ENGLISH SONGS
OF THE GEORGIAN PERIOD.

A Collection of 200 Songs
EDITED AND ARRANGED WITH PIANOFORTE ACCEPANIMENTS
BY
ALFRED MOFFAT.

SUPPLEMENTED WITH HISTORICAL NOTES
BY
FRANK KIDSON.

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PREFACE.

IN the few words of introduction to our previous volume we ventured to intimate that should the public manifest a desire for a further instalment of bygone English lyrics, a wealth of material still lay untouched.

The rapid sale and the favourable notices, public and private, with which the book has been favoured give flattering and unmistakable proof that the public, like the melancholy Jacques, would cry:

"More, I
Prishee, more, I do desire you to sing;
Come, more; another stanza."

Our publishers have therefore asked us to fulfil the demand.

Dealing in the first volume with Songs from the reign of Elizabeth, and ending with those in vogue during the first years of the third George, we now follow on and finish our selection at about the date 1620, in some few cases overstepping our limits where a song of a slightly removed period has, by its merits, tempted us.

As before, the Songs have been taken from books and single sheet publications in the library of the writer of the historical notes, and it will probably be more apparent even than in our former volume that we have selected mainly those Lyrics which are practically unknown to modern singers.

With the exception of perhaps a dozen of the excellent old favourites, our contents have lain undisturbed in their original repositories, old Song-books and volumes of Sheet music, since the time when their original singers ceased to warble.

It will be noticed that much of our material was originally sung at Vauxhall and other public gardens. This may appear strange to those of the present generation who do not know that these places were the nursery of English Vocal Music, and that no higher stamp of merit could be given to a song than "sung at Vauxhall." Under the guidance of Dr. Arne and James Hook it is certainly not to be wondered at that this was the case, and that the Vauxhall music of their day is sufficiently good to be revived for the delight of audiences who come more than a century or a century and a half after the time of these composers.

Of James Hook's works we have taken very freely, for of all English musicians of his period, for excellent prolificness, we find him hard to beat; he has originality, beauty of melody, and good technical qualities.

Thomas Linley in such compositions as "Still the lark finds repose," reaches high merit indeed, and his musicianly qualities are good. Storace, Shield, Dibdin, and Reeve still hold position, and are well represented in our work. We have in it attempted to give a selection which shall comprise the best specimens of English Vocal Music from 1760 to 1820. In nearly every instance the Song has been directly arranged (with due regard to the composer's own bass) from the sheet on which it was first issued. Where this source has failed, we have turned to contemporary collections, and in each case made comparisons with all available copies. In some instances we have been obliged to abbreviate Songs to bring them into the space at our disposal.

In regard to the historical notes, the compiler of them has spared no pains to make each as full of facts respecting the song dealt with as possible.

FRANK KIDSON.
ALFRED MOFFAT.
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Still the Lark finds Repose.

MARK LONSDALE.

Allegro moderate. THOMAS LINLEY.

Still the lark finds repose in the full waving corn, Or the bee, on the

rose, the surrounded with thorn, Never robbed of their ease, They are

thoughtless and free. But no more gentle

A brilliant composition by Thomas Linley the elder, used in a little musical skit written by Mark Lonsdale, called The Spanish Rival. This was acted at Drury Lane on November 5th, 1774. The song was sung by Miss Philips, afterwards Mrs. Grinsh.

Thomas Linley was a musician of great thoroughness. He was born at Lich in 1726, and studied under Thomas Gjohot. In his native city he conducted concerts and oratorios, but his daughter having married Richard Brinley Sheridan, Linley came to London, and with his son-in-law procured, in 1770, the principal share in Drury Lane Theatre. He now entirely turned his attention to the composition of opera for his theatre, his productions, The daughters, having at Covent Garden, in the previous year, achieved a great success.

Linley's opus, The Cynic (1776), The Carnival of Venice (1771), The Spanish Rival (1784), etc., were performed at Drury Lane. We give two songs from each of these pieces. The clever son of Thomas Linley made their mark in English music. Thomas Linley, junior, his youngest son, had already written much, but he was drowned atimiabour, in 1778, when he was but twenty-three. William Linley, the younger son, wrote some songs, and made a valuable collection of Shakespearean pieces, published in two thin little volumes. The daughter was all singers of some degree of talent. Thomas Linley, the father, died in 1786.
STILL THE LARK FINDS REPOSE.

peace shall e'er har - bour with me, e'er har - bour with me. Still the

lark finds re - pose in the full wav - ing corn, Or the bee, on the

rose, tho' sur - round - ed with thorn; Still in search of de - light, Ev'ry

plea - sure they prove, Ne'er tor - ment - ed by pride or the flights of fond
STILL THE LARK FINDS REPOSE.

love, the sights of fond love, the sights of fond love. Still the

lark finds repose in the full waving corn. Or the

bee on the rose, tho' surrounded with thorn.

Colla voce.
Ti, tum, ti.
The Quaker's Song.

T. Dibdin.

Allegretto.

1. Yes, I fell in the
2. "Behold," said Ruth, "there
3. For she a - no - ther

1. pit of love, With a ti, tum, ti; The spir - it then be - gan to move, With a ti, tum,
2. is a grove, With a ti, tum, ti; Where birds called turtle oo and love, With a ti, tum,
3. sun - set had, With a ti, tum, ti; Pro - fane - ly called a flash - y lad, With a ti, tum,

1. ti. Quoth I, "Fair ma - den ne'er de - ride, For ver - i - ly when thou - rt my bride, Lo!
2. ti." Lo! then I thought her truly mine, But when of love she gave a sign, She
3. ti;" And when I reached the grove as - signed, He came be - fore I Ruth could find, And

1. I will cleave un - to thy side, With a ti, tum, ti!
2. proved a cru - el Phil - is - tine, With a ti, tum, ti.
3. kicked me ruth - less - ly be - hind, With his toe, tum, ti.

The song was sung by Liston, in the character of a quaker, in a little farce called First Miss Gif, or The Finger Post, produced at the Haymarket Theatre on July 9th, 1801. Thomas Dibdin (son of the song writer, Charles Dibdin the elder), wrote the verses, and William Reeve the clever melody.
By Dimpled Brook.

Andante tranquillo.

T. Augustus Arne.

By dimpled brook and fountain brim, its wel-symphon'd with his trim, Their mercy, merry wakes and pastimes keep, What was night to do with sleep! What's night to do with sleep!

There are few 18th century composers whose work is so generally tasteful and pleasing, yet with more solid qualities, than Dr. Arne. At the present day there is happily a great tendency to search out and revive many of his excellent, though now forgotten numbers. "By Dimpled Brook" is from the Masque of "Comus," one of Arne's very early works; indeed, the title to the first edition gives it as his "opera prima." The Masque, an adaptation from John Milton's "Comus," was performed in 1738. The adaptation was made by Dr. Dutton, who wrote additional songs and used passages from Milton's other works. At its first production the lyric was sung by Kitty Clive. Milton's original Masque was performed at Ludlow Castle in 1634.
By dimpled brook and fountain trim, The wood-symphs

deed'd with daisies trim, Their merry, merry wakens and pastimes keep, What has

night to do with sleep! What has night to do with sleep!

Night has other joys in store, Skies with jewelled o'er,
Tuneful voices, twinkling feet, The cheerful cup and converse sweet.

Tuneful voices, twinkling feet, The cheerful cup and converse sweet, Night has other joys in store, Skies with jewels studed o'er.

Tuneful voices, twinkling feet, The cheerful cup and converse sweet, the cheerful cup and converse sweet.
Chit Chat.

Allegretto con grazia.

F. W. SOUTHWELL.

1. Pret-ty lit-tle dam-sels, how they chat, Chit, chat,
2. Pret-ty lit-tle dam-sels go to cheap-en in the mop, Chit, chat,
3. Pret-ty lit-tle dam-sels, how pret-ti-ly they run, Hum, dum,
4. Pret-ty lit-tle dam-sels, when they’re wed, [Stow] Hum, dum,

1. tit-tle tat-tle tat, All about their sweet-hearts and all that, And
2. tit-tle tat-tle tat, Pret-ty lit-tle bon-netts and pret-ty lit-tle caps, And
3. tid-dle did-dle dum, For a lit-tle flat-try and a lit-tle bit of fun, Oh,
4. tid-dle did-dle dum, [A tempo] Soon their pretty fai-bles all are fled,[Stow] Oh,

A song that had a great deal of popularity about the dates 1815 to 1820. An early music sheet informs us that it was “song by Mr. Jones with unbounded applause at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, and at the Theatre Royal, Crew Street, Dublin. The words by P. H. Esq., the music by F. W. Southwell.” It will be found in many song collections of the period.
CHIT CHAT.

1. chit, chat, tit-tie tat-tie tat. Up and down the city, how the
2. chit, chat, tit-tie tat-tie tat. Little bit of rouge, and a
3. hum, dum, did-die did-die dum. Pretty little nose, and a
4. hum, dum, did-die did-die dum. Pretty little airs, so be-

1. Little damsel's walk, And of the beaux and fashions how the
2. pretty little fan, A nice little minuet of such a pretty man,
3. pretty little chin, A pretty little mouth with a pretty little grin,
4. wishingly wild, Evaporate so prettily, and then leave them so mild,

1. now and then a little bit of slander's no baulk, To their chit, chat,
2. any pretty little thing of which they can, Oh, it's chit, chat,
3. pretty little tongue to keep admirers in, Oh, it's hum, dum,
4. see their tit-tie tat-tie is about the little child. [Sings] Oh, it's hum, dum,

1. tit-tie tat-tie tit-tie tat-tie, chit, chat, tit-tie tat-tie tat.
2. tit-tie tat-tie tit-tie tat-tie, chit, chat, tit-tie tat-tie tat.
3. did-die did-die dum, oh, it's hum, dum, did-die did-die dum.
4. did-die did-die dum, oh, it's hum, dum, did-die did-die dum.
Under the Greenwood Tree.

SHAKESPEARE.  

T. AUGUSTINE ARN.  

**Allegretto.**  

Under the Greenwood tree,  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry note,  
his merry, merry,  

"Under the Greenwood Tree," Shakespeare's song in *As you like it*, has had several musical settings, but Dr. Arn's charming music still holds its own. Arn's air was composed for a revival of *As you like it*, the performance taking place in December, 1792. The composer himself published the music for this play and for *Troilus and Cressida* about 1741. Maria Hester Park, circa 1790, Stafford Smith, 1790, and Sir Henry B. Bishop have each essayed to supersede Arn's music.

The original melody to the song, or any prior to this one, is unknown, for the tune named "Under the Greenwood Tree," found in the *Brown's Melody, Vols. I*, and the early ballad groups, does not appear to have ever been adapted to Shakespeare's words. In fact, "Under the Greenwood Tree" as a phrase, seems to have formed a chorus to some of the early songs and ballads reaching backward to the 16th century.
note. Unto the sweet bird's throat, And tune his merry

note. Unto the sweet bird's throat. Come hither, hither, come

hither, come hither, come hither, come hither, come hither, come hither.

cres.
cres. mf colta voce. f p

Here shall he see no enemy, But
UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

winter and rough weather. Here shall he see no enemy. But

winter and rough weather. Here shall he see no enemy. But winter,

but winter and rough weather.

Under the greenwood tree, Who loves to lie with me, And tune his merry
note. Unto the sweet bird's throat, And tune his merry

note. Unto the sweet bird's throat. Come hither,

hither, hither, come hither, come hither, come
The Forecastle Sailor.

Maestoso e con energia.

T. A. Geary.

1. The wind blew a blast from the north-ward, When we
2. We were running at nine knots an hour, When 'bout
3. Some took to the boat, do ye mind me? While

1. steer'd from the Cape of Good Hope, The skies look'd quite pitch-y and
2. two leagues to leeward we spied An is-land of ice like a
3. some on the ves-sel's deck stood. Cried I, "May old Da-vy Jones

The melody is by T. A. Geary, and the words are found on broadsides and in song books, in date about 1785 to 1800. One copy is in the Music Bank or Vocal Repository for the year 1791. Geary's music to the song was published in sheet form by John Bland about 1788. Another air to the same song is to be found in a small flute book, The Man of Feeling (Goulding Philipp and D'Almaine), circa 1803. This latter tune is by John Moulds, but it is not so good as the one here printed.

The words suggest that the song has been written upon some special incident connected with the wreck and abandonment of a frigate named the Guerriere, about the time the song appeared.
THE FORECASTLE SAILOR.

1. wayward, And the sea o'er our weather bow broke. The
2. tower, And on it our ship swiftly bled. And
3. take me, If I fall from my captain so good! Now

1. boatswain piped all hands to bale her, And I
2. now 'twas no use for to bale her, The
3. Providence helped us to bale her, And we

1. came down the hulk stay so glib, For I am a forecastle
2. water gained on her so glib, So each, like a true-hearted
3. maul-aged to patch up her rib, Safe arrived is each true-hearted

1. sailor, You may see by the cut of my jib.
2. sailor, Wait'es fate for to shiver his jib.
3. sailor, For to rig up his weather-beat jib.
I sailed in the good Ship, the "Kitty."

CHARLES DIBdin

Moderato.

1. I sailed in the good ship, the "Kitty," With a surging gale and rough sea, Left my
2. She blubbered salt tears when we parted, And cried, "Nor be constant to me," I
3. When the wind whistled larboard and starboard, And the stars rose on weather and lee,
4. And yet, my boys, will you believe me, I return with no rhino from sea,

Mistress

Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!

1. Polly, the lads call so prettily, Safe here as an anchor, yo yes! Yo
2. Told her not to be downhearted, So up went the anchor, yo yes! Yo
3. Hope I with her should be anchored, Was my cable and anchor, yo yes! Yo
4. Polly would not receive me, So again I heaved anchor, yo yes! Yo

A bright little song by Charles Dibdin, and one of his earliest productions. It was first sung in an entertainment called Friendly
Thee, acted at Sadler's Wells Theatre about 1771-2.
Old Towler.

JOHN O'KEEFE.

Poco animato.

Wm. SHIELD.

1. Bright chant - ti - eel pro - claims the dawn, And
2. The cor - dial totes its mer - ry round, The

1. span - gles deck the thorn: . . . The low - ing herd now quit the lawn, The
2. laugh and jokes pre - vail: . . . The hants - man blows a jo - rial sound, The

One of the best known English hunting songs. The words are by John O'Keeffe and the music by William Shield. Shield wished O'Keeffe to write a hunting ditty in order that he himself might write a composition of music to Mr. Maty's peculiar scottish style of singing. "Old Towler" (originally "Poor Ringwood") was the result. Mrs. Maty first sang the song to O'Keeffe's opera, The One, acted at Covent Garden in 1795, but Incedon afterwards took over the song, and made it great success. It was he who made the alteration from Ringwood to Towler. O'Keeffe, in some diggered rhymes, alludes to this as follows:

"And Shield, thou goal of harmony,
A hunting song composed for me,
The song proclaimed by chanteuse,
Who saw The One—my song might bear;
But Incedon, my song he sing would,
"Old Towler leads the cry—not Ringwood."
OLD TOWLER.

1. Lark springs from the corn.
   Dogs, hunt men round the window throng.

2. Dogs snuff up the gale.
   The up land glades they sweep a long.

1. Tow ler leads the cry—
   Arise, the burden of my song.

2. Sols, thro' brakes they fly—
   The game is roused, too true the song.

1. Day a stag must die!

2. Day a stag must die!

With a hey ho che- v-y!

Hark

forward, hark forward, tan-ti- vy!
With a hey ho che- v-y!

hark
forward, hark forward, tan-ti-ty!
Hark forward, hark forward, hark

forward, hark forward, tan-ti-ty, tan-ti-ty!
Hark, hark

Huntsmen hallow here.
forward, hark forward, tan-ti-ty!
A rise, the burden of my song. This day a stag must

die. This day a stag must die, This day a stag must die!
Jack at Greenwich.

Allegro.

1. We tars are all for fun and glee,—A horn-pipe was my notion; Time
2. "Well, I'm," says I, "no churlish elf, We messmates be all brothers; Tho'"
3. So in misfortune's school grown tough, In this same sort of knowledge, Think

1. was I'd dance with any he, That sails the salt sea ocean. I'd tip the roll, the
2. I can't have no fun myself, I may make fun for others. A fid-dle soon I
3. long, may-hap, I'd not enough, They sent me home to college. And here we tell old

1. slide, the reel, Back, forward, in the middle, And roast the pig and
2. made my own, That girls and tars might caper, Learn'd "Rule, Britan-nis,"
3. tales and smoke, And laugh while we are drink-ing, Sairs, you know, will

"Jack at Greenwich," one of Charles Dibdin's songs, and sung by him in his entertainment, The Coke House, produced in 1806. The list of poor Jack's gradual disbursements is both comical and pathetic.
1. toe and heel, all going with the fiddle. But one day told me
2. "Bobbing Joan," And grew a decent aeronaut. But just as I'd the
3. Have their joke, even the ship were sticking. For I, while I get

1. shot to ram, To chase the foe advancing, A splinter-queer'd my larboard gun, And
2. knockout got, And did it pretty middling, I lost my elbow by a shot, And
3. grog to drink, My wife, or friend, or king, in, 'Twill be no easy thing, I think, To

1. dam-me! spoil'd my dancing. My dancing, my dancing, my dancing, my
dam-me! spoil'd my fiddling. My fiddling, my fiddling, my fiddling, my
dam-me! spoil'd my singing. My singing, my singing, my singing, my

1. dancing; A splinter-queer'd my larboard gun, And damme! spoil'd my dancing.
2. fiddling; I lost my elbow by a shot, And damme! spoil'd my fiddling.
3. singing; 'Twill be no easy thing, I think, To damme! spoil my singing.
In every Port a Wife.

Allegretto.

1. Bold
2. I've
3. We're
4. Thou

1. Jack, the sailor, here I come, pray how'd ye like my nib? My trousers wide, my trampers rum, My
2. heard them talk of constant grief, and such like fun, I've constant been to her, cried I, But
3. spanning wife at Portsmouth gate, A pig-my at Gor - ee, An orange tawny up the Bricola, A
4. be we sailors all the gy! On fortune's sea we rub, We works, alien, and fights the foe, And

1. In every Port a Wife is more frequently entitled "Jack in his Element." The song was written, composed, and sung by Charles Dibdin in his table entertainment, The Wags; or, the Camp of Pleasures, produced 18th October, 1796.
Cherries and Plums.

1. Cherries and plums are never, never found
   But on the plum and

2. The scythe to mow the grass is made,
   Shreds to keep close the

1. cherry tree;
   Parsnips are long,
   turnips are round, And

2. straggling tree;
   Knife to prune, to dig, the spade, So

1. William's made for me.
2. William's made for me.

From Charles Dibdin's pleasing little opera, The Waterman; or, The First of August, produced in 1774 at the Haymarket Theatre. The piece has reference to the rowing for the coat and badge, the outcome of a wager by Thomas Dogget, an actor, who borrowed money to purchase a coat and silver badge to be rowed for by six watermen on the Thames on the anniversary of the Hanoverian succession. Interwoven with this incident is the play there is, of course, a love story. The Waterman retained much of its popularity almost up to the present day, Sima Reeves taking the part of Tom Tug, the hero. The songs "Then farewell, my trimm'd Wherry" and "The Jolly Young Waterman" are the best known lyrics in the opera.
The Yorkshire Man.

THOMAS DIBdin. WM. REERVE.

All'ro.

1. By side of a brig, stands over a brook, I was sent be-times to
2. I was pretty well liked by each village maid, At races, wake, or
3. To London, by father, I was sent, Gentleman manners to

1. school; Then I went wi' the stream as I studied my book, And was
2. fair, For my father had added a vast in trade, And
3. see, But fashion's so dear I came back as I went, And

The song is from the opera, Family Quarells, written by Thomas Dibdin, and composed by William Reeve. This was acted in December, 1802, at Covent Garden. The comedian Kersy took the character "Mushroom," who acted the part of the Yorkshireman. The piece contained certain passages which gave great offence to the Jews, and had to be considerably modified on its second performance. But Thomas Dibdin, being a Yorkshireman, he would have used the word "brook" for "brook" in the song we select; otherwise the dialect is not greatly at fault.

Thomas Dibdin, the second son of the more famous Charles Dibdin, wrote a vast number of theatrical pieces and many hundred songs, but unlike his father, he left musical composition alone. He was born in London in 1771 and died in 1836.
THE YORKSHIRE MAN.

1. thought to be no small fool, And was thought to be no small fool. I
2. I were his son to a hair, And I were his son to a hair. And
3. so they made nothing o' me, And so they made nothing o' me. My

1. ne'er yet bought a pig in a poke, For to give And Nick his due, Thou'
2. seeing that I didn't want for brass, Poor girls came first to woo, But
3. kind relations would soon have found out What was best wi' my cash to do, Says

1. of-ten I've dealt wi' York-shire folk, Yet I was York-shire too, Was
2. tho' I de-light in a York-shire lass, Yet I were York-shire too, Be
3. I, my dear cousin, I thank you for sought, But I'm not to be cozened by you, I'm

1. York-shire, was York-shire, Yet I was York-shire too!
2. York-shire, be York-shire, Yet I were York-shire too!
3. York-shire, I'm York-shire, For I am York-shire too!
Ah! once when I was a very little Maid.

1. Ah! once when I was a very little maid, I thought not of care or sorrow,
2. The days thus cheerfully tripped so fast away, And I grew a little dearer,
3. This little spark soon kindled to a flame, He vowed that he loved me dearly,
4. But since I found poor women oft are caught, Such tales by too fondly being

Taken from a little musical entertainment called *Fort Asley*, written by Samuel Birch, with the music composed by Thomas Attwood. The piece was so successful that it was acted but one night; this was at Drury Lane in 1797. Mrs. Blunt bore the part of the heroine, and sang the song we print.

Thomas Attwood is now best remembered by his Church music. He was born in 1764 in London and died at Cheltenham in 1859. He composed for the theatres and was at a later period organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, and music-master to several of the Royal Family, as well as organist to George IV, at his private chapel at Brighton. Attwood was musical-arranger of a number of operas, which were produced at the end of the 18th and at the beginning of the 19th centuries.
AH! ONCE WHEN I WAS A VERY LITTLE MAID.

1. sor-row, Fal de ral de ral de ral de ral de ral.
2. high-er, Fal de ral de ral de ral de ral de ral.
3. dear-ly, Fal de ral de ral de ral de ral de ral.
4. liev-ing, Fal de ral de ral de ral de ral de ral.

1. From morn till eve I laughed and I played, Then
2. A lad gave me a glance one day, And I
3. I could but tell the lad the same, And I
4. My fool-ish heart at last I have taught To be-

1. sound-ly slept till the mor-row, Fal lal de ral de ral de ral de
2. felt a lit-tle spark of fire, Fal lal de ral de ral de ral de
3. owned to the truth sin-cere-ly, Fal lal de ral de ral de ral de
4. ware of a lover's deceiv-ing, Fal lal de ral de ral de ral de

1. ral de ral de ral, Then sound-ly slept till the mor-row.
2. ral de ral de ral, I felt a lit-tle spark of fire.
3. ral de ral de ral, I owned to the truth sin-cere-ly.
4. ral de ral de ral, Be ware of a lover's deceiv-ing.
The Whip Club.

C. Durbin, Jun.

Con spirito.

1. Since fashion's all fid-de-de-de-de-de,
   For
2. Diving tan-d'en one day in a fog,
   Full
3. My big but-toss will show my de-gree,
   In the

1. playing the fool I was made,
   But what will become of poor
2. sneak thru' the streets went the igs,
   The pon-ies took fight at a
3. Whip Club a com- pact sub-line,
   For choice souls what better can

1. me,
   'Tis the fashion to take up my trade,
   In the
2. pig,
   And threw an old wo-man in fits.
   The
3. be,
   Than get-ting the whip-hand of Time?
   Some

A song sung about 1864 by the clown, "Joe" Grimaldi, at Sadler's Wells Theatre in a pantomime called The Autumn Harlequin. The words are by Charles Dibdin, Jun., and the air is by William Reeve. Some spoken "jigger" is here omitted. Sadler Wells, from its proximity to the New River Head had some facilities for giving water spectacles, and in all plays where there was an excuse for it, "real water on the stage" was advertised.
1. Whip Club excused I stand,  
   As the cut of my coat will im-
2. leader's trace, by the bye,  
   And down a blind lane 'tis other
3. pretty fine pranks we produce,  
   Tho'N's playing the fool you can

1. ply,  
   And while driving, d'ye mind, four in hand, four in hand, Can con-
2. scuds,  
   Capt'ned down a cellar went I, went I, Plump
3. tell,  
   But tho' lords have for that no excuse, no excuse, With

1. piecely cut out a fly's eye,  
   Fal do ral de ral de ral de
2. into a tub full of suds,  
   Fal do ral de ral de ral de
3. me, why, it's all very well,  
   Fal do ral de ral de ral de ral de

Fal do ral de ral de ral de ral la!  
Fal do ral de ral de ral de ral la!
Fair Rosalie.

RICHARDSON.

Andante espressivo.

1. On that lone
2. "I'd ever

1. bank where Lubin died, Fair Rosalie,
a
2. watch his mould'ring clay, And pray for his e-

1. wretched maid, Sat weeping o'er the cruel
2. terminal rest, When Time his form has worn a

"Fair Rosalie" is printed in Hyde's Miscellaneous Collection of Songs and Ballads, vol. ii., 1779, folio. It is there assigned to Charles Dignum, who himself claims it in the preface to his volume of Poetic Muse, c. 1803. Comparing the above clever composition with any in the last named work one feels to either doubt the correctness of his claims, or at least to regret that Dignum's music has so much fallen off.

One early music sheet states that it was "sung by Mrs. Crouch at the Music Hall, Liverpool, and by Mrs. Digman at the Amusements Society, the words by Mr. Richardson." This song must have been first put forth about 1745 or 1750. Other copies are found on music sheets issued by Stewart, Edinburgh, in the Merrymore Magazine, The Edinburgh Musical Miscellany, 1793, and elsewhere. It will be noticed that the words, "Young Lubin is a shepherd boy," printed by us in the present volume, are much the same in theme as "Fair Rosalie."
1. tide, Faithful to her Lu-bin's shade. "O
2. way, His dust I'd place within my breast." While

1. may some kindsome, gentle wave Waft him to this
2. thus she mourned her Lu-bin lost, As Echo to her

1. mournful shore,
2. grief replied,

These tender hands should
Lo! at her feet his

1. make his grave, And deck his corpse with flowers o'er.
2. corpse was tossed, She shrieked, she clasped him, sighed, and died!
The Spinning-Wheel.

Allegro moderate.

1. To ease his heart, and
2. Her milk-white hand he
3. Then round about her
4. At last, when she be-

1. own his flame,
2. did ex-tol,
3. slen-der waist,
4. gan to chide,

Bithie Jock-
And praised her
His arms he clasped,
He swore he
sey to
fingers
and
and
meant
young
gers

1. Jenny came;
2. long and small;
3. her em-braced,
4. for his bride;

But though she liked him
Un-usual joy her
To kiss her hand he
Twas then her love she

This pleasing little song with the air is printed in the July number of the Universal Magazine for 1762 as "a new song." It is somewhat curious to find the same words (turned into the first person), in all editions of Dr. Arne's Thomas and Sally (except the first), united to the "Scottish Air" in the overture. In those it is stated that the words were "sung by Mr. Tendecu at Randalk and Miss Brent at Vauxhall." The Scottish air in question is that generally known as the "Caedle" or "Lament for a Lady." In the first edition of the opera dated 1761, the air is printed as part of the overture without any words attached. The melody we give above was no doubt the original one for the song, but it afterwards appears to have been superseded by the one Arne selected for it. It is doubtful if the words were ever sung in Thomas and Sally, as they can form no part of the piece.
1. passing wheel, She care - less turned her
2. heart did feel, But still she turned her
3. down did kneel, And yet she turned her
4. did reveal, And flung a - way her

1. spinning wheel, She care - less turned her
2. spinning wheel, But still she turned her
3. spinning wheel, And yet she turned her
4. spinning wheel, And flung a - way her

1. spinning wheel.
2. spinning wheel.
3. spinning wheel.
4. spinning wheel.
Tho' Chloe's out of fashion.

Allegretto con grazia.

1. Tho' Chloe's out of fashion, Can blush and be sin-
2. In modest, plain apparel, No patches, paint, or
3. Who wins her must have merit, Such merit as her

1. o'er, I'd trust her in a bumper, Tho'
2. airs, In debt alone to Nature, An
3. own; The graces all possessing, Yet

1. all the belles were here; What tho' no diamonds
2. angel she appears, From gay coquettes high
3. known not she has one; Then grant me, gracious

The air is by Dr. William Boyce. The song appears in The Musical Magazine for December, 1748; and in Dox's Right, Liverpool, 1764; Glo and Everyn, vol. iv., 1719, and on engraved half sheets. In these it is headed, "The Non-partet set by Mr. Boyce." It was sung at Ranelagh Gardens by John Boyd. To Boyd we are indebted for his fine air, "Heart of Oak," and he was composer of many now forgotten lyrics of some merit. William Boyce was born in 1710, and was inspector of the Chapel Royal and to the King. He wrote much for Ranelagh Gardens, took his doctor's degree in 1749, and died in 1779. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.
THE CHLOE'S OUT OF FASHION.

1. spark - le, A - bout her neck and waist, With
2. fin - ished, My Chlo - e takes no rules, Nor
3. heav - en, The gifts you most ap - prove, And

1. ev'ry shin - ing vir - tue The love - ly maid is
2. en - viries them their con - quests The hearts of all the
3. Chlo - e, charm - ing Chlo - e, Will bless me with her

1. graced, With
2. Fools! Nor
3. love, And

1. ev'ry shin - ing riv - tor, The love - ly maid is graced.
2. en - viries then their con - quests, The hearts of all the fools!
3. Chlo - e, charm - ing Chlo - e, Will bless me with her love.
What's sweeter than the new-blown Rose?

Andante.

JAMES NEWTON.

What's sweeter than the new-blown rose? Or breezes from the

new-mown close? What's sweeter than an April morn? Or

Ped.  Ped.  * Ped.  Ped.  *

Taken from "Six Select Songs and One Cantata, ... set to music by James Newton, M.A. London: printed for the author and sold by John Johnston's Folly, circa 1775. James Newton was a little known musician who came from, or resided in, the Eastern counties.
May - day's sil - ver frag - rant thorn?

*semper con Ped.*

What - than A - ra - bia's spi - cy grove? Oh,

sweet - er far the breath of love! Oh, sweet - er far the

ten.

breath of love!
When Phœbus begins just to Peep.

Hunting Song.

1. When Phœbus begins just to peep over the hills, With horns we a-tek-en the
2. Be hold whoesy Reynard with panic and dread, At dis-tance o'er hill - locks doth
3. Now, see how he lags, all his arts are in vain, No longer with swiftness he

1. day, And roose bro ther sportsmen who slug - gish - ly sleep, With
2. bound, The pack on the scent by with rap - id ca - roe, Hark! the
3. flies, Each hound in his fu - ry de - ter - mines his fate, The

One of the 16th century hunting songs, of which there are many examples of considerable musical value, but with a compass so great that one wonders how the average singer executed them. The present one appears in Fielding’s Vocal Amusements, 1743.
WHEN PHEBUS BEGINS JUST TO PEEP.

1. **hark to the woods, hark away!** See the bounds are uncoupled in
2. **horns! O how sweetly they sound,** Now on to the chase, o'er
3. **traitor is seized and dies,** With shouting and joy we re-

1. **musical cry; How sweetly it echoes round,** And high-minded
2. **hills and o'er dales, All danger we nobly defy; Our nags are all
3. **turn from the field; With drink crown the sports of the day; To rest, we re-

1. **steeds with their neighings all seem,** With pleasure to echo the sound, with
2. **stout and our sports we'll pursue,** With shouts that resound to the sky, the
3. **cline till the horn calls again,** Then away to the woodlands, away, a-

1. **pleas**
2. **sky,**
3. **way,**
The Lass that loves a Sailor.

1. The moon on the ocean was dimmed by a ripple, As for a chequered day.
2. Some drank the king and his brave ships, And some the sun still.
3. Some drank our Queen, and some our land—Our glorious land of

1. Light, The gay jolly tars passed the word for the tippie And the
2. tu-tico, Some, "May our foes, and all such rips, Own
3. freedom! Some, that our tars might never stand, For

One of the prettiest of Charles Dibdin's songs, and one of his very late ones. The words and music were written by him when in broken health and spirits and in great financial difficulties. The song was sung in a little musical entertainment, his last, called The Sailor, this was produced in 1811.
THE LASS THAT LOVES A SAILOR.

1. toast, for 'twas Saturday night. Some sweet-heart or wife, he
2. English resolution. That fate might bless some
3. heroes brave to lead 'em! That beauty in dis-

1. loved as his life, Each drank, and wished he could hail her, But the
2. Poll or Boss, And they so might hail her, But the
3. tress might find, Such friends as never would fail her, But the

cres.

1. standing toast that pleased the most, Was the wind that blows, the
2. standing toast that pleased the most, Was the wind that blows, the
3. standing toast that pleased the most, Was the wind that blows, the
cres.

1. ship that goes, And the lass that loves a sailor.
2. ship that goes, And the lass that loves a sailor.
3. ship that goes, And the lass that loves a sailor.
Young Lubin was a Shepherd Boy.

Andante con espressione.

1. Young Lubin was a shepherd boy,
   Fair Rosalie a rustic maid;
   They loved, each other's joy,
   To o'er the stream for evermore.

2. When at eve beside the brook,
   Where they strewed the grass with flowers,
   One thoughtless lamb the current took,
   'Twas in the meadow on its flowery breast.

3. But scarce he guides him to the shore,
   When fair and sunk, poor Lubin's fate;
   Ah! Rosalie, for evermore,
   In a lonely grove by the stream.
1. gather o'er the hills, they strayed. Their parents saw and
2. Rosa's, she started wild. "Run, Lubin, run, my
3. his cold grave thy lover lies. On that lone bank oh!

1. blessed their love, Nor would their happiness delay. To
2. favor save," Too faithfully the youth obeyed. He
3. still be seen, Faithful to grief, thou hapless maid. And

1. morrow's dawn their bliss shall prove, To-morrow be their wedding day.
2. ran, be plunged into the wave, To give the little wan'derer aid.
3. with sad wreaths of cypress green, For ever sooths thy Lubin's shade.
Sweet Robin.

Allegretto quasi andantino.

1. Oh, where are you going, sweet Robin, What makes you so proud and so shy? I
2. When summer comes again, little Robin, For get all his friends and his care, A.
3. I once had a lover like Robin, Who long for my hand did implore, At

1. once saw the day, little Robin, My friendship you would not deny, But
2. way to the field goes sweet Robin, To wander the wilds here and there, Tho'
3. length he took flight, just like Robin, And him I ne'er saw any more. But

A dainty little song much sung in the early years of the 19th century. It was rendered popular by Mrs. Cooke, wife of E. & Cooke, the Irish musician, who as Miss Howells sang at Vauxhall. An early music sheet copy associates Cooke's name with his composition, but it is doubtful if the air was not an old one merely arranged by him for his wife's singing. Thomas Simpson Cooke was born in Dublin in 1785 and died in London in 1840. The song is published in R. A. Smith's Scotch Minstrel, vol. ii., with the present tune mistakenly named "Hallow Fair."
1. Winter again is returning, And weather both stormy and clement, Gin
2. you be my debtor, sweet Robin, Oh you I shall never lay blame, For
3. should the stern blast of misfortune return him as winter brings thee, Then

1. ye will come back to me, Robin, I'll feed you with molины my sel',
2. I've had as dear friends as Robin, Who often have served me the same. Oh!
3. slighted by both, little Robin, Yet I both your faults can forgive.

where are you going, sweet Robin, What makes you so proud and so shy? I

once saw the day, little Robin, My friendship you would not deny.
My Daddy was gone to the Market.

Allegretto.

1. My daddy was gone to the market two
2. I answered him, No, 'twas a folly to
3. My daddy never asked me a word where I'd
4. If Johnny proves true, as I think that he

1. mile,
2. ask,
3. been,
4. will,

My man—my was gone to the miller's a while, My
My mam—my had set me to spinning a task, My
My mam—my I told I'd the cow to fetch in; My
The market I'll bless and I'll honour the mill, The

Originally sung by a vocalist named Miss Brown at Sadler's Wells Theatre. It was published in the December number of the *Universal Magazine* for 1796. It is curious that a traditional version still survives (or did recently) in the south of England.
MY DADDY WAS GONE TO THE MARKET.

1. mam - my was gone to the mil - ler's a - while, In
2. mam - my had set me to spin - ning a task, Quoth
3. mam - my I told I'd the cow to fetch in, She
4. mar - ket I'll bless and I'll hon - sue the mill, That

1. came my dear John - ry, and this was his say - ing, "Lay
2. he, "Cut the teeth - er, dear, set the cow straying, We'll
3. said she was sure I'd been some - where do - lay - ing, But
4. kept my old dad - dy and mam - my so stay - ing When

1. by your wheel, Bet - sy, come ki - ther a - may - ing, Lay
2. tie her up safe - ly while we go a - may - ing, We'll
3. nev - er sus -pect ed that I'd been a - may - ing, But
4. I was per - suaded by John - nie a - may - ing, When

1. by your wheel, Bet - sy, come ki - ther a - may - ing."
2. tie her up safe - ly while we go a - may - ing."
3. nev - er sus -pect ed that I'd been a - may - ing."
4. I was per - suaded by John - nie a - may - ing."
Let Gay Ones and Great.

