

The Third Book of
Elegant Extracts
FOR THE
German Flute or Violin

From the most Favorite Songs. Sung at the THEATRES and other PUBLIC PLACES
among which are

Several of Dibdins

and some of the most favorite sung at

The Philadelphia Vauxhall

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1798

2
Lovely Nan by Dibdin

5-87

Sweet is the Ship that under fail speaks her white bosom
to the gale sweet oh! sweets the flowing can sweet oh! sweets the
flowing can sweet to poise the labring oar that tugs us to our
native shore when the boatwain pipes the barge to man when the boatwain pipes the
barge to man sweet sailing with a favouring breeze but oh! much sweeter
than all these but oh! much sweeter than all these is Jacks delight his
Lovely Nan

The needle faithful to the north
 To shew of constancy the worth
 A curious lesson teaches man
 The needle time may rust a squall
 Capsize the binnacle and all
 Let seamanship do all it can
 My love in worth shall higher rise
 Nor time shall rust nor squalls capsize
 My faith and truth to Lovely Nan

When in the bilboas I was penned
 For serving of a faithless friend
 And ev'ry creature from me ran
 No ship performing quarantine
 Was ever so deserted seen
 None hiald me woman child or man
 But tho' false freinships fails were furld
 Tho' cut adrift by all the world
 Id all the world in Lovely Nan

I love my duty love my freind
 Love truth and honor to defend
 To moan their los's who dangers ran
 I love to take an honest part
 Love beauty and a spotless heart
 By manners love to shew the man
 To sail thro' life by honors breeze
 'Twas all along of loving these
 Firft made me doat on Lovely Nan

4 Within a mile of Edinboro' town

Handwritten notes: *g. 164* and *2/4*

Twas' with in a mile of Edin-boro' town in the ro-fy time of the
 year fweet flow-ers bloom'd & the grafs was down and each fhep-herd wood' his
 dear Bonny Jocky blith & gay kifs'd fweet Jenny making hay the lafie blufh'd & frowning cried no
 no it ill not do I cannot cannot wonnot wonnd mannot buckle too

2

Jocky was a lad that never wou'd wed
 Tho' long he had follow'd the lafs
 Contented fhe earn'd and eat her brown bread
 And merrily turnd up the grafs
 Bonny Jocky blith and gay
 Won her heart right merrily not do
 Yet till fhe blufh'd and frowning cried no no it will
 I cannot cannot wannot wannot mannot buckle too

3

But when he vow'd he wou'd make her his bride
 Tho his flocks and his herds were not few
 She gave him her hand and a kif's bside
 And vow'd fhed forever be true
 Bonny Jockey blith and gay
 Won her heart right merrily not do
 At church fhe no more frowning cried no no it wil
 I cannot cannot wannot wannot mannot buckle too

A Smile from the Girl of my Heart in the Woodman

In the worlds in the worlds crooked path I have been there to share of lifes gloom my poor
 part the sunshine that softend that softend the scene was a smile from the girl of my
 heart a smile from the girl of my heart the bright sunshine that softend the
 scene was a smile from the girl of my heart

2

Not a swain not a swain when the lark quits her nest
 But to labor with glee will depart
 If at eve he expects he expects to be blest
 With a smile from the girl of his heart

3

Come then crosses and cares come cares as they may
 Let my mind still this maxim impart
 That the comfort the comfort of lifes fleeting day
 I a smile from the girl of his heart

Sweet Lavender

Sung by Miss Broadhurst at Vauxhall

How hap - py was of late each morn & wakd I from soft repose and
careless itript the verdant lawn wher fresh the hawthorn blows till love that cauld the
tear to start and stole contnments sweets. nows left me with an ahc nig heart to
cry thro London ftrees Four bunches a penny sweet Lavender four bunches a
penny four bunches a penny sweet Lavender four bunches a penny

What tho' my cot was humbly poor
 Calm peace her bleffing lent
 And fmild upon my threhold door
 With innocent content
 Till William came the pride of fwains
 And stole away 'its' sweets
 Which made me leave my native plains
 To cry thro' London streets
 Four bunches a penny sweet Lavender &c

