



ENGLISH
MINSTRELSIE

A Monument of English Song.



Edited by
S. Baring-Gould. M.A.

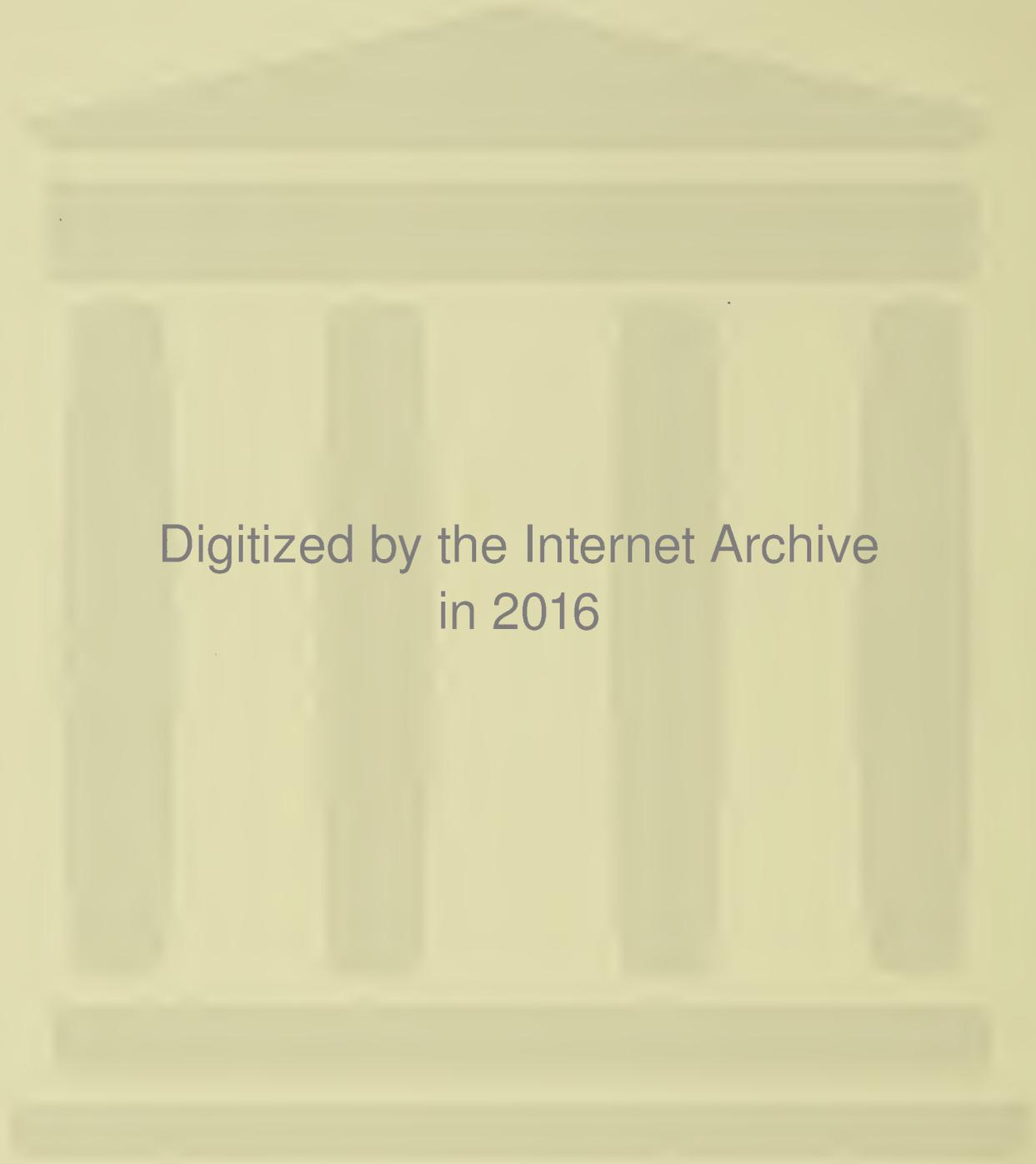


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ENGLISH MINSTRELSIE

English Minstrelsie

A National Monument of English Song

COLLATED AND EDITED, WITH NOTES AND
HISTORICAL INTRODUCTIONS, BY

S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

THE AIRS, IN BOTH NOTATIONS, ARRANGED BY

H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD, M.A.

F. W. BUSSELL, B.D., MUS. B. OXON.; AND

W. H. HOPKINSON, A.R.C.O.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES

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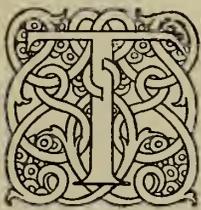
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A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH OPERA

Two sources of national music in Opera—Folk-songs introduced into Plays—Shakespeare—The Masque—Recitative—The Aria-parlante—The Great Rebellion—Dispersion of musicians—Music in incubation—Theatres closed—Anthony Wood—Purcell—Artificiality of musical airs—Italian singers—The Italian Opera in England—Italian bravura—Eccles—The Beggar's Opera—Has an injurious effect on English Opera—Arne—Artaxerxes—Arnold—Other composers of Ballad-Operas—Shield—Storace—Kelly—Dibdin—The origin of the Duenna—Objection of English audiences to dramatic music—Oberon—Performers introduce any song they like into an Opera—Bishop—Barnett—Balfe—Musical flourish—Destroys effect of ballad singing—The law protecting patent theatres encourages the introduction of ballads into plays—Struggle against the law—Prospect of Opera in England.



To comprehend the history of the English Opera, it is necessary to keep distinct in the mind two sources and two parallel streams of national music.

In the first place, we have the drama into which songs were introduced that in no way helped on the action of the piece, but were mere embellishments, and which could be omitted without detriment to the movement and development of the plot.

Thus in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, we have six songs introduced:—"If she be made of white or red," "If Love make me forsworn," "So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not," "Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye," "On a day," and "When daisies pied."

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* we have "Over hill, over dale," "You spotted snakes," "The ousel-cock, so black of hue," "Now the hungry lion roars," "Now, until the break of day." In *Twelfth Night* there are "O mistress mine, where are you roaming?" "Come away, come away, death," "I am gone, sir," and "When that I was and a little tiny boy;" and in the second act scraps of songs and catches, which were unquestionably well known in Shakespeare's time, are roared out by Sir Andrew, Toby Belch, and the Clown—"Three merry men be we," "Tilly, valley, Lady," "There dwelt a man in Babylon," "O, the Twelfth Day of December," "Farewell, dear Heart," "His eyes do show his days are almost gone," "Shall I bid him go?" &c. In *As You Like It* there are nine songs, of which the principal are—"Under the Greenwood Tree," "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," and "It was a lover and his lass." In *A Winter's Tale* we meet with "When daffodils begin to peer," "Jog on, jog on, the footpath way," "Lawn as white as driven snow," the ballad of "Two maids wooing a man," and the pedlar's song, "Will you buy any tape?" There are six songs in *The Tempest*. In *Hamlet*, in addition to Ophelia's three songs, there is that of the gravedigger, which was from the poem of "The Aged Lover renounceth Love," by Lord Vaux, that had in Shakespeare's time become one of the popular ballads of the day.

It was the same with other dramatists of the period. William Wager, in his *The longer thou livest the more fool thou art*, introduced the "Foots" or burdens of a number of popular ballads for Maros the fool to sing. These are:—"Broom, Broom on hill," "Robin, lend me thy bow," "There was a maid came out of Kent," "By a bank, as I lay," "Tom-a-Lin and his wife," "Martin Swart and his man," "Come over the boorne, Bessie," "The White Dove sat on the castle wall;" and he introduces a catch, "I have a pretty titmouse." George Peele, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1589, introduces a duet between Ænone and Paris, a song, "O gentle Love," a lament sung by Ænone, and a dirge, "Welladay, welladay, poor Colin."

In Thomas Nash's comedy, *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1598, there are some delicious songs—

"Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant King,
Then blooms every thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing
Cuckoo—jug, jug—pu-wee, to—witta-woo," &c.

Another opens, "Fair summer droops," a third is on the coming of winter, and a fourth is a sort of litany on the death of all vegetation and man. It is the same with Ben Jonson, and with Beaumont and Fletcher. To take one instance alone

from these dramatists. In *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, we have the songs, "'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood," "Come, you whose loves are dead," "I would not be a serving man," and the ballads, "Jillian of Berry," and the "May Day Ballad."

As we go on, more ballads and songs were introduced. They enlivened the drama, they made variety that was pleasing. In Webster and Rowley's *Thracian Wonder*, 1661, there are as many as eleven songs. When we come to Tom D'Urfey, his plays are stuffed with songs and ballads, many of which will not bear reproduction.

Here, then, we have the origin and growth of the ballad opera. Most of the songs introduced were to well-known airs, and no composer was required to set the songs. But this was not always the case. The duets were for the pens of good musicians, and several songs were in such metres as unfitted them for popular ballad tunes, and therefore the professional musician had to be called in to compose for them. Tom D'Urfey's ballad operas may be said to be the last of this description till the great revival of the ballad opera in 1727.

2. In the second place, we have the masque, the courtly performance which was not for the vulgar, and into which no common ballad tunes were introduced. The masque was in the hands of court poets, costumiers, masters of revels, and court musicians, and the result was something wholly fantastical, and foreign to the popular taste. The masque was a dramatic entertainment based on some allegorical or mythological subject, and was performed either before the king or queen, or in noblemen's houses. The reader may perhaps remember the amusing description of the masque given by Lord Courtenay in Harrison Ainsworth's "Tower of London." The account by this novelist is very accurate in all but one point; he omits mention of the musical performances accompanying the spectacle. These masques were got up at lavish expense. That of the Inner Temple of Gray's Inn, presented in February 1613, on the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to Frederick, the Elector Palatine of the Rhine, cost £1086, 8s. 11d., equal to about three times the amount in modern money. The principal author of these masques was Ben Jonson; but Beaumont, Chapman, Shirley, Heywood, and Carew also employed their talents upon the composition of masques. But so also did a greater than they, Milton, whose *Comus* was represented at Ludlow Castle in 1634, though he despised this sort of amusement, and in his "Paradise Lost" speaks contemptuously of them—

" Court amours,
Mixt dance, and wanton mask, or midnight ball."

Most of the music to these masques was written by Alphonso Ferrabosco, jun., and Nicolas Lanieri. In 1617 a masque by Ben Jonson was performed at the house of Lord Hay, for the entertainment of the French Ambassador, set to music after the Italian manner—that is to say, in recitative, by Lanieri, who as well painted the scenes. This short piece, wholly in rhyme, and without variation in the measure, to distinguish airs from recitative, and all declaimed to musical notes, may be pronounced the first attempt made in England to produce an opera in the Italian style.

Recitative was entirely foreign to English taste, and in this piece there is no air at all, only recitative. Let us hope that Lord Hay relished it. We are quite sure that most sensible English men and women present thought it infinitely tedious, and preferred a good ballad from the harper in the hall.

In the same year, in a masque by the same author, entitled *The Vision of Delight*, presented at court during the Christmas holidays, there is a distinction between air and recitative. The piece opened with Delight, personified, who, *stilo recitativo*, "spake in song." Then Night, likewise personified, *sang*, "Break Fancy from thy cave of cloud," &c. This air ends in a chorus. After which Fancy spake, *in stilo recitativo*. Then Peace sang, "Why look you so?" &c. After which there is an air which terminates with a chorus. This song ended, Wonder speaks in recitation, and the whole winds up with dance, song, and chorus.

Here, then, we have all the characteristics of a genuine opera of modern times complete, scenery, machinery, poetry, musical declamation, air, ballet, and chorus.

The music of this masque has not been preserved in its entirety, but portions of it have been printed by Playford in his "Ayres and Dialogues," 1653, and in the second part of the "Musical Companion," in 1667.

In 1630 Ben Jonson produced a masque, entitled *Love's Triumph*, which was decorated by Inigo Jones, and performed by the king and thirteen noblemen and gentlemen at court; and in the same year another, called *Chloridia*, was represented by the queen and the ladies of the court.

In 1631, *Tempe Restored*, a masque written by Aurelian Townshead, and decorated by Inigo Jones, was performed by her Majesty and fourteen ladies; and in 1633 no less than five masques were performed before the king and court at different places. The musicians employed were Simon Ives and Henry Lawes.

A very full and curious account of one of these, by Commissioner Whitelock, written at the time, has been often reprinted.

In 1633 *The Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher was represented set to music, as also the masque *Cælum Britannicum*, with the music by Henry Lawes. In 1634 the same musician composed the music for Milton's *Comus*; and Milton was so delighted with his setting that he wrote in his praise—

“ I must put off
These my sky robes, spun out of Iris' wool,
And take the weed and likeness of a swain,
That to the service of this muse belongs,
Who, with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods.”

The Great Rebellion put an end to all masques and revelries. In 1642 the Civil War commenced; in 1643 the liturgy and cathedral services were abolished, choirs dispersed, theatres closed, and the profession of a musician was at an end for a time.

The composers of music either went abroad, as did Bull (some of whose MS. music has been recently discovered in the library at Trent), or picked up a precarious existence, like Henry Lawes, by teaching singing.

It is remarkable that music passed into a stage of incubation during the Puritan domination, that really did it no harm, and promised a new birth. The scattered organists were taken into private gentlemen's houses, and gave instruction in music, not merely to the members of the households that entertained them, but to parish choirs.

There exists a very curious song, sung not in Devon only, but also in other parts of England, that is a reminiscence of the state of affairs under Puritanism; and it is sung to a fine melody of that date, which I have given, together with the complete ballad, as taken down from a blind man of nearly ninety, on Dartmoor, and from a pedlar in Buckingham of a still greater age—in “Songs of the West.”

It begins thus—

“ All ye that love to hear
Music performed in air,
Pray listen, and give ear,
 To what I shall perpend.
Concerning music, who'd—
If rightly understood—
Not find 'twould do him good
 To hearken and attend.

In Brixham town so rare
For singing sweet and fair,
Few can with us compare,
 We bear away the bell.
Extolléd up and down
By men of high renown,
We go from town to town;
 And none can us excell.

There's a man in Brixham town
Of office, and in gown,
Strove to put singing down,
 Which most of men adore.
For house of God unmeet,
The voice and organ sweet,
When pious men do meet,
 To praise their God before.

Go question Holy Writ,
And you will find in it
That seemly 'tis and fit
 To praise and hymn the Lord.
On cymbal and on lute,
On organ and on flute,
With voices sweet, that suit,
 All in a fair concord.”

The author of the ballad proceeds to quote the instance of Saul possessed by an evil spirit, which is expelled by the harp of David, and to point out that it was a devil who with music “was not agreed;” and the conclusion drawn is—

“ Now there be creatures three,
As you may plainly see,
With music can't agree
 Upon this earth.
The swine, the fool, the ass,
And so we let it pass;
And sing, O Lord, Thy praise
 Whilst we have breath.”

It is remarkable that it was during the Commonwealth that Playford, in 1655, published the first edition of his “Introduction to the Skill of Musick,” which had so rapid a sale, that, in 1683, ten editions of it had been circulated

through the kingdom. And this is pretty good evidence that music must have been zealously cultivated in private when it was not lawful to perform on the stage, or in churches.

In the virulent invectives, published at the time of the Puritan domination, music, its patrons and professors, were not spared. Gossen was the first writer who endeavoured to show that theatrical contributions were inconsistent with the profession of Christianity; and in his severe censure, players and pipers, by whom he means musicians in general, are included. This was in 1579. William Prynne later asserted that "stage-plays (the very pompes of the divell which we renounce in baptism), are sinful, heathenish, lewde, ungodly spectacles, and most pernicious corruptions, condemned in all ages." Though stage-plays are the principal objects of his assault, yet he is equally severe in his censure of music, vocal and instrumental; asserting that one of the unlawful concomitants of plays is "amorous, obscene, lascivious, lust-provoking songs and poems," which, he says, were so odious in the time of Queen Elizabeth, that church-wardens were enjoined, in the first year of her reign, to inquire "whether any ministrels, or other persons, did use to sing or say any songs or ditties that be evile and uncleane." He further quotes Clement of Alexandria to show that "Cymbals or dulcimers were instruments of fraud; that pipes and flutes are to be abandoned from a sober feast; and that chromatical harmonics are to be left to impudent malapertnesse in wine, to whorish musicke, crowned with flowers."

It is worthy of note that early legislation in regard to stage-players had been far from lenient before the Puritans gained the upper hand. The Crown was uneasy and alarmed, lest the art of the dramatist and dramatic performer should be used for political or religious ends, opposed to the intentions of the Crown. For such actors as had obtained the countenance of a great nobleman, exception was to be made; otherwise, all players in interludes were to be dealt with in the same manner as the minstrels, by an Act passed in the fourteenth year of Elizabeth. They were declared liable on a first conviction, whether male or female, "to be grievously whipped and burned through the gristle of the right ear with an hot iron of the compass of an inch about, manifesting his roguish kind of life;" a second offence was adjudged to be felony; a third entailed "death without benefit of clergy or privilege of sanctuary."

By the Act passed in 1647, the theatres were dismantled and suppressed; all actors of plays were to be publicly whipped; and all spectators and playgoers, for every offence, condemned to forfeit five shillings. This was the *coup de grace*, for previous ordinances had dealt the stage and music severe blows. In 1636 the theatres had been closed for ten months. In 1642 they were ordered to be shut for eighteen months.

The story of the Cromwellian General Harrison is well known, as an illustration of the temper of mind wherewith the Puritans regarded the actors. Robinson, the actor, who had taken up arms for the King, is said to have lost his life at the taking of Basing House; where, notwithstanding that the Cavaliers had laid down their arms, Harrison, recognising Robinson as a player, hewed him down, saying, "Cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently." The story is inaccurate in one particular. The player thus sacrificed was not Robinson, who died in his bed some years later.

Under the Protector, in 1658, there was sufficient relaxation to allow Sir William Davenant to produce at the Cock Pit, in Drury Lane, a play called *Sir Francis Drake, or the Cruelties of the Spaniards in Peru; expressed by vocal and instrumental music*. This was allowed to be played as a means of exciting English prejudice against Roman Catholics and Spaniards.

I have already remarked on Playford having published his "Introduction to the Skill of Musick," during the Puritan domination; not only so, but at the very time when all dancing was forbidden, he published "The English Dancing-Master, or Plaine and Easie Rules for the Dancing of Country Dances, with the tune to each dance," the first edition of which appeared in 1651, so that we may conclude that not only was the forbidden art of music diligently pursued in country houses, but also that of dancing.

From 1644 to 1660 music and the drama were under condemnation, but we may take a scrap out of the biography of a man who lived through this gloomy period to see how that, in spite of edicts, and the Dionysian ear of the Puritan, the natural love of music continued to assert itself.

Anthony Wood was born in 1632. In his life, written by himself, we get this glimpse. He says that it was in 1651 that "he began to exercise his natural and insatiable genie for music. He exercised his hand on the violin, and having a good eare to take any tune at first hearing, he could quickly draw it out from the violin, but not with the tuning of strings that others used. He had some companions that were musical, but they wanted instruction as well as he."

The next year "he followed the plow, and learned to ring on the six bells, then newly put up; and having

had, from his most tender years, an extraordinary ravishing delight in music, he practised, without the help of an instructor, to play on the violin.

"It was then that he tuned his strings in 4ths, and not in 5ths, according to the manner; and having a good eare, and being ready to sing any tune upon hearing it once or twice, he could play it also in a short time with the said way of tuning, which was never knowne before.

"After he had spent the summer in a lowish and retired condition, he returned to Oxford; and he entertained a master of music, to teach him the usual way of playing on the violin, that is, by having every string tuned five notes lower than the other going before. He gave this master two shillings and sixpence entrance, and so quarterly."

In 1653, he found that "heraldry, musick and painting, did so crowd upon him, that he could not avoid them; and could never give a reason why he should delight in those studies more than in others, so prevalent was nature, mixed with a generosity of mind.

"Having, by 1654, obtained a proficiency in music, he and his companions were not without silly frolicks. What should these frolicks be, but to disguise themselves in poor habits, and, like country fiddlers, scrape for their living? After strolling about to Farringdon Fair and other places, and gaining money, victuals, and drink, for their trouble, in returning home they were overtaken by certain soldiers, who forced them to play in the open field, and then left them, without giving them a penny."

This diary is very curious—it shows how impossible it was for the Puritans to conquer the passion for music and mirth seated in the hearts of the English people, planted there, indeed, by the Creator.

We come now to the Restoration, when all restraint was removed.

The drama at once sprang into life, and music attended it. Purcell composed the introductory music to most of the plays that were brought on the stage during his time; and to some songs, duets, and choruses as well. Here is a list of his dramatic compositions:—

Abelazar, 1677.—The music consists of an overture, and eight airs.

The Virtuous Wife, 1680.—Overture and seven airs.

Dioclesian, 1690.—Overture in the style of Lulli; prelude, accompaniment to a song, trumpet tune, air, horn-pipe, country dance, and a jig.

King Arthur, 1691.—Overture and twelve tunes; of this remarkable opera more presently.

Amphitrion, 1691.—Overture and eight tunes.

Gordian Knot Untied, 1691.—Overture and seven tunes.

Distressed Innocence, 1691.—Overture and seven tunes.

The Indian Queen, 1692.—One tune, some trumpet tunes and rondeaux.

The Fairy Queen, 1692.—Two overtures and sixteen tunes.

The Old Bachelor, 1693.—Overture and eight airs.

The Married Beau, 1694.—Overture and eight tunes, among them one for the trumpet, a march, and a hornpipe.

The Double Dealer, 1694.—Overture and ten tunes.

Bonduca, 1695.—Overture and ten tunes; of this opera more presently.

He likewise composed overtures, songs, and duets for "Timon of Athens," 1678; "Theodosius," 1680; for Dryden's miserable "Tempest" in 1690; and for "Don Quixote" in 1694.

Now, although Purcell was a genius, and had a creative mind in the matter of melody, which marks genius, whereas contrapuntal writing is mere scientific hard work, yet unhappily he was so filled with the prejudice of the Elizabethan and Stuart school of cultured musicians, that he did not allow his genius full scope, and avoided falling into—what the musicians of the period considered—the weakness of composing rhythmical melody. The poets of the previous age, in their contempt for the ballad, so dear to the vulgar, had gone out of their way to construct their verses in such a manner that they could not be set to ballad airs; and the skilled musicians had as great an objection to the formal rhythmic air as Wagner had in recent times. Rhythmic melody—pure, beautiful, satisfying to the ear, remained as the heritage of the people, the ploughman, the milkmaid, and the village fiddler. The skilled contrapuntists would none of it. Their ambition was to write such intricate fugues as required the utmost skill in singers to perform them, and which when heard pleased nobody. If they had to compose a song, then—lest they should trip and stumble into melody, they aimed at developing the expression of the words, independent of, rather in studied defiance of rhythm. The consequence is, that the airs of this period have an apparent formlessness, that does not delight the modern ear. These are splendid musical ideas, but they lack

development, and are often frittered away. What they aimed at was recitation, at the utmost, as a concession, an *aria parlante*, in which there is more of declamation than of the air.

Henry Purcell was too great a genius, too true a musician, to be completely entangled in this cobweb of false art and affectation. Nevertheless, there is too much of it in his compositions to make them wholly pleasing to us, perhaps spoiled by the formality of the Italian *aria*, in which a musical thought is perhaps hacked to death. Purcell and those of his school threw out melodious ideas, as Shakespeare did thoughts, but never over-elaborated them; and to do Purcell justice, his compositions should be taken in hand by a modern musician, and shaped, as no doubt, in his inmost soul he would have wished them to be shaped, but which he dared not attempt, afraid of running counter to the fashion of the day.

Moreover, the attention of the musician was directed to the individual words, and not to the general sense. But then, if, in an air by making a great flourish, the underlying melody could be overlaid and obscured, that, to the musical

The image shows a facsimile of a musical score by Henry Purcell. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line with the lyrics "Come come ye Sons of Art, come come away Tune alzo" and a lute line. The second system has a lute line. The third system has a vocal line with the lyrics "voices & Instruments play to celebrate to celebrate this Triumphant day" and a lute line. The fourth system has a lute line. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The lyrics are written in a cursive hand.

FACSIMILE OF PURCELL'S MUSICAL SCORING.

wiseacres, was its great merit. It is obvious, from what has been said, that Purcell in no way took up the thread of the *Ballad Opera*, but followed and developed the pattern of the *Masque*.

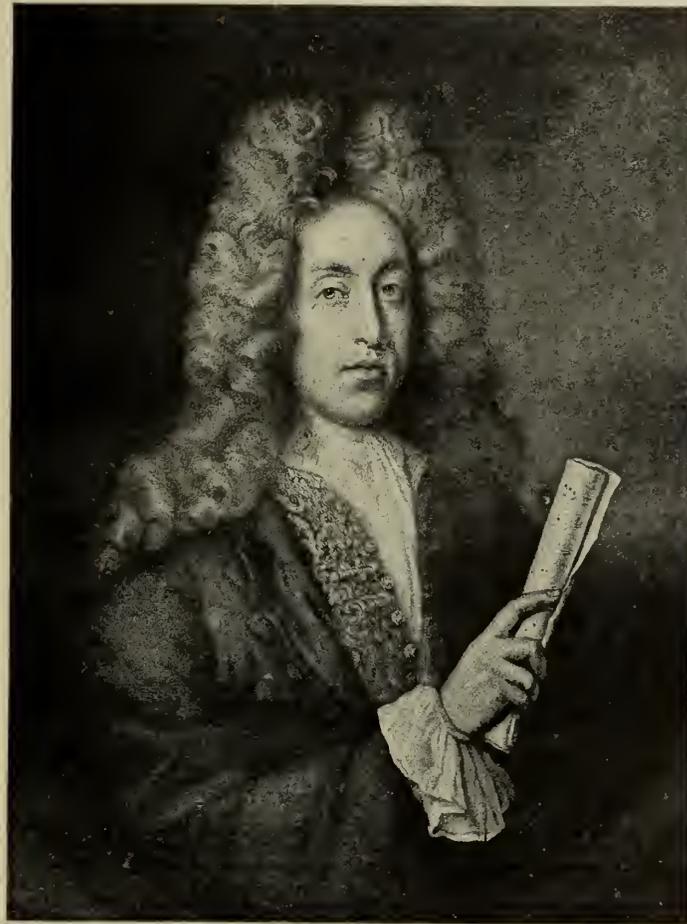
Let us now look at some of his operas, and see what a stride was made, how in fact Purcell laid the foundations of a National English Opera.

King Arthur, which was Purcell's masterpiece, was produced in 1691. Hitherto, Dryden had sent him his plays, with the songs ready written, and all he had to do was to put tunes to them. But now the poet consulted the musician, and between them they struck out the first truly dramatic musical composition that had appeared in England. He supplied the composer with alternative measures, and designed the scenes so as to produce effective contrasts. The result is that we have in germ all that the opera has since become. It teems with beauties. There is the splendid martial song of the Britons "Come if you dare;" there are pastoral dances and songs; the admirable frost scene; and that very striking Temptation of Arthur, which Wagner seems to have had before his mind when he wrote the similar

scene in *Parzifal*. In this Arthur is tempted first by two water spirits, mermaids, as he is crossing a bridge, and then is subjected to the fascinations of wood nymphs. I have spoken at large on this opera in my note on the duet—

“Two daughters of this aged stream are we.”

Dr. Burney, speaking of Purcell, says: “His songs seem to contain whatever the ear could then wish, or heart could feel. My father, who was nineteen years of age when Purcell died, remembered his person very well, and also the effect his anthems had on himself and the public at the time that many of them were first heard; and used to say that no other



HENRY PURCELL.

From a painting by Closterman, engraved by Zobel.

vocal music was listened to for thirty years after Purcell's death; when they gave way only to the favourite opera songs of Handel.”

Burgh, in his “*Anecdotes of Music*,” says: “Before Purcell we had cultivated madrigals and songs in parts, with diligence and success; but in all single songs, till those of Purcell appeared, the principal effects were produced from the *words*, and not the *melody*; for the airs, antecedant to Purcell's time, were as misshapen as if they had been composed of notes scattered about by chance, instead of being cast in a regular mould.” This is true only of the music of cultured composers, it is absolutely untrue of the songs of the people. The fact of ballad airs being dance tunes forced them to be symmetrical. It was the wrongheadedness of the scientific musicians which drove them to avoid rhythmic music. Burgh goes on:—“Exclusive admirers of modern symmetry and elegance may call Purcell's taste barbarous; yet in defiance of superior cultivation and refinement, and of every vicissitude of fashion, *through all his rudeness and barbarism*, original genius, feeling and passions are, and ever will be, discernible in his works.”

I have quoted this passage at length, not for any merit in it, or just appreciation of the facts, but for another reason; that I may insist on the great truth that Purcell attempted and succeeded in, pioneering the way out of the Wood

of Errors into which the scientific musicians had led the art, back on to the open breezy common of pure melody, never deserted by the folk-muse. Burgh makes an egregious mistake when he speaks of the formlessness and uncouthness, the rudeness and barbarism observable in Purcell's compositions, as due to lack of musical development. It was precisely musical culture which had developed this hideousness, which took up the sweet notes, and threw them into irregularity, and laid down a rule that music was not to be melodious, and was designed by God to be a scientific puzzle that was to be the special prerogative of the learned, and was not intended to give pleasure to the people. It was to be an intellectual amusement, not a power to thrill the soul and swell the heart. Purcell had musical genius, and therefore burst through the meshes, but could not, dared not cast away the cords altogether, and what Burgh treats as his uncouthness is actually the relics of his culture. Those who succeeded him tangled themselves in the briars and laces of musical execution, which again obscured and almost killed pure melody.

A second great opera, by Purcell, is *Bonduca*, produced in 1695, and it was the last of Purcell's works. This was a tragedy composed by Beaumont and Fletcher, which had been adapted as an opera by Betterton. There are in the play some fine scenes, but no great general merit. However, it commended itself to Purcell's patriotic feelings, and called forth some of his grandest music.

