SONGS OF ENGLAND

A collection of English Melodies
including Traditional Ditties and
the Principal Songs and Ballads
of the last Three Centuries.

Edited with new symphomes and accompaniments by
J. L. HATTON and EATON FANING

Volume 1

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I attempt from Love's sickness to fly.

Since I am, myself, my own fever, Since I am, myself, my own fever and pain. No more now, no more now, fond heart, with pride should we swell, Thou
I ATTEMPT FROM LOVE'S SICKNESS TO FLY.

canst not raise forces, thou canst not raise forces enough to re-

bel, I attempt from Love's sickness to fly... in

vain..... Since I am myself, my own fever, since I am my

self, my own fever and pain.

For Love has more
Andantino.

At the peaceful mid-night hour, Ev'ry sense and ev'ry pow'r Fetter'd lies in downy sleep,

Then our care-ful watch we keep, Then our care-ful watch we keep;

Andante.

While the wolf, in night-ly prowl, Bays the moon with hid-eous howl, While the wolf, in night-ly prowl, Bays the moon with hid-eous howl,
THE WOLF.

jewels, cash, and plate, your keys, your jewels, your plate.

f ub basso ben marzato.

Locks, bolts, and bars soon fly a-sunder. Locks, bolts, and bars soon fly a-sunder. Then to rise, rob, and plunder. Then to rise, rob, and plunder.
Heart of oak.

DAVID GARRICK.

Maestoso.

1. Come cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer, To add something new to this
   and no more.

2. We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay, They ne'er see us but they
   wonder-ball, To honor we call you, not press you like slaves, For who are so free as the
   wish us away, If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore, And if they won't fight us, we

sore of the waves, can-not do more.

Heart of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men, we always are steady, boys, steady, We'll

3. They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
   They frighten our women, our children, and oases,
   But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
   Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Heart of oak, &c.

B & H 16134
Now Phoebus sinketh in the west.

MILTON (From "Comus")

RECEIT.

The star that bids the shepherd fold Now the top of Heav'n doth hold, And the gilded car of day His glowing axle doth alay In the steep Atlaetic stream, And the slope sun his up-ward beam Shoots against the dusky pole, Pacing towards the other goal Of his chamber in the east,

Meanwhile welcome joy and feast.

B & H 16134
NOW PHOEBUS SINKETH IN THE WEST.

Now Phoebus sinketh in the west, Welcome song and welcome jest,

Midnight shout and revelry, Tip-sy dance and jollity, Midnight dance and revelry, Tip-sy dance and jollity, Now Phoebus sinketh in the west, Welcome song and welcome jest, Midnight shout and revelry.
Tip-sy dance and jol-li-ty. Braid your locks with ro-sy tie.

Dropping o-dours, dropping wine. Braid your locks.  

piu lento. tempo. 2nd time. Fine.

Dropping o-dours, dropping wine. Dropping o-dours, dropping wine.

pp colla voce.

Andante.

Piour now is gone to bed. And ad-vice with scrupulous head; Stric-ture and sour se-

ad lib. Da capo al segno, & al Fine.

ve-ri-ty. With their grave saws in slum-ber lie. With their grave saws in slum-ber lie.
Safely follow him.

D. TERRY.

Andante maestoso.

T. Cooke.

1. Follow him, nor fearful deem,
   Danger lurks in gipsy guile;

2. From rustic swains the petty bribe,
   Petty spoil from cot or farm,

Rude and lawless tho' we seem,
   Simple hearts we bear the while;
   Tent the wandering gipsy tribe,
   Who the traveler never harm.

Robber fierce nor thief is here,
   Who shroud by night in savage den;
   Then, nor thief, nor robber fear,
   Who shroud by night in savage den;

S & H 16134
SAFELY FOLLOW HIM.

Fear-less, then, o'er moss-es drear,
But throu moss-es dank and drear,
Gloomy thick-et, barren wilds and
dark-some glen,
safe-ly fol-low him, safe-ly fol-low him,

dim.

f

mf

low, fol-low him, Safe-ly fol-low, fol-low

f

of

of

him

dim.
The Vicar of Bray.

1. In good King Charles's golden days, When loyalty no harm meant, A
zealous High Church-man was I, And so I got preferment; To
zealous High Church-man was I, And so I got preferment; To
penal laws I hooted down, And read the Declaration; The

2. When royal James obtain'd the crown, And Popery came in fashion, The

3. teach my flock I never miss'd, Kings were by God appointed, And
Church of Rome I found would fit Full well my constitution; And
THE VICAR OF BRAY.

3.
When William was our King declar'd,
To ease a nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance;
Old principles I did revere,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

4.
When gracious Anne became our Queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory;
Occasional Conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation,
And thought the church in danger was
By such prerogation.
And this is law, &c.

5.
When George in pudding-time came o'ers,
And moderate men looked big, sir,
I turned a cat-in-a-pan once more,
And so became a Whig, sir;
And thus preferr'd I procure,
From our new Faith's defender,
And almost every day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law, &c.

6.
The illustrious house of Hanover
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear,
While they can keep possession;
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will failer,
And George my lawful King shall be
Until the times do alter.
And this is law, &c.

B & H 16134
Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen.

Sung in "The School for Scandal."

R. B. Sheridan. 17th Century.

1. Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen, Here's to the widow of
2. Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize, New to the maid who has

stiff; Here's to the flaunting extravagant queen, And
none, Sir; Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes, And

S & H 16134
Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
Now to her that's as brown as a berry,
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe!
And here's to the damsels that's merry.
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass:
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Chorus.
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass:
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the housewife that's thrifty,
Here's to the nymph with but one, Sir.
Let the toast pass.

Drink to the lass:
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Brillante.

3.
Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
Now to her that's as brown as a berry,
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe!
And here's to the damsels that's merry.
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass:
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Chorus.—Let the toast pass &c.
Oh! say not woman's heart is bought.

1. Oh! say not woman's heart is bought With vain and empty treasure!
2. Oh! say not woman's heart is bought By every idle pleasure.

When rages, Still seeking frowns more sweet and rare, As fickle fancy changes. Ah!

first her gentle bosom knows Love's flame, it wanders never; Deep in her heart the love that first can warm Will leave the bosom never; No second passion
OH! SAY NOT WOMAN'S HEART IS BOUGHT.

pas-sion glows, Deep in her heart the pas-sion glows, She loves, and loves for ever! She
d'er can charm, No sec-ond pas-sion d'er can charm, She loves, and loves for ever! She
loves,......... and loves for ever! She loves, and loves for ev-er! She

loves, and loves for ev-er! Deep in her heart the pas-sion glows, She

ed lbh,

loves, and loves for ev-er!

B & H 16134
O willow, willow.

Sung by Desdemona in "Othello."

Shakespeare.

Andante.

Traditional.

1. A poor soul sat
2. He sighed in his

sighing by a sycamore tree, Sing willow, willow,
singing, and made a great moan, Sing willow, willow,

willow, With his hand in his bosom, and his head... up... on his
willow, I am dead to all pleasure, my true... love she is
O WILLOW, WILLOW.

knee! Oh! willow, willow, willow, willow, Oh! willow, willow, willow, willow, gone! Oh! willow, willow, willow, willow, Oh! willow, willow, willow, willow,

willow, My garland shall be, Sing all a green willow, willow, My garland must be, Sing oh! the green willow,

wil-low, Wil-low, Wil-low, Ah! me..., the green Wil-low my garland must wil-low, Wil-low, Wil-low, Ah! me..., the green Wil-low say garland must

be.

B & H 16134
Drink to me only.

1. Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine,...

2. I sent thee late a ro-sy wreath, Not so much hon-oring thee,...

Or leave a kiss with-

in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine;.... The thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth hope that there it could not with-er'd be;.... But thou there-on didst on-ly breathe, And ask a drink di-vine;.... But might I of Love's nec-tar sip, I would not change for sent'd it back to me;.... Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of it-self but thine;.... thee;....

B & H 16134
Gaily the Troubadour.

Words and Music by T. H. Bayly.

1. Gaily the Troubadour touch'd his guitar, When he was hastening home from the war:
   Singing "from Palestine hither I come, Ladye love!
   Ladye love! welcome me home." Singing "from Palestine hither I come, Ladye love! ladye love! welcome me home."

2. She for the Troubadour hopelessly wept,
   Sadly she thought of him when others slept:
   Singing "in search of thee, would I might roam,
   Troubadour! Troubadour! come to thy home."

3. Hark! 'twas the Troubadour breathing her name,
   Under the battlements softly he came:
   Singing "from Palestine hither I come, Ladye love! ladye love! welcome me home."
The leather bottle.

1st Century.

1. When I survey the world a-round, The
won-drous things that do a-bound, The ships that on the sea do swim, To
no, in faith, they can-not be good, For if the bear-er fall by the way, Why
keep out foes that none come in; Well, let them all say what they can, Twas
on the ground your li-quer doth lay; But had it been in a lea-ther bot-tle, Al
THE LEATHER BOTTLE

for one end—the use of man, So I wish him joy where'er he dwell, That

though he had fallen all had been well, So I wish him joy where'er he dwell, That

first found out............. the leather bottle......
first found out............. the leather bottle......

3.
Then what do you say to these glasses fine?
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine,
For if you chance to touch the brim,
Down falls the liquor and all therein:
But had it been in a leather bottel,
And the stopper in, all had been well,
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottel.

4.
Then what do you say to those black pots three,
If a man and his wife should not agree,
Why they tug and pull till their liquor dry spill;
In a leather bottel they may tug their fill,
And pull away till their hearts do ache,
And yet their liquor no harm can take.
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottel.

5.
At morn the barmakers sit them down,
To drink from their bottles of ale nut-brown,
In summer, too, when the weather is warm,
A good full bottle will do them no harm,
Then the lads and lasses begin to tattle,
But what would they be without this bottle?
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottel.

6.
And when the bottle at last grows old,
And will good liquor no longer hold,
Out of the sides you may make a clout,
To mend your shoes when they're worn out;
Or take and hang it up on a pin,
'Twill serve to put hinges and odd things in.
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottel.
The British Grenadiers.

1. Some talk of Alexander, And some of Hercules,
2. Whenever we are commanded To storm the parapet.

Of Hector and Lyssander, And such great names as these;
Our leaders march with future, And we with hand-grenades;
We throw them from the

heroes There's none that can compare, With a tow row row row row row, To the British Grenadiers;
About the enemies' ears, Sing tow row row row row row, The British Grenadiers.

3. Then let us fill a bumper,
And drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches,
And wear the loped clothes:
May they and their commanders
Live happy all their years,
With a tow row row row row row
For the British Grenadiers.

B & H 16134
Sally in our alley.

1. Of all the girls that are so smart There's none like pretty Sally; She
   is the darling of my heart, And lives in our... alley: There is no lady
   that's the day that comes between The Saturday and Monday; Oh, then I'd dress'd all

2. Of all the days within the week I dearly love but one day; And
   in the land That's half... so sweet as Sally; She is the darling of my
   heart, And lives in our... alley....

3. My master and the neighbours all
   Make game of me and Sally;
   And but for her I'd rather be
   A slave and row a galley.
   But when my seven long years are out,
   Oh, then I'll marry Sally;
   And then how happily we'll live!
   But not in our alley.

N & H 16134
Meet me by moonlight.

Words and Music by J. A. Wade.

Andante allegretto.

