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THE  
VOCAL MAGAZINE.

CONTAINING

A SELECTION

OF

THE MOST ESTEEMED

ENGLISH, SCOTS, AND IRISH SONGS,

ANTIEN T AND MODERN:

ADAPTED FOR THE HARPSICHORD OR VIOLIN.

VOL. I.

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*O decus Phæbi, et dapibus supremi  
Grata testudo Jovis, o laborum  
Dulce lenimen!* HOR.

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Edinburgh:

PRINTED BY C. STEWART & CO.

1797.

[PRICE—10 s. 6 d. bound.]

# VOGEL MANGASIA

1881

1881

1881

1881

1881

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1881

TO

*MISS HENRIETTA HUNTER,*

THIS VOLUME

OF

THE VOCAL MAGAZINE,

WHICH HAS BEEN HONOURED WITH THE APPROBATION  
OF ONE WHO IS SO EMINENTLY QUALIFIED  
TO JUDGE OF ITS MERIT,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

*THE EDITORS.*



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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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**A**MONG the relaxations from the fatigues and business of life, there are none more innocent or more delightful than Music. Among the accomplishments of modern education, and particularly that of the fair sex, none are more elegant or more attractive, and consequently none more justly fashionable than skill in the practice of Music, whether vocal or instrumental. But besides the expence which attends the acquisition of that skill, the purchase of engraved Music and the choice and selection of proper pieces are obstacles in the way of many performers, especially of such as live in the country or at a distance from the advice of persons of taste.

On considering the state of Vocal Music, it appeared to the Editors that there was wanting in this country, some select collection, at a cheap rate, of antient and modern Songs, with classical and appropriate words. Of single songs there are in the Music shops a very great number; but comparatively few of real and approved merit. A set of these, even though chosen with care and taste, cannot be had uniform; and the expence is considerable. Our modern composers are very indifferent as to the choice of words; which are often insignificant, and sometimes absurd. The engravers of music are generally illiterate, and where the correctness is left to them, which seems to be too often the case, the errors we find in their works often acquire a currency among those whose education is imperfect.

The object therefore of this publication is to remedy as much as possible these inconveniencies. A select collection of good Music, with words by the best English Authors, is they believe, no where else to be found. Some works similar to the following, such as the Musical Miscellany, met with very great success and are now grown scarce. These, however, are all inferior, in point of execution at least, to the Vocal Magazine; while the invention of printing the Music with moveable types enables the Editors to afford it at a price infinitely below that of engraved Music.

With regard to the selection, they have endeavoured to give variety, that the taste of different people might be gratified. They hope, that though in a collection every piece cannot be of equal merit, yet that they have admitted none which  
will

will not please judges. The words are chosen from the works of the best authors ; and they hope they have avoided every thing that can give offence even to the most delicate.

In this northern part of our island, vocal harmony, it must be confessed, is but little cultivated ; most young ladies contenting themselves with singing alone or with a harpsichord accompaniment, but few attempting to sing in parts. Of late indeed, among some of the best singers, attempts have been made to introduce the practice, and it is now becoming fashionable. To encourage this taste, a few of the most favourite duos and trios, have been inserted in the following volume, which, it is hoped, may be useful in removing from our fair countrywomen, the reproach of being behind their southern neighbours in so elegant an accomplishment,







# C O N T E N T S.

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Come let's be merry	-	-	100
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G			
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We bipeds made up of frail clay	-		70
When youth his fairy reign began	-	<i>Arne.</i>	71
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Ye banks and braes of bonny Down	<i>Burns.</i>	<i>Mr Millar.</i>	43





The  
Vocal Magazine.



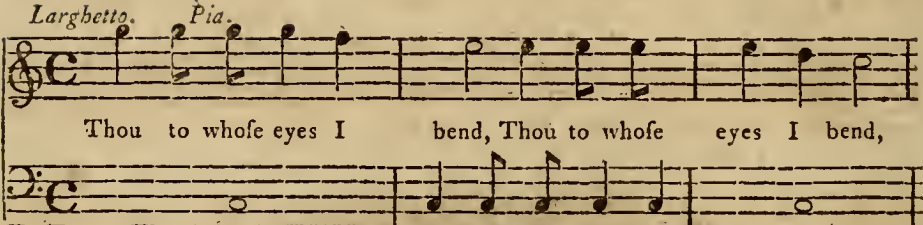
VOL. I.



# INVOCATION.

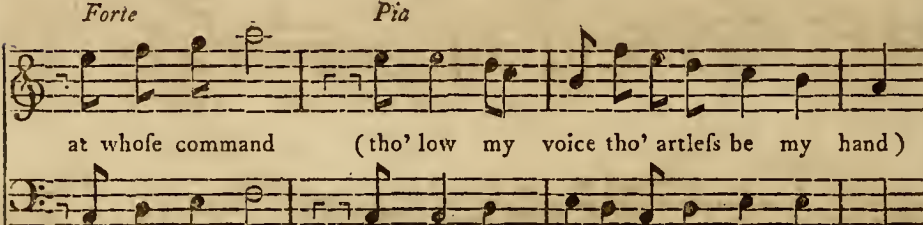
BY WILLIAM JACKSON

*Larghetto.* *Pia.*



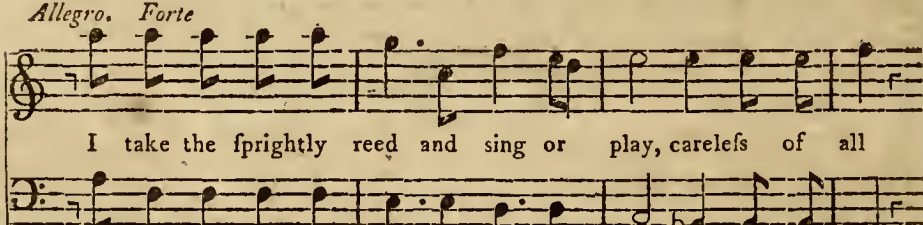
Thou to whose eyes I bend, Thou to whose eyes I bend,  
Thou to whose eyes I bend

*Forte* *Pia*

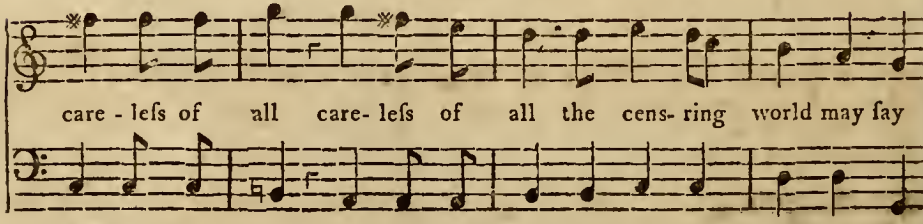


at whose command (tho' low my voice tho' artless be my hand)  
at whose command (tho' low my voice tho' artless be my hand)

*Allegro.* *Forte*



I take the sprightly reed and sing or play, careless of all  
I take the sprightly reed and sing or play, careless of all



careless of all careless of all the cens'ring world may say  
careless of all careless of all the cens'ring world may say

CONTINUED.

*Mezzo pia*

I take the sprightly reed and sing or play, carelefs of all the  
I take the sprightly reed and sing or play carelefs of

*Crescendo il forte.*

cens'- ring world, the cens'- ring world may fay I  
all the cens'ring world may fay I take the sprightly

*Mezzo forte*

take the sprightly reed and sing and sing or play I take the sprightly  
reed the sprightly reed and sing or play,

reed and sing or play; I take the sprightly reed the  
and sing or play, I take the sprightly reed I take the sprightly

sprightly reed & play  
reed the sprightly reed & play & sing or play carelefs of

CONTINUED.

*Larghetto*

careless of all the cens'ring world may say O fairest of thy sex! O fairest  
all all the cens'ring world may say. O fairest of thy sex! O fairest

of thy sex be thou my Muse, deign on my work thy influence to dif- fuse  
of thy sex be thou my Muse, deign on my work thy influence to dif- fuse

*Allegro Forte*

so shall my notes to future times to future times pro- claim unbounded  
so shall my notes to future times to future times pro- claim unbounded

love and e- ver during flame; so shall my notes proclaim unbounded love  
love and e- ver during flame; so shall my notes proclaim unbounded

so shall my notes proclaim unbound- ed love un- bounded love  
love; so shall my notes | pro- claim unbound- ed love, fo



CONTINUED,

proclaim unbounded love and e- ver dur- ing flame fo  
shall my notes proclaim unbound- ed love and e- ver during flame;

shall my notes proclaim unbounded love fo shall my  
unbounded love. fo shall my notes proclaim

notes proclaim pro- claim unbound- ed love - - -  
fo shall my notes proclaim proclaim unbounded love un-

un- bounded love and  
bounded love unbounded love and ever

e- ver during flame.  
e- ver during flame.

# SONG II.

## WHY STEALS FROM MY BOSOM.

*Larghetto*

Why steals from my bo - som the sigh? Why

Why steals from my bo - som the sigh? Why

fix'd is my gaze on the ground? Come give me my

fix'd is my gaze on the ground? Come give me my

Pipe and I'll try To banish my cares with the

Pipe and I'll try To banish my cares with the

found. 'Twas taught by La - vi - nia's sweet smile, In

found. 'Twas taught by La - vi - nia's sweet smile, In

CONTINUED.

the mirth-lov-ing cho-rus to join; Ah me! how un-

the mirth-lov-ing cho-rus to join; Ah me! how un-

weet-ing the while, La-vi-nia can ne-

weeting the while, La-vi-nia can ne-

ver be mine.

ver be mine.

II.

I lean on my hand with a sigh;  
 My friends the soft sadness condemn;  
 Yet methinks, tho' I cannot tell why,  
 I should hate to be merry like them.

C O N T I N U E D

When I walk'd in the pride of the dawn  
Methought all the region look'd bright :  
Has sweetness forsaken the lawn ?  
For methinks, I grow sad at the sight.

III.

Let me walk where the soft-rising wave  
Has pictur'd the moon on its breast ;  
Let me walk where the new cover'd grave  
Allows the pale lover to rest !  
When shall I in its peaceable tomb,  
Be laid with my sorrows asleep !  
Should Lavinia but chance on my tomb  
I could die if I thought she would weep.



SONG III.

MY LOVE IS BUT A LASSIE YET.

My Love she's but a Lassie yet, My Love she's but a

Lassie yet, We'll let her stand a year or twa she'll no be

half fae fau-cy yet. I rue the day I fought her

O I rue the day I fought her O, Wha gets her need na

fay he's woo'd But he may fay he's bought her O.

SONG IV.

LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF LOVE.

Music by Hook

Andantino

*tr*

O list-en list-en to the voice of

*tr*

Love, He calls my Daph-ne to the grove; The

CONTINUED :

Prim - rose sweet be - decks the field , The tune - ful

*tr tr tr tr*  
birds in - vite to rove To soft - er joys let

splen - dor yield, O list - en list - en to - - - the voice of

Love .

Where flow'rs their blooming sweets exhale ,  
 My Daphne , let us fondly pray ,  
 Where whisp'ring love breathes forth - his tale ,  
 And shepherds sing their artless lay ,  
 O listen to the voice of Love ,  
 He calls my Daphne to the grove .



## SONG V.

## ROSLIN RUINS.

PLEYEL.

*Andante.*

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The time signature is 2/4, and the key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody in the treble staff starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The lyrics "At dead of night, the hour when" are written below the treble staff. The musical notation follows the same format as the first system, with a treble and bass staff.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. The lyrics "courts thro' the wild maze of pleasure rove, And Mira joins th' in - fuar - ing" are written below the treble staff. The musical notation follows the same format as the first system, with a treble and bass staff.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the piece. The lyrics "sports, While art as-sumes the voice of love; To Roslin's ru - ins" are written below the treble staff. The musical notation follows the same format as the first system, with a treble and bass staff.

The fifth system of musical notation continues the piece. The lyrics "I re - pair, a so - li - ta - ry wretch for - lorn, To mourn un -" are written below the treble staff. The musical notation follows the same format as the first system, with a treble and bass staff.



CONTINUED;

seen un - pi - tied there my hap - less love her cru - el scorn.

No sound of joy disturbs my strain ,  
 No hind is whistling on the hill ;  
 No herdsman winding o'er the plain ,  
 No maiden singing by the rill .  
 Elk , murm'ring thro' the darksome pines ,  
 Reflects the moon's uncertain beams ;  
 While thro' the clouds she faintly shines ,  
 In fancy's eye the pale ghost gleams .

Not so the night that in thy halls  
 Once , Roslin ! danc'd in joy along ;  
 The owl now screams within thy walls ,  
 That echoed mirth's inspiring song .  
 Where bats now flit on dusky wings ,  
 Th' empurpled feast was wont to flow ;  
 And beauty danc'd in graceful rings ,  
 Where now the dank weeds baleful grow .

What now avails how great ! how gay !  
 How fair ! how fine , their matchless dames  
 Here sleeps their undistinguish'd clay ;  
 The stone effac'd has lost their names .  
 And yon gay crowds must soon expire ,  
 Unknown , unprais'd , their fair one's name ;  
 Not so the charms that verse inspire ,  
 Increasing years increase their fame .

SONG VI.

G A F F E R G R A Y .

Ho! why dost thou shi - ver and shake Gaffer Gray, and

why doth thy nose look so blue? Ho! why dost thou

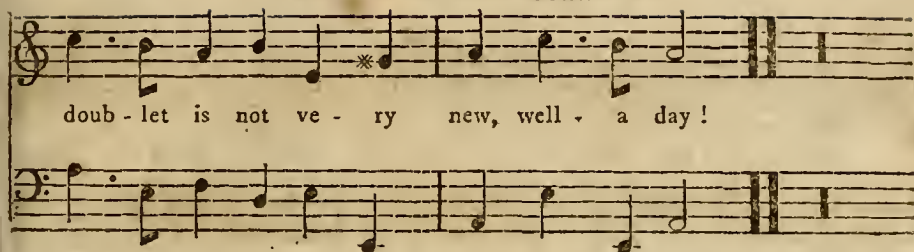
shi-ver and shake Gaffer Gray, and why doth thy nose look so

blue? 'Tis the weather is cold, and I'm ve-ry old,

and my dou-blet is not ve-ry new Well-a-day! And my

C O N T I N U E D .

*Slower*



Then line thy worn doublet with ale , Gaffer Gray !

And warm thy old heart with a glass .

“Nay , but money I've none ,

“And my credit's all gone ,

“Then say how may that come to pass ? Welladay !

Hie away to the house on the brow , Gaffer Gray !

And knock at the jolly Priest's door .

“He has often supplied me ,

“And never denied me ;

“But — I dare not go there any more ; Welladay !

The Lawyer lives under the hill , Gaffer Gray !

For candour and justice rever'd ;

“He will fasten his locks ,

“And hint that the stocks ,

“For vagrants and rogues are prepar'd ; Welladay !

The Squire has fat beeves and brown ale , Gaffer Gray ?

And the season will open his store ,

“His fat beeves and his beer ,

“And his merry new year ,

“Are all for the honest tho' poor ; Welladay !

The wicked and idle in youth , Gaffer Gray !

Must expect to be poor when they're old .

“Alas 'tis my fate ,

“To feel when too late ,

“The truth I have ever been told ; Welladay !

The Music by Mr. Stephen Clarke , of Edinburgh ; and the Words ,  
with a few alterations , by Holcroft .

SONG VII.

FATHER ADAM.

When fa . ther A - dam firft did flee From pre - fence

of the Lord his face; Stay Adam, Stay Adam;

saith the Lord; Where art thou Adam? turn thee and stay.

Who hath re-veal'd to thee that naked thou shoudst be; Or hast thou

eat - en of the tree Which I com - manded thee



CONTINUED.

it touch-ed should not be Therefore be - gin - neth thy

mi - se - ry ; O A - dam poor A - dam I pi - ty thee .

☞ This and the following Song are given as specimens of old Music. They are extracted from a Song-book published at Aberdeen by one Forbes, in the year 1682 intitled Songs and Fancies. It contains, fifty-five Songs, with the Music; or simple air alone, without bass or other accompaniment. It is remarkable, that in this collection, there is not one of those commonly known at present by the name of Scots tunes. The words according to the taste of the times, are in general on religious subjects, and often absurd enough, as appears by the first verse of the above Song, which is to be sung as follows; the words in italics, being used at the repeats.

When Father Adam first did flee,  
 From presence of the Lord his face,  
*His cloaths was short, scarce cover'd his knee,*  
*The great God cry'd, and held him in chace.*  
 Stay Adam, stay Adam, faith the Lord  
 Where art thou Adam? turn thee and stay:  
*I was afraid to bear thy voice,*  
*And naked thus to come in thy way:*  
 Who hath reveal'd &c.

In the Gentleman's Magazine about two years ago, an investigation took place concerning the author of the popular air of God save the King, and at last in the Magazine for July 1795, it was finally ascribed (on the authority of one Smith a Musician at Bath) to Henry Carey, the author of Sally in our Alley, Chrononhotonthologos &c. who had come to Smith with the air to have it harmonized. The resemblance in the 2d strain of the following song, to that of God save the King, is so striking that we thought our giving it here, might gratify the curious, and perhaps enable them to judge of Carey's title to be thought the author.

The basses we have added, as we shall hereafter do to any other we may occasionally select from the same, or similar works.

S O N G V I I I .

R E M E M B E R O T H O U M A N .

Re - mem - ber O thou man , O thou man , O thou man ;

Re - member O thou man , thy time is spent . Re - mem - ber

O thou man , how thou wast dead and gone and I did

what I can there - fore re - pent .

Remember Adam's fall , O thou man , O thou man ,  
 Remember Adam's fall from heaven to hell .  
 Remember Adam's fall , how we were condemned all ,  
 In hell perpetual therein to dwell . &c. &c.

OSCAR'S GHOST.

O! see that form that faint - ly gleams! 'Tis Of - car

come to cheer my dreams; — On wings of wind he flies a -

way; O stay, my love - ly Of - car stay!

Wake, Ofsian! last of Fingal's line,  
 And mix thy tears and sighs with mine;  
 Awake the harp to doleful lays,  
 And foath my soul with Oscar's praise.

The shell is ceas'd in Oscar's hall,  
 Since gloomy Cairbar wrought his fall;  
 The roc on Morven lightly bounds,  
 Nor hears the cry of Oscar's hounds.

## SONG X.

## THE BANKS OF HELICON.

De - clare, ye banks of He - li - con, Par - na - sus' hills and

dales ilk one, And foun - tain Cab - al - lein, If o - ny of your

Muf - es all or Nymphis may be per - e - gal Un - to my

la - dy sheen. Or if the la - dies that did lave Their

bo - dies by your brim, So seem - ly were, or yet so swave, So



CONTINUED.

beau ti- ful or trim. Con- tem- pill, ex- ample take by her

proper port if o- ny so bo- nye a- mang you did re- sort.

No, no. Forsooth was never none,  
 That with this perfect paragon  
     In beauty might compare;  
 The Muses would have given the greet  
 To her as to the A per se,  
     And peerless pearl preclare;  
 With qualities and form divine,  
     By nature so decored;  
 As Goddess of all feminine,  
     Of men to be adored;  
 So blessed that wished  
     She is in all mens thought,  
 As rarest and fairest  
     That ever Nature wrought.

It would exceed our limits to give the rest of the words: the original is in the Pepys Collection in the University of Cambridge. The melody must have been a favourite with our ancestors; for the stanza is a very common one in the works of our early poets; many compositions, to the tune of *The Banks of Helicon*, are to be found in the Bannatyne MS preserved in the library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh, compiled in 1568. It is, probably, the most ancient Scots tune of which the original words remain.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

*Very slow.*

The King sits in Dun - ferm - line town, drink - ing the blood - red

wine; Oh! where will I get a good sai - lor to sail this ship of

mine? Tho' red red glares the wintry sky and winds howl thro' the

bri - ar yet our good ship maun face the storm, for Scot - land's

CONTINUED.

faes are near.

2

Then up and spak an eldren knight,  
 Sat at the King's right knee;  
 "Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor  
 "That sails upon the sea."  
 The King has written a braid letter,  
 And sign'd it wi' his hand;  
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,  
 Was walking on the sand.

3

The first line that Sir Patrick read,  
 A loud laugh laughed he;  
 The next line that Sir Patrick read,  
 The tear blinded his ee.  
 O wha is this has done this deed,  
 This ill deed done to me;  
 To send me out this time o' the yeir,  
 To sail upon the sea?

4

Mak haste, mak haste my merry men all,  
 Our gude ship fails the morn. —  
 O say na sae my master dear,  
 For I fear a deadlie storm.

Late late yestreen I saw the new moon,  
 Wi' the auld moon in her arme;  
 And I fear, I fear, my master dear,  
 That we will come to harme.

5

O our Scots nobles were right laith  
 To weet their cork-heel'd shoon;  
 But lang or a' the play were play'd,  
 They wat their heads aboon.  
 O lang lang may their ladies sit,  
 Wi' their fans into their hand,  
 Or they see gude Sir Patrick Spence  
 Cum failing to the land.

6

O lang lang may their ladies stand  
 Wi' their gold kems in their hair,  
 Waiting to see their ain dear lords  
 For they'll see them nae mair.  
 Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,  
 It's fifty fathom deep;  
 And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spence,  
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

SONG XII.

BRISK WINE.

DR. ARNOLD.

Brisk wine brisk wine and lovely women are the

Brisk wine brisk wine and lovely women are the source the

source of all our joys the 'source' of all our joys; A brimmer

source of all our joys, the source of all our joys; A brimmer

softens ev-'ry care and beauty never never cloy; a brimmer

softens ev-ry care and beauty never never cloy; a brimmer

softens ev-'ry care and beau-ty ne-ver cloy; ne-ver

softens ev-ry care, and beauty ne-ver cloy; ne-ver



CONTINUED.

cloys ne- ver cloys and beauty ne- ver cloys and beau- ty

cloys ne- ver cloys and beauty ne- ver cloys and beauty

ne- ver cloys. Then let us drink and let us love while yet our

ne- ver cloys. Then let us drink and let us love while yet our

hearts are gay while yet our hearts are gay; Women and wine

hearts are gay while yet our hearts are gay; Women and wine

we all ap- prove as blef-sings night and day as blefsings

we all ap- prove as blef-sings night and day as blessings

night and day. Then let us drink and let us love while yet our

night and day. Then let us drink and let us love while yet our



CONTINUED.

hearts are gay while yet our hearts are gay . . . . . we  
hearts are gay - while yet our hearts are gay. Wo- men and wine we

all - - ap- prove as blef- sings night and day as blef sings  
all - - ap- prove as blefsings night and day as blefsings

night and day night and day night and day as blef- sings night and  
night and day, night and day night and day as blef- sings night and

day as blef- sings night and day.  
day as blef- sings night and day.

SONG XIII.

HERE AWA WILLIE.

Here a - wa there a - wa here a - wa Wil - lie! Here a

wa there a - wa here a - wa hame. Lang have I fought thee

dear have I bought thee, Now I ha'e gotten my Willie a - gain.

Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie,  
 Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd him hame;  
 Whate'er betide us nought shall divide us,  
 Love now rewards all my forrow and pain.

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie!  
 Here awa, there awa, here awa hame.  
 Come, Love, believe me naething can grieve me,  
 Ilka thing pleases when Willie's at hame.

## SONG XIV.

## PASTHEEN FUEN.

*Irisb.**Andantino*

A fig for the cares of this whirligig world shall still be

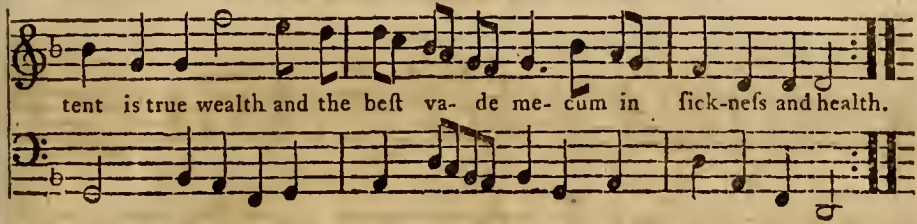
my motto wher- ever I'm twirl'd; From the spring of my youth to the

autumn of life It has chear'd me and whilk'd me thro' trouble and strife.

