Price One Dollar

No. 1.

To be continued monthly.

Songs

Vocal and Instrumental

MUSICAL MISCELLANY;

Being a collection of the most approved

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Musical Instrument Makers, No. 66 Queen Street.

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*** Ladies and gentlemen who ſend in their names to this work, will have them inſerted in a future number.

THE RECONSALIATION.

The Words by a Gentleman of PHILADELPHIA. MUSIC by I. GEHOT.

ANDANTE

Pensive alone in yonder Shade his Head against an Oak reclin'd Damon accus'd the cruel Maid who footh'd his Love then was unkind whilst thus desponding Damon stood soft sounds broke gently thro' the Wood Twas Anna's voice that struck his Ear sighing she said my wav'ring Heart has lost me Damon's Love I fear wou'd he return we ne'er wou'd part the Shepherd heard to An_na flew and Peace again their Bosoms knew.

ANDANTE

For the German Flute or Violin.

SUNG BY Mrs. HODGKINSON IN no SUNG no SUPPER.

ANDANTINO

a crofs the downs this morning as be_times I chanc'd to go a fhepherd led his flock abroad all white as driven fnow but one was moft the fhepherds care a Lamb fo fleek fo plump fo fair its wondrous beauties in a word to let you fairly know t'was fuch as Nelly from the fire took off not long ago

(2)

This Lamb fo blithe as midfummer
His frolik gambols play'd
And now of all the flock a head
The pretty wanton ftray'd
A Wolf that watch'd with greedy eyes
Rufh'd forth and feiz'd the tender prize
The fchepherd faw and rais'd a ftone
So round fo large I vow
Twas like the cake that Nelly laid
Upon the fhelf juft now.

(3)

This monftrous ftone the fhepherd flung
And well his aim he took
Yet fcarce the favage creature deign'd
Around to caft a look
But fled as fwift with footftep light
As he who brought the wine to night
I tried to ftop the thief but he
Turn'd round in rage good lack
So mad the lawyer fcarce can be
Thats hid in yonder fack.

ANDANTINO. For the German Flute.

BATCHELORS HALL

BY DIBDIN.

ALLEGREtto

To Batchelor's Hall we good Fellows invite, To partake of the chase that makes up our delight, we have

Spirits like fire, and of health such a stock, That our Pulse strikes the seconds as true as a Clock, did you see us you'd

swear, as we mount with a grace, Did you see us you'd swear, as we mount with a grace, that Di

a na had dubb'd some new gods of the chase: That Di ana had dubb'd some new gods of the chase: Hark a way, hark a

way all Nature looks gay, And Au rora with smiles ushers in the bright day.

2

Dick Thickset came mounted upon a fine black,
A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back;
Tom Trig rode a bay, full of mettle and bone,
And gayly Bob Buxom rode proud on a roan;
But the Horse of all Horses that rivall'd the day,
Was the Squire's Neck or nothing, and that was a grey.
Hark away, hark away,
While our Spirits are gay,
Let's drink to the joys of the next coming day.

3

Then for hounds, there was Nimble, so well that clymbs rocks,
And Cock nose, a good one at scenting a fox;
Little Plunge, like a mole, who will ferret and search,
And beetle brow'd Hawk's eye, so dead at a lurch;
Yung Sly looks, that scents the strong breez from the south,
And musical Echowell, with his deep mouth.
Harkaway, &c.

4

Our Horses thus all of the very best blood,
'Tis not likely you'll easily find such a stud;
And for hounds, our opinions with thousands we'll back,
That all England throughout can't produce such a pack;
Thus having describ'd you dogs, Horses, and crew,
Away we set off, for the Fox is in view.
Hark away, &c.

5

Sly Reynard's brought home, while the horns sound a call,
And now you're all welcome to Batchelor's Hall,
The savory sirloin gratefull smoaks on the board,
And Bacchus pours Wine from his favorite Hoard;
Come on then, do honor to this jovial place,
And enjoy the sweet pleasures that spring from the chase
Hark away, &c.

SUNG BY Mrs. MYRTER IN THE FARMER.

ANDANTE

Send him to me let him woo me ſoftley breathe each tender vow why for ſake me

come and take me take me in the humour now in my cheeks full roſes blowing

wiſhes twinkle in my eyes oh what Joy when Joy bes_ towing_ _ yet my carleſs Lover

flies girls dont hear him mock him Jeer him he'll deceive you kiſs and

leave you ſend him to me let him woome ſoftly breathe each tender vow why for ſake me come and

take me take me in the humour now why for fake me come and take me take me in the humour

now in my cheeks full ro fes blowing wifhes twinkle in my eyes oh what Loy when

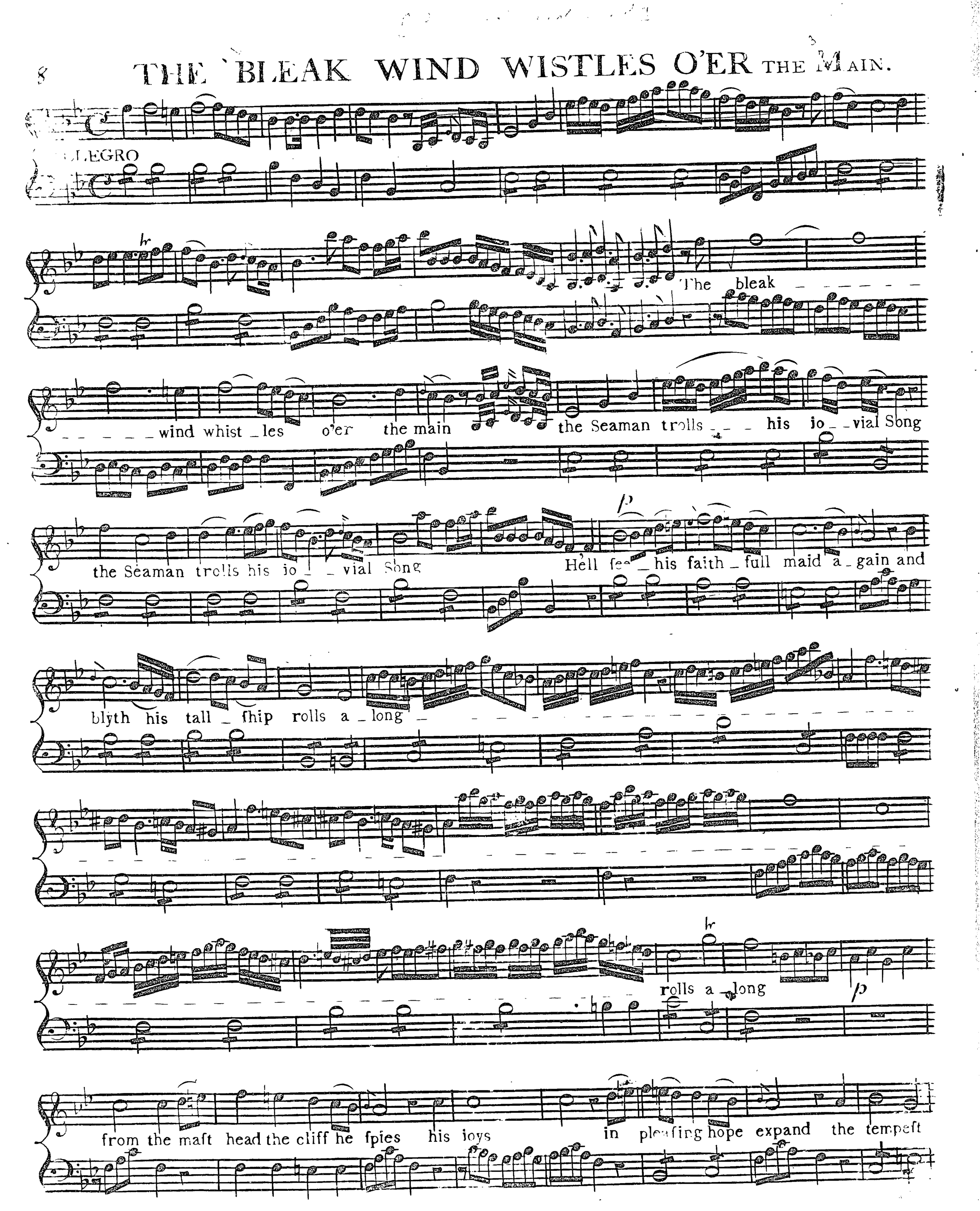
Loy be_fto_ing yet my carclefs lover flies why for fake me come and take me

take me in the humour now girls dont hear him mock him jeer him hell de ceive you kifs and leave you

Bonny LEM of Aberdeen as a Contry Dance.

Firft Lady fet to ye 2d Gentleman and turn him round ÷
The 1d Gentleman do ye fame whit ye 2d Lady ÷
Crofs over one Couple and into your place ÷
Right and left with ye two Couple

THE BLEAK WIND WISTLES O'ER THE MAIN.



roars the Billows rife in vain he tacks to make the land re_lentlefs brakers guard the coaft his

hope his Ship himfelf is loft

f

The bleak_wind whist_les o'er the main the Seaman trolls his jo_vial fong

the Seaman trolls his jo_vial fong hell fee his faithful maid a gain

and blyth his tall Ship rolls a_gain

3 3 Syn:

rolls a_

Syn:

gain.

FROM NIGHT TILL MORN A Favorite DUETT.

ANDANTE

From night till morn I take my Glafs, In hopes to for_ get my Chlo _ e from night till morn I

From night till morn I take my Glafs, In hopes to for_ get my Chlo _ e, from night till morn I

take my Glafs, In hopes to for get my Chloe, But as I take the pleafing Draught fhe's ne'er the

take my Glafs, In hopes to for get my Chloe, But as I take the pleafing Draught fhe's ne'er the

lefs be fore me Ah! no no no Wine cannot cure the pain I endure for my Chloe Ah! no no no

lefs be fore me Ah! no no no Wine cannot cure the pain I endure for my Chloe Ah! no no no

Wine cannot cure the pain I endure for my Chloe

Wine cannot cure the pain I endure for my Chloe

2

To Wine I flew to eafe the pain
Her beauteous charms created
But Wine more firmly bound the chain
And Love would not be cheated
Ah! no no no &c

GUITAR or Flute

Price one Dollar.

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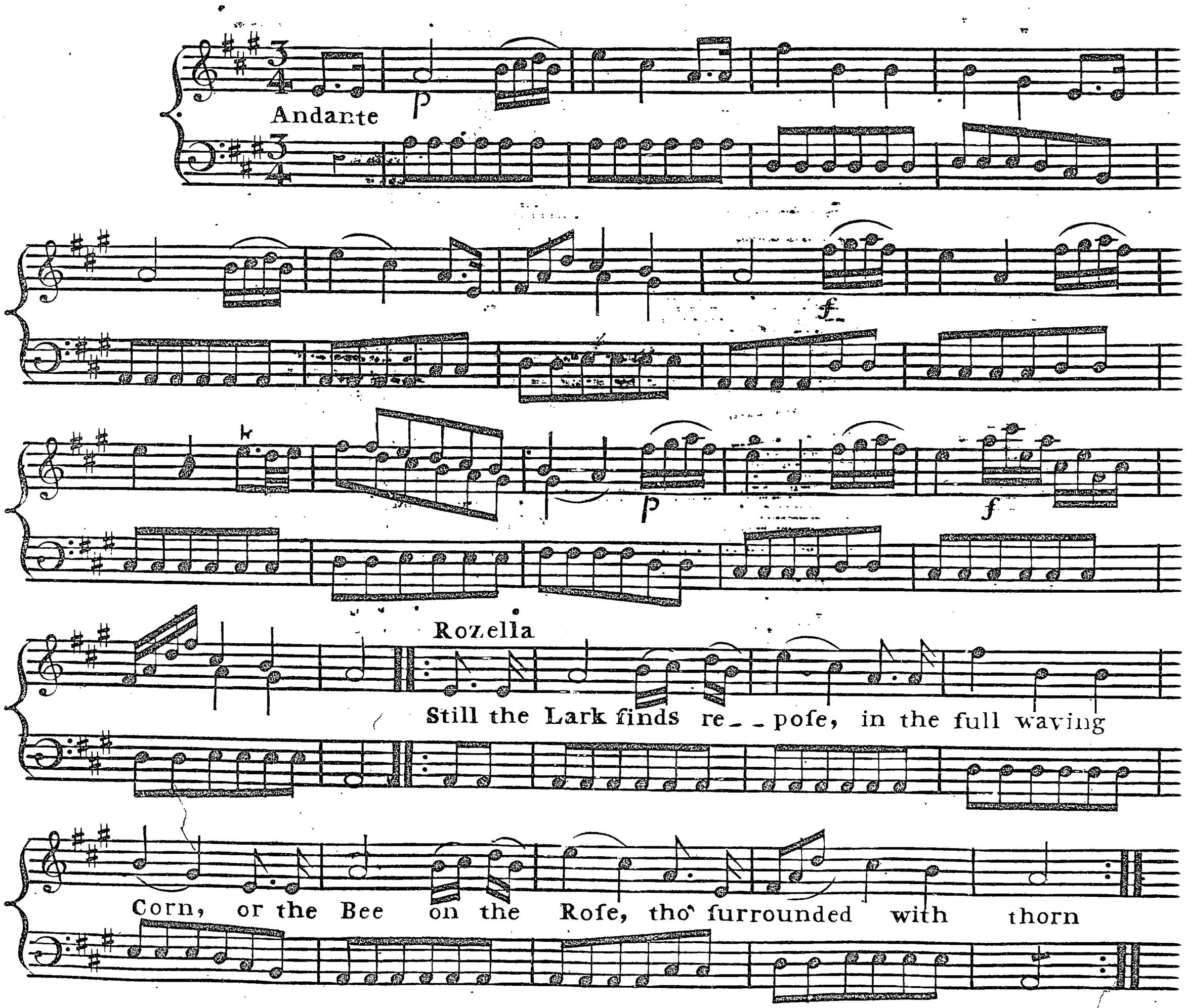
STILL THE LARK FINDS REPOSE.

A

Favourite Rondo

SUNG by MISS PHILLIPS.



Never robb'd of their Eaſe, they are thoughtleſs and free, Sy

But no more gentle peace, ſhall e'er harbour with

me, e'er harbour with me, Still the Lark finds re - - - poſe, In the

full waving Corn, or the Bee on the roſe, Tho' ſur - rounded with

thorn, Still in ſearch of de - - light, Ev'ry pleaſure they prove ne'er tor -

- - mented by pride, or the flights of fond Love, the flights of fond

Love, the flights of fond Love, Still the Lark finds re - - poſe, In the

full waving Corn, or the Bee on the rose, tho' sur rounded with

Sy

thorn

For the German Flute.

Sy

Andante p

f

p

So

3

So

Sy

Sy

3

SUCH PURE DELIGHT.

Taken From The Highland Reel.

ANDANTE

Such pure de_light my bo_ſom knows my thanks are due, to heav'n and thee.

ſuch pure de_light, my bo__ſom knows my thanks are due to heav'n and thee with gra_ti_tude my heart o'er__flows kind Agent of its Cle_men__cy.

ſuch pure de_light my bo_ſom knows my

thanks are due to hea v'n and thee.

Hu_mani_ty thou good thou good ſu preme to chace the Orphans tear a_

_ _ way. to chace the Orphans tear a_way hu_manity thou good ſupreme to

chaſe the Or_ _ _ _ phans tear a_way a_like the bright all chearing

ray brings comfort from the God _ _ of day _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ the God of

day brings com_fort from the God _ _ of day brings com_fort from the

God _ _ _ of day from the God _ _ of day.

A Favourite SONG IN NO SONG no Supper.

