

Volume 5^d

Consisting of National Airs

Nottuni, Duets, Terzets Canzonets, Rondos, Catches & Gleees

In the Italian, French, English,

Scotch and Irish Languages.

TOMO TERZO

Airicelle Nazionali Notturni

Canzonette, Rondo, Duettini, Terzetti,

QUARTETTI E CANONI.

In Lingua Italiana Francese Inglese

Scorzese e Irlandese.

Butterworth Sculp^r

J. Johnson Sculp^r Edin^r

1 Canzone Composta dal) Sig.^r Corri. ECCO QUEL FIERO ISTANTE.

Accompito
Thoro' bas
And.^{no}

Ec-co quel fié-ro is-tan-te Ni-ce iní-a Ni-cé ad-di-o Ni-ce miá Ni-ce ad-
-di-o, co-me vi-vrò ben mi-o co-fi lon-tan da te, Ió vi-vrò fem-pre in
pe-ne Ió non a-vrò piú be-ne e tu chi fa fe ma-i ti
sov-ver-rai di me. e tu chi fa chi fa fe ma-i ti sov-ver-rai di me. chi
la fe ma-i le mai chi fa ti sov-ver-rai di me.

(2)
Soffri che in traccia almeno
Di mia perduta pace
Venga il pensier seguace
Su l'orme del tuo piè.

Sempre, nel tuo cammino,
Sempre, m' avrai vicino;
E tu, chi fa se mai
Ti sovverrai di me!

(3)
Io fra remote sponde
Mesto volgendo i pálsi
Andrò chiedendo ai falsi,
La Ninfa mia dov' è?
Dall' una all'altra aurora
Te andrò chiamando ognora;
E tu, chi fa se mai
Ti sovverrai di me!

(4)
Io rivedrò sovente
Le amene piagge, o Nice,
Dove vivea felice,
Quando vivea con te.

A me saran tormento
Cento memorie, e cento;
E tu, chi fa se mai
Ti sovverrai di me!

(5)
Ecco, dirò, quel fonte
Dove avvampò di sdegno.
Ma poi di pace in pegno
La bella man mi diè;
Qui si vivea di speme
Là si languiva insieme
E tu, chi fa se mai
Ti sovverrai di me!

(6)
Quanti vedrai giungendo
Al nuovo tuo soggiorno,
Quanti venirti intorno
A offrirti amore, e fe!

Oh Dio! chi fa fra tanti
Teneri omaggi, e pianti?
Oh Dio! chi fa se mai
Ti sovverrai di me!

(7)
Pensa qual dolce strale,
Cara, mi lasci in seno,
Pensa che amò Fileno
Senza sperar mercè.

Pensa, mia vita, a questo
Barbaro addio funesto;
Pensa...A chi fa se mai
Ti sovverrai di me!

A due o Tre voci.
For two or Three Voices

LA MIA BELLA.

Composto dal }
Composed by } Sig.^r Corri.

Voce II
Voce I
Accompato
Thoro' bass
Voce III

Larghetto La miá bel--la stà á dor-mi--re non mi uvól piú tan--to be-ne; Se fa--

La miá bel--la stà á dor-mi--re non mi uvól piú tan--to be-ne; Se fa--

La miá bel--la stà á dor-mi--re tan-to be-ne,

pef-se le mié pe-ne, se fa-pef-se, le mié pe-ne non po-treb-be ri-po-

pef-se le mié pe-ne, se fa-pef-se le mié pe-ne non po-treb-be ri-po-

Le mié pe-ne, se fa-pef-se le mié pe-ne P. no

far. non po-treb-be ri-po-far. non po-treb-be ri-po-far.

far. non po-treb-be ri-po-far. non po-treb-be ri-po-far.

no non po-treb-be ri-po-far. non po-treb-be ri-po-far.

Duettino.

VOLGI O CARA.

Composto dal }
Composed by } Sig.^r Millico.

Voce II
Voce I
Accompato
Thoro' bass

Andant.^o P.

Vól gió Ca-ra un so-lo squár-do per mé Vól-gi ó ca-ra non mi far piú lan-guir; Per-che da me tas-

Vól-gi ó Ca-ra un so-lo squár-do per mé Vól-gi ó ca-ra non mi far piú lan-guir; Per-che da me tas-

con-di ta-ci e non ris-pon-di tan-te pe-ne non pos-so sof-frir vól-gi ó Ca-ra non mi far piú lan-guir.

con-di ta-ci e non ris-pon-di tan-te pe-ne non pos-so sof-frir vól-gi ó Ca-ra non mi far piú lan-guir.

Arietta Veneziana } Per due voci.
 Venetian Ballads } For two voices. **QUELLE PIUME.**

Voce II
 Voce I
 Accompano
 Thoro' bassi

Quél-le piú-me bián-che é ne-re che sul ca-po vói por-ta-te bel-le don-ne ín-na-mo-

Quél-le piú-me bián-che é ne-re che sul ca-po vói por-ta-te bel-le don-ne ín-na-mo-

And.^{no}

ra-te ví fan cre-scer la bel-tà. Raf-sem-bra-te á chi ví mi-ra tan-te lo-do-le fas-

ra-te ví fan cre-scer la bel-tà. Raf-sem-bra-te á chi ví mi-ra tan-te lo-do-le fas-

to-se Pa-von-cel-le che pom-po-se ván sul pra-to á fel-te-giár.

to-se Pa-von-cel-le che pom-po-se ván sul pra-to á fel-te-giár.

