

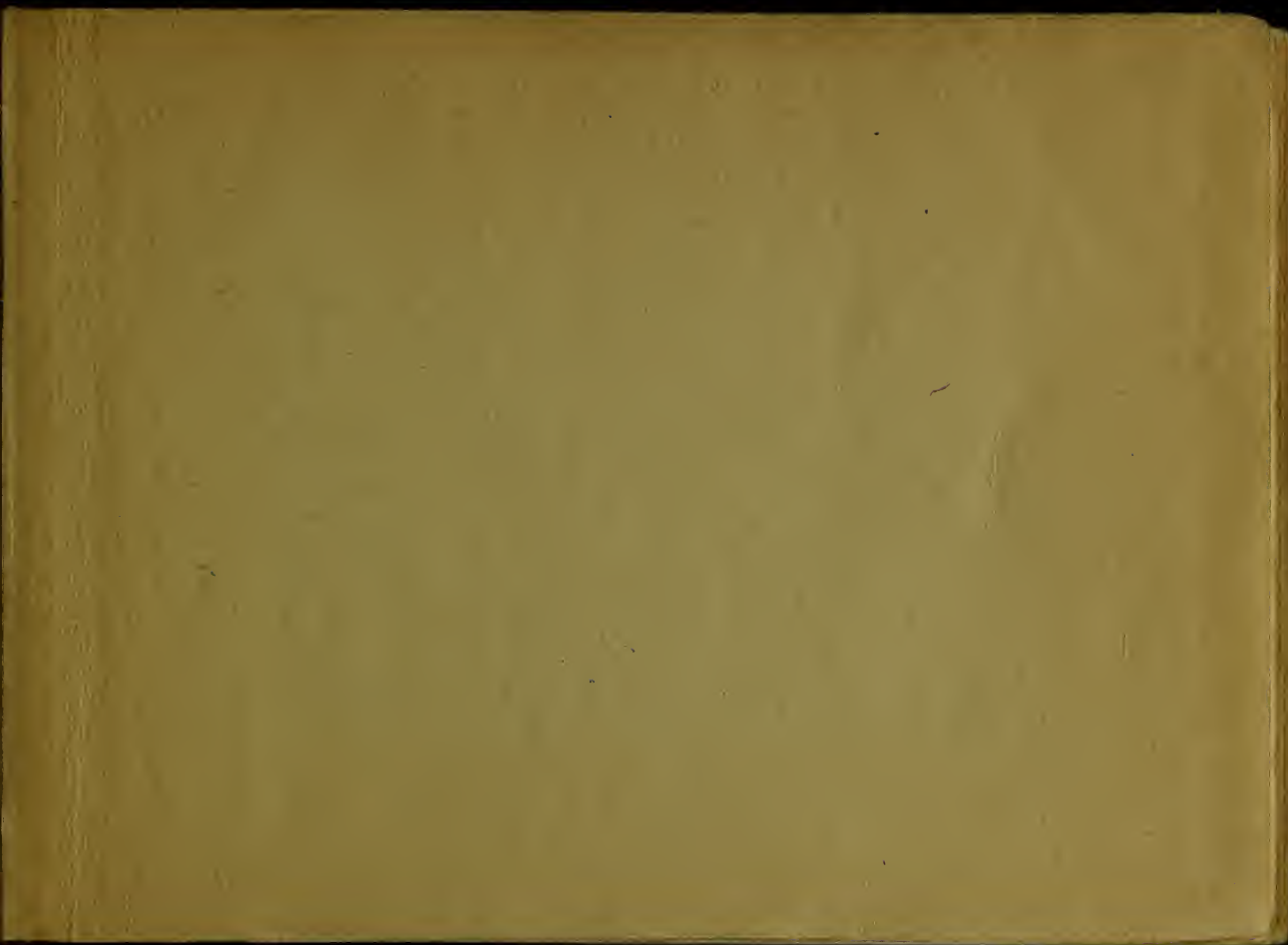


No 8059a8



GIVEN BY

W. G. Preston







THE  
CONVIVIAL COMPANION  
OR  
Vocal Harmonisticon  
Being

A Selection of the most popular & approved  
Amatory, Sentimental, Patriotic & Comic Songs &c.  
adapted for the Voice, Violin & Flute.  
and arranged for the Piano Forte.

\*8059a.8

BY  
**E. WOODWARD,**

9721 9/4

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Elliot & Fry

W. G. Preston

Dec. 6. 1843.

GEORGE THE FOURTH

Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Williams.

Shield. 1

N<sup>o</sup> 1.

*Con Spirito.*

*risoluto*

Ye good fellows all care's an arrant old

ass Avaunt his dull methodist face Let us drown him as fast as we can in the glass And let

*fz*

2

mirth take the puritans, place Yes Momus with pleasure thy phiz we admit Whose

motto is friendship and fun Now let him who can't blaze like a beacon with

wit Raise the laugh by a joke or a pun: Then push round the bottle he's

wise who enjoys To be sad is the blockheads endeavour And now for a toast to de-



light ye my boys George the fourth and old England for e-ver George the

Choꝛ \*Huzza  
fourth and old England for e-ver George the fourth and old England fore-ver And

\*Huzza  
now for a toast to delight ye my boys George the fourth and old England forever.

*f*

\* In convivial Societies the whole Company Huzza at these Marks \*

## 2

Let the demon of discord unceasingly toil,  
 With hatred and malice conspire;  
 The King on their efforts looks down with a smile,  
 The world must his firmness admire:  
 Like Anacreon of old he the myrtles soft pow'r,  
 With the vine's purple branches still blends;  
 No dull stupid maxims that bosom can sour,  
 That delights in its country and friends.  
 Then push round &c.

## 3

Let Europe rejoice in this thrice happy hour,  
 When our Warriors return'd from their toil;  
 At which envy and tyranny only can lour,  
 Whilst Commerce and Liberty smile:  
 Now let each British bosom with rapturous glow,  
 And effusions of joy rend the skies;  
 For the peace we now hail is a blessing we owe,  
 To the King and his noble allies.  
 Then push round &c.

BUNHILL ROW COURTSHIP.

Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Sloman.

5

N<sup>o</sup> 2.

Flute

Scotch Air.

*Allegretto.*

*ffz*

In Bunhill Row there liv'd a Dame, Too ral loo, too ral loo, Ugly squinting

crooked lame Too ral loo, too ral loo, Lovers she had none good lack Too ral loo,

6  
too ral loo, Her only bow was at her back Too ral loo, too ral loo.

2  
She had money, I had none,  
So to court her I begun;  
But a cruel Butcher, he,  
Cut in there and cut out me.

3  
Speeches fine he used to make,  
Swore his peace it was at stake;  
He vow'd he lov'd his charming chuck,  
With all his heart and all his pluck.

4  
Calling on her one wet night,  
By a shower soak'd through quite:  
There I found the faithless she,  
Frying sausages for he.

5  
One last adieu before we part,  
You have broke a faithful heart;  
But the words I scarce had said,  
When with the pan she broke my head.

#### Moral

Lovers who for maids are sighing,  
Never court them while they're frying;  
Lest like me you feel the weight,  
Of the pan upon your pate.



"SEE ROSA THIS FLOWER"\*

7

N<sup>o</sup> 3. Words by J. Bambridge.

G. Perry.

Andante *p* *cres* *f*

See Ro-sa this flower Is become is become in an hour All drooping & pale And will

quickly will quickly de-cay So Rosa believe me Wert thou wert thou to de-

\*This Song is Property.

8

-ceive me Like this flow'r I should fall and should wither a-way should

fall and should wither should wither a-way should fall should wither should

wi-ther a-way.

But see those twin roses  
Whom nature disposes  
To flourish in beauty on one parent stem  
So Rosa believe me  
Should'st thou ne'er deceive me  
Our souls will be join'd and be nurtur'd like them.\*

A PEEP AT THE CORONATION..

No 4.

Sung by Mr Sloman.

Lively

At home in our village when we'd done our daily labour the barber every

\*By the transposition of Henry for Rosa in the above Song it will be equally suitable for females.



night would read the news to each good neighbour I heard it all and did not stay for

fathers approbation But started up to Lunnun for to see the Coronation Ia

turalla &c. rido. Sym:

Well there I got and just at first, I felt myself quite fluster'd  
 To see, all round Westminster, such lots of people muster'd;  
 But howsomdever in the crowd, I got myself a station,  
 And there I waited anxiously, to see the Coronation.

3

Somehow a soldier's prancing horse, he took fright at a dandy  
 And caper'd in among the crowd, so frolicsome and randy;  
 And I was carried off my legs, shov'd on the elevation,  
 So I a seat for nothing got, to see the Coronation.

4

I sat myself down very still, no-body came to rout me,  
 I sily cast my eyes upon, the ladies round about me;  
 The Sun shone down so hot that they, were all in perspiration,  
 It melted all their red and white, at famous Coronation.

5

Just at that moment I declare, procession warbegining,  
 I seed Dukes, bishops, trumpeters, and lanky lords a grining;  
 I simply ax'd which was the king? a man wi' irritation,  
 Says you're a very pretty fool, to come to Coronation.

6

At last the king himself did come, drest up so fine oh! dear me,  
 I ne'er in all my life before had had a king so near me;  
 So graciously he made a bow, to me and congregation,  
 So I wur taken notice of, at famous Coronation.

7

When this were done, I though thinks I, I've seed all that I can see,  
 So out I got and then I found, I'd paid dear for my fancy;  
 I'd lost a sovereign and my purse, and on examination,  
 My watch which ne'er did go before, did go at Coronation.

Now tho' I've lost my money by, some thief my pockets fumbling,  
 You maunt suppose that ever I, do gi' my mind to grumbling;  
 I lik'd the sight so well that w'out the leastest hesitation,  
 I'd lose another sovereign to see another Coronation.

WE'RE A' NODDIN.  
 Sung by Miss Stephens, and Miss Gaskill. Old Scotch Air.

N<sup>o</sup>. 5. Flute

Moderato Violin *tutti*

And we're a' noddin' n' d, n' d, noddin' and we're a' noddin' at our house at hame

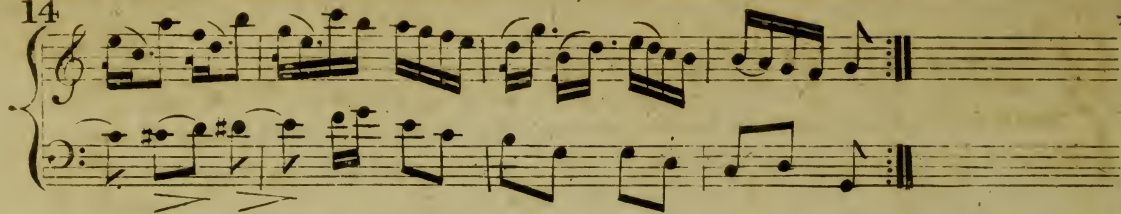
Detailed description: The musical score is arranged in three systems. The first system contains the instrumental parts: a Flute part (N<sup>o</sup>. 5) in the upper staff and a Violin part (Moderato) in the lower staff. The second system contains the vocal melody in the upper staff, with the lyrics 'And we're a' noddin' n' d, n' d, noddin' and we're a' noddin' at our house at hame' written below it. The third system contains the bass line in the lower staff. The music is in 4/4 time and G major. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamic is 'tutti'.

When the dame's a-wa' 'tis the time to woo and the lads likè lasses and the lasses lads

too Kate sits P' the neuk, w' her Laddie sae true and the Carl take ye a' for you're a' noddin

too and we're a' noddin nid nid noddin and we're a' noddin at our house at hame .





2

And we're a' noddin, nid nid noddin,  
 And we're a noddin at our house at hame,  
 And how d'ye Kimmer and how d'ye thrive,  
 And how many bairns ha' ye Kimmer I have five;  
 And are they a' at hame? Oh na, na, na,  
 Twa o' them are gone wi' Willie far awa,  
 And we're a' noddin nid nid noddin,  
 And we're a noddin at our house at hame.

**THREE CHEERS TO THE MAN WHO FIRST PLANTED THE VINE.**

Sung by Mr C. Taylor.

J. Brooks

N<sup>o</sup> 96.

Bold but not too fast.



While others delight of those heroes to boast Whose blood dripping laurels were  
purchas'd by steel Be it ours my gay comrades that hero to toast Who gave us the  
transports this moment we feel To him let our voices in unison rise To him let our  
hearts in one sentiment join Let us drink till his blessing has seald up our

16 *ad lib:* Chorus.

eyes To the man the dear man who first planted the Vine; Let us drink till his  
 blessing has seal'd up our eyes To the man the dear man who first planted the Vine.

When Bacchus first drank<sup>2</sup> of the care killing bowl,  
 Fair Venus with smiles bade him carefully sip,  
 When delirium unspeakable thrilling his soul  
 He press'd her soft bosom, and fed on her lip;  
 Mars fresh courage gain'd as the nectar he try'd,  
 Apollo half drunk sang his Lyrics divine,  
 While the Graces, and Muses in extacy cry'd,  
 All hail! to the God, who has found out the Vine.

What mortal from heav'n<sup>3</sup> the grape-stone convey'd,  
 No tongue that is mortal is destin'd to tell,  
 Enough for us drinkers the essay was made,  
 And happy are we it succeeded so well;  
 For with it, its primitive qualities came,  
 And mortality learn'd with new lustre to shine,  
 Youth melted in love, Warriors panted for fame,  
 And Bards hymn'd the man who first planted the Vine.

4

Round this jovial board, while thus happy we sit,  
 What heart but expands with the love of mankind,  
 How readily flows the effusion of wit,  
 What motives to energy rush on the mind;  
 Then why should we ever from drinking refrain,  
 Let dotards and fools at our revels repine,  
 But deeper still deeper, our Goblets well drain,  
 Three cheers to the Man who first planted the Vine.

BRITANNIA to HIBERNIA.

N<sup>o</sup>. 7.

*8<sup>va</sup> - - loco*

Air, Kitty of Coleraine.

*Andantino.*

O! Erin my sister oh!