Storace

Allegro

Non troppo

From aloft the ſailor looks around &

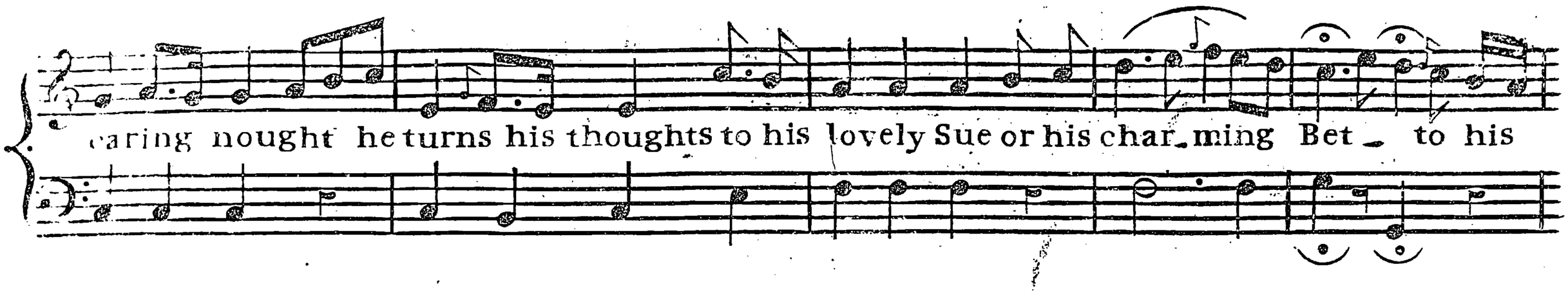
hears below the murm'ring billows Sound & hears below the

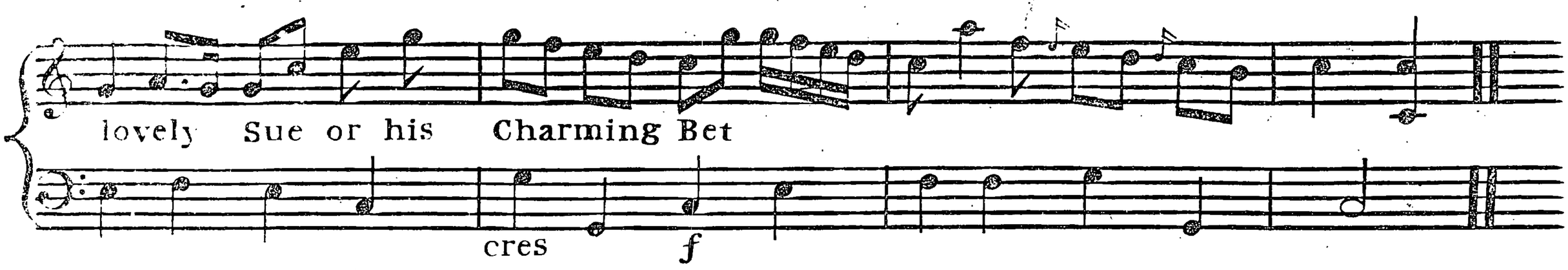
murm'ring billows found far off from home he counts another day wide o'er the

ſeas the veſſel bears a way wide o'er the ſeas the veſſel bears a way his courage wants no

whet but he ſprings the ſail to ſet with a heart as freſh as riſing breeze of May and

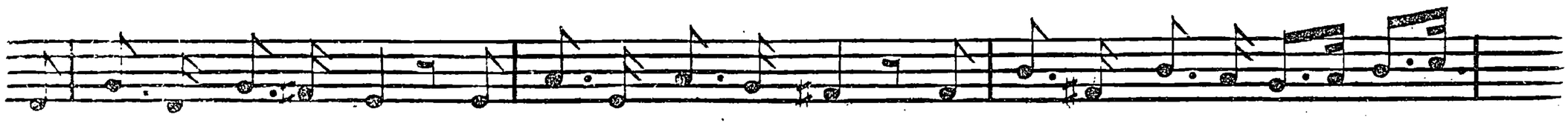
.cres.





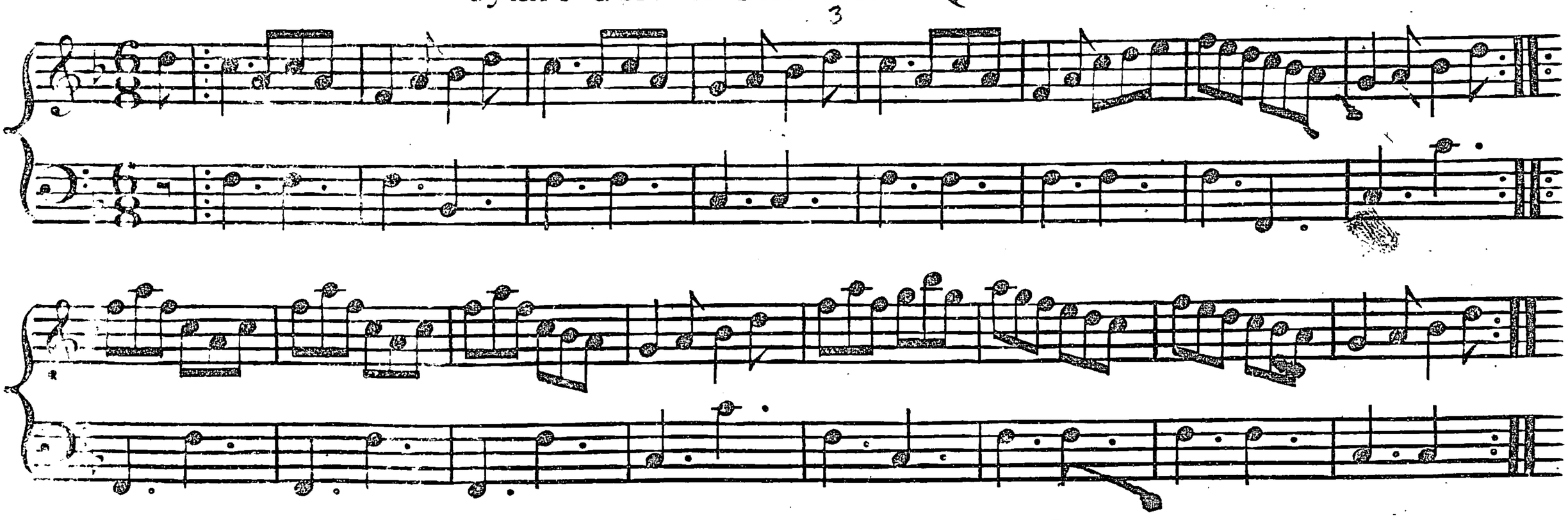
2

Now to heav'n the lofty topmaſt ſoars
The ſtormy blaſt like dreadful thunder roars
Now oceans deepeſt gulfs appear below



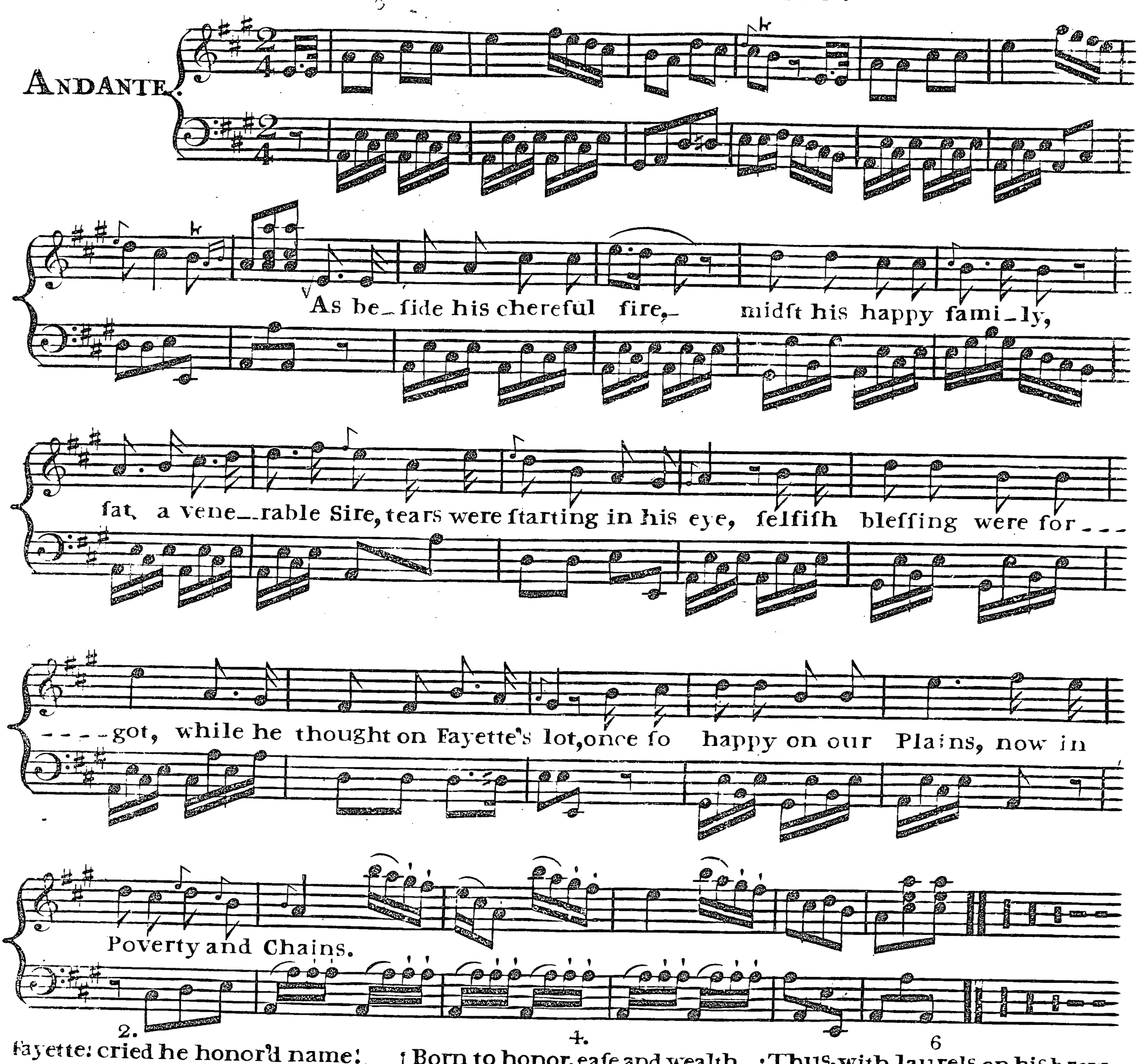
The curling ſurges foam the curling ſurges foam the curling ſurges foam and down we go
When ſkies and ſeas are met
They his courage ſerve to whet
With a heart as freſh as riſing breeze of may
And dreading nought &c.

Cymro-o ble or The Welch Queſtion.



Firſt Lady change Places with the 2d Gent ∴
Firſt Gent. change Places with the 2d Lady ∴ Lead down the Middle up again and caſt off ∴ Right and Left ∴

LA FAYETTE. A NEW SONG.



2.

Fayette! cried he honor'd name!
Dear to theſe far diſtant ſhores!
Fayette, fired by Freedom's flame,
Bled to make that Freedom ours:
What alas! for thee remains,
What, but Poverty and Chains.

3.

Soldiers! in the fields of death,
Was not Fayette foremoſt there!
Cold and ſhivering on the heath,
Did ye not his bounty ſhare!
What for this, your Friend remains!
What, but Poverty and Chains.

4.

Born to honor, eaſe and wealth,
See him ſacrifice them all;
Sacrificing even health,
At his Country's glorious call:
What reward for this remains!
What, but Poverty and Chains.

5

Hapleſs Fayette! midſt thy error,
How my ſoul thy worth reveres
Son of Freedom, Tyrant's terror,
Hero of both hemiſpheres!
What, alas! for thee remains,
What, but Poverty and Chains.

6

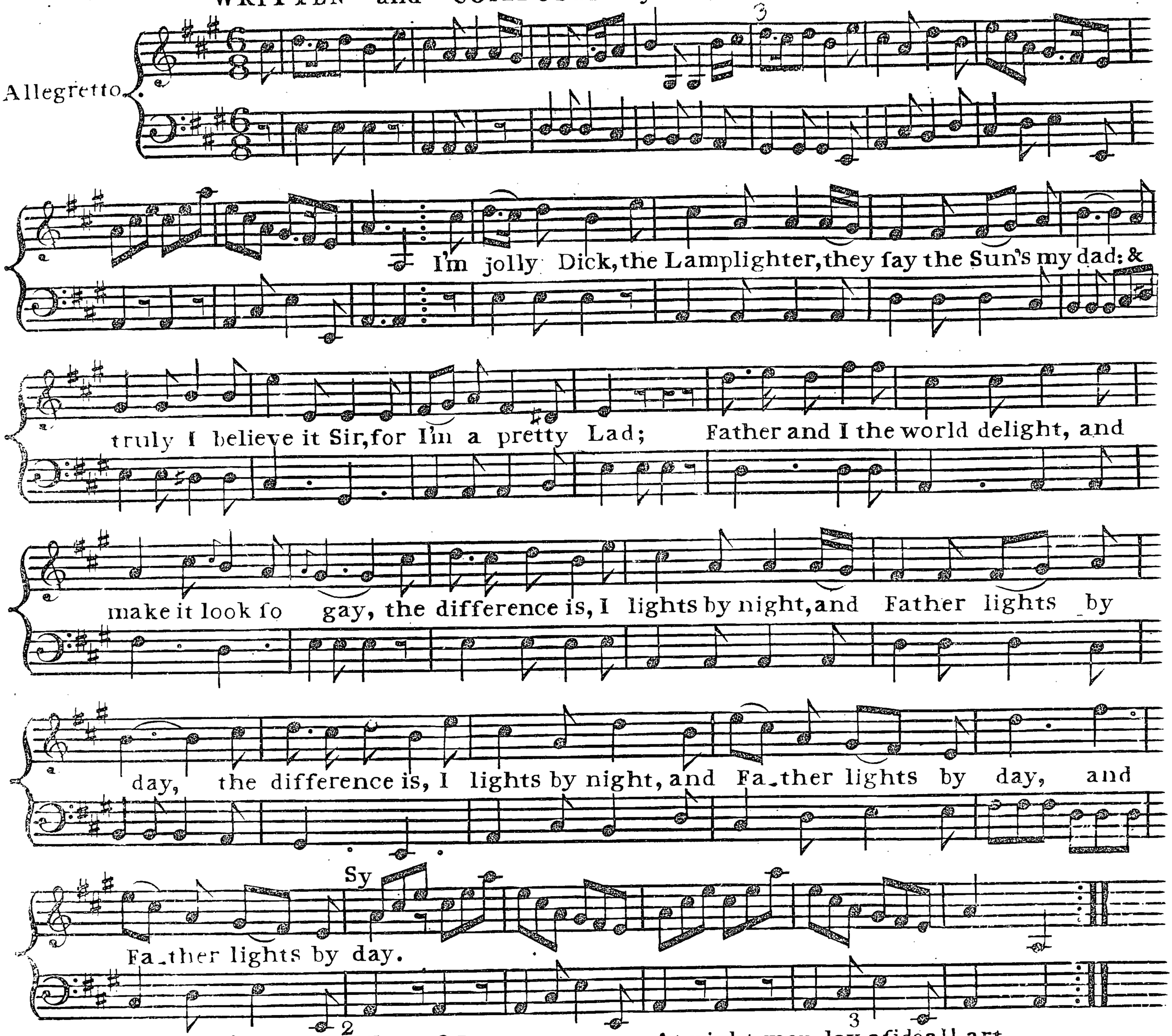
Thus, with laurels on his brow,
Beliſarius begg'd for bread:
Thus from Carthage forc'd to go,
Hanibal an exile fled:
Fayette, thus, at once ſuſtains,
Exile, Poverty and Chains.

7

Courage! Child of Waſhington,
Tho thy fate diſaſtrous ſeems,
We have ſeen the ſetting-ſun,
Riſe and burn with brighter beams:
Thy country ſoon ſhal break thy__
Chain, and take thee to her arms
again.

THE LAMPLIGHTER

WRITTEN and COMPOSED by Mr. DIBDIN.



But Father's not the likes of I
For knowing life and fun,
For I ſtrange tricks and fancies ſpy
Folks never ſhew the Sun.
Rogues, Owls, and Bats can't bear the light,
I've heard your wiſe ones ſay;
And ſo, d'ye mind, I ſees at night
Things never ſeen by day.

At night men lay aſide all art
As quite a uſeleſs taſk,
And many a face and many a heart
Will then pull off the maſk;
Each formal prude, and holy wight,
Will throw diſguiſe away,
And ſin it openly at night,
Who fainted it all day.

His darling hoard the miſer views,
Miſſes from friends decamp,
And many a ſtateſman miſchief brews
To his country, o'er his lamp.
So Father and I, d'ye take me right,
Are juſt on the ſame lay;
I bare faced ſinners light by night,
And he falſe ſaints by day.

