly
on we bound, As mer-ri-ly on we bound. On a win-ter's night, when
hearts are light, And health is on the wind, We loose the rein and sweep the plain, And
leave our cares be-hind, And leave our cares be-hind. O! swift we go o'er the flee-cy
snow, When moon-beams spar-kle round; When hoofs keep time to music's chime, As
mer-ri-ly on we bound, As mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on we
bound, As mer-ri-ly on we bound. As mer-ri-ly on we bound

With a laugh and song we glide along,
Across the fleeting snow;
With friends beside, how swift we ride
On the beautiful track below!

O! the raging sea has joy for me,
When gale and tempest roar;
But give me the speed of a foaming steed,
And I'll ask for waves no more.
O! swift we go, &c.

THE FRIEND OF MY HEART.

The Words by M. P. Andrews; the Music by Miss Abrams.

Larghetto

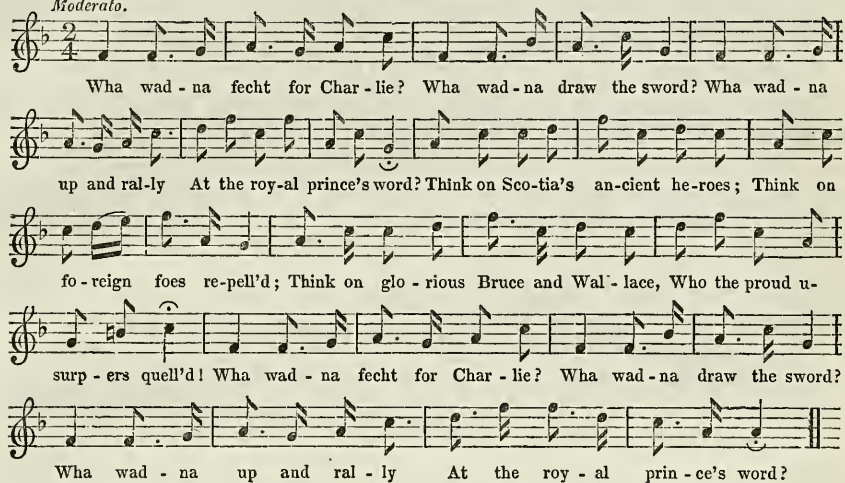
For thee, all the hard-ships of life I could bear, And brave the at-tacks of mis-
for-tune and care; But care and mis-for-tune my mind would sub-due, If the
friend of my heart, If the friend of my heart, must par-take of them too.

Had fate from its bounty propitiously lent
Enough but to furnish the cot with content,
The dictates of love in that cot I'd pursue,
For the friend of my heart would partake of it too.

But Nancy, with naught but her truth to endear,
With nothing to give to distress but a tear,
Can ne'er look for comfort, with ruin in view,
And the friend of her heart to partake of it too.

WHA WADNA FECHT FOR CHARLIE.

A Jacobite Song.

Moderato.


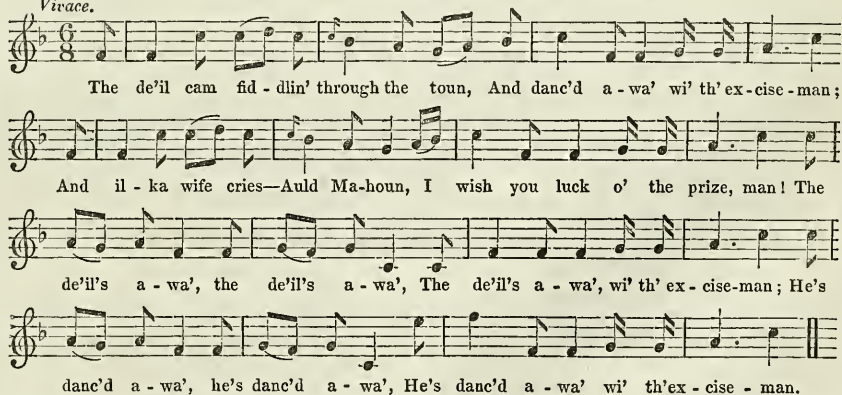
Wha wad - na fecht for Char - lie? Wha wad - na draw the sword? Wha wad - na
up and ral - ly At the roy - al prince's word? Think on Sco - tia's an - cient he - roes; Think on
fo - reign foes re - pell'd; Think on glo - rious Bruce and Wal - lace, Who the proud u -
surp - ers quell'd! Wha wad - na fecht for Char - lie? Wha wad - na draw the sword?
Wha wad - na up and ral - ly At the roy - al prin - ce's word?

Rouse, rouse, ye pitted warriors;
Rouse, ye serdes of the north;
Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,—
'Tis your prince that leads you forth.
Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?
Shall we own a foreign sway?
Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,
While a stranger rules the day?
Wha wadna, &c.

See the northern clans advancing!
See Glengarry and Lochiel!
See the brandish'd broadswords glaz'ning!
Highland hearts are true as steel!
Now our prince has rais'd his banner;
Now triumphant is our cause;
Now the Scottish lion rallies,—
Let us strike for prince and laws.
Wha wadna, &c.

THE DE'IL'S AWA WI' TH' EXCISEMAN.

The Poetry by Burns; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

Virace.


The de'il cam fid - dlin' through the toun, And danc'd a - wa' wi' th'ex - cise - man;
And il - ka wife cries—Auld Ma-houn, I wish you luck o' the prize, man! The
de'il's a - wa', the de'il's a - wa', The de'il's a - wa', wi' th'ex - cise - man; He's
danc'd a - wa', he's danc'd a - wa', He's danc'd a - wa' wi' th'ex - cise - man.

We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink,
We'll dance, sing, and rejoice, man!
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black de'il,
That danc'd awa' wi' th' exciseman.
The de'il's awa' &c.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the land,
Was, 'The de'il's awa' wi' th' exciseman.'
The de'il's awa' &c.

THE HARDY SAILOR.

Composed by W. Shield.

Grazioso.

The har-dy sai-lor braves the o - cean, Fear-less of the roar-ing wind;
 Yet his heart with soft e - motion Throbs to leave his love behind;—throbs, throbs,
 throbs, throbs; Yet his heart with soft e - motion throbs to leave his love be - hind, - - To
 leave his love be - hind - - - - - To leave, to leave his love be - hind.
 To dread of fo-reign foes a stranger, Tho' the youth can daunt-less roam, A -
 harm-ing fears paint ev'-ry dan-ger In a ri-val left at home; A - harm-ing
 fears paint ev' - ry dan-ger In a ri-val left at home. - - - The

SALLY PELL.

The Music by Charles E Horn.

Con Spirito.

I liv'd and could - n't fix On a wife at thir - ty - six; In youth, I was
 bash - ful and shy: Pa - pa he was in haste, That of mar-riage I should taste; For the
 mat-ter of that—so was I, so was I,—For the matter of that—so was I.

So I thought with Sally Pell,
 Who was then a village belle,
 My fortune in wedlock to try.
 O, 'Will you be my bride?'
 'I am ready, sir,' she cried;
 Says I, 'Sweet Sally—so am I.'
 But, for want of children, we
 Never had a family,
 For which Mrs. L. she would sigh:
 So she took a little school,
 And to follow such a rule,
 For the matter of that—so did I.

But, alas! one rainy day,
 She talk'd her breath away,
 And, when the breath is out, one must die.
 'Tis pity—yet 'tis true,
 Yet just the same must you; and,
 For the matter of that—so must I.
 The defunct Mistress L.,
 As the tombstone will tell,
 Now rests for a time—quietly;
 And ever since the cough
 That took my poor wife off,
 For the matter of that—so have I.

THE TIRED SOLDIER.

The Music by T. Coombe.

Vivace.

The ti-red sol-dier hold and brave, Now rests his wea-ry feet, And to the shel-ter of a grave Has made a safe re-treat. To him the trum-pet's pierc-ing breath, Calls forth to arms in vain; Ned, quar-ter'd in the arms of death, Ned, quar-ter'd in the arms of death, Will ne-ver march, march a-gain, Will ne-ver, ne-ver, march a-gain. To him the trum-pet's pierc-ing breath Calls forth to arms in vain; Ned, quar-ter'd in the arms of death, Ned, quar-ter'd in the arms of death, Will ne-ver march a-gain, Will ne-ver, never, march a-gain.

A boy he left his father's home,
The chance of war to try;
O'er regions yet untrod to roam—
No friend nor brother nigh.
Yet still he mareden contented on;
Met danger, death, and pain;
But now he halts—his toil is done,
He'll never march again.

The sweets of spring by beauty's hand
Lie scattered o'er his bier.
His comrades, as they silent stand,
Drop honest Ned a tear.
And lovely Kate, poor Ned's delight,
Chief mourner of the train,
Cried, as she viewed the dreadful sight,
He'll never march again.

COME BUY MY BALLADS.

Composed by M. P. King.

Andante affettuoso.

Come, buy my bal-lads, la-dies kind; Like you they're ten-der, as you'll find. Here's tales of love, and tales of woe, That sure will melt your hearts to know.

Here's how young William went to sea
In search of gold, for none had he;
And how, alas, when he came home,
He found his true-love—dead and gone.

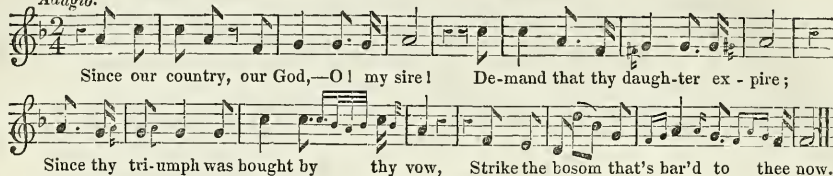
Here's next, how Edward, torn afar
From her he lov'd by cruel war,

Said—'Weep not, Mary, should we gain
The vict'ry, then I'—but he was slain.

And now, here's how the wretched maid
Each hour bewails her Edward's shade.—
O ladies sweet! that maid behold,
Whose tale is in this ballad told.

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

Hebrew Melody.—The Poetry by Lord Byron; the Music by I. Nathan.

Adagio.

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more;
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow!

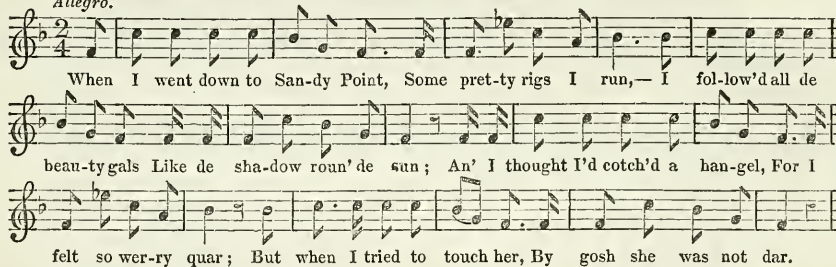
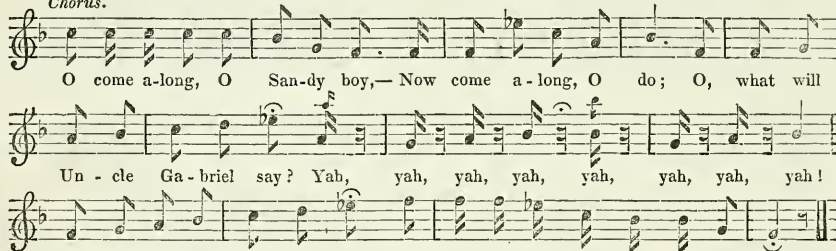
And of this, O, my father I be sure,
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge of the hero unbent!
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my father and country are free.

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died!

UNCLE GABRIEL; OR, O COME ALONG, O SANDY BOY.

Published in Davidson's Cheap Edition of the Songs of the Ethiopian Serenaders.

Allegro.*Chorus.*

What will Un-cle Ga-briel say? Why, Jen-ny, can't you come a-long, too?

All night I nebber sleep a wink

For tinkin' ob dis ghost,—
So I wander'd out by moonlight,
And ran against a post:

I started werry much at dis,—
And den I hear a groan:

And, lookin' roun', I see dis gal
A standin' like a stone!

O! come along, &c.

And fust, she roll'd her eyes about,

And den she shook her head:
Says she, 'Don't stand dere shiverin',
But go slick back to bed!

I'm Dinah Ginger, well you know,
(At least vot us'd to be.)

Till you made lub to Julia Crow,—
Now I'm a cherry-b—'

O! come along, &c.

'But eb'ry night, atwixt the hours

Ob twelve o'clock and yun,
I'll gib you one of my black looks,—
O yes, I will, by gum!

And though I leab her to her fate,

She's faithful still to me;
And eb'ry night, when de moon am bright
Dat horrid sight I see!

O! come along, &c.

THE WOLF.

Composed by W. Shield.—Published by Davidson.

Siciliano.

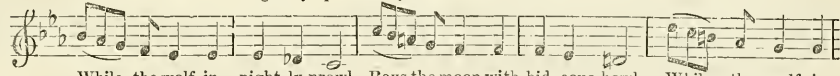
At the peace-ful mid-night hour, Ev-e-ry sense and ev-e-ry pow'r Fetter'd lies 'n



down-y sleep; Then our care-ful watch we keep, Then our care-ful watch we keep;



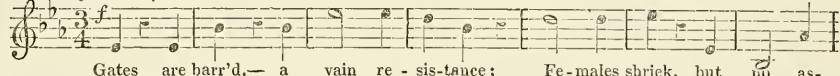
While the wolf in night-ly prowls Bays the moon with hid-eous howl



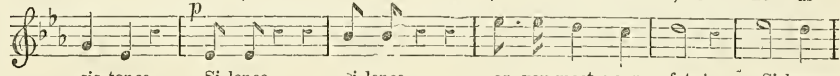
While the wolf in night-ly prowls Bays the moon with hid-eous howl, While the wolf in



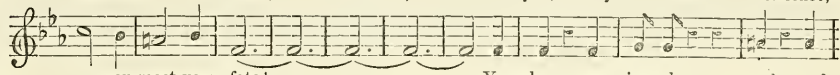
night-ly prowls Bays - - - - - the moon with hideous howl.

Allegro con Spirito.

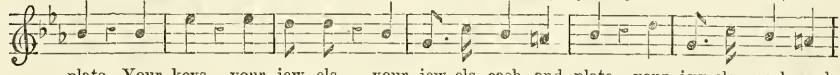
Gates are barr'd,— a vain re-sis-tance; Fe-males shriek, but no as-



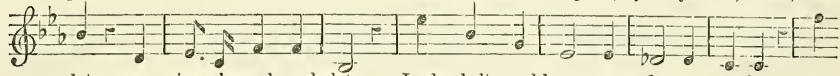
sis-tance. Si-lence, si-lence, or you meet your fate! Si-lence,



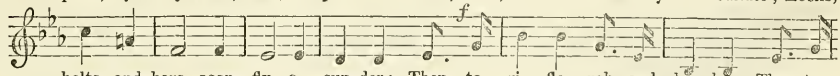
or you meet your fate! - - - - - Your keys, your jew-els, cash, and



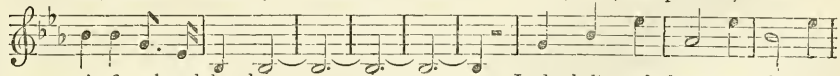
plate, Your keys, your jew-els, your jew-els, cash, and plate, your jew-els, cash, and



plate,—your jew-els, cash, and plate. Locks, bolts, and bars soon fly a-sunder; Locks,



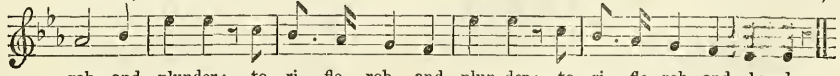
bolts, and bars soon fly a-sun-der; Then to ri-fle, rob, and plun-der,—Then to



ri-fle, rob, and plun-der;— Locks, bolts, and bars soon fly a-



sun-der; Then to ri



rob, and plunder; to ri-fle, rob, and plun-der; to ri-fle, rob, and plun-der.

THE APPEAL OF SPAIN.

Peninsular Melody.—The Words by John Bowring, LL.D.

Allegro.

Be ye ready; your coun-try is call-ing; To her res-cue, he-ro-ic ones, fly!

O, she weeps! while her sad tears are fall-ing, Ye shall swear for your coun-try to

die— O she weeps! while her sad tears are fall-ing, Ye shall swear

for your coun-try to die! die! Yes, cheer-ful-ly die! die! Yes! cheer-ful-ly die.

O! how base and degraded the feelings Or be deaf when her plaintive appealings

That would shrink from her accents of gloom, Might awaken the dead from their tomb!—

The dead from the tomb, &c.

THE SAVOYARD'S RETURN.

The Words by Henry Kirke White; the Music by J. Addison.—Published by Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

Allegretto.

O! yon-der is the well-known spot, My dear, my long, left na-tive home;

molto lento e espress.

O! wel-come is my lit-tle cot, Where I shall rest, no more to roam.

O! I have tra-vell'd far and wide, O'er ma-n'y a dis-tant fo-foreign land; Each

place and pro-vince I have tried, And sung and danc'd my sa-ra-band. But

all their charms could not prevail, To lure my heart from yon-der vale; But

all their charms could not pre-vail, To lure my heart From yon-der, yonder vale.

Now safe re-turn'd, with wand'ring tir'd, No more my lit-tle home I'll leave;

molto lento.

And ma-n'y a tale of what I've heard Shall wear a-way the win-ter eve.

Of distant climes the false report The chamois skipping o'er the heights,

It lur'd me from my native land; The plain adorn'd with many a flock,

It bade me rove—my sole support And oh! a thousand more delights,

My cymbals and my saraband, That grace yon dear belov'd retreat,

The woody dell, the hanging rock, Have backward won my weary feet.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

The Music by Frederic Smith.

Andante.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond re-col-lec-tion pre-sents them to view! The or-chard, the meadow, the deep tan-gled wild wood, And ev'-ry lov'd spot which my in-fan-cy knew; The wide-spread-ing pond, and the mill which stood by it; The bridge, and the rock where the ca-ta-ract fell; The cot of my fa-ther, the dai-ry-house nigh it; And e'en the rude buck-et which hung in the well! The old oak-en buc-ket, the i-ron-bound buc-ket, The moss-co-ver'd buc-ket, which hung in the well,

That moss-cover'd vessel I hail as a treasure,
For often at noon, when return'd from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

And now, far remov'd from the lov'd situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, &c.

POOR MR. SPRIGGS.

The Words by Thomas Dibdin; the Music by W. Reeve.

Allegretto.

Mis-ter Spriggs, the gro-cer, he mar-ried Miss Re-vel; He thought her an an-gel, she turn'd out a de-vil; Poor Mis-ter Spriggs! She sang, par-lez-voud, danc'd walt-zes and jigs; She wast-ed the tea and the su-gar and figs, And said she'd be Mis-tress, please the pigs. Poor Mis-ter Spriggs!

