

Elegant Extracts

— FOR THE —

GERMAN FLUTE OR VIOLIN,

— Selected from the most —

Favorite Songs &c.

— Sung in the —

THEATRES and PUBLIC PLACES.

Price 1 Dollar

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The Heaving of the Lead

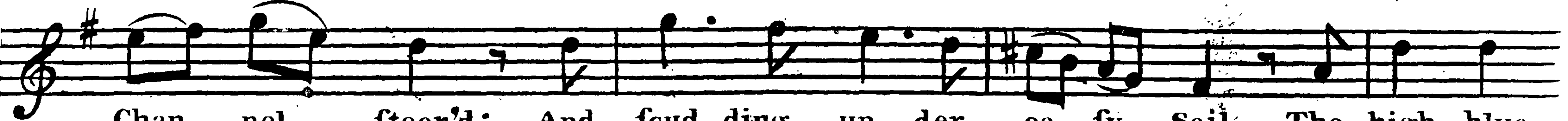
A. E. Case



For



Eng-land, when with fav'ring gale, Our gal-lant Ship up

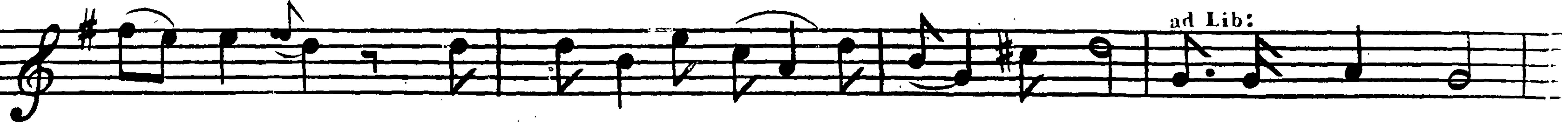


Chan-nel steer'd; And scud-ding un-der ea-sy Sail, The high blue



Wes-tern Land appear'd: To heave the Lead the

ad Lib:



Sea-man Sprung, And to the Pi-lot cheer-ly sung, BY THE DEEP NINE!

BY THE DEEP NINE! To heave the Lead the Seaman sprung, And
to the Pi- lot cheerly Sung, BY THE DEEP NINE!

2

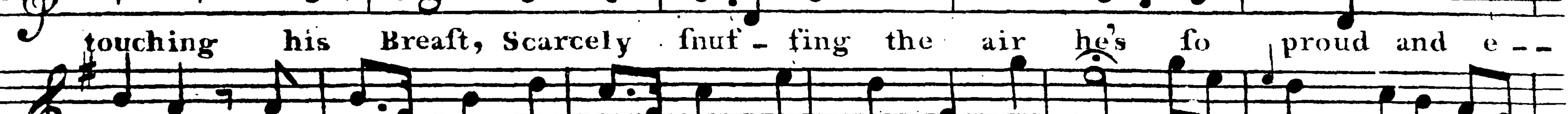
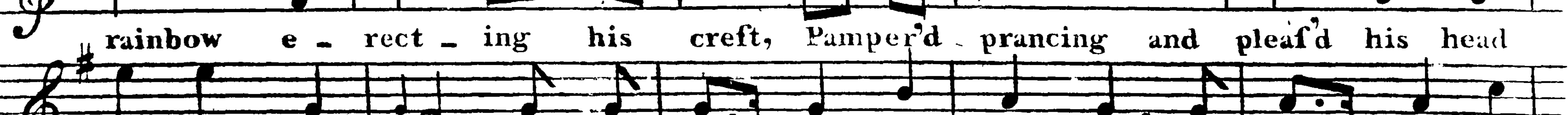
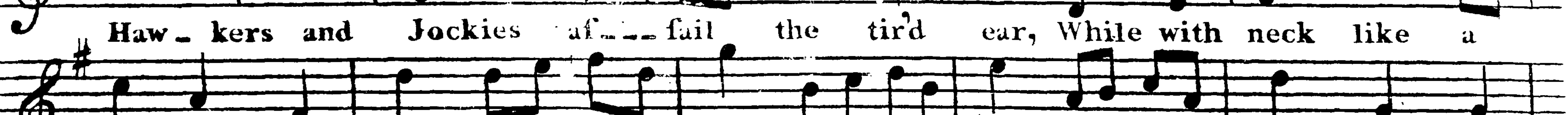
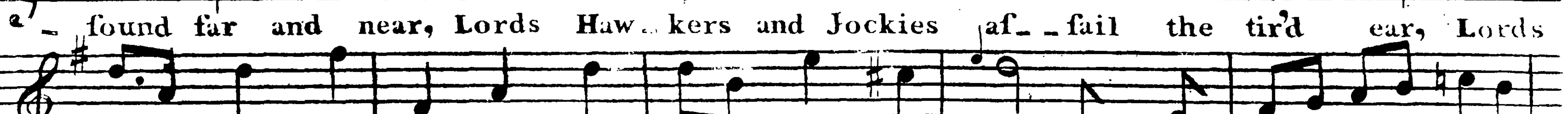
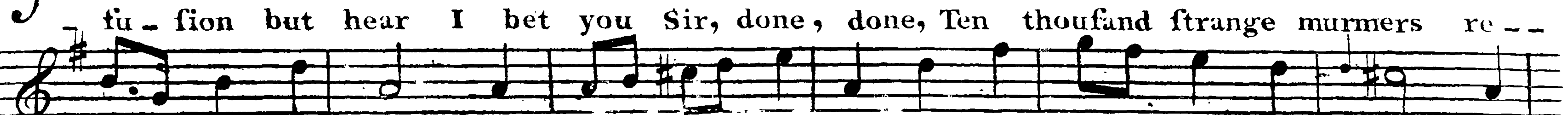
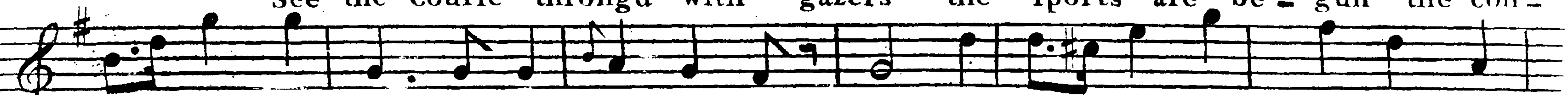
And bearing up, to gain the Port,
Some well known object kept in view,
An Abbey tow'r an Harbour fort:
Or Beacon, to the Vessel true,
While oft the Lead the Seaman flung,
And to the Pilot cheerly fung,
"BY THE MARK SEVEN.

