A SELECTION

OF

IRISH MELODIES,

WITH

Symphonies and Accompaniments

BY

Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc.

AND

CHARACTERISTIC WORDS

BY

Thomas Moore Esq.r

No. IV. PRICE 15s.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY J. POWER, 34, STRAND.

LONDON:—PRINTED BY J. RAYER,
Harvey's Buildings Strand.

Stevenson,

Tom 4.

Advertisement.

THIS Number of THE MELODIES ought to have appeared much earlier; and the writer of the words is ashamed to confess, that the delay of its publication must be imputed chiefly, if not entirely, to him. He finds it necessary to make this avowal, not only for the purpose of removing all blame from the publisher, but in consequence of a rumour, which has been circulated industriously in Dublin, that the Irish Government had interfered to prevent the continuance of the Work. This would be, indeed, a revival of HENRY the Eighth's enactments against Minstrels, and it is flattering to find that so much importance is attached to our compilation even by such persons as the inventors of the report. Bishop LOWTH, it is true, was of opinion that *one* song, like the *Hymn to Harmodius*, would have done more towards rousing the spirit of the Romans than *all* the philippics of CICERO. But we live in wiser and less musical times; ballads have long lost their revolutionary powers, and we question if even a "Lillibullero" would produce any very *serious* consequences at present. It is needless, therefore, to add, that there is no truth in the report; and we trust that whatever belief it obtained was founded more upon the character of *the Government* than of *the Work*.

The Airs of the last Number, though full of originality and beauty, were perhaps in general, too curiously selected to become all at once as popular as, we think, they deserve to be. The Public are remarkably reserved towards new acquaintances in music, which, perhaps, is one of the reasons why many modern composers introduce none but old friends to their notice. Indeed, it is natural that persons, who love music only by association, should be slow in feeling the charms of a new and strange melody; while those, who have a quick sensibility for this enchanting art, will as naturally seek and enjoy novelty, because in every variety of strain they find a fresh combination of ideas, and the sound has scarcely reached the ear, before the heart has rapidly translated it into sentiment. After all, however, it cannot be denied that the most popular of our national Airs are also the most beautiful; and it has been our wish, in the present Number, to select from those Melodies only which have long been listened to and admired. The least known in the collection is the Air of "*Love's young Dream;*" but it is one of those easy, artless strangers, whose merit the heart acknowledges instantly.

Bury-street, St. James's,
Nov. 1811.

T. M.

Printed by W. CLOWES,
Northumberland-court, Strand, London.

Select IRISH MELODIES

with Symphonies & Accompaniments

by SIR JOHN STEVENSON MUS. D.

Adapted to the Words by

THOMAS MOORE

Fourth Number

London, Published by J. Power, 34, Strand

Price 5/- Sheet

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T. M.

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A Selection of IRISH MELODIES,

with Symphonies and Accompaniments

BY

SIR JOHN STEVENSON Mus. Doc.

and Characteristic Words by

Thomas Moore Esq.

Fourth Number.

Price 15 Shill.gs

London, Published by J. Power, 34, Strand.

To the

Nobility and Gentry

of

Ireland,

The following Work

Is respectfully Inscribed

By

The Publisher.

Silvester sc. 27 Strand.

INDEX

TO

THE SECOND NUMBER OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

INDEX

TO

THE HARMONIZED AIRS.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM,

Oh! the Days are gone.

Moderate Time with Expression

Oh! the days are gone, when beauty bright My heart's chain wove; When my dream of life, from morn till night, Was love, still love! New hope may bloom, And days may come, Of milder, calmer beam, But there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream! Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream!

2d VERSE.

Tho the bard to pur_er fame may soar, When wild youth's past; Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd before, To smile at last; He'll never meet A joy so sweet In all his noon of fame, As when first he sung to Woman's ear His soul - felt flame, And at ev'_ry close, she blush'd to hear The one lov'd name!

3d VERSE.

Oh! that fai - ry form is ne'er for-got, Which first love trac'd, Still it

ling'ring haunts the greenest spot On memory's waste! 'Twas o-dour fled As

soon as shed; 'Twas morning's wing-ed dream! 'Twas a light, that ne'er can

shine a-gain On life's dull stream! Oh! 'twas light, that ne'er can

shine again On life's dull stream! *Dim - in - u - en - do*

OH! THE DAYS ARE GONE.

AIR—*The Old Woman*

I.

OH! the days are gone, when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love!
New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!
Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!

II.

Tho' the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Tho he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one lov'd name!

III.

Oh! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
Which first love trac'd;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste!
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's winged dream!
'Twas a light, that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!
Oh! 'twas light, that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!

THO' DARK ARE OUR SORROWS.

AIR—*St. Patrick's Day.*

I.

THO' dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
And smile thro' our tears, like a sun-beam in showers;
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours!
But, just when the chain
Has ceas'd to pain,
And hope has enwreath'd it round with flowers,
There comes a new link
Our spirit to sink!—
Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay;
But tho' 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.

II.

Contempt on the minion, who calls you disloyal!
Tho' fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
Is love from a heart, that loves liberty too.
While cowards, who blight
Your fame, your right,
Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array;
The standard of green
In front would be seen.—
Oh! my life on your faith! were you summon'd this minute,
You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
And shew what the arm of old Erin has in it,
When rous'd by the foe on her Prince's Day.

III.

He loves the green isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts, which have suffer'd too much to forget;
And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet!
The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast
A light to the last,
And thus, Erin, my country! tho' broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay;
A spirit, that beams thro' each suffering part,
And now smiles at their pain, on the Prince's Day!

This Song was written for a Fête in honour of the PRINCE OF WALES's Birth-Day, given by the friend, Major BRYAN, last year, (1810,) at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

THE PRINCES DAY,

Tho' dark are our sorrows.

With Spirit and Feeling

Tho' dark are our sor - rows, to-

day we'll for - get them, And smile thro' our tears, like a

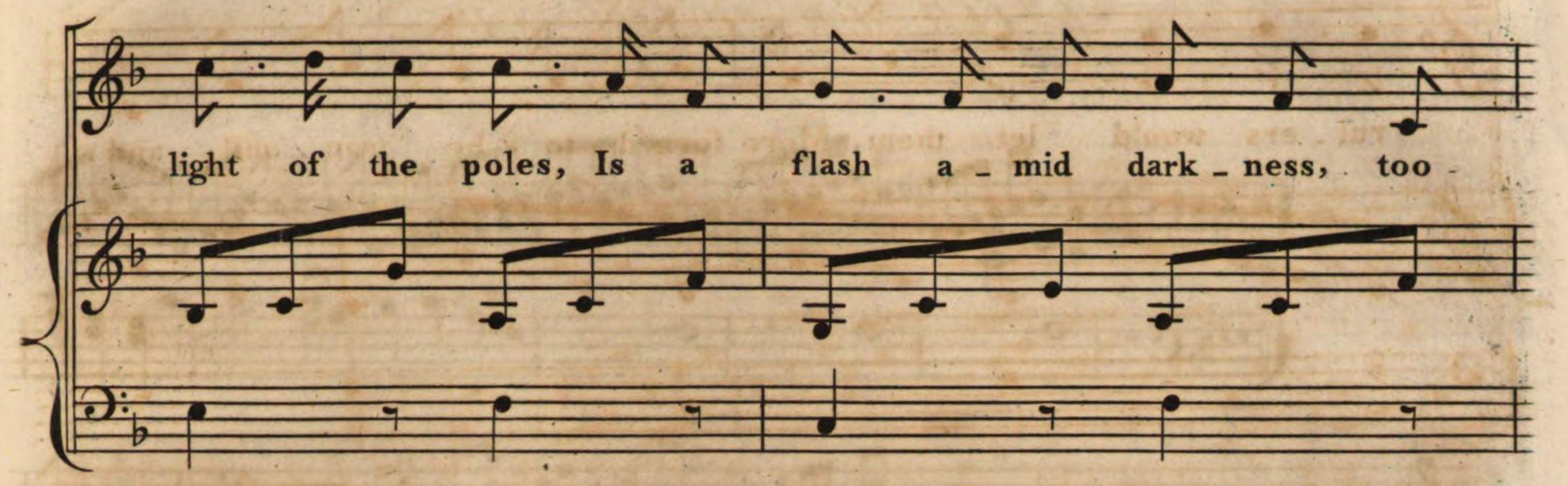
sun - beam in show'rs; There ne - ver were hearts, if our