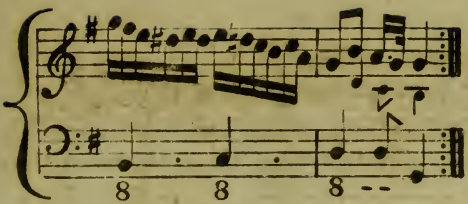
whyso unkind Ah! why from thy garland my roses unbind Indignant to scatter its



leaves on the plain To cherish the thorn but to wound and give pain Those leaves which you

now can so wantonly tear Are emblems of virtue ah! cease then for bear

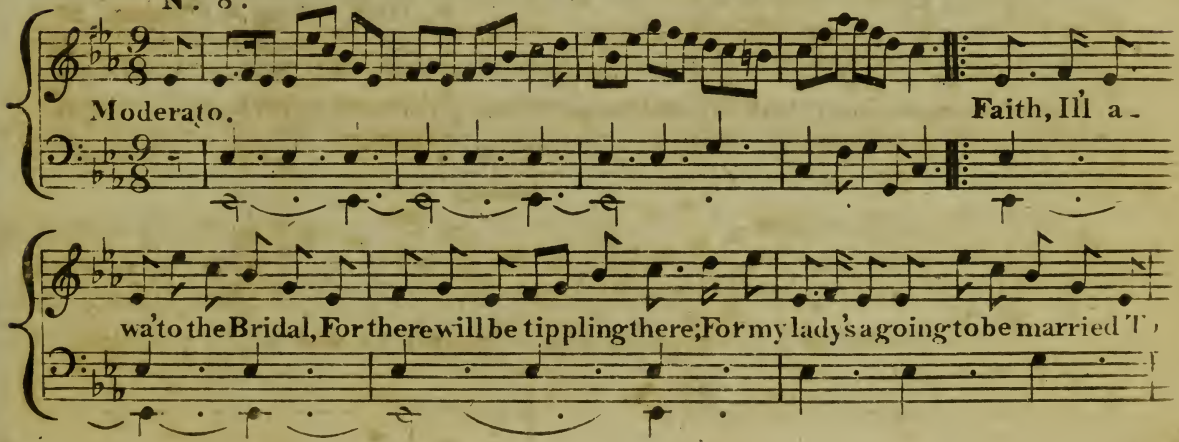
Erin my sister ah! why so unkind Ah! why from thy garland my roses unbind.



For know while you snatch' from a sister her fame  
 You share in her faults and partake of her shame  
 Tho' true there are thorns on the stem of the rose  
 Why injure its leaves and retain only those  
 No, rather Hibernia, my roses protect  
 And the thorns on it's stem you may blunt or reject  
 Then Erin my sister oh why so unkind  
 Ah! why from thy garland my roses unbind.

FAITH I'LL AWA' TO THE BRIDAL.

N<sup>o</sup> 8. As sung by M<sup>r</sup>. Harley and M<sup>r</sup>. Bennett, in the Vampire.

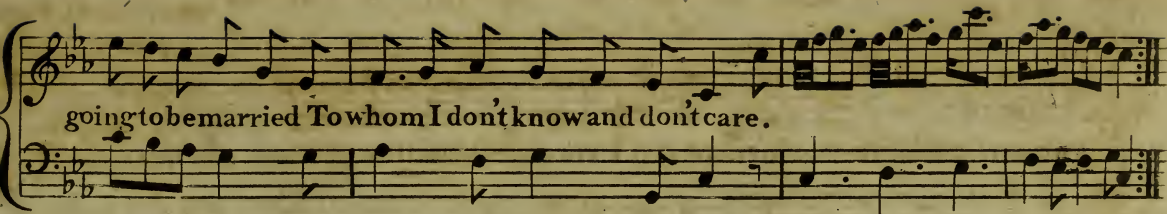


whom I don't know & don't care But I know we shall all be as frisky and tipsy as

pipers good lack And so that there's plenty of whisky She may marry the devil for

Mac, So faith I'll awa' to the bridal, For there will be tippling there, For my lady's a





2

I once left the bottle for Cupid,  
 And bade an adieu to my glass;  
 I simper'd and sigh'd and look'd stupid,  
 And courted a cherry cheek'd lass;  
 She turn'd out a jilt: 'twere a lie should I  
 Say, that it gave me no pain;  
 For sorrowing made me so dry, that I  
 Took to my bottle again.  
 So faith I'll awa' to the bridal, &c.

3

They say there's five reasons for drinking,  
 But more I am sure may be got;  
 For I never could find out by thinking,  
 A reason why people should not.  
 A sixth I'll not scruple at giving,  
 I'll name it, while 'tis in my head;  
 'Tis, if you don't drink while you're living,  
 You never will after you're dead.  
 So faith I'll awa' to the bridal, &c.

## TO THE RACE COURSE AWAY.

N<sup>o</sup> 9.Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Vale, in "Life in London." Music by G. Perry

To the race-course away See the crowd all so

gay Men Horses Carts Coaches and gigs Women, children all jumbled some toss'd & some tumbled Hats,

bonnets, caps whim whams and wigs Hats, bonnets, caps whim whams and wigs The horses all shewn & the

jockies all mounted The gains of the black-legs al-ready half counted All in-patient to see the bloods

The Air of this Song is Property.

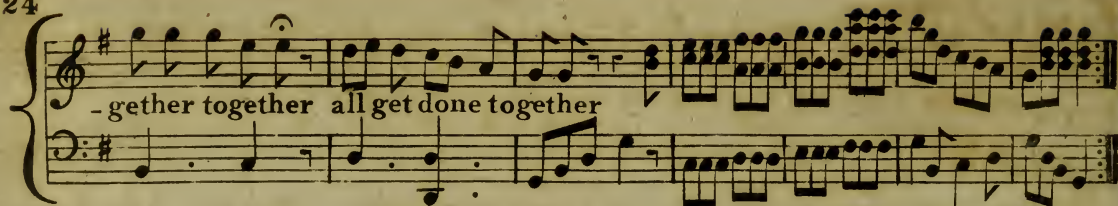


off like sky-rockets Some picking up knowledge But more picking pockets but more picking pockets

(Spoken in different voices) 'Why they wont start to day'— 'Then call again tomorrow—  
 "A list of the famous running horses"— 'Who's to take sich a copper as that are?— I'll  
 lay the long odds upon short cut'— 'I've lost my Watch?'— 'I suppose old one it was  
 warranted to go'— 'He bought it on tick then'— 'I'll lay upon catchpole'— 'Done'—  
 'Vy then you are done, my jolly master, for heres a writ'— 'Smoke the Bailiff'—  
 'Knock him in the ditch and hedge off'— "Hot! hot! hot! all hot!"— They've started

Then off they go, whoop! whip & spur, And whether weight or feather. Tis done &

done and double done Till all get done to-gether together Til all get done to-



## 2

To the Cockpit away,  
 There's a famous days play,  
 Quizzes, quidnuncs, and knowing ones there,  
 Bloods, blacklegs, and breeders,  
 Stags, sharks, flats and feeders,

All crowding like folks at a fair,  
 The bags are produced, the birds pitted together,  
 Pluck'd, cropp'd, and steelmounted, without a white feather;  
 True british game breed, each his face seems to measure  
 Then fight till they die to afford Britons pleasure

(Spoken) "Two to one on the piley! Three to one on the black cock! 'Yes he's more game! Pileys done him for fifty! ' Bless you he isn't half done yet, he'll take another turn! Vell I never vas at a cockfight afore, its too much for my feelings — "Who the devil brings feelings to a cockpit! "Black cock's knocked him up! — "Yes and I'll knock you down if you push so! — "Hurrah! black cocks spitted him! — "Now for the next match!" —

And off they go, hey! wing and spur,  
 Disdaining the white feather,  
 With done, and done, and double done,  
 Till all get done together!

To the Ring boys away  
 There's a milling to day,  
 Jimmy Thump vows the Paviour to do;  
 Jim's fists like his hammer,  
 The Paviour's his rammer,

And their bottom will carry 'em thro'  
 They've enter'd the ropes, expectation grows higher,  
 Jim strips a Colossus, and Pat a Goliah;  
 And now they've set to, what a glorious recreation,  
 How worthy the humanity, and courage of the nation!

(Spoken) 'Now Jim!'—'Now Pat!'—'Lather away, my Jewel, tip him a langolee for the honor of old Ireland!'—'Oh! pat's a broth of a boy'—'But he'll get his gruel for all that'—'Vell, I never seed sitch a fellow for punishing'—'Yes, and—'I'll punish you if your dray doesn't make way for my tandem'—'Like life you will'—'Ya hip'—'Ha! ha! hah! vy, you'll drive on I spose, and take off the veel of the dray, with your spider-vork spinners.'—'Look at the Dandy in the bandbox'—'Jim's down'—'Pat tipped him the Irish fling'—'Six to four on Pat'—'I'll take you my Lord, if so be as how you vont mind a crowns-worth of coppers'—'A foul blow'—'I say 'twant'—'You! who are you?'—'Vy, Natty Dick the noted Nacker, and if my tandem prads ant, as prime as your Lordships, they're paid for'—'vot d'ye think of that'—'What blood Jim shows'—'Ah! but look at Pats bone'—'Here comes the beak'—'There's a go!'

And off they go, whoop, whip and spur,  
 Some money lose, some leather;  
 It's done, and done, and double done,  
 Till all are done together!



## CEASE YOUR FUNNING .

N<sup>o</sup> 10 .

As sung by Madame Catalani .

*Cantabile.* Cease your funning Force or cunning Never shall my heart tra-

pan All these sallies Are but malice To seduce my constant man *ad lib:* Cease your funning

Force or cunning Ne- -ver shall my heart tra- -pan All these sal- -lies

NB: The second and fourth strains may be omitted .

Are but ma - - lice To se - - ducemy constant man 'Tis most certain

By their flirting Women oft have en - vy shewn Pleas'd to ruin

O - thers wooing Never happy in their own 'Tis most - - certain By - - -

their - - - flirting Women oft have envy shewn - - -

Pleas'd to... ruin Others... wooing Never... happy in... their own

THE RED, RED ROSE . . .

No II. "Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Sinclair and M<sup>r</sup> Benson in Rob Roy.

Andante. Cres. Dim. Cres.

Oh my love is like the red, red rose, That's newly sprung in June O my



Love is like the me...lo...dy, That's sweetly play'd in tune, As

fair art thou my bonnie lass, So deep in love am I And

I will love thee still my dear, Tho' a' the seas gang dry, O----- my

Love is like the red red rose, Thats newly sprung in June, O my

Love is like the me - lody, Thats *ad lib:* sweetly play'd in tune

2

Till a' the seas gang dry my dear;  
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
 And I will love thee still my dear  
 While the sands o' life shall run:  
 But fare thee weel my only love,  
 And fare thee weel awhile,  
 And I will come again my love,  
 Tho' twere ten thousand mile.



GIVE ME THE SWEET DELIGHTS OF LOVE. 31

Nº 12.

A Catch for 3 Voices.

Harrington.

1 Give me the sweet de...lights of love Let not anxious care des...troy them

2 Pure are the blessings love bes...towing Peace and harmo-ny e...ver flow...ing

3 A smo-ky house A fail-ing trade

1 Oh, how divine Oh, how divine still to enjoy them Oh, how divine still still to enjoy them

2 Peace and harmony Peace and harmony Peace and harmony e- ver e- ver flowing

3 Six squalling brats & a scolding jade Six squalling brats & a scold- ing jade.

## THE BEAUTIFUL BOY.

N<sup>o</sup> 13.Sung by M<sup>r</sup>. Sloman.

Air Bally poreene.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. It begins with a melody starting on a quarter note, followed by eighth notes and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a bass line with quarter notes and eighth notes. The dynamic marking *mf* is placed below the first few notes of the upper staff, and *Cres.* is placed below the last few notes of the upper staff.

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system, ending with a double bar line. The lower staff continues the bass line. The dynamic marking *ff* is placed below the first few notes of the upper staff. The lyrics "It was now in winter about" are written below the upper staff, aligned with the notes.

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the second system, ending with a double bar line. The lower staff continues the bass line. The lyrics "six in the morn When I lit..tle in..nocent creature was born There was" are written below the upper staff, aligned with the notes.

doctor, and nurse, and a great many more, But none of them saw such a baby be-

- fore, They all swore I was like my papa; Yes, and see there's the nose of mam- ma; With a

few alterations, Oh, la, We'll make him a beautiful boy.

2

To make him a beauty, cried out M<sup>r</sup>s Smeer,  
 Well be troubled without the child has a sweet leer;  
 Then to give me this leer M<sup>r</sup>s Glazier arose,  
 And a piece of red putty stuck bang on my nose;  
     This made me to wink and to blink so,  
     The ladies know'd not what to think, oh,  
     At last it turn'd into a squint so,  
 All to make me a beautiful boy.

3

To make me accomplish'd I wanted one thing,  
 My mouth was to small for the dear child to sing;  
 Then to lug it, and tug it, they all of them tried,  
 'Till they stretch'd my sweet mouth near half a yard wide  
     Crying pull away now M<sup>r</sup>s Ryder,  
     It must be a little bit wider;  
     My dear mouth they split pretty nigh Sir,  
 All to make me a beautiful boy.

4

Now being complete I was next sent to school,  
 And to shew off my make was stuck on a high stool;  
 When the children went home they cried out with surprize,  
 "We've a new boy at school with such beautiful eyes?"  
     He can look any way so handy,  
     Such a mouth he has got to suck candy,  
     And his legs are so preciously bandy,  
 And they call him a beautiful boy.



5

Tother day I was ask'd in the City to dine,  
 The Ladies in raptures all thought me divine;  
 And all when observing my elegant grace,  
 Neglected their dinners to gaze on my face;  
     They cried I shall faint with surprize,  
     No gas lights can equal his eyes,  
     And such a sweet mouth for mince pies,  
 Oh dear what a beautiful boy.

6

Now ladies beware of love's powerful darts,  
 For fearful I am I shall steal all your hearts;  
 And then my dear sweet little creatures you'll sigh,  
 And doat on my charms so you'll languish and die;  
     For you know I can't marry you all,  
     Yet believe me whenever you call,  
     My endeavours will be to please all,  
 Altho such a beautiful boy.

LOVE PLEASING STRANGER.

N<sup>o</sup> 14.

*Sempre Piano.*

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a style typical of 18th-century manuscript notation, featuring various note values, rests, and articulation marks. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Love pleasing stranger with a smile Intrudes Intrudes in  
 to the breast plays round the heart with many a wile  
 . And lulls its cares and lulls its cares its cares to rest its cares its cares to  
 rest . . . its cares its cares to rest. *f*

By soothing art hush'd ev'ry care, While beams joys bright - - -

- - est . . . . . day He spreads his soft his silk - en snare And

takes his flutt' - ring flutt' - ring prey . . . . .



Air, Young May Moon.

N<sup>o</sup> 15.

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a 6/8 time signature, and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, including a trill. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a 6/8 time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. The system concludes with a repeat sign and a double bar line.

Thy charms are

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff contains the vocal line with lyrics underneath. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics for this system are: "all decaying Love The smile that once was playing Love So pure and bright it". The system ends with a double bar line.

seem'd but light, From day's clear fountain straying Love!

That.