Mrs. Spriggs gave parties to tea and to dinner,
And play'd guinea whist, tho' she ne'er was a winner;

Poor Mr. Spriggs!

She lov'd silver muslin, French lace, and rich stuffs,
Pelisses and tippets, and Chinchilli muffs,
And some say she lov'd Captain Brown of the Buffs.—

Poor Mr. Spriggs!

Mr. Spriggs and his wife fell out one night,
And she vow'd she'd drown herself out of mere spite—

To poor Mr. Spriggs!

She ran to the river, but when she walk'd in,

Her courage grew cool as the wave touch'd her chin,
And drowning herself she thought was a sin;

Poor Mr. Spriggs!

A fisherman saw her, and thought she'd be wet,—
So he pull'd Sally out by a cast of his net;

Poor Mr. Spriggs!

Took her home half drown'd to her anxious dear,
Who cried, when he saw she was looking so queer,
'Pray, sir, why the devil did you interfere

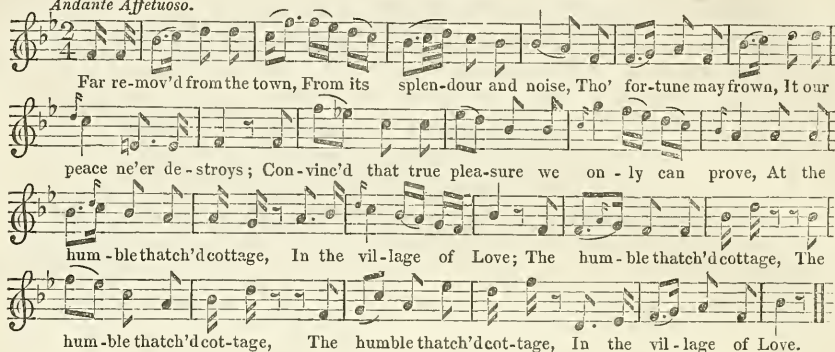
With poor Mrs. Spriggs.'

O, poor Mr. Spriggs!

THE HUMBLE THATCH'D COTTAGE, IN THE VILLAGE OF LOVE.

Written by a Gentleman; the Music by J. Sanderson.

Andante Affetuoso.



Far re-mov'd from the town, From its splen-dour and noise, Tho' for-tune may frown, It our
peace ne'er de-roys; Con-vinc'd that true plea-sure we on-ly can prove, At the
hum-blethatch'dcottage, In the vil-lage of Love; The hum-blethatch'dcottage, The
hum-blethatch'dcot-tage, The humblethatch'dcot-tage, In the vil-lage of Love.

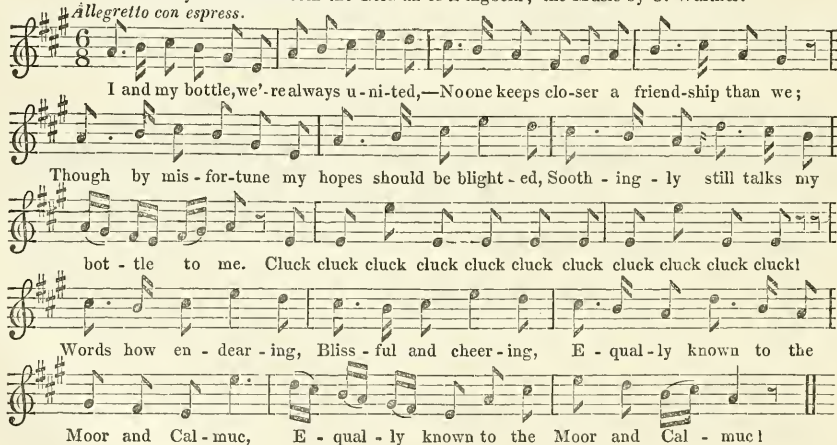
Honour dwelt in the breast of my parents, tho' poor;
Unreliev'd the distress'd never went from the door;
By which means alone, we true happiness prove,
At the humble thatch'd cottage, in the village of Love.

Surrounded by suitors, they choose me a youth,
A mirror of virtue, of honour, and truth;
Bless'd with friendship's soft ties, contentment we prove,
At the humblethatch'd cottage, in the village of Love.

DER TRINKER,--THE TIPPLER.

The Poetry translated from the German of L. ingbein; the Music by C. Walther.

Allegretto con espress.



I and my bottle, we' realways u-ni-ted,—Noone keeps clo-ser a friend-ship than we;
Though by mis-for-tune my hopes should be blight-ed, Sooth-ing-ly still talks my
bot-tle to me. Cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck!
Words how en-dear-ing, Bliss-ful and cheer-ing, E-qual-ly known to the
Moor and Cal-muc, E-qual-ly known to the Moor and Cal-muc!

Some, by deusive love's pleasure enchanted,
Blindly to woman's fair standard have sworn;
But, when they think love and faith would be granted,
Sadly they'll meet with derision and scorn.
Cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck
Always speaks clearly, [cluck cluck cluck
Gently and dearly,
And is far sweeter than love or good luck!
Should dark'ning tempest obscure all my pleasure,
Threat'ning the blossoms of peace to destroy,
Quickly I'll hasten—and 'tis my sole measure—
To my sweet bottle for comfort and joy

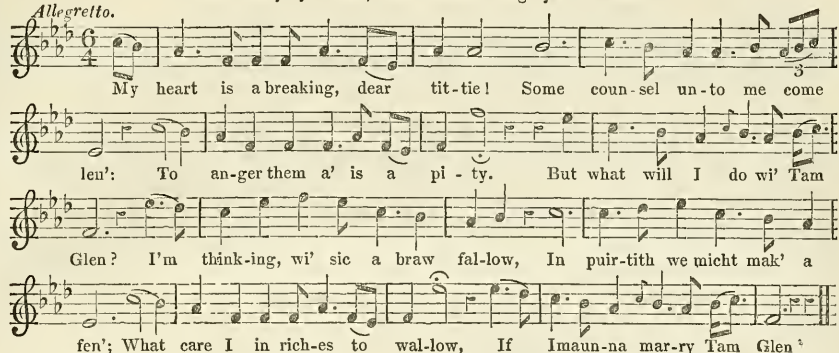
Cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck
cluck cluck cluck!
These whispers hearing,
No danger fearing,
Destiny's surges I brave like the rock!
From my dear bottle I'll separate never,
Till life's enchanting scenes fail to my sight,
And, in my last and sad dwelling, for ever,
Horrible thirst joins with darkness and night.
Cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck
Tones so endearing [cluck cluck cluck!
Never more hearing,
When my last day's parting knell shall have struck.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

TAM GLEN.

The Poetry by Burns; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

Allegretto.



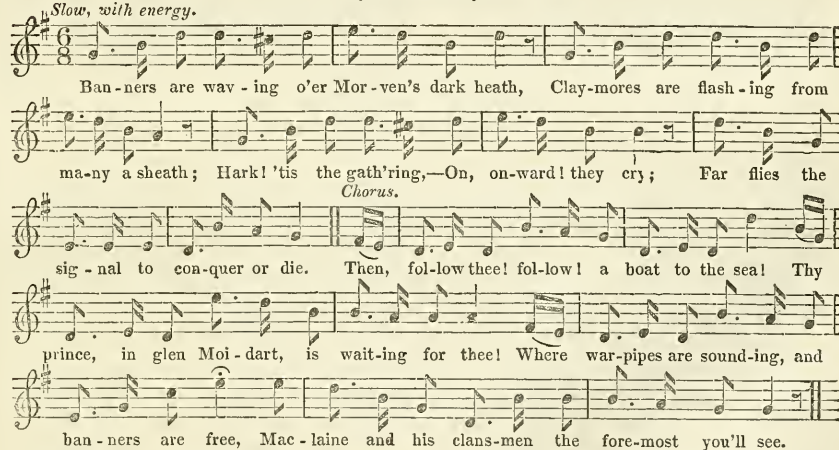
There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,—
Gude day to you, fool, he comes ben;
He braws and he brawls o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?
My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me—
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?
My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me guid hunder merks ten;
But, if it's ordain'd I maun tak him,
O! wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen, at the Valentine's dealin',
My heart to my mou' gied a ston
For thrice I drew ane without fallin
And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.
The last Hallowe'en I was waukin'
My drookit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness cam' up the house staukin',
And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen.
Come, counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

MACLAINE.

The Poetry and Music by Miss Ross.

Slow, with energy.



Wildly the war-cry has startled yon stag,
And waken'd the echoes of Gillian's lone crag;
Up hill and down glen, each brave mountaineer
Has belted his plaid and mounted his spear.
Then follow thee! &c.

The signal is heard from mountain to shore;
They rush, like the flood, o'er dark Corry-vohr;

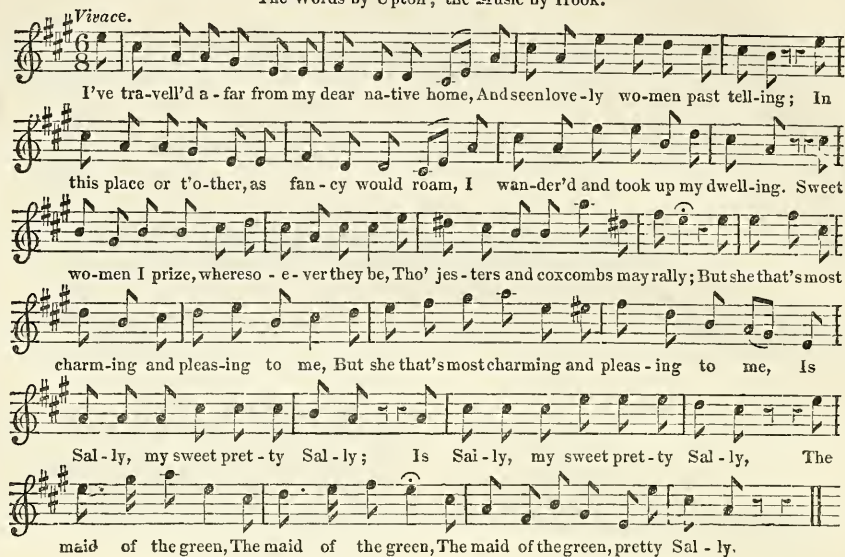
The war-note is sounding, loud, wildly, and high;
Louder they shout, 'On to conquer or die.'
Then follow thee! &c.

The heath-bell at morn so proudly ye trod,
Son of the mountain, now covers thy sod
Wrapt in your plaid, mid the bravest ye lie,
The words, as ye fell, still conquer or die!
Then follow thee! &c.

THE MAID OF THE GREEN, PRETTY SALLY.

The Words by Upton; the Music by Hook.

Vivace.



I've tra-vell'd a - far from my dear na-tive home, And seen love-ly wo-men past tell-ing; In
 this place or t'o-ther, as fan-cy would roam, I wan-der'd and took up my dwell-ing. Sweet
 wo-men I prize, where so - e - ver they be, Tho' jes-ters and coxcombs may rally; But she that's most
 charm-ing and pleas-ing to me, But she that's most charming and pleas-ing to me, Is
 Sal-ly, my sweet pret-ty Sal-ly; Is Sai-ly, my sweet pret-ty Sal-ly, The
 maid of the green, The maid of the green, The maid of the green, pretty Sal-ly.

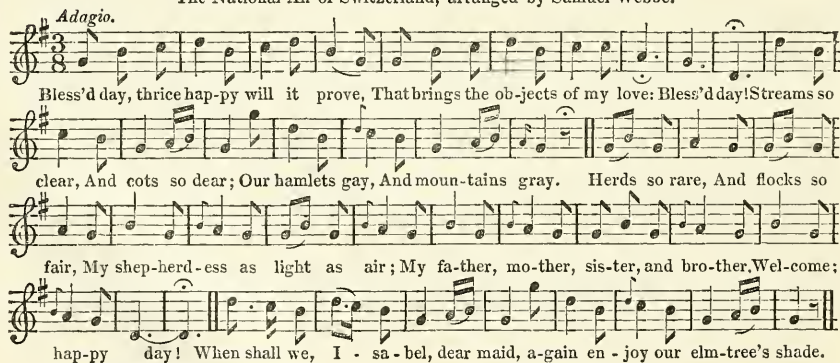
When ~~seen~~ beset by this beauty and that,
 My ~~toes~~ in their praise never falter'd;
 With each ~~one~~ I prattled, and humour'd their chat,
 But still my fond heart never alter'd.
 No, no! for, in whatever climate or place
 I chanc'd when a rover to dally,
 I saw in my fancy the beautiful face
 Of Sally, my sweet pretty Sally,
 The maid of the green, pretty Sally.

And ever shall she be the pride of my song,
 Whose constancy nothing could sever;
 For, though far away from my charmer too long,
 Her love was as faithful as ever
 Then come to my bosom, thou maiden divine!
 A passion so true who can rally?
 For thee I can splendour and riches resign—
 For Sally, my sweet pretty Sally,
 The maid of the green, pretty Sally!

RANZ DES VACHES.

The National Air of Switzerland, arranged by Samuel Webbe.

Adagio.



Bless'd day, thrice hap-py will it prove, That brings the ob-jects of my love: Bless'd day! Streams so
 clear, And cots so dear; Our hamlets gay, And moun-tains gray. Herds so rare, And flocks so
 fair, My shep-herd-ess as light as air; My fa-ther, mo-ther, sis-ter, and bro-ther. Wel-come;
 hap-py day! When shall we, I - sa-bel, dear maid, a-gain en-joy our elm-tree's shade.

O! when shall I so happy prove,
 And see the objects of my love?
 When, lofty hills,
 And purling rills;
 The lambs at play,

And scenes so gay;
 Herds so rare,
 And flocks so fair;
 My shepherdess as light as air.
 My father, mother, &c.

THE WREATH YOU WOVE.

The Poetry by Thomas Moore; the Music by Michael Kelly.

Andantino.

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove, Is fair, but oh! how fair, Is fair, but
oh! how fair, If Pi-ty's hand had stol'n from Love One leaf to min- gle there, One
leaf to min- gle there! If ev-ry rose with gold was tied, Did gems for dew-drops
fall, That fad-ed leaf, where love had sigh'd, Were sweet-ly worth them all. The
wreath you wove, the wreath you wove, the wreath you wove is fair; The wreath you
wove the wreath you wove, Our emblems well may be: Its bloom is yours, but hapless Love Must
keep its tears for me, Must keep its tears for me. The wreath you wove, the wreath you
wove, is fair, but oh! how fair, If Pi-ty's hand had stol'n from Love One leaf to
min- gle there! The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove, the wreath you wove is fair.

ATTUNE THE PIPE, ATTUNE THE GLADSOME LAY.

Composed by Pleyel.

Larghetto.

At- tune the pipe, at- tune the glad- some lay, — A kiss from
Lau- ra shall thy mu- sic pay: Let o- ther swains to praise or fame as -
pire, thou from her lips the sweet re- ward re- quire. At- tune the
pipe, at- tune the glad- some lay, — A kiss from Lau- ra shall thy mu- sic pay.
Accept my hand, and could I add beside On thee alone their glittering pride should shine,
What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide, And I alone, a constant maid, be thine.
Attune the pipe, &c.

THE LAND IN THE OCEAN.

The Words by Thomas Dibdin; the Music by T. Attwood.

Maestoso.

In the midst of the sea, like a tough man-of-war, Pull a-way, pull a-way, yo
ho there! Stands an is-land sur-pass-ing all o-thers by far: If you doubt it, you've
on-ly to go there. By Nep-tune 'twas built up-on Free-dom's firm base, And for
e-ver 'twill last, I've a no-tion: All the world I de-fy to pro-duce such a place—
Pull away! pull a-way! pull away! pull, I say—As the snug bit of land in the o-ccean.

From the opposite shore puff'd with arrogant pride,
Pull away! pull away, so clever,
They've oftsworn as how they would come alongside,
And destroy the poor island for ever;
But Britannia is made of such durable stuff,
And so tightly she's rigg'd. I've a notion,
She'd soon give the saucy invaders enough—
Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull, I say—
If they touch'd at the land in the ocean.

There was Howe, ever bold in that glorious cause—
Pull away, pull away so stout, boys!
Who gain'd on the first day of June such applause,
And Mounseer he put to the rout, boys.
The next was St. Vincent, who kick'd up a dust,
As the Spaniards can tell, I've a notion; [must.]
For they swore not to strike; says he, 'Damme, you
Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull, I say,
To the lads of the land in the ocean.

Adam Duncan came next,—'twas in autumn, you
Pull away, pull away, so jolly— [know—
That he made big Mynheer strike his flag to a foe
'Gainst whom all resistance was folly! [dunce,
And they sent, as you know, if you're not quite a
But a sad story home, I've a notion;
So Duncan he beat a whole winter at once—
Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull, I say,—
What d'ye think of the land in the ocean?

Now the Frenchmen again have come in for their
Pull away, pull away, so hearty,— [share—
For Nelson has set all the world in a stare,
And land-lock'd e'en the great Bonaparte;
And we'd beat them again, should their stomachs in-
But they're all pretty sick, I've a notion; [cline,
Then may Victory's sword to the olive resign—
Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull, I say,
And Peace crown the land in the ocean.

THE ADIEU.

Composed by Dr. Jackson.

Largo con espress.

One kind kiss be-fore we part, Drop a tear and bid a - dieu, Drop, drop a
tear, drop, drop a tear, Drop - - a tear and bid a - dieu. Tho' you se-ver,
my fond heart, Till we meet, shall pang for you; One kind kiss be-fore we
part! Drop, drop a tear; Drop, drop a tear; Drop a tear and bid a - dieu.

Yet! yet, weep not so, my love;
 Let me kiss that falling tear;
 Though my body must remove,
 All my soul must still be here.
 Yet! yet, weep not so, my love;
 Let me kiss that falling tear.

One kind kiss before we part,—
 Drop a tear, and bid adieu;
 All my soul and all my heart,
 Ev'ry wish, shall pant for you.
 One kind kiss, then, ere we part;
 Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

THE WEST-COUNTRY BUMPKIN.

The Words by Collins; the Music adapted by W. Reeve.

Vivace.

John Bull was a bump-kin born and bred, At a clod-hop-ping vil-lage in
 Glo's-tershire; And as for this world, or the world that's to come, For to puz-zle his red-de-tous
 ne-ver the ne'ar, For he ne-ver was known to set foot in a church, Till the
 day he took Do-ro-thy there for a wife; And says John, 'By the Lord, I was
 ne-ver be-fore In a place like a church all the days of my life,'—Tol lol de rol,
 lol de rol, lol lol lol de rol, Tol de rol lol de rol lol de rol lol.

'For there I look'd up, and zeed nine or ten fellows,
 A zinging as loud as their lungs cou'd clink;
 So, thinking that I was got into an ale-house,
 I look'd up and ax'd, if they'd nothing to drink,
 When up come a man, and he pull'd off my hat,
 And he told me no drink was allow'd in the place:
 I thought that for zartain he must be the landlord,
 Or else I'd have fech'd him a punch in the face.

