Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

http://archive.org/details/musicformillionc00rede_0

2160
1st Edition

MUSIC LIBRARY
UNC CHAPEL HILL

MUSIC FOR THE MILLION:

CONSISTING OF

THE WORDS AND MUSIC,

WITH

ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANO-FORTE,
FLUTE, VIOLIN, &c.

OF THE MOST

POPULAR & STANDARD SONGS, DUETS, GLEES, &c.,

INCLUDING

SELECTIONS FROM THE BEST MODERN OPERAS,

WITH PIANO-FORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS,

AND

NEW VERSIONS OF

THE CELEBRATED IRISH MELODIES,

By WILLIAM LEMAN REDE, Esq.,

TO WHICH IS APPENDED

A SERIES OF INSTRUCTIONS FOR BEGINNERS.

LONDON:
DAVIDSON, WATER STREET, TUDOR STREET,
LEADING FROM BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE TOWARDS THE TEMPLE

ADVERTISEMENT.

Having carried on his labours triumphantly for six months, and having produced, during that period, the material for a goodly tome, the Editor of "Music for the Million" now concludes this volume, in the hope that the Ninety-six Pieces of which it consists will be accepted as a fair fulfilment of the promises of his prospectus. Nothing but a reliance on extensive patronage could have warranted the issue of Copyright Music, with full Piano-Forte Accompaniments, at the unprecedented prices at which this volume has been projected and matured; and the Proprietor therefore feels assured that his Subscribers will be gratified in learning that success has attended the enterprise. Most of the Numbers have been repeatedly reprinted, and the entire work is now in the press for a Second Edition.

Thus encouraged, and feeling the force of the objection that has been made to the inconvenient size of the pages for use on the Piano-Forte, it is intended now to perfect the design of publishing good and cheap "Music for the Million" by continuing this work in the full music size at the rate of Threepence per sheet. The Printing will be from a Music Type of unsurpassed elegance, cast expressly for the purpose, and the Pieces will be prepared under the Editorship of a gentleman of great fitness for the task of so blending the elegant and the accurate with that which is comparatively easy of execution, as to induce an expectation, on the part of the Proprietor, of seeing the work grow into a Library of Music that will be at once acceptable to the Proficient and valuable to those who are cultivating the delightful science of Music; and the better to meet the tastes of all sections of the Musical Community, the New Series of "Music for the Million" will consist of Instrumental as well as Vocal Compositions.

CONTENTS.

Auld Robin Gray 302
Banks of Allan Water 56
Behold ! how brightly breaks the Morning, the Barcarole from Masaniello 26
Bridesmaid's Song and Chorus, from Der Freischutz, by Weber, the Words by Miss L. M. Rede 43
Blow, blow, thou Winter's Wind, by Dr. Arne 196
Charlie is my Darling 328
Come if you dare, by Purcell 254
Come, Love, to me, the Words by L. Z. 376
Comin' thro' the Rye 112
Elementary Observations on Music ix
Evening has lull'd bright Daylight to Rest, from Anna Bolena, by Donizetti 103
Fair Clora, a Duet, by Haydn 341
Farewell, thou Stream that winding flows, by Burns 202
Gentle Youth, ah ! tell me why ? by Dr. Arne 219
Green grow the Rashes, oh ! 84
Had I a Cave in some wild distant Shore, a Duet, the Words by Burns 382
Hereos when with Glory burning, by Handel 366
I ever think of Thee, Love, from the Da Conta in Norma, as sung by Miss Adelaide Kemble 46
If those who live in Shepherd's Bower, the Words by Thomson 350
If o'er the cruel Tyrant, Love 14
I love to catch thy radiant Smile—Words by Miss M. L. Rede. 118
In Infancy our Hopes and Fears, from Artaxerxes, by Dr. Arne 11
Is there a Heart that never lov'd—from the Devil's Bridge . . 248
Jack o' Hazeldean, by Sir Walter Scott 162

CONTENTS.

Jenny, get your Oat-Cake done, or the Nigger's Trip, sung by Mr. Sweeny, the American Banjo Player 312
Kate Kearney 279
Last May a braw Wooer cam down the long Glen, by Burns . 236
Let me wander not unseen, by Handel 294
Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonny Lassie, Oh! 135
Long Time ago, by Horn 168
Love in thine Eyes, a Canzonet, by Jackson 128
Lucy Long, an American Melody, sung by Mr. Sweeny, accompanied by himself on the Banjo 184
My Sister Dear, from Masaniello 150
No Flower that blows, by Linley 275
O Logie O'Buchan, a favorite Scotch Air, arranged as a Duet . 357
Oh! my Love's like the Red Red Rose 50
O! Sweet is the hour—Spanish Melody—the Words by D. L. Richardson, Esq. 70
Oh! this is no my ain Lassie, by Burns 272
Oh! what a charming Fellow, as sung in the Agreeable Surprise 317
Oh! what ye wha that lo'es me—Scotch Air, the Words by Burns 90
Oh! who has seen the Miller's Daughter 171
Our Thoughts are still at Home—Duet, by Winter 205
Remember, Love, remember 360
Says Plato, why should Man be vain 251
Some Fairy Spell around me Plays, the Words by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson—Scotch Melody 39
Stay, Traveller, stay, by Rossini, from La Donna del Lago . . 94
Still in Hopes to get the Better 8
Take, oh take those Lips away—Canzonet, by Jackson . . . 222
The Banks of the Yarrow, a favorite Glee, by Dr. Calcott . . 353
The Bay of Biscay 216
The Cuckoo, as sung by Mrs. A. Shaw, Madame Vestris, &c.—Words by Shakspeare 231
The Day returns when first we met—Viotti—the Words by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson 98
The Exile's Return, the Words by Miss A. M. Porter . . 335
The Hardy Sailor braves the Ocean, from the Castle of Andalusia 73
The Ivy Green, by Russell—the Words by Chas. Dickens, Esq. 78
The Lass o' Gowrie, arranged as a Glee 121

CONTENTS.

The Miniature, by J. P. Knight—the Words by G. P. Morris . 265
The Rose had been wash'd—Canzonet, by Jackson 239
The Soldier tir'd of War's Alarms, by Dr. Arne 17
The Voice of Love—Italian Air—the Words by D. L. Richardson, Esq. 124
The Woodman, composed by Linley 153
Turn, Amarillis—a Madrigal 291
Under the Greenwood Tree, by Dr. Arne 320
Waters of Elle—French Air—the Words from Glenarvon . . 53
We who wand'ring Arabs are—Glee, Storace 259
When forc'd from dear Hebe to go, by Dr. Arne, the Words from Shenstone 287
When Time was entwining—Glee, by Calcott 191
Where's the Heart so Cold, by Miss M. L. Rede 139
With Thee fair Summer's Joy appears, as sung in Shakspeare's Merry Wives of Windsor 328
Woodman, spare that Tree—the Music by H. Russell, the Words by P. Morris 63
Ye Streams that round my Prison creep 379
Ye Woods and ye Mountains Unknown, Canzonet, by Jackson. 1

THE IRISH MELODIES.

1. Hark! I hear the Ocean's whelming Sweep—Melody, Love's Young Dream 8
2. Could the Voice that I lov'd wake again to this Ear—Melody, She is far from the Land 32
3. Hush'd be Sorrow's Sigh—Melody, Norah Creina . . . 35
4. When the Dove left the Ark—Melody, Believe me if all those 63
5. The Lover's Lute—Melody, The Minstrel Boy 67
6. Sunshine on thy Pathway—Melody, Though the last Glimpse of Erin 87
7. Though all may forget Thee—Melody, When he who adores Thee 108
8. Oh! never more—Melody, The Harp that once 115
9. Smile on, for thy young Day is Dawning—Melody, Sing, Sing 145

10. Forgive the Muse that slumber'd—Melody, I'd mourn the Hopes 147
11. The Masquerade—Melody, C'est l' Amour 158
12. Breathe not again that dreadful Sound—Melody, Whene'er I see those smiling Eyes 165
13. Helen, a Ballad—Melody, The Meeting of the Waters . . 180
14. Oh! when in days that are yet to rise—Melody, the Legacy 199
15. Oh! Come to the Tomb—Melody, Oh! breathe not his Name 213
16. Oh! Love is just like Gaming—Melody, To Ladies' Eyes 227
17. In Griefs and in Dangers—Melody, The Last Rose of Summer 245
18. The Rose that you gave me has wither'd away—Melody, Farewell, but whenever 268
19. No more shall I seek in the red Field of Danger—Melody, 'Tis gone and for ever 283
20. The Bark is on the swelling Wave—Melody, St. Sesanus and the Lady 299
21. Oh! could I bid the Days return—Melody, when first I met thee 308
22. Alva—Melody, Rich and Rare were the Gems she wore . 332
23. Whilst thou'rt by my Side—Melody, Dear Harp of my Country 346
24. All Venice look'd Gay at the Bridal—Melody, Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded 363
25. On the dark lonely Strand—Melody, at the Mid Hour of Night 373

OBSERVATIONS

ON

MUSIC,

PARTICULARLY VOCAL AND ACCOMPANIMENT.

Music has always ranked high among the Sciences, but has attained an eminence in the present day, far above any other. As nations have been civilized, so has music been cultivated. Always making a great impression on the feelings, either by raising sublime inspirations, or exciting strong and animating sensations, it was used in the early ages, as well for religious, as political purposes; but now it is more subserviant to our domestic habits, forming at once a delightful and innocent recreation. Yet it is still capable of rousing the energies of the soul, both in adoration to the Diety, and in exciting and allaying the most varied passions. The one may be exemplified in the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and many others: who, for instance, can hear the sublime Oratorios of "The Messiah," "The Creation," and "The Requiem," and not feel elevated by the solemn harmonious sounds, uttered with the most beautiful sentiments? The other, our national airs will testify; and, indeed, the original melodies of any country, (particularly those of Scotland and Ireland), produce the utmost enthusiasm on the hearers;—they will either melt the heart to pity and love, or inspire it with the noblest sensations. "The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife," and even "the squeaking bagpipes," are instruments capable of rousing the most supine. Who can behold the march of a

regiment, and hear its martial music, without feeling his blood thrill within him, and all his faculties alive to its invigorating sounds?

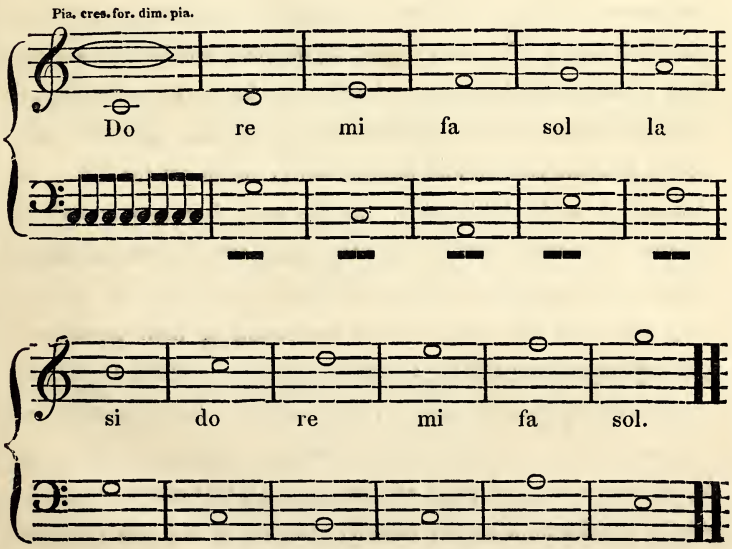
But it is in the domestic circle that music gives the greatest pleasure, and where we derive the most advantage from it. It connects families, by affording within themselves a charming source of amusement for leisure hours, which otherwise, perhaps, in the one sex, might be spent in pernicious pursuits: and, were it merely on this consideration, music ought to be introduced, for whenever social enjoyment can be found at home, it will not be sought elsewhere.

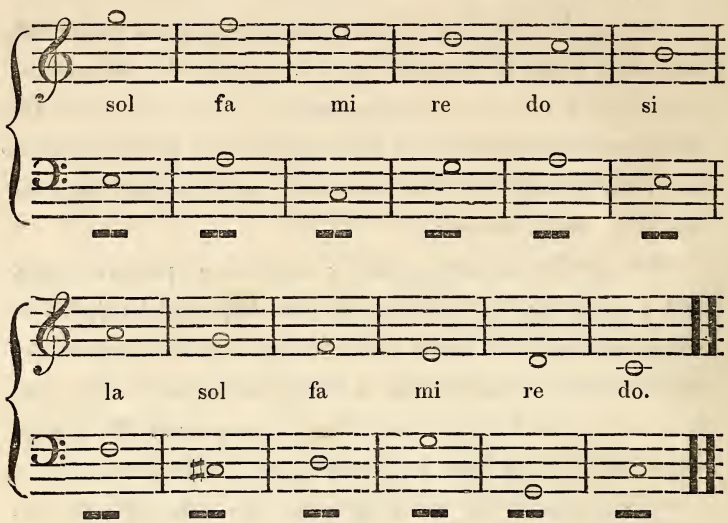
To attain a proficiency in any science, a firm foundation ought to be formed; and as none require it more than music, it is necessary to understand its principles before we can expect to profit by our exertions; these can only be developed by slow and almost imperceptible degrees; for whoever imagines to make a progress by a short cut, will find himself miserably deceived; it is by labour, patience, and perseverance alone, that we can gain the end; and by attacking the difficulties at the onset, the path, as we proceed, becomes clear and pleasant. In no one pursuit does a master toil under so many disadvantages, as a teacher of music, who is obliged to connive at what he knows can be of no solid advantage to his pupil. An injudicious anxiety on the part of the scholar's friends to hear a song, when it is understood he is receiving instruction, induces him to be impatient, till he is enabled to gratify them; and the time that ought to have been devoted to the cultivation of the voice, and improvement in the science, is taken up in practising a song, that he may exhibit his astonishing powers, when, perhaps, the preparatory rudiments have not been learned. Having commenced song singing, the pupil finds it irksome to return to the "mere nonsense," as it is called, of *do*, *re*; and after possessing a sort of half and-half

smattering, he finds out, at last, he has begun at the wrong end, and gives it up in despair. This is an every-day occurrence; and we hope to convince our readers that, however tiresome the following instructions may be at first, yet, by a steady perseverance, the difficulties will be overcome, and they will reap the benefit of their exertions.

The requisites for singing are, a clear voice, powerful lungs, and a good ear. A bad voice may be improved by judicious cultivation, and the power of the lungs may be increased by practice; but a correct ear is indispensibly necessary. The first attempt must be to ascertain the compass of the natural voice, and then to form a clear firm tone within its bounds.

We recommend the following scale, the notes of which lie within the compass of most voices, whether male or female; but should it be found too high for some, practice only as far as it can be sung with ease.



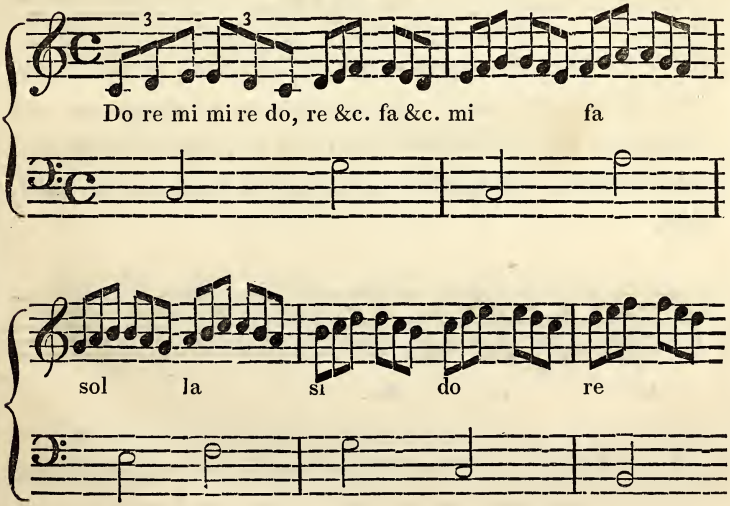


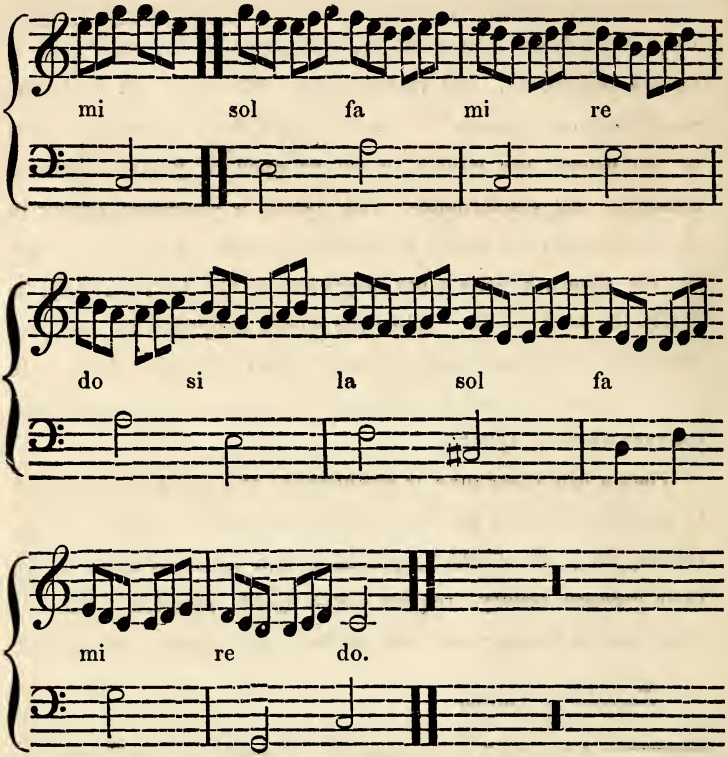
The manner of singing this is, to sound the beginning of each note very soft, gradually increasing it to the full power of the voice, (without straining it), and then equally decreasing it to the same degree of softness on which it was commenced. A plentiful supply of breath should be inhaled, and husbanded up, that it escape by degrees, and sufficient be preserved to finish the note firmly. In swelling out the notes, care must be taken not to sing too sharp; and in decreasing, not to get too flat. An instrument is the best guide, till the voice becomes inured by practice to sustain itself. The tone must come from the chest, without any impediment from the throat, teeth, or nose; though they all assist the tone, by the perfection of their formation, yet, by improperly closing the two former, or emitting the sound through the latter, a disagreeable sound will be uttered. The formation of the mouth is another essential point to be attended to, without which the pupil can never give a true utterance to his words, besides injuring his tone by obstructing the free emission of it from the lungs. In sounding the first syllable, *do* the

mouth must be opened in an oval form, and kept in that position till it is finished. The next, *re*, (pronounced *ra*), the mouth is formed lengthwise, and rather open. The next, *mi*, (*me*), the mouth is nearly closed. The next, *fa*, (*faa*), is the most open of the whole, the mouth to be as open as possible without distorting the countenance. *Sol*, (*sole*), is somewhat similar to *do*, except that the mouth is formed rounder. *La*, (*laa*), is like *fa*, the mouth a little more lengthwise. The last, *si*, (*se*), is nearly the same as *mi*. When the mouth is opened for the pronunciation of any syllable, keep it in that position till the note is ended, as the least variation in the form of the mouth will produce another syllable.

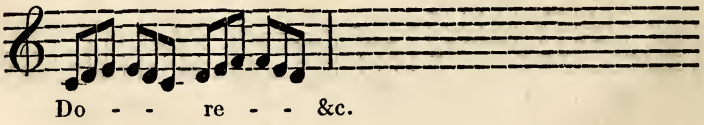
When a firm clear tone is established, the pupil may proceed to cultivate his voice for the execution of divisions, turns, graces, shakes, &c.; all of which, precision and neatness constituting their greatest beauty, require indefatigable practice. The following are to be sung very slow at first, and increased by degrees.

Exercise on Thirds.





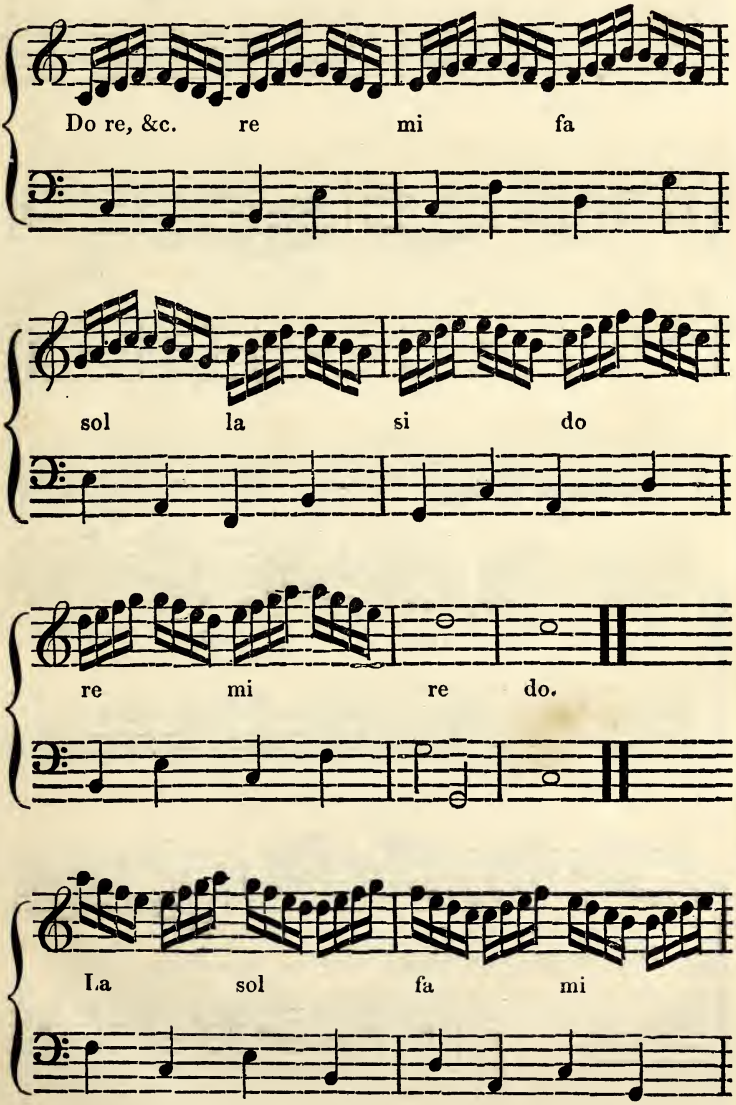
Observe that the accent or stress of the voice is laid on the first note of every three. They may sing as above, one syllable to each note; but when the voice is capable of performing them quicker, one syllable to each three need only be used; thus,

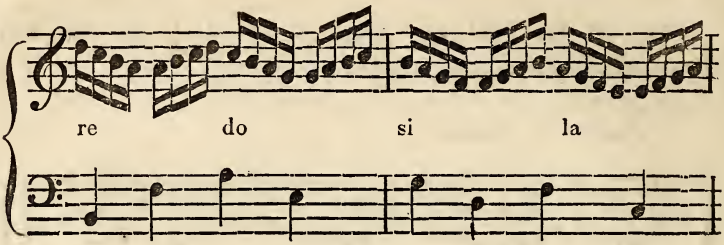


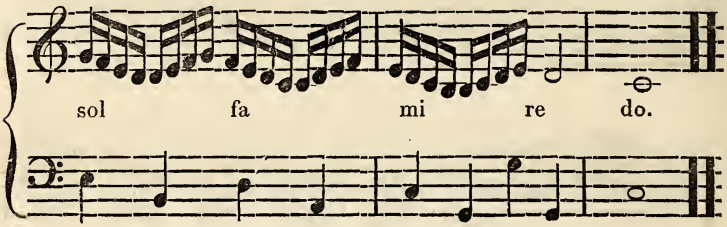
In the following, the accent is laid on the first and third note, but more particularly on the first; though each note must be

sung even, the slight stress being to denominate the time, and prevent them from being equivocal.

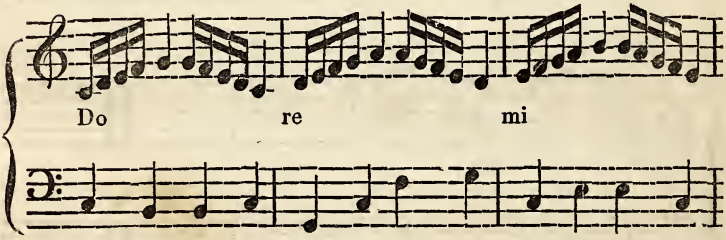
Exercise in Fourths.

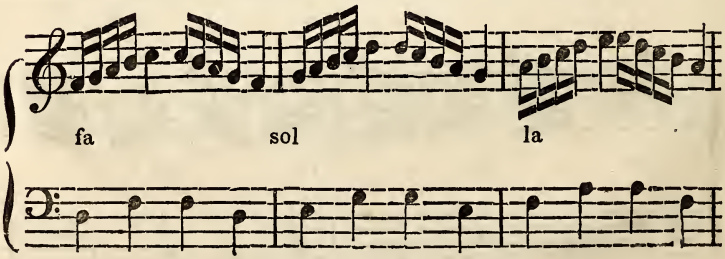


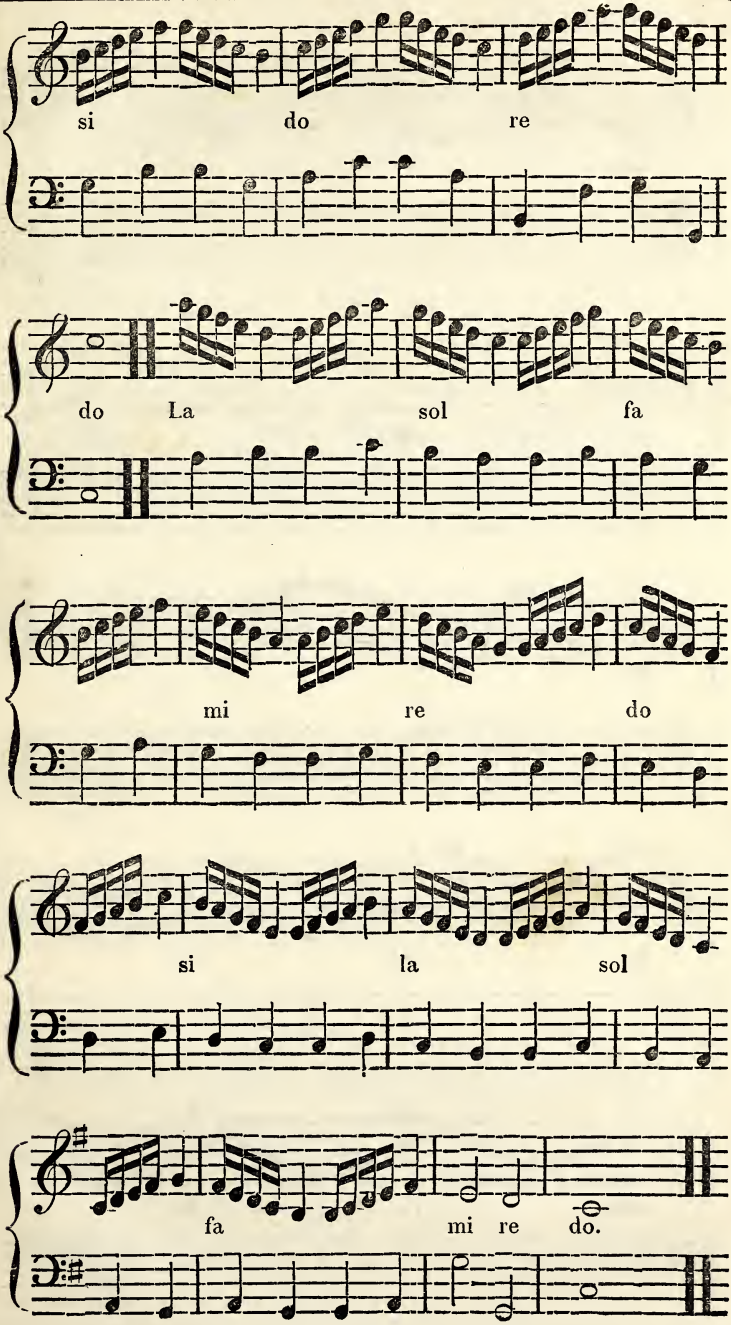




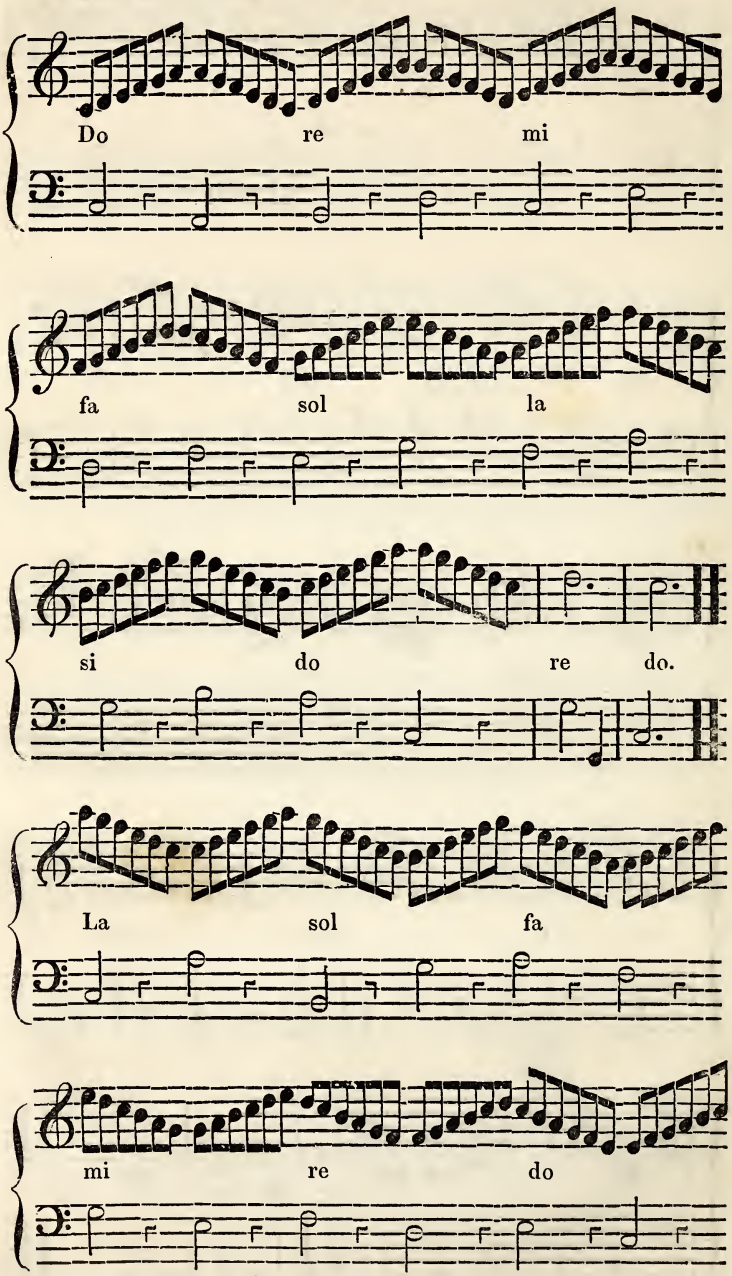
Exercise in Fifths.