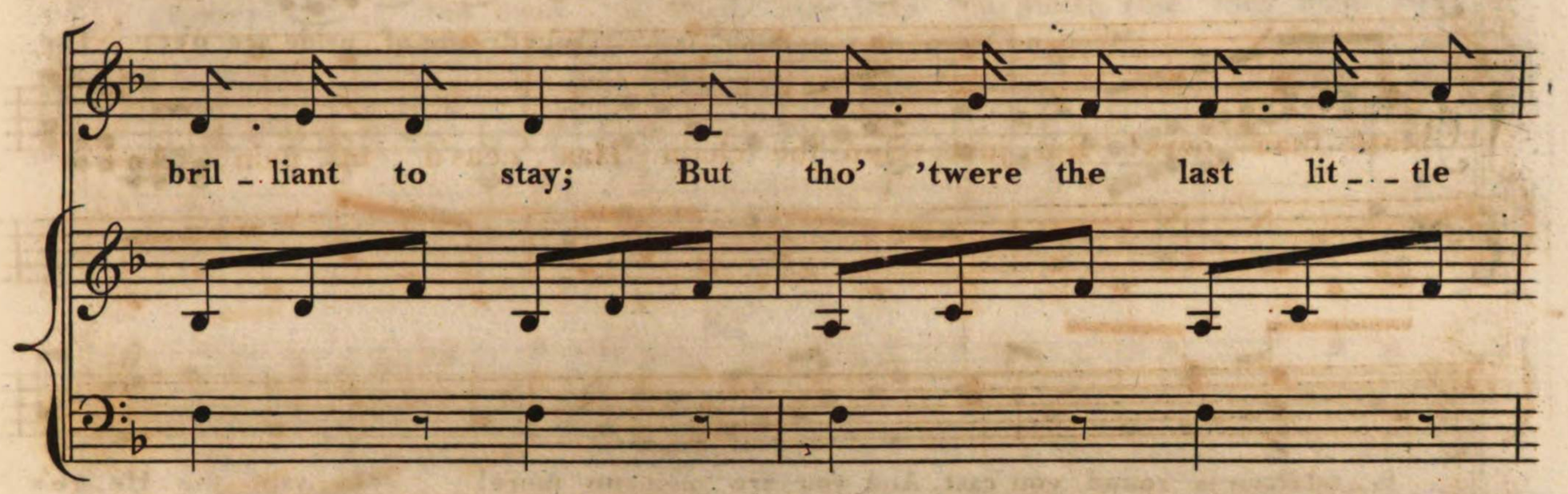
rul - ers would let them, More form'd to be tran - quil and

blest than ours! But, just when the chain Has ceas'd to pain, And

hope has enwreath'd it round with flow'rs, There comes a new link Our

spi - rit to sink!— Oh! the joy of such hearts, like the


light of the poles, Is a flash a - mid dark - ness, too -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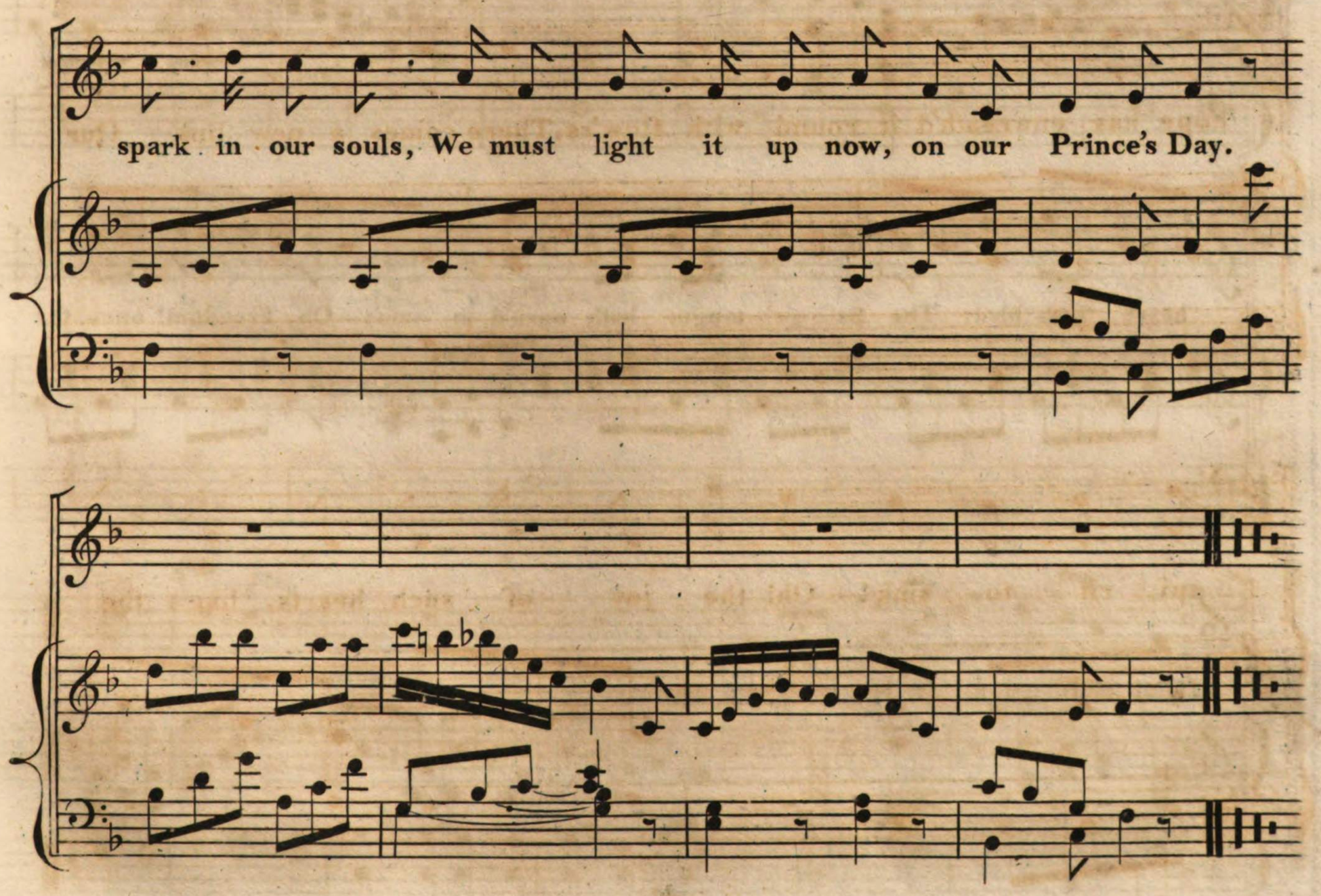

spark in our souls, We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.

Weep on, weep on!

Mournfully

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past; Your dreams of pride are o'er; The fa_tal chain is round you cast, And you are men no more! In vain the He_ro's heart hath bled; The Sa_ge's tongue hath warn'd in vain;—Oh, Freedom! once thy flame hath fled, It ne_ver lights a_gain!

2d VERSE.

Weep on — per-haps in af-ter days, They'll learn to love your

name; And many a deed may wake in praise, That long hath slept in

blame! And, when they tread the ru-in'd isle, Where rest, at length, the

lord and slave, They'll wond'-ring ask, how hands so vile Could

con-quer hearts so brave?

3d VERSE.

"'Twas fate" they'll say, "a way-ward fate, Your web of dis-cord wove; And while your ty-rants join'd in hate, You ne-ver join'd in love! But hearts fell off, that ought to twine, And man pro-fan'd what God had giv'n, Till some were heard to curse the shrine, Where o-thers knelt to Heav'n!"

AIR—*The Song of Sorrow.*

I.

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past;
  Your dreams of pride are o'er;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
  And you are men no more!
In vain the hero's heart hath bled;
  The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain;—
Oh, Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
  It never lights again!

II.

Weep on—perhaps in after days
  They'll learn to love your name;
And many a deed may wake in praise,
  That long hath slept in blame!
And, when they tread the ruin'd isle,
  Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
They'll wondering ask, how hands so vile
  Could conquer hearts so brave?

III.

"'Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate
  "Your web of discord wove;
"And while your tyrants join'd in hate,
  "You never join'd in love!
"But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,
  "And man profan'd what God had given,
"Till some were heard to curse the shrine,
  "Where others knelt to heaven!"

AIR—*Nora Creina.*

I.

LESBIA has a beaming eye,
  But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
  But what they aim at no one dreameth!
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
  My Nora's lid, that seldom rises;
Few her looks, but every one,
  Like unexpected light, surprises!
    Oh, my Nora Creina, dear!
  My gentle, bashful Nora Creina!
      Beauty lies
      In many eyes,
  But love in your's, my Nora Creina!

II.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
  But all so close the nymph has lac'd it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
  Presumes to stay where Nature plac'd it!
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
  That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
  To sink or swell, as heaven pleases!
    Yes, my Nora Creina, dear!
  My simple, graceful Nora Creina!
      Nature's dress
      Is loveliness,
  The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina:

III.

Lesbia has a wit refin'd,
  But, when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're design'd
  To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
  In safer slumber love reposes;—
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
  Is but the crumpling of the roses!
    Oh, my Nora Creina, dear!
  My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
      Wit, tho' bright,
      Has not the light
  That warms your eyes, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia has a beaming Eye.

