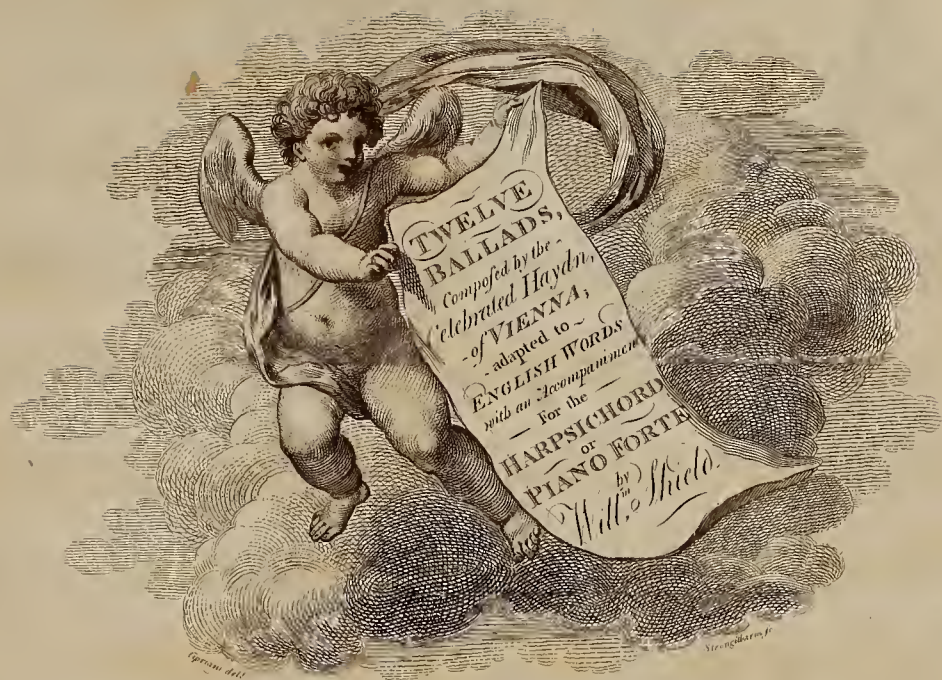


*James G. Johnson*



Price 7/6.

*N.B. the Major part of the Poetry was written on purpose to suit the measure of these elegant Ballads.*

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# IRIS

The Words by W<sup>m</sup> Pearce Esq<sup>r</sup>

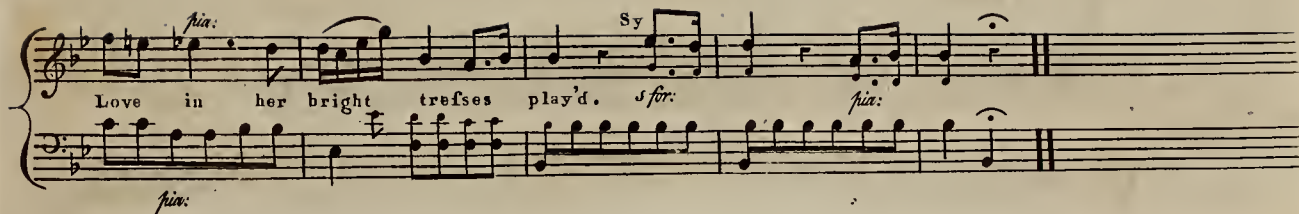
Poco Adagio

The first system of musical notation for the song 'IRIS'. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Poco Adagio'. The lyrics are: 'In this still re-tire-ment fair I-ris I viewd Her beauty en-'.

The second system of musical notation. The lyrics are: '-chant-ed her man-ner sub-dued; In ef-fa-ble'. There is a 'for:' marking above the first measure of the vocal line.

The third system of musical notation. The lyrics are: 'sweet-ness each fea-ture ar-ray'd each fea-ture ar-ray'd'. There is a 'fin' marking above the first measure of the vocal line.

The fourth system of musical notation. The lyrics are: 'And the ma-gic of Love in her bright tresses play'd, the ma-gic of'. There is a 'for:' marking above the last measure of the vocal line.