It has taught me to rise to the summit of ease, By calmly sub-

mitting to for- tune's de- crees. Thus I'm rich with- out pelf for con-

C O N T I N U E D .



Just as full of defects as the rest of my kind,  
 "Give and take" is my measure, for *specks* in the mind ;  
 For who in another should pry for a spot,  
 When he knows in his heart he has blot upon blot ?

In the mere War of Poets 'twixt the Inns and the Outs,  
 It but little boots me, who is routed or routs ;  
 Still I gain by their fallies, whene'er they combine  
 To give salt to my Muffin, and zest to my Wine.

At peace with all sects, I ask no man his *Credo*  
 In points of real import to none I say *Cedo*,  
 Content if my course, from the day-break of youth,  
 Has been steer'd by the compass and rudder of truth.

Full of life, fun and glee, with a jig in my heel,  
 Once I revel'd with Bacchus, and joined in the reel ;  
 But these frolics are past, and their relics declare,  
 There's no jig in a crutch, and no reel in a chair.

From a Prodigal, now grown a miser of Pleasure,  
 I begin with Anacreon, to hug my last treasure ;  
 And the better to manage, and spin out my store,  
 I make one go as far as I used to make four.

Light in freight as a Cutter return'd from a cruise,  
 "Finding little to gain, having little to lose,"  
 My anchor is cast, and my sails are all furl'd,  
 "So a fig for the cares of this whirligig world."

\* Sancho Panza's consolatory Proverb—"If little I gain, as little I lose."



S O N G X V .

TAKE OH TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY. *S M I T H .*

Take, oh take those lips a - way that so sweet - ly

Take, oh take those lips a - way that so sweet - ly

Take, oh take those lips a - way that so sweet - ly

were for- sworn and those eyes the break of day Lights

were for- sworn and those eyes the break of day Lights

were for- sworn, the break of day Lights

that do - - - mis- lead the morn; But my

that do mis- lead the morn;

that do mis- lead the morn; But my



CONTINUED

\* \*  
 \* \*  
 kif- ses bring a - gain, feals of love but feal'd in  
 \* \*  
 \* \*  
 But my kisses bring again, feals of love but feal'd in  
 \* \*  
 \* \*  
 kif- ses bring a - gain, feals of love but feal'd in

\* \*  
 \* \*  
 vain, feals of love but feal'd in vain.  
 \* \*  
 \* \*  
 vain, feals of love but feal'd in vain.  
 \* \*  
 \* \*  
 vain, feals of love but feal'd in vain.

Take, oh take my fears away,  
 Which thy cold disdain has bred;  
 And grant me one auspicious ray,  
 From thy morn of beauties shed:  
 But thy killing beams restrain,  
 Lest I be by beauty slain.

SONG XVI.

STIRLING TOWER.

*Very slow.*

'Twas at the so-lemn mid- night hour Be- fore the first cock's

crowing, That west- lin winds shook Stirling tow'r, With hol- low

mur- murs blowing; When Fan- ny fair all woe- be- gone, Sad

on her bed was ly- ing, Lo! thro' the mournful tow'r she heard

The bo- ding screech- owl crying.

CONTINUED:

O dismal night! she said and wept,  
O night presaging sorrow ;  
O dismal night! she said and wept,  
But more I dread to-morrow.

For now the bloody hour draws nigh,  
Each host to battle bending ;  
At morn shall sons their fathers slay,  
With deadly hate contending.

Even now in visions of the night,  
I saw fell death wide sweeping ;  
And all the matrons of the land,  
And all the virgins weeping.

And now she heard the massy gates  
Harsh on their hinges turning ;  
And now through all the Castle heard  
The woeful voice of mourning.

Aghast, she started from her bed,  
The fatal tidings dreading ;  
O speak, she cry'd, my father's slain!  
I see, I see him bleeding.

"A pale corpse on the sullen shore,  
At morn, fair maid, I left him ;  
Even at the thresh-hold of his gate,  
The foe of life bereft him.

Bold in the battle's front he fell  
With many a wound deformed ;  
A braver Knight or better man,  
This fair isle ne'er adorned."

While thus he spoke the grief-struck maid  
A deadly swoon invaded ;  
Lost was the lustre of her eyes,  
And all her beauty faded.

E

These lines are said to have been written by the late Sir G. Elliot, on occasion of the death of the celebrated Colonel Gardner, who fell at the battle of Prestonpans, in 1746.

SONG XVII.

MARIA.

*Moderato con Espressione.*

'Twas

near a thicket's calm re-treat, under a poplar tree, Ma-

ri- a chose her lone-ly seat, to mourn her sorrows free. Her lovely

form was sweet to view, as dawn at op'ning day; But ah! the



mourn'd her love not true, and wept her cares a - way.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet  
 In murmurs smooth along ;  
 Her pipe which once she tun'd so sweet  
 Had now forgot its song.  
 No more to charm the vale she tries,  
 For grief has fill'd her breast ;  
 Fled are the joys she used to prize  
 And fled with them her rest.  
 Poor hapless maid, who can behold  
 Thy anguish so severe,  
 Or hear thy love-lorn story told  
 Without a pitying tear ?  
 Maria, hapless maid, adieu !  
 Thy sorrows soon must cease ;  
 Soon heav'n will take a maid so true  
 To everlasting peace.



SONG XVIII.

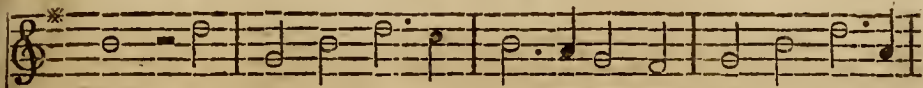
THE MARINERS. A GLEE.

We be three poor Ma-ri-ners new-ly come from the Seas; We  
 We be three poor Ma-ri-ners new-ly come from the Seas; We  
 We be three poor Ma-ri-ners new-ly come from the Seas; We

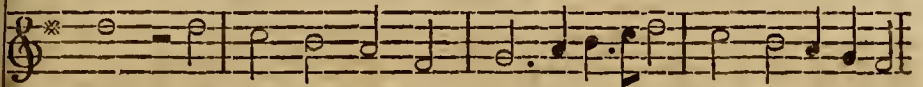
spend our lives in jeo-par-dy while others live at ease. Shall we go  
 spend our lives in jeo-par-dy while o-thers live at ease. Shall we go  
 spend our lives in jeo-par-dy while others live at ease. Shall we go

dance the round the round the round, shall we go dance the round the round the  
 dance the round the round the round, shall we go dance the round the round the  
 dance the round the round the round, shall we go dance the round the round the

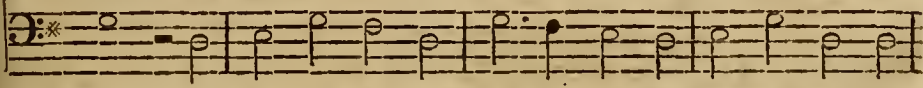
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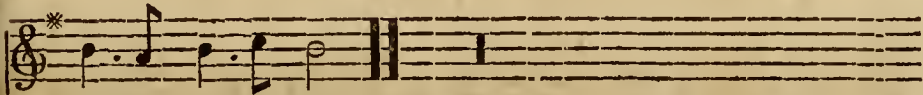
round; and he that is a jol- ly boy come pledge me on this



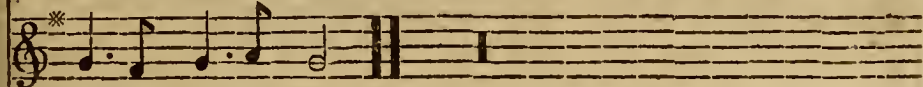
round; and he that is a jol- ly boy come pledge me on this



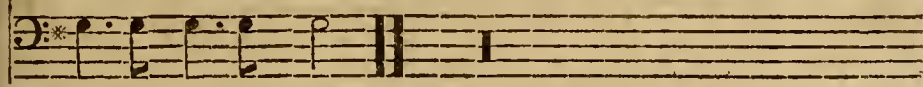
round; and he that is a jol- ly boy come pledge me on this



ground a- ground a-ground.



ground a- ground a- ground-



ground a- ground a- ground.

We care not for those martial men  
 That do our states disdain,  
 But we care for those Merchant men  
 That do our states maintain;  
 To them we dance this round &c.

SONG XIX.

A CATCH.

Come, come come pull a . way, Boys, Let the glaf- ses keep  
 Let their chan - ges be e - qual and their num - ber com -  
 Thus Mu - sic and Drinking our for - rows shall

time to the tune of the Bells that so mer - ri - ly fo mer - ri - ly fo  
 pleat; we'll raife up the one as the o - ther the o - ther doth  
 drown; then with joy let us drink off our glafses, drink off our

mer - ri - ly ding ding ding ding ding ding Bell, ding ding ding  
 fet, we'll raife up the one we'll raife up the  
 glafses Huz - za = = = = Huz - za =

CONTINUED:

ding ding ding dong Bell, fo mer - ri ly chime.

one as the o - ther the o - ther doth fet.

- - Huz - za - - each bumper shall crown.

SONG XX.

A CATCH.

Strephon the young, the loveliest swain

That e - ver grac'd th'Ar - ca - dian plain,

Fair Ce - lia lov'd nor lov'd in vain.



SONG XXI.

BOW THE HEAD, THOU LILY FAIR.

HAYDN.

*Very slow*

Bow the head thou lily fair, Bow the head in mournful guise,

Sickly turn thy shining white, Bend thy stalk and never rise.

Shed thy leaves thou lovely rose, Shed thy leaves so sweet and gay; Strow them

wide on the cold earth, Quickly let them fade away.

For alas! the gentle knot  
 So softly that did bind  
 My Emma and her swain,  
 Cruel death has now untwin'd.  
 Her head with half-clos'd eyes  
 Bends upon her breast of snow;  
 Cold and faded are those cheeks  
 That wont with red to glow.

Mute is that harmonious voice,  
 That breath'd the sounds of love;  
 And lifeless are those limbs,  
 That with such grace did move:  
 And I of bliss bereft,  
 Lone and sad must ever moan;  
 Dead to all the world can give,  
 Alive to grief alone.



SONG XXII.

CANON.

*BRD.*

Non no-bis Do-mi-ne, non no - bis fed no-mi-ni tu-

Non no-bis Do - mi - ne non no - bis fed no-mi-ni

Non no-bis Do-mi-ne non no - - bis

o da Glo - ri - am fed nomi-ni tu - - o da Glo - ri-

tu - - o da Glo-ri - am fed nomi-ni tu- o da

fed nomi-ni tu - o da Glo - ri - - am' fed nomi-ni

am non no- bis Do - mi - - ne non

Glori - - am non no- bis Do- mi-

tu - o da Glo ri - - am non

## SONG XXIII.

## LAURA.

*Irish Air.**Slow.*

Be - hold the fa - - tal hour ar - rive! Lau - ra

my Lau - ra - ah - fare - well; Se - ver'd from thee

can I fur - vive? From thee whom I have lov'd so

well. Ah! endlefs and deep shall be my woes,

No ray of com - - fort shall - I fee; And

yet - who knows, a - las! who knows If thou wilt

e'er re - mem - ber me!

Along the solitary shore  
 I'll wander, pensive and alone;  
 And wild re-echoing rocks implore  
 To tell me where my nymph is gone.  
 From early morn to ev'ning's close  
 My voice shall ceaseless call on thee;  
 And yet who knows, alas! who knows  
 If thou wilt e'er remember me!

Oft times I shall to meads and bow'rs,  
 To groves, my former haunts, repair;  
 Delightful haunts, where once my hours  
 Glided in joy, for thou wert there.  
 There flows the fountain, will I cry,  
 Where, blushing, scornful she would stand;  
 Then look with softly pitying eye,  
 And let me seize her yielding hand.

O think what sweet tormenting smart  
 Thy poor forlorn Fileno proves!  
 O think how faithful is his heart  
 Who has no hope, yet hopeless loves!  
 Think on the silent sad farewell  
 Of him, divided far from thee;  
 O think! yet who alas! can tell  
 If thou wilt e'er remember me.



S O N G XXIV .

O S I N G U N T O M Y R O U N D E L A Y .

*Plaintive.*

O sing un - to my round - e - lay O drop the bri - ny

O sing un - to my round - e - lay O drop the bri - ny

tear with me: Dance no more on ho - li - day, Like a run - ning

tear with me: Dance no more on ho - li - day, Like a run - ning

ri - ver be. My love is dead gone to his death - bed All un - der the

ri - ver be. My love is dead, gone to his death - bed All under the

wil - low tree. My love is dead, gone to his death - bed, All

wil - low tree. My love is dead, gone to his death - bed, All

CONTINUED.

un - der the wil - - low tree.

un-der the wil-low tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,  
White his skin as the mountain snow,  
Red his cheek as the morning light,  
Cold he lies in the grave below,  
My love is dead &c.



SONG XXV.

THE BONNY LASS IN YON TOWN.

*Andantino*

O wat ye wha's in

yon town, Ye see the e'en-ing sun u-pon? The dear-est

Maid's in yon town That e'en-ing sun is shining on. Now

hap-ly down yon gay green shaw, She wanders by yon spreading tree; How

CONTINUED.

blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw ye catch the glances o' her ee; How

blest ye birds that near her sing And welcome in the blooming year; And

doubly welcome be the spring, the season to my Jeanie dear.

2.

The sun blinks blyth on yon town,  
 Among the broomy braes fae green;  
 But my delight in yon town,  
 And dearest pleasure is my Jean:  
 Without my fair not a' the charms,  
 O' Paradise could yield me joy;  
 But gie me Jeanie in my arms,  
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky;

My cave wad be a lover's bow'r,  
 Tho' raging winter rent the air;  
 And she a lovely little flower,  
 That I wad tent and shelter there.

Chorus.

O sweet is she in yon town,  
 The sinking Sun's gane down upon;  
 A fairer than's in yon town,  
 His setting beam near shone upon.

SONG XXVI.

THE COTTAGE MAID.

PLEYEL.

*Pastorale, Andante.*

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are marked with a 6/8 time signature and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The music begins with a treble staff melody and a bass staff accompaniment of eighth notes.

The second system continues the musical piece. It features a vocal line in the treble staff that begins with the lyrics "Ah! where can". The bass staff continues with its accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The third system contains the vocal line with the lyrics "fly my foul's true love! Sad I wan-der". The treble staff shows the melody with slurs over the phrases, and the bass staff provides the accompaniment.

The fourth system concludes the vocal line with the lyrics "this lone grove; Sighs and tears for him". The treble staff shows the melody and the bass staff shows the accompaniment.



CONTINUED.

I shed, Hen - ry is from Lau -

ra fled: Thy love to me thou didst

im - part, Thy love soon won my

vir - gin heart; But dear, est Hen - ry thou'ft



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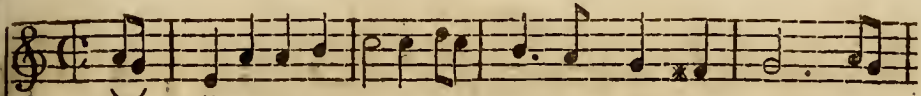
be - tray'd thy - - love with thy poor

Cottage maid.

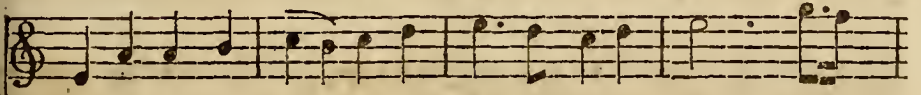
Through the vale my grief appears,  
 Sighing sad with pearly tears;  
 Oft thy image is my theme,  
 As I wander on the green;  
 See from my cheek the colour flies,  
 And love's sweet hope within me dies;  
 For O dear Henry thou'lt betray'd  
 Thy love with thy poor Cottage-maid.

SONG XXVII.

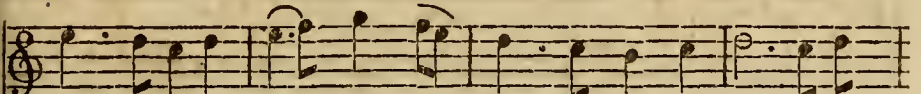
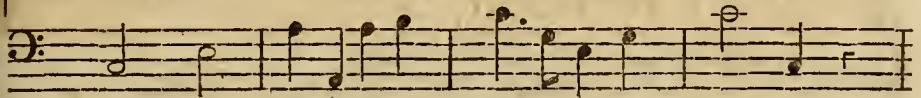
JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.



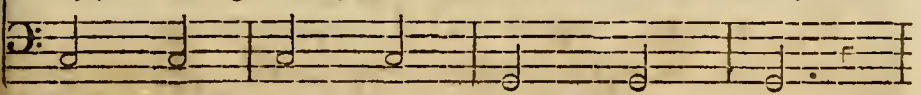
John Anderfon my jo John, ye were my first conceit, I



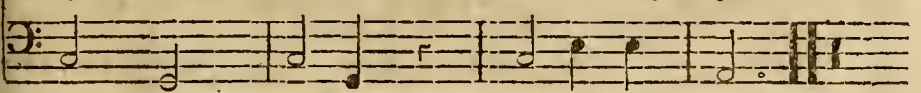
think na shame to fay John, I loc'd ye ear and late ; They



fay you're turning auld John and what tho' it be so? ye are



ay the same kind man to me, John Anderson my Jo.



John Anderson my jo John, when we were first acquaint,  
Your locks were like the raven John, your bonny brow was brent ;  
But now ye've turned bald John, your locks are like the snow,  
My blessings on that frosty pow, John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo John, we've seen our bairns bairns,  
And yet, my dear John Anderson, I'm happy in your arms ;  
And fae are ye in mine John, I'm fure ye'll no fay no,  
Tho' the days are past, that we have seen, John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo John, we've climb'd the hill the gither,  
And mony a canty day John, we've had wi' ane anither ;  
Now we maun totter down John, but, hand in hand we'll go  
And we'll rest the gither at the foot, John Anderson my jo.

## SONG XXVIII.

## LIFE HAS NO REAL BLISS.

*Slow.*

Life has no re - al bliss in store ; pos - sels - ing much we

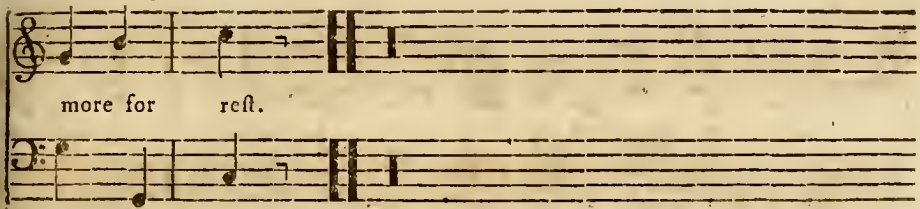
with for more, With health with friends with fortune blest, Why

fights my anxious soul for rest? When flatterers court my

lift - ning ear, Tho' pleas'd I study to ap - - pear, They

on - ly my re - pose mo - left, And make me seek the

C O N T I N U E D .



II.

But why, whenever Damon's near,  
 This anxious hope, this pleasing fear?  
 'Tis only friendship fills my breast;  
 And friendship ne'er was foe to rest.

To that his wishes seem'd to tend,  
 He only askt the name of friend;  
 But tho' by looks his flame I gueſt,  
 Could looks alone have hurt my rest?

III.

He ne'er has sought a studied strain,  
 In broken words he spoke his pain;  
 Alas! so much those words express,  
 I fear 'tis they have stol'n my rest.

But if superior to disguise,  
 His soul is pictur'd in his eyes;  
 Of Damon's heart when quite possess'd,  
 I soon shall find my wonted rest.



S O N G XXIX.

A SHEPHERD ONCE HAD LOST HIS LOVE.

A

Shepherd once had lost his love; Fal la la la

ral de ral de ra. And as he sought her in the grove;

Fal la la la ral de ral de ra. And as he sought her

in the grove, where she slept fast as he did stray, a lit - tle

CONTINUED.

bird sung from a spray; Fal lal lal la ral de ral de  
ra.

In vain this bird did strain her throat;

Fal, lal, lal, &c.

In vain she varied oft her note;

Fal, lal, lal, &c.

In vain she varied oft her note;

The foolish shepherd wander'd on,

The fair one rose and soon was gone.

Fal, lal, lal, &c.

At last the bird did to him say,

Fal, lal, lal, &c.

If you will not when you may,

Fal, lal, lal, &c.

If you will not when you may,

Oh when you will you shall have nay:

The little bird then flew away.

Fal, lal, lal, &c.

SONG XXX.

WE BE SOLDIERS THREE.

We be Soldiers three; Pardonnez moi, Je vous en prie;

We be Soldiers three; Pardonnez moi, Je vous en prie;

We be Soldiers three; Pardonnez moi, Je vous en prie;

lately come forth of the low country, with never a penny of Money.

lately come forth of the low country with never a penny of Money

lately come forth of the low country, with never a penny of Money.

Here good fellow I think to thee;  
 Pardonnez &c.  
 To all good fellows wherever they be;  
 With never &c.

And he that will not pledge me in this,  
 Pardonnez &c.  
 Pays for the shot whatever it is,  
 With never &c.

Charge it again Boys charge it again,  
 Pardonnez &c.  
 As long as there is any ink in my pen,  
 With never &c.

SONG XXXI.

BRIGHT PHOEBUS.

Bright Phoebus has mounted the chariot of day, And the

horns and the hounds call each sportsman a - way, and the

horns and the hounds call each sportsman a - way.

Thro' woods and thro'

meadows with speed now they bound, while health, ro - fy health



CONTINUED.

is in ex - er - cise found. Thro' woods and thro' meadows with

speed now they bound, while health ro - sy health is in

ex - er - cise found. Hark a - way! hark a - way!

Hark a - way is the word to the sound of the

Horn

CONTINUED.

And Echo,

and Ech - o, and Ech - o blythe Ech - o

makes jo - vial the morn.

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,  
 While Pufs flies the covert and dogs swift pursue.  
 Behold where she scours o'er the wide-spreading plain,  
 While the loud founding pack pursues her amain.

Hark away, &c.

At length Pufs is caught and now sighs her last breath,  
 And the shout of the huntsman's the signal for death;  
 No joys can delight like the sports of the field;  
 To hunting all pastimes and pleasures must yield.

Hark away, &c.

S O N G XXXII.

YE BIRDS FOR WHOM I REAR'D.

Ye Birds! for whom I rear'd I rear'd the

Ye Birds! for whom I rear'd the

grove, With melt - - - ing lays fa - - - lute my Love! with

grove, With melt - ing lays fa - - lute my Love! with

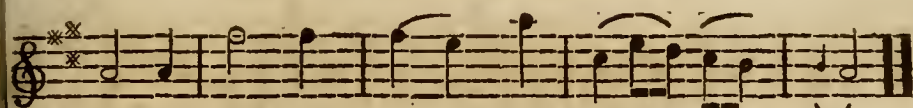
melt - - ing lays fa - - - lute my Love! My Daphne

melt - ing lays fa - - lute my Love! My Daphne

with your notes de - tain, Or I have rear'd the grove in

with your notes de - tain, Or I have rear'd the

CONTINUED:



vain, or I have rear'd the grove in vain.



grove, have rear'd the grove, the grove in vain.

Ye flowers! which early spring supplies,  
 Display at once your brightest dyes;  
 That she your op'ning charms may see,  
 Or what were else your charms to me.