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 Seaman flung,
An to the watchful Pilot fung,
"QUARTER LESS FIVE.

The Race Horse

Allegretto



Ra - cer the high mettled Racer firft starts for the plate.

2

Now Reynard's turn'd out and o'er Hedge and Ditch rush,
Dogs Horfes and Huntsman all hard at his brush,
Thro' Marsh Fen and Brier led by their fly prey,
They by scent and by view cheat a long tedious way
While alike born for sports of the Field and the Course
Always sure to come through — a staunch and fleet Horfe
When fairly run down the Fox yields up his breath
The high mettled Racer is in at the death.

3

Grown aged us'd up and turn'd out of the stud,
Lame, spavin'd and wind gall'd but yet with some blood,
While knowing Postilions his pedigree trace
Tell his Dam won this sweepstakes, his Sire that race,
And what matches he won to the Hostlers count o'er
As they loiter their time at some hedge Ale house door
While the harness fore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,
The high mettled Racer's a hack on the road.

4

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

fhiver each splinter of wood clear the Wreck stow the Yards and bouze

ev'ry thing tight and un - der reef'd fore - fail we'll foud A --

-- vaft nor dont think me a milk - fop fo foft to be ta - ken for trifles a --

-- back for they fay there's a Providence fits up a -- - loft they

fay there's a Providence fits up a -- - loft to keep watch for the life of poor

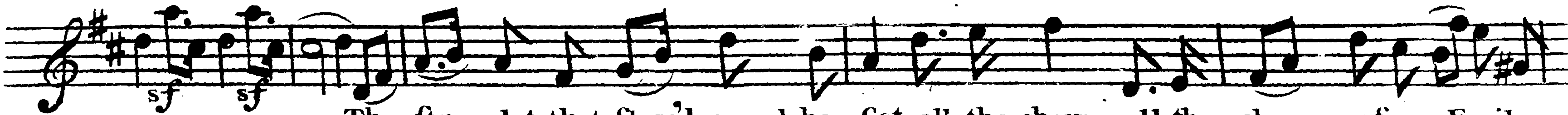
Why I heard the good Chaplin palaver one Day
 About Souls, Heaven, Mercy and such
 And my timbers what lingo he'd coil and belay
 Why 'twas just all as one as high dutch
 But he said how a Sparrow can't founder d'ye see
 Without Orders that comes down below
 And many fine things that prov'd clearly to me
 That Providence takes us in tow
 For says he do you mind me let storms e'er so soft
 Take the top lifts of Sailors aback
 There's a sweet little Cherub fits perched aloft
 To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

I said to our Poll for you see she would cry
 When last we weigh'd Anchor for Sea
 What argufies snivling and piping your Eye
 Why what a great fool you must be
 Can't you see the worlds wide & there's room for us all
 Both for Seamen and lubbers ashore
 And if to old Davy I should go friend Poll
 Why you never will hear of me more
 What then, all's a hazard come don't be so soft
 Perhaps I may lauging come back
 For d'ye see there's a Cherub fits smiling aloft
 To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

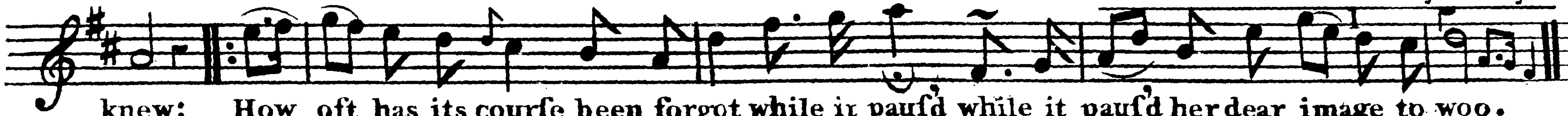
D'ye mind me a Sailor should be ev'ry Inch
 All as one as a piece of a Ship
 And with her brave the World without off'ring to flinch
 From the moment the Anchor's a trip
 As to me in all weathers all times sides and ends
 Nought's a trouble from duty that springs
 My heart is my Poll's and my Rhino my friends'
 And as for my life 'tis the Kings
 Ev'n when my time comes ne'er believe me so soft
 As with grief to be taken aback
 The same little Cherub that fits up aloft
 Will look out a good birth for Poor Jack.

