

Sight
Solo Songs,
adapted for the
VOICE & HARPSICHORD,

Composed by the late
J. Norris, Bac. Mus.
Organist
of Christ Church & St. John's College
OXFORD.

and Dedicated by his Direction,
To the Right Honorable
Lord Viscount Dudley & Ward,
under the deepest Sense of Gratitude, for the numerous favors
he had received, from his Lordship's Goodness.

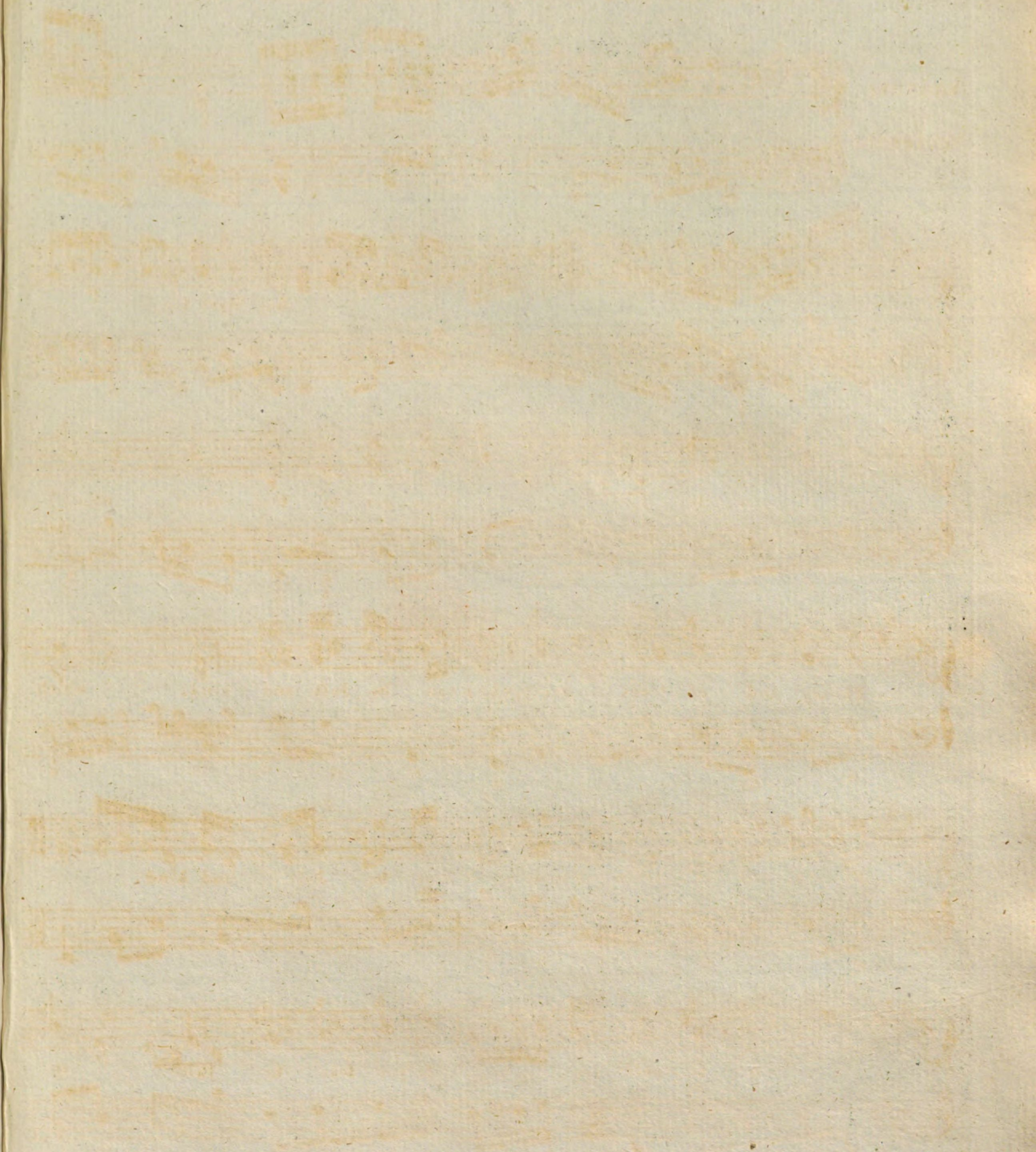
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Sonata in A major, Op. 10, No. 3