With Lightness and Expression

espress

Les_bia has a beaming eye, But

no one knows for whom it beameth; Right and left its arrows fly, But

what they aim at no one dreameth! Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon My

No _ ra's lid, that sel _ dom ris _ es; Few her looks, but, ev'_ ry, one Like

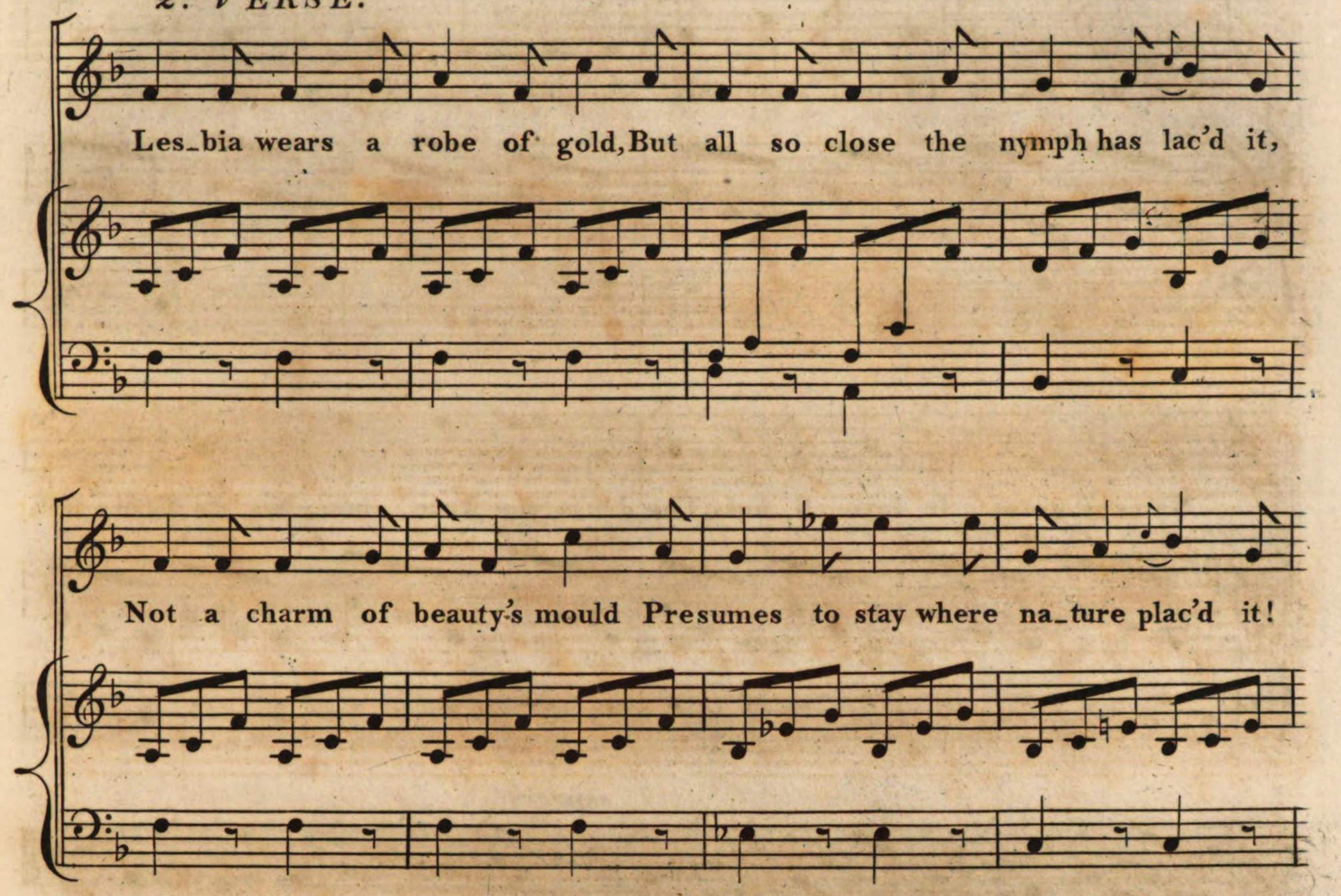
un _ expect _ ed light sur_pris _ es! Oh, my No _ ra Crei_na dear! My

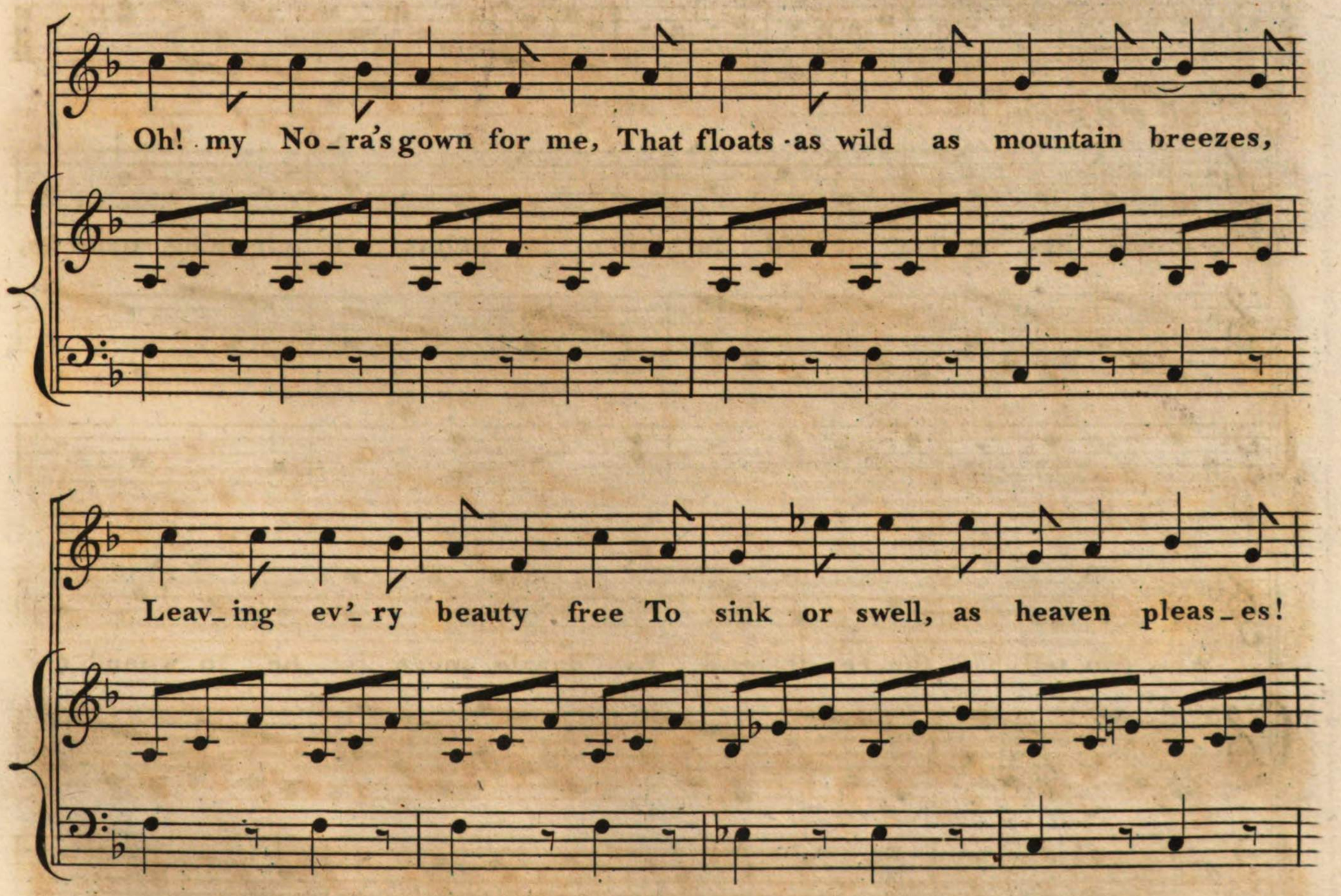
gen_tle, bash_ ful No _ ra Creina! Beauty lies In ma_ny eyes, But

love in yours, my No _ ra Crei _ na!

espress

2d VERSE.


Les_bia wears a robe of gold, But all so close the nymph has lac'd it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould Presumes to stay where na_ture plac'd it!


Oh! my No_ra's gown for me, That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leav_ing ev'_ry beauty free To sink or swell, as heaven pleas_es!

Yes, my No_ra Creina, dear! My simple, grace_ful No_ra Crei_na!

Nature's dress is love_li_ness, The dress *you* wear, my No_ra Crei_na!

espress

3d VERSE.

Lesbia has a wit refin'd, But, when its points are gleaming round us,

Who can tell if they're design'd To dazzle mere_ly, or to wound us?

Pillow'd on my No_ra's heart, In saf_er slum_ber love re_pos_es;—

Bed of peace! whose roughest part Is but the crumpling of the ros_es!

Oh, my No_ra Creina dear! My mild, my art_less No_ra Creina!

Wit, tho' bright, Has not the light That warms your eyes, my No_ra Crei_na!

espress

I saw thy form.

Tenderly

I saw thy form in youthful prime, Nor thought that pale de - - - cay Would

steal be-fore the steps of time And waste its bloom a - - way MARY!

Yet still thy features wore that light Which fleets not with the breath; And life ne'er look'd more

purely bright Than in thy smile of death, MARY!

I saw thy form.

Harmonized for Two Voices.

Tenderly

First Voice

I saw _ thy form in youth _ ful prime, Nor

Second Voice

I saw _ thy form in youth _ ful prime, Nor

Piano Forte

thought that pale de _ cay _ _ day Would steal _ be _ fore the

thought that pale de _ _ cay _ _ day Would steal _ be _ fore the

steps of time, And waste its bloom a _ _ way, _ _ MARY!

steps of time, And waste its bloom a _ _ way, _ _ MARY!

Yet still thy fea _ tures wore that light Which fleets not with _ the

Yet still thy fea _ tures wore that light Which fleets not with _ the

breath; And life ne'er look'd more purely bright Than in thy smile of

breath; And life ne'er look'd more purely bright Than in thy smile of

death, _ MARY!

death, _ MARY!

2d VERSE.