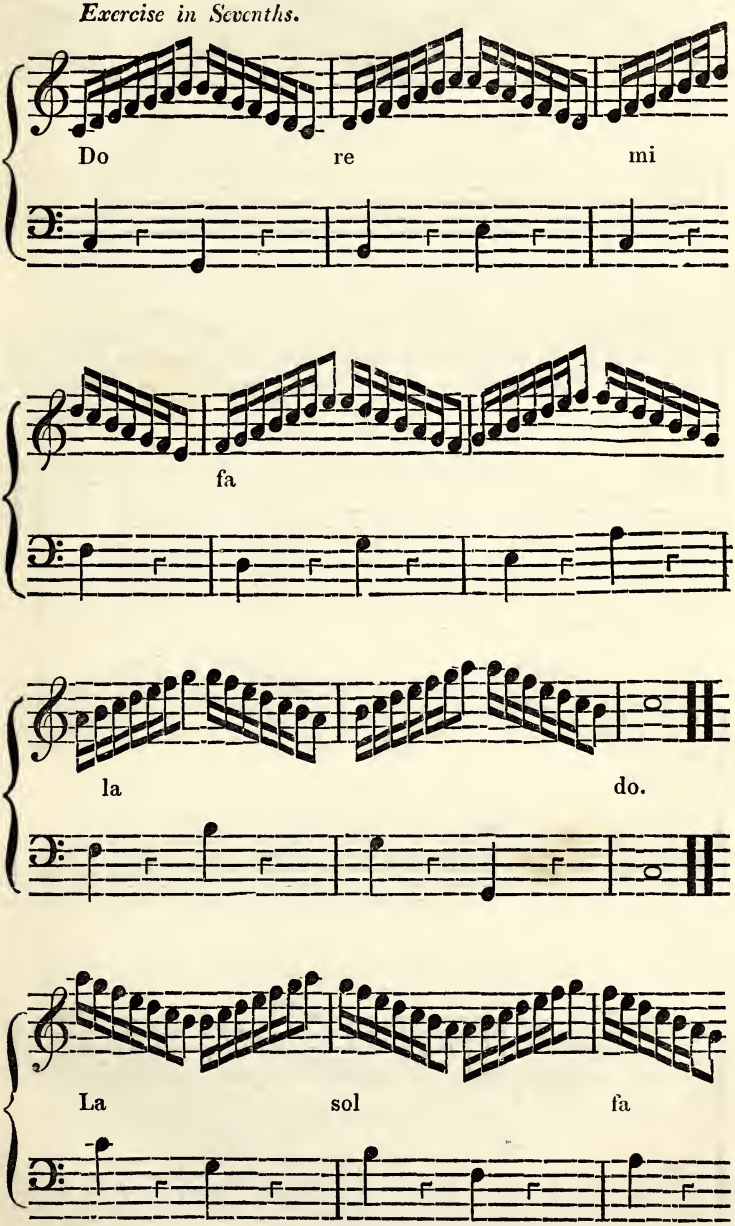


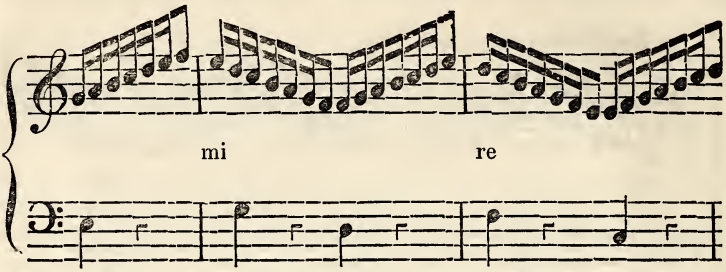

si do re
do La sol fa
mi re do
si la sol
fa mi re do.

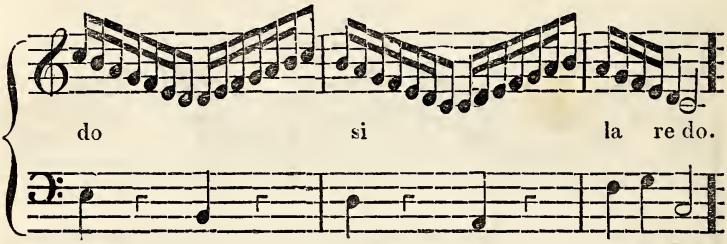
Exercise in Sixths.



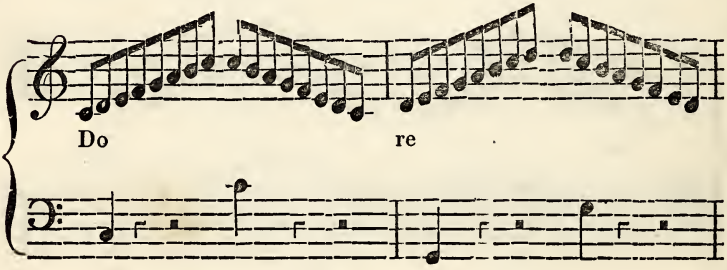
Exercise in Sevenths.

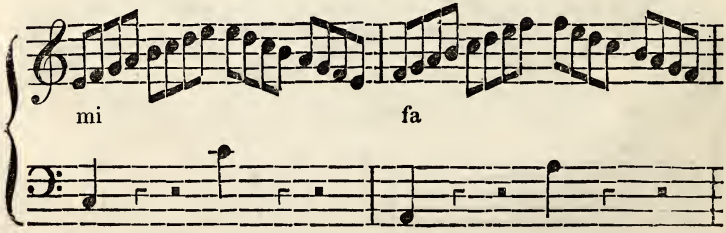


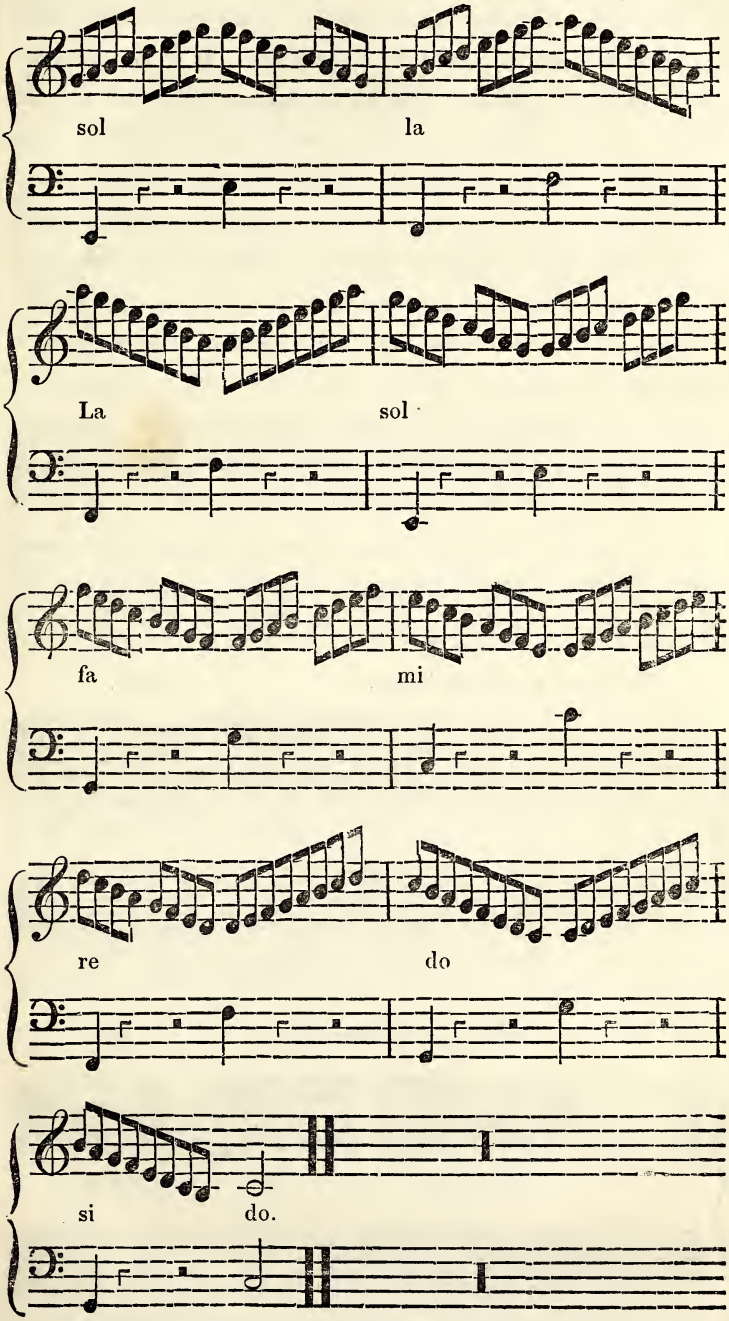




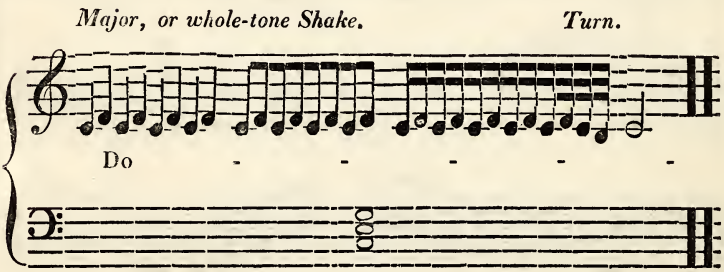
Exercise in Octaves.

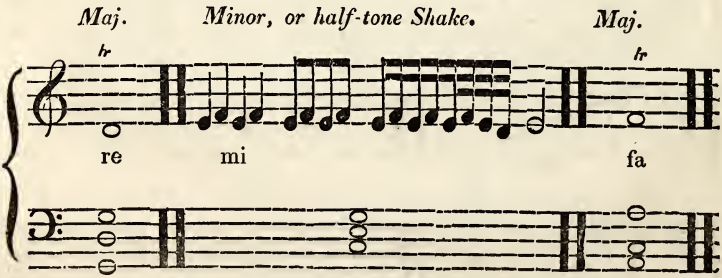


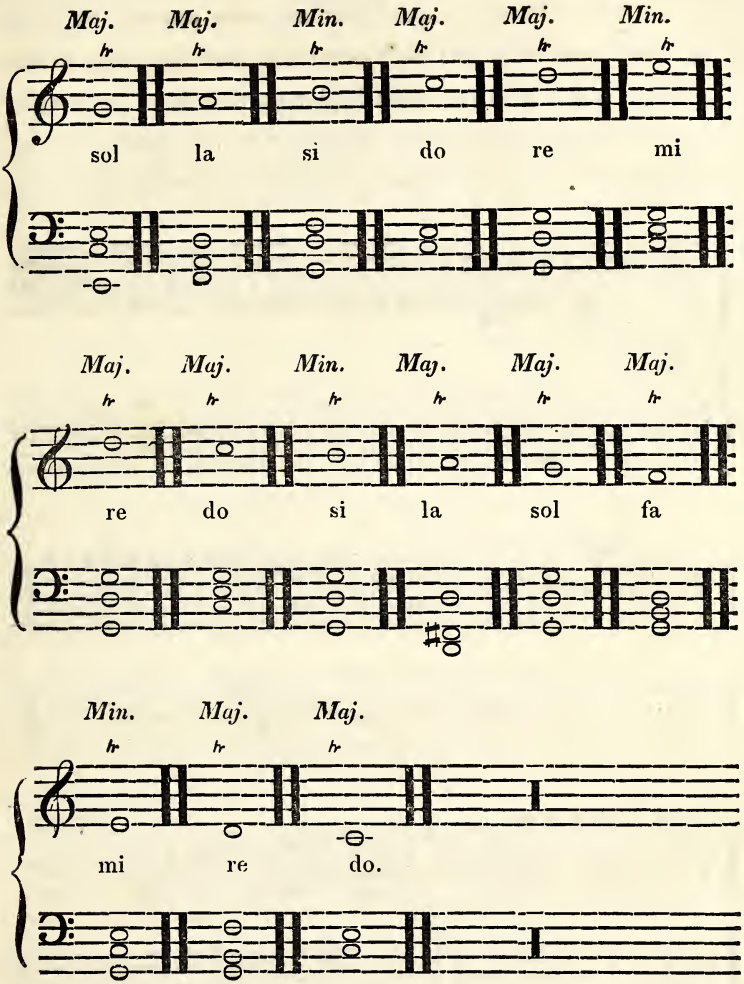



sol
la
La
sol
fa
mi
re
do
si
do.

The shake may next be attempted, which requires the most arduous and constant practice of the whole. It is the quick repetition of two notes, either at the distance of a tone or half-tone. There are some who possess a sort of shake naturally; but that which is cultivated is most perfect; the former being merely a tremulous motion in the throat, and frequently, only one note gutturally uttered. The best method of attaining the shake, is to begin very slow, and practice till the voice becomes flexible enough to execute the two notes clear and firm without effort; it may then be practised a little quicker; and so on by degrees, till perfect. It should be begun soft, gradually swelled, and diminished again to its original softness. It must be practised on every note within the compass of the voice, and on each of the seven syllables. The shake is generally finished with a turn, which should be practised with it: thus,

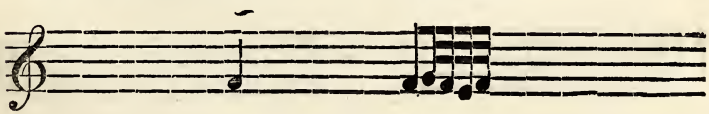




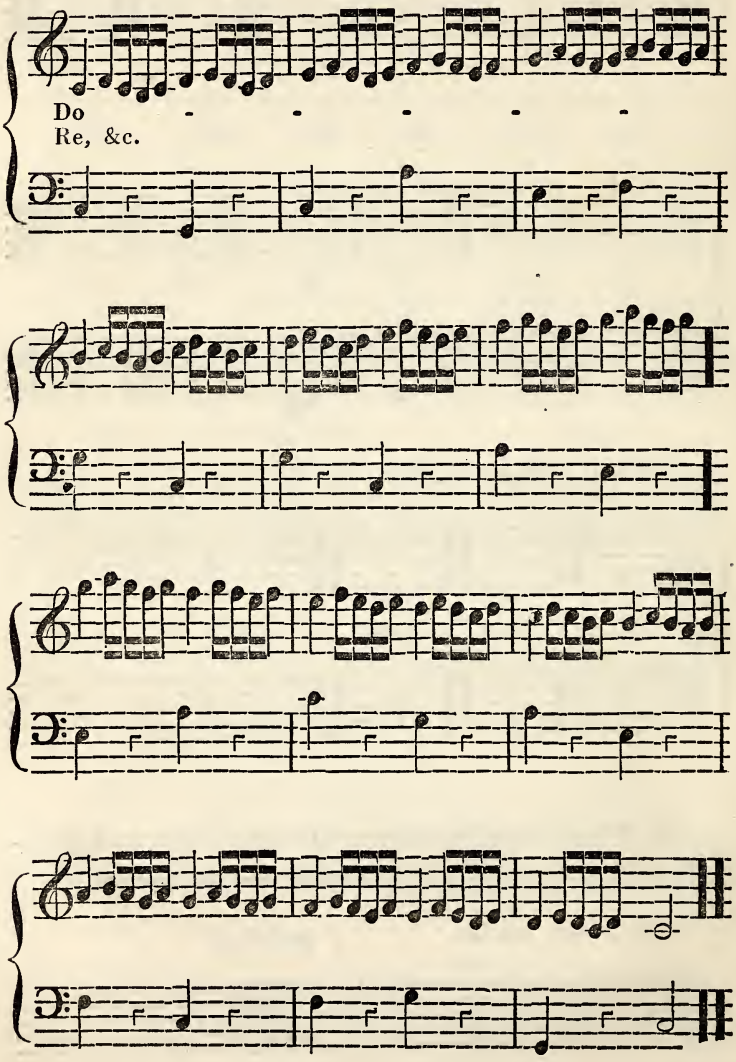


The turn has a pretty effect on a plain note when used judiciously: there are two sorts, the common and the inverted.

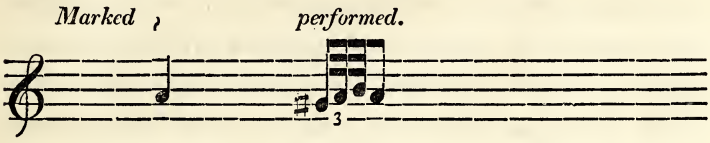
The Common, marked. *performed.*



The best method to acquire the turn, is to practice on every syllable, commencing on the lowest note, and ascending to the highest, within your compass; beginning very slow, and singing every note clear and distinct; and increase the time by degrees, as you find your voice capable of sustaining itself.



The inverted turn precedes the principal note, by commencing a half-tone below it: thus,



There are a variety of exercises for improving the flexibility of the voice, which can only be imparted by an experienced master, and no written instructions can convey the mode of executing them; but a few general observations may be of service. Great attention must be paid to taking breath; for unless a sufficient quantity is inspired, and kept in reserve, the notes will become weak and faltering; and, instead of a clear succession of notes, a confused jumble of unmeaning sounds will be heard. Never take breath in the middle of a word, or where the sense is closely connected; but after a comma, or the beginning of a line, after a dotted note, or rest, the breath may be taken with propriety. Every exercise should be sung slow at first, and gradually increased, till the voice becomes so inured to the passages, that it is impossible to fail.

STYLE

Is next under consideration. To command a good style, the pupil must possess sound sense, a just descrimination, and an attentive observation of the best singers of the age. It is the style of our great singers, that gives them, in a measure, the superiority over the mass of those who remain at a considerable distance from them in popularity. Let a person possess ever so fine a voice, or ever so brilliant execution, if he has not feeling and taste, he will ever remain but in second-rate estimation to one who has an indifferent voice, with the power of expressing the various feelings, and entering into all the pathos or energy of

his subject;—the one sings to the ear, the other, to the heart;—the one is a mere organ-pipe; the other is a soul which enters our hearts, and carries us insensibly with it. What has raised Mr. Braham to the high pitch of popularity he at present enjoys, and leaves him no competitor? It is not his voice, for there are others who possess much sweeter voices: it is his style, his energy, his discrimination. The songs which he excels in, are only outlines, which, in the hands of others, are mere sounds, possessing little to please or admire in them; but, filled up by his exquisite taste and judgment, they become finished productions. Yet we recommend not a downright imitation of Mr. Braham, though there are few who do not imitate him; but a person possessing genius may take an example without following it so closely, that every one may perceive the resemblance. Imitators generally copy the peculiarities, not the excellence, of the original, and thereby betray themselves. A man may build a fabric on a certain structure, but may so alter and arrange it, that it may pass, without strict examination, for a design of his own. So should a good singer found his style on the best basis, but so cover it with judgment, that it may appear the emanation of his own genius.

Few instructions can be given on style; it must be the result of observation, guided by sound sense, adhering strictly to the nature of the melody, and the subject of the words; giving each their proper expression, and unaffectedly uttering both, that they may be understood and felt.

While on this part, we shall include a few hints on the use of ornament. It has become the fashion to attach to any melody, however simple, a number of notes unconnected with it, which are called graces; but, in many instances, they may be termed, *dis*-graces. It is the indiscriminate use of these, that the novice ought to avoid. There are many who, possessing flexible voices,

seek every opportunity of showing off, by running through the whole scale at almost every other bar, and by disjointing the melody and the words, destroy both. Even an apogiatura too often introduced, mars the melody; but judiciously put in, adds greatly to the effect. When the words and melody allow it, a short cadence may be made; but always in character with the air. Nothing is more ridiculous than a bravura run in a subject requiring pathos and feeling; yet how often do we hear it; and sometimes very slovenly executed. There are some who, having a few runs at command, use them indiscriminately at every part wherever their voices will execute them, and frequently the same graces, as they are termed, will be heard half-a-dozen times in the course of a song. This shows, at least, a poor imagination and a scanty store, when they are applied on every occasion; not to mention how they tire the ears of the audience. Another fault singers fall into, is, that of using a favourite note in the voice, which, whenever an opportunity occurs, they will hold out twice the length the time will admit, and keep one in suspense on an unimportant word, such as, and—to—the—for, &c., thereby delaying some immediate part of the subject, that one has forgot what to was about. The voice should be so practised, that they may all become favourite notes; all clear, equal, and distinct; all of the same quality; blended one with the other, like the tones of a fine instrument; all equally under command. The weakest part of the voice should be practised most, to make it as flexible as the other: at the same time, be careful of straining it by over exertion; let it be done by degrees; by a little and often; and, with patience and perseverance, you will bring all your notes equally good, and under your command.

We cannot conclude this part better than by giving the following extract, from a work entitled, "The Art of Improving the Voice and Ear:—"

"It is an extremely false taste to overload every performance with a profusion of ornament. When a piece has intrinsic merit, or when a singer has a fine voice, ornament, if profuse, has more chance to injure than to add to its effect. It is not to be denied, however, that ornament, when judiciously placed, is indispensable to a singer, and will require great care and practice in the acquisition. The following passage from the life of Rossini, by Count Stendthall, strongly illustrates the ideas of this great master upon the point.

"'On Rossini's arrival at Milan, in 1814, when he was in his twenty-second year, to compose the "Aureliano in Palmira," he became acquainted with Velluti, who was to sing in his opera. Velluti, then in the flower of his youth and talents, and one of the handsomest men of his time, had no small share of vanity, and was fond of displaying and abusing the powers of voice with which nature had gifted him. Before Rossini had an opportunity of hearing this great singer, he had written a *cavatina* for the character he was to perform. At the first rehearsal, Velluti began to sing, and Rossini was struck with admiration. At the second rehearsal, Velluti began to show his powers of gracing; Rossini found the effect produced just and admirable, and highly applauded the performance. At the third, the simplicity of the *cantilena* was entirely lost amidst the profusion of the ornaments. At last the great day of the performance arrived. The *cavatina*, and the whole character sustained by Velluti, was received with rapture: but Rossini scarcely knew what Velluti was singing—it was no longer the music he had composed; yet still the song of Velluti was full of beauties, and succeeded with the public to admiration. The pride of the young composer was not a little wounded. This opera fell, and it was the *soprano* alone who had any success. The ardent mind of Rossini at once perceived all the advantages that might be taken of such an event. Not

a single suggestion was lost upon him. It was by a lucky chance, we may suppose him to have said to himself, that Velluti discovered he had a taste of his own; but who will say that in the next theatre for which I compose, I may not find some other singer, who, with as great a flexibility of voice, and an equal rage for ornament, may so spoil my music, as not only to render it contemptible to myself, but tiresome to the public? The danger to which my poor music is exposed, is still more imminent when I reflect upon the great number of different schools for song that exist in Italy. The theatres are filled with performers, who have learned music from some poor provincial professor. This mode of singing violin concertos and variations without end, tends to destroy not only the talent of the singer, but also to vitiate the taste of the public. Every singer will make a point of imitating Velluti, without calculating upon the relative compass of his voice. We shall see no more simple *cantilenas*. They would appear cold and tasteless. Every thing is about to undergo a change, even to the nature of the voice. Once accustomed to embellish, to overload the *cantilena* with high-wrought ornaments, and to stifle the works of the composer, they will soon discover that they have lost the habit of sustaining the voice and expanding the tones, and consequently the power of executing *largo* movements. I must therefore lose no time in changing the system I have followed hitherto. I am not myself ignorant of singing: all the world allows me a talent this way. My embellishments shall be in good taste; for I shall at once be able to discover where my singers are strong and where defective, and I will write nothing for them but what they can execute. My mind is made up. I will not leave them room for a single *appogiatura*. These ornaments, this method of charming the ear, shall form an integral part of my song, and shall all be written down in my score.'

"Such ought to be the practice of all composers: and no young singer ought ever to attempt a grace that is not set down for him, or which is not pointed out for him by a judicious master. The violation of this rule may procure a momentary applause from a mixed audience; but it will never ensure a lasting reputation, nor lead to establish first-rate excellence in simple execution."

ACCOMPANIMENT.

As the voice is the principal, the accompaniment must be subordinate to it, whether in full orchestra, or only the piano-forte: it is merely to assist and fill up; therefore it must follow the voice, and be subservient to it on all occasions. The great fault of accompaniests is, that of playing too loud, and overpowering the voice; they make that the most prominent which should be in the shade, to show to more advantage what is intended to be conspicuous. What a singular effect would a picture have, if the artist were to bring his dark colours forward, and leave the light in the back ground; and that which he intended as his principal figure, was to be enveloped in clouds, or overshadowed with trees? This fault mostly rests with amateurs, who, so that they can hear themselves play, never study the effect of the whole. In an orchestra, every eye should be turned to the leader, and the leader must keep his on the singer, and his ears open to all around him. Every *piano* must be observed, and every *forte* marked, that the effect may be produced which the author intended; it is the light and shade which render the whole beautiful. Many piano-forte accompaniests also fall into this error, and frequently to show themselves off, sadly discomfort and annoy the singer, by throwing in extraneous ornament. But this is a paltry ambition; because there are many opportunities for such a display, without overpowering and ruining the simplicity that an accompaniment ought to possess. We recollect a laugh-

able occurrence which took place at a concert, where both the singer and the piano-forte player seemed determined to contest who should make the most noise and show off. The former commenced early to make a grand display of his flexibility of voice; the other, not to be outdone, followed with a tremendous run from the top to the bottom of the instrument: the one bellowed, the other thumped; till the audience expressed their approbation, by a loud roar of laughter; and the player and singer went to loggerheads, each accusing the other as the cause of it.

A judicious accompaniest will always play in a subdued tone, making a distinction wherever it will assist the singer, or add to the effect. In fact, a singer is entirely in the hands of the accompaniest; he can either make him feel confidence, or distress him by not entering into his ideas. There should always be an understanding between them; the singer should previously point out where he means to take liberties with the time, which may sometimes be done with effect; and where he means to throw in a grace or cadence, that the accompaniment may be accommodated to it.

The accompaniment of glees should possess the utmost delicacy; for their beauty lies in the blending together the voices. When there is no regular one written, merely chords should be struck sparingly, to keep the voices in tune, and mark the change of key where it occurs.

In accompanying concerted pieces, that is, pieces in several parts, the eye and ear must be continually on the alert, and strict time adhered to; but should any of the voices fail, or any indecision arise, it is the duty of the accompaniest to direct the attention of the party, at a loss, by playing a little stronger, taking up the passage on the instrument, and marking the time in such a manner that it cannot be misunderstood.

