THE

SONGS OF ENGLAND.

A COLLECTION OF

281

ENGLISH MELODIES,

INCLUDING THE MOST POPULAR

TRADITIONAL DITTIES,

AND THE

PRINCIPAL SONGS AND BALLADS

OF THE LAST THREE CENTURIES,

EDITED,

WITH NEW SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS,

BY

J. L. HATTON AND EATON FANING.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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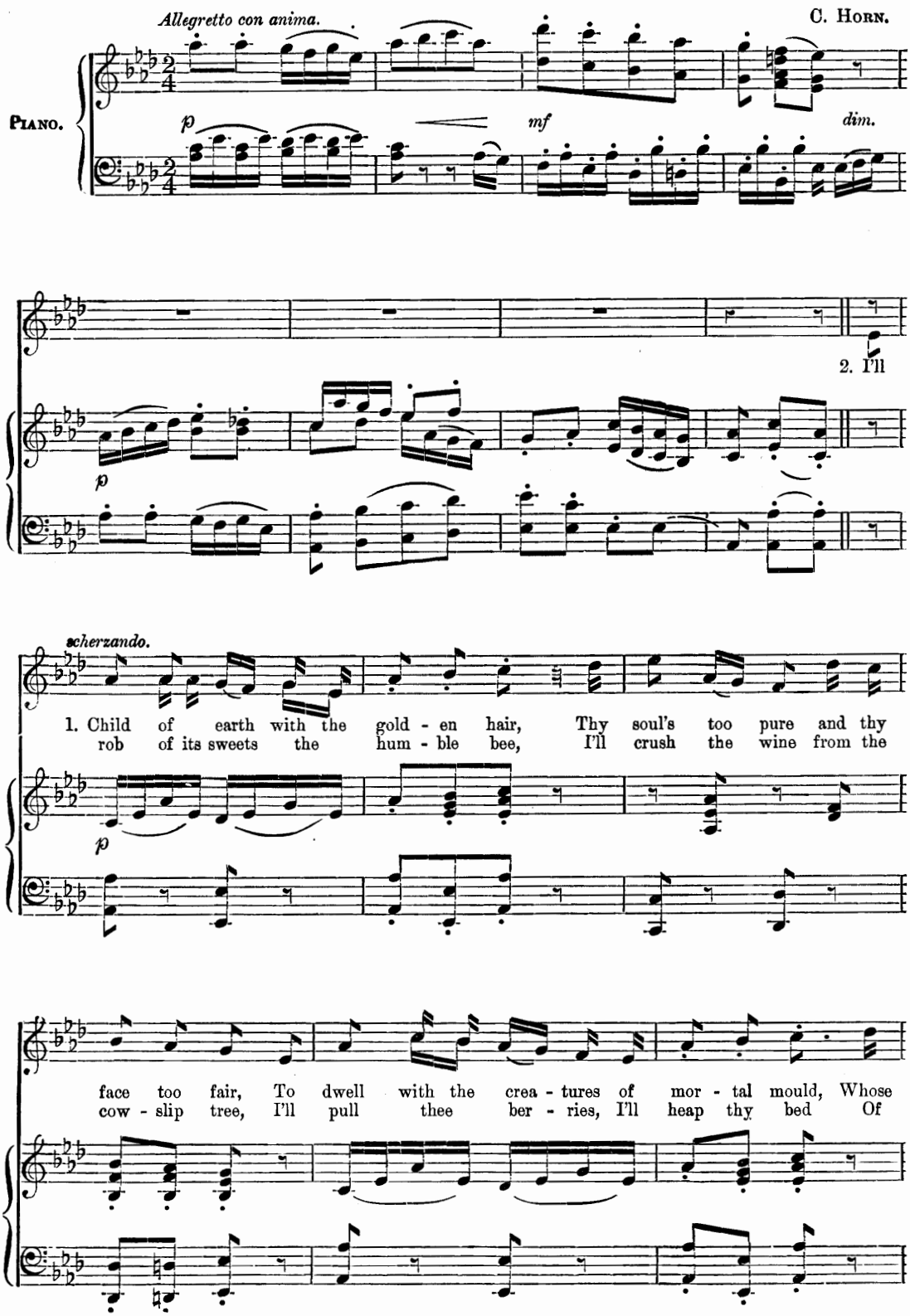
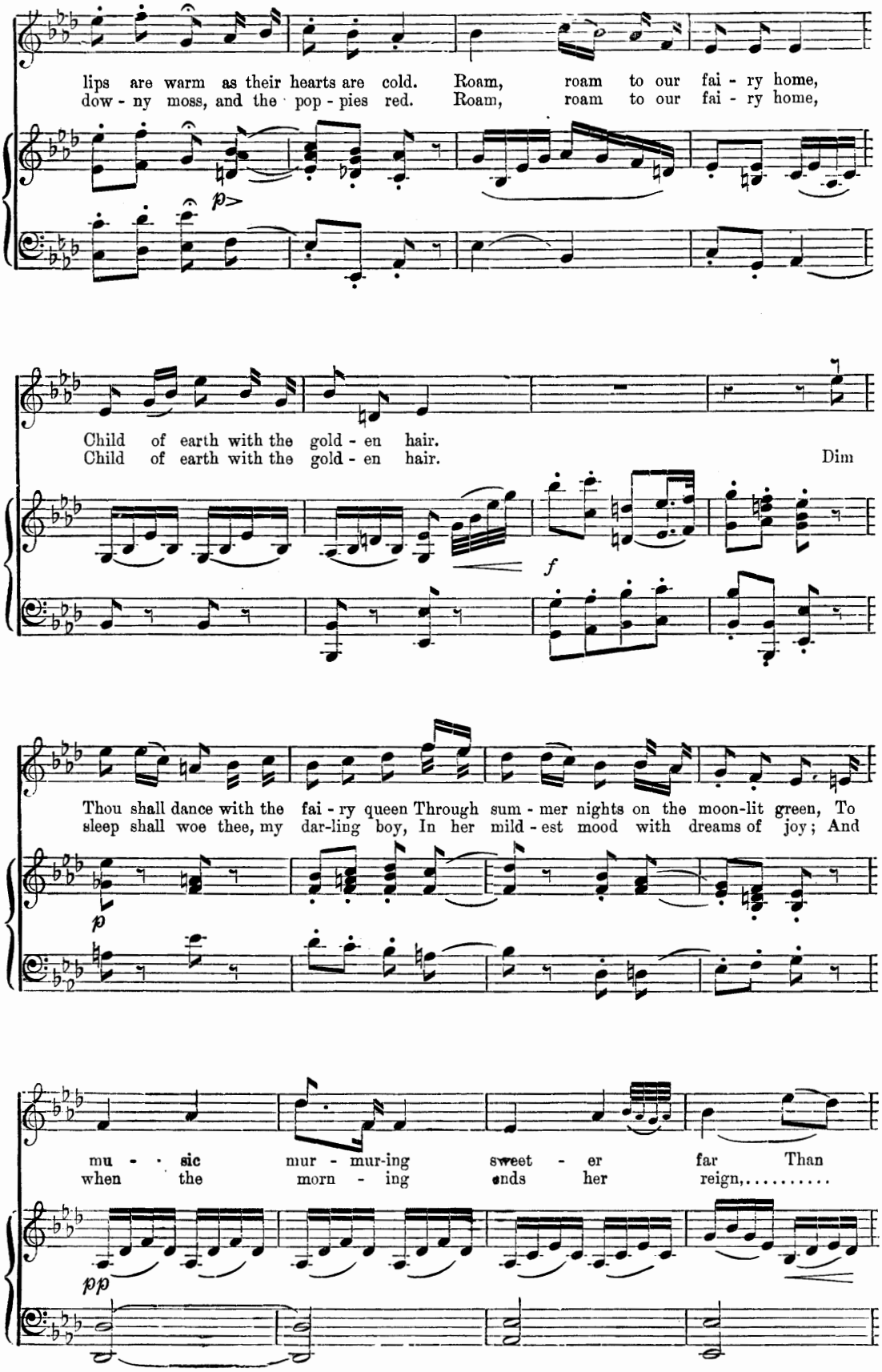
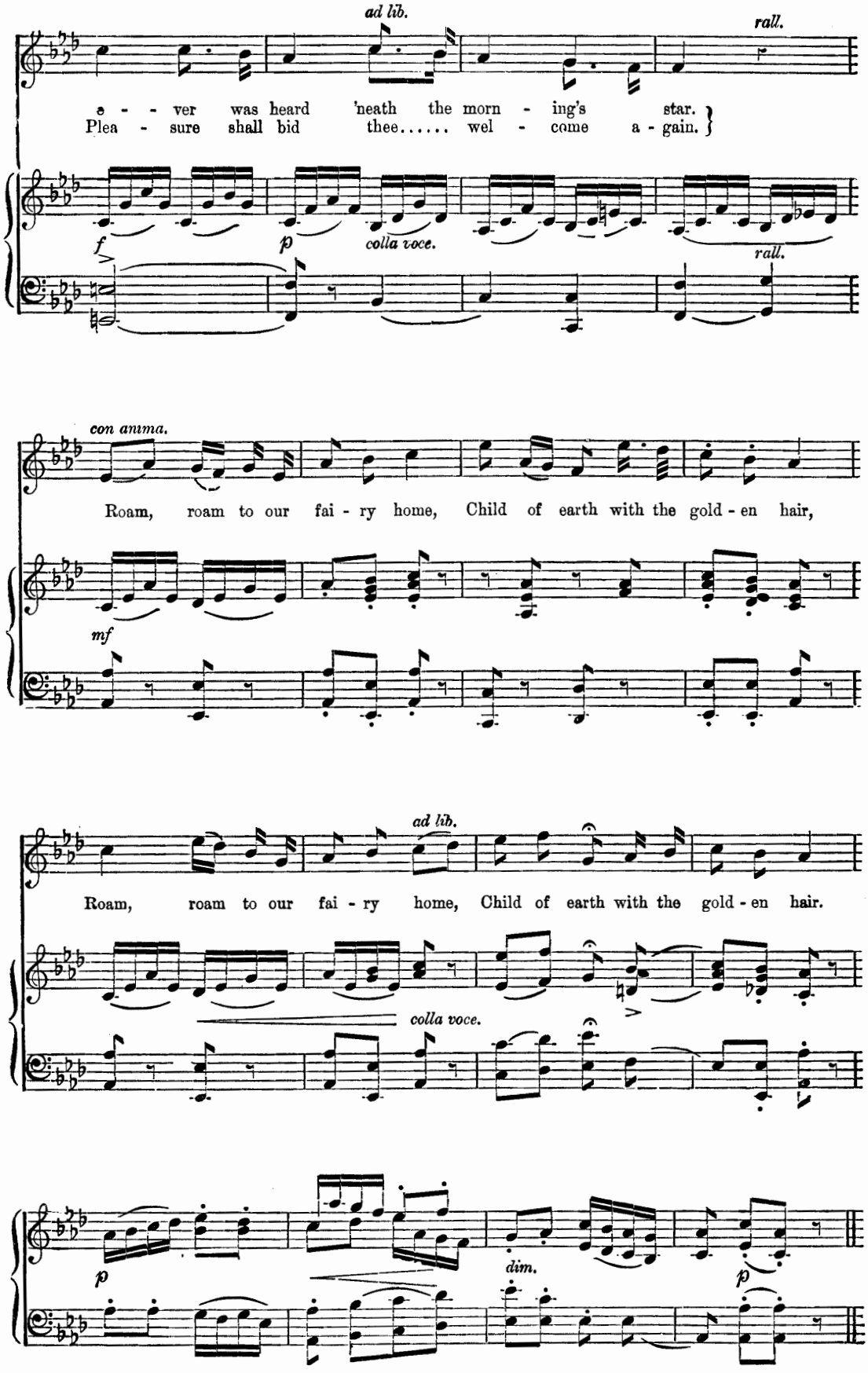
Titania's Song.

(CHILD OF EARTH WITH GOLDEN HAIR.)




lips are warm as their hearts are cold. Roam, roam to our fai - ry home,
dow - ny moss, and the pop - pies red. Roam, roam to our fai - ry home,
p
Child of earth with the gold - en hair.
Child of earth with the gold - en hair.
Dim
f
Thou shall dance with the fai - ry queen Through sum - mer nights on the moon-lit green, To
sleep shall woe thee, my dar-ling boy, In her mild - est mood with dreams of joy; And
p
mu - sic mur - mur-ing sweet - er far Than
when the morn - ing ends her reign,.....
pp


ad lib.
rall.
e - - ver was heard 'neath the morn - ing's star.
Plea - sure shall bid thee..... wel - come a - gain.
f
p
colla voce.
rall.
con anima.
Roam, roam to our fai - ry home, Child of earth with the gold - en hair,
mf
ad lib.
Roam, roam to our fai - ry home, Child of earth with the gold - en hair.
colla voce.
p
dim.
p

The High-mettled Racer.

In moderate time. DIBDIN.

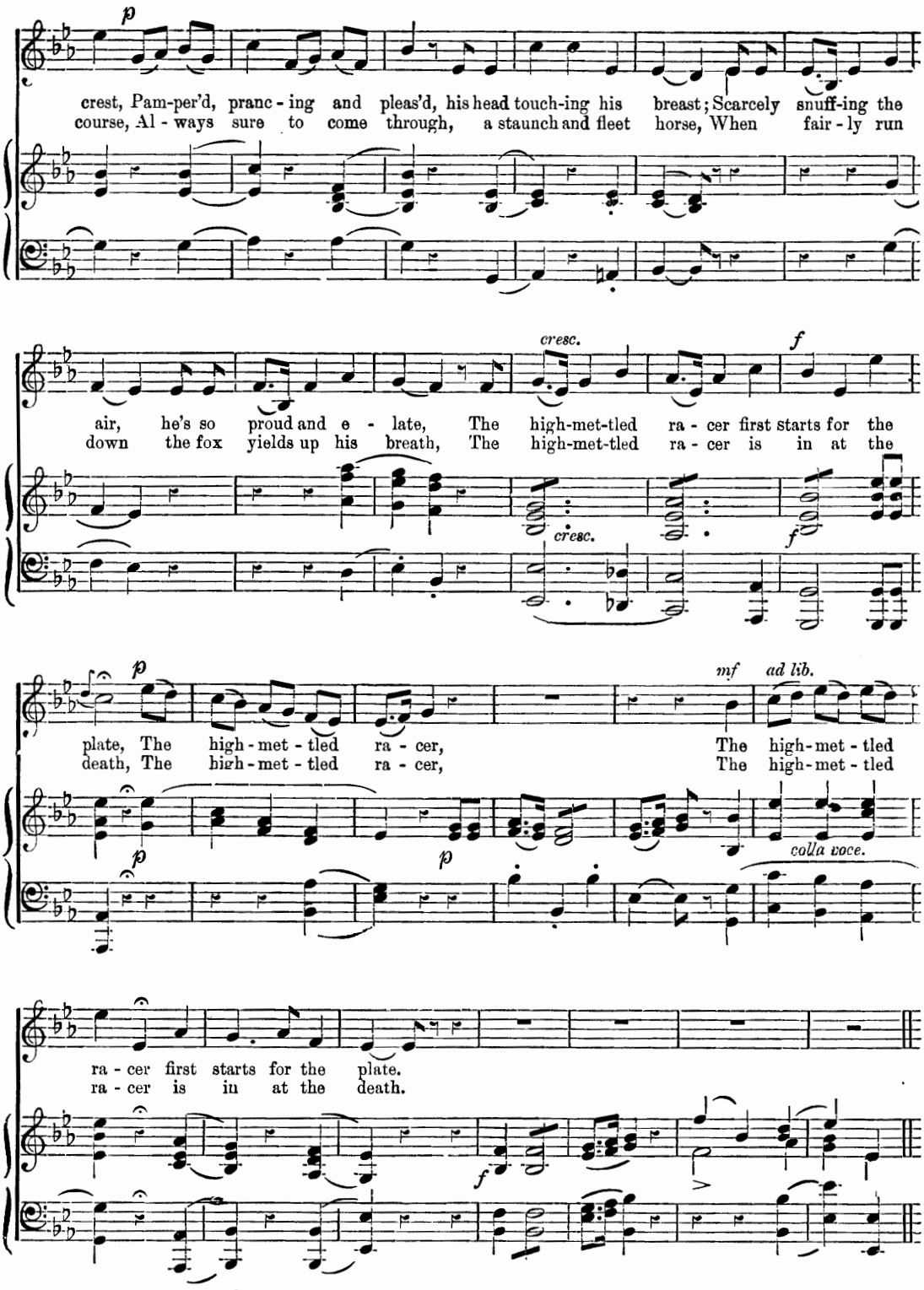
PIANO.

1. See the course throng'd with ga - zers, the sports are be - gun, The con -
2. Now rey - nard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch rush, Dogs,

- fu - sion but hear; "I bet you, sir; done, done!" Ten thou-sand strange murmurs re - sound far and
hor - ses, and hunts-men, all hard at his brush; Thro' marsh, fen, and bri - er, led by their sly

near; Lords, haw - kers, and jock - ies, as - sail the tir'd ear,.... Lords, hawkers, and
prey, They by scent and by view cheat a long te - dious way,.... They by scent and by

jock - ies, as - sail the tir'd ear, While with neck like a rain-bow, e - rect - ing his
view cheat a long te-dious way, While, a - like born for sports of the field and the



3.

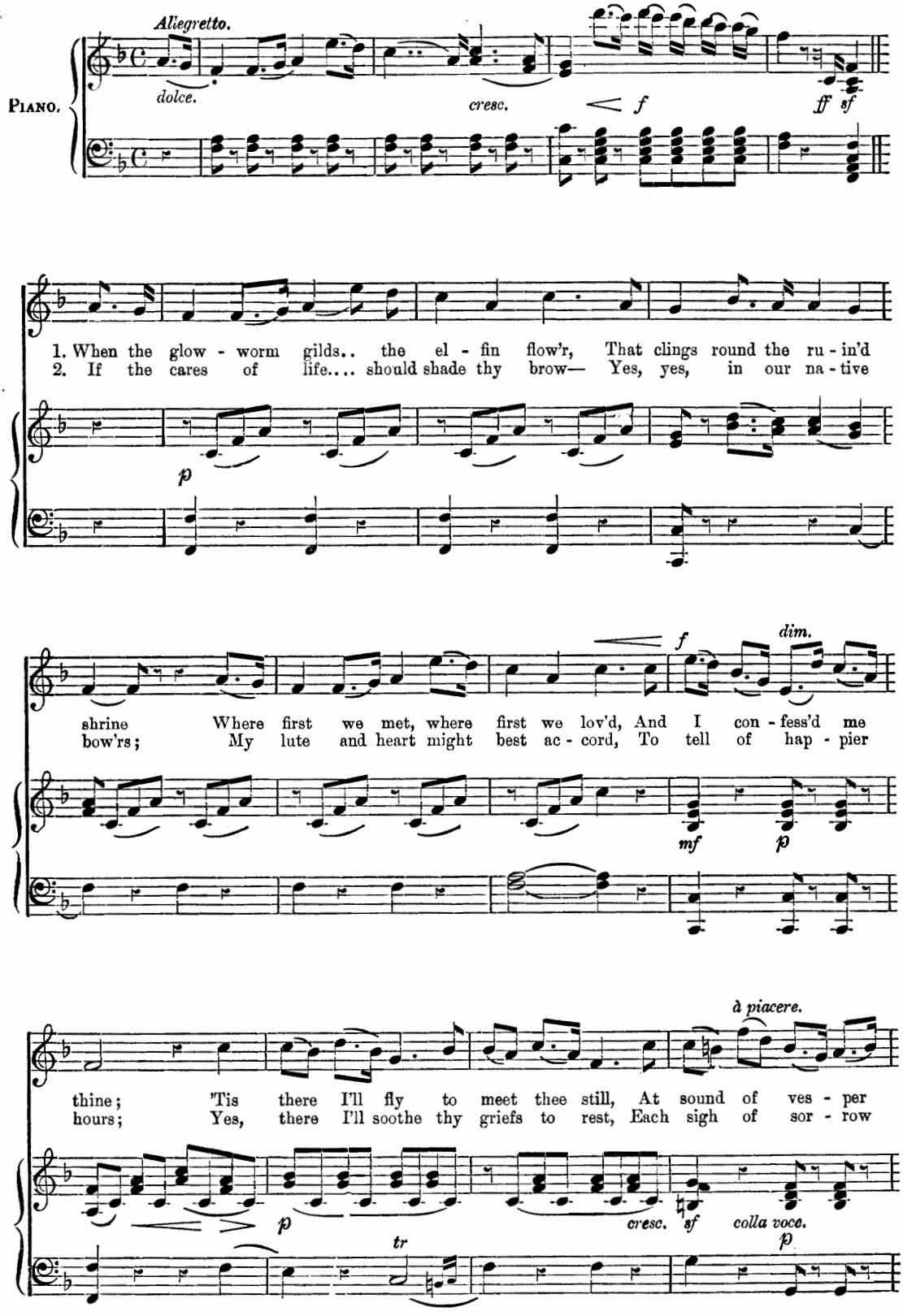
Grown aged, used up, and turn'd out of the stud,
Lame, spavin'd, and windgall'd, but yet with some blood,
While knowing postillions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won this sweepstakes, his sire gain'd that race,
And what matches he won to the ostlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time at some hedge ale-house door,
While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his side goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

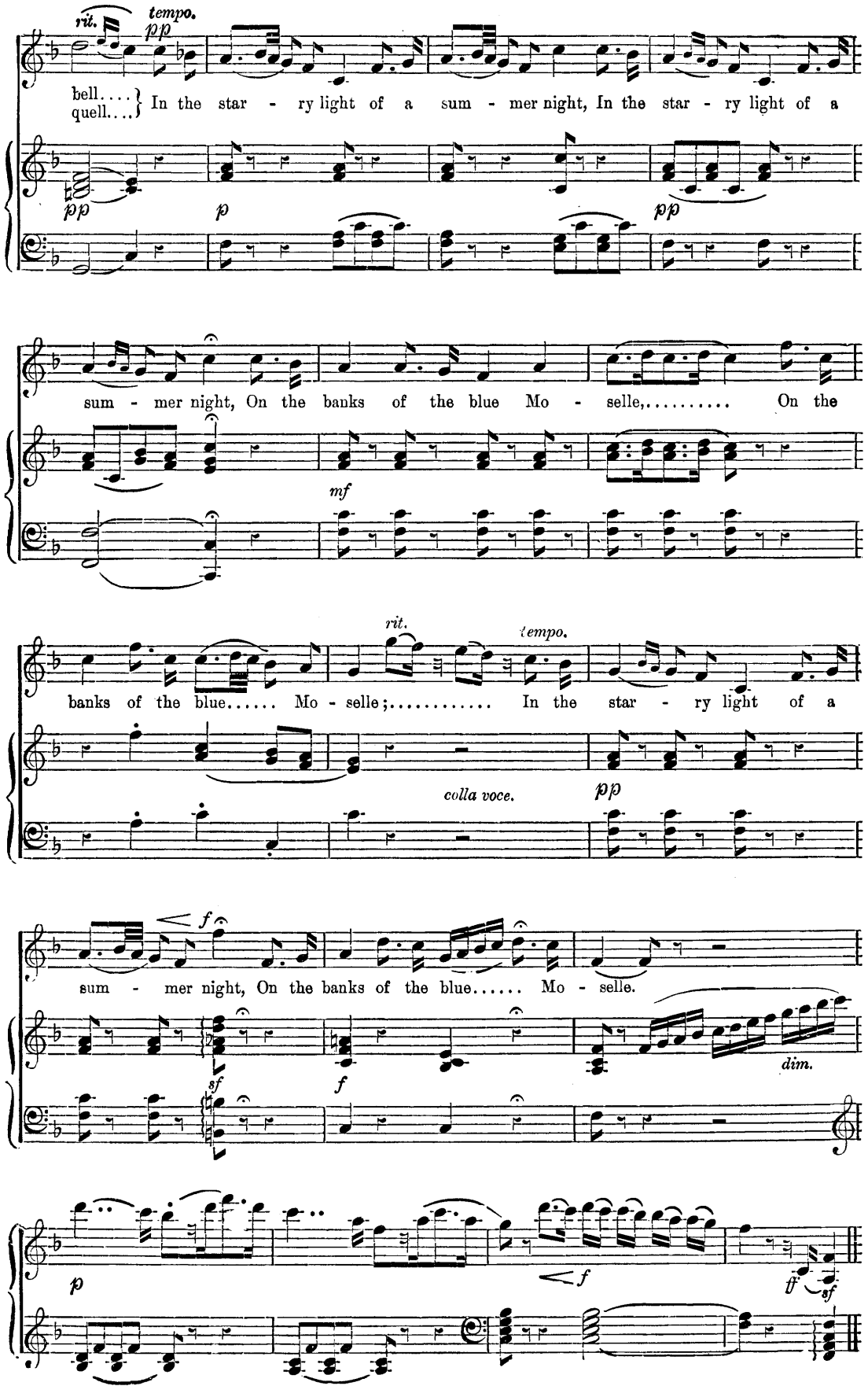
4.

Till at last having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate:
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-glass stands still
And now, cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view,
In the very same cart which he yesterday drew,
While a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds,
The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds.

The banks of the blue Moselle.

G. H. Rodwell.




rit.
tempo.
pp
bell....
quell....
In the star - ry light of a sum - mer night, In the star - ry light of a
pp
p
pp
sum - mer night, On the banks of the blue Mo - selle,..... On the
mf
banks of the blue..... Mo - selle;..... In the star - ry light of a
rit.
tempo.
colla voce.
pp
f
sum - mer night, On the banks of the blue..... Mo - selle.
sf
f
dim.
p
f
ff
sf

Let Fame sound the trumpet.

SHIELD.

Allegro con spirito.

PIANO.

f

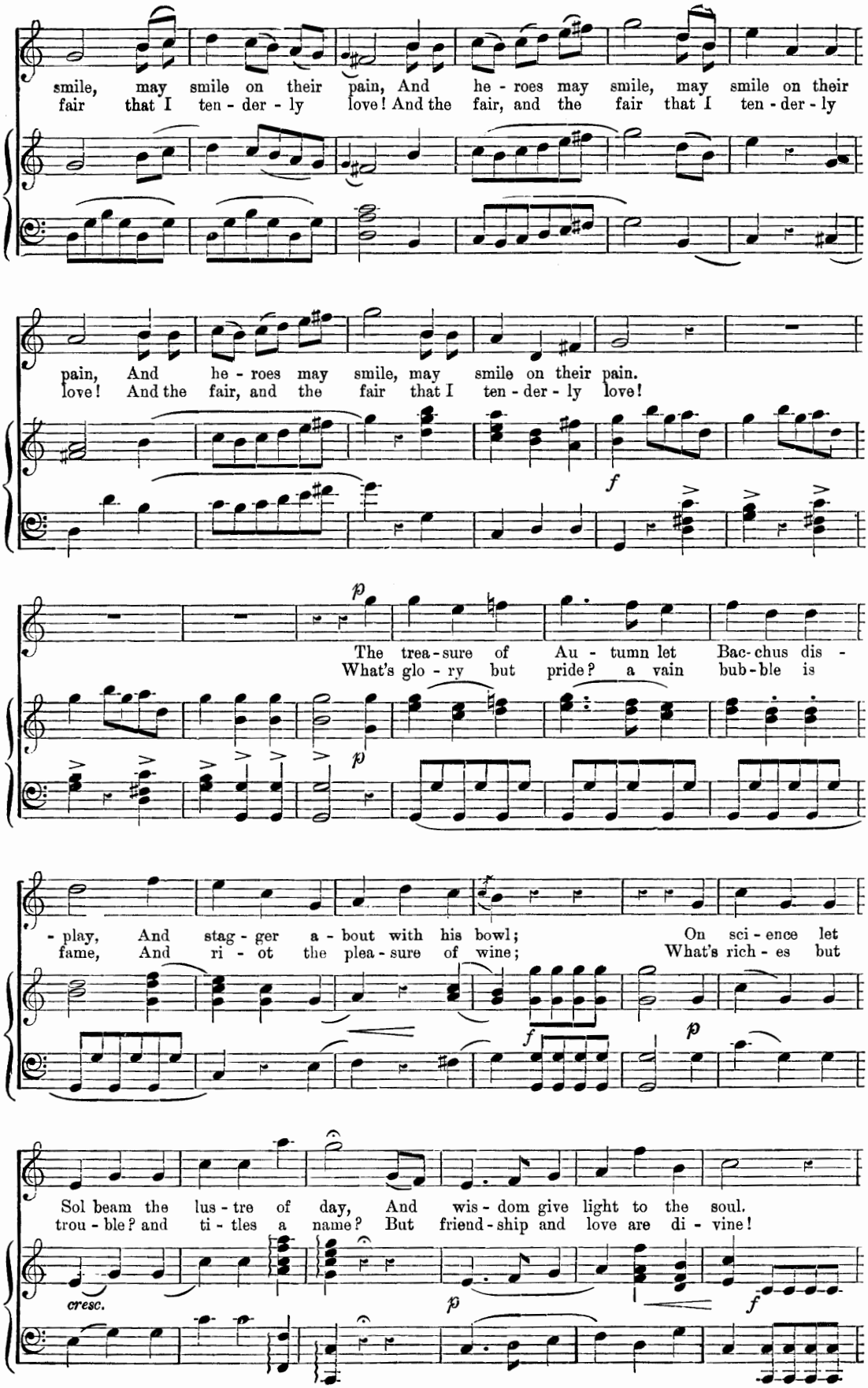
1. Let Fame sound the trum - pet and cry to the war, Let glo - ry, let
2. Let In - dia un - fold her rich gems to the view, Each vir - tue, each

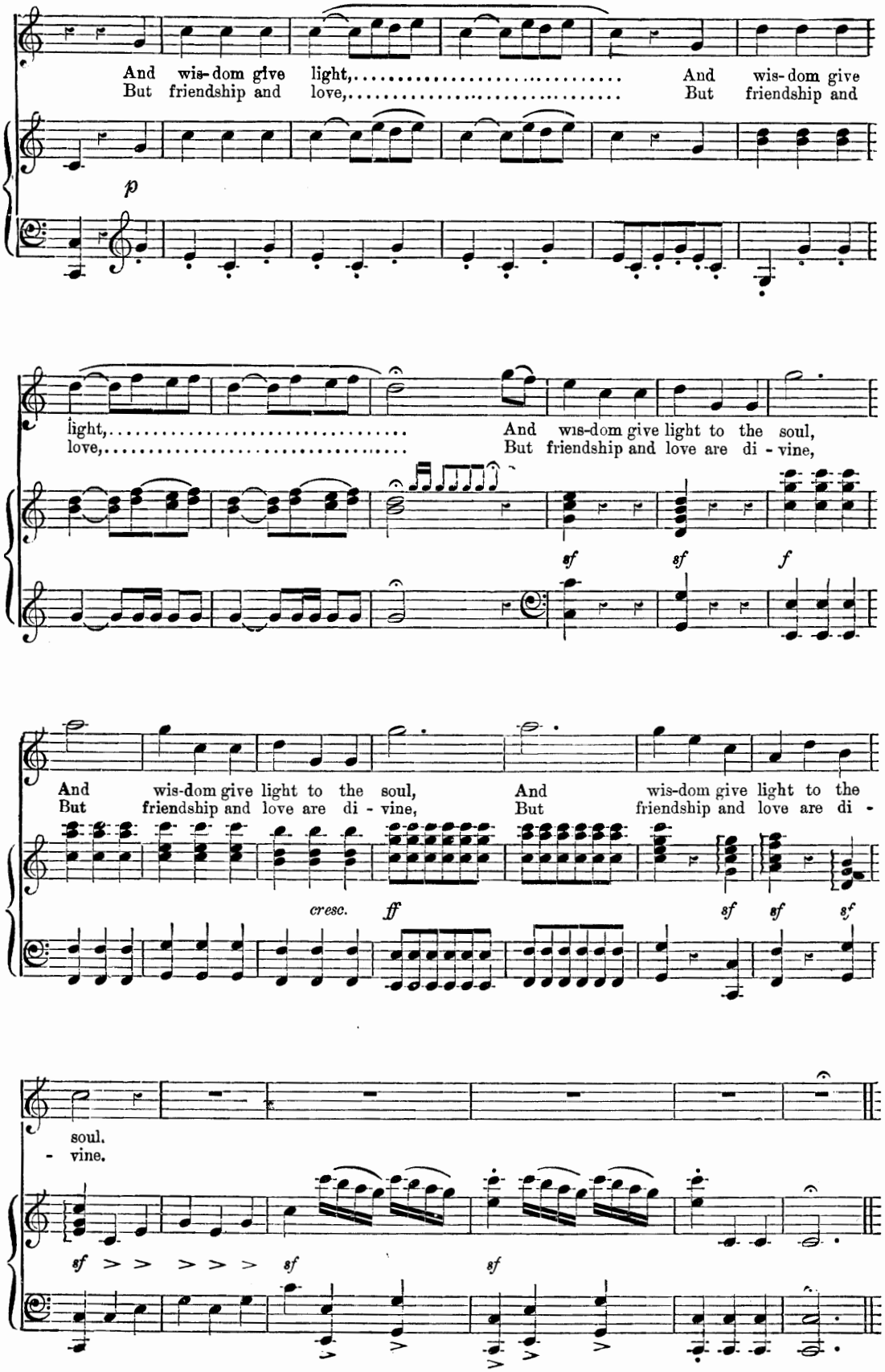
mf

glo - ry re - e - cho the strain;.....
vir - tue each joy to im - prove;.....

.... The full tide of ho - nor may fall from the scar; And he - roes may
.... Oh! give me the friend that I know to be true, And the fair, and the

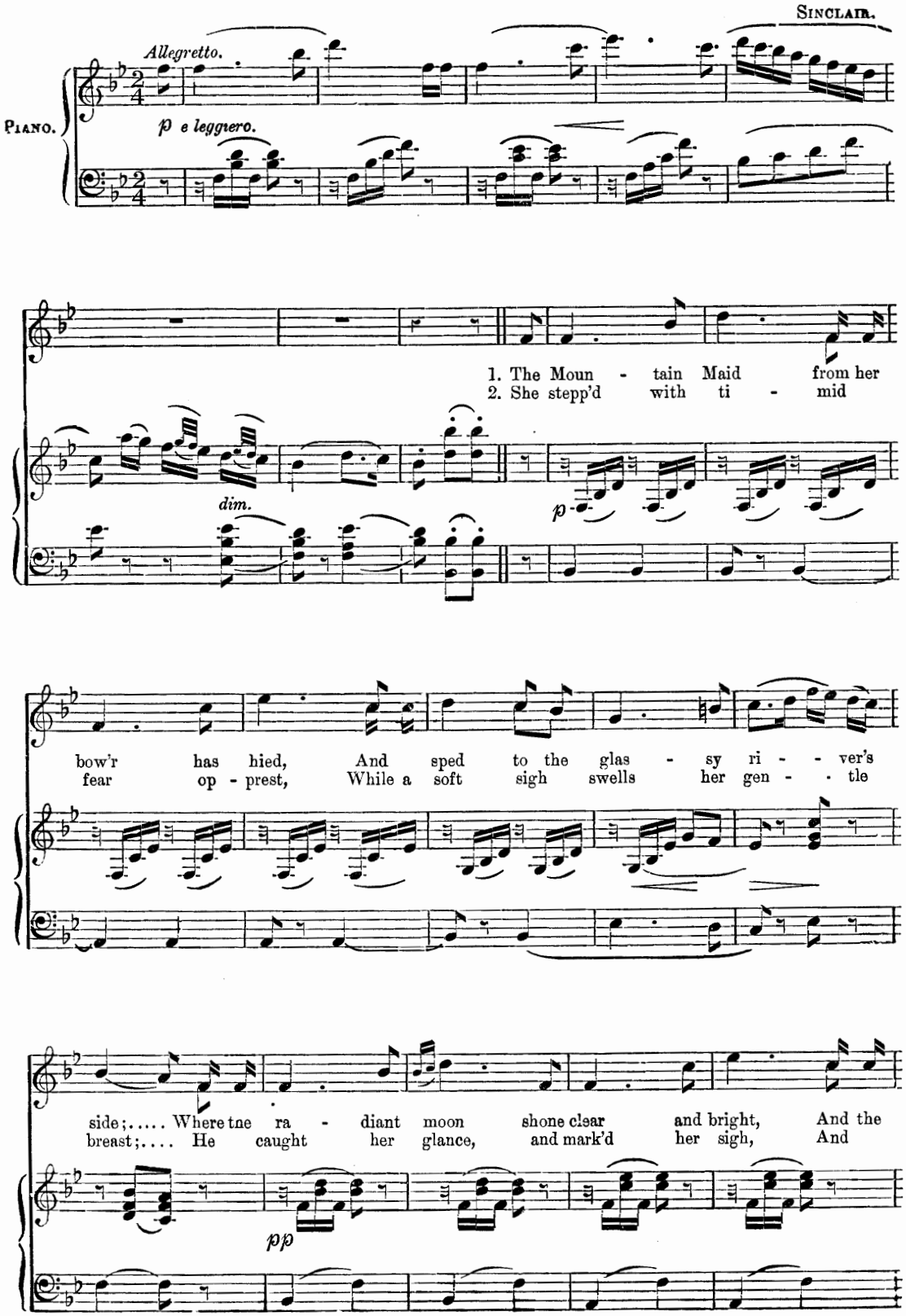
p

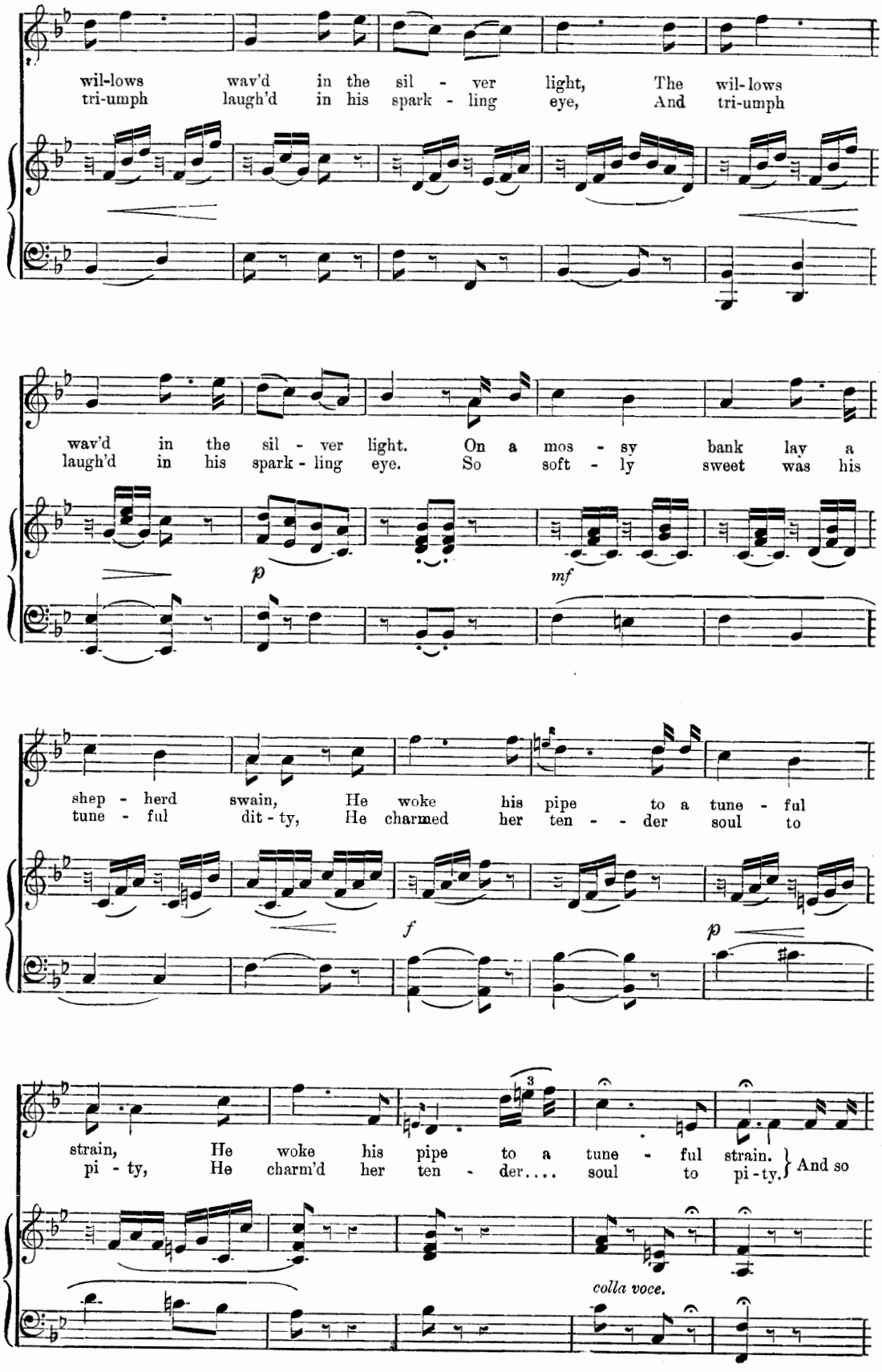

smile, may smile on their pain, And he - roes may smile, may smile on their
fair that I ten - der - ly love! And the fair, and the fair that I ten - der - ly
pain, And he - roes may smile, may smile on their pain.
love! And the fair, and the fair that I ten - der - ly love!
f
p
The trea - sure of Au - tumn let Bac - chus dis -
What's glo - ry but pride? a vain bub - ble is
p
- play, And stag - ger a - bout with his bowl; On sci - ence let
fame, And ri - ot the plea - sure of wine; What's rich - es but
f
p
Sol beam the lus - tre of day, And wis - dom give light to the soul.
trou - ble? and ti - tles a name? But friend - ship and love are di - vine!
cresc.
p
f

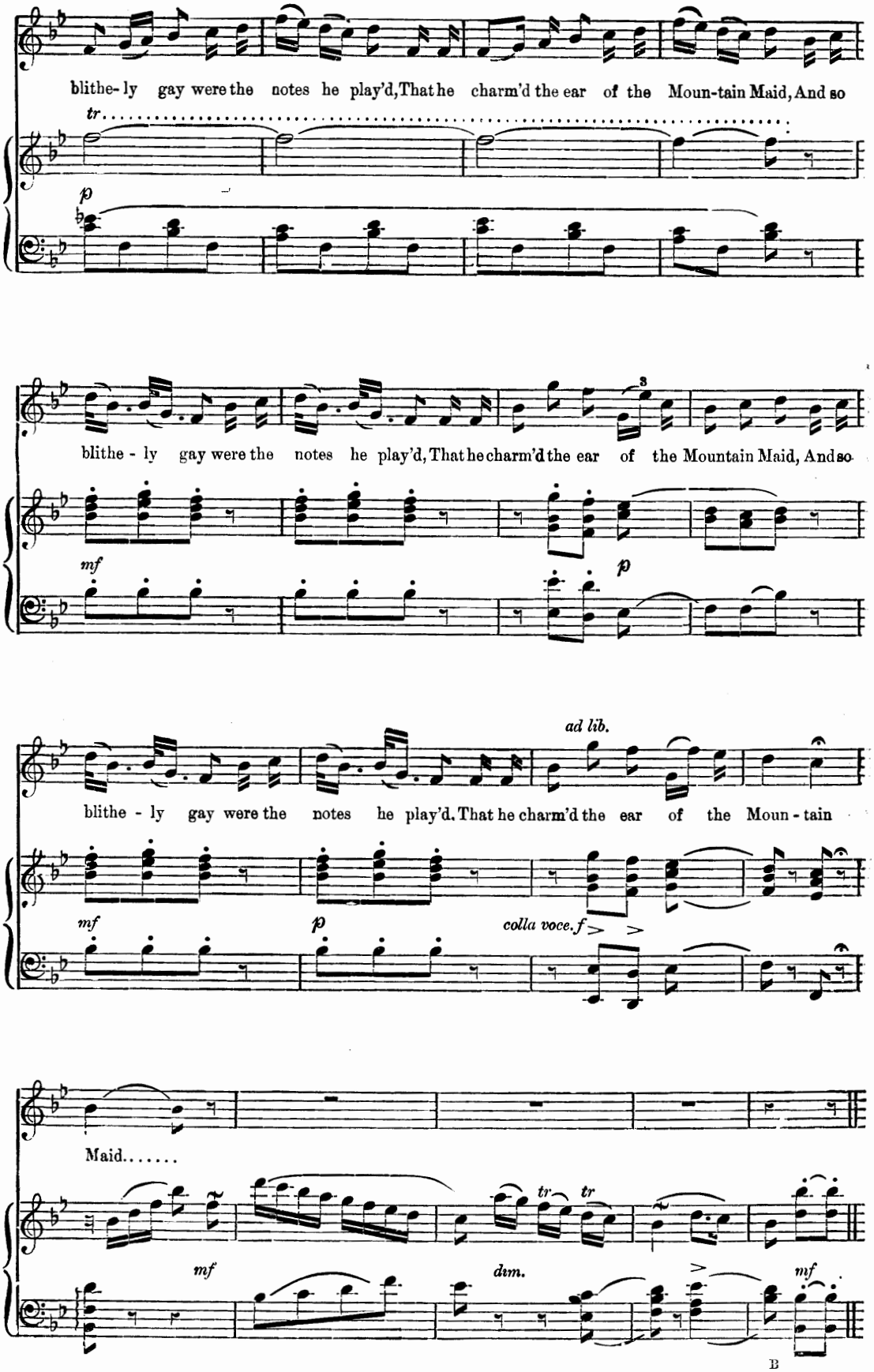

And wis-dom give light,
But friendship and love,
And wis-dom give
But friendship and
p
light,
love,
And wis-dom give light to the soul,
But friendship and love are di - vine,
sf
sf
f
And wis-dom give light to the soul,
But friendship and love are di - vine,
And wis-dom give light to the
But friendship and love are di -
cresc.
ff
sf
sf
sf
soul.
- vine.
sf
sf
sf

The Mountain Maid.

SINCLAIR.




wil-lows wav'd in the sil - ver light, The wil-lows
tri-umph laugh'd in his spark - ling eye, And tri-umph
wav'd in the sil - ver light. On a mos - sy bank lay a
laugh'd in his spark - ling eye. So soft - ly sweet was his
p
mf
shep - herd swain, He woke his pipe to a tune - ful
tune - ful dit - ty, He charmed her ten - - der soul to
f
p
3
strain, He woke his pipe to a tune - ful strain.
pi - ty, He charm'd her ten - der.... soul to pi - ty.
And so
colla voce.


blithe-ly gay were the notes he play'd, That he charm'd the ear of the Moun-tain Maid, And so
tr
p
blithe - ly gay were the notes he play'd, That he charm'd the ear of the Mountain Maid, And so
3
mf
p
ad lib.
blithe - ly gay were the notes he play'd. That he charm'd the ear of the Moun - tain
mf
p
colla voce. f
Maid.....
tr
tr
mf
dim.
mf

True Courage.

DIBDIN.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO.

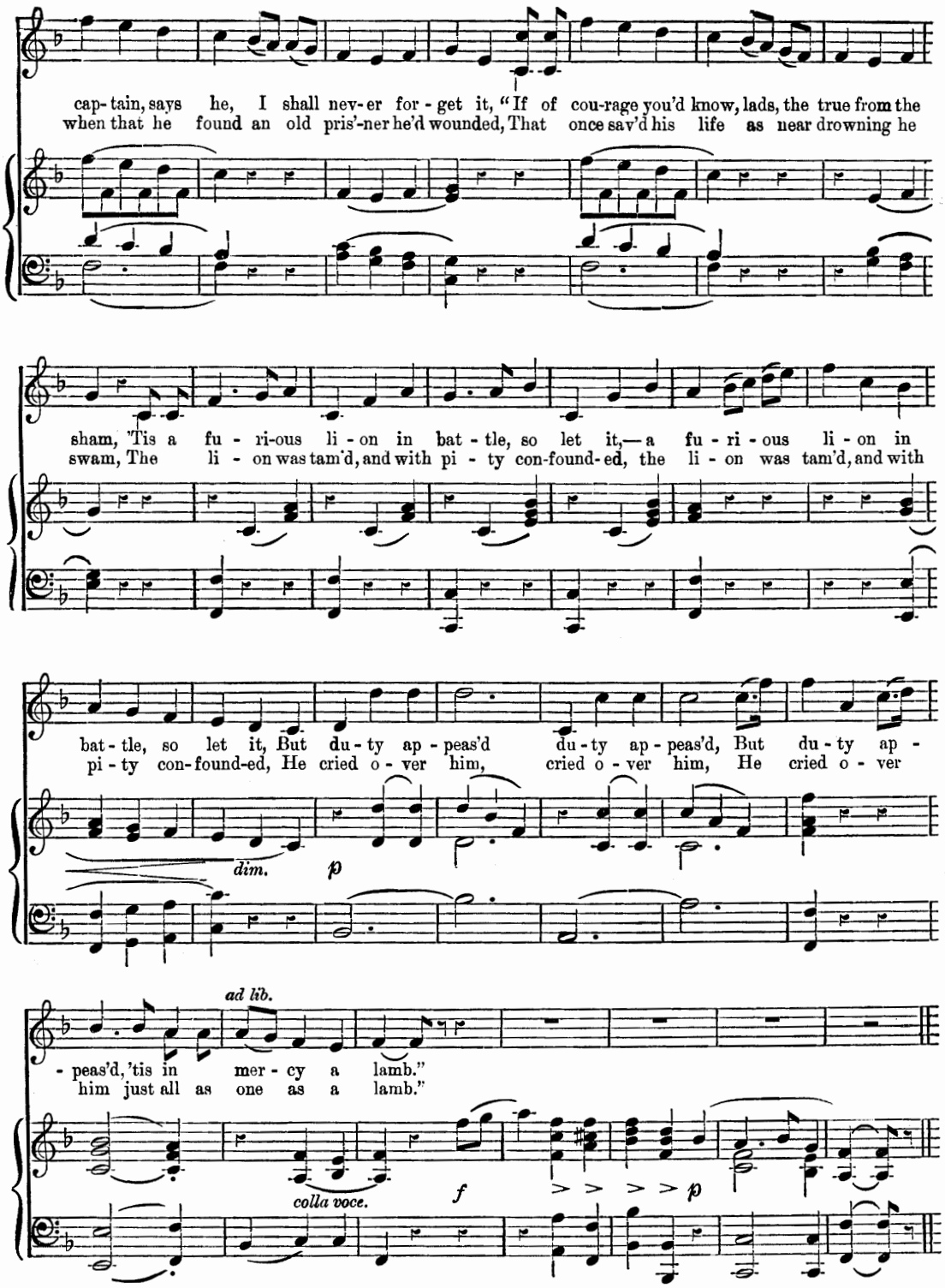
f

1. Why, what's that to you, if my eyes I'm a -
2. There was bust-ling Bob Bounce for the old one not

p

- wiping? A tear is a plea-sure, d'ye see, in its way; 'Tis nonsense for tri-fles, I
caring, Helter skel-ter, to work, pelt a-way, cut and drive; Swearing he, for his part, had no

own, to be pi-ping, But they that ha'n't pi-ty, why, I pi-ties they... Says the
no-tion of spa-ring, And as for a foe!—why he'd eat him a-live... But



3.

That my friend, Jack or Tom, I should rescue from dan-
Or lay my life down for each lad in the mess, [ger,
Is nothing at all;—'tis the poor wounded stranger;
And the poorer, the more I shall succour distress.
For however their duty bold tars may delight in,
And perils defy, as a bugbear, a flam;
Though the lion may feel surly pleasure in fighting,
He'll feel more compassion when turn'd to a lamb.

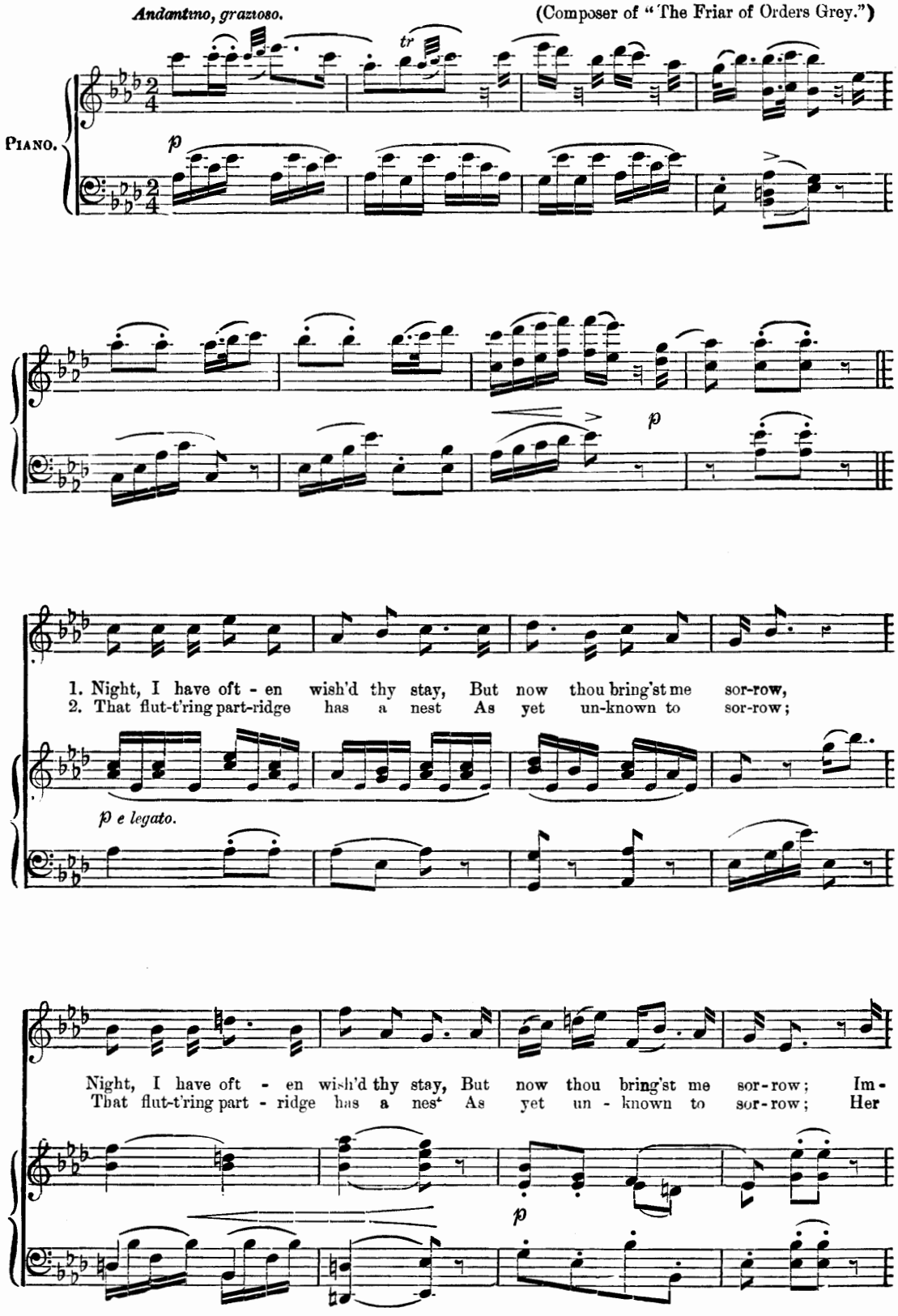
4.

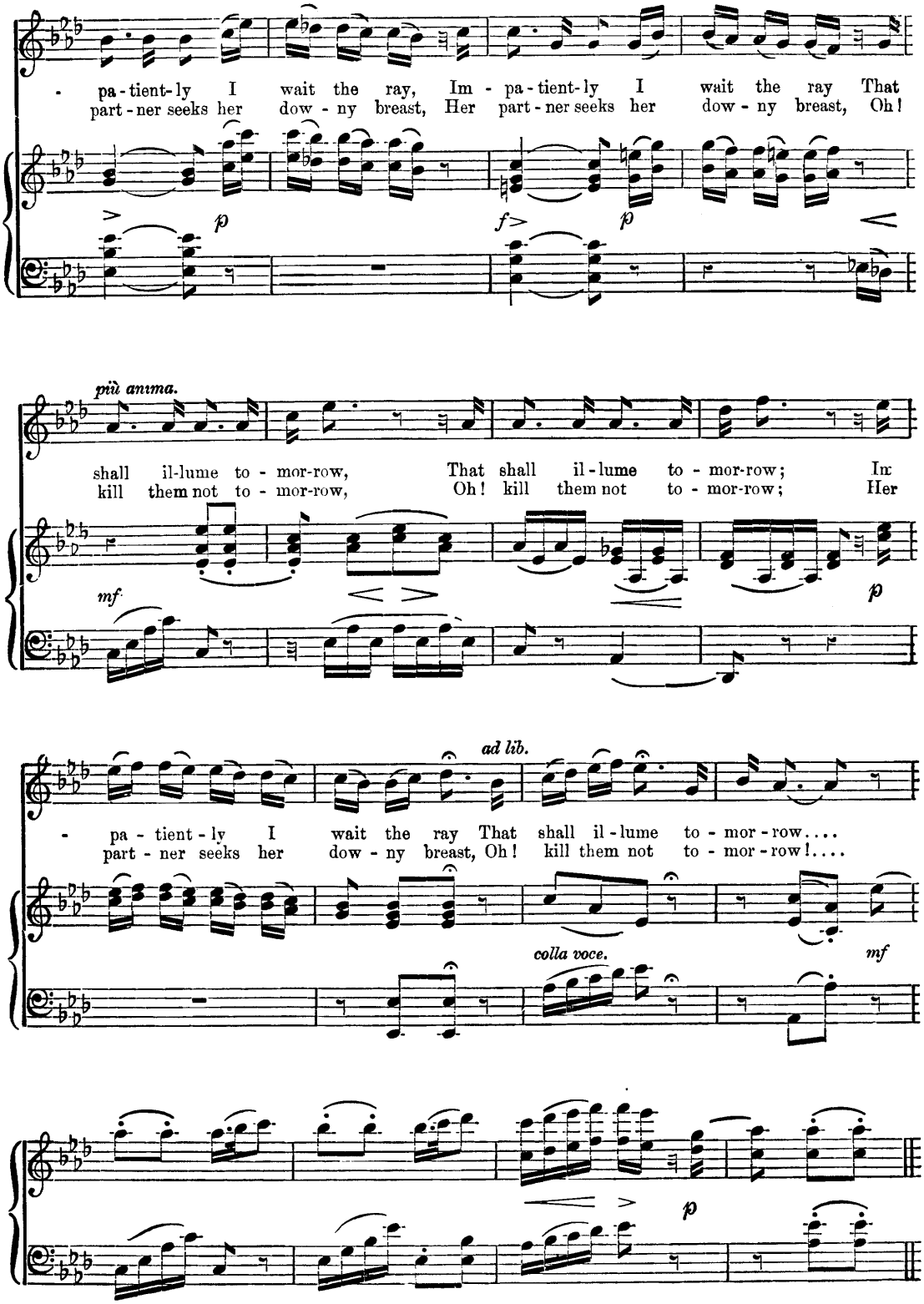
The heart, and the eyes, you see, feel the same motion,
And if both shed their drops, 'tis all to the same end;
And thus 'tis that ev'ry tight lad of the ocean
Sheds his blood for his country, his tears for his friend.
If my maxim's disease, 'tis disease I shall die on,—
You may snigger and titter, I don't care a damn!
In me let the foe feel the paw of a lion,
But the battle once ended, the heart of a lamb.

To-morrow.

W. Reeve.
(Composer of "The Friar of Orders Grey.")

Andantino, grazioso.





3.

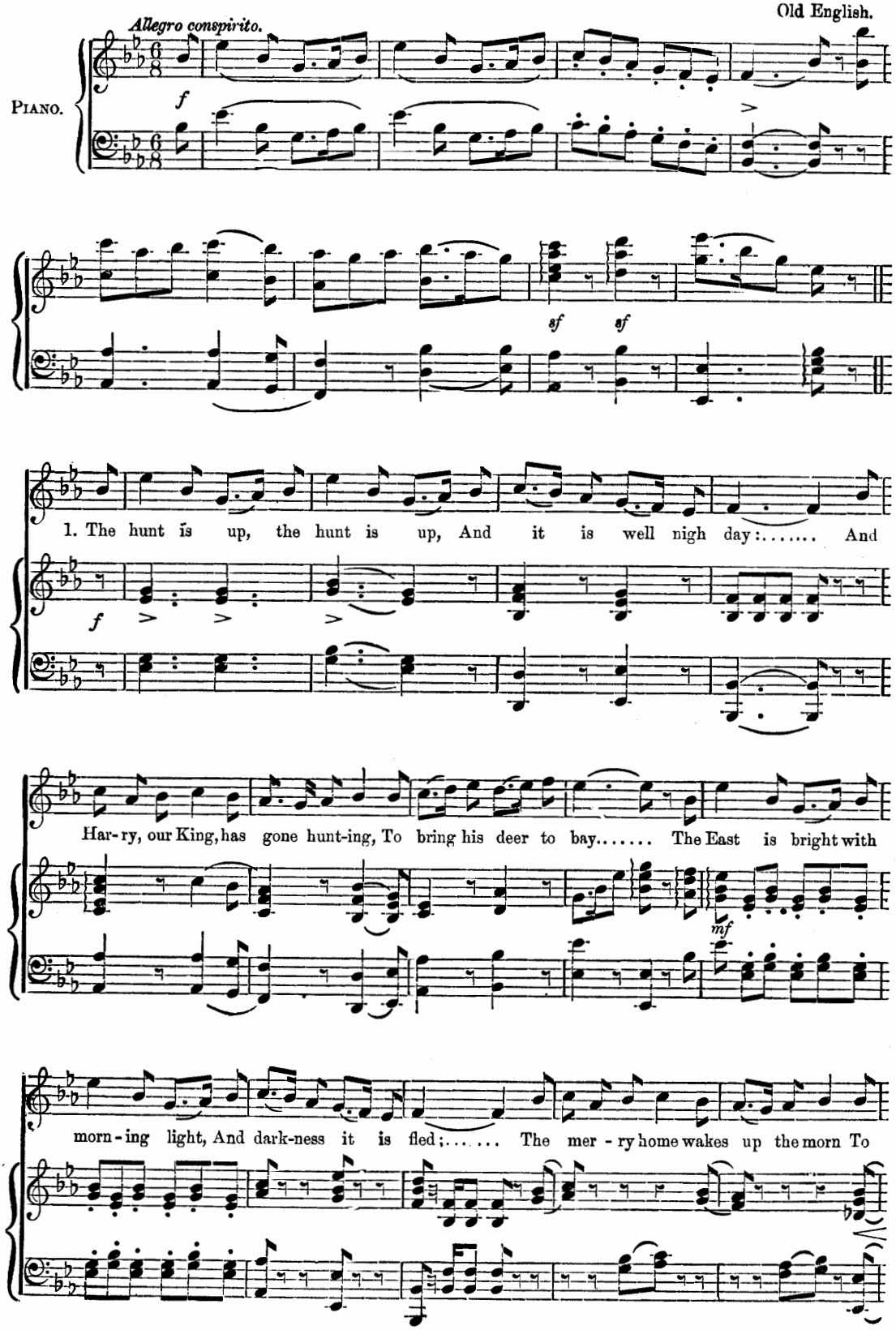
Beneath the fern, the fearful hare
Would wish a shade to borrow;
Be merciful, the trembler spare,
Let it not die to-morrow.

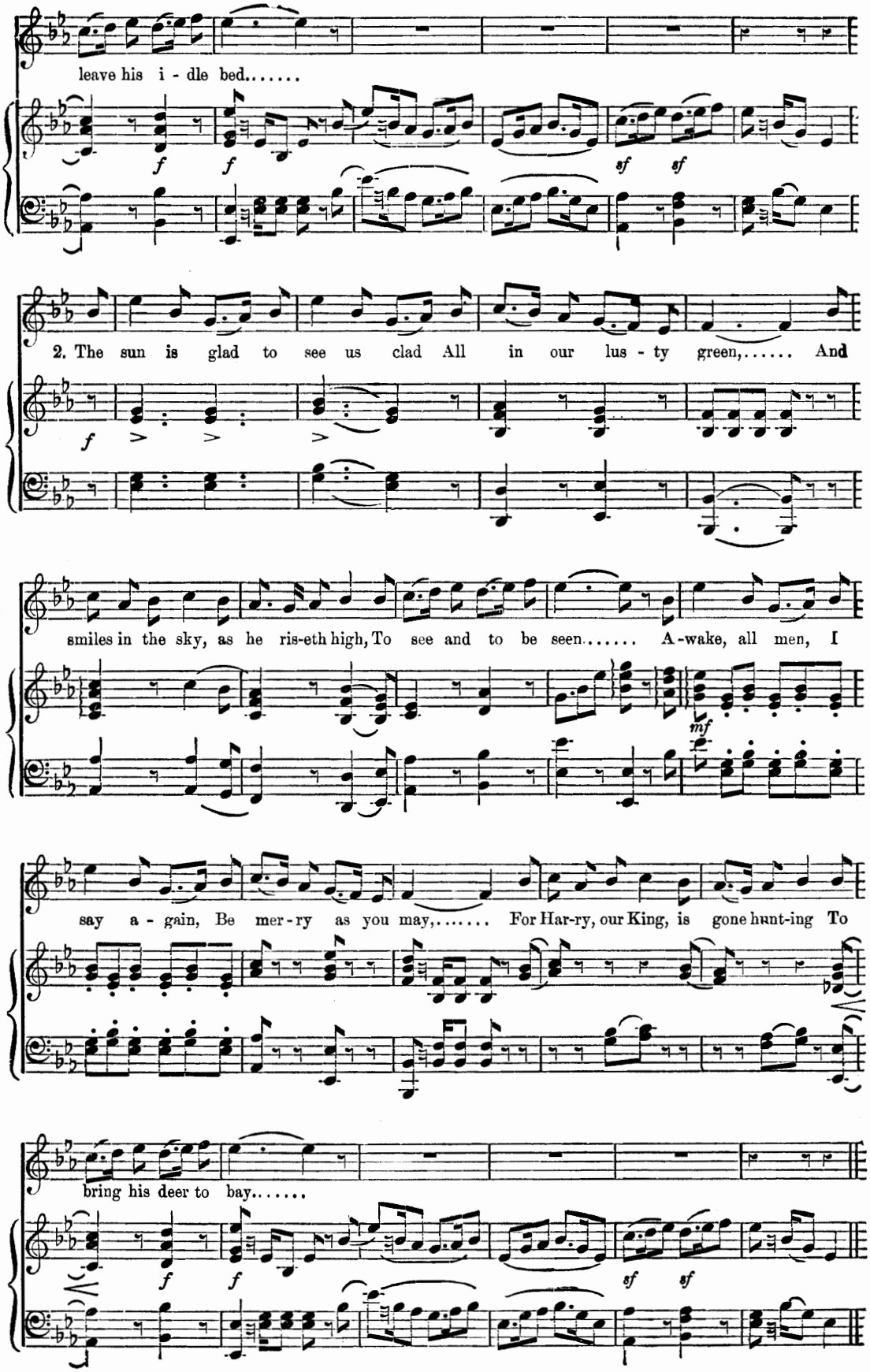
4.

My heart, when I thy eyes shall meet,
Joy's richest throb will borrow;
And sure, on rapture's wings, will fleet
The moments of to-morrow.

The Hunt is up!

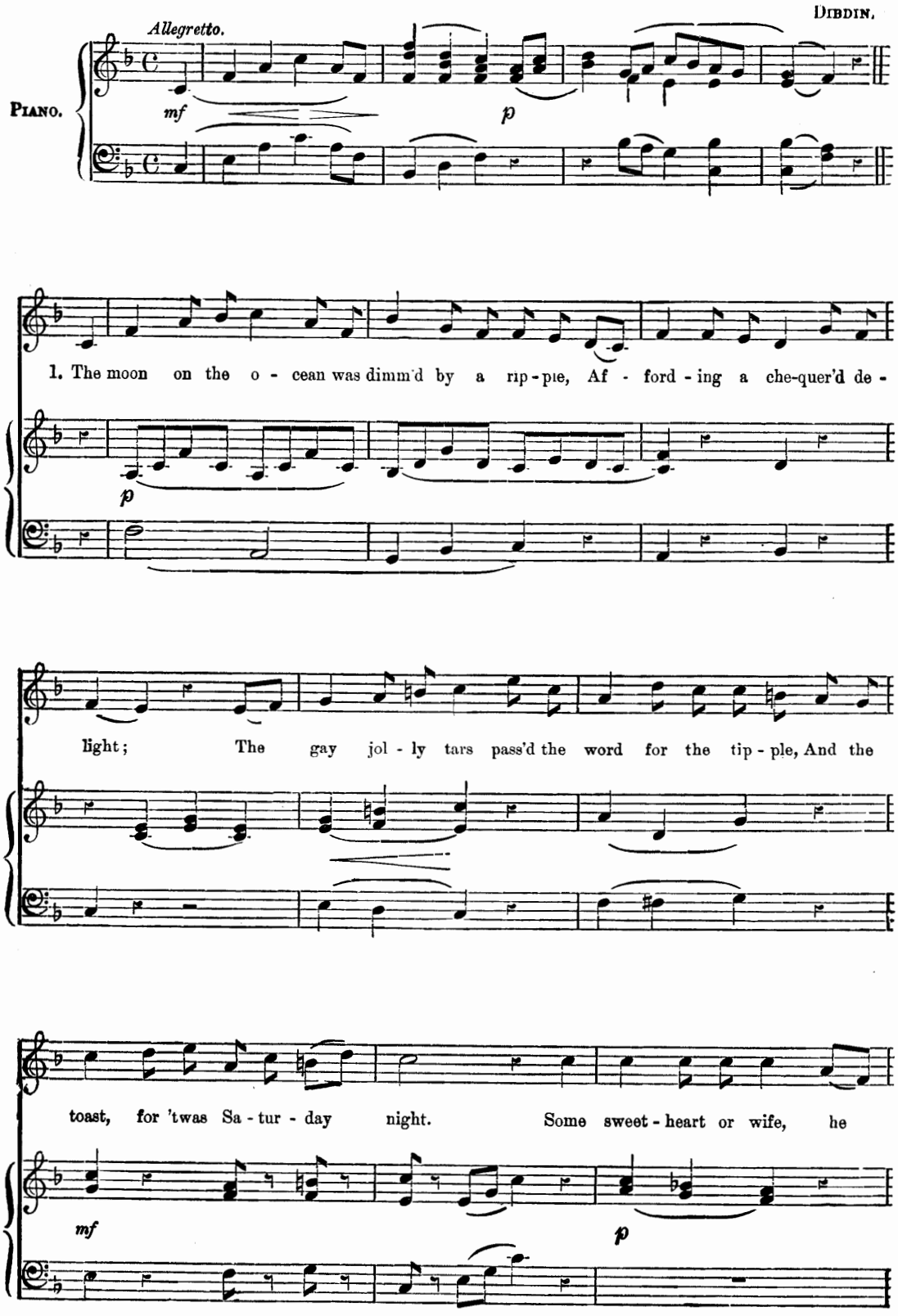
Old English.

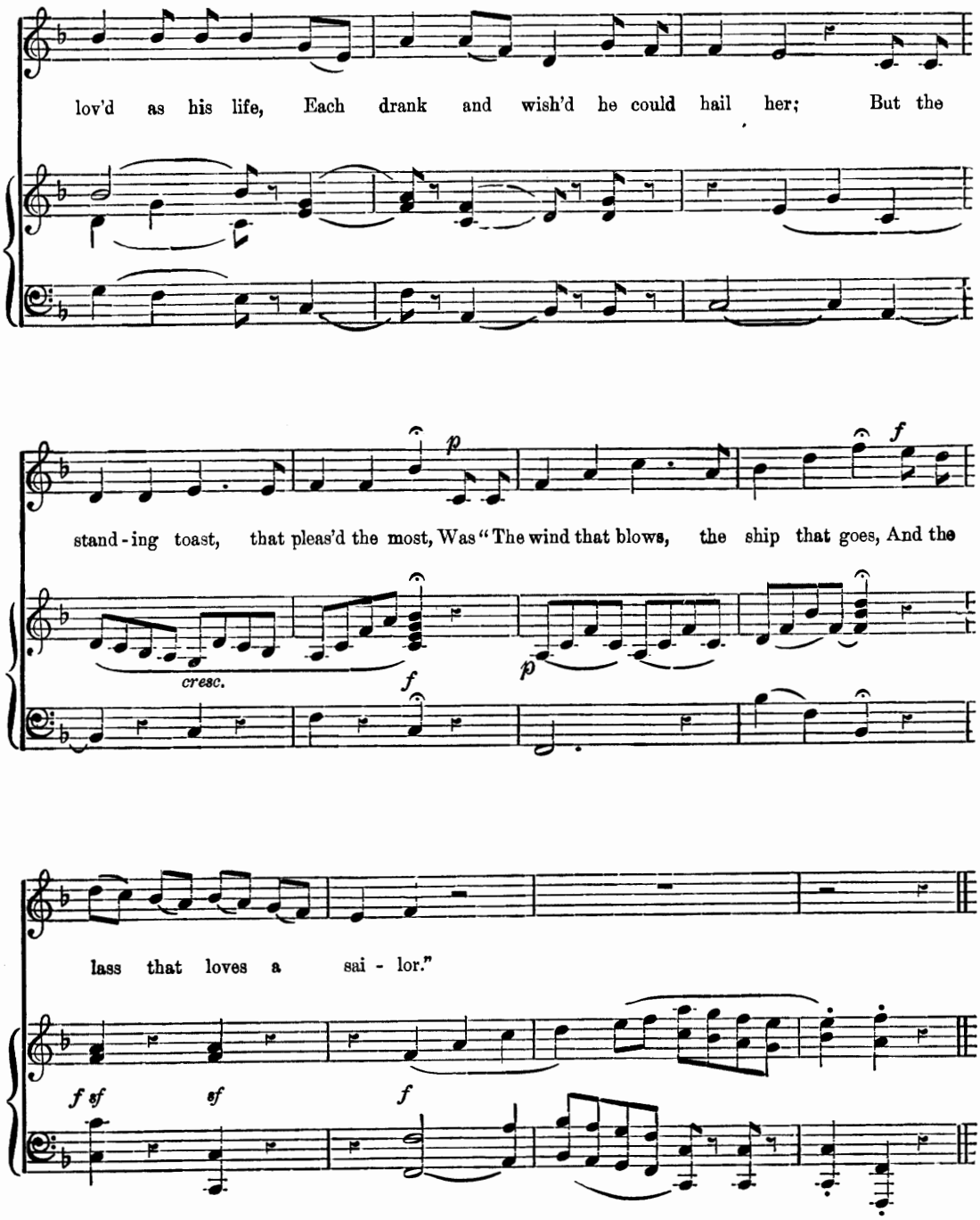



leave his i - dle bed.....
2. The sun is glad to see us clad All in our lus - ty green,..... And
smiles in the sky, as he ris-eth high, To see and to be seen..... A-wake, all men, I
say a - gain, Be mer-ry as you may,..... For Har-ry, our King, is gone hunt-ing To
bring his deer to bay.....

The Lass that loves a Sailor.

DIBDIN.





2.

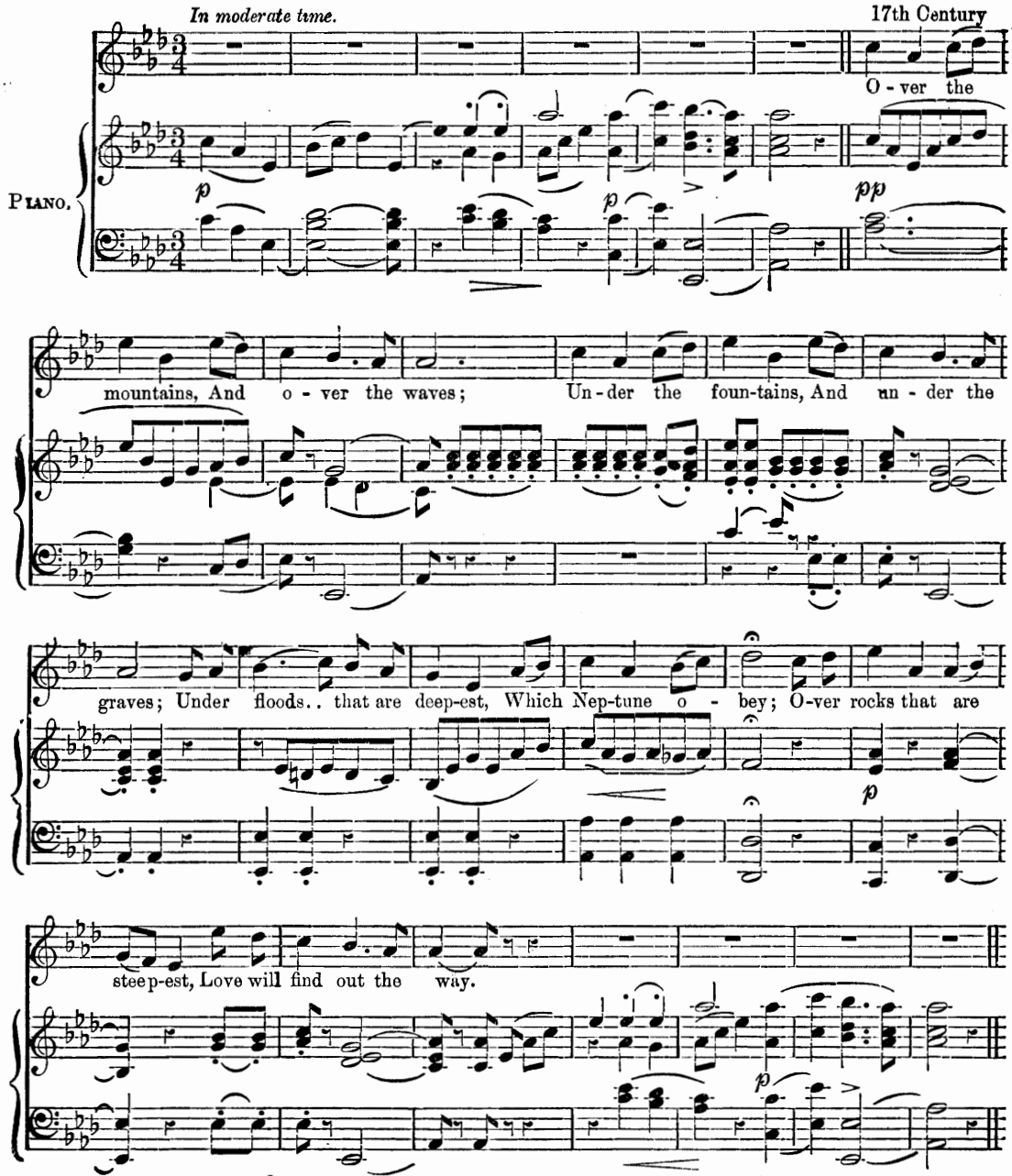
Some drank "The Queen," and some her brave ships,
And some "The Constitution;"
Some "May our foes, and all such rips,
Yield to English resolution;"
That fate might bless some Poll or Bess,
And that they soon might hail her;
But the standing toast,
That pleas'd the most,
Was "The wind that blows,
The ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor."

3.

Some drank "The Prince," and some "Our Land,"
This glorious land of freedom;
Some "That our tars may never want
Heroes brave to lead them;"
"That she who's in distress may find
Such friends as ne'er will fail her;"
But the standing toast
That pleas'd the most,
Was "The wind that blows
The ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor."

Love will find out the way.

In moderate time. 17th Century



2.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie;
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dares not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay;
If Love come he will enter,
And soon find out his way.

3.

You may esteem him,
A child for his might;
Or you may deem him
A coward for his flight;
But if she whom Love doth honour
Be conceal'd from the day;
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

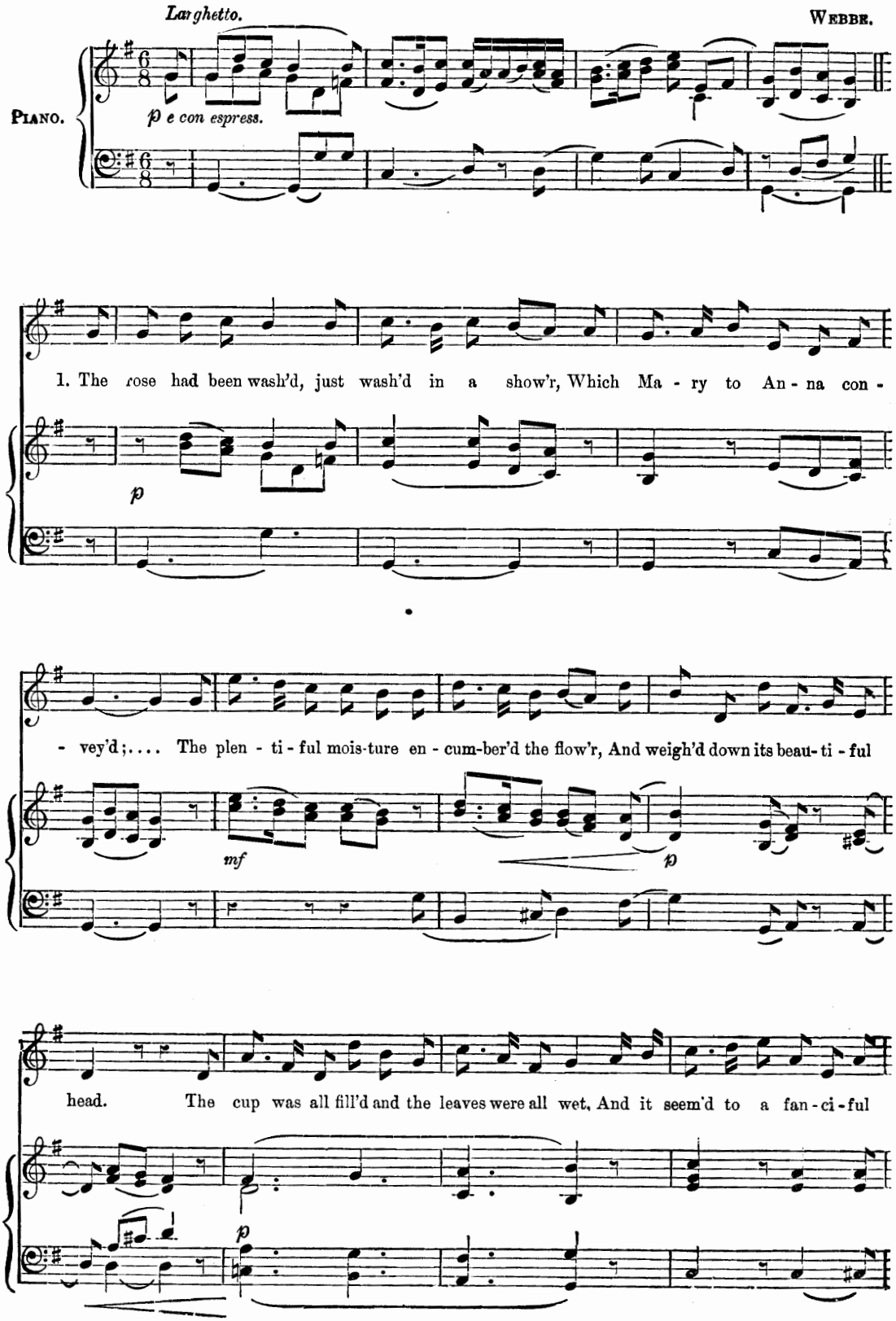
4.

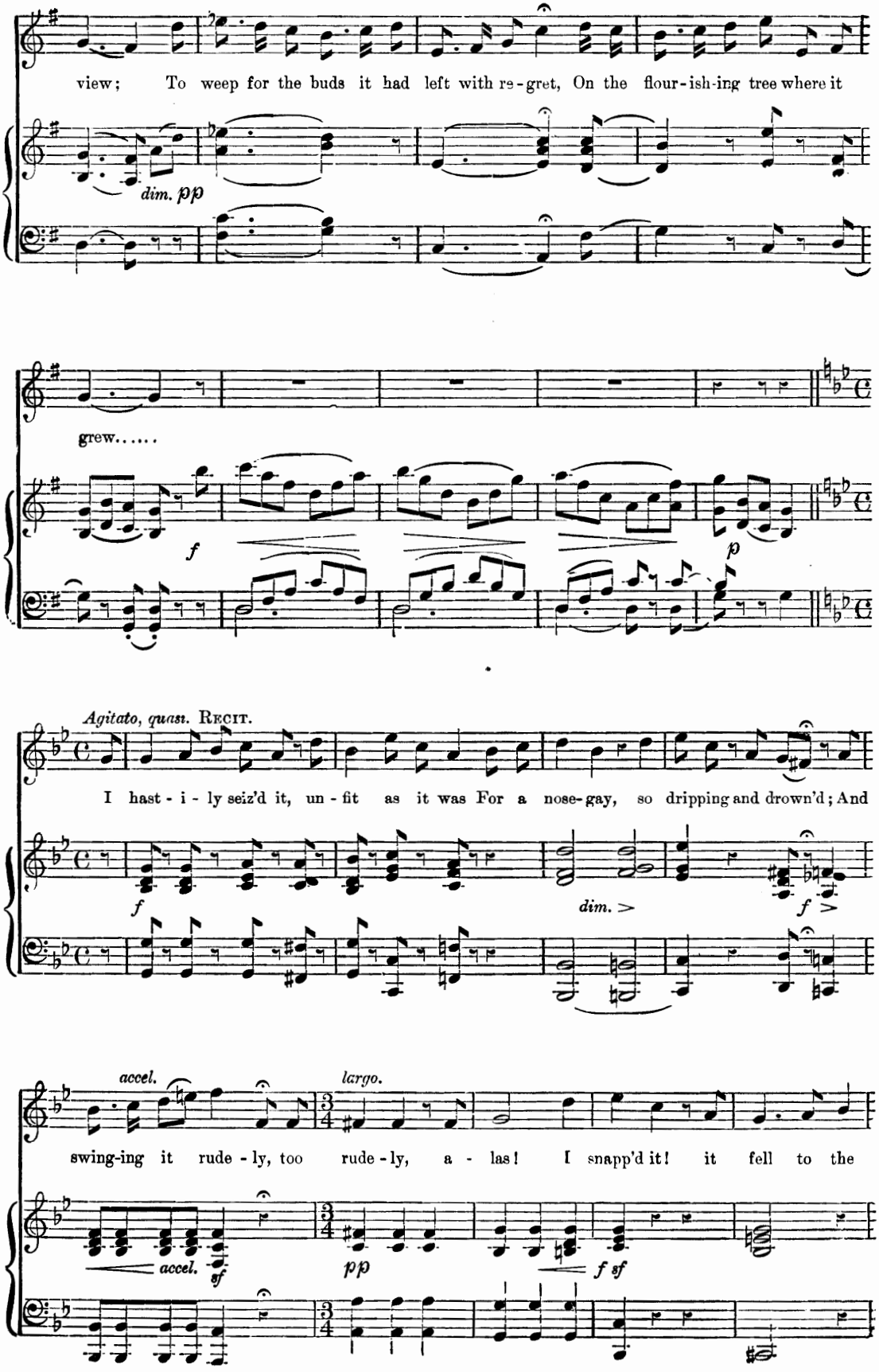
Some think to lose him
By having him confin'd—
And some do suppose him
(Poor thing!) to be blind;
But if ne'er so close you wall him,
Do the best that you may;
Blind Love, (if so you call him,)
Will find out his way.

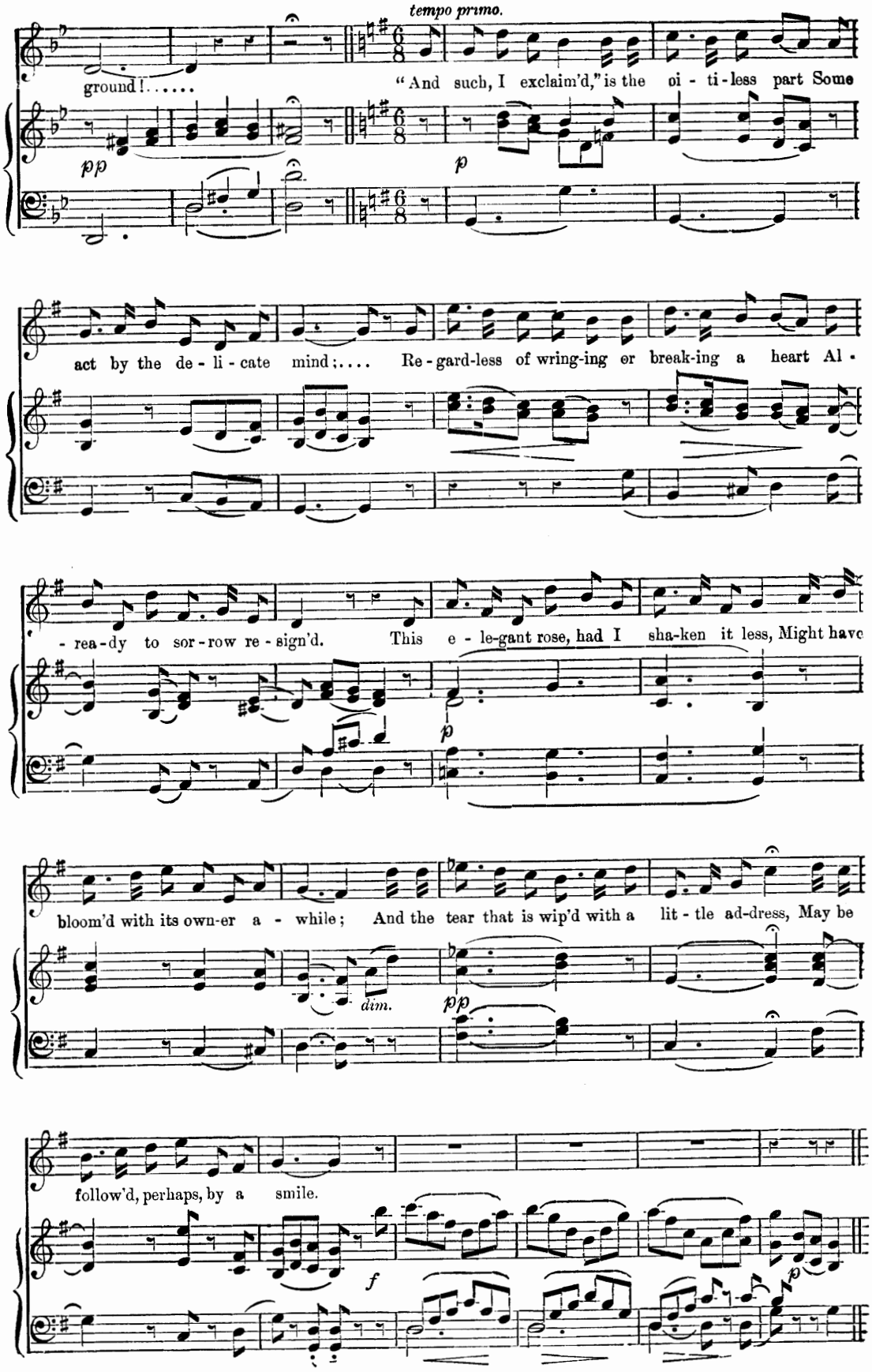
5.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The Phœnix of the East;
The Lioness, you may move her
To give o'er her prey;
You'll ne'er stop a lover—
He will find out his way.

The Rose had been washed.

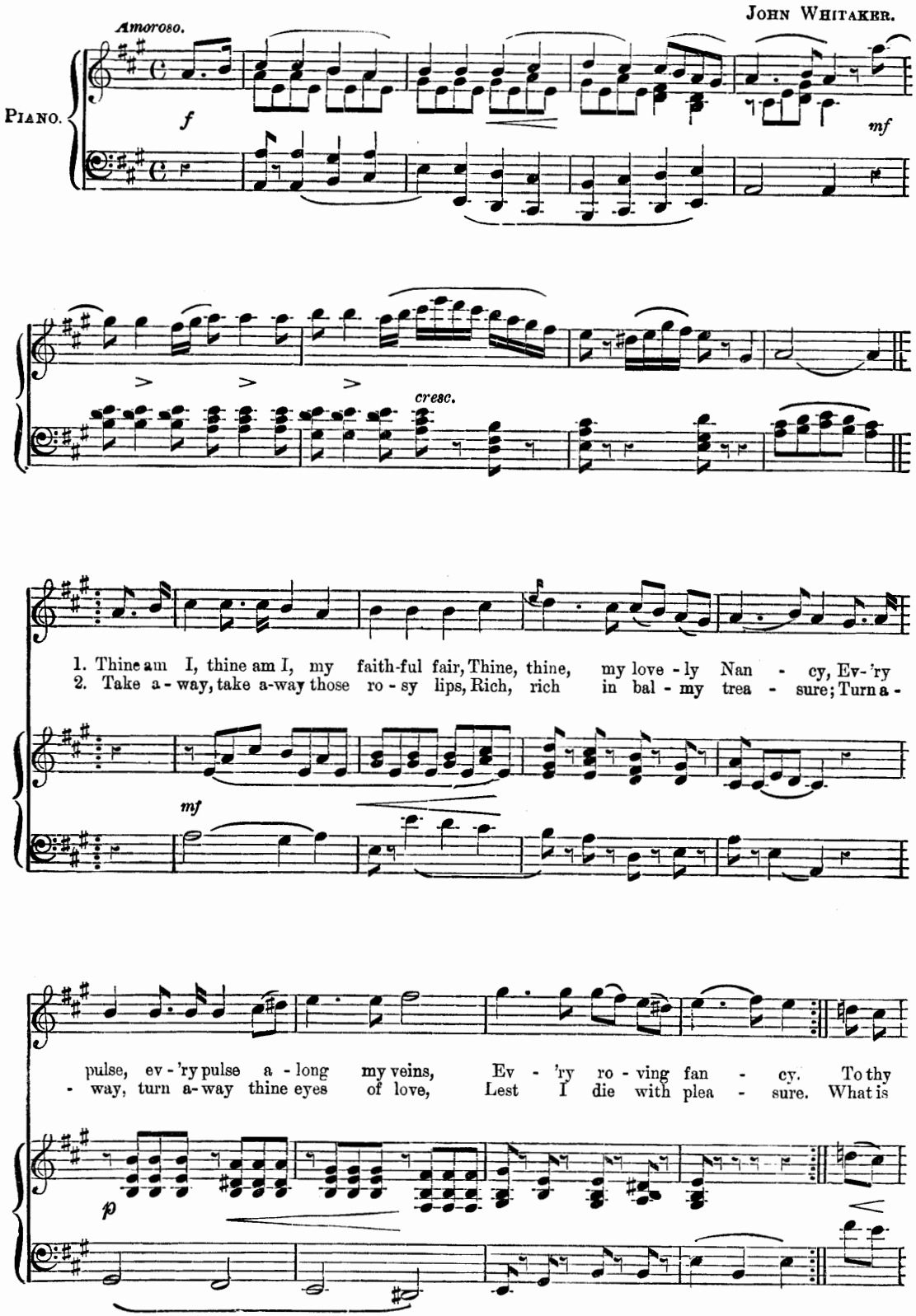


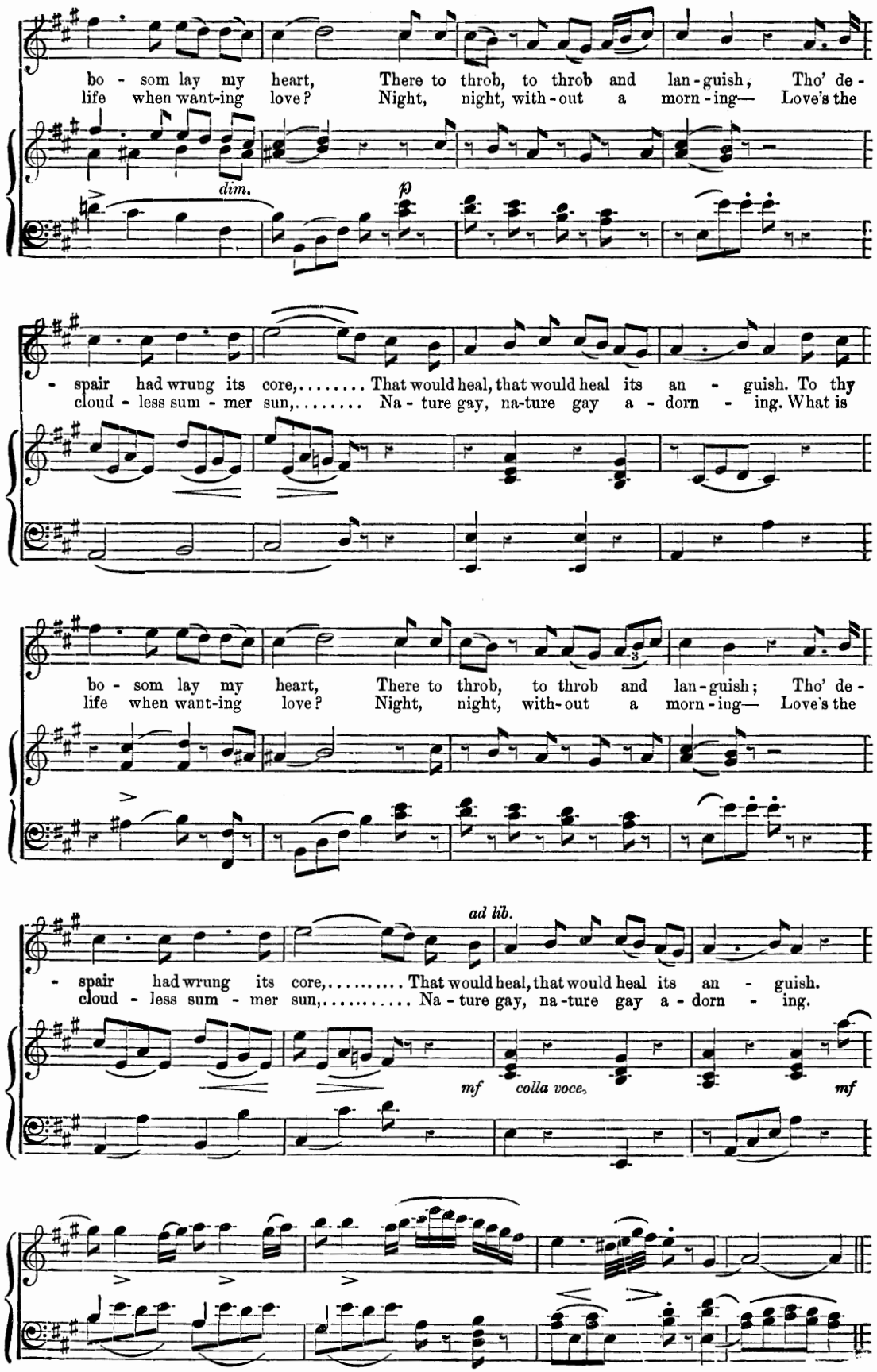

view; To weep for the buds it had left with re-gret, On the flour-ish-ing tree where it
dim. pp
grew.....
f
p
Agitato, quasi. RECIT.
I hast-i-ly seiz'd it, un-fit as it was For a nose-gay, so dripping and drown'd; And
f
dim. >
f >
accel.
largo.
swing-ing it rude-ly, too rude-ly, a-las! I snapp'd it! it fell to the
accel.
sf
pp
f sf


tempo primo.
ground!.....
"And such, I exclaim'd," is the oi - ti - less part Some
pp
p
act by the de - li - cate mind;.... Re - gard-less of wring-ing or break-ing a heart Al -
- rea - dy to sor - row re - sign'd. This e - le-gant rose, had I sha-ken it less, Might have
p
bloom'd with its own-er a - while; And the tear that is wip'd with a lit - tle ad-dress, May be
dim.
pp
follow'd, perhaps, by a smile.
f
p

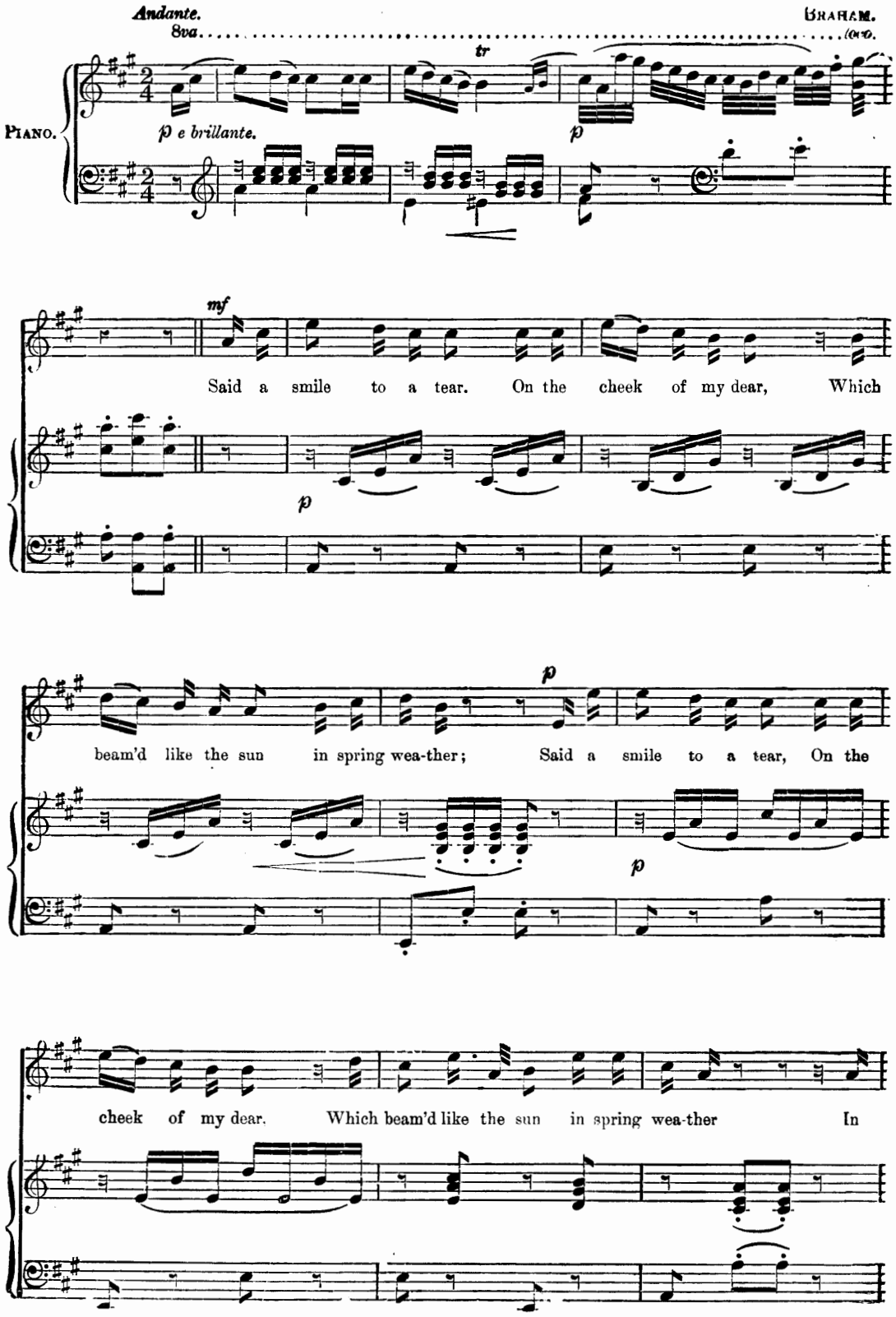
Thine am I, my faithful fair.

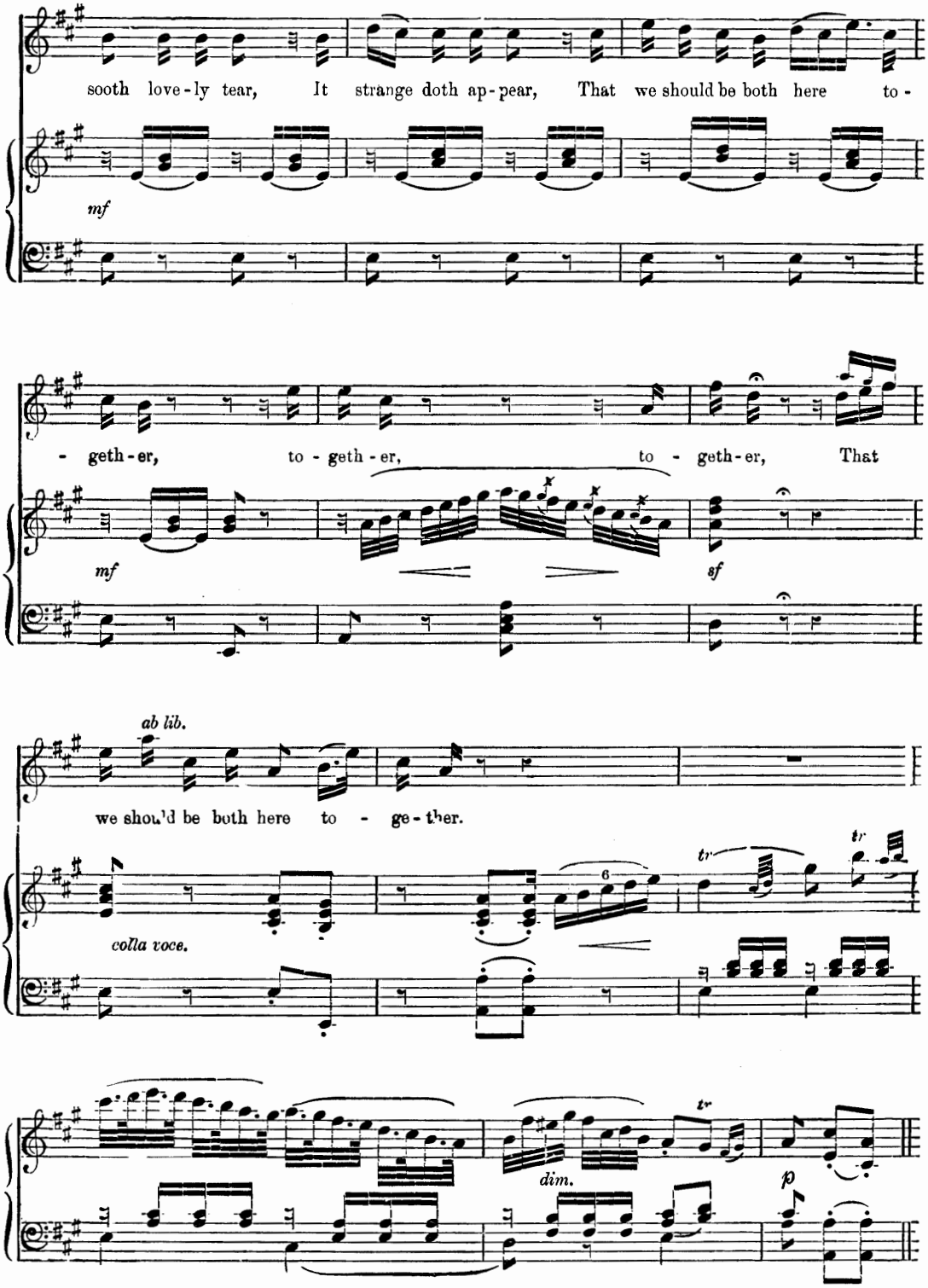
JOHN WHITAKER.




bo - som lay my heart, There to throb, to throb and lan-guish; Tho' de-
life when want-ing love? Night, night, with-out a morn-ing— Love's the
dim.
p
- spair had wrung its core,..... That would heal, that would heal its an - guish. To thy
cloud - less sum - mer sun,..... Na - ture gay, na-ture gay a - dorn - ing. What is
bo - som lay my heart, There to throb, to throb and lan-guish; Tho' de-
life when want-ing love? Night, night, with-out a morn-ing— Love's the
ad lib.
- spair had wrung its core,..... That would heal, that would heal its an - guish.
cloud - less sum - mer sun,..... Na - ture gay, na-ture gay a - dorn - ing.
mf
colla voce.
mf

Said a Smile to a Tear.





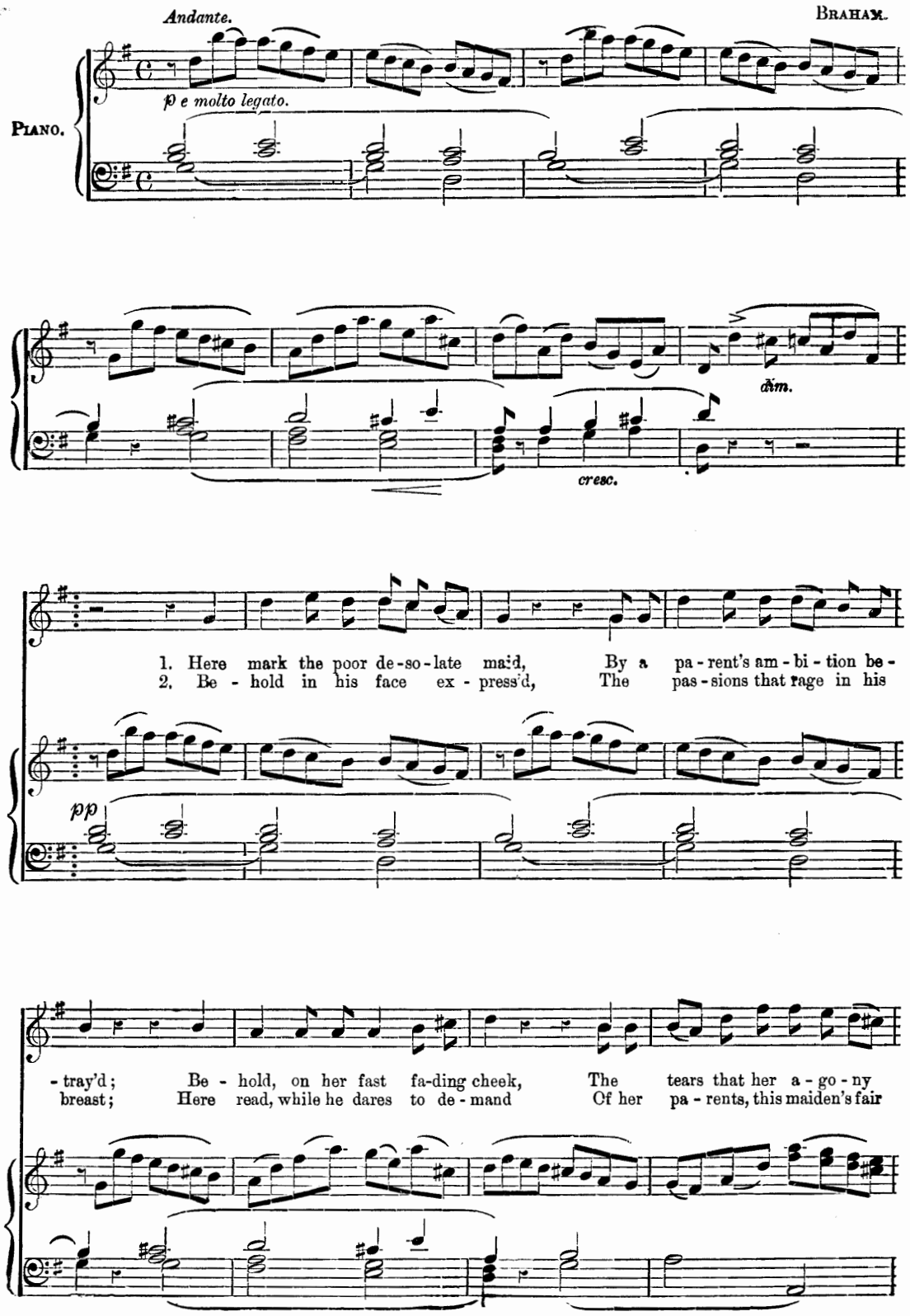
2.

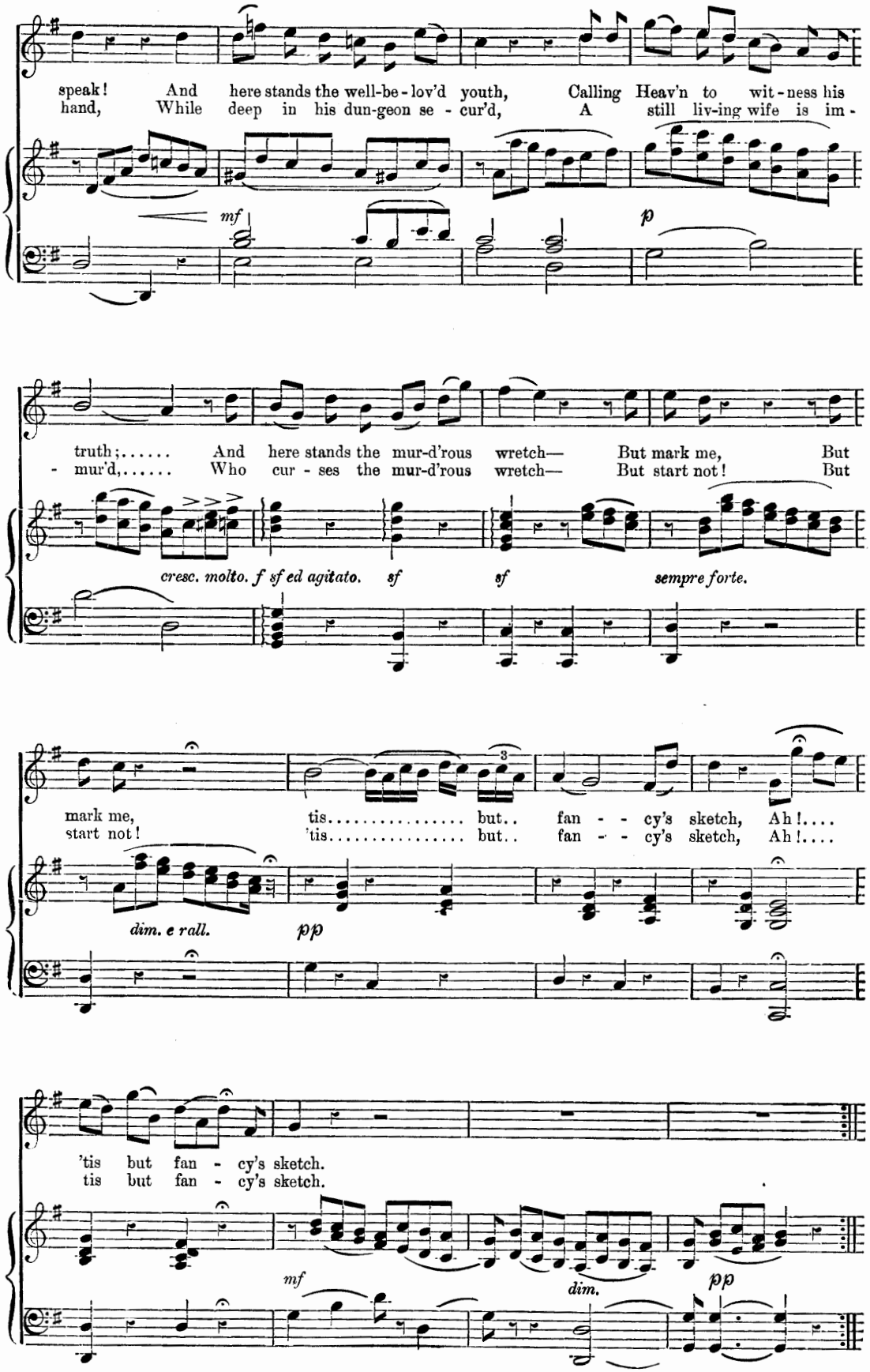
𝄆 I came from the heart,
A soft balm to impart,
To yonder sad daughter of grief; 𝄇
And I, said the smile,
That heart to beguile,
Since you gave the poor mourner relief.

3.

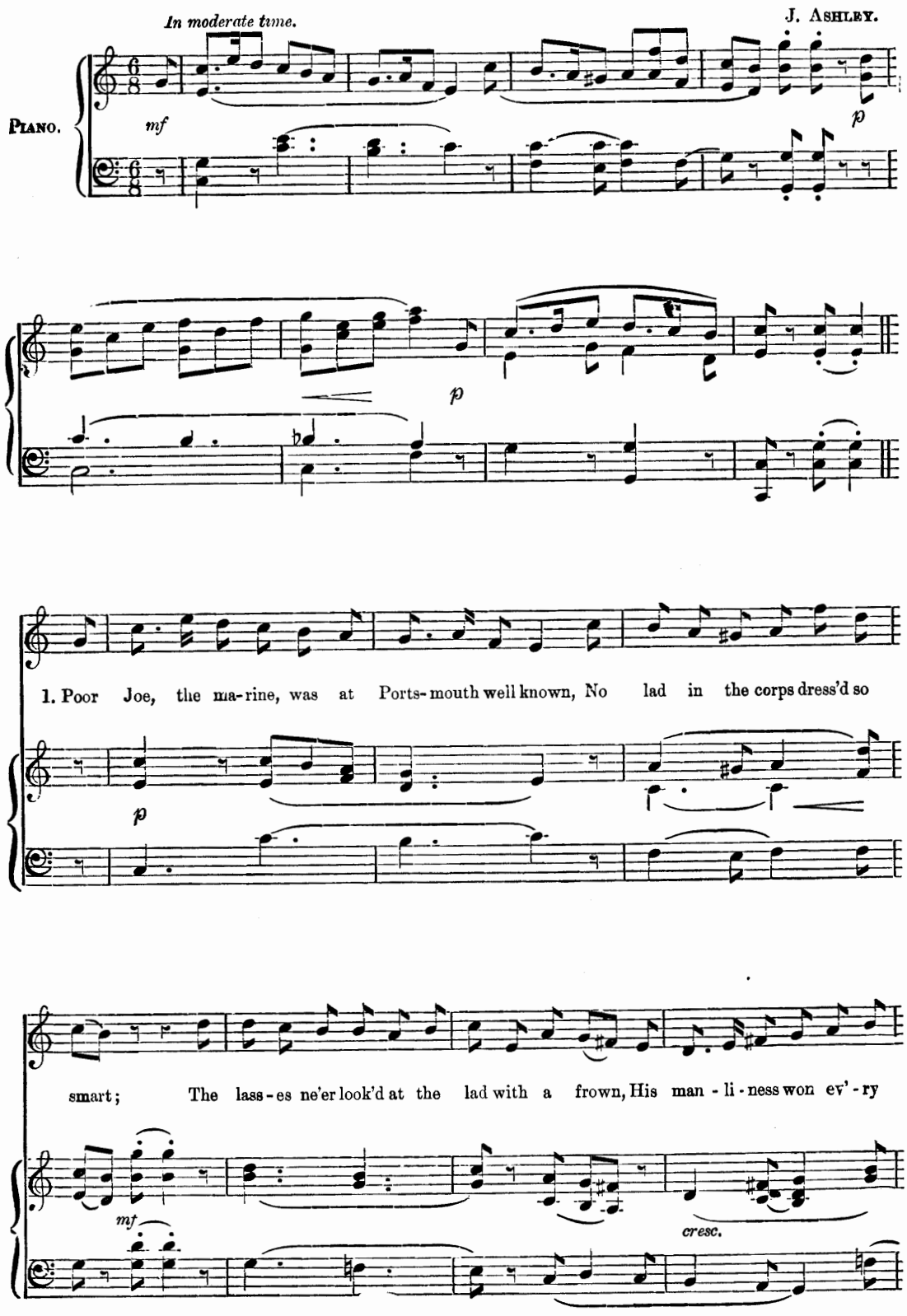
𝄆 O then, said the tear,
Sweet smile it is clear,
We're twins, and soft pity's our mother; 𝄇
And how lovely that face
Which together we grace,
For the woe and the bliss of another.

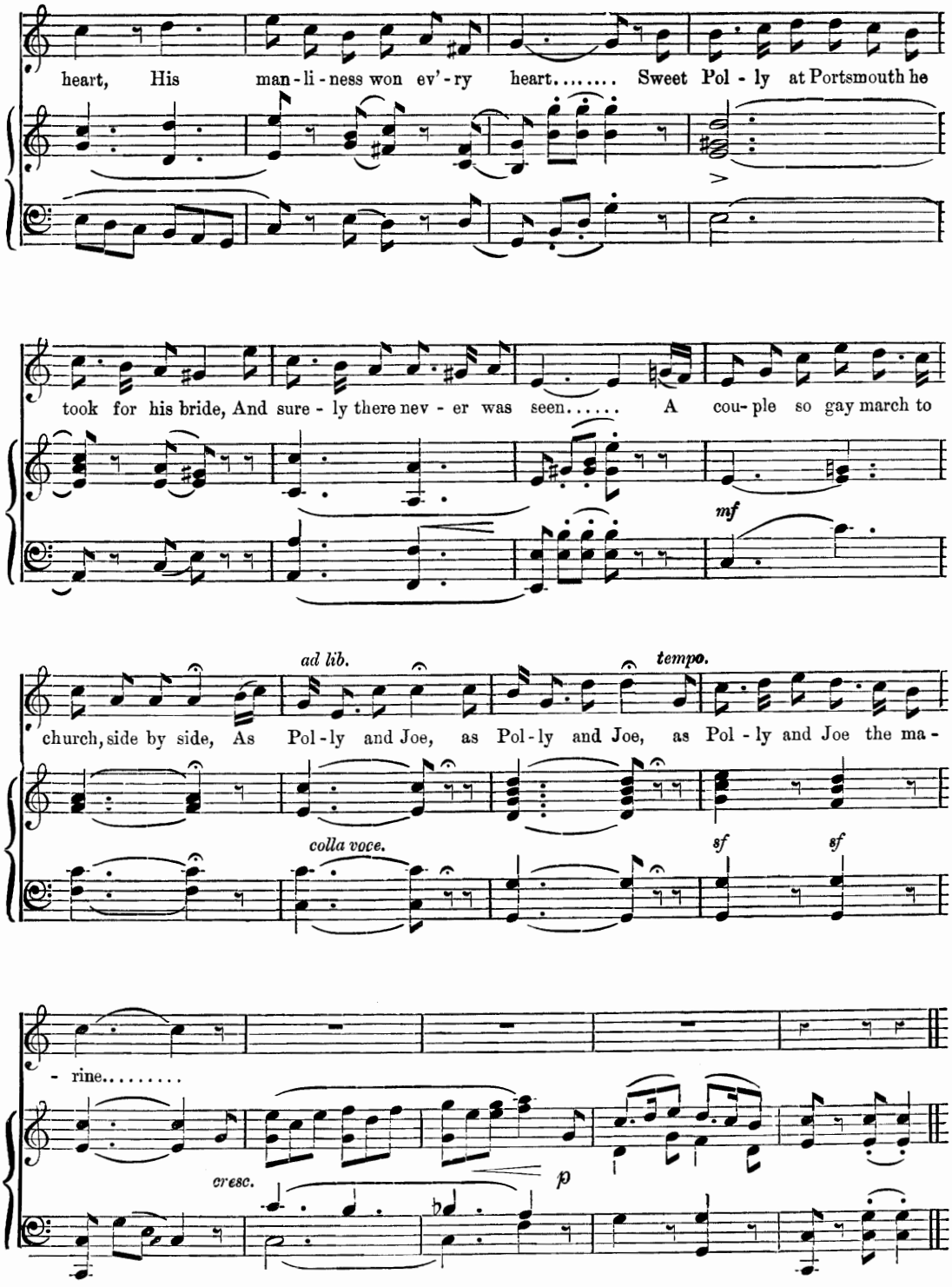
'Tis but Fancy's sketch.




speak! And here stands the well-be-lov'd youth, Calling Heav'n to wit-ness his
hand, While deep in his dun-geon se-cur'd, A still liv-ing wife is im-
mf
p
truth;..... And here stands the mur-d'rous wretch— But mark me, But
-mur'd,..... Who cur-ses the mur-d'rous wretch— But start not! But
cresc. molto. f sf ed agitato.
sf
sf
sempre forte.
mark me, tis..... but.. fan - - cy's sketch, Ah!....
start not! 'tis..... but.. fan - - cy's sketch, Ah!....
dim. e rall.
pp
'tis but fan - cy's sketch.
tis but fan - cy's sketch.
mf
dim.
pp

Poor Joe, the marine.