## 2

The Fair thus resifless pass'd carelefs along,  
 Praife follow'd her footsteps and blefs'd her in fong:  
 For fure ev'ry virtue adorns that foft breaft,  
 Whofe Snow gave to Innocence hint for a Vef.

## 3

In what dripping Grotto - what blofsom-fenc'd Bow'r,  
 Sequefters the Beauty from noon's burning pow'r?  
 Afsift in the fearch, O ye gay Village Swains,  
 And the fmile on her lips will requite all your pains.

## 4

But why fhould I tempt you her charms to behold!  
 Why lure you to bondage with fetters of gold!  
 In love 'tis moft pleafing to fuffer alone,  
 And the lofs of your hearts wont recover my own.

## AN ADDRESS TO THE UNSUCCESSFUL LOVER

Adagio

In vain O hap - less Lo - ver Thou fight for De - lia's charms These

Eyes her with dis - co - ver To blefs an - o - - - - - thers arms These

Eyes her with dis - co - ver To blefs an - o - - - - - thers arms Sy



*for:* Yet not a-lone a-

*sfor.* *sfor.* *sfor.*  
do-ring Thou mark't the Nymph di-vine Thou mark't the Nymph di-vine Un-

number'd hearts de-plo-ring Like thee for De-lia pine Like thee - - for

Sy  
De-lia pine.

## THE TEAR

The Words by Major Waller

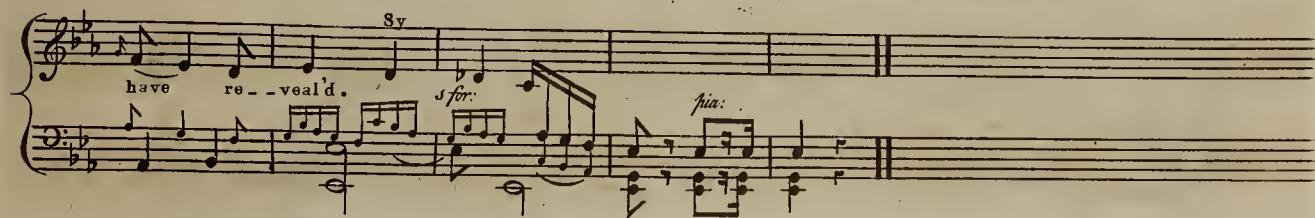
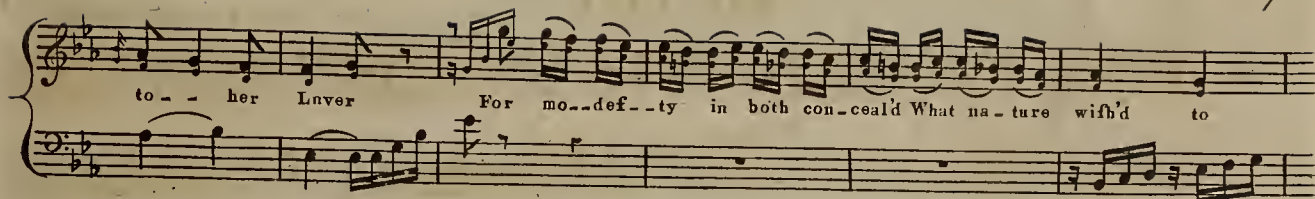
*for.* *fia.* *h*

*sfor.* Long had Al-can-dor fight'd in vain And

*sfor.* felt loves a-go-ni-zing pain *Sy* *sfor.* *sfor.* Nor

could Eu-phra-fia then dif-co-ver By words her tor-ments





2

Meeting her once by chance in tears,  
 He ventur'd to declare his fears;  
 And ardently he fought to know  
 The source from whence those tears could flow;  
 For, in a Form so heavenly fair,  
 He thought no grief could harbour there.

3

Nor could she then the cause confess,  
 But softly said look nigh and guess!  
 With faltering accent as she speaks,  
 The Dew-drops glisten down her cheeks  
 Whilst he no further could advance,  
 Than just to cast a timid glance.