The Streamlet that flow'd round her Cot

Affet^{so}



The streamlet that flow'd round her Cot, all the charms all the charms of my Emily

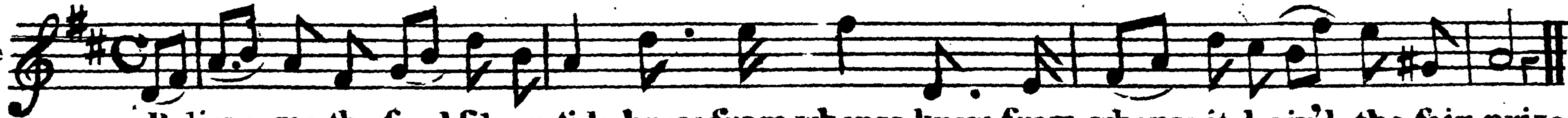


knew: How oft has its course been forgot while it paus'd while it paus'd her dear image to woo.



paus'd her dear image to woo.

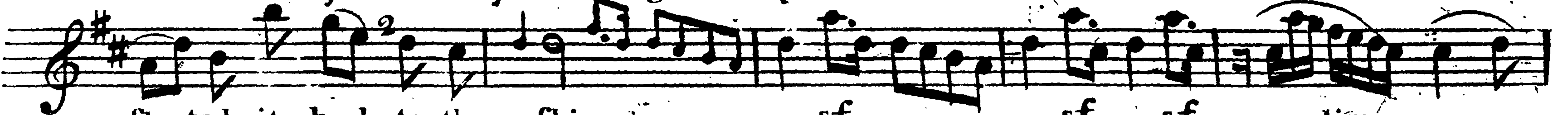
2^d Verse



Believe me the fond silver tide knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize



For filently filently swelling with pride it re-flect-ed it back to the skies.



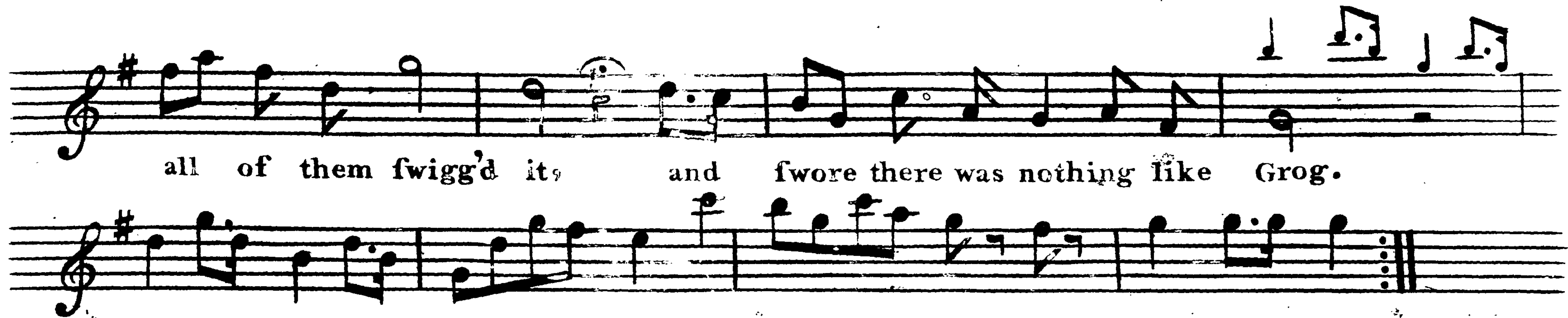
flected it back to the skies.

sf

sf

sf

dim.



²
 My father, when laft I from Guinea
 Return'd with abundance of wealth,
 Cried - Jack, never be fuch a nanny
 To drink - Says I - Father, your health
 So I paff'd round the ftuff - foon he twigg'd it,
 And it fet the old codger agog,
 And he fwigg'd and mother,
 And fifter and brother,
 And I fwigg'd, and all of us fwigg'd it,
 And fwore there was nothing like grog.

³
 One day when the Chaplain was preaching,
 Behind him I curioufly flunk,
 And while he our duty was teaching
 As how we fhould never get drunk,
 I tipt him the ftuff, and he twigg'd it,
 Which foon fet his rev'rence agog,
 And he fwigg'd, and Nick fwigg'd
 And Ben fwigg'd, and Dick fwigg'd,
 And I fwigg'd, and all of us fwigg'd it,
 And fwore there was nothing like grog.