As streams that run o'er gold _ en mines With mo _ dest

As streams that run o'er gold _ en mines With mo _ dest

mur _ _ mur glide, _ _ Nor seem _ to know the

mur _ _ mur glide, _ _ Nor seem _ to know the

wealth that shines With _ in their gen _ tle tide, _ MARY!

wealth that shines With _ in their gen _ tle tide, _ MARY!

So, veil'd beneath a sim - ple guise, - Thy ra - diant ge - - - nius

So, veil'd beneath a sim - ple guise, - Thy ra - diant ge - - - nius

shone, And that, which charm'd all o - ther eyes, Seem'd worthless in thy

shone, And that, which charm'd all o - ther eyes, Seem'd worthless in thy

own, - MARY!

own, - MARY!

AIR—*Domhnall.*

I

I SAW thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of time,
And waste its bloom away, MARY!
Yet still thy features wore that light
Which fleets not with the breath;
And life ne'er look'd more purely bright
Than in thy smile of death, MARY!

II

As streams, that run o'er golden mines,
With modest murmur glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, MARY!
So, veil'd beneath a simple guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that, which charm'd all other eyes,
Seem'd worthless in thy own, MARY!

III.

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
Or, could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, MARY!
Tho' many a gifted mind we meet,
Tho' fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee, MARY[a]!

---

[a] I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of SHENSTONE's—"*Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse?*"

AIR—*The Brown Irish Girl.*

I.

BY that Lake, whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er [b],
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young St. Kevin stole to sleep.
"Here, at least," he calmly said,
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
Ah! the good Saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

II.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had lov'd him well and long,
Wish'd him her's, nor thought it wrong
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

III.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there;
But nor earth, nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be:
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

IV.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah! your Saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

V.

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave,
Soon the Saint (yet, ah! too late)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said "Heav'n rest her soul!"
Round the Lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide!

---

[a] This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. KEVIN, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

[b] There are many other curious traditions concerning this lake, which may be found in GIRALDUS, COLGAN, &c.

By that lake?

Moderate Time

By that Lake whose gloomy shore Sky-lark never warbles o'er, Where the

cliff hangs high and steep, Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep. "Here, at

least," he calm-ly said, "Woman ne'er shall find my bed," Ah! the

good Saint lit_tle knew What that wi_ly sex can do. Ah the!

good Saint lit_tle knew What that wi_ly sex can do.

2d VERSE.

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her's nor thought it wrong. Where-so-e'er the Saint would fly, Still he

heard her light foot nigh; East or west, wher-e'er he turn'd, Still her

eyes before him burn'd. East or west, where'er he turn'd, Still her

eyes before him burn'd.

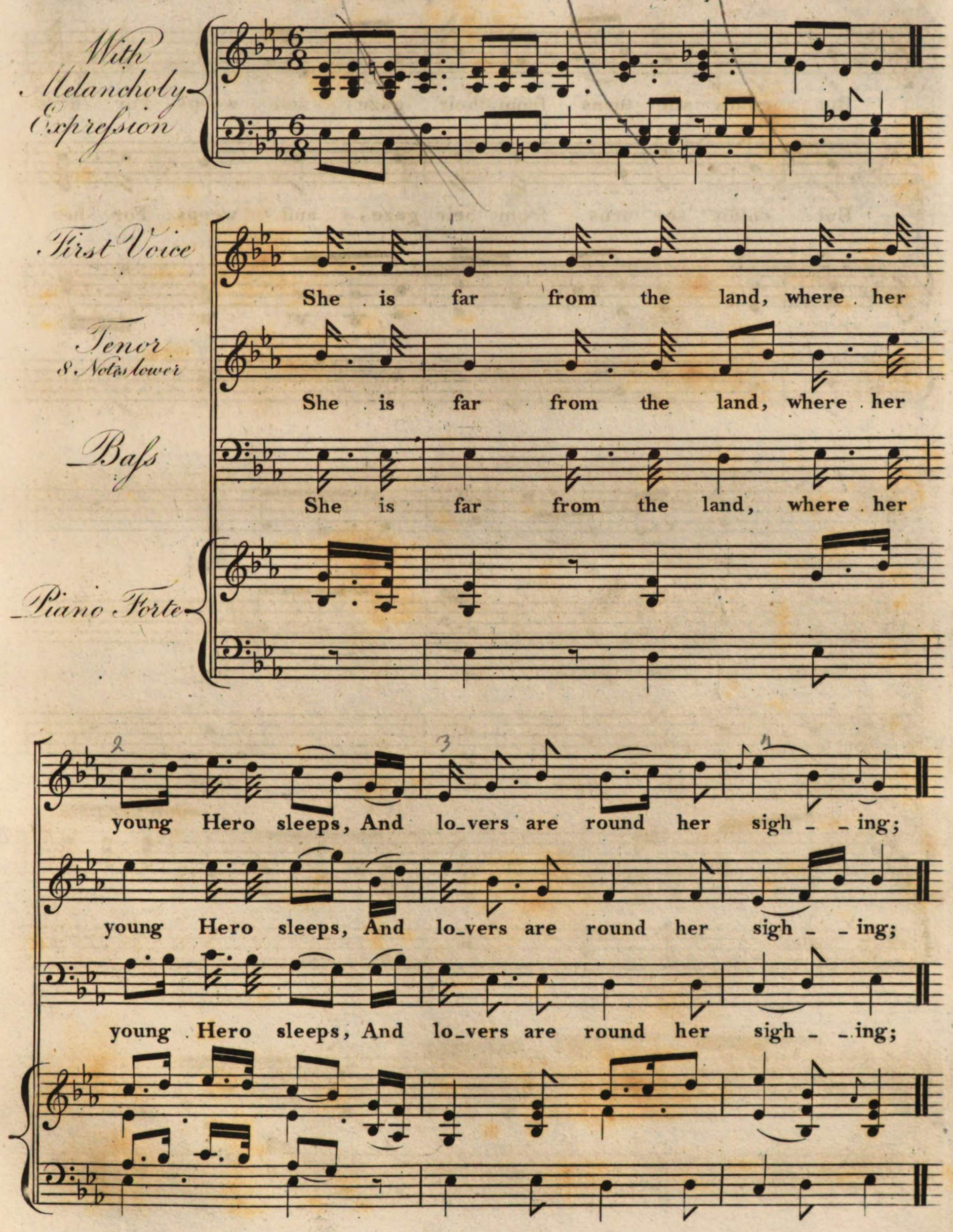
She is far from the land.

With Melancholy Expression

She is far from the land, where her young hero sleeps, And lovers are round her sigh_ing; But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps, For her heart in his grave is ly_ing!

She is far from the land.

Harmonized for Three Voices.



But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps, For her

But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps, For her

But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps, For her

heart in his grave is ly - - - - - ing!

heart in his grave is ly - - - - ing!

heart in his grave is ly - - - - - ing!

2d. VERSE.

She sings the wild song of her dear na_tive

She sings the wild song of her dear na_tive

She sings the wild song of her dear na_tive

plains, Ev'_ry note which he 'lov'd a_ _wak_ _ing.—

plains, Ev'_ry note which he lov'd a_ _wak_ _ing.—

plains, Ev'_ry note which he lov'd a_ _wak_ _ _ing.—

Ah! lit _ tle they think, who de _ light in her strains, How the

Ah! lit _ tle they think, who de _ light in her strains, How the

Ah! lit _ tle they think, who de _ light in her strains, How the

heart of the Min _ strel is break _ _ _ ing!

heart of the Min _ strel is break _ _ _ ing!

heart of the Min _ strel is break _ _ _ ing!

AIR—*Open the Door.*

I.

SHE is far from the land, where her young Hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying!

II.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking.—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking!

III.

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwin'd him,—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

IV.

Oh! make her a grave, where the sun-beams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own lov'd Island of sorrow!

AIR—*Dennis, don't be Threatening.*

I.

NAY, tell me not, dear! that the goblet drowns
One charm of feeling, one fond regret;
Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.
Ne'er hath a beam
Been lost in the stream,
That ever was shed from thy form or soul!
The balm of thy sighs,
The spell of thine eyes,
Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl!
Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts, that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee!

II.

They tell us that Love in his fairy bower
Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;
He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
But bath'd the other with mantling wine.
Soon did the buds,
That drank of the floods
Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade;
While those, which the tide
Of ruby had dy'd,
All blush'd into beauty like thee, sweet maid!
Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts, that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee!

Nay, tell me not.

