THE
SONGS OF ENGLAND.

A COLLECTION OF
281
ENGLISH MELODIES,
INCLUDING THE MOST POPULAR
TRADITIONAL DITTIES,
AND THE
PRINCIPAL SONGS AND BALLADS
OF THE LAST THREE CENTURIES,
EDITED,
WITH NEW SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS,

BY
J. L. HATTON AND EATON FAINING.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II. (New Edition).

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Titania's Song.

(CHILD OF EARTH WITH GOLDEN HAIR)

1. Child of earth with the golden hair, Thy soul's too pure and thy face too fair, To dwell with the creatures of mortal mould, Whose cowslip tree, I'll pull thee berries, I'll heap thy bed Of

2. I'll
THOU SHALT DANCE WITH THE FAIRY QUEEN.

Thou shalt dance with the fairy queen Through summer nights on the moon-lit green, To sleep shall woe thee, my darling boy, In her mildest mood with dreams of joy, And music musing sweeter far Than when the morning ends her reign.

Child of earth with the golden hair.
Child of earth with the golden hair.

Child of earth with the golden hair.
Child of earth with the golden hair.

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Child of earth with the golden hair.

Child of earth with the golden hair.
Child of earth with the golden hair.

Child of earth with the golden hair.
Child of earth with the golden hair.
TITANIA'S SONG.

Roam, roam to our fairy home, Child of earth with the golden hair,

Roam, roam to our fairy home, Child of earth with the golden hair.
The High-mettled Racer.

1. See the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are begun,
   The con-
   fu-sion but hear; "I bet you, sir; done, done!"
   Ten thousand strange murmurs sound far and
   near; Lords, hawkers, and jockeys, as sail the tir'd ear,... Lords, hawkers, and
   jockeys, as sail the tir'd ear, While with neck like a rainbow, stretching his
   view cheat a long tedious way, While, a-like born for sports of the field and the

2. Now rey-nard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch rush,
   Dogs,
   now rey-nard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch rush,
   now rey-nard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch rush,

In moderate time. DIBDIN.
THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

3.

Grown aged, used up, and turn'd out of the stud,
Lame, spavined, and windgalled, but yet with some blood,
Tell his dam won this sweepstakes, his sire gained that race,
And what matches he won to the ostlers count o'er.
As they litter their time at some hedge ale-house door,
While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his side Smart.
The high-mettled racer's a back on the road.

4.

Till at last having labour'd, drudged, early and late,
Row'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate;
Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-glass stands still.
And now, cold and lifeless, exposed to the view.
In the very same cart which he yesterday drew,
While a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounded,
The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds.
The banks of the blue Moselle.

1. When the glow-worm gilds the elfin bow'rs, That clings round the ruin'd shrine;
Where first we met, where first we lov'd, And I confess'd me this; 'Tis there I'll fly to meet thee still,
2. If the cares of life should shade thy brow—Yes, yes, in our native bow'rs; My lute and heart might best accord, To tell of happier hours; Yes, there I'll soothe thy griefs to rest, Each sigh of sorrow days.

G. H. RODWELL.
THE BANKS OF THE BLUE MOSELLE.

bell...} In the starry light of a summer night, In the starry light of a

sum - mer night, On the banks of the blue Moselle,........... On the

banks of the blue...... Moselle;.......... In the starry light of a
coll apoco. pp

sum - mer night, On the banks of the blue...... Moselle.
Let Fame sound the trumpet.

1. Let Fame sound the trumpet and cry to the war, Let glory, let
glory re-echo the strain:

2. Let Indus unfold her rich gems to the view, Each virtue, each
vir-tue each joy to im-prove;

.... The full tide of honor may fall from the scar: And heroes may
.... Oh! give me the friend that I know to be true, And the fair, and the
LET FAME SOUND THE TRUMPET.

smile, may smile on their pain. And heroes may smile, may smile on their
fair that I tenderly love! And the fair, and the fair that I tenderly

pain. And heroes may smile, may smile on their pain.

love! And the fair, and the fair that I tenderly love!

The treasure of Autumn let Bacchus dis-

What's glory but pride? a rain bubble is

play. And stagger about with his bowl; On science let

fume. And riot the pleasure of wine; What's richness but

Sol beam the lustre of day, And wisdom give light to the soul.

trouble? and titles a name? But friendship and love are divine!
LET FAME SOUND THE TRUMPET.

And wisdom give light,
But friendship and love,

And wisdom give
But friendship and

light,
love,

And wisdom give light to the soul,
But friendship and love are divine,

And wisdom give light to the soul,
But friendship and love are divine,
The Mountain Maid.

1. The Mountain Maid from her bower has hied, And sped to the glassy river's
fee
op press, While a soft sigh swells her gentle

2. She stepp'd with timid

sigh; He caught her glance, and mark'd her sigh, And the

Allegretto.
wil-low's
vain
in the sil-
ver light,
The
wil-low's
deep
in his spark-
ing eye.

On a moss-

ly bank lay a
laugh'd in his spark-
ing eye. So

mo-

ly sweet was his

shep-

erd swain,
He woke his pipe to a tune-

ful

strain,
He woke his pipe to a tune-

ful strain.

And so

colla voce.
blithely gay were the notes he play'd, That he charm'd the ear of the Mountain Maid, And so
True Courage.

1. Why, what's that to you, if my eyes

2. There was bustling Bob Bounce for the old one not

-wiping? A tear is a pleasure, 'ye see, in its way; Tis nonsense for tri-dos, I caring, Holter-shelter, to work pelt a-way, cut and drive; Swearing he, for his part, had no

own, to be piping. But they that ha'n't pi-ty, why, I pi-ties they... Says the no- tion of sparing, And as for a foe!—why he'd eat him a-live... But
That my friend, Jack or Tom, I should rescue from dang'rous harm, 
Or lay my life down for each lad in the mass. [ger.]
Is nothing at all—tis the poor wounded stranger; 
And the poorer, the more I shall succour distress.
For however their duty bold boys may delight in, 
And peals defy, as a bugbear, a flam; 
Though the lion may feel early pleasure in fighting, 
He'll feel more compassion when turn'd to a lamb.

3.

The heart, and the eyes, you see, feel the same motion, 
And if both shed their drops, tis all to the same end; 
And thus 'tis that every drop of the ocean 
Sheds his blood for his country, his tears for his friend.
If my maxim's disease, 'tis disease I shall die on—
You may scorg and utter, I don't care a damn! 
In me let the foe feel the jaw of a lion, 
But the battle once ended, the heart of a lamb.

4.
To-morrow.

W. Rhym.

Andante, grazioso.

(Composer of "The Friar of Orders Gray.")

Night, I have oft-er wish'd thy stay, But now thou bring'st me sorrow.

That flat-ting part-ridge has a nest As yet un-known to sorrow.

Night, I have oft-er wish'd thy stay, But now thou bring'st me sorrow: Im-

That flat-ting part-ridge has a nest As yet un-known to sorrow: Her
TO-MORROW.

patiently I wait the ray, impatiently I wait the ray. That
partner seeks her downy breast, Her partner seeks her
downy breast, Oh!

pianissimo.

shall illume to-morrow, That shall illume to-morrow; In
kill them not to-morrow, Oh! kill them not to-morrow; Her

mf

ad lib.

patiently I wait the ray. That shall illume to-morrow....
partner seeks her downy breast, Oh! kill them not to-morrow!....
collega voc. mf

Beneath the fern, the fearful hare
Would wish a shade to borrow;
Be merciful, the trembler spare,
Let it not die tomorrow.

My heart, when I thy eyes shall meet,
Joy's richest throb will borrow;
And sure, on rapture's wings, will flit
The moments of to-morrow.
The Hunt is up!

Allegro con spirito.

1. The hunt is up, the hunt is up, And it is well nigh day:...... And

Har-ry, our King, has gone hunt-ing, To bring his deer to bay....... The East is bright with

morn-ing light, And dark-ness it is fled:...... The mer-ry home wakes up the morn To
THE HUNT IS UP!

leave his idle bed.....

2. The sun is glad to see us clad All in our hus-ty green,..... And

smiles in the sky, as he ris-eth high, To see and to be seen..... A-wake, all men, I

say a-gain, Be mer-ry as you may,..... For Har-ry, our King, is gone hunt-ing To

bring his deec to bay.....
The Lass that loves a Sailor.

1. The moon on the ocean was dimm'd by a ripple, Affording a chequer'd light; The gay jolly tars pass'd the word for the tipple, And the toast, for 'twas Saturday night.

Some sweet-heart or wife, be
loved as his life, Each drank and wish'd he could hail her; But the
standing toast, that pleased the most, Was "The wind that blows, the ship that goes, And the
lass that loves a sailor."

Some drank "The Queen," and some her brave ships,
And some "The Constitution;"
Some "May our foes, and all such rips,
Yield to English resolution;"
That fate might bless some Poll or Bes, And that they soon might hail her;
But the standing toast, That pleased the most, Was "The wind that blows, The ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor."

Some drank "The Prince," and some "Our Land," This glorious land of freedom;
Some "That our tars may never want Heroes brave to lend them;"
"That she who's in distress may find Such friends as 'er will fail her;"
But the standing toast, That pleased she most, Was "The wind that blows The ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor."
Love will find out the way.

In moderate tune. 17th Century

Over the mountains, and over the waves; Under the fountains, and under the graves; Under floods, that are deepest, Which Neptune obey; Over rocks that are steepest, Love will find out the way.

2. Where there is no place For the glow-worm to lie; Where there is no space For receipt of a fly; Where the midge dares not venture, Lost herself fast she lay; If Love come he will enter, And soon find out his way.

3. You may esteem him, A child for his might; Or you may deem him A coward for his flight; But if he whom Love doth honour Be concealed from the day; Set a thousand guards upon her, Love will find out the way.

4. Some think to lose him By having him confounded; And some do suppose him (Poor thing!) to be blind; But if ever so close you wall him, Do the best that you may; Blind Love, (if so you call him,) Will find out his way.

5. You may train the eagle To stoop to your fist; Or you may inveigle The Phoenix of the East; The Lioness, you may move her To give o'er her prey; You'll never stop a lover— He will find out his way.
The Rose had been washed.

1. The rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a show'r, Which Mary to Anne con-

vey'd;... The pleasant moisture encumber'd the bow'r, And weigh'd down its beauti-

ful head. The cup was all fill'd and the leaves were all wet, And it seem'd to a fanci-

ful
view: To weep for the buds it had left with regret, On the flour-ishing tree where it
dim. pp
grew....

Agitato, quon. Recit.
I hast-ily seiz'd it, un-fit as it was For a nose-gay, so dripping and drown'd; And

f

dim. >=

accel.

large.

swinging it rude-ly, too rude-ly, a- las! I snapp'd it! it fell to the
THE ROSE HAD BEEN WASHED.

tempo primo.

"And such, I exclaimed," is the ti-lesse part Some

act by the de-li-cate mind....
Regard-less of wrench-ing or break-ing a heart Al-

re-ady to sor-row re-sig'd. This e-le-gant rose, had I shak-en it less, Might have

bloom'd with its own'er a-while; And the tear that wip'd with a lit-tle ad-dress, May be

follow'd, perhaps, by a smile.
Thine am I, my faithful fair.

1. Thine am I, thine am I, my faithful fair, Thine, thine, my love—ly Nan—cy, Ev'ry
2. Take a-way, take a-way those ro—sy lips, Rich, rich in bal—my trea—sure; Turn a—

pulse, ev'ry pulse a—long my veins, Ev'ry ro—ving fan—cy, To thy
—way, turn a-way thine eyes of love, Lost I die with plea—sure. What is
Said a Smile to a Tear.

Said a smile to a tear. On the cheek of my dear, Which

beam'd like the sun in spring weather; Said a smile to a tear, On the

cheek of my dear. Which beam'd like the sun in spring weather In
2.

# I came from the heart,
A soft balm to impart,
To yonder sad daughter of grief;

And I, said the smile,
That heart to beguile,
Since you gave the poor mourner relief.