Mr. Hogarth says of this play:—"The chorus 'Hear us, great Rugwith, hear our prayers,' sung by the British priests before the battle with the Romans, is a supplication full of the most sublime pathos. What grandeur there is in the few notes sung by a single voice—

'Descend in chariots of ethereal flame,
And touch the altars you defend!'

"And how earnest and imploring the accents in which the whole choir join in the prayer—

'O save us!
O save our nation and our name!

"The instrumental symphony which introduces this chorus is a fine piece of solemn harmony, the effect of which could derive no addition from any modern improvements.

"The solo for a bass voice, 'Hear, ye gods of Britain!' which is called an air, is a mixture of recitation or *aria parlante* or declamatory air. It is a model of the perfect adaptation of sound to sense. The notes not only aid the clear elocution of the words, but heighten their emphasis and expression. The accompaniments are beautifully wrought, and contain some harmony which in Purcell's time must have been quite new, and is still singularly bold and powerful.

"The air for a treble voice, 'O lead me to some peaceful gloom,' has all the freedom and grace of the finest modern melody, and is beautifully in accordance with the sentiment of the words. In one place, however, the author has been led astray by a word which has often proved an *ignis fatuus* to composers. In the passage—

'When the shrill trumpets never sound
But one eternal hush goes round,'

the singer breaks out into a loud and dashing passage, in imitation of the sound of a trumpet; although the whole song is an aspiration after peace, repose, and silence. Even when the trumpet is introduced, it is *negatively*, in expressing a wish for some peaceful gloom, when its sound may never be heard. The 'eternal hush,' in the succeeding line, is exquisitely expressed.

"The chorus, 'To arms! To arms! your ensigns straight display,' is one of the most inspiring martial strains that ever was heard. The concluding duet and chorus, 'Britons, strike home,' has long taken its place among the warlike national songs of England."

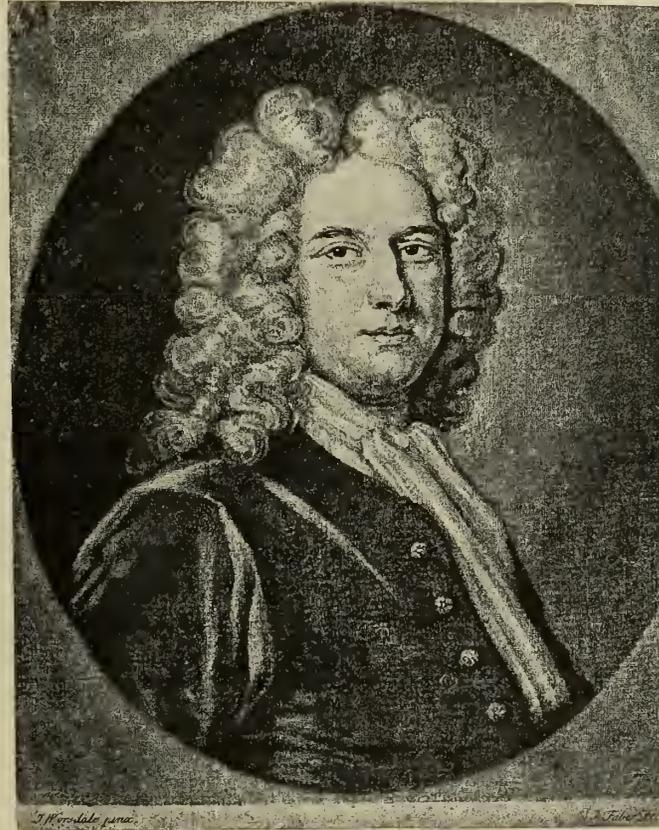
Purcell died young, and there were none to follow out the line indicated by him in *King Arthur*. That would have been an epoch-making work, had it not been for the sudden rage that set in for Italian music, and the dearth of great musical genius in England at the period. During the reign of Charles II. the fashion had been for French music, and Cambert, the predecessor of Lulli, had his opera of *Pomone* performed in London; and there a Monsieur Grabut was employed by Dryden in obedience to the partiality of his master to set his opera of *Albin and Albinus*, in preference to Purcell. But after the death of Charles II. the taste for Italian music grew.

Reggio, an Italian singing master, appeared in town and gave instruction, so that English vocalists might be enabled to perform in the Italian style.

In November 1702, a concert was given at York Buildings by performers lately arrived from Rome, and another at Hickford's dancing school. Next year some of these Italians were engaged to sing in Purcell's *Fairy Queen*.

On June 1, 1703, Margherita de l'Epine, an Italian singer, performed in the *Rival Queens*. She had come to England with a German whose name was Greber, and she went by the name of "Greber's Peg." She was the first Italian female singer who performed in England previous to the establishment of the Italian Opera in London. In 1718, she married Dr. Pepusch, and retired from the stage.

In July 1703, Italian *intermezzi* or "mimical entertainments of singing and dancing," were performed at York Buildings. In November, music by Signor Olsii, just arrived from Italy, was advertised at Lincoln's Inn Fields; and a subscription concert began at the same theatre, in which Mrs. Tofts sung Italian, as well as English songs.



HENRY CAREY.

From a Picture by Worsdal.

The first musical drama, wholly performed after the Italian manner, was *Arsinoe, Queen of Cyprus*, written by Stanzani, of Bologna, in 1677. But it was translated into English, set to music by Thomas Clayton, and was performed in London on Jan. 16, 1705. All the singers were English; but Margherita de l'Epine gave Italian songs before and after the piece.

On April 24 followed an Indian pastoral, called the *Loves of Ergaste*, set to music by Greber. In 1706, on April 30, *Arsinoe*, an Italian opera, translated into English, was performed at Drury Lane Theatre by the same company which had sung in *Ergaste*.

Such was the rage for Italian music, that Addison now wrote an opera, entitled *Rosamond*, which was set to music, in imitation of the Italian, by Clayton, who was absolutely incapable of doing anything good; and his bad music damned the piece.

The tidings that a harvest of gold was to be reaped in England had reached Italy, and the singers from that country began to rush for England. Before this invasion, so welcomed by the fashionables, the English comedians, in 1708, were forced to retire from the Haymarket, and abandon that theatre to the foreigners.

Thenceforth Italian opera, performed by Italians, prevailed, but *Almahide*, by an anonymous composer, produced in 1710, was the first opera performed in England wholly in Italian, and by Italian singers only. The English vocalists were relegated to sing a few songs as interludes, before the curtain, between the acts.

Not only did the Italians occupy the opera, but they encroached on the concert boards; the fashion was all for them, and against native performers and national music.

Dean Swift, in his "Journal to Stella," August 6, 1711, being at Windsor, says: "We have a music-meeting in our town to-night. I went to the rehearsal of it, and there was Margarita and her sister, and another drab, and a parcel of fiddlers. I was weary, and would not go to the meeting, which I was sorry for, because I heard it was a great assembly."

The Italian opera had now not only obtained a settlement, and established a colony in England, but with a high chin it strutted in sovereignty, and all the wretched herd of sycophants, incapable of judging for themselves, always ready to welcome what is foreign and deery what is native, would hear of nothing in the way of music but what was Italian—the recitative, the aria parlante, the aria cantabile occasionally only, and flourish and bravura to any extent, vocal gymnastics showing off the voice and disguising and disfiguring the composition.

According to Burney, the music of these early operas was neither dramatic, passionate, pathetic, nor graceful. The first violin accompaniment was written over the voice part; and if the words indicated sorrow, the passage was marked *slow*; if they implied pleasure, they were marked *quick*.

Yet, all this while, unaffected by the invasion and by the swing of fashion, the milkmaid sang her old ballads under the cow—old, yet ever fresh—and the ploughman whistled them as he turned the glebe; and the mother crooned them to her babe; and over the red fire in the village ale-house the toppers roared the grand old bacchanalian songs that had made the walls ring from the days of Elizabeth.

These fresh, pure, beautiful melodies had been flouted for a century—nay, for two—but in spite of all, dear to simple hearts, they were remembered and sung. The words often changed, the airs were slightly modified, but still they lived on, melodious and delightful, ever renewing their youth. What had become of the work of the contrapuntists? It was dead as the composers themselves. What would become of all the recitative and fligree of the seventeenth century? It would be thrown into the ash-midden; and fresh and clear to the present day, the throats of our peasantry would ring out the old English songs, full of simple and sound melody.

Some voices were raised in ridicule of the Italian fashion, notably that of Henry Carey. In his *Chrononhotonthologos*, 1734, he burlesqued the pompous tragedy which formed the substance on which the Italian musicians embroidered, and more notably still in *The Dragon of Wantley*, 1737. Both of these plays have music in them; but Henry Carey was no musician himself, though he had a pretty gift of melody, and therefore he was obliged to call in the aid of Lampe.

Some attempt had been made by Eccles to follow in Purcell's footsteps. He was a man who took a high rank among musicians at the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries. He composed the music to the opera of *Rinaldo and Armida*, in 1699, and he set Congreve's masque, entitled *The Judgment of Paris*, in 1701. He was entirely a pupil of the scientific or artificial school, and was ever in dread of falling into melody. In the sequel we shall give his "Jolly, jolly breeze," divesting it of some of the flourishes and fribbles that disfigure it. His songs are intolerable as they come to us. If a melodious thought strikes him we are hardly allowed a glimpse of it, so hastily does he cover it up. Indeed, the songs of this period resemble pieces of gorgeous brocade that have been worked over with glass beads, bugles, and spangles, to the almost complete concealment of the noble texture that lies hid below the embroidery.

In 1727 took place that extraordinary revolt, not only against the Italian opera, but equally against the artificial music of the cultured school, which took shape in *The Beggar's Opera*. Of that, something has been said already in the introduction on the "History of Song in England." Suffice it here to say, that it was the protest of healthy English feeling against melody frittered away till no longer distinguishable from recitative—it was the reassertion of the legitimate place of rhythmic melody in music.

It was in this that Lavinia Fenton, in the character of Polly Peachum, won the heart of the Duke of Bolton. She was the second actress who had by marriage won a coronet. She had been preceded by Anastasia Robinson, who became Countess of Peterborough. *The Beggar's Opera* was a medley. It saved from extinction many sound old English melodies.

But *The Beggar's Opera* introduced nothing new; it simply replaced on their pedestals the old airs dear to English hearts from infancy. And, though we are deeply indebted to this movement for having rescued for us

from oblivion a host of sound old song tunes, that otherwise would have been irretrievably lost, yet, on the whole, *The Beggar's Opera* had a mischievous effect on English music. It stereotyped the ballad opera in contradistinction to the musical drama. Thenceforth it was accepted as the norm, that the English opera should be a play, into which so many songs were to be introduced that had little to do with the plot, and that could be omitted if the actors had not good voices. The play was the thing, the music a not indispensable and integral portion of it.

Immediately on *The Beggar's Opera* proving itself a success, a host of imitations appeared, in which the songs were all written to existing tunes, so that the composer had nothing to do but write an overture.

A curious pamphlet, entitled "A Dialogue between the celebrated Mrs. Cibber and the no less celebrated Mrs. Woffington, both of amorous memory," was published shortly after the death of the former, in which is a



LAVINIA FENTON.

From the Picture by Ellys.

significant passage relative to the attraction to the public produced by the ballad operas into which familiar tunes were introduced.

Mrs. Woffington is represented asking what entertainment the town had been having since her death, indeed, during the last nine years.

To which Mrs. Cibber replies—"They have been mostly amused with comic operas, consisting of very indifferent poetry put to old tunes, without character, and scarcely with any sentiment.

"Mrs. Woffington—Astonishing!

"Mrs. Cibber.—And more so, when you consider that these harmonious pieces would fill houses, when Garrick and myself, in Shakespeare's best plays, could scarce pay expenses. This indeed was the principal reason of the manager's going abroad, and I think he would not have done wrong, if he had never acted till the vicious taste of the town had been entirely corrected."

The rage for English plays, loaded with old folk-tunes, held its own for twelve or fourteen years.

But presently operas of the same type appeared, in which some original work was to be found. Some

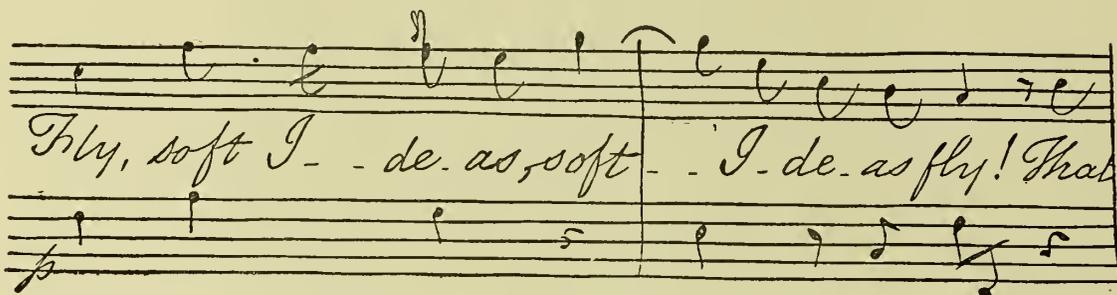
few of these had already been essayed with indifferent success, as Carey's *Honest Yorkshireman*, 1735, and *Nancy*, 1739.

Arne, the great Arne, with the freshest, finest of melody in him, condescended to be a compiler of ballad operas, introducing a little of his own, along with a good deal of borrowed melody. But Arne was not satisfied; he desired to resume the work begun by Purcell, and to refound the English musical drama. His great attempt at this was *Artaxerxes*, 1762. It was composed after the Italian manner, with musical recitative instead of spoken dialogue. Departing from his former style, he considered himself obliged to follow the lead of the Italian, and crowd his airs with florid divisions. The success of the work was great, and *Artaxerxes* retained possession of the stage for three-quarters of a century. But the work was a mixture—it was part English, part Italian; all that was good in it was English, all that was faulty was Italian.

I must, however, now return on my steps to allow the reader to see what the feeling was among the professional musicians with regard to the great uprising provoked by *The Beggar's Opera*.

A letter by Dr. Arbuthnot, in 1728, exactly shows this:—"As there is nothing which surprises all true lovers of music more than the neglect into which the Italian operas are at present fallen, so I can not but think it a very extraordinary instance of the fickle and inconstant temper of the English nation, a failing which they have always been endeavouring to cast upon their neighbours in France, but to which they themselves have at least as good a title, as will appear to any one who will take the pains to consult our historians."

After some more reproaches, he goes on:—"The *Beggar's Opera* I take to be the touchstone to try English taste upon, and it has accordingly proved effectual in discovering our true inclinations; which, how artfully soever they may



FACSIMILE OF DR. ARNE'S WRITING.

have been disguised for a while, will one day or other start up and disclose themselves. Æsop's story of the cat, who, at the petition of her lover, was changed into a fine woman, is pretty well known, notwithstanding which alteration, we find, that upon the appearance of a mouse, she could not resist the temptation of springing out of her husband's arms to pursue it, though it was on the very wedding-night. Our English audiences have been for some time returning to their cattish nature, of which some particular sounds from the gallery have given us sufficient warning. And since they have so openly declared themselves, I must only desire that they will not think they can put on the fine woman again just when they please, but content themselves with their skill in caterwauling." This is the contemptuous language in which the fashionables—and Dr. Burney, later, entirely agreed with this tone—regarded healthy, pure English melody. Nothing was good but what was fantastic, infinitely artificial, and mere musical tinsel. We have but to look at Handel's Italian operas to see how a great genius, a giant, was rendered powerless in the fetters of this unreal school. They are made up of recitatives and airs, with only an occasional duet, and a concluding chorus. "Many of the airs are mere strings of dry, formal divisions and unmeaning passages of execution, calculated to show off the powers of the fashionable singers; and many others, admirable in their design, and containing the finest traits of melody and expression, are spun out to a weariful length, and deformed by the cumbrous ornamentation with which they are loaded" (Hogarth).

The Italian opera never appealed to the English public, which continued to crowd to the Ballad opera, and even, for the sake of the songs, to desert the houses where the legitimate drama was enthroned. Of this Coleman complained in 1776. In his play, *New Brooms*, he made one of his characters say—"That Operas are the only real entertainment—the plain unadorned Drama is too flat—common dialogue is a dry imitation of Nature, as insipid as real conversation; but in an Opera the dialogue is refreshed by an Air every instant. Two gentlemen meet in the Park, for

example, admire the place and the weather ; and after a speech or two, the Orchestra take their cue, the music strikes up, one of the characters takes a genteel turn or two on the stage during the symphony, and then breaks out—

‘ When the breezes
Fan the trees-es,’ &c.

He afterwards adds, “ that Nature has nothing to do with an Opera—and that dramatic pieces, unadorned by dance and scenery and unenlivened by music, will never be able to make a stand against Opera and Pantomime—all men have eyes and ears, but all men have not understanding.”

We will now return to Arne’s remarkable attempt to regenerate the English opera. He had written a vast number



DOCTOR ARNE.

From a Picture by Humphrey.

of ballad pieces, most of which had failed, not because the airs introduced were bad, but that he composed his own books, and had not the proper gift for this.

In *Artaxerxes* he adapted a drama by Metastasio, and endeavoured to produce a real musical masterpiece.

The history of this opera is interesting. Mr. Hogarth says—“ It was Arne’s object to introduce to the English stage a style of vocal composition and performance as yet new to it. The finish, refinement, and brilliant execution of the Italian school had been confined to the Italian opera-house ; and it was within its walls only that any English singers, who possessed these qualities, had obtained an opportunity of displaying them.”

For some time the English composers had been animated by a strong spirit of rivalry towards their Italian com-

petitors, and had been attempting to draw the attention of the public to the national musical stage. With this view they endeavoured to fight the enemy with their own weapons. In the course of their attempts to emulate the Italian school, the style of singing on the English stage underwent a great improvement. Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Arne, Miss Young, Mr. Beard, and lastly, Miss Brent, were accomplished vocalists, conversant with the refinements as well as the difficulties of Italian performance, for which, too, the audiences of the English theatres had gradually begun to acquire a taste. It was in these circumstances, and with these means, that Arne, in composing *Artaxerxes*, endeavoured to contend with the Italian composers on their own ground, and to enable his singers to do battle with their foreign rivals in their own style. He therefore, as already said, made an English version of one of Metastasio's plays, and imitated the manner in which it had previously been set by the most eminent Italian composers, copying the structure of the scenes, the form of the recitatives, and the style of the airs, some of which are nothing more than strings of passages such as were employed by Porposa, Hasse, Galuppi, Jomelli, and other Italian masters then in vogue as musical commonplaces.

This was the case with the difficult song, "The Soldier's tired of war's alarms," composed by Arne for his pupil, Miss Brent, and which at a later date was sung with such effect by Mrs. Crouch.

Nevertheless, Arne could not be wholly un-English and untrue to himself, even in this miserable imitation of a florid and tinsel style of music. The bravuras have passed away never to be revived, but the lovely songs, "In Infancy our Hopes and Fears," "If o'er the Cruel Tyrant," and "Water parted from the Sea," will long be prized among the purest gems of English melody.

The last work of Arne was a little operatic piece in one act, called *Mayday, or the Little Gipsy*, written by David Garrick. During the last rehearsal of this piece, on the morning of the day it came out, Garrick, suddenly conceiving that a dance of rustics would improve it, communicated the idea to Dr. Arne, adding, "I suppose it would be impossible for you to compose a tune for it in time?" The Doctor, smiling and rubbing his elbow—a trick of his—replied, "We'll see what can be done;" and, calling for pen, ink, and music paper, sat down at the prompter's table, and in less than five minutes produced one of the prettiest of dance tunes, which, when played by the band, so astonished and delighted Garrick, that, forgetting his age, he ran up to the Doctor, and, embracing him, took him by the hands, and danced with him round the stage. Arne died shortly after. The day after his decease, his intimate friend, Vernon, the favourite singing-actor of Drury Lane Theatre, came into the music-room, and as Parke, in his "Musical Memoirs," says, described the death of Arne thus—"I was talking on the subject of music with the Doctor, who suffered much from exhaustion, when, in attempting to illustrate what he had advanced, he, in a very feeble and tremulous voice, sang part of an air, during which he became progressively more faint, until he breathed his last, making, as our immortal Shakespeare expresses it, 'a swan-like end, fading in music.'"

With the exception of *Artaxerxes*, our English composers produced no operas on the Italian lines, with recitatives. All were mere ballad operas, and the airs were picked up here, there, and everywhere. They were mere *pasticcios* in the style of *The Beggar's Opera* and *Love in a Village*.

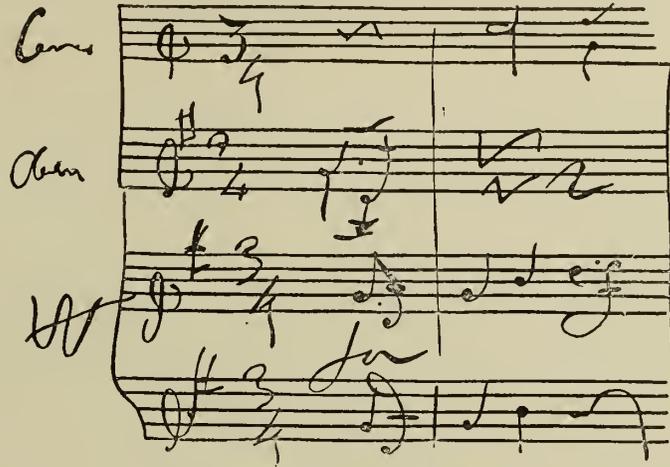
In 1729 appeared *Love in a Riddle*, by Colley Cibber. Nearly all the music was Italian. It was howled down, partly because the story had circulated that Cibber had privately made interest to get *Polly*—the second part of *The Beggar's Opera*—suppressed; but very largely because the audience were impatient of, and resented, the introduction of Italian music in the place of the old familiar English airs. Indeed, throughout the first representation there was a general disturbance, excepting only when Miss Rafter (afterwards Mrs. Clive) was singing; and on the second night the riot was still greater, notwithstanding that Frederick, Prince of Wales, was present.

Arne wrote difficult pieces for his favourite pupil, Miss Brent. When her vocal abilities were as yet unknown to the public, Garrick wrote to Arne expressing a wish to see her and hear her sing. When his wish had been complied with, he admitted her merit, but told Arne that "all his geese were swans;" and he added, "Tommy, you should consider, after all, that music is at best but pickle to my roast beef."

"By G——, Davy," rejoined Arne in the same strain, "your beef shall be well pickled before I have done." Miss Brent accordingly, at Arne's advice, was engaged at the rival theatre of Covent Garden, and sang there in *The Beggar's Opera*, which drew away the audience from Drury Lane, and nearly ruined Garrick.

The next composer of Ballad operas, after Arne, was Dr. Samuel Arnold. The doctor was great, only in this, that he compiled a vast number of operas. He put together as many as forty-seven; of these, *The Maid of the Mill*, 1765; *The Castle of Andalusia*, 1782; *Inkle and Yarico*, 1787; *The Battle of Hexham*, 1789; *The Surrender of Calais*, 1791; *The Children in the Wood*, 1793; *The Mountaineers*, 1795, were the most popular. These were all of them compilations, with some original music in them, and some that Arnold allowed to pass as original were

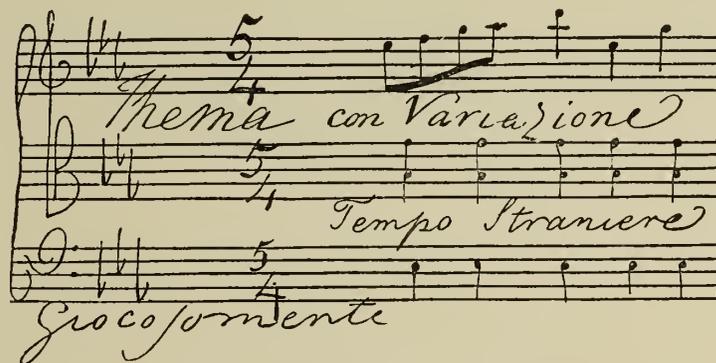
mere alterations of old ballad airs. Arnold set more store on his Oratorios than he did on his Operas. He took pains with the former, he thought that his name would live by them; as for the operas—he threw them off carelessly, and made little attempt in them to create anything. And yet it is due to Arnold's happy interpretation of O'Keefe's humour that we have from him so many light and frolicsome songs and duets—such as "Dumbledown Dreary." The best of his airs were not wholly original, they were based on old English melodies to which he gave a modern form. Dr. Busby, in his "History of Music," says of Dr. Arnold:—"The works of this ingenious musician are voluminous and various. No one of the several gradations of composition, from the humble style of pantomimic movements to



FACSIMILE OF ARNOLD'S SCORING.

the ambitious height of oratorial choruses, were untried by his versatile industry. The strength, however, it must be confessed, was not equal to the diversity of his talents; and, in general, he was most successful when he was least aspiring. Some of his songs in the two sets he composed for Vauxhall Gardens are, nevertheless, elegant and fanciful. The melodies, in some instances, are fanciful and florid, in others chaste and expressive. . . . His genius, considerable in its kind, did not include greatness or dignity, and in aspiring to the serious, even in opera, he soared to its utmost attainable elevation."

There were other compilers—Thomas Carter, who composed four or five; James Hook, who wrote eighteen, between



FACSIMILE OF SHIELD'S SCORING.

1771 and 1810; William Jackson of Exeter, who composed *The Lord of the Manor*, 1780; and Michael Kelly, a most prolific writer and compiler, to whom the stage was indebted for forty-five operas, between 1789 and 1820. Kelly did not go to folk airs, but borrowed extensively from Italian operas. Thomas Linley hit the popular taste with the music of *The Duenna*, 1775, of which more presently; he borrowed folk airs, some English, some Irish. He turned out of his laboratory eleven operas. Mazzinghi, between 1791 and 1810, wrote ten; William Reeve, between 1791 and 1811, produced twenty-two, but of some of these he was but part compiler and composer.

Then we come to the prolific William Shield, a man of very superior ability to the rabble of Kellys, Storaces, Carters,

and Arnolds. He had more self-reliance than the rest, and without being a first-class genius, he was well up in the second class. He began with the *Flitch of Bacon*, in 1778, and finished his thirty-first opera, *Two Faces under a Hood* in 1807.

Stephen Storace was an inveterate compiler. He had a genius for melody, but owing to constitutional or moral inertness, he preferred to borrow almost wholly from Italian sources. His first opera was *Dido*, in 1792, and his last, a posthumous work, appeared in 1796, completed by other hands.

There was really no excuse for Storace. Poor Dr. Arnold was paid but twelve guineas for writing *The Maid of the Mill*; Arne obtained prices which scarcely covered the cost of copying; but the publishers, Longman and Broderip, paid Storace over five hundred guineas a piece for most of his musical dramas, and sometimes fifty or a hundred guineas for a single vocal composition. For this price he certainly might have done something more than pick the brains of other and foreign musicians.

A word must be said for Charles Dibdin. He was no scientific musician, but he had in him, what no science can give, spontaneous power of creating melody, not melody of the first quality, but robust and good in its way, with a healthy vitality in it, and an English character, very different from the mawkish sentimentality of Kelly, and the commonplace of Hook, and with a freshness nowhere discernible in Storace.

Italian melodies were introduced now with profusion into English ballad operas, but the reason for this was twofold. The composers—such as Kelly and Storace—had received their musical training in Italy, and knew nothing of English folk music; and, secondly, Italian music had developed into melodiousness, it had relegated the recitative to an inferior place, and the aria became paramount, with the orchestration as a mere accompaniment to the voice. Consequently there was an element of popularity in it that it had previously lacked, and the multitude of Italian operas was



FACSIMILE OF DIBDIN'S WRITING.

so great, that English compilers had but to select from them without effort what they wanted, instead of cudgelling their own brains for an air.

Of all the English operas since the *The Beggar's Opera*, none equalled the *Duenna* in popularity; and as the history of its production is well detailed in Sheridan's letters, and is significant of the condition of English operatic music at the time, I shall give it with some detail.

The *Duenna*, performed for the first time on the 21st November, 1775, is of the same type as *The Beggar's Opera*; it is a *pasticcio*, consisting of original music mingled with old familiar airs united to new words, the music selected, and arranged by Thomas Linley, and it was this that first brought him into notice as a composer. When Sheridan wrote his play he called on his father-in-law, a music master in Bath, to set the songs in it for him.

Moore, in his "Life of Sheridan," prints some letters that passed at the time.

In October, 1775, a few weeks before the opera was to be performed, Sheridan wrote to Linley: "We received your songs to day, with which we are exceedingly pleased. I shall profit by your proposed alterations, but I'd have you to know that we are much too chaste in London to admit such strains as your Bath spring inspires. We dare not propose a peep beyond the ankle on any account; for the critics in the pit at a new play are much greater judges than the ladies in the boxes. Betsy intended to have troubled you with some music for correction, and I with some stanzas; but an interview with Harris to-day has put me from the thought of it, and bent me on a much more important petition. You may easily suppose it is nothing else than what I said I would not ask in my last. But in short, unless you can give us three days in town, I fear our opera will stand a chance to be ruined. Harris is extravagantly sanguine of its success as to plot and dialogue, which is to be rehearsed next Wednesday at the theatre. They will exert themselves to the utmost in the scenery, &c., but I never saw any one so disconcerted as he was at the idea of there being no one to put them in the right way as to the music. He entreated me in the most pressing terms to write instantly to you, and wanted, if he thought it would be of any weight, to write himself. Is it impossible to contrive this? Could not

you leave Tom (Thomas Linley, the composer's son) to superintend the concert for a few days? If you can manage it, you will really do me the greatest service in the world. As to the state of the music, I want but three more airs, but there are some glees and quintets in the last act, which will be inevitably ruined if we have no one to set the performers at least in the right way."

Mrs. Sheridan adds a postscript: "Dearest father, I shall have no spirits or hopes of the opera unless we see you."

Linley, however, had his music lessons to give in Bath, and he refused to go to town till the music was put in rehearsal. Sheridan, in several subsequent letters, gives him hints, and expresses his opinion relative to the required music; and he continually urged on his father-in-law to remember that there must be melody, and that the music was dramatic.

