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ENGLISH MINSTRELSIE



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*J. Bailey Ford*

# English Minstrelsie

A National Monument of English Song

COLLATED AND EDITED, WITH NOTES AND  
HISTORICAL INTRODUCTIONS, BY

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THE AIRS, IN BOTH NOTATIONS, ARRANGED BY

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IN EIGHT VOLUMES

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## INTRODUCTORY ESSAY ON ENGLISH FOLK-MUSIC



It is not easy for me to say more on a topic already treated by me with some fulness in my introduction to "The Songs of the West," and also to "The Garland of Country Song." Nor, although I head this article Essay, can I do more than give personal reminiscences in Song-hunting.

That there has been folk-music in England, as certainly as there has been in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, I take to be indisputable. A wiseacre of a reviewer of one of the above collections expressed his incredulity, because, said he, he had never heard the rustic sing anything except the last music-hall air, "Tarrara-boom-deay," or "Pop goes the Weasel." I have no doubt that he never did hear anything else, because he never placed himself in such situation as would enable him to hear English traditional folk-song.

Of late years there has been a cheap-jack travelling through Surrey and Sussex, and where he stops there he offers a kettle as a prize to any woman who will sing him the best ballad, and a spade to any man who will sing the best song. Probably the cheap-jack would apportion the prize to the singer who gave out that ballad or song which had been dearest to him as a child, as sung by his mother, and ten to one that song would be set in a Gregorian mode. There is a dear old fellow, a hedger, who has sung to me for the last ten years, an hereditary "song-man," who loves a minor melody, and who cannot appreciate one in the "modo lascivo," as was called the modern scale by the Italian church musicians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Those who would hear the folk-music of our English peasantry must go amongst them, must gain their confidence, and must show them that their own hearts warm to one of the ancient melodies that are dear to the labourer in the fields. But it will be lost labour if they go to some of the prigs turned out by our Board Schools.

In Old England there was plenty of folk-music. The Harvest Homes, Whitsun Ales, Sheep-Shearing feasts, and Bell-Ringers' suppers were occasions when such songs came out. But these popular gatherings of the people are gone, and their places taken by Harvest and Missionary teas, to which women flock, but from which men keep away.

Under the date 1778, William Gardiner of Leicester writes in the third volume of his "Music and Friends":—"With what glee did I mount the harvest waggon for the fun of jolting over the rugged roads to the wheat-field. From shock to shock it slowly moved to gather the rustling sheaves. In the rear of the reapers were a flock of shearers—some pretty village girls—for one of whom I would have pilfered some ears to enrich her store, had I dared do so. The day's toil over, we hastened home for the harvest supper. At the head of the board sat the worthy host, by whose side I was placed. Then came Will, Ralph, Joe, and Jim, with their wives and helpers. Presently a shoulder of mutton, scorching hot, as the day had been, a plum-pudding, and a roasted goose were put on the table, when they soon fell to, each playing his part in good earnest. The gingered ale went merrily round. Joe, who was a good singer, was called upon to entertain the company. Seeing them tipping a little too fast, he admonished them in the following song:—

‘Beware of swallowing too much ale ;  
The more you drink,  
The worse you think ;  
Perchance your health and purse will fail ;  
Beware of swallowing too much ale.’

The jokes growing coarser as it grew late, I was taken to bed from a scene not to be imitated. Perhaps there is no period in which we enjoy these rural pleasures as in the time of our youth."

William Gardiner says that in his boyhood, during the last half of last century, a man named Davy Black lived in a thatched cottage among the ruins of Leicester Abbey. "Black was a very pleasant fellow, enjoyed his pipe

and a jug of mild ale, was fond of music, and sang a good song. In the better sort of public-houses it was not uncommon for half-a-dozen good voices to fire off song after song the night through. There was singular humour in our friend Davy's performance of the following:—

‘ I know that I went to the fair,  
The miller's daughter, Sue, was there ;  
Her beauty made me gape and stare,  
    A woeful sight for John.  
I fell in love upon the place ;  
I told her my unhappy case ;  
Yet still she turned away her face,  
    And bid me get me gone.’

It was accompanied by a boon companion of his, with a twanging sound through the nose, like a *pizzicato* bass, that had a droll, and not unpleasant effect.”

“At this time,”—the last thirty years of the eighteenth century,—says William Gardiner again, “every village had its wake, and the lower orders were comparatively in a state of ease and plenty. Then every place was proud of its maypole and spacious green, kept for sports and pastimes; but what contributed to their solid comforts was their common and open field, upon which they kept their pig and poultry, and sometimes a cow. When the wake came, the stocking-maker had peas and beans in his snug garden, and a good barrel of humming ale. The year was chequered with holidays, wakes, and fairs; it was not one dull round of labour. The maypole with its pastimes, and the games of singlestick and wrestling, have now disappeared. These were the sports of the ruder part of the peasantry; the artisans, who were more cultivated, had their amusements at home; they were members of the village choir, and on the Wake Sunday every one who had a voice, and could lend a hand with hautboy, bassoon, or flute, repaired to the singing loft in the church, to swell with heart and voice the psalm or anthem—the clowns below gaping with mute surprise. At Rathby a family of the Smedleys, from Derbyshire, attended the wake every year. They were the last of the minstrels in this part of the country. These itinerant musicians joined the choir on the Wake Sunday, with assistants from the neighbouring villages, produced what was called a grand *crash*, that never failed to fill the church. The music at Sapcote wake was still more respectable, as the choir was supported by an opulent farmer of the name of Smith. He was a tall, stout man, with an extraordinarily powerful voice, and while singing accompanied himself on the violoncello. His plan was to place the instrument on a chair, standing up to play it, and in a solo would exert himself with a degree of enthusiasm that delighted some, and surprised every one.”

The William Gardiner, from whom I have made these quotations, was a singular man, an enthusiast for sacred music, and a stocking-maker in Leicester. He evinced his admiration for Haydn by sending him six pairs of stockings from his own loom, with the music of “My mother bids me bind my hair,” “The leviathan,” the sonata, “*Consummatum est*,” the *andante* in the “Surprise symphony,” and the Austrian National Anthem woven into the fabric.

By some curious fatality no collectors of English folk-music arose, and it has been allowed to pass away, to a large extent beyond recall. Some of our folk-airs have been appropriated by the Scotch, some by the Irish. At Vauxhall a brisk manufacture went on of Scotch songs that were regularly accepted north of the Tweed, but English airs of home-growth among the people were contemptuously disregarded. Only now and then did such men as Paul Bedford, or Hudson, or Sam Cowell take them up, and then, as often as not, it was to vulgarise them by setting to them words of low buffoonery.

Sir F. A. Gore-Ouseley, in his chapters on English Music in E. Naumann's “History,” says in regard to the national popular airs and dance music of England: “Here we may fairly challenge comparison with the folk-songs of all other European nations. Yet there have not been wanting writers who have unscrupulously assigned to most of the best English tunes a Scotch, Welsh, or Irish origin. Each has its own characteristic beauties; those of England are by no means inferior to the rest.” As a fact, just as negro serenade songs have been manufactured by English composers—(for instance, Blewitt set the song,

“ I cam from Ole Kentucky a long time ago,  
Where I first learnt to wheel about and jump Jim Crow,”

to the old English tune of “The Wiltshire Wedding”),—and palmed off as negro melodies, and many of the popular

nigger tunes hail from England—so have we composed vast quantities of imitation Scotch and Irish tunes, and those early English airs that were popular passed wherever the English tongue was spoken, and north of the Tweed were associated with Scotch words, and return to us in this form. As Chappell says of Hogg's "Jacobite Relics," one half of the airs are of demonstrably English origin.

In Germany, if out of their collections of Volks-lieder we sift the compositions of Kreutzer, Reichardt, Weber, Arndt, Methfessel, Nägeli, there is very little of genuine folk-production left. Out of 56 hunting songs in "Hundert und fünfzig Jäger, Soldaten und Volkslieder," Leipzig, n.d., 25 are by known authors; out of 59 Volkslieder, 19 are by known authors or are ecclesiastical melodies; and 23 can alone be claimed as genuine productions of the people.

According to a French authority on the popular music of the peasantry on Gallic soil, nearly all their folk-airs are reminiscences of the dramatic melodies of Lulli and his time, hardly one a genuine spontaneous creation of the people.

In England we had the musicians of our cathedrals and theatres dispersed at the great Rebellion, and they settled down in country-houses, and I have little doubt but that to them we owe the great amount of musical culture there was *among the people* throughout last century. The orchestras in every parish church, however small, show that there were musicians everywhere, and where there are musicians, there there is sure to be musical creation; these old church singers and fiddlers composed tunes and set them circulating in their own neighbourhoods, and there they have remained, traditional to the present day.

Mr. Wedmore, in an article in "The Friends' Quarterly Examiner" on English Music (July 1896), says: "There is a peculiar fascination about these folk-songs, preserved for so long, passed down from father to son, thus and thus alone kept alive; and there is a debt of gratitude due to the aged custodians of these valuable relics of the past. The men who have sung them are nearly all gone. I heard of one who 'was a terrible zinger; he could zing a terrible lot; he was a musicianer'; but he was dead. Of another, an old crippled farm labourer, who was 'no scholar,' told me: 'You can't beat th' old uns. The postman's father used to sing; he 'ud ketch 'em from his father; he e'ud sing fifty songs.'

"I came across one, however, last summer, on the hills in Somerset, where there are many sweet nooks full of natural treasure. Coleridge lived amongst them, so did Wordsworth, both giving us gems of song written under the inspiration and solace of their spell. I was resting in a delightful little village—shopless and without a licence. Everybody there was cared for, and there I learned to love the people. It was beyond the railway and beyond the telegraph. It lay near an old coach-road, traversed now by a conveyance from which it was a relief to alight. Abutting on the churchyard stood its fine Manor Hall (1581), with its banqueting-room overlooked by a minstrels' gallery. The village folk shared with those of other villages the advantages of a school. The parson knew the cottagers; he would visit the sick, and watch the games of the lusty. He came over the hills to prosecute his ministrations. He went over the hills to fetch home his bride, after having declared his own banns in the midst of his parishioners. Amongst them was a man at once sexton, bellringer, carpenter, and postmaster, whose wife was the oldest inhabitant. A courtly manner well became her. 'A Fine Old English Gentleman' was the song she sang me, having kept it over sixty years.

"On another occasion, a picture of peasant-life presented itself in a picturesque village in a Devonshire hollow. On our arrival, we alighted unexpectedly in the midst of a summer *fête*. There was a pause between the games and the dance. The people were grouped in merry talk or silent sympathy. The musicians strike up a lively refrain: a change comes over the scene. Amongst most of the folk there is a movement; the younger ones take another spell of enjoyment, rhythmic as the tune; whilst some of their elders gather their wraps around them, for the twilight comes on apace, and there is a feeling of chilliness in the vicinity of rank grass, leafy canopy, and rushing streams. In the words of the old song—

'The streams of Nantsian in two parts divide,  
Where the young men in dancing meet sweetheart and bride;  
The streams bright and shining, though parted in twain,  
Re-unite intertwining, one thenceforth remain.'

"The following morning a moorside walk brought us to another interesting little village. Here the clerk of the parish took us to the cottage of a hale old man who could sing, and who then and there gave us out of the stores of his memory (for he could neither read nor write) song after song—veritable folk-songs. His cottage was typical of old times. The house-door opened directly into the living room; the stairs were close at hand; you could sit in the

chimney-corner, and up the wide chimney see the sky; whilst the kettle hung above the wood fire on the ground. A settle kept the draught from the entrance; the walls were lined with pictures, china, odds and ends of slight money value, but of strong family interest. The old people were still able to do for themselves. Their wants were few; their vision of the world was not wide, but in spirit they followed the fortunes of children gone out into it. Such are some of the people and their surroundings, who have preserved the store of folk-songs. We have the privilege of listening to the melodies and associated ballads, tunes, and stories that stirred the people generations ago, in their modes, intervals, and rhythm so different to the declamatory, luscious, or nondescript song of the present day—a day of compromises, competition, and so-called social obligations, modern influences which act prejudicially on the character of music, and tend towards outpourings of uninspired effort."

What first made me collect the songs of the people in Devon and Cornwall was this. One evening I was dining with a dear friend, Mr. Radford of Mount Tavy, near Tavistock—that was in 1887. The conversation turned on some old hunting songs, especially on one called "The Hunting of Arscott of Tetcott," and it was lamented that though the words had been preserved the tune was lost. Then my host turned to me and said, "Why do not you set to work to collect our old songs?" I considered, and answered, "I suspect we shall hardly find as many as could be counted on one hand. There is 'Arscott of Tetcott.' There is 'Widecombe Fair.' Who knows another?" As I drove home I considered. I remembered how that as a boy I had heard plenty of old songs sung by labourers, and I had had a nurse who sang for ever. So I began to inquire whether any old singing men remained in my own neighbourhood; and I wrote to the West of England papers asking for old songs, but got nothing beyond "Widecombe Fair" and "Arscott of Tetcott." Then a gentleman at South Brent wrote to me—quite a stranger—to say that there were a miller and a stonebreaker near him who were reputed to be song-men. Would I



ROBERT HARD, THE STONEBREAKER.



JOHN HELMORE, THE MILLER.

visit him and see what I could get? My host who had invited me, had invited neighbours to dinner to meet me; and after dinner the entire party adjourned to the roomy, warm, and pleasant kitchen, where we found the miller and the stonebreaker, and the wife of the former in an old white mob-cap. They were seated by the fire, with a table before them on which stood grog. A good supper and a roaring fire—the time was mid-winter—made the old people so happy that they were quite ready to warble.

The servants of the house sat along one side of the kitchen, the guests on the other. The old fellows sang some times in parts with great effect, the old woman striking in with a curious *faux bourdon*. When they ceased singing we applauded; then came a lull, during which the roar of the river Avon, that leaps and brawls through a cleft of rocks, and thunders over a cascade hard by, filled the kitchen, like the mutter of an angry sea.

This was, of course, not quite the way in which to do things; however, it was a beginning, and we stayed some days at South Brent, and had first the miller, then the old crippled stonebreaker, to the house, and got from them all we could. Two years later, in looking over my collection, it occurred to me that the old stonebreaker, Robert Hard, had not been squeezed dry; and I went to South Brent by an early train one November day, and the rector kindly gave me up a room and his piano and sent for the old man, who, lame in both legs, soon arrived hobbling on two sticks. I retained him from 9.30 A.M. to 6.30 P.M., with only the interval of midday meal; and I believe I got from him all he knew. I received on that occasion a dozen good airs

with the words. A few months later—two only, I believe—the poor old man was found dead in the road. In returning home at night he had stumbled, had fallen, and, being unable to raise himself, had died of cold.

A hedger I knew met with a serious accident. He was the son of a "singing-machine." His father was a pro-

fessional song-man, who once for a bet sang from sundown to sunrise without ever repeating a ballad. The son himself, an old man and a grandfather, is a rare singer. His memory is stored with grand old airs, some of the choicest I have collected. Many a winter evening have we sat together in my hall, by a blazing fire, he on the settle, singing to me his venerable ballads. Poor man, he met with a bad accident; but on his sick-bed he piped to me some songs he had recollected whilst lying ill, and which he had not hitherto surrendered.

When I had made a resolve to collect the folk-music of the West of England, my difficulty was how to get it noted down. The singing of our peasant song-men is very peculiar, with wonderful twirls, and they love a great range of notes, often rising to falsetto. Now I myself can note a melody if I can bring my singer to a piano; but I cannot write—or, as he would say, prick down—the air without this assistance. I might, perhaps, induce an old minstrel to come to my house, but the majority of singers were not to be lured from their own houses any further than the tavern, and in neither was there a piano. Moreover, a singer was uncomfortable in a strange house, nervous and shy. It was essential to put him completely at his ease. So I was obliged to appeal to a skilled musician, and I at once wrote to my friend, the Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard, Rector of Thurnscoe, in Yorkshire, to come to my aid. Yorkshire is a long way off, and at first he somewhat doubted whether the material to be dealt with would be worth the pains of coming so far south. However, during the winter of 1888-9 I was able to send him some that I had taken down from the old hedger who lived in my neighbourhood, named James Parsons, and Mr. Sheppard at once saw that here was a vein of pure gold, and in the summer he paid me a long visit, and we worked hard together on and around Dartmoor, and this was but the prelude to many other visits and many other excursions, extending beyond the county of Devon into Cornwall.

I was further happy in having the assistance of the Rev. F. W. Bussell, Fellow, now Vice-Principal, of Brazenose, at the time of Magdalen College, Oxford, a brilliant and accomplished musician, who at the time spent his vacations in a house belonging to me, and within a gunshot of my door. With the readiest good-humour he allowed me to command his services, either to pump some singer whom I had netted and drawn into my study, or to go with me long excursions in quest of singers who were at a distance. Mr. Bussell was remarkable for the extreme accuracy with which he noted every twist and flourish of the singer. Nothing escaped him. What characterised Mr. Sheppard's work in the "Songs of the West" was the ability with which he would take a dozen versions of the same melody as noted down in as many places, often widely removed, and think them over till he had discovered what was the mother-form of the melody from which the various variants had risen, or the form which he was convinced was that most accurate, and to be distinguished from corruptions. And it must be noted that, after a while, we came to see that when a singer had been singing for some time he lost his power of individualising a melody, and that his later tunes were coloured and debased by admixture of strains already used in the airs he had previously sung. When we were thus in doubt about a melody sung, perhaps after a score of others, we laid it aside, waited a few days, and then asked the man to *begin* with that song, whereupon we were able to correct the errors on the previous occasion.

To Mr. Sheppard and Mr. Bussell a debt of gratitude is due, for having saved from extinction some splendid melodies, as fresh as buttercups, and as genuine as can well be conceived.

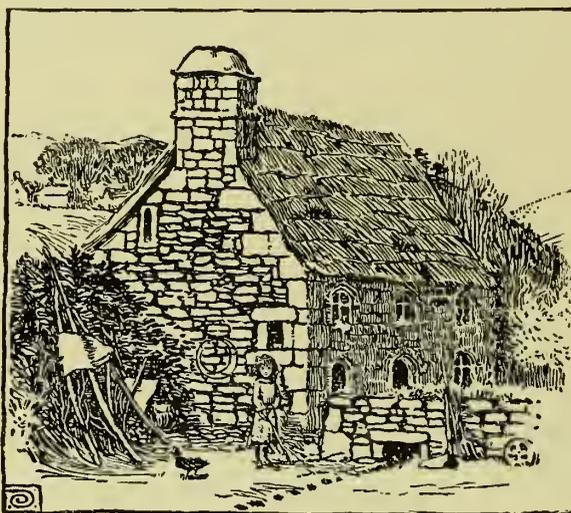
In the heart of Dartmoor, eleven hundred feet above the sea, is a hamlet called Post-Bridge. It lies in the bottom of a basin among the moors, which surround it on all sides, rising to something like a thousand feet above it. Owing to its being in comparative shelter, a few stunted beech trees live there. A few moor farms are scattered about it, and near it was a promising rather than rendering tin mine. The spot is very wild, desolate, and picturesque. The hills around are strewn with pre-historic relics. About a mile from the road across bogs without road, not even a track, stands Ring Hill, a granite cottage, near a plantation of stunted trees, that grow in the midst of an old fortified village of those mysterious people who once lived in vast numbers on Dartmoor.

In this little cottage was a blind man, aged eighty-eight, named Jonas Coaker, who was called the Poet of the Moor. I found him very feeble, lying in bed the greater part of the day, but able to come down and sit by his peat fire for a couple of hours. He was too weak to sing, but he could recite ballads, and the captain of the tin mine came in and sang to us the melodies.

A stone-cutter I know has a rare memory. His father deserted him and his mother when he was six years old. Many years after as this lad, grown to a man, was passing a cottage, he saw a man standing in the doorway with his hand on the jamb, leaning in and speaking to the inmate of the cottage. Something in the creases or configuration of the hand struck him as familiar, and he exclaimed, "That is my father's hand!" The person alluded to turned and hastily walked away. My friend, Sam Fone, inquired about this strange man, and heard that he was lodging at a farm

in the parish. He went there next morning to ask about him, and to learn who and what he was, but heard that the stranger had precipitately left. "Did you note anything peculiar about him?" he inquired. "Nothing," answered the farmer's wife, "but that he pours melted fat into his boots before putting them on." "Then he *is* my father," said Sam Fone. Now, when a little urchin, Sam was wont to carry milk every day for an aged widow, and as she was too poor to pay him with coin, she rewarded him with an old ballad that she taught him; these he has never forgotten, and lo! now after nearly seventy years, he gets repaid in shillings for every can of milk he carried and every ballad he then acquired. At one time Fone worked with an old mason who was a great singer. This man fell from a ladder and broke his neck, but Fone has all his store of songs by heart. I believe this man knows well nigh a hundred and fifty or two hundred songs, ballads, words, and melodies. The other day, a concert of old west country songs was given at Tavistock by professionals in costume. Fone was present, at the back of the hall, and would sing out every song with which he was familiar, along with the performer, somewhat to the disconcertion of the artist, but to the amusement of the audience.

One evening Mr. Bussell and I went to South Zeal, under the roots of Cosdon, one of the highest points of Dartmoor. I had been there twice before to break ground and rub away any little hesitation and shyness that might exist



JONAS COAKER'S COTTAGE.

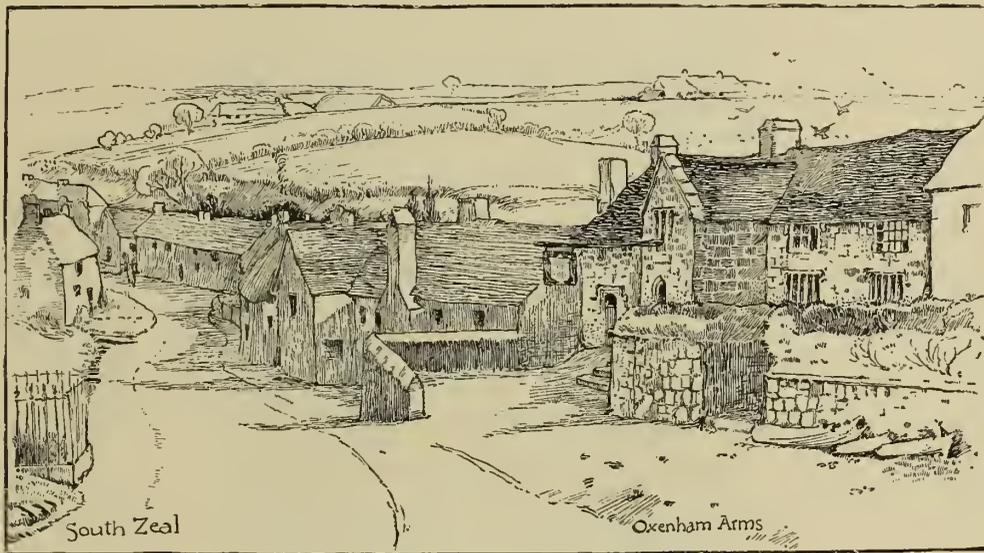
among the old singers there, and I had invited them to the inn, the "Oxenham Arms," that evening to sing to me. The "Oxenham Arms" is an Elizabethan house, once the mansion of the Burgoynes', with mullioned windows and carved oak panneling.

The tidings spread that there was to be a concert of song, and the inn kitchen was crowded that evening. Not only did nearly all the men of Zeal come, but the passage to the kitchen was crammed with their wives and daughters, and boys were outside, standing on each other's shoulders, listening with their ears at the window-panes. In that crowd we could not collect much; naturally the old song-men sought to please the audience, and for that purpose did not sing their quaintest songs. However, the ice was broken, and later we went there again, and had the old fellows in separately to supper and a glass of grog, and thus enjoyed a good many hours of song.

One day Mr. Sheppard and I were on Dartmoor; we had a driver, and he sang to us a quaint ballad. The horse was stopped whilst words and air were noted down. Then we reached a tumble-down hovel, in which lived an old woman, who could neither read nor write, and we had to take down her songs. She was rather shy, and was, moreover, busy; so we had to follow her about to the pigstye, to the hearth, to the water, and get her airs and words as best we could. I had been there before with Mr. Bussell, and then he sat on the boiler noting down her melodies, till the daughter put fire below, and made him jump off. After we had got all from this old woman that we thought she was inclined to yield, we left, and returned homewards; but, halfway, I turned to Mr. Sheppard and said, "We have not exhausted her store. You *must* go back, and don't let her go till she drives you away with the pitchfork," and like a zealous and conscientious collector, back he went. From this old grandmother we had—"Lord Thomas and the Fair Eleanor;" "Deep in Love" (S. of W., lxxxvi.); "The Loyal Lovers" (S. of W., xcii.); "The False Lovers" (S. of W., xcvi.); "The Lady and the Apprentice," and others.

There was, I heard, an old man in the cold clay district north of Broadbury Down, in the parish of Halwell, in North Devon, who was reputed to be a singer. It was for me a drive of nearly seventeen miles; however, I went after him, driving over a moor strewn with tumuli, found him in a field weeding turnips, and at once began on the topic of old songs. I soon learned from him the names of several that he sung, and got from him a promise to come and stay with me for a few days, so soon as Mr. Sheppard arrived. Accordingly, old Luxton—that was his name—came, and he gave us a number of delightful songs, some of exquisite delicacy.

Mr. Sheppard and I put up for a week at Holne, near Ashburton, song collecting. We got together a number of singers, and gave them a supper. Then they sang each a song in turn; most of these were rubbish, many modern, published songs, and just as one old fellow began a strain in the Dorian mode, in came the village constable to order all out, because the public-house must be closed. However, we had pretty well discovered which were the singers who had the real good stuff in them, and these we invited to warble to us on the following evenings; and from them we collected some excellent airs. I went with my coadjutor to Chagford, and there gathered together some old labourers and a lame barber, and a very pleasant evening we had. Among these men was an old soldier, but he sang nothing but published music. Now here is the list of songs taken down that evening:—



THE "OXENHAM ARMS," SOUTH ZEAL.

1. "The Yellow Golden Tree." This is "The Golden Vanity," a ballad relative to Sir Walter Raleigh. We have published it in "Songs of the West," lxiv.
2. "In Biberly Town." A curious ballad not over-choice in words, but the tune bold and fine; S. of W., cx.
3. "The Bonny Bunch of Roses," S. of W., xxvii.
4. "Midsummer Carol," S. of W., lxxxix. We have given this also in "English Minstrelsie," vol. iii. A fine early melody, and a delightful song.
5. "The Roving Journeyman," S. of W., viii.
6. "High Germany," "The Garland," ii.
7. "The Nobleman and the Thrasher," the words in Bell's "Songs of the Peasantry."
8. "Three Jolly Butchers." A well-known and very curious ballad; the tune most rugged and early in character.
9. "The Trees they are so High," S. of W., iv.
10. "As I walked out one May Morning," S. of W., lxxiii, to new words. The old words not choice.
11. "The Barley Straw," S. of W., xcvi.