3.

# O then, said the tear,
Sweet smile it is clear,
We're twins, and soft pity's our mother;

And how lovely that face
Which together we grace.
For the woe and the bliss of another.
"Tis but Fancy's sketch.

1. Here mark the poor de-so-late maid,
   By a pa-rent's am-bi-tion bee-
2. Be-hold in his face ex-press'd,
   The pas-sions that rage in his

-breat;

-be-hold, on her fast fading cheek,
-tries that her a-go-ny

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-breat;

-be-hold, on her fast fading cheek,
-tries that her a-go-ny
'TIS BUT FANCY'S SKETCH.

SPEAK! And here stands the well-beloved youth, Calling HEAV'n to witness his hand, While deep in his dungeon crou'd, A still living wife is im-

truth:..... And here stands the murder'd wretch-- But mark me, But
mur'd:..... Whose curses the murder'd wretch-- But start not! But

cras. molto, f of ed agitato. sf of sempre forte.

mark me, start not!
'tis... but... fan-cy's sketch, Ah!...
'tis... but... fan-cy's sketch, Ah!...

dim. e rall. pp

'tis but fan-cy's sketch.
'tis but fan-cy's sketch.

mf dim. pp
Poor Joe, the marine.

1. Poor Joe, the marine, was at Portsmouth well known, No lad in the corps dress'd so smart;

Thelass-es ne'erlook'd at the lad with a frown, His man-li-ness won ev'ry
The bright torch of Hymen was scarce in a blaze,
When thundering drums they heard rattle;
And Joe in an instant was forc’d to the seas
To give a bold enemy battle.
The action was dreadful, each ship a mere wreck,
Such slaughter few sailors have seen;
Two hundred brave fellows lay strav’d on the deck,
And among then poor Joe the marine.

But victory—faithful to brave British tars,
At length put an end to the fight;
Then homeward they steer’d, full of glory and scars,
And soon had fan’d Portsmouth in sight.
The ramparts were crowded, the heroes to greet,
And foremost sweet Polly was seen;
But the very first sailor she chanc’d for to meet,
Told the fate of poor Joe the marine.
Who deeply drinks of wine.

In moderate time.

J. EMDIN.

1. Gai-ly still the moments roll, While we quaff the flowing bowl; Care can never reach the soul, Who deeply drinks of wine.

Who deeply drinks of wine.

Gai-ly still the moments roll, While we quaff the flowing bowl; Care can never
reach the soul, Who deep-ly drinks of wine,  
Who deep-ly drinks of

wine, ..........  Who deep-ly drinks of wine, ..........  Care can ne-ver

coda voc.  
reach the soul, Who deep-ly drinks of wine....

2.
See the lover, pale with grief,  
    Bind his brows with willow leaf,  
But his heart soon finds relief,  
    From drinking deep of wine.

3.
Eyes of fire and lips of dew,  
    Cheeks that shame the rose’s hue;  
Dearer those to me, or you,  
    Who deep-ly drinks of wine.
Amo, Amas, I love a lass.

TEXT—"THE MOUSE AND THE FROG."  DR. ARNOLD.

From "The Agreeable Surprise."

Allegro.

A - mo, A - mas, I love a lass, As a ce - dar tall and slender, Sweet cow-slip's grace is her no - m i - na - tive case, And she's of the fe - m i - nine gen - der.

Cor - rum Co - rum sunt di - vo - rae, Ha - rum sa - cram di - vo;

Tag rag mer - ry der - ry, per - ri -wig and hat-band, Hie hoe ho - rum go - ni - ti -
AMO, AMAS, I LOVE A LASS.

2. Oh! how bel-la my pa-

el-la! I'll kiss sec-u-lar, se-cu-lo-

ux-or, O dies bo-nes-to-

vo-rum, Ha-rum sac-rum di-

hat-band, Hie hoc ho-rum, ge-

vo!

2. Oh! how bel-la my pa-

el-la! I'll kiss sec-u-lar, se-cu-lo-

ux-or, O dies bo-nes-to-

vo-rum, Ha-rum sac-rum di-

hat-band, Hie hoc ho-rum, ge-

vo!
My Dog and my Gun.

In moderate time.

1. Let gay ones and great make the most of their fate, From pleasure to pleasure they run, From pleasure to pleasure they run.

3. For exercise, sir, to the fields I repair, With spirits unclouded and light, With spirits unclouded and light; No blessings I find, no blessing I find.

With my dog and my gun, While I have my dog and my gun... While I have my dog and my gun... While I have my dog and my gun... While I have my dog and my gun...

But health and diversion unite... But health and diversion unite... But health and diversion unite... But health and diversion unite... But health and diversion unite...
Is there a heart that never lov'd?

1. Is there a heart that ne-ver lov'd, Or felt soft wo-man's sigh?.....

2. For there's a charm in wo-man's eye, A lan-guage in her tear,..... A

Is there a man can mark un-mov'd De-ar wo-man's tear-ful eye?..... Oh!

spell in ev'ry sacred sigh, To man—to vir-tue dear;..... And

hear him to some dis-tant shore, Or so-li-ta-ry cell. Where none but sa-

vage

he who could re-sist her smiles. With brutes a—lone should live. Not taste that joy which

mon-sters roar, Where Love ne'er deign'd to dwell;.....
care be-guiles, That joy her vir-tues give;.....
The Storm.
(CEASE, RUDE BOREAS, BLUST'RING RAILER.)

1. Cease, rude Bo- reas! blust'ring rai-l'er, List ye lands-men all to me, Mess-mates hear a bro- ther sail-or Sing the dan-gers of the sea; From bounding bil- lows first in mo-tion, When the dis-tant whirl-winds rise, To the tem- pest-troub-led o'Cean, Where the seas con-tend with skies.

2. Now the dread-ful thunder roaring, Peal on peal con-tending clash, On our heads fierce rain falls pooring In our eyes bite lightnings flash: One wide water all around us, All above us one black sky; Dif-f'rent deaths at once sur-round us, Hark! what means that dread-ful cry?

3. O'er the ship wild waves are beat-ing, We for wives or child-reas mourr'; Alas! from hence there's no re-treat-ing, Alas! to them there's no return; Still the leak is gain-ing on us, Both chain-pumps are chok'd below; Heav'n have mercy here upon us, For only that can save us now.
On, by the spur of valour goaded.

Pomposo.

On, by the spur of valour goaded, Pistols prim'd, and car-bines load'd, Courage strikes on hearts of steel, Courage strikes on
ON, BY THE SPUR OF VALOUR GOADED.

While each spark through the dark gloom of night Lends a clear and cheering light.

Who a fear or doubt can feel? Who a fear or doubt can feel? While each spark thro' the gloom of night, Lends a clear and
ON, BY THE SPUR OF VALOUR GOADED.

cheering light, Who a fear or doubt can feel? Who a fear or

doubt can feel? Who a fear or doubt can feel? Who a fear or

Like

serpents now thro' thick-ets creeping; Then on our prey like Li-ons creeping! Calvettle to the

on-set lead us, Let the wea-ry trav'-ler dread us, Struck with ter-ror and a-maze
While our swords with lightning blaze!

Thunder to our carbines roaring;

Bursting clouds in torrents pouring, Bursting clouds in torrents pouring,

Wash the sanguine dagger’s blade; Our’s free and roving,

trade....
ON, BY THE SPUR OF VALOUR GOADED.

To the onset let's away, Valour calls and we obey, To the onset, to the

onset, to the onset let's away; Valour calls, and we obey, Valour

colla voce.

calls, and we obey!

D
Poor Jack

1. Go pat-ter to lub-bers and swabs, do yo see, A-bout dan-ger and fear and the

2. Why, I heard the good chap-lain pa-la-ver one day, A-bout souls, heaven’s mer-cy and

like, A tight wa-ter boat and good sea-room give me, And it

such, And, my tim-bers! what lin-tracking coil and be-lay—Why, twas

sin’t to a lit-tle I’ll strike;.... Tho’ the tem-pest top-gal-lant mast

just all as one as high Dutch;.... But he said how a spar-row can’t
smack-smooth should smile, And shiver each splinter of wood, And
found-er, dyce see, With-out or-ders that come down be-low, With-out

shiver each splinter of wood;.... Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and house
or-ders that come down be-low;.... And ma-ny fine things that prov'd

ev-ry-thing tight, And un-der reef'd for-sail we'll scud. A
clear-ly to me, That Pro- vi-dence takes us in tow; For, says

vast! ner don't think me a milk-sop so soft. To be ta-ken for tri-fles a-
he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft Take the top-lights of sailors a-
I said to our Poll, for you see she would cry,
When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
What arguils snivling and piping your eye?
Why, what a damned fool you must be!
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us
Both for seamen and lubbers a shore;
And if to old Davy I go, my dear Poll,
Why never will hear of me more!
What then! all's a hazard, come, don't be so soft,
Perhaps I may laughing come back;
For, d'ye see, there's a Cherub sits 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 the ship,
And with her brave the world, without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's strip;
As for 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's my friend's,
And as for my life, 'ts the king's;
Een when my time comes, never believe me so soft,
As with grief to be taken aback;
The same little Cherub that sits up aloft,
Will look out a good berth for poor Jack.
Old Towler

1. Bright chandelier proclaims the dawn, And spangles deck the thorn;
   The lowing herds now quit the lawn, The lark springs from the corn.

   Huntsmen, round the window through, Fleet Towler leads the cry.

   A

   ten.
-rise, the bur-then of their song. This day a stag must die........ With a

hey, ho, chi-yy!.... Hark for-ward, hark for-ward, tan-ti-yy!.... With a

hey, ho, chi-yy!.... Hark for-ward, hark for-ward, tan-ti-yy!.... Hark

for-ward, hark for-ward, hark for-ward, hark for-ward, tan-
2.

The cordial takes its merry round,
The laugh and joke prevail;
The huntsman bow's a jovial sound,
The dogs snuff up the gale:
The upland winds they sweep along,
O'er fields, through brakes they fly;
The gane is roa'd, too true the song,
This day a stag must die.
With a hey, ho, &c.

3.

Poor stag! the dogs thy haunches sure,
The tears run down thy face;
The huntsman's pleasure is no more,
His joys were in the chase.
Alas the sportsmen of the town,
The virgin game in view,
Are full content to run them down,
Then they in turn pursue.
With a hey, ho, &c.
The kiss, dear maid.

Words by LORD BYRON.

1. The kiss, dear maid, thy
   lip has left, Shall ne-ver part from mine.... Till hap-pier hours re-store the gift, Un-
make methis Sheet, In gaz-ing when a lone.... Nor one me-mo-rial for a breast Whose
   thought are all thine own..... The part-ing glance that fon-ty
   beams.... An

2. I ask no pledge to
   think, day or night, in weal or wise.... That
THE KISS, DEAR MAID.

equal love may see:... The tear that from thy eye-fid streams, Can weep no change in heart no longer free:... Must bear the love it can-not show. And si-ent ache for

me:... The kiss, dear maid, thy lip has left, Shall ne-ver part from thee:... I ask no pledge to make me blest In gaz-ing when a-

mine, Till hap- pier hours re-store the gift. Un-taint-ed, back to thine. long, Nor one has-no zial for a breast Whose thoughts are all thine own.
He was famed for deeds of arms.

She a maid of envied charms; Now to him her love is parts, One pure flame pervades both hearts. Hon - or calls him
2.
Battle now with fury glows,
Hustle blood in torrent flows,
His duty tells him to depart.
She pressed her hero to her heart.
And now the trumpet sounds to arms,
And now the clash of war's alarms!
Sweet maid, he cries, again I'll come to thee,
When the glad trumpet sounds a victory.

3.
He with love and conquest burns,
Both subdue his mind by turns;
Death the soldier now enthralls,
With his wounds the hero falls;
She, disdaining war's alarms,
Rushed, and caught him in her arms.
O death, he cried, thou'lt welcome now to me,
For hark! the glad trumpet sounds a victory!
Dulce Domum.

