



Designed & Lithographed by Dean & Munday 40, Fleet Street. 31

THE POLISH SERENADE.

London Published by JAMES COCHRANE & Co Waterloo Place 1831.

POLISH MELODIES:

THE POETRY AND MUSIC BY

J. AUGUSTINE WADE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

"THE DWELLING OF FANCY" "SONGS OF THE FLOWERS,"

"THE PROPHECY," &c. &c.

"IN FATE'S DEFIANCE—IN THE WORLD'S GREAT EYE,

"POLAND HAS WON HER IMMORTALITY!"

CAMPBELL.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY JAMES COCHRANE AND CO. 11, WATERLOO PLACE.

1831.



ADVERTISEMENT.



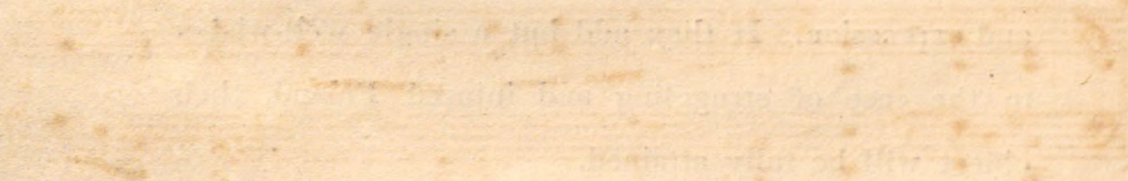
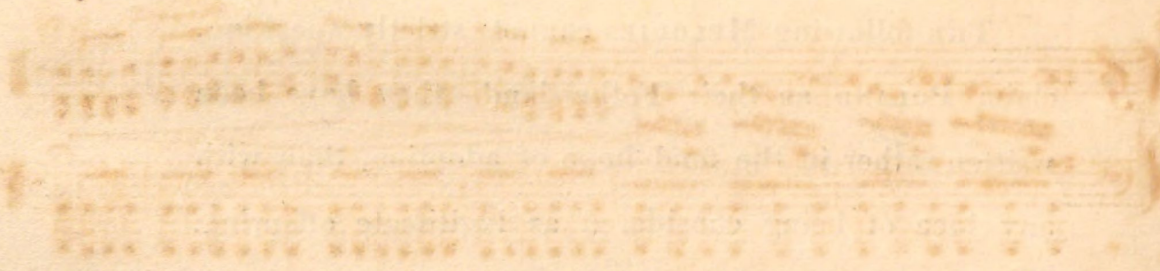
THE following MELODIES cannot, strictly speaking, claim POLAND as their Father-land—they have been written rather in the fond hope of adoption, than with any idea of being considered as legitimate offspring. In zeal and truth, however, for the cause, they will not yield to those of more genuine birth-right, though they are free to confess themselves inferiors in beauty and expression. If they add but a single well-wisher to the case of struggling and injured Poland, their object will be fully attained.

✓✓

6

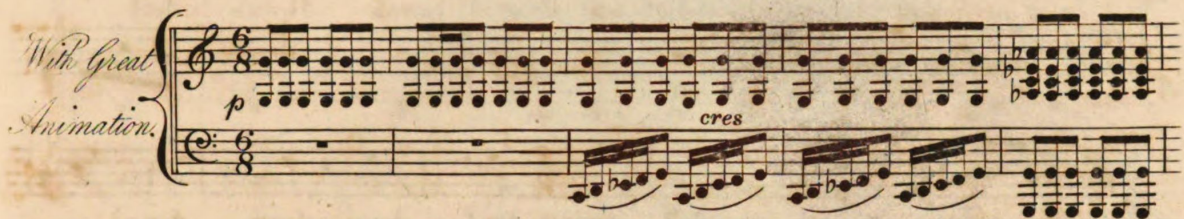
2

THE NEW YORK



POLISH WAR SONG.

With Great Animation.

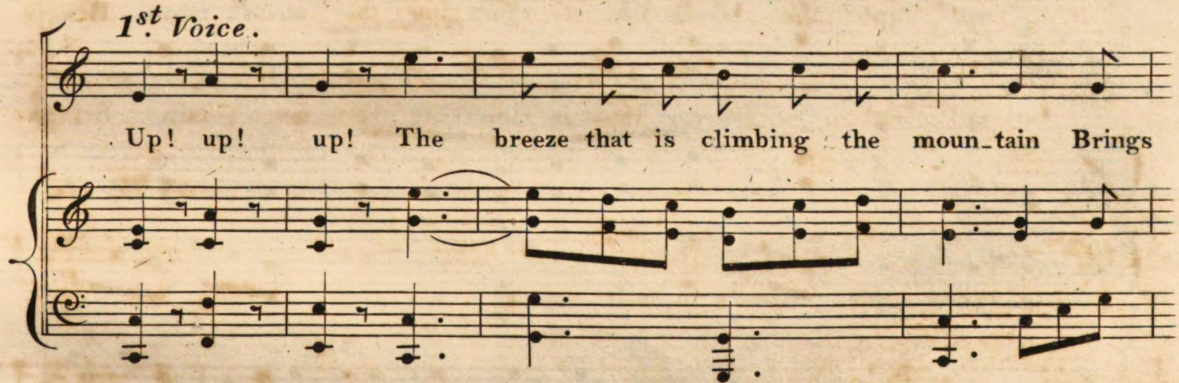


Poco rall:

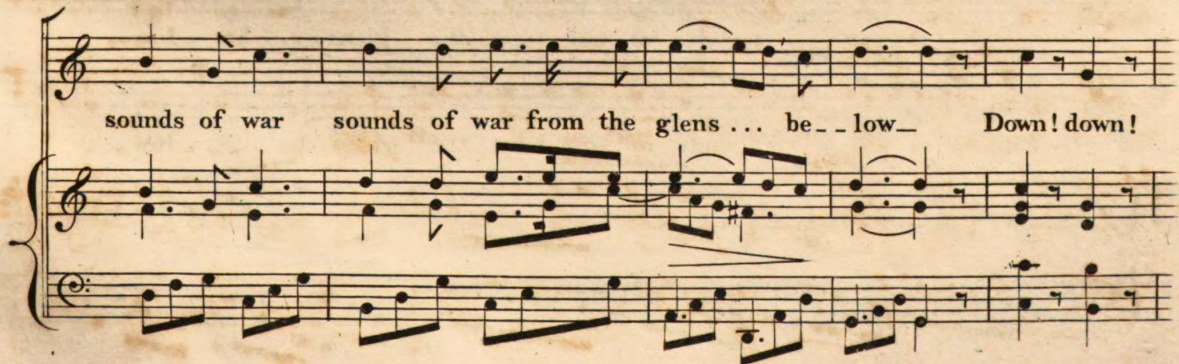


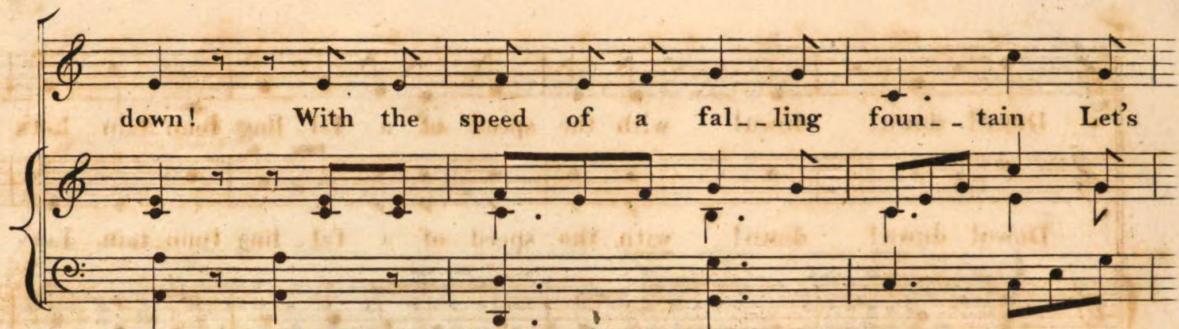
1st Voice.

Up! up! up! The breeze that is climbing the mountain Brings

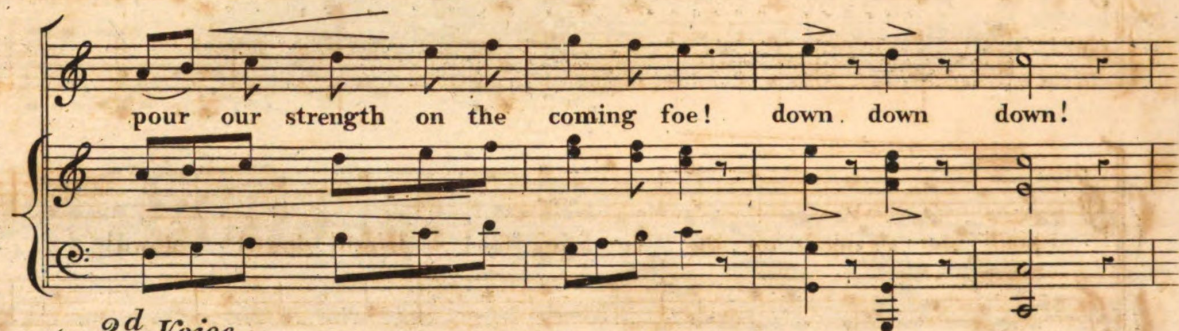


sounds of war sounds of war from the glens ... be - low - Down! down!

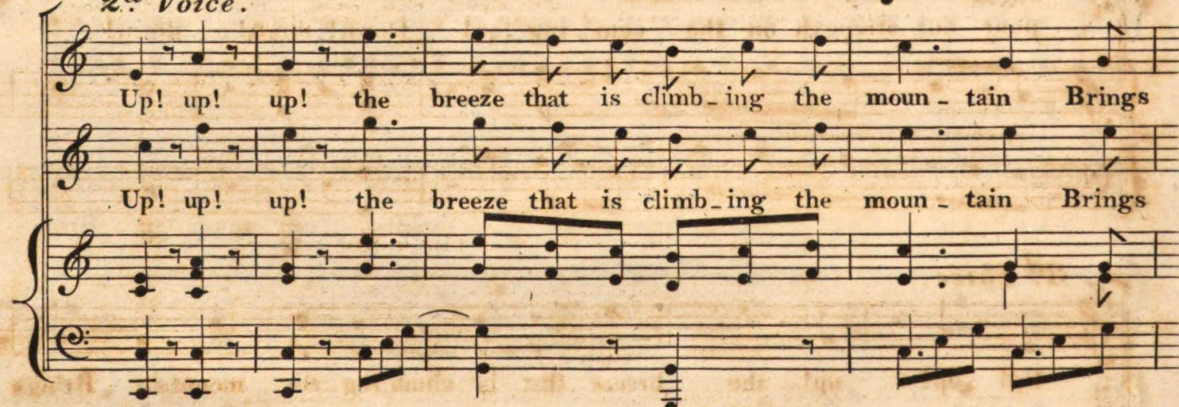




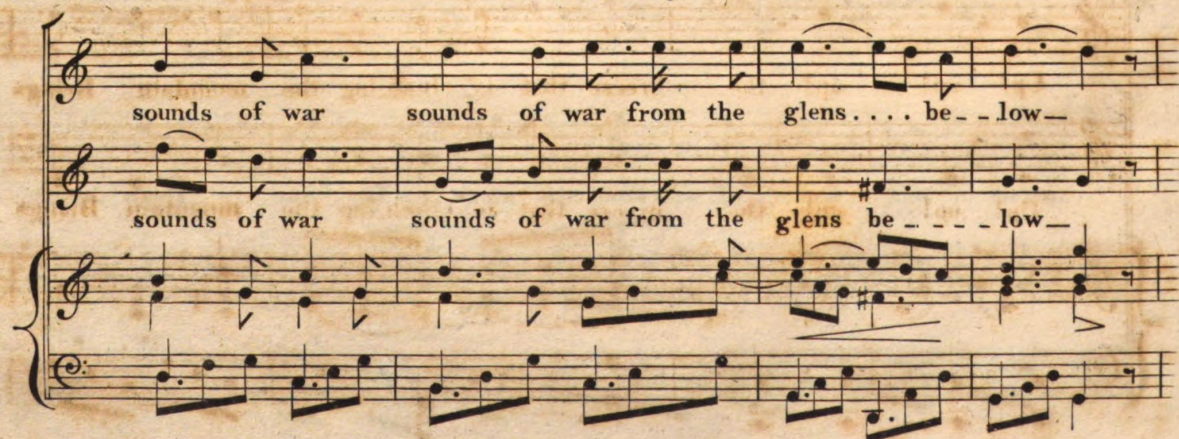
down! With the speed of a fal-ling foun-tain Let's



pour our strength on the coming foe! down down down!