"My intention," says Sheridan, in one of the letters, "was to have closed the first act with a song, but I find it is



CHARLES DIBDIN.

not thought so well. Hence I trust you with one of the enclosed papers; and at the same time you must excuse my impertinence in adding an idea of the cast I should wish the music to have, as I think I have heard you say you never heard Leoni, and I cannot briefly explain to you the character and situation of the persons on the stage with him. The first (a dialogue between Quick and Mrs. Mattocks) I would wish to be a pert, sprightly air; for, though some of the words mayn't seem suited to it, I should mention that they are neither of them in earnest in what they say. Leoni takes it up seriously, and I want him to show himself advantageously in the six lines beginning, 'Gentle maid.' I should tell you that he sings nothing well, but in a plaintive or pastoral style, and his voice is such as appears to me always to be hurt by much accompaniment. I have observed, too, that he never gets so much applause as when he makes a cadence. Therefore, my idea is, that he should make a flourish at 'Shall I grieve thee,' and return to 'Gentle maid,' and so sing that part of the tune again. After that, the two last lines, sung by the three, with the persons only varied, may set them off with as much spirit as possible. The second act ends with a *slow* glee, therefore I should think the last two lines in question had better be brisk, especially as Quick and Mrs. Mattocks are concerned in it. The other is a song of Wilson's in the third act. I have written it to your tune, which you put some words to.

beginning, 'Prithee, prithee, pretty man.' I think it will do vastly well for the words. Don Jerome says them when he is in particular spirit; therefore the time is not too light, though it might seem so by the last stanza—but he does not mean to be grave then; and I like particularly the returning to 'O the days when I was young.' We have mislaid the notes, but Tom remembers it. If you don't like it for the words, will you give us one? But I must go back to 'O the days,' and be *funny*. I have not done troubling you, but must wait till Monday."

In his next letter Sheridan says: "Sunday evening next is fixed for our first musical rehearsal, and I was in great hope we might have completed the scene. The songs you have sent up of 'Banna's Banks,' and 'De'il take the Wars," I had words for before they arrived, which answer excessively well; and this is my reason for wishing for the next in the same manner, as it saves so much time. They are to sing 'Wind, gentle, evergreen' just as you sing it (only to other words), and I wanted only such support from the instruments, or such joining in, as you should think would help to set off and assist the effect. I enclose the words I had made for 'Wind, gentle, evergreen,' which will be sung as a catch by Mrs. Mattocks, Dubellamy, and Leoni. I don't mind the words not fitting the notes so well as the original ones. 'How merrily we live' and 'Let's drink and let's sing' are to be sung by a company of friars over their wine. The words will be parodied, and the chief effect must arise from their being *known*; for the joke will be much less for these jolly fellows to sing anything new than to give what the audience are used to annex the idea of jollity to. For the other things Betsy mentioned, I only wish to have them with such accompaniment as you would put to their *present* words, and I shall have got words to my liking by the time they reach me. I want Dr. Harrington's catch, but as the sense must be the same, I am at a loss how to put other words. Can't the under part ('A smoking house,' &c.) be sung by one person, and the other two change? The situation is: Quick and Dubellamy, two lovers, carrying away Father Paul (Reinold), in great rapture, to marry them. The friar has before warned them of the ills of a married life, and they break out into this. The catch is particularly calculated for stage effect; but I don't like to take another person's words, and I don't see how I can put others, keeping the same idea ('of seven squalling brats,' &c.) in which the whole affair lies. However, I shall be glad of the notes, with Reinold's part, if possible, as I have mentioned.

"The enclosed are the words of 'Wind, gentle, evergreen,' a passionate song for Mattocks, and another for Miss Brown, which solicit to be clothed with melody by you, and are all I want. Mattocks, I could wish to be a broken, passionate affair, and the first two lines may be in recitative, or what you please, uncommon. Miss Brown sings hers in a joyful mood; we want her to show in it as much execution as she is capable of, which is pretty well, and, for a variety, we want Mr. Simpson's hautboy to cut a figure, with replying passages, &c., in the way of Fischer's 'M'ami, bel idor mio,' to abet which I have lugged in 'Echo,' who is always allowed to play her part."

I have quoted these letters at some length, to let the reader see what was the condition of ballad-opera in England at the time. There was no attempt made by a composer to create a great work of art; all he was asked to do, all he was content to do, was to string together a number of tunes, only now and then original, and put an orchestral accompaniment to them. If an old tune did not fit the words, then he altered the old air so as to accommodate it to his purpose. Even Arne, who could do better, condescended to this. Arnold did it without a wish to rise above so sorry an exhibition of mediocrity. Thomas Linley, the brother of Sheridan's wife, composed some of the airs for *The Duenna*, the old man, his father, some more.

What really handicapped English composers was the persistency of the popular will that the English opera should be a ballad opera only. No composer dared resist this; no manager would look at a MS. that contained a dramatic *scena* in music. Even the ballads had to be cut down to the shortest possible length, and the choruses contracted to dimensions that precluded all dignity and development. The people would have it so; and this struck the English opera with paralysis.

I will show this by a quotation, and that one eminently significant, from the "Recollections and Reflections," of J. R. Planché (1872).

The Italian Opera, it must be premised, had held its own for two centuries, and when Weber's *Der Freischütz* was produced in London in 1825, it was received with suspicion as a novelty, and therefore must be condemned as bad. In the *Quarterly Musical Magazine and Review* for June in that year, a critic described the music thus:—"Nearly all that was not irresistibly ridiculous, was supremely dull." Then Kemble engaged Weber to write an opera to be produced in London, and the libretto was to be by Planché. The result was *Oberon*, a wretched plot, with passable songs in it; but set to imperishable music. And when *Oberon* was actually produced at Covent Garden in 1826, all the concerted pieces were cut out, and it was thought that the audience would not tolerate even the exquisite song of "The Mermaid."

"Such," says Planché, "was the state of music in England six-and-forty years ago, that when, in conjunction with Bishop, I had made an attempt in my second opera, *Cortez; or, The Conquest of Mexico* (produced November 5, 1823),

to introduce concerted pieces, and a finale to the second act more in accordance with the rules of true operatic construction, it had proved, in spite of all the charm of Bishop's melody, a signal failure. Ballads, duets, choruses, and glees, provided they occupied no more than the fewest number of minutes possible, were all that the play-going public of that day could endure. A dramatic situation in music was 'caviare to the general,' and inevitably received with cries of 'Cut it short!' from the gallery, and obstinate coughing or other significant signs of impatience from the pit.

"Nothing but the 'Huntsman's Chorus' and the diablerie in *Der Freischütz*, saved that fine writer from condemnation in England; and I remember perfectly well the exquisite melodies in it being compared by English musical critics to 'wind through a keyhole.' An immense responsibility was placed upon my shoulders. The fortunes of the season were staked upon the success of the piece. Had I constructed it in the form which would have been most agreeable to me and acceptable to Weber, it would not have been performed by the company at Covent Garden,



SIR HENRY R. BISHOP.

From a Picture by W. F. Foster.

and if attempted must have proved a complete fiasco. My great object was to land Weber safe amidst an unmusical public, and I therefore wrote a melodrama with songs, instead of an opera, such as would be required at the present day."

Weber himself complained of being tied to such an unworthy Procrustean bed. He wrote—"The cut of an English opera is certainly very different from a German one. The English is more a drama with songs (than an opera)."

The Beggar's Opera was not a musical creation at all; but its production stereotyped the only form of musical drama in English which the people would endure. The English composers were handicapped—they were paralysed by it, just as in *Oberon*, the Sultan and his fellow-revellers are struck motionless by the uplifted wand of the fairy king, in the hand of Huon. I may be permitted here to notice that natural jealousy, or dramatic rivalry, induced the proprietor of Drury Lane to endeavour to cut out Weber's *Oberon*, by producing simultaneously on the boards an English opera, the words by George Soane, and the music by Bishop. It was *Aladdin, or the Wonderful*

Lamp, but it was damned the first night. Tom Cooke, the leader of the orchestra at Drury Lane, met Braham some days after that Braham had sung in *Oberon* at Covent Garden. Cooke asked how his opera (*i.e.*, *Oberon*) was getting on? "Magnificently!" replied the great tenor, "and not to speak profanely, it will run to the Day of Judgment." "My dear fellow," answered Cooke, "ours has run five nights after it."

A few more names must now be mentioned as contributors to the English ballad opera.

Braham, the Jew, produced seven, between 1802 and 1812. Of these, the favourites were *The English Fleet*, in 1802, and *The Devil's Bridge*, in 1812. C. E. Horn was a prolific writer, and he did not so much compile as pour forth the original melody with which his mind was full. *The Magic Bride* appeared in 1810, and he gave to the boards in all sixteen. Matthew Peter King wrote nine, between 1804 and 1819. William Hawes composed six, between 1825 and 1833. Alexander Lec was the author of the music to eight. Nathan, who has contributed some charming melodies to English minstrelsy, gave to the world three, *Allard*, in 1824, *Sweethearts and Wives*, in 1823, and *My Illustrious Stranger*, in 1827. G. H. B. Rodwell wrote and composed a dozen, between 1828 and 1847; Thomas Welsh produced three, one in 1810, and two in 1811; and John Whitaker, thirteen, between 1811 and 1816. Lastly, John Barnett, of whom more presently, wrote eight. *Before Breakfast* was his first, in 1825, and *Farinelli*, his last, in 1838.

There was no unity in the compositions—compilations rather, of the English composers of the close of last, and the opening of this century. They had no self-respect, no ambition, no genius. The "huggermugger" manner in which they set to work may well be illustrated by the *Cabinet*, written by Tom Dibdin.

It was arranged, in the first instance, that John Moorhead should compose the music, and he actually wrote the opening chorus, a song, and a quartette. Then a nervous attack prevented him from continuing the work, whereupon Harris, the manager of Covent Garden, called on Shield, Bianchi, and Mazzinghi to complete it. Bianchi confessed himself unable, or unwilling, to undertake work of the sort required; Mazzinghi declined, because all had to be done in a scramble—Shield also withdrew for the same reason—so it was arranged that Braham should compose the songs that he was to sing. Corri was to write a duet, and Reeve and Davy share the rest of the work. Not only were the composers disinclined always to give themselves the trouble of creating melodies, but the singers were equally unscrupulous in bringing in by the ears any song that they thought they were best in, whether suitable or not.

Into a dramatic version of Beaumarchais' *Marriage of Figaro*, Mrs. Waylett, who acted the part of Susanna, introduced "The Soldier's Tear," "I'd be a Butterfly," "The Light Guitar," "My own Bluebell," while in a version of Boildieu's delicate opera of *Jean de Paris*, she lugged in, as Princess of Navarre, "I've been Roaming," "The Merry Swiss Boy," "Oh no, we never mention her," and "The Dashing White Sergeant."

Into Storace's *No Song, No Supper*, unwarrantedly Mrs. Croft introduced Arnold's song of "The Little Gipsy," but perhaps the climax was reached when in a melodrama, in which Mussulmans were represented, the commander of the faithful roared out, "Give me a friend, and a bottle to share."

But to return to the composers.

We come now to a very great name, that of Bishop, who has contributed genuine, pure, melodious song to English minstrelsy more than almost any man. He followed the tradition without an attempt to break from it, and his compositions for the stage are neither more nor less than Ballad operas.

The number of these turned out by him is enormous. He began with *Angelina*, in 1804; he followed with *four* in 1806, *eight* in 1814; five, six, or seven a year did he give to the world. If these had been musical dramas, the feat would have been most marvellous, but they were merely plays in which he set songs. In all, eighty-eight ballad-operas were the produce of his pen; but some of these were compilations.

"Bishop," says Fitz-Ball, "was princely, as he was dreamy in his ideas. Of expense he seemed to have no calculation, and foresaw no calamity till it fell upon him. What the English world of music owes to Bishop, is scarcely to be understood, much more appreciated, in these advanced days of the divine art. Choristers that performed in cathedrals and churches, principally in oratorios, neither could, nor would, have been induced formerly to sing upon the stage. Bishop had no Hullah to render him assistance, consequently in the early operas, which he introduced to the British public, *choruses of all kinds were omitted*, and not infrequently, the tenor part itself, was played by a speaker. Count Almariva, to wit, occasionally called his brother, or cousin, from the side scene to sing for him the music which, to him, was all Greek. Such were the barbarisms of those days, with which Bishop had for years to contend. Bishop's turn of mind was most tasteful, his conversation elegant and refined; there was always something to gain, and nothing to lose, in the society of Sir Henry Bishop. I confess, with the

deepest gratitude, that to his advice and suggestion, never obtrusive, I owe many eradications of my early faults and provincialities. Many know how to correct an error; but very few, how to do so without more or less wounding the feelings. This was one of the great gifts of Sir Henry Bishop."

Bishop wrote his music to the books of Planché and Fitz-Ball. *The Rencontre; or, Love will Find out the Way*, was written by the former, and to it Bishop composed some of his lightest and freshest airs. It was brought out at the Haymarket in 1827.

Bishop, unhappily, did not see his way to the creation of English grand opera. He contented himself with composing beautiful songs, and some charming concerted pieces, to be sung in the usual ballad opera; gems of the first water set in fustian, for the books of these operas are usually rubbish. Though a genius of a far higher order than Balfe, he did not effect that for English dramatic music which was achieved by the inferior composer. It would be hard to find in any country a composer so fresh and overflowing with musical ideas as Bishop. His concerted stage music, such as "The Chough and Crow," "The Winds Whistle Cold," "Hark, 'tis the Indian Drum," "When the Wind Blows," &c., are exquisite. If circumstances had allowed, Bishop would have written as fine operas, in the true acceptance of the word, as any foreign composer. When he was introduced to Rosini, the latter at once hummed "When the Wind Blows."

Before, however, coming to Balfe, we must say a word on Barnett. This man, born at Bedford, was not properly an Englishman. His father was a Prussian, named Bernhard Beer, who settled in Bedford as a jeweller, and changed his name to Barnett. John's mother was a Hungarian, and he was born in 1802. He has contributed very little that is likely to endure in the matter of song, and his importance is due to the fact that he was the first since Arne to make an attempt to overcome English prejudice and compose true dramatic music. In 1831 he brought out at Sadler's Wells *The Pet in Petticoats*, subsequently translated to greater theatres, and in this were contained dramatic musical scenes and passages quite new to the English stage. But his most important and significant work was *The Mountain Sylph*, produced at the Lyceum in August, 1834, with remarkable success. It met with some opposition on the first night, but soon became a standard favourite. "Here, then," says Macfarren, "was the first English opera constructed in the acknowledged form of its age since Arne's time-honoured *Artaxerxes*; and it owes its importance as a work of art, not more to the artistic mould in which it is cast, than to the artistic, conscientious, emulous feeling that pervades it. Its production opened a new period for music in the country, from which is to be dated the establishment of an English dramatic school, which, if not yet accomplished, has made many notable advances."

Exactly seventy years had elapsed from Purcell's *King Arthur* before the appearance of Arne's *Artaxerxes*, and seventy years passed before this third attempt was made at serious opera in England. But though Barnett's production was the first in this century, yet it was not the most successful, nor did he ever lay hold of the popular taste so completely as did Balfe. At the present day, with the exception of "Rise, Gentle Moon," scarcely an air of Barnett's is remembered, whereas many of Balfe's hold their own. Mr. Chorley in his "Musical Recollections" (1862), says of Balfe:—"There has been hardly a great singer in Europe, since the year 1834, for whom he has not been called on to write;—hardly a great and successful theatre in which his works have not been heard. He has the gift—now rare, in late days—of melody, and a certain facile humour for the stage, which can hardly be overprized. His tunes are in our streets; but his best works cannot be said to last.

"The reason for this may be found partly in a certain unsettlement of style, not to be confounded with eclecticism; for, in spite of its being neither purely French, Italian, nor German, the opera music of Cherubini, Spontini, or Meyerbeer lasts in esteem. Each of the three distinguished men may be designated as 'composite,'—yet each differs from each in his marked individuality. With something of his own, there is something, not so much of every country, as of every composer, in Mr. Balfe's music. Here we meet an Italian rhythm, there a French interval—anon a German harmony, sometimes a strain of artless Irish melody. The listener most ready at identification would be puzzled to pronounce on the parentage of one of his English operas, from the music itself—still more from those written by him to foreign texts. Other reasons for the ephemeral duration of Mr. Balfe's operas may be cited: his disregard of character, accent, and situation, for the sake of catching effects; and his peculiar taste in instrumentation. . . . The stringed instruments are so carelessly grouped as to lose that nourishing severity which is to the body of sound a central support, analogous to that which the spine affords to the human frame."

But although what Mr. Chorley says may be quite true, that Balfe is unsettled in style, borrowing here and there his effects, yet this is not what strikes the unscientific musician. What he feels is the lack of seriousness in Balfe's music. It is thrown off without much thought, without effort, and without being pruned. It lacks virility above everything. His operas are pot-boilers, never designed to do more than bring a few pounds into the composer's pocket, who is supremely indifferent whether they live and do credit to his name, or die after a season or two. Although com-

posed readily, there is none of the spontaneity of genius in his melodies, and no individuality. If I were to compare them with pictures, I should liken them to those of Angelica Kaufmann; if to fruit, then to bananas as eaten in England. Balfe, however, did make a breach in the wall of English prejudice against English opera being musically dramatic. In 1835 appeared his *Siege of Rochelle*, at Drury Lane. It was played for more than three months without intermission, and completely established the composer's fame. *The Maid of Artois* came out in 1836, and its success was heightened by the exquisite singing of Malibran. In 1838 *Falstaff* was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, the first Italian opera written for that establishment by an English composer since Arne's *Olympiade*. His most lasting of operas was *The Bohemian Girl*, produced in 1858. With the history of the English Opera since 1850 we have nothing here to do.

The vanity of performers, urging them to show what pirouettes they could go through with their voices, and the affectation of composers who disdained to write simple melodies, combined to make operatic music, and even that of the Gardens, one of flourish and rigmarole to the detriment of pure musical air. Giardini was an accomplished violinist when a young man, and played in the orchestra at Naples. Elated with the praise his rising talents excited, he became fond of flourishing. One night Jomelli, the composer, happened to seat himself by Giardini, and the latter, ambitious of letting the Maestro di Capella know what he could do, began to give rein to his fingers and fancy on a tender aria. Whereupon Jomelli turned round and boxed his ears. Giardini assured Dr. Burney that this was the best lesson he had received in his life. It would have been well if some such a clout on the head had been administered to all the singers and the composers of the eighteenth century, to bring them to their senses, and reduce their vanity.

The simplicity of the old form of ballad was now fast disappearing. Composers were naturally impatient of limitations such as the true ballad imposed on them, and, above all, the singers were desirous of exhibiting their vocal gymnastics, in the form of runs and leaps and bravura passages, that might surprise but could not please.

In 1839, Edward Fitz-Ball writes—"Ballad singing is likely very soon to be exploded, unless, indeed, some new and bewitching Bland or Waylett spring up, with a voice capable of fascinating English ears, by *simple and pure melody*, instead of what very few understand, however much they affect it, that is to say, the grand *scena*, the *bravura*, and the *brillante*. Everybody has heard the old anecdote of the lady, who explained to Dr. Johnson the difficulties of the *scena* she had been executing, and the doctor's celebrated blunder, 'I wish to goodness, madam, such difficulties were IMPOSSIBLE.' I ought, perhaps, to apologise for this digression in favour of ballads and ballad singing, which I am always ready to champion, looking upon their sweet combination as a sort of national art. It may be a weakness, and an ignorance, as no doubt it is, but, though I admire the costly Italian villa, with its jasper columns and gilded domes, on the hill, I see no cause for pulling down the little woodbine covered cottage in the vale."

To quote Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar):—

"The devil take such variation;
Of music what a vile mutation!
Such myriads of chromatic notes,
That make one think the author dotes
On semitone and semiquaver,
Without one grain of Fancy's flavour;
Which madness' self alone could coin,
Mere *mince-meat* of a rich *sirloin*."

It will have been observed that outward circumstances directed the development of the English opera from the beginning. It made two starts that were abortive, under Purcell and under Arne. It can hardly be said that under Barnett and Balfe its prospects looked hopeful. There is another point that must be noticed before we dismiss the subject of this essay.

English Ballad Opera at first revived and gave a new spell of life to folk melodies. On that I have already insisted. On the other hand, the ballad opera, when it passed beyond the first stage, became the vehicle whereby a vast number of good songs were diffused among the people. Composers wrote for these operas, and their songs became generally popular.

Now, with the exception of the patent theatres, it was absolutely illegal for any dramas to be performed on any other stages. The other theatres were merely licensed for burlettas and musical farces. This intolerable condition of affairs forced the managers of such theatres to make song singing an integral portion of all performances on their boards, and, whether suitable or not, a song or two had to be pitchforked into a play, so as to enable him to pretend that it came within the limits of his licence. Where no song was introduced, there a piano was kept tinkling during

the dialogue. At any time, the performances were liable to be denounced by informers as against the Act, and to call down punishment—the closing of the theatre—by the Lord Chancellor.

This was the last phase of an intolerable condition of affairs. For twenty years the Haymarket remained without a licence of any endurance. Many ingenious subterfuges were resorted to, so that the penalties imposed by the Act might be evaded. One of the advertisements ran—"At Cibber's Academy, in the Haymarket, will be a Concert, after which will be exhibited (gratis) a rehearsal, in form of a play, called *Romeo and Juliet*." Macklin, the actor, opened the theatre in 1744, as a school for the instruction of candidates for the stage. It was expressly announced that no money would be taken at the door, "nor any person admitted but by printed tickets, which will be delivered by Mr. Macklin, at his house in Bow Street, Covent Garden."

Foote afterwards took the theatre, and when Lacy, one of the patentees of Drury Lane Theatre, interfered, the performances at the Haymarket were prohibited. But Foote was not easily discouraged; he invited his friends to attend the theatre, and "drink a dish of chocolate with him." He promised to do his utmost to divert them. This was a hint that a dramatic performance would take place. Tickets were to be obtained at George's Coffee House, Temple Bar. When the company assembled, an announcement was made from the stage that, while chocolate was in preparation, Mr. Foote would proceed with the instruction of his pupils who were studying the dramatic art. Whereupon ensued—a play.

This had taken place at noon. Presently he grew bolder, and issued invitations to friends to drink "a dish of tea" with him at half-past six in the evening. By-and-bye his entertainment was slightly varied, and described as an Auction of Pictures. Eventually Foote obtained from the Duke of Devonshire, the Lord Chamberlain, a permanent licence for the theatre.

At a stage previous to this, all dialogue was illegal, and there was one noted instance, that of Delphini, the clown, who was engaged at the theatre in Goodman's Fields, which was without a licence for dramatic performances, but where musical interludes and pantomimes were performed. The unhappy clown, in the course of a harlequinade, had ventured to utter the simple words, "roast beef!" and forthwith he was prosecuted and sent to prison as a rogue and a vagabond.

This theatre at Goodman's Fields had gone through experiences very similar to those of the Haymarket. Under the provisions of the Licensing Act, its performances became liable to the charge of illegality. It was without a patent, and without a licence. It was kept open professedly for concerts of vocal and instrumental music, divided into two parts. Between these parts dramatic performances were presented gratis. Herein David Garrick made his first appearance, and his abilities drew crowds to the little theatre. The patentees of Drury Lane and Covent Garden became uneasy and interfered, whereupon, by order of the Lord Chamberlain, the Goodman's Fields Theatre was closed.

In 1833 the Strand Theatre was opened by Wrench and Russell, but at the end of the first week the Lord Chamberlain, stirred up by the managers of the patent houses, closed the theatre.

In 1834 Mrs. Waylet was lessee, and announced that admission to the performances in her theatre were "gratis." Every kind of expedient was resorted to in order to evade the law; at an adjoining confectioner's people paid ten shillings for an ounce of lozenges, and were presented with a box ticket; while with half-an-ounce of peppermint drops, for which two shillings were given, was handed a ticket for the pit.

Gradually and reluctantly the Lord Chamberlain came to admit that the public could not be satisfied with the patent theatres in winter and the Haymarket in summer. But the regular drama, it was held, must still be hedged about with protection, and permitted only on the privileged boards. So now "burletta licenses" were issued, under cover of which melodramas were presented, with entertainments of music and dancing, spectacle, and pantomime. In 1809 the Lyceum, or English Opera House, which had for some time been allowed to produce dances and pantomimes, was licensed for "musical dramatic entertainments." The Adelphi received a "burletta licence" about the same time. In 1813 the Olympic was licensed for similar performances and for horsemanship. "Burletta licenses" were now granted for the St. James's in 1835, and for the Strand in 1836. No drama was legally allowed at these houses unless so mixed up with music that it could be regarded as a musical interlude, musical farce, or burlesque. This, as has already been pointed out, encouraged the "farcing" plays with songs more or less irrelevant to the subject.

The law continued in this unsatisfactory condition till, in 1843, the Act for Regulating Theatres was passed. This deprived the patent theatres of their monopoly of the "regular drama," and established a measure of free trade in theatres.

Now this intolerable condition of affairs which so long existed had one good effect. It gave encouragement to the composition and production of song and ballad, which were introduced into plays, for the very purpose of saving the performance of dramatic pieces from being forbidden by the Lord Chancellor. With song, a drama was perhaps lawful; without the song, certainly illegal.

It is worthy of notice, in conclusion, that in France popular folk melodies are almost wholly derived from the stage of the period of Lulli. In England the reverse has been the case. The stage was inundated from 1727 for fifty years with folk airs. Even Arne did not disdain their introduction into his operas. Arnold took them with both hands, kneaded them up, and reproduced them as original creations, just as Kelly and Storace made use of the music they had heard in Italy and France. With the musical drama since the middle of the present century I have nothing to do. We have, at least, one name of a composer whose work is popular, but he has been degraded to the composition of musical buffoonery. Whether capable of doing higher and better work may be doubted, as also whether some of his most popular airs are not *réchauffées* of old English melodies, treated as Arnold treated them a century earlier. The popular love for musical foolery has driven fresher and more original work into the background. But this cannot last for ever. A reaction is certain to ensue, and a waft of healthy music that is national and fresh, we may hope, will soon blow across our English operatic stage.



NOTES TO SONGS

VOL. III.

Flow, thou Regal Purple Stream (p. 1).—Probably the finest of all Dr. Arnold's compositions. It appeared in the "Castle of Andalusia," performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, in 1782.

The opera is a pasticcio of airs by Handel, Giardini, Carolan, the Irish Bard, Dr. Arne, and Geordani. Dr. Arnold arranged these melodies and added some of his own. The words of this ballad-opera are by T. O'Keefe.

"The Castle of Andalusia" came into favour at a period when the melodrama, in which brigands, and songs, and German castles were in vogue. Such plays as met the popular caprice were "The Miller and his Men," "Tekeli," "The Tale of Mystery," and notably "The Castle of Andalusia," which had an extraordinary success, the topics and incidents being at the time novel, though since grown familiar and hackneyed. Admirable actors undertook the characters; there was an air of seriousness and reality imparted, the music was fresh and delightful, and the libretto one of O'Keefe's best efforts.

Dr. Arnold was not a man of any originality. He took little trouble with the books of operas given to him to set. Some of his work is slovenly, little of it is original. Even in this piece there is a grave lack of form. He, however, did produce a number of very lively songs and duets in which his music happily agreed with the humour of O'Keefe's words.

The Gipsy King (p. 7).—A translation from the German of Goethe, to which William West set the music. This was a favourite song of Ransford's. The date is about 1848.

Deserted by the Waning Moon (p. 10).—The words by the poor hack Tom Dibdin, and the music by Braham, of whom more has been said under another head. This song appeared in the play of "The English Fleet in 1342," which was performed with great success at Covent Garden in 1803. The songs were printed the same year; the whole play not till 1805.

Buy a Broom ("From Teutschland I come") (p. 14).—A song by Alexander Lee; it was sung in character by Madame Vestris.

A story is connected with this ballad. Before coming to this, something must be told of poor Lee and his origin. Alexander Lee was son of a noted prize-fighter and keeper of a low tavern, frequented by men of the turf and the ring. Among other aristocratic frequenters of the tavern was Lord Barrymore, "Hell-gate," who greatly patronised the pugilist. "Hell-gate" was accidentally shot when getting into a gig, by his foot touching the cock of a charged gun that was in the trap. Whereupon he was succeeded in the title and honours of the family by his club-footed brother "Cripple-gate."*

I shall now quote from that extraordinary book, "The Recollections of the last Half-century," by the Rev. J. Richardson, 1856:—

"Cripple-gate was a strongly built, aristocratic-looking person, with a considerable share of sense, much good nature, and such

* Another brother was "New-gate," the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Barry, "though I believe neither the nobility nor the Church derived much advantage from his being a member of both classes." The sister "Billings-gate" derived her appellation from the expletives in which she commonly indulged.

knowledge of the world as is derived from always mixing with the least amiable of its inhabitants; a particular and intimate associate of George IV., then Prince of Wales. His lordship was the first person who introduced that class of retainers known by the title *tiger*, and the original tiger was the late Alexander Lee, the musician and composer. The early tiger differed in some respects from the animal now known by that name. His duties were different, and his position more dignified. Thus the business of Alexander Lee, when a mere boy, was to accompany his noble patron in his cab, or rather in the huge one-horse chaise in which his lordship was trundled through the streets by the power of a gigantic horse. The boy was not, as tigers are nowadays, perched up at the back of the vehicle in which the driver lolls at his ease; he had the privilege of being seated alongside of his lordship, and his services were made use of, to perform the part which the heathen mythology assigns to Mercury. His lordship, who drove through the streets, 'fancy free,' whenever his fancy provoked him to a liaison with a female by whose appearance he was captivated, pulled up his cumbrous car, Alexander Lee ran after the object of his master's admiration, announced the conquest her charms had made, procured her address, arranged an interview, or reconnoitred the ground, as the nature of the case might require.