But glory fill'd his manly breaft
 He fled to wars alarms
 And left me with a heart opprest
 Difrob'd of lo ve's foft charms
 To follow him in humble guife
 I bad adieu the sweets
 Of village sports with steaming eyes
 To cry thro' London streets
 Four bunches a penny sweet Lavender &c

Then lovely maidens come and buy
 They'll scatter sweet perfume
 For nought with nature store can vie
 Or shed fo foft bloom
 So shall her grateful bosom blefs
 The hand that bounty greets
 And aids poor Sue with fond redrefs
 That crys thro London streets
 Four bunches a penny sweet Lavender &c

Anne Hatheway by Dibdin

Woulde ye be taught ye featherd thronge in lovesweet notes to grace your fong of chame the harte in
 thrilling lay listen to my Anne Hatheway she hathaway to singe so cleare
 Phæbus might wondring stoop and heare Phæbus might wondring stoop and heare to
 melt the sad make blithe the gay and nature charme Anne Hatheway and nature charme Anne
 Hathaway Anne Hathaway Anne Hathaway to breathe delight Anne Hathaway

2
 When envies breath and rancours toothe
 Do foil and bite fair worthe and truthe
 And merite to distres betray
 To soothe the soul Anne Hathaway
 She hathaway to chase despair
 To heal all grief to cure all care
 Turne foulest night to fairest day
 Ther knowit fond heart Anne Hathaway
 She hathaway Anne Hathaway
 To make grief blifs Anne Hathaway

3
 Talke not of gemmes the orient list
 The diamond topaz amethyfte
 The emeralde milde the rubie gay
 Talke of mye gemme Anne Hathaway
 She hathaway with her bright eye
 Their various lustre to defie
 The Jewel she and the foil they
 So sweete to look Anne Hathaway
 She hathaway Anne Hathaway
 To flame brighte gemms Anne Hathaway

4
 But to mye fancy were it given
 To rate her charms I'd call them heaven
 For though a mortal mayde of clay
 Angels might love Anne Hathaway
 She hathe a way Anne hathe a way
 To be heavns self Anne hathe a way

4
 She hathaway so to controul
 To rapture the impisond soul
 And sweeteste heavn on earthe display
 That to be heaven Anne Hathaway

The Little Gipsy

Sung by Miss Broadhurst at Vauxhall

A poor little Gipsy I wander forlorn my fortune was told long before I was
born for fortunes I tell as forsaken I stray and in search of my love I am
lost on my way Spare a halfpenny Spare a halfpenny Spare a poor little
Gipsy a halfpenny Spare a poor little Gipsy a halfpenny

2
I fear from this line you have been a sad man
And to harm us poor girls have form'd many a plan
But beware lest repentance too late cause you pain
And attend to the lesson I give in my strain
Spare a halfpenny &c

3
Thro' woods and thro' wilds oft as weary I roam
Long absent from parents from friends and from home
Tho' sad is my heart and tho' sore are my feet
Yet I sing on my way thus to all that I meet
Spare a halfpenny &c

Old Towler

Sung by Mr. Tyler

Bright Chan ti - cleer pro - claims the dawn and spangles deck the thron the
 low - ing herd how quits the lawn the lark springs from the corn corn
 Dogs hor - fes round the window thron fleet
 tow - ler leads the cry a - - - rife the bur - then of their song this
 day a stag must die with a hey ho chi - vey hark
 forward hark forward tan - tivy with a hey ho chi - vey hark
 forward hark forward tan - tivy hark forward hark forward hark forward hark
 forward hark forward hark forward hark hark forward hark forward tan

the
huntsmans
hallow
introduce
here

ti - vy a - rise the burthen of their song this day a stag must die this

day a stag must die this day a stag must die

2

The cordial takes its merry round
 The laugh and joke prevail
 The huntfman blows a jovial found
 The dogs snuff up the gale
 The upland winds they sweep along
 O'er fields thro' brakes they fly
 Too true the burthen of their song
 This day a stag must die
 With a hey ho &c

3

Poor stag the dogs thy haunches gore
 The tears run down thy face
 The huntfmans pleasure is no more
 His joys were in the chace
 Alike the sportfman of the town
 The virgin game in view
 Are full content to run them down
 They then in turn pursue
 With their hey ho &c

