

THE WOLF.

Composed by W. Shield.—Published by Davidson.

Siciliano.

At the peace-ful mid-night hour, Ev-e-ry sense and ev-e-ry pow'r Fetter'd lies 'in
down-y sleep; Then our care-ful watch we keep, Then our care-ful watch we keep;
cres.

While the wolf in night-ly prow'l Bays the moon with hid-cous howl
While the wolf in night-ly prow'l Bays the moon with hid-cous howl, While the wolf in

night-ly prow'l Bays - - - - - the moon with hideous howl.
Allegro con Spirito.

Gates are barr'd,— a vain re - sis-tance; Fe-males shriek, but no as-
sis-tance. Si-lence, si-lence, or you meet your fate! Si-lence,
or you meet your fate! - - - - - Your keys, your jew-els, cash, and
plate, Your keys, your jew-els, your jew-els, cash, and plate, your jew-els, cash, and
plate,—your jew-els, cash, and plate. Locks, bolts, and bars soon fly a - sunder; Locks,
bolts, and bars soon fly a - sun-der; Then to ri - fle, rob, and plun-der,—Then to
ri - fle, rob, and plun-der; - - - - - Locks, bolts, and bars soon fly a -
sun-der; Then to ri - fle,
rob, and plunder; to ri - fle, rob, and plun-der; to ri - fle, rob, and plun-der.

THE APPEAL OF SPAIN.

Peninsular Melody.—The Words by John Bowring, LL.D.

Allegro.

Be ye rea-dy; your coun-try is call-ing; To her res-cue, he-ro-ic ones, fly!

O, she weeps! while her sad tears are fall-ing, Ye shall swear for your coun-try to

die— O she weeps! while her sad tears are fall-ing, Ye shall swear

for your coun-try to die! die! Yes, cheer-ful-ly die! die! Yes! cheer-ful-ly die.

O! how base and degraded the feelings Or be deaf when her plaintive appealings
That would shrink from her accents of gloom, Might awaken the dead from their tomb!—
The dead from the tomb, &c.

THE SAVOYARD'S RETURN.

The Words by Henry Kirke White; the Music by J. Addison.—Published by Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

Allegretto.

O! yon-der is the well-known spot, My dear, my long, left na-tive home;
molto lento e espress.

O! wel-come is my lit-tle cot, Where I shall rest, no more to roam.

O! I have tra-vell'd far and wide, O'er ma-n'y a dis-tant fo-foreign land; Each

place and pro-vince I have tried, And sung and danc'd my sa-ra-band. But

all their charms could not prevail, To lure my heart from yon-der vale; But

all their charms could not pre-vail, To lure my heart From yon-der, yonder vale.

Now safe re-turn'd, with wand'ring tir'd, No more my lit-tle home I'll leave;
molto lento.

And ma-n'y a tale of what I've heard Shall wear a-way the win-ter eve.

Of distant climes the false report The chamois skipping o'er the heights,
It lur'd me from my native land; The plain adorn'd with many a flock,
It bade me rove—my sole support And oh! a thousand more delights,
My cymbals and my saraband, That grace you dear belov'd retreat,
The woody dell, the hanging rock, Have backward won my weary feet.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

The Music by Frederic Smith.

Andante.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond re-col-lec-tion pre-
sents them to view! The or-chard, the meadow, the deep tan-gled wild wood, And ev'-ry lov'd
spot which my in-fan-cy knew; The wide-spread-ing pond, and the mill which stood by it;
The bridge, and the rock where the ca-ta-ract fell; The cot of my fa-ther, the dai-ry-house
nigh it; And e'en the rude buck-et which hung in the well! The old oak-en buc-^{*ad lib.*}ket, the
i-ron-bound buc-ket, The moss-co-ver'd buc-ket, which hung in the well,
That moss-cover'd vessel I hail as a treasure, And now, far remov'd from the lov'd situation,
For often at noon, when return'd from the field, The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure, As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield. And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, &c.

POOR MR. SPRIGGS.

The Words by Thomas Dibdin; the Music by W. Reeve.

Allegretto.

Mis-ter Spriggs, the gro-cer, he mar-ried Miss Re-vel; He thought her an an-gel, she
turn'd out a de-vil; Poor Mis-ter Spriggs! She sang, par-lez-vous, danc'd walt-zes and
jigs; She wast-ed the tea and the su-gar and figs, And said she'd be Mis-tress,
please the pigs. Poor Mis-ter Spriggs! O, poor Mis-ter Spriggs!

