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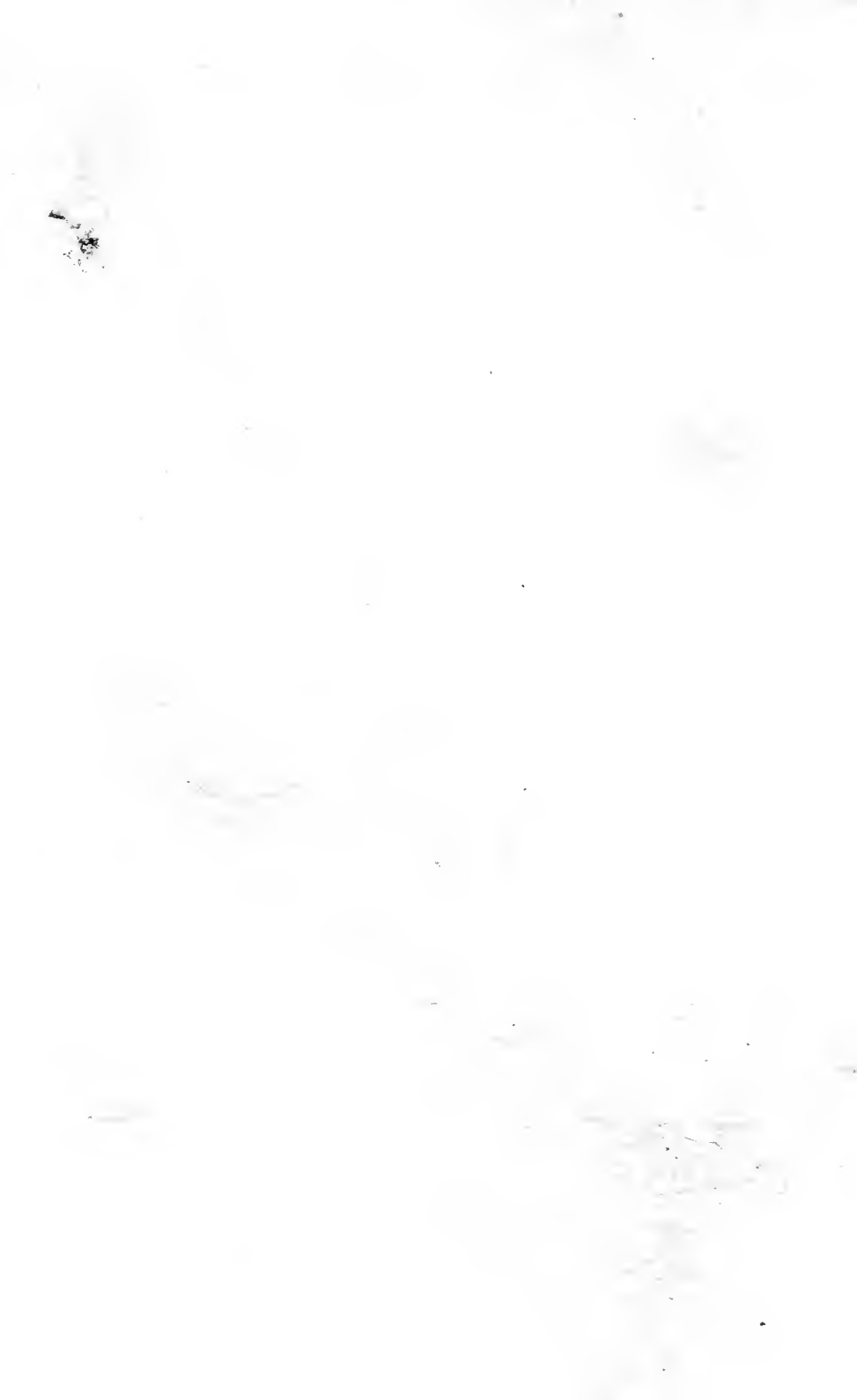
VOL. I.

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BREATHE NOT AGAIN THAT DREADFUL WORD.

Poetry by Leman Rede; to the Irish Melody, Moore's 'Whene'er I see those smiling eyes.'

Affettuoso.

Breathe not a - gain that dread - ful word, That from your lip so
late - ly fell, Which then my ear with hor - ror heard, — It
woke like dy-ing pas - sion's knell! Chase not the dear de - lu - sive dream, Which
now has lull'd my heart so long; Let not thy harp for -
sake the theme In which it breath'd the soul of song.

Still smile, my love, as when the dream
Of passion woke that sunny ray,
Which melted, like the western beam,
When daylight fades in dew away.
Let my adoring eyes perceive
The smile you gave, when love was young;
Still let thy playful fancy weave
The tale on which, entranc'd, I've hung.

Tell me you love, and let me see
The truth in thy dissolving glance:
Turn, turn that languid eye to me,
And let its light my soul entrance; —
But if that bliss you now refuse,
And love no more can wake those charms,
O! take me, then, and let me lose
Existence in thy faithless arms.

WHY DOES EMMELINE WANDER?

Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; Music by M. W. Balfe.—Published by Davidson.

Andantino.