2^d Voice.

Up! up! up! the breeze that is climb-ing the moun-tain Brings
Up! up! up! the breeze that is climb-ing the moun-tain Brings



sounds of war sounds of war from the glens... be-low—
sounds of war sounds of war from the glens be-low—

Down! down! down! with the speed of a fal-ling foun-tain Let's

Down! down! down! with the speed of a fal-ling foun-tain Let's

pour our strength on the com-ing foe! Down! down! down!

pour our strength on the com-ing foe! Down! down! down!

3^d Voice.

Up! up! up! the breeze that is climb-ing the mountain Brings

Up! up! up! the breeze that is climb-ing the mountain Brings

Up! up! up! the breeze that is climb-ing the mountain Brings

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with three vocal staves and a grand piano accompaniment. The first system features the lyrics "sounds of war sounds of war from the glens be - low -" repeated three times. The second system features "down! down! down! With the speed of a fal-ling foun-tain Let's" repeated three times. The third system features "pour our strength on the coming foe! Down down down!" repeated three times. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. The score concludes with a double bar line and a 2/4 time signature.

sounds of war sounds of war from the glens be - low -

sounds of war sounds of war from the glens be - - - low -

sounds of war sounds of war from the glens be - - - low - Down!

down! down! down! With the speed of a fal-ling foun-tain Let's

down! down! down! With the speed of a fal-ling foun-tain Let's

down! down! down! With the speed of a fal-ling foun-tain Let's

pour our strength on the coming foe! Down down down!

pour our strength on the coming foe! Down down down!

pour our strength on the coming foe! Down down down!

Andante 5

Tho' Power may sit on the sword . . . Of th'in-vader that

seeks for our right . . . There's a spell een in Liberty's word . . . That will

shield us in Liberty's fight . . . Have they lo-vers or sires in their

shield us in Liberty's fight . . .

clan

Have they Sisters to fall by their side . . . ?

If there be in their

This system contains the first three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'clan'. The second staff is another vocal line with lyrics 'Have they Sisters to fall by their side . . . ?'. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'If there be in their'. The piano accompaniment begins on the fourth staff, featuring a complex harmonic structure with many sharps and naturals.

He will turn from the slaughter with pride !

He will turn from the slaughter with pride !

Host but a MAN He will turn from the slaughter with pride !

cres:

This system contains the next three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'He will turn from the slaughter with pride !'. The second staff is another vocal line with lyrics 'He will turn from the slaughter with pride !'. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'Host but a MAN He will turn from the slaughter with pride !'. The piano accompaniment continues on the fourth staff, marked with 'cres:'.

This system contains the final two staves of music. The top staff is a piano line with complex chords and triplets. The bottom staff is another piano line with chords and triplets. The system concludes with a double bar line.

tempo primo

7

Up! up! up! The breeze that is climbing the moun_tain Brings

Up! up! up! The breeze that is climbing the moun_tain Brings

Up! up! up! The breeze that is climbing the moun_tain Brings

sounds of war sounds of war from the glens.. be - low -

sounds of war sounds of war from the glens be - - low -

sounds of war sounds of war from the glens be - - low - Down!

Down! down! down! With the speed of a fal_ling foun_tain Let's

Down! down! down! With the speed of a fal_ling foun_tain Let's

Down! down! down! With the speed of a fal_ling foun_tain Let's

The musical score is written for three systems. Each system consists of three vocal staves (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The tempo is marked 'tempo primo'. The lyrics are: 'Up! up! up! The breeze that is climbing the moun_tain Brings', 'sounds of war sounds of war from the glens.. be - low -', 'Down! down! down! With the speed of a fal_ling foun_tain Let's'. The piano part features arpeggiated chords and flowing lines.

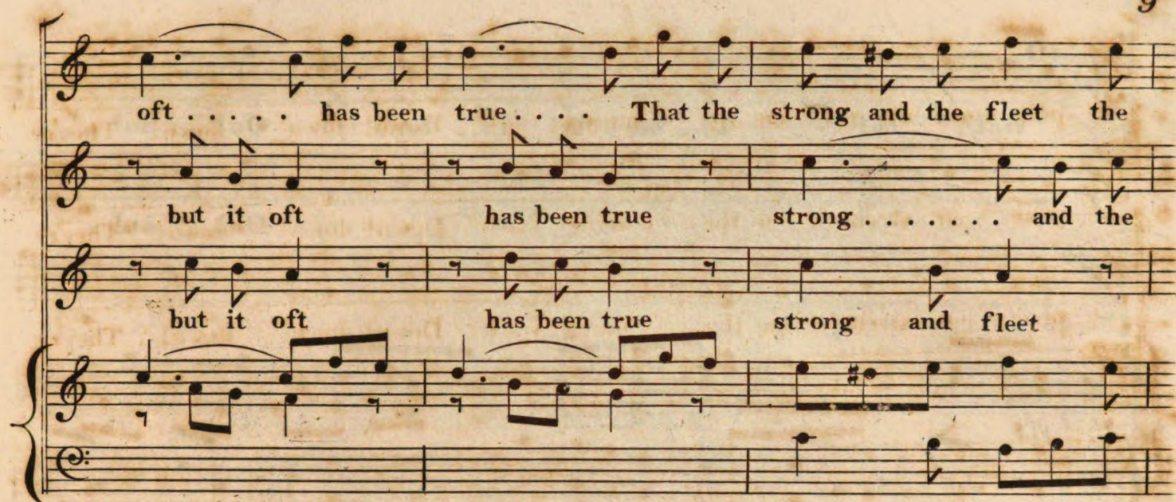
pour our strength on the coming foe! Down! down! down! They're
pour our strength on the coming foe! Down! down! down! They're
pour our strength on the coming foe! Down! down! down! They're

many — we're few —
many — we're few —
many — we're few —

ff *ppp*

we're few! But it oft . . . has been true . . . but it
we're few! has been true has been true
we're few! has been true has been true