Mrs. Spriggs gave parties to tea and to dinner,
And play'd guinea whist, tho' she ne'er was a winner;
Poor Mr. Spriggs!
She lov'd silver muslin, French lace, and rich stuffs,
Pelisses and tippets, and Chinchilli muffs,
And some day she lov'd Captain Brown of the Buffs.—
Poor Mr. Spriggs!
Mr. Spriggs and his wife fell out one night,
And she vow'd she'd drown herself out of mere spite—
To poor Mr. Spriggs!
She ran to the river, but when she walk'd in,
Her courage grew cool as the wave touch'd her chin,
And drowning herself she thought was a sin;
Poor Mr. Spriggs!
A fisherman saw her, and thought she'd be wet,—
So he pull'd Sally out by a cast of his net;
Poor Mr. Spriggs!
Took her home half drown'd to her anxious dear,
Who cried, when he saw she was looking so queer,
'Pray, sir, why the devil did you interfere
With poor Mrs. Spriggs.'
O, poor Mr. Spriggs!

THE HUMBLE THATCH'D COTTAGE, IN THE VILLAGE OF LOVE.

Written by a Gentleman; the Music by J. Sanderson.

Andante Affetuoso.

Far re-mov'd from the town, From its splen-dour and noise, Tho' for-tune may frown, It our
 peace ne'er de-roys; Con-vinc'd that true plea-sure we on-ly can prove, At the
 hum-ble thatch'd cottage, In the vil-lage of Love; The hum-ble thatch'd cottage, The
 hum-ble thatch'd cot-tage, The humble thatch'd cot-tage, In the vil-lage of Love.

Honour dwelt in the breast of my parents, tho' poor;
 Unreliev'd the distress'd never went from the door;
 By which means alone, we true happiness prove,
 At the humble thatch'd cottage, in the village of
 Love.

Surrounded by suitors, they choose me a youth,
 A mirror of virtue, of honour, and truth;
 Bless'd with friendship's soft ties, contentment we
 prove,
 At the humble thatch'd cottage, in the village of Love.

DER TRINKER,--THE TIPPLER.

The Poetry translated from the German of Langbein; the Music by C. Walther.

Allegretto con espress.

I and my bottle, we're always u-ni-ted,—No one keeps clo-ser a friend-ship than we;
 Though by mis-for-tune my hopes should be blight-ed, Sooth-ing-ly still talks my
 bot-tle to me. Cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck!
 Words how en-dear-ing, Bliss-ful and cheer-ing, E-qual-ly known to the
 Moor and Cal-muc, E-qual-ly known to the Moor and Cal-muc!

Some, by deusive love's pleasure enchanted,
 Blindly to woman's fair standard have sworn;
 But, when they think love and faith would be
 granted,

Sadly they'll meet with derision and scorn.
 Cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck
 Always speaks clearly, [cluck cluck cluck
 Gently and dearly,

And is far sweeter than love or good luck!

Should dark'ning tempest obscure all my pleasure,
 Threat'ning the blossoms of peace to destroy,
 Quickly I'll hasten—and 'tis my sole measure—
 To my sweet bottle for comfort and joy

Cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck
 cluck cluck cluck!

These whispers hearing,

No danger fearing,

Destiny's surges I brave like the rock!

From my dear bottle I'll separate never,

Till life's enchanting scenes fail to my sight,

And, in my last and sad dwelling, for ever,

Horrible thirst joins with darkness and night.

Cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck

Tones so endearing [cluck cluck cluck!

Never more hearing,

When my last day's parting knell shall have struck.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

TAM GLEN.

The Poetry by Burns ; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

Allegretto.

My heart is a breaking, dear tit-tie! Some coun-sel un-to me come
 len': To an-ger them a' is a pi-ty. But what will I do wi' Tam
 Glen? I'm think-ing, wi' sic a brow fal-low, In puir-tith we nicht mak' a
 fen'; What care I in rich-es to wal-low, If Imaun-na mar-ry Tam Glen'

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,—
 Gude day to you, fool, he comes ben ;
 He braws and he brawls o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen ?
 My minnie does constantly deceive me,
 And bids me beware o' young men ;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me—
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen ?
 My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me guid hunder merks ten ;
 But, if it's ordain'd I maun tak him,
 O ! wha will I get but Tam Glen ?

Yestreen, at the Valentine's dealin',
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten
 For thrice I drew ane without fallin
 And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.
 The last Hallowe'en I was waukin'
 My drookit sark-sleeve, as ye ken ;
 His likeness cam' up the house staukin',
 And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen.
 Come, counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry ;
 I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

MACLAINE.