THE POOR MARINER.

Andante Lacramoſo.

The winds whiſtled ſhrilly, chill rain down was ſtreaming, when from a dark cell, where the ſun had ner

Soſtenute

beam'd in, worn out with great age, preſs'd by hunger and grief, A ſad ſon of Neptune call'd

Expreſsione

forth for re_lief, Give re_lief to, Give re_lief to, O Give re_lief

Sy

to a poor Ma ri ner.

(2)

He tremblingly begg'd as the affluent paſs'd him,
The poor mite which benevolent charity caſt him;
When from his dim eyes hid by darkneſs thick veil,
The big tear guſh'd forth while he told his ſad tale:
Give relief to, Give relief to,
O give relief to a poor Mariner.

(3)

Theſe eyes oft have ſeen the proud flag leave me,
Have ſparkled with joy at the ſignal of glory;
Have ſeen Neptunes flag to conqueſt aſpire,
Tho now loſt in darkneſs for want I expire.
Give relief to, Give relief to,
O give relief to a poor Mariner.

4.

Aſsiſt me he ſaid, the words tremblingly hung,
In accents moſt pitious on the Veteran's tongue;
When the grim King of Terrors his ſufferings regarded,
And ſnatch'd him from hence to where Virtue's rewarded.
Death gave relief, Death gave relief,
Death gave relief to the poor Mariner.

For a German Flute

So

Expreſion

Sy

Price one Dollar.

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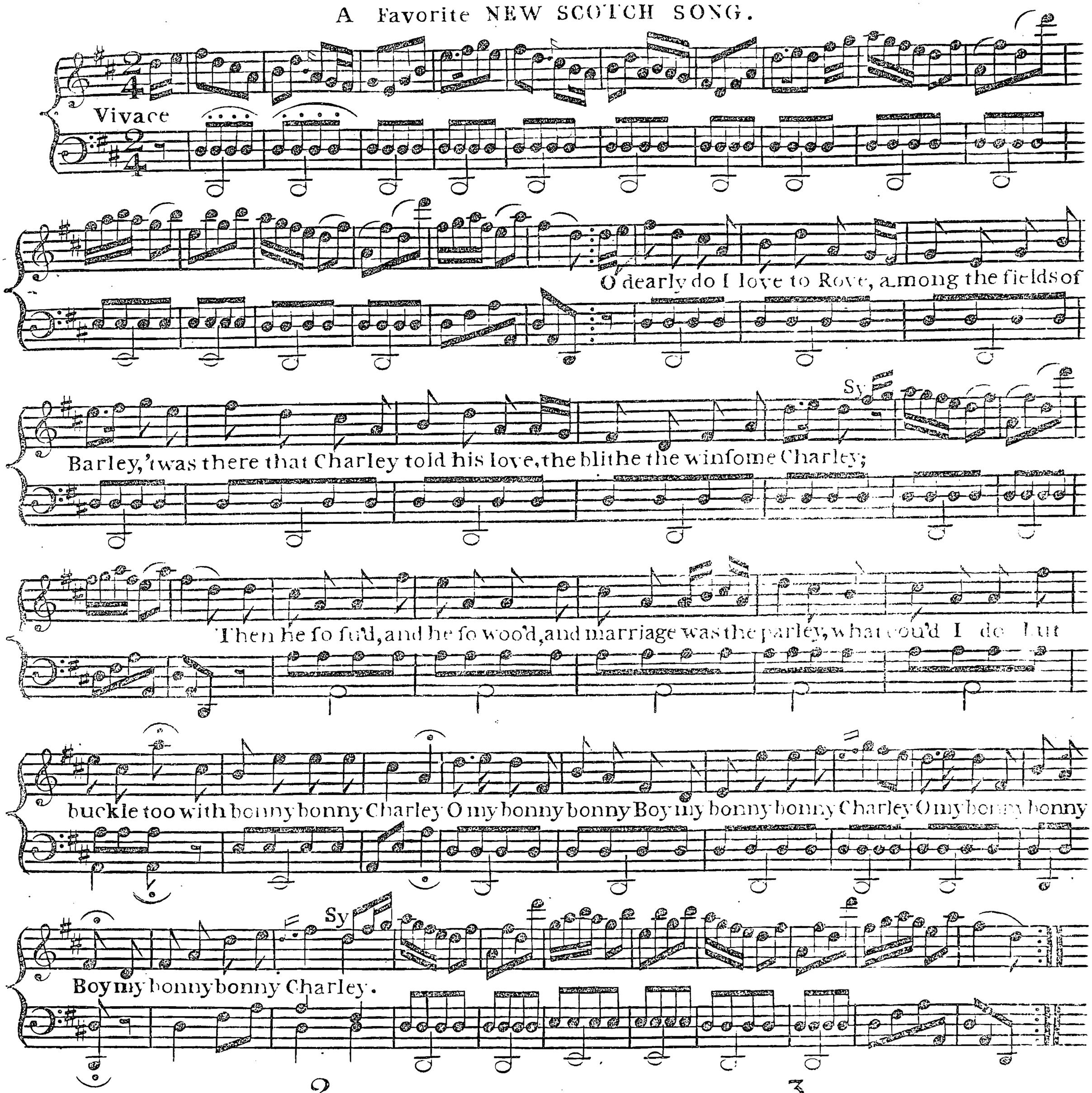
BONNY CHARLEY

A Favorite NEW SCOTCH SONG.



2

I ken the Lasses rue the day,
I sought the Fields of Barley;
And strive to win from me a way,
The heart of winsome Charley;
But ah! how vain they canna gain,
His Love by all their parley;
And now they see he woo's but me,
My bonny bonny CHARLEY.
O my bonny &c.

3

O ilka blessing on the Laird,
That owns the Fields of Barley;
And ken I him alone regard,
For he is winsome Charley;
The gentle Youth with purest truth,
So woo's me late and early;
I can't withstand to give my hand,
To bonny bonny CHARLEY.
O my bonny &c.

GO WITH YOU ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Much Admired DIALOGUE DUETT in the SURRENDER of CALAIS.

Moderato

Madelen.

Cou'd you to Bat_tle march a_way, and leave me here com_plain_ing, Cou'd you to bat_tle march a_way, and leave me here com_plaining, I'm ſure 'twou'd break my heart to ſtay, when you were gone Cam_paigning; ah! non non non Pau_vre Made_len, would ne_ver quit her Ro_ver, Ah! non non non Pou_vre Made_len, would go with you all the world over.

La Glorie. 2

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

La Glorie. 3

And can you to the battle go
To Womens fears a ſtranger
Mad^n. No fears my breaſt ſhall ever know
But when my Loves in danger
Ah non non non Pauvre Madelen
Will never quit her Rover
Ah non non non Pauvre Madelen
Will go with you all the world over.

DUETTO

La Glorie

Then let the world jog as it will, let hollow friends for_ſake us, then let the

Madelen

Then let the world jog as it will, let hollow friends for_ſake us, then let the

world jog as it will, let hollow friends forſake us, we both ſhall be as happy ſtill, as love & war can

world jog as it will, let hollow friends forſake us, we both ſhall be as happy ſtill, as love & war can

make us, ah! non non non Pauvre Madelen ſhall ne_ver quit her Ro_ver; ah! non non

make us, ah! non nonnon Pauvre Madelen ſhall ne_ver quit her Ro_ver; ah! non non

f *p*

non Pauvre Madelen ſhall go with me all the world o_ver.

non Pauvre Madelen ſhall go with you all the world o_ver.

THE VILLAGE SPIRE.

A Celebrated SONG by GIORDANI.

Andantino.

Beneath yon mountain's ſhaggy Cliff whence bubling wa_ters ſtealtheir way, Pa_le_mon with his flee_cy care were ſhelter'd from the ſultry ray, re_clin'd up_on the moſ_ſy turf he ſweet_ly pipd his woodnotes wild, in praiſe of Phoe_be, gen_tle Maid, whoſe love_ly charms his hours be_guil'd

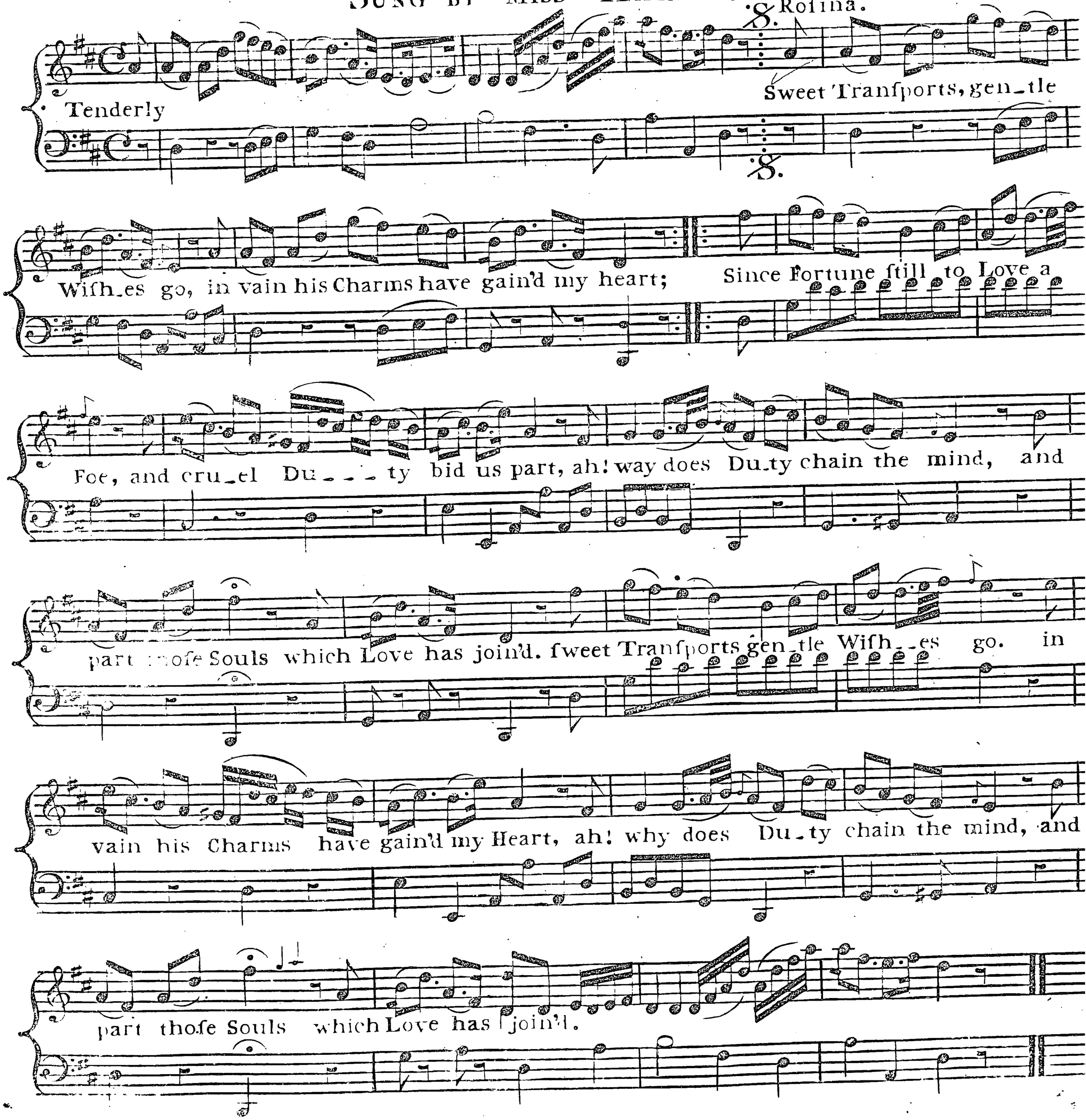
2

Soft Eccho liſten'd to the tune,
And quick to Phoebe bore the ſound;
Which ſoon as heard ſhe inſtant knew,
And ſmiling ſought the enchanting ground.
No ſooner did the Nymph appear,
Than rapture fill'd PALEMON'S breaſt;
He roſe and on her modeſt Cheek,
The Kiſs of rapture fondly preſt.

The varying blush her face o'erspread,
As Lillies damask'd by the Rose;
While gentle tumults in each breast,
Their mutual love in sighs disclose.
When sudden open'd to their view,
Beneath the branches of an Oak,
A Village Spire with Ivy drest,
And thus PALEMON spoke.

"Twelve Moons, my love, are gone and o'er,
"Since first my youthful heart you won:
"Then haste, my fair, to yonder Spire,
"And there unite our Vows in one.
"Together hied the rustic Pair,
With constancy their only wealth;
Nor wish'd for more, while thus possess'd
Of Love their Cot and rosy health.

SUNG BY MISS HARPER.



A SMILE FROM THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

Con SPIRITO

Flutes

Oboes

tutti

p

In the Worlds, In the Worlds, crooked path, where I've been, There to ſhare of Life's

Eſpreſsivo

gloom my poor part; The Sunſhine that ſoften'd that ſoften'd the ſcene was a ſmile from the Girl of my

Heart, a ſmile from the Girl of my heart, The bright ſunſhine that ſoften'd the ſcene was a

ſmile from the Girl of my heart.

2d Verse.

Not a Swain, not a ſwain, when the Lark quits her neſt,

But to labour with glee will de__part;

If at Eve he expects he expects to be bleſt,

With a ſmile from the Girl of his heart &c &c.

3d Verse.

Come then croſses and cares come cares as they may

Let my mind ſtill this maxim im__part;

That the comfort the comfort of Mans fleeting day,

Is a ſmile from the Girl of his heart &c &c.

Flute or Guitar.

So

TOM BOWLING

or the SAILOR'S EPITAPH by DIBDIN.

Andante

Here a ſheer hulk lies Poor Tom Bowling the darling of our Crew, no more he'll hear the Tempeſt howling for Death has broach'd him too: his form was of the manlieſt beauty his heart was kind and ſoft, faith_ful be_low he did his du_ty, and now he's gone a_loft, and now he's gone a__loft.

(2)

Tom never from his word departed,
His Virtues were ſo rare;
His friends were many and true hearted;
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd ſing ſo blithe and jolly,
Ah! many's the time and oft,
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

(3)

Yet ſhall Poor Tom find pleaſant weather,
When he who all commands
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death who Kings and Tars diſpatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd,
For though his Body's under hatches,
His Soul is gone aloft.

For the German Flute.

So

Price one Dollar.

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HENRYS. COTTAGE MAID.

Andante

p f pp f

S.

Ah where can fly my foul's true love fad I wan_der this lone grove

S.

Sighs and tears for him I fhed HEN__RY is from LAU_RA fled

pp mf

Thy love to me thou didft im_part thy love foon won my

efpres.

vir__gin heart but dearest HENRY thou'st be_tray'd thy___ love with

S.

thy poor Cottage maid.

pp

S.

(2)

Through the Vale my grief appears
Sighing fad, with pearly tears;
Oft thy Image is my theme,
As I wander on the green:
See from my cheek the colour flies,
And loves fweet hope within me dies;
For oh dear Henry thou'ft be tray'd,
Thy love_with thy poor Cottage Maid.