1. Meet me by moonlight alone, And

2. Day-light may do for the gay, The

then I will tell you a tale, Must be told by the moon-light a-

thoughtless, the heart-less, the free; But there's some-thing a-

bout the moon's lone, In the grove at the end of the vale; You must

ray That is sweet-er to you and to me: Oh! re-

B & H 16134
Meet me by moonlight.

Promise to come, for I said,
I would show the night-flow'rs their mem'ry
be sure to be there.
For though dear-ly a moon-light

Nay, turn not a-way that sweet head,

Tis the prize,
I care not for all in the air,

Loveliest ever was seen.

Oh! meet me by moon-light a-

Want the sweet light of your eyes!

So meet me by moon-light a-

Meet me by moon-light a-

Meet me by moon-light a-

B & H 16134
Away to the mountain's brow.

1. Away, away to the mountain's brow, Where the trees...
2. Away, away to the rocky glen, Where the deer...

ALEXANDER LEE

B & H 16134
AWAY TO THE MOUNTAIN'S BROW.

... are gently waving; 
... are wildly bounding; 

Away, away, 
to the mountain's brow, 
Where the stream.

Hills shall echo in gladness again, 
To the hunt.

Is gently laughing, 
And beauty, my love, on thy

Yard's bugle sounding, 
While beauty, my love, on thy

Cheek shall dwell, 
Like the rose as it opes to the day; 

Cheek shall dwell, 
Like the rose as it opes to the day;
Away to the Mountain's Brow.

While the zephyr that breathes thro' the flow'ry dell..........

Shakes the sparkling dew drops a-way, a-way.................. A -

- way, a-way........ to the mountain's brow,........ Where the trees..............
- way, a-way........ to the rocky glen,........... Where the deer..............

- are gently waving;........ A - way................ a -
- are wildly bounding;........ A - way........... ........................... and the
Bid me discourse.

SHAKESPEARE.

Allegro moderato ma con anima.

Piano.

Sir H. R. Bishop.

Bid me discourse, I will en...
dance on the sands, dance, dance on the sands, on the sands, Dance.

And yet no footing

seen, and yet no footing seen.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,

Or like a fairy trip up on the green, trip.
Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear.

Tripped upon the green,

Or like a fairy

Tripped upon the

Or like a fairy}

Tripped upon the green;

Or like a fairy
nymph, or like a nymph, with bright and flowing hair, with bright and flowing hair,

Dance, dance on the sands, dance, dance on the sands, Dance,

And yet no foot-ing seen, and yet no foot-ing

B & H 16134
Begone! dull Care.

1. Begone! dull Care, I pri-thee be-gone from me, begone!
   Care, You and I will nev-er a-gree.

tarrying here, And fear thou wouldst me kill,
   Thou will sing, So mer ri-ly pass the day.

2. Too much care, will make a young man turn grey, And
   Will turn an old man to day.

ne'er shall have thy will,
   For I hold it one of the wis est things To

B & H 16134
Then farewell! my trim-built wherry.

Words and Music by Dibdin.

Piano.

1. Then farewell! my trim-built wherry, Oars, and oar-case, and badge farewell! Nevermore at Chelsea ferry, Shall your Thomas take a spell; Then farewell! my trim-built wherry, Oars, and oar-case, and badge farewell! Nevermore at Chelsea ferry, Shall your Thomas take a spell.

2. But, to hope and peace a stranger, In the battle's heat I'll go, Where, exposed to every danger, Some friendly ball may lay me low. But, to hope and peace a stranger, In the battle's heat I'll go, Where, exposed to every danger, Some friendly ball may lay me low.

3. Then, mayhap, when homeward steering, With the news my messmates come; Even you, my story hearing. With a sigh may cry "poor Tom!" Then, mayhap, when homeward steering, With the news my messmates come; Even you, my story hearing. With a sigh may cry "poor Tom!"
While the Lads of the Village.

Words and Music by Dering.

While the lads of the village shall merrily, ah! Sound their tabours I'll hand thee a-long; And I say unto thee that verily, ah! verily, ah!

verily, ah! verily, ah! verily, ah! Thou and I will be first in the throng. thou and I.... will be first in the throng.
WHILE THE LADS OF THE VILLAGE.

Just then when the youth who last year won the crown, With his mate shall sports have begun, When the

gay voice of gladness is heard from each bow's, And thou long'st in thy heart to make one......

Those joys that are harmless, what mortal can blame? 'Tis my maxim that youth should be free, And to prove that my words and my deeds are the same, to

prove that my words and my deeds are the same, Believe thou shalt presently see.
I am a Friar of Orders Grey.

Voices:

i. I am a friar of

orders grey. And down the valley I take my way, I pull no blackberry,
heaven I dream, But that is fat pullets and clouted cream; Myself by denial I

Piano:

baw, nor blip, Good store of venison fills my scrip; My long bead-roll I
mortify With a good dainty bit of warden pie; I'm cloth'd in sackcloth

Another:

merri ly chant, Where'er I go no money I want, Where'er I go no
for my sin, With old sack wine I'm lin'd with in, With old sack wine I'm

B & H 16134
I AM A FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY.

mo-ney I wast.
lin'd with-in.

And why I'm so plump, the
A chirp-ing cup is my

reason I'll tell, Who leads a good life
is sure to live well, Who leads a good
mas-tin song, And the ves-per bell
is my bowl, ding, dong, And the ves-per

colla voce.

life is
bell is my bowl, ding, well. What baron or squire, or knight of the shire, Lives

dong?

half so well as a ho-ly friar? Lives half so well half so well, Lives

B & H 16134
I AM A FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY

half so well as a ho-ly friar,

Lives half so well as a ho-ly friar?
Should he upbraid, I'll own that he prevail, And sing as sweetly as the nightingale, Say that he frowns, I'll say he looks I view, As morning roses newly
tipp'd with dew,  As morning roses tipp'd with dew.

Say that he frown,

say his looks I view  As morning roses tipp'd with dew...

As roses tipp'd with dew... tipp'd with dew, As

morn ing roses tipp'd with dew.
SHOULD HE UPBRAID.

Say he be mute, I'll answer with a smile, And dance and play, and wrinkled care beguile.

And dance and play, dance and play, and wrinkled care beguile.

Should he upbraid I'll own that he prevail, And sing as sweetly as the nightingale.

B & H 16134
SHOULD HE UPBRAID.

-gale; Say that he frown, I'll say his looks I view; As morning

roses newly tipp'd with dew; Say he be mute, I'll answer with a

smile, And dance and play, and dance and play, dance and

play, dance and play, And wrinkled care beguile, and care be-
guile, I'll dance, play, dance, play, dance, and

S & H 16134
SHOULD HE UPBRAID.

play, and wrinkled care... be-guile... dance... and play... I'll dance... and

f
mf
ff

ad lib.

play, dance... and play, dance... and play, and wrinkled care be-

mf pp colla voce.

guile, and care... be-guile, I'll dance... play... dance,...

 Cresc. ef ef ff

ad lib.

play... dance... and play, and wrinkled care... be-guile.

Cresc.

Colla voce.

B & H 16134
Flow, thou regal purple stream.

JOHN O'KEEFE

Flow, thou regal purple stream, Tinted by the solar beam,

In my goblet sparkling rise, Cheer my heart and glad mine eyes, Flow, thou

re-gal pur-ple stream, Tinted by the solar beam, In my goblet sparkling
FLOW, THOU REGAL PURPLE STREAM.

rise, Cheer my heart and glad mine eyes, In my goblet sparkling

rise, Cheer my heart and glad mine eyes, Cheer my heart and glad mine

My brain, ascend on Fancy's wing. 'Noint me, Wine, a jovial king. My brain, ascend on Fancy's

cresc.

'Noint me, Wine, a jovial king. My brain, ascend on Fancy's

cresc."
FLOW, THOU REGAL PURPLE STREAM.

wing; 'Noint me, Wine, a jovial king, 'Noint me, Wine, a jovial

king, a jovial king, a jovial king. While I

live I'll love my clay, When I'm dead and gone a-way, Let my

thirty subjects say, "A month he reign'd and that was May."
While I live I'll leave my clay,
When I'm dead and gone a-way,
Let my thirty subjects say,
"A month he reign'd, and that was May."
Let my thirty subjects say,
"A month he reign'd, and that was May."
But that was May.
O, bid your faithful Ariel fly.

Sung in "The Tempest."

Allegro moderato.

T. Linley.

Piano.

To the farthest Indian sky!

And then, at thy fresh command, I'll traverse o'er...
O, BID YOUR FAITHFUL ARIEL FLY.

I'll climb the mountains, plunge the deep, I'll climb the mountains, plunge the deep, I, like mortals, never sleep, I, like mortals, never sleep, I, like mortals, never sleep.

O, bid your faithful Ariel fly...... To the farthest

B & H 16134
O, BID YOUR FAITHFUL ARIEL FLY.

Indian sky, And then, at thy a-friel, com-
mand, I'll tra-verse o'er the sil-ver sand, I'll tra-verse o'er the sil-ver sand; I'll
climb the moun-tains, plunge the deep, I'll climb the moun-tains, plunge the deep,

I, like mor-tals, nev-er sleep, I, like mor-tals, nev-er sleep,

B & H 16134
O, BID YOUR FAITHFUL, ARIEL FLY.

neve... er sleep.

Fine.

I'll do your task, what-ever it be, Not with ill will, but mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, what-ever it be, Not with ill will, but mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, a piazz... e. tr


B & H 16134
Love has eyes.

1. Love's blind, they say,-
2. Love's wing'd, they cry,-

Oh! never! may, Can words Love's grace impart? The fancy weak The
Oh! never! I No plumes have to soar; Deceivers rove,

tongue may speak, But eyes alone the heart. In one soft
But never Love, Attach'd, he roves no more; Can he have

B & H 16134
LOVE HAS EYES.
PRETTY MOCKING BIRD.

grieve; Pretty warbler, wake the grove, Pretty warbler, wake the

grove To notes of joy, to songs of

love To notes of joy, to songs of

love, to songs of love, to songs

of

B & H 16134
PRETTY MOCKING BIRD.

Allegro moderato.

Love,

Pretty mocking bird, pretty mocking bird, pretty,

Pretty, pretty mocking bird, thy form I see! Pretty mocking bird,

Pretty, pretty, pretty mocking bird, thy form I see! Pretty,

Pretty, pretty, pretty mocking bird, thy form I see! Pretty mocking bird, thy form I see!

Swinging with the breeze,

Pretty, pretty mocking bird, pretty mocking bird,

Pretty, pretty, pretty mocking bird, thy form I see! Pretty mocking bird, thy form I see!

Swinging with the breeze,
Pretty Mocking Bird

Sing with the breeze on the mangrove tree, on the mangrove tree:
Pretty warbler, pretty warbler, wake the grove, wake the grove, wake the grove,
Pretty Mocking Bird, pretty Mocking Bird, pretty Mocking Bird,
Pretty, pretty Mocking Bird, thy form I see! Pretty Mocking Bird, pretty Mocking Bird, pretty, pretty Mocking Bird, thy form I see!
PRETTY MOCKING BIRD.

form I see! Pret-ty, pret-ty, pret-ty, pret-ty, pret-ty, pret-ty, pret-ty mocking bird, thy

a tempo.

thy form I see.

dim.
The Pilgrim of Love.

Dimond.

Sir H. R. Bishop.

Recit.

O - ryn-thia, thy be-loved! I call in...... vain!

Recit.

O - ryn-thia!

Allegro.

O - ryn-thia! Echo hears and calls a gain.

B & H 16134
A mimic voice repeats the name around!  And with “O-rythia!”