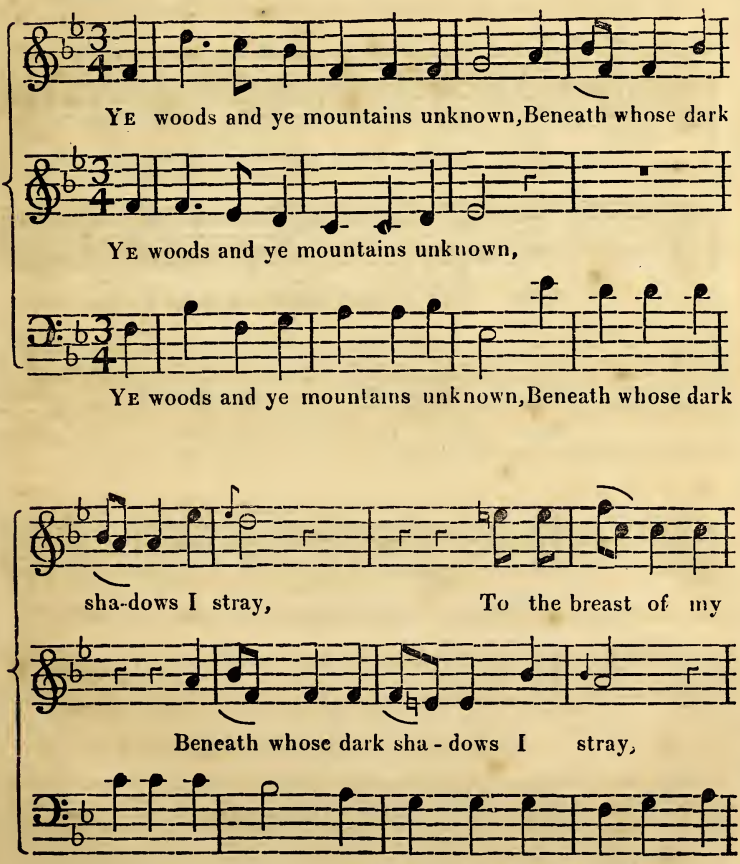
These few hints, it is hoped, may prove useful to young practitioners; but both experience and practice are necessary to attain readiness and ease, whether as a singer or a player. No pursuit can be gained without some labour, and many imagine that music requires but little; yet there is none, perhaps, that needs so much study, perseverance, and experience, and none that repays us more in the enjoyment, than this delightful science.

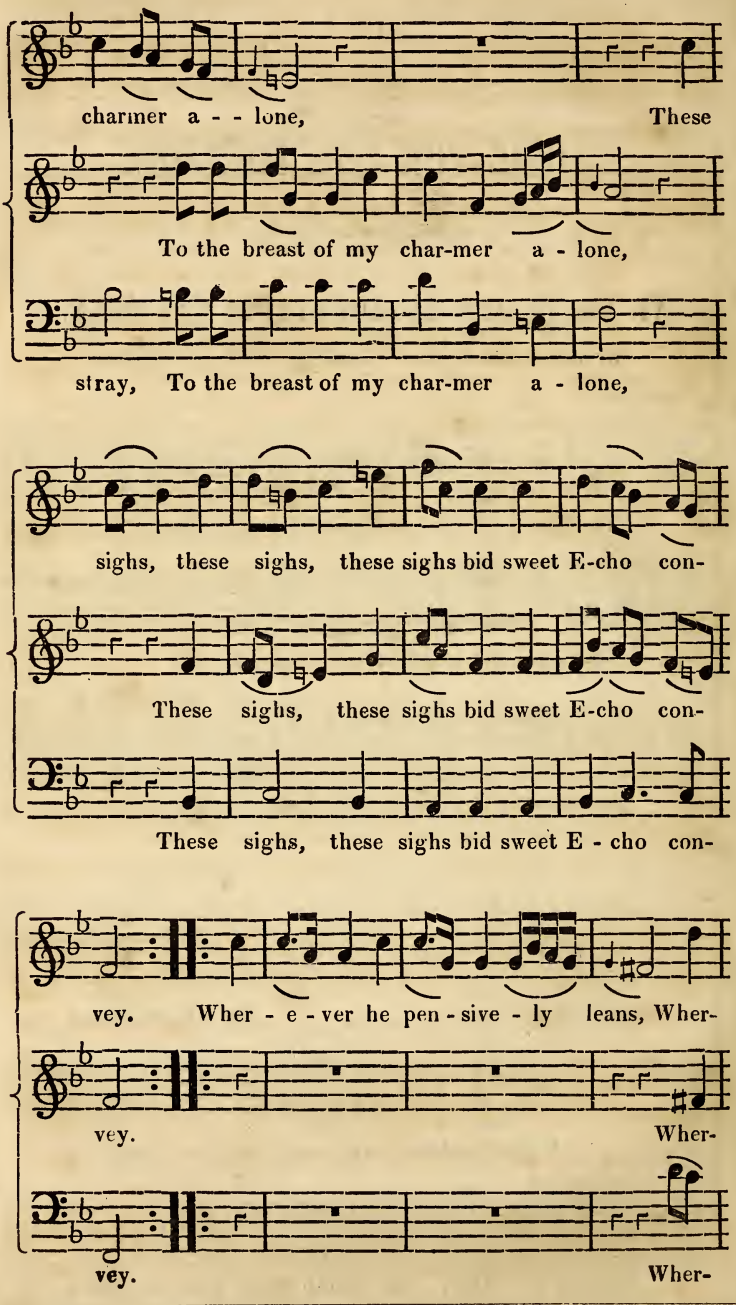
MUSIC FOR THE MILLION.

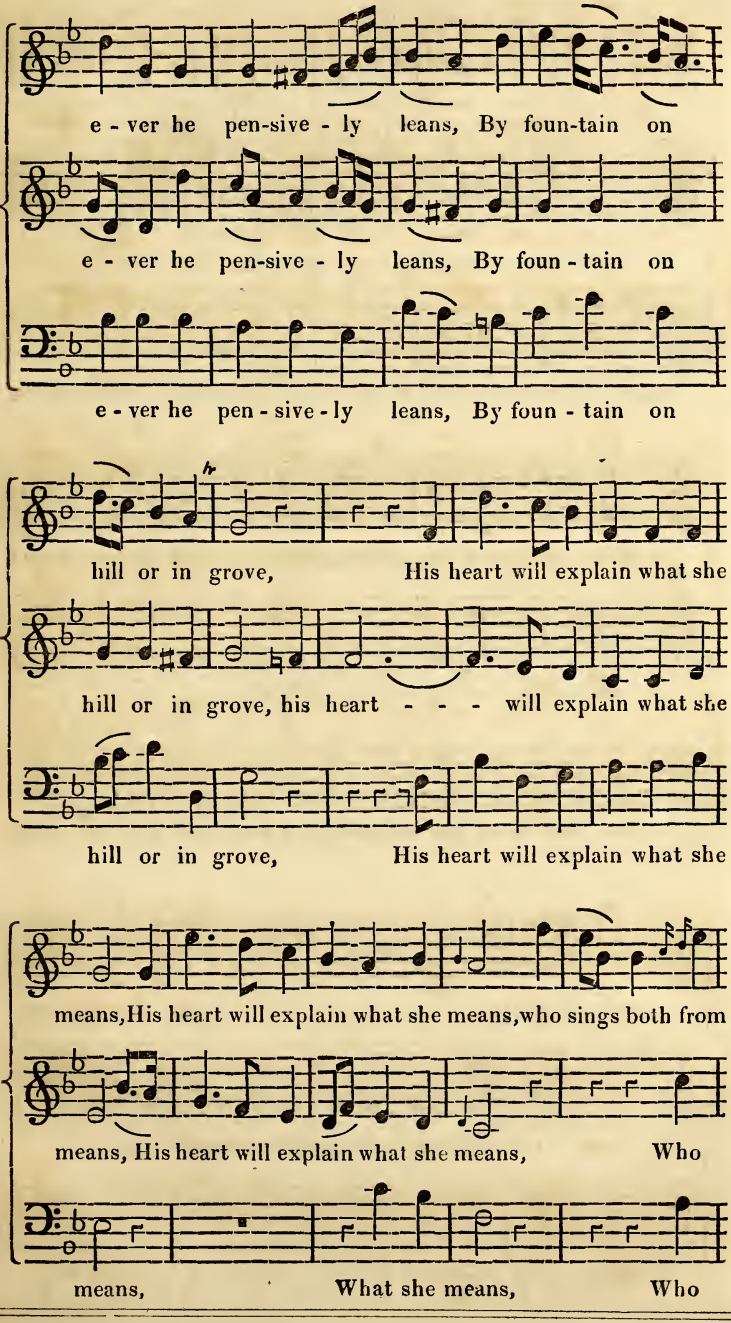
YE WOODS AND YE MOUNTAINS UNKNOWN.

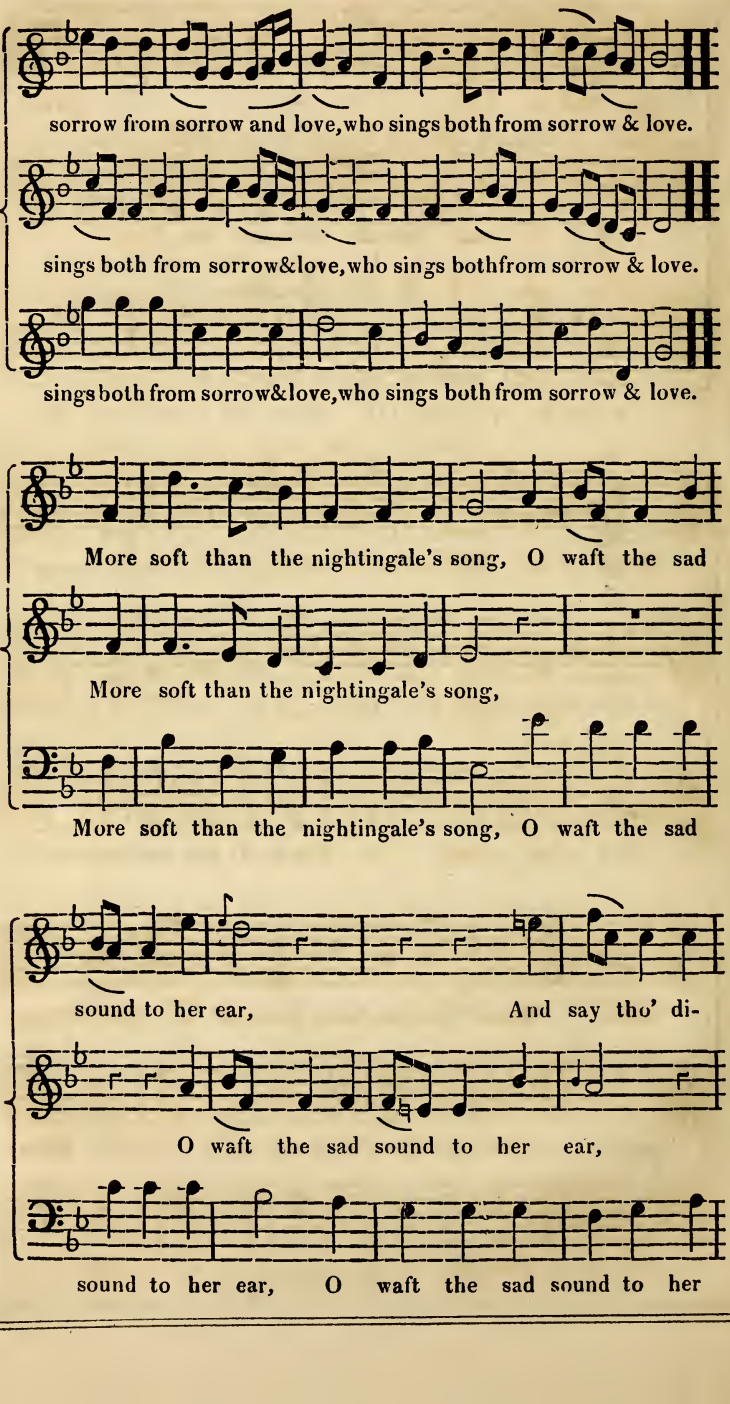
BY THE CELEBRATED WILLIAM JACKSON, OF EXETER.

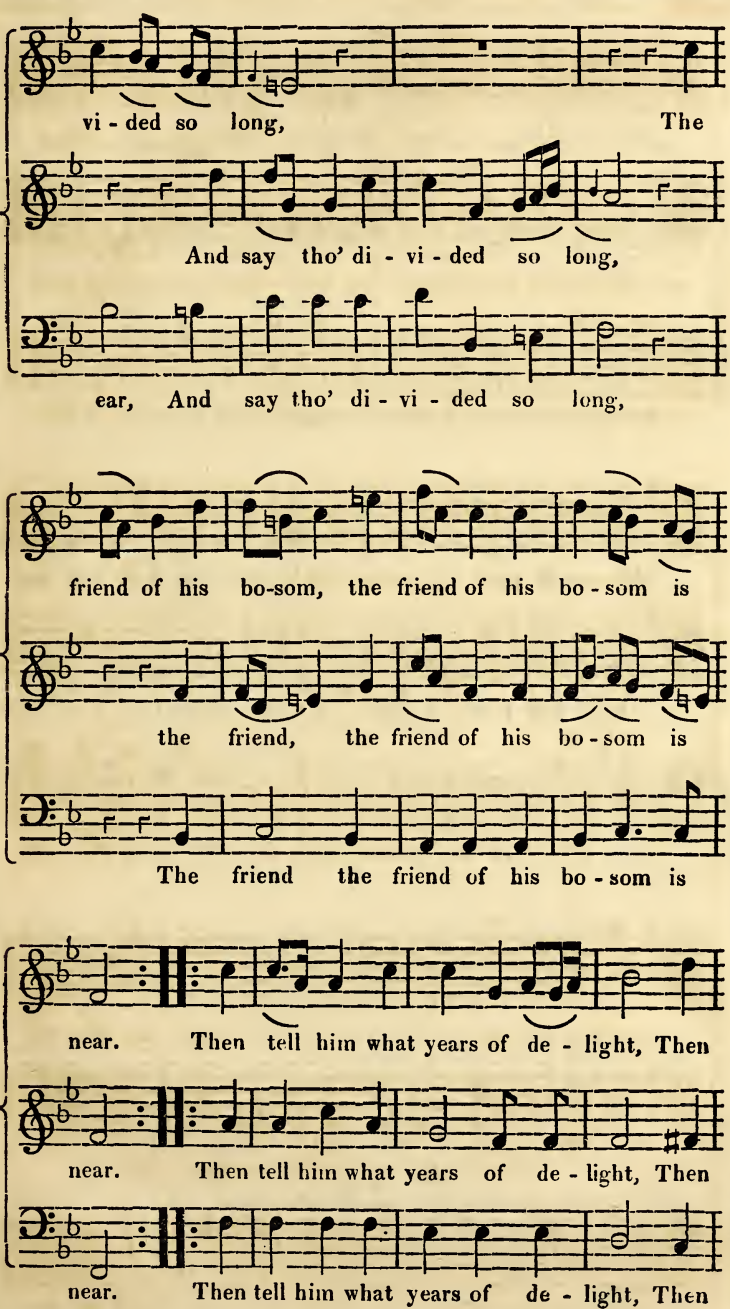
Larghetto.

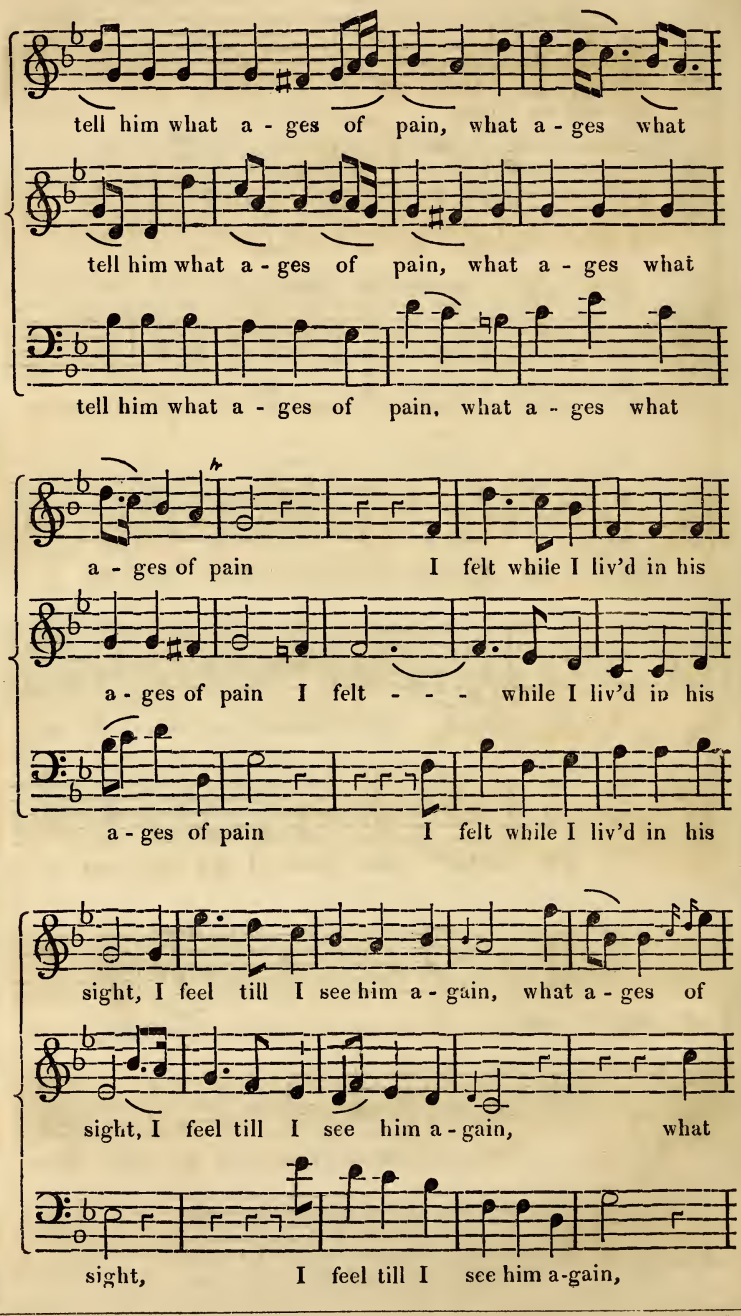


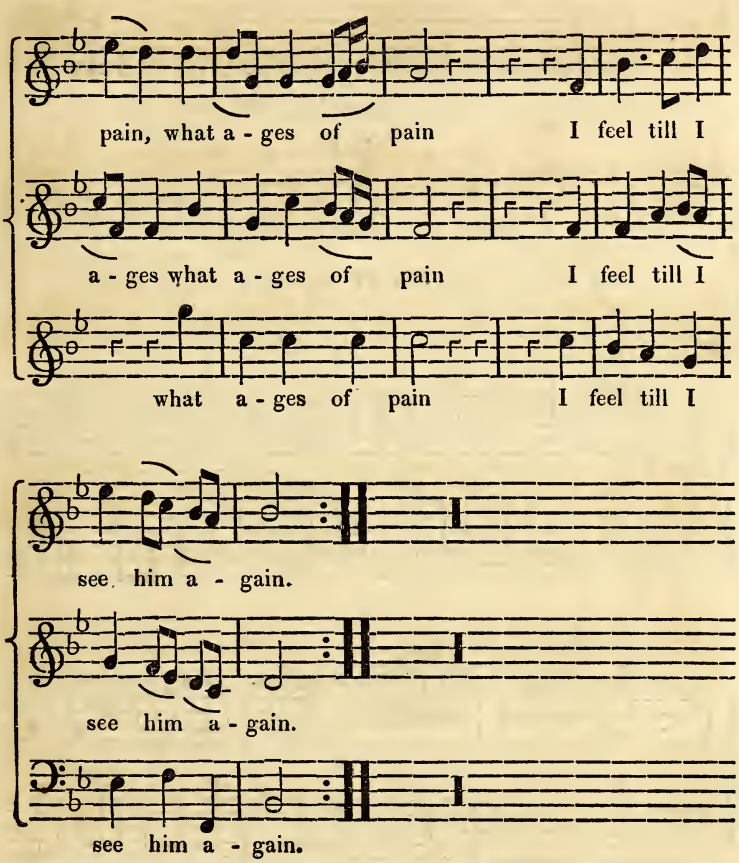

charmer a - - lone, These
To the breast of my char-mer a - lone,
stray, To the breast of my char-mer a - lone,
sighs, these sighs, these sighs bid sweet E-cho con-
These sighs, these sighs bid sweet E-cho con-
These sighs, these sighs bid sweet E - cho con-
vey. Wher - e - ver he pen - sive - ly leans, Wher-
vey. Wher-
vey. Wher-


e - ver he pen-sive - ly leans, By foun-tain on
e - ver he pen-sive - ly leans, By foun - tain on
e - ver he pen - sive - ly leans, By foun - tain on
hill or in grove, His heart will explain what she
hill or in grove, his heart - - - will explain what she
hill or in grove, His heart will explain what she
means,His heart will explain what she means,who sings both from
means, His heart will explain what she means, Who
means, What she means, Who


sorrow from sorrow and love, who sings both from sorrow & love.
sings both from sorrow&love, who sings bothfrom sorrow & love.
sings both from sorrow&love, who sings both from sorrow & love.
More soft than the nightingale's song, O waft the sad
More soft than the nightingale's song,
More soft than the nightingale's song, O waft the sad
sound to her ear, And say tho' di-
O waft the sad sound to her ear,
sound to her ear, O waft the sad sound to her


vi - ded so long, The
And say tho' di - vi - ded so long,
ear, And say tho' di - vi - ded so long,
friend of his bo-som, the friend of his bo - som is
the friend, the friend of his bo - som is
The friend the friend of his bo - som is
near. Then tell him what years of de - light, Then
near. Then tell him what years of de - light, Then
near. Then tell him what years of de - light, Then


tell him what a - ges of pain, what a - ges what
tell him what a - ges of pain, what a - ges what
tell him what a - ges of pain, what a - ges what
a - ges of pain I felt while I liv'd in his
a - ges of pain I felt - - - while I liv'd in his
a - ges of pain I felt while I liv'd in his
sight, I feel till I see him a - gain, what a - ges of
sight, I feel till I see him a - gain, what
sight, I feel till I see him a-gain,


pain, what a - ges of pain I feel till I
a - ges what a - ges of pain I feel till I
what a - ges of pain I feel till I
see him a - gain.
see him a - gain.
see him a - gain.

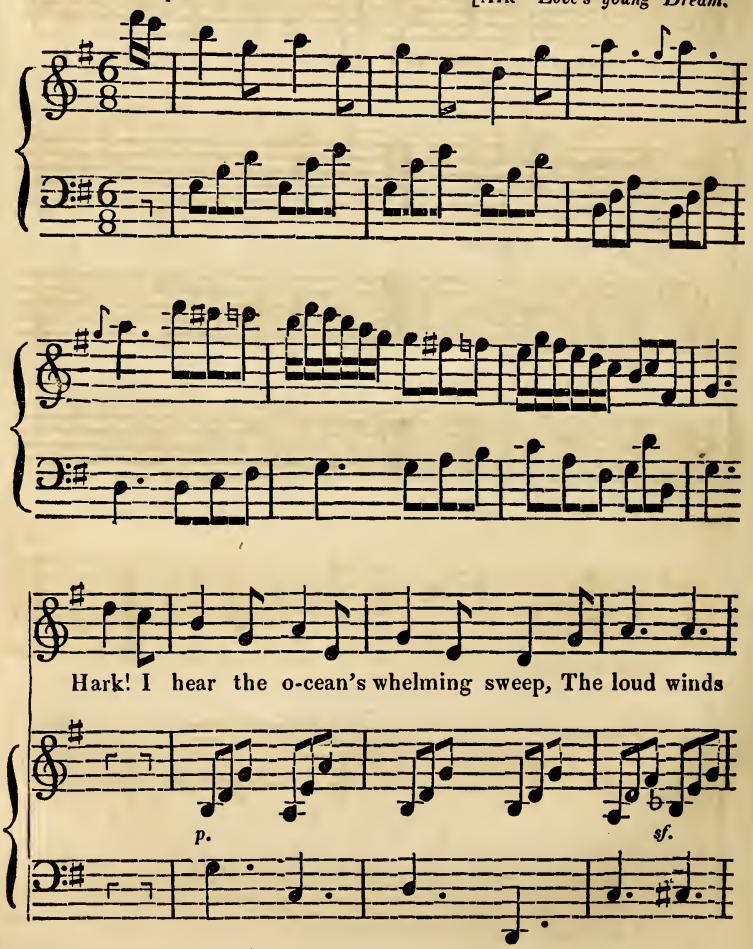
THE IRISH MELODIES.

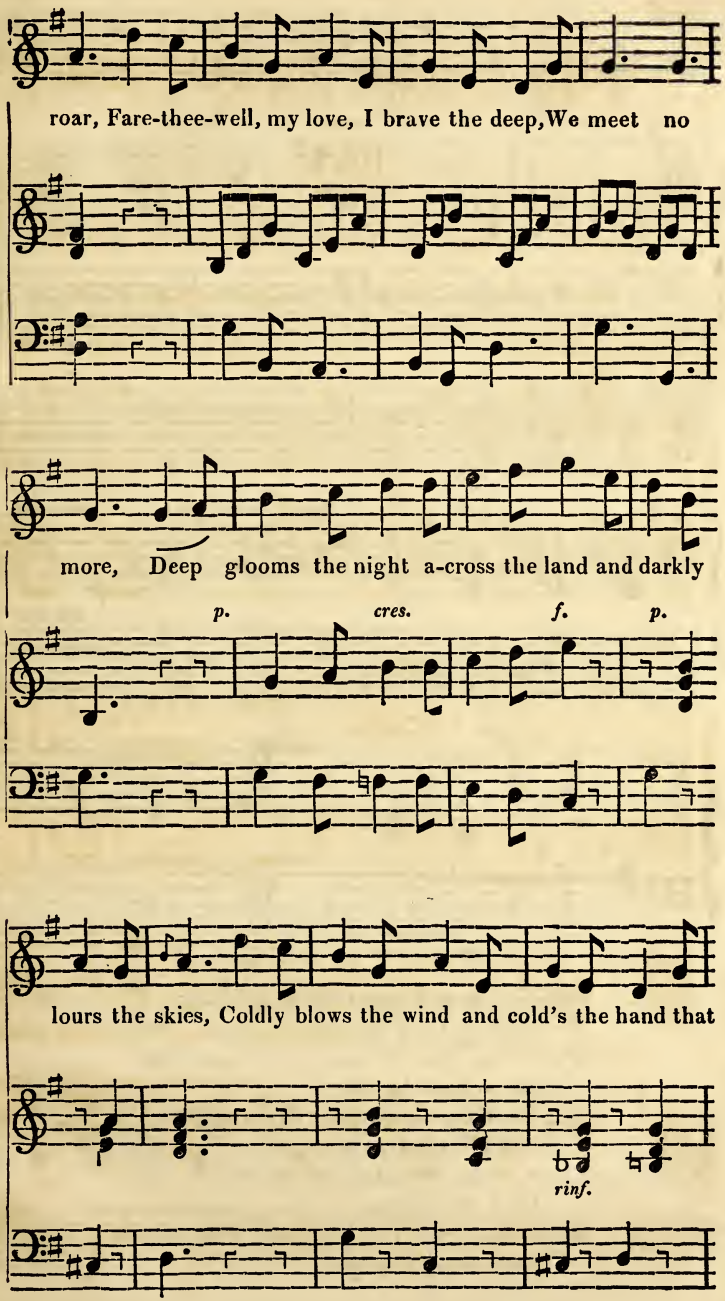
No. I.