1. Consignamus o Sol-da-les E- ja! quid si-
2. Apro-pin-quat ec-ce! fe-lix Ho-ra gau-di-

- le - mus No-bi-lo can-ti-com Dul-ce me-les Do-mum
-o-rum: Post gra-ve ta-di-um Ad-ve-nit om-ni-um

Chorus.

Dul-ce Do-mum ra-so-ne-mus. Do-mum, Do-mum,
Moe-ta po- ti-ta ... la-bo-reni.
DULCE DOMUM.

3. Musa! libros mitte, fassa:
Mitte penas dura:
Mitte negotium;
Jan datur otium:
Me mea mittito cura.

Chorus.—Domum, Domum, &c.

4. Ridet annus, prata rident:
Nosque ridentus.
Jan repetit Domum
Daudias adventus:

Chorus.—Domum repetamus.

5. Heus! Rogers! fer caballos:
Eja! nunc eaxus;
Limen amabile,
Matris et ocella,

Savitor et repetamus.

Chorus.—Domum, Domum, &c.

6. Consimamus ad Penates;
Vox et audiatur;
Phosphore! quid jubatur,
Saguus ex cunicus,

Gaudia nostra moratur?

Chorus.—Domum, Domum, &c.
Fly away, pretty Moth.

1. Fly away, pretty Moth, to the shade, Of the leaf where you slumber'd all day.

2. I have seen, pretty Moth, in the world, Some as wild as yourself, and as gay.

Be content with the moon and the stars, pretty Moth, And make use of your wings while you may.

Though you glittering light may have round them by night and by day, But though dreams of delight may have
FLY AWAY, PRETTY MOTH.

Dazzled you quite, though the gold of your lamp may be gay; many things in this world that look bright, pretty Moth, only dazzle to lead us astray.

Dazzled them quite, they, at last, found it dangerous play! Many things in this world that look bright, pretty Moth, only dazzle to lead us astray...
The Soldier's adieu.

1. Adieu! adieu! my only life, My honour calls me from thee, Remember thou't a soldier's wife, Those tears but ill become thee; What

tho' by duty I am call'd, Where thundering cannon rattle, Where

valour's self might stand appall'd, Where valour's self might stand appall'd, When
on the wings of thy dear love, To Heaven a-love ..... thy fervent o-ri-

- sons are flown, The ten-der pray'r thou put'st up there, Shall call a guar-dian

- an-gel down, Shall call a guar-dian-an-gel down, To watch me in the

2.
My safety thy fair truth shall be,
As sword and buckler serving,
My life shall be more dear to me,
Because of thy preserving;
Let peril come, let terror threat,
Let thund'r ing cannon's rattle,
Till fearless seek the conflict's heat,
Assured when on the wings of love,
To's heaven above, &c.

3.
Enough, with that benignant smile,
Some kindred God inspired thee,
Who know'd thy beacon void of guilt,
Who wondered and admired thee;
I go assured, my life, adieu!
Though thund'ring cannon's rattle,
Though murdering cannon stalked in view,
When on the wings of thy true love,
To heaven above, &c.
May we ne'er want a friend, nor a Bottle to give him.

1. Since the first dawn of reason that beam'd on my mind, And taught me how fa-vor'd by fortune my lot, To share that good fortune I still was in-clin'd, And im-
3. The heart by deceit or in gra-ti-tude rent, Or by po-ver-ty bow'd, tho' of part to who want-ed what I want-ed not. Tis a max-im en-ti-tled to all know content is an excel-lent feast.

Andante espress.
MAY WE NE’ER WANT A FRIEND, NOR A BOTTLE TO GIVE HIM.

Everybody’s praise, When a man feels distress, like a man to relieve him. And my

motto, tho’ simple, means more than it says, “May we ne’er want a friend, nor a

bottle to give him.” My motto, tho’ simple, means more than it says, “May we

ne’er want a friend, nor a bottle to give him.”
1. O, what a plague is love! I can-not bear it, She will in-constant prove, I greatly

fear it; It so tor-ments my mind, That my heart fail-eth, She wa-vers with the wind.

As a ship sail-eth; Please her the best I may, She looks a-no-ther way; A-lack and

well-a-day! Phil-lida flouts me.

2. I often heard her say
That she loved posies;
In the last month of May
I gave her roses.
Cowslips and gillyflow'rs,
And the sweet lily,
I got to quack the bowers
Of my dear Philly;
She did them all disdain,
And threw them back again;
Therefore, 'tis fat and plain,
Philida flouts me.

3. Which way so'er I go
She still torments me;
And whatso'er I do,
Nothing contents me;
I fade and pine away
With grief and sorrow;
I fall quite to decay,
Like any shadow,
Since 'twill no better be,
I'll bear it patiently;
Yet all the world may see
Philida flouts me.
Sweet day, so cool.

Words by G. Hervey.

Andante.

1. Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright, The bridal of... the
2. Sweet spring, so beautiful and so gay, Storehouse where sweets un-

earth and sky... The dews shall weep thy fall to-night, For thou, with
number'd lie... Not long thy faded glories last, But thou, with

all thy sweets, must die...

3. Sweet rose, so fragrant and so brave,
   Dazzling the sweet beholder's eye,
   Thy root is even in thy grave,
   For thou, with all thy sweets, must die.

4. Sweet love alone, sweet wedded love!
   Thy tender joys by time improve,
   In death itself the most refined.
To the Maypole haste away.

(MORRIS DANCE)

Allegro con spirito.

Time of Queen Elizabeth.

1. Come, ye young men, come along... With your music, dance and song;
2. There each bachelor may choose One that faith will not abuse,

Bring your lasses in your hands, For 'tis that which love commands.
Nor repay with coy disdain, Love that should be loved again.
TO THE MAYPOLE HASTE AWAY.

Then to the May-pole haste a-way... For 'tis now a ho-ly-day...

CHORUS.

Then to the May-pole haste a-way, For 'tis now a ho-ly-day.

3.
It is the choice time of the year,
For the violets now appear;
Now the rose receives its birth,
And pretty primrose decks the earth.
Then to the Maypole, &c.

4.
When you thus have spent your time,
Till the day be past its prime,
To your beds repair at night,
And dream there of your day's delight.
Then to the Maypole, &c.
The milking pail

1. Ye nymphs and sylvan gods,... That love green fields and woods,... Where
2. The Goddess of the morn,... With blushes they adorn...... And

spring newly born, Herself does adorn With flow-ers and bloom-ing buds,... Come,
take the fresh air Whilst flin-nets prepare A con-cert in each green thorn,... The
THE MILKING PAIL.

sing in the praise, Whilst flocks do graze In yon-der plea-sant vale,... Of
Black-bird and thrush On ev-ry bush, And charm-ing night-i-n-gale,... in

those who choose Their sleep to lose, And in cold dews With clout-ed shoes, Do
mer-ry vein, Their throats do strain To en-ter-tain The jol-ly train That

car-ry the milk-ing pail,... Do car-ry the milk-ing pail...,
car-ry the milk-ing pail,... That car-ry the milk-ing pail...
Rest, Warrior, rest.

1. He comes from the war, from the red field of fight, He comes thro' the storm and the darkness of night; For rest and for refuge now fail to imstore, The weary head; Perchance he may dream, but the vision shall tell Of his

2. Sunk in silence and sleep in the cotager's bed, Oblivion shall visit the war-wearied soul; Pale, pale is his cheek, there's a lady-love's bower, and her last fare-well, O! the hope's fond dream chase the
REST, WARRIOR, REST.

Gash on his brow! His locks o'er his shoulders distractedly flow; And the
beat of his array, And sweet love to his home guides the warrior's way; All the

Fire of his heart shoots by fits from his eye, Like an anguishning lamp that just
calm joys of peace to his head shall yield rest: Ah! warrior, wake not, such

Shakes to die. Rest, warrior, rest.
Shakes is blessed. Rest, warrior, rest.

Rest!....... Rest!....... Rest!.......
Bring me, Boy, a bowl of wine.

Words by Upton.  
Con spirit.

Music by Hook.

1. Bring me, boy, a flowing bowl, Deep and spacious as the sea; Men shall every noble soul, Drink and fathom it with me, Drink and fathom it with me. While good humour
calls men, 

Piano.
is a float, Ever to part would be a sin; Let us sail in
pleasure's boat, Drink and fill the bowl again! Drink and fill,

Drink and fill, Drink and fill the bowl again!

Let the hoary miser toil,
We each sordid views despise;
Give us wine, and beauty's smile,
There each glowing rapture lies!
While good-fellowship we boast,
Fill the goblets to the brim;
Lovely woman be our toast,
Drink and fill the bowl again!

Care, thou bane of every joy,
To some distant region fly;
Here reigns Bacchus, jolly boy!
Hence, old greybeard, hence and die!
While we revel in delight,
Ere to part would be a sin;
And since care is put to flight,
Drink and fill the bowl again!
The old Commodore.

1. Od's blood! what a time for a sea-man to stalk Under gingerbread hatches a

-ashore: What a damn'd bad job that this latter'd old hulk Can't be rigg'd out for sea once more,

Can't be rigg'd out for sea once more: For the puppies, as they pass, Cocking
THE OLD COMMODORE.

up a squinting glass, Thus run down the old commodore. "That's the old commodore, The
rum old commodore, The gouty old commodore! He, he, he! Why the bullets and the gout Have so
knock'd his hull about, That he'll never more be fit for sea! He'll never more be fit for

2.
Here am I in distress, like a ship water-logg'd,
Not a tow-ropes at hand or a sail;
I'm left by my crew, — and, may I be flogg'd,
But the doctor's a son of a whale:
While I'm swallowing his slops,
How nimble are his chops,
Thus queerring the old commodore:—
"Bad case, commodore—
Can't say, commodore—
Mun't flatter, commodore," says he:
"For the bullets and the gout
Have so knock'd your hull about,
That you'll never more be fit for sea!"

What! no more be afloat! blood and fury! they lie!
I'm a seaman, and only threescore!
And if, as they tell me, I'm likely to die,
Odzooks! let me not die a slave.
As so death, 'tis all a joke—
Sailors live in fire and smoke:
So, at least, says the old commodore:
The tough old commodore—
The fighting old commodore, says he—
Whom the bullets nor the gout,
Nor the foreigners to boot,
Shall kill, till they grapple him at sea!
Julia to the Wood-Robin.

1. Stay, sweet enchant - ter

of........... the grove,..... Leave not so soon..... thy na - tive...

stay, sweet enchant - ter of........... the grove,........
JULIA TO THE WOOD-ROBIN.

2.

But soon as spring, enwreathed with flow’rs,
Comes dancing o’er the new dress’d plain,
Return and cheer thy natal bow’rs,
My Robin, with thy notes again.

3.

Nest thy soft bosom on the spray,
Till chilly autumn brown’s severe:
Then charm me with those notes of love,
And I will answer with a tear.
To the May-pole away.

1. Joan, to the May-pole away let us

on, The time is swift and will be gone; There go the lasses away to the green, Where their

beauties may be seen; Bess, Moll, Kate Doll, All the gay lasses have lads to at-
TO THE MAY-POLE AWAY.

2.

Do you not see how the lord of the May
Walks along in rich array?
There goes the lass that is only his,
See how they meet and how they kiss.
Come, Will! run, Gill!
Or dost thou list to lose thy labour?
Kit, crowd! scrape loud!
Tickle up Tom with a pipe and a tabor.
Joan, to the May-pole, &c.

3.

Now, if we hold out as we do begin
Joan and I the prize shall win;
Nay, if we live till another day,
I'll make thee Lady of the May.
Dance round, skip, bound,
Turn and kiss, and then for a greeting;
Now, Joan, we've done,
Fare-thee-well till the next merry meeting.
Joan, to the May-pole, &c.
A well there is in the West country.

1. A well there is in the West country, And a clearer never was seen s, There's not a wife in the West country, But has he s, And he sat down up on the bank, Be -

2. A stranger came to the well of St. Keyne, For this very hot was heard of the well of St. Keyne s; An oak and an elm tree

-beth the willow tree s; There came a man from a
A WELL THERE IS IN THE WEST COUNTRY.