Why does Em - me - line wan - der, so lone and so pale, While night
winds are blow-ing through the fo-rest and vale? While the moon's light is cloud-ed,
slum-ber so cold the streams; Earth in darkness, too, shrouded; no star kind-ly
gleams. While the moon's light is cloud-ed, slum-ber so cold the streams;
Earth in dark - ness, too, cloud-ed; no star kind - ly gleams.

'Tis her babe now is sleeping
'Neath the yew-tree's dull shade.
Death soon dropp'd her flower—
Ah! it bloom'd but to fade.

Day will brush off the dew-drops
From the blue vi'let's eye;
But no morning will ever
A mother's tears dry!

WHAT SHALL I DO?

By H. Purcell.

Andante.

What shall I do to show how much I love her: How ma-ny mil-lions of
sighs can suf - fice? That which wins o-thers' hearts ne - ver can
move her; Those com-mon me-thods of love she'll des - pise. I will love
more than man e'er lov'd be - fore me, Gaze on her all the day, Dream
of her all the night, Till, for her own sake, at last she'll im -
plore me To love - her less, - To pre - serve - our de - light

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

By J. C. Doyle.

Young Love flew to the Pa-phian bow'r, And ga - ther'd sweets from
ma-ny a flow'r; From ro-ses and sweet jes - sa-mine, The li - ly, and the
eg - lan - tine. The Gra-ces there were cull - ing po - ses, The Gra - ces
there were cull-ing po-ses, And found young Love a - mong the ro-ses, Young
Love a - mong the ro - ses, Love a - mong the ro - ses; The

Gra-ces there were cull-ing po-ses, And found young Love a - mong the ro-ses.
O! happy day, O! joyous hour!
Compose a wreath of every flow'r;
Let's bind him to us, ne'er to sever,—
Young Love shall dwell with us for ever.

Eternal spring the wreath composes,
Content is Love among the roses!
Young Love among the roses, &c.

WE TARS HAVE A MAXIM.

Allegretto.

We Tars have a max-im, your ho-nours, d'ye see, To live in the same way we
fight: We ne-ver give in, and, when run-ning a lee, We pipe hands the ves-sel to
right, We pipe hands the ves-sel to right. It may do for a lub-ber to
sni-vel and that, If by chance on a shoal he be cast; But a Tar a-mong
break-ers, or thrown on a flat, But a Tar a-mong break-ers, or thrown on a flat, Pulls a-
way, tug and tug, to the last; With a yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo,
fol de rol lol de rol le. With a yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo,
yeo, hip, yeo, yeo, yeo, hip, Foi lol de rol lol de rol le.

This life, as we're told, is a kind of a cruise,
In which storms and calms take their turn:
If it storm, why we bustle, if calm then we booze,
All taut from the stem to the stern;

Our Captain, who in our own lingo would speak,
Would say, to the cable stick fast,
And, whether the anchor be cast or a-peak,
Pull away, tug and tug, to the last.

With a yeo, yeo, yeo, &c.

THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

Music by a Lady.

Andante.

On the banks of Al-lan wa-ter, When the sweet spring time did fall, Was the
mil-ler's love-ly daugh-ter, Fair-est of them all. For his bride a sol-dier sought her, And a
win-ning tongue had he; On the banks of Al-lan water, None so gay as she!

On the banks of Allan water
When brown autumn spread its store,
There I saw the miller's daughter,
But she smil'd no more:
For the summer grief had brought her,
And her soldier false was he,—
On the banks of Allan water
None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan water
When the winter snow fell fast,
Still was seen the miller's daughter;
Chilling blew the blast,
But the miller's lovely daughter
Both from cold and care was free;—
On the banks of Allan water
There a corse lay she.

THE SOLDIER AND HIS BRIDE.

Composed by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's cheap and uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Moderato.

She heard the fight was over, And won the wreath of fame, When
 ti-dings from her lo-ver With his good war steed came: To guard her safe-ly
 to his tent, The red-men of the woods were sent; They led her where sweet wa-ters gush,
 Un-der the pine-tree bough! The to-ma-hawk is rais'd to crush—'Tis bu-ried in her
 brow— She sleeps, she sleeps, be-neath that pine-tree now!

Her broken-hearted lover
 In hopeless conflict died;
 The forest leaves now cover
 That soldier and his bride.
 The frown of the Great Spirit fell
 Upon the Red Men, like a spell;

No more those waters slake their thirst,
 Shadeless to them that tree;—
 O'er land and lake they roam accurs'd,
 And in the clouds they see
 Thy spirit—thy spirit unaveng'd, M'Crea!

MINSTREL, STRIKE THE HARP.

The Music to the 'Da Conta,' in Bellini's Opera of Norma, by G. Soane, A.B.—Published by Davidson.

Min-strel, strike the harp that slum-bers; Let it gush in sweet-est num-
 bers, Gently as the stream-let flow-ing, When the winds of spring are blow-ing. Sing to
 me no themes of glo-ry, Nor the wild Bac-chan-tes' sto-ry, Nor the
 sea-man for his plea-sure, Brav-ing Death be-low, a-bove;— Tune for
 me a gold-en mea-sure, All in praise of love, young love, — Tune for
 me a gold-en measure, All in praise - - - of love, young love.