All the rocks resound.

way-worn and faint up the mountain I press’d, The aged man press’d on high

The juice of ripe raisins, 

1. A hermit, who dwells in these solitudes, cross’d me, As
2. “Yet tarry, my son, till the burning noon passes, Let
THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

staff to ac - cept me, And pro - fer'd his cell, as my man - sion of rest.
flows in my glass - es, And rush - es, fresh pull'd, for si - es - te are spread!"

Ah! nay, cou - rous fa - ther, right on - ward I rove; No rest but the grave for the

Pil - grim of Love, for the Pil - grim of Love, for the Pil - grim of Love! No

rest but the grave for the Pil - grim of Love!
The Bay of Biscay.

1. Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder, The rain a deluge
2. Now, dash'd upon the billow, Her opening timbers
show'd, The clouds were rent aounder By lightning's vivid pow'r.
crack, Each fears a wat'ry pillow, None stop the dreadful leak.
night was drear and dark. Our poor devoted bark—Till next day there six

B & H 16134
THE BAY OF BISCAY.

3. At length the wish'd-for mor-row Broke thro' the ha-zy sky.

4. Her yield-ing tim-bers nev-er, Her pitch-y seams are rent, When

sorb'd in si-len sor-row, Each heav'd a bit-ter sigh, The dis-mal wreck to

Heav'n, all boun-rous ev-er, Its bound-less mer-cy sent. A sail in sight ap-

view Struck hor-ror in the crew, As she lay all that day, In the

pears, We hail her with three cheers. Now we sail, with the gale, From the

Bay of Bis-cay, O!
Bay of Bis-cay, O!
Lo! here the gentle Lark.
LO! HERE THE GENTLE LARK.

high;

And wakes the morning.

from whose

silver breast

The sun ari

soth

in true maj-

soth

soth

in true maj-

soth

in true maj-

soth

B & H 16134
ad lib.

Lo! here the gentle lark, on high,

tr

weary, weary of rest, weary

il basso sempre stacc.

Lo! here the gentle lark.
The Banks of Allan Water.

M. G. Lewis

Anonymous

On the banks of Allan Water, When the sweet spring-time did
fall,...... Was the miller's lovely daughter—Fairest of them all. For his bride..... a soldier sought her, And a winning tongue had

he..... On the banks of Allan Water. None so gay as

B & H 16134
On the banks of Allan Water When brown autumn spreads its store, There I saw the miller's daughter, But she smiled no more; For the summer grief had brought her, And the soldier, false, was ad lib.

he: On the banks of Allan Water, None was sad as
On the banks of Allan Water, When the winter snow fell fast, Still was

seem the miller's daughter; Chilling blew the blast, But the miller's lovely

doughter Both from cold..... and care was free;..... On the banks of Allan

colla voce. p lento.

rall. molto.

Water, There a corse lay she.......
The Anchorsmiths.

Words and Music by DUDDE.

Allegro con spirito.

Piano.

1. Like Etna's dread volcano, see the ample
2. Now, as more vivid and intense each splinter

forge. Large heaps upon large heaps of jetty fuel gorge, While,
flies. The temper of the fire the skilful master tries; And,

Salamanader-like, the ponderous anchor lies; Glutted with vivid fire thro' as the dingy hue assumes a brilliant red, The head-ed anchor feeds that

cresc.

all its pores that flies. With vivid fire thro' all its pores that flies. The
fire on which it fed, The anchor feeds the fire on which it fed. The
THE ANCHORSMITHS.

Dingy anchor smiths, to renovate their strength, Stretch'd out in death-like sleep, are snoring at their length,

hugeseam hammers round in order they arrange, And working anchor

moltosostenuto.

mf tempo.
cresc.

sleep are snoring at their length, Waiting the master's signal when the smiths a wait the look'd for change, Longing with all their force the ardent

accel.
cresc. molto.

accel. forte.

accel. ad lib.

tackle's force Shall, like split rocks, the anchor from the fire di-

mass to smile, When is-suing from the fire, array'd in dazzling

Sea.

Sea

Sea.

Sea.

colore voc.

fire divorce; While as old Vul-can's Cy- clops did the an-
divorce; While as old Vul-can's Cyclops did the an-

vil
dazzling white; And as old Vul-can's Cyclops did the an-
vil
THE ANCHORSMITHS.

bang. In deaf bang. To make concert shall their ponderous hammers clang. Clang.

Clang, Clang, Clang, Clang, Clang, Clang, Clang, Clang, Clang, Clang. And into the mist

Symmetry the mass incongruous beat. To save from adverse winds and waves the gallant

shaken dumb to symmetry they beat. To save from adverse winds and waves the gallant

British fleet.

The preparations thicken! with forks the fire they good;
And now twelve anchor smiths the heaving bellows load,
While armed from e’ry danger, and in grim array,
Anxious as howling demons waiting for their prey,
The forge the anchor yields from out its fiery maw,
Which on the anvil prone—the cavern shouts—Hurrah!
And now the scorched beholders want the power to gaze,
Faint with its heat, and dazzled with its powerful rays;
While, as old Vulcan’s Cyclops did the anvil bang,
To forge Jove’s thunderbolts, their ponderous hammers clang!
And, till its fire’s extinct, the monstrous mass they beat,
To save from adverse winds and waves the gallant British fleet.

B & H 16134
We all love a pretty girl under the rose.

Dr. ARNE.

 Tempo moderato.

 Od's, neighbour, ne'er blush for a tri-ble like this, What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiss? The great-est, the grav-est (a truce with grimace) Would do the same thing, would do the same thing, Would do the same thing, were they in the same place. Od's, neighbour, ne'er blush for a tri-ble like this, What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiss? The
WE ALL LOVE A PRETTY GIRL UNDER THE ROSE.

great-est, the grav-est (a trace with grimace) Would do the same thing, would do the same thing. Would

do the same thing, were they in the same place. No age, no profession, no station is free; To

sov'reign beauty man-kind bends the knee! That pow'er re-sist-less no strength can op-pose—We

all love a pretty girl un-der the rose, un-der the rose, un-der the rose. We

calla vese. pp

all love a pretty girl un-der the rose.

calla vese. f

B & H 16134
The heaving of the lead.

1. For Eng-land, when with
2. And, bear-ing up to
f a-v'ring gale, Our
gal-lan-sure
chen
nel steer'd, And
side
gain the port, Some
ell-known ob-
ject kept in view; An
Ab-bey Tow'r, a

easy sail.—The high blue west-
ern land ap-
pear'd;
ru-in'd Fort, Or Bea-
con, to the ves-
sel true;
THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

To heave the lead the seaman sprung, And to the pilot
While off the lead the seaman flung, And to the pilot

cheer - ly sung, "By the deep nine!" "By the deep nine!" To heave the lead the
cheer - ly sung, "By the mark seven!" "By the mark seven!" While off the lead the

seaman sprung, And to the pilot cheer - ly sung, "By the deep
seaman flung, And to the pilot cheer - ly sung, "By the mark

nine!" seven!"

3.
And as the much - loved shore drew near,
With transport we beheld the roof
Where dwelt a friend, or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof.
The lead, once more, the seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
"Quarter, less five!"

B & H 16134
With lowly suit and plaintive ditty.

FROM "No Song, No Supper."

With low-ly suit and plaintive dit-ty I call the ten-der mind to pi-ty,

I call the ten-der mind to pi-ty; My friends are gone, my heart is

beating, And chill-ing pov-er-ty's my lot; From pass-ing stran-gers aid en-

beating, I wan-der thus a-lone, for-got... Re-lieve my woes, my wants dis-

B & H 16134
WITH LOWLY SUIT AND PLAINTIVE DITTY.

Here's tales of love, and maids forsaken; Of battles fought, and captives taken; The jovial tar so bold—ly sailing, Or cast up on some desert shore; The hapless bride his loss bewailing, And fearing ne'er to see him more! Relieve my woes, my wants dissolving, And Heav'n reward you with its blessing.

B & H 16134
When Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove.

(The Origin of Gunpowder.)

1. When Vulcan forg'd the bolts of Jove In Etna's roaring glow,
   She Neptune petition'd as might prove Their use and pow'r be low,

2. Long may she hold the awful right, And when through circling flame
   She darts her vengeance in the fight, May Justice guide her aim,

   Their use and pow'r be low; But finding in the boundless aim,
   May justice guide her aim; While if assailed in future
deep, such thunder would but idly sleep, he with them
wars, her soldiers brave and gallant
shall launch her

armed Britannia's hand, to guard from foes her native
fires from every hand, on every foe to Britain's

land, he with them armed Britannia's hand, to guard from foes her native
land, shall launch her fires from every hand, on every foe to Britain's

B & H 16134
Oh! the Oak, and the Ash.

1. A north-country maid up to
2. While sad-ly I roam I re-

London stray'd, Although with her na-ture it
get my dear home, Where lads and young lasses are
did not a-gree, She wept, and she sigh'd, and she
mak-ing the bay; The mer-ry bells ring, and the

bi-ter-ly cried, "I wish once a-gain in the north I could be." Oh! the oak, and the sesh, and the
birds sweetly sing, And maid-ens and mead-ows are pie-sant and gay. Oh! the oak, and the sesh, and the

bon-ny i-vy tree, They flour-ish at home in my own coun-try.
bon-ny i-vy tree, They flour-ish at home in my own coun-try.

No doubt, did I please, I could marry with ease;
Where maids are fair, many lovers will come:
But he whom I wed must be north-country bred,
And carry me back to my north-country home.
(Oh! the oak, and the sesh, &c.)
Near Woodstock Town.

Near Woodstock town in Oxfordshire, As I walk'd forth to take the air, To view the fields and meadows round, Methought I heard a mournful sound. Down by a crystal river side..... A gallant bower I espied..... Where a fair lady made great moan With many a bitter sigh and groan.

"Alas!" quoth she, "my love's unkind, My sighs and tears he will not mind! But he is cruel unto me, Which causes all my misery. Soon after he had gaun'd my heart, He cruelly did from me part; Another maid he does pursue, And to his vows he bids adieu."

2.

The lady round the meadows ran, And gather'd flowers as they sprung; Of every sort she there did pull, Until she got her apron full. The green turf served her as a bed, And flowers a pillow for her head; She laid her down and nothing spoke, Alas! for love her heart was broke.
My lodging is on the cold ground.

John Gay (founded on an older song.)

Andantino.

17th Century.

1. My lodging is on the cold ground, And
2. I'll twine thee a garland of straw, love, I'll

hard, very hard is my fare, But that which grieves me
marry thee with a rush ring; My frozen hopes will

more is The coldness of my dear Yet

shawn love, And merrily we will sing Then

B & H 16134
MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND.

still I cry, oh! turn............. love, I pri - thee, love, turn to turn to me, my own............. love, I pri - thee, love, turn to me;

For thou art the only one............. love, That me;

For thou art the only one............. love, That

ad lib.

art a - dor'd by me;

art a - dor'd by me;

colla voce.

mf
cresc.

dim.

B & H 16134
The Plough-boy.

1. A flax-en-head-ed cow-boy, as
2. I'll buy votes at elec- tions, but

simple as may be........ And next a mer- ry plough-boy, I whis-tled o'er the
when I've made the pelf... I'll stand poll for the par-lia-ment, and then vote in my-

be. But now a sau-cy foot-man I strut in wor-sted lace. And
self, What ev-er's good for me, sir, I nev-er will op pose: When

soon I'll be a but- ler, and whey my jol- ly face. When stew ard I'm pro-
all my eyes are sold off, why then I'll sell my nose. I'll joke, har-angue, and

ad lib.

coll a voce. cresc. ten.
THE PLOUGH-BOY.