'Howsomdever, I fancied 'twas never the ne'ar
 For to kick up a dust, and to frighten the bride;
 So I went further in for to look at the place,
 And, lord! what a comical zight I espy'd!
 There was men-folk and women-folk penn'd up to-
 gether,
 Like so many wethers and ewes at a fair;
 Besides a long booby-hutch built up for holding
 The whole corporation justases and mayor.

'Then up got a little man into a tub,
 And he look'd just as tho'f he'd been roll'd in the dirt,
 For you cou'd not suppose he cou'd be very clean,
 When he'd got nothing on but a long black shirt,
 Excepting a little white slobbering bib,
 Tuck'd under his chin, and slit in two;—
 To be perch'd in a tub, and to wear a black shirt,
 I was puzzl'd to think what a plague he cou'd do.

'For while he did turn up the whites of his eyes,
 And for mercy upon us did heartily pray,
 Another b-low, that sat in a chest,
 Was mocking of every word he did say;

And when he had fairly tired him out,
 To the very last word, to do nothing by halves,
 I verily thought he was going to fight,
 For he stood up and call'd for a couple of staves!

'But the little man, tho'f he had a black shirt on,
 Whipp'd over'n another as white as a clout;
 And then in a twink, with a twist of his fist,
 He set open the tub, and he let himself out:
 Upon which he took hold of a poor little babe,
 And as tho'f he had got neither shame nor grace,
 He dipp'd his fingers into a trough,
 And splash'd the cold water all over its face!

'To be sure I thought 'twas a shameful thing
 To serve a poor babe such a woundy trick;
 For tho'f he did squeak like a pig that is stuck,
 They did mind him no more than a goosemunchick.
 Odsbobs! and I thought if the meggot shou'd bite,
 And they wanted to make but a child of a man,
 Who cou'd tell but in turn, such a baby as I
 Might be sous'd in the trough like a sop in a pan.

'So I took to my heels, and I scamper'd away,
 Like a lusty fellow, for sure and sure;
 And swore in my throat if they ever catch'd I,
 O' the inside of a church door any more,
 They shon'd plump me up to the ears in the hog-
 trough.

Just like a toast in a tankard then,
 And souse me and sop me, and sop me and souse me,
 A hundred times over and over again.'

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

TAM GLEN.

The Poetry by Burns; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

Allegretto.

My heart is a breaking, dear tit-tie! Some coun-sel un-to me come
 len': To an-ger them a' is a pi - ty. But what will I do wi' Tam
 Glen? I'm think-ing, wi' sic a braw fal-low, In puir-tith we nicht mak' a
 fen'; What care I in rich-es to wal-low, If Imaun-na mar-ry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,—
 Gude day to you, fool, he comes ben;
 He brags and he brawls o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?
 My minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me—
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?
 My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me guid hunder merks ten;
 But, if it's ordain'd I maun tak him,
 O! wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen, at the Valentine's dealin',
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten
 For thrice I drew aye without failin
 And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.
 The last Hallowe'en I was waukin'
 My drookit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
 His likeness cam' up the house staukin',
 And the very gray brecks o' Tam Glen.
 Come, counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry;
 I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

MACLAINE.

The Poetry and Music by Miss Ross.

Slow, with energy.

Ban-ners are wav-ing o'er Mor-ven's dark heath, Clay-mores are flash-ing from
 ma-n'y a sheath; Hark! 'tis the gath'ring,—On, on-ward! they cry; Far flies the
Chorus.
 sig-nal to con-quer or die. Then, fol-low thee! fol-low! a boat to the sea! Thy
 prince, in glen Moi-dart, is wait-ing for thee! Where war-pipes are sound-ing, and
 ban-ners are free, Mac-laine and his clans-men the fore-most you'll see.

Wildly the war-cry has startled yon stag,
 And waken'd the echoes of Gillian's lone crag;
 Up hill and down glen, each brave mountaineer
 Has belted his plaid and mounted his spear.
 Then follow thee! &c.

The signal is heard from mountain to shore;
 They rush, like the flood, o'er dark Corry-vohr;

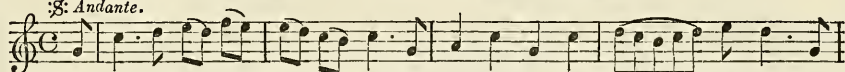
The war-note is sounding, loud, wildly, and high;
 Louder they shout, 'On to conquer or die.'
 Then follow thee! &c.

The heath-bell at morn so proudly ye trod,
 Son of the mountain, now covers thy soû
 Wrapt in your plaid, mid the bravest ye lie,—
 The words, as ye fell, still conquer or die!
 Then follow thee! &c.

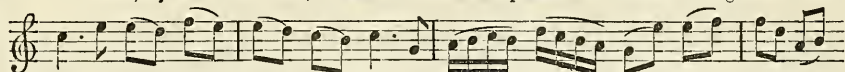
ADIEU, MY NATIVE LAND, ADIEU.

The Poetry by Lord Byron ; the Music by Chandler.

Andante.



A - dieu, my na - tive land, a - dieu! The ves - sels spread her swell - ing sails: Per -

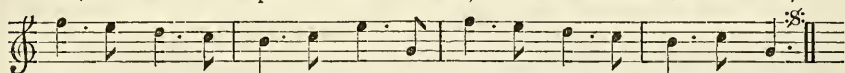


haps I ne - ver more may view Your fer - - tile fields, your flow' - ry

Fine.



dales; De - lu - sive hope can charm no more; Far from the faith - less maid I roam, Un -



friend - ed, seek some fo - reign shore, Un - pi - tied leave my hum - ble home.

Farewell, dear village, O, farewell!

Left on the gale, the murmur dies;

I hear thy solemn evening 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, dear maid, that e'er

I'll breathe another sigh for thee.

In vain, thro' shades of frowning night,

Mine eyes thy rocky coast explore;

Deep sinks the fiery orb of night,

I view thy beacons now no more.

Rise, billows, rise! blow, hollow wind!

Nor night, nor storms, nor death I fear;

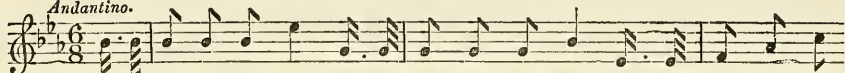
Ye friendly, bear me hence, to find

That peace which Fate denies me here.

BY A MURMURING BROOK.

Composed by Sir John A. Stevenson.

Andantino.



By a mur - mur - ing brook, in a val - ley's deep shade, Where the wood - ~~tree~~ and



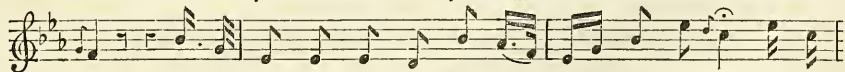
night - in - gale dwell; Where the harsh eye of en - vy may ne - ver per - vade, O!



grant me some moss - co - ver'd cell, O grant me some moss - co - ver'd cell.



Round the mouth of my cave let the i - vy entwine, With the wood - bine and sweet - scen - ted



rose; Let the bless - ings of health and con - tent - ment be mine, And no



cares shall dis - turb my re - pose,

And no cares shall dis - turb my re - pose.

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 POST CAPTAIN.

The Words by Rannie; the Music by W. Shield.

Con Spirito.

When Steer-well heard me first im-part Our brave Com-man-der's sto-ry,
 With ar-dent zeal his youth-ful heart Swell'd high for na-val glo-ry,
 Re-solv'd to gain a val-iant name, For bold ad-ven-tures ea-ger. When
 first a lit-tle cab-in boy, on board the Fame, He would hold on the jig-ger, While
 ten jol-ly tars, with mu-si-cal joe, Hove the an-chor a-peak, sing-ing, Yoe, heave
 yoe! Yoe, yoe, yoe, yoe, yoe, yoe, heave yoe! Ten jol-ly tars, with mu-si-cal
 joe, Hove the an-chor a-peak, have the an-chor a-peak, sing-ing, Yoe, heave yoe!

To hand top-ga'nt-sail next he learn'd,
 With quickness, care, and spirit;
 Whose generous master then discern'd
 And priz'd his dawning merit.
 He taught him soon to reef and steer
 When storms convuls'd the ocean,
 Where shoals made skilful vet'rans fear,
 Which mark'd him for promotion;
 As none to the pilot e'er answer'd like he,
 When he gave the command, Hard a-port, helm a-lee!
 Luff, boys, luff, keep her near,
 Clear the buoy, make the pier!
 None to the pilot answer'd like he,
 When he gave the command in the pool or at sea,
 Hard a-port, helm a-lee!

For valour, skill, and worth renown'd,
 The foe he oft defeated;
 And now, with fame and fortune crown'd,
 Post Captain he is rated;—
 Who, should our injur'd country bleed,
 Still bravely would defend her;
 Now bless'd with peace, if beauty plead,
 He'll prove his heart as tender.
 Unaw'd, yet mild to high and low,
 To poor and wealthy, friend or foe;
 Wounded tars share his wealth,
 All the fleet drink his health.
 Priz'd be such hearts, for aloft they will go,
 And always are ready compassion to show
 To a brave conquer'd foe.

HYMN TO SOLITUDE.

The Poetry by David Thomson, arranged to Mozart's 'Susse, heilige Natur.'

Andante.

Thou who lov'st the de-sert wild, Far from fol-ly's noi-sy train,
 Mid thy haunts se-rene and mild, Let me woo thy gen-tle reign!

Where the hare-bell blooms unknown,
Through her silent summer days;
Where the dun deer stalks alone,
O'er his pathless ferny maze:

Sweet will be my morning dreams
'Mid thy forest's shelter'd glade;
Bright as are its op'ning gleams,
Peaceful as its holiest shade!

THE WILD IRISHMAN.

The Words by Charles Dibdin, the Younger; the Music by John Whitaker.

Allegretto.

One moon-shi-ny morn-ing I came from Tra-lee, With a hey pip and sing Drim-in-doo
whack! Small brains in de hat where my head chanc'd to be, And fait to my coat sure I'd
on-ly one back! I'd a clum-sy she-la-ly pluck'd up by the root of it, For
him who was saucy to taste of the fruit of it; And, thus from Tra-lee Trun-dled
o-ver the sea, To Lon-don so gay, O! I trot-ted a-way; Where the streets, I was told, had all
pave-stones of gold, But that was the blar-ney of Pad-dy O'Shann; And when I came
there, How the peo-ple did stare, And what was it at? but de wild I-rish-man! With a
to-ra-loo foo-ra-loo drim-indoo whack! Och! sure how they star'd at de wild I-rish-man.

My Cousin Mulrooney he lived in de place,
Wid a hey pip and a drimindoo whack!
I ax'd the folks where, but they laugh'd in my
face,—
'Bad manners,' said I, 'of politeness don't crack.'
At last wid a rammer I found him a heaving stones,
And just knocking dacency into the paving stones.
'O! Paddy,' says I,
'Is it you?' when awry
He cock'd up his phiz,
And said, 'May be it is,—
And pray what brought yourself?'
'O! says I, 'want of pelf;'
Says he, 'Sarrah the rap, joy, raise for you I can;—
It's all spent at best,
So I'll give you the rest!'
And small comfort was that for de wild Irishman;
With tooraloo fooraloo drimindoo whack!
O, small comfort was that for de wild Irishman.

I'd not take to hay-making, a mere man of straw,
Wid a hey pip and a drimindoo whack!
Nor handle the hod; so a sergeant I saw,
And 'listed into the horse-infantry pack;
Wid my figure, and firelock, och, sure I want stupid, O!
De ladles all call'd me a cavalry Cupid, O!
And fait I may say
I'd a bothering way;
And when I was sent
To the grand continent,
Half a score, without flams,
Broke their hearts, or drank drams;
And a howl like a wake thro' the pack of 'em ran.
And when back I go,
Made an officer, O!
Musha grah! how they'll fight for de wild Irishman,
With tooraloo fooraloo drimindoo whack!
Musha grah! how they'll fight for de wild Irish-
man!

WEEP FOR THOSE.

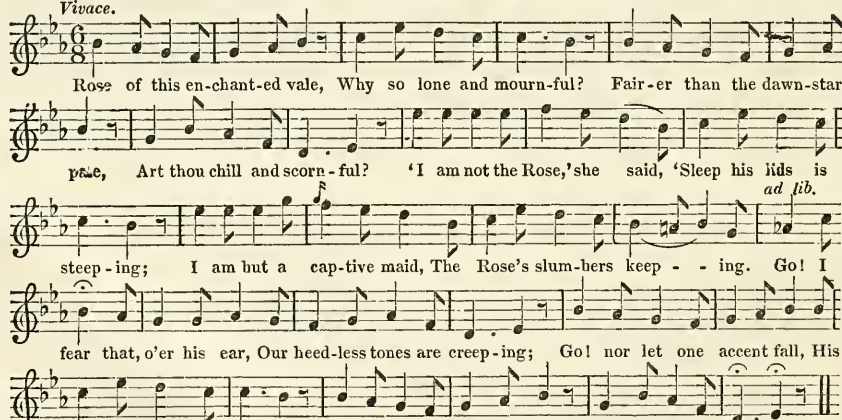
Hebrew Melody.—The Poetry by Lord Byron; the Music by J. Nathan.

Largo con Espressione.


O! weep for those that wept by Ba-bel's stream, Whose shrines are
de-so-late, whose land a dream; Weep for the harp of Ju-dah's bro-ken
shell; Mourn;—where their God hath dwelt, the god - less dwell! And where shall Is-ra-el
lave her bleed-ing feet? And when shall Zi-on's songs a-gain seem sweet? And Ju-dah's
me-lo-dy once more re - joice The hearts that leap'd be - fore its heav'n - ly
voice? Tribes of the wand'-ring foot and weary breast, How shall ye flee away and be at rest?
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave, Mankind their country, Is-ra-el but the grave!

ROSE OF THIS ENCHANTED VALE.

Hindustance Melody, arranged by C. E. Horn, to the Poetry of W. Reader.

Vivace.


Rose of this en-chant-ed vale, Why so lone and mourn-ful? Fair-er than the dawn-star
pale, Art thou chill and scorn-ful? 'I am not the Rose,' she said, 'Sleep his lids is
steep-ing; I am but a cap-tive maid, The Rose's slum-bers keep - - ing. Go! I
fear that, o'er his ear, Our heed-less tones are creep-ing; Go! nor let one accent fall, His
charm-ed dreams dis-pel-ling; Go! 'tis sa-cred still-ness all, Thro' our mossy dwel-ling.'

But, though free to roam at will,
Youthful hopes impelling,
I would be a captive still,
In my Rose's dwelling.
Now, upon his arched brows,
In breathless bliss, I ponder;

Now the music of his vows
Makes my senses wander;
No charm for me were liberty,—
I'm of thralldom fonder;—
Go! nor let one accent fall, &c.

MY OLD AUNT SALLY.

Published in Davidson's Cheap Edition of the Songs of the Ethiopian Serenaders.

Vivace.

A-way down in New Orleans, I gets up-on de lan-din,' And dere I spies my
old Aunt Sal, up-on de track a stand-in'; I ax her, 'Wont you take a ride wid
me, dis cot-ton sea-son;'—I neb-ber spoke a - no-der word, a - cos I had no
Chorus.
rea-son; No reason, no reason, A - cos I had no reason; I nebber spoke an - o - der word, A -
cos I had no rea-son— Sal-ly! Ra, ree, ri, ro, round de eor-ner, Sal-ly.

I hitch de bull afore de cart, like a cleber feller—
Hithim a hittomake him go—de brute began to beller;
I turn round to look for Sal—I nebber shall forget
'em— [bottom—

Dar I see her kickin' her heels upon de sandy
Bottom, de bottom! upon de sandy bottom!

Dar I see her kickin' her heels upon de sandy bottom.
Sally, Sally, &c.

Now I'd hab you all to gib de most partic'lar 'tention
Ts a circumstantial fact dat I'm gwine jist to men-
tion;

I want to hab you all to know for pluck I isn't alackin',
'Cept when I'm ask'd to hab a fight—and den I wants
good backin',

'Backin', lackin', and den I wants good backin',
'Cept when I'm ask'd to hab a fight—and den I wants
good backin'.

Sally, Sally, &c.

Up de hill, an' down de dale—I didn't seem to mind
her, [behind her—

De bull' kept on a-chasing Sal—she nebber look'd
Till he ran slick against a stump, and found hisself
mistaken— [bacon—

Den Sal dodg'd on tudder side, in hope to sabe her
Bacon, her bacon—in hope to sabe her bacon;

How Sal dodg'd on tudder side, in hope to sabe her
bacon! Sally, Sally, &c.

Sal stuck her back agin de stump—I envied not her
lodgin'— [kept a dodgia';

De bull kept prancing round de stump, and Sal she
She jump a rod or two aside—you aught to sabe her
hound it, [prancin' round it;

And if de bull ain't slipp'd him breff, him still is
Round it, round it, him still is prancin' round it;

And if de bull ain't slipp'd him breff, him still is
prancin' round it! Sally, Sally, &c.

BY THE GAYLY CIRCLING GLASS.

The Poetry from Milton's 'Comus'; the Music by Dr. Arne.

Vivace.

By the gay-ly cir-cling glass, We can see how mi-nutes pass; By the hol low
cask are told How the wa-ning night grows old, How the waning night grows old.
Soon, too soon the ou-sy day Drives us from our sports a-way; What have
we with day to do? Sons of care, 'twas made for you,—Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

LOVE'S LIKE A SUMMER'S DAY.

The Poetry by George Macfarren; the Music by J. Blewitt.

Vivace. *ad lib.*

Love's like a summer's day, Warm'd by the sun-ny ray, Fann'd by light Zephyr's wing, And scent-
a tempo. *ad lib.*

ed by flow-ers; Love's like a summer's day, Warm'd by the sun-ny ray, Fann'd by light
 Zephyr's wing, And scent-ed by flow-ers. Where Love has fix'd its home, Pleasure is sure to
 come, And sprinkle the spot with am-bro-sial showers; Where Love has fix'd its home, Pleasure is
ad lib.

sure to come, And sprin-kle the spot with am-bro-sial show'rs. - - - *ad lib.*

Love's like a summer's day, Warm'd by the sun-ny ray, Fann'd by light Zephyr's wing, And
a tempo.

scent-ed by flow-ers; Love's like a sum-mer's day, Warm'd by the sun-ny ray,
 Fann'd by light Zephyr's wing, And scent-ed by flow-ers. Sometimes a gloomy cloud, Chill-blast, or
 tem-pest loud, Darkens the azuresky, And blights the gay scene; But, where the heart is true,
ad lib.