Minstrel, while your gentle finger
 On the gold wire seems to linger,
 Dreams of other days come o'er me,
 Like a volume spread before me,
 Where I read the thoughts I cherish,
 Joys that only came to perish;

Yet go on, go on, I pray thee;—
 Though I flutter like a dove,
 In her lonely prison pining,
 Sing me still of love, young love!
 In her lonely prison pining,
 Sing me still of love, young love!

TELL HER I'LL LOVE HER.

Composed by Shield.

Moderato.

Tell her I'll love her while the clouds drop rain, Or while there's
wa-ter in the path-less main! Tell her I'll love her till this life is
o'er, And then my ghost shall vi-sit this sweet shore! Tell her I'll love her till this
life is o'er, And then my ghost shall vi-sit, shall vi-sit this sweet shore!
Tell her, I only ask she'll think of me,— Tell her all this, tell it o'er and o'er,—
I'll love her while there's salt within the sea! The anchor weighs, or I would tell her more.

WILL NOBODY MARRY ME?

The Words by G. P. Morris; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Vivace.

Heigh-o! for a husband! Heigh-o! There's dan-ger in lon-ger de-lay! Shall I
ne-ver a-gain have a beau? Will no-bo-dy mar-ry me, pray? I be-
gin to feel strange, I de-clare— With beau-ty my pros-pects will fade; I'd
give my-self up to de-spair, If I thought I should die an old maid! Heigh-
o! for a hus-band, heigh-o! Will no-bo-dy mar-ry me, say? Will
no-bo-dy, no-bo-dy? no! Will no-bo-dy, no-bo-dy? no!

These men are the plague of my life!
'Tis hard from so many to choose:
Should any one wish for a wife,
Could I have the heart to refuse?
I don't know, for none have propos'd;—
O! dear me! I'm frighten'd, I vow—
Good gracious! who ever suppos'd
That I should be single till now!

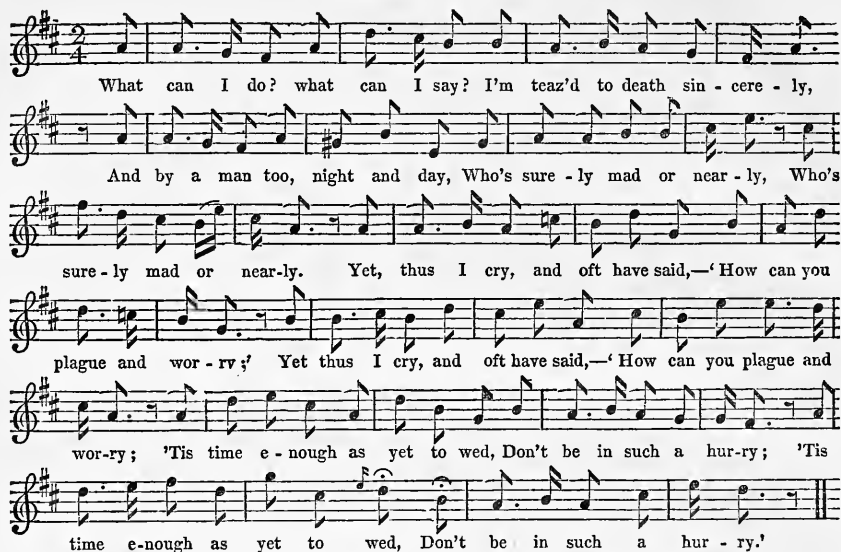
Heigho! &c.

I once cut the beaus in a huff;
I thought it a sin and a shame,
That no one had spirit enough
To ask me to alter my name.
So I turn'd up my nose at the short,
And roll'd up my eyes at the tall;
But, then, I just did it in sport
And now I've no lover at all!

Heigho! &c.

DON'T BE IN SUCH A HURRY.

Composed by W. T. Parke.



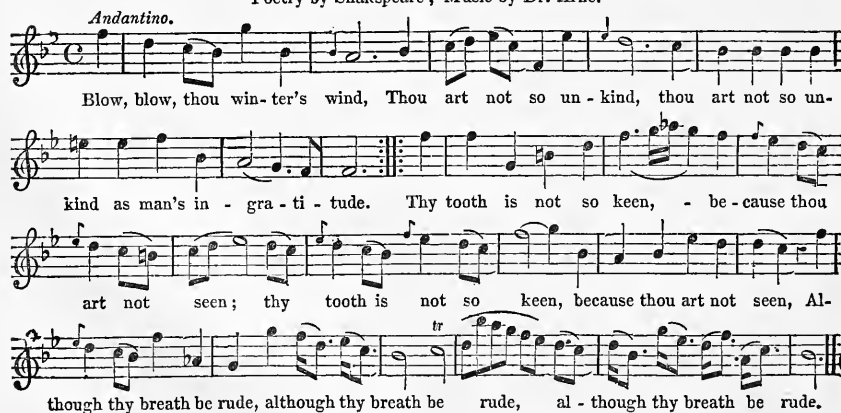
What can I do? what can I say? I'm teaz'd to death sin - cere - ly,
 And by a man too, night and day, Who's sure - ly mad or near - ly, Who's
 sure - ly mad or near - ly. Yet, thus I cry, and oft have said,—‘How can you
 plague and wor - ry?’ Yet thus I cry, and oft have said,—‘How can you plague and
 wor - ry; ’Tis time e - nough as yet to wed, Don't be in such a hur - ry; ’Tis
 time e - nough as yet to wed, Don't be in such a hur - ry.’