"During the course of his services to Lord Barrymore, it may be supposed Alexander Lee's morals were not much improved by what he saw and what he was required to do. He was rather a precocious lad, but his precocity was but little advantageous to his future pursuits; he was of too timid a disposition to make such use of the opportunities which were afforded him when he came to years of maturity as would have secured him wealth and independence. When Captain Polhill became the lessee of one of the national theatres, Alexander Lee was in point of fact his partner, without being aware of it, and if he had insisted on his rights, he might have obtained a very considerable sum from the gallant captain for relinquishing them. But, instead of making use of the circumstances of his position, he became alarmed at the responsibility which it involved, and although he was, as far as necessary resources were concerned, in a state that he could lose nothing, having nothing to lose, he was glad to retire from his exaltation with all the celerity which he could adopt."

When Alexander Lee had composed his song of "The Bavarian Broom-girl," Mrs. Waylett sang it. She was a very fascinating woman, separated from her husband, who could no longer endure her shrewish temper, nor she his ineptitude as a performer. She so fascinated poor Lee, in her part as a Broom-girl, singing his delightful song, that he married her so soon as she was set free by the death of her husband. As he was now lessee of Drury Lane, he introduced her there, but her violent temper made her intolerable. She quarrelled with the other actresses, and when Polhill got rid of Lee from the lesseeship, he dismissed Lee's wife as well.

The success of Lee's song led to the production of other Broom-girls' songs; one, written by Planché, was set to music by Bishop in 1835. Another was written by S. S. Wilkinson.

Planché's song begins:—

"Buy a broom, buy a broom,
Large broom, small broom,
No lady should e'er be without one;
They're the handiest things in the world
When the insects are buzzing about one."

The song by Wilkinson begins:—

“Buy a broom, buy a broom,
Fair ladies, ah! do not refuse me;
The winter comes on very soon, very soon,
And then you know ladies you lose me.”

But neither took with the public like that of Alexander Lee. In his song, the Bavarian Broom-girl goes off singing: “Ach, du lieber Augustine.”

Mr. Richardson goes on to say of Mrs. Waylett:—“Full of whims and caprices, passionate and sulky by turns, she treated him (her husband) as if he had been put into the world for the sole purpose of doing everything that her tyrannical fancy could dictate. I have seen him at Vauxhall running about with plates, dishes, chicken salads, wine, &c., with the agility and speed of a waiter, at her command, vainly endeavouring to give satisfaction to his imperious mistress by the most abject attention to her wishes. Her extravagant habits were a constant drain upon his purse, and his resources being limited, he was always in a state of embarrassment and necessity. When she died, he was broken-hearted, and for weeks and months roamed like a restless spirit about the haunts in which he and the lady had been accustomed to wander. He had on her death left the lodgings in which they had resided, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Vauxhall, and removed to another locality; but he was miserable, and actually went back to the lodgings in which she had breathed her last. He locked himself up in the bedroom, and as the landlady of the house became alarmed at his protracted stay of upwards of four-and-twenty hours therein, they, after repeatedly knocking at the door, forced an entrance, and found their lodger a corpse, doubled upon a chair beside the bed on which his wife had a short time before expired.”

Never was a man of gentle spirit, with soul attuned to harmony, thrown from first to last among such uncongenial surroundings—pugilists, debauched lords, rascally managers, and a shrewish wife.

(Autograph)—



Go, Forget Me (p. 16).—Joseph Philip Knight, youngest son of the Rev. Francis Knight, D.D., was born at Bradford-on-Avon in 1812. From an early age he manifested a great love of music, and a remarkable melodious faculty. When aged about twenty, he composed his first set of songs. After this, in company with Haynes Bayly, he produced a number of highly popular songs, of which that now given was the most famous and lasting in favour. We have already given his grand song of “Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,” which was sung with immense success by Braham. Mr. Knight was ordained by the Bishop of Exeter to the charge of St. Agnes, in the Scilly Isles, where he resided two years, and then went abroad. The date of the song is about 1845.

Loke in thine eyes for ever plays (p. 19).—William Jackson, of Exeter, was perhaps the most popular musical composer of his day. He was born in Exeter in 1730. His father was a shopkeeper in that city, and gave him a liberal education, with a view to his entering a learned profession; but his taste for music induced him to place himself as a pupil with Travers, then organist of Exeter Cathedral. In 1748 he removed to London, where he spent two more years in study. After that he returned to his native city, where he settled for life. He speedily obtained a great reputation as a composer. In 1775 he published a collection of twelve songs, and this was succeeded by two other collections. Among his com-

positions he is at present chiefly remembered by the song we now give, by “Time has not thinned my flowing hair,” and by his *Te Deum*, so dear to rude country parish choirs, and which has the merit of melodiousness—a quality deficient in most of the “services” of the Church composers—Blow, Greene, &c. He died in 1803. His son entered into the Baring firm, and married one of the Miss Barings, sister to Lady Northcote and Lady Young. A fine portrait of the composer, by Gainsborough, is at Daylesford, in Worcestershire, in the possession of Mr. C. Baring Young; it was left to a Mr. Elmesley, Q.C., who married a daughter of the composer. This picture has never been engraved. “Of my family,” says he in his autobiography, which appeared in the *Leisure Hour* for 1882, “I know nothing, but that they were farmers at Morleigh, an obscure place in the south-west of Devon. It seems trifling to add that all the Jacksons in Devonshire have a family face and person. What mine was may be known by a picture painted by Rennell, when twenty years of age; one by Gainsborough, at forty; another by Keenan, at seventy. I recollect also sitting for a miniature to Humphrey, for a portrait in crayon to Morland, and for two in oils to Opie.” Of Jackson’s compositions, Mr. Husk writes in Grove’s “Dictionary of Music”:—“Whilst much of his music charms by its simplicity, melodiousness, refinement, and grace, there is also much that sinks into tameness and insipidity; his church music is exceedingly feeble.”

Jackson painted as well as composed, and was a man of some ready wit.

My mother bids me bind my hair (p. 25).—By Haydn. This song has so completely taken hold of the English people, and become a part of our national treasury of song, that, although the composer was no Englishman, I have thought it well to admit this song into “English Minstrelsie.” It is the favourite of his twelve canzonets. The words were originally written to the andante of a sonata by Pleyel by Mrs. Hunter. Haydn reversed the order of the stanzas, so that the second verse, as it stands now, was originally that which to Pleyel’s music stood first.

The Gallant Poacher (p. 28).—A folk song known and sung throughout the length and breadth of England.

Mr. Chappell says that it used to be sung at Windsor, at harvest-homes, before George IV.

Mr. J. R. Planché wrote a feeble song to this tune, which has happily gone to the limbo of all such stuff, intruded into the place of robust folk songs.

This is but one of a series of poaching songs still popular among the peasantry.

W. T. Moncrieff, in his “Original Collection of Songs,” London 1850, says of this song, “The writer first heard the old part of this song sung at a small roadside public-house in the little village of Lillishal, Warwickshire (Lillishall, Shropshire, I presume), and was so pleased with the humour and melody of it, that he was induced to add half-a-dozen new verses to it.”

Moncrieff introduced it to public notice. It is only accidentally that folk songs have been thus taken up and given popularity.

If it had not been accepted in a music-hall, it would have been unnoticed.

The jolly, jolly Breeze (p. 30).—It would be unpardonable, in a collection of English songs, not to include one by John Eccles, a man who takes a high rank among the musicians of the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries. He contributed a great many songs that are found in all collections of the period, and testify to their popularity. He wrote much also for the stage. The song we now give is from the opera of “Rinaldo

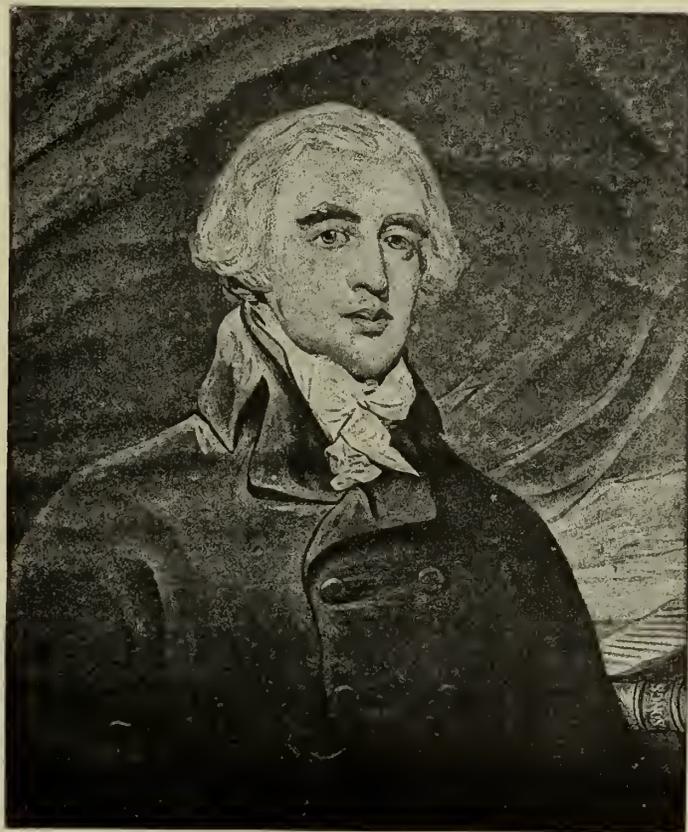
and *Armida*," a tragedy by J. Dennis, that was acted in the little theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1699. Eccles composed the incidental music for it, with the exception of a chorus in the fourth act, which is borrowed from Henry Purcell's frost scene.

A collection of Eccles' musical compositions, songs, duets, &c., was published in a volume dedicated to Queen Anne. Several of these are birthday odes to Queen Anne, and of ephemeral interest. But it contains also charming songs full of freshness and beauty. With the excision of the flourishes given it for the exhibition of Mrs. Bracegirdle's powers, the "Jolly, jolly Breeze" is delightful at this day.

Several of Tom D'Urfey's songs in "Pills to Purge Melancholy" were set by Eccles. One of his airs, that to "A Soldier

Eccles composed the music also for Dryden's "Spanish Friar" when reproduced in 1690; for "The Princess of Persia," 1691; "The Married Beau," 1694; "Love's a Jest," "The Country Wake," "Cyrus the Great," and "She Ventures, He Wins," all in 1696; D'Urfey's "Intrigues of Versailles," 1697; "The Unnatural Brother" and "The City Lady," in the same year; "The Pretenders," 1698; "Justice Busy," 1696; "The Beau Departed," 1700; "The Fair Penitent," and "The Fickle Shepherdess," in 1703.

In the original there is but a single verse to the "Jolly, jolly Breeze." I have ventured to add two, because convinced that whoever hears this charming song will not be content with a single verse.



WILLIAM JACKSON.

(From an engraved Portrait by J. Walker.)

and a Sailor," is in Congreve's "Love for Love," 1695, and was used in the *Beggar's Opera*, adapted to the words, "A fox may steal your hens, sir."

John Eccles was the son of Solomon Eccles, a professor of the violin, and received his early musical education from his father. He set the music to Congreve's "Ode for St. Cæcilia's Day," 1701; and also for "The Judgment of Paris," a masque by the same writer in the same year. His duets, "Fill, fill all your glasses," and "Wine does wonders," remained favourites for a century. His mad song, "I burn, my brain consumes to ashes," was sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle, in the character of Marcella in "Don Quixote," and was one of the masterpieces of this famous actress and singer. Purcell wrote a song in complement of her performance in this difficult song, full of flourish and bravura.

J. Eccles had two brothers, Henry and Thomas, both musicians. Henry was an eminent violinist in the service of the French Court. Thomas was remarkable only as having been perhaps the last of those itinerant musicians who used to frequent taverns and play for the entertainment of the toppers. He was a man of talent in his profession, but reduced by dissolute habits to this degrading exercise of it.

The Cheshire Chambermaid (p. 34).—A song set by Dr. Arnold in "Turk and no Turk," a musical comedy written by George Coleman, and acted at the Haymarket in 1785. A slight liberty has been taken with the arrangement; in the original there is a lack of form and a wearisome repetition. A little pruning was necessary to give the song shape.

The Light of Other Days (p. 37).—A favourite song by Balfe. Mrs. Byrne, in her "Gossip of the Century," tells a rather feeble story of this song. The mysterious Mr. Holford, who sprang none knew whence, and made a vast fortune none could say how, gave splendid entertainments at Holford House, at the corner of Regent's Park. One night a concert was given in his mansion, when just as the band had struck up the symphony, and the singer was expanding his chest to perform, out went the gas, and the whole company was plunged in darkness. Then arose a general call for "The light of other days," *i.e.*, the abandoned composite and tallow candles, which were with difficulty procured, and the concert was concluded by their glimmer.

Pray, Goody, Learn to Moderate (p. 40).—A vastly popular song from Kane O'Hara's burlesque of "Midas," which was performed at Covent Garden Theatre in 1764. It is hardly necessary to say that the author was an Irishman; he belonged to a good family that resided near Dublin. He had a fine taste in music and a playful wit. "Midas" was all the rage when it appeared, and the song-books of the period are stuffed with the pieces from this popular bit of burlesque. On account of the success of "Midas," O'Hara was encouraged to compose another burletta on the same lines, "The Golden Pippin," which appeared in 1773; and which is now chiefly known through the statement, repeatedly made, that the air to the popular Advent hymn, "Lo, He comes with clouds descending," was heard first from saucy Miss Catley in this operetta, to the words—

"Guardian angels, now protect me,
Send to me the youth I love."

But this assertion, made by Mr. W. Chappell, has been disposed of by Major Crawford in Grove's "Dictionary of Music."

The air of "Pray Goody" is old English, and was previously introduced by one of the performers into Henry Woodward's pantomime of "Queen Mab," which was performed at Drury Lane in 1752.

Hey ho! What shall I Do (p. 43).—The composer of this song was Thomas Welsh, born at Wells, in Somersetshire, about 1780, and trained there as a chorister in the cathedral, where the beauty of his voice attracted attention. Hearing of this, Linley induced him to sing in concerts at Bath in 1792, and thence he was taken to London, where he sang on the stage in Attwood's "Prisoner," produced in 1792. He subsequently performed at Drury Lane in Attwood's "Adopted Child," 1795, and Storace's "Lodoiska."

John Kemble thought highly of his dramatic power, and taught him to perform the part of Arthur in Shakespeare's "King John."

When his voice broke he went under training by Cramer and Baumgarten, and developed into a powerful bass. He was then admitted into the Chapel Royal. In 1810 he essayed an opera, "Twenty years ago," which was performed with great success by the English Opera Company at the Lyceum. His "Green-eyed Monster," a musical farce, was also successful, as was also "Kamtchatka," a musical drama, produced in 1811. Welsh died in 1848.

Just like Love is yonder Rose (p. 47).—A song by J. Davy, the Devonshire musical genius, of whom a little account has already been given under the heading of his song, "In the Bay of Biscay."

My Pretty Jane (p. 52).—Edward Fitzball, in his "Thirty-five years of a Dramatic Author's Life," says, "I had

the good luck to make some veritable hits in my songs, as 'My Dog and my Gun,' &c. 'My Pretty Jane,' inimitably sung by Robinson, made quite a furore, and was encored every night of the season (1833-34). Sims Reeves has taken up the air lately, and charmingly he renders it; but it ought to be sung in the open air, under the moonlit summer trees, as at Vauxhall. It almost always happens, that which is least thought of by the inventor, is the point which tells best with the public. Bishop thought nothing of the melody of 'My Pretty Jane;' I do not believe that he would have consented to its being sung, but in a moment of necessity, when no other new song could be supplied for Robinson. Of the words, I felt there was nothing to boast; I had, I imagined, even at the gardens, written so many better, which were scarcely noticed. Yet, notwithstanding all these forebodings, and want of self-confidence, that melody, and these words, have never been lost sight of by the public for twenty years." Mr. Fitzball was writing in 1859: "I was absolutely assured, not long since, that £500 had been refused for the undivided copyright. The unaffected simplicity of the words may give some idea of how little difficulty there is, sometimes, in pleasing the public, if one always knew the way how to accomplish it."

The Lass of Richmond Hill (p. 54).—The words by W. Hudson, the music by J. Hooke. Hooke's airs are pleasant and commonplace; that is to say, commonplace for the time at which composed. What charm they have now is due to an antiquated flavour they smack of, not to any originality in them.

SareBell and adieu, ye Spanish Ladies (p. 56).—A song known to all sailors. It is printed and reprinted by the Broadside publishers, and always wrong. The words were given by Captain Marryat in his delightful story of "Poor Jack," and were included by J. H. Dixon in his "Songs of the English Peasantry." It is given by Mr. Chappell in his "Popular Music of Olden Time," but with the mistake made by all the broadside printers. In the fourth verse is an enumeration of the *lighthouses* sighted by the returning fleet. It is usually printed—

"The first *land* we made, it is called the Deadman,
Next Ram Head, off Plymouth, Start, Portland, and Wight;
We sailed by Beachy, by Fairly, and Dungeness,
And then bore away for the South Foreland Light."

Thus it is *printed*, but thus it is not *sung* by sailors, who know very well that each of the names represents a light up Channel that is sighted, one after the other. This was pointed out to me by my cousin, Alexander Baring, who was for some time in the Royal Navy. The air varies somewhat in the mouths of sailors from different parts of England.

The copies of words also vary somewhat. In some versions the first verse runs—

"Now farewell to you, ye fine Spanish ladies,
Now farewell to you, ye ladies of Spain,
For we've received orders to sail for old England,
And perhaps we may never more see you again."

In Chappell's "Old English Ditties" this air is set by Macfarren to some namby-pamby verses by John Oxenford. He did not know the character of the original song, and so made it softly sentimental. To give some idea of this fresh, bold air thus treated, I have added a last verse into which a little sentiment is introduced to allow of a different treatment of the accompaniment.

Water Parted from the Sea (p. 59).—One of the gems of melody Arne set in his rococo embroidery of "Artaxerxes." Arne made a grievous mistake in attempting to write an opera in the

Italian style, instead of striking out boldly in a line of his own. Consequently he founded no school; and "Artaxerxes," though long holding its ground, and regarded as the one classic English work, was resultless. What is good in the opera is Arne's own delightful melody, what is bad is meaningless imitation.

A curious story is told with regard to Arne during the composition of "Artaxerxes." When he arrived at the song "Let not rage thy bosom firing," his imagination so completely failed him that he could produce nothing satisfactory. Tenducci, who afterwards sang in that opera, happening to call upon Arne at the time, the doctor communicated to him his trouble. "Is that all!" exclaimed the vocalist. "Let me see—come—will this help you?" He then sang the opening bars of the *second part* of "Water parted from the Sea," which then had been sometime composed, and which he had learned by rote. The doctor adopted this passage, and thus this second fine air grew out of the other. Tenducci always used to boast that he had furnished Arne with the *motif* for "Let not rage."

Arne was the writer of the words of "Artaxerxes," as well as of the music, but it was an adaptation from Metastasio. This, however, was not the case with the songs, which are original.

In 1766 "Artaxerxes" was performed at Dublin, and Tenducci took the part of Arbaces, who sings this song. At his benefits he used to obtain thirty, forty, and fifty guineas for a single ticket. The "frolicsome Dublin boys" sang about the streets in his honour this stanza—

"Tenducci was a piper's son,
And he was in love when he was young;
And all the tunes that he could play
Was 'Water parted from the say.'"

It is worth noticing how delicate and flowing the air is, without leaps of great intervals, a style much affected at the time.

I have ventured to add a second verse to the single one given by Arne.

The lines of spiteful Churchill in "The Rosciad" are very unfair to Arne, but were provoked by his attempt at Italian music in "Artaxerxes."

"Let Tommy Arne, with usual pomp of style,
Whose chief, whose only merit's to compile,
Who, meanly pilfering here and there a bit,
Deals music out, as Murphy deals out wit,
Publish proposals, laws for taste prescribe,
And chant the praise of an Italian tribe;
Let him reverse kind Nature's first decrees,
And teach e'en Brent a method not to please:
But never shall a truly British age
Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the stage;
The boasted works, called national in vain,
If one Italian voice pollute the strain,
Where tyrants rule, and slaves with joy obey,
Let slavish minstrels pour th' enervate lay;
To Britons far more noble pleasures spring,
In native notes, while Beard and Vincent sing."

Formerly the site of St. George's Field lay so low that it was often overflowed. One day, soon after the production of "Artaxerxes," the composer was passing that way with a friend, when the latter, on seeing the fields in a flooded state, exclaimed, "Hey day! here's a sight! what do you think of this, doctor?" "What do I think of it?" answered the great musician, "why, sir, I think it is *water parted from the sea*." "And what will be the consequence?" "Why, that it *may increase the river's tide*."

Arne went to Cannons, the seat of the Duke of Chandos, to assist at the performance of an oratorio, but owing to the throng of

company no provisions were to be had at the Duke's house. On going to the Chandos Arms in Edgware, he made his way into the kitchen, where he found only a leg of mutton on the spit. This the waiter informed him was bespoke by a party of gentlemen. The doctor, rubbing his elbow, a trick of his, exclaimed, "I'll have that mutton; give me a fiddle-string?" He took the fiddle-string, cut it in pieces, and privately sprinkling it over the mutton, walked out of the kitchen. Then, waiting very patiently till the waiter had served it up, he heard one of the gentlemen roar out, "Waiter! this meat is full of maggots, take it away." This was what the doctor expected. "Here, give it me?" "Oh, sir!" says the waiter, "you can't eat it—it is full of maggots." "Oh! never mind," said the doctor, "fiddlers have strong stomachs." So bearing it away, and scraping off the cat-gut, he got a hearty dinner.

If Love's a Sweet Passion (p. 62).—A song by Purcell; it occurred in "The Fairy Queen," 1692, of which the score was lost before 1700, in the October of which year the patentees of the Haymarket offered a reward of £20 for the recovery. The piece was based on Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The only portion of the music of Purcell preserved is this song, and a part of the fourth act. The air of this song was taken into the "Beggar's Opera," song xli., "When young at the Bar."

Possibly it was due to the loss for a while of Purcell's music that it was entirely replaced in popular favour by Bayldon's air to the same words.

It is given with Bayldon's air in "Apollo's Cabinet," 1757, and in "Clio and Euterpe," 1759, and in other collections. Bayldon introduced his tune to the same words in "The Conscious Lovers," 1721, and it at once displaced Purcell's finer melody.

Young Roger came Tapping (p. 64).—This song occurs in Henry Carey's "Musical Century," published in 1740. It appeared likewise in half-sheet engraved music, about the same date. Dr. Arnold appropriated the air for a song in the ballad opera of "Two to One," 1784.

Rise, Gentle Moon (p. 66).—It would be inexcusable in "English Minstrelsy" not to give a specimen of the composition of J. Barnett, who was the first Englishman to break through the trammels of the ballad opera, and write a truly musical drama, "The Mountain Sylph." It cannot be said that Barnett's music has taken root in the hearts of English people. Barnett, though born in England, was of foreign extraction. This song is from "Charles XII.; or, The Siege of Strahlsund," the words by Planché. It was originally sung by Miss Love, 1828.

Ragged and Torn and True (p. 70).—This is one of Martin Parker's ballads, and is to be found in the Roxburgh Collection. Martin Parker had a singularly happy knack of ballad composition, his work is always spirited and vigorous. His earliest known verses, "The Nightingale warbling forth her own disaster; or, The Rape of Philomela," are of 1632. His "Garland of Withered Roses" is mentioned by Bishop Percy (who had not seen it), and on what authority we know not, as of 1655. His "Country-Man's Kalender" was published in 1692.

The air is "Old Sir Simon the King." In Pankethman's "Love without Interest," 1699, one of the characters says satirically, "Who? he! Why, the newest song he has is, '*The Children in the Wood*,' or '*The London Prentice*,' or some such like ditty, set to the new modish tune of '*Old Sir Symon the King*.'" This was one of Squire Western's favourite songs, according to Fielding, in "Tom Jones." And in Joseph Reed's comic opera

of "Tom Jones," 1769, Western is introduced singing to this air—

"How happy a father am I!
How blest the condition I'm in!
My heart is so light, that for joy
I could almost jump out of my skin."

Another song set to the same air was that capital one, "When this old Cap was new," and again another was, "I'll never be drunk again." Both are still sung by the English peasantry.

The air is found in the "Dancing Master." It is in the Dorian mode.

When W. Chappell published his first edition of "English National Airs," he had Dr. Crotch and A. Wade and Macfarren

Duke's House in 1664. By "the Duke's House" he means the theatre in Dorset Gardens. In 1667 Moll Davis and Betterton performed the principal characters. Downes, who was prompter at the theatre from 1662 to 1706, thus speaks of it: "'The Rivals,' a play, wrote by Sir William Davenant, having a very fine interlude in it of vocal and instrumental music, mixt with diverting dances. . . . All the women's parts admirably acted; chiefly Celia, a shepherdess, being mad for love, especially in singing several wild and mad songs, "My Lodging is on the Cold Ground," &c. She performed that so charmingly that, not long after, it raised her from her bed on the cold ground to a bed royal."

In fact, Charles II. was so taken with her appearance and acting, that he took Moll Davis, who enacted the part of the crazy shep-



MOLL DAVIS.

(From a Broadside Ballad.)

to arrange the airs. Crotch and Wade shied at this melody, because written in a mode they did not understand, and set to it a mere drone bass. It is interesting to note how completely the knowledge of the old scales had been lost in a comparatively brief period, when we see that Dr. Crotch, when lecturing on music in Oxford somewhere about 1820-30, introduced some of the old English and Irish airs, and described them as incapable of being harmonised; the fact being that they were, what are still so many of our English peasant airs, in the old Gregorian modes.

My Lodging is on the Cold Ground (p. 72).—This is a song in "The Rivals," an alteration in 1668 of Fletcher's "Two Noble Kinsmen."

Pepys twice was present at the performance of this play at the

herdess, away from the stage, and had a daughter by her, Mary Tudor, who was married to Francis, second Earl of Derwentwater.

The original air was composed by Matthew Locke, and is included in the violin airs at the end of "The Dancing Master" of 1665, but this air was displaced by another about 1670, and it is with the air as now sung that it was printed in "Vocal Music," 1775. Tom Moore, having a liking for the air, appropriated it to one of his Irish melodies, and wrote for it "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," although there is not the smallest particle of evidence for its being other than an English melody. Indeed, at the very time that Moore produced it, it was printed in Dublin, in Clifton's "British Melodies." The air found its way into Scotland, where it was given the words, "I lo'e na laddie but ane."

For a full and exhaustive account of this song, see Mr. Chappell's

“Popular Music of Olden Time.” He says, “Soon after 1775 the air was introduced by Giordani as the *larghetto* movement of the third of his first set of *concertos* for the harpsichord, and on the 15th May, 1794, the song was entered at Stationers’ Hall, as sung by Mrs. Harrison at Harrison and Knyvett’s concerts; so that it may be traced in constant favour in England from the time of Charles II. down to the present day. I cannot find a shadow of reason for calling it an Irish air. The best Irish authorities disclaim it, and the air may even have been unknown in Ireland before Giordani went to reside there, for any proof we have to the contrary. Giordani went to Dublin in 1779, and the second set of his concerts was entered in London at Stationers’ Hall on the 12th February of that year. After the failure of his theatrical speculations, Giordani commenced teaching in Dublin, and, introducing his own music, attained great repute.”

Giordani was a great rogue, and his musical compositions were a mere patchwork of materials pilfered from others. “He was the most daring plagiarist of his time,” says Dr. Bushby. “A passage from this master, another from that, and a bit of one song, and a scrap from another, constituted his sonatas, concertos, and vocal productions, which, by a misnomer as bold as eccentric, he called original compositions.”

Midsummer Carol (p. 74).—This folk song was taken down by Mr. Bussell and me at Chagford on the verge of Dartmoor. I had collected together several old labourers for a pleasant evening, and with them came the blind organist of the parish church. One of the men was a sad cripple, his name was Aggett. The Midsummer Carol was one of his songs.

Two years after, we heard a widely different version of the same air, and to somewhat different words, in Cornwall, and this, under the title of “Lemonday,” arranged by Mr. Sheppard, was published by us in the “Garland.” I now give the original song of Aggett, with an arrangement by Mr. Sheppard. A May Day Carol is found throughout England, to a very early and rude melody. It was clearly at one time the custom for lovers to go in the morning of May Day, and also of Midsummer’s Day, and serenade their sweethearts. The May Day Carol, as well as the Midsummer Carol, I have also given in “Songs of the West.”

The Arethusa (p. 76).—“The Arethusa” appeared originally in the ballad opera or musical entertainment entitled, “The Lock and Key,” 1796. The libretto was by Prince Hoare, and probably the song was by him also. William Shield is generally regarded as the composer of the fine air to this song, as he arranged the music of the play. Before considering this we will first deal with the circumstances which occasioned the composition of this song.

The *Arethusa* was a man-of-war, commanded by Captain Marshall, and belonging to the English fleet under Admiral Keppel. In consequence of the reverse of General Burgoyne in America, the French had entered into alliance with the rebels in the States, and several actions were fought in the Channel. In July a general engagement took place off Ushant. But before this the bold achievement of the *Arethusa* had occurred. According to Admiral Keppel’s despatch:—“The *Arethusa* had come up with the chase on the evening of the 17th; she proved a large French frigate with heavy metal (*la Belle Poule*). Captain Marshall requested of the French captain to bring to, and informed him he had orders to conduct him to the admiral, who wished to speak to him, both of which requests the French officer peremptorily refused to comply with. Captain Marshall then fired a shot across the frigate, upon which the French captain instantaneously fired his whole broadside into the *Arethusa*, who was at that time very close alongside, which continued for upwards of two hours . . . The French ship’s head

being in with the land, and getting her foresail set, she stood into a small bay, where boats at daylight came out and towed her into safety,” &c.

The song, on its production in “The Lock and Key,” had the advantage of being sung by Incedon, whose splendid voice and wonderfully sympathetic manner of singing, at once gave it popularity.