3.

"Now art thou a bachelor, friend?" quoth he,
"For an if thou hast a wife a,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life a;
Or has your good woman, if one you have,
In Cornwall ever been a?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life,
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne a."

4.

"I've left a good woman who ne'er was here,"
The stranger made reply a.
"But how my draught should better be for that
To guess in vain I try a.
St. Keyne," quoth the countryman, "many a time
Would drink of his crystal well a;
And before the angels summoned her,
She laid on the water a spell a."

5.

"If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife a,
A happy man theseforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.
But if the wife should drink of it first,
God bless the husband then a,
The stranger stoop'd to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again a.

6.

"You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes,"
To the countryman he said a;
But the rustic sigh'd as the stranger spake,
And sadly shook his head a.
"I hasten'd here, when the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch a,
But truly she had been wiser than me,
For she took a little to church a."
From Oberon in fairyland.

Ben Jonson

Allegretto

 sempre staccato.

16th Century.

1. From Oberon in fairy land, The king of ghosts and
2. Sometimes I meet them like a man, Sometimes an ox, some -

shadows there, Mad Robin I, at his command, Am sent to view the

times a hound, Or to a horse I turn me eas, And trip and trot a -
night-sports here, What real rout is kept about, In ev'ry corner about them round, But if you ride my back they strive, More swift than wind a.

where I go, I will ese, And mercy be, And make good sport with way I go, O'er hedge and lands, three pool and ponds, I whirry laughing

ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning can I fly, About the airy welkin soon; And in a minute's space descry Each thing that's done below the moon. There's not a hag nor ghost shall wag, Or cry, "Ware, goblin!" where I go: But Robin I, their feats do spy, And send them home with ho ho ho!

When lads and lasses merry be With posset and rich junks and fine: Unseen of all the company I eat their cakes and sip their wine, And to make sport I puff and snort, And out the candles I do blow, And says I kiss; they shrill, "Who's this?" I answer naught but ho, ho, ho!
The Garden Gate.

W. T. Parker

1. The day was clos'd, the moon shone bright, The village clock struck eight,..... When Lucy hast'en'd with delight, To ope the garden gate; But sure, as if to
drive her mad, The gate was there, but not the lad! Which made poor Luc-y
griev-ing cry, "Was e-ver maid so un'd as 1?"

She said the garden here and there,
The village clock struck nine;
When Lucy cried in wild despair,
"He sha'd, he sha'n't be mine!"
Last night he vow'd the garden gate
Should find him there this eve at eight;
But this I'll let the creature see,
Be ne'er shall make a fool of me."

She ceas'd—a noise her ear alarms—
The village clock struck ten;
When William caught her in his arms,
And ne'er to part again.
He show'd the ring, to wed next day,
He'd been to buy, a long, long way;
How then could Lucy cruel prove,
To one that did so fondly love!
Jack Rattlin.

Andante con moto.

1. Jack Rattlin was the ablest seaman—None like him could band, reef, or steer; No dangerous toil, but he'd encounter, With skill and in contempt of fear: To fight a lion; the battle ended—Meek as a bleating lamb he'd prove; Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit—Yet did he sigh... and all for...
love……

2. The song, the jest, the flowing liquor—For none of these had Jack regard—He, while his mess-mates were en-

trous-ing) High sitting on the pendant yard, Would think upon his fair one's beauties, swear never from such charms to rove; That truly bold...... adore them

liv-ing, And, sighing, sighed to end his love……
The Bee proffers honey but bears a sting.

("Tink a Tink")

1. A Knight of a gay and gal-lant mien, On a milk-white cour-ser came, In his

hat was a fair Lady's fa-vor seen, For in-no-cence knows no shame; And he

tapp'd at the fair Lady's bow'r with glee, She heard, but im-pa-tience to
2.
A knight with a dark and scowling brow,
He heard the two lovers exchange a vow,
And fury gave fire to his eye,
He courteously said "if you're cross'd in love,
My sword and my service are yours to prove;"
But the lady she play'd her guitar.
Tink a tick, &c

3.
The knight so gallant disappear'd that day,
And never was heard of more;
And the sable knight made a proud display,
Of the favour that gallant knight wore.
The lady he woo'd, but he gain'd no grace,
And joy from his bosom went far;
For the honey of hope to guilt's sting gave place,
And conscience still play'd the guitar.
Tink a tick &c
The beautiful maid.

1. When absent from her, from her whom my soul holds most dear;
   What medley of pleasures, what medley of passions invade;
   In this bosom, what passions, what passions invade;
   Nor retirement, nor throng, Nor quit the gay throng for the shade.

2. In vain I seek pleasure, seek pleasure to lighten my grief;
   Or quit the gay throng, Or quit the gay throng for the shade;
   Nor retirement, nor throng, Nor quit the gay throng for the shade.

Andante.
THE BEAUTIFUL MAID.

an - guish, what hope, and what fear, I en - dure for my beau - ti - ful
sol - i - tude, yield me re - lief, When a - way from my beau - ti - ful

colla voce.

maid. I en - dure for my beau - ti - ful maid, I en - dure for my beau - ti - ful
maid. When a - way from my beau - ti - ful maid, When a - way from my beau - ti - ful

pp

d a piacere.

maid. In this bo - som, what an - guish, what hope, and what fear, I en -
maid, Nor re - tire - ment, nor sol - i - tude yield me re - lief, When a

colla voce.

più lento. con espress.

tempo 1 mo.

raid un poco.

dur e for my beau - ti - ful maid.... I en - dure for my beau - ti - ful
way from my beau - ti - ful maid.... When a - way from my beau - ti - ful

colla voce.

maid.

maid.
All's one to Jack.

1. Tho' mountails high the billows roll, And angry ocean's
2. His friend in limbo should he find, His wife and children

in a foam; The sailor gaily slings the bowl, The sailor gaily slings the bowl, And
brought to shame, To ev'rything but kindness blind, To ev'rything but kindness blind, Jack

thinks on her he left at home, And thinks on her he left at home. Kind
signs his ruin with his name, Jack signs his ruin with his name. Friend-
ALL'S ONE TO JACK.

love his guard- ing spirit still, His mind's made up come what comes will; Tem- pents may
skip the worthy mo-tive still, His mind's made up come what comes will; The time comes

mass round, by hell-bounds press'd, Sails and rig-ging tears.... Goods and per-son
go to rack, Sails and rig-ging go to rack, So she loves him he loves so dear, 'Tis
go to rack, Goods and person go to rack, But, since he succour'd the distress'd, 'Tis

all one to Jack.
all one to Jack.

3.

Once more at sea, prepared to fight,
A friendly pledge, round goes the can;
And, though large odds appear in sight,
He meets the danger like a man,
Honour his guardian spirit still;
His mind's made up come what come will;
Like some fierce lion see him go
Where horror grim marks the attack!
So he can save a drowning foe,
'Tis all one to Jack.

4.

And when at last—for man and kings
Must find in death a peaceful resting-
The shot its sure commission brings,
And for poor Jack the time is come,
Cheerful his duty to fulfil,
His mind's made up come what come will;
The cannon'd poised, from its fell jaws
A fatal shot takes him down:
But, since he died in honour's close,
'Tis all one to Jack.
Haste to the wedding.

1. Come, haste to the wedding, ye friends and ye neighbours! The lovers their bliss shall no longer delay; Forget all your sorrow, your care, and your labours, And
Haste to the Wedding.

Let every heart beat with rapture today; Ye votaries all attended to my call, Come revel in pleasure that never can cloy, And come see rural felicity Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

2.

Let envy, let pride, let hate, and ambition,
Still crowd to, and beat in the breast of the great;
T'rough such watchful passions we give no admission,
But leave them alone to the wise ones of state.
We boast of no wealth
But contentment and health,
In mirth and in friendship our moments employ,
Then come see rural felicity,
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

3.

With reason we taste of each heart-stirring pleasure,
With reason we drink of the full flowing bowl;
Are bound and gray, but all within measure,
For fatal excess will enslave the free soul.
Then come at our bidding
To this happy wedding,
No care shall intrude here our bliss to annoy,
0, come see rural felicity,
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.
Come where the aspens quiver.

1. Come where the aspens quiver,
   Down by the flowing river;
2. Come to the wild-rose bower,
   Come at the vesper hour,

Bring your guitar,
Bring your guitar,
Sing me the songs I love.
COME WHERE THE ASPENS QUIVER.

Come where the as - pens qui - ver,
Come to the wild - rose bo - wer,
Down by the flow - ing ri - ver;
Bring your gui - tar,

Sing me the songs I love;
Sing me of fame and glo - ry;

Sing of the poor maid's sto - ry,
Sing of... kind hopes high - ted.

When her true love must leave her,
Sing of the dew - y flow - er,
COME WHERE THE ASPENS QUIVER.

Call'd to the holy war:
Sing of the evening star:
Come where the aspens quiver,
Down by the flowing river,

Bring your guitar,
Bring your guitar,
Sing me the songs I love...
Follow, follow over mountain.

Follow, follow over mountain, fol-low,
follow o-ver sea And I'll guide thee to Love's fountain, If you'll fol-low, fol-low me, fol-low,
follow o-ver mountain, fol-low, fol-low o-ver sea, And I'll guide thee to Love's fountain, If you'll
FOLLOW, FOLLOW OVER MOUNTAIN.

 fol-low, fol-low me. With the wa-ters of the

foun-tain Will I ease thy aching heart, And the roses of the mountain Shall to thee a balm im-

tem-po

part. Fol-low, fol-low o-ver moun-tain, Fol-low, fol-low o-ver sea, And I'll guide thee to Love's

foun-tain, If you'll fol-low, fol-low me, Fol-low, fol-low o-ver moun-tain, Fol-low, fol-low o-ver

sea, And I'll guide thee to Love's foun-tain, If you'll fol-low, fol-low me.
For woman's love is dearly bought, If bought with peace of mind; But taste the fount, and not a thought Of love is left behind. Follow, follow over mountain, Follow, follow over sea, And I'll guide thee to Love's fountain, If you'll follow, follow me.
He loves, and rides away.

Allegro moderato, ma con anima.

C. HORN.

1. At the Baron of Mowbrays gate was seen, A page with a courser black,... There came out a knight of noble mien, And he leap'd on the courser's back;..... His arms were bright, his
A lady looked over the castle wall,
And she heard the knight thus sing:
The lady's tears began to fall,
And her hands she began to wring:
"And didst thou then thy true love plight,
And was it but to betray,
Ah! tarry awhile my own dear knight,
In my don't ride away."

The knight of her tears he took no heed,
While scornful laughed his eye,
He gave the spur to his prancing steed,
"Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye;"
And soon he vanished from her sight,
While she was heard to say:
"Ah! ladies, beware of a fair young knight.
He'll love and he'll ride away."
The breaking of the day.

(The Sun is on the Mountain)

C. Horn.

Allegro con spirito.

The sun is on the mountain, his beam lies on the sea;... And far and near is echoed loud the skylark's melody... The hind plods o'er the dewy field, and hails the rising ray;... As he feels, while he steals... The breaking of the day... As he feels, while he...
THE BREAKING OF THE DAY.

steals, The breaking of the day.

The East with gold is shining, And

fleely o'er the lawn,... The stag flies on, and bugles sound Fierce welcome in the dawn... The quivering beams thro' every bough, In sunny radiance

play... On each tree all can see... The breaking of the
day. On each tree all can see...... The break-ing of the day...... The

sun is on the moun-tain, His beam lies on the sea;...... And far and near is

echoed loud The sky-lark's me-lo-dy;...... The hind plods o'er the dew-y field, And

hails the ris-ing ray;...... As he feels, while he steals;...... The break-ing of the
day;...... As he feels, while he steals, The break-ing of the day;......
countless dogs surrounded, The brave stag yields his breath, And

men and horse with ardor strive To be in at the death: To see the last of

him they sprung, When rose the golden ray: Whose fleet feet no

more can greet The breaking of the day: Whose feet feet ne more can greet The
THE BREAKING OF THE DAY.

breaking of the day... The sun is on the moun-tain. His beam lies on the

sea;... And far and near is e-choed loud The sky-lark's me-lo-dy...... The

hind plods o'er the dew-y field, And hails the ri-sing ray...... As he feels, while he

steals...... The break-ing of the day...... As he feels, while he steals, The

breaking of the day....
Since first I saw your face.