Ye streams! if e'er your banks I lov'd,  
 If e'er your native sounds improv'd;  
 May each soft murmur sooth my Fair,  
 Or sure 'twill deepen my despair.



SONG XXXIII.

A SUP OF GOOD WHISKEY.

*Allegro.*

A sup of good Whiskey will make you glad; Too much of the

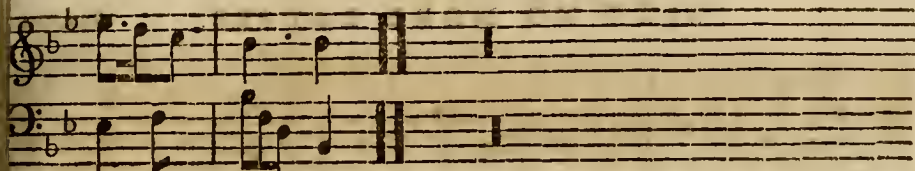
Creature will make you mad; If you take it in reason 'twill

make you wise; If you drink to ex - cels it will close up your eyes; Yet

Fa - ther and Mo - ther and Sis - ter and Brother, They all love a

sup in their turn.

CONTINUED.



Some Preachers will tell you to drink is bad,  
 I think so too—if there's none to be had :  
 The Swadler will bid you drink none at all,  
 But while I can get it, a fig for them all,  
     Both Layman and Brother,  
     In spite of this Pother,  
 Will all take a Sup in their Turn.

Some Doctors will tell ye 'twill hurt your health,  
 And Justice will say, 'twill reduce your wealth,  
 Physicians and Lawyers will all agree,  
 When your money's all gone, they can get no fee ;  
     Yet Surgeon and Doctor,  
     And Lawyer and Proctor,  
 Will all take a Sup in their Turn.

The Turks, who arriv'd from the Port sublime,  
 They told us that drinking was held a great crime ;  
 Yet after their Dinner, away they flunk,  
 And tippled their wine, 'till they got quite drunk.  
     The Sultan and Crommet,  
     And even Mahomet,  
 They all take a Sup in their Turn.

The Quakers will bid you from drink abstain,  
 By yea, and by nay, 'tis a fault in the Vain ;  
 Yet, some of the Broadbrims will get to the stuff,  
 And tiddle away 'till they've tiddled enough.  
     For Stiff rump and Steady,  
     And Solomon's Lady,  
 Would all take a Sup in their Turn.

The Germans will say they can drink the most,  
 The French and Italians will also boast,  
 Hibernia's the country, for all their noise,  
 For generous drinking and hearty Boys ;  
     There each jovial Fellow,  
     Will drink till he's mellow,  
 And take off his Glas in his Turn.

SONG XXXIV.

SIGH NO MORE LADIES.

STEVENS

*Andante.*

Sigh no more La - dies, ladies sigh no more, men were deceivers

Sigh no more La - dies, ladies sigh no more, men were deceivers

ever, men were deceivers ever; one foot on fea and

ever, men were deceivers ever; one foot on fea and

one on shore, to one thing constant never, to one thing constant

one on shore, to one thing constant never, to one thing constant

never. Then sigh not fo, but let them go, and be you

never, Then sigh not fo, but let them go and be you



CONTINUED.

blithe and bonny, and be you blithe and bonny, Con-  
 blithe and bonny, and be you blithe and bonny, Con-

verting all your fouds of woe, con - verting all your  
 verting all your fouds of woe, con - verting all your

fouds of woe, To hey nony nony hey nony  
 fouds of woe, To hey nony nony; hey nony

nony; hey nony nony; hey nony nony.  
 nony; hey nony nony; hey nony nony.

Sing no more ditties,  
 Ladies, sing no more  
 Of dumps so dull and heavy;  
 The frauds of men were ever so,  
 Since summer trees were leafy.

Then sigh not so,  
 But let them go,  
 And be you blyth and bonny;  
 Converting all your fouds of woe  
 To hey nony nony.



SONG XXXV.

IN THE DARK AND LONELY BOWER.

In the dark and lonely bow'r, At the fi - lent

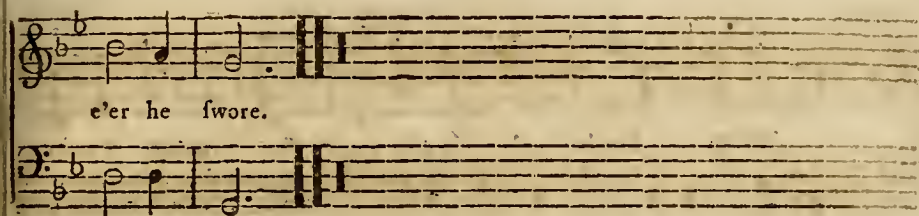
mid - night hour, Let me, let me all a - lone,

Ru - mi - nate on plea - sures gone. Ah! days of blis de -

light ful days, Could I those days of blis re - store, When

sick with love and vain with praise, I sigh - ing heard what -

CONTINUED.



Sadly solemn be the strain,  
 Suited to a heart in pain;  
 Mirth and pleasure I forego,  
 Welcome sorrow, welcome woe:  
 Too long in folly's court I stray'd,  
 A fond and witlefs maid I ween;  
 Ah faithless swain! how oft he said,  
 No nymph so fair he e'er had seen.

Beauty fades, and youth retires,  
 And mirth's airy train expires,  
 Wiping tears from pity's eye,  
 Waiting loves are hovering nigh:  
 Let virgin-hands fresh flow'rs supply,  
 To strew a hapless virgin's bier;  
 Ah perjur'd swain! Can you deny  
 To drop a sad relenting tear!

SONG XXXVI.

TIBBIE FOWLER.

*Slow.*

Tibbie Fowler o' the glen there's o'er mony woo-in

at her, Tibbie Fowler o' the glen, there's o'er mo-ny

wooin at her. Wooin at her, pu-in at her, courtin her, and

can-na get her: Filthy elf, its for her pelf, that a' the lads are

wooin at her.

C O N T I N U E D .

Ten cam' east and ten came west,  
Ten came rowin o'er the water;  
Twa came down the lang dyke side,  
There's twa and thirty woin at her.  
Woin at her &c.

There's seven but, and seven ben,  
Seven in the pantry wi' her;  
Twenty head about the door,  
There's ane and forty woin at her.  
Woin at her &c.

She's got pendles in her lugs,  
Cockle shells wad fet her better;  
High heel'd shoon and filler tags,  
And a' the lads are woin at her.  
Woin at her &c.

Be a lassie e'er fae black,  
An she hae the name o' filler;  
Set her upo' Tintock-tap,  
The wind will blaw a man till her.  
Woin at her &c.

Be a lassie e'er fae fair,  
An she want the penny filler;  
A fie may fell her in the air,  
Before a man be even'd till her.  
Woin at her &c.



SONG XXXVII.

O I HAE SEEN THE ROSES BLAW.

*Mr. MUSCHET.*

O! I hae seen the roses blaw, The heather bloom, the

broom an a', The li-ly spring as white as snaw, Wi' a' their native

splendor: Yet Mary's sweeter on the green, as fresh an' fair as

Flora queen, Mair stately than the branching bean, and like the i- vy

slender. In nature like a summer day, transcendent as a

CONTINUED.

funny ray, Her shape and air is frank an' gay, wi' a' that's  
sweet an' tender.

II.

While lavrocks sing their chearfu' lays,  
 An' shepherds brush the dewy braes,  
 'To meet wi' Mary's bonny face,  
     Among the shades I wander.  
 My captive breast, (by fancy led)  
 Adores the sweet the lovely maid,  
 We ilka smile and charm array'd,  
     To make a heart surrender.  
 I love her mair than bees do flow'rs,  
 Or birks the spreading leafy bow'rs ;  
 Her presence yields me what the show'rs,  
     To hills and valleys render.

III.

Cou'd I obtain my charmer's love,  
 Mair stable than a rock I'd prove ;  
 Wi' a' the meekness of a dove,  
     To ilka pleasure hand her :  
 If she wad like a shepherd lad,  
 I'd change my cane for crook an' plaid,  
 Upon the hill tune up the reed,  
     An' wi' a sang commend her.  
 For her I'd live a life remote,  
 Wi' her I'd love a rustic cott,  
 There blest kind fortune for my lot,  
     And ilka comfort lend her.

SONG XXXVIII.

THE SAILOR BOY.

First system of musical notation, treble and bass staves, 2/4 time, one sharp (F#).

Second system of musical notation, treble and bass staves, 2/4 time, one sharp (F#).  
 Poll dang it how d'ye do? Nan, won't you

Third system of musical notation, treble and bass staves, 2/4 time, one sharp (F#).  
 g'us a bufs? Why, what's to do with you? Why here's a pretty

Fourth system of musical notation, treble and bass staves, 2/4 time, one sharp (F#).  
 fufs! Why what's to do wi' you; why here's a pretty

Fifth system of musical notation, treble and bass staves, 2/4 time, one sharp (F#).  
 fufs; Say, shan't we kifs and toy? I goes to sea no more;



CONTINUED.

Oh! I'm the Sai-lor Boy for ca-per-ing a-shore,

Oh! I'm the Sailor Boy for ca-per-ing a-shore.

II.

Father he apprentic'd me  
 All to a Coasting Ship,  
 I b'ing resov'd d'ye see,  
 To give 'em all the slip,  
 I got to Yarmouth Fair,  
 Where I had been before,  
 So Father found me there,  
 A Capering a shore.

III.

Next out to India,  
 I went a Guinea Pig,  
 We got to table Bay,  
 But mind a pretty rig,  
 The Ship driving out to Sea,  
 Left me and many more,  
 Among the Hottenpots  
 A Capering a shore.

IV.

I loves a bit of Hop,  
 Life's ne'er the worfer for't,  
 If in my wake shou'd drop,  
 A Fiddle, "that's your sort;"  
 Thrice tumble up a hoy  
 Once get the labour o'er,  
 Then see the Sailor Boy,  
 A Capering a shore.



S O N G XXXIX.

IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT.

In the

dead of the night, when with la - bour op - - prest, All

mortals enjoy the calm blessings of ease, Cupid knock'd at my window dif-

turbing my rest, Who's there I de- mand- ed, Who's

CONTINUED:

there I de - mand - ed, Be - - gone if you - please.

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with a bass line. The second system also has a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with a bass line. The lyrics are placed between the two systems.

II.

He answer'd so meekly, so modest and mild,  
 Dear Ma'am it is I, an unfortunate child ;  
 'Tis a cold rainy night, I am wet to the skin,  
 And I have lost my way Ma'am, so pray let me in.

III.

No sooner from cold and from wet he got ease,  
 Than taking his bow, he said, Ma'am if you please,  
 If you please, Ma'am said he, from experience I'd know,  
 If the rain has not damaged the string of my bow.

IV.

Away trip'd the urchin, as brisk as a bee,  
 And laughing, I wish you much joy Ma'am, said he,  
 My bow is not damaged, nor yet is my dart,  
 But you will have trouble in bearing the smart.

SONG XL.

THE GARRETEER.

Happy the man who life's dull cares to low am-bi-tion

gives; And mounting up five pair of stairs, In lof-ty

gar-ret lives. While tu-mults vex our earth-ly ball, Our

streets while noi-sy cries, The Garret-teer ef-capes them all, The

Gar-ret-teer ef-capes them all "com-mer-cing with the skies."

CONTINUED.

No wrangling mobs, thus heard from far,  
Disturb his tranquil soul :  
The rattling coach, and rumbling car,  
Like distant thunders roll.

Proud as a sultan on his throne,  
His vassals at his feet :  
Above the world, the bard looks down,  
On all that man thinks great.

Whilst dust or smoke beneath him rolls,  
He snuffs th' ætherial breeze ;  
And broils his steak upon the coals,  
Or calmly toasts his cheese.

The spider in the bard's blest dome,  
His web with safety hides ;  
Where mops or brooms dare never come,  
" That come to all " besides.

The wheezing dun, one flight of stairs,  
Who mounts to seize his prey,  
To storm his citadel despairs,  
And growling turns away.

The Cambrian thus on Penmanmoor,  
Or Snowdon's lofty side,  
Amidst his craggy rocks secure,  
The Roman power defy'd.



SONG XLI

PAUVRE MADELON.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The bass line starts with a quarter note F3, followed by quarter notes G3, A3, and B3.

The second system continues the melody. The treble staff features a quarter note C5, followed by quarter notes B4, A4, and G4. The bass staff continues with quarter notes C4, D4, E4, and F4.

The third system concludes with a double bar line. The treble staff ends with a quarter note G4. The bass staff ends with a quarter note F4.

Could

The fourth system includes the lyrics: "you to battle march a - way, And leave me here com". The treble staff melody is: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (quarter). The bass staff accompaniment is: F3 (quarter), G3 (quarter), A3 (quarter), B3 (quarter), C4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter).

The fifth system includes the lyrics: "plain - ing? Could you to battle march a - way, And leave me". The treble staff melody is: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (quarter). The bass staff accompaniment is: F3 (quarter), G3 (quarter), A3 (quarter), B3 (quarter), C4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter).

CONTINUED.

here com - plain - ing? I'm fure 'twould break my heart to stay when

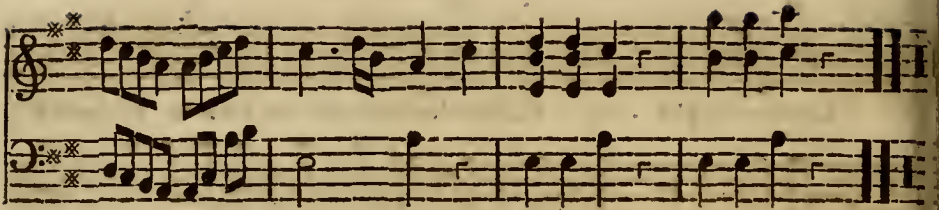
you were gone cam - paign - ing; Ah! non non non, Pauvre Made-

lon will ne - ver quit her Ro - ver Ah!

non non non, Pauvre Ma - de - lon wou'd go with you

all the world o - ver.

CONTINUED :



II.

SOLDIER.—Cheer cheer, my love, you shall not grieve,  
 A Soldier true you'll find me ;  
 I cou'd not have the heart to leave  
 My little girl behind me.  
 Ah non, non, non, Pauvre Madelon  
 Shall never quit her Rover ;  
 Ah non, non, non, Pauvre Madelon  
 Shall go with me all the world over.

III.

MADELON.—And can you to the battle go  
 To womens' fears a stranger ?  
 No fears my breast will ever know  
 But when my love's in danger.  
 Ah, non, non, non, Pauvre Madelon  
 Will never quit her Rover ;  
 Ah, non, non, non, Pauvre Madelon  
 Will go with you all the world over.

DUET.—Then let the world jog as it will,  
 Let hollow friends forsake us ;  
 We both shall be as happy still,  
 As love and war can make us.  
 Ah, non, non, &c.

OTHER WORDS TO THE SAME AIR.

From night till morn, I take my glafs,  
 In hopes to forget my Chloe ;  
 But as I take the pleasing draught,  
 She's ne'er the less before me.  
 Ah, no, no, no, wine cannot cure  
 The pain I endure for my Chloe.

To wine I flew to ease the smart  
 Her beauteous charms created ;  
 But wine more firmly bound the chain,  
 And love would not be cheated.  
 Ah, no, no, &c.



SONG XLII.

TELL ME THOU DEAR DEPARTED SHADE.

Tell me thou dear de - part - ed Shade, Ah tell me

Tell me thou dear de - part - ed Shade, Ah tell me

whither art thou flown; To what de - lightful place

whither art thou flown; To what de - lightful place

con - vey'd, What dif - tant World to me un - known;

con - vey'd, What dif - tant world to me unknown,

What world - - - what dif - tant

What dif - tant world to me un - known, what dif - tant

world to me un - known. Say

world to me un - known. Say



CONTINUED.

does thy ai - ry flight ex - tend, As far as  
 does thy ai - ry flight ex - tend As far as

our once fav' - rite bow'r, Dost thou my lone - ly  
 our once fav - rite bow'r, Dost thou my lonely

walks at - tend, or visit me at mid - night  
 walks at - tend, or visit me at mid - night

hour, or visit me at mid - night hour?  
 hour, or visit me at mid - night hour?

*Larghetto*

When Sol displays his radiant beam, each thought I de - di  
 When Sol displays his radiant beam, each thought I de - di

CONTINUED.

cate to thee, each thought I de - di - cate to thee. And

cate to thee, each thought I de - di - cate to thee. And

if thou form'st the night - ly dream, the night -

if thou form'st the night - ly dream, How foothering then is

ly dream, How foothering then is sleep to me! And

sleep to me! How foothering then is sleep to me! And

if thou form'st the night - ly dream, How foother - ing then is

if thou form'st the night - ly dream, How foother - ing then is

sleep to me, How foothering then is sleep to me!

sleep to me, How foothering then is sleep to me!

SONG XLIII!

BONNY DOWN.

Ye banks and braes of Bon - ny Down, How can you bloom so

fresh and fair; How can ye sing ye lit - tle birds, White

I'm <sup>weary</sup> fae wae and full of care. Thou'll break my heart <sup>ye</sup>

lit - tle birds, That want - on through the flowering thorn, Ye

mind me of de - - - par - ted joys, De - part - ed ne - ver



CONTINUED:

to re - turn.

II,

Oft have I roam'd by bonny Down,  
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,  
 Where ilka bird, sung <sup>to be some</sup> o'er its note,  
 And cheerfully I join'd with mine.

*And bonny*  
*we kin*  
*that*

Wi' heartfom glee I pull'd a rose,  
 A rose out of yon thorny tree:

But my false love has stol'n the rose,  
 And left the thorn behind to me.

*most horrible version*

*one*



## SONG XLIV.

## SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like

pret - ty Sally - - ; She is the dar - ling of my

heart, And she lives in our - - Al - ley ; There's ne'er a

La - dy in the land, That's half so sweet as Sally - ; She is the

dar - ling of my heart, And she lives in our Al - ley.

C O N T I N U E D :

II.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,  
And thro' the streets does cry 'em ;  
Her mother she sells laces long,  
To such as please to buy 'em :  
But by such folks was never bred,  
So sweet a girl as Sally,  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our Alley.

III.

Of all the days that's in the week,  
I dearly love but one day ;  
And that's the day, that comes betwixt,  
The Saturday and Monday :  
For then I'm drest in all my best,  
To walk abroad with Sally ;  
She is &c-

IV.

My master he takes me to church,  
And often am I blamed ;  
Because I leave him in the lurch,  
As soon as text is named ;  
I leave the church in sermon time,  
And slink away to Sally ;  
She is &c,

V.

When Christmas comes about again,  
Oh ! then I shall have money ;  
I'll hoard it up, and box and all,  
I'll give it to my honey ;  
And wou'd it were ten thousand pounds !  
I'd give it all to Sally ;  
She is &c,

SONG XLV.

FICKLE STREPHON.

To dear A - ma - ryllis young Strephon had long declar'd his fix't

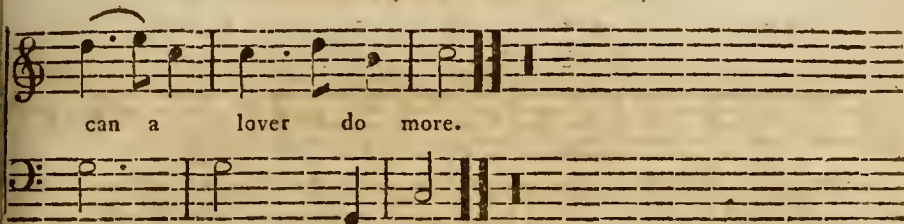
passion, and dy'd for in song, He went one May morning to

meet in the grove, By her own dear appointment, this goddess of love.

Mean time in his mind all her charms he ran

o'er And doated on each, and doated on each

CONTINUED :



He waited and waited ; then changing his strain  
 'Twas fury, and rage, and despair, and disdain !  
 The sun was commanded to hide his dull light,  
 And the whole course 'of nature was alter'd downright,  
 'Twas his hapless fortune to die and adore,  
 But never to change—can a lover do more ?

Cleora, it happ'd came by accident there,  
 No rose-bud so tempting, no lily so fair ;  
 He press'd her white hand-next her lips he essay'd,  
 Nor would she deny him, so civil the maid !  
 Her kindly compliance his peace did restore,  
 And dear Amaryllis—was thought of no more.



SONG XLVI.

NIGHT TO LOVERS JOYS A FRIEND.

*Slow.*

Night, to lovers

joys a friend, Swiftly thy as - sist - ance yield; Lock up

envious see - ing day, Bring the wil - ling youth a - way.

CONTINUED:

Haste and speed the tedious hour, To the secret happy

bow'r, Then, my heart, for bliss pre - pare, Thyrsis sure - ly

will be there; Thyrsis surely will be there.

See the hateful day is gone,  
 Welcome ev'ning now comes on;  
 Soon to meet my dear I fly,  
 None but Love shall then be by;  
 None shall dare to venture near,  
 To tell the plighted vows they hear;  
 Parting thence will be the pain,  
 But we'll part to meet again.  
 Farewell loitring idle day!  
 To my swain I hie away,  
 On the wings of Love I go,  
 He the ready way will shew.  
 Peace, my breast, nor danger fear,  
 Love and Thyrsis both are near;  
 'Tis the youth! I'm sure 'tis he!  
 Night, how much I owe to thee!

## SONG XLVII.

## THE WOODMAN.

LINLEY.

*Moderate.*

♩.S.

Stay travel - ler; tarry here to night; The

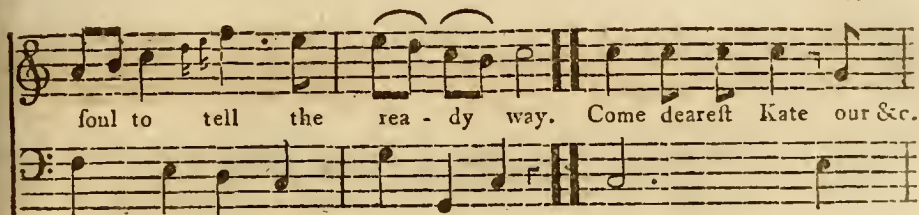
rain yet beats, the wind is loud, The moon has too with -

drawn her light And gone to sleep be - hind a cloud; 'Tis

sev'n long miles a - - cros the moor, And shou'd you chance to

go a - stray You'll meet I fear no friend - ly door, Nor

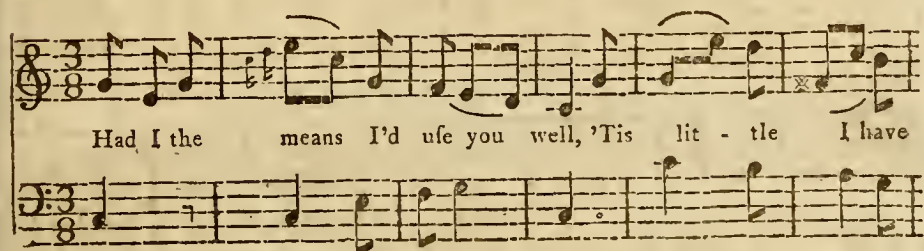




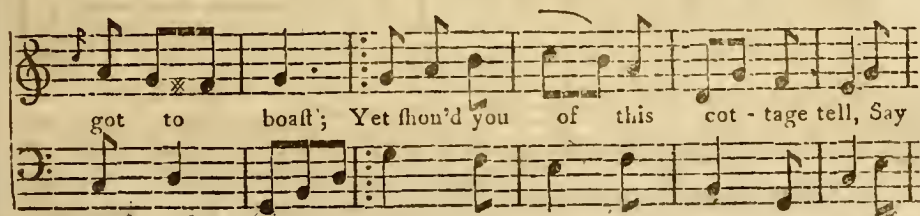
foul to tell the ready way. Come dearest Kate our &c.