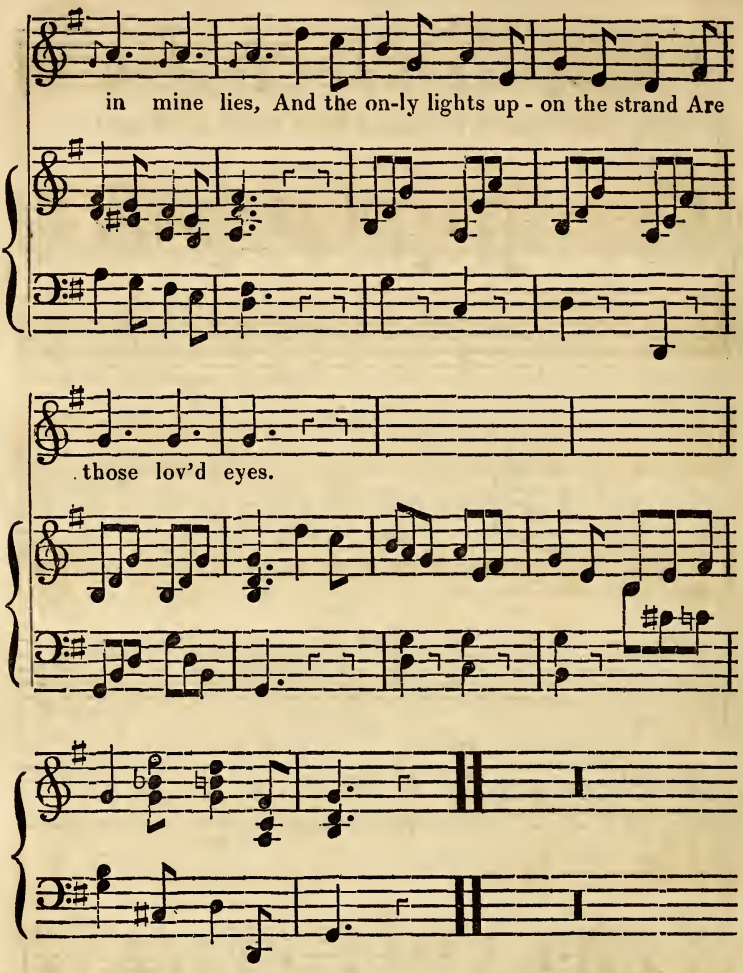
Hark! I hear the Ocean's whelming Sweep.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

Andantino espressivo. [AIR—*Love's young Dream.*



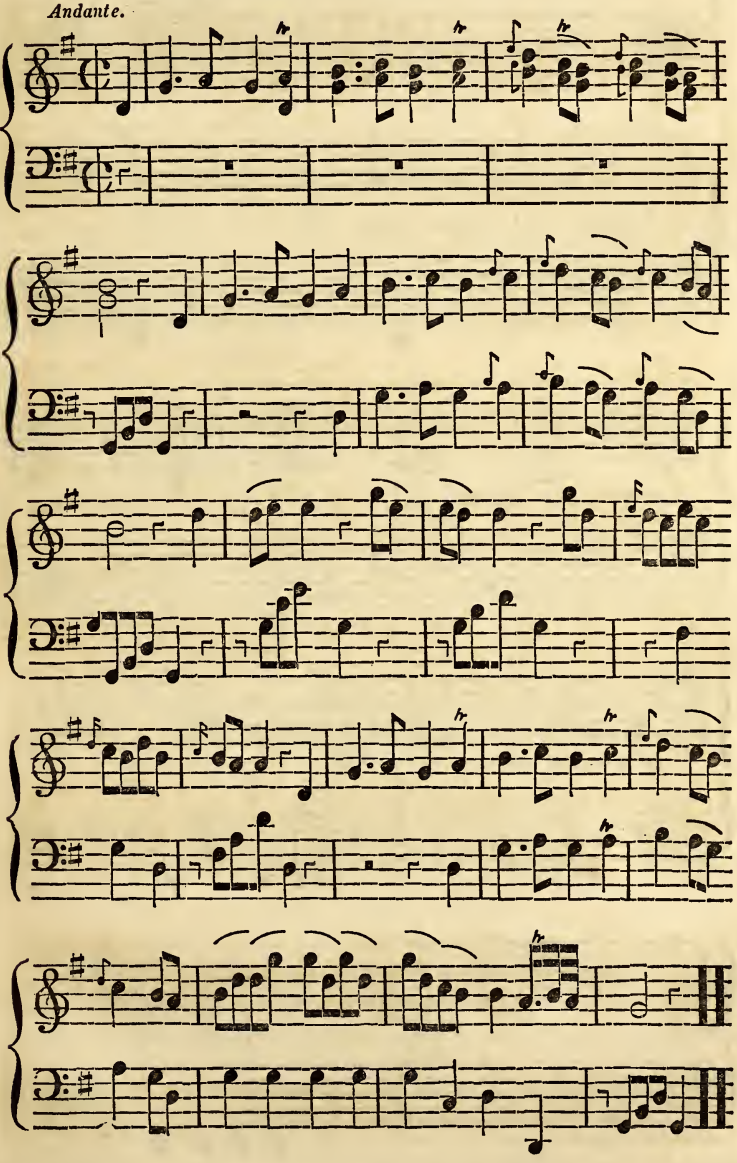

roar, Fare-thee-well, my love, I brave the deep, We meet no
more, Deep glooms the night a-cross the land and darkly
p.
cres.
f.
p.
lours the skies, Coldly blows the wind and cold's the hand that
rinf.

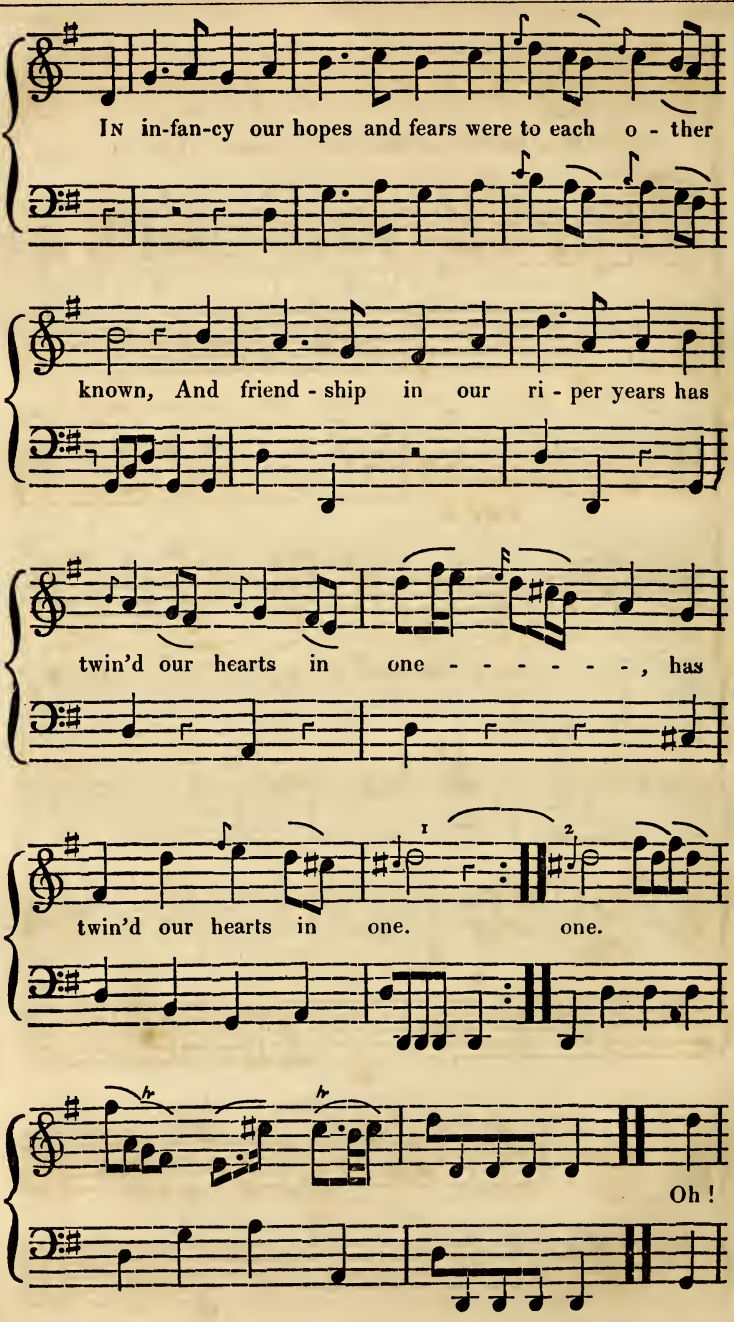


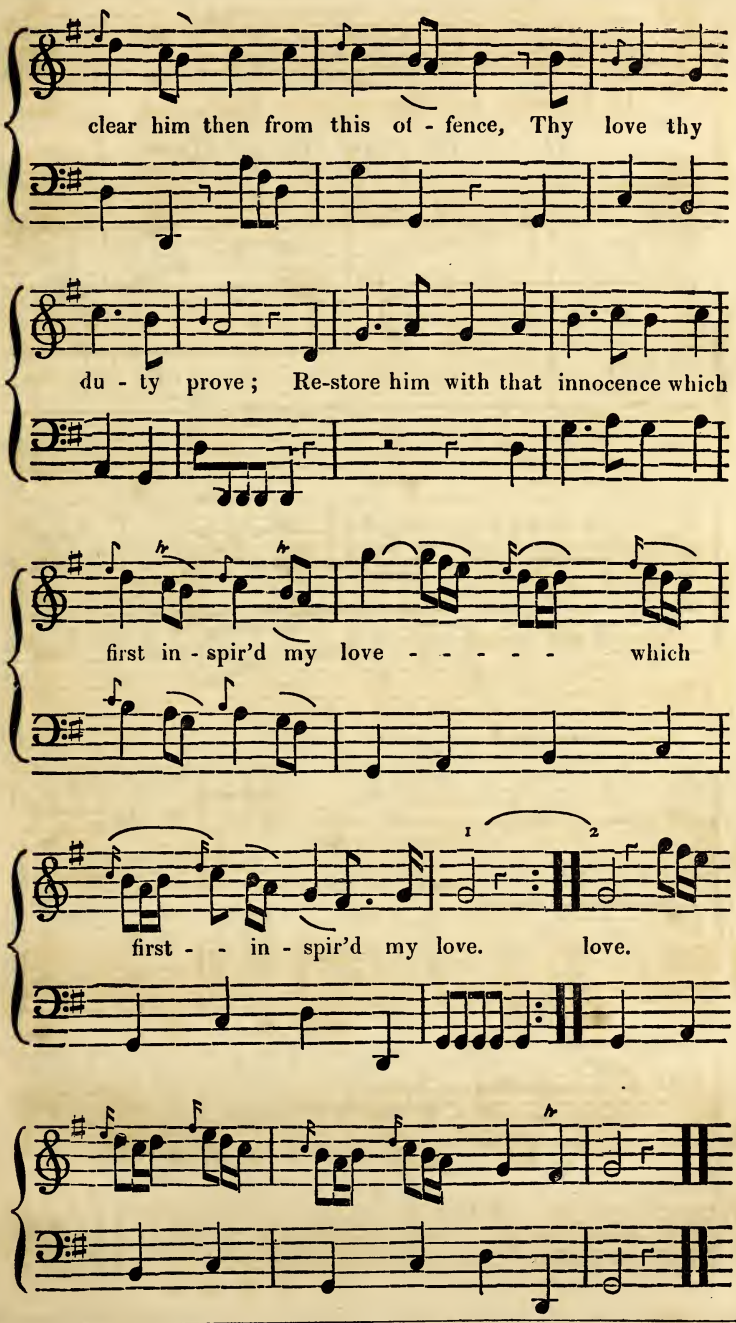
When my bark across the foamy brine
Shall fly from thee,—
When those dear blue eyes no longer shine
Life's light to me,—
This heart thy smiles first taught to glow,
Will bid emotion cease,
And I, from ills and griefs below,
Find one release,
When these eyes that long have wept in woe,
Shall close in peace.

In Infancy our Hopes and Fears.

Andante.

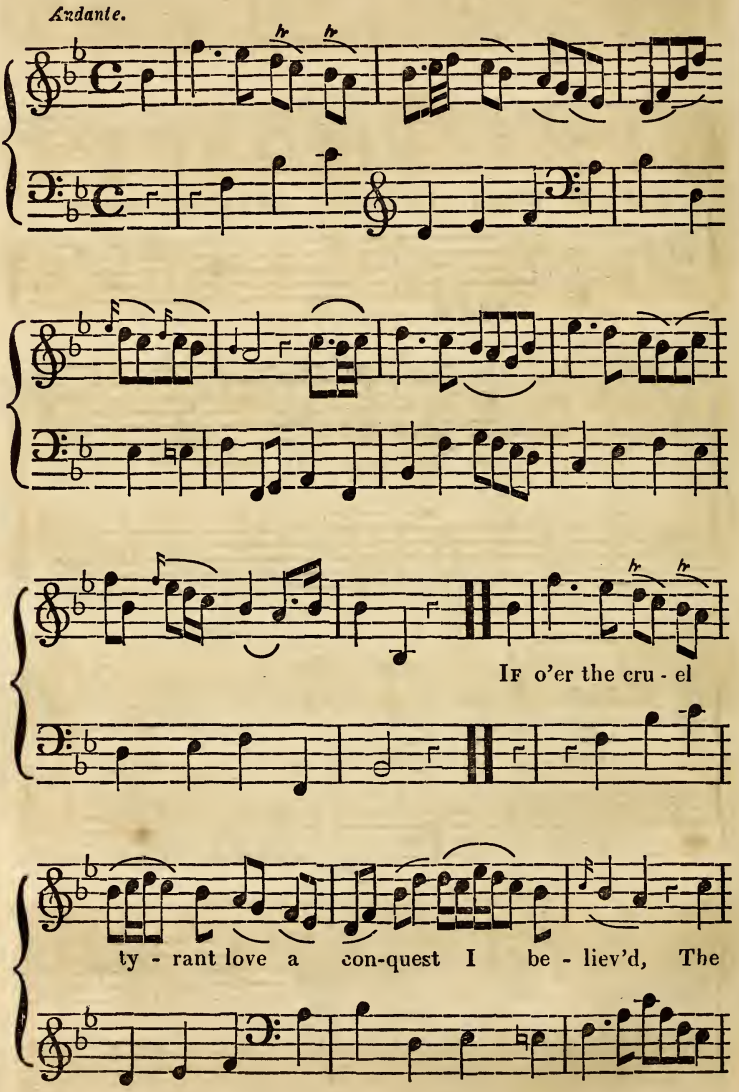


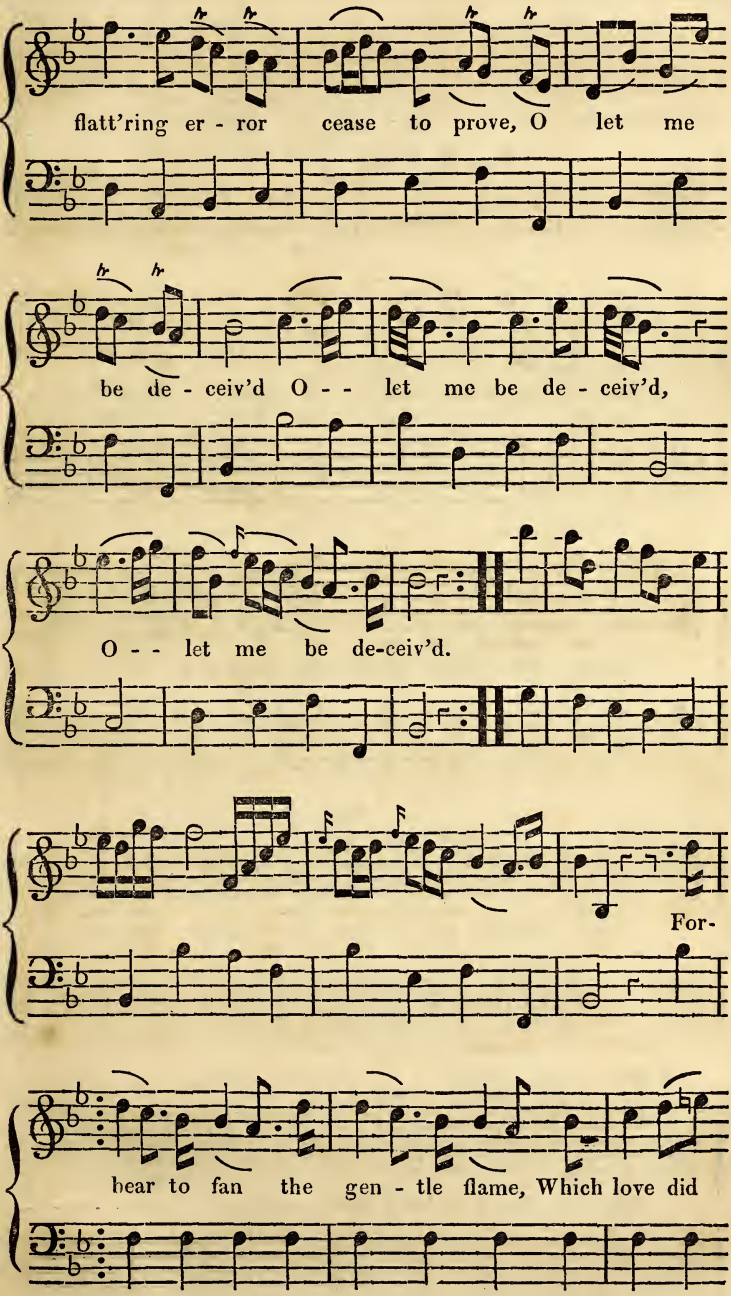

In in-fan-cy our hopes and fears were to each o - ther
known, And friend - ship in our ri - per years has
twin'd our hearts in one - - - - - - , has
1
2
twin'd our hearts in one. one.
hr
hr
Oh !

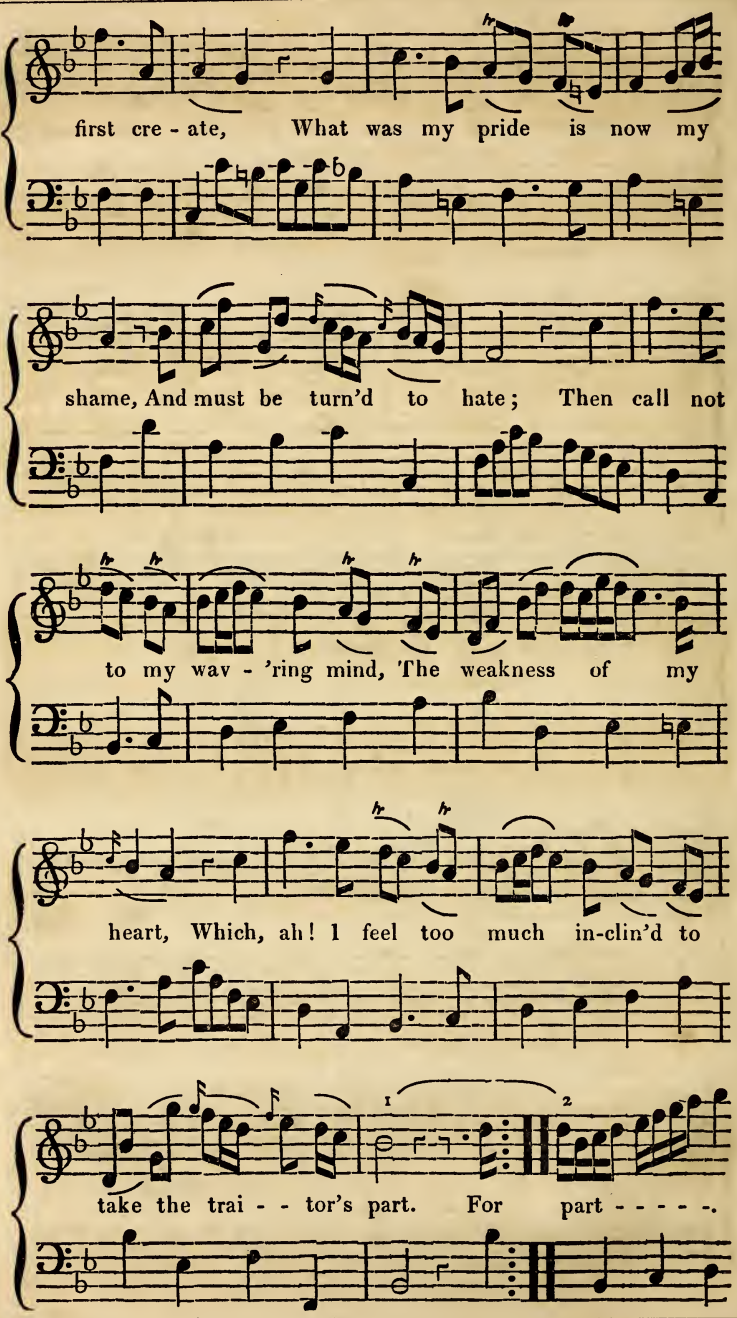

clear him then from this of - fence, Thy love thy
du - ty prove; Re-store him with that innocence which
first in - spir'd my love - - - - - which
1
2
first - - in - spir'd my love. love.

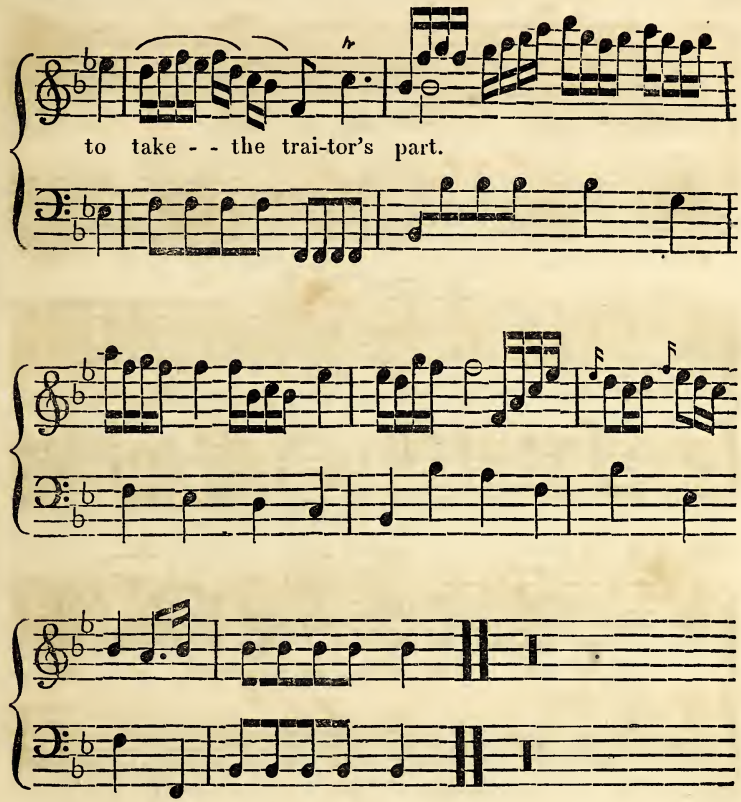
If o'er the cruel Tyrant Love.

Andante.



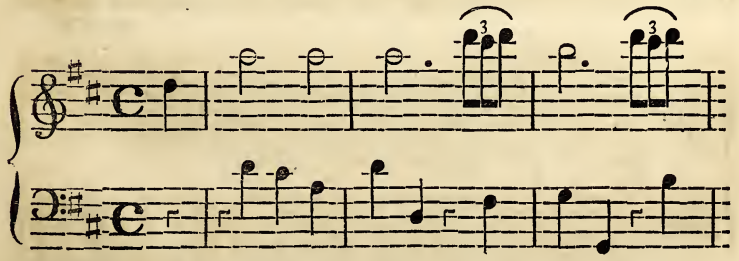

flatt'ring er - ror cease to prove, O let me
be de - ceiv'd O - - let me be de - ceiv'd,
O - - let me be de-ceiv'd.
For-
bear to fan the gen - tle flame, Which love did

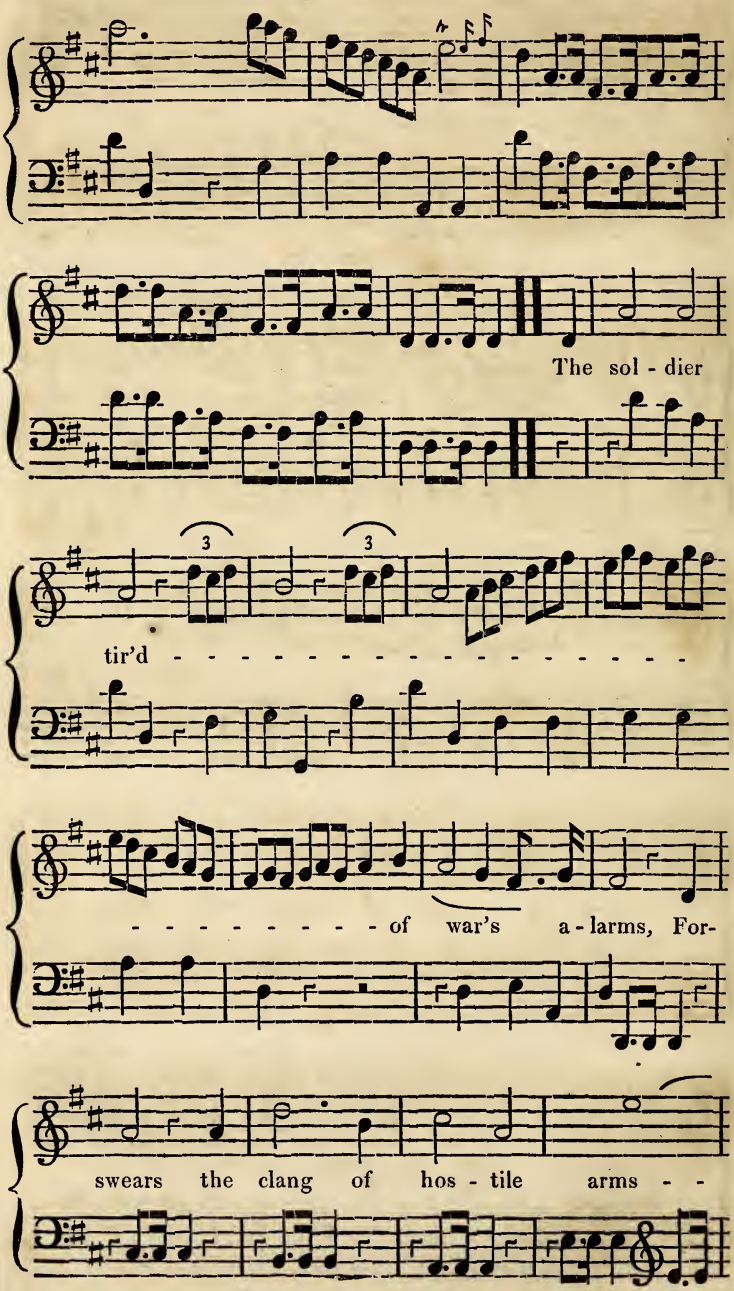

first cre - ate, What was my pride is now my
shame, And must be turn'd to hate; Then call not
to my wav - 'ring mind, The weakness of my
heart, Which, ah! I feel too much in-clin'd to
take the trai - - tor's part. For part - - - - -.
1
2

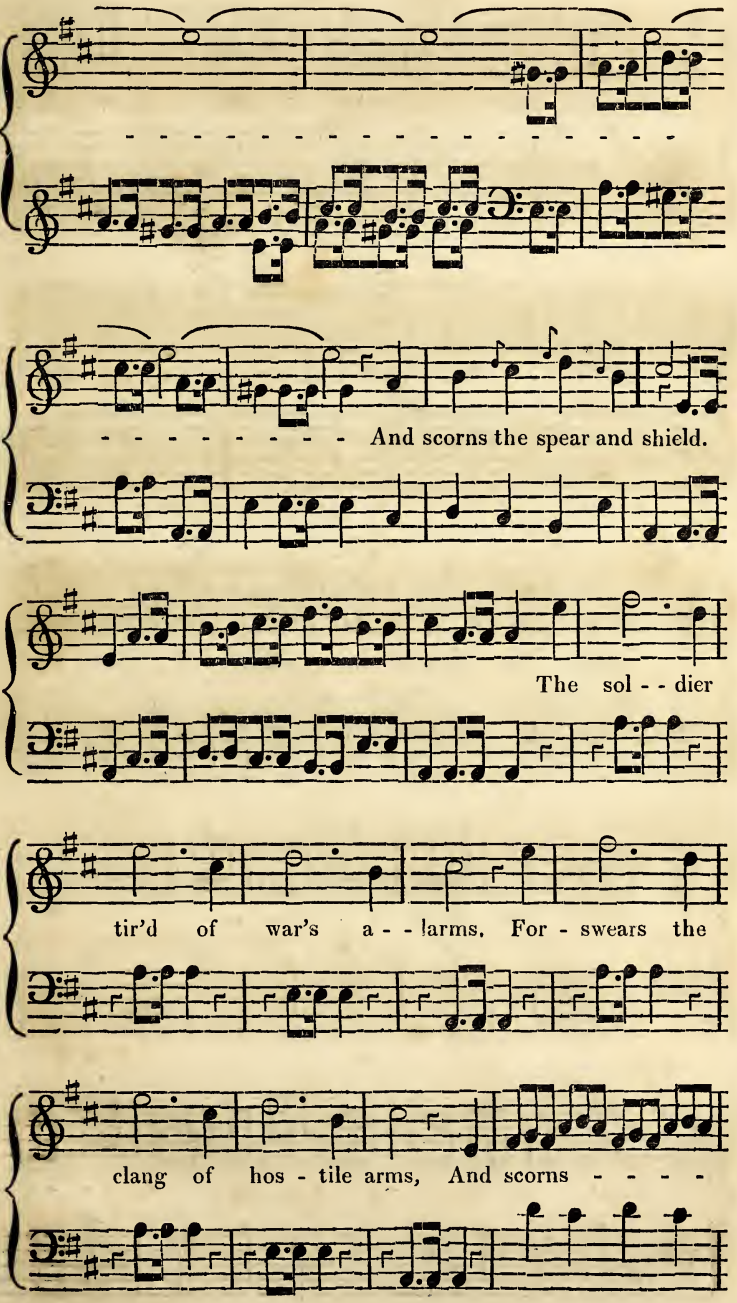


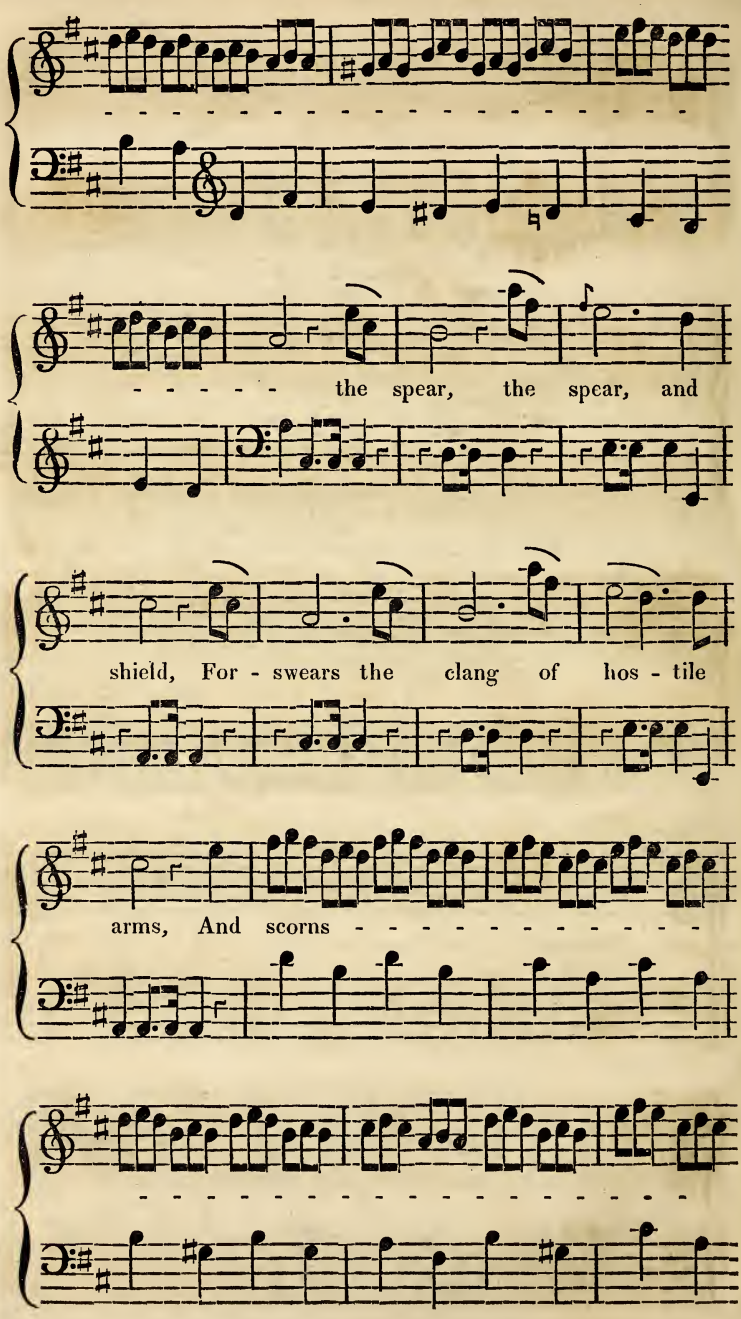
The Soldier tir'd of War's Alarms.