I'll snip the tradesmen's bill, My master's coffer empty, my

paraphrase, with speeches charm the ear, And when I'm tired on my legs, then

pockets for to fill, When lolling in my chariot, so great a man I'll be,

I'll sit down a peer, In court or city honour, so great a man I'll be.

So
great a man, so great a man, so great a man I'll be! You'll forget the little

plough-boy that whistled o'er the lea, You'll forget the little plough-boy that
Oh! rest thee, babe.

D. TERRY (From "Guy Mannering.")

Andantino.

Oh! slumber, my darling, thy sire is a knight, Thy mother a lady, so

love-ly and bright! The hills and the dales, from the tow'rs which we see, They all shall be long, my dear

ad lib.

In-fant, to thee: Oh! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, asleep on till day, Oh!
Oh! rest thee, my darling, the time it shall come, When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum; Then rest thee, my darling, oh! sleep while you may, For war comes with manhood as light comes with day. Oh! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep on till day. Oh!

rest thee, babe, rest thee, sleep while you may.
Those Evening Bells.

THOMAS MOORE.

Pensively and in moderate time.

Music attributed to BEETHOVEN.

1. Those evening bells, How many a tale their music tells, Of youth and hours are passed away, And many a heart that then was gay, With in the home, and that sweet time When last I heard their soothing chime! Of youth and tomb now darkly dwells, And hears no more those evening bells! With in the home, and that sweet time When last I heard their soothing chime!

3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That tuneful peal will still ring on, While other birds shall walk these belfies, And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

B & H 16134
The girl I left behind me.

Allegretto.

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hills
And o'er the moorland sedgy, such
heaviness my bosom fills
Since parting with my Betsy; I seek for one as
fair and gay, But find none to remind me
How blest the hours pass'd away
With the girl I left behind me.

The hour I remember well
When first she owned she loved me,
A pain within my breast doth tell
How constant I have proved me;
But now I'm bound for Brighton camp,
Kind Heaven then may guide me,
And send me home safe back again,
To the girl I left behind me.

My mind her image must retain,
Asleep or sadly waking;
I long to see my love again,
For her my heart is breaking.
Where'er my steps return that way,
Still faithful shall she find me,
And never more again I'll stray
From the girl I've left behind me.
Under the greenwood tree.

Allegro non troppo.

Under the greenwood tree, Who loves to lie with me, And tune his merry note, his merry, merry note, Un to the sweet bird's throat, And tune his merry note Un to the sweet bird's throat, Come hither,
 UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

hi-ther, come hit her, come hit her, come hit her, come hit her, come hit her.

Here shall be see no ene-my. But

winter and rough weather, Here shall be see no ene-my. But winter and rough

weather, Here shall be see no ene-my. But winter, but winter and rough

weather, rough weather, but winter and rough weather.

Under the greenwood
tree, Who loves to lie with me, And tune his merry note Un-to the sweet bird's throat, And tune his merry note Un-to the sweet bird's throat, Come hi-ther, hi-ther, hi-ther, hi-ther, hi-ther, hi-ther, come hi-ther, come hi-ther, come hi-ther, come hi-ther, come hi-ther, come hi-ther, come hi-ther, come hi-ther, come hi-ther.
The three Ravens.

17th Century.

1. There were three ravens sat on a tree.
2. Behold! alas in you green field,

Down a down, hey-down, hey-down; They were as black as they might be, With a down,
Down a down, hey-down, hey-down; There lies a knight slain under his shield, With a down.

And one of them said to his mate, "Where shall we our break-fast take?" With a down,
His hounds lie down beside his feet, So well do they their master keep, With a down.

down, derry, derry, derry down, down.
down, derry, derry, derry down, down.

3. His faithful hawks so near him fly,
No bird of prey dare venture nigh.
With a down.
But see! there comes a fawne doe,
And to the knight she straight doth go,
With a down derry, derry, derry down, down.

4. She lifted up his ghastly head,
And kissed his wounds that were so red,—
With a down.
She buried him before the prime,
And died herself, ere even-song time.
With a down derry, derry, derry down, down.
Oh! firm as oak. 

Oh! firm as oak, and free from care, The sailor holds his heart at sea; If she he loves his bosom share, And Cupid page to Neptune be. Come
OH! FIRM AS OAK.

night's deep moon, and ne'er a moon, Nor star a-loft a watch to keep. The

tar can be gay as lands-men in day, With a cheer-ing glass and a smil-ing lass, A

ritard. doce a tempo.

cheer-ing glass and a smil-ing lass, While soon the wind blows, and smooth the tide

ritard. p soave.

flows— And the ship steady goes, still steady,

steady, steady thro' the bound-less deep, steady,

coiia voce.

B & H 16134
steadily thru the bounds deep.

When wintry gales blow weak alarms, In turn he mounts the

chilly deck; But, watch relieved, his Susan's charms All thoughts but those of pleasure

check. But, watch relieved, his Susan's charms All thoughts but those of pleasure

check. Come night's deep noon, and never's moon, Nor star a bit a watch to keep; The
Oh! firm as oak.

We can be gay as landsmen in day, With a cheering glass and a smiling lass,
A

Cheering glass and a smiling lass, While boon the wind blows and smooth the tide,
A

Flows, And the ship steady goes, still steady....
A

Steady, thro' the boundless deep, steady....
A

Steady thro' the boundless deep.
The Bailiff's daughter of Islington.

1. There was a youth, and a
   well-beloved youth, and he was a squire's son; He
2. And there he tell’d for
   seven long years, But never his love did see, Till

The Bailiff's daughter of Islington.

"Before I give you a penny, sweetheart,
   Pray tell me where you were born;"
"At Islington, kind sir," she said,
"Where I have had many a scorn."
"I prithee, sweetheart, tell to me,
   O tell me if you know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington."
"She is dead, sir, long ago."

If she is dead, then take my horse
   My saddle and bridle also,
For I will to some far country,
"O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,
She standeth by thy side
She is here, alive, she is not dead,
And ready to be thy bride!"
Barbara Allen.

1. In Scarlet town, where I was born, Then
dead. And death is printed on his face, And

was a fair maid dwellin', Made ev'ry youth cry, "Well-a-day," Her name was Bar-b'ra Allen. All
o'er his heart is stealin', Then haste away to comfort him, Oh! love-ly Bar-b'ra Allen, So

in the mer-ry month of May, When green beds they were swellin', Young Jeny Grove on his slowly, slowly she came up, And slowly she came nigh him; And all she said, when

death-bed lay, For love of Bar-b'ra Allen. there she came, "Young man, I think you're dying."

3. When he was dead and laid in grave,
Her heart was struck with sorrow;
Oh mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die to-morrow.
Farewell, she said, ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in;
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen.
Tell me, my Heart.

T. Morton.

Larghetto espressivo.

Piano.

Express.

Tell me, my heart, why morning prime.

Looks like the fading eve?... Looks like the fading eve?... the fading

ad lib.

eye?... Why the gay lark's... celestial chime... Shall
tell, shall tell the soul to grieve? Shall tell, shall tell the soul to grieve? to grieve, to

grieve?...... The heaving bosom seems to say, Ah! hopeless mult! Your

love's a way, your love's a way!...... Your love, your love's a way!

Andante con moto:

Tell me, my heart,...... why summer's glow...... A win-

day beguiles? a wintry day beguiles? Why Flora's beauties seem...... to

B & H 16134
TELL ME, MY HEART.

Blow, And fading nature smiles, and nature... smiles?

Some Zephyr whispers in my ear, in my ear. Ah! happy, happy maid, your love, your love is near, your

Love is near... your love... is near... your love is near, your

Love, your love is... near... Tell me, my heart... why summer's glow... A
Tell Me, My Heart.

Whisper thy day beguiles, a whisper thy day beguiles? Some Zephyr whispers...

Ah! happy maid, your love is near...

Some Zephyr whispers, whispers in my ear... Ah! happy maid...

...your love is near, your love is near, your love is... Ah! happy maid...

Andante...
Hope told a flattering tale.

Hope told a flattering tale............. That joy would soon return............. Ah!

nought my sighs a - wail............. For love is doom'd to mourn............. Ah! where's the flattering gone?............. From me for ever flown............. From me for ever flown............. For
HOPE TOLD A FLATTERING TALE.

love is doom'd to mourn! Ask not my sighs a vail...... For love is doom'd to

mourn!

The happy dream..... of love is..... o'er........ Life.............

las!....... can charm no more....... The happy dream..............

..... of love is o'er, Love....... a las! can charm no more.

B & H 16134
Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye.

FOKSTONE WILLIAMS.

Adante con moto.

1. The bright stars fade, the morn is breaking, The
dew drops on each bud; and east,
swells the song of chant - til - clear; And I from thee my
leave am tak - ing. With bliss, too brief, with bliss,
earth's soft floor - ing, Yet I am here, yet.

2. The sun is up, the lark is soaring, Loud
cris.
bliss, too brief, How sinks my heart with
colta parte.

dim. pp ad lib.
GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART, GOOD-BYE.

Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye;

For I could not leave thee, though I said "Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye,"

time doth thrust me from thine arms; Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye.

B & H 16134
We met.

With feeling, but not too slow.

Words and Music by T. H. Bayly.

1. We met—'twas in a crowd— And I thought he would shun me; He came— I could not breathe, For his eye was upon me; He near him; He smile'd and whisper'd low As I once used to hear him; She

spoke, his words were cold, And his smile was un-alter'd: I knew how much he

leant up-on his arm— Once 'twas mine, and mine only— I wept, for I de-
WE MET.

...fell, For his deep-toned voice faltered. I wore my bridal robe, And I rival'd its serv'd To feel wretched and lonely. And she will be his bride! At the altar he'll...

...whiteness! Bright gems were in my hair. How I hated their brightness! He call'd me by my give her The love that was too pure For a heart less desirer; The world may think me...

...name-- As the bride of another-- Oh! thou hast been the cause of this gay, For my feelings I another-- Oh! thou hast been the cause of this...

...ad lib.

...anguish, my mother!

...colla voce.

B & H 16134
COME, LASSES AND LADS.

1.
Willy shall dance with Jane, And Johnny has got his Joan, To play the tune again, And
p

trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, Trip it up and down; To every girl did trip it, trip it, Trip it to the men; And
f

trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, Trip it up and down;

3.
Then after an hour they went to a bow'r, And play'd for siles and cakes, And kisses too—until they were due The lasses held the stakes. The girls did then begin To quarrel with the men, And bade them take their kisses back And give them their own again.

4.
Good-night, says Harry, good-night, says Mary, Good-night, says Pol' to John Good-night, says Sue, to her sweetheart Hugo, Good-night, says evry one. Some walk'd and some did run, Someiot't on the way, And bound themselves by kisses twelve, To meet the next holiday.

B & H 16134
The arrow and the song.

LONGFELLOW.  
M. W. BALFE.

I shot an arrow into the air. It fell to earth, I know not where;

For so swiftly it flew, The sight could not follow it, The

B & H 16134
THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I breath'd a song into the air,

It fell to earth, I know not where:
For who has sight so keen and strong,

That it can follow the flight of a song?

Long, long afterwards, in an oak.

B & H 16134
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,

I found again in the heart of a friend,
And the song, from beginning to end,

I found again in the heart of a friend,
I found again,

I found again in the heart,......... of a friend!