A FAVOURITE FRENCH SONG

Jai perdu mon euri - - dice rien n'egale mon malheur fort cru - el quelle ri - -

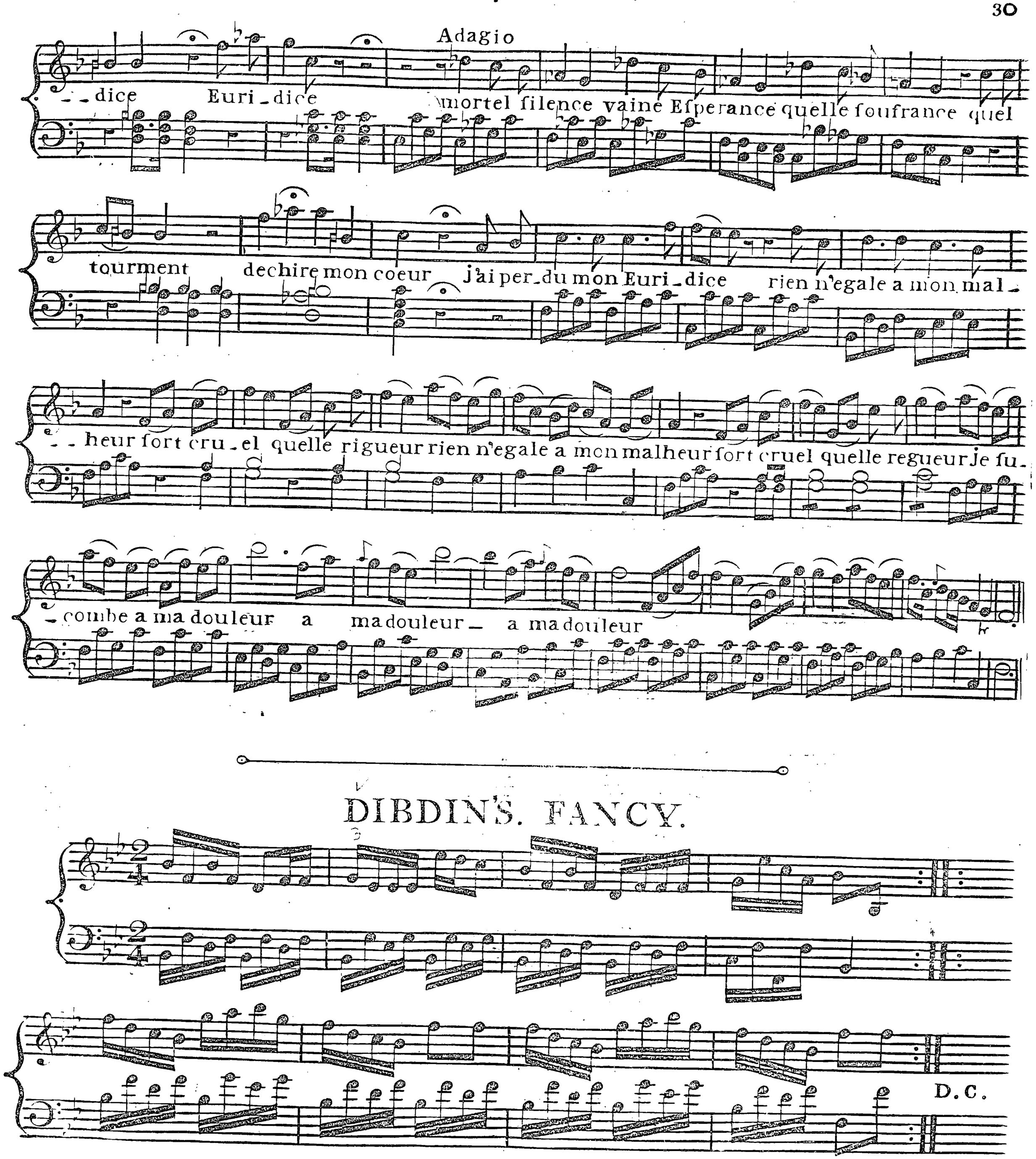
- - gueur rien n'egale mon malheur je Su combea ma dou leur Euri - -

- - - dice Euri - dice reponds quelfuplice re - pond - - - - - -

- - - moi C'eſt ton Epoux ton Epoux fid'ele en - tend ma voix qui t'apelle ma

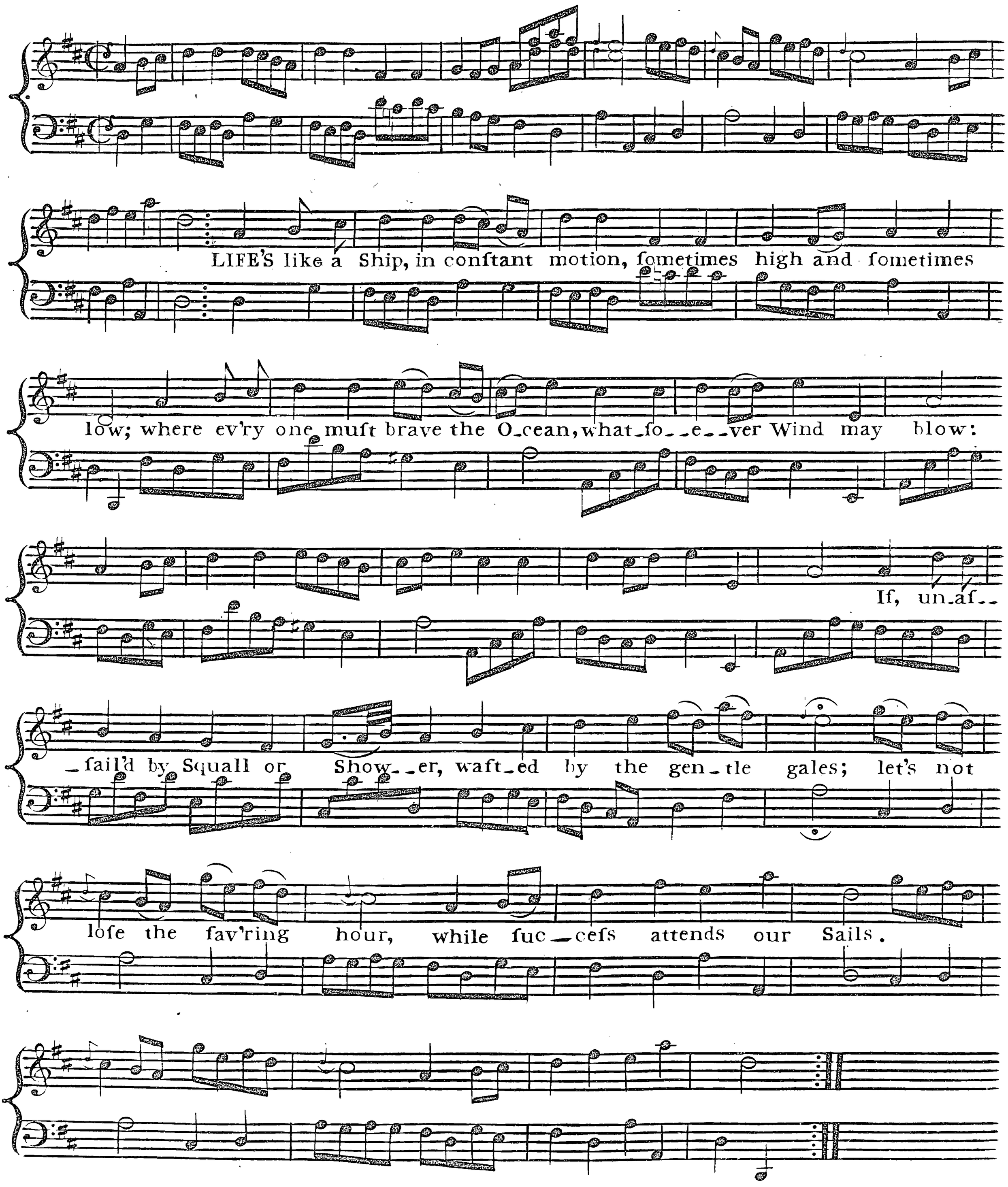
voix qui t'apelle j'ai perdu mon Euri - dice rien n'egale mon malheur fort cru - -

- - el quelle rigueur rien n'e - gale mon malheur je fu com - bea ma douleur Euri -



Firſt Lady ſet to 2d. Gent: and turn 1st. Gent: does the ſame lead down the mid: caſt off and turn your partner.

THE SAILOR'S ALLEGORY



2

Or, if the way ward winds ſhould bluſter,
Let us not give way to fear;
But let us all our patience muſter,
And learn, from Reaſon, how to ſteer:
Let Judgement keep you ever ſteady,
'Tis a ballaſt never fails;
Should dangers riſe, be ever ready,
To manage well the ſwelling Sails.

3

Truſt not too much your own Opinion
While your Veſſel's under way;
Let good example bear dominion,
That's a Compaſs will not ſtray:
When thund'ring Tempeſts make you ſhudder,
Or Boreas on the ſurface rails;
Let good Diſcretion guide the Rudder,
And Providence attend the Sails.

4

Then, when you're ſafe from Danger, riding
In ſome welcome Port or Bay;
Hope be the Anchor you confide in,
And Care, awhile enſlumber'd lay:
Or, when each Cann's with Liquor flowing,
And good fellowſhip prevails;
Let each true Heart, with rapture glowing,
Drink "Succeſs unto our Sails".

PADDY BULL'S EXPEDITION.

Moderato

When I took my departure from Dublin's ſweet Town, and for England's own ſelf through the Seas I did plough, for four long days I was toſs'd up and down, like a Quid of chew'd hay in the throat of a Cow: while af_fraid off the deck in the Ocean to ſlip, Sir, I clung like a Cat a faſt hold for to keep, Sir, round a bout the big Poſt that grows out of the Ship, Sir, oh: I never thought more to ſing Lango_lee.

2

Thus ſtanding Stock ſtill all the while I was moving,
Till Ireland's Coaſt I ſaw clean out of ſight;
Myſelf the next Day a true Iriſhman proving,
When leaving the Ship, on the Shore for to light;
As the Board they put out was too narrow to quarter,
The firſt ſtep I took I was in ſuch a totter,
That I jump'd up on Land to my Neck up in water.
O that was no time to ſing Llangolee.

3

But as ſharp Cold and Hunger I never yet knew more,
And my Stomach and Bowels did grumble & growl,
I thought the beſt way to get each in good humour,
Was to take out the Wrinkles of both by my Sowle,
So I went to a Houſe where Roaſt meat they provide, Sir,
With a Whirligig which up the Chimney I ſpy'd, Sir,
And which grinds all their Smoke in to Powder beſide, Sir,
'Tis true as I'm now ſinging Llangolee.

4

Then I went to the Landlord of all the Stage Coaches,
That ſet Sail for London each Night in the Week;
To whom I obnoxiouſly made my approaches,
As a Birth aboard one I was come for to ſeek;
But as for the inſide I'd no Caſh in my Caſket,
Says I "With your leave I make bold, Sir, to aſk it
When the Coach is gone off, pray what Time goes the Baſket:
For there I can ride & ſing Llangolee.

5

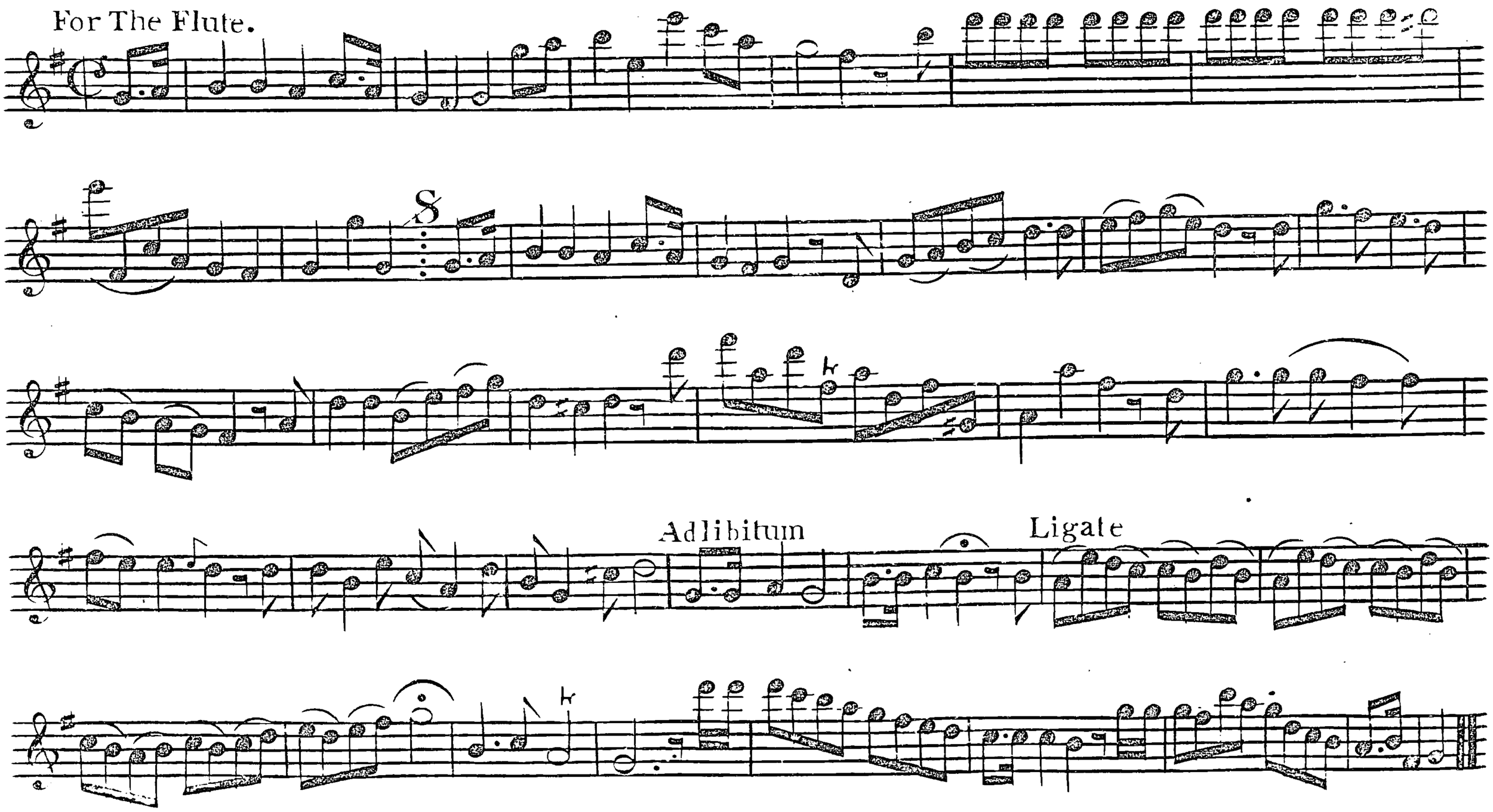
When making his Mouth up "the Baſket ſays he, Sir,
Goes after the Coach a full hour or two"
"Very well, Sir, ſays I, that's the thing then for me, Sir,"
But the Devil a word that he told me was true:
For though one went before and the other behind, Sir,
They ſat off Cheek by Jole at the very ſame time, Sir,
So the ſame Day, at Night, I ſet out by Moon-ſhine Sir
All alone by myſelf ſinging Llangolee.

6

O long Life to the Moon for a brave noble Creature,
That ſerves us with Lamp-light each Night in the dark:
While the Sun only ſhines in the Day which by Nature,
Wants no light at all—As you all may remark:
But as for the Moon, by my Soul I'll be bound, Sir,
It wou'd ſave the whole Nation a great many Pounds Sir,
To ſubſcribe for to light him up all the Year round, Sir.
Or I'll never ſing more about Llangolee.

HEAVING THE LEAD.

For The Flute.



HEAVING THE LEAD A FAVOURITE NEW SONG

For England here with fav'ring Gales our gallant Ship up Channel steer'd &

ſcudding under easy Sail the high blue Weſtern Land ap_pear'd To

Ad libitum

heave the Lead the Seaman ſprung and to the Pi_lot cheerly ſung By the Deep Nine

Legate

By the Deep Nine to heave the Lead the Seaman ſprung & to the Pi_lot cheer_ly ſung

By the Deep Nine.

2

And bearing up to gain the Port,
Some well known object kept in view,
An abbey_town an Harbour_fort,
Or beacon to the Veſsel true,
While o'r the Lead the Seaman flung,
And to the Pilot Cheerly ſu[illegible]
By the mark Se[illegible] &c.
Adlibitum.

3

And as the much Lov'd Shore we near,
With Tranſport we beheld the roof,
Where dwelt a Friend or Partner dear,
Of faith and Love a matchleſs proof,
The Lead once more the Se[illegible]n flung.
And to the watchful Pilot ſ[illegible]
Quarter[illegible]ſs Five .&c.

NO MORE I'LL COURT THE TOWN BRED FAIR.

Allegro

No more I'll court the town_bred Fair, who ſhines in ar_ti_fi_cial beauty; For native charms, with_out compare, claim all my Love, Re_ſpect and Duty:

Oh, my bonny bonny BET, ſweet bloſsom: Oh, my bonny bonny BET, ſweet bloſsom:

was I a King, ſo proud to wear thee, from off the ver_dant Couch I'd bear thee, to gracethy faithfull Lover's bosom. O my bonny bonny Bet.