Primrofes

Sung by M^{rs} Pownall

Come buy of poor Kate Primrofes I fell thro' London's fam'd city I'm
 known mighty well tho' my heart is quite funk yet I constantly cry come
 wholl buy Primrofes wholl buy Primrofes come buy Primrofes wholl buywholl buy
 Friends and parents I've none I am lookd on ² with scorn My equals despise me and say I am proud
 Ah! better for me I had never been born Because I avoid them and keep from the croud
 Tho' poor I am honest and oft' heave a sigh But from wicked temptations I ever will fly
 While crying Primrofes wholl buy wholl buy And cry my Primrofes wholl buy wholl buy

4

If pity and virtue were ever allied
 The tear of compassion ne'er yet was denied
 Then pity poor Kate who plaintively cries
 Come wholl buy Primrofes wholl buy wholl buy

Air by PLEYEL

No 'twas neither shape nor feature N as a Duett

No 'twas neither shape nor feature bid me own your lov' reign sway e'en

No 'twas neither shape nor feature bid me own your lov' reign sway

thine the proudest gifts of nature coud have triumph'd but a day

the proudest gifts of nature coud have triumph'd but a day

coud have triumph'd but a day coud have triumph'd coud have triumph'd

but a day coud have triumph'd but a day coud have triumph'd but a day

but a day coud have triumph'd but a day coud have triumph'd but a day

Beauty's graces tho' inviting
Scarce the ravish'd sense can bind

|| But with virtues charms uniting
Steals loves fetters oer the mind

The Caladonian Maid

The image shows a musical score for the song 'The Caladonian Maid'. It consists of eight staves of music. The first staff is a treble clef with a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are: 'Say have you seen my A - ra - bel the Ca - la - do - nain maid or heard the youths of Scotia tell here A - ra - bel is strayd the damfel is of angel mein with fad and downcast eyes the shepherds call her forrows queen fo penfive - ly she fighs'.

Say have you seen my
A - ra - bel the Ca - la - do - nain maid or heard the youths of
Scotia tell here A - ra - bel is strayd
the damfel is of angel mein with fad and downcast
eyes the shepherds call her forrows queen fo penfive - ly she
fighs

2

But why those sighs so sadly swell
 Or why her tears so flow
 In vain the lovely girl they press
 The inmate cause to show
 E'er reason form'd her tender mind
 The virgin learnt to love
 Compassion taught her to be kind
 Deceit she was above

3

And had not wars terrific voice
 Forbid the nuptial bands
 E'er now had Sandy been her choice
 And hymen join'd their hands
 But since the sword of war is sheath'd
 And peace resumes her charms
 My ev'ry joy is now bequeath'd
 To Arabellas arms

Sweet Martindale

Sung by M^r. Darley Jun^r at Vauxhall

The musical score consists of seven staves of music in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings like 'ad lib' and 'I tempo'.

In Mar-tindale a village gay a dam-sel deigns to dwell whose
 looks are like a summers day whose charms no tongue can tell when
 e'er I meet her on my way when e'er I meet her on my way I
 tell my am'rous tale then heave a sigh and softly say sweet
 maid of Martin-dale sweet maid of Martin-dale sweet
 maid of Martindale then heave a sigh and softly say sweet maid of Martin-dale

2
 This nymph has numbers in her train
 From hodge up to the squire
 A conquest makes of ev'ry swain
 All gaze and all admire
 Then wheres the hope alas for me
 That should e'er prevail

Yet while I live I'll think on thee Sweet Maid &c.

3
 Should fate propitious be my lot
 To call this charmer mine
 I'd live content in humble cot
 And pompous thoughts resign
 But if she scorns each heart felt sigh
 And leaves me to bewail,

For thee my fair for thee I'll die Sweet Maid &c.