*Come dearest Kate, our meal prepare,*  
 This stranger shall partake our best;  
 A cake and rather be his fare,  
 With ale that makes the weary blest.

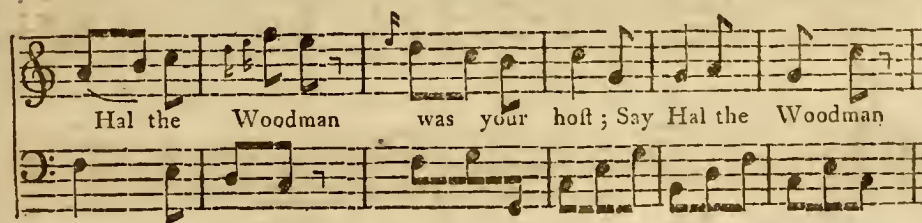
Approach the hearth, there take a place,  
 And till the hour of rest draws nigh,  
 Of Robin-Hood and Chevy-Chace  
 We'll sing; then to our pallets hie;




Had I the means I'd use you well, 'Tis little I have



got to boast; Yet shon'd you of this cottage tell, Say



Hal the Woodman was your host; Say Hal the Woodman



was your host.



SONG XLVIII.

SOMEBODY.

*Pastorale.*

The first system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and the same key signature and time signature. It starts with a quarter rest, followed by eighth notes G3-A3, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes.

The second system of music continues the melody from the first system. The treble staff features a series of eighth and quarter notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. The bass staff continues with eighth and quarter notes, maintaining the harmonic support.

The third system of music includes the lyrics "Were I ob - lig'd to beg my bread and". The treble staff has a melodic line with a colon indicating a repeat or a specific phrasing. The bass staff provides the accompaniment with eighth and quarter notes.

The fourth system of music includes the lyrics "had not where to lay my head; I'd creep where you - der herds are". The treble staff features a melodic line with a slur over the final two measures. The bass staff continues with eighth and quarter notes.

The fifth system of music includes the lyrics "fed, And steal a look at Some-bo - dy; My own dear". The treble staff has a melodic line with a slur over the final two measures. The bass staff continues with eighth and quarter notes.

CONTINUED :

Somebo- dy, my con - stant Some-bo- dy; I'd creep where yonder

herds are fed, And steal a look at Some - bo - dy.

Ah! should my chaste love meet return,  
 I'd bless the day that I was born;  
 And never more would sigh forlorn,  
 But live to look at Somebody.  
 With him I'd tend my fleecy care,  
 With him each anxious wish I'd share,  
 And only ask that I might bear  
 The name of my dear Somebody.

## SONG XLIX.

THOU DEAR SEDUCER.

FISHER.

Thou dear se - du - cer of my heart, Fond cause of ev - 'ry

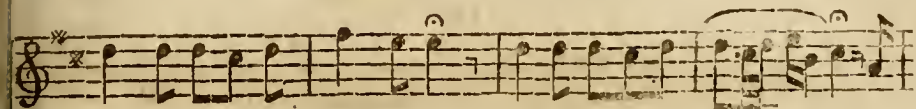
struggling sigh, No more can I con - ceal love's smart, No more re - strain the

ar - dent eye. What tho' this tongue did ne - ver move, To tell thee all . its

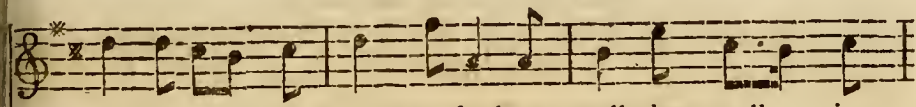
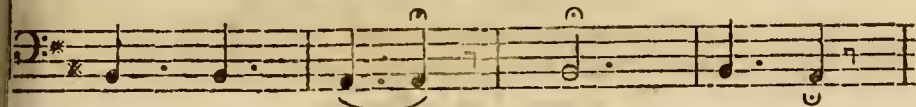
master's pain; My eyes, my looks, have spoke my love; Al -



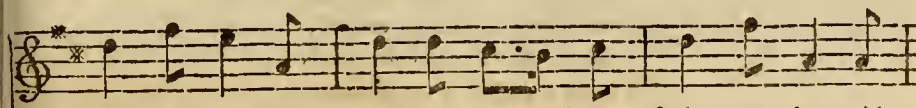
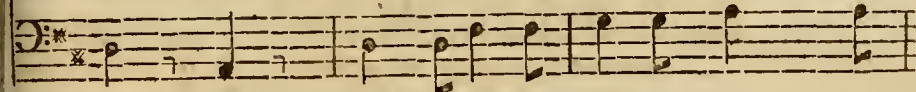
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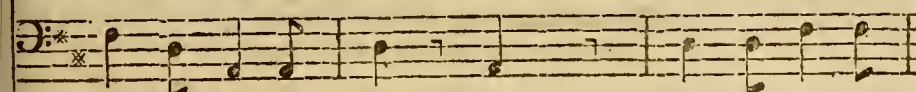
vi - na shall they speak in vain shall they speak in vain. . . . What



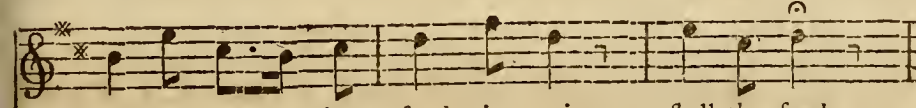
tho' this tongue did ne - - ver speak to tell thee all its



Master's pain my eyes my looks have spoke my love, Al -



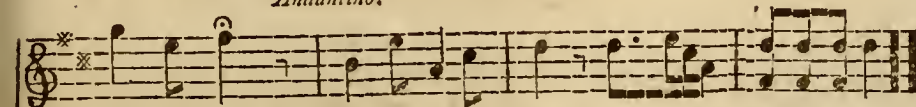
*Adagio.*



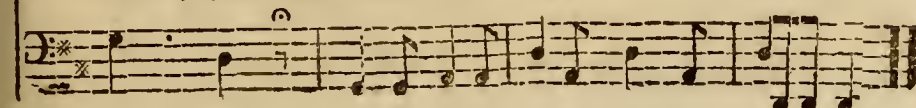
vi - na shall they speak in vain, shall they speak,



*Andantino.*



shall they speak shall they speak in vain ?

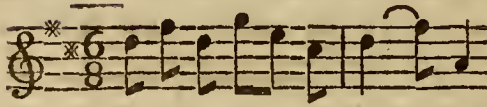




## II.

For still imagination warm,  
 Presents thee at the noontide beam ;  
 And sleep gives back thy angel form,  
 To clasp thee in the midnight dream,  
 Alvina, tho' no splendid store  
 Of riches more than merit move ;  
 Yet charmer, I am far from poor,  
 For I am more than rich in love,

## III.



Pulse of my beating heart, shall all  
 My gay seducive hopes be fled,  
 Unheeded wilt thou hear me fall,  
 Unpitied wilt thou see me dead ?  
 I'll make a cradle of this breast,  
 Thy image all its Child shall be ;  
 My throbbing heart shall rock to rest,  
 The cares that waste my life and me,

SONG L.

IN VAIN I TRY MY EVERY ART.

*Slow.*

The musical score is written in 2/4 time and consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are: "In vain I try my ev - ry art, Nor can I fix a single heart, Yet I'm not old nor ug - ly. Let me con - sult my faith - ful glafs, A face much worse than this might pass, Me - thinks I look full smug - ly." The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

Yet blest'd with all these powerful charms,  
 The young Philemon fled my arms,  
 That wild unthinking rover ;  
 Hope, silly maids, as soon to bind  
 The rolling stream, the flying wind,  
 As fix a rambling lover.

But hamper'd in the marriage noose,  
 In vain they struggle to get loose.  
 And make a mighty riot :  
 Like madmen how they rave and stare !  
 A while they shake their chains and swear ;  
 And then lie down in quiet,

## SONG LI.

## SIR EGLAMORE.

SHIELD.

Sir Eg-la-more was a valiant knight, Fa la

lan - ky down dilly, He call'd for his sword and went forth to fight,

Fa la lanky down dilly, He went forth to fight as I've

heard the folk fay, And when he came there he ran away.

CONTINUED :

Fa la la la la la lanky down dilly, Fa la la la la la

lanky down dilly.

II.

A hungry wolf did tow'rd him leap,  
 Fa la lanky down dilly,  
 But he'd rather met with a score of sheep,  
 Fa la lanky down dilly :  
 Then he ran so fast that his sword did drop,  
 And he scorn'd to turn back to pick it up,  
 Fa la &c.

III.

Then there came whistling down the plain,  
 Fa la &c.  
 A furlly sturdy dauntless swain,  
 Fa la &c.  
 Mean while the knight ran up a tree,  
 That if they should fight he the combat might see,  
 Fa la &c.

IV.

Oh then began a bloody fray,  
 Fa la &c,  
 As the knight durst not fight, he resolv'd to pray,  
 Fa la &c.  
 But had you beheld Sir Eglamore,  
 When as he heard the savage roar,  
 Fa la &c.

V.

The peasant did his ribs so roast,  
 Fa la &c,  
 That master wolf gave up the ghost,  
 Fa la &c.  
 So when Sir Knight saw the monster dead,  
 His courage return'd and he cut off his head,  
 Fa la &c.



SONG LII.

FAIR FIDELLE.

ARNE

The first system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B-flat4, and C5. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and the same key signature and time signature. The bass line starts with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes F3 and E3.

The second system continues the melody. The treble staff features a series of eighth notes: G4, A4, B-flat4, C5, B-flat4, A4, G4. The bass staff continues with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes F3 and E3. There is an asterisk (\*) above the second measure of the bass staff.

The third system continues the melody. The treble staff features a series of eighth notes: G4, A4, B-flat4, C5, B-flat4, A4, G4. The bass staff continues with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes F3 and E3.

The fourth system continues the melody. The treble staff features a series of eighth notes: G4, A4, B-flat4, C5, B-flat4, A4, G4. The bass staff continues with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes F3 and E3.

To fair Fi - - de - le's graf - - fy tomb, Soft maids and

The fifth system continues the melody. The treble staff features a series of eighth notes: G4, A4, B-flat4, C5, B-flat4, A4, G4. The bass staff continues with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes F3 and E3. There is an asterisk (\*) above the second measure of the bass staff.

village hinds shall bring each op' - ning sweet of

CONTINUED :

ear-liest bloom, and ri - fle all the breath - - ing

spring.

II.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear  
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;  
 But shepherd lads assemble here,  
 And melting virgins own their love.

III.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen ;  
 No goblins lead their nightly crew,  
 The female fays shall haunt the green ;  
 And dress thy grave with early dew.

IV.

The redbreast oft at ev'ning hours  
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,  
 With hoary moss and gather'd flowr's  
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

V.

When howling winds and beating rain  
 In tempest shake the sylvan cell,  
 Or midst the chace upon the plain  
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

VI.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore ;  
 For thee the tear be duly shed,  
 Belov'd till life can charm no more,  
 And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.

S O N G LIII.

GIN A BODY MEET A BODY.

Gin a bo-dy meet a bo-dy, Coming thro' the rye:

Gin a bo-dy kifs a bo-dy Need a bo-dy cry?

Il-ka bo-dy has a bo-dy ne'er a ane ha'e I, But

a' the lads they loe me weel, And what the deuce care I?

Gin a body meet a body coming thro' the broom,  
 Gin a body kifs a body need a body gloom?  
 Ilka Jenny has her Jocky, ne'er a ane ha'e I,  
 But a' the lads they loe me weel, and what the deuce care I?

SONG LIV.

A CATCH; For three voices.

Hail, flow' - ry meads soft pur - ling rill - and

Where oft I've stray'd with Stre - phon dear - - est

Witnefs ye facred haughts each herb and

grove; ye sweet re - treats of in - no - cence and love;

youth whose voice was mu - sic and whose soul was truth;

flow'r, how much his cru - el fate I now de - plore.



SONG LV.

COME LIVE WITH ME.

*Andante.*

WEBBL.

Come live with me, come come live with me and be my love,

Come live with me, come, come live with me and be my  
 And we will all the pleasures prove we will all the pleasures

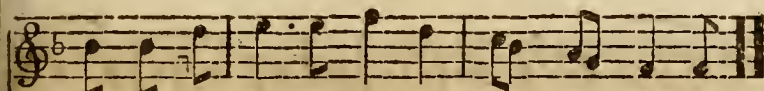
love; And we will all the plea - fures  
 prove that grove and valley hill and field or woods and flee - py

prove that grove and valley hill and field or woods and flee - py  
 mountains yield; And I will make thee beds of roses, And twine

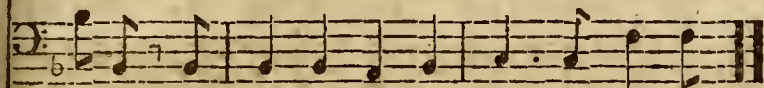
mountains yield; And I will make thee beds of roses And twine and  
 - a thousand fragrant posies; A cap of flow'rs and ru - ral

twine a thousand fragrant posies; A cap of flow'rs and rural

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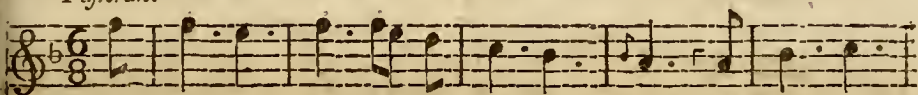


kirtle, Em - broider'd all with leaves of myrtle.



kirtle, Em - broider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

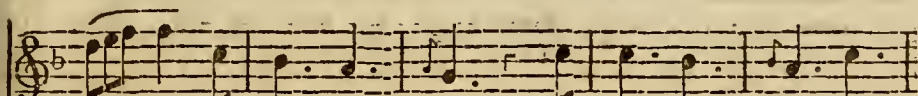
*Pastorale.*



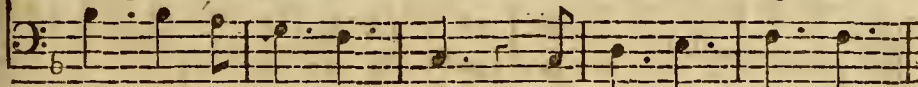
A belt of straw and i - vy buds, A co - ral



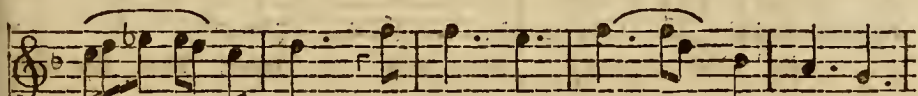
A belt of straw and i - vy buds, A co - ral



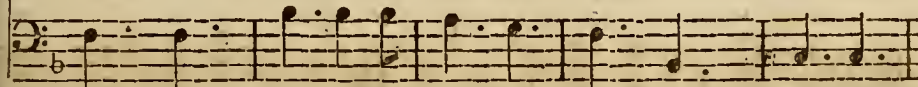
clasp and am - ber studs; And if these pleasures



clasp and amber studs; And if these pleasures



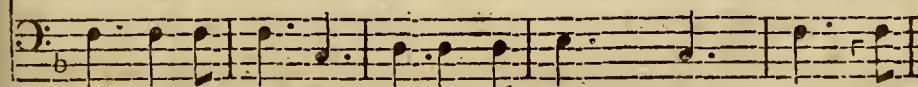
may - thee move, Then come with me - and be my



may thee move, Then come with me and be my



love. The shepherd swains shall dance - and sing For



love. The Shepherd swains shall dance and sing For

CONTINUED;

thy de - light each May mor - ning. If joys like these thy  
 thy de - light each May mor - ning. If joys - like these thy

mind - may move, Then live with me and be my love; If  
 mind may move, Then live with me and be my love; If.

joys like these thy mind - may move, Then live with  
 joys like these thy mind may move, Then live with

me and be my love.  
 me and be my love.



SONG LVI.

THE ANSWER TO "COME LIVE WITH ME."

*Andante.*

If love and all the world were young, And truth in ev - ry

If love and all the world were young, and truth in ev - ry

shepherd's tongue, Thy fancied pleasures might me move, And

shepherd's tongue, Thy fancied pleasures might me move, And

I might listen to thy love, I might listen

I might list - en to thy love, I might listen

to thy love. But time drives flocks drives flocks, from field to fold;

to thy love. But time drives flocks from field to fold, Then

Then ri - - vers rage, then ri - vers rage then ri - vers rage.

ri - vers rage - - - - - rage and



CONTINUED.

and hills grow cold, grow cold, grow cold Then drooping Philo -  
hills grow cold . . . grow cold, Then drooping Philo -

mel is dumb, And age complains of care to come, Then drooping Philo -  
mel is dumb, And age complains of care to come, Then drooping Philo-

mel is dumb, And age complains of care to come.  
mel is dumb, And age complains of care to come.

*Pastorale.*

Thy gowns thy belts thy beds of roses, Thy  
Thy belts thy beds of roses, Thy

cap thy kir - tle and thy po - sies, All  
cap thy kir - tle and thy po - sies, All

CONTINUED.

these in me in me can no - thing move To  
 these in me can no - thing move To

live with thee and be thy love. If youth could  
 live with thee and be thy love. If youth could

last and love still breed? Had joys no date and  
 last and love still breed; Had joys no date and

age no need; Then these de - lights my mind might  
 age no need: Then these de - lights my mind might

move, And I might lift - en to thy love.  
 move, And I might lift - en to thy love.

SONG LVII.

THE POOR LITTLE GIPSEY.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff with a 3/8 time signature and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff and the accompaniment in the bass staff.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

Third system of musical notation, including the lyrics "A poor little".

Fourth system of musical notation, including the lyrics "Gypsy I wander for - lorn; my fortune was told long be-".

Fifth system of musical notation, including the lyrics "fore I was born, so fortunes I tell as for - - faken I".



CONTINUED.

flray and in searck of my love I am loft on my way;

Spare a half - penny, spare a half - penny spare a

poor little Gipsy, a Gipsy a halfpenny, Spare a

poor little Gypsey a halfpenny.

I fear from this line you have been a sad man,  
 And to harm us poor girls have form'd many a plan ;  
 Beware lest repentance too late cause you pain,  
 And attend to the lesson I give in my strain.

Spare a &c.

Thro' wilds and thro' forests as wearied I roam,  
 Long absent from friends, from parents and home,  
 Tho' sad is my heart and tho' sore are my feet,  
 Yet I sing on my way thus to all that I meet,

Spare a &c.



SONG LVIII.

COMING THRO' THE CRAIGS O' KYLE.

Coming thro' the craigs o' Kyle, A - mang the bonny

blooming heather, There I met a bonny lassie, Keeping a' her

ewes to - gether. O'er the moor a - mang the heather,

O'er the moor a - mang the heather, There I met a

bo - nie lassie keeping a' her ewes to - gether.

CONTINUED :

II.

Says I, my dear, where is thy hame,  
In moor or dale, pray tell me whether,  
She says I tent the fleecy flocks  
That feed amang the blooming heather.  
    O'er the moor &c.  
    O'er the moor &c.  
She says I tent the fleecy flocks  
That feed amang the blooming heather.

III.

We sat us down upon a bank,  
Sae warm and sunny was the weather,  
She left her flocks at large to rove  
Amang the bonny blooming heather,  
    O'er the moor &c.  
    O'er the moor &c.  
She left her flocks at large to rove,  
Amang the bonny blooming heather.

IV.

She charm'd my heart and ay finfyne  
I can na think on any ither,  
By sea and sky she shall be mine,  
The bonny lass amang the heather.  
    O'er the moor &c.  
    O'er the moor &c.  
By sea and sky she shall be mine,  
The bonny lass amang the heather.

S O N G L I X .

SHE CAME FROM THE HILLS.

*Slow.*

She came from the hills of the West, A smile of contentment she

wore; Her heart was a garden of rest, But ah! the sweet

sea-son is o'er. How oft by the streams in the

wood, Delighted she'd ramble and rove; And while she stood

C O N T I N U E D :

marking the flood, Would tune up a stan-za of

love.

II.

Her dress was a garment of green,  
 Set off with a border of white ;  
 And all the day long might be seen  
 Like a bird that is always in plight.  
 In rural diversion and play  
 The Summers glid smoothly along ;  
 And her winters pass'd briskly away,  
 Cheer'd up with a tale or a song.

III.

At length a destroyer came by,  
 A youth of more person than parts,  
 Well skill'd in the arts of the eye,  
 The conquest and havock of hearts.  
 He led her by fountains and streams,  
 He woo'd her with sonnets and books ;  
 He told her his tales and his dreams,  
 And mark'd their effect in her looks.

IV.

He taught her by midnight to roam  
 Where spirits and spectres affright ;  
 For passions increase with the gloom,  
 And caution expires with the light.  
 At length, like a Rose from the spray,  
 Like a lily just pluckt from the stem,  
 She droopt, and she faded away,  
 Thrown by and neglected like them.



SONG LX.  
YESTERDAY.

*Sloro.*

The first system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 3/4 time signature. The bass line starts with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3 and B3.

The second system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff continues the melody from the first system. The lyrics "Say ye studious grave and old, Tell me all ye" are written below the treble staff. The bass staff continues the bass line from the first system.

The third system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff continues the melody. The lyrics "fair and gay, Tell me where I may be-hold The" are written below the treble staff. The bass staff continues the bass line.

The fourth system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff continues the melody. The lyrics "fleet - ing forms of Yest - er - day. Where's Au - tumnal" are written below the treble staff. The bass staff continues the bass line.

The fifth system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff continues the melody. The lyrics "plen - ty sped, Winter where's thy boiftrous sway; Where's the" are written below the treble staff. The bass staff continues the bass line.

CONTINUED.

vernal flow' - ret fled, Summer where's thy Yester -

day, Summer where's thy Yef - terday.

Jocund sprites' of social joy,  
 Round our smiling goblet play;  
 Flit ye pow'rs of rude annoy,  
 Like the ghost of Yesterday.

Brim the bowl, and pass it round  
 Lightly tune the sportive lay;  
 Let the festal hour be crown'd  
 E'er 'tis lost like Yesterday.

SONG LXI.

HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

How long and dreary is the night, When I am frae my

Dearie ; I sleepless lye frae e'en to morn Tho' I were ne'er fo

weary: I sleepless lye frae e'en to morn tho' I were ne'er fo weary.

When I think on the happy days,  
 I spent wi' you my Dearie ;  
 And now what lands between us lie,  
 How can I be but eerie !  
 And now what lands &c.

How slow ye move ye heavy hours,  
 As ye were wae and weary,  
 It was na fae ye glented by,  
 When I was wi' my Dearie.  
 It was na fae ye glented, &c.

SONG LXII.

A CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Hail, hail green fields and sha - dy woods hail crystal  
 Hail, Nature's un - corrupted goods where virtue  
 Free from vice, - - - - and free -

streams that still run pure; Hail crys - tal streams  
 oo - ly dwells fe - cure, where vir - tue  
 - - from care; Age has no pain nor youth a

that still that still run - pure.  
 on - ly dwells fe - cure,  
 snare nor youth a snare.



SONG LXIII.

AH TELL ME WHY SHOULD SILLY MAN.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a 2/4 time signature, with a '54' written below the first measure. It contains a simple accompaniment of quarter notes.

The second system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff continues the melody from the first system. The lyrics 'Ah! tell me why should sil - ly' are written below the treble staff. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. A repeat sign is present at the end of the system.

The third system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff continues the melody. The lyrics 'man, Thus mis - ap - ply his short so - journ, Thus waste the' are written below the treble staff. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

The fourth system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff continues the melody. The lyrics 'life that's but a span, The mi - nutes that shall ne'er re - turn?' are written below the treble staff. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

The fifth system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff continues the melody. The lyrics 'If he with thankful lip would taste, The pleasures' are written below the treble staff. The bass staff continues the accompaniment, featuring a double bar line and a fermata over a note in the second measure.