Soon it regains its hue: Hope spreads a rainbow That makes all se-rene. - - - *ad lib.*

Love's like a sum-mer's day, Warm'd by the sun-ny ray, Fann'd by light Zephyr's wing, And
a tempo.

scent-ed by flow-ers; Love's like a summer's day, Warm'd by the sun-ny ray, Fann'd by light
 Zephyr's wing, And scent-ed by flow-ers, Fann'd by light Zephyr's wing, And scent-ed by flow-ers, And
Cadenza ad lib.

scent-ed by flow'rs, And scent-ed by flow'rs, And scent-ed by flow'rs, And scent-ed by flow'rs.

THOU HAST WOVEN THE SPELL.

The Poetry by George P. Morris; the Music by Austin Phillips.—Published by Davidson.

Andante.

Thou hast wo-ven the spell that hath bound me Through all the dark changes of years,
And the smiles that I wore when I found thee Have faded and melted in tears. Like the
poor wounded fawn from the mountain, Who seeks out the clear sil-ver tide, I have
lin-ger'd in vain at the foun-tain Of hope—with a shaft in my side. Thou hast
wo-ven the spell that hath bound me Through all the sad changes of years, And the
smiles that I wore when I found thee Have fa-ded and melt-ed in tears.
Thou hast taught me that love's rosy fetters Like the lone bird that flutters her pinion,
A pang from the thorns may impart, And warbles in bondage her strain,
That the coinage of vows and of letters I have struggled to fly thy dominion,
Comes not from the mint of the heart. But find that the effort is vain.

THE EVENING STAR.

Composed by Thomas Bridgewater.

Allegretto

O! sweet-ly shines the sum-mer sun When Heav'n from clouds is free, And
bright-ly gleams the moon-light On field, rock, and so-rest tree; But, to the pen-sive
heart of love—O! sweeter than these, by far, It is with de-vious steps to rove Be-
neath the ev'-ning star; But, to the pen-sive heart of love—O! sweet-er than
these, by far, It is with devious steps to rove Be-neath the ev'-ning star.
For all the future cannot give To others give the festive hall,
What spaceless time hath reft; Where wine-cups shine in light,—
And, Jessy, since thou ceas'd to live, The music of the crowded ball,
A vacant world is left. With beauty's lustre bright;—
I turn me to my days of love,— But give to me the lonely dell—
The sweetest on earth by far,— Sweeter than these by far,—
And oft, in thought, with thee I rove Where pine-trees wave, and waters swell,
Beneath the ev'ning star! Beneath the ev'ning star!

THE BOAR-HUNT.

The Music by Mozart.

Con Spirito.

See the bright sun-beam of gold lights the moun-tain, Soon will he gild both the
mo-rass and flood; Now the wild boar drinks from nature's clear fountain, Soon will the ja-ve-lin
reek in his blood. Hark! the horn calls a-way, and starts the wild boar; Then bold-ly we
fol-low thro' for-est, o'er moor, While our dogs bay loud, and our hor-ses neigh, Thro'
brush-wood and dan-ger;—Hark! on and a-way! While our dogs bay loud, and our
hor-ses neigh, Thro' brush-wood and dan-ger—Hark! on and a-way! To hunt the
boar, whose roar's as loud As na-ture's rude trum-pet, a burst-ing cloud.

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

Thunder he's roaring! like light'ning we're flying!
The dogs again grapple, again he's at bay:
The jav'lin's fix him; but, though he is dying,
Dogs he throws from him, till lifeless they lay.
Hark! the horn sounds his knell, and gathers the
band;
With jav'lin's rais'd, round the carcass we stand;
Then, mounting our steeds, right homeward we
stray,
Till next morning's sunbeam shall call us away.
To hunt the boar, &c.

MARY, LAY THY HEART AT REST.

The Music by John Whitaker.

Andantino.

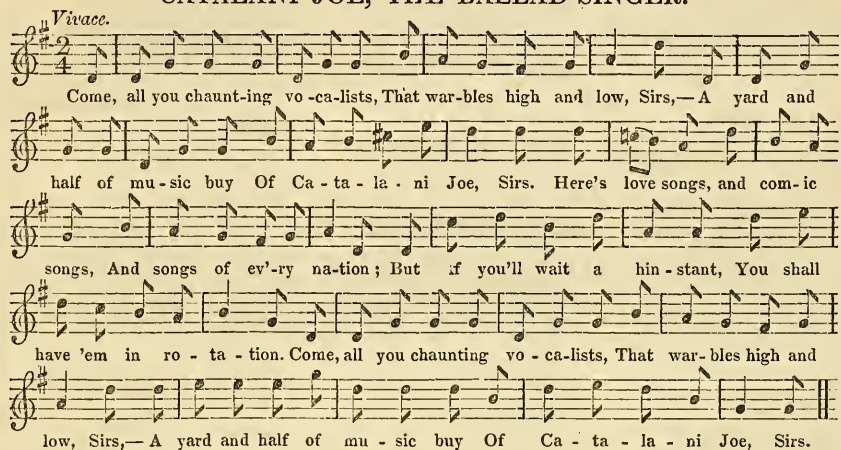
Off spring fair of love di-vine, To my suit in-cline thee; Gen-tle vir-gin,
wert thou mine, Round my heart I'd twine thee; Watch-ful o'er thy
slum-bers lie, See thee smile, see thee smile, or hear thee sigh; See thee smile or
hear thee sigh; E-ver glad to cheer thee. Ga-zing still, with



Mary, lay thy heart at rest,
Safely on my bosom;
Fear not danger, lovely guest,—
Nature's choicest blossom.
Ere this heart would injure thee,
It should break and cease to be;

Think I'd ne'er deceive thee.
Angry kings might then contend,
Adverse pow'rs their rights defend;
Peace with thee, my charming friend,
Would be mine, believe me.

CATALANI JOE, THE BALLAD-SINGER.



My wife she is a wonder quite—
I cannot love another;
That's the ticket; take a sight;
Roger, how's your mother?
I couldn't think of such a thing,
While the stormy winds do blow, sirs;
What's a house without a woman?
With a helmet on his brow, sirs.
Come, all ye, &c.

Pretty little Sally;
My Helen is the fairest flower,—
She lives in our alley.
Why are you wandering here. I pray?
On the banks of the beautiful Rhine,
sir,
We met the queen in a one-horse shay,
Wearing a four-and-nine, sir.
Come, all ye, &c.

When the southern breezes blow,
Hurra, I'm off to sea, love;
Such a beauty I did grow;
Do you ever think of me, love?
Why did I love? Ax my eye;
Lasses love the sailors;
Tom Bowling, what's a woman like?
The devil among the tailors.
Come, all ye, &c.

When a little farm we keep
On the banks of Allan Water;
We met the moralizing sweep
With Lord Ullin's daughter.
Thump, thump, scold, scold;
The washewoman's wrangle;
My dearest Jane, my pretty Jane,
Has your mother sold her mangle?
Come, all ye, &c.

The light of other days shall shine
Upon the blighted flower;
Bid me discourse, with those we love,
At the midnight hour.
Here's John Anderson my Joe;
We met—'twas near the mile end;
And here's Kate Kearney jumping Jim
Crow
With the King of the Cannibal Islands.
Come, all ye, &c.

Love was once a little pet;
Never go a tossing;
I'm over young to marry yet
The man wot sweeps the crossing.
Meet me at the garden gate,—
A fig for pride or riches;
Pray Goody please to moderate—
Hodge's leather breeches.
Come, all ye, &c.

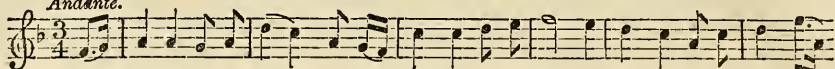
Maggie Launder, who are you?
The sun is o'er the mountain;
John White, to-day I'm sixty two
Let's wander by the fountain.
Sweet eyes, deep in a forest dell,
Doctors: they can ease ills;
Father thankee's pretty well,
Mother's got the measles.
Come, all ye, &c.
Now's the day and now's the hour.

In infancy our hopes and fears—
Begone dull care, O!
The flag that brav'd a thousand years
At a country fair, O!
Far from me my lover lies;
Sound the trumpet boldly;
Drink to me only with thine eyes,
In a fashionable coaley.
Come, all ye, &c.

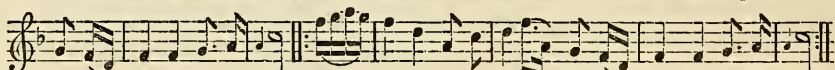
Bill Jones, she never told her love,
Going out a fishing;
Mother, give your boy a buss,—
A chapter upon kissing.
You gentlemen of England,
We've lived and loved together;
God bless our Queen Victoria,
And may she reign for ever.
Come, all ye, &c.

GILL MORICE.

Scottish Ballad.—The Poem by Allan Ramsay; the Music by Robert Bremner.

Andante.

Gill Morice was an Earl's son, His name it wax-ed wide; It was nae for his great rich-



es, Nor yet his mic-kle pride; But it was for a la-dy gay, That liv'd on Carron side.

'Where will I get a bonny boy,
'That will win hose and shoon,—
'That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',
'And bid his lady cum?
'Ye maun rin this errand, Willie,
'And ye may rin wi' pride;
'When other boys gae on their feet,
'On horseback ye sall ride.'

'Oh no! oh no! my master dear!
I dare nae for my life;
I'll nae gae to the auld baron's,
For to tryst forth his wife.'
'My baird Willie, my boy Willie,
'My dear Willie,' he said,
'How can ye strive against the stream?
'For I sall be obeyed.'

'But, oh! my master dear,' he cried,
'In Green Wood ye're your lane;
Gi' o'er sic thoughts, I wou'd ye red,
For fear ye should be ta'en.'

'Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',
'Bid her come here wi' speed;
If ye refuse my high command,
I'll gar thy body bleed.

'Gae bid her tak this gay mantle—
'Tis a' good but the hem—
'Bid her cum to the good Green Wood,
And bring nae but her lane;
And there it is, a silken sark;
And her hand sew'd the sleeve;
And bid her come to Gill Morice,—
Speer nae bauld baron's leave.'

'I will gae your black errand,
Though it be to thy cost;
Sen ye by me will nae be warn'd,
In it ye sall find frost.
The baron he's a man of might,
He ne'er could bid a taunt;
As ye will see, before it's night,
How sma' ye'll hae to vaunt.

Now, sen I maun your errand rin,
Sae sair against my will,
'Ee make a vow, and keep it true,—
It sall be done for ill,
And when he came to broken brigg,
He bent his bow and swam;
And when he came to grass growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

And when he came to Barnard's ha',
Wau'd neither chap nor ca';
But set his bent bow to his breast,
And lightly lap the wa'.
He wau'd tel nae man his errand,
Though twa stood at the gate;
But straight into the ha' he cam,
Whair grit folks sat at meat.

'Hall! hall! my gentle aye and dame!
My message winna wait;
Dane, ye maun to the Green Wood gang,
Before that it be late;
Ye're bidden tak this gay mantle,—
'Tis a' good but the hem:—
Ye maun pae to the good Green Wood
E'en by yoursel alone.

'And there it is, a silken sark;
Your ain hand sew'd the sleeve;
Ye maun come speak to Gill Morice,
Speer nae bauld baron's leave.'
The lady stamped wi' her foot,
And winked wi' her eye;
But a' that she could say or do,
Forbid he wad nae be.

'It's surely to my bow'r-r-woman?
It ne'er could be to me.'
'I brought it to Lady Barnard,—
I trow that ye Le she.
Then, up and spake the wylle nurse
(The bairn upo' her knee),
'If it come frae Gill Morice,
It's dear welcome to me.'

'Ye leld, ye leld, ye filthy nurse,
Sae loud's I hear ye lie;
I brought it to Lady Barnard,—
I trow ye be na she?
Then up and spake the bauld baron—
An angry man wae he;
He's ta'en the table wi' his foot,
In finders gart a' flee:—

'Gae bring a robe of yon eliding,
That hangs upon the plin;
And I'll gae to the good Green Wood,
And spake with your leman.'
'Bide at hame, now, Lord Barnard,
I warn ye bide at hame;
Ne'er wyte a man for violence,
That ne'er wyte ye wi' nane.

Gill Morice sits in good Green Wood,
He whistl'd and he sang;

'O! what meansa' these folks coming;
My mother tarries lang.'
When Lord Barnard to Green Wood
came,

Wi' meikle dule and care,
There first he saw the brave Gill
Morice,
Keming his yellow hair.

'Nae wonder, sure, oh Gill Morice.
My lady lo'ed ye weel;
The fairest part of my body
Is blacker than thy heel.
Yet ne'ertheless, now, Gill Morice,
For a' thy great beauty,
Ye's rue the day ye e'er was born;
That head sall gae wi' me.'

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slait it on the strae;
And through Gill Morice's fair body
He's gar'd could iron gae;
And he has ta'en Gill Morice's head,
And set it on a spear;
The meanest man in a' his train
Has got that head to bear.

And he has ta'en Gill Morice up,
Laid him across his steid,
And brought him to his painted bow'r,
And laid him on a bed.
The lady sat on castle wa',
Beheld both dale and down,

And there she saw Gill Morice'
head
Come tralling to the town.

'Far mair I lo'e that bloody head,
Bot' and that yellow hair,
Than Lord Barnard, and a' his
lands,
As they lie here and there.'
And she has ta'en her Gill Morice,
And kiss'd both mouth and chin,—
'I once was fou of Gill Morice,
Aa hip was o' the stane.

'I got ye in my father's house,
Wi' meikle sin and shame;
I brought thee up in good Green
Wood.

Under the heavy rain;
Oft have I by thy cradle sat;
And fondly seen thee sleep;
But now I'll gae about thy grave,
The sa't tears for to weep.'

And syne she kiss'd his bloody cheek,
And syne his bloody chin,—
'Better I lo'ed my Gill Morice,
Than a' my kith and kin!
Away, away, ye ill woman!
An ill deed mait ye die;
Gin I had ken'd he'd been your son,
He'd ne'er been slain for me.'

'Upbrald me not, my Lord Barnard,
Upbrald me not for shame!
Wi' that aame spear, O pierce my
heart!

And put me out o' pain.
Since naething but Gill Morice's head
Thy jealous rage could quell,
Let that same hand now take her life
That ne'er to thee did ill.

'To me nae after days nor nights
Will e'er be saft or kind;
I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,
And greet till I am blind.'
'Enough of blood by me's been spilt;
Seek not your death frae me;
I rather it had been myself
Than either him or thee.

'With waeifu' wae I bear your plaint;
Sair, sair, I rue the deed,
That e'er this cursed hand of mine
Did gar his body bleed.
Dry up your tears, my winsome dame,
Ye ne'er can heal the wound;
You see his head upon the spear,
His heart's blood on the ground.

'I curse the hand that did the deed,
The heart that thought the ill;
The feet that bore me wi' sic speed
The comely youth to kill
I'll ay lament for Gill Morice,
As gin he were my ain;
I'll ne'er forget the dreary day
On which the youth was slain.'

THE SHAPE ALONE LET OTHERS PRIZE.

The Poetry by Akenside ; the Music by J. Fisin.

Andante.

The shape a-lone let o-thers prize The fea-tures of the fair;—I look for spi-rit
in her eyes, And mean-ing in her air— And mean-ing in her air. A
dam-ask cheek and iv-'ry arm shall ne'er in-vish-es win: Give me an a-ni-
ma-ted form, That speaks a mind with - la, That speaks a mind with - in.

A face where awful honour shines,—
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel innocence refines
The tenderness of love.
These are the soul of beauty's frame,
Without whose vital aid
Unfinish'd all her features seem,
And all her roses dead.

Ah! where both their charms unite,
How perfect is the view,—
With every image of delight,
With graces ever new.
Their power, but faintly to express,
All language must despair;
But, go behold my Anna's face,
And read it perfect there.

SURE, SALLY IS THE LOVELIEST LASS.

The Music by Dr. Arne.

Andante.

Sure, Sal-ly is the love-li-est lass, That e'er gave shep-herd glee; Not
May-day in its morn-ing dress Is half as fair as she! Let
po-ets paint the Pa-phian Queen, And fan-cy'd forms a-dore: Ye
bards, had ye my Sal-ly seen, Ye'd think of those no more.

No more ye'd prate of Hybla's Hill,
Where bees their honey sip,
Did ye but know the sweets that dwell
On Sally's love-fraught lip.
But ah! take heed, ye tuneful swains,
The ripe temptation shun;
Or else like me ye'll wear her chains,
Ye'll be like me undone.

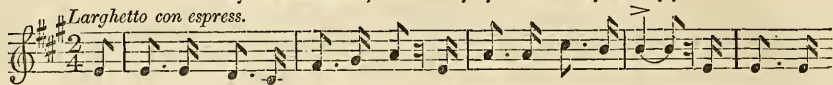
Once in my cot secure I slept,
Then, lark-like, hail'd the dawn;
More sportive than the kids I kept,
I wanton'd o'er the lawn;
To every maid, love's tale I told,
And did my truth aver;
Yet, ere the parting kiss was cold,
I laugh'd at love and her.

But now the gloomy grove I seek,
Where love-lorn shepherds stray;
There to the winds my griefs I speak,
And sigh my soul away;
Naught but despair my fancy paints,—
No dawn of hope I see;
For Sally's pleas'd with my complaints,
And laughs at love and me.

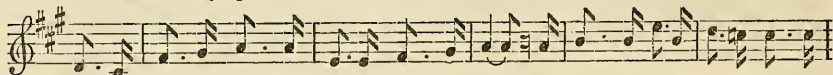
Since this, my poor neglected lambs,
So late my only care,
Have left their fond, their fleecy dams,
And stray'd I know not where.
Alas! my ewes! in vain ye bleat;—
My lambskins lost,—adieu!
No more we on the plain shall meet,
For lost's your shepherd, too.

O! CANST THOU JUDGE HOW DEAR THOU ART.

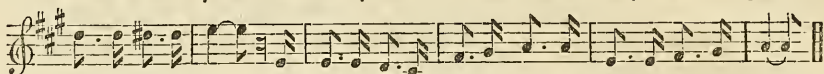
From 'Lays of a Minstrel,' the Poetry by Thomas Haynes Bayly.

Larghetto con espress.

O! canst thou judge how dear thou art-- How ve - ry dear to me? When thus I



strive to wean my heart From ear-ly friends for thee? The town may be a merry place; But



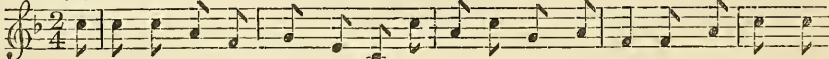
that is not my care: There is not one fa - mi-liar face To give me wel-come there.

I go from many friends, so kind,
They see no fault in me;
I go where I expect to find
No earthly friend but thee!
I leave them all, and 'tis my choice;
Believe not I repine:
I never wish to hear a voice,
Or see a smile, but thine.