WORDS BY LORD LYTTLETON

Andante

Moderato

Say Myra fay,

why is gen-tle Love a stran-ger to that mind which

Pi-ty and ef-teem can move, which can be Juft and kind. which

Pi-ty and ef-teem can move which can be Juft and kind.

Is it be-cause be-cause you fear to thare the

Ills that Love mo - left the Jealous doubt the ten - der care that
rack the Am'rous breast the Jealous doubt the ten - der care that
rack the Am'rous breast. A - las! a - las by some by
some de - gree of woe we - ry - ry blifs must gain the
Heart can ne'er a transf - port know, that ne - ver felt a pain. the
Heart can ne'er a transf - port know that ne - ver felt a pain.

WORDS BY SHENSTONE

Andante

Go tune-ful Bird that gladst the Sky to Daph-ne's
win-dow speed thy way; Go tune-ful Bird that
gladst the Sky to Daph-ne's win-dow speed thy
way; And

there on quiv' - ring pin - - nions rise and there thy

Vo - - cal Art dif - - play, and there on quiv' - ring

pin - - nions rise and there thy Vo - - cal Art dif -

- play.

2

And if the deign thy Notes to hear,
And if the praise thy Matin Song,



Tell her the sounds that sooth her Ear,
To Damons Native plains belong.

3

Tell her in livelier plumes array'd,
The Bird from Indian groves may shine,
But ask the lovely partial Maid,



What are his Notes compar'd to thine?

*WORDS BY SHENSTONE**Larghetto*

Ye

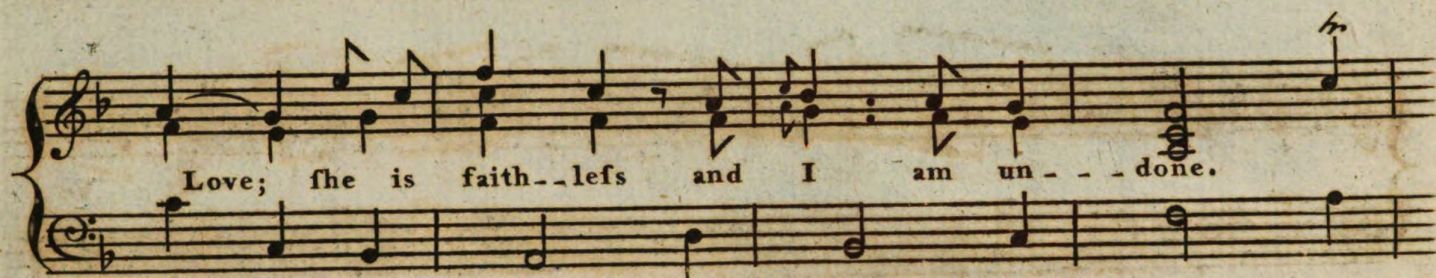
Shep- - herds give Ear to my Lay, and take no more

heed of my Sheep: they have no - - thing to do but to

stray; I have no - - - thing to do but to weep, yet

do not my fol - - ly re - - - prove; she was fair and my

The musical score is written for piano, featuring a treble and bass staff. The tempo is marked 'Larghetto'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are by Shenstone. The score includes fingerings (e.g., 5, 3, 6, 6, 6, 4, 5, 6) and breath marks (h).



Perhaps I was void of all thought:
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a Nymph so compleat could be fought
By a Swain more engaging than me.



Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire;
It banishes wisdom the while;



And the lip of the Nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.



O ye woods, spread your branches apace;



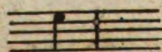
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase
I would vanish from every Eye.