But all I say, or all I do,
 Avails, I own, but rarely;
 He's teasing, teasing me, 'tis true,
 And that both late and early.
 O! yes, and though I often cry,
 It is in vain to worry;
 I'll not be serv'd so,—no, not I—
 Don't be in such a hurry.

And yet the truth, since 't must be so,
 It is in vain to smother;
 So, when last night he said he'd go,
 And vow'd he'd wed another,—
 Surpris'd, alarm'd, I know not how,
 While quite o'ercome with flurry,
 I cried—‘I'm yours—will you leave me now?
 O! you're not in such a hurry!’

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER'S WIND.

Poetry by Shakspeare; Music by Dr. Arne.



Blow, blow, thou win - ter's wind, Thou art not so un - kind, thou art not so un -
 kind as man's in - gra - ti - tude. Thy tooth is not so keen, - be - cause thou
 art not seen; thy tooth is not so keen, because thou art not seen, Al -
 though thy breath be rude, although thy breath be rude, al - though thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,—
 Thou dost not bite so nigh,
 As benefits forgot.

Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friends remember'd not.

BY RHINE'S BLUE WATERS.

The Words by G. Soane, A.B.; the Music from Fra Diavolo, by Auber, to the Air 'On yonder Rock reclining.'—Published by Davidson.

Allegretto.

By Rhine's blue wa-ters sleep-ing, Up - on the bank the min - strel lay; The
 bil-lows, rip - pling, creep-ing, A - bout his slum-bers play. A voice from out the
 wa-ters sings sweet-ly on his sleep - ing ear, 'Come to me, my min-strel dear, Be -
 neath the wa-ters clear;— love - ly our grots and beau-ti-ful to see, The floors all bright with
 pearls so white; Come then, love, come then, love, come to me. Love - ly our grots, and beau - ti -
 ful to see, The floors all bright, with pearls so white; Come then, love, come then, love, come to me.

Come to me, Come to me, Come to me,

The boy from sleep awaking,
 Gaz'd long and fondly on the stream;
 Strange longings then came o'er him,
 The echoes of his dream:
 And where the sun was falling
 Upon the waters deep and blue,
 Grots and meadows met his view,
 And flowers of ev'ry hue;
 Wildly then throb'd his breast with hope and fear,
 Still seems him near that voice so clear:
 'Come, my love, come to me.'

Then deeper heav'd his bosom,
 As if beneath the waters fair
 A paradise were lying,
 And beauty call'd him there.
 The perfume of those flowers,
 Upon the aching sense they came,
 And still the voice rung on the same:
 'O! come, my love, to me!
 Madly he plung'd where deep the waters be,
 And wildly cried, 'My bride! my bride!
 Yes, I come, love, to thee!'

SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE.

Canzonet by Haydn—Words by Shakspeare.

Largo assai con Expressione.

She ne-ver told her love, she ne-ver told her love! But let con-
 ceal - ment, like a worm i' th' bud, feed on her da - mask
 cheek. She sat, like Pa - tience on a mon - u - ment, smil - ing
 smil - ing at grief! Smil - ing smil - ing at grief!

O! SAY NOT WOMAN'S HEART IS BOUGHT.

O! say not wo-man's heart is bought With vain and emp-ty treasure! O! say not wo-man's heart is caught By ev'-ry i-dle plea-sure! When first her gen-tle bo-som knows Love's flame, it wan-ders never: Deep in her heart the pas-sion glows, Deep in her heart the pas-sion glows; She loves, and loves for ev-er; She loves, and loves for ev-er; She loves and loves for ev-er; She loves, and loves for ev-er; Deep in her heart the pas-sion glows, She loves and loves for ev-er.

O! say not woman's false as fair—
That like the bee she ranges,
Still seeking flow'rs more sweet and rare,
As fickle fancy changes;—

Ah, no! the love that first can warm,
Will leave her bosom never:
No second passion e'er can charm—
She loves, and loves for ever.

THE WANDERER.

By Thomas Dibdin.

Animato.

Come, lads, here's good luck to the pur-ser, As long as he finds us in
grog, And tho' growl-ers say times can't be wor-ser, We'll keep up hi-la-ri-ty's log.
Tho' a roll-ing stone, cy-nics may tell us, Is fam'd for not ga-ther-ing moss; Its
ab-sence to wan-der-ing fel-lows Like us can be scarce deem'd a loss, While thro'
each change of scene, 'tis our no-tion, For air, health, and plea-sure to roam; And we
oft drink in Port on the o-cean, 'The Wan-der-er al-ways at Home.'

She skims o'er the surge like a fairy,
With wonder while land-lubbers gaze,—
No lady so lightsome and airy,
Is smarter than she is in stays.
So ship-shape she graces the water,
Of each tar she's the love, pride, and joy;
And love, too, has boarded her quarter,
For she's sometimes attach'd to a buoy.
Thro' each change, &c.