4

In dread suspense, the Youth espies  
 A Tear, just starting from her Eyes;  
 He gaz'd, and (what he least expected)  
 The crystal Orb himself reflected:  
 With modest vows he own'd his flame,  
 And what he dar'd to name.

5

With transport next he snatch'd a Kiss,  
 And drank the Tear, on hearing "Yes!  
 Reserve at length, was laid aside,  
 Euphrasia made his happy Bride;  
 And may no Ills their bliss destroy;  
 But, all their tears be tears of joy!

## INCONSTANCY

The Words by Peter Pindar Esq.

Allegretto

Thou toldst me

sweet per-fi-dious Maid That spring should lose her va-ried bloom Thou toldst me sweet per-fi-dious

Sy

Maid That spring should lose her va-ried bloom That Cynthia's

filv'ry beam should fade And Sol no more the World il-lume When thou the pride of ev'-ry

9

Grove Shouldst cease to blefs me with thy love.

2

Spring boasts her bloom and Cynthia's rays  
 Still chase the solemn Shades of Night;  
 Whilst Sol with undiminish'd blaze,  
 Pours on the Globe his golden light:  
 And ah! my trembling lips declare  
 That thou art false as thou art fair.

3

But thou wilt say "ah! silly Swain  
 How dares thy love to her aspire  
 For whom a thousand sighs in vain  
 And kindle with a hopeless fire"  
 I own the folly - but what breast  
 Swells not with wishes to be blest?

## THE COTTAGERS

The Words by W.<sup>th</sup> Pearce Esq.

Vivace

From this roof young Willy went,

When the Lark first left its bed; *for:* Whist'ring be my Love content

I to distant Vales must tread. *for:* But when Ev'-nings Star ap-pears

Thro' the dews I'll seek this spot, Thro' the dews I'll seek this spot

Let me kifs a - - way thy Tears let me kifs a - - way thy Tears, 'Tis with grief I leave the

*cres* *for:* *fin:*

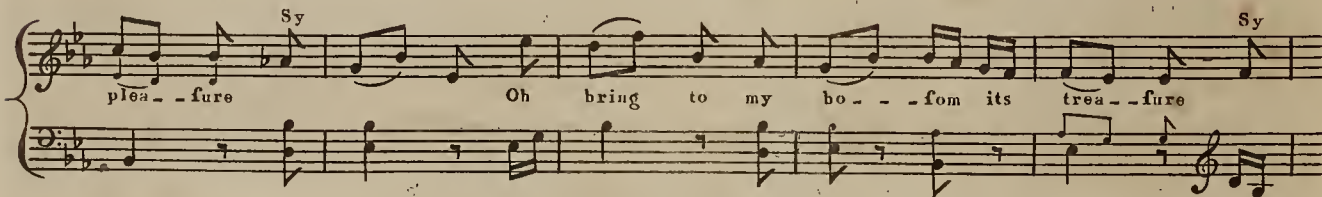
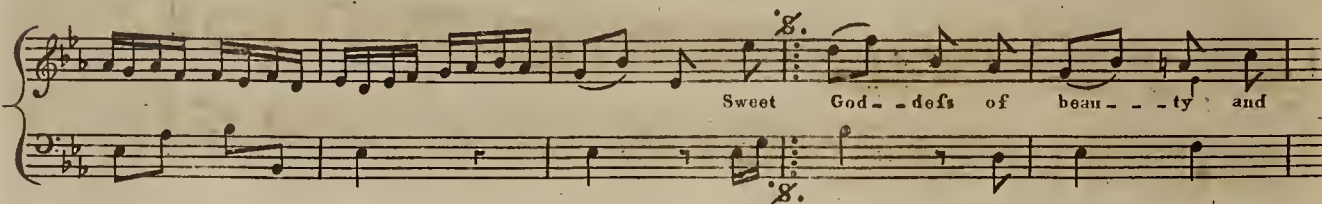
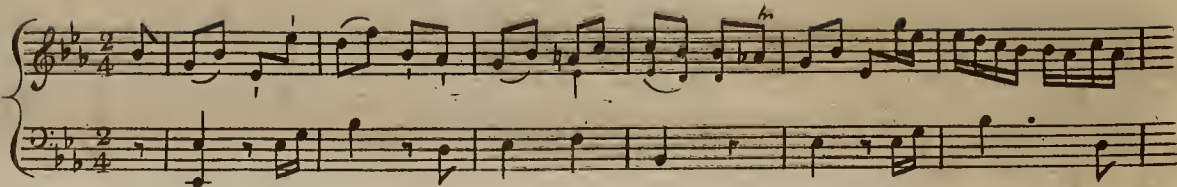
Sy  
Got. *for:*