Yet my reed shall resound thro' the Grove
With the same sad complaint it begun;



How she smil'd and I could not but love;



Was faithless, and I am undone.

8 *WORDS from CYMBELINE BY M^R COLLINS*

Larghetto

The musical score is written for a grand piano, featuring a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Larghetto'. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The music consists of six systems of staves. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The subsequent systems contain the lyrics: 'To fair Fi - - - de - - - les graf - - - fy', 'Tomb soft Maids and Vil - - - lage Hinds shall', 'bring each op' - - - ning sweet of ear - - - liest', and 'bloom, and ri - - - fle all the breath - - - ing'. The score ends with a final double bar line and a repeat sign.

To fair Fi - - - de - - - les graf - - - fy

Tomb soft Maids and Vil - - - lage Hinds shall

bring each op' - - - ning sweet of ear - - - liest

bloom, and ri - - - fle all the breath - - - ing



No wailing Ghost shall dare appear,
 To vex with shrieks this quiet Grove;
 But shepherd Lads assemble here,
 And melting Virgins own their Love.

No wither'd Witch shall here be seen,
 No Goblins lead their nightly Crew;
 The Female Fays shall haunt the Green,
 And dress thy Grave with pearly Dew.

The Redbreast oft at ev'ning Hours
 Shall kindly lend his little Aid;
 With hoary moss and gather'd flow'rs,
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain,
 In tempest shake the Sylvan Cell;
 Or 'midst the chace on every plain,
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
 For thee the Tear be duly shed;
 Belov'd 'till Life could charm no more,
 And mourn'd 'till Pity's self be Dead.

VERSES IN AN ALCOVE BY MISS AIKIN

Affettuoso

Now the Moon beams

tremb' ling lustre, fil vers o'er the dew y

green; and in soft and shado wy co lours,

sweet ly paints the chequer'd scene. *pia. for. pia.*

for. Here be tween the op' ning

bran - ches streams a flood of soft - end light

there the thick and twif - ted foilage spreads the brow - ner

gloom of night. *via. for. via. for.*

3

Choral Songs and sprightly Voices
 Echo from her cell shall call;
 Sweeter, sweeter than the murmur
 Of the distant water fall .

4

Every ruder gust of passion
 Lull'd with musick dies away;
 Till within the charmed Bosom
 None but soft affections play .