Shooting Song.

Joseph Bardin.

The verse of the song is from the famous opera, "Love in a Village." The air is by Joseph Bardin, and the words are said to have been written by the author of the play, Isaac Bickerstaffe. "Love in a Village" was performed in 1739, and it was the first of a series of revivals of the ballad opera genre, which initially flourished with the success of the operas of Handel. The story was set in the bustling streets of London and provincial theatres. The character of "Young Marchons" gave the ballad its first outing on the boards of several provincial venues.

Joseph Bardin was a talented composer during the 18th century. One of his best-known compositions is the glee, "Adieu to the Village Diggity." He was born in 1775, and he died in 1774.
Phillis, Talk no more of Passion.

(The Reproach)

Andante expressivo.

George Monro.

1. Phillis, talk no more of passion, Words a love want
2. See the winged moments flying, Whereon youth and

p

1. Tho' to move; She that flies a fair se-
2. beauty ride; She who long pers-

cre.

1. passion, Ne'er should pretend to love.
2. Ny ing, Ne'er can hope to be a bride.

più f o rit.

The air is by George Monro, and is set to the above pretty verses generally entitled, "The Reproach." The whole occurs in John Watte's Musical Miscellanies, No. VI., 1821. It is also in Walke's Musical Miscellanies, Vol. IV., 1774, and on half sheet notes of an earlier date, engraved by T. Green. Monro was an organist at two of the London churches, and a favorite player at Goodman's Field's theatre. He was the writer or arranger of the music to Henry Fielding's 'Tom's Tour.' Many of his song compositions appear in the two works above mentioned. Monro, Brown and Straton's excellent Musical Biography gives the date of his death as about 1741.
The Captain with the Smart Cockade.

On Entick's Green Meadows.

JAMES HOOK.

Tempo di marcia.

1. On Entick's green meadows where innocence reigns, Where pleasure sports freely, and my face took his fancy, he swore at his feet. All his rules he'd lay, if I'd

2. The first I ever saw, he marched over our green, His men all he'd bind him, by plenty preside, I romped with the maidens and pretty young swains. And two and by two, such a sight in our village had never been seen, the

3. Gave his my hand; No maid could refuse a young lover so sweet To give his my hand; No maid could refuse a young lover so sweet To give his my hand. No maid could refuse a young lover so sweet

1. Ralph fancied soon he should call me his bride. When I first heard the drum with a

2. Men all in ranks were drawn out to our view. When I first heard the drum with a

3. Church then I marched at the word of command, Now I follow the drum with a

The composition of James Hook. The song was originally sung by Mrs. Martyr at Vauxhall in the season of 1783. It became very popular, and it was first published with the music by John Pasin in Hook's 'collection of Fancifull Songs for the season above named.' It is also found on sheet music. In the song books of the period it is generally entitled 'Now, now, now,' or else by the first line of the song.
THE CAPTAIN WITH THE SMART COCKADE.

1. row, dow, dow, with a row, dow, dow, with a row, dow, dow, dow, Its mu-sic was sweeter than
2. row, dow, dow, with a row, dow, dow, with a row, dow, dow, Young Cu-pid a-wakened, such
3. row, dow, dow, with a row, dow, dow, with a row, dow, dow, Nor e'er have re-pen-toed the

1. soft sor-en-sis, I scorned all the swains for the row, dow, dow, dow, I
2. bus-til he made, My heart beat a march with a row, dow, dow, My
3. row that I made, No mu-sic to me like the row, dow, dow, No

1. scorned all the swains for the row, dow, dow, for the row, dow, dow, for the
2. heart beat a march with a row, dow, dow, with a row, dow, dow, with a
3. mu-sic to me like the row, dow, dow, like the row, dow, dow, like the

1. row, dow, dow, And I sighed, I sighed for the Cap-tain with the smart cock-a-dé,
2. row, dow, dow, And went o'er, went o'er to the Cap-tain with the smart cock-a-dé.
3. row, dow, dow, Nor a youth, a youth hio the Cap-tain with the smart cock-a-dé.
Come, come, my good Shepherds.

Sheep-shearing Ballad.

David Garrick.

Allegro moderato.

Michael Arne.

1. Come, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we must shear, In your
2. By mode and caprice are the city dames led, But
3. When love has possessed us, that love we reveal, Like the

This was written by David Garrick for his revival of The Winter's Tale, which he produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1746. Michael Arne wrote the melody. The song with the air was published in The Universal Magazine for March, 1738, and in other and later 18th century publications. English song forms several sheep-shearing songs; there is one by Charles Dibdin which became so popular that even now it is sung traditionally in the northern counties.
COME, COME, MY GOOD SHEPHERDS.

1. guile-less and free, And who are so guile-less and happy as we? Who are so happy and
2. paint-ed and dress'ed, For roses will bloom when there's peace in the breast. Roses will bloom when there's
3. sport and we play, And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray. Harmless and simple we

1. guile-less as we? The happiest of folks are the guile-less and free,
2. peace in the breast, For roses will bloom when there's peace in the breast,
3. sport and we play, And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray,

1. Guileless and free, guile-less and free, And who are so happy and guile-less as we?
2. Roses will bloom, roses will bloom, For roses will bloom when there's peace in the breast.
3. Leave to fine folks, leave to fine folks, And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.
While Phillis refuses my Love to Requite.

(Easy and Gay.)

Allegretto.

1. While Phillis refuses my love to requite, And
2. I know all the swains in the village adore This
3. Whenever I meet the fair nymph on the green, My
4. Once more I'll attack her as warm as I can, And

1. will not hear half the soft things I've to say, The
2. as bright as the sun at noon - day; She's
3. soon does my passion betray; I ad -
4. promise her marriage as soon as I may, If

Under the title "Easy and Gay," this song, with the air, is published in the December supplement of the Universal Magazine for 1773, and again in Vocal Music, 1774.
WHILE PHILLIS REFUSES MY LOVE TO REQUITE.

1. brisk gale, wine shall afford me delight, Make me
2. chastity, beauty, and wit in great store, And I
3. mine her fair shape, her sweet grace and her mien, And
4. Cupid would kindly assist in the plan, All the

1. smile at her frowns and be easy and gay, Make me
2. find the task hard to be easy and gay, I
3. hard-ly know how to be easy and gay, And
4. rest of my life would be easy and gay, All the

1. Easy and gay, Easy and gay, Easy and gay, Easy and gay, Make me
2. Easy and gay, Easy and gay, Easy and gay, Easy and gay, I
3. Easy and gay, Easy and gay, Easy and gay, Easy and gay, And
4. Easy and gay, Easy and gay, Easy and gay, Easy and gay, All the

1. smile at her frowns and be easy and gay.
2. find the task hard to be easy and gay.
3. hard-ly know how to be easy and gay.
4. rest of my life would be easy and gay.
The Army and Navy of Britain.

1. To be bold in her cause, let Britannia inspire her

2. May Prince George still victorious and fortunate prove, and when

So far as can be ascertained, this song first appeared in Dr. Kitchiner's *Ipsal and National Songs of England*, London, 1823. No author's name is attached to the piece, and it is more than probable that words and music are by some of the doctor's own personal friends—perhaps he himself may have written the verses. William Shiel was one of Kitchiner's intimate friends, and as he is, in a great measure entitled the book, the chances are that this musician may have had a hand in the composition of the melody we give above.

Dr. William Kitchiner, physician and writer, dabbled in a great number of things besides medicine, cookery, and music. He added a collection of the songs of Charles Dibdin, and formed an extensive musical library. It was in this library that the Dr. John Bull manuscript was found, wherein is said to be written the air, "God Save the King."
1. Hiber-ty's fire, Sheds warmth o'er the soil on whose treas-uresthey live. In de-
2. spect and their love, 'T'he hopes of his coun-try-man, George, Prince of Wales. May his

1. spite of each foe, may the un-verse know, That white o-cean from strangers our
2. chil-dren suc-cede and pos-ter-i-ty read, That Eng-lish-men ne'er were dis-

1. is-land shall sever, In-de-pend-ent we'll sing. Here's our laws and our king, And the
2. loy-al, no never, Then boys, nev-er wince, Here's the King and the Prince, And the

1. Ar-my and Na-vy of Bri-tain for ev-er.
2. Ar-my and Na-vy of Bri-tain for ev-er.
Happy Hours, all Hours excelling.

(The Happy Man.)

Andante.

HENRY HOLCOMBE.

1. Happy hours, all hours excelling, When retired from
   crowds and noise; Happy is that silent dwelling

2. Ev'ry passion wisely moving, Just as reason
   turns the scale; Every state of life improving

The air is by Henry Holcombe, a musician who composed much vocal music in the early years of the eighteenth century. Under the heading, "The Happy Man," the song was published on single music sheets about 1739-40, and in the latter year was included in Watte's Musical Miscellany, vol. iv. It also appears in Walsh's British Musical Miscellany, vol. i, 1739; Colloque; or, Regia Harmony, vol. i, 1739, etc.

Holcombe was a singer employed at Drury Lane Theatre. He was born at Salisbury in 1699, and died in London, 1736. His song, "Arm's Yale," was very well known and much sung about the middle of the eighteenth century. He also composed a set of Sonatas for a Violin, with a figured bass, which has considerable merit.
HAPPY HOURS, ALL HOURS EXCELLING.

1. Filled with self pos sessing joys; Happy
2. That no anxious thought prevail; Happy

1. that contest ed creature Who with few est
2. man who thus pos sess es Life with some com-

1. things is pleased, And con suits the voice of
2. pan tion dear, Joy impart ed still in -

2. creas ee, Griefs when told soon dis ap pear.
The Flitch of Bacon.

Captain Morris.

Allegretto.

JAMES HOOK.

1. Since Dick and Nell were man and wife, They loved each other dearly, Their
2. Now on the road says Dick to Nell, "If things are managed fairly, In
3. "My dear," says Nell, "to sell the flitch, Do let me now persuade ye, 'Twill
4. Now each persisting tit for tat, On their respective cases, They

A witty song on the famous Bunnow ceremony. The words are by that clever versifier, Captain Morris and in a manuscript book of songs dated 1706 in the possession of the writer, they are directed to be sung to the tune, "The girl I left behind me." In Tegg's London, 1831, the above air by Hook is used. It is of course quite needless to say that the song forms no part of Shield's opera, The Flitch of Bacon, acted in 1775. A country dance also bearing the title was in vogue about 1780.
1. thought of all the wed - ded throng, Their plea must first be tak - en, They
2. ne'er have quar - ried day or night, So faith, I'm much mis - tak - en, We
3. say no more, but let the prize To mar - ket straight be tak - en, So
4. those who try to gut their fish Before 'tis safe - ly tak - en, Thus,

1. cheek by jowl they jogged a - long, To claim the flitch of ba - con, So
2. e'er a pair have half the right To claim the flitch of ba - con, If
3. sure 'twill prove us mon - strous wise, To sell the flitch of ba - con, For
4. Dick and Nell, oft spoil their dish, Who lost the flitch of ba - con, Like
Dilly Dally, Shilly Shally.

IRITON.

Alegro.

1. A mountain maid, both rich and fair, Loved
2. The youth, who thought she spoke in jest, Still
3. Meanwhile an honest, faithful swain Who

1. William of the vale, Who swore none else his heart should share, Yet
2. trilled with his fortune, And deemed his interest in her breast To be secure and
3. here-to-fore had wooed her, Re-solving on his fate again, With energy pur-

1. Sally.
2. certain.
3. sued her.

With Polly oft he
Thus hopeless of each
She listened to his

1. fixed the day, When marriage was to bless him, Yet so contrived to cause delay, As
2. promise made, She now began to scorn him, Yet willing was the tender maid Once
3. manly voice, And thus he spoke him sweetly, Here take my hand, you're now my choice, And

One of Hook's Vauxhall Songs sung at the Gardens by Miss Sims in the season of 1800. The words were written by a Dr. Houlton, author of several other songs which Hook used for his Vauxhall compositions.
DILLY DALLY, SHILLY SHALLY.

1. made her thus ad-dress him: "Thou all-ly youth, I tell the truth, Your conduct's downright
2. more to give him warn-ing: "Thou all-ly youth, I tell the truth, Your conduct's downright
3. Bil-ly's dish'd com-plete-ly. The all-ly youth now saw with truth, His con-duct was all

1. fol-ly, For dilly dally, shilly shal-ly,
2. fol-ly, For dilly dally, shilly shal-ly,
3. fol-ly, For dilly dally, shilly shal-ly,

1. shilly shal-ly, Ne'er wins the heart, ne'er wins the heart of
2. shilly shil-ly, Ne'er wins the heart, ne'er wins the heart of
3. shilly shal-ly, Ne'er wins the heart, ne'er wins the heart of

1. Pol-ly, Ne'er wins the heart, ne'er wins the heart of Pol-ly!
2. Pol-ly, Ne'er wins the heart, ne'er wins the heart of Pol-ly!
3. Pol-ly, Ne'er wins the heart, ne'er wins the heart of Pol-ly!
The Lass of Richmond Hill.

1. On Richmond Hill there lives a lass, More bright than May-day morn, Whose
2. Ye sages gay that fan the air, And wan'ton thro' the grove, O
3. How happy will the shepherd be, Who calls this nymph his own; O

1. Charms all other maids surpass, A rose without a thorn.
2. Whisper to my charming fair, I die for her and love. This
3. May the choice be fixed on me, Mine's fixed on her alone.

A ballad which from its first production has become immensely popular. It seems to have been originally sung by Charles Incledon at Vauxhall Gardens in the season of 1780, and the song is printed in the Morning Herald of August 1st of that year, and shortly after that date appeared in a number of song books. James Hook composed the melody, and Leonard McNally, an Irish harpist, is the reputed author of the verses, which are said to have been written in honour of a young lady named Mary T'Anson, who lived at Hill House, Richmond, in Yorkshire, and whom McNally afterwards married. McNally's authorship of the song has been disputed, and the Yorkshire Richmond transferred to Surrey. From the line, "I'd prowess resign to call her mine," the words have been attributed to George IV., when Prince of Wales. This, however, is such an absurdity as to need no comment.
THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

lass so neat, with smiles so sweet, Has won my right good will, . . . I'd
crowns re-sign to call her mine, Sweet lass of Richmond hill Sweet
lass of Richmond Hill, Sweet lass of Richmond Hill, I'd
crowns re-sign to call her mine, Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.
The Arethusa.

1. Come, all ye jolly sailors bold, Whose hearts are cast in
2. Twas with the spring fleet she went out, The English Channel to
3. On deck five hundred men did dance, The stoutest they could
4. The fight was off the Frenchman's land, We forced them back up

1. honour's mould, While English glory I unfold, Hurrahs!
2. cruise about, When four French sail, in show so stout, Bore
3. find in France, We with two hundred did advance On
4. on their strand, For we fought till not a stick would stand Of the

1. rah for the Arethusa!
2. down on the Arethusa!
3. board of the Arethusa!
4. gallant Arethusa!

For note to this song see Appendix.
THE ARETHUSA.

1. is a fri - gate tight and brave As ever stemmed the  
2. fam'd Belle Poule straight - a - head did he, The A - re - thu - sa  
3. cap - tain hail'd the French - man, "Ho!" The French - man then cried  
4. row we've div - en the foe - a - shore, Ne'er - to fight with  

1. dash - ing wave, Her men are staunch To their fav - 'rite launch, And  
2. seem'd to fly, Not a sheet er a tack. Or a brace did she slack, Th' the  
3. out, "Hal - lo!" "Bear down, dye sea, To our ad - miral's lee," "No,  
4. Brit - tos more, Let each fill a glass To his fav - 'rite last, A  

1. when the foe shall meet our fire. Soon - er than strike we'll  
2. Frenchman laughed and thought it stuff, But they knew not the hand - ful of  
3. no," says the French - man, "that can't be." "Then I must lug you a -  
4. health to our cap - tain and of - ficers true, And all that be - long to the  

1. all ex - pect On board of the A - re - thu - sa.  
2. men so tough On board of the A - re - thu - sa.  
3. long with me," Says the sau - cy A - re - thu - sa.  
4. joi - vial crew On board of the A - re - thu - sa.
Lack-a-day, O!

HAYLOCK.

Allegretto.

JAMES HOOK.

1. When dress as of old was intended for use, And
2. Dame Nature, so wise, has so managed her plan, That a
3. In forming a man Nature took as much care, He should

1. not as at present the source of abuse, Dis -
2. woman was sent as a blessing to man, To
3. prove in return a defence to the fair, But so

One of James Hook's Vauxhall compositions; the words by a writer named Haylock. The song was sung by Mrs. Martyr at the Gardens in the season of 1786-9, and the whole was published by Preston in Hook's Vauxhall Songs for that year, and in single sheet form.
LACK-A-DAY, O!

1. The picture of sex was so clear and complete, That a
   beau from a belle might be known in the street. But the
   sexes of late so equivocal grew, That our
   grandmothers sigh, and cry, "Lack-a-day, lack-a-day, O!"

2. So lace, to soothe, and to soften his cares, To
   cherish his hopes, not to awaken his fears. But
   family and fashion disguises them so, That our
   grandmothers sigh, and cry, "Lack-a-day, lack-a-day, O!"

3. Pruned and perfumed from the top to the toe, Is
   each modern simpering dandy satisfied beau, That the
   ladies by far more invincible grow, Makes our
   grandmothers sigh, and cry, "Lack-a-day, lack-a-day, O!"
How Little do the Landsmen Know.

Maestoso.

1. How little do the
2. Stick stout to or-ders,
3. While here at Deal we're

1. landsmen know Of what we sail-ors feel,
2. mess-mates, We'll plunder, burn, and sink,
3. ly-ing With our no-ble Com-men-dors,

1. When waves do mount and winds do blow, But
2. Ten, France, have your first-rates, For
3. We'll spend our wa- ges free-ly, boys, And

1. we have hearts of steel,
3. then to sea for more,

1. No dan-ger can af-fright us, No en-e-my shall
2. We'll rem-mage all our fan-cy, We'll bring them in by
3. In peace we'll drink and sing,

1. we have hearts of steel,
3. then to sea for more,

1. we have hearts of steel,
3. then to sea for more,

1. we have hearts of steel.
3. then to sea for more,

1. stout; We'll make the non-sens right us, So toss the can a-bout.
2. scores, And Moll and Kate and Nan-cy Shall roll in Lou-is d'ors.
3. fly; Here's a health to George our King, boys, And the Roy-al fam-i-ly.

The words are said to be by David Garrick, but there does not seem to be any record as to the composer of the melody. The song was sung by the celebrated tenor vocalist, John Bird, in a revival of The Fair Queen of Deal, about 1770. The play was originally acted in 1716, and several songs in it attained popularity. The present one is found in The Universal Magazine for June, 1795 (Supplement), on engraved ball sheets of about the same date.
Labour in Vain.

Poco allegretto.

1. In pursu' of some lambs from my flock that had strayed, One morning I ranged o'er the
plain; But alas! after all my researches were made, I perceived that my
labour was vain, was vain, I perceived that my labour was vain.

2. On this my return, pretty Phoebe I met, To love her I could not re-
strain: To so list a kiss I approached her with awe, But she told me my
labour was vain, was vain, But she told me my labour was vain.

3. "Dear Phoebe," I cried, "to my suit lend an ear, And let me no longer com-
plain," She replied with a frown and an aspect so rare, "Young Colin, your
labour's in vain, in vain, Young Colin, your labour's in vain."

4. At length by entreaties, by hisses and vows, Compassion she took on my
labour in vain, in vain, So no longer I labour in vain.

Printed in The Universal Magazine for August, 1766, as "a new song." The same words are set to another tune in the Yorkshire Musical Miscellany, published at Halifax, 1800. In neither case is the composer's name given.
Never till now knew I Love's smart.

1. Never till now knew I love's smart, Guess who it was that stole my heart?
2. Since that I felt love's fatal pow'r, If you're alone, if you'll believe me. I'd wish to stay.
3. When from this world I'm called away, For you alone, if you'll believe me.
4. Grave on my tomb where'er I'm laid, "Here lies one who loved but one maid,"

One of the public garden songs which appeared about 1796-7. It is in The Edinburgh Musical Miscellany, vol. II, 1799; The Singer's Favourite Companions, Glasgow, c. 1810, etc., etc.
Sure Sally is the Loveliest Lass.

Allegretto quasi andantino.

1. Sure Sal-ly is the
2. Once in my cot se-
3. But now the gloom-y

1. love-liest lass That ever gave shepherd glee,
   Not May-day in its morning dress, Is
2. sure I slept, There, larklike, hailed the dawn,
   More spor-tive than the kids I kept, I
3. green I seek, Where loveborn shepherds stray,
   There to the winds my griefs I speak, And

1. half as fair as she. Let poets paint the Paphian queen, And fancied forms a-
2. wantoned o'er the lawn. To ev'ry maid love's tale I told, And did my truth a-
3. sigh my soul a-way; Nought but des-pair my fancy paints, No dawn of hope I

1. dare,
2. ver,
3. see,

1. Ye bards, had ye my Sal-ly seen, Ye'd think of these no more!
2. Yet e'er the part-ing kiss was cold, I laughed at love and her.
3. For Sal-ly's pleased with my complaints, And laughs at love and me.

Another of Dr. Arne's Vauxhall songs produced about 1750-60. It was reprinted in Hyde's Collections, 1790. The words are found in several editions of The Bellfounch, 1790, etc.
Guy Fawkes;

THOMAS HUDSON.

St. It might have been.

Moderate.

1. I sing a dolorous tragedy, Guy Fawkes that prince of sinners, Who
2. He straightway came from London side, and wished the State was undone, And
3. Then searching thro' the dreary vaults with portable gas-light, sir, A-
4. And when they caught him in the fact so very near the crown's end, They
5. So then they put poor Guy to death for a gage to remember, And

1. once blew up the House of Lords, The King and all his ministers; That
2. crossing over Vaux-hall Bridge, That way came into London; That
3. bout to touch the powder train At witching hour of night, sir; That
4. straightway sent to Bow Street for That brave old runner, Towns-born; That
5. boys now kill him once a year In dree-ry, dark November; That

A witty song which at once became a favourite on its first introduction to the public about 1825. The verses were written by a clever comic song writer named Thomas Hudson, who used them to an air (the one we give), that had previously carried many a wiser lyric into popularity. This melody probably first appeared about 1706-1709 in a song called "Row, row, row," in which all classes of society were likened to dogs of different kinds and dispositions. Then followed "Now, now, now," a copy where cats were the comical. After that came a lyric which enjoyed a considerable vogue, "Dame Olivia Benkeri," written about 1759 by Collins, an actor. Then in 1802 a Charles Dibdin, junior, wrote the words of the Mammoth just then discovered, using the tune for his song, "The Mammoth and Bonaparte." In 1806 Tom Dobbin, his brother, employed the melody for "The Negotiation; or, John Bull versus Bonaparte," and many other ditties were written to it. As will be perceived, the melody is an excellent one, and even so late as the sixties it was brought out at a fresh composition and adapted to a song the burden of which was, "By studying economy I live like a lord."
1. Is, he would have blown them up, and folks will never forget him; His
2. Is, he would have come that way to perpetrate his guilt, sirs; A
3. Is, I mean, he would have used the gas, but was prevented, 'Cause
4. Is, they would have sent for him, for fear he is no starter at; But
5. Is, I mean, his efficacy, for truth is strong and steady; Poor

1. Will was good to do the deed, that is, if they had let him.
2. Little thing prevented him, the bridge it was not built, sirs.
3. Gas, you see, in James's time, it had not been invented.
4. Townsend was not living then—he was not born till after that.
5. Guy they cannot kill again, because he's dead already.

Guy, Guy, Guy, Fol de rol de ri dy id-dy, Guy, Guy, Guy.
The Marriage Day.

Allegretto.

JAMES SANFORD.

1. 'Twas on the twenty-first of June, In charming summer weather, When Har-ry told his

2. Thou'rt oft our friends have frowning said, And called it sense and rea-son, 'Twas time enough as

1. ten-der love, As we walked out to-gether, 'Twas on the twenty-first of June, In charming summer

2. yet to wed At an-y fu-ture season. Thou'rt our friends have frowning said, And called it sense and

1. weather, When Har-ry told his tender love, As we walked out to-gether, I first said Yes, and

2. reason, 'Twas time enough as yet to wed, At an-y fu-ture season. But Har-ry vowed it

Song about 1790 at Astley's Amphitheatre by Miss Gray. The melody is by James Sanderson, a prolific composer for pantomimes which were acted at the Amphitheatre and at the Surrey Theatre. They were written in collaboration with a writer named Goss, and several tuneful lyrics from them survived the ephemeral librettos. Sanderson was born in Cumberland in 1760, and having skill as a violinist, he got engagements at the theatre at Sunderland, South Shields, and Newcastle-on-Tyne, before he came to London. He was, on coming south, employed at Astley's, the Surrey Theatre, and Vauxhall, as performer and composer. He died in 1841. His music is constantly bright and pleasing.
1. then said No. But he answer married, At length twelvemonth proved it so, The
2. would be soon, And owned too long we'd married. Then fixed the twenty-first of June, The

1. day that we were married. O sweetest day in all the year. The day that we were
2. day that we were married. O sweetest day in all the year. The day that we were married.

O sweetest day in all the year, The day that we were married, The
Sweet Poll of Plymouth.

John O'Keefe.  

Andantino.

1. Sweet Poll of Plymouth was my dear, When  
2. We plough'd the deep, and now be 'twixt us  
3. The press-gang bold I said in vain To

1. forced from her to go, A down her cheeks rained many a tear, My  
2. lay the ocean wide, For five long years I had not seen My  
3. let me once on shore; I longed to see my Poll again, But

1. heart was fraught with woe. Our anchor weighed, for sea we stood, The  
2. sweet, my bonny bride. That time I sailed the world a-round, All  
3. saw my Poll no more. "And have they torn my love a-way? And

A sea song which had a considerable degree of vogue during the latter years of the 18th century. It even produced a little chap-book, The Entertaining History of that notible and loving couple, William Bullock and Sweet Poll of Plymouth, with the humour of his friend, Jack O'keeffe, ... to which are added a variety of sea songs, 1782. The song formed part of the musical farce, The Positive Man, written by John O'Keefe, the music being by Michael Arne, acted at Covent Garden in 1782. O'Keefe tells us in his Recollections that he wrote the piece at Margate and founded it upon one of his first dramatic attempts called The Gallant, in which he added songs, and having made many alterations, called it The Positive Man. He says: 'Not knowing what to do with Mrs. Kennedy, and yet wishing to have her voice in an operatic made a sailor of her and wrote 'Poll of Plymouth' for her to sing at a table round which were assembled many fly tars. ... Mosley once told me that 'Poll of Plymouth' was the best song ever written in favour of the poor English sailor. Mr. Colman thought so too.'—Recollections of John O'Keefe, vol. ii., 1826.
1. And we left behind; Her tears then swelled the brawny flood, My
2. for my true love's sake; But, pressed, as we were home-ward bound, I
3. is he gone? she cried. My Pol-y, sweetest flower of May, She

1. sighs increased the wind; The anchor weighed, for we stood, The
2. thought my heart would break; That time I sailed the world a-round, All
3. languished, drooped and died! And have they torn my love away? Aed

1. And we left behind, Her tears then swelled the brawny flood, My
2. for my true love's sake; But, pressed, as we were home-ward bound, I
3. is he gone? she cried. My Pol-y, sweetest flower of May, She
Tom Starboard.

1. Tom Starboard was a love-er.
   In sight for ever and no more.
   As sure in haste in nim-bly

2. true,  As brave a tar as ev’er sailed,
   Nay, when he’d lost an arm re-signed,
   Tom had love for Nan, his on-ly dear,
   But false report had extented to Nan,
   Six months before, that Tom had died.
   But woe as he was buried bound,
   With in a league of England’s
   His lost limb ached for life could not save.
   As Tom arrived the very day

3. ran,  To cheer his love, his des-tined bride,
   To cheer his love, his des-tined bride,
   Tom had love for Nan, his on-ly dear,
   But false report had extented to Nan,
   Six months before, that Tom had died.
   But woe as he was buried bound,
   With in a league of England’s
   His lost limb ached for life could not save.
   As Tom arrived the very day

Another song from the opera, The Furtive Gutc, first acted in 1730. The music of the piece was composed by Joseph Mazzinghi and William Rees. Mazzinghi being the composer of the present air. He was a prolific musician about the end of the 18th century and beginning of the 19th, and was born of Cornish parentage in London in 1752. His works are numerous, and include The Eneic, Paul and Pomona, Flora's Gift, and others. Mazzinghi worked much in these productions with William Rees, and his music is thoroughly English, despite his Cornish descent. He was in charge of the King's theater, music teacher to the Princess of Wales, and author of a vast quantity of pianoforte music. He died at Bath in 1844.
Free from the Bustle, Care, and Strife.

1. Free from the bustle, care, and strife
   Of sweet or life. A
   Thus happy with my wife and friend, My

Moderate.  

2. I too, would wish to

3. This short varied

4. Gen'le, kind, good-

5. Life I cheerfully

6. With no vain thoughts oppressed.

In

One

If

7. this short varied life, Oh, let me spend my days,

8. gen'le, kind, good-natured wife, Young, sensi-

9. life I cheerfully would spend, With no vain thoughts op-

10. pressed.

1. rural sweetness with a friend, To whom my mind I may unbind. Nor

2. who could love but me a lone, Prefer my seat to ever a throne, and

3. heaven has Miss for me in store, Oh, grant me this, I ask no more. And

1. cen'sure need, or praise, Nor cen'sure need, or praise.

2. soothe my ev'ry care, And soothe my ev'ry care.

3. I am truly blest, And I am truly blest.

Under the title, "The Young Man's Wish," the song came into vogue about 1784. It was published in December of that year in the Universal Magazine, and in February, 1787, in the London Magazine. Some years later it found a place in Robert Hood's poetical Abuses. It was sung at Marylebone Gardens by Thomas Lowe, and an early half sheet copy gives the composer's name as "Mr. Collett." John Collett was a musician of the period who wrote Six Songs for the Flute, and other instrumental pieces.
I'd Wed if I were not too Young.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

Poco allegro.  George Wicks.

1. In hol-i-day gown and my new-fangled hat, Last Mon-day I tripped to the fair, I
2. He whispered such soft pretty things in my ear, He flit-tered, he promised, he swore, Such
3. The sun was just set-ting, twas time to re-tire, Our cot-tage was dis-tant a mile, I

1. held up my head and I'll tell you for what, Young Will-iam, I guessed, would be there. He
2. triu-leota he gave me, such in - cos and gear, That, trust me, my pock-ets run o'er. Some
3. rose to be gone, the youth bow'd like a squire, And hand-ed me o-ver the stile. His

Mrs. Blund sang this little ditty at Vauxhall Gardens about the season of 1800, and it attained some degree of favour. Her singing of this type of simple lyric was inimitable and charming. The melody is by a clever musician named George Wicks, who according to Means, Brown and Stratton's valuable British Musical Biography, was a violin player and composer born about 1773. He played at the Italian Opera and at Covent Garden, and was for a number of years manager of concerts at Oxford. He died in London in 1841. His name is attached to songs ranging from 1797 to 1823. The words are abbreviated from a song by John Cunningham, and must have had an earlier setting than that by Wicks. Cunningham was a poet and actor who is best remembered by the song, "May Eve; or, Kate of Aberdeen." He wrote many Vauxhall lyrics, and died in great poverty in Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1778; he was born in Dublin in 1728. Thomas Bewick, the wood engraver, sketched a portrait of Cunningham carrying home a herring for his dinner. It is reproduced in Gromuck's Scottish Songs, 1826.
ILL WED IF I WERE NOT TOO YOUNG.

1. wooed me to marry when ever we meet, There's honey, sure, dwellis in his tongue; He
2. bal-lade he bought me, the best he could find, And sweetly their burden he sung, Good
3. arms he threw round me, love laughed in his eye, He led me the meadows among, He

1. pressed so close, and his words are so sweet, I'd wed if I were not too young, I'd
2. faith, he's so handsome, so witty and kind, I'd wed if I were not too young, I'd
3. pressed me so close, I agreed with a sigh, To wed, for I was not too young, To

1. wed if I were not too young, I'd wed if I were not too young, He
2. wed if I were not too young, I'd wed if I were not too young, Good
3. wed, for I was not too young, To wed, for I was not too young, He

1. hugs me so close, and he kisses so sweet, I'd wed if I were not too young.
2. faith, he's so handsome, so witty and kind, I'd wed if I were not too young.
3. pressed me so close, I agreed with a sigh, To wed, for I was not too young.
Sweet Patty.

1. When Patty wanders far a-way, And leaves her swain to grieve, With
2. When hid-den to for-get the maid I pro-mise to com- ply, And
3. She's gen-tle as the tur-tle dove, And, like its na-ture, kind; And

1. sighs I mea-sure out the day, Till she re-turns at eve. The
2. yet the vows one min-ute made, The ve-ry next de-ny. In
3. tho' her beau-ties caught my love, Twas con-quered by her mind! For

One of James Hook's Vauxhall songs sung by a singer named Clifford in the season of 1798. It is published in Hook's Vauxhall Collection for that year, Book First (Bland & Weller).
SWEET PATTY.

1. studied frown I oft in-vent To chide her when we meet, But love averts the
2. ev'-ry dream I view her face, In ev'-ry thought her charms; Ye gods, let truth of
3. ev'-ry charm is centered there, My Pat-ty is too true; And by each guar-dian

1. wished in-tent, And burns with fier-cer heat; The studied frown I oft in-vent To
2. doubt take place, And bless my longing arms; In ev'-ry dream I view her face, In
3. an-gel swear, I live for en-ly you; For ev'-ry charm is centered there, My

1. chide her when we meet, But love averts the wished in-tent, And burns with fier-cer
2. ev'-ry thought her charms; Ye gods, let truth of doubt take place, And bless my long-ing
3. Pat-ty is too true, And by each guar-dian an-gel swear, I live for en-ly

1. heat For Pat-ty, sweet Pat-ty, For Pat-ty, sweet Pat-ty.
2. arms With Pat-ty, sweet Pat-ty, With Pat-ty, sweet Pat-ty.
3. you, My Pat-ty, sweet Pat-ty, My Pat-ty, sweet Pat-ty.
How stands the Glass around?

General WOLFE.

Moderate.

1. How stands the glass a-round? For shame ye take no
2. Why, sol-diers, why should we, Should we be mel-an-
3. Tis but, 'tis but in vain, I mean not to up-

1. care, my boys; How stands the glass a-round? Let
2. cho-ly, boys; Why, sol-diers, why should we, Whose
3. braid you, boys; Tis but, 'tis but in vain, For

Popularly known as General Wolfe's song. There is a tradition that he was the author of it, and sang it the night before his death at the attack on Quebec in 1759. This is quite doubtful, for the air under the title, "Why, soldiers, why?" (the first line of the third verse), according to Glappell, appears in a ballad opera called, The Patriot; or, The Statesman's Opera, 1755. The song without the music is printed in A Collection of Songs, Edinburgh, 1762 (collected by Young, a clergyman), and with the tune in one of the volumes of Peer Mus, 1773, The General Songster, 1788, and many other places.
HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND!

1. mirth and wine a - bound, The tram - pens
2. busi - ness 'tis to die? Don't fear, drink
3. sol - diers to com - plain. Should next cam -

1. sound, the col - ours they are fly - ing, boys, To
2. on, don't fear, drink on, be jol - ly, boys, 'Tis
3. paiga send us to Him who made us, boys, We're

1. fight, kill, or wound; May we still be found, Cos -
2. be, you, or I! Cold, hot, wet or dry, We're
3. free from pain! But if we re - main, A

1. test with our hard fate, my boys, On the cold ground.
2. al - ways bound to tol low, boys, And scorn to fly.
3. bottle and kind lane la - dy Cure all a gain.
I'm a Jolly Roving Tar.

Allegra vivace.

1. I'm a jolly
2. Fit - ted out a
3. Grog I love, you

1. roving tar, Fearing nei - ther wound nor scar, And man - y
tor - dius brees - es have I.
2. cruis - er tight, In a breez - I takes de - light, And fight - ing's my fair wea - ther, I al -
3. knows my bosom, I loves ev - ry heart to toad, That lead Bri - tan - ni's crew to vic - to -

1. seen: . . When the grog is giv - es out, At a bat - tle or a boot - ing bout,
2. low, . . Just like new ones at a play, We tars have such a tak - ing way,
3. ry, . . Make sea grog their health to quaff, Be - fore that I could drink' em half,

1. Tom nev - er was the lub - ber to give in; On shore, my hearts, or
2. So al - ways take the en - e - my in tow; For fight - ing nei - ther
3. I'm sar - tin that the o - cean would be dry; So here goes that the

The air is by Wm. Boose; it was one of the favourite sea songs well-known during the French war, and seems to have been first sung in public by a sailor named Townsend. The words are printed in The Seaman's Songster; or, Jack Tar's Chest of Entertainments for 1802. With the music they are in The New Melodist and Vocal Cabinet, 1829; The Lirond, 1832, etc. The song was also sung by Izledon.
IM A JOLLY ROVING TAR.