(2)
 Beá piacer in sí la sera
 Di vedere in Argentina,
 Chi sultana della Cina
 Chi sultana del Perú.
 Par che amor vi sia d'intorno
 E le grazie tutte unite
 E che pronte a dar ferite
 Siete mastre d'ogni cor.

~~~~~  
 Duetto. **LUSINGIERO M' INGANNASTI.**

Voce II  
 Voce I  
 Accompano  
 Thoro' bassi

Lu-sin-gié-ro m' in-gan-nast-i mi tra-dif-ti oh Dió per-che? Tu pián-ges-ti é sof-pi-

Lu-sin-gié-ro m' in-gan-nast-i mi tra-dif-ti oh Dió per-che? Tu pián-ges-ti é sof-pi-

And.<sup>no</sup> F. P.

ras-ti tu giú-raf-ti fe-de á me; Tra-di-to-re in-gan-na-to-re tut-to il mal ne vién da tè.

ras-ti tu giú-raf-ti fe-de á me; Tra-di-to-re in-gan-na-to-re tut-to il mal ne vién da tè.

Per due o tre voci  
For two or Three Voices

CANZONE

Alfin de contenti &c.

Voces 2  
Voces 1  
Accompato  
Tromba  
Basso voce 3

Al - fin de con - ten - ti fiam giun - ti o Si - le - ne, las - ciar - fi con -

Al - fin de con - ten - ti - fiam giun - ti o Si - le - ne, las - ciar - fi con -

And.<sup>no</sup> Al - fin de con - ten - ti fiam giun - ti o Si - le - ne, las - ciar - fi con -

- vie - ne con - vie - ne par - tir. Di star - ti vi - ci - no non ho che mo - men - ti, dell'

- vie - ne con - vie - ne par - tir. Di star - ti vi - ci - no non ho che mo - men - ti, dell'

- vie - ne con - vie - ne par - - tir. non ho che mo - men - ti,

as - pro des - ti - no con - vie - ne se - guir, in brac - cio a - gli af - fan - ni il' res - to degli

as - pro des - ti - no con - vie - ne se - guir, in brac - cio a - gli af - fan - ni il' res - to degli

con - vie - ne se - guir, in brac - cio a - gli af - fan - ni il' res - to degli

an - ni o vi - ver do - vre - mo do - vre - mo mo - rir.

an - ni o vi - ver do - vre - mo do - vre - mo mo - rir.

an - ni o vi - ver do - vre - mo do - vre - mo mo - rir.

(2)  
 Tu piangi ben mio, ma il punto non vale,  
 Amor non mi cale, del nostro penar;  
 Ancl' esso congiura a un danno fi,  
 No men sicura di farti sperar,  
 Deh tergi i bei lumi, ne piu ti confidar,  
 Il Ciel così vuole, ti devu laf iar.

Per due o tre voci  
For two or Three Voices.

CANZONE.

Che belli occhietti &c.

Voces 2  
Voces 1  
Accompato  
Tromba  
Basso voce 3

Che bel - li oc - chiet - ti ch' a la - - mia Ni - ce, oh ca - ra la vi - ta mi - a oh

Che bel - li oc - chiet - ti ch' a la - - mia Ni - ce, oh ca - ra la vi - ta mi - a oh

And.<sup>te</sup> Che bel - li oc - chiet - ti ch' a la - mia Ni - ce ca - ra ra - ra B

CANZONE. Che belli occhietti 87.

ca-ra la vi-ta mi-a ch'io spe-ro in te. Che di toc-car-li, e poi ba-  
 ca-ra la vi-ta mi-a ch'io spe-ro in te. Che di toc-car-li, e poi ba-  
 ca-ra ca-ra ch'io spe-ro in te. Che di toc-car-li, e poi ba-

giar-li, oh ca-ra la vi-ta mi-a oh ca-ra la vi-ta mi-a ch'io spe-ro in  
 giar-li, oh ca-ra la vi-ta mi-a oh ca-ra la vi-ta mi-a ch'io spe-ro in  
 giar-li, ca-ra ca-ra ca-ra ca-ra ch'io spe-ro in

te - - ch'io spe - - ro in te.  
 te - - ch'io spe - - ro in te.  
 te ch'io spe - - ro in te.

TERZETTO Viva tutte le vezzose. Composto dal Sig. Guglielmi

Doppo averlo cantato una volta, si riprin-cipia da Capo in tempo Allegretto

After having sung once, begin again in the Allegretto time.

Vocce 2  
 Voce 1  
 Accompano  
 Thoro' bass  
 Basso Voice 3  
 Andantino

Vi - va tut - te le vez -  
 Vi - va tut - te le vez - zo - se Don - ne a - ma - bi - li a - mo -

zo - se Don - ne a - ma - bi - li a - mo - ro - se don - ne a - ma - bi - li a - mo - ro - se, che non  
 ro - se Vi - van tut - te le vez - zo - se don - ne a - ma - bi - li a - mo - ro - se, che non  
 Vi - van tut - te le vez - zo - se don - ne a - ma - bi - li a - mo - ro - se, che non B

TERZETTO.

an - no cru - del - tà che non an - no cru - del - tà. *Ví - ván fem - pre*

an - no cru - del - tà che non an - no cru - del - tà. *Ví - ván fem - - - - -*

an - no cru - del - tà che non an - no cru - del - tà. *Ví - ván fem - pre*

*ví - ván ví - ván del - le don - ne fol de - ri - vá la bra - ma - ta fe - del -*

*- - - - - pre la bra - ma - ta fe - del -*

*ví - ván ví - ván del - le don - ne fol de - ri - vá la bra - ma - ta fe - del -*

*tí le vez - zo - fe l'a - mo - ro - fe ví - ván*

*tí le vez - zo - fe l'a - mo - ro - fe ví - ván*

*tà ví - ván ví - ván ví - ván ví - ván ví - ván*

*tut - te le vez - zo - fe don - ne a - ma - bi - li á - mo - ro - fe che non an - no*

*tut - te le vez - zo - fe don - ne a - ma - bi - li á - mo - ro - fe che non an - no*

*tut - te le vez - zo - fe don - ne a - ma - bi - li á - mo - ro - fe che non an - no*

*cru del - tà che non an - no cru - del - tà*

*cru del - tà che non an - no cru - del - tà*

*B tu - del - tà che non an - no cru - del - tà*



Composto dal }  
Composed by } Sig.<sup>r</sup> Rauzzini.

### TERZETTO

Voice Tenore III  
Voice Soprano II  
Voice Soprano I  
Accomp<sup>to</sup>  
Thoro bass

Per - che fi bar - ba - ro mi cre - di óh Di - o ch' ió vo - glia  
Per - che fi bar - ba - ro mi cre - di óh Di - o ch' ió vo - glia  
Per - che fi bar - ba - ro mi cre - di óh Di - o ch' ió vo - glia

Allegro R.

fin - ge - re bell' I - dol mi - o sof - pi - ri é la - gri - me sof - pi - ri é  
fin - ge - re bell' I - dol mi - o sof - pi - ri é la - gri - me sof - pi - ri é  
fin - ge - re bell' I - dol mi - o sof - pi - ri é la - gri - me sof - pi - ri é

la - gri - me per in - gan - nar,  
la - gri - me per in - gan - nar, Per - che fi bar - ba - ro mi cre - di óh  
la - gri - me per in - gan - nar, Per - che fi bar - ba - ro mi cre - di óh

ch' ió vo - glia fin - ge - re bell' I - dol mi - o sof - pi - ri é la - gri - me  
Di - o ch' ió vo - glia fin - ge - re bell' I - dol mi - o sof - pi - ri é la - gri - me  
Di - o ch' ió vo - glia fin - ge - re bell' I - dol mi - o sof - pi - ri é la - gri - me



TERZETTO.

per in-gan-nar. sof-pi-ri é la-gri-me per in-gan-nar, Fine.

per in-gan-nar. sof-pi-ri é la-gri-me per in-gan-nar, Fine.

per in-gan-nar. sof-pi-ri é la-gri-me per in-gan-nar, Fine.

6 4 5 3 6 4 5 3 Fine.

Mi strug-ga un Ful-mi-ne se il cor fal-la-ce ma-i di de-lu-de-re

Mi strug-ga un Ful-mi-ne se il cor fal-la-ce ma-i di de-lu-de-re

f. p. f.

fa-rá ca-pa-ce L'og-get-to á-ma-bi-le del mió pe-nar

fa-rá ca-pa-ce L'og-get-to á-ma-bi-le del mió pe-nar

p.

Ah mió ben ah per-che ah! 8.

L'og-get-to á-ma-bi-le del mió pe-nar. Ah mió ben per-che ah! 8.

L'og-get-to á-ma-bi-le del mió pe-nar. Ah mió ben per-che ah! 8. Que'

B 8.

TERZETTO.

Que' dol - - ci pal - pi - ti, che al pet - to io' fen - to mio ben dal pu - - ro af -  
 dol - ci pal - pi - ti, che al pet - to io' fen - to mio ben de - ri - va - no dal pu - - ro af -

che un al - ma a - man - te no no  
 - fet - to che un al - ma a - man - te fo - fir non puo no no  
 - fet - to - che un al - ma a - man - - te fo - fir non puo no no - no no

Lento : P. non puo  
 Lento P. che un al - ma a - man - te fo - fir fo - fir non puo che un al - ma a - man - te fo -  
 che un al - ma a - man - te fo - fir fo - fir non puo che un al - ma a - man - te fo -

no Ah mio ben ah! per - che ah! 'S.  
 - fir fo - fir non puo Ah mio ben per - che ah! 'S. Dal Segno 'S.  
 - fir fo - fir non puo Ah mio ben per - che ah! 'S.

Composed by Millico. CANZONE.

Through  
No. I

Hò spar-so tan-te la-gri-me per am-mo-lir-ti il cor- che stan-co ór-mái di

And.te

pián-ge-re che stan-co ór-mái di pián-ge-re ti lás-ció al tuó ri-gor Se ás-

pét-ti all' ul-tim' o--re é tár-di la pié-tà --- e tár-di la pié-tà che pás-sa in

nói l'a mo--re che pás-sa in nós l'a-mo-re sic-co-me in vó-i l'e-

tà sic-co-me in vói l'e--tà. Siegue Subbito

Through  
No. II

Mi-ra quel fiú --- mi-cel-lo al-tié-ro al par che bel-lo

Allegretto

cor-rer si rat-to al mar che par che l'al --- te spon-de sde-gni toc-

CANZONE.

car col piè • Folle l'or-go-glio in-fa-no nel tor-bi-do Ó-ce-a-no fi  
 me- fce é fi con-fon-de fi per-de il no-me l'on-de è non fái dir dov'  
 è é non fái dir dov'è.

Composed by Millico.

**Nº III** Thorough bass  
 Dor-miá ful mar-gine d'un ru-sce-let-to fu-pi-na é pla-ci-da Clo-ri il mió ben  
 é lié-ve un zef-fi-ro ful crin ful pet-to li-be-ro all' au-ra fció-glié-va il fren-  
 (2) (3) Siegue Subbito

Al solitario  
 Amico rio  
 Furtivo e timido  
 Guidommi amòr  
 E Largo premio  
 Del pianto mio  
 Agli occhi offerfemi  
 Tanto tesòr.

In questo un tenero  
 Sospiro ascolto  
 Che a Clori languido  
 Dal labbro uscì  
 Vedo che palpita  
 E'l' feno e'l' volto  
 Di nuova porpora  
 Si ricopri.

**Nº IV** Thorough bass  
 La far-fa-let-ta che frà l'er-bat-te fcher-zan-do va •

CANZONE

Qués - to quel fió - re spo - gliá dá - mo - re e poi fen' vá .

(2)  
 Ma lulla fera  
 Cotesta altera  
 Non riderà.  
 Che al vago lume .  
 Le belle piume  
 Si bruccierà.

(3)  
 Donna incostante  
 Che d'ogni amante  
 Gioco si fà.  
 Alfin f'aspetta  
 Chi la vendetta  
 Altrui farà.

Composta dal }  
 Composed by } Sig.<sup>r</sup> Millico

La piú vez - zo - fa fi - glia' di Flo - ra, spun - ta la ro - fa col pri - mo al -

Thoro bass  
 No V  
 Accompano

And<sup>te</sup>

bor. E poi sul fe - no dell' I - dol mi - o, lan - gué, e vien' me - no,

mez - zó il di, po - tes - si' anch' i - o lan - guir co - si, lan - guir co -

- si me - glió è un mo - men - to di tal con - ten - to e poi fi - nir.

e poi - nir, che frá gl' af - fan - ni vi - ver' cent' an - ni sem - pré a sof -

B

CANZONE.

frir . fem - pré a fof - frir. Siegve Subbito

Thore bafs  
Nº VI  
Accompito

Vè co.me bel - - lo il mar bel - lif - - fi - ma Ne - ri - na l'au - ret - - ta ma - tu -

Allegro

- ti - - na ap - pe - na in ful - la re - na fá l'on - da gor - go - - gliar.

gom - bra è di nu - - be il li - - do l'on - - da tran - quil - - la e chia - ra, fció -

- gliam dal li - do o' ca - - ra an - dia - - mo á tra - ftu - - lar. fco gliam dal li - - do o' -

ca - - ra an - dia - - mo á tra - ftu - - lar.

(2)  
Deh non fidarti al mar  
Nò, non li prestar fede  
Perchè ei ben tosto riede  
Coll'onda furibonda  
La sponda a minacciar.  
Spesfo chi a ciel sereno  
Parti dal lido infido  
Schernò del flutto infido  
Tornoivi a naufragar.

(3)  
Nerina ah! piu del mare  
Volubile, incostante  
Di core, e di fembiante  
Tu pur col rifo in viso  
Ma torni a lusingar.  
Mà fo per prova anch'io  
Come cambiar ti fai  
E sono stanco ormai  
Di piangere e tremar.

Accompato  
Thoro' bass

Dal dì ch'io vi mi-ra-i, pu-pil-le lu-sin-ghie-re non fa che sia pià-ce - - - re il

Andantino

po-vé-ro mi-o cor, Se mi vi-bras-te un dar-do co-li cru-del nel se-no deh non ne-ga-te ál-

-me-no deh non ne-ga-te ál-me-no pié-ta - - - de, pié-ta - - - de ál mió do-lor. Siegve Subito

Largo p<sup>o</sup> tempo

(2)  
Dunque se tanto fiete  
Amabili, vezzose  
Vestitevi amorose,  
Di te nera piet'a  
Che se i più cari vezzi  
Sparfero in voi le stelle  
Render vi può men belle  
Severa crudelta.

(3)  
Ah che il ritegno vostro  
Ahimè, troppo inumano,  
Fa, che in van preghi e invano  
Speri da voi piet'a.  
Ma pur benchè cagioni  
Di mille affanni, e mille,  
Amabili pupille  
Il cor v'adorerà.

Nº VIII

Accompato  
Thoro' bass

Fil-le se mai pre-ten-di o -

Allegretto

ra che fo-no á-man-te ch'io deb-ba ad o-gni is-tan-te lan-gui'

re, e fos-pi-rar. Sap-pi ch'io son d'un ge-nio co-li vi-vá ce, e li-be-ro che

Revo F. a tempo

per a mor non vó-glió e non nó nó non - - - mi so tur-bar. e nó nó nó nó non non non mi so tur-bar.

CANZONE.

Del mió def-ti-no in-giús-to *sy* nò che non fo la gnar-ti *sy* no che non

Accompato  
Thoro' bails

Larghetto

lo la-gnar-ti se an-cor se qui ad á-mar-mi se an-cor mi fer-bi fe. se an-cor mi

fer - - bi fe. *sy* fe. *sy* Dol-ce é il pen-sar nel pun-to *sy*

1. 2. 1. 2. 8

ch' ió m'ab-ban-do-no ál pián-to ma tu miá ca-ra in-tan-to pián-gen-do vai con me.

F. P.

pián-gen - - do vai con me. pián-gen - - do vai con me. *sy* Siegue Subito

3

(2)  
Di questi boschi ombrosi  
In frà l'orror profondo,  
A ogni Pastor m'ascondo.  
Sol per pensare a tè;  
Ed al pensier seguace  
Impresta l'ali amore,  
Che vola insiem col core  
Ove non puote il piè.

(3)  
Ma di mia voce al suono  
La mesta eco risponde,  
O trà le verdi fronde  
Vn Zeffiro legger;  
E così ogn'or mi pasco  
Trà i flebili sospiri  
D'inutili desiri  
D'un misero piacer.

Nº X.

La vi-o-let-ta ver-go-gno-let-ta o-nor pri-miè-ro del nuó-vó A-pril.

Accompato  
Thoro' bails

Allegretto

F. B



CANZONE

Di se l'va ta ci da fra il cu po or ro re a o gni pas to re ce la si u mil.

(2)  
Di se fastosa  
Sorge la rosa  
Regina altera  
Di tutti i fior;  
E se n' adornano  
Per lor diletto  
Le chiome, e il petto  
Ninfe e Pastor.

(3)  
La modestina  
Cara nerina  
Alla Viola  
Quanto è simil?  
Vanta un amabile  
Vago sembiana  
Ma ad ogni amante  
S' asconde umil.

(4)  
Clori orgogliosa  
Pari alla rosa  
Di nuove fiamme  
Avida ogn' or;  
A mille Giovani  
Amanti intorno  
Più volte al gioro  
Cangia d' Amor.

(5)  
O' Nina, o Clori  
Son molti fiori  
La giovinezza  
Colla beltà;  
E un volto florido  
Ben poco dura  
Se non è in cura  
Dell' onestà.

Nº XI Composta dal) Composed by) Sig.<sup>r</sup> Millico.

Tu mi sprezz-i tu non m' ami e mi vuoi sol lu sin gar che fa ro de tuoi le

Accompato  
Thoro' bass  
Andant.<sup>no</sup> P.

ga mi le sol cer chi le sol cer chi d' in gan nar. le sol cer chi le sol cer chi d' in gan

F. P. F. P.

nar. ah fur bet ta mi de ri di ne te gra to il nos tro a mor per che

Fine K P. P.

trop po ah si ti fi di di mia fe de di mia fe de e del mio cor.

K

(2)  
Insensibile all' affetto  
Tu mi neghi un sguardo sol,  
E con barbaro diletto  
Vai godendo del mio duol.  
Un accento, un vizzo, un riso  
Da te brama il tuo fedel,  
Che se voi vedermi ucciso,  
Segui ad esser si crudel.

(3)  
Ma ten fuggi, ei miei lamenti  
Non ti fanno impietosir  
E più barbara de venti  
Perche cerchi il mio morir.  
Moriro, giachè lo vuoi,  
Morirò per tuo piacer,  
Ma chi fa che un giorno poi  
In van t' abbia a raveder.

CANZONE

Accompato

Thoro' bas

Allegro

Fug-gan da noi gli af-fan - - - ni di tor - - - bi-do pen - -

fier, il ri-fo ed il pia-cer ci re - - sti in fe - - - no. il ri-fo ed il pia-

-cer ci res - - ti in fe - - - no. no. Ne ven - - ga a dis - - tur-bar, chi be - - ne a -

1. 2. \*

mar de-fi-a, la fred-da ge-lo-fi-a col luo vé-le - - - no. ne ven-ga a dif-tur-

F\* P.

-bar la fred-da ge-lo-fi-a col luo vé-le - - - no.

F\* P.

Arietta

Accompato

Thoro' bas

And<sup>no</sup>

Se mo-ne-ca ti fa-i io fra-te mi fa-ro in che con-ven-to uo-i io pur ti se-guirò. Quán-

-do bat-te la lu-na fat-to la mia for-tu-na che re-go-lar non so, vor-res-ti far-ti Mo-ne-ca ma non lo cre-do no.

Pa\_dro-na bel-la per non più pe-na-re vó-glió che per mió be-ne co-sí sí-a

Accompato Thoro' basg And<sup>te</sup>

quán-to vi pos-so á-mar vi vó-glió á-ma-re ma non ví vo-glió á-ma-re in com-pa-

-gni-a.

Risposta Answer

(2)  
 Voi siete bella ed io non posso stare  
 Con questa indiolata gelosia,  
 Siche risolucion bisogna fare  
 O esser tutta d'allri o tutta mia.

(1)  
 Fabrizio caro per qualche mi pare  
 Questa è un ingiusta, e strana fernesia,  
 Quanto vi devo dar, vi voglio dare  
 Ma fate la finezza andate via.

(2)  
 Jo con li sciocchi non voglio impazzare  
 M'offende assai la vostra gelosia,  
 Se siete pazzo, andatevi a strozzare  
 Ma lontano però da casa mia.

Arietta Venetiana  
 Venetian Ballads

IDOLO DEL MIO COR.

I-do-lo del mió cor ar-do per vói d'a-mor, e lem-pre ó miá spe-ran-za s'a-van-za il mio pe-

Accompato Thoro' basg And<sup>no</sup>

-nar; Di-si-mu-lar vór-ri-a la cru-da pe-na mi-a ma ún cer-to non so che - - - ma ún cer-to non so

che - - - non so se m'in-ten-de per-che vi vó-glió ben.

(2)  
 Quando lontana sé  
 Quando non me guardé,  
 Vorrei senza parlarve  
 Spiegarvi il mio dolor;  
 Ma si che sono arrente  
 Non so piú buon da niente,  
 E un certo non so che  
 Non so se m'intende  
 Perche vi voglio ben.

(Song for two voices.  
Negro Arietta per due voci.

ADIEU COEUR MOI.

Voce 11  
Voce 1  
Thoro' bafs  
Accompato

A dieu Coeur moi ca le par tir ma chere ca le par tir pour

Andro

Sain ta Lou zi bai bai bai pe tit bai fer ma chere

bai pe tit bai fer a vant moi ca le bai bai bai bai bai

bai pe tit bai fer ma chere bai pe tit bai fer a vant moi ca le.

(2)

Toi aimer moi quand moi aller ma chere  
Toi aimer moi quand moi et partir,  
Bai &c. &c.

(3)

Aime done toi quand moi partir  
Aime done toi ou bien moi mourir,  
Bai &c. &c.

Accompato  
Thoro' bas

Alle.<sup>to</sup>

Son' in-na-mo-ra-to d'u-na Mo-ret-ti-na' La - - - dra af - sa - -