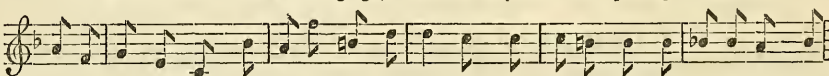
To one so gay, my native glen
Must seem a dreary spot;
I know the restless hearts of men
Despise so calm a lot.
In this lone vale thou couldst not dwell;
Ah! no—not e'en for me:
Then, be it so; but use me well;—
I give up all for thee!

UMBRELLA COURTSHIP.

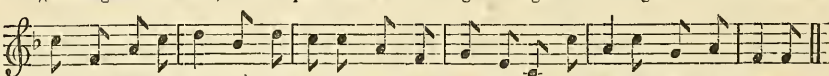
English Comic Song.

Moderato.

A belle and beau would walk-ing go, In love they both were pi-ning; The wind in



gen-tle gales did blow, An A-pril sun was shining. Though Simon long had courted Miss, He



knew he'd acted wrong, in Not hav-ing dar'd to steal a kiss, Which set her quite a - long-ing.

It soon occurred, as they did walk,
And view'd each dale, so flow'ry,
As Simon by her side did stalk,
Declar'd the sky look'd show'ry.
The rain came to her like a drug,—
When loudly he did bellow,
'Look here, my love, we can be snug,—
I've brought a new umbrella.'

Quick flew the shelter over Miss;—
Now Simon was a droll one,—
He thought this was the time to kiss,
So from her lips he stole one.
She blush'd;—the rain left off, and he
The umbrella closed for draining:
'O! don't,' says she, 'I plainly see
It hasn't left off raining.'

Now, Simon, when he smok'd the plan,
The umbrella lighted;
He grew quite bold, talk'd like a man,
And she seem'd quite delighted.

Their lips rung chimes, full fifty times,
Like simple lovers training:
Says she, 'These are but lovers' crimes;
I hope it won't cease raining.'

He kiss'd her out of her consent
That she'd become his bride; hence,
To buy the ring was his intent,
And then to get a licence.
They parted, but he took much pains
Where they should meet to tell her:
Says she, 'I'll meet when next it rains,—
So bring your umbrella.'

The wedding morn, no time to waste,
He arose before 'twas day;
And, just as if to please her taste,
It was a shocking wet day.
They married were, had children dear,—
Eight round-fac'd little fellows:
But, strange to state, the whole of the eight
Were marked with umbrellas.

MY NATIVE LAND, GOOD NIGHT.

The Poetry by Lord Byron; the Music by Miss Fowler.

Moderato.

A - dieu, a - dieu! my na - tive shore Fades o'er the wa - ters blue: The
 night-winds sigh, the break - ers roar, And shrieks the wild sea - mew. Yon
 sun, that sets up - on the sea, We fol - low in his flight: Fare-well a - while to
 him and thee—My na - tive land, good night! My na - tive land, good night!
 With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go Athwart the foaming brine,
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to, So not again to mice!
 Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves! And when you fail my sight,
 Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves! My native land, good night!

TYROLESE EVENING HYMN.

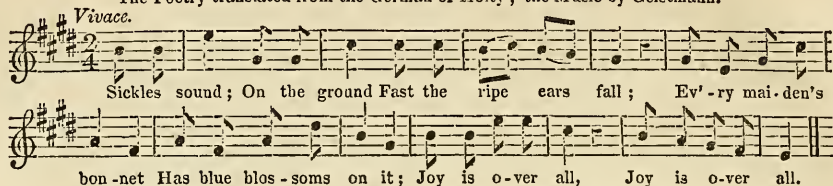
The Poetry by Mrs. Hemans.

Moderato.

Come, come, come, come to the sun - set tree—The day is past and gone; The
 wood-man's axe lies free, And the rea-per's work is done: The twi-ght star is
 heav'n, And the sum-mer-dew to flow'rs; And rest to us is giv'n, By the cool soft
 ev'n-ing hours. Come, come, come, come to the sun - set tree—The day is
 past and gone; The wood-man's axe lies free, And the rea-per's work is done.
 Sweet is the hour of rest— Pleasant the wood's low sigh,
 And the gleaming of the west, And the turf whereon we lie:
 When the burthen and the heat Of labour's task are o'er,
 And kindly voices greet The tir'd one at his door.
 Come, come, come, &c.
 Yes, tuneful is the sound That dwells in whisp'ring boughs;
 Welcome the freshness round And the gale that fans our brows:
 But rest more sweet and still Than even nightfall gave,
 Our yearning hearts shall fill In the world beyond the grave.
 Come, come, come, &c.
 There shall no tempests blow, No scorching noontide heat;
 There shall be no more snow, No weary wand'ring feet:
 So we lift our trusting eyes From the hills our fathers trod,
 To the quiet of the skies, To the Sabbath of our God.
 Come, come, come, &c.

HARVEST SONG.

The Poetry translated from the German of Holty ; the Music by Geistmann.



bon-net Has blue blos-soms on it ; Joy is o-ver all, Joy is o-ver all.

Sickles ring,
Maidens singTo the sickle's sound :
Till the moon is beaming,
And the stubble gleaming,
Harvest songs go round.All are springing,
All are singing,
Every lisping thing.
Man and master meet,—
From one dish they eat ;
Each is now a king.

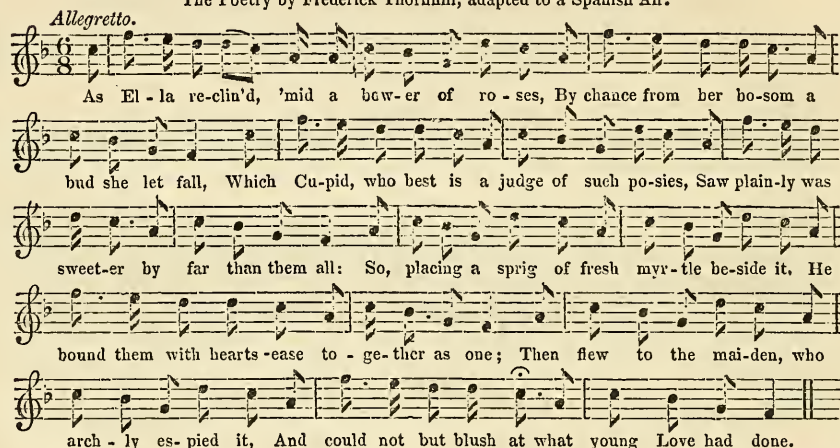
Hans and Michael

Whet the sickle,

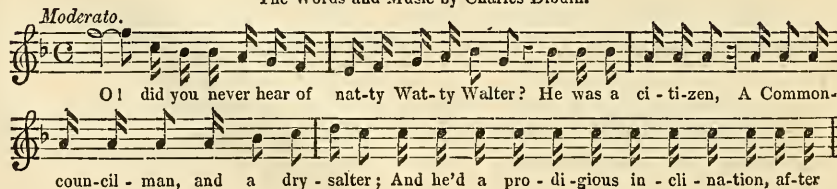
Piping merrily.

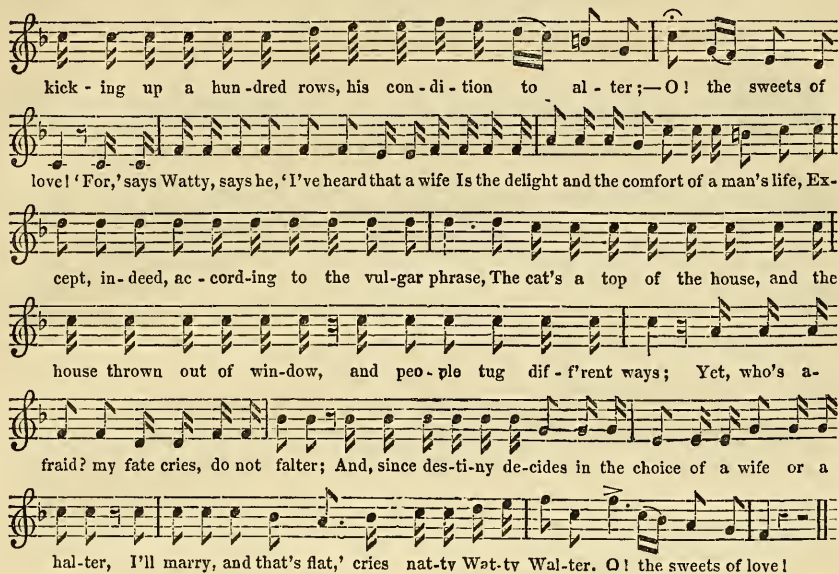
Now they mow,—each maiden
Soon with sheaves is laden,
Busy as a bee.Now the blisses,
And the kisses !
Now the wit doth flow
Till the beer is out ;
Then, with song and shout,
Home they go ! yo ho !~~~~~
LOVE AND THE ROSEBUD.

The Poetry by Frederick Thoruhill, adapted to a Spanish Air.

'Nay, blush not,' said Cupid, 'to find your lost
flower [join'd]
So close with this bright blooming evergreen
O! may I behold, in some fortunate hour,
Each fair virgin blossom as dearly entwined!For sure 'tis a truth, and by none should be
sighted, [we own,
That these buds, which the pride of our garden
Will blossom more sweetly, by love thus united,
Than when they are destin'd to blossom alone.'~~~~~
THE SWEETS OF LOVE.

The Words and Music by Charles Dibdin.





kick - ing up a hun - dred rows, his con - di - tion to al - ter;—O! the sweets of
love! 'For,' says Watty, says he, 'I've heard that a wife Is the delight and the comfort of a man's life, Ex -
cept, in - deed, ac - cord - ing to the vul - gar phrase, The cat's a top of the house, and the
house thrown out of win - dow, and peo - ple tug dif - f'rent ways; Yet, who's a -
fraid? my fate cries, do not falter; And, since des - ti - ny de - cides in the choice of a wife or a
hal - ter, I'll marry, and that's flat,' cries nat - ty Wat - ty Wal - ter. O! the sweets of love!

O! did you never hear of pretty Kitty Twisskin?
Her father kept a porkshop, and she was all over
red and white, like a pork griskin;
And the loves and graces in her eyes and her nose,
and every one of her dimples, were perfectly
O! the sweets of love! [frisking.
But poor dear Kitty began to be horribly afraid
That she should die what people generally under -
stand by the term an Old Maid!
So, after turning the subject in all manner of shapes,
She could not bear the idea of going to the devil
and leading apes;
So, up her features with a little of the right French
rouge she began to be brisking,
And cock'd up her nose, and set her cap, and was
perpetually frisking; [Kitty Twisskin.
For determin'd to have a husband was pretty
O! the sweets of love!

O! did you never hear that people eat and drink
in the city? [smart and so witty?
And that they sing songs, and give toasts, all so
And that the husbands get money to dress out
their wives and their daughters so neat and so
O! the sweets of love! [pretty?
Well, you are to know that the Lord Mayor gave
a ball, [thinking of nothing at all;
And Watty and Kitty happened to be there,
So Cupid let fly an arrow, which hit Wat in a zig -
zag direction, like an izzard,
And, rebounding, enter'd Kitty's heart, as she
was swallowing the devil in the shape of a
turkey's gizzard;
And, from that moment, she thought him so gen -
teel, and he thought her so witty,
And she could think of nothing but Watty, and
he of nothing but Kitty;
And these were the delicious effects of eating and
drinking in the city.
O! the sweets of love!

O! did you never hear of a place call'd Doctors'
Commons?

Where, for births, and deaths, and marriages, and
hanging, and divorces, they issue their sum -
mons;

Where the wife's heart is considered first her own,
afterwards her husband's, then her gallant's,
and at last no man's!

O! the sweets of love!
Well, you see, Watty called upon one of the
proctors,—

A set of gentlemen, who, in all family complaints,
are a set of quack-doctors; [roundly swore;
And that he was a bachelor, and Kitty a maid, he
And that they were both at years of discretion, and
a great deal more; [ings and comings,
So, after some scribbling, and a great many go -
And questions and answers, and inquiries, and
haaings and hummings, [tors' Commons.
The priest confirm'd the fiat issued out at Doc -
O! the sweets of love!

O! did you never hear of a ceremony call'd throw -
ing the stocking? [so shocking:—

Which some people think so delicious, and others
Well, the bride men and maids, to wish the bride
and bridegroom a good night, had all been
O! the sweets of love. [flocking.

After which they returned to drink, in possets and
wine,

Their-wishes that Hymen's torch on their joys
might ever shine;

All which wishes prov'd so propitious, that, as the
sun shines at noon—

Unless it should happen to be cloudy—and the
loves and the pleasures decorate nature in
June,

Their hours pass'd so sweetly throughout their
lives—oh, no! throughout the honeymoon—

That a crowd of delights in their minds were per -
petually flocking,

And they declar'd there was never so pretty a ce -
remony as throwing of the stocking.

O! the sweets of love!

LOVE'S MAGIC EYE.

The Poetry by Harry Stoe Van Dyk; the Music by John Barnett.

Allegretto.

There's a ma-gic in thine eye, love, Which seems a soul of light; There's a mu-sic in thy sigh, love, More sweet than lutes at night—There's a ma-gic in thine eye, love, Which seems a soul of light; There's a mu-sic in thy sigh, love, More sweet than lutes at night. O! thy ev'-ry word's a song, love, Thy ev'-ry breath's a rose—O! thy ev'-ry word's a song, love, Thy ev'-ry breath's a rose: For they steal, they steal thy lips a - long, love, And scent them' as they close— For they steal, they steal thy lips a - long, love, And scent them as they close, And scent them as they close, And scent them as they close.

I shall ne'er forget the day, love,
When first I heard thee sing;
O! 'twas like the young birds' lay, love,
That wakes the infant spring:

For the music of thy lips, love,
Was sweetly faint to me,
As the sound of oar that dips, love,
At moonlight in the sea.

I HAVE LOV'D THEE ONLY.

The Poetry by H. S. Riddell; the Music by Peter M'Leod.

Moderato con espress.

I can wish that bliss may find thee, Where-so-e'er thy home may be, Tho' thou thus hast left un-kind-ly Her who on-ly liv'd for thee! I have lov'd thee on-ly—lov'd thee With a

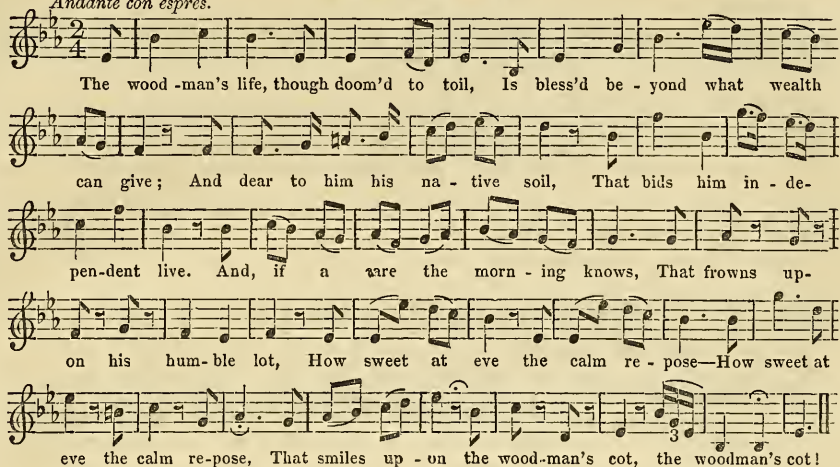
kindness felt by few; I have lov'd thee on-ly—lov'd thee With a feel-ing all too true!

Though the words which thou hast spoken
Thi lone heart may oft recall,
O'er the ties that thou hast broken
Time shall see no tear-drop fall.
Still I lov'd thee only—lov'd thee
Till that dreary coldness came
That has left me lonely—left me
With a heart that hath no aim.

There is light in yonder Heaven,
Though the shadows deepen here;
And the joys may yet be given,
That shall bring no future tear.
I have lov'd thee truly—lov'd thee
In the hours of peace and pain;
I have loved thee truly—loved thee
As I ne'er can love again.

THE WOODMAN'S COT.

The Music by Michael Kelly.

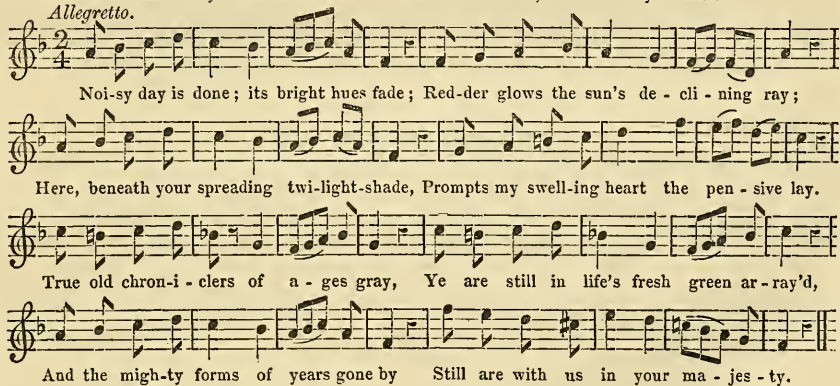
Andante con espres.

At early day he loves to hear
The cheerful song that swells around,
The sweetest music to his ear,
To list the falling axe around.

And, though some care his labour knows,
Yet health and freedom are his lot;
And weat at eve the calm repose
That smiles upon the woodman's cot.

THE FIVE OAKS BEFORE DALLWITZ.

The Poetry translated from the German of Körner; the Music by Húmel.

Allegretto.

Many a noble form has death laid low;
Many a flower too early snatch'd away;
Through your softly-glimmering twigs, e'en now,
Steals the farewell smile of dying day.
Yet, unheeding time's remorseless flow,
Ye have bid defiance to decay;
In your twigs I hear a voice that saith, [death!]
Whispering, 'What is great shall live through
And ye have lived on!—Ye tower on high,
Bold and fresh, in vigorous green array'd.
Haply not a pilgrim journeying by
But shall rest him in your soothing shade.

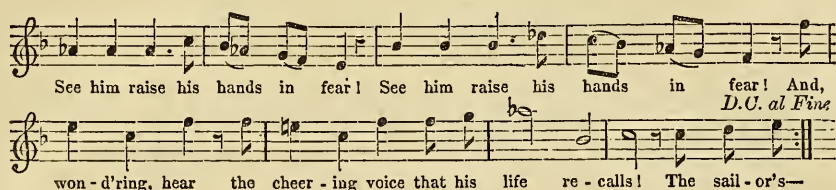
What though pale-fac'd Autumn, with a sigh,
Marks your leafy children fall and fade?
E'en in death they keep a precious trust;
Your spring glories bloom from out their dust.
Fair image of old German loyalty,
As in better days it has been known,
When, with glad devotion fired, the free,
Dying, laid their country's corner-stone,—
Why should I renew the pang? Ah me!
'Tis a pang each bosom feels its own!
Mightiest of the mighty, German land,
Thou art in the dust—thy old oaks stand!

WHEN BRITAIN ON THE FOAMING MAIN.