⁴
 Then trust me there's nothing as drinking
 So pleafant on this fide the Grave;
 It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
 And makes e'en moore valiant more brave,
 For me from the moment I twigg'd it,
 The good ftuff has fo fet me agog,
 Sick or well late or early,
 Wind foully or fairly,
 I've constantly fwigg'd it,
 And hang me there's nothing like grog.

Whither my Love, for two Flutes.

Andante

Whither my Love ah whither art thou gone, Let not thy ab - - - fence

Whither my Love &c.

cloud this happy dawn, say by thy heart can falsehood e'er be known ah no ah no ah

no no I Judge it by my own the heart he gave with so much care which treasur'd

in my breast I wear still for it's Master, beats a - - - lone, I'm sure I'm sure I'm

fure the selfifh things his own whither my Love, ah whither art thou gone,

Let not thy ab - fence cloud this happy dawn, fay by thy heart can falsehood e'er be

known, Ah no ah no ah no no no I Judge it, by my own, whither my Love, ah

whither art thou gone, whither my Love ah whither art thou gone.

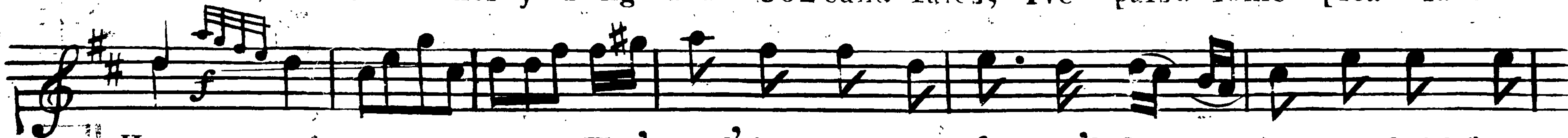
Sweet Lillies of the Valley.



O'er bar-ren Hills, and Flow'ry Dales, O'er Seas and dif-tant



Shores, with merry Song and Jo-cund Tales, I've pas'd some plea-fant



Hours.

Tho' wand'ring thus I ne'er cou'd find a Girl like blithsome



Sally who picks and culls and cries aloud who picks and culls and cry's a-loud sweet

17

2

Toss'd on the wild Main, I all wildly despairing,
Burst my Chains rush'd on Deck with mine Eyeballs wide glaring,
When the Lightnings dread Blast struck the Inlets of Day,
And its glorious bright Beams shut for ever away.
Spare a Halfpenny &c

3

The Despoiler of Man then his prospect thus losing,
Of gain by my Sale, not a blind Bargain choosing,
As my Value, compar'd with my Keeping, was light,
Had me dash'd overboard, in the dead of Night.
Spare a Halfpenny &c

4

And but for a Bark to Brittannia's Coast bound then,
All my cares by that Plunge in the Deep had been drown'd then,
But by Moonlight descry'd, I was snatch'd from the Wave,
And reluctantly robb'd of a watery Grave.
Spare a Halfpenny &c

5

How disastrous my Fate Freedom's Ground tho' I tread now,
Torn from Home Wife and Children and wand'ring for Bread now,
While Seas roll between us which ne'er can be cross'd,
And Hope's distant Glimm'rings in darkness are lost.
Spare a Halfpenny &c

6

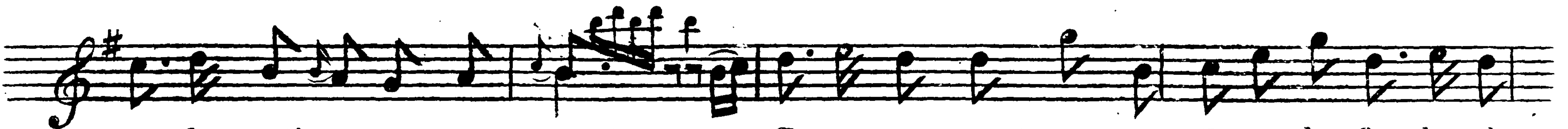
But of Minds foul and fair when the Judge and the Ponderer,
Shall restore Light and Rest to the Blind and the wanderer,
The Europeans' deep Dye may outrival the Sloe,
And the Soul of an Ethiop prove white, as the Snow.
Spare a Halfpenny &c

The Sweet Little Girl that I Love

Andantino
con
Espressione



My Friends all declare that my Time is mis- pent, While in



rural retirement I rove; I ask no more wealth than Dame Fortune has sent, but the



sweet little Girl that I love, the sweet little Girl that I love, the



Rose on her Cheek's my de- light, She's soft as the down as the

down on the dove, no lil-ly was e-ver fo white as the
 sweet lit-tle Girl that I love,

2

Tho' humble my Cot, calm Content gilds the scene,
 For my fair one delights in my Grove;
 And a Palace I'd quit for a Dance on the Green,
 With the sweet little Girl that I love.
 The sweet little Girl &c.