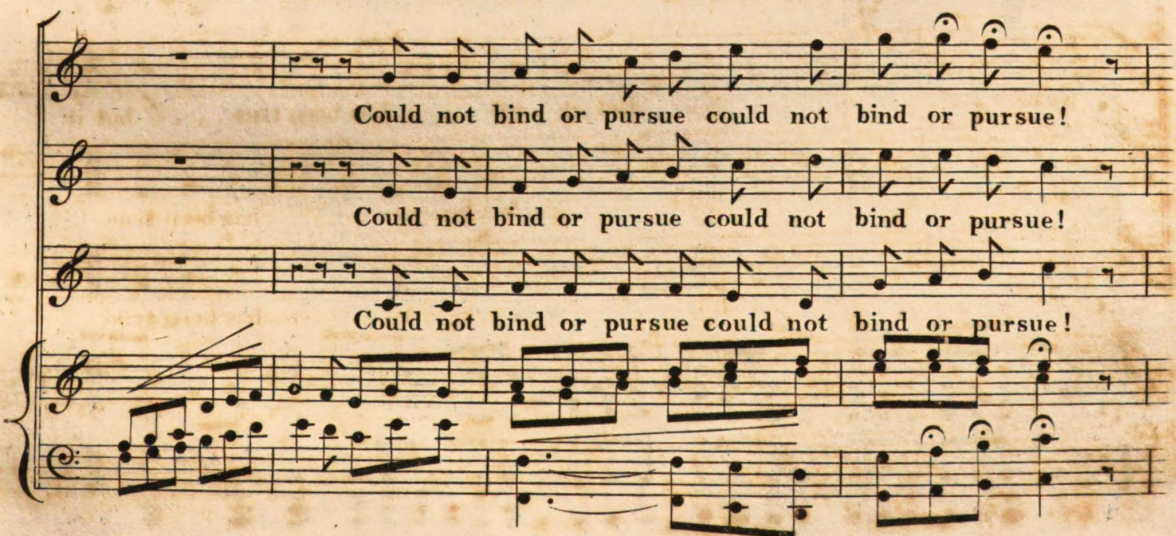
con fuoco



oft has been true That the strong and the fleet the
but it oft has been true strong and the
but it oft has been true strong and fleet



strong and the fleet the strong and the fleet the strong and the fleet
fleet and the fleet and the fleet
strong and fleet the strong and fleet the strong and fleet



Could not bind or pursue could not bind or pursue!
Could not bind or pursue could not bind or pursue!
Could not bind or pursue could not bind or pursue!

On! on! Li - ber - ty! Li - ber - ty! On! on!

On! on!

fff

Li - ber - ty! Li - ber - ty! On! Li - ber - - ty!

Li - ber - ty! Li - ber - ty! On! Li - ber - - ty!

Li - ber - ty! Li - ber - ty! Li - ber - - ty!

The musical score is written for a vocal ensemble and piano. The vocal parts are in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clef). The tempo is marked *fff* (fortissimo). The lyrics are "On! on! Li - ber - ty! Li - ber - ty! On! on!". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

POLISH WAR SONG.

“ FROM life without freedom
 Oh! who would not fly?—
 For one day of freedom
 Oh! who would not die?”

MOORE.

Up! up! up!
 The breeze that is climbing the mountain,
 Brings sounds of war from the glens below;—
 Down! down! down!
 With the speed of a falling fountain,
 Let's pour our strength on the coming foe!
 Down! down! down!

Though Power may sit on the sword
 Of the' Invaders who seek for our right,
 There's a spell ev'n in Liberty's word,
 That will shield us in Liberty's fight!

Have they lovers or sires in their clan?—
 Have they sisters to fall by their side?—
 If there be in their host but a Man,
 He will turn from the slaughter with pride!

Then up! up! up!
 The breeze that is climbing the mountain,
 Brings sounds of war from the glens below;—
 Down! down! down!
 With the speed of a falling fountain,
 Let's pour our strength on the coming foe!
 Down! down! down!

THEY're many—WE're few—
 But it oft has been true,
 That the strong and the fleet
 Could not bind or pursue!

On! on!
 LIBERTY!

POLISH SERENADE.

I.

" I COME not now with Serenade
 " Like those in happy times I 've play'd—
 " My lute is changed for warrior's blade—
 " Wake ! dearest, wake !

" The foe we hate is in our land—
 " With slaughter red, his savage hand
 " Is raising high the Despot-brand ;—
 " Wake ! dearest, wake !

II.

" Thou art of sweet and gentle mould,
 " But sooner should thy heart be cold,
 " Than to a ruthless victor sold !
 " Wake ! dearest, wake !

" Fear not the fight—we shall be free !
 " We have a watchword—LIBERTY !
 " It came from Heaven ;—then up with me !
 " Wake ! dearest, wake !"

III.

The Lover sang his Serenade—
 'Twas answered by the fearless maid :
 " I come for battle-field array'd—
 " See ! dearest, see !"
 " One hand is thine—the other draws
 " The sword of Freedom in the cause
 " That fights for Home and Honour's laws !
 " See ! dearest, see !"*

IV.

On, on they went to Glory's field—
 By turns they were each other's shield ;
 They fought—they fell—but would not yield !

Rest ! Lovers, rest !

Oh ! can there be a death so grand
 As when such spirits, hand in hand,
 Together die for Native Land !

Rest ! Lovers, rest !

* The personal courage of the Polish Ladies has become proverbial—in some instances it amounts to the Amazonian bravery of old ! That country must ultimately be free, whose warriors consist of " the Fair and the Brave !"

POLISH SERENADE.

*With mist
Spirit and
Tenderness.*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in B-flat major, 3/4 time. The piano part features a flowing melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The voice part enters with the lyrics: "I come not now with Se-re-nade Like those in hap-py times I've play'd — My lute is chang'd for war-rior's blade —". The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like *ff* (fortissimo). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

ff

"I come not now with Se-re-nade Like those in hap-py times I've

play'd — My lute is chang'd for war-rior's blade —

Wake! dearest wake! The

3 *8va* *loco* *cres.*

foe we hate is in our land — With slaughter red his

savage hand, Is waving high the despot brand Wake dearest

p

wake! wake! wake! wake!

ff

Wake! dearest, wake!