B & H 16134
It was a lover and his lass.

SHAKESPEARE (from "AS YOU LIKE IT").

THOMAS MORLEY.

VOCAL.

Allegretto

It was a lover and his lass, With a

hey, with a hoy, with a hoy no-ni-no, And a hey......... no-ni no-ni no, That

o'er the green corn-fields did pass, In spring-time, in spring-time, in spring-time, The only pretty

ring time, When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Sweet

lovers love the spring,


2.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hoy, and a hoy, with a hoy nonino,
And a hoy nonino nonino;
How that life was but a flower,
In spring-time, &c.

3.

Then pretty lovers take the time,
With a hoy, and a hoy, with a hoy nonino,
And a hoy nonino nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime,
In spring-time, &c.
I've been roaming.

Where the meadow dew is sweet, And I'm coming, and I'm coming With his pearls upon my feet; I've been roaming, I've been roaming Where the meadow dew is sweet, And I'm coming, and I'm coming With his pearls upon my feet.
I'VE BEEN ROAMING.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming O'er the rose and lily fair, And I'm coming, and I'm coming With their blossoms in my hair; I've been roaming, I've been roaming Where the meadow dew is sweet, And I'm coming, and I'm coming With its pearls upon my feet.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming Where the honey-suckle creeps, And I'm coming, and I'm coming With its kisses on my lips; I've been...
I'VE BEEN ROAMING.

roaming, I've been roaming Where the meadow dew is sweet, And I'm com-ing, and I'm com-ing With its

pearls up-on my feet; I've been roaming, I've been roaming O-ver hill and O-ver plain, And I'm

com-ing, and I'm com-ing To my bow-er back a-gain, O-ver hill and O-ver plain, To my

bow-er back a-gain, And I'm coming, and I'm com-ing To my bow-er back a-gain, To my

ad lib.

a tempo.

bow-er back a-gain, To my bow-er back a-gain.

B & H 16134
Early one morning.

Allegretto.

Old English.

Early one morning, just as the sun was rising, I heard a maid

O never leave me! How could you use a poor maid.

so?

"Remember the
vows that you made to your Mary. Remember the bow'r where you

vow'd to be true;.......

O don't deceive me, O never

leave me! How could you use.......

a poor maid-en so?.....

cresc. colla voce.

"O gay is the gar-land, and fresh are the

roses, I've cull'd from the gar-den to bind on thy brow.......

O don't de-
Thus sung the poor maid-en, her sor-rows be-wail-ing. Thus sung the poor maid in the val-ley be-
low: "O don't de-ceive me, O ne-ver leave me! How could you

ad lib.
Blow high, blow low.

Words and Music by Drury.

Voice.

Allegro moderato.

Blow

Piano.

f > > > > > of

high, blow low, let tempests tear The mainmast by the board; My heart, with thoughts of

f > > > > > of of > > p

thee, my dear, And love well stor'd, Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear, The

f > >

roaring winds, the raging sea. In hopes, on shore, to be once more Safe... moor'd with

ad lib.,
colla voce.

B & H 16134
BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

A - loft while mountains high we go. The whistling winds that send a - long. And the

Con express.

Surge roaring from be - low, Shall my sig - nal be to think on thee, Shall my sig - nal be to

Ad lib.

Think on thee, And this shall be..... my song— Blow high, blow low, let

Mf colla voce.

ten - pesta tear The main - mast by the beard; My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

And love well stord, Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear, The roaring wind, the

rag-ing sea, In hopes, on shore, to be once more Safe, moor'd with thee

collo verso.

And on that night, when

all the crew The mem-ry of their for-mer lives Over flowing cans of sipp re-new, And

drink their sweet-hearts and their wives,— I'll heave a sigh, I'll heave a sigh And think on
BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

And as the ship rolls thro' the sea
The burden of my song shall be:
Blow high, blow low,
Let tempests tear
The mainmast by the board;
My heart, with thoughts of thee,
My dear,
And love well stor'd,
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging sea,
In hopes, on shore, to be once more safe,
... moor'd with...
Down among the dead men.

DUR. Allegro vivace.

Piano.

1. Here's a health to the King, and a lasting peace; To faction an end, to wealth in-crease;
2. Let charming beauty's health go round, In whom celestial joys are found,

Come, let's drink it while we have breath, For there's no drinking after death, And he that will this
May confusion still pursue The selfish woman-hating crew; And they that women's

health deny, Down among the dead men, Down among the dead men, Down, down,

health deny, Down among the dead men, Down among the dead men, Down, down,
DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

3. In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll, Deny no pleasure to my soul; Let
4. May love and wine their rites main-tain, And their united pleasure reign, While

Bacchus' health round briskly move, For Bacchus is a friend to Love, And he that will this
Bacchus' treasure crowns the board, We'll sing the joys that both afford; And they that won't with

health deny, Down among the dead men, Down among the dead men, Down, down,
us comply, Down among the dead men, Down among the dead men, Down, down,
Cherry ripe.

R. HARRICK.

Andante.

Piano.

Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe, I cry....

Full and fair ones, come and buy;..... Cherry ripe, cherry ripe,

ripe, I cry, Full and fair ones, come and buy.

B & H 16134
If so be you ask me where They do grow, I

Where the sunbeams sweetly smile,

answer there, Where my Julia's lips do smile, There's the land of

ad lib.

Cherry Isle, There's the land of Cherry Isle. Cherry ripe, cherry ripe,
collegio.

ripen, I cry.... Full and fair ones, come... and... buy;......

Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe, I cry.... Full and fair ones,
CHERRY RIPE.

Where the sunbeams sweetly smile,
Came and buy. Where my Julia's lips do smile, There's the land of

dolce espress.

Cherry Isle; There plantations fully show.......

All the year where cherries grow All the year where cherries grow;

Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe, I cry....... Full and fair ones,

rallentando.

Come and buy. Full and fair ones, come and buy...............

B & H 16134
Cease your funning.

Force or cunning Never shall my heart be won; All these sallies Are but malice to seduce my constant man. 'Tis most certain, By their flitting, Women can have admired, Pleased to ruin Other's wooing. Never happy in their own.

Gay.
Oh, no, we never mention her!

T. H. Baxt.  

1. Oh, no, we never mention her! Her name is never heard; My lips are now forbid to speak;

2. They bid me seek in change of scene The charms that others see, But, were I in a foreign land, They'd once familiar word. From sport to sport they hurry me, To find no change in me. It's true that I behold no more The banish my regret, And when they win a smile from me, They valley where we met, I do not see the hawthorn tree, But

Sir H. R. Bishop.
3. For oh! there are so many things Recall the past to me, The
breeze upon the sunny hills, The billows of the sea, The
4. They tell me she is happy now, The gayest of the gay; They
but that she forgets me; But heed not what they say. Like me, perhaps she
decks the sky. Before the sun is set, Aye, every leaf I look upon. For
struggles... With each feeling of regret, But if she loves as I have loved, She
bids me to forget! Never can forget!
The Thorn.

JOHN O'KEEFE.

Andante.

From the white-blossom'd aloe my dear Chloe requested a sprig her fair breast to adorn; From the white-blossom'd aloe my dear Chloe requested a sprig her fair breast to adorn;

risoluto.

No! by heav'n, I exclaim'd, may I perish If ever I plant in that
bo-som a thorn. No! by heav'n, I ex-claim'd, may I pe-rish If

ad lib.
ev-er I plant in that bo-som a thorn!
colla voce. dim. f

When I shew'd her the ring and im-pior'd her to mar-ry, She

blush'd like the dawn-ing of morn; When I shew'd her the ring, an-

B & H 16134
plior'd her to marry. She blushed like the dawn- ing of morn.

"Yes! I'll consent," she replied, "if you promise That no jealous rival shall

laugh me to scorn." No! by hea n', I ex-claim'd, may I per-hab if

ad lib.

ev'er I plant in that bosom a thorn!

colla voce. dim.
Blow, blow, thou winter wind.

Shakespeare (From "As You Like It")

Dr. Arnz

1. Blow, blow, thou winter wind, Thou dost not bite so nigh, Thou dost not bite so nigh As man's ingratitude, As man's ingratitude; Thy tooth is not so keen, Because thou art not seen, Thy tooth is not so keen, Because thou art not seen, Altho' thy breath be rude, Altho' thy breath be rude.

2. Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky, Thou dost not bite so nigh As be neficts for got; Thy sting is not so sharp As friends remember'd not, Thy sting is not so sharp As friends remember'd not.

Ad lib.

Colla voce.
The Soldier's Tear.

T. H. BAYLY.

ALEXANDER LEE.

Larghetto.

Up on the hill he turn'd, To take a last fond look Of the valley and the

village church, And the cottage by the brook; He listen'd to the sounds, So fa-

mi liar to his ear, And the soldier leant up on his sword, And wip'd a way a
THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

Beside that cottage porch a girl was on her knees, She held a lofty snowy scarf which flutter'd in the breeze; She breath'd a prayer for him, a prayer he could not hear, But he paused to bless her as she knelt, and wipe'd away a tear.

3.
He turn'd and left the spot,
Oh! do not deem him weak.
For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
Tho' tears were on his cheek;
Go watch the foremost ranks,
In danger's dark career,
Be sure the hand most daring there
Has wipe'd away a tear.

B & H 36134
Simon the Cellarer.

1. Old Simon the cellar-er keeps a rare store Of Malmsey and Mal-vol-sie, And
2. Dame Mar-ge-ry sits in her own still-room, And a ma-tron sage is she; From

Cy-prus, and who can say how man-y more! For a cha-ry old soul is he, A
thence oft at cur-few is waft-ed a fume, She says it is Rose-ma-rie She

cha-ry old soul is he, Of Sack and Ca-ny-ry he nev-er doth fall, And
says it is Rose-ma-rie But there's a small cupboard behind the back stair, And the
all the year round there is brewing of ale; Yet he never all-eth he quaintly doth say, While he maids say they often see Marge-ry there—Now Marge-ry says that she grows very old, And 

keeps to his sober six flagons a day: But ho! ho! ho! his nose doth show How must take something to keep out the cold! But ho! ho! ho! old Simon doth know Where 

oft the black Jack to his lips doth go. But ho! ho! ho! his nose doth show How oft the black Jack to his man-ny a flask of his best doth go. But ho! ho! ho! old Simon doth know Where-ma-ny a flask of his 

lips doth go. best doth go. 

3.

Old Simon reclines in his high-back'd chair, And talks about taking a wife; She ought to be settled in life. But Margery has (so the maids say) a tongue, And she's not very handsome, and not very young; So somehow it ends with a shake of the head, And Simon he brews him a tankard instead,— While ho! ho! ho! he will chuckle and crow, What! marry old MARGERY! no, no, no! 

B & H 16134
When forced from dear Hebe.

Dr. Anna.

When forced from dear Hebe to go, What anguish I felt at my heart. And I thought, but it might not be so, She was sorry to see me depart. She cast such a languishing view, My path I could scarcely discern. So sweetly she bade me a-slen, I thought that she bade me return, I thought that she bade me re-
When forced from dear HEBE.

To see, when my charmer goes

By, Some hermit peep out of his cell, How he thinks on his youth with a sigh, How fondly he wishes her well. On him she may smile if she please, 'Twill warm the cold bosom of age. Yet cease, gentle HEBE, O cease, Such softness would ruin the sage, Such softness would ruin the sage.

ad lib.

ad lib.
Pray, Goody.

Kane O'Hara.

Allegretto.