With Gaiety and Spirit

8va

Nay, tell me not, dear! that the gob_let drowns One charm of feeling, one

fond re_gret; Be_ _lieve me, a few of thy an_gry frowns Are

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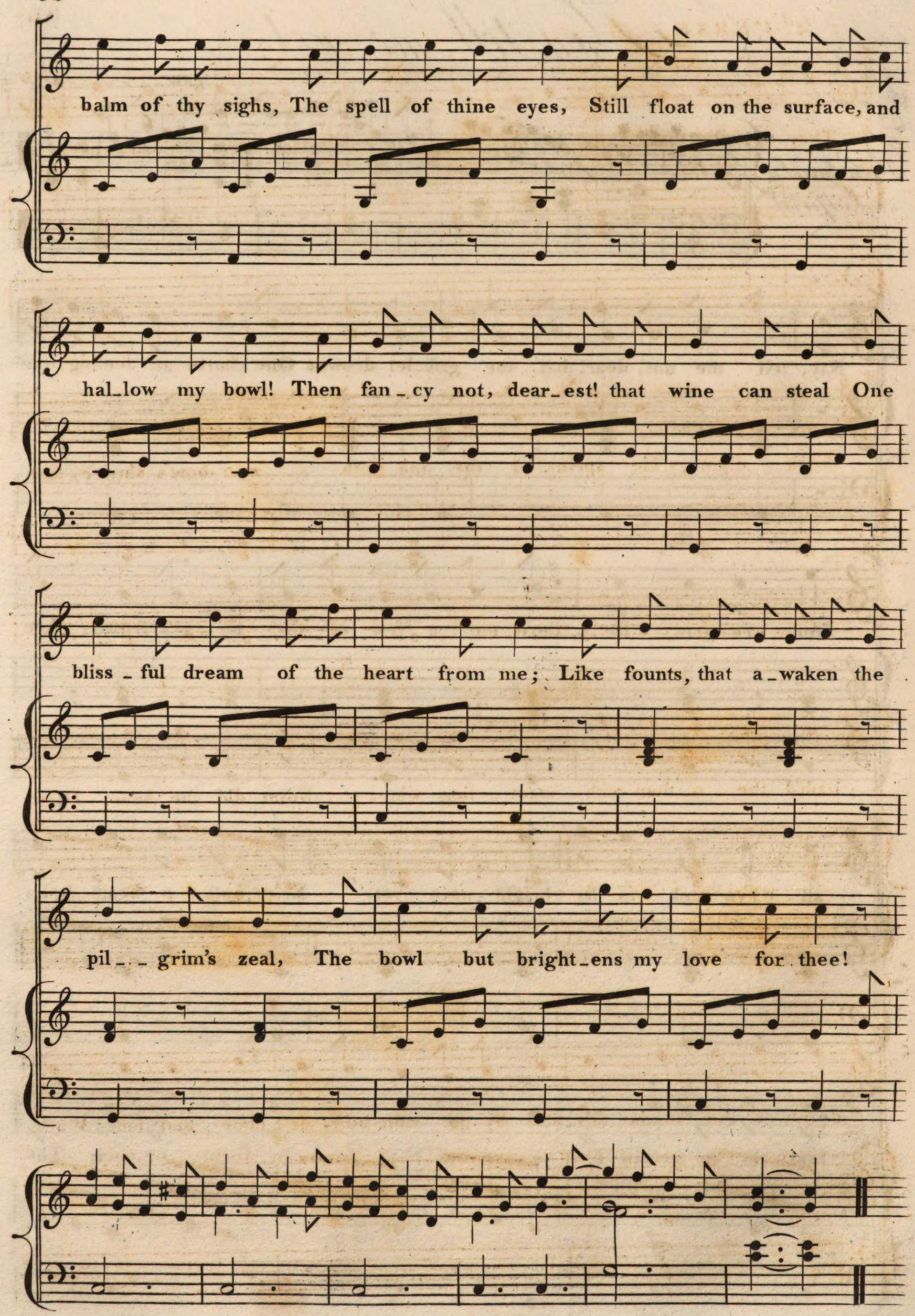
lost in the stream That e_ver was shed from thy form or soul; The


balm of thy sighs, The spell of thine eyes, Still float on the surface, and
hal_low my bowl! Then fan_cy not, dear_est! that wine can steal One
bliss_ful dream of the heart from me; Like founts, that a_waken the
pil_grim's zeal, The bowl but bright_ens my love for thee!

2d. VERSE.

They tell us that Love in his fai - ry bow'r Had two blush-roses, of

birth divine; He sprinkled the one with a rain-bow's show'r, But

bath'd the o-ther with mant - ling wine. Soon did the buds, That

drank of the floods Dis-till'd by the rain-bow, de - cline and fade; While

those, which the tide Of ru_by had dy'd, All blush'd in_to beau_ty like

thee, sweet maid! Then fan_cy not, dearest! that wine can steal One

bliss_ful dream of the heart from me; Like founts, that awak_en the

pil_ _grim's zeal, The bowl but brightens my love for thee!

Avenging and bright.

Boldly

A _ veng _ ing and bright fall the swift sword of E _ rin, On him, who the brave sons of Us _ na be _ tray'd!

espress

For ev' _ ry fond eye which he wak _ en'd a tear in, A *for* drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

hr hr hr hr hr

2d VERSE.

By the red cloud which hung over Conor's dark dwell_ing, When U _ lad's three

champions lay sleep_ing in gore— By the billows of war which, so

of_ten, high swelling, Have waft_ed these heroes to vic_to_rys shore!—

hr hr hr hr hr

AIR—*Crooghan a Venee*[a].

I

AVENGING and bright fall the swift sword of Erin,
On him, who the brave sons of Usna betray'd!
For ev'ry fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

II.

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling[b],
When Ulad's[c] three champions lay sleeping in gore—
By the billows of war which, so often, high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore!—

III.

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

IV.

Yes, monarch! tho' sweet are our home recollections,
Tho' sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Tho' sweet are our friendships, our hopes and affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

---

[a] The name of this beautiful and truly Irish air is, I am told, properly written *Cruachàn na Fèine*, i. e., the Fenian mount, or mount of the Finnian heroes, those brave followers of *Finn Mac Cool*, so celebrated in the early history of our country.

The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri, or the lamentable fate of the sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr. O'FLANAGAN, (see Vol. I. of Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin,) and upon which it appears that the "Darthula" of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of Conor, king of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman "This story (says Mr. O'FLANAGAN) has been from time immemorial held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are 'The death of the Children of Touran,' 'The death of the Children of Lear,' (both regarding Tuatha de Danans,) and this 'The death of the Children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story."—It will be recollected, that, in the Second Number of these Melodies, there is a Ballad upon the story of the Children of Lear or Lir: "Silent, oh Moyle!" *&c.*

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O'FLANAGAN and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a very lasting reproach upon our nationality, if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement which they merit.

[b] "Oh Naisi! view the cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red." Deirdri's song.

Ulster.

AIR—*The Yellow Horse.*

I.

He.—WHAT the bee is to the floweret,
When he looks for honey dew
Thro' the leaves that close embower it,
That, my love, I'll be to you!

She.—What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whispering kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you, my dear!

II.

She.—But, they say, the bee's a rover,
That he'll fly, when sweets are gone;
And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on!

He.—Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,
If sunny banks *will* wear away,
'Tis but right, that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

What the bee is to the flowret.

Playfully

HE

What the bee is to the flow_ret, When he looks for ho_ney dew.

Thro'. the leaves that close embow'r it, That my love, I'll be to you!

SHE

What the bank, with verdure glowing, Is to waves that wan_der near,

Whisp'ring kisses, while they're going, That I'll be to you, my dear!

DUETTO

What the bank, with ver_dure glowing, Is to waves that

What the bank, with ver_dure glow_ing, Is to waves that

wan_der near, Whisp'ring kiss_es, while they're go_ing,

wan_der near, Whisp'ring kiss_es, while they're go_ing,

That I'll be to you, my dear!

That I'll be to you, my dear!

SHE

But, they say, the bee's a rover, That he'll fly, when sweets are gone;

And when once the kiss is o_ver, Faithless brooks will wander on!

HE

Nay, if flow'rs *will* lose their looks, If sunny banks *will* wear a_way,

'Tis but right, that bees and brooks Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

DUETTO.

Nay, if flow'rs *will* lose their looks, If sun - ny banks *will*

Nay, if flow'rs *will* lose their looks, If sun - ny banks *will*

wear a - way, 'Tis but right, that bee's and brooks Should

wear a - way, 'Tis but right, that bee's and brooks Should

sip and kiss them, while they may.

sip and kiss them, while they may.

Here we dwell.

Smoothly and in Moderate Time

"Here we dwell in ho-liest bow-er's, Where An-gel's of light o'er our o-risons bend; Where sighs of de-votion and breath-ing of flowers To hea-ven in mingled odours ascend! Do not disturb our calm, oh Love! So like is thy form to the che-rubs a-bove, It well might deceive such hearts as ours."

f

2.d VERSE.

Love stood near the No_vice, and lis_ten'd, And Love is no no_vice in

tak_ing a hint; His laugh_ing blue eyes soon with pi_e_ty glis_ten'd; His

rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint. "Who would have thought," the urchin cries, "That

Love could so well, so grave_ly dis_guise His wander_ing wings, and wounding eyes?"

f

HERE WE DWELL.

AIR—*Cean dubh Delish*[a].

I.

" HERE we dwell, in holiest bowers,
" Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend;
" Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers
" To heaven in mingled odour ascend.
" Do not disturb our calm, oh Love!
" So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
" It well might deceive such hearts as ours."

II.

Love stood near the Novice, and listen'd,
And Love is no novice in taking a hint;
His laughing blue eyes soon with piety glisten'd;
His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint.
" Who would have thought," the urchin cries,
" That Love could so well, so gravely disguise
" His wandering wings, and wounding eyes?"

III.

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
Young Novice! to him all thy orisons rise;
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censer's flame with his sighs!
Love is the saint enshrin'd in thy breast,
And angels themselves would admit such a guest,
If he came to them, cloth'd in Piety's vest.