The Poetry and Music by Miss Ross.

Slow, with energy.

Ban-ners are wav-ing o'er Mor-ven's dark heath, Clay-mores are flash-ing from
 ma-ny a sheath; Hark! 'tis the gath'ring,—On, on-ward! they cry; Far flies the
Chorus.
 sig-nal to con-quer or die. Then, fol-low thee! fol-low! a boat to the sea! Thy
 prince, in glen Moi-dart, is wait-ing for thee! Where war-pipes are sound-ing, and
 ban-ners are free, Mac-laine and his clans-men the fore-most you'll see.

Wildly the war-ery has startled you stag,
 And waken'd the echoes of Gillian's lone crag ;
 Up hill and down glen, each brave mountaineer
 Has belted his plaid and mounted his spear.
 Then follow thee! &c.
 The signal is heard from mountain to shore ;
 They rush, like the flood, o'er dark Corry-vohr ;

The war-note is sounding, loud, wildly, and high;
 Louder they shout, 'On to conquer or die.'
 Then follow thee! &c.
 The heath-bell at morn so proudly ye trod,
 Son of the mountain, now covers thy sod
 Wrapt in your plaid, mid the bræst ye lie,—
 The words, as ye fell, still conquer or die!
 Then follow thee! &c.

THE MAID OF THE GREEN, PRETTY SALLY.

The Words by Upton; the Music by Hook.

Vivace.

I've tra-vel'd a - far from my dear na-tive home, And seen love-ly wo-men past tell-ing; In
 this place or t'o-ther, as fan-ey would roam, I wan-der'd and took up my dwell-ing. Sweet
 wo-men I prize, where so - e- ver they be, Tho' jes-ters and coxcombs may rally; But she that's most
 charm-ing and pleas-ing to me, But she that's most charming and pleas-ing to me, is
 Sal-ly, my sweet pret-ty Sal-ly; Is Sai-ly, my sweet pret-ty Sal-ly, The
 maid of the green, The maid of the green, The maid of the green, pretty Sal-ly.

When e- en beset by this beauty and that,
 My tongue in their praise never falter'd;
 With each o-ae I prattled, and humour'd their chat,
 But still my fond heart never alter'd.
 No, no! for, in whatever climate or place
 I chanc'd when a rover to dally,
 I saw in my fancy the beautiful face
 Of Sally, my sweet pretty Sally,
 The maid of the green, pretty Sally.

And ever shall she be the pride of my song,
 Whose constancy nothing could sever;
 For, though far away from my charmer too long,
 Her love was as faithful as ever
 Then come to my bosom, thou maiden divine!
 A passion so true who can rally?
 For thee I can splendour and riches resign—
 For Sally, my sweet pretty Sally,
 The maid of the green, pretty Sally!

RANZ DES VACHES.

The National Air of Switzerland, arranged by Samuel Webbe.

Adagio.

Bless'd day, thrice hap-py will it prove, That brings the ob-jects of my love: Bless'd day! Streams so
 clear, And cots so dear; Our hamlets gay, And moun-tains gray. Herds so rare, And flocks so
 fair, My shep-herd-ess as light as air; My fa-ther, mo-ther, sis-ter, and bro-ther. Wel-come:
 hap-py day! When shall we, I - sa - bel, dear maid, a-gain en - joy our elm-tree's shade.

O! when shall I so happy prove,
 And see the objects of my love?
 When, lofty hills,
 And purling rills,
 The lambs at play,

And scenes so gay;
 Herds so rare,
 And flocks so fair;
 My shepherdess as light as air.
 My father, mother, &c.

THE WREATH YOU WOVE.

The Poetry by Thomas Moore ; the Music by Michael Kelly.

Andantino.

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove, Is fair, but oh! how fair, Is fair, but
 oh! how fair, If Pi-ty's hand had stol'n from Love One leaf to min-gle there, One
 leaf to min-gle there! If ev-ry rose with gold was tied, Did gems for dew-drops
 fall, That fad-ed leaf, where love had sigh'd, Were sweet-ly worth them all. The
 wreath you wove, the wreath you wove, the wreath you wove is fair; The wreath you
 wove the wreath you wove, Our emblems well may be: Its bloom is yours, but hapless Love Must
 keep its tears for me, Must keep its tears for me. The wreath you wove, the wreath you
 wove, is fair, but oh! how fair, If Pi-ty's hand had stol'n from Love One leaf to
 min-gle there! The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove, the wreath you wove is fair.