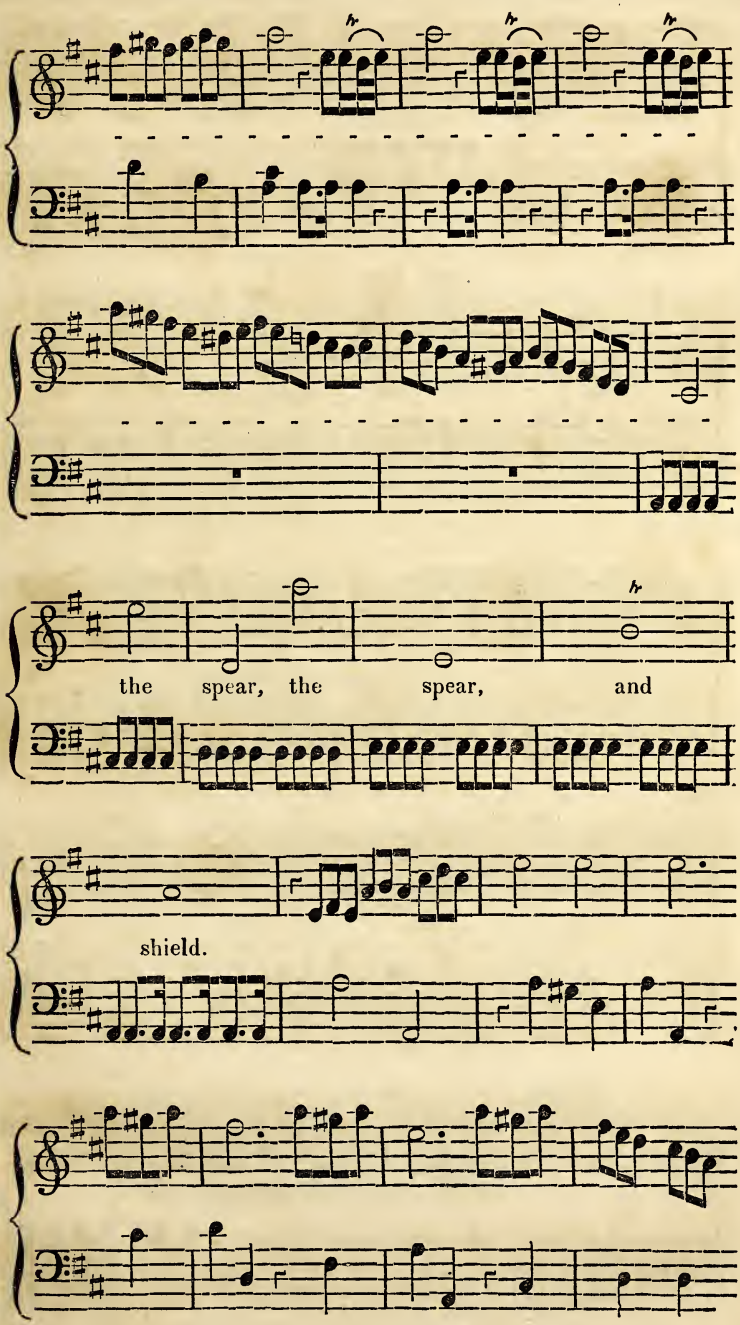
Arne.

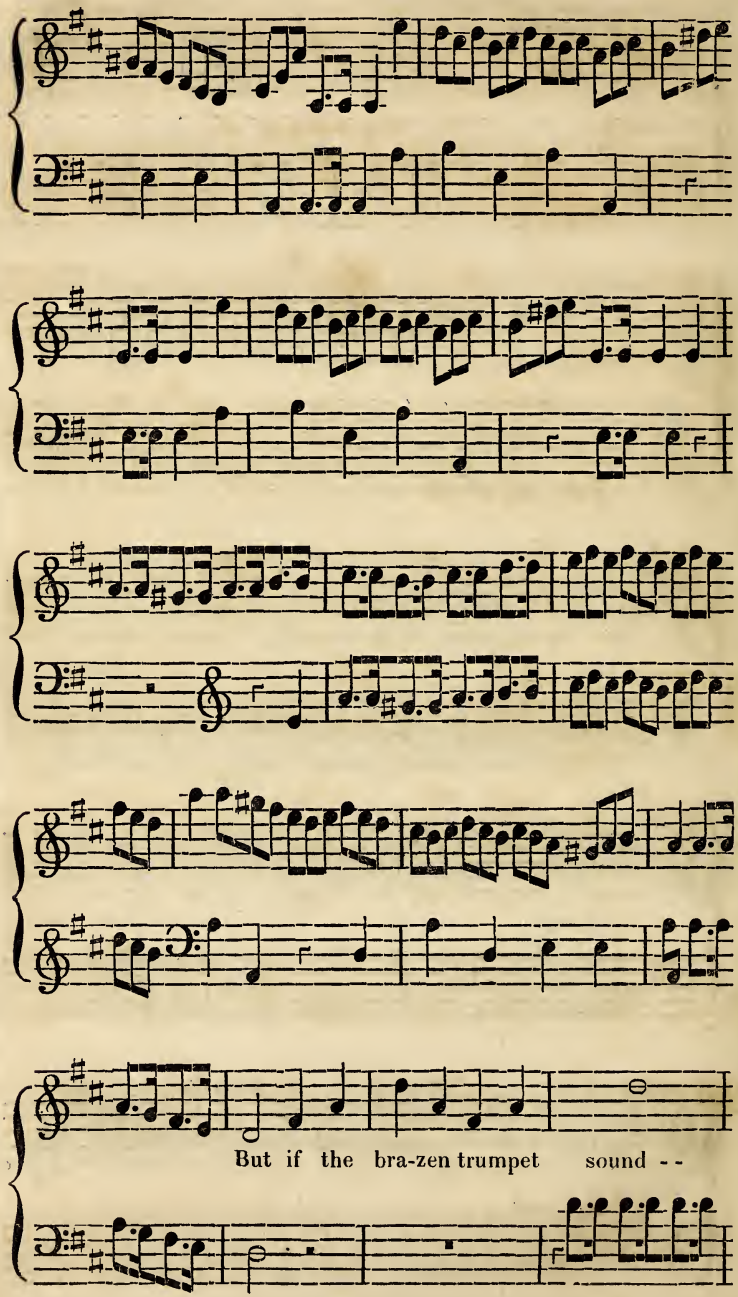


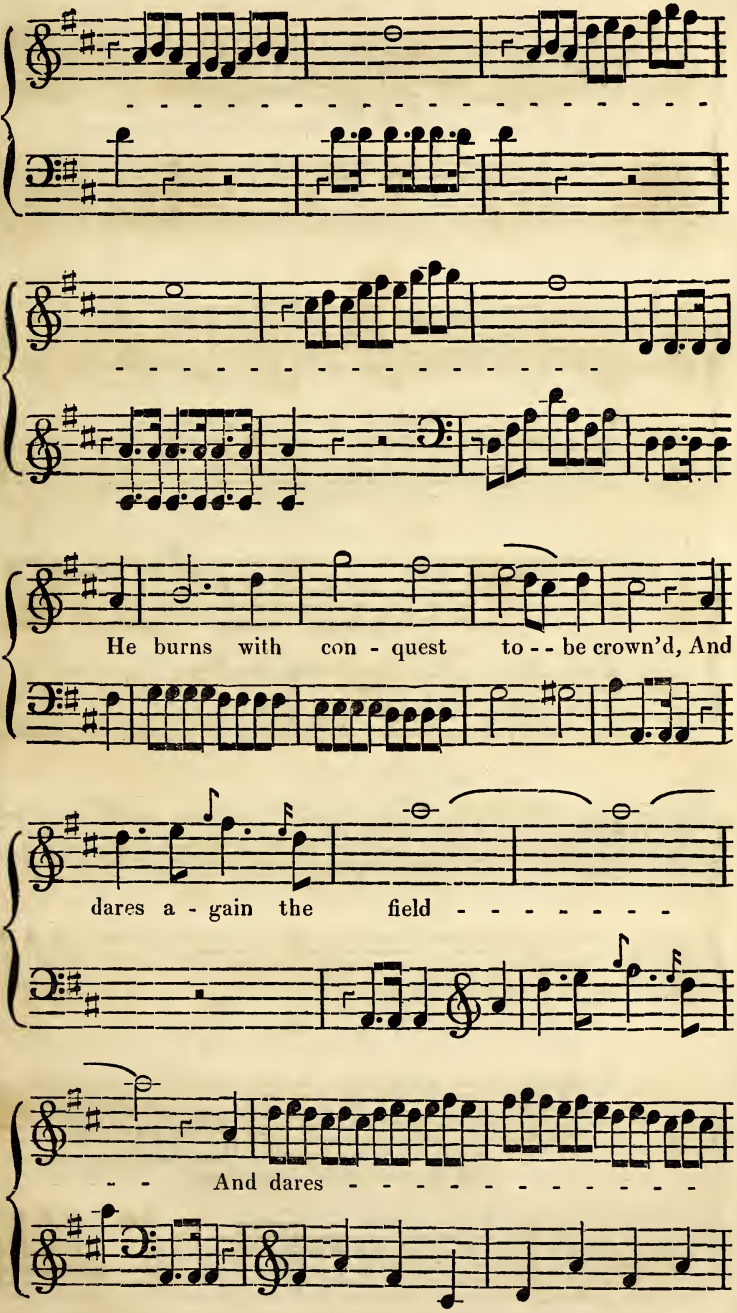

The sol - dier
3
3
tir'd - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - of war's a - larms, For-
swears the clang of hos - tile arms - -

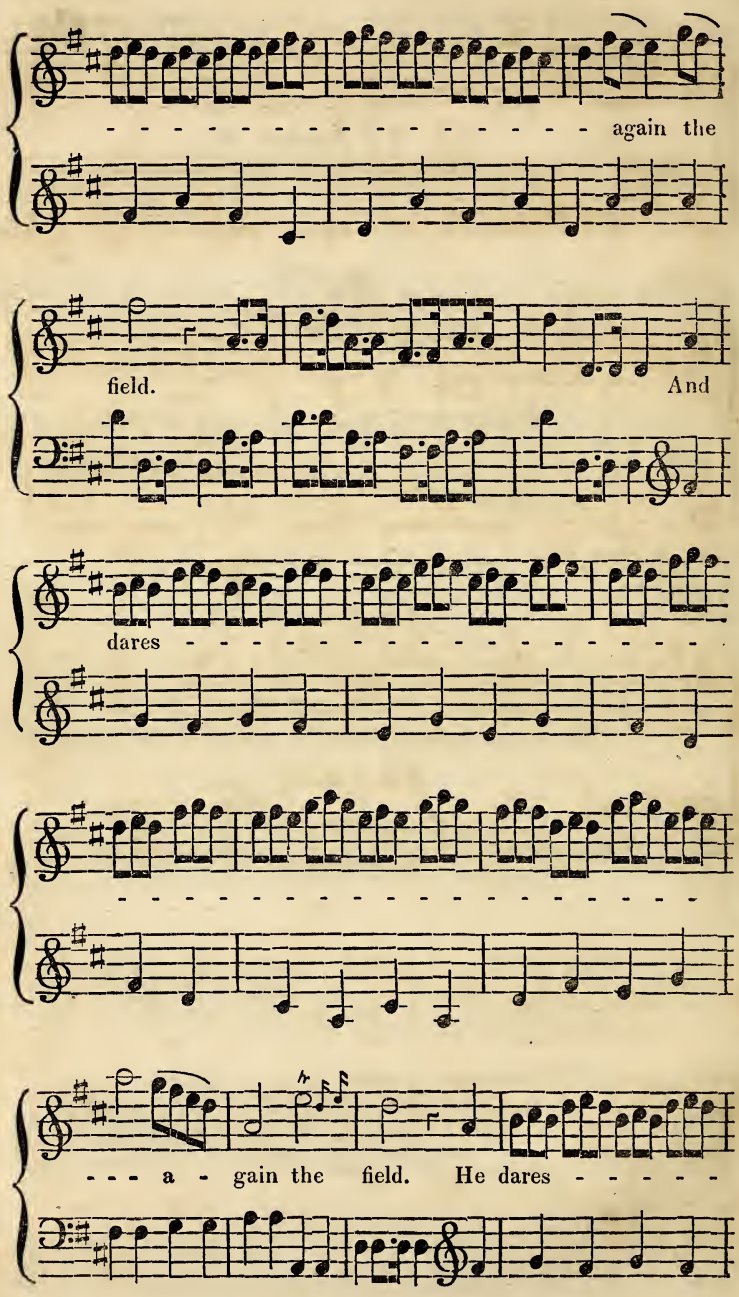

And scorns the spear and shield.
The sol - - dier
tir'd of war's a - - larms, For - swears the
clang of hos - tile arms, And scorns - - - -

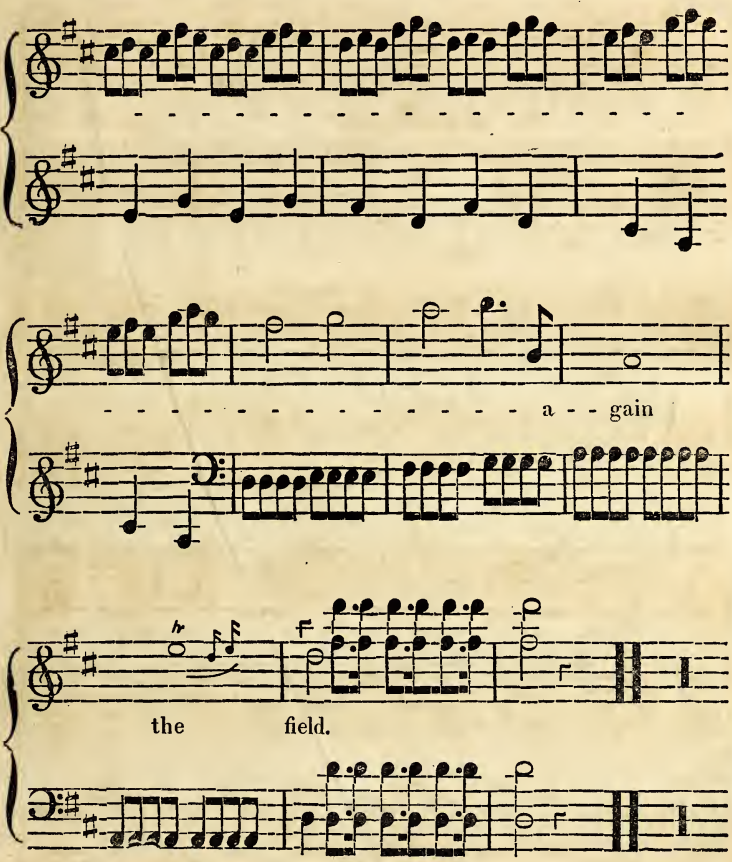

the spear, the spear, and
shield, For - swears the clang of hos - tile
arms, And scorns


the spear, the spear, and
shield.


But if the bra-zen trumpet sound - -


He burns with con - quest to - - be crown'd, And
dares a - gain the field - - - - - - -
- - And dares - - - - - - - - - - - -

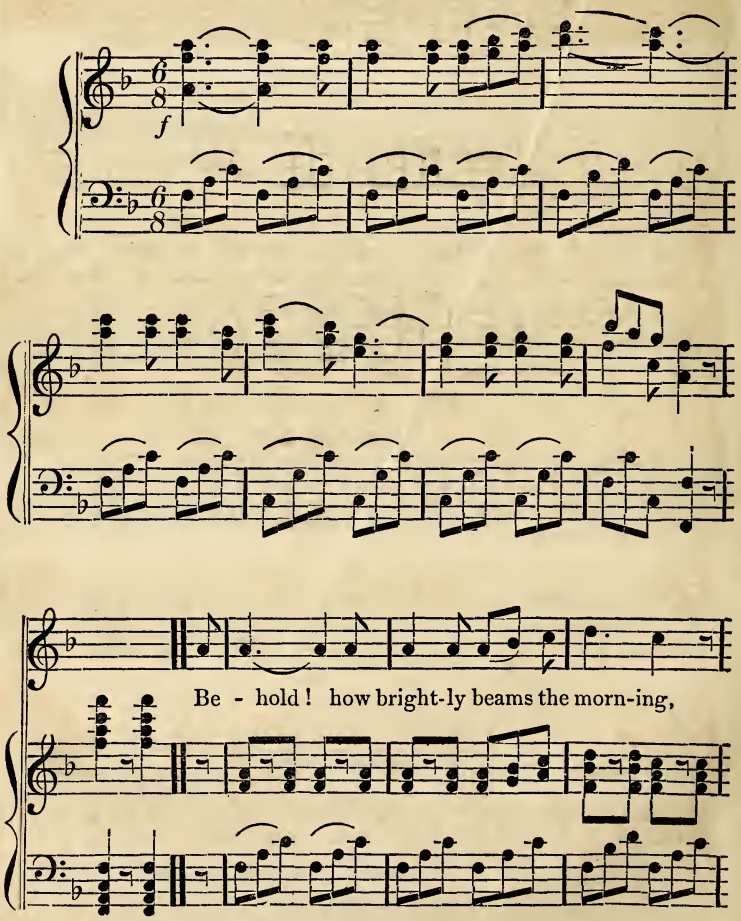

again the
field.
And
dares
a - gain the field. He dares

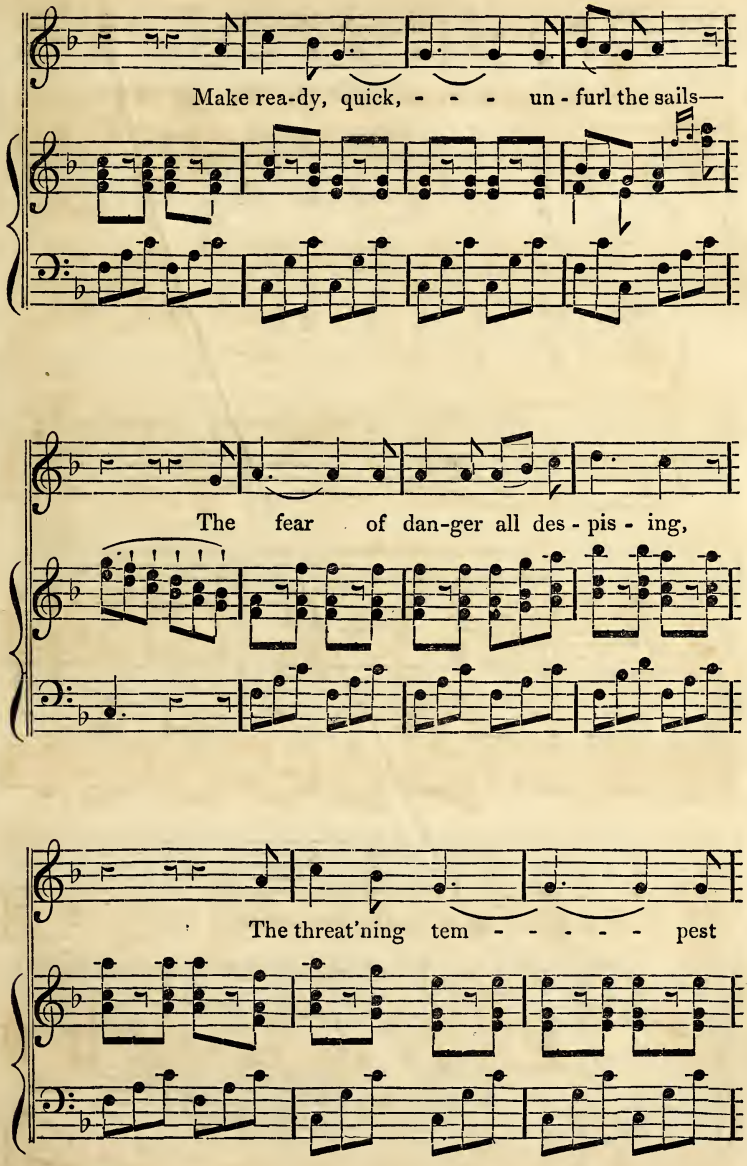

a - - gain
the
field.

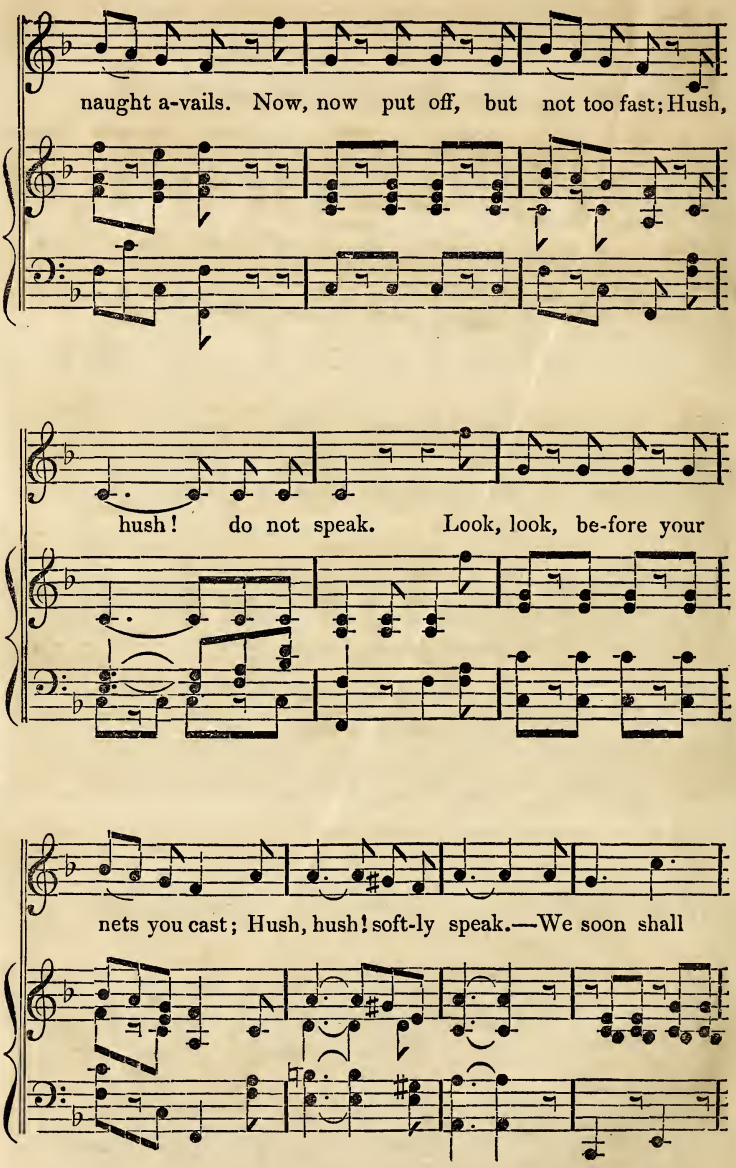
Behold! how brightly breaks the Morning.

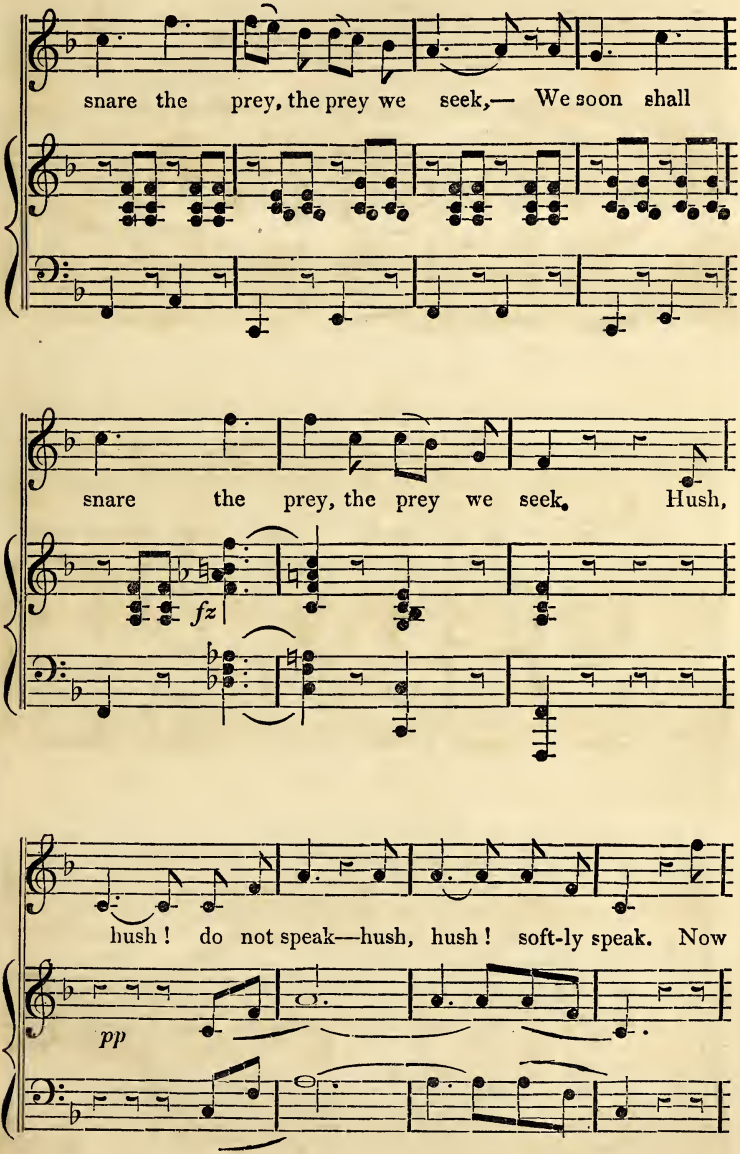
THE BARCAROLE FROM MASANIELLO.