---

[a] We have taken the liberty of omitting a part of this Air, which appeared to us to wander rather unmanageably out of the compass of the voice. It has been given, however, in its perfect form, at the beginning of the Third Number

AIR—*The Bunch of Green Rushes that grew at the Brim.*

I.

THIS life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
That chase one another like waves of the deep,
Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows,
Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.
So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
That the laugh is awak'd, ere the tear can be dried;
And as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
The goose-plumage of Folly can turn it aside.
But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
Be ours the light grief, that is sister to joy,
And the short brilliant folly, that flashes and dies!

II.

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
Thro' fields full of sun-shine, with heart full of play,
Light rambled the boy over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way[a].
Thus some who, like me, should have drawn and have tasted
The fountain, that runs by philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
And left their light urns all as empty as mine!
But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness weaves
Her flowerets together, if Wisdom can see
One bright drop or two, that has fall'n on the leaves
From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me!

[a] Proposito florem prætulit officio.—PROPERT. *Lib. I. Eleg.* 20.

This life is all chequered.

With Feeling and Gaiety

This life is all chequer'd with plea_sures and woes, That chase one an_o_ther like waves of the deep, Each bil__low, as bright_ly or dark_ly it flows, Re_

flect_ing our eyes, as they spar_kle or weep. So

close_ly our whims on our mi_se_ries tread, That the

laugh is call'd up, ere the tear can be dried; And as

fast as the rain_drop of Pi_ty is shed, The goose-

plumage of Fol_ly can turn it a_side, But

pledge me the cup — if ex - ist - ence would cloy, With

hearts e - - ver hap - py, and heads e - ver wise, Be

ours the light grief that is sis - ter to joy, And the

short bril - liant fol - ly that flash - - es and dies!

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Oh! breathe not his name
When he who adores thee
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls
Fly not yet!
Oh! think not my Spirits are always as light
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Rich and rare were the Gems she wore
As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters may glow
The Meeting of the Waters

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Eveleen's Bower—(Oh! weep for the Hour)
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Silent, oh Moyle! be the Roar of thy Waters
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Believe me, if all those endearing young Charms

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Drink to her
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While gazing on the Moon's Light
When Daylight was yet sleeping under the Billow
Before the Battle—(By the Hope within us springing)
After the Battle
Oh! 'tis sweet to think
The Irish Peasant to his Mistress
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It is not the Tear at this Moment shed
'Tis believ'd that this Harp

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Lesbia hath a beaming Eye
I saw thy Form in youthful Prime
By that Lake whose gloomy Shore
She is far from the Land
Nay, tell me not
Avenging and bright
What the Bee is to the Floweret
Love and the Novice (Here we dwell in holiest Bowers)
This Life is all chequer'd

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At the mid Hour of Night
One Bumper at Parting!
'Tis the last Rose of Summer
The young May Moon
The Minstrel Boy
The Valley lay smiling before me
Oh! had we some bright little Isle
Farewell! but whenever you welcome the Hour
Oh! doubt me not
You remember Ellen
I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me

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Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded?
No, not more welcome
When first I met thee
While History's Muse
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Come, rest in this Bosom
'Tis gone, and for ever
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Fill the Bumper fair
Dear Harp of my Country

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As slow our ship her foamy Track
In the Morning of Life, when its Cares are unknown
When cold in the Earth lies the Friend thou hast lov'd
Remember thee! yes, while there's Life in this Heart
Wreath the Bowl
Whene'er I see those smiling Eyes
If thou'lt be mine, the Treasures of Air
To Ladies' Eyes a Round, Boy
Forget not the Field where they perish'd
They may rail at this Life
Oh for the Swords of former Time!

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Drink of this Cup
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The Echo
Oh banquet not
Thee, thee, only thee
Shall the Harp, then, be silent?
Oh the Sight entrancing

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When through the Piazetta ..*Venetian*
Where shall we bury our shame *Neapolitan*

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Weep not for those
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Come not, oh Lord!
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A rosy cheek	*Horn*	1	6
Auld lang syne	*Burns*	1	0
Auld Robin Gray	*Ditto*	1	0
Away with this pouting and	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
A youth sat sighing	*Kelly*	1	6
Banks of Allan Water	*Horn*	1	0
Be gay! be gay!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Be sure that a smart little maid	*King*	1	6
Bill of fare	*Horn*	1	6
Black and blue eyes	*Moore*	2	0
Blighted rose	*Stevenson*	2	0
Bold is the maiden's heart	*Kelly*	1	6
Bosoms who conquer'd and bled	*Ditto*	2	0
Bud in beauty	*Stevenson*	2	0
Can I again that form caress?	*Moore*	1	6
Cease, oh! cease to tempt	*Ditto*	2	0
Cease your funning, (*New Edition*)		1	0
Chain and lute	*Walmisley*	2	0
Chapter on pockets		1	0
Child of glory	*Kelly*	1	6
Come, all you forsaken	*Dr. Clarke*	1	6
Come, take the harp	*Stevenson*	2	0
Come, tell me, says Rosa	*Ditto*	1	6
Come tell me where the maid is found	*Ditto*	2	0
Contradiction	*Cooke*	1	6
Day of love	*Moore*	2	0
Damon's complaint	*Kelly*	2	0
Dandy beau	*Cooke*	1	0
Dear aunt	*Moore*	2	0
Dear Fanny	*Stevenson*	2	0
Dear ladies, listen to my tale	*Howell*	1	6
Dearest Ellen, awake	*Emdin*	2	0
Deep in my soul	*Duval*	1	6
Did not?	*Moore*	1	6
Disasters of poor Jerry Blossom	*Smith*	1	6
Does the harp of Rosa slumber?	*Stevenson*	1	6
Donald, (*new edition*)		1	0
Emblem	*Horn*	2	0
Ethereal hope, nuptial song	*Hawes*	2	0
Every hour I lov'd thee more	*Blewitt*	2	0
Exile of Erin	*Campbell*	1	0
Expostulation	*Kelly*	1	6
Fair as the morn's light	*B. Livius, Esq.*	1	6
Fair lady, why this frowning?	*Cooke*	1	6
Fair Rosa!	*Parry*	1	6
Fanny, dearest!	*Moore*	2	0
Fanny was in the grove	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
Fare thee well, thou first and fairest!	*Molineux*	1	0
Farewell, Bessy!	*Moore*	1	6
Fly, fly away	*Parry*	1	6
Fly from the world, O Bessy!	*Moore*	1	6
Fly to the desert	*Kiallmark*	2	0
Folly, the	*Kelly*	1	0
For her I die	*Stevenson*	1	6
Friend of my soul	*Moore*	1	6
From glory's heights descending	*Kelly*	1	6
From life, without freedom	*Moore*	2	0
Gallant Troubadour	*Stevenson*	2	0
Georgian maid	*Bishop*	2	6
Give, love! give	*Beethoven*	2	0
Golden chain	*Leonard*	2	0
Good night	*Moore*	2	0
Go, sweet enchantress!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Green spot that blooms	*Kelly*	1	6

		s.	d.
Grotto	*Parry*	1	6
Hapless Mary!	*Dr. Clarke*	2	0
Hark! the trumpet, hark!	*Cooke*	2	0
Heath, this night, must be my bed	*Kemp*	1	6
Hence, faithless hope!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Henry and Sue	*Horn*	1	6
Here, in this lone little wood	*Stevenson*	2	0
Here's the bower	*Moore*	2	0
Her heart was made to love	*Horn*	1	6
Hoax	*Ditto*	1	6
Hope, thou Nurse		1	0
Hope told a flattering tale	*Paisiello*	1	0
Hour of victory	*Stevenson*	1	6
How happy once	*Moore*	2	0
Hush'd be that sigh	*Stevenson*	1	6
Hush! dearest, hush!	*Horn*	1	0
I always turn to thee	*Kelly*	1	6
I can no longer stifle	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
Je suis un pauvre Savoyard	*Ware*	1	6
If I swear by that eye	*Stevenson*	1	0
If maidens would marry	*Horn*	1	6
If then to love thee be offence	*Stevenson*	2	0
If winter frowns	*Horn*	1	6
I have woven a garland for thee	*Holden*	1	6
I'll love thee ever dearly	*Cooke*	1	6
I'm deep in love	*Parry*	1	6
I'm wearing awa	*Burns*	1	0
I'm wearing away	*Stevenson*	2	0
In days of old	*Horn*	1	0
Indian maid	*Kelly*	1	6
I never told my love	*Ditto*	1	6
I never will deceive thee	*Parry*	1	6
In moments to delight	*Walmisley*	1	6
In the days of my youth	*King*	1	0
In vain may that bosom	*Kelly*	1	6
Invitation, the	*Turnbull*	2	0
In yonder bower	*Arnold*	1	6
I sigh for the days that are gone	*Kelly*	1	6
It is not that a woman's eyes	*Cooke*	1	6
Kitty of Coleraine		1	0
Lament, the		2	0
Land of Shillelah		1	0
Land o' the Leal (*New Edition*)		1	0
Light as the shadows of evening	*Stevenson*	1	6
Light sounds the harp	*Moore*	2	6
Lilla, come down to me	*Cooke*	2	0
Little Mary's eye	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
London, now is out of town	*Ware*	1	6
Look that says I love thee	*Cooke*	1	6
Lord of the castle	*King*	1	6
Lottery, the	*Moore*	2	0
Love	*Horn*	1	6
Love and Folly	*Smith*	1	6
Love and Time	*Kelly*	2	0
Love Bird	*Smith*	1	6
Love, honour, and obey!	*Cooke*	1	6
Love in a storm	*Barry*	1	6
Love, like an April day	*Horn*	1	6
Lover's Smiles	*Turnbull*	2	0
Love's light summer cloud	*Moore*	2	0
Love thee, dearest, love thee	*Moore*	2	0
Love will find out the way	*Little*	2	0
Loud the trump of war was blowing	*Horn*	1	6
Maid of Marlivale	*Stevenson*	2	0
Maid of the rock	*Ditto*	1	6
Maid whose heart was cold to love	*Ditto*	2	0
Mansion of love	*Emdin*	2	0
March away, Helen!	*Horn*	1	6
Mary, I believ'd thee true	*Stevenson*	1	6
Monody	*Hawes*	2	0
My heart and lute	*Moore and Bishop*	2	0
My heart's my own		1	0
My life, I love thee!	*Kelly*	1	6
My love hastes him home	*Horn*	2	0
My love, when thou'rt away	*Nicholson*	2	0
My dying sire	*Kelly*	1	6
My mother did one rule bequeath	*Horn*	1	0