ATTUNE THE PIPE, ATTUNE THE GLADSOME LAY.

Composed by Pleyel.

Larghetto.

At-tune the pipe, at-tune the glad-some lay,— A kiss from
 Lau-ra shall thy mu-sic pay: Let o-ther swains to praise or fame as-
 pire, thou from her lips the sweet re-ward re-quire. At-tune the
 pipe, at-tune the glad-some lay,— A kiss from Lau-ra shall thy mu-sic pay.
 Accept my hand, and could I add beside What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide,
 On thee alone their glittering pride should shine, And I alone, a constant maid, be thine.
 Attune the pipe, &c.

THE LAND IN THE OCEAN.

The Words by Thomas Dibdin; the Music by T. Attwood.

Maestoso.

In the midst of the sea, like a tough man-of-war, Pull a-way, pull a-way, yo
ho there! Stands an is-land sur-pass-ing all o-thers by far: If you doubt it, you've
on-ly to go there. By Nep-tune 'twas built up-on Free-dom's firm base, And for
e-ver 'twill last, I've a no-tion: All the world I de-fy to pro-duce such a place—
Pull away! pull a-way! pull away! pull, I say—As the snug bit of land in the o-cean.

From the opposite shore puff'd with arrogant pride,
Pull away! pull away, so clever,
They've oftsworn as how they would come alongside,
And destroy the poor island for ever;
But Britannia is made of such durable stuff,
And so tightly she's rigg'd, I've a notion,
She'd soon give the saucy invaders enough—
Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull, I say—
If they touch'd at the land in the ocean.

There was Howe, ever bold in that glorious cause—
Pull away, pull away so stout, boys!
Who gain'd on the first day of June such applause,
And Mounseer he put to the rout, boys.
The next was St. Vincent, who kick'd up a dust,
As the Spaniards can tell, I've a notion; [must.]
For they swore not to strike; says he, 'Damme, you
Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull, I say,
To the lads of the land in the ocean.

Adam Duncan came next,—'twas in autumn, you
Pull away, pull away, so jolly— [know—
That he made big Mynheer strike his flag to a foe
'Gainst whom all resistance was folly! [duce,
And they sent, as you know, if you're not quite a
But a sad story home, I've a notion;
So Duncan he beat a whole winter at once—
Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull, I say,—
What d'ye think of the land in the ocean?

Now the Frenchmen again have come in for their
Pull away, pull away, so hearty,— [share—
For Nelson has set all the world in a stare,
And land-lock'd e'en the great Bonaparte;
And we'd beat them again, should their stomachs in-
But they're all pretty sick, I've a notion; [cline,
Then may Victory's sword to the olive resign—
Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull, I say,
And Peace crown the land in the ocean.

THE ADIEU.

Composed by Dr. Jackson.

Largo con espress.

One kind kiss be-fore we part, Drop a tear and bid a - dieu, Drop, drop a
tear, drop, drop a tear, Drop - - a tear and bid a - dieu. Tho' you se-ver,
my fond heart, Till we meet, shall pang for you; One kind kiss be-fore we
part! Drop, drop a tear; Drop, drop a tear; Drop a tear and bid a - dieu.

Yet! yet, weep not so, my love;
 Let me kiss that falling tear;
 Though my body must remove,
 All my soul must still be here.
 Yet! yet, weep not so, my love;
 Let me kiss that falling tear.

One kind kiss before we part,—
 Drop a tear, and bid adieu;
 All my soul and all my heart,
 Ev'ry wish, shall pant for you.
 One kind kiss, then, ere we part;
 Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

THE WEST-COUNTRY BUMPKIN.

The Words by Collins; the Music adapted by W. Reeve.

Vivace.

John Bull was a bump-kin boru and bred, At a clod-hop-ping vil-lage in
 Glo's-tershire; And as for this world, or the world that's to come, For to puz-zle his nee-de'twas
 ne-ver the ne'ar, For he ne-ver was known to set foot in a church, Till the
 day he took Do-ro-ty there for a wife; And says John, 'By the Lord, I was
 ne-ver be-fore In a place like a church all the days of my life,'—Tol lol de rol,
 lol de rol, lol lol lol de rol, Tol de rol lol de rol lol de rol lol.