2.

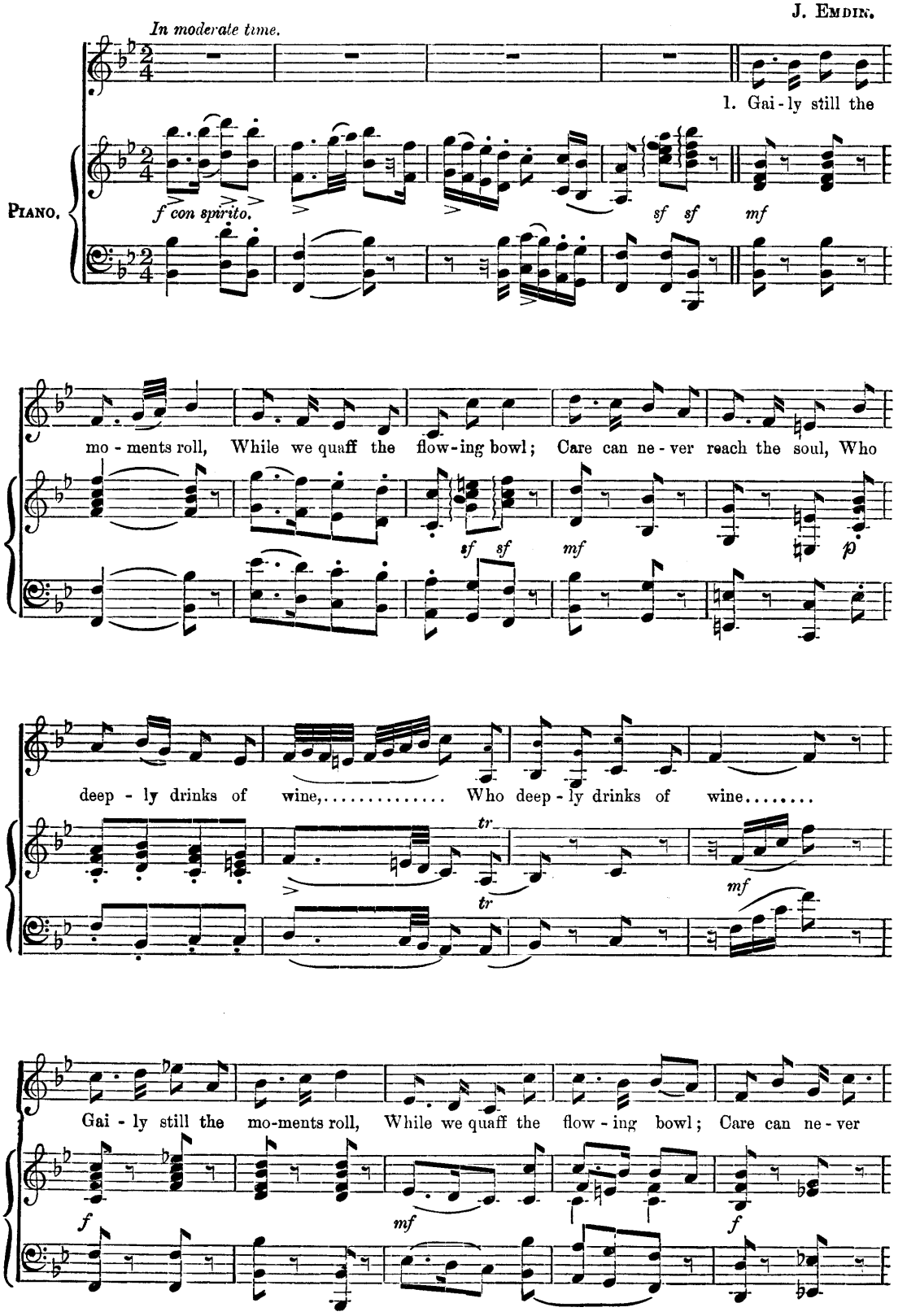
The bright torch of Hymen was scarce in a blaze,
When thund'ring drums they heard rattle;
And Joe in an instant was forc'd to the seas
To give a bold enemy battle.
The action was dreadful, each ship a mere wreck,
Such slaughter few sailors have seen;
Two hundred brave fellows lay strew'd on the deck,
And among them poor Joe the marine.

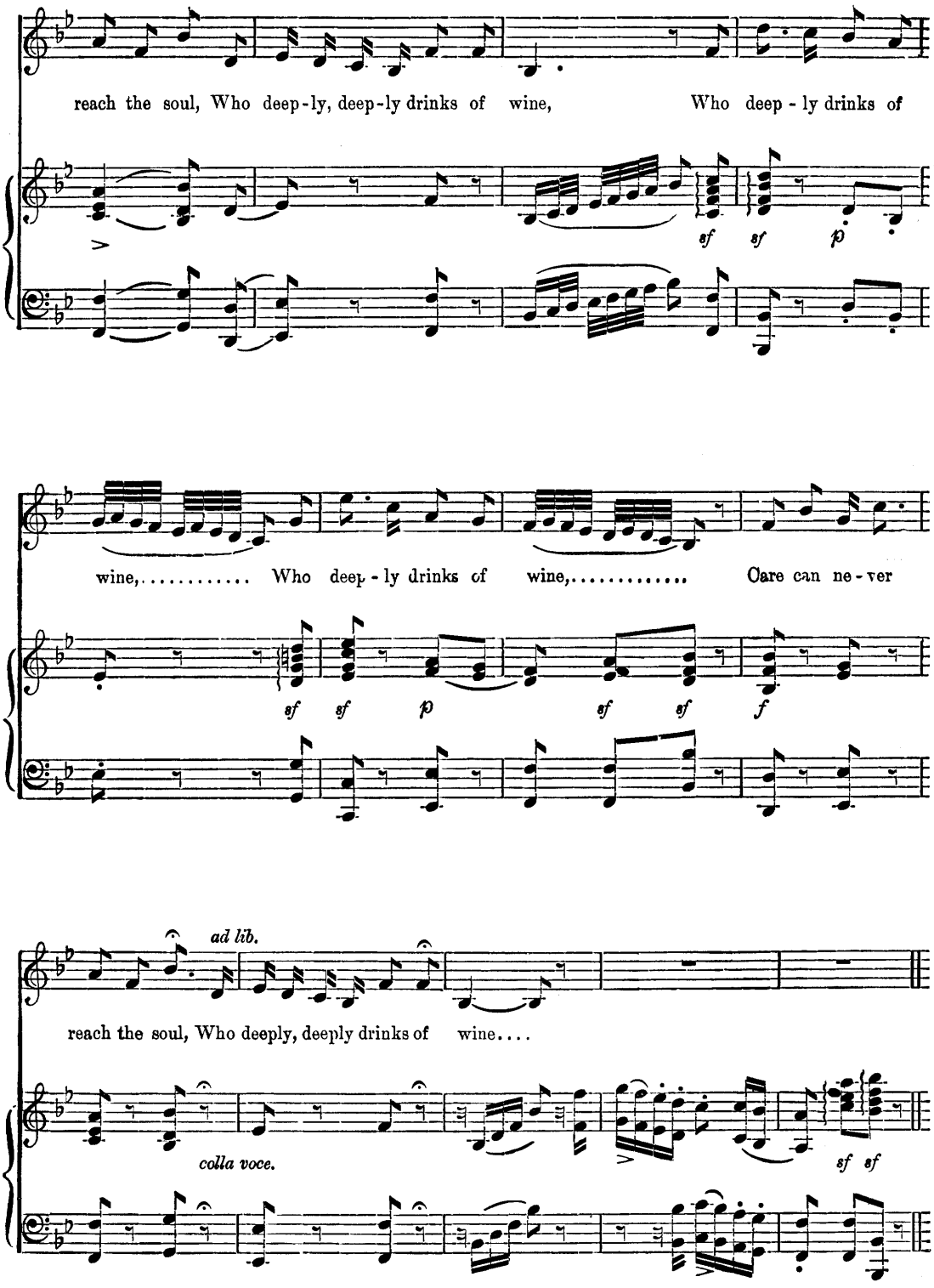
3.

But victory—faithful to brave British tars,
At length put an end to the fight;
Then homeward they steer'd, full of glory and scars,
And soon had fam'd Portsmouth in sight.
The ramparts were crowded, the heroes to greet,
And foremost sweet Polly was seen;
But the very first sailor she chanc'd for to meet,
Told the fate of poor Joe the marine.

Who deeply drinks of wine.

J. EMDIN.





2.

See the lover, pale with grief,
Bind his brows with willow leaf,
But his heart soon finds relief,
From drinking deep of wine.

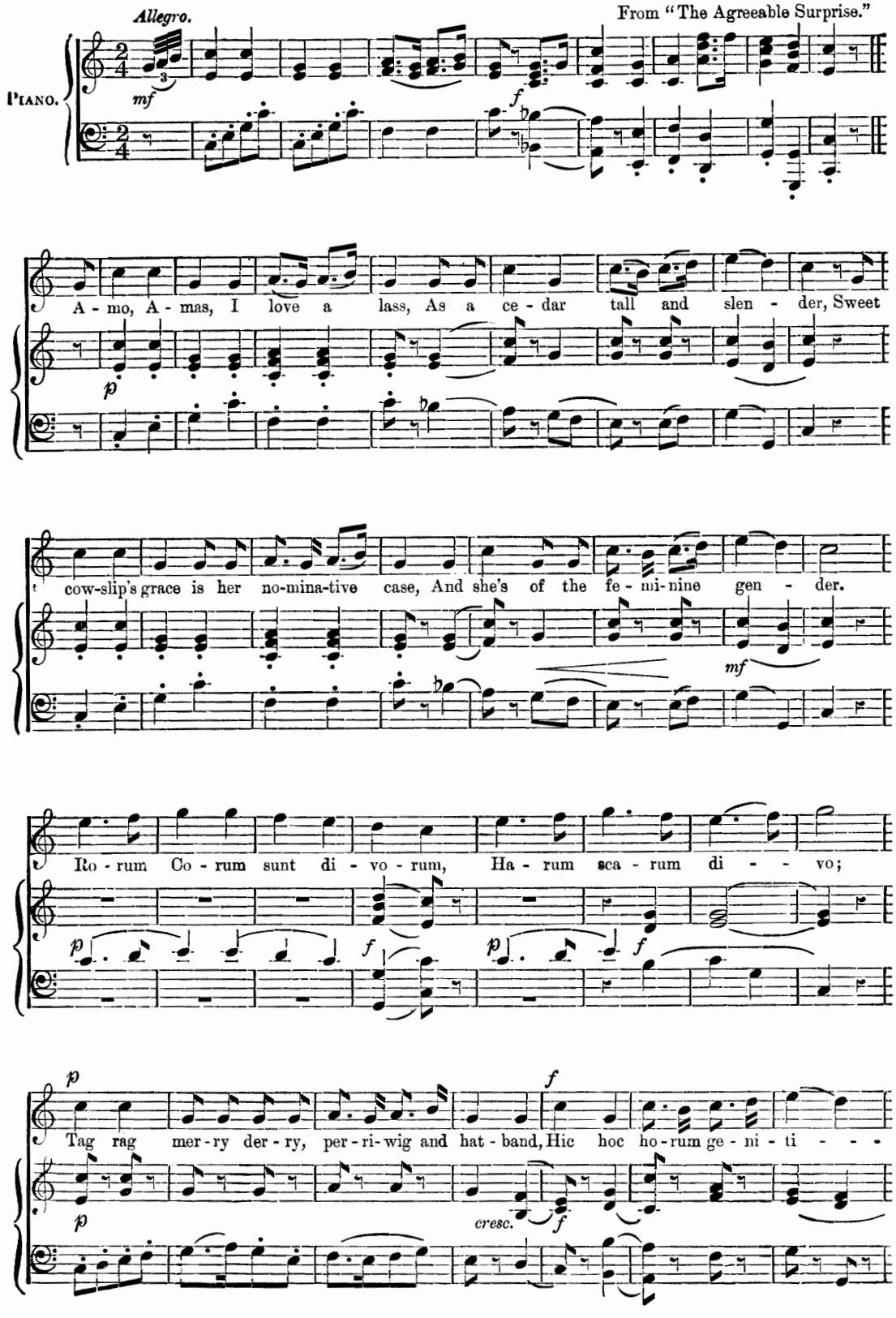
3.

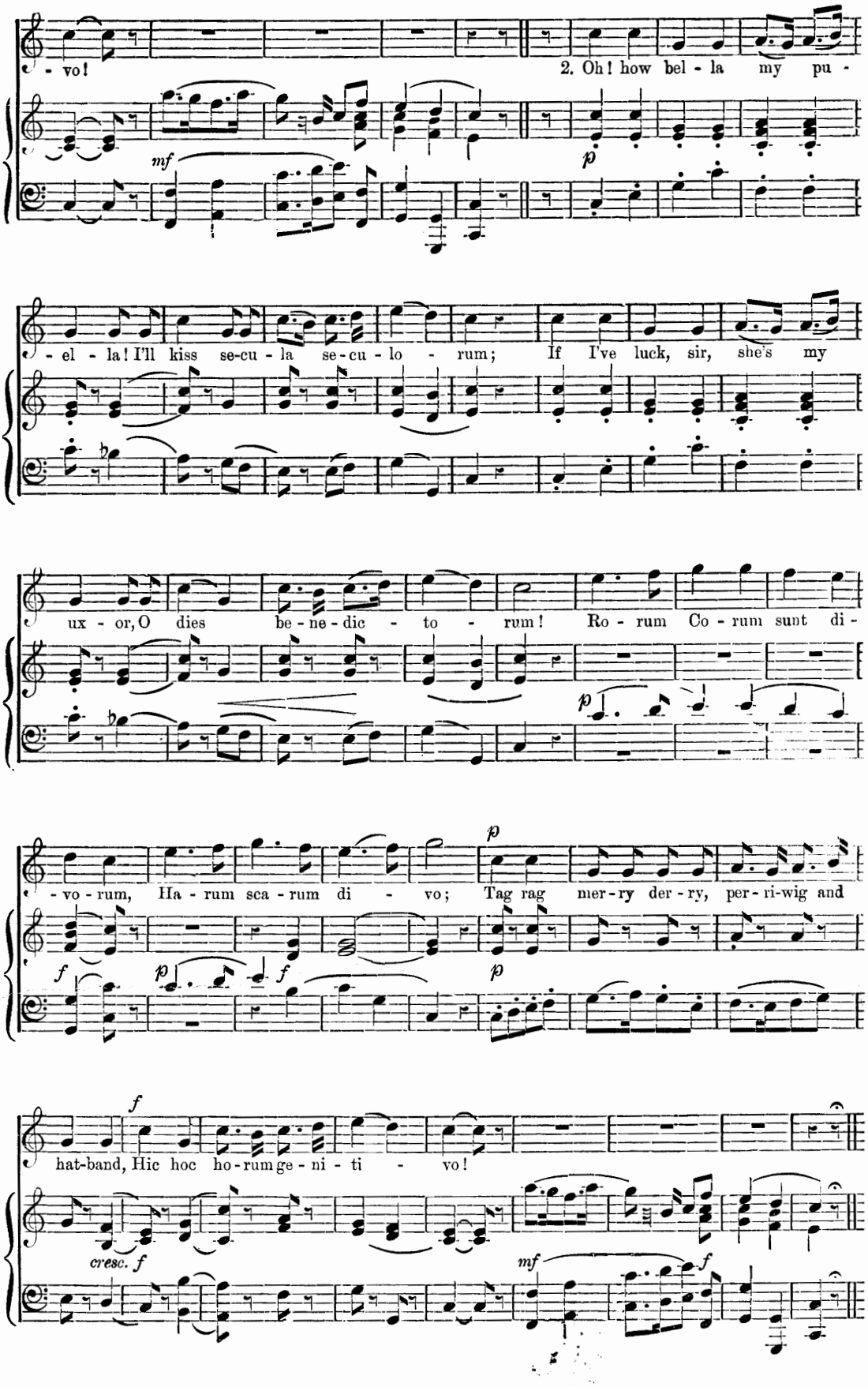
Eyes of fire and lips of dew,
Cheeks that shame the rose's hue;
Dearer those to me, or you,
Who deeply drinks of wine.

Amo, Amas, I love a lass.

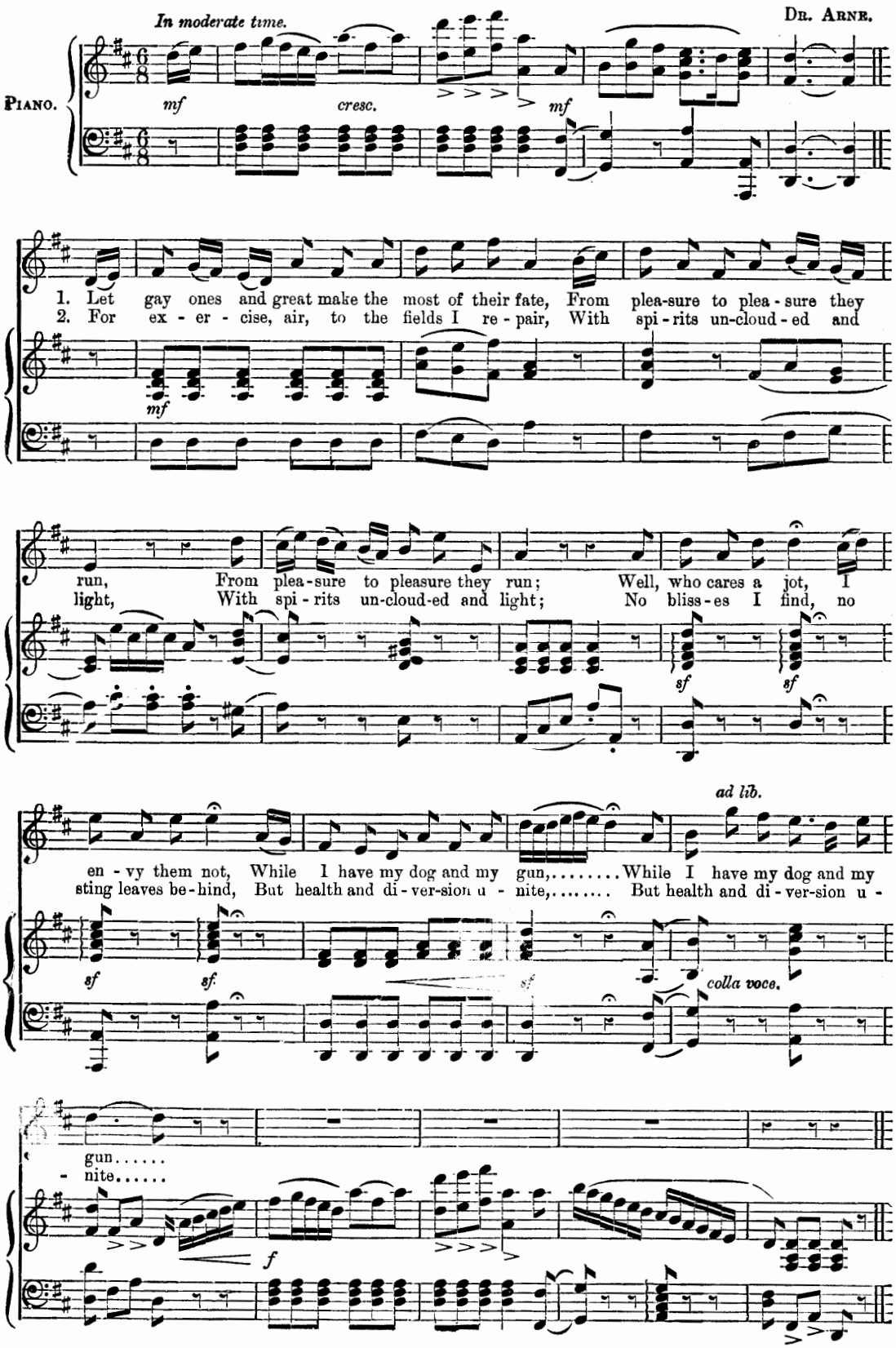
TUNE—"THE MOUSE AND THE FROG."

DR. ARNOLD.
From "The Agreeable Surprise."

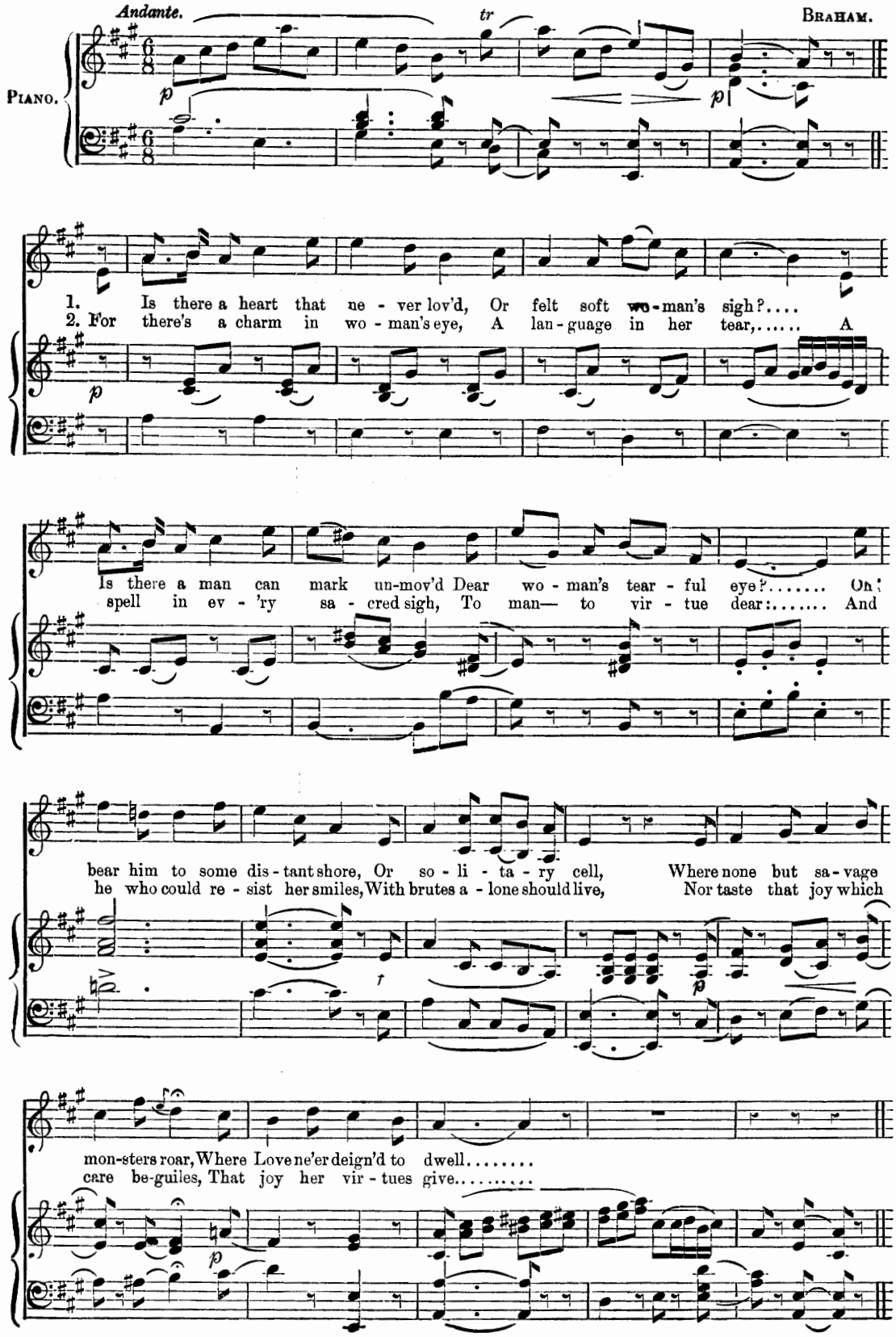



- vo!
2. Oh! how bel - la my pu -
mf
p
- el - la! I'll kiss se-cu - la se - cu - lo - rum; If I've luck, sir, she's my
ux - or, O dies be - ne - dic - to - rum! Ro - rum Co - rum sunt di -
p
- vo - rum, Ha - rum sca - rum di - vo; Tag rag mer - ry der - ry, per - ri-wig and
p
f
p
f
p
hat-band, Hic hoc ho - rum ge - ni - ti - vo!
cresc. f
mf
f

My Dog and my Gun.



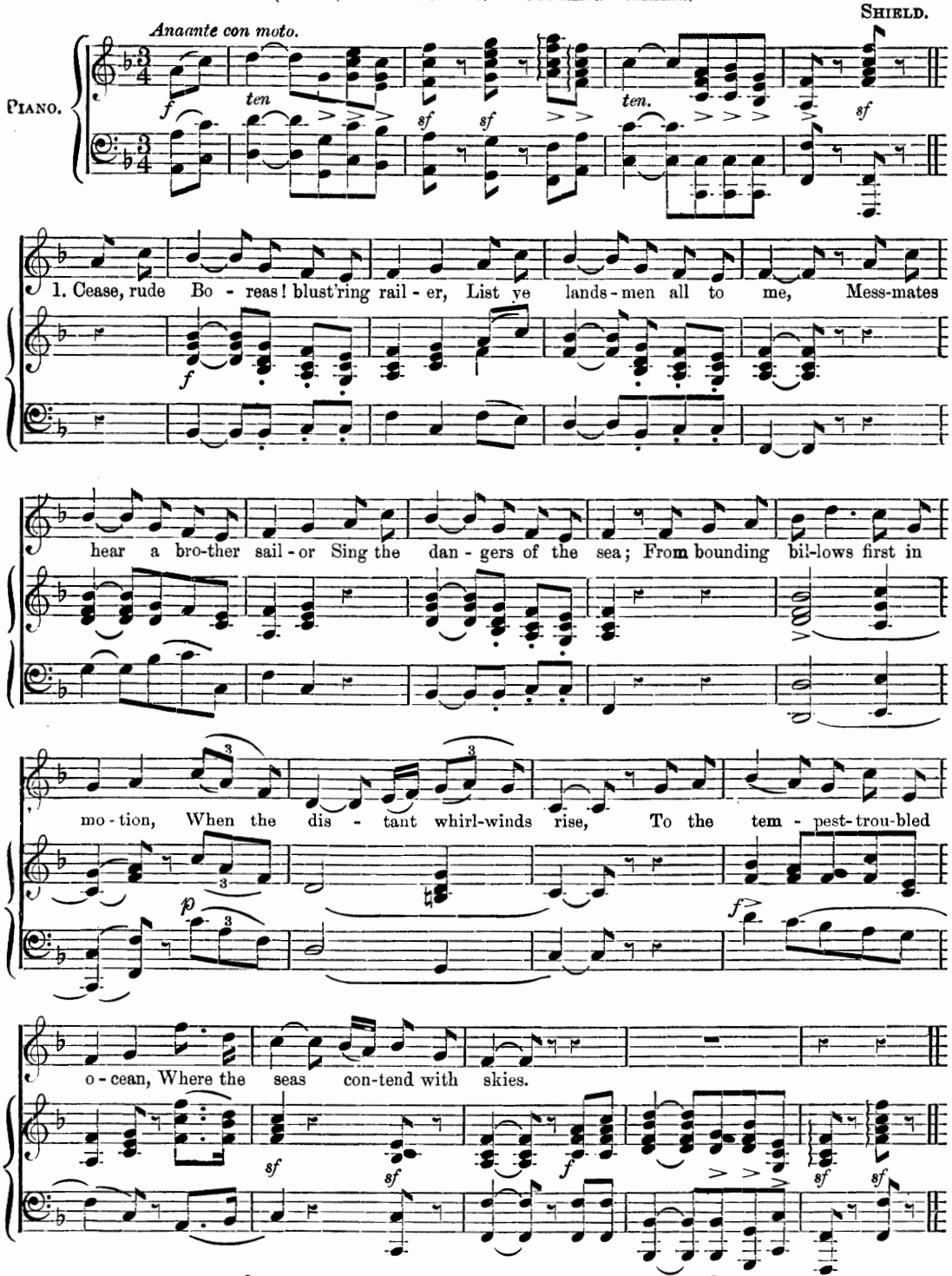
Is there a heart that never lov'd?



The Storm.

(CEASE, RUDE BOREAS, BLUST'RING RAILER.)

SHIELD.



2.

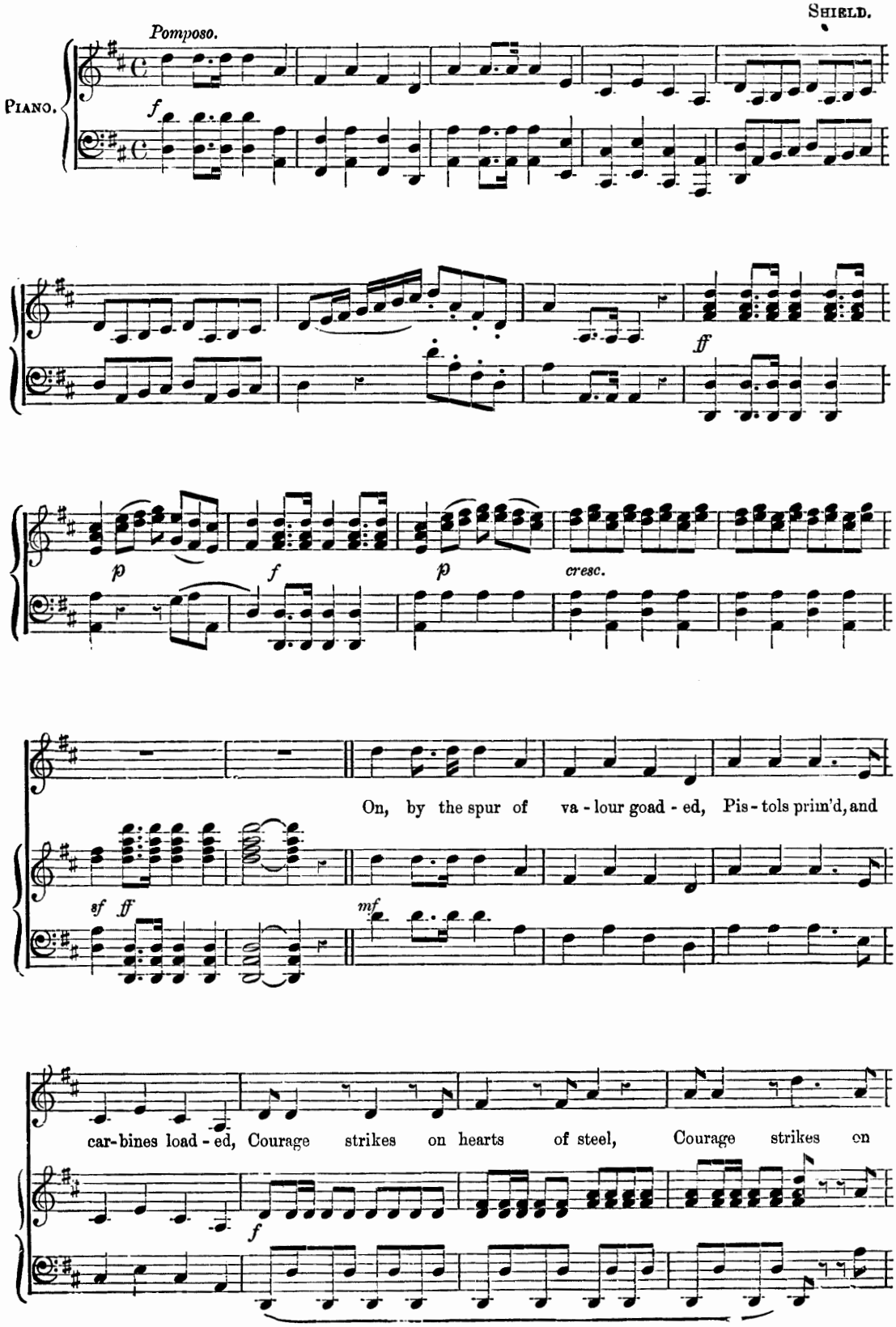
Now the dreadful thunder roaring,
Peal on peal contending clash,
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring
In our eyes blue lightnings flash;
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky;
Diff'rent deaths at once surround us,
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

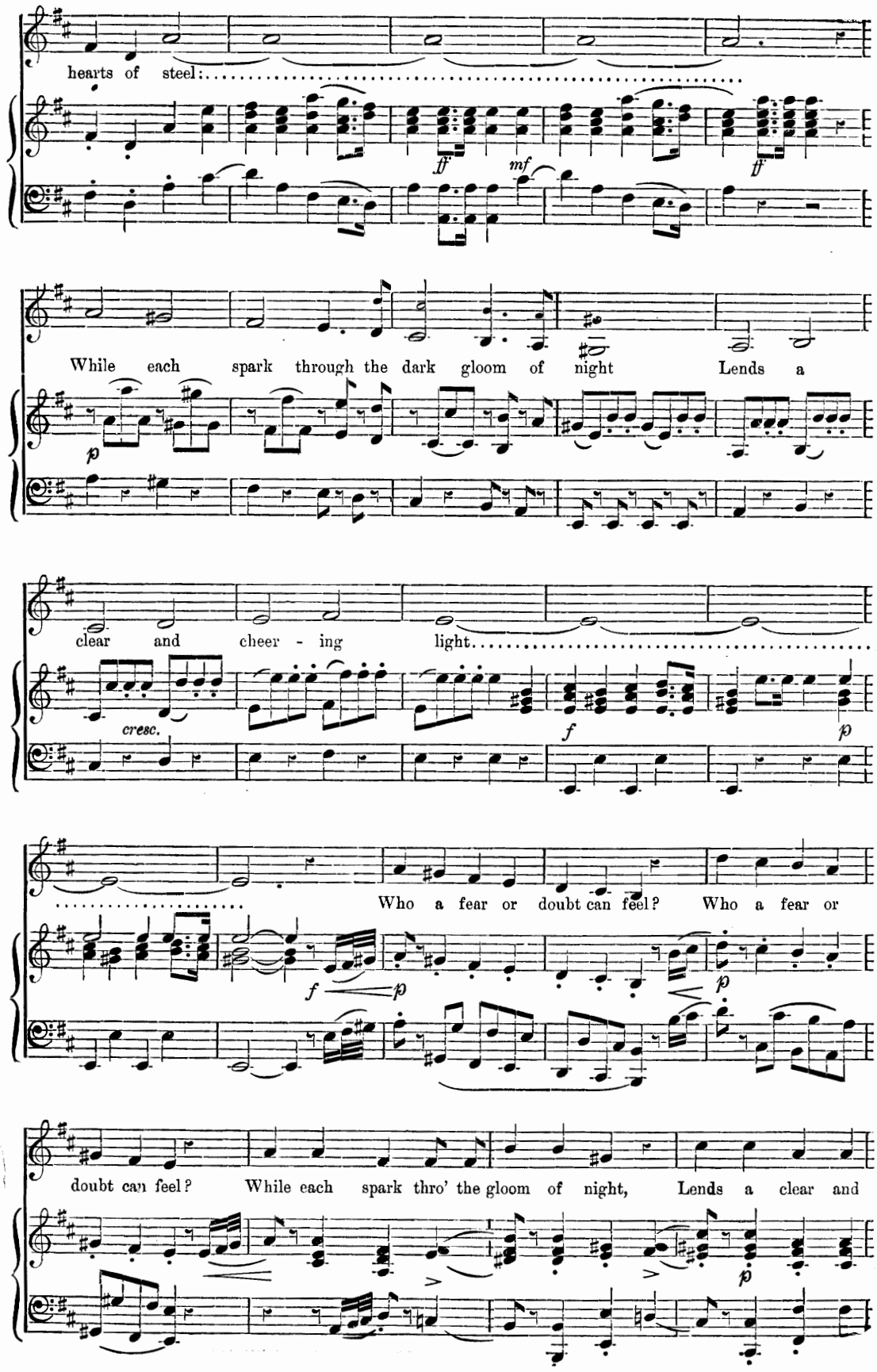
3.

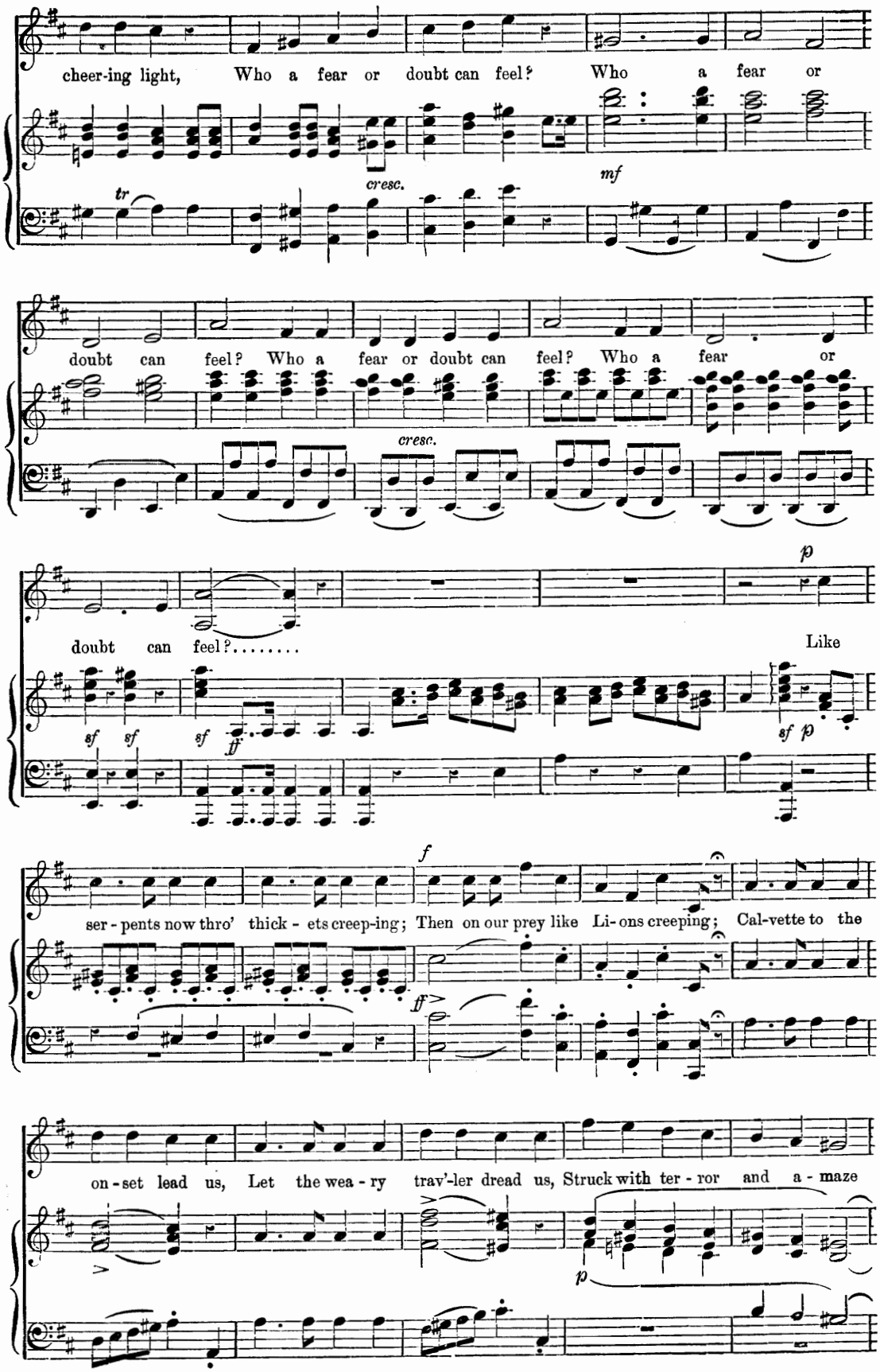
O'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas! to them there's no return;
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain-pumps are chok'd below!
Heav'n have mercy here upon us,
For only that can save us now.

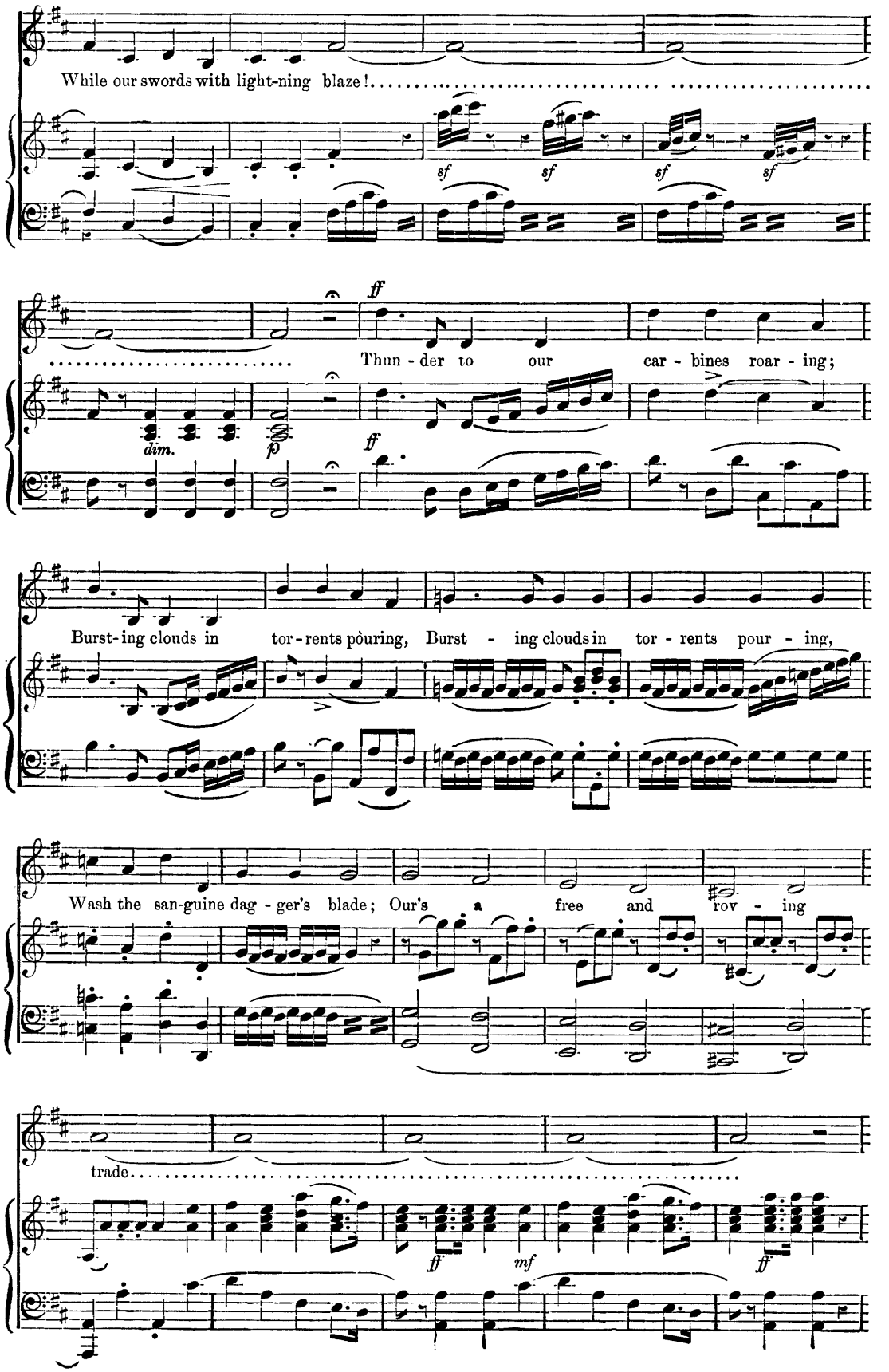
On, by the spur of valour goaded.

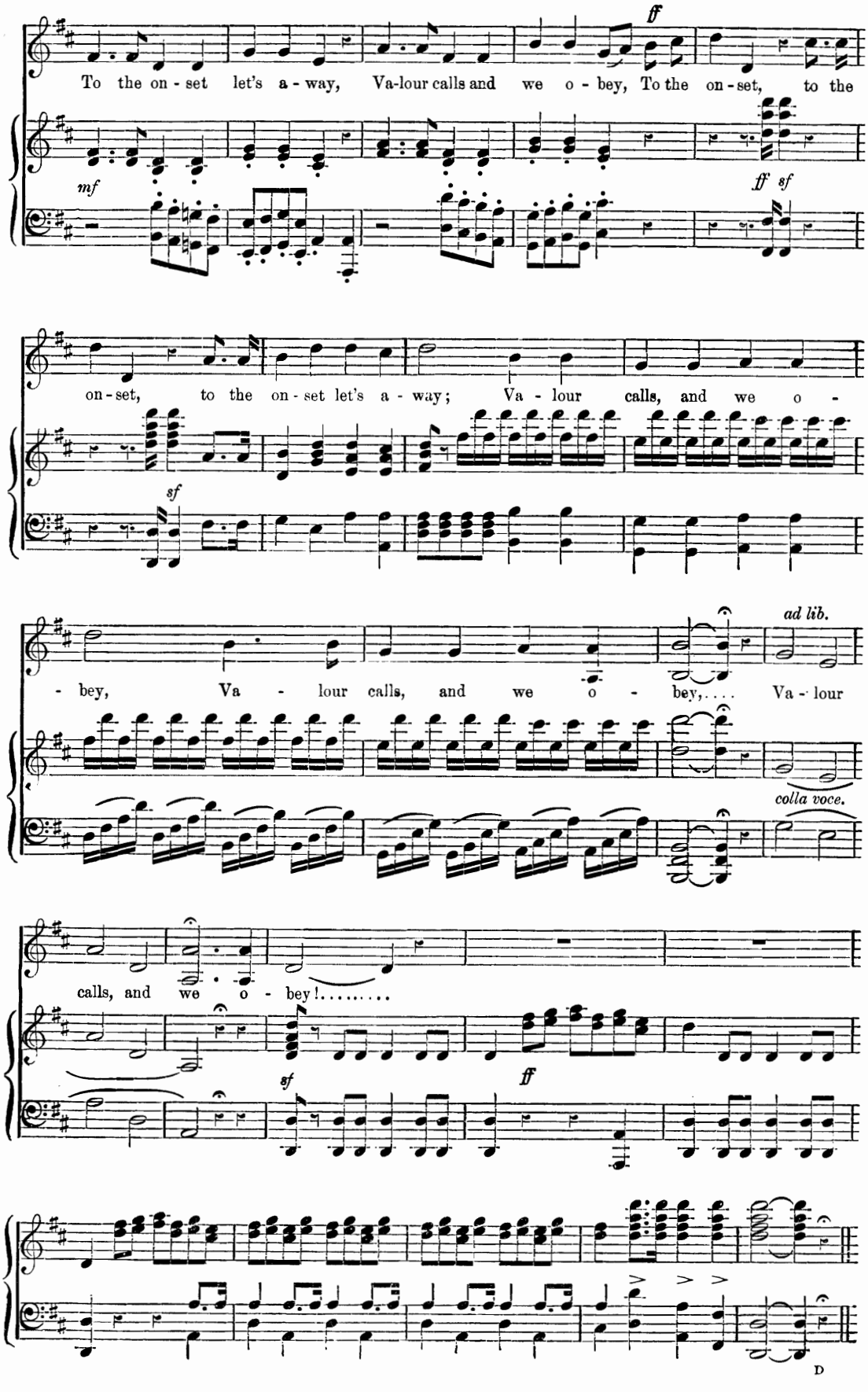
SHIELD.




hearts of steel:
ff
mf
ff
While each spark through the dark gloom of night Lends a
p
clear and cheer - ing light.
cresc.
f
p
Who a fear or doubt can feel? Who a fear or
f
p
p
doubt can feel? While each spark thro' the gloom of night, Lends a clear and
p


cheer-ing light, Who a fear or doubt can feel? Who a fear or
tr
cresc.
mf
doubt can feel? Who a fear or doubt can feel? Who a fear or
cresc.
doubt can feel?.....
p
Like
sf sf sf ff
sf p
ser-pents now thro' thick-ets creep-ing; Then on our prey like Li-ons creeping; Cal-vette to the
f
ff
on-set lead us, Let the wea-ry trav'-ler dread us, Struck with ter-ror and a-maze
p

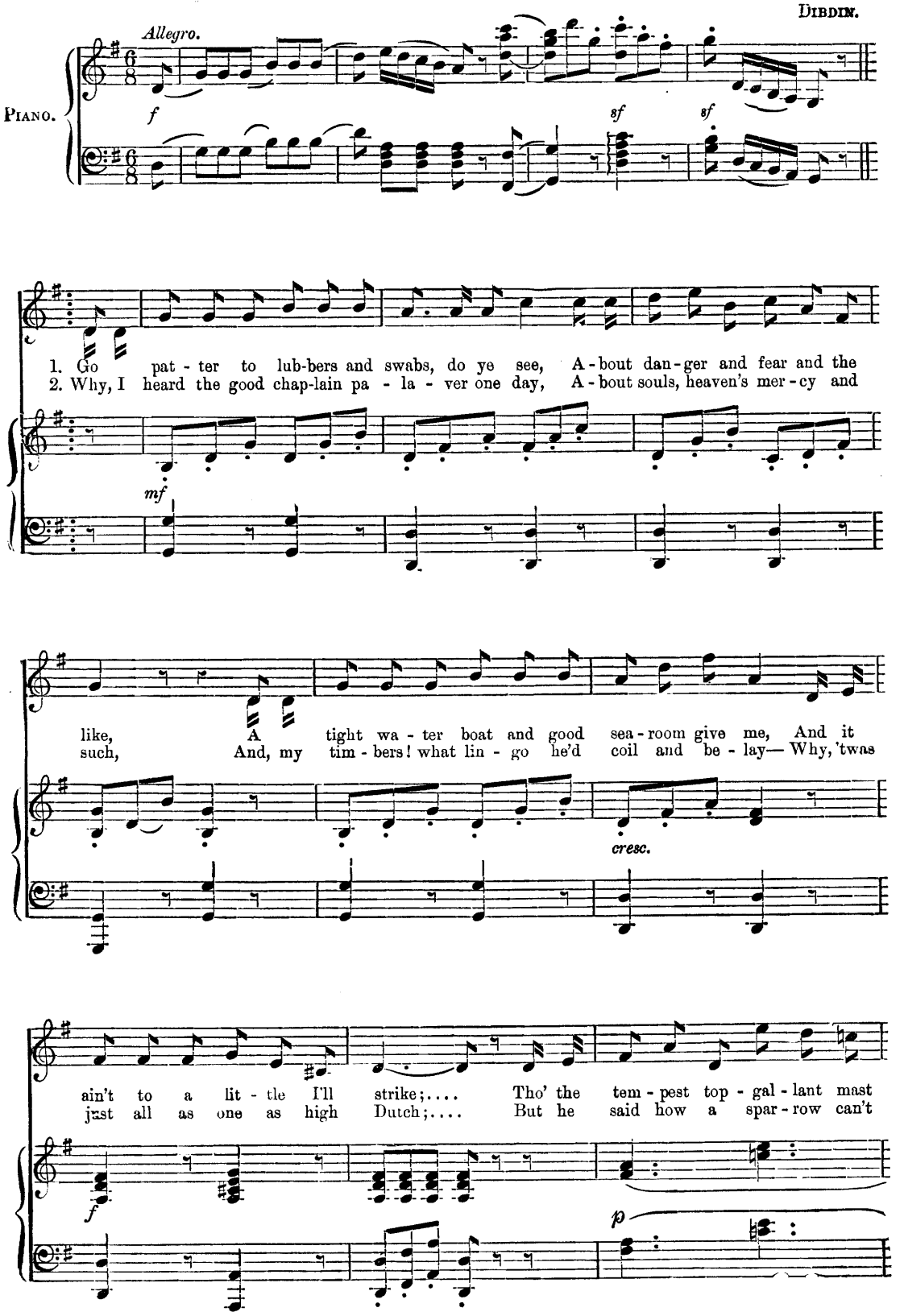

While our swords with light-ning blaze!
sf sf sf sf
ff
Thun - der to our car - bines roar - ing;
dim.
p
ff
Burst-ing clouds in tor-rents pòuring, Burst - ing clouds in tor - rents pour - ing,
Wash the san-guine dag - ger's blade; Our's a free and rov - ing
trade.
ff mf ff

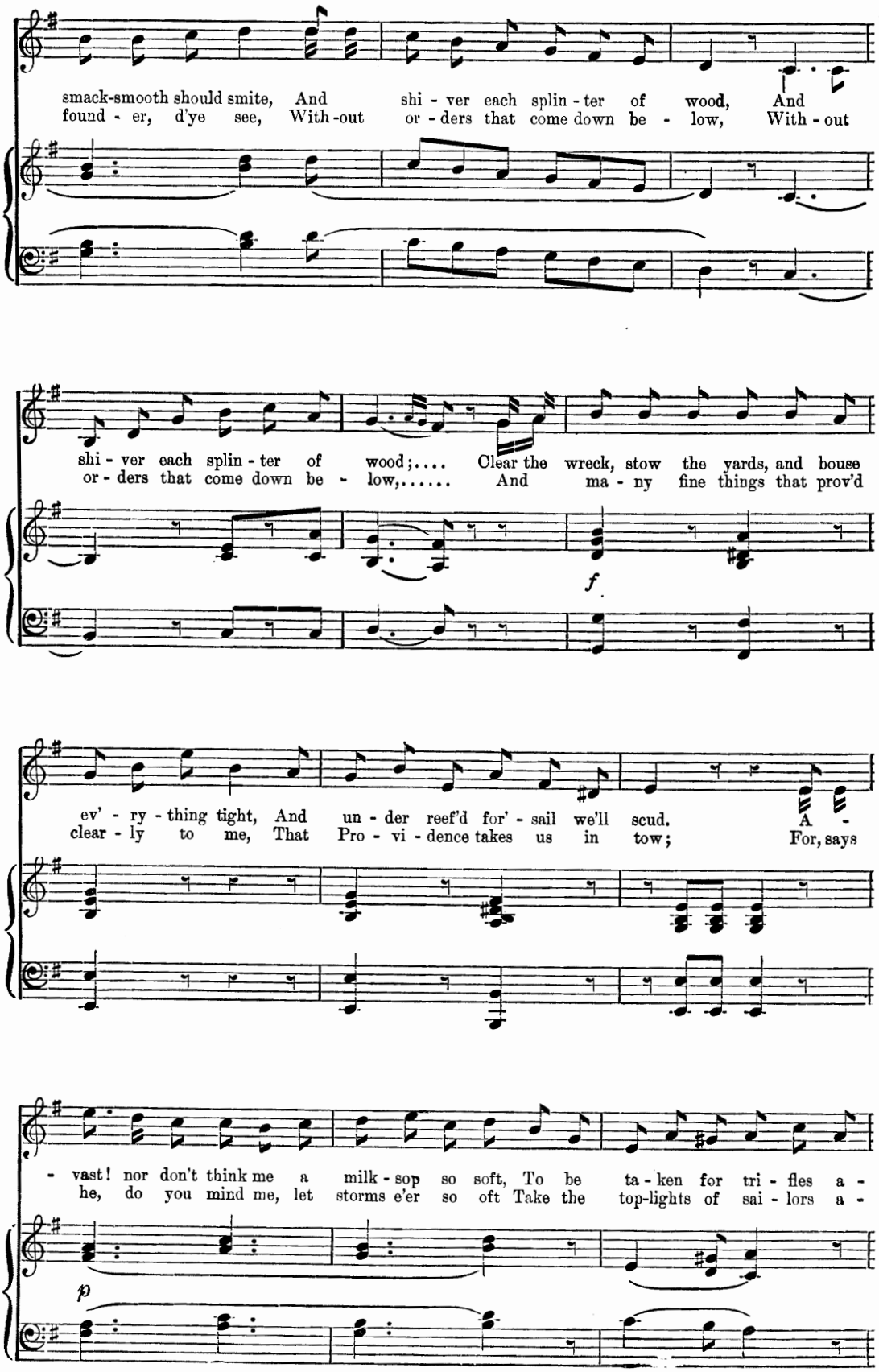

ff
To the on - set let's a - way, Va-lour calls and we o - bey, To the on - set, to the
mf
ff sf
on - set, to the on - set let's a - way; Va - lour calls, and we o -
sf
ad lib.
- bey, Va - lour calls, and we o - bey,.... Va - lour
colla voce.
calls, and we o - bey!.....
sf
ff

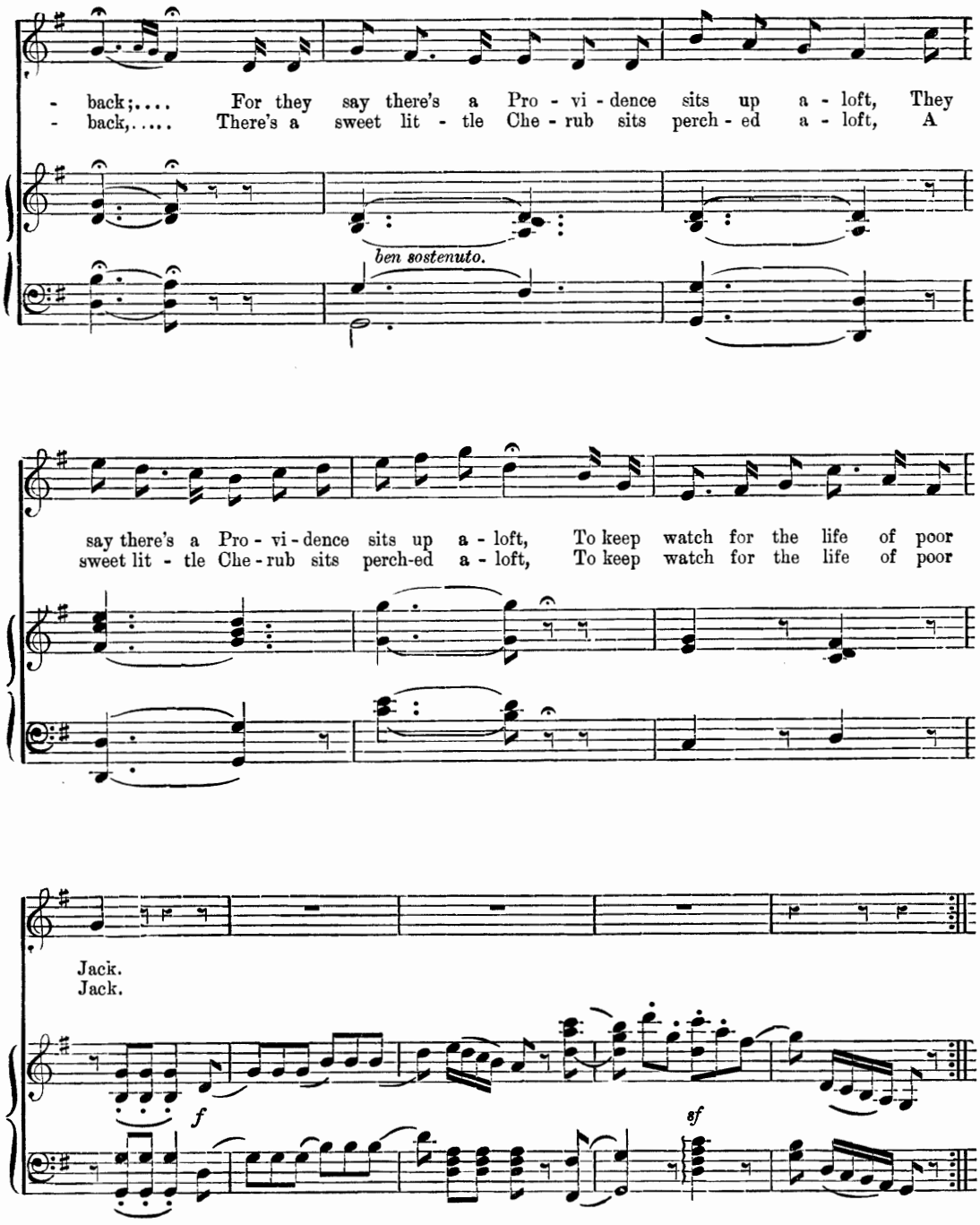
D

Poor Jack

DIBDIN.




smack-smooth should smite, And shi - ver each splin - ter of wood, And
found - er, d'ye see, With-out or - ders that come down be - low, With - out
shi - ver each splin - ter of wood;.... Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse
or - ders that come down be - low,..... And ma - ny fine things that prov'd
f
ev' - ry - thing tight, And un - der reef'd for' - sail we'll scud. A -
clear - ly to me, That Pro - vi - dence takes us in tow; For, says
- vast! nor don't think me a milk - sop so soft, To be ta - ken for tri - fles a -
he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft Take the top-lights of sai - lors a -
p



3.

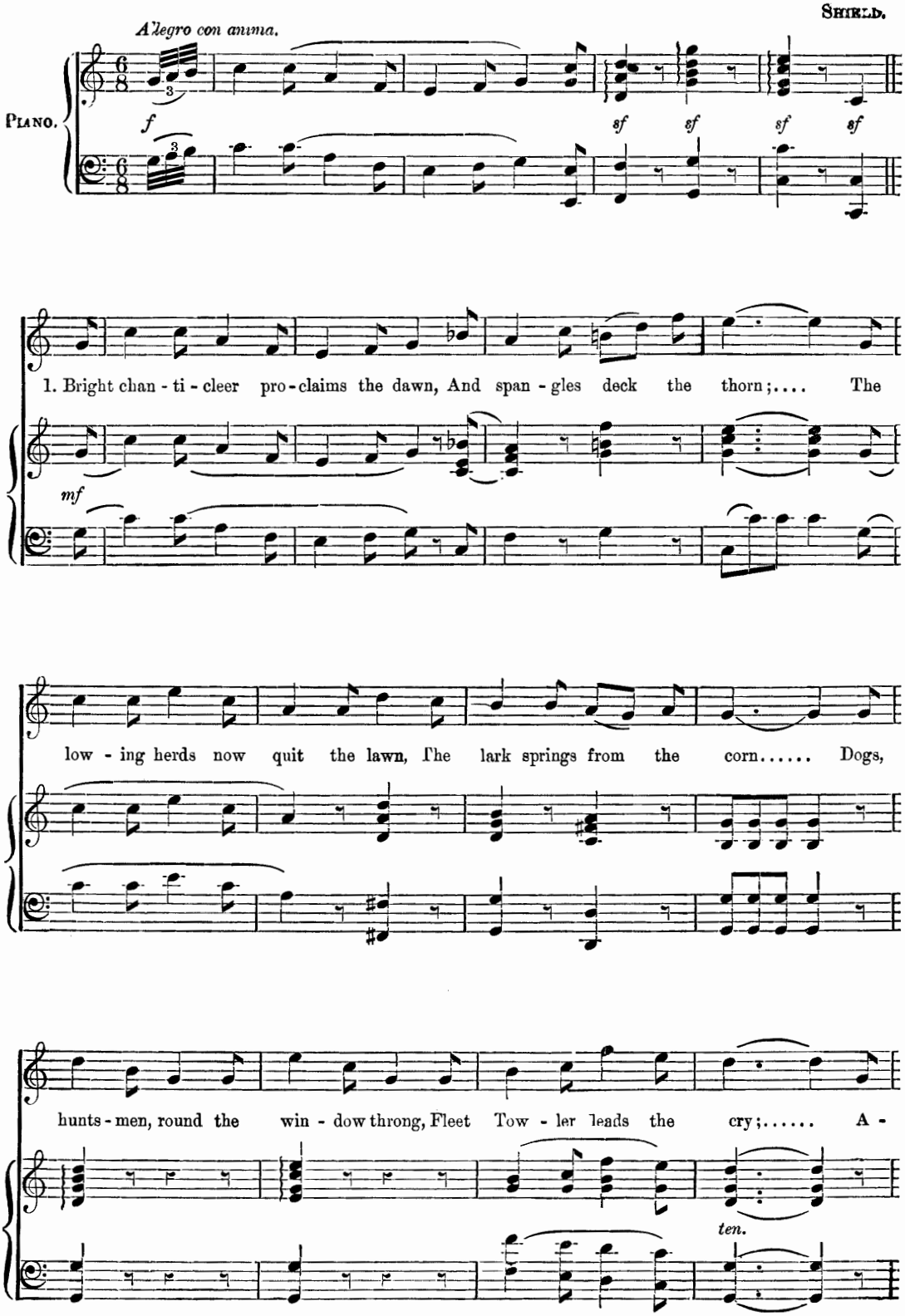
I said to our Poll, for you see she would cry,
When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye?
Why, what a damn'd fool you must be!
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore;
And if to old Davy I go, my dear Poll,
Why you never will hear of me more!
What then! all's a hazard, come, don't be so soft,
Perhaps I may laughing come back;
For, d'ye see, there's a Cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

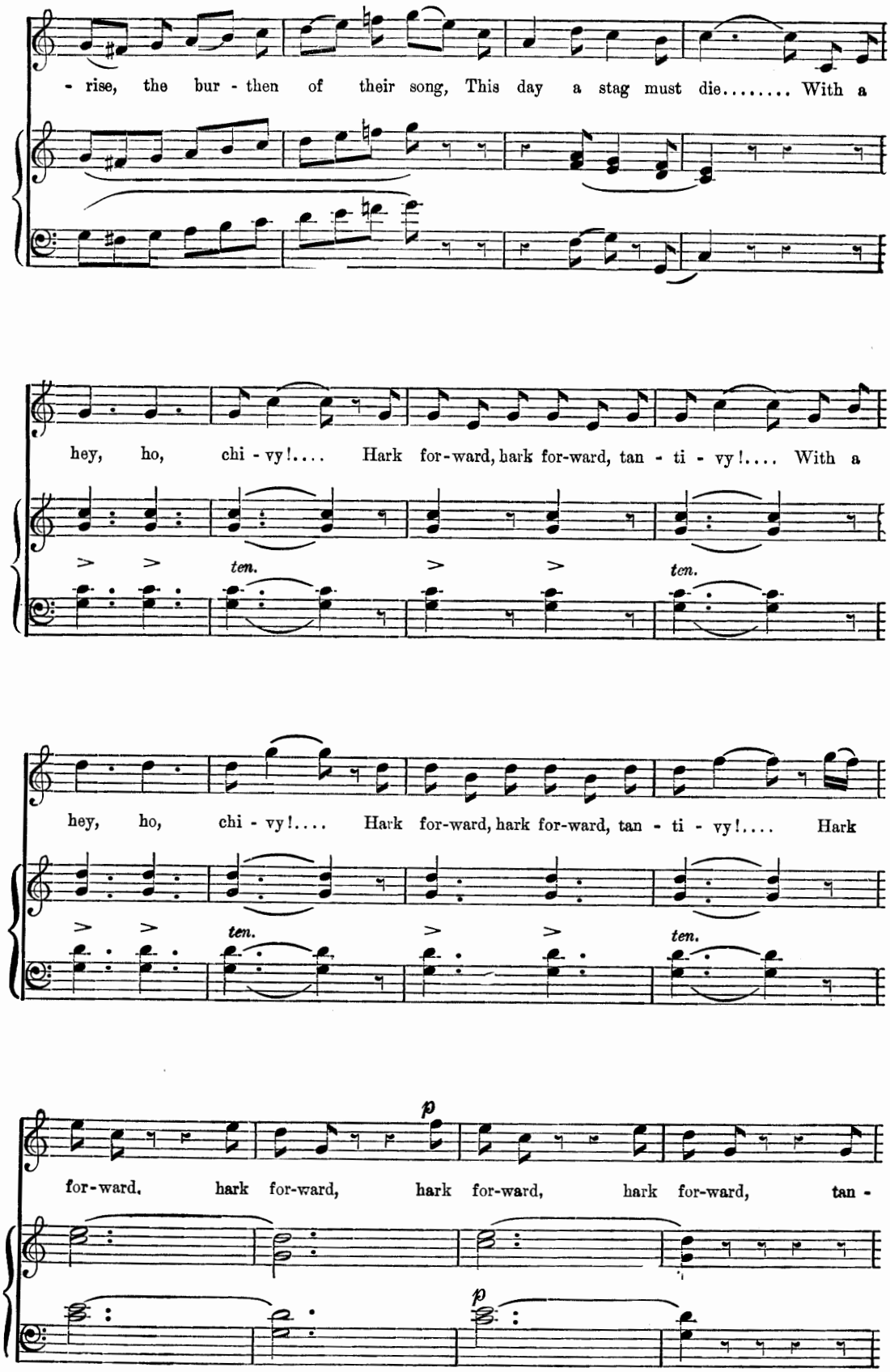
4.

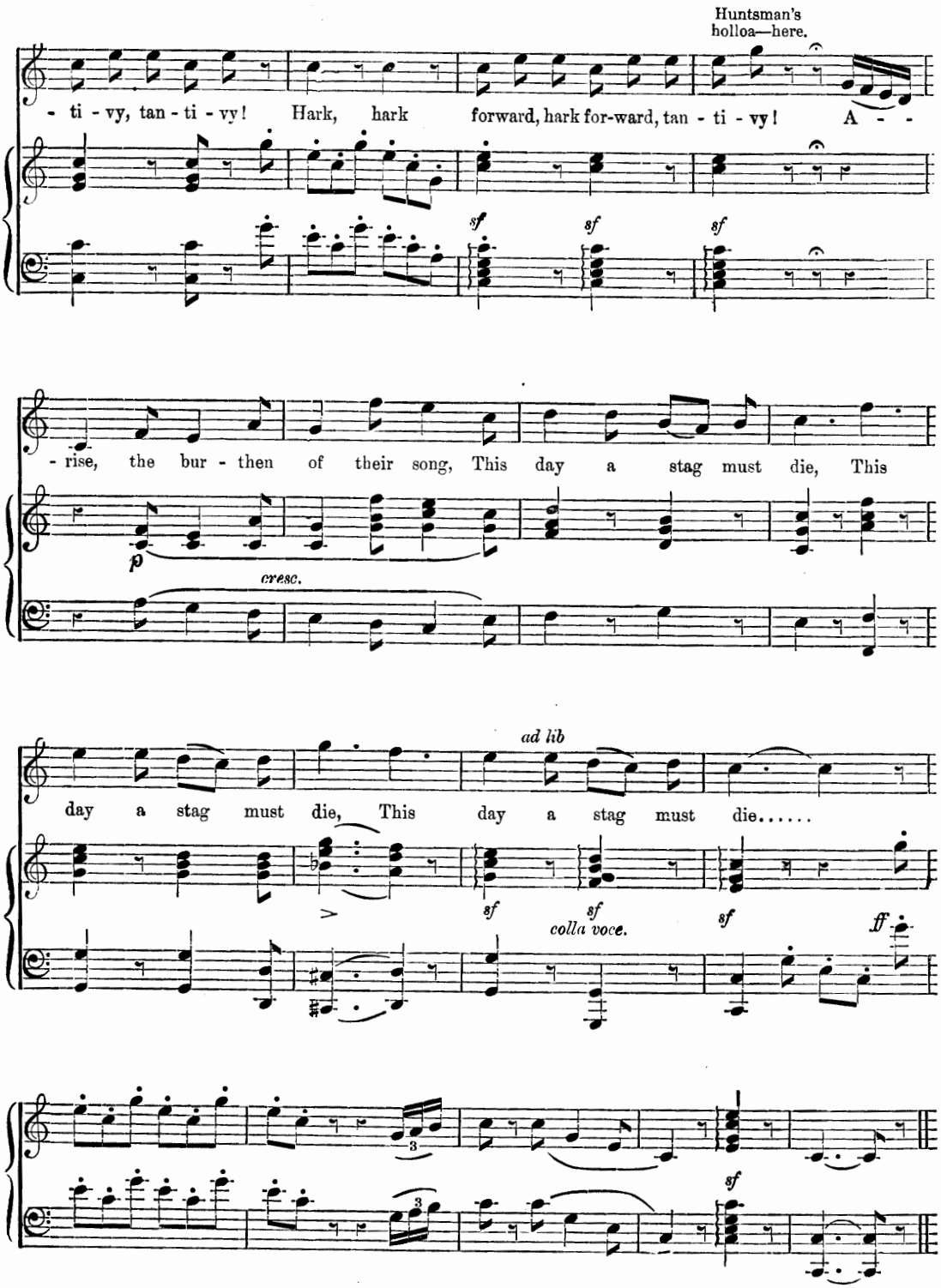
D'ye mind me, a sailor should be, ev'ry inch,
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world, without off'ring to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's atrip:
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
Nought's a trouble, from duty that springs;
My heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,
And as for my life, 'tis the king's;
E'en when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft,
As with grief to be taken aback;
The same little Cherub that sits up aloft,
Will look out a good berth for poor Jack.

Old Towler

SHIELD.




- rise, the bur - then of their song, This day a stag must die..... With a
hey, ho, chi - vy!.... Hark for-ward, hark for-ward, tan - ti - vy!.... With a
ten.
ten.
hey, ho, chi - vy!.... Hark for-ward, hark for-ward, tan - ti - vy!.... Hark
ten.
ten.
p
for-ward, hark for-ward, hark for-ward, hark for-ward, tan -
p



2.

The cordial takes its merry round,
The laugh and joke prevail;
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
The dogs snuff up the gale:
The upland winds they sweep along,
O'er fields, through brakes they fly;
The game is rous'd, too true the song,
This day a stag must die.
With a hey, ho, &c.

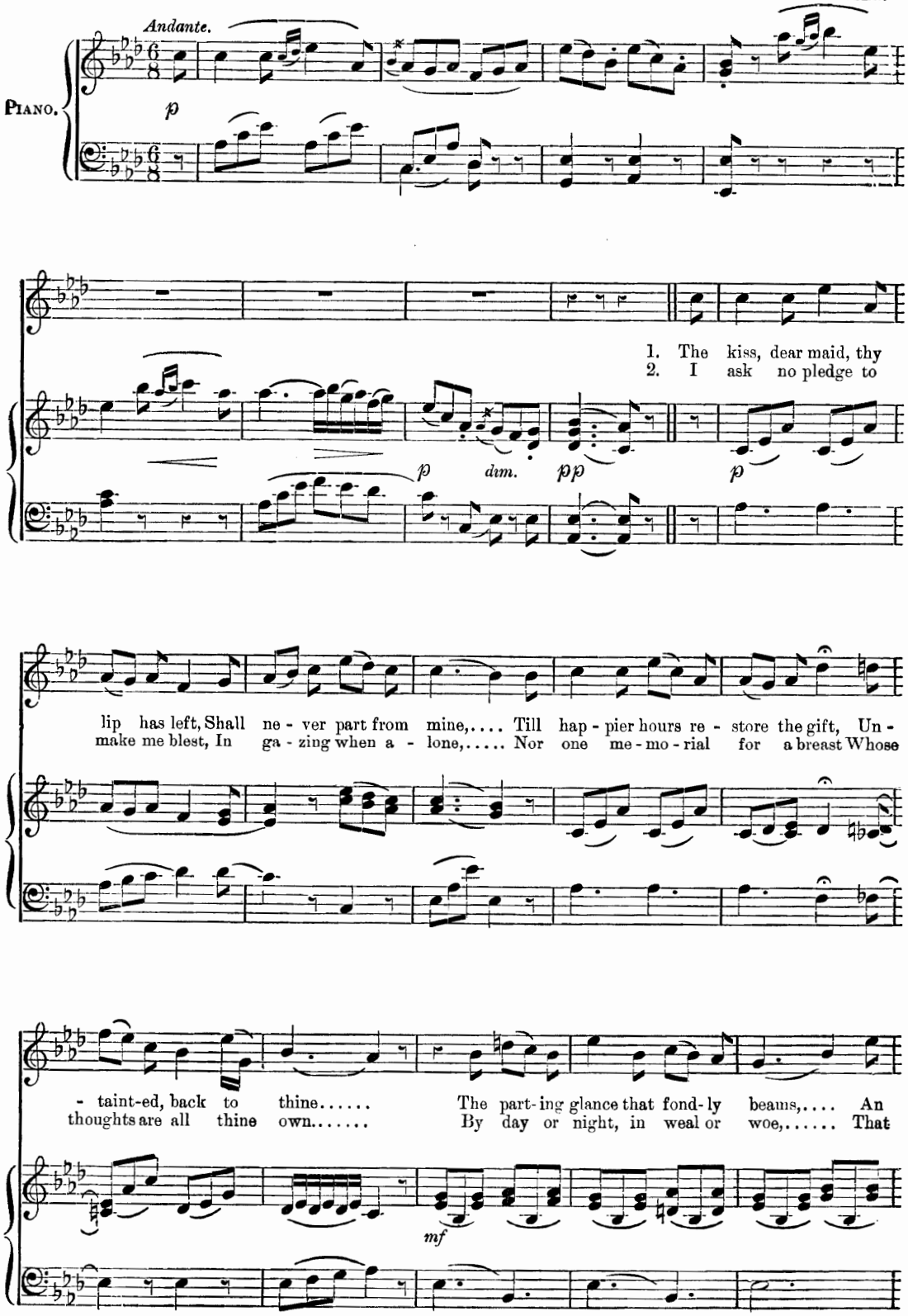
3.

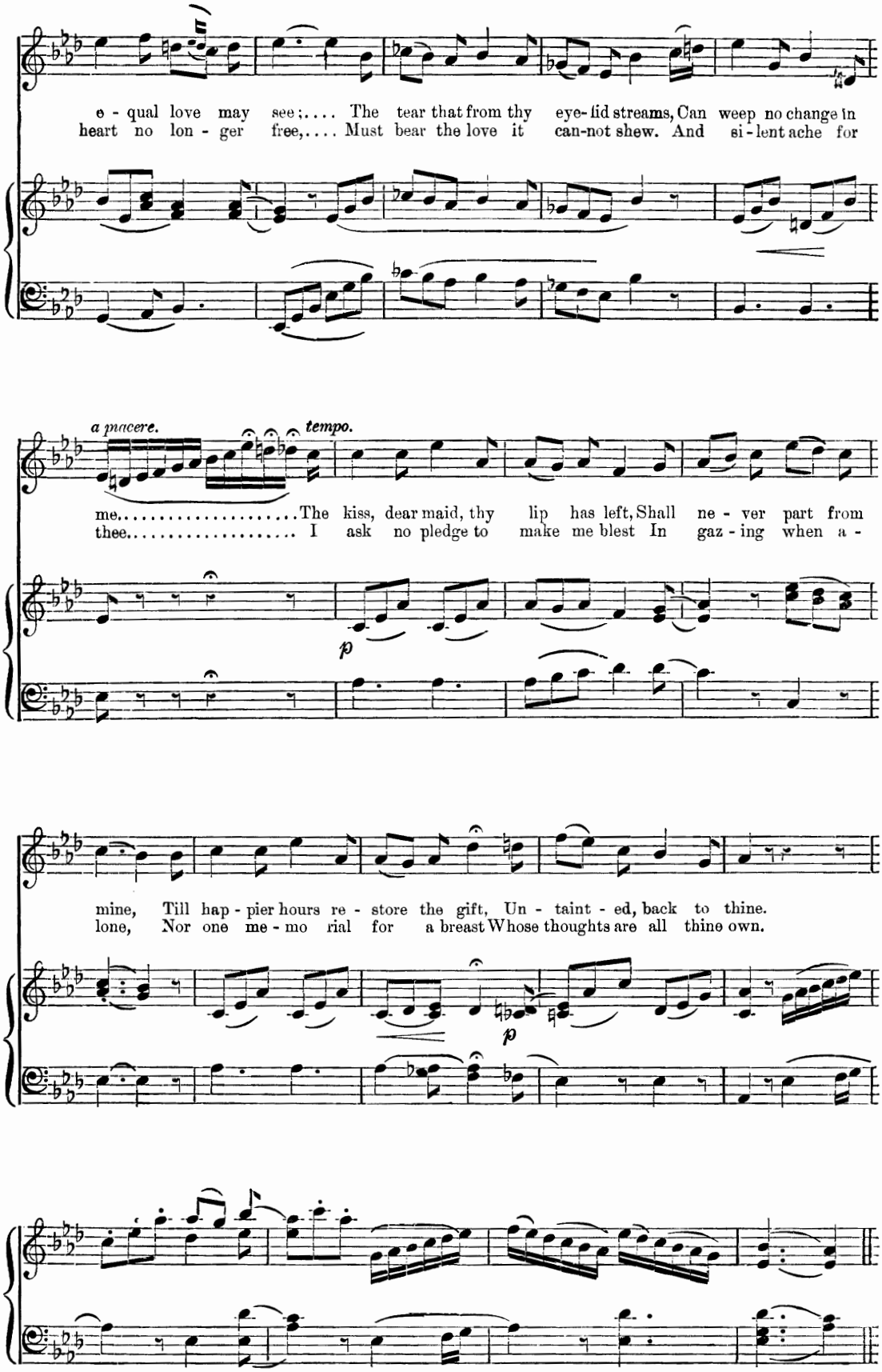
Poor stag! the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face;
The huntsman's pleasure is no more,
His joys were in the chace.
Alike the sportsmen of the town,
The virgin game in view,
Are full content to run them down,
Then they in turn pursue.
With a hey, ho, &c.

The kiss, dear maid.

Words by LORD BYRON.

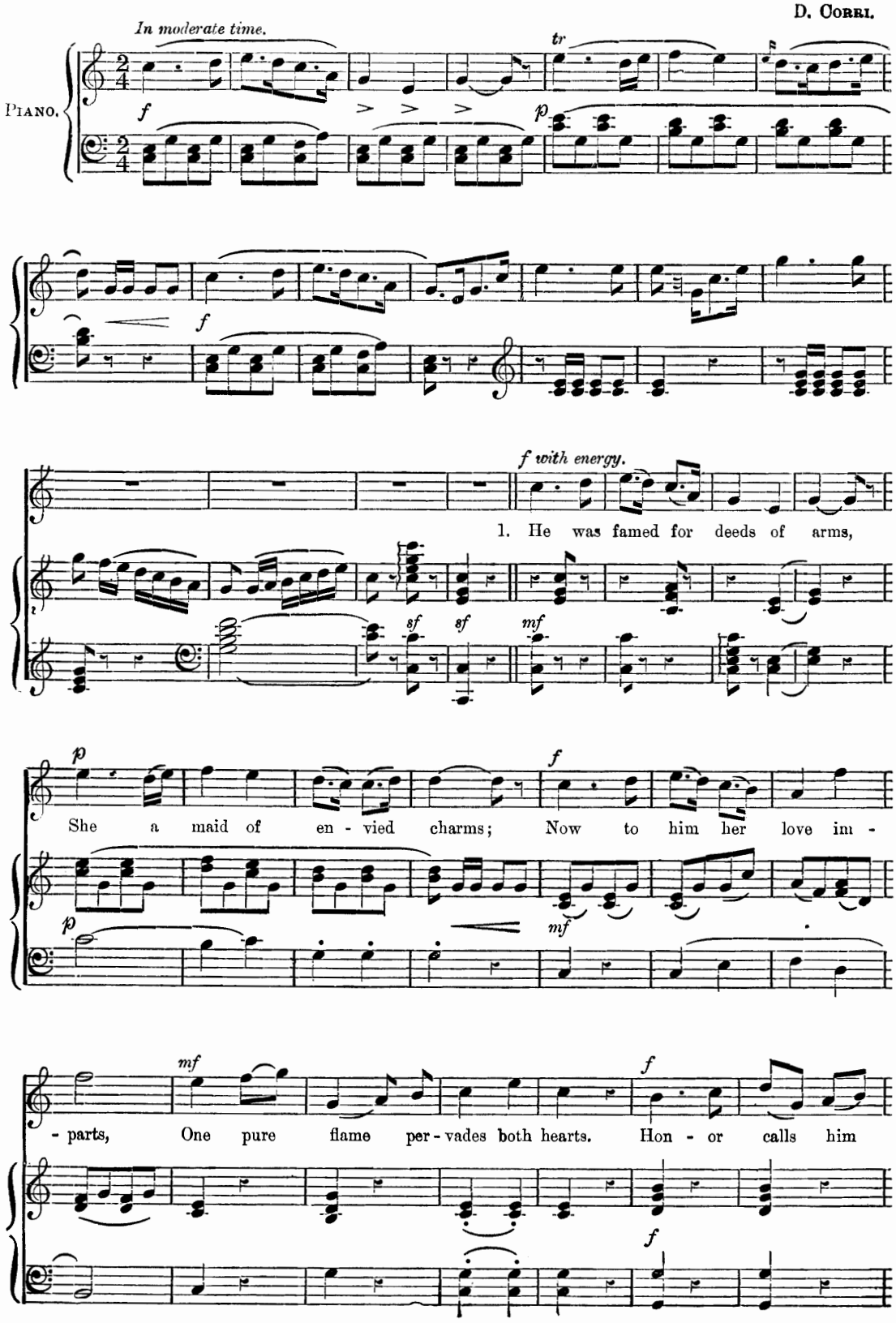
L. JAUSEN.

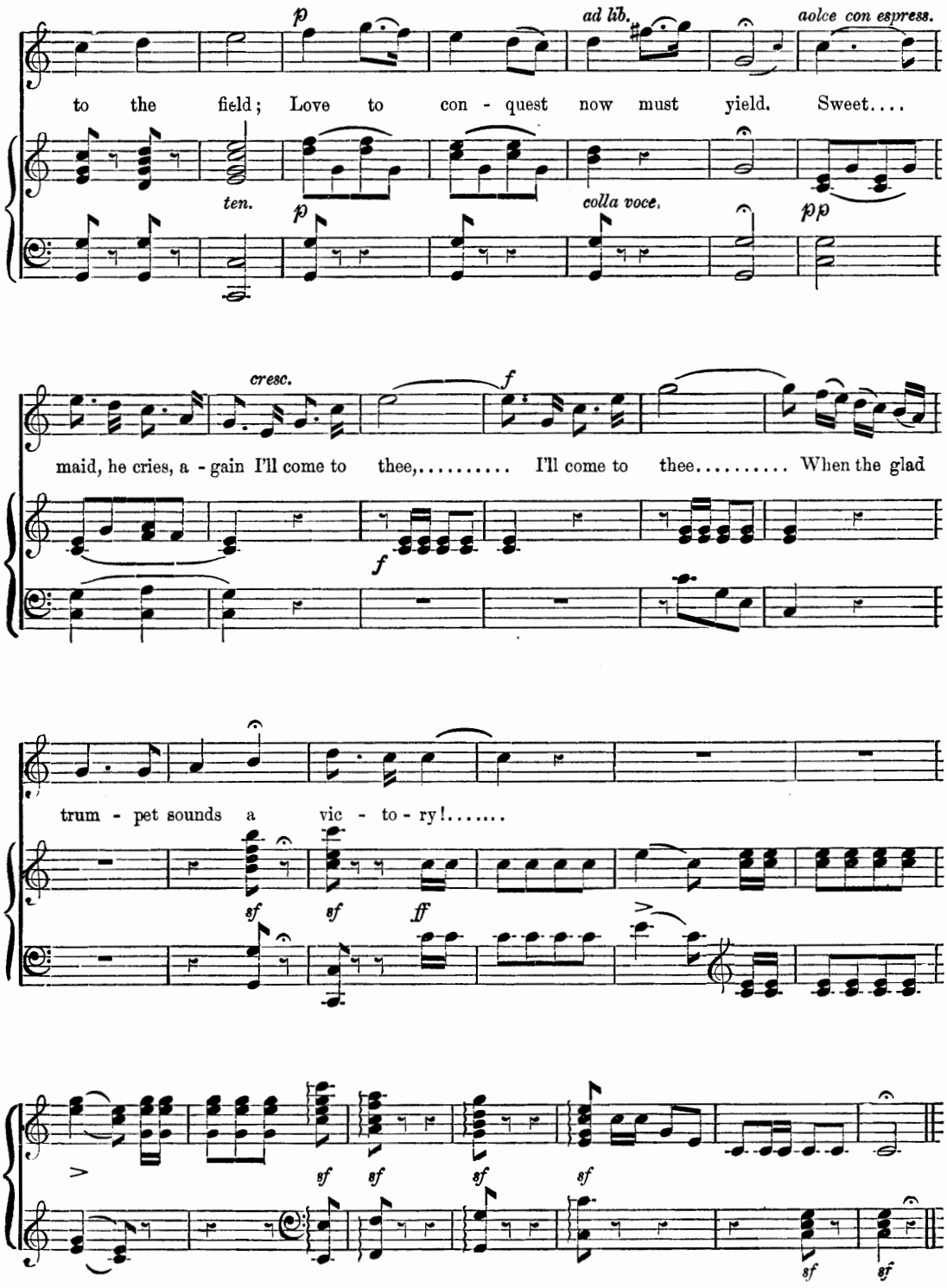



e - qual love may see;.... The tear that from thy eye-lid streams, Can weep no change in
heart no lon - ger free,.... Must bear the love it can-not shew. And si-lent ache for
a piacere.
tempo.
me.....The kiss, dear maid, thy lip has left, Shall ne - ver part from
thee..... I ask no pledge to make me blest In gaz - ing when a -
p
mine, Till hap - pier hours re - store the gift, Un - taint - ed, back to thine.
lone, Nor one me - mo rial for a breast Whose thoughts are all thine own.
p

He was famed for deeds of arms.

D. Corri.





2.

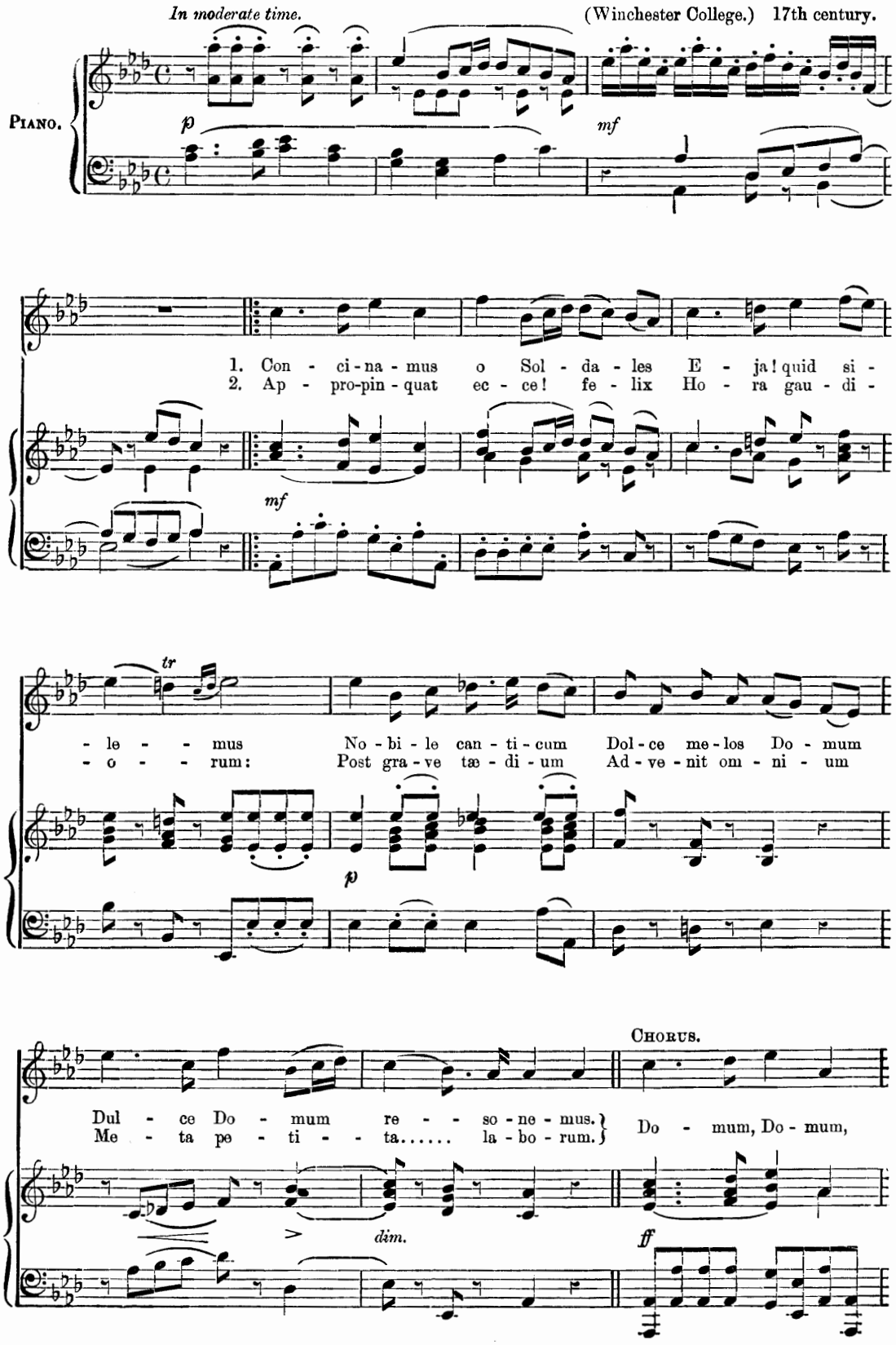
Battle now with fury glows,
Hostile blood in torrent flows,
His duty tells him to depart,
She pressed her hero to her heart.
And now the trumpet sounds to arms,
And now the clash of war's alarms!
Sweet maid, he cries, again I'll come to thee,
When the glad trumpet sounds a victory.

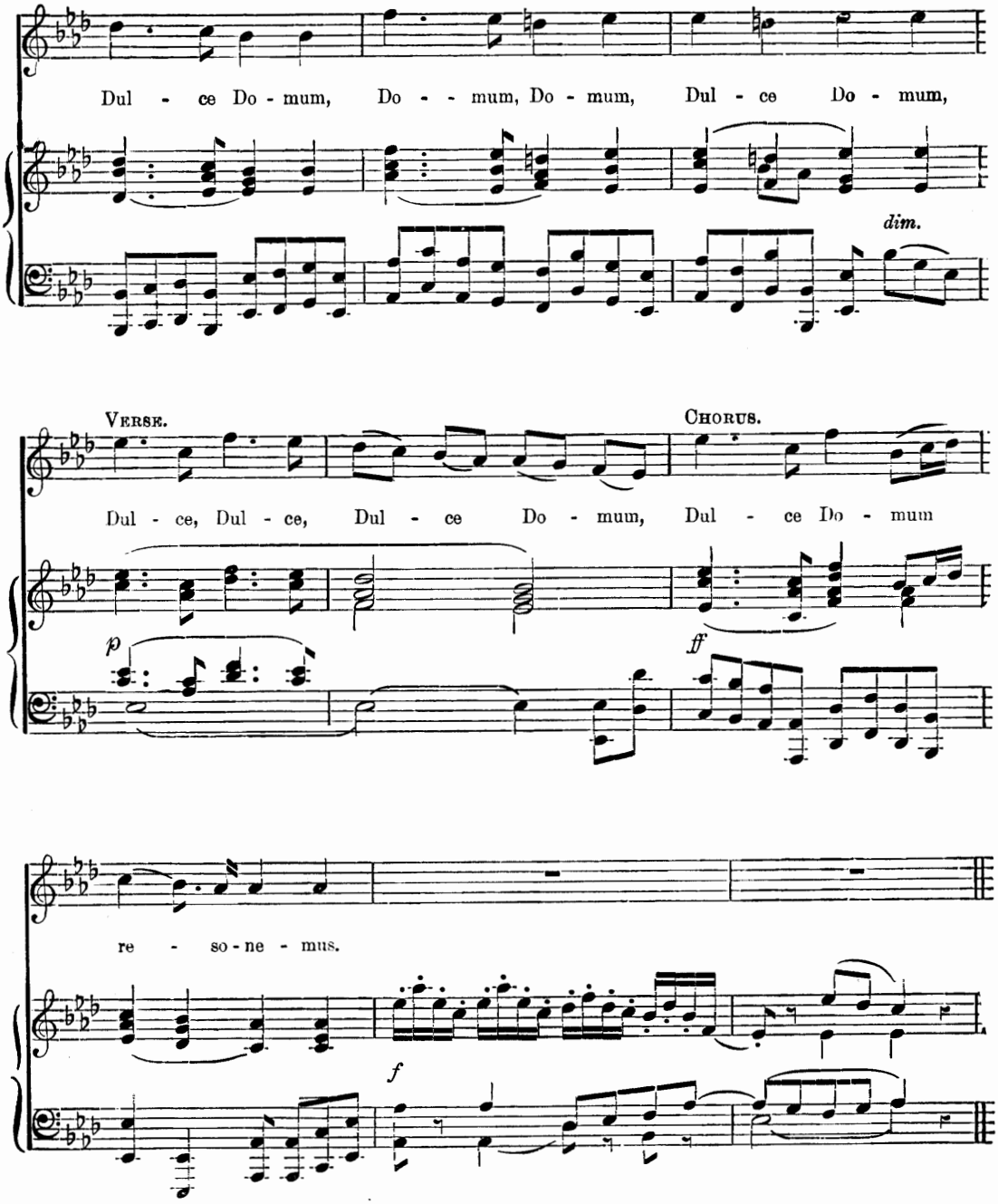
3.

He with love and conquest burns,
Both subdue his mind by turns;
Death the soldier now enthralls,
With his wounds the hero falls;
She, disdaining war's alarms,
Rushed, and caught him in her arms.
O death, he cried, thou'rt welcome now to me,
For hark! the glad trumpet sounds a victory!

Dulce Domum.

In moderate time. (Winchester College.) 17th century.





3.

Musa! libros mitte, fessa;
Mitte pensa dura:
Mitte negotium;
Jam datur otium:
Me mea mittito cura.
Chorus.—Domum, Domum, &c.

4.

Ridet annus, prata rident:
Nosque rideamus.
Jam repetit Domum
Daulias advena:
Nosque Domum repetamus.
Chorus.—Domum, Domum, &c.

5.

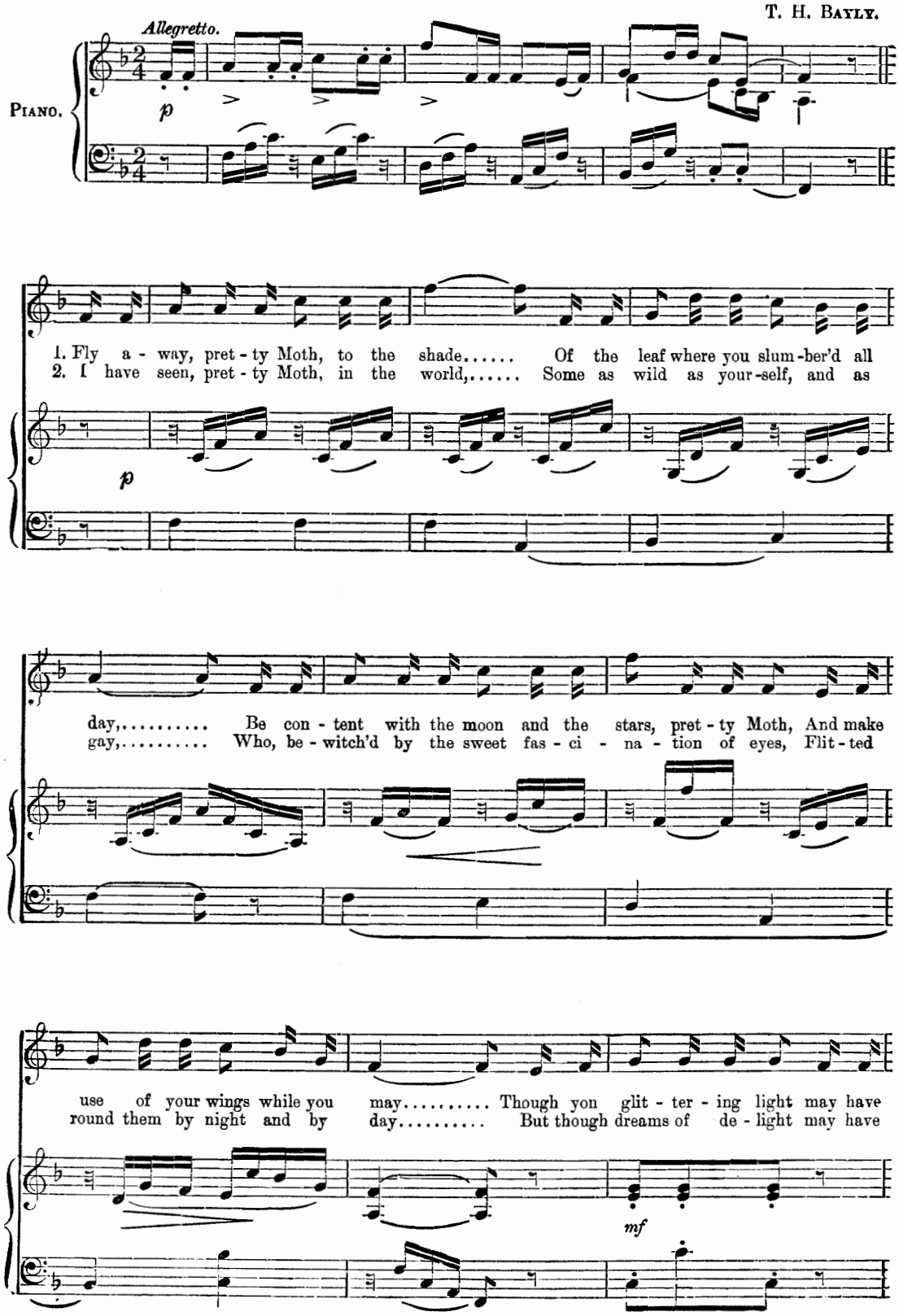
Heus! Rogere! fer caballos:
Eja! nunc eamus;
Limen amabile,
Matris et oscula,
Suaviter et repetamus.
Chorus.—Domum, Domum, &c.

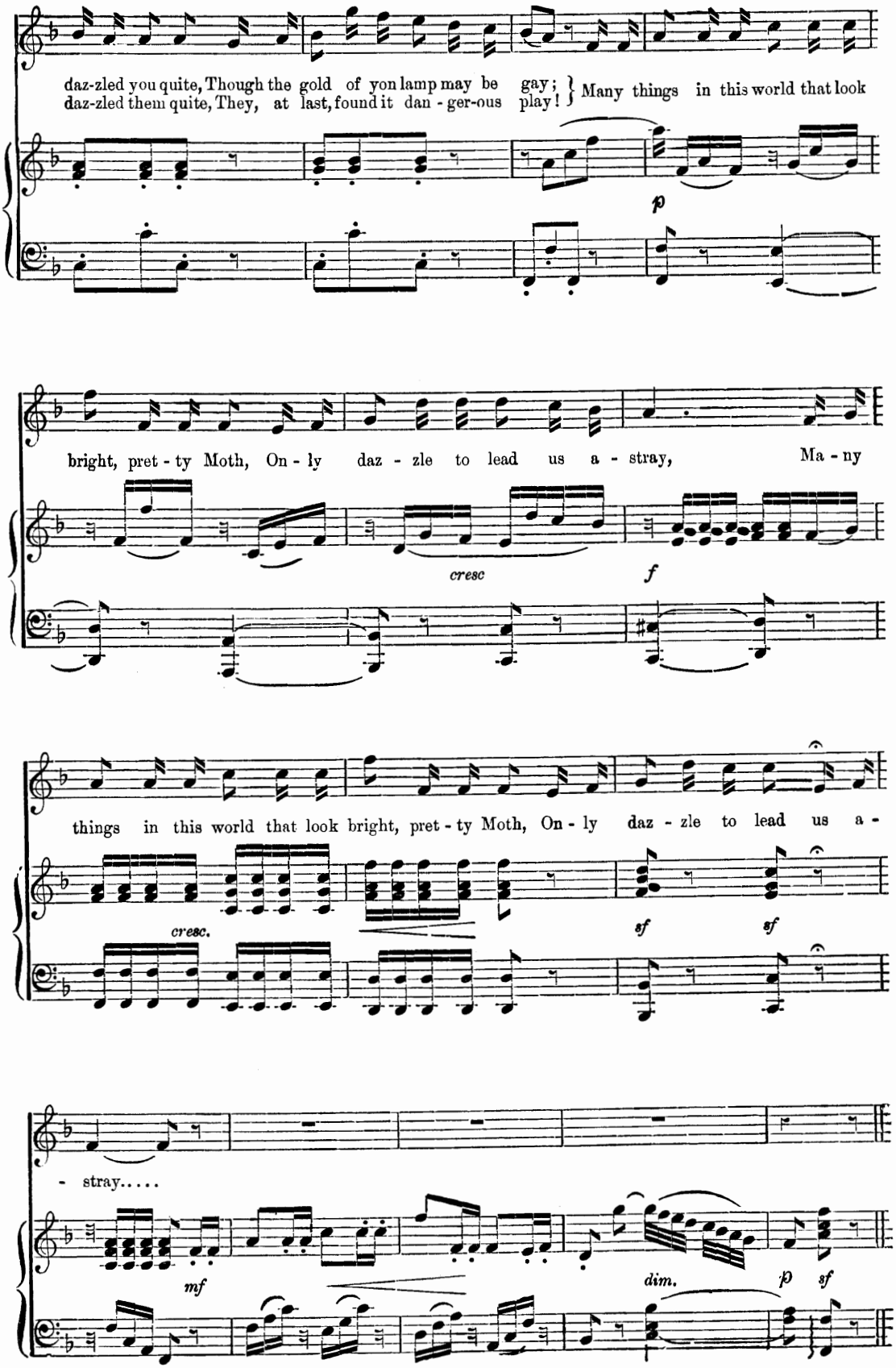
6.

Concinamus ad Penates;
Vox et audiatur:
Phosphore! quid jubar,
Segnius emicans,
Gaudia nostra moratur?
Chorus.—Domum, Domum, &c.

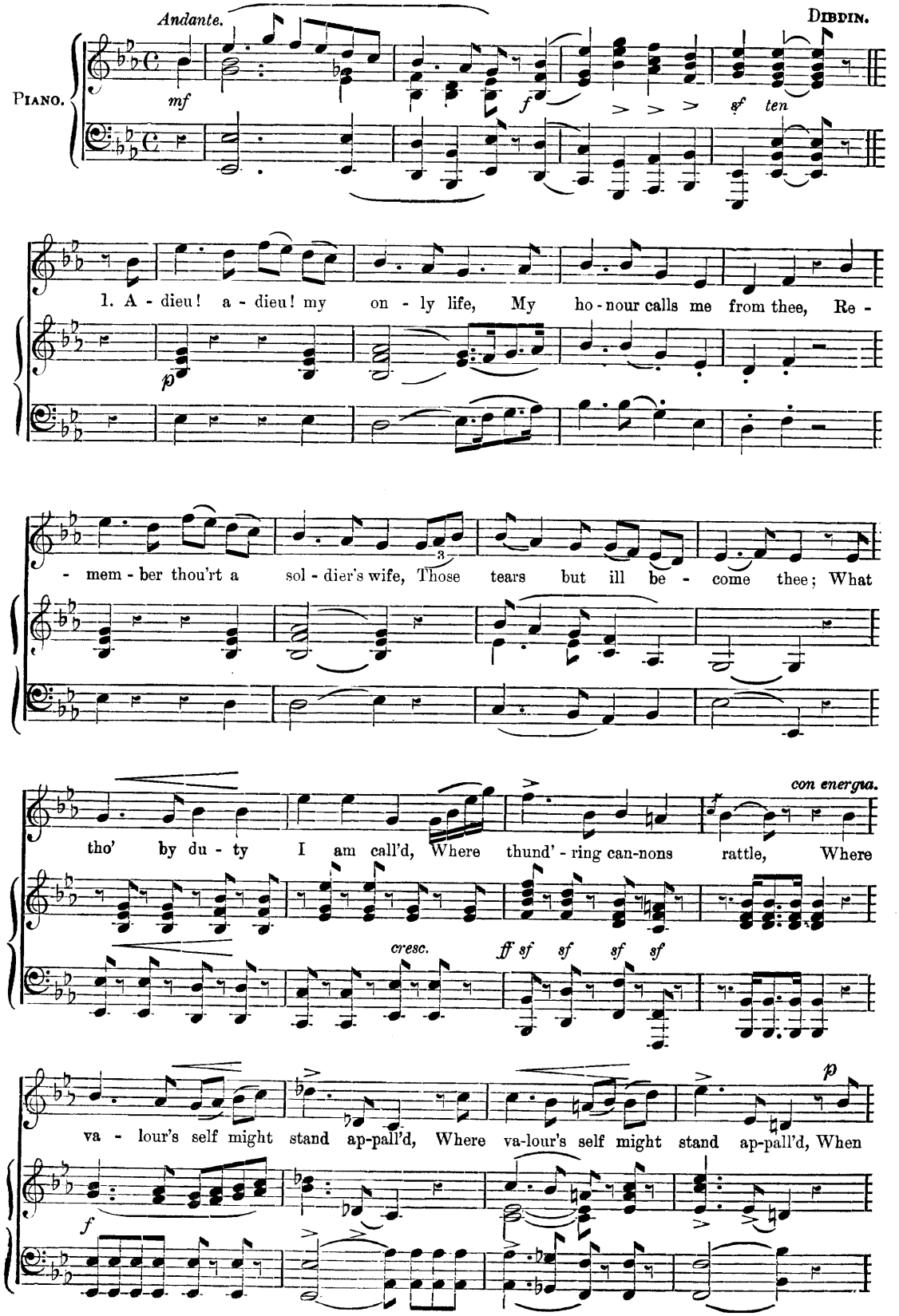
Fly away, pretty Moth.

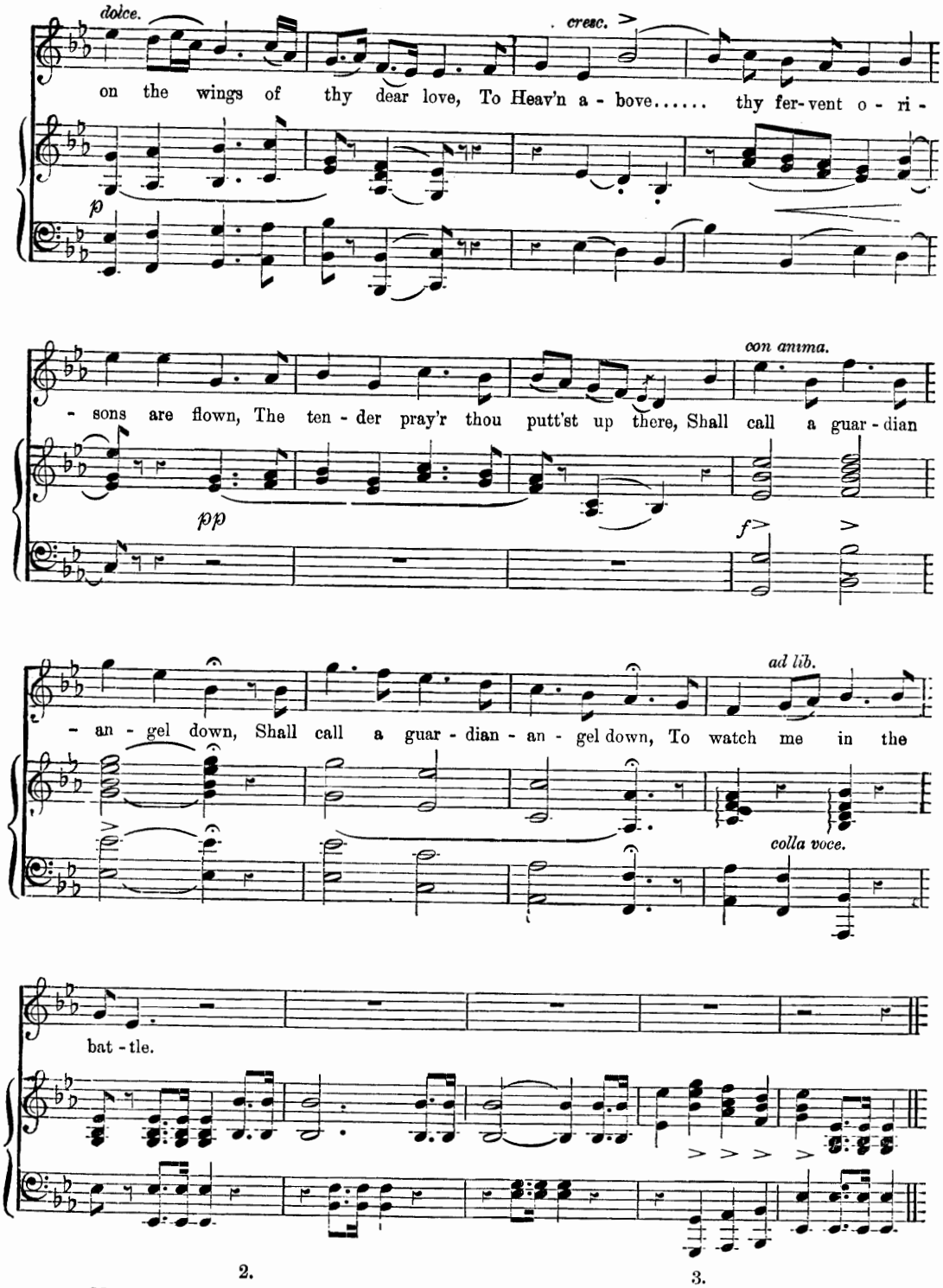
T. H. Bayly.




daz-zled you quite, Though the gold of yon lamp may be gay;
daz-zled them quite, They, at last, found it dan - ger-ous play!
Many things in this world that look
p
bright, pret - ty Moth, On - ly daz - zle to lead us a - stray, Ma - ny
cresc
f
things in this world that look bright, pret - ty Moth, On - ly daz - zle to lead us a -
cresc.
sf
sf
- stray.....
mf
dim.
p
sf

The Soldier's adieu.





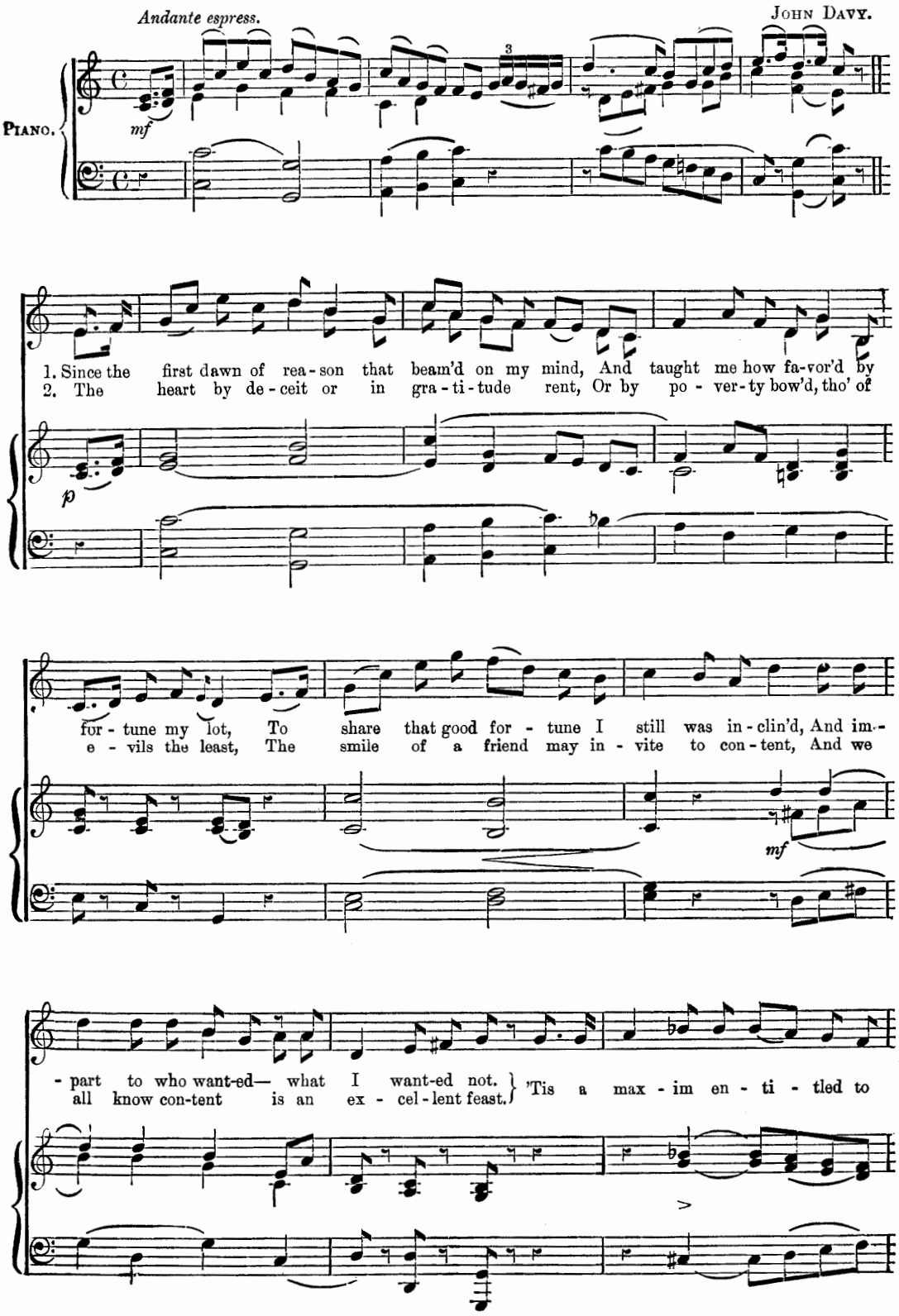
2.

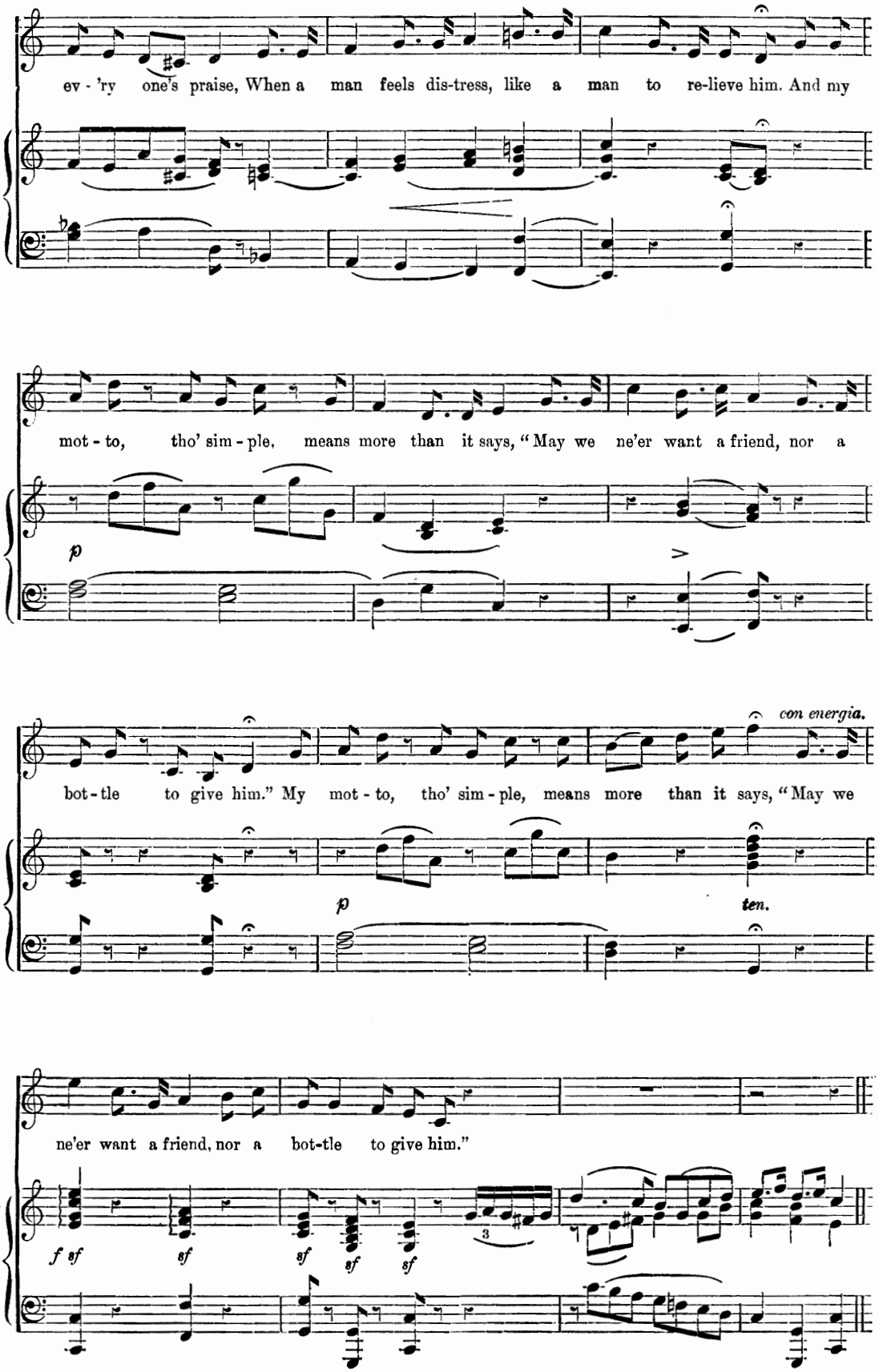
My safety thy fair truth shall be,
As sword and buckler serving,
My life shall be more dear to me,
Because of thy preserving;
Let peril come, let horror threat,
Let thund'ring cannons rattle,
I'll fearless seek the conflict's heat,
Assured when on the wings of love,
To heav'n above, &c.