1. Board a ship, Good morn- ing, with me keeps a trip.
2. Fish nor wing, At our guns we gaily sing, 'Tis yes! yes! yes!
3. World ap- ples, Old Eng- land and her wo- den walls, yes! yes! yes!

Drink, drink and kiss the lasses, Drink away, that's your play, Fal-de-rul la la la lal, yes! yes! yes!

Yes! yes! yes! Fal-de-rul la la la lal, Fal-de-rul la la lal, yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! Drink, drink and kiss the lasses.

Last time

Drink, drink and kiss the lasses.
A Smile from the Girl of my Heart.

BATE DUDLEY.

Andante.

WM. SHIELD.

1. In the world's, in the world's crook-ed path where I've been, There to
2. Not a swain, not a swain, when the lark quits her nest, But to
3. Come, then, cross-es and cares, come cares as they may, Let my

senfrev con Ped.

1. share of life's gloom my poor part,
2. la - bour with glee will de - part,
3. mind still this max - im im - part,

The sun - shine that soft - ened, that
If at eve he ex - pects, he ex -
That the com - fort, the com - fort of

Taken from the opera The Woodman, composed by William Shield, and written by Bate Dudley. The song was sung by Blanchard in the character of Molloy. The Woodman left one or two songs which remained favourites after the rest of the piece had died. It was acted at Covent Garden in 1791.
A SMILE FROM THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

1. Soft - ened the scene Was a smile from the girl of my heart.  
2. Peces to be blest With a smile from the girl of his heart.  
3. Man's fleet-ing day Is a smile from the girl of his heart.

1. Smile from the girl of my heart;  
2. Smile from the girl of his heart;  
3. Smile from the girl of his heart;  

The sun - shine that soft - ened the  
That eve he ex - pects - to be  
That the com - fort of man's fleet - ing

1. Scene Was a smile from the girl of my heart.  
2. Blest With a smile from the girl of his heart.  
3. Day Is a smile from the girl of his heart.

f  ten.  p  rit.

f poco rit.  p  rit.
The Fife and Drum sound Merrily.

Tempo di marcia.

1. The fife and drum sound merrily, A soldier, a soldier's the
2. Then if kind heart's preserved my lore, What rapturous joy shall his

1. lad for me. With my true love I soon will be, For who so kind, so
2. Nan - cy prove. Swift thro' the camp shall my footsteps bound To meet my Wil - liam with

From Thomas Linley's opera, The Camp, given at Drury Lane in 1772. In this year a camp had been formed at Cowheath, near Maidstone, to repel a threatened French invasion, and the encouragement formed a great attraction for sightseers from London. The authorship of the opera The Camp, so far as the libretto is concerned, was claimed by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, but Tate Wilkinson, the York manager, in his book, The Wandering Patriot, stoutly denies that Sheridan had any hand in it. The song was sung by Miss Walpole, and a note in the original edition estimates that many of the songs in the opera are taken from The Royal Moorish, a piece acted in 1768, and founded on The Rover's Wedding of Bencumet and Fletcher.
1. true as he? With him in ev'ry toil I'll share, To
2. con-quest crowned; Close to my faith-ful bosom pressed, Soon

1. please him shall be all my care, Each peril I'll dare. All
2. shall be hush his cares to rest, Clasped in these arms For -

1. hard-ships I'll bear, For a sol-dier, a sol-dier's the lad for me,
2. get war's a-larms, For a sol-dier, a sol-dier's the lad for me.
Why Tarries my Love?

The Pigeon.

Poco andante.

1. Why tar- ries my love, Ah where does he rove? My love is long ab- sent from me,
2. To find himself fly, The let- ter I'll tie So- cre to thy leg with a string,
3. It blow and it rained, The pi- geon dis- dained To seek shel- ter, un- daun- ted he flew,
4. He flew all a- round Till Co- lin he found, Then perched on his hand with the prize,

Cres.

1. Come hi- ther, my dove, I'll write to my love, And send him a
2. Ah, not to my leg, Fair la- dy, I beg, But fast- en it
3. Till wet was his wing, And pain- ful the string, So heav- y the
4. Whose heart while he reads, With ten- der- ness bleeds, For the pi- geon that

Cres.

1. let- ter by thee, And send him a let- ter by thee,
2. un- der my wing, But fast- en it un- der my wing,
3. let- ter it grew, So heav- y the let- ter it grew,
4. flut- ters and dies, For the pi- geon that flut- ters and dies.

Sometimes called "The Pigeon." It is a pretty sentimental song of about the end of the 18th century. Composer and writer of verses are alike unknown, there being no indications as to them on the old engraved copies. The song was sung by Mrs. Kennedy at Vauxhall.
Ground Ivy.

1. Come buy, pretty maidens, gay I - vy I sell, And lay out a tri - de with Kate. Whose
2. In youth I was left to seek in the world, A liv - ing all hum - ble and poor. Re -
3. Yet cheer - ful I toil, oor think of my fate, Since heav - en its boun - ty be - stows. On

1. pa - rents were hon - est as man - y can tell, Tho' now doomed to cry by hand,
2. la - tions I've none, for they're now dead and gone, And I'm left for to trudge day from
day.
3. vir - tus a balm which heals a sad heart, And pi - ties a bo - som of

1. fate -
2. door -
3. wore -

Four bun - ches a pen - ny, ground i - vy, four bun - ches a pen - ny.

Another song illustrating Old London street cries. Of these ditties we have included in our work, "The Girl of the Seasons," "Two bunches a penny primroses," "Come, who'll buy primroses?" and "Little Sally's wooden ware." The present lyric is found on about twi - tie published about 1790 as "composed by J. Moulde." It is entirely different, both in words and music, from one bearing the same title, which was "sung by Miss Lark at the Academy of Ancient Music at Freemasons Hall, composed by Dr. Arnold, the words by W. J. Arnold, Jr.", given in 1784. Moulde's melody is by far the better of the two. John Moulde was a musician of considerable ability who composed for the Gardens about the end of the 17th century.
All ye who would wish to Succeed with a Lass.

As Sure as a Gun.

1. All ye who would wish to succeed with a lass, Learn how the affair's to be
2. With whis'ring and sighing, and vows, and all that, As far as you please you may
3. Then be with a maid on bold, frolic and show, And no oppor'tun' ty

1. done, For if you stand fool ing and shy like an ass, You will
2. run, She'll cheer you and joo you, and give you a pat, But she'll
3. shun; She'll swear if to kiss her you try she'll cry out, But

1. lose her as sure as a gun, You will lose her as sure as a gun.
2. jilt you as sure as a gun, But she'll jilt you as sure as a gun.
3. mum, mum, mum, but mum, But mum, she's as sure as a gun.

For note to this song see Appendix.
Peaceful Slumb’ring on the Ocean.

Lullaby.

JAMES CORE.

Andante molto tranquillo.

STEVEN STORACE.

Ped.

1. Peaceful
2. no
dan-
per
nigh.

wind
tor-
reign
in
gent-

wind

tem-
po-
turas
blowing?

1. slumb’ring on the ocean, Se-

men fear no dan-
gor

The winds and wars in gen-

be-

Se-
tethem with their lul-

1. mo-

la-
by.

2. swot-

lul-

ly-
by,

lul-

by,

lul-

by,

lul-

by,

lul-

by,

lul-

by.

Soothes their

soo-

rit.

with their lul-

la-

by,

la-

by.

la-

by,
All who of Britons bear the Name.

Freedom's Contribution. CHARLES DIBDIN.

Moderato molto maestoso.

1. All who of Britons bear the name, And love their constitution, Rank
2. To the ar - my health, their pay who yield In this their coun - try's quarrel, To
3. Then, Brit - ons, join with hand and heart, Come, tram - ple on op - pression, To

1. forward in the list of fame, And join our con -tri - bu - tion: Round
2. pur - chase nobly in the field A ne - ver fad - ing laur - el: Health
3. save the whole, bestow a part Of each man's fair pos - sess - ioni, Till

1. with the glass, let ev - ry health Show France her fran - tie er - ror, Now
2. to our tos who gave so free Their mite while they de - fy 'em, To
3. vic - t'ry am - ple jus - tice brings, Of joy to fill our mea - sure, And

This song was a prototype of the "Absent-Minded Beggar" of our day. At a time when France threatened an invasion (in 1798) the song was written, composed, and sung by Charles Dibdin as a stimulus towards a patriotic subscription in defence of the nation. He included it among the songs in his entertainment, The Sphinx. The fund was commenced by a merchant named Edward Kemble after an unsuccessful attempt had been made with Napoleon towards a treaty of peace. Kemble convened a meeting at the Royal Exchange on February 5, 1798, and daily attended for the purpose of receiving the sums of money offered. The entire amount raised by the people of Britain and the Colonies amounted to three millions sterling.
ALL WHO OF BRITONS BEAR THE NAME.

1. While our courage and our wealth, Now while our courage and our wealth, Her
2. Drive the French into the sea, To drive the French into the sea, And
3. Lovely peace with silken wings, And lovely peace with silken wings, Re-

Hark! Union's drum with cheerful sound, Cries: Join the contri-

1. Threats convert to terror,}  
2. All that may stand by 'em,}  
3. Turns with every pleasure.}  

But, Let every Briton rally round, Let every Briton rally

sempre f  

Cres.  

ff  

foco rit.  

Coda voce.  

foco rit.
Water Parted from the Sea.

Andante.

Water parted from the sea, . . . May increase the river's tide, To the bubbling font may flee, . . . or . . . thro' fertile valleys glide. Tho' in search of lost repose, . . .

This is one of Dr. Arne's most famous pieces. We all remember the bear leader's remark in the stage to Cooper, that his bear "dances to the glidelest of tunes, such as 'Water Parted,' and the 'Minuet' from Arialetta." "Water Parted" was written for Arne's opera, Artaserse, produced in 1775. Arne himself wrote both words and music, and the opera was an immediate success in spite of what the critics then called the libertinage—a wicked, mangled translation of that excellent piece. Artaserse, in which Dr. Arne has at least shown that however close an alliance poetry and music may have with each other they are far from being constant companions, since in this performance the former is as contemptible as the latter is inimitable. The opera was written mainly to bring out Arne's pupil, Miss Brent. "Water Parted" was also sung by the Italian singer, Tedeschi.
WATER PARTED FROM THE SEA.

Tho' the land 'tis free to roam, Still it murmurs as it flows.
Panting for its native home, Tho' in search of lost repose...

Tho' the land 'tis free to roam, Still it murmurs as it flows.
Panting for its native home.
Our Country is our Ship.

JAMES COBB.

Moderato.

1. Our coun - try is our ship, d'ye see, A gal - lant ves - sel too,
   And
2. And when our haughty en - e - mies Our no - ble ship as - sail,
   Then
3. A - mong ourselves in peace, 'tis true, We quar - rel with a rout,
   And

1. of his for - tune proud is he, Who's of the Al - bion's crew,
   And
2. all true - heart - ed lads des - pise What per - ils may pre - vail,
   Then
3. hav - ing no - thing else to do, We fair - ly fight it out,
   And

1. of his for - tune proud is he, Who's of the Al - bion's crew. Each
2. all true - heart - ed lads des - pise What per - ils may pre - vail. But
3. hav - ing no - thing else to do, We fair - ly fight it out. But

An English sea song of much merit which had its fair share of popularity during the war with France in the 15th and 19th centuries. The song with the air above printed appears in the opera, The Cherokee, first acted at Drury Lane on December 30, 1794. The libretto of this work was written by James Cobb, author of other similar productions, and the music is by Stephen Storace. It is rather singular that in a later opera entitled Paul and Virginia, acted in 1800, the same song is taken and set to music by William Reeve. The air by Storace is however much finer than that by Reeve.
OUR COUNTRY IS OUR SHIP.

1. man, where'er his station be, When duty calls commands, Should
2. shrink from the cause we prize, If brothers slunk below,
3. once the enemy in view, Shake hands, we soon are friends,

1. take his stand, And lend a hand, Take his stand, Lend a hand, As the common cause de-
2. To the sharks, Heave such sparks, To the sharks, Heave such sparks, They assist the common
3. On the deck, 'Til a wreck, On the deck, 'Til a wreck, Each the common cause de-

1. mands, As the common cause demands, As the common cause de-
2. foe, They assist the common foe, They assist the common
3. fends, Each the common cause defends, Each the common cause de-

1. mends, Take his stand, Lend a hand, As the common cause demands,
2. foe, To the sharks, With such sparks, They assist the common foe.
3. fends, On the deck, 'Til a wreck, Each the common cause defends.
The Girl I left Behind Me.

Moderato quasi andantino.

1. I'm lone-some since I
2. Oh, ne'er shall I for-
3. Her gold-en hair to
4. My mind her form shall

cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and val-
ley, Such bea-ry thoughts my heart do fill. Since
ring-leads fair, Her eyes like dia-
monds shin-ing, Her slen-der waist, with carri-age chaste, Would
still re-tain In sleep-ing or in wait-
ing, Un-til I see my love a-gain, For

1. part-ing with my Sal-
ly, I seek no more the fire or gay, For each does but re-
2. first she vow'd to love me. And now I'm bound to Bright-on camp, Kind bea-ven, then, pray
3. leave the swan re-
pin-ing, Ye gods a-bove! oh, hear my pray'r, To my bea-
4. whom my heart is break-ing. If ev-er I re-turn that way, And she should not 

1. mind me, How sweet the hours did pass a- way With the girl I left be-hind me.
2. guide me, And send me safe-ly back a-gain To the girl I left be-hind me.
3. bind me, And send me safe-ly back a-gain To the girl I left be-hind me.
4. cline me, I ev-er-more will live and stay With the girl I left be-hind me.

For note to this song see Appendix.
Peggy Wynne.

Andante.

1. The poets, in conscience, have
2. They tell us of Venus and
3. A thousand times Cupid has
4. All charms the possess exude,

1. teased us too long,
2. Jano of old,
3. strove to ensnare,
4. sea-taros, and sue,

1. With Phyllis and Chloe in ev'ry song, Quite
2. But one was a jilt and the other a scold. To
3. And make me an amorous slave to the fair,
4. And then such a tempting, dear look in her eyes. Well,

1. tired of such nonsense, new themes I begin,
2. such naughty god desires nothing akin
3. never could get me entangled in his gin,
4. heaven forgive us, if wishing's a sin,

1. sweet Peggy Wynne.
2. sweet Peggy Wynne.
3. dear Peggy Wynne.
4. sweet Peggy Wynne.

Last time.

dim. poco rit.

One of a type of songs very much in favour with Parrish and Bonstall audiences. "Kitty Bell," "Nancy 27," and the above are examples which will be found in the present volume. "Peggy Wynne" is given in The Universal Magazine for May, 1790, without author's or composer's name. It was most likely sung at some of the public gardens in that year.
Nobody Coming to Marry Me.

1. When I was a smart young lass, Of fifteen or sixteen years old.
2. My father's a head-gar and shutcher, My mother does nothing but spin.
3. Last night when the dogs did bark, I went to the door to see, And every lass had a spark.
4. Oh, dear, how shocking the thought, That all my beauty must fade.

Oh, then I had plenty of suitors, But I once was a pretty young maid, But I'm sure it is not my fault, That...

An English song which became popular about 1860 or 1865. It was sung by Miss Tyrer at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, about that date. There seems to be no trace left of the composer's name, and it is all probability a folk tune has been the basis of the air. The words are founded on an early Scottish song, "My daddy's a dealer of dykes" (see Orpheus Cunctans, 1725, etc.).
NOBODY COMING TO MARRY ME.

1. Nobody's grown wonder-ous cold.
2. Mon-ey comes slow-ly in.
3. No-body came to me.
4. I must die an old maid.

Oh! what will be-come of me?

Oh! what shall I do? No-body coming to mar-ry me,

No-body com-ing to woo, ...

No-body com-ing to woo, ...
Tom Steady.

Allegro moderato.

1. Tom Steady left his native land In search of gold to roam, And
2. Ere long they met their valiant foes, And such the foes they sought, What
3. Their joyous course now home-ward lies, When e'en the port discern’d, A

1. vowed he would return no more To her he left at home, To
2. follows ev’ry Briton knows, They conquered for they fought, They
3. storm o’erwhelms each gallant prize, And still poor Tom return’d, And

The song is in the little opera, Up all night; or, The Sweeper’s Love, the words of which were by S. J. Arnold (son of Dr. Samuel Arnold, the musical composer), and the music by M. P. King. This was first performed at the Lyceum in 1806. Matthew Peter King was born in London in 1773, and died 1823. He wrote a great number of scores for the musical entertainments then so common, several being in collaboration with H. R. Bishop.
TOM STEADY.

1. her he left at home, Till for - tune smiled up - on his fate, And
2. conquered for they fought. With hon - our now and wealth e - late, Tom
3. still poor Tom re - turn'd; But Tom still smiled and blessed his fate, Thrice

1. gave him wealth for love - ly Kate, Till for - tune smiled up - on his fate, And
2. smiled and thought of love - ly Kate, With hon - our now and wealth e - late, Tom
3. welcomed by his love - ly Kate, But Tom still smiled and blessed his fate, Thrice

1. gave him wealth for love - ly Kate, And gave him wealth for love - ly Kate.
2. smiled and thought of love - ly Kate, Tom smiled and thought of love - ly Kate.
3. welcomed by his love - ly Kate, Thrice welcomed by his love - ly Kate.
O Good Ale, thou art my Darling.

Con energía.

1. The landlord he looks very big, With his
2. The brewer brewed thee in his pan, And the
3. I know my wife does not despise, Or
4. Thou oft hast made my friends my foes, And

1. high cocked hat and powdered wig; Me thinks he looks both fair and fat, But
2. tapster draws thee in his pan, So I with them will play my part, And
3. see thee with unfavoured eyes; If she loves me as I love thee, A
4. sometimes made me pawn my clothes, But since thou art so near my nose, Come

1. he may thank you and me for that.
2. lodge thee next unto my heart.
3. happy couple we shall be.
4. up, my friend, and down it goes.

For O good ale, thou art my darling,

And my joy both night and morning,

A fine specimen of an early English air bearing the stamp of a traditional melody. The song, "O Good Ale, thou art my Darling" was sung by the clown, Joseph Grimaldi, about the end of the 18th century. The melody, with one of the verses, is given in Cahusac's Pocket Companion for the German Flute, vol. xi., circa 1802, and the words are to be found in a song book named The Keeps of Prison, printed at York in 1792. The origin of the tune is probably the same as that of "O rare Turpin," printed in our previous volume.
Ah, Well-a-day, my Poor Heart!

THOMAS HICKS.  

Andante molto.  

WILLIAM SHIELD.

1. To the winds, to the waves, to the woods I complain,  
2. The stage of my god - dess I grapple on each tree,  
3. The heavens I view, and their azure bright skies.

1. Ah, well-a-day, my poor heart! They hear not my sighs, and they heed not my  
2. Ah, well-a-day, my poor heart! 'Tis I wound the bark, but love's arrows wound  
3. Ah, well-a-day, my poor heart! My heaven exists in her still brighter

1. pain. Ah, well-a-day, my poor heart! Ah, well-a-day, my poor heart!  
2. eyes. Ah, well-a-day, my poor heart! Ah, well-a-day, my poor heart!  
3. Ah, well-a-day, my poor heart! Ah, well-a-day, my poor heart!

The air is by William Shield, and the song by Thomas Hicks. It was sung in the character of a page by Miss Mary in Hickey's play, The Fables of a Day; or, the Marriage of Figaro, acted at Covent Garden in 1794; the play being a version of a translation or an adaptation. The music was published in sheet form, and the song is to be seen in several contemporary song books.
January.

Moderato e con grazia.

James Hook.

See, my fair, the morning hazy, Peeps abroad o'er yonder hill, . . .

See, my fair, the morning hazy, Peeps abroad o'er . . .

The song with the air appears in a scarce folio publication issued by Joseph Dale about 1816. This is entitled, L'Année, consisting of Twelve Ariettes appropriate to each month, . . . written by Mr. Collings, and composed by Mr. Hoel.
JANUARY.

yon - der hill; Greet its pre - sence, though 'tis ha - ry.

Frost has stopped the vil - lage mill, Greet its pre - sence,

though it's ha - ry, Frost has stopped the vil - lage mill.
Kitty Fell.

1. While beaux to please the
dinners by.

2. That Kitty's beauty-

3. At length I hoped, by

4. I asked her where she

Let her has sung, A - las! I know full well.

But love has made, And bid a long fare - well;

Can - not stay, Why don't you hear the bell?

To

1. fa - shion write. And hard to get their

2. full and young. That she has miss'd, that

3. rea - son's aid. To cure the wound that

4. passed that way? To church, she cried, I

me in humble verse pro - claim My

feel, and shall for ev - er feel, A

both - er day she saw, I wish I had not

don't! Oh, take me with thee there! I

love for her that - bess the

dirt more sharp than pointed steel. That came from Kitty

pray'd, she well not hear my prayer, Oh, cru - el Kitty

charming Kitty

charming Kit - ty, Charmed Kit - ty, Kity - ty Fell!

charming Kit - ty, Kit - ty Fell!

charming Kit - ty, Kit - ty Fell!

charming Kit - ty, Kit - ty Fell!

For note to this song see Appendix.
Old England's a Lion.

William Shield.

Eng - land's a li - on, stretched out at his case, A sail - or his keep - er, his couch the green seas; Old Eng - land's a li - on, stretched out at his case, A

A facsimile song written by John O'Keefe, with the air by William Shield. It first appeared in the opera, The Farmer, acted at Covent Garden in 1781. The lyric was then sung by "Mr. Darby." The Farmer, with the exception perhaps of Athal, was the most popular of Shield's operas; in it occur the songs, "A Ploughboy Cowboy," and "Here around the huge oak."
OLD ENGLAND'S A LION.

sail, or his keeper, his couch the green seas. Should a monkey dare to chatter, or a
tiger claw, They tremble at his roar, They
tremble at his roar as he lifts his paw. I love a neighbour's friendship, but
he turned foe, Prepare to receive him with blow for blow!
pare to receive him with blow for blow,

pare, prepare, prepare,

pare, Prepare to receive him with

brow for brow, With blow for blow, with blow for blow!
Once, Twice, Thrice.

JAMES HOOK.

Allegretto.

1. Once, twice, thrice! I met young Lubin on the green,
2. Once, twice, thrice! I met young Lubin on the green,
3. Once, twice, thrice! I met young Lubin on the green,

1. Once, twice, thrice, Young Lubin he met me; The
2. Once, twice, thrice, Young Lubin he met me; The
3. Once, twice, thrice, Young Lubin he met me; The

1. first time I beheld the lad he made a humble bow, I
2. when we met again he showed his cot with woodbine bound, And
3. third time when we met again, he strove consent to gain, To

A Vauxhall song composed by James Hook, and sung at the Gardens by Mrs. Bland in 1802. It was published by Joseph Daly in Hook’s Vauxhall Collection for that year, and in sheet form. Mrs. Bland, who sang so many of Hook’s simple ballads, was unequalled in her particular line, she succeeded Mrs. Wrightson in this type of song at Vauxhall. Mrs. Bland was, before her marriage, a Miss Komarrin, a Jewess and of Italian parentage. She was born in 1796, and after having sung for Charles Dibdin at his Royal Obene, made her idol on the legitimate stage on October 14th, 1796, when the opera Shubard Oor de l’aha was produced; in this she took the character of the page. She married Mr. Bland, who was brother to the famous Mrs. Jordan.
ONCE, TWICE, THRICE.

1. Bushed and hung my silly head and felt I don't know how, He asked my hand with
2. pointed out his flocks and fields where plenty smiled around, He told me all the
3. made him happy was his theme, and ease his heart of pain, He vowed his wealth shall

1. such a grace to dance up on the green, I thought he was the bluest lad these
2. joys of life a wait ed me within, I took a prop and surely thought it
3. all be mine if I to church would go, He pressed my hand and named the day now

1. eyes had ever seen, Now could I an swer No! No! No! oh,
2. could not be a sin, Now could I an swer No! No! No! oh,
3. could I an swer No? I could not an swer No! No! No! oh,

1. No! I could not an swer No!
2. No! I could not an swer No!
3. No! I could not an swer No!

Ped. *
While high the Foaming Surges rise.

Moderate.

1. While high the foaming
2. The signal for the
3. The storm is hushed, the

1. sur-ges rise, And
2. line is made, The
3. bat-tle's o'er, The
4. day to-mor-row, The

And
point-ed rocks ap-pear.
haughty foe's in sight,
sky is clear a-gain,
sea is calm and clear.

Loud thun-der ra-tes
The blood-y flag's al-
We toss the car to
in the skies; Yet
loft dis-played; And
those on shore.

1. sail-ors must not
2. fierce the dread-ful
3. we are on the

1. fear.
in storms, in wind, their
2. fight.
Each mind's his gun, no
3. main.
To Pol and Sue a-

A sea song in the style of Dibdin, but not his composition. I have not been able to identify either writer of words or music. The song is found in several books early in the 19th century: in The Shipyard, 1818, The Naval and Military Poets Illustrations, c 1813-1816, and in MS. collection of the same period. It was sung by a singer named Darby.
The Convivials.

J. Oakman.

Allegro.

1. To the voice of a friend, Ye con-
2. Joy and friend'ship's our plan, De-
3. A fine star-ry night, The choice
4. Then come let us join In a

1. vi-vials, at-tend, And in
2. n't it who can, To be
3. spi-rit's de-light, While
4. theme so di-vine, And

cho-rus the sub-ject pro-long; Mirth, freedom, and ease Must
hap-py and cheery each night; All wrangling and noise, Which
jo-ment they raise up the song; If goodness of heart Reigns
jo-vial-ly make the room ring: Mirth, freedom, and ease Must

1. cer-tain-ly please, And
2. plea-sure de-stroy,
3. when they de-part,
4. cer-tain-ly please,

such to con -vi-vials be-long,
We ban-ish as foes to de-light,
The same to con -vi-vials be-long,
And friend-ship's a feast for

a king.
a king.

1. And such to con -vi-vials be-long.
2. We ban-ish as foes to de-light.
3. The same to con -vi-vials be-long.
4. And friend-ship's a feast for a

king.

Taken from an early half music sheet where the air is stated to be by F. Remy, and the words by J. Oakman, the latter being a verse writer of some popularity.
Well-a-day! Lack-a-day!

Andante molto.

1. Ah me! I am lost and forlorn!
2. Why time, shall I thou be so unsought?
3. At sight to her tomb I'll repair,

Ped. Ped. sempre con Ped.

1. Hope can my anguish assuage:
2. With her beauties divine?
3. Echo my sorrows impart,

1. born, My fair one had died of old age.
2. tooth, Before I had cut one of mine?
3. hair, And the ringlet shall twine to my heart.

For a gas! Long before I was
Why rob her of every
Cut a look of her lovely grey

1. born, My fair one had died of old age.
2. tooth, Before I had cut one of mine?
3. hair, And the ringlet shall twine to my heart.

Sung in the character of a cut, called "Vagabond," in the operatic farce, My Grandmother. This written by Prince Howe, with the music composed by Stephen Storace, was acted at Drury Lane in 1796. "Mr. Boscobel, junior," is marked as singing the song on its original representation. It is, of course, a burlesque on the sentimental ballad of the day, with a very charming melody.
Well-a-day! Lack-a-day!

lack-a-day, oh! well-a-day! well-a-day! lack-a-day! For a-

last! long before I was born, My fair one had died of old age. Ah! well-a-day! oh! lack-a-day! dismal day, oh! . . .
Three Rosy-faced Topers.

Law, Physic, and Divinity.

Risoluto.

1. Three ro-sy-faced to-pers as ev-er was known, On a
2. The first was a law-yer, who sta-ted his case, And de-
3. Old Gar-gle, the doc-tor, next raised up his voice, And de-
4. With fair, rud-dy face, all be-pim-pled with li-quot, The
5. Let none, then, from drink-ing be e'er kept in awe, Since you

mf

1. fre-lic one night were all met at "The Crown," To be
2. clared 'twas as plain as the nose on your face, That the
3. clared of all nos-trums good wine was his choice, That the
4. next who rose up was a fat worth-y vi-car, Like a
5. find 'tis al-low-ed both by phy-sic and law, Di-

The song with the air under the heading, "Law, Physic, and Divinity, a new song," occurs in the July number of the Universal Magazine for 1772. The air is that of a once well-known drinking song, "Had Neptune when first he took charge of the sea." This song as "The Strohmanian's Wish, set by Mr. Papley," is in Bishop's Musical Entertainer, vol. II., circa 1788, and again as by "Mr. Powell," in another early work. The latter version of the composer's name is evidently a mistake, for Popley's name is attached to the

air on early sheet copies.
THREE ROSY-FACED TOPERS.

1. merr-y and gay was their on-ly de-sign, To drink and to
drinks all agreed, in good wine was no flaw, To drink it all
col-lege he knew would to-geth-er com-bine, And each set their
4. hymn or a psalm, sir, he roared out the strain Till he made the room
5. vin-i-ty, too, has held forth 'tis no sin, And what oth-er

poco rit. mf a tempo. cres.

1. sing to the praise of good wine,
times would stand good in the law,
hand-recom-mend-ing good wine,
echo ag-ain and a-gain,
folk say we care not a pin,

poco rit. mf a tempo. cres.

1. To drink and to sing to the praise of good wine.
2. To drink it all times would stand good in the law.
3. And each set their hands recom-mend-ing good wine.
4. Till he made the room echo ag-ain and a-gain.
5. And what oth-er folk say we care not a pin.
Was ever Nymph like Rosamond?

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Andantino.

Was ever nymph like

Rosamond? So fair, so faithful, and so fond, Adorn'd with ev'ry

By Dr. Arne, one of whose earliest efforts was the composing of music to Joseph Addison's opera, Rosamond, from whence this song is taken. Rosamond had previously (in 1707) been put to music by Thomas Clayton, but so badly that the piece, after a three nights' run, was condemned. Arne's version was acted at Lincoln's Inn Theatre on March 7th, 1739, and immediately became a success doing much to make the reputation of the young musician.

It is curious to notice how much of the so well known melody, "Rule, Britannia," comes into "Was ever nymph!" Arne's sister, Susanna Maria, who had just achieved a triumph during the previous year in Rosamond, took the title role in Rosamond, the above song falling to her part. Miss Arne was three or four years younger than her brother, having been baptized, 28th February, 1713-14, at St. Paul's, Covent Garden. Her brother gave her efficient instruction in music, and having a particularly sweet soprano voice, she soon became famous. In April, 1756, she married Theophilus Cibber, son of Colley Cibber, but the marriage proved an unhappy one, and on one occasion her brother, with a mob at his heels, had to rescue her by breaking into a house in which she was confined. She died 20th January, 1766.
Was ever nymph like Rosamond?

Charm and grace, Adorn'd... with ev'ry charm and grace.

(p) [fr.]

Was ev'er nymph like

[f.]

cres.

Rosamond? So fair, so faithful, and so fond, A -

cres.

[f.]

cres.

dorn'd with ev'ry charm and grace, A - dorn'd with ev'ry
Was ever nymph like Rosamond?

Charm and grace. Was ever nymph like Rosamond? So

Fair, so faithful, and so fond, Adorn'd with every

Charm and grace, Adorn'd... with every charm and grace.
WAS EVER NYMPH LIKE ROSAMOND?

burn, .. I burn, my heart's .. on fire, And glows with love of her fair face; I burn, I burn, my heart's .. on fire, And glows with love of her fair face.

§ D.C. al Fine.

[tr.]
We Soldiers Drink, we Soldiers Sing.

Alla marcia.

1. We soldiers drink, we
2. And tho' we march, or
3. Are has-es kind, or
4. So thus we drink, and

1. sol-diers sing, We
2. tho' we halt, Or
3. are they shy, Or
4. thus we sing, We

fight our foes and love our king; While all our wealth two
we're cold, or the knap-sack, words im-part, A
the knap-sack, light the heart, Con-
our wealth two words im-part, A

1. knap-sack and a cheer-ful heart.
2. tho' the sleep-ing ci-ty storm.
3. tent we meet, con-tent we part.
4. knap-sack and a cheer-ful heart.

While the merry, merry fire and drum bid in-trod-ing

cares be dumb, Spught-ly still we sing and play, And make dull life a hol-i-day.

A companion to "Let's Drink and Sing," another soldiers' drinking song, given in our work. The above song is from The Cerealist, 1872.
Come, who'll buy Primroses?

1. Come, buy of poor Mary; prim-ros-es I sell, Thro' London's slam'd ci-ty am
2. For par-ents I've none, and I'm look'd on with scorn, Ah! bet-ter for me that I
3. If pi-ty and vir-tue were ev-er al-lived, The tear of com-pas-sion ne'er

1. Known mighty well, Tho' my heart is quite sunk, yet I con-stant-ly cry-
2. ne'er had been born, Here I sue for pro-tec-tion, while plain-tive I cry-
3. yet was de-nied, Then pi-ty poor Mary who plain-tive doth cry-

who'll buy prim-ros-es, come, who'll buy prim-ros-es, Come, who'll buy primroses, who'll buy, who'll buy?

A song from an opera called The Sultan, acted in 1796; it was sung by Mrs. Bland, famous for the exquisite singing of simple ballads of this type. The melody is by John Moulès, a composer of some degree of merit; he wrote for Hanover Gardens and the theatres. The version given above is from a music sheet, but another, with some differences in the tune and words, appears in Hill's Poet Magaize, vol. 1., Edinburgh, 1797, and also on music sheets as "sung by Mrs. Bland." It is probable that the second copy was replaced by the one we print.
Great Britain is the Noblest Land.

Maestro.

1. Great Britain is the noblest land That e'er the world could boast, Then

2. The birds unshackled rove the air, The fishes swim the seas, No

3. Thou all the base in arms should rise To rob us of our goods, Yet

1. freedom regulates commands, And her we love the most, And

2. letters e'er could Britons bear, Then why, my boys, should we? Then

3. every effort we'd despise, Their rage should be withstood, Their

1. her we love the most.
2. why, my boys, should we?
3. rage should be withstood.

The King, the Nation, and the Law, We're

tut. sempre f
coll'a voce
GREAT BRITAIN IS THE NOBLEST LAND.

hap - py to o - boy; Then Vive le Roi, Vive le Roi, and

\[ \text{\textit{f Cresc.}} \]

f Cresc.

Vive la Li - ber - té! The King, the Na - tion, and the Law, We're

cres.

hap - py to o - bey; Then Vive le Roi,

cres.

\[ \text{\textit{f Cresc.}} \]

f Cresc.

\[ \text{\textit{f Cresc.}} \]

Vive le Roi, and Vive La Li - ber - té!
Be Quick, for I’m in Haste.

Allegro.

1. As 'cross the fields the oth-er norn I tripped so blithe and gay, . . . . The
2. "You must not go as yet," cries he; "For I have much to say . . . . Come,
3. Just as I spoke I saw young Hodge come thro' a neigh-b'ring gate . . . . He

1. squire with his dog and gun By chance came by that way. "Oh,
2. sit you down, and let us chat Up on the new - rown hay, I've
3. caught my hand, and cried, "Dear girl, I fear I've made you late; But

A Vauxhall song which was probably first sung at the Gardens about the season 1791-2, and is in all likelihood one of Hook’s compositions. The air, used for a country dance, is in Elder’s Twenty-four Country Dances for 1727, and again, later, in the Gentleman’s Pocket 

Aerina, with some of the words. A number of ballad sheet copies of the verses exist, and Mr. Baring-douglas picked up in Dorsetshire a 

traditional version of words and tune which must have been passed from mouth to mouth for a hundred years. See his 

Guardian of 

Country Song, 1895.
BE QUICK, FOR I'M IN HASTE.

1. Where's the ring?—sighed she—And caught me round the waist... "Pray
2. "Stop a while, dear sir," said I, "I can't, for I'm in haste..."
3. "Left the squire, and laughing cried," You see, sir, I'm in haste...

1. "I can't, for I'm in haste..."
2. "Be quick, for I'm in haste..."
3. "You see, sir, I'm in haste..."
Timothy.

1. As I was a-walking one
2. My father's postward of mine
3. They went to the church and were

1. morning in May, I heard a young damsel to sing and to say, My true love has left me, 'twas but yesterday. He
2. hundred a year, And I am his daughter and on - ly, his, No farther he'll give me, I fear, If
3. married, they say, And went to the father the ver - y same day, Saying, Honest father, we tell un - to thee, That

1. took his leave of me and so went away. The ver - y last time that I did him see, He vow'd to be constant, he
2. I marry Y O U, my dear, Saw he, if you'll set your heart on me, Your mind on me, A husband I'll find you, be
3. we are M A R R I E D. With that the old-codger be - gan to stare, He's married my singler and

1. constant to me, I asked him his name, and he made this re - ply, TIMOTHY.
2. for - ing and kind, And now to the church my dear, let us re - pair, Ne'er mind your F A T H E R.
3. on - ly heir, But since it is so, to it I will comply, With TIMOTHY.

Interpreted by Mrs. Deroccy Jordan on the stage in 1796, in the musical entertainment, The Virgin Demanded, an adaptation from an early work by Henry Fielding. The song is a parody of a country folk ditty.
I am a Brisk and Sprightly Lad.

Allegretto.