3

No Ambition I know, but to call her my own,
 No Fame but her Praise wish to prove;
 My happiness centers in Fanny alone.
 She's the sweet little Girl that I love.
 The sweet little Girl &c.

The Sailor Boy Capering ashore

Allegro



Poll Dang' it



how d'ye do Nan won't you gus a Bufs why what's to do wi you why



here's a pret-ty fufs why what's to do wi you why here's a pretty fufs



fay fhall we Kifs and Toy I goes to Sea no more Oh! I'm the



Sai-lor Boy for Ca-per-ing a fhore Oh! I'm the Sailor Boy for



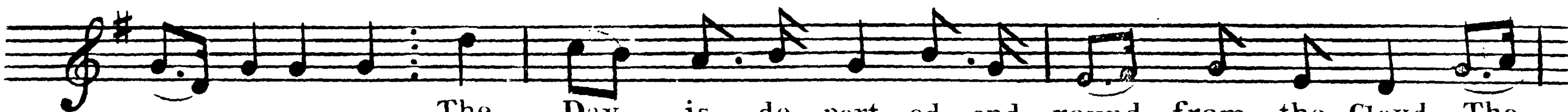
Father he ² Apprentic'd me,
 All to a Coasting Ship,
 I b'ing refov'd d'ye fee,
 To give 'em all the flip,
 I got to Yarmouth Fair,
 Where I had been before,
 So Father found me there,
 A Capering a Shore.

Next out ³ to India,
 I went a Guinea Pig,
 We got to Table Bay,
 But mind a pretty Rig,
 The Ship driven ou to Sea,
 Left me and many more,
 Among the Hottenpots,
 A Capering a shore.

I love's a bit ⁴ of Hop,
 Life's ne'er the worfer for't,
 If in my wake should drop,
 A Fiddle "That's your fort",
 Thrice tumble up a hoy,
 Once get the labour o'er,
 Then see the Sailor Boy,
 A Capering a shore.

Alone by the Light of the Moon

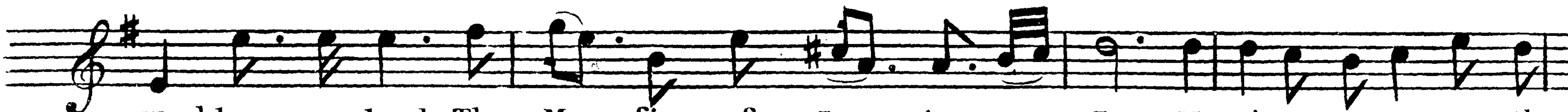
Andantino



The Day is de-part-ed and round from the Cloud, The



Moon in her Beau-ty ap- - - pears The Voice of the Nightingale



warbles a - loud The Mu - fic of Love in our Ears, Ma - ri - a, appear now the



Sea - fon fo . sweet With the Beat of the Heart is in tune The



Time is so tender for Lovers to meet a - lone by the Light of the Moon a - -

-- lone by the Light of the Moon A -- lone by the Light of the Moon A --
 -- lone by the Light of the Moon A -- lone by the Light of the
 Moon

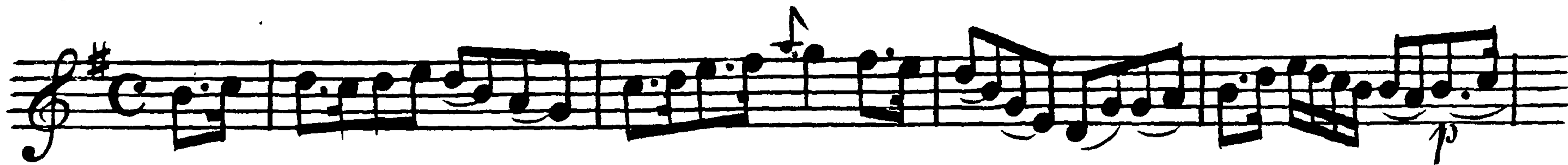
2

I cannot, when present, unfold what I feel;
 I sigh — Can a lover do more
 Her name to the Shepherds I never reveal,
 Yet I think of her all the Day o'er,
 Maria, my Love, do you long for the Grove.
 Do you sigh for an Interview soon.
 Does e'er a kind Thought run on me as you rove
 Alone by the Light of the Moon.

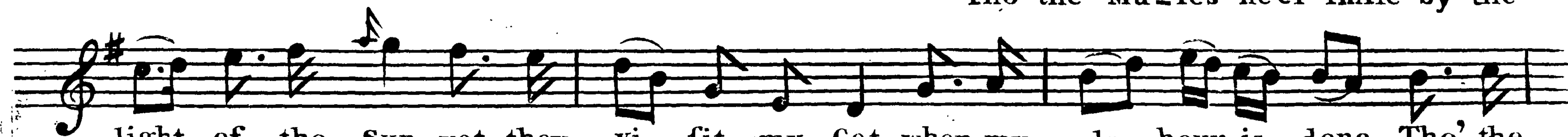
3

Your name from the Shepherds whenever I hear,
 My bosom is all in a glow
 Your Voice when it vibrates so sweet thro mine Ear,
 My Heart thrills — my Eyes overflow.
 Ye Pow'rs of the Sky, will your Bounty divine,
 Indulge a fond Lover his Boon.
 Shall Heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,
 Alone by the Light of the Moon.