The third system of music concludes the piece. The treble staff features a more complex melodic passage with sixteenth notes and a trill, marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment. The lyrics for this system are: "seem'd but light, From day's clear fountain straying Love! That.". The system ends with a double bar line.



smile away is stealing Love Thy lip no more revealing Love The sweets of soul That Cupid  
stole To fill his cup of feeling Love .

2

That lip will shed its sweetness Love,  
Thy form will lose its fleetness Love;  
    Array'd no more,  
    As when it wore,  
The snowy veil of neatness Love;  
Oh Time is stealing by us Love,  
And Age is drawing nigh us Love;  
    So let me sip,  
    Thy dewy lip,  
Before the young hours fly us Love.

3

The Rose of Youth is blowing Love,  
The tide of Health is flowing Love;  
    Then let me be,  
    Entwined with thee,  
As elms and vines are growing Love;  
A chain of flowers has twin'd us Love,  
And blest the hours shall find us Love;  
    Then heart from heart,  
    No more shall part,  
'Till Age and Death unbind us Love.

THE BOATIE ROWS  
A Glee for 3 Voices.

Nº 16. Andante.

Harmonized by E. Woodward.

2<sup>d</sup> Soprano

Weel may the Boatie row and better may it speed Weel

1<sup>st</sup> Soprano

(Piano) Weel may the Boatie row and better may it speed Weel  
(Forte.)

Basso

Weel may the Boatie row and better may it speed Weel

may the Boatie row that gains the bairns bread The

may the Boatie row that gains the bairns bread The

may the Boatie row that gains the bairns bread The

Boa-tie rows the Boa-tie rows the Boatie rows fu' weel

Boa-tie rows the Boa-tie rows the Boatie rows fu' weel

Boa-tie rows the Boa-tie rows the Boatie rows fu' weel

The mer-lin and the creel.

Meikle luck attend the Boat The mer-lin and the creel.

Meikle luck attend the Boat The mer-lin and the creel.



2<sup>d</sup> VERSE.

I cast my line in Largo bay And fishes I caught nine

I cast my line in Largo bay And fishes I caught nine And

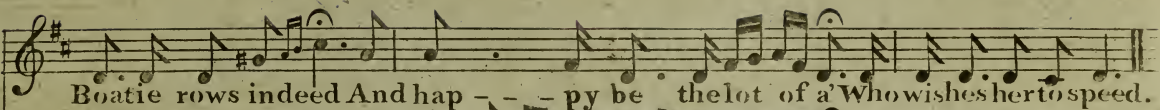
I cast my line in Largo bay And fishes I caught nine 'Twere three to boil

And three to bait the line The Boatie rows the Boa-tie rows the

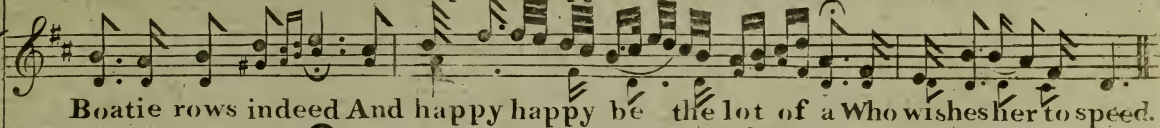
three to fry The Boatie rows the Boa-tie rows the

The Boatie rows the Boa-tie rows the

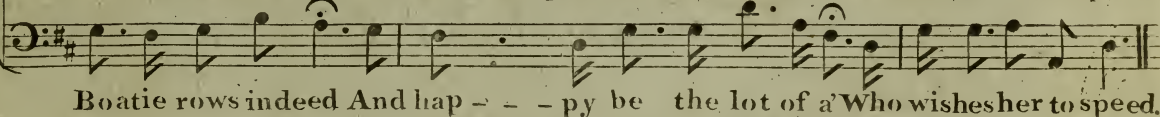




Boatie rows indeed And hap - - py be the lot of a' Who wishes her to speed.



Boatie rows indeed And happy happy be the lot of a' Who wishes her to speed.



Boatie rows indeed And hap - - py be the lot of a' Who wishes her to speed.

## 3

When Sawny, Jock, and Jenny tie, are up and gotten lear,  
They'll help to gar the boatie row, and lighten all our care;  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows, the boatie rows fu' weel,  
And lightsome be her heart, that bears the merlin and the creel.

## 4

And when wi' age we're worn down, and hirpling at the door,  
They'll row to keep us dry and warm, as we did them before;  
The hoatie rows, the boatie rows, the boatie rows indeed,  
And happy be the lot of a' who wish the boat to speed.

## THE LITTLE DANDY O.

Sung by M<sup>r</sup>. Sloman.N<sup>o</sup>. 17. Moderato.

Air. Darby O.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). It features a melodic line with many slurs and ornaments. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a rhythmic accompaniment. Dynamics markings include *p* (piano) at the beginning, *mf* (mezzo-forte) in the middle, and *cres* (crescendo) towards the end.

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system. The lower staff provides accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present. The lyrics "O when I was a boy, and a pretty little boy, With my" are written below the lower staff.

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody. The lower staff provides accompaniment. The lyrics "little curly head of hair so sandy O, All the damsels us'd to cry, What a" are written below the lower staff.

funny rogue was I, And they christen'd me the pretty little dandy O.

But when I older grew,<sup>2</sup> and something better knew,<sup>3</sup> O then, to end the strife, Lord! I got a little wife,  
 Than sucking lollipops and sugar-candy O,  
 Lord! I pleas'd them night and day,  
 And the damsels us'd to say —  
 Oh! the pretty little fellow is the dandy O. And they christen'd him the pretty little dandy.

<sup>4</sup>  
 Now spousy day and night, oh! she calls me her delight,  
 Her sugar sweet and pretty Tristram Shandy O,  
 And then so sweet am I,  
 When I go to lullaby,  
 That she swears I am the pretty little dandy O.

## MARY, THINK ON ME.

No 18.

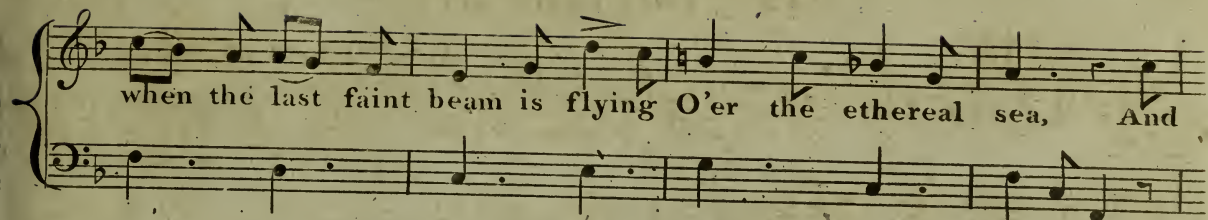
Air, Carnival of Venice.

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 6/8 time signature. It contains a melodic line with various ornaments and dynamics. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 6/8 time signature. It contains a bass line with chords and dynamics. The word "cres" is written below the bass staff.

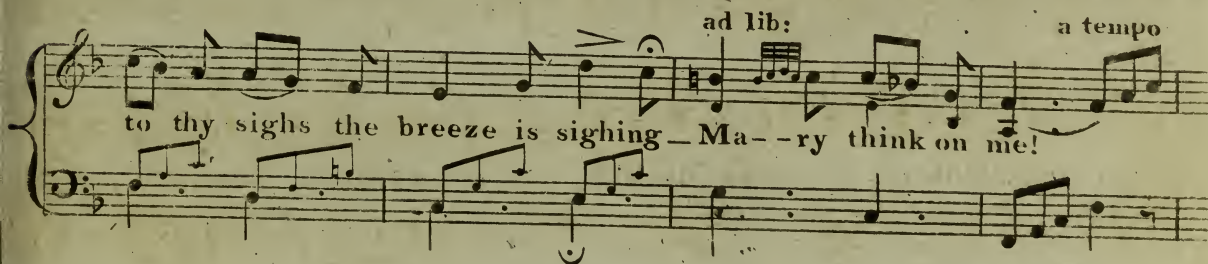
The second system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 6/8 time signature. It contains a melodic line with lyrics. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 6/8 time signature. It contains a bass line with lyrics. The lyrics are: "Oh! think on me when daylight dies Along the western heaven, And".

The third system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 6/8 time signature. It contains a melodic line with lyrics. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 6/8 time signature. It contains a bass line with lyrics. The lyrics are: "sil-ver. twilight veils the skies Of summer till e-le-ven! And".



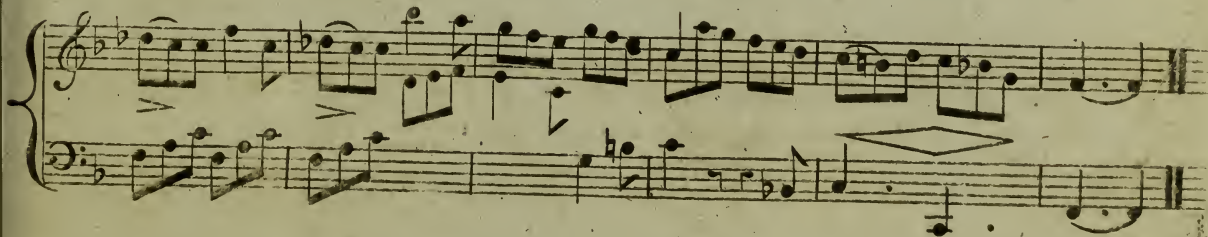


when the last faint beam is flying O'er the ethereal sea, And



to thy sighs the breeze is sighing — Ma — ry think on me!

*ad lib:* *a tempo*



And when the new-born moon again  
 Shall burst through cradling ether,  
 Say, wilt thou deem it bright, as when  
 We prais'd its ray together?  
 And when her beams the grove is kissing,  
 Play on evry tree,  
 Should aught within thy breast be missing—  
 Mary, think on me!

Oh! think on me, whenc'er thy heart  
 A tender thought would cherish,  
 Whose joy thou wast, whose hope thou art  
 Nor bid that fond hope perish.  
 For O 'twill soothe my hours of sadness,  
 When I am far from thee  
 To know, though lost to love and gladness,  
 Mary thinks on me!

But ah! if absence<sup>4</sup> fatal ray  
 Love's genial flame should smother,  
 And thou should'st wring thine heart away,  
 And link it to another;  
 Although my dearest heart-strings sever,  
 Still I'll pray for thee;  
 And when thy soul is pensive ever—  
 Mary, think on me!

MARY, I BELIEV'D THEE TRUE.

Sung by Mr Sapio.

Written by T. Moore.

Sir I. Stevenson. Bart:

*Largo.*

*f* *p* *f* *p* *f*

*p* *f* *p*

Mary I be-liev'd thee true and I was

*con esp:*

blest in thus be - lieving; But now I mourn that e'er I knew A girl so

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system is an instrumental introduction. The second system begins with the vocal line: 'Mary I be-liev'd thee true and I was'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line. The third system continues the vocal line: 'blest in thus be - lieving; But now I mourn that e'er I knew A girl so'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note bass line. Dynamics include forte (f), piano (p), and con esperto (con esp:). The tempo is marked 'Largo'.

fair and so de - ceiving, Few have e - - ver lov'd like me. O! I have

lov'd thee too sincerely and few have eer deceiv'd like thee. Alas! deceiv'd metoose

*ad lib:*  
verely, Fare thee well · Fare thee well.



Fare thee well yet think awhile,  
 On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee,  
 Who now would rather trust that smile,  
 And die with thee, than live without thee.  
 Fare thee well, I'll think of thee,  
 Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;  
 For see, distracting woman, see,  
 My peace is gone, my heart is broken.  
 Fare thee well.

MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND.

N<sup>o</sup> 20. As Sung by M<sup>rs</sup>. Salmon.

*Andante*  
*Affettuoso.*

*con exp<sup>s</sup>*

*f*

My lodg ing is on the cold ground and ve-ry hard is my fare; But

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of two systems of music. The first system features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is marked 'Andante Affettuoso' and 'con exp<sup>s</sup>'. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The second system continues the melody and piano accompaniment, with the lyrics 'My lodg ing is on the cold ground and ve-ry hard is my fare; But' written below the staff. The piano part includes a dynamic marking 'f'.

that which grieves me most love Is the coldness of my dear, Yet still he cried

turn love I pray thee love turn to me For . . . . . thou art the on-ly

girl, love, That is a - - - - dor'd by me.

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 pitiful moan,  
 Oh! I must endure the smart love,  
 And tumble in straw all alone.  
 Yet still &c.

“WHAT ARE YOU AT? WHAT ARE YOU ARTER?”

Sung by Mr. Sloman.

No. 21. Violin.

Moderato.

## Air: Merrily danced the Quakers Wife.

I came to town the t'other day, To rest from all my labours, And hear what cockneys

had to say, That I might tell my neighbours; But all I heard upon my word, Was

this in ev'ry quarter, Some bawling out what are you at? And some what are you



Quicker

ar - ter'' With your tol de rol &c. e. Sym:

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef and the bass line in the bass clef. The piece is marked 'Quicker' and ends with a double bar line. The lyrics 'ar - ter'' With your tol de rol &c. e.' are written below the treble staff, and 'Sym:' is written below the bass staff.

2

At first I thought that they meant me,  
 And cried what's that to you sir;  
 If you take me a rogue to be,  
 I'll let you know who's who, sir;  
 So right and left I laid them flat,  
 Says I, you've caught a Tarter,  
 Now go and cry, what are you at?  
 And bawl what are you arter'?'  
 With your tol de rol &c.

3

But 'cod, for constableness they sent,  
 And lugg'd me off to prison;  
 I ax'd them what it was they meant?  
 They said to stretch my wizen,  
 They took me where the justice sat,  
 Who gave my purse no quarter;  
 Which made me cry what are you at?  
 Good judge, what are you arter'?'  
 With your tol de rol &c.

4

Escaping from the jailor's paw,  
 I walk'd into the Strand, sir,  
 Where soon a charming lass I saw,  
 The fairest in the land, sir,  
 Says I, I'll have a kiss, that's flat,  
 For never lass look'd smarter;  
 When she squald out, what are you at?  
 You wretch what are you arter'?'  
 With your tol de rol &c.

5

But while I kiss'd this pretty lass,  
 That I the freak might see, sir,  
 She did my fob of gold watch rob,  
 And pick'd my pocket too, sir,  
 So I went home to hang myself,  
 From bed post in my garter,  
 When hostess cried, what are you at?  
 Young man what are you arter'?'  
 With your tol de rol &c.

6

This made me turn so very ill,  
 I sent the Doctor to, sir,  
 He gave me blister, powder, pill,  
 And draught and bolus too, sir,  
 But very soon I found myself,  
 To physic falling martyr,  
 Which made me cry "what are you at?  
 Doctor what are you arter"?"