A FAVORITE DUETT

In thee each joy possessing in thee each joy possessing my hours shall steal away my hours shall
In thee each joy possessing in thee each joy possessing my hours shall steal away my hours shall
steal away in endless prospect bright my hours shall steal away in endless prospect bright my
steal away in endless prospect bright my hours shall steal away in endless prospect bright my
hours shall steal away in endless prospect bright in endless prospect bright new
hours shall steal away in endless prospect bright in endless prospect bright new
pleasures past expressing each happy day shall bring new pleasures past expressing each happy
pleasures past expressing each happy day shall bring new pleasures past expressing each happy
day shall bring each moment new delight each moment new delight
day shall bring each moment new delight each moment new delight

DA CAPO

I was post meridian past
 hands & broken hearted at seven while tanning the fore stay
 I saw her faint or else 'twas
 fancy at eight we all got under weigh and bid a long adieu to Nancy

²
 Night came and now eight bells had rung
 While careless sailors ever cheary
 On the mid watch so jovial sung
 With tempers labor cannot weary
 I little to their mirth inclined,
 While tender thoughts rush'd on my fancy
 And my warm sighs increas'd the wind
 Look'd on the moon and thought of Nancy

³
 And now arriv'd that jovial night
 When every true bred tar carrouses
 While o'er the grog all hands delight
 To toast their sweethearts and their spouses
 Round went the can the jest the glee
 While tender wishes fill'd each fancy
 And when in turn it came to me
 I heav'd a sigh and toast'd Nancy

⁴
 Next morn a storm came on at four
 At six the elements in motion
 Hung me and three poor sailors more
 Headlong within the foaming ocean
 Poor wretches they soon found their grave
 For me it may be only fancy
 But love seem'd to forbid the wave
 To snatch me from the arms of Nancy

⁵
 Scarce the foul hurricane had clear'd
 Scarce winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle
 When a bold enemy appear'd
 And dauntless we prepar'd for battle
 And now while some lov'd friend or wife
 Like lightning rush'd on ev'ry fancy
 To providence I trust'd life
 Put up a pray'yr and thought on Nancy

⁶
 At last was in the month of may
 The crew it being lovely weather
 At three A M discover'd day
 And Englands chalky cliffs together
 At seven up channel how we bore
 While hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy
 At twelve I gaily jump'd on shore
 And to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy

When nights were cold

Sung by M^{rs} Hodgkinson

When nights were cold and rain and fleet fullhard a - gainst the window beat then many a
long and weary mile my lover travell'd to be - hold me
his toil re - paid to see me smile and sweetly in his arms en - fold me and
thro' the night we'd sit and chat a - las! there was no harm in that and thro' the night we'd
sit and chat a - las! there was no harm in that a - las! there was no harm in that

How sweet his words whene'er he spoke
But oh! when he his passion broke
Upon his lips the faltering tale
More grace receiv'd from his confusion
And now by turns his cheek look'd pale
Or crimson'd o'er with mild suffusion
Our beating hearts went pit a pat
Alas! there was no harm in that

Another now the bliss must prove
Tho' we so oft' have sworn to love
O cruelty my heart will break
I'll hie me to some shade forsaken
And only of my love I'll speak
And prove my faith and truth unshaken
I'll wander where we oft' have sat
Sure there can be no harm in that

The Smile of Benevolence by Dibdin

Inspired by so grateful a duty in terms strong art can devise bards have written those
 raptures those raptures on beauty that lovers have wasted on sighs I to fill the sweet
 theme more completely sing the beauty of goodness the while for every face is dressed
 sweetly where beams a benevolent smile for every face is dressed
 sweetly dressed sweetly dressed sweetly sweetly sweetly where beams a benevolent smile

2

While the heart some beneficent action
 Contemplates with joy the eyes speak
 On the lip quivers mute satisfaction
 And a glow of delight paints the cheek
 Bliss pervades every feature completely
 Adding beauty to beauty the while
 And the loveliest face looks more sweetly
 Where beams a benevolent smile

Lucy or Selims Complaint



Night o'er the world her curtain hung, the vale was fi- lent late fo gay, the
bird of night me- lo- diou^s fung, her anthem at de- - parting day, when
Selim on a rock re- clind' beneath a spreading willow tree thus spoke the feellings
of his mind Oh! Lucy Lucy Lu- - - - cy shed one tear for me