C O N T I N U E D .

which a - round him play, No gloomy cloud should o - ver -

cast, But sun - shine deck his hap - py day; But sun - shine

deck his hap - py day .

'Tis not the biting wintry blast,  
 'Tis not the scorching summer sky,  
 'Tis not the coast on which he's cast,  
 Or where he's born or where shall die :  
 No — independent quite of these,  
 The joys or anguish he must find ;  
 No sun can scorch, no frost can freeze  
 The joys of a contented mind .

SONG LXIV.

THE PRIMROSE GIRL.

Come, buy of poor Kate, Primroses I sell; Thro' London's fair

ci - ty I'm known very well. Tho' my heart is quite funk, yet I constantly

CONTINUED.

cry, Come, who'll buy Prim - rofes, who'll buy Prim - rofes,

who'll buy Primro - fes, who'll buy, who'll buy?

My friends are all dead, I'm look'd on with scorn;

Ah! better for me I had never been born:

Tho' I'm poor I am honest, and oft heave the sigh,  
While crying Primroses, who'll buy Primroses, &c.

To virtue when thus with sorrow allied,  
The tear of compassion will not be denied;  
Then pity poor Kate who plaintively cries,  
'Come, who'll buy Primroses, who'll buy Primroses, &c.



SONG LXV.

SAVOURNA DELISH.

Oh! the moment was sad when my

love and I parted, Saviourna Delish Shighan Oh! As I

kiss'd off her tears, I was nigh broken hearted, Saviourna Delish

Shighan Oh. Wan was her cheek which

CONTINUED:

hung on my shoulder, damp was her hand no marble was colder, I

felt that I ne - ver a - gain should behold her; Sa - vourna De - lish

Shighan Oh.

II.

When the word of command put our men into motion,  
 Savourna &c.  
 I buckled my knapsack to cros the wide ocean,  
 Savourna &c.  
 Brisk were our troops all roaring like thunder,  
 Pleas'd with the voyage, impatient for plunder,  
 My bosom with grief was almost torn asunder.  
 Savourna &c.

III.

Long I fought for my country far far from my true love,  
 Savourna &c,  
 All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you love,  
 Savourna &c.  
 Peace was proclaim'd, escap'd from the slaughter,  
 Landed at home, my sweet girl, I fought her,  
 But sorrow alas! to her cold grave had brought her,  
 Savourna &c.





C O N T I N U E D .

foe ; With true British pride I've

oftentimes try'd, the faulchion instead of the plow ; With

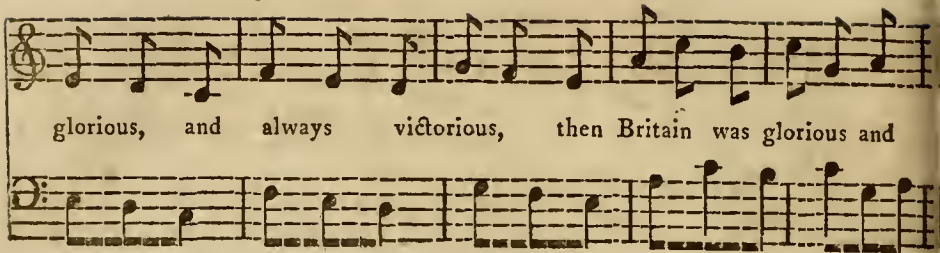
true British pride, I've oftentimes try'd the faulchion instead of the

plow ; the faulchion instead of the plow.

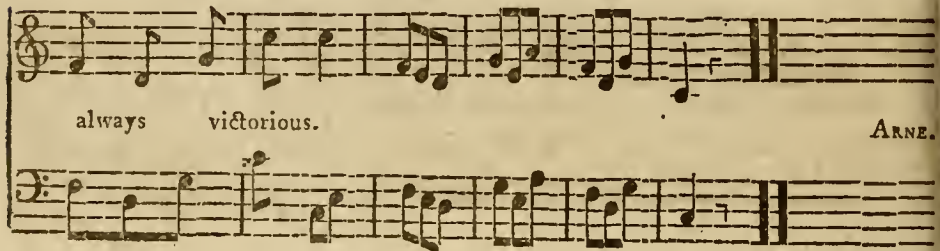
Then Britain was



CONTINUED :



glorious, and always victorious, then Britain was glorious and



always victorious. ARNE.

And Briton still bears,  
Swains fit for her wars,  
Whose hearts glow with liberty's fire ;  
My girls throw away,  
Your fears for a day,  
For beauty can valour inspire ;  
Till Britain is glorious,  
And once more victorious.

SONG LXVII.

ARIEL'S SONG IN THE TEMPEST.

ARNE.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature (C), and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on a dotted quarter note, followed by eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The accompaniment consists of quarter and eighth notes.

The second system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff continues the melody with more complex rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth notes and eighth notes. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes.

The third system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics "Where the" are positioned below the treble staff.

The fourth system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics "bee sucks there lurk I; In a cow - slips bed I - lye, There I" are positioned below the treble staff.

The fifth system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics "couch when owls do cry, when owls do cry, when owls do" are positioned below the treble staff.

CONTINUED.

cry ; On the bat's back do I fly - - -

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

ly.

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, shall I live now, Under the

bloffom that hangs on the bough ; Merrily, merrily, shall I live

CONTINUED.

\*  
now, Under the bloffom that hangs on the bough, Under the

\*  
bloffom that hangs on the bough.

\*  
[Musical notation ending with a double bar line]



SONG LXVIII.

WHAT BLEST HOURS.

LINLEY.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in common time (C) and have a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and continues with eighth and sixteenth notes.

The second system of music continues the melody from the first system. The treble staff features a series of sixteenth-note runs, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes.

The third system of music includes the first line of lyrics. The treble staff has a melodic line with some rests, and the bass staff has a corresponding accompaniment. The lyrics are: "What blest hours un - tainted with for - row does the".

The fourth system of music includes the second line of lyrics. The treble staff continues the melody, and the bass staff provides accompaniment. The lyrics are: "maiden prove who knows not love, so merrily so merri - ly".

The fifth system of music includes the third line of lyrics. The treble staff features a melodic line with some rests, and the bass staff provides accompaniment. The lyrics are: "merrily fo merri - ly she sings thro' the day:". The word "fo" is a typo for "so".

CONTINUED.

Dull sorrow shall threaten in

vain, the de - light of her heart to re - strain; While from Cupid

free, blest in li - berty not a sigh she blends with the strain;

While from Cu - pid free blest in li - ber - ty not a sigh she

blends with the strain. What blest hours un - tainted by sorrow,

CONTINUED.

does the maiden prove who knows not love, so merrily so

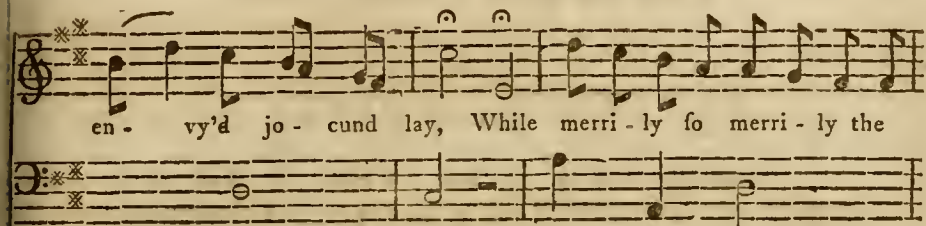
merri - ly merrily so merri - ly she mer - ri - ly sings thro' the

day. As she

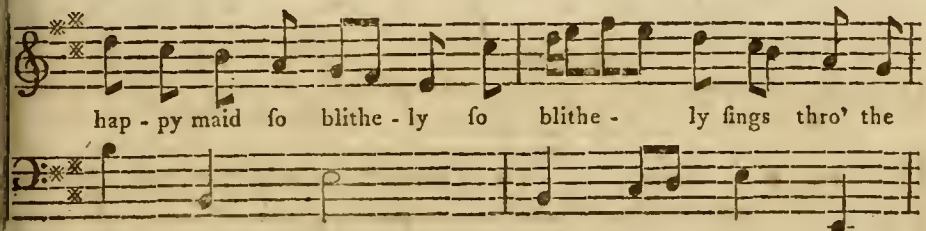
gay - ly carols a - long, Let me join let me join

sweet freedom's song, Oh may my heart ever bear a part in the

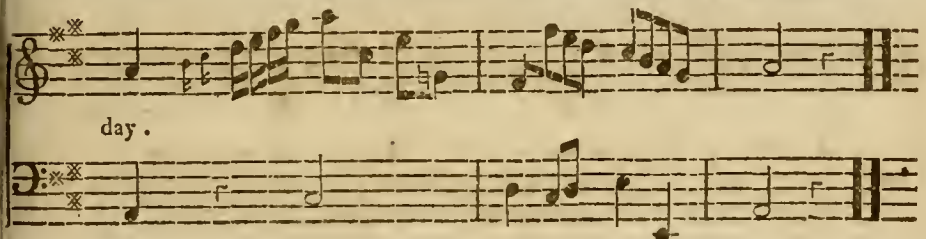
CONTINUED.



en - vy'd jo - cund lay, While merri - ly fo merri - ly the



hap - py maid fo blithe - ly fo blithe - ly sings thro' the



day .



SONG LXIX.

SINCE I'M BORN A MORTAL MAN.

*Larghetto.*

Since I'm born a mor - tal man, And my be - ing's

Since I'm born a mor - tal man, And my be - ing's

*Moderato.*

but a span, 'Tis a march that I must make, 'Tis a journey

but a span, 'Tis a march that I must make, 'Tis a journey

I must take: What is past I know full well, what is future

I must take: What is past I know full well, what is future

who can tell? What is past I know full well, what is future

who can tell? What is past I know full well, what is future

*Allegro.*

who can tell? Tea - zing care then set me free

who can tell? Tea - zing care then set me free

CONTINUED.

What have I to do with thee? Tea - zing care what have

what have I to do with thee? what have

I to do with thee? What have I to do with thee?

I to do with thee? Teazing care what have I to do with thee?

All my short liv'd hours shall shine, Thus re - plete with mirth and wine

All my short liv'd hours shall shine, Thus re - plete with mirth and wine

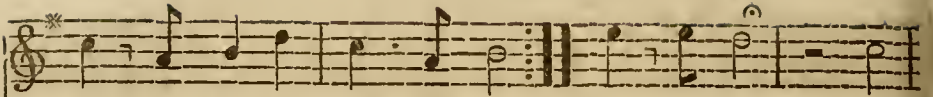
All my short liv'd hours shall shine, Thus replete with mirth and wine

All my short liv'd hours shall shine, Thus replete with mirth and wine

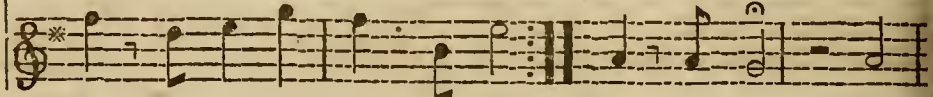
All my short liv'd hours shall shine, Thus re - plete with mirth and wine

All my short liv'd hours shall shine; Thus re - plete with mirth and wine

CONTINUED.



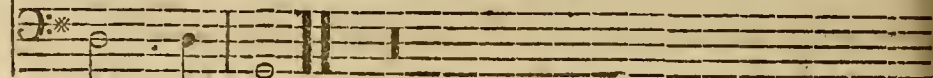
Thus re - plete with mirth and wine; Thus re - plete with



Thus re - plete with mirth and wine; Thus replete with



mirth and wine.



mirth and wine.

SONG LXX.

LET US ALL BE UNHAPPY TOGETHER.

We bipeds made up of frail clay, A - las are the children of

forrow ; And tho' brisk and merry to day, We all may be wretched to-

morrow ; For sunshine's succeeded by rain, Then fearful of life's stormy

weather, Left pleasure should only bring pain ; Let us

all be un - happy to - - gether, Let us all be un - happy to -



CONTINUED.

gether, Let us all be un - happy to - - gether, For

sunshine's succeeded by rain; Then, fearful of life's stormy

weather, Left pleasure should on - ly bring pain, Let us

all be un - happy to - - gether.

II.

I grant, the best blessing we know  
 Is a friend,—for true friendship's a treasure,  
 And yet, lest your friend prove a foe,  
 Oh taste not the dangerous pleasure,

C O N T I N U E D .

Thus friendship's a flimsy affair,  
    Thus riches and health are a bubble ;  
Thus there's nothing delightful but care,  
    Nor any thing pleasing but trouble.

III.

If a mortal would point out that life,  
    That on earth could be nearest to heaven,  
Let him, thanking his stars, choose a wife,  
    To whom truth and honour are given ;  
But honour and truth are so rare,  
    And horns, when they're cutting, so tingle,  
That with all my respect for the fair,  
    I'd advise him to sigh and live single.

IV.

It appears from these premises plain,  
    That wisdom is nothing but folly,  
That pleasure's a term that means pain,  
    And that joy is your true melancholy.  
That all those who laugh ought to cry,  
    That 'tis fine frisk and fun to be grieving ;  
And that since we must all of us die,  
    We should all be unhappy while living.

SONG LXXI.

WHEN YOUTH HIS FAERY REIGN BEGAN.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower in bass clef. The time signature is 2/4 and the key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5, then a half note D5, and continues with eighth and quarter notes.

The second system continues the melody. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a B-flat key signature. The melody includes a half note D5, quarter notes E5, F5, and G5, followed by eighth notes and quarter notes.

When youth his fae - ry reign be -

The third system includes the first line of lyrics. The treble staff has a B-flat key signature. The melody includes a half note D5, quarter notes E5, F5, and G5, followed by eighth notes and quarter notes.

gan; Ere for - row had pro - claim'd me man; While

The fourth system includes the second line of lyrics. The treble staff has a B-flat key signature. The melody includes a half note D5, quarter notes E5, F5, and G5, followed by eighth notes and quarter notes.

peace the presert hour be - guil'd, And all the lovely

The fifth system includes the third line of lyrics. The treble staff has a B-flat key signature. The melody includes a half note D5, quarter notes E5, F5, and G5, followed by eighth notes and quarter notes. There are asterisks in the original image above the notes for 'guil'd' and 'lovely'.

CONTINUED.

pro - spect smil'd; Then, Ma - ry mid my light - some  
 glee, I heav'd the sigh I heav'd the pain - less sigh for  
 thee, I heav'd the sigh, I heav'd the pain - less sigh for thee!

2

And when, along the waves of woe,  
 My haras'd heart was doom'd to know  
 The frantic burst of outrage keen,  
 And the slow pang that gnaws unseen;  
 Then shipwreck'd on life's stormy sea,  
 I heav'd an anguish'd sigh for thee.

3

But soon reflection's power impress  
 A stiller sadness on my breast;  
 And sickly hope, with waning eye,  
 Was well content to droop and die;  
 I yielded to the stern decree,  
 And heav'd a languid sigh for thee!

4

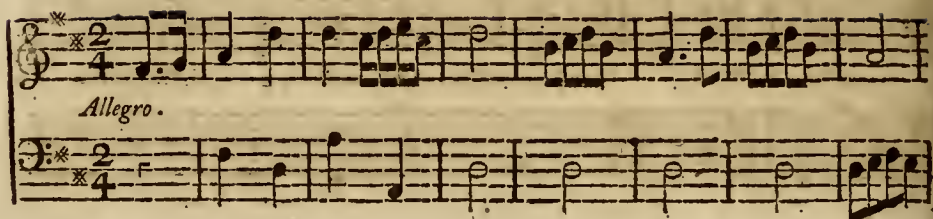
And tho' in distant climes to roam,  
 A wand'rer from my native home,  
 I fain would soothe the sense of care,  
 And lull to sleep the joys that were!  
 Thy image may not banish'd be,  
 I heave a hopeless sigh for thee!

T

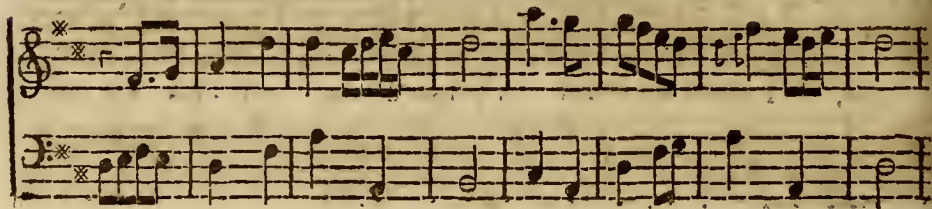
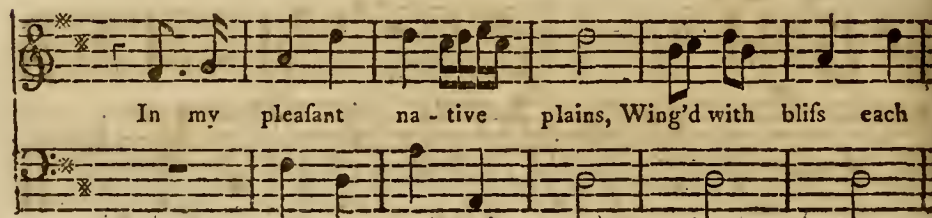


SONG LXXII.

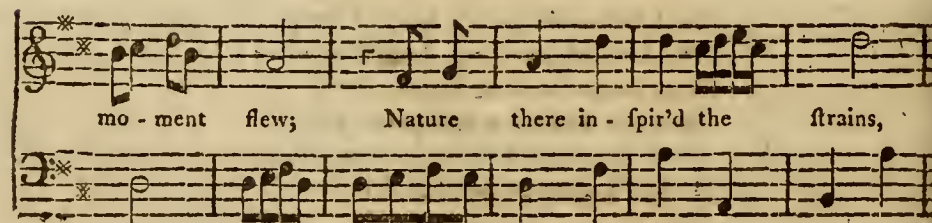
IN MY PLEASANT NATIVE PLAINS,



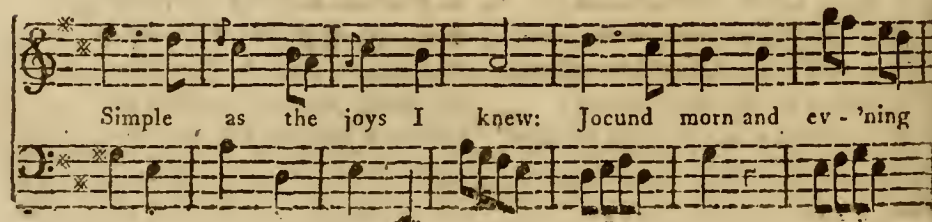
*Allegro.*

In my pleasant na - tive plains, Wing'd with bliss each



mo - ment flew; Nature there in - spir'd the strains,



Simple as the joys I knew: Jocund morn and ev - 'ning

CONTINUED.

gay, Claim'd the merry merry roun - de - lay, Claim'd the

merry merry rounde - lay.

Fields and flocks and fragrant flow'rs,  
 All that health and joy impart,  
 Call'd for artless music's pow'rs,  
 Faithful echoes to the heart.  
 Happy hours for ever gay,  
 Claim'd the merry roundelay.

But the breath of genial spring,  
 Wak'd the warblers of the grove,  
 Who, sweet birds, that heard you sing,  
 Would not join the song of love?  
 Your sweet notes and chauntings gay  
 Claim'd the merry roundelay.

SONG LXXIII.

FOR EVER FORTUNE.

JACKSON

For

ever Fortune wilt thou prove, An - un - re - lenting foe to love, And

when we meet a mutual heart, Come in between and bid us part.

Bid us fight on, from day to day, And wish and wish our



C O N T I N U E D .

souls away, 'Till youth and genial years are flown, and all the life of

life is gone.

II.

But busy busy still art thou,  
 To bind the loveless joyless vow,  
 The heart from pleasure to delude,  
 And join the gentle with the rude.  
 For once, O Fortune, hear my pray'r,  
 And I absolve thy future care,  
 All other blessings I resign,  
 Make but the dear AMANDA mine.



SONG LXXIV.

WHILE I QUAFF THE ROSY WINE.

While I quaff the

rosy wine, With en-liven'd wit I shine, with en-li-ven'd

wit I shine; Singing then the mu-se's praise, double fire in-

spires my lays,

- double fire in - - spires my lays.

C O N T I N U E D :

II.

While I quaff the rosy wine,  
I feel I feel the pow'r divine  
Free me from all sorrow's sway,  
I puff like winds my care away.

III.

While I quaff the rosy wine,  
All my faculties refine :  
My temper grows serene and fair,  
And like the Summer evening's air.

IV.

While I quaff the rosy wine,  
Crowns of od'rous flow'rs I twine ;  
Singing to the echoing grove,  
The pleasures of that life I love.

V.

While I quaff the rosy wine,  
To soft passions I incline ;  
My mistress then my song employs,  
And all love's pleasing painful joys.

VI.

While I quaff the rosy wine,  
Every past delight is mine,  
Youth does again my veins inspire,  
I lead the dance and join the choir.

VII.

While I quaff the rosy wine,  
I its force to reason join,  
And steel my breast against that fall,  
The common fate that waits us all.

SONG LXXV.

THE WORDS BY CHARLES II.

P. HUMPHREY.

I pass all my hours in a shady old grove, But I

live not the day when I see not my love: I survey ev'ry

walk now my Phillis is gone, And sigh when I think we were

there all a-lone; O then 'tis O then that I think there's no

hell, like lo - - - - - ving too well.

C O N T I N U E D.

But each shade and each conscious bow'r, when I find,  
Where I once have been happy, and she has been kind;  
When I see the print left of her shape in the green,  
And imagine the pleasures may yet come again;  
O then 'tis I think that no joys are above  
The pleasures of love.

While alone to myself I repeat all her charms,  
She I love may be lockt in another man's arms,  
She may laugh at my cares, and so false she may be,  
To say all the kind things she before said to me;  
O then 'tis O then that I think there's no hell  
Like loving too well.

But when I consider the truth of her heart,  
Such an innocent passion, so kind without art,  
I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope she may be  
So full of true love to be jealous of me;  
And then 'tis I think that no joys are above  
The pleasures of love.

U.



SONG LXXVI.

KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.

Come all ye fowls de-void of art, Who take in

vir-tue's cause a part, And give me joy of Ro-bin's

heart, For kind Ro-bin lo'es me. O hap-py hap-py

was the hour, and blest the dear de-light-ful bow'r Where

first I felt love's gen-tle pow'r, And knew that Ro-bin

CONTINUED.



lo'ed me .

O witness ev'ry bank and brae,  
 Witness ye streams that thro' them play,  
 And ev'ry field and meadow gay,  
 That kind Robin lo'es me .

Tell it, ye birds! from ev'ry tree,  
 Breathe it, ye winds! o'er iika lea,  
 Ye waves! proclaim from sea to sea,  
 That kind Robin lo'es me .

The winter's cot, the summer's shield,  
 The freezing snaw, the flow'ry field,  
 Alike to me true pleasures yield,  
 Since kind Robin lo'es me .

For waird's gear I'll never pine,  
 Nor seek in gay attire to shine;  
 A kingdom's mine if Robin's mine,  
 The lad that truly lo'es me .

SONG LXXVII.

SINCE EMMA CAUGHT.

TRAVERS.

Since Em - ma caught my ro - - ving eye, Since Em - ma  
 Since Emma caught my ro - ving eye, Since

fix'd my wav - ring wav - ring heart, I long to  
 Em - ma fix'd my wav - 'ring heart,

smile, I scorn to fight, But na - ture tri - umphs  
 I long to smile, I scorn to fight, But na - ture

tri - umphs o - ver art. If such the hap -  
 tri - umphs o - ver art. If such

CONTINUED.

less mo - ments prove, Ah who would give his heart to  
 the hap - less mo - ments prove, Ah who would give his

love? Ah who would give, would give his heart to love would  
 heart to love, his heart to love, would give his heart to

give his heart to love his heart to love? If such the  
 love, would give his heart to love, his heart to love?

hap - less mo - ments prove, Ah who would give ah who would  
 If such the hapless mo - ments prove, Ah who would

give his heart to love?  
 give his heart to love?