2

Yet, ask me, where those beauties lie?
I cannot ſay in Smile or Dimple;
In blooming Cheek, or radiant Eye;
'Tis happy Nature, wild and ſimple.
Oh my bonny BET &c.

3

Let dainty Beaux for Ladies pine,
And ſigh in numbers trite and common;
Ye Gods! one darling wish be mine,
And all I ask is lovely Woman.
Oh my bonny BET &c.

4

Come, dearest Girl, the rosy Bowl,
Like thy bright Eye, with pleasure dancing;
My Heaven art thou, ſo take my Soul,
With rapture ev'ry Sense entrancing.
Oh my bonny BET &c.

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CHELMER'S. BANKS. Sung by Miss HUNTLEY. Compofed by R. TAYLOR.

Andante

From Chelmers Banks why flies my Swain, where

can the wanton rove in vain I figh I call in vain he's deaf to me and love he's deaf to

me and love Oh haughty Thames to thee he flies nor heeds my

ten_der plea a_ lafs his fick_le heart denies the Chelmer's Banks and me, a_ lafs his

fick_le heart denies the Chelmer's Banks and me.

(2)

How happy once was I to ftray
Along the Meadow fair,
For all was Chearful all was gay,
When my dear youth was there:
His vows the Silver ftream hath heard,
Thofe vows he made fo free;
Falfe falfe hath all his vows appear'd
To Chelmer's Banks and me.

(3)

Yet ftill to thee my heart is true,
Though thine ungrateful prove;
And Conftancy fhall ever fhew,
Though unreturn'd by love:
The Chelmer's ftream with gentle found
Thus murmers to the Sea;
Unchang'd by time fhall ftill be found
The faithful Stream and me.

THE WALLS OF MY PRISON

Andante.

The Walls of my Prison are high, no mortal these eyes can be_hold; no friend to con_sole me is nigh, nor Hen_ry these Arms can in_fold

Sy

a Father's re_sentment I bear, yet true to my Lover re_main: sure Heaven in pi_ty, in pi_ty will hear so faith_ful a Mai_den com_plain, so faith_ful a Maiden com_plain.

Sy

2

Ah! why does my flutt'ring heart beat
Thus quick at the thoughts of my dear!
Ah! why when his name I repeat,
If Henry's abode be not there!
Some Nymphs with ambition may sigh
To share with the Monarch his Throne,
But Emma can fondly reply,
I live for my Henry alone.

HARK THE LARK AT HEAV'N'S GATE SINGS

ciliana

p

fwell loud

Hark hark the Lark at Heav'n's gate ſings and Phoebus 'gins a_rife his Steeds to

water at thoſe Springs on chalic'd flow'rs that lies

1st 2d

and winking

Ma_ry-buds be_gin to ope their gol_ _den eyes and winking Mary buds be_gin to ope their golden

eyes with ev'ry thing that pretty is my Lady ſweet a_riſe my Lady ſweet a rife my Lady ſweet a_

ſoft

more ſoft

loud

rife with ev'ry thing that pretty is my Lady ſweet a_riſe a_riſe a_riſe

my Lady ſweet a_riſe a rite.

Fine

JACK THE GUINEA PIG.

A FAVORITE SONG COMPOSED BY R. TAYLOR.

Moderato

When the An_chor's weigh'd and the Ship's un moor'd, and Landsmen lag be_ _hind Sir; the Sai_lor Joy_ful ſkips on board, and Swearing prays for a Wind Sir. and Swearing prays for a Wind Sir.

Tow_ing here Yehoing there, Stead_i_ly Rea_di_ly Chea_ri_ly Mea_ri_ly, ſtill from care and think_ing free, is a Sai lor's Life at Sea.

Chorus.

Still from care and think_ing free, is a Sai_ _lor's Life at Sea.

2

When we ſail with a freſh'ning Breeze
And Landsmen all grow ſick Sir
The Sailor lolls with his mind at eaſe
And the Song and the Cann go quick Sir.
Laughing here, Quaffing there,
Steadily &c.

3

When the Wind at Night whiſtles o'er the Deep
And ſings to Landsmen dreary
The Sailor fearleſs goes to ſleep
Or takes his WATCH moſt cheary.
Boozing here, Snoozing there,
Steadily &c.

4

When the Sky grows black and the Wind blows hard
And Landsmen ſculk below Sir
Jack mounts up to the top-ſail yard
And turns his Quid as he goes Sir.
Hawling here, Bawling there,
Steadily &c.

5

When the foaming Waves run mountain high
And Landsmen cry "All's gone Sir"
The Sailor hangs 'twixt Sea and Sky
And he Jokes with Davy Jones Sir.
Daſhing here, Claſhing there,
Steadily &c.

6

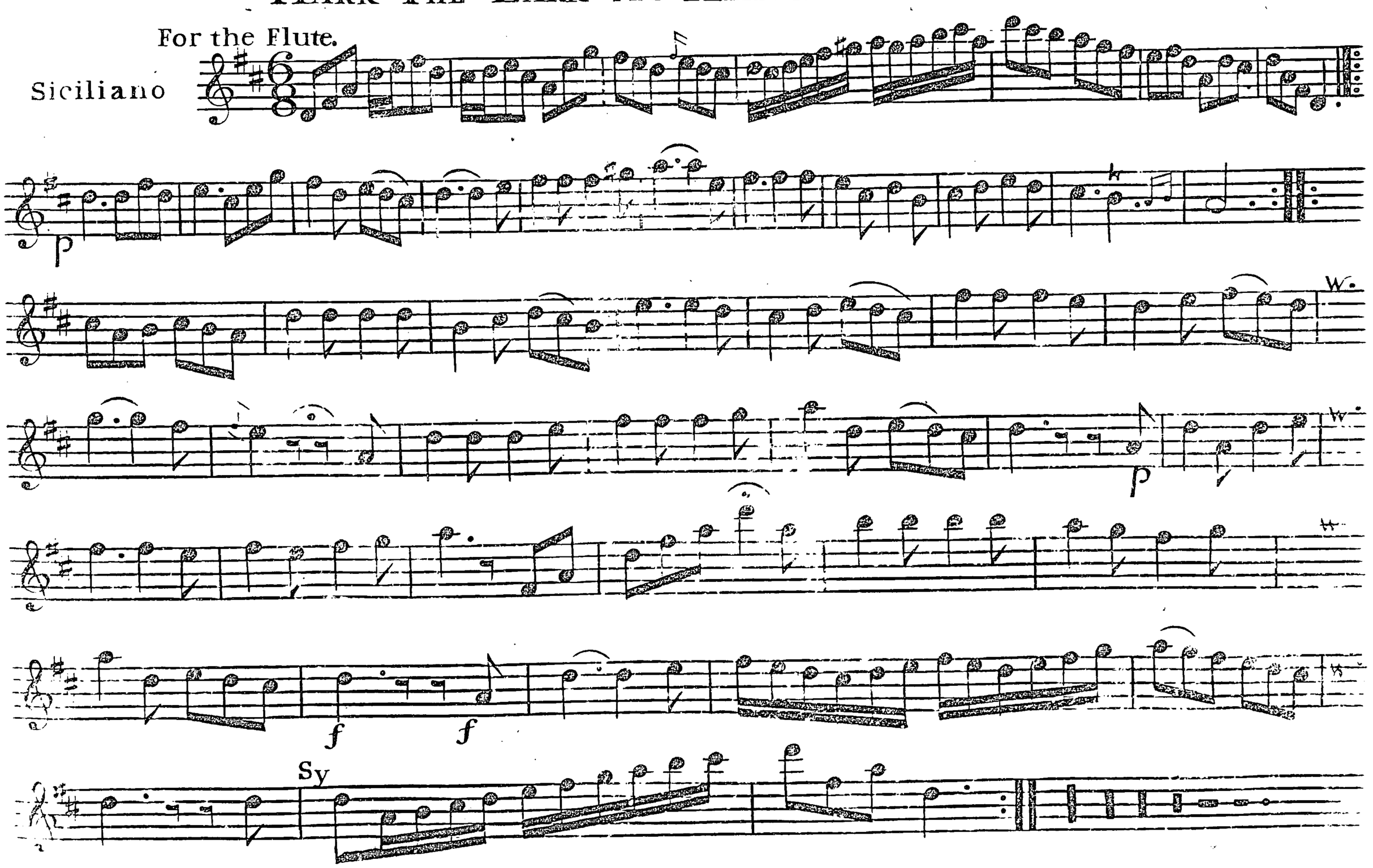
When the Ship dy'e ſee becomes a wreck
And Landsmen hoiſt the Boat Sir,
The Sailor ſcorns to quit the Deck
While a ſingle Plank's afloat Sir.
Swearing here, Tearing there,
Steadily &c.

---

3 Hark The Lark At Heav'n's Gate Sings.

For the Flute.

Siciliano



THE. SHEPHERDS. EVENING.

A NEW SONG COMPOSED BY R. TAYLOR.

Moderato.

Now to pant on Thetis Breaſt, Phœbus bluſhes down the Weſt, and in laughter ſeems to ſay

mortals end like me the day, mortals end like me the day.

Join ye merry rural throng in mirth and Mu_ſic dance and Song E_ver hap_py

E_ver gay, life is here one holiday, life is here one holi_day.

2

Nature's free born ſubject Train,
Blooming Tenants of the Plain,
'Tis for us the Goddeſs ſpreads,
Verdant Meads and flow'ry Beds,
While the varying Seaſons flow,
Beauty bids our Boſoms glow,
Ever happy ever gay &c.

3

Ev'ry Nymph and ev'ry Youth,
Melt with fondneſs warm with Truth,
Sunny Vale and ſhady Grove,
Echo to the Voice of Love,
And the changeful Year ſupplies,
Pleaſure to the Heart and Eyes.
Ever happy ever gay &c.

4

Far from Noiſe and Pomp and State,
Joys and troubles of the Great,
Shelter'd by Contentment's Wings,
Here the Bird of rapture ſings,
While the God of ſoft delight,
Glads the Noon and chears the Night.
Ever happy ever gay &c.

THE. TARTAN. PLAIDY.

Moderato

The Law land Lads think they are fine but O they're vain and Id_ly gaudy how much un_like that gracefull mien and manly look of my Highland Laddie O my bonny bonny High_land Laddie my handſome Charming High_land Laddie when I was ſick and like to die he row'd me in his Tar_tan Plaidy.

2

If I were free at will to Chuſe,
To be the wealthieſt Lawland Lady,
I'd take young Donald without Trews,
With Bonnet blew and belted Plaidy.
Oh my Bonny &c.

3

The Braweſt beau in Borrows Town,
In 'a his Airs, with art made ready,
Compair'd to him, he's but a Clown;
He's finer far in's tartan Plaidy.
Oh my Bonny &c.

4

O'er benty Hill with him I'll run
And leave my Lawland Kin and Dady.
Frae winters Cauld and Summers ſun,
He'll ſcreen me with his tartan Plaidy.
Oh my Bonny &c.

5

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend;
Than that his Love prove true and ſteady
Like mine to him, which ne'er ſhall end;
While Heav'n preſervs my Highland Laddie.
Oh my Bonny &c.

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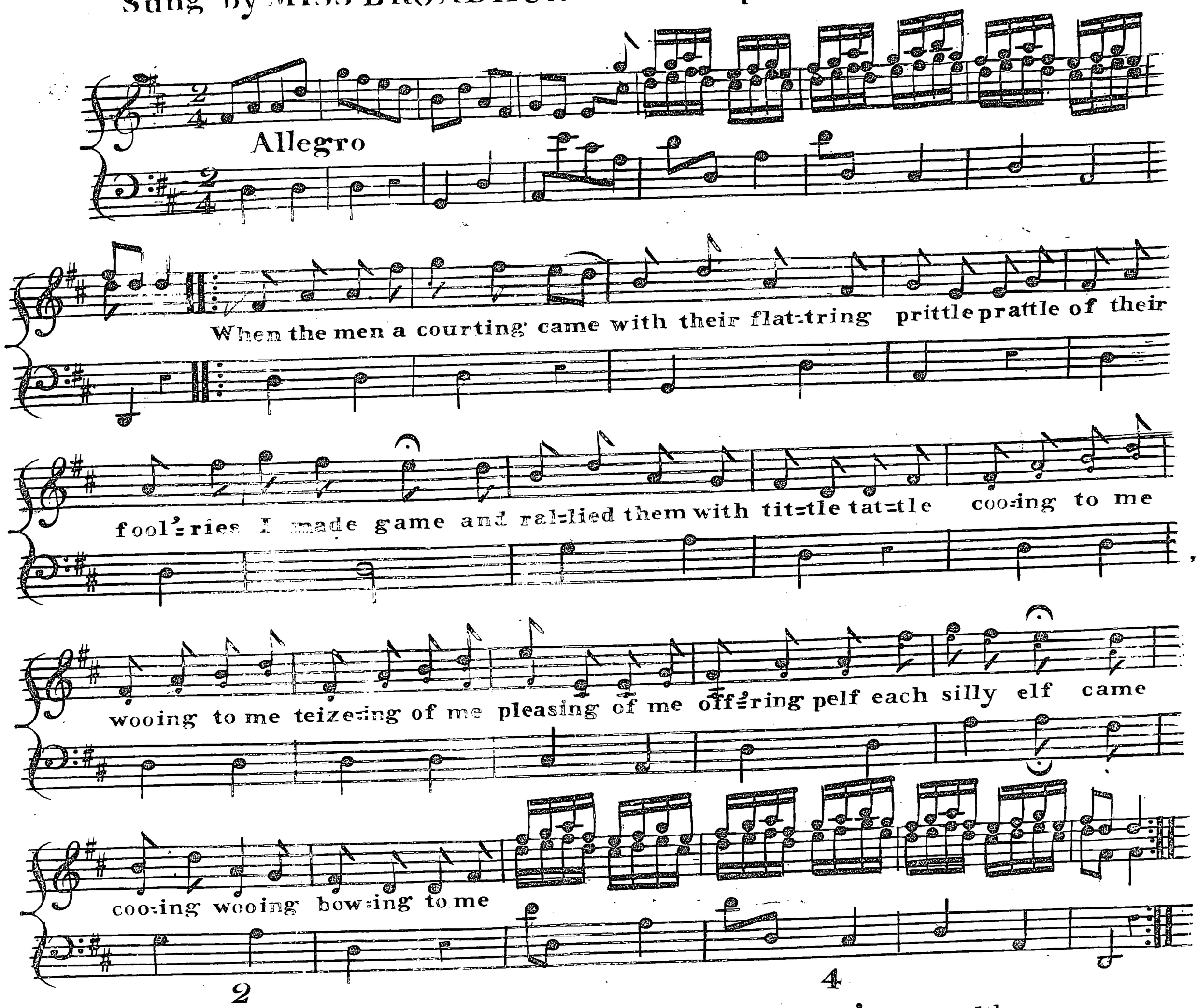
Sung by MISS BROADHURST in the Opera of ROBIN HOOD



2

The divine with looks demure
Talk'd of tithes & eating plenty
Shew'd the profits of his Cure
And vow'd to treat me with each dainty
Cooing &c.

3

The learned Sergant of the Law
Shew'd his parchments briefs & papers
In his deeds I found a flaw
So dismis'd him in the vapours
Cooing &c.

4

Physic now display'd his wealth
With his nostrums but the fact is
I resolv'd to keep my Health
Nor dye a Martyr to his practice
Cooing &c.