		s.	d.
Namouna's song	*Dr. Clarke*	2	6
Nay, weep not! dear Ellen	*Smith*	2	0
Ned of the hills	*Owenson*	1	0
Nightingale, the	*Sola*	2	0
No joy without my love	*Cooke*	1	6
Now morn is blushing	*Stevenson*	2	0
Obey!	*Horn*	1	6
Oh! come, sweet lass!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Oh! fair as the seaflower	*Welsh*	2	0
Oh! fate in pity	*Horn*	1	6
Oh! give me the heart that is cheerful	*Cooke*	1	6
Oh! if those eyes deceive me not	*Stevenson*	2	0
Oh! Liberty	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! listen to your lover	*Horn*	2	0
Oh list unto my tale of	*Stevenson*	1	6
Oh! lovely is the summer morn	*Bishop*	2	0
Oh! Nanny, wilt thou gang	*Carter*	1	0
Oh! never doubt my love	*Cooke*	2	0
Oh! never from the maid depart	*King*	1	0
Oh! nothing in life can sadden us	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
Oh! Patrick	*Bishop*	2	0
Oh! remember the time	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! see those cherries	*Ditto*	2	0
Oh! smile not thus	*Smith*	1	6
Oh! soon return	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! turn away those mournful eyes	*Stevenson*	1	6
Oh! white is the snow	*Kelly*	2	0
Oh! why should the girl of my soul	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! Woman!	*Ditto*	2	0
Oh! woods of green Erin	*Doyle*	2	0
Oh! would I ne'er had seen thee!	*Stevenson*	1	0
Oh! yes—so well, so tenderly	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! yes, when the bloom	*Ditto*	2	0
One dear smile	*Moore*	2	0
Orator Puff	*Ditto*	1	6
Orphan boy	*Smith*	2	0
O softly sleep!	*Ditto*	2	0
Paddy in London	*Irish Air*	1	0
Paddy the piper	*Ditto*	1	0
Pangs of absence	*Philipps*	1	6
Parting hour is come, love	*Doyle*	2	0
Parting look she gave	*Turnbull*	2	0
Pleasures of Brighton	*Horn*	1	6
Plumed casque	*Kelly*	1	6
Poh! Dermot, go 'long with your goster	*T. M., Esq.*	1	6
Pray, Goody!		1	0
Pretty Sophy	*Bishop*	2	0
Probability	*T. M., Esq.*	1	6
Rabbinical origin of woman	*Moore*	1	6
Ray that beams for ever	*Kelly*	2	0
Remembrances	*Mrs. Mc Mullan*	2	0
Return, my love	*Stevenson*	2	0
Roderigh Vich-Alpine	*Horn*	1	6
Roll, drums, merrily	*Cooke*	1	0
Rose of affection	*Stevenson*	1	6
Sale of loves	*Moore*	2	0
Savoyard's return	*Dr. Clarke*	2	0
Say, pretty weeping figure	*Stevenson*	1	6
Scenes of my childhood	*Bishop*	2	0
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled		1	0
Sea Boy's Dream	*Smith*	2	6
Send the bowl round merrily	*Moore*	1	0
Soft breezes breathing	*Stevenson*	1	6
Soft Zephyr	*Dr. Clarke*	1	6
Soldier, rest!	*Kemp*	1	6
Spanish patriots	*Parry*	1	0
Spirit of joy	*Moore*	2	0
Spirit's song	*Dr. Clarke*	2	6
Stay, one moment stay!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Summer	*Ditto*	2	0
Sweetest moments life allows	*Kelly*	1	6
Sweet is love	*Doyle*	2	0
Sweet is the beam of morning	*Dallas*	2	0
Sweet is the dream	*Stevenson*	1	6
Sweet lady! look not thus	*Ditto*	2	0
Sweet minstrel, sing!	*Ditto*	1	6
Sweet robin		1	6
Sweet Rose, come away!	*Dibdin*	1	6
Sweet seducer	*Moore*	1	6
Tablet of love	*Stevenson*	2	0
Take back the sigh	*Moore*	2	0
Tarry, ye moments	*Kelly*	1	6

		s.	d.
Taste life's glad moments	*Walmisley*	1	6
That shepherd, sure, is he	*Stevenson*	1	6
There's not a joy this world can give	*Ditto*	2	0
There's the bower	*Ditto*	1	6
They bid me sleep	*Kemp*	1	6
Think no more, love, of our parting	*Clifton*	2	0
Tho' far from thee I'm roving	*Dallas*	2	0
Tho' fate, my girl	*Stevenson*	1	6
Tho' gaily smiles the opening spring	*Kelly*	1	6
Tho' winter frowns	*Horn*	1	0
Thou hast sent me a flowery band	*Moore*	1	6
Thunder-bolt frigate	*Horn*	1	6
Thy gentle manners	*Attwood*	2	0
Thyrsis	*Stevenson*	1	6
Thyrza	*Walmisley*	3	0
'Tis love that should rule the breast	*Kelly*	1	6
'Tis Love, 'tis Love		1	0
'Tis wine alone can banish care	*Stevenson*	1	6
To Julia, weeping	*Ditto*	1	0
Toll not the bell	*Dallas*	2	0
To love thee	*Mrs. Opie*	1	6
To the brook and the willow	*Stevenson*	1	6
Too soon the flowers of spring may fade	*Kelly*	1	6
Triumph of Russia	*Ditto*	2	6
Trumpet of glory	*Moore*	2	0
'Twas his own voice	*Stevenson*	2	0
'Twas on a wild and lonely	*Kelly*	1	6
Tyrolese song	*Moore*	2	0
Ulrica	*Cooke*	1	0
Vittoria	*Ditto*	2	0
Wake, maid of Lorn	*Stevenson*	2	0
Waters of Elle	*Stevenson*		
What's life unblest with Love	*Ditto*	1	6
When a man weds	*Horn*	1	6
Whence can you inherit		1	0
When Charles was deceived	*Moore*	2	0
When fickle man for woman sighs	*Kelly*	1	6
When from thy sight, love	*Ditto*	1	6
When I first told my Rosa I lov'd	*Ditto*	2	0
When I think of my own green glen	*Turnbull*	1	6
When I went for a soldier	*Horn*	1	6
When Leila touch'd the lute	*Moore*	2	0
When love gets in the youthful brain	*Horn*	1	6
When love and truth together play'd	*Philipps*	1	6
When love was fresh from his cradle	*West*	1	6
When midst the gay	*Moore*	2	0
When night was spreading o'er me	*Stevenson*	2	0
When storms disturb old ocean's bed	*King*	1	0
When the days of the summer	*Kiallmark*	2	0
When the girl of my heart	*Dr. Clarke*	2	0
When the rose-bud of summer	*Stevenson*	2	0
When time, who steals	*Moore*	2	0
When twilight dews	*Stevenson*	2	0
When woe on the bosom of mercy	*Howell*	1	0
While parted from the youth	*King*	1	6
Whilst I listen to thy voice	*Stevenson*	2	0
Whilst on the beach I wander	*Doyle*	2	0
White rose of honor	*Kelly*	1	6
Who would not love?	*Cooke*	2	0
Why comes he not	*Smith*	1	6
William and Jannett	*Sanderson*	1	0
Will you come to the bower?	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
Wilt thou say farewell, love?	*Moore*	2	0
Winds, whisper gently	*Stevenson*	2	0
Woman's power ending never	*Kearns*	1	0
Woman's smile	*Parry*	1	6
Woman, who conquers all	*Cooke*	1	6
Woodbine cottage	*Stevenson*	2	0
Woodman's cot	*Kelly*	1	0
Woodpecker	*Ditto*	2	0
Wreath you wove	*Moore*	1	6
Ye banks and braes, *(new edition)*	*Burns*	1	0
Ye light forms of fancy	*Kelly*	1	6
Yes, it is, love!	*Clifton*	1	6
Yes, thro' the wide world	*Mrs.* ———	1	0
Young Jessica	*Moore*	2	0
Young love	*Ditto*	2	0
Young son of chivalry	*King*	1	6
Youth I adore	*Cooke*	1	6
Youth is but short	*Dallas*	2	0
You watch'd the sun's ray	*Welsh Air*	1	0
Zounds, my lad	*Cooke*	1	0