fi - na che il co-re m'a ru-ba. Ohi - me che mo-ro che mo-ro per a - -

mor d'un I d'un I d'un A d'un M e d'un O.

Napolitan Air  
Aria Napolitana

O CARA MIA NANNELLA.

Composta dal  
Composed by } Sig.<sup>r</sup> Piccini.

Accompato  
Thoro' bas

And.<sup>te</sup> Soltenuto

O ca - - ra mia Nen - nel la

O fa - ta mia d'am-mo-re O ca-ra cian cio sel-la o ca-ra cian cio -

-sel-la io mo-ro pro-prio cca o ca-ra cian-cio -sel-la o ca-ra cian -cio -fel la io

mo ro pro - prio cca io mo - ro pro prio cca io mo - ro pro - prio cca.

French Air (For one or two Voices. Per una o due Voci.)

### DRAGONS POUR BOIRE.

Voice 2  
Voce 1  
Thoro' bas  
Accompagn.

And.<sup>no</sup>

Dra-gons pour boi-re L'on dit que vous a-vez re-nom Mais pour com-bat-tre L'on dit que non.

Dra-gons pour boi-re L'on dit que vous a-vez re-nom Mais pour com-bat-tre L'on dit que non.

L'on dit que vous a-uez e-tè Au com-bat fans a-voir tir-re des coups de fa-bre ni de pis-to-let.

L'on dit que vous a-uez e-tè Au com-bat fans a-voir tir-re des coups de fa-bre ni de pis-to-let.

L'on dit que uous a-uaz e-tè Au com-bat fans a-voir tir-rè des caups de fa-bre ni de pis-to let.

L'on dit que uous a-uaz e-tè Au com-bat fans a-voir tir-rè des caups de fa-bre ni de pis-to let.

Irish Air

### DU CATU NON VANATU.

Thoro' bas  
Accompagn.

Largo

Du-ca-tu non Va-na-tu AI-LEEN A-ROON, fan Du-ca-tu non Va-na-tu AI-LEEN A-

-ROON. Du-ca-tu non Va-na-tu Du-ca-tu non Va-na-tu Du-ca-tu Du-ca-tu Du-ca-tu non

Va-na-tu O Du-ca-tu non Va-na-tu AI-LEEN A-ROON.

Composed by } James Hook. WILLY'S Rare and WILLY'S Fair.  
Composta da }

Sung by } Mrs Wrighen.  
Cantata da }

Thoro' bass  
Accompato  
Vivace

\* S. P. \*  
S. With tune-full Pipe and mer-ry glee, young Wil-ly won my Heart a bly-ther swain you

\* F. \* P. \*  
could na lee, all beau-ty with-out A-rt Wil-ly's rare and Wil-ly's fair and Wil-ly's wond'rous bon-ny and Wil-ly

\* F. \* P. \* F. \*  
says he'll mar-ry me, gin e'er he'll mar-ry o - - ny, Wil-ly's rare and Wil-ly's fair and Wil-ly's wond'rous bon-ny and

\* P. \* P. \*  
Wil-ly says he'll mar-ry me, gin e'er he'll mar-ry o - ny, gin e'er he'll mar-ry o-ny, gin e'er he'll mar-ry o - ny, and

\* F. \*  
Wil-ly say's he'll mar-ry me, gin e'er he mar-ries o - ny F.

(2)

O come you by yon water side  
Pull'd you the rose or lilly,  
Or came you by yon meadow green  
Or saw you my sweet Willy.  
Willy's rare and Willy's fair &c.

(3)

Syne now the Trees are in their bloom,  
And flow'rs spread o'er Ilka field,  
I'll meet my Lad among the broom  
And lead him to my summer's shield.  
Willy's rare and Willy's fair &c.

Thoro' bass  
Accompto

Andte

In this Sha-dy blest re-treat I've been wish-ing for my Dear,

I've been wish-ing for my Dear Hark I hear Hark

I hear his wel-come Feet, tell the love-ly Char-mer near Hark I hear

his wel-come Feet tell the love-ly Char-mer near. tell the love-ly Char-mer



IN THIS SHADY BLEST RETREAT.

near tell the love-ly Char - - - mer the love - - - ly Char - mer

near tell the love-ly Char-mer near tell the love-ly Char-mer near

'Tis the sweet be-witch-ing Swain, true to Love ap-poin-ted Hour,

joy and Peace now smile a - gain Love I own, thy migh-ty Pow'r

In this sha-dy blest re - treat I've been wi - shing for my

Dear I've been wish-ing for my Dear Hark I

hear Hark I hear his wel-come Feet tell the Love - - ly Char - mer

IN THIS SHADY BLEST RETREAT.

near In this sha-<sup>dy</sup> blest re-treat I've been wish-ing for my Dear Hark I

hear his wel-come feet tell the love-ly Char-mer near the love-ly Char

mer the love-ly Char-mer near the love-ly Char

mer the love-ly Char-mer near

Composed by } Composta da } James Hook.

BONNY JAMIE O

Sung by } Cantata da } Mrs. Wrihten.

Thoro' bass accompto

All<sup>o</sup> con Spirito.

8. Where

new mown hay on win-ding Tav, the sweets of spring dif-clo-fes As I one mor-ning sing-ing

BONNY JAMIE O.

lay, u - pon a bank of ro - fes Young Ja - mie

Whif - king o'er the mead, by geud luck chanc'd to spy me, He took his bon - net off his head, and

fas - tly fat down by me. My bon - ny bon - ny Ja - mie O. my bon - ny bon - ny Ja - mie O I care not tho' the

World shoud' know how dear - ly I love Ja - mie O. My bon - ny bon - ny bon - ny Ja - mie O. My

bon - ny bon - ny bon - ny Ja - mie O. I care not tho' the World shoud' know how dear - ly I love

Ja - mie O.

(2)  
 The Swain tho' I right meickle prize,  
 Yet now I wad na ken him;  
 But with a frown my heart disguis'd,  
 And strave away to fend him.  
 But fondly he still nearer prest,  
 And at my feet down king;  
 His beating heart it thump'd sae fast,  
 I thought the Lad was dying.  
 B My bonny bonny Jamie O. &c.

(3)  
 But still resolving to deny,  
 And angry Pafsion feigning;  
 I aften roughly shot him by,  
 With words fow of disdaining;  
 He seizd my hand and nearer drew,  
 And gently chiding a my Pride;  
 So sweetly did the shepherd woo,  
 I blushing vow'd to be his Bride.  
 My bonny bonny Jamie O. &c.

# THO' THE WINDS.

Thoro' bas  
Accomp<sup>to</sup>

RONDEAU And.<sup>te</sup>

S. Tho' the winds are whistling round me and the

mid\_night rains de\_scend Pain\_ful fears shall ne'er con\_found me Guar\_dian love will

be my friend Tho' the winds are whistling round me and the mid\_night rains de\_scend Pain\_ful

fears shall ne'er con\_found me Guar\_dian love will be my friend

Fine

FineB

THO' THE WINDS.

Night how much I can de-fy thee, Laugh at all thy Ne-gro train, day re-ti-ring Da-mon's

nigh me storms may beat but beat in vain.

storms may beat but beat in vain. On my she-pherd fond re-

clin-ing Plea-sing safe-ty footh my breaft wel-come winds to peace in-clin-ing

winds that lull to dow-ny rest. On my she-pherd fond re-clin-ing Plea-sing

safe-ty footh my breaft wel-come winds to peace in clin-ing winds that

lull to dow-ny rest

*S. Dal Segno S.*

Composed by  
Composta dal) D<sup>r</sup> Arnold.

# IF 'TIS JOY.

Sung by }  
Cantata da } M<sup>rs</sup> Pinto.

Thoro' bass  
Accompto

Andantino

P. F. P. F.

8. If tis joy to wound a lo - ver how much

more to give him ease when his pas - sion we dis - co - ver oh how

plea - sing tis to please if tis joy to wound a lo - ver how much

more to give him ease when his pas - sion we dis - co - ver oh how plea - sing tis to

please oh how plea - sing tis to please P.

IF 'TIS JOY.

Fine

The Blifs re - turns and we re - ceive, Tran - sports grea - ter than we

Fine

give, the blifs re - turns and we re - ceive, tran - sports grea - ter than we give. . If tis

joy to wound a Lover, how much more to give him ease, when his

pas - sion we dis - - co - ver, oh how plea - sing tis to please.

The Blifs re - turns and we re - -

- ceive, tran - sports grea - ter then we give, the blifs re - turns and we re - ceive tran - sports

grea - ter than we gi - -

Dal Segno 8.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

**RONDO**

Accompa. Symp.  
Thorn bass

Andantino

Let an emp-ty flatt'ring spi-rit ea-sy foo-lish hearts be-guile know ju-di-cious Fair that

me-rit on-ly can de-serve your smile let an em-pty flatt'ring spi-rit ea-sy foo-lish hearts be-

-guile; know ju-di-cious Fair that me-rit on-ly can de-serve your smile

Scorn the Wretch what-e'er his sta-tion who with

Wealth or Ti-tles bold. dead to each soft in-cli-na-tion hopes to win your Hearts with

Gold - - - - - With the Youth each worth pos-sessing deign the Nu-ptial joys to



ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

prove deing the Nu-ptial joys to prove ne'er def-pise so great a Bles-sing but re -

- pay him Love for Love but re - pay him Love for Love - - - - - 3 3 8. Dal Segno 8.

Composed by }  
Composta da } Mr. Carter.

IF LOVE'S A SWEET PASSION. Love - - - - - 8.

Accompta  
Thoro bals  
And. te Play till thus for the Sy

If Love's a sweet Pas-sion why does it tor - ment, if bit - - ter O

tell me whence comes my con - tent Since I suf - fer with plea-sure why should I com -

plain or grive at my Fate since I know 'tis in - vain yet so plea - - firg the

pain is so soft is the Dart, that at once it both wounds me and tick - les my

heart.

(2)  
I grasp'd her hands gently look languishing down,  
And by passionate silence I make my Love known,  
But how am I bless'd when so kind she does prove,  
By some willing mistake to discover her love,  
When in striving to hide she reveals all her fl me,  
And our Eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

# THOU SOFT, FLOWING AVON.

Accomp<sup>to</sup> *sy* *P.*

Thoro bas

Larghetto

Thou soft flow-ing AVON by thy sil-ver streams of things more than

Mor-tal thy SHAKE-SPEARE would Dream would Dream, would Dream, thy SHAKE-SPEARE would

Dream - - The FAIRIES by Moon-light dance round his green bed for

Hal-low'd the turf is which Pil-low'd his Head The FAIRIES by moon-light dance round his green bed, for

Hal-low'd the turf is which Pil-low'd his Head.

*Da! Segno*

The Love stricken Maiden, the fighting young swain,  
There Prove without danger, and sigh withot Pain;  
The sweet but of beauty no blights shall here dread  
For Hallow'd the turf is which Pillow'd his head.

Here Youth shall be fam'd for their Love and their truth,  
Here smiling Old Age feels the Spirit of Youth;  
For the raptures of fancy here Poets shall tread  
For Hallow'd the turf is which Pillow'd his head.

(2) (3) (4)

Flow on Silver AVON in Song ever flow,  
Be the Swans on thy bosom still whiter than Snow;  
Ever full be thy Stream like his Fame may it spread,  
And the turf ever Hallow'd that Pillow'd his head.

Composed by  
Composta da } James Hook

# The CAUTIOUS MAID.

Sung by  
Cantata da } Mrs Weichsell.

Thore] bas 2#

Accompato

Cantabile

No more a-long the dai-sy mead, I meet my fi-ckle Swain, whole

charms and fal-shood far ex-ceed the shep-herds of our plain, He figh-ing fol-low'd

where I rov'd, till pi-ty touch'd my heart | then laugh-ing boaf-ted how I lov'd, and

play'd a tray-tor's part he figh-ing fol-low'd where I rov'd, till pi-ty touch'd my

The CAUTIOUS MAID.

heart Then Laugh-ing boaf- ted

how I lov'd, and play'd a tray-tor's part. Then Laugh-ing boaf- ted how I lov'd, and

play'd a tray-tor's part. and play'd a tray-tor's part. and play'd a tray-tor's part.

a tray-tor's part. and play'd a tray-tor's part. La-dies La-dies while you fly, the

men will still pur-sue But if you pi-ty when they figh, a-las they'll fly from you,

La-dies La-dies while you fly, the Men will still pur-sue, But if you pi-ty

when they figh a-las they'll fly from you, La-dies La-dies while you fly, the Men will

*Allegro*

B

The CAUTIOUS MAID

Itill pur-sue, But if you pi-ty when they ligh, a-Las they'll fly from you - - a-las they'll

fly from you - a-las they'll fly from you.

*Fine* They prac-tise and they must ap-

-prove an In-no-cent de-ceipt Af-fect In-diff-rence where you Love, or you'll In-diff-rence

meet They prac-tise and they must ap-prove an In-no-cent de-ceipt, Af-fect In-

diff-rence where you Love, or you'll In-diff-rence meet. or you'll In-diff-rence meet - -

*S. Dal Segno S.*

B P.

# COME COME.

Thoro<sup>o</sup> baso  
Accompato

Moderato

Come Come live with me and be my Love, and we will all the

plea - sures prove, that Grove and Val - - ley, Hill, and Field or Woods and Itce - py

moun - tains yield. <sup>1<sup>st</sup></sup> yield. <sup>2<sup>d</sup></sup> And I will make thee Beds of Ro - fes, and twine a

thou - sand am - - rous po - fies. I will make thee Beds of Ro - fes and twine a

thou - sand am - - rous po - fies. Come Come live with me and be my

love, and we will all the plea - sures prove, that Grove and - val - - ley

Hill and Field or Woods and Itce - - py Moun - - tains yield, To

deck thee for the weke and fair with cu - - rious fan - - cy I'll pre - -

- - pare a Cap of flow'rs and ru - ral Kir - tle em - broi - - der'd all with

leaves of Myr - tle a belt of straw and I - - vy buds a cor - - al

Clasp and Am - - ber studs. and if these plea - - sures may thee move, then

come with me and be my Love Nymphs and Swains shall dance and

sing for thy de - - light each May mor - - ning and if these plea - - sures

may thee move, then come with me and be my Love.

YE SLUGGARDS.

Sung by }  
Cantata da } M<sup>r</sup> Vernon. at Vauxhall.

Thoro' bass  
Accompano

F.

Allegro<sup>f</sup>.

8. Ye Slug-gards who mur-der your life time in Sleep, a - wake and pur -

-sue the fleet Hare, From life say what joy say what plea-sure you reap, that e'er cou'd with

Hun-ting Com- pare. That e'er cou'd with Hunt -

-ing Com- pare. that e'er cou'd with Hunt- ing Com- pare.

that e'er cou'd with Hunt- ing Com- pare. When Phæ- bus be -

P. B



YE SLUGGARDS

gins to En-lighten the Morn, the Hunts-man at-tend-ed by Hounds,

Re-joices and Glows at the sound of the Horn, Whilst woods the sweet

Ec-cho re-sound Whilst woods the sweet Ec-

cho re-sound. While woods the sweet Ec-cho re-sound.

while woods the sweet Ec-cho re-sound.

(2)

The Courtier, the Lawyer, the Priest have a View,  
 Nay, ev'ry profession the same,  
 But Sportsmen, ye mortals! no pleasures pursue,  
 Than Such as accrue from the game,  
 While Drunkards are pleas'd in the joys of the Cup,  
 And turn into day ev'ry Night,  
 At the break of each Morn, the Huntsman is up,  
 And bounds o'er the Lawns with Delight,

(3)

Then Quickly, my Lads, to the Forest Repair,  
 O'er Dales and o'er Valleys let's fly,  
 For who can, ye gods! feel a moment of care,  
 When each joy will another Tuppy,  
 Thus, each morning each day, in raptures we pass,  
 And desire no comfort to Share,  
 But at Night to refresh with the Bottle and Glass,  
 And feed on the Spoil of the Hare.

A GENERAL TOAST.

Thoro' bass  
 Accompano  
 Allegretto

Here's to the Maid-en of bash-full fif-teen, Like-wise to the wi-dow of fif-ty,

Here's to the bold and Ex-tra-va-gant Queen, And here's to the house wife that's thrif-ty.

Let the toast pass, drink to the las, I war-rant she'll prove an Ex-cuse for the Glas.

Chorus

Let the toast pass, drink to the Las, I war-rant she'll prove an Ex-cuse for the Glas.

Chorus

Let the toast pass, drink to the Las, I war-rant she'll prove an Ex-cuse for the Glas.

(2)  
 Here's to the Maiden who's dimples we prize,  
 Likewise to her that has none fir,  
 Here's to the Maid with a pair of black eyes,  
 And here is to her that's but one fir.  
 Let the toast pass, drink to the las &c.

(3)  
 Here's to the Maid with a Bosom of snow,  
 And to her that's as Brown as a berry,  
 And here's to the wife with a face full of woe  
 And here's to the Girl that is merry  
 Let the toast pass, drink to the las &c.

(4)  
 Let her be clumsy or let her be slim,  
 Young or ancient I care not a feather,  
 So fill the pint bumper Quite up to the brim,  
 And Ee'n let us toast them together.  
 Let the toast pass, drink to the las &c.



Composed by }  
 Composto dal } Sig<sup>r</sup> Giardini.

FOR ME MY FAIR.

Thoro' bass  
 Accompano  
 Allegretto

For me my Fair a wreath has wove where ri-val flow'rs in u-nion meet,

FOR ME MY FAIR.

where ri\_val flow'rs in u\_nion meet, as oft she kifs'd this gift of Love, her

breath gave sweet\_nefs to the sweet, as oft she kifs'd the gift of Love, her breath gave sweet\_nefs

to the sweet, her breath gave sweet\_nefs to the sweet.

(2)  
 A Bee within a damask Rose  
 Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip,  
 But lesser sweets the Thief forgoes,  
 And fixes on Louisa's lip.

(3)  
 There tasting all the bloom of spring,  
 Wak'd by the rip'ning breath of May,  
 Th' ungrateful spoiler left his sting,  
 And with the Honey fled away.

ONE KIND KISS.

Thoro' bass  
 Accompano  
 And<sup>te</sup> Softe<sup>to</sup> Sempre P.  
 One kind kifs be fore we part, drop a tear, and bid a dieu,

Tho' your le vere my fond heart, till we meet shall pant for you,

till we meet and till we meet till we meet shall pant for you.

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

Thoro' bass  
 Accompan't  
 Allegro

Blow high, blow low, let Tem-pests tear the Main-Mast by the board, my heart with thoughts of

thee my dear and love well stord, shall brave all dan-ger, scorn all fear, the roar-ing

winds, the rag-ing sea, in hopes on shore to be once more safe moor'd with thee.

Fine  
 A loft while moun-tains high we go, the whist-ling

winds that scud a-long, and the Surge roar-ing from be-low, shall my sig-nal be to