1. Since first I saw your face I resolv'd to honor and renown you; If

2. The sun, whose beams most glorious are, Rejct eth to behold her; And

now I be disdained, I wish my heart had never known you. What I that lov'd and
your sweet beauty, past compare, Made my poor eyes the hold of. When beauty move, and

you that lik'd, Shall we begin to wrangle? No, no, no, my heart is fast. And
witt delights, And signs of kindness had me. There, O there, wherever I go, I

cannot disentangle.
leave my heart behind me.
I remember, I remember.

(HOW MY CHILDHOOD FLEETED BY.)

Mrs. P. Fitzgerald.

Andantino.

I remem-ber, I remem-ber

child-hood fleet-ed by, The mirth of its De-cem-ber, And the

warmth of its Ju-ly: On my brow, love, on my brow, love, There
I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

2.

Then the bowers, then the bowers,
Wore as blithe as blithe could be,
And all their radiant flowers,
Were coronals for me;
Gems to-night, love, gems to-night, love,
Are glistening in my hair,
But they are not half so bright, love,
As childhood's roses were.
I remember, &c.

3.

I was merry, I was merry,
When my little lovers came
With a lily, or a cherry,
Or a new invented game;
Now I've you, love, now I've you, love,
To kneel before me there,
But you know you're not so true, love,
As childhood's lovers were;
I remember, &c.
Just like Love is yonder Rose.

Andante.

1. Just like Love is yonder rose, Heav'n-ly fragrance round it throws; Yet tears its dew-y leaves disclose, And in the midst of briars it blows, Just like Love, Just like Love, Just like Love, Just like Love!
Cull'd in bloom upon the breast, Since rough thorns the stem in vest. They must be gather'd, be gather'd with the rest, And with it, with it to the heart be prest, Just like Love, Just like Love, Just like Love.

Just like Love is yonder rose, Heav'nly fragrance round it throws: Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose, And in the midst of briars it blows.
JUST LIKE LOVE IS YONDER ROSE.

Just like Love, Just like Love,
Just like Love, Just like Love!

And when rude hands the
twin buds so-ver, They die, and they shall blossolves-mer, Yet the thorns be
sharp as ev-er, Yet the thorns be sharp as ev-er— Just like Love,
JUST LIKE LOVE IS YONDER ROSE.

Just like Love, Just like Love is yonder rose, Heav'nly fragrance round it throws; Yet
tears its dewy leaves disclose, And in the midst of briars it blows, Just like Love,
Just like Love. And in the midst of briars it blows, it blows—Just like Love,

Just like Love, Just like Love, Just like Love!
My friend and pitcher.

In moderate time.

The wealthy fool, with gold in store, Will still desire...

to grow richer; Give me but these, I ask no more—My
From morning sun I'd never grieve,
To till a hedger or a ditcher,
If that when I come home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend, the pitcher,
My friend so rare, &c.

The fortune ever shuns my door,
I do not know what can bewitch her,
With all my heart, can I be poor,
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitch'er,
My friend so rare, &c.
No more by sorrow.

No more by sorrow shall, my heart shall yield, to fell despair.

Now joy repels th'en-venomed dart, and conquers every care.

No more by sorrow shall, my heart shall yield...

Now joy repels th'en-venomed dart, and conquers...
No more by sorrow chased,.
My heart shall yield to fell despair;
Now joy, now joy repels, now joy repels, th' envenomed dart,
And con- quers, con- quers ev'ry care... And...
conquers ev'ry care, And conquers ev'ry care, ev'ry care,

poco a poco.

No more by sorrow check'd, my heart Shall yield, shall yield... to fell despair; Now joy repels... then-ve-nom'd dart,

And..., conquers ev'ry care... Now joy... repels then-ve-nom'd dart, And conquers, conquers ev'ry care....
So in our woods, the hunted boar

On nature's strength relies... The forest echo, the forest echo with his roar...

.... In turn, in turn the hunter
No more by sorrow shall my heart yield... to fell despair;... Now joy repels... th'en-ve-nom'd dart, And... conquers ev'ry care,... Now joy... repels th'en-ve-nom'd dart, And conquers conquers ev'ry care....
Come you not from Newcastle?

1. Come you not from Newcastle? Come you not there a way? O

2. There's not a stout-er yeo-man, That treads the heath'ry moor; There's

met you not my true love, Riding on a bon-ny bay? Why should I not love
not a heart more con-stant, More gen-tle or more pure; From child-hood we were

my love? Why should not my love love me? Why should I not speed af-ter him? Since
plight-ed, And till the death we'll prove That gold, which conquers pride and pow'r, Can

love to all is free.
never shake our love.

3. My father, once his true friend,
Now spurns him from our door;
My mother owns him worthy,
Yet bids me love no more.
The squire, his boyhood's playmate,
Would gain his rival be,
And Willie madly rides away
To sail the stormy sea.

4. But, spite of blame and danger,
With Willie I will roam—
His arm my safe defender,
His breast my happy home.
Why should not I love my love?
Why should not my love love me?
Why should not we together roam—
Since love to all is free?
O give me but my Arab steed.

Tempo moderato.

1. Oh
2. Oh

I... will to the battle speed, To guard him in the fight:

O. A. Hudson
O GIVE ME BUT MY ARAB STEED.

His nobler crest I'd proudly wear, And
His banner mid the strife he braves, With

Gird... his scarf a'round, But I... must to the field re-pair, But
Fad... less laurels crown'd, Shall guide... where'er his fal-chion waves, Shall

I... must to the field re-pair, For hark! the trumpet's sound!...
Guide... where'er his fal-chion waves— But hark! the trumpet's sound!....

Hark! hark! hark! The trumpet's sound!....
Hark! hark! hark! The trumpet's sound!....
O give me but my Arab steed,
My prince... defends his right...
And I... will to the battle speed,
To guard him in the fight...
And I will to... the battle speed,
To guard him in the fight...
When that I was a little tiny boy,

1. When that I was a little tiny boy, With a heigh! ho! the wind and the rain, And
2. But when I came to man's estate, With a heigh! ho! the wind and the rain, Gainst

fool-ish thing was but a toy, For the rain it raineth ev'ry day, With a heigh! ho! the thieves and knaves men shut their gate, For the rain it raineth ev'ry day, With a heigh! ho! the wind and the rain, For the rain it raineth ev'ry day.

3. But when I came, alas! to war,
   With a heigh! ho! the wind and the rain,
   By swaggering never could I thrive,
   For the rain it raineth ev'ry day,
   With a heigh! ho! &c.

4. A great while ago the world begun,
   With a heigh! ho! the wind and the rain,
   But that's all one, our play is done,
   And we'll strive to please you ev'ry day,
   With a heigh! ho! &c.
Cupid's Garden.

Andante con moto.

1. 'Twas down in Cupid's garden
   for pleasure I did go,
   To see the fairest flowers
   That in that garden floor.

2. I'd not walk'd in that garden
   The past of half an hour,
   When there I saw two pretty maids
   Sitting under a shady grove.

Old Song.
grow; the first it was the jasmine, The lily, pink and

rose; And surely they're the fairest flow'rs That

fair; The other was a charming maid Who

in that garden grows; That in that garden grows;

did the laurel wear; Who did the laurel wear;

3. I boldly stepped up to her,
   And unto her did say—
   "Are you engaged to any young man?
   Do tell me, I pray!"
   "I'm not engaged to any young man—
   I solemnly do swear;
   I mean to live a single life
   And still the laurel wear."

4. Then hand in hand together,
   This lovely couple went;
   Resolved was the sailor boy
   To know her full intent;
   To know if he would slighted be,
   When to her the truth he told;
   "Oh no! oh no! oh no!" she cried,
   "I love a sailor bold!"
The Poacher.

1. When I was bound app-

- prentice, in fa-

mous Zummer-

shire,... I serv'd my mas-

ter tru-

ly, for

near-

ly se-

ven long year;.... Till I took up to poach-

ing, As you shall quick-

ly
2.

As me and my companions were setting of a snare,
The gamekeeper was watching us—for him we did not care;
For we can wrestle, fight, my boys, jump over anywhere,—
For it's my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

3.

As me and my companions were setting four and five,
And taking of them up again, we took the hare alive;
We popp'd her into a bag, my boys, and thro' the wood did sheer,—
For it's my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

4.

We threw her o'er our shoulders, and wandered through the town,
Call'd into a neighbour's house, and sold her for a crown;
We sold her for a crown, my boys, but I didn't tell you where,—
For it's my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

5.

Well, here's success to poaching, for I do think it fair;
Bad luck to ev'ry housekeeper that would not sell his deer.
Good luck to ev'ry gamekeeper that wants to buy a hare,—
For it's my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!
We be three poor Mariners.

1. We be three poor mariners, Newly come from the sea;
   We spend our lives in jeopardy, While thes live at disdain;

2. We care not for those martial men, That do our states disdain;
   But we care for the merchantmen Who do our states main.

\( \text{In moderate time} \)
\( \text{PP} \)
Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round? Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round? Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round? Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round? Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round? Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round?

And be that is a bully boy, Come pledge me on this ground, a-ground, a-ground.
Tobacco is an Indian Weed.

1. Tobacco's but an Indian weed, Grows green at morn, cut down at eve, It shews our decay, We are but clay: Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

2. The pipe, that is so lily white, Wherein so many take delight, Is broke with a touch— Man's life is such: Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

3. The pipe that is so foul within, Shows how man's soul is stain'd with sin, And then the fire, It doth require: Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

4. The ashes that are left behind, Do serve to put us all in mind. That unto dust, Return we must: Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

5. The smoke that does so high ascend, Shews us man's life must have an end, The vapour's gone— Man's life is done: Think of this when you smoke tobacco.
Fresh and strong the breeze is blowing.

Andante.

Dr. Arne.

Fresh and strong the breeze is blowing, As your ship at anchor rides; Sullen waves incessantly flowing, Hiss-ly dash against her sides; So my heart, its course impeded, Beats in my perturbed breast; Doubts, like waves succeeding, Rise and still deny it rest.

Piano.
Ere around the huge oak.

Could I trace back the time to a far distant date,
Since my forefathers tell'd in the field;
And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate
Is the same which my grandfather till'd.

He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
Which unembarrassed descended to me;
For my child I've preserv'd it, unblemish'd with shame,
And it still from a scoot shall go free.
Love me little, love me long.

Allegretto.

1. Love me little,
2. Winter's cold, or

Love me long, is the burden of my song. Love that is too hot and strong Burn'-eth soon to sum'-er's heat, Autumn's tempest on it beat. It can ne'er know de-feat. Ne-ver can re-

waste. Still, I would not have thee cold, nor too back-ward, nor too bold; Such the love that I would gain, Such love, I tell thee plain,

Love that last-eth till 'tis old, Fa-desth not in haste. Thou must give or woo in vain. So, to thee fare-well.
Love's Ritornella.

(TRANSLATION DIRECTIONS)

1. "Gentle Zitella, whither away?

Love's Ritornella, list while I play."

"No! I have linger'd too long on the road,--Night is advancing. The
LOVE'S RITORNELLA.

2.
"Charming Zitella, why should'st thou care?
Night is not darker than thy raven hair;
And those bright eyes if the brigand should see,
Thou art the robber, the captive is he.
Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear;
Love's Ritorinella tarry and hear."

3.
"Simple Zitella, beware! oh! beware!
Let ye no ditty, grant ye no prar!
To your light footsteps let terror add wings,
'Tis Massaroni himself who now sings—
Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear;
Love's Ritorinella tarry and hear."
When pensive I thought of my love.

When pensive I thought of my love, the moon on the mountain was bright.