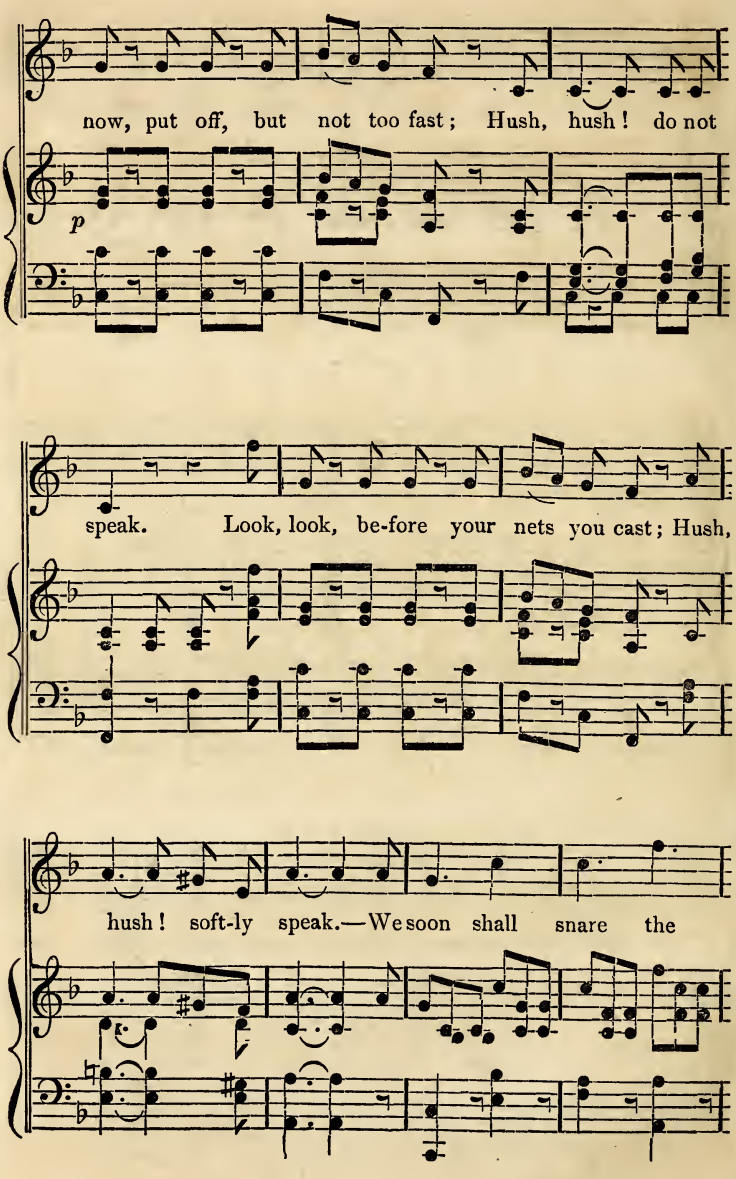
Auber.

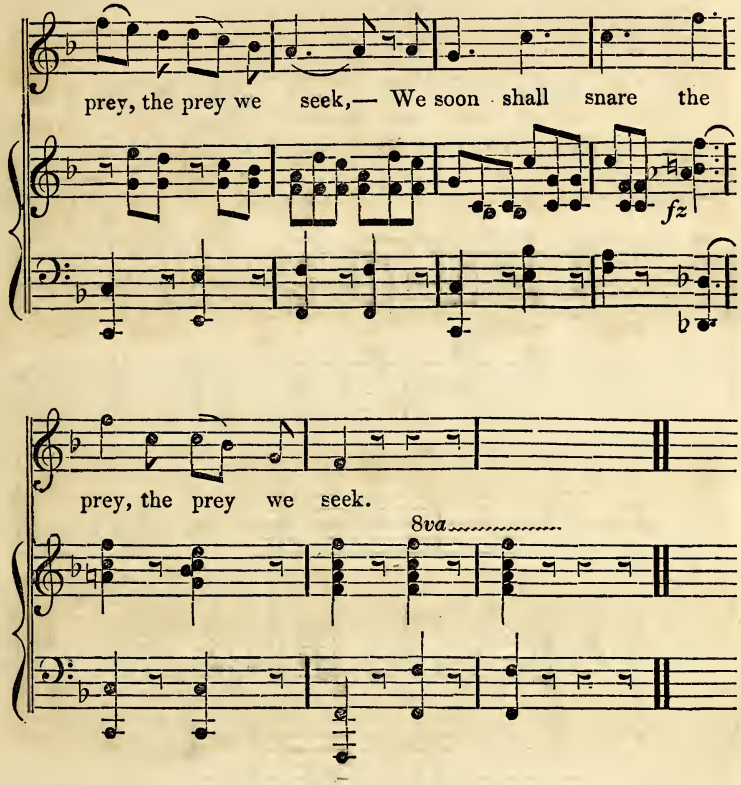



Make rea-dy, quick, - - - un - furl the sails—
The fear of dan-ger all des - pis - ing,
The threat'ning tem - - - - - pest


naught a-vails. Now, now put off, but not too fast; Hush,
hush! do not speak. Look, look, be-fore your
nets you cast; Hush, hush! soft-ly speak.—We soon shall


snare the prey, the prey we seek,— We soon shall
snare the prey, the prey we seek. Hush,
fz
hush! do not speak—hush, hush! soft-ly speak. Now
pp


now, put off, but not too fast; Hush, hush! do not
p
speak. Look, look, be-fore your nets you cast; Hush,
hush! soft-ly speak.—We soon shall snare the



Behold! the tempest hovers o'er us,
Boldly still we'll face the wave;
To danger us'd, with Hope before us,
We'll hail the breeze—the storm we'll brave.

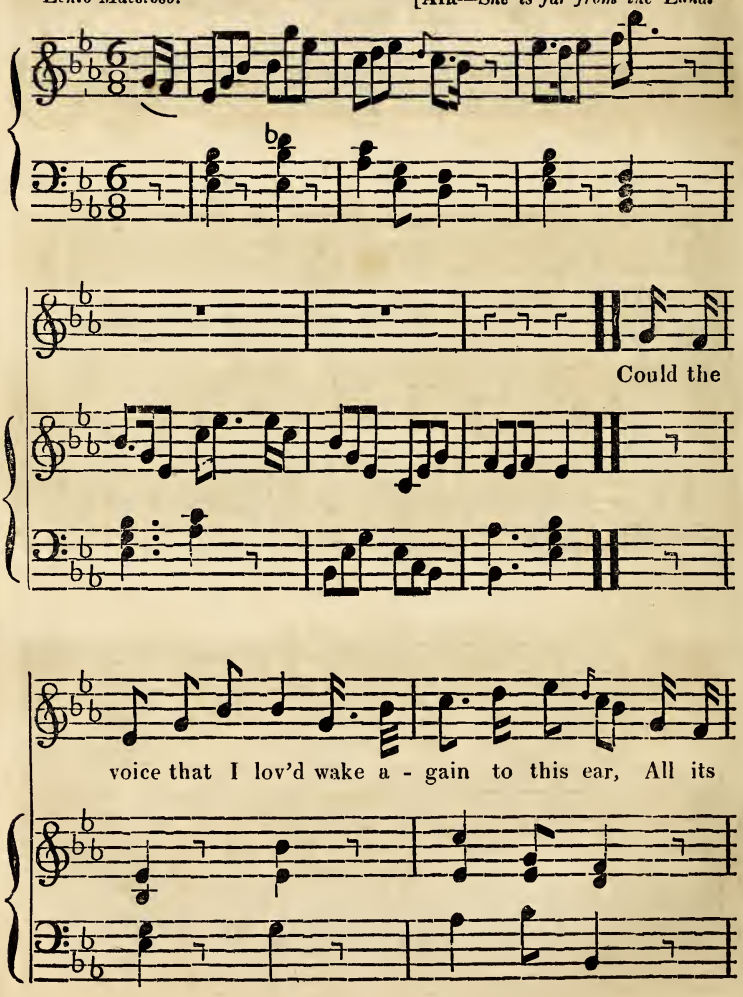
CHORUS.—Now, now, put off, &c.

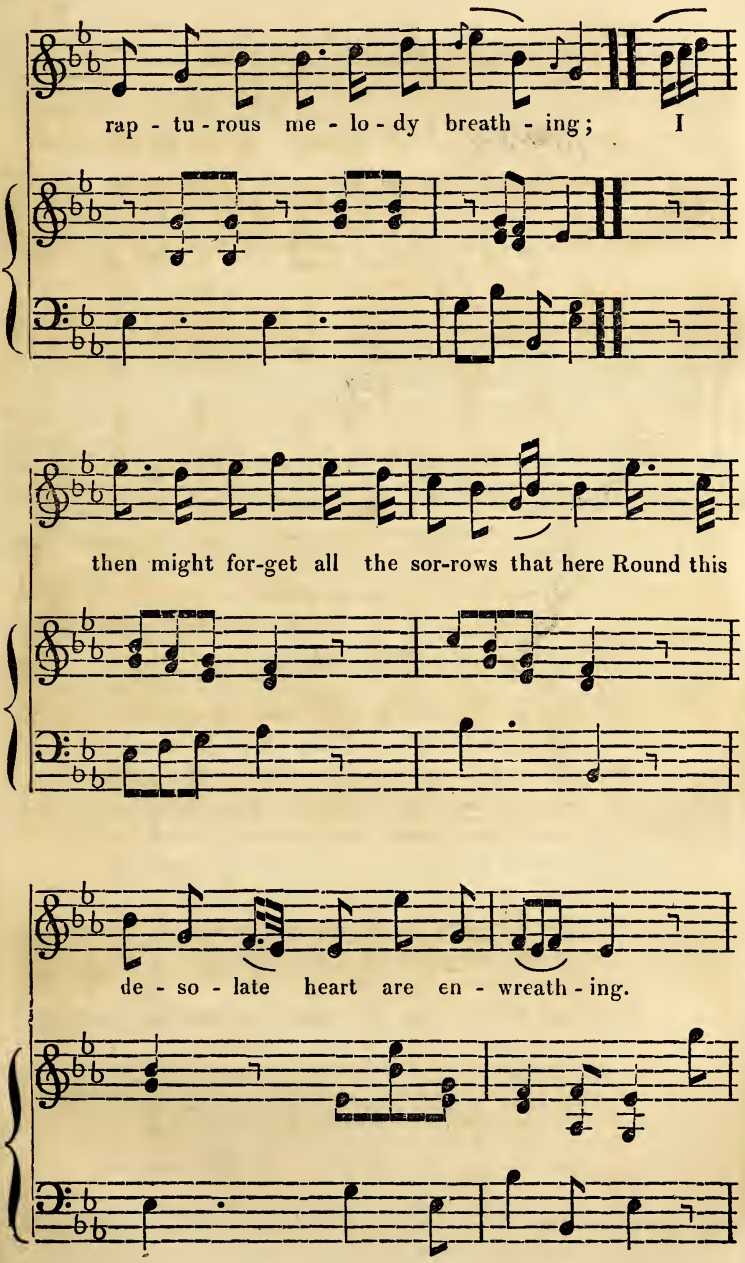
THE IRISH MELODIES.—No. 2

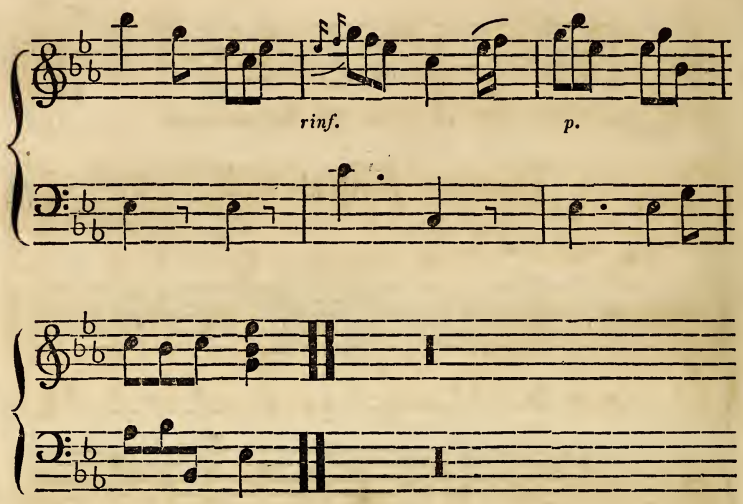
Could the Voice that I lov'd wake again to this Ear.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

Lento Maestoso. [AIR—*She is far from the Land.*




rap - tu - rous me - lo - dy breath - ing; I
then might for-get all the sor-rows that here Round this
de - so - late heart are en - wreath - ing.



Could the eyes on whose light it was rapture to gaze,
Shed on me their lustrous splendor,
Beam again, like the moon on the streamlet, their rays,
All glowing, yet meltingly tender,—

Could the lips that were brighter than rosebuds in hue,
When the dews of the morning weep o'er them,
Melt once more to my own, or be bright to my view,
As when first my heart learnt to adore them,—

I again might be bless'd; but cold in the tomb
Lie those charms, with my Julia sleeping;
And lonely I wander in silence and gloom,
To moisten her grave with my weeping.

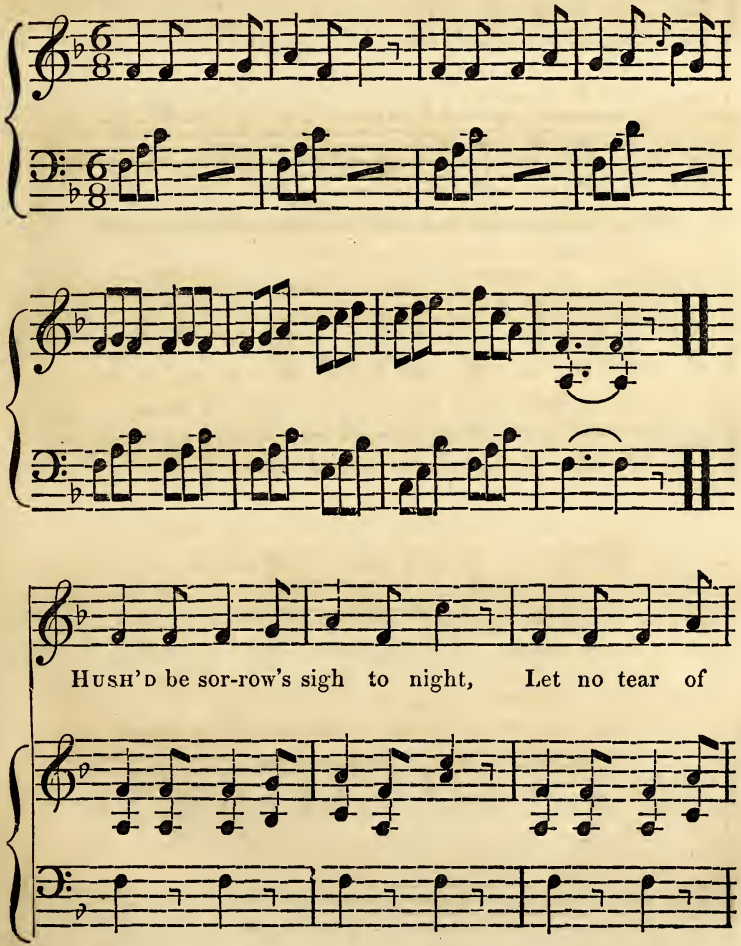
The winds whistle over the grass at her head,
And wild roses around it are springing,
As still, though the queen of their beauty lies dead,
To the mem'ry of loveliness clinging.

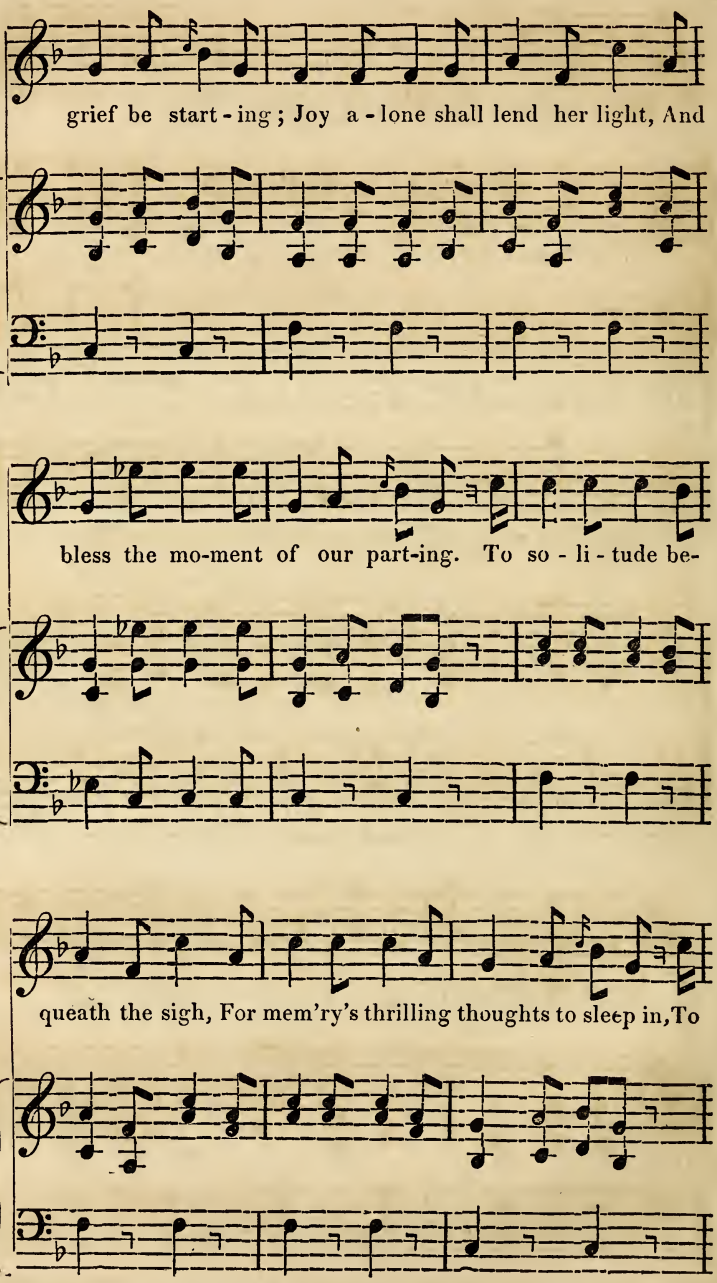
THE IRISH MELODIES.—No. 3.

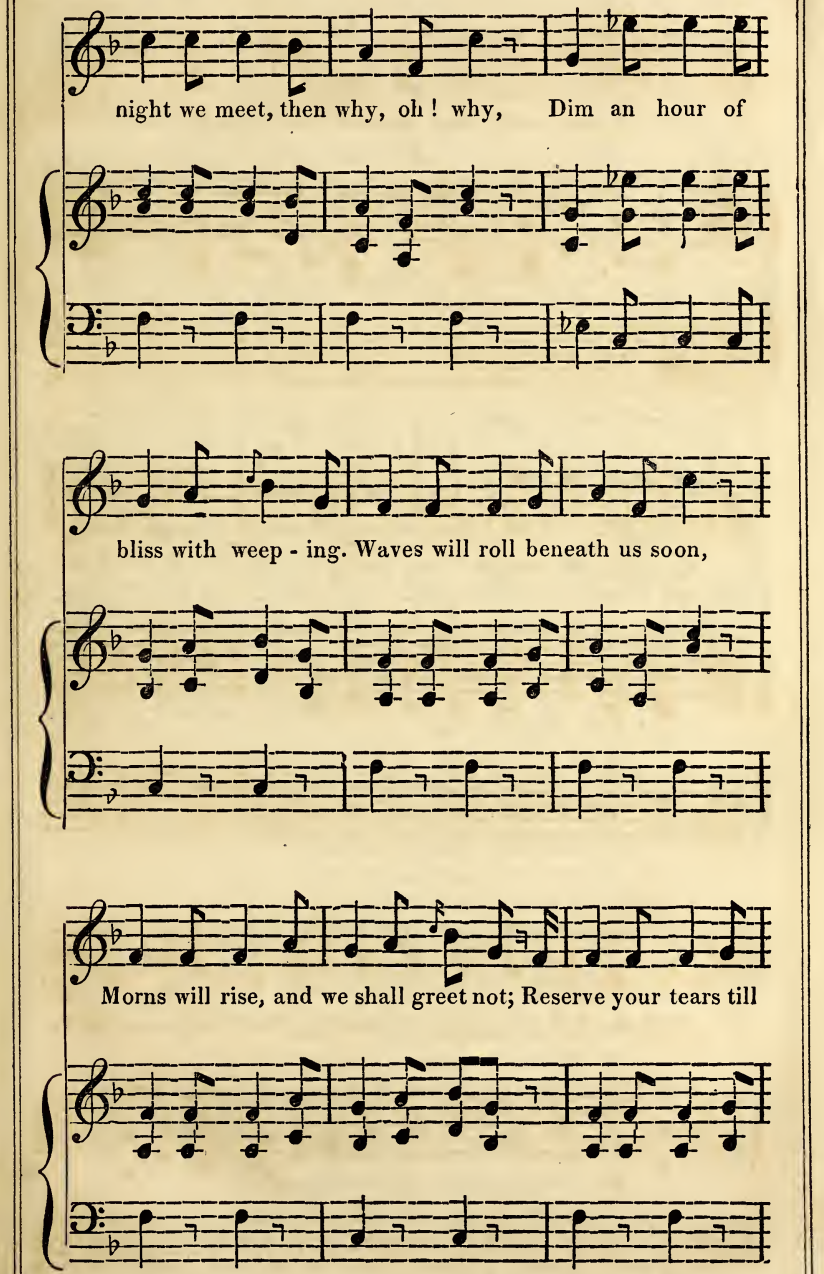
Hush'd be Sorrow's Sigh.

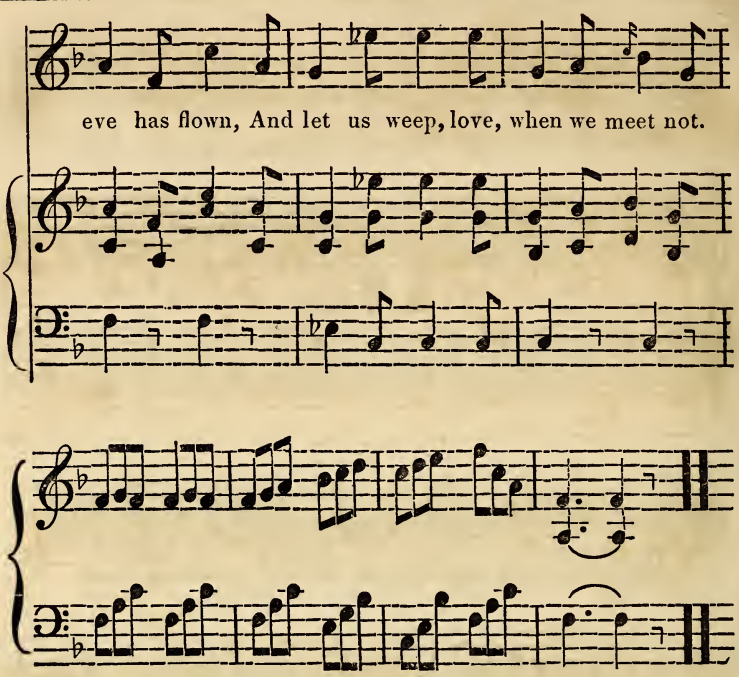
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

Allegretto. [Air—*Norah Creina.*




grief be start - ing ; Joy a - lone shall lend her light, And
bless the mo-ment of our part-ing. To so - li - tude be-
queath the sigh, For mem'ry's thrilling thoughts to sleep in, To


night we meet, then why, oh! why, Dim an hour of
bliss with weep - ing. Waves will roll beneath us soon,
Morns will rise, and we shall greet not; Reserve your tears till



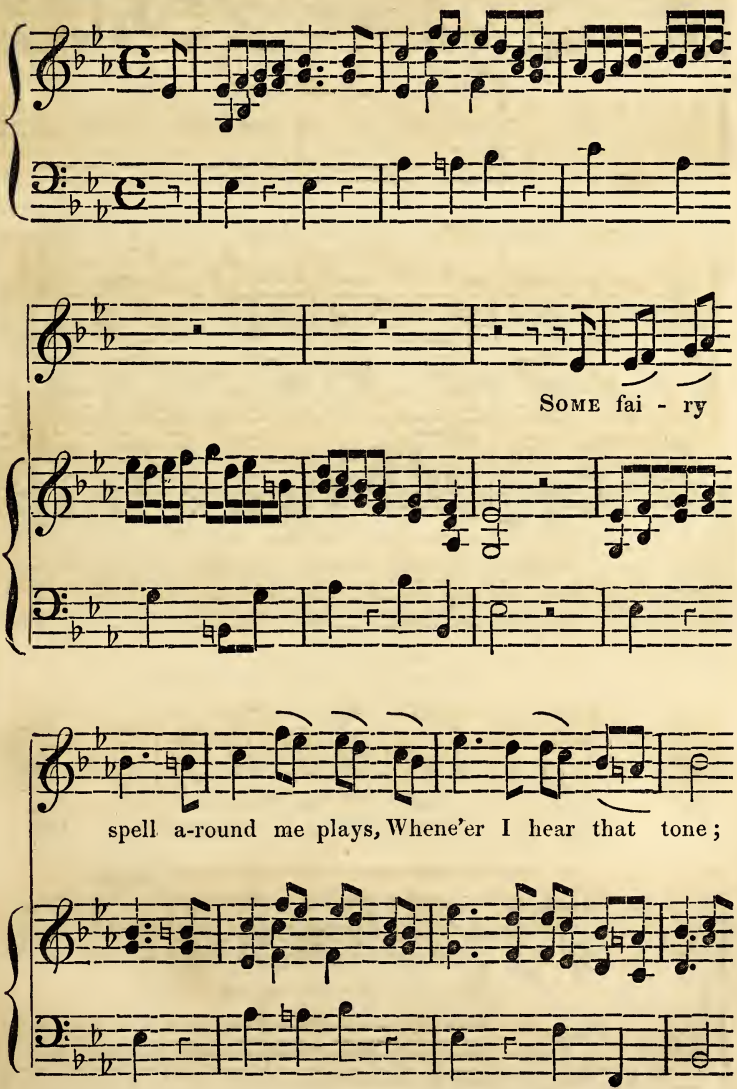
Come, take the cup ; our only tears
Must be the ruby tears of pleasure ;
These few last moments are as years,
We cannot lose in woe the treasure.
Now let every thought of bliss,
Here in rich communion mee', love ;
Perchance we take a last, long kiss ;
Oh ! let that dear, last kiss be sweet, love.
Waves will roll, &c.

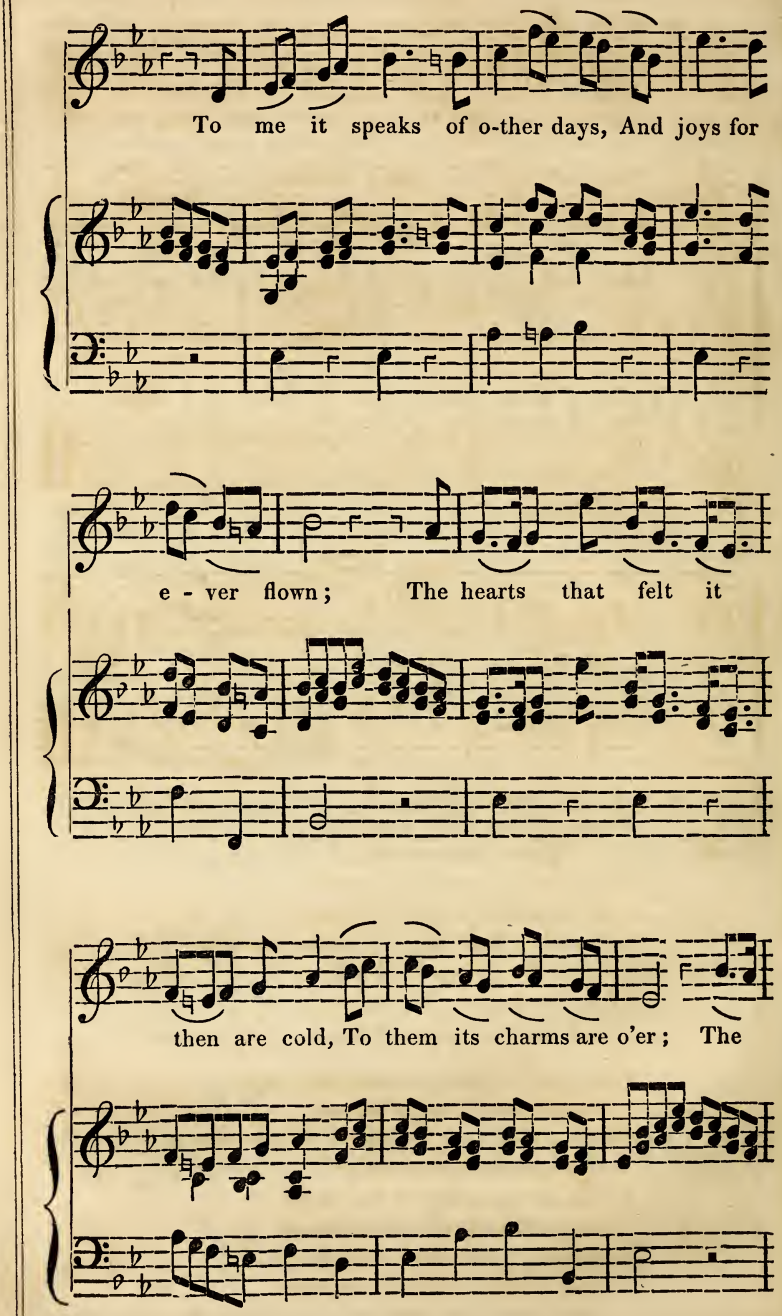
Oh ! let our parting hour be such
A brilliant moment of delight, love,
That rapture could not add a touch
Of joy, to make the hour more bright, love ;
That when afar, we dream again
On pleasure fled, or bliss departed,
One gem shall light the page of pain,
Remembrance of the eve we parted.
Waves shall roll, &c.