The Music by Shield.

Moderato

When Bri - tain on the foam-ing main Bids her sons their rights de - clare; When
 Bri - tain on the foam-ing main, on the foam-ing main, Her na-tive reign, Bids her sons their
 rights de-clare; Soon as her fires have taught the foe, have taught the foe, A -
 gain to know Who their daunt-less con - que-rors are; Soon as her fires have
 taught the foe, have taught the foe, A - gain to know Who their daunt - less
 con-que-rors are;— The sai-lor's bo - som swells with joy, Be-yond the glo - ry
 to de - stroy— He feels the pow'r to save, He feels the pow'r to save: He,
 conqu'ring, views a foe no more, In him who sought his life be-fore; He, conqu'ring,
 views a foe no more, In him who sought his life be-fore; But lifts him from the
 wave, - - - But lifts him from the wave, - - - But lifts him
Fine.
 from the wave. While seas are roll - - - ing moun-tains
 high, Our boats we ply— 'Tis a fel - low crea-ture falls, 'Tis a fel - low
 crea-ture falls! While seas are rolling moun - - - tains high, Our
 boats we ply— 'Tis a fel - low creature falls, 'Tis a fel - low crea-ture falls!

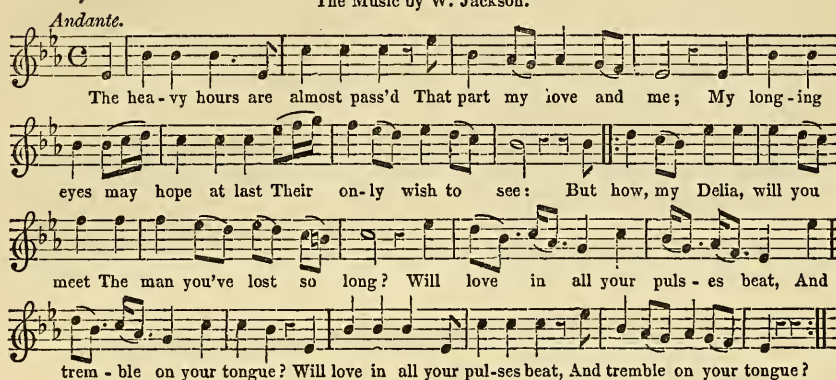


See him raise his hands in fear! See him raise his hands in fear! And,
D.C. al Fine
won-d'ring, hear the cheer-ing voice that his life re-calls! The sail-or's—

THE HEAVY HOURS.

The Music by W. Jackson.

Andante.



The hea-vy hours are almost pass'd That part my love and me; My long-ing
eyes may hope at last Their on-ly wish to see: But how, my Delia, will you
meet The man you've lost so long? Will love in all your puls-es beat, And
trem-ble on your tongue? Will love in all your pul-ses beat, And tremble on your tongue?

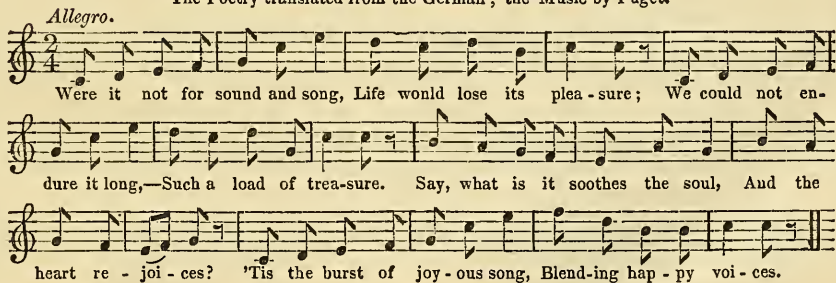
Will you in ev'ry look declare
Your heart is still the same,
And heal each idly anxious care
Our fears in absence frame?
Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
When we shall shortly meet;
And try what yet remains between,
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

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

PRAISE OF SINGING.

The Poetry translated from the German; the Music by Puget.

Allegro.



Were it not for sound and song, Life would lose its plea-sure; We could not en-
dure it long,—Such a load of trea-sure. Say, what is it soothes the soul, And the
heart re-joices? 'Tis the burst of joy-ous song, Blend-ing hap-py voi-ces.

When the heavy hours drag,
Heavier hours bringing,
When our spirits faint and flag,
Then we take to singing.
Cheerily, the while we sing,
Flies the lighten'd hour;
Dulness lifts his drooping wing,
Rous'd by Music's power.

Larks that soar in upper air,
Nightingales in bowers,
Quails that sing in meadows fair,
Flying through the flowers,—
How they warble! Sky and grove
With their songs are ringing!
We, like them, will evermore
Cheer the hours with singing.

THE DYING BARD TO HIS HARP.

Welsh Melody; the Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.

Allegretto.

Di-nas Em-linn, la-ment, for the mo-ment is nigh, When mute in the
wood-lands thine e-choes shall die; No more by sweet Tei-vi Cad-wal-
lon shall rave, And mix his wild notes with the wild dash-ing wave.

In spring and in autumn, thy glories of shade
Unhonour'd shall flourish, unhonour'd shall fade;
For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue,
That view'd them with rapture, with rapture that
sung.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their pride,
And chase the proud Saxons from Prestatyn's side;
But where is the harp shall give life to their name?
And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame?

And, O! Dinas Emlinn! thy daughters so fair,
Who heave the white bosom and wave the dark hair;

What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,
When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall die?

Then adieu, silver Teivi! I quit thy lov'd scene,
To join the dim choir of the bards who have been;
With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the old,
And sage Taliessin, high harping to hold.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn! still green be thy shades,
Unconquer'd thy warriors, and matchless thy maids!
And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness can
tell,

Farewell, my lov'd harp! my last treasure, farewell!

YES, YES, THOU ART REMEMBER'D STILL.

The Music arranged by Louis Jansen.

Andante.

Yes, yes! thou art re-mem-ber'd still, Though now torn from each
spot so dear; With them my memo'ry loves to dwell, And proves the
source of sor-row's tear. Gay fashion's scenes con-vey no charms—They cannot smother
keen re-gret; Tho' forc'd in them to bear a part, They can-not force me to for-
get; Tho' forc'd in them to bear a part, They can-not force me to for-get!

Yes, yes! thou art remember'd still;
Also the scenes where we have stray'd,—
The grot so calm, the purling rill,
Or daisy sweet besprinkl'd glade.
Ambition's mandate now is past;—
Thus the bright hours of love are set.
What though these joys were not to last?
They cannot teach us to forget.

Yes, yes! thou art remember'd still,—
Time, place, or pow'r will cause no change:
Fond hope oft plays about my heart,
And in her visions sweet I range.

These heavy hours may pass away,—
With them the cause of our regret;
There yet may come a happy day
When we past sorrow shall forget.

Yes, yes! I'll still remember thee,
Though hurried on from scene to scene;
No force will raise my constancy,—
Thy image still will intervene.
I'll quit the gayest of the gay,
To retrace these scenes where we have met;
But, if those joys return no more,
I never, never, can forget

THE GLOWWORM AND THE STAR.

A Lyric Fable.—The Words and Music by J. A. Wade.

Allegretto.

'Put out, put out thy light, Poor sil - ly worm of earth! I've beam'd in beauty bright, Long
years be-fore thy birth! Poor sil - ly worm of earth! I've beam'd in beau - ty bright, Long
years be-fore thy birth! How canst thou dare to show Thy fee - ble ray with mine?
Worms may seek to glow, But on - ly stars can shine— Worms may seek to glow, But
on - ly stars can shine On a mid - summer night like this, On a mid-sum-mer night like
this— 'Tis on - ly stars that shine On a mid - sum-mer night like this!'

'Twas thus a star address'd

A glowworm of the vale,

That rear'd its silver crest

In dewy lustre pale!

The angry worm replies:

'No borrow'd light is mine,

Proud meteor of the skies!

With native rays I shine,

On a midsummer-night, &c.

While thus they vainly strove,

I heard a casement rise—

I look'd and saw my love,

With her two laughing eyes!

The worm and star saw, too,

For full of jealous spleen,

Their feeble lights withdrew,

And left my Mary Queen!

On a midsummer-night, &c.

LOVE IN MYRTLE BOWERS.

The Music by Charles Jarvis.

Andante.

'Tis said young Love seeks myr-tle bow'rs, To rest his down - y wing; 'Tis
said he lives in sum-mer flow'rs, And forms the bliss of spring: But where, when
win - try gales destroy The sum-mer's mos - sy seat, And chill the
wood-land notes of joy, Ah! where - - shall Love - - re - treat?

'Forbear these sighs,' young Love replied,

And whisp'ring echo taught

The chord to every heart that sigh'd,

The tone to every thought.

'You'll find me in the faithful soul,

In palace, cot, or cell;

You'll meet me at the Arctic Pole,

And where the Grisons dwell.'

'Love wanders mid the Torrid Zone,—

On ocean's bosom, too;

The happiest heart he calls his own,

And makes his home with you.

Then strike the harp, and tune the lay,

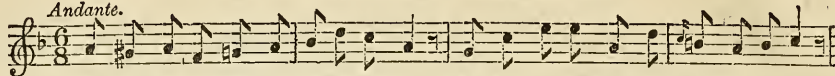
And let the fireside cheer;

Young Love will gild the waning day,

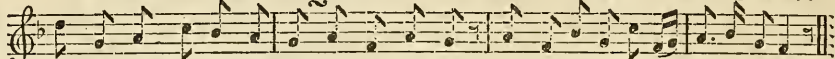
And bless the present year.'

THE PARTING SERENADE.

The Poetry by F. W. Rosier; the Music by Spohr.

Andante.

Ev'-ning is clo-sing o'er valley and hill, Stars are ap-pearing, and fa-ding the day;—

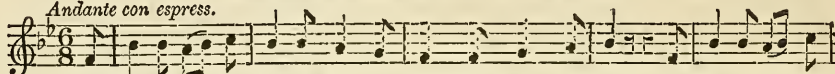


Come to your window, my fair-est, and hear me;— Far, ere to-morrow, I wan-der away.

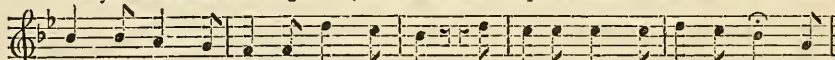
Long have you known my esteem, my devotion; Let us not part, then, in sadness and sorrow
 Long have I lov'd you in weal and in woe: Grant me one look, for to-morrow I go.

THEY TELL ME SHE'S NO LONGER FAIR.

American Ballad, the Music by William Astor.

Andante con espress.

They tell me she's no lon-ger fair, that time has swept a-side The lus-tre of her



youth-ful brow, her beau-ty's bloom-ing pride; But, if her heart is yet the same, still



gen-tle as of yore, Then is she beau-ti-ful to me, more lovely than be-fore.

They tell me that her cheek is pale as is the twilight hour,

And that her eye hath lost its light, [former pow'r :
 But if her soul is yet as chaste, still gentleness is
 there;— [still fair.

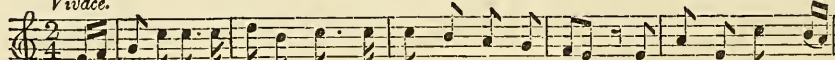
Then is her eye to me still bright, her cheek to me

For O ! 'tis in the shrined soul where beauty truly dwells,

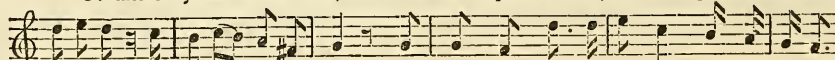
Where virtue lives and faith exists, like pearls in
 Give me a feeling faithful heart, perfection's rich-
 est prize;— [dies.

That is the temple of all love, where beauty never

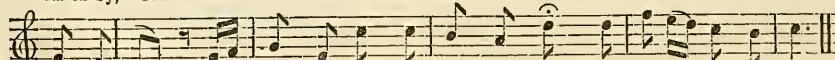
THE MARINER'S SONG.

Vivace.

O! mer-ri-ly the sai-lor lives, Who o'er the deep doth roam; The tempest sounds his



lul-la-by,—Old o-ccean is his home. Tho' thun-ders roar a-bove him, And the bil-lows



boil be-low, His heart is light with-in him, lads, What-e-ver wind doth blow.

And when afar on sunny seas,
 When gentlest airs are fleeting,
 He hails some glad returning bark,
 With shouts of joyous greeting,
 She bears his fond remembrances
 To sweet friends o'er the main;
 Though some, alas! poor mariner,
 He may not see again!

Yet cheerily, yet cheerily
 The good ship bears him on,
 Wherever smiles may welcome bear,
 Or glory may be won.

And welcome shall he ever be,
 The generous, brave, sincere,
 Whenever wrong wants righting, lads,
 Or suffering claims a tear.

Then Heaven protect the mariner,
 Who makes his home the deep!
 And guard the dear and distant cot
 Where his little urchins sleep!
 And bless'd be all his wanderings,
 Till off the Eternal shore
 His bark at length shall peacefully
 Be anchor'd evermore!

MISTRESS TIMOTHY TRUTH.

The Words by W. Upton; the Music by W. T. Parke.

Allegretto.

Mis-ter Sam-u-el Sage was a ve-ry rich man, And paid his ad-dress-es to me;
 Yet his age, to be sure, a - bove six-ty had run,—But that was mere no-thing, said he:
 O no! for sin-cere - ly he lov'd me so dear-ly, That, would I his pas-sion as-suage, Tho' he'd
 thou - sands some few—nay, as rich as a Jew, I should be Mis-tress Sam-u - el Sage,
 I should be Mis-tress Sam-u-el Sage, I should be Mis-tress Sam-u-el Sage; Tho' he'd
 thou-sands some few—nay, as rich as a Jew, I should be Mis - tress Samu - el Sage.

Mister Timothy Truth was a modest young swain,

Yet ventur'd to say he lik'd me;

But then, as for money, he'd none, 'twas plain,

And so at a distance sigh'd he:

Yet vow'd he ador'd me—

For pity implor'd me,—

And would I but have him, forsooth,

Were the world all his own,

It should be made known,

I should be made Mistress Timothy Truth!

I should be, &c.

Now between these two lovers, the rich and the

I was quite at a loss what to do: [poor,

But the gout's such an odd pain for maidens to

That I chose the young man of the two—[cure,

And this you must own

Women oft make it known—

An old man they'll give up for a youth:

So, as nothing is worse

Than to wed and turn nurse,

I became Mistress Timothy Truth.

I became, &c.

O! THEN I'LL CEASE TO LOVE.

The Music by Thomas Williams.

Allegretto.

When Na-ture's hand shall fail to yield Her an - nual tri - bute of the field. And
 all shall bar - ren prove, And all shall bar - ren prove; When flow'rs no more a -
 dorn the spring, Or chirp-ing birds their ca - rols sing, Or chirp-ing birds their ca - rols
 sing, O! then I'll cease, I'll cease to love! O! then I'll cease to love! O!
 then I'll cease to love! O! then, O! then I'll cease to love! O! then I'll cease to love!
 When Cynthia's lamp shall gild the day,
 Or Sol by night his beams display
 In Heaven's arch above;

When Time shall draw expiring breath,
 And Love itself be lost in death;—

O! then I'll cease to love!

O! RUDDIER THAN THE CHERRY.

From 'Acis and Galatea.'—The Words by Gay; the Music by Handel.

Andante.

Andante.

From "The Land of the Living," The Words by Gay, the Music by Haendel.

I rage, I rage, I rage, I

melt, I burn,— The fee-ble God has stabb'd me to the heart! Thou trus - ty pine,

Prop of my God-like steps, I lay thee by. Bring me a hur-dred reeds of de-

cent growth, To make a pipe for my ca - pa-cious mouth; In soft en-chanting

ac-cent's, let me breathe Sweet Ga-la-te-a's beauty, and my love. O! ruddier than the

cher-ry; O! sweet-er than the ber-ry; O! rud-dier than the cher-ry; O!

sweet-er than the ber-ry; O! nymph more bright than moon-shine night, Like kid-lings

blithe and mer-ry: O! nymph more bright than moon-shine night, Like kidlings blithe and

mer-ry, Like kidlings blithe and mer-ry, Like kid - lings blithe and mer-ry. O!

rud - dier than the cher-ry; O! sweet-er than the ber-ry; O! rud - dier than the

cher-ry; O! sweet-er than the ber-ry; O! rud - dier than the cher-ry; O!

sweet-er than the ber-ry! O! nymph more bright than moon-shine night, Like

kidlings blithe and mer -

- ry, blithe and mer-ry; O! nymph more bright than moon-shine

night, Like kid-lings blithe and mer-ry. Ripe as the melt-ing clus-ter—No li-ly has more
lus-tre; Yet hard to tame as ra-ging flame, And fierce as storms that blus-ter; Yet
hard to tame as raging flame, And fierce as storms that blus-
- - - - - ter; Yet hard to tame as ra-ging flame, And fierce as storms that bluster 1

SISTER AND I.

The Words by Thomas Dibdin; the Music by Charles Dibdin.

Allegretto.
'We all have our mi-se-ries, great folks and little, And yet it's no sar-vice to
blub-ber and cry: The lad who laughs most is at home to a tit-tle, And tears are sad
drink when sor-row is dry. For me, I've had ser-row e-nough to go hang me—An
orphan, poor de-vil, left ear-ly were I: What then, I'd no fa-ther nor mo-ther to
hang me; What then, I'd no fa-ther nor mo-ther to hang me; For both ran a-way from
sis-ter and I, sis-ter and I, sis-ter and I; For both ran a-way from sis-ter and I.

'Uncle had money; he left it among us,
But his will cost us many a tear and a sigh;
For his two executioners wickedly flung us,
That rogue, Farmer Forestall, and young Law-
yer Sly.

'Twas heart-breaking thus they should wrong their
employer;

"But," said I, "I'll have one bit of fun, if I
die:"

So the farmer I thrash'd, and well leather'd the
lawyer;—

And up to town travell'd poor sister and I.

In Lunnun, of course, we made many a blunder,
And sister were teas'd by coxcomical elves;
Who wanted her virtue, but that were no wonder,
Seeing as how they had none for themselves.

She got a good place, and was wed to her mas-
ter,

But, proving ungrateful, left me, by the bye;
Yet, since doing our duty for care is a plaster,
Who's most cause to be wretched, sister or I?

Thus sang a poor bumpkin, sorrow beguiling,
Thinking his case of all others the worst;
Till turning, he saw where his sister stood smiling,
Her husband with mirth, too, ready to burst.

She cried, but with joy, while his hand she was
pressing,

'Dear brother, for you we've a farm been to
buy:—

We've found father and mother too, well, and
their blessing

They've given to husband, brother, and I.'

A SOLDIER AM I.

The Poetry by William Smyth.

Con Spirito.