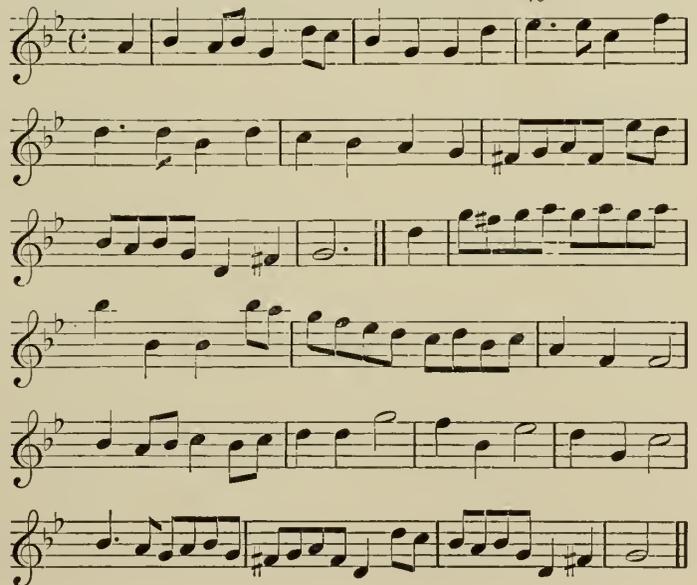
Shield never claimed to have composed the air of the song, and on the contemporary folio music-sheets, on which it appears, it is always stated as “arranged” or “adapted” by Mr. Shield.

“As a matter of fact,” says Mr. Frank Kidson, in a notice of this song sent to the “Musical Times,” Oct. 1, 1894, “The air is really a dance tune named ‘The Princess Royal;’ and this, again, has, I believe, been wrongly attributed to an Irish origin, as the composition of Carolan, the Irish bard. Edward Bunting, in his ‘Ancient Music of Ireland,’ 1840, was the first to print this statement; he gives no proof, however, merely saying in his index that he noted the air down from Arthur O’Neil; and in another note, that Carolan composed it for the daughter of Macdermott Roe. This information, possibly, was supplied by Arthur O’Neil, but it is by no means certain that it is correct. Carolan, like other musicians, was in the habit of playing other people’s compositions as well as his own, and also enriching them with impromptu variations, and it will therefore be easily understood how such a mistake as the wrong attribution of the authorship of a melody might arise. ‘A bumper, Squire Jones’ is another instance in point, the air being always assigned to Carolan; but an examination of an early tune, called the ‘Rummer,’ in Playford’s ‘Dancing Master’ (1690), will show that it is highly improbable that he was the composer of it.

“In some of the music-books, published at the end of the 17th and the beginning of the 18th century, there is an air called ‘The Princess Royal,’ and this is, no doubt, named by some courtly musician or dancing master in honour of Sophia Dorothea, the unfortunate daughter of George I., who, born in 1684, married the brutal Frederick William, afterwards King of Prussia. This air has, however, nothing in common with the one we are dealing with; but in later years, probably about 1727 to 1730, it gave place to another air named ‘The Princess Royal, the new way,’ and this is the air that has been in turn ascribed to Shield and to Carolan. The Princess Royal it was named after was more likely Princess Anne, the daughter of George II., born in 1709.”

“THE PRINCESS ROYAL: THE NEW WAY.”

WALSH’S “Compleat Dancing Master,”
circ. 1730.



A comparison of the air from the "Dancing Master" with that in "The Lock and Key" will show at once the identity. The same air under the same title appears again in Wright's "Compleat Collection of Celebrated Country Dances, both Old and New," but this is somewhat later; and also in his "Compleat Tutor for ye Flute," about 1735.

Then it travelled into Scotland, and reappeared in 1787 in Alexander M'Glashan's "Collections of Scots Measures, Hornpipes, Jigs, Allemands and Cotillons" (Edinburgh, oblong folio); and Niel Gow, in 1802, also appropriated it as a Scottish air, in the second part of his "Complete Repository of Original Scots Tunes."

This is but another instance out of many of the way in which demonstrably English melodies have been appropriated and claimed as national in Ireland and Scotland; no doubt in all good faith. Indeed tunes fly like birds over the country and cross the seas. Many an old English country dance tune has in like manner been taken up in Holland, and having become popular, has been assumed to be of Dutch origin. The tracing of melodies home to their source is extremely difficult, and in many instances impossible.

While pensive I thought of my Love (p. 80).—This is one of Michael Kelly's compositions. Kelly was born in Dublin, in 1764. His father, at the time of his birth, was Master of the Ceremonies at the Castle, and a wine merchant in Mary Street.

"My father and mother," writes Kelly, "were both excessively fond of music, and all their children (fourteen in number), evinced musical capabilities; I, the eldest of the family, was, at three years old, daily placed with the wine on the table, to bawl Hawthorn's song in 'Love in a Village,' 'There was a Jolly Miller,' for the entertainment of my father's company; for company, unfortunately for his family, he had every day."

At an early age Kelly was sent to Naples to study, and when fairly proficient he moved to Vienna, where he remained for four years, enjoying the intimate friendship of Mozart.

The occasion of his being engaged at the Court Theatre at Vienna was curious.

Hitherto a French company had performed, under regular engagement by the Emperor. Each member of the company received pay amounting to, in English money, £200 per annum; they were lodged free of expense, and allowed each four wax candles daily. Whilst at Schönbrunn, the French comedians were dining one day, when the Emperor happened to pass on the terrace, upon which opened the *salle à manger* occupied by the actors. One of the performers jumped up from table, and taking a glass of wine with him, ran out on the terrace, and approaching Joseph II., said, "Sire, I have brought your Majesty some of the trash served us by your purveyor, by way of wine. It is absolutely impossible for us to drink it."

Joseph, with great composure, tasted the wine, and handing back the glass to the comedian, replied, "It is good enough for *me*, though perhaps not sufficiently excellent for such as you. No doubt in France you will find wine more to your taste, and I request you to return thither at once."

Accordingly the French actors were turned out, and the Emperor ordered a fresh company, not composed of Frenchmen, to be formed. Into this Kelly was admitted.

Michael Kelly came to England in 1787 in company with Stephen and Nancy Storace, and he appeared in "Lionel and Clarissa" as first tenor, on the boards of Drury Lane.

In 1789 he made his first appearance as a composer, by the production of two pieces called "False Appearances," and "Fashionable Friends," and from that date till 1820, furnished the music for sixty-two dramatic pieces, besides writing a number of English, French, and Italian songs. He made an intimate acquaintance with Sheridan,

who was wont to retail some of Kelly's Irish "bulls" for the amusement of his friends. Kelly protests they were not all genuine. On one occasion when on the stage, Kelly had to run up a ladder; the carpenter, through inadvertence, had knocked away the support, so that Kelly fell from a considerable height. In a towering rage he rushed to Sheridan, exclaiming, "I might have been killed, then what should I have had for my support for the rest of my life?"

Kelly opened a music shop adjoining the theatre, and provided wine and refreshments for the play-goers, who were invited to pass out from their boxes through his house. Sheridan cut him rather hard, when he told him he should inscribe over his shop, "Importer of music and composer of wines." In fact, Kelly, like Storace, Arnold, and Shield, borrowed melodies for his operas, in his case mostly from the Italian composers, but he did not attempt to pass them off as his own.

Owing to his inattention to the business of his shop, and his trusting entirely to a plausible managing partner as foreman, who was a rogue, and bolted with the profits, Kelly was made a bankrupt in 1811. In 1826 he published his "Reminiscences," a delightful work, from which we derive some anecdotes. He died in the same year, at Margate, Oct. 9, 1826. Mr. Adolphus, in his "Memoirs of John Bannister" (1839), gives a just estimate of Kelly's music, and acquits him of the charge of passing off as his own airs those that had been borrowed. He is speaking of "Blue Beard," which Kelly adapted from the French play of "Raoul Barbe Bleue." He says:—"Kelly's pleasing and effective music, the delight of the audience, afforded some ground for invidious carping; but it could not be depreciated by the criticisms of the envious men who delight in trumpeting forth their sagacity, by disclosing what never was a mystery, they told us that the celebrated 'Tink-a-Tink' was a Russian melody; Kelly never concealed or denied it. They further alleged that the beautiful march in the first act was not his; but the assertion was not more illiberal than unfounded: he demonstrated the fact; and his assertion was corroborated by Mr. Eley, the master of the band of the Horse Guards, to whom these sagacious persons had attributed the composition. When he introduced into 'Comus,' the celebrated duet from 'La cosa rara,' *Pace, O caro mio sposo*, in English, 'O thou wert born to please me,' it was published as Kelly's duet, and popularly so called; but he never pretended it was his; he could not be so stupid as to imagine that he could steal, without detection, from a popular opera, in the height of its career, known to every musician, and even to all the numerous shoal of dabblers in music."

"While pensive I thought on my Love" was in "Blue Beard," that appeared in 1798. The words were by George Colman, junior; and it was acted at Drury Lane with vast success. The play, as intimated above, was in part founded on the French piece, "Barbe Bleue." Colman made Bluebeard a bashaw of three tails; though the original was Gilles de Retz, Marquis of Laval, who was strangled and burned for his crimes at Nantes in 1440.

O Cruel, Cruel Fate (p. 82).—A song by Henry Purcell, though not in his "Orpheus Britannicus," actually "O Cruel, Bloody Fate," and has three verses; the second and third are relative to the poignarding of herself by the damsel, and of the gushing forth of her blood over the floor. I have not thought that these would be relished, so I have added a second verse of my own, and suppressed the second and third in the original. The same air was somewhat altered, and to it was set the song, "Down in the North Country." The tune in this form is entitled "The Merry Milkmaids." Purcell's air was sung to the words "O Cruel, Bloody Fate" between the acts in Nathaniel Lee's play of "Theodosius," in 1680.

When a little Sarm We keep (p. 84).—A duet from the opera of "The Free Knights; or, The Edict of Charlemagne," produced at Covent Garden in 1810. The author of the words was F. Reynolds, and the music was by Mazzinghi.

Joseph Mazzinghi, of Corsican extraction, was born in London, in 1765, and received his musical education from John Christian Bach. At ten years of age he was appointed organist to the Portuguese Chapel. In 1784 he became musical director to the King's Theatre, and the remarkable retentiveness of his memory was exhibited, when the score of Parsiello's opera "La Locanda" was destroyed by fire, on the occasion of the opera-house being consumed in 1789, then Mazzinghi was able to rescore the entire work from recollection.

Although of foreign extraction, yet he was English by birth and

new Covent Garden Theatre, and it came directly on the cessation of the Old Prices Riots.

Frederick Reynolds, author of this play, pocketed £700 by it. Catalani was engaged to sing in it; but did not appear, "luckily for herself, the manager, and the author; for, the character intended for her was so awkward and unnecessary an introduction, that, as Mr. Harris truly said, she would have ruined the piece, and the piece would have ruined Catalani."

It was in singing this duet with Malebran, in 1836, that John Parry, junior, first exhibited his comic genius, and obtained the favour of the public.

Adieu, my native Land, Adieu (p. 93).—A song by



MICHAEL KELLY.

(From the Portrait by Lonsdale.)

education, and he composed a number of English operas, in which the character of the music is national. It is therefore quite legitimate to introduce one of his songs into a volume of "English Minstrelsie." Moreover this duet became vastly popular, "and for nearly half-a-century was constantly introduced into other pieces," says Mr. Husk in Grove's "Dictionary of Music;" "and is even now occasionally heard. The manner of its original performance was strikingly characteristic of the utter want of regard for congruity which prevailed among the stage managers of that day. Although the piece was represented as taking place in Westphalia in the 14th century, the duet was accompanied upon the pianoforte." Mazzinghi died at Bath in 1844.

"The Free Knights" was the first new play performed in the

Chandler. The words are sometimes, but erroneously, attributed to Lord Byron, who wrote another farewell song, beginning—

"Adieu! adieu!
My native shore fades o'er the waters blue."

Chandler's song was published by Thompson about 1801, and was sung as a duet by Dignum and Mrs. Mountain; it is found in "The Lyre," London, 1803. It is given as a solo song in "The British Orpheus," Stourport, circ. 1817, and it continued for long in favour. It is in many other song-books, as "Apollo," 1814; "The Vocal Library," 1822; and Davidson's "Universal Melodist," 1850. It was republished in 1860. Undoubtedly it was originally a Vauxhall song.

The Mid-Watch (p. 96).—Words by Sheridan; music by his father-in-law, Linley. It was introduced into the pantomime of “Robinson Crusoe,” 1800. Sheridan happened to call in at the theatre one day, and found the stage manager at his wits’ end what to do, as there was no time between the conclusion of one scene for the setting of another. It was suggested to Sheridan that a song if introduced there might afford the stage carpenters the requisite time for the scene shifting. He at once sat down at the prompter’s table on the stage, and wrote on the back of the play-bill the ballad of “The Midnight Watch,” which Linley thereupon set to music.

I pass all my hours in a Shady Grobe (p. 98).—A song, the music by Pelham Humphrey, gentleman of the Chapel Royal in 1666. He died young, in his twenty-seventh year, in 1674. “When Aurelia first I courted” is another of his beautiful songs; but he is chiefly known by his anthems. He wrote the words to many of his songs. “I’ll pass all my hours” was first published in Hawkin’s “History of Music.”

With Jockey to the Fair (p. 101).—This fresh, delightful song was originally composed for Vauxhall or Ranelagh, and is found engraved on half-sheet music. The date is probably about 1750, perhaps a little earlier. It is included in “Vocal Music; or, The Songster’s Companion,” 2nd edition, 1772. I have heard the song sung by old labouring men in the West of England.

The Grabe Old Oak (p. 104).—By H. F. Chorley, the music by E. J. Loder, 1840. Edward James Loder was born at Bath in 1813. His finest work was “The Night Dancers,” produced at the Princess’s Theatre in 1846. He was for several years conductor at that theatre, and afterwards at Manchester, but his irregular and unbusinesslike habits stood in the way of his success. He died in 1865.

Much I Loved a Charming Creature (p. 106).—This air is used under the title “Much I Loved a Charming Creature” in the opera of “Momus Turned Fabulist, or Vulcan’s Wedding,” which was performed at the theatre, Lincoln’s Inn Fields, in 1729.

It is there set to a song sung by Apollo—

“Beauty is a fragrant flow’r,
Sweet to sense, and formed to please.”

The song with the original words is in “The Musical Miscellany” of Watts, vol. iii., 1730, and is entitled “The Bashful Maid.” It has been absolutely necessary to rewrite the words. The original savours of D’Urfey.

O dear, What can the matter be? (p. 108).—Mr. Chappell says of this song, “It came into great public favour, towards the close of the last century, by being sung as a duet at Harrison’s concerts. This must have been not later than 1792, as it is entitled ‘the favourite duet,’ in ‘The British Lyre, or Muses’ Repository,’ the preface to which is dated January 5th, 1793.”

Within a Garden (p. 110).—This is a folk air to which fresh words have been set. It was taken down at Two Bridges, on Dartmoor, in 1893. The original words were:—

“As Polly walked into her garden,
A brisk young sailor she chanced to spy,
He stepped up to her, thinking to woo her,
And said, ‘Fair maid, can you fancy I?’

‘You seem to me a man of honour,
O, a man of honour you seem to be;
How can you fancy simple, poor young Nancy?
Not fit your servant for to be?’

‘I don’t intend to make you my servant,
For servants I have to wait on me.
I do intend,’ said he, ‘to make you a lady,
And servants I have, by one, two, and three.’

‘O, I’ve a true love is on the ocean,
And seven long years he’s been at sea,
And seven more years I await in fears,
If he’s alive, he’s the lad for me.’

He put his hand into his pocket,
His fingers being both long and small,
He drew out the ring that was worn so thin,
When it she saw, she down did fall.

He took her up into his arms then,
And gave her kisses, one, two, and three,
Saying, ‘Without failure I’m your true sailor,
And you have long expected me.’

Now this young couple they are married,
They have got married as I’ve heard say,
And she is proud for to think all on him,
Now she is proud of her sailor boy.”

The song appears in Broadside at the beginning of this century, and is included in the “Vocal Library,” London, 1822, n. 525, with verbal differences, and the omission of the last verse. The Broadside copy of Catnach is entitled, “The Sailor’s Return.” The bad grammar in verse 1, and the bad rhyme in verse 7, would hardly be accepted by cultivated singers and audiences, and the pathetic air has deserved better words, which have been written by Mr. Sheppard. This was published in our “Songs of the West.”

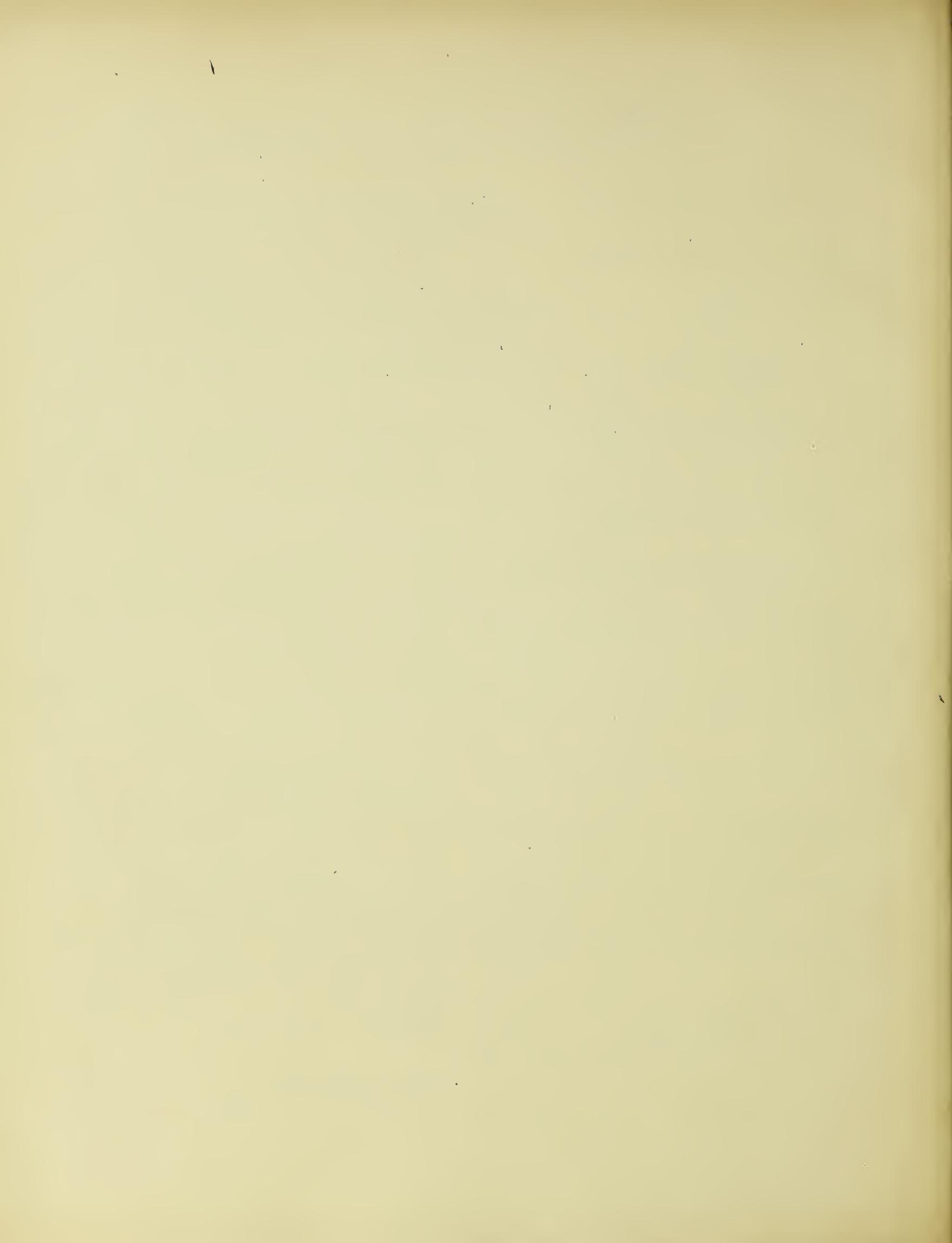
I’ll sail upon the Dog-Star (p. 112).—One of Purcell’s glorious songs. It occurs in the fourth act of “The Fool’s Preferment; or, The Three Dukes of Dunstable,” a comedy by Tom D’Urfey, acted at the Queen’s Theatre, Dorset Gardens, in 1688. The play is merely a re-edition of Fletcher’s “Noble Gentleman,” with the exception of one scene. Sir George Etherege, in a letter to the Duke of Buckingham, says:—

“By my last packet from England, among a heap of nauseous trash, I received *The Three Dukes of Dunstable*; which is really so monstrous and insipid, that I am sorry Lapland or Livonia had not the honour of producing it; but if I did penance in reading it, I rejoiced to hear that it was so solemnly interred to the tune of catcalls.” The fine song is included in the “Orpheus Britannicus,” 1706.

INDEX TO SONGS—VOL. III.

* * * In cases where the First Line differs from the Title, the former is also given (in italics). The figures in parentheses refer to the page at which the NOTE will be found.

<p>ADIEU, my Native Land, Adieu (ix.) 93</p> <p>All's Well (i.) 10</p> <p>Arethusa, The (vii.) 76</p> <p>BRAVE Old Oak, The (x.) 104</p> <p>Buy a Broom (i.) 14</p> <p>CHESHIRE Chambermaid, The (iii.) 34</p> <p><i>Come, all ye Jolly Sailors Bold</i> (vii.) 76</p> <p><i>Day has Gone Down</i> (v.) 66</p> <p><i>Deserted by the Waning Moon</i> (i.) 10</p> <p>FAREWELL and Adieu to You, Spanish Ladies (iv.) 56</p> <p>Flow, Thou Regal Purple Stream (i.) 1</p> <p>From Teutchland I come (i.) 14</p> <p>GALLANT Poacher, The (ii.) 28</p> <p>Gipsy King, The (i.) 7</p> <p>Go, Forget Me (ii.) 16</p> <p>HEY Ho! What Shall I Do (iv.) 43</p> <p><i>I am a Poor Man</i> (v.) 70</p> <p>If Love's a Sweet Passion (v.) 62</p> <p>I'll Sail upon the Dog-Star (x.) 112</p> <p>I Pass all My Hours (x.) 98</p> <p>JOLLY, Jolly Breeze, The (ii.) 30</p> <p>Just like Love is Yonder Rose (iv.) 47</p> <p>LASS of Richmond Hill, The (iv.) 54</p> <p>Light of Other Days, The (iv.) 37</p> <p>Love in Thine Eyes for Ever Plays (ii.) 19</p> <p>MIDSUMMER Carol (vii.) 74</p>	<p>Mid-Watch, The (x.) 96</p> <p>Much I Loved a Charming Creature (x.) 106</p> <p>My Lodging is on the Cold Ground (vi.) 72</p> <p>My Mother Bids me Bind my Hair (ii.) 25</p> <p>My Pretty Jane (iv.) 52</p> <p>O CRUEL, Cruel Fate (viii.) 82</p> <p>Oh! Dear! What can the Matter be? (x.) 108</p> <p><i>On Richmond Hill</i> (iv.) 54</p> <p>PRAY, Goody (iv.) 40</p> <p>RAGGED and Torn and True (v.) 70</p> <p>Rise, Gentle Moon (v.) 66</p> <p>Roger's Courtship (v.) 64</p> <p><i>Song for the Oak, A</i> (x.) 104</p> <p><i>'Tis I am the Gipsy King</i> (i.) 7</p> <p><i>'Twas Early I Walked</i> (vii.) 74</p> <p><i>'Twas on the Morn of Sweet May Day</i> (x.) 101</p> <p>WATER Parted from the Sea (iv.) 59</p> <p>When a Little Farm we Keep (ix.) 84</p> <p><i>When I was Bound Apprentice</i> (ii.) 28</p> <p>While Pensive I Thought of my Love (viii.) 80</p> <p><i>When 'tis Night, and the Mid-Watch is Come</i> (x.) 96</p> <p>Within a Garden (x.) 110</p> <p>With Jockey to the Fair (x.) 101</p> <p><i>You may Slight me</i> (iii.) 34</p> <p><i>Young Roger came Tapping</i> (v.) 64</p>
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FLOW, THOU REGAL PURPLE STREAM.

ARNOLD. (W. H. H.)

With spirit.

Voice.

The first system of music features a Voice staff and a Piano staff. The Voice staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a common time signature (C). It contains four measures of whole rests. The Piano staff is in treble and bass clefs with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and contains four measures of accompaniment. The first two measures are marked with a *cres.* (crescendo) hairpin.

The second system of music consists of a Piano staff in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of three sharps and a common time signature. It contains four measures of accompaniment, starting with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

The third system of music includes a Voice staff and a Piano staff. The Voice staff contains four measures of music with the following lyrics: "Flow, thou re-gal pur-ple stream, Tint-ed by the so-lar". The Piano staff provides accompaniment, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

The fourth system of music includes a Voice staff and a Piano staff. The Voice staff contains four measures of music with the following lyrics: "beam, In my gob-let spark-ling rise, Cheer my". The Piano staff provides accompaniment, starting with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic.

Key E.

|| m . r : m . d | t , : l , | s , : - | s d ' : - t | l . t : l . s | f . s : f . m | r : | r : - . d |

heart and glad my eyes. Flow, thou re - gal pur - ple stream, Tint - ed

|| t , d : t , l , | s , l , : s , f , | m : | s , : l , . t , | d . t , : d . r | m . r : m . f | s : | f . m r . m |

by the so - lar beam, In my gob - let spark - ling rise, Cheer my

|| f . m : f . s | l . s : l . t | d ' : | l . s : f . m | f . r : m . f | s . f : m . r | m . d : r . m | f . r : m . f |

heart and glad mine eyes. In my gob - let spark - ling rise,..... Cheer my

|| s : l | f : s | d : | l . s : f . m | f . r : m . f | s : s , | d : - | : |

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

cres. *f*

Key A.

My brain, as -

The first system of music features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The vocal line begins with a rest followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed below the piano part.

cend on fan - cy's wing, 'Noint me, wine, a jov - ial king. My brain, as -

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) followed by a quarter note C5. The piano accompaniment includes a *cres.* (crescendo) marking in the bass line. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed below the piano part.

cend on fan - cy's wing, 'Noint me, wine, a jov - ial king. My brain, as -

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) in the right hand.

cend on fan - cy's wing, 'Noint me, wine, a jov - ial king, 'Noint me,

The fourth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment features a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) in the right hand.

f . m : r . d | m . r : d . t₁ | l₁ : d . t₁ | l₁ . s₁ : f₁ . m₁ | r₁ : f . m | r . d : t₁ . l₁ | t₁ : r . d | t₁ . l₁ : s₁ . f }

wine, a jov - ial king, a jov - - - - -

m₁ : s . f | m . r : d . t₁ | l₁ . t₁ : d . t₁ | l₁ . s₁ : f₁ . m₁ | f₁ . s₁ : l₁ . s₁ | f₁ . m₁ : r₁ . d₁ | s₁ : . s₁ | d : d }

- - - - - ial king, a jov - ial

t₁ : . s₁ | d : d | t₁ : - | : | d : - | r : - | m : d | m . r : d . t₁ }

king, a jov - ial king. While I live I'll lave my

d : | f : m | m . r : . d | t₁ : d | m r : - | : | d : - | r : - }

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

m :d | m .r :d .t₁ | d : .d | f .m :r .d | t₁ : .d | m .r :d .t₁ | d : — | : }
 thir - sty sub - jects say, "A month he reign'd, and that was May."

: | d :m .r | d .r :d .t₁ | l₁ .s₁ :f₁ .m₁ | r₁ : | r :f .m | r .m :r .d | t₁ .l₁ :s₁ .f₁ }
 While I live I'll lave my clay, When I'm dead and gone a -

m₁ : | m₁ :s₁ | d :-s₁ | d :m | d :- .d₁ | m₁ :s₁ | d : .s₁ | d :m }
 way, Let my thir - sty sub - jects say, "A month he reign'd, and that was

d : | s .f :m .r | d .t₁ :l₁ .s₁ | f₁ .m₁ :r₁ .d₁ | t₂ :-s₁ | d :m | l₁ :d | m .r :d .t₁ }
 May," Let my thir - sty sub - jects say, "A month he reign'd, and that was

May," Let my thir - sty sub - jects say, "A month he

reign'd, and that was May, but that was

ff

May, but that was May."

ad lib.

colla voce

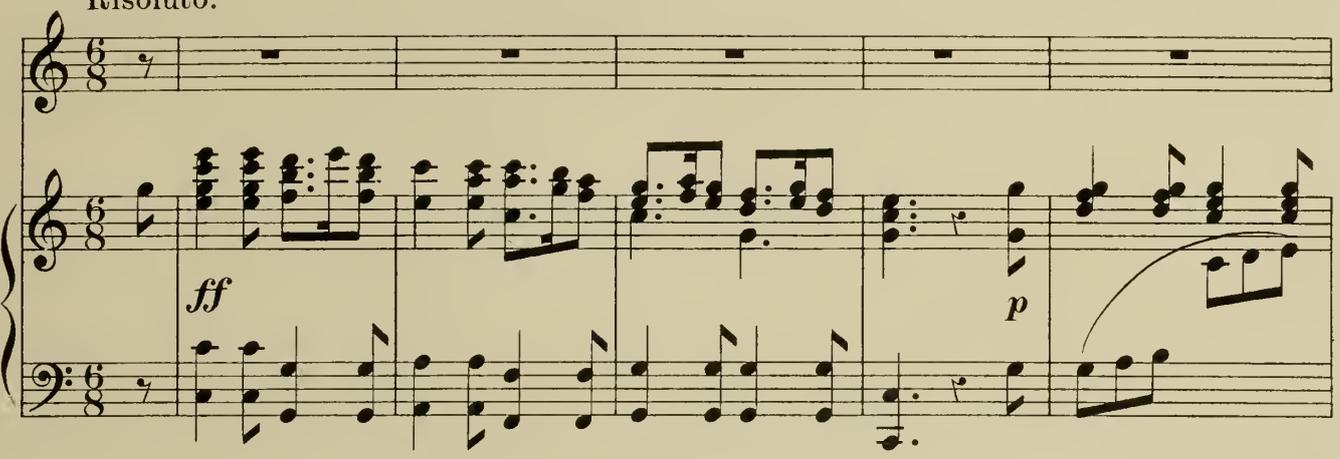
ff ff ten.