Thou art of sweet and gentle mould But

sooner should thy heart be cold Than to a ruthless victor sold

Wake! dearest, wake! Fear

cres

ff

* NOTE. The Second Verse may be omitted at pleasure, if found too long.

not the fight we shall be free, We have a watch-word

Liberty! It came from Heav'n_ then up with me Wake dearest

wake! wake! wake! wake.

Wake dear - est wake!''

ff *polonaise*

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The vocal line contains several whole rests. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing triplets.

The second system of music includes the lyrics "The lo-ver sang his se-re-nade, 'Twas". The vocal line has a melodic line with some notes tied across measures. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern. A marking "deces:" is placed below the piano part.

The third system of music includes the lyrics "answer'd by the fearless Maid: "I come for bat-tle field ar-ray'd". The vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment features a more active rhythmic pattern. A marking "cres:" is placed below the piano part.

The fourth system of music includes the lyrics "See! dearest see! One". The vocal line features a triplet of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with a rhythmic pattern. The system ends with a fermata over the final note of the vocal line.

hand is thine_ the other draws The sword of Freedom in the cause That

fights for home and Honor's laws! See! dearest see!

risoluto *pp*

See! see! see!

See! dearest see!"

On on they went to

Glory's field— By turns they were each others shield; They

fought they fell but would not yield Rest Lo - vers

rest! Oh!

piangevolmente

can there be a death so grand As when such spirits hand in hand To

con spirito

gether fall for native land Rest! Lovers, rest! rest!

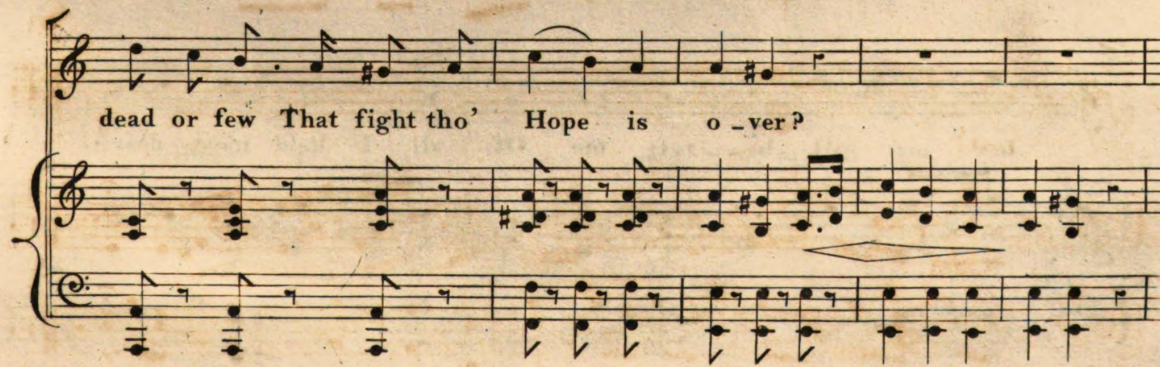
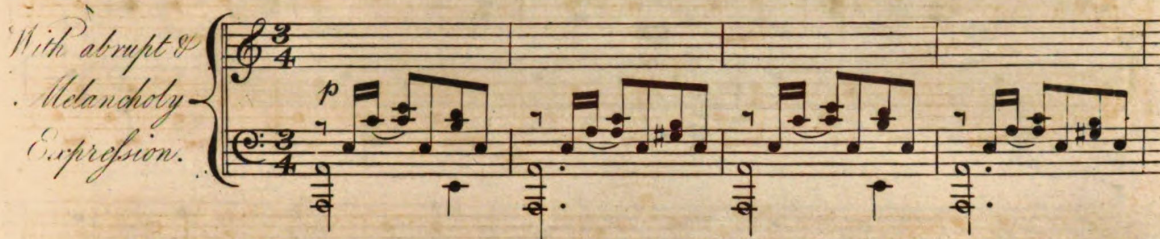
rest! rest! rest! Rest! Lovers

pp *ff* *pp*

rest!

MANIAC'S SONG.

*With abrupt &
Melancholy
Expression.*



War - - rior answer true — War - - ri - or answer

true! — I twind him when he

left me A scarf a - - round his spear — Oh!

has my gift be - - reft me Of all I held most dear?

f Say have they mark'd him for it — Was it thro' that he

Agitato

fell! But still I'm glad he bore it It

poco rall: *a tempo*

suit'd Free - dom well! Of blue and green I

f *ff* *p*

made it Colours that Na - ture loves With

blue the skies are sha - ded With green the vales and

groves! There is a War-Horse

agitato.

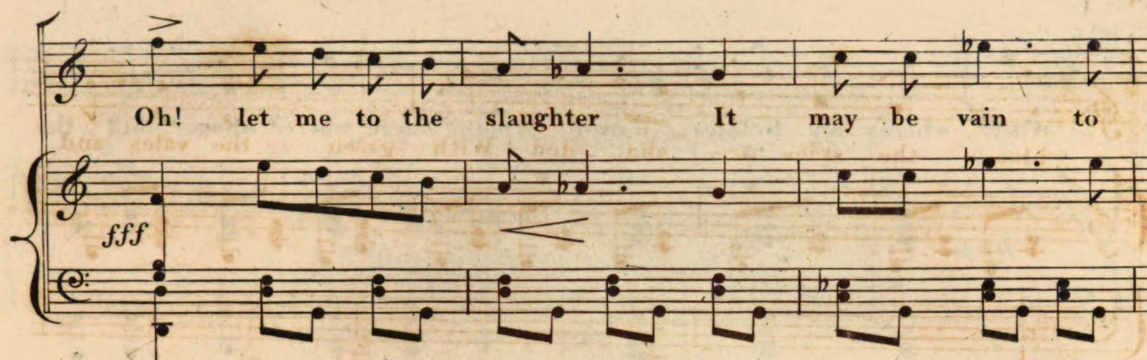
flying A - - cross the bat_tle plain -

Where is the Lancer lying? Is he a_mid the slain?