3.

Enough, with that benignant smile,
Some kindred God inspired thee,
Who knew thy bosom void of guile,
Who wondered and admired thee;
I go assured, my life, adieu!
Though thund'ring cannon's rattle,
Though murdering carnage stalk in view,
When on the wings of thy true love,
To heav'n above, &c.

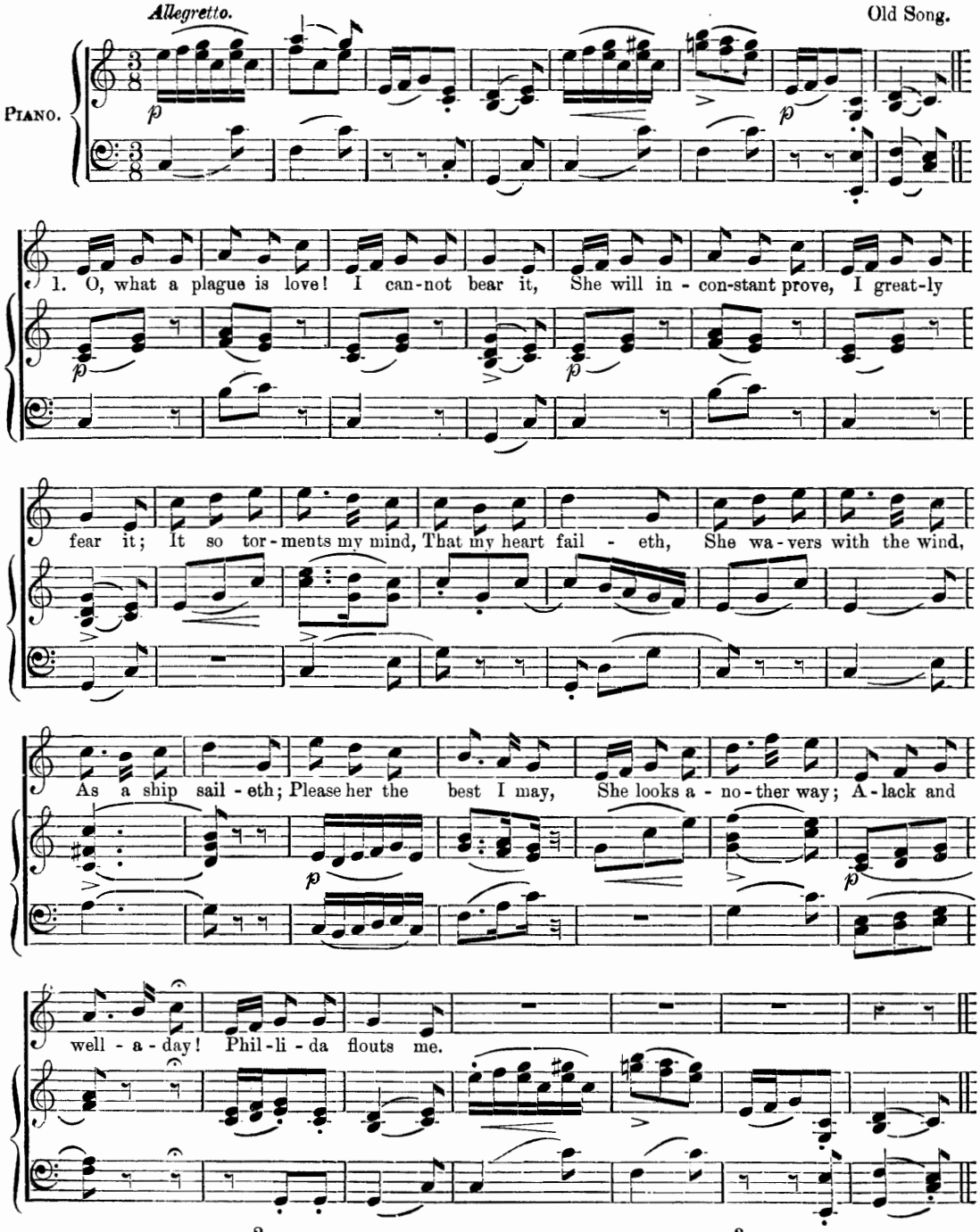
May we ne'er want a friend, nor a Bottle to give him.




ev - 'ry one's praise, When a man feels dis-tress, like a man to re-lieve him. And my
mot - to, tho' sim - ple, means more than it says, "May we ne'er want a friend, nor a
p
con energia.
bot - tle to give him." My mot - to, tho' sim - ple, means more than it says, "May we
p
ten.
ne'er want a friend, nor a bot-tle to give him."
f sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
3

Phillida flouts me.

Allegretto. Old Song.



2

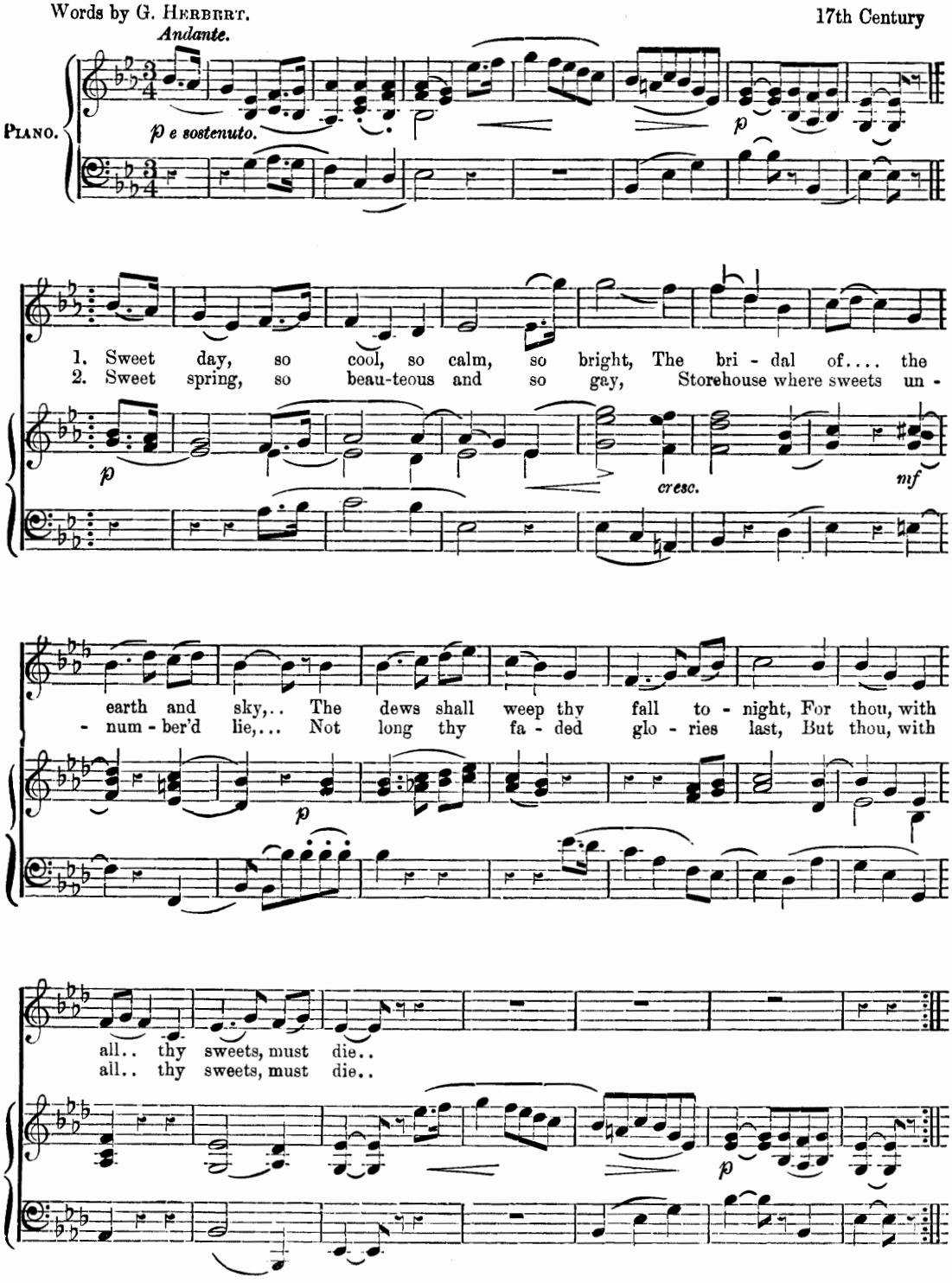
I often heard her say
That she loved posies;
In the last month of May
I gave her roses.
Cowslips and gillyflow'rs,
And the sweet lily,
I got to deck the bowers
Of my dear Philly;
She did them all disdain,
And threw them back again;
Therefore, 'tis flat and plain,
Phillida flouts me.

3.

Which way soe'er I go
She still torments me;
And whatsoe'er I do,
Nothing contents me:
I fade and pine away
With grief and sorrow;
I fall quite to decay,
Like any shadow,
Since 'twill no better be,
I'll bear it patiently;
Yet all the world may see
Phillida flouts me.

Sweet day, so cool.

Words by G. Herbert. 17th Century



3.

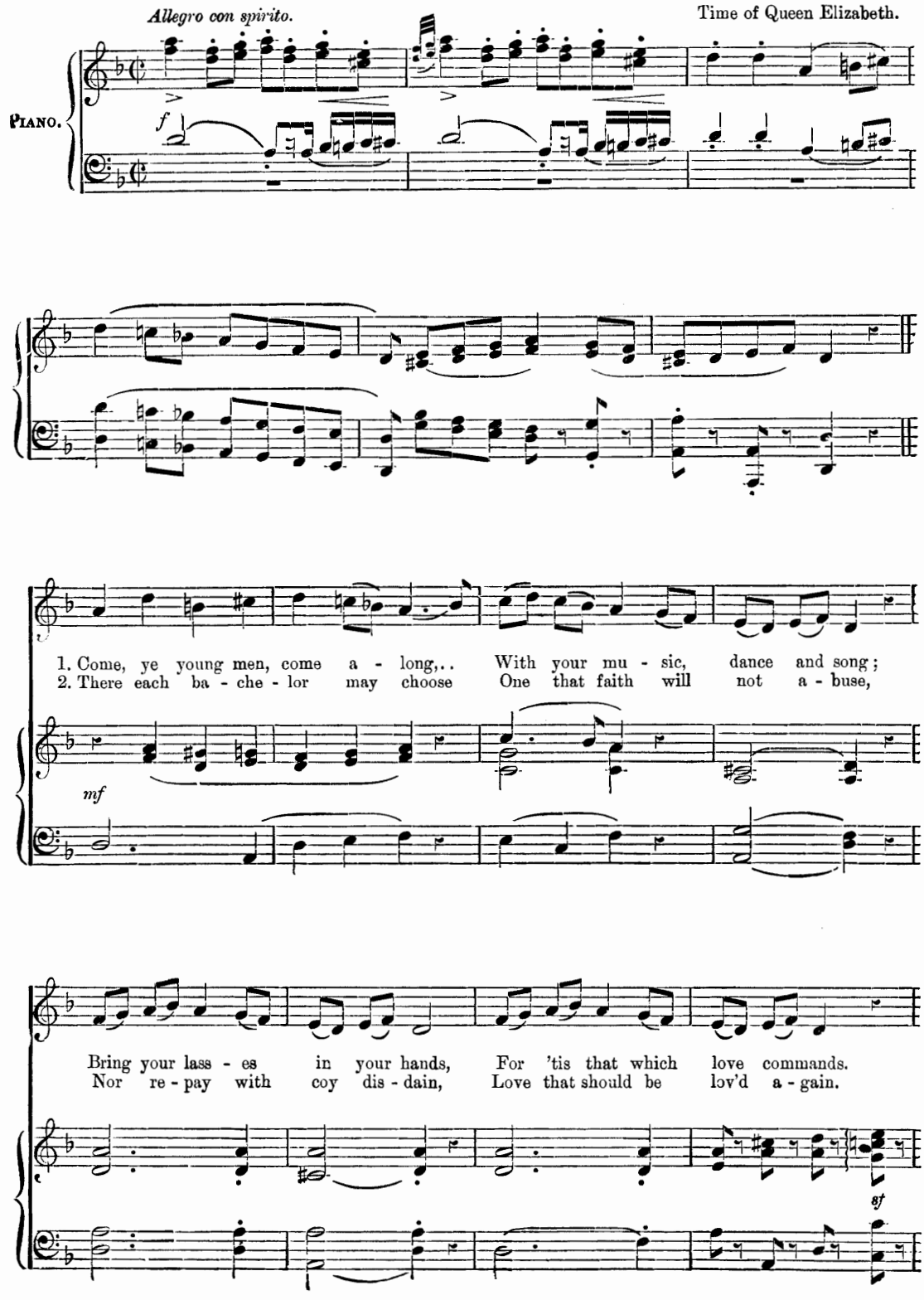
Sweet rose, so fragrant and so brave,
Dazzling the sweet beholder's eye,
Thy root is even in thy grave,
For thou, with all thy sweets, must die.

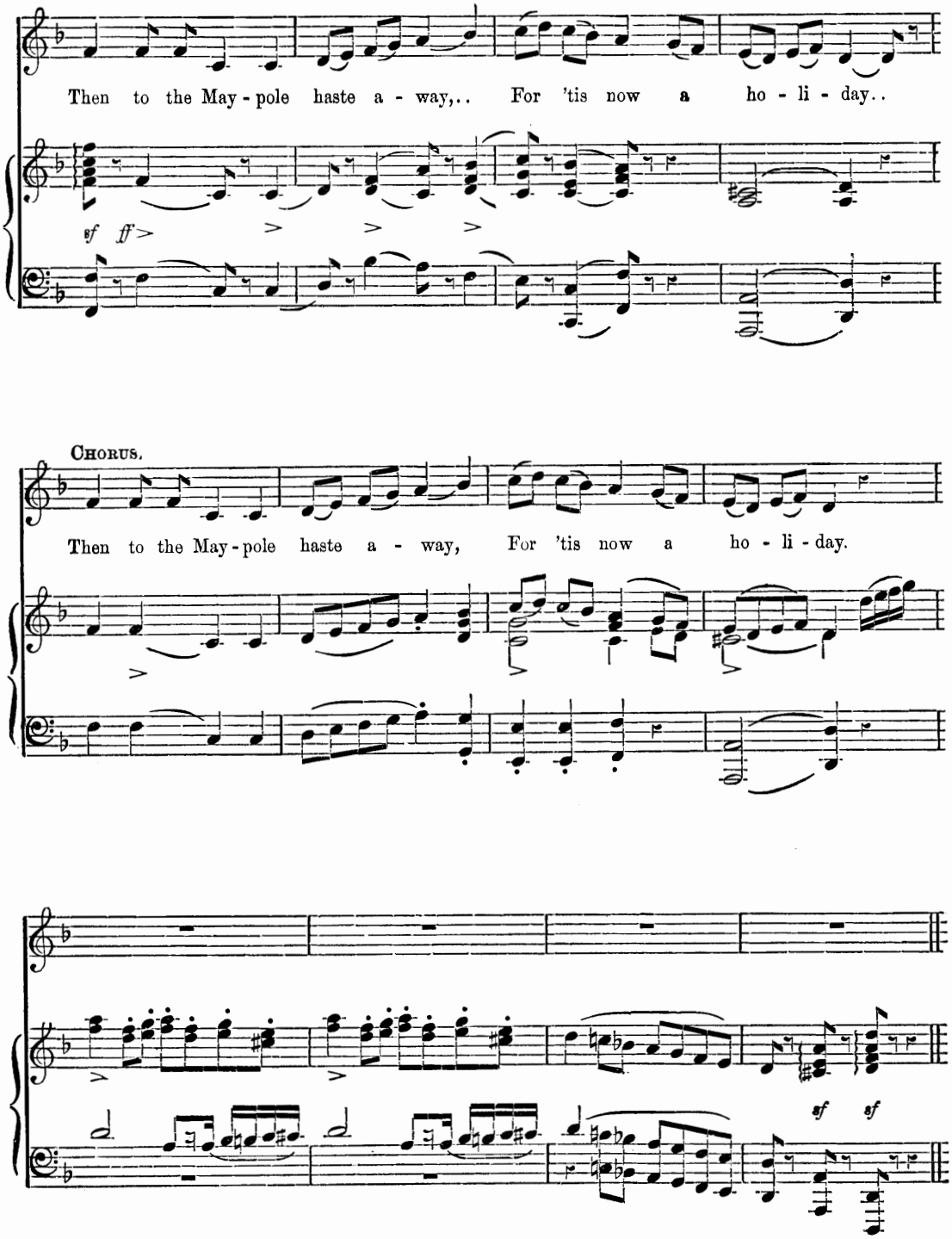
4.

Sweet love alone, sweet wedded love!
To thee no period is assigned;
Thy tender joys by time improve,
In death itself the most refined.

To the Maypole haste away.

(MORRIS DANCE.)





3.

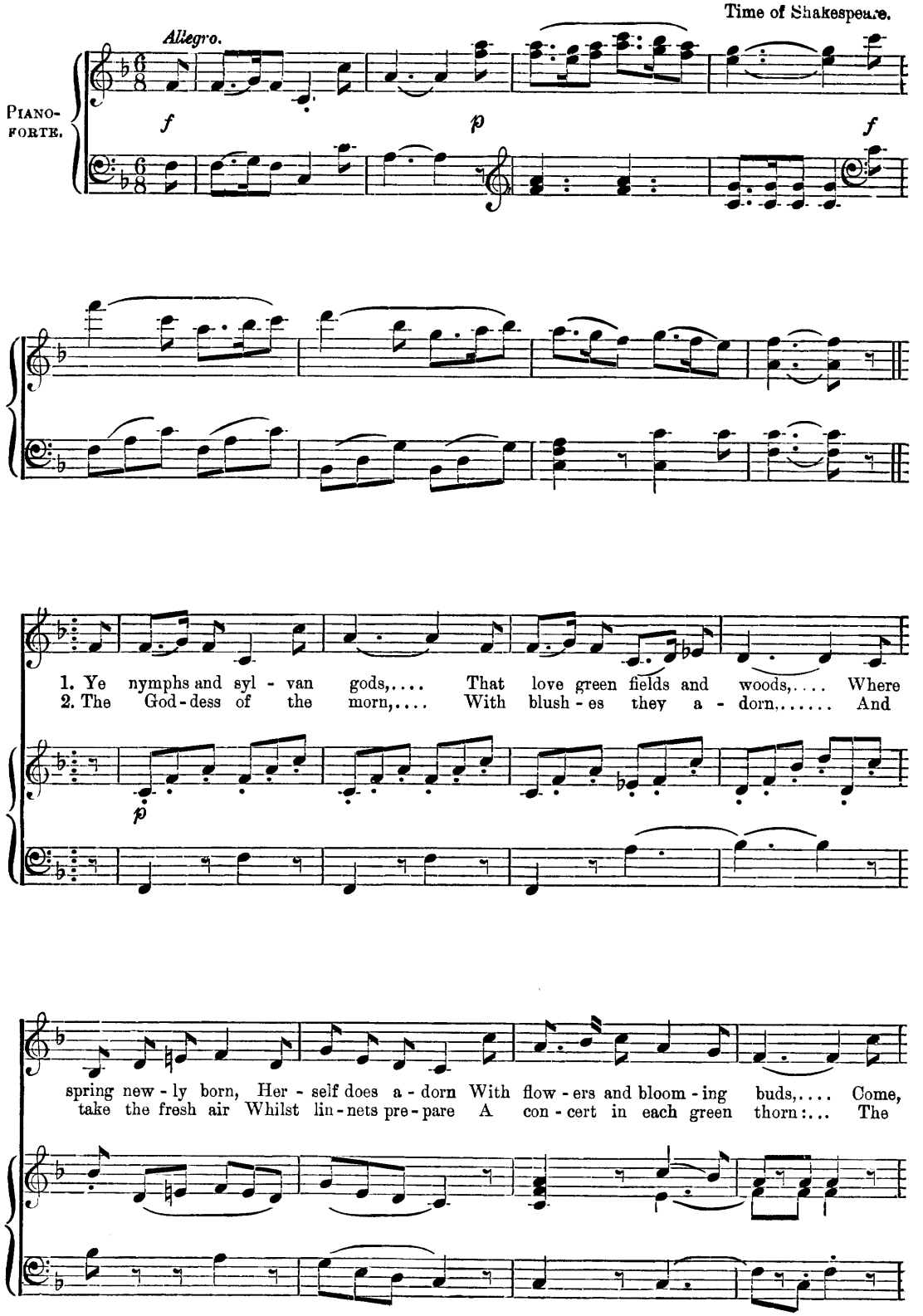
It is the choice time of the year,
For the violets now appear;
Now the rose receives its birth,
And pretty primrose decks the earth.
Then to the Maypole, &c.

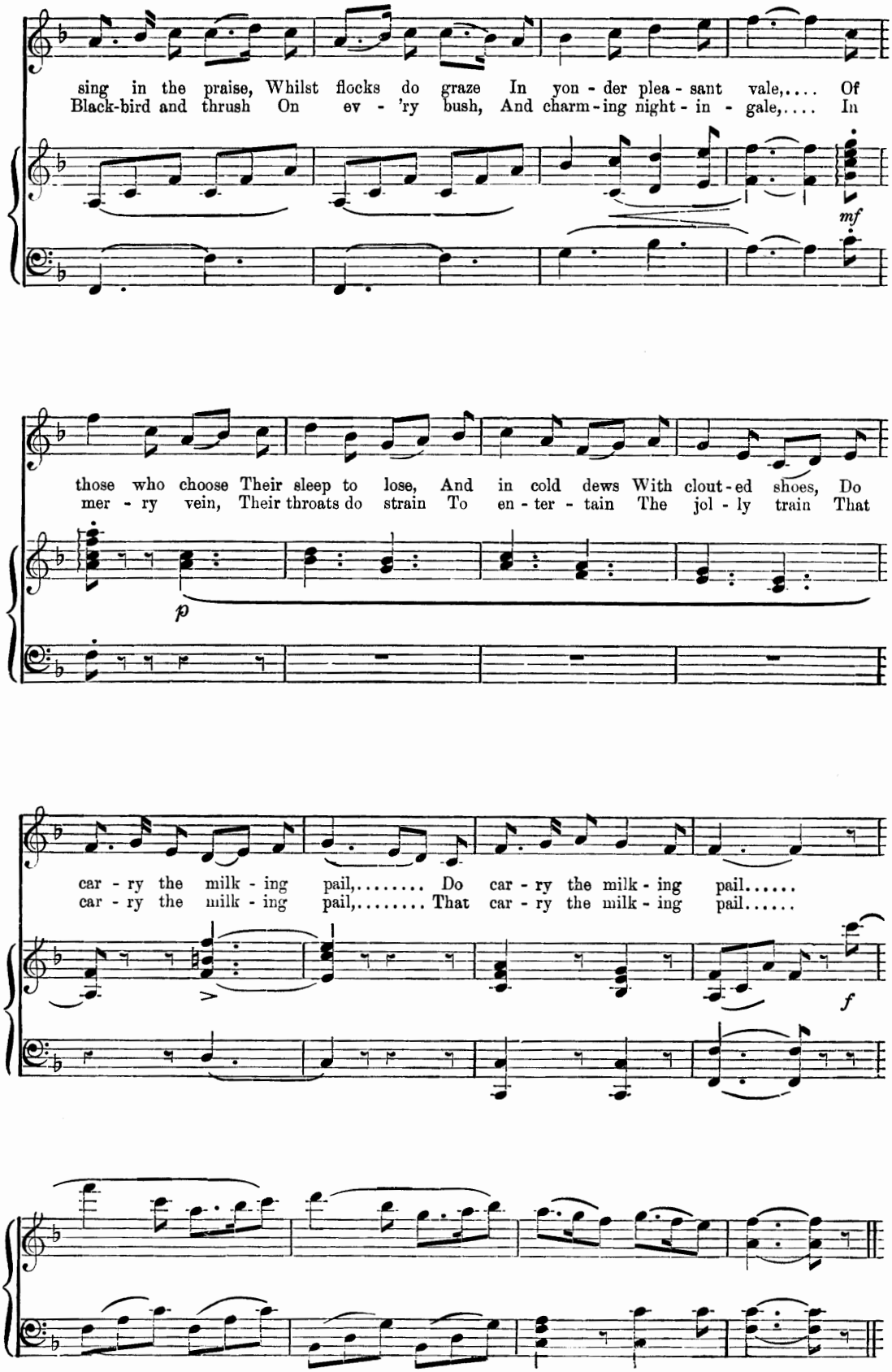
4.

When you thus have spent your time,
Till the day be past its prime,
To your beds repair at night,
And dream there of your day's delight.
Then to the Maypole, &c.

The milking pail

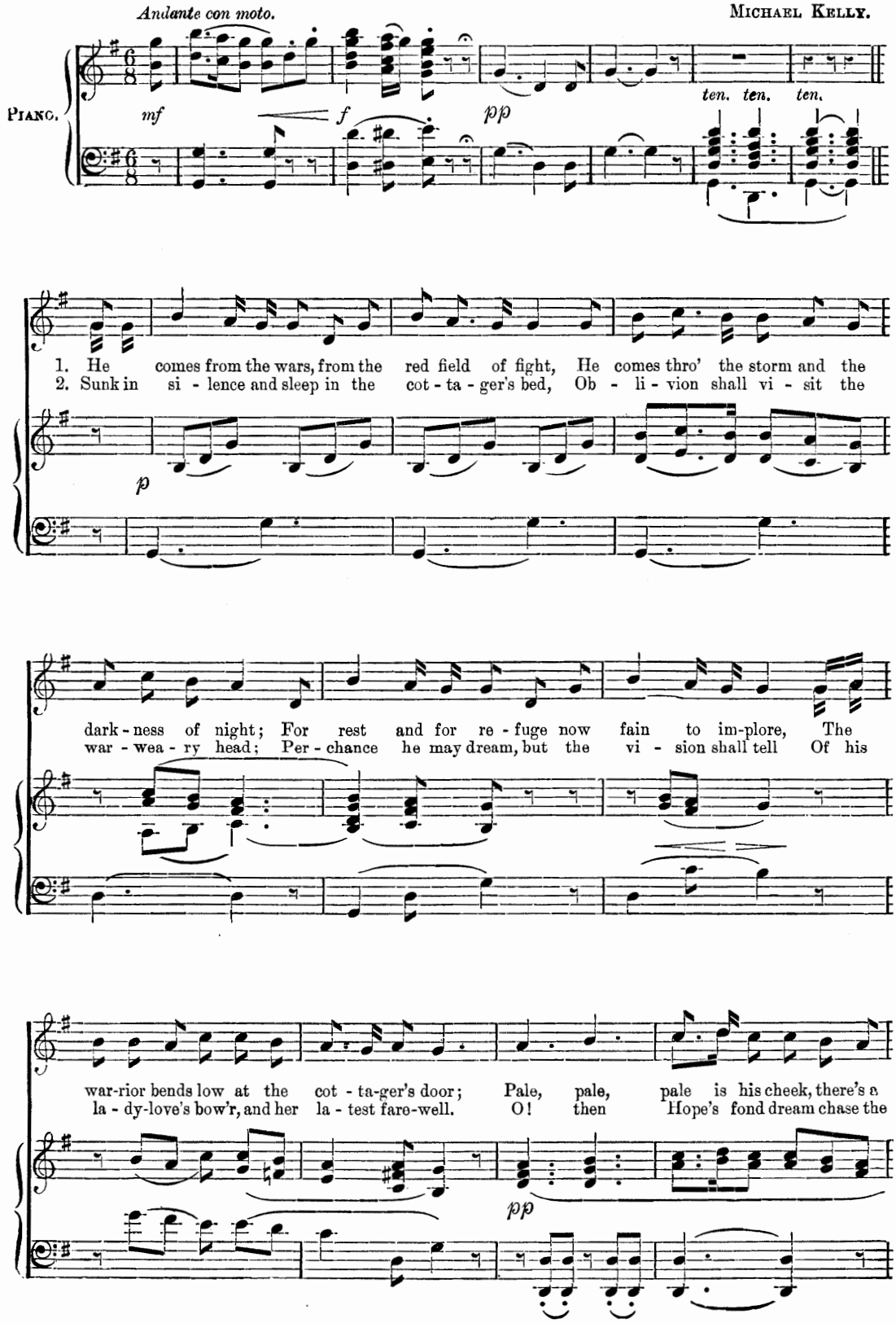
Time of Shakespeare.

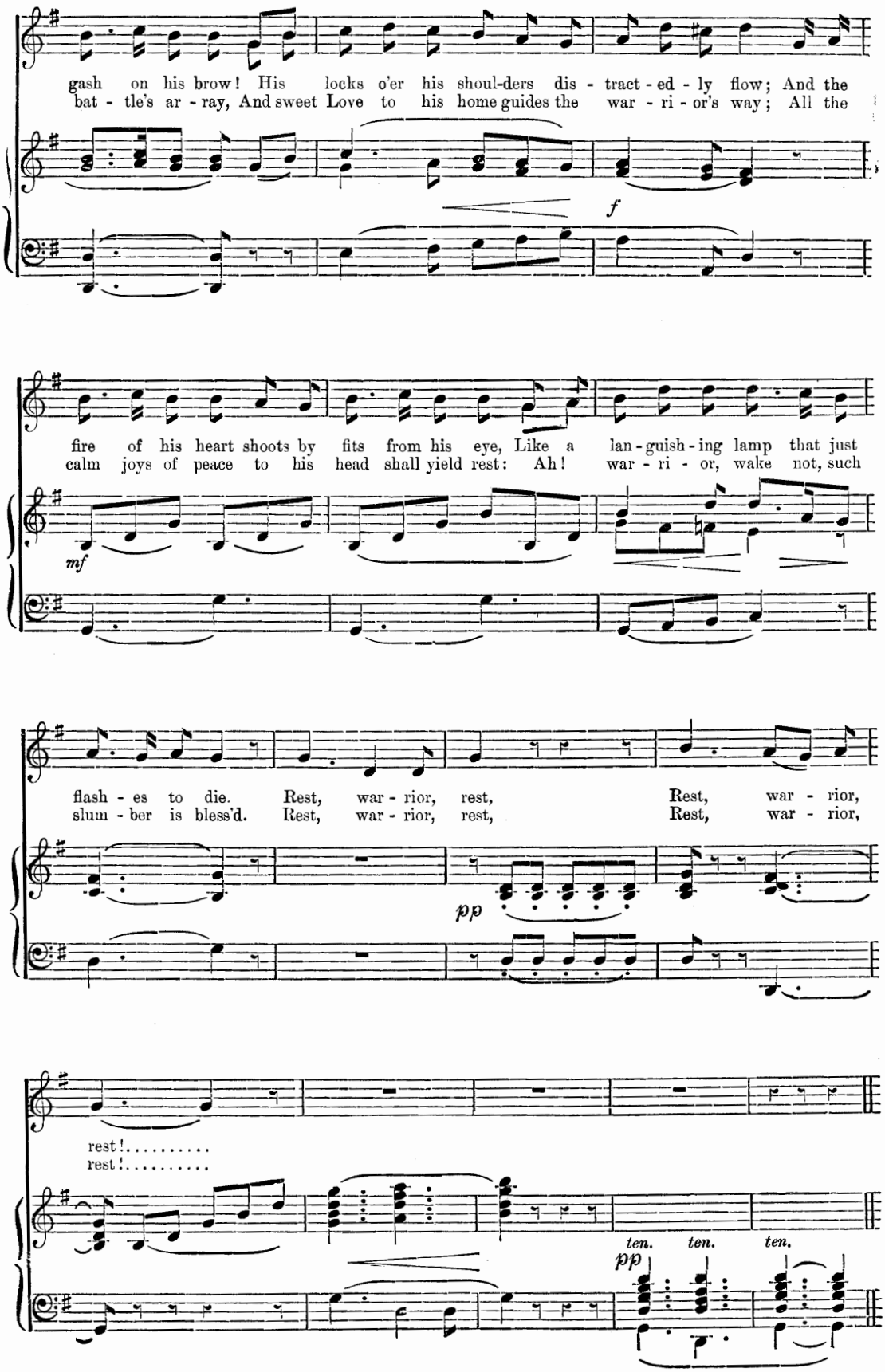



sing in the praise, Whilst flocks do graze In yon - der plea - sant vale,.... Of
Black-bird and thrush On ev - 'ry bush, And charm - ing night - in - gale,.... In
mf
those who choose Their sleep to lose, And in cold dews With clout - ed shoes, Do
mer - ry vein, Their throats do strain To en - ter - tain The jol - ly train That
p
car - ry the milk - ing pail,..... Do car - ry the milk - ing pail.....
car - ry the milk - ing pail,..... That car - ry the milk - ing pail.....
f

Rest, Warrior, rest.

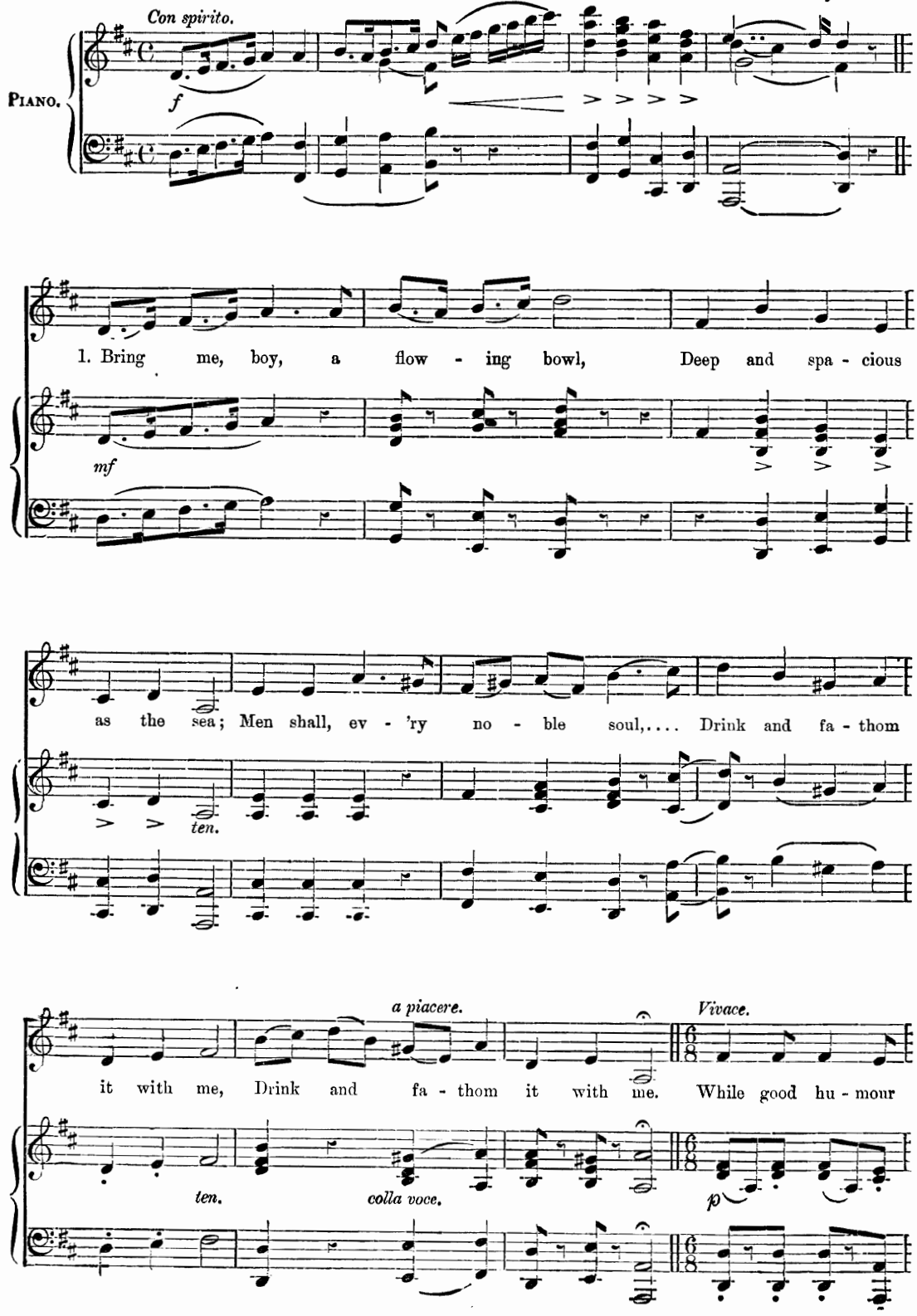
Andante con moto. MICHAEL KELLY.

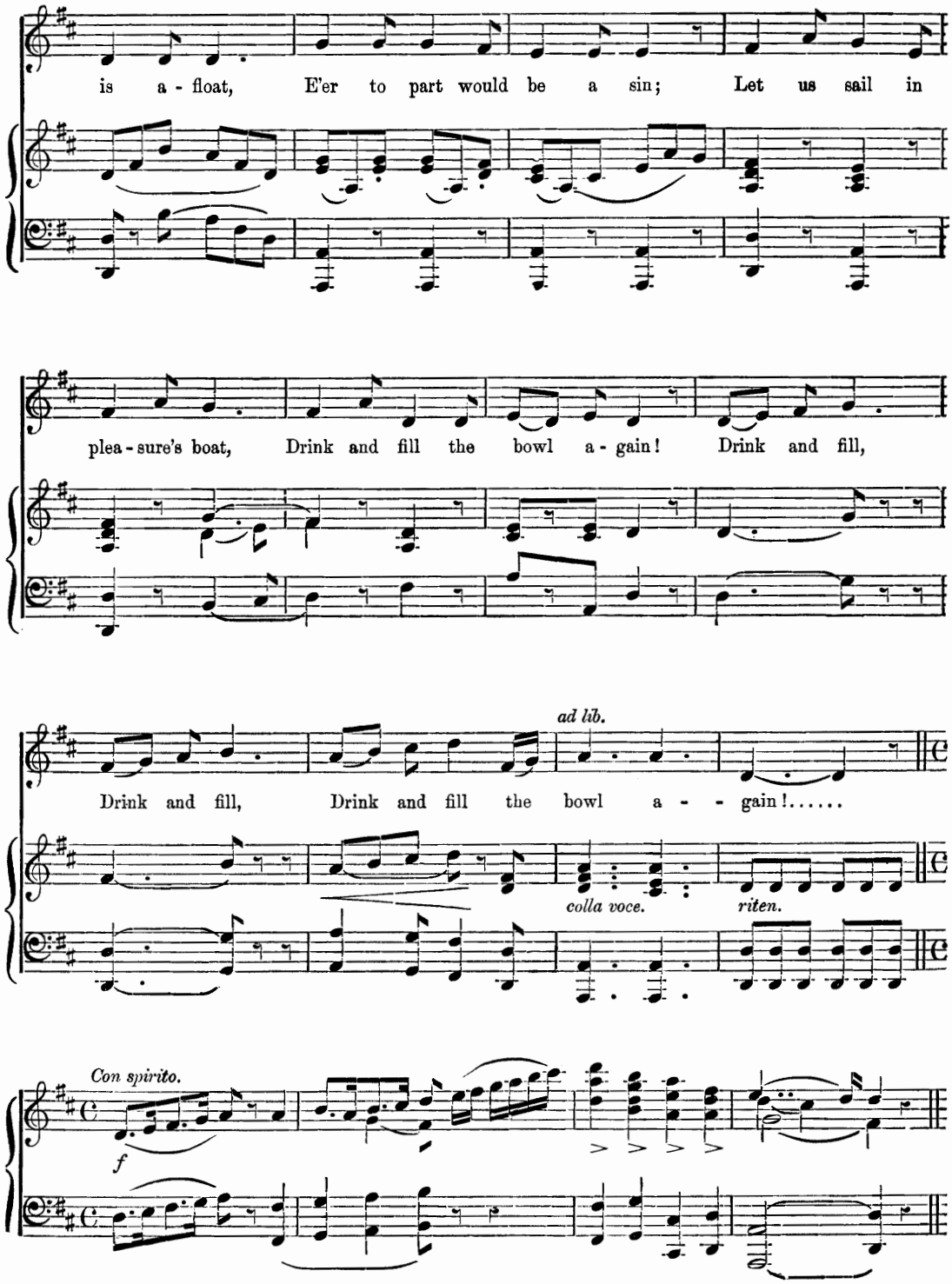



gash on his brow! His locks o'er his shoul-ders dis - tract - ed - ly flow; And the
bat - tle's ar - ray, And sweet Love to his home guides the war - ri - or's way; All the
f
fire of his heart shoots by fits from his eye, Like a lan - guish - ing lamp that just
calm joys of peace to his head shall yield rest: Ah! war - ri - or, wake not, such
mf
flash - es to die. Rest, war - rior, rest, Rest, war - rior,
slum - ber is bless'd. Rest, war - rior, rest, Rest, war - rior,
pp
rest!.....
rest!.....
ten. ten. ten.
pp

Bring me, Boy, a bowl of wine.

Words by UPTON. Music by HOOK.





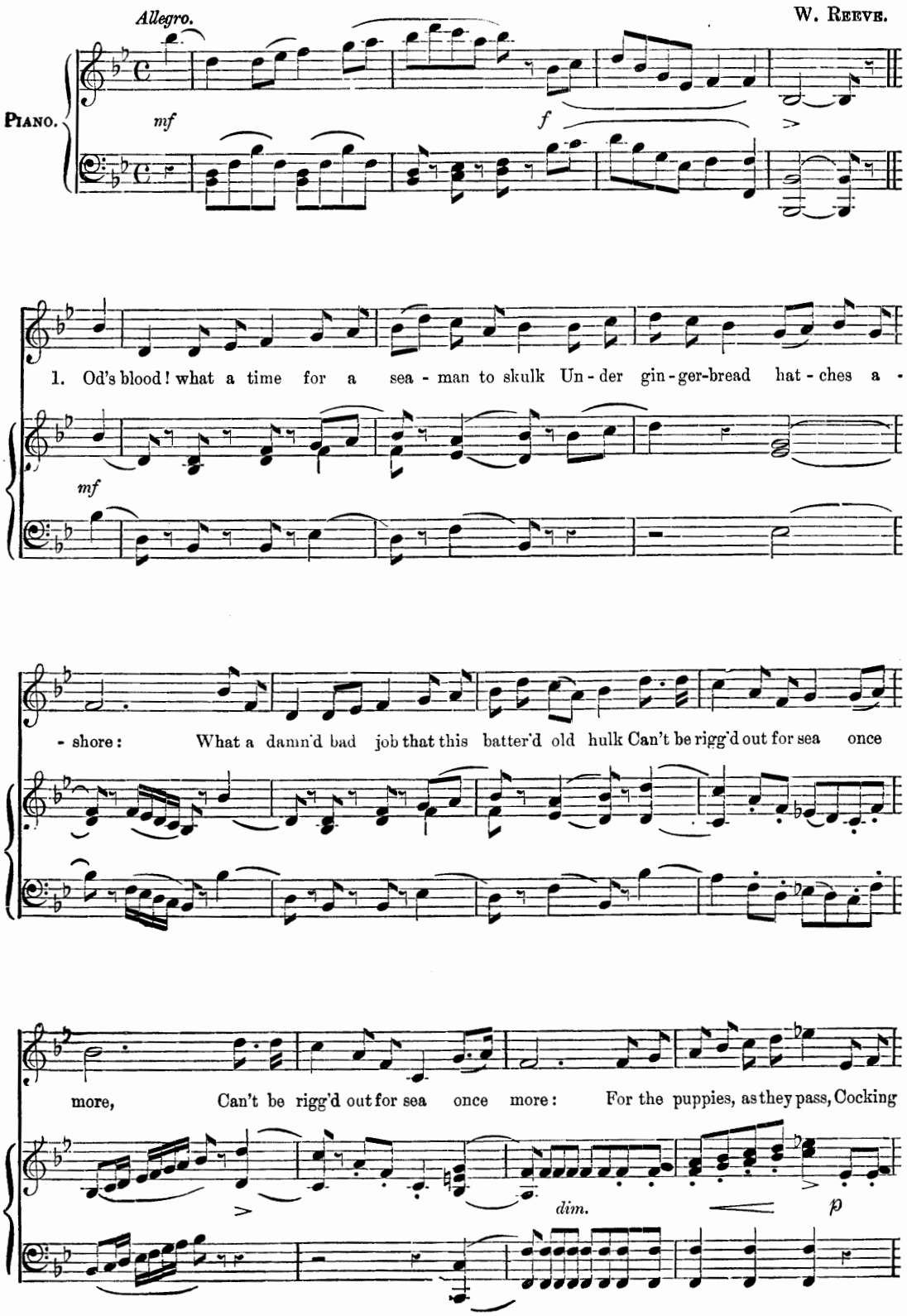
2.

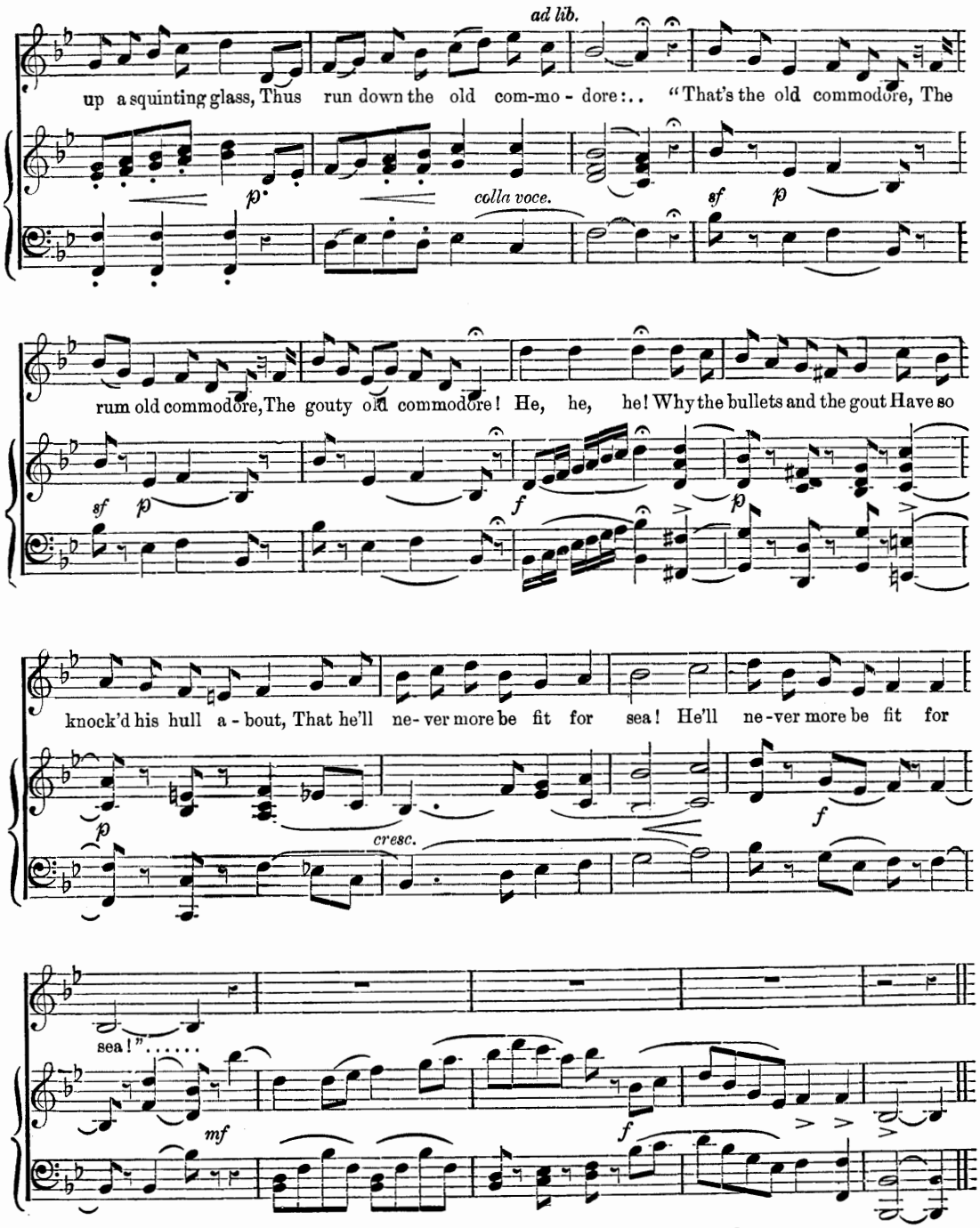
Let the hoary miser toil,
We such sordid views despise;
Give us wine, and beauty's smile,
There each glowing rapture lies!
While good-fellowship we boast,
Fill the goblets to the brim;
Lovely woman be our toast,
Drink and fill the bowl again!

3.

Care, thou bane of every joy,
To some distant region fly;
Here reigns Bacchus, jolly boy!
Hence, old greybeard, hence and die!
While we revel in delight,
Ere to part would be a sin;
And since care is put to flight,
Drink and fill the bowl again!

The old Commodore.





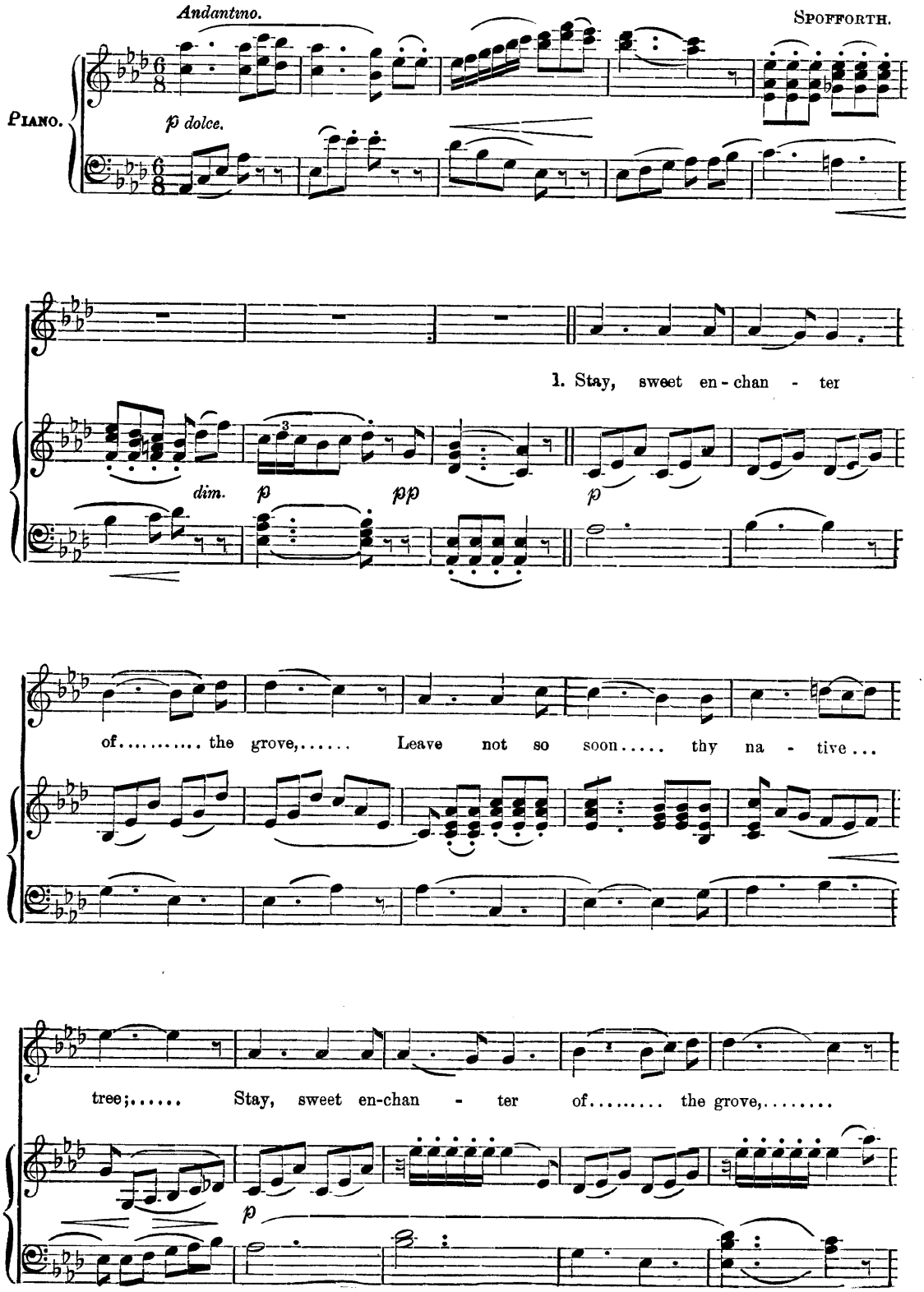
2.

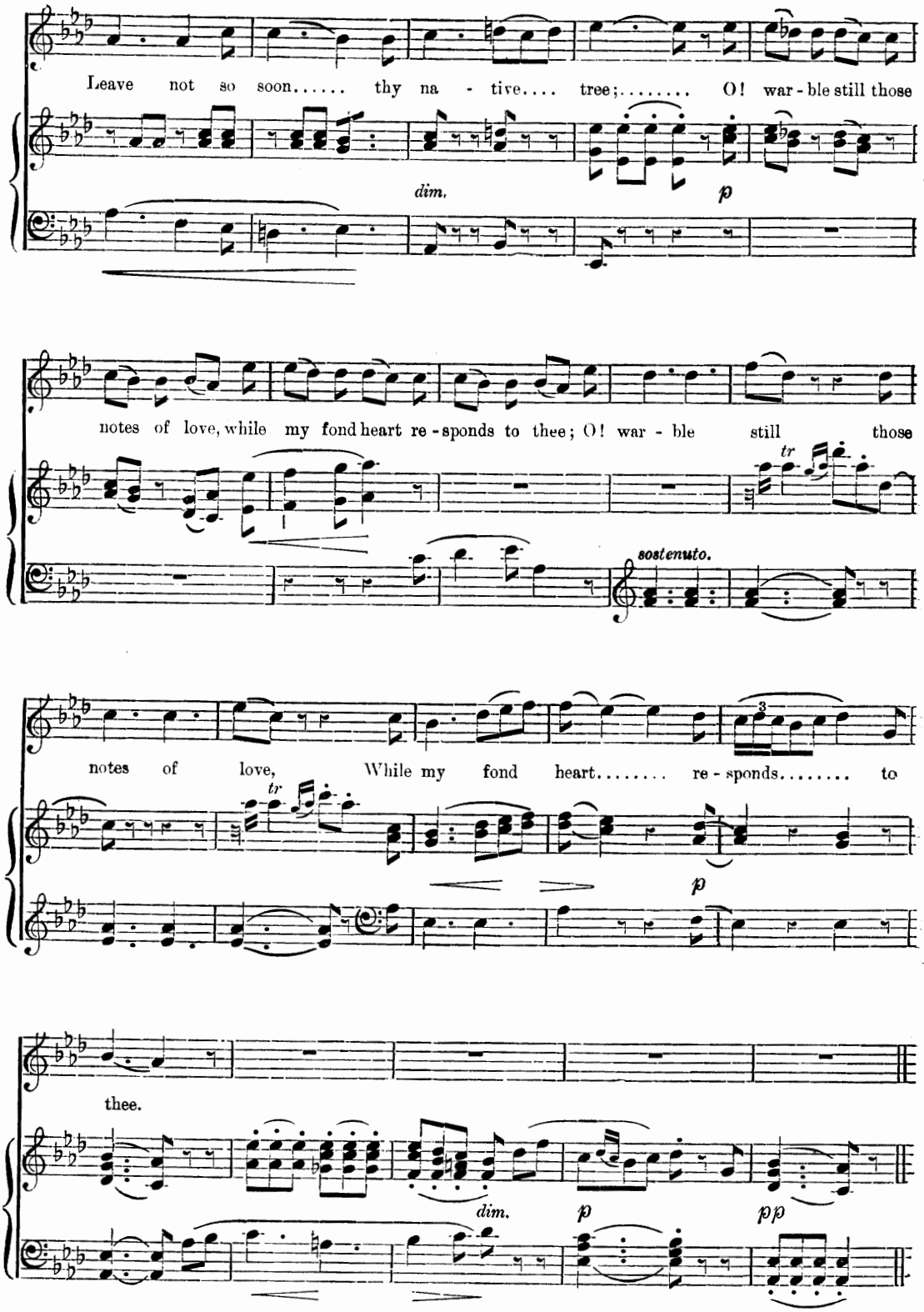
Here am I in distress, like a ship water-logg'd,
Not a tow-rope at hand or a sail;
I'm left by my crew,—and, may I be flogg'd,
But the doctor's a son of a whale:
While I'm swallowing his slops,
How nimble are his chops,
Thus queering the old commodore:—
"Bad case, commodore—
Can't say, cammodore—
Mus'nt flatter, commodore," says he:
"For the bullets and the gout
Have so knock'd your hull about,
That you'll never more be fit for sea!"

3.

What! no more be afloat! blood and fury! they lie!
I'm a seaman, and only threescore!
And if, as they tell me, I'm likely to die,
Odzooks! let me not die ashore.
As so death, 'tis all a joke—
Sailors live in fire and smoke:
So, at least, says the old commodore;
The rum old commodore—
The tough old commodore—
The fighting old commodore, says he:—
Whom the bullets nor the gout,
Nor the foreigners to boot,
Shall kill, till they grapple him at sea!

Julia to the Wood-Robin.





2.

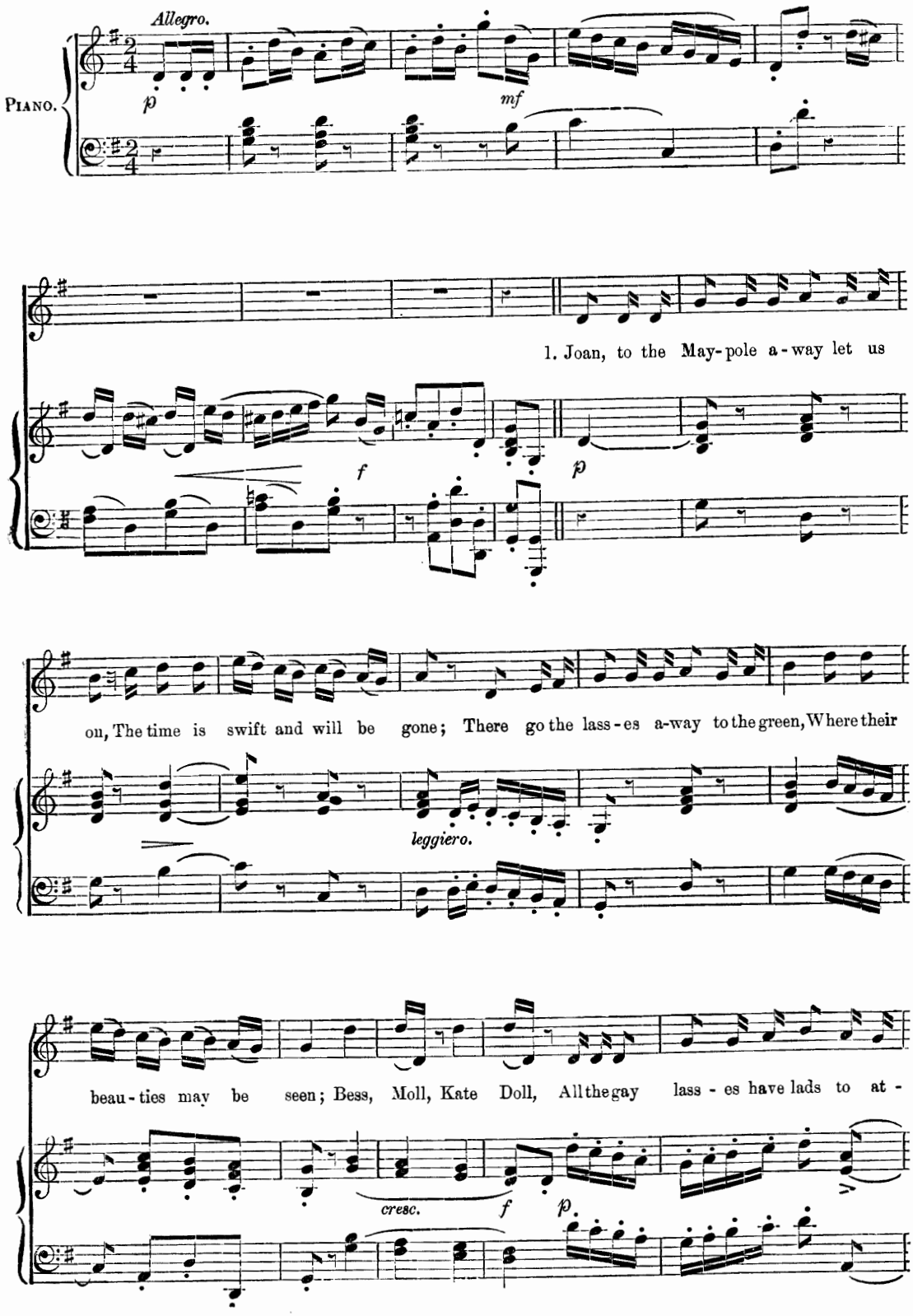
Rest thy soft bosom on the spray,
Till chilly autumn frowns severe;
Then charm me with those notes of love,
And I will answer with a tear.

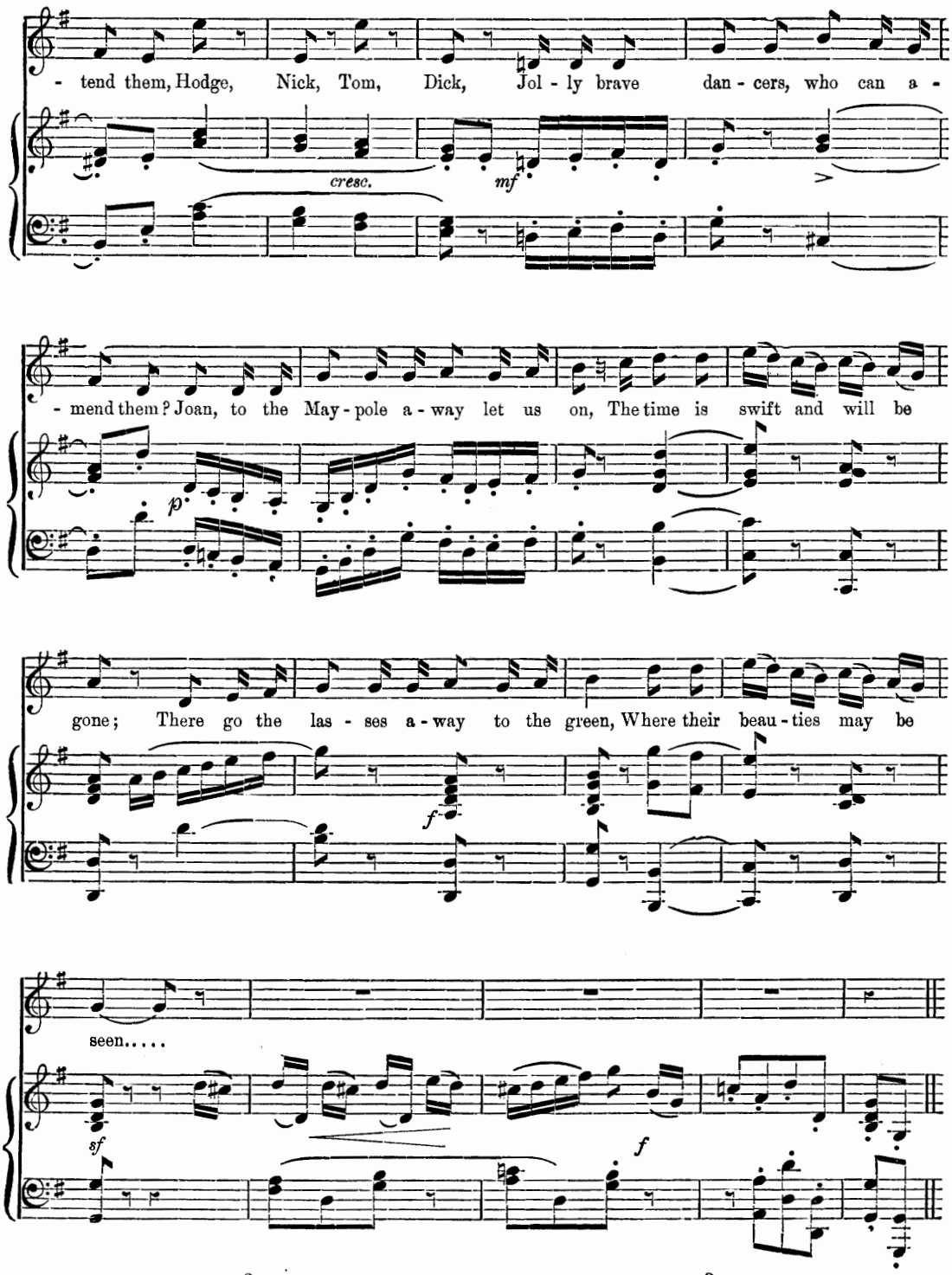
3.

But soon as spring, enwreath'd with flow'rs,
Comes dancing o'er the new dress'd plain,
Return and cheer thy natal bow'rs,
My Robin, with thy notes again.

To the May-pole away.

Time of Charles I.





2.

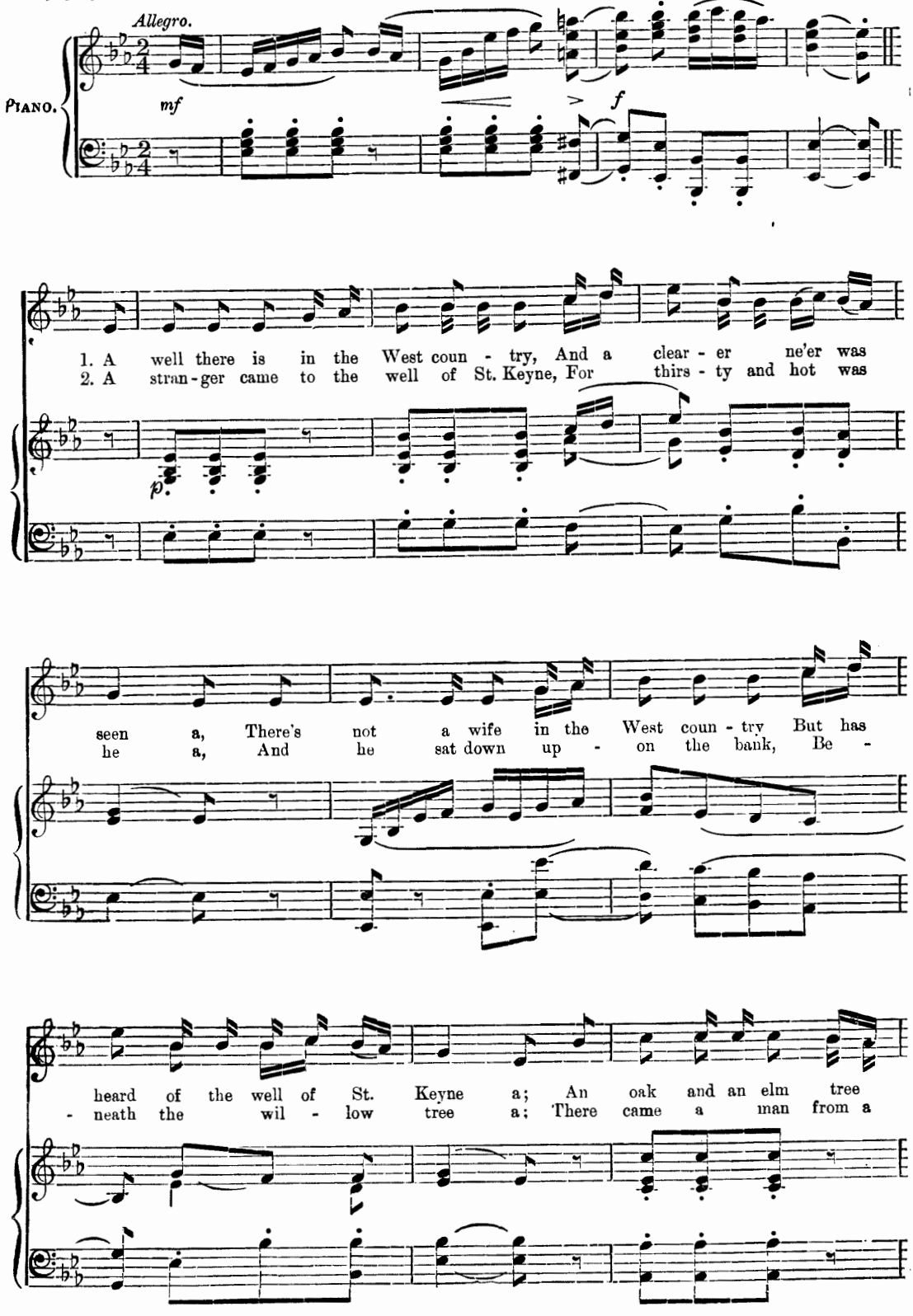
Do you not see how the lord of the May
Walks along in rich array?
There goes the lass that is only his,
See how they meet and how they kiss.
Come, Will! run, Gill!
Or dost thou list to lose thy labour?
Kit, crowd! scrape loud!
Tickle up Tom with a pipe and a tabor.
Joan, to the May-pole, &c.

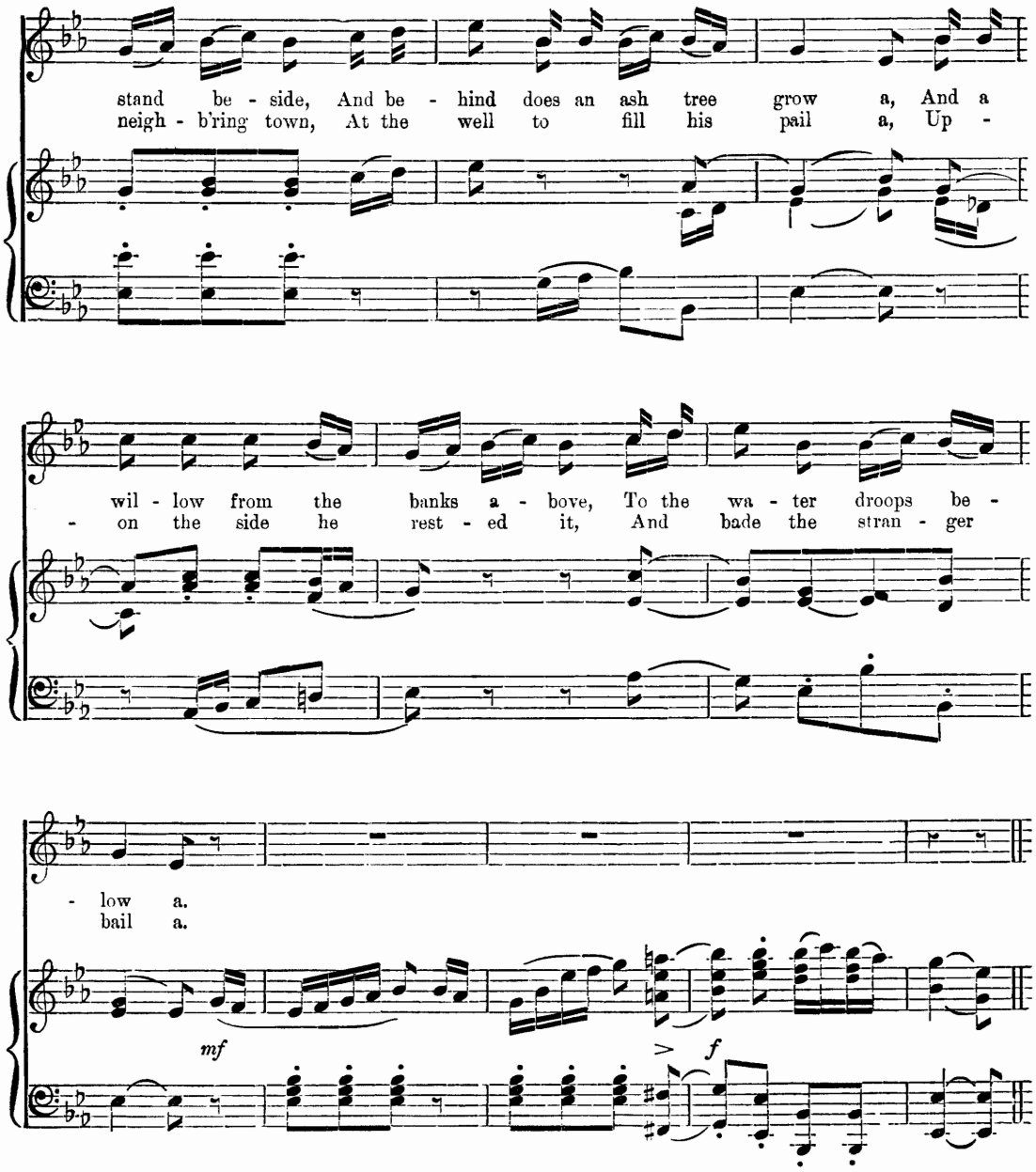
3.

Now, if we hold out as we do begin
Joan and I the prize shall win;
Nay, if we live till another day,
I'll make thee Lady of the May.
Dance round, skip, bound,
Turn and kiss, and then for a greeting;
Now, Joan, we've done,
Fare-thee-well 'till the next merry meeting.
Joan, to the May-pole. &c.

A well there is in the West country.

SOUTHEY. Cornish Air.





3.

"Now art thou a bachelor, friend?" quoth he,
"For an if thou hast a wife a,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That e'en thou didst in thy life a;
Or has your good woman, if one you have,
In Cornwall ever been a?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life,
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne a."

4.

"I've left a good woman who ne'er was here,"
The stranger made reply a,
"But how my draught should better be for that
To guess in vain I try a.
St. Keyne," quoth the countryman, "many a time
Would drink of his crystal well a;
And before the angels summon'd her,
She laid on the water a spell a."

5.

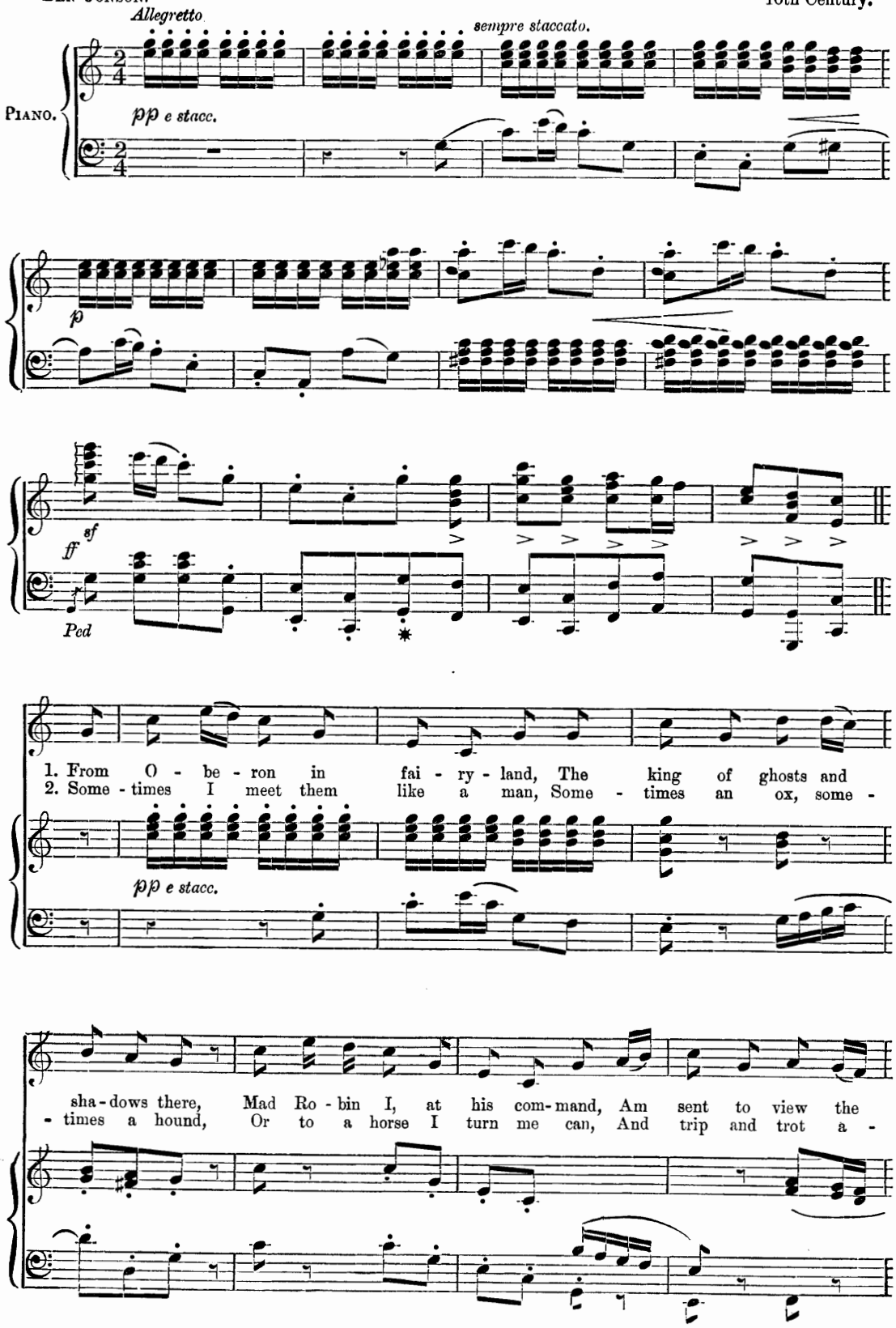
"If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife a,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.
But if the wife should drink of it first,
God bless the husband then a,"
The stranger stoop'd to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again a.

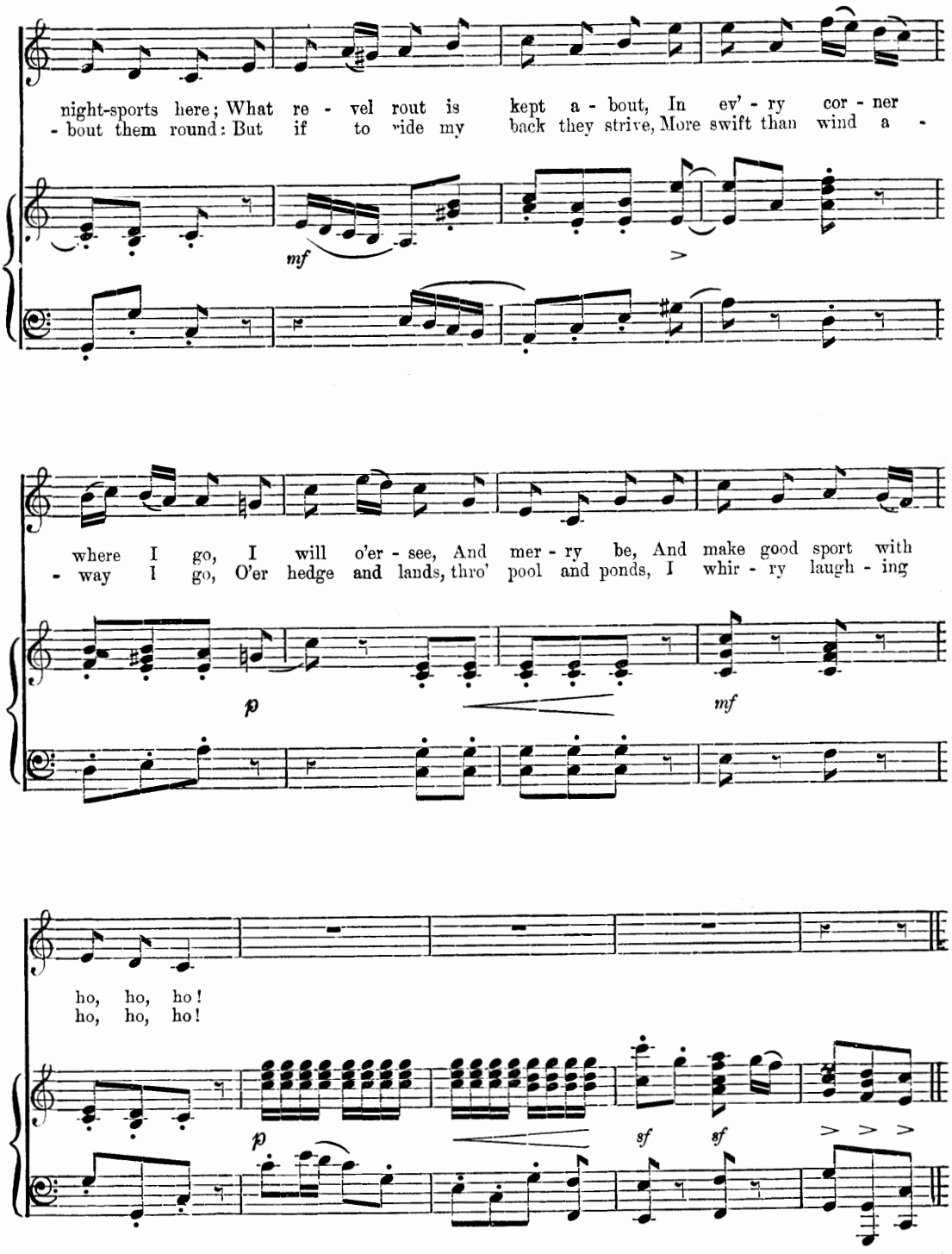
6.

"You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes,"
To the countryman he said a;
But the rustic sigh'd as the stranger spake,
And sadly shook his head a.
"I hasten'd here, when the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch a,
But truly she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church a."

From Oberon in fairyland.

BEN JONSON. 16th Century.





3.

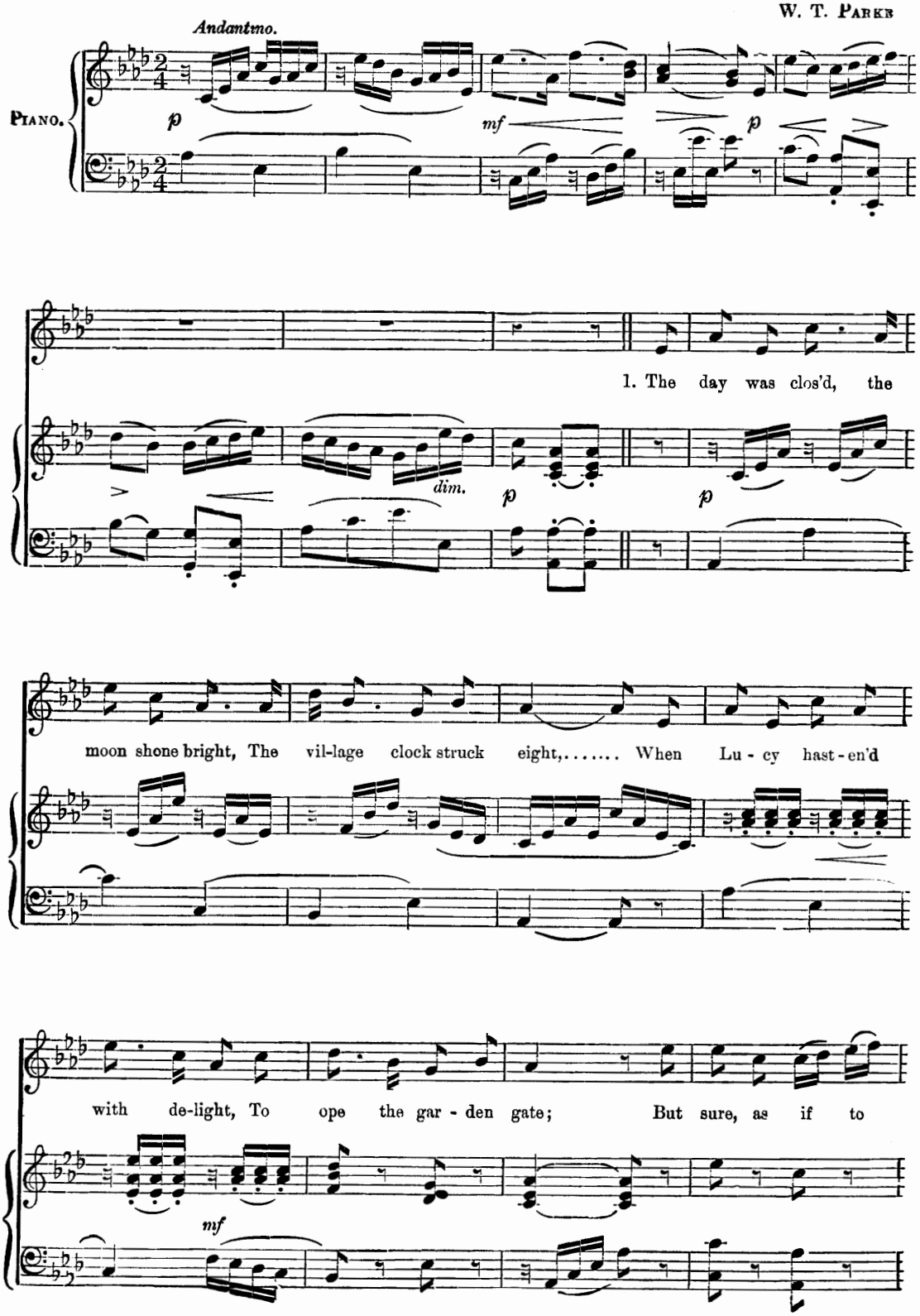
More swift than lightning can I fly,
About the airy welkin soon;
And in a minute's space descry
Each thing that's done below the moon.
There's not a hag nor ghost shall wag,
Or cry, "Ware, goblin!" where I go:
But Robin I, their feats do spy,
And send them home with ho ho ho!

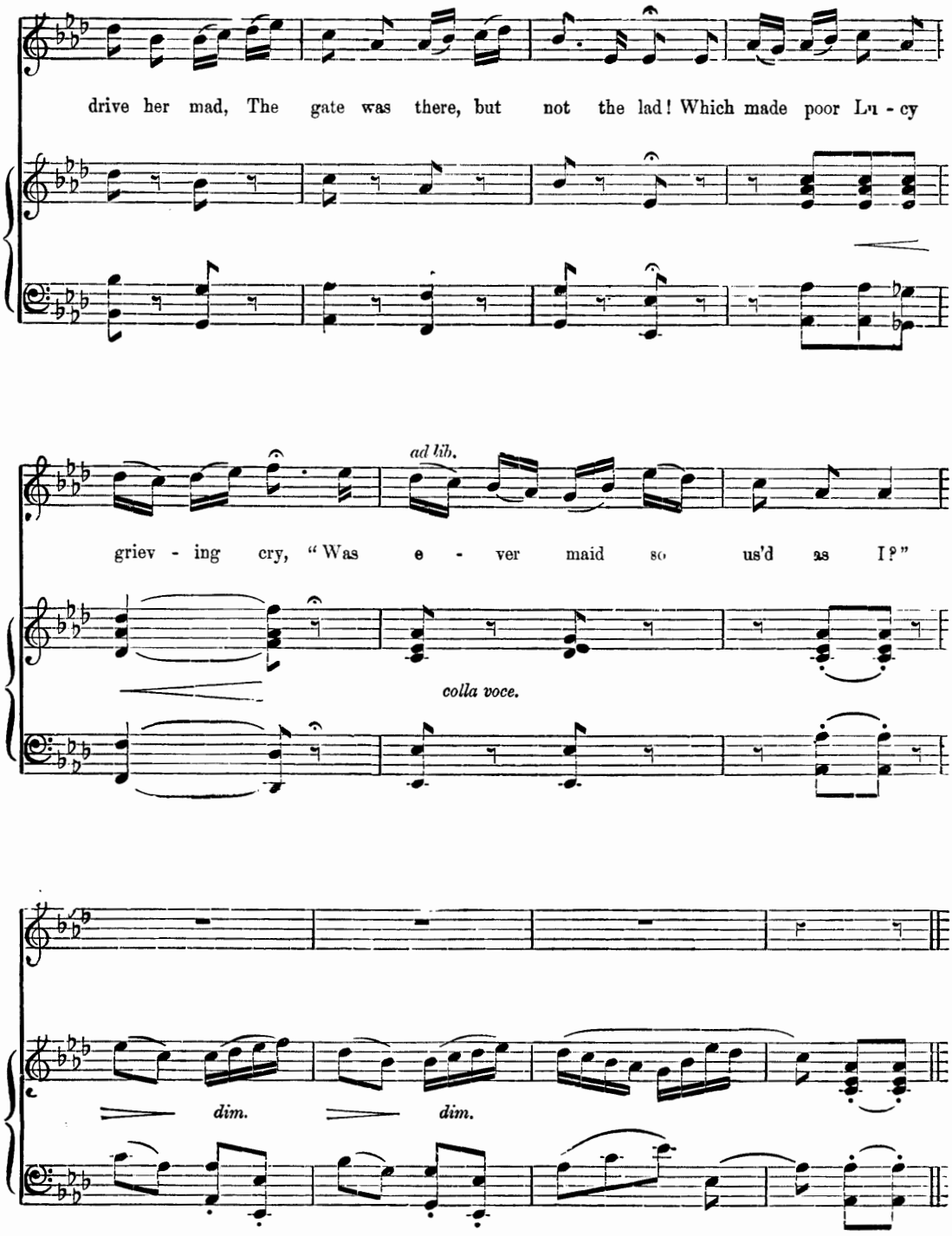
4.

When lads and lasses merry be
With possets and rich junkets fine:
Unseen of all the company
I eat their cakes and sip their wine.
And to make sport I puff and snort,
And out the candles I do blow.
And maids I kiss; they shriek, "Who's this?"
I answer naught but ho, ho, ho!

The Garden Gate.

W. T. Parke





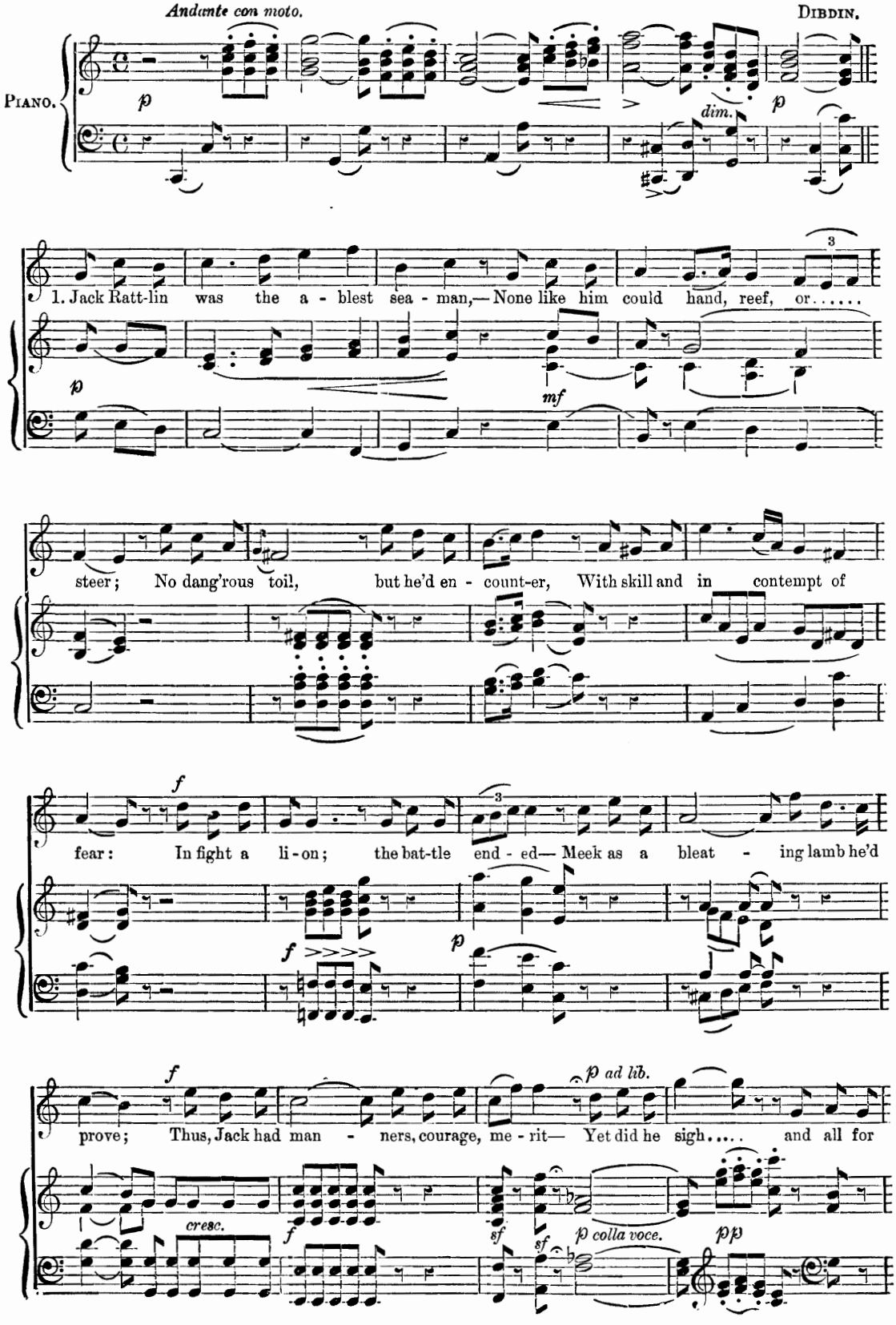
2.

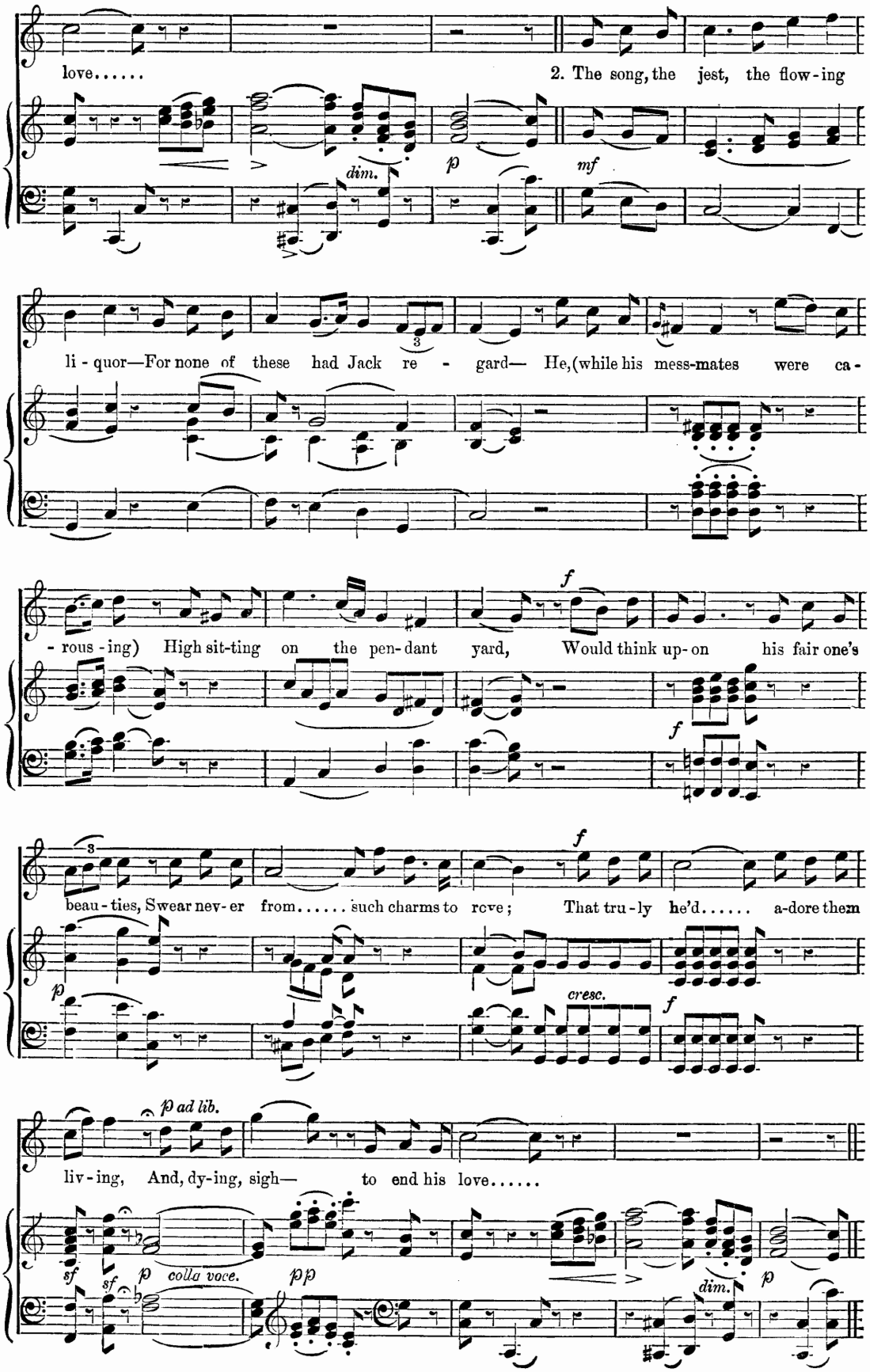
She pac'd the garden here and there,
The village clock struck nine;
When Lucy cried in wild despair,
"He shan't, he shan't be mine!
Last night he vow'd the garden gate
Should find him there this eve at eight;
But this I'll let the creature see,
He ne'er shall make a fool of me."

3.

She ceas'd—a noise her ear alarms—
The village clock struck ten;
When William caught her in his arms,
And ne'er to part again.
He shew'd the ring, to wed next day,
He'd been to buy, a long, long way;
How then could Lucy cruel prove.
To one that did so fondly love!

Jack Rattlin.

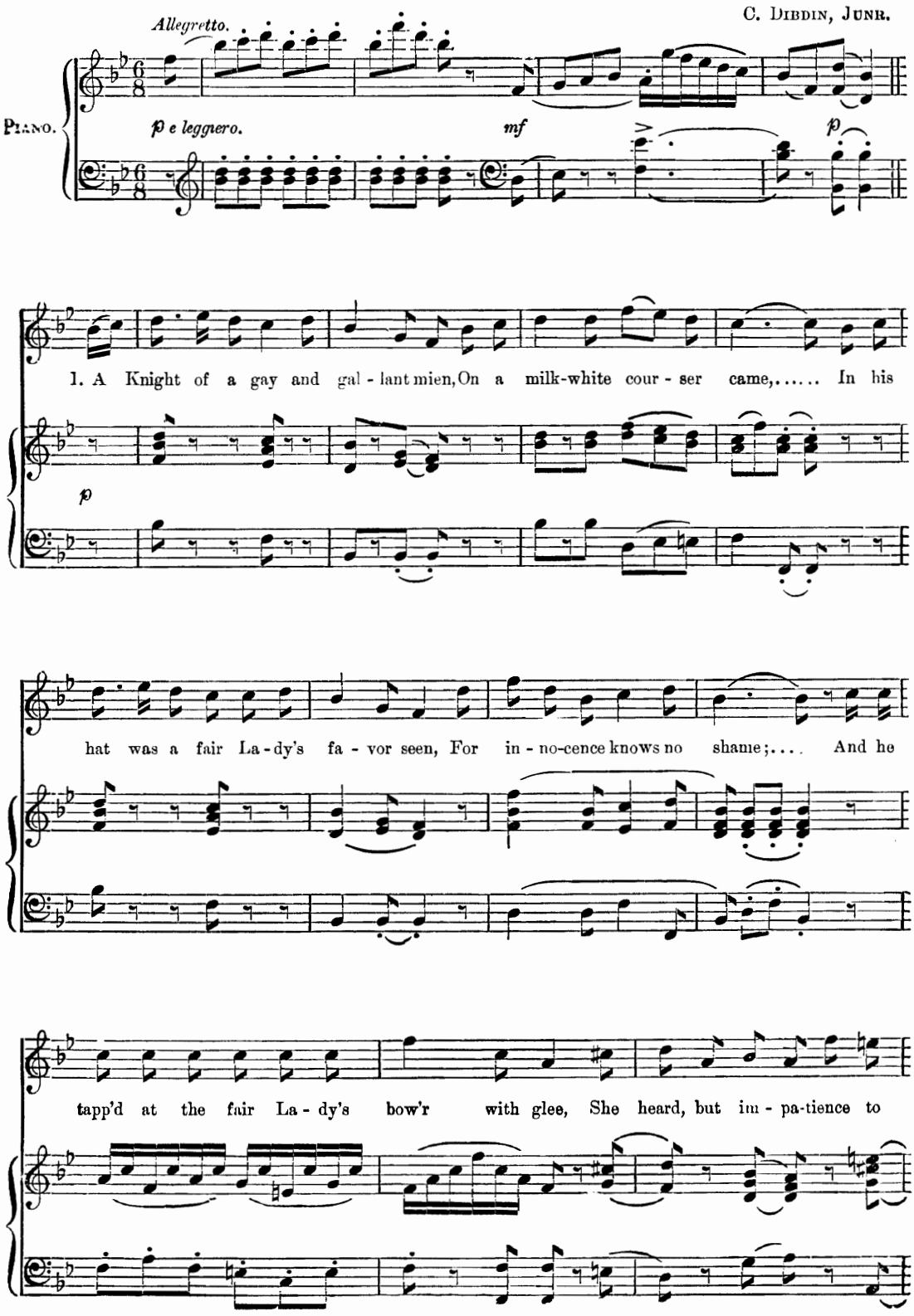


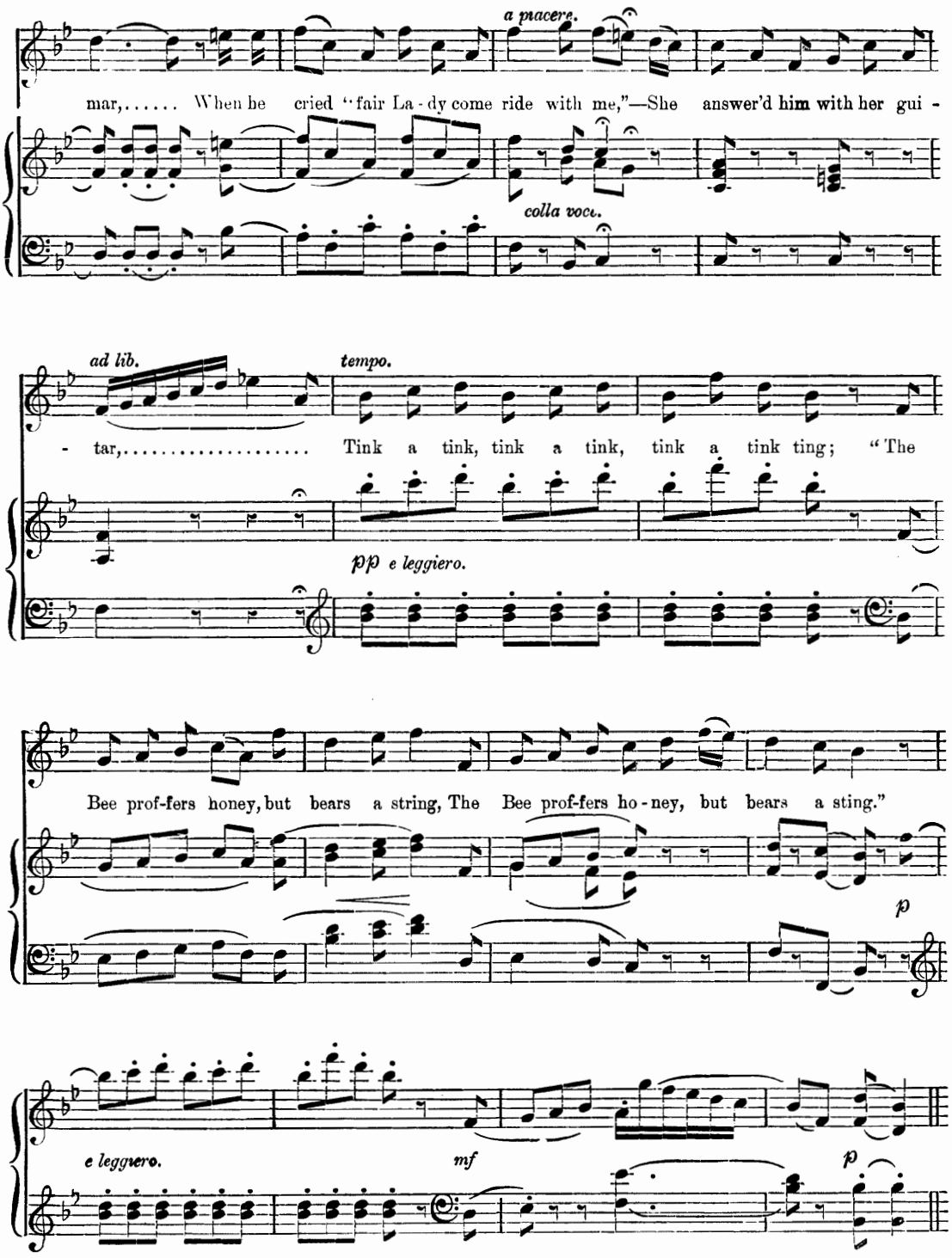

love.....
2. The song, the jest, the flow-ing
dim.
p
mf
li-quor—For none of these had Jack re-gard— He,(while his mess-mates were ca-
3
-rous-ing) High sit-ting on the pen-dant yard, Would think up-on his fair one's
f
f
beau-ties, Swear nev-er from..... such charms to rove; That tru-ly he'd..... a-dore them
3
p
cresc.
f
p ad lib.
liv-ing, And, dy-ing, sigh— to end his love.....
sf
sf
p
colla voce.
pp
dim.
p

The Bee proffers honey but bears a sting.

("TINK A TINK.")

C. DIBDIN, JUNR.





2.

A knight with a dark and scowling brow,
On a coal-black steed came by;
He heard the two lovers exchange a vow,
And fury gave fire to his eye.
But he courteously said "if you're cross'd in love,
And would bear the fair lady afar,
My sword and my service are your's to prove;"
But the lady she play'd her guitar.
Tink a tink, &c

3.

The knight so gallant disappear'd that day,
And never was heard of more;
And the sable knight made a proud display,
Of the favour that gallant knight wore.
The lady he woo'd, but he gain'd no grace,
And joy from his bosom went far;
For the honey of hope to guilt's sting gave place,
And conscience still play'd the guitar.
Tink a tink &c

The beautiful maid.

BRAHAM.

Andante.

PIANO.

p Con moto. *p* *cresc.*

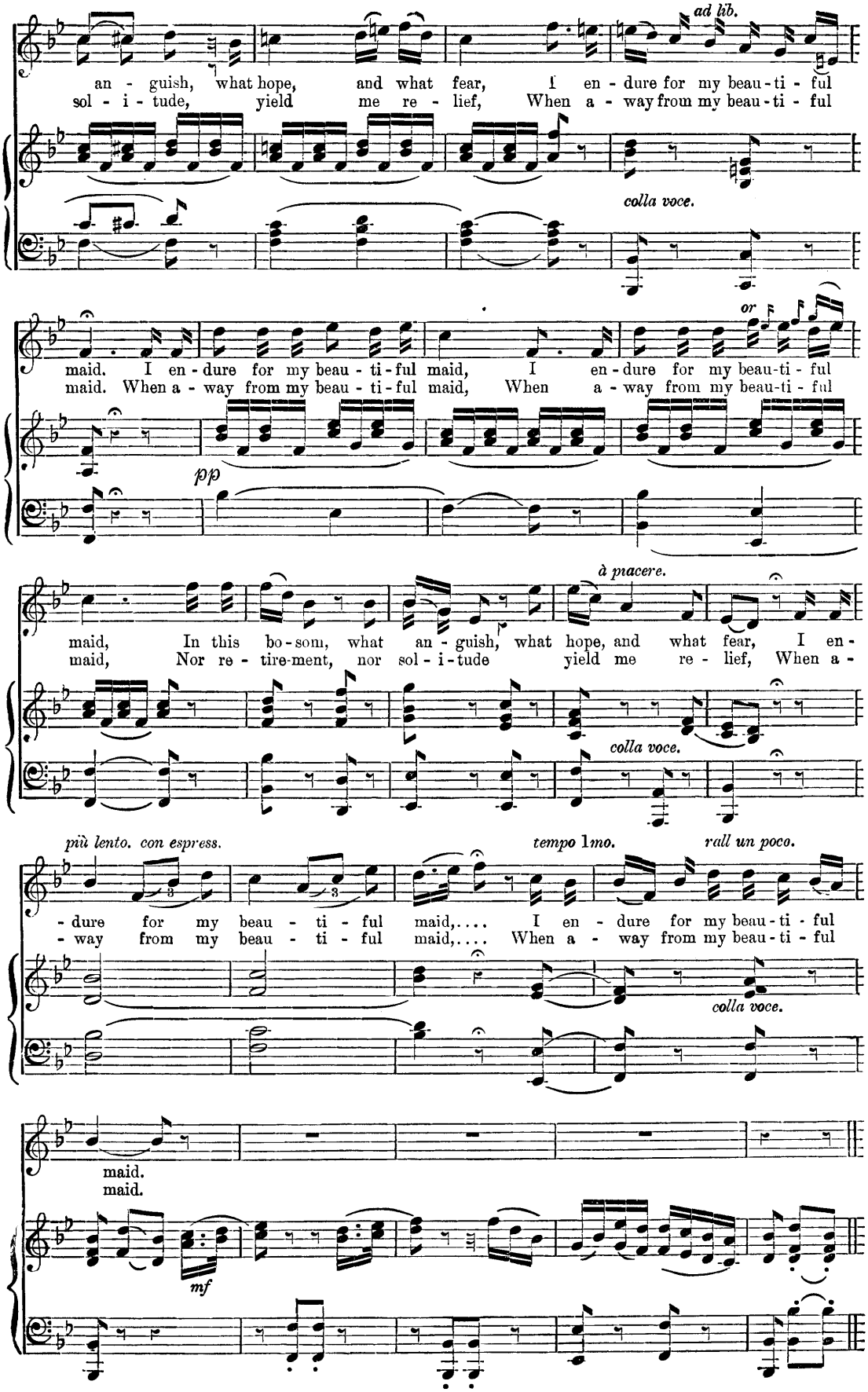
1. When ab-sent from
2. In vain I seek

dim. *p* *sempre.* *p* *p*

her, from her whom my soul holds most dear; What med-ley of
plea-sure, seek plea-sure to light-en my grief; Or quit the gay

pas-sions, what med-ley of pas-sions in-vade; In this bo-som, what
throng, Or quit the gay throng for the shade; Nor re-tire-ment, nor

mf


ad lib.
an - guish, what hope, and what fear, I en - dure for my beau - ti - ful
sol - i - tude, yield me re - lief, When a - way from my beau - ti - ful
colla voce.
or
maid. I en - dure for my beau - ti - ful maid, I en - dure for my beau-ti - ful
maid. When a - way from my beau - ti - ful maid, When a - way from my beau-ti - ful
pp
à piacere.
maid, In this bo - som, what an - guish, what hope, and what fear, I en -
maid, Nor re - tire-ment, nor sol - i - tude yield me re - lief, When a -
colla voce.
più lento. con espress.
tempo 1mo.
rall un poco.
- dure for my beau - ti - ful maid,.... I en - dure for my beau - ti - ful
- way from my beau - ti - ful maid,.... When a - way from my beau - ti - ful
colla voce.
maid.
maid.
mf

All's one to Jack.

DIBDIN.

Allegro con anima.

PIANO.

f *sf* *sf* *sf*

f

1. Tho' moun-tains high the bil - lows roll, And an - gry o - cean's
2. His friend in lim - bo should he find, His wife and chil-dren

sf *sf* *sf* *mf*

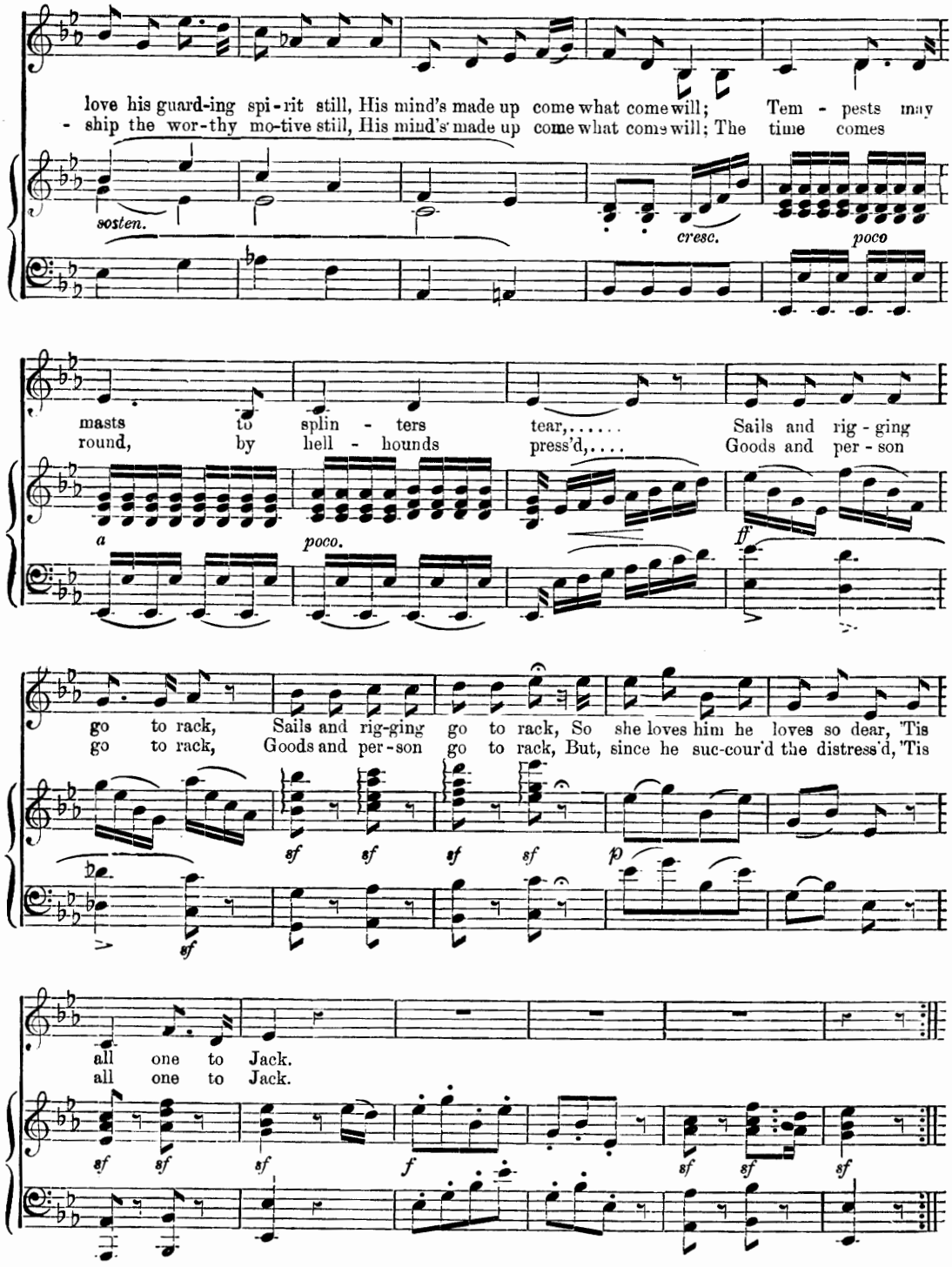
in a foam; The sai - lor gai - ly slings the bowl, The sai - lor gai - ly slings the bowl, And
brought to shame, To ev' - ry- thing but kindness blind, To ev' - ry-thing but kindness blind, Jack

p e stacc.

p

thinks on her he left at home, And thinks on her he left at home. Kind
signs his ru - in with his name, Jack signs his ru - in with his name. Friend-

p



3.

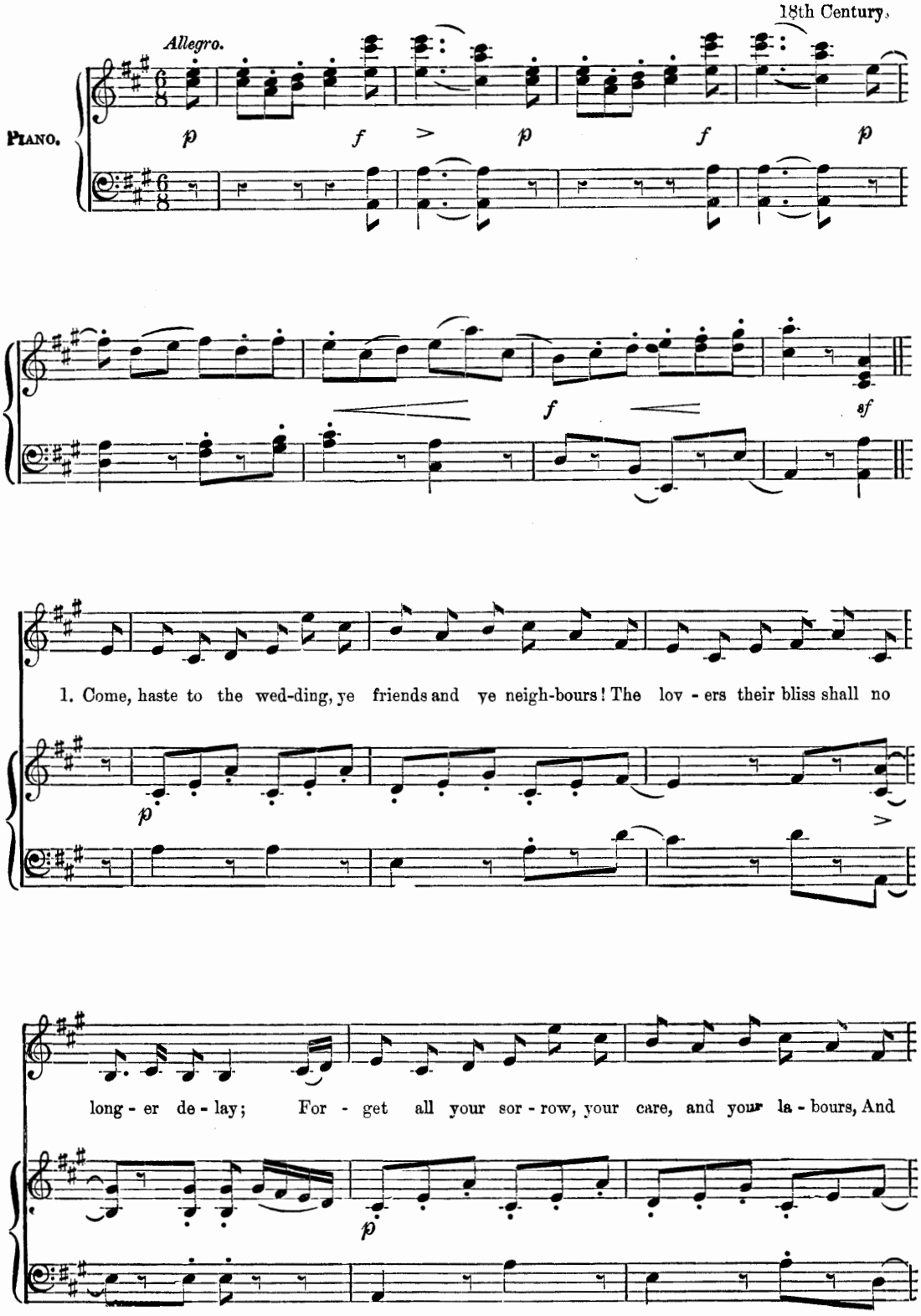
Once more at sea, prepared to fight,
A friendly pledge, round goes the can;
And, though large odds appear in sight,
He meets the danger like a man.
Honour his guardian spirit still,
His mind's made up come what come will;
Like some fierce lion see him go
Where horror grim marks the attack!
So he can save a drowning foe,
'Tis all one to Jack.