Yes had I all that life could give
Where my possessions rich and great
Then for my Lucy would I live
Then at her feet a suppliant wait
But since hard povertys my lot
No hope remains to 'wed with thee
Thy beauties ne'er can grace my cot
Oh! Lucy shed one tear for me

Depriv'd of all that life could blefs
The torment life no more I crave
The hour that offers happiness
Is that which marks my hapless grave;
Be each fond with enjoy'd of thine
May heav'n protect and comfort thee
The turf must press this head of mine
Oh! Lucy shed one tear for me

Pastorale **WHEN NICHOLAS** for 3 Flutes or Voices

When Nicholas first to court began and Blanch approv'd his love united time and
 When Nicholas first to court began and Blanch approv'd his love united time and
 When Nicholas first to court began and Blanch approv'd his love united time and
 pleasure ran like turtles in the grove In joy and sweet delight they
 pleasure ran like turtles in the grove In joy and sweet delight they
 pleasure ran like turtles in the grove In joy and sweet de
 pass'd each day and night When Nicholas first to court began & Blanch approv'd his
 pass'd each day and night When Nicholas first to court began & Blanch approv'd his
 night they pass'd each night When Nicholas first to court began & Blanch approv'd his

love happy and gay smiling as may Jocund they pasd each night and day

love happy and gay smiling as may Jocund they pasd each night and day

love happy and gay smiling as may Jocund they pasd each night and day

2

When Children blefsd the loving pair
 Kind heavn increased their store
 Their boys were good their girls were fair
 And each a portion bore
 On rural ndustry
 With dance song and glee
 Happy and gay &c

3

Tho' age their heads with filver crownd
 Affection did increase
 Diffention neer their hearts cou'd wound
 Nor Jealousy their peace
 And still rem^membrance sweet
 Their plaid mind wou'd greet
 Happy and gay &c

DIBBINS FANCY

D:C

Little Ben

Behold your honest little Ben my pretty Poll returned again with
heart as needle true with heart as needle true when distant many
leagu^{es} my dear my constant heart did never veer 'twas fix'd alone on you 'twas
fix'd alone on you when distant many leagu^{es} my dear my constant heart did
never veer 'twas fix'd alone on you 'twas fix'd alone on you

2

When shoals and threaning rocks I've seen
Or when I've in the battle been
Fear could not me subdue
Hope buoy'd me up and smiling said
I still should live sweet blue eyed maid
To steer lifes course with you.

3

To check the pride of France and Spain
I left my Poll and plough'd the main
With heart devoid of fear
Sweet peace return'd I'll fail no more
But boast my scars on Albion's shore
Safe an' hord with my dear.

Tom Trueloves knell by Dibdin

Tom True love wood the sweetest fair that e'er to tar was kind her
 face was of a beauty rare more beautiful her mind his
 mesmates heard while with delight he nam'd her for his bride a
 fail appeard oh! luckless fight for grief his love had died
 must I cried he those charms resign I lov'd so true so well
 would they had toll'd in stead of thine Tom True loves knell

Break heart at once ² and theres an end
 Thou all that heavn could give
 But hold I have a noble friend
 Yet yet for him I'll live
 Fortune who all her baleful spite
 Not yet on Tom had tried
 Sent news one rough tempestuous night
 That his dear friend had died
 And thou too must I thee resign
 Whom honor lov'd so well
 Would they had toll'd instead of thine
 Tom Trueloves knell

Enough enough a salt sea wave
 A healing balm shall give
 A Sailor you cried one and brave
 Still for your country live
 The moment comes behold the foe
 Thanks gen'rous friend he cried
 The second broadside liad him low
 He nam'd them both and died
 The tale in mournful accents sung
 His friends still sorrow tell
 How sad and solemn three times rung
 Tom Trueloves knell

I never lov'd any dear Mary but you

Sung by M^r Darley Jun^r at Vauxhall.

The musical score consists of eight staves of music. The first four staves contain the first line of the song, and the last four staves contain the second line. The lyrics are printed below the notes on each staff. The music is written in a single treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8.