1. I am a brisk and
2. What girl but loves the
3. But when our country's
4. Our foes subdued, once

1. sprightly lad, But
2. mer'ry tar! We
3. foes are nigh, Each
4. more on shore, We

just come home from sea, Sir,
of the o'cean roan, Sir,
has tens to his gun, Sir,
spend our cash with glee, Sir,

And all the lives I
find a port, I
make the boasting Frenchman fly, And
drown our care, And

1. sailor's life for me, Sir.
2. ev'ry port a
3. hang the haughty Dan, Sir.
4. put z-gun to

yeo-ho, yeo-ho, yeo-ho,

yeo-ho, Whilst the Boatswain pipes all hands, With yeo-ho, yeo-ho, yeo-ho.

A song sung by Mrs. Dorothy Jordan in a comic popular farce named The Spotted Child, which was first produced at her benefit at Drury Lane Theatre on March 26, 1810. She sang the song dressed as a sailor in the character of "Little Peg," a mischievous sea-goose. Her other song in the same piece was, "Since then I'm doomed." These songs, printed on a single music sheet, were frequently sung about 1810 by a singer named Mrs. Davis. It is printed in The British Songster; or, Bickersteth's Delight, 1821.
All will Hail the Joyous Day.

Allegretto.

1. All will hail the joyous day, When love his triumph  
2. Some shall then with seel-less pride Envy joys to

1. shall display, The rustic pipe assist the song, The dance shall mingle
2. wealth and pride, And as we trip with mer-ry glee, Shall wish themselves as

1. old and young, The rustic pipe assist the song, The dance shall mingle
2. poor as we, And as we trip with mer-ry glee, Shall wish themselves as

This was sung by Mrs. Booth in the opera, *The Siege of Belgrade*, the music of which was composed and compiled by Stephen Storace. The words were by James Cobb, and it was acted at Drury Lane in 1791. The opera was well received, and for many years afterwards songs taken from it were sung by public singers at the theatres and garden parties.
1. old and young, old and young, old and young, The dance shall mis-gle
2. poor as we, poor as we, poor as we, Shall wish them-selves as

1. old and young, 2. poor as we, The sprightly bells, with welcome sound,

Shall spread the hap- py news a-round, And give a hint to mai-dens coy, And give a hint to mai-dens

coy, That youth they should not mis-em-ploy, That youth they should not mis-em-ploy.
Nan of Gloster Green.

Andante.

1. Say, will you leave your village seat, And range the fields with me, My
2. Could I but gain your heart, my fair, How gay the time would pass, Each
3. Her ruddy hand and willing heart, A blush o'er spread her face; Here,

1. Mind to soothe on you fair spot, Intent on nought but thee? The
2. Day to tend my fleecy care, With you my lovely less. Come
3. Take me, sheep-herd, let's depose, And seek the hallowed place, Where

First song about 1766 or 1768. I have been unable so far to trace the composer of melody or writer of the words. With the music the song appears in an American book of English songs called The Eighteenth, printed at Portsmouth, U.S.A., in 1784. It is also in The Simpson's Favorite Compositions, Glasgow, circa 1767, Crosby's English Musical Repository, 1807, etc., and is referred to in a "Medley," consisting of song titles worked into a song sung at the theatres by Fawcett in 1804.
1. springing spring that has the year, So like thy grace ful mien, My
2. then, dear girl, to church with me, Now smile, my love ly queen, My
3. love and friendship shall some time, And union e'er be seen; Now

1. charming girl, to me so dear, Is Nan of Glos ter Green. Is
ten.
2. ev - ry wish is formed for thee, Sweet Nan of Glos ter Green. Sweet
ten.
3. all as sist our hands to join, Sweet Nan of Glos ter Green. Sweet
ten.

1. Nan of Glos ter Green, Is Nan of Glos ter Green, My
2. Nan of Glos ter Green, Sweet Nan of Glos ter Green, My
3. Nan of Glos ter Green, Sweet Nan of Glos ter Green, Now

Ped. *

1. charming girl to me so dear, Is Nan of Glos ter Green.
2. ev - ry wish is formed for thee, Sweet Nan of Glos ter Green.
3. all as sist our hands to join, Sweet Nan of Glos ter Green.
The Cuckoo.

MARGARET CASSON.

Andante tranquillo.

1. Now the sun is in the west, Sink slow behind the trees,
2. Cheerful see you shepherd boy, Climbing up the craggy rocks;

1. And the cuckoo, welcome guest, Gently woo the evening breeze—
2. As he views the espied sky, Pleased the cuckoo's note he mocks—

1. Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, Gently woo the evening breeze.
2. Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, Pleased the cuckoo's note he mocks.

The lyric obtained a great degree of favour during the early years of the 19th century, and deservedly, for the melody is musical and singable. It was composed by Miss Margaret Casson, a lady who was herself a vocalist, and who also produced other songs, which, however, never held the place "The Cuckoo" did. The piece was first published about 1796 by George Goulding in Sheet form; it soon found its way into the song collections of the period.
THE CUCKOO.

1. Sportive now the swallows play, Lightly skimming o'er the brook,
2. Now advancing o'er the plain, Evening's dusky shades appear.

1. Darting swift they wing their way Home-ward to their peaceful rook,
2. And the cuckoo's voice again Softly steals up to mine ear,

1. Whilst the cuckoo, bird of Spring, Still amidst the trees doth sing,
2. While retiring from the view, Thus she bids the day adieu,

1. Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, Still amidst the trees doth sing.
2. Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, Thus she bids the day adieu.
The Lass of Humberside.

Poco andante expressio.

JONAS BLEWITT.

1. In lone-ly cot, by Hum-ber-side, I sit and mourn my hours a-
2. Six months on Green-land's icy coast, Where half the year is drear-y
3. The bride-knot which my love did wear Loose hung a pendant o'er my
4. At length the very ship I spied, In which my con-stant Will had
5. The boat-swain now full near the shore, I ask for Will, he shock his

way; For con-stant Will was Peg-gy's pride, And now he sleeps in Ice-land
night, He toil'd for me, and oft would boast That Peg-gy was his sole de-
door, And when it told the wind was fair, I fancied soon he'd be on
sailed, With haste I ran to Hum-ber-side, And loud and oft the sailors
head. "I fear," said I, "he is no more." The an-swer was, "Poor Will is

An unusual song of great sweetness. It is printed in the first volume of The Edinburgh Musical Miscellany, 1792. In Gow's Fifth Collection of Strathclyde Reels (1809), the tune is reserved, and under its own title is called, "An old Highland air communicated by Miss Jane Bowell." From these two works the air got into one or two later Scottish collections as a Scotch song. The conclusion is erroneous, for there is nothing of that type in either words or air. A chance reference in J. T. Smith's Book for a Reely (1846) identifies the tune as being composed by Jonas Blewitt (father of the better known Jonathan Blewitt), for Bermondsey Spa, a very mild rival to Vauxhall Gardens. Smith in speaking of Bermondsey Spa, says: "Blewitt, the scholar of Jonathan Battishill, was the composer for the Spa entertainment. The following verse is perhaps the first of his most admired compositions, 'In lonely cot by Humbe side.'" Jonas Blewitt was said to be author of the first treatise on the organ published in England.
THE LASS OF HUMBERSIDE.

1. Bay.
2. light.
3. shore.
4. hailed.
5. dead.

Still, as the ships pass to and fro, I fondly list to yo, heave
ho; Still, as the ships pass to and fro, I fondly list to yo, heave
ho, to yo, heave ho, I list to yo, heave ho.
Ramchoondra.

Poco allegro.

1. An old maid had a roguish eye,
   She was called the Rich Ram-choon-dra,

2. When o'er a pretty girl was sighing,
   Then this plague Old Ram-choon-dra

3. At last my old Ram-choon-dra died,
   Then I called her Dear Ram-choon-dra,

1. She loved dancing, so did I,
   Falalalalalalalalalala!

2. Watched me with a jealous eye,
   Falalalalalalalalalala!

3. With decent grief I mourned and sighed,
   Falalalalalalalalalala!

A comic song from the opera, Ramsh Droog; or, Nine Days Wonders. This was composed by Wm. Reeve and Joseph Mainzingi, Reeve being the writer of the air we give, and James Cobb, who wrote the libretto, the author of the words. Munden, the comedian, sang the song in the character of Chilling on the stage. Ramsh Droog was first acted at Covent Garden in 1798, and was very successful. The theme was the capture of British soldiers in India, and the vengeful release. Indian mutineers just then occupied the British army. In 1800 the opera was cut down to two acts for performance as an after piece.
1. When she married she had tears, She soon would die, and shed some tears, But she
2. She had but one eye, 'tis true, But that was large enough for two, And it
3. For many hours I sobbed till chance popped in my head a fav'rite dance, Then

1. Tough old less lived thirty years, Did my wife Old Ram-choom-dra.
2. Glanced upon me all as new, The eye of Old Ram-choom-dra.
3. Joy awoke me from my trance, A-dieu to Dear Ram-choom-dra.

Fal lal lal de ral, fal lal lal de ral, Fal lal lal de ral fal lal lal lal lal!
The Gipsy Hat.

1. I sigh for a maid, and a sweet pretty maid, And bonny Susan's her name; Then
2. That she's kind as she's fair I freely declare, So none can my candour prove; But
3. That I've said all my life I'd ne'er take a wife, And look'd on of phys that's the worst, I

1. Well do I know by my heart's panting so, The poor little thing's in a flame. For it
2. then what I rue, and be - love me, it's true, Is—bang it!—for being in love! For my
3. own, for my heart was then free from smart, But now, oh, I think it will burst. For it

1. throbs, throbs, throbs, and it beats, beats, beats, it throbs, throbs, throbs, and it beats, beats, beats, Goes
2. heart throbs, throbs, and it beats, beats, beats, it throbs, throbs, throbs, and it beats, beats, beats, Goes
3. throbs, throbs, throbs, and it beats, beats, beats, it throbs, throbs, throbs, and it beats, beats, beats, Goes

Written for Vauxhall audiences. The music is by James Hook, and it was sung at the Gardens by Charles Dignam in the season of 1796. The words were written by a versesetter named Upton, who supplied a great number of songs which were used by Hook for musical settings. We are indebted to Mr. E. T. Wedmore, of Bristol, for kindly forwarding a copy of the song.
1. pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat. Oh,
2. pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat, But,
3. pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat,
4. pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat, But,

1. sure it's the case I'm in love with the face All under the gipsy hat, All
2. ah! I'm a-fraid for the face of the maid All under the gipsy hat, All
3. ah! I must tell, for the face of the girl All under the gipsy hat, All

1. un-der the gip-sy hat, All un-der the gip-sy hat, Oh,
2. un-der the gip-sy hat, All un-der the gip-sy hat, But,
3. un-der-the gip-sy hat, All un-der the gip-sy hat, But,

Cheerly, my Hearts of Courage True.

Fondness.

1. Cheer - by my hearts of
2. Where roll - ing mists the liv
3. The cru - el Span - iard

1. con - rage true, The hour's at hand to try your worth; A
2. march shall hide, At dead of sight a cho - sen band,
3. then too late, Dis - mayed shall mourn th's-coug - ing blow, Yet

1. glo - rious per - rit waits for you, And ra - lour pans to
2. List - ning to the dash - ing tide, With sil - ent tread shall
3. van - quished, meet the mind - er fate Which mer - cy grants a
colla voce.

1. lead you forth, Mark where the en - o - miss co - lours fly, boys,
2. print the sand, We'll scale the walls, or brave - ly die, boys,
3. fal - len foe. Thus shall the Brit - ish ban - ners fly, boys,

A sea song, "Sung by Mr. Inshad," about 1802. It appears in J. Banger's Favourite Compositions, Glasgow, circa 1806, and in Colman's "Anecdotes of the German Flute," vol. 19, circa 1825. It will be noticed that the composer cleverly introduces the opening phrases of Purcell's "Britons, Strike Home!" The melody, "Cheerly, my hearts," has been ascribed to Thomas Arney.
1. There some must con-quer, some must die, boys; But that ap-pals not
2. For we are Brit-ish bold and free. And our watch-word it shall
3. On; you proud Brit-tons, who, raised on high, boys; And while the gal-lant

1. you or me, For our watch-word it shall be-
2. be, shall be, And our watch-word it shall be-
3. flag we see, We'll swear our watch-word still shall be-

f largemente.

Brit-tons, strike home, Re-venge your coun-try's wrongs!

Brit-tons, strike home, Re-venge your coun-try's wrongs!
My Betsy is the Blithest Maid.

THOMAS CHAPMAN.

Allegro moderato.

GEORGE KIRSHAW.

1. My Betsy is the blithest maid
That
2. When e'er I see her beauteous face
My
3. I'll bless the day that first I knew
My

The words of this song are by Thomas Chapman, and the air the composition of George Kirshaw, a musician of whom little is now known. He arranged the air, "Lovely Nancy," with variations, and did other similar work about 1766-70. The song we print is, with the music, included in Vocal Music; or, the Singers' Companion, vol. 1, printed by Robert Havell about 1776.
1. last! do all I could. For shape, for air, and manners too, None
2. long for her return. If all the others would forsake, And
3. was my only care. I'd vow to wed next Whitsunday, And

1. can with her compare; O would she but be kind and true I'd
2. fly to me alone; What pleasures I with her should take, While
3. make her bless'd for life; Should she refuse, then, maids say, To

1. soon my love declare; O would she but be kind and trust, I'd
2. they their loss bewail; What pleasures I with her should take, While
3. be young John-ny's wife? Should she refuse, then, maids say, To

1. soon my love declare, I'd soon my love declare.
2. they their loss bewail, While they their loss bewail.
3. be young John-ny's wife? To be young John-ny's wife?
The Lad with the Carroty Poll.

E. Knight.

Moderato.

1. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! good gen’l folks, it may be said I've
2. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I fear I shall ne'er get wed, For I a
3. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! a quack in our vil-lage one day,
4. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! the joy of my heart you must know,

1. come here to learn if an-y poor bairn has been troubled like me with his head. My
2. deed you must know, whe- re as I go, They laugh at my ear-rot-y head. Tother
3. said that he could, and I said that he should Come and take all my car-rots a-way. So be
4. see the first sprout of my hair shooting out. When the car-rot be-gan to grow: And my

1. feather and mother they used to control Fit-teen of us bairns all red in the poll: We
2. day I went to the tow-n with a young squire. They said that my head would set London on fire: I
3. said and he smiled as my face went a win. With stuff that he called his new patent dye: My
4. hap-pi-ness now is at- need at the top, Be- cause I have got such a glo-ri- ous stop: The

The song was written and sung by Edward Knight, a comedian who took Yorkshire characters in the early years of the 19th century. The melody was by his son, E. Knight. The song was sung at the theatre about 1822. Oeherr in his preface to the biographical sheet music 1832, is rather aware of Young Knight the composer, and tells us that the "Lad with the Carroty Poll" is a palpable plagiarism from Whitaker's Nightingale Club. Knight the composer edited a collection of Canadian airs gathered by Lieut. Back in his Arctic expedition, 1832.
THE LAD WITH THE CARROTY POLL.

1. all were pratty and per-ry as Punch, But I was al-ways the pride of the bunch.
2. see'd pratty women w' checks like a rose-- I gave one a kiss, but she painted my rose.
3. hair be turned black and my pockets he drained, And I looked like the de-vil the first day it raised!
4. les-son I've learned is nev-er to fret, But be always content with what-ev-er I get.

1. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I'm a queer lit- tle com-i-cal soul; And if
2. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I could'n't, I'm sure, for my soul, Like the
3. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I were such a trans-mog ri-fled soul; For my
4. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! the queer lit-tle com-i-cal soul,

1. you'll believe me, tho' I think you may see, I'm the
2. touch of her cheek, if I rubbed for a week, Get the
3. head were as bald as a pig that is soild, And I longed for my
4. ev-er lad, the hands that applai, The

1. poll; I'm the lad with the car-roty poll!
2. poll, Get the red from my car-roty poll!
3. poll, And I longed for my car-roty poll!
4. poll, The lad with the car-roty poll!
Ned that Died at Sea.

Andante molto espressivo.

CHARLES DIBdin.

1. Give ear to me, both high and low, And while you mourn hard fate's de-
2. His fa-ther was a com-mo-dove, His king and coun-try served had-
3. His sweet-heart, Grace, once blithe and gay, That led the dance up - on the
4. His friends, who loved his man-ly worth- For none more friends could boast than
5. Come, then, and join with friend-ly tear, Show-ing that, 'most of all our

1. cree, La-mont a tale, right full of woe, Of comely Ned that died at
2. be, And row his tears in torrents pour, For comely Ned that died at
3. sea, Now wastest in tears the li-ang'ring day, For comely Ned that died at
4. he, To mourn now lay a side their mirth, For comely Ned that died at
5. give, We from our hearts chant once a year, For comely Ned that died at

For note to this song see Appendix.
Pleasant Old Age.

Moderato.

1. I love the man whom I love.
   2. I love the young gal—last who
   3. He now grows old, but when all a

1. age; Can in its quarrels never engage, Can in its quarrels never end.
   2. done; His mind is ever, ever young. His mind is ever, ever

1. gone, Who as merciful to his evenings come As if life's short day were but beg.
   2. owes; Who frequents halls and tries to do What the height of nature prompts him
   3. young, And what his body can't do then His youthful thoughts act o'er a-

1. gun, As if life's short day were but beg
   2. to; What the height of nature prompts him to.
   3. gone, His youthful thoughts act o'er a-gath.

For note to this song see Appendix.
Homeward Bound.

Michael Arne.

Tempo di marcia.

1. Loose ev'ry sail to the breeze,
   The course of my vessel improve.
   Ye sailor, I'm bound to my
   To gales that may drive me astray.

2. Since in a moment true
   My gries I fling all to the wind.
   My mistress is constant and

3. Hoist ev'ry sail to the breeze,
   Come, shipmates, and join in the song.
   Let's pleasure return for my care.
   To gates that may drive her astray.

One of our most charming sea songs. It was first sung in public about 1786, probably at Vauxhall or some other of the public gardens. The words are by a clever writer of sea songs, Captain Thompson, who penned also "Farewell to Old England," and "The Typania Shiver in the Wind," all, including "Homeward Bound," with the airs composed by Michael Arne. Michael Arne, the natural son of Dr. Arne, early developed musical talents of a high order; his excellent composition, "The Highland Laddie," became famous while he was still "Master Arne." He was born in London in 1741, and married Miss Wright, a soprano singer, in 1766. He went to Dublin as musical director of the theatre there in 1779, but soon returned to London and devoted himself to musical composition, and it is said to ambitious. His most popular compositions include Alberca (with Battiéhill), 1764; The Positive Mere, 1764; and Cynon, 1767. He died 1st January, 1794, having in some of his songs reached almost as high a standard as his father.
1. lore, I'm bound to my love, Ye
2. kind, My mistress is constant and kind, My
3. long, To gales that may drive her along, To

1. sailors, I'm bound to my love, I've done with the toils of the
2. mistress is constant and kind, Tis a pleasing return for my
3. gales that may drive her along, Let's drink while the ship cuts the

1. saile, saile, I'm bound to my love.
2. care, My mistress is constant and kind.
3. sea, To gales which may drive her along.
Lashed to the Helm.

Moderate.

JAMES HOOK.

1. In storms when clouds obscure the sky, And thunder roll and lightning fly, In
2. When rocks appear on every side, And art is vain the ship to guide, In
3. But should the gracious powers be kind, Dispel the gloom and still the wind, And

1. 'midst of all these dire alarms I think, my Sally, on thy charms; The
2. varied shapes when death appears The thought of these my bosom cheers; The
3. waft me to thy arms once more, Safe to my long lost native shore, No

One of James Hook's sea songs sung at the Garderns by Charles Inceleon about 1787 or 1788. The words are printed in The New Vocal Anthology, a new edition for 1795, printed for C. Stalker, and the music is in sheet form and in most of the song books of the period. The song had considerable vogue in its day.
The Post Captain.

RANKIN.
Allegro moderato.

1. When,
2. To
3. For

---

1. Steer — well heard me
next he learned
first im — part, Our brave com — man-der's sto — ry,
With
fused, The foe he oft — de feat — ed;
And

2. hand top gain — eels
next he learned With quick — ness, earn — and
Whose
3. va — lour, skill, and
worth re — nowned, The foe he oft — de feat — ed;
And

---

1. ar — dent zeal his
youth ful heart, Swelled high for na — val
glo — ry. Resolved to gain a
2. gen — ous mas ter
then discerned And prized his dawning mer — it.
Hearkt him soon to
3. now with fame and
for — tune — ed, Post Cap — tain he is
rat — ed: Who, should our in — jured

---

1. val — iant name, For bold ad — ven — tures en — ger,
When first a lit — ile ca — bin — boy on
2. reef and steer, When storms convulsed the o - cean.
Where shoals made skil — ful
3. coun — try blood, Still brave — ly would de — fend her,
Now blessed with peace if

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A fine sea song sung by Charles Incedon, the famous tenor vocalist. He sang it in a little entertainment, or monologue, which he gave for the purpose of introducing the songs written for him; this he called, Variety. The melody is by William Shield. Incedon had been a sailor, and his singing of the 'Storm' and other similar ditties was long a memory to the old playgoers of the first half of the last century. "The Post Captain" probably made its first appearance about 1863.
THE POST CAPTAIN.

1. heard the breeze, He would hold on the jigger, while jolly tars with promiscuous. As none to the pilot. 
2. ret - trans fear, Which marked him for pro - per use, Un - awed, yet mild to 
3. beau - ty plead, He'll prove his heart as ten - der, to share his

1. mus - i - cal Joe, Fove the an - chors peak singing, To heave yo! Yo, yo, yo, 
2. an - swered like he, When he gave the command, Hard a port, helms lee, Luff, boy, luff, keep her 
3. high and low, To poor and weal thy, friend or foe, Wounded tars share his 

1. yo, yo, yo, 
2. near? Clear the buoy, 
3. wealth, All the fleet 

1. mus - i - cal Joe, Hove the an - chors peak, have the an - chors peak singing, To, heave yo! 
2. answered like he, When he gave the com - mand in the pool or a sea, Hard a port, helms lee! 
3. left they will go, Which always are read - y com - pas - sion to show, To a brave conquered foe. 

1. yo, yo, yo, 
2. near? Clear the buoy, 
3. wealth, All the fleet 

1. yo, yo, yo, 
2. near? Clear the buoy, 
3. wealth, All the fleet 

Ten jolly tars with 
None to the pilot. 
Praised by such hearts for -
"When the Heart is at Ease."

Andantino con espressione.

T. A. ARLN.

1. How sweet are the flowers, how lovely the Spring. How
   The flowers would wither, the Spring have an end,

2. "Pride of the Grove" would decay;
   The

One of Dr. Arne's compositions. It was first sung in a little musical entertainment, named The Sacrifices of Inkipoia, performed in 1750 at a small tea gardens called "The New Wells," in Clerkenwell. Besides appearing on sheet music it was included, with a pictorial heading, in The New Universal Magazine for 1753.
"WHEN THE HEART IS AT EASE."

1. Wanton the air of the birds as they sing, And
2. air would be voxious, the birds but of send, If my

1. chirrup and chirrup soft measures of love, And
2. lovd one, my lovd one, my queen were a way, If my

1. chirrup and chirrup soft measures of love. Yet
2. lovd one, my lovd one, my queen were a way. For

1. not of them selves the gay beauties can please, We
2. not of them selves the gay praises can please, We
"WHEN THE HEART IS AT EASE"

1. Only can taste when the heart is at ease,
2. Only can taste when the heart is at ease,

1. is at ease,
2. is at ease,

When the heart, when the heart, when the heart, when the heart.

1st time.
2nd time.

1. heart is at ease.
2. heart is at ease.
My Phillida, Adieu! Love.

Miss MELLISH.

Molto moderato.

1. My Philli-da, a dieu! love, For
2. For my fair Philli-da, love, A
3. I'll deck her tomb, with flow-ers, The
4. In-stead of fair-cut col-ores, Set
5. In sa-ble will I mourn, Black

1. ev-er-more, fare-well! Ah me! I've lost my true love, And thus I sing her knoll.
2. bri-dal dress was made; But spread of dress-ed silk-en, She in her broo-ds laid.
3. rare-at ev-er seen; With my tears as show-ers, I'll keep them fresh and green.
4. teeth with cur-lous art, Her im-age it is paint-ed, On my dis-tress-ed heart.
5. shall be all my woe; Ah me! I am for-born, Since Philli-da is dead.

dong, dong, dong, My Philli-da is dead! I'll stick a branch of willow At

my fair Phillis' head, Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong.
Let's Seek the Bower of Robin Hood.

Wm. Shield.

1. Let's seek the bow'r of Robin Hood, This
2. The humming beer flows round in pails, With
3. Then dancing sprightly on the green, Each

1. Is his bridal day, And cheerfully in blithe Sherwood Bride-
2. Meat that's stout and old, And amorous maidens tell love tales To
3. Light-foot lad and lass, Sly stealing kisses when unseen, And

From William Shield's opera, Robin Hood; or, Sherwood Forest, written by Leonard MacNally, an Irish barrister, author of the song, "The Loss of Richmond Hill." The opera was acted with great success at Covent Garden Theatre in 1784. As so frequently the case in operas of this kind, Shield in part composed, and in part selected his melodies. "Let's seek the bower of Robin Hood," however, appears to be entirely his own composition. Shield was born on Tyne side at Whickham, Durham, in 1748, and after having been apprenticed to a boot maker, became a professional musician in Newcastle on Tyne. He came to London in 1776, and played the violin at the opera. He was appointed composer to Covent Garden Theatre a few years afterwards, and ultimately became one of our leading English musical writers. His songs and compositions are very numerous. He died in London in 1829.
LET'S SEEK THE BOWER OF ROBIN HOOD.

1. maids and biste-men play.
2. thaw the heart that's cold,
3. jingling glass with glass.

Then fol-low, fol-low me, my bon-ny, bon-ny lads, And

we'll the pas-time see, For the min-strels sing and the sweet bells ring.

And they

feast right merri-ly, merri-ly, And they feast right merri-ly, merri-ly.
'Twas near a Thicket's calm Retreat.

Andantino.

1. 'Twas near a thicket's calm re-treat, Under a pop-lar
2. The brook flowed gently at her feet, In murmurs smooth-a-
3. Poor hap-less maid: who can be-hold Thy sorrows so se-

1. tree, Maria chose her wret-ched seat, To mourn her sor-rows
2. song, Her pipe which once she tuned most sweet, Had now for got its
3. verse, And hear thy love-ly sto-ry told, With-out a fall-ing

1. free, Her love-ly form was sweet to view As dawn at op-n'ing
2. song, No more to charm the vale she tries, For grief has filled her
3. tear, Mar-i-a, luck-less maid, a-dieu! Thy sor-rows soon must

1. day; But ah! she mourned her love not true, And went her cares a-
2. breast; Those joys which once she used to prize, But love has robbed her
3. cease; For heav'n will take a maid so true, To ev-er-last-ing peace.

At the time this song was written, "Maria" in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" was a character in great favour with that class of people to whom the "sentimental" part of the journey so strongly appealed. The song is suggested by the passage describing the finding of Maria by the roadside with her little dog, bemoaning the loss of her faithless lover, near Moulins. "When we had got within half a league of Moulins at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar—she was sitting with her elbow on her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree," etc., etc. On sheet music, published about 1765, the song is called "Moulins Maria," composed by Mr. Mouls. This was John Mouls, whose song, "Ground Ilay," is included in the present volume.
Flora's Holiday.

Allegro.

1. Come, all you lads and lasses, Pat
2. Should e'er the nymph de - ny you, She
3. Should e'er the awain ab - jure you, Prin -

1. on your handsome gra - ces, For this the time and place is For us to sport and play. All
2. ne'er intends to fly you, A thousand bricks she'll try you, All but to hold you fast. She'll
3. sees he can't en - dure you, It's all but to al - low you, And ease him of his pain. If

1. brick and jol - ly court - ing, sporting, Cases of fol - ly, dan - cing, prancing, Flo - ra cou -
2. post and vex you, joy - ing, coy - ing, Town perplex you, slight - ing, slight - ing, Fol - low her
3. ones you meet him, kind - ly, friendly, You'll defeat him, rare - ly, fair - ly, Cast but your

1. mends A hap - py hol - i - day.
2. close She'll smile, she'll smile at last.
3. eyes He'll quick re-turn a - gain.

A pleasing melody strongly suggestive of some old country dance tune. The song is on a half sheet engraved by Johnson, circa 1776, and it is also included in Walsh's British Musical Muse - don, vol. iii, circa 1774. No clue is given as to author or composer. It is possible that the song may have been sung in the little ballet operas, Flora and Flo in the Well, or, The Country Waltz, acted in 1776.
Sweet Passion of Love.

Andante.

1. This cold fin- ty heart it is you who have warmed. You
2. The frost nips the bud, and the rose can not blow. From
3. The Spring should be warm, the young season be gay. Her

Another song from Michael Arne's opera, Olympe, written by David Garrick, and performed at Drury Lane in 1787. It is sung by the character Myria.
1. wa - keed my pas - sions, my sen - ses have charmed. In
2. youth that is frost - nipped no rap - ture can flow. E -
3. birds and the flow - rets make blithe - some sweet May. Love

1. vain a - gainst mer - it and Cy - mon strove, What's
2. lys - ilum to him but a de - sert will prove, What's
3. bless - es the cot - tage and sings through the grove, What's

1. life with - out pas - sion, sweet pas - sion of love, Sweet
2. life with - out pas - sion, sweet pas - sion of love, Sweet
3. life with - out pas - sion, sweet pas - sion of love, Sweet
Sweet Willy, O.

Andantino quasi allegretto.

1. The pride of all nature was
2. He sang it so sweetly, did
3. He would be a soldier, the
4. He armed them when living, the

1. sweet Willy, O, The pride of all nature was sweet Willy, O, The first of all swains, He
2. sweet Willy, O, He sang it so sweetly, did sweet Willy, O, He mel-ted each maid, So
3. sweet Willy, O, He would be a soldier, the sweet Willy, O, When armed in the field, With
4. sweet Willy, O, He armed them when living, the sweet Willy, O, And when Wil-ly died, Twas

1. gladden the plains, None ever was like to the sweet Willy, O; The first of all swains, He
2. skil-ful he played, No shepherd e'er piped like the sweet Willy, O; He mel-ted each maid, So
3. sword and with shield, the laurel was won by the sweet Willy, O; When armed in the field, With
4. nature that sighed, To part with her all in her sweet Willy, O; And when Wil-ly died, Twas

This song, with the bulk of the music for the occasion, was composed by Charles Dibdin for the Stratford Jubilee of 1769, and was then performed in the great booth at Stratford-on-Avon. Dibdin, who had achieved a great success by his operas, The Patriot, was then a young man, and had been in the favour of David Garrick, who organised the jubilee. Kirby's music for the event at Stratford-on-Avon was published by John Johnston in two thin folios entitled, The Shakespeare Garland. For a history of the extraordinary festival held in honour of Shakespeare, and of its curious incidents, we must refer the reader elsewhere. The jubilee was certainly an event of great historic interest.
Young Jockey he Courted Sweet Moggy.

Moderate.

1. Young Jock-ey he court-ed sweet Mog-gy so fair, The
2. A fortnight was spent o'er dear Mog-gy came to, For
3. Their hoy-noon last-ed a week; neighbours say That,
4. Sur-prised at this treat-ment, she cried, Gaff for Jock, Pray
5. He took home his Mog-gy, good con-duct to learn, Who

1. lass she was love-ly, the swain do-hon-air. They bgg'd and they cud-dled, and said with their eyes, And
2. maid-ens a de-cen-ty keep when they woo; At length she con sen- ted and made him a row, And
3. none were so hap-py and gamsome as they, Then home they returned, but returned most unkind, For
4. what is the rea-son that Mog-gy you mock? Quoth he, Goose, come on, why, you now are my bride, And
5. brush'd up his house, while he taxed the old barn, Then laid in a stock for the care that en-sue, An-

1. looked as all lov-ers do, won-der-ful wise: And looked as all lov-ers do, won-der-ful wise.
2. Jock-ey he gave for a join-ture, his cow, And Jock-ey he gave for a join-ture, his cow.
4. when folk are wed they set fool-ing a-side, And when folk are wed they set fool-ing a-side.
5. now live as man and wife us-u-al-ly do, And now live as man and wife us-u-al-ly do.

As "Love in Low Life" the song with the music is engraved in a scarce quarto publication (issued ab. mt 1761-4, entitled, The Musical Magazine, by Mr. Oswald and other celebrated masters—London: printed for J. Cooke. As "Jockey and Moggy," a new song," the same appears in The Universal Magazine for June, 1764, and the words alone in various editions of The Rival. Sweet Mog the Brunette," included in this volume, is an adaptation of "Young Jockey" (see note).
On the Banks of Allan Water.

M. G. LEWIS.

Andante sussurro.

1. On the banks of Allan Water.
2. On the banks of Allan Water.
3. On the banks of Allan Water.

1. Water, when the sweet springtime did fall, Was the miler's lovely daughter,
   2. Water, when brown Autumn spread its store, There I saw the miler's daughter,
   3. Water, when the winter snow fell fast, Still was seen the miler's daughter,

1. Fairer of them all. For his bride a soldier sought her, And a wintertide had
   2. But she smiled no more. For the summer grief had bought her, And the soldier's daugher was
   3. Chilling blew the blast But the miler's lovely daughter, Both from cold and care was

1. be, On the banks of Allan Water, None so gay as she.
   2. be, On the banks of Allan Water, None so sad as she.
   3. thee, On the banks of Allan Water, There a corpse lay she.

semefre con Ped. dim. rit.

For note to this song see Appendix.
The Ploughman's Ditty.

Moderate.

1. When Mol-ly smiles be-neath her cow, I
2. What can I do? On work-ing days I
3. Good mas-ter ou-rate, teach me how, To

1. feel my heart, I can't tell how, I
2. leave my work on her to gaze, I
3. mind your preach-ing and my plough, To

1. When Mol-ly is on Sun-day dressed, On
2. What shall I say? At ser-mon I
3. And if for this you'll raise a spell, A

1. Sun-day I can take no rest, On Sun-day I can take no rest.
2. get the text when Mol-ly's by, For get the text when Mol-ly's by.
3. good fat goose will thank you well, A good fat goose will thank you well.

A rustic song given in The Universal Magazine for April, 1797, but without author's or composer's name. It is also to be found in Glee and Joke vol. 1. 1784. It is now almost impossible to find out the names of many of the musicians who supplied the 18th-century magazines with their musical selections. Many of these were amateur compositions selected from the country-sides of real excellence, others of course were the songs sung at the theatres and public gardens. When these had attained some degree of popularity, they were generally printed with the singer's and composer's names attached.
Never say No when you wish to say Yes.

1. I can-not help think-ing I've oft been to blame, When my tongue gave my wish-es too

2. When last at the fair he would pur-chase a ring, And he vowed as a fair-ing held

3. I've thought ev-er since what he said was too true, And I swear the next time that he's

1. fre-quent the lie, And yet it's sur-pris-ing I still do the same, Was

2. give it to me, I frowned, and re-ject-ed the glit-ter-ing thing, And

3. press-ing and kind I'll e'en to the par-son with-out more to do, And

1. ev-er poor maid how sim-ple as I? Young Har-ry has told me, too con-fi-dent youth, When I

2. vowed all my life to live hap-py and free. "Tis' no such a thing, pretty maids-en," he cried, "No,

3. take the de-rer-youth while he is in the mind. And this I'll ad-vise all the sex to be plain, Nor

Another Vauxhall production written by James Hook, and sung by Mrs. Franklin at the Gardens in 1798. Published in Hook's collection for that year.
NEVER SAY NO WHEN YOU WISH TO SAY YES.

1. han-tered his pas-sion and took it a-miss, "In - deed, my dear girl, you do not speck the truth, so -
2. no, my sweet love, it is not. By this kiss You must, and you shall, and you will be a bride. You
3. tri - ble too long with a perma nent bliss; When a swain loves with honour re-turn it a - gain, When a

1. deed, my dear girl, you do not speak the truth. O nev - er say No, nev - er say No, O
2. must, and you shall, and you will be a bride. Can nev - er say No, nev - er say No, O
3. swain loves with hon - our re - turn it a - gain, Nor nev - er say No, nev - er say No, O

1. nev - er say No when you wish to say Yes, Nev - er say No,
2. nev - er say No when you wish to say Yes, Nev - er say No,
2. nev - er say No when you ought to say Yes, Nev - er say No,

1. nev - er say No,
2. nev - er say No,
3. nev - er say No,

O nev - er say No when you wish to say Yes."
O nev - er say No when you wish to say Yes."
O nev - er say No when you ought to say Yes.
Darby Kelly.

1. My grand sire beat a drum so neat, His name was Darby
2. A son he had, which was my dad, As tight a lad as
3. Ere I did wed, ne'er be it said, But that the foe I

1. Kelly, O! No lad so true at rat tat too, At roll call or re-
2. a ny, O! You d'er would know, tho' you should go From Chester to Kil-
3. dared to meet, With Wellington, old Erin's son, I helped to make them

1. veil le, O! Wes Marib'ro's fame first raised his name, My grand y beat the point of war; At
2. ken ny, O! Wes great Wolfe died, his country's pride, To arms my daper fa ther beat; Each
3. both retreat. King Ar thur once, or I'm a dunce, 'twas called the he ro of the age; But

Words by Thomas Dibdin, and the air by John Whitaker. The clever verses might have suggested to Thackeray his Chronicles of the Brave. John Whitaker was a musician of merit and versatility; with Bishop he arranged and composed the once famous opera, Guy Mannering, performed soon after the publication of the novel. He wrote a number of excellent melodies in all styles of composition, including that one so frequently classed as Irish, "Paddy Casey." He was partner in the great firm of Bishop and Whitaker, music publishers, of St. Paul's Churchyard, and arranged and edited a great many of the collections issued by them. Born 1776, died 1847.
DARBY KELLY.