I do not say we got all these for the first time, but some were new to us, all valuable as variants.

Next day we went to see two old labourers at a place called Culley Hole, in a coomb under the moors. One old fellow was childish, the other, his brother-in-law, was nearly blind. They had a pot over the glowing turves, in which their potatoes and a little bacon were boiling, and were pleased, as we were hungry, to give us a bite out of their dinner. From them we got—1. "'Twas of a Farmer's Daughter;" 2. "The Ragged Beggar Man," to a wonderful old tune ("Garland," xxiv.); 3. "Don't you see my Billy Coming?" this Miss Broadwood has published, as picked up also in

Sussex; 4. "The Maid and the Box;" 5. "A Fair Maid sat a Weeping" (S. of W., xxxix.); 6. "The Squire of Tamworth, or, The Golden Glove," the words in Bell's "Songs of the Peasantry;" 7. "A Nutting we will Go" (S. of W., lxxxiii.).

From Culley Hole we made an attempt to get across the moor into the high road from Moreton to Tavistock, and lost our way, got into bogs, and were overtaken by a furious hail storm. We did not reach our inn in the middle of the moor till night, and wet and chilled to the marrow. Then off we started for Widecombe in the Moor. The season was late—autumn, the month October, the sun shone out, and in the lovely valley of Widecombe one seemed to be in coral land. The mountain-ash was heavy with scarlet berries, and the hedges were a mass of carbuncles from rose hips. We had heard of a farmer's wife at a place called Scobbetor, who could sing old ballads, so to her we went, and dropped in on her without premonition. She was greatly taken aback, and for some time would not open her lips. However at last she was persuaded to sing, and this is what we gleaned from her—1. "Cold Blows the Wind to-night, Sweetheart," a fine old ballad to a very early air (S. of W., vi.); 2. "The Loyal Lover" (S. of W., xcii.); 3. "Tobacco is an Indian Weed" (S. of W., xciv.); 4. "Cupid's Garden," Chappell, p. 727.

When I was in Surrey working up material for my novel, "The Broom Squire," I learned that every autumn a cheap-jack went round the country offering prizes in a competition singing match among the villagers, as already mentioned at the beginning of this essay. I have just had the following interesting letter from Miss L. E. Broadwood relative to this very district. It will show what may still be done in this direction if only enterprising persons will take the trouble to collect. But then, this must be done at once; in a very few years every chance will be gone past recall:—

"September 13, 1896.

"I have been fortunate lately in stumbling upon a rich mine of old songsters, ten old men, who can't read, in Surrey, not far from Whitley and Godalming. Cheered by a supper, they sat round, with eyes tightly closed, and sang excellent and really old songs. One striking thing was that they sang the tune to the 'Bailliff's Daughter of Islington,' which my uncle John Broadwood collected early in this century in Sussex, and which I have never found any one to know anywhere else. They sang it almost note for note as he noted it. Another strange thing is, they sang the brutal ballad of 'Young Lamkin' all through. How odd that it should survive in this way!

"The following are some of the songs which they sang, and in one evening only:—

"Young (or Bold) Lamkin.	Pretty Maids, your Misfortunes I'll share.
'Tis of a Brisk, a Lively Lad.	Abroad as I was walking ( <i>most</i> ancient modal tune).
Cold Blows the Wind (2 airs).	Pretty Sailor.
Sheffield Apprentice.	Tarry Sailor.
A Ship she lies in Harbour.	Trees they are so High.
Blackberry Fold.	Banks of Sweet Dundee.
The pleasant Month of May is just coming in.	Lovely Nancy.
Bold Brennan on the Moor.	My Father he had ten Acres of Land. Joy O!
Bailliff's Daughter of Islington.	Mistress Health.
Seeds of Love.	The Maid and the Box, &c., &c."

We made a journey through Cornwall song-collecting. After some rough experience in very country inns we reached Fowey. "Come," said my companion, "let us now taste the sweets of civilisation, and go to the Fowey Hotel." "Very well," said I with a sigh. "But no songs there." "No, but we shall have the electric light." The hotel was all that could be desired for comfort, but, as I knew, our stay there was doomed to be sterile. As we were about to leave I said to my companion, "I want to make a sketch of the Luggar Inn—I will walk on." So I did walk on, and began my sketch of one of the most exquisite bits of old Fowey. Whilst sketching it, the landlord, whose name was Varcoe, saw me, and ran out to invite me in to see the date carved on a beam in the house. I entered, and in the kitchen saw an old white-headed man over his pot of beer. At once, forgetting all else, I sat down beside him, and began talking of old songs. "Do y' know the song of the Keenly Lode?" he asked. "It's a miner's song."

I did not. Just then up came the bus to take us to the station. I had but time to tell the innkeeper what I wanted, and to get him to promise to look up old singers for me. Next year I went there with Mr. Bussell, and we spent several days in "The Luggar," and very snug we were. Now there were men that were notable singers known to Varcoe, but they were shy and afraid to appear before "a couple of gem'men." He had tried to get them to come,

and they had promised, but failed to keep their promise. Again, next day he went for them, and then they flatly refused to come. What was to be done? "There is but one chance," said Mr. Varcoe. "They are working for the G. W. R., on the line up the Fowey, go to the station-master and enlist his help; he can command them."

So we went to the station-master, and, when I told my name, "I will do everything in my power to help you," he said; and I learned, to my surprise, that he was brother-in-law to a schoolmaster I had had in the National School some years before, who had been ill, and I had been kind to him.

"Now then," said the station-master, "I will have the men into the breakfast and dinner shed, but I can't make them sing." "Leave that to me," said I.

The fellows arrived, literally shaking in their shoes. Nevertheless, in ten minutes we were capital friends, and they were warbling their old ditties like larks.

At Charlestown, near St. Austell, is a very old but hearty man, who was once a noted smuggler. He was in



THE OLD SMUGGLER.

prison for smuggling the year that William IV. was crowned. He is now harbour master. We went after him, got him to come and have an early dinner with us, and then he yarned away over old smuggling experiences, and sang us a number of very curious old songs.

But some men are too shy to be drawn. My friend, Mr. Frank Kidson, who collects Yorkshire folk-airs, was telling me the other day of one such on the moors in the West Riding; he has in his mind a store of old ballads, but no money, no offers of a glass of ale, will get him to give them up.

I remember one old fellow who sang to us, but who—although he allowed his tune to be taken down—stubbornly refused to allow me to note the words. However, I paid him another visit, overcame his prejudice, and got the whole song.

Tunes and words must be taken down when the opportunity offers, these opportunities must be seized without the least delay. I remember, in 1867, being in the train between Leeds and Thirsk, and hearing a workman sing "The Spanish Lady." I took down some ballads from mill-girls at Horbury in 1864. The other day, in 1896, I was back in Horbury, and I went to see old friends I had not seen for thirty years and more. One of these my first singers came running to see me when "'t mill loosed" at noon. "Eh, lass!" said I, "dost' remember singing to me the 'Jovial Heckler's Boy'?" She laughed, and her eyes danced as she said, "Aye—but if thou'lt stay a bit I sing thee a score more."

There was an old white-haired Cornish tanner I knew—alas! he is dead now. His father was a very strict Wesleyan, and when this tanner was a boy he used to get out of bed and the cottage, and steal away among the miners and listen to them singing their songs, and *because* his father allowed nothing to be sung except hymns, as a matter of course the lad retained every pot-house song he heard, and had forgotten all Wesley's hymns. Thus his retentive memory held the ballads and songs he had learned when he was a boy in 1829.

A good many old airs and songs are to be got from gipsies.

BY CHANCE IT WAS.

By chance it was I met my love, It did me much sur-prise, Down by a sha - dy  
myr - tle grove, Just as the sun did rise; The sun it rose right glo - rious-ly, And  
plea-sant was the air, And there were we, both I and she, A - mong the flow - ers fair.

THE ROVING JOURNEYMAN.

Young Jack he was a jour - ney-man, He roved from town to town; And when he'd done a  
stroke of work, Why then he set him down. With his kit up - on his shoul - der, and his  
graft - ing tool in hand, A - long the coun - try he did rove, A ner - ry jour - ney - man.

THE GIPSY COUNTESS—FIRST FORM.

There came an Earl a - rid - ing by, A gip - sy maid es - pi - ed he: "O  
nut - brown maid," to her he said, "I pri - thee come a - way with me."

THE GIPSY COUNTESS—SECOND FORM.

There came an Earl a - rid - ing by, A gip - sy maid es - pi - ed he: "O  
nut - brown maid," to her he said, "I pri - thee come a way with me."

Mr. Bell, in his "Songs of the Peasantry," gives the ballad of the Birth of Edward VI. and the Death of Queen Jane as taken down from a gipsy girl. The late Dr. W. A. Barrett one day sang me this ballad to an air that was of very beautiful and skilful construction, taken down by him in Somersetshire, and, if my memory is correct, from a gipsy. I have had that ballad, but to a different air, from an old mason on the fringe of Dartmoor.

Dorothy Osborne has been already quoted, in my Introductory Essay (vol. i.), as speaking of the ballads sung by the shepherd-girls in her day. Isaak Walton bears like testimony, so does Pepys. Unhappily, collectors have spent money and pains on gathering the printed broadsides, and have supposed that these constituted the ballad poetry of the people. This was a mistake. They ought to have gone to the peasantry, and from them they would have reaped as rich a store of good early ballads as have been collected in Scotland. Most of our English ballads were re-written in the Stuart period in very villainous taste, and were then printed. But the people continued to sing the older ballads, and never took kindly to those which were re-shaped, because the metre was unsuited to the airs with which they were familiar. Now it is too late. All that we can recover are fragments, but the melodies are not wholly lost, and a fragment of an early ballad is precious when united to an ancient air.

The freaks of tradition are extraordinary. I recovered the tune of a hunting ballad that appears among the Roxburgh black-letter ballads of the second half of the seventeenth century, concerning a fox-chase by the Duke of Buckingham, which I suppose had never been printed. I have found songs by Henry Carey, who certainly was not a very original melodist, still sung by the peasantry, but greatly altered in form. Some modern songs have been completely transformed, whereas others of three centuries remain unaltered. The same melody, by alteration of time, is made to suit the most different ballads, and change their character completely. Let the air of "By chance it was I met my Love" be compared with "The Roving Journeymen," and it will be seen how that the same melody forms an exquisitely dainty strain in one case, in the other is bluff and rude. Or again, take the air of the "Gipsy Countess," and compare it with the second version—it is the same air, to my mind, though Mr. Sheppard disagrees with me, yet how differently executed; and both are the same as "O good ale, thou art my darling," given in this volume. As a matter of fact, the peasant-singer knows no time; he sings as suits the sense of his words and according to the character of his ballad. This makes it a difficult matter to note down his melodies correctly; and indeed it is not possible to do them justice apart from the words.

There is an air given in "English Minstrelsie," vol. i., "A Damsel possessed of great Beauty." I put fresh words to it, as the original were sad rubbish. But the air has a history. We took it down not only to this song, but also to "When Adam was first a-created," or "Both Sexes give ear to my Fancy" (S. of W., c.). This is the same air that was used by Markordt for "In Hurry post-haste for a Licence," in "Tom Thumb," by Henry Fielding, 1780. It appears also to "Farewell, ye Green Fields and Sweet Groves," in "Vocal Music," 1772; but the first appearance of this air is in J. Sebastian Bach's "Bauern Cantate." In this, after a lady has sung a song in approved theatrical style, a peasant scoffs at it, says it is not music, and strikes up this identical air. Whether it was an old German melody used by Bach, or whether it was one common to England and Germany, one cannot be quite sure.\*

Whether Markordt borrowed the air from Bach, direct, one does not know. Either through the song in "Tom Thumb," or through that in "Vocal Music," it must have soaked down to the peasantry of England, and now it is wedded to both the stupid song of "A Damsel possessed of great Beauty," and also to the very capital song of "Both Sexes give ear to my Fancy."

If from the song of the Ploughman and Dairymaid we pass to that of the Sailor, we are not a little surprised to find that Jack Tar by no means sings nautical ballads exclusively, or indeed generally. He loves a sentimental song above all others, and very commonly his songs do not savour of the sea. No man wrote more sailor songs than did Charles Dibdin, who had been at sea only for a short passage from London to Portsmouth; yet his songs smack of salt water and smell of tar. Nevertheless they have not taken hold of the sailor, and I doubt if any of his have remained except "Nothing like Grog," and "Tom Bowling."

Captain Marryat knew the sailor intimately, and the songs he puts into the mouth of Old Tom the lighterman, who had lost his legs at Trafalgar, are almost all of the sentimental order, "Alone by the Light of the Moon," "For the Murmur of thy Lip, Love," Sanderson's "Did you ne'er hear a Tale of a Maid in the Vale," "Come o'er the Sea, Maiden, to me," "Love's Young Dream," and the like.

There is no topic so dear to the rustic muse as that of the love-sick damsel who dresses herself up as a sailor or a soldier, and follows her lover in man's attire to sea, or to the wars.

\* Mr. Kidson writes me that he has seen the air practically note for note in a Scottish MS. collection dating between 1735 and 1740, belonging to a friend. "Its popularity among English country folk shows that there is some probability of its having a British origin."

In Gay's "The what d'ye call it," the heroine, Kitty Carrol, when she finds that her sweetheart is pressed, exclaims—

"I can bear sultry days and frosty weather ;  
 Yes, yes, my Thomas, we will go together.  
 Beyond the seas together we will go,  
 In camps together, as at harvest glow.  
 This arm shall be a bolster for thy head,  
 I'll fetch clean straw to make my soldier's bed ;  
 There, while thou sleeps, my apron o'er thee hold,  
 Or with it patch thy tent against the cold.  
 Pigs in hard rains I've watched, and shall I do  
 That for the pigs I would not do for you?"

On this theme a hundred ballads have been founded, and they never fail to awaken enthusiasm. As Mr. Sheppard says of one of these, "High Germany," given in "The Garland," "The aim of the song is clear, and delightful in its utter impracticability : the sentiments, expressions, and imagery are genuine and appropriate, and the girl in male attire



THE OLD FIDDLER.

stands, as she ever does, on one of the three high peaks of rural romance. To this day the song is received by village audiences with rapturous applause, testifying at once its thorough accordance with their tastes, impressions, and sympathies." It must be admitted that a very large percentage of the ballads and songs have a breadth and frankness in them in dealing with certain topics, which render it impossible to give them verbatim. It is not that the songs are licentious, far from it; they are moral in their aim, but they enter into particulars with undesirable minuteness, and treat of matters to which we prefer to shut our eyes.

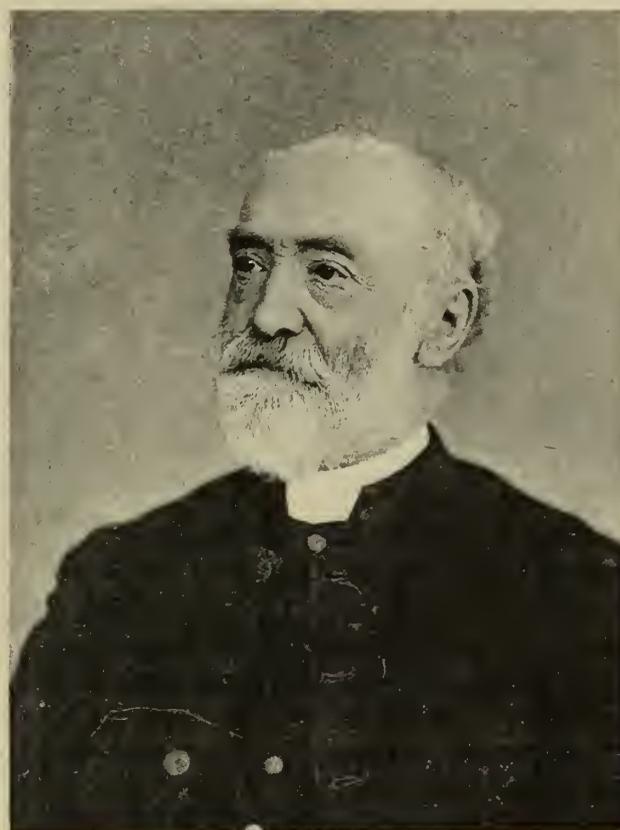
There is an old Cornishman with the face of a hawk, snow white hair and beard, and dark piercing eyes—a man who heals wounds by blessing them, and "strikes" tumours, from whom I have had many songs. One day he said to me, "Now what I say, say I about thickey modern songs is, there's neither sense nor gude in 'em. Some o' our old songs—it does any one gude to 'ear 'em. I mane, gude to their morals. Now, do y' know the ballad o' the 'Young Butcher and the Chambermaid'?" I *had* heard it, and it did not sin on the side of reticence. I did not press him to sing it. He said to me, "There now, that's a song as is improving, won'nerful. It teaches a lesson better nor does a pas'son's sermon."

I have entered into what to some may seem unnecessary detail as to the method adopted, and the experiences undergone, in song collecting. It is very easy for a critic to sneer at such work, because he is himself wholly unacquainted with our English peasant class; but if this rapidly perishing music is to be saved, it must be done at once, and it must be done by some one with enthusiastic love for old music, and who is familiar with the twists and turns of the mind of the agricultural labourer. Much might be done by ladies; I have by no means worked among old women singers as I have among men. But women love old songs even more than do men. Miss Bidder, daughter of the eminent mathematician, wrote to me a few years ago, that there were female singers near Dartmouth, and she asked me to visit her and seek them out. I did so, and with her assistance obtained some perfectly delightful songs, and very fresh and quaint airs. I have included some of them in "The Garland."

It is to Miss Bidder that I owe an introduction to an old lame fiddler, homeless, who wanders over the south of Devon, with his fiddle, and works at mending saddles in the farms. I have employed him to collect folk-melodies for me.



MR. FRANK KIDSON.



REV. H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD, M.A.

But a collector must be furnished with infinite patience, and put up with much disappointment. He will often have to go a long journey, spend a good deal of money, and expend much valuable time, and return with nothing. Three times did I go, once alone, once with Mr. Sheppard, and once with Mr. Bussell, to Menhenniot, in Cornwall, to tap its music of the past. We entertained a dozen singers, but got nothing worth our pains, only songs we had had before, and of these some very corrupt versions. But then *the* man there, whom we wanted, was stubborn, and would not allow himself to be drawn. We made an excursion to Grampound and Tregony, and came back, after a fruitless week, with empty purse and blank music book. So it must be; nevertheless, now and then something well worth the search rewards the searcher, and relieves his discouragement.

It is a most unfortunate thing that no one has thought of gathering together the folk-airs till quite recently, when they are trembling on the verge of oblivion. Davies Gilbert did, indeed, collect the "Christmas Carols" in Cornwall in 1822, and in his second edition included two ballads and a couple of other folk-airs. In 1798, Edward Jones issued his "Popular Cheshire Melodies," but it contained only one song, "The Cheshire Cheese;" the rest are rounds and

marches. The first serious collector of folk-airs was the late Rev. J. Broadwood, of Lyne, in Sussex, who, in 1843, printed for distribution among his friends a small collection he had been some years in making. Some of these were also published in the *Sussex Archaeological Journal*.

Nothing further was done in this direction till, in 1877, Miss Mason published "Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs." Mr. Stokoe and Dr. Collingwood Bruce issued "Northumbrian Minstrelsy" in 1882. Mr. H. Sumner published a few in a little illustrated book, "The Besom Maker," in 1888; and Miss L. E. Broadwood, another small collection of "Sussex Songs" in 1890. We had, in the meantime, begun our issue of the "Songs of the West" (Methuen & Co.), which appeared in four parts between 1889 and 1892, and in 1895 we issued "A Garland of Country Song," containing a supplement of songs not certainly belonging to Devon and Cornwall. Mr. Frank Kidson, of Leeds, had been for some time gathering in Yorkshire, and the results appeared in "Traditional Tunes," published in 1891. Then came Miss Broadwood's excellent work, "English County Songs," 1893. I doubt if there be any man in England better acquainted with old English songs than Mr. Kidson, and I gratefully tender him my thanks for much advice and help generously rendered me. In 1891, Messrs. Novello gave to the world an issue of fifty-four folk-airs to broadside ballads, edited by the late Dr. W. A. Barrett. Most of his collection was made in Sussex, at Shoreham, from an old shepherd on the South Downs.

But Mr. William Chappell had taken in some folk-airs into his "Popular Music of the Olden Times," 1855-56, not many, but eighteen, and on this supply compilers have drawn unreservedly since, without trouble to go further afield. Mr. Chappell's recent editor has cut out all the traditional airs, and confined himself to such as are printed.

For sailors' songs there is a collection of "Forty Sailor Songs or Chanties," by Mr. Ferris Tozer, published by Boosey, n.d., but about 1888. Miss L. A. Smith's "Music of the Waters," 1888, adds little or nothing to what was not already accessible.

It will be seen that certain portions of England, Northumberland, Yorkshire, Sussex, Devon, and Cornwall, have been explored for traditional melodies, but nothing has been done for the other counties. Miss Broadwood, in a recent work, "English County Songs," divides the collection according to counties, but this is arbitrary, and we are still left to lament that opportunities have been let slip, never to be recovered, of collecting in other counties of England, where, however, it is perfectly certain that folk-music did exist. That of Somersetshire is of a peculiarly rugged nature, whereas that of Cornwall and Devon is soft, fluent, and eminently melodious, resembling Irish music more than any other.

At the conclusion of his "Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries," Professor Lanciani writes mournfully of the manner in which the splendid relics of classic antiquity were neglected, despised, pillaged till the beginning of this century. Much in the same way has English music—especially that of the people—been treated. It has been ignored, disregarded, but here and there by an ingenious musician an air appropriated, and what he has taken dressed up and passed off as original, and spoiled in the process.

And now we are fain to sit and sigh over the ruins of our folk-music, and wish that men in England had been as patriotic as those of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland in preserving, when they had but to put out their hands and gather as much as they could hold; but the wild flower has not been appreciated in England as has been the cultivated, and what is home-bred is not valued beside what is exotic.

# NOTES TO SONGS

## VOL. VII.

**Cofin's Request** (p. 1).—This pastoral gem is in the "Musical Miscellany" of Watts, vol. v., 1731. The words are by Arthur Bradley, and the music by George Munro, an English organist, then the harpsichord player at the theatre in Goodman's Fields, from 1729 till his death in 1732. Several of his compositions are in Watts' "Musical Miscellany." "Colin's Request" appears twice in Walsh's "British Musical Miscellany," 1730-4. In vol. iv. he gives Munro's melody, but calls it a Scotch air; in vol. v. he gives the words to another melody. The song is in "The Hive," 1732, vol. iv.; in "Calliope," 1738, vol. i.; "Apollo's Cabinet," Liverpool, 1757, vol. ii., &c. Munro had a happy talent for melodious composition, and several other songs by him were published.

**Richard of Taunton Dean** (p. 4).—The ballad of Taunton Dean, or the Country Courtship, is in "The Merry Musician, or A Cure for the Spleen," 1716, i. p. 306. The tune is in "The Dancing-Master," and in Walsh's "New Country Dancing-Master."

As Mr. Chappell points out, the first part of the tune resembles the old air for "There was an old fellow at Waltham Cross." The tune was used in "The Jovial Crew," to these words, as "an old song." Oldrents says:—"Sir, I will be merry, I've resolved to force my spirit only unto mirth. Should I hear now my daughters were mislead or run away, I would not send a sigh to fetch 'em back." To which Hearty replies: "To this old song for that." Then he strikes up—

"There was an old fellow at Waltham Cross,  
Who merrily sung, when he lived by the loss,  
He cheer'd up his heart when his goods went to rack,  
With a Hem! Boys, Hem! and a cup of old sack."

To which Oldrents responds, "Is that the way on't? Well it shall be mine then."

The tune is found in two forms; Mr. Chappell gave one in his "National English Airs," to some milk-and-water words by John Oxenford; and in the other form in his "Old English Ditties."

The song is still very popular in every part of Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall. It has extended into Ireland, and been there adapted as an Irish song, "Dicky of Ballyman." There are many versions of the song. That here given was taken down by Mr. Sandys from the singing of an old blind fiddler, "who used to accompany it on his instrument in an original and humorous manner, a representative of the old minstrels." In Halliwell's "Nursery Rhymes of England," there is a version of this song, called "Richard of Dalton Dale." There is another variant sung in Yorkshire. It is in Barrett's "English Folk Songs," and Miss Broadwood's "English County Songs."

**Weep no More** (p. 7).—A charming song by Hatton, of whom more will be said under the heading of "To Anthea," in vol. viii.

This song appeared in 1852; the words were taken from an old song book.

**Sparabella's Complaint** (p. 10).—This beautiful melody is employed for "Sparabella," and also for Tickell's "Lucy and Colin." It is given to the latter in the first volume of the "Musical Miscellany," 1729, and to "Sparabella" in the third volume, 1730.

**Songs of Shepherds** (p. 12).—The earliest copy of this tune is in Playford's "Musick's Recreation on the Lyra Viol," 1652; it next occurs in "Musick's Recreation on the Viol, Lyra-way," 1661. In both publications the tune is entitled "Room for Cuckolds."

Pennant (Tour in Wales, 1810), speaking of Richard Middleton, father of Sir Hugh, says, "Thomas, the fourth son, became Lord Mayor of London, and was the founder of the family of Chirk Castle. It is recorded that having married a young wife in his old age, the famous song of 'Room for Cuckolds, here comes my Lord Mayor,' was invented on the occasion." Thomas Middleton was Lord Mayor in 1614.

As "Room for gentlemen, here comes the Lord Mayor," it is given in "Pills to Purge Melancholy," 1719, vi. 136. Another song set to it was "Room for Company," also in "Pills," iv. 26.

The same song is printed under the title of "The Green Gown," which is also given to it in "Pills," and in the "Antidote to Melancholy."

Then the air attached itself to a hare-hunting song, and was much employed for comic songs about 1820.