DUETTS.

		s.	d.
Ah! say if the glance	*Black*	1	6
Alas! poor Lubin	*Stevenson*	1	6
As with slow-moving oar	*King*	2	0
Catherine	*Lady C. Stewart*	2	0
Chieftain	*Stevenson*	2	0
Chink-a-chink	*Horn*	1	6
Come, friendly night	*Livius*	1	6
Come, all ye youths	*Harris*	2	0
Congenial to friends	*Stevenson*	2	0
Could a man be secure (*new edition*)		1	0
Dear, in pity	*Stevenson*	1	6
Dragon fly	*Smith*	2	0
Dress, with me, the myrtle bower	*Stevenson*	1	6
Edmund of the hill	*Ditto*	1	6
Faithful love	*Parry*	2	0
Fare thee well!	*Ditto*	2	0
Flowers in the east	*Kelly*	2	0
Heave one sigh	*Horn*	1	0
Here is the lip	*Moore*	2	0
He's gone, ah! me	*Kemp*	2	0
How happy pass'd morn's pleasant dream	*Sanderson*	1	6
If fortune smile	*Kelly*	1	6
In search of glory	*Cooke*	2	6
Invest my head with fragrant rose	*Stevenson*	2	0
Joys that pass away	*Moore*	2	0
Lady, by Cupid's darts I swear	*Dr. Clarke*	2	6
Life-boat	*Moore*	2	6
Love and the sun-dial	*Ditto*	2	0
Love in thine eyes (*new edition*)	*Jackson*	1	0
Love, my Mary, dwells	*Stevenson*	2	0
Love, wand'ring thro' the golden maze	*Ditto*	2	0
Mourn not, silly mortals	*Stevenson*	2	0
Nights of music	*Moore*	2	6
No! never shall my soul forget	*Stevenson*	2	6
Now bright July to pleasure calls	*Horn*	2	0
O dinna weep	*J. M. Harris*	2	0
Our first young love	*Moore*	2	0
Peace!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Send home those long strayed eyes	*Ditto*	1	6
Should we be forced to part	*Cooke*	2	0
Song of war	*Moore*	2	0
Sparkling fountains	*Stevenson*	2	0
Surprise	*Ditto*	1	6
Tell me where is fancy bred?	*Ditto*	2	0
Ditto ditto	*Arranged by Bishop*	2	0
That I no longer wish to rove	*Stevenson*	1	6
Think on me	*Ditto*	2	0
Thro' silent woods	*King*	2	0
Time has not thinn'd (*new edition*)	*Jackson*	1	0
Tit bits	*Cooke*	1	6
Together let us range the fields	*Dr. Boyce*	1	6
Turn to this heart	*Horn*	1	6
Wake thee, my dear	*Moore*	2	0
Warrior's soul is all in arms!	*Cooke*	2	6
Well-a-day!	*Horn*	1	0
When in languor sleeps the heart	*Stevenson*	2	0
When Jove from the skies	*Horn*	1	6
When war unfurls his banner bright	*King*	1	6
Where is the light from Lara's tower?	*Stevenson*	2	6
While parted from the youth I love	*King*	1	6
Wilt thou say farewell, love?	*Bishop*	2	0
Wine to cheer	*Parry*	1	6
Would you gain by art?	*Kelly*	1	6
Young rose	*Moore*	2	0

GLEES.

		s.	d.
A broken cake	*Stevenson*	2	0
Allen-a-Dale	*Horn*	2	6
And will he not come again	*Stevenson*	1	6
Archer's glee	*Ditto*	1	6
Awake! Apollo calls	*Ditto*	1	6
Banks of Allanwater	*Hawes*	2	6
Blithe are the bowers of Mosellai	*Kelly*	2	0
Blest were the days	*Stevenson*	2	6
Boat trio—"Row gently, row"	*Ditto*	2	0
Buds of Roses	*Ditto*	2	6
Canadian boat-song	*Moore*	3	0
Cease not yet, sweet bard!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Come, buy my cherries, &c.	*Ditto*	2	0
Come, follow me	*Ditto*	5	0
Day set on Norham's castle steep	*Lord Burghersh*	3	0
Doubt thou the stars are fire	*Stevenson*	1	6
Ella	*Ditto*	2	6
Fairy glee	*Ditto*	5	0
Fair and False	*Lord Burghersh*	2	0
Fill, fill the goblet	*Aylmer*	1	6
Finland love-song	*Moore*	2	6
Give me the harp	*Stevenson*	5	0
Happy love	*Ditto*	2	0
Hark! the bell is ringing	*Ditto*	2	0
Hark! thro' the long resounding halls	*King*	1	6
Here's the bower	*Stevenson*	2	6
Hermits	*Ditto*	3	0
Holy be the pilgrim's sleep	*Moore*	5	0
I mark'd not eyes	*Stevenson*	2	0
Lonely isle	*Horn*	3	0
Merrily O!	*Stevenson*	2	6
Mountain cot	*Richards*	2	0
Nor throne of state	*Kelly*	1	6
Now is the merry month of May	*Stevenson*	5	0
Now let the warrior wave his sword	*Moore*	2	6
Now the star of day is high	*Stevenson*	3	0
Ocean king	*West*	2	6
Oh! lady fair!	*Moore*	3	0
Oh! stay, sweet fair	*Stevenson*	3	0
Oh! tell me, pilgrims	*Ditto*	2	6
Raise the song	*Stevenson*	1	6
Roderigh Vich-Alpine	*Horn*	3	0
Sigh not thus, oh! simple boy	*Moore*	1	6
Sir Rowland the brave	*Stevenson*	2	6
Soldier, rest!	*Kemp*	2	6
Song that lightens the languid way	*Moore*	3	0
Spirit of Bliss	*Lord Burghersh*	3	0
Sweet lady, look not thus again	*Stevenson*	3	0
This is love	*Moore*	2	6
Ting-a-tingle	*Horn*	2	0
Tis done! the fetal deed	*Lord Burghersh*	2	6
To the brook and the willow	*Stevenson*	2	6
To thy lover	*Ditto*	2	0
Under the greenwood tree	*Ditto*	2	6
Under the hawthorn tree	*Ditto*	1	6
Up, quit the bower	*Attwood*	2	0
Wake, Rosa, wake (*serenade*)	*Bartlett*	2	6
We fairy folk	*Stevenson*	2	0
When time, who steals our years	*Phelps*	2	6
Where shall the lover rest?	*Stevenson*	2	6
Why so pale?	*Lord Burghersh*	2	6
Wood nymph	*Smith*	2	6
Wreaths of flowers	*Stevenson*	2	6

NEW PIANO-FORTE WORKS, &c.

GRAND SESTETTO for Piano-Forte, two Violins, Tenor, Violoncello, and Double Bass, in which is introduced the admired Air, "'Tis the last Rose of Summer." ..... *Ries* 8 6
——— Piano-Forte part 6 6

		s.	d.
ALLEGRETTO et Valce	*Kiallmark*	2	0
A Temple to Friendship	*Eavestaff*	2	0
Aria and Waltzer, inscribed to G. G. Ferrari. Violin Accomp.		2	6
Banks of Allan Water	*Chipp*	2	6
Batti, batti, o bel Masetto. Flute accompaniment	*Little*	3	0
Bird-catcher	*Mozart*	1	6
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Cease your funning	*Davy*	2	0
Cogan's "Sonata." Violin Accomp.		5	0
Come chase that starting tear	*Eavestaff*	2	0
Conway Ferry	*Parry*	1	6
Devonshire Waltz	*Voigt*	1	6
Di piacer mi balza. Flute Accomp.	*Little*	2	0
Eveleen's Bower	*Woelfl*	2	0
Fantasie	*Gladstanes*	2	6
Fly not yet	*Woelfl*	2	0
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——— "Air" in C———		2	6
——— "Aria" in C———		2	0
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——— "Waltz"		2	0
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La Belle Henriette	*Holder*	2	0
La belle Rosa	*Ditto*	2	6
La ci darem	*Gelinek*	2	0
——— Flute accompaniment	*Little*	1	6
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La Gavotte de Vestris. Flute accomp.	*Little*	2	0
La Petit Sonate. Op. 45.	*Holder*	1	6
L'Hymenée	*Von Esch*	2	6
Lieber Augustine	*Gelinek*	2	0
L'Oiseau de Venus	*Kiallmark*	2	6
Little's Exercises on Piano-forte		1	6
Lord Hardwicke's March	*Cooke*	2	0
Lord Wellington	*Jansen*	1	6
Marche Pastorale et Air Russe	*Von Esch*	2	6
Minuetto. Flute accomp.	*Little*	1	6
Merch Megan	*Dibdin*	1	6
Morgan Magan	*Lanza*	2	0
Mozart's Grand March	*Gelinek*	2	0
——— Military Waltz. Flute accom.	*Metzler*	1	6
——— Sonata. Op. 19. Harp and Flute accompaniment	*Weippert*	5	0
My love is like the red, red rose, &c.	*Hummell*	2	6
Nel cor più non mi sento	*Gelinek*	2	0
Oh! Lady Fair	*Latour*	3	0
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O softly sleep	*Kiallmark*	2	0
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Tema and Waltz	*Holder*	3	0
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Venetian Air	*Hummell*	1	0
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