7

So long his bill, to lawyer I,  
 Sent to reduce his fees, sir;  
 But soon I found the remedy,  
 Was worse than the disease, sir;

For where the lawyer sav'd a pound  
 He made me twenty barter,  
 Till I cried out "what are you at?  
 O law what are you arter"?"

8

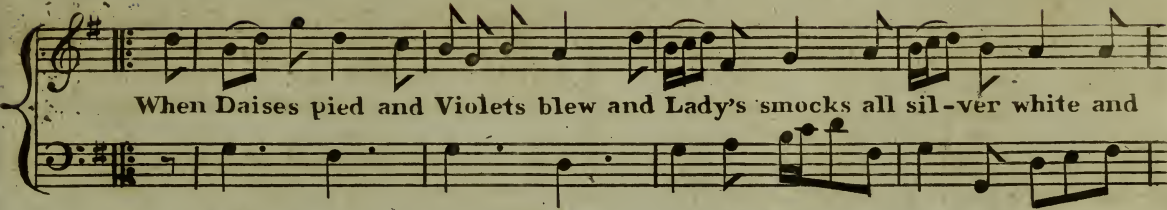
But having now told all I saw,  
 And lash'd them left and right, sir,  
 I think I'll thank you for your law,  
 And wish you all good night, sir;  
 For if I longer make my strain,  
 And urge the songsters charter,  
 You may cry out what are you at?  
 Good friend what are you arter"?"

## THE CUCKOO.

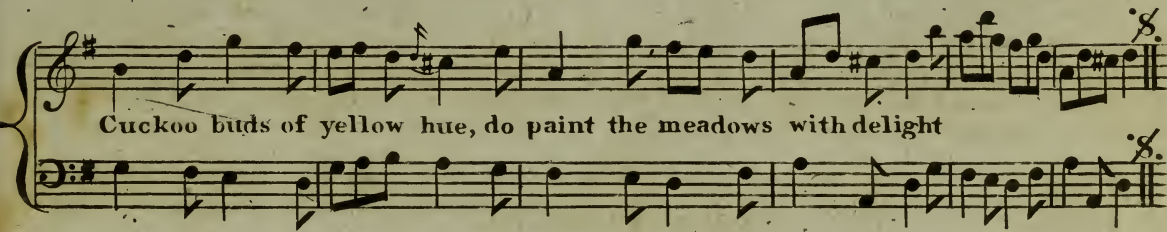
No 22.

Sung by M<sup>rs</sup>. Davison and Miss Wensley.In As you like it  
Com: by D<sup>r</sup>. Arne.

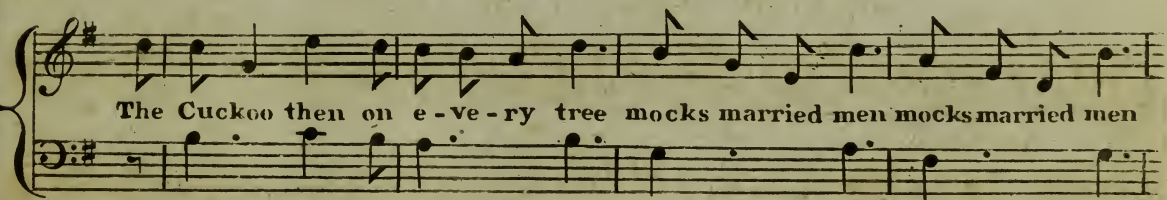
Moderato.



When Daises pied and Violets blew and Lady's smocks all sil-ver white and



Cuckoo buds of yellow hue, do paint the meadows with delight



The Cuckoo then on e-ve-ry tree mocks married men mocks married men



mocks married men for thus sings the Cuckoo Cuckoo CuckooCuckooCuckoo

O word of fear O word of fear un-pleasing to a married ear unpleasing to a

*tr*  
married ear .



2

When Shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
 And merry Larks are Plowmens clocks,  
 And Turtles tread, and Rooks and Daws,  
 And Maidens bleach their summer-smocks.  
 The Cuckoo then &c.

**D O, R E, M I, F A.**  
 Catch for 4 Voices.

**N<sup>o</sup> 23.**

1 Do Re

2 Mi Fa

3 I'm quite sick of this Sol-fa-ing

4 I've for-got all you've been saying

**A B O A T, A B O A T.**  
 Catch for 3 Voices.

**N<sup>o</sup> 24.**

1 A boat, a boat haste to the ferry,

2 For we'll go o-ver to be merry,

3 To laugh, and quaff, and drink old sherry,

## BEAUTY IS A FLEETING FLOWER

Written by J Bambridge. as sung by M<sup>r</sup> Benson.

## No 25.

Flute

E. Woodward.

Allegro  
Vivace. *p* *tutti*

This system shows the beginning of the piece. The flute part starts with a series of eighth notes, while the bassoon part provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Allegro Vivace' and the dynamics are 'p' (piano) and 'tutti'.

Trum: Corni *ff* Hastehaste

This system continues the musical development. The flute part features a melodic line with some grace notes. The bassoon part has a more rhythmic accompaniment. The dynamics are marked 'ff' (fortissimo) and the instruction 'Hastehaste' is present.

Fair in spring tide's day To seize on pleasure whilst you may Haste haste ye Fair in

This system contains the vocal lyrics. The flute part has a melodic line that follows the rhythm of the lyrics. The bassoon part provides a steady accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Fair in spring tide's day To seize on pleasure whilst you may Haste haste ye Fair in'.

spring tide's day to seize on pleasure on pleasure whilst you may Re-mem-ber

Youth's the time of joy remember Youth's the time of joy Which age or death will

sure destroy remember Youth's the time of joy . . . . .



Which age or death will sure destroy which age or death will sure destroy

*Larghetto Expressivo.*

Some beauty's snatch'd each day each

hour For beauty is a fleeting flower a fleeting flow'r a



fleeting a  
 fleeting flower. *p* *ff*

*Allegro.*

2

When smiling May is richly drest  
 In all the charms of Flora's vest,  
 When scented Zephyrs gently move,  
 And all the yielding soul is love:  
 Remember beauty's snatch'd each hour,  
 For beauty is a fleeting flower.

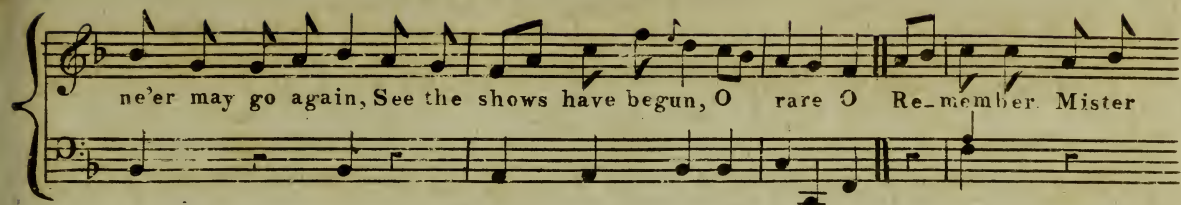
## BARTHOLOMEW · FAIR

No 26. as sung by M<sup>r</sup> Mathews and M<sup>r</sup> Sloman.

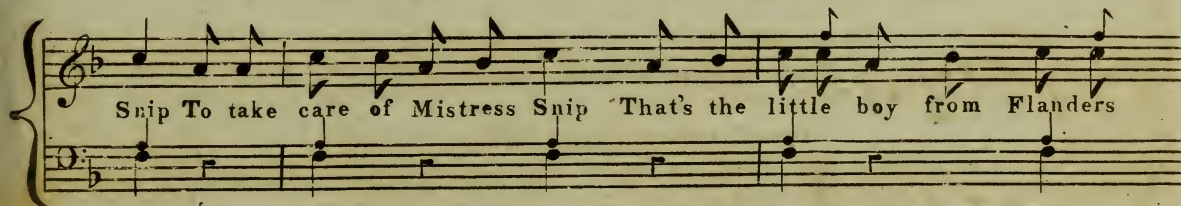
Allegro

Come, bustle, neighbour Prig, Buckle on your Sunday vig, In your

Sunday clothes so gaily, Let us strut up the Old Bailey, Oh! never mind the rain <sup>perhaps we</sup>



ne'er may go again, See the shows have begun, O rare O Re-member. Mister



Snip To take care of Mistress Snip That's the little boy from Flanders



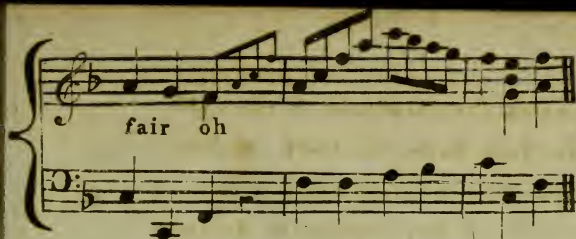
And that there's Master Saunders Stand a-side, and we'll have a stare O

(Spoken) Valk up Ladies and Gemmen — here's the vonderful birds and beastesses from Bengal, in the Vest Indies — Here Ma'am only look at this beautiful hannimal no two spots on his body alike it is out of the pow'r of any limmer to describe him — measures fifteen feet from the snout to the tail and twelve feet from the tail to the snout — grows an inch and a half every year, and never comes to his proper growth — Turn him up there with a long pole

Heigh down, ho down, derry derry down, Oh the humours of Bartlemy

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of two staves, a treble clef on the top and a bass clef on the bottom. The melody is written on the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a clear rhythm.





When the fair is at the full,  
 In gallops a mad bull,  
 Puts the rabble to the rout,  
 Lets all the lions out,  
 Down falls Mrs Snip,  
 With a monkey on her hip,  
 Ve shall all be swallow'd up,  
 I declare, oh!

All is flurry - hurry skurry  
 Girls squalling - showmen bawling,  
 Dogs of knowledge - come from college,  
 Slack wire - eating fire  
 Funny clowns - ups and downs  
 What a throng - push along,  
 To enjoy all the fun of the fair oh!

(Spoken) Here, here show 'em up - now's your time, Ladies and  
 Gemmen - only twopence to see that wonderful conjuror,  
 the Emperor of all the conjurors - Here here walk up, only

one penny — the only booth in the fair for the greatest  
 curiosity in all the known world — the vonderful and  
 surprizing Hottentot Wenus — only a penny — valk up with  
 your

Heigh down &c

## 3

Now the beast with angry tooth,  
 With anger fierce attacks the booth,  
 Away affrighted run,  
 Birds and virgins of the Sun,  
 Down tumbles trot legg'd Rolla,  
 Who tips 'em the view holla,  
 Poor Cora's in the mud, Oh rare oh!

Roaring boys — gilded toys,  
 Lollipops — shilling tops,  
 Tumble in — just begin,  
 Cups and balls — wooden walls,  
 Gin and bitters — apple fritters,  
 Shins of beef — stop thief

Lost shoes — Kangaroos  
 O Polly — where's Molly  
 Bow wow — what a row  
 Is kickt up at Bartlemy fair oh!

(Spoken) Here, valk up, Ladies and Gemmen, here's the vonderful Kangaroo from Bottom-House' Bay — here's the wonderful large baboon that danced a paddy-dow and played at leap-frog with the celebrated Master Barrington — here's the vonderful cow that cannot live on dry land, and dies in the vater — the vonderful sun-eagle the hotter the sun the higher he flies — Billy run and stuff a blanket in that e'er hole or the little boys vill peep for nothing — Here, here, here, valk, valk, valk, suppose you think this here man's alive — he is no more alive than you are — now is your time to see that vonderful voodea Roscius M<sup>r</sup> Punch fer the small charge of one penny Heigh down &c

SWEET KATHLANE MACREE

N<sup>o</sup> 27

The musical score is written for piano in G major and 6/8 time. It consists of two staves. The first staff is the treble clef, and the second is the bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto' and the dynamics are 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The piece ends with a double bar line.

Ye winds and ye waves, bear my sorrows away And ye echoes, go babble for

nought can I say, O bear to the ear of sweet Kathlane Macree, That my

thoughts are on her, that thinks not of me Och why will you wander, like

goose leaving gander Sweet Kathlane Macree sweet Kathlane Macree Fly



all the world o-ver, you'll ne'er find a lo-ver So constant as me, So

constant as me Sweet Kathlane Macree Sweet Kathlane Macree

My true little heart is your own, my dear creature,  
 I'm tender by habit, and constant by nature,  
 A lover so constant and true you'll ne'er find,  
 For I love the whole sex that are pretty and kind  
 Then why will you wander &c

New unions the word it is not keeping order  
 To leave your poor Dermot in grief and disorder  
 United to thee evry hardship Ill brave  
 And when dead I will own myself still your fond slave  
 Then why will you wander &

WHAT A BEAUTY I DID GROW

Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Sloman

No 28

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of two systems of music. The first system is marked 'Lively' and features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics 'When I was a' are placed below the melody. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with the lyrics 'little boy some fifteen years a-go .I was the pride of my mammy She made me quite a' written below. The score ends with a double bar line.

show Such a beauty I did grow did grow did grow Such a

beauty I did grow

2 4

I'd red straight hair and goggle eyes,  
 And such a roguish leer,  
 A large flat nose, and mouth  
 That reach'd from ear to ear  
 Such a beauty &c.

3

My mammy doated on me  
 And when my mouth she'd fill  
 For fear she'd spoil it with a spoon,  
 She fed me with a quill,  
 Such a beauty &c.

And when that I could run alone,  
 Stock still I never stood,  
 The ducks were my companions,  
 As I waddled through the mud,  
 Such a beauty &c.

5

Then I learned to be musical,  
 And got off songs so pat,  
 I could grunt bass like any pig,  
 Mew treble like a cat,  
 Such a beauty &c.



Then I went to a dancing school,  
 For to be finished there,  
 And they said I danced a minuet  
 As graceful as a bear.

Such a beauty &c.

8

My name is A — B —

As evry body knows

And they stick me in the barley fields  
 To frighten off the crows

Such a beauty &c.

Such a beauty &c.

With a mountebank a candidate,  
 I beat them all quite hollow,  
 And I won this pretty gold laced hat  
 By grinning through a collar.

## No 29

## SALLY SOLOMONS\*

Composed & sung by M<sup>r</sup>. Crick.

Allegretto.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble clef for the voice and a bass clef for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The music begins with a piano introduction. The second system contains the vocal line with lyrics: 'ev'ry place I rove A Pedlar by my trade And once I fell in love Mid a'. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking 'f' (forte) in the second system.