**Come here, Selfo-Miserbant** (p. 14).—This is the one song in "High Life below Stairs." This amusing piece, by the Rev. James Townley, was first acted at Drury Lane in 1759; it has been thought that Hoadly, Archbishop of Canterbury, had a finger in the composition. On its performance in Edinburgh it received wrathful opposition from the flunkies, who raised repeated riots in the theatre wherever it was produced, and even went so far as to menace the lives of the actors. But these disorders in a measure led to the formation of an association entered into by noblemen and gentlemen to put an end to the burden, that had become intolerable, of giving "vails" to servants. The song was set by Jonathan Battishill, grandson of the Rev. Jonathan Battishill, rector of Sheepwash in Devon, and a member of a very ancient family in that county, whose ancestral mansion has been described by me in my novel of "John Herring." Battishill was born in 1738. He married an actress, Miss Dacres, the original performer of Madge in "Love in a Village." In 1764, in conjunction with Michael Arne,

he composed the music for the opera of "Almena." In the same year he composed the music for the pantomime of "The Rites of Hecate." In 1775 he lost his wife, and fell into such depression that he ceased from writing music. He died in 1801, at the age of sixty-three. The popular song of "Kate of Aberdeen" was composed by him, and sung by Vernon at Vauxhall in 1767-68. The song we give has appeared in various collections, amongst others in the *London Magazine*, for 1760.

**The Spanish Lady** (p. 16).—This fine old ballad is quoted in Afra Behn's comedy, "The Rover, or The Banished Cavaliers," in 1677, and in Richard Brome's "Northern Lasse," in 1632. Still earlier it is quoted in "Cupid's Whirligig," 1616, and was parodied in Rowley's "A Match at Midnight," 1633. In the Douce Collections of Black-letter Ballads, are two copies, one "to a pleasant new tune;" the other to the tune of "Flying Fame," to which, however, it would not be possible to sing the ballad. The words are found in the "Garland of Goodwill," and are taken into Percy's "Reliques," second series. The air is in several ballad operas as "The Quakers' Opera," 1728; "The Jovial Crew," 1731. It is given sometimes in common, sometimes in three-quarter time.

In 1867 I heard a labourer sing this song in a third class carriage between Leeds and Thirsk.

The complete ballad may be found in Percy's "Reliques." We have given here only a few of the stanzas.

**The Lordly, Willy** (p. 18).—This is an old North Country English mother's song to her boy. It was engraved and published on half-sheet about 1780.

Colonel W—once said to Harriet Mellon, Duchess of S. Alban's, who had been singing some simple old English ballad, "Why, my dear Duchess, I heard my grandmother sing this old-fashioned ditty." "Very likely," replied she, "and you ought to like it all the better on that very account. It must awake a thousand associations, such as cannot be roused by any of your fine Italian operas, with their tiresome recitatives and ranting bravuras. Give me a dear old English ballad—that goes to the heart."

The song has been attributed to one "Mr. Mitchell," but this cannot be Joseph Mitchell, for it does not occur in either of his plays, "Fatal Extravagance," 1720, nor in "The Highland Fair," 1731; nor is it included in the two volumes of his collected songs and poems, 1729. Moreover it is entirely out of character with his compositions. He wrote of languishing Corydon and Chloes, Dresden china shepherds and shepherdess. The air has the character of a Northumbrian folk-melody, of the early part of last century; and apparently all Mitchell had to do with it was the arrangement for the harpsichord.

**The Heading of the Lead** (p. 20).—From "Hartford Bridge," by W. Pearce, 1792; the music by William Shield, who has been rather largely represented in this collection, but without exhausting his capital songs, eminently characteristic of the transition period of music in England.

This song of Shield's must have "caught on" in the Navy, for Captain Marryat, in "The King's Own," 1830, represents it as sung by a whole ship's crew—

"For England, when, with favouring gale,  
Our gallant ship up Channel steer'd,  
And scudding under easy sail,  
The high blue western land appear'd;  
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,  
And to the watchful pilot sung,  
By the deep *nine*."

"This song, roared out in grand chorus by the midshipmen, was caught up, after the first verse, by the marines in their berth, close to them: and from them passed along the lower deck, as it continued, so that the last stanzas were sung by nearly two hundred voices, sending forth a volume of sound that penetrated into every recess of the vessel, and entered into the responsive bosoms of all on board, not excepting the captain himself, who smiled, as he bent over the beak of the gangway, at what he would have considered a breach of subordination in the ship's company, had not he felt that it arose from that warm attachment to their country which had created our naval pre-eminence.

"The song ended with tumultuous cheering fore and aft, and not until then did the captain send down to request that the noise might be discontinued."

An additional verse was added some years after the song had become popular—

"Now to her berth the ship draws near,  
We shorten sail, she feels the tide;  
Stand clear the cable! is the cry,  
The anchor's gone, we safely ride;  
We hear the seaman with delight  
Proclaim, All's well."

This verse was also quoted by Marryat in "Jacob Faithful."

**Janthe the Lohely** (p. 22).—We have already given a song by John Barrett, and some account of the composer. He set the song "Ianthe the Lovely" in or about 1715, and it is found in "Pills to Purge Melancholy," 1719, vol. v. p. 300; and it found its way into the "Beggars' Opera," for Lucy's song, "When he holds up his hand, arraign'd for his life." Barrett's tune remained in the field till Dr. Arne took the same words, and wrote a fresh air to it, which is given in the *London Magazine* for January 1755, and it is also in "Clio and Euterpe," 1758, vol. i.; "The Vocal Echantress," 1782; "Vocal Music," 1770, vol. i. &c. From this time Barrett's tune was no more heard.

**Joy, Joy for Eber** (p. 24).—From Tom Moore's "Peri at the Gates of Paradise," written between 1813 and 1816. It was set to music by Dr. John Clarke, afterwards known as Clarke-Whitfield, a native of Gloucester, where he was born in 1770; he received his musical education under Dr. Philip Hayes at Oxford. In 1789 he was organist of Ludlow parish church, and in 1795 was appointed to be organist and master of the choristers in Armagh Cathedral, and then of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. In 1798, the breaking out of the Irish rebellion caused him to resign his appointments and come to England, and he became organist at Trinity and St. John's Colleges, Cambridge. He took his degree as Doctor of Music in 1799. In 1821 he was elected Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge. At this time there were two others of the name of Clarke, professors at Cambridge; the Professor of Anatomy was called *Bone* Clarke, he of Geology was *Stone* Clarke, he of music was *Tone* Clarke, and there was also a *Town* Clark. He died in 1836, and is buried at Hereford. He is best known by his anthems and Cathedral services.

**The Wandering Beauty** (p. 28).—The song was written by John Hughes, and the music by Dr. Pepusch, who arranged the "Beggars' Opera" for Gay. John Christopher Pepusch was born at Berlin in or about 1667. He came to England in 1700, and was retained as a performer at Drury Lane. In 1713 he received the degree of Doctor of Music at Oxford, and in 1722 married Margarita de l'Epine. He lost his wife in 1740, and devoted himself to the study of ancient music to console himself for his bereavement. He was elected Fellow of the Royal Society,

and died in 1752. Although a German by birth he spent fifty-two years in England, and his name is imperishably associated with English ballad-opera music.

He wrote a good many airs, and set them to songs by Hughes and others. One, "Beauty and Music," also by Hughes, is in the "Musical Miscellany," 1731, vol. vi. All Pepusch's music has distinct and sound character, and some of his compositions deserve a better fate than has attended them. This song is in vol. v. of the "Musical Miscellany" of Watts.

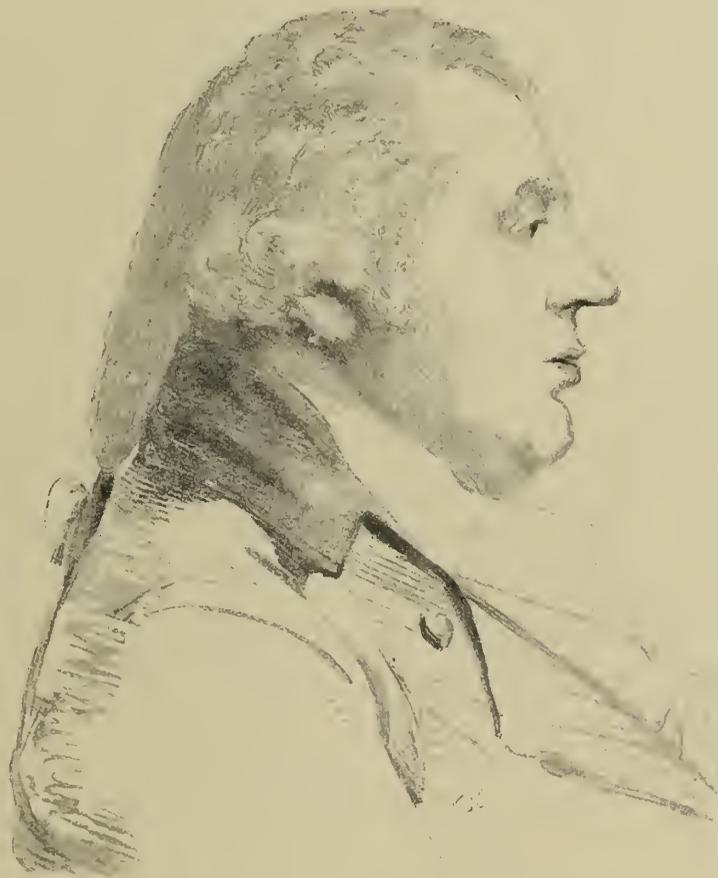
**Tell me, lovely Shepherd** (p. 31).—From the oratorio of "Solomon." Edward Moore, the author of the words, was the son of a Dissenting preacher, and was born at Abingdon in 1711.

And the whole concluded with this stanza—

"You will wonder, my girl, who this dear one can be,  
Whose merit can boast such a conquest as me;  
But you shan't know his name, though I told you before  
It begins with an M; but I dare not say MORE."

Edward Moore died in 1757. His song "Tell me, lovely Shepherd," was set by Dr. Boyce. We have already given "Softly rise, O Southern breeze," from the same oratorio.

**Brave Men of Kent** (p. 34).—This has become a favourite Kentish song. It was composed by Tom D'Urfey, and Richard Leveridge was the author of the air. But it is earlier



WILLIAM SHIELD.

He became a wholesale linen-draper, but having no liking for business, he quitted it and devoted himself to literature. In 1744 he published "Fables for the Female Sex," and in 1753 he produced the play of "The Gamester," that caused great excitement. It hit the prevailing folly of the day too severely not to elicit resentment. Moore married a lady of the name of Hamilton, the daughter of the table-decker to the Princesses, who had herself a turn for poetry and some humour. Before her marriage some stanzas addressed by her to a friend, the daughter of Stephen Duck, got into circulation. The poetic epistle began—

"Would you think it, my duck, for the fault I must own,  
Your Jenny at last is quite covetous grown;  
Though millions of fortune should lavishly pour,  
I still would be wretched, if I had not MORE."

than "Pills to Purge Melancholy," as it is mentioned in "The Essex Champion," 1690. D'Urfey wrote a second song to the same air for his play of "Massinello"; and Leveridge, who was a bass singer, sang it on the stage. This latter song was in praise of fishing, and begins, "Of all the world's enjoyments," and has the following burden:—

"Then who a jolly fisherman, a fisherman will be,  
His throat must wet, just like his net,  
To keep out cold at sea."

The tune is in "The Quakers' Opera," 1728, and in "Pills to Purge Melancholy," 1719, ii. 5. It is there entitled "A new song inscribed to the brave men of Kent, made in honour of the nobility and gentry of that renowned and ancient county." In "Pills" is also the same tune as sung to the fisherman song in

“Massinello,” vol. i. p. 269. There is some slight difference in the tune, and this latter probably represents the air as it was finally given shape by Leveridge. “Brave Men of Kent” is in “The Convivial Songster,” 1783, and Dr. Kitchiner included it in his “Loyal and Patriotic Songs of England,” 1823. In the original there are six stanzas.

**How happy could I be With Either** (p. 37).—A song of Macheath in the “Beggars’ Opera.” The air is that of “Give ear to a frolicsome ditty;” or, “The Rant.” It is found introduced into several of the ballad operas, as “Don Quixote in England,” 1734; “The Sturdy Beggars,” 1733; “The Wanton Jesuit,” 1731; and “The Court Legacy,” 1732. According to Mr. Dixon, the popular ballad of “Saddle to Rags” is sung to this air in the North of England. In the south-west it has an entirely different tune. The “Rant” was a dance, performed to this air. The “Beggars’ Opera” was revived by Messrs. Gatti, at Covent Garden, in the season 1878-9. On this occasion, wrote *Punch*, “The house was literally crammed from floor to ceiling, by an audience, whose enthusiastic temperature increased in a graduated thermometrical scale, the over-boiling point being reached at the back row of the upper gallery; and this on a night when, in the stalls and boxes, wrappers, furs, mantles, and ulsters were *de rigueur*, on account of the rigour of the cold. . . . Let those who do not believe in a comic tenor see Sims Reeves as Captain Macheath, and they will then discover what magic there is ever in a refrain of ‘tol-de-lol, lol-de-rol, loddy,’ when given by a tenor who is not impressed by the absurd traditional notion, that he is nothing if not sentimental. His acting of the celebrated song, ‘How happy could I be with either’ is full of humour, and his change of manner from ‘tol-de-rol’ in a tender tone, when addressed to the gentle, confiding Polly, to ‘tol-de-rol’ with a true Cockney chick-a-leary twang, when addressed to the vulgar Lucy Lockitt, is a clever idea, most artistically carried out; and then his dance up the stage while singing, giving his last note good and true to the end in spite of this unaccustomed exertion, as with a jump he seats himself in a natural devil-may-care style upon the table, was followed by an *encore*, so momentous, that even he, the *anti-enchorist*, was fain to comply with the enthusiastic demand; so he repeated the two verses, the dance, and the jumps, with as much freshness and vigour, as though he had not already sung six songs—snatches more or less, it is true—and had got ten more to follow.”

As “How happy could I be with either” has in the original a single verse only, I have added three.

**When forced from dear Hebe** (p. 40).—A song taken from the fifth stanza of Shenstone’s “Absence,” and from the third of his “Hope,” and the third of his “Solicitude.” The rest is by an unknown author, who has transformed Phillis into Hebe, and converted the shepherd’s woe into rapture. The music by Dr. Arne.

**Oy me! What shall I do?** (p. 42).—An old and good melody found in Playford’s “English Dancing-Master,” in the first edition of 1651, and in the eighth in 1690; when it drops out. It is entitled “Ay me; or, The Symphony.” Mr. Kidson has reprinted it in his “Country Dances,” 1890. The air was also published by Crampton in Pitman’s “Musical Monthly,” in 1883, with this fragment of ballad—

“Ay me! ay me!  
Poor Cicely is undone!  
Once she had lovers three,  
But now she has but one.”

I have thought well to write new words to the charming air. It is curious that Chappell should have passed it over unnoticed.

**Britons, Where is your Magnanimity?** (p. 46).—This extraordinary patriotic song has a fine air to very grotesque words. It is given as a duet in the first volume of “Essex Harmony,” 1786; it was issued also by Falkener among his penny sheets of music, in or about 1775, but the song is really earlier, and refers to the Spanish encroachments on the State of Georgia, in 1738, in which year it appeared in the “Musical Entertainer,” vol. ii. p. 71. In the following year, 1739, the song was inserted in “Calliope,” vol. i. p. 184, with a copperplate illustration representing Britain asleep, and being roused to action by a “sailor from the sea” with news of the insults offered by Spain. The circumstances were these:—

In 1738 the English were thrown into a paroxysm of indignation by a tale that circulated, which was characterised by Burke as “The Fable of Jenkins’s Ears.” Jenkins was master of a small trading sloop in Jamaica, which seven years previously had been overhauled by a Spanish *guarda-costa*. The captain, disappointed at finding nothing contraband in the vessel, tore off one of Jenkins’s ears, and bade him carry it to King George, and inform his Britannic Majesty, that if he came that way he would serve him in the same manner. This ear Jenkins carried about him wrapped up in cotton wool. He now produced this dried ear at the bar of the House of Commons, and told his tale. On being asked by a member what he, a free-born Briton, felt when subjected to such treatment, Jenkins exclaimed—“I recommended my soul to God, and my cause to my country.” Rarely in England has an oratorical point produced such an effect: it stirred the Parliament and country to fury, and Pulteney declared that England needed no allies,—that Jenkins’s story alone would raise volunteers anywhere. It was asserted that Jenkins had both his ears on his head at the very time that he exhibited the dried lobe, but this is most improbable. Another story is more likely. Tindal says that Jenkins had lost an ear in the pillory. However, the story of mutilation by the Spaniards gained credence, resentment was felt at their encroachments in Georgia, and war broke out that led to the capture of Porto Bello, and the unsuccessful attack on Carthage.

The song here given expresses in grotesque language the general feeling of resentment in the nation, but the air has been attributed to H. Carey.

Besides being in the books already mentioned, the song is found in “Apollo’s Cabinet,” Liverpool, 1757.

**How sweet in the Woodlands** (p. 48).—Composed by Dr. Henry Harrington, born in 1727, at Kelston in Somersetshire. He established himself as a physician at Bath, and in 1797 published a volume of glees, catches, &c. He died in 1816, and was buried in Bath Abbey.

**I do Confess** (p. 51).—A song by Henry Lawes, born at Dinton in Wiltshire in 1595. He became “Epistler” of the Chapel Royal in 1626. Some account of his elder brother William has been given in vol. vi. under the heading of “Gather your Rosebuds.” The song, “I do confess,” was first inserted with Henry Lawes’ music in “Select Ayres,” 1659, under the title “A song to his Forsaken Mistress,” and it is believed to be by Sir Robert Ayton, secretary to Anne of Denmark, wife of James I. He died in 1638. The words alone next appeared in James Watson’s “Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots’ Poems,” editions of which were printed in 1706, 1711, &c. Robert Burns, who reworked so many old songs, laid hold of this also and wrote, “I do confess thou art sae fair,” which he sent to “Johnson’s Museum,” vol. iv. (1797); but here it is adapted to an air named the Cuckoo, or the Cuckoo’s Nest, and which is the same as the dance tune “Come ashore, jolly Tar,” which Mr. Kidson has reprinted in his “Old English Dances,” 1890, as “Come ashore, jolly

"Tar, your trousers on." To this in 1819 James Hogg wrote a song.

"The cuckoo's a bonny bird when he comes home,  
The cuckoo's a bonny bird when he comes home,  
He'll fly away the wild birds that hank about the throne,  
My bonny cuckoo when he comes home."

Hogg says of the tune:—"It must have been a great favourite in the last age, for about the time when I first began to know one tune from another, all the old people that could sing at all could sing 'The cuckoo is a bonny bird.'" Probably the song was that common throughout England.

"The cuckoo is a pretty bird, he sings as he flies,  
He bringeth good tidings, he telleth no lies,"

was given by the late Dr. Barrett in his "English Folk Songs," and by me in "A Garland of Country Songs." In England it is always sung to one air, but whereas Dr. Barrett gives it as a minor melody, I give it in major, as it is sung in the West of England.

However, this is irrelevant. This tune of the "Cuckoo" is quite distinct from that by Henry Lawes to "I do confess." To return to Lawes.

In 1645 Milton thus addressed—

"Harry, whose tuneful and well-measured song  
First taught our English music how to span  
Words with just note and accent. . . .

Thy worth and skill exempt thee from the throng,  
With praise enough for envy to look wan;  
To after age thou shalt be writ the man  
That with smooth air couldst humour best our tongue."

These words were a few years later prefixed to a volume, entitled, "Choice Psalmes, put into Musick for Three Voices, composed by Henry and William Lawes, brothers and servants of His Majestie." The verses were by Herrick and others. Lawes was particularly fortunate in his association with the poets. He set to music compositions of Waller, Cartwright, Carew, Raleigh, son of Sir Walter; Thomas Carey, son of the Earl of Monmouth; the Earls of Winchelsea, Pembroke, and Bristol; also Sir Charles Lucas contributes to his different collections, "Ayres and Dialogues" in three books, 1653, 1655, 1658. On each title page is a portrait (vignette) of Henry Lawes.

Mr. Whymper writes in the "Early English Musical Magazine" of Jan. 1891:—"In 1633 he, in conjunction with his brother William, also a musician of ability, and Simon Ives, composed the music for Shirley's masque, 'The Triumph of Peace,' and the same year furnished the melodies for Carew's masque, 'Cælum Britannicum.' In 1634 he composed the music for Milton's 'Comus,' written for the Earl of Bridgewater, and produced at Ludlow Castle on Michaelmas Night, he taking the part of the 'Attendant Spirit' on that occasion. It may interest many to know that the whole of these songs, in the original MS., are in the British Museum. Lawes taught music to Lady Alice Egerton, who was the 'Lady' of the masque on that memorable occasion. The noble Bridgewater family were particularly good to Lawes, and when 'Comus' was printed anonymously three years later, at the instigation of the musician, it was dedicated to the Earl's son and heir, young Viscount Brackley, who had acted the part of the 'Elder Brother' in the masque. 'My Lord,' says Lawes to the young nobleman, 'this poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honour from your own person in the

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performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by its author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view.' It was almost Milton's first public venture in print, he being then eight-and-twenty years of age. It speedily brought him renown and appreciation, and we can, therefore, understand the gratitude expressed in that handsome tribute to Lawes, already quoted. The mutual admiration of such men is certainly in itself something admirable."

Lawes continued in the service of Charles I. till the breaking out of the Rebellion. During the Commonwealth he earned a livelihood by teaching ladies to sing. On the Restoration he recovered his place in the Chapel Royal, and composed the coronation anthem for King Charles II. He died in 1662, and is buried in Westminster Abbey. Dr. Burney describes his productions as "languid and insipid, and equally devoid of learning and genius." Dr. Burney was not the man to be capable of appreciating a composer, whom now, happily, we are beginning again to value.

*The Dame of Honour* (p. 54).—This delightful old song is probably by Tom D'Urfey, and was sung in his opera "The Kingdom of the Birds," or "Wonders in the Sun," 1706. It was dedicated by D'Urfey to the celebrated Society of the Kit Cat Club, and several of the songs in it were composed by members of the club, so that it is not possible to say for certain that "The Maid of Honour" is by Tom himself, though it is so much in his best style that we are fain to think it so. The opera was performed at the Queen's Theatre, in the Haymarket, for six nights, but did not pay half the expenses of its production. D'Urfey afterwards reproduced the song in "Pills to Purge Melancholy," and "The Dame of Honour" is in the first vol. of the edition of 1719. It is a capital air, and has been employed in a good many ballad operas, as "Polly," 1729; "Fashionable Lady," 1730; "The Lottery," 1731; "The Devil to Pay," 1731; "The Jovial Crew," 1732; and is in the "Dancing-Master" of 1728. It is a puzzle to me how Chappell passed over so good and popular an air, in his "Popular Music of the Olden Time," without notice.

In the original there were seven stanzas—the fourth I have slightly modified.

In 1750, in the *London Magazine*, appeared a song on a great Herring Fishery, to this air.

*The Shepherd's Winter Song* (p. 56).—By J. L. Hatton. We have already given "Weep no More" by him, in this volume. He was born in 1809, and was son and grandson of professional violinists. His first operatic composition was in 1843. He published eighteen songs, under the pseudonym of Czapeh, in 1845–1846.

More will be said concerning him under the head of "To Anthea." He died in 1886.

*O Good Ale, thou art my Darling* (p. 60).—This old tune has gone through great changes, and has been adapted with alterations on one side to a cock-fighting song, and on the other has become that still popular song "O Rare Turpin Hero," which is sung by our peasantry. Mr. Chappell points out that "O Good Ale" resembles in the outset the air "John, come kiss me now." It is also used for the popular ballad of "The Gipsy Countess." The song is to be found on half-sheet music in the British Museum

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(G. 312). There is an additional verse which I have not thought necessary to print with the music. It runs—

“But if my wife should thee despise,  
By Jove, I'll bang out both her eyes;  
But if she loves me as I love thee,  
A happy couple we shall be.”

**Molly Lepell** (p. 62).—This song was sung up and down through England in 1720. Mary Lepell was daughter of Brigadier-General Nicholas Lepell, Lord of Sark, where his daughter was born. She was appointed, at the age of fourteen, to be Maid of Honour to Caroline, Princess of Wales, and was not only very lovely, but had the most exquisite grace of manner. Lady Louisa Stuart says, speaking of her: “By the attractions she retained in age, she must have been singularly captivating when young, gay and handsome; and never was there so perfect a model of the finely polished, high-bred, genuine woman of fashion. Her manners had a foreign tinge, which some called affected, but they were gentle, easy, dignified, and altogether extremely pleasing.” Lord Chesterfield describes her—“She has been bred all her life at courts, of which she has acquired all the easy good breeding and politeness without the frivolousness. She has all the reading that a woman should have, and more than any woman need have, for she understands Latin perfectly well, though she wisely conceals it. No woman ever had more than she has *le ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie, les manières engageantes, et je ne sais quoi qui plait.*” The Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., fell in love with her, but she knew how to keep him at a distance; and she married privately Lord Hervey, afterwards Vice-Chamberlain to Queen Caroline, with the full approval of her husband's father, the Earl of Bristol.

When the marriage became known, Lord Chesterfield and Mr. Pulteney composed the ballad on Molly Lepell, which we give in a form somewhat toned down, from the first edition. The two authors sent it to her, with the signature of a Grub Street poet appended. Concerning these verses Arbuthnot says in writing to Swift, “I gave your service to Lady Hervey. She is in a little sort of a miff about a ballad that was writ on her to the tune of ‘Molly Mogg,’ and sent her in the name of a begging poet. She was *bit*, and wrote a letter to the begging poet, and desired him to change the *doubles entendres*; which the authors, Mr. Pulteney and Lord Chesterfield, changed into *single entendres*. She is not displeased, I believe, with the ballad, but only with being bit.”

She became in 1757 one of Horace Walpole's correspondents; and twenty of his letters to her have been published, also a collection of her epistles to a Mr. Morris, with a memoir by Croker, in 1821.

The Duchess of Marlborough says that when Molly Lepell came into life, her father gave her a cornetcy in his regiment, with a salary which was regularly paid to her even when Maid of Honour. Then, however, it was deemed advisable that she should resign her cornetcy, and in its place she received a pension.

Soon after this—“Her courage and wit came to her aid, and suggested a scheme which she quickly carried out. Every night she attended the royal drawing-room, she made a point of publicly attacking the King's Most Excellent Majesty; levelling the sharpest darts of her satire at his sacred but vulnerable person, insomuch that it was the diversion of all the town. The boldness of her strokes began to gain publicity; courtiers tittered, and repeated her sallies. Loyalty was not strong enough to withstand amusement at her humour, until the Duchess of Kendal and the Ministry became alarmed, and determined to purchase her silence, ‘lest the king should be put in the opposers' hands.’ They therefore gave her a bribe of £4000, which had the desired effect. The belle became loyal to the reigning dynasty, bought a house, furnished it, and

proclaimed her marriage” (Molloy: “Court Life below Stairs,” i. 128). Molly Lepell became mother of three sons, who each became Earl of Bristol. She died in 1768.