think on thee, shall my sig-nal be to think on thee, and this shall be my Song. And

BLOW HIGH BLOW LOW.

on that night when all the Crew the mem'ry of their former lives o'er flowing Cans of

Flip re-new and drink their sweet hearts and their Wives, I'll heave a sigh I'll heave a sigh and

think on thee and as the Ship rolls thro' the Sea the burthen of my Song shall be.

Perfian Air. MUSTACHUS.

Thoro' bass Accompano

Muf-ta-chus al-la Bul-la Bul-la mi-ra I-aun bik fir Mi-a Muf-ta-chus al-la Bul-la Bul-la mi-ra

Affettuoso

I-aun bik fir mi-a Mi-ra I-aun bik fir mi-a la-ni mi-ra I-aun bik fir mi-a Muf-ta-chers al-la Bul-

la Bul-la mi-ra I-aun bik fir mi-a Mi-ra I-aun bik fir mi-a Mi-ra I-aun bik fir mi-ra la-ni mi-ra I-aun bik

fir mi-a Mus-ta-chus al-la Bul-la Bul-la mi-ra I-aun bik fir mi-a Mi-ra I-aun bik fir mi-a.

DRIMAN DUBH.

Galic Air.

Ho ro' n drim-man dubb ho ro' ei le, Ho ro' n drim-man dubb ho ro' ei le, Ho ro' n drim-man dubb

Thoro' bafs  
Accompato

And.<sup>te</sup>

Galic Air. ORAN GAOIL.

Ho ro' ei le, An drim-man dubb laothach 's i rogha na spreidhe

Thoro' bafs  
Accompato

Lento

mad-din a bhuaill mi Ach Ach-duin ro bhuan nach lei ghis gu brath ach sheal lodh our fai che do flat do mh-nai uafail

Moch thra di luain 's mi ag aum hare an La Chuir a chin di-leas di-leas di-leas Chuir a chin di-leas thar-ram do

lamb do chul don Chan-nach a mhial-ladh no mil-tin 's dui-ne gun Chri nach tu-ga dhuit gradh.

Galic Air.

MAC GRIGOIR A RUA-RUTH.

Tha mu-lad tha mu-lad tha mu-lad gam lion-adh tha mu-lad bochd truagh orm, nach dual domh dheth di-readh the

Thoro' bafs  
Accompato

Lento

mu-lad bochd truagh orm nach dual domh dheth di-readh my mhac Gri goir a Rua-ruth ga m bu dual bhi'n gleam lio bhun.

LISON DORMOIT.

Accompagné  
Thon. bas

And.<sup>te</sup>

Li - son dor -

- moit dans un boc - cage, un bras par ci, un bras par là, son lit é - toit un

verd feuil - lage ah qu' on dort bien com - me ce - là; son a - mant est

là qui la gue - te vo - yons dit il ré - veil - - lons là, ré - veil - lons là ré -

veil - lons là il lui ti - ra fa co - le - ret - te ré - veil - lons là ré - veil - lons là la bel - le

tou - jours fom - meil - la. la. sy

(2)

Jettons dit il sur la dormeuse  
Des fleurs par ci des fleurs par là  
Il en couvrit la Sommeilleuse  
Elle dort malgré cela;  
Voyons si un baiser bien tendre  
Peut être la reveillera,  
Voyons ce ci voyons cela  
Avec adresse il sut le prendre  
Il fallott ça pas moins que ça  
Lison enfin s' éveilla.

(3)

La Bergere tout interdite  
Lui dit par ci lui dit par là  
Colin allez vous en bien vite  
Enagiton comme cela  
Ma foi dit il j'at vû l'aurore  
Moins belle que vous n' étiez là  
Dormez com'ci dormez com' ça!  
Ah! de grace dormez encore  
Dormez com'ci dormez com' ça  
Colin vous reveillera.

## UN JOUR SUR LA FOUGERE.

Thoro' bafs  
Accompato

Andte P.

Un. jour sur la fou-ge-re; je vis le beau Tir-sis, aux pieds de la ber-ge-re, lui  
comp-tant les sou-cis; Mon ai-ma-ble Li-fet-te pour quoi me voit mou-  
rir; L'a-mour me fait bel-le Bru-net-te, l'a-mour me fait mou-rir.

(2)

Depuis que tu m'es chere  
Je ne fais que Languir,  
Ce qui favoit me plaire  
Pour moi n'est plus plairir;  
Mon chien et ma Moulette  
Qu'allez vous devenir,  
L'amour me fait belle Brunette  
L'amour me fait mourir.

(3)

Ma brebis si cherie  
Qui me caresoit tant,  
Maintenant je L'oublie  
Taut mon tourment est grand

Quan'd je suis sur l'herbette  
Je la laisse courir,  
Taut je pense à toi ma Lisette  
Toi qui me fais mourir.

(4)

Si mon amour extreme  
Ne peut toucher ton coeur,  
Si tu ne me gis j'aime,  
Tirsis est mon vainqueur;  
A tes yeux ma Lisette  
Tu me verras punir,  
Tu me feras belle Brunette  
Tu me feras mourir

Composed by }  
Composta da } M. DesAides. SENTIR AVEC ARDEUR.

Thoro' bafs  
Accompato

Moderato

Sen-tir a-vec ar-deur flam-me dis-crét-te, cest le bon-heur du coeur,  
en-tends tu bru-net-te, l'é-cho qui re-pet-te sen-tir a-vec ar-



SENTIR AVEC ARDEUR.

-deur flam-me dif-cret-te, c'est le bon-heur du Coeur? An-net-te ré-

-pond à ce-la . oui da, oui da, ça f'dit com, ça mais l'a-mour quand on

en est la l'en va grand pas et ne r'vient pas; un-ne voix se-cret-te

tout bas me ré-pet-te, oui da, oui da, ça s'dit-com-ça, mais l'a-mour

quand on en est là, l'en va grand pas et ne r'vient pas.

Composed by / Composta da M. Mereau.

DORS MON ENFANT.

Thoro' bafs / Accompano

Lento P.

S. Dors mon En-fant closeta pau-pie-re tes cris me dé-chi-rent le Coeur dors mon En-fant ta

SENTIR AVEC ARDEUR.

pau-vre Me-re a bien al-sez de la dou-leur. Lors-que par des dou-ces ten-dres-les

Fine

ton Pe-re fut ga-gner ma foi, il me sem-bleit par les ca-ref-les, naïf, in-no-cent

com-me toi. je le crus ou sont les pro-mes-les? il ou-blie et son fils et moi.

QUI PAR FORTUNE.

Thoro' bafs  
Accompato  
Andte

Qui par for-tu-ne trou-ve-ra E-glé dans la prai-ri-e

fans en-vi-e ne la ver-ra que nest el-le m'a-mi-e Elle a la

tail-le de Ve-nus et de Cy-pris les gra-ces. Hé-las hé-las jé

ne la vois plus et j'ai per-du les tra-ces.

R

AH SI VOUS POUVIEZ COMPRENDRE.

Accompagné  
Thoro' bas

Andante

Ah! si vous pou-viez com-pren-dre ce que je res-sens pour vous, La-mour n'a rien de si

ten-dre l'a-mi-tié rien de si doux; Loin de vous mon coeur sou-pi-re près de vous tout in-ter-

-dit, Ah! que no- -lé-je tout dire et peut ê- - - tre j'ai trop dit.

(2) D'une manière imparfaite  
Je vous dirais mon ardeur  
Quand la bouche est l'interprète  
L'on explique mal son coeur;  
Quoique je ne puisse dire  
Ce que j'ai si bien senti  
Dans mes yeux vous pourriez lire  
Ce que vos yeux ont écrit.

POUR JAMAIS A MA THEMIRE.

Accompagné  
Thoro' bas

Andant.<sup>no</sup>

Pour ja-mais a ma Thé-mi- - re j'ai do-né mon coeur, c'est pour moi qu'el-le sou-

pi-re je suis son Vain-queur. Touts nos Ber-gers vou'd-roient vi-vre

pour sui-vre ses loix; c'est a moi c'est a moi qu'el-le a pro-mis sa foi.

(2)  
L'autre jour sur la Fougere  
Le beau licidas,  
Vint parler a ma bergere  
Qui n' ecoutoit pas;  
Elle méditoit dans son ame  
La Flamme des loix,  
C'est a moi C'est a moi  
Qu' elle a promis sa foi.

(3)  
S'il etoit une Deesse  
Brillante d'appas,  
Qui vint m' offrir sa tendresse  
Je n'en voudrais pas;  
C'est Ton coeur seul ou j'aspire  
Themire crois moi,  
C'est à toi c'est à toi  
Que j'ai donne ma foi.

## J'ENTENS GEMIR DANS CE SEJOUR.

*A compato*  
*Thoro' bats*  
*Largo*  
*Fais:*

J'en-tens gé-mir dans ce lé-jour la ten-dre Tour-te-rel - - - le,

he-las d'un mal-heur-eux a-mour je lou-pi-re comme el - - - le; son a - -

man-te a per-du le jour, Eg-lé m'est in-fi-de - - - le.

## OH MA TENDRE MUNETTE.

*A compato*  
*Thoro' bats*  
*Lento*

Oh ma ten-dre mu-set-te mu-set-te mes a-mours, toi qui chan-tois Li -

set - - te Li-set te et mes beaux jours; D'u-ne vaine es-pe-ran - - - ce tu m'a-vois trop fla -

te - - chan-té son in - - con stan - - ce et ma fi-dé - - li-té

(2)  
 C'est l'amour c'est la flamme  
 Qui brille dans ses yeux,  
 Je croyois que son ame  
 Brûloit des memes feux  
 Lisette à son Aurore  
 Inspiroit le plaisir,  
 Helas si jeune encore  
 Peut on déjà trahir.

(3)  
 Savoir pour me séduire  
 Avoir moins de douceur,  
 Jusques à son sourire  
 Tout en elle est trompeur;  
 Tout en elle intéresse  
 Et je voudrois hélas  
 Qu'elle eut moins de tendresse  
 Ou qu, elle cut moins d'apas.

(4)  
 Oh ma tendre mufette  
 Console ma douleur,  
 Parle moi de Lisette  
 Ce nom fait mon bonheur;  
 Je la revois plus belle  
 Plus belle tous les jours,  
 Je me plains toujours d'elle  
 Et je l'aime toujours.

To be Sung either as an Air, Duett, or Trio. **VOUS L'ORDONNEZ.**

Composed by }  
 Composto da } M. Monfignier

Basso

Voice } 111  
 Voce }  
 Voice } 11  
 Voce }  
 Voice } 1  
 Voce }  
 Thoro' bass  
 Accompaniment

And.<sup>no p.</sup>

Vous l'ordonnez je me ferai connoître plus inconnu

- nu j'osois vous adorer, en me nommant que pourrai-je espérer?

- nu j'osois vous adorer, en me nommant que pourrai-je espérer?

- nu j'osois vous adorer, en me nommant que pourrai-je espérer?

rer? n'importe il faut obéir à son Maître.

rer? n'importe il faut obéir à son Maître.

rer? n'importe il faut obéir à son Maître.

(2)

Je suis Lindor, ma naissance est commune  
 Mes Voeux sont ceux d'un simple Bachelier;  
 Que n'ai-je, hélas! d'un brillant Chevalier  
 A vous offrir le Rang et la Fortune.

(3)

Tous les Matins ici d'une voix tendre  
 Je chanterai mon Amour sans espoir;  
 Je bornerai mes plaisirs à vous voir,  
 Ah! puissiez vous en trouver à m'entendre.

To be Sung either as an Air, Duett or Trio.  
Da poterfi cantare come Canzona, Duetto, o Trio.

## DIEU D' AMOUR.

Composed by  
Composto da } M. Gretry

Basso  
Voice } III  
Voce } 11  
Voice } 1  
Thoro' bass  
Accompato

Dieu d'a-mour en ce jour viens nous dé - fen - dre; oui viens dé -

Dieu d'a-mour en ce jour viens a - vec Mars nous dé - fen - dre; oui viens dé -

Dieu d'a-mour en ce jour viens a - vec Mars nous dé - fen - dre; oui viens dé -

And<sup>te</sup>

- fen - dre et tes loix et ta cour. La beau - té pour se ren - dre n'é - coute que l'hon -

- fen - dre et tes loix et ta cour. La beau - té pour se ren - dre n'é - coute que l'hon -

- fen - dre et tes loix et ta cour. La beau - té pour se ren - dre n'é - coute que l'hon -

- neur, et plus ten - dre quand la gloire a - joute au bon - heur.

- neur, et Vé - nus de - vient plus ten - dre quand la gloire a - joute au bon - heur.

- neur, et Vé - nus de - vient plus ten - dre quand la gloire a - joute au bon - heur.

(2)

Dieu d'amour, vois ma constance,  
Et rends-moi toujours plus amoureux;  
Par un trait de ta puissance  
Ajoute encore à mes feux.  
Vien marquer ma dernière heure,  
Si je dois être inconstant,  
Hâte-toi, fais que je meure  
Pour l'aimer même en mourant.

Voice II  
Voce II  
Voice I  
Voce I  
Thoro' bafs  
Accomp<sup>o</sup>

Nous nous ai-mons dès l'en-fan-ce, et quand on le voit son-  
 Nous nous ai-mons dès l'en-fan-ce, et quand on le voit lou-

And<sup>te</sup>

vent, l'on gran-dit sans qu'on y pen-se l'on le croit tou-jours en-  
 vent, l'on gran-dit sans qu'on y pen-se l'on le croit tou-jours en-

fant, que vou-lez vous que l'on fa-se tête à tête à cha-que inf-  
 fant; que vou-lez vous que l'on fa-se tête à tête à cha-que inf-

tant, Mon sei-gneur à no-tre pla-ce vous en au-riez fait au-tant.  
 tant, Mon sei-gneur à no-tre pla-ce vous en au-riez fait au-tant.

(2)

Je me trouvois Orpheline  
 Il se trouvoit Orphelin  
 Il consolait sa Cousine  
 Je consolais mon Cousin,  
 A la fin le coeur se lasse  
 De se plaindre à chaque instant,  
 Mon Seigneur à notre place  
 Vous en auriez fait autant.

(3)

Nous nous trou vions seuls au monde  
 Aucun ne songeait à nous,  
 Et dans cette paix profonde  
 Tout nous disoit aimez vous,  
 Je n' ai pas le coeur de glace  
 Et mon Lubin m' aimoit tant,  
 Mon seigneur à notre place  
 Vous en auriez fait autant.

This may be Sung as an Air or a Duett.  
 Questo si puol cantare come un Aria o Duetto.

## ROMANCE

Composed by  
 Composta da } M. Rousseau.

Voice II  
 Voce II  
 Que ne suis je la Fou - ge - re où sur le soir d'un beau jour, le re -

Voice I  
 Voce I  
 Que ne suis je la Fou - ge - re où sur le soir d'un beau jour, le re -

Thoro' bass  
 Accompano

Andte P.

po - - se ma Ber - ge - - re, sous la garde de l'a - mour; Que ne

po - - se ma Ber - ge - - re, sous la garde de l'a - mour; Que ne

suis - je le Ze - phi - re qui ca - ref - se ses ap - pas, l'air que

suis - je le Ze - phi - re qui ca - ref - se ses ap - pas, l'air que

la bou - che res - pi - re, la fleur qui nait sous ses pas.

la bou - che res - pi - re, la fleur qui nait sous ses pas.

(2)  
 Que ne suis-je la Fovette,  
 Qu'avec plaisir elle entend,  
 Qui jour et nuit lui repete,  
 Son amour et son tourment  
 Que ne suis-je le caprice  
 Qui rafraichit les desirs,  
 Et lui offre en sacrifice  
 L'attrait de nouveaux plaisirs.

(3)  
 Que ne puis-je dans un songe  
 Tenir son Cœur enchanté,  
 Que ne puis-je du mensonge  
 Passer à la vérité;  
 Les Dieux qui m'ont donné l'être  
 M'ont fait trop ambitieux,  
 Car enfin je voudrais être .  
 Tout cequi plait à ses yeux.



French Air

NE DONNONS JAMAIS.

Composed by }  
Composta da } M. Hinner.

58

Thoro' bas  
Accompato  
And.<sup>no</sup>

Ne don-nons ja-mais a nos fem-mes

de vrai mo-tifs pour se ven-ger, Le ciel a pla-cé dans leurs ames af-sez de pen-chant

pour char-ger; un tan-tet de co-quet-te-ri-e peut le ren-dre vo-la-

ges mais pour ren-dre agre-a-ble la vi-e n'y re-gar-dons pas n'y re-gar-dons pas

de trop pres mais pour ren-dre agre-a-ble la vi-e n'y re-gar-dons pas n'y re-gar-dons pas

de trop pres de - - trop pres.

(2)  
Mon epoux est triste et sauvage.  
Il se pique souvent de rien;  
Il se croit un grand Personage:  
Et ce qu' il fait est toujours bien,  
Sa petite Philosophie  
Pouroit souvent me fâcher  
Mais &c

(4)  
Ma femme est tant soit peut Coquette;  
Un Mirour n' est pas fait pour rien,  
Un Monsieur vient à sa toilette;  
Madame que vous êtes bien:  
Elle permet quelque folie;  
Cela pouroit me fâcher.  
Mais &c

(3)  
Etre toujours dans son ménage  
En même tems froid et jaloux;  
Un vrai Caton par le langage,  
C'est le portrait de mon epoux:  
De sa galante perfidie;  
Je pourois bien me venger.  
Mais &c

French Air

AU FOND D'UNE SOMBRE VALLÉE.

Composed by }  
Composta da } Mr. Rousseau.

Thoro' bafs  
Accompato  
Adagio P.

Au fond d'u . ne som . bre val . lé . e dans l'es . cein . te d'un bois e . pais une hum . ble chau .

miere i . so . lé . e ca . choit l'In . no . cence et la paix . La vi . voit c'est en An . gle . ter . . re

u . ne me . re dont le de . sir e . toit de laif . ser sur la ter . re la fille heu . reuse and puis mou rir .

French Air

DE L'AIMABLE THEMIRE.

Thoro' bafs  
Accompato  
Amoroso

De l'ai . ma . ble Thé . mi . re mon coeur est a . mou . reux elle ne fait que ri . re de mes plus ten . dres feux .

Sa ri . gueur est ex . tre . me je ne puis la fle . chir, Mais qu'im . por . te? je l'ai . me ça fait tou . jour plai . sir .

(2)  
Quoi que sans espérance  
J'aime mieux ses rigueurs  
Et son indifférence  
Que d'être heureux ailleurs  
Si j'osois plus prétendre  
Je m'en ferois bannir  
Et la voir et l'entendre  
Ça fait toujours plaisir.

(3)  
Je n'ose rien lui dire  
De peur des surveillans  
Quand par fois je soupire  
Je le fais en tremblant  
Elle m'en fait la mine  
Et se met a rougir  
Je rois qu'on me devine  
Ça fait toujours plaisir.

(4)  
La vigilante mere  
Garde souvent fort mal  
Mais on ne trompe guerre  
Les yeux fins d'un rival  
Quand par un soin extrême  
Je trouve le l'oisir  
Je lui dis que je l'aime  
Ça fait toujours plaisir.

(5)  
Cette beauté charmante  
Est sensible à mes sons  
Et lorsque je la chante  
Elle aime mes chansons  
Si j'exerce ma muse  
C'est pour la divertir  
Du moins quand on amuse  
Ça fait toujours plaisir.

(6)  
Je suis sans espérance  
Mais mon jaloux rival  
E'nrage quand il pense  
Que je ne suis pas mal  
Ce la le desespère  
Il ne peut me souffrir  
Il croit qu'on me prefaire  
Ça fait toujours plaisir.

(7)  
Je nai vu rien encore  
Qu'en puisse comparér  
A celle que j'adore  
Elle scai tout charmer  
Que n'ai je un couronne  
A lui pouvoir offrir?  
Mais son coeur me la donne  
Ça fait toujours plaisir.

Thoro' bas  
Accompato

And<sup>te</sup> Softenuto

Char-man-tes fleurs quit-tez les préz de Flo-re je vous pré-pa-re un plus heu-reux des -

tin; Or-nez l'ob-jet qui m'aime et que j'a-do-re sui-vez ses pas et mou-rez sur son sein.

Or-néz l'ob-jet qui m'ai-me et que j'a do-re sui-vez ses pas et mou-rez sur son sein.

(2)  
 Quand vous verrez la charmante Lisette  
 Vous benirez mille fois votre sort;  
 Pour imiter ma constance parfaite,  
 Vous ne voudrez la quitter qu' a la mort.

(3)  
 De la beauté vous êtes le simbole  
 Un jour hélas vous voit naitre et mourir,  
 Que ma Lisette apprenne à votre école  
 Que la sagesse est d'en sçavoir jour.

Thoro' bas  
Accompato

And<sup>te</sup>

Au bord d'u-ne fon-tai-ne Tir-cis Bru-lant d'a-mour con-toit ain-li la pei--ne aux

é-chos d'a-len-tour; Fé-li-ci-té pas-sé-e qui ne peut re-ve-nir tour-ment de ma pen-

lée que n'ai-je en te per-dant per-du le sou-ve-nir.

(2)  
 O jour digne d'envie  
 Je ne te verrai plus,  
 O printems de ma vie  
 Vous êtes disparu.  
 Felicité passée & &.

JE N'AVOIS PAS ENCORE AIMÉ.