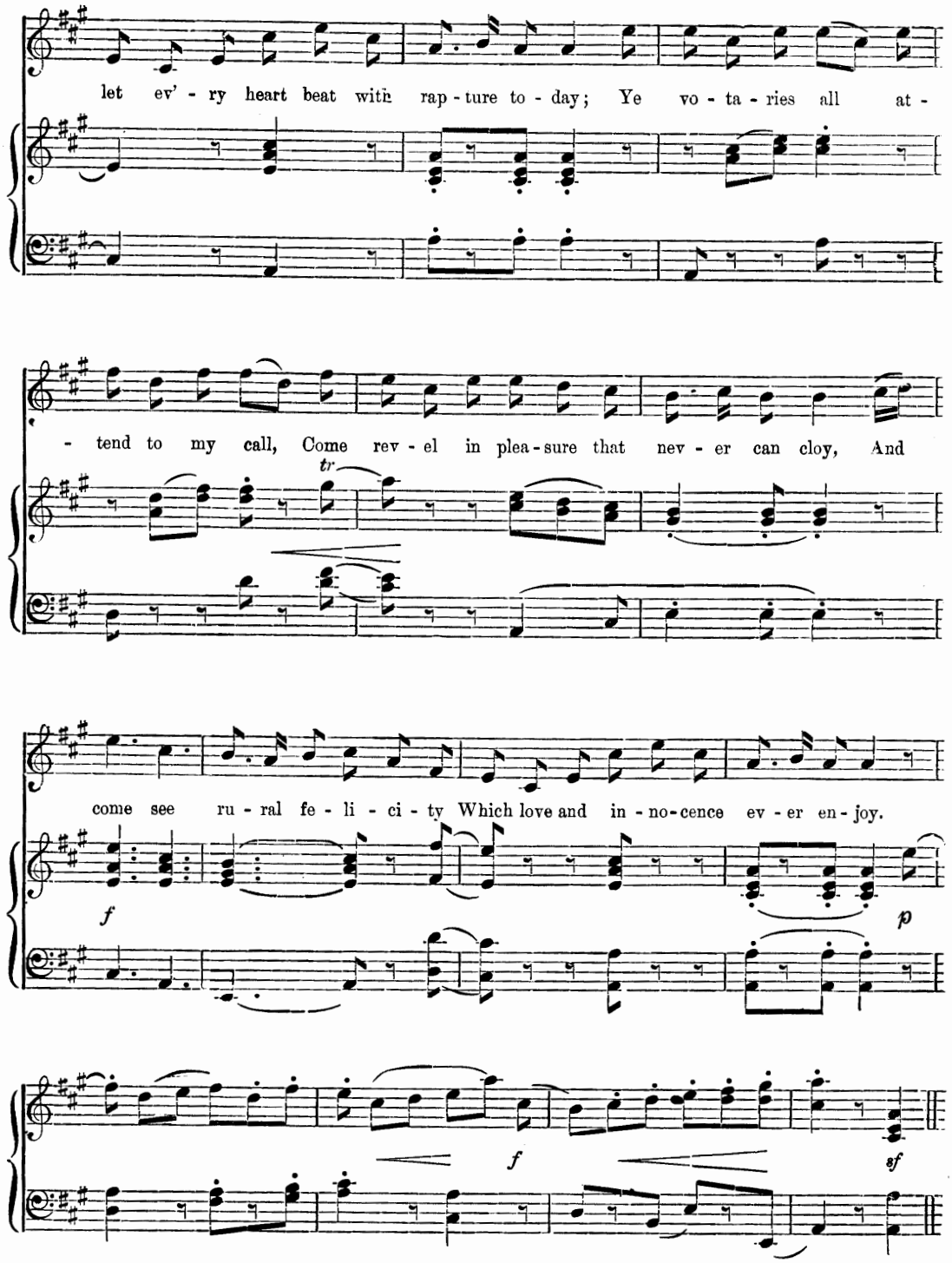
4.

And when at last—for tars and kings
Must find in death a peaceful home—
The shot its sure commission brings,
And for poor Jack the time is come.
Cheerful his duty to fulfil.
His mind's made up come what come will;
The cannon'd poised, from its fell jaws
A fatal shot takes him aback:
But, since he died in honour's cause,
'Tis all one to Jack.

Haste to the wedding.

18th Century.





2.

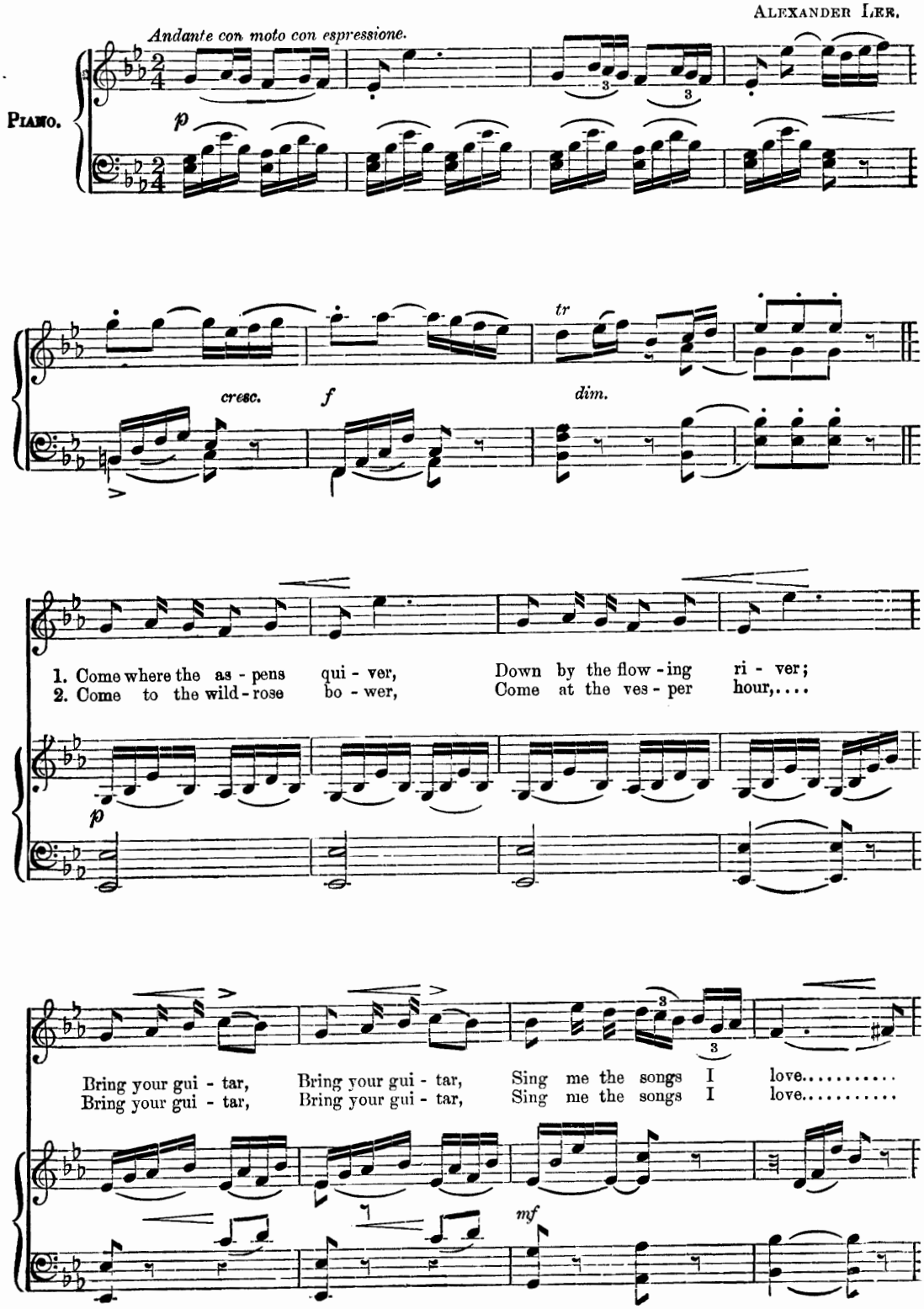
Let envy, let pride, let hate, and ambition,
Still crowd to, and beat in the breast of the great;
To such wretched passions we give no admission,
But leave them alone to the wise ones of state.
We boast of no wealth
But contentment and health,
In mirth and in friendship our moments employ,
Then come see rural felicity,
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

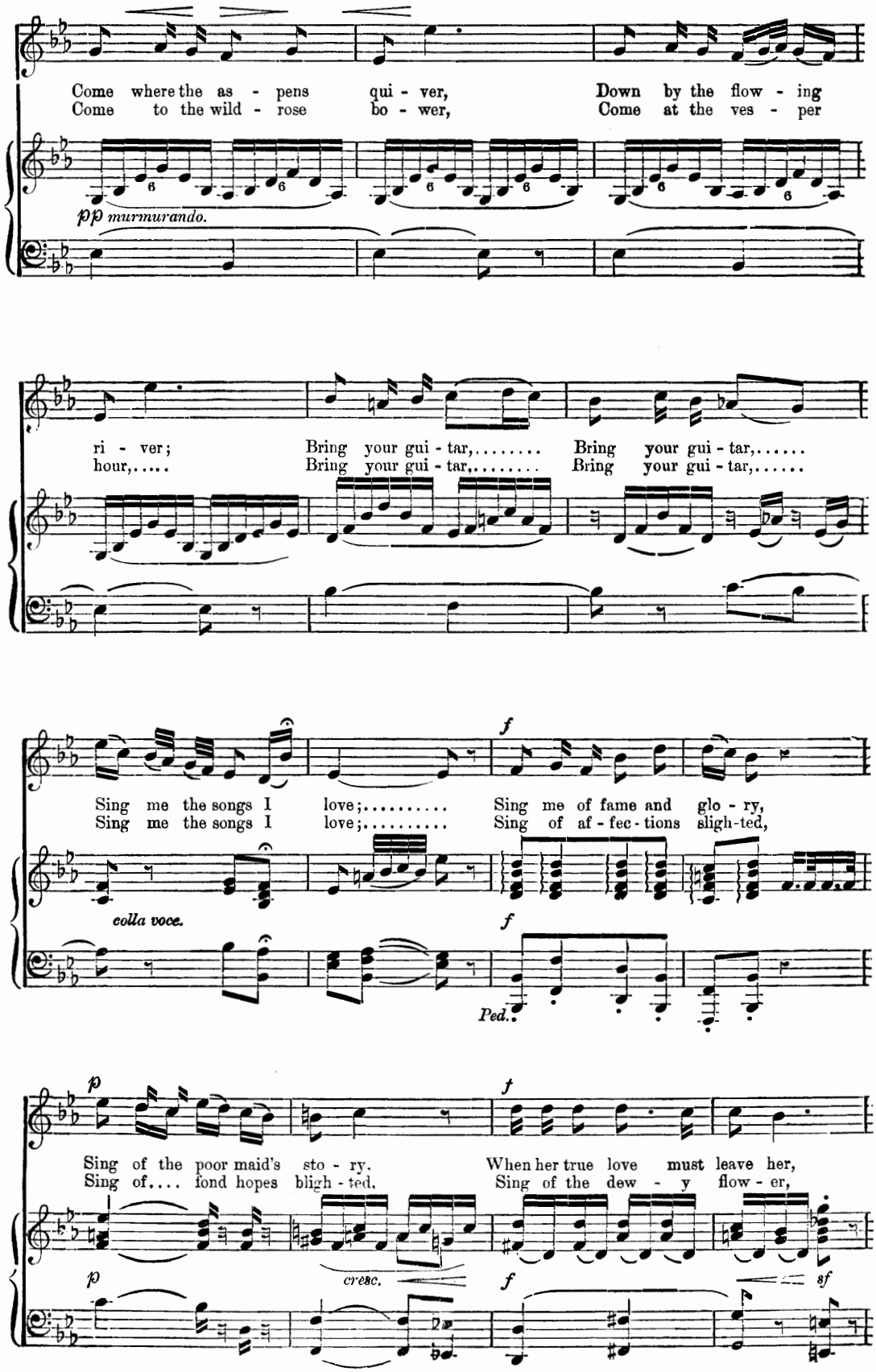
3.

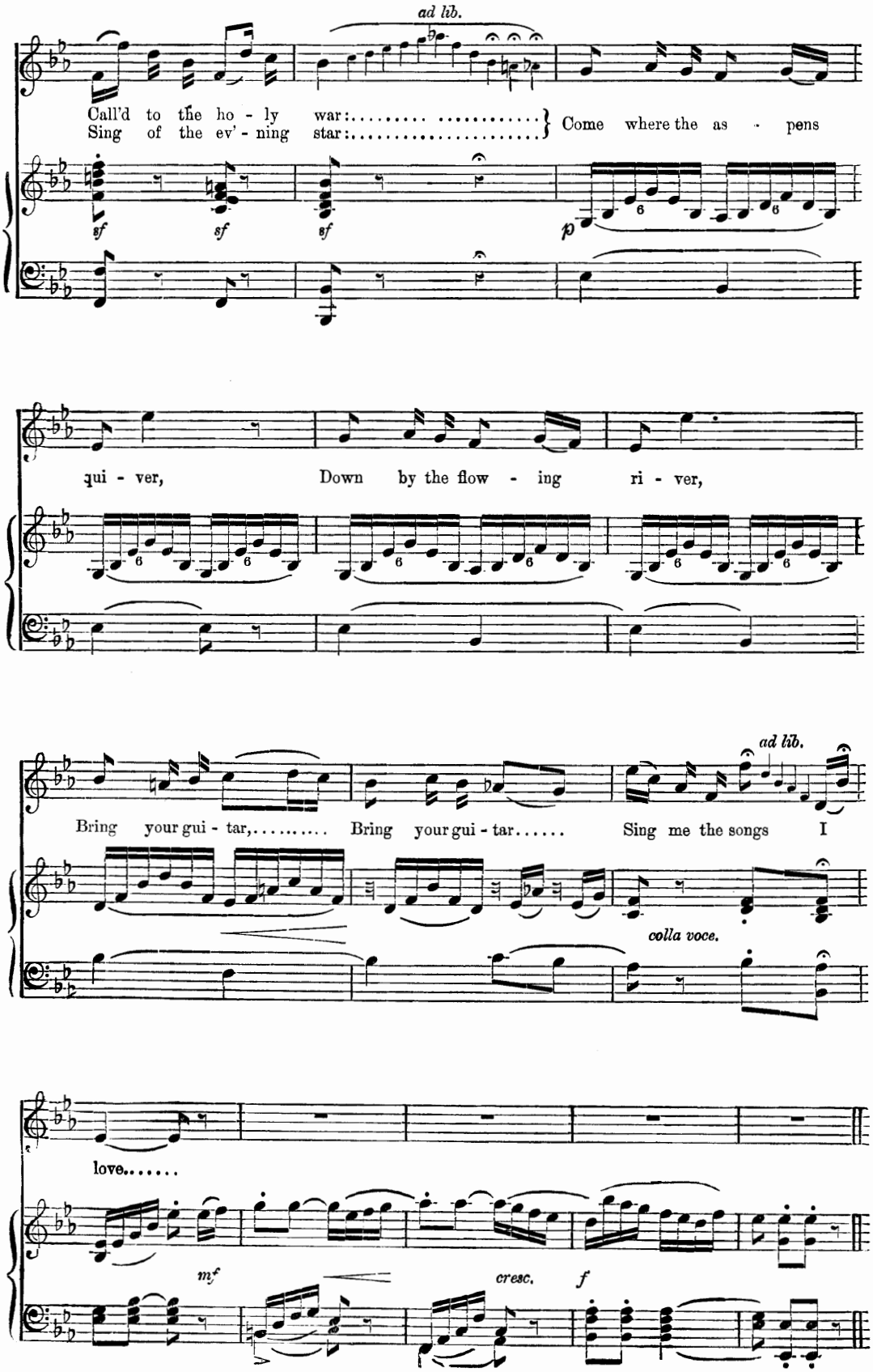
With reason we taste of each heart-stirring pleasure,
With reason we drink of the full flowing bowl;
Are jocund and gay, but all within measure,
For fatal excess will enslave the free soul.
Then come at our bidding
To this happy wedding,
No care shall intrude here our bliss to annoy,
O, come see rural felicity,
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

Come where the aspens quiver.

ALEXANDER LEE.

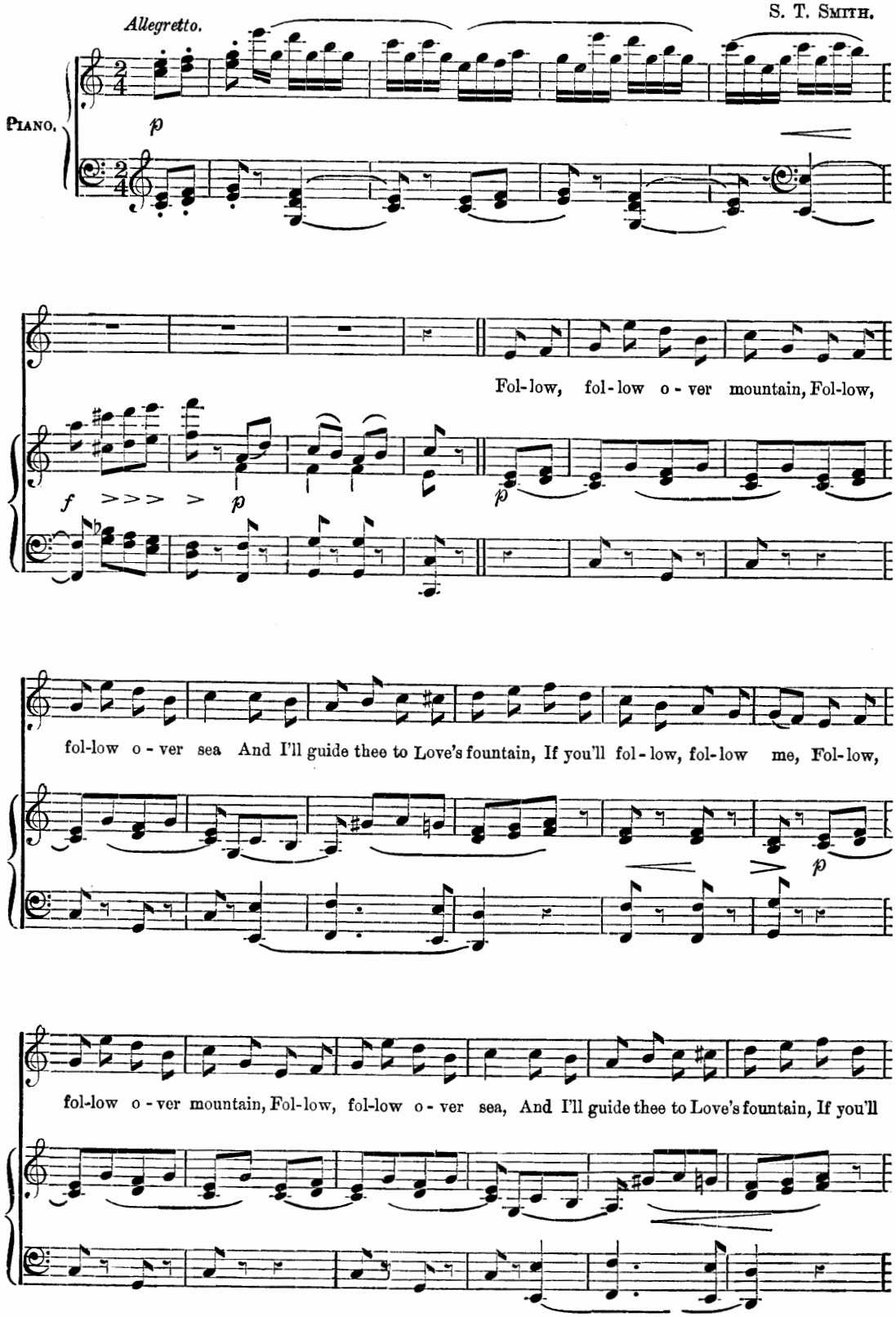


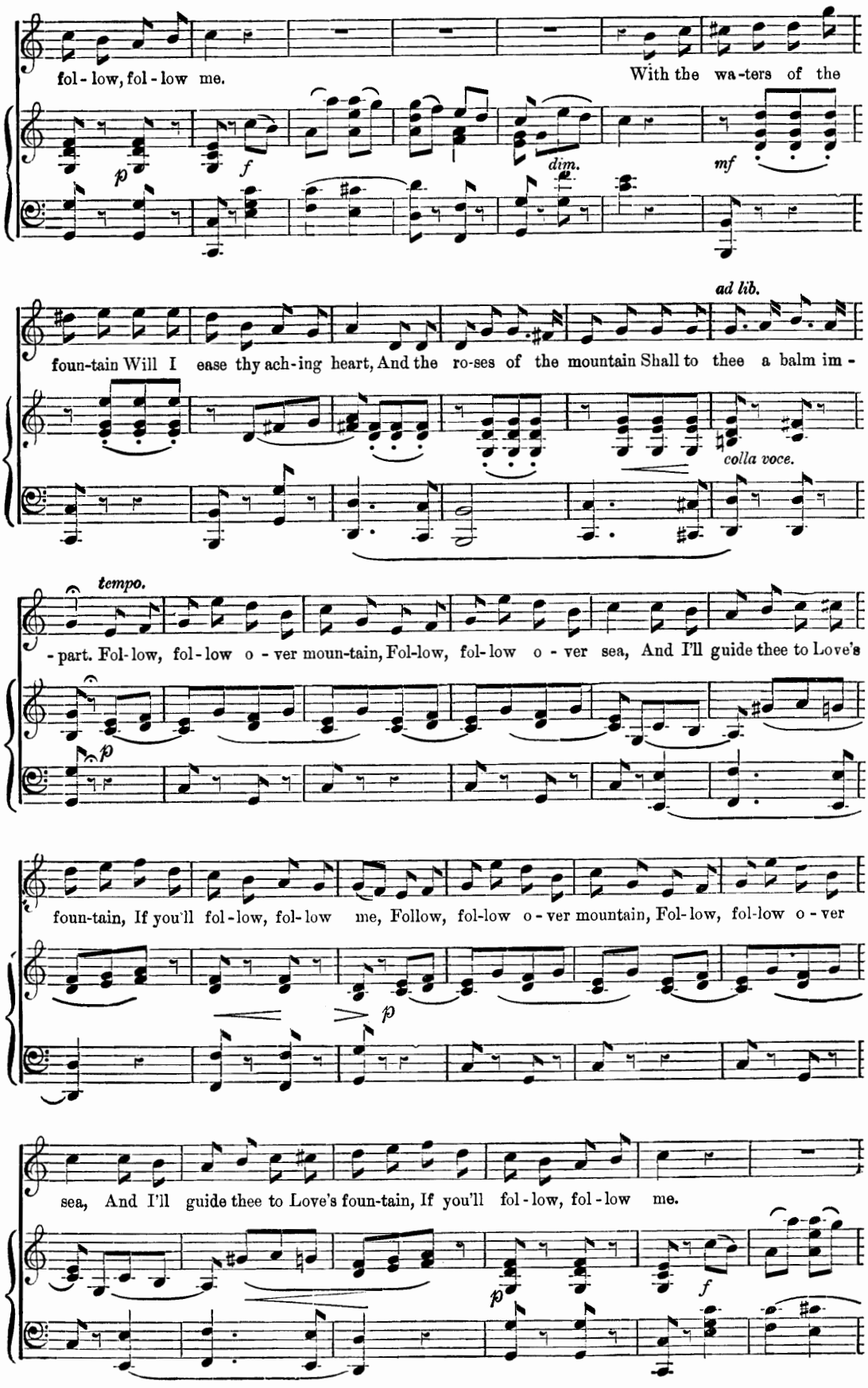

Come where the as - pens qui - ver, Down by the flow - ing
Come to the wild - rose bo - wer, Come at the ves - per
pp murmurando.
ri - ver; Bring your gui - tar,..... Bring your gui - tar,.....
hour,..... Bring your gui - tar,..... Bring your gui - tar,.....
Sing me the songs I love;..... Sing me of fame and glo - ry,
Sing me the songs I love;..... Sing of af - fec - tions sligh - ted,
f
colla voce.
f
Ped.
p
Sing of the poor maid's sto - ry. When her true love must leave her,
Sing of.... fond hopes bligh - ted. Sing of the dew - y flow - er,
f
cresc.
f
sf

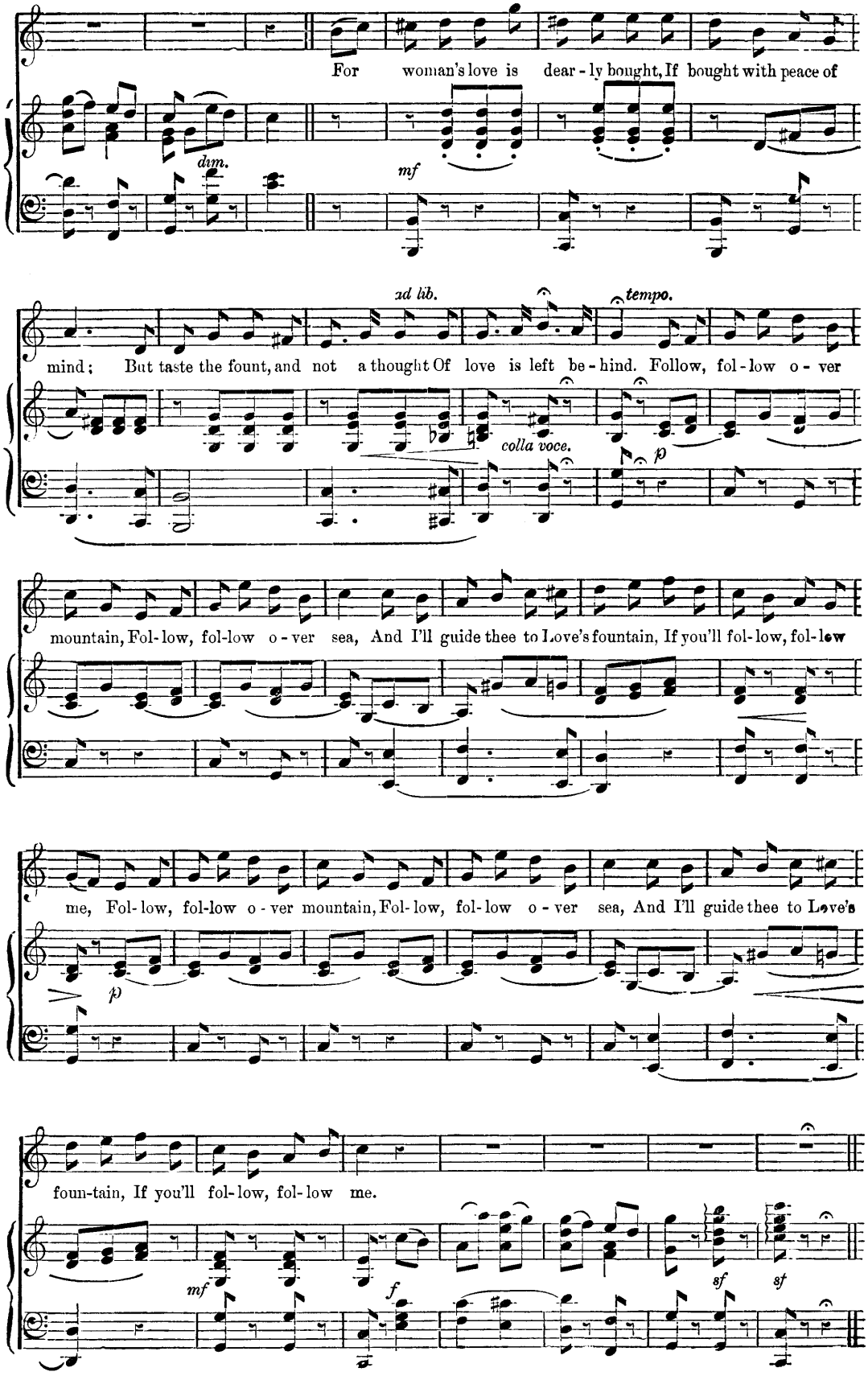

ad lib.
Call'd to the ho - ly war:.....
Sing of the ev' - ning star:.....
Come where the as - pens
sf
sf
sf
p
qui - ver,
Down by the flow - ing ri - ver,
ad lib.
Bring your gui - tar,.....
Bring your gui - tar.....
Sing me the songs I
colla voce.
love.....
mf
cresc.
f

Follow, follow over mountain.

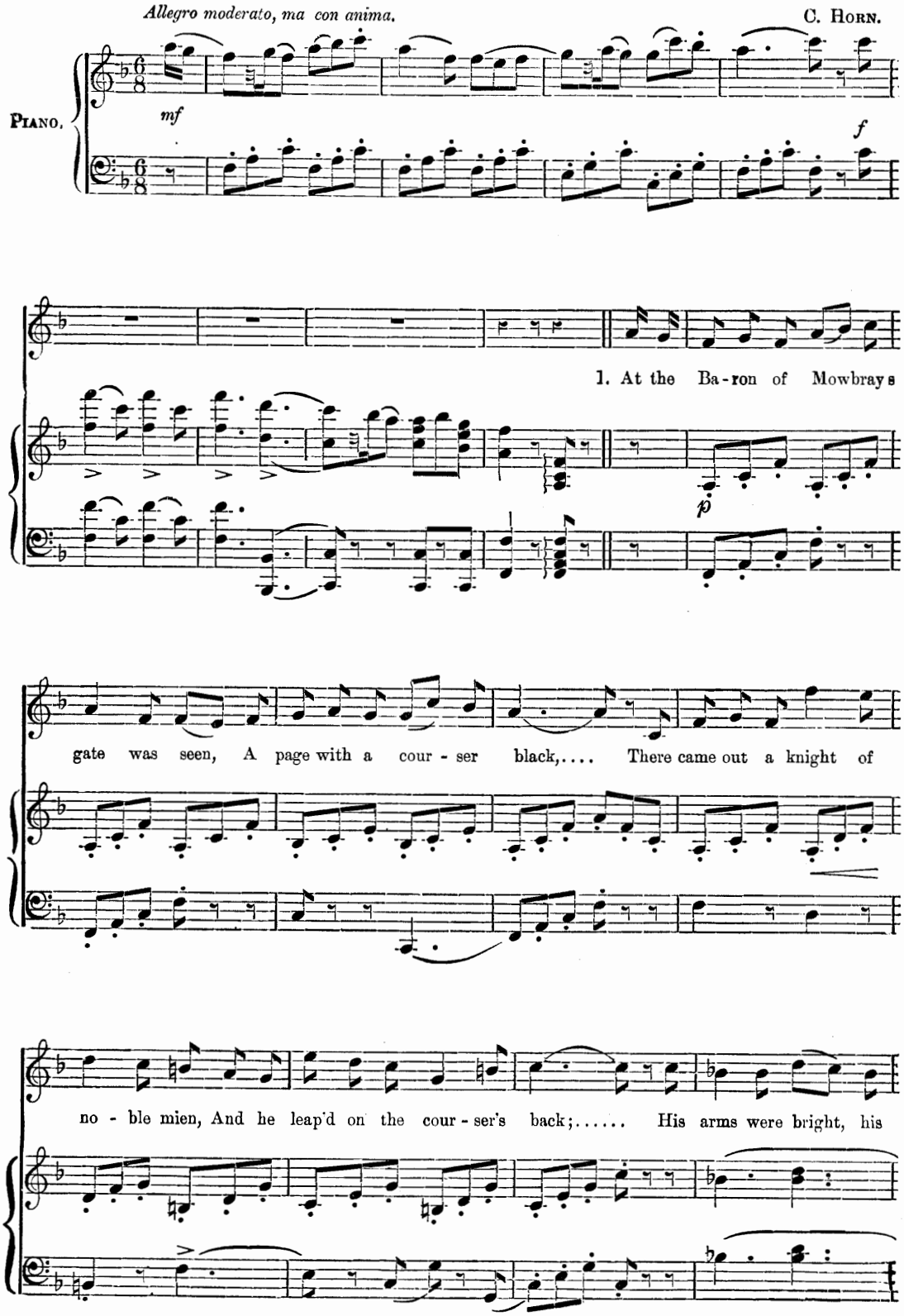
S. T. Smith.

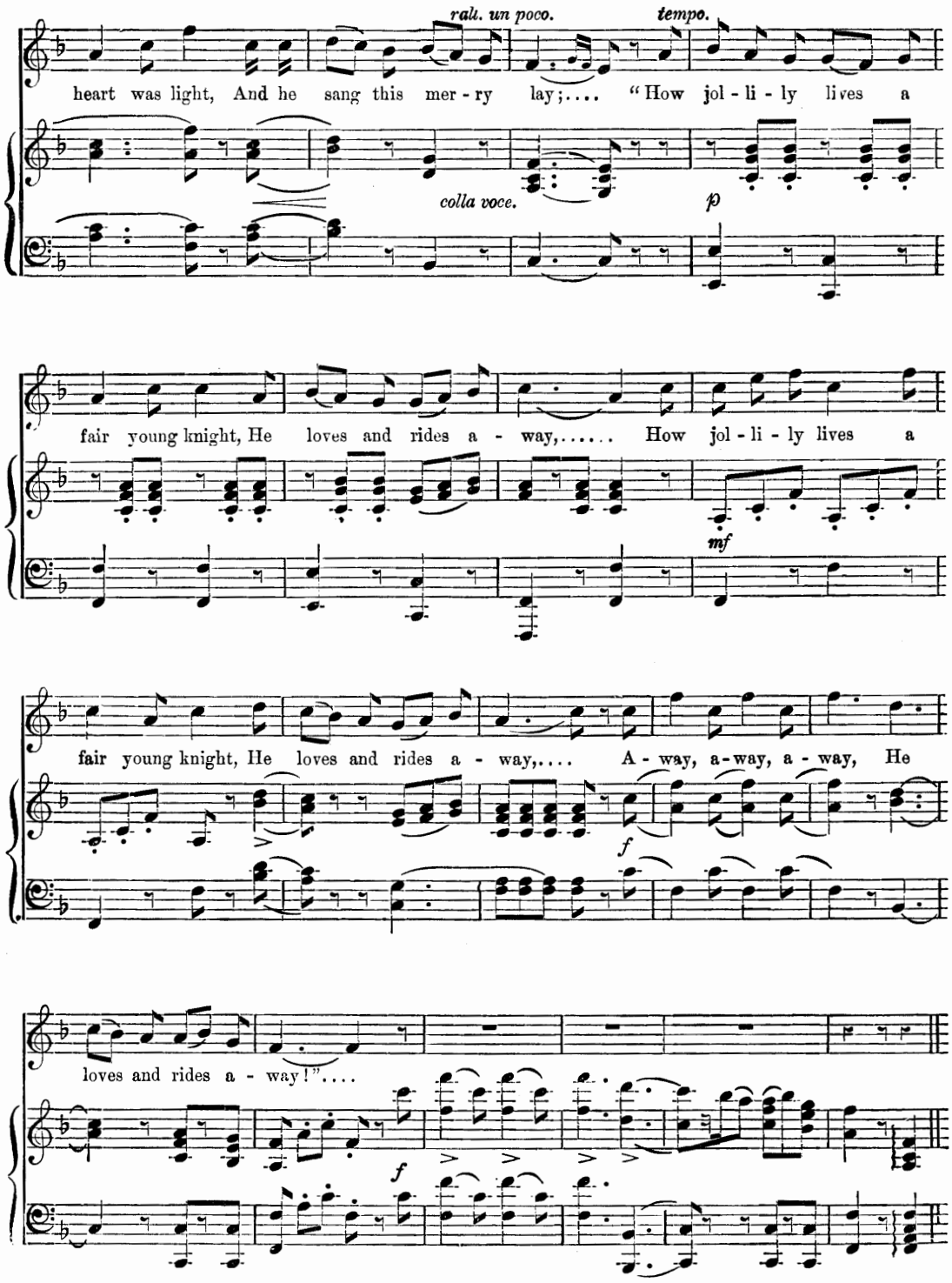



fol - low, fol - low me.
With the wa-ters of the
p
f
dim.
mf
ad lib.
foun-tain Will I ease thy ach-ing heart, And the ro-ses of the mountain Shall to thee a balm im -
colla voce.
tempo.
- part. Fol-low, fol-low o - ver moun-tain, Fol-low, fol-low o - ver sea, And I'll guide thee to Love's
p
foun-tain, If you'll fol-low, fol-low me, Follow, fol-low o - ver mountain, Fol-low, fol-low o - ver
p
sea, And I'll guide thee to Love's foun-tain, If you'll fol-low, fol-low me.
p
f


For woman's love is dear - ly bought, If bought with peace of
dim.
mf
ad lib.
tempo.
mind; But taste the fount, and not a thought Of love is left be - hind. Follow, fol - low o - ver
colla voce.
p
mountain, Fol - low, fol-low o - ver sea, And I'll guide thee to Love's fountain, If you'll fol - low, fol-low
me, Fol - low, fol-low o - ver mountain, Fol - low, fol - low o - ver sea, And I'll guide thee to Love's
p
foun-tain, If you'll fol - low, fol - low me.
mf
f
sf
sf

He loves, and rides away.





2.

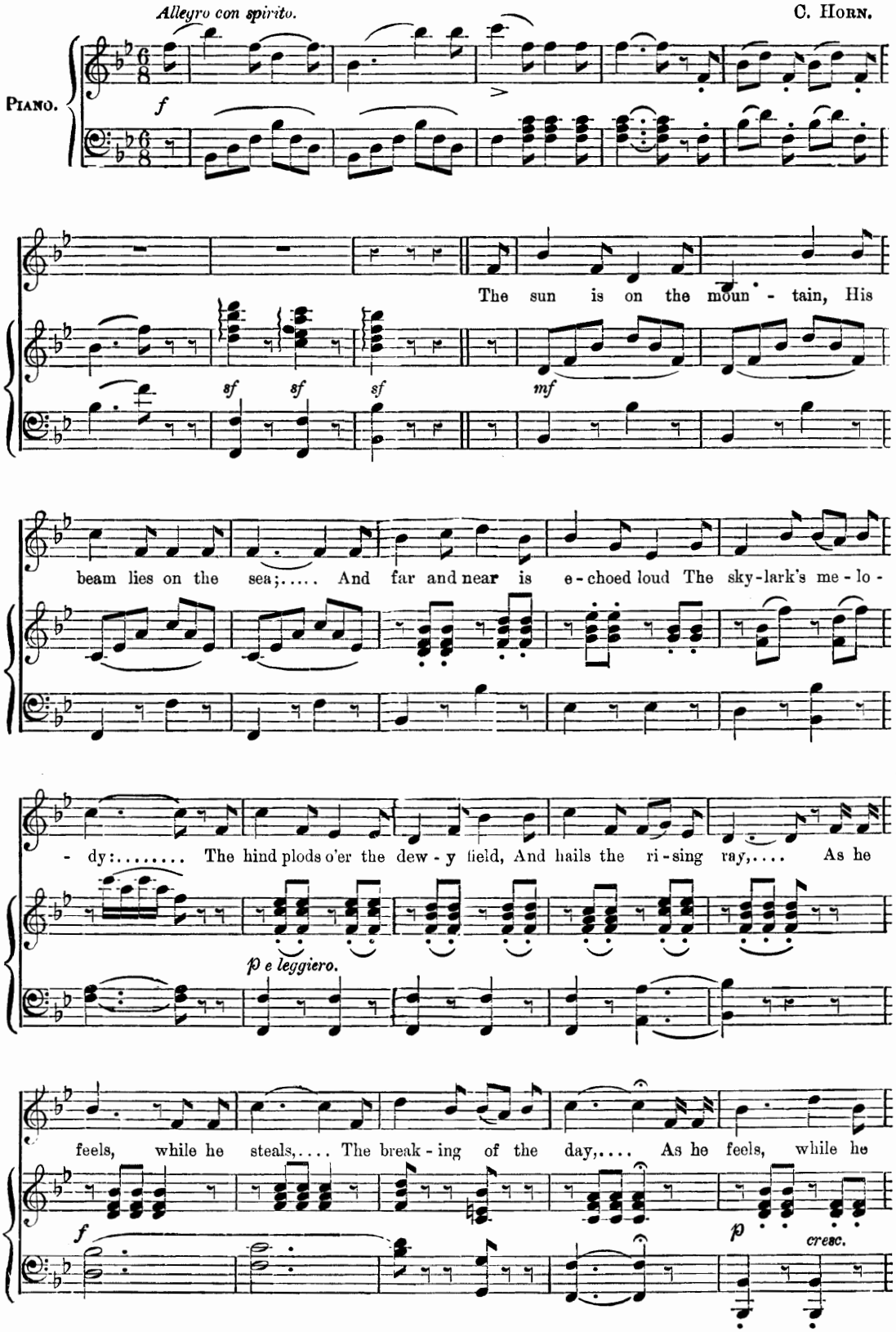
A lady looked over the castle wall,
And she heard the knight thus sing:
The lady's tears began to fall,
And her hands she began to wring;
"And didst thou then thy true love plight,
And was it but to betray,
Ah! tarry awhile my own dear knight,
In pity don't ride away."

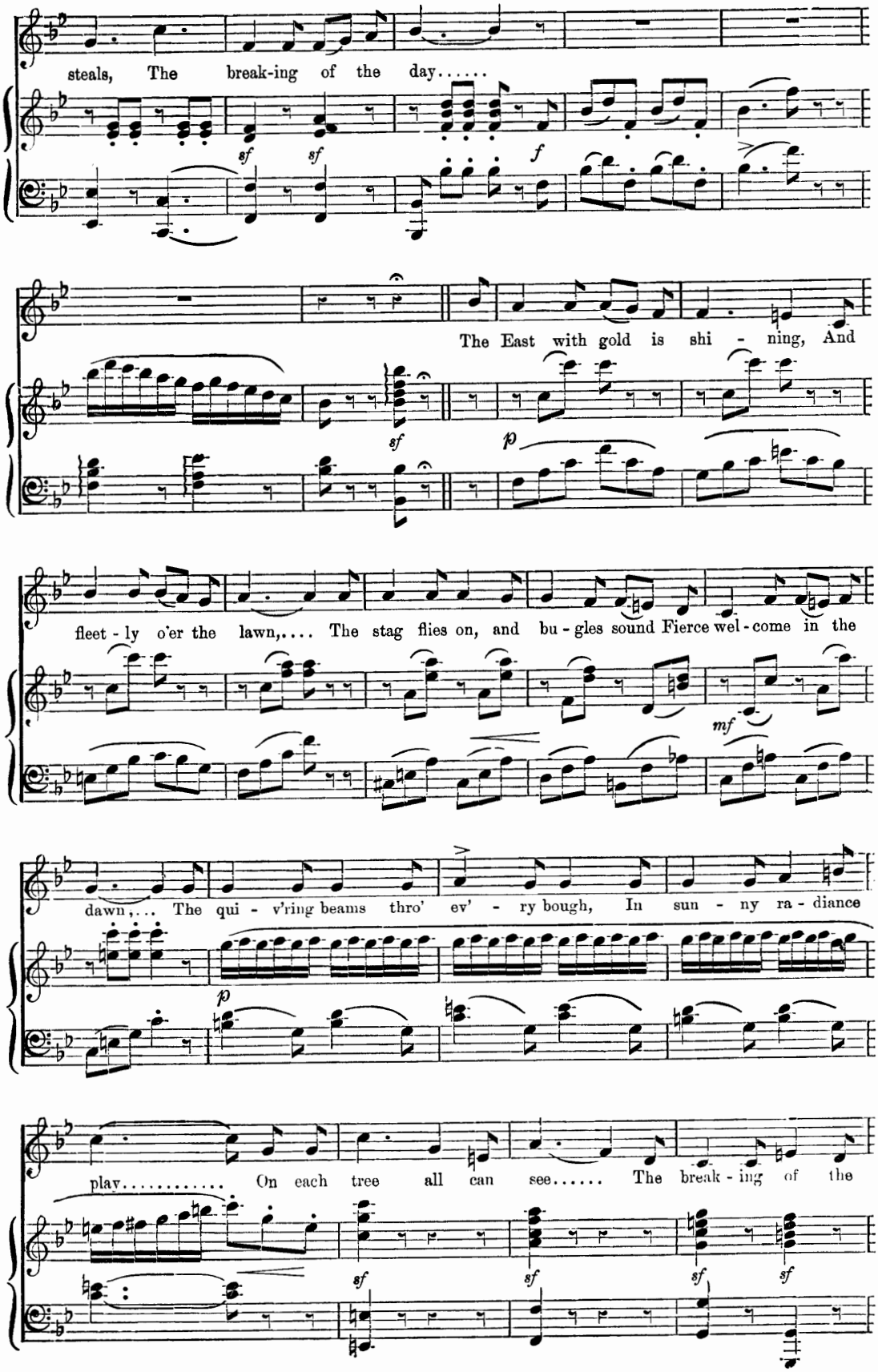
3.

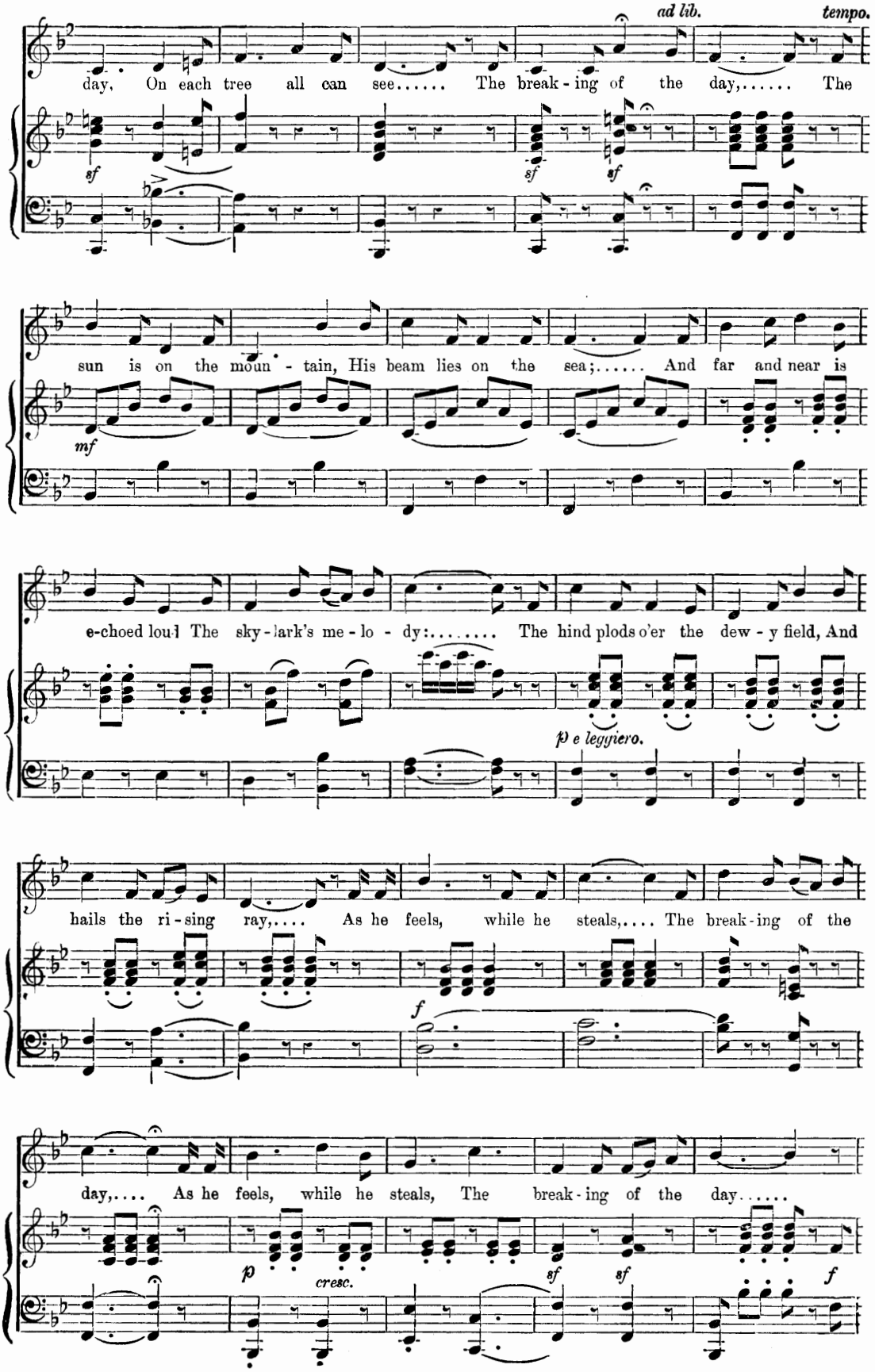
The knight of her tears he took no heed,
While scornful laughed his eye,
He gave the spur to his prancing steed,
"Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye;"
And soon he vanished from her sight,
While she was heard to say:
"Ah! ladies, beware of a fair young knight,
He'll love and he'll ride away."

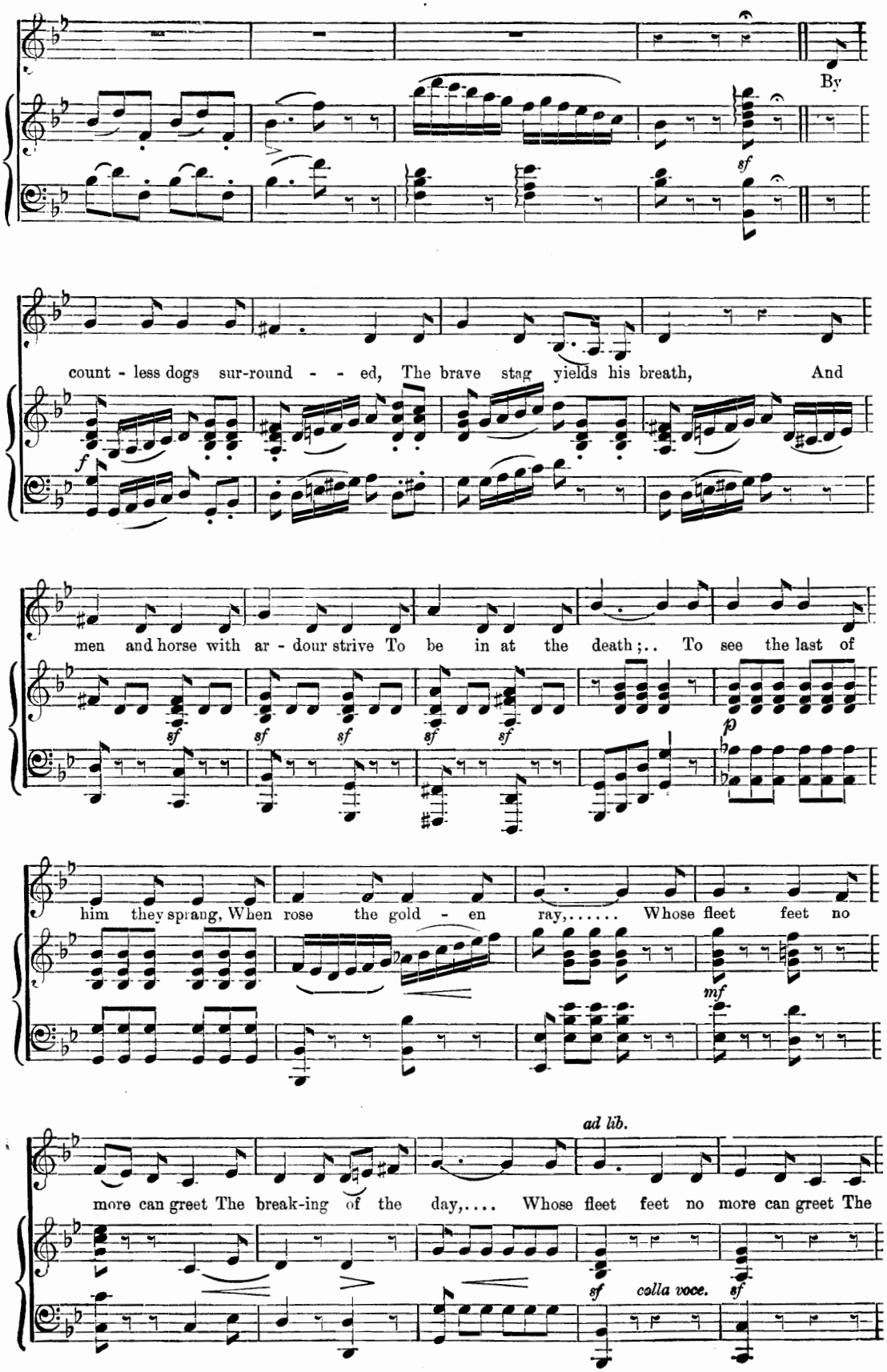
The breaking of the day.

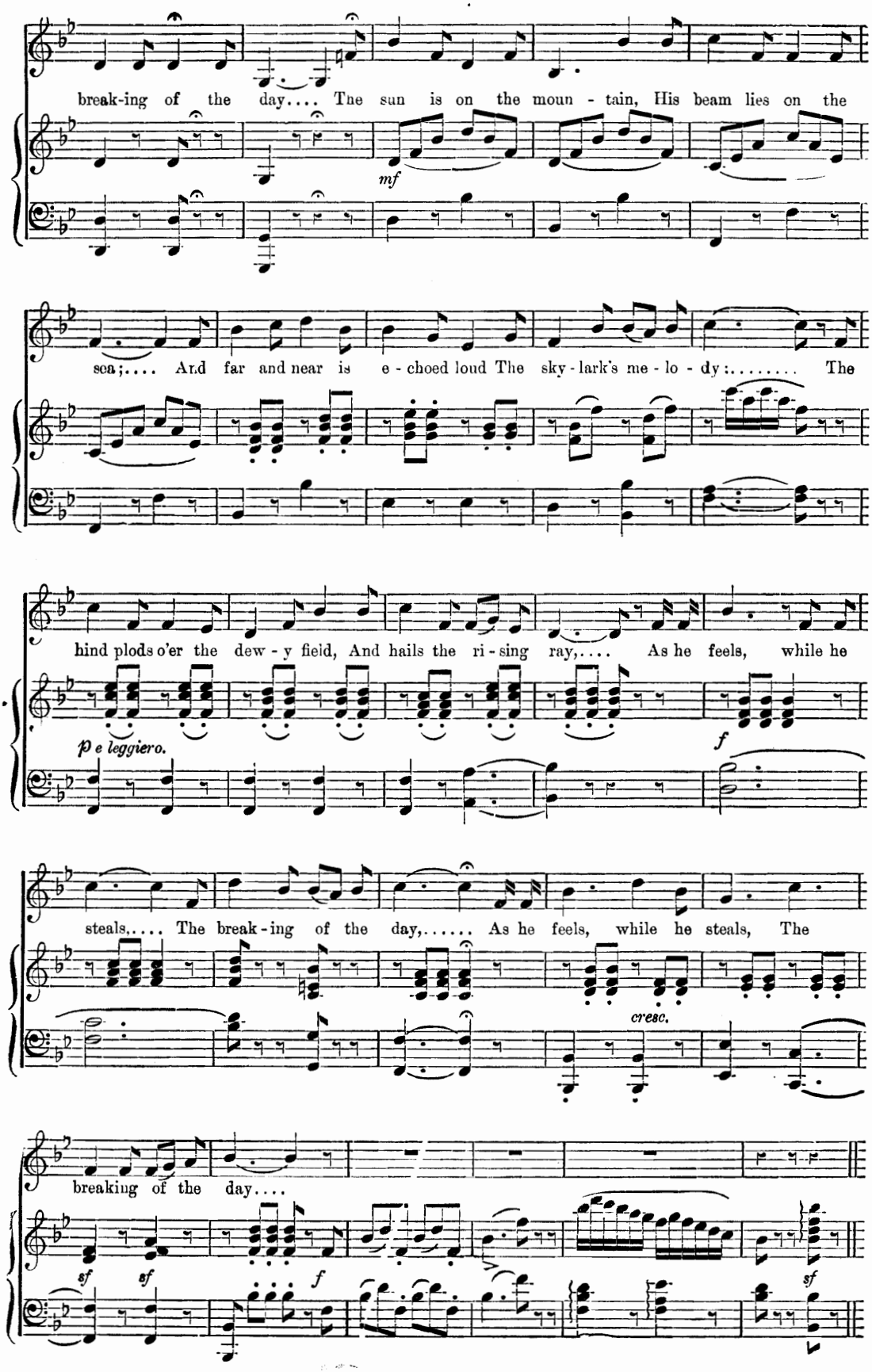
(THE SUN IS ON THE MOUNTAIN)



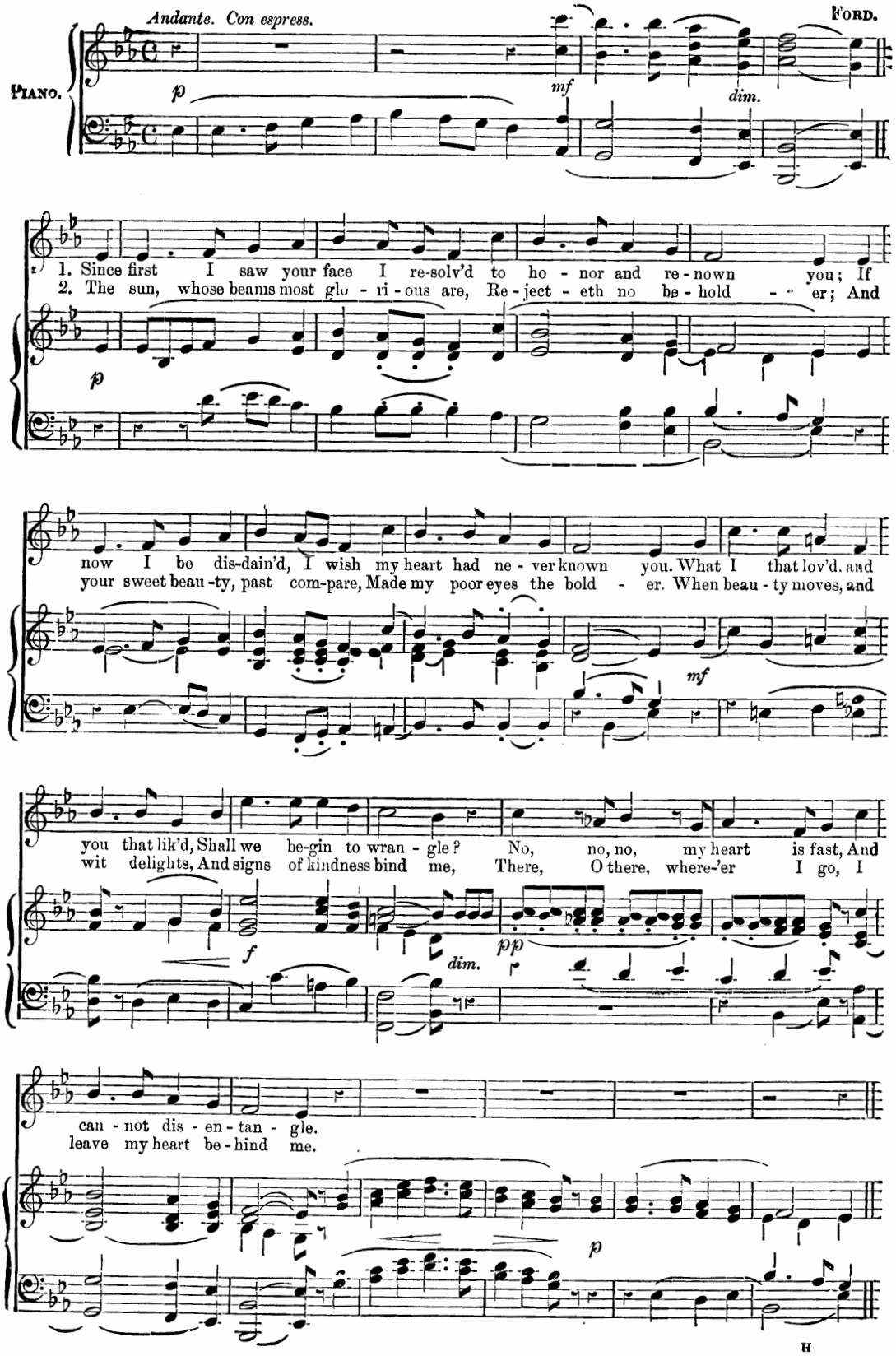

steals, The break-ing of the day.....
sf sf f
The East with gold is shi - ning, And
sf p
fleet - ly o'er the lawn,.... The stag flies on, and bu - gles sound Fierce wel - come in the
mf
dawn,... The qui - v'ring beams thro' ev' - ry bough, In sun - ny ra - diance
p
play..... On each tree all can see..... The break - ing of the
sf sf sf sf


ad lib.
tempo.
day, On each tree all can see..... The break-ing of the day,..... The
sf
sf
sf
sun is on the moun-tain, His beam lies on the sea;..... And far and near is
mf
e-choed loud The sky-lark's me-lo-dy:..... The hind plods o'er the dew-y field, And
p e leggiero.
hails the ri-sing ray,.... As he feels, while he steals,.... The break-ing of the
f
day,.... As he feels, while he steals, The break-ing of the day.....
p
cresc.
sf
sf
f


By
sf
count - less dogs sur-round - - ed, The brave stag yields his breath, And
f
men and horse with ar - dour strive To be in at the death;.. To see the last of
sf sf sf sf sf
p
him they sprang, When rose the gold - en ray,..... Whose fleet feet no
mf
ad lib.
more can greet The break-ing of the day,.... Whose fleet feet no more can greet The
sf colla voce. sf


break-ing of the day.... The sun is on the moun - tain, His beam lies on the
mf
sea;.... And far and near is e - choed loud The sky - lark's me - lo - dy;..... The
hind plods o'er the dew - y field, And hails the ri - sing ray,.... As he feels, while he
p e leggiero.
f
steals,.... The break - ing of the day,..... As he feels, while he steals, The
cresc.
breaking of the day....
sf
sf
f
sf

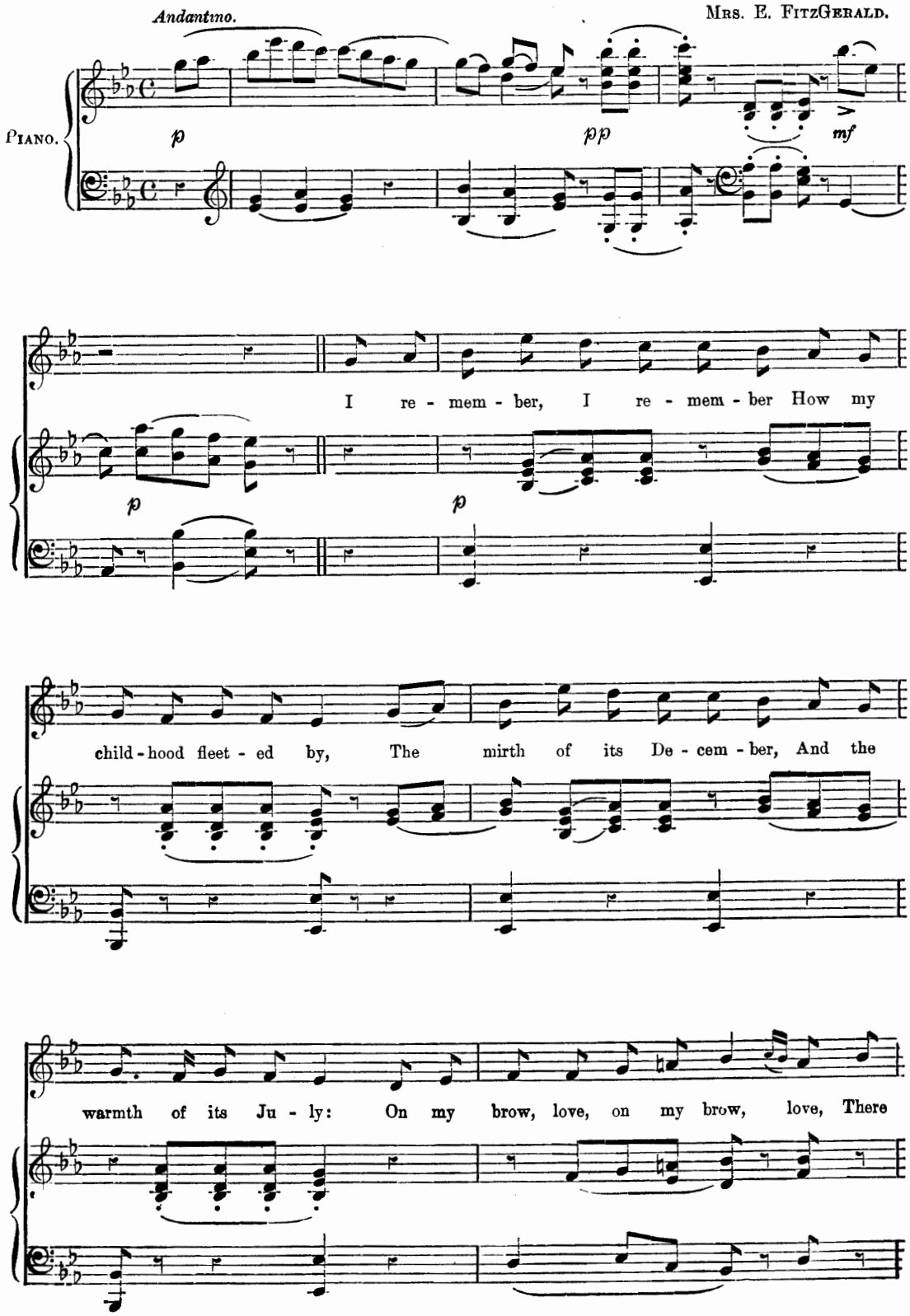
Since first I saw your face.

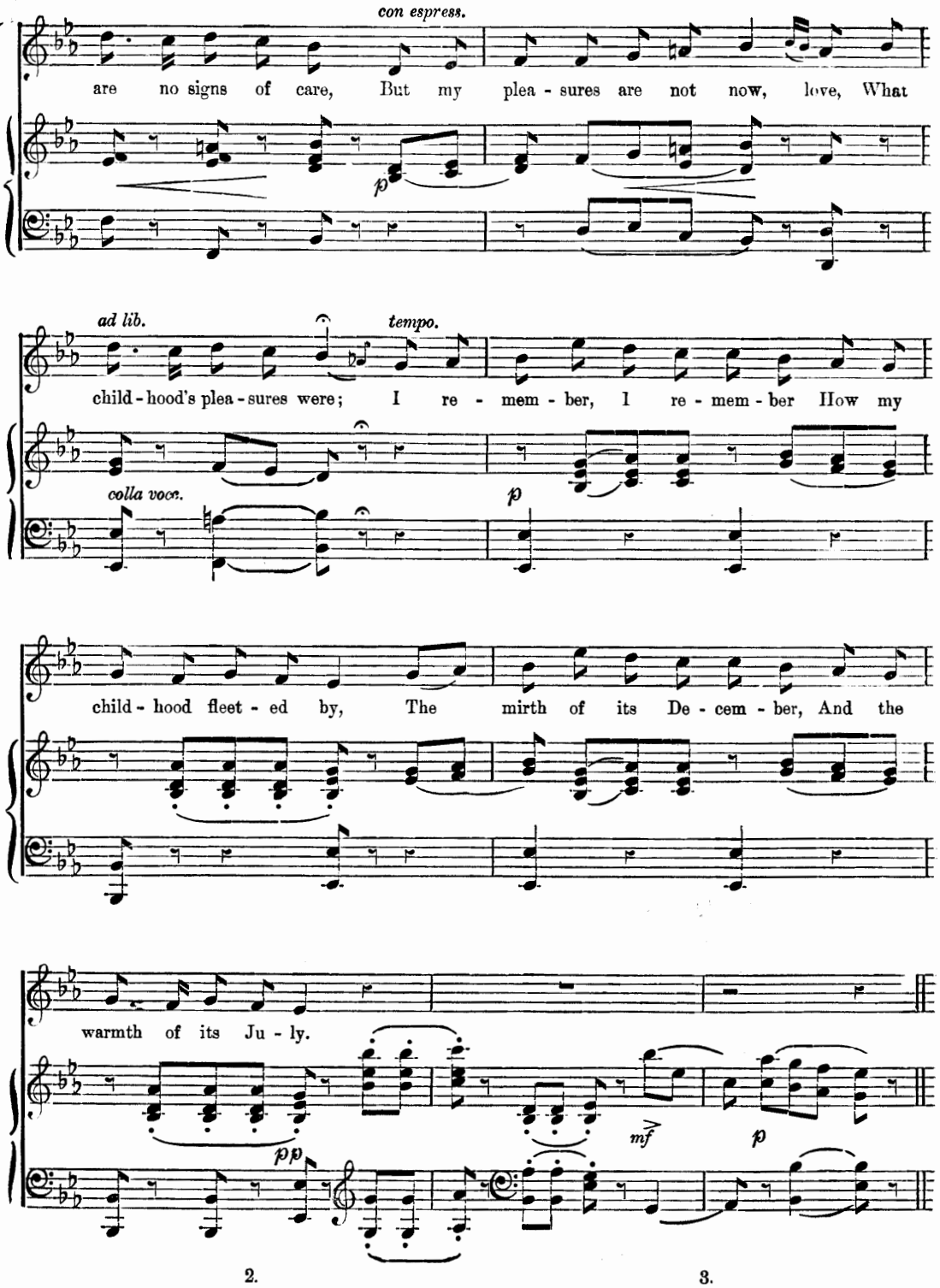


I remember, I remember.

(HOW MY CHILDHOOD FLEETED BY.)

MRS. E. FITZGERALD.





2.

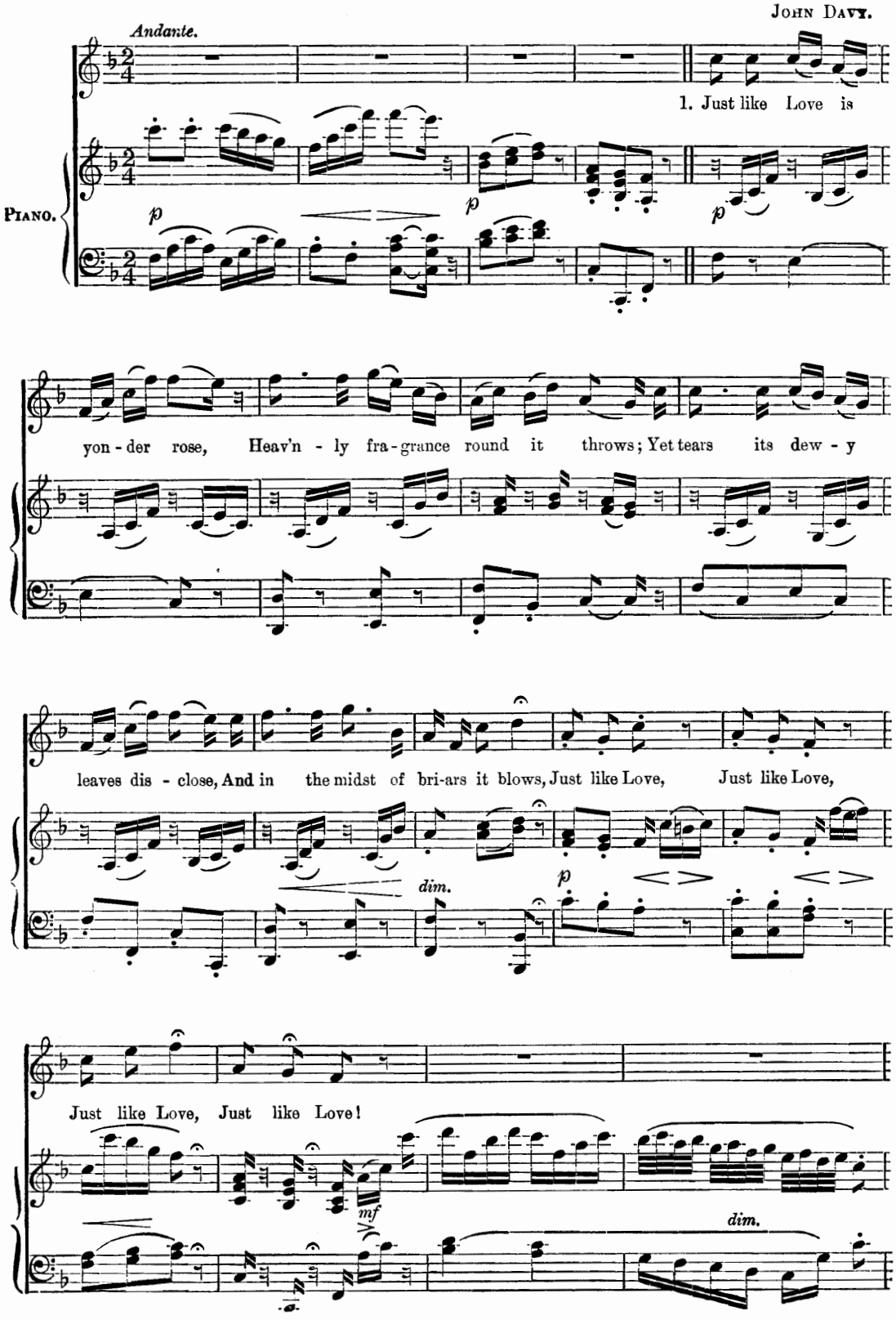
Then the bowers, then the bowers,
Were as blithe as blithe could be,
And all their radient flowers,
Were coronals for me;
Gems to-night, love, gems to-night, love,
Are gleaming in my hair,
But they are not half so bright, love,
As childhood's roses were.
I remember, &c.

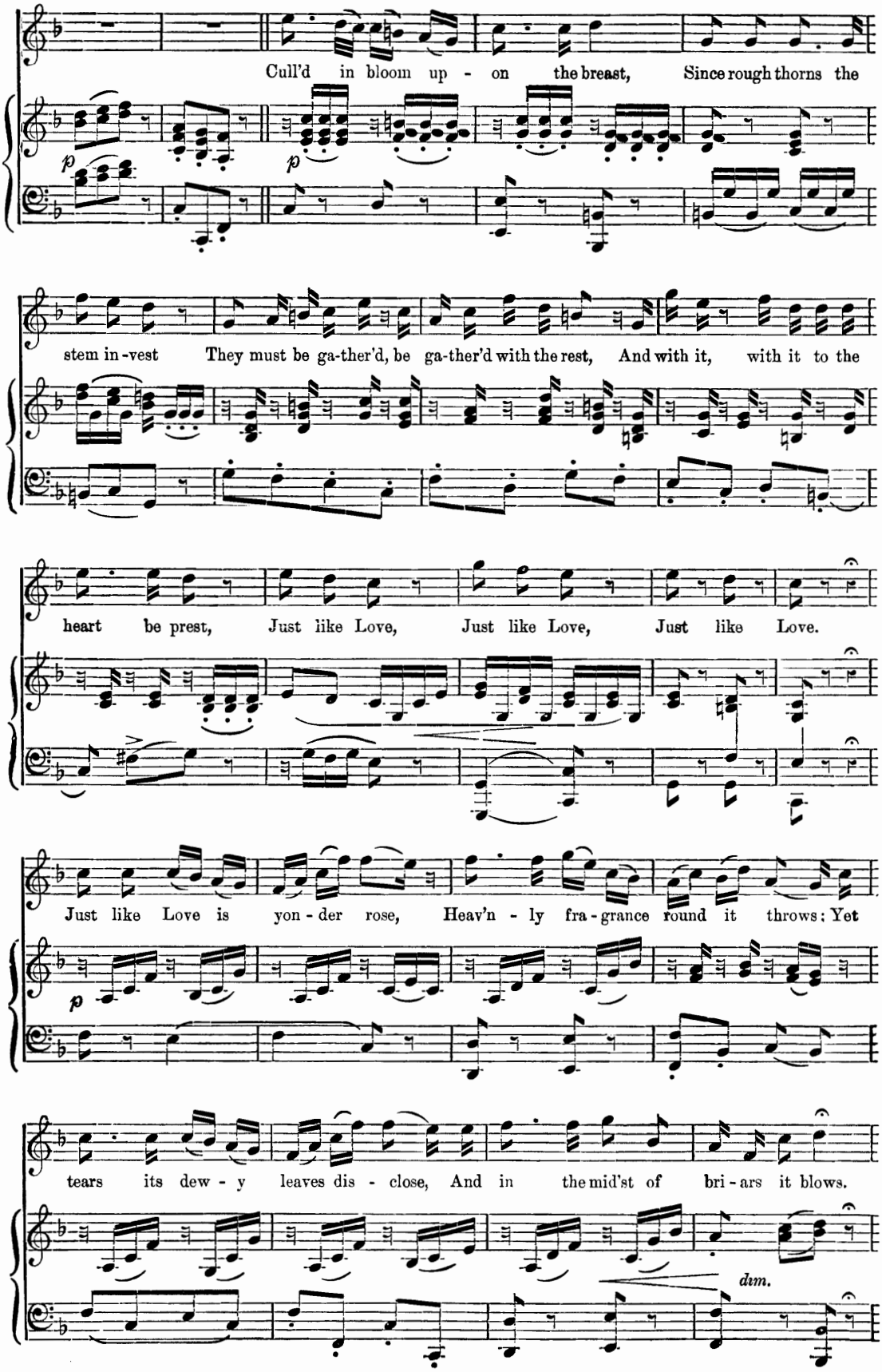
3.

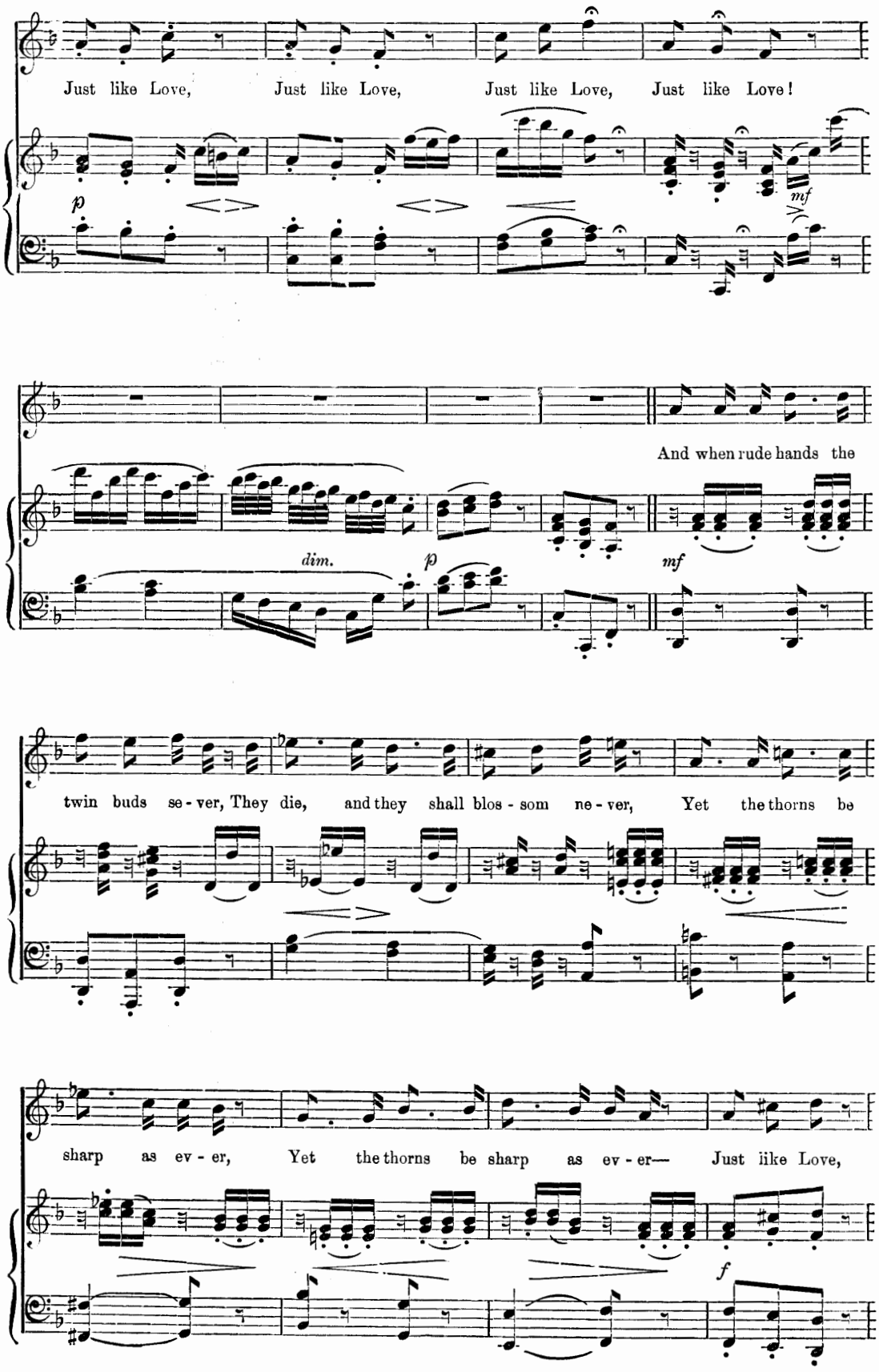
I was merry, I was merry,
When my little lovers came
With a lily, or a cherry,
Or a new invented game;
Now I've you, love, now I've you, love,
To kneel before me there,
But you know you're not so true, love,
As childhood's lovers were.
I remember, &c.

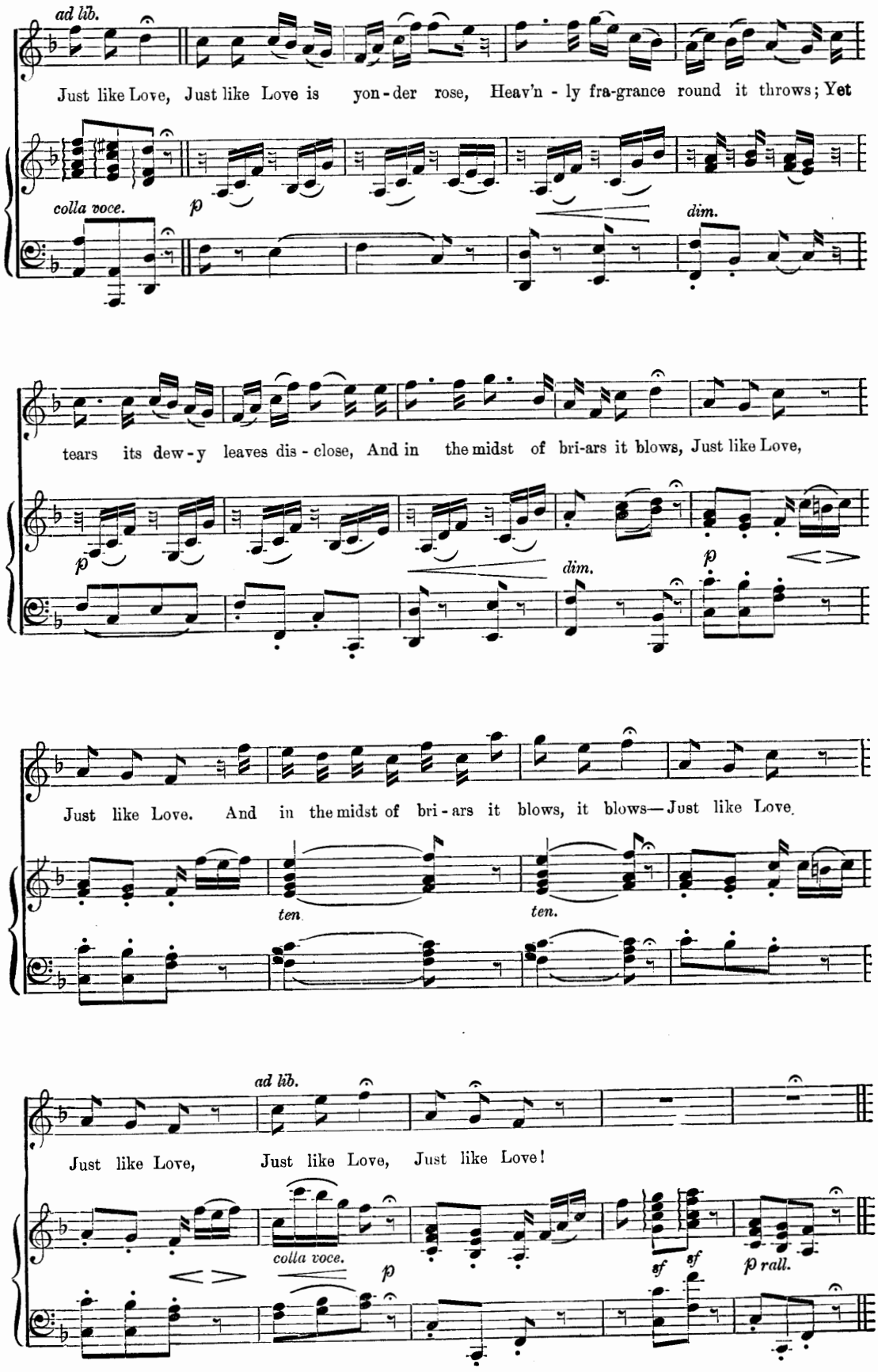
Just like Love is yonder Rose.

JOHN DAVY.




Cull'd in bloom up - on the breast, Since rough thorns the
p
p
stem in-vest They must be ga-ther'd, be ga-ther'd with the rest, And with it, with it to the
heart be prest, Just like Love, Just like Love, Just like Love.
Just like Love is yon - der rose, Heav'n - ly fra - grance round it throws; Yet
p
tears its dew - y leaves dis - close, And in the mid'st of bri - ars it blows.
dim.


Just like Love, Just like Love, Just like Love, Just like Love!
p
mf
And when rude hands the
dim.
p
mf
twin buds se - ver, They die, and they shall blos - som ne - ver, Yet the thorns be
sharp as ev - er, Yet the thorns be sharp as ev - er— Just like Love,
f

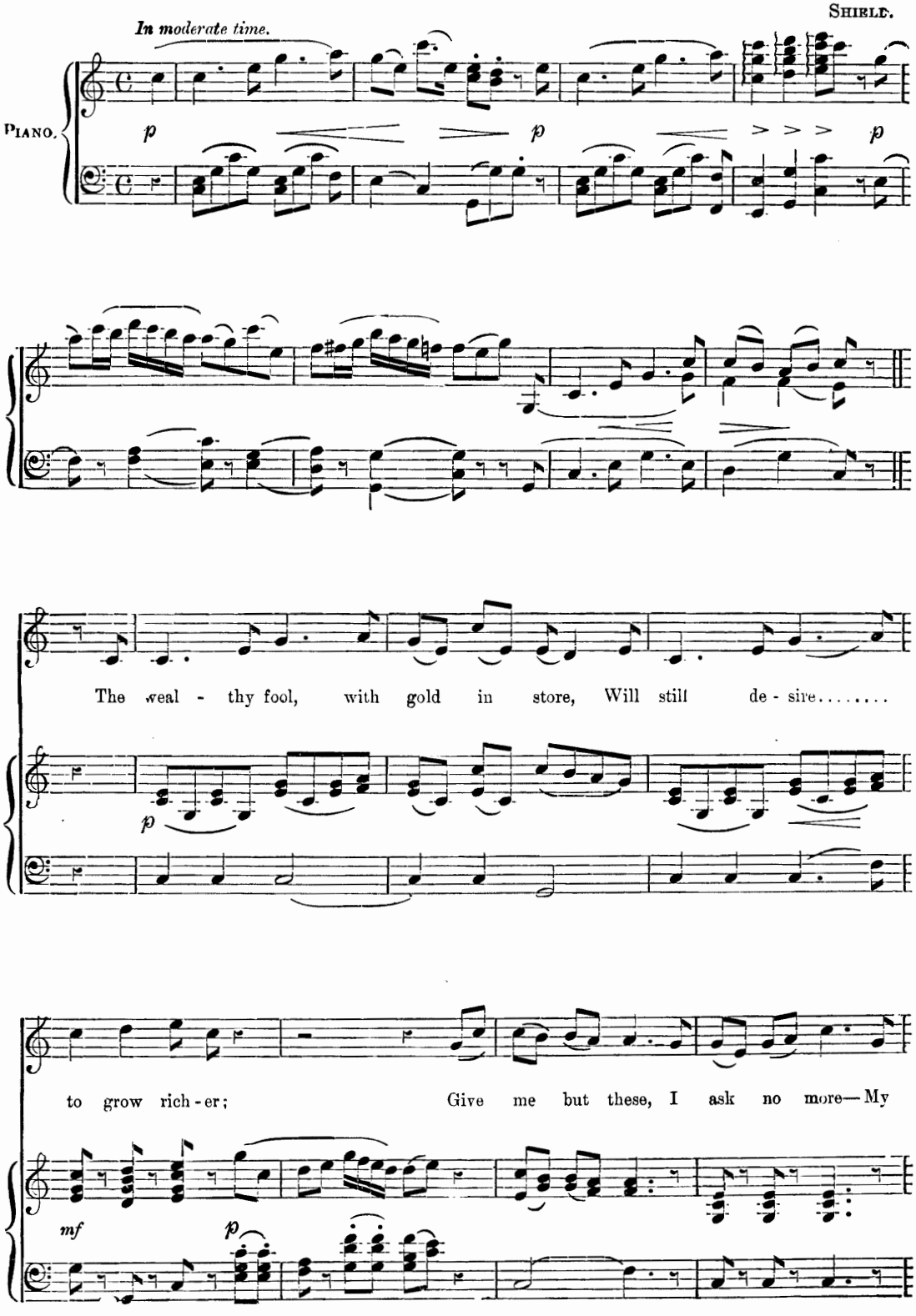

ad lib.
Just like Love, Just like Love is yon-der rose, Heav'n-ly fra-grance round it throws; Yet
colla voce.
p
dim.
tears its dew-y leaves dis-close, And in the midst of bri-ars it blows, Just like Love,
p
dim.
p
Just like Love. And in the midst of bri-ars it blows, it blows—Just like Love.
ten.
ten.
ad lib.
Just like Love, Just like Love, Just like Love!
colla voce.
p
sf
sf
p rall.

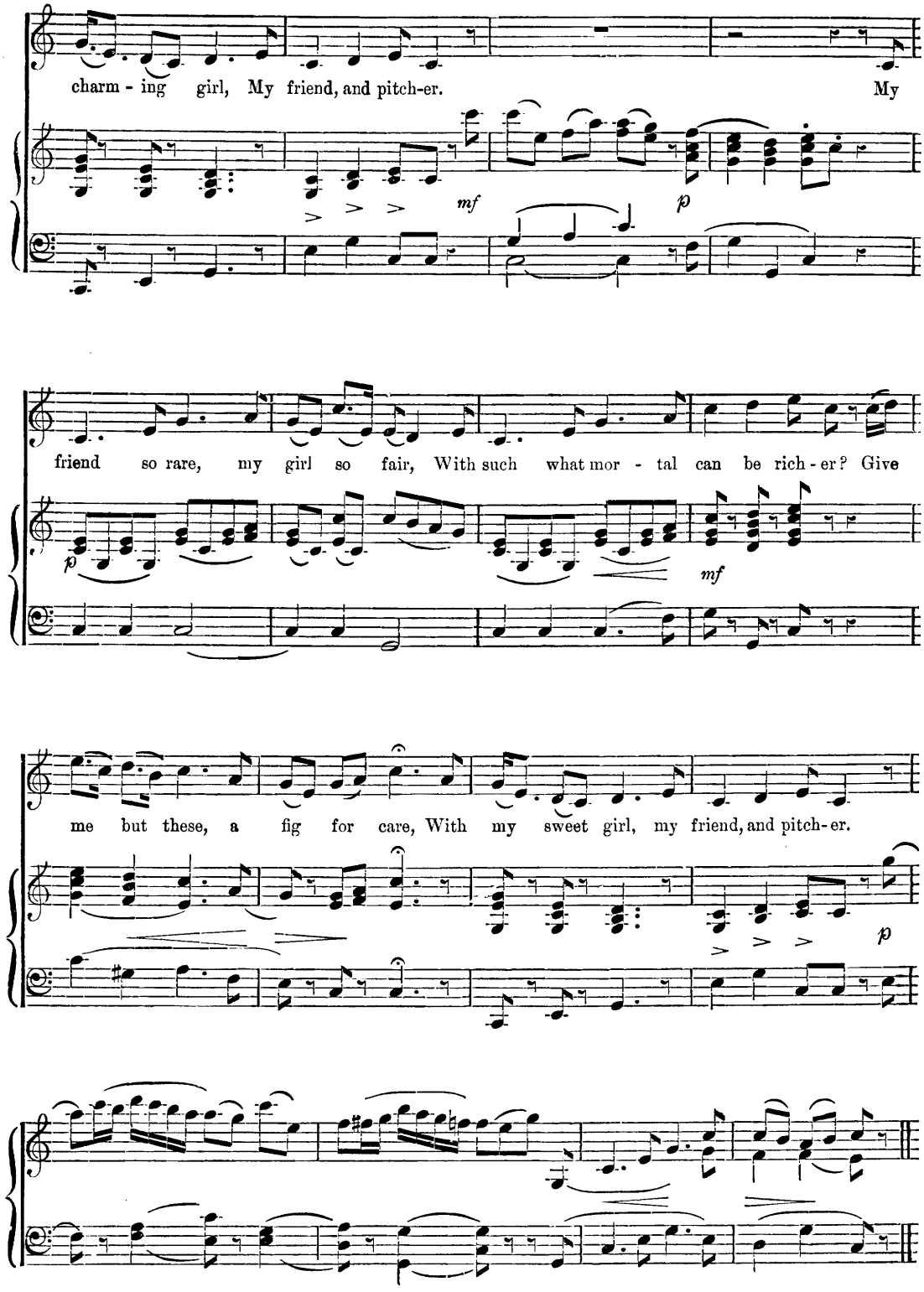
My friend and pitcher.

SHIELD.

In moderate time.

PIANO.





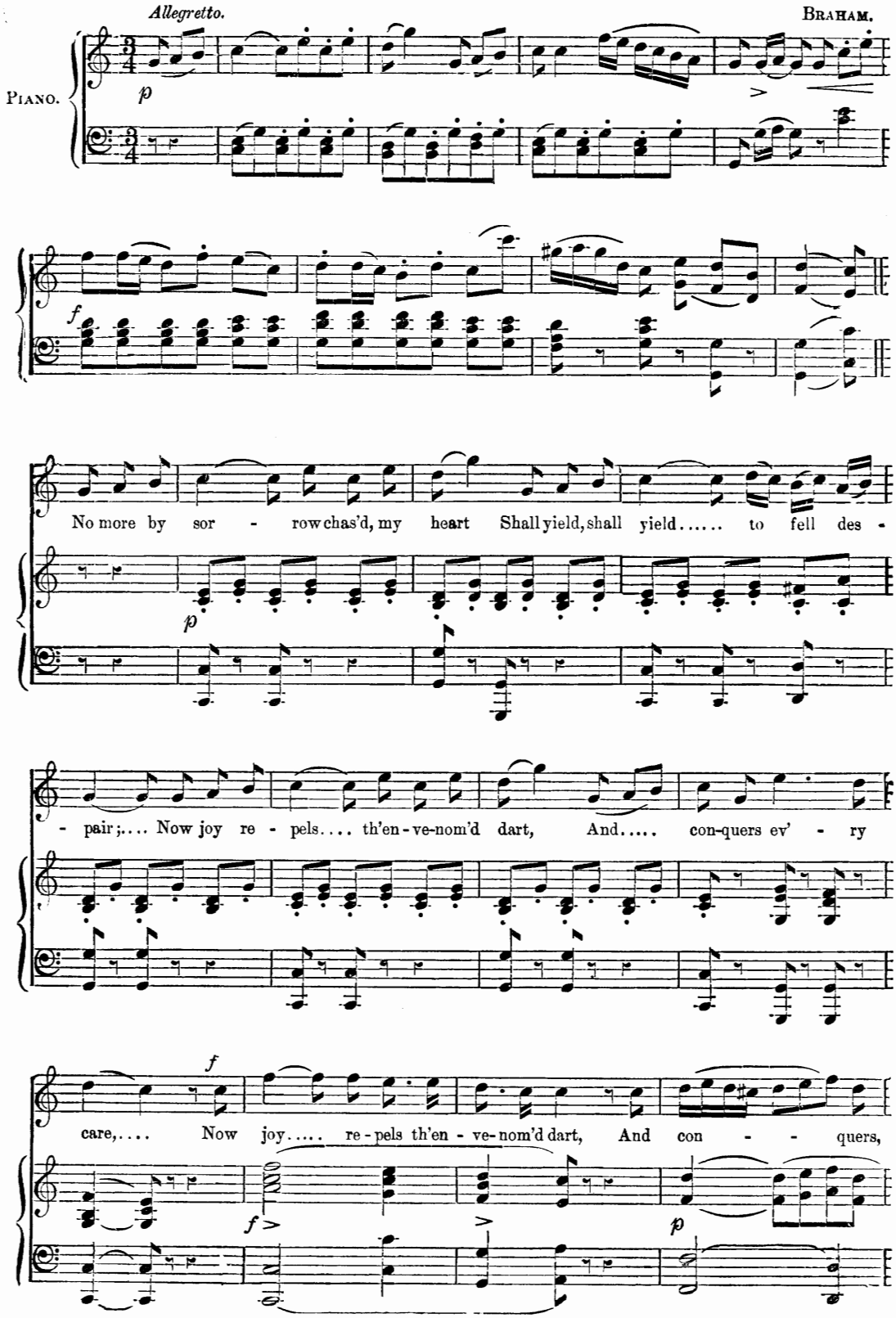
2.

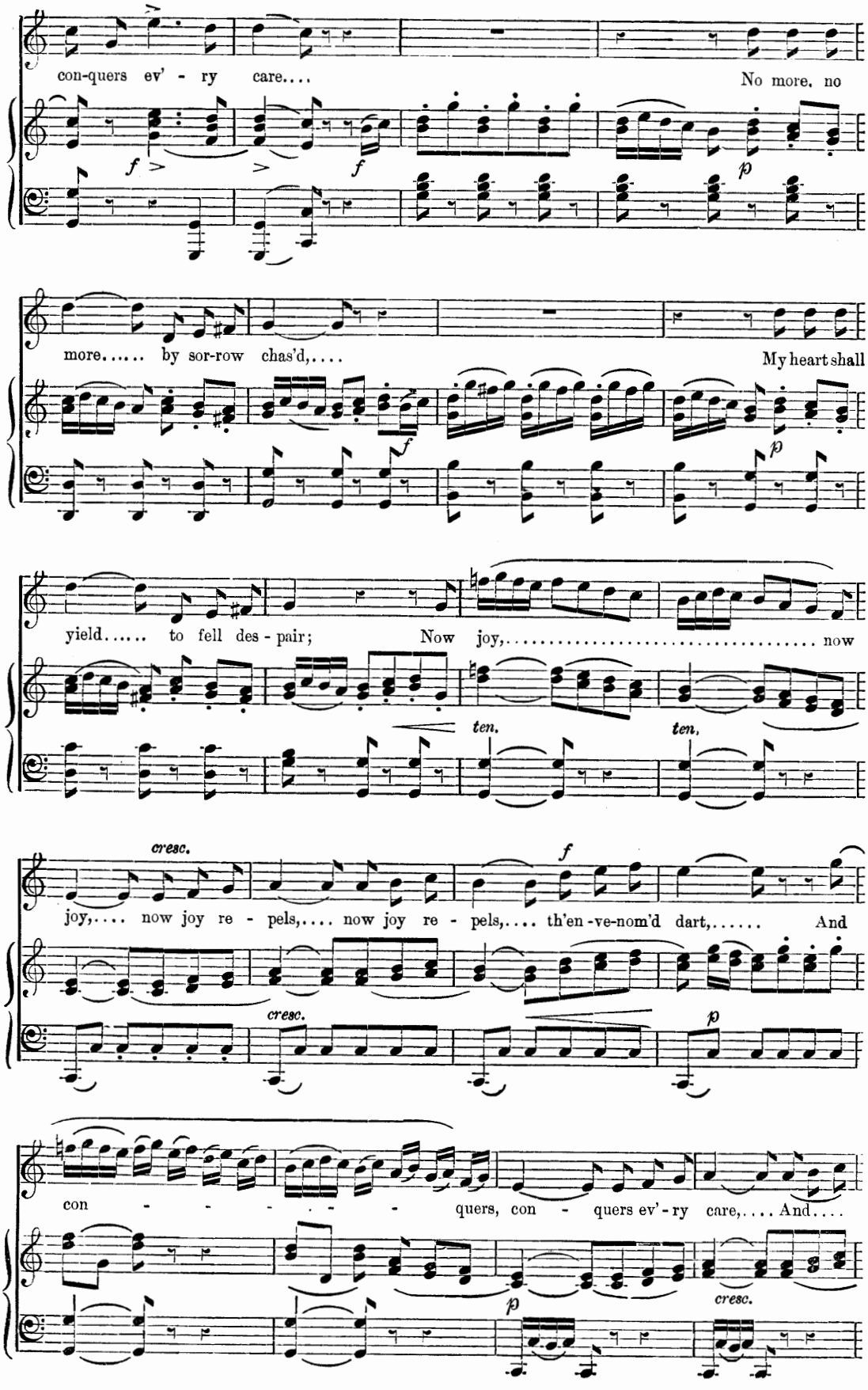
From morning sun I'd never grieve,
To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
If that when I come home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend, the pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

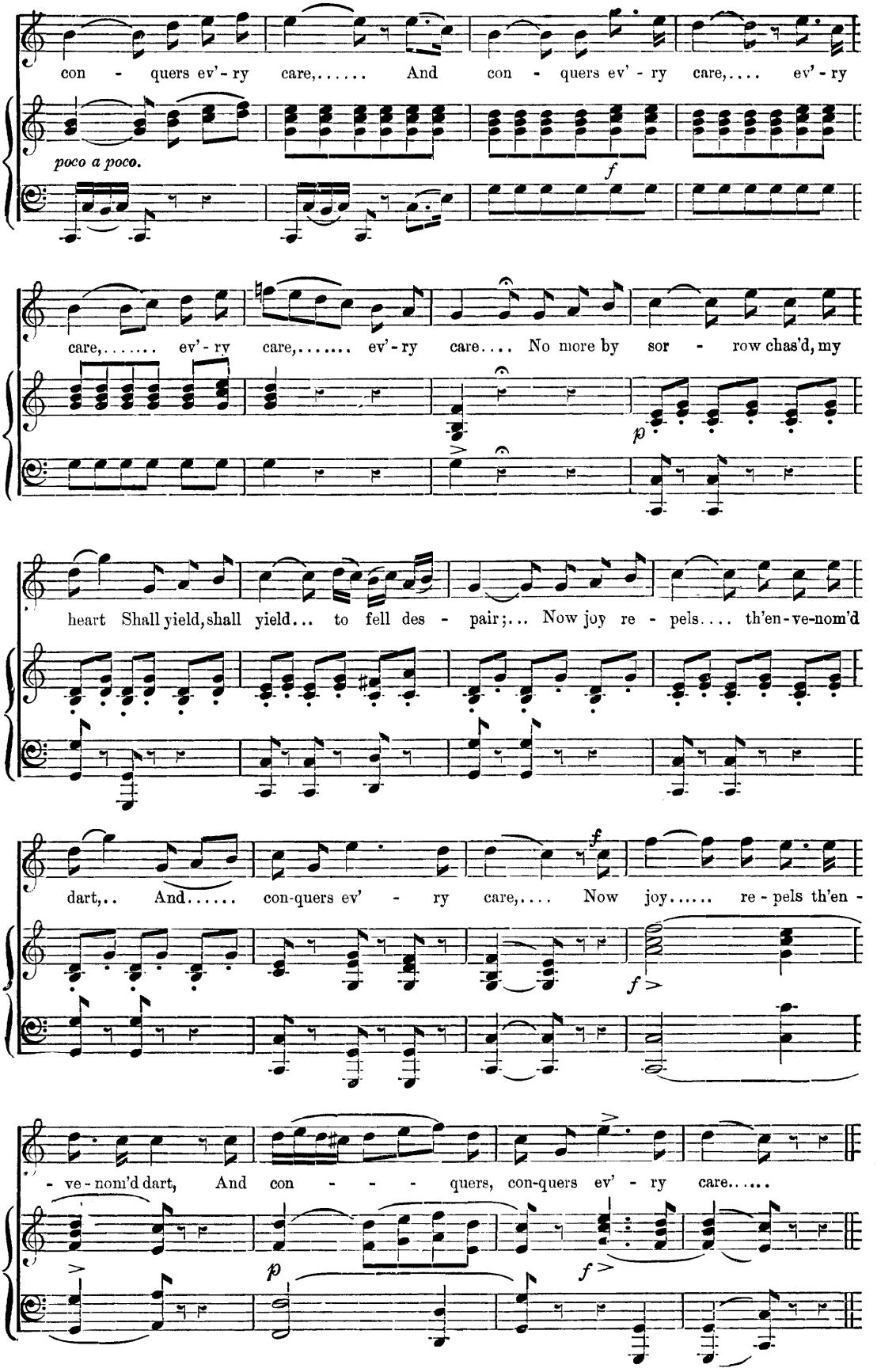
3.

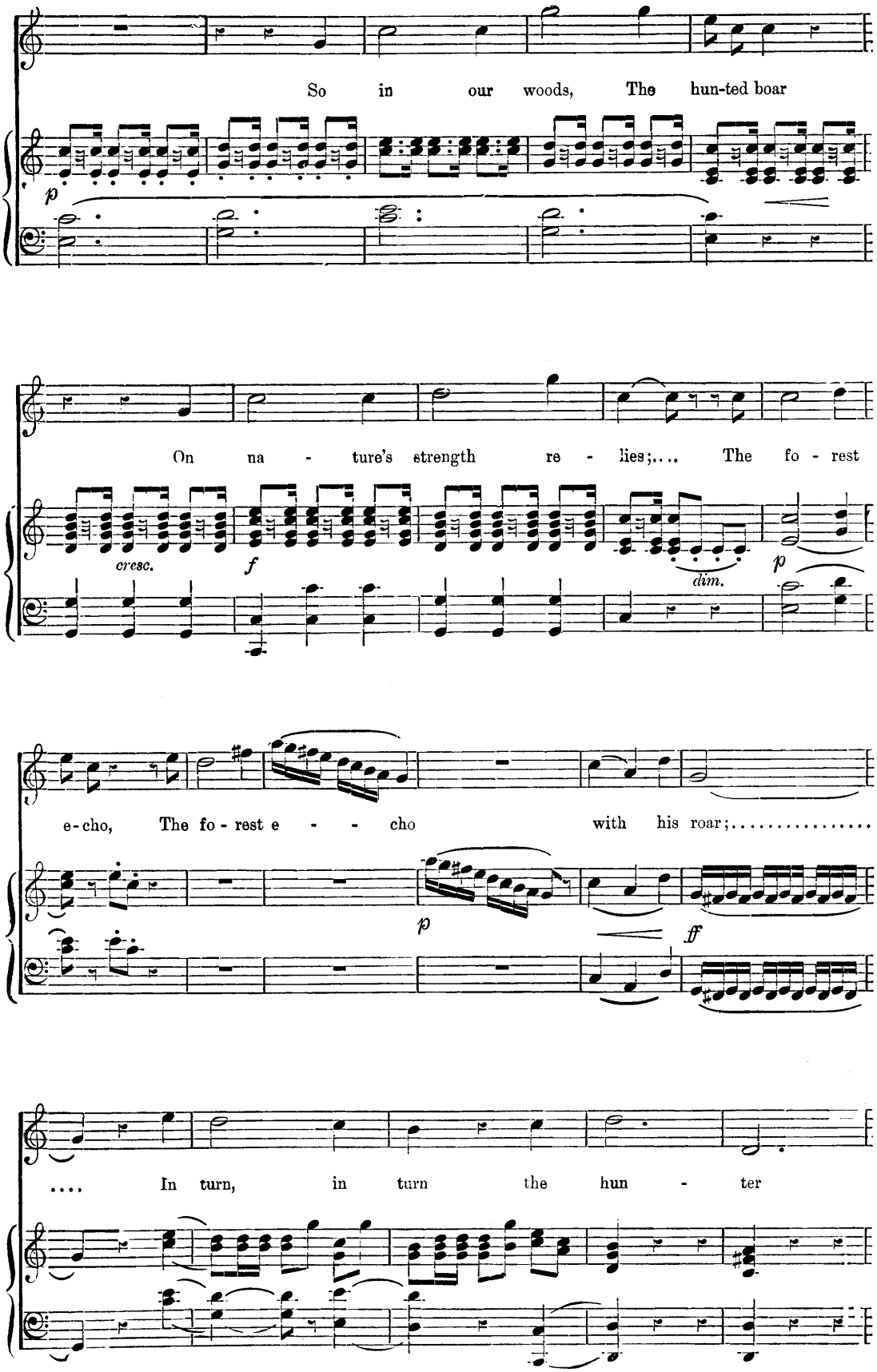
Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,
I do not know what can bewitch her,
With all my heart, can I be poor,
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

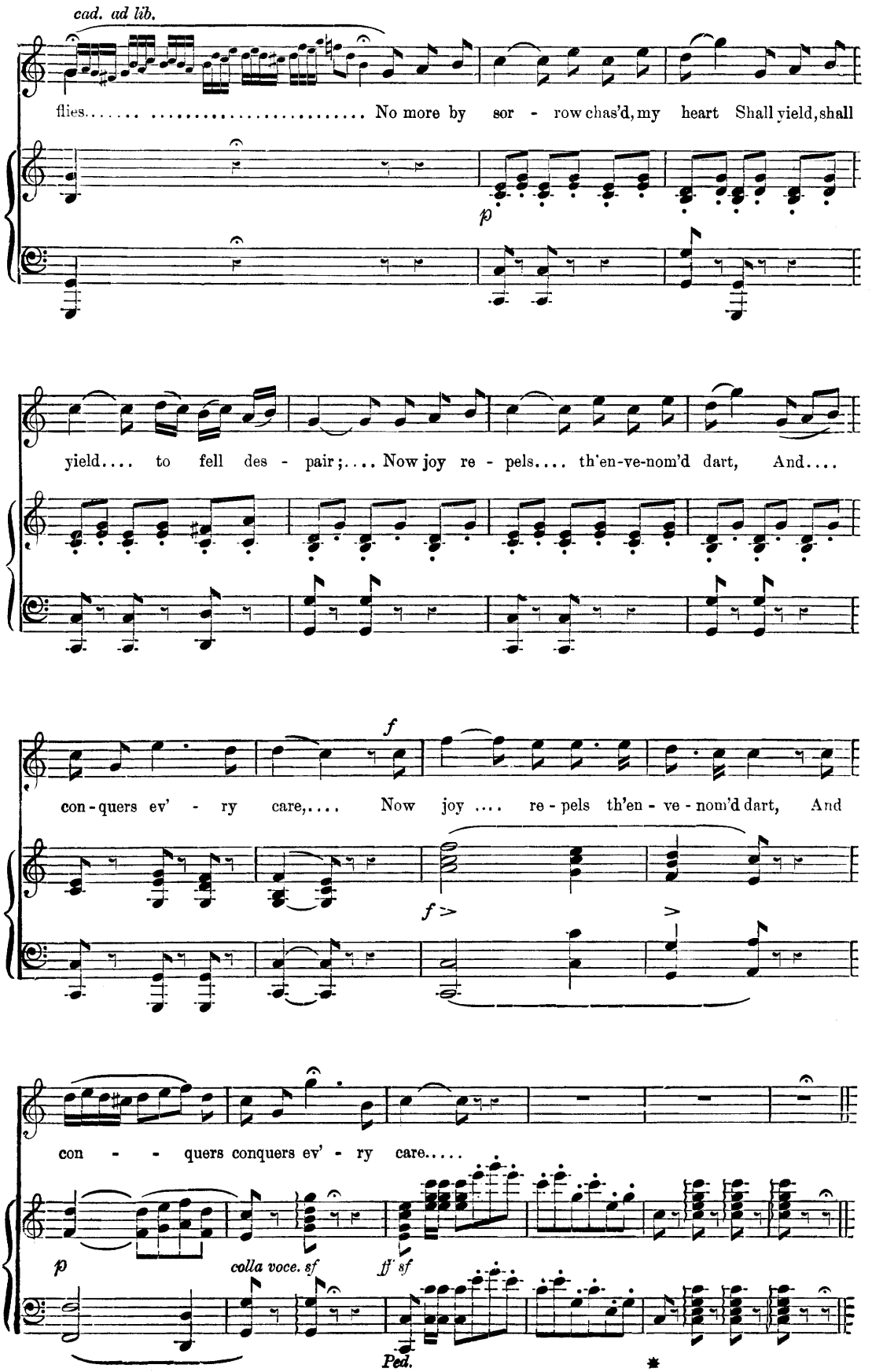
No more by sorrow.




con-quers ev' - ry care....
No more, no
more..... by sor-row chas'd,....
My heart shall
yield..... to fell des - pair;
Now joy,..... now
ten.
ten.
cresc.
joy,.... now joy re - pels,.... now joy re - pels,.... th'en-ve-nom'd dart,.....
And
cresc.
con - - - - - - quers, con - quers ev'-ry care,.... And....
cresc.

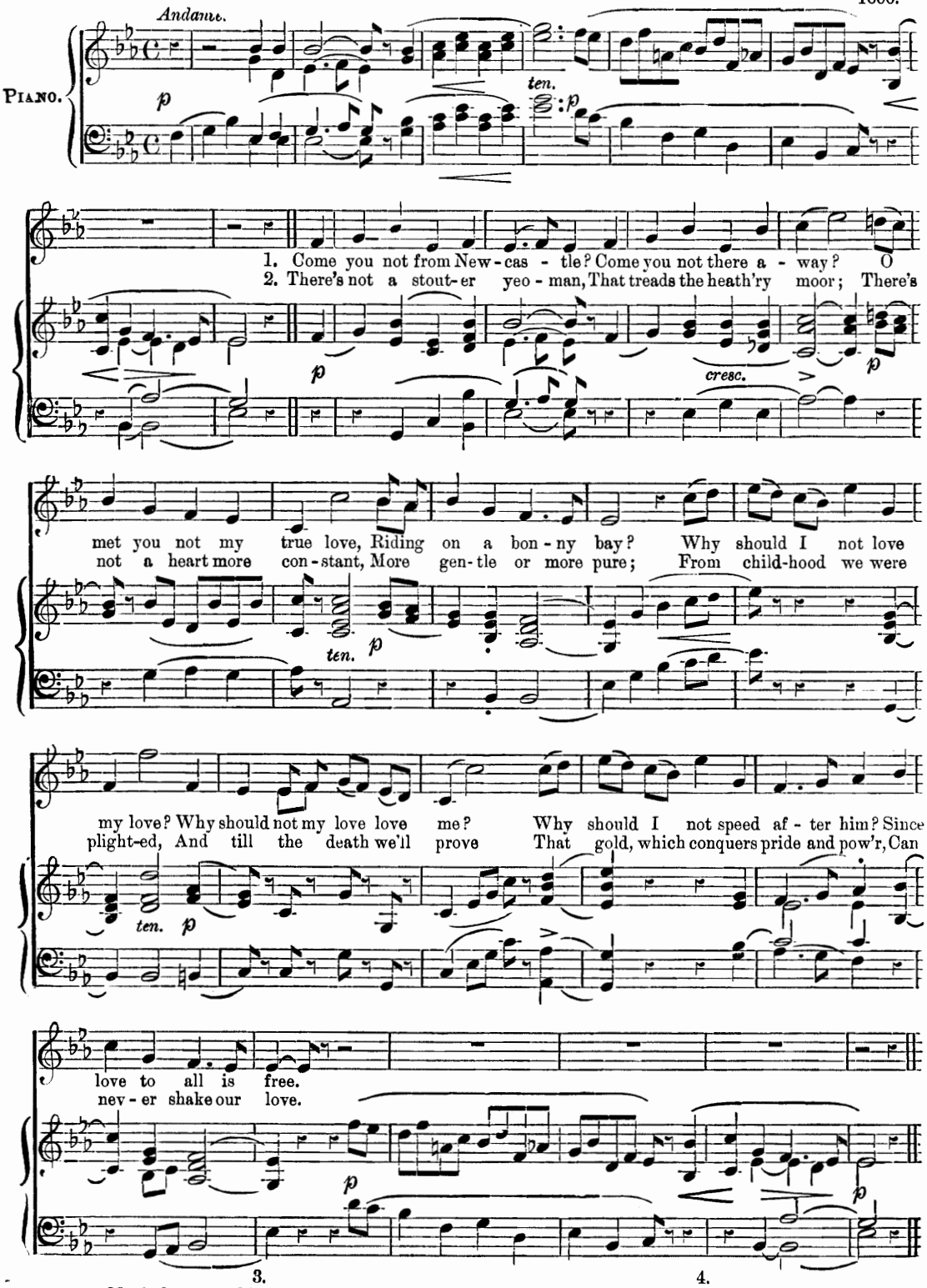

con - quers ev'-ry care,..... And con - quers ev' - ry care,.... ev'-ry
poco a poco.
f
care,..... ev'-ry care,..... ev'-ry care.... No more by sor - row chas'd, my
p
heart Shall yield, shall yield... to fell des - pair;... Now joy re - pels.... th'en-ve-nom'd
f
dart,.. And..... con-quers ev' - ry care,.... Now joy..... re - pels th'en -
f >
- ve-nom'd dart, And con - - - - quers, con-quers ev' - ry care.....
p
f >


So in our woods, The hun-ted boar
p
On na - ture's strength re - lies;.... The fo - rest
cresc.
f
dim.
p
e-cho, The fo - rest e - - - cho with his roar;.....
p
ff
.... In turn, in turn the hun - ter


cad. ad lib.
flies..... No more by sor - row chas'd, my heart Shall yield, shall
p
yield.... to fell des - pair;.... Now joy re - pels.... th'en-ve-nom'd dart, And....
f
con-quers ev' - ry care,.... Now joy .... re-pels th'en - ve - nom'd dart, And
f >
>
con - - quers conquers ev' - ry care.....
p
colla voce. sf
ff sf
Ped.
*

Come you not from Newcastle?

1600.



3.

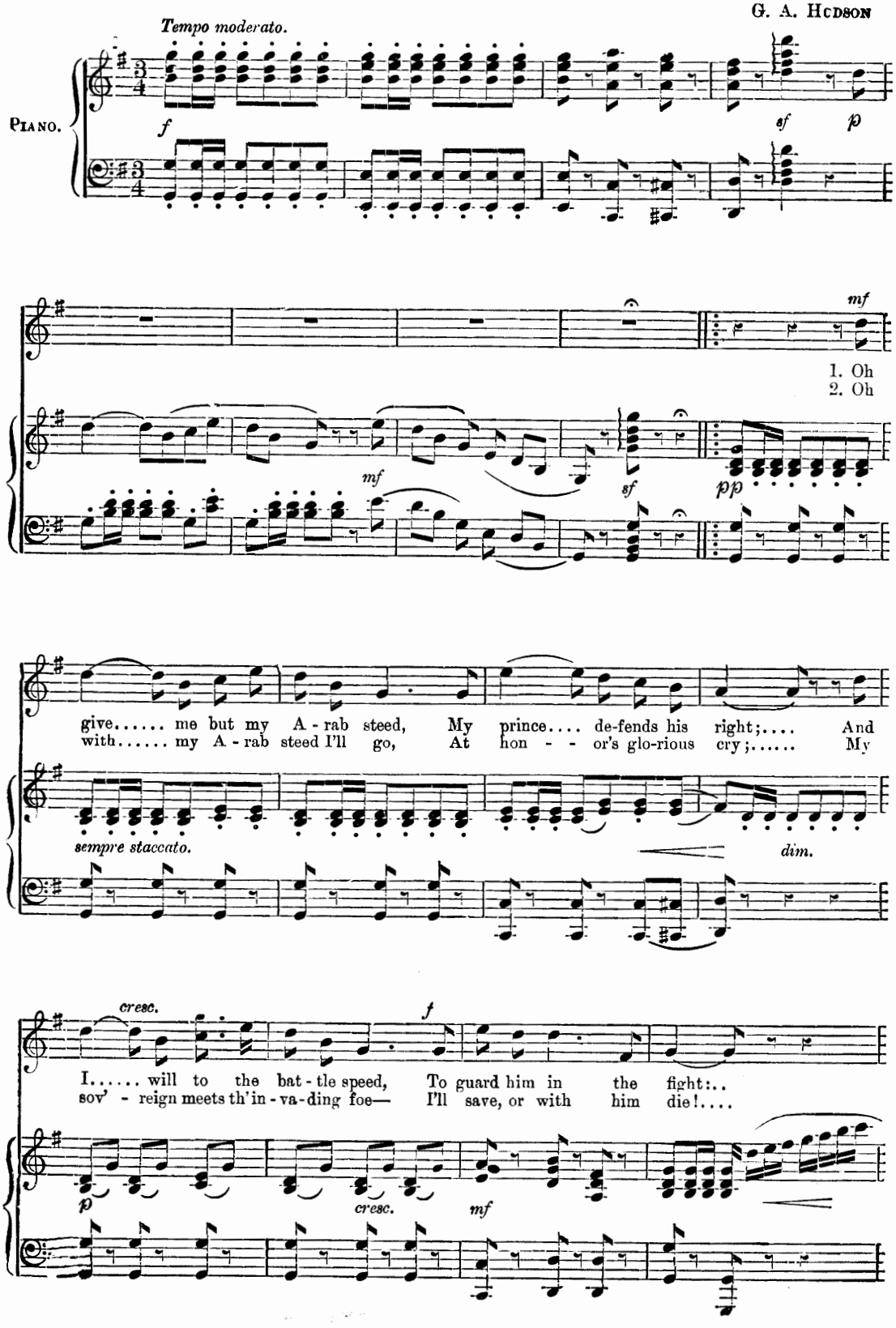
My father, once his true friend,
Now spurns him from our door;
My mother owns him worthy,
Yet bids me love no more.
The squire, his boyhood's playmate,
Would fain his rival be,
And Willie madly rides away
To sail the stormy sea.

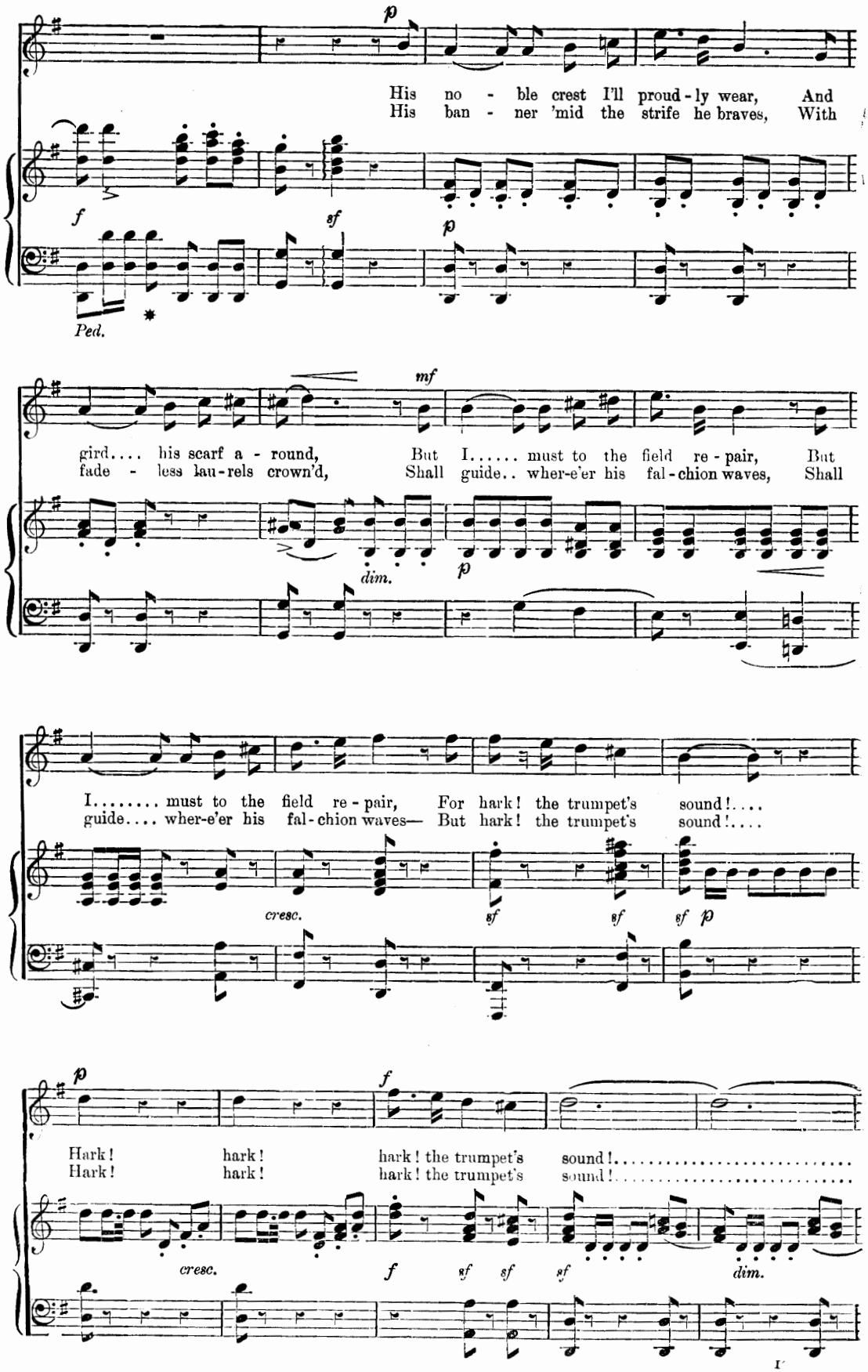
4.