One air of “Molly Mogg”—and indeed that song was long a favourite—was by Dr. Greene. But there is another “Molly Mogg” tune of very inferior quality—in fact, wholly without merit, by Sheeles; and the ballad of “Molly Lepell” was published with the latter tune. But there was a third air to “Molly Mogg,” more popular than either Greene's or Sheeles', that was turned into a country dance, and this is the air we have given here. The ballad begins—

“The Muses quit, jaded with rhymes,  
To Molly Mogg bid their farewell,” &c.

This I have omitted, as well as some other stanzas. A portrait of Molly Lepell (from a miniature formerly at Strawberry Hill) is given in the new edition of Horace Walpole's Letters. In her old age, after Lord Hervey's death, Lord Carlisle calls her “The most impertinent old brimstone.”

**When Sanny, Blooming Fair** (p. 64).—An engraved half-sheet song, of about 1730. The air is in “The Intriguing Chambermaid,” 1734. I have had to somewhat alter the words.

**Under the Greenwood Tree** (p. 66).—The ballad and the tune (1634) are found among Ashmole's MSS. at Oxford. There are two versions of the air in “The Dancing-Master” of 1686—the first in common time, and the second in 6-4 time. The first is entitled, “Under the Greenwood Tree,” and the second, “Oh! how they frisk it; or, The Leather Apron.” The song is in “Pills to Purge Melancholy,” and the tune was taken into many ballad operas, as “The Village Opera,” 1729; “The Devil to Pay,” 1731; “The Jovial Crew,” 1731; “The Mad Captain,” 1733; “The Devil of a Duke,” 1733. Several old ballads were sung to the same tune, as “The Fair Maid of Islington” in the Bagford Ballads. In the Black-letter copies of the original ballad, the song is called “The West Country Delight; or, Hey for Sommersetshire!”

**The Three Ages of Love** (p. 68).—A pleasant song by Loder, the words by H. F. Chorley. It was published in 1840 or thereabouts.

**The Joy-inspiring Horn** (p. 72).—English minstrelsy is specially rich in hunting and in drinking songs; and not to overburden this collection, we have been constrained to limit the examples of both these classes to a few. This song is a good sample—it enjoyed long-sustained popularity. The earliest copy is in a folio sheet of 1760–1770, where it is headed “A Favourite Hunting Song, sung by Mr. Dearl at the Grotto Gardens; set by Richard Bride.” It is found in “The Masque,” 1761; in “The Vocal Enchantress,” 1783; “Vocal Music,” 1775; the “London Musical Miscellany,” 1786; “The Vocal Magazine,” 1798; “The Goldfinch,” 1803, and many other song books.

**Maidens, beWare Ye!** (p. 74).—An old English song in the “Musical Miscellany,” 1731, vol. vi.; the “Merry Companion,” 1750, a “Flute Tutor,” circa 1735, &c. It is attributed on a half sheet, engraved, in the British Museum, to Leveridge.

**It Was a Lober and his Lass** (p. 76).—A song introduced by Shakespeare into “As You Like It.” The melody is perhaps by Thomas Morley, and is first found in “Ayres and Little

Short Songs to sing and play to the Lute, with the Base Viole, newly published by Thomas Morley, Bachelor of Musicke and one of the gentlemen of Her Majestie's Royal Chappell," printed in 1600. The first edition of "As You Like It" was printed in 1623. Although the air is given in Morley's book, it is quite possible that it was an earlier traditional song arranged by him. This is what he was fond of doing—"interweaving favourite passages of the times into his works. . . His melodies are rather more flowing and polished than those of the old authors, on whose property his memory had fastened." Morley's first publication was "Canzonets, or Little Short Songs, for three voices," 1593. He is mainly known at the present day by his delicious madrigals. Morley is believed to have died in 1604.

**Phyllida and Corydon** (p. 78).—This song, beginning "In the merry month of May," is in D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy," 1719, vol. iii. p. 81. The words are by Nicholas Breton, a poet of the sixteenth century. He was perhaps the son of Captain John Breton of Tamworth, and died in 1624. The song is from "England's Helicon." In the same work is his other exquisite song—

"On a hill there grows a flower,  
Fair befall the dainty sweet," &c.

The air is by Dr. John Wilson, a native of Feversham in Kent, said to have been the best lute player of his time. He was gentleman of the Chapel Royal, and was created Doctor of Music in 1644, at Oxford. During the early part of the Commonwealth he resided in the family of Sir William Walter, of Sarsden, in Oxfordshire. In 1656 he obtained the musical professorship, and resided in Balliol College. He died in 1673, and was buried in the cloister of Westminster Abbey. Among other works that he published were—"Cheerful Airs and Ballads," Oxford 1660. "Aires for a voice alone to a Theorbo or Bass-Viol," printed in a collection entitled "Select Airs and Dialogues," 1653. Some of his MS. music is now in the Bodleian Library. Herrick, in an epigram addressed to Henry Lawes, mentions him as a great singer; and Lawes himself thus speaks of him:—

"Thou taught'st our language, first, to speak in tone;  
Gav'st the right accents and proportion;  
And above all (to show thy excellence),  
Thou understand'st good words, and do'st set sense."

Burney, however, had a different opinion of him. He says that Wilson "seems to have set words to music more clumsily than any composer of equal rank in the profession." His portrait is in the music school at Oxford. Dr. Rimbault published a pamphlet in which he endeavoured to prove that Dr. Wilson was the "Jack Wilson" mentioned by Shakespeare.

**Polly Oliver** (p. 80).—A still popular song among the English peasantry. Two versions have been given by Mr. Kidson in his "Traditional Tunes," both of Yorkshire or North Country taking down. I have had several variants sung to me in Devon and Cornwall. Mr. Chappell gives a version without saying where he obtained it, and he set to the air the song "Fair Hebe I left," which had already got a tune of its own set to it. The original ballad is probably of the time of Charles II. A song on the Pretender—

"As Perkin one morning lay musing in bed,  
The thought of three kingdoms ran much in his head,"

appears to be a parody of Polly Oliver. The song will be found in "The Musical Companion," in the British Museum (ii. 621, c.)

As a sample of the original, I give some verses as taken down from an old bedridden woman:

"One night as Polly Oliver lay musing in bed  
This wonderful fancy came into her head,  
She'd go through the country disguised to rove,  
And so would she seek for her own dearest love.

So early next morning the fair maid arose,  
She dressed herself up in a suit of man's clothes,  
Coat, waistcoat, and breeches, and sword by her side,  
On her father's black gelding, fair Polly would ride.

She rode and she came unto fair London town,  
And there did dismount at the sign of the Crown.  
She sat herself down with brown ale at the board,  
And the first that came in was an outlandish lord.

The next that came in was fair Polly's true love,  
She looked in his face and resolved him to prove.  
Oh he was a captain, a captain so fine,  
He sat at the table and called for wine.

'A letter! a letter! that's come from a friend,  
Or else 'tis a letter your true love did send.  
And under the seal will a guinea be found  
For you and your soldiers to drink all around.'

'Now, what are your tidings, my little foot-page?  
For you are a lad of the tenderest age.  
With locks that are curling, and smooth is your chin,  
A voice as a flute warbles softly and thin.'

'I am not a foot-page, a gelding I ride,  
And I am a squire, with a sword by my side.  
The letter was given me riding this way,  
But who 'twas that gave it I never can say.'

The maid being drowsy, she hung down her head,  
She called for a candle to light her to bed.  
'My house it is full,' then the landlady swore,  
'My beds are engaged, let him lie on the floor.'

And so on for three or four not very delicate verses, nor with any poetic merit. The ballad concludes—

"So now she is married, and lives at her ease,  
She goes where she wills, and she comes when she please.  
She has left her old parents behind her to mourn,  
And give hundreds of thousands for their daughter's return."

A modern form of the ballad still printed by Mr. Such of Boro', as a broadside, consisting of only eight verses. The verses given in the text have been written by Rev. H. F. Sheppard.

**Where, dear Maid** (p. 83).—A song from "The Vocal Enchantress," 1782.

**Came you not from Newcastle?** (p. 86).—The air is found in "The Dancing-Master," from 1650 to 1690. In "The Grub Street Opera," 1731, it is introduced under the title of "Why should I not love my love?" from the burden of the song. The song is found in Bishop Percy's folio MS., from which he manufactured the ballads in his "Reliques," but which has now been

published without any adulterations. The song is quoted in a little black-letter volume, "The famous Historie of Fryer Bacon," written at the close of the sixteenth century, printed for Elizabeth Alde by Francis Grove, about 1630. There was a play on the same topic printed in 1594. The "Historie of Fryer Bacon" has been reprinted in Thom's "Early English Prose Romances," 1858, vol. i. p. 189. According to J. P. Collier the black-letter "Historie of Fryer Bacon" was printed soon after 1580. In this curious old story occurs the following passage:—"The second time, Fryer Bungy and he went to sleep, and Miles alone to watch the Brazen Head. Miles, to keep him from sleeping, got a tabor and pipe, and being merry disposed, sung this song to a Northern tune of "Cam'st thou not from Newcastle?"—

"To couple is a custome all things thereto agree ;  
Why should not I then love? since love to all is free.  
But I'll have one that's pretty, her cheekes of scarlet dye,  
For to breed my delight when that I ligge her by.  
Though virtue be a dowry, yet I'll choose money store ;  
If my love prove untrue, with that I can get more.  
The faire is oft unconstant, the blacke is often proud ;  
I'll choose a lovely browne ; come, fidler, scrape thy crowd.  
Come, fidler, scrape thy crowd, for Peggie the browne is she  
Must be my bride ; God guide that Peggie and I agree."

The song in the Percy folio runs thus—

"Came you not from Newcastle? Cam <sup>e</sup> yee not there away? Met yee not my true loue ryding on a bony bay? Why shold not I loue my loue? Why shold not my loue loue me? Why shold not I loue my loue, gallant hound sedelee?"	[* " in MS.
And I haue Land att Newcastle will buy both hose & shoone, And I haue Land att Durham will feitch my hart to boone. And why shold not I loue my loue? Why shold not my loue loue me? Why shold not I loue my loue, gallant hound sedelee?"	[sic.
	ffins.

For the convenience of modern singers I have made two alterations in the text. For "Gallant hound sedelee" I have substituted the closing lines of a ballad about which presently, that has practically the same refrain. Also for "Will feitch my hart to boone," I have written "And houses in the Toun," very poor, I admit, but intelligible to a modern audience.

The burden is—

"Why should I not love my love,  
Why should not my love love me?" &c.

In the "mad song" of "One Morning very Early," attributed to George Syron, a man of colour, in Bedlam, in the middle of last century, a song that obtained enormous popularity, the mad girl is supposed to sing a ballad of which the burden is, "For I love my love because I know my love loves me." This is in "Vocal Music," *circ.* 1778, p. 214. There is another beginning to the same song or ballad, "As through Moorfield I walked one evening in the Spring." It so appeared in the *Lover's Magazine*, London, 1740. The air set to it was by Signor Thomaso Giordani, but the tune commonly used was Gramachree Molly, employed for "Had I a heart for falsehood framed." The same idea of a burden is found

in a folk song taken down by me and Mr. Bussell, and given in "Songs of the West." The song there is—

"I'll weave my love a garland,  
It shall be dressed so fine ;  
I'll set it round with roses,  
With lilies, pinks, and thyme."

The burden to this is "I love my love, and I love my love, Because my love loves me." The tune we recovered to this song is a very early one, but not the same as "Came you not from Newcastle?" though hardly later in date. The words of the ballad we obtained are those used up by George Syron for his "mad song." The burden in both seems to be derived from a still earlier song that no longer exists.

**All on a Misty Morning** (p. 88).—An old lady told me that seventy years ago this song was sung to her by her grandmother in Devonshire. Her father and mother were Quakers, the latter rather for peace than from conviction. No singing was suffered in the house, least of all of profane songs. However, the grandmother used, when the father was out, to sing some songs to the child, and of course that child, knowing them to be contraband, prized them highly, and has never forgotten them. The old lady who gave me the song and air had not the least notion of the antiquity of both. The song is in D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy," and is called "The Wiltshire Wedding." The tune employed by him was "The Friar and the Nun," two lines of which are quoted in Chettle's "Kind-hart's Dream," 1592. The tune is in "The Dancing-Master," from 1650 to 1728; in "Musick's Delight on the Cithern," 1666. Henry Carey wrote a song to this tune in his "The Honest Yorkshireman," 1735, and the air is worked into "The Beggars' Opera," "The Jovial Crew," and many others. The song "Jump Jim Crow," written by Rice, and sung by him in character, was set by J. Blewitt to a tune he manufactured out of this very old melody.

Mackay, in his "Popular Delusions," says: "Several songs sprang up in due succession, but none of them, with the exception of one, entitled, 'All round my Hat,' enjoyed any extraordinary share of favour, until an American actor introduced a vile song called 'Jim Crow.' The singer sang his verses in appropriate costume, with grotesque gesticulations, and a sudden whirl of his body at the close of each verse. It took the taste of the town immediately, and for months the ears of orderly people were stunned by the senseless chorus—

'Turn about and wheel about,  
And do just so—  
Turn about and wheel about,  
And jump, Jim Crow!'"

**To Drive the Cold Winter away** (p. 90).—This old song, in praise of Christmas, is found in the Roxburghe and Pepys Collections of Black-letter Ballads. The tune is in every edition of "The Dancing-Master," in "Musick's Delight on the Cithern," 1666, and in D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy." Numerous political songs were written to the tune, amongst these one against the Rump Parliament. The tune was given a new spell of life by Dr. Arne, who somewhat altered it, gave it a chorus, and set to it the words—

"Hey for my lass and a bottle to cheer,  
And a thumping bantling every year,"

which was sung in "The Guardians' Outwitted," which was performed at Covent Garden in 1764, but only ran for six nights.

Though the opera died, yet this song lived, and found its way into various song books.

Dr. Arnold wrote a tune for this song of which the burden was "To kiss the cold winter away," for "The Castle of Andalusia," in 1782; but there is very little originality or merit in his air.

**From Thee to Me she turns her Eyes** (p. 93).—A charming air, which occurs in the "Fashionable Lady," 1730, and in "The Wedding," by Essex Hawkes, 1729, the music to which was arranged by Dr. Pepusch. In the former opera the words run "From thee to me she turns her eyes," in the latter, "From me to thee."

The first part of the tune appears to have suggested the opening strain of the better known song, "The Dusky Night rides down the Sky," composed by Henry Fielding, 1734.

As the original words of this song have been lost, and neither of those in the operas above-named are suitable, I have written words to the air.

**I attempt from Love's Sickness to Fly** (p. 96).—From "The Indian Queen," which was written partly by Sir Robert Howard, Dryden's brother-in-law, and partly by Dryden himself. "The plot," says Mr. Hogarth, "is extravagant enough; arising not only out of a war between Mexico and Peru, for which history affords no warrant, but a contest between the lawful sovereign of Mexico and an usurper. Montezuma, the Peruvian general, who, after having nearly completed the conquest of Mexico, demands, as a reward, the hand of the Inca's daughter, and, because he is refused, transfers his own prowess, and, consequently, victory, to the Mexican side, has a resemblance to the more celebrated and strongly drawn Almanzor.

"The play was acted in 1664, and received with great applause. In its original form there is very little music; and we are not informed by whom it was composed. There is an instrumental symphony introducing the prologue; a song, or chorus, sung by aerial spirits, in the incantation scene in the third act; and a short song, or chorus, in the scene of the sacrifice, which opens the fifth act. The passages in the incantation scene, which are set to music by Purcell, seem to have been at first merely spoken; and the additional lyrical poetry was probably introduced for the purpose of being set by Purcell after Dryden became aware of his unrivalled genius. In the scene of the Mexican sacrifice, the chorus of priests is a grand composition, the movement in F minor, 'All dismal sounds thus on these offerings wait,' is a more masterly piece of counterpoint, equally remarkable for the simplicity of its effect, and the deep gloom of its expression. In the incantation scene, where the magician Ismerion invokes the infernal powers to reveal to Zempoalla her future destiny, Ismerion's recitative and air, 'Ye twice ten hundred deities,' is a striking instance of the power of musical sounds to illustrate poetical conceptions. After the dismal objects by which the God of Dreams is conjured to arise from his sleeping mansions, and open his unwilling eyes, how exquisitely smooth and tranquil is the strain that follows:—

'While bubbling streams their music keep,  
That used to lull thee in thy sleep.'

The appearance of the God of Dreams is heralded by a sweet symphony for oboes, and the air which he sings has a free and flowing oboe accompaniment. Indeed, the whole instrumental parts in the music of this play shows an astonishing command of the limited resources which the composer had at his disposal, and enable us to imagine the uses he would have made of a complete and various orchestra. This play, too, contains the ballad 'I attempt from Love's Sickness to fly in vain,' one of the most beautiful

pieces of tender and expressive melody that ever flowed from the mind of a musician. Of this song, Dr. Burney says, that, though it has been many years dead, it would soon be recalled into existence and fashion by the voice of some favourite singer, who should think it worth animation."

**Lady, Thee I Love** (p. 98).—The air is the old English "New Wells" in Walsh's "New Country Dancing Master," *circ.* 1730. The original words have been lost, but were probably descriptive of the delights of one of the New Wells near London. Of these there were several—New Wells at Richmond, 1698 to 1760; New Wells at Islington, 1712 to 1740; New Wells, Clerkenwell, 1739-40; and New Wells in Goodman's Fields. Mr. W. Chappell considered that the air was derived from that to "Come, Sweet Lass."

George Macfarren wrote words to this melody, "See the Lovely Rose," but these I have discarded because too essentially nineteenth century in sentiment and diction to suit the tune, and instead I have adapted one of D'Urfey's songs, altering the metre to the rhythm of the air.

**The Nymph that undoes Me** (p. 100).—The writer of this song is not known, but it was set by Dr. Maurice Greene.

*M. Greene*

**As it Sell upon a Day** (p. 102).—Although this song has been attributed to Shakespeare, there is no good evidence to show that it is his. It was first printed among "Poems of Divers Humours," by Richard Bernersfield, in 1598. The delightful music to which it is set is by Bishop.

**Room, room for a Rober** (p. 110).—A song to an air by Plaisable, the dance composer, originally a "new dance." It was published in London in half-sheet engraved music, and soon became so popular that it was carried to Scotland, and republished there. The song is given by D'Urfey in "Pills to Purge Melancholy," 1719, vol. ii. p. 204. The air was taken into the ballad-operas of "Silvia," 1731, and "The Jovial Crew," in which it is converted into a duet. It is difficult to fit D'Urfey's words to the air, and I have had to alter them slightly.

**A Country Life is Sweet** (p. 112). A good old song, with the air by Eccles, according to one engraved half-sheet. It is clearly intended as a companion to that delightful song of the Milking Pail, that begins—

"You rural goddesses,  
That woods and fields possess,  
Assist me with your skill, that may direct my quill  
More jocundly to express  
The mirth and delight, both morning and night,  
On mountain or in dale,  
Of them who choose this trade to use,  
And, through cold dews, do never refuse  
To carry the milking pail."

This was by Martin Parker, the king of ballad writers, and it is not unlikely that this song (also entitled the "Useful Plough," and "Painful Plough"), is also by him. D'Urfey recast Parker's song for his "Pills to Purge Melancholy," 1719, but in no way improved it. Farquhar, in "The Recruiting Officer," 1707, makes Captain Plume sing a snatch of Parker's ballad. Captain Plume was always supposed to represent Farquhar himself. "The Useful Plough," or *Plow*, as it is spelt in the old ballad, was doubtless intended to be sung to the same air as the "Milking Pail." But it was supplied with another and a finer melody, perhaps

by Eccles, who also wrote the air to the song in the same metre, "Ye Nymphs and Sylvan Goddesses." The metre was a very favourite one. There were many songs in it. Another that is passably good is "Of all the Maidens fair," which was sung to the air composed by Eccles for "Ye Nymphs and Sylvan Gods." The air we give is used in "Silvia, or the Country Burial," 1731. The song is in Walsh's "Musical Miscellany," 1733, vol. iv. It is also found on engraved half-sheets of about that date.

**There Was an Old Woman li'd under a Hill** (p. 114).

—A song in the first edition of "Pills to Purge Melancholy," 1669, and in that of 1719, v. p. 13. The air was introduced into "The Jovial Crew," 1730, "Beggars' Opera," 1728. I have taken the first two verses from D'Urfey, and the rest from the "Jovial Crew," and have added one to conclude it.

There are two songs in D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy," that begin "There was an old woman;" one is—

"There was an old woman lived under a hill,  
Sing Trolly lolly, lolly, lolly lo;  
She had good beer and ale for to sell,  
Ho, ho! had she so? had she so, had she so?"

The other song is—

"There was an old woman that had but one son,  
And he had neither land nor fee;  
He took great pains, but got little gains,  
Yet fain a landlord he would be."

The first of these songs was taken by O'Keefe and rewritten for the opera of "Lord Mayor's Day," 1782. This was a pantomime in which the Lord Mayor's procession by water was exhibited. A pageant was added, representing the different city companies.

Dr. Arnold arranged the music, and he took the tune for "There was an old woman that had but one son," and set to it the rewritten song of "The old woman under the hill."

The nursery rhyme based on the song is given in Hook's "Christmas Box," 1800, vol. ii. p. 13. Hook was so mistaken as to compose fresh airs for English Nursery Rhymes, with the result that all these melodies are dead. As the air in D'Urfey's "Pills" is of only four lines, Mr. Hopkinson has somewhat expanded it to fit the eight lines.

**Can you now leave me?** (p. 116). A dainty little song from "A Pocket Companion for Gentlemen and Ladies, by Mr. Richard Neale, organist of St. James's Garlickhithe. London, 1724." It is from some English opera, but so far I have been unable to discover its original source.

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# COLIN'S REQUEST.

Words by A. BRADLEY.

Music by G. MONRO.  
(F. W. B.)

Moderato e legato.

Piano.

Key G. } d . t : d . r | d , r . m : r , d | d . t : l , s | t , d : r | d . t : d . r | m : — r }

Help me, each har - mon - ious grove,      Gent - ly whis - per,

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

all ye trees,      Tune each war - bling throat to love And      cool each mead with

{ s : d | d : — | d : m , f . s | m : — r | d . s : f . m | r : — | d : m , f . s | m : — r }

soft - est breeze,      Breathe sweet o - dour ev' - ry flow'r,      All your var - ious

|| *d . r : m . f* | *m . f . s* :— | *d* : *s* | *l , s . f : s . m* | *f , m . r* : *m . d* | *r* : *d . t* | *d . t* : *l . s* | *l . t* : *d* }  
 paint - ings show; Pleas - ing ver - dure grace each bow'r, A - round let ev' - ry

|| *s* : *d* | *d* :— | : | : | : | : | : | : }  
 bless - ing flow.

|| : | : | *d . t* : *d . r* | *d , r . m* : *r . d* | *d . t* : *l . s* | *t* , *d* : *r* }  
 Glide, ye lim - pid brooks a - - long, —

|| *d . t* : *d . r* | *m* :— *r* | *d , r* : *m , l* | *m , f . s* :— | *d . t* : *d . r* | *d , r . m* : *r . d* }  
 Phoe - bus, glance thy mild - est ray, — Murm - 'ring floods, re -

{ d . t, : l, . s, | t, d . r : d . t, | d . t, : l, . s, | l, . t, : l, t, . d | s, : d | d : — }  
 peat my song, And tell what Col - in dare not say.

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The vocal line contains the lyrics: "peat my song, And tell what Col - in dare not say." The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *pp* (pianissimo) in the right hand.

{ d : m, f . s | m : — . r | d . s : f . m | r : — | d : m, f . s | m : — . r }  
 Ce - lia comes, whose charm - ing air Fires with love the

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line lyrics are: "Ce - lia comes, whose charm - ing air Fires with love the". The piano accompaniment features a dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) in the left hand.

{ d . r : m . f | m, f . s : — || d : s | l, s . f : s, f . m | f, m . r : m, r . d | r : d, t, }  
 ru - ral swains; Tell, ah! tell the bloom - ing fair, That

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line lyrics are: "ru - ral swains; Tell, ah! tell the bloom - ing fair, That". The piano accompaniment continues with the same instrumental texture.

{ d . t, : l, . s, | l, . t, : d | s, : d | d : — || }  
 Col - in dies if she dis - dains.

The fourth and final system of the musical score. The vocal line lyrics are: "Col - in dies if she dis - dains." The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *repeat pp* (pianissimo) and concludes with a double bar line.

# RICHARD OF TAUNTON DEAN.

Somersetshire Folk Song.  
(H. F. S.)

With spirit.

Piano.

Key F.

{ s<sub>1</sub> | d:-:d | m:-:m..m | r:-:r | d:-:d | m :m :m | s.....s :s | f:-:f | m:-:m }

1. Last New Year's morn, as I've heard say, Young Richard he mount-ed his dap-ple grey; And  
3. Young Rich - ard rode without dread or fear, Till come to the house where liv'd his dear; He

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

trot - ted al - long from Taun - ton Dean, To court the par - son's daugh - ter Jane. } Sing  
knock'd and shout - ed and call'd Hal - lo! Be folks at home? say Aye or No. }

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

Dum - ble dum dea - ry, Dum - ble dum dea - ry, Dum - ble dum dea - ry, Dum - ble dum dee.

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

2. Then Dic - ky put on his Sun - dayclothes, His buck - skin breeches and sil - ken hose, Like -  
 4. Miss Jean she came with - out de - lay, To hear what Dick had got to say, "I

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

wise a hat on top of his head, And all be - di - zen'd with rib - bons so red. } Sing  
 s'pose ye know me, Mis - tress Jean, I'm hon - est Ri - chard of Taun - ton Dean. }

|| d: - .r :d | m: - :r | d: - .t<sub>1</sub> :d | m: - :r | d: - .t<sub>1</sub> :d | s: - :s | f :m :r | d: - ||

Dum - ble dum dea - ry Dum - ble dum dea - ry Dum - ble dum dea - ry Dum - ble dum dea.

5.

"I'm honest tho' I be but poor,  
I never was in love before;  
My mother bade me come to woo,  
And I can fancy none but you?"  
Sing, Dumble, etc.

6.

"Suppose that I should be your bride,  
Pray what for me would you provide?  
For I can neither sew nor spin;  
Pray what will your day's work bring in?"  
Sing, Dumble, etc.