A sol-dier am I, all the world o'er I range, And would not my lot with a
monarch exchange; How wel-come a sol-dier, wher-ev-er he roves, At-tend-ed, like
Ve-nus, by Mars and the loves! How dull is the ball, and how cheer-less the
fair! What's a feast or a fro-lic, if we are not there! Kind, heart-y, and
gal-lant and joy-ous we come, And the world looks a-live at the sound of the drum.

'The soldiers are coming,' the villagers cry;
All trades are suspended to see us pass by:
Quick flies the glad sound to the maiden up-stairs,
In a moment dismiss'd are her broom and her cares;
Outstretch'd is her neck, till the soldiers she sees,
From her cap the red ribbon plays light on the
breeze;
But lighter her heart plays, as nearer we come,—
But redder her cheek at the sound of the drum.

The veteran, half dozing, awakes at the news,
Hobbles out, and our column with triumph reviews;
Near his knee, his young grandson, with ecstasy
hears
Of majors, and generals, and fierce brigadiers;

Of the marches he took, and the hardships he
knew,
Of the battles he fought, and the foes that he slew;
To his heart spirits new in wild revelry come,
And make one rally more at the sound of the drum.

Who loves not a soldier—the generous, the brave,
The heart that can feel, and the arm that can save?
In peace, the gay friend with the manners that
charm,

The thought ever liberal, the soul ever warm;
In his mind nothing selfish or pitiful known—
'Tis a temple, which honour can enter alone:
No titles I boast, yet, wherever I come,
I can always feel proud at the sound of the drum

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE AND CANTY WI' MAIR.

To the same Air; the Poetry by Burns.

Contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gi'e them a skelp as they're creeping along,
W'a a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scottish sang.
I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought—
But man is a soldier, and life is a faught:
My mirth an' good-humour are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare
touch.

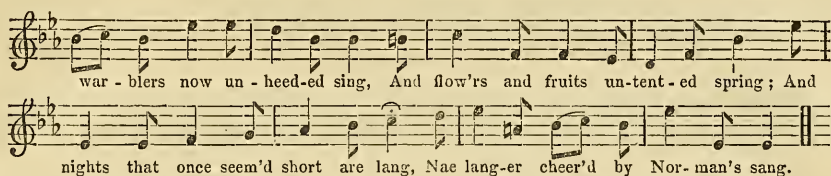
A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night of gude fellowship southers it a';
When at the blithe end of our journey at last,
Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has pass'd?
Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her
way:
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
Come ease or come travail, come pleasure or pain,
My worst word is, 'Welcome and welcome again.'

THE CONSTANT MAID.

The Poetry and Music by George Thomson.

Andante con Espress.

Spring's primrose banks and wood-notes wild, And sum-mer bright and au-tumn mild, And
win-ter nights with jest and glee,—Were all in turn right dear to me? But



My Norman won the hearts of a',
He was sae gallant, kind, and free;
At kirk, in camp, or chieftain's ha',
The match of him ye could na see.
But woe to dark Drummossie muir,
And cruel deeds of that sad day,
When right to might was forc'd to cour,
And captive he was borne away.

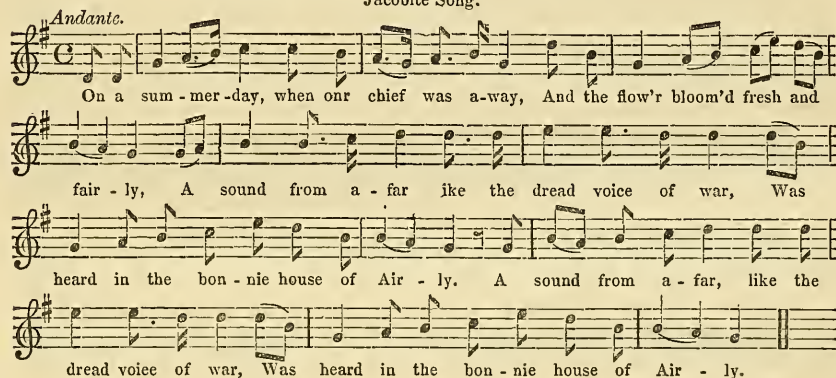
Till then, a blither lass than I
Ne'er led the sprightly highland dance;
And lighter foot or merrier eye,
Than Norman's, ne'er came out of France.
To me how chang'd those laughing hours!
I seek no more the village train,
But fly to lonely birken bowers,
To muse upon my faithful swain.

To those lov'd haunts, at gloaming gray,
I oft-times steal, by all unseen;
There sorrow's sweet, ah! well-a-day,
When none can mark my downcast mien.
There, I look back with many a sigh,
On meetings, vows, and partings dear:—
Ah, me! were my brave soldier nigh,
He'd soon kiss off this falling tear.

Hope! still I fondly cling to thee,
Sweet cordial of the aching heart;
That bliss is yet in store for me,
When we shall meet, no more to part.
Time! like an arrow wing thy flight,—
O haste to change my wayward lot;
Bring Norman back to glad my sight,
And then what palace like our cot!

THE BONNIE HOUSE OF AIRLY.

Jacobite Song.



Argyle led on his well-arm'd men,
That glance in the sun so rarely;
And, wand'ring many a lonely gien,
They reach'd the bonnie house of Airly.
And wand'ring, &c.

The lady look'd frae her high castle-wa',
And O! but she sigh'd sairly,
To see Argyle like a reaver come
To plunder the bonnie house of Airly.
To see Argyle, &c.

'Come down, come down, thou fair lady,
Your castle is mann'd but sparely;
Come down and safety find with me,
And leave the falling house of Airly.
Come down, &c.

'O! spare thy flattery, fause Argyle,
With thee I will not parley:
My troth thou never shalt beguile
From my lov'd lord of Airly.
My troth, &c.

O! were they here, my brave gallant sons,
That are now with good Lord Airly,
They'd soon gar you rue the day that you drew
A traitor's sword 'gainst Charlie.
They'd soon, &c.

Though your proud banners fly, and the reek
Around the towers of Airly, [rise high,
The dearest blood in your kinsmen's veins
Shall pay their price but barely.
The dearest, &c.

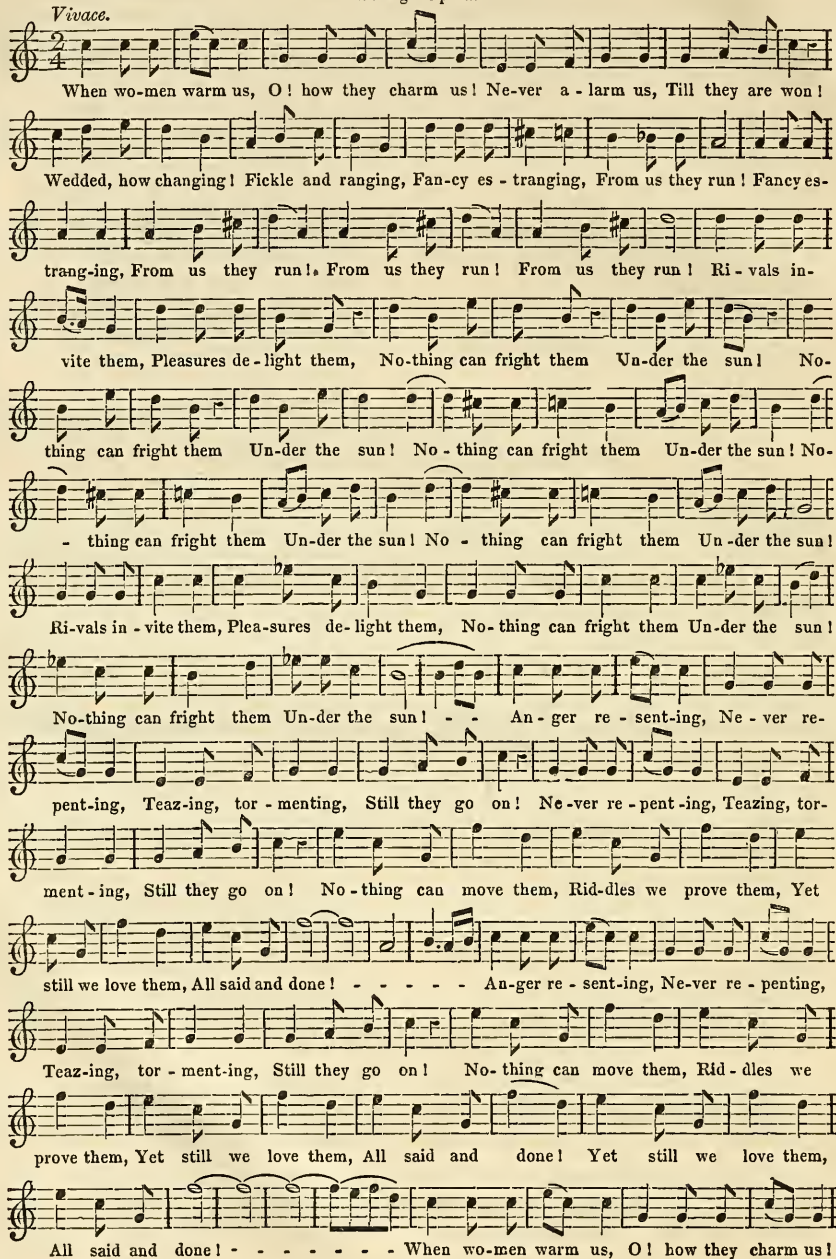
'Twas mutter'd here, by a gray-hair'd seer,
Wha spi'd fu' mony a ferlie,
He saw a headless chief appear
To light a low in Airly.
He saw, &c.

And when a traitor's doom you meet,
You'll rue this day right early;
You'll think that you bought your treason dear
'Gainst your King and his faithful Airly.
You'll think, &c.

WHEN WOMEN WARM US.

To the Air, 'Finch'han dal Vino,' in Mozart's 'Don Giovanni.'—Published in Davidson's 'Gems of Foreign Opera.'

Vivace.



When wo-men warm us, O! how they charm us! Ne-ver a - larm us, Till they are won!

Wedded, how changing! Fickle and ranging, Fan-cy es - tranging, From us they run! Fancy es-

trang-ing, From us they run! From us they run! From us they run! Ri - vals in-

vite them, Pleasures de - light them, No-thing can fright them Un-der the sun! No-

thing can fright them Un-der the sun! No - thing can fright them Un-der the sun! No-

- thing can fright them Un-der the sun! No - thing can fright them Un-der the sun!

Ri-vals in - vite them, Plea-sures de - light them, No-thing can fright them Un-der the sun!

No-thing can fright them Un-der the sun! - - An - ger re - sent-ing, Ne - ver re-

pent-ing, Teaz-ing, tor - menting, Still they go on! Ne-ver re - pent-ing, Teazing, tor-

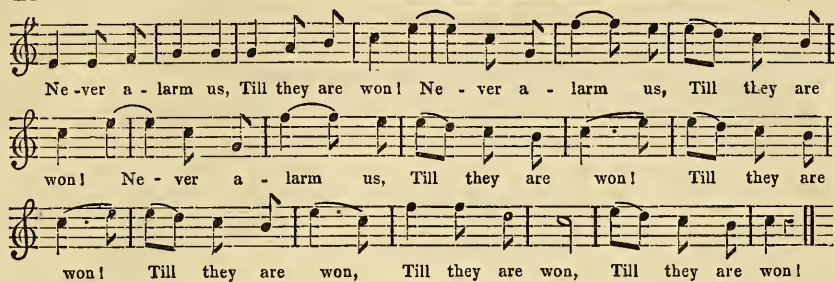
ment - ing, Still they go on! No-thing can move them, Rid-dles we prove them, Yet

still we love them, All said and done! - - - - An - ger re - sent-ing, Ne-ver re - pent-ing,

Teaz-ing, tor - ment-ing, Still they go on! No-thing can move them, Rid - dles we

prove them, Yet still we love them, All said and done! Yet still we love them,

All said and done! - - - - - When wo-men warm us, O! how they charm us!

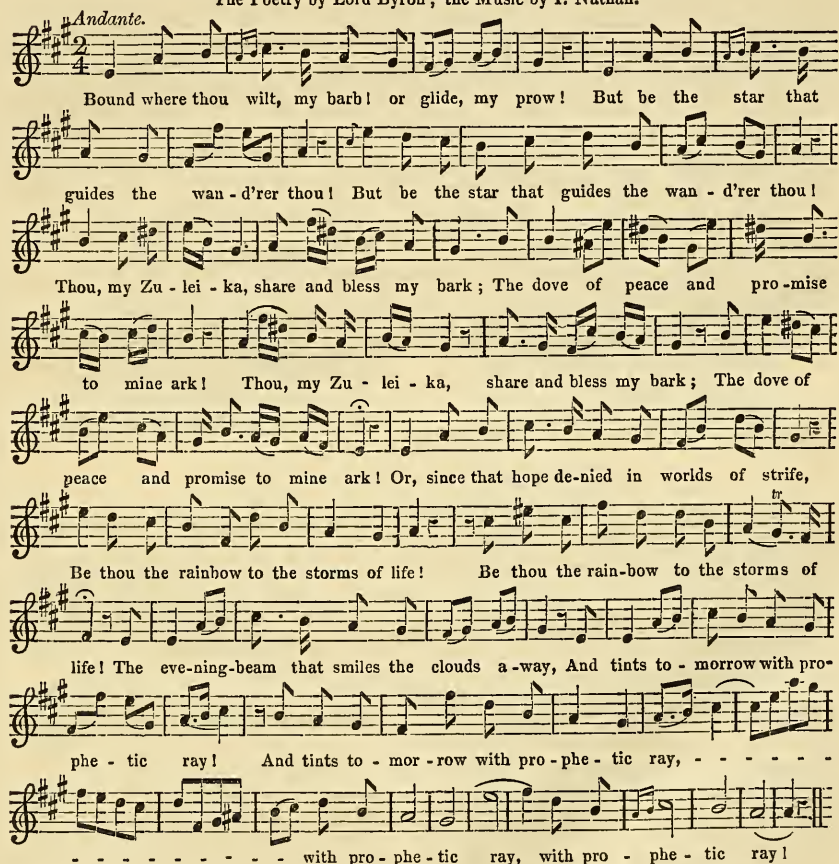


Ne-ver a - larm us, Till they are won! Ne - ver a - larm us, Till they are
won! Ne - ver a - larm us, Till they are won! Till they are
won! Till they are won, Till they are won, Till they are won!

BOUND WHERE THOU WILT, MY BARB.

The Poetry by Lord Byron; the Music by I. Nathan.

Andante.



Bound where thou wilt, my barb! or glide, my prow! But be the star that
guides the wan-d'r'er thou! But be the star that guides the wan-d'r'er thou!
Thou, my Zu - lei - ka, share and bless my bark; The dove of peace and pro-mise
to mine ark! Thou, my Zu - lei - ka, share and bless my bark; The dove of
peace and promise to mine ark! Or, since that hope de-nied in worlds of strife,
Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life! Be thou the rain-bow to the storms of
life! The eve-ning-beam that smiles the clouds a-way, And tints to - morrow with pro-
phe - tic ray! And tints to - mor-row with pro - phe - tic ray, - - - - -
- - - - - with pro - phe - tic ray, with pro - phe - tic ray!

Bless'd as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's wall,
To pilgrims pure and prostrate to his call;
Soft as the melody of youthful days,
That steals the trembling tear of speechless praise;

Dear as his native song to exile's ears,—
Shall sound each tone thy long-lov'd voice ender
For thee, in those bright isles is built a bow
Blooming as Aden in its earliest hour!

A HEART TO LET.

On most Advantageous Terms, in a peculiarly Eligible and Desirable Situation, with immediate and undisturbed Possession.—Published by Davidson.

Allegretto.

To be let, at a ve - ry de - si - ra - ble rate, A snug lit - tle house in a
 beal - thy es - tate: 'Tis a ba - che - lor's heart, And the a - gent is Chance; Af -
 fec - tion the rent, to be paid in ad - vance; Af - fec - tion the rent, to be paid in ad -
 vance. The own - er, as yet, has dwelt in it a - lone, So the fix - tures are not of much
 value; but soon 'Twill be fur - nish'd by Cu - pid him - self, if a wife Take a lease for the
 term of her na - tu - ral life. So, la - dies, dear la - dies, pray do not for - get, A
 ba - chelor's heart, A bachelor's heart, An ex - cel - lent ba - che - lor's heart to be let.

The tenant will have a few taxes to pay—
 Love, honour, and (heaviest item) obey!
 And as for the good-will, the owner's inclin'd
 To have that, if possible, settled in kind!

Indeed, if he could such a matter arrange,
 He'd be highly delighted to take in exchange—
 Provided true title by prudence be shewn—
 Any heart unencumber'd and free as his own!
 So, ladies, dear ladies, &c.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

The Poetry by Thomas Campbell; the Music by Henry West, R. A.

Con Spirito.

Ye ma - ri - ners of Eng - land, That guard our na - tive seas,
 Whose flag has brav'd, a thou - sand years, The bat - tle and the breeze!
 Your glo - ri - ous stan - dard launch a - gain, To match an - o - ther,
 foe! And sweep through the deep, While the storm - y winds do blow; While the
 bat - tle ra - ges loud and long, And the storm - y winds do blow!

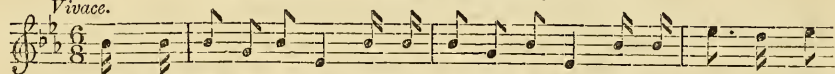
The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave !—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And the ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.
Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep :
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,

She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.
The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceas'd to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceas'd to blow.

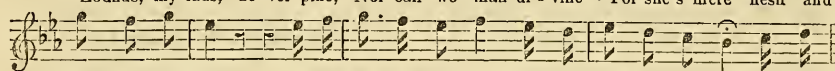
ZOUNDS, MY LADS, NEVER PINE.

The Words by S. J. Arnold ; the Music by T. Cooke.

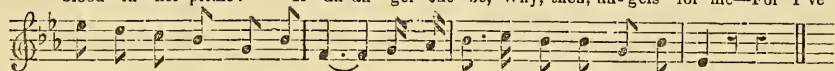
Vivace.



Zounds, my lads, ne-ver pine, Nor call wo-man di-vine— For she's mere flesh and



blood in her prime: If an an-gel she be, Why, then, an-gels for me—For I've



had half a score in my time! Tol de rol di dol did-dle de dol.

When man takes the field,

If to woman he yield,

Be sure he's a slave all his life—

For, if she's a jade,

While yet only a maid,

Only think what she'll be when a wife !

Tol de rol, &c.

Don't stand twiddling your thumbs,

With your haws and your hums,—

Look at her as bold as you can ;

If you give her a kiss,

She'll not take it amiss,

Though she'll say, 'You're a very rude man.

Tol de rol, &c.

Then prithee give o'er,

Sigh and simper no more,—

Like a soldier assail her in form :

If she still beats you back,

Change your line of attack,

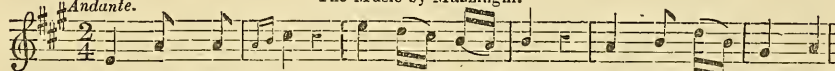
And boldly, man, take her by storm.