## SONG LXXVIII.

## NOW WESTLIN WINDS.

REICHARDT.

*Slow.*

Now westlin winds and slaughtering guns, Bring au - tumn's plea - sant

wea - ther, The moorcock springs on whir - ring wings, A -

mang the bloom - ing hea - ther; Now waving grain wide

o'er the plain De - lights the wea - ry far - mer; And the

moon shines bright as I rove at night To muse u - pon my char - mer.

C O N T I N U E D .

The Partridge loves the fruitful fells ;  
The Plover loves the mountains ;  
The Woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;  
The soaring Hern the fountains ;  
Thro' lofty groves the Cuckoo roves,  
The path of man to shun it ;  
The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,  
The spreading thorn the Linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,  
The savage and the tender ;  
Some social join and leagues combine ;  
Some solitary wander :  
Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,  
Tyrannic man's dominion ;  
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry  
The flutt'ring gory pinion !

But Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear,  
Thick flies the skimming swallow ;  
The sky is blue, the fields in view,  
All fading green and yellow :  
Come let us stray our gladfome way,  
And view the charms of nature ;  
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,  
And ev'ry happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,  
Till the silent moon shine clearly ;  
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,  
Swear how I love thee dearly ;  
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,  
Not Autumn to the Farmer,  
So dear can be as thou to me,  
My fair, my lovely Charmer !

## SONG LXXXIX.

## BENEATH THIS GREEN WILLOW.

SCHÜLZ.

*Andante.*

Be - neath this green willow, My Phœbe's re - treat, The

soft turf her feat, My bosom her pillow, What transports I

knew! How blest the hours flew! Ah willow, Beneath this green willow.

But long tempest-tost,  
 Now Phœbe is lost  
 On life's stormy billow,  
 I sit all alone  
 And make my sad moan  
 Ah willow!  
 Beneath this green willow.

## SONG LXXX.

## 'TIS NOT WEALTH.

GIARDINI.

'Tis not wealth it

is not birth Can value to the soul con - - vey,

Minds pos - sels su - - pe rior worth, which chance nor.



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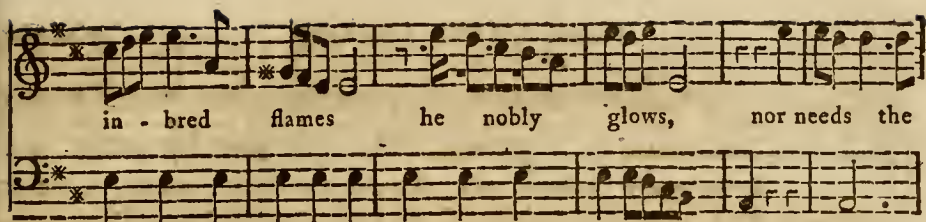
gives nor takes a - - way, chance nor gives nor takes a -

way - - - - - nor takes a - way.

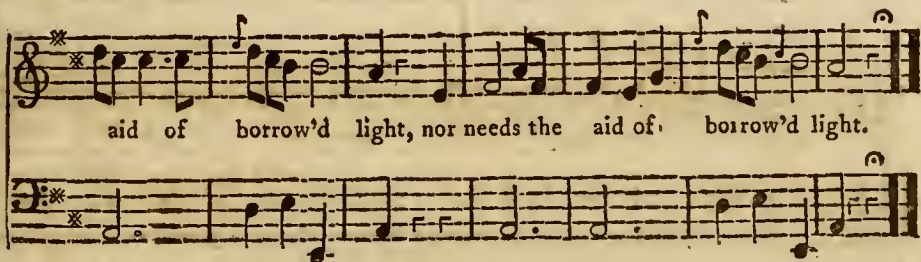
Like the sun true merit shows, By nature warm by

nature bright, with in - bred flames he no - bly glows with

CONTINUED.



in - bred flames he nobly glows, nor needs the



aid of borrow'd light, nor needs the aid of borrow'd light.

SONG LXXXI.

FROM GRAVE LESSONS.

WELDON.

From grave lessons and restraint, I'm stol'd out to revel

here, Yet I tremble and I pant, in the middle of the

fair. O O O wou'd fortune in my way

throw a lover kind and gay, Now's the time, now's the time now's the time he

foon may move, A young heart un - us'd to love.

CONTINUED.

Shall I venture no, no, no, shall I from the danger

go? O no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

no, I must not try, I cannot fly I must not dare not cannot

fly - - - - - y, I must not try, I cannot

fly, I must not dare not, cannot fly.



CONTINUED :

Help me na - ture Help me art, Why should I de -

ny my heart? Help me nature help me

art, Why should I de - - ny my heart?

If a lover will pur - sue, Like the

wi - - fest let me do, I will fit him

CONTINUED.

if he's true, If he's false I'll fit him

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including some beamed sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a bass line with quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics "if he's true, If he's false I'll fit him" are written below the staves, with "if he's true," under the first four measures and "If he's false I'll fit him" under the remaining six measures.

too.

The second system of music also consists of two staves in the same key signature and time signature. Both the treble and bass staves begin with a half note followed by a repeat sign (two dots and two vertical lines). The rest of the staff is empty, indicating a continuation of the piece on the next page.

SONG LXXXII.

HASTE MY NANETTE.

TRAVERS.

Haste - - my Nanette, my love - ly maid, Haste - -  
 Haste - - my Nanette, my lovely maid,

- to the bow'r to the bow'r thy fwain thy fwain has made. For  
 Haste - - to the bow'r to the bow'r thy fwain has made.

thee a - lone I made the bow'r, And strew'd the couch with many a flow'r for  
 For thee alone I made the bow'r, and strew'd the couch with

thee alone I made the bow'r, for thee for thee a - lone for thee for  
 many a flow'r for thee alone I made the bow'r for thee for thee alone for thee

thee alone I made I made the bow'r, for thee a - lone  
 - - alone I made - I made the bow'r for thee a - lone



CONTINUED.

I made the bow'r, and strew'd the couch with many a flow'r; for thee a  
made the bow'r & strew'd the couch wt. many a flow'r for thee a- lone I made the

lone I made the bow'r and str'd the couch wt. many a flow'r for thee a- lone I  
bow'r, and str'd the couch wt. many a flow'r for thee a - lone I made - I

made the bow'r, and strew'd the couch with many a flow'r.  
made the bow'r, and strew'd the couch with many a flow'r.

None but my sheep shall near us come; Venus be prais'd my sheep are  
None but my sheep shall near us come, Venus be prais'd my

dumb, none, none but my sheep shall near us come, none none but my sheep shall  
sheep are dumb, none none but my sheep shall near us come, none none but my.



CONTINUED.

near us come; Venus be prais'd my sheep are dumb, Venus be  
sheep shall near us come; Venus be prais'd my sheep are dumb,

prais'd my sheep my sheep are dumb.  
Venus be prais'd my sheep my sheep are dumb.  
*Slow.*

Great God of love take thou my crook take thou my crook to keep  
Great God of love take thou my crook to keep to

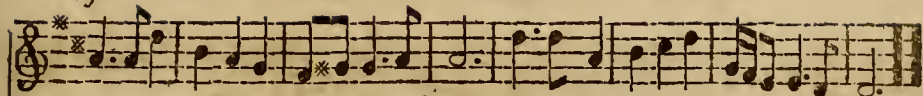
*Soothingly.*  
to keep the wolf from Nanette's flock. Guard thou the sheep to  
keep the wolf from Nanette's flock. Guard thou the sheep to

her so dear, My own a-las are lefs my care.  
her so dear, My own a-las are lefs my care.

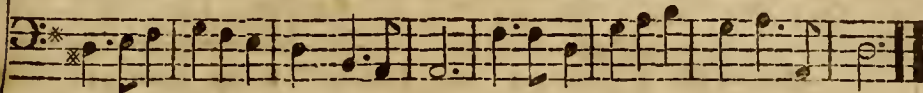
CONTINUED.

*Soft.*

*Loud.*

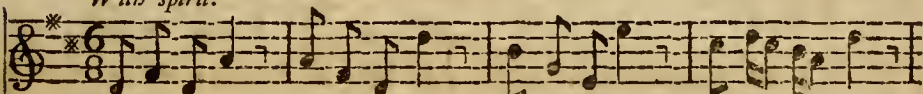


But of the wolf if thou'rt a - fraid, Come not to us to ask for aid.

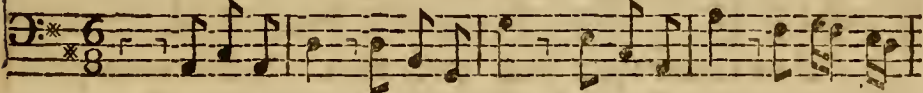


But of the wolf if thou'rt a - fraid, Come not to us to ask for aid,

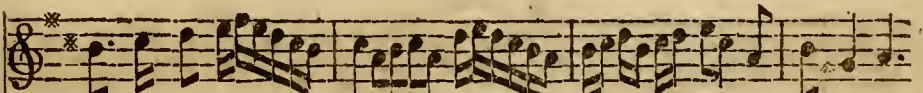
*With spirit.*



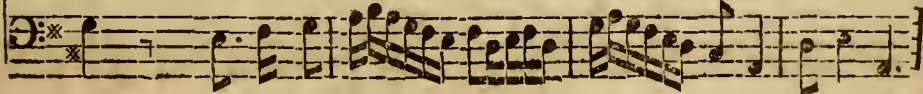
For with her swain my love shall stay, For with her swain my love shall stay,



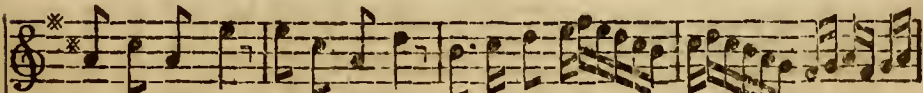
For with her swain my love shall stay, For with her swain my love shall



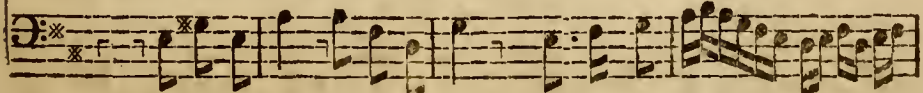
Tho' the wolf stroll, . . . . . and the sheep stray



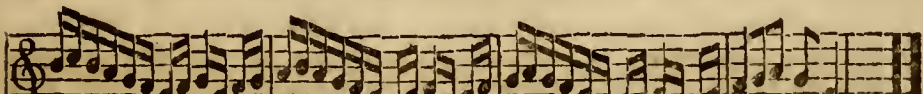
stay, Tho' the wolf stroll . . . . . and the sheep stray



For with her swain my love shall stay, tho the wolf stroll



For with her swain my love shall stay tho the wolf stroll



and the sheep stray

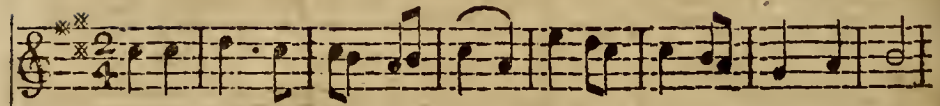


and the sheep stray

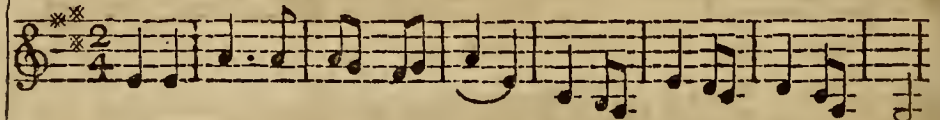
SONG LXXXIII.

IF THE TREASUR'D GOLD COULD GIVE.

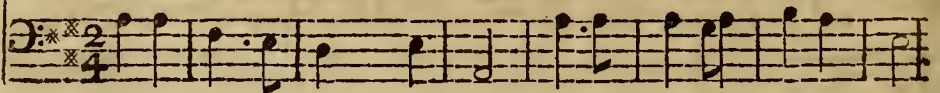
REICHARDT.



If the treasur'd gold could give, Man a longer term to live,



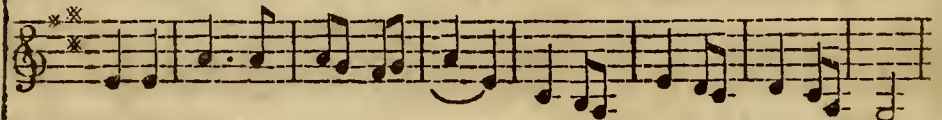
If the treasur'd gold could give, Man a longer term to live



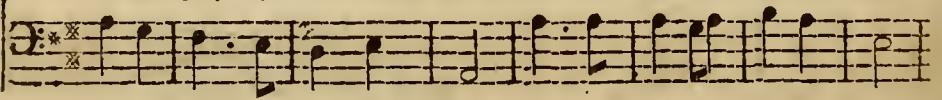
If the treasur'd gold could give, Man a longer term to live,



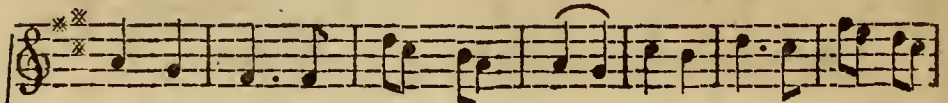
I'd em - ploy my ut - most care, Still to keep and still to spare,



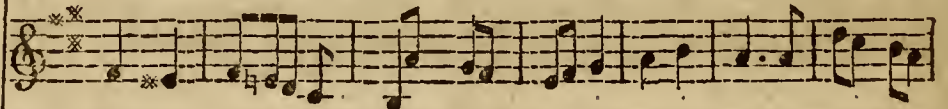
I'd em - ploy my ut - most care, Still to keep and still to spare,



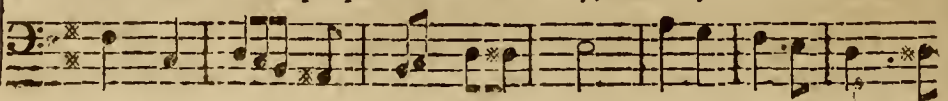
I-d em - ploy my ut - most care, Still to keep and still to spare,



And when death ap - proach'd would say, Take thy fee and walk a -



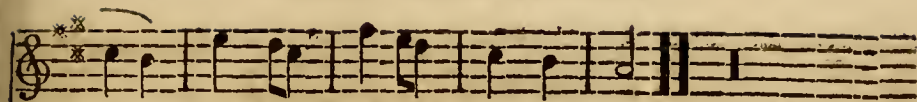
And when death ap - proach'd would say, Take thy fee and walk a -



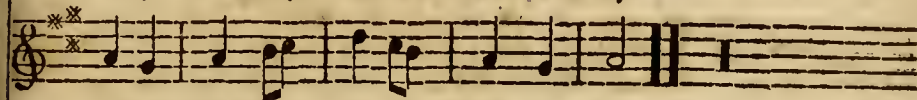
And when death ap - proach'd would say, Take thy fees and walk a -



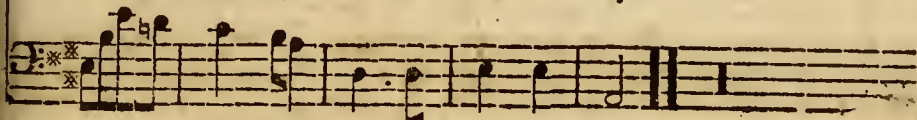
CONTINUED.



way, Take thy fee and walk a - way.



way, Take thy fee and walk a - way.



way, Take thy fee and walk a - way.

II.

But since riches cannot save,  
Mortals from the gloomy grave,  
Why should I myself deceive,  
Vainly sigh and vainly grieve?  
Death will surely be my lot,  
Whether I am rich or not.

III.

Give me freely while I live,  
Generous wines in plenty give,  
Soothing joys my life to cheer,  
Beauty kind and friends sincere;  
Happy could I ever find,  
Friends sincere and beauty kind.



SONG LXXXIV.

BLOW YE BLEAK WINDS.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature (C), and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a common time signature (C), and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The accompaniment starts with a quarter note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

The third system includes the first line of lyrics: "Blow ye bleak winds a -". The treble staff continues the melody, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment.

The fourth system includes the second line of lyrics: "round my head, And sooth my heart cor - - roding care ;". The treble staff continues the melody, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment.

The fifth system includes the third line of lyrics: "Flash round my brows ye lightnings red, And blast the laurels". The treble staff continues the melody, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment.

C O N T I N U E D ,

planted there, But may the maid where-e'er she be,

Think not of my distress nor me; But may the maid where-

e'er she be, Think not of my dis - tress nor me,

Think not of my dis - tress, nor me.

C O N T I N U E D.

II,

May all the traces of our love,  
Be ever blotted from her mind ;  
May from her breast my vows remove,  
And no remembrance leave behind ;  
But may the maid where e'er she be,  
Think not of my distress nor me.

III.

O ! may I ne'er behold her more ;  
For she has robb'd my soul of rest :  
Wisdom's assistance is too poor,  
To calm the tempest in my breast ;  
But may the maid where-e'er she be,  
Think not of my distress nor me.

IV.

Come death, O ! come thou friendly fleet,  
And with my sorrows lay me low :  
And should the gentle virgin weep,  
Nor sharp nor lasting be her woe ;  
But may she think where-e'er she be,  
No more of my distress nor me.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES O.

There's nought but care on ev'ry hand, In ev'ry hour that pass'es

O; What signifies the life o'man, An' twere not for the lass'es O?

Green grow the rashes O; Green grow the rashes O; The

sweetest hours that e'er I spend, Are spent a-mang the lass'es O;

The wardly race may riches chace  
 An' riches still may sie them O;  
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O;  
 Green grow &c.

For you sae doufe ye snarl at this,  
 Ye're nought but senseless asses O:  
 The wisest man the world' e'er saw,  
 He dearly loe'd the lass'es O;  
 Green grow, &c.

Gie me a canny hour at e'en,  
 My arms about my dearie, O;  
 An' wardly care, an' wardly men,  
 May a' gae tapsailteerie, O;  
 Green grow, &c

Auld nature swears, the lovely dears,  
 Her noblest work she classes O,  
 Her prentice han' she try'd on man,  
 An' then she made the lass'es, O;  
 Green grow, &c.



SONG LXXXVI.

MY DAYS HAVE BEEN SO WONDROUS FREE.

My days have been so wondrous free, The little birds that

fly, With careless ease from tree to tree, Were but as blest as

I. Ask gliding waters, if a tear Of mine increas'd their

flowing stream, Or ask the flying gales, if e'er I lent one

sigh to them.

CONTINUED.

II.

But now my former days retire,  
And I'm by beauty caught ;  
The tender chains of sweet desire,  
Are fix'd upon my thought.  
An eager hope within my breast  
Does ev'ry anxious doubt controul,  
And charming Celia stands confest  
The fav'rite of my soul.

III.

Ye nightingales, ye twisted pines,  
Ye swains that haunt the grave,  
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,  
Ye close retreats of love ;  
With all of nature, all of art,  
Assist the soft and dear design ;  
O, teach a young unpractis'd heart  
To make fair Celia mine.

IV.

The very thought of change I hate,  
As much as of despair ;  
Nor ever covet to be great  
Unless it be for her.  
'Tis true, the passion in my mind  
Is mixt with a severe distress ;  
Yet while the fair I love is kind,  
I cannot wish it less.

## TO ANACREON IN HEAVEN.

To A - na - creon in heav'n where he sat in full glee, A

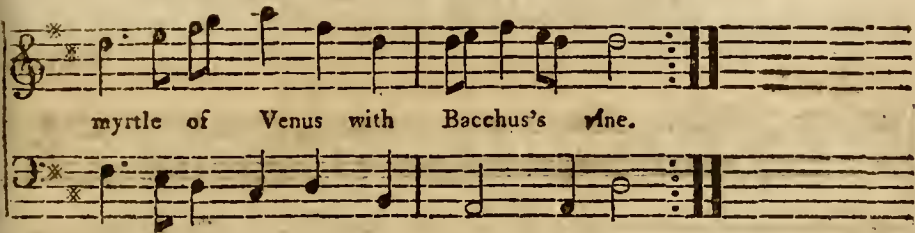
few sons of harmony sent a petition, That he their inspirer and

patron would be ; When this answer ar - riv'd from the jolly old Grecian ; Voice

fiddle and flute, no longer be mute, I'll lend you my name and in -

spire you to boot, And be - sides I'll instruct you like me to in - twine, The

CONTINUED.



The news through Olympos immediately flew,  
 When Old Thunder pretended to give himself airs,  
 "If these mortals are suffer'd their scheme to pursue,  
 "The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.  
 "Hark! already they cry, with transports of joy,  
 "Away to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly,  
 "And there with good fellows, we'll learn to intwine,  
 "The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

"The yellow hair'd god and his nine fusty maids,  
 "From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee;  
 "Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,  
 "And the bi-forked hill a mere desert will be;  
 "My thunder no fear on't, will soon do its errand,  
 "And dam'me I'll swinge the ringleaders I warrant,  
 "I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine,  
 "The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Apollo rose up and said, "Prytheo ne'er quarrel,  
 "Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries below;  
 "Your thunder is useless;" then thewing his laurel,  
 Cry'd, Sic evitabile fulmen, you know!  
 "Then over each head my laurels I'll spread,  
 "So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall dread,  
 "Whilst snug in their club-room, they jovially twine,  
 "The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Next Momus got up, with his risible phiz,  
 And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join;  
 "The full tide of harmony still shall be his,  
 "But the song, and the catch, and the laugh shall be mine,  
 "Then Jove be not jealous of these honest fellows."  
 Cry'd Jove, "We relent, since the truth you now tell us,  
 "And swear by old Styx, that they long shall intwine,  
 "The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Ye sons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand;  
 Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love;  
 'Tis your's to support what's so happily plann'd;  
 You've the sanction of gods, and the fiat of Jove.  
 While thus we agree, our toast let it be,  
 "May our club flourish happy, united, and free,  
 "And long may the sons of Anacreon intwine,  
 "The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."



S O N G LXXXVIII.

HOW PLEAS'D WITHIN MY NATIVE BOW'RS.

SHIELD.

*Amoroso.*

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with a common time signature (C) and contains a few notes, including a whole note and a half note.

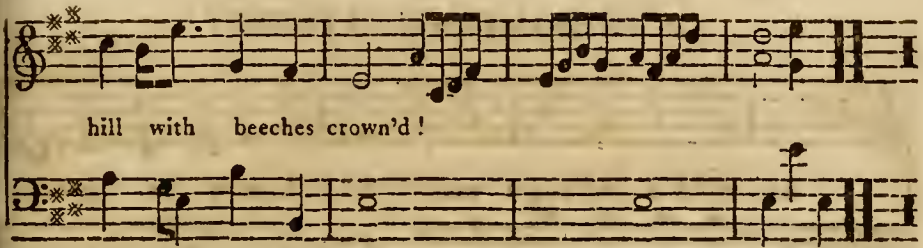
The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a common time signature (C) and contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with a common time signature (C) and contains a few notes, including a whole note and a half note. The lyrics are: "How pleas'd within my native bow'rs e'erwhile I pass'd the".

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a common time signature (C) and contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with a common time signature (C) and contains a few notes, including a whole note and a half note. The lyrics are: "day, Was ever scene so deck'd with flow'rs, were ever flow'rs so".