1. Blest be him, in Ramillies, Made our ears to tingle near and far; For with his wrist, he'd
2. da'de and hill remember still How loud, how long, how strong, how neat, With each drumstick he
3. what's he been to him we've seen, The Arthur of the modern page! For by the poets, from

1. such a twist, The girls would fear, you don't know how, They hung and cried, and sighed, and died. To
2. but the trick, The girls would fear, you don't know how, Their eyes and glee, their ears would listen. To
3. Lisbon's bow's, Harphiles bow's to grace his brow, He made Nap princes right out of France, With his

1. hear him beat the row, dow dow, With a row, dow dow, with a row, dow dow! To hear him beat the
2. hear him beat the row, dow dow, With a row, dow dow, with a row, dow dow! To hear him beat the
3. Eng'lish, I - rish, row, dow dow, With a row, dow dow, with a row, dow dow! His Eng'lish, I - rish

1. row, dow, dow! They hung and cried, and sighed and died, To hear him beat the row, dow dow!
2. row, dow, dow! They hung and cried, and sighed and died, To hear him beat the row, dow dow!
3. row, dow, dow! His row, dow dow, his row, dow dow, His Eng'lish, I - rish, row, dow dow!
Nancy Gay.

Poco Allegretto con grazia.

1. Of all the girls I ever saw, Perhaps or ever may,
2. Your con-noisseurs in beauty own, For one and all will say,
3. The beaux es-prit of从前 times, Though now grown old and grey,
4. Some ladies much charmed appear, And jealous, too, some say,
5. Let ladies envy the dear fair, My love shall never stray,

Like "Eitty Fall" in the present volume, "Nancy Gay" is a song in honour of some forgotten beauty. As "A New Song," but without composer's or author's name, it appears in The Universal Magazine at the end of the year 1767. It is also printed in Robert Horsfield's Vocal Music, 1775. The words have merit, and the air is particularly pretty, the composition of one of those clever but nameless musicians who followed in the steps of Dr. Arne.
1. bright est of them dull appears Compared with Nancy Gay.
2. most complete of all the sex Can't equal Nancy Gay.
3. sigh and cry out while they gaze, "The deuce take Nancy Gay.
4. others whisper softly round, "Oh, hang this Nancy Gay.
5. e'er I be, where e'er I go, I'll praise my Nancy Gay.

1. Gay, The bright est of them dull appears Compared.
2. Gay, The most complete of all the sex Can't.
3. Gay! Yet sigh and cry out while they gaze, "The.
4. Gay!" And others whisper softly round, "Oh,
5. Gay, Where e'er I be, where e'er I go I'll

1. pared with Nancy Gay, Compared with Nancy Gay.
2. equal Nancy Gay, Can't equal Nancy Gay.
3. deuce take Nancy Gay, The deuce take Nancy Gay.
4. hang this Nancy Gay, Oh, hang this Nancy Gay.
5. praise my Nancy Gay, I'll praise my Nancy Gay.
The Heaving of the Lead.

Words by Wm. Shield. Music by Wm. Shield.

1. For England, when with favoring gale, Our gallant ship up
2. And bearing up to gain the port, Some well-known object
3. And as the much-loved shore we near, With transport we go.
4. Now to her berth the ship draws nigh, We shorten sail, she

1. Channel steered; and scudding under easy sail, The
2. Kept in view; an abbey tower, a ruined fort, Or
3. O'er the roof, where dwells a friend or partner dear Of
4. Feels the tide; "Stand clear the cable!" is the cry, The

One of our most favorite sea songs. It formed part of a little opera called, Maryfold Bridge; or, The Skirts of a Camp, acted at Covent Garden Theatre in 1792. The music was selected and composed by William Shield, and it is generally considered that this musician wrote the air in question. The words are by the author of the libretto, William Pearce, and the song was sung by Charles Ingraham. Shortly after its first production an additional verse (the last) was added.
THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

1. High blue western lead appeared,
   High blue western lead appeared.
   To

2. Beacon to the ves - sel true,
   While the ves - sel true.
   The

3. Faith and love a matchless proof,
   The faith and love a matchless proof.
   The

4. Anchor's gone! we safely ride.
   Anchor's gone! we safely ride.
   The

1. Hear the lead, the sea-man sprung, And to the pilot cheer - ly sung.
2. Oft the lead, the sea-man flung, And to the pilot cheer - ly sung.
3. Lead once more the sea-man flung, And to the watchful pilot sung.
4. Watch is set, and thro' the night, We hear the sea-man with delight.

1. "By the deep nine!" "By the deep nine!" To heave the lead the sea-man sprung, And
2. "By the mark seven!" "By the mark seven!" While oft the lead, the sea-man flung, And
3. "Quarter less five! Quarter less five!" The lead once more the sea-man flung, And
4. Claim "All's well!" Pro-claim "All's well!" The watch is set, and thro' the night, We

1. To the pilot cheer - ly sung -- "By the deep nine!"
2. To the pilot cheer - ly sung -- "By the mark seven!"
3. To the watchful pilot sung -- "Quarter less five!"
4. Hear the sea-man with delight, Pro-claim "All's well!"
When forced from dear Hebe to go.

Andantino.

1. 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.

2. Me-thinks she might like to return To the grove I had laboured to rear, For what I heard her admire I hastened and prove. For what a blossom he should So sweet so dear.

3. I've stolen from no flowrets that grow To paint the dead charms I ap- prove. For what can a blossom be slow So sweet so dear.

The words are considerably "adapted" from three poems by Samuel. The melody is by Mr. Arne, written about 1750. The song was no doubt sung at Vauxhall near this date, and was included in Arne's Apocryphal Musical Choise, 5th number, Walsh, circa 1752. It is unfortunate that there are so many modern copies of this song carelessly or wilfully altered in those little subtle points which give so much charm to the original. Our present copy is taken from what is evidently the best printed, and this agrees with others issued during Arne's lifetime.
WHEN FORCED FROM DEAR HERE TO GO.

1. see me de-part. She cast such a lan-guish-ing
2. plant-ed it there. Her voice such a plea-sure con-
3. light-ful as love? I sing in a rust-ic cal

1. view,... My path I could scarce-ly dis-cern, So
2. veys,... So much I her ac-cents ad-dore, Let her
3. wy,... A shep-herd and one of the thron, Yet

1. sweet-ly she bade me a-dieu,... I thought that she
2. speak and what-ev-er she says,... I'm sure still to
3. He-be ap-proves of my song,... Go, po-ets, and

1. bade me re-turn, I thought that she bade me re-turn.
2. love her the more, I'm sure still to love her the more.
3. en-ry my song, Go, po-ets, and en-ry my song.
On every Tree, in every Plain.

THOMAS LINLEY, JUNR.

Andante.

1. On every tree, ... in
2. What bliss to me ... can


1. every plain, I search the jovial Spring in
2. seasons bring? In what the needless pride of

1. vain; A sickly languor veils mine eyes And
2. Spring? The cypress bough that suits the bier, Re.

1. fast ... my wan'ing vigour flies. Nor flowery
2. tains ... his verdure all the year. But ever I

By Thomas Linley, junior, taken from Linley's Posthumous Works, circa 1780-8. We need scarcely draw attention to the fine musical qualities displayed in this composition of the younger Linley. We have before mentioned his untimely death by the upsetting of a pleasure boat in Lincolnshire. It may be added that he was a firm, personal friend of Mozart whom he met in Florence, both being about the same age.
ON EVERY TREE, IN EVERY PLAIN.

1. mead nor bud ding tree, That smile on
2. ask once more to view, You set ting

1. others smile on me, Mine eyes from death shall court re.
2. sun his face renew, In form me, awa my friends do.

1. pose, Nor shed a tear before they close, Mine eyes from
2. clare, Will pity ing De lia join the prayr? In form me,

1. death shall court re pose, Nor shed a tear before they close.
2. swains, my friends de clare, Will pity ing De lia join the prayr?
How Happy a State does the Miller Possess.

Facile allegro.

1. How happy a state does the miller possess, Who would be no greater nor
2. Tho' his hands are soiled, 'tis not seen to be seen, The hands of his betters are
3. Or should be endearment to heap an estate, In this, too, he mimics the

1. fears to be less! On his mill and himself he depends for support, Which is
2. not very clean; A palm more polite may as diligently deal, Gold in
3. tools of the State, Whose aim is all one— their coffers to fill, As

Appears in Robert Dodsley's play, *The King and the Miller of Macc Fields*, acted in 1737. In *Bickham's Musical Entertainers*, vol. 1, circa 1737; and in *Cillope; or, English Harmony*, vol. 1, 1738, the music is said to be by Mr. Arne. On contemporary half sheet music no name is attached. While Bickham is strong evidence (for the Cillope's ascription may be merely a copy from it), yet we venture strongly to doubt that Arne had any hand in its composition. It is utterly out of his style, and far more in that of Carey. Ritson in his *English Songs*, 1788, places the name, "Highmore," to the air, apparently as composer of it. Who this musician was we have been unable to discover.
HOW HAPPY A STATE DOES THE MILLER POSSESS.

1. bet-ter than serv-ile-ly cring-ing at Court. What tho' he all dus-ty and
2. hand-ling will stick to the bugs like meal. What if, when a pul-ding for
3. all his con-ven's to bring grit to his mill. He cooks when he's hun-gry, be

f

1. whi-tened does go, The more he's be-pow-ered the more like a beau; A
2. din-ner he lacks, He crib-s with-out sam-ple from oth'er men's sacks; in
3. drinks when he's dry, And down when he's wea-ry con-ten-ted does lie; Then

cres.

1. clown in the dress may be hon-est-er far Than a cour-tier who struts is a
2. this of right ro-ble ex-am-ple he brags, Who bor-row as free-ly from
3. rises up cheer-ful to work and to sing, If so hap-py a mil-ler, who'd

f

1. gar-ter and star, Than a cour-tier who struts in a gar-ter and star.
2. oth-er men's bags, Who bor-row as free-ly from oth-er men's bags.
3. then be a king? If so hap-py a mil-ler, who'd then be a king?
False Phillis.

Allegretto.

1. Ex-pect the ap-pointment, I went to the grove, To meet my fair
2. I wait-ed a while which in-creased but
3. To wait a - ny lo - nger I thought was in vain - So I trudged over the
4. I glowed with re-sent - ment, yet proud - ly passed by. When sweet as the

1. Phil - lis and tell tales of love; But judge of my pas - sion, my
2. know, ev - ry mo - ment's an age; I sighed and I
3. fields to my cat - tage a - gain; When oh! to my grief, is a
4. mar - ing, young fast caught my eye; I told her the sto - ry, she

One of those pretty, dainty, and quaint songs of which the 18th century was so productive. No doubt it has had its share of applause at some of the public auctions, but it does not appear to have gained the popularity it deserves. Our copy is taken direct from "The New Musical and Universal Magazine," vol. ii, 1776, where the song is said to be "set by B. F.," who was a frequent contributor of song melodies to that magazine. He was in all likelihood a clever amateur who was content that his name should rest on those vague initials. A copy of the song has been recently put forth; it differs considerably from the one we print, but we claim to give the authentic version.
FALSE PHILLIS.

1. rage and des - pair, When I found on ar - ri - val no Phil - lis was
2. looked far and near, But in vain was my look - ing, no Phil - lis was
3. grove that was near, Be - hold the false Phil - lis with Da - mon was
4. ban - ished my care, Bade me go to the grove— she would sure - ly be

1. there. But judge of my pas - sion, my rage and des - pair, When I
2. there, I sighed and I called, and I looked far and near, But in
3. there, When oh! to my grief, in a grove that was near, Be -
4. there, I told her the sto - ry, she ban - ished my care, Bade me

1. found on ar - ri - val no Phil - lis was there, When I
2. vain was my look - ing, no Phil - lis was there, But in
3. hold the false Phil - lis with Da - mon was there, Be -
4. go to the grove— she would sure - ly be there, Bade me

1. found on ar - ri - val no Phil - lis was there.
2. vain was my look - ing, no Phil - lis was there.
3. hold the false Phil - lis with Da - mon was there.
4. go to the grove— she would sure - ly be there.
To Heal the Wound a Bee had Made.

Andante.

1. To heal the wound a bee had made Up-
2. I felt the pleasing pain increase, And

1. on my Kitty's face; Hon-ey up-on her
2. burned with fond de-sire; Each look and ac-

1. cheek she laid, And bade me kiss the place, And
2. had a grace, Which set my heart on fire, Which

A specimen of the vocal compositions by Thomas Linley, junior, taken from The Posthumous Vocal Works of Mr. Linley and T. Linley, junior, circa 1796-8. The words are well known. Thomas Linley, junior, had a bright and promising career cut short at the age of twenty-two by his being accidentally drowned.
1. Made me kiss the place, And made me kiss the place. Pleased,
2. Set my heart on fire, And burned with fond desire. While

1. I obeyed, but from the wound, Imbibed both sweet and smart, The
2. I was wondering what pretense, My passion so much moved, She

1. Honey on my lips I found, The sting within my heart, The
2. Spoke and charmed me with her sense, And then I knew I loved, She

1. Honey on my lips I found, The sting within my heart.
2. Spoke and charmed me with her sense, And then I knew I loved.
Sweet Tally-Ho.

Allegro animato.

1. With hounds and horn each rosy morn, Let buck a-hunting
2. Was she my wife how sweet the life, In station high or
3. On heath or warren, tho' e'er so barren, With her 'twould fruitful

The present copy of this song is from an engraved half music sheet in date about 1778. A traditional version of the song is published in Kidson's 'Traditional Tunes,' 1800, and another version forms one of the late Randolph Caldecott's illustrated nursery books. A chapbook songster published by T. Evans, called 'The Royal Sportsman's Delight, circa 1800, and a second by another publisher bearing the same title has a variant of the words under the heading, "Bucks a-hunting go."
SWEET TALLY-HO.

1. Buck's a-hunting gos, While all my fancy
2. station high or low, 'Mist war's a-larms her
3. her 'twould fruitful grow, Make violets spring, all

1. dwells with Nancy, And her sweet Tally-ho, While
2. music charms, So sweet her Tally-ho, 'Mistat
3. verdure bring, When she sings Tally-ho, Make

1. all my fancy dwells with Nancy, And her sweet Tally-
2. war's a-larms her music charms, So sweet her Tally-
3. violets spring, all verdure bring, When she sings Tally-

1. ho, Oh, and her sweet Tally-ho!
2. ho, So sweet her Tally-ho.
3. ho, When she sings Tally-ho!
Two Bunches a Penny Primroses.

UPTON.

Andante.

James Hook.

p con express.

p Moderate.

1. When Na-ture first sal-u tes the Spring, And fields all green ap-pear, The feath ered tribe their
2. Stern Win-ter may en-robe with snow Each va-ley, dale, and hill, Through-out the world bid
3. Thus Win-ter must to Spring give way, As sea-sons roll a-long, The thorn-bud bloss-om

1. mat-ins sing, And hail the ver-dant year. But tho’ the coun-try boasts of sweets Un-
2. tem-pests blow And freeze the bub-blng rill, Yet Spring will come with smil-ing face, And
3. with the May, The lark re-sume his song; And tho’ the coun-try boasts of sweets Un-

A Vauxhall song written by Upton, composed by James Hook, and sung by Mrs. Franklin in the season of 1793.
TWO BUNCHES A PENNY PRIMROSES.

1. known to those in town,
   How sweet to hear in London streets, How sweet to hear in
2. spread each joy a - round,
   Give free - dom to the wa - tery race, Give free - dom to the
3. known to those in town,
   How sweet to hear in London streets, How sweet to hear in

1. London streets, What's cried both up and down,
   What's cried both up and down, What's
2. water race, And wake the pleasing sound,
   And wake the pleas - ing sound, And
3. London streets, What's cried both up and down,
   What's cried both up and down, What's

poco rit.

1. cried both up and down—
   Two bunch - es a pen - ny prim - ro - ses,
2. woke the pleasing sound—
3. cried both up and down—

two bunch - er a pen - ny, . . .
two bunch - es a pen - ny, . . .
The Token.

Andantino.

1. The breeze was fresh, the ship in stays, Each breaker hushed, the shore a
2. The storm—that like a shape-less wreck Had raised with rig—ing all the
3. The bat-tle—that with horror grim. Had raked ray-aged life and
4. The voy-age—that had long and hard, But that had yielded full re-

A very favourite song, words and music by Charles Dibdin; it was sung by him in his entertainment, *Casts in the Air*, first performed on 12th October, 1744. Nancy’s comic must have been quite a popular "toy" for similar lovers. Collectors of old pottery find many such rhymes painted on these articles, often given by and to sailors as tokens of remembrance.
THE TOKEN.

1. to-ker's o-ver-haule: The bro-ken gold, the brai-ed hair, The ten-der
2. ship a lock-had ceased, When Jack, as with his nee-mate-dear, Restored the
3. many a wife—was o'er, When Jack to his con-pass-ing dear, First paid she
4. rich—vanish an end, When Jack his tells sad perils o'er, Be-held his

1. molt—too wild so fair Up on his box box, he views, Up on his
2. greg their hearts to cheer, Took from his box box a quid, Took from his
3. tri but of a tear; Then, as his box box he hold, Then, as his
4. Nae oy on the shore; He then his box box dis-played, He then his

1. box box he views, Nae oy the post love the melt
2. box box a quid, And spilled for com fort on the lid—
3. box box he held, Restored his com fort as he spilled—
4. box box dis-played, And cried and kissed the yield-lyng maid.

If you loves

I, . . . as I loves you, No pair so hap-py as we two.
Myrtilla.

1. Ye cheer-ful vir-gies, have ye seen My fair Myr-ti-la
2. Her cheek is like the mal-den-rose, liest with the li-ly
3. Her song is like the lin-noe's lay, That war-bles cheer-ful

1. pass the green To rose or jess'-mine bow', To rose or jess'-mine bow',
2. as it blows Where each in sweet-ness vie, Where each in sweet-ness vie,
3. for the Spring, To hail the ver-nal beam. To hail the ver-nal beam.

1. bow'rs? Where does she seek the wood-bine shade? For sure ye know the
2. vie. Like dew drops glist'ning in the morn, When Eos bus gilds the
3. beau. Her heart is blis-ter than her song. Her pas-sions gen-tily

1. blooming maid. Sweet as the May-born flow'r. Sweet, sweet as the May-born flow'r.
2. flow'-ring thorn, Balm peas in her eyes, Heath spar-kles in her eyes.
3. move a long. Like the smooth glid-ing stream, Like, like the smooth glid-ing stream.

A Lancash-song which held much public favour during the 15th century. It was composed by Dr. Samuel Howard, and copies are to be found in the Badd-Erste, vol III, 1704; Flemming's Plur-estrocras, 1718, etc. Arranged as a glee, it can be seen in Halls's Sociat Har-mony, 1795, Pure Har-mony, vol. 1, 1716, etc. Howard was born in London in 1740, studied under Croft and Pepsich, became Mus. Doc. of Cambridge in 1760, and died in 1782.
Weel may the Keel Row.

Moderate.

1. Oh, who sae like my Johnny, Sae
2. He has nae ma'ir o' learning Than

1. leish, sae blithe, sae bonny, He's foremost' mang the mon-y Keel lads o' Coast-y Tyne. He'll set or row sae
2. tells his weekly earning, Yet right fine singing, The' true, nae bruised he. Tho' he so worth a

1. tight-like, Or in the dance sae sprightly, He'll cut and shuffle sight-ly. Tis true, were he not mine.
2. plack is, His ain coat on his back is, And none can say that black is The white o' Johnny's e'e.

Chorus.

Weel may the keel row, the keel row, Weel may the keel row, that my lad's in.

For note to this song see Appendix.
Hark! when the Trumpet now calls you to Arms.

1. Hark! hark! when the trumpet now calls you to arms! Hark! hark! 'tis the genius of
2. See! see! where our master and monarch appears! See! see! where the standard of

1. Britain a-arms! Hark! hark! when the trumpet now calls you to arms! Hark!
2. houn our be ream! See! see! where our master and monarch appears! See:
1. Hark! 'tis the genius of Britain arms! Her sons that her-it The
2. see! where the standard of honour he rears! His standard we'll follow, We'll

1. old English spirit, Who part with like glory To shine in our story, With
2. follow, boys, we'll follow, Strong in navy and army, What power need arms, ye? With

1. heart and with hand will appear, one and all, And when Britain calls then will answer her call.
2. heart and with hand then appear, one and all, And when Britain calls let us answer her call.
Amo, Amas, I Love a Lass.

1. Amo, amas, I
2. Can I ca - chi a
3. Oh, how Bel - la,

I love a lass, As a ce - dar tall and slen - der; Her eyes like agate bright, And her brows dark and bright. And

2. My soul di - vine, Whose voice as a flute is douc - et; Her looks bright, her mane white, And

3. My pet - i - la, I'll kiss se - cu - la, seco - la - rum. If I've luck, sir, she's my ux - or, O

1. She's of the fe - minine gen - der. Ho - rum, co - rum, sunt di - vo - rum, Ha - rum, sca - rum,

2. Soft when I sac - to her pulse is. Divus, par - i - wig, and hal - band, Eio bo - ho - rumgen - i - ti - vo!

3. Di - vo; Tag rag, merry derry per - i - wig and hal - band, Eio bo - ho - rumgen - i - ti - vo!

Song by the comedian, John Edwin, in the character of "Lingo," a pedant, in John O'Keeffe's opera, The Siren, at the Haymarket in 1731. It was a musical farce concocted and composed by Dr. Samuel Arnold. The air used by Arnold for "Amo, Amas," is a traditional one to which the old nursery rhyme, "The Frog and Mouse," was sung in the 18th-century.
Ah, Well-a-day!

1. The blithe bird that
2. Kind nature took
3. Can love, a—day!

1. sings in May, Wes
2. Co-he's part My
3. words be shown, He

1. I, ah, well—day!
2. heart, ah, well—day!
3. I, ah, well—day!

1. reason why, Oh love! ah, well—a—day! Oh, love! ah, well—a—day!
2. gentle sigh, Each sigh, ah, well—a—day! Each sigh, ah, well—a—day!
3. loves do—ny? Ah, no! ah, well—a—day! Ah, no! ah, well—a—day!

For note to this song see Appendix.
'Tis Love that makes all Nature gay.

Love and Music.

Andante.

JOHN WYNNE.

1. 'Tis love—
2. The fea—

1. makes all Na—
2. choir in ev—

1. can—
2. war—

1. love—
2. ther—

1. ture gay,
2. ry grove,

1. can—
2. bling—

1. All crea—
2. stre—

1. tures
2. out their

This song is contained in John Wynne's Ten English Songs, 1784; the words are given there as "written extempore by a gentleman."

Wynne was a Cambridge man who kept a music shop in that city. His music is vigorous, and stands well with contemporary work. Nothing appears to be known biographically of him.
'Tis love that makes all nature gay.

1. Creatures can rejoice, rejoice,
   All singing, their warbling throat.

2. Cannot A thousand pleasing tunes
   Tell their little tale, can rejoice.

3. Round him play, And music is his voice,
   In wild harmonious notes, let songs resound.

2. Tales of love Is wild harmonious notes, In
   Let songs resound.
Sweet Lilies of the Valley.

Allegretto.

JAMES HOOK.

1. O'er barren hills and flowery dales, O'er sea and distant shores, With
2. From whistling o'er the harrowed turf, From nestling of each tree, I
3. I'm now returned (of late discharged) To use my native toil, From

1. Merry song and joyous tale I've passed some pleasant hours. Though
2. Choose a soldier's life to wed, So social, gay, and free. Yet
3. Fighting in my country's cause To plough my country's soil. I

Song by a boy singer named Master Shepherd at Vauxhall Gardens about 1790. The melody is by James Hook, and the words by a song writer named Richardson, in all probability the same who wrote the song, "Fair Rosalie," included in the present volume. The song and air are included among the contents of an American publication called The Nightingale, printed at Portsmouth, N.B., in 1804, and are also found in English song books prior to that date.
1. wand'ring thus I never could find a girl like blithe some Sally, Who
2. though the lasses love us well, and often try to rally, None
3. care not which, with either pleased, so I possess my Sally, That

1. picks and calls and cries aloud, Who picks and calls and cries aloud, 'Sweet
2. please me like her who cries, None please me like her who cries, 'Sweet
3. lit - tle mer - ry nymph who cries, That lit - tle mer - ry nymph who cries, 'Sweet

1. ll - lies of the val - ley! sweet ll - lies of the val - ley! Who
2. ll - lies of the val - ley! sweet ll - lies of the val - ley! None
3. ll - lies of the val - ley! sweet ll - lies of the val - ley! That
Oh! Dear, what can the Matter be?

Moderato.

1. He promised to buy me a fairing that pleases me, And then for a kiss, O! he vow'd he would embrace, He
2. He promised to bring me a basket of posies, A garland of lilies, a garland of roses, A

1. promised to bring me a bunch of blue ribbons, To tie up my bonny brown hair. And it's
2. lit - tle straw hat to set off the blue ribbons, That tie up my bonny brown hair. And it's

This old favourite song has a capital tune. The melody, no doubt, is a traditional English one. With different sets of verses, it appeared on sheet-music about 1781, and was shortly after this date used for a pseudo-Irish song, beginning:—

"At sixteen years old you could tell little good of me,
Till I saw Nenagh who soon understood of me;
I was in love, but myself for the blood of me,
Couldn't tell what I did all.
"Twas dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, tare-and-dine, what can the matter be?
Oh, granachree, what can the matter be?
I'm bothered from head to tail."

This latter song is from the Mountenays, 1796.
The Modern Beau.

1. Come hither, my country
2. A shining dish has pro-
3. Go, get thou a foot-man's
4. Convert thy acres to

Moderato.

1. squire, 'Take friendly instruction from me; The lords shall admire thy taste in attire. The
2. vide, With little more trim than lace; Nine hairs on a side to a pig-tail too, Will
3. frock, A wadgol quite up to thy nose; Then frizz like a shock, and pleasure thy block, And
4. cash, And say thy timer down; Who'd keep such truss and not cut a slash, Green-

f Con spirit.

1. ladies shall gaze for thee,
2. set off thy jolly brown hue,
3. buckles thy shoes at the toes,
4. joy the delights of the town

Such flaunting, gallanting, and jaunt-ing, Such frolic ing thou shalt see; Thou ne'er like a clown shall quit London's rest town, To live in thine own country.

For note to this song see Appendix.
The Fairy.

A Midnight Madrigal.

Allegretto.

1. Fair-est of the vir-gin train, That trip it o'er the mag-i-c plain, Come and
2. Then I'll tell you many a tale, Of mountain, rock, of hill and dale, Which will
3. See the moon, all sil-ver bright, Shining with a ten-fold light, Try-ing to
4. Who is that which I e-spy, Just de-seed-ed from the sky? Faith, 'tis
5. Then we'll play and dance and sing, Co-lor-brat-ing Pan our king, And I'll

1. dance and sing with me Un-der yon-der a-ged tree, Come and dance and sing with
2. make you laugh with me Un-der yon-der a-ged tree, Which will make you laugh with
3. see my queen with me Thro' the boughs of yon-der tree, Trying to see my queen with
4. Cu-plid come to see My fair one'neath yon aged tree, Faith, 'tis Cu-plid come to
5. al-ways live with thee Un-der yon-der a-ged tree, And I'll al-ways live with

1. me Un-der yon-der a-ged tree.
2. me Un-der yon-der a-ged tree.
3. me Thro' the boughs of yon-der tree.
4. see My fair one'neath yon a-ged tree.
5. thee Un-der yon-der a-ged tree.

From The Edinburgh Musical Magazine, vol. ii, 1797: it appears also in one or two other song books near this date. The same song, "set by Mr. Thomas Smart, the words by a lady," under the heading, "The Fairy in Love," is printed in The New Musical and Entertain Magazine, vol. ii, 1796. There is no indication as to the composer of the melody we use, which is different from that by Smart. The song must not be confused with "Paisley of the Virgin training," in Sir. Hayco's Solomon.
Ye Fair, possesst of ev'ry Charm.

The way to keep him.

THOMAS A. ARNE.

1. Ye fair, possest of your pow'r, but

2. Great is your pow'r, but

1. ev'ry charm To cap-ti-vene the will, Whose smiles can rage it - self dis-arm, Whose

2. great'er yet, Mankind it might en - gage, If, as ye all can make a net, Ye

1. frowns at once can kill, Say, will you deign the verse to hear, Where flat-ty

2. all could make a cage, Such hymn's thou-sand hearts may take, For who's to bea-

1. part, An hon-est verse that flows sin - cere, And can - did from the heart?

2. blind? But to what end a pris - ner make, Un - less we've strength to bind?

Another of Dr. Arne's beautiful melodies. It first appeared in a folio publication, entitled, The Monthly Melody, or, Poetic Amusement for Amusements and Ladies, London, printed by G. Kearsley, vol. 1, 1766. The song was written no doubt for the comedy named, The Way to Keep Bess, by Arthur Murphy, produced in 1766, and again assembled in 1767. Dr. Arne wrote another melody and a song (similar, but not the same) which was sung by his sister, Mrs. Gilder, in one of the versions of the comedy; this commences, "Ye fair, married dames," and it is printed at the end of Arne's edition of his songs, Thomas and Sally, dated 1761.
The Little Waste.

1. I am a cheerful fellow, although a married man, And
2. Oh, marriage is a draught we take for better or for worse, And
3. The wife so discreet, still each fashion she'll display, Her

1. in this age of folly pursue a saving plan: Though
2. wise is he who can prevent the drafts upon his purse; But
3. booned, heaven bless her! is as open as the day; Her

A panting song written partly in ridicule of the fashion which ladies adopted at the end of the 18th century, of having their waists almost under their armpits. It was sung by Charles Dignum at Vauxhall Gardens about 1797, and the melody is by James Hook. The song produced another composition called, "The Little Waist Defeated," which was sung by Mrs. Mountain at Vauxhall, another air being composed for it by Hook. This latter ditty was written by Upton, and begins:

"In defence of her say sure a wrong may speak,
Pray what is it now that you men would be at?
Do you think that we mind such occasions you seek
To laugh at our dress—little waists—and all that?
No doubt, sir, believe it, such nonsense must fall,
When we look but a moment about us,
That whether we're all waist or no waist at all,
You can't for the life of you, man, do without us!

Then, prizetho, dear sir, leave our short waists alone,
To the whim of the day and we'll have it, don't doubt us,
So sift over your jesting and cantilly own.
You can't for the life of you, man, do without us!"
THE LITTLE WASTE.

1. Wives are thought expensive, yet who can live alone? Then
2. Evils are much less envied when wives are well inclined. For
3. Garments—may I venture a simile to beg?—Hang

1. Since they are dear creatures, 'tis best to have but one. My choice discovers
2. Tho' they come across us, they shape them to our mind. If matters are well
3. Loosely from the shoulders as a gown upon a peg. Yet, fearful of ex-

1. Clearly my prudence and my taste, I've a very little wife with a
2. Managed, no need to be straight-laced, You may with little danger place your
3. Pense, she shortens them, tho' small, And if she goes on shortening there'll

1. Very little waste, I've a very little wife with a very little waste.
2. Hand on their waste, You may with little danger place your hand on their waste.
3. Be no waste at all, And if she goes on shortening there'll be no waste at all.
Ben Block the Veteran.

Tempo di marcia.

1. Ben Block was a veteran of naval renown, And renown was his only renown.
2. Nor could a lieuten-ant's poor stipend provoke The staunch tar to despise scanty rations.
3. When humbly saluting with an empty bare, The First Lord of the Admiralty

1. ward.
2. prog.
3. once.

For the board still neglected his merits to crown, As no
For his cuishe'd crack his quid, crack his joke, And drown
Quoth his lordship; "Lieutenant, you've lost all your hair Since I

Written, composed, and sung by an actor named Colline, who produced a table entertainment, called, The Merry Peal. "Ben Block" was published in sheet form by W. Sibbey about 1825.
1. In trust be held with my Lord,
   Yet brave as old Ben now was
2. Care in a jug of grog,
   Thus year after year in a
3. Last had a peep at your sonne,*
   "My Lord," Ben replied, "it with

1. Strong old Ben, And he'd laugh at the cannon's loud roar,
   When the
2. Subalterate, Poor Ben for his king fought and bled,
   Till
3. Truth may be said, While a bale [ate] I long have stood under,
   There have

1. Death-dealing broadside made you's meat of men, And the
   Soup-pers were steaming with gore.
2. Time had unroofed all the thatch from his pate, And the
   Hair from his temples had fled.
3. So many captains riddled o'er my head, That to
   See me quite scalped were no wonder.**
How Blest are we Seamen.

1. How blest are we sea-men! how joy-ful and gay! To-geth-er we go.
2. By land and sea our na-tions their forces may boast, 'Tis we, our flag flies.
3. Our ad-mira-tion lead, and our flag is let fly. Our cross like a star.
4. Come, bas-tle, my boys! let us form the good line, Come, cheer up, old

1. Right, or to-geth-er we play; Our hearts are true star-lings, their
2. We, can pro-tect Bri-tain's coast; Our strength float-ing castles, our
3. Com-pa-ries in the sky; Per-tend-ing de-tru-tion, our
4. Eng-land, the day shall be thine; Huz-ar for our coun-try! huz-

1. Worths shall we sing? We'll fight for our coun-try, and die for our
2. Howl Eng-lish guns, Con-vince the proud Span-lard we're Nup-tune's true
3. sea-li-on roars, And his voice, like true thun-der, breaks full on the
4. za for our King! We'll raise its re-nown, and en-no-ble his

A fine composition which is printed in Dr. Kitchiner's Sea Songs of England, 1813. It is there published as an anonymous piece, and search has, so far, failed to reveal the composer's name. The melody suggests that it is in date about 1750 or 1760.
1. king! 2. sons. 3. shores. 4. reign.

For plenty, for freedom, we'll range the wide flood, And for

England, old England, we'll shed our last blood, For plenty, for

For plenty, freedom, we'll range the wide flood, And for England, old England, we'll

shred our last blood, For England, old England, we'll shed our last blood.
Yo, Heave Ho!

Allegro moderato.

Verses and air by CHARLES DIBDIN.

1. My name's a'ye see, Tom Tough, I've seen a little sarvice, Where might-y billows roll and loud
2. When from my love to part, I first weighed anchor, And she was snivling seed on the
3. And now at last hid up, in decent-ish condition, For I've only lost an eye and got a

1. tempests blow; I've sailed with gallant Howe, I've sailed with noble Jarvis, and in
2. beach be low, I'd like to catch my eyes snivling, too, d'ye see, to thank he, But I
3. too her too: But old ships must expect in time to be out of commission, Nor a-

Frequently entitled "Tom Tough." It is one of Dibdin's later productions, and was one of the songs he gave in his table-entertainment, "A Tour to the Lord's Bed, first performed at his Theatre, "Sheen Sourci," on 6th October, 1799. The entertainment was the result of a tour to Cornwall and the West of England which Dibdin took for pleasure, and for the purpose of singing his songs in the provinces.
**YO, HEAVE HO!**

1. Gallant Duncan's feet I've sung out, Yo, heave ho! Yet more shall ye be knowing, I was
2. Brought my sorrows up with a Yo, heave ho! For sail-ors, tho' they have their jokes, And
3. Gain the an-chor weigh with a Yo, heave ho! I smoke my pipe and sing old songs, My

1. Cox-a-vain to Bos-caw-en, And a-very, with great Harveys have I no-bly faced the foe. Then
2. Love and feel like old or folk, Their duty to me brisk must not come for to go. So I
3. Boys shall well a-venge my wrong. My girls shall rear yea sailors nobly for to face the foe. Then to

1. Put round the grog. So we've that, and our prog, We'll laugh in care's face and sing,
2. Reised the cap-stan bar, Like a true hon-est tar, In spite of tears and sighs sung out,
3. Coun-try and king. Fie no dan-ger can bring, While the tars of old Eng-land sing,

**Poco rit.**

1. Yo, heave ho! We'll laugh in care's face and sing out, Yo, heave ho!
2. Yo, heave ho! In spite of tears and sighs sung out, Yo, heave ho!
3. Yo, heave ho! The tars of old Eng-land sing, Yo, heave ho!
When the Morning Peeps Forth.

Vivace.

Hunting Song.

JAMES HOOK.