Pray, Good-y, please to mo-de-rate the ran-coir of your tongue. Why

flash, those sparks of fu-ry from your eyes?..... Re-mem-ber when the

judgment's weak the pre-ju-dice is strong. A stran-ger why will you des-pise?

Ply me, try me, prove ere you de-ny me; If you cast me off you blast me,
PRAY, GOODY.

ad lib.  

never more to rise; Pray, Good-y, please to mo-de-rate the

colla voce.  pp

ran-cour of your tongue, Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?.....
cresc. of of of dim. p colla voce.

ad lib.

member when the judgment's weak the pre-judice is strong. A

cresc. m/f

ad lib.

stranger why will you despise?.....
colla voce. Ped.  

B & H 16134
Alice Gray.

William Mee.

M. P. Millard.

Andante con moto.

Piano.

She's all my fancy painted her, She's lovely, she's divine; But her heart it is another's, She never can be mine;
2.
Her dark brown hair is braided
Over a brow of spotless white;
Her soft blue eye now languishes,
How flashes with delight:
Her hair is braided not for me,
The eye is turned away;
Yet my heart, my heart is breaking
For the love of Alice Gray.

3.
I've sunk beneath the summer's sun,
And trembled in the blast;
But my pilgrimage is nearly done,
The weary conflict's past:
And when the green sod wraps my grave,
May pity haply say—
"Oh! his heart, his heart is broken
For the love of Alice Gray."
The lass of Richmond Hill.

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass, More bright than May-day morn, Whose charms all other maids surpass, A rose without a thorn. This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet, Has won my right good will, I'd crown a reign to
call thee mine, Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill; Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill, sweet

Lass of Richmond Hill, I' d crowns re-sign to call thee mine, Sweet Lass of Richmond

fan the air, And wanton thre' the grove,... O whisper to my charming fair, "I
die for her I love. This lass so neat, with smile so sweet, Has won my right good will, I'd

crown re-sign to call thee mine, Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill; Sweet Lass of Richmond

Hill, sweet Lass of Richmond Hill, I'd crown re-sign to call thee mine, Sweet

Lass of Richmond Hill!
Black-eyed Susan.

Gay.

Vocal:

Andante ma non troppo.

Down the fleet was moored, The streamers waving in the wind, When black-eyed Susie came aboard, "Oh where shall I my true love find?"

Tell me, ye jovial sailor, tell me true, If my sweet William, swift as lightning, And, quick as lightning, and, quick as lightning.

William was high up on the yard, Rock'd by the billows to and fro, Soon as her own voice he heard, He sigh'd and cast his eyes below: The cord slides.

Levee Ridge.

Piano:

Dim.

Dim.

F.

M.N.—According to the sentiment of the words, so must this accompaniment be played.

B & H 16134
sails among your crew?"
What the landsmen say, Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind, They'll tell thee

3. "Believe not on the deck he stands.
Su-san, love-ly dear! My vows for ev-er true re-main, Let me kiss

sailors when a-way, In ev-ry port a mis-tress find...... Yet, yes, be-
off that fall-ing tear, We on-ly part to meet a-gain...... Change as ye

-leave them when they tell thee so. For thou art pre-sent, for thou art pre-sent
list, ye winds, my heart shall be The faith-ful com-pass, the faith-ful com-pass

B & H 16134
where-so-e'er I go . . . . .
that still points to thee . . . . .

5. The bosun

The sails their swelling bosoms spread; No longer

must she stay on board: They kiss—she sigh'd—
he hangs his head; The lessons

boat unwilling rows to land, "A-dieu," she cries, "a-dieu," she cries, and

ad lib.

waves her lily hand . . . . .
colls voce, sim. e rall.
The Token.

1. The breeze was fresh, the ship in stays, Each break'er housed, the shore a bass... When Jack, no more... ou duty call'd... His true love's deck... That tan for sharks... had giv'n a feast... And left the tokens over hau'd;... The broke' gold, the build-ed ship a bulk-had cess'd;... When Jack, as with his mess-mates
hair, The tender mot to, writ so fair, Up on his
dear, He shed the grog their hearts to cheer, Took from his

to a quid, Took from his 'tac-co-box' a quid, And spend'd for

poet, love the muse, "If you loves I as I loves you, No pair so
comfort on the lid, ""Happy as we two—""

The battle— that with horror grin
Had madly raged life and limb,
Had scuppers drenched with human gore
And widow'd many a wife—was o'er:
When Jack to his companions dear
First paid the tribute of a tear;
Then, as his 'tac-co-box' he hail,
Restore'd his comfort as he spill'd—
"If you loves I as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two."

The voyage—that had been long and hard,
But that had yielded full reward,
And brought each sailor to his friend
Happy and rich—was at an end:
When Jack, his toils and peril o'er,
Beheld his Nancy on the shore:
He then the 'tac-co-box' display'd,
And cried, and arrest'd the yielding maid,
"If you loves I as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two."
I locked up all my treasure

Words and Music by Drexler.

1. I lock'd up all my treasure And
journ'vey'd many a mile, And by my grief did measure The passing time the while;

2. My business done and over, I

hasten'd back again, Like an expecting lover, To view it once a

gain; But this delight was stifled, As it began to dawn,

by my grief did measure The passing time the while, And by my grief did measure The

found my casket rifled, And all my treasure gone, I found my casket rifled, And

passing time the while, all my treasure gone.

ad lib.

opera voce. — my

B & H 16134
Tom Bowling.

Verse.

Andante con espressione.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies

poor Tom Bowling, The darling of our crew; No more he'll hear the tempest howling, For

dead has broach'd him to His form was of the manliest beauty, His heart was kind and

soft;...... Faithful below, Tom did his duty, And now he's gone a loft,...... And

B & H 16134
ad lib.

now he's gone... aloft....

colla voce

Tom ne'er from his word de-par-ted, His vir-tues were so rare: His friends were many

and true-hearted, His Polk was kind and fair: And then he'd sing so blithe and jol-ly, Ah!

mas-ny's the time and oft;.... But mirth is turn'd to me-lan-cho-ly, For Tom is gone a-

& H 16134
Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather When He, who all commands, Shall give to call life's crew together, the word to pipe all hands: Thus death, who kings and tars despatches, in vain Tom's life hath doff'd.... For though his body's under hatch - es, His soul is gone a - loft.... His soul is gone a - loft....
The Woodpecker.

T. Moore.

M. Kiline.

Allegro.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled Above the green elms, that a cottage was near, And I

said "If there's peace to be found in the world, A heart that was humble might hope for it here, A

heart that was humble might hope for it here!" Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound, But the
THE WOODPECKER.

woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree, Ev'ry leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound, Ev'ry

leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree, But the

woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree, The woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree.

"And here in this lone little wood," I exclaimed, "With a

maid who was lovely to soul and to eye, Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if I blamed, How
THE WOODPECKER.

burst could I live, and how calm could I die; How burst could I live, and how calm could I die. Ev-ry

leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree; Ev-ry

leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound, Ev-ry leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound But the

woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree. But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree. The

wood-pecker tapping the hul-low beech tree.
The Sailor's Journal.

Words and Music by Drewe.

*Twas past meridian, half-past four. By signal I from Nancy parted. At six she linger'd on the shore With uplifted hands, and broken-hearted. At seven, while 'aightening the fore-stay, I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy; At eight, we all got under weigh, And bid a long adieu to Nancy.

B & H 16134
And now ar-rived that joi-rial night, When ev-ry true-bred fac-
ron-ses; When o'er the grog, all hands de-light..... To toast their sweethearts and their
spouses. Round went the can, the jest, the glee. While tender wish-es fill'd each fancy; And, when in

turn it came to me, I hea-v'd a sigh, and toas-ted Nan-cy.
At last, 'twas in the month of May, The crew, (it being lovely weather), At three A.

M. discov'rd day And England's chalky cliffs togeth'er. At sev'n, up Channel how we bore! While hopes and fears rush'd on each fancy; At twelve I gai ly jump'd a-shore, And to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy.
The Arethusa.

Prince Hoare.

Voice.

Allegro con spirito.

1. Come, all ye jolly sailors bold, whose hearts are cast in honour's mould, while English glory I unroll, Hurrah for the Arethusa.

She is a frigate tight and brave, as ev'ry stem'd the dashing wave, her men are stanch to their fav'rite launch, and when the foe shall meet our fire, sooner than strike we'll all expire, on board of the Arethusa.

Piano.
2. Twas with the spring fleet she went out, The
English Channel to cruise about, When four French sail, in show so stout, Bore down on the Ar-
3. On deck five hundred men did dance, The stout-est they could find in France. We with two hundred did advance On board of the Arethusa.

4. The fight was off the Frenchman's land, We drove them back up on their strand, For we fought till not a stick would stand Of the gallant Arethusa.

The captain bade the Frenchman, "Ho!" The Frenchman then cried out "Hallo!" "Bear down, d'ye see, to our Admiral's lee." "No, no," says the Frenchman, "that can't be." Then I must buy you each a glass to his favorite tune! A health to the captain and of-here true, And all that belong to the joyous crew On board of the Arethusa.
There was a jolly Miller.

1. There was a jolly miller once Liv'd on the river Dee,
   He work'd and sung from morn till night, No other in life
   I care for no body, no, not I, If no body cares for me

2. "I live by my mill, she
   Like parent, child, and wife,
   And I care for no body, no, not I, If no body cares for me.

Old English tune and words. 17th Century.
The jolly young Waterman:

Words and Music by Dirdin.

Allegro moderate.

1. And did you not hear o' a jolly young wa-ter-man, Who at Black-fri-ar's bridge
2. What sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wher-ry; 'Twas clean'd out so nice, and so

used for to ply; And he fea-ther'd his oars with such skill and dex-te-ri-ty,
paint-ed with-al; He was al-ways "first oars" when the fine ci-ty la-dies In a

Winning each heart and de-light-ing each eye. He look'd so neat, and row'd so stea-di-ly,
par-ty to Ra-ne-Lagh went, or Vauxhall. And oft times would they be gig-gling and leer-ing.
THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN.

The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily; And he
But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeering,

A
eyed the young rogues with so charming an air, He eyed the young rogues with so
loving or liking he little did care, For loving or liking he

B
charming an air, That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare,
little did care, For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet, but to see how strangely things happen,
As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,
He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming;
That she smil'd, and so straightway in love he did fall;
And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow,
He'd wed her to-night, before o'en to-morrow;
And how should this waterman ever know care,
When he's married and never in want of a fare.

B & H 16134
The dashing white Sergeant.

1. If I had a beau For a soldier who'd go, Do you think I'd say no? No, no, not I!
2. When my soldier is gone, Do you think I'd take on, Or sit mooping forlorn? No, no, not I!

For a soldier who'd go, Do you think I'd say no? No, no, no, no, no, no, not
Do you think I'd take on, Or sit mooping forlorn? No, no, no, no, no, no, not

When his red coat I saw, Not a tear would it draw,
His fame my concern, How my bosom would burn,
THE DASHING WHITE SERGEANT.

But I'd give him eclat for his bravery!
When I saw him return crowned with victory!
If an army of Amazons were
came in play,
As a dashing white sergeant I'd march away,

A dashing white sergeant I'd march away, march away, march away,
march away, march away, march away, march away,
march away, march away, march away, march away,
march away, march away, march away, march away,

B & H 16134
Primroses deck the bank's green side.

Moderato.

Prim-roses deck the bank's green side, Cow-slops en-rich the val-ley, The

black-bird war-bles to his bride, Let's range the fields, my An-nie, Let's

range the fields, my An-nie.