The fourth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a common time signature (C) and contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with a common time signature (C) and contains a few notes, including a whole note and a half note. The lyrics are: "gay? How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale, and all the landscape".

The fifth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a common time signature (C) and contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with a common time signature (C) and contains a few notes, including a whole note and a half note. The lyrics are: "round, The ri - ver glid - ing down the vale, The".

CONTINUED.



hill with beeches crown'd!

II.

But now when urg'd by tender woes,  
I speed to meet my dear,  
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,  
And check my fond career.  
No more since Daphne was my theme,  
Their wonted charms I see,  
That verdant hill, and silver stream,  
Divide my love and me.

SONG LXXXIX.

ON ADMIRAL DUNCAN'S VICTORY.

En - roll'd in our bright annals lives Full many a gallant

name, But never British heart conceiv'd A prouder deed of

fame, But never British heart con - ceiv'd, But never British

heart conceiv'd A prouder deed of fame, A prouder deed of

fame. To shield our lib - er - ties and laws, to guard our sov'reign's

CONTINUED.

crown, Than noble Duncan's mighty arm atchiev'd off Camper -

down. To shield our li - ber - ties and laws, to guard our sov'reign's

crown, Im - mortal be the glorious deed at-chiev'd off Camperdown.

II,

October the eleventh it was, he spied the Dutch at nine,  
 The British signal flew to break their close embattled line ;  
 Their line was broke, for all our tars on that auspicious day  
 All bitter memory of the past had vowed to wipe away.

Their line was broke &c,

III.

At three o'clock nine mighty ships had struck their colours proud,  
 And two brave Admirals at his feet their vanquished flags had bowed :  
 Our Duncan's towering colours streamed all honour to the last,  
 For in the battles fiercest rage, he nailed them to the mast ;

Our Duncan's towering colours &c.

IV.

The victory was now complete ; the cannon cea'd to roar ;  
 The scatter'd remnants of the foe slunk to their native shore ;  
 No power the pride of conquest had his heart to lead astray,  
 He summoned his triumphant crew, and thus was heard to say,

Chorus. " Let every man now bend the knee, and here in solemn pray'r,  
 " Give thanks to God, who in this fight has made our cause his care,



## C O N T I N U E D .

### V.

Then on the deck, the noble field of that proud days renown,  
Brave Duncan with his crew devout before their God knelt down,  
And humbly blefs'd his Providence, and hail'd his guardian power,  
Who valour, strength, and skill inspir'd in that dread battle's hour.  
And humbly blefs'd &c.

### VI.

The captive Dutch this solemn scene survey'd with silent awe,  
And rue'd the day when Holland join'd to France's impious law,  
And marked, how virtue, courage, faith, unite to form this land,  
For victory, for fame, and power, just rule, and high command.  
And marked &c.

### VII.

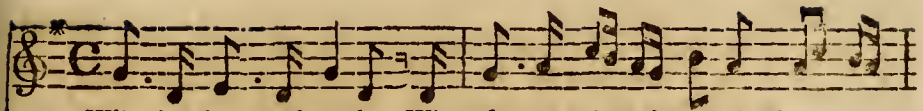
The Venerable was the ship, that bore his flag to fame,  
Our veteran hero well becomes his gallant vessel's name ;  
Behold his locks ! they speak the toil of many a stormy day ;  
For fifty years and more, my boys, has fighting been his way.

Grand Chorus.

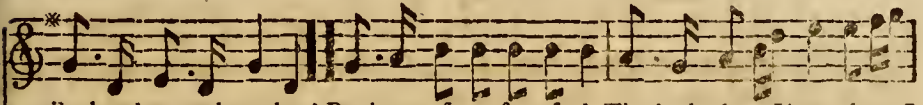
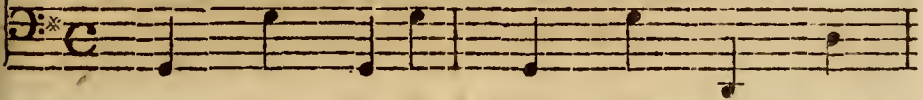
Behold his locks ! they speak the toil of many a stormy day,  
For fifty years and more my boys, has fighting been his way ;  
The Venerable was the ship that bore his flag to fame,  
And Venerable ever be our vet'ran DUNCAN's name !

SONG XC.

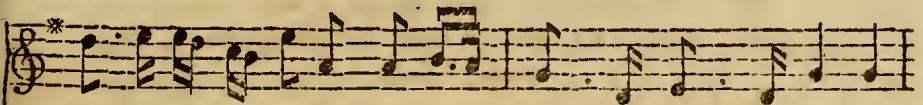
WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE.



Wilt thou be my dear-ie; When forrow wrings thy gentle heart, O



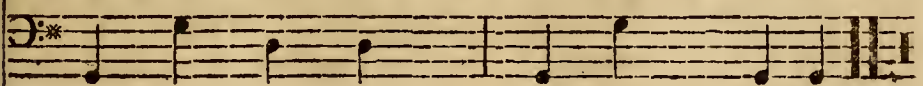
wilt thou let me chear thee? By the treasure of my foul, That's the love I bear thee, I



fwear and vow, that only thou Shalt ev - er be my dearie.



Only thou I swear and vow, shall ev - er be my dearie.



Lassie, say thou lo'es me,  
 Or if thou wilt na be my ain,  
 Say na thou'lt refuse me;  
 If it winna canna be,  
 Thou for thine may chuse me,  
 Let me lassie quickly die,  
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.

S O N G X C I.

O YE IN YOUTH AND BEAUTY'S PRIDE.

SCHULZ.

O ye in youth and beauty's pride, Who light-ly dance a -

O ye in youth and beauty's pride, Who lightly dance a -

O ye in youth and beauty's pride, Who lightly dance a -

long, While laughter fro - licks at your side, And rapture tunes your

long, While laughter fro . licks at your side, And rapture tunes your.

long, While laughter frolicks at your side, And rapture tunes your.

song. What tho' each grace a - round you play, Each beauty bloom for

song. What tho' each grace a - round you play, Each beauty bloom for

song. What tho' each grace a - round you play, Each beauty bloom for

CONTINUED.

you, Warm as the blush of ri - sing day, And sparkling  
 you, Warm as the blush of ri - sing day, And sparkling  
 you, Warm as the blush of ri - sing day, And sparkling

as the dew.  
 as the dew.  
 as the dew.

The blush that glows so gaily now,  
 But glows to disappear,  
 And quiv'ring from the bending bough,  
 Soon breaks the pearly tear!  
 So pass the beauties of your prime,  
 That e'en in blooming die;  
 So shrinking at the blast of time,  
 The treach'rous graces fly.

With charms that win beyond the fight,  
 And hold the willing heart,  
 O learn then to await their flight,  
 Nor sigh when they depart;  
 These graces shall remain behind,  
 These beauties still controul,  
 The graces of the polish'd mind,  
 The beauties of the soul.



SONG XCII.

SAPPHO'S HYMN TO VENUS.

O Venus, beauty of the skies, To whom a thou-sand

temples rise; Gay-ly false in gentle smiles,

Full of love-per-plex-ing wiles, O Goddess from my

heart re-move The wast-ing cares and pains of love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard  
 A song in soft distress prefer'd;  
 Propitious to my tuneful vow,  
 O gentle Goddess hear me now.  
 Descend thou bright immortal guest,  
 In all thy radiant charms confest.

CONTINUED.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,  
And all the golden roofs above:  
Thy car the wanton sparrows drew,  
Hov'ring in air they lightly flew;  
As to my bower they wing'd their way,  
I saw their quiv'ring pinions play.

The birds dismiss, while you remain,  
Bore back their empty car again:  
Then you, with looks divinely mild,  
In ev'ry heav'nly feature smil'd,  
And ask'd what new complaints I made,  
And why I call'd you to my aid;

What frenzy in my bosom raged,  
And by what cure to be asswaged,  
What gentle youth I would allure,  
Whom in my artful toils secure;  
"Who does thy tender heart subdue,  
"Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who?"

"Tho' now he shuns thy longing arms,  
"He soon shall court thy slighted charms;  
"Tho' now thy off'rings he despise,  
"He soon to thee shall sacrifice;  
"Tho' now he freeze he soon shall burn;  
"And be thy victim in his turn,

Celestial visitant, once more  
Thy needful presence I implore!  
In pity, come and ease my grief,  
Bring my distemper'd soul relief;  
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,  
And give me all my heart desires.

SONG XCIII.

FOR TENDERNESS FORM'D.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes.

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes.

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics "For tendernefs form'd in life's early" are written below the upper staff.

The fourth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics "day, a parent's foft forrows to mine led the way, A" are written below the upper staff.

The fifth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics "parent's foft forrows to mine led the way," are written below the upper staff.

CONTINUED.

The lesson of pity was

caught from her eye, And e'er words were my own, I spoke with a sigh.

II.

The nightingale plunder'd, the mate widow'd dove,  
 The warbled complaint of the suffering grove,  
 To youth as it ripen'd gave sentiment new,  
 The object still changing, the sympathy true.  
 Soft embers of passion, yet rest in the glow,  
 A warmth of more pain may this breast never know!  
 Or if too indulgent the blessing I claim,  
 Let the spark drop from reason that wakens the flame.



SONG XCIV.

ALL IN THE DOWNS.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The streamers

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The streamers

wa - ving in the wind; When black-ey'd Su - fan

wa - ving in the wind; When black- ey'd Su - fan

came on board, "O where shall I my true love find?"

came on board, "O where shall I my true love find?"

Tell me ye jo- vial fai - lers tell me true, If my sweet Wil - liam

Tell me ye jo - vial fai - lers tell me true, If mysweet Wil - liam

if my sweet Wil - liam fail a - mong your crew?"

if my sweet Wil - liam fail - mong your crew?"

C O N T I N U E D.

II.

William who high upon the yard,  
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,  
Soon as her well known voice he heard  
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below :  
The cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,  
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

III.

So the sweet lark high poisd in air,  
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,  
(If chance his Mate's shrill call he hear)  
And drops at once into her nest.  
The noblest Captain in the British Fleet,  
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

IV.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,  
My vows shall ever true remain ;  
Let me kiss off that falling tear,  
We only part to meet again,  
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be  
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

V.

Believe not what the land men say,  
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind,  
They'il tell thee, sailors when away  
In every port a mistress find.  
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell you so,  
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

VI.

If to fair India's coast we sail,  
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,  
Thy breath is Africk's spicy gale,  
Thy skin is ivory so white :  
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,  
Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

VII.

Though battle calls me from thy arms,  
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;  
Tho' canons roar, yet safe from harms,  
William shall to his dear return.  
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,  
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

VIII.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
The sails their swelling bosom spread,  
No longer must she stay aboard :  
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.  
Her lefs'ning boat, unwilling rows to land :  
Adieu, she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

S O N G. XCV.

SOME WOMEN TAKE DELIGHT IN DRESS.

Some women take delight in drefs And some in cards take

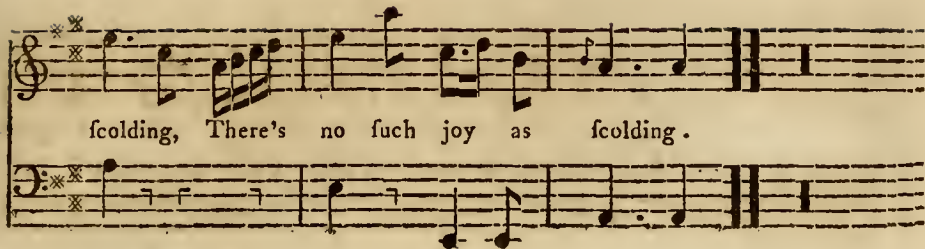
pleasure; While others place their happi - nefs in hoarding heaps of

treasure: Some like a fo - cial tete - à tete Their artlefs

charms un - folding; But thefe mistake the fov'reign fete, There's no fuch joy as

fcolding; But thefe mistake the fov'reign fete, There's no fuch joy as

C O N T I N U E D .



2

The instant that I ope mine eyes,  
 Adieu all day to silence ;  
 Before my neighbours they can rise,  
 They hear my tongue a mile hence.  
 When at the board I take my seat,  
 'Tis one continued riot ;  
 I eat and scold, and scold and eat,  
 My clack is ne'er at quiet.

3

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold ;  
 I ever am complaining ;  
 Too fresh, too stale, too young, too old ;  
 Each guest at table paining :  
 Let it be fowl, or flesh, or fish,  
 Tho' of my own providing,  
 I still find fault with ev'ry dish,  
 Still ev'ry servant chiding.

4

But when I go to bed at night,  
 I surely fall to weeping ;  
 For then I lose my great delight ;  
 Oh could I scold when sleeping !  
 But this my pain doth mitigate,  
 And soon disperses sorrow, —  
 Altho' to-night it be too late,  
 I'll pay it off to-morrow !



S O N G XCVI.

I AM A POOR SHEPHERD UNDONE.

I am a poor shepherd un - done, And cannot be cu - red by

art ; For a nymph, as bright as the sun Has stole a - way my

heart. And how to get it a - gain, There's

none but she can tell To cure me of my pain By

saying she loves me well, And a - las poor shepherd, a - lack and a - well - a -

C O N T I N U E D .

day Be - fore I was in love oh ! e - ve - ry month was May.

She ask'd me of my estate ;  
 I told her a flock of sheep ;  
 The grafs whereon they graze,  
 Where she and I might sleep ;  
 Besides a good ten pound,  
 In old king Harry's groats,  
 With hooks and crooks abound  
 And birds of fundry notes.  
 And alas &c.

If to love she should not incline,  
 I told her I'd die in an hour.  
 To die, says she, 'tis in thine ;  
 But to love, 'tis not in my pow'r.  
 I ask'd her the reason why  
 She could not of me approve ;  
 She said 'twas a task too hard  
 To give any reason for love.  
 And alas &c.

SONG XCIV.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

Roy's wife of Al - di - valloch      Roy's wife of Al - di - valloch

Wat ye how she cheated me as      I came o'er the braes of Balloch?

She vow'd she swore she would be mine; She said she lo'ed me best of o - ny But

ah the fause the fic - kle quean She's ta'en the Carle & left her John - nie .

Her hair's fae fair, her een's fae clear,  
Her wee bit mou's fae sweet and bonny,  
To me she ever will be dear,  
Tho' she's for ever left her Johnnie .  
    Roy's wife &c.

But O, she was the canty quean.  
And weel could dance the highland walloch,  
How happy I had she been mine,  
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch !  
    Roy's wife &c.

S O N G XCVIII.

THE LOVER HOW BLEST.

*Slow.*

SCHULZ.

The lo - ver how blest ! For him all the charms by kind

Nature dis - play'd, Re - flect but the charms of his favour - ite

maid ; The lover how blest, the lover how blest !

The lover how blest !

He hears in the carol that bursts from the grove

The voice of his fair-one confessing her love ;

The lover how blest, the lover how blest !

The lover how blest !

The soft-flowing streams as they gurgle impart

The whisper of love and the throb of the heart ; &c.

The lover how blest !

The dew-drops that bend while they deck the sweet flower,

Are the tear-swimming eye, in affection's soft hour ; &c.

The lover how blest !

The blush of the dawn leading on chearful day

Is the cheek of his love smiling forrow away ; &c.

The lover how blest !

The evening in dun sober mantle array'd

Resembles the virtues that deck his chaste maid, &c.

The lover how blest, the lover how blest.



S O N G XCIX.

VAIN IS EVERY FOND ENDEAVOUR,

ARNE:

Vain is ev'ry fond en - deavour

to re - fit the tender dart ; For ex - amples move us never,

We must feel to know the smart: When the shepherd

swears he's dying, And our beauties sets to view : Va - ni - ty her

CONTINUED.

aid supply - ing, Bids us think 'tis all our due, Bids us think 'tis

all our due.

Softer than the vernal breezes,  
 Is the mild deceitful strain;  
 Frowning truth our sex displeases,  
 Flatt'ry never sues in vain;  
 Soon, too soon, the happy lover,  
 Does our tend'rest hopes deceive;  
 Man was form'd to be a rover,  
 Foolish woman to believe.

SONG C.

COME LET'S BE MERRY.

Come let's be merry, let's be ai - - ry, 'Tis a folly

to be fad, For since the world's grown mad, mad mad,

Why shou'd we a - lone be wife, And like dull

fools, and like dull fools and like dull fools gaze on

other men's joys.

C O N T I N U E D.

Let not to-morrow bring your sorrow,  
While the stream of time flows on,  
But when the blisful day is past,  
Still endeavour that the next  
Be full as gay, and as little perplex'd,

If you have leisure, follow pleasure;  
Let not an hour of bliss pass by ;  
For as the fleeting moments fly,  
Time it will your youth decay,  
Then strive to live, and be blest whilst you may.

If you have plenty, nought will torment you,  
But yet your selves, your selves may annoy ;  
Hearty and free's the poor man's joy ;  
Gladly yielding the minutes pass,  
And when old Time shakes him, takes off his glass,



## HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND.

HANDEL.

How stands the glafs a - round? For shame ye take no care, my boys, How

How stands the glafs around? For shame ye take no care, my boys,

stands the glafs a - round? Let mirth and wine a - bound : The

How stands the glafs around? Let mirth and wine a - bound : The

trumpets found, the colours they are fly - ing, boys, To

trumpets found, the colours they are fly - ing, boys, To

fight, kill or wound ; May we still be found, Con - tent with our hard

fight, kill or wound ; May we still be found, Con - tent with our hard

fate, my boys, on the cold ground.

fate, my boys, on the cold ground.

C O N T I N U E D .

II.

Why, Soldiers, why,  
Shou'd we be melancholy boys?  
Why Soldiers, why,  
Whose business 'tis to die !  
What, fighting, fie !  
Damn fear, drink on, be jolly boys,  
'Tis he, you or I,  
Cold, hot, wet, or dry ;  
We're always bound to follow, boys,  
And scorn to fly.

III.

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

SONG CII.

GOLDEN SKIES.

SHIELD.

The night when spent in golden skies, If whiten'd cliffs the sailor

spies the sailor spies compleatly blest the sight each tender thought in-

spires his love's on shore, And fancy fires and fancy fires his faithful

breast the dancing waves salute his oar, He pulls and sings my love's on



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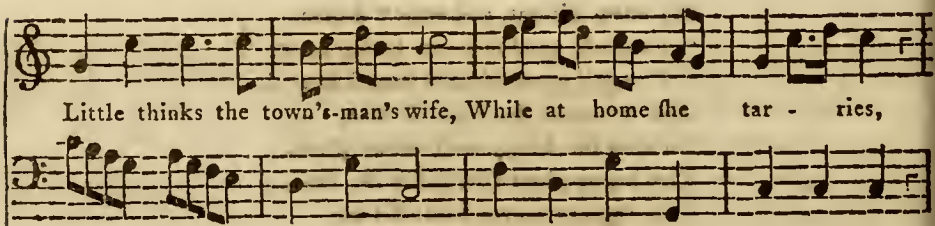
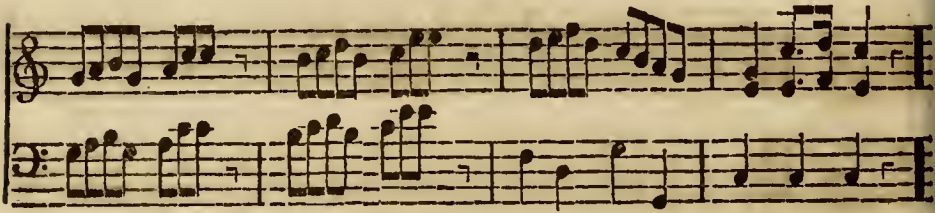
shore, He pulls and sings My love's on shore.

He waves his hat, and cries " Adieu,  
 " Farewell good ship and loving crew,  
 " Farewell good ship; for love I steer."  
 And as around he turns his face,  
 To view the happy well known place,  
 The happy place that holds his dear,  
 The dancing waves salute his oar,  
 He pulls and sings, " My love's on shore,"  
 He pulls and sings, " My love's on shore,"

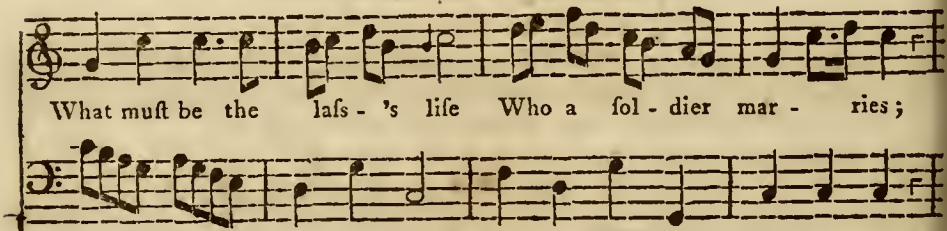


SONG III.

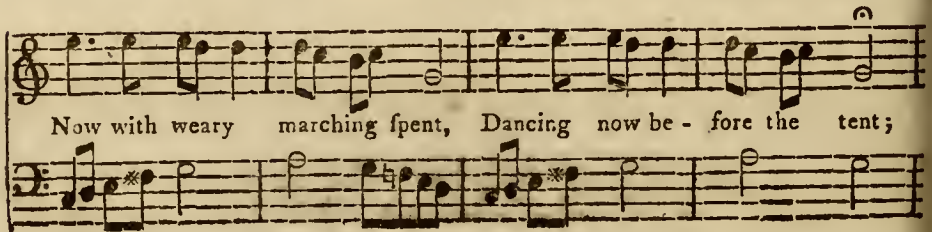
LITTLE THINKS THE TOWNSMAN'S WIFE.



Little thinks the town's-man's wife, While at home she tar - ries,



What must be the las - 's life Who a sol - dier mar - ries;



Now with weary marching spent, Dancing now be - fore the tent;

CONTINUED.

Li - ra li - ra la, li - ra li - ra la, With her jol - ly

sol - - dier .

2

In the camp at night she lies,  
 Wind and weather scorning;  
 Only griev'd her Love must rife,  
 And quit her in the morning;  
 But the doubtful skirmish done,  
 Blithe she sings at set of sun,  
 Lira lira la, Lira lira la,  
 With her jolly soldier .

3

Should the Captain of her dear  
 Use his vain endeavour,  
 Whisp'ring nonsense in her ear,  
 Two fond hearts to fever;  
 At his passion she will scoff,  
 Laughing thus she'll put him off;  
 Lira lira la, Lira lira la,  
 For her jolly soldier .

SONG CIV.

LOVE'S A TRIFLING SILLY PASSION.

Love's a trifling fil - - - ly passion, Often teasing

sel - dom pleasing; If we're constant, if we're constant sure to

cloy; Love's a tri - - fling fil - ly passion, Often teasing

Seldom pleasing; If we're constant sure to cloy -

If we're



CONTINUED.

constant sure to cloy. Let us follow inclination; Always

ranging Ever changing, Brings a fresh supply of joy, - -

Brings a

fresh sup - ply of joy.



SONG CV.

O WHERE HAVE YE BEEN A' DAY.

O where have ye been a' day, my boy Tammy? Where have

ye been a' day, my boy Tam - my? I've been by burn and flow'ry brae,

Meadow green, and mountain grey, Courting o' this young thing

just come frae her Mammy.

And where gat ye that young thing? my boy Tammy,  
 I gat her down in yonder howe,  
 Smiling on a broomy knowe,  
 Herding a wee lamb and ewe for her poor Mammy.

What said ye to that young thing? my boy Tammy,  
 I prais'd her een fae lovely blue,  
 Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou ;  
 I pree'd it aft, as ye may true, she said she'd tell her Mammy

I held her to my beating heart; " My young, my smiling Lammy,  
" I hae a house, it cost me dear,  
" I've walth o' plenishin and geer,  
" Ye'fe get it a' war't ten times mair, gin ye will leave your Mammy.