'For there I look'd up, and zeed nine or ten fellows,
 A zinging as loud as their luugs cou'd clink;
 So, thinking that I was got into an ale-house,
 I look'd up and ax'd, if they g'd nothing to drink,
 When up come a man, and he pull'd off my hat,
 And he told me no drink was allow'd in the place:
 I thought that for zartain he must be the landlord,
 Or else I'd have feeh'd him a punch in the face.

'Howsomdever, I fancied 'twas never the ne'ar
 For to kick up a dust, and to frighten the bride;
 So I went further in for to look at the place,
 And, lord! what a comical zight I espy'd!
 There was men-folk and women-folk pean'd up to-
 gether,
 Like so many wethers and ewes at a fair;
 Besides a long booby-hutch built up for holding
 The whole corporation justases and mayor.

'Then up got a little man into a tub,
 And he look'd just as tho' he'd been roll'd in the dirt,
 For you cou'd not suppose he cou'd be very clean,
 When he'd got nothing on but a long black shirt,
 Excepting a little white slobbering bib,
 Tuck'd under his chin, and slit in two:—
 To be perch'd in a tub, and to wear a black shirt,
 I was puzzl'd to think what a plagne he cou'd do.

'For while he did turn up the whites of his eyes,
 And for mercy upon us did heartily pray,
 Another b-low, that sat in a chest,
 Was mocking of every word he did say;

And when he had fairly tired him out,
 To the very last word, to do nothing by halves,
 I verily thought he was going to fight,
 For he stood up and call'd for a couple of staves!

'But the little man, tho'f he had a black shirt on,
 Whipp'd over'n another as white as a clout;
 And then in a twink, with a twist of his fist,
 He set open the tub, and he let himself out:
 Upon which he took hold of a poor little babe,
 And as tho'f he had got neither shame nor grace,
 He dipp'd his fingers into a trough,
 And splash'd the cold water all over its face!

'To be sure I thought 'twas a shameful thing
 To serve a poor babe such a woundy trick;
 For tho'f he did squeak like a pig that is stuck,
 They did mind him no more than a goosecumchick.
 Odsbobs! and I thought if the meggot shou'd bite,
 And they wanted to make but a child of a man,
 Who cou'd tell but in turn, such a baby as I
 Might be sous'd in the trough like a sop in a pan.

'So I took to my heels, and I scamper'd away,
 Like a lusty fellow, for sure and sure;
 And swore in my throat if they ever catch'd I,
 O' the inside of a church door any more,
 They shou'd plump me up to the ears in the hog-
 trough.

Just like a toast in a tankard then,
 And souse me and sop me, and sop me and souse me,
 A hundred times over and over again.'

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

TAM GLEN.

The Poetry by Burns; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

Allegretto.

My heart is a breaking, dear tit-tie! Some coun-sel un-to me come
len': To an-ger them a' is a pi-ty. But what will I do wi' Tam
Glen? I'm think-ing, wi' sic a braw fal-low, In puir-tith we nicht mak' a
fen'; What care I in rich-es to wal-low, If Imaun-na mar-ry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,—
Gude day to you, fool, he comes ben;
He brags and he brawls o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?
My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me—
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?
My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me guid hunder merks ten;
But, if it's ordain'd I maun tak him,
O! wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen, at the Valentine's dealin',
My heart to my mou' gied a sten
For thrice I drew aye without falin
And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.
The last Hallowe'en I was waukin'
My drookit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness cam' up the house staukin',
And the very gray brecks o' Tam Glen.
Come, counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

MACLAINE.

The Poetry and Music by Miss Ross.

Slow, with energy.

Ban-ners are wav-ing o'er Mor-ven's dark heath, Clay-mores are flash-ing from
ma-nay a sheath; Hark! 'tis the gath'ring,—On, on-ward! they cry; Far flies the
sig-nal to con-quer or die. Then, fol-low thee! fol-low! a boat to the sea! Thy
prince, in glen Moi-dart, is wait-ing for thee! Where war-pipes are sound-ing, and
ban-ners are free, Mac-laine and his clans-men the fore-most you'll see.

Wildly the war-cry has startled yon stag,
And waken'd the echoes of Gillian's lone crag;
Up hill and down glen, each brave mountaineer
Has belted his plaid and mounted his spear.
Then follow thee! &c.

The signal is heard from mountain to shore;
They rush, like the flood, o'er dark Corry-vohr;

The war-note is sounding, loud, wildly, and high;
Louder they shout, 'On to conquer or die.'

Then follow thee! &c.

The heath-bell at morn so proudly ye trod,
Son of the mountain, now covers thy soû
Wrapt in your plaid, mid the brarest ye lie,—
The words, as ye fell, still conquer or die!
Then follow thee! &c.