7.

"Why, I can plough and I can sow,  
And sometimes I to market go,  
With Gaffer Johnson's straw and hay,  
And earn my ninepence every day."  
Sing, Dumble, etc.

8.

"No, more than ninepence ne'er will do,  
I must have silks and satins too!  
Ninepence a-day wont buy us meat"  
"Adzooks!" say Dick, "I've a sack of wheat."  
Sing, Dumble, etc.

9.

"Besides, I have a house hard by,  
'Tis all my own when mammy do die;  
If you'll consent to marry me now  
I'll feed you as fat as my feyther's old sow!"  
Sing, Dumble, etc.

10.

Dick's compliments did so delight,  
They made the family laugh outright;  
Young Richard huff'd, no more would say,  
He kicked old Dobbin and rode away.  
Singing, Dumble, etc.

# WEEP NO MORE, THOU SORRY BOY.

Words from an old  
Part-song Book. A. D. 1622.

J. L. HATTON.  
(W. H. H.)

**Voice.** *Allegretto.* *p*

Key Eb. { s.l : s.l | s : s }  
Weep no more, thou

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

sor - ry boy, Love is but an i - dle toy, Love a thou - sand pas - sions brings,

Key Bb.

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

Laughs and weeps and sighs and sings, Laughs and weeps, sighs and sings, Laughs and weeps, sighs

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

and sings, Laughs and weeps and sighs and sings. If she smile he

Key F. Key Ab. Lah is F. Key Eb.  
Lah is C.

|| s : s | d : -<sup>d</sup>f | m : - . f | s : f | m : r | d : - . | f r : - . r | f : m . r | d : t . l . | se : l }  
danc - ing goes, Not think - ing on his fu - ture woes, If she chide with an - gry eye, Sits

*pp* *ad lib.* *f*

|| f : m | r . m : f . s | l : t | se : s | fe : - | f : - | m : - | m : - | m : - | r : - | m̂ : - | - : m : - . ba | se : l }  
down and sighs "Ah me, I die! Ah me, I die! Ah me, I die!" Yet a - gain, as

*dim.*

|| t : d . r | r : d | d : d | r : m | f . s : l | s : m | l : - . l | se : l | l : t . d | d : t }  
soon re - viv - ed, Joys as much as once he grieved, Change there is of mirth and sad - ness,

*cres.* Key Eb. *mf*

|| t : - . t | l : t | d : r . m | f : m . s | d : - . d | r : m . s | d . r : m . f | s : d | t : l | s : f | m : m | r : - . s }  
Late 'twas sor - row, Now 'tis glad - ness! Then weep no more thou sor - ry boy, Or let thy tears be

*p* *ad lib.* *f* *p*

s : fe | s : .l | l : l | l : .l | l : t | se : - .se | l : l | l : r . d | t . l : s . f | m : d }  
 tears of joy, No lon-ger sigh, "Ah me, I die!" But dance and sing right mer - ri - ly, Dance

*p sosten colla voce* *f con spirito*

- . r : m . f | s : s | s : d | f : - | d' : d | m . f : s . l | r : s | d : l | s . l : s : f . s . f | m : }  
 and sing right mer - ri - ly, Dance and sing right mer - ri - ly, But dance and sing

*p* *p*

*p* *cres.*

: | : d | t . d : t : l . t : l | s : | : | : m | r : s | l . t : d | t : m | f . s : l }  
 right mer - ri - ly, But dance and sing right mer - ri - ly, But

*p* *f* *p* *cres.*

*f* *tr*

s : l . t | d' : r | d' : - t : - | d' : - | - : ||  
 dance and sing right mer - ri - ly.

*f* *ff* *sf*

## SPARABELLA'S COMPLAINT.

Old English  
(W. H. H.)

Plantively.

Piano.

Key G.  $\{ m \mid d : - : r \mid m : - : m \mid d : - : r \mid m : - : r \mid d : t_1 : l_1 \mid r : m : f \mid t_1 : - : - : - : m \}$

Lah is E. As Spa - ra - bel - la pen - sive lay, In drea - ry shade a - long, With  
O Co - lin! Co - lin! call to mind What you to me did say, Nor

*pp*

$\{ m : r : d \mid f : s : l \mid t_1 : - : d \mid r : m : f \mid m : r : d \mid d : - : t_1 \mid d_1 : - : - : - : m \}$

wo - ful mood the love - lorn maid, Thus wail'd in plain - tive song. The  
be as fic - kle as the wind And from your true love stray. The

|| d :-: l | s :-: m | d :f :m | f :-: m | m :-: l, | r :m :f | se :-: | :-: m | m :r :d | f :s :l |  
 tears that streaming from her eyes, A - down her cheeks fast flow; Her eyes no long - er  
 hedg - es, hon - ey - suc - kle hung, Were sweet, and from the grove The thrush - es pip'd, the

|| t, :-: d | r :m :f | m :r :d | d :-: t, | l, :-: | :-: ||  
 now will shine, Her cheeks no long - er glow.  
 blackbirds sung, And all their songs were love.

## 3.

Did not you swear that first the hound  
 Would with the hare unite?  
 The fox with geese, with lambs the dog,  
 And with the dove the kite?  
 The moon that roves like you would fail,  
 The stars benighted prove?  
 The sun would furl his fiery sail  
 Ere thou be false to love?

## 4.

O now may wide confusion reign,  
 May hound with hare unite;  
 The fox with geese, with lambs the dog,  
 And with the dove the kite.  
 Thou sun, no more in glory shine,  
 Ye stars, extinguished be!  
 Thou moon to utter night decline  
 Since Colin's false to me.

## SONGS OF SHEPHERDS.

Old English air: "Hunting the hare."

(W. H. H.)

With spirit.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in D major and 6/8 time. The right hand features a rhythmic melody of eighth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

Key D.  $\text{d}^1$  :— :d |  $\text{m}^1$  :f :s | l :r^1 :d | t :l :t | d^1 :— :d |  $\text{m}^1$  :f :s }

1. Songs of shep-herds in rus-ti-cal roun-de-lays, Form'd in fan-cy and  
2. Stars quite tir'd with pas-times O-lym-pi-cal, Stars and pla-nets that

The first system of the vocal melody is shown on a single staff. Below it, the piano accompaniment is written for two staves. The piano part includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

$\text{l}^1$  :r^1 :t |  $\text{d}^1$  :— :— |  $\text{d}^1$  :— :d |  $\text{m}^1$  :f :s | l :f^1 :r^1 | t :l :t }

whis-tled on reeds, Sung to sol-ace young nymphs up-on ho-ly days,  
beau-ti-ful shone, Could no long-er en-dure that men on-ly shall

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains the same accompaniment style as the first system.

$\text{d}^1$  :— :d | :d |  $\text{m}^1$  :f :s | l :r^1 :t |  $\text{d}^1$  :— :— |  $\text{m}^1$  :r^1 :d^1 |  $\text{m}^1$  :r^1 :d^1 }

Are too un-worth-y for won-der-ful deeds; Sot-tish Si-le-nus to  
Swim in plea-sures, and they but look on; Round a-bout horn-ed Lu-

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the same accompaniment style.

Phœ-bus, the ge - nius, Was sent by dame Ve - nus a song to pre - pare; In  
 ei - na they swarm - ed, And her in - form - ed how mind - ed they were, And

phrase nice - ly coin'd And verse quite re - find How the states di - vine  
 each god and god - dess, To take hu - man bo - dies, As lords and la - dies to

*ad lib.*

*colla voce*

hunted the hare.  
 fol - low the hare.

*f*

## 3.

Light God Cupid was mounted on Pegasus  
 Drawn from the Muses by kisses and prayers;  
 Stern Alcides upon cloudy Caucasus,  
 Mounted a centaur that proudly him bears;  
 Postillion of the sky,  
 Light-heel'd Mercury,  
 Made his courser fly fleet as the air;  
 While tuneful Apollo  
 The chase did follow,  
 And whoop and hollow, boys, after the hare.

## 4.

Three brown bowls to the Olympical rector,  
 The Troy-born boy presents on his knee;  
 Jove to Phœbus carouses in nectar,  
 And Phœbus to Hermes, and Hermes to me;  
 Wherewith infused,  
 I piped and I mused,  
 In language unused, their sports to declare;  
 Till the house of Jove  
 Like the Spheres did move;  
 Health to those who love hunting the hare.





## YE SPANISH LADY.

Old English.  
(W. H. H.)

Gracefully.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 3/4 time, marked 'Gracefully' and 'Piano'. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The music features a gentle melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, primarily using chords and simple rhythmic patterns.

Key A<sup>b</sup> | :s<sub>1</sub> .d | t<sub>1</sub> :- .d :r .r | m r d .d :- :d .t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :- .s<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> .t<sub>1</sub> }

Will you hear a Span - ish la - dy; How she wood an Eng - lish -  
As his pris - 'ner there he kept her, In his hands her life did

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics below it. The piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: "Will you hear a Span - ish la - dy; How she wood an Eng - lish - As his pris - 'ner there he kept her, In his hands her life did". The piano part continues with the same accompaniment style as the introduction.

{ d :- :s<sub>1</sub> .d | t<sub>1</sub> :- .d :r .r | m r d .d :- :d .t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :- .s<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> .t<sub>1</sub> }

man? Gar - ments gay and rich as may be, Set with jew - els she had  
lie, Cu - pid's bands did fix them fast - er By the lik - ing of an

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with lyrics: "man? Gar - ments gay and rich as may be, Set with jew - els she had lie, Cu - pid's bands did fix them fast - er By the lik - ing of an". The piano accompaniment continues.

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

on; Of a come - ly coun - te - nance and grace was she, And by  
eye; In his cour - teous com - pa - ny was all her joy, To favour

The third system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with lyrics: "on; Of a come - ly coun - te - nance and grace was she, And by eye; In his cour - teous com - pa - ny was all her joy, To favour". The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord.

*rall.*

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

birth and par-en-tage of high de-gree.  
him in an-y-thing she was not coy.

## 3.

But at last there came commandment  
For to set the ladies free,  
With their jewels still adorned,  
None to do them injury:  
Then said this lady mild, "Full woe is me;  
Let me still sustain this kind captivity!"

## 4.

"Courteous ladye, leave this fancy:-  
Here comes all that breedeth strife-  
I in England have already  
A sweet woman to my wife;  
I will not falsify my vow for gain,  
Nor for all the fairest dames that live in Spain!"

## 5.

'I will spend my days in prayer;  
Love and all its laws defy;  
In a nunnery I will shroud me  
Far from any company:  
But ere my prayers have end, be sure of this-  
To pray for thee, love, I will never miss!

## 6.

'Then farewell, most gallant captain,  
Farewell, too, my heart's content!  
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,  
Though to thee my love was bent:  
Joy and true prosperity go still with thee!  
"The like fall ever to thy share, lady!"

# BE LORDLY, WILLY, BE LORDLY.

Northumbrian Ballad.  
(H. F. S.)

With boldness.

Piano.

Key A. { :s1...s1 | d :-:r | m :-:r :d | f...:f :f | f :-: }  
 To be lord - ly, whe - ther he ride or run,  
 Tho' some may boast bet - ter for - tune than you

{ : : | : : | : m . r | d :d :r | m :-:r :d | s :s :s | s :-: | : : | : : }  
 Is my best ad - vice to Wil - ly, my son;  
 What then, 'tis be - low you to buc - kle and bow;

{ : : | :s1 | d :-:r | m :-:r :d | f :-:f | f :-:l . l | r :m :f | m :r :d | m :-: | d :-:s1 }  
 May show'rs of blessings at - tend there - on To en - gage my son to be lord - ly. } Be  
 No prince has a nobler spirit, I trow, And there - fore I'd have you be lord - ly. }

$\{ d : s_1 : m_1 | d_1 : m_1 : s_1 | d : - : - | s_1 : - : s_1 : s_1 | d : - : s_1 : m_1 | d_1 : m_1 : s_1 | d : - : - | s_1 : - : s_1 : s_1 \}$   
 lord - ly, Wil - ly, be lord - ly; Set your hands to your sides and be lord - ly, For your

$\{ d : s_1 : m_1 | d_1 : m_1 : s_1 | d : - : - | s_1 : - : - ||$   
 fa - ther be - fore you was lord - ly.

## 3.

Consider, my Willy, what birthright you have,  
 The king, himself, came of Adam and Eve,  
 Your race is as ancient, and why not as brave,  
 As worthy to strut, and be lordly.  
 Be lordly, &c.

## 4.

Whatever you do, my Willy, beware  
 Lest sharpers or scoundrels your company share,  
 Kick 'em all to the Devil, at least have a care,  
 They hinder my lad to be lordly.  
 Be lordly, &c.

## \* 5.

Be wary of Bailiff, wherever you go,  
 Ne'er want in your pocket a pistol or two;  
 And rather than yield to the rogues, run 'em through,  
 And shew your resolve to be lordly.  
 Be lordly, &c.

## 6.

When death, that impudent cheat and bore,  
 Like a constable cometh to rap at your door,  
 Stare him full in the face, with a spirit not poor;  
 And to the last moment be lordly,  
 Be lordly, &c.

\* May be omitted in singing

# THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

Words by W. PEARCE.

Music by SHIELD. (W. H. H.)

*Allegro moderato.*

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in E-flat major, 4/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *f*, *p*, *mf*, and *cres.*

The first system shows the vocal entry in E-flat major. The vocal line begins with a rest followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. Dynamics include *f* and *p*.

Key Eb. } d r m m r f r d t d s  
 1. For Eng-land when with fav'-ring gale, Our  
 2. And bear-ing up to gain the port, Some

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a more active bass line with eighth notes. Dynamics include *f*.

Key Bb.  
 d r m f l s s l t d l s s d f m r d t l s f m s d d l r m f  
 gal-lant ship up channel-steer'd; And seud-ding un-der ea-sy sail, The high blue wes-tern  
 wellknown ob-ject kept in view; An ab-beytow'r, a ru-ind fort, Or bea-con, to the

The final system concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *mf* and *p*.

Key Eb.  
 d t d s d d d t t t l l s s  
 land ap-pear'd. To heave the lead the sea-man sprung, And  
 ves-sel true; While off the lead the sea-man flung, And

*ad lib.* *a tempo*

s . m : - l f . r : - s | m . d : - f e | ṡ : - | d . , d : r | d : - | m . , m : f | ṁ : - m }  
 to the pi - lot cheer - ly sung, "By the deep nine! By the deep nine!" To  
 to the pi - lot cheer - ly sung, "By the mark seven! By the mark seven!" While

*colla voce* *f*

r . l : s . f | f . m : s . m | r . l : s . f | f . m : s . m | f . m : r . m | f . m : f . s | l . s : l . t | ḋ : - . }  
 heave the lead the sea - man sprung, And to the pi - lot cheer - ly sung,  
 off the lead the sea - man flung And to the pi - lot cheer - ly sung,

*f*

*ad lib.* *a tempo*

m : - f | ṁ r : - | d : - . . : ||  
 "By the deep nine!"  
 "By the mark seven!"

*colla voce* *mf* *cres.* *f*

3.

And as the much lov'd shore we near,  
 With transport we behold the roof  
 Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,  
 Of faith and love a matchless proof!  
 The lead once more the seaman flung,  
 And to the watchful pilot sung,  
 "Quarter-less — Five!"

4.

Now to her berth the ship draws nigh,  
 With slacken'd sail she feels the tide;  
 "Stand clear the cable!" is the cry —  
 The anchor's gone, we safely ride.  
 The watch is set, and through the night,  
 We hear the seaman with delight,  
 Proclaim — "All's well!"

# IANTHE THE LOVELY.

Music by J. BARRETT. (F. W. B.)

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G major and common time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes.

Key G. { :t<sub>1</sub> | d :t<sub>1</sub> .l<sub>1</sub> | m :r .m | f .m :r .d | t<sub>1</sub> :-d | r :d .t<sub>1</sub> | d .m :l .m }

La is E. I - an - the the love - ly, the joy of her swain, By I - phis was loved, and loved

The first system of the song features a vocal line in G major with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with a similar rhythmic pattern to the introduction.

{ d :t<sub>1</sub> .l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> | d :t<sub>1</sub> .l<sub>1</sub> | m :r .m | f .m :r .d | t<sub>1</sub> :-d }

I - phis a - gain; She liv'd in the youth, and the youth in the fair, Their

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes some chordal textures and melodic fragments.

{ r :d .t<sub>1</sub> | d .m :l .m | d :t<sub>1</sub> .l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :-t<sub>1</sub> , t<sub>1</sub> | d :d .r | m :m .f | s :f .m | r :-s<sub>1</sub> , s<sub>1</sub> }

hap-pi-ness e - qual, and e - qual their care; No de - light and no trouble af - fec-tion withdrew, But the

The final system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part ends with a sustained chord.

d :d .r | m :l .s | f .m :r .d | d :— .m ,m | de :de .de | r :r .m  
 long - er they liv'd still the fond - er they grew; No de - light and no trou - ble af -

f .m :r .d | t, :l .se | l :m .r | d :r .m | f .m :r .d | t, :m .r  
 fec - tion with-drew, But the long - er they liv'd still the fond - er they grew, still the

*rall.*  
 d :t, .l, | l, :  
 fond - er they grew.

*rall. colla voce*

## 2.

A passion so happy astonish'd the plain,  
 Some envied the damsel, but more envied the swain.  
 Some swore 'twould be pity their love to invade,  
 That the lovers alone for each other were made.  
 But all, all consented that none ever knew,  
 A damsel more kind, or a shepherd so true.

## 3.

Love saw them with pleasure, and vow'd to take care  
 Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent pair.  
 What either might want he bade either to move,  
 But neither aught wanted save ever to love.  
 He said all to bless them his god-head could do,  
 That they still should be kind, and they still should be true.

# JOY, JOY FOR EVER.

From "Lalla Rookh"

JOHN CLARK WHITFIELD, Mus.D.  
(W. H. H.)

Vivace moderato.

Piano.

Key A. { d :-: - | m :-: d | r :s : | : :f }

Joy, joy for ev - er! my

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

task is done, The gates are pass'd and heav'n is

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

won! Oh! am I not hap - py? I am, I

Key E.

am, Oh! am I not hap-py? I am, I am. To thee, sweet

E - den, how dark and sad, To thee, sweet E - den, how dark and

*pp* *dolce* *pp*

sad Are the di - a - mond tur - rets of Sha - du - ki - am, And the

fra - grant bow - ers of Am - ber - a - bad, The di - a - mond tur - rets of

s :- l :s | s :m :f | s :- l :s | s :d' :l | s :m :r | d :- :  
 Sha - du - ki - am And the fra - grant bow - ers of Am - ber - a - bad.

*a tempo* *f*  
 Key A. d :- :- | m :- :d | r :s : | : :f | m :- :- | l<sub>1</sub> :- :r | d :- :- | t<sub>1</sub> : :s<sub>1</sub> | d :- :- | m :- :- }  
 Joy, joy for ev - er! my task is done, The gates are

*a tempo*

*cres.*

pass'd and heav'n is won! Joy, for

*rather quicker*

ev - er, Joy, joy for ev - er! for ev - er, for

*cres. accel.* *ad lib.*

ev - er, for ev - er, for ev - er, for ev - er, joy — for

*cres. accel.*

ev - er.

*ff a tempo*

# THE WANDERING BEAUTY.

Words by JOHN HUGHES.

Music by D<sup>r</sup> PEPUSCH.  
(W. H. H.)

In moderate time.

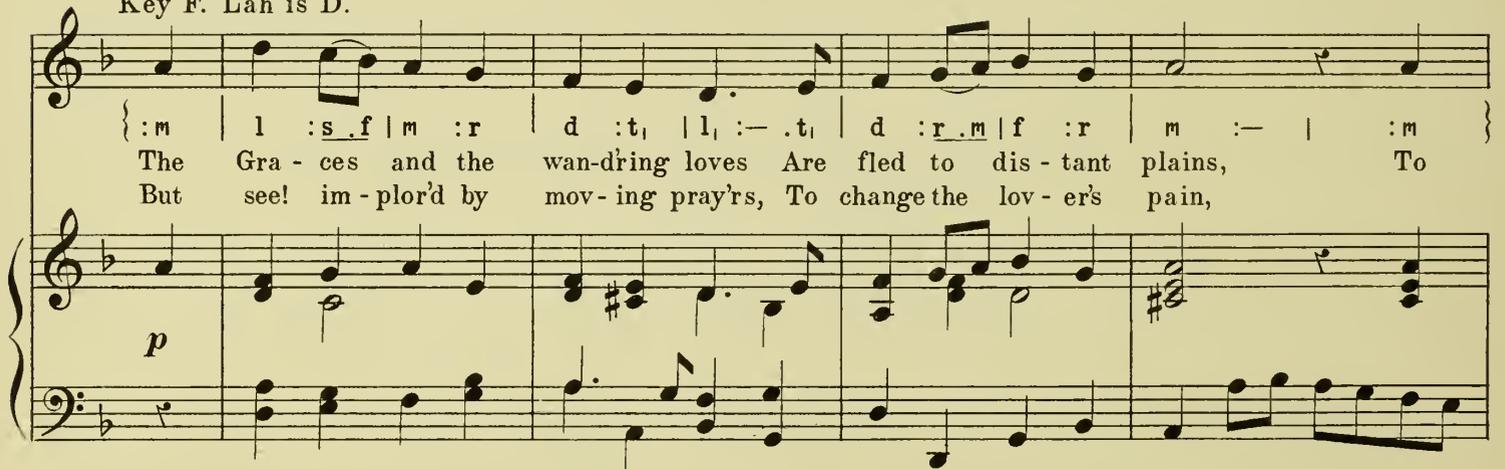
**Voice.**



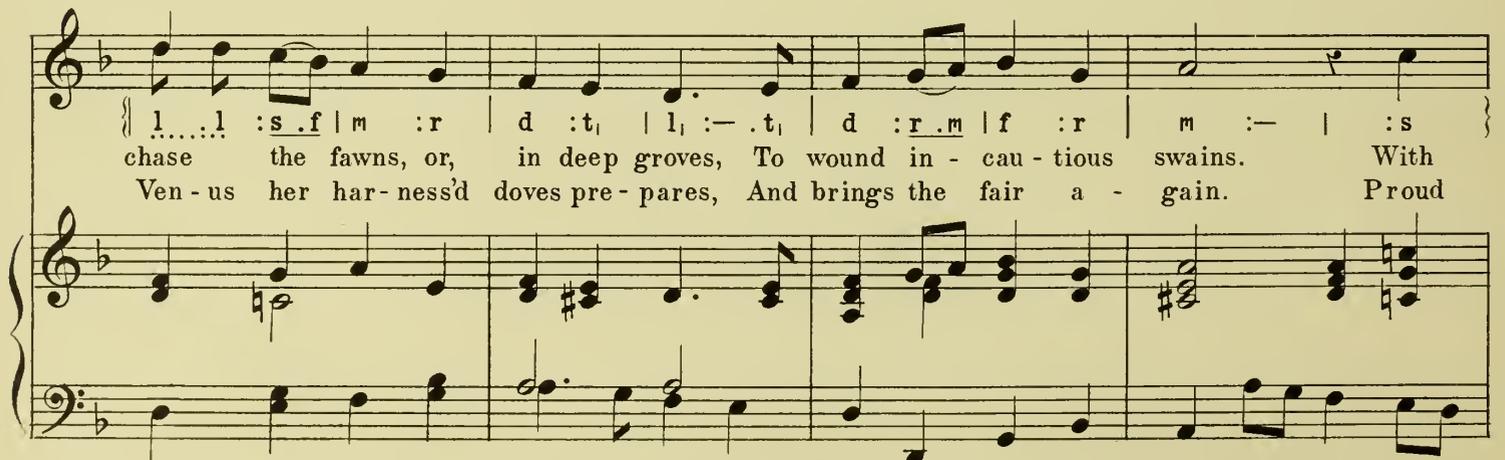
**Piano.**



Key F. Lah is D.



The Gra - ces and the wan - d'ring loves Are fled to dis - tant plains, To  
But see! im - plor'd by mov - ing pray'rs, To change the lov - er's pain,



|| 1...1 | :s . f | m : r | d : t, | l, : - . t, | d : r . m | f : r | m : - | : s }  
chase the fawns, or, in deep groves, To wound in - cau - tious swains. With  
Ven - us her har - ness'd doves pre - pares, And brings the fair a - gain. Proud

s : r | f : m | l : s | d' : t . l | s : f . m | r : d | f : - | s : -  
 their bright mis-tress there they stray, Who turns her heed-less eyes From  
 mor-tals, who this maid pur-sue, Think you she'll e'er re-sign? Cease,

m : - . f | s : r | m : r . d | r : s | m : - . f | s : r | m : r . d | r : s  
 dai-ly tri-umphs, yet each day, Be-holds new tri-umphs in her way, And  
 fools, your wish-es to re-new, Till she grows flesh and blood like you, Or

d' : t . l | s : f : m . r | d : r . m | r : m . f | m . s : f . m | r . d : t . l | m : - | : m  
 con- quers as she flies, \_\_\_\_\_ And  
 you, like her, di- vine, \_\_\_\_\_ Or

l : s . f | m . r : d . t | l : - | : s | s : r | f : m | l : s | d' : t . l  
 con- quers as she flies. With their bright mis-tress there they stray, Who  
 you, like her, di- vine. Proud mor-tals who this maid pur-sue, Think

s : f . m | r : d | f : - | s : - | m : - . f | s : r | m : r . d | r : s }  
 turns her heed - less eyes From dai - ly tri - umphs, yet each day, Be -  
 you she'll e'er re - sign? Cease, fools, your wish - es to re - new Till

m : - . f | s r | m : r . d | r : s | d' : t . l | s . f : m . r | d : r . m | r : m . f }  
 holds new tri - umphs in her way, And con - quers as she flies,  
 she grows flesh and blood like you, Or you, like her, di - vine,

m . s : f . m | r . d : t . l | m : - | : m | l : s . f | m . r : d . t | l : - | - ||  
 And con - quers as she flies.  
 Or you, like her, di - vine.

# TELL ME, LOVELY SHEPHERD.

Words by EDWARD MOORE.

Music by DR. BOYCE.  
(F. W. B.)

Larghetto.

Piano.

First system of piano introduction. Treble clef, key of D major (two sharps), 6/8 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter rest followed by a dotted quarter note D4, then eighth notes E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment: D3, E3, F#3, G3, A3, B3, C4, D4.

Second system of piano introduction. Treble clef continues with eighth notes G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4. Bass line continues with eighth notes D4, E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C4, D4.

Key D.