Ne-ver till now I knew love's smart, guess who it was, that stole a-way my heart  
 Je n'a-vois pas en-core ai--mé mais fa-vez vous qui m'a char--mé

Thoro' bass  
 Accompano  
 Andte

'Twas on--ly you if you'll be-live me, 'Twas on--ly you if you'll be-live me. 8.  
 c'est vous I-ris je vous le ju--re C'est vous I-ris je vous le ju--re. 8.

(2)  
 Depuis que je suis votre amant  
 Je ne saurois vivre un instant  
 Sans vous Iris je vous le jure.

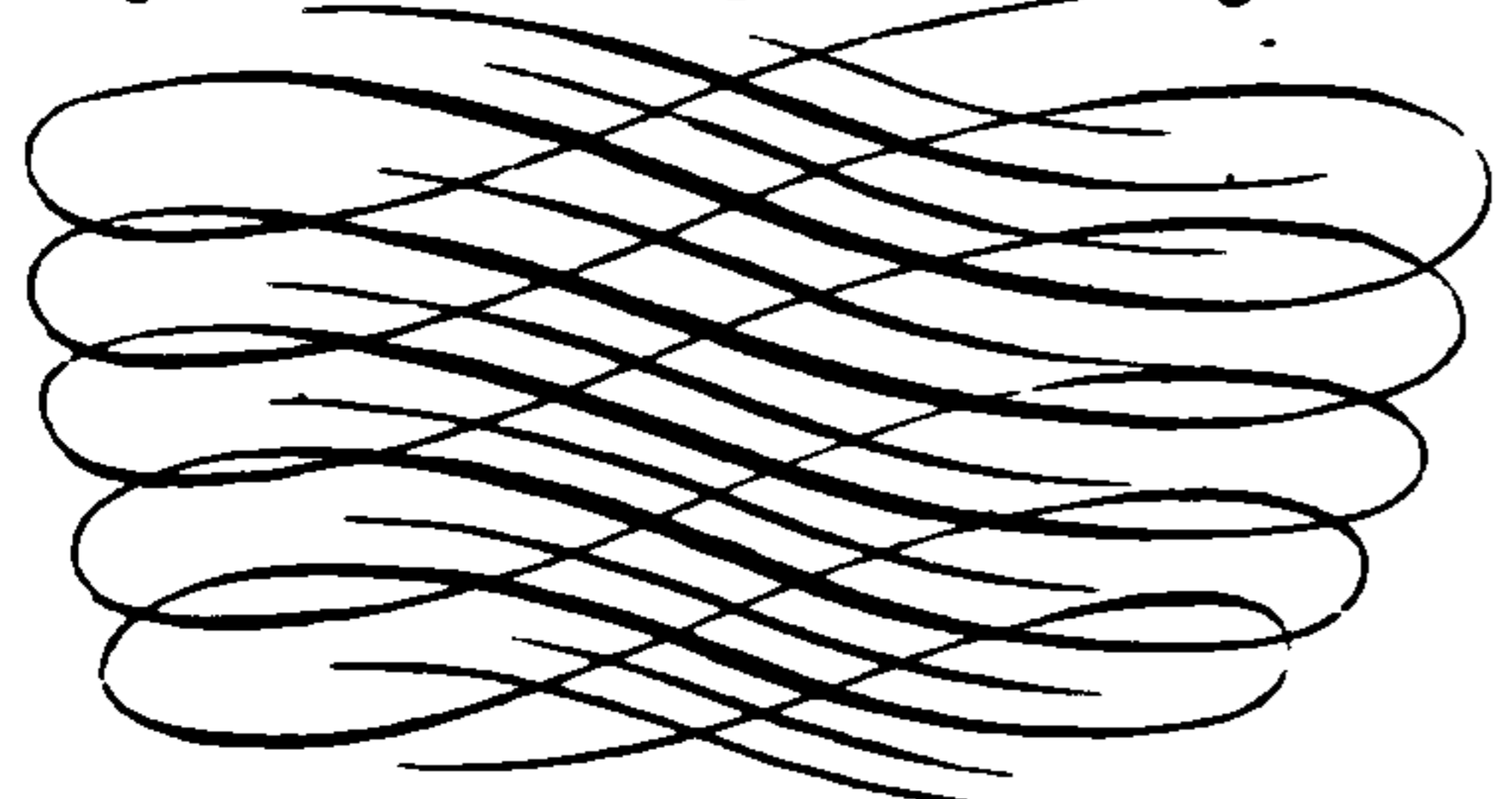
(2)  
 Since that I've felt Love's fatal pow'r  
 Heavy has pass'd each Anxious hour  
 If not with you if you'll believe me  
 If not with you &c.

(3)  
 Quand de ce monde je partirai  
 Helas je ne regretterai  
 Que vous Iris je vous le jure.

(3)  
 Honour and Wealth no joys can bring  
 Nor I be happy tho' a King  
 If not with you if you'll believe me  
 If not with you &c.

(4)  
 Sur mon tombeau sera gravé  
 Cy git qui n'a jamais aimé  
 Que vous Iris je vous le jure.

(4)  
 When from this World I'm call'd away  
 For you alone I'd wish to stay  
 For you alone if you'll believe me  
 For you alone &c.



(5)  
 Grave on my Tomb where'er I'm laid  
 Here lies one who lov'd but one Maid  
 That's only you if you'll believe me  
 That's only you &c.



Composed by) French Air. Composta dal) Sig.<sup>r</sup> Corri. QUITTONS NOTRE BERGERIE.

Quit-tons no-tre Ber-ge-rie le prin-tems et de re-tour; De ja la plaine est fleu-rie et les  
 oy - feaux d'a-len-tour, Font re-ten-tir la prav-rie de mil le chan-sons d'a-mour.

Thoro' bass  
 Accompano  
 Andte. Soffen<sup>o</sup>

Composto dal } Sig.<sup>r</sup> Aprile. T' INTENDO.

Voce } 11  
 Voce } 1  
 Thoro' bas  
 Accompaño

T' in - ten - do si mió cor t' in - ten - do con tan - to pal - pi - tar ah si t' in - ten -

And.<sup>te</sup> Softenuto

- - do: fo che ti vói la - gnar la - gnar fo che ti vói la - gnar che á - man - te le - -

- - do. lo che ti vói la - gnar la - gnar fo che ti vói la - gnar che á - man - te le - -

- - i mió cor t' in - ten - do Ta - ci il tuo do - lor sof - fri il tuo mar - tir

- - i mió cor t' in - ten - do Ta - ci il tuo do - lor sof - fri il tuo mar - tir e non tra -

e non tra - dir - gl' af - fet - ti mié - i ta - - ci sof - fri e non tra - dir gl' af - fet - ti mié - i gl' af -

- - dir - - gl' af - fet - ti mié - i gl' af - fet - ti mié - i ta - ci sof - fri e non tra - dir 'gl' af - fet - ti mié - i gl' af -

fet - ti mié - i e non tra - dir gl' af - fet - ti mié - i gl' af - fet - ti mié - i mió cor t' in - ten - do mió cor t' in - ten - do.

fet - ti mié - i e non tra - dir gl' af - fet - ti mié - i gl' af - fet - ti mié - i mió cor t' in - ten - do mió cor t' in - ten - do.

AH CHE NEL DIRTI ADDIO.

Composto dal  
Composed by } Sig.<sup>r</sup> Aprile.

Voice II  
Ah che nel dir-ti a'd-di-o mi sen-to il cor traf-fig-ge-re mi sen-to il

Voice I  
Ah che nel dir-ti a'd-di-o mi sen-to il cor traf-fig-ge-re mi sen-to il

Thoro' baso  
Accompato

And.<sup>te</sup> Softe.<sup>to</sup>

cor traf-fig-ge-re par-te del san-gué-mi-o vis-ce-re vis-ce-re del mió sen. ah!

cor traf-fig-ge-re par-te del san-gué mi-o vis-ce-re vis-ce-re del mió sen.

che nel dir-ti a'd-di-o mi sen-to il cor traf-fig-ge-re par-te del san-gué

ah! che nel dir-ti a'd-di-o mi sen-to il cor traf-fig-ge-re par-te del san-gué

mi-o vis-ce-re del mió sen. par-te del san-gué mi-o vis-ce-re del

mi-o vis-ce-re del mió sen. par-te del san-gué mi-o vis-ce-re del

mió sen. Sof-fri da chi l'uc-ci-de sof-fri gli és-tre-mi ám-

mió sen. sof-fri gli és-tre-mi ám-ple-si

AH CHE NEL DIRTI ADDIO.

plef-fi gli és-tre-mi am-plef-si, co-si mo-rir po-tes-si mo-rir po  
 sof-fri da chi l'uc-ci-de gli és-tre-mi am-plef-si, co-si mo-rir po-tes-si mo-rir po-

-tes-si nel-le tue brac-cia al-men. co-si mo-rir po-tes-si mo-rir po-  
 -tes-si nel-le tue brac-cia al-men. co-si mo-rir po-tes-si mo-rir po-

tes-si nel-le tue brac-cia al-men.  
 tes-si nel-le tue brac-cia al-men-

Duettino Notturmo.

PUR NEL SONNO

Composto dal } Composed by } Sig.<sup>r</sup> Aprile.

Voce II Pur nel son-no al men tal o-ra al men-tal o-ra vien-co  
 Voce I Pur nel son-no al men tal o-ra al men-tal o-ra vien-co  
 Accompa. Thoro' bas. Pur nel son-no al men tal o-ra al men-tal o-ra vien-co

All.<sup>o</sup> Moderato P.

-le-i co lei che m'in-na mo-ra le-mié pe-ne le-mié pe-  
 -le-i co lei che m'in-na mo-ra le-mié pe-ne le-mié pe-

PUR NEL SONNO.

ne a con - so - - lar.

ne a con - so - - lar.

a con fo lar. a con fo lar. Ren - di á - mor fe giús. to fe i piu vé - ra - ci' i

a con fo lar. a con fo lar. Ren - di á - mor fe giús. to fe i piu vé - ra - ci' i

fo gni mié - i Ó non far - mi ris - vé gliár. ren - di á - mor piu vé - ra - ci' i

fo gni mié - i Ó non far - mi Ó non far - mi ris - vé gliár. ren - di á - mor piu vé - ra - ci' i

fo - - gni mié i O' non far - mi non far - mi ris - vé gliár.

fo - - gni mié i O' non far - mi non far - mi ris - vé gliár.

nò non far - mi ris - vé gliár. non far - mi ris - vé gliár.

nò non far - mi ris - vé gliár. non far - mi ris - vé gliár.



Voce } II  
Voce } I  
Accomp.  
Thoro' b. ass.  
And.<sup>te</sup>

Ec-co di-ro quel fon-te di-ro quel fon-te do- - ve au-uán-pò di sde-gno do- -

Ec-co di-ro quel fon-te di-ro quel fon-te do-ve au-uán-pò di sde-gno do- -

- ve au-uán-pò di sde-gno ma pói di pa-ce in pe-gno la bel-la man mi dié - - - la bel-la man mi

- ve au-uán-pò di sde-gno ma pói di pa-ce in pe-gno la bel-la man mi dié - - - la bel-la man mi

dié. Qui si ui-uea di spe-me, la si lan-gui-ua in-sie-me la si lan-gui-ua in-sie-me E tú chi

dié. Qui si ui-uea di spe-me, la si lan-gui-ua in-sie-me la si lan-gui-ua in-sie-me E tú chi

fa se má.i chi fa se má.i ti so-uer-rai di mè chi fa ti so-uer-rai di mè chi fa se

fa se má.i chi fa se má.i ti so-uer-rai di mè chi fa ti so-uer-rai di mè chi fa se

mái se má.i chi fa ti so-uer-rai di mè. ti so-uer-rai di mè.

mái se má.i chi fa ti so-uer-rai di mè. ti so-uer-rai di mè.

## SORGE L'ALBA.

Voce II  
Voce I  
Accompato  
Thoro' bassi

And.<sup>no</sup> P.

Sor-ge l'al-ba e per la spon-da spi-ra ún gra-to vén-ti-cel, e li pel-ci a fiór del

Sor-ge l'al-ba e per la spon-da spi-ra ún gra-to vén-ti-cel, e li pel-ci a fiór del

on-da ván scher-nen-do il Pes-ca-tor; Ni-ce mi-a f'é vér che m'a-mi scen-di

on-da ván scher-nen-do il Pes-ca-tor; Ni-ce mi-a f'é vér che m'a-mi scen-di

me-co al-la ma-ri-na bel-la pre-da a te des-ti-na a mió da-no il Dió d'a-mor.

me-co al-la ma-ri-na bel-la pre-da a te des-ti-na a mió da-no il Dió d'a-mor.

Duettino Composto dal) Sig.<sup>f</sup> Rauzzini. GIÀ RIEDE PRIMAVERA.

Voce II  
Voce I  
Accompato  
Thoro' bassi

Allegro P.

Già rié-de pri-ma-ve-ra col súo fió-ri-to ál-pet-to già il gra-to Zef-fi-ret-to

Già rié-de pri-ma-ve-ra col súo fió-ri-to ál-pet-to già il gra-to Zef-fi-ret-to

fcher-za fra l'er-be é i fiór, tor-nan le fron-de agli al-be-ri, l'er-bet-té al pra-to tor-na-no l'er-

fcher-za fra l'er-be é i fiór, tor-nan le fron-de agli al-be-ri, l'er-bet-té al pra-to tor-na-no l'er-

GIÀ RIEDE PRIMAVERA.

bet.te ál pra.to tor.na.no sol non ri.tor.na.in mè la pa.ce del mió cor. la pa.ce del mió cor. Già  
 bet.te ál pra.to tor.na.no sol non ri.tor.na.in mè la pa.ce del mió cor. la pa.ce del mió cor. Già

rié.de pri.ma.ve.ra col súo fió.ri.to ás.pet.to, già il gra.to Zef.fi.ret.to scher.za frà l'er.be é i fiór, al  
 rié.de pri.ma.ve.ra col súo fió.ri.to ás.pet.to, già il gra.to Zef.fi.ret.to scher.za frà l'er.be é i fiór, al

ca.ro an.ti.co ni.do fin dall'E.gi.ziè a.re.ne, fin dall'E.gi.ziè a.re.ne, la Ron.di.nel.la vié.ne che hà  
 ca.ro an.ti.co ni.do fin dall'E.gi.ziè a.re.ne, fin dall'E.gi.ziè a.re.ne, la Ron.di.nel.la vié.ne che hà

và.li.ca.to il mar. che hà vè.li.ca.to il mar. Già rié.de pri.ma.ve.ra col súo fió.ri.to ás.pet.to già il  
 vè.li.ca.to il mar. che hà vè.li.ca.to il mar. Già rié.de pri.ma.ve.ra col súo fió.ri.to ás.pet.to già il

gra.to Zef.fi.ret.to scher.za frà l'er.be é i fiór. sí scher.za frà l'er.be é i fiór. sí scher.za frà l'er.be é i fiór.  
 gra.to Zef.fi.ret.to scher.za frà l'er.be é i fiór. sí scher.za frà l'er.be é i fiór. sí scher.za frà l'er.be é i fiór.

# GIÀ LA NOTTE S'AVVICINA.

Voce II  
Voce I  
Accompato  
Thoro' bas

Andantino *mf*

Già la not-te s'av-vi-ci-na vié-ni'o Ni-ce a-ma--to  
Già la not-te s'av-vi-ci-na. vié-ni'o Ni--ce vié-ni'o Ni-ce a-ma--to

be-ne del-la pla-ci-da ma-ri-na le-frech' au-re a res-pi-  
be-ne del-la pla-ci-da pla-ci-da ma-ri-na le-frech' au-re a res-pi-

-rar. vié-ni'o Ni-ce a-ma-to be-ne le-frech' au-ré a res-pi-rar.  
-rar. le-frech' au-ré a res-pi-rar. vié-ni'o Ni-ce a-ma-to

le-frech' au-re a res-pi-rar. a res-pi-rar. non fa dir non fa  
be-ne le-frech' au-re a res-pi-rar. a res-pi-rar. Non fa dir non fa dir non fa

dir che fia di-let-to chi non po--fa in ques-te a-re-ne, or che ún len-to zef-fi-  
dir che fia di-let-to chi non po--fa in ques-te a-re-ne, or che ún len-to zef-fi-

SOLITARIO.

*P.* *F.* *mp.* *Cre<sup>o</sup>*

-rét-to dol--ce--men--te *F.* in-cres-pa il mar. - vié-ni l'áu-re a res-pi-

-ret-to dol--ce--men--te in-cres-pa il mar. vié-ni'o-Ni-cé a-ma-to be-ne le fresch' l'áu-re a res-pi-

-rar. vié-ni'o Ni-cé a-ma-to be-ne le fresch' áu-re a res-pi-rar - - - a res-pi-rar.

-rar. - le fresch' áu-re a res-pi-rar - - - a res-pi-rar.

Aria per una o due voci  
Air for one or two Voices

SOLITARIO.

Composta dal  
Composed by } Sig<sup>r</sup> Corri.

Voce 2

Voce 1

Accompato

Thoro' bafs

*And<sup>te</sup> Sof<sup>to</sup>*

So-li-ta-rió o bos-co óm-bro-so a te vien l'af-flit-to cor. cor. Per tro-vár qual-cheri

So-li-ta-rió o bos-co óm-bro-so a te vien l'af-flit-to cor. cor. Per tro-vár qual-che ri-

*P.*

-po-fo nel si-len-zio e nell'or-ror. *P.* per-tro-vár qual-che ri-po-ro nel si-

-po-fo nel si-len-zio e nell'or-ror. per tro-vár qual-che ri-po-lo nel si-

*P.*

-len-zio nel si-len-zio é nell'or-ror. nel si-len-zio nel si-len-zio é nell'or-ror.

-len-zio nel si-len-zio é nell'or-ror. nel si-len-zio nel si-len-zio é nell'or-ror.

Thoro' Bass  
Accompan'to  
And.te Softe.to

S. The Lass of Pea-tie's Mill so bon-ny blyth and gay, In spight of all my skill, she

stole my heart a-way. When Ted-ding of the Hay bare-head-ed on the green, Love midst her

looks did play, and wan-ton'd to her Ean.

(2)

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,  
Breasts rising in their dawn;  
To age it wou'd give youth,  
To press 'em with his hand.  
Thro' all my spirits ran  
An extasy of blifs,  
When I such sweetness fand,  
Wrapt in a balmy kifs.

(3)

Without the help of art,  
Like flow'rs which grace the wind,  
She did her sweets impart,  
Whene'er she spoke or smild.

Her looks they were so mild,  
Free from affected pride,  
She me to love begnil'd,  
I wish'd her for my bride.

(4)

O had I all that wealth  
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,  
Insur'd long life and health,  
And pleasures at my will;  
I'd promise and fulfill,  
That none but bonny she,  
The lass of Peaty's mill,  
Should share the same with me.

(SECOND.)  
S. The lass of Pea-tie's mill so bon-ny blyth and gay, In spight of all my skill - she stole my heart a-way,  
When Ted-ding of the Hay, bare-head-ed on the green, Love midst her locks did play and wan-ton'd to her Ean.

For two Voices.  
Scotch Air. Per due Voci.

GILDEROY.

10

Voice Bass  
Voce

Ah Cho-ris cou'd I now but fit as un-con-cern'd as

Ah Clo-ris cou'd I now but fit as un-con-cern'd as

Thoro' bass

Accomp. a<sup>to</sup>

Lento

when your In-fant beau-ty cou'd be-get no hap-pi-ness nor pain.

when your In-fant beau-ty cou'd be-get no hap-pi-ness nor pain.

When I this daun-ing did ad-mire and prais'd the com-ing day

When I this daun-ing did ad-mire and prais'd the com-ing day I

I lit-tle thought that rise-ing fire wou'd take my rest a-way.

lit-tle thought that rise-ing fire wou'd take my rest a-way.

(2)

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,  
As metals in a mine;  
Age from no face takes more away,  
That youth conceal'd in thine:  
But as your charms insensibly  
To their perfection press'd;  
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,  
And center'd in my breast.

(3)

My passion with your beauty grew,  
While Cupid at my heart,  
Still as his mother favour'd you,  
Threw a new flaming dart.  
Each gloried in their wanton parts;  
To make a lover, he  
Employ'd the utmost of his art  
To make a beauty, she.

Thoro' bas

Accompa to

P. sf:

Largo P. sf:

I Sigh and la -

- ment me in vain, These Walls can but ec - cho my moan, A - las! it in - crea - ses my pain when I

think of the days that are gone. Thro' the Grate of my

Pri - son I see the Birds as they wan - ton in Air, My Heart how it pants to be

free, My looks they are wild with def - pair.

(2)

Above tho' opprest by my Fate,  
I burn with contempt for my foes,  
Tho' Fortune has alter'd my state  
She ne'er can subdue me to those;  
False woman in Ages to come,  
Thy Malice detested shall be  
And when we are cold in the Tomb  
Some heart still will sorrow for me.

(3)

Ye Roofs where cold damps and dismay,  
With silence and solitude dwell,  
How comfortless passes the day,  
How sad tolls the Evening Bell;  
The Owls from the Battlements cry,  
Hollow Winds seems to murmur around  
O Mary, prepare thee to die,  
My Blood it runs cold at the sound.



Thoro' bass  
Accompani

And<sup>te</sup>

De'el tak the War that hur-ried Wil-ly frae me, Wha to loo me just had sworn, They made him  
Cap-tain sure to un-do me, Wae is me, he'll ne'er re--turn. A thou-sand Loons a--  
-broad will fight him, He frae thou-sands ne'er will run, Day and night I did in-vite him  
To stay safe from Sword and Gun; I us'd al-lur-ing Gra-ces With muc-kle kind em-bra-ces, Now  
Sigh-ing, now cry-ing, Then Tears drop-ping fall, And had he my soft Arms Pre fer'd to wars a--  
-larms, my love grown mad, with-out the man of Gad, I fear in my fit I had gran-ted all. S.

I wash'd and patch'd to make me look provoking, (2)  
Snares they laid wo'd catch the Men:  
And on my Head a huge Commode sat cocking,  
Which made me shew as Tall agen:  
For a new Gown I paid muckle Money,  
Which with golden flowers did shine:  
My Love well might think me gay and bonny.  
Nae Scots Lads was e'er so fine.

My Petticoat I Spotted.  
Fringe too with Thread I knotted,  
Lac'd Shoes and Silken hoes garter'd o'er the Knees;  
But oh! the fatal thought,  
To Willy these are nought,  
Wha rid to Towns, and rifled wi' Dragons,  
When he, silly Loon, might ha Plunder'd me.

Thoro' lufs  
Accompato

And.te

P. F. P.

By Pin - - kie

House oft let me walk, While cir - cled in my Arms, I hear my Nel - - ly

sweet - ly talk, And gaze o'er all her charms. O! let me e - ver fond be - hold Those.

gra - ces void of art, those cheer - ful smiles that sweet - ly hold In will - - ing

chains my heart. heart.

(2)

O! come, my love! and bring a new  
That gentle turn of mind;  
That gracefulness of air, in you,  
By Nature's hand design'd;  
That beauty like the blushing rose,  
First lighted up this flame;  
Which, like the sun, for ever glows  
Within my breast the same.

(3)

Ye light coquets! ye airy things!  
How vain is all your art!  
How seldom it a lover brings!  
How rarely keeps a heart!

O! gather from my Nelly's charms,  
That sweet, that graceful ease;  
That blushing modesty that warms;  
That native art to please!

(4)

Come then, my love! O! come along,  
And feed me with thy charms;  
Come, fair inspirer of my song,  
O! fill my longing arms!  
A flame like mine can never die,  
While charms, so bright as thine,  
So heav'nly fair, both please the eye,  
And fill the soul divine!

Irish Song

ANNA.

Thorbass  
Accompagnato  
Affettuoso

Shepherd's I have lost my love have you seen my Anna  
pride of every shady grove upon the Banks of Ban-na. I for her my  
Home for-look, Near yon misty Mountain left my flock my pipe my Crook green-wood  
shade and Fountain.

(2)

Never shall I see them more,  
 Untill her returning,  
 All the joys of life are o'er,  
 From gladness chang'd to mourning,  
 Whither is my charmer flown,  
 Shepherd's tell me whither,  
 Ah woe for me perhaps she's gone,  
 Forever, and forever.

Thoro' bass  
Accompanio

And.te P.

S. To Fan - ny

fair cou'd I im-part, the cause of all my Woe O That beau - ty which has

won my heart, she scarce - ly seems to know O Un - skill'd in Art of wo - man

kind, with - out de - sign she charms O, how can those spark - ling Eyes be blind which