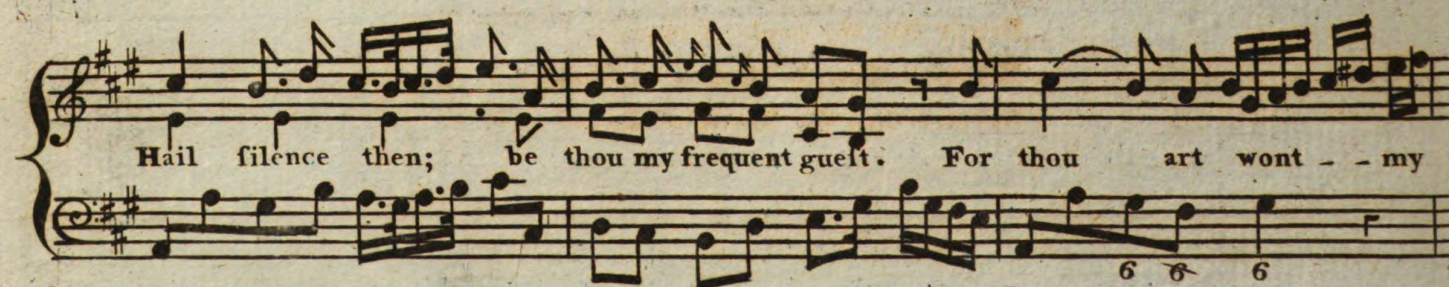
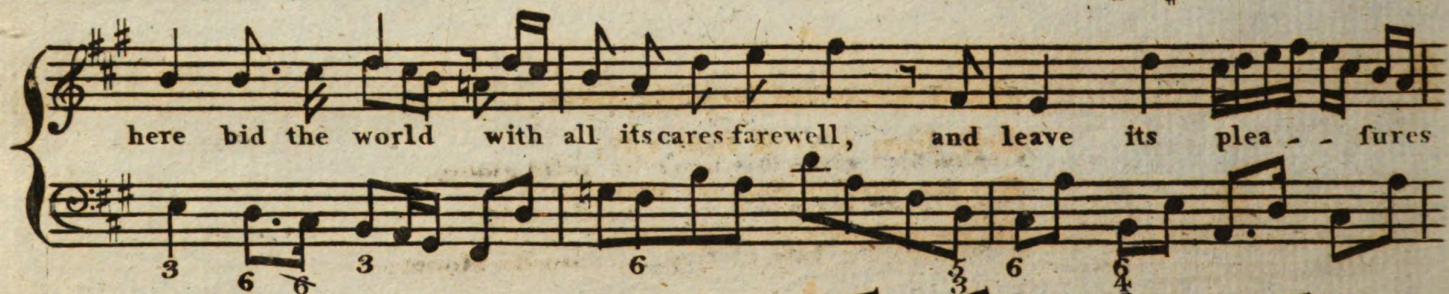
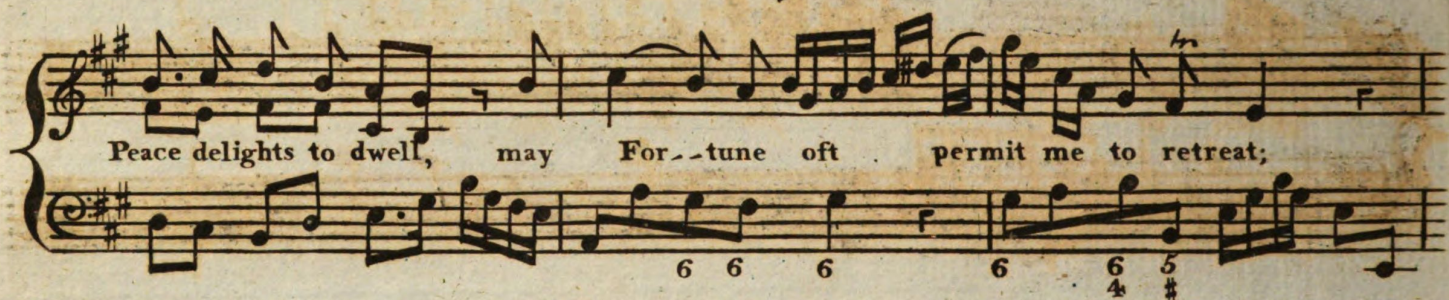
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Soft as when the Ev'ning breezes
 Gently stir the poplar Grove;
 Brighter than the smiles of summer
 Sweeter than the breath of Love .

TO CONTENTMENT. BY M^R COLE

Andante

Moderato



gra-ti-tude to raise. As high as won-der can the Theme suggest, When

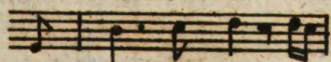
ere I me-di-tate my Makers praise.

4

Tis God that gives this bow'r its awful gloom,
 This Arched verdure does its roof invest;
 He breaths the Life of fragrance on its bloom,
 And with his Kindness makes its owner blest.

6

Yet Reason while it forms the subtle plan,
 Some purer source of pleasure to explore;