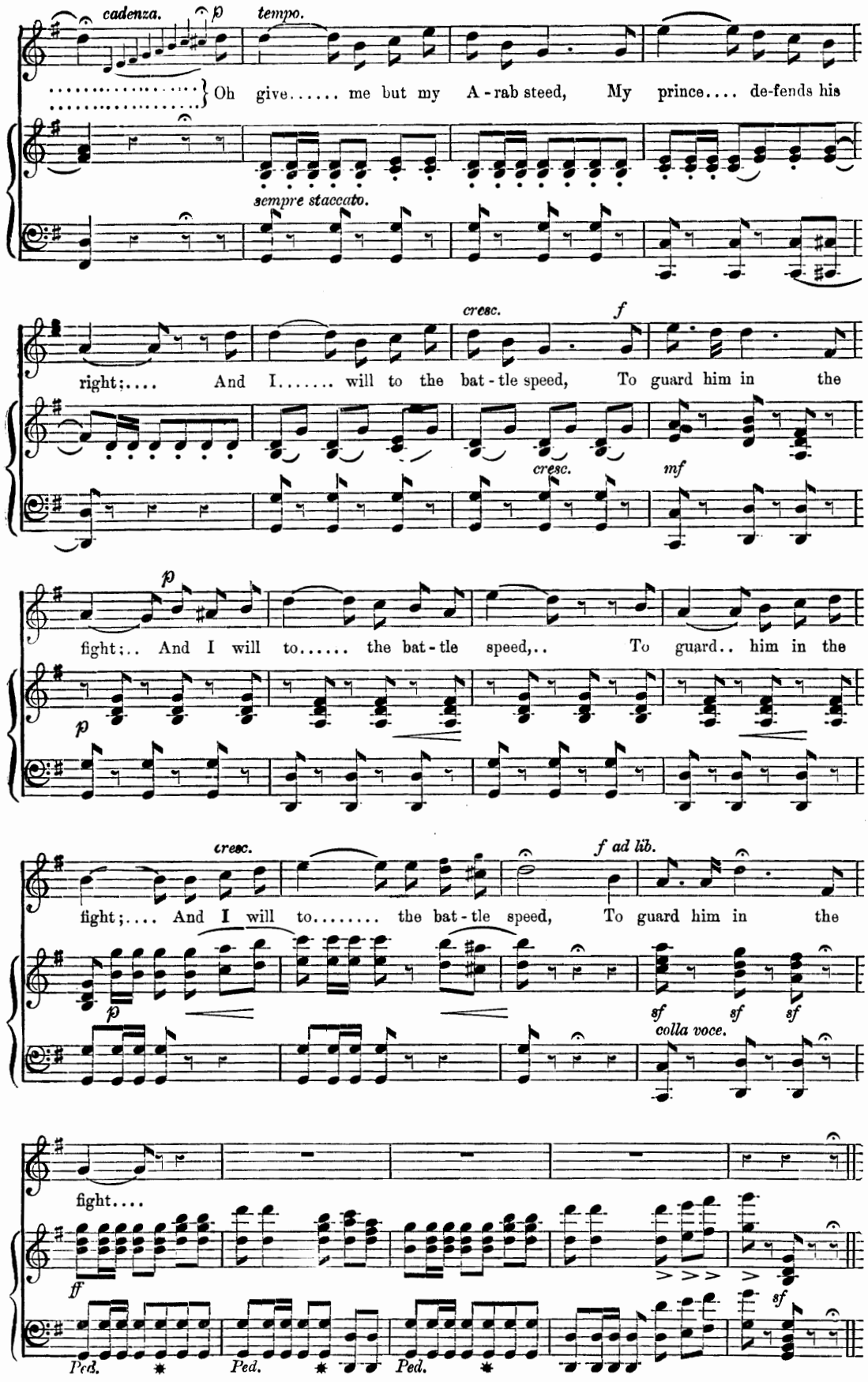
But, spite of blame and danger,
With Willie I will roam—
His arm my safe defender,
His breast my happy home.
Why should not I love my love?
Why should not my love love me?
Why should not we together roam—
Since love to all is free?

O give me but my Arab steed.

G. A. Hcdson



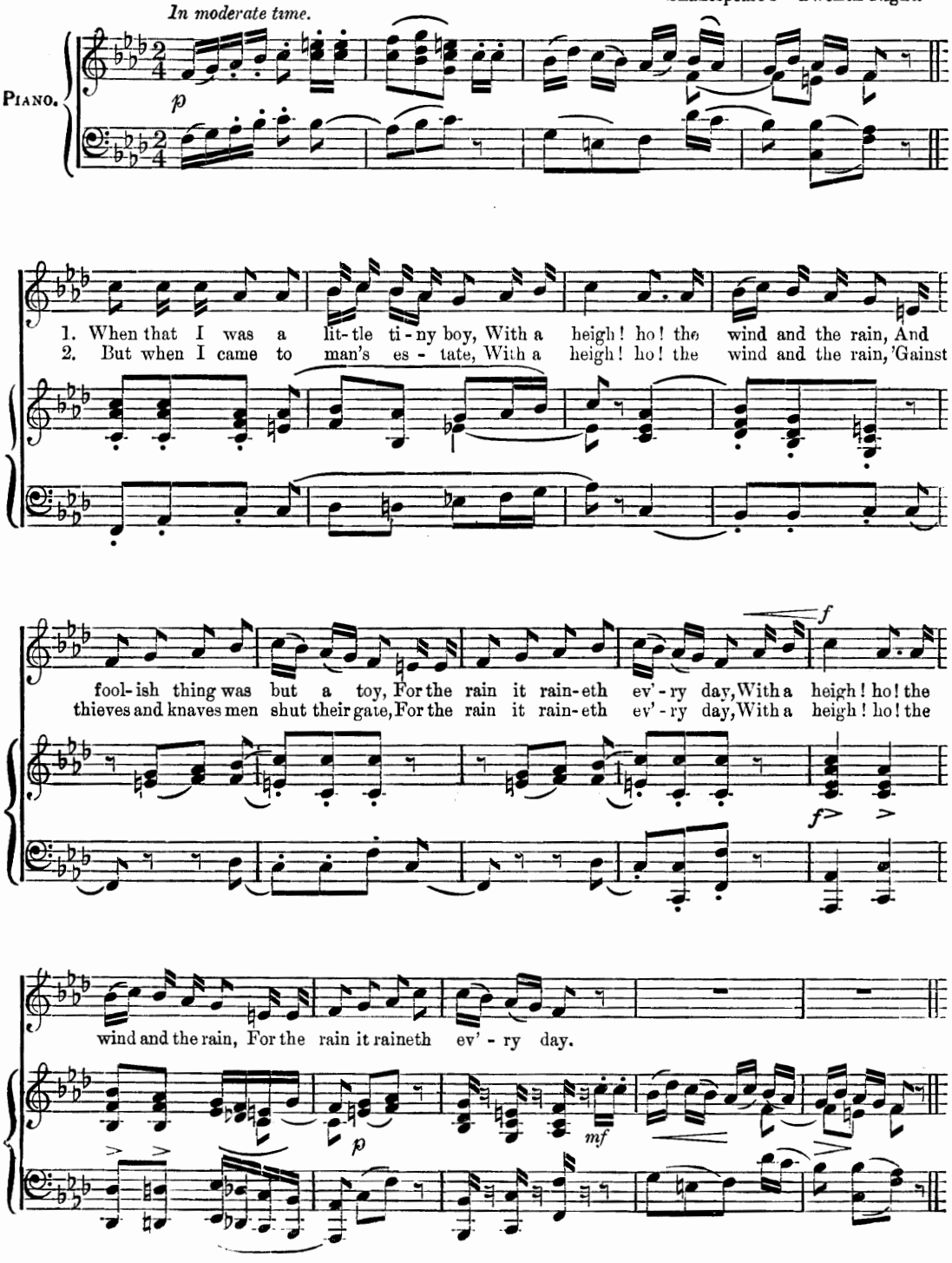

His no - ble crest I'll proud - ly wear, And
His ban - ner 'mid the strife he braves, With
Ped.
gird.... his scarf a - round, But I..... must to the field re - pair, But
fade - less lau - rels crown'd, Shall guide.. wher-e'er his fal - chion waves, Shall
I..... must to the field re - pair, For hark! the trumpet's sound!....
guide.... wher-e'er his fal - chion waves— But hark! the trumpet's sound!....
Hark! hark! hark! the trumpet's sound!.....
Hark! hark! hark! the trumpet's sound!.....


cadenza.
tempo.
Oh give..... me but my A-rab steed, My prince.... de-fends his
sempre staccato.
cresc.
f
right;.... And I..... will to the bat-tle speed, To guard him in the
cresc.
mf
fight;.. And I will to..... the bat-tle speed,.. To guard.. him in the
cresc.
f ad lib.
fight;.... And I will to..... the bat-tle speed, To guard him in the
sf sf sf
colla voce.
fight....
ff
sf
Ped. Ped. Ped.

When that I was a little tiny boy.

Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night."

In moderate time.



3.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With a heigh! ho! the wind and the rain,
By swaggering never could I thrive,
For the rain it raineth ev'ry day.
With a heigh! ho! &c.

4.

A great while ago the world begun,
With a heigh! ho! the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you ev'ry day.
With a heigh! ho! &c.

Cupid's Garden.

Old Song.

Andante con moto.

PIANO.

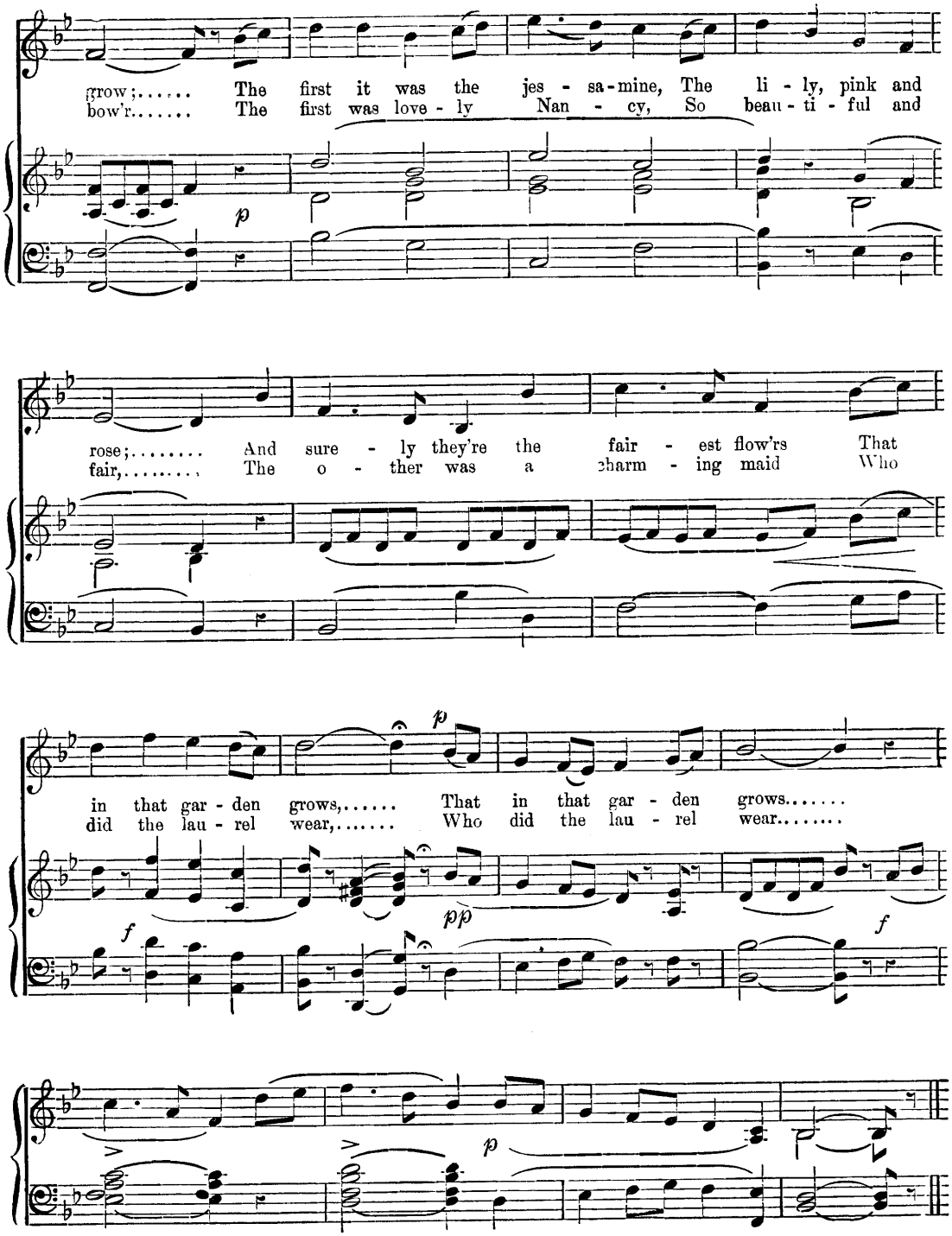
p *f* *p*

1. 'Twas down in Cu - pid's gar - den for plea - sure I did
2. I'd not walk'd in that gar - den The past of half an

p

go,..... To see the fair - est flow - ers That in that gar - den
hour,.... When there I saw two pret - ty maids Sit - ting un - der a sha - dy

cresc. *mf*



3.

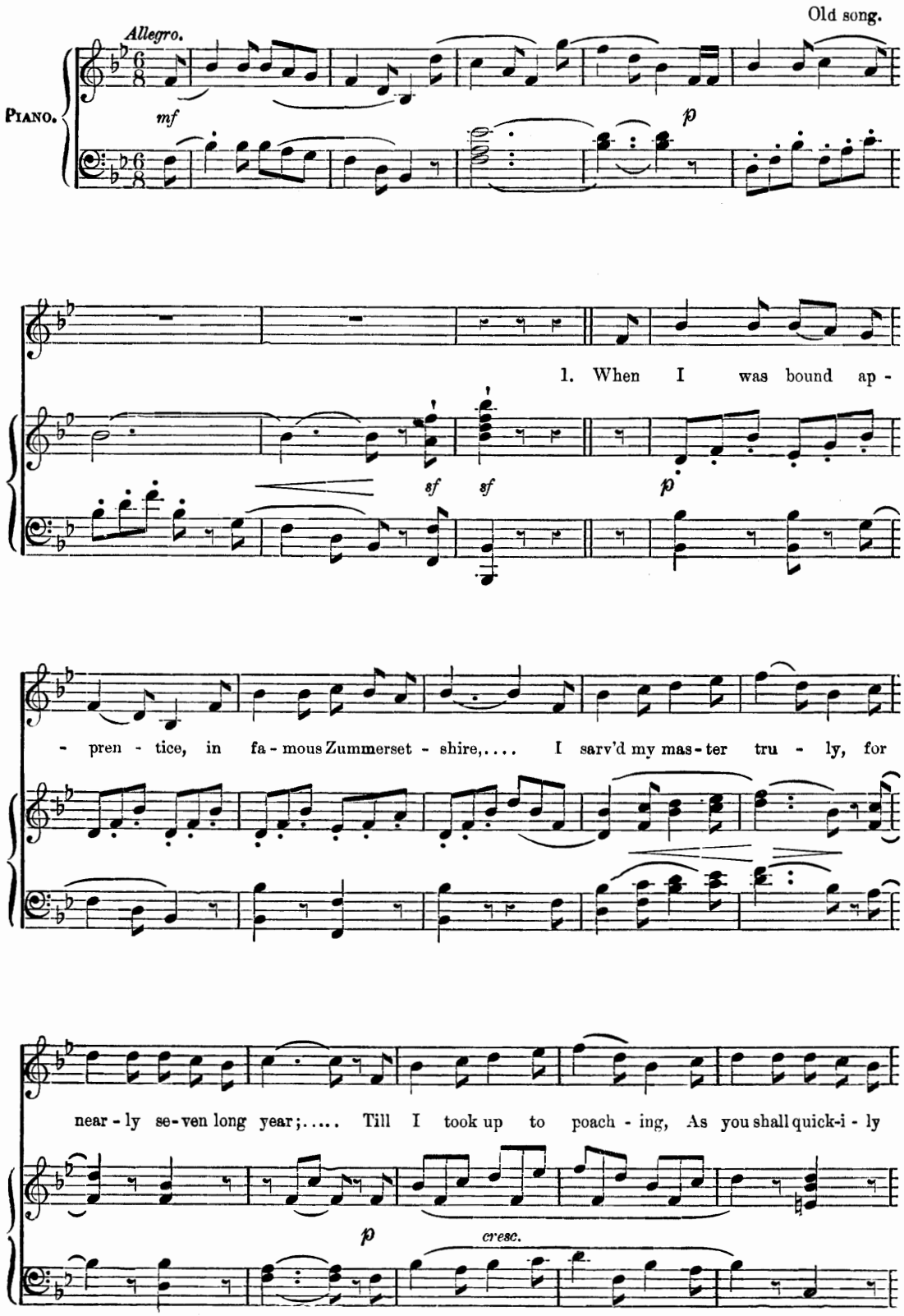
I boldly stepp'd up to her,
And unto her did say—
"Are you engag'd to any young man?
Do tell to me, I pray!"
"I'm not engag'd to any young man—
I solemnly do swear;
I mean to live a single life
And still the laurel wear."

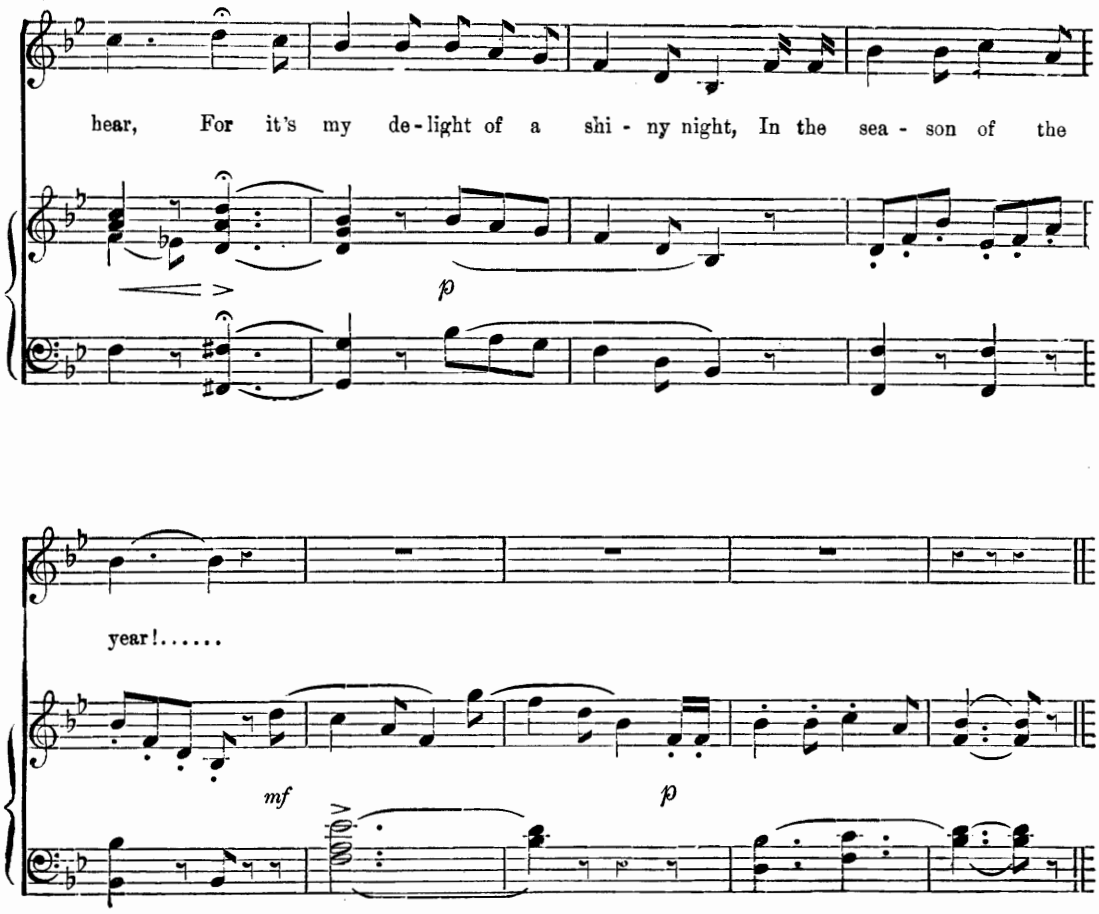
4.

Then hand in hand together,
This lovely couple went;
Resolvèd was the sailor boy
To know her full intent;
To know if he would slighted be,
When to her the truth he told:
"Oh no! oh no! oh no!" she cried,
"I love a sailor bold!"

The Poacher.

Old song.





2.

As me and my companions were setting of a snare,
The gamekeeper was watching us—for him we did not care;
For we can wrestle, fight, my boys, jump over anywhere,—
For it's my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

3.

As me and my companions were setting four and five,
And taking of them up again, we took the hare alive;
We popp'd her into a bag, my boys, and thro' the wood did steer,—
For it's my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

4.

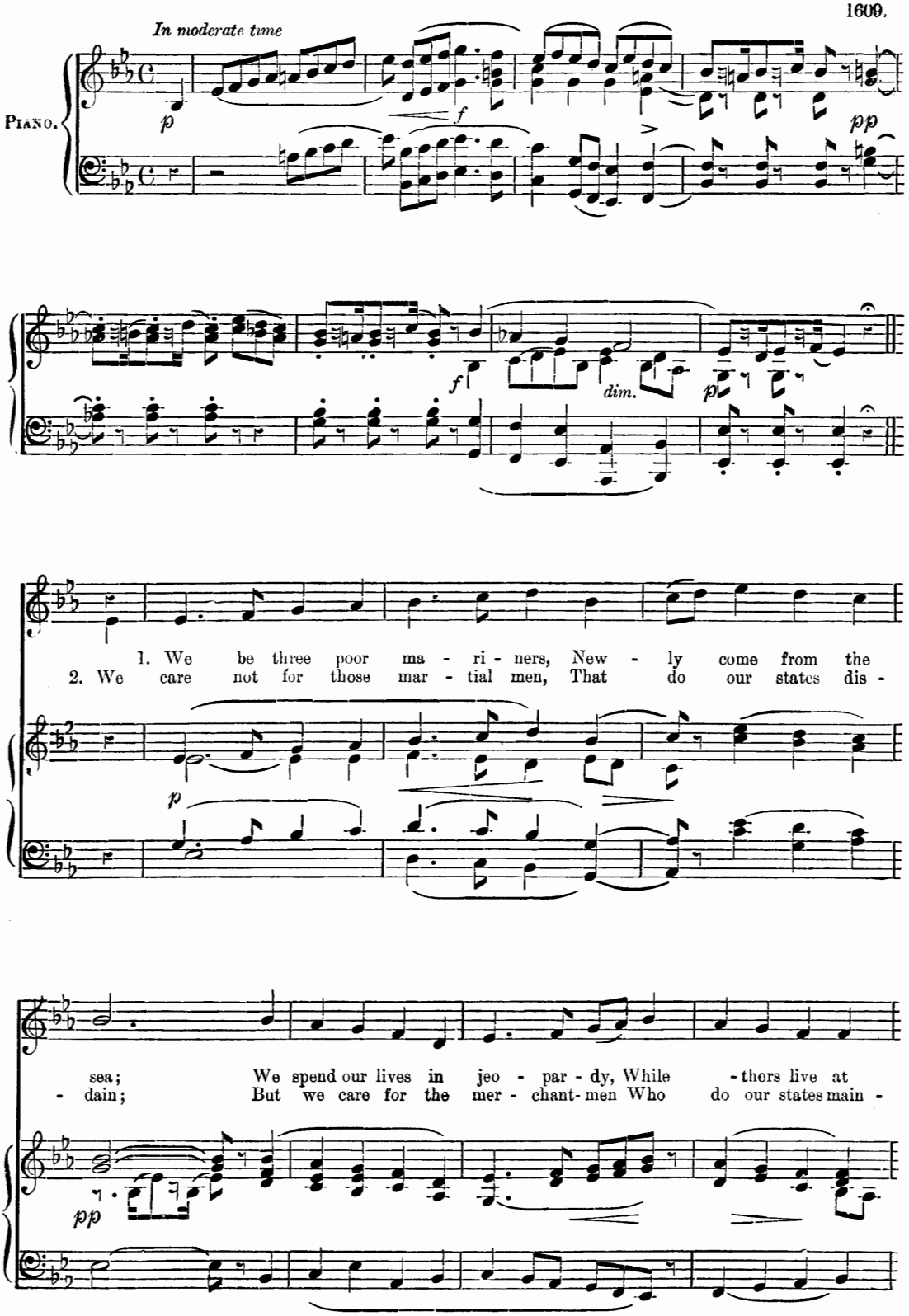
We threw her o'er our shoulders, and wandered through the town,
Call'd into a neighbour's house, and sold her for a crown;
We sold her for a crown, my boys, but I didn't tell you where,—
For it's my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

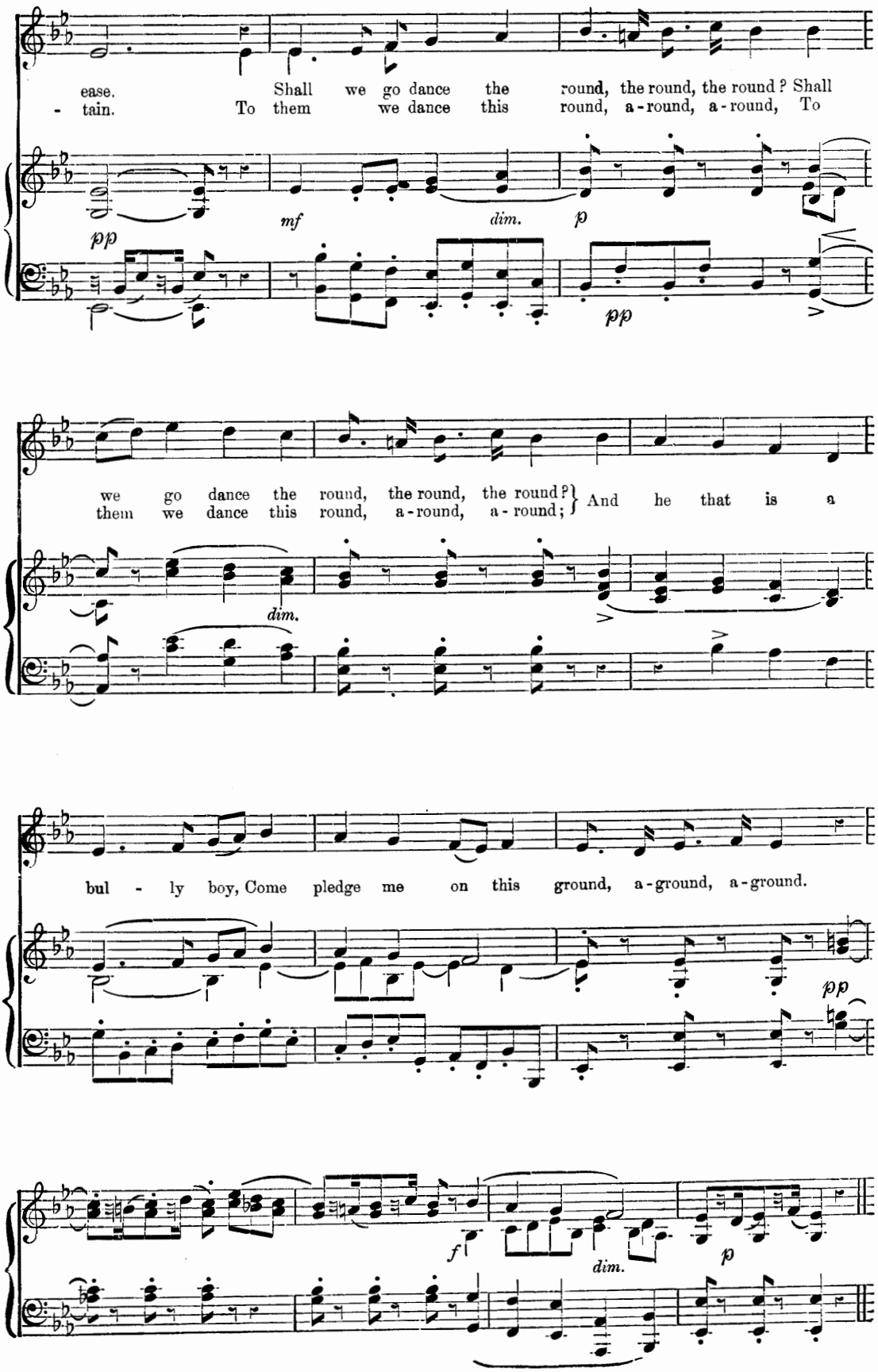
5.

Well, here's success to poaching, for I do think it fair;
Bad luck to ev'ry housekeeper that would not sell his deer,
Good luck to ev'ry gamekeeper that wants to buy a hare,—
For it's my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

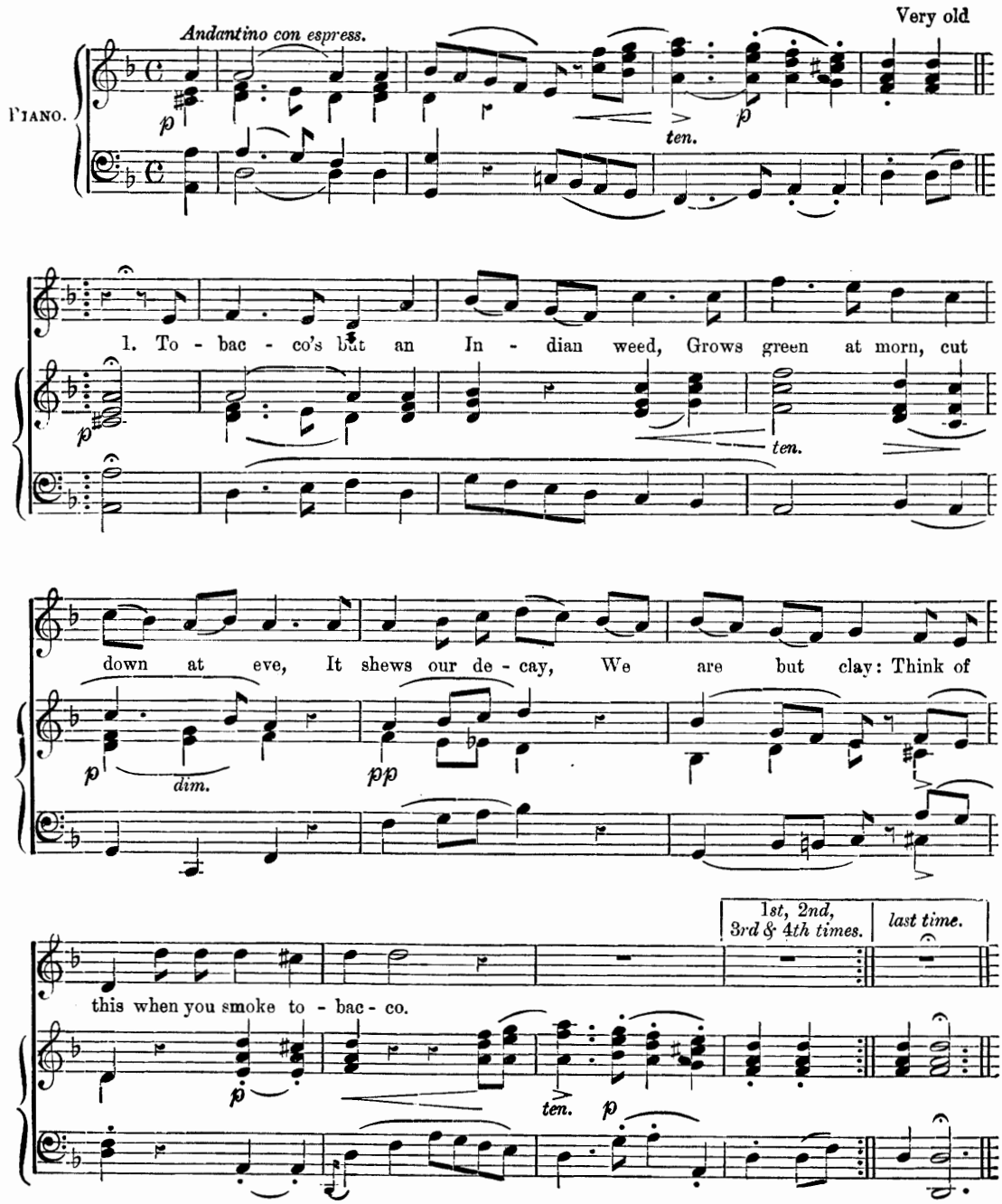
We be three poor Mariners.

1609.




ease. Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round? Shall
- tain. To them we dance this round, a-round, a-round, To
pp
mf
dim.
p
pp
we go dance the round, the round, the round?
them we dance this round, a-round, a-round;
And he that is a
dim.
bul - ly boy, Come pledge me on this ground, a-ground, a-ground.
pp
f
dim.
p

Tobacco is an Indian Weed.



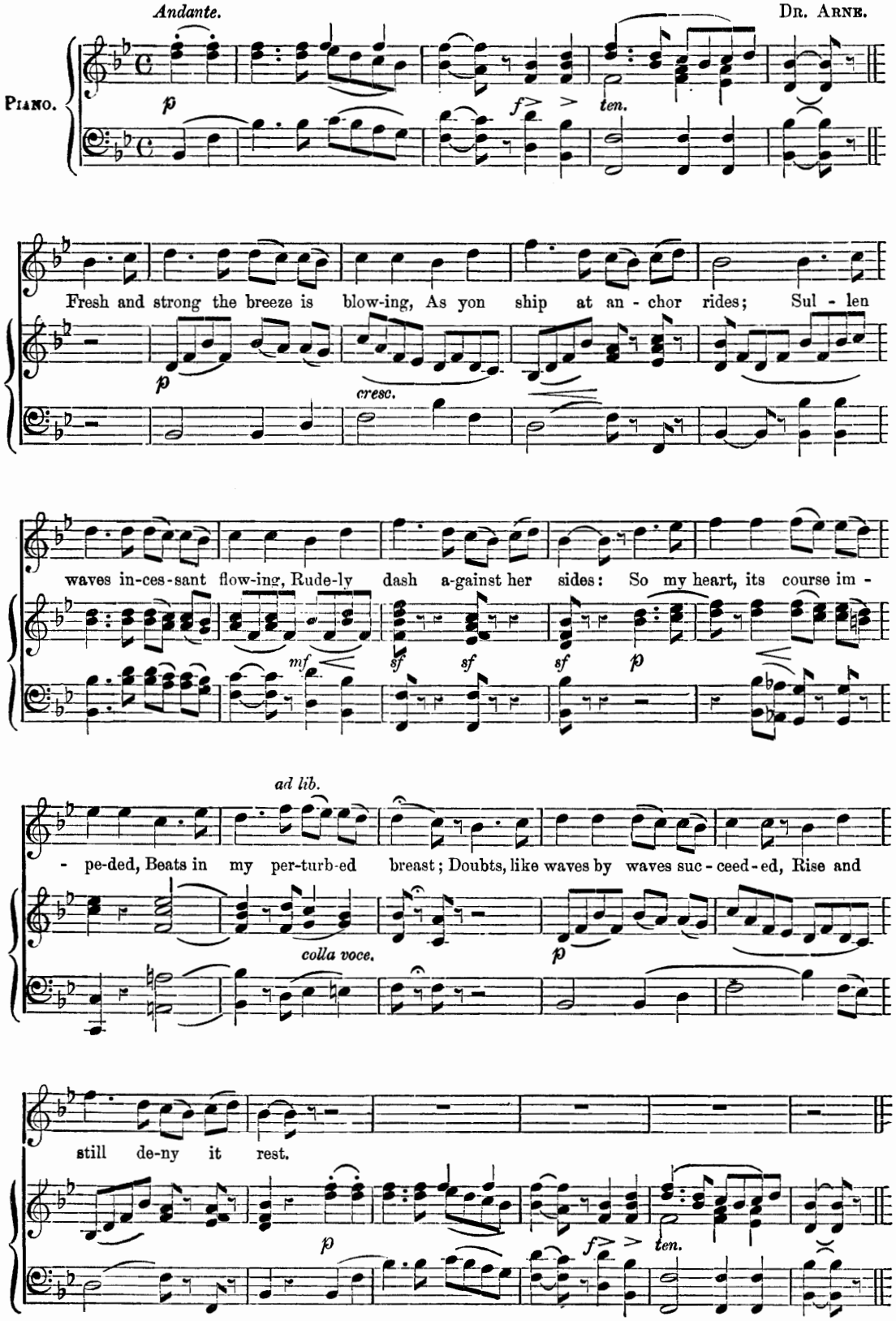
2.
The pipe, that is so lily white,
Wherein so many take delight,
Is broke with a touch—
Man's life is such:
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

3.
The pipe that is so foul within,
Shews how man's soul is stain'd with sin,
And then the fire,
It doth require:
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

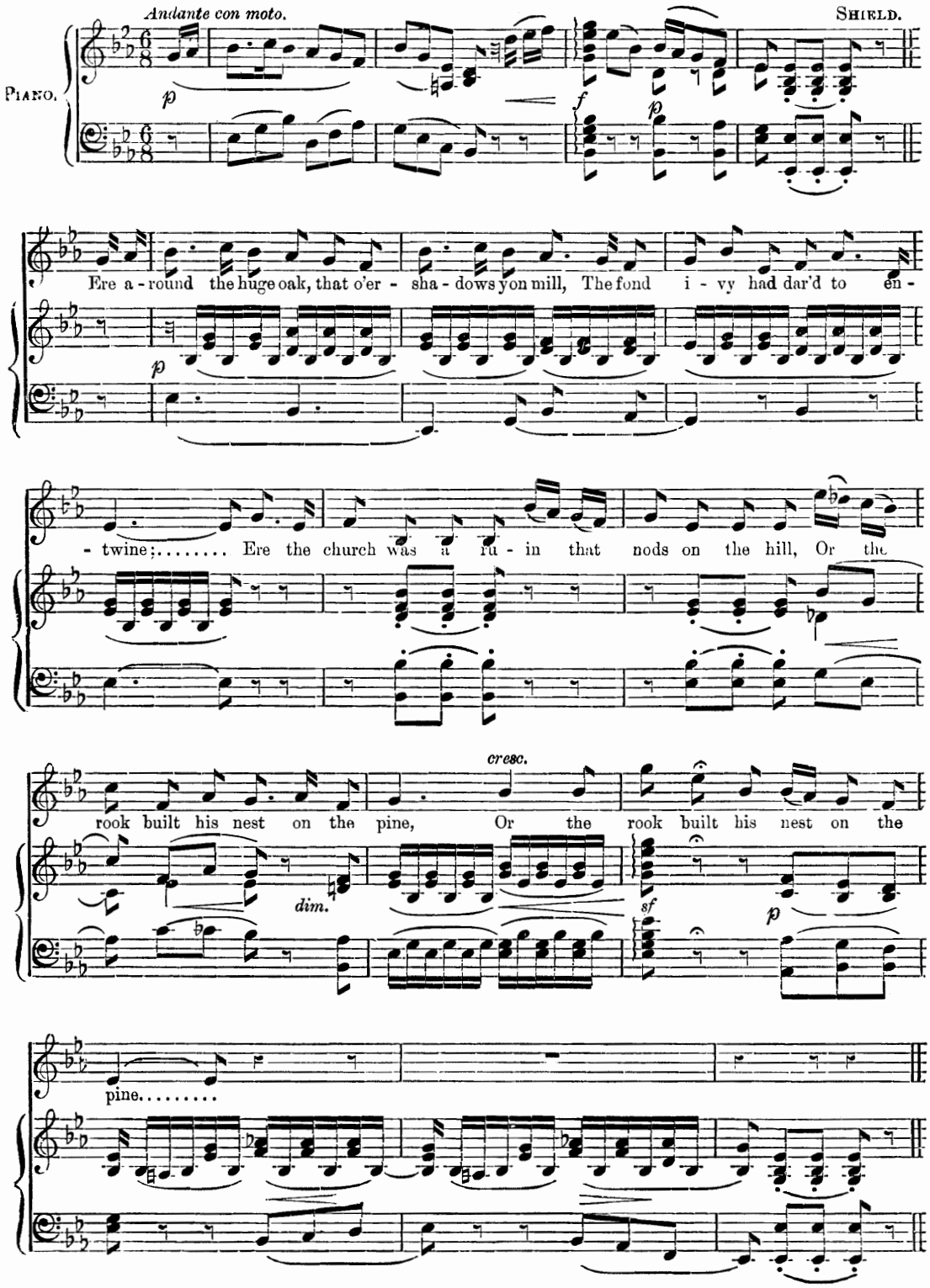
4.
The ashes that are left behind,
Do serve to put us all in mind.
That unto dust,
Return we must:
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

5.
The smoke that does so high ascend,
Shews us man's life must have an end,
The vapour's gone—
Man's life is done:
Think of this when you smoke tobacco

Fresh and strong the breeze is blowing.



Ere around the huge oak.



2.

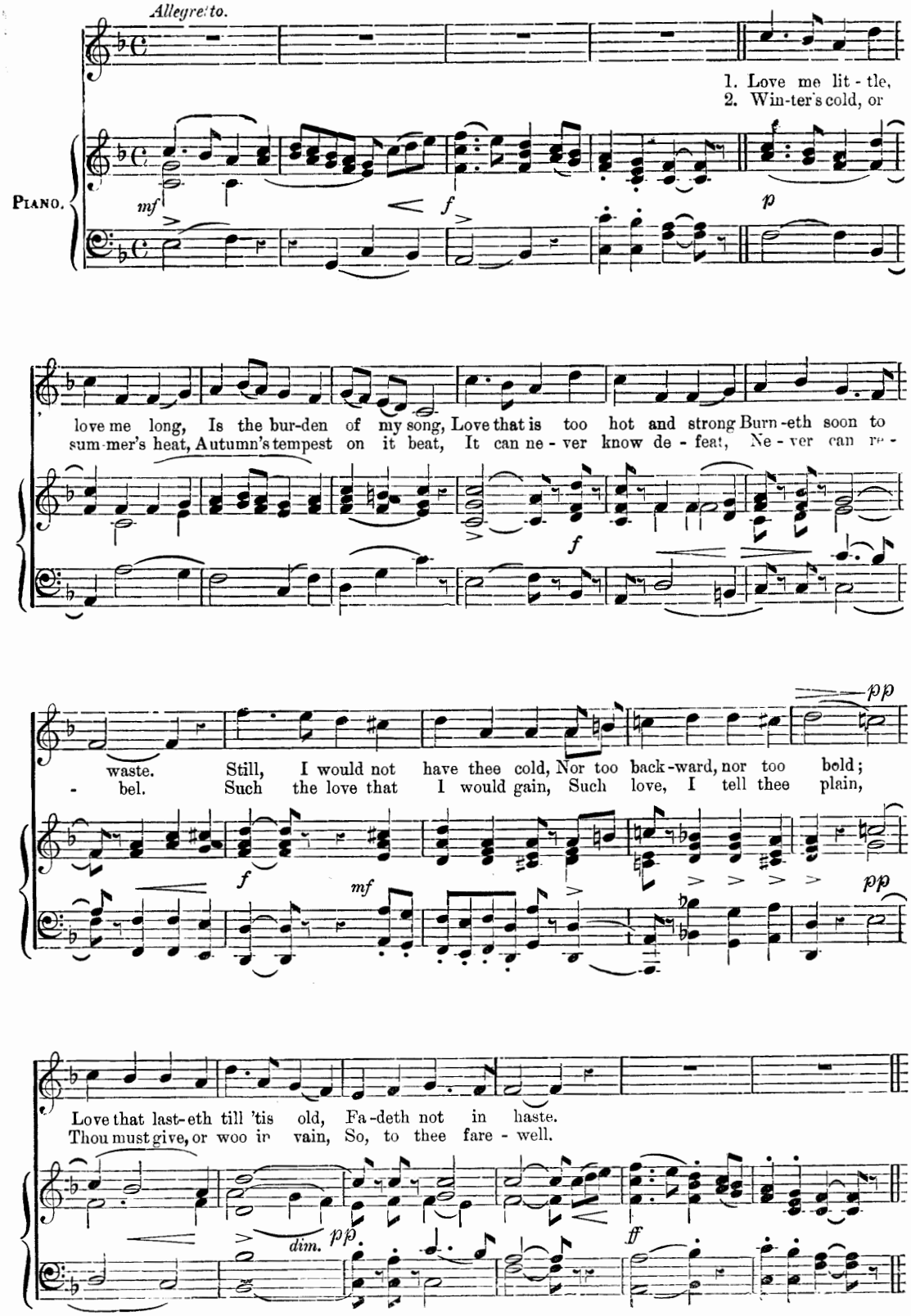
Could I trace back the time to a far distant date,
Since my forefathers toil'd in the field;
And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate
Is the same which my grandfather till'd.

3.

He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
Which unsullied descended to me;
For my child I've preserv'd it, unblemish'd with shame,
And it still from a spot shall go free.

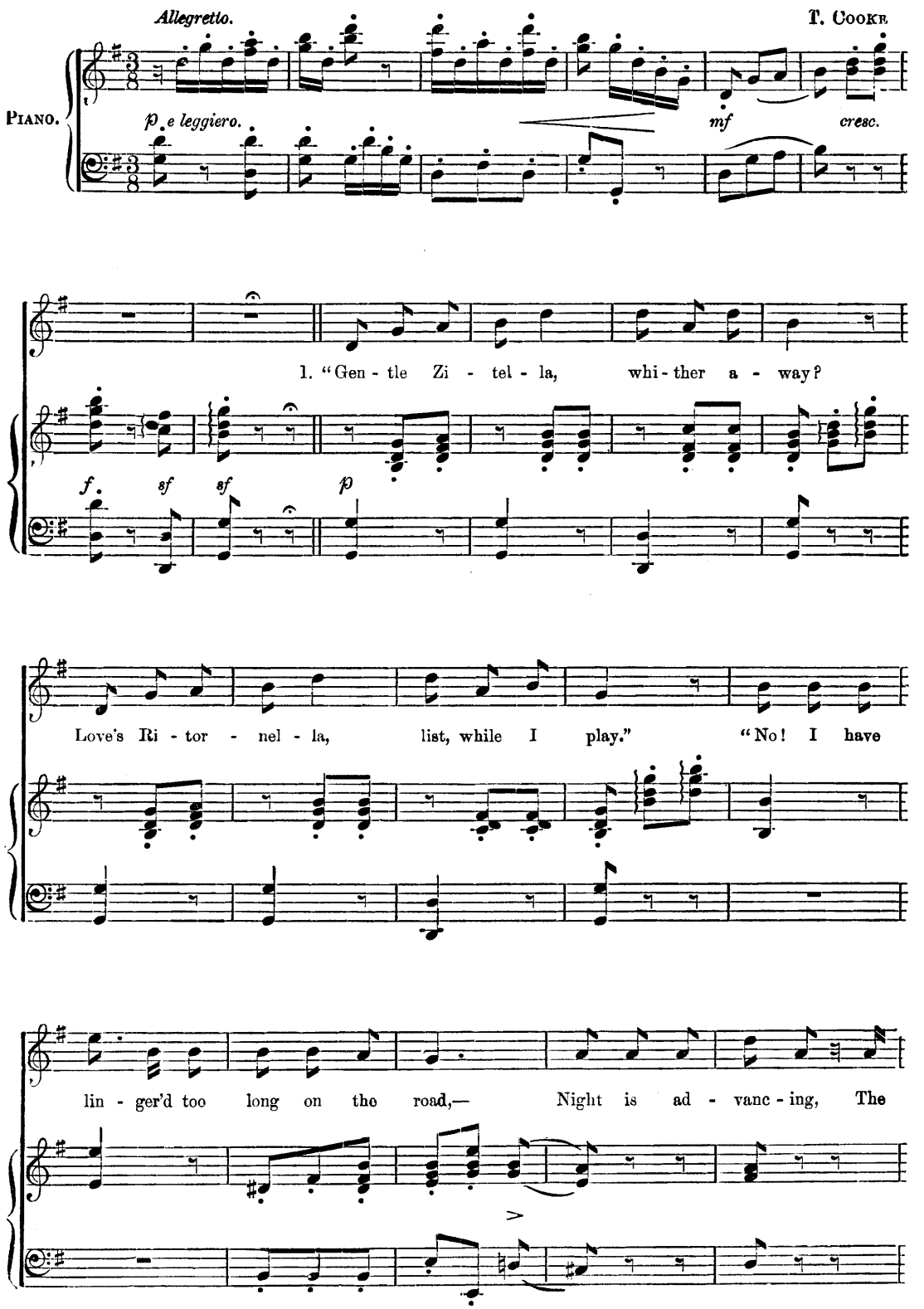
Love me little, love me long.

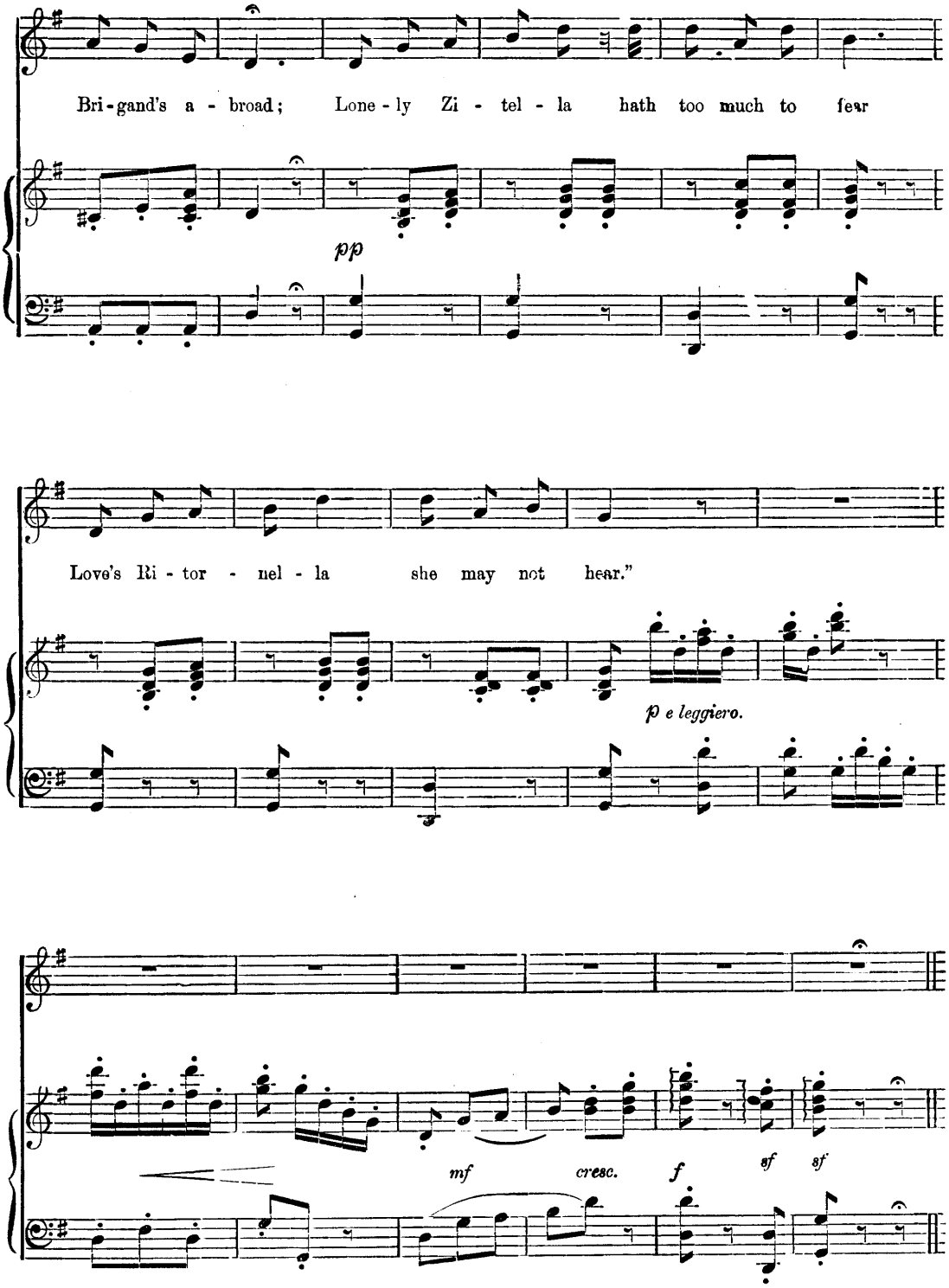
17th century.



Love's Ritornella.

(GENTLE ZITELLA.)





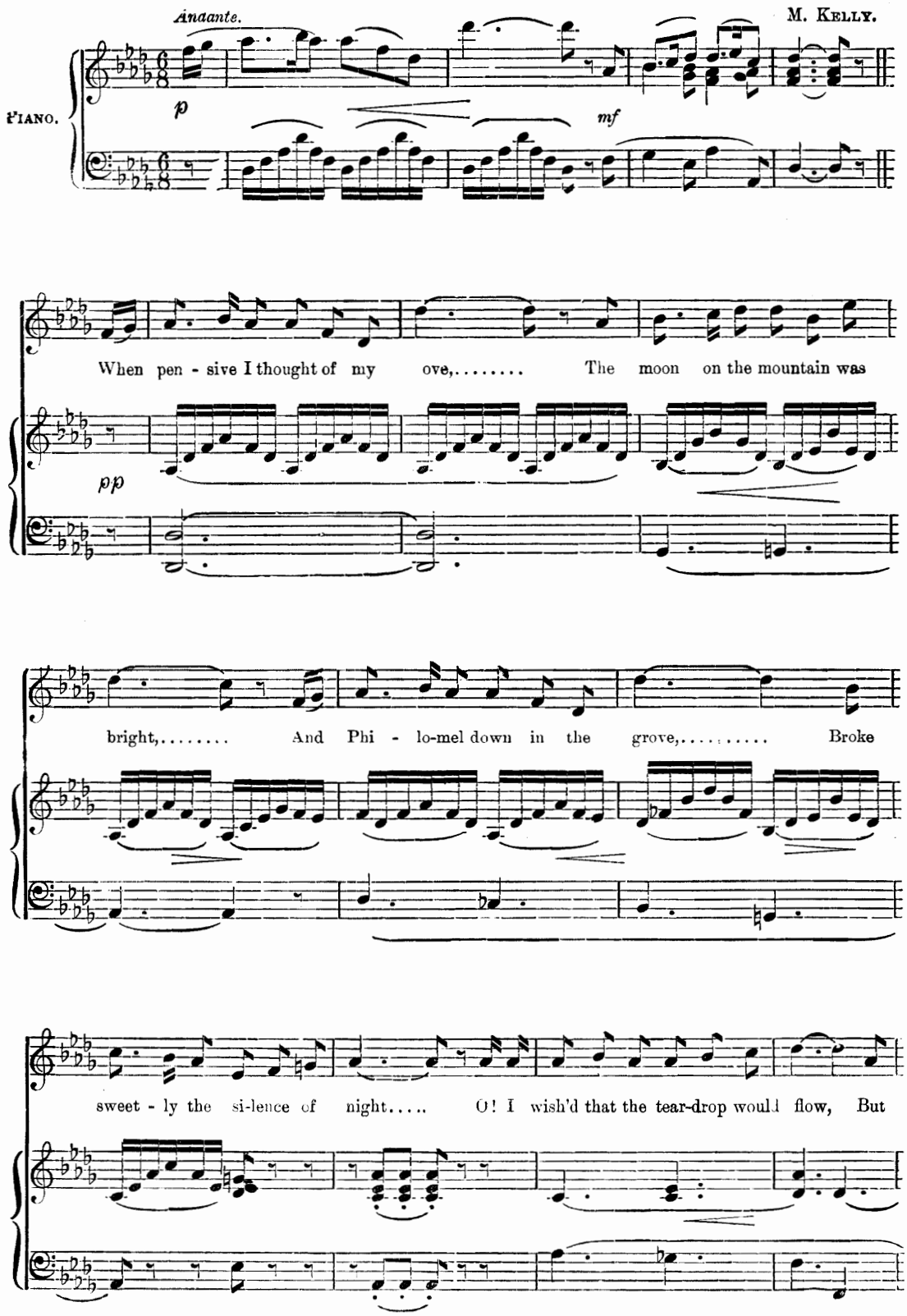
2.

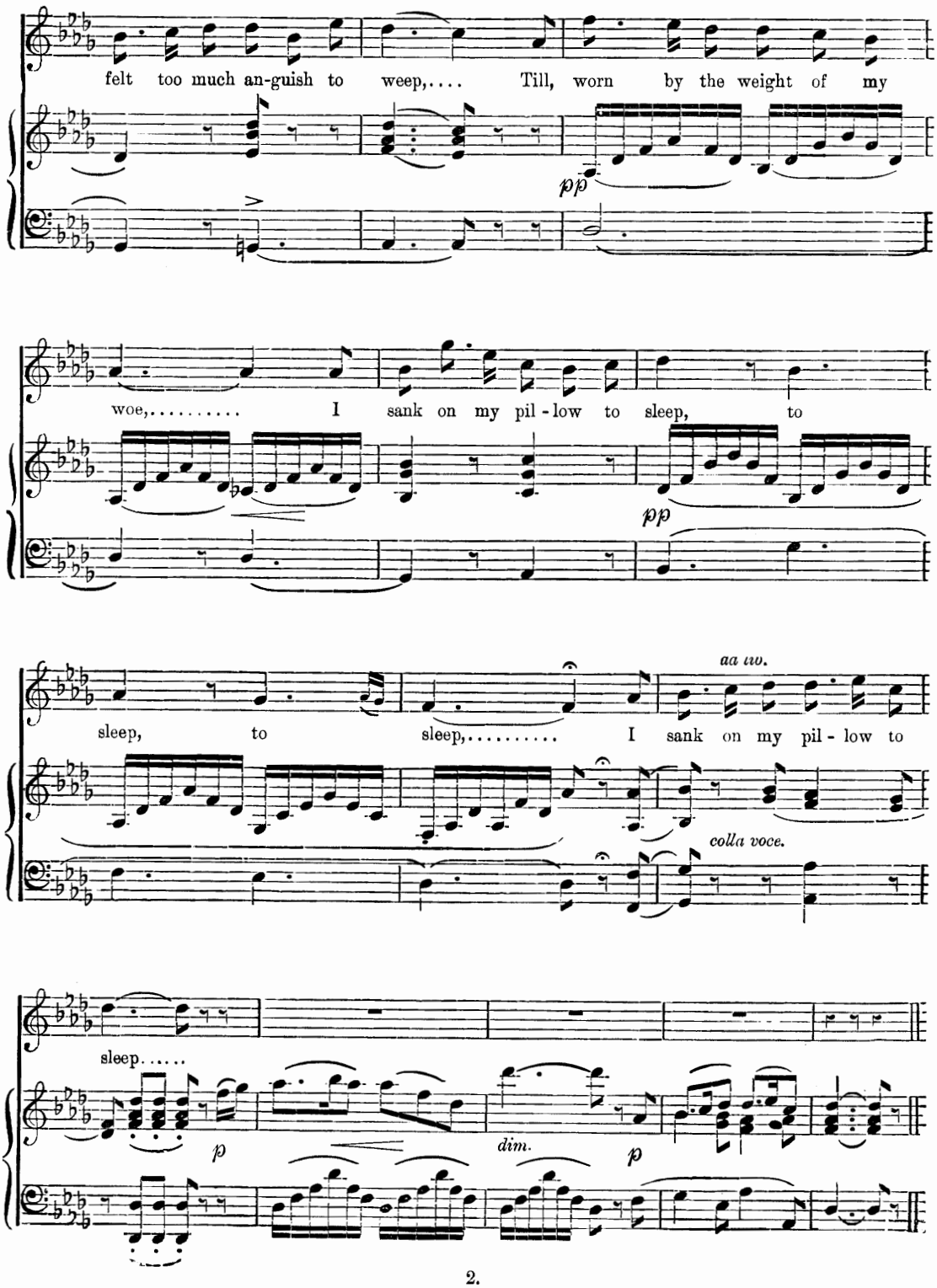
"Charming Zitella, why should'st thou care?
Night is not darker than thy raven hair;
And those bright eyes if the brigand should see,
Thou art the robber, the captive is he.
Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear;
Love's Ritornella tarry and hear."

3.

"Simple Zitella, beware! oh! beware!
List ye no ditty, grant ye no pray'r!
To your light footsteps let terror add wings,
'Tis Massaroni himself who now sings—
Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear;
Love's Ritornella tarry and hear."

When pensive I thought of my love.

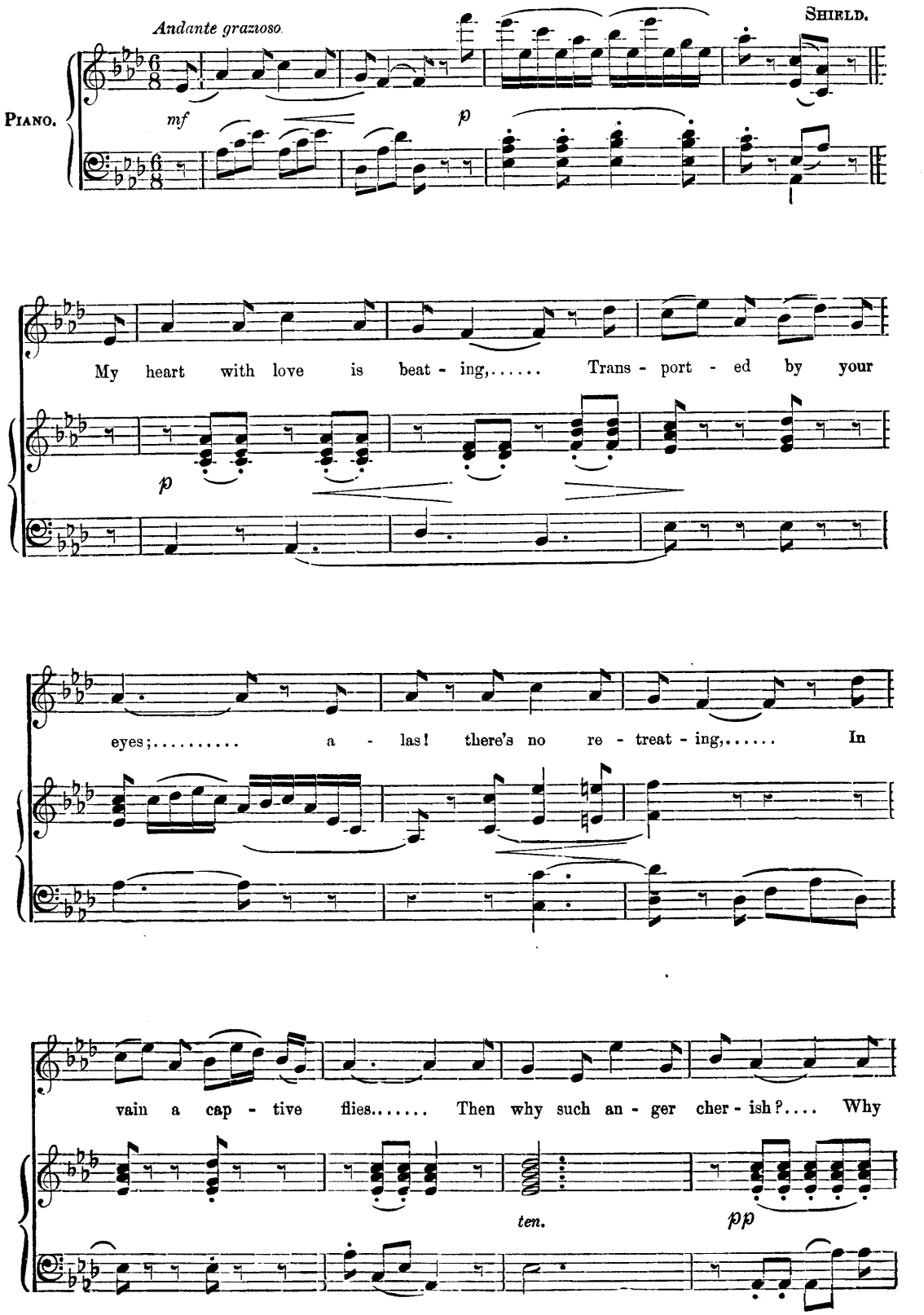


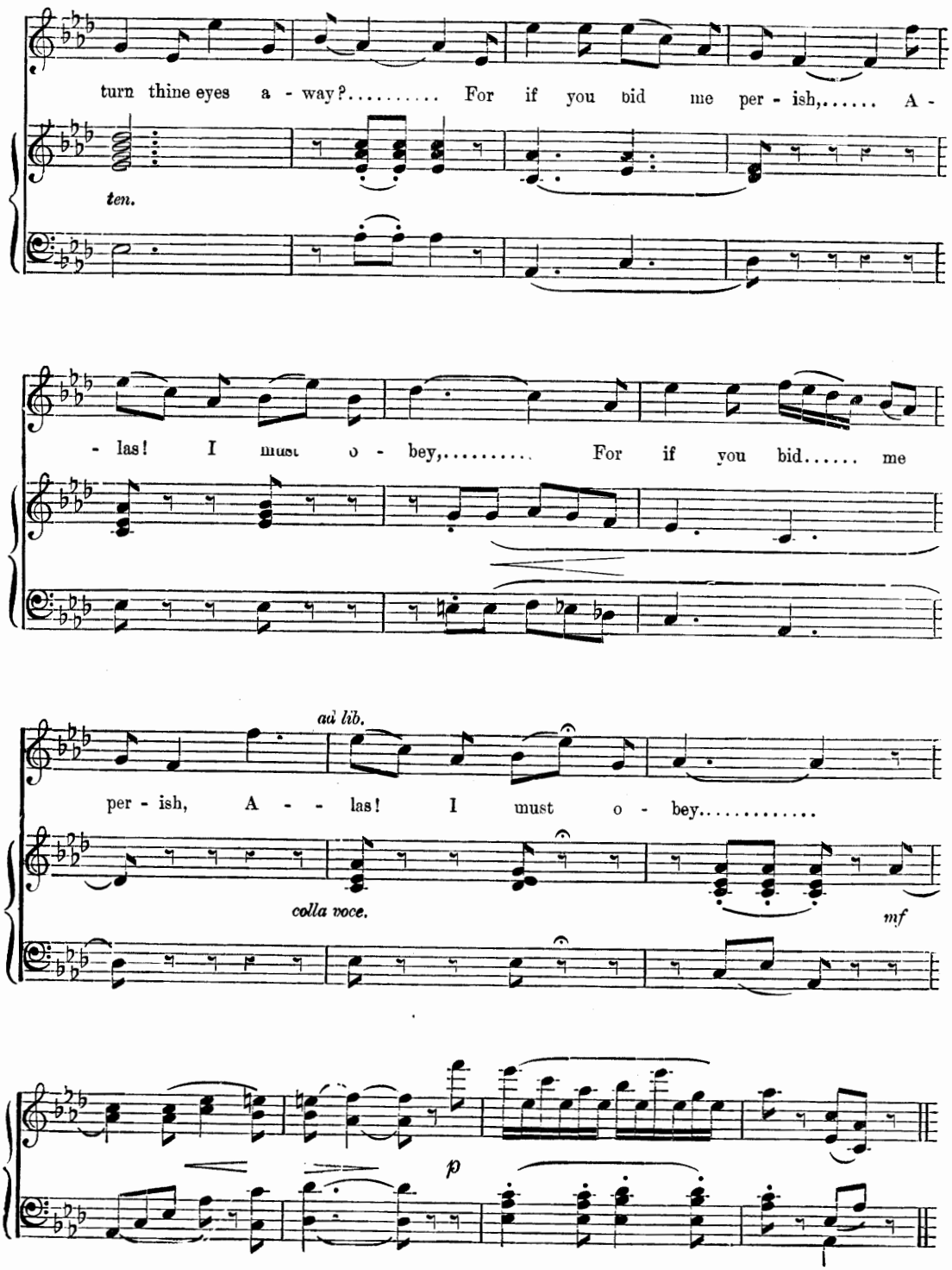


2.

Methought that my love, as I lay,
His ringlets all clotted with gore,
In the paleness of death seem'd to say,
"Alas! we must never meet more!"
Yes, yes, my belov'd, we must part,
The steel of my rival prov'd true,
The assassin has struck on that heart
Which beats with such fervour for you!

My heart with love is beating.



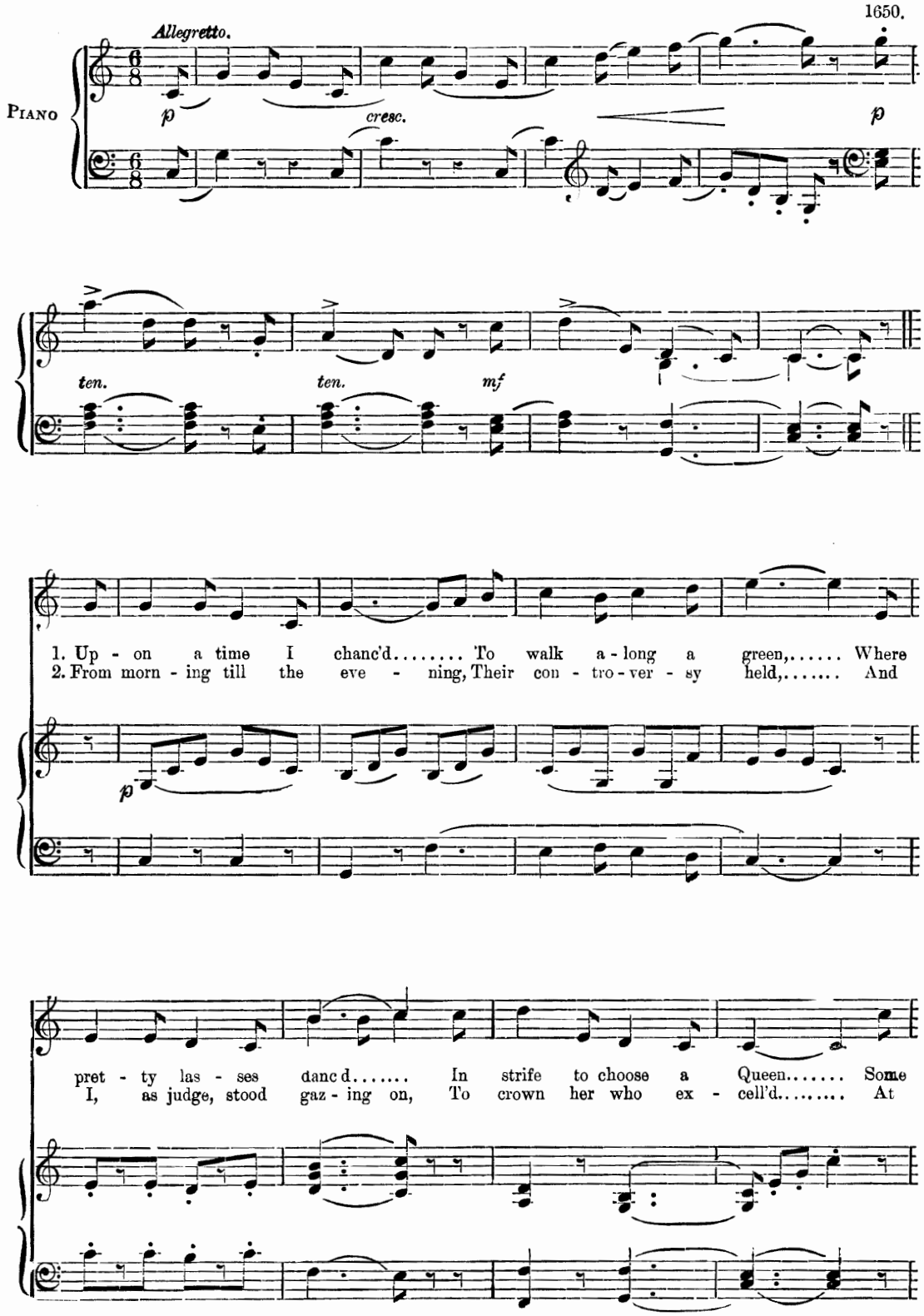


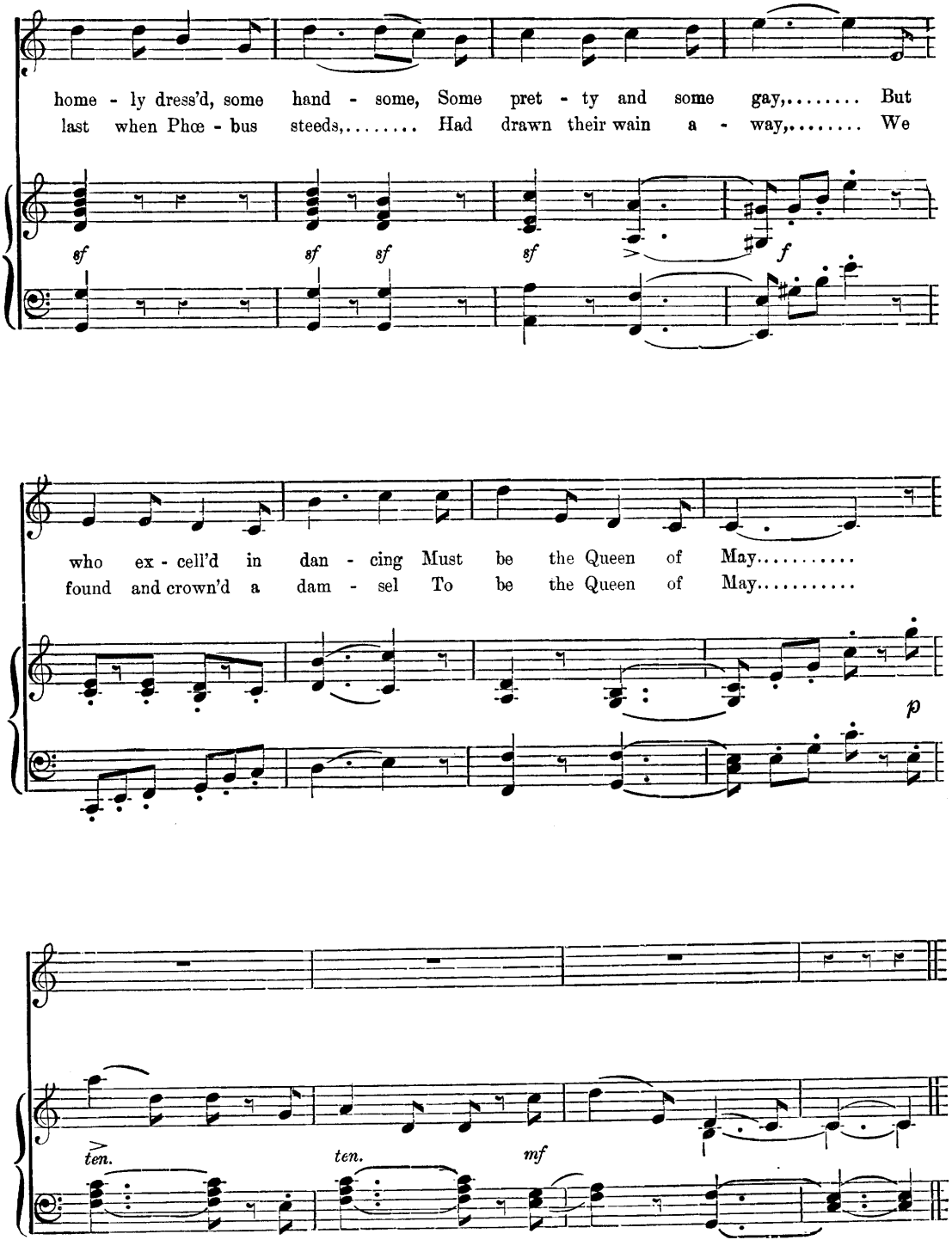
2.

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

The Queen of May.

1650.





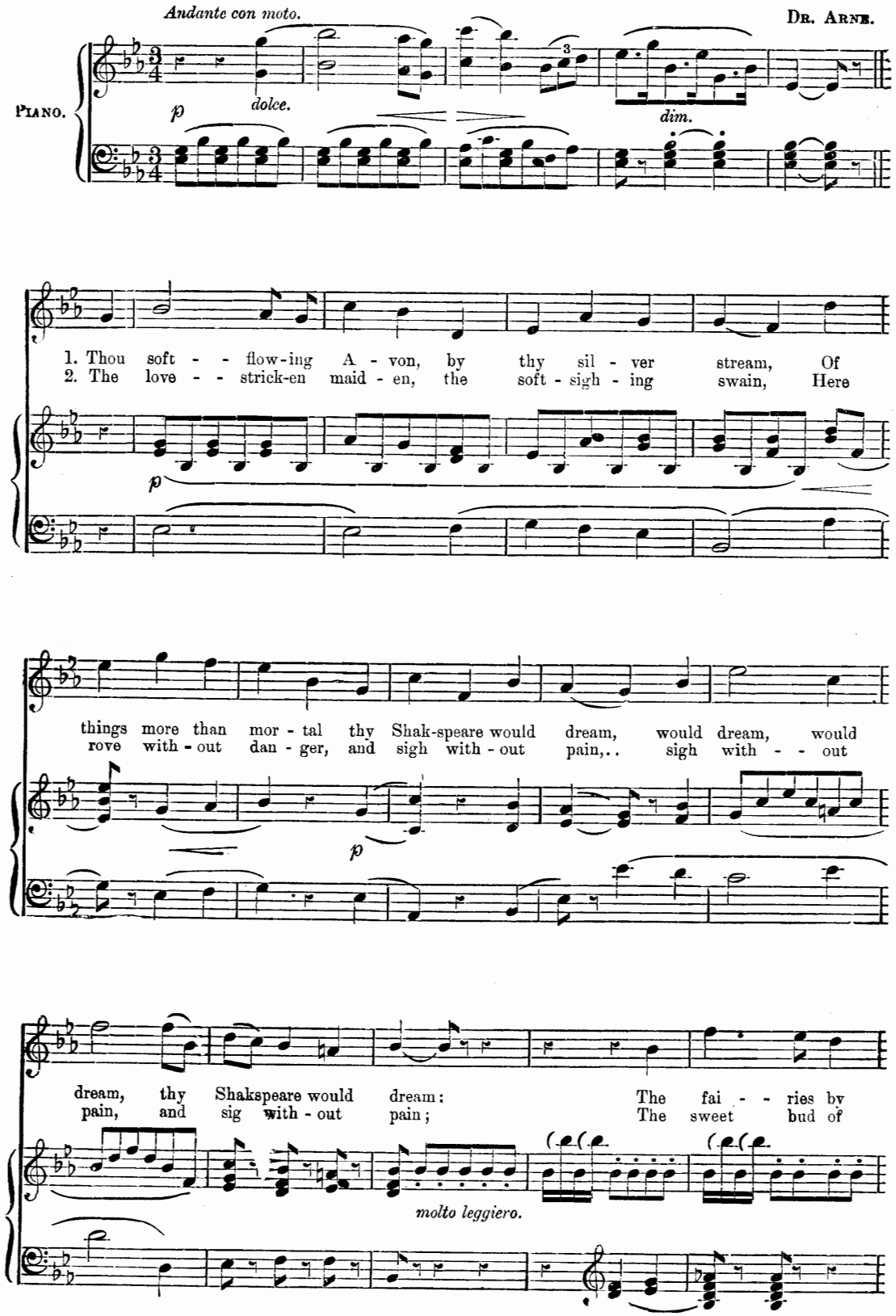
3.

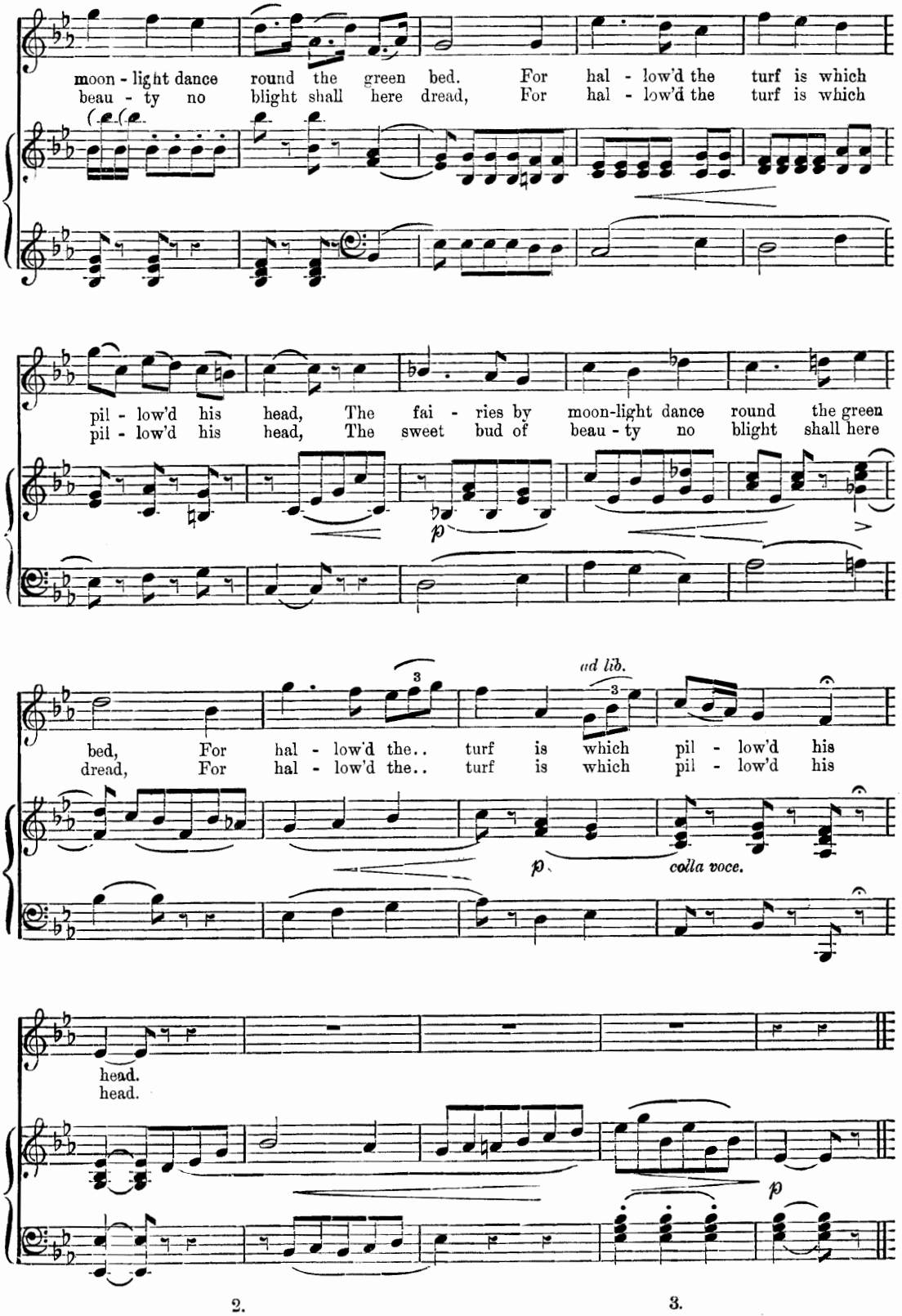
Full well her nature from her
Face I did admire;
Her habit well became her,
Although in poor attire.
Her carriage was so good,
As did appear that day,
That she was justly chosen
To be the Queen of May.

4.

Then all the rest in sorrow,
And she in sweet content,
Gave over till the morrow,
And homewards straight they went.
But she, of all the rest,
Was hindered by the way,
For ev'ry youth that met her,
Must kiss the Queen of May.

Thou soft-flowing Avon.





2.

Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their truth,
And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth;
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.

3.

Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow!
Be the swans on thy borders still whiter than snow!
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread!
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his head!

Huntsman, rest!

SIR WALTER SCOTT. MAZZINGHI.

Andante. QUASI RECIT.

PIANO.

She paus'd, then blushing, led the lay,..... To grace the

p *sempre stacc.*

strang - er of the day;..... Her mel - low notes a - while pro -

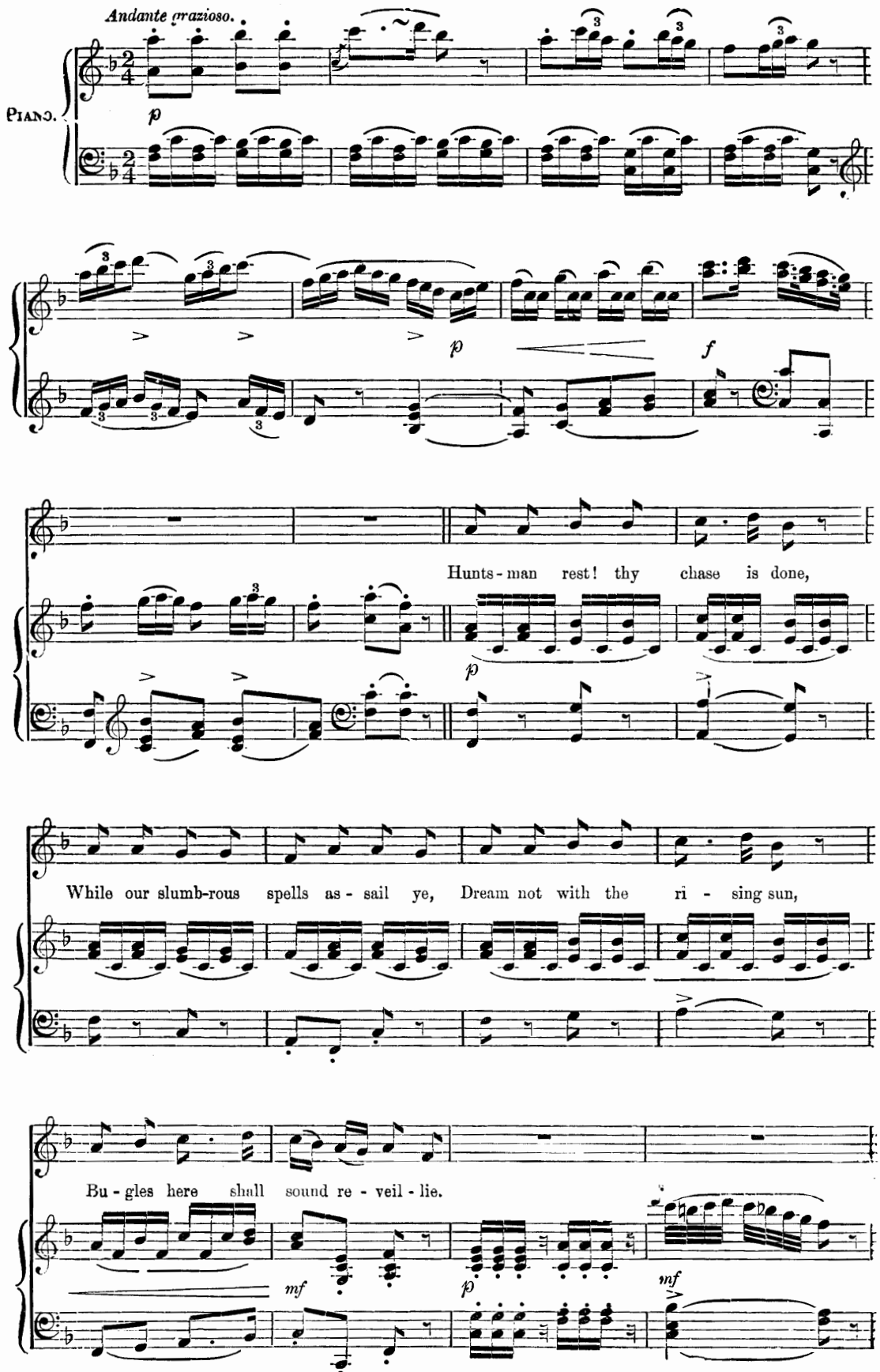
p

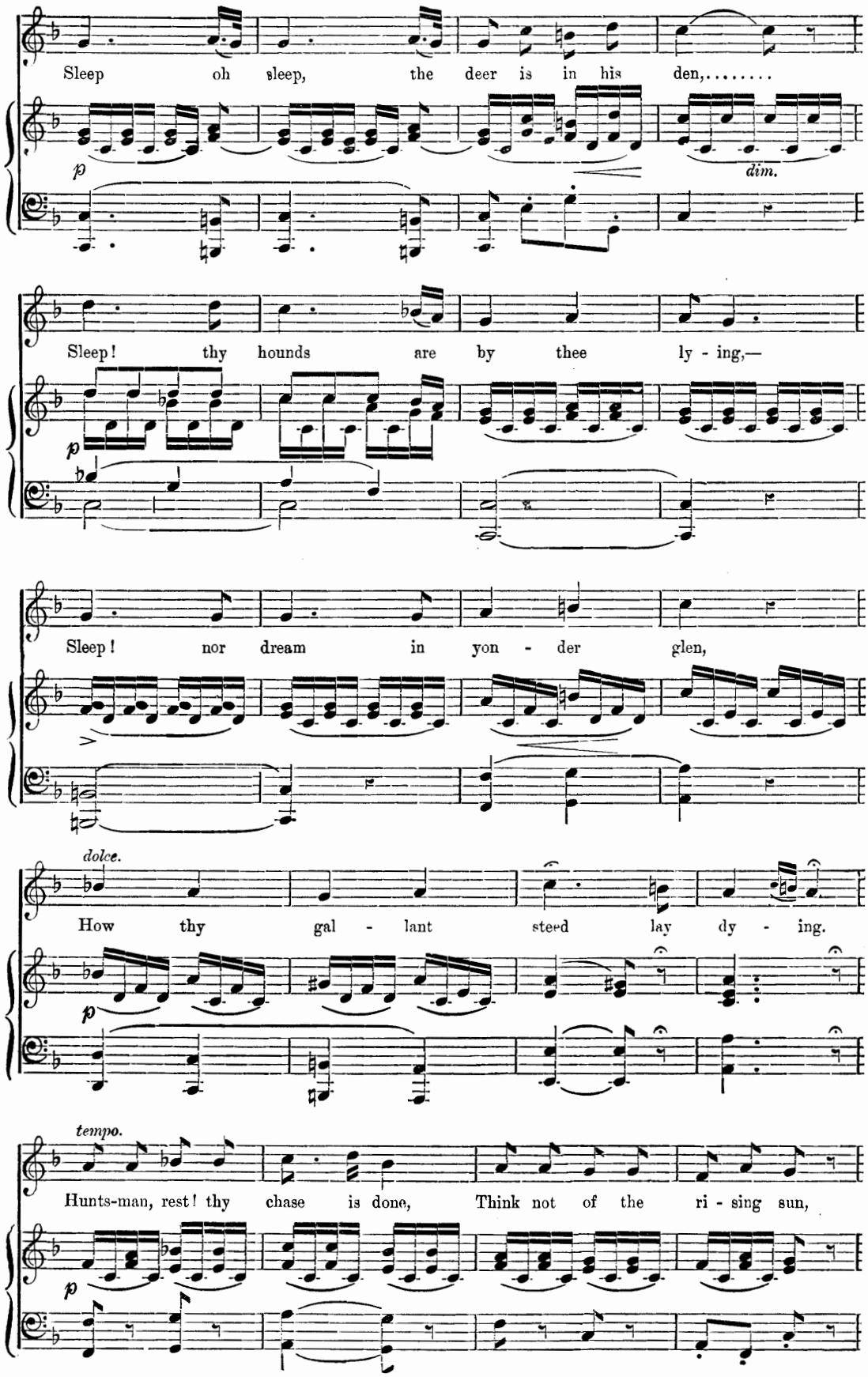
- long The ca - dence of the flow - ing song;..... Till to her

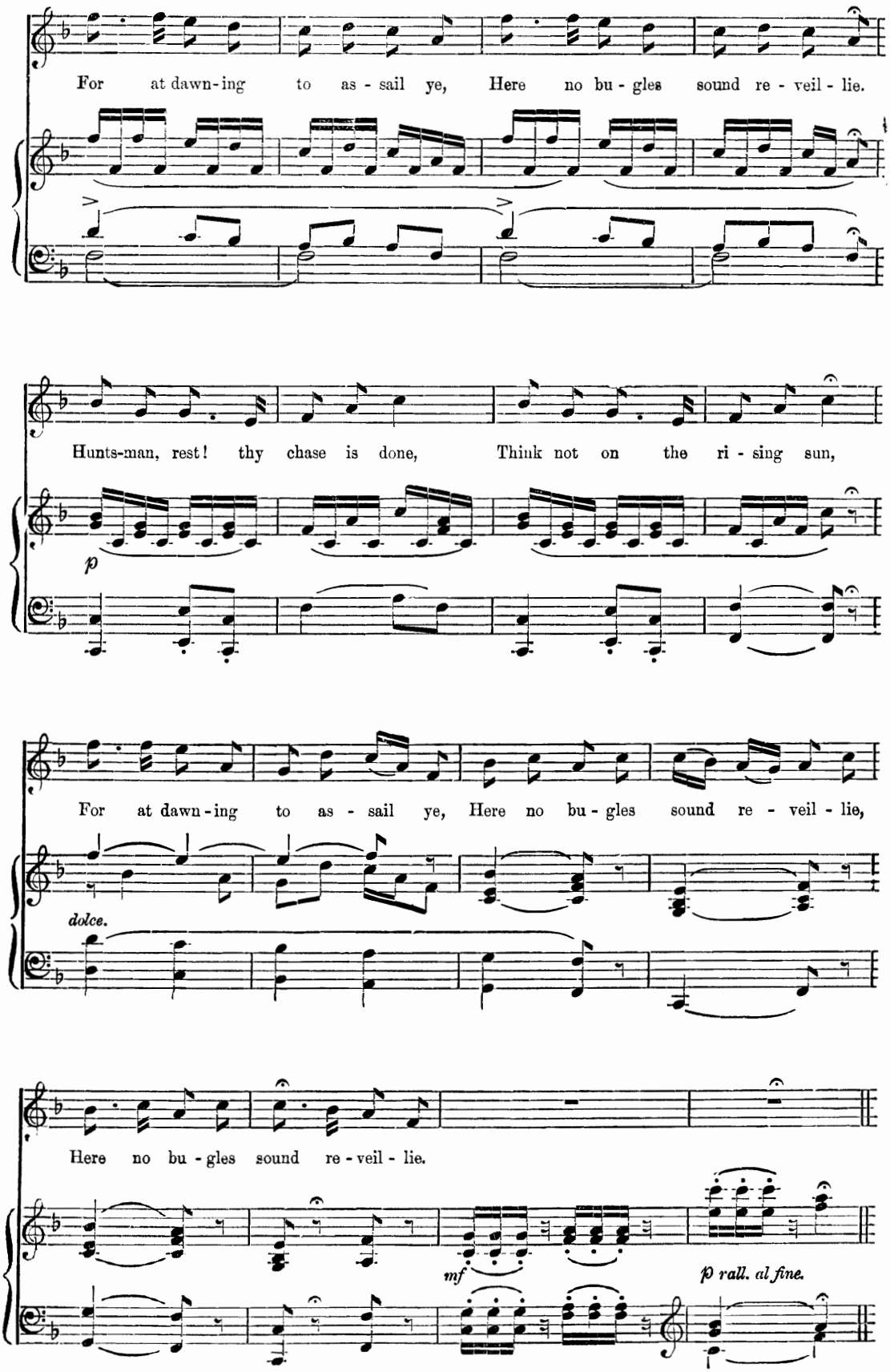
f *p*

lips in mea-sured frame, The min-strel verse spon - ta - neous came.....

p *mf* *ff*


Andante grazioso.
Piano.
p
p
f
Hunts-man rest! thy chase is done,
p
While our slumb-rous spells as-sail ye, Dream not with the ri-sing sun,
Bu-gles here shall sound re-veil-lie.
mf
p
mf

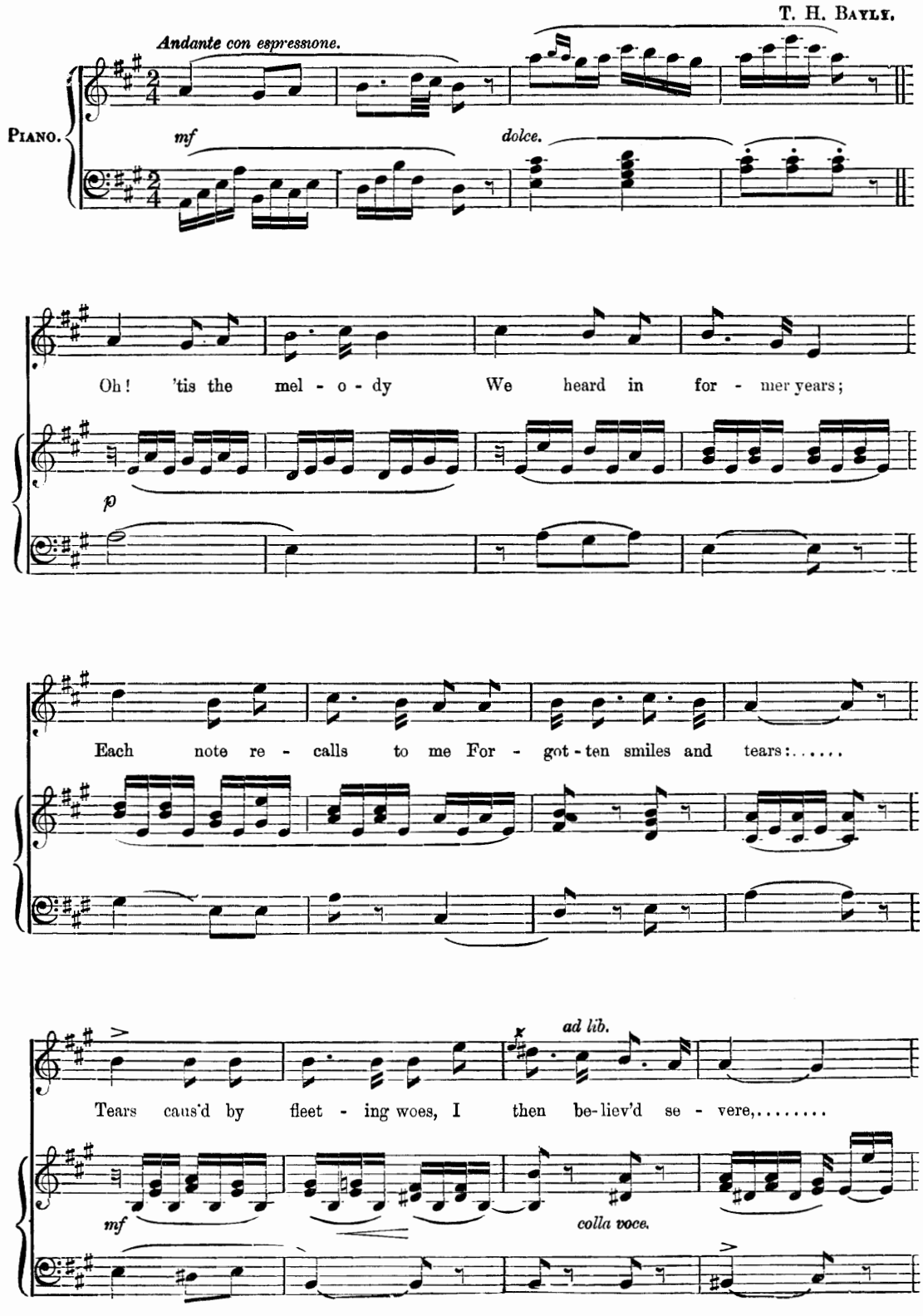

Sleep oh sleep, the deer is in his den,.....
p
dim.
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee ly - ing,—
p
Sleep! nor dream in yon - der glen,
dolce.
How thy gal - lant steed lay dy - ing.
p
tempo.
Hunts-man, rest! thy chase is done, Think not of the ri - sing sun,
p

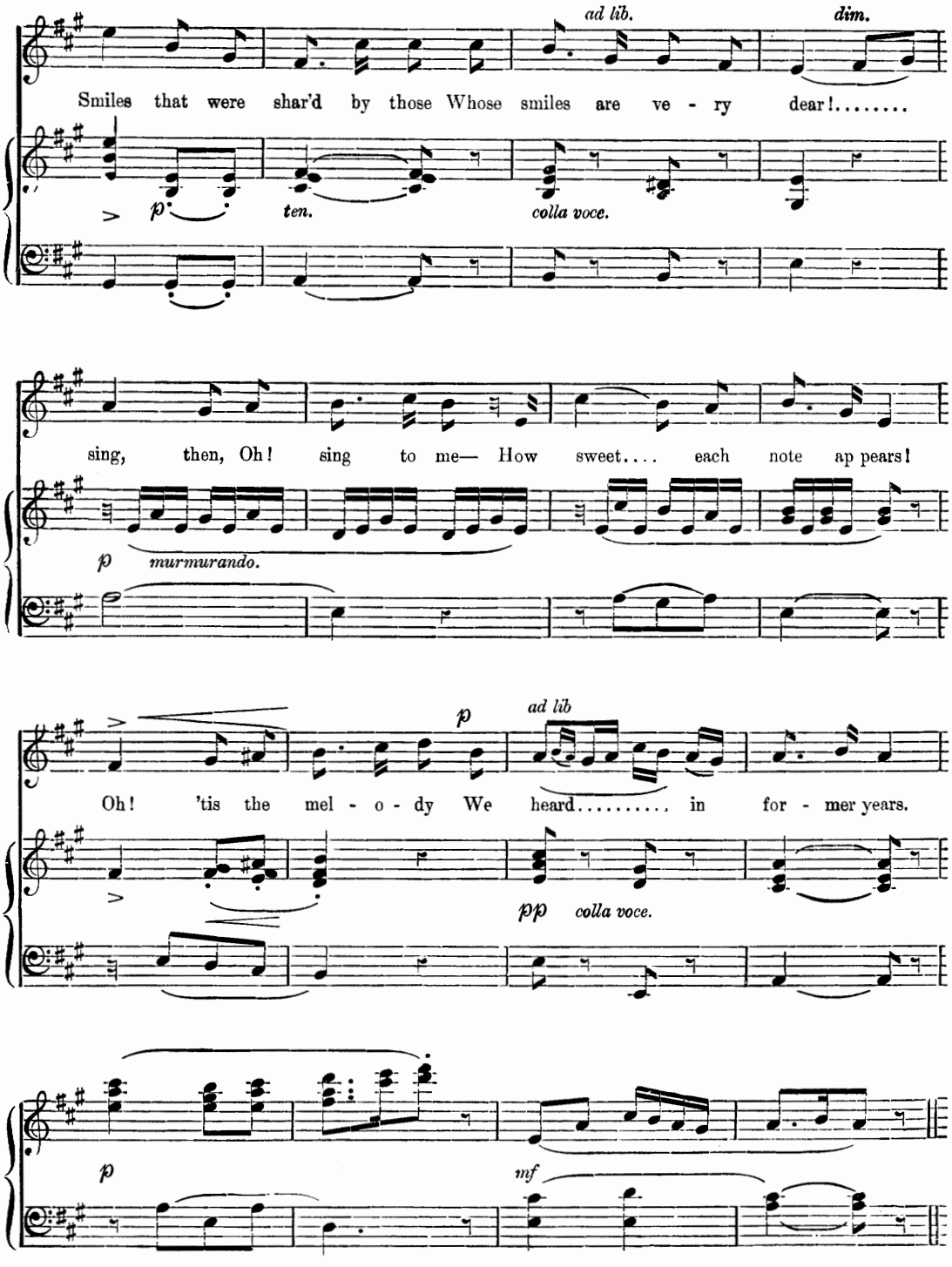

For at dawn-ing to as - sail ye, Here no bu - gles sound re - veil - lie.
Hunts-man, rest! thy chase is done, Think not on the ri - sing sun,
p
For at dawn-ing to as - sail ye, Here no bu - gles sound re - veil - lie,
dolce.
Here no bu - gles sound re - veil - lie.
mf
p rall. al fine.

Oh! 'tis the melody.

(LAYS OF A MINSTREL.)

T. H. Bayly.





2.

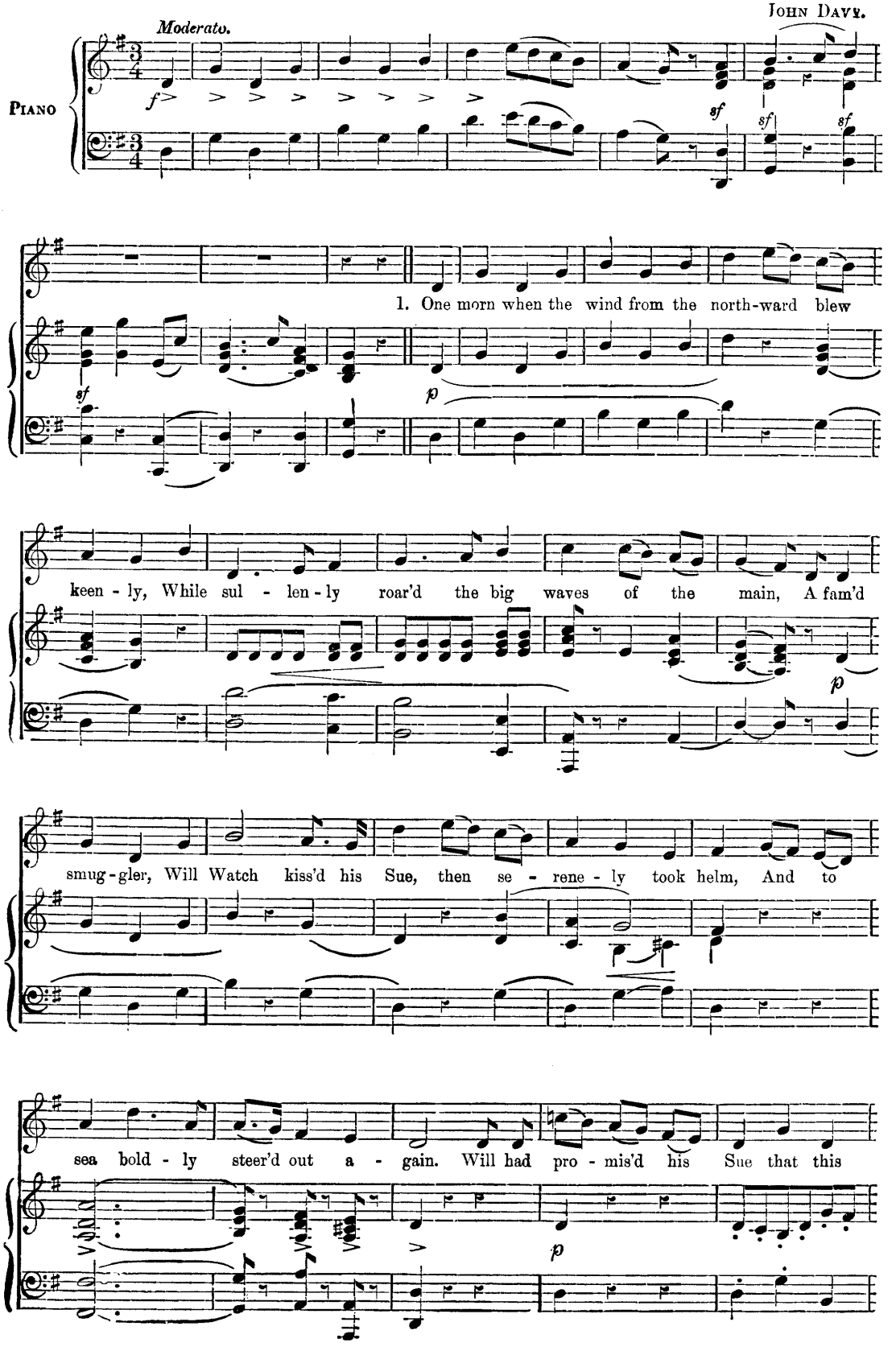
Aye, I remember well
Where last I heard that lay!
T'was in a sunny dell,
Just at the close of day;
Garlands of roses made
A roof from bough to bough;
Friends sat beneath the shade;
Alas! where are they now?
Sing, then, O! sing, &c.

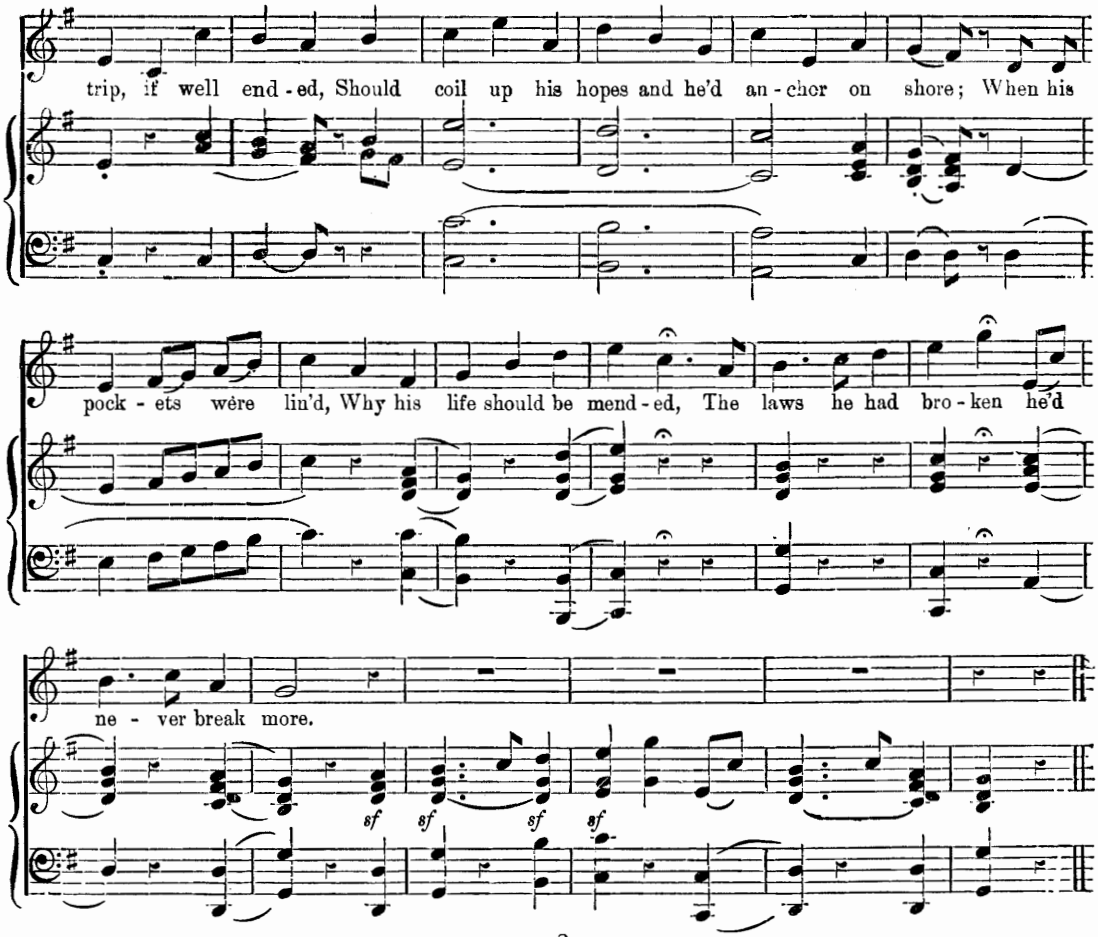
3.

Aye, I remember too
Who sweetly sang and play'd;
Yet half asham'd to view
The circle she had made:
Smiling to hear the sound
Of her own voice and lute;
Blushing to look around
On list'ners so mute.
Sing, then, O! sing, &c.

Will Watch.

JOHN DAVY.





2.

His sea-boat was trim, made her port, took her lading;
Then Will stood for home, reach'd the offing, and cried,
"This night, if I've luck, furls the sails of my trading;
In dock I can lie, serve a friend, too, beside."
Will lay-to till night came on, darksome and dreary:
To crowd ev'ry sail, then, he pip'd up each hand;
But a signal soon 'spied—'twas a prospect uncheery—
A signal that warn'd them to steer from the land.

3.

"The Philistines are out!" cries Will—"we'll take no heed on't;
Attack'd, who's the man that will flinch from his gun?
Should my head be blown off, I shall ne'er feel the need on't:
We'll fight while we can; when we can't, boys, we'll run."
Through the haze of the night, a bright flash now appearing,
"Oh, oh!" cries Will Watch, "the Philistines bear down;
Bear a hand, my tight lads, ere we think about sheering—
One broadside pour in, should we swim, boys, or drown.

4.

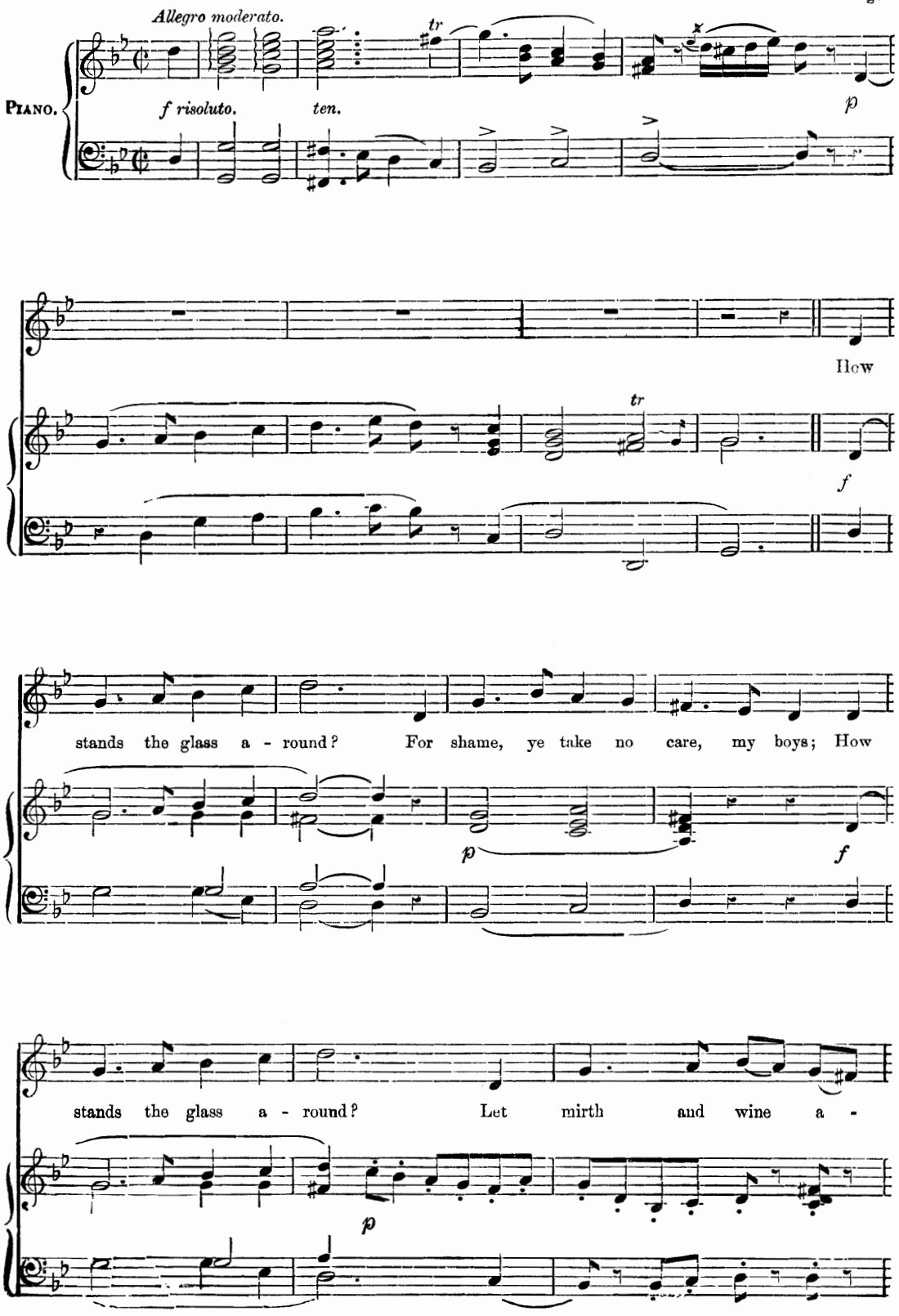
But should I be popp'd off, you, my mates, left behind me,
Regard my last words, see 'em kindly obey'd;
Let no stone mark the spot; and, my friends, do you mind me,
Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch would be laid."
Poor Will's yarn was spun out—for a bullet next minute
Laid him low on the deck, and he never spoke more:
His bold crew fought the brig while a shot remain'd in it,
Then sheer'd off and Will's hulk to his Susan they bore.

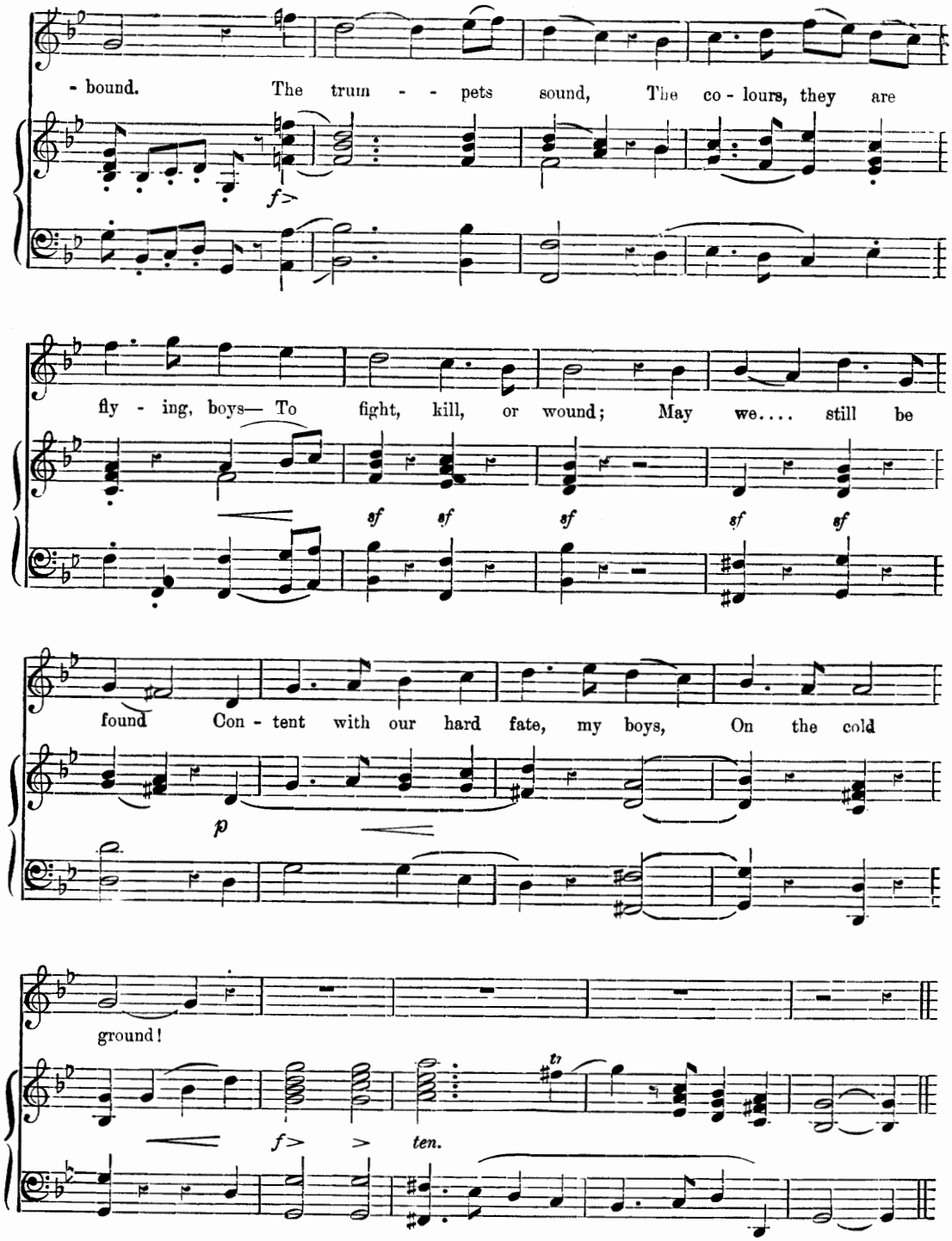
5.

In the dead of the night his last wish was complied with.
To few known his grave, and to few known his end:
He was borne to the earth by the crew that he died with,
He'd the tears of his Susan, the prayers of each friend.
Near his grave dash the billows, the winds loudly bellow;
Yon ash, struck with lightning, points out the cold bed
Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that fam'd lawless fellow
Once fear'd, now forgot, sleeps in peace with the dead.