eve - ry bo - lom warms - - O.

F. S. hr Um F. S.

(2)

She knows her pow'r is all deceit,  
The conscious blushes show-O,  
Those blushes to the eye more sweet  
Than th' op'ning budding rose-O:  
Yet the delicious fragrant rose,  
That charms the sense so much-O,  
Upon a thorny briar grows,  
And wounds with ev'ry touch-O.

(3)

At first when I beheld the fair,  
With raptures I was blest'd-O;  
But as I wou'd approach more near,  
At once I lost my rest-O  
Th' enchanting sight, the sweet surprise,  
Prepare me for my doom-O;  
One cruel look from those bright eyes  
Will lay me in my Tomb-O.

Scotch Song

LOCHABER.

Thoro' bass  
Accompanio  
Semp're P.  
Largo

S. Fare-well to Lo -  
-cha-ber, and fare-well my Jean, where heart-some with thee I have mo-my days been; For Lo-cha-ber no  
more, Lo-cha-ber no more, we'll may-be re-turn to Lo-cha-ber no more. These tears that I  
shed they are a' for my Dear, and no for the dan-gers at-ten-ding on Weir; tho' born on rough seas to a  
far bloo-dy shore, may be to re-turn to Lo-cha-ber no more.

(2)

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,  
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind.  
Tho' loudest of thunder on louder wave roar,  
That's naithing like leaving my Love on the shore.  
To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd,  
By ease that's inglorious, no fame can be gain'd:  
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,  
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

(3)

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse,  
Since Honour commands me, how can I refuse.  
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee;  
And without thy favour, I'd better not be!  
I gae then, my Lass, to win honour and fame,  
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,  
A heart I will bring thee with love running o'er,  
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

## Scotch Song

## BUSK YE BUSK YE.

Thoro' bass

Accompanist

*Lento P.*

*poco F.*

*P.*

Busk ye Busk ye my  
 bon - ny Bride, busk ye busk ye my win - - some mar - row, busk ye busk ye my bon - - ny  
 Bride, and let us to the braes of Yar - row: There will we sport and ga - ther dew,  
 dan - cing while Lav' - rocks ling in the mor - - ning; There learn frae Tur - - tles to prove  
 true, O Bell ne'er vex me with thy scor ning.

*F.*

*P.*

*S.*

*S.*

(2)

To westlin breezes Flora yield,  
 And when the beams are kindly warming,  
 Blythness appears o'er all the fields,  
 And nature looks mair fresh and charming.  
 Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,  
 Tho' on their banks the roses blossom,  
 Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,  
 And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

(3)

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny Bell,  
 Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee;  
 With free consent my fears repel;  
 I'll with my love and care reward thee,  
 Thus sang I fastly to my fair,  
 Wha rais'd my hopes with kind relenting.  
 O queen of smiles, I ask na mair  
 Since now my bonny Bell's consenting.

Irish Song My LODGING is on the COLD GROUND.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the piano accompaniment, marked 'P.' and 'Larghetto'. The bottom staff is for the vocal line, marked 'S.' for Soprano. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Thoro' bass Accompanio

Larghetto P.

Tho' for - - - tune cloud hopes friend-ly ray that-seems our guar - - - dian

S. My Lod-ging is on the cold ground and ve - - - ry hard is my

light, Our con - - stan - - cy shall cheer the day, Our Love the long - - est

Fare Rut that\* which grieves me more Love is the cold - - ness of my

night. By thee be - - lov'd while blest with thee\* stern fate may

Dear. Yet still he cried turn Love I pray the love

frown in vain; Con - - tent and sweet\* sim - pli - ci - ty will take us

turn to me, for thou art the on - - ly Girl Love - - - that is a - -

in their train.

do - red by me. F.

Love - - - that

(2)

With a Garland of Straw I will crown thee Love  
 I'll Marry you with a Rush ring  
 Thy frozen heart shall melt with Love  
 So merrily I shall sing  
 Yet still &c.

(3)

But if you will harden your heart Love  
 And be deaf to my pitifull moan  
 Oh; I must endure the smart Love  
 And tumble in Straw all alone  
 Yet still &c.

Thoro' bass  
Accompato

Pafs:  
Lento Pafs:

\* \* \* \* \*

'Twas in that Sea-son  
of the year, when all things gay and sweet ap-pear, that CO-LIN with the mor-ning ray, A-  
-rose and sung his ru-ral lay: Of NAN-NY's charms the She-pherd sung, the hills and  
dales with NAN-NY rung, while Ros-line Cas-tle heard the Swain, and ec-co'd  
back the chear-ful strain.

(2)

Awake, sweet muse! the breathing spring  
With rapture warms; awake and sing;  
Awake and join the vocal throng,  
Who hail the morning with a song:  
To NANNY raise the chearful lay;  
O! bid her haste and come away;  
In sweetest smiles herself adorn;  
And add new graces to the morn.

(3)

O hark, my love! on ev'ry spray,  
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;  
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng;  
And love inspires the melting song:

Then let my raptur'd notes arise;  
For beauty darts from NANNY's eyes;  
And love my rising bosom warms,  
And fills my soul with sweet alarms:

(4)

O! come, my love! thy COLIN's lay  
With rapture calls, O come away!  
Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine  
Around that modest brow of thine;  
O! hither haste, and with thee bring  
That beauty blooming like the spring,  
Those graces that divinely shine,  
And charm this ravish'd breast of mine!



JOCKEY.

Thoro' bass  
Accompato

Andante

S. My lad die is gane far a way o'er the plains while in Sor row be hind I am forc'd to re -

- main, tho' blue bells and vio lets the Hed ges a dorn tho' trees are in Blos som and sweet blows the thorn, no

Plea sure they give me in vain they look gay, there's no thing can please me now Joc key's a way for -

- lorn I sit ling ing and this is my strain Haste haste my dear Joc key haste haste, my dear Joc key haste

haste, my dear Joc key to me Back a gain.

(2)  
When lads and their lasses are on the green met,  
They dance and they sing and they laugh and they chat  
Contented and happy with hearts full of glee,  
I can't without envy their merriment see,  
Those pleasures offend me my Shepherd's not there,  
No pleasures I relish that Jockey dont share,  
It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,  
I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

(3)  
But hope shall sustain me nor will I despair,  
He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here,  
On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,  
For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste,  
Then farewell each care and adieu each vain sigh,  
Who'll then be so blest or so happy as I,  
I'll sing on the meadows and alter my strain,  
When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

Down the Burn DAVIE.

Thoro' bass  
 Accompano  
 And<sup>te</sup>

When Trees did bud and fields were green and broom bloom'd fair to see, when

Ma-ry was com-pleat Fif-teen, and love laugh'd in her Eye, Blyth

Da-vie's blinks her heart did move, to speak her mind this free, Gang down the

Burn Da-vie love, and I shall fol-low thee.

New Sett of

Down the Burn DAVIE.

Sung by Mrs Hudson.

Thoro' bass  
 Accompano  
 Allegretto

When Trees did bud and

Fields were green and Broom bloom'd fair to see, when Ma-ry was com-

- pleat fif-teen and Love laugh'd in her Eyes. F. Blithe

Da - - vie's blinks her heart did move to speak her mind thus free, Gang down the Burn

Da - vie love, down the burn Da - vie love, down the burn Da - vie love, and I will fol - low thee.

down the burn Da - vie love, down the burn Da - vie love, down the burn Da - vie love, gang

down the burn Da - vie love, and I will fol - low thee.

(2)  
 Now Davie did each lad surpass,  
 That dwelt on yon burn side,  
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,  
 Just meet to be a bride;  
 Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,  
 Her een were bonny blue;  
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,  
 Her lips like dropping dew.

(3)  
 As down the burn they took their way,  
 What tender tales they said!  
 His cheek to her's he aft did lay,  
 And with her bosom play'd;

Till baith at length impatient grown  
 To be mair fully blest,  
 In yonder vale they lean'd them down;  
 Love only saw the rest.

(4)  
 What pass'd, I guess, was harmles play,  
 And naithing sure unmeet:  
 For, ganging hame, I heard them say,  
 They lik'd a wa'k sae sweet:  
 And that they aften shou'd return,  
 Sic pleasure to renew.  
 Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,  
 And ay shall follow you.

## The BROOM of COWDENKNOWS.

Thorn' bafs  
Accomp'nto

Larghetto. P.

How blyth was I each  
morn to see, my Swain come o'er the Hill, he leap'd the brook, and flew to  
me I met him with good will. O the Broom, the bon-ny bon-ny Broom, the  
Broom of the Cow-den-knows, I wish I were with my dear swain, with  
his Pipe and my Ewes.

(2)  
I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,  
When his flocks round me lay:  
He gather'd in my sheep at night,  
And cheer'd me all the day.  
O, the broom, &c.

(3)  
He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,  
The birds stood list'ning by;  
The fleecy sheep stood still and gaz'd,  
Charm'd with his melody.  
O, the broom, &c.

(4)  
While thus we spent our time by turns,  
Betwixt our flocks and play;  
I envy'd not the fairest dame,  
Tho' e'er so rich and gay.  
O, the broom, &c.

(5)  
He did oblige me ev'ry hour,  
Cou'd I but faithful be.  
He stole my heart, cou'd I refuse  
Whate'er he ask'd of me.  
O, the broom, &c.

(6)  
Hard fate that I must banish'd be,  
Gang heavily and mourn,  
Because I lov'd the kindest swain  
That ever yet was born.  
O, the broom, the bonny bonny broom,  
Where last was my repose:  
I wish I were with my dear swain,  
With his pipe and my ewes.

The BIRKS of ENDERMAY.

Set by M<sup>r</sup> Du Bellay.

How oft I have seen  
The Smiling Morn<sup>g</sup> the

Thoro' bass  
Accomp<sup>to</sup>  
Larghetto

haft thou said nor wilt thou the fond boast dis-own, Thou wouldst not lose<sup>\*</sup> An-  
breath-ing Spring in-vite the tune-ful Birds to sing, and while they war-ble  
-tho- -nio's Love to reign the part-ner of a Throne! And by those lips<sup>\*</sup> when  
from each spray Love melts the U-ni-ver-sal Lav. Let us A-MAN-DA  
speak so kind! and by this hand I pres'd to mine! To be the Lord of  
time-ly wife, like them im-prove the hour that flies, and in soft rap-tures  
wealth and pow'r, I swear I would not part with thine.  
waste the day, a-mong the Birks of En-der-may

(2) Duenna Verles.  
Then how my soul can we be poor  
Who own what Kingdoms could not buy.  
Of this true heart thou shalt be Queen,  
And serving thee - a Monarch I.  
Thus uncontroll'd in mutual bliss  
And rich in Love's exhaustless Mine  
Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,  
And I'll take Kingdoms back from thine!

(2)

For soon the winter of the year,  
And Age, life's winter will appear,  
At this thy living bloom will fade,  
As that will strip the verdant shade;  
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,  
The feather'd songsters are no more;  
And when they droop, and we decay,  
Adieu the birks of Endermay.

(3)

Behold the hills and vales around,  
With lowing herds and flocks abound;  
The wanton kids and frisking lambs,  
Gambol and dance about their dams;

The busy bees with humming noise,  
And all the reptile kind rejoice:  
Let us, like them, then sing and play  
About the birks of Endermay.

(4)

Hark, how the waters, as they fall,  
Loudly my love to gladness call;  
The wanton waves-sport in the brooks,  
And fishes play throughout the streams.  
The circling Swans does now a dance,  
And all the plants to round them dance;  
Let us as joyful be as they,  
Among the birks of Endermay.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the Sheep are in the fauld and the Ky at Hame and

Thoro' bass  
Accompato

Larghetto.

a the warld To fleep are gane the Waes of my heart fa' in

Show'rs frae my ee, when my Gude - - man Lyes foud by me.

New Sett of AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Young Ja - mie lov'd me weel, and ask'd me for his Bride but sa - - ving a

Thoro' bass  
Accompato

Larghetto P.

Crown he had nai? - thing elfs be - - fide to make the Crown a Pound my

Ja - mie went to sea, and the Crown and the Pound were baith for H.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

89

had nae been gane a year and a day when my Fai-ther brake his Arm and our  
 Cow was stole a-way; My Mi-ther she fell sick, and Ja-mie at the Sea, and  
 Auld Ro-bin Gray came a cour-ting to me

The musical score consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first system ends with a measure containing the number '6'. The second system ends with a measure containing the number '76'. The third system ends with a double bar line and a final chord marked 'F.' and 'S.'.

(2)

My Faither cou'dna wark, my Mither cou'dna spin,  
 I toil'd day and night, but their Bread cou'dna win;  
 Auld Rob maintain'd 'em baith and with tears in his Eee,  
 Fair Janie for their fakes oh marry me:  
 My heart it said nay, for I look'd for Jamie back,  
 But the wind it blew hard, and his Ship was a wrack,  
 His Ship was a wrack, why didna Jamie die,  
 And why was he spared to cry waes me.

(3)

My Faither urg'd me fair, my Mither didna spake,  
 But she look'd in my face, till my heart was like to break:  
 They gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was at Sea,  
 So Auld Robin Gray is a Gudman to me:  
 I had na been a Wife a week but four,  
 When sitting so mournfully out a my door,  
 I saw my Jamie's Wraith, for I cou'dna think it He,  
 'Till he said I'm come hame love to marry Thee.

(4)

Sair fair did we greet, and mickle did we say,  
 We tuk but a kifs and tare ourselves away;  
 I wish I.were dead, but I am na lik to die,  
 Oh why was I born to say wae's me:  
 I gang like a Ghaist, and I care not to spin,  
 I dare na think on Jamie for that wou'd be a Sin;  
 So I will do my best a Gude Wife to be,  
 For Auld Robin Gray's so kind to me.

## GO to the EW-BUGHTS MARION.

Thoro' bass  
Accompaino  
And<sup>te</sup> Adagio<sup>p</sup>

Will ye go to the Ew - Bughts  
Ma - rion, and wear in the Sheep wi' me. the Sun shines sweet my Ma - rion but  
nae half fae sweet as thee, the Sun shines sweet my Ma - rion but  
nae half fae sweet as thee.

(2)

O Marion's a bonny lass,  
And the blyth blink's in her eye;  
And fain wad I marry Marion,  
Gin Marion wad marry me.

(3)

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,  
A Cow and a brawny Quey,  
I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,  
Just on her bridal day.

(4)

And ye's get a green fey apron,  
And waiscoat of the London brown  
And wow but ye will be vapring  
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

(5)

I'am young and stout, my Marion,  
Nane dances like me on the green;  
And gin ye forsake me Marion,  
I'll e'en gae draw up wi Jean.

(6)

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion  
And kyrtle of the cramasie  
And soon as my chin has nae hair on  
I shall come west and see ye.



The BUSH aboon TRAQUAIR.

In the Duenna Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Leoni. 88  
 Cantata da }  
 O had my love ne'er smil'd on

Thoro' bass  
 Accompan'to  
 Largo P.  
 Hear me ye Nymphs and ev - - ry

me I ne'er had known such An - - guish, but think how false\* how cru - - el she to bid me  
 Swain, I'll tell how Peg - gy grieves me, tho' thus I lan - guish and com - plain A - las she

cease - to lan - - guish. To bid me hope her hand to gain, breathe on a flame half  
 ne'er be - lieves me. My vows and sighs like si - lent Air, un - heed - - ed ne - - ver

pe - - rish'd and then with cold and fix'd dis - - dain, to kill the hope she  
 move her, the bon - - ny Bush a - boon Tra - quair, was where I first did

che - - rish'd. 1<sup>st</sup> rish'd. 2<sup>d</sup>  
 Love her. her. F.  
 1<sup>st</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> F. 8.