THE GIPSY KING.

Words from the German of GOËTHE.

W. WEST. (W. H. H.)

Risoluto.

Voice. 

Piano. *ff* *p*



ff

Key { :s d' :-r' :d' | t.....l :t d' :-:- | :t :l s :-l :s | f.....s :f m :- :-| d' :-:d' }

C. 'Tis I am the Gip - sy King, And where is the King like mé? No
A King and a true one am I, No cour - tiers or min - isters here, I see

mf



d' :-t :l l :-s :l t :- l :-l s :-l :t r :-m :fe s :- :-l :r' :r' }
 trou - ble my dig - ni - ties bring, No o - ther is half so free. In my
 ev' - ry - thing with my own eye, And hear ev' - ry - thing with my own ear. No con -

r' :-d' :t l t :l :t r' :-d' : l :t :d' r' :-d' :t l t :l :s m' :-l :d' :d' }
 king - dom there is but one ta - ble, All my sub - jects par - take of my ebeer; We would
 spi - ra - eies I ap - pre - hend, Among bro - thers and e - quals I rule, We all

d' :-t :l l :t :d' d' :-t : l :l :l s :fe :s l :-r' :d' t :-l :t :t }
 all drink ehampagne were we a - ble, As it is we have plen - ty of beer, We would
 help both to gain and to spend, And get drunk when the trea - su - ry's full, We all

d' :-t :l l :t :d' d' :-t : l :l :l s :s :s l :-s :l s :- :-l :s :s }
 all drink ehampagne were we a - ble, As it is we have plen - ty of beer, } And 'tis
 help both to gain and to spend, And get drunk when the trea - su - ry's full. }

m' :-f' :m' |r' :d' :r' | d' :-:d' |d' :-:d' | d' :-:r' :d' |t :l :t | d' :-: | : : ||
 I am the Gip - sy King, ha! ha! 'Tis I am the Gip - sy King.

3

I confess that I am but a man,
 My failings, who pleases, may know;
 I'm fond of my girl and my can,
 And jolly companions a row.
 My subjects are kind to me,
 They don't grudge me the largest glass,
 Nor yet that I hold on my knee
bis. { At this moment the prettiest lass!
 For 'tis I am the Gipsy King, ha! ha!
 'Tis I am the Gipsy King.

4

Ne'er king do I envy nor kaiser
 That sits on a golden throne;
 And I tell you the reason why, sir,
 I've a sceptre and ball of my own.
 To sit all night through in a crown,
 I've a notion mine ears it would freeze,
 So I pull my old nightcap down,
bis. { And tippie and smoke at my ease.
 For 'tis I am the Gipsy King, ha! ha!
 'Tis I am the Gipsy King.

ALL'S WELL.

BRAHAM. (W. H. H.)

Slowly.

Piano.

First system of piano introduction. Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), 2/4 time signature. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The bass line consists of quarter notes, while the treble line features chords and eighth notes.

Second system of piano introduction. Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), 2/4 time signature. The music continues with a piano (*pp*) dynamic. The bass line features eighth-note patterns, and the treble line has chords and eighth notes.

First system of the vocal line. Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), 2/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes.

Key G. s, d :d d :—r m m :r ,d d : .d m :m

De - sert - ed by the wan - ing moon, When skies pro -
When sail - ing on the mid - night deep, While wea - ry

Second system of the vocal line. Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), 2/4 time signature. The melody continues with quarter and eighth notes.

Key G. } : .s, d :d

When skies pro -
While wea - ry

Third system of piano accompaniment. Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), 2/4 time signature. The music continues with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The bass line features quarter notes, and the treble line has chords and eighth notes.

claim night's cheer - less noon,..... On tow - er, fort, or
mess - mates sound - ly sleep,..... The care - ful watch pa -

claim night's cheer - less noon,..... On tow - er, fort, or
mess - mates sound - ly sleep,..... The care - ful watch pa -

tent - ed ground, The sen - try walks his lone - ly round, The sen - try walks
trols the deck, To guard the ship from foes or wreck, To guard..... the ship

tent - ed ground, The sen - try walks his lone - ly round, his
trols the deck, To guard the ship from foes or wreck, from

The sen - try walks his lone - ly round, And
To guard..... the ship from foes..... or wreck, And

lone - ly round, his lone - ly round, And
foes..... or wreck, from foes..... or wreck, And

Allegro.

mf

should some foot - step hap - ly stray Where cau - tion marks the guard - ed way, Where
 while his thoughts oft home - ward veer, Some friend - ly voice sa - lutes his ear, Some

eau - tion marks the guard - ed way, the guard - ed way.....
 friend - ly voice sa - lutes his ear, sa - lutes his ear..... *ad lib*

eau - tion marks the guard - ed way, the guard - ed way..... Who goes
 friend - ly voice sa - lutes his ear, sa - lutes his ear..... What

colla voce

A friend! Good night!
 A - bove?

there? Stran - ger, quick - ly tell! the word?
 cheer? Bro - ther, quick - ly tell! be - low!

1st verse.

d ^m:r ,d d : : d l : }
 All's..... well! Good night!

d ^m:r ,d d : m ^s:f ,m m : d s : : }
 All's..... well! All's..... well! the word?

mf

2nd verse.

m ^m:r ,d d : d : : : : l t l s f m r d t l s }
 All's..... well. well. be - - -

d :s₁ m₁ : m : :d t d r m f s l ŝ : }
 All's..... well! well! a - - - bove!

p

f₁ : m ^m:r ,d d : ||
 low! All's..... well!

: d :s₁ m₁ : ||
 All's..... well!

p

FROM TEUTCHLAND I COME.

Andante con moto.

A. LEE. (W. H. H.)

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'Andante con moto' and the dynamics are 'p'.

Key G. { :d .m | s :s .l :s .f | m :d :d | r :s₁ :s₁ }

From Teutch-land I come with my lightwares all
To brush a - way in - sects that some-times an -

The first system of the vocal score includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "From Teutch-land I come with my lightwares all / To brush a - way in - sects that some-times an -". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

{ m :d :d .m | s :s .l :s .f | m :d :d | r :s₁ :t₁ | d : :t₁ .d }

la - den, To dear hap - py Eng - land in sum - mer's gay bloom. Then
noy you, You'll find it quite hand - y to use night and day; And

The second system of the vocal score includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "la - den, To dear hap - py Eng - land in sum - mer's gay bloom. Then / noy you, You'll find it quite hand - y to use night and day; And".

{ r :s₁ :s₁ | m :d :d | r :s₁ :s₁ | m :d :d .m | s s .l :s .f }

lis - ten, fair la - dy, and young pret - ty maid - en, Oh! buy of the
what bet - ter ex - er - eise, pray, can em - ploy you, Than to sweep all vex -

The third system of the vocal score includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "lis - ten, fair la - dy, and young pret - ty maid - en, Oh! buy of the / what bet - ter ex - er - eise, pray, can em - ploy you, Than to sweep all vex -".

wand'-ring Ba - var - ian a Broom. Buy a broom!
a - tious in - tru - ders a - way? Buy a broom!

Spoken.

Buy a broom.

ad lib.

Buy a broom! Oh! buy of the wand'-ing Ba - va - rian a
Buy a broom! And sweep all vex - a - tious in - tru - ders a -

colla voce

broom.
way.

a tempo

mf

3

Ere winter comes on for sweet home soon departing,
My toils for your favour again I'll resume;
And while gratitude's tear in my eye-lid is starting,
Bless the time that in England I cried, "Buy a broom."
"Buy a broom! buy a broom! (*spoken*) buy a broom!"
Bless the time that in England I cried, "Buy a broom!"

GO, FORGET ME.

Rev. C. WOLFE.

J. P. KNIGHT. (H. F. S.)

Piano. *Allegretto.* *p*

The first system of the piano introduction is in G major, 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Allegretto' and the dynamics are 'p' (piano). The right hand plays a melodic line starting on G4, moving up stepwise to B4, then down to A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4, and finally B3. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

f

The second system of the piano introduction continues the melodic and harmonic development. The right hand features a more active melodic line with some grace notes and a fermata over the final note. The left hand continues with a steady accompaniment. The dynamics are marked 'f' (forte).

Key G. *p*

Go, for-get me, why should sor-row O'er that brow a sha-dow fling?

The first system of the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 2/4 time, with lyrics: "Go, for-get me, why should sor-row O'er that brow a sha-dow fling?". The piano accompaniment is in G major, 2/4 time, with a dynamic marking of 'p' (piano). The piano part consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

s f

Go, for-get me, and to-mor-row Bright-ly smile and sweet-ly sing.

The second system of the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 2/4 time, with lyrics: "Go, for-get me, and to-mor-row Bright-ly smile and sweet-ly sing.". The piano accompaniment is in G major, 2/4 time, with a dynamic marking of 'p' (piano). The piano part consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

Key D.

Smile tho' I shall not be near thee, Sing tho' I shall

nev - er hear thee, May that soul with plea - sure shine,—

rall. Key G.
a tempo

Last - ing as the gloom of mine. Go, for - get me, why should sor - row

rall. *a tempo*

O'er that brow a sha - dow fling? Go, for - get me, and to - mor - row

d : d | s . f : m . r | d : r . m | f : - | s : - f | m . s : f . r | d r m f m r , d | d : - ||
 Bright-ly smile and sweet-ly sing, Bright-ly smile and sweet - ly sing.

f *tr*

2

Go where other smiles await thee,
 Go to halls of dazzling light;
 Go, outshine all beauties near thee,
 Claim another's heart to-night.
 Go, thou vision wildly dreaming,
 Softly on my soul that fell;
 Go, for me no longer gleaming,
 Hope and Beauty, fare ye well.
 Go, forget me, why should sorrow
 O'er that brow a shadow fling?
 Go, forget me, and to-morrow
 Brightly smile and sweetly sing.

LOVE IN THINE EYES FOR EVER PLAYS.

Duet for two Sopranos.

JACKSON. (of Exeter)
(W. H. H.)

Piano. *Allegretto.*

p *cres.*

dim. *p*

Key D. $\{$ d : m : s | d' : m : f | s : l . s : f . m | m : r : : : : $\}$
 Love in thine eyes for e - ver plays,

Key D. $\{$: : | : : | : : | : : | d : m : s $\}$
 He in thy

p

He makes thy ro - sy
 snow - y bo - - som strays, He makes thy ro - sy

lips his care, And walks the ma - zes of thy
 lips his care, And walks the ma - zes of thy

Key A.
 hair; Love dwells in ev' - ry out - ward part, But ah! he
 hair; Love dwells in ev' - ry out - ward part,

cres.

d :s₁ : r :-:r m :d : s :-: - s :- .f :m f :m :

ne - ver, ah! he ne - ver, Ah! he ne - ver

cres.

Key A. : : t₁ :-:t₁ d :s₁ : m :-: - m :- .r :d r :d :

ah! he ne - ver, Ah! he ne - ver

cres.

p *cres.* *f* 1. 2.

r :d :t₁ | d .t₁:d .r :m .f | s :- .f :m | l :s : | f :m :r | d :-: - d :-

touch'd thy heart — he ne - ver, ne - ver touchd thy heart. heart.

p *cres.* *f*

f₁ :m₁ :r₁ | m₁ :s₁ :d .r | m :- .r :d | f :m : | r :d :t₁ | d :-: - d :-

touch'd thy heart he ne - ver, ne - ver touchd thy heart. heart.

p *cres.*

p

Key D. d :s | s :-: - :-: m | f :-: - :-: | m :-: - r :-: | s :-: - m :-: }

How dif - - frent is my fate from thine!

Key D. : | : : t₁ | d :-: - :-: | l₁ | t₁ :-: - d :-: | d :-: - t₁ :-: | d :-: -

How dif - - frent is my fate from thine!

pp

mez.

s : d' : t | l : s : f | m : r : d | s : - : - : - : - : - : s

No out ward marks of love are mine, ————— No

mez.

t : d : r | m : f : s

No out-ward marks of

mez.

s : f . m : f | f : m . r : d | r : - : d | d : t, : | : : t | d' : - : }

out - ward marks — of love are mine! My brow

l : - : - | t : - : d' | s : f : m | m : r : s | s : - : - : - : f }

love, ————— of love are mine! My brow ————— is

: : d' | r' : - : d' | d' : t : l | se : - : | : : t | d' : : }

is cloud - ed by — des - pair, And grief,

f : - : - | - : - : m | m : r : d | t, : - : m | m : - : - | - : - : r }

cloud - - - ed by — des - pair, And grief, ————— love's

: t | se : l | l : se | l : m | m : f : m | m r : d : t |
 love's bit - ter foe, is there, love's bit - ter foe, is
 r : : r : d | d : t | m : r | d : r : d | d . t : l : se |
 bit - ter foe, is there, love's bit - ter foe, is

f
 there. But deep with - in my glow - ing
 there. But deep with - in my glow - ing

l : s : s | m : f : s | d : r : m | l : t : d | l : s : s |
 soul, He rules and reigns with - out con - trol. He
 f : m : m | d : r : m | m : f : s | f : s : l | f : m : m |
 soul, He rules and reigns with - out con - trol. He

f :— : f | r :— : f | m : s : d | d : t : f | m : s : d : r : m : f }
 rules, he reigns with - out con - trol. He rules, he

r :— : r | f :— : r | d :— : m | m : r : | : : d }
 rules, he reigns with - out con - trol. He

s :— : s | f : m : f : s : l : t | d :— : d | t : l : t : d : r : m | f :— : m }
 reigns with - out con - trol. He rules, he reigns with -

t : r : s : l : t : d | r :— : r | m : r : d : r : m : f | s : f : s : l : t : d | r :— : s }
 rules, he reigns with - out con - trol. He reigns with -

r : d : t | d : m : — | r : d : t | d : m : — | m : r : d : t | d : — }
 - out con - trol with - out con - trol, with - out con - trol.

f : m : r | m : s : — | f : m : r | m : s : — | f : m : r | m : — }
 - out con - trol with - out con - trol with - out con - trol

2nd time slower.

"MY MOTHER BIDS ME BIND MY HAIR."

Words by Mrs. JOHN HUNTER.

Composed by HAYDN.
(W. H. H.)

Allegretto.

Voice.

Piano.

The first system of music features a Voice staff and a Piano staff. The Voice staff begins with a whole rest. The Piano staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 6/8 time signature. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a forte (*fz*) dynamic marking. The piano accompaniment consists of a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

The second system continues the piano accompaniment. It features a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The music includes several triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over a group of notes) and a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The bass line continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

The third system includes the Voice staff with lyrics and the Piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "My mother bids me bind my hair With bands of rosy 'Tis sad to think the days are gone, When those we love are". The piano part continues with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The system concludes with a double bar line.

hue, Tie up my sleeves with rib - bons rare, And lace my bo - dice
 near; I sit up - on this mos - sy stone. And sigh when none can

Key E.

blue. Tie up my sleeves with rib - bons rare, And lace, and
 hear. I sit up - on this mos - sy stone, And sigh, and

lace my bo - dice blue; For
 sigh when none can hear: And

why," she cries, "sit still and weep While o - thers dance and
 while I spin my flax - en thread, And sing my sim - ple

Key A. *p*

lay, play?"

A - las! I scarce can
The vil lage seems a -

f *p*

And. *

go or creep, While Lu - bin is a - way; A - las! I scarce can
sleep or dead, Now Lu - bin is a - way; The vil - lage seems a -

go or creep, While Lu - bin is a - way, While
sleep or dead, How Lu - bin is a - way, Now

p

Lu - bin is a - way, is a - way, is a - way.
Lu - bin is a - way, is a - way, is a - way.

dim. *p*

THE GALLANT POACHER.

Folk Song. (W. H. H.)

Piano. *Briskly.* *f*

Key A. } :s₁ | d :-:d | d :t₁ :l₁ | s₁ :-:f₁ | m₁ :-:s₁ | d :-:d | r :-:t₁ }

When I was bound ap - pren - tice in fa - mous Lin - coln -
As me and my com - pan - ions were set - ting of a

d :-:s₁ | d :-:r | m :-:f | s :-:m | d :-:r | m :-:m | m :r :d }

shire, — Full well I serv'd my mas - ter for more than se - ven
snare, — 'Twas then we spied the game-keep - er, for him we did not

r :-:s₁ | d :-:r | m :m :f | s :-:m | d :-:r | m :-:m | m :r :d }

year, — Till I took up to poach - ing, as you shall quick - ly
care, — For we can wres - tle and fight, my boys, and jump o'er an - y

r :-: - m :-: r | d :-: d | d :t₁ :l₁ | s₁ :-: f₁ | m₁ :s₁ :s₁ | d :-: d | r :-: t₁ }
 hear; Oh, 'tis my de - light on a shin - ing night, in the sea - son of the
 where;

d :-: - | - : - : : ||
 year.

3

As me and my companions were setting for a drive
 And taking on 'em up again, we caught a hare alive;
 We took the hare alive, my boys, and thro' the woods did steer:
 Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

4

I threw him on my shoulder, and then we trudged home,
 We took him to a neighbour's house and sold him for a crown,
 We sold him for a crown, my boys, it surely wasn't dear:
 Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

5

Success to ev'ry gentleman that lives in Lincolnshire,
 Success to ev'ry poacher that wants to sell a hare,
 Bad luck to ev'ry gamekeeper that will not sell his deer;
 Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

THE JOLLY, JOLLY BREEZE.

JOHN ECCLES. (H. F. S.)

Piano.

The first system of piano accompaniment features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass clef part is primarily composed of chords, with some eighth-note accompaniment.

The second system continues the piano accompaniment with similar melodic and harmonic structures in the treble and bass staves.

The third system concludes the piano accompaniment, ending with a *cres.* (crescendo) marking above the treble staff.



As sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Key G. $\{$: .d | d .s₁ :d .m | s :f .m | r .s₁ :t₁ .r | f :- .s $\}$

The jol - ly jol - ly breeze That comes whist-ling thro' the trees From

The same simplified.

Key G. $\{$: .d | d .s₁ :d .m | s :f .m | r .s₁ :t₁ .r | f :- .s $\}$

The jol - ly jol - ly breeze That comes whist-ling thro' the trees From

The piano accompaniment for the vocal parts, featuring a treble and bass clef with chords and simple melodic lines.

rall.

|| m ., r : d, r, d, r | m, f, m, f : s . m f, m, r, d : r, d . t, l, | t, l, : - . r m, f, m, r : d, r, d, t, l, | t, l, s, l, : fe, . l, l, }
 all the blissful re - gion brings Per - fume on

|| m ., r : d . r | m . f : s . m f . m : r . d | t, l, : - . r m ., r : d . t, l, | l, s, l, : fe, . l, l, }
 all the blissful re - gion brings Per - fume on spi - cy wings, From all the blissful re - gion brings Per -

1. || r ., d . t, l, : t, l, . l, s, l, | s, l, : . d || 2. || r ., d . t, l, : t, l, . l, s, l, | s, l, : . r , m }
 spi - cy wings. The spi - cy wings With a

|| r . t, l, : t, l, . l, | s, l, : . d || r . t, l, : t, l, . l, | s, l, : . r , m }
 fume on spi - cy wings. The - fume on spi - cy wings With a

|| f . m , f : r . s , f | m . r , m : d . f , m r . d , r : t, l, . m , r | d . t, l, d : l, . t, l, d }
 wan -

|| f : s | m : f | r : m | d : r , m }
 wan - ton mo - tion curl - ing, With a

d .t, d :l, t, d ,l, | r .d ,r :t, d .r ,t, | m .r ,m :d ,r .m ,d | f .m ,f :r ,m .f ,r }
 d :l | r :t | m :d | f :r }
 now on gold - en gra - vel pur - ling,
 s .l ,s :f ,m .r ,d | d :- .t, | d :- | d : ||
rall. on gold-en gra - vel pur - ling.
 s .l ,s :f ,m .r ,d | d :- .t, | d :- | d : ||
 Now on gold-en gra - vel pur - ling.
rall.

2

The jolly, jolly breeze
 As it sweepeth summer seas,
 With its breath doth ripples wake,
 That in foaming flash and break,
 And the face of Ocean wrinkles.
 But not with frown or care;
 Nay! emeraldine fair.
 And bright with smiles and laughter wrinkles.

3

The jolly, jolly breeze,
 Blowing over shaws and leas,
 With a ruffle and a laugh,
 Carries off the winnowed chaff,
 And my silly song is stealing
 From lips so ruddy ripe,
 To play upon its pipe,
 As in your ear it runneth reeling.

THE CHESHIRE CHAMBERMAID.

ARNOLD. (W. H. H.)

Lively.

Piano.

Key A. *s* *f* *m* *m* *f* *m* *r* *d* *r* *m* *f* *m* *m* *r* *s* *m* *f*

You may slight me, who's a-fraid? No one here is fresh-er; Oh!
 Ro-ger once 'twas worth a crown, Tho' he's fond of rak-ing, For-

s *f* *m* *m* *f* *m* *r* *m* *l* *s* *f* *s* *s* :

I'm a coun-try Cham-ber-maid pip-ing hot from Cheshire,
 got his fork, my broom throwndown, we went mer-ry making,

s *f* *m* *r* *r* *m* *r* *d* *t* *t* *m* *d* *l* *r* *t* *s* :

pip-ing hot, pip-ing hot, pip-ing hot from Cheshire.
 mer-ry making, mer-ry making, we went mer-ry making.

: .s | s, f . m, f : s, f . m, s | f . r : r . r, m | f, m . r, d : t, . d, r }
 I'll sweep a room with a - ny lass, So clean 'twere sin to
 You, you, you clown, your tem - per cross'd, Far a - way were

m . d : . l, | se, l, . t, . d : r . d | t, . d . r, m : f . , f | f, m . f, r : d . t, }
 soil it, Or dress a la - dy's look - ing glass, And trim the tas - ty
 stalk - ing, Then ev' - ry plea - sant com - fort lost, That Ro - ger gain'd by

d . l, : f . , f | m . m . : r . , r | d : s | f . m . , r : d . t, }
 toi - let, dress a la - dy's look - ing glass, Or trim the tas - ty
 walk - ing, Ev' - ry plea - sant com - fort lost _____ Ro - ger gain'd by

l, . l, : || 6 | d : - : r | m : - : s, | d : - : r | m : - : s, | d : t, : d | r : d : r }
 toi - let. Laugh your fill, For what you will, I chal - lenge all who
 walk - ing.

m :r :m | f :m :f | s :m :d | f :r :t₁ | d : - :d | d : - :s₁ | l₁ :t₁ :d | r :m :f
 know the trade To match a Che - shire Cham - ber - maid, I chal - lenge all who

s : - :m | s : - :s₁ | l₁ :t₁ :d | r :m :f | s : - :m | s : - :s₁ | s : - :m | m : - :d
 know the trade To match a Che - shire Cham - ber - maid, I chal - lenge all who

s : - :m | m : - :d | r :f :r | t₁ :r :t₁ | d : - :d | d : - :d | r :f :r | t₁ :r :t₁
 know the trade To match a Che - shire Cham - ber - maid, To match a Che - shire

ad lib.

colla voce

d : - :d | d : - : -
 Cham - ber - maid.

mf

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

Words by ALFRED BUNN.

M. W. BALFE (W. H. H.)

Moderato con espressione.

Piano.

The musical score is written for piano in a key with three flats (A-flat major or F minor) and common time. It consists of four systems of music. The first system includes the tempo marking 'Moderato con espressione' and dynamic markings 'pp' and 'p dolce'. The second and third systems continue the piano accompaniment. The fourth system features a key signature change to A-flat major, indicated by 'Key A \flat ', and includes the instruction 'a piacere' and dynamic markings 'marcato' and 'p'. The vocal line in the fourth system contains the lyrics 'The The'.

light of o - ther days is fad - ed, And all their glo - ries
leaf which Au - tumn temp - ests wi - ther, The birds which then take

past, For grief with heav - y wing hath shad - ed The
wing, When win - ter's winds are past come hi - ther, To

hopes too bright to last; The world which morn - ing's man - tle
wel - come back the Spring; The ve - ry I - vy on the

eloud - ed, Shines forth with pu - rer rays, But the
ru - in, In gloom full life dis - plays; But the

colla parte

|| s₁ :-d | m .r :d .t₁ | l₁ :- | s₁ :d .r | m :m .f | s :r .m }

heart ne'er feels in sor-row shroud - ed The light of o - ther
heart a - lone sees no re - new - ing The light of o - ther

pp

|| f :- | - :s .f | m :-r | d .t₁ :d .r | m :- | - r .m :f .s .l }

days, But the heart ne'er feels in sor-row shroud - ed The
days, But the heart a - lone sees no re - new - - ing The

|| l :l ,s .t₁ ,d | m ,r .f :-m | d : | : | : | : | : | : }

light of o - ther days.
light of o - ther days.

pp dolce

1st time D. C. & 2nd Verse. 2nd time.

|| : | : | : | : .s₁ | : | : | : }

The

p

PRAY, GOODY.

Words by KANE O'HARA.

Old English air. Sung in Midas.
(H. F. S.)

Not too fast.

Voice.

Piano.

p

rall.

p

Key E. { :s | f .m :r .d m .r :d .t | d .m :s .t :d' t .l }

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

tempo

{ s .m :r .d d' .s :f .m m :r | :s }

flash those sparks of fu - ry from your eyes? Re -

mem-ber when the judg-ment's weak, the pre-ju-dice is strong; A

strang-er why will you des-pise? Ply me, try me, Prove ere you de-

ny me; If you cast me off, you blast me ne'er a-gain to

rise. Pray, Good-y, please to mo-de-rate the

|| d .m :s .t |d' :t .l | s .m :r .d |d' .s :f .m
 ran - cour of your tongue, Why flash those sparks of fu - ry from your

|| m :r | :s | f .m :r .d |m .r :d .t |
 eyes? Re - mem - ber when the judg - ment's weak the

|| d .m :s .t |d' :t .l | s .m :l .f |m .s :f .t | d :-
 pre - ju - dice is strong: A *ad lib.* strang - er why will you des - pise.

dim.
p

2

Pray, Goody, please to moderate the anger in your heart,
 And do not cast your bitter words at me.
 It may be sport to such as you, to me 'tis cruel smart,
 So spare in gentle charity.
 Pouting, flouting,
 All my homage scouting,
 If you cast me off I'm plunged in deepest misery.
 So, Goody, please to moderate the anger in your heart,
 And do not cast your bitter words at me.
 It may be sport to such as you, to me 'tis cruel smart,
 So spare in gentle charity.

HEIGH-HO! WHAT SHALL I DO?

T. WELSH (W. H. H.)

Allegretto.

SHE.

Voice.

Key F.

Heigh - ho!

Piano.

mf

dim.

p

{ d' : t : l | s : - : m | m : f : s | s : - : s | l : - : r | r : - : - | s : - : d : - : }
 What shall I do? I can not come out, my love, to you, Heigh - ho!

{ d' : t : l | s : - : m | m : f : s | s : l : s | f : m : r | d : - : - | : : | : : }
 What shall I do I can not come out, my love, to you.

Key C.

HE.

{ : : | : : | s | s : l : t | d' : t : d' | r' : - : r' | m' : - : - | s : l : t | d' : - : d' }
 The lap-dog would bark if he heard a stir. Out of the win - dow

SHE.

{ r' : - : r' | m' : - : | f' : m' : f' | r' : - : r' | m' : r' : m' | d' : - : d' | r' : m' : f' | l : - : r' }
 throw the cur. Poor lit - tle Dart 'twould break his bones To tum - ble him out up -

p

ad lib

Key F.

{ t : l : t | d' : - : d' | s : - : d : - : | d' : t : l | s : - : m | m : f : s | s : - : s }
 on the hard stones. Heigh - ho! What shall I do? I can - not come out, my

colla voce

{ l : - : r | r : - : - | s : - : - | d : - : | d' : t : l | s : - : m | m : f : s | s : l : s }
 love, to you. Heigh - ho! What shall I do? I can - not come out, my

{ f : m : r | d : - : - | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : }
 love to you.

mf

HE.

{ s :- : - | d :- : - | d' : t : l | s :- : m | m . f :- : s | s : s : s | l :- : r | r :- : - | s :- : - | d :- : - }
 Come! love let us make haste, Leap out! nor lon-ger the mo-ments waste, Come, love,

{ d' : t : l | s :- : m | m . f :- : s | s : l : s | f : m : r | d :- : - | : : | : : }
 let us make haste, Leap out! nor lon-ger the mo-ments waste.

Key C.

{ : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : }
 The hor-ses are wait-ing, the moon is bright, Twere pi-ty to lose such a

{ r' :- : r' | m' :- : - | f' : m' : f' | r' : r' : r' | m' : r' : m' | d' :- : - | r' : m' : f' | l :- : r' }
 charm-ing night. Cu-pid shall drive us to Gret-na Green, Drop in my arms be-

Key F.

Heigh - ho! What shall I do? Oh! shall I leap out my

Key F.

fore we're seen. Heigh - ho! What a to do! Leap out, leap out to your

mf

ritard.

love to you? Heigh - ho! What shall I do? Oh! shall I leap out my

lov er true. Heigh - ho! What a to do! Leap out, leap out to your

colla voce

love to you?

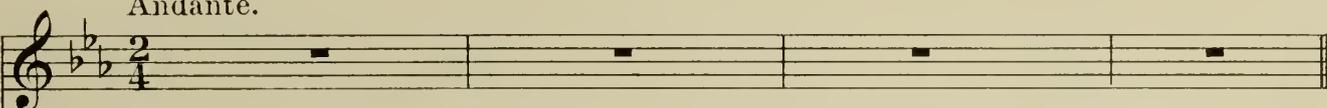
lov - er true. *tempo*

JUST LIKE LOVE IS YONDER ROSE.

J. DAVY. (W. H. H.)

Andante.

Voice.



Piano.