How stands the glass around?

Old Song.





2.

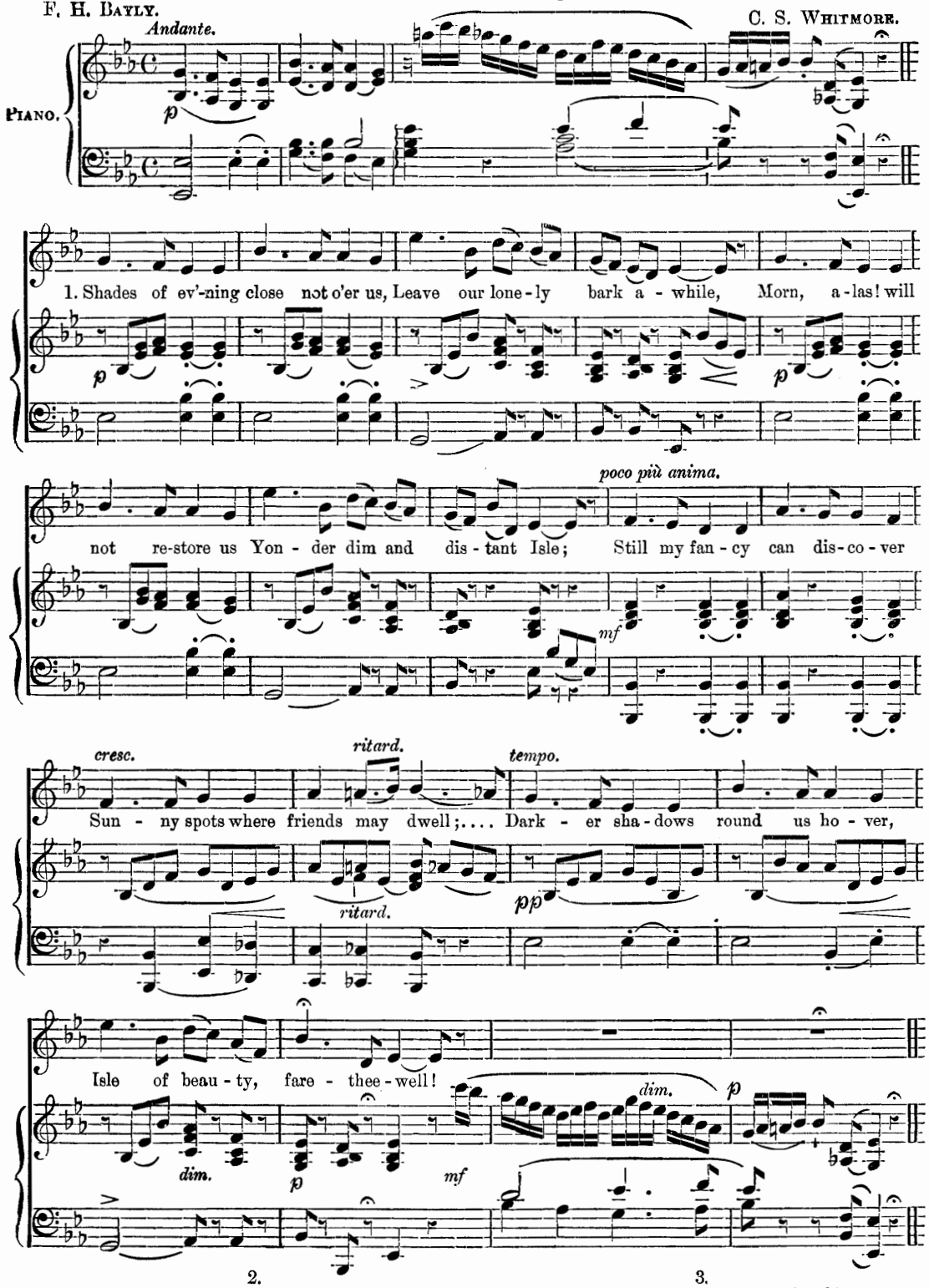
Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why?
Whose business 'tis to die?
What, sighing? fie!
Don't fear; drink on; be jolly, boys!
'Tis he, you, or I!
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly!

3.

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

Isle of beauty.

F. H. Bayly. C. S. Whitmore.



2.

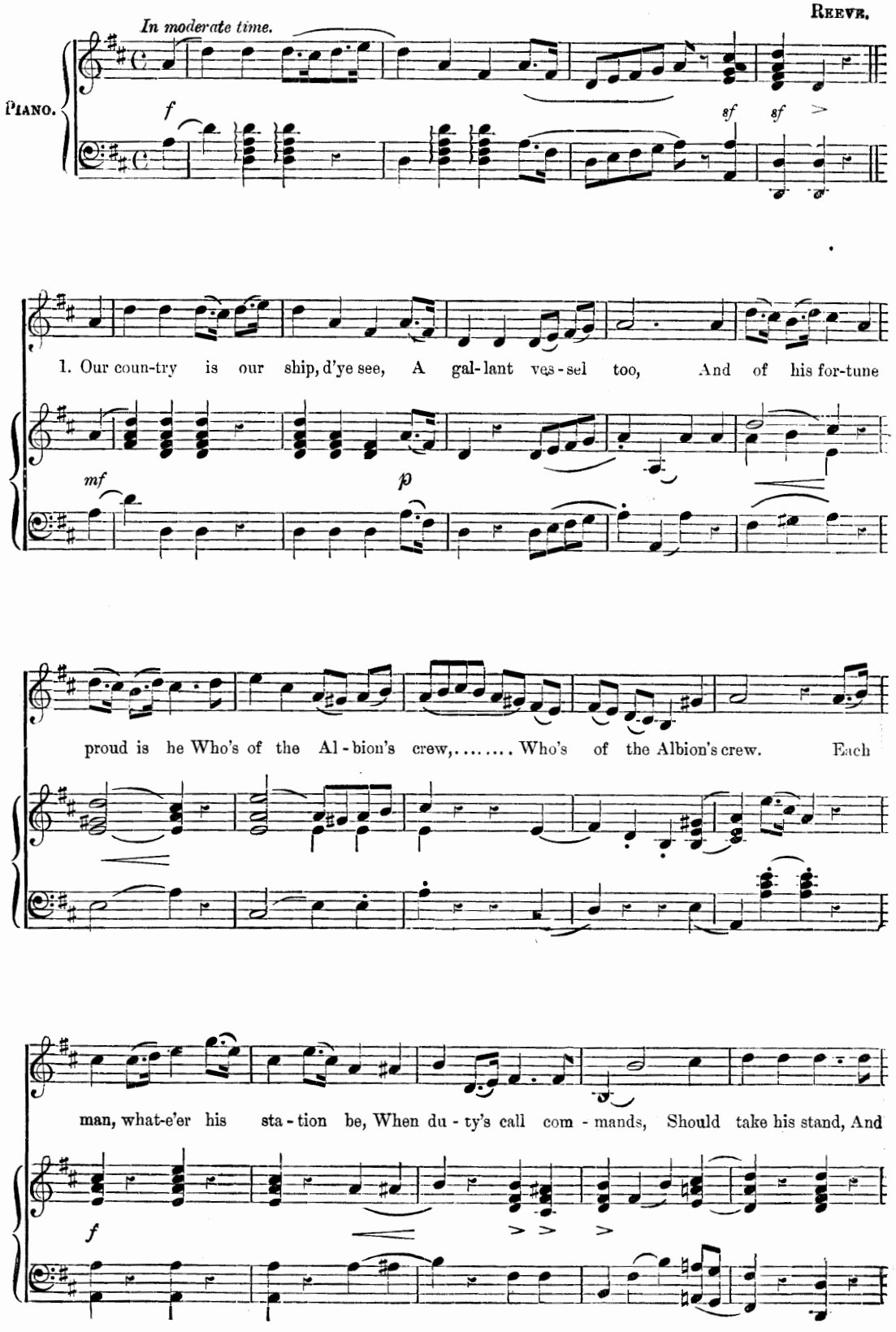
'Tis the hour when happy faces
Smile around the taper's light
Who will fill our vacant places?
Who will sing our songs to-night?
Thro' the mist that floats above us,
Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
Like a voice from those who love us,
Breathing fondly—fare-thee-well!

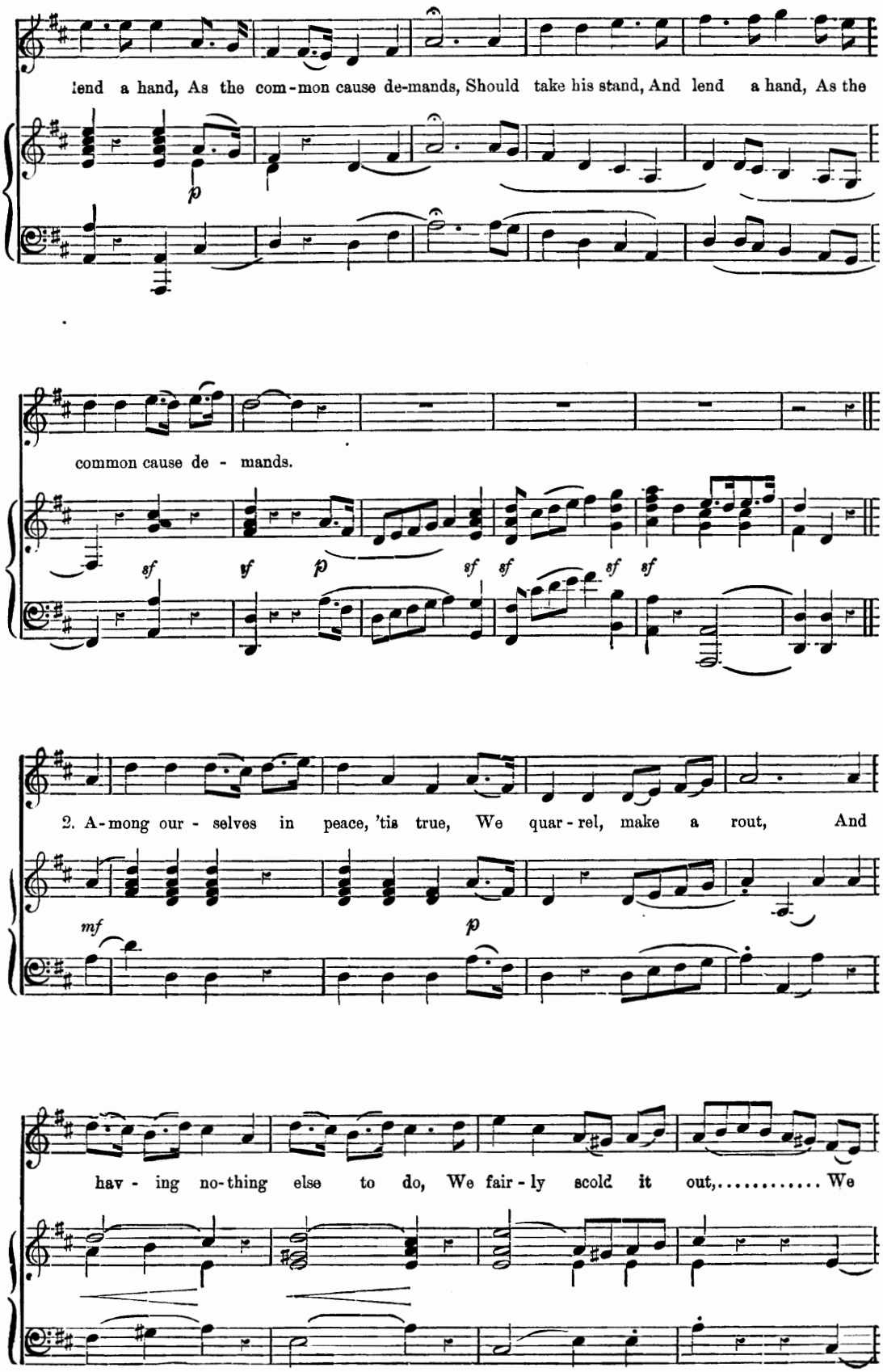
3.

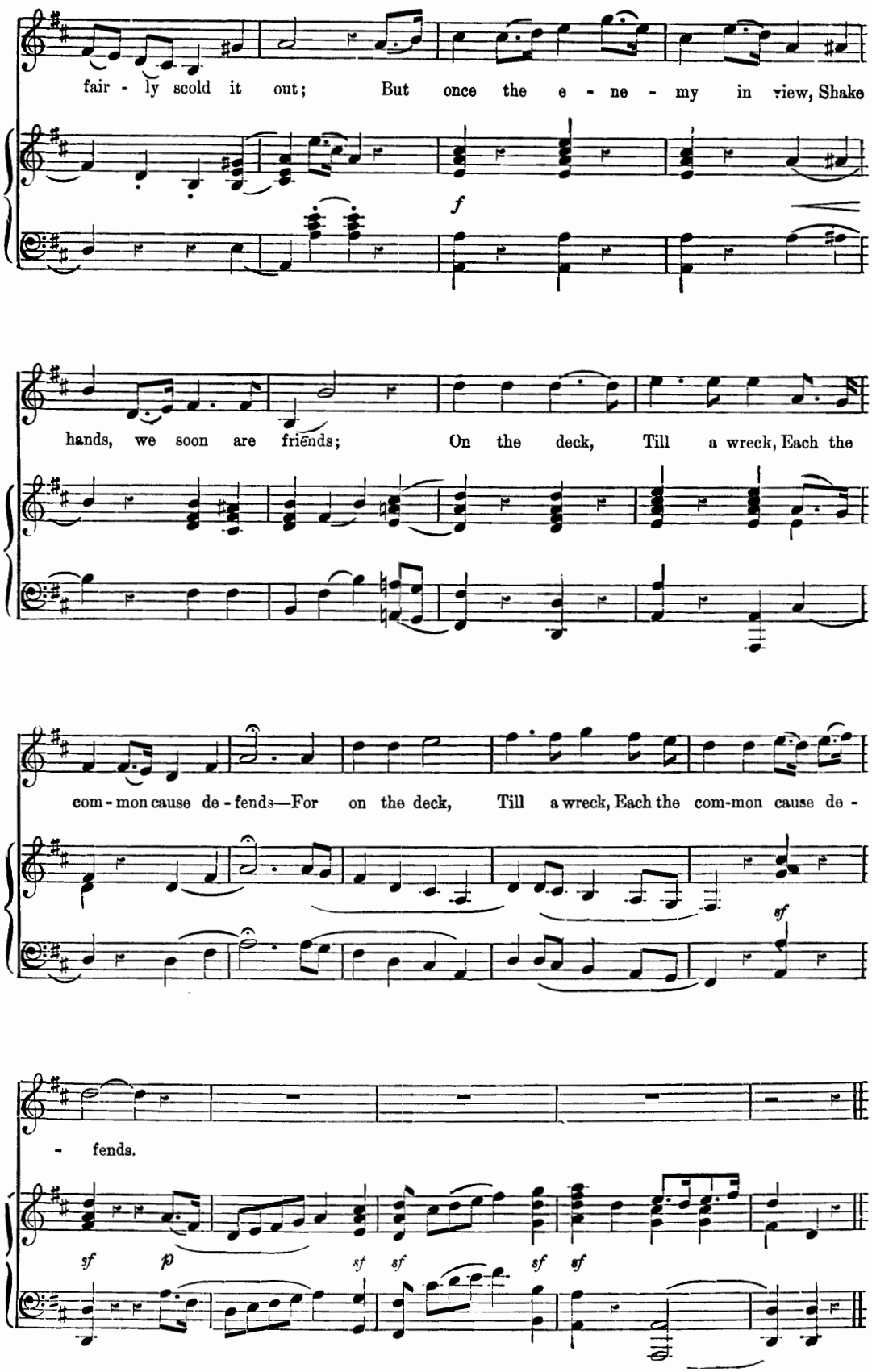
When the waves around us breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eye in vain is seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon;
What would I not give to wander
Where my old companions dwell;
Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Isle of beauty, fare-thee-well.

Our Country is our Ship.

REEVE.



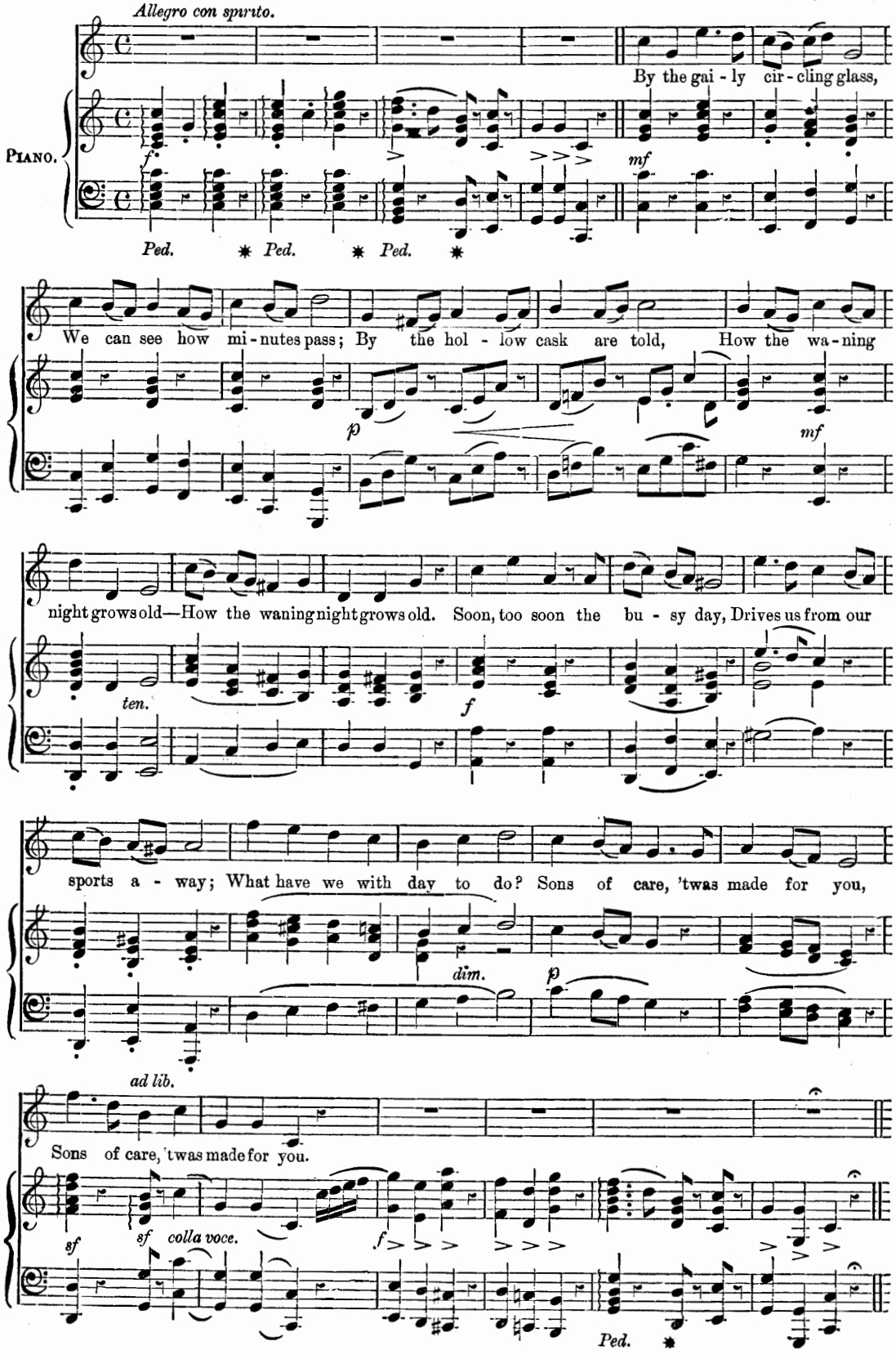

lend a hand, As the com-mon cause de-mands, Should take his stand, And lend a hand, As the
p
common cause de - mands.
sf
sf
p
sf
sf
sf
sf
2. A-mong our - selves in peace, 'tis true, We quar - rel, make a rout, And
mf
p
hav - ing no-thing else to do, We fair - ly scold it out,..... We


fair - ly scold it out; But once the e - ne - my in view, Shake
f
hands, we soon are friends; On the deck, Till a wreck, Each the
com - mon cause de - fends—For on the deck, Till a wreck, Each the com-mon cause de -
sf
- fends.
sf p sf sf sf sf

By the gaily circling glass.

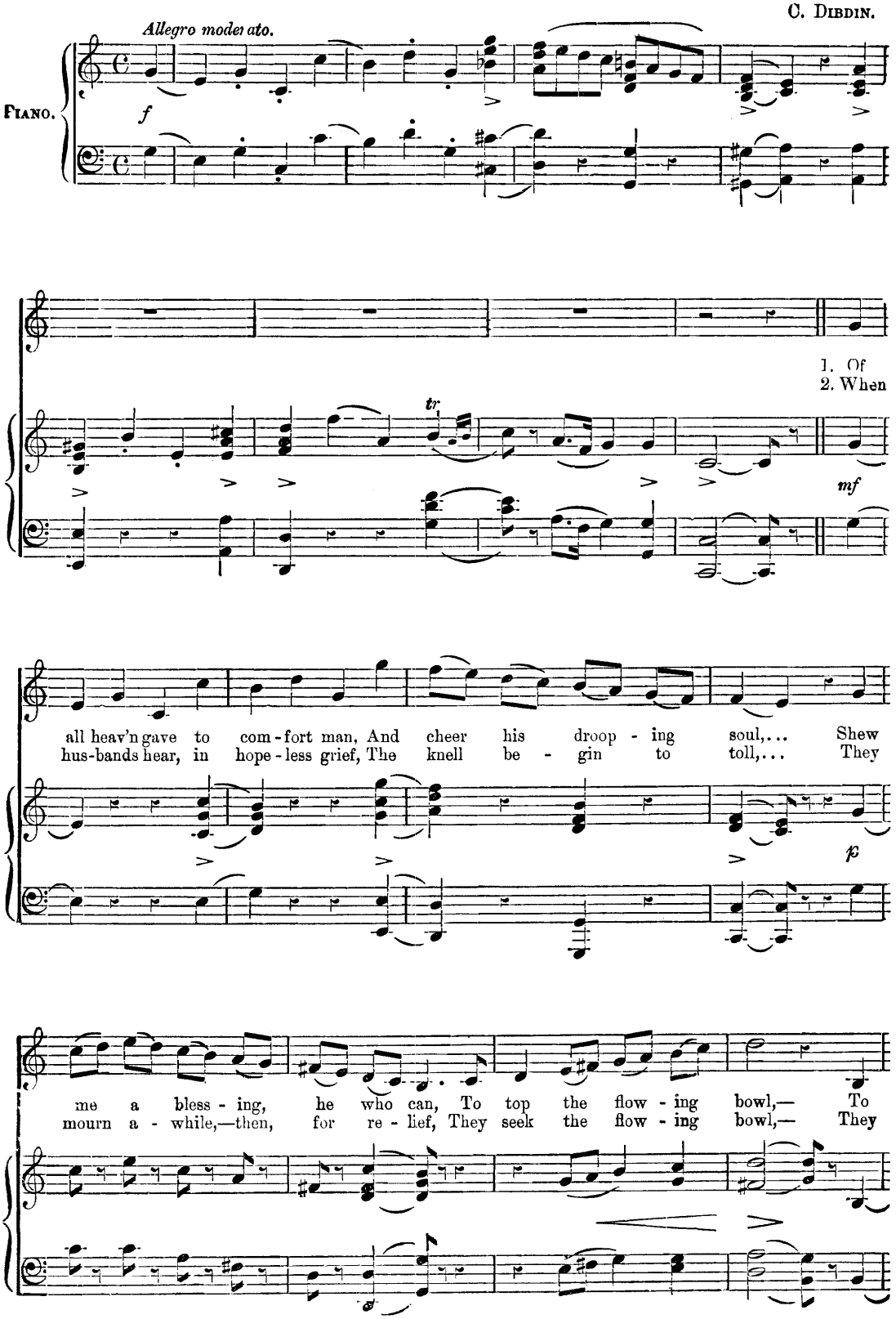
Milton's "Comus." DR. ARNE.

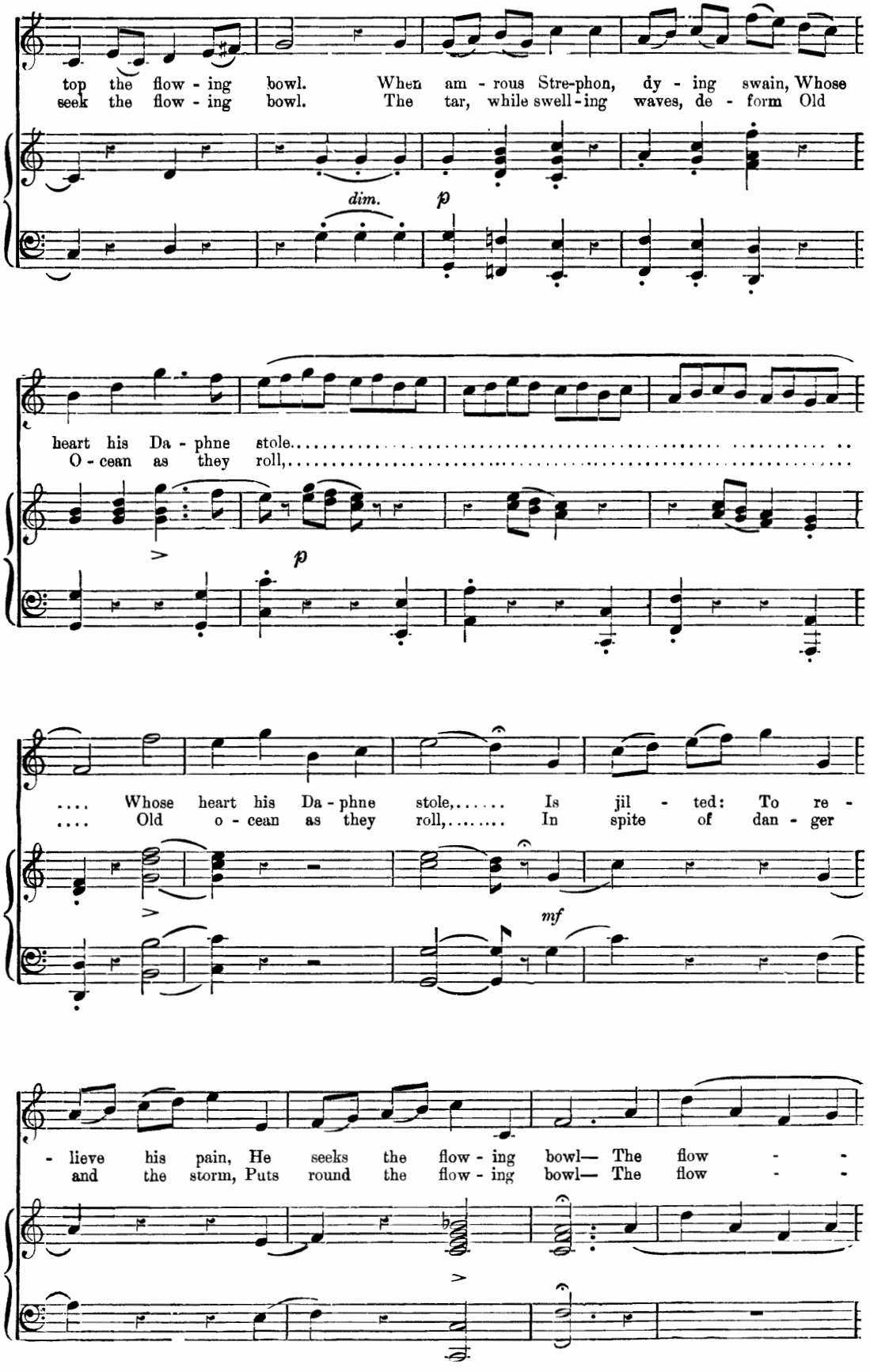
Allegro con spirito.

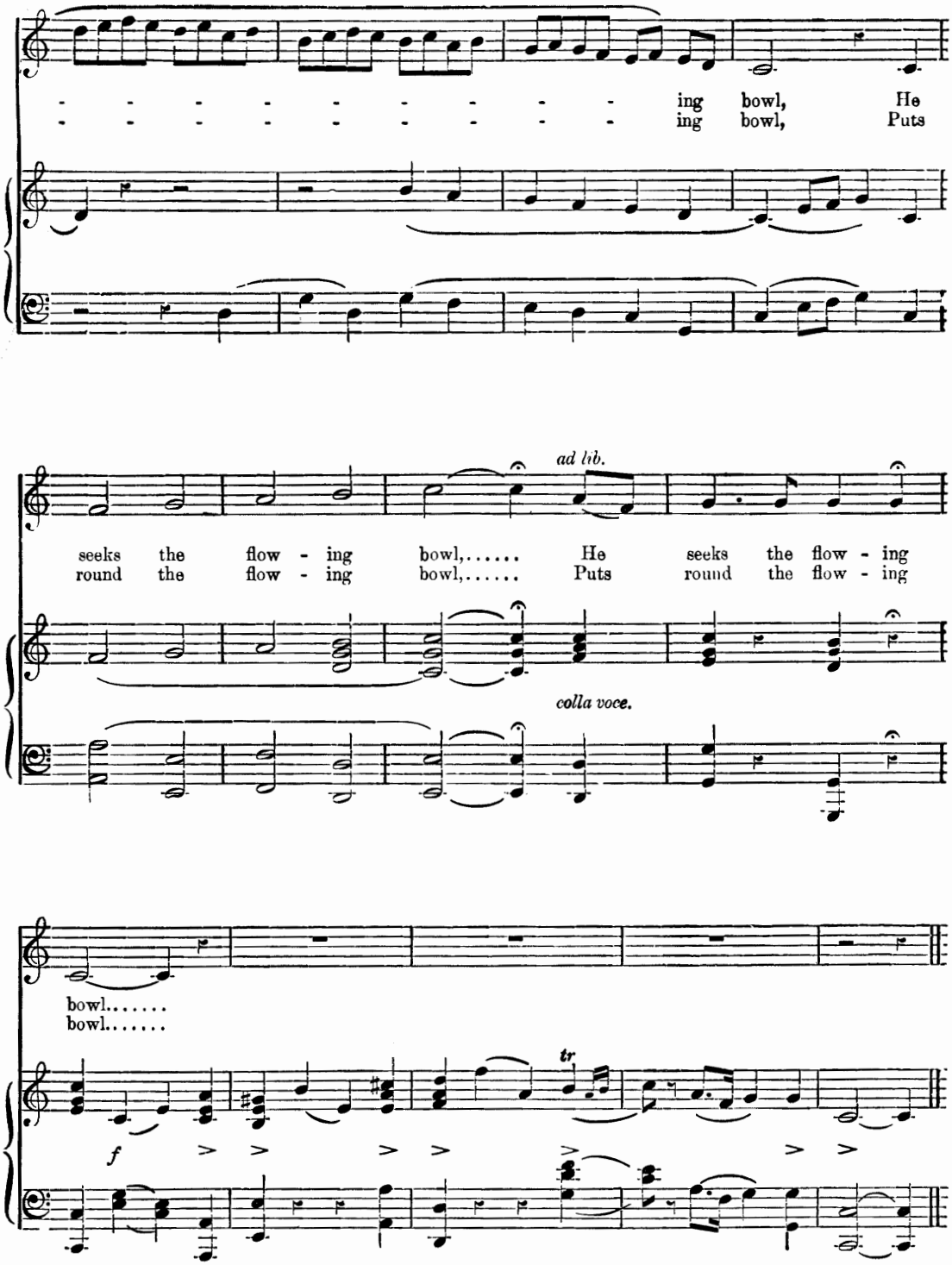


The flowing bowl.

C. DIBDIN.




top the flow - ing bowl. When am - rous Stre-phon, dy - ing swain, Whose
seek the flow - ing bowl. The tar, while swell - ing waves, de - form Old
dim.
p
heart his Da - phne stole.....
O - cean as they roll,.....
p
.... Whose heart his Da - phne stole,..... Is jil - ted: To re -
.... Old o - cean as they roll,..... In spite of dan - ger
mf
- lieve his pain, He seeks the flow - ing bowl— The flow - -
and the storm, Puts round the flow - ing bowl— The flow - -



3.

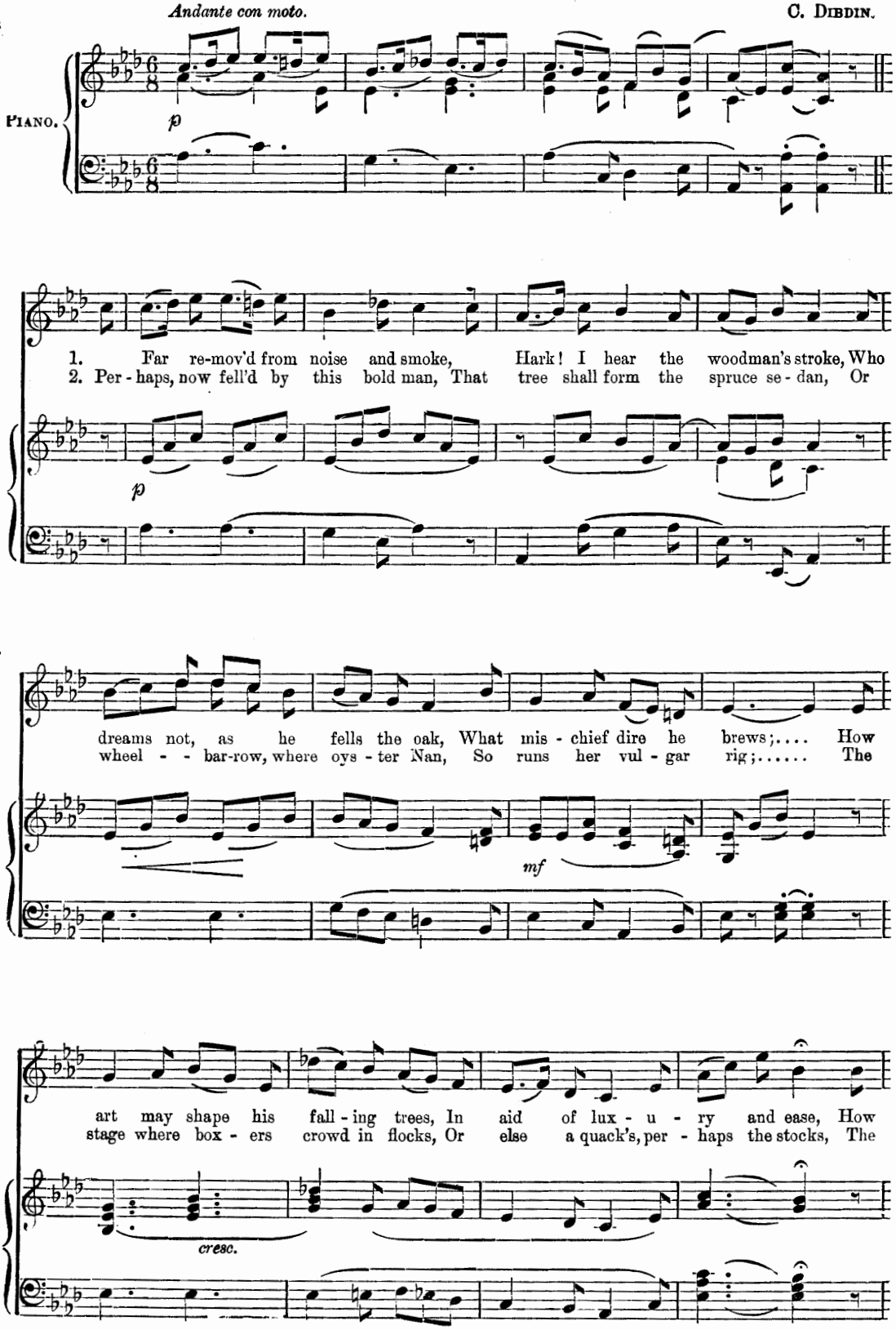
The miner who his devious way,
Works like the purblind mole
Still comfort for the loss of day
Finds in the flowing bowl.
It gives to poets lyric wit,
To jesters to be droll;
Anacreon's self had never writ,
But for the flowing bowl.

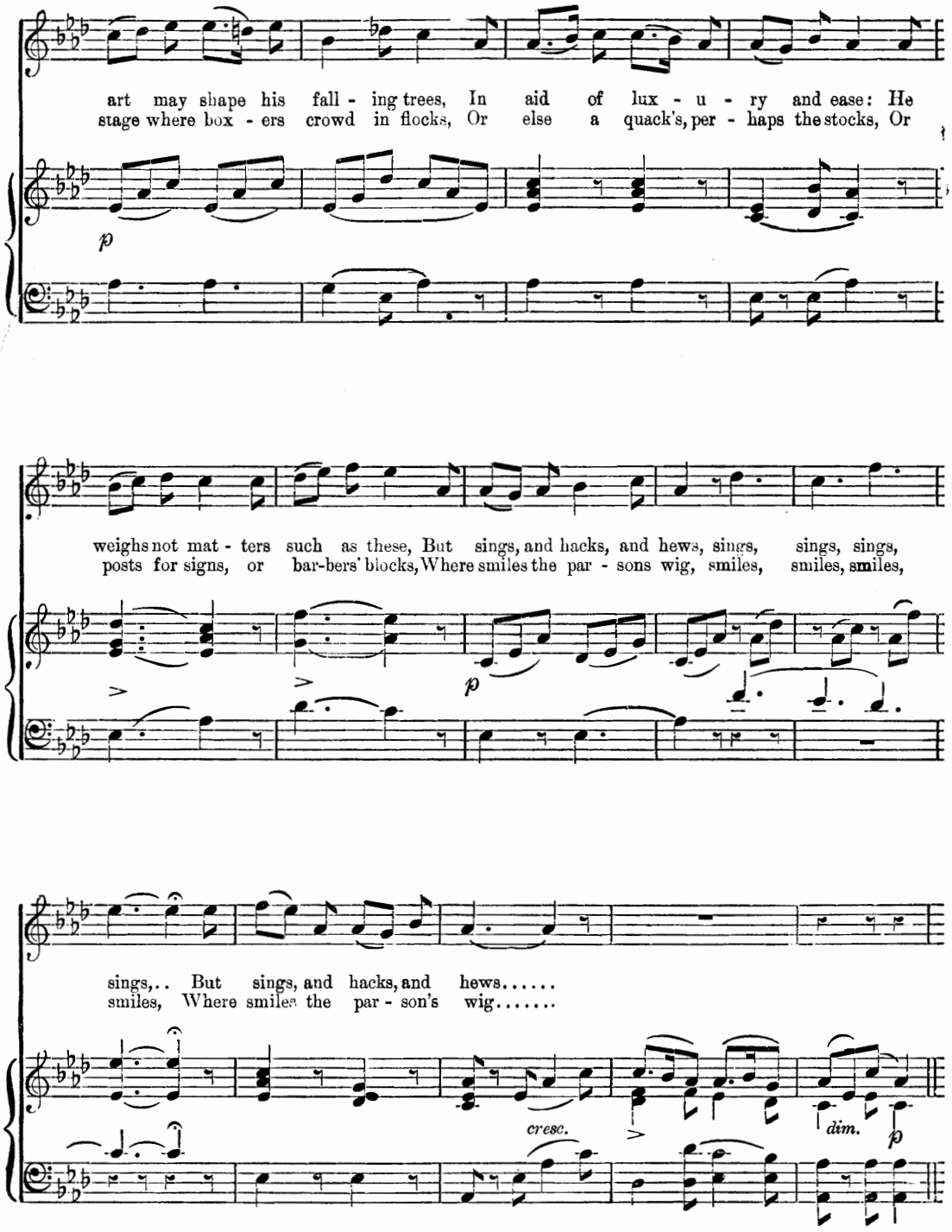
4.

Moisten your clay then, sons of earth,
To Bacchus in a shoal,
Come on, the volunteers of mirth,
And by the flowing bowl
Become immortal, be ador'd,
'Mongst gods your names enrol,
Olympus be the festive board,
Nectar the flowing bowl.

The Woodman.

Andante con moto. C. DIBDIN.





3.

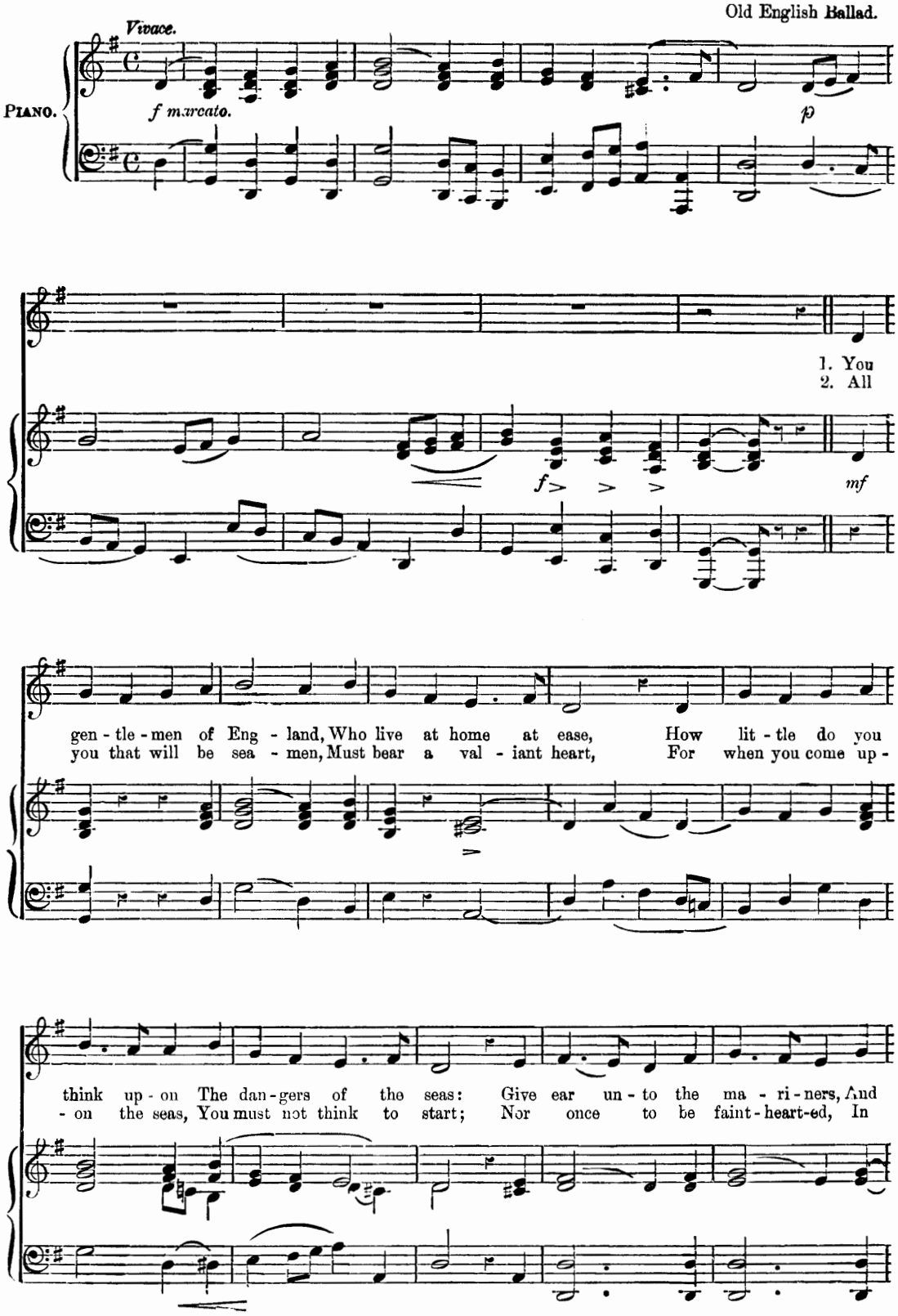
Thou mak'st, bold peasant,—Oh! what grief!
The gibbet, on which hangs the thief;
The seat where sits the grave lord chief;
The throne, the cobbler's stall:
Thou pamp'rest life in every stage,
Mak'st folly's whims, pride's equipage,
For children toys, crutches for age,
And coffins for us all.

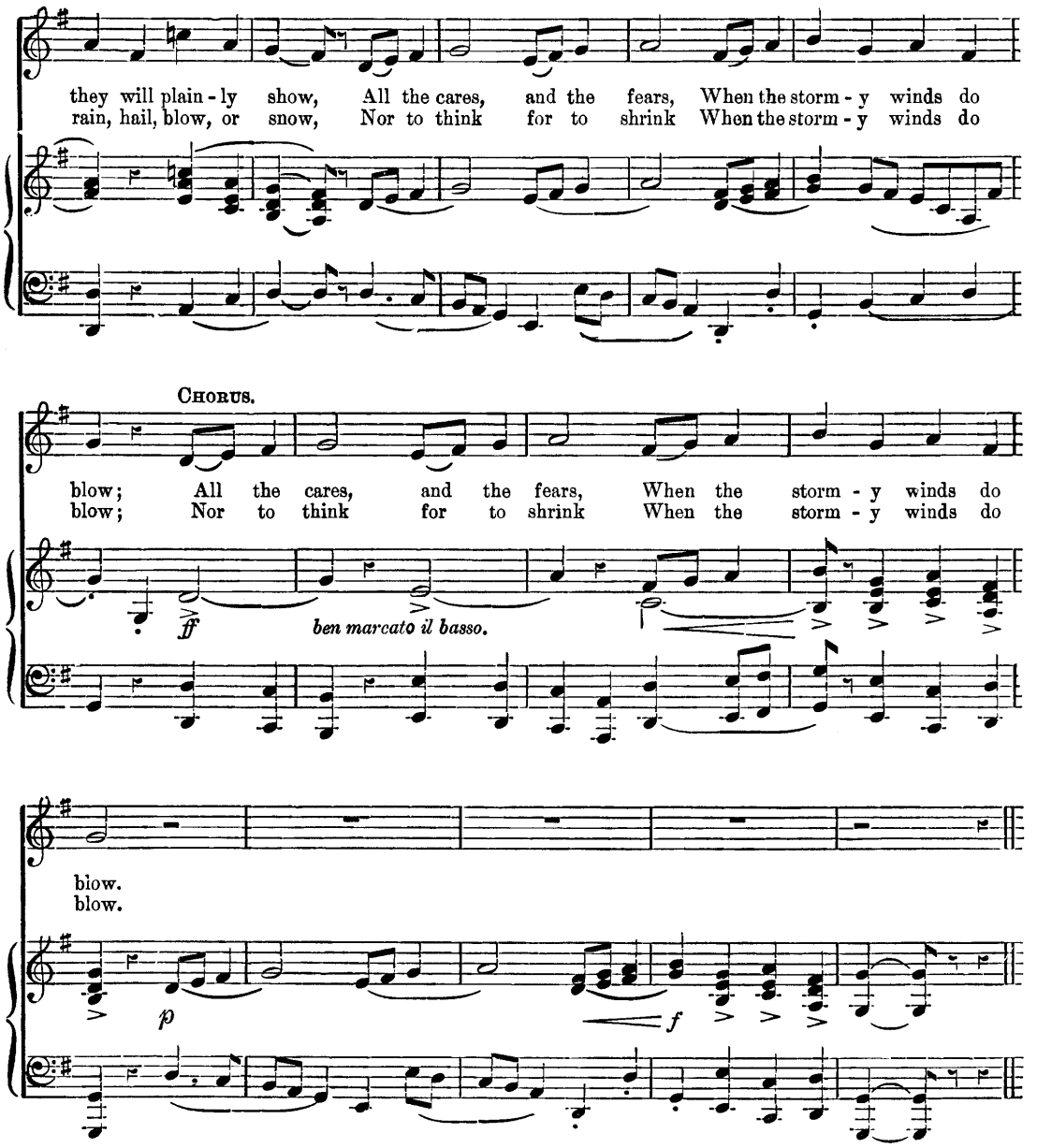
4.

Yet justice let us still afford;—
These chairs, and this convivial board,
The bin that holds gay Bacchus' hoard,
Confess the woodman's stroke:
He made the press that bled the vine,
The butt that holds the generous wine,
The hall itself where tipplers join,
To crack the mirthful joke

You gentlemen of England.

Old English Ballad.





3.

The lawyer and the usurer,
That sit in gowns of fur,
In closets warm can take no harm,—
Abroad they need not stir;
When winter fierce with cold doth pierce,
And beats with hail and snow,
We are sure to endure,
When the stormy winds do blow

4.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
And never be dismay'd,—
Whilst we have bold adventurers,
We ne'er shall want a trade;
Our merchants will employ us
To fetch them wealth, I know;—
Then behold, work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.

5.

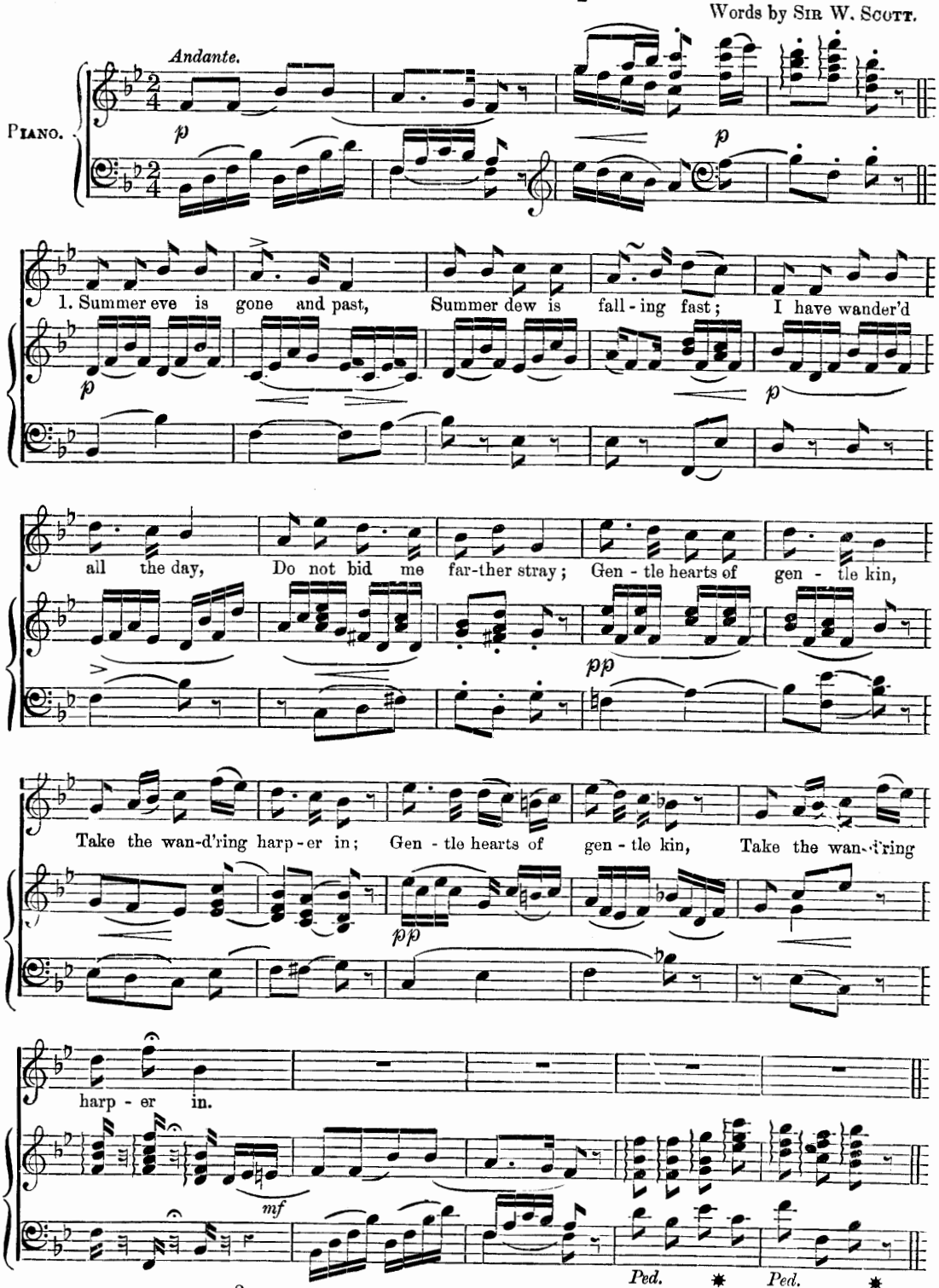
When tempests are blown over,
And greatest fears are past.
In weather fair, and temperate air,
We straight lie down to rest;
But when the billows tumble,
And waves do furious grow,
Then we rouse, up we rouse,
When the stormy winds do blow.

6.

When we return in safety,
With wages for our pains,
The tapster and the Vintner
Will help to share our gains;
We'll call for liquor roundly,
And pay before we go;
Then we'll roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow.

The minstrel's request.

Words by Sir W. Scott.



2.

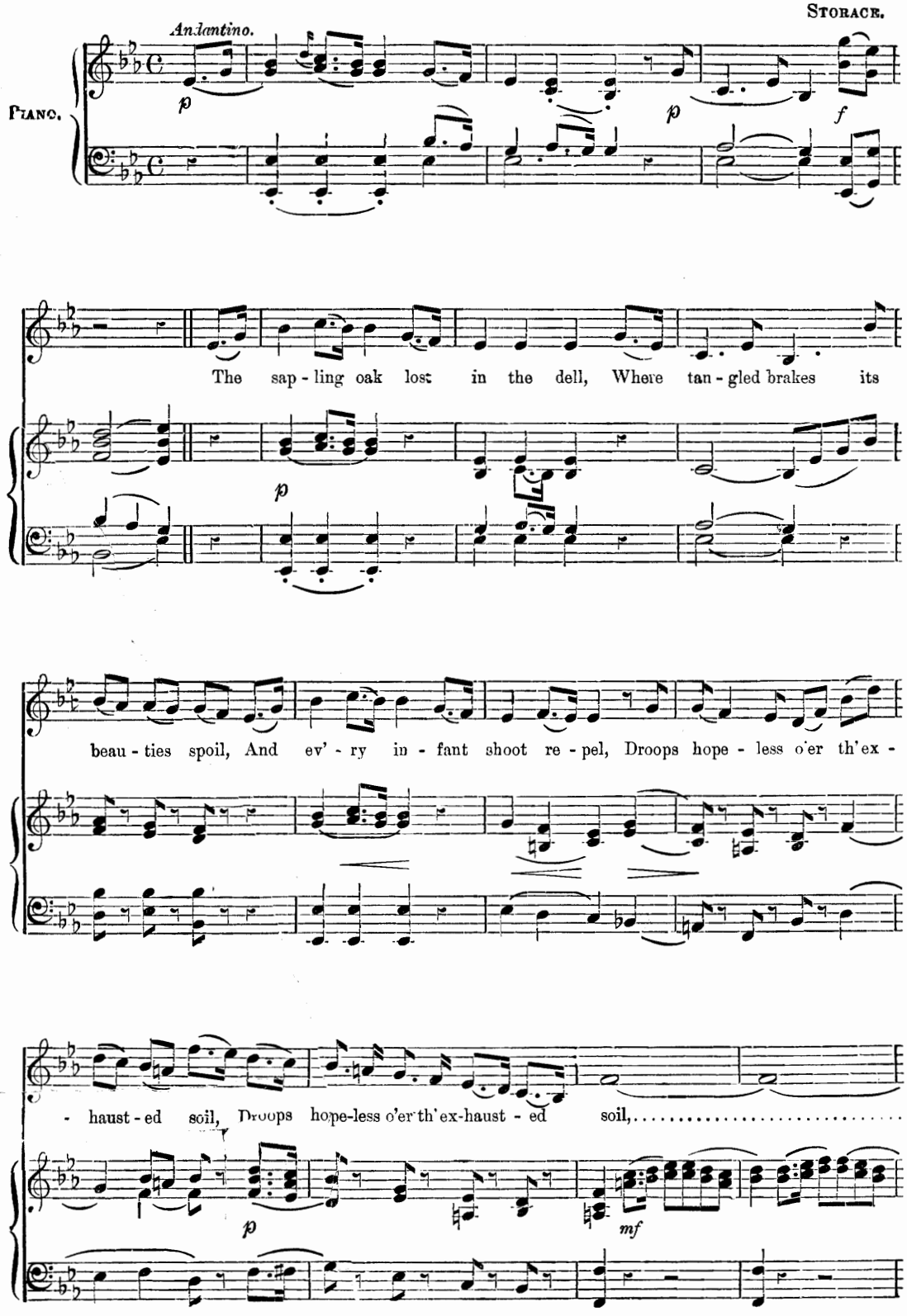
I have song of war for knight,
Lay of love for lady bright,
Fairy tale to lull the heir,
Goblin grim the maids to scare:
Dark the night and long till day,
Do not bid me farther stray.

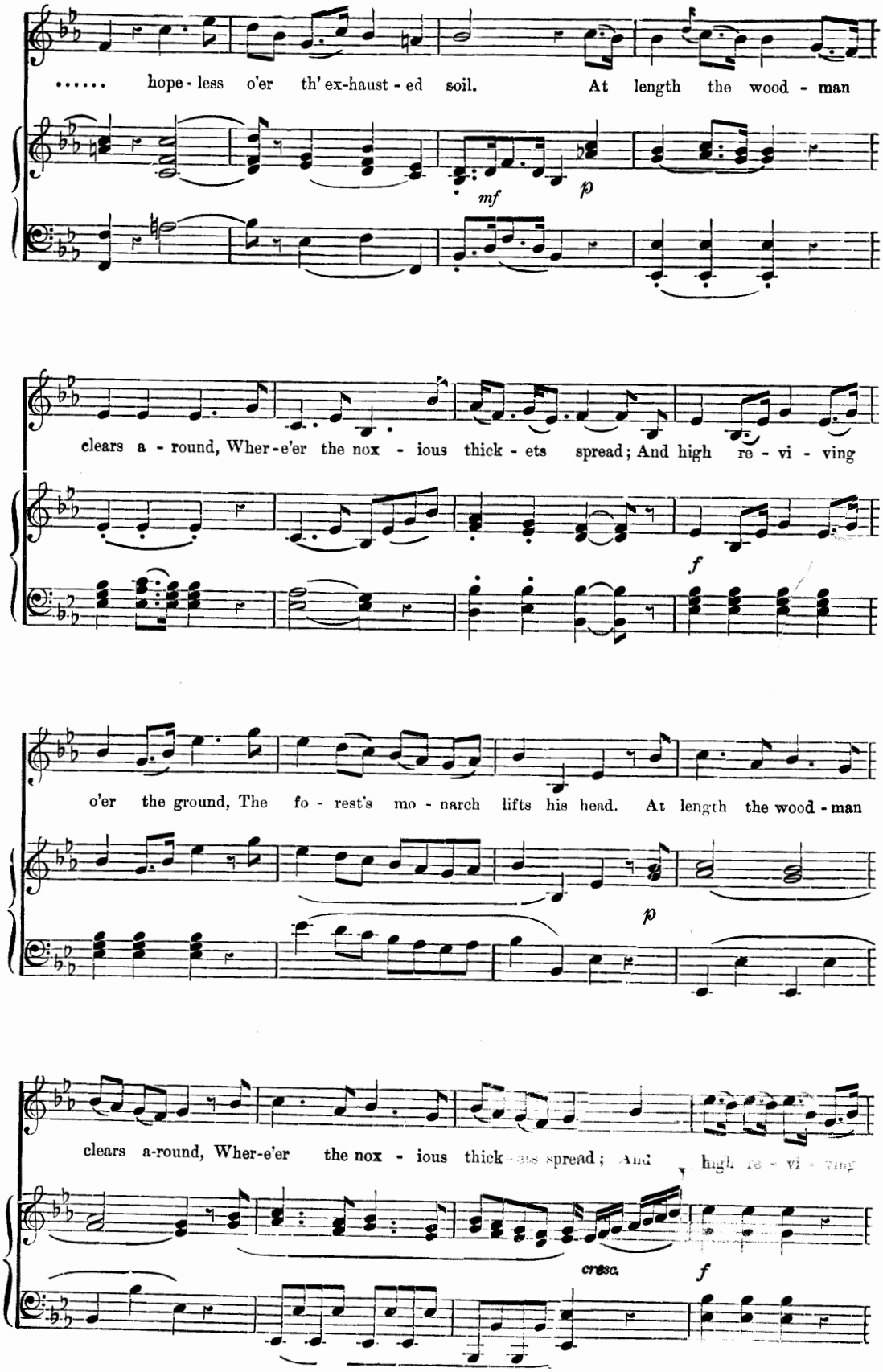
3.

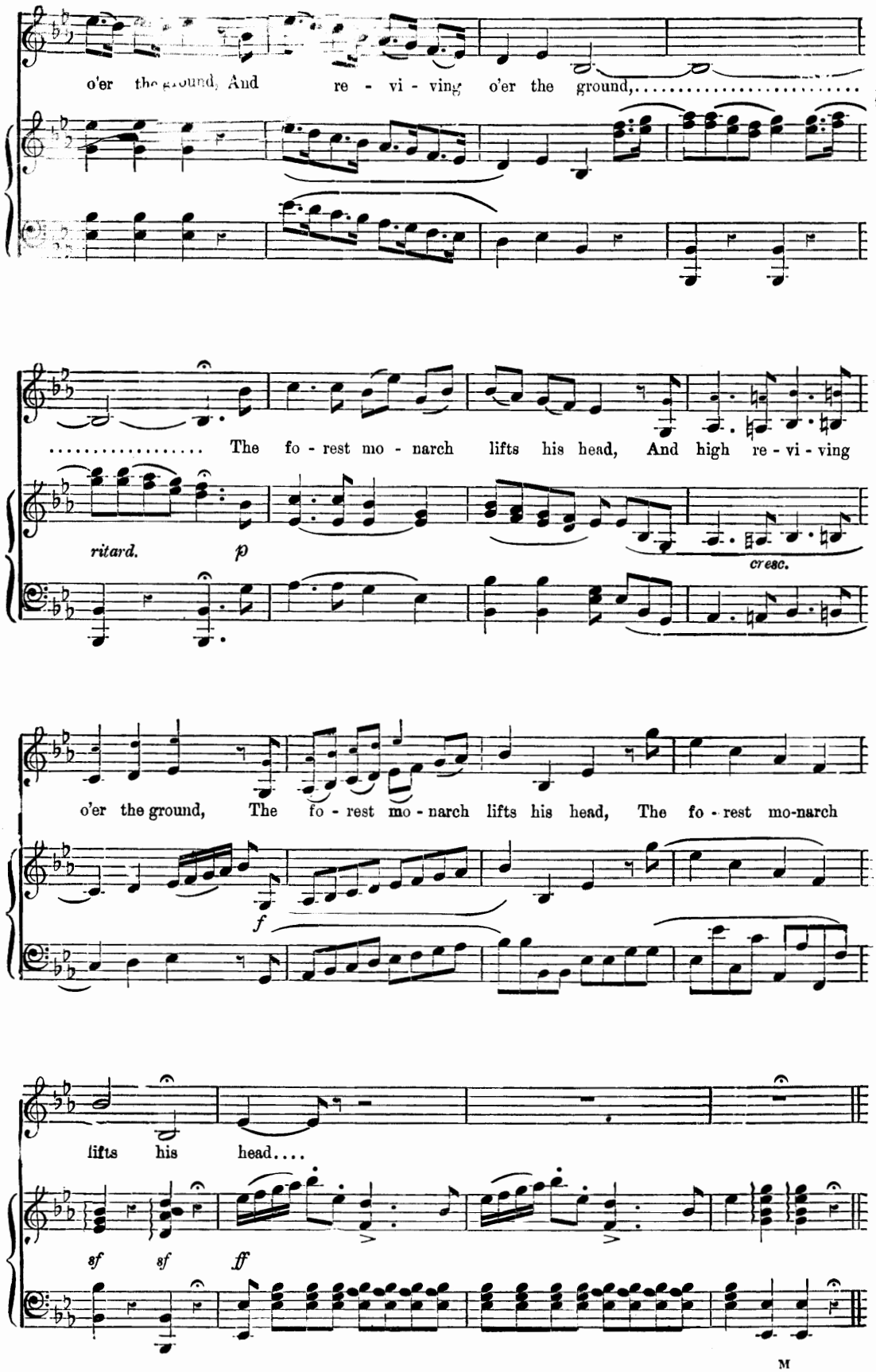
Ancient lords had fair regard
For the harp and for the bard;
Baron's race throve never well
Where the curse of minstrel fell:
If you love your noble kin,
Take the weary harper in.

The sapling oak.

STORACE.



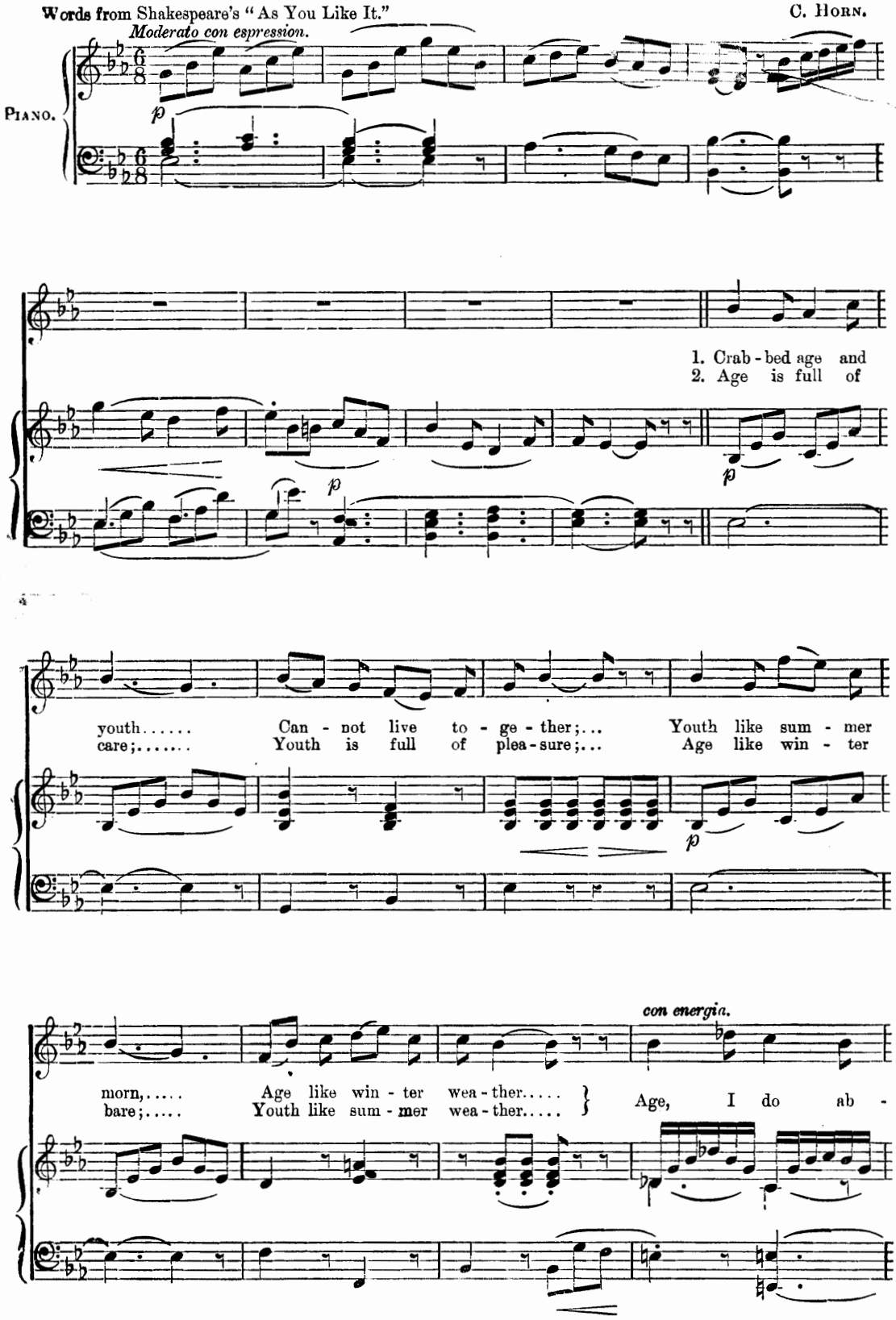

..... hope - less o'er th' ex-haust - ed soil. At length the wood - man
mf
p
clears a - round, Wher - e'er the nox - ious thick - ets spread; And high re - vi - ving
f
o'er the ground, The fo - rest's mo - narch lifts his head. At length the wood - man
p
clears a-round, Wher-e'er the nox - ious thick - ets spread; And high re - vi - ving
cresc.
f

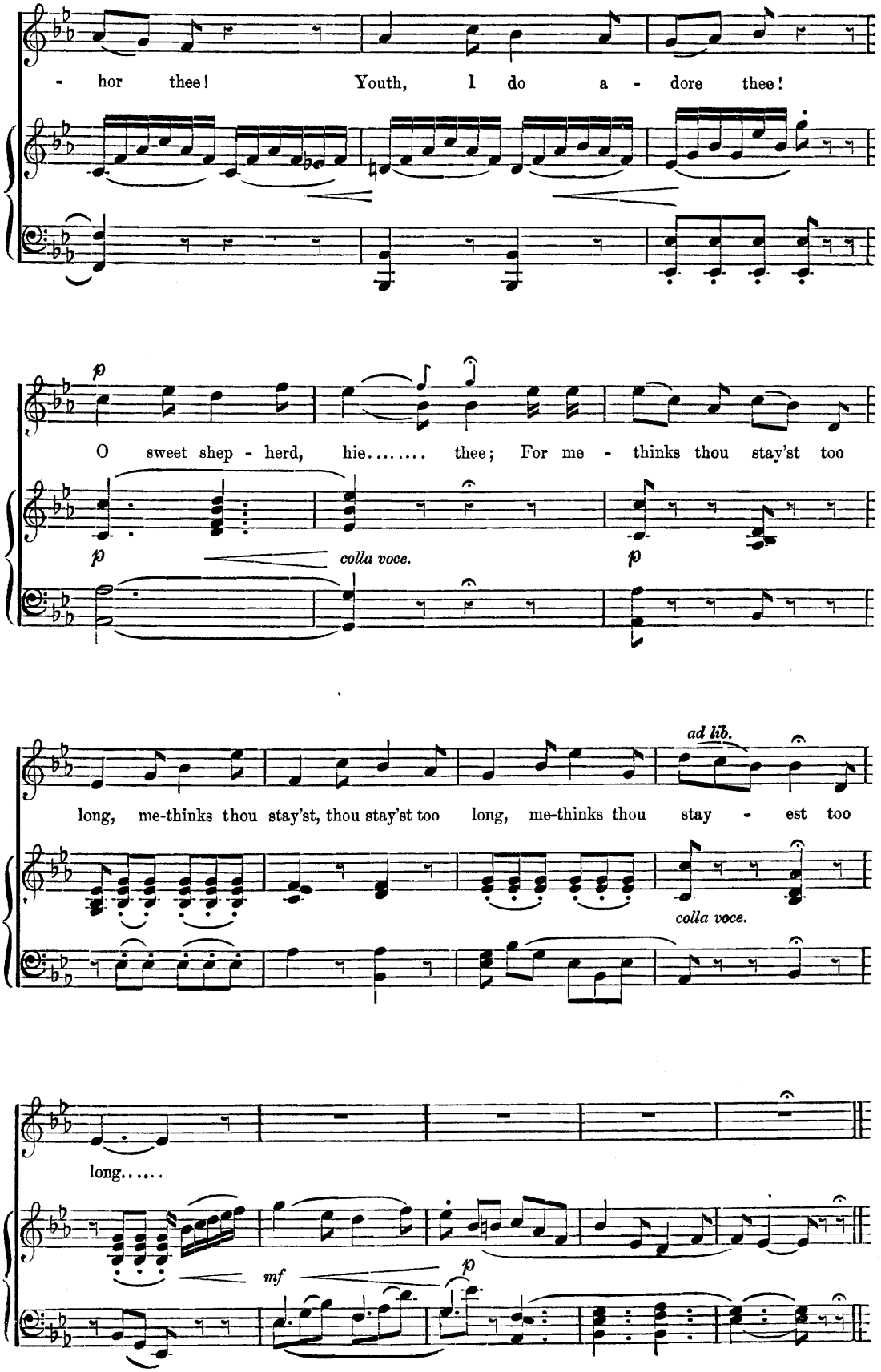

o'er the ground, And re - vi - ving o'er the ground,
The fo - rest mo - narch lifts his head, And high re - vi - ving
ritard.
p
cresc.
o'er the ground, The fo - rest mo - narch lifts his head, The fo - rest mo-narch
f
lifts his head....
sf sf ff

Crabbed age and youth.

Words from Shakespeare's "As You Like It." C. Horn.

Moderato con espression.

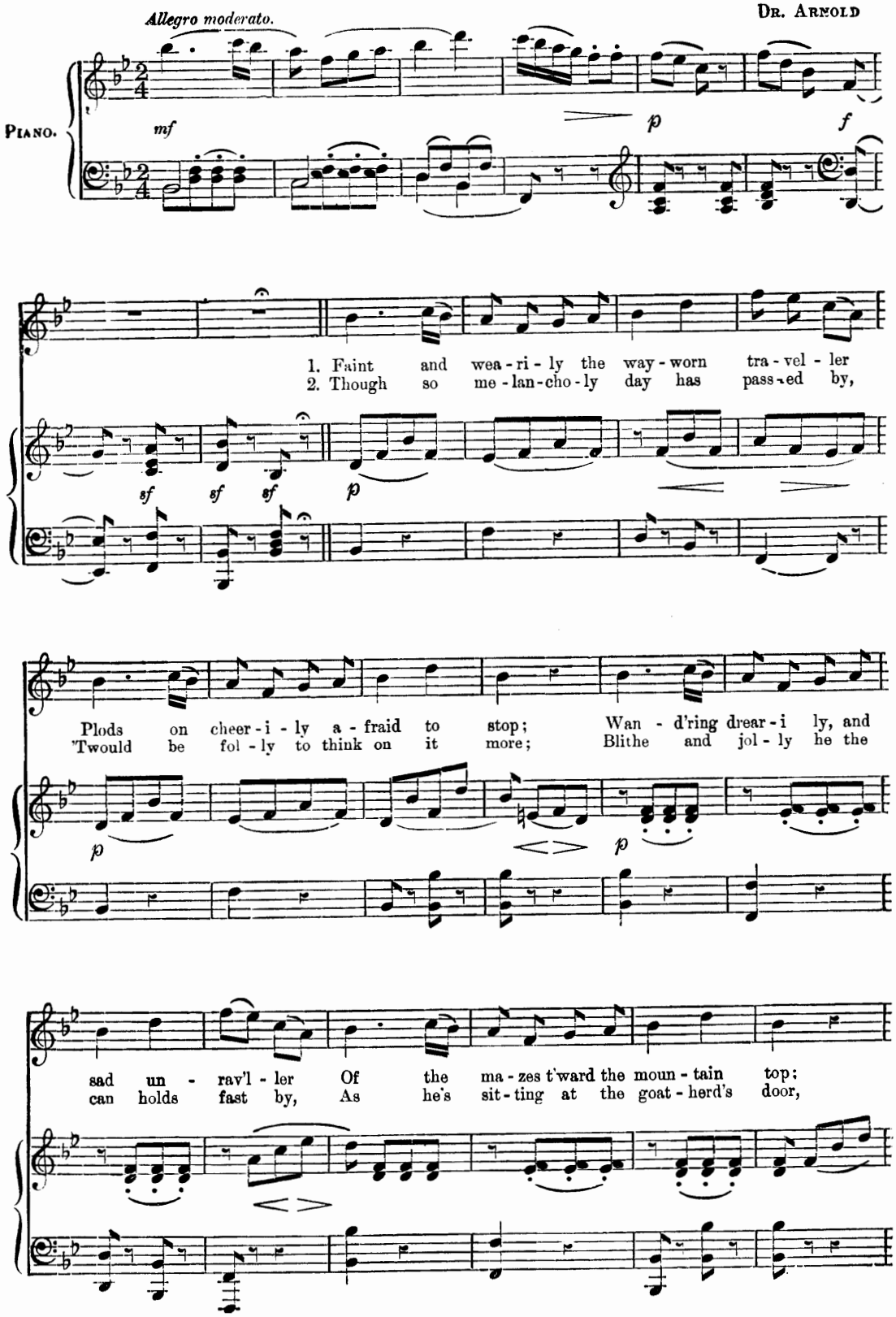


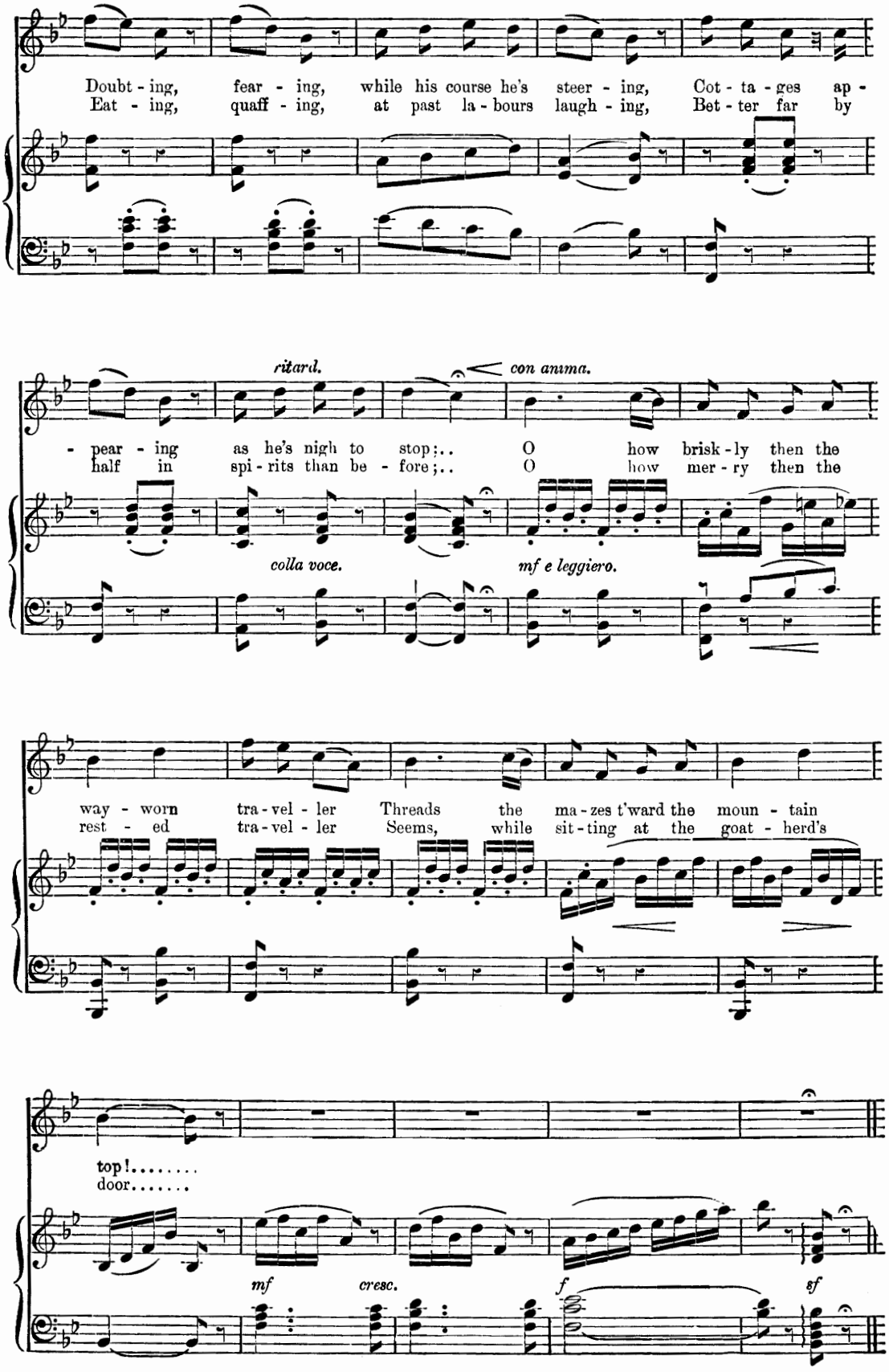

- hor thee! Youth, I do a - dore thee!
p
O sweet shep - herd, hie..... thee; For me - thinks thou stay'st too
p
colla voce.
p
ad lib.
long, me-thinks thou stay'st, thou stay'st too long, me-thinks thou stay - est too
colla voce.
long.....
mf
p

Faint and wearily.

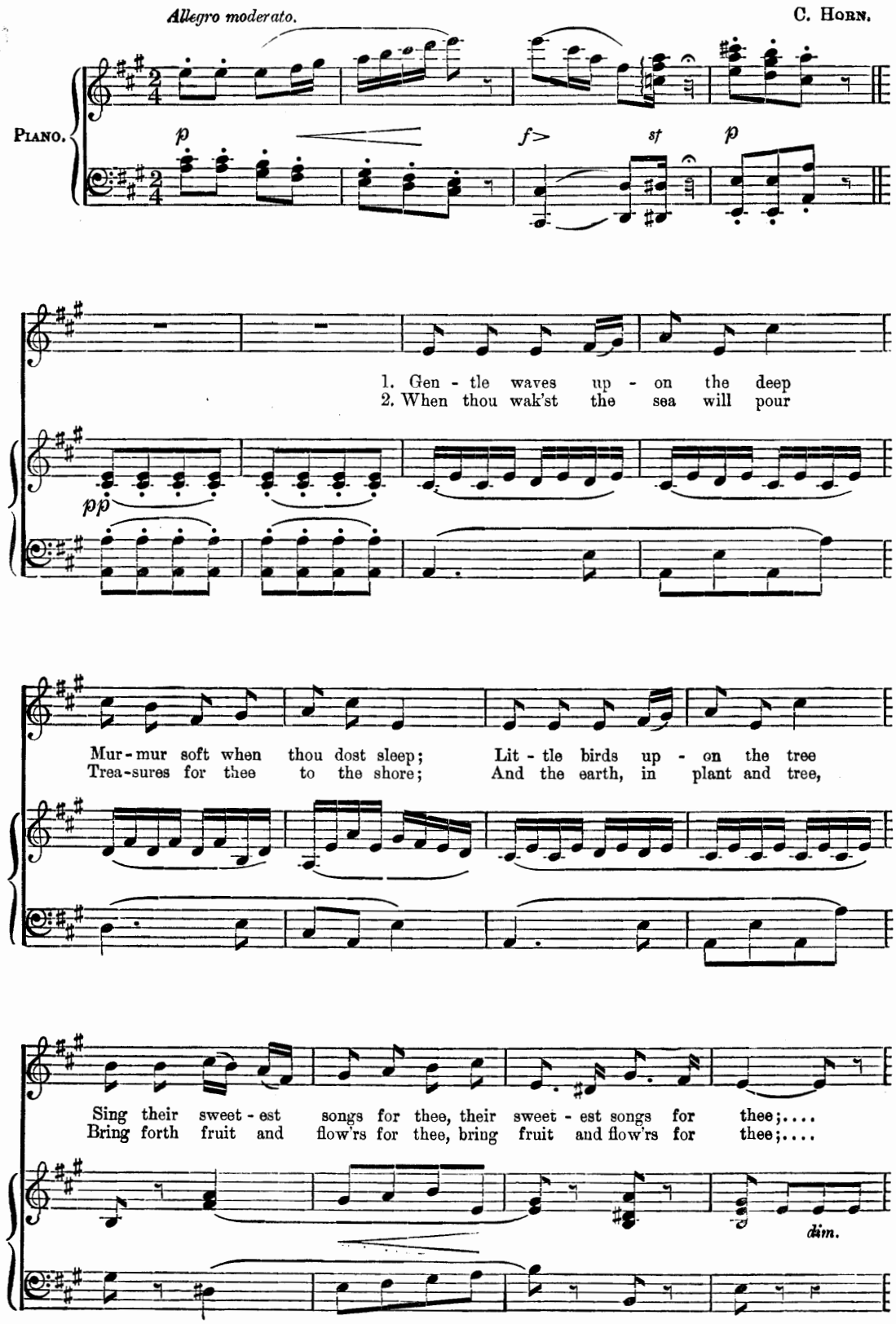
(THE WAY-WORN TRAVELLER.)

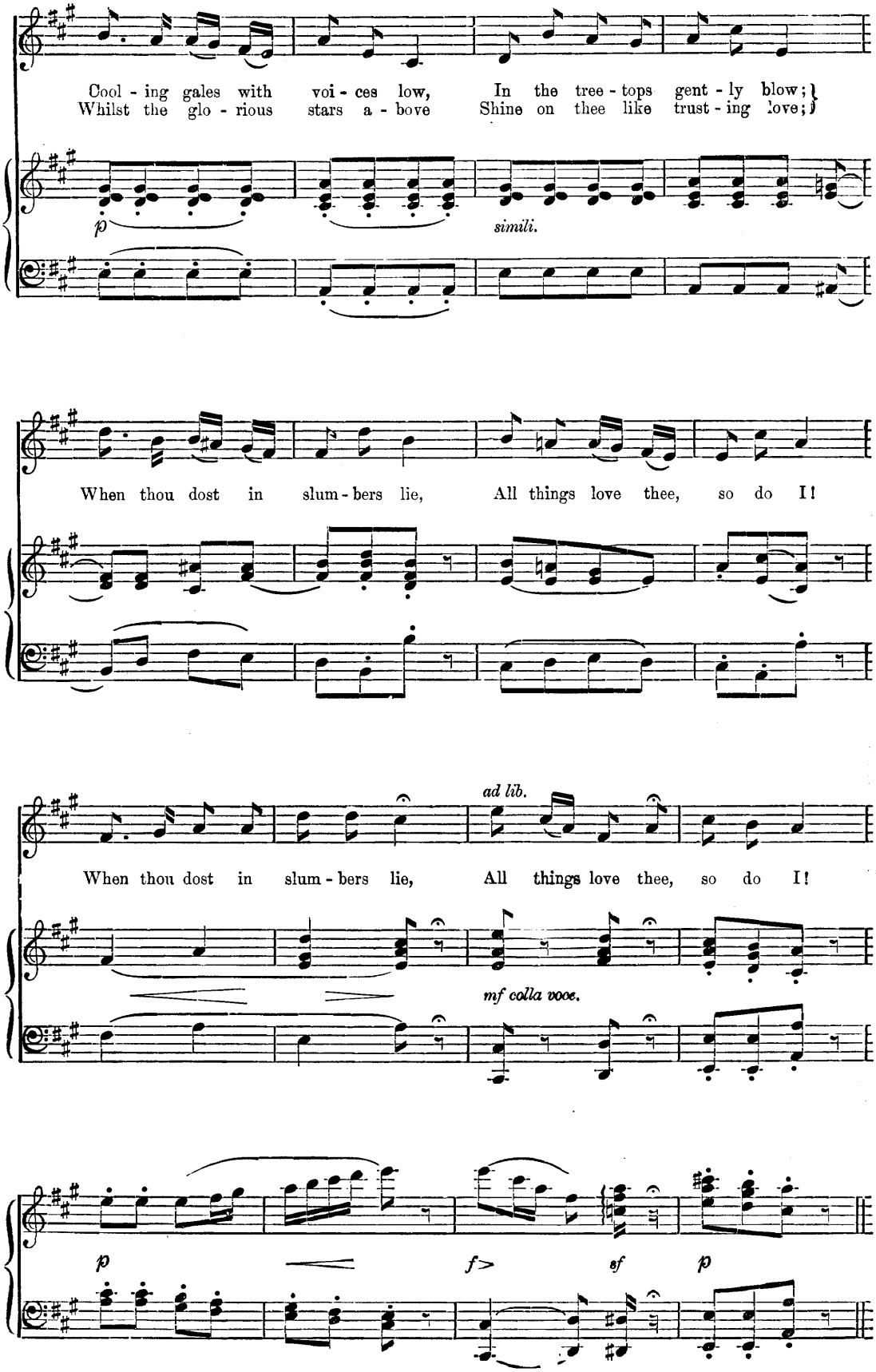
DR. ARNOLD




Doubt - ing, fear - ing, while his course he's steer - ing, Cot - ta - ges ap -
Eat - ing, quaff - ing, at past la - bours laugh - ing, Bet - ter far by
ritard.
con anima.
- pear - ing as he's nigh to stop;.. O how brisk - ly then the
half in spi - rits than be - fore;.. O how mer - ry then the
colla voce.
mf e leggiero.
way - worn tra - vel - ler Threads the ma - zes t'ward the moun - tain
rest - ed tra - vel - ler Seems, while sit - ting at the goat - herd's
top!.....
door.....
mf
cresc.
f
sf

All things love thee, so do I.




Cool - ing gales with voi - ces low, In the tree - tops gent - ly blow;
Whilst the glo - rious stars a - bove Shine on thee like trust - ing love;
p
simili.
When thou dost in slum - bers lie, All things love thee, so do I!
ad lib.
When thou dost in slum - bers lie, All things love thee, so do I!
mf colla voce.
p
f>
sf
p

By dimpled brook.

From Milton's "Comus."

DR. ARNE.

Andante con moto.

PIANO.

p

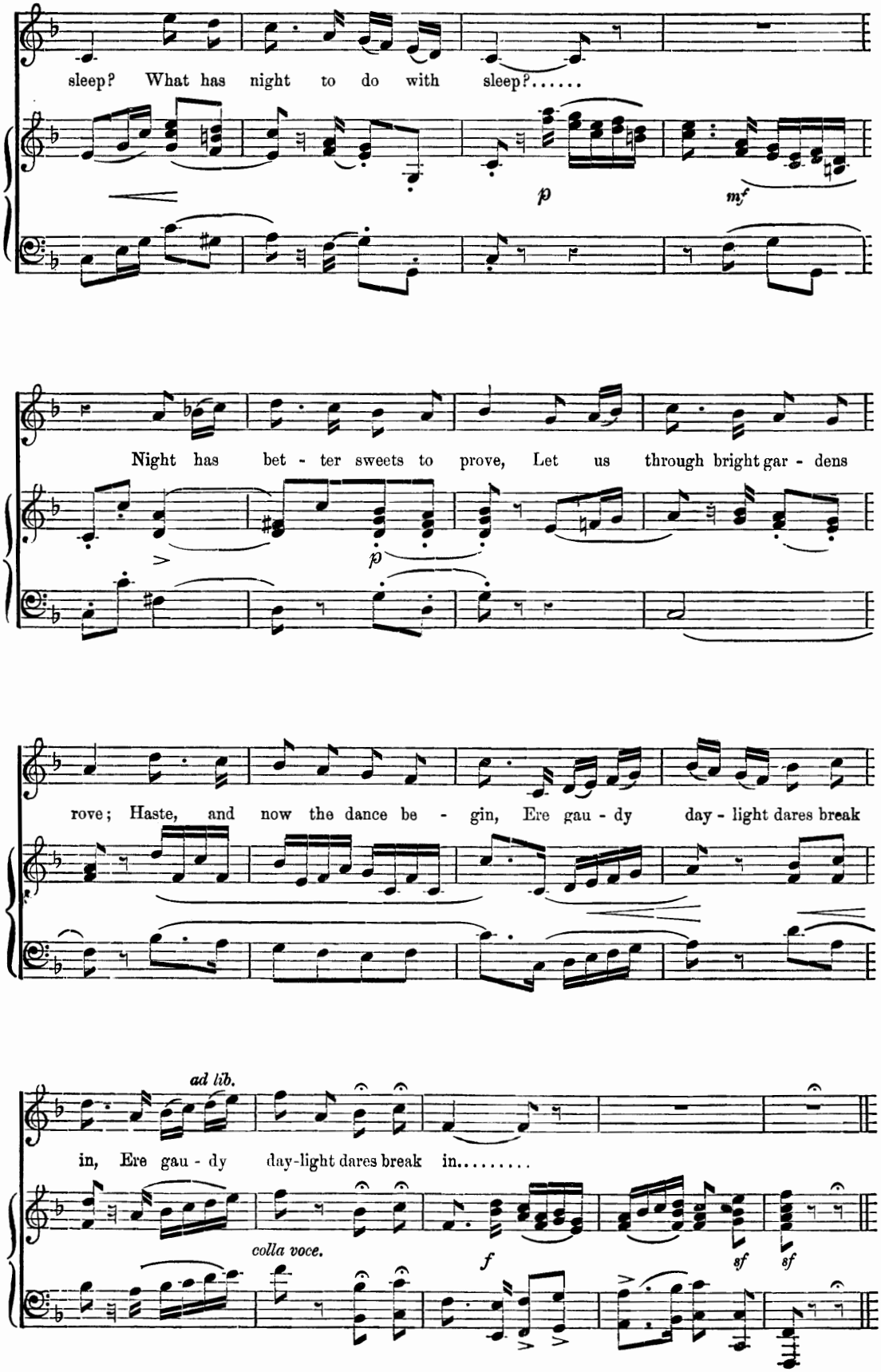
mf

p

By dim - pled brook and foun - tain brim, The wood-nymphs deck'd with dai - sies

pp

trim, Their mer-ry, mer-ry wakes and pas - times keep, What has night to do with


sleep? What has night to do with sleep?.....
p
mf
Night has bet - ter sweets to prove, Let us through bright gar - dens
p
rove; Haste, and now the dance be - gin, Ere gau - dy day - light dares break
ad lib.
in, Ere gau - dy day-light dares break in.....
colla voce.
f
sf
sf

The heart should be happy and merry.

Words by DIBDIN. REEVE.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

p

1. How gai - ly the lin - net sings, perch'd on the thorn, And care-less - ly pecks the red
2. The in - nocent lamb light - ly frisks o'er the lawn, While the wolf in dark co - vert will

p

ad lib.

ber-ry, An em- blem for man To read if he can, That while by no bad deed the
bu-ry; From guil - ty dis- may, He shuns the bright day—And when with re-morse the foul

colla voce.

conscience is torn, The heart may be hap- py and mer-ry, and mer- ry, The heart may be hap-py and
conscience is torn, No heart can be hap- py or mer-ry, or mer- ry, No heart can be hap-py or

mf *sf* *sf*

mer-ry.
mer-ry.

p *mf*

Stand to your guns.

CARTER.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO.

f

p

Stand to your guns! my hearts of oak,

f

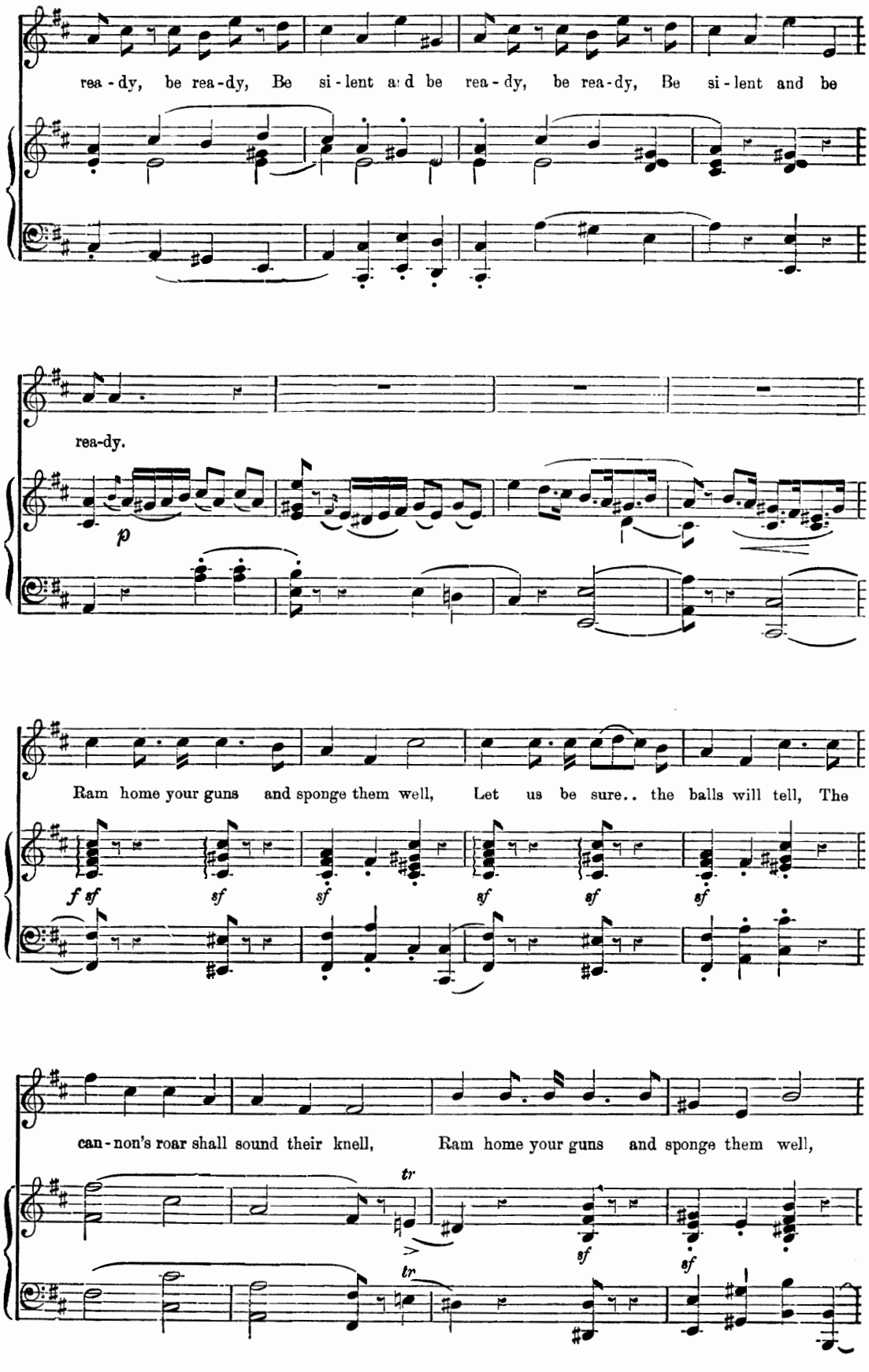
mf

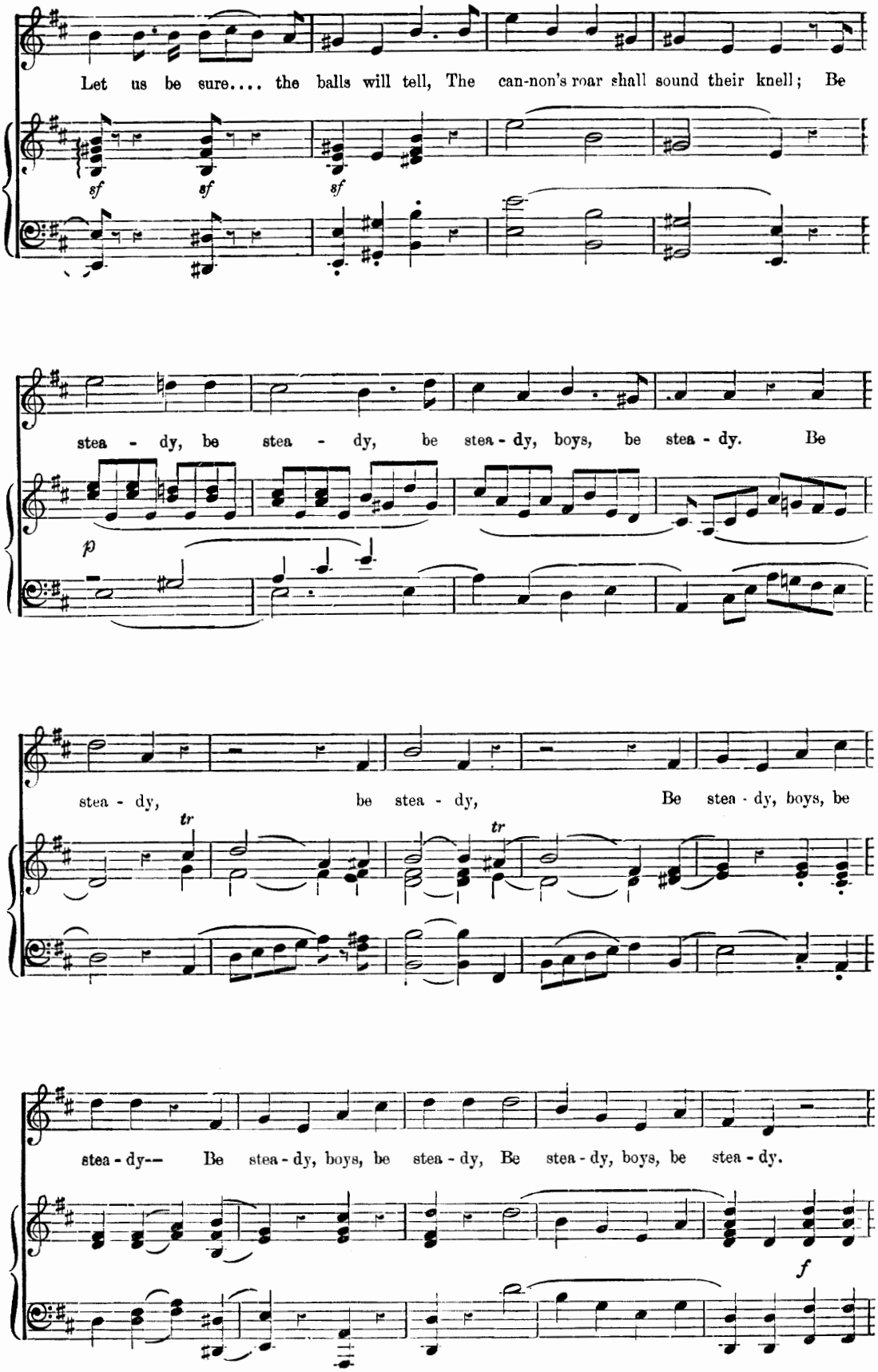
Let not a word on board be spoke, Vic-to-ry soon will crown the joke; Be si-lent and be

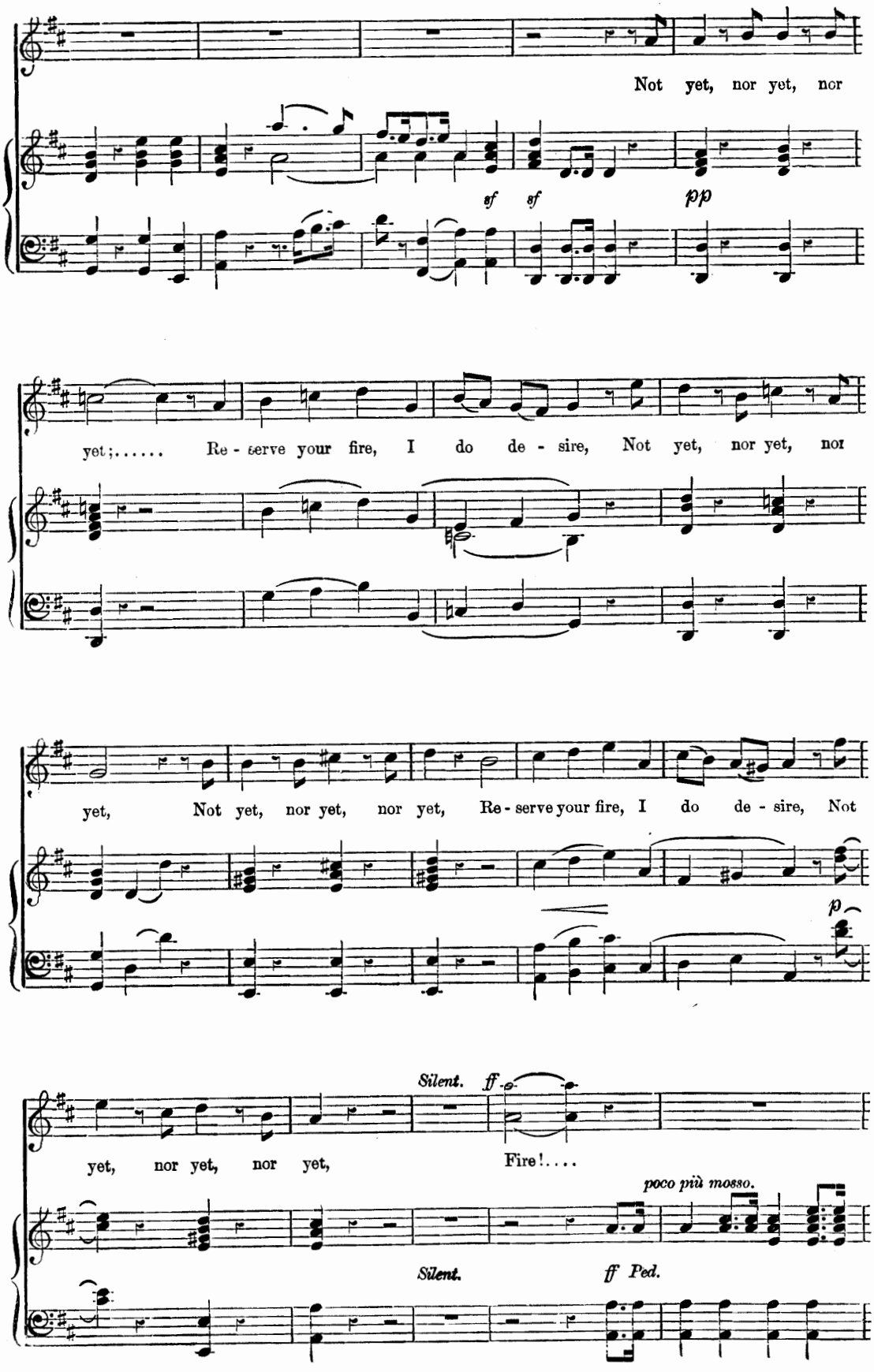
sf

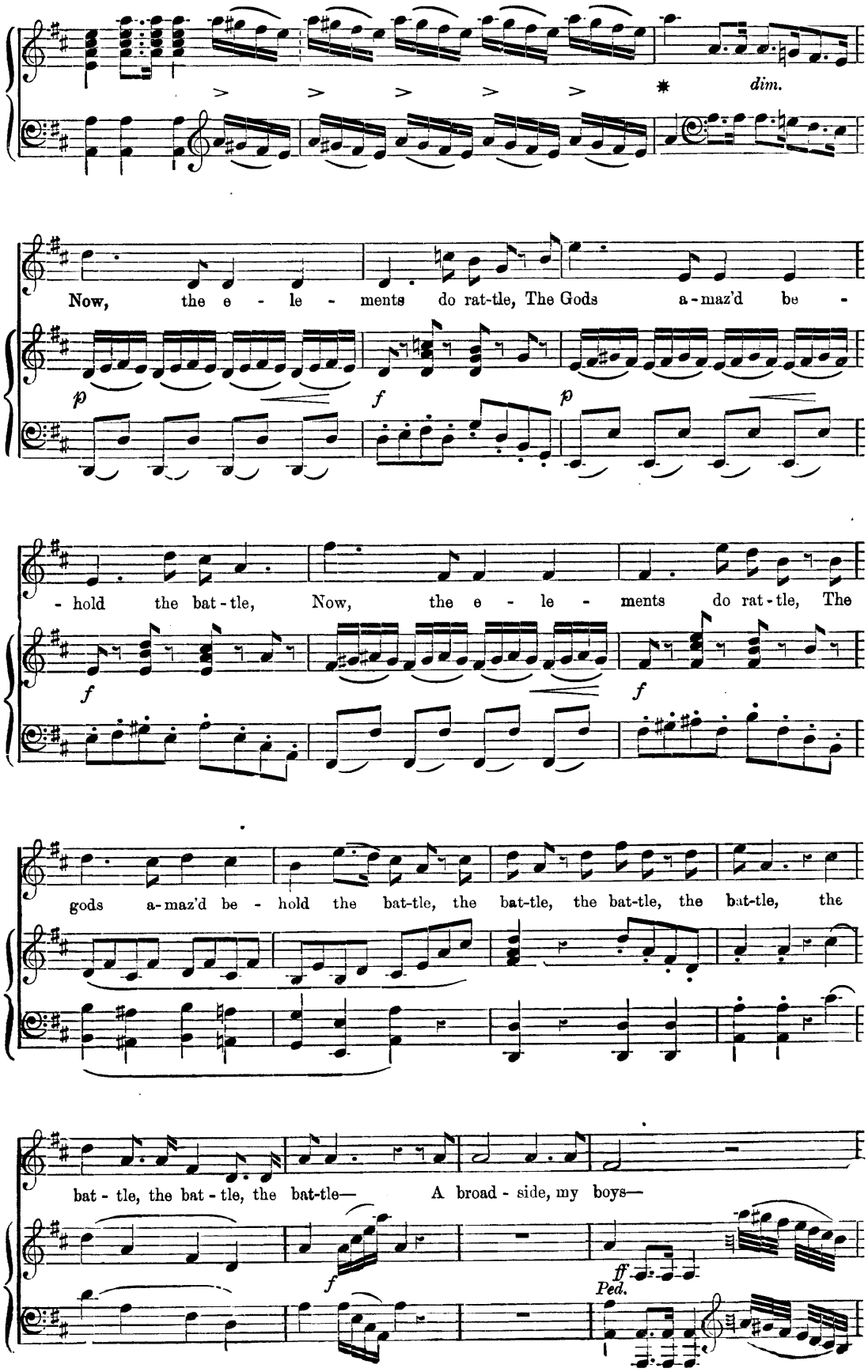
rea-dy, Be si - lent! be si - lent! Be si-lent and be

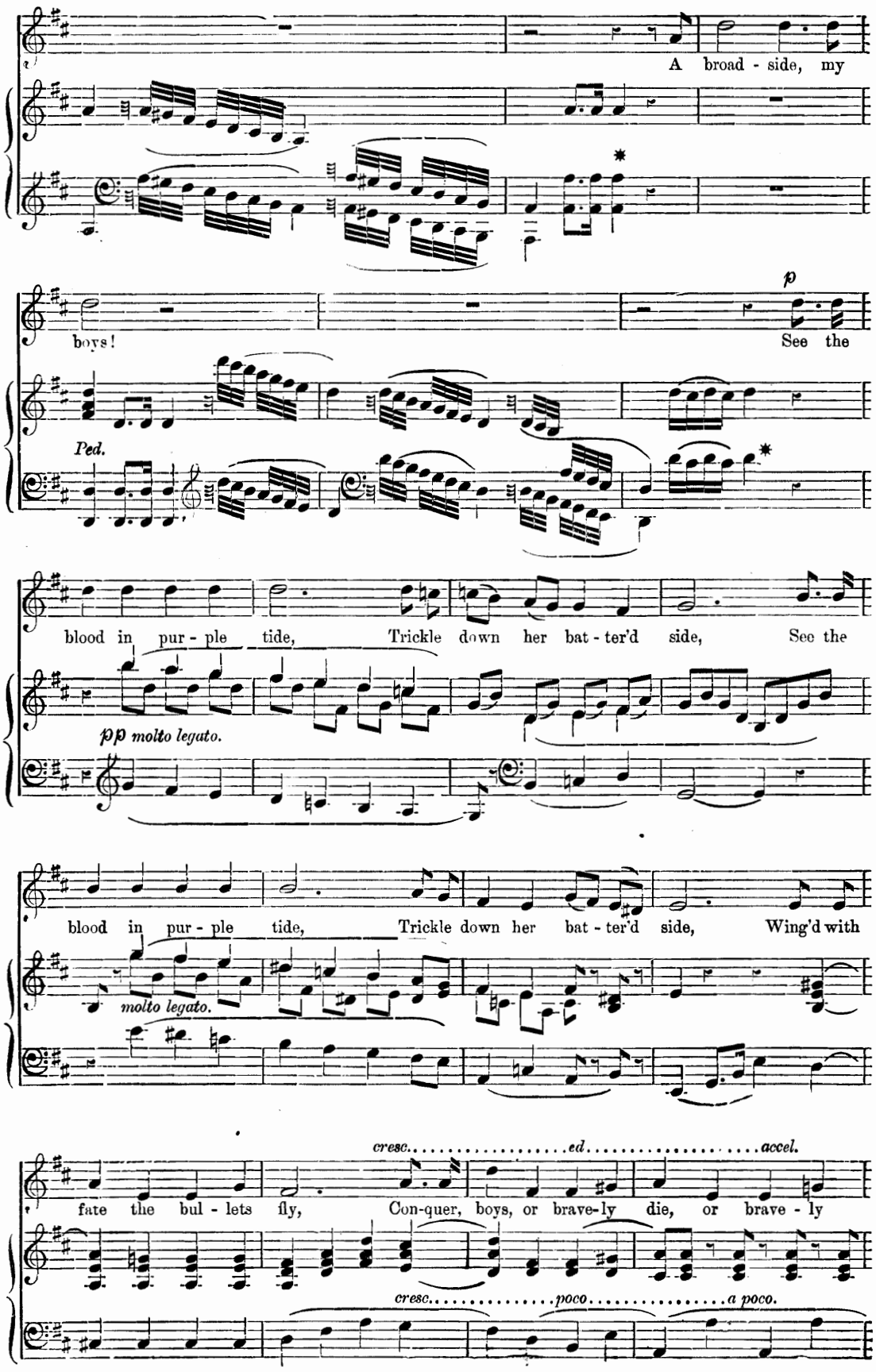
sf *dim.* *p*

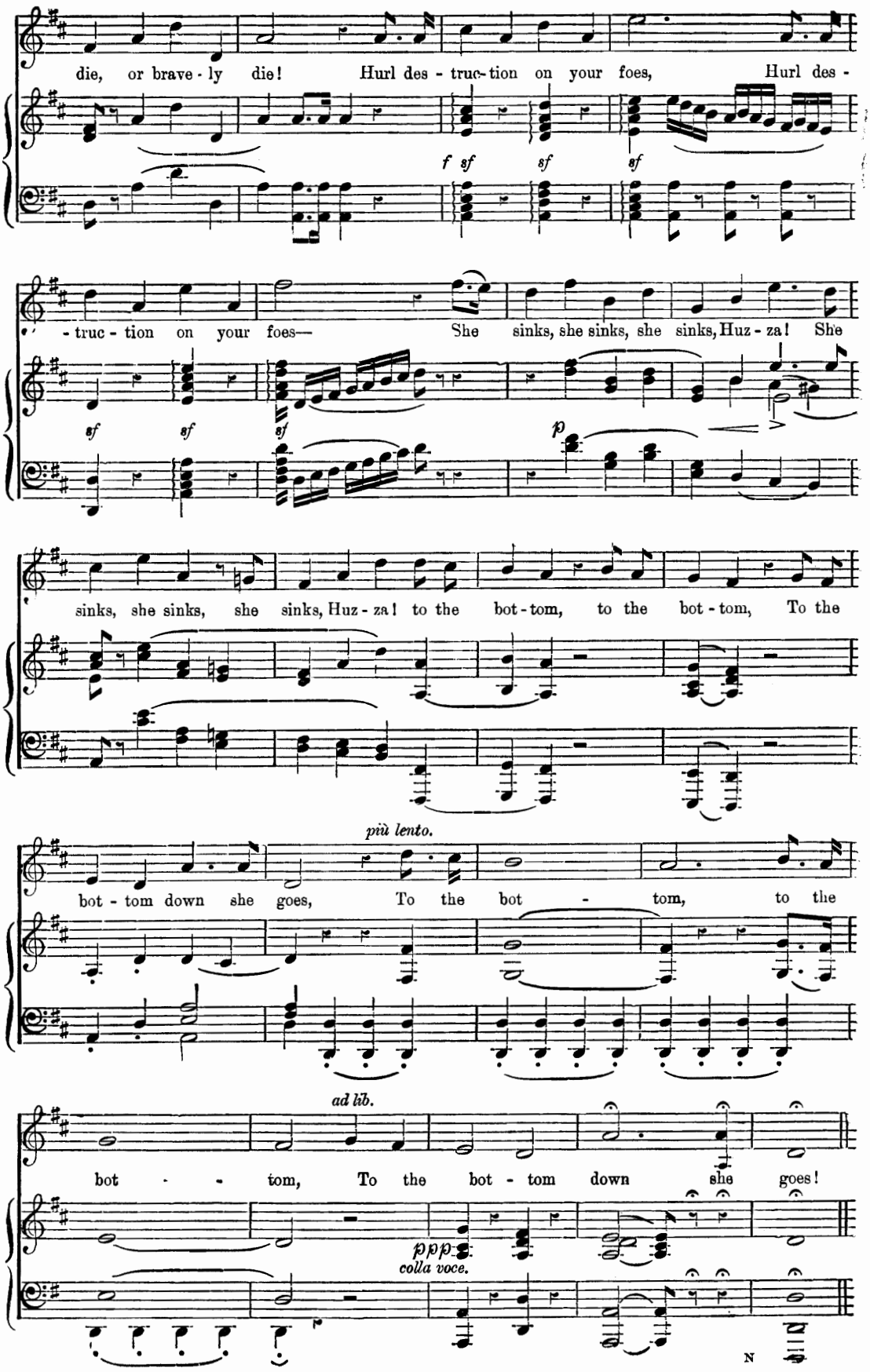

rea - dy, be rea - dy, Be si - lent and be rea - dy, be rea - dy, Be si - lent and be
rea-dy.
p
Ram home your guns and sponge them well, Let us be sure.. the balls will tell, The
f sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
can - non's roar shall sound their knell, Ram home your guns and sponge them well,
tr
tr
sf
sf


Let us be sure.... the balls will tell, The can-non's roar shall sound their knell; Be
sf sf sf
stea - dy, be stea - dy, be stea - dy, boys, be stea - dy. Be
p
stea - dy, be stea - dy, Be stea - dy, boys, be
tr tr
stea - dy-- Be stea - dy, boys, be stea - dy, Be stea - dy, boys, be stea - dy.
f


Not yet, nor yet, nor
sf sf pp
yet;..... Re - serve your fire, I do de - sire, Not yet, nor yet, nor
yet, Not yet, nor yet, nor yet, Re - serve your fire, I do de - sire, Not
p
Silent. ff
yet, nor yet, nor yet, Fire!....
poco più mosso.
Silent. ff Ped.

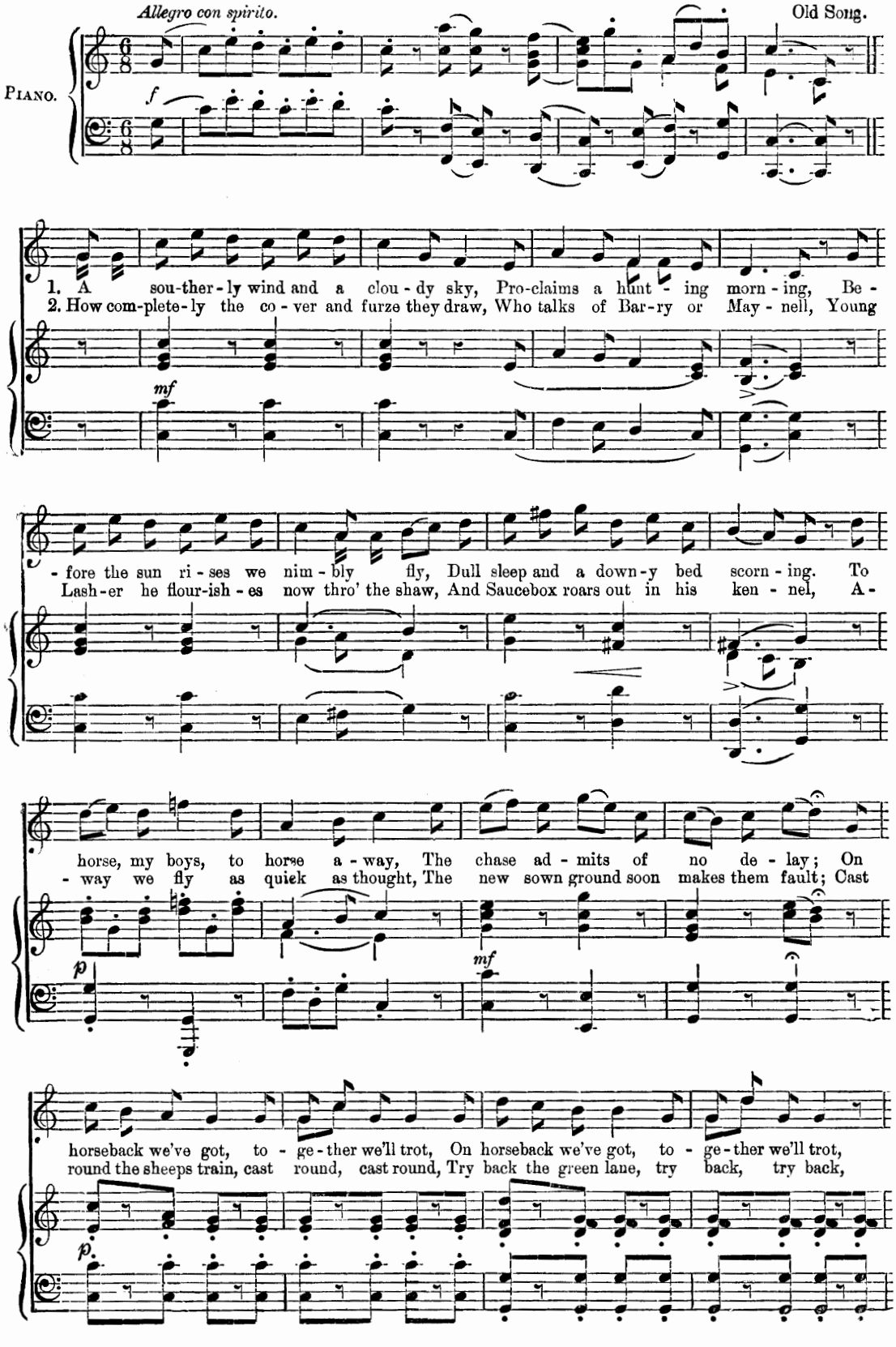

dim.
Now, the e - le - ments do rat-tle, The Gods a-maz'd be -
p
f
p
- hold the bat-tle, Now, the e - le - ments do rat-tle, The
f
f
gods a-maz'd be - hold the bat-tle, the bat-tle, the bat-tle, the bat-tle, the
bat - tle, the bat - tle, the bat-tle— A broad - side, my boys—
f
ff
Ped.