And Philomel down in the grove broke sweetly the silence of night.

O! I wish'd that the tear-drop would flow, but
2.

Methought that my love, as I lay,
His ringlets all dappled with gore,
in the paleness of death seem'd to say,
"Ams! we must never meet more!"
Yes, yes, my beloved, we must part,
The steel of my rival prov'd true,
The assassin has struck on that heart
Which beats with such fervour for you!
My heart with love is beating.

My heart with love is beating... Trans-ported by your eyes;... a - last! there's no re-treat-ing... In vain a captive flies... Then why such an - ger cher-ish?... Why
MY HEART WITH LOVE IS BEATING.

2.
Could deeds my heart discover
Could valour gain thy charm,
I'd prove myself a lover,
Against a world in arms!
Proud fair! thus low before thee,
A prostrate warrior view,
Whose love, delight, and glory,
Are center'd all in you?
The Queen of May.

1. Upon a time I chanced...... To walk along a green...... Where pretty lasses danced...... In strife to choose a Queen...... Some

2. From morning till the evening, Their controversy held...... And I, as judge, stood gazing on, To crown her who excelled...... At
home-ly dress'd, some hand-some, Some pret-ty and some gay, But
last when Pho-bus steeds, Had drawn their wain a-way, We

who ex-cell'd in dan-cing Must be the Queen of May,
found and crow'n'd a dam-sel To be the Queen of May,

Full well her nature from her
Face I did admire;
Her habit well became her,
Although in poor attire.
Her carriage was so good,
As did appear that day,
That she was justly choos'd
To be the Queen of May.

Then all the rest in sorrow,
And she in sweet content,
Gave over till the morrow,
And homewards straight they went.
But she, of all the rest,
Was hinder'd by the way,
For ev'ry youth that met her
Must kiss the Queen of May.
Thou soft-flowing Avon.

1. Thou soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream, Of
2. The love-strick-en maid-en, the soft-sigh-ing swain, Here

things more than mortal thy Shak-speare would dream, would dream, would
rove without danger, and sigh without pain,... sigh without

dream, thy pain, and Shak-speare would dream: The fa-

The sweet bud of
2.
Here youth shall be fain'd for their love and their truth,
And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth:

3.
Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow:
Be the swans on thy borders still whiter than snow!

For the nurture of fancy here poets shall tread,
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.

Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread:
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his head!
Huntsman, rest!

Sir Walter Scott.

Aria: She paused, then blushing, led the lay...... To grace the

Piano.

stranger of the day...... Her mellow notes a while pro-

long: The cadence of the flowing song...... Till to her

lips in measured frame, The minstrel verse spontaneous came......
HUNTSMAN, REST!

Andante grazioso.

PIANO.

Huntsman rest! thy chase is done,

While our slumbrous spells assail ye, Dream not with the rising sun,

Bugs here shall sound to rouse thee.
Sleep! oh sleep, the deer is in his den, ...

Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying.

Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen.

How thy gallant steed lay dying.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done, Think not of the rising sun.
HUNTSMAN, REST!

For at dawning to assail ye, Here no bugles sound reveille.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done, Think not on the rising sun,

For at dawning to assail ye, Here no bugles sound reveille.

Here no bugles sound reveille.
Oh! 'tis the melody.

(LAYS OF A MINSTREL.)

T. H. BAYLEY.

Andante con espressione.

Oh! 'tis the melody We heard in former years;

Each note recalls to me Forgotten smiles and tears:

Tears caused by fleeting woes, I then believed severe.
Oh! The Melody

2.

As I remember well that day,

Friends sat beneath the shade;

And where are they now?

3.

Yet that sweet sound to me

Still seems to ring around.

Oh! The melody

O'er many a weary year.
Will Watch.

1. One morn when the wind from the north-ward blew

keen-ly, While sul-len-ly roar'd the big waves of the main, A fam'd smug-gler, Will Watch kiss'd his Sue, then se-rene-ly took helm, And to

sea bold-ly steer'd out a-gain. Will had promis'd his Sue that this
WILL WATCH.

2.

His sea-boat was trim, made her port, took her lading;
Then Will stood for home, reach'd the offing, and cried,
"This night, if I've luck, furts the sails of my trading;
In dock I can lie, serve a friend, too, beside."
Will lay-to till night came on, darksome and dreary;
To crowd ev'ry sail, then, he pip'd up each hand;
But a signal soon 'spied'—twas a prospect uncheer-
A signal that warn'd them to steer from the land.

3.

"The Philistines are out!" cries Will—"we'll take no heed on't;
Attack'd, who's the man that will flinch from his guns?
Should my head be blown off, I shall never feel the need on't;
We'll fight while we can; when we can't, boys, we'll run."
Through the haze of the night, a bright flash now appearing,
"Oh, oh!" cries Will Watch, "the Philistines bear down;
Bear a hand, my tight'ards, see we think about sheering—
One broadside pour in, should we swim, boys, or drown.

4.

But should I be popp'd off, you, my mates, left behind me,
Regard my last words, see 'em kindly obey'd;
Let no stone mark the spot; and, my friends, do you mind me,
Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch would be laid."
Poor Will's yarn was spun out—for a bullet next minute
Laid him low on the deck, and he never spoke more:
His bold crew fought the brig while a shot remained in it,
Then sheer'd off and Will's hull to his Susan they bore.

5.

In the dead of the night his last wish was complied with.
To few known his grave, and to few known his end;
He was borne to the earth by the crew that he died with,
He'd the tears of his Susan, the prayers of each friend.
Near his grave dash the billows, the winds loudly bellow:
Yon ash, struck with lightning, points out the cold bed
Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that fam'd lawless fellow
Once fear'd, now forget, sleeps in peace with the dead.
How stands the glass around?

stands the glass a-round? For shame, ye take no care, my boys; How

stands the glass a-round? Let mirth and wine a-
HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?

The trumpets sound, the colours, they are bound.

Flying, boys—To fight, kill, or wound; May we... still be found

Content with our hard fate, my boys, On the cold ground!

2.
Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why?
Whose business is it to die?
What, sighing? Sit!
Don't fear; drink on; be jolly, boys!
'Tis he, you, or I!
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly!

3.
'Tis but in vain—
I mean not to upbraid you, boys
'Tis but in vain
For soldiers to complain:
Should next campaign
Send us to Him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain;
But, if we remain,
A bottle and a kind hand
Cure all again.
1. Shades of evening close not o'er us, Leave our lonely bark a while, Morn, alas! will not restore us Yonder dim and distant isles; Still my fancy can discover sunny spots where friends may dwell;... Darker shadows round us hover,

2. Tis the hour when happy faces smile around the taper's light Who will fill our vacant places? Who will sing our songs to-night? There the mist that floats above us, Faintly sounds the vesper bell, Like a voice from those who love us, Breathing fondly—fare-thee-well!

3. When the waves around us breaking, As I pace the deck alone, And my eye in vain is seeking Some green leaf to rest upon; What would I not give to wander Where my old companions dwell; Absence makes the heart grow fonder, Isle of beauty, fare-thee-well.
Our Country is our Ship.

1. Our country is our ship, 'tis true, A gallant vessel too, And of his fortune proud is he Who's of the Albion's crew, ....... Who's of the Albion's crew. Each man, what'er his station be, When duty's call commands, Should take his stand, And
OUR COUNTRY IS OUR SHIP.

2. Among ourselves in peace, 'tis true, We quarrel, make a rout, And having nothing else to do, We fairly scold it out, ———— We
fairly scold it out; But once the enemy in view, Shake
hands, we soon are friends; On the deck, Till a wreck, Each the
common cause defends—For on the deck, Till a wreck, Each the common cause de-
fends.
By the gaily circling glass.

Milton's "Comus."

Allegro con spunto.

Dr. Arne.

Piano.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

We can see how minutes pass; By the hollow cask are told, How the waning night grows old—How the waning night grows old. Soon, too soon the busy day, Drives us from our sports a-way; What have we with day to do? Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

Sons of care, 'twas made for you.
The flowing bowl.

C. Dibdin.

Allegro moderato.

1. Of all hear'n gave to comfort, man, And cheer his drooping soul... Show
husbands hear, in hopeless grief, The knell begin to toll... They

2. When me a blessing, he who can, To top the flowing bowl,— To
mourn a while—then, for relief, They seek the flowing bowl,— They
top the flowing bowl. When amorous Strephon, dying swain, Whose
seek the flowing bowl. The tar, while swelling waves, deform Old

heart his Daphne stole. Ocean as they roll, ....... Whose heart his Daphne stole, ....... Is jilted: To re-
Old ocean as they roll, ....... In spite of danger believe his pain. He seeks the flowing bowl— The flow
and the storm, Puts round the flowing bowl— The flow
The miner who his devious way,
Works like the feeding mole
Still comfort for the loss of day
Finds in the flowing bowl.
It gives to poets lyric wit,
To jesters to be droll;
Anacreon's self but never witt,
But for the flowing bowl.

Moisten your clay then, sons of earth,
To Bacchus in a shell,
Come on, the volunteers of mirth,
And by the flowing bowl
Become immortal, be ador'd,
Mongst gods your names enrol,
Olympus be the festive board,
Nectar the flowing bowl.
The Woodman.

Andante con moto

C. Dibdin.

1. Far removed from noise and smoke,
   Hark! I hear the woodman's stroke,
   Who

2. Per-haps, now fell'd by this bold man,
   That
   tree shall form the structure so sad,
   Or

dreams not, as he fells the oak,
What mis-chiefs does he brew;
How

wheel - bar-row, where oys-ter Nan,
So runs her vul-gar rig;

art may shape his fall-ing trees,
In aid of lux - u - ry and ease,
How

stage where box - ers crowd in flocks,
Or else a quack's, per - haps the stocks,
The
art may shape his falling trees, In aid of luxury and ease: He
stage where box-ers crowd in flocks, Or else a quack's, per-
haps the stocks, Or

weighs not matters such as these, But sings, and backs, and bows, sings, sings,
posts for signs, or barbers' blocks, Where smiles the parson's wig, smiles, smiles, smiles,
sings... But sings, and backs, and bows...... smiles, Where smiles the parson's wig......

3.
Thou make'st, bold peasant,—Oh! what grief!
The gibbet, on which hangs the thief;
The seat where sits the grave harf chief;
The throne, the cobbler's stall:
Thou pamp'rest life in every stage,
Maid'st folly's whims, pride's equipage,
For children toys, crutches for age,
And coffins for us all.

4.
Yet justice let us still afford:—
These chairs, and this convivial board,
The bin that holds gay Bacchus' bord,
Confess the woodman's stroke:
He made the press that bled the vine,
The butt that holds the generous wine,
The ball itself where tipplers join,
To crack the mirthful joke.
You gentlemen of England.

1. You
gentle-men of Eng-land, Who live at home at ease, How lit-tle do you
you that will be sea-men, Must bear a val-i-ant heart, For when you come up-

2. All

think up-on The dan-gers of the seas: Give ear un-to the mar-i-ners, And
on the seas, You must not think to start; Nor once to be faint-heart-ed, I a
3. The lawyer and the usurer,
That sit in gowns of fur,
In closets warm can take no harm,—
Abroad they need not stir;
When winter fierce with cold doth pierce,
And beats with hail and snow,
We are sure to endure,
When the stormy winds do blow.

4. Then courage, all brave mariners,
And never be dismay'd,—
Whilst we have bold adventurers,
We never shall want a trade;
Our merchants will employ us
To fetch them wealth, I know:—
Then behold, work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.

5. When tempests are blown over,
And greatest fears are past.
In weather fair, and temperate air.
We straight lie down to rest;
But when the billows tumble,
And waves do furious grow,
Then we rouse, up we rouse,
When the stormy winds do blow.

6. When we return in safety,
With wages for our pains,
The tapster and the Vintner,
Will help to share our gains;
We'll call for liquor roundly,
And pay before we go;
Then we'll roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow.
The minstrel's request.

Words by Sir W. Scott.

Piano.

Andante.