poco rall: e pp

Oh! let me to the slaughter It may be vain to

fff

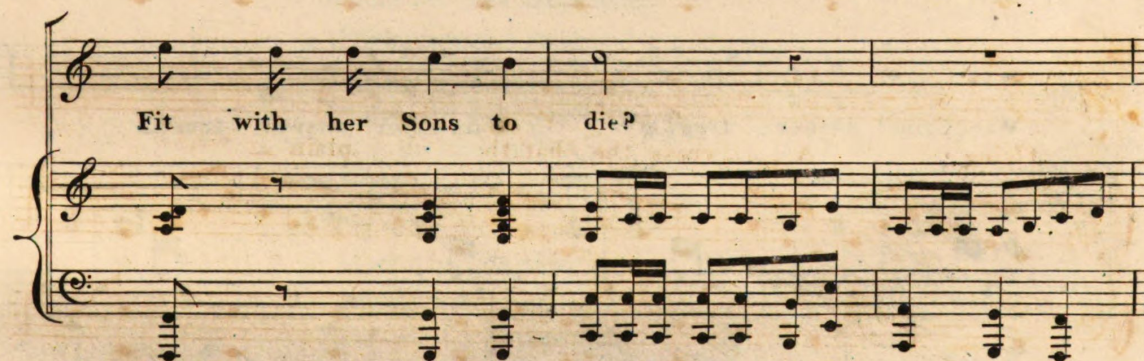


try — But is not Po — land's Daugh — ter

fieramente



Fit with her Sons to die?



Dim: Valti



Where_ where's my Soldier_ Lover Where? where? where? where? 'mid the

ppp

dead or few That fight tho' Hope is o_ver?

decre:

War_rior! answer true!_ War_rior! answer true!_

p

decre:

MANIAC'S SONG.

WHERE, where 's my Soldier-Lover —
 Where?—'mid the dead, or few
 That fight though hope is over?—
 Warrior! answer true!—
 I twined him, when he left me,
 A scarf around his spear—
 Oh! has my gift bereft me
 Of all I held most dear?
 Say, have they mark'd him for it?
 Was it through that he fell?—
 But still I 'm glad he bore it,
 It suited Freedom well!
 Of blue and green I made it,
 Colours that Nature loves—
 With blue the skies are shaded,
 With green the vales and groves!—
 There is a War-horse flying
 Across the battle-plain—
 Where is the Lancer lying?
 Is he amid the slain?—
 Oh! let me to the slaughter!
 It may be vain to try—
 But is not POLAND's daughter
 Fit with her sons to die?—
 Where, where 's my Soldier-Lover—
 Where?—'mid the dead, or few
 That fight though hope is over?—
 Warrior! answer true!

THE RAINBOW SONG.

I.

Look ! look ! there 's a rainbow in Heaven—
 An emblem of Hope to the Free ;
 To cheer us that rainbow was given—
 Away to the battle with me !
 Turn *back* to the page of our story,
 But *on* to the foe that you meet ;
 Weep, weep for your ancestors' glory—
 But think not of death or defeat !

II.

The Sun, though he 's setting in sorrow,
 Has painted that arch on the skies,
 To tell us his glory to-morrow
 Unclouded and tearless will rise !
 Oh ! thus be the hope of our clinging !
 To-night it is gloomy and drear—
 But the morn may awake us with singing
 The songs that to Freedom are dear !

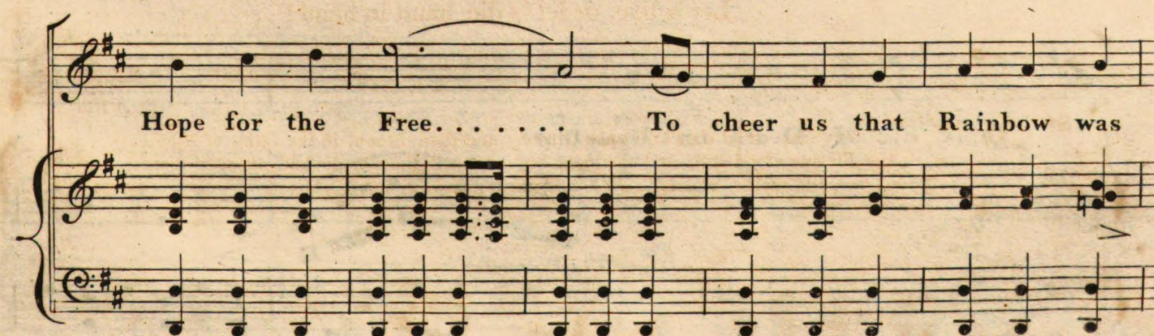
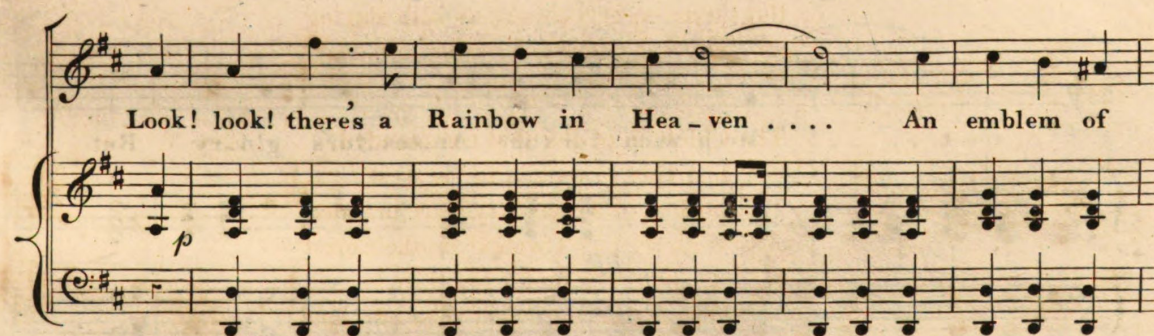
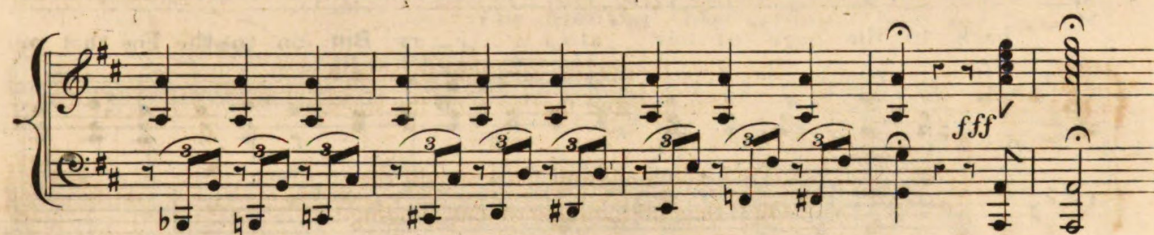
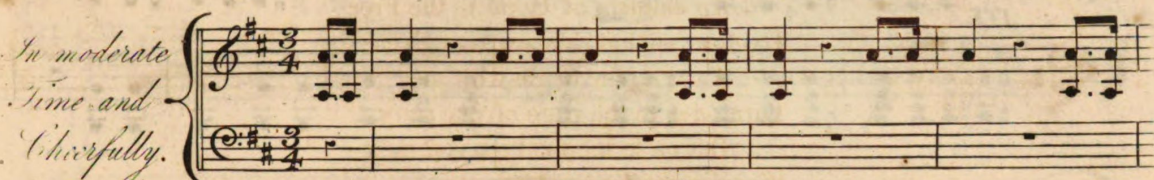
III.