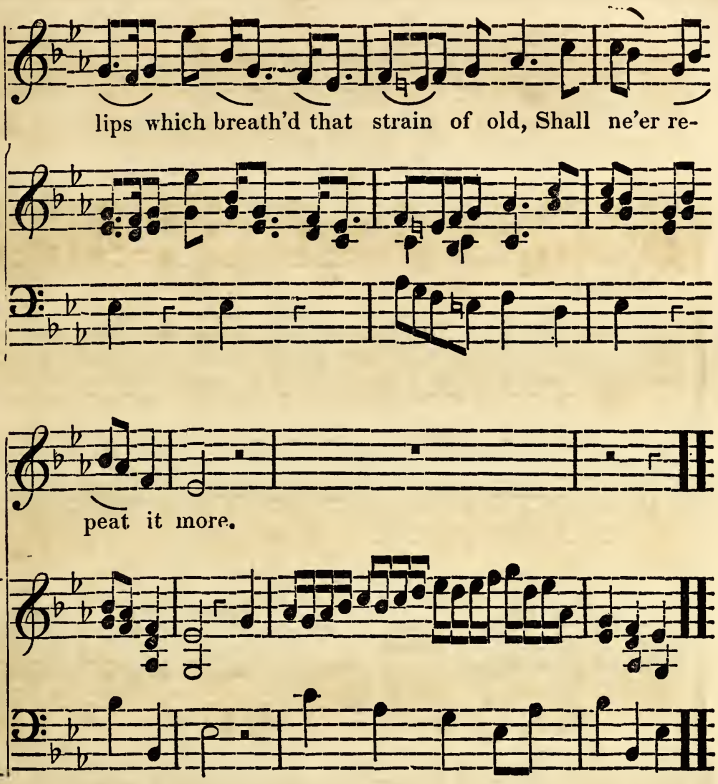
Some Fairy Spell around me plays.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY Mrs. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Andante Espressivo. [*Scotch Melody.*




To me it speaks of o-ther days, And joys for
e - ver flown; The hearts that felt it
then are cold, To them its charms are o'er; The



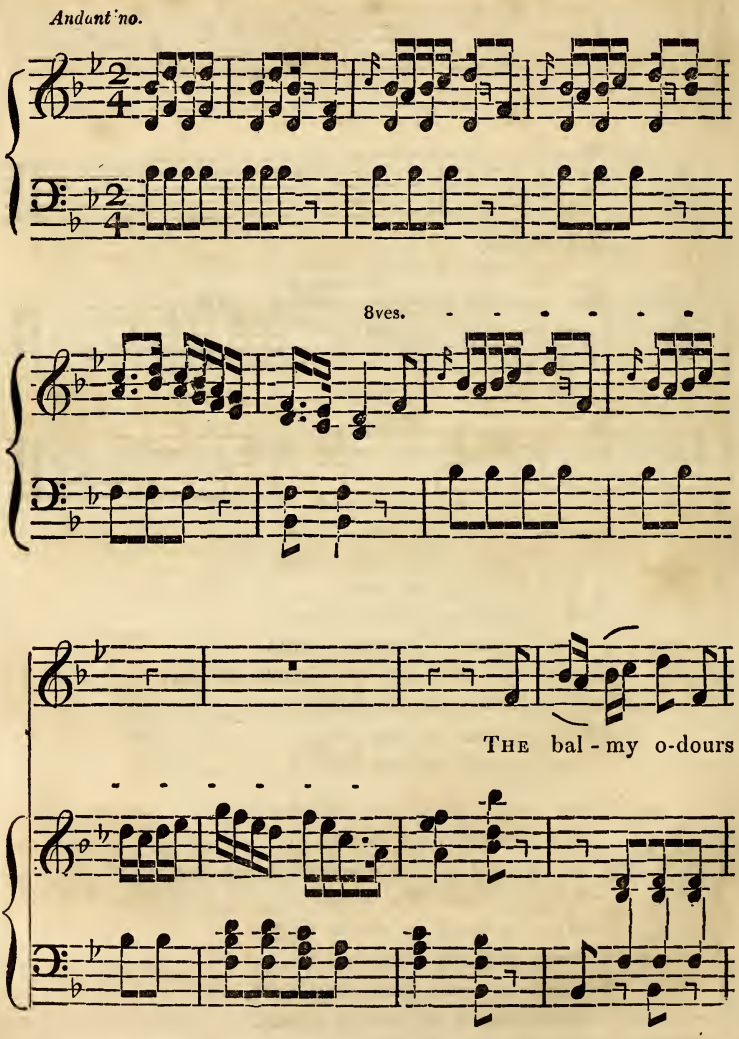
How sweetly at this silent hour,
It floats upon the wind;
Now melody has double power,
To soothe the pensive mind;
And while I hear that well-known strain,
By minstrel fingers play'd,
I live o'er happier hours again,
And present sorrows fade.

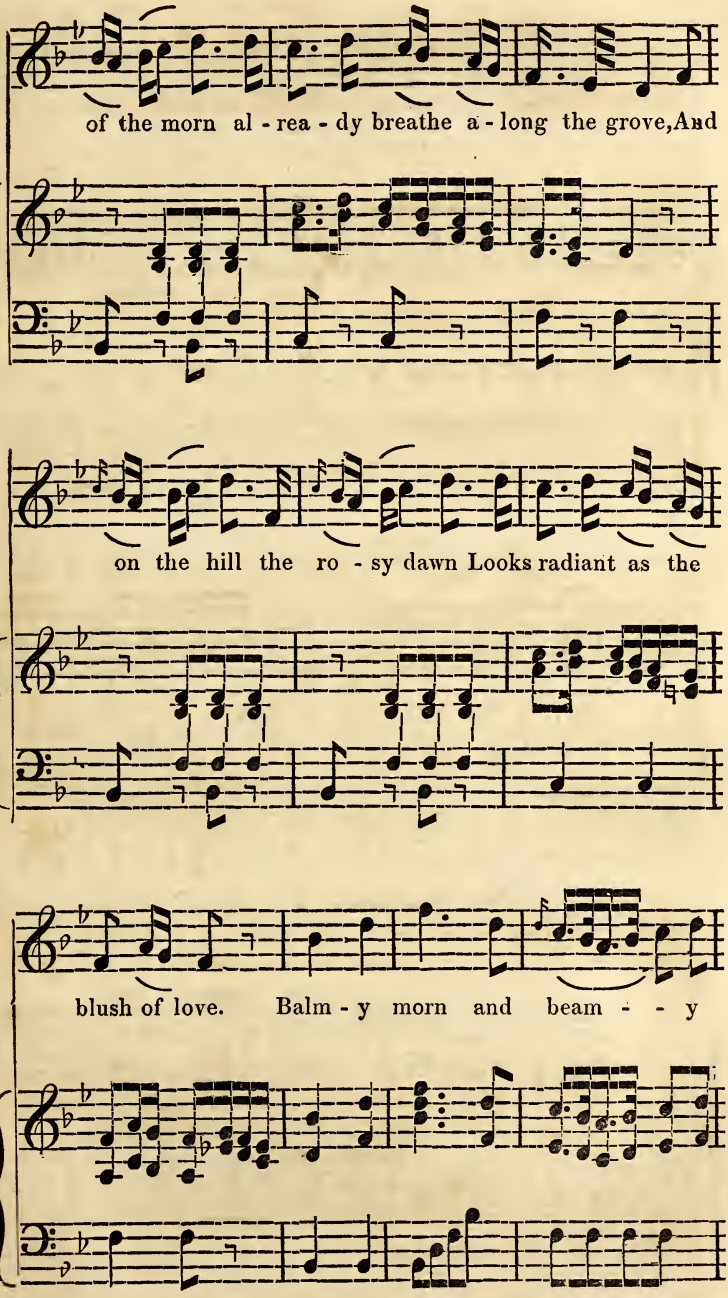
Then, oh! repeat that soothing lay.
'Tis like some magic charm
That's plac'd by Hope in life's bleak way,
To keep the bosom warm;
And as the wand'rer of the night
Hails morning's welcome beam,
So memory meets the lovely light,
That cheer'd life's early dream.

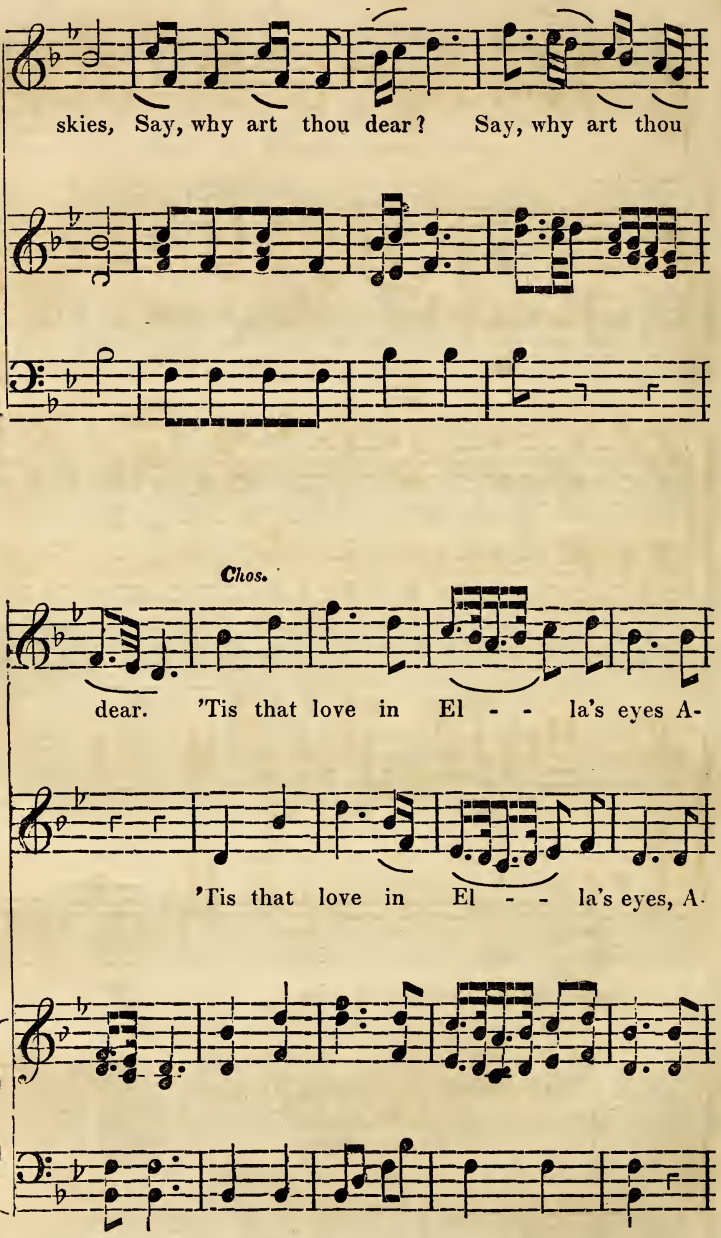
The balmy Odours of the Morn.

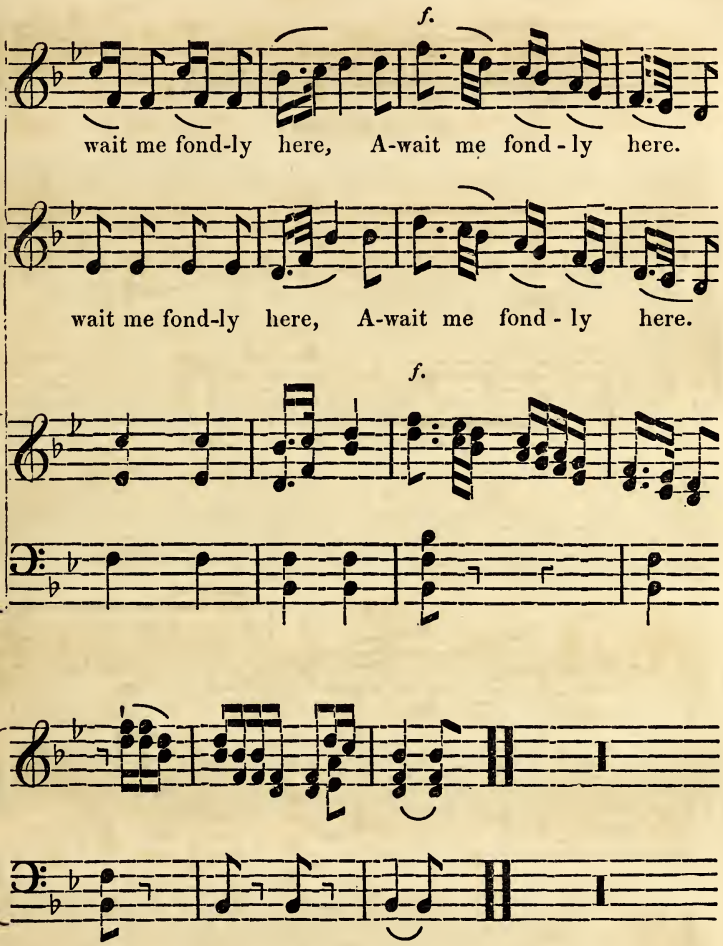
THE BRIDESMAID'S SONG AND CHORUS FROM WEBER'S OPERA OF *DER FRIESCHUTZ.*

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS MARY LEMAN REDE.




of the morn al - rea - dy breathe a - long the grove, And
on the hill the ro - sy dawn Looks radiant as the
blush of love. Balm - y morn and beam - - y


skies, Say, why art thou dear? Say, why art thou
Chos.
dear. 'Tis that love in El - - la's eyes A-
'Tis that love in El - - la's eyes, A-

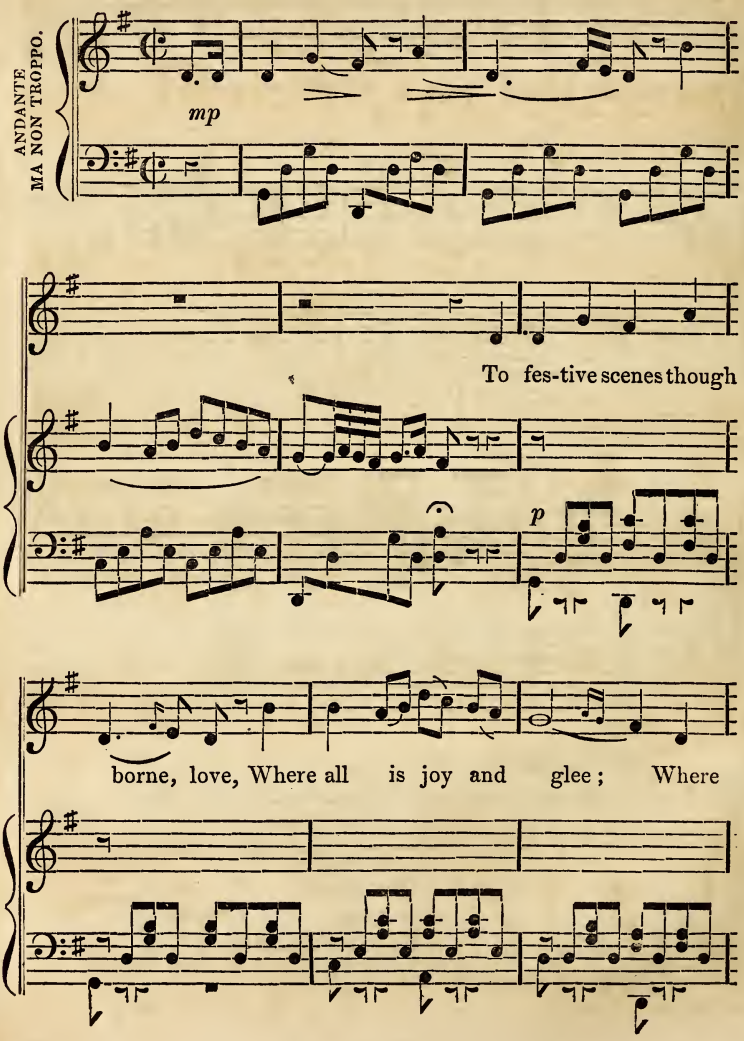


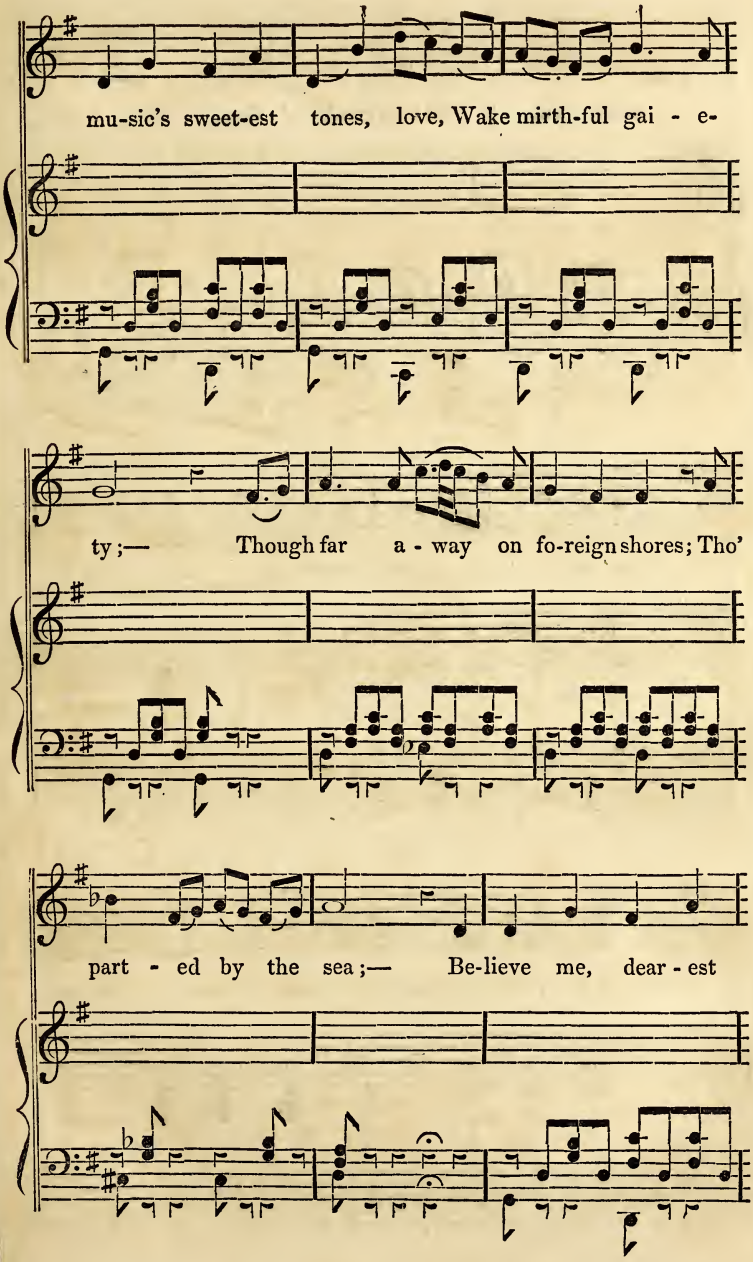
Ah! see she rises to my view,
Like new-born light from clouds she springs;
Did love e'er lie in eyes more blue?
Her form but wants an angel's wings.
Sister seraphs well might steal
To view her from on high,
And deem she hid them, to conceal
She'd wander'd from the sky.

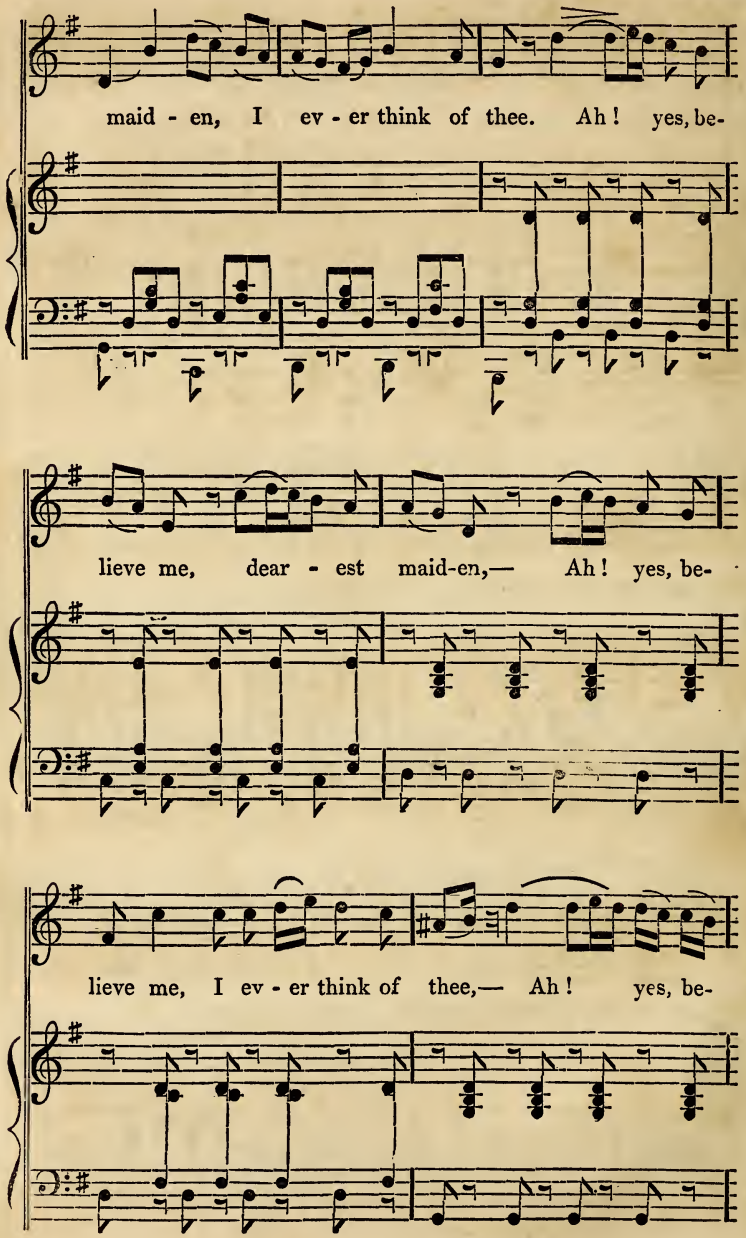
I ever think of Thee, Love,

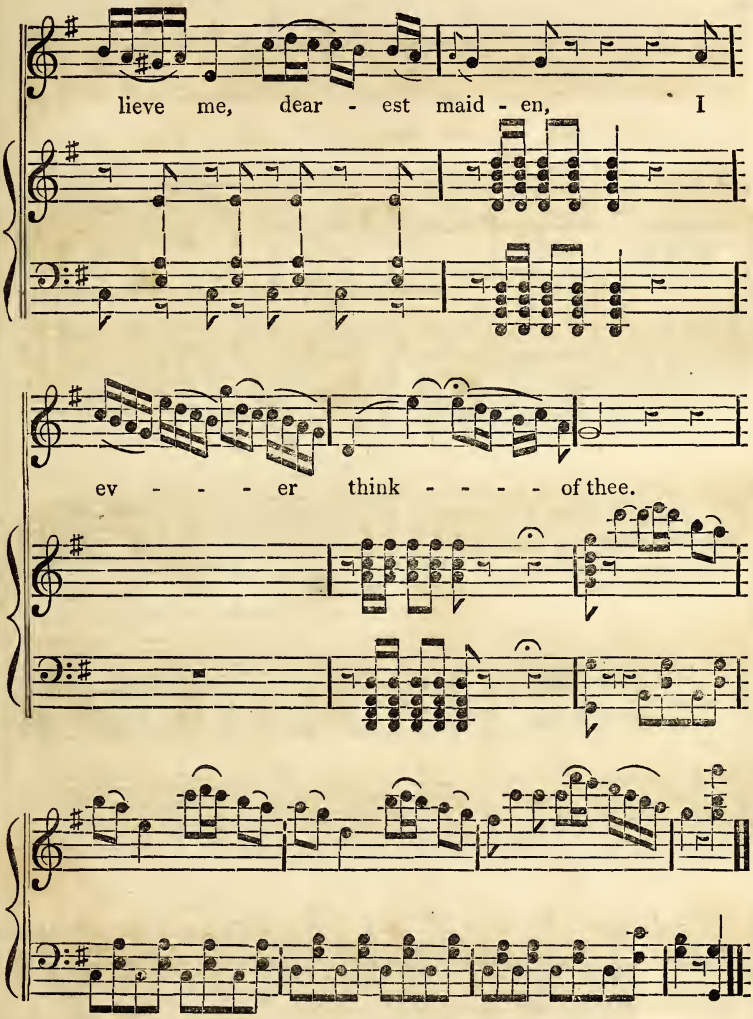
OR THE DA CONTA.