Tol de rol, &c.

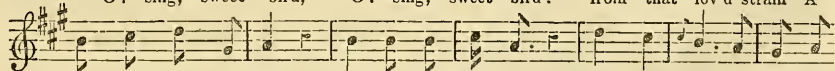
THE CAPTIVE TO HIS BIRD.

The Music by Mazzinghi.

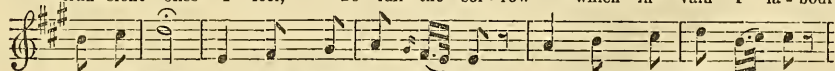
Andante.



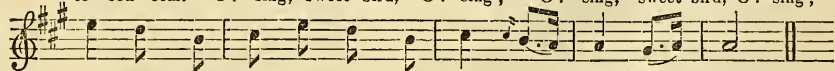
O! sing, sweet bird, O! sing, sweet bird: from that lov'd strain A



tran-sient bliss I feel, To lull the sor-row which in vain I' la-bour



to con-ceal. O! sing, sweet bird, O! sing; O! sing, sweet bird, O! sing;



O! sing, sweet bird; O! sing, sweet bird; O! sing, sweet bird.

From Sylvia torn, whose vocal pow'r

Made earth a heav'n to me,

To cheer each sad and tedious hour,

I fondly taught it thee.

O! sing, sweet bird, &c.

That, if misfortune damp my love,

Or yield me up to care,

Thy lay may rouse my soul, and prove

A rescue from despair.

O! sing, sweet bird, &c.

I'VE BEEN TO MY BOWER.

Composed by John Whitaker.—Published by Davidson.

Andante con Espress.

I've been to my bow-er, for I love its re-treat; I've been to my
bow-er, for its o-dours are sweet! I've been to my bow-er, for I
love its re-treat; I've been to my bow-er, for its o-dours are
sweet! I've been to my bow-er by the ri-ver a-lone, And I seem to have
come from the wa-ter-king's throne;— For the stream threw a-round it a
fair sil-ver wreath, And the stars shone like pearls as they trem-bled be-neath.
I've been to my bower, And my tresses were bright
For I love its retreat; With moonlight and dew.
I've been to my bower, I came to my bower
For its odours are sweet; When the pale moon arose;
I've stay'd in my bower, I stay'd from my bower
For the wind gently blew, When she sank to repose.

OF SONGS I KNOW A-MANY.

The Poetry translated from the German of Ruckert; the Music by Joseph Tastré.

Andantino.

Of songs I know a-ma-ny, And sing what list-eth mé:
'Tis as sweet way as a-ny To have va-ri-e-ty. But
one song I heard late-ly, I long to know so great-ly, I'd
give a hun-dred wil-ling-ly, I'd give a hun-dred wil-ling-ly.
Of late I saw a shepherd, That song to him was heaven;
The grassy vale adown, I gladly would have given
Where the merry brooklets caper'd All mine that song of his to know.
All in the summer sun, Then once he would play through it,
Under a beech-tree lying, And then he'd look away;
Lost in a sweet dream, playing Then took't again and blew it;—
His tune a slender reed upon. I saw him as he lay.
That tune, 'twould first go upward He play'd there, little heeding
A dozen notes or so, His quiet lambkins feeding
And then it would go downward, And slowly fled the summer day.
Then o'er again once mo'.

WHEN THE EYE WITH FIRE IS BEAMING.

The Words by C. Clarke, of Great Totham, Essex; the Music by Henry West, R.A.
Con Spirito.

When the eye with fire is beam-ing, And the mant - ling bowl is stream - ing
 With the soul - in - spir - ing draught, With the soul - in - spir - ing draught,
 Let us, let us fill our glass - es To the lass - es, as it pass - es;
 Let the lus - cious mead be quaff'd, Let the lus - cious mead be quaff'd.

When its fumes the sense are stealing,
 And the brain with wine is reeling,
 Some it stirs to madd'ning strife;
 Some to love, and some to madness,
 Some to gladness, some to sadness,
 Some to clamours loud and rife.

Wrapp'd in ease and jovial leisure,
 Let us hail the God of pleasure,
 Fit to grace this festive day;
 What is care? the glass can kill it;—
 Let us fill it, let us swill it;
 Chase the glooms of life away.

When the fainting spirits languish,
 He can give a pleasing anguish,
 Animate the fainting soul:

Wisdom's secrets he discovers,
 Hearts of lovers, while he hovers
 O'er the mirth-inspiring bowl.

Life and vigour are imparted
 To the poor and lowly-hearted,
 When the God their bosom warms;
 Not the threats of tyrants gall 'em,
 Kings appal 'em, chains enthrall 'em,
 Nor the might of soldiers' arms.

Hail the sweet, the balmy treasure!
 Let the queen of love and pleasure,
 Lit by Cupid's torch, be here;
 And with quick and sprightly paces
 Let the Graces show their faces,
 Till the ruddy morn appear.

OUR VICAR STILL PREACHES THAT PETER AND POULE.

The Words by Sir Walter Scott.

Moderato.

Our vi - car still preaches that Pe - ter and Poule Laid a swingeing long curse on the
 bon - ny brown bowl; That there's wrath and despair in the jol - ly black-jack, And the
 se - ven dead - ly sins in a flag-gon of sack. Yet, whoop, Bar-na - by, off with thy
 liquor; Drink up, see't out, and a fig for the vicar; Drink up, see't out, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip
 The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip;
 Says that Beelzebub lurks in her 'kerchief so sly,
 And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black
 eye;

Yet whoop, Jack! kiss Gilian the quaker,
 Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar thus preaches, and why should he not?
 For the dews of his cure are his placket and pot;
 And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch,
 Who infringe the domains of our good mother-
 church.

Yet whoop, bully, boys! off with your liquor,—
 Sweet Marg'ry's the word, and a fig for the vicar!

STILL EVER REMEMBER ME.

Composed by S. Storace.

Moderato.

Care-ful the wind-ing path ex-plore, Lest in the tan-gled brake you stray, Then
 think of her whom you a-dore, To cheer the dark and drea-ry way: And
 soft-ly, slow-ly, slow-ly creep, Un-till you light you see; And, while the anxious
 watch you keep, Still ev-er re-mem-ber me! And, while the anxious watch you
 keep, Still ev-er re-mem-ber me! Still ev-er re-mem-ber me!

When you shall hear the sound of joy
 Beating the floor with rustic dance,
 Silent the list'ning ear employ,
 But do not yet too quick advance;

But slowly, softly, softly creep,
 Until you light you see:
 And, while the anxious watch you keep,
 Still ever remember me.

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

The Poetry by Sir Walter Scott; the Music by A. Ballantyne.

Adagio.

O! la-dy, twine no wreath for me, Or twine it of the cy-press-tree; Too
 live-ly glows the li-ly's light, The var-nish'd hol-ly's all too bright. The
 May-flow'r and the eg-lan-tine may shade a brow less sad than mine; But,
 la-dy, weave no wreath for me, Or weave it of the cy-press-tree.

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine,
 With tendrils of the laughing vine;
 The manly oak, the pensive yew,
 To patriot and to sage be due;
 The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
 But that Matilda will not give:
 Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,
 Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Let merry England proudly rear
 Her blended roses, bought so dear;
 Let Albin bind her bonnet blue,
 With heath and hair-bell dipp'd in dew;
 On favour'd Erin's crest be seen
 The flower she loves of emerald green;—
 But, lady, twine no wreath for me,
 Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
 The ivy meet for minstrel's hair;
 And, while his crown of laurel-leaves
 With bloody hand the victor weaves,
 Let the loud trump his triumph tell;—
 But, when you hear the passing bell,
 Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,
 And twine it of the cypress-tree.

Yes! twine for me the cypress-bough;
 But O, Matilda, twine not now.
 Stay till a few brief months are past,
 And I have look'd and liv'd my last!
 When villagers my shroud bestrew
 With pansies, rosemary, and rue;—
 Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,
 And weave it of the cypress-tree.

THE OCEAN, OR THE MERRY MARINERS.

The Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Allegro Vivace.

Blow, blow, wild winds, blow, for our course we'll pur-sue, Ca-pri-cious old
Bo-reas, un-sha-ken by you, Ca-pri-cious old Bo-reas, un-
shaken, un-shaken by you. And if with ill-na-ture you mut-ter and growl, Why, we'll
still keep our way, and sing while you howl! So, if with ill-nature you mutter and growl,
Why, we'll still keep our way, and sing while you howl; Why, we'll still keep our
way, and sing while you howl; - - - - Why, we'll still keep our way, and
sing, and sing while you howl; Why, we'll still keep our way, And sing, and sing while you howl.

Blow, blow, and unfurling our sails to the gale,
It shall waft us along, as o'er ocean we sail:

We'll outstrip the breeze, and we'll buffet the blast,
And like merry mariners sing to the last.
So, if with ill-nature, &c.

IT BEATS ALONE FOR ME.

The Poetry by C. Dibdin the Younger; the Music by John Whitaker.—Published by Davidson.

Andante con espress.

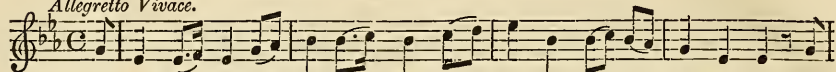
Ah! could I e'er deceive thee, Who gave thee sigh for sigh? Truth made me first be-
lieve thee,—And, ah! can true love die? Were not my heart sin-cere, love, So fond e'er
could it be? Then farewell bid to fear, love,—It beats a-lone for thee! It beats, it beats, It
beats a-lone for thee. Then fare-well bid to fear, love,—It beats a-lone for thee.

Ah! let this truth relieve thee
From ev'ry doubt and care;
For not a fear can grieve thee,
But I thy anguish share:

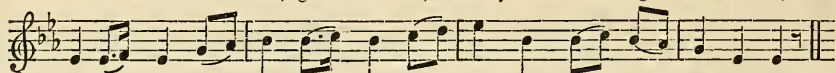
Assur'd thy heart is mine, love,
What bliss it brings to me;
Believe my heart is thine, love,
And beats alone for thee.

THE CORNISH MAY SONG.

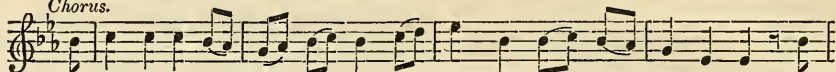
Welsh Melody; the Poetry by Alexander Boswell.

Allegretto Vivace.

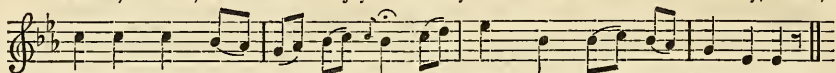
Ye maids of Hel-ston, ga-ther dew, While yet the moru-ing bree-zes blow; The



fai-ry rings are fresh and new, Then cau-tious mark them as you go.

Chorus.

A-rise, a-rise, a-wake to joy! The sky-lark hails the dawn of day, Care,



get thee hence, from Hel-ston fly! For mirth rules here the morn of May.

Ye youths, who own love's ardent power,
To yonder shelter'd bank repair,
There seek the early op'ning flow'r,
To deck the bosoms of the fair.

Arise, &c.

Or from the thicket in the glade
Go pluck with speed the hawthorn bough,
And twine a wreath to deck the maid
Who has thy troth and plighted vow.

Arise, &c.

If on your way some drudge you meet,
Who lifts the spade, or drives the team,
Aloft in the air the culprit seat,
And bear him quickly to the stream.

Arise, &c.

There let him o'er the current vault,
From bank to bank with active bound,
Or plunging wash away the fault,
And trip with you the merry round.

Arise, &c.

With song and dance, in festive band,
Each happy lad may lead his lass,
With mirthful smiles and hand in hand,
O'er ev'ry threshold freely pass.

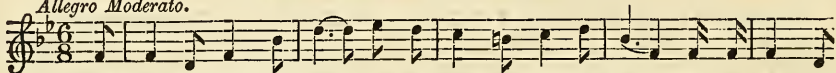
Arise, &c.

Though ages close, and manners fade,
And ancient revels pass away,
In Helston, let it not be said,
Forgotten is sweet Flora-day.

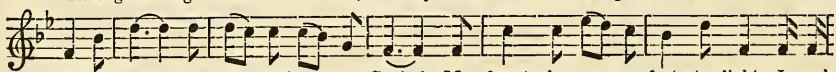
Arise, &c.

THE MERRY MINSTREL PAGE.

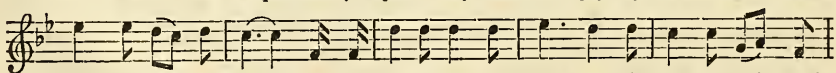
The Words and Music by L. Devereaux.

Allegro Moderato.

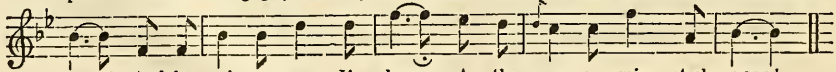
Through fo-reign lands I've roam'd, And my home now view a-gain; For no clime I



ev-er saw Could e-qual sun-ny Spain! My heart is gay, my foot-step light-In each



sport I can en-gage; And by ev'-ry one I'm known As the mer-ry min-strel



page! And by ev'-ry one I'm known As the mer-ry min-strel page!

With a heart both light and free
I roam'd through merry France,
And struck my gay guitar,
Or join'd the rustic dance:
To Britain's happy isle I went,
Where beauty crowns the age,
And with kindness all receiv'd
The merry minstrel page.

To Italia then I rov'd,
Where I ev'ry heart did gain;
But none I lov'd so well
As thy daughters, sunny Spain!
My wand'rings now are nearly o'er.
And my wish is, that in age
I may live as I have liv'd—
A merry minstrel page.

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

The Words by D. L. Richardson.

Andante con Espress.

O! if there is a ma-gic charm in this low val-ley drear, To cheat the
pil-grim's wea-ry way, the dark-en'd soul to cheer; It is the soothing voice of love, that
e-choes o'er the mind, Like mu-sic on a twi-light lake, or bells up-on the wind.
O! dull would be the rugged road, and sad the wan-d'rer's heart, O! how for that far-distant land would sigh the
Should that celestial harmony from life's dark [sphere depart; lonely breast, [place of rest.
Whose only hope, depriv'd of love, would be the

WHEN TO LOVELY WOMAN'S POWER.

Composed by Sir J. Stevenson.

Andante.

When to love-ly wo-man's pow'r Man sub-mits his rap-tur'd soul, Then he
culls life's sweet-est flow-er, Then his hours in plea-sure roll, - - When to
roll. Nor should meaner ties, in-va-ding, Tempt de-lu-ded man to stray;
Bless'd a-lone when love per-va-ding Bends him to dear wo-man's sway. Love-ly
woman! charm-ing woman! lovely, lovely woman! The best and dear-est gift of life.
Earth contains no other pleasure, He alone, to heaven aspiring.
Which the truly wise should prize; 'E'er can hope its joys to know,
Life no sweeter, dearer pleasure, Who, no other heaven desiring,
Than when love beams from her eyes. Worships woman here below.
Lovely woman, &c.

GATHER YOUR ROSEBUDS.

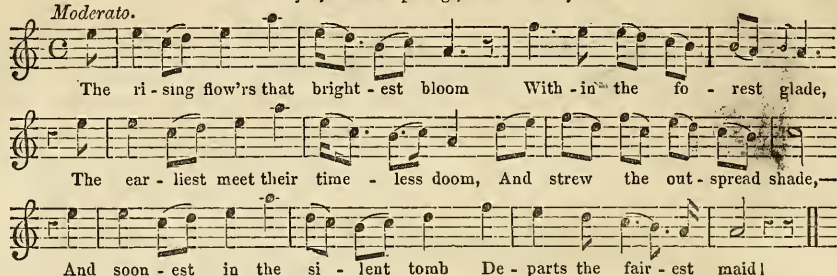
The Words by Harry Carey.

Moderato.

Ga-ther your rose-buds whilst you may, Old Time is still a fly-ing,
And that same flow'r that smiles to-day To-mor-row may be dy-ing.
The glorious lamp of heav'n, the sun, Then be not coy, but use your time,
The higher he is getting, And, while ye may, go marry;
The sooner will his race be run, For, having but once lost your prime,
And nearer he's to setting. You may for ever tarry.

THE FAIREST MAID.

The Poetry by James Spilling; the Music by Shield.

Moderato.

The ri-sing flow'rs that bright-est bloom
The ear-liest meet their time-less doom,
And soon-est in the si-lent tomb

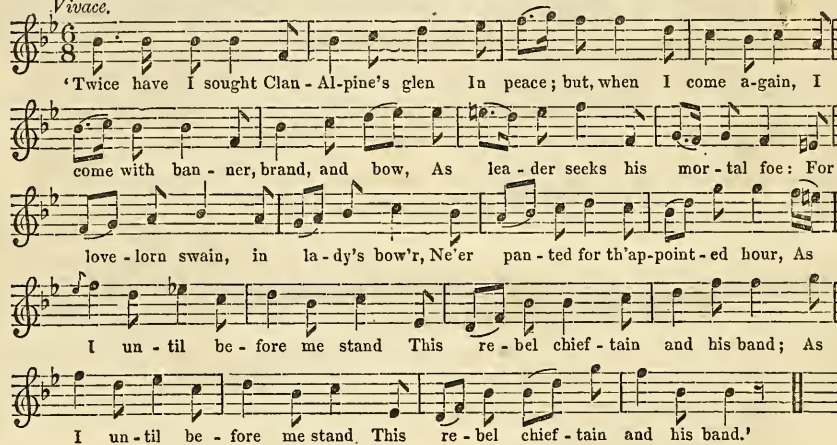
With-in the fo-rest glade,
And strew the out-spread shade,—
De-parts the fair-est maid!

The fairest flow'r that lights the shade
The soonest quits the eye;
Man plucks it forth, ere time can fade,

Its hidden sweets to try:
And thus the simple trusting maid
Is lov'd—and left to die!

CLAN-ALPINE WARRIORS.

The Poetry from Sir Walter Scott's 'Lady of the Lake,' the Music by Joseph Kemp.

Vivace.

'Have, then, thy wish!' he whistled shrill,
And he was answer'd from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe.

From shingles gray their lances start.
The bracken-bush sends forth the dart;
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand;
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior arm'd for strife.
That whistle garrison'd the glen
At once with full five hundred men.

With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung;
The mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,

Then fix'd his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James.—'How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu!

Fitz-James was brave:—though to his heart
The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start,
He mann'd himself with dauntless air,
Return'd the Chief his haughty stare.
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly plac'd his foot before:—
'Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I!'

Sir Roderick mark'd—and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foeman worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood—then wav'd his hand:
Down sunk the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanish'd where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood.

53-54-55-56-57-58

Time 12