This he laid then strode away  
 O'er the heathy mountain far:  
 O to guide him left he stray  
 Rife thou blefsed Ev'ning Star!  
 See it beams! - and hark his fong!  
 Sweetly to 'my ear 'tis borne,  
 Blithe my Shepherd trips along  
 Faithful to his vows at morn!



## AN INVOCATION TO VENUS

Allegretto



Eye Those lips be mine And smiles di-vine For which a thou--sand sigh.

Ah!

## 2

Ah! grant to my wishes her graces  
 With her shouldst thou blest my embraces  
     In ev'ry kiss  
     An age of bliss  
 This happy heart would know  
     To live with her  
     Is Joy sincere  
 But ah! without her woe.

## THE KNITTING GIRL

From the German; by M<sup>r</sup>. Holcroft

Adagio

*Sy* *s for:*

*s for:* *fin:* Hark Phil - lis hark thro' yon - der Grove Re - spon - five Na - ture

*Sy* *s for:* fings Love seeks the deep em - bowerd Alcove And lends swift Fancy wings.

*All°* *s for:* Phillis heard but Phillis fat Si - lent

knitting      Sy      Silent knitting at her Cottage gate      Sy      Phil-lis

heard but fat silent knitting at her Cottage gate.

## 2

Enthron'd he's seated in thine Eye;

Where he tho' blind, can see

Himself reflected in each sigh

He bids me breathe for thee.      Phillis heard &c:

## 3

Lo tow'rd's the Bow'r he beckons now;

Oh! rife and come away!

From ill to ward thee is his vow;

To guard, and not betray.

Phillis heard, but Phillis fat

No longer knitting at her Cottage gate.

## THE FORSAKEN LADY

The Words by M.<sup>r</sup> Holcroft

*Sy*  
*for:*

*s for:* *fua:*

*Sy*  
*s for:*

*s for:* *Sy*

*s for:* *Sy*

A-- la's a-- la's my heart why dost thou languish

Ah wherefore love these sighs this bitter anguish

Can sighs- and tears re-- gain- the false Man e-- ver? No, never, ne-- ver.

*fua:*  
*s for:*



Can sighs and tears re-gain the false Man e-ver? No never ne-

2

3

Most hapless Woman! Man most base and cruel;  
 Why are neglect and scorn Love's fiercest fuel?  
 Why, Nature, mad'st thou Women so believing  
 Men so decieving.

Ten thousand shrieks and cries, thy ears assailing,  
 Shall rend thy perjured heart, its guilt bewailing:  
 Yet no! they look! and none, tho' wretched living,  
 Die unforgiving.

4

To life and light adieu, farewell false Rover;  
 Henceforth thy Joys and pangs, oh love, are over:  
 Thy taunts, oh World, which never me befriended,  
 Are now all ended.

## AN OLD STORY

The Words by M<sup>r</sup>. Holcroft

Allegro

Stacc

*for:*

cres

Young Hal call'd soft-ly rife my dear 'Tis

*for:*

I your true Love can't you hear Young Hal call'd soft-ly rife my dear 'Tis I your true Love

can't you hear He tapp'd and tapp'd im - pa - tient grown A - gain he call'd and

Sy  
faid Why Nan-cy love want you come down No, no; re-plied the

Sy  
Maid.

2

The wind is bleak, the night is dark,  
Disturbed the Village watch-dogs bark;  
Full five long miles for thee I've come,  
O'er dreary Moorlands stray'd,  
Rife from thy bed and make me room:  
No, no; replied the Maid.