5

But at last a Swain bow'd low
Candid hansome tall and clever
Squees'd my hand I cant tell how
But he won my heart for ever.
Cooing &c.
I sent all other wooers from me

THE TRUMP OF FAME

Sung by Mrs. WARRELL in the Opera of ROBIN HOOD

Allegro

CLORINDA

The trump of fame your name has breath'd Its praise is sounded far & near Stout

Lit tle John with laur el wreath'd has reach'd each dame & damsels ear Stout Little John with

lau rel wreath'd has reach'd each dame & damsels ear *f* But it is not

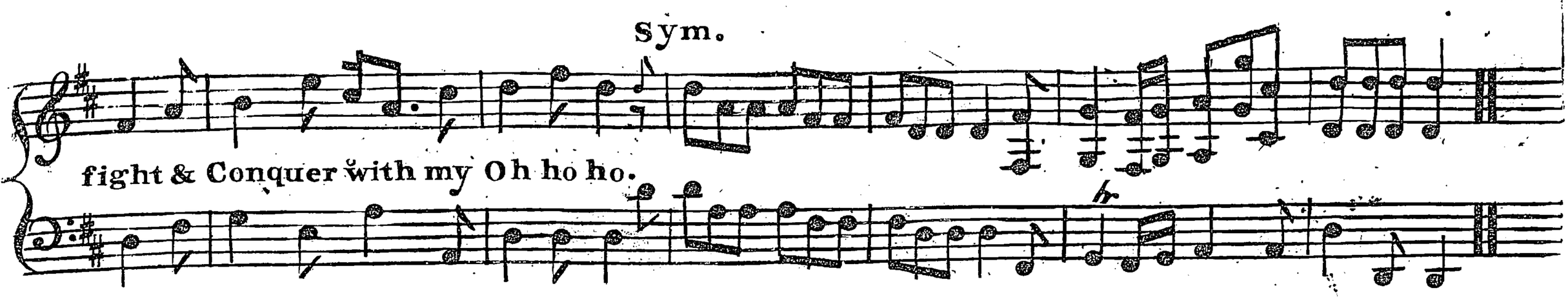
f *f*

you Bold Ro_bin Hood bold Ro bin Hood I come to seek with bended bow tis him i'd meet by

ho_ly rood To Conquer with my Oh ho ho my Oh -

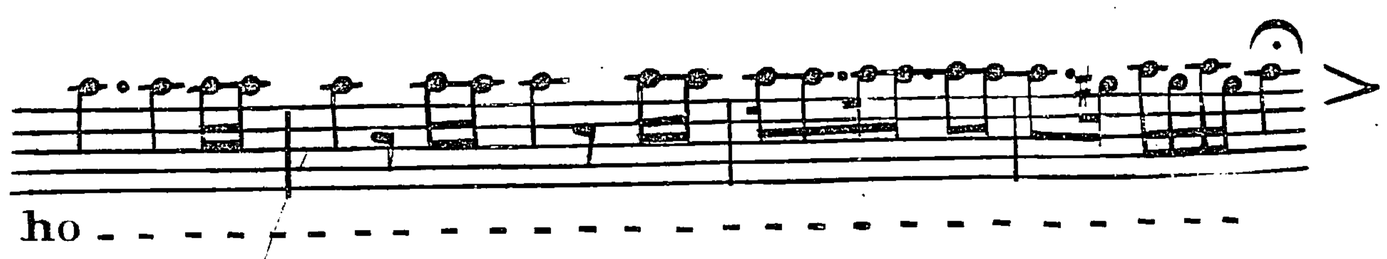
Hoiks

- That man of might I fain would

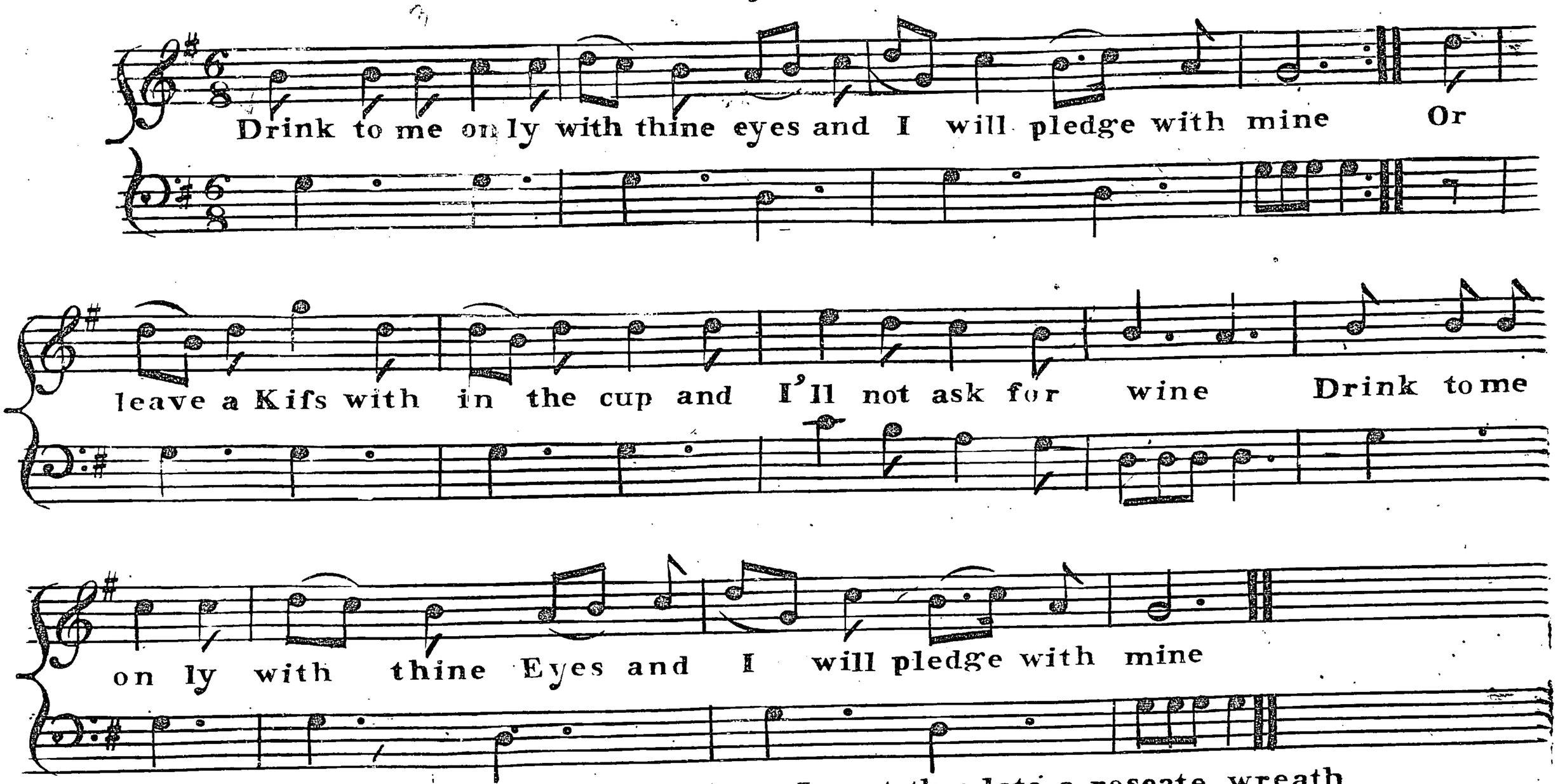


Through frost and snow
Though cold winds blow
I never fail
In rain or hail
Though thunders rool
From pole to pole
To conquer with my Oh, ho ho,

With bended bow
The buck or doe
I never fail
Through rain or hail
Though thunders roll
From pole to pole
To conquer with my Oh, ho, ho.



Drink to me only with thine Eyes



The thirst that from the Soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of Joves nectar sup,
I wou'd not change for thine. Drink to &c

I sent thee late a roseate wreath
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope that there——
It cou'd not witherd be. Drink to &c

But thou thereon didst only breath
And sent it back to me
Since when it looks and tastes I swear
Not of itself but thee. Drink to &c

WHAT SHEPHERD OR NYMPH

What shepherd or nymph of the grove Can blame me for drop ping a tear Or lamenting a

- loud as I rove, Since Sil via no lon ger is here My flocks if at random they stray

What wonder since she's from the plains Her hand they were wont to o bey

She rul'd both the sheep and the Swains She rul'd both the sheep & the Swain

2

Can I ever forget how I stray'd,
To the foot of yon neighbouring hill;
To the bow'r we had built in the shade,
Or the river that runs by the mill!
There sweet by my side as she lay,
And heard the fond stories I told,
How sweet was the thrush from the spray,
Or the bleating of lambs from the fold.

3

She was all my fond wishes could ask,
She had all the kind gods could impart
She was Nature's most beautiful task,
The despair & the envy of art;
There all that is worthy to prize
In all that is lovely is drest,
For the Graces were throng'd in her eyes
And the Virtues all lodg'd in her breast.

THE REQUEST

An admired NEW SONG Composed by G. VOGLER

Tell me bab_ling E_cho, why you re_turn me sigh for sigh

When I of sligh ted love complain you de light you de light to mock my pain

Bold intuder night and day,
Busy tell tale. hence away'
Me and my cares in silence leave,
Come not, Come not near me whilst I grieve.

But if my Swain in all his charms,
Returns to blefs my longing arms;
I'll call thee from thy dark retreat,
The Jovful, the Jovful tidings to repeat.

Repeat, Repeat, Repeat thy strain;
Tell it oer and oer again,
From morn to night prolong the tale,
Let it ring, let it ring from vale to vale

Flute

Sy. Sy. So. So. Sy.

THE. FLOWING CANN.

AS SUNG BY Mr HODGKINSON IN NO SONG NO SUPPER.

Allegretto.

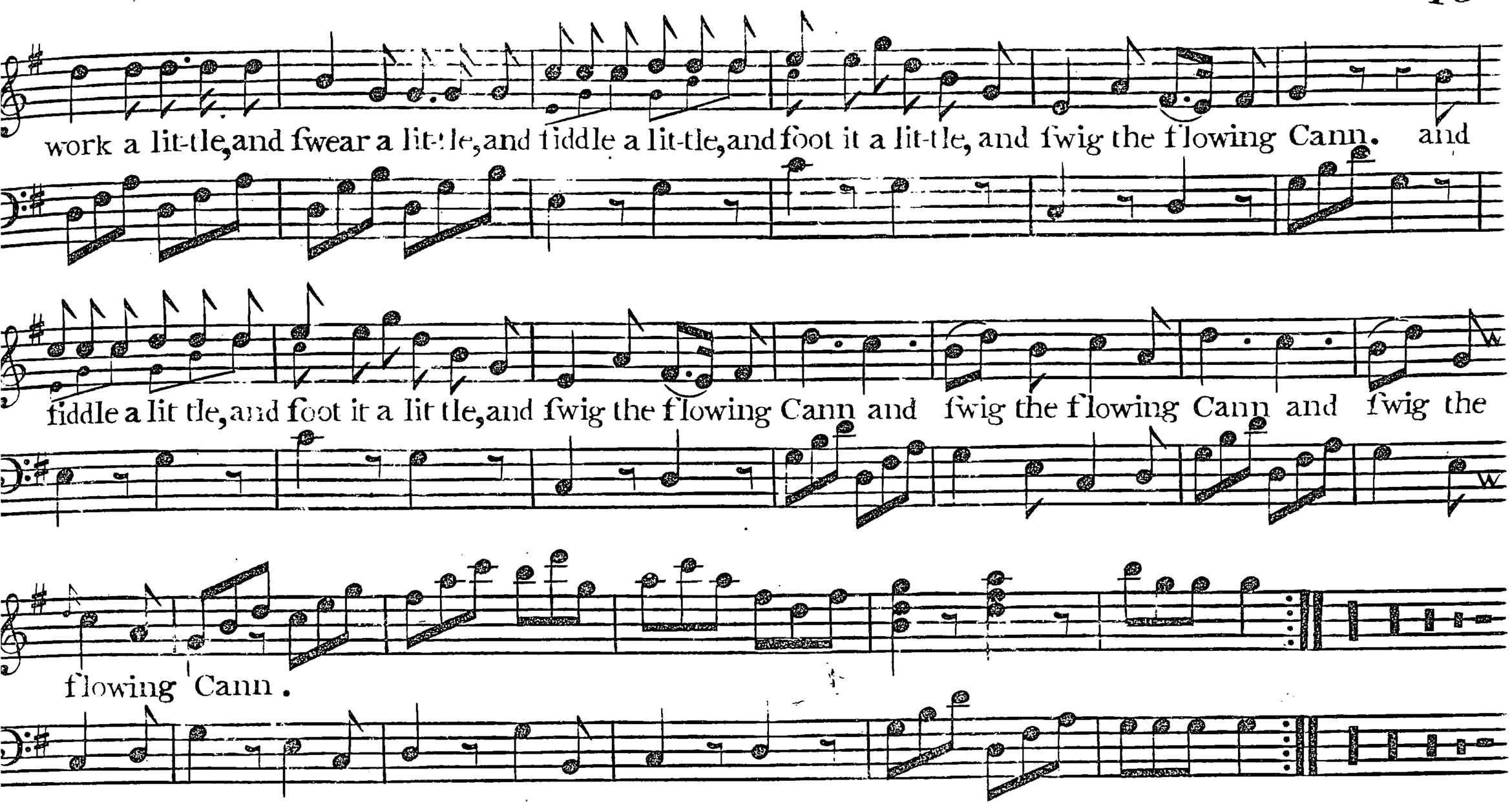
A failor's life's a life of woe, he works now late now ear-ly, now up and down now to & fro, what

then! he takes it chearly, bleſt with a ſmiling Cann of grog, If du-ty call, ſtand riſe or fall to fate's laſt

verge he'll jog. the cadge to weigh, the ſheets to lay, he does it with a with. to heave the lead, or to cat head the

pond'rous anchor fiſh for while the grog goes round. all ſense of dangers drown'd, we de-ſpiſe it to a man we

ſing a lit-tle, and laugh a lit-tle, and work a lit-tle, and ſwear a lit-tle, we ſing a lit-tle, and laugh a lit-tle, and



2

E'howling winds and roaring ſeas
Give proof of coming danger,
We view the, ſtorm, our hearts at ease,
For Jack's to fear a ſtranger.
Bleſſed with the ſmiling Grog we fly,
Where now below
We head-long go
Now riſe on mountains high:
Spight of the gale,
We hand the ſail,
Or take the needful reef
Or man the deck
To clear ſome wreck
To give the ſhip relief,
Though perils threat around,
All ſense of danger's drowned,
We deſpiſe it to a man,
We ſing a little &c.

But yet think not our caſe is hard
Though ſtorms at ſea thus treat us,
For coming home (a ſweet reward)
With ſmiles our ſweet-hearts greet us.
Now too the friendly Grog we quaff,
Our am'rous toaſt,
Her we love moſt
And gayly ſing and laugh:
The ſails we furl,
Then for each girl,
The petticoat diſplay
The deck we clear
Then three times cheer,
As we their charms ſurvey.
And then the Grog goes round,
All ſense of danger's drowned,
We deſpiſe it to a man,
We ſing a little &c.

Price one Dollar.

No 7

To be continued monthly.

Young's

Vocal and Instrumental

MUSICAL MISCELLANY;

Being a collection of the most approved

Songs, Duets, Catches and Glees,

Adapted for the

Voice, Piano-Forte, Violin and German-Flute

PRINTED

In Philadelphia for the author, and sold by him,

at No. 127 Race-Street, & by Matthew Carey, 122 Market-Street

and may be had in

NEW YORK, at DODDS and CLAGG'S

Musical Instrument Makers, No. 66 Chatham Street.

YOUNG LUBIN WAS A SHEPHERD BOY

Affettuoso

Young Lubin was a Shepherd boy fair Rosalie a rus_tic Maid they look'd the lov'd each o__thers Joy to=gether o'er the Hills they ftray'd their Pa rents saw and bleft their love nor would their happinefs delay to morrows dawn their blifs shall prove to_morrow be their wed_ding day

1st 2d

1st 2d

2

When as at Eve, beside the brook,
Where ftray'd their flocks, they sat & smil'd
One lucklefs Lamb the Current took,
T'was Rosalies, the ftarted wild.
Run, Lubin run, my fav'rite save,
Too fatally the youth obey'd:
He ran, He plung'd into the wave,
To give the little wand'rer aid.

3

But scarce he guides him to the fhore,
When faint & sunk, poor Lubin dies:
Ah Rosalie! for evermore,
In his cold grave thy Lover lies.
On that lone Bank Oh! ftill be seen,
Faithful to grief, thou haplefs Maid;
And with sad wreaths of Cyprefs green,
For ever sooth thy Lubins fhade.