You may talk of the breeze and the battle,
For neither has she any fears;
Were great guns to blow, or shot rattle,
She'd meet them with so many cheers.
'Tis alike whether beating or running,
There is none can this craft overtake;
They may try all their steering and cunning,
But they'll soon be asleep in her wake.
Thro' each change, &c

She's placid and calm in fair weather,
Or when storms seem her hull to o'erwhelm;
She rides o'er the waves like a feather,
And cheerfully answers her helm.
With idleness ever untainted,
A housewife from taffrail to bows,

With the Needles she's not unacquainted;
And no dairy-maid knows more of Cowen.
Thro' each change, &c.

When once she down channel was thrashing,
A French frigate design'd her a treat,
But at beating quite failed, though so dashing,
Then tried running, and there too got beat.
Than the Crapaud's craft none was completer,
While sail after sail up he crowds,
But the little brig, laughing, dead beat her,
For she was alive in her shrouds.
Thro' each change, &c.

Then fill, fill again, and again, boys;
The Wanderer claims your regards,—
Her skipper, her officers, men, boys,
Hull, rigging, masts, canvass, and yards.
On her helmsman and hands safe relying,
Mischance may she ever avoid,—
May she ever come off 'colours flying,'
And always by fortune be buoyed:
And, while through new scenes 'tis our notion
For air, health, and pleasure to roam,
We'll oft drink in port on the ocean—
'The Wanderer always at Home!'

THE PLOUGH-BOY.

A flax-en head-ed cow-boy, as sim-ple as may be, And
next a mer-ry plough-boy, I whis-tled o'er the lea; But now a sau-cy
foot-man, I strut in wor-sted lace, And soon I'll be a but-ler, And
wag my jol-ly face: When stew-ard I'm pro-mo-ted, I'll snip a tradesman's
bill, My mas-ter's cof-fers emp-ty, my poc-kets for to fill. When
roll-ing in my cha-riot, So great a man I'll be, So great a man, so great a man, so
great a man I'll be, You'll for-get the lit-tle plough-boy that whis-tled o'er the
lea, You'll for-get the lit-tle plough-boy that whis-tled o'er the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections, and when I've made the
pelf, [myself;
I'll stand poll for the parliament, and then vote in
Whatever's good for me, sir, I never will oppose—
When all my ayes are sold off, why then I'll sell
my nocs.

I'll joke, harangue, and paragraph—with speeches
charm the ear; [a peer:
And when I'm tired on my legs, then I'll sit down
In court or city honour, so great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled
o'er the lea.

ROCK'D IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

Sacred Song, the Poetry by Mrs. Willard; the Music by J. P. Knight.—Published by Davidson.
Slow, and with expression.

Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep; Se-
 cure I rest up-on the wave,—For thou, O Lord, hast pow-er to save; I
 know thou wilt not slight my call, For thou dost mark the spar-row's fall; And
 calm and peace-ful shall I sleep,—Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep; And
 calm and peace-ful shall I sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
 Though stormy winds sweep o'er the brine;
 Or though the tempest's fiery breath
 Rous'd me from slumber to wreck and death.

In ocean-cave still safe with thee,
 The germ of immortality,
 And calm and peaceful, will I sleep,
 Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

Composed by Percy, with an Additional Verse by James Powell, Esq.

Andante.

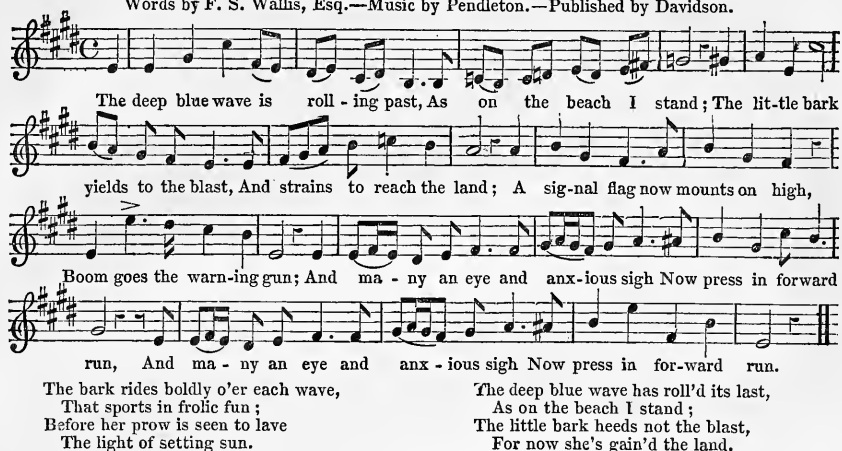
Your Mol-ly has ne-ver been false she de-claims, Since last time we parted at
 Wap-ping old stairs, When I swore that I still would con-tin-ue the same, And
 gave you the 'bac-co-box mark'd with my name, And gave you the 'bac-co-box
 mark'd with my name: When I pass'd a whole fort-night be-tween decks with you, Did I
 e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of your crew? To be use-ful and kind with my
 Tho-mas I stay'd, For his trou-sers I wash'd, and his grog too I made.

Though you promis'd last Sunday to walk in the mall
 With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sal,
 In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,
 And only upbraided my Tom with a tear. [priz'd ?
 Why should Sal or should Susan than me be more
 For the heart that is true, Tom, should ne'er be despis'd:
 Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake;
 Still your trousers I'll wash, and your grog, too, I'll
 make.