The de-vious path our steps shall bring To yon-der hap-py grove,
To yon-der hap-py grove, Where sight-in-gales de-
light-ed sing, And zephyr whis-per love, And zephyr
whis-per love.... With sweet-en flow'rs a wreath I'll twine To bind that mo-dest
brow of thine; My love shall ban-ish ev-ry fear, And
crown thee god-dess of the year, And crown thee god-dess of... the year.

D.C.
Jockey to the Fair.

1. 'Twas on the morn of sweet May-day, When
2. The cheerful parish bells had rung.—With

Nature painted all things gay, Taught birds to sing and lambs to play, And
eager steps he trudged along, Sweet flow'ry garlands round him hung, Which
deck'd the meadows fair; Young Jockey, early in the morn, A.

shep-herds used to wear; He tapp'd the win-dow, "Haste, my dear!" Jen-

B & H 16134
JOCKEY TO THE FAIR.

- rose and tripped it o'er the lawn; His Sunday coat the youth put on, For Jenny had vowed a-
- ny impatient cried "Who's there?" "Tis I, my love, and no one near, Step gently down, you've

- way to run With Jockey to the fair, For Jenny had vowed a-way to run With
- naught to fear, With Jockey to the fair, Step gently down, you've naught to fear, With

Jockey to the fair, Jockey to the fair,"

3.
"My dad and mam are fast asleep,
My brother's up and with the sheep;"
"And will you still your promise keep?
Which I have heard you swear,
And will you ever constant prove?"
"I will, by all the pow'r's above,
And never deceive my charming dove:
Dispel these doubts, and haste, my love,
With Jockey to the fair."

Dispell these, &c.

4.
"Behold the ring!" the shepherd cried,
"Wilt, Jenny, be my charming bride?
Let Cupid be our happy guide,
And Hymen meet us there!"
Then Jockey did his vows renew;
He would be constant, would be true,
His word was pledged—away she flew,
With cowslips sparkling with the dew,
With Jockey to the fair.

With cowslips, &c.

5.
Soon did they meet a joyful throng,
Their gay companions blithe and young;
Each joine'd the dance, each joine'd the song,
To hail the happy pair.
What two were e'er so fond as they!
All bless the kind, propitious day,
The smiling morn and blooming May,
When lovely Jenny ran away
With Jockey to the fair.

When lovely, &c.

B & H 16134
Where the bee sucks.

Shakespeare (Ariel's Song in "The Tempest")

Allegro.

Piano.

Where the bee sucks, there luck I:

In a cowslip's bell I lie:

There I couch when owls do cry,

When owls do cry, when owls do cry,

On a bat's back do I fly,

After sunset, merrily, merrily,

After sunset, merrily.
WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.

ly.......

Merri-ly, merri-ly shall I live now, Under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merri-ly, merri-ly shall I live now. Under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Under the blossom that hangs on the bough, Merri-ly, merri-ly shall I live now. Under the blossom that hangs on the bough, Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
Wapping old stairs.

Andante con espresso.

false she declare, Since last time we parted at Wapping old stairs, When I

swore that I still would continue the same And gave you the baco-box

mark'd with my name, And gave you the baco-box mark'd with my name. When I
WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

past'd a whole fort-night between decks with you, Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to

ad lib.

one of your crew? To be useful and kind, with my Thomas I stay'd, For his

coda voce.

ad lib.

row-sers I wash'd, and his grog too, I made.

tempo. mf

Tho' you promised last Sunday to walk in the Mall, With

sosten.

ppt

Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sal, In silence I stood, your un-

B & H 16134
WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

Kindness to hear,  
And only upbraided my Tom with a tear,  
And

Only upbraided my Tom with a tear.  
Why should Sal, or should Susan, than

me be more prized? For the heart that is true, Tom, should never be despised. Then be

constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake. Still your trousers I'll wash, and your

grog too, I'll make.

B & H 16134
The Roast Beef of old England.

Words and Music by Leveridge.

1. When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food, It en-
   robed our hearts, and enriched our blood. Our
   fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong, And kept open house, with good cheer all day long, Which

2. Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good, O! the Roast Beef of old England! And
   made their plump tenants rejoice in this song— O! the Roast Beef of old England! And

3. O! for old England's Roast Beef!....
   O! for old England's Roast Beef!....

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
Ere coffee, or tea, or such alp-alps were known.
The world was in terror if ever she did frown.
O! the Roast Beef of old England!
And O! for old England's Roast Beef!
A hunting we will go.

1. The dark night rides down the sky, And usher in the morn; The hounds all join in glorious cry, The huntsman winds his horn.

2. The wife round her husband throws her arms to make him stay — "My dear! it rains, it hails, it blows, My dear! it rains, it hails, it blows, You cannot hunt today.,, You cannot hunt today.,, Then a hunting we will go.,, A hunting we will go.,, a
3. The un-conquered fox like lightning flies, His cunning's all awake, To gain the race he
4. At length his strength to faintness worn, The hounds arrest his flight, Then hungry homeward

eager tries, To gain the race he eager tries, His forfeit life the stake, His forfeit life the we return, Then hungry homeward we return, To feast away the night, To feast away the

stake. When a hunting we do go, a hunting we do go, a hunting we do go, a hunting we do go.
night. Then a drinking we will go, a drinking we will go, a drinking we will go, a drinking we will go.
Rule, Britannia!

THOMSON. 

Piano. 

1. When Brit - tain first,............. at Heav'n's com - mand, A
2. The na - tions not.............. so blest as thee, Must

rose.................... from out the a - zure main, A - rose, a - rose, a - rose from out the
in....................... their turn to ty - rants fall, Must in their turn............. to

a - zure main, This was the char - ter, the char - ter of the land, And
ty - rants fall, While thou shalt flour - ish, shalt flour - ish great and free, The

B & H 16134
RULE, BRITANNIA!

“Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves; Britons never will be slaves.”

Chorus to be sung after each verse.

Soprano.

Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves; Britons never will be slaves.

Tenor.

Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves; Britons never will be slaves.

Bass.

Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves; Britons never will be slaves.

3.
Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast, that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

4.
Thee, saucy tyrants never shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy gen’rous flame,
To work their woe, and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

5.
To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And ev’ry shore it circles, thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

6.
The muses, still with freedom found.
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown’d.
And many hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia,
The deep, deep sea.

Mrs. George Sharpe.

C. E. Horn.

Allegretto scherzando.

Oh, come with me, my love, And our fairy home shall be Where the water spirits rove, In the deep, deep sea, In the deep, deep sea....

B & H 16134
There are jewels rich and rare
In the caverns of the deep
And to braid thy raven hair
There the pearly treasures sleep
In a tiny man-of-war*
Thou shalt stem the ocean's tide,
Or in a crystal car
Sit a queen in all her pride.
Oh, come with me, my love,
And our fairy home shall be
In the deep, deep sea.

* A bubble on the ocean, called by sailors "the Portuguese man-of-war."
Ah! believe that love may dwell Where the coral branches twine, And that every wreath-ed shell Breathes a tone as soft as thine.

Hopes as fond as thou would'st prove, Truth as bright as e'er was told.

Hearts as warm as those above, Dwell under the waters cold. Oh, come with me, my love, And our fairy home shall
In the deep, deep sea, In the deep, deep sea... Come with me, my love,
And our fairy home shall be Where the water spirits rove: Come,
come and be my love, Come, come and be my love, Come, come in the
deep, deep sea, In the deep, deep sea, Come and be my love, In the
deep deep sea. colla voce. dim. pp rall
The Soldier tired of war's alarms.

Dr. Arne.

Piano.

Andante.

Soli.

The soldier tired...
THE SOLDIER TIRED OF WAR'S ALARMS.

- swears the clang of hostile arms, and scorns the spear and shield:

The soldier tired of war's alarms, for swears the clang of hostile
THE SOLDIER TIRED OF WAR'S ALARMS.

But if the brazen trumpet sound,
Solo Trumpet.

He burns with conquest to be crown'd,
And dares again the field,
Solo Trumpet.

And dares again the field,
THE SOLDIER TIRED OF WAR'S ALARMS.

He dares.

gain the field, He dares.

He dares.

gain the field.
The Anchor's weighed.

S. J. ARNOLD.

Andante.

When last we parted on the shore; My bosom heav'd with many a sigh, To think I ne'er might see her more, To think I never might see her more.
"Dear youth," she cried, "and canst thou haste away? My heart will break; a little moment stay; alas, I cannot, I cannot part from thee." "The anchor's weighed, the anchor's weighed," farewell! farewell! remember me." "Weep not, my love," I trembling said, "Doubt not a constant heart like mine; I never can meet an-"
o-th-er maid Whose charms can fix that heart like thine, Whose charms can fix that heart like thine!

"Go, then," she cried, "but let thy con-stant mind Oft think of her you leave in tears behind." "Dear maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be! The an-chor's weigh'd, the an-chor's weigh'd, fare-well! fare-well! re-mem-ber me."

"b & H 16134"
Home, sweet Home.

J. Howard Payne.

A ndante larghetto.

S ir H. B. Bishop.

Piano.

Mid

pleasures and passions though we may roam,........ Be it

ev er so hum ble, there's no place like home........ A

charm from the skies seems to ha ll ow us there........ Which,

B & H 16134
HOME, SWEET HOME.

seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.  

home!..... sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home.......

no place like..... home!

colla voce.

An ex-ile from home splen-dour daz-zles in vain......... Oh!

give me my low-ly thatch'd cot-tage a gala!......... The
HOME, SWEET HOME.

birds singing gaily that came at my call,.... Give me

them... with the peace of mind dearer... than all.

Home! home!........ sweet, sweet home! There's

no....... place like home!...... There's no place like home!.....
The death of Nelson.

S. J. ARNOLD.

BRAHMS.

* Larghetto. *

Piano:

\[ \text{MIDI} \]

Recit.

Over Nelson's tomb, with silent grief oppress,

Britannia mourns her hero now at rest;

Whose leaves are water'd by a nation's tears.

B & H 16134
THE DEATH OF NELSON.

1. Twas in Trafalgar's Bay
   We saw the foe-men lay;
   Each

2. And now the cannon's roar
   A-long th'afright-ed shore.
   Our

Heart was bound-ing then;
   We scorn'd the foe-eign yoke,
   For our ships were British

Nel-son led the way;
   His ship, the Vic-t'ry nam'd;
   Long be that vic-t'ry

oak,
   And hearts of oak our men!
   Our Nel-son mark'd them on the wave, Three

fam'd,
   For vic-t'ry crown'd the day!
   But deary was that con-q'uest bought, Too
cheers our gallant seamen gave, Nor thought of home or beauty, Nor thought of home or well the gallant hero fought, For England, home, and beauty, For England, home, and

beauty. A long the line the signal ran; "England expects that every man This day will do his duty. This day will... do his... duty."

At last the fatal wound, Which spread dismay around, The hero's breast, the... hero's breast received, "Heaven fights upon our
side! The day's our own, "he cried! "Now long e-ough I've liv'd! In ho-nour's cause my

life was pass'd, In ho-nour's cause I fall at last, For Eng-land, home, and beauty, For

Eng-land, home, and beau-ty." Thus end-ing life as he be-gan. Eng-land con-

fess'd that ev-ry man That day had done his du-ty, That day had.....

done his...... du-ty.
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

MRS. WILLARD.

J. P. KNIGHT.

Moderato.