First system of vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by a dotted quarter note D4, then eighth notes E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5. The piano accompaniment continues from the previous system. Lyrics: Tell me, love - ly shep - herd, where, where, Tell me

Second system of vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with eighth notes G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4. The piano accompaniment continues. Lyrics: where thou feed'st at noon thy fleec - y care.

Key A.

: r' | r' : m : f | f : m : m' | l' : t : d | d : t : s | d : r : m | f : t : d | m : f : r  
 Di - rect me to the sweet re - treat That guards thee from the mid - day

d : - : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : :  
 heat.

Key D.

Lah is B.

d's : - . l : f | m : - : d' | t : d' : l | l : se : m' | r' . d' : t : d'  
 Left by the flocks I lone - ly stray, With - out a

Key D.

r' : se : l | d' : r' : t | l : - : | : : | : : | : : | : : d' | f : m : f  
 guide I lose my way. Where rest at

s :- :m' | <sup>f</sup>m' :r' :d' | t .d' :r' :- | s .m :- :d | l :- :f' .r' | <sup>d</sup>t :- .l :t | d' :- :- | : : }  
 noon thy bleat - ing care, Gen - tle shep - herd, tell me where

l :- :- | : : | s :- :- | : : | f :- :- | r' .t :- :f | m :- :d' | d' :t :l }  
 where? where? where, Tell me where, Where rest at

s :- :d' | s :f :m | r :- :- | s .m :- :d | l :- :f' .r' | <sup>d</sup>t :- .l :t | d' :- :- | s :- :m }  
 noon thy fleec - y flocks, Gen - tle shep - herd, tell me where, Tell me,

l :t :d' | m :f :r | d :- :- ||  
 love - ly shep - herd, where.

*colla voce*

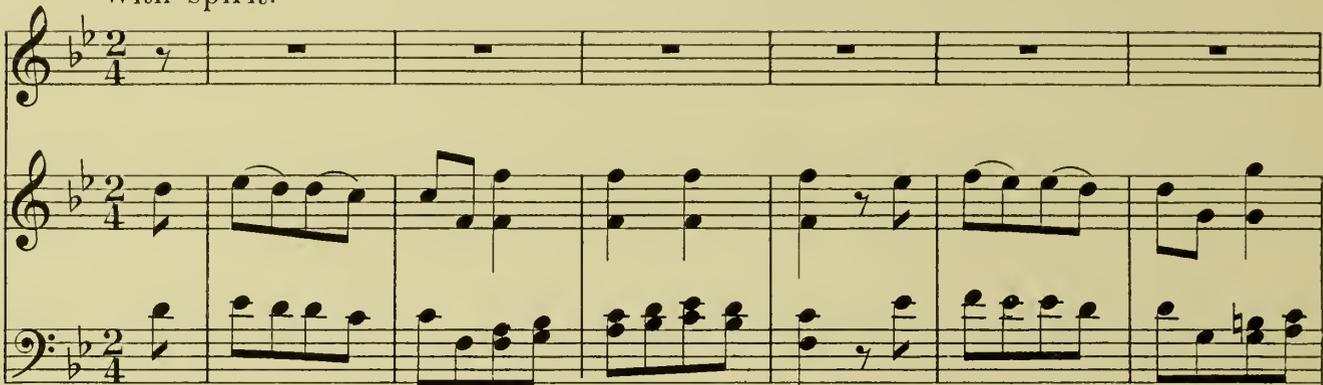
# BRAVE MEN OF KENT.

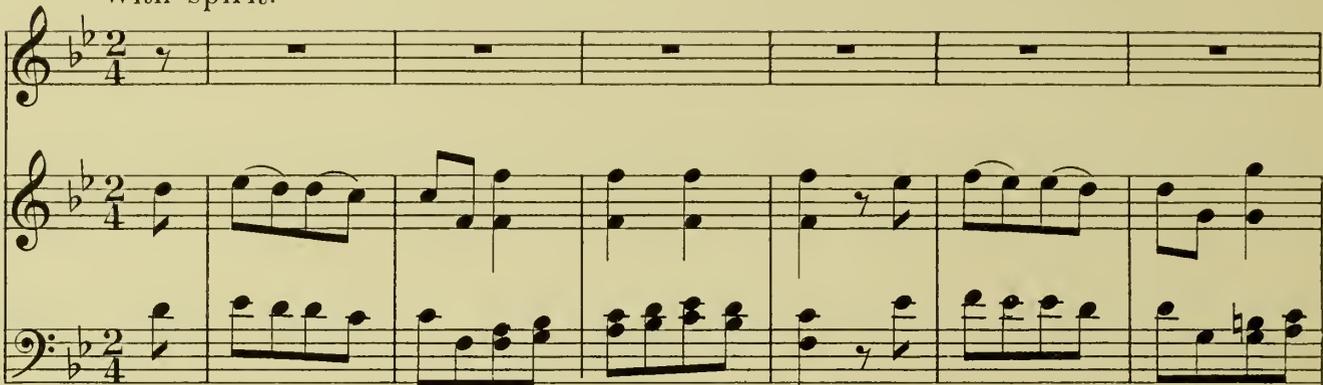
Words by TOM D'URFEY.

Tune by RICHARD LEVERIDGE.

(H. F. S.)

With spirit.

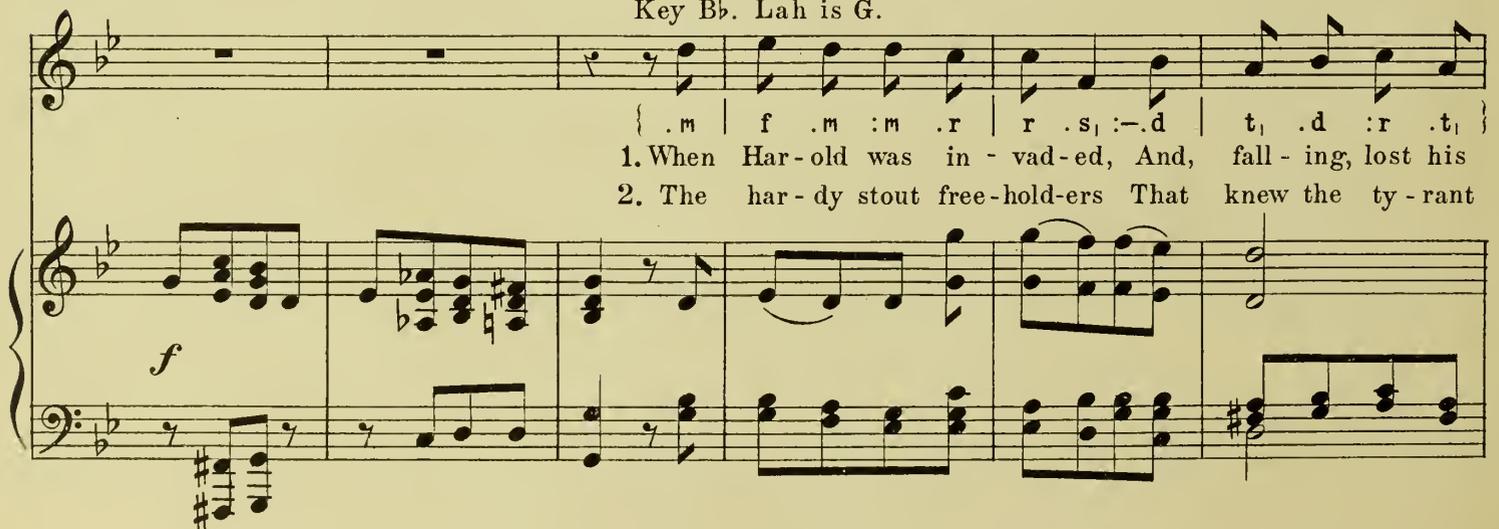
Voice. 

Piano. 



*rall.* *tempo*  
*p* *f* *p*

Key B $\flat$ . Lah is G.



*f*

{ . m | f . m : m . r | r . s<sub>1</sub> : - d | t<sub>1</sub> . d : r . t<sub>1</sub> }

1. When Har-old was in - vad-ed, And, fall - ing, lost his

2. The har - dy stout free-hold-ers That knew the ty - rant

crown, And Nor - man Will - iam wad - ed Thro' gore to pull him  
 near, In gir - dles, or on shoul - ders, A grove of oaks did

down; While coun - ties round with fear pro - found, To mend this sad con -  
 bear, Whom when he saw in bat - tle draw, And thought how he might

di - tion, And lands to save, base hom - age gave, Bold Kent made no sub -  
 need 'em, He turn'd his arms, al - low'd their terms, Com - plete with no - ble

*CHORUS.*

mis - sion, } Then sing in praise of men of Kent, So loy - al, brave, and  
 free - dom. }

free, 'Mongst Bri-tain's race, if one sur-pass, A man of Kent is

he.

## 3.

At hunting, or the race, too,  
 They sprightly vigour show.  
 And at a female chase, too,  
 None like a Kentish beau.  
 All blest with health, and as for wealth,  
 By Fortune's kind embraces,  
 A yeoman grey will oft out-wiegh  
 A knight in other places.

## 4.

The promis'd land of blessing,  
 For our fore-fathers meant,  
 Is now in right possessing,  
 For Canaan sure was Kent.  
 The dome at Knoll by fame extoll'd,  
 The church at Canterbury,  
 The hops, the beer, the cherries there,  
 May fill a famous story.

*CHORUS.* Then sing in praise of Kentish men  
 So loyal, brave, and free,  
 'Mongst Britain's race, if one surpass,  
 A man of Kent is he.

# HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER.

Words (1<sup>st</sup> verse) by GAY.

Old English  
(H. F. S.)

*Allegretto.*

Voice

Piano.

*With animation.*

Key G.

*ad lib*

{ s<sub>1</sub> | d : r : d | d : t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | d : t<sub>1</sub> : d | r : d : r | m : - : m . f }

How hap - py could I be with ei - ther, Were to - ther dear char - mer a - way; But

{ s : l : s | s : m : d | r : t<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> : d | r : t<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | d : - : }

while you thus tease me to - ge - ther, To nei ther a word will I say.

*With*  
*p*

:s,  
If

*rall.*                      *lento*                      *p*

*deliberation*

Lu - cy were mine, I'd want Pol - ly, And drop in - to dumps of des - pair; My

*slower*

life would dis - solve in - to fol - ly, My hap - pi - ness melt in - to air.

*rall.*

*With irritation.*

If Pol - ly were mine, I'd want Lu - cy; My

*Faster*

*leggiero e rall.*                      *Agitato.*

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

spi - rits grow fret - ted and sore, My heart would no long - er be jui - cy, Dis - ap -

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

ponitment would can - ker the core. *With*

*p* *rall.* *f*

Since I

*determination.*

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

then could be hap - py with nei - ther Were to - ther dear char - mer a - way; In good

*risoluto*

*rall.* *ad lib.*

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

faith, I am best with out ei - ther, So Pol - ly and Lu - cy, Good day!

*rall.*

# WHEN FORCED FROM DEAR HEBE TO GO.

Words by SHENSTONE.

Music by Dr. ARNE. (H. F. S.)

Grazioso.

Piano.

*dolce*

Key C. { :s | d :s :m }

1. When fore'd from dear  
2. To see when my

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

He - be to go, — What an - guish I felt at my heart! And I thought, but it  
charmer goes by, — Some Her - mit peep out of his cell, How he thinks on his

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

might not be so, — She was sor - ry to see me de - part. She  
youth with a sigh, — How fond - ly he wish - es her well! On

*dolce*

*cres.* *dim.*

r' :r' :d' t :d' :l l :se :l...l f' :m' :r' d' :m' r' :d' t  
 east such a lan - guish - ing view, My path I could scarce - ly dis -  
 him she may smile if she please, It will warm the cool bo - som of

*ad lib.* *a tempo*

l :d' r' m' r' :s :f' m' :l :m' r' d' t : : :d' l :s :f  
 cern, So sweet - ly she bade me A dieu! I thought that she  
 age, Yet cease, gen - tle He - be, O cease! Such soft - ness will

*pp colla voce* *rall.* *a tempo* *pp*

*ad lib.*

m :f m f s l :- : :t d' :-r' m' r' :d' :t d' :- :- :  
 bade me re - turn, I thought that she bade me re - turn.  
 ru - in the sage, Such soft - ness will ru - in the sage.

## 3.

I've stole from no flow'rets that grow,  
 To paint the dear charms I approve;  
 For what can a blossom bestow,  
 So sweet, so delightful as Love?  
 I sing in a rustical way,  
 A shepherd, and one of the throng,  
 Yet Hebe approves of my lay.  
 So, poets, go, envy my song.

# AY ME! WHAT SHALL I DO?

In moderate time.

Old English Air. (H. F. S.)

Piano.

First system of piano introduction. Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), common time. Starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The first measure contains a whole chord. The second measure begins with a *rall.* (rallentando) marking, followed by a *a tempo* marking. The bass line features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes.

Second system of piano introduction. Continues the melodic and harmonic material from the first system. A *rall.* marking is present in the third measure.

First system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with lyrics. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time. The piano part includes *rall.* and *a tempo* markings.

Key G:s :— | m :— | r . d : t, . l, | ſ̂ : l, . t, | d : d | r : r

1. Ay me! what shall I do, When my heart is gone a -  
 2. Ay me! what shall I do, If the cryer my heart o'er -

Second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. Continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a *rall.* marking.

ſ̂ m :— | — : m | m f . . s l l : d . . d | d : r . . m l f : l, |

stray? I'll send the cryer a - bout with the bell, To  
 look? I fear it's a - stray on the King's high - way, Or

call in the streets, O - yez!  
 else fall'n in - to the brook.

Ye who a wand - 'ring  
 Con - sta - ble, put it

heart shall find, I  
 in - to the pound, And

pray of your cour - te - sie;  
 turn on it the key;

That you hold it fast, and se -  
 And I for its con - duct

cure - ly bind, And re - turn it sound to me.  
 will stand bound, To th'a - mount of one pen - ny.

*rall.*

In slower time.

3. Ay me! what shall I do? My heart is ly - ing low: In the

*rall.*

breast of a maid, I'm sore a - fraid, Al - though she pro - tests with a No.

*accel.* *f*

*accel.* *f*

Try, Dowser, try thy ha - zel rod, And if the rod give sign; Then,

*p soave* *rall.* *accel.*

*p soave* *rall.* *pp* *f accel.*

Thief! Stop, thief! I cry a - loud, That sto - len heart is mine.

*rall. ad lib.*

*colla voce* *f*

Tempo I. *rallentan - do* *dolce*

4. Ay me! what shall I do If my heart she'll not re - lease? I'll

*a tempo*

sum - mons her, with out de - mur, 'Fore a Jus - tice of the Peace. And

*a tempo* *f*

her he will, I'm sure, con - sign For this shock - ing fe - lo - nie; Re -

*f*

*f* *rall. ad lib.*

fus - ing bail, To the strict - est jail, To the bonds of ma - tri - mo - nie.

*p* *f* *p* *f* *colla voce*

## BRITONS, WHERE?

(A Celebrated Patriotic Song of 1738.)

Old English  
(F. W. B.)

**Voice.** Spirited.

**Piano.** *f*

Key C. { d' :— :s | d' :— .r' :m' | f' :m' :r' | m' :— .r' :d' }

Bri - tons, where is your " great mag - na - ni - mi - ty?

1. 2.

{ m' :— :r' | d' :— :t | d' :l :— | s :— :— | s :— :— }

Where's your boast - ed cour - age flown? flown?

|| s' :— :s | l :— .s :d' | r' :f' .m' :r' .d' | t :— .l :s | m' :— :s }  
 Quite per - vert - ed to pus - ill - a - ni - mi - ty, Scarce to

1. || l :t :d' | f' .m' :r' :— : | d' :— : || 2. || d' :— : ||  
 call your soul your own. own.

## 2.

What your ancestors won so victoriously,  
 Crown'd with conquest in the field,  
 You'd relinquish, and O! most ingloriously  
 To oppression, tamely yield.

## 3.

Freedom now for her flight makes preparative,  
 See her weeping quit the shore,  
 Britain's loss will then be comparative,  
 Never to behold her more.

## 4.

Gracious Heaven, assist to exergitate,  
 Stretch forth your vindicting hand,  
 Make oppressors their plunder regurgitate,  
 And preserve a sinking land.

# HOW SWEET IN THE WOODLANDS.

## DUET.

Music by Dr. HARRINGTON.  
(W. H. H.)

Andante.

Piano.

Key G.

How sweet in the wood-lands With fleet hound and  
As - sist me, chaste Di - an, The nymph to re -

With fleet hound and  
The nymph to re -

horn, To a - wak - en shrill e - cho And taste the fresh  
gain, More wild than the roe - buck And wing'd with dis -

horn, To a - wak - en shrill e - cho And taste the fresh  
gain, More wild than the roe - buck And wing'd with dis -

{ m :r :s<sub>1</sub> | d :m .r :m .r | d :d :r | m :s .f :s .f }  
 morn. How sweet in the wood - lands, With fleet hound and  
 dain. As - sist me, chaste Di - an, The nymph to re -

{ d :t<sub>1</sub> : | : : | : :s<sub>1</sub> | d :m .r :m .r }  
 morn. With fleet hound and  
 dain. The nymph to re -

{ f :m :m .f | s :l .s :l .s | f .s :l : .f | m :s .f :f .m }  
 horn, To a - wak - en shrill e - cho And taste the fresh  
 gain, More wild than the roe - buck And wing'd with dis -

{ r :d :d .r | m :f .m :f .m | r .m :f : .r | d :m .r :m .r }  
 horn, To a - wak - en shrill e - cho And taste the fresh  
 gain, More wild than the roe - buck And wing'd with dis -

{ m :r :m | r :r .m :r .m | f :f :s | f .m :m .s :l .s }  
 morn. But hard is the chase my fond heart must pur -  
 dain. In pi - ty o'er - take her, who kills as she

{ r :d :d | s<sub>1</sub> :s<sub>1</sub> :s<sub>1</sub> .d | r :r :m | r .d :d .m :f .m }  
 morn. But hard is the chase my fond heart must pur -  
 dain. In pi - ty o'er - take her, who kills as she

{ s :- :m | r .d ,r :d :f | m .r ,m :r :d' .s | f :m :s ,f .m ,r }  
 sue, For Daph - ne, fair Daph - ne is lost to my  
 flies; Tho' Daph - ne's pur - su'd, 'tis Myr - til - la that

{ m :- :d | s, :m :r | d :s, :m | r :d :s, }  
 sue, For Daph - ne, fair Daph - ne is lost to my  
 flies; Tho' Daph - ne's pur - su'd, 'tis Myr - til - la that

*ad lib.*

{ d :- : .s | l .....:f :f | m :r .m :f .s | d' ,l .s ,f :m :r }  
 view, is lost! Fair Daph - ne is lost to my  
 dies, tho' Daph - ne's pur - su'd 'tis Myr - til - la that

{ m :- : .m | f .....:r r | d :s, .d :r .m | f .m ,r :d :t, }  
 view, is lost, Fair Daph - ne is lost to my  
 dies, tho' Daph - ne's pur - su'd 'tis Myr - til - la that

*colla voce*

{ d :- ||  
 view.  
 dies.

{ d :- ||  
 view.  
 dies.

## I DO CONFESS.

Smoothly and rather slowly.

H. LAWES. 1659. (W. H. H.)

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in E major, 3/4 time. The right hand begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, and D5. The left hand begins with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4. The piece concludes with a half note G4. Dynamics include *p* and *cres.*

Key E.  $\{$  : :m | m :f :s | r :-:m ,r | d :- :r  $\}$

1. I do con - fess Thou'rt smooth and  
3. Such fate as this Shall thee be -

The piano accompaniment for the first system of lyrics features a right hand with a melodic line and a left hand with a bass line. Dynamics include *dim.* and *p*.

$\{$  d :t, :s, | d :- :r | m :f :s | s :f :m | m :r :r | m :- :f :s  $\}$

fair, And I might soon have learnt to love thee, Did I not  
tide, When thou hast court - ed been a while, Like with - er'd

The piano accompaniment for the second system of lyrics continues the melodic and bass lines from the first system.

$\{$  r :- :m ,r | d :- :r | d :t, :s, | d :- :r | m :- :f :s | s ,f :m :r  $\}$

know The slight - est pray - er That e'er was breath'd hath pow - er to  
flow'rs Art thrown a - side, And I shall sigh while some may

The piano accompaniment for the third system of lyrics concludes the piece with a final cadence in the right hand.

r :d :d | d :- :d | d :t, :d | r :- :m fe | s :- :s, }

move thee; But I can leave thee now a - - lone, As  
smile, To think thy love for ev - 'ry one Hath

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

wor - thy to be lov'd by none, As wor - thy to be  
brought thee to be lov'd by none, Hath brought thee to be

*ad lib.*

*colla voce*

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

lov'd by none. 2. The  
lov'd by none.

*cres.* *dim.*

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

morn - ing rose That un - touch'd stands, Arm'd by its

*p*

m :f :s | s :f :m | m :r :r | m :- :f :s | r :- :m :r }  
 bri - ars, how sweet it smells! Till pluck'd or press'd By

d :- :r | d :t :s | d :- :r | m :- :f :s | s :f :m :r | r :d :d }  
 ru - der hands, Its sweets no long - er with it dwells, Both

*mf*

*dim. p*

d :- :d | d :t :d | r :- :m :fe | s :- :s | l :- :t | d :- :r }  
 scent and beau - ty now are gone, And leaves fall from it

*ad lib.* *3<sup>rd</sup> verse D.C.*

m :r :d | f :- :f | f :m :r | s :t :d | d ,r :m :r | d :- : }  
 one by one, And leaves fall from it one by one.

*collu voce*

## THE DAME OF HONOUR.

Words by T. D'URFEY.

Old English.  
(W. H. H.)

Lively.

Piano. *mf*

Key Bb.

{ :d<sub>1</sub> | m<sub>1</sub> :- s<sub>1</sub> | d :- :m | d :- :s<sub>1</sub> | d :- :t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :- s<sub>1</sub> : f<sub>1</sub> m<sub>1</sub> | r<sub>1</sub> :- :s<sub>1</sub> | m<sub>1</sub> : d<sub>1</sub> :- : - : - : d<sub>1</sub> }

Since now the world's turn'd up - side down, And all things chang'd in na - ture; As  
I had an an - cient no - ble seat, Tho' now 'tis come to ru - in; Where

Key F

Key Bb.

{ | m<sub>1</sub> : f<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :- :d<sub>1</sub> | m :- :f<sub>1</sub> : s | r :- :s<sub>1</sub> . s | s :- :l<sub>1</sub> : s | r :- :f | m : d :- : - : - : s<sub>1</sub> r }

if a doubt were new - ly grown, We had the same Cre - a - tor; Of  
mut - ton, beef, and such goodmeat In the Hall were dai - ly chew - ing; Of

{ | s :- :f | m :- :r | d :- :t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :- :m | f :- :m : f | l<sub>1</sub> :- :d | t<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> :- : - : - : f<sub>1</sub> }

an - cient modes and for - mer ways, I'll teach you, sirs, the man - ner, In  
hum - ming bees my cel - lar full, I was a year - ly do - nor; Where

{ | m<sub>1</sub> : f : s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - : d | t : - : d : r | s<sub>1</sub> : - : f | m : - : f : s | s<sub>1</sub> : - : s }  
 good Queen Bess's gold - en days, When I was a Dame of  
 top - ing knaves had ma - ny a pull When I was a Dame of

{ | m : d : - : - : - : ||  
 Ho - nour.  
 Ho - nour.  
*mf*

3.

My men of homespun, honest greys,  
 Had coats and comely badges,  
 They wore no dirty, ragged lace,  
 Nor e'er complained for wages.  
 For gaudy fringe or silk o'th'town  
 I feared no threat'ning dunner;  
 But wore a decent grogram gown,  
 When I was a Dame of Honour.

4.

Untarnish'd was my ancient name,  
 In spite of oaths and lying,  
 The fawning younkers round me came,  
 My gold and acres spying.  
 My fan to guard my lips I kept  
 From Cupid's pert o'er runner,  
 And many a Roman nose I tapp'd  
 When I was a Dame of Honour.

5.

My neighbours still I treated round,  
 And strangers that came near me;  
 The poor, too, always welcome found,  
 Whose prayers did still endear me;  
 Let therefore who at court would be,  
 No churl nor yet no fawner,  
 Match in old hospitality  
 Queen Bess's Dame of Honour.

# THE SHEPHERD'S WINTER SONG.

English translation by  
THOS. OLIPHANT.

J. L. HATTON (W. H. H.)

Allegretto.

Piano.

Musical notation for the piano introduction, featuring a treble and bass clef with a 2/4 time signature. The melody is marked *mf* and consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Key G. { .m f .m : .m ,m l .m : .m r .d :t, .m }  
 Lah is E. O win - ter, drea - ry win - ter! Be - neath thine i - cy

Musical notation for the first line of the song, including a vocal line with lyrics and piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked *p*.

{ d :- .d | r .r :m .m | ba .ba :- .ba se .l :d .r }  
 reign We shrink in - to the val - leys, We quit the snow - clad

Musical notation for the second line of the song, including a vocal line with lyrics and piano accompaniment.

{ m :- .m | l .s :f .m | r .d :t, .f m .l,t,d .t, }  
 plain, We shrink in - to the val - leys, We quit the snow-clad

Musical notation for the third line of the song, including a vocal line with lyrics and piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked *p*.

1<sub>1</sub> : : : :  
 plain  
 mf

: .m f .m :m .m | l .m : .m | r .d :t<sub>1</sub> .m }  
 And if I pass the cot - tage Where dwells my Lau - ra

d :- .d | r .r :m .m | ba .ba :- .ba | se .l :d .r }  
 dear, E'en at her lat - tice win - dow She hard - ly dares ap -

m :- .m | l .s f .m | r .d :t<sub>1</sub> .f | m l<sub>1</sub> t<sub>1</sub> d .t<sub>1</sub> }  
 pear, E'en at her lat - tice win - dow She hard-ly dares ap -

pear. Key E. O

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a fermata over a whole note, followed by a rest. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes with accents, moving from a treble clef to a bass clef. A 'cres.' (crescendo) marking is placed below the piano part.

l .s : .s ,s d .s : .s f .m :r .s d : .m  
 sum-mer, love-ly sum-mer! be - neath thy sun - ny beam More

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has lyrics: "sum-mer, love-ly sum-mer! be - neath thy sun - ny beam More". The piano accompaniment includes a forte (*f*) dynamic marking and a decrescendo (*dim.*) marking.

m .r :d .m s .f :m .s l .r :r .r .f,m r :- .r  
 bright - ly smile the moun - tains, The val - leys wi - der seem, More

The third system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has lyrics: "bright - ly smile the moun - tains, The val - leys wi - der seem, More". The piano accompaniment includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

m .m m .m | m <sup>sf</sup> .m .f s .d,r:m .r d :- .d  
 bright - ly smile the moun - tains, The val - leys wi - der seem. And

The fourth system concludes the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has lyrics: "bright - ly smile the moun - tains, The val - leys wi - der seem. And". The piano accompaniment includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

r .r :m .m fe :fe .fe s .s ,s :l .l  
 if yon steep as - cend - ing, I call to my Lau - ra

t : t d' .d : : .d :t .l  
 dear, Shrill e - cho her name re -

s .m : .m :m .m r :r .r s :s d : -  
 peat-eth, But she a - lone, She a - lone can hear. *tempo*

*din.* *pp*

# O GOOD ALE, THOU ART MY DARLING.

Old English Song.  
(W. H. H.)