You tell me dear girl that I'm given to rove that I sport with each lass on the
green that I join in the dance and sing sonnets of love and fill with the fairest am
feen with my hey derry down and my hey down derry a
mong the green meadows so blith and so merry with black brown and fair I have
frolic'd tis' true with black brown and fair I have frolic'd tis' true but I
never lov'd any I never lov'd any dear Mary but you I never lov'd any



2

Tho' Phillis and Nancy are nam'd in my song
My eyes still will wander to you
Not to Phillis or Nancy my raptures belong
To you and you only they're due
With my hey derry down and my hey down derry
Around the green meadows so blith and so merry
My songs are of pleasure and beauty 'tis true
But I never lov'd any dear Mary but you.

3

In those eyes you may ^{read} a fond heart all your own
But alas 'tis the language of love
My feelings you'd pity that language once known
Ah! learn it those doubts to remove
With my hey derry down and my hey down derry
Around the green meadows so blith and so merry
You'll neer find a heart that's more fond or more true
For I never lov'd any dear Mary but you.

The Irishman

Sung by M^r. Darley Jun^r. at Vauxhall

The tur-band Turk who scorns the world and struts a-bout with his
 wifkers curld keeps a hundred wives under lock and key for nobody else but him
 self to see long long may he pray with his Al-co-ran be-fore he can love like an
 Irishman can love love love like an Irishman like an
 Irishman be fore he can love like an Irishman

2
 The gay Mounfeer a flave no more
 The solem'n Don the soft Signor
 The Dutch Mynheer so full of pride
 The Ruffian Pruffian Swede beside
 O let them do whatever they can
 They never can love like an Irishman

3
 The finikin fops the girls beguile
 And think they make love in a capital stile
 But let them ask as they cross the street meet
 Of the first young damfel they chance or to
 By my soul shell wisper behind her fan
 O theres none can love like an Irishman

Homes Home

by Dibdin

N

I've thought and I've said it fin I were a boy that what folks get at easy they
never enjoy why I was the same at what's
homely I'd soff but how fine if it could a good many miles off so big with this fancy tho'
but a poor clown I hid me away for to see the great ^{wh} where they pushed me and throng me all
one as a fair then they'd titter and snigger and laugh then I'd swear why bunkin didst e'er see such
fin'ry as this in your place cried a monkey in trowsers why yes you'd your joke master coxcomb and
now I have mine I've seen peacocks and goldfinches ten times as fine I've seen peacocks and goldfinches
ten times as fine so I left master wiffle and whistled along I

whiftled along whiftled along whiftled along whiftled along

whiftled along then humnd to myself the fag end of a fong then humnd to myself the fag

end of a fong the

good that we wish for maynt match what we've got their minds are their kingdoms wore

plefd with their lot and to what ever part dif - con - tented folks roam at

last thell be forced to fay this of their home to fay this of their home our

friends are as good and our wives are as comely and domit homes home be it ever fo homely

ever fo homely homes home homes home dom it homes home be it ever fo homely

So since for strange fights I to town took my range
 Faith I zeed fights in plenty and all of them strange
 I zeed folks roll in riches that pleasure ne'er knew
 I zeed haest poverty, rich as a Jew,
 Time and oft dressed lamb fashion I've seen an old ewe
 I zeed madams monkey as fine as her beau
 I zeed beauty and virtue that never knew shame
 And I zeed vice caref'd under modestys name
 I zeed a fine head dress worth more than the head
 I zeed folks with their brains out before they were dead
 I zeed rouncies of their knavery making their brags
 And I zeed fools in coaches and merit in rags
 And still thro' the crowd as I whistled along
 I humm'd to myself the fag end of a song &c

But what zickend me most was one day in the park
 As the guns were a firing a queer looking spark
 Cried what nonsense and stuff with their fufs and parade
 Stuff and nonsense said I O whats that that you said
~~It~~'tis our Presidents birth day and you have your choice
 To go home or with all honest neighbours rejoice
 Mighty well cried my spark but a word in your ear
 The affairs of the union are cursedly queer
 Nay'tis true were done up twill be seen by and by
 How much did they give you to catch me said I
 The countrys a good one all good men perceive it
 And those who dont like it why dont let 'em leave it
 So I left my queer spark and went whistling along
 Then humm'd to myself the fag end of a song &c

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NB Those Songs mark'd thus * may be had singly