\*This Air is Property



very pretty maid Mid a very pretty maid Von day I met her all so

smart Some goods of me she buy She paid for them but shtoul my heart Which made me sorely sigh

(Spoken) I vas all over so comical as a man vat is drunk, I did'nt know  
 vat I vas about - I eat up all my lallipops, and played at ducks  
 and drakes mid my shlieve buttons; lit my pipe mid a stick of sealing-vax,  
 and broke my vatch by vinding it up backwards; and von day instead of  
 calling my shoestrings, I cried "Sally Solomons all a penny a pair" so de  
 people all laughed, and I lookt like a fool.

And 'twas all for Sally Solomons, pretty Sally Solomons O listen love to me,

Would you be Mistress Abrahahams, Would you be Mistress Abrahams, How

happy I should be.

Her eyes were bright as paste,  
 Her lips like wax vere red,  
 Like pencils straight her vaist  
 And her tongue smooth as deead;  
 No girls in Dukes Place could omp  
 Mid her to buy and sell; sta  
 She made such pargains you ould  
 So into love I fell

(Spoken) Pless my heart it vood have done you coot to see her puy a lot; she talk'd  
 peeplesh over so sweetly dat she got de tings more as twenty per cent shaper

77

dan her own Father Shadrack, who kept a cloush shop mid two countersh  
in it; so she turnd up her nose at me, all so as if I vos an ould shlipper  
because vat I carried a box, and it proke my heart. Heigho! Id a coot mind  
to drown myself, but I thought I should git nothing py it, so I set out on my  
travels, determining to die an old bachelor live as long as I might.

And 'twas all for Sally Solomons  
&c

### THE ROSE.

A Duet.

N<sup>o</sup> 30.

Air "Rousseau's Dream"

Soprano  
Slow  
Bass

The rose's age is but a day; Its bloom the pledge of its de\_cay

The rose's age is but a day; Its bloom the pledge of its de\_cay

Sweet in scent, in colour bright, It blows at morn and fades at night ad lib: D.C.

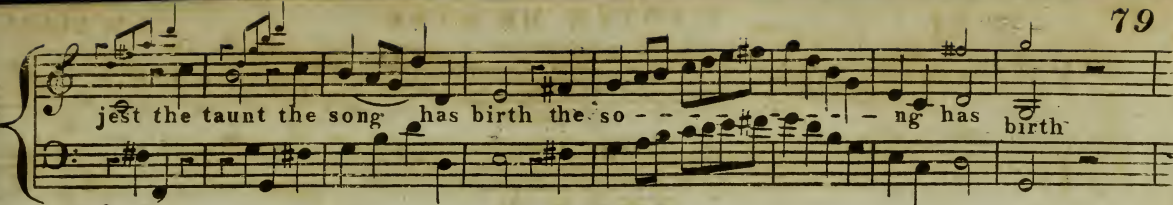
Sweet in scent, in colour bright, It blows at morn and fades at night ad lib: D.C.



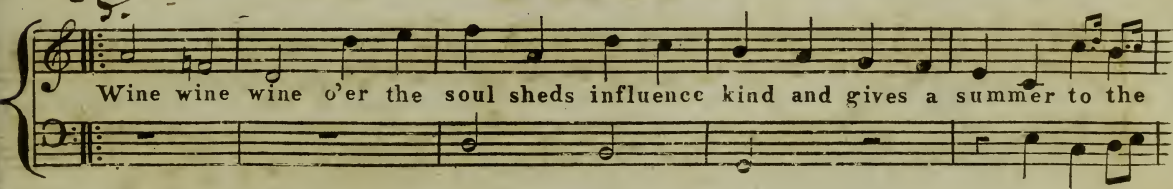
Con Spirito

The musical score consists of four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system includes a dynamic marking 'Con Spirito' on the left and a 'tr' (trill) marking above the first staff. The second system features several triplet markings (indicated by a '3' in a circle) above the treble staff. The third system contains the lyrics: 'wine bring me wine bring me wine wine wine wine bright source of mirth For from the favor'd'. The fourth system continues the lyrics: 'lips of him who joyous sips the jest the taunt the song has birth the'. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

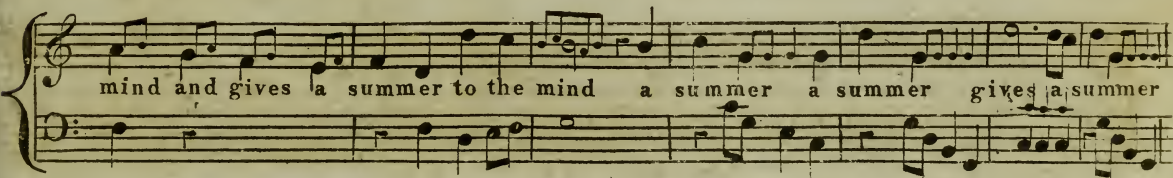




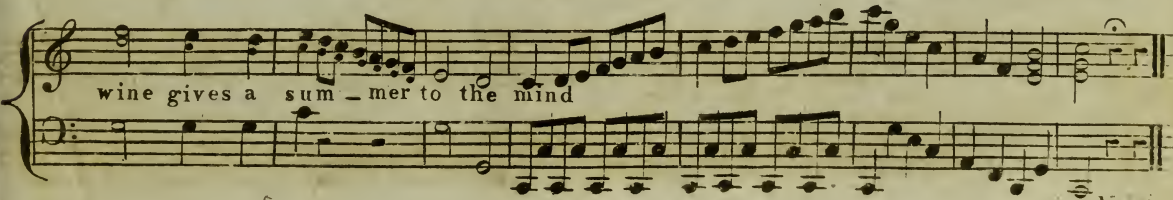
jest the taunt the song has birth the so - - - ng has birth



Wine wine wine o'er the soul sheds influence kind and gives a summer to the



mind and gives a summer to the mind a summer a summer gives a summer



wine gives a sum - mer to the mind

wine rosy wine when wine begins to flow the Goblin Care takes flight Care

Care takes flight Just as a fiend and night depart at morn's celestial glow

Just as a fiend and night depart at morn's celestial glow

There's magic magic lodg'd within the grape. It makes the lover view his

Flute

Minore

dal Segno

81

*esp<sup>o</sup>*

nymph with beauties new Gives softness to her eyes her air her shape gives

*S. 3<sup>d</sup> time Coda\**

lustre, to her eye: her air her shape to the mind wine gives a

*Dal segno*

*Cad*

sum - mer to the mind.

*Vi<sup>o</sup>*

\*Coda. "The Italian term Coda is generally affixed to a few Bars without which the Composition might conclude, yet the Ear approves of the supplement.

Vide; Shield's *Intr: Har:*

As the Comma, Semicolon, & Full stop of Elocution, have all their respective analogies in musical punctuation, by the phrase, section, and period; so also the



## CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

N<sup>o</sup> 32.

Sung by Mrs Salmon.

Scotch Air

Fl: Solo

Andante  
Alleg<sup>to</sup>

Charlie is my darling my

darling my darling Oh! Charlie is my darling The young Chevalier Twas on a monday

Colon is found to resemble that final part of a movement which is termed the Coda, and which might be omitted without destroying the real termination, altho' it wou'd lose much of its intended effect." Vide Callcott's Mus: Gram:



morning right early in the year When Charlie came to our Town The young Cheva  
 - tier Oh! Charlie is my darling my darling my darling Oh! Charlie is my darling The  
 young Chevalier.

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The first system contains the first line of lyrics. The second system contains the second line of lyrics. The third system contains the third line of lyrics and ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Oh! Charlie is &c.  
 As he came marching up the street,  
 The pipes play'd loud and clear,  
 And a' the folk came running out,  
 To meet the Chevalier. Oh! Charlie &c.

Oh! Charlie is &c.  
 Wi' highland bonnets on their heads  
 And claymores long and clear  
 They came to fight for Scotland's right  
 And the young Chevalier. Oh! Charlie

Claymore, Broad sword.

Oh Charlie is &c.  
 They've left their bonny highland hills,  
 Their wives and bairnies dear,  
 To draw the Sword for Scotland's Lord,  
 The young Chevalier. Oh Charlie &c.

Oh Charlie is &c.  
 Now ha'd awa ye Lowland loon,  
 And court nae Lassies here,  
 The highland Man's come back again,  
 Wi' the young Chevalier. Oh Charlie &c.

### DUNOIS THE BRAVE,

Sung by Miss Stephens.

A Pop<sup>r</sup> French Romance.

N<sup>o</sup> 33

The musical score is arranged in three systems. The first system features a Flute (Fl:) part on a treble clef staff and a Violin (Vio:) part on a bass clef staff. The tempo and mood are marked 'Maestoso con spirito'. The second system continues the instrumental parts, with a 'Tr:' (Trumpet) part also on a bass clef staff. The third system introduces the vocal line on a treble clef staff, with the lyrics 'It was Dunois the young and brave, Was' written below it. The word 'tutti' is placed above the vocal line. The score concludes with a double bar line and a fermata over the final note.

(1) Barnies, Children (2) Chevalier, Pretenders Son (3) Loon, or Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin.

bound for Pales- -tine But first he made his orisons Before Saint Mary's

Fl: shrine "Oh grant immortal Queen of heav'n Was still the Soldiers pray'r That

*Dolce* I may prove the bravest knight And love the fairest fair That I may prove the

*Con esp.* bravest knight And love the fairest fair

*Dolce, sweet.*



2

His oath of honor on the shrine, he grav'd it with his sword;  
 And follow'd to the Holy Land, the banner of his Lord;  
 Where faithful to his noble vow, his valor fill'd the air,  
 Then honor'd be the bravest Knight, beloved the fairest fair.

3

They gain'd the conquest by his arm, and then his leige - Lord said,  
 "The heart that has for honor beat, by bliss must be repaid;  
 "My Daughter Isabel and thou shall be a wedded pair,  
 "For thou art bravest of the brave, and she the fairest fair?"

4

And then they bound the holy knot, before saint Mary's shrine,  
 That makes a paradise on earth, if hearts and hands combine;  
 And every Lord and Lady bright, that were in Chapel there,  
 Cried "Honor'd be the bravest Knight, beloved the fairest fair.

### THE MAID OF LODI.

N<sup>o</sup> 34.

For 3 Voices.

Harm<sup>d</sup> by M.P. King.

Vio: Solo

Andantino affet<sup>o</sup>



2<sup>d</sup>  
Sop.<sup>o</sup>

I sing the maid Whosekindness once to me to me

(1) 1<sup>st</sup>  
Sop.<sup>o</sup>

(2) Acc.  
I sing the maid of Lodi Whosekindness once to me

Bass.

I sing the maid Whosekindness once to me to me

was prov'd when storms O'erhung the troubled Sea the Sea

prov'd when storms so cloudy Oer-hung the troubled Sea With

was prov'd when storms Oer-hung - - the Sea the Sea

(1) Soprano. Female or Treble Voices.

(2) The Symphonies and Accomp<sup>t</sup> are intended only for the Air, when the other vocal parts are omitted.

Adapted by the Editor.

within a Cottage No care opprest

in a Cottage healthy No care had her opprest Con-

within a Cottage No care opprest

Contentment And I her welcome guest

- tement prov'd her wealthy And I her welcome guest

Contentment And I - - - her guest her

guest con-tentment prov'd her wealthy I and I her wel-come

and I and I her wel-come

guest content-ment and I and I her

1<sup>st</sup> time. 2<sup>d</sup> time.

guest.

guest. guest.

guest.



From out the O - cean this maiden sav'd my crew she saw and at her

From out the wat'ry Ocean this maiden sav'd my crew she saw and at her

From out the O - cean this maiden sav'd my crew she saw and at her

mo-tion to aid us numbers flew then to her Cot she brought with

motion to aid us numbers flew then to her Cot she brought me and

mo-tion to aid us numbers flew then to her Cot she brought with



sweet - - est smile true friendship there

she taught de -

with the sweetest smile

true friendship there she taught me

de - - -

sweet - - est smile true friendship there

she taught de -

-void of ev'ry guile true friends<sup>p</sup> friends<sup>p</sup> there she taught me devoid of ev'ry guile.

-void of ev'ry guile

true friends<sup>p</sup> devoid of ev'ry guile.

-void of guile true friends<sup>p</sup> friendship true friends<sup>p</sup> devoid of guile.

## KELVIN GROVE.

as sung by Mr Braham.

Scotch Air.

No 35.

Flute *Moderato.* *p* *f* Let us

haste to Kelvin Grove bonnie lassie O, Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie

O; When the rose in all its pride paints the hollow dingle side Where the

midnight fairies glide bonnie lassie O . *cres* *ff*

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It begins with the lyrics 'midnight fairies glide bonnie lassie O .'. The melody features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a crescendo ('cres') and fortissimo ('ff') dynamic marking. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

2

We will wander by the mill, bonnie lassie O,  
 To the cove beside the rill bonnie lassie O,  
 Where the glens resound the call  
 Of the lofty fall,  
 Through the mountains rocky hall  
 bonnie lassie O .

3

Al! I soon must bid adieu, bonnie lassie O,  
 To this fairy scene and you bonnie lassie O,  
 To the streamlet winding clear  
 To the fragrant-scented briar,  
 E'en to thee of all most dear  
 bonnie lassie O .

4

But we soon in Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie O,  
 Shall renew our tales of love, bonnie lassie O,  
 And the rose in all its pride  
 Shall bedeck the dingle's side,  
 Where the midnight fairies glide,  
 bonnie lassie O .



GREEN GROW THE RASHES O!  
as sung Mr Collyer.

Scotch Air.

N<sup>o</sup> 36.

Vivace.

There's

nought but care on ev'ry h<sup>†</sup>an' In ev'ry hour that passes O, What signifies the life O'man, An

'twere n<sup>†</sup>a for the Lasses O! Green grow the rashes, green grow the rashes O! The sweetest hours tha

H<sup>†</sup>an' Hand.    N<sup>†</sup>a, Not.

e'er I spend Are spent among the Lasses O .

2  
 The Wardly rare may riches chase  
 And riches still may fly them O!  
 And tho' at last they catch them fast  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them O!  
 Green grows &c.

3  
 For you sae <sup>+</sup>douce, wha sneer at this  
 Ye're nought but senseless asses O!  
 The wisest man the world e'er saw  
 He dearly lo'ed the Lasses O!  
 Green grows &c.

4  
 Auld nature swears, the lovely dears  
 Her noblest work she classes O!  
 Her 'prentice han' she try'd on man  
 And then she made the Lasses O!  
 Green grows &c.

+ Douce or Douise — Sober, Prudent .

## TO THE ROW DOW DOW

Written by  
Mr Ball.

as sung by Mrs Osbaldiston in Joan of Arc.