1. When the morn - ing peeps forth, and the ze - phyr's cool gale Car - ries fra - grance and
2. O - ver hill, dale, and wood - land with rap - ture we roam, Yet, re - turn - ing, still

1. health o - ver moun - tain and dale; When the morning peeps forth, and the ze - phyr's cool
2. find the dear plea - sures at home; O - ver hill, dale, and wood - land with rap - ture we

1. gale Car - ries fra - grance and health o - ver moun - tain and dale,
2. roam, Yet, re - turn - ing, still find the dear plea - sures at home, the dear plea - 

One of James Hook's hunting-songs. Of this class he wrote many, the greater proportion of which, judged by the type of hunting song then common, were tuneful and good. The present is an early composition sung by a singer named Reinhold at Marylebone Gardens about the season of 1769. It is contained in a collection of Hook's songs issued by Walcker about 1769 or 1770.
1. Up, ye nymphs and ye swains, and togeth'ry we'll rove.
2. Where the cheerful good morn gives honest grace, And the

1. dale, o'er mountain and dale.
2. home, the dear pleasures at home.
1. hill and down valley, by thickest and grove.
2. heart speaks content in the smile of the face.

Then follow with me where the world resounds, With the notes of the horn and the cry of the hounds.

Then follow with me, where the
When the morning peeps forth.

The sky resounds, with the notes of the horn and the cry of the hounds;
with the notes of the horn, and the cry of the hounds.
The Smuggler.

Moderato con energia.  

1. Twas one morn when the
2. "The Phil-is-tines are
3. "But should I be popped

1. wind from the north-ward blew keen-ly, While sul-len-ly roared the big
2. quots; cries Will, "take no heed on'; At-tacked! who's the man that will
3. off, you, my mates left be-bied me, Re-gard my last words, see 'em

1. waves of the main, A famed smug-ler, Will Watch, kissed his Sue, then so-
2. flinch from his gun? Should my head be blown off, I shall ne'er feel the
3. kind-ly ob-beed; Let no stone mark the spot, and, my friends, do you

This song is frequently known as "Will Watch, the bold Smuggler." It was in great favour during the thirties and forties. The air is by John Davy, composer (or adapter) of "The Bay of Biscay." The words are by Thomas Cory, and the whole appears to have been introduced in one of Davy's numerous operas. The song was in such great favour that Staffordshire potters made an ornament for cottage fire-sides depicting Will Watch in all the glories of pistols, bell, and sea boots. Davy was born in 1758, and died in 1844.
THE SMUGGLER.

1. rec- ly, Took hold and to sea bold - ly steered out a - gain. Will bad

2. need on't, We'll fight while we can, when we can't, boys, we'll run." There the

3. mind we, Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch would be laid." Poor Will's

1. prom - ised his Sue that this trip, it well end - ed. Should call up his

2. haze of the night, a bright flash new ap - pear - ing, "Be - hold!" cries Will

3. yarn was spun out, for a bullet, next min - ute, Laid him low on the

1. hopes, and he'd an - chor on shore, When his peck - etts were used, why his

2. Watch, "The Phil-lis-thea bear down! Bear a hand, my tight lads, ere we

3. deck, and he ne - ver spoke more. His bold crew fought the brig while a

1. life should be mend - ed, The laws he had bro - ken, he'd ne - ver break more

2. think a - bout shee - ring. One broad - side pour in, boys, should we seem, boys, or drown?"

3. shot re - mained in it. Then sheered, and Will's hulk to his Su - san they bore.
Sweet Mog the Brunette.

1. Young Jock-ey he court-ed sweet
2. Then home they re-turned, but re-
3. He took home poor Mog-gy, new

1. Mog the brun-ette, who had lips like car-na- tion, and eyes black as jet, He coaxed and he
2. turned most un-kind, For young Jock-ey rode on, and left Mog-gy be-kind; Sur-
3. prised at this con duct to learn, And she huddled up the house, while he burned the old barn; They laid in a

1. wheeled and talked with his eyes, And looked, as all lov ers do, won-der-ful wise, And
2. treat ment, she called to her mate, "Why, Jock ey, you're al tered most strang-ly of late, Why,
3. stuck for the cares that en sue, And now live as man and wife us u al ly do, And

1. looked, as all lov ers do, won-der-ful wise. Then he swore like a lord, how her charms make a
2. Jock ey, you've al tered most strangely of late! "Come on, fool!" he cried, "For thou now art my
3. now live as man and wife us u al ly do. As their hum ours ex cise, they kiss and they

This is a version of the song, "Young Jockey," given in the present work. "Mog the Brunette" was sung by Dibdin at Randleigh about 1760. The air, it will be perceived, is distinct from "Young Jockey," though the words are to the same purport. The chances are that Dibdin himself may have set the ball song to music. Among other song-books, "Mog the Brunette" appears in the first volume of Found Music, circa 1772.
SWEET MOG THE BRUNETTE.

1. First, That she'd soon put an end to his sufferings implored, That she'd soon put an end to his sufferings implored, For a heart unwarmed thus his temper melt he
2. blew, And when folks are weep, they set fouling a side. And when folks are weep, they set fouling a side. Hard names and hard words were the best she could
3. sight, "Twist kindness and feuds pass the morn, noon, and night. Twist kindness and feuds pass the morn, noon, and night. To his sorrow he finds with his match he has

1. set, And soon made conquest of Mog the brunette, Of Mog the brunette, Of Mog the brunette,
2. met, Strange usage sure was this for sweet Mog the brunette, For Mog the brunette, For Mog the brunette,
3. met, And wishes that the dence had sweet Mog the brunette, Sweet Mog the brunette, Sweet Mog the brunette.

1.rette, of Mog the brunette, And soon made a conquest of Mog the brunette.
2. nette, for Mog the brunette, Strange usage sure was this for sweet Mog the brunette.
3. nette, sweet Mog the brunette, And wishes that the dence had sweet Mog the brunette.
Betty Brown.

Andante.

1. In pure
2. Such a
3. Thy her
4. Oh!

1. suit of a lass that was formed to my taste. What pains did I take and what time did I waste! In
2. shape, such an air, such a more, such a face. She smiled without a frown, conversed with me, grace!
3. person has been tied around all compare, Of virtue her mind has a much better share. Let
4. me this dear charming creature possess, No more I request, nor can ask any less. From the

1. vain did I ramble over country and town, Till chance introduced me to dear Betty Brown,
2. forehead unused to a wrinkle or frown Presides o'er the face of my dear Betty Brown,
3. others' ambition extended to a crown, I ask, O ye Gods! but my dear Betty Brown,
4. sum mit of hope let me not tumble down, Ye Gods, give me death or my dear Betty Brown.

The writer of the words and the composer of the music have not been discovered. The song with the air appears in a scarce quarto publication issued by J. Cotte at the King's Arms, Pater-noster Row, about 1760-2, which bears the title, The Musical Magazine, by Mr. Oswald and other eminent masters. The Oswald in question was of course James Oswald, chamber-composer to George III., who came from Scotland in 1749, and died in 1779.
The Willow.

Andante espressivo.

JAMES HOOK.

1. A poor and满意度的be.
   With his head on his bosom.
   She was born to be fair, I to

2. He sighed in his sing - ing.
   Willow, willow, willow!
   With his head on his bosom.
   Sing, o the green willow, sing

3. Let no - body blame me, her
   Willow, willow, willow!
   Willow, willow, willow!
   Willow, willow, willow!

As early setting of Shakespeare’s “Willow Song” from Othello is included in our first volume. The present setting is by James Hook and was sung at Drury Lane Theatre by Mrs. Jordan, who accompanied herself on the harp. The song has always been a favorite for musical settings. Besides the earlier copies referred to in our previous volume, and the present setting by Hook, Gidonini put music to the lyrics, as did William Albey and Henry H. Bishop, and in 1879 Sir Arthur Sullivan added still another to the list of compositions attached to the song.
Ah! could You Possibly Know.

Andante espressivo.

THOMAS LINLEY.

1. Ah! could you possibly know In my bosom what
2. I sigh when from you I'm away, When near you on

1. sentiments meet. In my bosom what sentiments
2. madness I touch. When near you on madness I

By Thomas Linley, senior, taken from his Poetical Vocal Works, issued about 1798-8. Thomas Linley was a musician of great soundness, and his family were equally notable in the same art. Living at Bath in his earlier career, he had already made a name by his works, but his best opportunity came in 1776, when with Sheridan, his son-in-law, and Dr. Ford, he bought Garrick's share in Drury Lane for £7,000. For this theatre he wrote the music of many dramatic pieces.
Ah! could you possibly know.

1. meet; Love has nothing so tender to show, Nor.
2. touch. Alas! this is all I dare say. And per-

1st verse.

2. Nothing so sweet.
3. said but too much.
He Piped so Sweet.

1. When rival lads and lasses gay, Proclaimed the birth of rosy May, When round the May-pole on the green, The rustic dancers all are seen, "Twas there young Jockey met my view, His like before I never knew, He talked of love and pressed my head, Ah! who could such a youth withstand? Well when he asked me for his bride, I promised soon, and soon compelled. What

2. At eve when cakes and ale went round, He placed him next me on the ground, With harnessed mirth and pleasing jest, He shone more bright than all the rest; He winnowed was his face and air, It might the coldest heart en-snare; But

3. He often heaved a tender sigh, While rapture sparkled in his eye, So
HE PIPED SO SWEET.

1. piped so sweet, and danced so gay, A - las! he danced my heart a-way.
2. pleased I heard what he could say, A - las! he talked my heart a-way. He
3. nymph on earth could say him nay? His charms must steal all hearts a-way.

express.

p. express.
colla voce.

sweet,

He piped so sweet, and

danced so gay, A - las! he stole my heart a-way, A - las! he stole my heart a-way!
Sweet Bird, whose Heav'ly Native Strain.

To the Nightingale.

Poco animato.

Worgan.

1. Sweet bird, whose heav'nly
2. The swain by thee is
3. The swain shall cease to

1. native strain Welcomes the Spring with many a lay, And softly
2. taught t'improve His voice to a more melodious air, To soothe in
3. love and live, Chan-tress, when you for get the sweet Spring! He does his

1. warbles to the swain The pleasures of returning May.
2. songs of plaintive love, The cruel and ungenrous fair.
3. heav'n from you receive, And lives within the notes you sing.

An early composition of Dr. John Worgan, published about 1750. On the original half-sheet from whence we take the song, it is stated to be “by Mr. Worgan, jun.” John Worgan was one of a musical family, his elder brother James giving him instructions in the art. Samuel Worgan (born in 1715, died 1793), was a second, practical musician who for many years was organist at Vauxhall Gardens. He resigned this post to his more talented brother about 1721. John Worgan was born in 1734, dying 26th August, 1794. He became M.A. at Cambridge in 1766, and took his Doctor's degree in 1772. Though a composer of sacred music, and an organist both in the Church and at Vauxhall of great excellence, he is best known by his Vauxhall compositions. These were published in small yearly collections, and on music half-sheets.
If you would, so would not I.

Allegro con grazia.

1. If your lover,  
   Would you pine and sigh and die,  
   To your bed for grief be taken you?

2. Should faithless  
   Theirs for one more worth try;  
   Would you let the false one vex you?

1. maids, for sake you, Would you pine and sigh and die, To your beds for grief be taken you?
2. swain perplex you, Then for one more worthy try; Would you let the false one vex you?

1. If you would, so would not I. Would you dress your head with willow, Let your hair hang low.
2. If you would, so would not I. Men were sent, I'm sure, to please us, Such their looks, their

1. loo-sed my, Banish slumber from your pillow? If you would, so would not I.
2. would in - ply, We were fools to let them tease us. If you would, so would not I.

Mrs. Dorothy Jordan sang this song with a fine accompaniment on the stage at Derry Lane about the beginning of the 19th century. I do not know whether she claimed any part in the composition of the air, as, for instance, she did in "The Blue Bonnet of Scotland," but music sheet copies do not give any clue as to the author or composer.
The Billet-Doux.

O'Keeffe.

Poco andante.

William Shield.

1. The billet-doux, oh, did'st thou bear To my Organza,
2. The billet-doux, when I receive, I press it to my

The air is by William Shield, and the words by John O'Keeffe. It is in all probability taken from one of their joint operas prior to 1789, at which date it was published by Harrison & Co. in The Lady's Musical Magazine, a folio collection of their popular songs. In another work of a somewhat later date, the melody is erroneously attributed to Arne.
1. have the gentle things she said, The swelling blood her
2. rever, rever those depart! And now it to my

1. cheek for sake, But quick returns the rosy hue, With
2. lips is press'd, But when the magic name I view, A

1. trembling haste the seal she breaks, And reads my tender billet-doux.
2. gain I clasp it to my breast, My fond, my tender billet-doux.
Care Flies from the Lad that is Merry.

_Alfrettio._

Michael Arne.

Care flies from the lad that is merry, Whose heart is as sound, and cheeks are as round, Whose heart is as sound, and cheeks are as round, As round and as red as a cherry.

Care flies from the lad that is merry,

---

A lyric from the musical romance, _Ossian_, written by David Garrick, with the music by Michael Arne. The plot was taken from Dryden, and it was acted at Drury Lane in 1742. Michael Arne's music made the piece, for we learn that it was "a wretched production, equally devoid of wit, humour, and poetry. To the scene painters and vocal performers it was indebted for its success, which to the shame of taste and common sense, was considerable." The song we print was sung by the character Ideo.
CARE FLIES FROM THE LAD THAT IS MERRY.

Care flies from the lad that is merry, whose heart is as sound, and whose heart is as sound, and

laid that is merry, whose heart is as sound, and checks are as round, as round, as round, as round. And as

red, as red as a cherry. Whose heart is as sound, and checks are as round, as round, as red as a cherry.
Lotharia.

Andante.

1. Vainly now ye strive to charm me, All ye sweets of blooming May, How should sweeter
2. Go, ye wandering birds, go, leave me, Shade, ye clouds, the smiling sky, Sweet-er

1. Empty sunshine warms me, While Lotharia keeps a-way,
2. Soft or sunshine fills her eye.

1. While Lotharia keeps a-way,
2. Soft or sunshine fills her eye.

These words by Aaron Hill have been set to music at least twice, the first air I can trace to them being by "Mr. Dieuart," published in 1781, in the fifth volume of John Watts' Musical Repository. This melody, however, was soon superseded by the above musical setting which came from the pen of Thomas Augustine Arne about 1766. In that year it is included in The Universal Repository for November, and in the following June a parody of the words by Samuel Foote is given. They run:

"Kindly now ye strive to charm me,
While the breakfast is away;
How should empty tea cups warm me?
Bring the water, Betty, pray!

Go, ye toasted cakes, go leave me,
Take away these butter'd rolls;
Soft and transportant muffins give me
Don't you think so, Mistress Bowles?"
The Hounds are all Out.

1. The hounds are all out, and the morning does peep, Why, how now, ye sluggardly set, How can you, how can you lie snoring asleep? While we all on horseback have got, my brave boy.
2. I cannot get up, for the overnight's cup So terribly lies in my head, Be sides my wife cries, my dear do not rise, But sleep a bit long'er a bed, my dear boy.
3. Come on with your boots, and seddle your mare, Nor tire us with loll-er de lay. The cry of the hounds and the sight of the lair, Will chase all our vapours away, my brave boy.

A hunting-song first printed on an engraved half sheet of music as "The Huntsman's Song to the Country Pumpkins, sung by Mr. Ellis Roberts at the Thistle Royal in Dukes Lane; the words and music by Mr. Carey." The date of the sheet is probably 1790, and shortly after this date the song with the music is given in Walsh's British Musical Miscellany, 1794, and H. Carey's Musical Centaur, 1794, etc. About the middle of the 18th century the tune underwent several alterations and became much elaborated, greatly, it must be said, to its detriment. The newer version, which we here use, appears in Fielding's Vocal Repository, 1783, The Musical Miscellany, 1796, etc. In this latter work the melody is used also for the song, "The Contented Farmer," given in another portion of the present work.
The Thorn.

1. From the white-blossom'd aloe my dear Chloe requested A sprig her fair breast to a.
2. When I showed her a ring, and implored her to marry, She blushed like the dawning of

1. dom, From the white-blossomed aloe my dear Chloe requested A
2. more, When I showed her a ring and implored her to marry, She

A very musical and charming song, the composition of William Shield. It has always been a favourite with old-fashioned singers, and very popular from the time of its production to within the last twenty years. The original engraved music sheets bearing Shield's autograph, give the information that the words are by Robert Burns, and that the song was sung by Mr. Inedden in an entertainment called Fairies. This, by the way, was a little vocal medley given by Inedden of songs written for his singing. "The Thorn" made its first appearance about 1820; whether the words are by Robert Burns is an open question—they are not included in any authoritative edition of the poet's works.
THE THORN.

1. sprig her fair breast to adorn.
2. blushed like the dawning of morn.

"No, by hearn'!" I ex.
"Yes, I'll consent," she re-

p con espress.

1. exclaimed, "may I perish, if ever I plant in that bosom a thorn."
2. pled, "if you'll promise That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.

f con amore. rit.

1. "No, by hearn'!" I exclaimed, "may I perish, If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn."
2. "No, by hearn'!" I exclaimed, "may I perish, If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn."
The Beggar Girl.

Andante espressivo.

1. O - ver the moun - tain and
2. Think while you rev - el so

1. o - ver the moor,
2. care - less and free,

Hun - gry and bare - foot I wan - der for - lorn;
Safe from the wind and well cloth - ed and fed;

1. fa - ther is dead and my mo - ther is poor.
2. for - tune so change it, how hard it would be

And she grieves for the days that will
To beg at a door for a

This plaintive little song was one of Mrs. Hill's successes at Vauxhall. It is invariably printed on sheet-music and elsewhere with no author's or composer's name attached, but a clue to these is given by a sheet-song with an air written by John Westbrook Chandler. On this an advertisement runs, "Where may be had, written and composed by the same author, the favourite ballad, "The Beggar Girl; Over the mountain and over the moor." In Colburn's Pocket Companion for the German Flute, the air and words are printed as, "The Beggar Girl, sung in Love and Magic, an old German air." I doubt this latter statement. Love and Magic; or, Harlequin's Holiday, was a pantomime acted at Drury Lane in 1803, in which popular airs were introduced. "The Beggar Girl" appears in English song books before this date.
1. nev-er re-turn. Pi-ty, kind gen-tle-men, friends of hu-man-i-ty,
2. mor-sel of bread. Pi-ty, kind gen-tle- men, friends of hu-man-i-ty,

1. Cold blows the wind and the night's com-ing on; Give me some food for my
2. Cold blows the wind and the night's com-ing on; Give me some food for my

1. mo-ther for char-i-ty, Give me some food and then I will be-gone.
2. mo-ther for char-i-ty, Give me some food and then I will be-gone.
She Lives in the Valley below.

Andante pastorale.

1. The broom bled so fresh and so fair, The lambkins were sporting a
2. Her song struck my ear with surprise, Her voice like the night in gale
3. My cottage with woodbine overgrown, The sweet turtle dove cooing

1. round, When I wandered to breathe the fresh air, And by
2. sweet, But love took his seat in her eyes, Where
3. round, My flocks and my herds are my own, My

A Vauxhall Garden song, composed by James Hook, and sung by a boy singer named Gray. It was somewhat of a favourite about 1870, and for a few years later. It will be found in many of the song collections of the period, and was printed on sheet music. Mr. Barlow Gould and Miss Bridewell noted down and published a traditional song named "The Sweet Nightingale; or, She lives in the valley below." This latter I fancy must have been originally a published piece, and was probably written as a companion to, or as rival of the present.
1. chance a rich treasure I found! .. A lass sat beneath a green
2. beauty and innocence meet! .. From that moment my heart was her
3. pastures with hawthorn are bound; .. All my riches I'll lay at her
1. shade, .. For whose smiles the whole world I'd live - go, .. As
2. own, .. For her every wish I fore - go, .. She's
3. feet, .. If her heart in return she'll be stow, .. For no
1. blooming as May was the maid, .. And she lives in the valley, and she
2. beautiful as roses just blown, .. And she lives in the valley, and she
3. pastime can cheer my retreat, .. While she lives in the valley, while she

con express.

1. lives in the valley, And she lives in the valley, the valley below.
2. lives in the valley, And she lives in the valley, the valley below.
3. lives in the valley, While she lives in the valley, the valley below.

colla voce.
The Earth is Clothed in Cheerful Green.

Celia's Invitation.

Allegro moderate.

1. The earth is clothed in cheerful green, All nature smiles around; Gay
2. birds chant forth from ev'ry bush, And strain their warbling throats; The
3. love-ly Celia, forth and see This gay and rural scene; How
4. let's en-joy the present time, Too precious to be lost; Old

1. flowers en-rich the lively scene, And de-co-rate the ground;
2. lin-net, lark, and sparrow prolonged, Four cut their dul-cet notes,
3. ev'-ry thick-ets, bush, and tree, Is rob'd in live-liest green,
4. age comes quickly after prime, And after sum-mer, frost,

As "Celia's Invitation," the song and air are inserted in The Universal Magazine for January, 1766. Another musical setting of the same words by a "Mr. Hudson," is given in The Lady's Magazine for 1778.
Hunting the Hare.

Poco allegro.

1. What sport can com-pare With the
   2. When poor puss doth rise, Then a-
   3. When poor puss is killed, We ra-

1. hunting of the hares, In the morning, in the morning, In fair and pleasant weather?
2. way from us she flies, And we give her, and we give her A loud and bount'ring holo!
3. turn from the field To be mer-ry, boys, be mer-ry, And drink a-way all sorrow!

1. With our hors-es and our hounds, We will scud o'er the plain, And tan-tar, huz-
2. With our hors-es and our hounds, We will pull her courage down, And tan-tar, huz-
3. We have nothing now to fear, But to drown old Father Care, And tan-tar, huz-

1. za! And tan-tar, huz-za! And tan-tar, huz-za! Brave boys, we will follow.
2. za! And tan-tar, huz-za! And tan-tar, huz-za! Brave boys, we will follow.
3. za! And tan-tar, huz-za! All his wants till to-morrow, His wants till to-morrow.

A once favourite hare-hunting song. It is to be found in *The Natural History of November*, 1771, and in 1788 in Robert Boswall's *Pueril Music; or* The Songster's Companion. The words here quoted traditionally in country districts, and the late Dr. W. A. Barrett included a差不多 version in his *English Folk Songs* (1891). The air, however, bears no resemblance to the old printed one.
The Contented Fellow.

Moderato con energia.

1. Con - ten - ted am I, and con - ten - ted I'll be, For
2. See my vault door is o - pen, des - cend ev - 'ry guest, Tap the
3. Tis my cel - lar's my camp, and my sol - diers my flasks, All
4. Tis my will when I die, not a tear shall be shed, No hic

1. what can this world more af - ford Than a friend who will
2. cask, for the wine we will try! Tis as sweet as the
3. glo - ri - ous - ly ranged in my view, When I cast my eyes
4. fa - cet en - graved on my stone; But pour on my

This is engraved on music sheets of about 1760, without author’s name or other reference. In the Universal Magazine for August, 1787, the words and air are given as "The Contented Fellow; a new song." It is also in Hornfeld's First Music, 1773, and several other similar collections. In The Edinburgh Musical Miscellany, vol. 1., 1792, the air used for the song is the Irish one, "Since Love is the plan," a Scottish version of which is, "O, Whistle and I'll come to you, my Lad!"
THE CONTENTED FELLOW.”

1. so - cially sit down with me, And a cel - lary that's
2. lips of your love to the taste, And as bright as her
3. round, I con - sider my ceaks, As king - doms I've
4. cof - fin a bot - tle of red, And say that my

1. plen - ti - ful stored.
2. cheek to your eye.
3. got to sub - due.
4. drink - ing is done.

1. And a cel - lary that's plen - ti - ful stored, My brave boys!
2. And as bright as her cheek to your eye, My brave boys!
3. As king - doms I've got to sub - due, My brave boys!
4. And say that my drink - ing is done, My brave boys!
The Disabled Seaman.

Andante espressivo.

1. Aid a sa-lor, kind sir, who once
2. From Ply-mouth we sailed, and a
3. But when maimed and in want I re-

made it his glo-ry, To fight for his coun-try, his king to de-fend; Ah,
fru-ti shippage-ous bat-tle, And I was de-ta-mined to con-quer or die; Un-
gained Plymou-har, And Nan-cy be-held my un-for-tu-nate plight; Next

stop for a mo-ment to hear my sad sto-ry, And deign when it's end-ed my
daunt-ed, a-round me I heard the baiTs rat-tle, And lost in the con-test an
morn-ing she mar-ried Tom Friz-zle the bar-ber, And bade me no more ven-ter

wants to be-friend. I once had a sweet-heart, her
2. arm and an eye. I thought not the loss of a
3. in-to her sight. I stray poor and help-less thro'

A song in the Dibdin style, the words written by Matthew Gregory Lewis and the air composed by Charles Dignum. (b. 1755, d. 1837). It appeared about 1801-2, and the verses are printed in Parthenon's New Songs or, Jack Tar's Casket of Conviviality for 1802. Lewis wrote several songs for Dignum; he was then a young and brilliant writer who had become famous by his two romances, The Mysteries of Edwin Drood and The Monk, as well as by his two volumes of verse, Tales of Wonder and Tales of Terror. Lewis was the first to encourage, by publication, the genius of Sir Walter Scott. "The Disabled Seaman" was originally sung by Dignum. He was a singer and an actor, who, taking a certain range of characters in the operas then popular, became a great favourite; his entry on the stage was in 1784. His musical instructors were Samuel Webe and Thomas Lisle.
THE DISABLED SEAMAN.

1. Now I shall never forget, When she said it would grieve her to part, And that
2. limb in my duty, To me or to Nancey could sorrow impart. For one
3. fair London city, Imploring kind stranger their aid to impart, Give an

1. happen what might she would love me for ever, If time did not
2. eye still was left me to gaze on her beauty, I knew what she
3. arms to a sailor, good masters, in pity, Deprived of an

1. alter the worth of my heart, And that happen what might, she would
2. prized in me most was my heart; For one eye still was left me to
3. arm, and an eye, and a heart; Give an arms to a sailer, good

1. love me for ever, If time did not alter the worth of my heart.
2. gaze on her beauty, I knew what she prized in me most was my heart.
3. masters in pity, Deprived of an arm, and an eye, and a heart.
Down in a Valley.

1. Don't you remember a
   2. The blush on her cheek was
   3. But al! hapless sorrow soon

1. poor peasant's daughter,
   In neath russet gown and --- a - pron so blue,
   Who
2. modesty dawning,
   Her lips were untainted --- rose's sweet hue;
   Un
3. frost-nipped her beauty,
   Shivered as a liis - som --- robbed of its hue;
   For

1. won the affections of many that sought her,
   Down in a valley where sweet
2. clouded by sorrow she passed and morning,
   Down in a valley where sweet
3. love forced to yield to fl - i - al su - ty,
   Down in a valley where sweet

1. violets grow,
   Down in a valley where sweet violets grow?
2. violets grow,
   Down in a valley where sweet violets grow.
3. violets grow,
   Down in a valley where sweet violets grow.

For note to this song see Appendix.
The Disconsolate Sailor.

1. When my mon - ey was gone that I gained in the war, And she would sim to - 
2. I thought it un - wise to re - ply at my lot, Or to bear with cold looks or the
3. A hand - ker - chief held all the trea - sure I had, Which o - ver my shou - 
4. The sea was less trou - bled by far than my mind, For when the widem - I sur-
5. And I vowed if once more I could take her in tow, I'd let the un - gra - tiful ones

1. fate; What mat - tered my zeal or my hon - our - ed scars, When in-
2. shore; So I packed up the trif - ling rem - nants I'd got, And a
3. threw; A way then I trudged with a heart ra - ther sad, Thus to-
4. viewed, I could not help think - ing the world was un - kind, And
5. see, That the tur - bu - lent winds and the bil - lows could show, More

1. dif - ference stood at each gate.
2. tri - ble, a - has! was my store.
3. for - tune a slip - per - y jade.
4. kind - ness than they did to mr.

For note to this song see Appendix.
The Fight off Camperdown.

CHÁRLES DIGNUM.

Moderato.

1. Enrolled in our bright annals, lives man-y a gallant name, But
2. The Ven-er-a-ble was the ship that bore his flag to fame, Our

1. nev-er British hearts conceived a proud-er deed of fame, To
2. yet na ho-ro well be-comes his gal-lant ves-sel's name. Bo-

The song commemorates Admiral Duncan's victory over the French and Dutch Fleets on 11th October, 1797. The air was composed, and probably first sung, by Charles Dignum. The song and air are printed in The Pearl Magazine, vol. l, Edinburgh, 1827; The Musical Repository, Glasgow, 1798, etc. Charles Dignum was a tenor vocalist who made his début in 1786 in the opera of Love in a Pecu'l, in which piece so many other famous singers and actors have first tried the boards. He was engaged also at Vauxhall and the London theatres. He published about 160 a collection, Fanci Music, with his portrait prefixed, this shows him as a stout, good-humoured man. He alludes in the preface to this work to the song "The Fight off Camperdown," as his own composition.
THE FIGHT OFF CAMPERDOWN.

1. shield our liberties and laws, to guard our sovereign crown,... Than
2. hold his looks, they speak the toil of many stormy day,... For

1. noble Duncan's mighty arm achieved off Camperdown,... To
2. fifty years and more, my boys, has fighting been his way,... The

1. shield our liberties and laws, to guard our sovereign crown,... Im-
2. Venerable was the ship that bore his flag to fame,... And

1. mortal be the glorious deed achieved off Camperdown,...
2. Venerable ever be our veteran Duncan's name,...
The Blackbird.

UPTON.

Allegretto.

JAMES HOOK.

1. "Twas on a bank of daisies sweet, A lovely maid did sigh;
   The
2. "Ah! mock me not, bold bird," she said, "And why, pray, tarry here?"
   Dost
3. "Sing on," she cried, "thou charming bird, Those dulcet notes repeat;"
   No

1. "Lit - tle lamb played at her feet, While she in sorrow cries, "Where
2. thou be - mean some young - ling fled, Or hast thou lost thy dear?"
   Dost
3. mu - sic e'er like thine was heard, So truly sweet, sweet, sweet.
   Oh,

These dainty verses are by a song-writer named Upton who supplied (about 1800-1815), a number of lyrics which James Hook set to music for Vauxhall, this being one of them. A traditional version to a pretty tune, but different from Hook's, was formerly sung in the East Riding of Yorkshire. James Hook was probably the most prolific of English composers of his period, and there came little from his pen that had not sterling merit. His lengthy engagement as composer for Vauxhall gave ample scope for his gift of clever melody. He was a very fit successor to Dr. Arne in this type of lyrical composition.
THE BLACKBIRD.

1. Is my love, where can he stray? When thus a black bird sang, "Sweet,
2. thou lament his absence, say? Again the black bird sang, "Sweet,
3. that my love were here today? Once more the black bird sang, "Sweet,

1. sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay. Sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay, "The air with music
2. sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay. Sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay, "The air with music
3. sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay. Sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay, "The air with music

1. rang, "Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay, "The air with music rang.
2. rang, "Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay, "The air with music rang.
3. rang, "Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, he comes this way, "The air with music rang.
My Heart with Love is Beating.

Andante espressivo.

1. My heart with love is beating, Transported by those eyes, A
2. Could deeds my heart discover? Could valor gain those charms? I'll

1. Last there's no retreat, In vain your captive flies. Then
2. Prove myself your lover, Against a world in arms. Proud

Authorities differ as to the origin of the melody. It has been in turn ascribed to William H. Ware, a composer or musical arranger of pantomimes at the beginning of the 19th century, and to William Shield. The air is that of a once popular song called "The Maid of Leith." Early sheet copies of this bear the statement: "The music collected by Mr. Shield when in Italy." There is certainly nothing particularly suggestive of Italian music in the melody, and the chances are that Shield himself composed it. The song "My heart with love is beating" was sung by John Braham in a revival of the Siege of Belgrade, about 1810-12.
1. Why cherish so? Where are those eyes away?
2. Thou art fair, and low before me, an
   A prostrate warrior see, Whose

1. If they bid me perish, alas! I must obey,
2. Love, delight, and glory, Are centred all in thee, Whose

1. If they bid me perish, Alas! I must obey.
2. Love, delight, and glory, Are centred all in thee.

...
When I was a Young One.

RECIT.    mf

Well, go your ways— I cannot choose but smile; Would

I were young again! A-ha, the while! But what are wishes?

Wishes will not do,— one cannot eat one's cake, and have it too!

Another song by Dr. Arne taken from his opera, Thamos and Salley; or, the Sailor's Return, produced at Covent Garden in 1776. In some printed works of reformers this opera is erroneously given as first acted in Dublin in 1775. Thamos and Salley was so bright a little pastoral and so adapted to the popular taste that it remained a stock piece for the stage for fifty or sixty years. It served as the model for that type of drama wherein is depicted a wicked squire, a virtuous country maid, and a sailor who returns from fighting the enemies of old England as an opportune moment. In the opera the above song is sung by Doree, an old woman.
1. When I was a young one what girl was like me, So wan-tos, so si-ry, and brisk as a near I had some-thing to say, 'Twas this or, and that sit, but scarce ev-er got me a hus-band, poor man! Well rest him—we all are as good as we huffed me, but let me a-lone, E-gad! I've a tongue, and I paid him his

1. bee, I tat-tled and ram-bled, I laughed, and where-e'er, A fidel was 2. nay, And Sun-days dressed out in my silks and my lace, I war-rant I 3. own; Ye wive, take the hint, and when spouse is un-tow'd, Stand firm to our 4. heard I was sure to be there. 2. stood by the best in the place. 3. tru-ly I gave him some cause. 4. charter and have the last word!
Sweet Robinette.

Moderato.

1. Sweet, her
2. eyes they would melt you, her checks they close
3. gentle her manners, they soften the sage,

1. sweet Robinette, all the hero declare, They ne'er yet saw so en-
2. eyes they would melt you, her checks they close The bea-utiful tint of the
3. gentle her manners, they soften the sage, She's the May-day of youth and the

1. sauntering a fair, The swains all adore her, no mortal as yet, Has
2. pale blushing rose; The nymphs fell of every do no thing but fret, To
3. summer of age; I love her, adore her—I'll venture a bet, You

1. o'er seen a girl like my sweet Robinette, Has o'er seen a girl like my sweet Robinette.
2. see all the swains sigh for sweet Robinette, To see all the swains sigh for sweet Robinette.
3. ne'er saw a lass like my sweet Robinette, You ne'er saw a lass like my sweet Robinette.

One of James Hook's Vauxhall songs sung by Charles Inglis about 1775 or 1776. The words are found in The New Vocal Enchantress for 1789. With the music they were published in sheet form by S. A. & F. Thompson.
With a Cheerful Old Friend.

Moderato con energia.

1. With a cheerful old friend and a merry old song, And a tankard of porter, I could sit the night long, And laugh at the follies of those that re-
2. mortal be he ever so great, Nor scorn I the wretch for his lowly estate, But what I abhor and must deem as a curse, Is meaness of spirit, not poor-ness of purse.
3. pan-ion, be cheerful and gay, And cheerfully spend life's rare main-der a-way; Up-held by a friend, then our foes we'll des-

1. pise, Tho' I must drink porter, and they must drink wine. pise, For more we are en-vied, the high-er we rise.

From The Conventional Songster, 1702. This is different in melody from the song by Henry Carey beginning with a similar first line, "With an honest old friend," 6th, although the words are practically the same.
Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind.

Andantino.

T. A. ARNE.

1. Blow, blow, thou winter wind, . . . Thou art not so unkind, . . . Thou
2. Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky, . . . Thou canst not bite so nigh, . . . Thou

Dr. Arne's noble setting of Amiens' song in As you like it, was first sung on the stage on 30th December, 1740, by Thomas Lowe the tenor singer, at a great revival of this and some other of Shakespeare's comedies. It is somewhat strange that Arne has omitted to use the burden—

"Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly!"

William Linley, however, has supplied the deficiency in his Collections of Shakespeare's Dramatic Songs, vol. ii., circa 1816. The list of composers who have (without success) attempted to supersede Arne's music includes—R. J. Stevens, Samuel Webbe, junior, Hon. Mrs. Eyre Somers, Agnes Zimmerman, and others. J. Dunby and H. R. Bishop have arranged Arne's music in glees form.
BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

1. Fasta, Thy tooth is not so keen, because thou art not.
2. got; Thou the waters warp, thy sting is not so.

1. seen, al tho' thy breath be rude, al tho' thy breath be.
2. sharp, as friend remembred not, as friend remembred.

1. rude, Thy tooth is not so keen, al tho' thy breath be.
2. not, Thy sting is not so sharp as friend remembred.

1. rude, . . . . al tho' thy breath be rude.
2. not, . . . . as friend remembred not.
Little Mary of the Dee.

Allegretto grazioso.

1. I've got a little farm, and I've
2. No angry passion aways with
3. And yet I freely own that I

1. got a little house, And I've got a many pretty little milking
2. in my peace-ful breast, Nor at night do fright-ful visions ever disturb my
3. now and then do feel A something in my bosom which I cannot re-

1. cows, I've got a little dog, and I've got a little nag. And I've
2. rest, I care not for the scoffs, nor do I mind the frowns of the
3. real, My heart goes pit-a-pat, and I feel a pleasing pain, When I

Another of Mrs. Bland's artless little Vauxhall ditties sung in the later period of her singing—about 1815. The words and music are by John Parry, a very prolific composer of popular song melodies in the twenties of the last century. He was born at Denbigh in Wales in 1776 and died in London in 1851. Parry edited collections of Welsh and Scotch airs, and did a great deal of composing and editing for Goddard and D'Almaine. He was the composer of the once favourite "Jenny Jones."
1. **got a little money in a silken bag.** My heart is ever-
2. proud and haughty dam-sels in their satiny gowns. No, no, I feel as
3. catch myself a-thinking of a certain swain. I pray you, can you

1. **light, eye as light as light can be.** My heart is ever-light, eye as
2. blest, eye as blest as blest can be, No, no, I feel as blest, eye as
3. tell what this tearing thing can be? I pray you, can you tell what this

1. **light as light can be, And I'm called little Mary,** I'm called little
2. blest as blest can be, For they do but envy, they do but
3. tearing thing can be, Thus disturbances little Mary, that disturbances little

1. **Mary,** I'm called little Mary, little Mary of the Dee.
2. **en-vy,** They do but envy little Mary of the Dee.
3. **Mary,** That disturbances little Mary, little Mary of the Dee.
The Old Commodore.