3

Then doleful turn'd he from the door,  
And cur'd his fate, and love forswore!  
But as he turn'd he heard the key,  
As tho' to creak afraid!  
You'll not prove false, sure, whisper'd she;  
No, no; my charming Maid!

4

Thrice kiss'd the Lovers; thrice the Clock  
Beat on the Bell; thrice crowd'd the Cock;  
Yet still right loath was Hal to go,  
Tho' Nancy begg'd and pray'd:  
Till the laughing Neighbours cried oh ho!  
Is it fo my pretty Maid!

## THE FLAME OF LOVE

The Words by Mathew Prior Esq.

Adagio

*s for:* Whiff

*Sy*

I am scorched with hot de-fire, In vain cold friendship you re-turn;

*Sy*

In vain cold friendship you re-turn:

*pia:* Your drops of pi-ty ou my fire A-

- lafs! but make it fiercer burn Sy Your drops of pi- - ty on my fire A -

- lafs - - - but make - - - it fierc - - - er burn. Sy

- lafs - - - but make - - - it fierc - - - er burn.

## 2

Ah! would you have the flame supprest  
 That kills the heart it heats too fast,  
 Take half my Pafsion to your breast,  
 The rest in mine shall ever last.



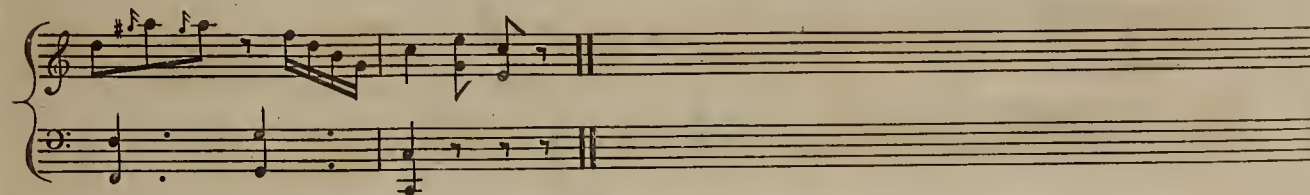
## MOLLY CARR

When I at my window am ga-zing 'Tis not at a Co-met or Star But an

ob-ject more bright and more plea-sing The face of my sweet Mol-ly Carr

No Daph-ne no Chlo-e nor Phil-lis Tho' Po-ets put them on the

par-- tho' Po-ets put them on the par-- With beauties of Ro-fes and Lil-lies Can



2

Ye Soldiers who boast in your Prattle,  
 Yet always hope danger is far,  
 You're more safe from the Cannons in Battle  
 Than the Eyes of my fweet Molly Carr:  
 The Prelate so famous for teaching,  
 The excellent virtues of Tar,  
 Had he seen her he'd left off his Preaching,  
 To treat of my fweet Molly Carr.

3

Ye Lawyers who make yourselves drudges,  
 With much dirty work at the Bar,  
 You wou'd quit all your fees and the Judges,  
 To plead to my fweet Molly Carr:  
 Ye Doctors so learned in Physic,  
 Who nature's decays can repair,  
 May search but you'll find no specific,  
 So certain as fweet Molly Carr.

4

Let those out of play with the Nation,  
 With great ones eternally jar,  
 I am humbly content with my station,  
 So smiles but my fweet Molly Carr:  
 Tho' rich as a Croesus in treasure,  
 In kingdoms as great as a Czar,  
 All, all I wou'd lay down with pleasure,  
 At the Feet of my fweet Molly Carr.

## MYRA

Written by Lord Lyttleton in 1732

*Allegretto*

Say My-ra why is

Sy gentle love A stranger to that mind; Which pi-ty and esteem can move; Which

Sy can be just and kind? which can be just and kind.

*Sfor.* *Sfor.*

2

Is it because you fear to share  
The Ills that love molest,  
The jealous doubt, the tender care,  
That rack the am'rous breast?

3

Alas! by some degree of woe  
We ev'ry bliss, must gain:  
The heart can ne'er a transport know,  
That never feels a pain.