Key Eb. $\{$ s . s : s , f . m , r | d , m . s , d' : d' . t | d' . , d' : r' , t . s , f | m , s . f , l : m , r , s $\}$

Just like love is yon-der rose, Heav'n - ly fra - grance round it throws, Yet

$\{$ s . , s : s , f . m , r | d , m . s , d' : d' . t , t | d' . , d' : r' . , f | m , d . s : l̇ $\}$

tears its dew - y leaves dis - close, And in the midst of briars it blows.

m̄ . r̄ : s̄ m̄ . r̄ : d̄ s̄ . t̄ : d̄ m̄ . r̄ : d̄
 Just like love, Just like love, Just like love, Just like love!

Key Bb m̄ . r̄ d̄ : d̄ , t̄ . l̄ , s̄ | d̄ . d̄ : r̄ | s̄ . s̄ : s̄ . , s̄ | f̄ . m̄ : r̄
 Cull'd to bloom up - on the breast, Since rough thorns the stem in - vest,

s̄ . l̄ , t̄ : d̄ , m̄ . , d̄ | l̄ , d̄ . f̄ , r̄ : t̄ . , s̄ | s̄ , m̄ . : f̄ , r̄ . r̄ , r̄
 They must be ga-ther'd, be gather'd with the rest, And with it, with it to the

heart be prest. Just like love, Just like love, Just like

Key Eb

love, Just like love is yon - der rose, Heav'n - ly fra - grance

round it throws, Yet tears its dew - y leaves dis - close, And in the midst of

bri-ars it blows. Just like love, Just like love, Just like love,

||ṃ .ṛ :ḍ .

Just like love.

Lah is C.

||ṃ .ṃ ,ṃ :ḷ .,ḷ | ḍ' .ṭ :ḍ',ḷ .,ḷ | tạ ,tạ :ḷ .,ḷ | sẹ .ḷ :ḍ',ṭ .

And when rude hands the twin buds sever, They die, and they shall blos-som nev-er,

mf *pp*

||ṃ .,ṃ :ṣ .,ṣ | tạ .,ṣ :ṣ ,f̣ . | ṛ .,ṛ :f̣ .,f̣ | ḷ .,f̣ :f̣ ,ṃ .

Yet the thorns be sharp as ev-er, Yet the thorns be sharp as ev-er-

cres.

ad lib. Key Eb

||ṃ .sẹ :ḷ . | ḍ' .ṭ :ḷ | ṣ .ṣ :ṣ ,f̣ .ṃ ,ṛ | ḍ ,ṃ .ṣ ,ḍ' :ḍ' .ṭ ,

Just like love, Just like love. Just like love is yon-der rose,

colla voce.

Heav - ly fra - grance round it throws, Yet tears its dew - y leaves dis - close, And

in the midst of briars it blows, Just like love, Just like love, And

in the midst of bri-ars it blows, it blows. Just like love, Just like love,

ad lib.
Just like love, Just like love.

colla voce *a tempo*

MY PRETTY JANE.

Words by EDWARD FITZBALL.

Sir H. R. BISHOP. (W. H. H.)

Andantino espressione, non troppo lento.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line starting with a half note F4, followed by quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, and C5. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Key Bb. { s, | m :-r f .m :r .d | t, l, | r .d :t, l, | s, .d :- | t, .s, :m .r | d :- | . . : s, }

My pret - ty Jane, my pretty Jane, Ah! nev-er, never look so shy, But
But name the day, the wedding day, And I will buy the ring, The

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

{ m :-s f .m :r .d | t, l, :se, l | l, :f .m m .r :d .r | t, l, :t, s, | d :- | . . : d, f }

meet me, meet me in the even - ing, While the bloom is on the rye. The
lads and maids in fa - vours white, And the village bells, the village bells shall ring.

pp

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line is marked pp and features a delicate, flowing accompaniment in both hands.

{ m :f .s | l .s :f .r | d :-r m :f .s | s .d :m .l | r :s .m | d :- | . . : s, }

spring is wan - ing fast, my love, The corn is in the ear; The

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line continues with a consistent accompaniment style, ending with a final chord in the right hand.

s, d :- t, d :m s s :-l, l, :f, m m :d, r :t, d d :- :s, }
 summer nights are com - ing love, The moon shines bright and clear. Then

d m :- r :d f :-r t, :-s, d m :- r :d s :-f :f, m }
 pretty Jane, my dear - est Jane, Ah! nev - er look so shy, But

m :-r f m :r d r .d :l, t, | d :l s f m r d t, l, | s, .l, :s, .d t, .l, :t, .s, }
 meet me, meet me in the even - ing, While the bloom is on the

d :- : }
 rye. —

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

Words by W. UPTON.

HOOK. (W. H. H.)

Allegretto.

Piano. *p* *mf*

Key Bb. §

p

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass, More sweet than May-day morn, Whose
Ye ze-phyr's gay that fan the air, And wan-ton thro' the grove, Oh!

|| s₁ . d : d . d | r, d . t₁, d : r . f | m . d : l₁ . r | d : t₁ . s₁ |

charms all o - ther maids sur - pass, A rose with - out a thorn. } This lass so neat, with
whis - per to my charm - ing fair, I die for her, and love. }

|| t₁ . s₁ : s₁ . d | t₁ . r : f . m | m : r . d | t₁ . s₁ : s₁ . d | t₁ . s₁ : s₁ . d |

smiles so sweet, Has won my right good will, — I'd crowns re-sign to call her mine, Sweet

p *pp*

{ t₁ . d : r . t₁ | d :— . s₁ | s₁ . d : d . m | m :— . d }
 lass of Rich-mond Hill, Sweet lass of Rich-mond Hill, Sweet

f ad lib.
 { t₁ . r : r . f | f :— . s₁ , f | m . — , r : d . t₁ | d . l₁ : s₁ . f₁ }
 lass of Rich-mond Hill, I'd crowns re-sign to call her mine, Sweet
mf colla voce.

{ m₁ . s₁ : r₁ . t₁ | d :— . }
 lass of Richmond Hill.

3

How happy will the shepherd be,
 Who calls this nymph his own;—
 Oh! may her choice be fixed on me,
 Mine's fixed on her alone.
 This lass so neat, &c.

FAREWELL AND ADIEU TO YOU SPANISH LADIES.

Folk Song. (H. F. S.)

In moderate time.

Piano.

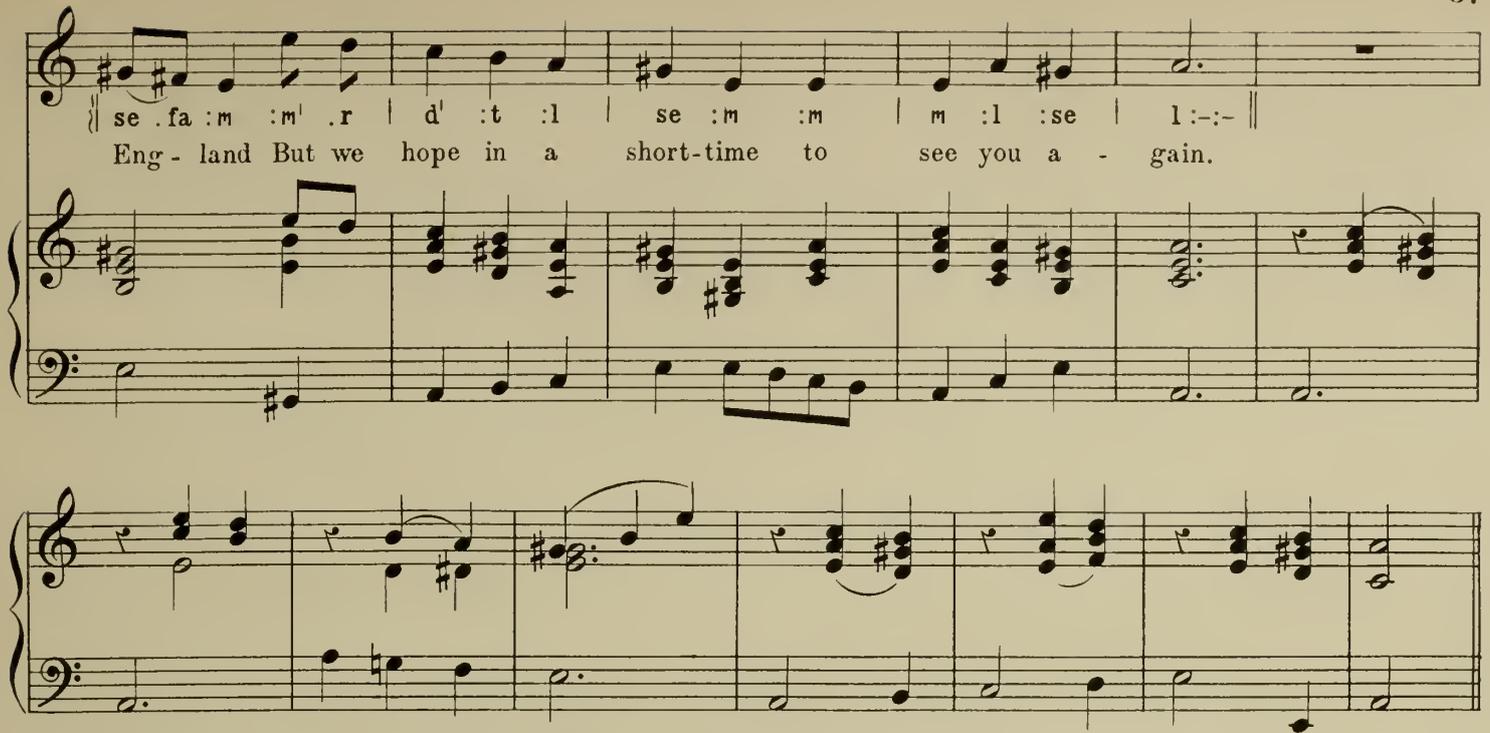
f *p*

Key C. Lah is A. } :m | 1 :l :se }
 Fare - well and A -

p *rall.* *dim. pp* *rall.*

l :- :l .t | d' :t :l | se :m :m | l :l :se | l : :l .t }
 -dieu to you Span- ish la - dies, Fare - well and A - dieu to you

d' :t :l | t :- :t | d' :t :l | r' :d' :t | m' :l :t }
 la - dies of Spain, For we've re - ceived or - ders to sail for old



se . fa : m : m' . r | d' : t : l | se : m : m | m : l : se | l :- : - ||
Eng - land But we hope in a short-time to see you a - gain.

2.

We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar across the salt sea,
Until we strike soundings in the channel of England;
From Ushant to Scilly be leagues thirty-three.

3.

We heave the ships to until we strike soundings,
We heave the ships to, till soundings strike we;
At thirty-five fathom, with a white sandy bottom,
Then squaréd our main-yards, up channel with glee.

4.

The first light we make, it is calléd the Deadman,
The Rame's Head, Plymouth, Start Point, Isle of Wight,
We steer past Beachy, by Farley, by Dungeness,
Until we arrive at the South Foreland Light.

5.

O the signal we make for the grand fleet to anchor,
In the Downs at the night-fall to lay up the fleet.
Then stand your cat-stopper, let go the shank-painter,
Haul up the clue points, stick out tacking and sheet.

6.

Let every man toss off a full flowing bumper,
Let every man toss off a full flowing bowl,
For we'll drink and be jolly, and drown melancholy,
So here is a health to each true-hearted soul.

Last Verse.

Fare - well and A - dieu to you Span - ish la - dies, Fare -

well your dark eyes and your ra - ven black hair, Our

minds will by turn - ing to you when in Eng - land A

midst the blue eyes of our maids li - ly fair.

dim. e rall.

WATER PARTED FROM THE SEA.

Andante.

D^r ARNE. (W. H. H.)

Voice.

Key F. } d :- :r | m :f :m {
 Wa - ter part - ed
 Heart of mine a -

Piano.

{ m . r : d : t | d . t . d . r : d : m :- : f s : l : s | s . l : f : m | f . m : r : }
 from the sea May in - crease the ri - ver's tide,
 way from thee, Sev - er'd from its on - ly rest,

{ d :- :r m :f :m | l : s : l . t . d | d' : t . l : s . f | m . r : f . m : l . s }
 To the bub - ling fount may flee Or thro'
 Toss - es as a troub - led sea Bound with -

{ t . d : f : m | m . r : d : t | d :- : : : : : : }
 fer - tile val - leys glide.
 in my ach - ing breast.

Key C.

s^d : - : r^l , t | d^l : - : r^l , t | d^l : s : l | s : f : m | s : - : s
 Tho' in search of lost re - pose, Thro' the
 Thou a - lone canst give re - lease, Spray'd my

s : - : s | l : r^l : d^l | d^l : t : | d^l : - : r^l | m^l : f^l : m^l
 land 'tis free to roam, Still it mur - - murs
 burn - ing eyes with brine Swell - - ing e'er with

r^l : d^l : t | d^l : f^l : m^l | l : r^l : - : m^l f^l | s : d^l : - : r^l m^l
 as it flows, Pant - - ing for its
 love's in - crease, Let my heart find

Key F.

na - - tive home; Tho' in search of lost re -
rest in thine; Spray'd my burn - ing eyes with

pose, Thro' the land 'tis free to roam,
brine, Spray'd my burn - ing eyes with brine,

cres.
Still it mur - murs as it flows, Pant - ing
Swell - ing e'er with love's in - crease, Let my

for its na - - tive home.
heart find rest in thine.

dim.

IF LOVE'S A SWEET PASSION.

HENRY PURCELL. (H. F. S.)

Piano. *mf* Tenderly.

Key G. Lah is E. } : m | r :- . m : d | r : t, : m | d :- . t, : d . t, }

If love's a sweet pas-sion, how can it tor -

{ l, :- . f . m | r : r : s | m : d : m | m :- . f : r | m :- . m . r }

-ment? If bit - ter, oh, tell me whence comes my con - tent? Since I

{ de : r : m | f : m : l | l, : t, : d | t, :- . m | f : m : l }

suf - fer with plea - sure why should I com - plain? Or grieve at my

ad lib.

l .s :l .s :f .m | f .m :r .m :r .d | d :-m .f | r :r ^{rm}:f | f :m ^{mba}s
 fate when I know 'tis in vain? Yet so pleas-ing the pain is, so

s :ba :ba,se.l | se :-ba :m | l :m .f :s | m :d .r :m | d :t₁ :-l₁ | l₁:-
 soft is the dart, That at once it both wounds me and tic-kles my heart.

cres. *f* *dim.*

2.

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,
 And by passionate silence I make my love known.
 But, oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,
 By some willing mistake to discover her love;
 When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
 And our eyes tell each other the love we daren't name.

3.

How pleasing is beauty, how sweet are her charms!
 How delightful her glances, how graceful her arms!
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;
 'Tis taught us on earth and by heaven above:
 And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield,
 For 'tis beauty that conquers and keepeth the field.

ROGER'S COURTSHIP.

HENRY CAREY. (H. F. S.)

Cheerfully.

Piano.

p

Key F. { :d s :-f :m | m :-r :d d' :-t :l | s :-:- }

Young Ro-ger cametappingat Dol-ly's window,

{ m :-f :m | r :-d :r m :-:- | : :d s :-f :m | m :-r :d d' :-t :l | s :-:- }

Tum-pe-ty, tum-pe-ty, Tump. He begg'd for a kiss, but she an-swer'dhim, No,

pp

{ m :-f :m | r :-d :r m :-:- | : :s s :-f :m | l :-s f :-m :r | s :-:- }

Glum-pe-ty, glum-pe-ty, glump. My Dol-ly, my dear, your true love is here,

pp

m :-r :m | f :-s :m | r :-:- | : :s | ma :-r :d | la :-s :f | s :-l :t | d' :-:- |
 Dum-pe-ty, dum-pe-ty, dump. No, no, Roger, no, as you came you may go,

s :-f :m | f :-m :r | d :-:- | : : ||
 Stumpety, stumpety, stump.

2

O then she recall'd, and recall'd him again,
 Humpaty, Humpaty, Hump.
 Whilst he, like a madman, ran over the plain,
 Slumpaty, Slumpaty, Slump.
 Oh! what is the reason, dear Dolly, he cry'd,
 Humpaty, Humpaty, Hump.
 That thus I'm cast off, and unkindly deny'd?
 Trumpaty, Trumpaty, Trump.

3

Some rival more dear, I guess, has been here,
 Crumpaty, Crumpaty, Crump.
 Suppose there've been two, sir, pray, what's that to you, sir?
 Numpaty, Numpaty, Nump.
 Oh! then with a sigh, his sad farewell he took,
 Humpaty, Humpaty, Hump.
 And, all in despair, he leap'd into the brook,
 Plumpaty, Plumpaty, Plump.

4

His courage he cool'd, he found himself fool'd,
 Mumpaty, Mumpaty, Mump.
 He swam to the shore, and saw Dolly no more,
 Rumpaty, Rumpaty, Rump.
 Determined to find a fair damsel more kind,
 Slumpaty, Slumpaty, Slump.
 While Dolly's afraid she must die an old maid.
 Grumpaty, Grumpaty, Grump.

RISE, GENTLE MOON.

Words by J. R. PLANCHE.

Music by J. BARRETT. (H. F. S.)

Allegretto ma non troppo.

Piano. *ff*

Key C. *pp*

Day has gone down on the Bal - tie's broad bil - low,

Ev' - ning has sigh'd her last to the lone wil - low;

The Bal - tie's broad bil - low, Ev' - ning has sigh'd her last

r' d' : t l : s fe | l : s :— | s fe : s t r' | r' d' : m' d' : s s | s r' : d' t : l t
 to the lone wil - low; Night hurries on, Night hurries on, Earth and o - cean to

d' : s :— | s fe : s r' : t | s fe : s d' : s | fe m r' d' : t l | l : s :— *ff*
 cov - er, Night hurries on, Night hurries on, Earth and o - cean to cov - er:

m , f : s : d' | m , f : s : m' | r' , d' : l : f | l : s :— | s , t r' : :—
 Rise, gen - tle moon, and light me to my lov - er, Gen - tle moon,

s d' : m' s : d' m' | s r' m' : f' : t | r' : d' :— | : : | : :
 Gen - tle moon, and light me to my lov - er.

m , f : s : d' m , f : s : m' r' , d' : l : f l : s : — s , fe : s : l t , d' : r' : —
 'Twas by thy beam he first stole forth to woo me, Brighter since then hast thou

r' : l : t d' : s : — : : : : m' r' , d' : l : f l : s : —
 ev - er seem'd to me, First stole forth to woo me,

ff

s , fe : s : l t , d' : r' : — r' , d' : t . l : s . fe l : s : — s . fe : s : t : r'
 Bright-er since then hast thou ev - er seem'd to me; Let the wild waves still,

r' .d' :m' d' :s .s | s .f' :m' r' :d' .t | d' :s :— | s .fe :s r' :t
 Let the wild waves still the red sun roll o - ver; Let the wild waves still,

s .fe :s .d' :s .s | fe .m' r' d' t .l | l :s :^{fe} | m .,f :s :d' | m .,f :s :m'
 Let the wild waves still the red sun roll o - ver; Thine is the light of all

ad lib.
 r' .,d' :l :f | l :s :— | s .t :r' :— | s .d' :m' .s :d' .m' | s' :m' .f' t | d' :— :
 lights to a lov - er; Gentle moon, Gentle moon, rise gentle, gen - tle moon.

RAGGED AND TORN AND TRUE.

Old English. (H. F. S.)

With boldness and spirit.

Piano.

Key C. *p* } :r m :-f :s |s :-l .s |s :-r
 I am a poor man, heav'n knows, And

{ m :-f :s |s :-l :t |d' :-t d' :-:d |d :-:r |m :-f :s |l :l :s |f :-:m |r :-:m' }
 all my neighbours can tell; I want both money and clothes, And yet I live wond - rous well; I

{ r' :r' :d' |t :-:l |s :-:m' |r' :-:d' |t :-:l |s :-:l |t d' :-:d |d :-:r |m :f :s }
 have a con - tent - ed mind, A heart to bear out all; Tho' Fort - une, so un - kind, hath

CHORUS.

l :-:s f :-:m r :-: || :m' | r' :-:d' t :-:l s :-:m' | r' :-:m' :d' t :-:l s :-:l t
 giv'n me substances small. Then hang up sorrow and care, It nev-er shall make me rue, What

d' :-:d d :-:r m :-:f :s | l :l :s f :-:m r :-: ||
 though my back so bare? I'm ragged and torn and true.

2

A boot of Spanish leathér
 I have seen set fast i' the stocks,
 Exposed to wind and weathér,
 And to foul reproach and mocks;
 While I, in my poor rags,
 Can pass at liberty still,
 O, fie on these brawling brags
 When the money is gotten ill!
 O, fie on each pilfering knave!
 I scorn to be of that crew;
 They steal for to make themselves brave,
 I'm ragged and torn and true.

3

I have seen a gallant go by,
 With all his wealth on his back,
 He looked so loftily,
 As one that did nothing lack;
 And yet he possessed no means,
 But what he got by the sword,
 Which he consumed upon queans,
 For it thrives not, take my word.
 O! fie on these highway thieves!
 The gallows will be their due:
 Though my doublet be rent i' th' sleeves,
 I'm ragged and torn and true.

4

I have seen some gallants brave,
 Up Holborne ride in a cart,
 Which sight much sorrow it gave,
 To every tender heart;
 Then have I said to myself,
 What pity is it for this,
 That ever a man for pelf
 Should do such a foul amiss?
 O! fie on deceit and theft!
 It maketh at last to rue;
 Though I have but little left,
 I'm ragged and torn and true.

5

'Tis good to be honest and just,
 Though a man be never so poor;
 False dealers are still in mistrust,
 Th' afraid of the officer's door.
 Their conscience doth them accuse,
 They quake at a rustling bush,
 While he that doth none abuse
 For the law need care no rush.
 Then well fare he that can say,
 I pay every man his due;
 Though I go in poor array
 I'm ragged and torn and true.

MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND.

Old English (W. H. H.)

Slowly and smoothly.

Piano.

Key Eb. { m r | d : - r : d | d : m : s | f : l : d | d' : - : t l }

My lod - ging is on the cold ground And
I'll twine thee a gar - land of straw, my love, I'll

{ s : - : f m | r : - : d r | m : - : - : - : m r | d : - : r : d | d : m : s }

oh! ve - ry hard is my fare, But that which grieves me
marry thee with a rush ring, Thy fro - zen heart shalt

{ f : l : d | d' : t : l | s : d : m | r : - : d r | d : - : - : - : s }

more is The cold - ness of my dear. O
melt with love, And mer - ri - ly we will sing. Then

s : m : d' | d' : - : s | l : f : d' | d' : - : t . l | s . f : - : m | r : - . d : r
 turn to me, my own love, I pr'y thee, love, turn — to

m : - : - | - : - : m . r | d : r : - . d | d : m : s | f : l : d' | d' : - : t . l
 me, ——— For thou art the on - ly one, ——— love, That

ad lib.
 s : d' : m | r : - . d : r | d : - : - | - : - :
 art a - dor'd ——— by me. ———

colla voce *ritard.*

3.

But if thou wilt harden thy heart, love,
 And hear not my pitiful moan,
 Then I must endure the smart, love,
 And shiver in straw all alone.

O turn to me, &c.

MIDSUMMER CAROL.

Folk Song. (H. F. S.)

Slowly and smoothly.

Piano.

The first system of the piano accompaniment, consisting of a treble and bass clef staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The music features a series of chords and melodic lines in both hands, with some triplets and slurs.

Key E minor. { d m :m ,m m :l, t, d ,r:d t, l, :l, m }

'Twas ear - ly I walk'd on a mid - summer morn - ing, The

The second system includes a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The vocal line has a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "'Twas ear - ly I walk'd on a mid - summer morn - ing, The". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns as the first system.

{ s :m,f,s l :s ,s f :m ,r m : d m :m ,f m :l, t, }

fields and the mea - dows were deck - ed and gay, The small birds were sing - ing, the

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "fields and the mea - dows were deck - ed and gay, The small birds were sing - ing, the". The piano accompaniment features a consistent rhythmic accompaniment.

{ d ,r:d t, l, :l, m s ,f :m f s l :s ,s fe :m .re m :m ,m }

wood - lands a - ring - ing, 'Twas ear - ly in the morn - ing, at break - ing of day. I will

The fourth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "wood - lands a - ring - ing, 'Twas ear - ly in the morn - ing, at break - ing of day. I will". The piano accompaniment ends with a *p* (piano) dynamic marking.

cres. *dim.*

s :m .f .s | l :s .f | s .m :d .r | m :l .t | d .,d :r .,r | m :m .r }
 play on my pipes, I will sing thee my lay, It is ear - ly in the morn - ing, at

cres. *dim.*

m :l .,se | l . :— ||
 break - ing of day.

rall.

2

O hark! and O hark! to the nightingales wooing,
 The lark is aloft piping shrill in the air.
 In every green bower the turtle-doves cooing,
 The sun is just gleaming, arise up, my fair!
 Arise, love, arise! none fairer I spie
 Arise, love, arise! O why should I die?

3

Arise, love, arise! go and get your love posies,
 The fairest of flowers in garden that grows,
 Go gather me lilies, carnations and roses,
 I'll wear them with thoughts of the maiden I chose.
 I stand at thy door, pretty love, full of care,
 O why should I languish so long in despair?

* 4

O why, love, O why, should I banished be from thee?
 O why should I see my own chosen no more?
 O why look your parents so slightly on me?
 It is all for the rough ragged garments I wore.
 But dress me with flowers, I'm gay as a king,
 I'm glad as a bird, when my carol I sing.

5

Arise, love, arise! in song and in story,
 To rival thy beauty was never a may,
 I will play thee a tune on my pipes of ivory,
 It is early in the morning, at breaking of day,
 I will play on my pipes, I will sing thee my lay!
 It is early in the morning, at breaking of day.

* May be omitted in singing.

THE ARETHUSA.

Words by
PRINCE HOARE.

Old Air.
Arranged by W. SHIELD. (H. F. S.)

Piano. *Boldly.*

f *p* *f* *p*

Key F. { :m | r . d : t . d | l , :m }
Lah is D. Come, all ye jol - ly

{ r . d : t . d | l , :m | f :m | r :s | f . m : r . m | d :m | r :d | t , :l , | se , ba , m , :t , }
sai - lors bold, Whose hearts are cast in hon - our's mould; While English glo - ry I un - fold, Huz -

{ d . t , : d . l , | t , se , l , : - | l , : | : | : | : | :m | l : - . se | l : t }
za! for the A - re - thu - sa. She is a fri - gate

stout and brave As ev - er stemm'd the dashing wave; Her men are staunch to their fav' - rite launch, And

when the foe shall meet our fire, *rall.* Soon - er than strike, we'll all ex - pire *a tempo* On board of the A - re -

thu - sa.

2

'Twas with the Spring fleet she went out,
The English Channel to cruise about;
When four French sail, in show so stout,
Bore down on the Arethusa.
The famed Belle Poule straight ahead did lie,
The Arethusa seemed to fly,
Not a sheet or a tack
Or a brace did she slack
Tho' the Frenchman laughed and thought it stuff,
But they knew not the handful of men so tough,
On board of the Arethusa.

3

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France,
We with two hundred did advance,
On board of the Arethusa.
The captain hailed the Frenchman "Ho!"
The Frenchman then cried out "Hallo!"
'Bear down, d'ye see,
To our Admiral's lee,"
"No, no" says the Frenchman, "that can't be."
"Then I must lug you along with me,"
Says the saucy Arethusa.

p

The fight was off the French - man's land, We

f

drove them back up - on their strand, For we fought till not a

stick would stand Of the gal - lant A - re - thu - sa.

And now we've driv'n the

p

{ d' : - d | d : | d' . t : l . s | f . m : r . d | t , : s , | s , : . s , }
 foe a - shore, Nev - er to fight with Bri - tons more; Let

{ d : t , . d | r : d . r | m : m . m | l : l | s : d . d | f : f . f }
 each fill a glass to his fav - our - ite lass, A health to the Cap - tain and

p *cres.*

{ m . m : l , | r : - . r | r . d : t , . d | l , : t , . d }
 of - fi - cers true, And all that be - long to the

p

{ t , : m | m , : t , | d . t , : d . l , | t , : s e , | l , : - | l , : }
 jov - ial crew On board of the A - re - thu - sa.

f

WHEN PENSIVE I THOUGHT OF MY LOVE.

M. KELLY. (W. H. H.)

Andante.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

Key B♭

When pen - sive I thought of my love, The moon on the mea - dow was
 Me - thought that my love as I lay His ring - lets all clot - ted in

The vocal line begins with a melodic phrase in B-flat major. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment pattern.

bright — And Phil - o - mel, down in the grove, Broke
 gore In the pale - ness of death seem'd to say, A -

The vocal line continues with a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment features a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking.

sweet - ly the si - lence of night O! I wish'd that the tear drop would
 - las! we must nev - er meet more, Yes, yes, my be - lov'd we must

The vocal line concludes with a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment features a *p* (piano) dynamic marking.

d :— : | : :s_i | l_i :— .t_i :d | d :l_i :r | d :— :— | t_i :— s_i .s_i
 flow, But felt too much an-guish to weep, Till
 part, The steel of my ri-val provd true, The as -

m :— .r :d | d :t_i :l_i | s_i :— : | : :s_i | l_i :— :f .r | t_i :l_i :t_i
 worn by the weight of my woe, I sank on my pil-low to
 -sas-sin has struck on that heart That beats with such fer-vour for

d :— : | l_i :— :— | s_i :— : | s_i :s_i .l_i :s_i .f_i | m_i :— : | : :s_i
 sleep, to sleep, to sleep, I
 you, for you, for you, That

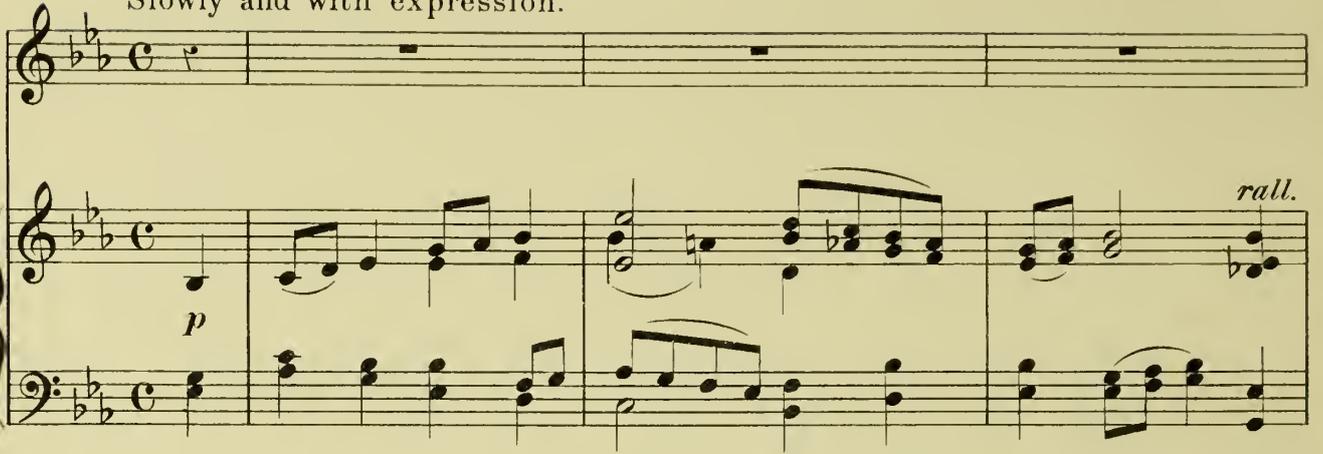
l_i :— .t_i :d | d :— .r :t_i | d :— : | : :
 sank on my pil-low to sleep.
 beats with such fer-vour for you.