WHEN FIRST THIS HUMBLE ROOF I KNEW

Pastorale

Andante

p *f*

When first this humble Roof I knew with va-rious cares I

p

strove My grain was scarce my Sheep were few, my all of Life was Love

By mu-tual toil our Board was dres'd, the Spring our drink be---

--stow'd but when her Lip the brim had prefs'd, the Cup with Nec-tar flow'd - - - - - - - -

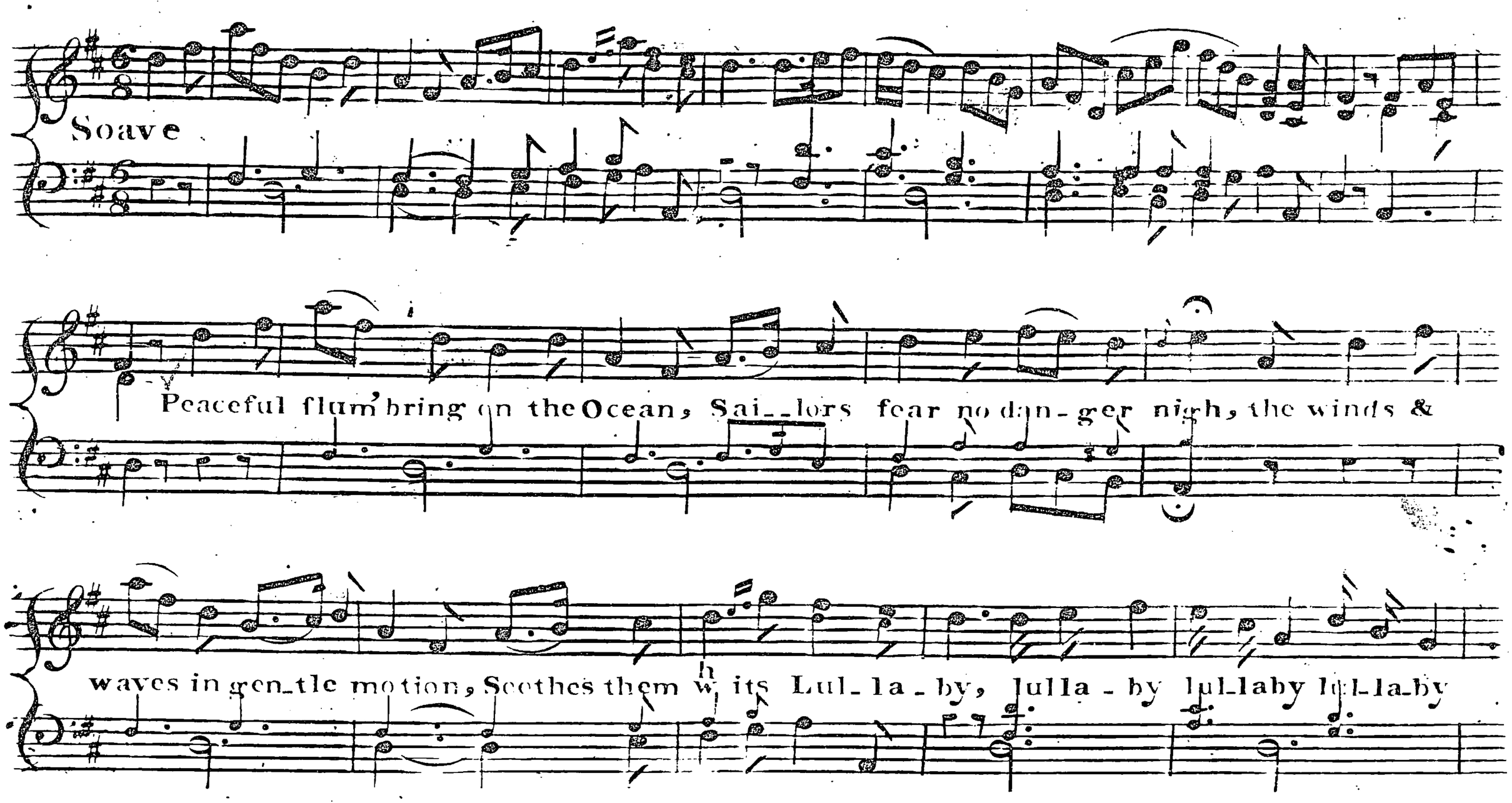
--- with Nec-- tar flow'd.

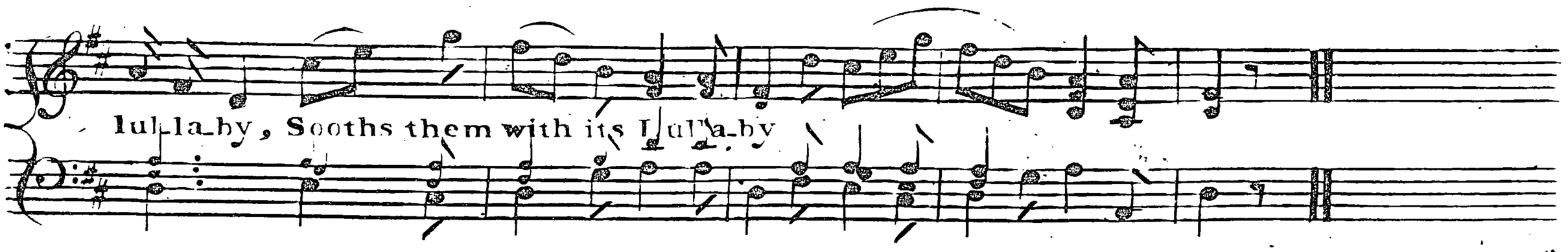
Content and Peace the dwelling shar'd,
No other Guest came nigh,
In them was giv'n (tho Gold was spar'd)
What Gold could never buy

No value has a splended Lot,
But as the means to prove,
That from the Castle to the Cot,
The all of Life is Love.

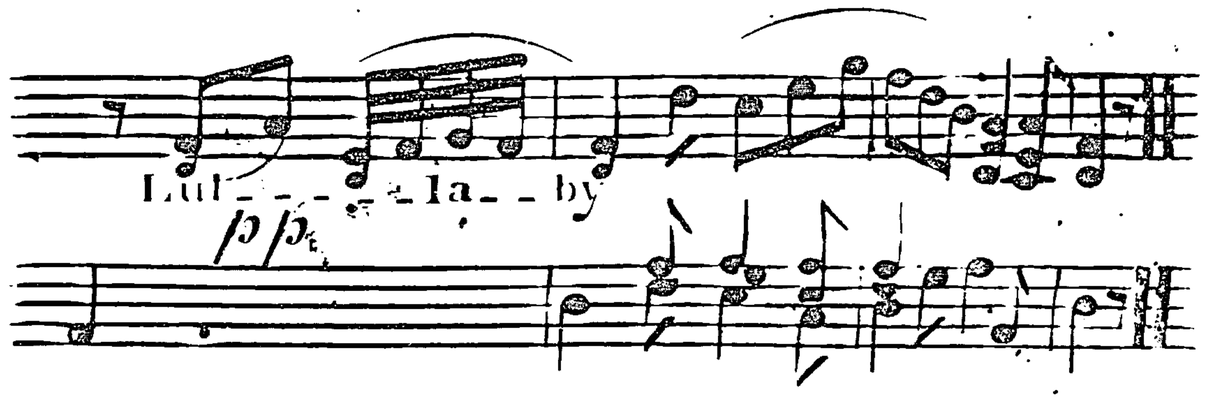
LULLABY

A favorite BALLAD in the Opera of the PIRATES





Is the wind tempestuous blowing
Still no danger they decry
The guileless heart its boon bestowing
Soothes them with its lullaby.



THE LUCKY ESCAPE

WRITTEN and COMPOSED by DIBDIN

Allegretto

I that once was a Ploughman a Sai_lor am now, No

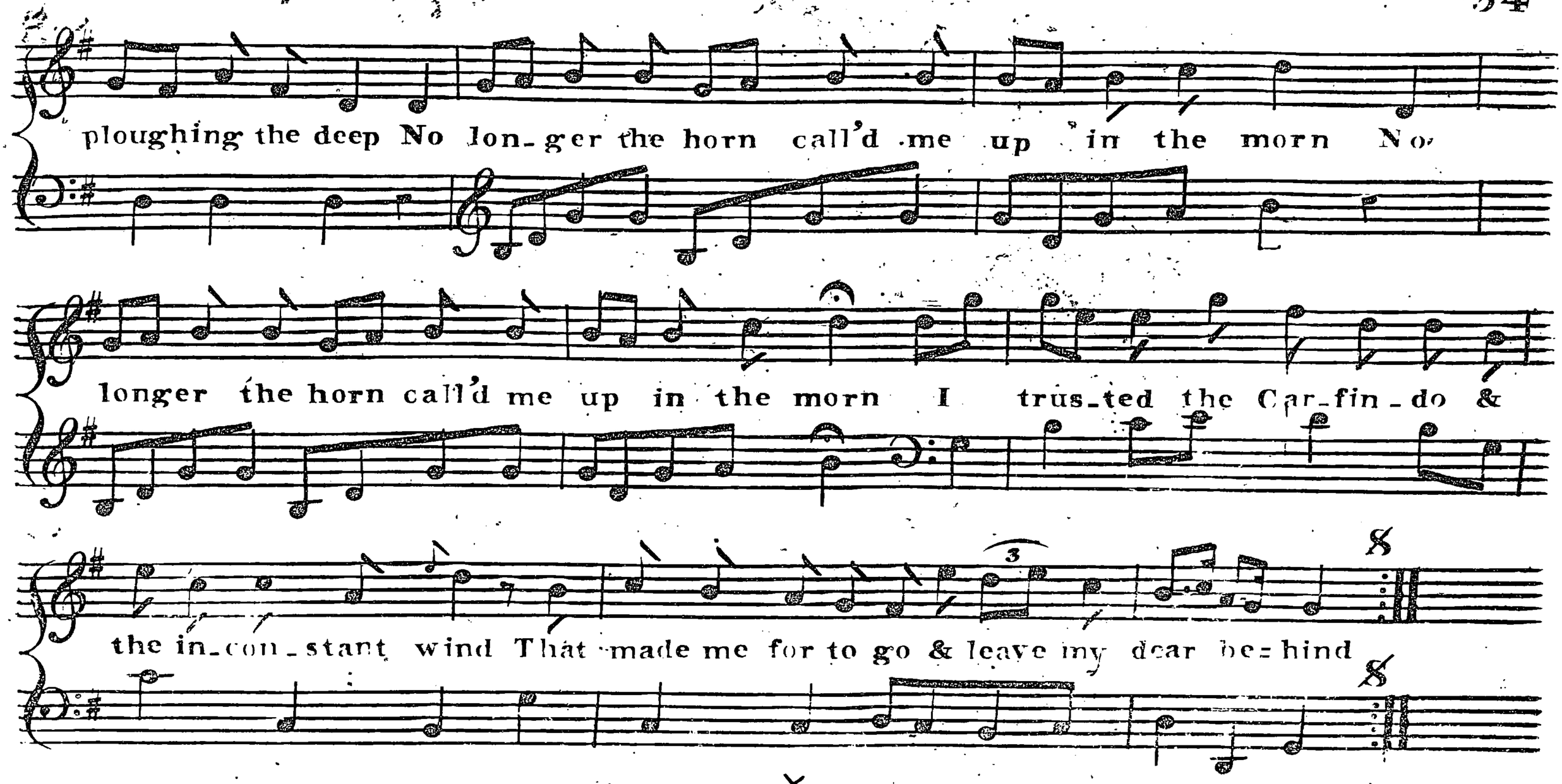
Lark that aloft in the sky Ever flutter'd his wings to give speed to the plough was so

gay and so care_lefs as I was so gay and so care_lefs as I But my

friend was a Car_fin_do a board a Kings ship And he ax'd me to go Just to

sea for a trip And he talk'd of such things as if Sai_lors were Kings & so

teasing did keep & so tea sing did keep That I left my poor plough to go



2

I did not much like for to be aboard a ship,
When in danger there's no door to creep out;
I lik'd the Jolly tars, I lik'd bumbo & flip,
But I did not like rocking about.
By & by came a hurrican, I did not like that,
Next a battle that many a Sailor laid flat;
Ah! cried I who would roam,
That like me had a home.
When I'd sow & I'd reap,
Ere I left my poor Plough to go ploughing the deep,
Where sweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn,
Ere I trusted the Carfindo & the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go & leave my dear behind.

3

At last safe I landed & in a whole skin,
Nor did I make any long stay,
Ere I found by a friend who I ax'd for my kin,
Father dead & my wife ran away:
Ah who but thyself, said I hadst thou to blame,
Wives loosing their husbands oft loose their good name;
Ah why did I roam,
When so happy at home.
I could sow & could reap,
Ere I left my poor Plough to go ploughing the deep,
When sweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn,
Curse light upon the Carfindo & the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go & leave my dear behind.

4

Why if that be the case, said this verry same friend
And you ben't no more minded to roam,
Gis a shake by the fist all your cares at an end,
Dads alive & your Wife's safe at home.
Stark staring with, Jov, I lept out of my skin,
Bus'd my wife mother, sister & all of my kin
Now cried I let them roam
Who want a good home,
I am well, so I'll keep,
Nor again leave my plough to go ploughing the deep,
Once more shall the horn
Call me up in the morn,
Nor shall any dam'd Carfindo nor the inconstant wind,
E're tempt me for to go & leave my dear behind.

THE PATRIOT

A new song Sung by Mr. Robins the words by Mrs. Hatton

Pomposo

While Europe strives with mad ca=reer In

ser=vile Chains to bind And bend & awe with slavish fear mans In de pen dant

mind O let us Joy that on this shore blest freedoms banners play that

haughty ty rants can no more ob scure our rising day A- -bove the monarchs

lof- -ty state fair Liberty we prize pof- -ses'd of her can spurn at fate and

Sym.

Ev- ry ill dis=pise.

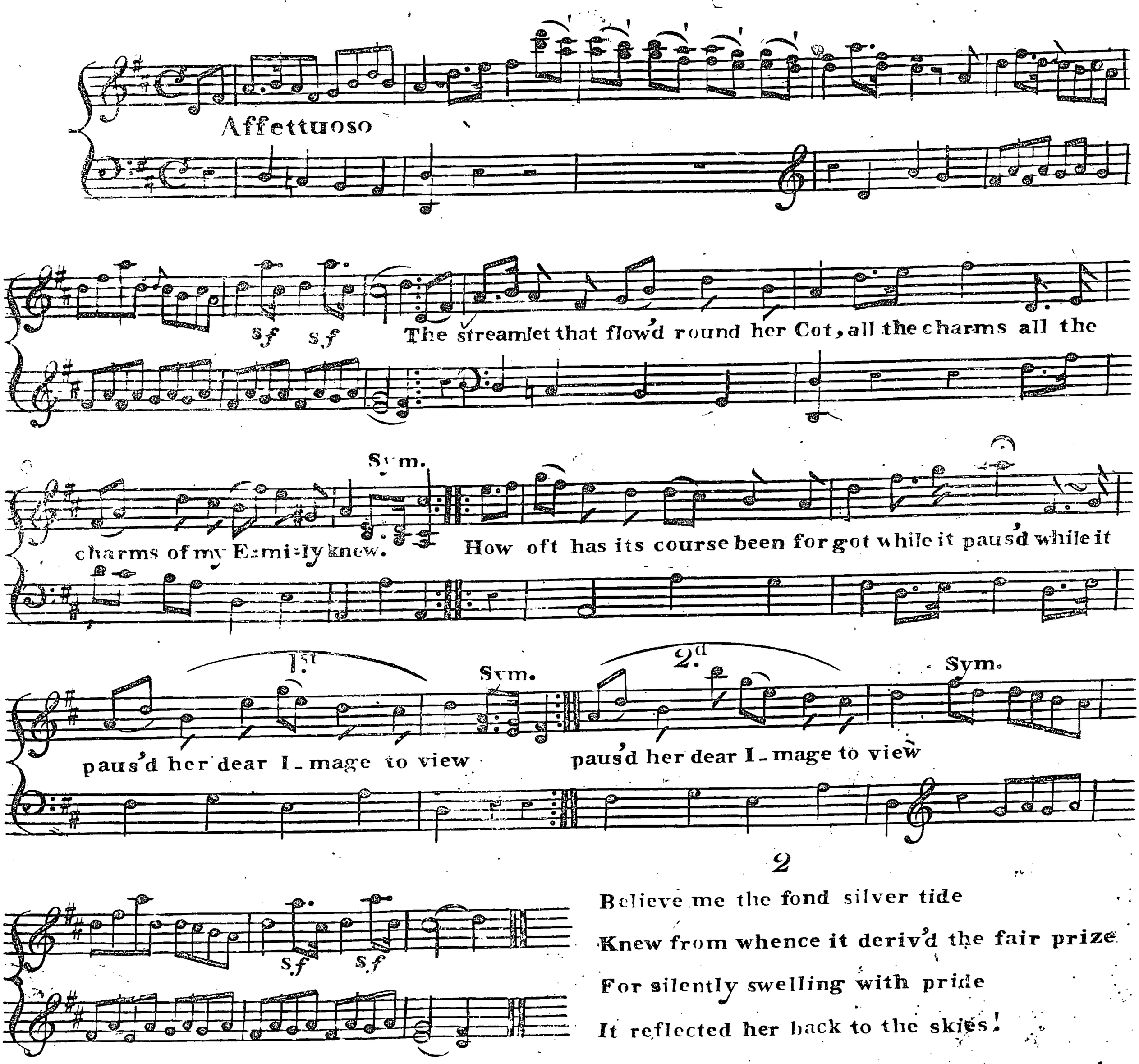
2

Bright beaming Star whoes rays divine
Mans suff'ring race shall cheer
Thou in his darken'd hours shall shine
Diffusing Joys sincere
O'er these lov'd plains shall smiling peace
Her olive chaplet spread

Commerce and wealth shall still increase
And health her roses shed
For ever hail this happy land
For which fair-freedom's giv'n
Whose hardy sons determin'd stand
To guard the gift of Heav'n

THE STREAMLET

A favorite NEW SONG in the Opera of the WOODMAN



2

Believe me the fond silver tide
Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize
For silently swelling with pride
It reflected her back to the skies!