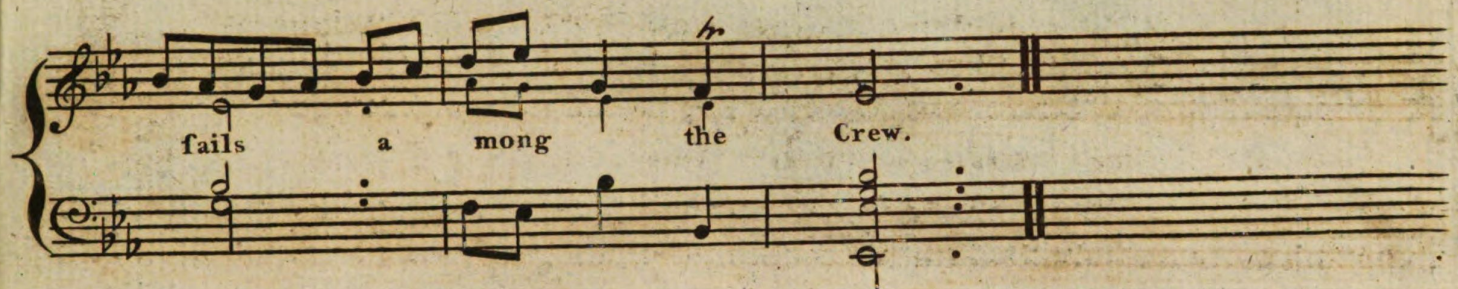
Must deem it vain for that poor pilgrim Man,
 To think of resting till his Journey's O'er.

SWEET WILLIAMS FAREWEL TO BLACK EY'D SUSAN

Andante
Moderato

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and a vocal line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo markings 'Andante' and 'Moderato' are placed at the beginning of the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words hyphenated across measures. The music features a variety of note values, including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and accidentals. The overall mood is nostalgic and melancholic, fitting the theme of a farewell.

All in the Downs the Fleet was
moor'd the Strea - - - mers wave - - - ing in the
Wind, when black - ey'd SU - - - SAN came on
board Oh! where shall I my true love
find? Tell me, ye Jo - - - vial Sai - - - lers



2

WILLIAM, who high upon the Yard,
 Rock'd with the Billows to and fro;
 Soon as her well known voice he heard,
 He figh'd and cast his Eyes below,
 The Cord flides fwiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as Lightning on the Deck he ftands.

4

O SUSAN, SUSAN, lovely Dear!
 My Vows fhall ever true remain;
 Let me kifs off that falling Tear:
 We only part to meet again,
 Change as ye lift ye Winds; my heart fhall be
 The faithful Compas that ftill points to thee.