'Dear Molly!' cried Tom, as she heav'd a deep sigh,
 And the crystalline tear stood afloat in each eye,
 'I prithee, my love, my unkindness forgive,
 And I ne'er more will slight thee, as long as I live:
 Neither Susan nor Sal shall again grieve my dear:
 No more from thine eye will thy Tom force a tear:
 Then be cheerful and gay, nor thy Thomas forsake,
 But his trousers still wash, and his grog too still
 make.'

THE DEEP BLUE WAVE.

Words by F. S. Wallis, Esq.—Music by Pendleton.—Published by Davidson.



The deep blue wave is roll - ing past, As on the beach I stand; The lit-tle bark
yields to the blast, And strains to reach the land; A sig-nal flag now mounts on high,
Boom goes the warn-ing gun; And ma - ny an eye and anx-ious sigh Now press in forward
run, And ma - ny an eye and anx - ious sigh Now press in for-ward run.
The bark rides boldly o'er each wave, The deep blue wave has roll'd its last,
That sports in frolic fun; As on the beach I stand;
Before her prow is seen to lave The little bark heeds not the blast,
The light of setting sun. For now she's gain'd the land.

THE LILY.

Poetry by J. W. Leslie, Esq.; Music by J. M. Jolly.—Published by Davidson.

Moderato.


There is a sweet pale flow-er, That oft un - heed-ed blows, And round its na-tive
so-li-tude Its balmy perfume throws. It blooms not in the garden, Nor decks the gay par -
terre; It owns no cul - ti - va-tion, But 'tis fra-grant as it's fair; It
owns no cul - ti - va-tion, But 'tis fra-grant as it's fair. No gaudy tints a-dorn it, Nor
paint-ed beau - ties rise To dazzle its be - hold-ers, Or court ad - mi-ring eyes: Like
un-pretending me-rit, Neg-lect-ed and un - seen, Its pearly drops lie fold-ed in a
vest of hum-ble green, Its pearl-y drops lie fold-ed in a vest of hum-ble green.
In maiden guise and bashfulness Thou art a frail and tender thing,
Its modest form it rears; Though beautiful and wild,
It lives in Nature's wilderness— And, 'midst a lovely sisterhood,
Exists on Nature's tears; Art Nature's darling child!
And, like some child of Charity, I love thee not a whit the less
Unwarm'd by genial fires, That thou art wan and pale—
Just breathes its fragrant gratitude I greet thy coming, mourn thy loss—
In sighs, and then expires ' Sweet Lily of the Vale.

LOST GERTRUDE.

Poetry by Thomas C. Brabant, Esq. ; Music by F. H. S. Pendleton.—Published by Davidson.

Andante non Troppo.

Earth, to thy bosom, take in peace This gentle flower of yes-ter-day; But
take not then that mem-o-ry Which ling'reth sad-ly past de-cay: She
stood a-lone, our hope, our pride; We lov'd her in that ham-let rude. A-
las! in vain, for she is gone, And love hath lost its own Ger-trude!

Fair clust'ring round the lower'd vine,
Which leads the slope to this soft rill,
Our rustic daughter led the dance,
Herself the fairest 'midst them still:
And now, with blinding tears, they tell
How Death's cold garment doth intrude
On that pale form, and hide the brow
We lov'd so well in our Gertrude.

Ah! how with dewy feet she trod
The early summit, where pale hues lay!
And light, which o'er her close-bound hair
Betray'd the slowly-mounting day!
Our village youths have ceas'd from toil,
Save where she rests with tears they've strew'd,
And flow'rs whose drooping odours sigh
A low farewell to lost Gertrude!

TUBAL CAIN.

Poetry by Charles Mackay; Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Jeffcrys.

Allegro Moderato.

Old Tu-bal Cain was a man of might, In the days when Earth was young; By the
fierce red light of his fur-nace bright, The strokes of his ham-mer rung; And he
lift-ed high his braw-ny hand On the i-ron glow-ing clear, Till the
sparks rush'd out in scar-let rout, As he fashion'd the sword and spear; - - And he
sang, 'Hur-ra for my han-di-work! Hur-ra for the spear and sword! Hur-
ra for the hand that shall wield them well, For he shall be king and lord!'

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one pray'd for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his own desire;

And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of the forest free;

And they sang, 'Hurra for Tubal Cain,
 Who hath giv'n us strength anew—
 Hurra for the smith! hurra for the fire!
 And hurra for the metal true!
 But a sudden change came o'er his head
 Ere the setting of the sun;
 And Tubal Cain was fill'd with pain
 For the evil he had done:
 He saw that men with rage and hate
 Made war upon their kind,
 And the land was red with the blood they shed
 In their lust for carnage blind;
 And he said, 'Alas! that ever I made,
 Or that skill of mine should plan,
 The spear and the sword for men whose joy
 Is to slay their fellow man!
 And for many a day old Tubal Cain
 Sat brooding o'er his woe;
 And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
 And his furnace smoulder'd low:

But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
 And a bright courageous eye,
 And bar'd his strong right arm for work,
 While the quick flames mounted high;
 And he sang, 'Hurra for my handiwork!
 And the red sparks lit the air,—
 'Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,
 And he fashion'd the first ploughshare.
 And men, taught wisdom from the past,
 In friendship join'd their hands,— [wall,
 Hung the sword in the hall, and the spear on the
 And plough'd the willing lands;
 And sang, 'Hurra for Tubal Cain,
 Our staunch good friend is he;
 And for the ploughshare and the plough,
 To him our praise shall be.
 But while oppression lifts its head,
 Or a tyrant would be lord,
 Though we may thank him for the plough,
 We'll not forget the sword.'