No 8

Price one Dollar.

To be continued monthly.

Songs

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A FAVORITE SONG

Sung by Mrs. Marshall in the new Musical Drama called

THE PURSE

ngrav'd & Published by J. Young & Sold at Carr's Repository's Phila. N: York & Baltimore.

8 Flutes

Allegretto

When a little merry he, My mother nurs'd me on her knee Smiles & Kisses she gave with Joy & call'd me oft her darling boy.

Sym.

Fine

School Boys pranks as big I grew I lik'd but lik'd my Les-sons too, Frowns or whipping I seldom got, & sometimes prai-ses were my lot and sometimes praises were my lot

D:C

Soon my Lord re-ceiv'd me here fine Cloaths he gave & dainty cheer Lords and Ladies me much caress'd But yet I love my mother best but yet I love my Mother best.

D:C

The GIPSY'S song introduc'd in the MAID of the MILL by Mrs. OLDMIXON

Andante
Larghetto

The fields were gay and sweet the

Hay, Our Gipseys sat up-on the Grafs, Both Lad and Lafs by you were fed. 'twas all to

cheat poor sil-ly FAN The fields were gay & sweet the hay

Our Gipsies sat up-on the grafs up-on the grafs both Lad & Lafs by you were fed by

you were fed 'twas all to cheat poor sil-ly FAN.

When e'er we met with kifses sweet
With speeches soft you won my heart
The Hawthorn bufh fhou'd make you blufh
'Twas there you did seduce my heart.

POOR BLACK BOY

Sung by Miſs Broadhurst in the Prize

Affettuoso

sf

You care of money ah! care no more, no tink if your be

p

rich or poor no tink of you be rich or poor my mind em-ploy; me stay wid you, no

Ad libitum

sor- ry no and where a-way my Maſ- sa go, go poor black boy go poor black

a tempo

for

boy & where away my Maſsa go, go poor black boy.

You good to me, dat keepy here
No Maſsa, dat you never fear
Long time deſtroy
Me know death kill, but leave one part,
He never kill the loving Heart
Of POOR BLACK BOY.

Me sigh with you when you be sad
And when you merry much am glad
Me ſhare your Joy
For tho my face be darky hue,
There's still a faithfull Soul & true
In POOR BLACK BOY.

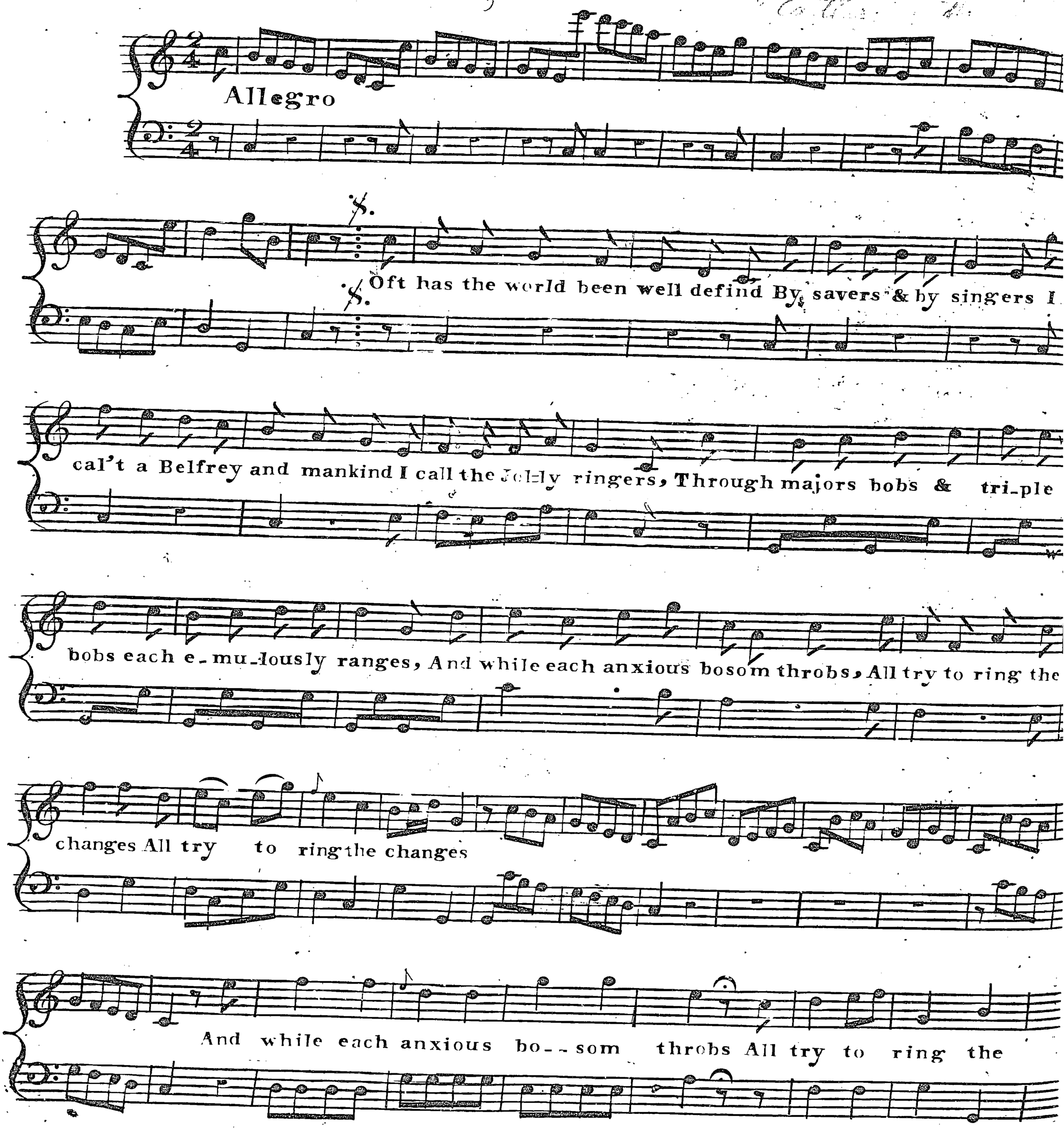
Flute or Guitar

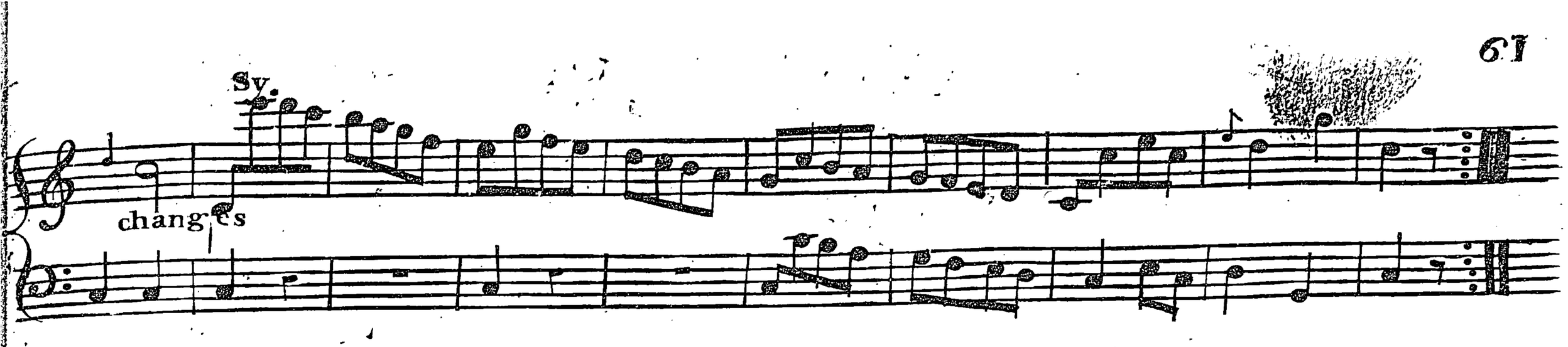
hr

THE JOLLY RINGERS

Composed by

DIBDIN





2

These college youths are sent to School,
And afterwards to college,
And thence return by sqare, & rule,
Well versed in worldly knowledge.

As Genius leads, to cram his maw,
Each art's close lab'rynth ranges;
And on religion, physic, law,
Completely ring the changes.

3

The fortune hunter swears & lies,
And courts the widows Jounture,
Then with a richer heirefs flies;
Nor minds to disappoint her.

The widow too, has her arch whim,
Nor thinks his conduct ftrange is;
A titled heir, succeeds to him;
And thus fhe rings the changes.

4

The waiter, pillages the greek,
The greek, the spend thrift fleeces,
The spend thrift, makes Dad's fortune squke,
Dad rackrents, & grants leases.

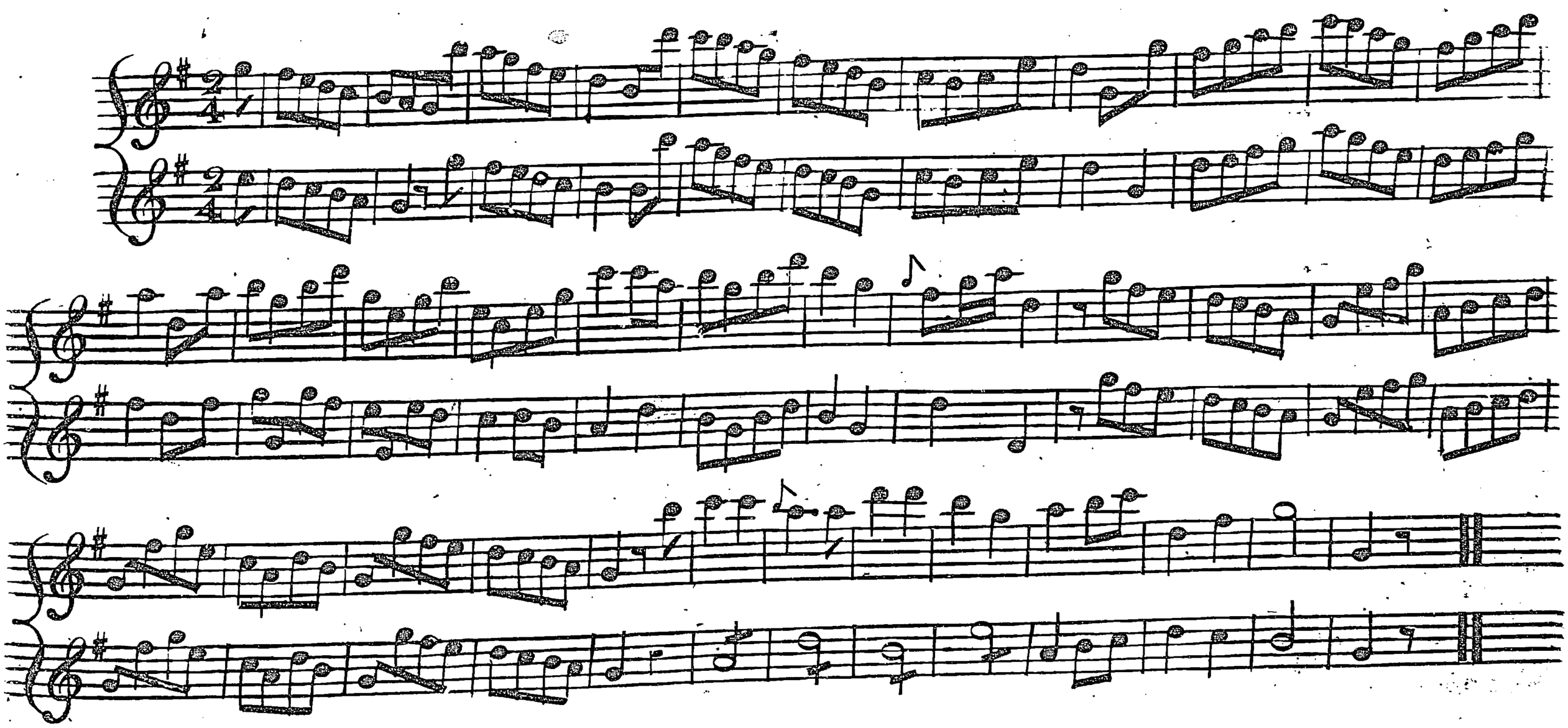
The tenants break, Gazzette reports
Each difference arranges,
Till pro, & con, through all the Courts,
The Lawyers, ring the changes.

5

Thus like the Bells, each fear, & hope,
Hangs wav'ring, & suspended,
All tug away, while some a Rope,
Get more than they intended.

In merry cadence, as they roll,
We'll rove, where reason ranges;
Nor fhall the Bell of sadnefs toll;
Till death fhall ring the changes.

For two Flutes



THE VILLAGE HOLYDAY

A FAVORITE NEW AIR.

Andantino

Glimmring in the glowing Weſt, While the Evning Shadesprevail Phœbus gently

ſinks to reſt; And the Moon with Viſage pale, Kind..ly ſmiling o'er the plain

bids rejoice each Nymph and Swain, Kindly ſmiling o'er the plain, bids rejoice each nimph

Swain.

2

Bleſsd within the chequer'd ſhade,
While his flock is ſafe at reſt,
Hark! the Shepherds pipe is play'd
Rapture glowing in his breaſt
While ſweet philomelas throat,
Soft returns each varied note.

3

Night with all her ſable train,
Haſtens with a ſolemn pace,
Ev'ry Nymph, and ev'ry Swain,
Now their happy Cottage trace,
Thus concludes the birth of May,
And the VILLAGE HOLYDAY.

Ger: Flute or Guitar.

SWEET NAN OF HAMPTON GREEN

An admired SONG Composed by Mr. HOOK.

Andante non tropo

With care I searchd the Village round, & many Hamlets tried, At last a fair I happ_ly found, devoid of art and pride. In neat built Cot, it is her lot, a rustic life to lead, With tender care her lambkins rear, & watch her ewes at feed where Thames in Sil_ver currnnt flows, to beautify the scene, there blooms this fair a blushing rose, Sweet Nan of Hampton green, sweet Nan of Hampton green, sweet Nan of Hampton green, there blooms this fair a blushing rose sweet nan of hampton green

2

Her eyes bespeak a Soul for love,
Her manner form'd to please,
In mildness equal to the Dove,
With innocence and ease;
To paint her face,
Her form and grace,
All words are weak and vain,
Enough to tell,
She does excell,
The Daughter of the Main.
Where Thames &c.

3

When first this charmer I surveyd,
With doubt my heart was fraught,
Fancy the beauteous Maid portrayd,
A Goddess to my thought;
In am'rous bliss,
I stole a kiss,
Which banished all alarms,
Then joyful found,
My wishes crown'd,
A mortal in my Arms.
Where Thames &c.

GUITAR.

Sy