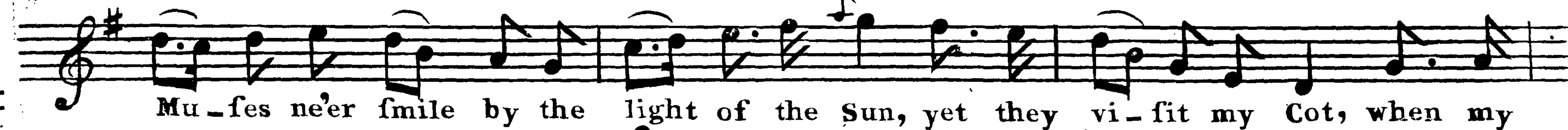
My heart is devoted dear Mary to thee.

Andantino
Grazioso

Tho' the Mu-fes ne'er smile by the



light of the Sun, yet they vi-fit my Cot, when my la-bour is done, Tho' the



Mu-fes ne'er smile by the light of the Sun, yet they vi-fit my Cot, when my



la-bour is done.

And



whilst on my pil-low of Straw I recline a wreath of sweet Flow'rets they

sportive-ly twine, but in vain the fair Damfels weave Chaplets for me, since my
heart is de-vo-ted dear Ma---ry to thee, dear Ma---ry to thee, dear
Ma-ry to thee, since my heart is de-vo-ted dear Ma-ry to thee.

2

Full oft I reflect on my indigent state,
But reflection and reason are ever too late,
They tell me I sigh for two Beauteous a fair,
And fill my sad Bosom with Doubts and Despair,
Then Hope kindly smiling averts their Decree,
For my heart is devoted dear Mary to thee.

3

When the shrill Pipe and Tabor proclaim the light dance,
With transports I see my dear Mary advance,
Then such grace she displays while she trips mid the throng,
That each Shepherd with raptures to her tunes his Song,
But by none she's belov'd with such truth as by me,
For my heart is devoted dear Mary to thee.

The Lucky Escape

Allegretto



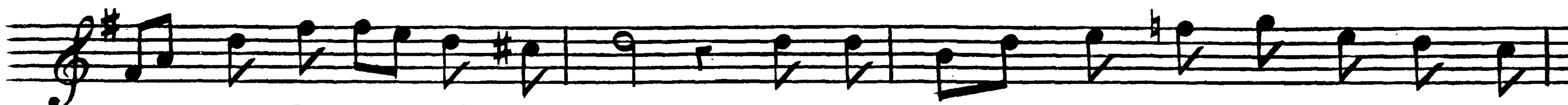
I that once was a Ploughman a Sai-lor am now No



Lark that, aloft in the Sky, E - ver flut-ter'd his wings to give



speed to the Plough was so gay and so care-less as I Was so



gay and so care-less was I But my friend was a Car-fin-do a--



-- board a Kings Ship and he ax'd me to go iust to Sea for a trip and he



talk'd of such things as if Sailors were Kings and so teasing did keep and so



teazing did keep That I left my poor plough to go plouhing the deep No
 longer the Horn call'd me up in the Morn No longer the Horn call'd me
 up in the morn I trusted the Carfindo and the inconstant wind that
 made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

I did not much like² to be aboard a ship,
 When in danger there's no door to creep out;
 I liked the Jolly Tars I liked bumbo and flip,
 But I did not like rocking about:

By and by came a hurricane 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 and 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 and the inconstant wind
 That made me for to go, and leave my dear behind.

3

At last safe I landed and 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, and my wife ran away:

Ah who but thyself, said I, hast 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 and could reap,
 Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep,
 When so sweetly the horn
 Call'd me up in the morn,
 Curse light upon the Carfindo and the inconstant wind,
 That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

Why if that be the case,⁴ said this very same friend,
 And you bent no more minded to roam,
 Gis a shake by the fist, all your care's at an end,
 Dads alive, and your wife's save at home.

Stark staring with joy, I lept out of my skin,
 Bus'd my wife, mother, sister, and 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 d— Carfindo nor the inconstant wind
 E'er tempt me for to go and leave my dear behind.