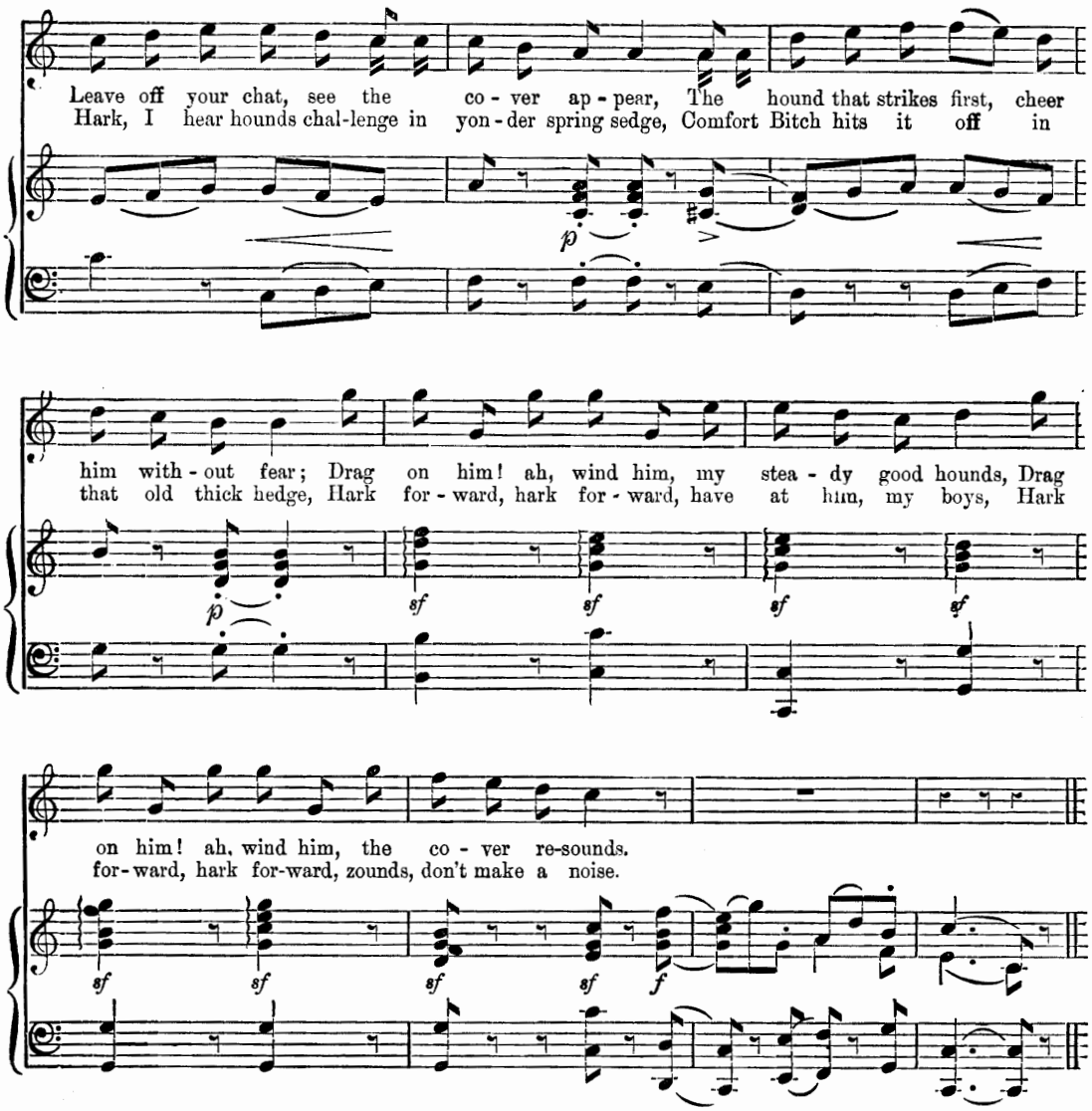

A broad - side, my
boys!
p
See the
Ped.
blood in pur - ple tide, Trickle down her bat - ter'd side, See the
pp molto legato.
blood in pur - ple tide, Trickle down her bat - ter'd side, Wing'd with
molto legato.
cresc.....ed.....accel.
fate the bul - lets fly, Con-quer, boys, or brave-ly die, or brave - ly
cresc.....poco.....a poco.


die, or brave - ly die! Hurl des - truc - tion on your foes, Hurl des -
f sf sf sf
- truc - tion on your foes— She sinks, she sinks, she sinks, Huz - za! She
sf sf sf p
sinks, she sinks, she sinks, Huz - za! to the bot - tom, to the bot - tom, To the
più lento.
bot - tom down she goes, To the bot - tom, to the
ad lib.
bot - - tom, To the bot - tom down she goes!
ppp
colla voce.

A southerly wind and a cloudy sky.

(THE FOX-CHASE.)





3.

A stormy sky overcharged with rain,
Both hounds and huntsmen opposes,
In vain on your mettle you try, boys, in vain,
But down ye must to your noses,
Each moment now the sky grows worse
Enough to make a Parson curse.
Pick through the ploughed grounds, pick through, pick through,
Well hunted, good hounds, well hunted, well hunted,
If we can but get on we shall soon make him quake,
Hark! I hear some hounds challenge in the midst of the brake;
Tally-ho, tally-ho, there across the green plain,
Tally-ha, tally-ho, boys, have at him again.

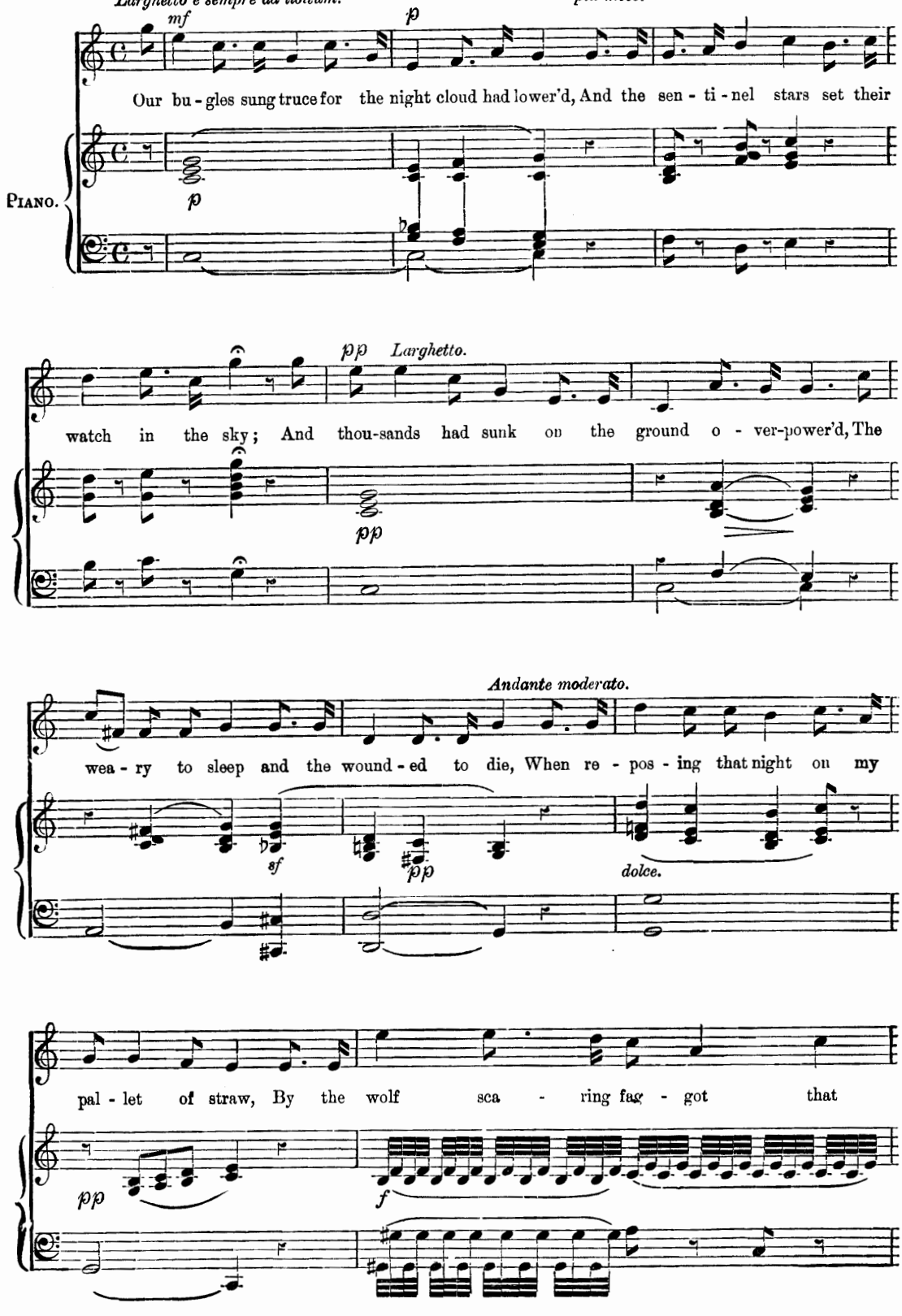
4.

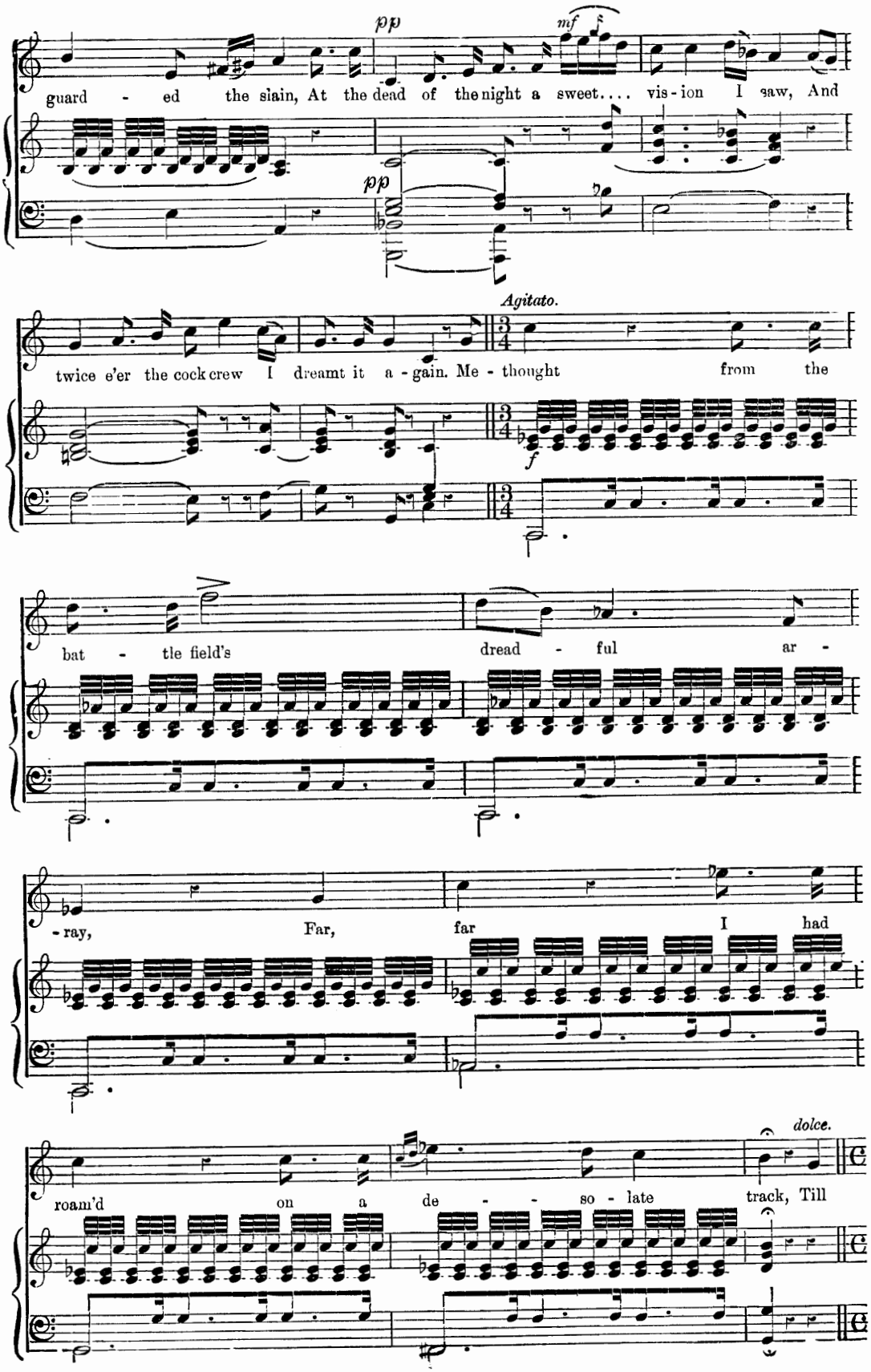
Thus we ride whip and spur for a two hours' chase,
Our horses go panting and sobbing;
Young Madcap and Riot begin now the race,
Ride on, sir, and give him some mobbing.
But hold, alas, you'll spoil our sport,
For thro' the hounds you'll head him short,
Clap round him, dear Jack, clap round, clap round,
Hark, Drummer, hark back, hark back, hark back,
He's jumping and dodging in every bush,
Little Riot has fasten'd her teeth in his brush;
Whoo' hoop, whoo' hoop, he's fairly run down,
Whoo' hoop, whoo' hoop, he's fairly run down.

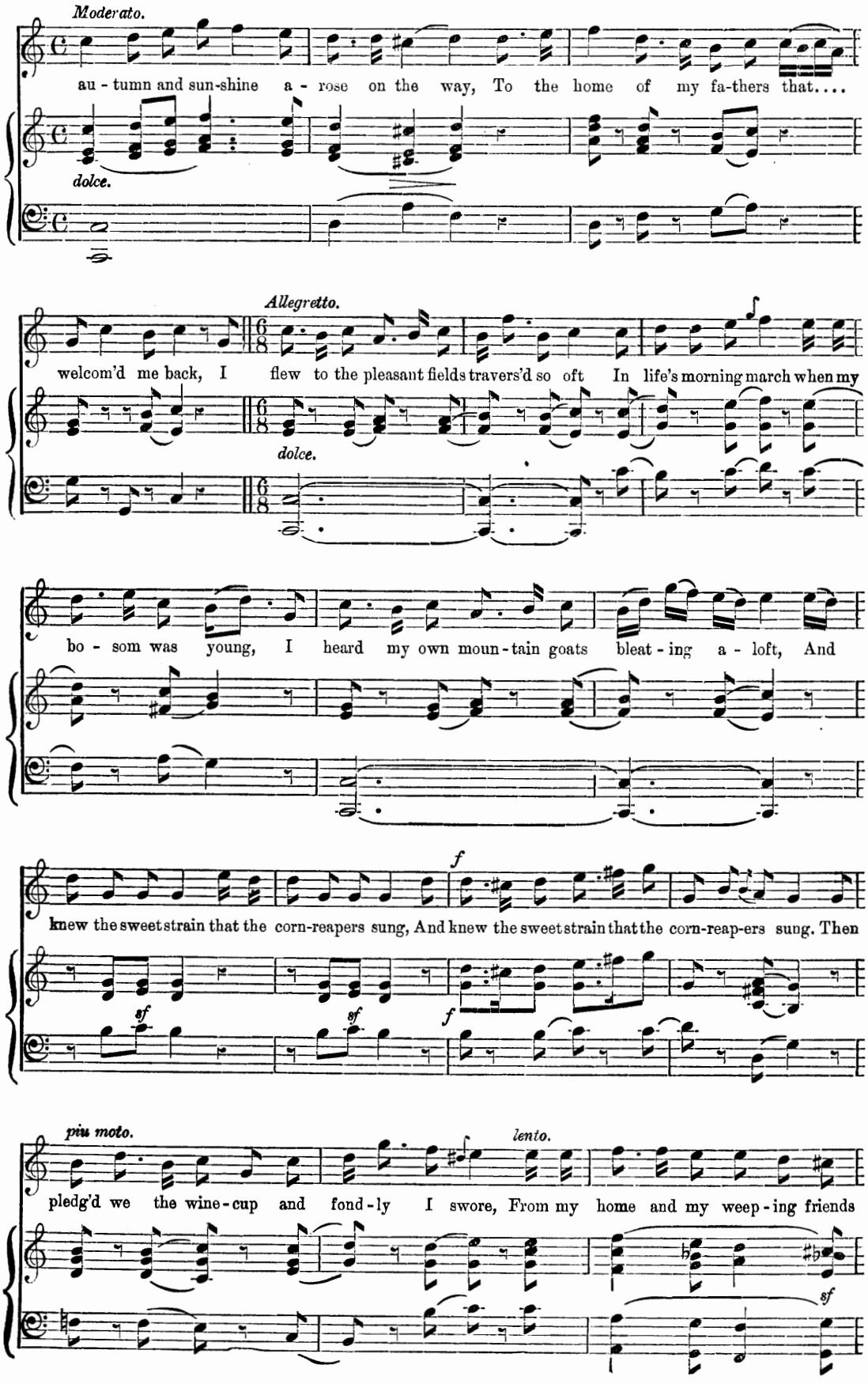
The soldier's dream.

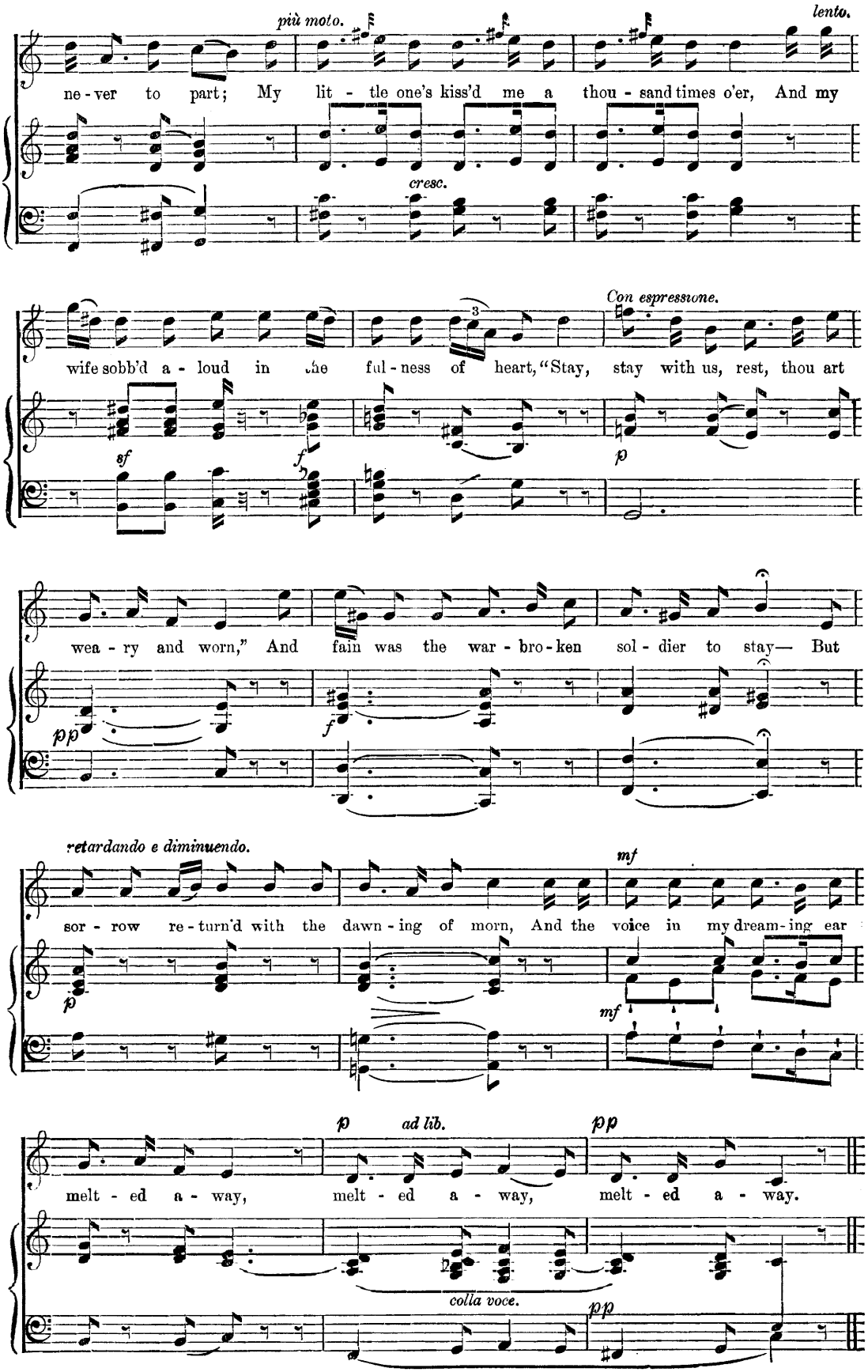
Words by T. CAMPBELL, ESQ. T. ATTWOOD.

Larghetto e sempre ad libitum. *più moto.*




pp
mf
guard - ed the slain, At the dead of the night a sweet.... vis - ion I saw, And
pp
Agitato.
twice e'er the cock crew I dreamt it a - gain. Me - thought from the
f
bat - tle field's dread - ful ar -
- ray, Far, far I had
dolce.
roam'd on a de - - so - late track, Till

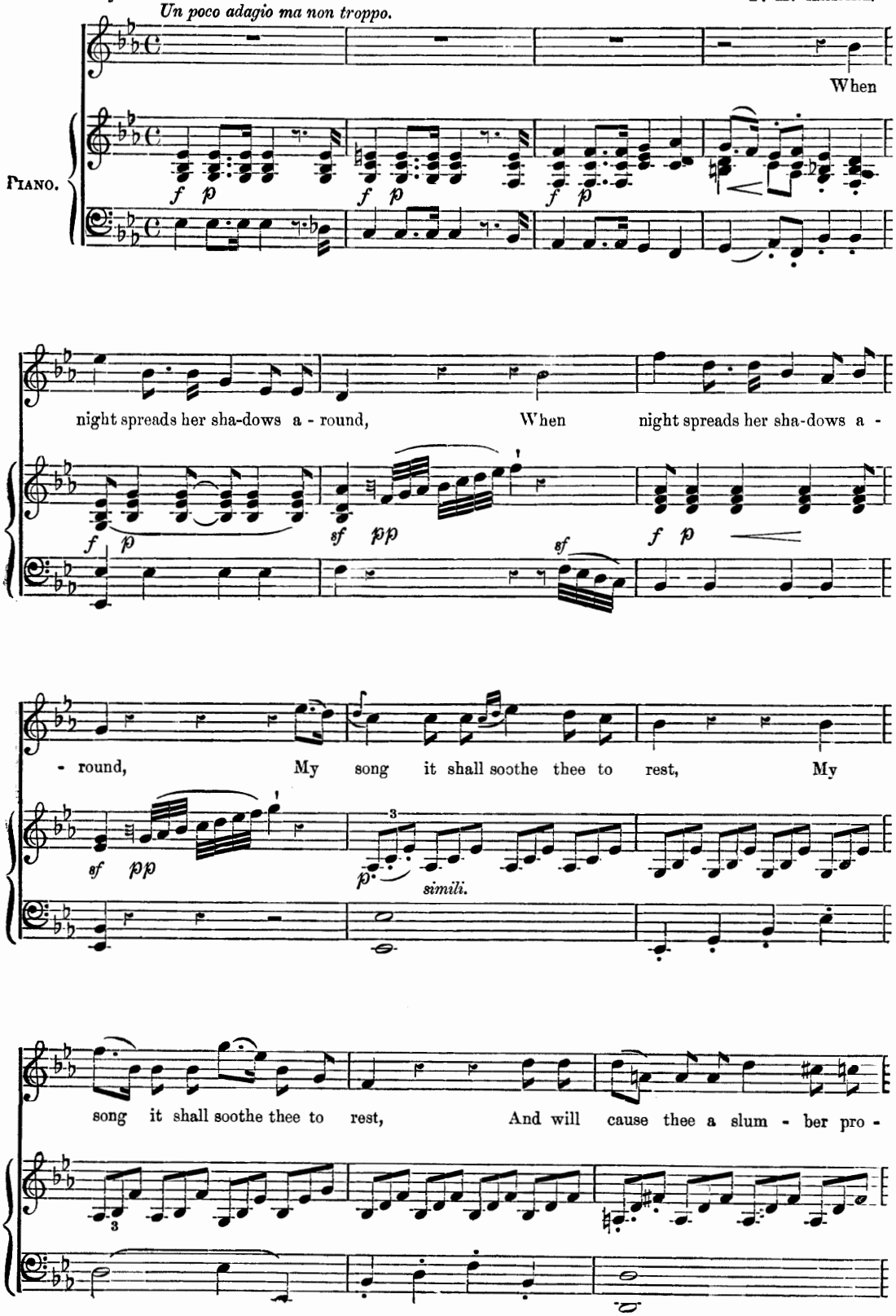

Moderato.
au - tumn and sun-shine a - rose on the way, To the home of my fa-thers that....
dolce.
Allegretto.
welcom'd me back, I flew to the pleasant fields travers'd so oft In life's morning march when my
dolce.
bo - som was young, I heard my own moun - tain goats bleat - ing a - loft, And
f
knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung, And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reap-ers sung. Then
sf
sf
f
più moto.
lento.
pledg'd we the wine - cup and fond - ly I swore, From my home and my weep - ing friends
sf

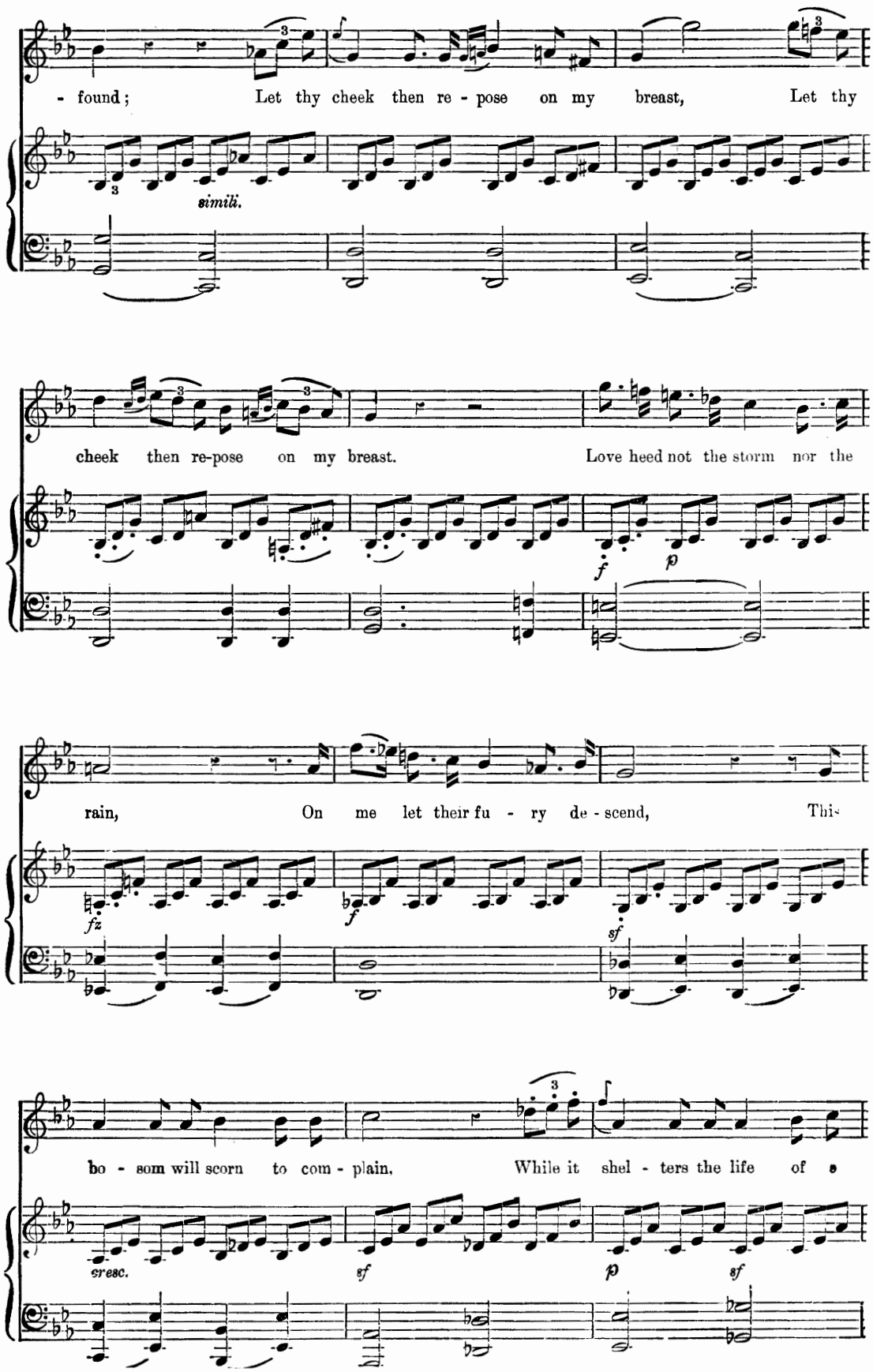

più moto.
lento.
ne - ver to part; My lit - tle one's kiss'd me a thou - sand times o'er, And my
cresc.
Con espressione.
wife sobb'd a - loud in the ful - ness of heart, "Stay, stay with us, rest, thou art
sf
f
p
wea - ry and worn," And fain was the war - bro - ken sol - dier to stay— But
pp
f
retardando e diminuendo.
mf
sor - row re - turn'd with the dawn - ing of morn, And the voice in my dream - ing ear
p
mf
p
ad lib.
pp
melt - ed a - way, melt - ed a - way, melt - ed a - way.
colla voce.
pp

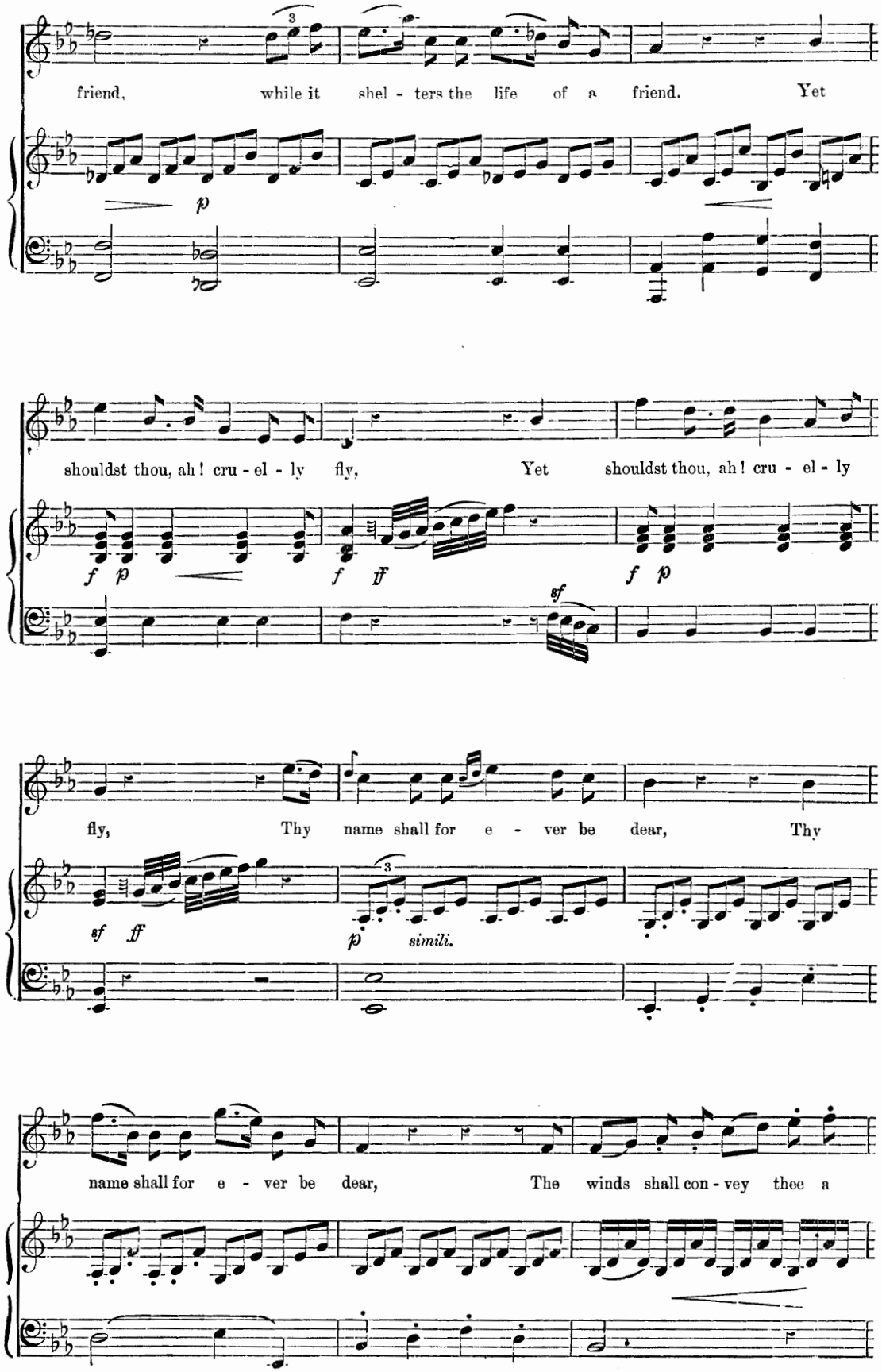
Yarico to her lover.

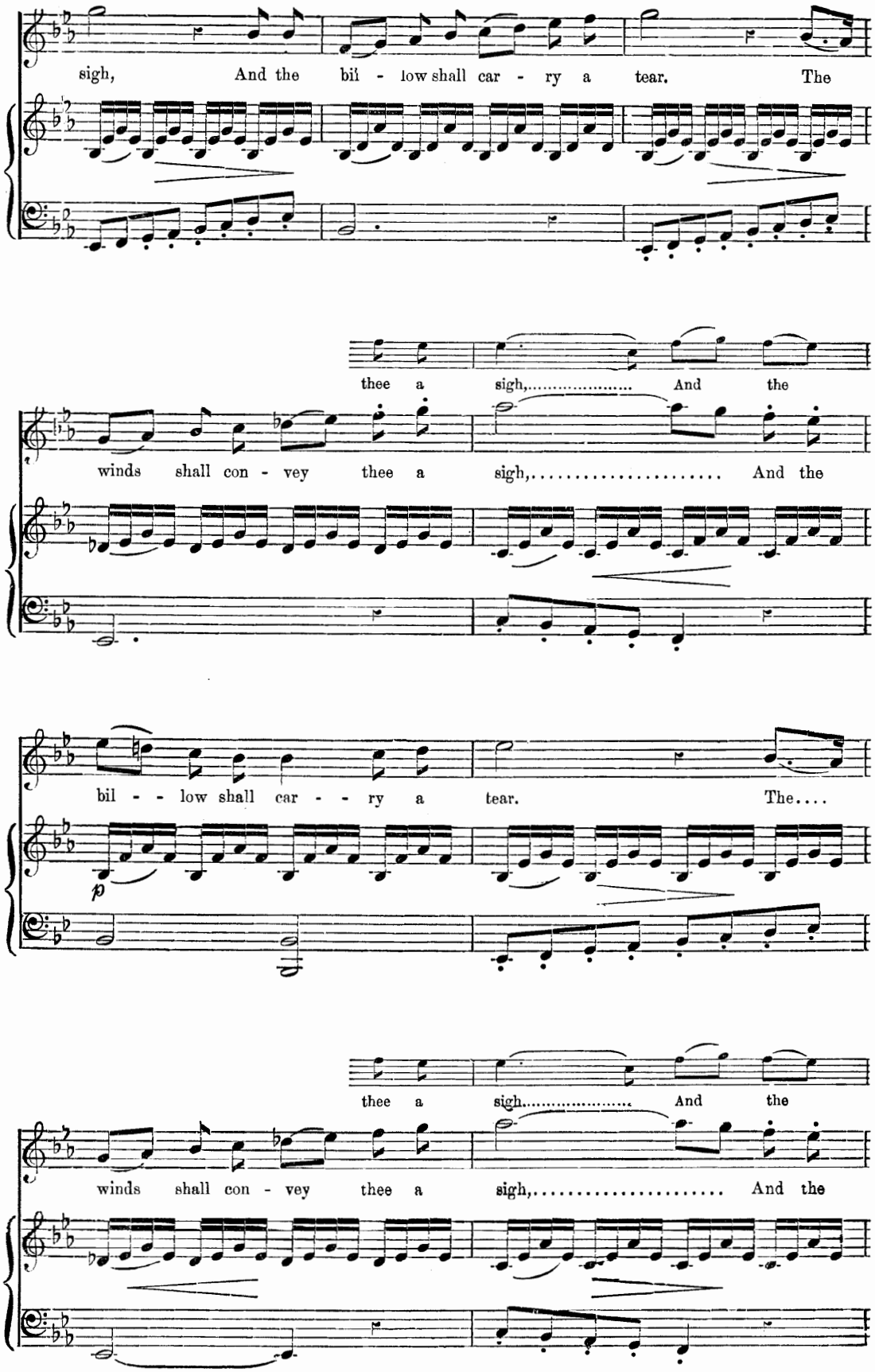
Words by PETER PINDAR. F. H. HIMMEL.

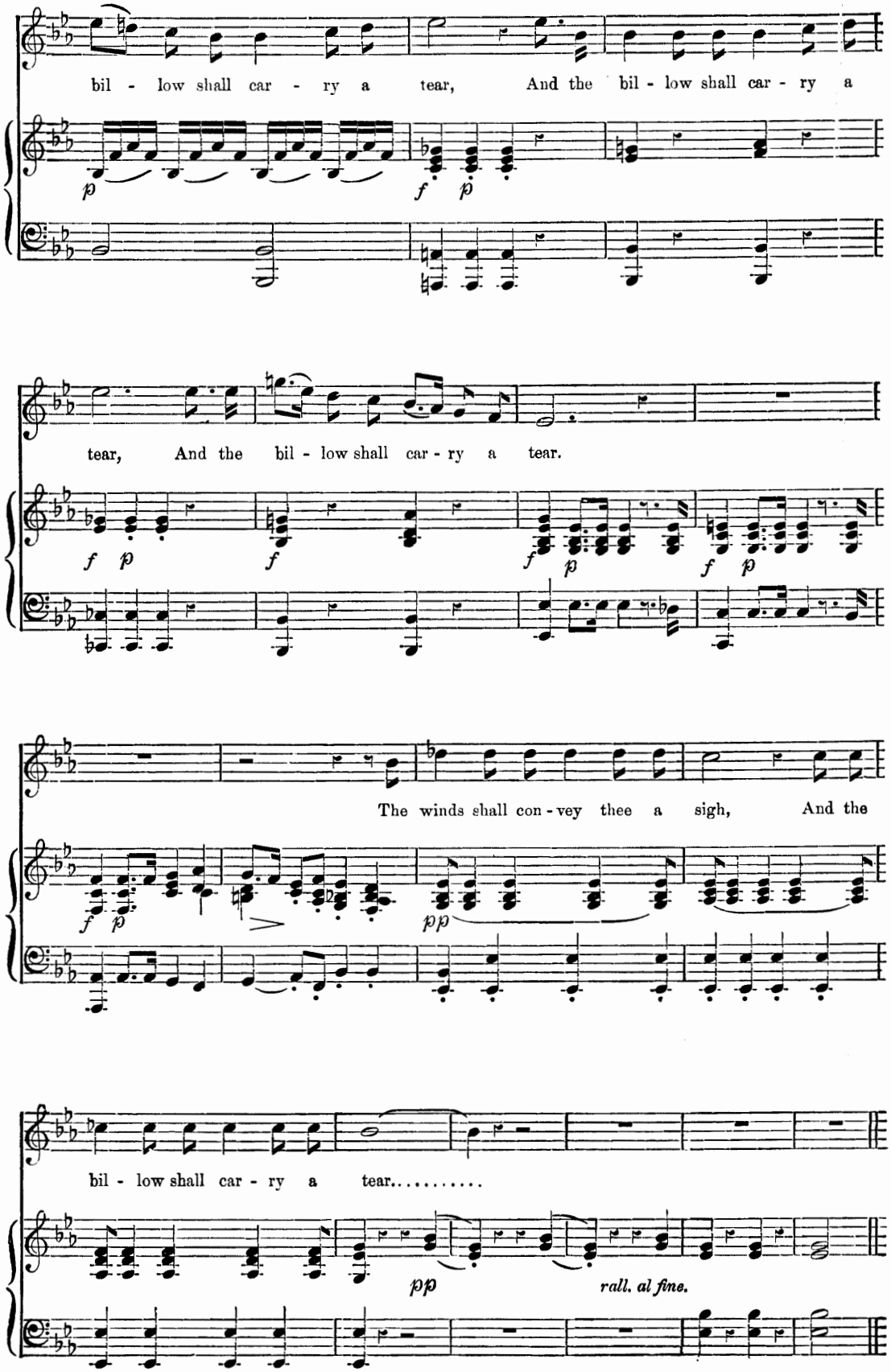
Un poco adagio ma non troppo.




- found; Let thy cheek then re - pose on my breast, Let thy
simili.
cheek then re-pose on my breast. Love heed not the storm nor the
f
p
rain, On me let their fu - ry de - scend, This
fz
f
sf
bo - som will scorn to com - plain, While it shel - ters the life of a
cresc.
sf
p
sf


friend, while it shel - ters the life of a friend. Yet
p
shouldst thou, ah! cru - el - ly fly, Yet shouldst thou, ah! cru - el - ly
f p f ff f p
sf
fly, Thy name shall for e - ver be dear, Thy
sf ff p simili.
name shall for e - ver be dear, The winds shall con - vey thee a

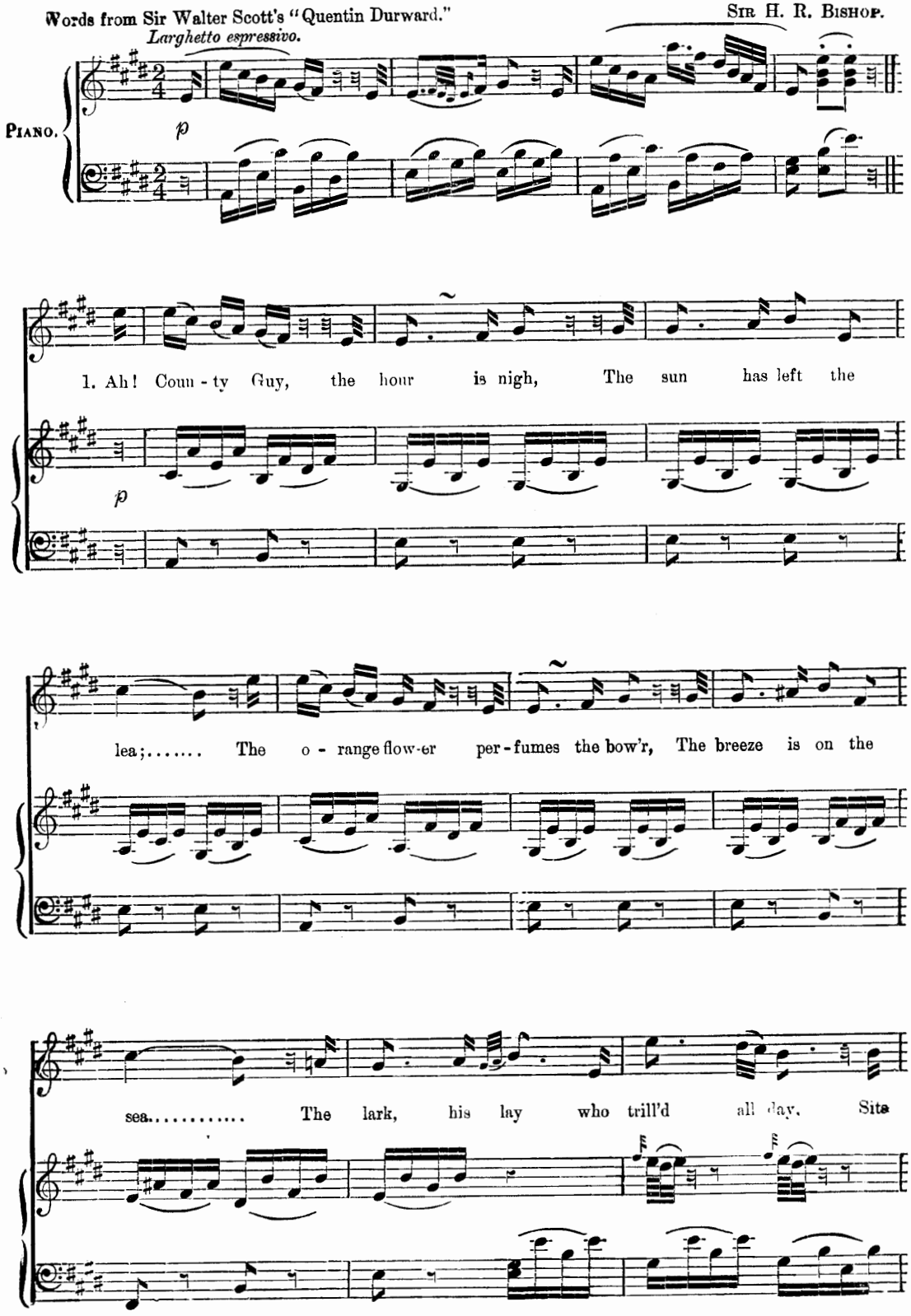

sigh, And the bil - low shall car - ry a tear. The
thee a sigh,..... And the
winds shall con - vey thee a sigh,..... And the
bil - - low shall car - - ry a tear. The....
p
thee a sigh..... And the
winds shall con - vey thee a sigh,..... And the

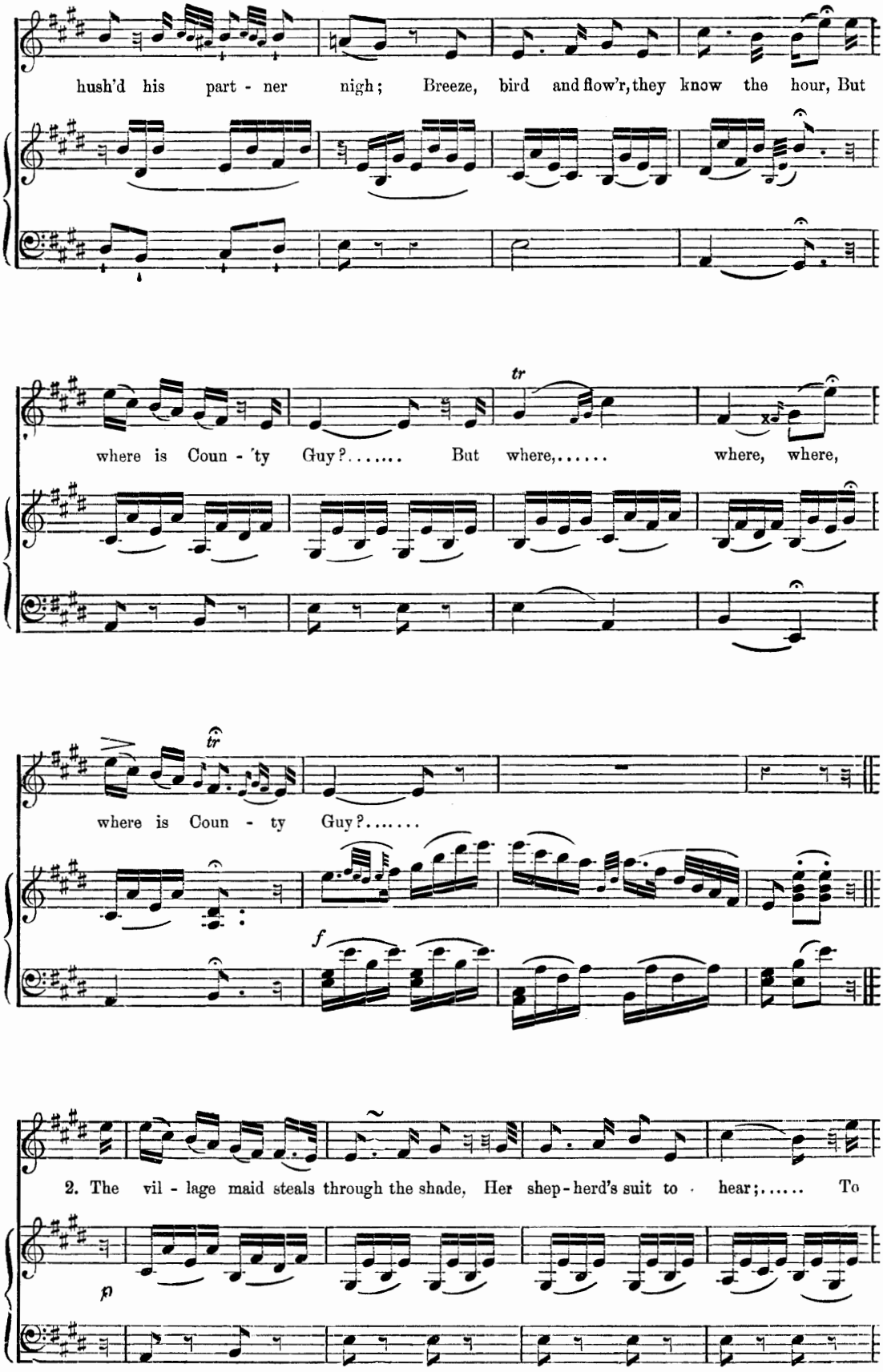

bil - low shall car - ry a tear, And the bil - low shall car - ry a
tear, And the bil - low shall car - ry a tear.
The winds shall con - vey thee a sigh, And the
bil - low shall car - ry a tear.....
rall. al fine.

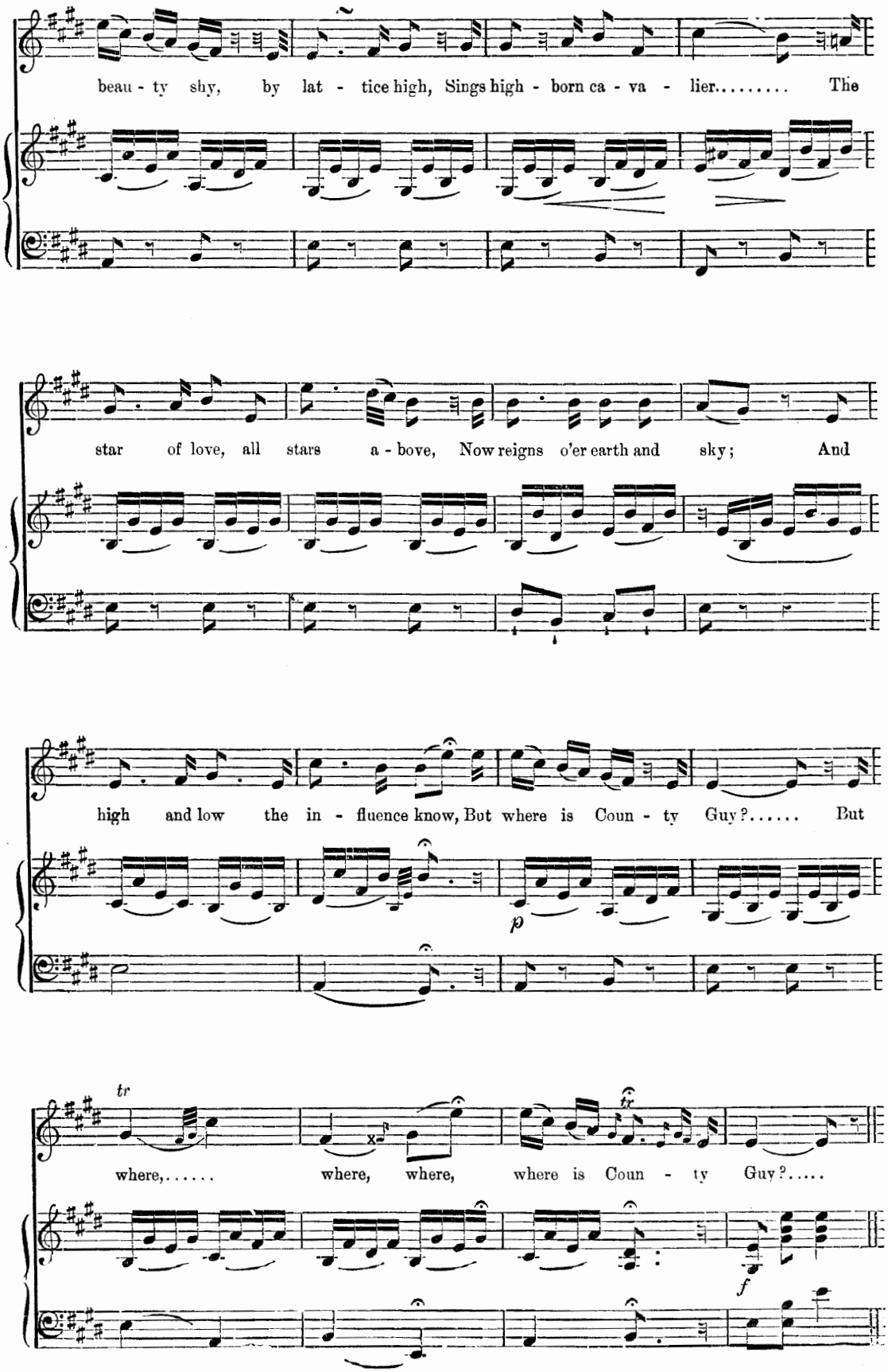
County Guy.

Words from Sir Walter Scott's "Quentin Durward." — Sir H. R. Bishop.

Larghetto espressivo.




hush'd his part - ner nigh; Breeze, bird and flow'r, they know the hour, But
tr
where is Coun - 'ty Guy?..... But where,..... where, where,
tr
where is Coun - ty Guy?.....
f
2. The vil - lage maid steals through the shade, Her shep - herd's suit to · hear;..... To
p

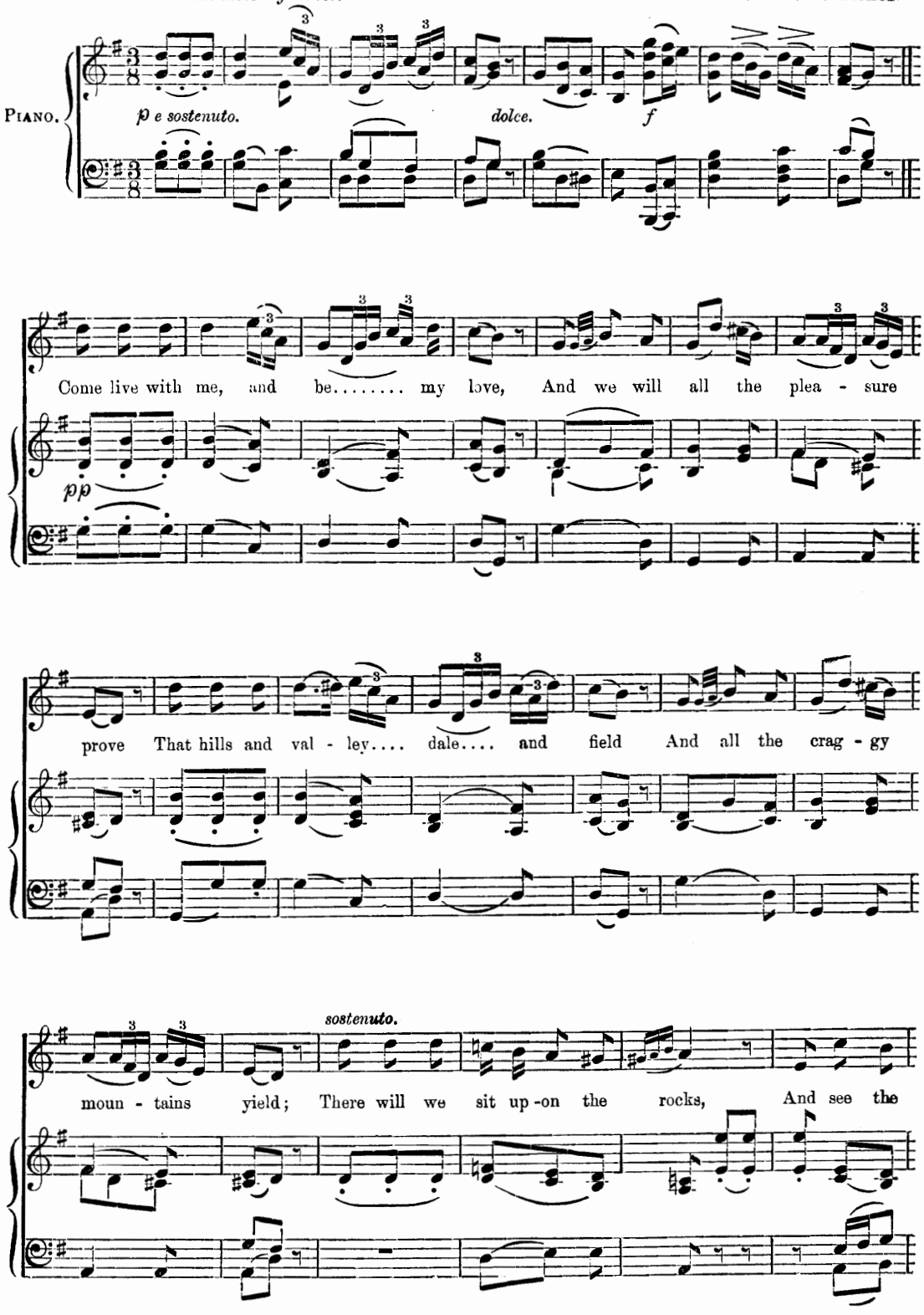

beau - ty shy, by lat - tice high, Sings high - born ca - va - lier..... The
star of love, all stars a - bove, Now reigns o'er earth and sky; And
high and low the in - fluence know, But where is Coun - ty Guy?..... But
p
tr
where,..... where, where, where is Coun - ty Guy?.....
tr
f

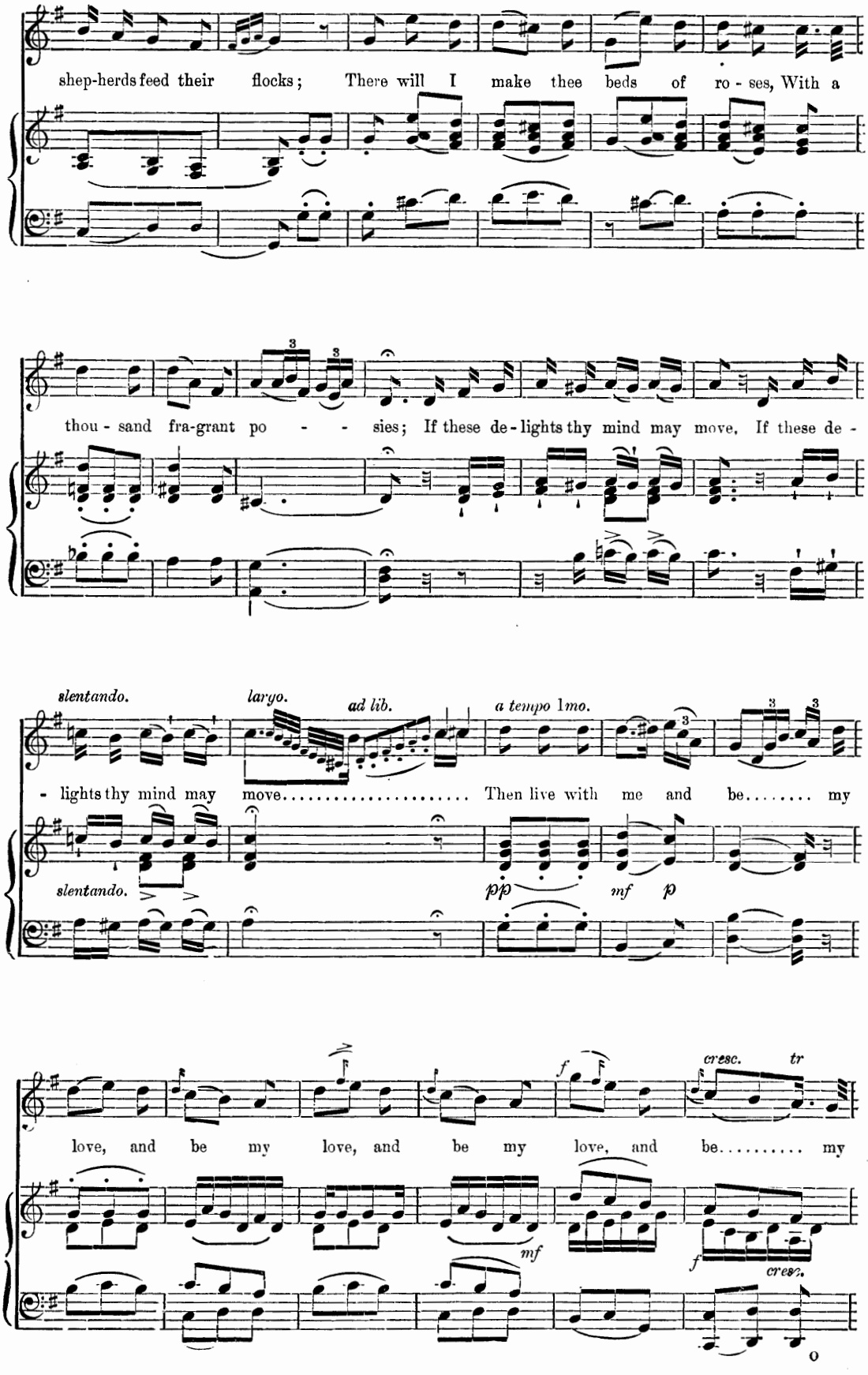
Come live with me, and be my love.

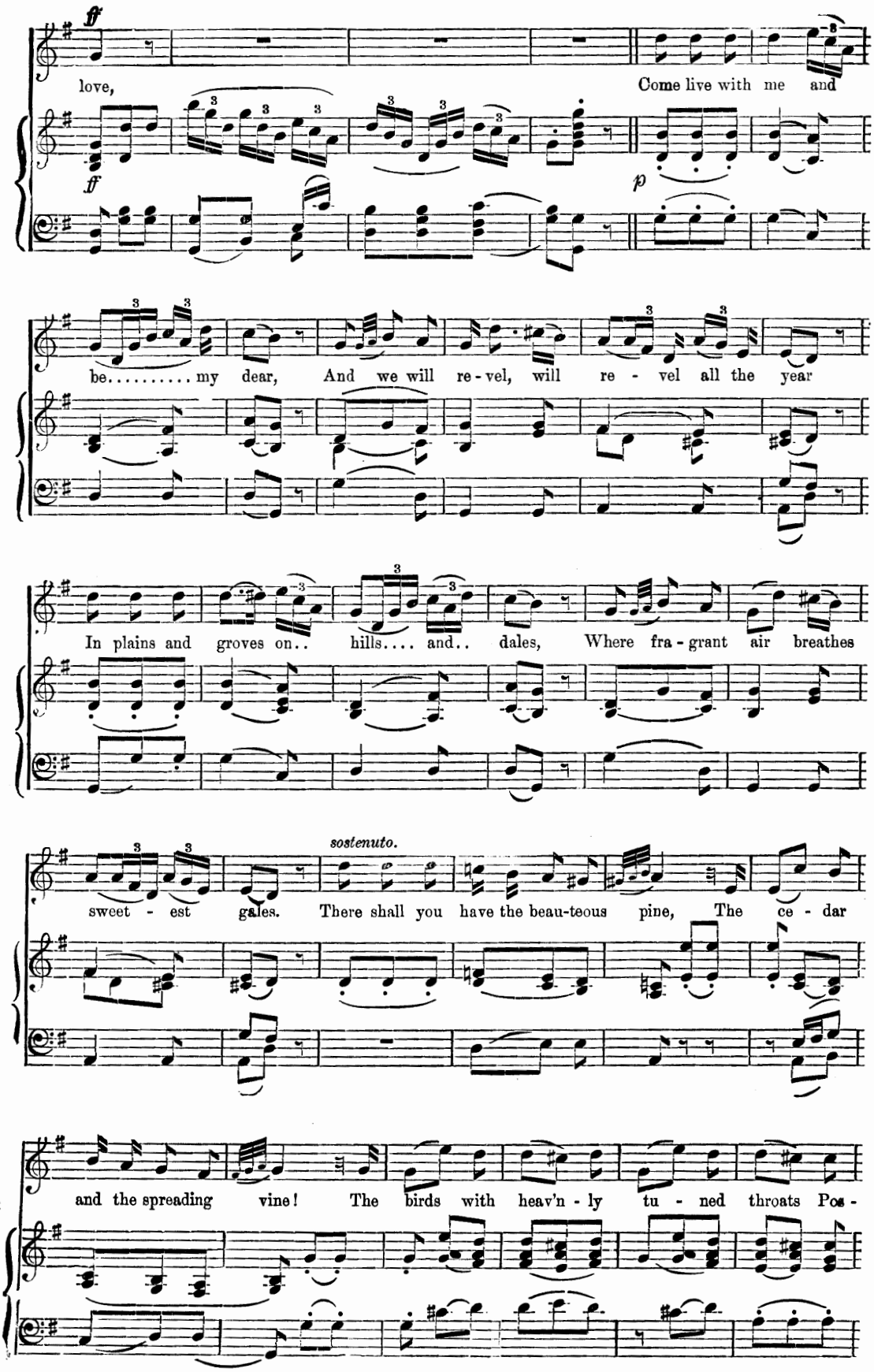
Sung in Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors."

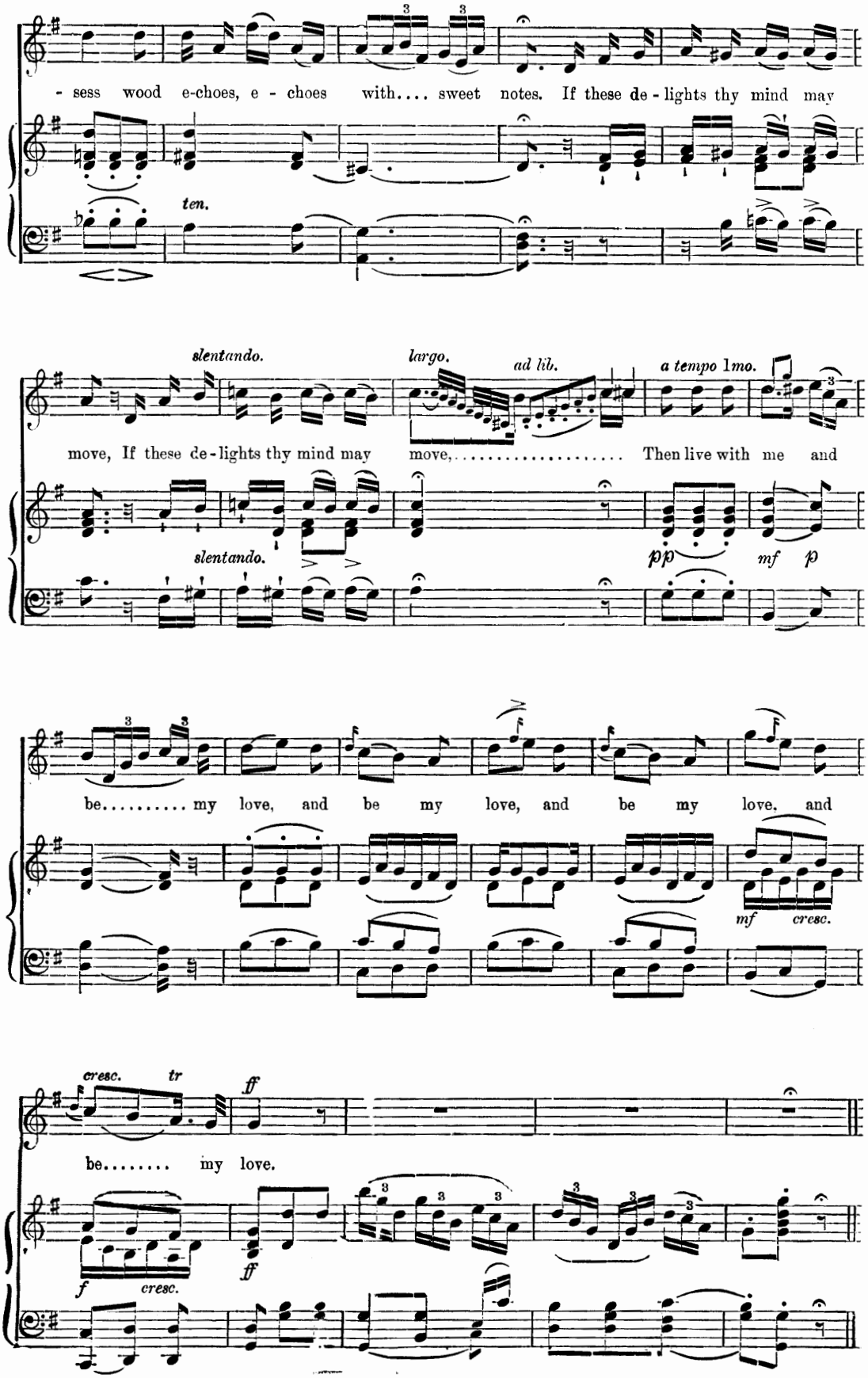
Andante con moto e grazioso.

SIR H. R. BISHOP.



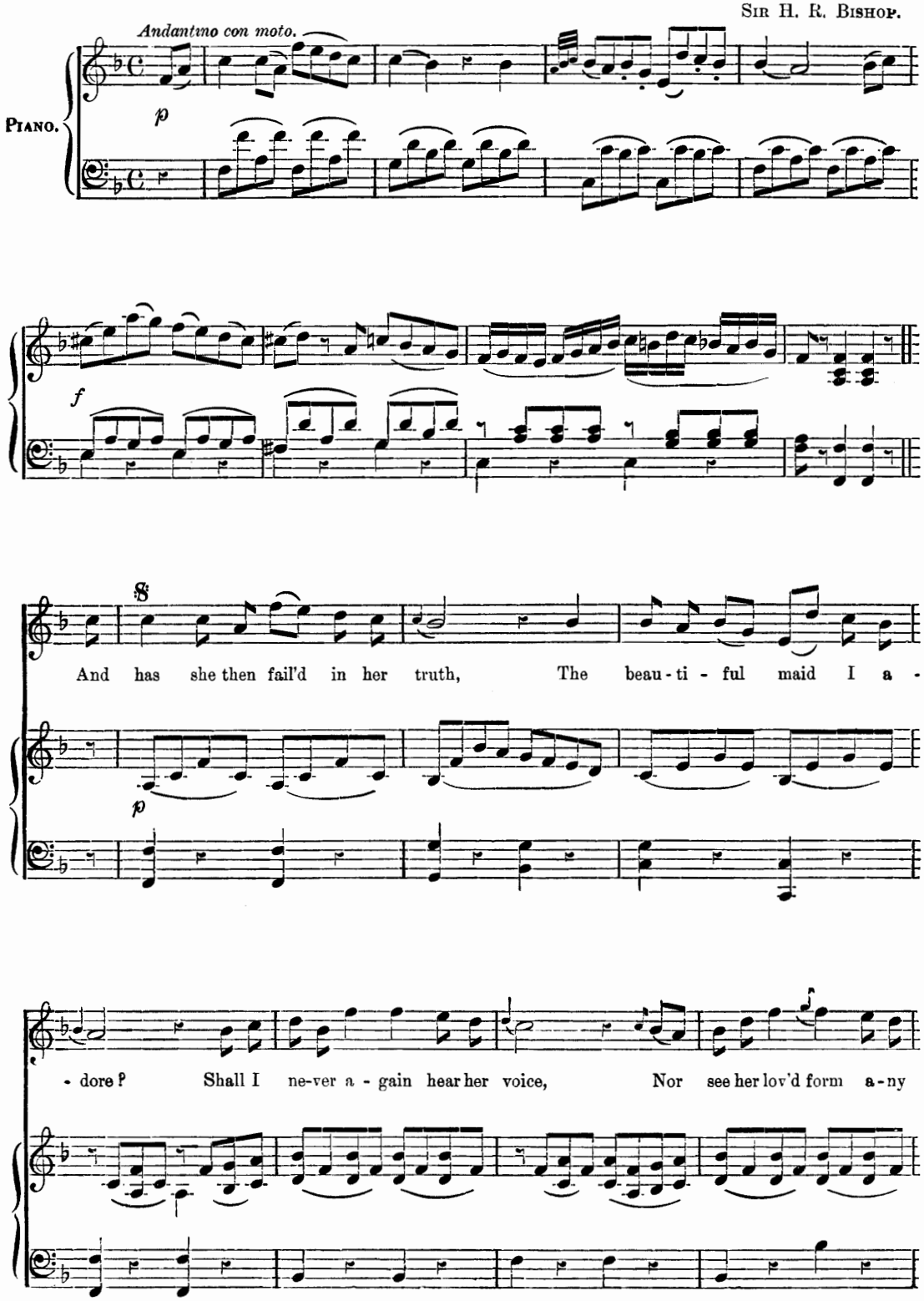

shep-herds feed their flocks; There will I make thee beds of ro - ses, With a
thou - sand fra-grant po - - - sies; If these de-lights thy mind may move, If these de -
slentando.
largo.
ad lib.
a tempo 1mo.
- lights thy mind may move..... Then live with me and be..... my
slentando.
pp
mf
p
love, and be my love, and be my love, and be..... my
cresc.
tr
f
mf
f
cresc.

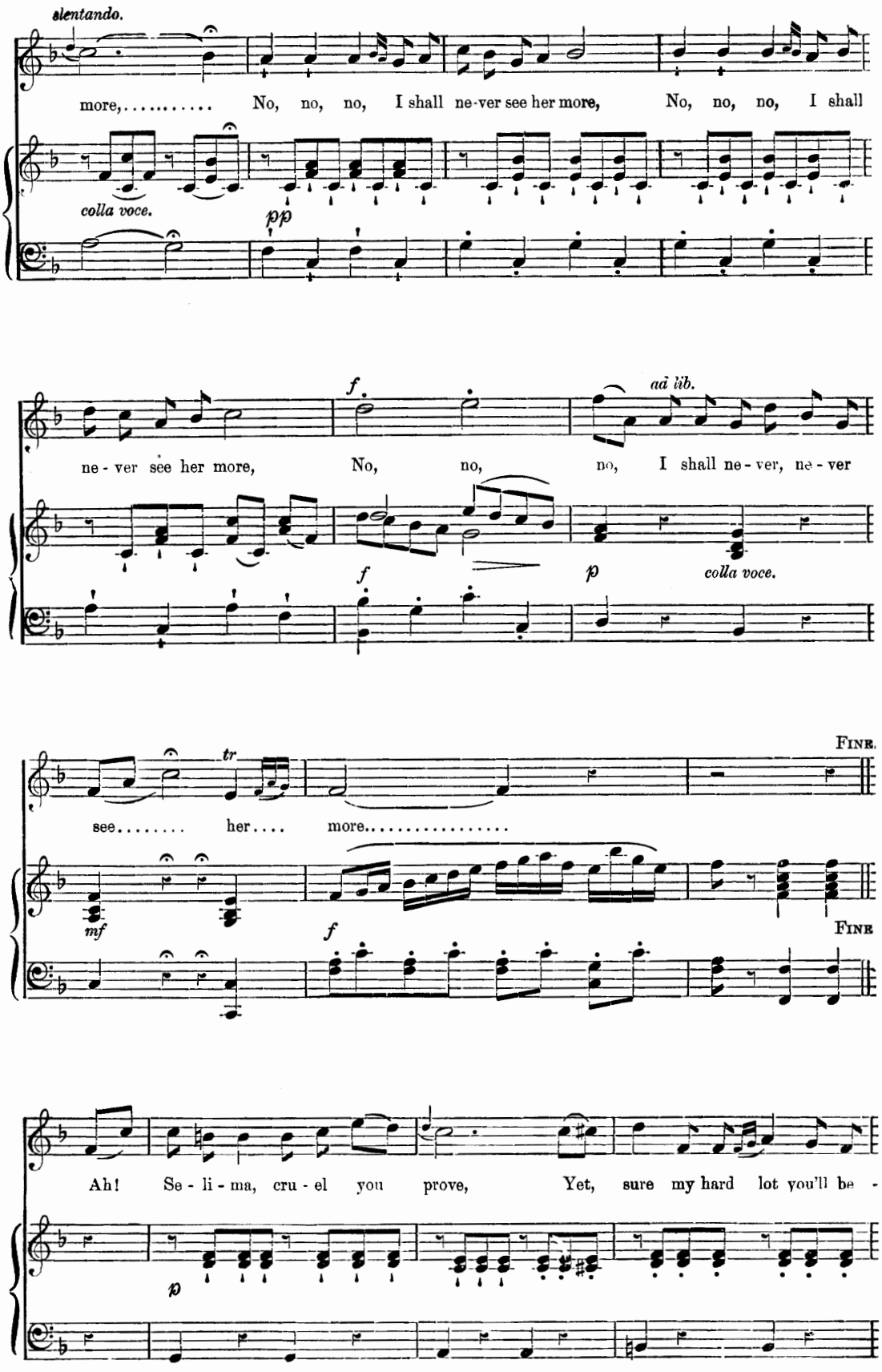

ff
love,
Come live with me and
ff
p
be..... my dear, And we will re-vel, will re - vel all the year
In plains and groves on.. hills.... and.. dales, Where fra-grant air breathes
sostenuto.
sweet - est gales. There shall you have the beau-teous pine, The ce - dar
and the spreading vine! The birds with heav'n - ly tu - ned throats Pos -

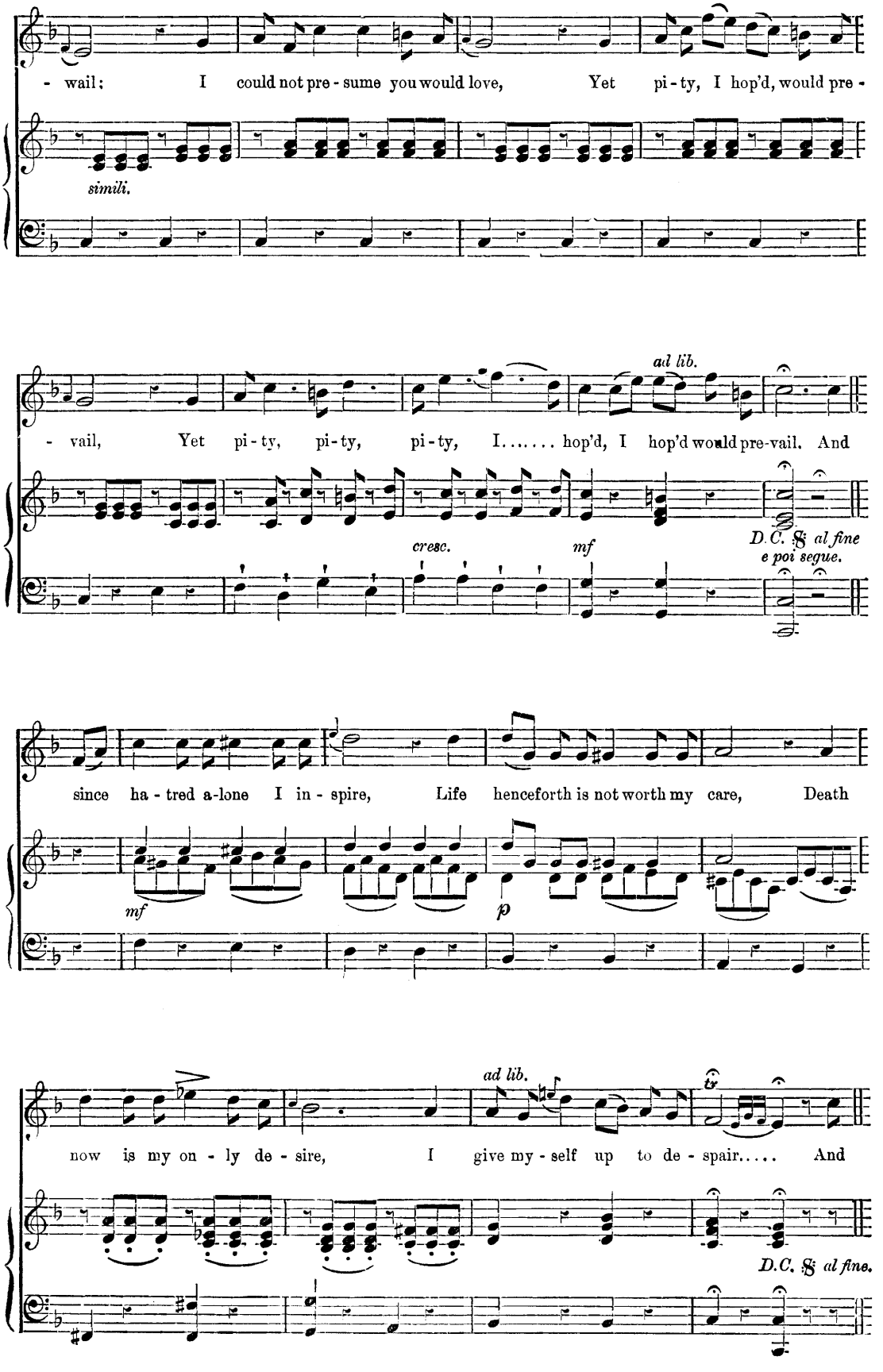

- sess wood e-choes, e - choes with.... sweet notes. If these de - lights thy mind may
ten.
slentando.
largo.
ad lib.
a tempo 1mo.
move, If these de-lights thy mind may move,..... Then live with me and
slentando.
pp
mf p
be..... my love, and be my love, and be my love, and
mf cresc.
cresc. tr
ff
be..... my love.
f cresc.
ff

And has she then fail'd in her truth?

Sir H. R. Bishop.

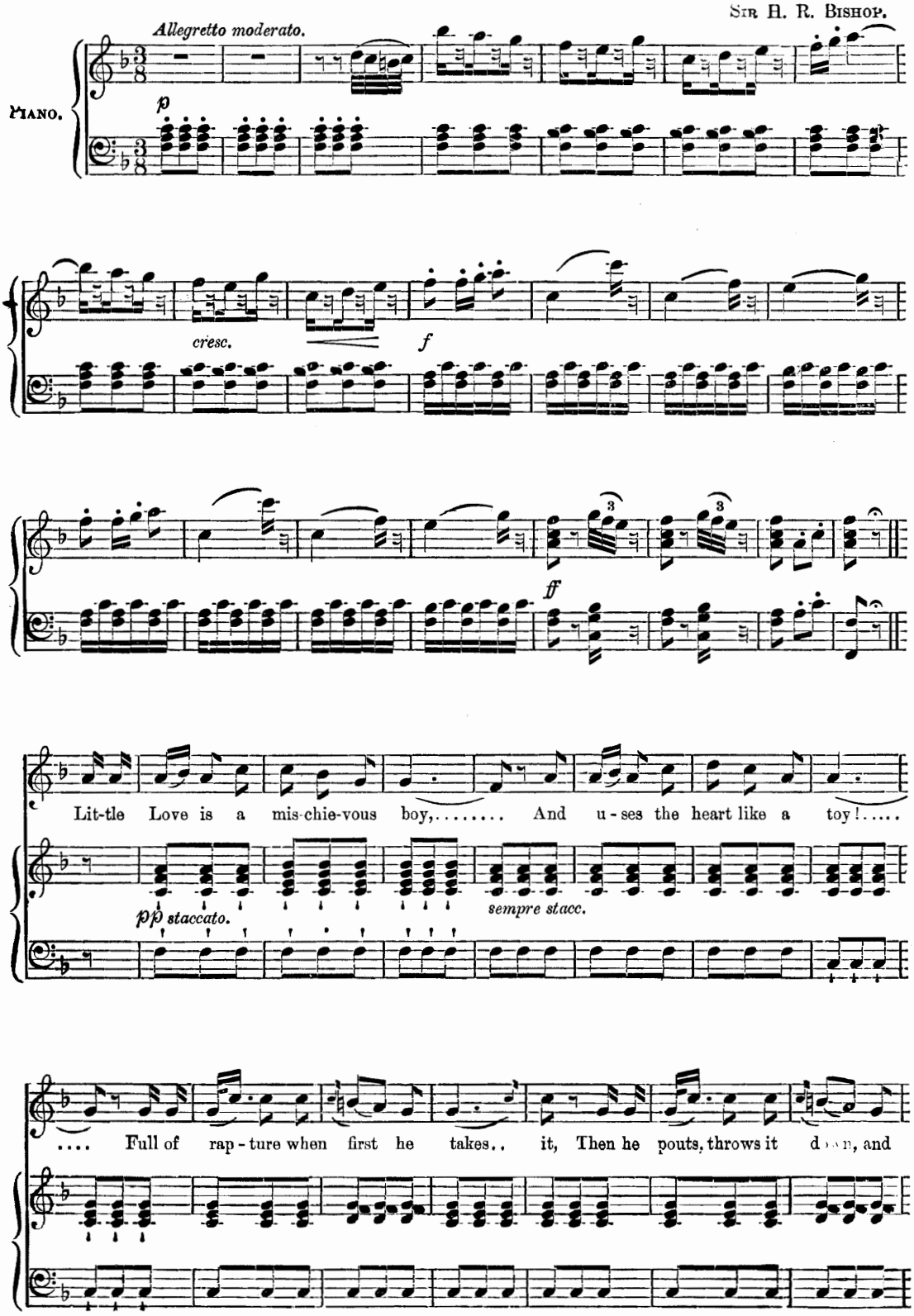


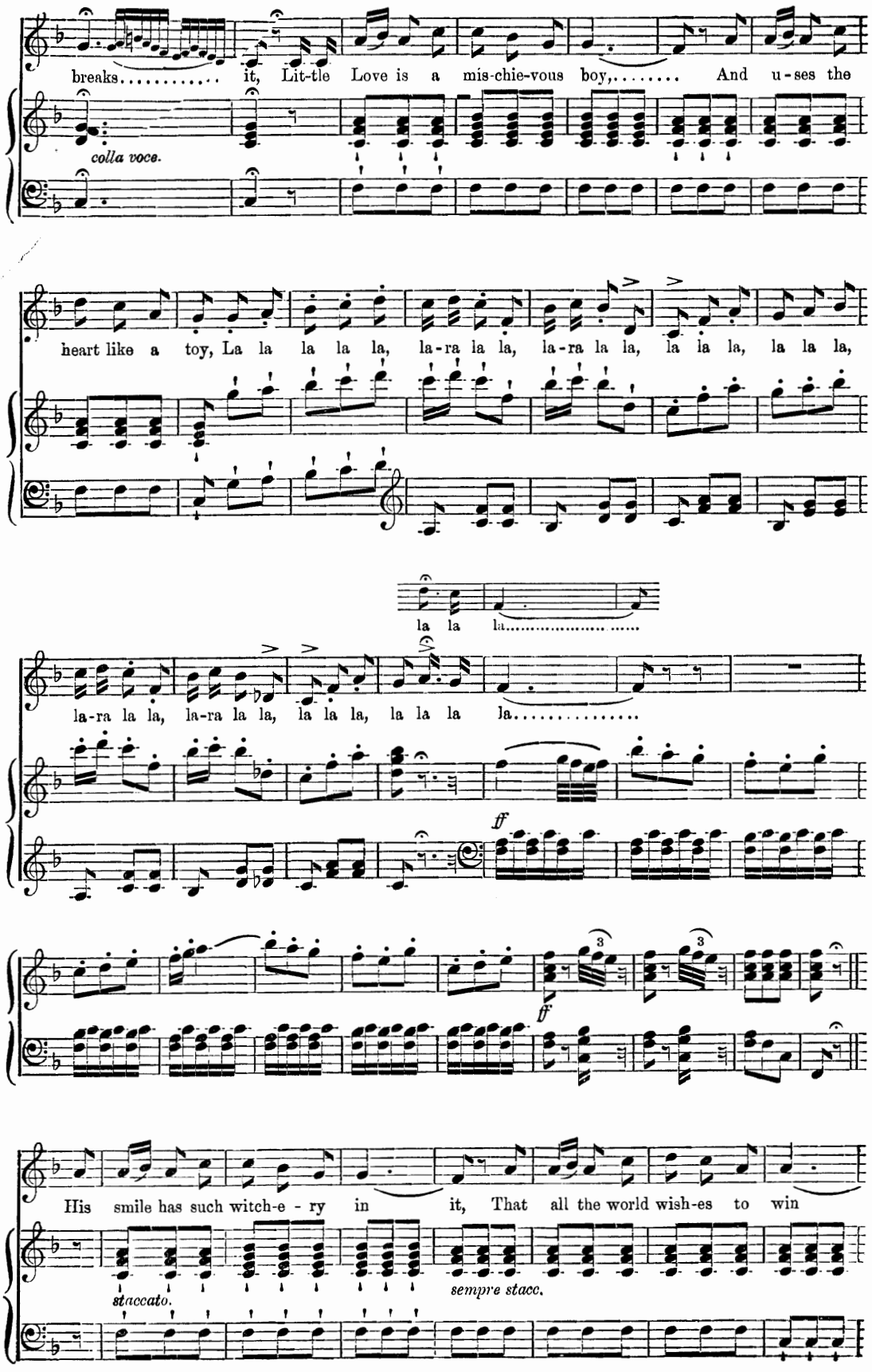

slentando.
more,..... No, no, no, I shall ne-ver see her more, No, no, no, I shall
colla voce.
pp
f
ad lib.
ne - ver see her more, No, no, no, I shall ne - ver, ne - ver
f
p
colla voce.
tr
FINE.
see..... her.... more.....
mf
f
FINE
Ah! Se - li - ma, cru - el you prove, Yet, sure my hard lot you'll be -
p

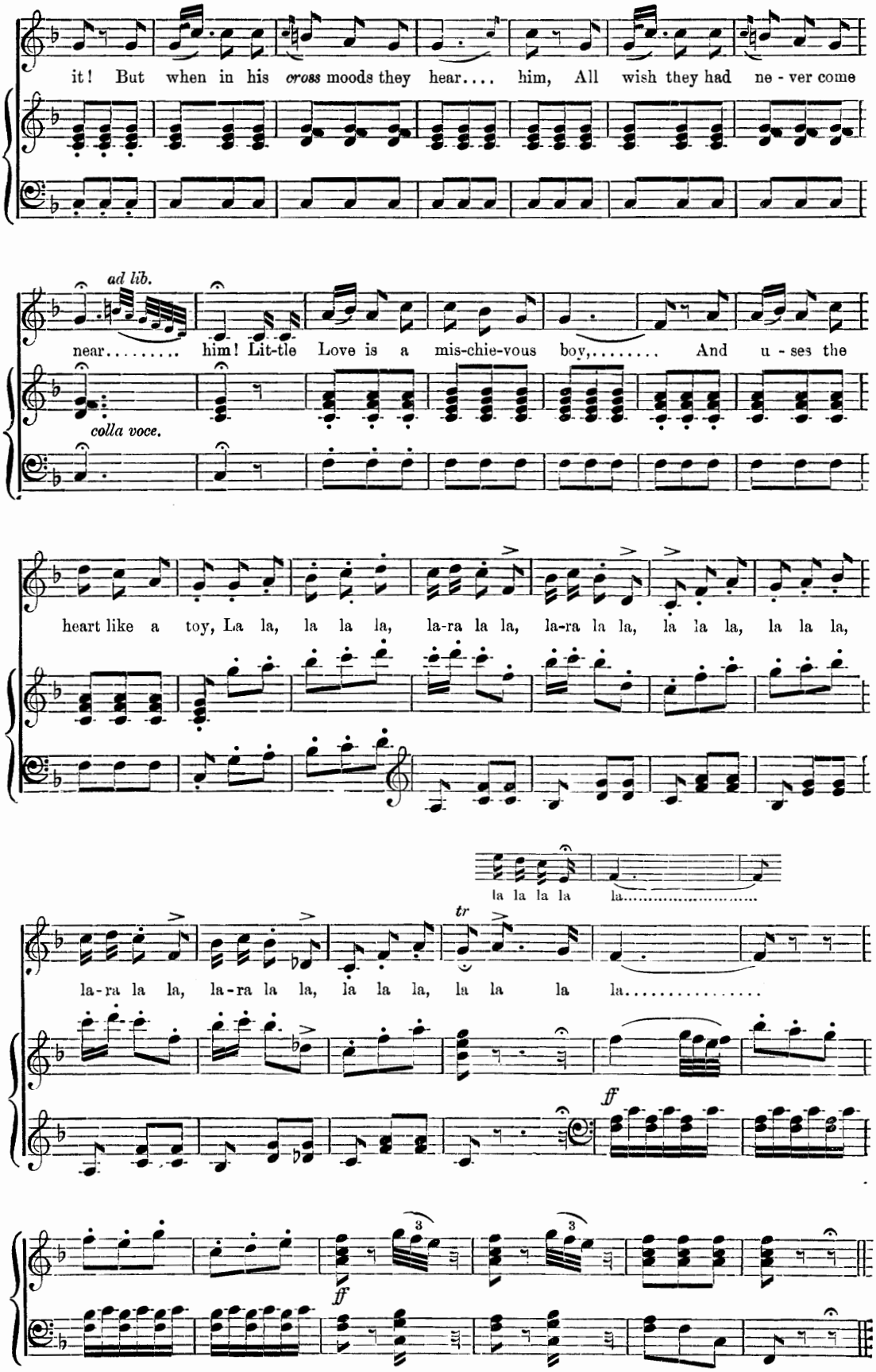

- wail: I could not pre - sume you would love, Yet pi - ty, I hop'd, would pre -
simili.
- vail, Yet pi - ty, pi - ty, pi - ty, I..... hop'd, I hop'd would pre-vail. And
ad lib.
cresc.
mf
D.C. & al fine
e poi segue.
since ha - tred a-lone I in - spire, Life henceforth is not worth my care, Death
mf
p
now is my on - ly de - sire, I give my - self up to de - spair..... And
ad lib.
tr
D.C. & al fine.

Little Love is a mischievous Boy.

Sir H. R. Bishop.




breaks..... it, Lit-tle Love is a mis-chie-vous boy,..... And u-ses the
colla voce.
heart like a toy, La la la la la, la-ra la la, la-ra la la, la la la, la la la,
la la la.....
la-ra la la, la-ra la la, la la la, la la la la.....
ff
ff
His smile has such witch-e - ry in it, That all the world wish-es to win
staccato.
sempre stacc.

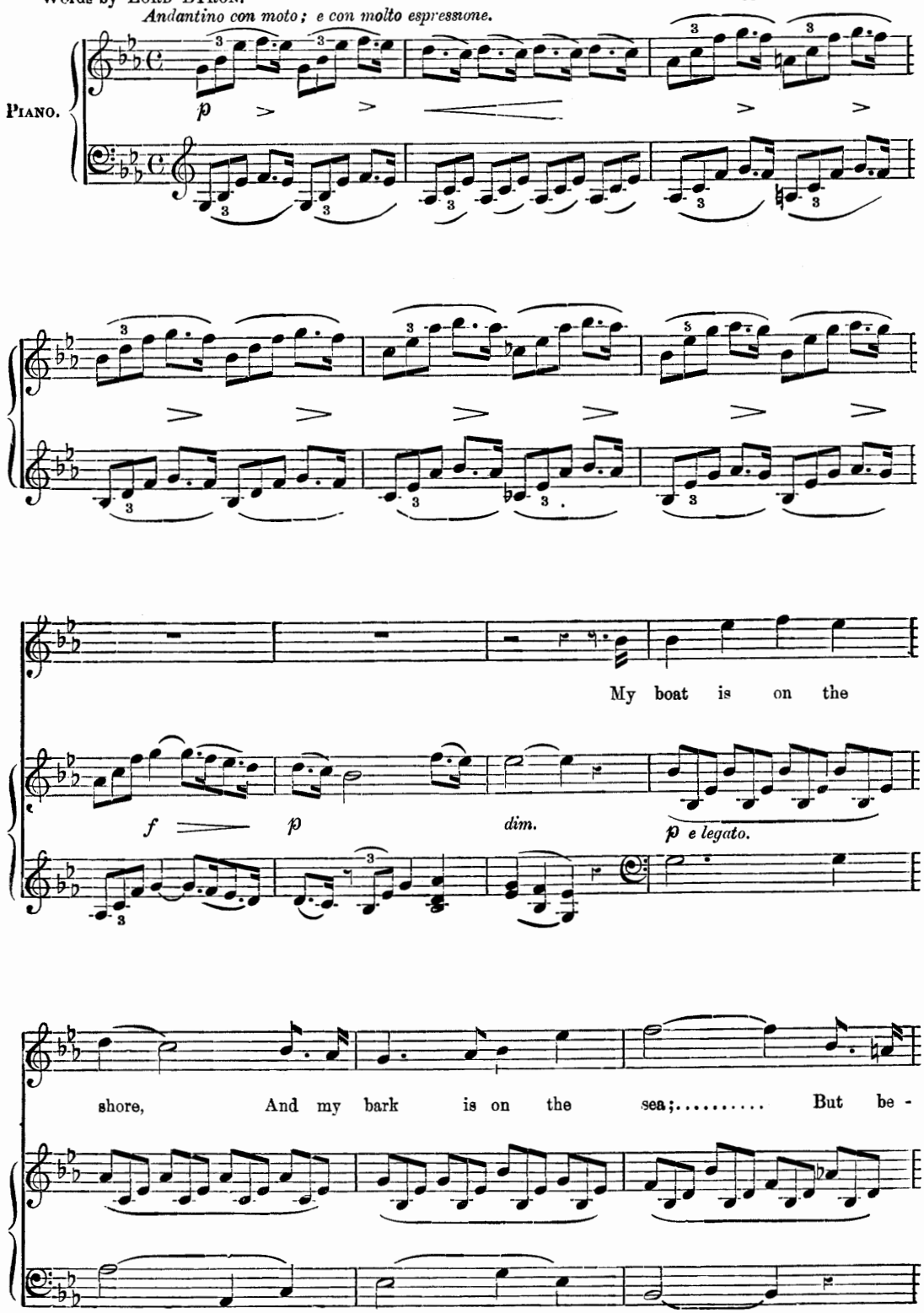

it! But when in his *cross* moods they hear.... him, All wish they had ne - ver come
ad lib.
near..... him! Lit-tle Love is a mis-chie-vous boy,..... And u - ses the
colla voce.
heart like a toy, La la, la la la, la-ra la la, la-ra la la, la la la, la la la,
la la la la la.....
tr
la-ra la la, la-ra la la, la la la, la la la la.....
ff
ff

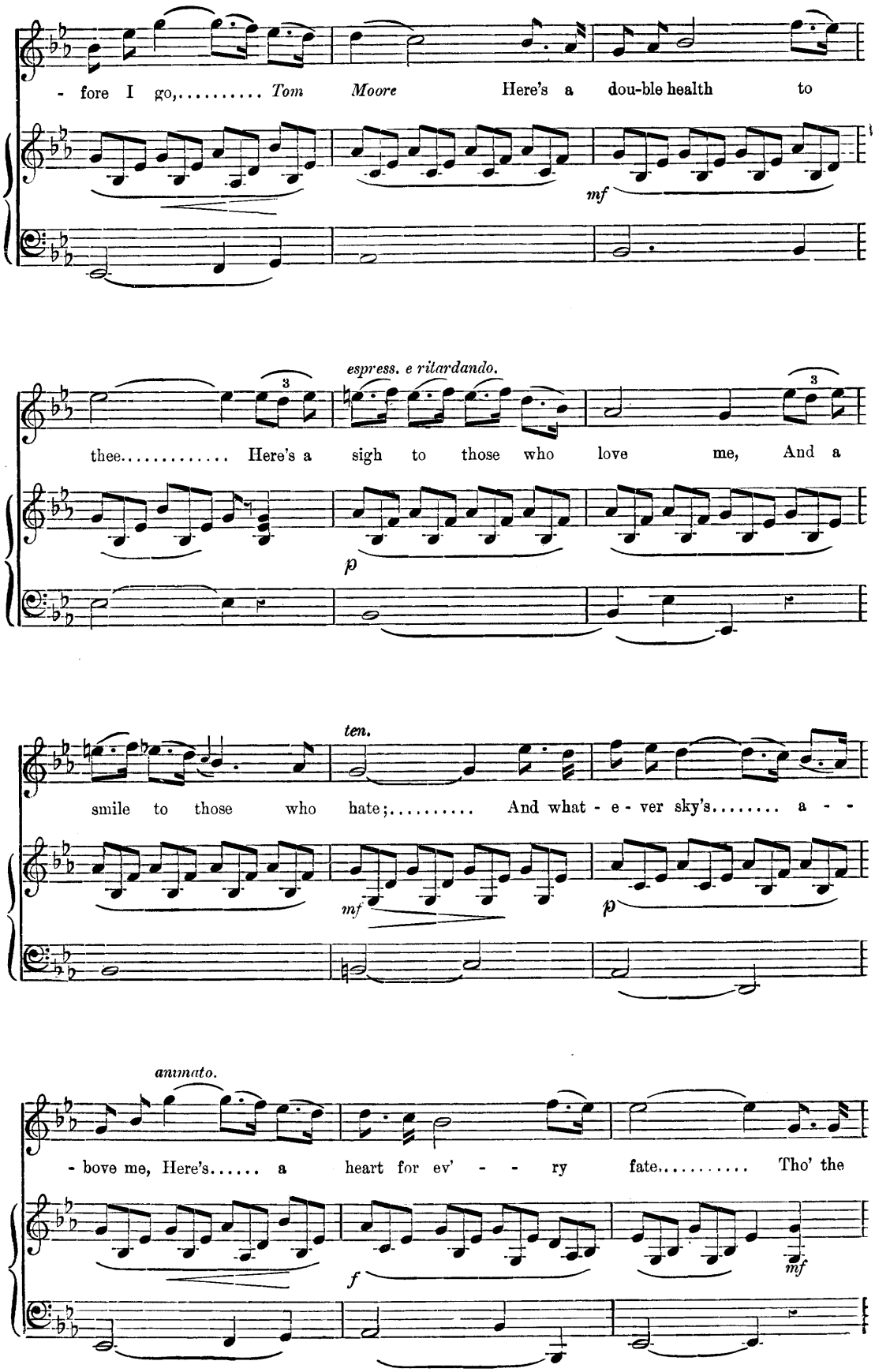
My boat is on the shore.

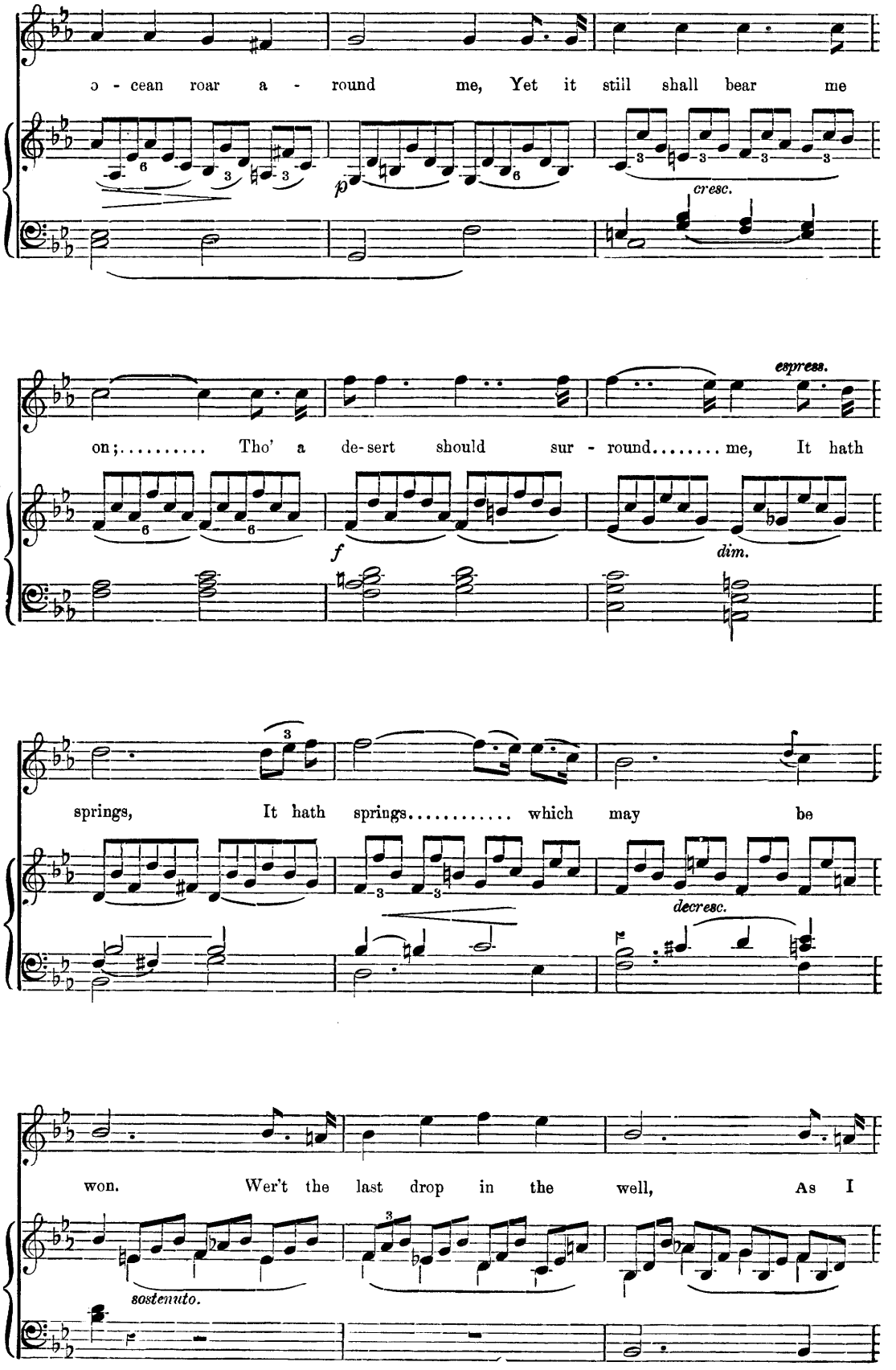
Words by LORD BYRON. SIR H. R. BISHOP.

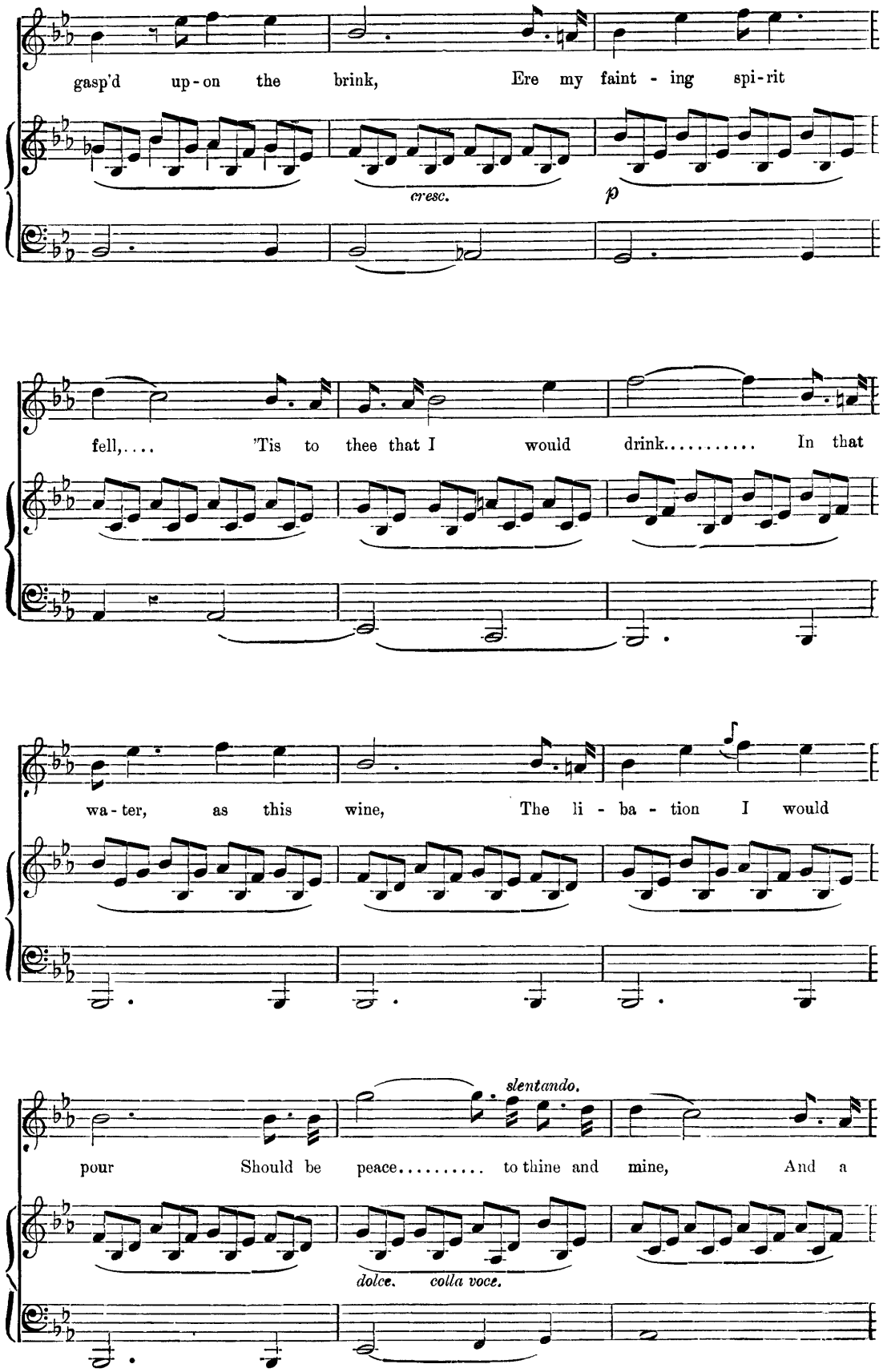
Andantino con moto; e con molto espressione.

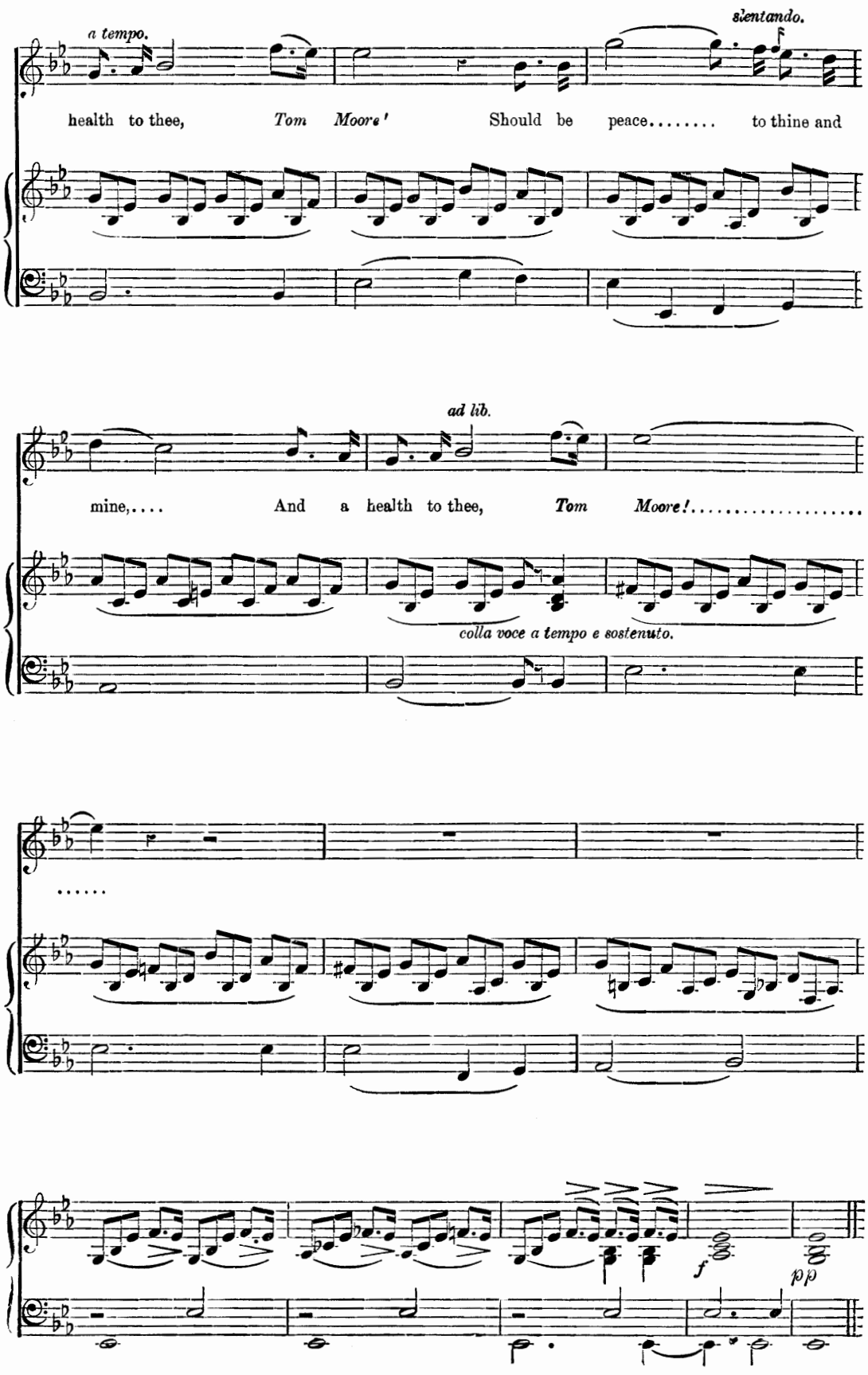
PIANO.




- fore I go,..... Tom Moore Here's a dou-ble health to
mf
espress. e ritardando.
thee..... Here's a sigh to those who love me, And a
p
ten.
smile to those who hate;..... And what - e - ver sky's..... a - -
mf
p
animato.
- bove me, Here's..... a heart for ev' - - ry fate..... Tho' the
f
mf

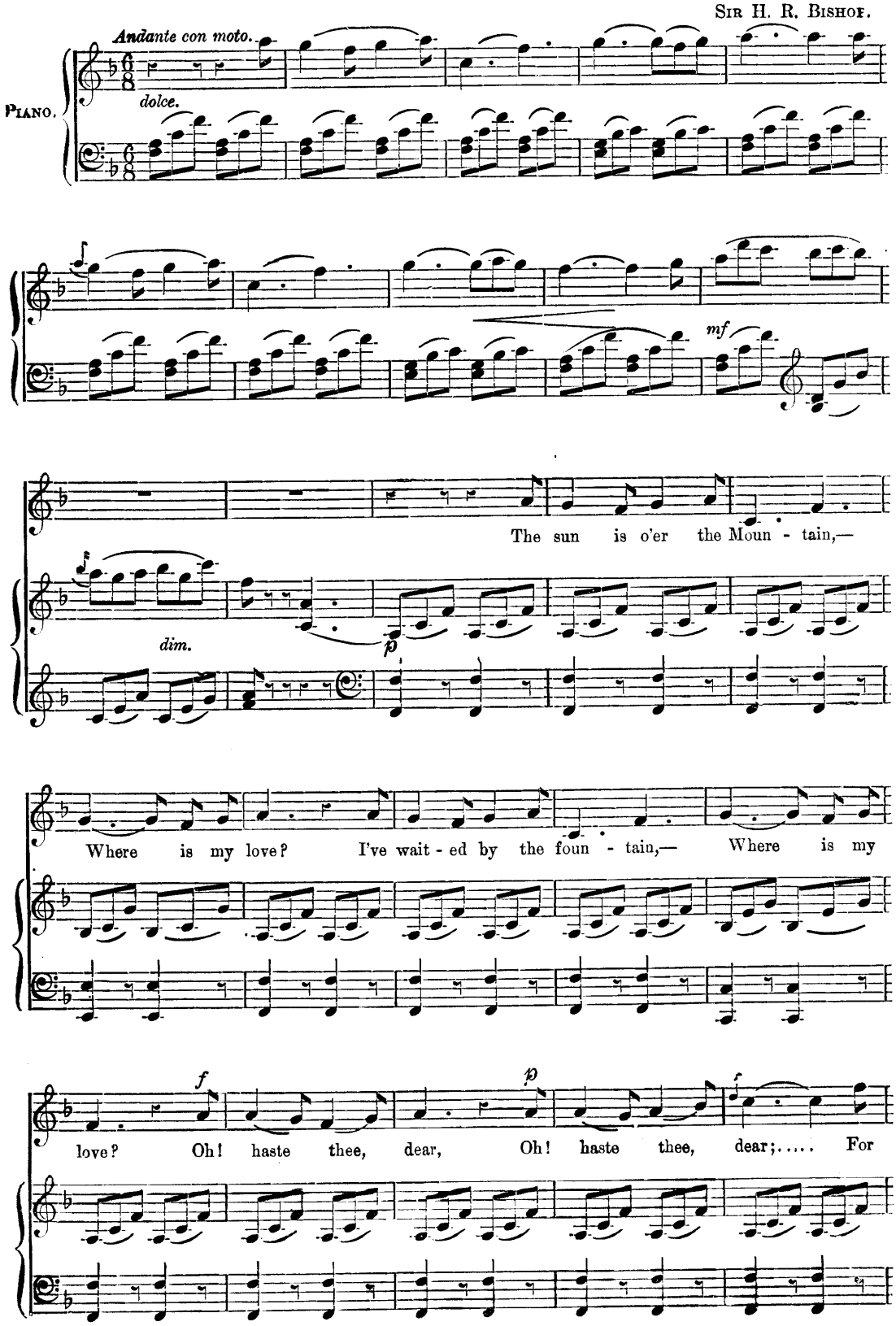

o - cean roar a - round me, Yet it still shall bear me
p
cresc.
on;..... Tho' a de-sert should sur - round..... me, It hath
espress.
f
dim.
springs, It hath springs..... which may be
decresc.
won. Wer't the last drop in the well, As I
sostenuto.

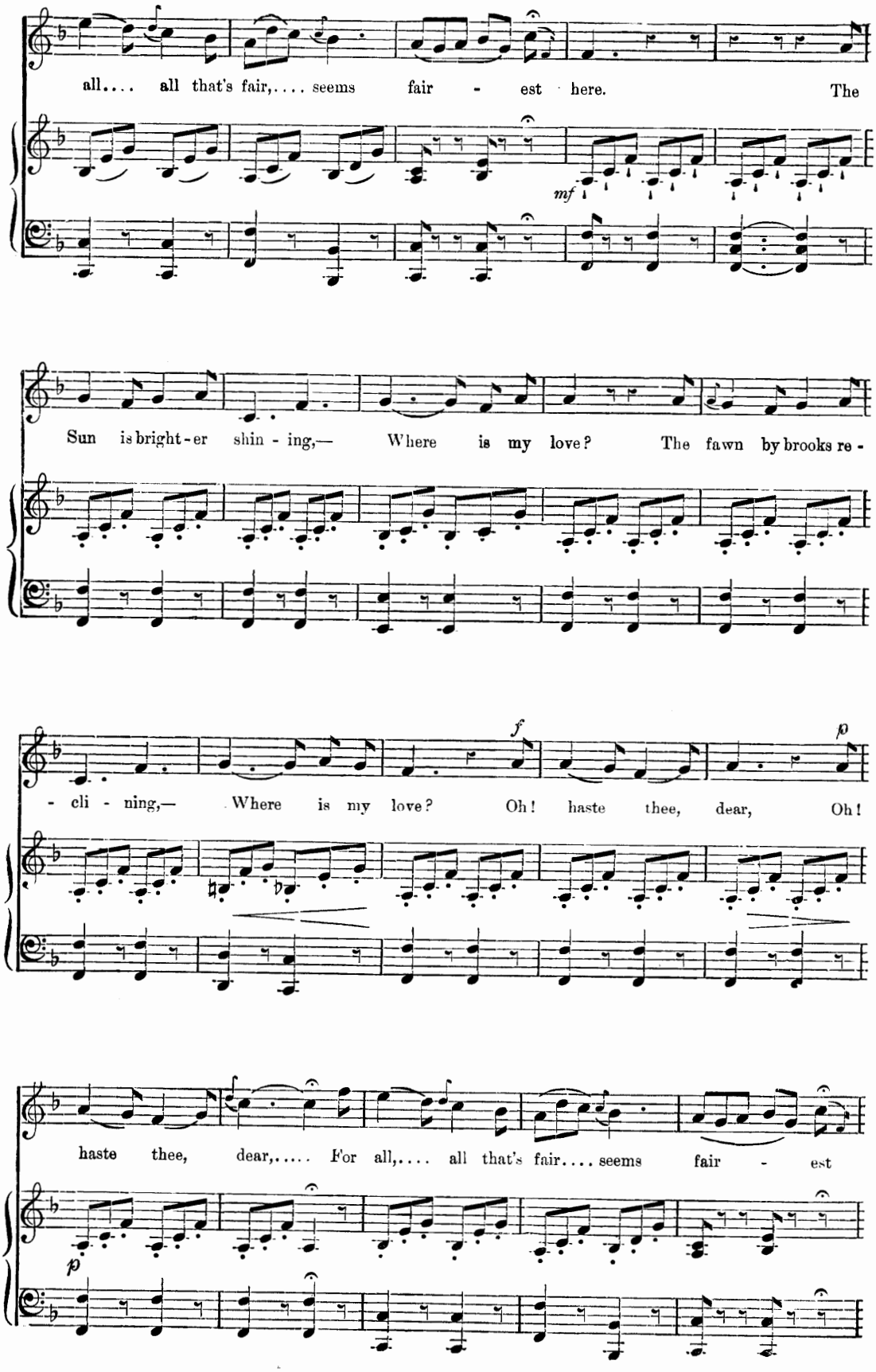

gasp'd up-on the brink, Ere my faint-ing spi-rit
cresc.
p
fell,.... 'Tis to thee that I would drink..... In that
wa-ter, as this wine, The li-ba-tion I would
slentando.
pour Should be peace..... to thine and mine, And a
dolce. colla voce.