1. Summer eve is gone and past, Summer dew is falling fast; I have wandered all the day, Do not bid me further stray; Gentle hearts of gentle kin, Take the wand'ring harper in; Gentle hearts of gentle kin, Take the wand'ring

harper in.

I have song of war for knight, Lay of love for lady bright, Fairy tale to lull the heir, Goblins grim the maids to scare; Dark the right and long till day, Do not bid me further stray.

Ancient lords had fair regard For the harp and for the bard; Baron's race threw never well Where the curse of minstrel fell: If you love your noble kin, Take the weary harper in.
The sapling oak.

The sapling oak lost in the dell, Where tangled brakes its beauties spoil, And every infant shoot repel, Droops hopeless o'er the exhausted soil.

The sapling oak lost in the dell, Where tangled brakes its beauties spoil, And every infant shoot repel, Droops hopeless o'er the exhausted soil.

The sapling oak lost in the dell, Where tangled brakes its beauties spoil, And every infant shoot repel, Droops hopeless o'er the exhausted soil.
... hope-les's d'yer th'exhaust-ed soil. At length the wood-man clears a-round, Where'er the nox-i-ous thick-ets spread; And high revi-ving o'er the ground, The forest's monarch lifts his head. At length the wood-man clears a-round, Where'er the nox-i-ous thick-ets spread; And high revi-ving
o'er the ground, And reviving o'er the ground,

The forest monarch lifts his head, And high reviving

ritard.

o'er the ground, The forest monarch lifts his head, The forest monarch

ff

lifts his head...
Crabbed age and youth.

Words from Shakespeare's "As You Like It."

Moderato con espression.

C. Horn.

1. Crabbed age and youth
   Cannot live together...

2. Age is full of care;
   Youth is full of pleasure;
   Youth like summer morn;
   Age like winter bare.

Age like winter weather...
-hor thee! Youth, I do adore thee!

O sweet shepherd, hie... thee; For methinks thou stay'st too

long, methinks thou stay'st, thou stay'st too long, methinks thou stay - est too

long....
Faint and wearily.

(The Way-Worn Traveller.)

Dr. Arnold

1. Faint and weari-ly the way-worn trave-l-ler
2. Though so me-lan-chol-ly day has pass-ed by,

Plods on cheer-i-ly a-fraid to stop; Wan-dring drear-i-ly, and
'Twould be fol-li-ly to think on it move; Blithe and jol-ly he the

sad unrav'ler Of the ma-ze's t'ward the moun-tain top;
Can holds fast by, As he's sit-ting at the goat-herd's door,
FAINT AND WEARILY.

Doubting, fearing, while his course he's steering, Cottages appear.
Batting, quaffing, at past labours laughing, Better far by half in spirits than before.
O how briskly then the travellerThreads the mountains, while sitting at the shepherd's door.
O how merrily then the travellerSeems, while sitting at the shepherd's door.
All things love thee, so do I.

1. Gentle waves upon the deep
2. When thou wak'rt the sea will pour

Murmur soft when thou dost sleep;
Little birds upon the tree
Treasures for thee to the shore;
And the earth, in plant and tree,

Sing their sweetest songs for thee,
Their sweetest songs for thee;
Bring forth fruit and flowers for thee,
Bring fruit and flowers for thee;
Cooling gales with voices low, In the tree-tops gently blow;
Whilst the glorious stars above Shine on thee like trusting love;

When thou dost in slumbers lie, All things love thee, so do I!

When thou dost in slumbers lie, All things love thee, so do I!
By dimpled brook.

Dr. ANC.

Andante con moto.

By dimpled brook and fountain brim, The wood-nymphs deck'd with daisies trim, Their merry, merry wakes and pastimes keep, What has night to do with
sleep? What has night to do with sleep...

Night has better sweets to prove, Let us through bright gardens rove; Haste, and now the dance begin, Ere gaudy day-light dares break in, Ere gaudy day-light dares break in...
The heart should be happy and merry.

Words by Durnin.

1. How gaily the linnet sings, perched on the thorn, And carelessly peeks the red berry,
   An emblem for man To read if he can, That while by no bad deed the mercy,
   From guilty dismay, He shuns the bright ray—And when with remorse the soul conscience is torn, The heart may be happy and mercy, and mercy. The heart may be happy and conscience is torn, No heart can be happy or mercy, or mercy, No heart can be happy or

2. The innocent lamb lightly frisks over the lawn, While the wolf in dark covert will
   ad lib.
   cello voce.

Piano.
Stand to your guns.

Stand to your guns! my hearts of oak,

Let not a word on board be spoke, Victory soon will crown the joke; Be silent and be ready.

Be silent! be silent! Be silent and be
STAND TO YOUR GUNS

Ready, be ready, be silent and be ready, be ready, be silent and be

Ram home your guns and sponge them well, Let us be sure, the balls will tell, The

Canon's roar shall sound their knell, Ram home your guns and sponge them well,
Let us be sure the balls will tell, The cannon's roar shall sound their knell; Be steady, be steady, be steady, boys, be steady. Be steady, be steady, Be steady, boys, be steady—Be steady, boys, be steady, boys, be steady.
Not yet, nor yet, nor yet;
Reserve your fire, I do desire, Not yet, nor yet, nor yet,
Yet, Not yet, nor yet, nor yet, Reserve your fire, I do desire, Not
Yet, nor yet, nor yet, Fire!
Silent.  ff
Silent.  ff Ped.
Now, the elements do rat-tle, The Gods a-maz'd be-
hold the bat-tle, Now, the elements do bat-tle, The

gods a-maz'd be-hold the bat-tle, the bat-tle, the bat-tle, the

bat-tle, the bat-tle, the bat-tle— A broad-side, my boys—
A broad-side, my boys!

Blood in purple tide,
Trickle down her battered side,
Wing'd with motto legato,

Cresc. accel.

Fate the bullets fly,
Conquer, boys, or bravely die, or bravely
A southerly wind and a cloudy sky.

(TRY THE FOX-CHASE)

1. A southerly wind and a cloudy sky, Proclaims a hunting morning, Boy.

2. How completely the covert and furze they draw, Who tells of Barry or Maynell, Young boy.

- For the sun rises we simply fly, Dull sleep and a downy bed mourning. To
- Leafer the flowerishes now thru the thorn, And Seabrook roars out in his kenel, A.

Horse, my boys, to horse away, The chase admits of no delay; On
- way we fly as quick as thought, The new sown ground soon makes them fault; Cast

Horseback we've got, together we'll trot, On horseback we've got, to
round the sheep train, east round, east round, Try back the green lane, try
- ge-ther we'll trot, back, try back,
A SOUTHERLY WIND AND A CLOUDY SKY.

Leave off your chat, see the co-ver ap-pear, The bound that strikes first, cheer
Hark, I hear hounds challenge in you-der sprig sedge. Comfort Bitch hits it off in
him with-out fear; Drag on him! ah, wind him, my stead-y good hounds, Drag
that old thick hedge, Hark for-ward, hark for-ward, have at him, my boys, Hark
on him! ah, wind him, the co-ver re-sounds,
for-ward, hark for-ward, sounds, don't make a noise.

3.
A stormy sky over-charged with rain,
Both hounds and huntsmen oppose,
In vain on your mettle you try, boys, in vain,
But down ye must to your bones,
Each moment now the sky grows worse
Enough to make a Parson curse.
Pick through the plopped grounds, pick through, pick through,
Well hunted, good hounds, well hunted, well hunted.
If we can but get on we shall soon make him quake,
Hark! I hear some hounds challenge in the mids of the hare;
Tally-ho, tally-ho, there across the green plain,
Tally-ho, tally-ho, boys, have at him again.

4.
Thus we ride whip and spur for a two hours' chase,
Our horses go panting and sobbing;
Young Madcap and Riot begin now the race,
Ride on, sir, and give him some mobbing.
But hold, alas, you'll spoil our sport,
For thro' the hounds you'll head him short,
Clap round him, dear Jack, clap round, clap round,
Hark, Drummer, hark back, hark back, hark back.

He's jumping and dodging in every heap,
Little Riot has fastened her teeth in his brush:
Whoo! hoop, whoo! hoop, he's fairly run down,
Whoo! hoop, whoo! hoop, he's fairly run down.
The soldier's dream.

Words by T. Campbell, Esq.

Larghetto e sempre ad libitum.

Our bugles sang true for the night cloud had lower'd, And the sentinel stars set their

Piano.

watch in the sky; And thousands had sunk on the ground over-power'd, The

Andante moderato.

weary to sleep and the wounded to die, When repose that night on my

pal-lo of straw, By the wolf scaring far got that

pp

pp

pp

pp
guard ed the slain. At the dead of the night a sweet... vision I saw. And

Aggiato.

twice o'er the cock crew I dreamt it again. Me-thought from the

battle field's dreadful ar-

Far, far I had

roam'd on a dare so late track. Till
Moderato.

autumn and sunshine arose on the way, To the home of my fathers that...

Allegretto.

welcom'd me back, I flew to the pleasant fields travers'd so oft In life's morning march when my

bosom was young, I heard my own moun-tain goats bleat-ing a-loft, And

knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung, And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung. Then

piu moto.

pledg'd we the wine-cup and fond-ly I swore, From my home and my weep-ing friends
ne-ver to part; My lit-tle one's kiss'd me a thou-sand times o'er, And my
wife sob-b'd a-loud in the full-ness of heart, "Stay, stay with us, rest, thou art
wea-ry and worn," And fain was the war-bro-ken sol-dier to stay— But
sor-row re-turn'd with the daw-ning of morn, And the voice in my dream-ing ear
melt-ed a-way, melt-ed a-way, melt-ed a-way.
Yarico to her lover.

Words by Peter Pindar.

Un poco adagio ma non troppo.

When night spreads her shadows a-round,

When night spreads her shadows a-

round,

My song it shall soothe thee to rest,

My

song it shall soothe thee to rest,

And will cause thee a slum-ber pro-
YARICO TO HER LOVER.

Let thy cheek repose on my breast, Love heed not the storm nor the rain,

Upon my bosom will I complain. While it shelters the life of...
friend, while it shelters the life of a friend. Yet

shouldst thou, ah! cruelly fly, Yet shouldst thou, ah! cruelly fly,

Thy name shall for ever be dear, Thy name shall for ever be dear,
The winds shall convey thee a
YARICO TO HER LOVER.

sigh, And the bii - low shall car - ry a tear. The

thee a sigh, And the winds shall con - vey thee a sigh. And the

bii - low shall car - ry a tear. The...

thee a sigh, And the winds shall con - vey thee a sigh. And the
YARICO TO HER LOVER.

billow shall carry a tear, And the billow shall carry a tear.

The winds shall convey thee a sigh, And the

billow shall carry a tear...
County Guy.

Words from Sir Walter Scott's "Quentin Durward."

1. Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh, The sun has left the

les;........ The orange flower perfumes the bow'r, The breeze is on the

sea;.......... The lark, his lay who trill'd all day, Sire
hush'd his partner nigh; Breeze, bird and flow'r, they know the hour, But

where is County Guy? But where, where, where, where,

where is County Guy?.....

2. The village maid scolds through the shade, Her shepherd's suit to hear; To
beauty shy, by lattice high, Sings high-born cavalier. The

star of love, all stars above, Now reigns o'er earth and sky; And

high and low the influence know, But where is County Guy? But

where, where, where, where is County Guy?
Come live with me, and be my love.

Song in Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors."
Andante con moto e gemmoso.

Come live with me, and be...... my love, And we will all the pleasure prove
That hills and valley.... dale.... and field And all the crag - gy
mountains yield; There will we sit up - on the rocks, And see the
COME LIVE WITH ME, AND BE MY LOVE.

Shepherd feed their flocks; There will I make thee beds of roses, With a thousand fragrant posies; If these delights thy mind may move, If these delights thy mind may move.

slentando.

Then live with me and be my love, and be my love, and be my love.
Come live with me and
be........ my dear, And we will re-vell, will re-vell all the year.