Death or Victory

Andantino



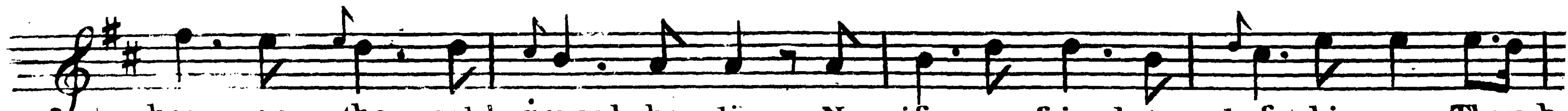
Hark the din of distant war How noble is the clangor Pale



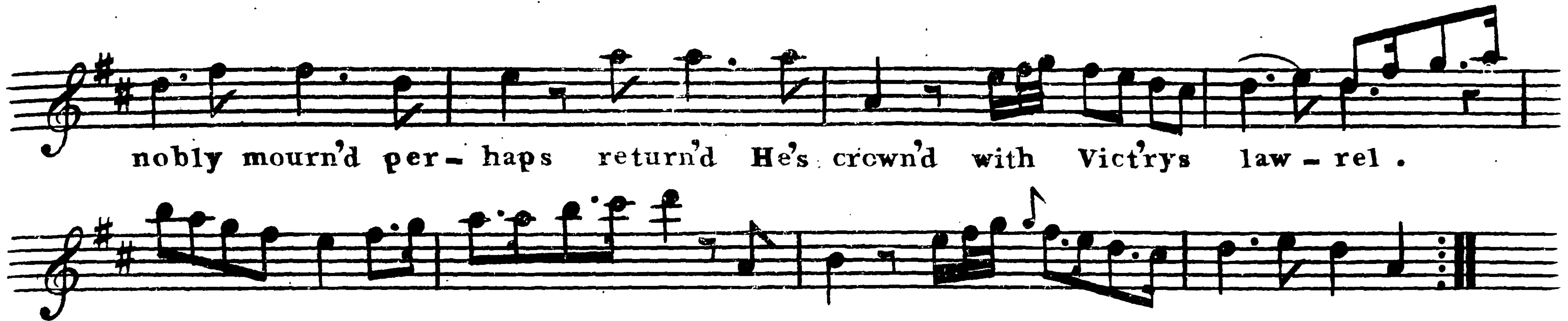
death ascends his Ebony car Clad in terrific anger A



doubtful fate the Soldier tries Who Joins the gallant quarrel Per-



has on the cold ground he lies No wife no friend no close his eyes Though



2
Ho many who, disdaining fear,
Rush on the desperate duty,
Shall claim the tribute of the tear,
That dims the eye of beauty.

A doubtful fate the Soldier tries
Who joins the gallant quarrel.
Perhaps on the cold ground he lies,
No Wife no friend, to close his eyes,
Tho' nobly mourn'd; perhaps return'd,
He's crown'd with victory's lawrel.

3
What noble fate can fortune give
Renown shall tell our story
If we should fall, but if we live
We live our countrys glory

'Tis true a doubtful fate he tries
Who joins the gallant quarrel
Perhaps on the cold ground he lies
No Wife no friend, to close his eyes,
'Tho' nobly mourn'd; perhaps return'd
He's crown'd with victory's lawrel.

The Sailors Confolation

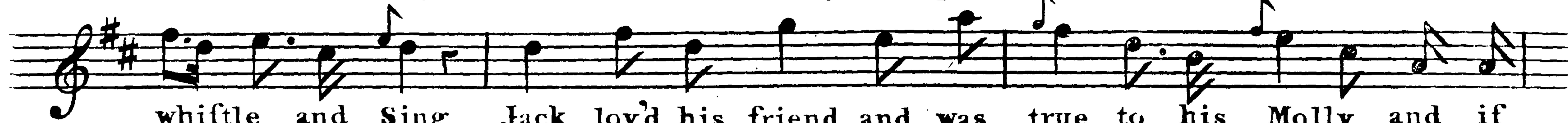
Andantino



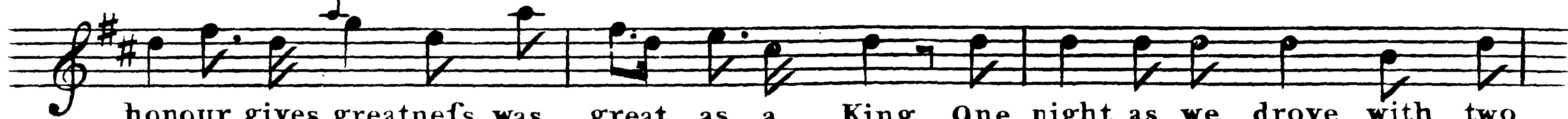
Spanking



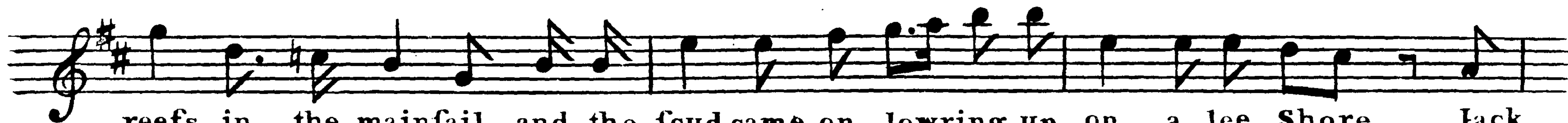
Jack was fo comely fo pleafant fo Jolly though wind blew great Guns ftill he'd