The Chieftain of old, that commanded
 The Day to remain in the west
 Till the foes of his country were branded
 With Victory's wound on their crest*—
 Had *He* better cause for his glory ?
 Was Judah more dear than *our* land ?
 On ! on ! then, though danger 's before ye—
 Let 's live, or let 's die hand in hand !

* "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies."—*Book of JOSHUA, chap. x. ver. 12, 13.*

THE RAINBOW SONG.

*In moderate
Time and
Cheerfully.*



given On! on! to the Battle with me! . . . Turn

fff

back to the page of our sto - - - - ry But on to the Foe that you

p *cres*

meet. Weep weep for your An_ces_tors' glo-ry But

pp

think not of Death or De-feat!

ff *Poco lento a la Polonaise*

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major (one sharp) and begins with a whole rest. The piano accompaniment starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing beamed sixteenth notes. The bass line is in G major and consists of quarter and eighth notes.

The second system of music continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has the lyrics "The Sun tho' his setting in sor-row...". The piano accompaniment includes a forte (*ff*) marking and a tempo change to "a tempo" with a "mo" (more) marking. The piano part features a series of chords in the right hand and a steady bass line.

The third system of music continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has the lyrics "... Has painted his Arch on the skies To". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a steady bass line.

The fourth system of music continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has the lyrics "tell us His Glo-ry to mor-row. Un-cloud-ed and". The piano accompaniment includes a forte (*ff*) marking and continues with chords and a steady bass line.

tear-less will rise! Oh! thus be the Hope of our

p

cling- - - - ing To night it is gloomy and drear But

morning may wake us with singing The Songs that to Freedom are

dear!

a la Polonaise and Boldly

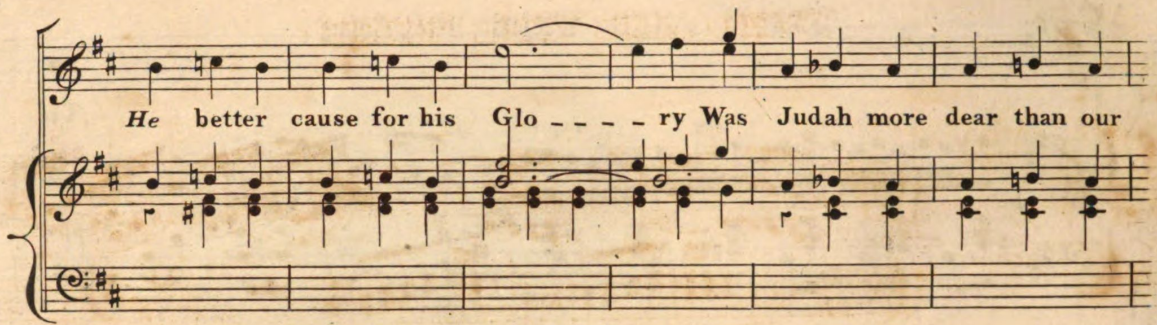
p *espress: ff* *a tempo 1^{mo}* The

Chieftain of old who com_manded. The Day to re_

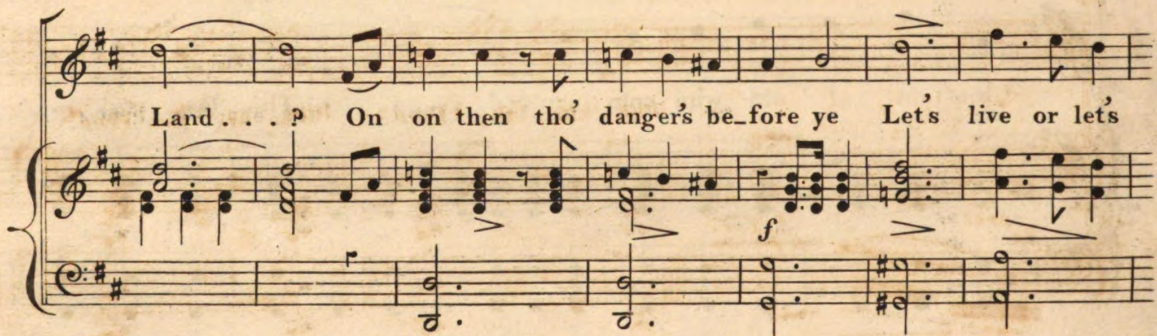
main in the West. Till the Foes of his Country were