N<sup>o</sup> 37

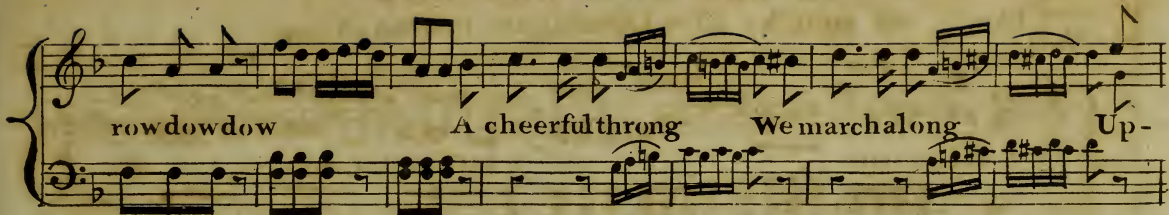
Con Spirito.  $\rho$  Fife and Drum *f*

*ff* To the rowdowdow I haste a-way with a lively

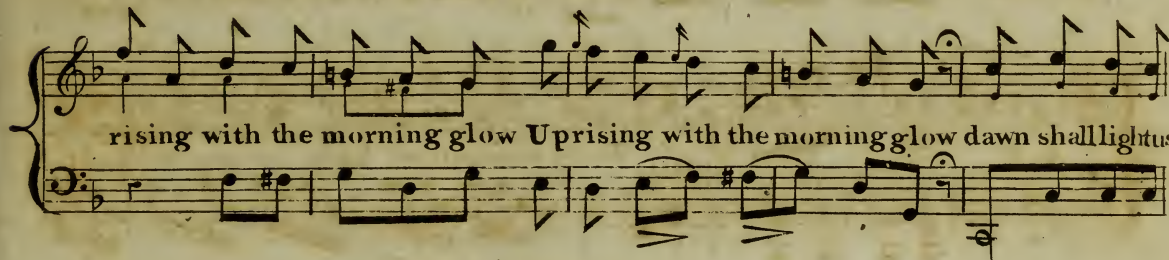
*cres* heart and spirits gay In Love and War there's no delay with a row dow dow with a

The musical score is written for piano and fife and drum. It consists of three systems of music. The first system shows the piano accompaniment in the left hand and the melody in the right hand. The tempo is marked 'Con Spirito.' and the dynamics include 'ff' and 'f'. The second system begins with the vocal line, with the lyrics 'To the rowdowdow I haste a-way with a lively' written below the notes. The piano accompaniment continues. The third system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'heart and spirits gay In Love and War there's no delay with a row dow dow with a'. The piano accompaniment continues. The score is in 2/4 time and the key signature has one flat (B-flat).

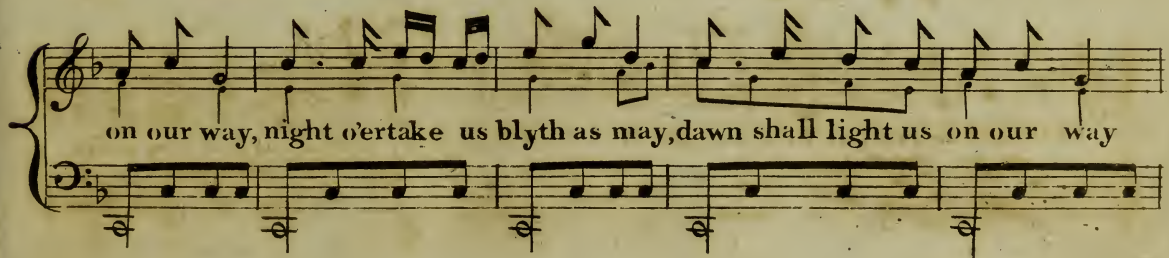




rowdowdow A cheerful throng We march along Up-



rising with the morning glow Uprising with the morning glow down shall light us



on our way, night o'ertake us blyth as may, dawn shall light us on our way

night o'ertake us blyth as may Merrily marching rowdow

The first system of music features a treble clef staff with a melody that includes a triplet of eighth notes. The bass clef staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are positioned below the treble staff.

down merrily marching rowdow down merrily merrily merrily merrily merrily merrily

The second system continues the melody with a series of eighth notes and rests. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

rowdow down merrily marching merrily marching merrily marching rowdow down

The third system concludes the piece with a final melodic phrase. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

merrily marching merrily marching merrily marching row dow dow.

To the row dow dow a Soldier's Bride,  
 I'll wander by my Soldier's side,  
 And honour's cause shall be my pride;  
 With a row &c.  
 A cheerful &c.

**GOLDEN BEE!**

Russian Song by Derzhavin.

E. Woodward.

No. 38.

Andante  
 Grazioso.



## Original Key A ♭.

Golden Bee for ever sighing, round and round my Delia flying, round and

round my De-lia fly-ing; E-ver in at-tendance near her: dost thou

real-ly love her fear her, E-ver in at-tendance near her.

Slow exp:

dost . . . thou really love her fear her dost thou love her Golden Bee.

*p f p f*

2  
 Erring insect! he supposes,  
 That her lips are morning roses:  
 Breathing sweets from Delia's tresses,  
 He would probe their fair recesses.

Purest Sugar  
 Is her breast!

Golden Bee! for ever sighing,  
 Ever round my Delia flying;  
 Is it thou so softly speaking?  
 Thine the gentle accents breaking,  
 "Drink I dare not  
 Lest I die!"

N<sup>o</sup> 39. THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'

The Campbells are comin' O-ho! Oho! The Campbells are  
 comin' O-ho! Oho! The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Lochleven The



Campbells are comin' O - ho! Oho! The great Argyle will soon appear, His

banners make a gaudy shew His trumpet pipe and drum I hear The

Campbells are comin' O - ho! O - ho!, The D.C.

C'EST L' AMOUR. 'TIS LOVE. 'TIS LOVE. - A Popular French Rondo

N<sup>o</sup> 40.

Allegretto.

C'est l'amour l'amour l'amour qui fait le  
'Twas Love 'twas Love that made the world, and hence as

monde à la ronde Et chaque jour, à son tour, le monde fait l'a-  
- peo - - ple say. The grateful world in turn makes love makes love now ev'ry

-mour. Qui rend la femme plus do-ci - le, et qui fait doublet ses at-  
day. What prompts the Wife's de-sire to please and heighten ev'ry soft ca-

Fine

traits Qui rend le plai-sir plus fa-cile, qui fait ex-cuser ses ex-  
cess? What lightly draws where pleasure strays, Ex cusing still the sweet ex-

cès Qui rend plus ac-cès-si-bles les grands dans leur Palais Qui  
cess. What smooths the road where Power And Grandeur keep the Gate? And

sait ren-dre sen-sibles jus ques aux sous pre-fects.  
who in lucky hour Pops in while o-tters wait.

D.C.  
'Tis del  
Seg:



2

Qui donnè de l'âme aux poètes,  
 Et de la joie aux moïn lurons,  
 Qui donne de l'esprit aux bêtes,  
 Et du courage aux plus poltrons,  
 Qui donne des Carosses  
 Aux tendrons de Paris,  
 Et qui donne des bossus  
 A beaucoup de Maris,  
 C'est l'Amour,

3

Que fait une nouvelle Artiste,  
 Que veut s'assurer des amis,  
 Que fait une jeune modiste,  
 Pour se mettre en vogue à Paris  
 Que font dans les Coulisses  
 Les Banquiers, les Docteurs,  
 Et que font les Actrices  
 Avec certains Acteurs  
 C'est l'Amour

2

What gives the wit, the Poets fire?  
 What makes the merest Triflers joy?  
 What may the Brute with soul inspire,  
 Or dastards urge to brave employ?  
 What calls our humble graces  
 To quit their fortunes low?  
 Or nameless honours places  
 On many a Wedded brow?  
 'Tis love 'tis love, &c

3

Of many a friend and patron warm  
 What makes the vent'rous Artist sure?  
 What tempts fresh youth each native charm  
 To deck with Fashion's every lure?  
 Who sends on wild-goose chaces  
 Alike the grave and gay  
 Among the pretty faces?  
 Ye very wise ones say!  
 'Tis love 'tis love, &c

4

Sur les Rochers les plus sauvages,  
 Dans les Palais dans les Vallons,  
 Dans l'Eau, dans l'Air, dans les Bords,  
 Sous le chaume, dans les Salons,  
 Que font toutes les belles,  
 Les amants, les époux,  
 Que font le Tourterelles  
 Et même le Coucou?  
 C'est l'Amour,

4

Among the farthest, wildest hills,  
 Within the Court, or Cottage pale,  
 In Water, Air, by Fields and Rills,  
 In festal Hall, or rural Vale,  
 What makes fond Husbands? say you!  
 Kind Wives and Lovers too?  
 Your Turtle doves? I pray you!  
 And what your Cuckoos too?  
 'Tis love, tis love, &c

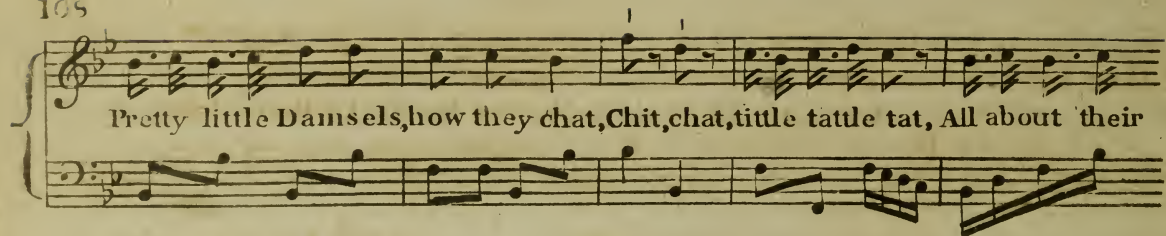
## CHIT CHAT.

Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Sloman.

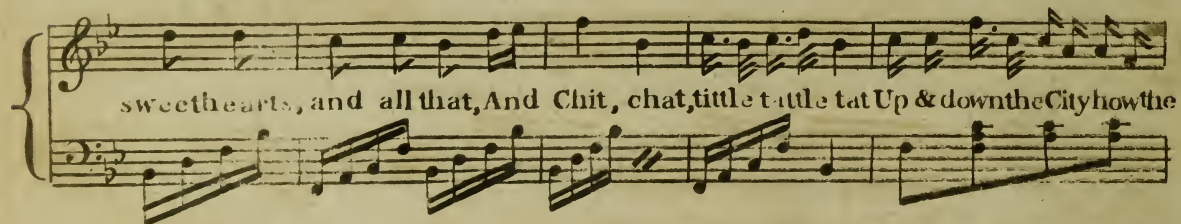
E. W. Southwell.

N<sup>o</sup> 41.Mod.<sup>o</sup>*f*

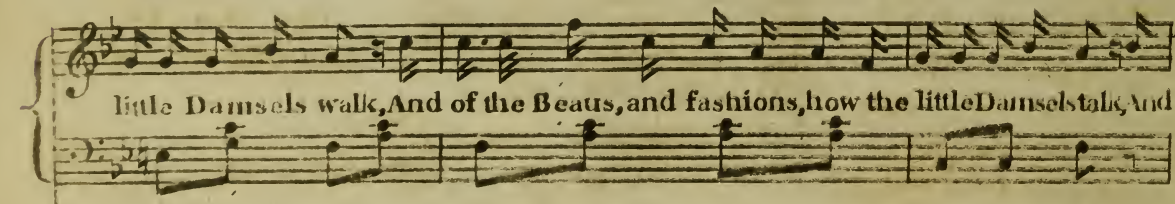
The musical score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The music begins with a 'Mod.' (Moderato) marking and ends with a 'f' (forte) marking. The score consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a final double bar line.



Pretty little Damsels, how they chat, Chit, chat, tittle tattle tat, All about their



sweethearts, and all that, And Chit, chat, tittle tattle tat Up & down the City how the



little Damsels walk, And of the Beaus, and fashions, how the little Damsel talk, And



now and then a little bit of slander is no baulk To their Chit, chat,

tittle tattle tittle tattle, Chit, chat, tittle tattle tat.

Pretty little Damsels go to cheapen in the shops, Chit, chat. &c  
 Pretty little bonnets, and pretty little caps, and to Chit, chat. &c  
 A little bit of rouge, and a nice little fan,  
 A nice little miniature of a nice little man,  
 Or any little nice thing of which they can Chit, chat. &c

3

Pretty little Damsels go to feast their eyes,    Chit, chat &c  
 But the splendid Panorama cannot suffice,    Chit, chat &c  
 Their pretty Parasols to keep their pretty faces cool,  
 And their pretty little veils, under which they play the fool,  
 And upon their pretty arm, the pretty little reticule,    all for Chit, chat &c

4

Pretty little Damsels how prettily they run,    Chit, chat &c  
 For a little bit of flattery, and a little bit of fun,    Chit, chat &c  
 The pretty little nose, and the pretty little chin,  
 The pretty little mouth, with a pretty little grin,  
 And the pretty little tongue, to keep admirers in    Chit, chat &c

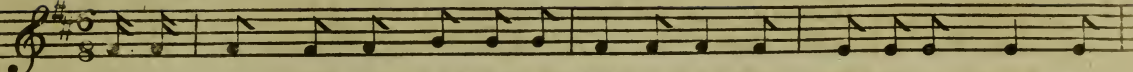
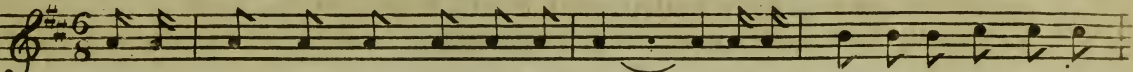
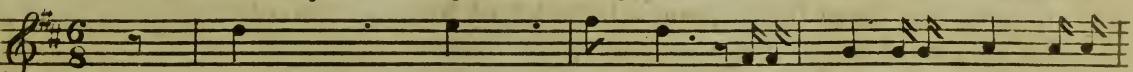
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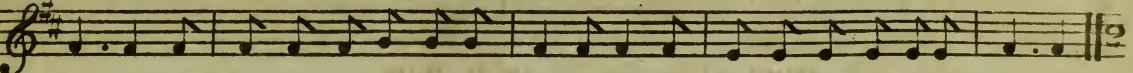
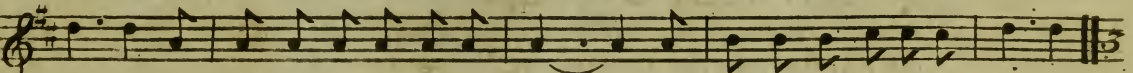
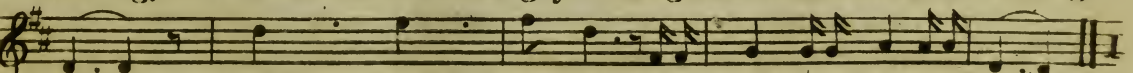
Pretty little Damsels when theyre wed,  
 (SLOW) Hum dum, diddle diddle dum,  
 Their pretty little foibles all are fled,  
 (SLOW) Hum dum, diddle diddle dum,  
 Their pretty little airs, so bewitchingly wild,  
 Evaporate so prettily and leave them so mild,  
 Then all their tittle tattle is about the little child,  
 (SLOW) Hum dum, diddle diddle dum!