SMILE ON, FOR THY YOUNG DAY IS DAWNING.

Poetry by Leman Rede; to the Music of an Irish Melody, Moore's 'Sing, Sing.'

Allegretto.

Smile on, for thy young day is dawn-ing; The world beams for thee in its
 bright-est of hours; Warm gleams are be-fit-ting the morn-ing, When
 rap-ture bursts forth, like the sun up-on flow-rs. Bright as the sky is thine
 eye's bril-liant beam-ing; Light bounds thine heart, as the roe on the moun-tain;
 Calm flow thy thoughts, as the sum-mer lake stream-ing, Spark-ling in joy, like the
 spray from the foun-tain. Smile on: soon time will a-wa-ken Thy
 bo-som from peace, to o'er-whelm it in sad-ness; Thou'lt rise a-lone and for-
 sa-ken, To feel the world's tem-pest, its wrath and its mad-ness.

Young dreams, like the bright lotus* growing,
 Arise from the stream when the sun kisses ocean,
 Bud in his beams, whilst the waters are glowing,
 All warm with his smiles in their tremulous motion.
 As the cold eve draws in darkness around it,
 The flowers of the earth from the sunbeam must
 sever,

The lotus awakes from the bright spell that bound it,
 And vanishes 'neath the dark waters for ever.
 Smile on, for thy young day is dawning;
 Bask while you may in joy's roseate light:
 For soon you'll relinquish your morning,
 And sink in the cares of the world's gloomy
 night.

* An Egyptian flower that rises above the stream at sunrise, and sinks at sunset

THE SPIRIT AND THE STREAM.

Poetry by Eliza Cook, to the Music of 'The Old Arm Chair,' composed by Henry Russell.

Andante con Espressione.

The banks of the ri-ver were love-ly and bright, As the blos-soms and
boughs met the sum-mer noon - light; The moss hid the flow-er, the
tree screen'd the moss, And the wil-low's thick tres-ses fell sweep-ing a-cross: But
Time took his way on those green banks at last, And pull'd up the
flow'rs and trees as he pass'd;— He stretch'd his cold hand— the white
cot-tage was down, And the spring-y moss wi-ther'd be -neath his stern frown.

He trampled the woodbine, and blotted all trace
Of the willow so lov'd for its wave-kissing grace;
But he touch'd not the river—that still might be
found [round.

Just the same as when beautiful green banks were
The heart, like that water, may quicken and glow,
While rare beauty is seen on the furrowless brow;
It may gayly expand where Love twineth a bow'r,
And faithfully picture the branch and the flow'r.

But Time will soon plough up the forehead so sleek,
He will whiten the dark hair, and shadow the cheek;
The charms that once dazzled will dazzle no more,
But the heart, like the water, shines on as before.
The tide gushes fast, all as fresh and as fair

As it did when the alder and lily were there;
The change that has come o'er the place of its course
Has not lessen'd its ripple, or alter'd its source.

And the heart that is beating with Nature and Truth
May outlive some dear images mirror'd in youth:
Some wrecks may be round it, but none e'er shall
find [kind.

Its deep feelings less quick, or its yearnings less
O! the green banks may fade, and the brown locks
turn gray, [way;

But the stream and the spirit shall gleam on their
For the heart that is warm, and the tide that is
free,

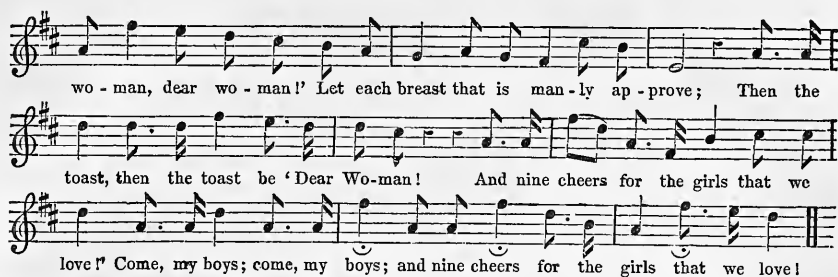
Glide onward unchang'd to Eternity's sea.

HURRAH FOR THE GIRL OF OUR HEARTS.

Vivace.

Composed by J. Blewitt.