The smile gade aff her bonny face; " I manna leave my Mammy ;  
" She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claife,  
" She's been my comfort a' my days,  
" My father's death brought mony waes ; I canna leave my Mammy."

" We'll tak her hame and mak her fain, my ain kind hearted Lammy,  
" We'll gie her meat ; we'll gie her claife;  
" We'll be her comfort a' her days ;"  
The wee thing gi'es her hand and says, " There ! gang and ask my Mammy

Has she been to kirk wi' thee ? my boy Tammy,  
She has been to kirk wi' me,  
And the tear was in her ee,  
But oh ! she's but a young thing, just come frae her Mammy !

SONG CVI.

DUNCAN'S WARNING.

RECITATIVE.

As o'er the heath, amid his steel-clad Thanes,  
The royal Duncan rode in martial pride,  
Where, full to view, high topp'd with glitt'ring vanes,  
Macbeth's strong tow'rs o'er-hung the mountain's side;  
In dusky mantle wrapp'd, a grisly form  
Rush'd with a giant stride across the way;  
And thus, while howl'd around the rising storm,  
In hollow thund'ring accents pour'd dismay.

Stop, O King, thy def - tin'd course, Furl thy standard, turn thy

horse; Death be - sets this on - ward track, Come no

fur - ther, quickly back.

Hear'st thou not the raven's croak?  
See'st thou not the blasted oak?  
Feel'st thou not the loaded sky?  
Read thy danger, king, and fly.

CONTINUED.

Lo! yon castle banners glare  
Bloody thro' the troubled air,  
Lo! what spectres on the roof,  
Frowning bid thee stand aloof.

Murder, like an eagle, waits  
Perch'd above the gloomy gates,  
Just in act to pounce his prey,  
Come not near — away, away.

Let not plighted faith beguile  
Honour's semblance, beauty's smile;  
Fierce ambition's venom'd dart  
Rankles in the fest'ring heart.

Treason, arm'd against thy life,  
Points his dagger, whets his knife,  
Drugs his stupifying bowl,  
Steals his unrelenting soul.

Now 'tis time; ere grisly night  
Closes round thee, speed thy flight;  
If the threshold once be cross'd,  
Duncan, thou'rt for ever lost.

On he goes! resistless fate  
Hastes to fill his mortal date:  
Cease, ye warnings! vain tho' true,  
Murder'd king, adieu! adieu!



SONG CVII.

I AM, SAID APOLLO.

am cry'd A - pollo, when Daphne he woo'd, And panting for

breath the coy virgin purfu'd, When his wisdom in manner most

am - ple ex - prest, The long list of graces his

CONTINUED:

godship posselt, When his wis - dom in manner most

ample exprest The long list of graces his

godship posselt.

II.

“ I’m the god of sweet song and inspirer of lays.”  
 Nor for lays nor sweet song the fair fugitive stays.  
 “ I’m the god of the harp—stop my fairest.” In vain;  
 Nor the harp nor the harper could bring her again.

CONTINUED

III.

“ Ev’ry plant, ev’ry flow’r, and their virtues I know ;  
“ God of light I’m above, and of physic below.”  
At the dreadful word physic, the nymph fled more fast,  
At the fatal word physic, she doubled her haste.

IV.

Thou fond god of wisdom, then, alter thy phrase;  
Bid her view thy young bloom, and thy ravishing rays ;  
Tell her less of thy knowledge, and more of thy charms,  
And, my life for’t, the damsel will fly to thy arms.

## COME MY PRETTY LOVE.

Come my pretty love, Let us haste away, Freely let us rove,

Some my pretty love, Let us haste away, Freely let us rove,

Where the lambkins play, Where the painted lawn, deckt wt. op'ning flowrs

Where the lambkins play, Where the painted lawn, deckt wt. op'ning flowrs

To the glowing morn, Balmy incense pours.

To the glowing morn, Balmy incense pours.

Sweet the roses blow, sweet the tedded hay,  
 Sweet the heifers low, round the dewy lee ;  
 Hark ! the feather'd train chant their songs with glee,  
 Oh ! the sprightly strain! come my love with me.

Not the dawn of day, not the breath of herds,  
 Not the lambkins play, nor the song of birds,  
 Not the blushing rose, nor the tedded hay,  
 Can one charm disclose, when my love's away.



SONG SIX.

HANG, MY LYRE, UPON THE WILLOW.

Hang, my lyre, upon the willow, Sigh to winds thy notes forlorn,

Or a - long the foaming billow. Float the wrecking

tempests scorn. Sprightly sounds no more it raises, Such as Laura's

smiles approve, Lau - ra scorns her poet's praises,

Calls his artless friendship love.

CONTINUED.

Calls it love, that spurning duty,  
Spurning nature's chastest ties,  
Mocks thy tears, dejected beauty,  
Sports at fallen virtue's sighs.

Call it love, no more profaning,  
Truth with dark suspicion's wound :  
Or, my fair, the term retaining,  
Change the sense, preserve the sound.

Yes, 'tis love, that name is given,  
Angels to your purest flames,  
Such a love as merits heaven  
Heav'n's divinest image claims.

SONG CX.

THE MILKMAID. A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

As Kate one morn, with milk-pail on her head,  
 Was trudging homeward thro' the verdant mead;  
 Her mind revolving on ten thousand ways  
 To fix a lover and her fortune raise;  
 Bright hope at once beam'd on her flutt'ring breast,  
 And as she went she thus herself address'd:

Sup - pose my milk fold some eggs I will buy, And chickens to raise di -

rectly I'll try, My poultry when rear'd will fetch a good price And two little

lambs I'll get in a trice, My flock will in-crease if for - tune but

smile Farewell then farewell then to labour and toil My flock will en -

CONTINUED.

create if fortune but smile, Farewell then farewell then to labour & toil. Now

lovers a-round me will buz like a bee, No girl in our village so

courted as me; But rustics! a-dieu, no such conquests I prize, the hearts I once

fought I now can despise; A lord or some squire my riches may win, And

titles and coaches are surely no sin; A lord or some squire my riches may

F f



C O N T I N U E D .

win, And titles and coaches are surely no sin.

*REC.* Struck with the fancied bliss, Kate leapt for joy,  
 Ah! fickle fortune! why her hopes destroy?  
 Down came the pail, and in the mighty fall,  
 Eggs, chickens, lambs, lords, squires, are vanish'd all!

Fair ladies who my tale attend, forgive this moral from a friend like

ruin'd Kate pray be not catcht nor count your chicks before they're hatcht, nor

count your chicks be - fore they're hatcht nor count your chicks before they're

C O N T I N U E D .

hatcht nor count your chicks be-fore they're hatcht your chicks before they're

hatcht your chicks be - fore they're hatcht, your chicks before they're

hatcht. Fair ladies who my tale attend, Forgive this mo - ral

from a friend, Like ruin'd Kate pray be not catcht, nor count, your

chicks be - fore they're hatcht Like ruin'd Kate pray be not catcht nor

CONTINUED.

count your chicks be - fore they're hatcht nor count your chicks before they're

hacht, nor count your chicks be - fore theyre hatcht; nor count your

chicks your chicks be-fore they're hatcht, your chicks be - fore they're

hacht, your chicks before they're hatcht.



S O N G C X I .

TASTE LIFE'S GLAD MOMENTS.

Taste life's glad moments whilst the wafting ta - per glows,

END.

Pluck e're it wither the quickly fad - ing rose.

Man blindly follows grief and care, He seeks for thorus and

finds his share, whilst violets to the desert air un -

heeded shed their bloom. DA CAPO.



SONG CXII.

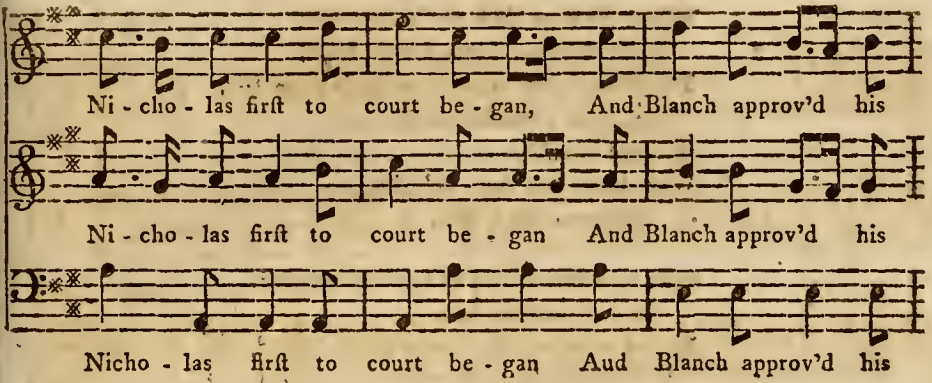
WHEN NICHOLAS FIRST TO COURT BEGAN.

When Ni - cho - las first to court be - gan, And Blanch approv'd his  
 When Ni - cho - las first to court be - gan, And Blanch approv'd his  
 When Ni - cho - las first to court be - gan, And Blanch approv'd his

love, U - nited time and pleasure ran, Like turtles in the grove.  
 love, U - nited time and pleasure ran, Like turtles in the grove.  
 love, U - nited time and pleasure ran, Like turtles in the grove.

In joy and sweet de - light, They pass'd each day and night When  
 In joy and sweet de - light, They pass'd each day and night, When  
 In joy and sweet de - light, They pass'd each night when

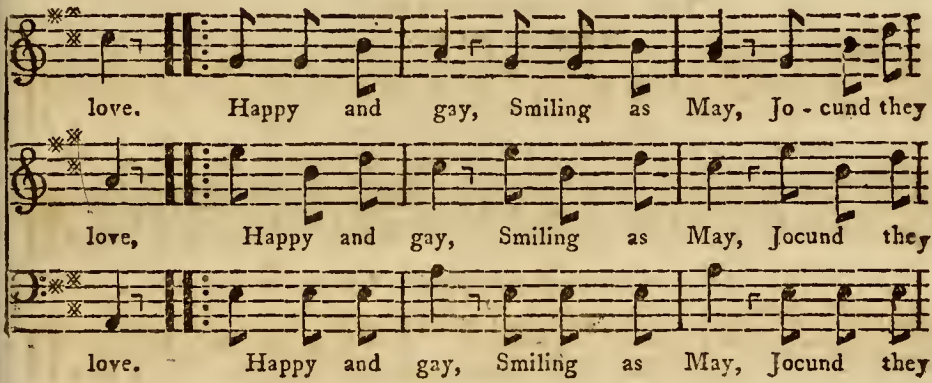
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Ni - cho - las first to court be - gan, And Blanch approv'd his

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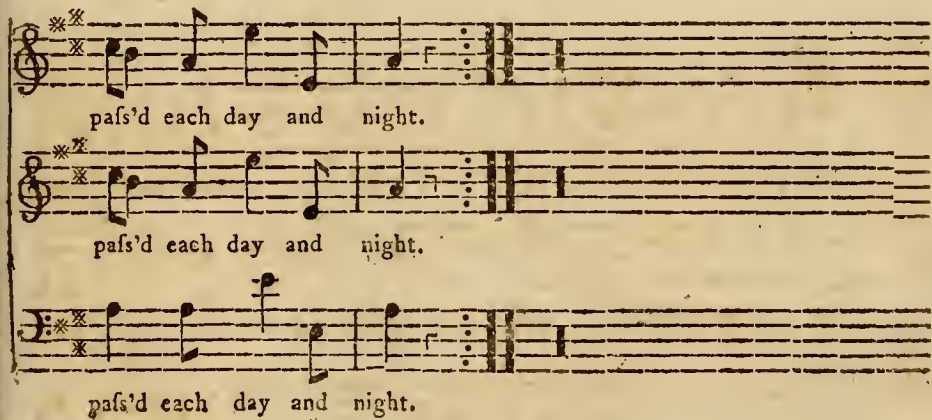
Nicho - las first to court be - gan Aud Blanch approv'd his



love. Happy and gay, Smiling as May, Jo - cund they

love, Happy and gay, Smiling as May, Jocund they

love. Happy and gay, Smiling as May, Jocund they



pass'd each day and night.

pass'd each day and night.

pass'd each day and night.

C O N T I N U E D.

When children blest the loving pair,  
Kind Heav'n increas'd their store,  
Their boys were brave, their girls were fair,  
And each a portion bore,  
Of rural industry,  
With dance and song and glee,  
Happy and gay &c.

Tho' age their heads with silver crown'd.  
Affection did increase,  
Dissention ne'er their hearts could wound,  
Nor jealousy their peace ;  
And still remembrance sweet,  
Their placid minds would greet.  
Happy and gay &c.

S O N G CXIII,

MY JO JANET.

Sweet Sir, for your courtesy, When ye come by the Bafs, then, For the

love ye bear to me, Buy me a keeking glafs, then; Keek into the draw-well

Ja - net, Janet, And there ye'll see your bonny fell, My jo, Janet.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,  
 What if I shou'd fa' in, Sir?  
 Then a' my kin will say and swear  
 I drown'd myfell for sin, Sir.  
 Had the better by the brae, Janet, Janet;  
 Had the better by the brae, My jo, Janet  
 Kind Sir, for your courtesy,  
 Coming thro' Aberdeen, then,  
 For the love ye bear to me,  
 Buy me a pair of sheen, then.  
 Clout the auld the new are dear, Janet, Janet,  
 Ae pair may gain ye half-a year, My jo, Janet.  
 But what if dancing on on the green,  
 And skipping like a maukin,  
 Folk shou'd see my clouted sheen,  
 Of me they will be talking;  
 Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en, Janet, Janet,  
 Syne a' their fau'ts will no be seen, My jo, Janet.



S O N G C X I V .

THE COTTAGE BOY .

Morn shakes her locks, the budding rose Smiles at the part - ing

twilight grey, In re - no - vat - ed beauty blows, And sheds her perfume

on the day, In re - novated beauty glows & sheds her perfume on the

day ; When Lubin, nature's rustic child, Tries calm contentment to en -

joy, And sweetly in his wood - notes wild, thus chearful sings the

CONTINUED.

Cottage boy, thus chearful sings, thus chearful sings

thus chearful sings the Cottage boy.

How blest my days since Sylvia's kind!  
 No other joy I wish to know,  
 For in her smiles soft bliss I find,  
 In her all gentle virtues glow;  
 The slaves of fortune let me shun,  
 My humble cottage to enjoy,  
 When toil and labour's o'er and done,  
 Thus chearful sung the Cottage Boy.

Returning at mild ev'ning's hour,  
 Perhaps my Sylvia I may meet,  
 For her I'll pull the choicest flower,  
 And strew it at my fair one's feet.  
 Then as it drooping dies 'twill prove,  
 That time e'en beauty will destroy,  
 How transient then is youthful Love!  
 Thus chearful sung the Cottage Boy.

SONG CXV.

AT DEAD OF NIGHT.

At dead of night when care gives place, In other

breasts to soft re - pose, My throb - bing heart feel

no re - cess, Since love and Chloe are my foes: At

morn when Phoebus from the East, re - pels the gloomy

shades of night, The grief that rocks my tor - tur'd

CONTINUED.

breast, Redoubles at th' approach of day,

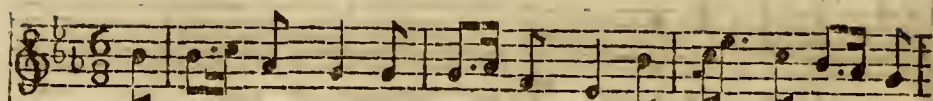
At noon when most intense he shines,  
 My sorrows more intense are grown;  
 At ev'ning, when the sun declines,  
 They set not with the setting sun.

To my relief then hasten death!  
 And ease me of my restless woes;  
 With joy I will resign my breath,  
 Since love and Chloe are my foes.

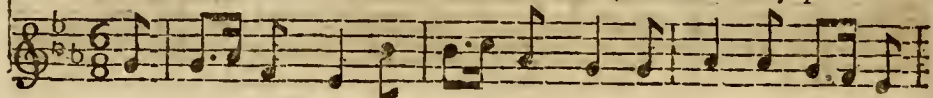


## SONG CXVI.

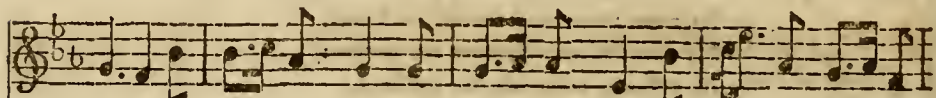
## ADIEU THE VERDANT LAWNS AND BOW'RS.



A - dieu the verdant lawns and bow'rs, A - dieu my peace is



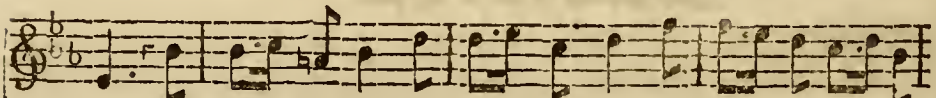
A - dieu the verdant lawns and bow'rs, A - dieu my peace is



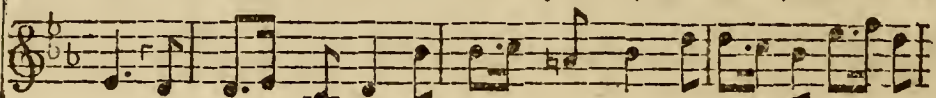
o'er, A - dieu the sweetest shrubs and flow'rs since Delia breathes no



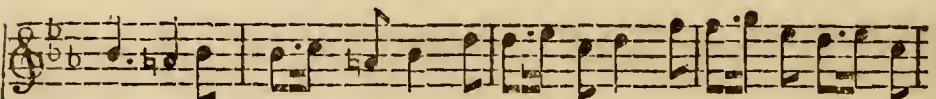
o'er, A - dieu the sweetest shrubs and flow'rs since Delia breathes no



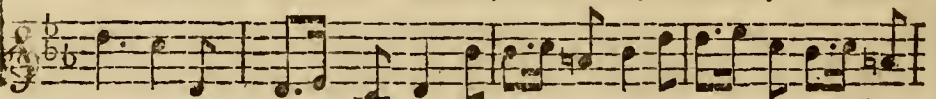
more, A - dieu ye hills a - dieu ye vales, A - dieu ye streams and



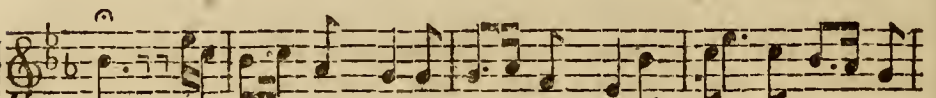
more, A - dieu ye hills a - dieu ye vales, A - dieu ye streams and



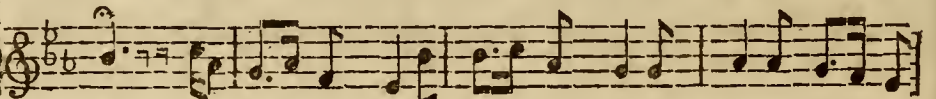
floods, A - dieu sweet echo's plaintive tales, A - dieu ye meads and



floods, A - dieu sweet echo's plaintive tales, A - dieu ye meads and



woods, a - dieu ye flocks ye fleecy care, a - dieu yon pleasing



woods, a - dieu ye flocks ye fleecy care, a - dieu yon pleasing

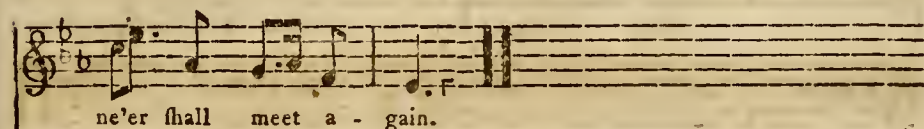
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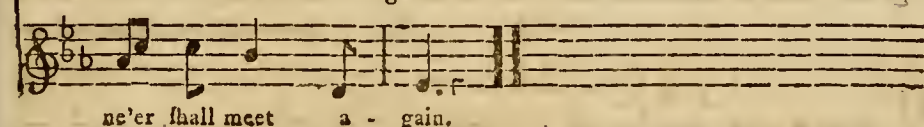
plain, A - dieu thou beaut'ous blooming fair we



plain, a - dieu thou beaut'ous blooming fair we



ne'er shall meet a - gain.

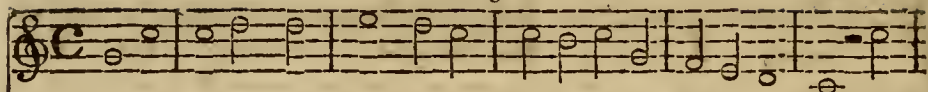


ne'er shall meet a - gain.

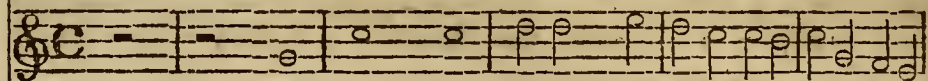
SONG CXVII.

HEY HOE TO THE GREENWOOD.

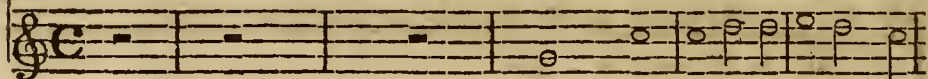
'S.



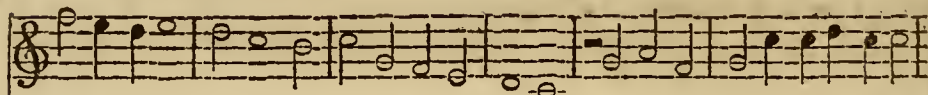
Hey hoe to the greenwood now let us go sing heave and hoe, And



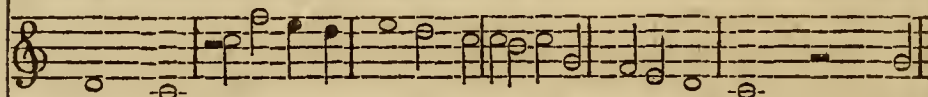
Hey hoe to the greenwood now let us go sing heave



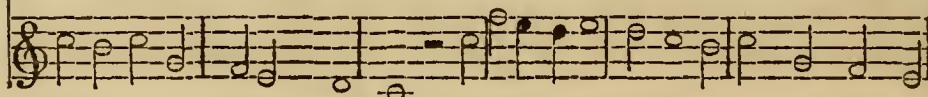
Hey hoe to the greenwood now



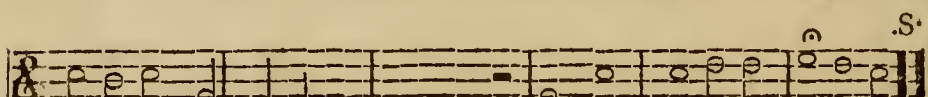
there shall we find both buck & doe sing heave & hoe the hart & hind, & the little pret.



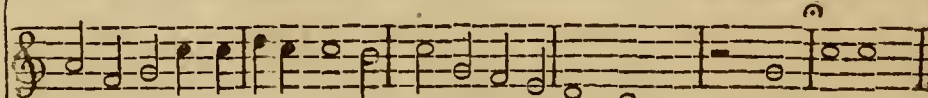
and hoe & there shall we find both buck & doe sing heave & hoe the



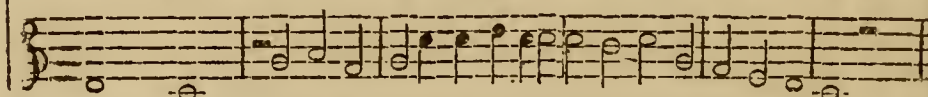
let us go sing heave and hoe and there shall we find bt buck & doe sing heave &



ty roe sing heave and hoe. Hey hoe to the greenwood now



hart & hind & the little pretty roe sing heave and hoe, Hey hoe.



and hoe ye hart & hind & ye little pretty roe sing heave & hoe.











20.11.68