1. Rock'd in the cradle of the deep, I lay me down
   in peace to sleep; Se - cure I rest up - on the

2. And such the trust that still were mine, Though the tempest's fia - ry
   winds swept o'er the brine:

For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save; In
   breath Roug'd me from sleep to wreck and death!
ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

 know o -  Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost note the spar - row's
 voice now still safe with Thee, The germ of im - mor - tal - 

 fall, And calm and peace - ful is my sleep,

 Rock'd in the cra - die of the deep; And calm and peace - ful is my

 sleep Rock'd in the cra - die of the deep.

 B & H 16134
Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee.

Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee, Teach my bosom to reveal All its sorrows.

sweet unto thee, All the love my heart can feel; Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee,

Teach my bosom to reveal All its sorrows sweet unto thee, All the love my
TELL ME, MARY, HOW TO WOO THEE.

No! when joy, first bright-er’d o’er us,

'Twas not joy illumi-n’d her ray, And when sorrow lies be-fore us, Twill not chase her smiles a-way, Twill not chase her smiles a-way.

Like the tree no winds can se-ver From the i-vy round it cast, Thus the heart that lov’d thee ev-er, Loves thee, Ma-ry, Loves thee, Ma-ry, Loves thee, Ma-ry.
TELL ME, MARY HOW TO WOO THEE.

Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee, Teach my bosom

to reveal All its sorrows sweet unto thee, All the love my

heart can feel. All its sorrows sweet unto thee, All its sorrows

sweet unto thee, All the love my heart can feel, All the love my

heart can feel, All the love my heart can feel.

B & H 16134
To Anthea.

Herrick.

(Original Edition.)

J. L. Hatton

Allegro.

Bid me to live, and I will live Thy Protestant to be;

Or bid me love, and I will give a loving heart to thee:

A heart as soft, a heart as kind, A heart as sound and free,

As in the whole world thou canst find. That heart I'll give to
TO ANTHEA.

Bid thee.

that heart stay, and it will stay To hon-our thy de-cree;........ Or

bid it lan-guish quite a-way, And't shall do so for thee Bid

me to weep, and I will weep While I have eyes to see. And.

B & H 16134
Having none, yet I will keep A heart to weep for thee. Bid me despair, and

I'll despair Under that cypress tree; Or bid me die, and

I will dare E'en death, to die for thee. Thou art my life, my

love, my heart. The very eyes of me; And hast command of

con passione.

every part. To live and die for thee...
What shall I do to show how much I love her?

1. What shall I do to show how much I love her? How many millions of sighs can suffice?
2. What shall I do to prove how much I love her? How many millions of deeds can suffice?

Those common methods of love she'll despise. I will love to make them 'shun'd by the fire in her eyes. I will ab...
more than man e'er lov'd, before me, Gaze on her all the day, dream
un-like any boastful adorer, And not pray for a smile, and not

of her all the night, Till for her own sake, at last she'll im-
bar-gain for plight, I would e'en die on the thres-hold be-

plore me, To love... her less... to pre-
fore her, Could I... but give... her an hour... of de-

light.
Lovely Nan.

1. Sweet is the ship that, under sail, Spreads her white bosom to the gale.
   Sweet, oh! sweet's the flowing can, Sweet, oh! sweet's the flowing can; Sweet to poise the
   A curious lesson teaches man, A curious lesson teaches man; The needle time may rust, a squall

2. The needle faithful to the north, To show of constantcy the worth, A curious lesson teaches man, A curious lesson teaches man.
LOVELY NAN.

When in the bilboes I was penn'd
For serving of a worthless friend,
Ach every creature from me ran;
No ship performing quarantin,
Was ever so deserted seen.

3.

When in the bilboes I was penn'd
For serving of a worthless friend,
Ach every creature from me ran;
No ship performing quarantin,
Was ever so deserted seen.

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Was ever so deserted seen.

When in the bilboes I was penn'd
For serving of a worthless friend,
Ach every creature from me ran;
No ship performing quarantin,
Sigh no more, ladies.

1. Sigh no more, ladies, ladies, sigh no more.
2. Sigh no more, ladies, ladies, sigh no more.

Men were deceivers ever,
Men were deceivers ever;  
Of dumps so dull and heavy, 
Of dumps so dull and heavy;

One foot in sea, and one
The fraud of men was ever so;  
To one thing constant
Since summer first was
ne'er, To one thing con-stant ne'er.
lea-ny, Since sum-mer first was lea-ny.
Then sigh not so

but let them go, And be you blithe and bon-ny, And be you blithe and

bon-ny, Con-ver-t ing all your sounds of woe, Con-ver-t ing all your sounds of woe To

heynon-ny, non-ny.
heynon-ny, non-ny.
heynon-ny.

non-ny, heynon-ny, non-ny.

non-ny, heynon-ny, non-ny.

non-ny, heynon-ny, non-ny.
A Thousand a Year.

"Oh! if I had a thousand a year, Gaffer Green, But I never shall have it I fear, What a man should I be, And what things would I see, Oh! If I had a thousand a year, Gaffer Green, Oh! if I had a thousand a year."

"The best wish you can make, take my word, Robin Ruff, Will not
A THOUSAND A YEAR.

pay for your bread and your beer;
But be honest and true, and say

what you would do If you had got a thousand a year, Rob-in Ruff, If you

had got a thousand a year.


2. I would do then, I can-not tell what, Gaff-er Green, I would go to, I hard-ly know

5. I nev-er can tell what you are at, Gaff-er Green, For your questions are al-ways so

where; I would scatter the chink, And leave o-thers to think, While I liv'd on a thousand a

queer; But as o-ther folks die, I sup-pose so must I-- What, and give up your thousand a

B & H 16134
year, Gaffer Green, While I liv'd on a thousand a year."

"And year, Robin Ruff, What, and give up your thousand a year!"

"There's a

when you are a-ged and grey, Robin Ruff, When the day of your death should draw near, What world that is better than this, Robin Ruff, And I hope in my heart you'll go there. Where the

'midst all your pains, would you do with your gains. If you then had a thousand a year, Robin Ruff, If you poor man's as great, tho' he'd here no estate, Aye, as if he'd a thousand a year, Robin Ruff, Aye, as

then had a thousand a year?"

if he'd a thousand a year,"
Three Fishers.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Andantino.

Three Fishers went sailing out into the west, Out into the west as the sun went down; Each

thought on the woman who lovd him the best, And the children stood watching them out of the town; For

men must work, and women must weep, And there's little to earn, and many to keep; Tho' the
Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tow'r, And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down. They look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the show'r. And the night-rack came rolling up a tempo. ragged and brown! But men must work, and women must weep, Tho' storms be sudden, and waters deep, And the harbour bar be moaning.
un poco meno mosso.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands, Is the

accelerando.

morning-gleam as the tide went down, And the women are weeping and wringing their hands For

mf accelerando.

those who will never come back to the town; For men must work, and women must weep, And the

p colla voce.

sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep. And goodbye to the bar and its mood.
Ye twice ten hundred Deities.

THE CONJUER'S SONG IN THE 3RD ACT OF "THE INDIAN QUEEN."

Recit.

Voice.

Piano.

Ye twice ten hundred de-

i-ties, To whom we daily

sacrifice; Ye powers, ye powers that dwell with fates below, And see what

men are doom'd to do, Where elements in discord dwell;

Thou, god of sleep, arise............. and tell, Tell great Zempo-

al-la what

B & H 16134
strange, strange fate
Must on her dismal, dismal vision wait.

Air.

Moderato.

By the croaking of the toad, In her cave that makes a bode;

By the croaking of the toad, In her cave that makes a bode;

Earth-y dun, earth-y dun that pants.

B & H 16134
Y E T W O C E N T U R E D E T I T I E S.

... for breath. With her swell'd... sides... full.

full... of death; By the crest-ed adders' pride,

By the crest-ed adders' pride. That along the cliffs do glide.

By thy visage, by thy visage fierce.

and black, By the Death's head on thy back;

I & H 16134
By the twisted serpents plac'd For a

girdle round... thy waist;

hearts of gold that deck Thy breast, thy shoulders, and thy neck;

From thy sleeping mansion rise, And

Andante.

open, and open thy unwilling eyes!
While bubbling springs their music keep,
That used to lull thee, lull thee in thy sleep.
The Village Blacksmith.

Longfellow.

Allegrò moderato.

Under a spreading chestnut tree The village smithy stands; The

mighty man is he, With large and sinewy bands; And the

muscles of his brawny arms Are strong as iron bands. His

hair is crisp, and black, and long. His face is like the tan; His brow is wet with
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

hon-est sweat, He earns what-er he can, And looks the whole world in the face, For he

owes not a-ny man.........

Week in, week out, from morn till night, You can hear his bellows

blow; You can hear him swing his heav-y sledge With meas-siv'd beat and

B & H 16134
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

slow. Like a saxon ringe the village bell When the evening sun is low. Anc

Children coming home from school Look in at the open door; They love to see the

flaming forge. And hear the bellows roar. And catch the burning sparks that fly Like

chaff from a threshing floor........
He goes on Sunday to the Church, And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach, He hears his daughter's voice

Singing in the village choir, And it makes his heart rejoice. It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise! He needs must think of

her once more How in the grave she lies; And with his large rough
hand he wipes a tear out of his eyes. Toiling, rejoicing,
sorrowing, onward thro' life he goes; Each morning sees some task begun, Each

evening sees it close; Something attempted, something done, Has earned a night's rest.

- pose......
The Wreck of the Hesperus.

It was the schooner Hesperus That sailed in the wintry sea.
And the skipper had taken his little daughter To bear him company.

Her eyes, as the fairy star, Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn bush That bloomed in the month of May.
The skipper stood beside the helm,With his pipe in his mouth,And watched how the eaves-falling snow did blow.
The smoke now west, now
south. Then up and spoke an old sailor, Had sail'd the Spanish main, "I pray thee, put in to yonder port. For I fear a hurricane. Last night the moon had a golden ring. But to night no moon we see." The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe. And a scornful laugh laughed! Down came the storm, and smote a main. The vessel in its strength; She
shudd'rd and paus'd like a fright'ed steed, Then leapt her ca'ble's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my lit-tle daughter, And do not trem-ble so, For I can weather the rough-est gale Theev'rywind did blow."

"Dear fa-ther! I hear the
church-bell ring, Oh, say what may it be?—“Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast, We must
sostenuto. sf
steer for the open sea.”

fa ther! I see a gleaming light, O say, what may it be?—But the

father answer’d never a word, A frozen corpse was seen. Lash’d to the helm, all

stiff and stark, With his pale face to the skies; The lantern gleam’d thro’ the
THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

falling snow On his fix'd and glae-sy eyes. Then the

maid-en clasp'd her hands, and pray'd That sa'ed she might be; And she thought of Him who

still'd the waven On the lake of Gal·li·lee. But fast thro' the mid-night

dark and drear, Thro' the whist·ling sheet and snow, Like a

sheet-ed ghost, the bark swept on To the reef of "Norman's woe."

B & H 16134
rattling shrouds, all shout'd in ice, With the masts went by the board; Like a

vessel of glass she stow'd and sank, Ho! Ho! the breakers roar'd!

Andante.

At day-break.
THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

on the bleak sea-beach A fisherman stood aghast. To see the form of a

maid-en fair Float by on a drifting mast. The salt sea was frozen at her breast, The

salt tears in her eyes; And her streaming hair, like the brown seaweed, On the waves did fall and

rise. Such was the wreck of the Hesperus, In the midnight and the snow! Oh!

save us all from a death like this, On the reef of "Norman's woe."