ff branded With Vic_tory's wound on their crest! Had

He better cause for his Glo - - - ry Was Judah more dear than our



Land . . . On on then tho' danger's be-fore ye Let's live or let's

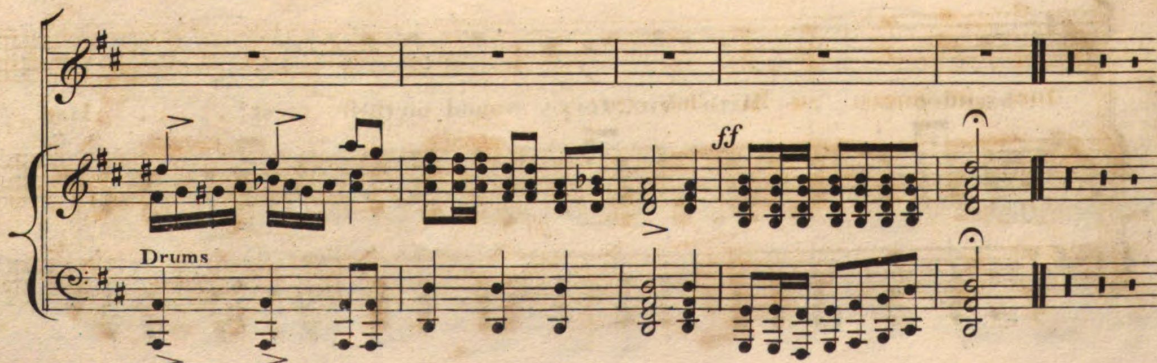


die Hand - in - hand! *Trumpets*

ad lib: *a la Polonaise e militarmente* *Drums*



Drums *ff*



WHO ARE THE FREE?

*With proud
Defiance.*

The musical score is written in 2/4 time. It begins with a piano introduction in the left hand, consisting of a series of chords and eighth notes. The right hand has a melody of eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'With proud Defiance.'.

Who are the Free? Who are the Free?

cres ff

Slaves beneath their chains may be; The Thunder's sound Is strong-ly bound Be -

fore it bursts to Li - ber - ty!

ff

Freedom's a passion of the mind 'Tis not to earth or air confin'd Twill

struggle more the more you bind Who are the Free! Who are the Free!

Where are the Free Where are the Free On hill in glen or de-sert sea? Per-

haps they sleep In dungeons deep But still their dream is Li-ber-ty!

ff *fff* *mf* *cres* *poco rall:* *cres*

A Bat-tle plain may be a slave's A

pri-son ship may ride the waves - There are two pla - ces -

hearts and graves Where are the Free! Where are the Free!

with solemnity *ff*

Then We're the Free We are the Free! For though in chains or

Li-ber-ty Our hearts and souls Fear no con-trouls But scorn-ers to the
last will be! We may be robb'd of
Free-dom's right, We may be slain in Free-dom's fight, But
still a-gainst the Despot's might We are the Free! We are the Free!

risoluto *poco rall.*
a tempo.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line and a piano accompaniment. The melody is in a treble clef, and the piano part is in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into six systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part features various musical notations, including chords, arpeggios, and dynamic markings. The overall mood is heroic and determined.

WHO ARE THE FREE?*

WHO are the Free?
 WHO are the Free?
 Slaves beneath their chains may be;—
 The Thunder's sound
 Is strongly bound
 Before it bursts to Liberty!
 Freedom's a passion of the mind—
 'Tis not to Earth or Air confined—
 'Twill struggle most when most you bind!
 Who are the Free!
 Who are the Free!

II.

WHERE are the Free?
 WHERE are the Free?
 On hill, in glen, or desert sea?—
 Perhaps they sleep
 In dungeons deep—
 But still their dream is Liberty!
 A battle-plain may be a slave's—
 A prison-ship may ride the waves—
 There are two places—HEARTS and GRAVES!
 Where ARE the Free!
 Where ARE the Free!

III.

Then WE'RE the Free,
 WE' ARE the Free;—
 For, though in chains or Liberty,
 Our hearts and souls
 Have no controuls,
 But scorers to the last will be!—
 We may be robb'd of Freedom's right—
 We may be slain in Freedom's fight—
 But still, against the Despot's might,
 WE are the Free!
 WE are the Free!

* It is but just to remark, that the sentiment of this song was partly suggested by MOORE's beautiful lines written in the cause of another oppressed and struggling country:—

"The Minstrel fell—but the Foeman's chain
 "Could not bring his proud soul under."

OH! SHAME ON YE, KINGDOMS OF EARTH!

I.

Oh! shame on ye, Kingdoms of Earth!
 That coldly are hearing the cries
 Of a land that no sooner gives birth
 To her sons, but their liberty dies!
 Ye fly to the strong with your power,
 To the rich with your wealth do ye speed—
 But you leave, in their misery's hour,
 The brave hearts of Poland to bleed!

II.

See their dwellings within the rough grasp
 Of Invaders that come not to spare—
 See their daughters within the rude clasp
 Of the foes they had courage to dare!
 Would you save not the dove from the kite—
 Would you turn not the wolf from the fold?
 ARISE! then—ye'll win a proud fight,
 If you rescue the *Fair* and the *Bold*!

III.

From Heaven a curse was sent down
 For him who will dare to remove
 The bounds of the land that we own—
 But more—the Birth-Land that we love!
 Then fear not, ye Brave! and ye Fair!
 That in war for your Country unite!
 On your Foe is *that* curse—and Despair
 Will yet make him turn from the fight!

OH! SHAME ON YE KINGDOMS.

With Mournful Dignity.

Oh! shame on ye, Kingdoms of Earth! That

cold - - ly are hear - - ing the cries Of a

Land that no sooner gives birth To her Sons but their Liber-ty

dies! — Ye

dim

fly to the strong with your pow'r To the rich with your wealth do ye

ff

speed — But you leave in their mi-se-ry's hour The

p

* This Note (F) may be omitted in each Verse at pleasure.

brave hearts of Poland to bleed The brave hearts of Poland to

bleed! See their

dwellings within the rough grasp Of In-vaders that come not to spare See their

Daughters within the rude clasp Of the Foes they had courage to dare!

Would you

save not the Dove from the Kite - Would you turn not the Wolf from the

fold!... A -- RISE then ye'll win a proud fight If you

rescue the *Fair* and the *Bold*! If you rescue the *Fair* and the *Bold*!

cres:

ff

From

Heaven a curse was sent down For him who will dare to re-

move The bounds of the land that we own But more the Birth Land that we

cres:

love! Then

dim:

fear not, ye Brave! and ye Fair! That in war for your Country u -

con spirito

nite - On your Foe is that curse, and des - pair Will

yet make him turn from the fight! Will yet make him turn from the

fight!

ff *p*