(2) Verses from the Duenna

Not worse his fate who on a wreck  
 That drove as winds did blow it  
 Silent had left the shatter'd deck  
 To find a grave below it:  
 Then land was cried no more resign'd  
 He glow'd with joy to hear it  
 Not worse his fate his woe to find  
 The wreck must sink e'er near it.

(2)

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,  
 No maid seem'd ever kinder;  
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,  
 So sweetly there to find her.  
 I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,  
 In words that I thought tender:  
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,  
 I meant not to offend her.

(3)

Yet now she scornful flees the plain;  
 The fields we then frequented;  
 If e'er we meet she shews disdain,  
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.

The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,  
 Its sweets I'll ay remember;  
 But now her frowns makes it decay;  
 It fades as in December.

(4)

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my strains,  
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me.  
 Oh! make her partner in my pains;  
 Then let her smiles relieve me.  
 If not, my love will turn despair,  
 My passion no more tender;  
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,  
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

Thoro' bass  
Accompato  
Affettuoso

Had I a Heart\* for  
As down on Ban-nas

Falf-hood fram'd I ne'er could in-jure you For tho' your Tongue no Pro-mise claim'd your  
banks I stray'd, one Ev-ning in May, the lit-tle Birds in bly-theft Notes made

charms would make me true. To you no Soul shall bear de-ccit, No fran-ger of-fer  
vo-cal ev'-ry Spray, they sung their lit-tle tales of love they Sung them o'er and

wrong But Friends in all the Ag'd you'll meet and Lo-vers in the Young.  
o'er Ah! Gra-ma-chree ma Chol-leen-ouge - - - ma Mol-ly alh - - - tore. E'

(2) Verses from the Duenna.

But when they learn that you have blest  
Another with your Heart,  
They'll bid aspiring Pasion rest.  
And act a Brother's Part.  
Then Lady, dread not here deceit,  
Nor fear to suffer Wrong:  
For Friends in all the Ag'd you'll meet,  
And Brothers in the Young.

(2) -

The Daify py'd, and all the sweets, the Dawn of Nature yields,  
The Primrose pale, the Vilet blue, lay scatter'd o'er the Fields;  
Such fragrance in the bosom lies, of her whom I adore.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

(3)  
 I laid me down upon a bank bewailing my sad fate,  
 That doom'd me thus the slave of love and cruel Molly's hate;  
 How can she break the honest Heart that wear her in its core?  
 Ah! Gramachree. &c.

(4)  
 You said you lov'd me Molly dear Ah! why did I believe  
 Yet who could think such tender Words were meant but to deceive:  
 That love was all I ask'd on Earth, nay Heav'n could give no more.  
 Ah! Gramachree. &c.

(5)  
 Oh! had I all the Flocks that graze on yonder yellow hill,  
 Or low'd for me the num'rous Herds that yon green Pasture fill;  
 With her I love I'd gladly share my kine and fleecy store.  
 Ah! Gramachree. &c.

(6)  
 Two turtle doves above my Head, sat courting on a bough,  
 I envy'd them their happiness, to see them bill and coo;  
 Such fondness once for me she shew'd, but now alas 'tis o'er.  
 Ah! Gramachree. &c.

(7)  
 Then fare thee well, my Molly dear, thy loss I e'er shall mourn,  
 Whil' Life remains in Strephon's Heart, 'twill beat for thee alone;  
 Tho' thou art false, may Heav'n on thee its choicest blessings pour.  
 Ah! Gramachree. &c.



DONALD.

When first you cour-ted me I own I fon-dly fa-vor'd you; Ap-pa-rent worth and high re-

Thoro' bass  
 Accompani

noun made me be-live you true Do-nald. Each vir-tue then seem'd to a-dorn the Man ef-

-teem'd by me, but now the mask's thrown off I scorn to waste one thought on thee - Do-nald.

O then forever haste away  
 Away from love and me  
 Go seek a heart that's like your own  
 And come no more to me Donald.

For I'll reserve myself alone  
 For one that's more like me  
 If such a one I cannot find  
 I fly from love and thee Donald.

## SHE rose and let ME in

Thoro' bass  
Accompanio.  
P. ass.  
Larghetto P. ass.

The night her  
fr - lent fa - ble wore, and gloo - my were the skies, of glitt' ring stars ap -  
pear'd no more, then those in NEL - LYS' Eyes, When to her Fa - - ther's  
door I came, where I had of - - ten been I begg'd my Fair my  
love - - ly Dame, to rise and let me in.

(2)

But she, with accents all divine,  
Did my fond suit reprove;  
And while she chid my rash design,  
She but inflam'd my love.  
Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,  
While her bright eyes did roll:  
But virtue only had the pow'r  
To charm my very soul.

(3)

Then who wou'd cruelly deceive,  
Or from such beauty part!  
I lov'd her so, I could not leave  
The charmer of my heart.

My eager fondness I obey'd,  
Resolv'd she should be mine,  
Till HYMEN to my arms convey'd  
My treasure so divine.

(4)

Now happy in my NELLY's love,  
Transporting is my joy;  
No greater blessing can I prove;  
So blest'd a man am I.  
For beauty may a while retain  
The conquer'd flutt'ring heart,  
But virtue only is the chain  
Holds never to depart.

Scotch Air.

TWEED SIDE.

Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Du Bellamy.  
Cantata da in the Gentle Shepherd.

Thoro' bass  
Accompato

Affettuoso

S. My heart is quite sunk in  
S. What beauties does Flo-ra dis-

-pair, my heart it is go - ing to break, For life is na wor - thy care if  
close, How sweet are her smiles up - on Tweed, yet Ma - ry's still swee - ter than those, both

jen - ny her She - pherd for - - fake: Yet pa - tient I'd wait the lang year, nor e'er at my  
na - ture and fan - cy ex - - ceed; No Dai - ly nor sweet blu - shing Rose, nor all the gay

for - - tune re - pine, if hope my fond bo - som cou'd cheer, that jen - ny at  
Flow'rs of the Field, nor Tweed gli - ding gen - - tly thro' those, such beau - ty and

last shou'd be mine.  
plea - sure does yield.

(2)  
The warblers are heard in the grove,  
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,  
The blackbird and sweet cooing dove,  
With music enchant every bush.  
Come, let us go forth to the mead,  
Let's see how the primroses spring,  
We'll lodge on some village on Tweed,  
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

(3)  
How does my love pass the long day?  
Does Mary not 'tend a few sheep?  
Do they never carelessly stray,  
While happily she lies asleep?  
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;  
Kind nature indulging my blifs,  
To ease the soft pains of my breast,  
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

(4)  
'Tis she does the virgins excel,  
No beauty with her may compare;  
Love's graces around her do dwell,  
She's fairest, where thousands are fair.  
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?  
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed!  
Is it on the sweet winding Tay,  
Or pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

(Second.)

Voice  
Tenore  
Voce

Affettuoso

What beauties does Flo-ra dis-close, how sweet are her smiles up - on Tweed, yet Ma - ry's still swee - ter than those,  
na - ture and fan - cy ex - ceed. No dai - ly nor sweet blu - shing Rose, nor all the gay Flow'rs of the Field, nor Tweed gli - ding  
gen - tly thro' those, such beau - ty and plea - sure does Yield.

Scotch Air

The YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

Sung by M<sup>rs</sup> Cargill & Miss Wheelers  
Cantata da In the Gentle Shepherd.

Thoro' bass  
Accompato

Amoroso P.

In A pril when Prim ro les  
to the green hill, and I at ewe milk ing first go try'd my young Skill. To  
paint the sweet plain, and Sum mer ap proa ching re joi ceth the Swain. joi ceth the Swain. The  
hear the milk bo wie nae pain was to me, when I to the fold the herd ga ther'd with thee.  
Yel low hair'd Lad die wou'd of ten times go, to wilds and deep glens, where the How thorn Trees grow.

2<sup>d</sup> time

Haw thorn Trees grow.

Patie (2)  
When corn riggs wav'd yellow, and blew hether bells  
Bloom'd bonny on moreland and sweet rising fells,  
Nae birns, briers, or breckens gave trouble to me,  
If I found that the berries were ripen'd for thee.

(2)  
There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,  
With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn:  
He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,  
That silvans and fairies unseñ danc'd around.

(4)  
That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,  
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth;  
But Susie was faithful, good humour'd, and free,  
And fair as the Goddess who sprung from the sea.

(3)  
The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Mary be fair,  
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air,  
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,  
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

(5)  
That mama's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,  
Was aukwardly airy, and frequently sour;  
Then sighing he wished, would parents agree,  
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

(Second and Therd.)

Voice Soprano  
Vocce

Voice Bass  
Vocce

Amoroso

In A pril when Prim ro les paint the sweet plain, and Sum mer ap proa ching re joi ceth the Swain, joi ceth the  
April &c.

Swain. Yel low hair'd Lad die wou'd of ten times go, to wilds and deep glens, where the Haw thorn Trees grow. Hawthorn Trees grow.  
Yel low &c.

Scotch Air.

My APRON DEARIE.

Thoro' bass  
Accompato  
And.te

My  
Sheep I've for-sa-ken and left my Sheep hook, and all the gay haunts of my youth I've for-  
-look, no more for A-myn-ta fresh gar-lands I wove, for Am-bi-tion I said would soon  
cure me of Love. O what had my youth with Am-bi-tion to do, why left I A--  
-myn-ta? why broke I my Vow? O give me my Sheep, and my Sheep hook restore, and I'll  
wan-der from Love, and A-myn-ta no more.

(2)

Through regions remote, in vain do I rove,  
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love;  
O fool, to imagine that ought can subdue  
A love so well founded, a passion so true!  
O what had my youth with ambition to do?  
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?  
O give me my sheep, and my sheep hook restore,  
I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

(3)

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine!  
Poor shepherd! Amynta no more can be thine;  
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain;  
The moments neglected return not again.  
O what had my youth with ambition to do?  
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?  
O give me my sheep, and my sheep hook restore,  
I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Thru' bass  
Accom pany

Cantabile.

One day I heard Mar-ry say, how shall I leave thee, stay Dear-est A-do-nis stay;  
why wilt thou grieve me. grieve me. A-las my fond Heart will break.  
if thou shou'd leave me, I'll live and die for thy sake yet ne-ver leave thee.  
leave thee.

(2)

Say, lovely Adonis, say,  
Has Mary deceiv'd thee,  
Did e'er her young heart betray  
New love to grieve thee?  
My constant mind ne'er shall stray,  
Thou may believe me;  
I'll love thee, lad, night and day,  
And never leave thee.

(3)

Adonis, my charming youth,  
What can relieve thee?  
Can Mary thy anguish soothe?  
This breast shall receive thee:

My passion can ne'er decay,  
Never deceive thee:  
Delight shall drive pain away,  
Pleasure revive thee.

(4)

But leave thee, — leave thee, lad,  
How shall I leave thee?  
O! that thought makes me sad;  
I'll never leave thee.  
Wher would Adonis fly?  
Why does he grieve me?  
Alas! my poor heart will die,  
If I should leave thee.



Scotch Air.

BRAES fo BALLANDINE.

Thoro' Bass  
Accompato

Larghetto

Re-neath a green Shade a love-ly young Swain, one Ev-ning re-clin'd to dif-

-co-ver his pain. So sad yet so sweet-ly he war-bled his woe, the wind ceas'd to

breath and the foun-tains to flow, rude winds with com-pas-sion could hear him com-

-plain, yet Chloe less gen-tle was deaf to his Strain.

ONOCHE OH

Irish Air.

Oh was nae I a wea-rie wight oh oh O-no-chie oh They

Lento

brack my Bower and flew my Knight oh O-no-chie O-no-chie O-no-chie oh.

Scotch Air.

THOU ART GONE AWA.

Thoro' Bass  
Accomp<sup>to</sup>  
And.<sup>te</sup> Sof<sup>to</sup> P.

Thou art gone a\_wa thou art gone a\_wa thou art gone a\_wa from me Ma\_ry, nor friends nor I could

make thee stay thou hast chea\_ted them and me Ma\_ry. Un\_till this hour I ne\_ver thought that ought could

al\_ter thee Ma\_ry, thou'rt still the Mis\_tress of my heart, think what you will of me Ma\_ry. 8.

A Modern Sett of Thou art gone awa.

Thoro' Bass  
Accomp<sup>to</sup>  
And.<sup>te</sup> Sof<sup>to</sup> P.

Thou art gone a\_wa thou art gone a\_wa thou art gone a\_way from me Ma\_ry, nor friends nor I could

make thee stay thou hast chea\_ted them and me Ma\_ry. Un\_till this hour I ne\_ver thought, that ought could

al\_ter thee Ma\_ry, Thou'rt still the Mis\_tress of my heart think what you will of me Ma\_ry. 8.

(2)  
What e'er he said or might pretend,  
That stole that heart of thine Mary;  
True love I'm sure was ne'er his end,  
Or nay such Love as mine Mary.  
I spoke sincere nor flatter'd much,  
Had no unworthy thoughts Mary;  
Ambition, wealth, nor nathing such;  
No I lov'd only thee Mary.

(3)  
Tho you've been false yet while I live,  
No other maid I'll woo Mary;  
Till friends forget and I forgive  
Thy wrongs to them and me Mary.  
So then farewell. of this be sure,  
Since you've been false to me Mary;  
For all the world I'd not endure,  
Half what I've done for thee Mary.

Thoro' bass  
Accompano

Ann thou were my ain, thing, O I wou'd love thee I wou'd love thee, An thou

Amoroso

were my ain thing how dear-ly do I love thee. Then I wou'd clasp thee in my

Arms, then I'd se-cure thee from all harms for a - - bove mor - - - tal

thou haft charms, how dear-ly do I love thee.

(2).  
Of race divine thou needs must be,  
Since nothing earthly equals thee;  
For Heaven's sake then pity me,  
Who only lives to love thee  
An thou were, &c.

(3)  
The gods oae thing peculiar have,  
To ruin none whom they can save;  
O for their sake support a slave,  
Who ever on shall love thee.  
An thou were, &c.

What man can name I'll undertake;  
So dearly do I love thee.  
An thou were, &c.

(4)  
To merit I no claim can make,  
But that I love, and for your sake

(5)  
My passion, constant as the sun,  
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,  
Till Fate my thread of life have spun,  
Which breathing out I'll love thee.  
An thou were, &c.

Scotch Air

OSCARS GHOST.

Thoro' bass  
Accompano

O see that form that fain-ly glides 'tis Of-car come to cheer my dreams on wings of wind he

Largo

flies a-way oh stay my love-ly Of-car stay.

(2)  
Wake Ofsian laft of Fingals line  
And mix thy Tears and sighs with mine.  
Awake the Harp to dolefull Lays  
And foath my soul with Ofcars Praie  
The Shell is Ceas'd in Oofars Hall  
Since Gloomy Kerbar wrought the Fall  
The Roe on Merven Lightly bounds  
Nor hears the Cry of Ofcars Hounds.

Scotch Air. The LAST TIME I CAME O'ER the MOOR.

Thoro' bass  
Accomp to  
And<sup>te</sup>

The last time

I came o'er the Moor I left my Love be-hind me, ye Pow'rs what pain do

I en-dure when loft I-de-as mind me, Soon as the rud-dy Morn dif-play'd the

bea-ming day en-su-ing I met be-times my Love-ly Maid, in

fit re-treats for Woo-ing.

(2)  
Beneath the cooling shade we lay,  
Gazing and chaste sporting;  
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,  
Till night spread her black curtain.  
I pitied all beneath the skies,  
Ev'en kings when she was nigh me,  
In raptures I beheld her eyes,  
Which could but ill deny me.

(3)  
Should I be call'd where cannons rear,  
Where mortal steel may wound me,  
Or cast upon some foreign shore,  
Where dangers may surround me;  
Yet hope again to see my love,  
To feast on glowing kisses,  
Shall make my cares at distance move,  
In prospect of such blisses.

(4)  
In all my soul there's not one place  
To let a rival enter:  
Since she excels in every grace,  
In her my love shall center:  
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,  