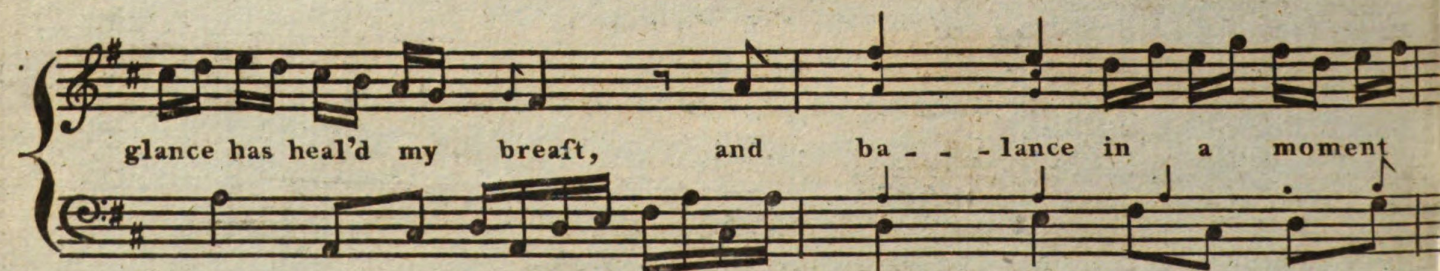
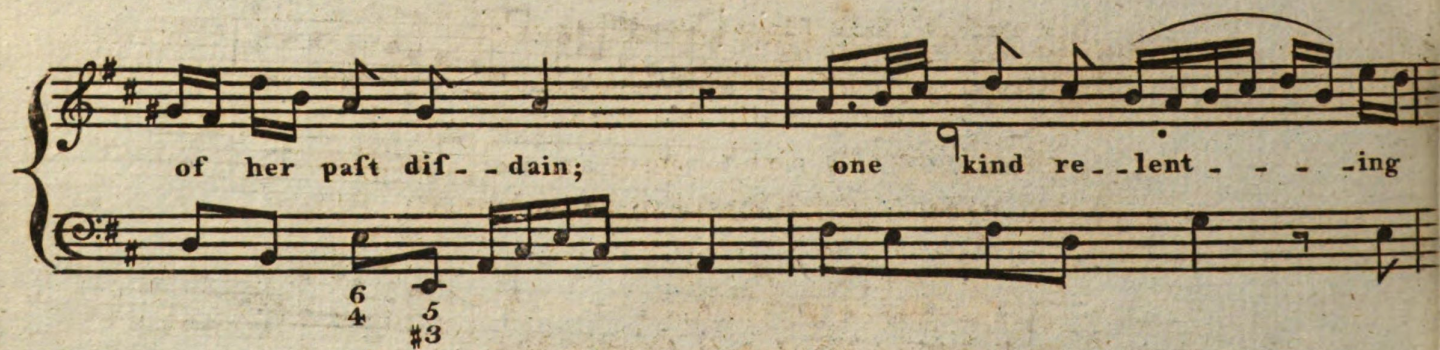
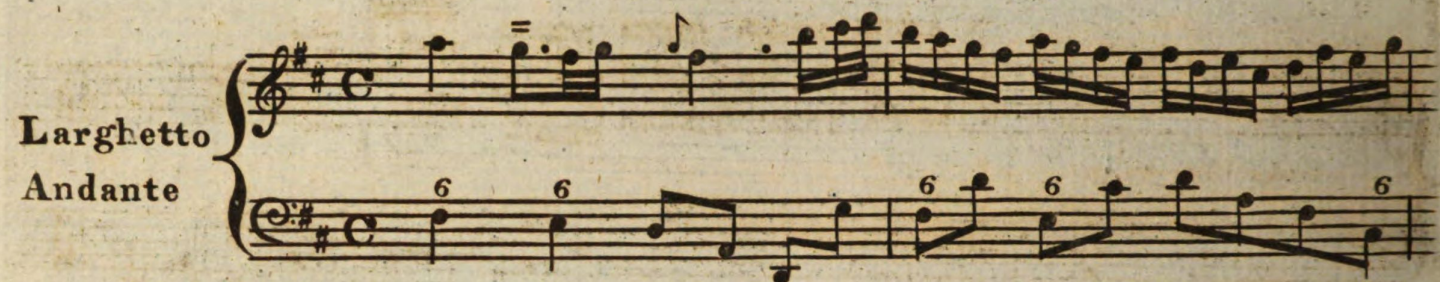
8

The Boatfwain gave the dreadful Word,
 The Sails their fwelling bofom fspread;
 No longer muft fhe ftay on Board:
 They kifs'd; fhe figh'd; he hung his head:
 Her lefs'ning Boat, unwilling rows to Land,
 Adieu! fhe cries; and wav'd her Lilly hand.

WORDS BY MISS AIKIN

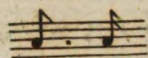
Larghetto

Andante

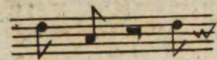




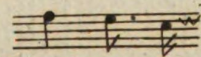
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O'er her soft Cheek consenting Blushes move,
And with kind stealth her secret soul betrays,

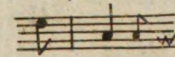


Blushes, which usher in the Morn of Love,

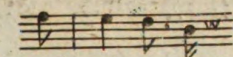


Sure as the red'ning East foretells the Day.

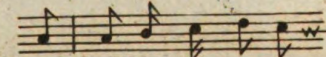
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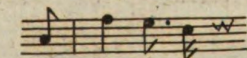
Her tender smiles shall pay me with delight,



For many a bitter Pang of Jelous Fear,



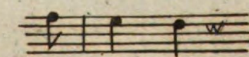
For many an anxious day, and sleepless night,



For many a stifled Sigh, and silent Tear.



My Heart in DE LIA is so fully blest,



It has no room to lodge another Joy:



My peace all leans upon that gentle breast,
And only there Misfortune can annoy.