A Round. 'TIS A SOUTHERLY WIND.

Composed by a Lady.

111

1   
'Tis a south-er-ly wind and a cloudy sky Pro claim it a hunt-ing  
2   
Then to horse my brave boys and a-way 'Tis a beautiful scent lying  
3   
Hark! Hark! forward talli - ho! talli - ho! talli -

  
morning, Be fore the sun rises a - way we fly Dull sleep and a downy bed scorning,  
  
morning, The face of all nature looks gay, Bright Phœbus the hills is a - dorning,  
  
ho! Hark! Hark! forward talli - ho! talli - ho! talli ho!



Mod<sup>o</sup> Oh! nothing in

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lower staff is in bass clef with a 6/8 time signature and a key signature of one flat. The music begins with a melodic line in the upper staff, followed by a double bar line. The lower staff provides a bass line. The system concludes with the lyrics 'Oh! nothing in'.

life can sadden us, While we have wine and good humor in store! With

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system. The lower staff provides a bass line. The system concludes with the lyrics 'life can sadden us, While we have wine and good humor in store! With'.

these, and a little of love to madden us, Shew me the fool that could labour for more.

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the second system. The lower staff provides a bass line. The system concludes with the lyrics 'these, and a little of love to madden us, Shew me the fool that could labour for more.'

Come then bid Gamemede fill ev'ry bowl for ye Fill them up bumpers and

drink as I call I'm going to toast ev'ry nymph of my soul to ye Aye on my

soul I'm in love with you all. Dear Creatures we can't do without 'em They're

all that is sweet and se-duc-ing to man; Looking, sigh-ing a-bout and about 'em We  
doat on 'em die for them all that we can.

2

Here's to Phillis whose innocent bosom ,  
 Is always agog for some novel desire ;  
 To day to get lovers , to-morrow to lose 'em ,  
 Is all that the innocent Phillis require .  
 Here's to the gay little Jessy who simpers ,  
 So very good humour'd whatever is done ;  
 She'll kiss you and that without whining or wimpers ,  
 And do what you please with you all out of fun .  
 Dear Creatures &c .



A bumper to Fanny, I know you will scorn her,

Because she's a prude, and her nose is so curl'd :

But if ever you chatted with Fan in a corner,

You'd say she's the best little girl in the world.

Another to Lyddy who struggling with duty,

And asking her conscience still whether she should;

While her eye, in the silent confession of beauty,

Say, "Only for something I certainly would."

Dear Creatures &c.

Fill for Chloe, bewitchingly simple,

Who angles the heart without knowing her lure;

Still wounding around with a blush or a dimple,

Nor seeming to feel that she also could cure.

Her's to pious Susan, the Saint who alone, Sir,

Could ever have made me religious outright;

For if I'd such a dear little Saint of my own, Sir,

I'd pray on my knees to her half the long night.

Dear Creatures &c.

LOUDEN'S WOODS AND BREAS<sup>#</sup>

Written by Tannahill.

N<sup>o</sup> 44.

Air: Moira's Welcome to Scotland.

With feeling and expression. Louden's bonny

woods and breas, I naun leave them a lassie, Wha can thole whan Britain's faes Wad gae Briton's

law, lassie? Wha wad shun the field o' danger? Wha frae fame wad live a stranger?

The musical score consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system includes the instruction 'With feeling and expression.' and the title 'Louden's bonny'. The second system contains the lyrics 'woods and breas, I naun leave them a lassie, Wha can thole whan Britain's faes Wad gae Briton's'. The third system contains the lyrics 'law, lassie? Wha wad shun the field o' danger? Wha frae fame wad live a stranger?'. The music is in a 3/4 time signature with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The first system features several triplet markings (indicated by a '3' in a circle) over the right-hand staff.

<sup>+</sup> Thole  
Thowless - Spiritless

<sup>#</sup> Brae . a declivity, -bank of a River .

Now when Freedom bids avenge her Wha wad shun her ca' lassie? Louden's bonny

banks and braes Haeseen our happy bridal days, And gentle hope shall soothe thy waes When

I an far a - wa' lassie.

‡ Waes - Woes . Wha - Who .



Hark! the swelling bugle sings,  
 Yielding joy to thee, laddie,  
 But the dolefu' bugle brings  
 Waefu' thought to me, laddie;  
 Lanely. I may climb the mountain,  
 Lanely. stray beside the fountain,  
 Still the weary moments countin',  
 Far frae love and thee, laddie:  
 O'er the gory fields of war,  
 Where Vengeance drives her crimson car,  
 Thou'lt may be fa' frae me afar  
 And nane to close thy ee, laddie.

O resume thy wonted smile!  
 O suppress thy fear, lassie!  
 Glorious honour crowns the toil  
 That the sodgers shares lassie!  
 Heav'n will shield thy faithfu' lover  
 Till the vengeful strife be over,  
 Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever,  
 Till the day we die, lassie;  
 Midst our bonny woods and braes,  
 We'll spend our peaceful happy days,  
 As blythe's yon lightsome lamb that plays,  
 On Louden's flowery lea, lassie.

### THE SPOTLESS MAID.

Sung by Mr Incedon.

No. 45. Shield.

The musical score is written on two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a common time signature (C). The lower staff is a bass clef with a common time signature (C). The tempo and mood are indicated as 'Larghetto e Grazioso'. The melody features a triplet of eighth notes in the first measure. The lyrics 'The spotless Maid is' are written below the second measure of the upper staff. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

+ Fa - fall. Frae - from. Ee - eyes. † Lea - untilled ground - grassy plain.

like a blooming rose, Which on its native stem un-sully'd grows, But if some hand the tender stalk in  
 -vades. Lost is its beauty and its colour fades.

2

Whoever leaves a virtuous Maid behind,  
 Tho' distant, still he views her in his mind,  
 Reflection tells that absence must improve,  
 The dear delight of meeting those we love.

---

\* The half of each Stanza is generally repeated with embellishments and various closes.

## THE RIGHT END OF LIFE .

Sung by Mr Smith .

N<sup>o</sup>. 46.

W Reeve

Resoluto .  
Horns

Thro' deserts we roam, Yet fat plenty we find, With a paunch jolly fed and a

good jolly mind; No mountains we climb, O'er no oceans we roll Caravans trading



Sinners must pay us our Toll the Toll - - - - - must pay

us our Toll So even our Justice all share the same fate and

each leaves a tri = = fle to mend our Estates To be nice about trifles is trifling and

jolly The right end of life is to live and be jolly To be jol = = = ly be

ad lib.  
jol = = = ly be jol = = = = = = = = = ly The right end of life is to

live and - - - be jolly

The Convent we scale and we find at the shrine,  
 Fat Friars and Pullets and flaskets of wine,  
 Pious Fathers! we cry, let your care be the soul!  
 Since you preach up lean fast-pray let us have the Bowl,  
 So pies, pullets, and flaskets, we merrily take,  
 While they shudder with fear with laughter we shake,  
 To be nice about trifles &c.

Nº 47. *YE SONS OF SPAIN AWAKE TO GLORY.* Written by  
 B.A. O'Meara.

Maestoso

Ye Sons of Spain awake to

This musical system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, followed by a repeat sign. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Glory, Hark hark what myriads bid you rise Your Children wives and grandsires ho-a-ry

This musical system continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff features a melodic line with various note values and rests. The lower staff continues the accompaniment, with some notes beamed together. The piece concludes with a final chord in both staves.



Behold their tears and hear their cries Behold their tears and hear their cries shall hateful

tyrants mischief breeding, With hireling hosts, a ruffian band, while peace & liberty lie

bleeding Affright & desolate the land To arms, to arms, ye brave Th'avenging sword unsheath

## Repeat Chorus.

March on March on all hearts resolv'd, On Vic = tory or Death.

2<sup>d</sup>. time *ff*

2

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,  
 Which treacherous kings confederate raise  
 The dogs of war let loose are howling,  
 And soon our fields and cities blaze:  
 And shall we basely view the ruin,  
 While lawless force with guilty stride,  
 With crimes and blood his hands embruing  
 Spreads desolation far and wide.

To arms; to arms &c.

3

O Liberty! can man resign thee,  
 Once having felt thy generous flame,  
 Can dungeons, bars, or bolts confine thee,  
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame;  
 Too long the world has wept bewailing,  
 That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;  
 But all their arts are unavailing,  
 For Freedom is our sword and shield.

To arms, to arms &c.

LADIES LIPS.

Written by  
D.A. O'Meara.  
(Irish Melody.)

Nº 48.

Musical notation for the first system, consisting of a grand staff with two staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato.' and the dynamics are marked 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff.

Musical notation for the second system, consisting of a grand staff with two staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff.

Tho' ruby wine we prize, boys, That Bacchus sips, that Bacchus sips, Yet sweeter Nectar

Musical notation for the third system, consisting of a grand staff with two staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff.

lies boys In Ladies' lips In Ladies' lips, With honied rapture flowing on Hyblashill on



Hyblashill, No bee such sweet bestowing did e'er distil - did e'er distil When

round the bowl we meet boys. Be this our toast, be this our toast The lips that yield us

sweet joys, And kiss the most, and kiss the most. *sf*

When, lips like cherries growing,  
 First meet our view — First &c.  
 And set our bosoms glowing,  
 What should we do — What &c.  
 Why kiss them! ev'n if pouting,  
 They would repel — They &c  
 Tho' Love's advances flouting,  
 They like it well! — They &c  
 While o'er our Bowl we meet boys.

Tho' cares in wine we dip, boys,  
 Be sure of this — Be sure &c.  
 Without sweet woman's lip, boys,  
 There is no bliss — There is &c.  
 Then fill your goblets high, boys,  
 No flinching slips — No flinching &c.  
 The beauties in our eye, boys,  
 Here's Ladies lips — Heres Ladies &c.  
 While oer the Bowl we meet boys.

## TOM MOODY,

W Shield.

No 49.

As sung by M<sup>r</sup> Incedon.

In Moderate time but alternately with animation and dejection.

Corni

With Animation. Dejected

You all knew Tom Moody the whipper in well The bell just

ly Reviving.

done tolling was honest Tom's knell A more able sportsman neer follow'd a Hound Thro'a

country well known to him fifty miles round Thro'a country well known to him fifty miles round



No Hound ever open'd with Tom near the wood But he'd challenge the tone & could tell i

*sf*

Loick Loick

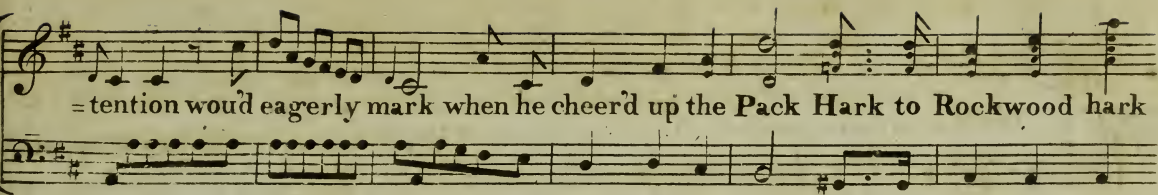
'twas good

And all with attention wou'd eagerly mark when he cheerd up the

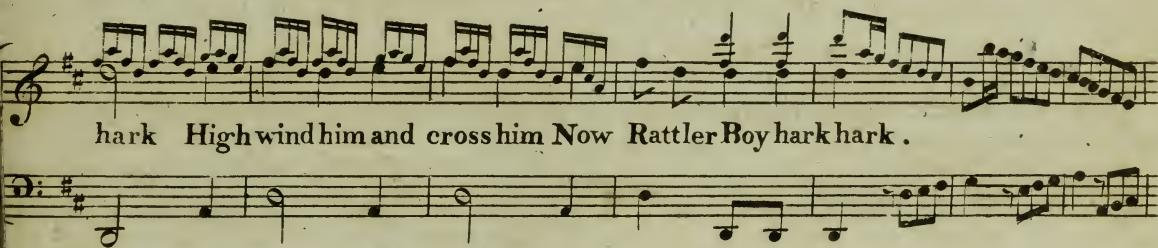
whoop whoop whoop tally hotally ho whoop

Pack Hark to Rockwood hark hark

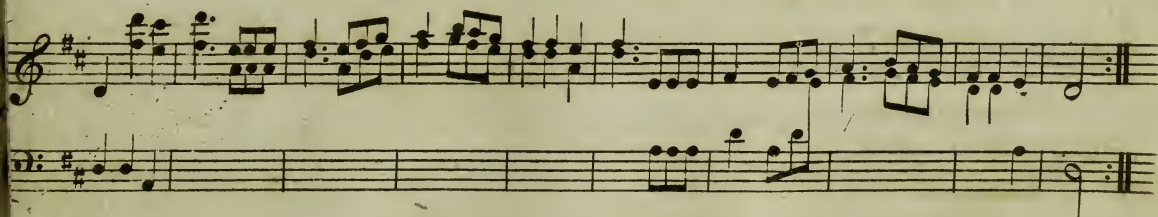
And all with at



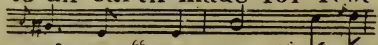
=tention wou'd eagerly mark when he cheer'd up the Pack Hark to Rockwood hark



hark Highwind him and cross him Now Rattler Boy hark hark .



Six crafty earth stoppers in Hunters green drest  
Supported poor Tom to an earth made for rest

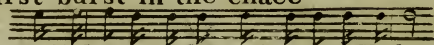


His Horse which he stil'd his "Old Soul" next appear'd  
On whose forehead the brush of his last Fox was rear'd

(The death hollow introduced)

Whip Cap. Boots and Spurs, in a trophy were bound  
And here and there follow'd an old straggling Hound  
Ah no more at his voice yonder vales will they trace  
Nor the wrekin resound his first burst in the chace

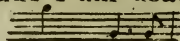
Ah no &c



Sym:

High wind him and cross him Tallyho tallyho tallyho

Thus Tom spoke his friends e'er he gave up his breath  
"Since I see you're resolv'd to be in at the death  
One favor bestow 'tis the last I shall crave  
Give a Rattling view hollo— thrice over my grave  
And unless at that warning I lift up my head  
My Boys you may fairly conclude I am dead?"