Their waves the Alps shall cover,  
On Greenland Ice shall roses grow,  
Before I cease to love her

(5)  
The next time I go o'er the moor,  
She shall a lover find me;  
And that my faith is firm and pure,  
Tho' I left her behind me:  
Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain  
My heart to her fair bosom,  
There while my being does remain,  
My love more fresh shall blossom.

Thoro' bass  
Accompano

Ann thou were my ain, thing, O I wou'd love thee I wou'd love thee, An thou

Amoroso

were my ain thing how dear-ly do I love thee. Then I wou'd clasp thee in my

Arms, then I'd se-cure thee from all harms for a - - bove mor - - - tal

thou hast charms, how dear-ly do I love thee.

(2)  
Of race divine thou needs must be,  
Since nothing earthly equals thee;  
For Heaven's sake than pity me,  
Who only lives to love thee  
An thou were, &c.

(3)  
The gods oae thing peculiar have,  
To ruin none whom they can save;  
O for their sake support a slave,  
Who ever on shall love thee.  
An thou were, &c.

What man can name I'll undertake;  
So dearly do I love thee.  
An thou were, &c.

(4)  
To merit I no claim can make,  
But that I love, and for your sake

(5)  
My passion, constant as the sun,  
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,  
'Till Fate my thread of life have spun,  
Which breathing out I'll love thee.  
An thou were, &c.

Scotch Air

OSCAR'S GHOST:

Thoro' bass  
Accompano

O see that form that fain-ly glides 'tis Of-car come to cheer my dreams on wings of wind he

Largo

flies a-way oh stay my love-ly Of-car stay.

(2)  
Wake Ofsian laft of Fingals line  
And mix thy Tears and sighs with mine.  
Awake the Harp to dolefull Lays  
And footh my soul with Oscars Praie  
The Shell is Ceas'd in Oofars Hall  
Since Gloomy Kerbar wrought the Fall  
The Roe on Merven Li htly bounds  
Nor hears the Cry of Oscars Hounds.

Scotch Air. The LAST TIME I CAME O'ER the MOOR.

Thoro' bass  
Accomp to  
And.te

The last time

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Slower

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Lento

fit re-treats for Woo-ing.

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Gazing and chaste sporting;  
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Till night spread her black curtain.  
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Tho' I left her behind me:  
Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain  
My heart to her fair bosom,  
There while my being does remain,  
My love more fresh shall blossom.

Scotch Air.

THE MAID OF SELMA.

Composed by }  
Composta da } Mr. Oswald.

*Pais:*  
Thoro' bass  
Accompato

In the hall I lay in night mine eyes half clo sed with sleep - - soft Mu sic come to mine ear, soft

Larghetto

Mu sic came to mine ear. It was the Maid of Sel ma her breast were white as the bo som of a Swan

trem'bling on swift rol ling Waves. She rais'd the Night ly Song for she knew that my soul was a stre - - am that

flow'd - - - at plea sant found. mix'd with the Harp ar rose her voice mix'd with the Harp ar rose her

voice, She came on my trou bled soul like a beam to the dark heav ing Oce an, when it bursts from a

cloud and bright ens the foa my side of a Wave t'was like the me mory of Joys that are past

plea sant and mourn full to the Soul. plea sant and mourn full to the soul.

Thoro' bass  
Accompanio

And<sup>te</sup>

S. A Lass that was lead-en'd with  
care sat hea-vi-ly un-der yon Thorn, I list-en'd a while for to hear, when this she be-  
gan for to mourn When e'er my dear she-pherd was there, the birds did me-lo-dious-ly Sing, and  
cold nip-ping win-ter did wear a face that re-semb-led the Spring. Sae mer-ry as  
we twa ha'e been, sae mer-ry as we twa hae been, my heart it is like for to break, when I  
think on the days we hae seen.

(2)  
Our flocks feeding close by his side,  
He gently pressing my hand,  
I view'd the wide world in its pride,  
And laugh'd at the pomp of command!  
M. dear, he wou'd oft to me say,  
What makes you hard hearted to me;  
Oh why do you thus turn away,  
From him who is dying for thee.  
Sae merry, &c.

(3)  
But now he is far from sight,  
Perhaps a Deceiver may prove,  
Which makes me lament day and night,  
That ever I granted my love.  
At eve, when the rest of the folk  
Were merrily seated to spin,  
I set myself under an oak,  
And heavily sigh'd for him.  
Sae merry, &c.



Thoro' bass  
Accompato

My Dad-dy is gone to his Grave, my Mo-ther lies un-der a Stone, and ne-ver a pen-ny we  
have, A-las I am quite un-done. my Lod-ging is in the cold air, and hun-ger is  
sharp and bit-ter, a lit-tle Fire good Sir spare, to keep us warm at Night.

Larghetto

## A Irish Song.

## DERMOT.

Thoro' bass  
Accompato

Der-mot Loved She-lah well and strove her heart to gain, No tongue or pen can tell Der-mot's great  
pain; for he cry'd She-la she-lah she-la-gra for he cry'd she-lah joy will thou be mine.

And<sup>e</sup> Pat:

(2)

I have five sheep a gra, Ten Goats, and twenty Swine  
All these I'll give to thee, If you'll be mine;  
Still he cry'd Shelah &c. &c.

(3)

I have Pottatoes and good Bally Clabber too  
Ruskins and Cream where in you may Slabber you;  
Still he cry'd Shelah &c. &c.

## THE HEAVY HOURS.

Thoro' bass *P ass:*  
Accomp<sup>to</sup>  
Moderato Adagio

The hea- vy hours are al- most past . that part my Love and me, my

long- ing Eyes may hope at last their on- ly wish to see; But how my

De- lia , will you meet the Man you've lost so long will Love in all your pul- ses

beat and trem- ble on your Tongue will Love in all your pul- ses beat and trem- ble

on your tongue.

(2)  
Will you in ev'ry look declare,  
Your heart is still the same,  
And heal each anxious idle care,  
Our fears in absence frame,  
Thus Delia, thus I paint the scene,  
When we shall shortly meet,  
And try what yet remains between,  
Of loitring time to cheat.

(3)  
But if the Dream that sooths my mind,  
Shall false and groundless prove,  
If I am doom'd at length to find,  
You have forgot to love,  
All I of Venus ask is this,  
No more to let us join,  
But grant me here the flattering bliss,  
To die and think you mine.

Composed by  
Composto dal) D<sup>r</sup>. Arne.

# HEBE A PASTORAL

104

Thoro' bass  
Accompato  
And.te Softe.to 2 6

When forc'd from dear He-be to go, what an-guish I felt at my heart, And I thought but it might not be

so, She was for-ry to see me de-part; She cast such a lan-guish-ing view, my path I cou'd

scar-cely dif-cern so sweet-ly she bid me a-dieu, I thought that she bid me re-turn, I

thought that she bid me re-turn.

(2)  
Methinks she might like to retire,  
To the Grove I had labour'd to rear,  
For what ever I heard her admire,  
I hasted and planted it there,  
Her Voice such a pleasure conveys,  
So much I her accents adore,  
Let her speak and what ever she says,  
I'm sure still to love her the more.

(3)  
And now e'er I haste to the Plain,  
Come Shepherds and talk of her ways,  
I cou'd lay down my life for the Swain,  
That wou'd sing me a song in her praise,  
While he sings may the Maids of the Town,  
Come flocking and listen a while,  
Nor on him let Hebe once frown,  
But I cannot allow her to smile.

(4)  
To see when my Charmer goes by,  
Some Hermit peeps out of his Cell,  
How he thinks of his Youth with a sigh,  
How fondly he wishes her well,  
On him she may smile if she please,  
'Twill warm the cold Bosom of Age,  
But cease gentle Hebe O cease,  
Such softness will ruin the sage.

(5)  
I've stole from no Flow'rets that grow,  
To paint the dear charms I approve,  
For what can a blossom bestow,  
So sweet, so delightful as love,  
I sing in a rustical way,  
A Shepherd and one of the throng,  
Yet Hebe approve of my lay,  
But an e v i a g

O NANCY.

36

Thoro bass  
Accompato

Affettuoso

*f* O Nan-cy wilt thou go with me nor sigh to leave the

flant-ing Town, can si-lent glens have charms for thee the lo-nely Cot and rus-set gown; No

lon-ger dress'd in sil-ken sheen no lon-ger deck'd with Jew-els rare. say canst thou

quit each cour-tly scene where thou wert fair est of the fair.

(2)  
O Nancy when thou'rt far away,  
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind,  
Say canst thou face the Parching ray,  
Nor shrink before the wintry wind;  
O can that soft that gentle mien  
Extremes of hardship learn to bear  
Nor sad regret each courtly scene  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair.

(3)  
O Nancy canst thou love so true,  
Thro' perils keen with me to go;  
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue  
To share with him the pangs of woe;  
Say should disease or pain befall,  
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,  
Nor wistfull those gay scene's recall,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair.

Sigue Sabito

And when at last thy love shall die, wilt thou re-ceive his par-ting breath wilt thou re-press each

*P. sfz.*

THE FATAL SHAFTS.

strug-gling sigh, and cheer with smiles the hand of death, and wilt thou o'er his breath-less

clay strew flow'rs and drop the ten-der tear. Nor then re-gret those scenes so

gay, where thou wert fair-est of the fair.

THY FATAL SHAFTS.

Thoro' bass Accompan'to Thy fa-tal shafts un-er-ring prove I bow be-fore thine al-ter Love.

And<sup>te</sup> Softe<sup>to</sup>

I feel the soft re-sist-less flame, glide swift thro' all my vi-tal frame.

(2)

My faltering tongue attempts in vain  
In soothing numbers to complain,  
My tongue some silent magic ties  
My murmurs sink in broken sighs.

(3)

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care  
And ever drop the silent tear,  
Unheard I mourn unknown I sigh  
Unfriended Live unpity'd Die.

10<sup>m</sup> For two or Three Voices.  
per due o tre voci.

### How Sweet in the WOODLANDS.

Composed by } M<sup>r</sup> Harington.  
Composto da }

Voice } II  
Voce } II

Voice } I  
Voce } I

Thoro' bass

Accompaniment

Voice } III  
Voce } III

Moderato

With fleet Hounds and Horn To wa - - ken still

How Sweet in the Woodlands With fleet Hounds and Horn To wa - - ken still

To wa - - ken still

Ec - cho and taste the fresh morn. But hard is the chace my fond Heart must pur -

Ec - cho and taste the fresh morn. But hard is the chace my fond Heart must pur -

Ec - cho and taste the fresh morn. fond Heart must pur -

- sue, for Daph - ne fair Daph - ne is lost to my view, she's lost Fair

- sue, for Daph - ne fair Daph - ne is lost to my view, she's lost Fair

- sue is lost to my view, she's lost

Daph - ne is lost to my view.

Daph - ne is lost to my view.

is lost to my view.

(2)  
 Assist me chaste Dian  
 The Nymph to regain,  
 More wild than the Roe Buck  
 And wing'd with disdain;  
 In Pity o'er take, her  
 Who wounds as she flies  
 Tho' Daphne's purs'd  
 'Tis Mirtillo that dies.

Duetto { without any Accom<sup>t</sup>  
{ senza alcun Accom<sup>to</sup>

### The EGYPTIAN LOVE SONG.

Composed by } M<sup>r</sup> Harington.  
Composto da }

Voice } I  
Voce } I

Voice } II  
Voce } II

Amoroso

Sweet doth blush the Ro - sy morn - ing, sweet doth Beam the glist'ning Dew, Swee - ter

Sweet doth blush the Ro - sy morn - ing, sweet doth Beam the glist'ning Dew, Swee - ter

The EGYPTIAN Love SONG.

still the Day a - dorn - ing Thy dear smiles tran - sport my view. Midst the Blos - soms

still the Day a - dorn - ing Thy dear smiles tran - sport my view. Midst the Blos - soms

fra - grance flow - ing, why de - lights the ho - nied Bee Swee - ter breaths thy - self be -

fra - grance flow - ing, why de - lights the ho - nied Bee Swee - ter breaths thy - self be -

- stow - ing One kind kifs on me! on me! one kind kifs on me!

- stow - ing One kind kifs on me! on me! one kind kifs on me!

.....\*

A Catch

How great is the Pleasure.

Comp<sup>d</sup> by M<sup>r</sup> Harighton.

1 How great is the plea - sure how sweet the de - light, when soft love and Mu - sic to

2 How great is the plea - sure how sweet the de - light, when love soft love and

3 And<sup>te</sup> Sweet sweet how sweet the de - light, when Har - mo - ny sweet Har - mo - ny and

ge - ther u - nite.

Mu - sic u - nite.

love do u - nite.

1 All in to Ser - vice,

2 Let us sing mer - ri - ly to - ge -

3 All<sup>o</sup> ther, ding, dongding, dong Bell.

1 White sand and grey Sand.

2 Who'll buy my grey Sand.

3 All<sup>o</sup> Who'll buy my white Sand.

A Catch Fra Martino.

1 Fra Mar - ti - no Fra Mar - ti - no

2 Sa - le in fu fa - le in fu

3 So - na le cam - pa - ne fo - na le cam - pa - ne

4 Don don don don.

And<sup>te</sup>

A Catch Here Lyeth.

1 Here ly - eth Sir John Guise,

2 No one laughs and no one cries,

3 Where he's gone or how he fares,

Non one knows and no one cares.

And<sup>te</sup>

SWEET ENSLAVER.

Comp<sup>d</sup> by L. Atterbury.

1 Sweet En - sla - ver can you tell, how I learnt to love so well Sweet En - sla - ver  
 2 In the mor - - - ning in the mor - ning when I rise, in the mor - ning  
 3 And<sup>te</sup> All that plea - ses in the view is my hope to look on you and look and  
 can you tell how I learnt to love so well. 3 If you trust be - fore you try you  
 when I rise if the Sun shine strike my eyes. 1 2 may re - pent be - fore you die, you  
 look on you is my hope to look on you. And<sup>te</sup> may re - pent be - fore you die

A Catch<sup>1</sup> Comp<sup>d</sup> by Lampe

A Catch

HARK.

Composed by } D<sup>r</sup> Aldrich.  
Composta da }

1 Hark the mer - ry lit - tle Christ Church Bells one two three four five six they found so  
 2 Hark the first and se - - - cond Bell that ev - ry day at four and ten cries  
 3 All<sup>o</sup> Tin - kle tin - kle ting goes the lit - tle bell at Night to call the Drunk - ards home but the  
 woun - dy great so wond' - rous sweet and they troll so mer - ri - ly mer - ri - ly  
 come, come, come come come to Prayr's and the Vin - ger struts be - fore the Dean,  
 de'il a man will leave his can till he hears the migh - - - ty Tom.

A Catch

UNDER this STONE.

Composed by } H. Purcell.  
Comosta da }

1 Un - der this Stone lies Ga - - - briel John who dy'd in the  
 2 Co - ver his head with Turf or Stone 'tis all one 'tis all  
 3 Lento Pray for the Soul of gen - - - tle John if you please you may or  
 year One Thou - - sand and one. Per - che vez zo li ra i tan to ri - gor per - che.  
 one. with turf or Stone 'tis all one. Non tro - ve - re - te ma i chi vi a mi al par di me.  
 let it a - lone 'tis all one. And<sup>te</sup> Mu - mu - i chi vi a mi al par di me B



Glee.

BEVIAMO.

Composta dal) Composed by) Sig.<sup>r</sup> Giardini.

Voce I  
Voce II  
Voce III  
All.<sup>o</sup>

Be - via - mo tut - ti, tre úno a la vol - ta bra - - - - -  
 Be - via - mo tut - ti tre vó - glio be - ne ví - vá ví - vá bra - vo  
 Be - via - mo tut - ti tre Sig - nior si. ví - vá ví - vá bra - vo

vó o - bli - ga - to fig - no - ri mié - i ví - vá ví - vá bra - vo bra - vo ví - vá ví - vá bra - vo  
 bra - vo bra - - - - - vó o - bli - ga - to fi - gno - ri mié - i ví - vá ví - vá bra - vo  
 bra - vo ví - vá ví - vá bra - vo bra - vo bra -

bra - vo oh che gus - to oh che gus - to star' al - le - - - - gri star' al - le - - - -  
 bra - vo oh che gus - to oh che gus - to star' al - le - - - - gri star' al - le - - - -  
 vó oh che gus - to oh che gus - to star' al - le - - - - gri star' al - le - - - - gri star al -

- - gri e be - vér del bon vín, e be - vér del bon vín, e be - vér del bon vín.  
 - - gri e be - vér del bon vín, e be - vér del bon vín, e be - vér del bon vín.  
 - - gri e be - vér del bon vín, e be - vér del bon vín, e be - vér del bon vín.

Drink to me only.

Glee.<sup>s</sup> Vo. 1 Vo. 2 Vo. 3 And.<sup>ta</sup>

Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine. Or leave a kifs with  
 Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine. Or leave a kifs with  
 Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine.

Catch Comincio Solo.

in the cup, and I'll not ask for wine. S. Co - min - ciò so - lo can - ta - re do re' re do.  
 in the cup, and I'll not ask for wine. S. E voi com - pa - gni se - guite la fa fa la.  
 and I'll not ask for wine. S. Pos - ciá can - ta te re do fa mire mi fa.

2 End of the 3<sup>d</sup> Vol.  
 3 Fine del tomo terzo.  
 James Johnson Sculp.<sup>t</sup>  
 Edin.<sup>t</sup>

# INDEX OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

## TAVOLA DEL TERZO TOMO.

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