W. Reev.

Moderate.

1. Odds, bobs! What a time for a sea-man to skulk, Under gingerbread hats, chases ashore; What a
2. Here I am in distress like a ship water-logged, Not a tow-ropes at hand, or an ear; I am
3. What, no more be afloat, fire and fury, they lie! I'm a sea-man and on by three score; And

1. hanged bad job that this battered old hulk, Can't be rigged out for sea once more, Can't be
2. left by my crew and may I be flogged, For the doctor's a fool, nothing more, For the
3. if, as they tell me, I'm like to die, Odds, zooks! let me not die a-shore! Odds,

This original and vigorous song of a disabled and bellicose old sea dog anxious to have yet another cut at the enemy was a great favourite for nearly half a century after its first production. The words are by Mark Lomax, a native of Carlisle (born 1756, died 1815), author of several dramatic entertainments which were acted at Sadler's Wells Theatre from 1780 to 1795. He was also machinist and arranger of the pantomimes and spectacles at that theatre. The song was first sung in one of these entertainments, which under the title, The Naval Triumph; or, the Furor of Old England, commemorated Lord Howe's victory over the French on the first of June, 1794. It was sung by Mr. Bighton, at this period the principal male vocalist at Sadler's Wells, and the words were first printed in a small song-book, The Wight of the Day for 1795. The air is by William Reev (born 1787, died 1815), a prolific writer of pantomime music and of similar work. Reev was composer to Astley's Circus and to Covent Garden Theatre, besides being an organist. He was also at one time part-proprietor of Sadler's Wells. "The Old Commodore" gave the suggestion for and title of a novel written on the Maccari lines by Lionel Edward Howard, and published in 1837. In the song as printed above some of the expletives of the fury old gentleman have had to be slightly toned down.
THE OLD COMMODORE.

1. rigged out for sea once more.    For the puppies as they pass, Cooking up a sputtering glass, Thus
2. doc-ter's a fool, nothing more. While I'm swallowing his slops, Now nimble are his chops, Thus
3. zoom; let me not die a-shore! As to death, 'tis all a joke, Sailors live in fire and smoke, So at

1. run down the old Commodore. That's the old Commodore, The old run Commodore, The
2. queer-ing the old Commodore. Had case, Commodore, Can't say, Commodore, Can't
3. feast says the old Commodore. Rom old Commodore, The tough old Commodore, The

1. gen-y Commodore! Hi! hi! hi! Why the bullets and the gout, Have so loud his hull about, That he'll
2. flatter, Commodore, says he, Hi! hi! hi! For the bullets and the gout, Have so loud his hull about, That you'll
3. fighting old Commodore! Hi! hi! hi! Who the bullets nor the gout, Nor the French dogs to boot, Shall

1. never more be fit for sea, he'll never more be fit for sea.
2. never more be fit for sea, you'll never more be fit for sea.
3. kill till they grapple him at sea, shall kill till they grapple him at sea.
The North Country Lass.

1. There was a fair maid-on her name it was Gil-ian, Her manners were sage, the her carriage was free, You
2. Rich lords and fine gen-tle-men crowded to woo her, Each begging her most humble serv-ant to be, Some
3. But go-ing one day to the wood with young Roger, To gather sweet roses for he and for she, Sly

1. scarce-ly would meet such a girl in a mill-ion, Her charms were the pride of the North Country.
2. show’d rock and horse-es, some prof'er’d gold to her, Some, dolls and fine jew-els most gorgeous to see.
3. Cu-pid observed them (a com-i-cal cod-ger), And hid himself snug in a sy-ca-more tree.
THE NORTH COUNTRY LASS.

1. All she said came so wittily;  She danced with such grace, and she
2. But in vain all their bravery,  She said plain and plain that she
3. Out he drew from his quiver,  A shaft that a heart made of

1. chaste-ed so pretti-ly,  Not ma-dames of France, nor sig - nec - as of It - a - ly,
2. saw thro' their knaver - y,  And ra - ther would pass her whole life - time in slav - er - y,  He shot, there was none the poor maid to de - li - ver,
3. mar - ble would shi - ver,  

1. Could cope with this lass of the North Coun - try.
2. Than bring such dis - grace on the North Coun - try.
3. And down fell the lass of the North Coun - try.
Absence.

Andante.

JAMES HOOK.

1. Ah,
2. Once
3. Come,

Concertante. e ritardando.

1. whi ther, my Ma ry, ah, whi ther art fled? What grove dost thou vis it, what
2. mu sic could charm me, and con verse could please, Now sounds lose their force, and dis
3. Ma ry, re turn, for if truth and true love Can force a re quest, sure ly

1. vale dost thou tread? Ah, re turn and no more from your lo ver thus stay, No
2. course does but tease, 'Twas she su ed the noise and made cou pan y gay, No
3. mine thee must move; You'll find none so faith ful where ever you stray, No

The melody is by James Hook, one of the most prolific writers of vocal music England has produced. In this branch he out distanced Charles Dibdin, whose compositions are certainly numerous; but Dibdin performed a thorough task, for he not only composed the music, but wrote the words, and in nearly every instance, sang the song. "Absence" as above, is taken from a small selection of Hook's songs called The Monthly Banquet of Apollo, published by Harrison & Co. in 1794. The words are by Eliza Le Strange.
Humming all the Trade is.

Allegro.

W. REEVE.

1. With a mer - ry tale,
   Law - yers tried when fed
   Ha! ha! Brit - ain - nie's sons

2. Jar - its to make plant;
   If they can't suc - ceed,
   Then they burn their clients;
   To per - fe - tion come,

3. Of - ten hun - der - monsire?
   Ha! ha! burn the done;
   Let their fleets ap - pear;
   Strike they must, they both.

Famous get in story;
If they dare to fall,
Don't they sleep in glory?

Humming all the trade is.
Lad - ies, lov - ers hum,
Lad - ies hum the lad - ies.

Ships with dollars commended;
If they're not mes - siah, then will I be hanged.

Tow - dy row - dy row - dow dow dow,
Tow - dy row - dy row - dy row - dy row - dow dow dow.

From the opera, The Temple Gate, composed by William Reeve and Joseph Mundinghi. This was a production far in advance of many operas contemporary with it, for it contains a number of clever and witty songs. The air is by William Reeve, and the words by the author of the libretto, Edward Knight, the comedian. It need scarcely be explained that "humbug" was the old form of "humbug."
Jessie.

1. When with Jess- ie I spent the long
2. The flow - ers have all lost their-

1. days How sweet was the grove and the field, The hills and the mea - downs how gay, And the
2. bloom, All Na - ture a change un - der goes, O'er hill and o'er vale hangs a bloom, And

1. flow - ers their o - dours did yield. On the plains as we of - ten-times strayed, Her con - verse the
2. ev' ry - thing adds to my woes. Cruel love! what a ty - rant thou art! With what long - ing and

1. time did be - guile, The lambs round us frolicked and played, And ev' rything put on a smile.
2. sighing I burn, Oh, re - store me my fu - gi - tive heart, Or else give me hers in re - turn!

Published without author's name in the Royal Magazine for October, 1765, and in The Musical Magazines by Mr. Oswald and other cele - brated masters, quarto, circa 1764, a work issued by J. Coote, publisher of the Royal Magazine.
Gaffer Gray.

1. Ho! why dost thou shiver so cold?
2. Then line thy worn doublet with gold.
3. Hea-way to the house on the brow.
4. My keg is but low I come.

1. Slate, Gaffer Gray, And why does thy nose look so blue?
2. Slate, Gaffer Gray, And warm thee old heart with a glass.
3. Hove, Gaffer Gray, And knock at the jolly priest's door.
4. Fess, Gaffer Gray, What then when it lasts, man, we'll live.

1. Grown very old, And my doublet is not very new, well a-day! "Tis the weather that old, "Tis I've
2. Mon-ey's all gone, Then say, how may that come to pass, well a-day! Nay, but
3. Against worldly riches, But see' gives a mite to the poor, well a-day! The
4. Hears the poor man, Or his morse she will give, well a-day! The

1. Weather's that old, 'Tis I'm grown very old, And my doublet is not very new, well a-day!
2. Cre-dit I've nose, and my mon-ey's all gone, Then say, how may that come to pass, well a-day!
3. Priest of ten preach-ces against worldly rich-ees, But see' gives a mite to the poor, well a-day!
4. Poor man a- lone when he hears the poor man, Or his morse she will give, well a-day!

For note to this song see Appendix.
Colin’s Success.

Vivace.

mf

1. To woo me and win me, and kiss and all that, Young
2. Emboldened by this, he sat down at my side, The

1. Colin tripped over the plain, He saw me, he blushed and he played with his hat,
2. fa-vour so small to ob-tain, I know not how ’twas but he softened my pride,

Evidently an early Mary-le-bone or Vauxhall song. It is printed in *The Universal Magazine* for August, 1754, and four years later it is included in *Clio and Euterpe*, vol. 1. In this collection it is given as sung by Miss Chambers, a now forgotten songstress, who about this time sang at Mary-le-bone and Vauxhall Gardens. There is no indication as to composer of the air or writer of the verses.
1. So I bid him return back again.
2. So I cried, "You may kiss me again." "Ah, My

1. Philis, he cried, "From the cottage I've stray'd, In hopes you'd be kind to your swain.
2. Blushes grew warm, my heart beat so fast, His love to me told the fond swain, When he

1. Grant me a kiss," "You may take it," I said, "But, pray, never attempt it a-
2. Asked me to wed, I think I said, Yes, And I know I would say so a-

1. But pray never attempt it again." 2. gain, And I know I would say so again.
Britannia's Sons.

Allegro moderate.

1. Britannia's tempest seas, In battle
2. With Nancy deep in love, I onceto
3. At length I did comply, And made a

1. Always brave; Streiketo no pow'r algoose, That ev'er plied the wave,
2. sea did go; Returned shecried, "My Jove! I'm mac-ried, dearest Joe!"
3. rib of Sue; What the shed but one eye, It pierced my heartlike two!

Fal la de riddle liddle li, do,
Fal la de riddle liddle li, do,
Fal la de riddle liddle li, do,

1. But when we're on a float, 'Tsquit a other thing, We strike to petticoat, Get groggy, drunk and sing.
2. Great guns, I scarce could hold, To find that I wasung, But Nancy proved a real, Then I got drunk and sung.
3. And now I take my glass, Hank England and my king, Content with my oldlass, Get groggy, drunk and sing.

Fal la deral lal de ral lal deral lal de ral lal deriddle liddle lal la la, Ri told de riddle liddle li to le!

From the open of The Temple Gate, by Manninghi and Reeve, acted 1790. The air is by Reeve, and the song had, apart from the opera, a certain amount of deserved popularity; it was sung by Fawcett.
The Girl of the Seasons.

Allegretto.

1. I'm the girl of the sea-sons, am
   The sea-sons do part-ed I'm
   But the sum-ma-tern-leaves and the
   But this whirl-i-gig world brings us

2. The sun rises, I'm do both to-get-her,
   So like pa-triots in place, then I
   Why, so sings thro' the storm and she
   Why, so sings thro' the storm and she

3. Moon and the gen-tle-men say, too, I'm pret-ty,
   As the sum-ma-tern-leaves and the
   Why, so sings thro' the storm and she
   Why, so sings thro' the storm and she

4. I'm the girl of the sea-sons, am
   The sea-sons do part-ed I'm
   But the sum-ma-tern-leaves and the
   But this whirl-i-gig world brings us

1. Sax-ling year, While roam-ing thro' fields or the cit-y,
   Thus I welcome the spring, As so
   Thus I welcome the spring, As so
   Thus I welcome the spring, As so

2. Still go my round, For the sun and I rise both to-gether.
   So the sum-ma-tern-leaves and the
   So the sum-ma-tern-leaves and the
   So the sum-ma-tern-leaves and the

3. Sax-ling year, While roam-ing thro' fields or the cit-y,
   Thus I welcome the spring, As so
   Thus I welcome the spring, As so
   Thus I welcome the spring, As so

4. Sax-ling year, While roam-ing thro' fields or the cit-y,
   Thus I welcome the spring, As so
   Thus I welcome the spring, As so
   Thus I welcome the spring, As so

1. Gai-ly I sing, Two bun-ches a pen-ny, sweet co-wasps,
   Two bun-ches a pen-ny, sweet co-wasps,
   Two bun-ches a pen-ny, sweet co-wasps,
   Two bun-ches a pen-ny, sweet co-wasps.

2. Gai-ly I sing, Two bun-ches a pen-ny, sweet co-wasps,
   Two bun-ches a pen-ny, sweet co-wasps,
   Two bun-ches a pen-ny, sweet co-wasps,
   Two bun-ches a pen-ny, sweet co-wasps.

3. Gai-ly I sing, Two bun-ches a pen-ny, sweet co-wasps,
   Two bun-ches a pen-ny, sweet co-wasps,
   Two bun-ches a pen-ny, sweet co-wasps,
   Two bun-ches a pen-ny, sweet co-wasps.

4. Gai-ly I sing, Two bun-ches a pen-ny, sweet co-wasps,
   Two bun-ches a pen-ny, sweet co-wasps,
   Two bun-ches a pen-ny, sweet co-wasps,
   Two bun-ches a pen-ny, sweet co-wasps.

One of the musical illustrations of the old-fashioned London street cries. Of these we have already included several. The words and music with a pictorial illustration, are on sheet music issued by Purcell & Boote and about 1860. The melody is by Emma Sanderson, a composer whose song, "The Marriage Day," we also print. The verses of "The Girl of the Seasons" are by E. Booth, a relative to a partner in the firm, and were sung by Mrs. Blundell at Vauxhall Gardens about the date quoted.
Little Sally's Wooden Ware.

B. J. Arnold.

Andante.

Dr. Samuel Arnold.

Allegretto.

a tempo.

1. Come buy! who'll buy? Come
2. Come buy! who'll buy? Now

p e ritenuto.

colla voce.

1. buy poor Sal-ly's wood-en ware, Who all for mo-ney bar-
ters; My
2. thus from town to town I stray, Light-heart-ed, free from sor-row, And

1. pins, my toys, my shoe-knots rare, My bod-ies, lace, and gar-
ters. Full
2. when I eat my meal to-day I care not for to-mor-row. So

A song from the opera, The Shiprock, acted at Drury Lane in 1796. The words are by B. J. Arnold, author of the popular song, "The Death of Nelson," and the melody is by Dr. Samuel Arnold, his father. It was the fashion at this time to illustrate in music and song the popular street cries, and many pretty lyrics by Hook and others were the result. Of these, several were sung by Mrs. Bland. We give some examples of this class of song in "Little Bess the balld singer," and "Come, who'll buy primrose?" Dr. Arnold was a musician of considerable degree of merit, but he lacked the grace of Hook and some of his contemporaries. He wrote and compiled a great number of the then popular ballad operas. He was born in 1749, and died in 1802.
1. Cheap my various goods I sell, Through village, street, and valley; In

2. Ne'er again I'll London see, But range each hill and valley; Come

1. London, where I'm known full well, They call me Little Sally, They

2. Spend a trifle, sir, with me, And think of Little Sally, Come

1. Call me Little Sally, They call me Little Sally; In

2. Spend a trifle, sir, Come spend a trifle, sir. Come

1. London, where I'm known full well, They call me Little Sally.

2. Spend a trifle, sir, with me. And think of Little Sally.
Tom Bowling.

Andante.

Charles Dibdin.

1. Here a sheer bulk, lies poor Tom Bowling, The darling of our
2. Tom never from his word departing, His virtues were so
3. Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather, When He who all com-

1. crew; No more he'll hear the pest howling, For
2. rare, His friends were many and true-hearted, His
3. mends, Shall give to call life's crew to gether, The

There are few more popular old English songs than "Tom Bowling." Of all Dibdin's lyrics it is the one which has most truly struck home. Dibdin himself speaks of its great popularity and of the great sales of copies. It was originally sung by the author-composer in the first of his tabl entertainments, The Oddities, given 17th December, 1789. Published on sheet music and in song-books, it invariably bore the title, "Poor Tom; or, the Sailor's Epitaph." An absurd statement has been made that the original of "Tom Bowling" was a man bearing the same name "who used to sit drinking with Dibdin and Shield." The song was written, in memory of the author's brother, Thomas Dibdin, who was a captain in the merchant service. If proof were needed to confuse the ridiculous story quoted above it could be found in the following lines which are part of a song Dibdin wrote on his late friend Charles Bannister, an actor and singer.

They appear in The Public:

"Poor Charles!"
My lyre, once again the sad note,
My tribute of gratitude loud;
"Poor Tom!" on my brother I wrote,
"Poor Charles!" I now write on my friend.

It may be mentioned incidentally that a "sheer bulk" was the hulk of a vessel which, unfit for the sea, was moored in a harbour with only the lower masts left standing. Fixed to the foot of these were long beams of wood, the whole serving as a crane for hoisting masts, stoves, etc., into vessels brought alongside for the purpose.
TOM BOWLING.

1. Death has broached him to. His form was of the
2. Polt was kind and fair. And then he'd sing so
3. Word to pipe all hands. Thus death, who kings and

1. Man lian beauty. His heart was kind and soft.
2. Blithe and jolly. Ah! many's the time and oft.

1. Faithful below, Tom did his duty. And now he's gone a.
2. Mirth is turned to melancholy, For Tom is gone a.
3. Though his body's under hatch-es. His soul is gone a.

1. Left. And now he's gone a-loft.
2. Left. For Tom is gone a-loft.
3. Left. His soul is gone a-loft.
The Bee.

Poco adianto.

To heal the smart a

bee had made Up-on my Chlo-e's face, ...

These words have had several musical settings; besides the above, we give one by Thomas Linley, junior, in the present volume. The latter is taken from an engraved music sheet in date about 1756. It was sung by Thomas Lowe, in all probability at Mary-le-bone Gardens about that period. Another setting of the words appears in the gentleman's Magazine for January, 1763; it is entitled, "On a young lady stung by a bee, set by Mr. Flucklem."
Honey upon her cheek she laid, And bid me kiss the place. . . .
Pleased, I obeyed, but from the wound, imbibed both sweet and smart, . . .
The honey on my lips I found, The sting within my heart. . . .
Then Farewell! my Trim-built Wherry.

Andante.

1. Then farewell! my trim-built wherry, Oars and coat and badge, farewell!
2. But to hope and peace a stranger, In the battle's heat I'll sail.
3. Then mayhap, when homeward steering, With the news my mates will hail.

1. well, Never more at Chelsea ferry Shall your
2. go, When exposed to every danger, Some friend
3. come, Even you the story hearing, With a

Song by the character Tom Tug, the Thames waterman, in Charles Dibdin's little opera, *The Waterman: or, The First of August*, acted in 1774, words and music by Dibdin. For an account of the opera see under "Cherries and Plums." "Then farewell! my trim-built wherry," and the song, "And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman?" survived to recent years principally by reason of the singing of them by Sam Reeves who took the part of Tom Tug in revivals of the opera.
THEN FAREWELL! MY TRIM-BUILT WHERRY.

1. Than-as take a spell. Then fare-well! my trim-built wherry, Ours and
   2. bell may lay me low. But to hope and peace a stran-ger, In the
   3. sigh may cry, "Poor Tom!" Then may hap, when homeward steer-ing, With the

1. coat and badge, fare-well! Never more at Chel-sea fer-ry Shall your
   2. battle's heat I'll go, When ex-posed to ev-ry dan-ger, Some friendly
   3. news my mess-mates come, Even you, the sto-ry hear-ing. With a

1. Than-as take a spell, Shall your Thom-as take a spell,
   2. bell may lay me low, Some friendly bell may lay me low.
   3. sigh may cry, "Poor Tom!" With a sigh may cry, "Poor Tom!"

rit.

colla voce.

colla voce.
The Silent Lover.

CONGREVE.

Andante espressivo.

William Boyce.

1. I looked and I sighed, and I wished I could speak, And
2. Dear Ca-lis, be kind, then, and since your own eyes, By

1. very fain would have been at her; But when I strove most my great
2. looks can com-mand a dor-a-sion; Give nine leave to talk, too, and

The words are by William Congreve and the melody is by Dr. William Boyce. The song was published in one of the numbers of Lyra Britannica, published by John Walsh about 1745. To Boyce we are indebted for the fine sturdy national air, "Heart of Oak." He was born in London in 1725, took his doctor’s degree at Cambridge in 1746, and died 7th February, 1792. He wrote several oratorios, and composed and compiled collections of sacred music; these in addition to much secular musical work in the shape of songs and dramatic pieces.
THE SILENT LOVER.

1. passion to break, Still then I said least of the matter. I
2. do not despise, Those ogling that tell you my passion. We'll

I swore to myself and resolved I would try, Some way my poor heart to re-
2. look and we'll love, and the neithershould speak, The pleasure we'll still be pur-

1. cow - er; But that was all vain, for I soon - er could die, Than
2. suf - ferings; And so without words I don't doubt we may make, A

1. live with for - bear - ing to love her, Than live with for - bear - ing to love her.
2. ve - ry good end of this woo - ing, A ve - ry good end of this woo - ing.
The Bonny Sailor.

JAMES HOOK.

Allegro.

1. My bonny sailor won my mind, My heart with him is
2. A thousand terrors chilled my breast, When fancy brought the
3. His face by sultry climes is wan, His eyes by watching

1. now at sea, I hope the summer's western breeze Will
2. foe in view, And day and night I've had no rest, Lest
3. shine less bright, But still I own my charming man, And

Composed by James Hook and sung by Miss Thorntree at Vauxhall in the season of 1786. It is included in Hook's Collection of Vauxhall Songs of that season, and is faced by "Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town," which was originally sung at the Gardens in the same season.
1. Bring him safely back to me. I wish to hear what
2. Every gale a tempest blow. Bring gentle gales, my
3. Run to meet him when in sight. His honest heart is

1. Glorious toils, What dangers he has undergone. What
2. Sailor home, His ship at anchor may I see. These
3. What I prize, No weather can make that look old, Too'

cres.

1. Forts he's stormed, how great the spoils From France and Spain my sailor's won. What
2. Years are sure enough to roam, Too long for one who loves like me. There
3. Altered were his face and eyes, I'll love my jolly sailor bold, Too'

cres.
Little Bess the Ballad-Singer.

1. When first a babe up on the
2. In ev'ry village where I
3. Thro' woods and village scenes I

1. Knee, my mother used to sing to me; I caught the
2. Spoke, they called me by my infant name; And people
3. Stay, with plain tune suit and not less key; And every passerby I

1. Tongue, and ere I talked! I slept in song,
2. Long, this still's the burthen of my song. I'm little Bess the ballad singer,
3. Meet, with lowly countenance thus I greet. I'm little Bess, I'm little Bess, I'm little Bess the ballad singer.

A pretty little ditty as much a favourite that several versions of it are to be found scattered through old song-books and on music sheets. The present copy is taken from The English Musical Repository, Edinburgh, Wm. Hunter, 1828, and repeated in other editions of the same work published at a later date by R. Crosby in London. Another copy differing in words and music was published in one of Colman's Pocket Companions for the German Flute, circa 1829, and yet another called "Poor Little Bess," with music by James Hook, was sung by Mrs. Hirst in the pantomime, Love and May, acted at Drury Lane in 1822. It has not been found possible to fix upon the composer of the air we print.
Once Tired of Life.

The Wife in Masquerade.

Allegro.

J. MAZZINGH.

1. Once tired of life,
   2. I kneel to kiss,

1. I took a wife,
   2. transport bliss,

1. Who so little life displayed, Another fair,
   2. She more angry, furious made, My joys to crown,

Song by Joseph Munden in Mazinghi's opera, The White, the libretto and songs of which were written by Frederick Reynolds. The opera was acted at the King's Theatre on 10th November, 1828. It is founded on the once well-known French song, "Erbbech; or, the Bell of Siberia. Joseph Mazinghi was born of German parentage in London, and his music had little foreign influence. We have selected another song from the above opera—"Young Lady's Fishing Tale."
ONCE TIRED OF LIFE.

1. I followed from the masquerade, I followed from the masquerade,
2. And lo! my wife in masquerade, And lo! my wife in masquerade,

1. followed from the masquerade, I followed from the masquerade.
2. lo! my wife in masquerade, When lo! my wife in masquerade.

1. You know me? I know thee! Yes, I know thee!
2. You know me? I know thee! Yes, I know thee!

1. Yes, I know thee! Yes, I know thee!
2. Yes, I know thee! Yes, I know thee!

Dancing, rattling,
Charming prattler,
ONCE TIRED OF LIFE.

1. Woman prating, Clack, clack, clack, clack, clack, clack, Oh, that is what I
2. Give itatter, Clack, clack, clack, clack, clack, clack, Oh, that is what I

1. I love them for. And then they cry, oh, fie! And then they cry, oh, sly!
2. I love them for. And then they cry, oh, fie! And then they cry, oh, sly!

1. oh, fie! oh, sly! It's the little cunning governor, The little cunning
2. oh, fie! oh, sly! It's the little cunning governor, The little cunning

1. governor, And then they cry, oh, fie! It's the little cunning governor.
2. governor, And then they cry, oh, fie! It's the little cunning governor.
The Echoing Horn.

Con energìa.

1. The e - cho-ing horn calls the sportsmen a - broad, To horse, my brave boys, and a -
2. Tri - umph - ant re - turn - ing at night with the spoil, Like Bac - chanals shout - ing and

1. way; The morn - ing is up and the cry of the hounds, Up -
2. gay; How sweet, with a bot - tle and lass to re - fresh, And

1. braids our too - te - dious de - lay. What plea - sure we feel in pur - su - ing the
2. lose the fa - ti - gues of the day. With sport, love, and wine, flo - kle for - tune de -

A hunting song from Dr. Arne's opera, Thomas and Sally; or, the Staller's Return, produced in 1750. One of the very few hunting songs which Arne wrote. Hunting songs of very extended compass, accompanied by violins, horns, and other instruments were quite the fashion in the 18th century. Many of these are good compositions, but their wide range makes them unfit for the general singer, and we have not therefore included many specimens of this type of song.
1. fox, O'er hill and o'er valley he flies; Then follow, we'll soon over—
2. fly, Dull wis-dom all hap-pi-ness sours; Since life is no more than a

1. take him, huz-za! The traitor is seized and dies, He dies, ...
2. pas-sage at best, Let's strew the way over with flowers, With flowers, ...

1. . . . . . . the traitor is seized on and dies. Then follow, we'll
2. . . . . . . let's strew the way over with flowers. Then follow, we'll

soon over-take him, huz-za! The traitor is seized on and dies.
I'll be the Squire's Bride.

Moderato.

James Hook.

1. No sooner entered in my teens, A gay unthinking lass, A-
2. Sometimes a self-opinion's right, And goes me little way; The
3. From thence he wooed me soon and late, At church and market, too, But

1. Love all former rural scenes, I priz'd my looking glass. There
2. Squire viewed me with delight, And crown'd me Queen of May. I
3. When he begged I'd be his mate, What could a maiden do? Twas

One of the usual type of Vauxhall songs sung there in the season of 1730, by Miss Leary, who for a short time delighted the audiences at the Gardens with similar productions. The words are printed in The New Whim of the Day; or, Musical Odys, 1716, and in The New Vocal Entertainment for 1719. Preston issued sheet copies of the music.
I'll Be the Squire's Bride

1. Vanity my face dis-played, I smiled, I blushed, and hung my head, And I felt my heart to say him nay, I felt my heart to say him nay.

2. Lifted high my pride, I though, no doubt, my form was made To first he joined my side, Yet to my self I softly said, I'll lift high my pride, I thought, no doubt, my form was made.

3. Would not be denied; Then soon he fixed the wedding-day, And would not be denied; Then soon he fixed the wedding-day, And I felt my heart to say him nay, I felt my heart to say him nay.

To be some squire's bride, To be some squire's bride, To be some squire's bride, To be some squire's bride.

I'll be the squire's bride, I'll be the squire's bride, I'll be the squire's bride, I'll be the squire's bride.

And I'm the squire's bride, And I'm the squire's bride, And I'm the squire's bride, And I'm the squire's bride.
Love's Bacchanal.

Moderato e maestoso.

1. Lay that sul-len gar-land by thee, Keep it for thee.
2. Rome thy dull and drowsy spi-rits, Here's the soul re-

1. lys-ian shades; Take my restless lust-y i-ly, Not of that faint myr-tle made,
2. viv-ing streams; Stu-pid lov-ers' brain in-her-nis Nought but vain and empty dreams,

1. Not of that faint myr-tle made, When I see thy soul de-scend- ing
2. Nought but vain and empty dreams, Think not that these dis-mal tran-ces,

1. To that cold un-fer-tile plain, Of sad fools the lake at-tend-ing,
2. With our rap-tures can con-tend; He that laughs and sings and dan-ces,

Taken from a scarce publication: Two English Songs set to Music by Mr. John Wyne, London, printed for the author, and sold by him at his house in the School Yard, Cambridge, by John Johnson at the Harp and Crown in Cheapside, and at all the music shops. John Wyne was a Cambridge musician who kept a music shop. He appears to have also published another set of Twelve English Songs. "Lay that sulen garland by" has been used several times for musical settings. In Playford's Musical Companion, 1675, it is arranged for two voices by John Taylor, and was composed as a glee by Dr. Atterbury about the year 1770 or 1774.
LOVE'S BACCHANAL.

1. Thou shalt wear this crown a-gain. Thou shalt wear this crown a-gain.
2. Shall come soon est to his end. Shall come soon est to his end.

1. Now, drink wine, and know the odds. "Twist that Le-the and the gods,
2. Sackness may some pity move. Mirth and cour-age con-quers love.

1. Now, drink wine, and know the odds. "Twist that Le-the and the gods,
2. Sackness may some pity move. Mirth and cour-age con-quers love.

2. Mirth and cour-age con-quers love. Mirth and cour-age con-quers love.
The Slighted Swain.

A BRADLEY.

1. Clo - se prove,
2. Ban - ish my
3. Sure Ven - us

1. false, but still she is charm - ing. Na - ture, like beau - ty, her tem - per has
2. sense or let her not slight me, Love ne'er was made to in - her - it dis -
3. gave her that face to de - ceive me, And gave the boy but one ar - row would

1. made, Sub - ject to change o'er. Each heart she will range,
2. dain; Love is a bub - ble That gives man - kind trou - ble, Re - flect - ing
3. fly; Haste to thy mo - ther, And beg for an - oth - er, Clo - se, the

1. larm - ing, Ev - er dis - arm - ing, Ne'er dis - mayed.
2. ess - ta - ry, Drop with the sim - i - le, Al - ry and rain.
3. mark must be, Make her to pi - ty me, Eve that I die.

Taken, words and melody, from John Wall's Musical Miscellany, vol. iii., 1729. The words are stated to be "by Mr. A. Bradley," but there is no clue given as to the author of the music. In Walsh's British Musical Miscellany, vol. iii., circa 1744, it is repeated with heading, "set by Mr. Handel." It is extremely doubtful if this ascription is correct. The music certainly seems too English in character, and it must be remembered that it was the practice of publishers of that day to append Handel's name to many doubtful compositions for trade purposes. Handel's was then the greatest name in musical England.
The Retort.

Allegretto.  

T. A. ARNE.

1. Ye fair, from man's in-sid-lous love Your
2. With looks as fair as summer-flow'rs, soft
3. We're butts of earth, all an-i-mals,

Tender hearts de-fend,
Weak like hone-y sweet,
A list of grace a tongue,

Lest the mistak-en bliss ye prove But sor-row in the end.  
The tears that fall in gen-tlesheir Your pi-ty they'll en-treat. 
Tend-waste their mois-ture to re-late Thomas chiefz men have done.  

reason scan each act-ful man, Nor trust your ear or eye, .  
Young maids, be-ware, Young

maids, be-ware, young maids, beware, men shall en-sure with ar-ti-fi-cial fly! .  

An early Vauxhall song sung at the Gardens by Thomas Lowe, a tenor singer of great repute.  
Lowe made his debut at Drury Lane Theatre in the autumn of 1768; and soon after that was the principal male singer at Vauxhall. He became manager or part proprietor of the rival Gardens at Marylebone and died in 1805 after a very extended period of public singing. The pretty melody is by T. A. Arne (before he obtained his degree), and the whole is here reprinted from a music-sheet published about 1750.
Rural Life.

Moderato.

1. Free from strife, in a sweet country life, I could choose for to spend all my
2. early they rise, transported with joys, So contented their days pass a-

1. days; Free from noise, free from strife, in a sweet country life, I could
2. long; And if justly combined with a true-hearted mind, To a

Appears as "a New Song" in the *Universal Magazine* for October, 1776. The same sentiments are expressed in a much earlier production published in the sixth volume of Watts's *Musical Miscellany*. It is distinctly like the composition of Michael Arne, and there are passages in it which remind one very much of his "Lass with the delicate air."
RURAL LIFE.

1. How contented they live, What joy they receive, The happiest people on earth; Just be

2. Wife whom all virtues belong, At sunset going down, Their work being done, The happiest people on earth; By the

1. There sweet spot, so delightful a spot, While jasmine grows by the door.

2. Each couple is seen, With innoce pastime and mirth.

1. poco rit.  a tempo.

2. poco rit.  mf a tempo.

1. joys they receive, The'nothing but ground for their floor;

2. work being done, The happiest people on earth;
My Banks they are Furnished with Bees.

Wm. Shenstone.

Andante.

1. My banks they are furnished with bees, Whose murmur in
2. I've found out a gift for my fair, I've found where the
3. But where does my Phyllida stray? And where are her

1. Vises one to sleep, My grottoes are shaded with trees, And my
2. Wood pigeons breed, But let me that plunder for bear, She will
3. Grotts and her bow'rs? Are groves and the valleys as fine, And the

This is a portion of Shenstone's Pastorals Ballad in four parts, selections from which have furnished words for several musical settings, such as "When forced from dear Heli to go," "I have found out a gift for my fair," etc. "My banks they are furnished with bees," with several other songs from the same pastoral, was set to music by Dr. Arne and published in the second volume of Orpheus Britannicus, 1756.
1. Hills are white o'er with sheep; I seldom have met with a
   2. say I was a barbarous deed; For he never could be true, she a
   3. shepherds as gentle as ours? The groves may perhaps be as

1. Aess, Such health do my mountains bestow, My
2. verred, Who could rob a poor bird of its young, I
3. fair, And the face of the valleys as fine, The

1. fountains all bordered with moss, Where the harebells and violets grow.
2. loved her the more when I heard Such tenderness fall from her tongue.
3. swains may in manners compare, But their love is not equal to mine.

1. grow, Where the harebells and violets grow.
2. tongue, Such tenderness fall from her tongue.
3. mine, But their love is not equal to mine.
Mounseer Nong Tong Paw.

Poco allegro.

1. John Roll for pastime took a prance, Some time a-go to
2. John, to the Palace Royal come, Its splendid court most
3. Next trip came a courtly fair, John cried, en-chanted

1. peep at France, To talk of sciences and arts, And
2. struck him dumb; I say, whose house is that there here? House!
3. with her air, What lovely wench is that there here? Vestal!
4. is he gone? Wealth, fame, and beauty could not save, Poor

The words and air are by Charles Dibdin, and were first sung by him in one of his entertainments called The General Election, produced on the 5th of October, 1796. Those entertainments were melodious, Dibdin speaking the "patton," and singing the song.
1. knowledge gained in foreign parts, Mon-sieur, obsequious
2. fait vous n'en tendez pas, Mon-sieur. What! Nong Tong Paw a
3. fait vous n'en tendez pas, Mon-sieur. What! he a gain? Up
4. Nong Tong Paw then from the grave. His race is run, his

1. heard him speak, And an- swered John in hea-then Greek; To
2. gain? cries John. This fel-low is some might-y man; No
3. on my life, A pa-lace, lands, and then a wife! Sir
4. game is up. I'd with him break fast, dice, and sup; But

1. all he asked, 'bout all he saw, To all he asked, 'bout
2. doubt has plen-ty for the raw, I'll break fast with this
3. Josh waught de-light to draw, I'd like to sup with
4. since he choos-es to with-draw, Good night ty'ye, Mon-sieur

1. all he saw, 'Twas Mon-sieur, je vous n'en tendez pas.
2. Nong Tong Paw, I'll break fast with this Nong Tong Paw.
3. Nong Tong Paw, I'd like to sup with Nong Tong Paw.
4. Nong Tong Paw, Good night ty'ye, Mon-sieur Nong Tong Paw.
Young Lobski's Fishing Tale.

Poco allegro.