**Voice.** Lively.

**Piano.** *mf*

Key G. Lah is E.

{ :m, | l, :l, .t, | d :t, .l, | r :r | r :d .....t, }

The land - lord, he looks ve - ry big, With his  
The brew - er brew'd thee in his pan, The

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

high cock'd hat and his pow - der'd wig; Me - thinks he looks both  
tap - ster draws thee in his can; Now I with thee will

{ | m :m .f | s :se | l :m | f :m .r | m :r .d | r :d .t, }  
 fair and fat, But he may thank you and me for that, } For 'tis  
 play my part And lodge thee next un - to my heart, }

{ | l, :- .t, | d :- .r | m .f :m .r | d :l, | l :- .m | f :m .r }  
 O, good ale, thou art my dar - ling And my joy both

{ | d :t, | d :l, ||  
 night and morn - ing.

## 3.

Thou oft hast made my friends my foes,  
 And often made me pawn my clothes;  
 But since thou art so nigh my nose,  
 Come up, my friend, - and down he goes.  
 For'tis O, good ale, &c.

## MOLLY LEPELL.

Words by the EARL of CHESTERFIELD and Mr. PULTENEY.

Old English Air. (W. H. H.)

In moderate time.

Piano.

Piano introduction in G minor, 3/4 time. 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.

Key F. *f* m r d l s : f . m | l : d | — : t . . . . l | s : f . m | s : f . m |

1. Had I Han - o - ver, Bre - men and Var - ding, And like - wise the Du - chy of  
2. Of all the fine seats in the na - tion Some say Blen - heim, some Hat - field ex -

*p*

r : — | : s . . l | t , r . m | f : m . f | l : s | — : l . . . . l | t : f e . s | r : s . f e |

Zell, I would part with them all for a far - thing To win my sweet Mol - ly Le -  
cel; But to me there is no hab - i - ta - tion Like the heart of my Mol - ly Le -

s : — | : s . fe | s : m . r | m : r . ta , | l , : l | — : s . . . . f | m : r . d | f : m . r |

pell. Were I but the King of Great Bri - tain, I'd go - vern the min - is - try  
pell. What man would not give the great tick - et Or his share in a ben - e - fit

well, sell To sup - port the great throne that I sit in I'd have  
To whis - per one word o'er a wick - et In the

## CHORUS.

none but my Mol - ly Le - pell, To sup - port the great throne that I sit in I'd have  
ear of sweet Mol - ly Le - pell, To whis - per one word o'er a wick - et In the

none but my Mol - ly Le - pell.  
ear of sweet Mol - ly Le - pell.

## 3.

'Tis a maxim that's fit for a lover,  
If he kisses he ought not to tell,  
But Tongue! it could never discover  
Its raptures with Molly Lepell.  
If Pope would but write me a sonnet,  
Through England my ballad would sell;  
And all the world go mad upon it  
To sing of sweet Molly Lepell.

# WHEN FANNY, BLOOMING FAIR.

Old English. (F. W. B.)

Voice. Key G.

1. When Fan - ny, blooming fair, First  
 2. In her be - witch - ing eyes, In -

Piano.

Key D. Key G.

s : f : m r : m : f m : - : | : r m : - : d r : d : t, | d : - : - | : 1 : r m : s : f m : f : r d : - : - | : s : r

met my rav - ish'd sight, Caught in her gold - en hair, I felt a strange de - light. When  
 sid - ious lures ap - pear, Young Cu - pid lurk - ing lies. His shafts are hoard - ed there. In

*rit poco*

Key D.

m : - : d s : l : t | d' : - : | : l s : f : m r : m : f m : - : | : r m : - : d r : d : t, | d : - : - | : 1 : r

Fan - ny, blooming fair, First met my rav - ish'd sight, Caught in her gold - en hair, I  
 her be - witch - ing eyes, In - sid - ious lures ap - pear, Young Cu - pid lurk - ing lies, His

Key C. Lah is A. Key G.

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

felt a strange de - light. As eag - er - ly I gaz'd, Ad - mir - ing ev - 'ry part, I  
 shafts are hoard - ed there. Her blooming cheeks are dyed, With col - our all their own, Which

Key C. Lah is A.

Key G.

s :-:t, | d :t :d | l :-: | : r | t, :-:d | r :m :r | d :-: | :-:r :l | l :se:l | l :-:t | d' :-: | : s:d

felt as one a-maz'd, And smit-ten thro' the heart, And like a tan-gled fly In  
far ex-ceeds the pride, Of ros-es new-ly blown. And in her tres-ses bound, As

d :t:d | d :-:r | m :-: | : m | s :-:t, | d :t :d | l :-: | : r | t, :-:d | r :m :r | d :-: | :-: | : :

spi-der's mesh-es ta'en, I flut-ter'd, strove, yet I Knew well 'twas all in vain.  
lae'd in gold-en wire, A cag-ed bird I found To strain and so ex-pire.

*rit. poco*

## 3.

Her cherry lips to taste  
My battered wings I beat,  
So ruby red and chaste  
For Cupid's self a treat.  
Her well turn'd brows confess  
The lucky hand of Jove,  
Her features all express  
The beauteous queen of love.  
Each dimple in her cheek  
Fills me with wild despair  
O would! 'tis all I seek,  
My grave one dimple were.

# UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

Old English Song.  
(W. H. H.)

With spirit.

Piano. *f*

Key A.

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

In Sum - mertime, when flow'rs do spring, And birds sit on each tree, Let  
My lord's son must not be for - got, So full of mer - ry jest, He

*p*

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

lords and knightssay what they will, There's none so mer - ry as we: There's Tom with Nell who  
laughs to see the girls, I wot, And jumps it with the rest: No time is spent with

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

bears the bell, And Wil - ly with pret - ty Bet - ty, O how they skip it,  
more con - tent In camp or court or ci - ty, So long as we skip it,

{ m : r : m | f : - : m | r : d : t, | l, : - : s, | s, : - : - : - : m . f | s : - : s | s : - : f }  
 Ca-per and trip it, } Un-der the green-wood tree, In sum-mer-time, when  
 Frisk it and trip it, }

{ m : - : r | d : r : m | r : - : s, | l, : - : t, | d : - : - : - : - : m . f | s : - : s | s : - : f | m : - : r | d : r : m }  
 flow'rs do spring, And birds sit on each tree, Let lords and knights say what they will, There's

{ r : - : s, | s : s : t, | d : - : - : - : - : ||  
 none so mer-ry as we.

3.

Our music is a little pipe  
 That can so sweetly play,  
 We hire old Hal from Whitsuntide  
 Till latter Lammas day.  
 On high days and on holy days,  
 After evening prayer comes he,  
 And then we do skip it,  
 Caper and trip it,  
 Under the green-wood tree.

4.

We oft go to Sir William's ground,  
 And a rich old cub is he,  
 And there we dance a round,  
 But never a penny we see,  
 When the day is spent, with one consent  
 Again we all agree  
 To caper and trip it,  
 Trample and trip it,  
 Under the green-wood tree

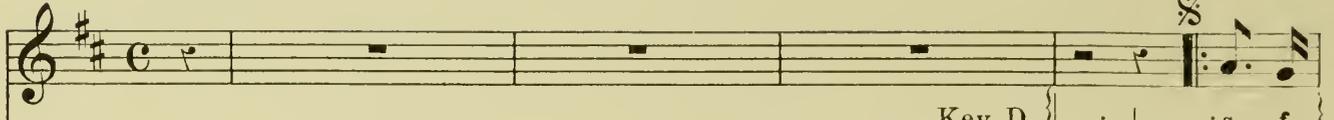
# THE THREE AGES OF LOVE.

Words by H. F. CHORLEY.

Music by E. J. LODER.

(W. H. H.)

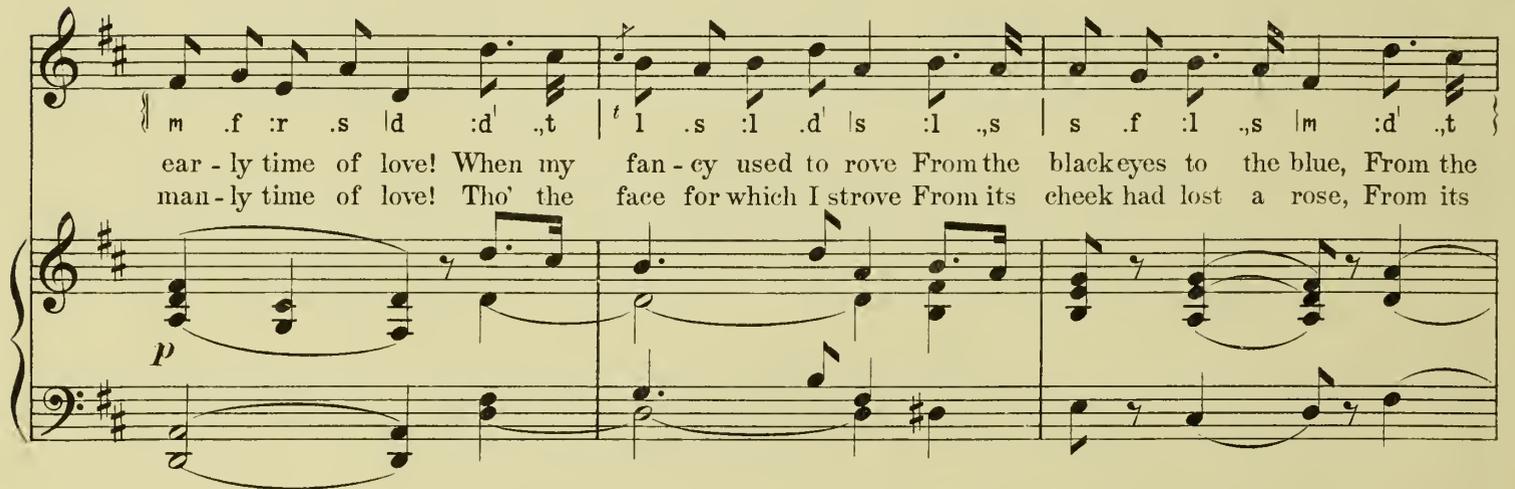
Moderato.

Voice. 

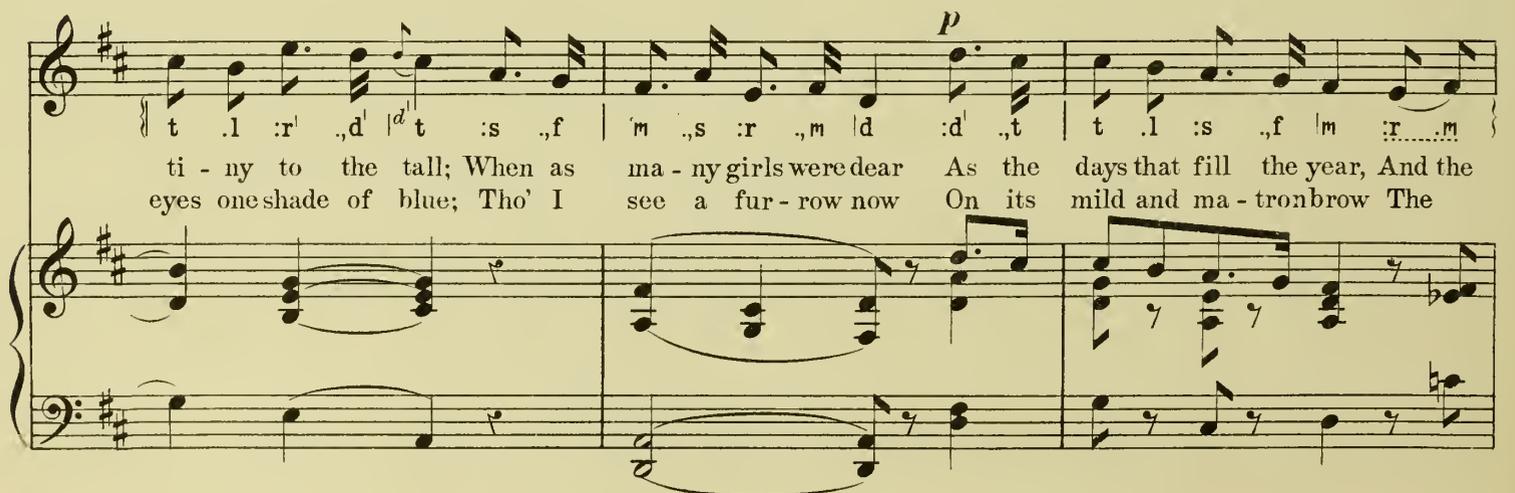
Piano. 

Key D. 

1. Oh! the  
2. Oh! the



ear - ly time of love! When my fan - cy used to rove From the blackeyes to the blue, From the  
man - ly time of love! Tho' the face for which I strove From its cheek had lost a rose, From its



ti - ny to the tall; When as ma - ny girls were dear As the days that fill the year, And the  
eyes oneshade of blue; Tho' I see a fur - row now On its mild and ma - tronbrow The

*cres.* *f*

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

new - est and the youngest Was the fair - est of them all.  
 years that dimm'd its beau - ty Have made it dear - er too.

*dim.*

Key G.

*: | :m .fe | s .fe :m .fe l s : .se | l .,se :ba .se l l :m .f }*

When I liv'd but in her sight, And lay a - wake all night, Ere I  
 And my heart, it swells with pride, To see her by my side, Or to

Key D.

*s .m :r .d | l l .s :l .,d | r .d :r .s | m fe :t .s }*

met her in the green - wood in a dew - y morn in May, And a  
 hear her sing - ing ten - der - ly some old and sim - ple lay, When the

*rit.*

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

treasure pas - sing rare, Was a sto - len tress of hair. Oh! mer - ry days of youth! Oh!  
 fire is burn - ing bright On a stormy win - ter's night. Oh! days of home de - light! Oh!

*p*

mer - ry days of youth! 'Twas a sin ye could not stay! 'Twas a  
 days of home de - light! Ye should nev - er pass a - way! Ye should

sin ye could not stay.  
 nev - er pass a - way.

Rather slowly.  
 Key F. Lah is D.

3. But age comes creeping near, With his forehead bleak and sere, And his hea-vy, hea-vy ear, And his

voice so small and shrill, When my step must tot-ter slow, And my strength must dwindle low, Till a

Key Bb.

l .s :f .m ls ,f .-:m . ,r | d .t :m ,r ld m:t .l | l .se :ba .se ll :r .d

ba-by with its lit-tle hands Can lead me where it will. But tho' manhood's prime be past, So

Key F.

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

long as life shall last Her gen-tle voice shall cheer me, Still her faith-ful arm su-stain, Our

*pp*

Tempo I.

Key D.

f .m :r .,d lt, :f | m ,r :d t, li || l:d .r | m ,f :r ,m ld :.d

love shall ev - en brave The part-ing of the grave! For I know there's bliss beyond, And

*rit.*

*colla voce*

*mf*

*cres.*

*f*

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

we shall meet again, For I know there's bliss beyond, And we shall meet a-gain.

*f*

*dim.*

*p*

# THE JOY-INSPIRING HORN.

Allegro.

Music by R. BRIDE.(F. W. B.)

Piano.

Piano introduction in F major, 6/8 time, marked 'Piano' and 'f'. The music features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in both hands.

Key F. :d d :-r :d |d :- :m m :-f :m |m :- :s s :-l :s |d' :m :s

1. Hark! hark! the joy - in - spir - ing horn Sa - lutes the ro - sy  
2. No gates nor hedg - es can im - pede The brisk high met - tld

Vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first system. The piano part continues with the rhythmic pattern from the introduction.

Key C.

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

ris - ing morn, And e - choes thro' the dale; And  
start - ing steed; The jov - ial pack pur - sue; The

Vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the second system. The piano part continues with the rhythmic pattern from the introduction.

Key F.

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

e - choes thro' the dale. With clam - rous peals the  
jov - ial pack pur - sue. Like light - ning dart - ing

Vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the third system. The piano part continues with the rhythmic pattern from the introduction.



# MAIDENS, BEWARE YE.

Old English air.  
(W. H. H.)

In moderate time.

Piano.

Key C. Lah is A. || l .t :d' :t | l .t :m<sub>1</sub> }

Mai - dens, be - ware ye,  
Dai - ly you'll find it,

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

Love will en - snare ye, If you but look or lend an  
If but you'll mind it, How ma - ny maids false men be -

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

ear, tray; Words will de - tain ye, Sighs will tre -  
Let this con - cern ye, Let their tears

m :se :t | r' :d' :t | m' :r' .d' :t .l | t :se :se  
 pan ye, Tears will draw you in - to the  
 learn ye, Dan - ger pre - sent, run a -

l :m' .r' :d' .t | l :m :se | l :-:- ||  
 snare; Then in time be - ware.  
 way, Run, run, run a - way.

## 2.

Liberty guard ye,  
 Mirth will reward ye,  
 Lost, you will oft your folly blame.  
 Freedom ended,  
 Patched and mended  
 Hearts are never quite the same,  
 Never quite the same.

## IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS.

Words from "As you like it?"

T. MORLEY, 1600.

In moderate time.

(W. H. H.)

Piano.

*p* *cres.*

Key F. { d , r | m , f : s . s | f . m : r . r , m }

It was a lov - er and his lass,  
 This ca - rol they be - gan that hour, } With a  
 And there - fore take the pre - sent time,

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

hey, with a ho, with a hey no - ny no, And a hey no - ny no - ni

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

no. { That o'er the green corn - field did pass,  
 How that a life was but a flow'r, } In  
 For love is crown - ed with the prime, }

|| 1 :fe .r | s :m .s | d' :l .f | l .s :f .m }  
 spring - time, in spring - time, in spring - time, The on - ly pret - ty

|| s :m .d | f :m :r .s | s ,f .m ,r :d .d' }  
 ring - time, When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey

|| d' ,t .l ,s :f .l | l ,s .f ,m :r .f | m .m :r ,d }  
 ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Sweet lov - ers love the

|| d : - . ||  
 spring.

*mf*

# PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

N. BRETTON.

J. WILSON.  
(W. H. H.)

Andante pastorale.

Piano.

The piano introduction is in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It begins with a treble clef and a bass clef. The right hand starts with a series of chords and a melodic line, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andante pastorale' and the dynamics are 'p' (piano).

Key A

s :s | d . r : m . f | r : - . d | t<sub>1</sub> - | r : m | f : s | m : - r | r : - | m : f

1. In the mer - ry month of May, On a morn at break of day, Forth I  
2. Much a - do there was, God wot, He did love but she could not; She said

The first system of the vocal melody is in G major. The lyrics are: "1. In the mer - ry month of May, On a morn at break of day, Forth I 2. Much a - do there was, God wot, He did love but she could not; She said". The piano accompaniment is in G major and common time, marked 'pp' (pianissimo).

s :d | f :s | l : - | d : r . d | t<sub>1</sub> . d r . m | l<sub>1</sub> . - . s<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - | s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | t<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> . d | r : m . f

walk'd the woods so wide. When as May was in her pride: Then I spi - ed all a -  
ne - ver man was true; He said none was false to you. He said he had lov'd her

The second system of the vocal melody continues the lyrics: "walk'd the woods so wide. When as May was in her pride: Then I spi - ed all a - ne - ver man was true; He said none was false to you. He said he had lov'd her". The piano accompaniment continues in G major and common time.

f : - | m : m . f | s : l | t<sub>1</sub> : - . d | d : - ||

lone Phil - li - da and Co - ry - don.  
long, She said love should take no wrong.

The third system of the vocal melody concludes the lyrics: "lone Phil - li - da and Co - ry - don. long, She said love should take no wrong." The piano accompaniment continues in G major and common time, ending with a final chord.







{ s : - : s | s : l : t | d' s f . m : r . d | d' : f : s | l : - : t t | d' : d' : t . l }  
 mate, Her rea - son for - sook her, Dis - trac - ted she lay, And to Bedlam's dark

*cres.* *dim.*

*dim. e rall.* *a tempo*  
 { s . m : d : r | m . d : l , : t , | d : - : - | : s | d' : t : l | s . m : d : r | m . d : l , : t , }  
 cor - ri - dors, They bore her a - way. She weaves from her strawbed love pos - ies and

*slow.* *a tempo* *p.*

{ d : - : s | l : t : d' | r' . t : s : l . t | d' : m : fe | s : - : s | s : l : t | d' . s : f . m : r . d }  
 rings, And va - can - tly smiles as she plain - tive - ly sings; Sweet mu - sic she fan - cies the

{ d : f : s | l : - : t | d' : t : l | s . m : d : r | m . d : l , : t , | d : - : || }  
 clank of her chain, And Poor Pol - ly O - li - ver, is all her sad strain.

*cres.* *fz* *p* *rall.* *p.*

# WHERE, DEAR MAID.

Old English  
(W. H. H.)

Andante.

Piano.

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

Where, dear maid,  
O - ther maids

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

(shouldst thou for - sake me),  
may shine in rich - es.

Could un - hap - py Da - mon  
O - ther charms en - chant the

Key D.

{ d : - | : | s<sup>d</sup> :- | - : d' | r' . d' : t . d' | s : s | r' :- | s :- . f | m :- . f | s : }

fly?  
swain,

To But what the o - ther heart which fair love be - take me,  
be witch - es

Key G.

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

Ban - ish'd from thy love - fraught eye? Where, dear  
Seeks in vain to shift its chain. O - ther

*cres.* *dim.* *pp*

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

maid, (should'st thou for - sake me), Could un - hap - py  
maids may shine in rich - es, O - ther charms en -

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

Da - mon fly? In thy breast my bliss re -  
chant the swain, In the ar - dent realms of

Key D. Lah is B.

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

sides, Woe in ev - 'ry place be - sides.  
love Let us both u - nit - ed move.

Key G.

{ | <sup>f</sup> d : - | m : s | s : f : m : f | r : | m : - | f : r : m : d | r : - m | r : | d : - | m : s }  
 Where, dear maid (should'st thou for - sake me), Could un -  
 O - ther maids may shine in rich - es, O - ther

{ | l : - . t | d' : l | s : m | r : s | d : - | : | l : - | d' : l | s : - | d : s }  
 hap - py Da - mon fly? Should I thence by  
 charms en - chant the swain, Sep' - rate each could

*cres.*

{ | l : - | d' : l | s : - f | m : s | d : - | m : s | l : - . t | d' : l | s : m | r : s }  
 scorn be dri - ven, For me re - mains no o - ther  
 ne - ver go, All is bliss or all is

*p*

{ | d : - | : ||  
 heav'n.  
 woe.

*mf*

# CAME YOU NOT FROM NEWCASTLE?

Old English Song.  
(W. H. H.)

Moderato.

Voice.

Key F.  $\{ m . m : s d : r \mid d : r d : \}$   
Came you not from New - cas - tle?

Piano.

$\{ m . m : s d : s \mid l : d \mid - : t . l \mid s : m r : d \mid l : l \mid - : s f \mid s : m r : - : d \mid d : - \mid : l . t \}$   
Came you not there a - way? O met you not my true love Riding on a bon - ny bay? Why

$\{ d : t : l . s d : m \mid r : d \mid - : r \mid d : d . r \mid m : t \mid l : l \mid - : t \mid d : t : l . s d : m \mid r : m \mid f : - : s \}$   
should I not love my love? Why should not my love love me? Why should I not love my love? Be-

$\{ l : m \mid r : - : d \mid d : - : - : \}$   
cause my love loves me.

I have land at New - cas - tle, Will buy both hose and shoone; And

I have land at Dur - ham, With hou - sen in the toun. Why should I not love my

love? Why should not my love love me? Why should I not love my love? Be-

cause my love loves me.

# ALL ON A MISTY MORNING.

Words by T. D'URFEY.

Old English Air. (H. F. S.)

Cheerfully, but not too fast.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in D major, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, and a quarter note B4. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The piano accompaniment for the first system of the vocal line, continuing from the introduction. It features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

Key D. *m f* | s :s | s :s | s :- f :s | l :s | f :s | l.....:.....: :t .d |

1. All on a mist - y morn - ing, When cloud - y was the weather, — I  
 2. I went a lit - tle fur - ther, And there I met a maid, — Was

The first system of the vocal line with two verses. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: "1. All on a mist - y morn - ing, When cloud - y was the weather, — I 2. I went a lit - tle fur - ther, And there I met a maid, — Was".

t :s | s :s | s :- s :s | f :r | r :m | f.....:.....: m s f | m :d | d :r |

met an old man walk - ing That cloth - ed was in lea - ther, And ne'er a shirt up -  
 go - ing then a - milk - ing, A - milk - ing, Sir she said; — Then I be - gan to

*dolce*

*p*

The second system of the vocal line with lyrics. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: "met an old man walk - ing That cloth - ed was in lea - ther, And ne'er a shirt up - go - ing then a - milk - ing, A - milk - ing, Sir she said; — Then I be - gan to". The piano part includes the instruction *dolce* and a dynamic marking *p*.

m :f ls :f m r :d lt, :d r :- | :m f m :d ld :r  
 en his back, but wool un - to the skin, With, how d'ye do? and  
 com - pli - ment, and she be - gan to sing;

m :f ls :f m l :s ls :fe s :- | :  
 how d'ye do? And, how d'ye do? a - gain.

## 3.

I told her I would married be, and she should be my bride,  
 And long we should not tarry, and twenty things beside;  
 I'll plow and sow and reap and mow, while thou shalt sit and spin;  
 With, How do you do? &c.

## 4.

Kind Sir, I have a mother, beside a father still;  
 These friends above all other, pray ask for their good will;  
 For if I be undutiful to them, it is a sin;  
 With, How do you do? &c.

## 5.

Her parents being willing, the parties all agreed,  
 Her portion thirty shilling, we married were with speed;  
 Then Will the piper he did play, the others dance and sing,  
 With, How do you do? &c.