In plains and groves on hills... and... dales, Where fragrant air breathes sweetest gales. There shall you have the beautifous pine, The cedar and the spreading vine! The birds with heav'nly tunned throats Pew-
COME LIVE WITH ME, AND BE MY LOVE.

- ses wood e-choes, e-choes with... sweet notes. If these de-lights thy mind may

move, If these de-lights thy mind may move,.............. Then live with me and

be........... my love, and be my love, and be my love, and
And has she then fail'd in her truth?

Piano.

And has she then fail'd in her truth, The beau-ti-ful maid I a-

dore? Shall I ne-ver a-gain hear her voice, Nor see her lov'd form a-ny
AND HAS SHE THEN FAIL'D IN HER TRUTH?

No, no, no, I shall never see her more, no, I shall never see her more, no, I shall never see her more, no, I shall never see her more.

Ah! Sulima, cruel you prove, Yet, sure my hard lot you'd bo-
AND HAS SHE THEN FAIL'D IN HER TRUTH?

-wail: I could not presume you would love, Yet pi-ty, I hop'd, would pro-
simil.

-ad lib.

-wail, Yet pi-ty, pi-ty, pi-ty, I....... hop'd, I hop'd would pre-vail. And

since ha-tred a-lone I in-spire, Life henceforth is not worth my care, Death

-mf

-ad lib.

now is my on-ly de-sire, I give my-self up to de-spair.... And

-D.C. & al fine
Little Love is a mischievous Boy.

Allegretto moderato.

Little Love is a mischievous boy, And uses the heart like a toy.

Full of rapture when first he takes it, Then he pouts, throws it down, and
Little love is a mischievous boy,
And a-see the
colla voce.

Heart like a toy, La la la la, la-ra la la, la-ra la la, la la la, la la la,

la la la, la-ra la la, la la la, la la la la, la la la la, la la la

His smile has such witch-ery in it, That all the world wish-es to win
LITTLE LOVE IS A MISCHIEVOUS BOY.

it! But when in his cross moods they hear... him. All wish they had never come near... to him! Little Love is a mischievous boy... And uses the heart like a toy, La la, la la la, la ra la la, la ra la la, la la la, la la la.
My boat is on the shore.

Words by Lord Byron.

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;........... But be -
MY BOAT IS ON THE SHORE.

Before I go, Tom Moore Here's a double health to

express, c'ritardando.

Thee. Here's a sigh to those who love me, And a

smile to those who hate. And whatever sky's a -

am moto.

-bow me, Here's a heart for every fate. The' the
ocean roar around me, Yet it still shall bear me on:

Tho' a desert should surround me, It hath springs, It hath springs which may be won. Wer't the last drop in the well, As I
gasp'd up-on the brink, Ere my faint-ing spi-rit
fell,... Tis to thee that I would drink.......... In that
wa-ter, as this wine, The li-ba-tion I would
pour Should be peace.......... to thine and mine, And a
health to thee, Tom Moore! Should be peace. . . to thine and

mine. . . And a health to thee, Tom Moore! . . . . . . . . .

coll' voce a tempo e sostenuto.
The Sun is o'er the Mountain.

Andante con moto.

The sun is o'er the Mountain,
Where is my love? I've waited by the fountain,

Where is my love? Oh! haste thee, dear; Oh! haste thee, dear;... For
all... all that's fair... seems fairest here.

Sun is brighter shining— Where is my love? The fawn by brooks re-

cli—ning. Where is my love? Oh! haste thee, dear, Oh!

haste thee, dear... For all... all that's fair... seems fairest
The sun is o'er the mountain,

Here.

The evening shades are falling,

Where is my love?

The nightingale is calling,

Where is my love?

Oh! haste thee, dear!

Oh! haste thee, dear!...

For all once, fair, seems dropping here...

Ad lib.
The bloom is on the Rye.

Words by Edward Fitzball.

Andante espressivo, non troppo lento. Music by Sir H. R. Bishop.

Piano-forte. dolce sostenuto.

My pretty Jane, my pretty Jane . . . . . . . Ah! never, never look so shy.

But meet me, meet me in the Evening, While the bloom is on the Rye . . . . . . . The Spring is waning.
THE BLOOM IS ON THE RYE.

fast...my Love, The corn... is in... the ear, The Summer nights are

com-ing, Love, The moon shines bright and clear; Then pret-ty Jane, my
dear-est Jane, Ah I nev-er look so shy... But meet me, meet me in the

Ev- ning, While the bloom is on... the Rye...
But when the day, the wedding day, And I will buy the ring: The Lads and Maids in favours white, And village bells, the village bells shall ring: The Spring... is waning fast... my Love... The corn... is in... the ear, The Summer nights are
The bloom is on the rye.

Coming, love, the moon shines bright and clear; Then pretty Jane, my

dearest Jane, Ah! never look so shy, but meet me, meet me in the

Evening, while the bloom is on the rye
Tom Starboard.

In moderate time.

1. Tom Starboard was a lover true,
   As brave a tar as ever sail'd;
   The duties a blast seamen do Tom did, and never yet had fail'd.....

But wreck'd, as he was home-ward
bound,
Within a league of England's coast,
Love saved him sure from being drown'd,
For all the crew but Tom were lost.
2. His strength restored, Tom hied with speed, True

to his love as e'er was man—

had he said, nought did he need, Rich he in thought of lovely

Nan......... But scarce five miles poor Tom had
got...... When he was press'd— he hea'v'd a sigh...... And

said, tho' cru-el was his lot, Ees finch from du-ty, he would

dis......

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear,
Nay, when he'd lost an arm,—resign'd,
Said—Love for his Nan, his only dear,
Had save'd his life, and fate was kind.
The war being ended, Tom return'd,
His lost limb serv'd him for a joke,
For still his manly bosom burn'd
With love, his heart was heart of oak.
Bird of the Wilderness.

Words by the Ettrick Shepherd.

Andante con moto.

J. BLEWITT.

I. Bird of the wilderness, Blithsome and cumberless, Light be thy martin o'er moorland and lea; Emblem of happiness, Blest is thy dwelling place: O! to a
BIRD OF THE WILDERNESS.

O! to abide in the desert with thee!...
2. Wild is thy lay, and loud, Far in the

down-y cloud, Love gives it energy...

Love gave it birth....... Where on the

dew-y wing, Where art thou journeying? Thy lays in
Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome
And bed of love be.
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place,
O! to abide in the desert with thee!
Bird of the wilderness, &c.
The rose of the valley.

1. The rose... of the valley in spring-time was.
2. The rose... of the valley a truth can im-

But the rose... of the valley it... with'er'd a-
pari. By the rose... of the valley I... picture my
THE ROSE OF THE VALLEY.

- way,...... The swains all ad-
- mir'd it, its
- way,...... The sun of con-
- tent cheer'd the

piais - es re - peat,...... An... em-
- blem of......
morn... of its birth,...... By... in-
- no - cence

vir - tue so sim - ple and sweet, An...
render'd a heav - en on earth, By......

em - blem of....... vir - tue so.... sim - ple and
in - no - cence....... render'd a.... heav - en on

colla voce.
THE ROSE OF THE VALLEY.

sweet. But the blight mar'd the blossom, and
earth. But,... virtue and peace left the

soon, well-a-day! The rose of the....
spot, well-a-day! And the rose of the....

valley, it with'er'd a-way.....
valley, it with'er'd a-way.....

pp cola vox. mf
Nymphs and Shepherds.

THOMAS SEADWELL.

HENRY PURCELL.

Arranged by M. B. FOSTER.

Piano.

Nymphs and shepherds, come a-way, come a-way, Nymphs and shepherds, come a-way.

come a-way, come, come, come, come a-way! In ye grove, in ye grove let's sport and
play, let's sport and play, let's sport and play! For this, this is Flora's holy
day, this is Flora's holy day, this is Flora's holy day!
Sacred to ease... and happy love, To

dancing, to music, to dancing, to music.
NYMPHS AND SHEPHERDS.

Your flock may now, now, now,

Whilst you express, whilst you express,

Nymphs and shepherds, come away,

come away, Nymphs and shepherds, come away, come away, come, come, come, come away!
Come live with me, and be my love.

1. Come live with me, and be my love, And we will
   all the pleasures prove; That val - ues, groves, and the hills and

2. And I will make thee beds of roses, And a
   thousand fragrant posies; A gown made of the finest

fields. The woods or steep - y moun - tain yields; And we will
wool. Which from our pret - ty lambs we pull. The shep - herd

sit up on the rocks For See - ing the shep - herds feed their flocks;
swains shall dance and sing For thy de - light each May morn - ing; And

C. MARLOWE.

Tempo moderato.

J. L. HAYTON.
COME LIVE WITH ME, AND BE MY LOVE.
Martin, the Man-at-arms.

W. H. BELLAMY.

E. J. LOWEN.

Voice.

Moderato assai.

Piano.

Mart - tin, the Man - at-arms,

stal-wart and strong, Keeps watch on the tur - ret high, Now humming the snatch of a

rude bor - der song, Gaz - ing now on the star - lit sky. He lis - tens to wind-ward, he
looks o'er the lea, All a-round is calm and still, Save the kine in the fold low-ing

la-zil-ly, And the un-kle of the rill, While full and low Flouts

più lento.

down be-low The sen-tin-el's deep "Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!" The sen-tin-el's deep "Good-night!"
Quicker.

He halts and he hark-ens! a quick, light step is heard on the tur-ret stair:...... What

a tempo.

flutters so white in the clear star-light? 'Tis the veil of a dam-sel fair...... "Who goes there? la-dy fair— So please you de-clare Why here at this lone-ly hour?"...... Oh! it's

p p

p p

only Nannette, the pret-ty co-quette, That waits in my la-dy's bow'r;......
Speak low, speak low, If you'd not have her go Before you can say "Good-night! Good-

-a tempo.

ight! Good-night!" Before you can say "Good-night!"

He has short-en'd his stride, and she trips by his side, With the starry sky above, And Martin once more tells o'er and o'er The tale of his long-tried love. Grave, sly, and de-mure, she
MARTIN, THE MAN-AT-ARMS.

litsens, be sure, And then looks him thro' with a glance,— But all he can get from the
cruel coquette Is "Man-at-arms, shoulder your lance!" Then it's ah! and it's oh! There now,
do let me go, For my mistress is calling—Good-night! There now, do let me go! Now
do let me go! For my mistress is calling—Good-night! Good-night! Good-night! Good-night! Good-

Visite. \[p p a \text{tempo.} \quad \text{dim.} \]

—night! Now do let me go—Good-night! Good-night! Good-night! Good—night!"
Shells of Ocean.

Moderato con espressione.

One summer eve, with pensive thought, I wandered on the sea-shore,
Where oft in endless infant sport I gathered shells in days before,
I gathered shells in... days before. The plashing waves like music...
fell, Responsive to my fancy wild; A dream came o'er me like a

spell, I thought I was again a child. A dream came o'er me like a

espress. ad lib.

spell, I thought I was again, again a child.

colla voce.

I stoop'd up on the pebbly

strand To cull the toys that round me lay, But as I took them in my
SHELLS OF OCEAN.

I threw them one by one away, I threw them one by one away. Oh! thus, I said, in every stage By toys our fancy is beset.

Guilt, We gather shells from youth to age, And then we leave them, like a squawk. We gather shells from youth to age, And then we leave them, leave them, like a squawk.

colla voce.

dim.
By the sad sea waves.

1. By the sad sea waves I
2. From my care last night by

listen, while they moan A lament o'er graves of hope and pleasure gone; I was
holy sleep beguil'd, In the fair dream-light my home upon me smil'd; O how

you, I was fair, I had once no care, From the rising of the morn to the
sweet and the dew Every flower that I knew Breth'd a gentle welcome back to the

cresc.
BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

setting of the sun, Yet I pine like a slave By the
worn and weary child, I awake in my grave By the
sad sea wave, Come again, bright days of
sad sea wave, Come again, dear dream so

loose and pleasure gone, Come again, bright days, Come a
peacefully that smiled, Come again, dear dream, Come a
again, come again.