whistle and Sing Jack lov'd his friend and was true to his Molly and if



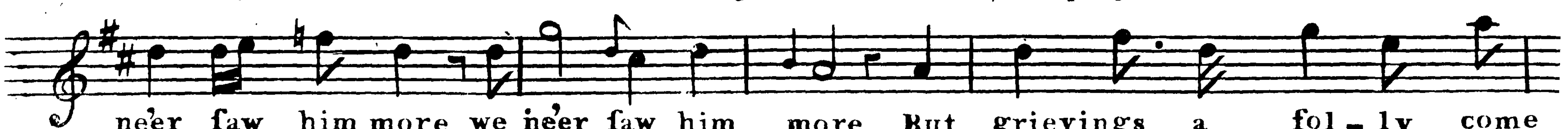
honour gives greatnefs was great as a King One night as we drove with two



reefs in the mainfail and the fcud came on lowring up-on a lee Shore Jack



went up aloft for to hand the top Gant-fail A fpray wafhd him off and we



ne'er faw him more we ne'er faw him more But grievings a fol-ly come



2 Whiffling Tom still of mischief or fun in the middle
 Through life in all weathers at random would jog,
 He'd dance and he'd sing, and he'd play on the fiddle,
 And swig with an air his allowance of grog:
 Long side of a Don in the Terrible Frigate
 As yard arm and yard arm we lay off the shore
 In and out whiffling Tom did so caper and jig it,
 That his head was shot off, and we ne'er saw him more!
 But grieving's a folly, &c.

3 Bonny Ben was to each jolly me'smate a brother,
 He was manly and honest, good-natured, and free,
 If ever one tar was more true than another
 To his friend and his duty, that sailor was he;
 One day with the David to heave the cadge Anchor
 Ben went in the boat on a bold craggy shore,
 He overboard tipt, when a Shark, and a spanker,
 Soon nipt him in two, and we ne'er saw him more!
 But grieving's a folly, &c.

4 But what of it all lads, shall we be down hearted
 Because that mayhap we now take our last sup:
 Life's cable must one day or other be parted,
 And death in fast mooring will bring us all up
 But 'tis always the way ont, one scarce finds a brother
 Fond as pitch, honest, hearty and true to the core,
 But by battle or storm or some bad thing or other,
 He's poppd off the hooks, and we ne'er see him more!
 But grieving's a folly, &c.

Bachelors Hall

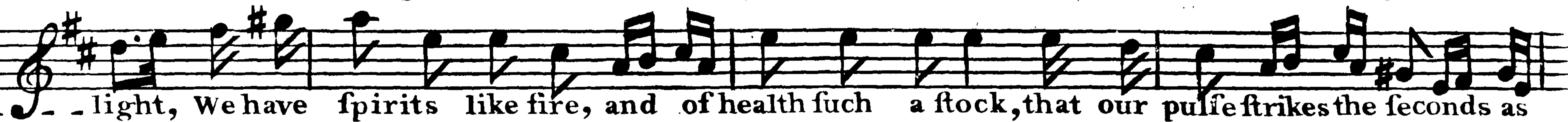
Allegretto



To



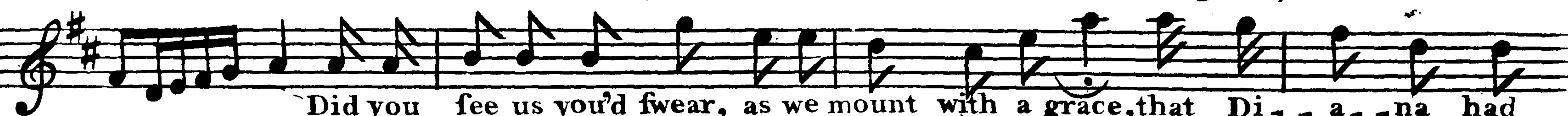
Bachelors hall we good fel-low's invite, To partake of the chase that makes up our de-



-light, 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-



-ana 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-ro-ra with smiles uph-ers



in the bright day.

- 2 Dick Thickfet came mounted upon a fine black,
 A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back,
 Tom Trig rode bay, full of mettle and bone,
 And gayly Bob Buxom rode proud on a roan;
 But the horse of all horses that rivalled the day,
 Was the Squire's Neck or nothing, and that was a grey.
 Hark away hark away!
 While our spirits are gay,
 Let us drink to the Joys of the next coming day.
- 3 Then for hounds there was Nimble, so well that climbs rocks,
 And cocknose, a good one at scenting a fox,
 Little Plunge, like a mole who will ferret and search
 And beetle browed Hawks eye, so dead at a lurch;
 Young Sly looks, that scents the strong breeze from the south,
 And musical Echowell, with his deep mouth.
 Hark away! &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 Columbia throughout can't produce such a pack
 Thus having described you dogs, horses, and crew,
 Away we set off for the fox is in view.
 Hark away! &c.
- 5 Sly renard's brought home, while the horns sound a call,
 And now you're all welcome to Batchelor's Hall;
 The savory Sir loin grateful smoakes on the board;
 And Bacchus pours wine from his favorite hoard;
 Come on then, do honour to this Jovial place,
 And enjoy the sweet pleasures that spring from the Chase.
 Hark away! &c.

The Lullaby

Soave