ADIEU, MY NATIVE LAND, ADIEU.

The Poetry by Lord Byron ; the Music by Chandler.

Andante.

A - dieu, my na - tive land, a - dieu! The ves - sels spread her swell - ing sails: Per - haps I ne - ver more may view Your fer - - tile fields, your flow' - ry

Fine.

dales; De - lu - sive hope can charm no more; Far from the faith - less maid I roam, Un - friend - ed, seek some fo - reign shore, Un - pi - tied leave my hum - ble home.

Farewell, dear village, O, farewell !
Left on the gale, the murmur dies ;
I hear thy solemn evening bell,
Thy spires yet glad my aching eyes.
Tho' frequent falls the dazzling tear,
I scorn to shrink from fate's decree ;
And tunc not, dear maid, that e'er
I'll breathe another sigh for thee.

In vain, thro' shades of frowning night,
Mine eyes thy rocky coast explore ;
Deep sinks the fiery orb of night,
I view thy beacons now no more.
Rise, billows, rise! blow, hollow wind!
Nor night, nor storms, nor death I fear ;
Ye friendly, bear me hence, to find
That peace which Fate denies me here.

BY A MURMURING BROOK.

Composed by Sir John A. Stevenson.

Andantino.

By a mur - mur - ing brook, in a val - ley's deep shade, Where the wood - ~~sway~~ and night - in - gale dwell ; Where the harsh eye of en - vy may ne - ver per - vade, O !

grant me some moss - co - ver'd cell, O grant me some moss - co - ver'd cell.

Round the mouth of my cave let the i - vy entwine, With the wood - bine and sweet - scen - ted

rose ; Let the bless - ings of health and con - tent - ment be mine, And no

cares shall dis - turb my re - pose, *ad lib.* And no cares shall dis - turb my re - pose.

But, free from the ills that attend on the great,
And far from all folly and strife,

With sweet solitude's charms, in this humble retreat
Let me spend the remains of my life.
Round the mouth of my cave, &c.

THE POST CAPTAIN.

The Words by Rannie; the Music by W. Shield.

Con Spirito.

When Steer-well heard me first im-part Our brave Com-man-der's sto-ry,
 With ar-dent zeal his youth-ful heart Swell'd high for na-val glo-ry,
 Re-solv'd to gain a val-iant name, For bold ad-ven-tures ea-ger. When
 first a lit-tle cab-in boy, on board the Fame, He would hold on the jig-ger, While
 ten jol-ly tars, with mu-si-cal joe, Hove the an-chor a-peak, sing-ing, Yoe, heave
 yoe! Yoe, yoe, yoe, yoe, yoe, yoe, heave yoe! Ten jol-ly tars, with mu-si-cal
 joe, Hove the an-chor a-peak, hove the an-chor a-peak, sing-ing, Yoe, heave yoe!

To hand top-ga'nt-sail next he learn'd,
 With quickness, care, and spirit;
 Whose generous master then discern'd
 And priz'd his dawning merit.
 He taught him soon to reef and steer
 When storms convuls'd the ocean,
 Where shoals made skilful vet'rans fear,
 Which mark'd him for promotion;
 As none to the pilot e'er answer'd like he,
 When he gave the command, Helm a-lee!
 Luff, boys, luff, keep her near,
 Clear the buoy, make the pier!
 None to the pilot answer'd like he,
 When he gave the command in the pool or at sea,
 Heard a-port, helm a-lee!

For valour, skill, and worth renown'd,
 The foe he oft defeated;
 And now, with fame and fortune crown'd,
 Post Captain he is rated;—
 Who, should our injur'd country bleed,
 Still bravely would defend her;
 Now bless'd with peace, if beauty plead,
 He'll prove his heart as tender.
 Unaw'd, yet mild to high and low,
 To poor and wealthy, friend or foe;
 Wounded tars share his wealth,
 All the fleet drink his health.
 Priz'd be such hearts, for aloft they will go,
 And always are ready compassion to show
 To a brave conquer'd foe.

HYMN TO SOLITUDE.

The Poetry by David Thomson, arranged to Mozart's 'Susse, heilige Natur.'

Andante.

Thou who lov'st the de-sert wild, Far from fol-ly's noi-sy train,
 Mid thy haunt's se-rene and mild, Let me woo thy gen-tle reign!