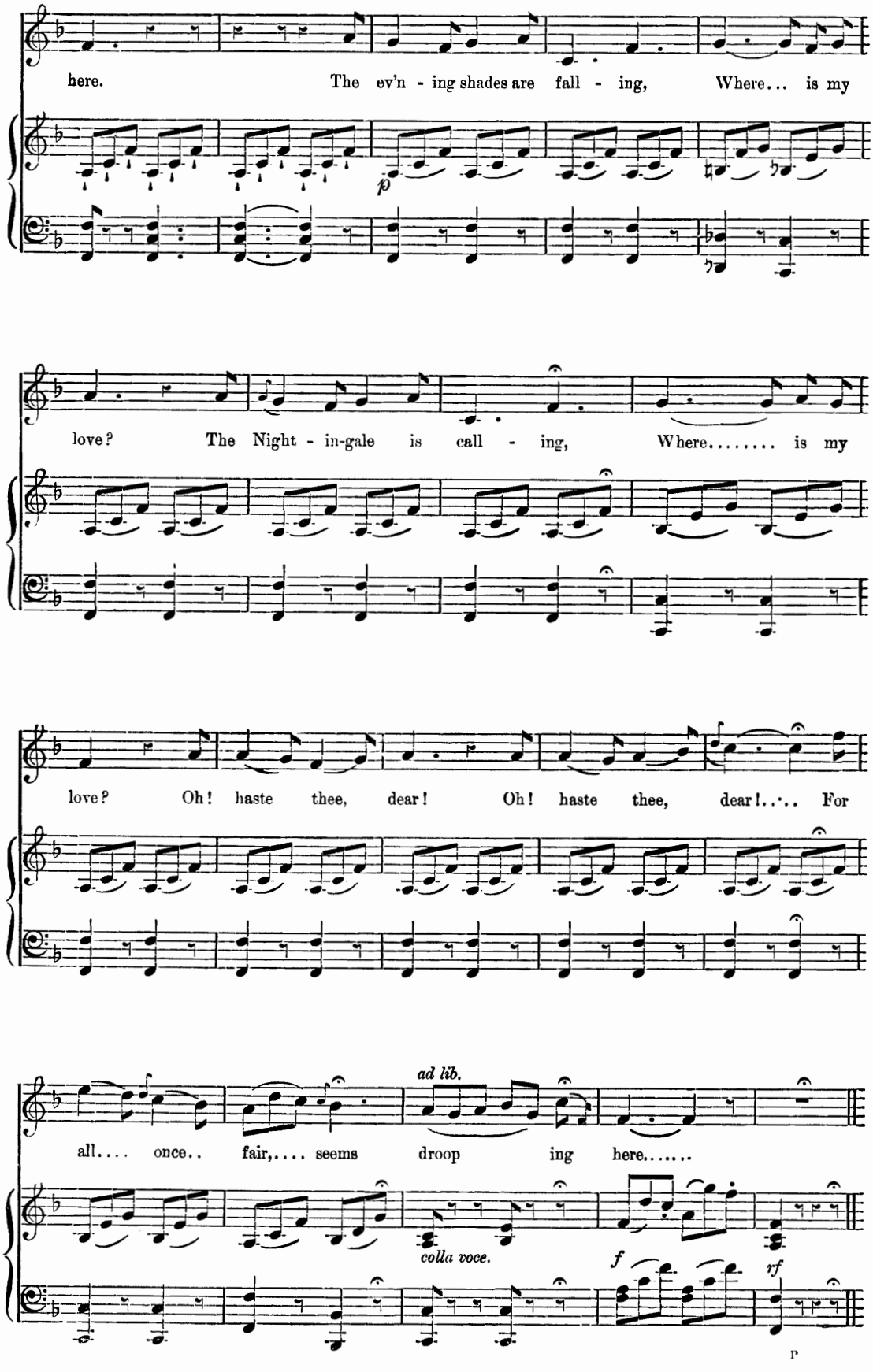

a tempo.
health to thee, Tom Moore! Should be peace..... to thine and
slentando.
ad lib.
mine,.... And a health to thee, Tom Moore!.....
colla voce a tempo e sostenuto.
.....
f
pp

The Sun is o'er the Mountain.

SIR H. R. BISHOP.




all.... all that's fair,.... seems fair - est here. The
mf
Sun is bright-er shin - ing,— Where is my love? The fawn by brooks re -
f
p
- cli - ning,— Where is my love? Oh! haste thee, dear, Oh!
haste thee, dear,..... For all,.... all that's fair.... seems fair - est
p


here. The ev'n - ing shades are fall - ing, Where... is my
p
love? The Night - in-gale is call - ing, Where..... is my
love? Oh! haste thee, dear! Oh! haste thee, dear!..... For
ad lib.
all.... once.. fair,.... seems droop ing here.....
colla voce.
f
rf
p

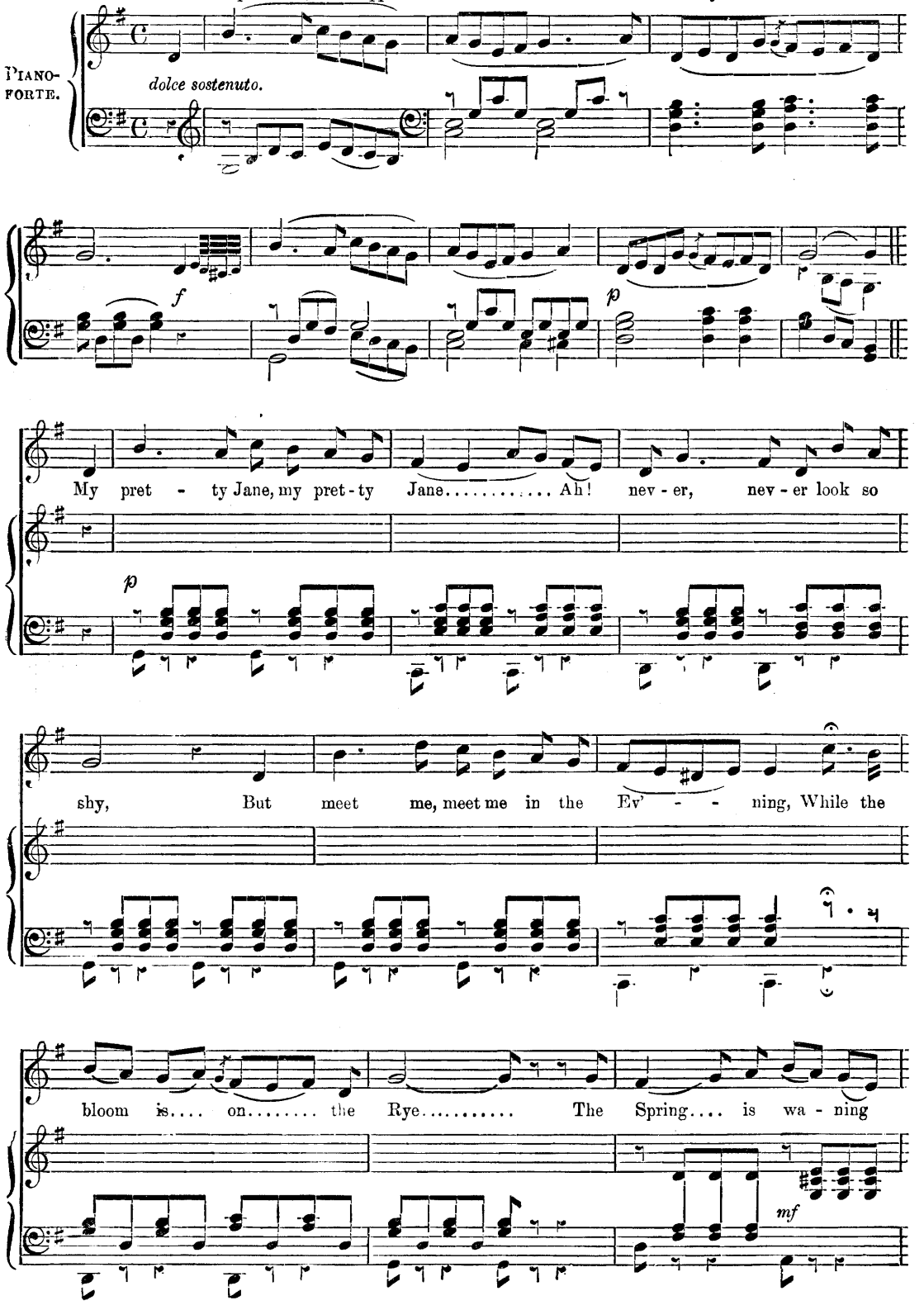
The bloom is on the Rye.

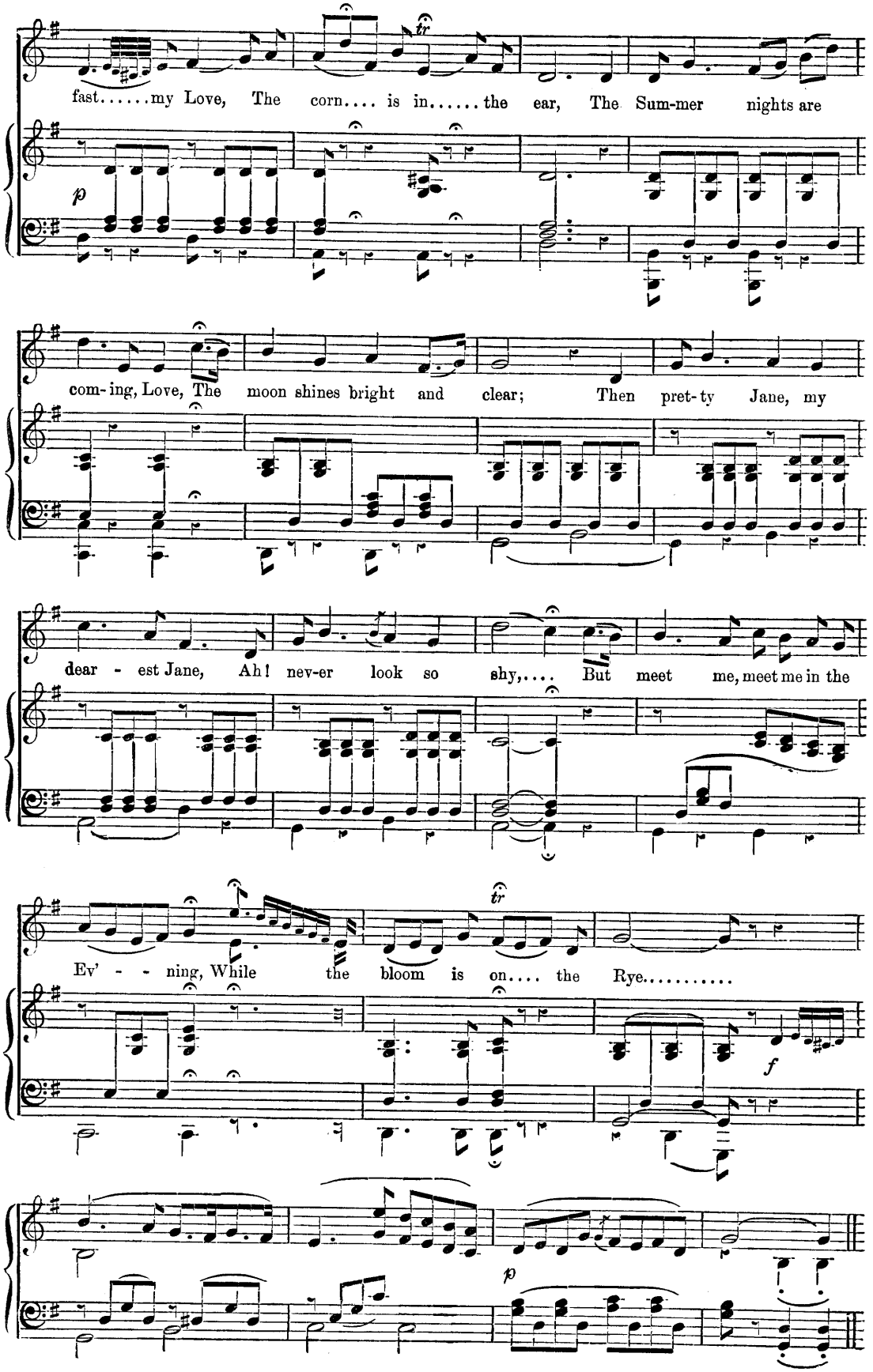
(MY PRETTY JANE.)

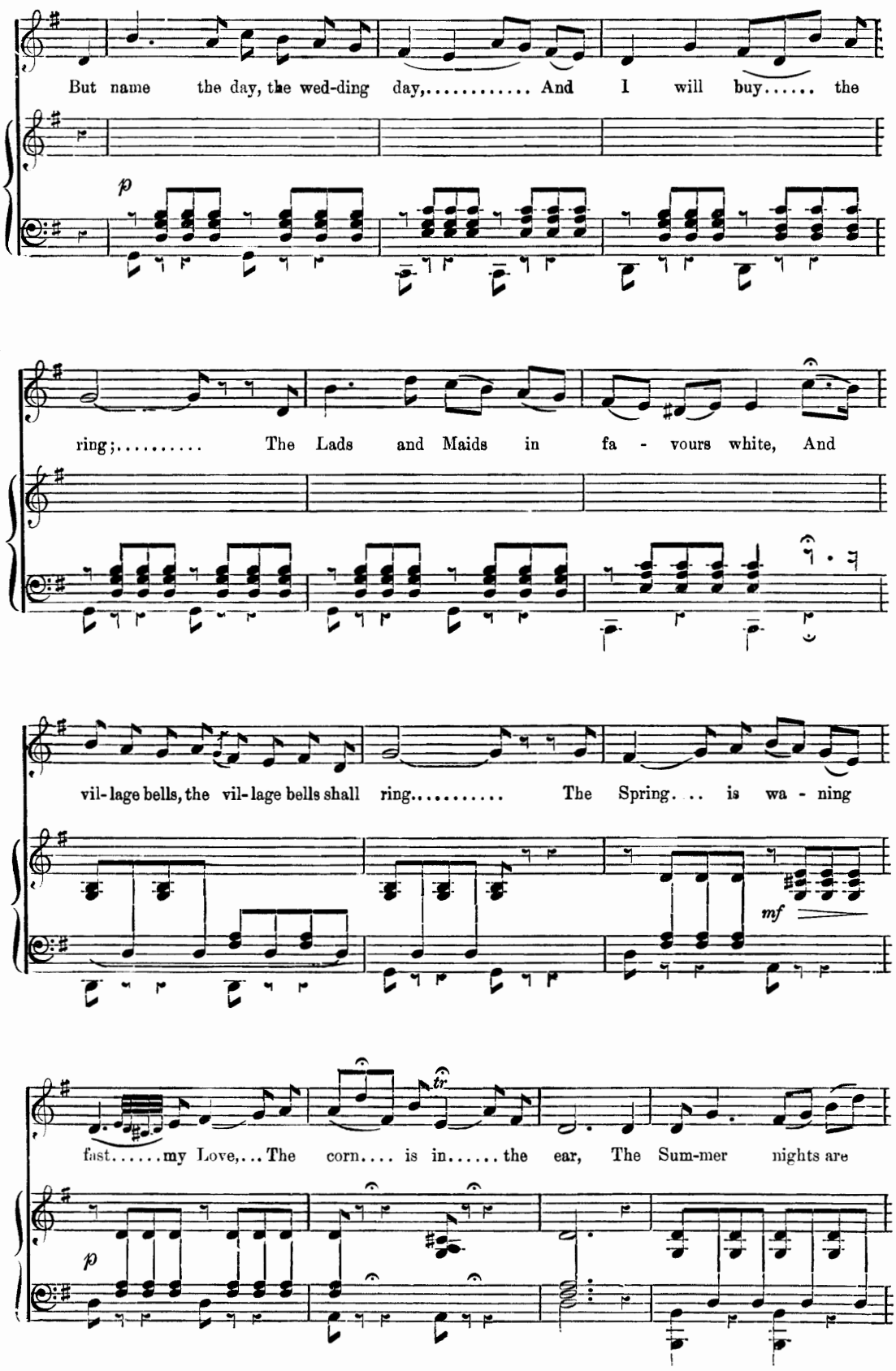
Words by EDWARD FITZBALL.

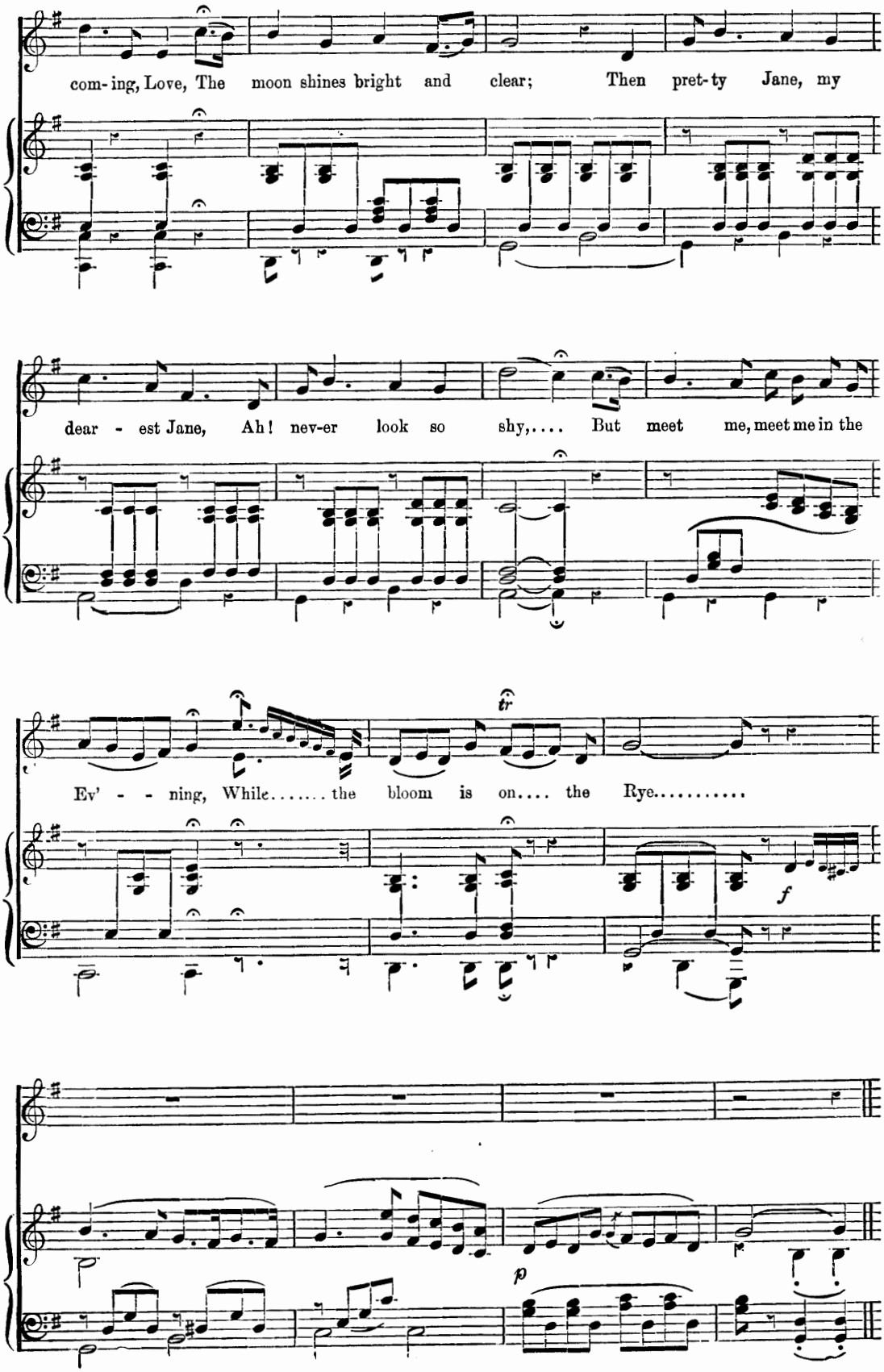
Andantino espressione, non troppo lento.

Music by SIR H. R. BISHOP.




fast.....my Love, The corn.... is in.....the ear, The Sum-mer nights are
p
com-ing, Love, The moon shines bright and clear; Then pret-ty Jane, my
dear - est Jane, Ah! nev-er look so shy,.... But meet me, meet me in the
tr
Ev' - - ning, While the bloom is on.... the Rye.....
f
p

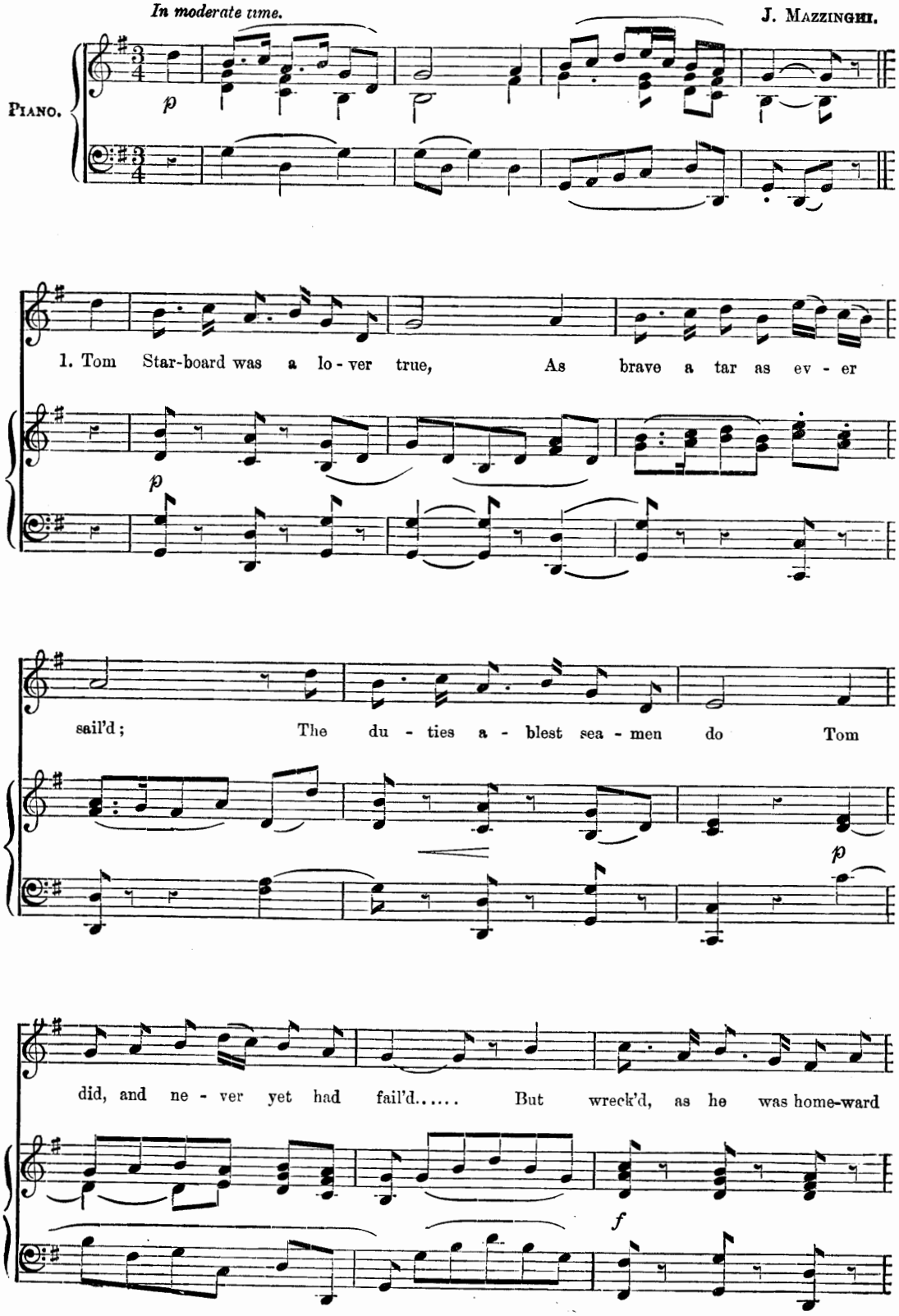

But name the day, the wed-ding day,..... And I will buy..... the
p
ring;..... The Lads and Maids in fa - vours white, And
vil-lage bells, the vil-lage bells shall ring..... The Spring... is wa - ning
mf
fast.....my Love,... The corn.... is in..... the ear, The Sum-mer nights are
tr
p

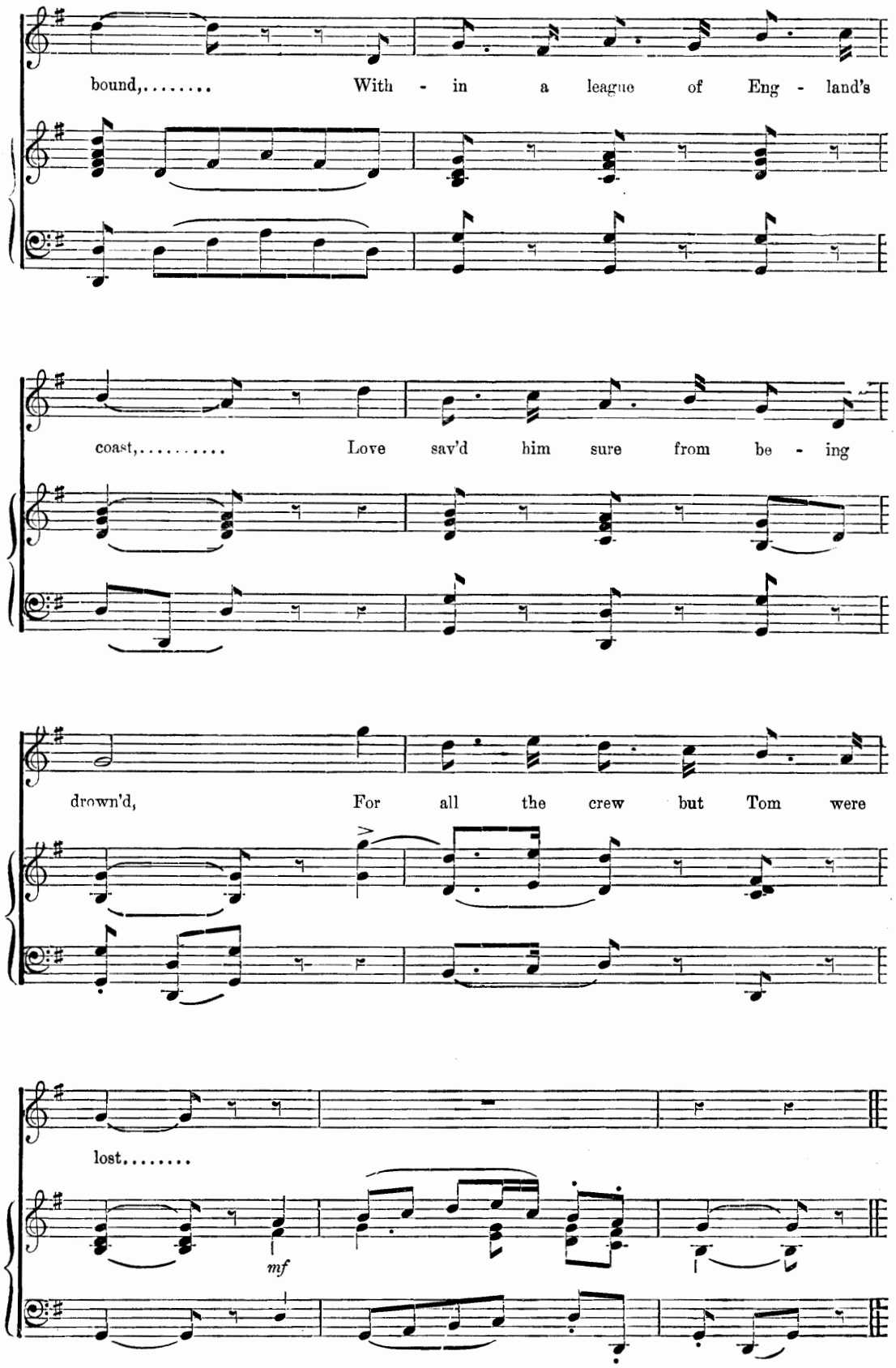

com-ing, Love, The moon shines bright and clear; Then pret-ty Jane, my
dear - est Jane, Ah! nev-er look so shy,.... But meet me, meet me in the
tr
Ev' - - ning, While..... the bloom is on.... the Rye.....
f
p

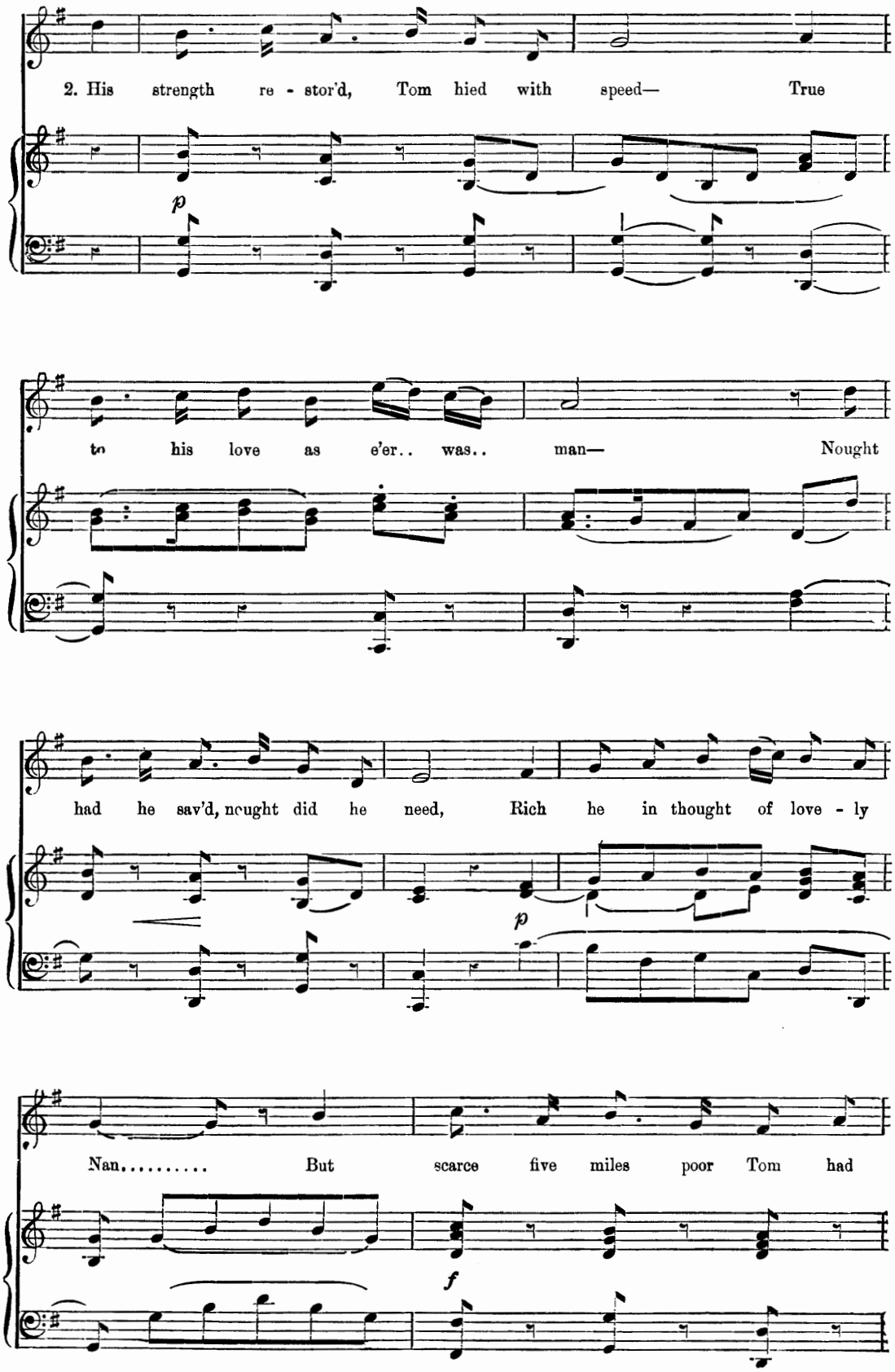
Tom Starboard.

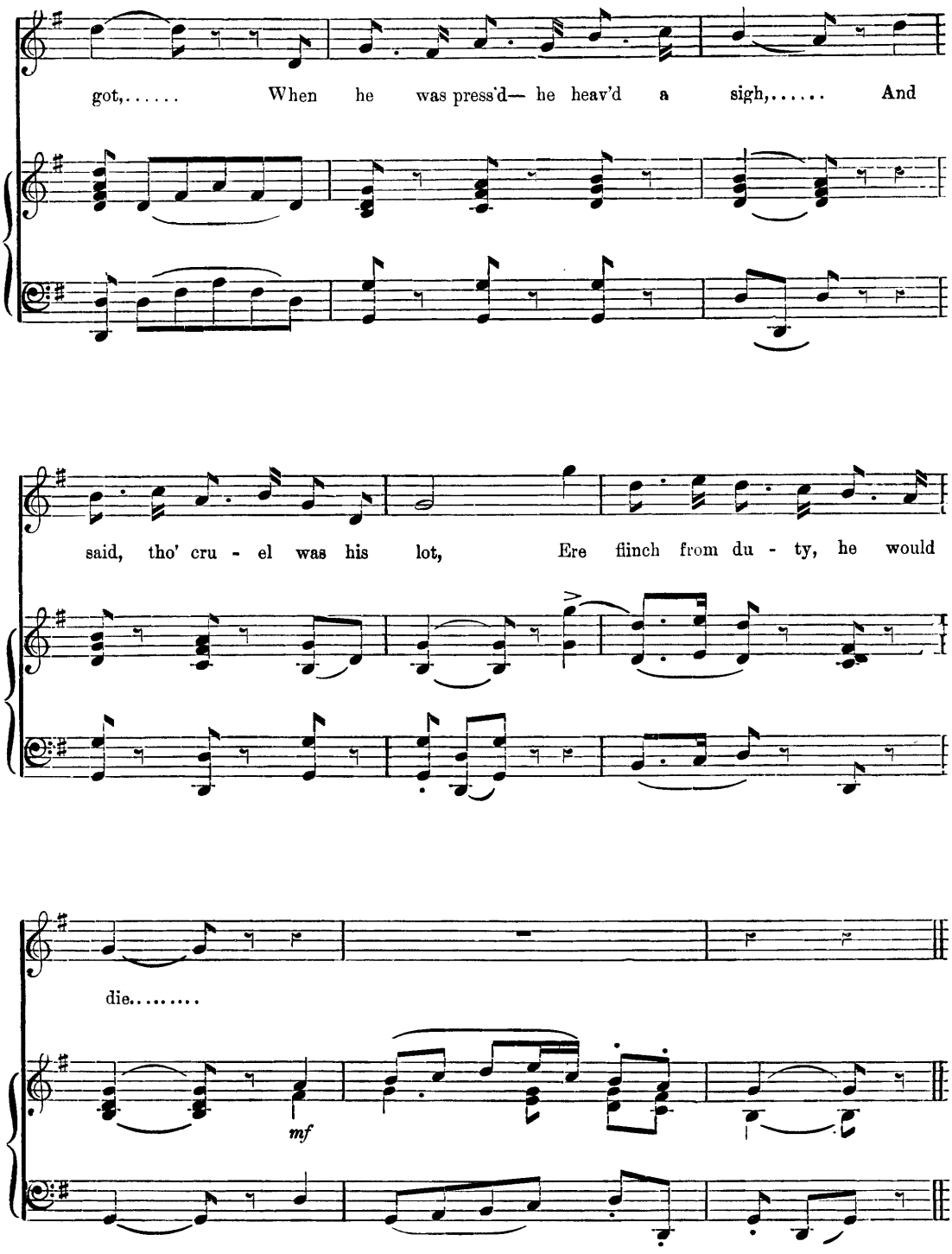
In moderate time.

J. Mazzinghi.




bound,..... With - in a league of Eng - land's
coast,..... Love sav'd him sure from be - ing
drown'd, For all the crew but Tom were
lost.....
mf


2. His strength re - stor'd, Tom hied with speed— True
p
to his love as e'er.. was.. man— Nought
had he sav'd, nought did he need, Rich he in thought of love - ly
p
Nan..... But scarce five miles poor Tom had
f



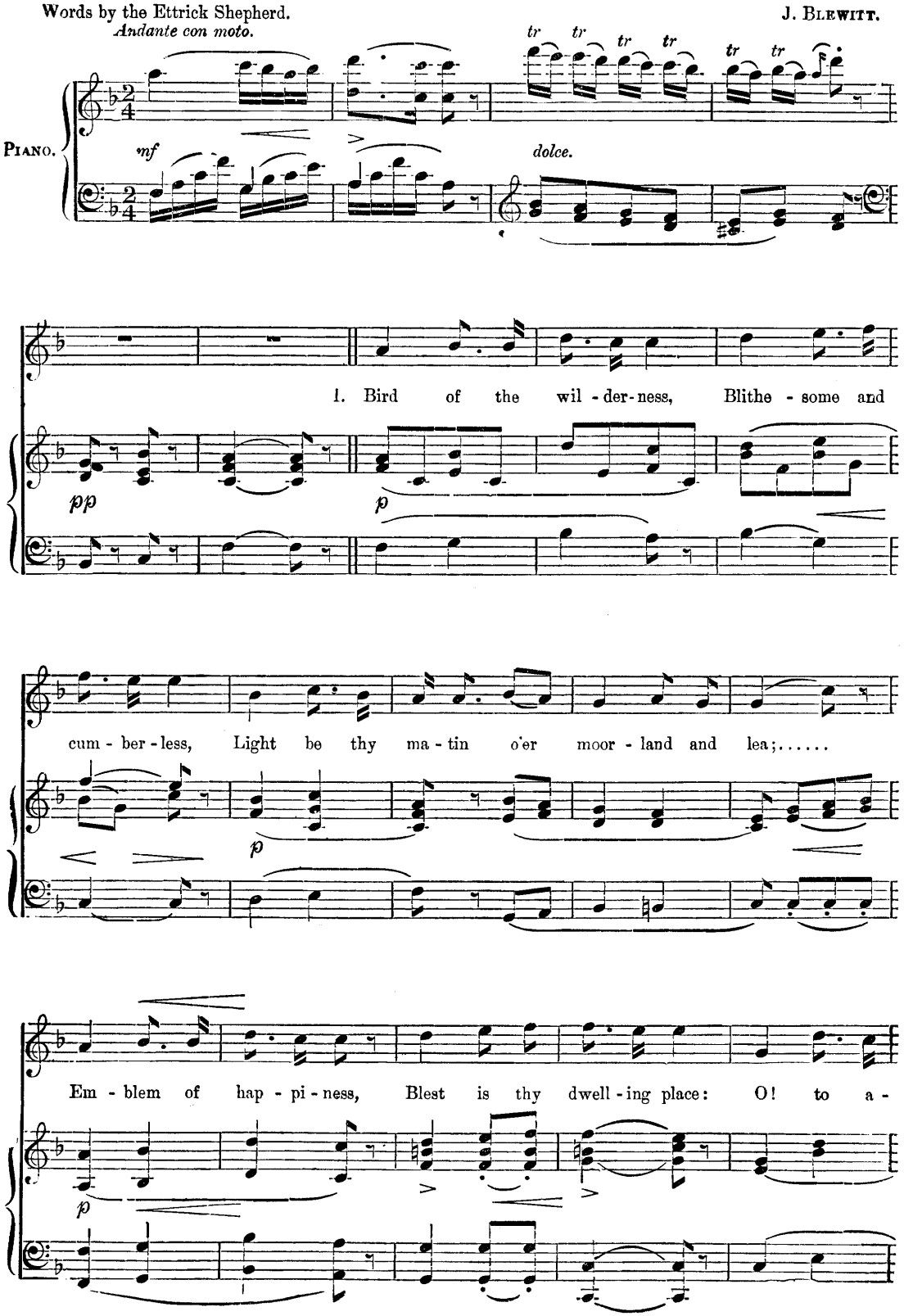
3.

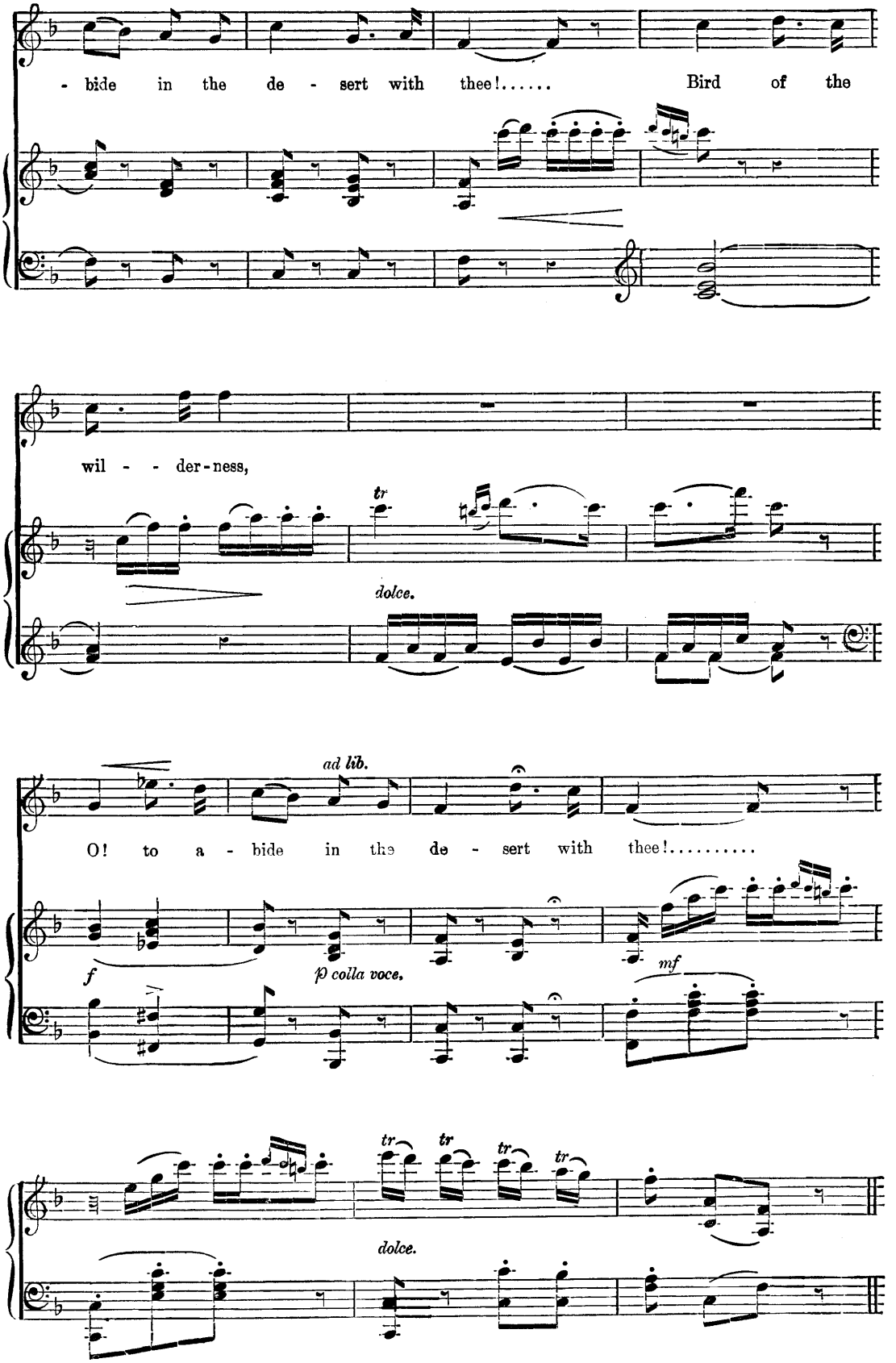
In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear,
Nay, when he'd lost an arm,—resign'd,
Said—Love for his Nan, his only dear,
Had sav'd his life, and fate was kind.
The war being ended, Tom return'd,
His lost limb serv'd him for a joke,
For still his manly bosom burn'd
With love, his heart was heart of oak.

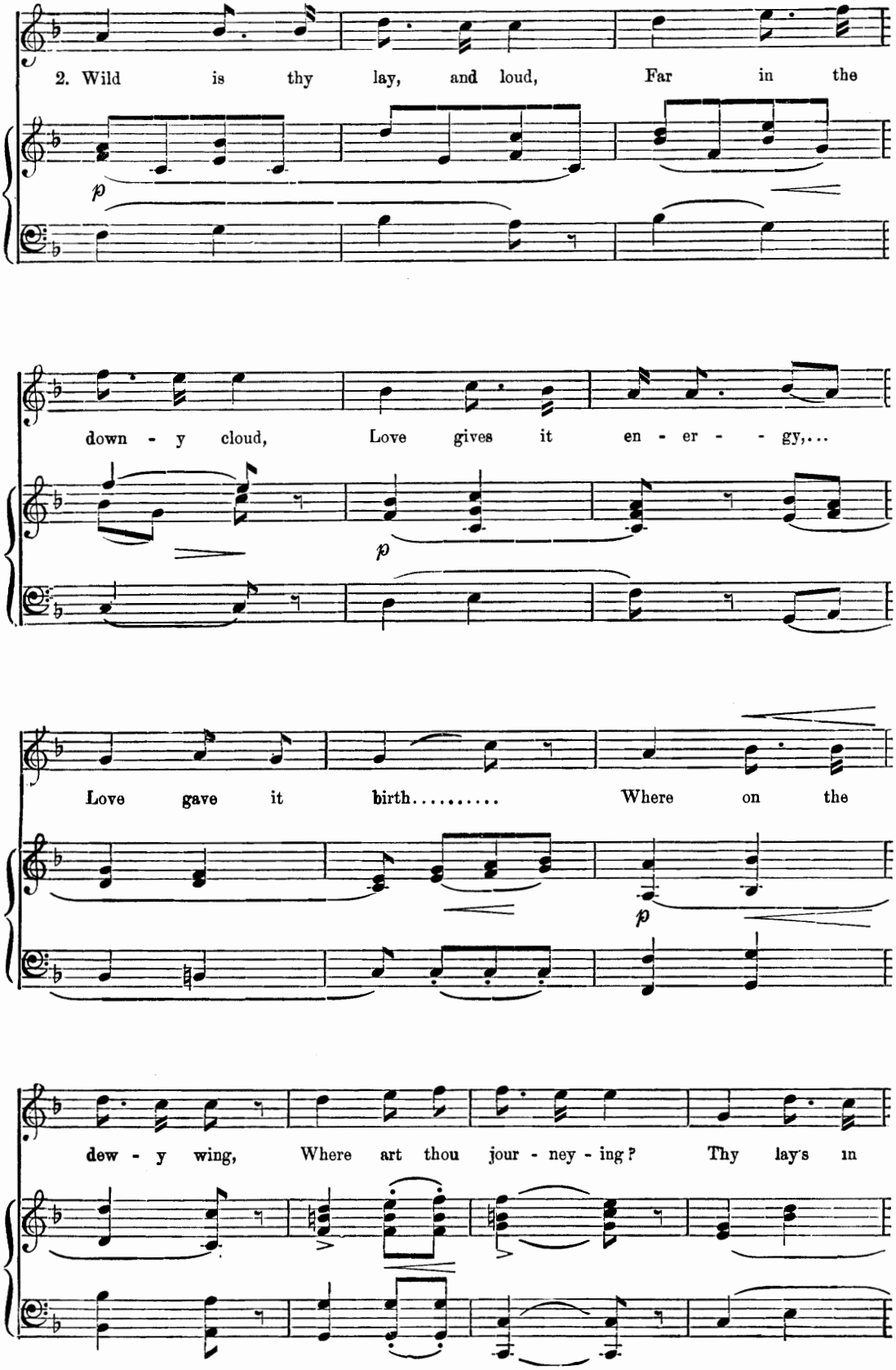
Bird of the Wilderness.

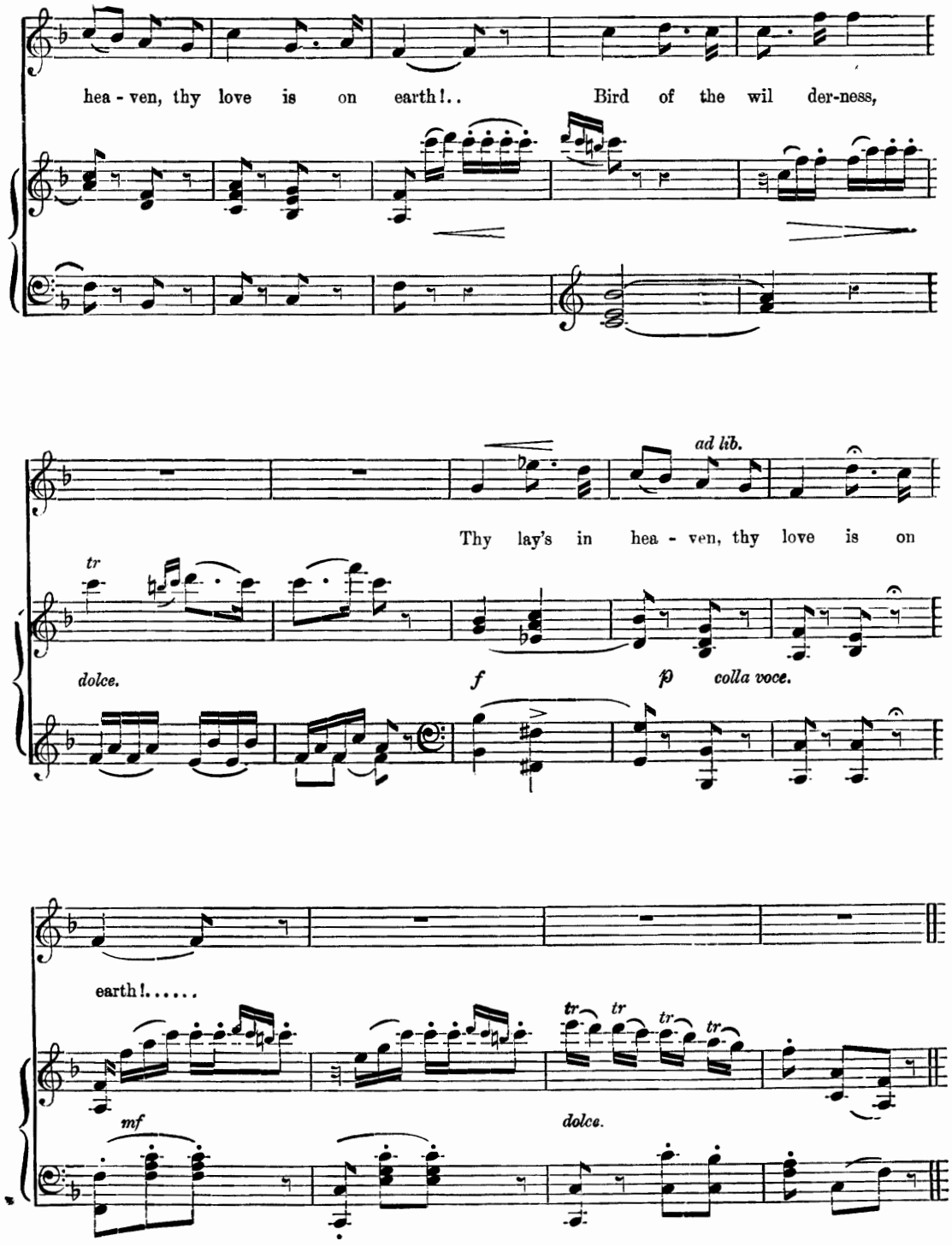
Words by the Ettrick Shepherd. J. BLEWITT.

Andante con moto.




- bide in the de - sert with thee!..... Bird of the
wil - - der-ness,
tr
dolce.
ad lib.
O! to a - bide in the de - sert with thee!.....
f
p colla voce.
mf
tr
tr
tr
tr
dolce.


2. Wild is thy lay, and loud, Far in the
p
down - y cloud, Love gives it en - er - - gy,...
p
Love gave it birth..... Where on the
p
dew - y wing, Where art thou jour - ney - ing? Thy lay's in

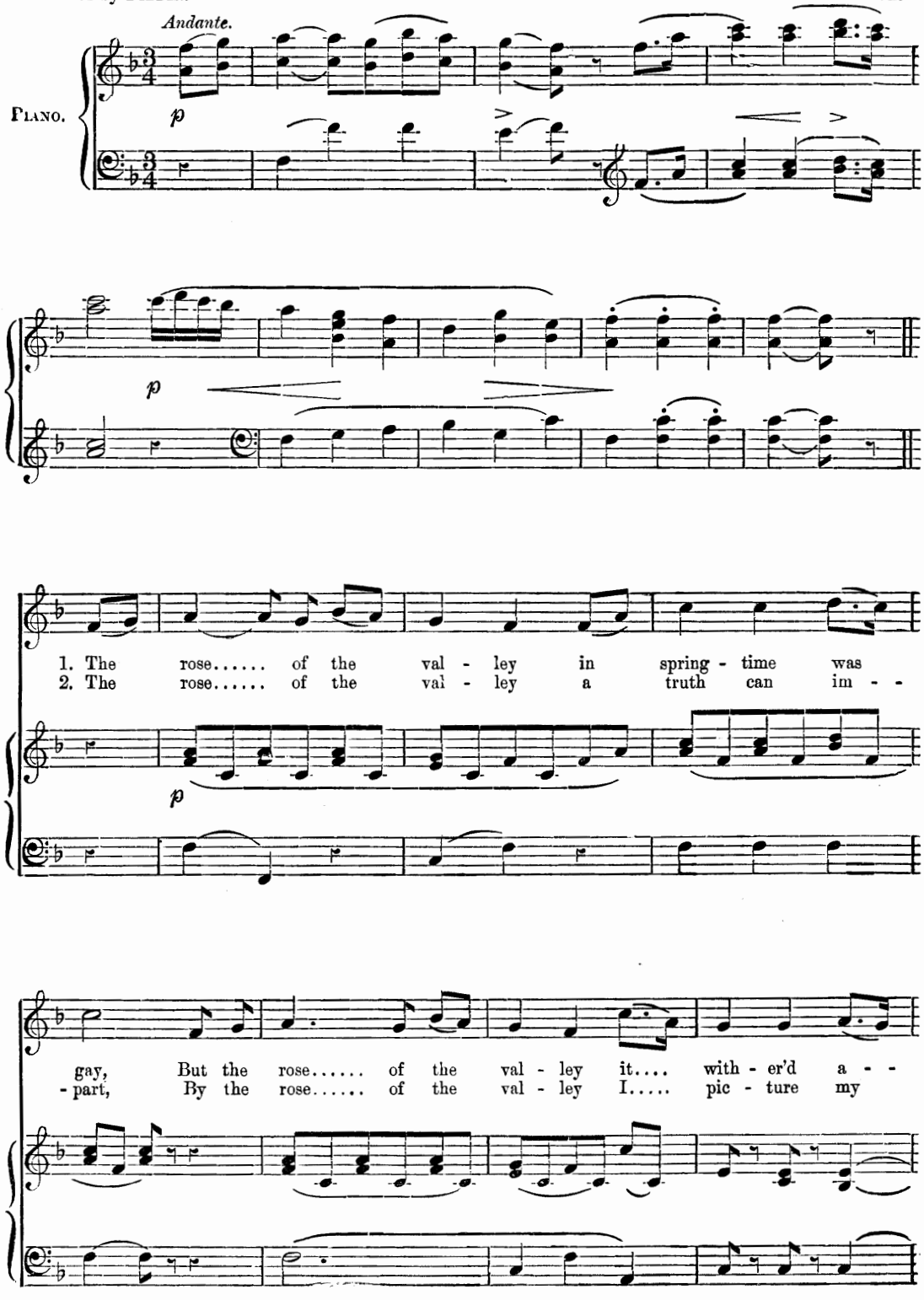


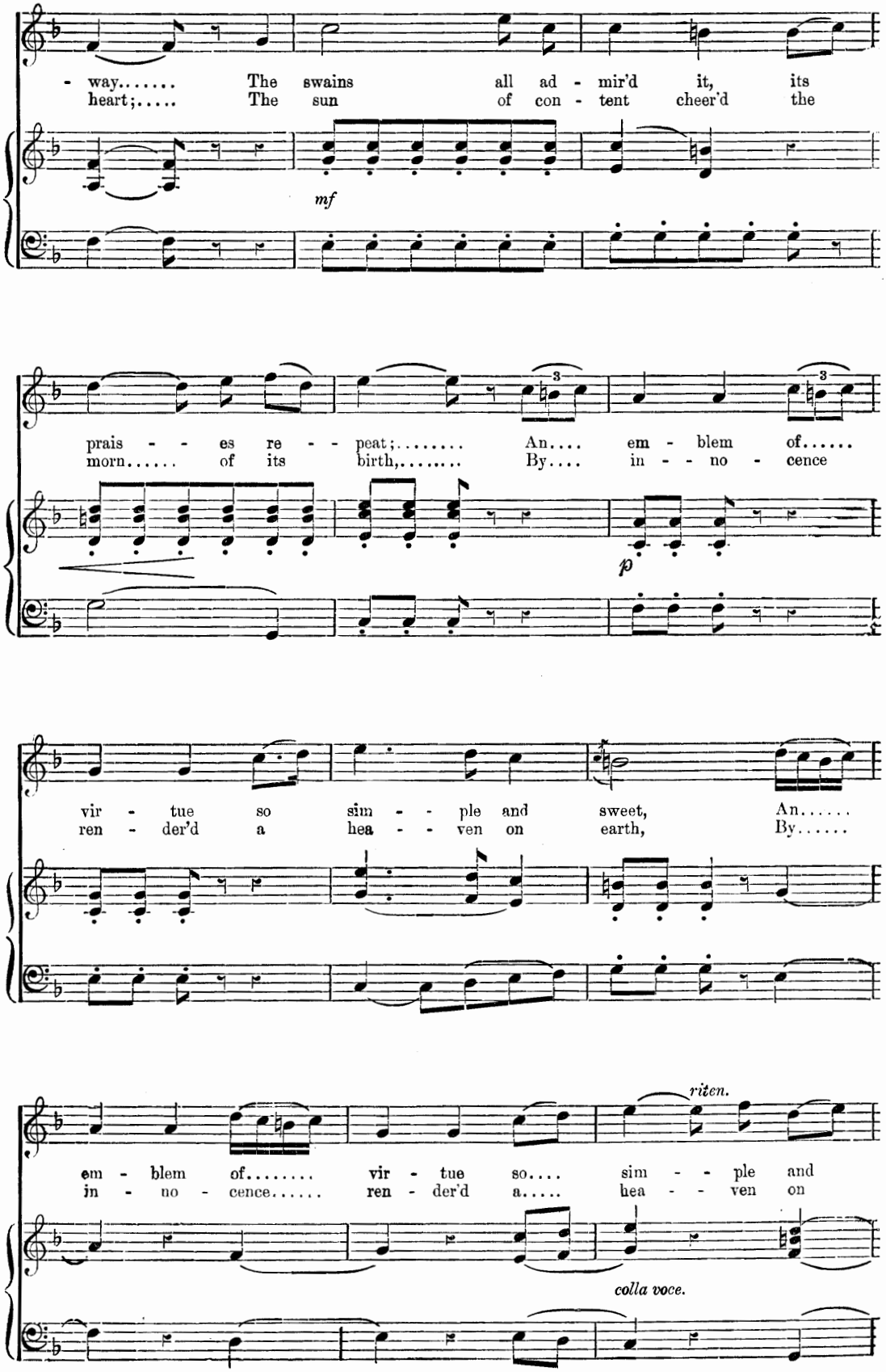
3.

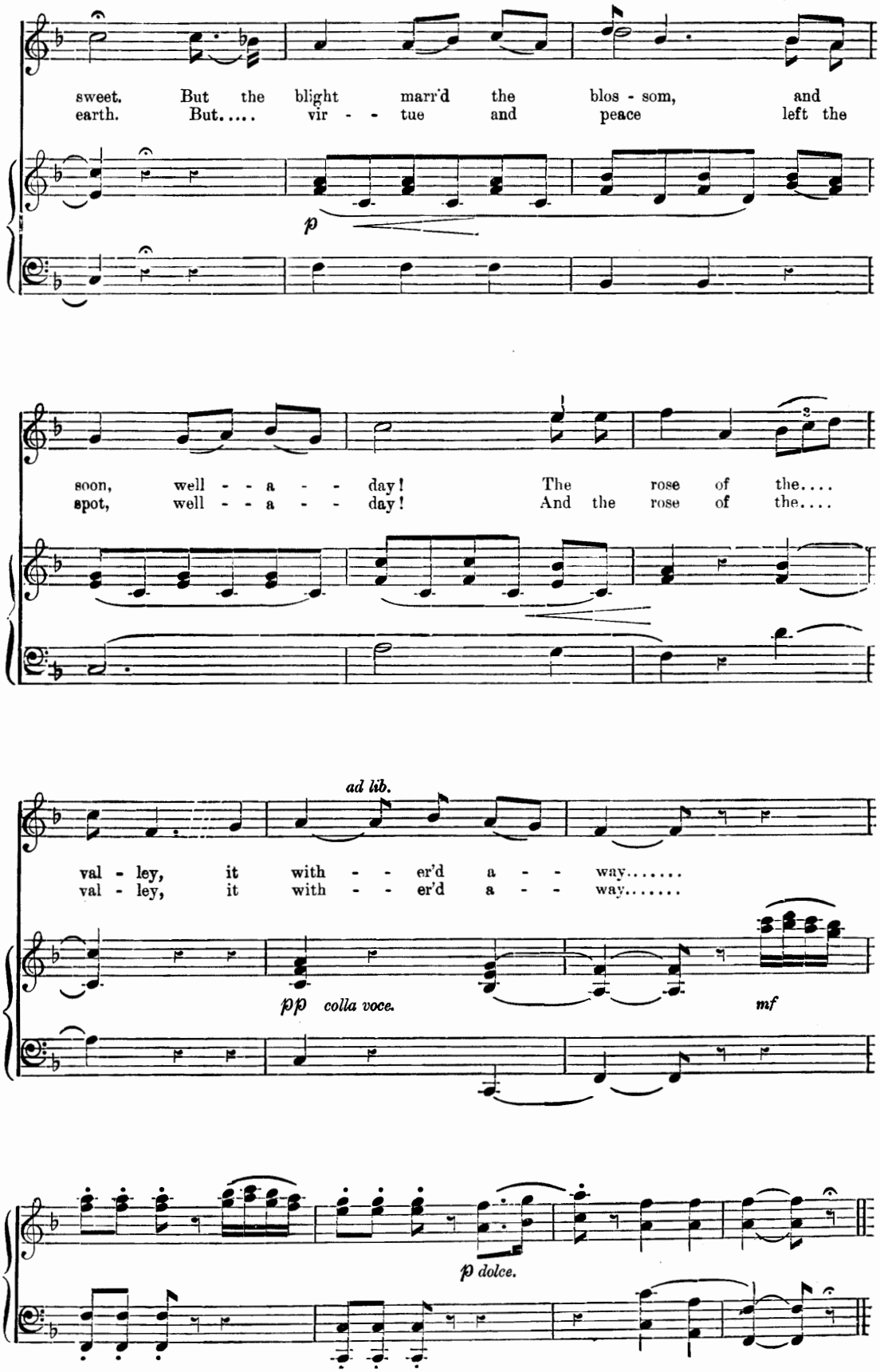
Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome
And bed of love be.
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place,
O! to abide in the desert with thee!
Bird of the wilderness, &c.

The rose of the valley.

Words by DIBDIN. W. REEVE.



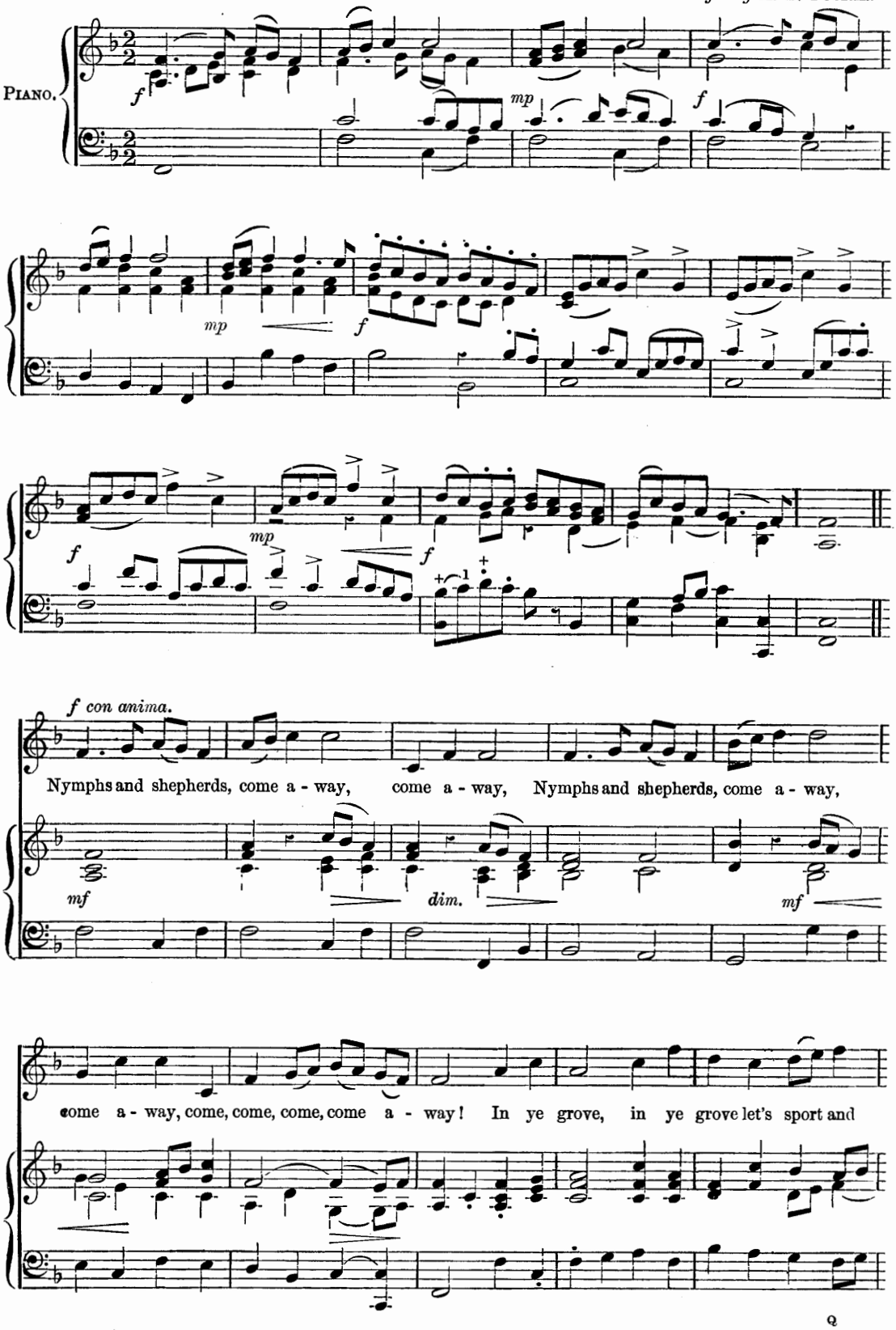

- way..... The swains all ad - mir'd it, its
heart;..... The sun of con - tent cheer'd the
mf
prais - - es re - - peat;..... An.... em - blem of.....
morn..... of its birth,..... By.... in - - no - cence
3
3
p
vir - tue so sim - - ple and sweet, An.....
ren - der'd a hea - - ven on earth, By.....
riten.
em - blem of..... vir - tue so.... sim - - ple and
in - no - cence..... ren - der'd a..... hea - - ven on
colla voce.

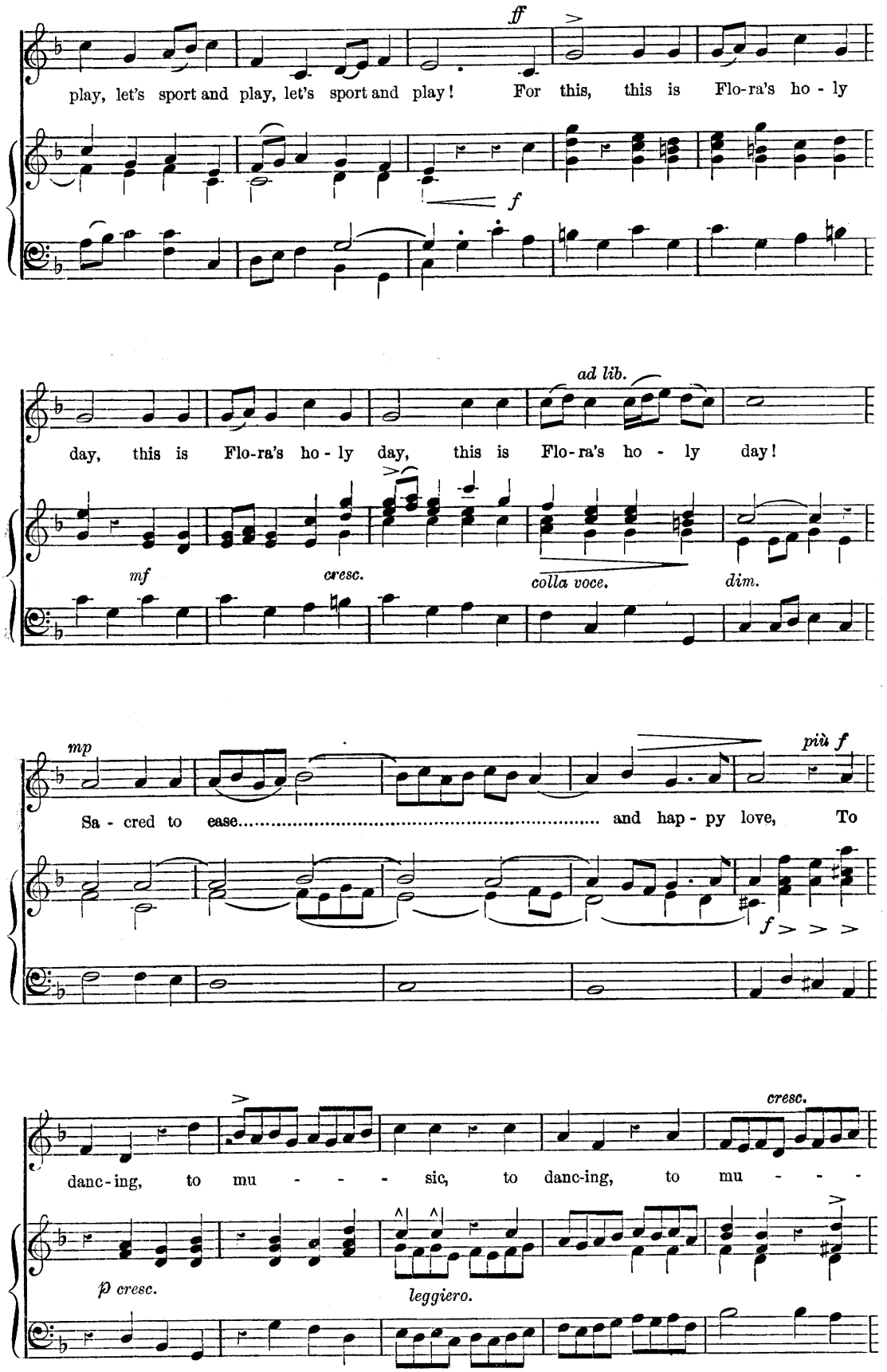

sweet. But the blight marr'd the blos - som, and
earth. But..... vir - - tue and peace left the
p
soon, well - - a - - day! The rose of the....
spot, well - - a - - day! And the rose of the....
ad lib.
val - ley, it with - - er'd a - - way.....
val - ley, it with - - er'd a - - way.....
pp colla voce.
mf
p dolce.

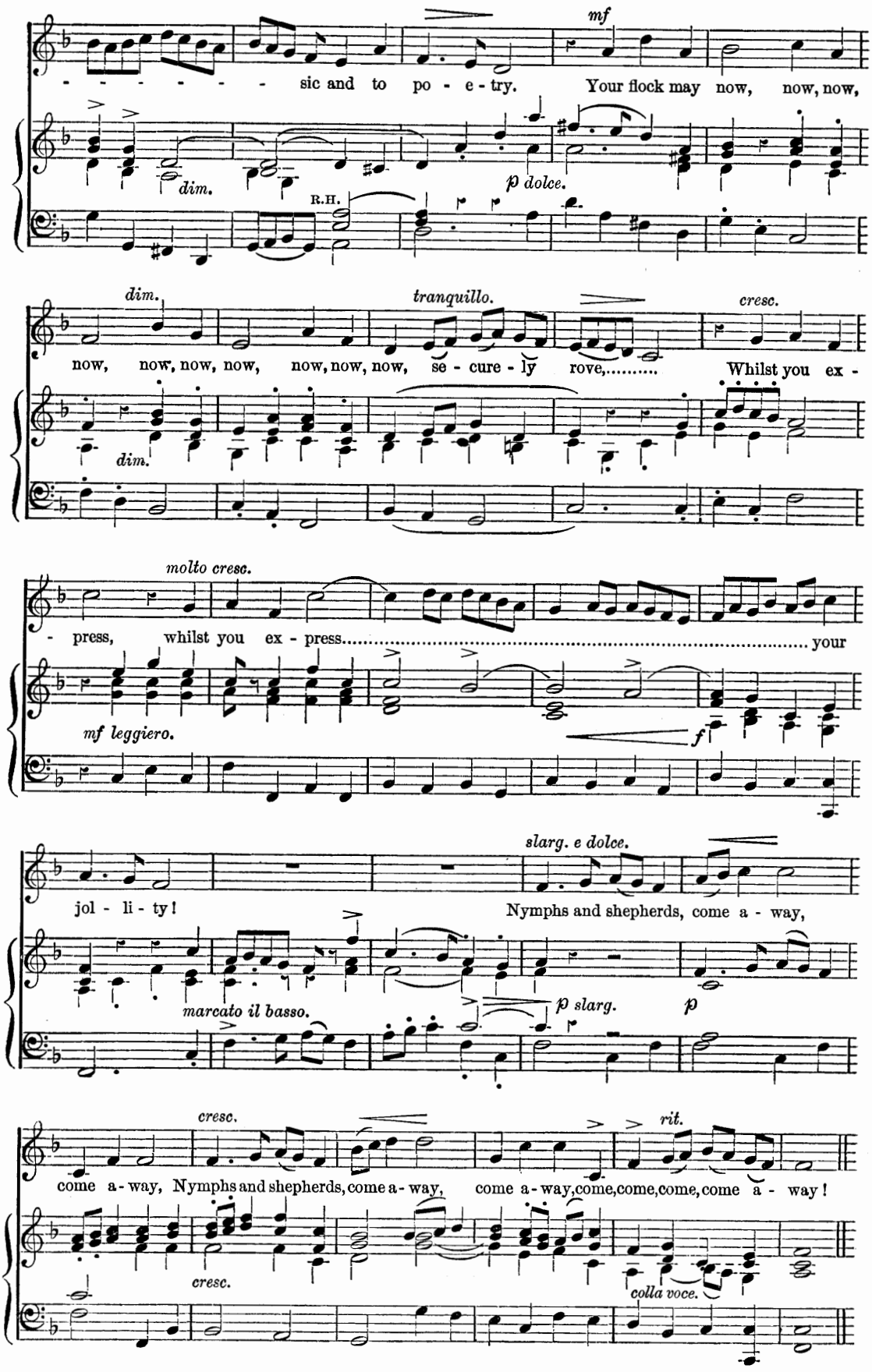
Nymphs and Shepherds.

THOMAS SHADWELL.

HENRY PURCELL.
Arranged by M. B. FOSTER.




ff
play, let's sport and play, let's sport and play! For this, this is Flo-ra's ho - ly
f
ad lib.
day, this is Flo-ra's ho - ly day, this is Flo-ra's ho - ly day!
mf
cresc.
colla voce.
dim.
mp
più f
Sa - cred to ease..... and hap - py love, To
f
cresc.
danc-ing, to mu - - - sic, to danc-ing, to mu - - -
p cresc.
leggiero.


mf
sic and to po - e - try. Your flock may now, now, now,
dim.
p dolce.
R.H.
dim.
tranquillo.
cresc.
now, now, now, now, now, now, now, se - cure - ly rove,..... Whilst you ex -
dim.
molto cresc.
- press, whilst you ex - press..... your
mf leggiero.
f
slarg. e dolce.
jol - li - ty! Nymphs and shepherds, come a - way,
marcato il basso.
p slarg.
p
cresc.
rit.
come a - way, Nymphs and shepherds, come a - way, come a - way, come, come, come, come a - way!
cresc.
colla voce.

Come live with me, and be my love.

C. MARLOWE. J. L. HATTON.

Tempo moderato.

PIANO.

f *dim.*

Ped. * Ped. *

1. Come live with me, and be my love, And we will
2. And I will make thee beds of ro - ses, And a

p *p*

all the plea - sures prove, That val - lies, groves, and hills and
thou - sand frag - rant po - sies; A gown made of the fi - nest

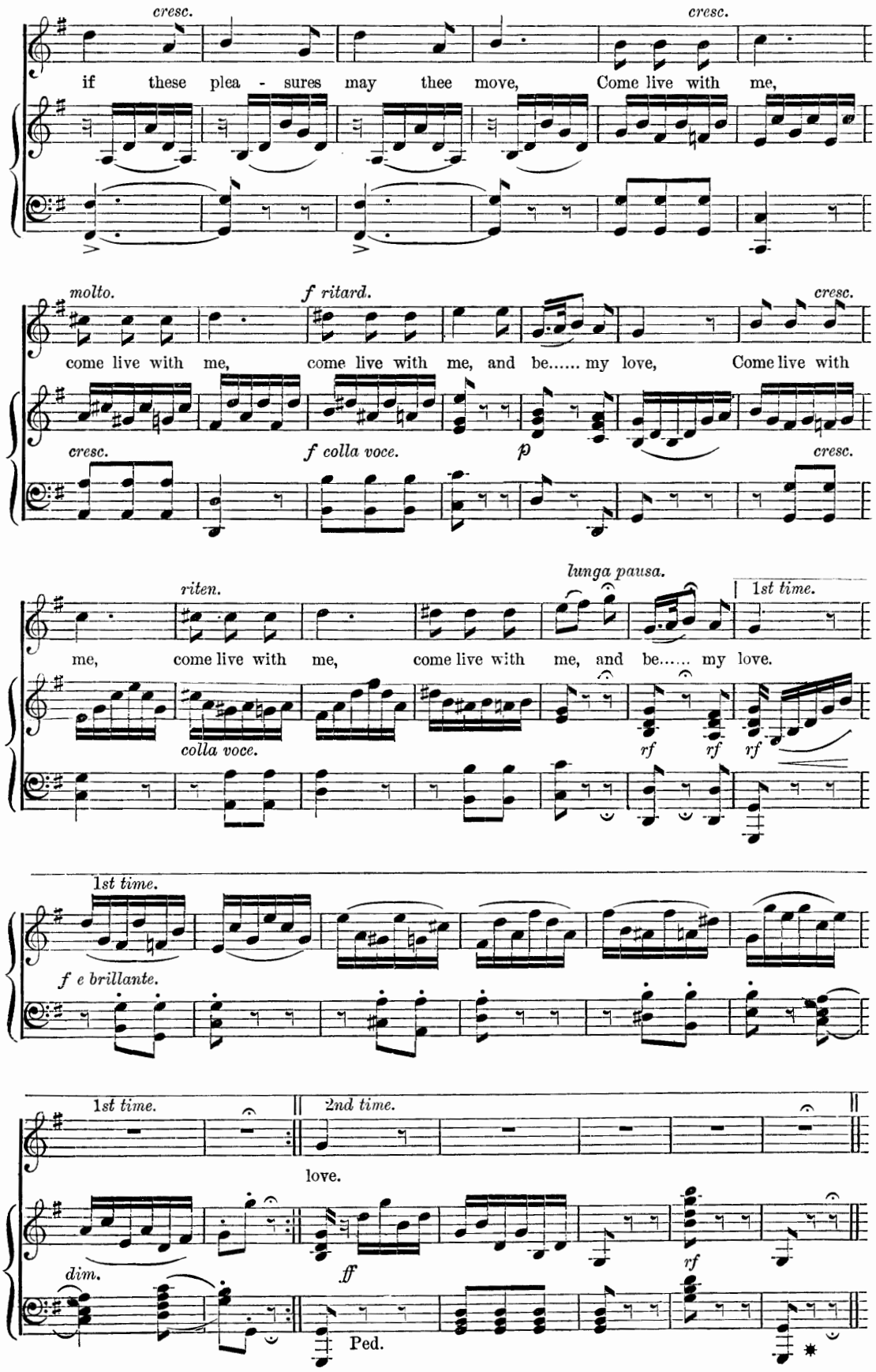
ad lib. *tempo.*

fields, The woods or steep - y moun - tain yields; And we will
wool, Which from our pret - ty lambs we pull. The shep - herd

p

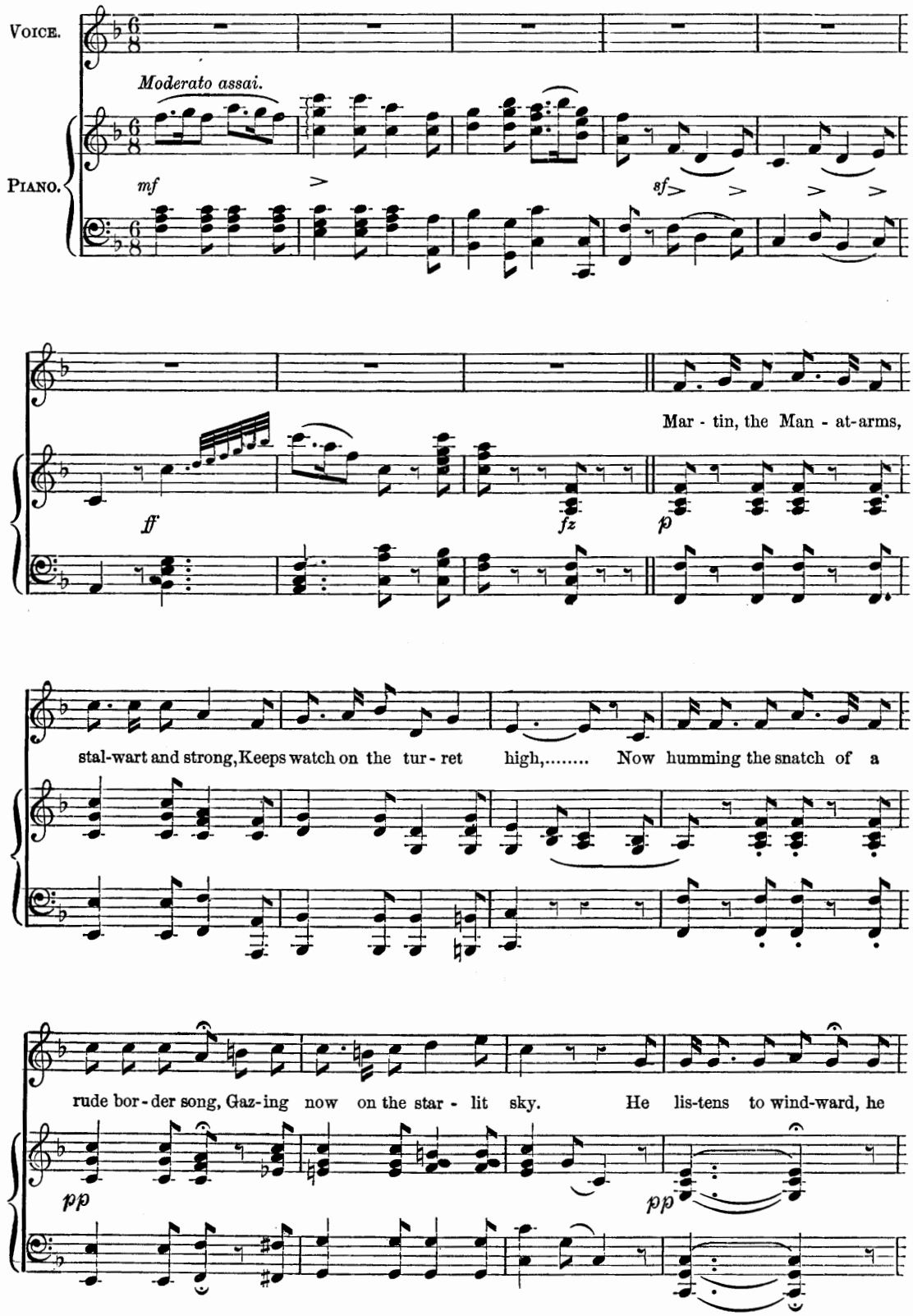
sit up - on the rocks See - ing the shep-herds feed their flocks;
swains shall dance and sing For thy de - light each May morn - ing; And

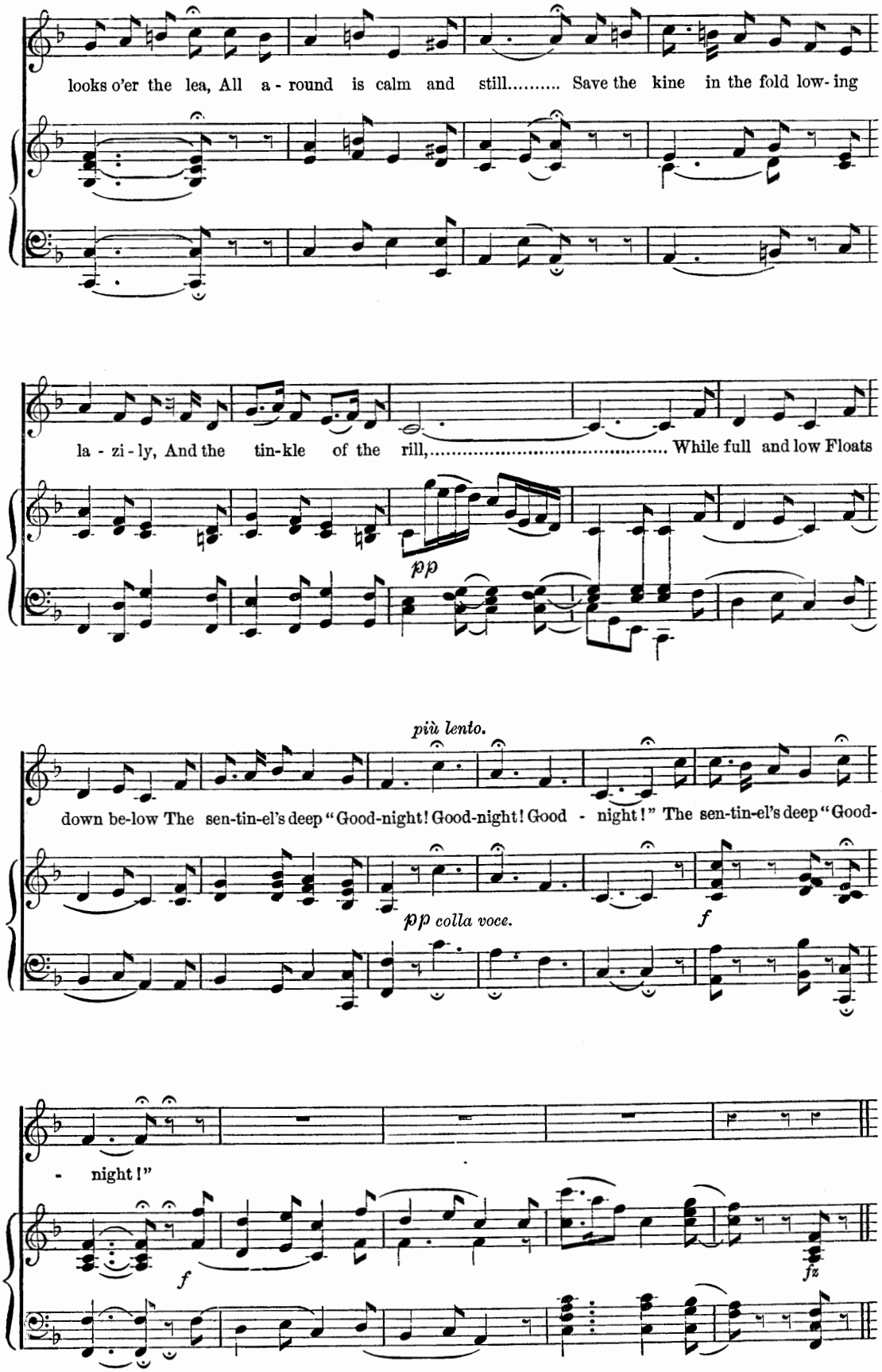
pp

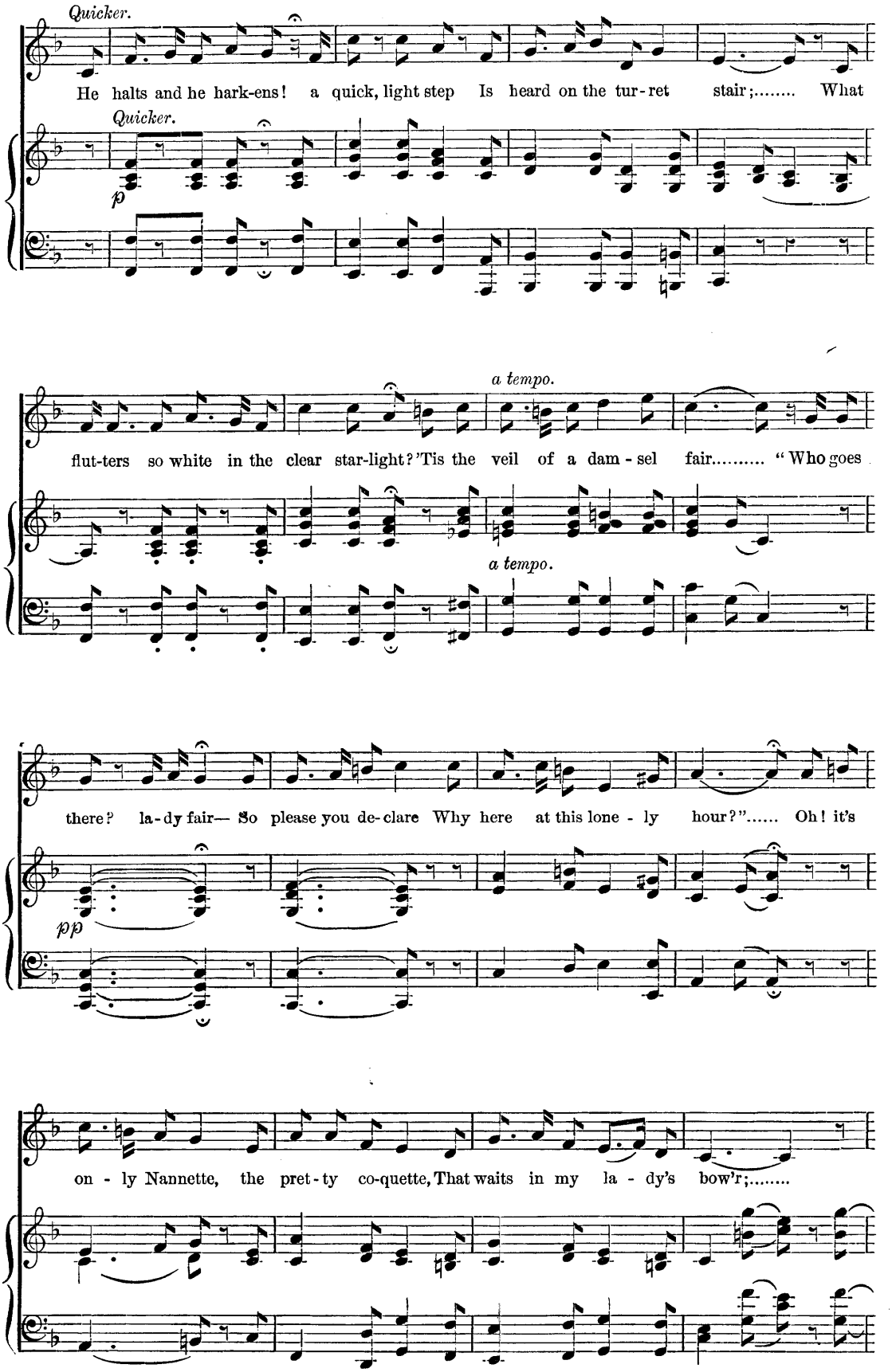

cresc.
cresc.
if these plea - sures may thee move, Come live with me,
molto.
f ritard.
cresc.
come live with me, come live with me, and be..... my love, Come live with
cresc.
f colla voce.
p
cresc.
lunga pausa.
riten.
1st time.
me, come live with me, come live with me, and be..... my love.
colla voce.
rf rf rf
1st time.
f e brillante.
1st time.
2nd time.
love.
dim.
ff
rf
Ped.

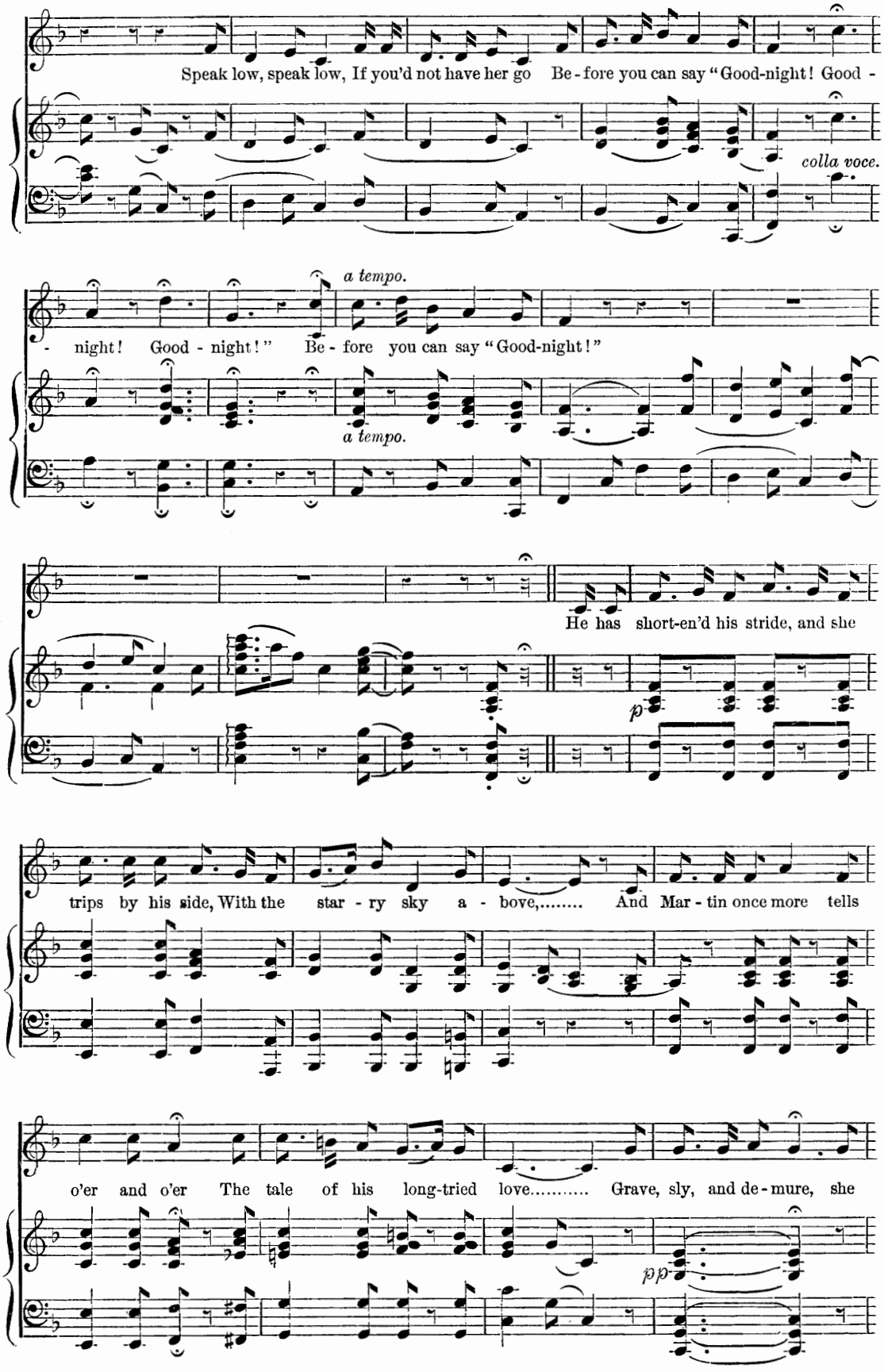
Martin, the Man-at-arms.

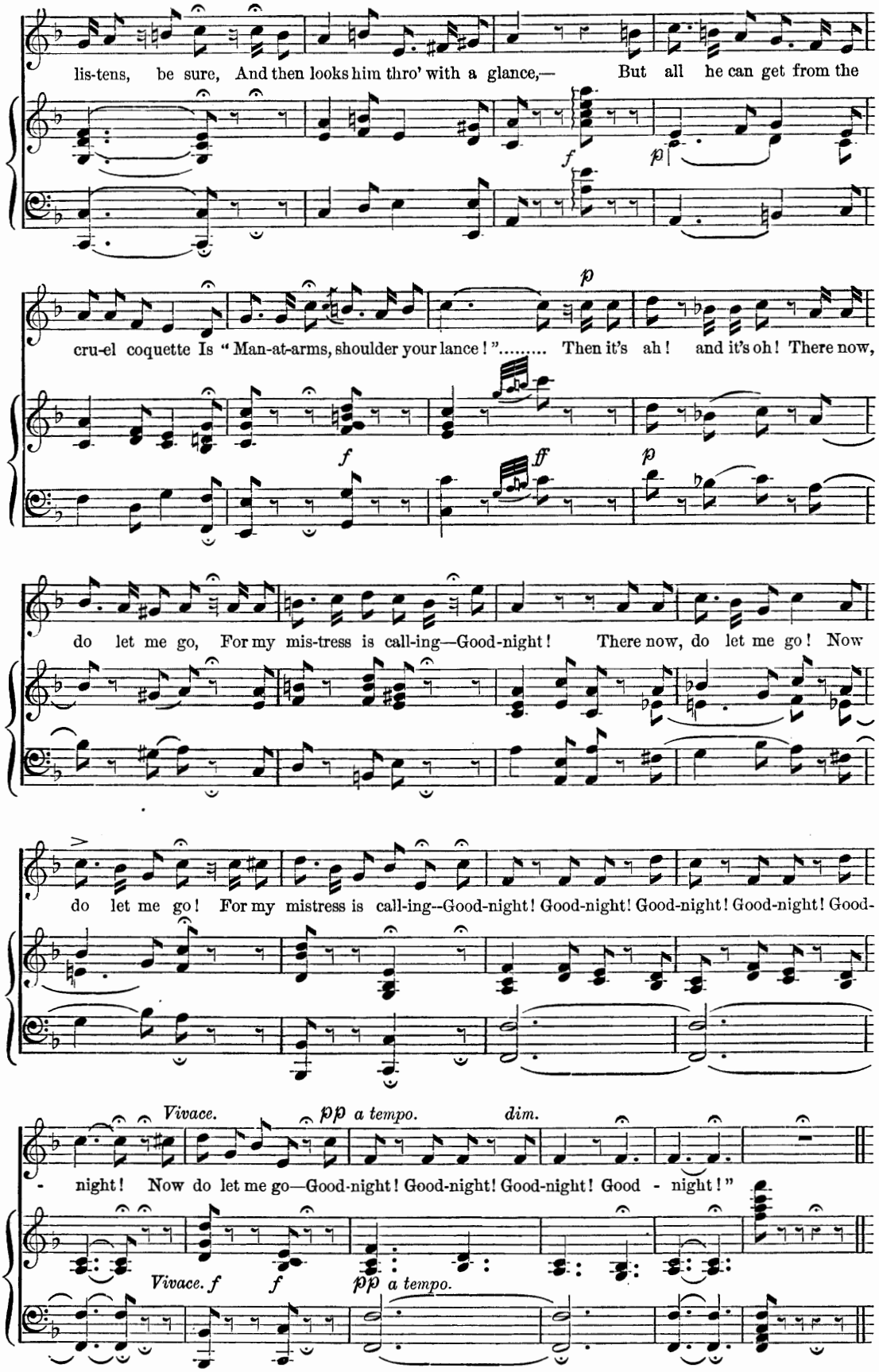
W. H. Bellamy. E. J. Loder.




looks o'er the lea, All a - round is calm and still..... Save the kine in the fold low - ing
la - zi - ly, And the tin-kle of the rill,..... While full and low Floats
pp
più lento.
down be-low The sen-tin-el's deep "Good-night! Good-night! Good - night!" The sen-tin-el's deep "Good-
pp colla voce.
f
- night!"
f
fz

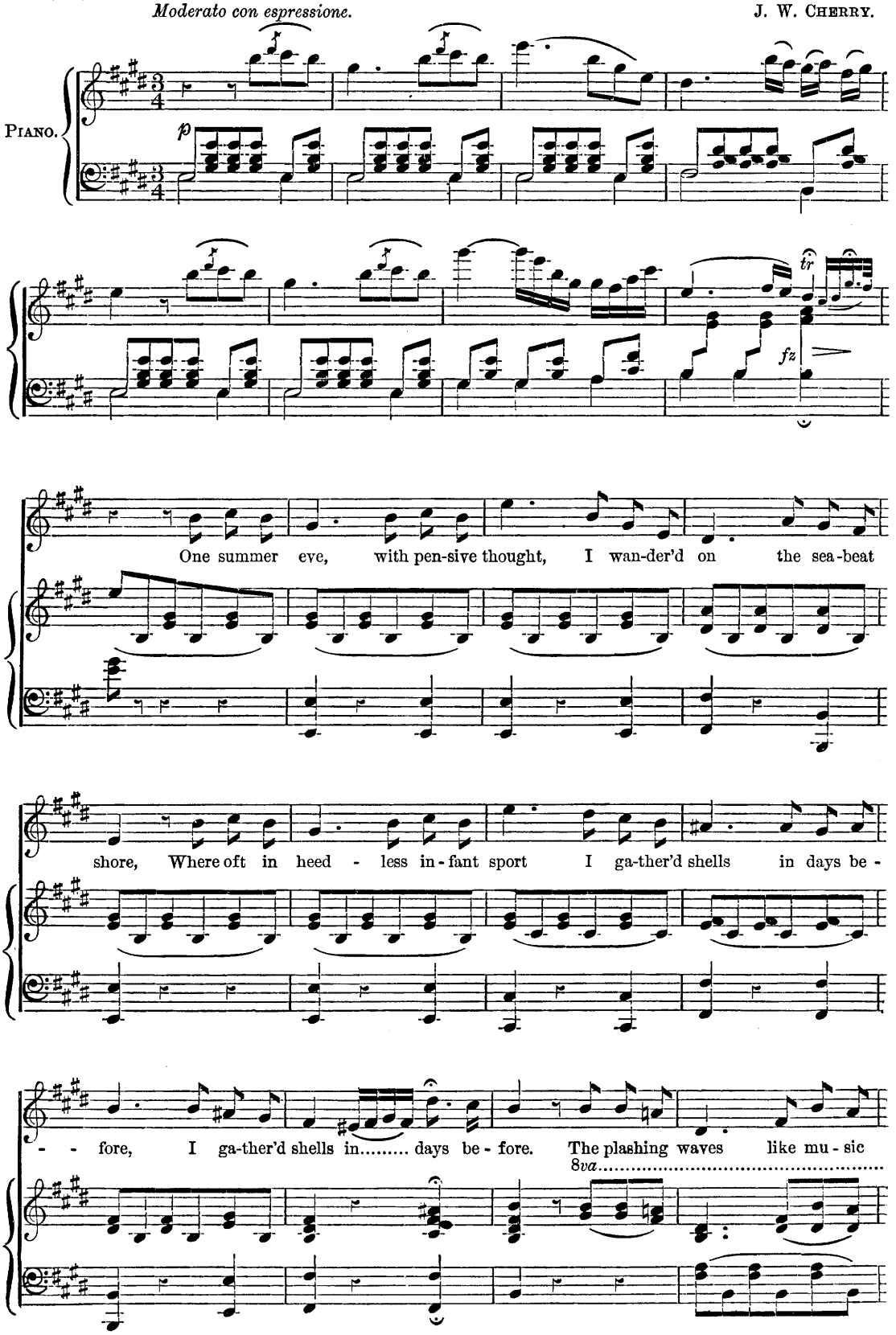

Quicker.
He halts and he hark-ens! a quick, light step Is heard on the tur-ret stair;..... What
Quicker.
p
a tempo.
flut-ters so white in the clear star-light? 'Tis the veil of a dam-sel fair..... "Who goes
a tempo.
there? la-dy fair— So please you de-clare Why here at this lone-ly hour?"..... Oh! it's
pp
on-ly Nannette, the pret-ty co-quette, That waits in my la-dy's bow'r;.....

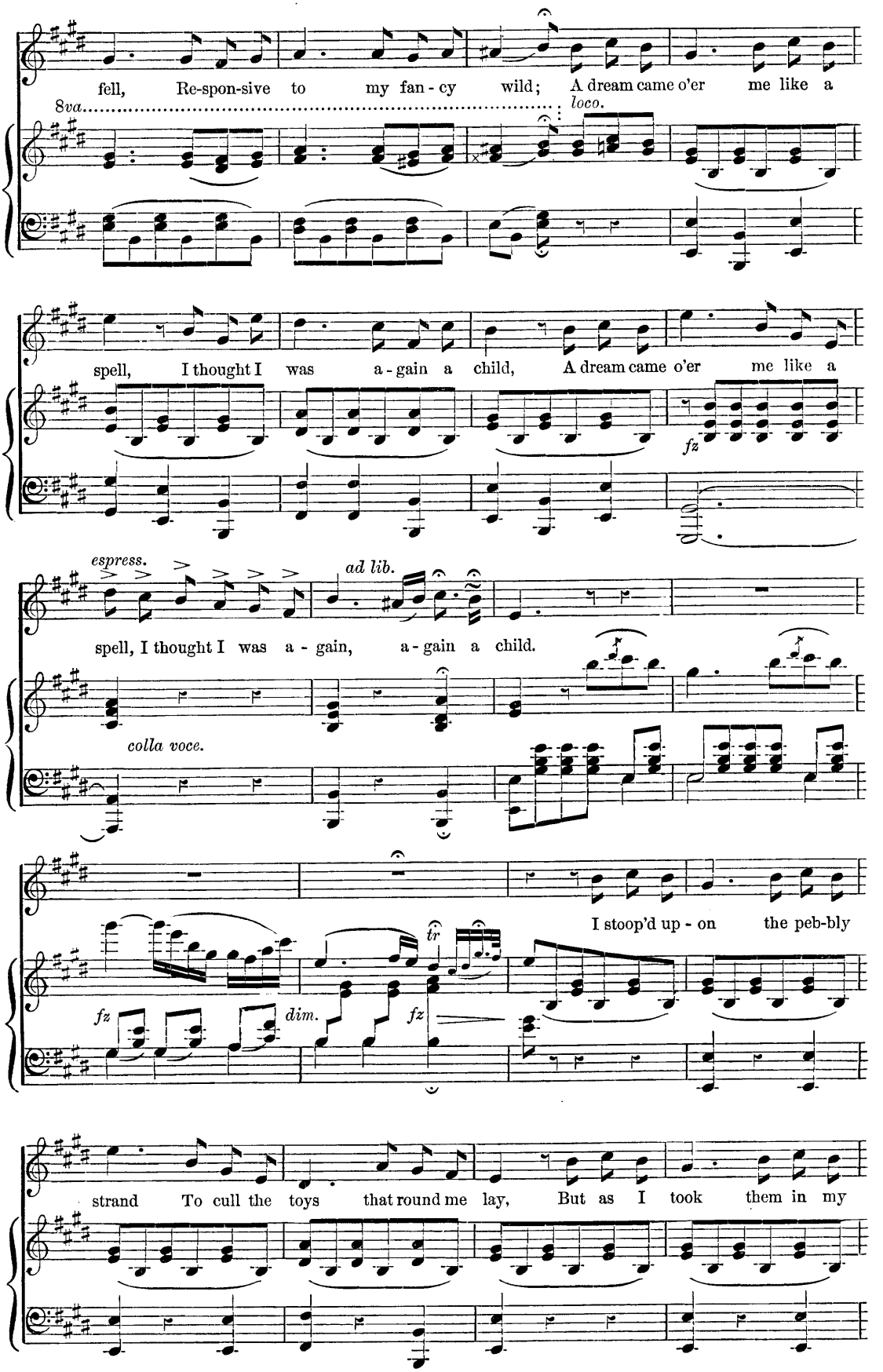

Speak low, speak low, If you'd not have her go Be - fore you can say "Good-night! Good -
colla voce.
a tempo.
- night! Good - night!" Be - fore you can say "Good-night!"
a tempo.
He has short-en'd his stride, and she
p
trips by his side, With the star - ry sky a - bove,..... And Mar - tin once more tells
o'er and o'er The tale of his long-tried love..... Grave, sly, and de - mure, she
pp

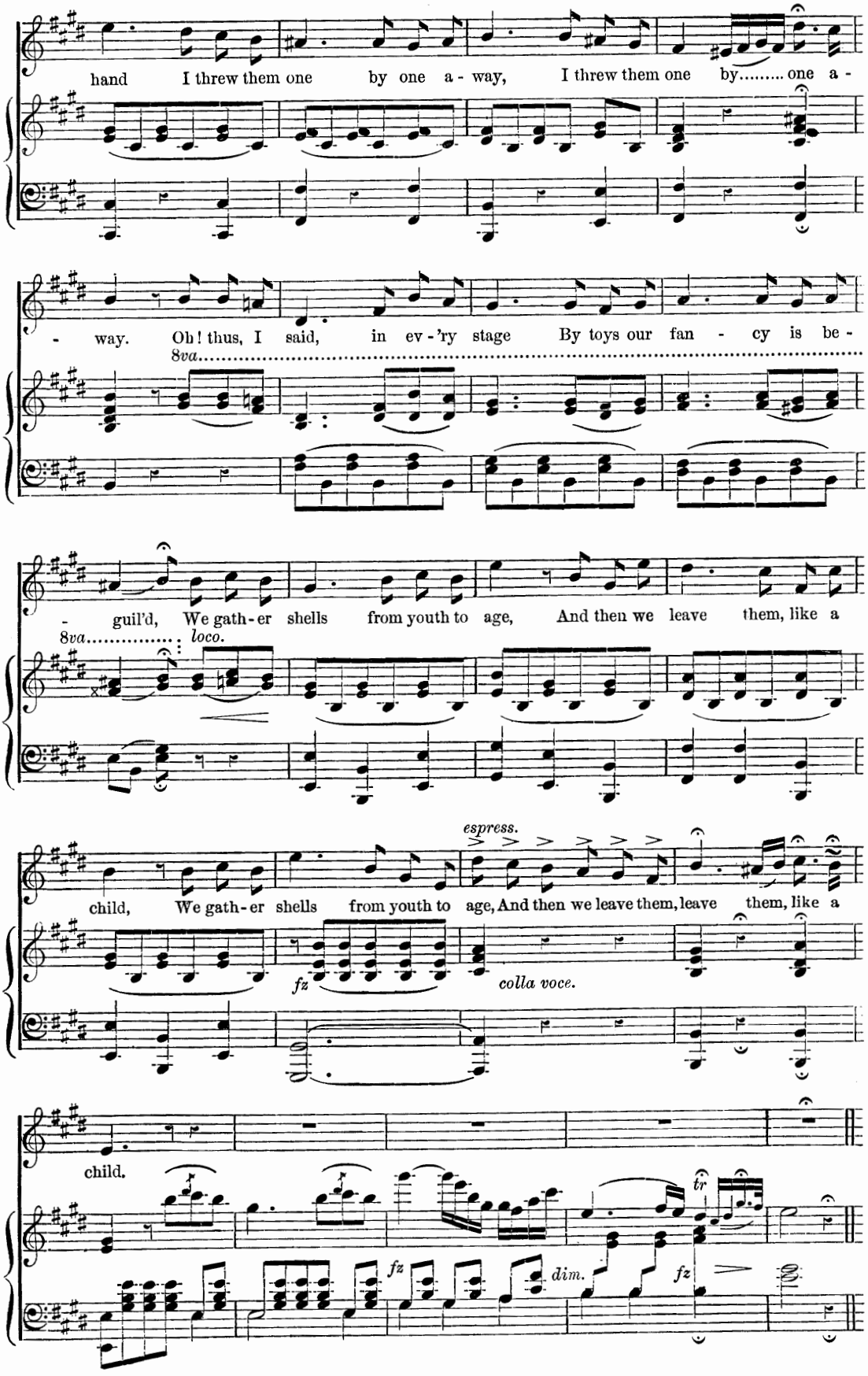

lis-tens, be sure, And then looks him thro' with a glance,— But all he can get from the
f
p
cru-el coquette Is "Man-at-arms, shoulder your lance!"..... Then it's ah! and it's oh! There now,
p
f
ff
p
do let me go, For my mis-tress is call-ing—Good-night! There now, do let me go! Now
do let me go! For my mistress is call-ing--Good-night! Good-night! Good-night! Good-night! Good-
Vivace.
pp a tempo.
dim.
- night! Now do let me go—Good-night! Good-night! Good-night! Good - night!"
Vivace. f
f
pp a tempo.

Shells of Ocean.

J. W. LAKE. *Moderato con espressione.* J. W. CHERRY.

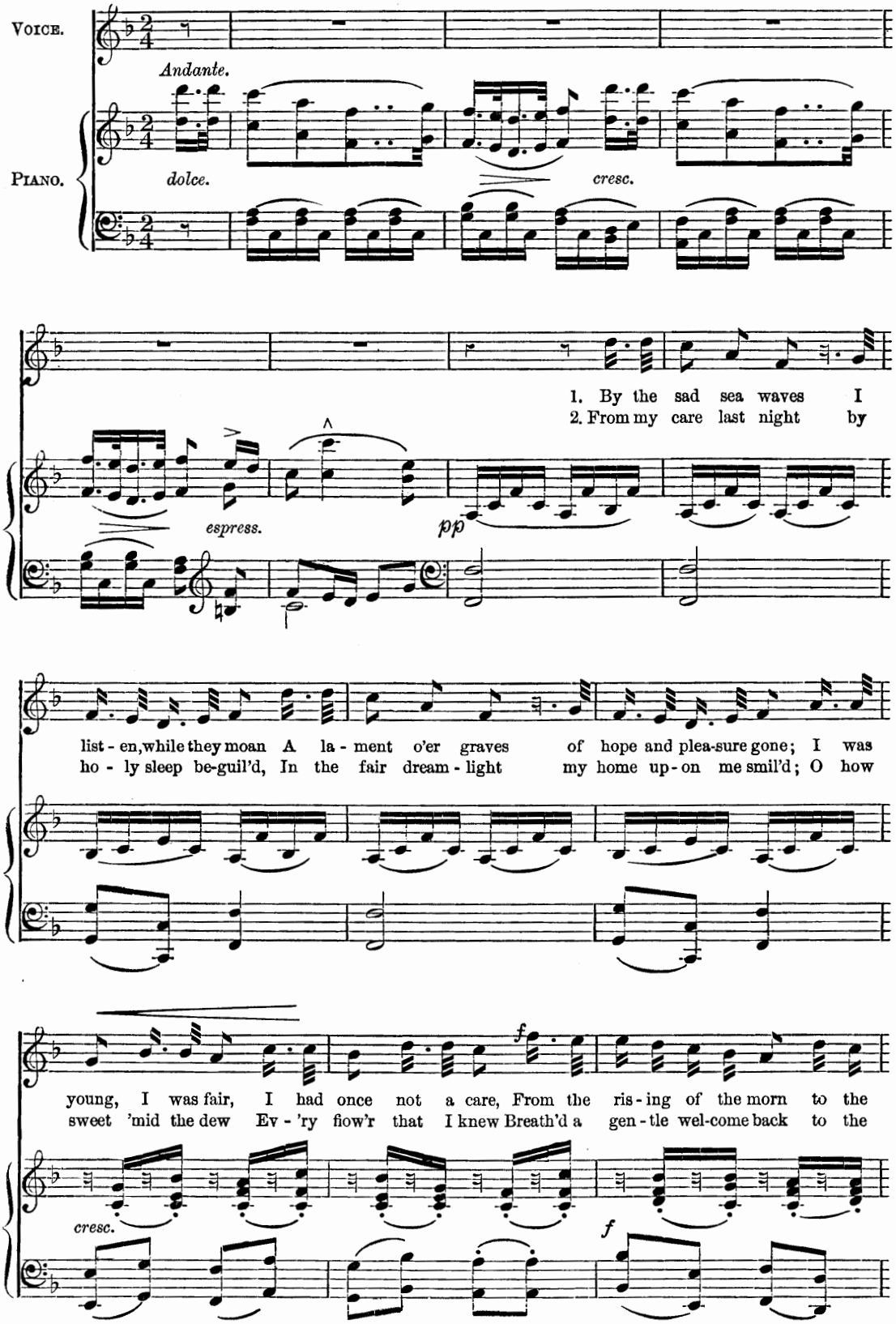


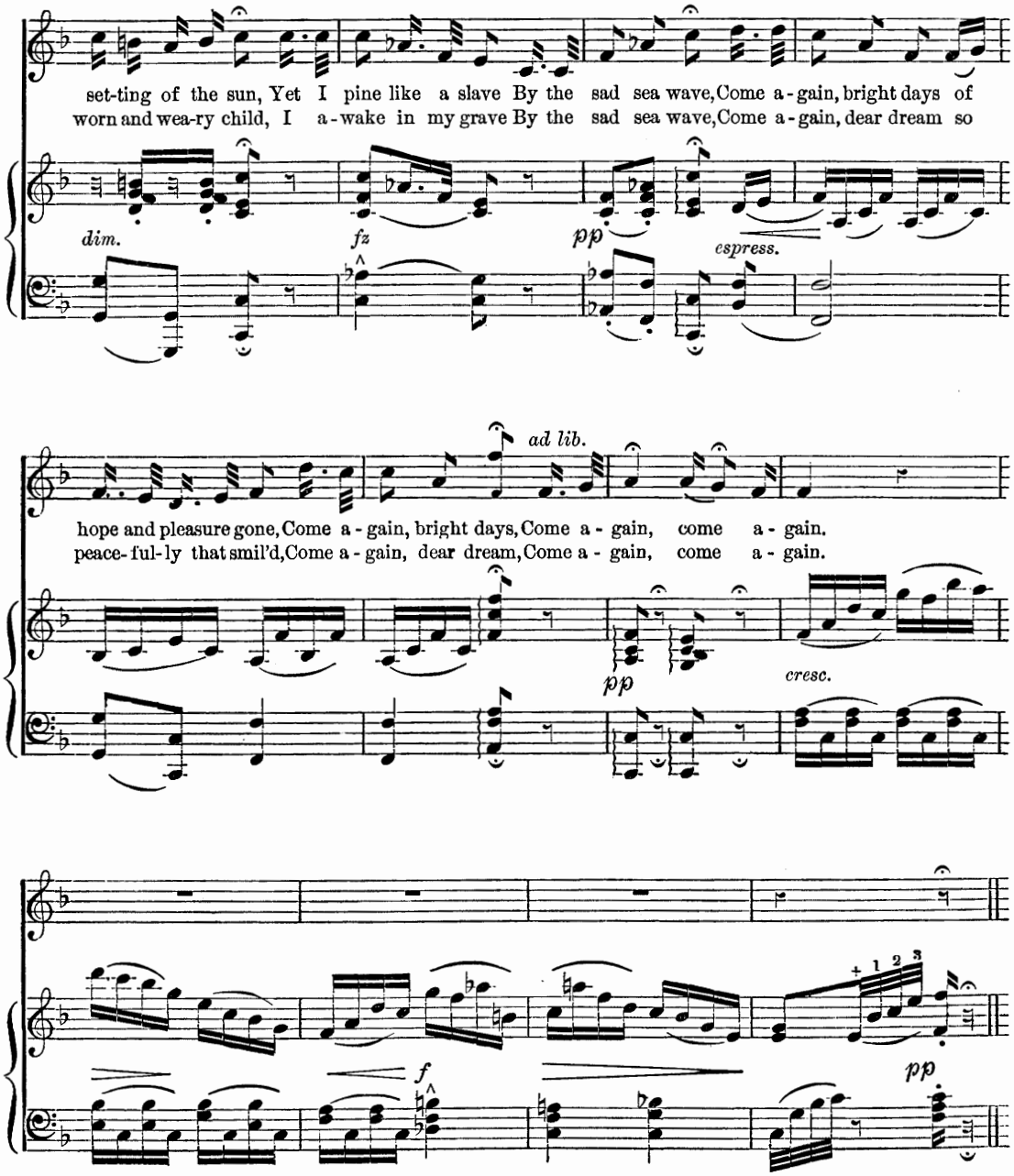

fell, Re-spon-sive to my fan - cy wild; A dream came o'er me like a
8va
loco.
spell, I thought I was a - gain a child, A dream came o'er me like a
fz
espress.
ad lib.
spell, I thought I was a - gain, a - gain a child.
colla voce.
I stoop'd up - on the peb-bly
tr
fz
dim.
fz
strand To cull the toys that round me lay, But as I took them in my


hand I threw them one by one a - way, I threw them one by..... one a -
- way. Oh! thus, I said, in ev - 'ry stage By toys our fan - cy is be -
8va.....
- guil'd, We gath - er shells from youth to age, And then we leave them, like a
8va..... loco.
espress.
child, We gath - er shells from youth to age, And then we leave them, leave them, like a
fz
colla voce.
child.
fz
dim.
fz
tr

By the sad sea waves.

J. Benedict.




set-ting of the sun, Yet I pine like a slave By the sad sea wave, Come a-gain, bright days of
worn and wea-ry child, I a-wake in my grave By the sad sea wave, Come a-gain, dear dream so
dim.
fz
pp
espress.
ad lib.
hope and pleasure gone, Come a-gain, bright days, Come a-gain, come a-gain.
peace-ful-ly that smil'd, Come a-gain, dear dream, Come a-gain, come a-gain.
pp
cresc.
f
pp