O CRUEL CRUEL FATE!

H. PURCELL. 1681.

(H. F. S.)

Slowly and with expression.

Voice. 

Piano. *p* *rall.*

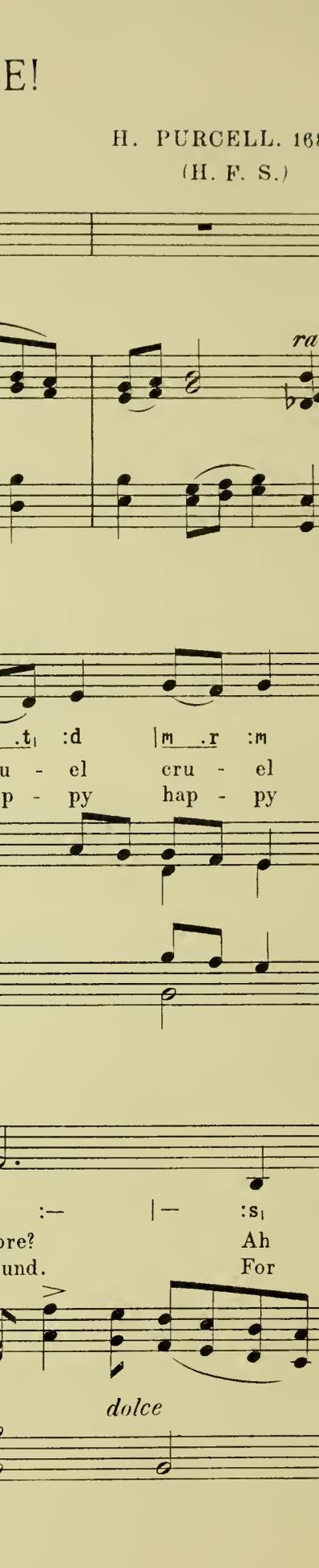
Key E^b { : | :s₁ l₁ .t₁ :d | m .r :m }
 O cru - el cru - el
 Ah hap - py hap - py

tempo



{ s :- | d' :- | l :s .m | f .m :r .d | r :- | - :s₁ }
 fate! What canst thou now do more? Ah
 fate! That clos - est ev' - ry wound. For

dolce



l i . t i : d | m . r : m | s : - | - : l . t | d ' : t : l . s | s : - . f e }
 me! tis now too late Phi - lan - der to re -
 long I need not wait Ere Cor - y - don I

s : - | : d | t : - . l | t . d ' : r ' | s : - . s | s : f . m }
 store. Why should the heav - en - ly powers per - suade Poor
 found. A lov - er ev' - ry wit as rare, As

p *cres.*

l : - . s | f . m : r . d | t i : - | - : f . m | f : t | l : s . f }
 mor - tals to be - lieve That they guard us here, and re -
 eke Phi - lan - der was In a world of change, we can

p *cres.*

ad lib.

m . f : s | s : s | l i : f . m | r : - . d | d : - : - ||
 ward us there, Yet all our joys de - ceive!
 have our range, One comes as one doth pass.

f *pp*

WHEN A LITTLE FARM WE KEEP.

DUET.

MAZZINGHI. (W. H. H.)

Piano. *Lively.* *p* *cres.* *dim.*

Tenor.

Key $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m \\ F \end{array} \right. \quad m : - : m \quad | \quad m : - : f \quad | \quad s : - : l \quad | \quad s : - : d \quad . d \quad | \quad t : - : s \quad l : - : f \quad | \quad s : - : d : - : \{$

F. When a lit - tle farm we keep, And have lit - tle girls and boys, With

$\} d : - : d \quad | \quad d : - : d \quad | \quad d : - : r \quad m : - : f \quad | \quad s : - : d \quad r : - : m \quad | \quad d : - : \quad : - : \quad : - : \quad \}$

lit - tle, lit - tle lambs and sheep, To make a lit - tle noise;

$\} f : - : \quad : - : f \quad | \quad m : - : m \quad | \quad m : - : m \quad | \quad r : - : \quad : - : r : - : \quad : - : s : - : \quad : - : \quad \}$

Oh! what hap - py, mer - ry days we'll see,

Oh! what hap - py, mer - ry days we'll see.

Soprano.

Then we'll keep a lit - tle maid, And a lit - tle man be - side, And a

lit - tle horse and pad To take a lit - tle ride;

With the chil - dren sit - ting on our knee,

With the pret - ty chil - dren sit - ting on our knee.

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: "With the pret - ty chil - dren sit - ting on our knee." The piano accompaniment is in two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat. The music is in 4/4 time and features a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Soprano.
Oh! what hap - py, mer - ry days we'll see,

Tenor.
Oh! what hap - py, mer - ry days we'll see,

The second system of music features two vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The Soprano line is in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "Oh! what hap - py, mer - ry days we'll see,". The Tenor line is in a single staff with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "Oh! what hap - py, mer - ry days we'll see,". The piano accompaniment is in two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat. The music is in 4/4 time and features a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

With the chil - dren sit - ting on our knee.

With the chil - dren sit - ting on our knee.

The third system of music features two vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The top vocal line is in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "With the chil - dren sit - ting on our knee." The bottom vocal line is in a single staff with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "With the chil - dren sit - ting on our knee." The piano accompaniment is in two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat. The music is in 4/4 time and features a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Tenor.
Key C.^s:d' d' :-: s :-: s }
The boys I'll in -

The fourth system of music features a Tenor vocal line and piano accompaniment. The Tenor line is in a single staff with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "The boys I'll in -". The piano accompaniment is in two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat. The music is in 4/4 time and features a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Soprano.

Tenor.

struct. The girls I'll con-duct. In read-ing I'll en-gage, No

Soprano.

son shall be de-ficient. In mu-sic, I pre-sage, Each girl shall be pro-

ficient.

Tenor.

Key F. Now, boy, your B, A, Ba!

f' : - : r' | d' : - : t | d' : - : s | d' : - : s | d' : - : d' | r' | d' | m' : r' | d' | t : l : s | l : - : - : | l : t : d' : r' | m' | f' : m' : r' | d' : t : l }
 f : - : - :
 r : - : - : r : - : - : | m : - : - : | m : - : - : | m : - : - : | m : - : - : | f : - : f | f : - : f | f : - : f | f : - : - : f : - : - : }
 boy, now mind your B, A, Ba! Now mind your B, A,

Faster.

s : - : - : m : - : s | s : - : f | m : - : r | d : - : | : : | d : - : - : - : d' | t : - : s | l : - : f | s : - : | : : }
 Now, girl, now mind your La, Sol, Fa. When a lit - tle farm we keep,
 s : - : | : : m | m : - : r | d : - : t, | d : - : | : : | l : - : - : - : l | s : - : m | f : - : r | m : - : | : : }
 Ba! Now mind your dear da - da. When a lit - tle farm we keep,

d' : - : - : - : d' | t : - : s | l : - : f | s : - : | : : | : : | : : s | m : d : | : : | : : | : : s }
 Oh! what mer - ry days we'll see, What happy, What
 l : - : - : - : l | s : - : m | f : - : r | m : - : | : : s | f : r : | : : | : : | : : s | f : r : | : : }
 Oh! what mer - ry days we'll see, What happy, What merry,

m : d : | : s | t : - : t | t : - : s | d : - : d | d : - : d | r : - : r | t : - : t | d : - : | : s | t : - : t | t : - : s }
 merry, What hap - py days, what mer - ry days, What hap - py days we'll see, What mer - ry days, what

: : | : m | r : - : r | r : - : r | m : - : m | m : - : m | f : - : f | r : - : r | m : - : | : m | r : - : r | r : - : r }
 What hap - py days, what mer - ry days, What hap - py days we'll see, What mer - ry days, what

d : - : d | d : - : d | r : - : r | t : - : t | d : - : | : d | r : - : r | t : - : t | d : - : | : d }
 hap - py days, what mer - ry days we'll see, What hap - py days we'll see, What

m : - : m | m : - : m | f : - : f | r : - : r | m : - : | : m | f : - : f | r : - : r | m : - : | : m }
 hap - py days, what mer - ry days we'll see, What hap - py days we'll see, What

t : - : t | t : - : t | d : - : | : : ||
 hap - py days we'll see.

r : - : r | r : - : r | m : - : | : : ||
 hap - py days we'll see.

ADIEU, MY NATIVE LAND, ADIEU.

CHANDLER. (W. H. H.)

Andante.

Voice.

Piano. *p* *sempre legato*

{ s, | d :— . t, | m . r : f . m | m . r : d . t, | d :— . s, | l, : d | s, : d }

A - dieu, my na - tive land, a - dieu! The ves - sel spreads her
Fare - well, dear vil - lage, O fare - well! Soft on the gale the

{ r, d . t, d : r . m | r :— . s, | d :— . r | m . r : f . m | m . r : d . t, | d :— . s, }

swell - ing sails; Per - haps I ne - ver more may view Your
mur - mur dies; I hear the so - lemn eve - ning bell, Thy

l, t. d, t, r, d, t, l, s, m : m . f | m . d : l, t, d : - . | : | :
 fer - tile fields your flow - 'ry dales.
 spire - yet -
 glads my wil - ling eyes.

cres.

: | : . m | r . s, : fe, . l, | s, : - . m | r . s, : fe, . s, | s, : - . re }
 De - lu - sive hope can charm no more, Far
 Tho' fre - quent falls the salt - en tear I

p

m . d : d . se, | l . m, : fi, . fi, | f : - . m | r : - . d | t, : - . d | m : - . s }
 from the faithless maid I roam, Un - friend - ed seek some for - eign shore, Un -
 scorn to shrink from fates decree, And think not cru - el maid, that e'er I'll

f : - . m | r : - . d | t, : - . d | s : - . s | d : - . r | m . r : f . m }
 - pi - tied leave my hum - ble home. A - dieu! my na - tive
 breathe an - o - ther sigh for thee.

rall. *a tempo*

colla voce

m . r : d . t₁ | d : — . s₁ | l₁ : d | s₁ : d | r , d . t₁ , d : r . m | r : — . s₁ }
 land, a - dieu! The ves - sel spreads her swell - ing sails; Per-

d : — . r | m . r : f . m | m . r : d . t₁ | d : — . s₁ | l₁ , t₁ . d , t : r , d . t₁ , l | s₁ . m : m . f }
 -haps I ne - ver more may view Your fer - tile vales, Your

colla

rall.
 m . d : l . t₁ | d : — . ||
 flow - 'ry dales.

voce *cres.* *a tempo*

3.

In vain through shades of frowning night
 Mine eyes the rocky coast explore,
 Deep sinks the fiery orb of light,
 I view thy headland, now no more.
 Rise, billows, rise! blow, hollow wind!
 Nor night, nor storm, nor wreck I fear,
 Ye friendly, bear me hence, to find
 That peace which fate denies me here.
 Adieu, my native land &c.

THE MID-WATCH.

Words by R. B. SHERIDAN.

W. LINLEY. (W. H. H.)

Andante con espress.

Piano.

p *cres.* *dim.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand begins with a melodic line in the treble clef, starting on a half note G4 and moving through a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment in the bass clef, primarily using chords and moving bass lines. The tempo is marked 'Andante con espress.' and the dynamics range from piano (*p*) to crescendo (*cres.*) and then decrescendo (*dim.*).

Key F.

When 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come, And chil - ling mists hang
Or if you, my lad, a mis - tress kind Have left on shore, some

p

The first system of the song features a vocal line in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "When 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come, And chil - ling mists hang Or if you, my lad, a mis - tress kind Have left on shore, some". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

o'er the dark-en'd main, Then sai - lors think of their far dis - tant home, And
pret - ty girl and true, Who ma - ny a night doth lis - ten to the wind, And

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "o'er the dark-en'd main, Then sai - lors think of their far dis - tant home, And pret - ty girl and true, Who ma - ny a night doth lis - ten to the wind, And". The piano accompaniment maintains its accompanimental role.

of those friends they ne'er may see a - gain. But
sighs to think how it may fare with you. Or

The final system of the song concludes with the lyrics: "of those friends they ne'er may see a - gain. But sighs to think how it may fare with you. Or". The piano accompaniment ends with a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic.

r ,m :r ,m | r : . r | m ,r :m ,f | m : . m | f . f :f ,m | l :s

when the fight be-gun, each serving at his gun, Should a - ny thought of them come
 when the fight be-gun, each serving at his gun, Should a - ny thought of her come

s :f ,m | r : . r | s ,fe :s ,l | t :l ,s | s :l ,t | d' :—

o'er your mind, Think on - ly should the day — be won, How 'twill cheer —
 o'er your mind, Think on - ly should the day — be won, How 'twill cheer —

— ,d :r ,m | f ,m :f ,ta | l :— | :r . m | f . s ,l :s ,f | m . f :s

— their hearts to hear, their hearts to hear That their old — com - pan - ion
 — her heart to hear, her heart to hear That her own — true sai - lor

dim.

m :— r :— d | d :—

he — was one.
 he — was one.

I PASS ALL MY HOURS.

Words attributed to KING CHARLES II.

PELHAM HUMPHREY.
(H. F. S.)

Plaintively.

Piano.

Key C. Lah is A. } :- :m.....m | l :-t :d' }

I pass all my
While a - lone by my -

t :-l :se | l :-s :f | m :-m :ba | se :-ba :se | l :-t :d' | t :-d' :l }

hours in a sha - dy old grove; But I live not the day when I see not my
self I re - mem - ber her charms She I love may be clasp'd in an - o - ther man's

se :-t :d' | r' :d' :t | d' :-t :l | r' :r' :m' | f' :- :m' | r' :-d' :t }

love; I sur - vey ev - 'ry walk now my Phil - lis is gone; And sigh when I
arms; She may laugh at my cares, and so false she may be To say all the kind

rall. *a tempo*

I think we were here all alone. } O! then 'tis, O! then 'tis, I think there's no
 things she be - fore said to me. }

ad lib.

Hell like lov - - ing too well.

a tempo

But when I con -

si - der the truth of her heart, Such an in - no-cent pass - ion so

kind with-out art, I fear I have wrong'd her and hope she may

be Too full of true love to be jea - lous of me.

Oh! then 'tis I think that no joys are a - bove the plea -

ad lib.

- sure of love.

WITH JOCKEY TO THE FAIR.

Old English.
(W. H. H.)

Lively.

Voice.

Piano.

Key F. { :s | d :- :r | m :- :f }

'Twas on the morn of
The cheer - ful par - ish

{ s :- :d' | s :- :f | m :s :m | d :t | :d | r :f :m | r :- :s }

sweet May - day, When na - ture paint - ed all things gay, Taught
bells had rung, With ea - ger steps he trudg'd a - long: Sweet

|| d :- :r | m :- :f | s :- :d' | s :- :d' | t :l :s | r :s :fe }
 birds to sing and lambs to play, And deck'd the mea - dows
 flow - 'ry gar - lands round him hung, Which shep - herds us'd to

|| s :- :s | - :s | d' :- :d' | s :- :s | f :m :f | m :s :s }
 fair, Young Jock - ey ear - ly in the morn A -
 wear: He tapp'd the win - dow, "Haste, my dear,"

|| d' :d' :d' | s :- :s | f :m :f | m :f :s | l :- :t | d' :t :l }
 rose and tripp'd it o'er the lawn, His Sun - day coat the
 Jen - ny, im - pa - tient, cried, "Who's there?" "Tis I, my love, and

|| s :- :f | m :f :s | l :s :f | m :- :r | d :m :d | l, :- :t, | d :- :d | d :m :s }
 youth put on, For Jen - ny had vow'd a - way to run With Jock - ey to the
 no one near, Step gent - ly down, you've nought to fear, With Jock - ey to the

ad lib.

|| l :-:-s :-:d' | l :-:s :-:f | m :-:r | d :-:m :-:d | l :-:t | d :-:d' | m :-:f :-:r }
 Fair, For Jen-ny had vow'd a - way to run With Jock - ey to the
 Fair, Step gent - ly down, you've nought to fear, With Jock - ey to the

colla voce.

|| d :-:-|- :-: : ||
 Fair.
 Fair?"

a tempo

3

“My dad and mammy’re fast asleep,
 My brother’s up and with the sheep,
 And will you still your promise keep
 Which I have heard you swear?
 And will you ever constant prove?”
 “I will, by all the powers above,
 And ne’er deceive my charming dove,
 ||. Dispel these doubts, and haste, my love, .||
 ||. With Jockey to the Fair.”

4

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

5

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

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

Words by H. F. CHORLEY.

E. J. LODER.
(W. H. H.)

Piano. *Boldly.*

f *ff*

Key C: { s . . . s | d' : d' . d' | d' : t . . d' | r' . d' : t . l | s : m . . . f | s . l : s . f | m : r | d : - | - : s . . . s }

1. A song for the Oak, the brave old Oak, That hath rul'd in the green wood long, Here's
2. In the days of old when the spring with gold, Was light-ing the branches grey Thro' the

{ d' : d' . d' | d' : t . . d' | r' . d' : t . l | s : m . . . f | s : s . . . f | m : r | d : - | : m . . . fe }

health and re-nown to his broad green crown, And his fif-ty arms so strong, There's
grass at his feet crept mai - dens sweet, To gather the dew of May; And

{ s : l . l | t : r' . d' | t : l | s : s . . . fe | m : l . t | l . se : ba . se | l : - | - : l . t }

fear in his frown, When the sun goes down, And the fire in the west fades out. And he
all that day, To the re - beck gay, They fro-lick'd with love - some swains, They are

rit. *a tempo*

{ d' : m . f | s : f . s | l : l , t | d' : d , r | m : m . . . f | m : - m | l : - | - : m . f }

sheweth his might, On a wild mid - night, When the storms thro' his branches shout, Then
gone, they are dead, In the church - yard laid, But the tree he still re - mains, Then

colla voce #

{ s : l , l | d' : m . f | s : l | d' : . d | d' : d' , t | l : - s | m : - | - : m . f }

sing to the Oak, The brave old Oak, Who stands in his pride a - lone, And
sing to the Oak, The brave old Oak, Who stands in his pride a - lone, And

a tempo

ritard

{ s : l , l | d' : m . f | s : l , t | d' : t , l | s : d' | t : m' , r' | d' : - | - : }

still flourish he, A hale old tree, When a hundred years are gone.
still flourish he, A hale old tree, When a hundred years are gone.

colla voce

MUCH I LOVED A CHARMING CREATURE.

Gracefully and with expression.

Old English. (H. F. S.)

Piano.

p Pipe and Tabour.

cres.

Key C. Lah is A. | l :— :t | se :— :l | t .d' :r' :d' |

Much I lov'd a charm - ing
 Much I long the sweet in -

t .l :t .d' :t | l :— :t | se :— :l | t .d' :r' :d' | t :— :— | m' :— :t |

creat - ure, Sweet to sense and form'd to please, Fair she
 fect - ion Would up - on my la - dy take; Yet I

d' : t : l r' : - : m' f' : - : f' m' : r' . d' : t . l se : - : l t . d' : r' : d' }
 was in shape and feat - ure, Fra - grant as a sum - mer
 fear and feel de - jec - tion Lest it be not for - my

cres. *dim.* *cres.*
 t : - : - m : ba : se l : - : - d' : t : l t . l : t . d' : t m : ba : se }
 breeze. When that I sleep, See her I seem; Wak - ing I
 sake. Love is a pain All men must feel. Love is life's

pp *cres.* *dim.* *pp* *cres.*

ad lib.
 l : t . d' : r' d' : - . d' : t l : - : - }
 weep, Find - ing I dream.
 bane Slay - ing our weal.

dim. *f* *dim.*

3

I would fly to foreign region,
 From my trouble and my woe,
 But I know the sweet contagion
 Would attend me where I go.
 Spell-bound and sore
 Here I must stay,
 Sickening more.
 Pity me, pray!

OH! DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

Lively.

Old English. (W. H. H.)

Voice.

Key F. { s :-: | s :-: - | s :m :d' | s :m :d }

Oh! dear! what can the mat-ter be?
Oh! dear! what can the mat-ter be?

{ f :-: | f :-: - | f :r :m | f :m :r | s :-: | s :-: - | s :m :d' | s :m :d }

Dear! dear! what can the mat-ter be? Oh! dear! what can the mat-ter be?
Dear! dear! what can the mat-ter be? Oh! dear! what can the mat-ter be?

{ l, :d :f | m :f :r | d :-: - | -:-: s | s :m :f | s :m :f }

John-ny's so long at the fair..... He pro-mis'd he'd buy me a
John-ny's so long at the fair..... He pro-mis'd he'd buy me a

{ s :m :d' | s :m :d | f :r :m | f :r :m | f :r :m | f :m :r }

fair-ing should please me, And then for a kiss oh! he vow'd he would tease me. He
bas-ket of po-sies, A gar-land of li-lies, a gar-land of ros-es, A

s :m :f | s :m :f | s :m :d | s :m :d | l, :d :f | m :f :r }
 pro - mis' d he' d bring me a bunch of blue rib - bons To tie up my bon - ny brown
 lit - tle straw hat, to set off the blue rib - bons That tie up my bon - ny brown

d :-:- | :m :f | s :-:- | s :-:- | s :m :d | s :m :d | f :-:- | f :-:- }
 hair. — And it's Oh! dear! what can the mat - ter be? Dear! dear!
 hair. — And it's

mf

f :r :m | f :m :r | s :-:- | s :-:- | s :m :d | s :m :d }
 what can the mat - ter be? Oh! dear! what can the mat - ter be?

§ 2nd time
 l, :d :f | m :f :r | d :-:- :-:- }
 Johnny's so long at the fair.

f

WITHIN A GARDEN.

Folk Air. (H. F. S.)

Plaintively.

Voice.

Piano.

Key Bb. } . s₁ : d . m d : d . t₁ : l , t₁ . d , l s₁ : m₁ : . d d . l : s₁ : - . f₁ }

With - in a gar - den a mai - den lin - ger'd, When soft the shades of

rall. *a tempo*

{ m . f₁ : s : . s₁ d . m : s : m . d d , r . m , d : l₁ : s₁ . s₁ }

ev - 'ning fell; Ex - pect - ing, fear - ing, A foot - step hear - ing; Ex -

cres. *dim.*

d . m : s . m : d . t₁ l₁ , t . d , l : s₁ : m₁ . s₁ m₁ . s₁ : d : r . t₁ }

pect - ing, fear - ing, A foot - step hear - ing Her love ap - pear - ing to

s₁ . t : d : ||

say fare-well.

rall.

2

With sighs and sorrows their vows they plighted
 One more embrace, one last adieu;
 Tho' seas divide, love,
 In this confide, love,
 Whate'er betide, love,
 To thee I'm true.

3

Long years are over, and still the maiden
 Seeks oft at eve the trysting tree;
 Her promise keeping,
 And, faithful, weeping
 Her lost love sleeping
 Across the sea.

I'LL SAIL UPON THE DOG-STAR.

A song in "The Fool's Preferment"

Boldly, but not too fast.

HENRY PURCELL. (H. F. S.)

Voice.

Key A. } : .s₁ | d ,t₁ :d .m | d :s₁ }

I'll sail up-on the Dog - star,

Piano.

I'll sail up-on the Dog - star and then pur-sue the

morn - ing, and then pur - sue, and then pur - sue the morn - ing.

p

I'll chase the moon till it be

noon, I'll chase the moon till it be noon, but I'll make, I'll

make her change her horn - ing. I'll

climb the lof - ty moun - tains, I'll climb the lof - ty moun - tains, And

there I'll coin the wea - ther. I'll tear the

rain-bow from the sky, I'll tear the rain-bow from the

The first system of music features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'rain-bow from the sky, I'll tear the rain-bow from the'. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) in the second measure.

sky, and tie, and tie both ends to -

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line lyrics are 'sky, and tie, and tie both ends to -'. The piano accompaniment continues with various chordal textures and melodic lines.

ge - ther. The stars pluck from their

The third system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line lyrics are 'ge - ther. The stars pluck from their'. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings of *p* (piano) and *f* (forte).

orbs, too, the stars pluck from their orbs, too, and crowd them in my

The fourth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line lyrics are 'orbs, too, the stars pluck from their orbs, too, and crowd them in my'. The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support.

r . r : - : : . m f . f : f . m , r
 bud - get. And whe - ther I'm a

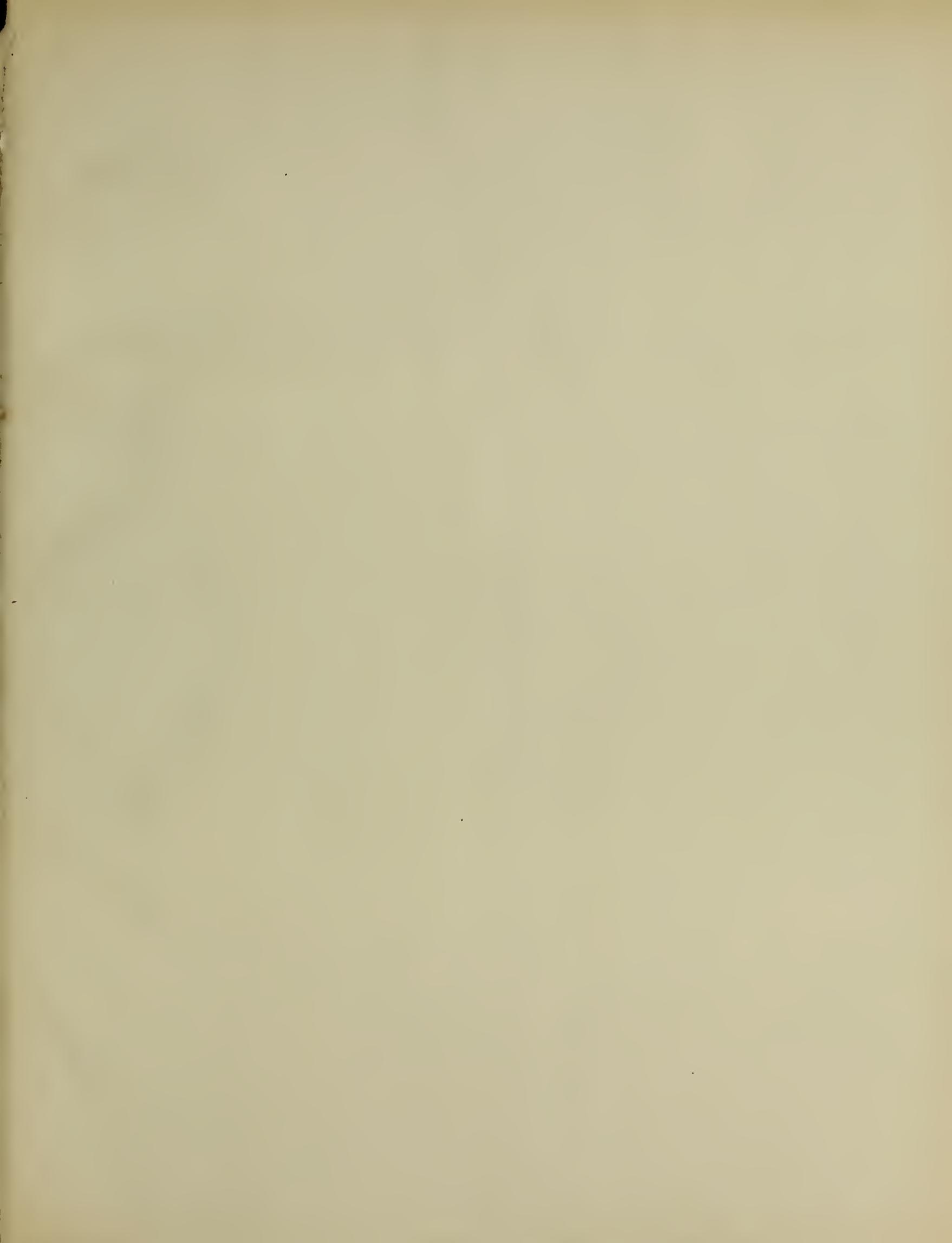
p *f*

m , f . s , l : s , l . s , f m , f . s , f : m , f . m , r d . s , : d : . d
 soar - - - - - ing boy, A

f , s . l , s : f , m . r , d t , . s , : r . r s : - - - - - f , m : f , m . r , d
 soar - - - - - ing boy, Let all, - - - - - Let all the

1. *D.S.* 2.
 d : - . t , d . d : - . m d . d : - .
 na - tion judge it. And judge it.

p *rall.*





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