Where the hare-bell blooms unknown,
Through her silent summer days ;
Where the dun deer stalks alone,
O'er his pathless ferny maze :

Sweet will be my morning dreams
'Mid thy forest's shelter'd glade ;
Bright as are its op'ning gleams,
Peaceful as its holiest shade !

THE WILD IRISHMAN.

The Words by Charles Dibdin, the Younger ; the Music by John Whitaker.

Allegretto.

One moon-shi-ny morn-ing I came from Tra-lee, With a hey pip and sing Drim-in-doo
whack ! Small brains in de hat where my head chanc'd to be, And fait to my coat sure I'd
on-ly one back ! I'd a clum-sy she-la-ly pluck'd up by the root of it, For
him who was saucy to taste of the fruit of it ; And, thus from Tra-lee Trun-dled
o-ver the sea, To Lon-don so gay, O ! I trot-ted a-way ; Where the streets, I was told, had all
pave-stones of gold, But that was the blar-ney of Pad-dy O'Shann ; And when I came
there, How the peo-ple did stare, And what was it at ? but de wild I-rish-man ! With a
to-ra-loo foo-ra-loo drim-indoo whack ! Och ! sure how they star'd at de wild I-rish-man.

My Cousin Mulrooney he lived in de place,
Wid a hey pip and a drimindoo whack !
I ax'd the folks where, but they laugh'd in my
face,—
'Bad manners,' said I, 'of politeness don't crack.'
At last wid a rammer I found him a heaving stones,
And just knocking dacency into the paving stones.
'O ! Paddy,' says I,
'Is it you?' when awry
He cock'd up his phiz,
And said, 'May be it is,—
And pray what brought yourself ?'
'O !' says I, 'want of pelf ;'
Says he, 'Sarrah the rap, joy, raise for you I can ;—
It's all spent at best,
So I'll give you the rest !'
And small comfort was that for de wild Irishman ;
With tooraloo fooraloo drimindoo whack !
O, small comfort was that for de wild Irishman.

I'd not take to hay-making, a mere man of straw,
Wid a hey pip and a drimindoo whack !
Nor handle the hod ; so a sergeant I saw,
And 'listed into the horse-infantry pack ;
Wid my figure, and firelock, och, sure I want stupid, O !
De lades all call'd me a cavalry Cupid, O !
And fait I may say
I'd a bothering way ;
And when I was sent
To the grand continent,
Half a score, without flams,
Broke their hearts, or drank drams ;
And a howl like a wake thro' the pack of 'em ran.
And when back I go,
Made an officer, O !
Musha grah ! how they'll fight for de wild Irishman,
With tooraloo fooraloo drimindoo whack !
Musha grah ! how they'll fight for de wild Irish-
man !

WEEP FOR THOSE.

Hebrew Melody.—The Poetry by Lord Byron; the Music by J. Nathan.

Largo con Espressione.

O! weep for those that wept by Ba-bel's stream, Whose shrines are
de-so-late, whose land a dream; Weep for the harp of Ju-dah's bro-ken
shell; Mourn,—where their God hath dwelt, the god - less dwell! And where shall Is-rael
lave her bleed-ing feet? And when shall Zi-on's songs a-gain seem sweet? And Ju-dah's
me-lo-dy once more re - joice The hearts that leap'd be - fore its heav'n - ly
voice? Tribes of the wand'-ring foot and weary breast, How shall ye flee away and be at rest?
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave, Mankind their country, Is-rael but the grave!

ROSE OF THIS ENCHANTED VALE.

Hindustance Melody, arranged by C. E. Horn, to the Poetry of W. Reader.

Vivace.

Rose of this en-chant-ed vale, Why so lone and mourn-ful? Fair-er than the dawn-star
rose, Art thou chill and scorn-ful? 'I am not the Rose,' she said, 'Sleep his lids is
steep-ing; I am but a cap-tive maid, The Rose's slum-bers keep - - ing. Go! I
fear that, o'er his ear, Our heed-less tones are creep-ing; Go! nor let one accent fall, His
charm-ed dreams dis - pel-ling; Go! 'tis sa-cred still-ness all, Thro' our mossy dwell-ing.'

But, though free to roam at will,
Youthful hopes impelling,
I would be a captive still,
In my Rose's dwelling.
Now, upon his arched brows,
In breathless bliss, I ponder;

Now the music of his vows
Makes my senses wander;
No charm for me were liberty,—
I'm of thralldom fonder;—
Go! nor let one accent fall, &c.

MY OLD AUNT SALLY.

Published in Davidson's Cheap Edition of the Songs of the Ethiopian Serenaders.