I've a toast now to give, which, as long as I live, Should my locks with bright
sil-ver be crown'd, 'Tis a toast more than wine, or friend-ship I prize, And with
cheers will go round and go round: It is not the land of my birth, Nor the
he-roes in bat-tle that fall, Nor the monarch we love and re-vere; But dear
Woman, the pride of us all! Then the toast then the toast be, 'Dear

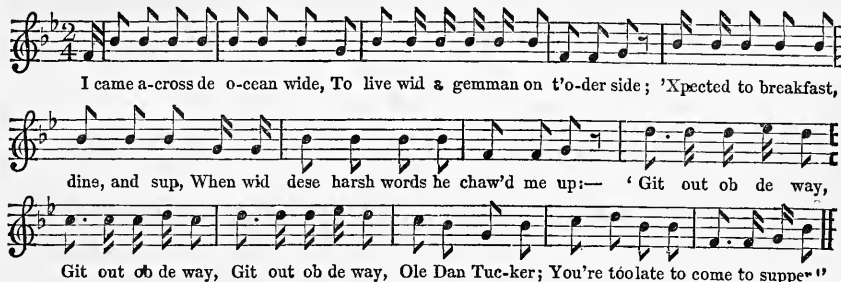


Bright, bright are the dreams of our earliest years,
And sweet are the scenes of our youth;
But brighter fond woman before us appears,
And sweeter her love and her truth.

Her voice is the trumpet of gladness,—
Who hears must the summons obey;
Her tear-drop o'erwhelms us with sadness,
But 'tis transport to chase it away.
Then the toast, &c.

OLD DAN TUCKER.

Negro Meiody by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's uniform Edition of his Compositions.



I see a yellow bush-a-belle,
But when I come my lub to tell,
And all de pangs she causes me,
What you tink she answer me?

Get out ob de way, &c.

Sheep and de hog are in de paster,
I go to kill one for de master;
When I kill him dead as a nit,
Dey would'n't let me hab a bit,—

But said, Git out ob de way, &c.

I 'fraid I don't look well a-dancing,
'Cos my legs too much a slanting:
'Rub 'em well wid gin and water,
Soon come straight,—so says de doctor.

Git out ob de way, &c.

'But den, Massa Doctor,' ole Dan quicker
Say, 'What de good ob wasting de liquor?'
So I swig de gin to wet my trottles,
Den I rub my leg wid de bottle.

Git out ob de way, &c.

I go to dance so hard one night,
I dance myself clean out ob sight;
Next morning early my head was found
Sticking upright, an' my body in de ground.

Git out ob de way, &c.

When I ran away one moonlight night,
De proclamation describe me right:
His legs is thin, his ankles fat,—
He has but one eye, and he squints wid dat.

Git out ob de way, &c.

THE FOLLOWING MAY BE SUBSTITUTED AS ENCORE VERSES.

On Nigger hill, as I heard tell,
A darkey woman us'd to dwell,
From New Orleans I think she came,
And Misses Tucker was her name.

Git out ob de way, Misses Tucker, &c.

Misses Tucker is eighty-nine,—
Her hair hangs down like a bunch ob twine,—
Her nose sticks out, her eyes stick in,—
Her under-lip hangs ober her chin.

Git out ob de way, &c.

Misses Tucker and my aunt Sally,
Dey live down in Jawbone Alley,

Name on de house, and knocker on de door,
De first house ober de grocery store.

Git out ob de way, &c.

When Misses Tucker goes to bed,
She puts a nightcap on her head;
She blows out de light, and shuts up her eyes,
And don't git up till de sun does rise.

Git out ob de way, &c.

Misses Tucker's short and fat,—
Her face is black as my old hat,—
De white ob her eye you can see in de dark—
Her eyeballs shine like de candle-spark.

Git out ob de way, &c.

WHEN MY VERY FIRST DAY.

Composed by Kelly.

Allegretto.

When my ve-ry first day to the field I had got, I dis-co-ver'd great
 na-tu-ral parts as a shot: My span-i-el had put up a snipe from a bog; I
 miss'd it, I vow, but I brought down the dog, Down, down, down,
 der-ry der-ry down, der-ry down, down, down, der-ry, der-ry down.

So keen my first hunt, I brush'd over the grounds,
 I decidedly distance'd the fox and the hounds;
 And I leap'd my first hedge with so earnest a mind,
 That I left a fine gelding I rode on behind.
 Down, derry down.

But time and experience have render'd me cool,
 And I counsel young sportsmen to think of this rule:
 When you go out a shooting, don't shoot your dog
 dead;
 And in riding a horse, don't fly over his head.
 Down, derry down.

BUD NOT YET, YE GENTLE FLOWERS.

Poetry by George Soane, A.B., to the Music of 'E l'Assiria,' in Verdi's Opera of Nabucodonosor,
 or Nino.—Published by Davidson.

Andante e Staccato.

O! bud not yet, ye gen-tle flow-ers, Nor trust those winds, those sun-
 -ny show-ers: They but tempt you, to de-destroy you, to de-
 stroy you; They but tempt you, to de-destroy you, to de-destroy you! In your
 beds a-while en-joy you, en-joy you, 'Tis not Spring's warm airs
 -in-vite you, But a false and lu-rid
 ray Lie be-hind a frost, to blight, to blight you, Gen-tle
 flow'rs, gen-tle flow'rs, gen-tle flow'rs, gen-tle flow'rs.

O! wait till May, Spring's youngest daughter,
 In robe of blue, and eyes of laughter,
 Soon shall call you from your slumber,
 While the stars in countless number

Fill the Heav'n above to greet you;
 And upon the earth below
 Frolic zephyrs haste to meet you—
 Gentle flowers, gentle flowers!