J. MAZZINGHI.

1. Young Lobski said to his ugly wife, "I'm off till to-morrow to fish, my life." Says
2. What Mis-tress Lob-ski said was right, Gay Mis-tress Lobski was out all night. Nix
3. Next morn-ing Mis-ter Lob-ski knew He'd caught so fish, so he bought a few. There's
4. When Lob-ski to his wife drew near, Says she, "What sport have you had, my dear?" The
5. "A doz-en sprats, base man," said she, "What I catch in a riv'er the fin of the sea?" You

1. Mis-tress Lobski, "I'm sure you ain't. But, you brute, you are go-ing to gal-li-vant, To
2. went to fish 'tis knows quite well, But where he went I shall not tell, I
3. he. My wife won't smoke my plot, And she may bite the fish did not. Tho' the
4. riv'er," said he, "is full of rats So I've on-ly caught you a doz-en sprats, A
5. draw a long line, Mister Lob-ski, I know, But'tis clear you draw a much long-er bow! 'Tis

1. gal-li-vant, to gal-li-vant, You brute, you are go-ing to gal-li-vant.
2. shall not tell, I shall not tell, But where he went I shall not tell.
3. fish did not, tho' the fish did not. And she may bite tho' the fish did not.
5. clear you draw, 'Tis clear you draw, 'Tis clear you draw a much long-er bow.

Song by John Worsell in Mazzinghi's opera The Kyle, acted in 1838. The song, "Young Lobski," long survived the opera. So far as I know it is one of the earliest recorded associations of fishing with singing. "The Wail in Montevideo" has been also selected for our work from The Kyle.
Amanda's Fair, by all Confessed.

1. Amanda's fair, by
2. How much su-per-i-or

1. all confessed, Her skin so-snow-y white, As down that clothes the tur-tle's breast, Her
2. beau-ti-ful saves The coldest bo-som, find; But with re-si-ding force it draws, To

1. eyes like diaman-ts bright. Yet far-ther still the nympsh ex-cels, In each cel-es-tial
2. sense and vir-tue joined. The cas-ket where to out-ward show The artist's hand is

1. grace, That in the heart's soft hab-i-tation, Or in the soul takes place.
2. seen, Is dou-bly val-ued when we know It holds a gem with-in.

As "The Phoenix: a new song," this is contained in The Universal Magazine for 1742. No author's or composer's name is mentioned, and it is either by Dr. Arne or some musician who has closely copied his style.
I must Try Another.

Allegretto.

JAMES HOOK.

1. Pray thee, sal - ly, speak thy mind, Am I the man or no? If I am not,
2. Pray con - si - der that our prime Does very soon de - cay. Think how great would
3. Thee heart pres - s - uring your charms, I love to laugh, not cry. That it beats with

1. be so kind To tell me plain ly so.
2. be the crime To let it slip a way.
3. soft a - larms, For so maid will I die.

If my passion you ap - prove,

The air is by James Hook, and the song was sung at Vauxhall Gardens in the season of 1799 by Charles Dignan. It was published, with the music, in Hook’s Vauxhall Songs for 1799. Although the song and air have merit, they do not appear to have survived their first season at the gardens. James Hook was born at Norwich in 1754, and coming to London in 1768 became organist at Mary-le-bone Gardens, composing for that place of amusement as well as for Vauxhall. In this year (1769) Wedderburn issued Hook’s first published work, a volume of Vauxhall songs bearing the above date, and a concerto with variations on a then popular air, “Lonely Nancy.” These were the first of a range of publications so numerous that they must, if it were possible to number them, have run into over a thousand. Hook made an immediate success in London, and his genius was never at a loss in spite of the constant calls on it. Hook was composer and musical director to Vauxhall Gardens from 1772 to 1802, and supplied countless songs for the singers there. He wrote the music for several entertainments and a great deal of other work, concertos, harp published pieces, glees, etc., etc. He was author also of an instruction book, Glee and Glea, which ran through several editions. At the present day his “Lass of Richmond Hill” and “Two within a mile of Edinburgh town,” the latter first sung at Vauxhall in 1780, have no signs of wearing its public favour as standard English songs. Hook died at Boulogne in 1837. Therefore Hook the novelist was his younger son; the older son and his descendants filled high offices in the Church.
I'm your faithful lover; if you can't return my love, I must try another, pretty Sally, pretty Sally;

If you can't return my love, if you can't return my love, I must try another, I must try another.
I've Sailed Round the World.

Jack's Gratitude.

CHARLES DIBdin.

1. I've sailed round the world without fear or dismay, I've
2. When in a French prison I chanced for to lie, With
3. But, Lord, this is no thing, my poor upper works Got
4. Then push round the grog, though we face the whole world, Let our

1. seen the wind foul, and I've seen the wind fair, I've been wound-ed and ship-wreck'd and
2. no light from heaven and scarce an-y air, In a dun-gon in stead of in
3. shat-ter'd, and I was o-bliged to re-pair; I've been shot by the French, and a
4. Roy-al Tar's pene-nant but fly in the air, And the sails of our na-vy a-

1. tricked of my pay, But a brave Brit-ish sai-lor should nev-er des-pair.
2. bat-tle to die, Was dis-mal, I own, but I did not des-pair.
3. slave mong-st the Turks, But a brave Brit-ish sai-lor should nev-er des-pair.
4. gain be un-furled, We'll strike won-d'ring na-tions with awe and des-pair.

A song of Charles Dibdin's, and one but little known. It was sung by Dibdin himself in one of his monologue entertainments, called Private Theatricals; or, Nature in Nobles. This was given in 1772 in a room opposite Bearfort Buildings, in the Strand, which he named "Bear Scout." He gave other succeeding entertainments there, but in 1776 was enabled by the profits he had realised to build a small theatre in Leicester Place. The song, besides being published in sheet form with Dibdin's own imprint and signature, is also-printed in contemporary song books.
True Happiness.

Con energia.

1. To hug yourself in perfect ease, What
2. A little parlor stove to hold A
3. An open, but yet cautious mind, Where
4. Plain equipage and temperate meals, Few

1. I would you wish for more than these? A healthy, clean, pa-
2. constant fire from winter's cold; Where you may sit and
3. galley cares no en-trances find, Nor nurse's fears nor
4. tailor's and no doctors' bills; Content to take, as

1. terminal seat, Well shaded from the summer's heat.
2. think, and sing, Far from court, God bless the King.
3. every's state, To break the Sabbath or the night.
4. heaven's pleasure, A longer or a shorter lease.

Appears in The Cerealist Harper, 1792. In another place the composition of the air is attributed to a musician named Bieupart. How far this is correct we are unable to say. The words are by W. Selingsfield, a forgotten writer of verse.
Little Thinks the Townsman's Wife.

Lira, lira, la.

SAMUEL ARNOLD.

Allegretto.

1. Little thinks the
townsman's wife,
While at home she tarries,
What must be the lass's life
1. Who a soldier
marries. Now with weary marching spent,
Dancing now be-

2. In the camp at
night she lies,
Wind and weather scorching,
Grieved her love must rise And
2. quit her in the morn ing.
But, the doubtful skirmish done,
Blisthe she sings at

3. Should the captain
of her dear,
Use his vain en den ylour,
Whispers non-sense in her ear,
3. Two fond hearts to serv er.
At his passion she will scoff,
Laughing thus she'll

1. foro the tent,
Li-ra, li-ra, la,
Li-ra, li-ra, la,
With her jolly soldier.

2. set of sun,
Li-ra, li-ra, la,
Li-ra, li-ra, la,
With her jolly soldier.

3. put him off,
Li-ra, li-ra, la,
Li-ra, li-ra, la,
With her jolly soldier.

More frequently entitled "Lira, Lira, La." It is from Dr. Samuel Arnold's opera, The Surrender of Calais, performed at the Haymarket in 1791. The song was written by George Coleman the younger, and sung by Mrs. Bland. The Surrender of Calais was notable for the singing and acting of Johnstone the Irish comedian; who, in the character of O'Carroll first sang on the stage the beautiful Irish traditional air, "Savournem Dealish," and other Irish melodies which Arnold employed in this piece.
Sing Hey ho, Ne'er say No!

Allegro moderate.

1. One evening young Lucy walked forth to the wood, Sing
2. It chanced that way Willy came piping along, Sing
3. The shepherd was gay when his Lucy espied, Sing
4. Beneath yon daisies you will primroses find, Sing
5. Together they went to the primrosy walk, Sing

hey ho, ne'er say No! Youth should be full of glee, The briars smelled sweet and the
hey ho, ne'er say No! Youth should be full of glee, When pleased Lucy stopped to
hey ho, ne'er say No! Youth should be full of glee, Most luckily met, my dear
hey ho, ne'er say No! Youth should be full of glee, This shady and there I can
hey ho, ne'er say No! Youth should be full of glee, The way was soon passed for to

wood pigeon coo'd, Sing hey ter little how the tou-ttle der-ry down dee!
listen to his song, Sing hey ter little how the tou-ttle der-ry down dee!
charm'er, he cried, Sing hey ter little how the tou-ttle der-ry down dee!
tell you my mind, Sing hey ter little how the tou-ttle der-ry down dee!
gther they talked, Sing hey ter little how the tou-ttle der-ry down dee!

Under the title, "The Ring's Noght," this appears in The Universal Magazine for April, 1779. The last verse has been omitted. The song does not appear to have been commonly known even at that day, as search has failed to find other copies in contemporary song collections.
Let's Drink and Sing, my Brother Soldiers Bold.

1. Let's drink and sing, My brother soldiers bold, To
2. Then drink and sing, My brother soldiers bold, To

1. country and to king, Like jolly hearts of gold! If
2. country and to king, Like jolly hearts of gold! While

A soldier's drinking song with a fine, spirited melody. It appears in The Operatic Songster, 1782, and in one passage the melody gives a remembrance of Handel.
LETS DRINK AND SING, MY BROTHER SOLDIERS BOLD.

1. mighty George commands us, We're ready to obey; To
2. merry sires so cheerful Our sprightly marches play, While

1. Fight the foe alert we go, Where danger points the way, Nor
2. Drum's a-larn our bosoms warm, They drive our cares away; Con -

1. Wounds nor slaughter fright us, Nor thundering cannon balls, Nor
2. Tend we follow glory, Content we seek a name, And

1. Beds of down delight us, Like scaling city walls.  
2. Hope in future story, To swell our country's name.

rit.
Let my Fair One.

1. Let my fair one,
   Female sex, and she's for me;
   I can love her, fair or brown,

2. Be she dull or
   Haunting church or haunting play;
   I her piety admire,

3. If she's kind, un
   Not to love as well as she;
   If she's coy 'twouldun just prove,

4. If she's tall, I
   Stalking nobly like a queen;
   If a little thing,

Of the country or the town,
   I can love her, rich or poor,
   All her wealth or

Or her brisk cock-tailing fire,
   I as equal Saircan find,
   For the coy or

So much virtue not to love,
   If she's fickle, so am I,
   Each will have their

Fairy frisking in a ring,
   Let my fair one only be,
   Female sex, and

Thrush-a-dore,
   I can love her, rich or poor,
   All her wealth or charm a-dore!

Willingkind,
   I an equal Saircan find,
   For the coy or willing kind.

Lib'er-ty,
   If she's fickle, so am I,
   Each will have their

She's for me,
   Let my fair one only be,
   Female sex, and she's for me.

Appears in Vocal Music; or, The Songster's Companion, 1775, without author's or composer's name. It is evidently a composition of the period.
The Bay of Biscay.

ANDREW CHERRY.

Moderato. J. DAVY.

1. Loud reared the dreadful
2. Now dashed up on the
3. Her yielding timbers

1. thunder, The rain a long showers,
The clouds were rent a sun der By
2. bil lows, Her op'ning timbers creak,
Each fear a wa 'ry pil low, Nono
3. serv er, Her pitchy seams see rent,
When heav'n all boundless ev er, Ha

1. lightning's vi vid pow'rs. The night was drear and dark,
Our poor devoted
2. stops the dreadful leak. To cling to slippery shrouds
Each breathless seaman
3. boundless mercy sent. A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three

1. bark, Till next day, there she lay, In the Bay of Bis - cay, O.
2. crowls, As she lay till next day In the Bay of Bis - cay, O.
3. cheers, Now we sail with the gale From the Bay of Bis - cay, O.

For note to this song see Appendix.
By and By.

1. A lit - tle blithe-some mer - ry lass, I come to tell you fair - ly, The
2. The maid went woo him far and near, And use each vain en - de - vour, To
3. Then let them try each sub - tle will To lure a - way my Har - ry, So

1. I love loves me u - gain, And that you know is rare - ly, His
2. gain his love, but this I know, He's sworn to me for ev - er; And
3. well I know the dear - est youth That on - ly me will mar - ry; And

Another of James Hook's Vauxhall songs sung at the Gardens in the season of 1803 by Mrs. Franklin. The words are by Upton, and
the song was published by Joseph Dale in Hook's Collection of Vauxhall Songs, for 1803.
1. cot is on the banks of Dee, His sheep feed in the valley, But
2. this I'll tell you frank and free, 'Twas low down in the valley, He
3. if I dare the truth impart, We shall not dilly dally, But

1. what is more than all to me, He lives but for his Sally,
2. pledged his faithful vows to me, And lives but for his Sally,
3. soon at church join hand and heart, And Harry wed his Sally,

1. And by and by, O by and by, Will wed his little Sally, And
2. And by and by, O by and by, Will wed his little Sally, And
3. Yes, by and by, O by and by, Will wed his little Sally, Yes,

by and by, O by and by, Will wed his little Sally.
The Mid-Watch.

The words are by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and the air is by Thomas Linley, his father-in-law. Mr. Barting-Gould in English Music, vol. iii., gives this account of it:—"It was introduced into his pantomime at the Haymarket in 1783, Sheridan happened to call in at the theatre one day and found the stage manager and his wife and what to do, as there was no idea between the conclusion of one scene, and of the setting of another. It was suggested to Sheridan that a song at this point might afford the stage carpenters the requisite time for some shifting. He at once sat down at the promptor's table on the stage, and wrote the folks the playbill the ballad of 'The Midnight Watch,' which Linley thereupon set to music." The above account may be quite correct, with the exception of the date. Robinson Crusoe, with the music by Linley, was first acted in 1781. "The Mid-Watch" as 'song by Mr. Bunnlewell' is in a song book, St. Cecilia; or, The British Singster, Edinburgh, 1782. About 1790 it was sung by Mr. Arrowsmith at York Hall, and in 1794 it was introduced into a musical entertainment named The Delights of June. This was a piece rapidly put together by several gentlemen, including Sheridan, for the purpose of relieving the widows and orphans of the seamen killed in Lord Howe's action on the first of June, 1794. Stephen Storace arranged the music. It was acted at Drury Lane on 2nd July, and was repeated several times with success. The air was later sung by Master Walsh.
THE MID-WATCH.

1. When the fight's begun, each serving at his gun, Should any thought of them come o'er our mind, We
2. When the fight's begun, each serving at his gun, Should any thought of her come o'er your mind, Think,

1. Think but the day be won, How 'twill cheer their hearts to hear, That their
2. Call but the day be won, How 'twill cheer her heart to hear, That her

1. Old companion he was one; How 'twill cheer their hearts to hear, That their
2. Own true sailor he was one; How 'twill cheer her heart to hear, That her

1st time. 2nd time.
Nanny of the Hill.

Andante.

1. Assist me, every tuneful harp, Oh! lend me all your skill.
2. How say the glittering beam of morn, That gilds the crystal rill.
3. Old Time arrests his rapid flight, And keeps his motion still.
4. And now around the festive board, The jovial bongers fill.

1. choicest lays that I may praise Dear Nanny of the hill.
2. far more bright than morning light, Shines Nanny of the hill.
3. solved to spare a face so fair As Nanny's of the hill.
4. take his glass to my dear lass, Sweet Nanny of the hill.

By Dr. John Worgan, and published in his collection of Vauxhall songs called The Agreeable Choice issued by Walsh about 1750. The same song is contained in The Muse's Delight, Liverpool, 1774, and in Apollo's Cabinet, 1756. At Vauxhall the lyric was sung by Thomas Lowe, a tenor singer of great reputation during the second half of the 18th century.
The Gentry to "The King's Head" Go.

The Tavern Song.

**ANTHONY YOUNG.**

1. The gentry to "The King's Head" go, The nobles to "The Crown," The knight you'll at "The Gardener" see. And the lawyer to "The Devil" comes. The
2. My troth goes, the sailor to "The Star," The parson tops the reach. "To Sir, At "The
3. The World's End" roams, "The Feathers" claim the fair, The law yer to "The Devil" comes. The

1. at "The Plough" the clown. But we'll beat ev'ry bush, boys, In hunting for good
2. Trumpet" tram of war. wine, And not a rush, boys. My landlord or his sign.
3. sports-man to "The Hare."
From Aloft the Sailor Looks Around.

Moderato con energia.

1. From aloft the sailor looks a round, And hears below the murm'ring bil-low sound,
2. Now to heav'n the lofty topmast soars, The storm-y blast like dreadful thunder rolls.

1. And hears below the murm'ring bil-low sound. Far
2. The storm-y blast like dreadful thunder rolls. Now

The beautiful composition is by Stephen Storace, and is from his opera, *No Song, No Supper*, acted in 1790; the words are by Prince Heawe. In the opera it was sung by an actor named Bedwig, who took the character of "Willam." Storace, though partly of Italian parentage, may be well claimed as among our English musicians. He was born in London in 1754, of an Italian father and an English mother. Though but short-lived (he died in 1796), he enriched English music with much excellent work, and is mostly remembered by the pieces from his operas. The most famous of these are: *Haunted Tower*, 1786, *No Song, No Supper*, 1788, *Siles of Belgrade*, 1791, *The Pirates*, 1785, *The Feast*, 1793, *The Charmer*, 1794, *Iron Chest*, 1796, etc. His sister, Anna Selma Storace, was a soprano singer of great ability and fame.
FROM ALOFT THE SAILOR LOOKS AROUND.

1. off from homes, count’nn o’th’day, Wide o’er the seas the ves’l bears a-way,
2. o-ceans’deepest gul’s appear be-low, The curl’ng sur’ge foam, the curl’ng sur’ge foam, The

1. Wide o’er the seas the ves’l bears away, His courage wa’ts no wlet, But he sp’nts the sail to set, With a
2. curl’ng sur’ge foam and down we go. When skies and seas are met, They his courage was no wlet, With ba

1. heart as fresh as ris’ng breeze of May; And ear’ng nought he turns his thoughts To his
2. heart as fresh as ris’ng breeze of May; And dreader nought he turns his thoughts To his

1. love-ly Sue or his charm’ng Bet... to his love-ly Sue or his charming Bet.
2. love-ly Sue or his charm’ng Bet... to his love-ly Sue or his charming Bet.

ricard.

cello voce.
The Live-long Day Forlorn I go.

Affetuoso.

Thomas Linley.

1. The live-long day forlorn I go, My heart is compassed round with woe, With

2. A wreath of willow damp'd with dew, The cy-pruss, straw, and dead-yew, I'll

From The Posthumous Vocal Works of Mr. Linley and Mr. T. Linley, two large folio volumes issued by the widow of Thomas Linley, senior, about 1790-8, dedicated to the Prince of Wales. From this work, which probably consists in a great measure of scattered compositions and sketches of an early date up to then unpublished, we have selected several songs.
THE LIVE-LONG DAY FORBORN I GO.

1. woe, ah, well-a-day! with woe, ah.
2. wear, ah, well-a-day! I'll wear, ah.

1. well-a-day! The造成 you hear in ev'ry sigh. You
2. well-a-day! Each morn I'd rove thro' wood and dale. Each

1. see it writ with-in my eye, 'Tis love! ah.
2. eve I'll court the night-in-gale, She sings, ah.

1. well-a-day! 'Tis love! ah, well-a-day!
2. well-a-day! She sings! ah, well-a-day!
APPENDIX.

THE ARTHUSA (see page 66).

The composition of this fine air is even more persistently in modern collections, attributed to William Shield, in spite of the many accounts that have appeared regarding its history. Shield never claimed the melody, but used it in an open named The Lock and Key composed and selected by himself. The words of the song were written by Prince Howel, author of the Libell and a popular writer of sardonic poetry. It was produced in 1782, and the song was sung by Charles Innes. Moore wrote his spirited words upon a naval engagement which really took place, and which I fairly accurately describes in the verses. The following, being Admiral Keppel's dispatch, dated at sea June 26th, 1778, records precisely a very smoky act of a sullen ship against one of much greater power. Captain Marshal commanded the Arthusa, and Keppel says—

"Before noon yesterday we saw . . . the French with a crippled ship in tow, which we soon perceived was the Arthusa, with her mainmast gone and much planked in other respects. The Arthusa had come up with her close on the evening of the 27th; she proved a large frigate (the Belle Poule). Captain Marshal requested of the French captain to bring her to, and informed him he had orders to conduct him to his admiral, who wished to speak to him, but which request the French officer perversely refused, to comply with. Captain Marshal then fired a shot across the frigate, upon which the French captain instantly fired her whole broadside on the Arthusa, who was at that time very close alongside, which brought us as near as possible on both sides, she continued for about one hour, the Arthusa being much planked in her mast, sails, and rigging, and there being very little wind to govern her she was thrown into such a situation as not to be able to get her head towards the French ship, notwithstanding Captain Marshall's utmost endeavours to do so. The French ships had been in with the land, and getting her forecastle ast, she stood into a small bay, where protected daylight came out and lowered her into safety. Captain Marshal appears to have surrounded himself in the whole of this matter with the greatest spirit and gallantry, and speaks with great satisfaction of the behaviour of his officers and ship's company. The Arthusa had eight men killed and thirty-six wounded; the loss of the French must be considerably greater."

So much for the song and the gallant sea fight it deals with. O'Keefe, in his New Collections, speaks of the engagement as described to him by the lieutenant of the Arthusa, and tells how the Arthusa went on board the vessel just after it had reached Portsmouth, and as the pavement rights be held on board.

Regarding the melody itself, it was first ascribed to the composition of Carolan in O'Farrell's Pocket Companion for the Irish, or, Celtic Pipes, vol. iv., page 15, where it is simply given as "Air by Carolan." Hurting and others refer to this, and it was said to have been composed in honour of the daughter of Anderson Roe, a descendant of one of the kings of Ireland; the title, "The Princess Royal," by which the tune was known in the eighteenth century, was supposed to favour this statement. Whether in the nationality of the melody, it cannot be settled by such a vague tradition. Carolan, who was a musician over a wide range of music, perhaps may have played it in the Irish's honour as an appropriately named air, and possibly may have modified it with extemporaneous variations, but as Carolan could not write down music or affix his name to compositions (being blind), and as he was accustomed to embellish airs in such performances, we cannot accept as conclusive a single statement made more than seventy years after his death. Besides, the melody, since it is not included in a preserved collection of his music, issued by Lee of Dublin, at a fairly early date, Mr. Alfred Moffat, collaborator in the present work, includes this tune in his Repository of Irish, and finds his belief in its Irish origin on its structural features and resemblance to his supposed Carolan melody, "Abigail's Judge."

The present writer claims it, and does so as an English in one of a note, "New Lights upon Old Tunes," written for the Musical Times (see October 1st, 1894). He pointed out that about 1727-1730 there was an air named, "The Princess Royal," composed, no doubt, in honour of Sophia Drewese, daughter of George I., and that this gave place to another air, named "The Princess Royal the New Way," published in Walsh's Complete Country Dancing Master, circa 1730, and as "New Princess Royal" in Daniel Wright's Complete Collection of Country Dances, vol. 1, of about the same date. This air is profitably noted for note with the "Arthusa" as we know it. About 1735 the tune is repeated merely as "The Princess Royal" in Daniel Wright's Complete Tutor for Ye Flute, thus showing that the air had entirely passed under this name. In 1737, M'Gibbon, a Scotch musician, revised it in his Collection of Scots Measure, from whence Shield probably took it for The Lock and Key. Neil Gow also published a copy. After this it is, for the first time, attributed to Carolan in O'Farrell's Pocket Companion. The tune has also been claimed as Welsh. The following is from Walsh's Complete Country Dancing Master, circa 1730, and is note for note with the copy in D. Wright's Collection of Dances and in his Complete Tutor for Ye Flute.

PRINCESS ROYAL THE NEW WAY.

AIR BY CAROLAN.

From O'Farrell's Pocket Companion, vol. iv., circa 1810.
APPENDIX.

ALL YE WHO WOULD WISH TO SUCCED WITH A LASS (See page 26).

The copy of the song which we adopt is printed in The Lady's Magazine, January 1791, with the statement that the composition was "sung by Mrs. Vernon in the new dress." It is curious to note that in all copies of "Thosam and Jerry," including the first edition issued by Dr. Arne, and dated 1791, the verses are set to a different air. Probably the form of "Thosam and Jerry" seen by the composer was printed before the publication of the work. Mrs. Vernon took the part of Dorcas, who sings the song, "All ye who would wish," etc. She was succeeded in the character by Miss Potter, Mrs. Arne's dramatic partner, Theresa and Sally. A new edition was first issued in London at Covent Garden in 1791, and had, as so frequently stated, in Dublin in 1792. The piece was written by Isaac Bickerstaff, the writer of several other successful and similar operas. The following is a copy of the melody from the printed copy. It may be mentioned that another 18th century song bears the title, "As sure as a furlong - You'll lose her as sure as a guinea."

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME (See page 100).

Original printed copies of the air appear under the title, "Brighton Camp," and these not before the early years of the 19th century. One copy in The Gentleman's Magazine, 1802, is an old copy for the flute, published by J. Baily, London, about 1796. In his manuscript, circa 1810, in the writer's library, the air without words bears the better-known name. The earliest copy of the words known to the writer is in a manuscript collection of songs bearing the date 1797, and apparently written down about that year. These songs are from different sources; this volume is also in his possession. The late William Chappell speaks of a manuscript then in Sir Robt. Bramston's hands about the date 1798, but the whereabouts of this is now unknown. Chappell refers to the date of the song as 1766. In 1812 an altered version of the words appears in Baily's Music of Irish Song, Thomas Moore uses the tune in Book V. of his Folk Songs, 1803, and it is the first printed edition of it as an Irish tune. Edward Bunting in 1802 includes it in his Ancient Music of Ireland, and tells us that he first met it in John O'Keefe, Harper, A.D. 1760, author and date unknown. Since this time it has been printed in many Irish collections. Its popularity is due to its popularity. Chappell refers to the popular strain as "the air is Irish, and quotes opinions in his favour from Bunting himself, from J. A. W. and from other Irish authorities. Mr. Alfred W. Owen, collaborator in the present work, considers the melody to be Irish, but finds nothing in its construction to favour that view. A correspondent points out a similarity in the opening bars to "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," but fails to see Irish characteristics. The present writer certainly does not think that the Irish characteristics are too plainly manifested, and that they are by no means conclusive. Whatever its origin the air has evidently been a traditional one with roots wedded to it, probably more than a year 1776 than 1765, for at the former date a camp was formed at Coolehely, near Lacken, and in other parts near the south coast, for defence against a threatening French invasion.

To bring out the full beauty of the air, which is so great, it should be sung or played in moderate tempo, but as a quick march.

The earliest printed version known to the writer, also his manuscript copy, circa 1810, is expanded:

BRIGHTON CAMP.

From the Gentleman's Magazine, 1810.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

From a Manuscript Book, circa 1815.

KITTIE FELL (See page 114).

One of the numerous songs which chant the beauties of some famous coast. We give two other examples of the kind, "Peggy Wines" and "Nancy Gay." Many additional ones might be named. "Kittie Fell," the lady, must have been a beauty of no ordinary kind, for there are at least two songs which sing her charms. One by John Cunningham and one by John O'Keefe:

"The country bord to verse sublime, May praise the daisied bloom, A country maid (to careless rhyme), I sing my Kittie Fell, Etc., and the other we give in the body of the work. The latter is taken from A Favourite Collection of English Songs by Mr. Tarrant, Miss Young, etc., at Richmond: Georgia, 1817. All the pieces in this book are marked by Mr. Arne, except "Kittie Fell." The air is also found in other collections, and the words above are in The Nightingale, 1776, The Bellman, 1780, and other song books.
A song written and composed by Charles Dibdin, who sang it in a short table entertainment called, Christmas Gleaner, performed on the 23rd December, 1798. It was in those table entertainments that Dibdin first produced some of his most famous sea songs. Poor Dibdin had resolved to seek better fortune in India, and accordingly in 1804 embarked and set sail. Fortunately for himself, and certainly for the cause of English song, the vessel by stress of a gale, put into Torbay, and Dibdin, by singing of his rash resolve, left the ship, and abandoned his intention. The commencement consists of musical branches at the town of leaning, contained in different country town, until drifting back to London, he thought of the happy idea of a monocle entertainment, the Worthing, songs, and music to be written, composed, spoken, and sung by himself. The Gleaner, in 1798, was the first venture, and here, "Tom Bowling," "The Greenwich Pensioner," and some other songs, made his plan a great success.

PLEASANT OLD AGE (See page 157).

The words are translated from Americana's ode, and the melody is by John Wynne of Cambridge. The song and air are taken from Wynne's Ten English Songs, 1754. It may be of interest to compare Fawkes' translation of the same ode:

ODE XLVII.

"To ye! To ye! I own I love to see
Stout men chastising, bills and free;
I love the youth that light can bound,
Or graceful swing the harmonious round.
But when old age, goose, though grey,
Can dance and frolic with the gay,
I see plain to all the jovial throng,
Though hour the head, the heart's young."

ON THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER (See page 176).

The Allan Water commemorated in the song is probably the stream which flows under the Bridge of Allan, near Stirling, and in close proximity to the bridge stands an oak, on which the reader interested may conjecture to have been the haunts of the unfortunate Miller's daughter. The words are from the pen of Matthew Gregory Lewis, the friend of Sir Walter Scott. The air in all probability is by a lady of that family. The song was first published by James Patten about the year 1815, on a visit which bears the following statement:—"The words by M. G. Lewis, Esq., composed by Lady ———." In one of Power's collections for the flute, the lady's name is more fully hinted at as "Lady C. R."

WEE MAY THE REEL ROW (See page 203).

To Tyndallers, "The Reel Row" is of so much importance as "Auld Lang Syne" is to Scottians. There have been hot disputes as to its nationality, for it has been claimed by the Scots and the Tyndalles, each as their own special property. Without entering into the name of this discussion, the following facts may be pointed out:—"The Reel Row," under the title is said to appear in a manuscript book of airs which bears the date 1572. Whether the tune was entered into the book at that date is of course uncertain. As "Waal five the Reel Row," the tune is for the first time found in print, in A Collection of Favorite Scots Tunes with Variations, by the late Charles M'Lean and other Scots writers, printed by M. Stewart, Edinburgh, about 1770-72. Previous to this date the first strains of the tune had become popular by being used in country dances in various forms and under many different titles. The earliest appears to be "The Yorkshire Lad," published in vol. iv. of John Johnson's 200 Country Dances, 1786. There being identical with the "Reel Row" bear the following titles (and others somewhat similar might be named): "The Dutch Gunner," "The Dumb Walker," "La Noale Extender" (1799), "Charlie is at Edinburgh," "Shammy Brehem," "Sunny Polly" (1793), etc. The old versification generally associated with the "Reel Row," are:

"As I went up Sandgate,
Up Sandgate, up Sandgate,
I heard a dama sing—
Waal five the reel row,
The reel row, the reel row,
Waal five the reel row,
That my lad is in—"

"He wore a blue bonnet,
Blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wore a blue bonnet,
A dama in his chin—
And 'Waal five the reel row,
The reel row, the reel row,
Waal five the reel row,
That my lad is in—"

There were first printed by Joseph Hilton in the Northernreign Gardiner, 1793. The present song was written by a Newcastle verser named Thompson, and was published about 1836. The following is "The Yorkshire Lad," from Johnson's Dances, 1748—

WEE MAY THE REEL ROW.

From M'Lean's Collection.
APPENDIX.

AH, WEEL-A-DAY! (See page 207.)

The above song is from an engraved half-sheet of date about 1784; there is no indication given as to composer of the air. The same words were also, about the middle of the 18th century, sung in a setting by Dr. Maurice Greene, which was included in the Minstrels' Night, London, 1784, Appendix dated 1776 and 1784 and Edwards, vol. 1, 1788. General anthology was sung by Thomas Lowe at Shugborough. In some editions of the Ballad, a song-book which ran through many editions (1760 to 1790, etc.), the verses are printed without the music, headed, "set by Mr. Howard." Samuel Howard (1710-1733) who composed much vocal music, many or may not be the author of the above melody.

THE MODERN BEAU (See page 213).

The words and music are by Henry Cary, and they occur in his little ballad-drama, The Mount Ephraim, acted with success at Drury Lane Theatre in 1748. At the original performance, the song was sung by an actor named Ned, the republiean in Cary's Douglas, 1740, etc. Henry Cary was one of the best-known and most versatile men of his kind. Though his musical education was gained up in a very haphazard and unconventional manner, yet his talent in this direction was of a high order, and a great number of his songs (himself author and composer), have enriched English music. As to his lyrical muse, who does not regard "sally in our alley" or among the revels of our ballads? Cary was born late in the 17th century, and died (some say by his own hand), in 1665. The claim which has been made for him as composer of the air, "God save the King," is fully dealt with in our previous volume.

DOWN IN A VALLEY (See page 258).

A pretty little song which probably suggested one which appeared in Sterne's opus, Malvolio, acted in 1791. The present lyric was printed in a great number of song collections at the beginning of the 19th century: The Gentleman's Poetical Companion for the Season of 1803. The Novels and Poems of Robert Southey, etc., circa 1823. The Novels and Poems of Sir Walter Scott, circa 1834. The words from the one we give, was sung by Storer's sister in the character of Zelia, and the air used is much like a version of the Irish air, "Sorrows Delight." The opener words are:

Zelma—Dost you remember a carpet weaver,
Whose daughter loved a youth so true?
He promised one day he never would leave her,
Ah! down in the vale where violets grow.
He tethered and vowed where she sat beseech him,
Soft tale telling of love long since.
He vows'to her red cheek you'll see if she her love dened him,
Ah! dawn in the vale where violets grow.

Nevcr, he told her, he would be a rover,
She fondly thought he told her true,
But how shall the mould her heart deceive?
Ah! will he fright his vows leave?
If never, never, her voice doesn't his,
Now while telling of love long since;
Can he the girl who obeyed him,
Down in the vale where violets grow.

THE DISCONSOLATE SAILOR (See page 259).

This song popular ballad was written by George Biville Cary (the posthumous son of Henry Cary), and set to music by James Hook. It was printed first as a song in public at Bath in about 1768, and was published in that period by John Craton in sheet form with a rude pictorial heading. The words are included in The New Minstrel of the Day and 1790, and other similar song books. George Biville Cary, the son, who died at the age of 20, was the last surviving member of a race of sailors who had been crying to himself for 200 years. The air is in the key of D minor, and has the same general form as the traditional tune to which they are now always sung; both words and music had been in print twenty or thirty years before the Cary was born. The title of his claim for a pension on the ground that his father composed 'God save the King,' may be thus estimated.

GAFFER GRY (See page 221).

The old song, "Gaffer Grey," though bitter and democratic in spirit, is a clever production. It was written by Thomas Holcroft, and is given in his novel, Hugh Farring, a work depicting the vice of the rich and the virtues of the poor. "Gaffer Grey" soon became popular, and in 1795 it is found in The Portable Magazine, a work published in Edinburgh, whose editor disapproved of the sentiments expressed in the song, in a few hasty moments, trade "Gaffer Gray" brought to poverty by dissipation and wanton conduct, after having been helped by the state, pension, and lawyer. The editor gives as his acknowledgment of the author, "Words, with a few alterations, by Holcroft." The air is a proper and pleasing, but the song has lost its moral meaning, being done by a composer named Johnson, printed as sheet music by J. Pike. The present melody is always given without composer's name. It is also included in The Portable Musical Magazine, Halifax, 1680, and is sheet music issued by George Goodall and by Cuthbert: both of the same date. As Holcroft was somewhat of a very poor parents, his father being a shoemaker, getting employment after many wanderings as a stable boy at Newcastle, he played. In 1773 his literary life began, and he produced a musical three called 773 airs. Many other dramatic productions rapidly followed, among which was Tom Jones. At the French Revolution, in 1791 his sympathies with the cause of liberty led him into very dangerous ground, and he was arrested for high treason, but was dismissed without trial. He died in 1809. Some verses of the song have been sent out by want of space.

THE SIRE OF DISCAST (See page 327).

One of our finest specimens of national sea songs. The melody is strong, march, and full of "body." The song with the air was first sung in a little piece called Spanish Follies; or, the Peril of the Parish, written by Andrew Cary, with the music by John Dry, it was sung at Covent Garden on 39th May, 1662, for the benefit of Charles II. The song is entered in its style. There is a tradition that Dry, passing along the night, ran against some drunken negro sailors who were singing a air which his afterwards turned into that for the "Sire of Diccast." How far this is true it would be of course now impossible to decide; but at least it is certain that the air of the song is several old traditional airs, mostly sea songs, which bear a distinct likeness to the "Sire of Diccast." John Cary was a Levantine born near Faversham, 1662. He studied under Jackson of that city, and became violinist at Covent Garden Theatre. Died in poverty in 1699. Andrew Cary was writer of several pieces of the period.