Vivace.

A-way down in New Orleans, I gets up-on de lan-din,' And dere I spies my
old Aunt Sal, up-on de track a stand-in'; I ax her, 'Wont you take a ride wid
me, dis cot-ton sea-son;'—I neb-ber spoke a - no-der word, a - cos I had no
Chorus.
rea-son; No reason, no reason, A - cos I had no reason; I nebber spoke an - o - der word, A -
cos I had no rea-son— Sal-ly! Ra, ree, ri, ro, round de eor-ner, Sal-ly.

I hitch de bull afore de cart, like a cleber feller—
Hit him a hit to make him go—de brute began to beller;
I turn round to look for Sal—I nebber shall forget
'em— [bottom—

Dar I see her kickin' her heels upon de sandy
Bottom, de bottom! upon de sandy bottom!
Dar I see her kickin' her heels upon de sandy bottom.
Sally, Sally, &c.

Now I'd hab you all to gib de most partic'lar 'tention
Te a circumstantial fact dat I'm gwine jist to men-
tion;

I want to hab you all to know for pluck I isn't a lackin',
'Cept when I'm ask'd to hab a fight—and den I wants
good backin',
Backin', lackin', and den I wants good backin',
'Cept when I'm ask'd to hab a fight—and den I wants
good backin'.

Sally, Sally, &c.

Up de hill, an' down de dale—I didn't seem to mind
her, [behind her—

De bull' kept on a-chasing Sal—she nebber look'd
Till he ran slick aginst a stump, and found hisself'
mistaken— [bacon,—

Den Sal dodg'd on tudder side, in hope to sabe her
Bacon, her bacon—in hope to sabe her bacon;
How Sal dodg'd on tudder side, in hope to sabe her
bacon! Sally, Sally, &c.

Sal stuck her back agin de stump—I envied not her
lodgin'— [kept a doggia';

De bull kept prancing round de stump, and Sal she
She jnmp a rod or two aside—you aught to see her
bound it, [prancin' round it;

And if de bull ain't slipp'd him breff, him still is
Round it, round it, him still is prancin' round it;
And if de bull ain't slipp'd him breff, him still is
prancin' round it! Sally, Sally, &c.

BY THE GAYLY CIRCLING GLASS.

The Poetry from Milton's 'Comus;' the Music by Dr. Arne.

Vivace.

By the gay-ly cir-cling glass, We can see how mi-nutes pass; By the hol low
cask are told How the wa-ning night grows old, How the waning night grows old.
Soon, too soon the ou-sy day Drives us from our sports a-way; What have
we with day to do? Sons of care, 'twas made for you,—Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

LOVE'S LIKE A SUMMER'S DAY.

The Poetry by George Macfarren; the Music by J. Blewitt.

Vivace. *ad lib.*

Love's like a summer's day, Warm'd by the sun-ny ray, Fann'd by light Zephyr's wing, And scent-
a tempo. *ad lib.*

ed by flow-ers; Love's like a summer's day, Warm'd by the sun-ny ray, Fann'd by light
 Zephyr's wing, And scent-ed by flow-ers. Where Love has fix'd its home, Pleasure is sure to
 come, And sprinkle the spot with am-bro-sial showers; Where Love has fix'd its home, Pleasure is
ad lib.

sure to come, And sprin-kle the spot with am-bro-sial show'rs. - - - -
ad lib.

Love's like a summer's day, Warm'd by the sun-ny ray, Fann'd by light Zephyr's wing, And
a tempo.

scent-ed by flow-ers; Love's like a sum-mer's day, Warm'd by the sun-ny ray,
 Fann'd by light Zephyr's wing, And scent-ed by flowers. Sometimes a gloomy cloud, Chill-blast, or
 tem-pest loud, Darkens the azuresky, And blights the gay scene; But, where the heart is true,
ad lib.

Soon it regains its hue: Hope spreads a rainbow That makes all se-re-ne. - - - -
ad lib.

Love's like a sum-mer's day, Warm'd by the sun-ny ray, Fann'd by light Zephyr's wing, And
a tempo.

scent-ed by flow-ers; Love's like a summer's day, Warm'd by the sun-ny ray, Fann'd by light
 Zephyr's wing, And scent-ed by flow-ers, Fann'd by light Zephyr's wing, And scented by flow'r's, And
Cadenza ad lib.

scent-ed by flow'rs, And scented by flow'rs, And scent-ed by flow'rs, And scent-ed by flow'rs.