Honest Tom was obey'd and the shout rent the sky  
For ev'ry voice joind in the Tallyho cry

Honest Tom &c.

High wind him and cross him Tallyho &c. &c.





Scotch Air.

(Burns)

Slow and with feeling.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw I dearly like the west,

For there the bonnie lassie lives, The lass that I loe best; Tho' wild woods grow, and

rivers row Wi' mony a hill between Baith day & night my fancy's flight I sever wim yjean

Airts — points of the compass.  
Row — roll.

Loe — love.

I see her in the dewy flow'r Sae lovely, sweet & fair; I hear her voice in ilka bird, Wi'

music charm the ear; There's not a bonny flow'r that springs, By fountain, shaw, or

green; Nor yet a bonny bird that sings But minds me of my Jean .

Ilka: Ilk — every, each

Braw — fine, handsome

Shaw — a woody grove by the water side. Busk — dress. Sic — sicken, such.

Upon the banks of flowing Clyde,  
 The lasses busk them braw;  
 But when their best they hae put on,  
 My Jeanie dings them a';  
 In hamely weeds she far exceeds  
 The fairest o' the town;  
 Baith grave and gay confess it sae,  
 Tho' drest in russet gown.  
 The gamesome lamb that sucks it dam,  
 Mair harmless canna be;  
 She has nae fault (if sic we cat)  
 Except her love for me;  
 The sparkling dew of clearest hue  
 Is like her shining een,  
 In shape and air, wha can compare,  
 Wi' my sweet lovely Jean?

Een — the eyes.

Weslin — western.

Fra muir — from moor.

Ae blink — one kind look.

O blaw ye weslin winds, blaw saft . 135  
 Among the leafy trees!  
 Wi' gentle breath, frae muir an' dale,  
 Bring hame the laden bees;  
 And bring the lassie back to me  
 That's aye sae neat and clean;  
 Ae blink o' her wad banish care,  
 Sae lovely is my Jean!  
 What sighs and vows, amang the knowes  
 Hae past atween us twa!  
 How fain to meet, how wae to part  
 That day she gaed awa!  
 The pow'rs aboon can only ken,  
 To whom the heart is seen,  
 That nane can be sae dear to me  
 As my sweet lovely Jean.

Knowes — a small round hillock.

Atween — between, Twa — two:

Gaed — went.

Aboon — above.

Ken — know.



Written by  
S. Bainbridge.

# WHEN THE FIRST BLUSH OF MORNING.

As sung by Miss Wensley in Eugenio.

N<sup>o</sup>. 51.

flute *p*  
Andantino Grazioso.

*h*

When the first blush of morning breaks soft in the sky

*h*

The gay flowers adorning with vermils rich dye Oh then may thy bosom af-

fec-tio-nate prove And in-stinc-tive-ly feel I give

love. for love. &c.

2  
 When at noontide is darting the Sun's fervid ray  
 And Creations enjoying the fullness of day  
 Oh! then may thy bosom affectionate prove  
 And instinctively feel that I give love for love

3  
 When the silence of ev'ning is stealing around  
 When night is advancing in darkness profound  
 Oh! then &c.

4  
 While Time is pursuing (unvaried) his way  
 'Till thy animate form shall be chill'd into clay  
 So long may thy bosom &c.

## AULD LANG SYNE.

No 52.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot? And never brought to mind Should

auld acquaintance be forgot And days o' lang syne?

Lang Syne. long since, old times. Auld — Old



tak' a cup o' kindness yet for auld lang syne.

2  
 We twa hæ run about the braes,  
 And pu'd the gowans fine,  
 But rov'd mony a weary foot,  
 Sin days o' auld lang syne,  
 For auld &c.

3  
 We twa hæ paidlet i' the burn,  
 From morning sun 'till dine;  
 But seas between us braid hæ roar'd,  
 Sin days o' auld lang syne,  
 For auld &c.

Pu'd the gowans — pulled the daisies.  
 Paidlet i' — play'd in shallow water.  
 the burn  
 Braid — broad.

4  
 And there's a hand my trusty feire,  
 And gie's a hand o' thine;  
 We'll tak' a right gude-willie waught,  
 For days o' auld lang syne,  
 For auld &c.

5  
 And surely you'll be your pint\* stoup,  
 And surely I'll be mine;  
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For days o' auld lang syne,  
 For auld &c.

Feire. Fier — brother or friend.  
 Gude-willie — ready to give.  
 Waught — a large draught.  
 \*Stoup — a kind of jug with a handle.

# MARY OF CASTLE CARY.

Sung by Miss Paton.

Scotch Air

Slow

Oh! saw ye my weething

saw ye my ain thing. Saw ye my true love down on yon lea Crossd she the meadow ye

treen at the gloamin, sought she the burnie whar flows the hawtree Her hair it is

Yestreen - yesternight . Wee - little .

Gloamin' - twilight . Burn burnie - water rivulet .

lint white Herskin it is milk white dark is the blue o' her saft rolling e'e Red red her

ripe lips and sweeter than roses whar could my weething wander fraeme.

2

I saw your ain Mary, she's frae Castle Cary,  
 I saw your ain true love down in yon lea!  
 Proud as her heart is and modest her nature,  
 Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me!  
 Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood red his cheeks grew,  
 Wild flushed the fire frae his red rolling e'e!  
 Ye'll rue sair this morning, your boasts and your scorning,  
 Defend ye fause fu, loudly ye lie!



3

'Awa' wi beguiling, cried the youth smiling:  
 Aff went the bonnet - the lint white locks flee -  
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,  
 Fair stood the maid wi the dark rolling e'e!  
 Is it my wee thing - Is it my ain thing.  
 Is it my true love here that I see.  
 Oh Jannie! forgi'e me, your heart's constant to me;  
 I'll never mair wander dear laddie frae thee!

**I'M WEARIN AWA' JOHN .**

As sung by Miss Carew .

Andantino  
 Largo  
 Express

I'm wearin a-wa' John like snaw wreaths when it's thaw John I'm

Awa' away

wear= in a= wa To the land O the leal

exp:

There's nae sorrow there John there's neither caud nor care John The

day is ay fair John I the land O' the leal.

Leal — faithful — loyal,  
 O' — of  
 Av — always, for ever.

Dry your glistning ee, John;  
 My soul lang's to be free, John;  
 Angels wink on me, John,

To the land o' the leal.

Ye've been lea and true, John;  
 Your task is near done now, John;  
 And Ill welcome you, John,

To the land o' the leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, John;  
 She was baith gude and fair, John;  
 And we grudg'd her sair, John,

To the land o' the leal.

Sorrows sel' wears past, John;  
 And joys are coming fast, John;  
 Joys that will ay last, John,

I' the land o' the leal.

Fare ye weel my ain, John;  
 This world's care is a' vain, John;  
 We'll meet and be fain, John,  
 I' the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, John;  
 There's nae cauld nor care, John;  
 The day is my fair, John,  
 I' the land o' the leal.

A' — all .  
 Ain — own .  
 Sel. — self .

Weel — well .  
 Fain — joyful .

Nae — not any .  
 Cauld — cold .

END of VOL: 1.



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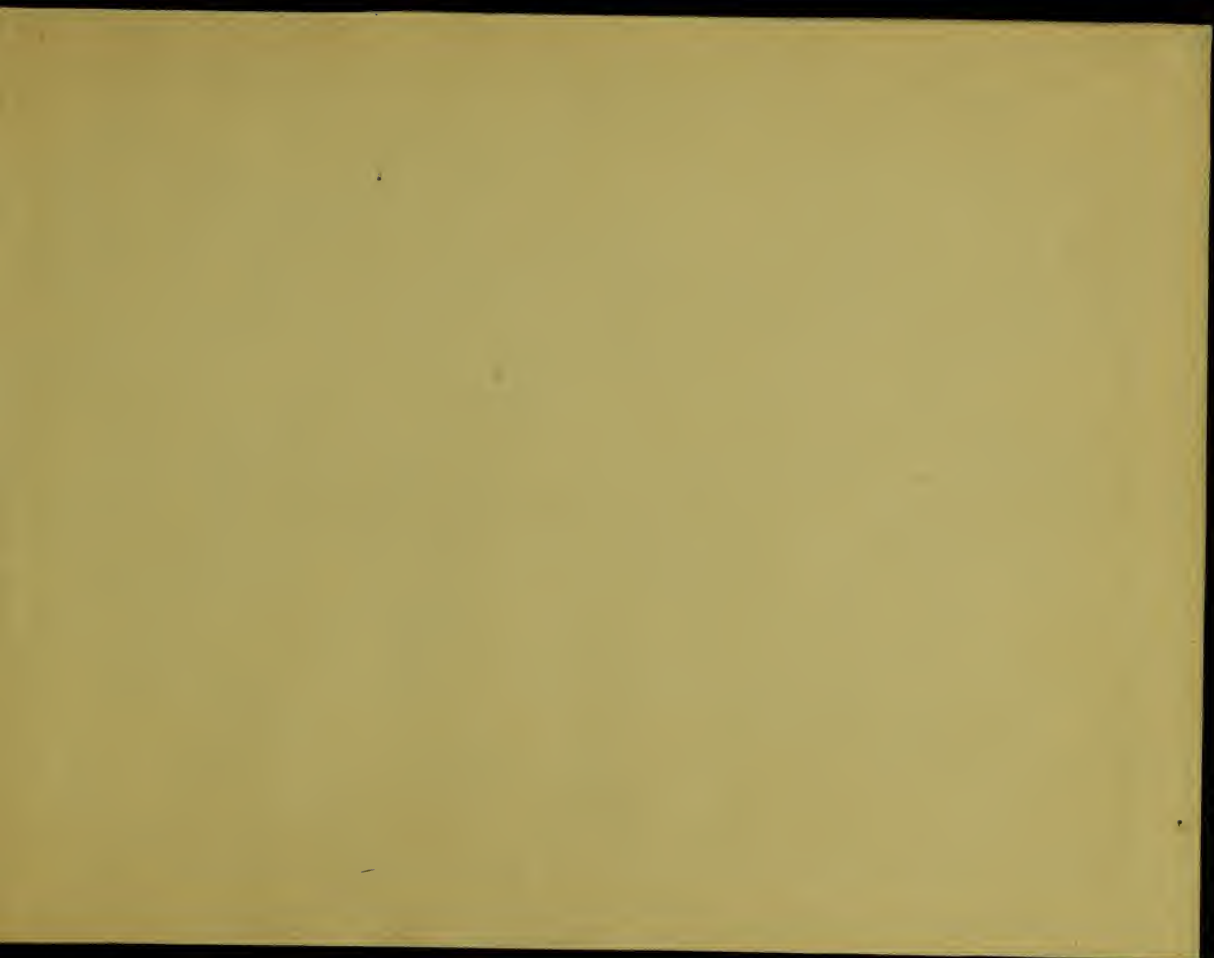
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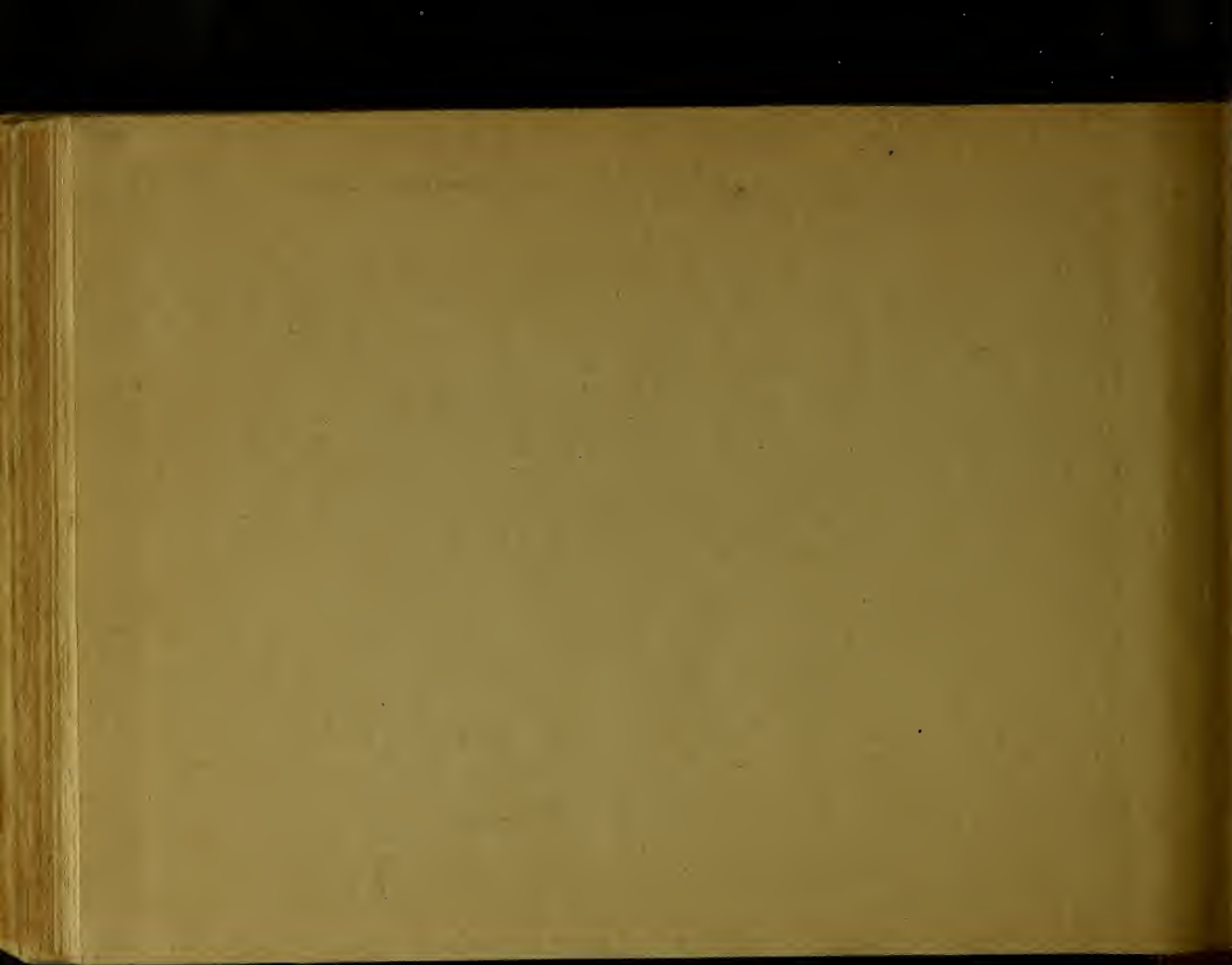
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