## 6.

Then lusty Ralph and Robin, with many damsels gay,  
 Did ride on Roan and Dobbin, to celebrate the day;  
 When being met together, their caps they off did fling,  
 With, How do you do? &c.

# TO DRIVE THE COLD WINTER AWAY.

Old English.  
(H. F. S.)

Boldly and with animation.

**Piano.**

The piano introduction consists of four measures in E-flat major (two flats) and 6/8 time. The right hand features a rhythmic melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment with eighth notes.

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line spans four measures. It continues the rhythmic pattern from the introduction, with the right hand playing chords and moving lines, and the left hand providing harmonic support with chords and eighth notes. The piece concludes with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking.

Key E $\flat$ . Lah is C.

{ :l<sub>1</sub> | d : - .t<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> | m : - :l | s : - .f :m | d' : - :d }

All hail to the days that me - rit more praise Than  
This time of the year This is spent in good cheer, And

The first system of the song features a vocal line in E-flat major with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a simple, folk-like style with a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a rhythmic bass line in the left hand.

{ r:r :m | f:- s :f | m :-: - | : :l<sub>1</sub> | d:- .t<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> | m :- :l }

all the rest of the year, And wel - come the nights That  
neigh-bours to - ge - ther do meet, To sit by the fire, With

The second system continues the song with a second vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics and continues the melodic pattern. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and a steady bass line.



## 3.

Sweet Sisley and Nanny, more jocund than any,  
 As blithe as the month of June,  
 Do carol and sing, like birds in the spring,  
 (No nightingale sweeter in tune).  
 To bring in content, when summer is spent,  
 In pleasant delight and play,  
 With mirth and good cheer, to end the old year,  
 And drive the cold winter away.

## 4.

The shepherd and swain do highly disdain,  
 To waste out their time in care,  
 And climof the Clough hath plenty enough  
 If he but a penny can spare,  
 To spend at the night in joy and delight,  
 Now after the labours of day,  
 For better than lands is the help of the hands  
 To drive the cold winter away.

## 5.

To mask and to mum kind neighbours will come  
 With wassails of nutbrown ale,  
 To drink and carouse to all in the house  
 As merry as bucks in the dale;  
 Where cake, bread and cheese, is bought for your fees,  
 To make you the longer stay  
 At the fire to warm will do you no harm,  
 To drive the cold winter away.

## 6.

When whitebearded frost hath threaten'd his worst,  
 And fallen from branch and from brier,  
 Then time away calls from husbandry halls  
 And from the good countryman's fire.  
 Together to go to plough and to sow,  
 To get us both food and array;  
 And thus with content the time we have spent  
 To drive the cold winter away.

# FROM THEE TO ME SHE TURNS HER EYES.

Exultingly, but not too fast.

Old English Air. (H. F. S.)

Piano.

First system of piano introduction. Treble clef, bass clef, 6/8 time signature. Key signature: one flat (B-flat). Dynamics: *p*.

Second system of piano introduction. Treble clef, bass clef, 6/8 time signature. Key signature: one flat (B-flat). Dynamics: *f*.

Vocal line with lyrics, first system. Treble clef, 6/8 time signature. Key signature: one flat (B-flat). Lyrics: Key F. { :s | d' :— :s | d' :— :s | m :r :m | d :— :s | l :— :s | f :— :m | }  
 1. From thee to me she turns her eyes, No more am I for -  
 3. On me! on me her eyes re-pose, Nor will be turn'd a -

First system of piano accompaniment for the vocal line. Treble clef, bass clef, 6/8 time signature. Key signature: one flat (B-flat). Dynamics: *f* and *p*.

Vocal line with lyrics, second system. Treble clef, 6/8 time signature. Key signature: one flat (B-flat). Lyrics: r :— :— | :— :s | s :— :d | d :— :l | l :— :r | r :— :t | t :— :m | m :— :d' | }  
 lorn; \_\_\_\_\_ The sun is dan - eing in the skies, And bid - ding all cre -  
 side. \_\_\_\_\_ My bo - som as a fur - nace glows, My heart is burst - ing

Second system of piano accompaniment for the vocal line. Treble clef, bass clef, 6/8 time signature. Key signature: one flat (B-flat). Dynamics: *cres.* and *al*.

*ri - - - tard.*

*a tempo*

d : - :d | d : - :s | s :f :m | r : - :d | d : - : - : - :s  
 a - tion rise, As on an Eas - - ter morn. \_\_\_\_\_ The  
 as a rose, My sun no va - - pours hide. \_\_\_\_\_ The

*accel.*

*ri - - - tard.*

s :m :d | l :f :r | t :s :m | d : - :s | s :m :d | l :f :r  
 pip - ing wind is full of glee, And all the world is  
 flow - 'ry path to - ge - ther we Will tread, and in an

*a tempo*

t :s :m | d : - :s | s : - f :m | m :r : - | d : - : - : - :  
 glad with me, The hap - pi - est mor - tal born. \_\_\_\_\_  
 ec - - sta - cy, I shout, My bride! My bride! \_\_\_\_\_

Slower.

*fz*

{ :s | d' :-:s | d' :-:s | m r :m | d :-:s | l :-:s | f :-:m | r :-:s }  
 2. But if she turns her eyes a - way, Then plung'd am I in night: — The

*pp*

*rall.*

{ s :-:d | d :-:l | l :-:r | r :-:t | t :-:m | m :-:d | d :-:d | d :-:s }  
 sun's ec - lips'd at noon of day, Best had the flow'rs ne'er bloom'd in May, Than

*p*

*rall.*

*a tempo*

{ s :f :m | m r :-:d | d :-:s | s :m :d | l :f :r | t :s :m | d' :-:s }  
 die of ear - ly blight. The world is drench'd in mist - y rain, All

*a tempo*

*p*

*cres.*

*rall.*

{ s :m :d | l :f :r | t :s :m | d' :-:s | s :f :m | m r :-:d | d :-:s }  
 na - ture lang - uish - es in pain, And I am ru - in'd quite.

*cres.*

*dim.*

*fz*

*p*

# I ATTEMPT FROM LOVE'S SICKNESS TO FLY.

From "The Indian Queen".

Words by DRYDEN.

Music by H. PURCELL. 1692.  
(H. F. S.)

With tenderness.

Voice.

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

I at - tempt from love's sick - ness to fly - - -

Piano.

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

- - - in vain, Since I am my - self my own

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

fev - er, Since I am my - self my own fev - er and pain.

*Fine.*

Lah is E.

{ :m | d :l :l | se :m :m , f . s | f : - :m | m : - f : r | m : - :se }  
 No more now, no more now, fond heart with pride, no more swell, Thou

*dim.*

*D. C.*

{ l : m . f : s . m | f : r : t , | m : t , d : r . t , | d : l , : m | d : - . d : t , | l , : - ||  
 canst not raise for-ces, Thou canst not raise for-ces e-nough to re-bel.

Key C. Lah is A.

Key D.

{ t | t : - . d' : r' . t | se : t : m' | d' : - . d' : t | l : - d' e' t | d' : t . l : s . f }  
 For love has more pow'r and less mer-cy than fate, To make us seek

*D. C.*

{ m . f : s : f . s | l . s : f . m : r . d | t , . d : r : m . f | s : f . m : r . d | d : - ||  
 ru-in, to make us seek ru-in, and love those that hate.

# LADY, THEE I LOVE.

Words after T. D'URFEY.

Old English (H. F. S.)

*Affettuoso.*

**Piano.**

First system of piano introduction. Treble clef, bass clef, 2/4 time signature, key of F major. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Second system of piano introduction. The melodic line continues with grace notes and slurs. The accompaniment consists of chords and moving bass lines.

Key F. *d* :- .r | m .d :l | s .m :r.....d | t .r :l .s

1. La - dy, thee I love, but I may not show it,  
2. Gen - tle cour - teous winds, do you be - - tray me;

Piano accompaniment for the first vocal line. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs and grace notes. The left hand has a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

*d* :- .r | m .d :d' | t .s :l fe | s :-

In my heart a fire, Nev - er will ex - pire,  
Drop for me a tear, Whis - per in her ear, *rall.*

Piano accompaniment for the second vocal line. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs and grace notes. The left hand has a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The piece concludes with a *rall.* marking.

s :-.l t .s :d' . f .m :r .d t .r :s; }  
 Rak'd in em - bers up, would that she might know it!  
 That I love her well, o - ther - wise con - vey me

*tempo*

f :-.l s .t, :d .f m :r .d d :-. ||  
 But to see me lan - guish wakes her ire.  
 To my la - dy's pre - sence, glad when near.

3  
 Winds the stoutest oak, they at last will rend it;  
 Rains, as they distil,  
 Even stones will drill,  
 Bar of iron hard, fires constant bend it,  
 So, my lovely lady, - hope I still.

*rall.*

# THE NYMPH THAT UNDOES ME.

Gracefully.

Dr. GREENE. (H. F. S.)

Piano.

The first system of piano accompaniment, consisting of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music is in 3/8 time and F major. It begins with a treble clef and a bass clef. The treble staff contains a series of chords and single notes, while the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with some rests.

The second system of piano accompaniment, continuing the grand staff from the first system. It features similar chordal textures and rhythmic patterns, maintaining the graceful character of the piece.

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in grand staff. The lyrics are: "The nymph that un - does me is fair and un -". The piano part provides accompaniment for the vocal line, with a *mf* dynamic marking.

Key F. *mf*

The nymph that un - does me is fair and un -

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "kind, No less than a won - der by na - ture de - signed." The piano accompaniment continues to support the vocal line.

kind, No less than a won - der by na - ture de - signed.

Key B $\flat$ . Lah is G.

Key F.

She's the grief of my heart, the joy of my eye, And the cause of a

flame that nev - er can die, The cause of a flame that

nev - er can die.

2.

Her mouth from whence wit still obligingly flows,  
 Has the beautiful blush, and the smell of the rose;  
 Love and Destiny both attend on her will,  
 She wounds with a look, with a frown she can kill.

3.

The desperate lover can hope no redress,  
 Where beauty and vigour are both in excess;  
 In Sylvia they meet, so unhappy am I,  
 Who sees her, must love her, who loves her must die.

# AS IT FELL UPON A DAY.

## DUET.

Words by SHAKESPEARE.

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

Moderato. *dolce*

Key Eb. *dolce*

As it fell up - on a day, In the

As it fell up - on a day, In the

**Piano.** *f* *p* *pp*

*fes l*

mer-ry, mer-ry month of May, Sit-ting in a plea-sant shade,

mer-ry, mer-ry month of May, Sit-ting in a plea-sant shade,

*dolce*

With a grove of myr - tles made, As it fell up - on a

With a grove of myr - tles made, As it fell up - on a

*dolce* *pp*

*f* :— | — :*f* ,*m* | *f* .*l* :*s* .*f* | *m* :*m* | *m* :— | — : | *m* .*m* :*f* .*m* | *r* :*r* }  
 day, In the merry, merry month of May, Sit-ting in a plea-sant

*sel t* | :— | — :*l* ,*se* | *l* .*d* :*t* .*l* | *s* :*s* | *fe s l* | *s* :— | — : | *s* .*s* :*l* .*s* | *f* :*f* }  
 day, In the merry, merry month of May, Sit-ting in a plea-sant

Key Bb.

*r* :— | *d* : | *d* .*d* :*r* .*m* | *f* :*m* .*r* | *d* :— | *t* : | : | *l* :*r* }  
 shade, With a grove of Myr - tles made, And

*f* :— | *m* : | *m* .*m* :*f* .*s* | *l* *tl* :*s* .*f* | *m* :— | *r* : | *r* :*s* | *m* : | : }  
 shade, With a grove of Myr - tles made, Beasts did leap,

*tr* | *t* :*m* | *r* .*d* : | : | :*r* | *d* *t* :*s* | *f* .*m* : | *m* .*t* :*t* :*t* | *t* | *t* :— .*m* }  
 birds did sing, And plants did spring, Ev-'ry-thing did ban - ish

Key Bb.

Key Eb. *cres.*

: | : | *s* :*d* | *t* .*l* : | : | : | *d* .*s* :*s* :*s* | *s* | *se* :— .*se* }  
 Trees did grow, Ev-'ry-thing did ban - ish

*pp*

Key A<sup>b</sup>.  
*dolce*

moan, Save the night in gale a lone, Save the

moan, Save the night in gale a lone, Save the

Key A<sup>b</sup>.  
*dolce*

night in gale a lone; She, poor bird,

night in-gale a lone;

*espress.*

as all for-lorn, Lean'd her breast up

Key E<sup>b</sup>.

*calando*

*ad lib.*

till a thorn.

Key Eb. *espress.*

She, poor bird, as all for-

Key Bb. *calando*

lorn, Leand her breast up till a thorn.

Key Eb.

*f* "Fie, fie, fie!" now would she ery, now would she ery,

*p*

s .d' :- s .d' :- s .d' :- d' :s l :f . r :s m :- d :  
 "Te-ren, te-ren, te-ren!" by and by, by and by.

*espress.*  
 m .m :m .m | :s f :- | m : d' .d' :d' .d' | r' :d' t :- | l :l .l  
 That to hear her so com - plain, Scarce I could from tears re - frain, For her

*espress.*  
 d .d :d .d | f :m r :- | d : m .m :m .m | f :m s :- | f :f .f  
 That to hear her so com - plain, Scarce I could from tears re - frain, For her

*f* *slen.* *a tempo*  
 l :d' | d' :d' | r' :- | .d' :t .l s . :f .m | s .s :f .m s :- | f :f .m  
 grief so love-ly shown made me think, made me think up-on my own, made me

*f* *slen.* *a tempo*  
 f :l | l :l | t :- | .l :s .f m . :r .d | m .m :r .d m :- | r :r .d  
 grief so love-ly shown made me think, made me think up-on my own, made me

*colla voce* *pp*



*f* *stlen.*  
 Scarce I could from tears re - frain, For her grief so love - ly shown made me  
*f* *stlen.*  
 Scarce I could from tears re - frain, For her grief so love - ly shown made me  
*colla voce*

*a tempo* *dolce espress.*  
 think, made me think up - on my own, made me think up - on my own, made me  
*a tempo* *dolce espress.*  
 think, made me think up - on my own, made me think up - on my own, made me  
*pp* *sosten.*

think, made me think up - on my own, made me think, made me  
 think, made me think up - on my own, made me think, made me

1 : *tl se* | l . t : d' . l s : - s : - m' . r' : d' . t | d' . t : l . se l . s : f . m | s . f : m . r }  
 think up - on my own, made me think up - on my  
 f : - | : f | m : - | r : - | d' . t : l . se | l . s : f . m | f . m : r . de | r : d . t }  
 think up - on my own, made me think up - on my

*pp*

m' . r' : d' . t | d' . t : l . se l . s : f . m | s . f : m . r | d' : - | de' : - | de' }  
 own, made me think up - on my own, made me  
 d' . t : l . se | l . s : f . m | f . m : r . de | r : d . t | m : - | m : - | m }  
 own, made me think up - on my own, made me

*cres.*

r' : - | re' : - | m' : - | f' : m' . r' | d' : - | t : - | d' | d' : - | : | : | : }  
 think up - on, up - on my own.  
 f : - | fe : - | s : - | l : s . f | m : - | r . s . f . m | m : - | : | : | : }  
 think up - on, up - on my own.

*f* *ff* *tr* *pp* *ff*

# ROOM, ROOM FOR A ROVER.

Words by TOM D'URFEY.

Music by PLASABLE.  
(H. F. S.)

With spirit.

**Piano.**

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

Room, room for a rove - er, Lon - don is so hot;

Lah is B.

{ r :r' :- r' | d' .t :l :s | r :s :- | fe .fe :s :- | m :l :- | se .se :l :m }

I am a coun - try lov - er, Bless my freedom got. This ce - les - tial wea - ther

Key A.

{ | m :l :- | se .se :l :- | r\_s :d :- | t\_ .t\_ :d :s\_ | s\_ :d :- | t\_ .t\_ :d :- }

Such en - joyment gives, We like birdsflock hi - ther, Brow - sing on green leaves;

Key D.

|| f d : f :- . f | m : f : m . r | d . r : m . f : s . l | t . s : d' : d }  
 Whilst in the haw - thorn tree Mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry,

{| d' : t . l : s . l | t . s : d' : d | d' : t . l : s . f | m . r : d :- ||  
 Mer - ry, mer - ry sings the black - bird, O what a world have we!

2.

Some who sat a-scowling,  
 Cheats public to mend,  
 Go now study bowling,  
 To bowl out a friend!  
 Adieu, city wranglers,  
 The long winter's curse!  
 Adieu, legal janglers,  
 That plunder the purse!  
 Whilst, etc.

3.

Give me, then, a bottle,  
 Mu-si-do-ra by,  
 Wine warmeth the noddle,  
 Doth all cares defy.  
 Sol entering Aries  
 Makes summer sweets fall,  
 New pleasures and various,  
 Enjoy them, sirs, all!  
 Whilst, etc.

# A COUNTRY LIFE IS SWEET.

Words by M. PARKER. (?)

Music by J. ECCLES.  
(W.H.H.)

Andante Pastorale.

Piano.

*mf*

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

Key F. La is D.

Musical notation for the first line of the song, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked *pp*. The lyrics are: "A country life is sweet, In moderate cold or We rise with the morning lark, And labour till almost".

Musical notation for the second line of the song, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "heat, To walk in the air so pleasant and fair, By every field of dark; In turning the soil we whistle and toil, But often do halt to".

Musical notation for the third line of the song, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "wheat: The goddess of flowers A-dorning her bow'rs, And every meadow's hark, While flow'rs are springing To birds that are singing In every bush and".

{ | m : - : - | : : r | m : f : s | r : - de | r : m : f | d : - : t, | d : t, : d | l, : t, : d }  
 brow, To that I say, no cour-tier may Com - pare with they who  
 bough, With what con-tent, and mer - ri-ment His days are spent who's

{ | t, : - : l, | se, : - : se | l : s : f | m : - : se : | l : - : - | : s, f | m : r : d | t, : - : l, }  
 clothe in grey And fol-low the pain - ful plough, And fol-low the pain - ful  
 ful - ly bent, To fol-low the pain - ful plough, To fol-low the pain - ful

{ | l, : - : - | - : - : - || }  
 plough.  
 plough.  
*mf*

3.

The country lads repair  
 To every wake or fair,  
 With Sarah and Sue, Kate, Bridget and Pru,  
 Each loving and constant pair;  
 In seasons of leisure  
 Thus taking their pleasure,  
 Which innocence allow.  
 The rural train goes over the plain,  
 Thro' snow or rain, with speed again,  
 To follow the painful plough.

4.

The gallant that dresses so fine,  
 And drinks his bottles of wine,  
 Were he to be tried, his feathers of pride,  
 Which deck and adorn his spine,  
 Are tailors' and mercers',  
 And other men dressers,  
 For which they will dun him now.  
 But Ralph and Will no compters fill,  
 For tailor's bill, or garment still,  
 But follow the painful plough.

# THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN LIV'D UNDER A HILL.

Old English Song. (W. H. H.)

**Piano.** *Lively.* *f*

Key Bb. *p*

1. There was an old wo-man liv'd un-der a hill, Sing trol - ly, lol - ly,  
 2. There came a Mil - ler stroll - ing by, Sing trol - ly, lol - ly,

*CHORUS.*

lol - ly, lol - ly, lo! She had good beer and ale to sell, Ho,  
 lol - ly, lol - ly, lo! He call'd for drink as he was dry, Ho,

*SOLO.*  
Key F.

ho! had she so; had she so, had she so? And she had a daughter whose  
 ho! did he so, did he so, did he so? When one pot was out he

Key Bb

d :m .m r r :- r | m :- f s :- f | m .f :r .m d d :s<sub>1</sub> |  
 name was Siss, Sing trol - ly, lol - ly, lol - ly, lol - ly, lo; She  
 call'd for an - o - ther, Sing trol - ly, lol - ly, lol - ly, lol - ly, lo; He

*CHORUS.*

d :m .m d d :m .m | r :s |m .m :l<sub>1</sub> | d :l<sub>1</sub> .t<sub>1</sub> |d :m<sub>1</sub> .f<sub>1</sub> |  
 kept her at home, 'twas a lark - some miss, Ho, ho! did she so, did she  
 kiss'd the daughter be - - fore the mo - ther, Ho, ho! did he so, did he

s<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> .t<sub>1</sub> |d : |  
 so, did she so?  
 so, did he so?

3.

The Miller kiss'd her, away he went,  
 Sing trolly, &c.  
 The mother scolded, the maid content,  
*CHORUS.* Ho, ho! was she so? &c.  
 He danced and sung, and the mill went clack,  
 Sing trolly, &c.  
 He cherish'd his heart with a cup of old sack,  
*CHORUS.* Ho, ho! did he so? &c.

4.

The parson and clerk they got their fee,  
 Sing trolly, &c.  
 The Miller and Maiden splicèd be,  
*CHORUS.* Ho, ho! be they so? &c.  
 The old mother danced and frisk'd it about  
 Sing trolly, &c.  
 And when tir'd of dancing for joy did shout,  
*CHORUS.* Ho, ho! did she so? &c.

## CAN YOU NOW LEAVE ME?

Composer unknown, 1723.  
(H. F. S.)

Gracefully.

Voice.

The first system of the musical score consists of a voice line and a piano accompaniment. The voice line is written in a treble clef with a 3/8 time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with a whole rest followed by a quarter rest, then continues with a series of notes. The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a 3/8 time signature and a key signature of one flat. It features a melodic line in the right hand and a harmonic line in the left hand. Dynamics markings include *p* (piano) and *f* (forte).

The second system of the musical score includes the voice line with lyrics and the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Can you now leave me, And so de - Thou wast my tow - er, I in thy". The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and harmonic patterns as the first system.

Key F. { | d :m :d | l :- :s | t, :f :m |

Can you now leave me, And so de -  
Thou wast my tow - er, I in thy

The third system of the musical score includes the voice line with lyrics and the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "ceive me? Think how you grieve me, O love - ly Fair! bow - er, Bloom'd as a flow - er, Liv'd but in thee!". The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and harmonic patterns as the previous systems.

{ r :- :s, | d :m :d | l :- :s | t, :f :m | r :- :- }  
ceive me? Think how you grieve me, O love - ly Fair!  
bow - er, Bloom'd as a flow - er, Liv'd but in thee!

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

Will you turn Ro - ver, And love a - no - ther,  
Now I am wast - ing, No so - lace tast - ing,

|| r :s :d t :l :- f :l :r d :t :-

Tho' I am dy - ing, When you are fly - ing?  
Dren - ched in tears, Pier - ced with fears.

*dolce* *dolce* *rall.*

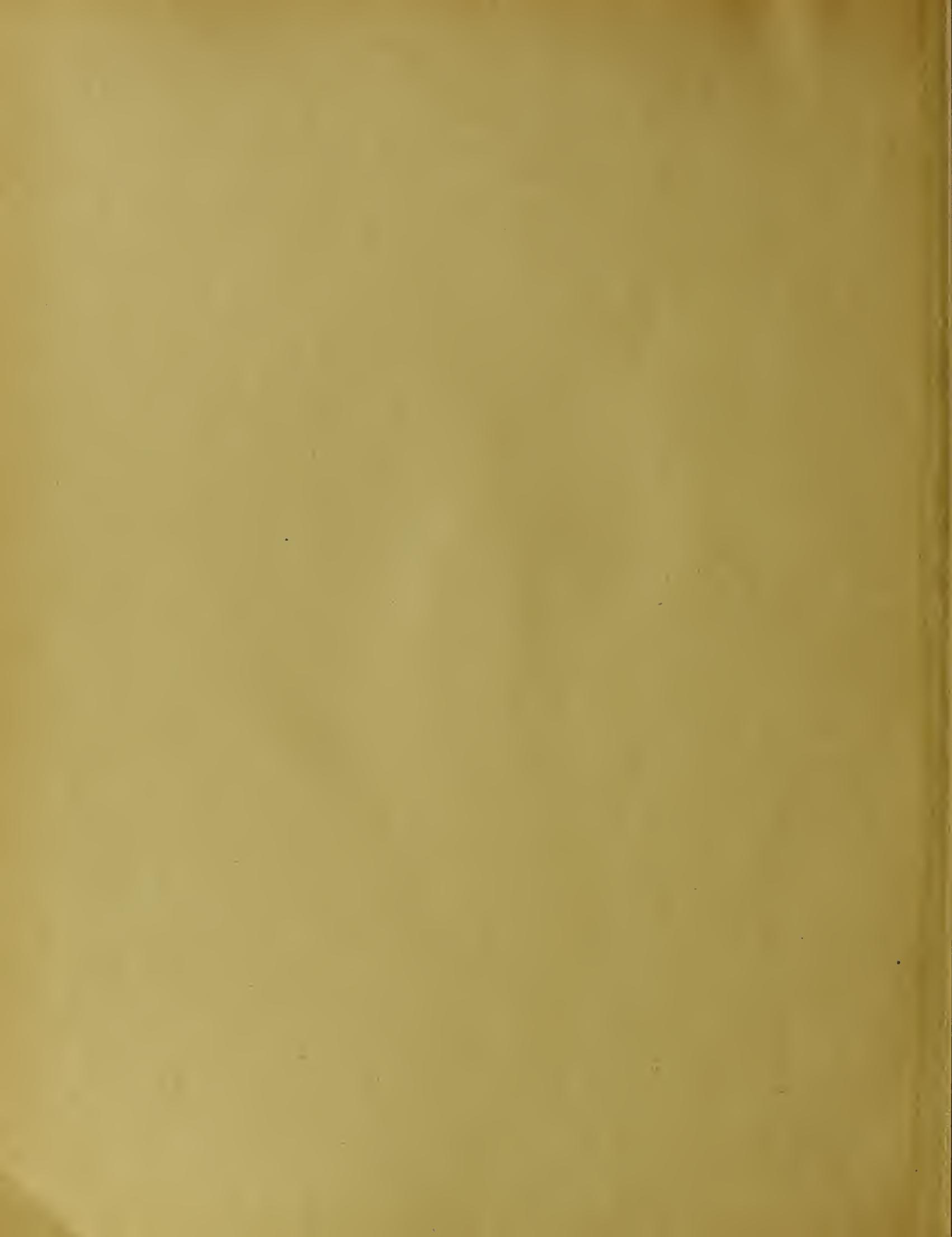
|| l, :s, :- f :m :- r :s, :t, d :- :-

Dear - est! Dear - est! You're all my care?  
Dear - est! Dear - est! Why dost thou flee?

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







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