SUNG BY MISS ADELAIDE KEMBLE, IN THE OPERA OF NORMA.




mu-sic's sweet-est tones, love, Wake mirth-ful gai - e-
ty;— Though far a - way on fo-reign shores; Tho'
part - ed by the sea;— Be-lieve me, dear - est

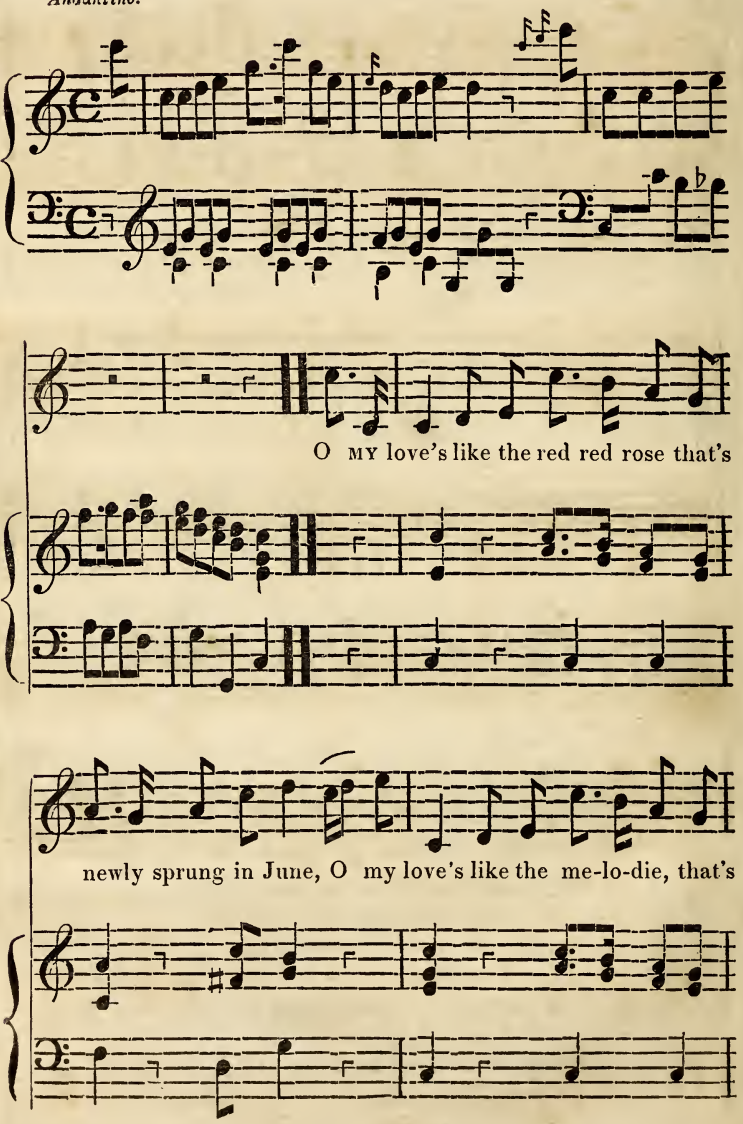

maid - en, I ev - er think of thee. Ah! yes, be-
lieve me, dear - est maid-en,— Ah! yes, be-
lieve me, I ev - er think of thee,— Ah! yes, be-

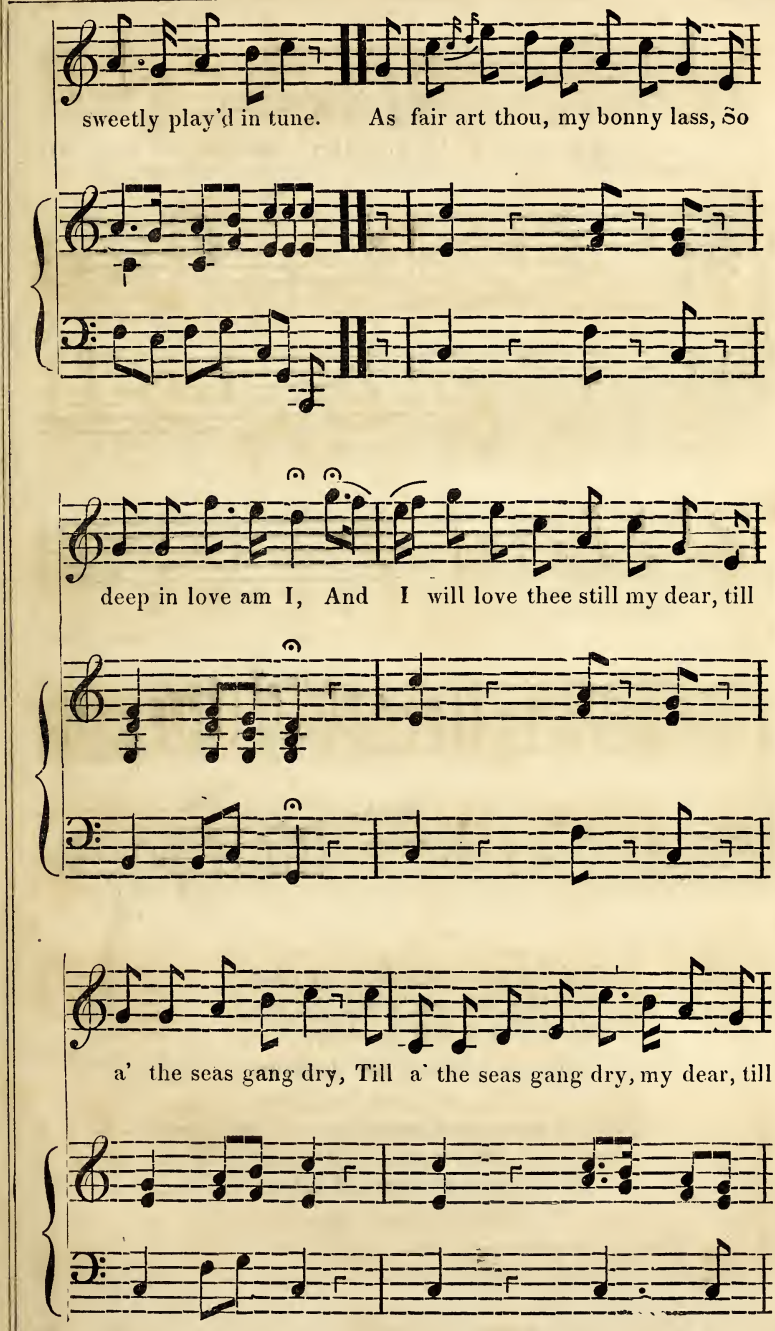


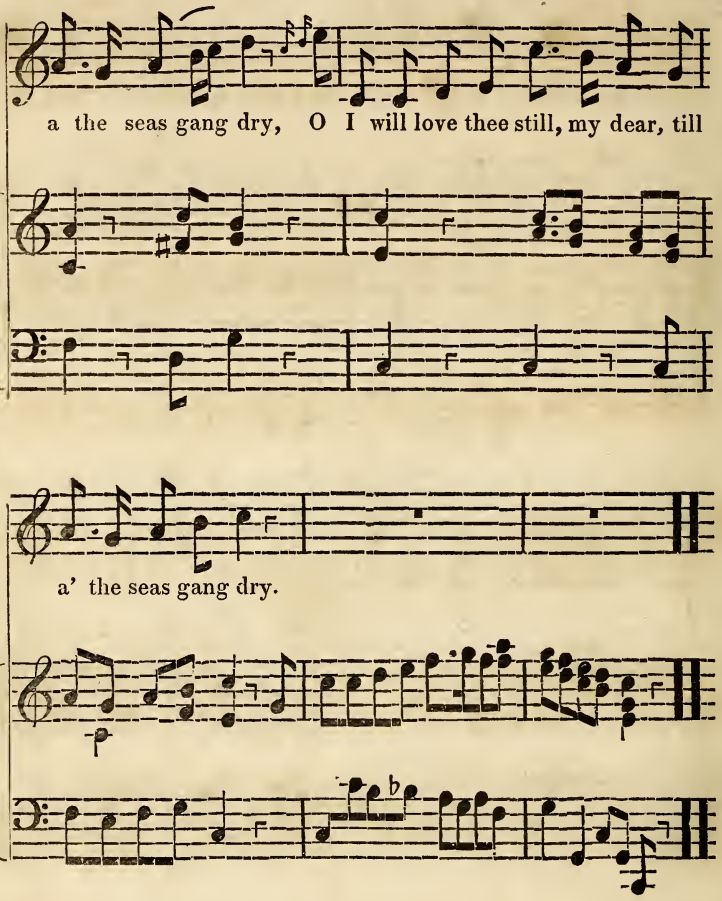
Though I ne'er breathe thy name, love,
Nor sing thy fav'rite lay,
Though oft I smile on those around,
And feign that I am gay—
E'en though they bid me love thee not,
And deem it Fate's decree—
Believe me, dearest maiden,
I ever think of thee ! Ah ! yes, &c.

O my Love's like the red red Rose.

Andantino.




sweetly play'd in tune. As fair art thou, my bonny lass, So
deep in love am I, And I will love thee still my dear, till
a' the seas gang dry, Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, till

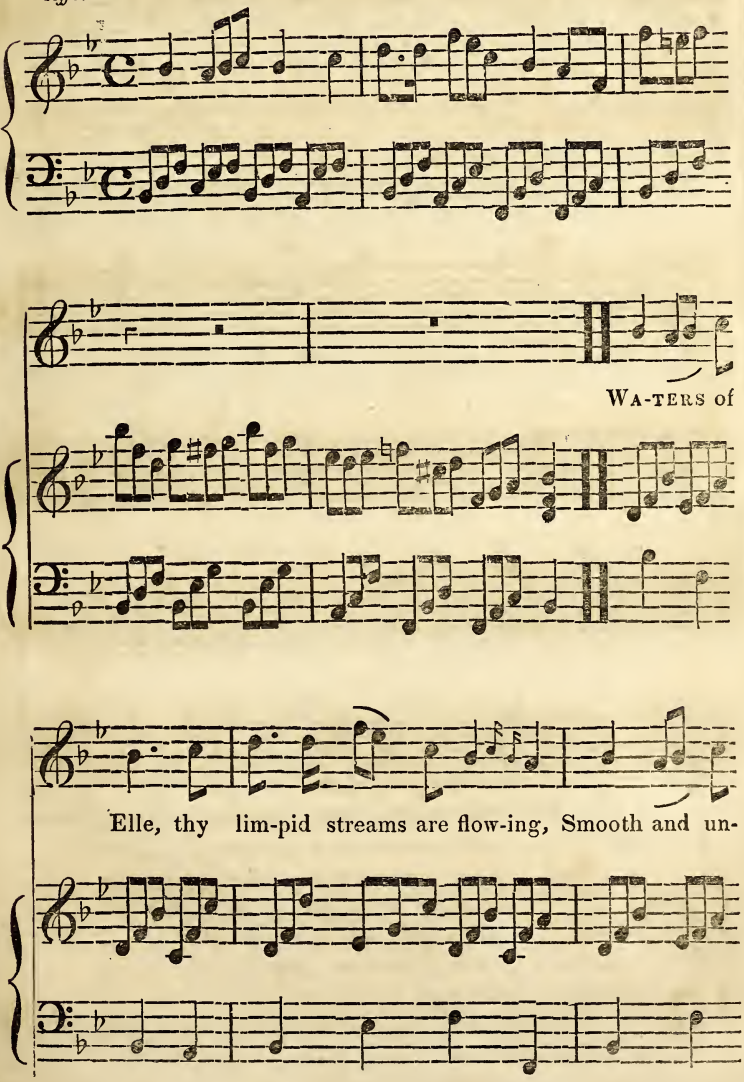


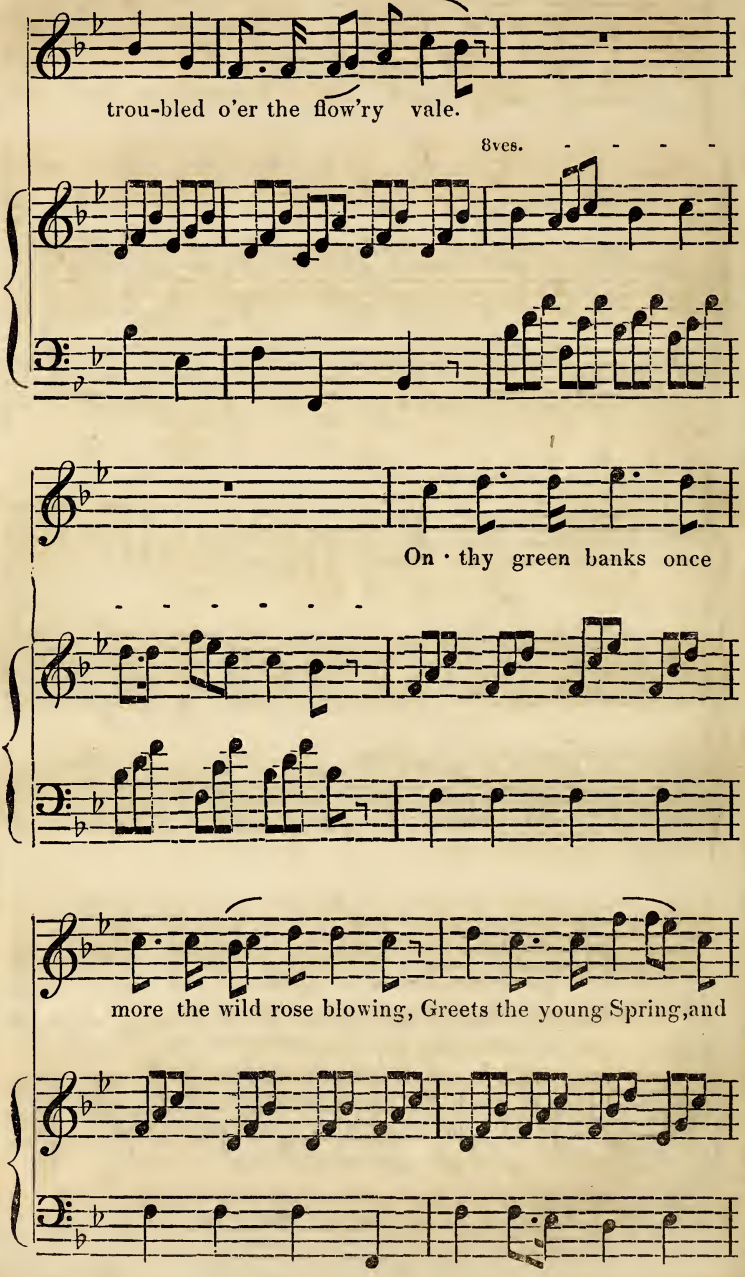
Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt with the sun,
I will love thee still my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.
Then fare thee well, my only love,
O fare thee well awhile,
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.
Tho' 'twere ten, &c.

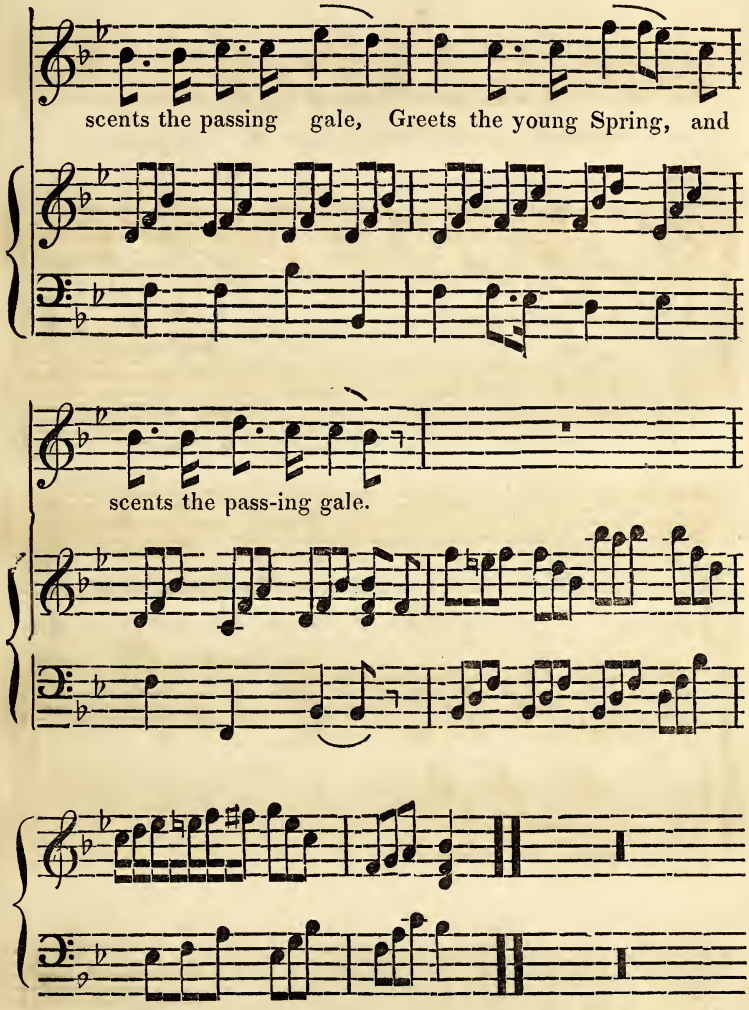
Waters of Elle.

THE WORDS FROM GLENARVON, *adapted to a* FRENCH AIR.

Affetuoso.



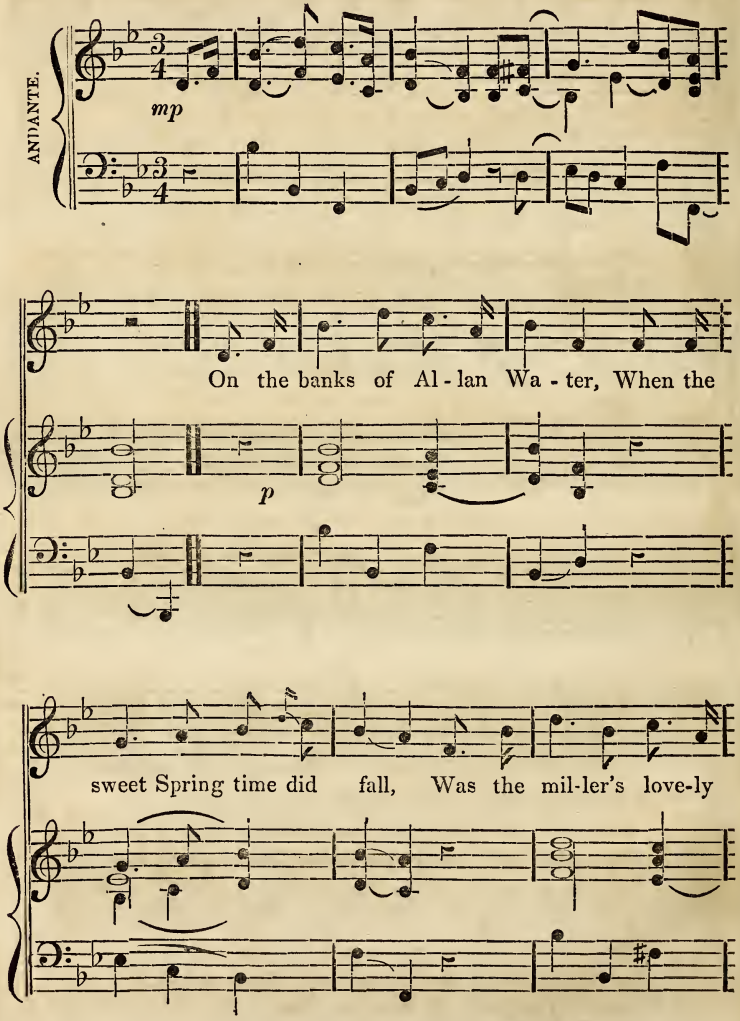

trou-bled o'er the flow'ry vale.
8ves.
On · thy green banks once
more the wild rose blowing, Greets the young Spring, and

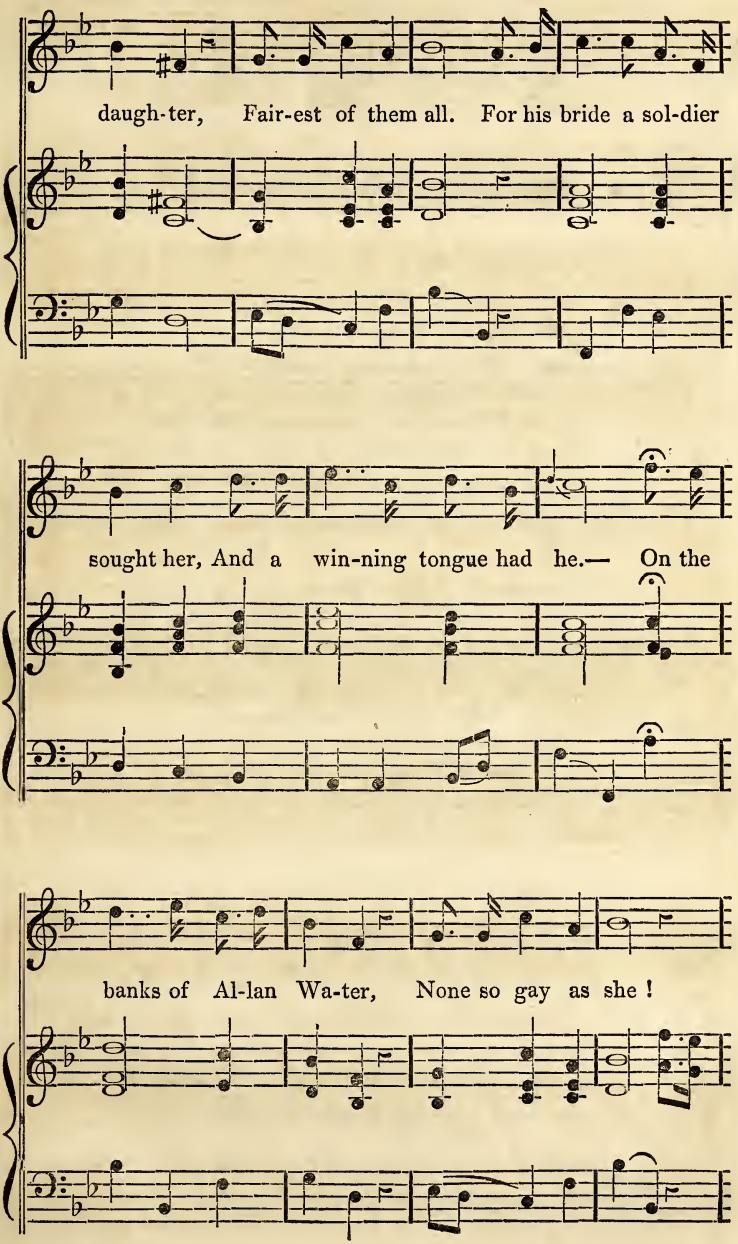


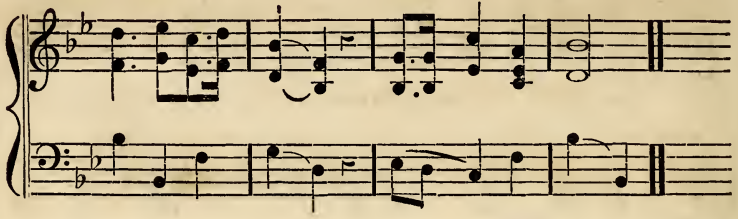
Here 'twas at eve, near yonder tree reposing
One, still too dear, first breath'd his vows to thee;
" Wear this," he cried, his guileful love disclosing,
" Near to thy heart, in memory of me."

Love's cherish'd gift, the rose he gave, is faded;
Love's blighted flow'r, can never bloom again.
Weep for thy fault, in heart and mind degraded,
Weep, if thy tears can wash away the stain.

The Banks of Allan Water.




daugh-ter, Fair-est of them all. For his bride a sol-dier
sought her, And a win-ning tongue had he.— On the
banks of Al-lan Wa-ter, None so gay as she !



On the banks of Allan Water
When brown Autumn spreads its store,
There I saw the Miller's daughter,
But she smil'd no more:
For the Summer grief had brought her,
And her soldier false was he,—
On the banks of Allan Water
None so sad as she.

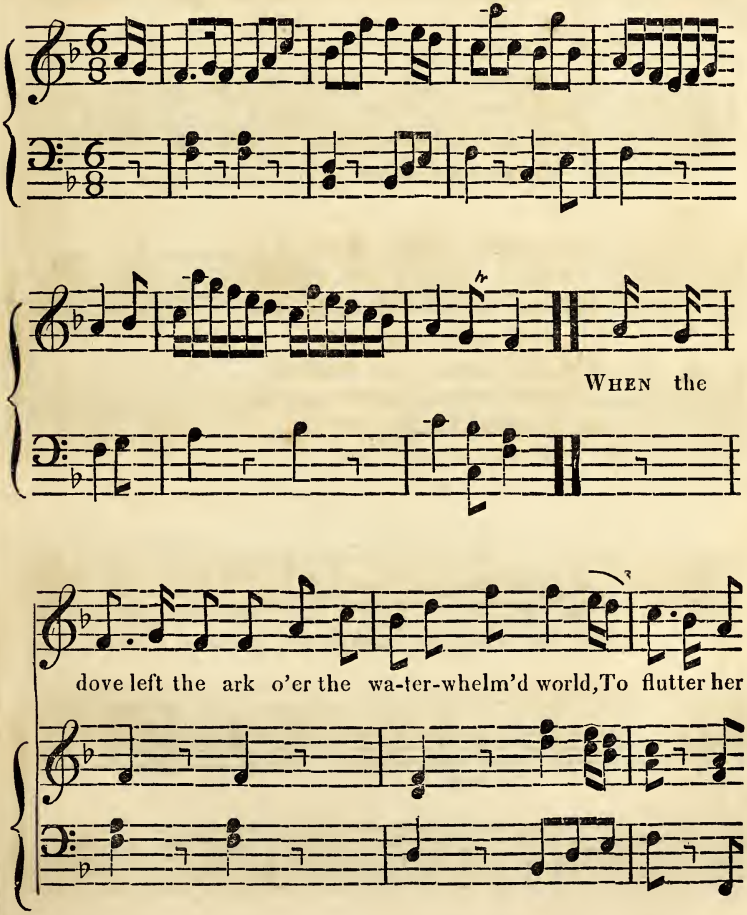
On the banks of Allan Water
When the Winter snow fell fast,
Still was seen the Miller's daughter;
Chilling blew the blast,
But the Miller's lovely daughter
Both from cold and care was free;—
On the banks of Allan Water,
There a corse lay she.

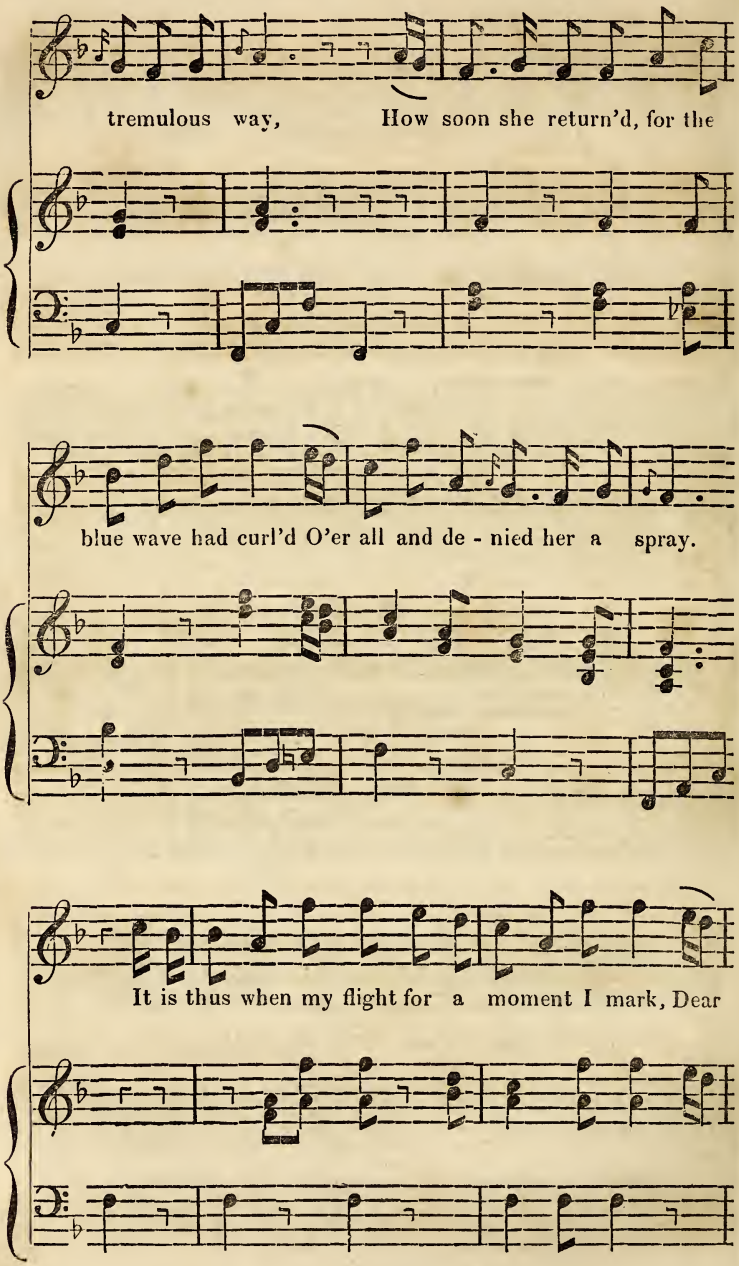
THE IRISH MELODIES.—No 4.

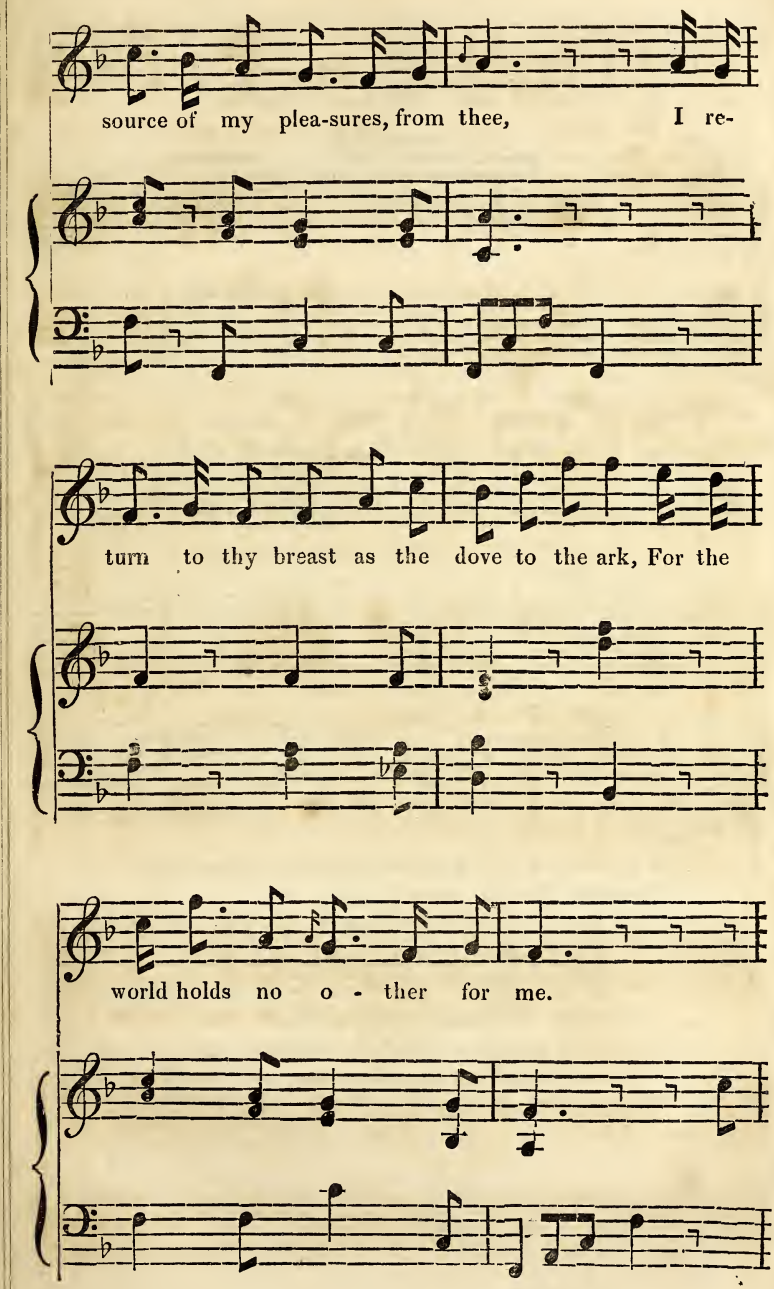
When the Dove left the Ark.

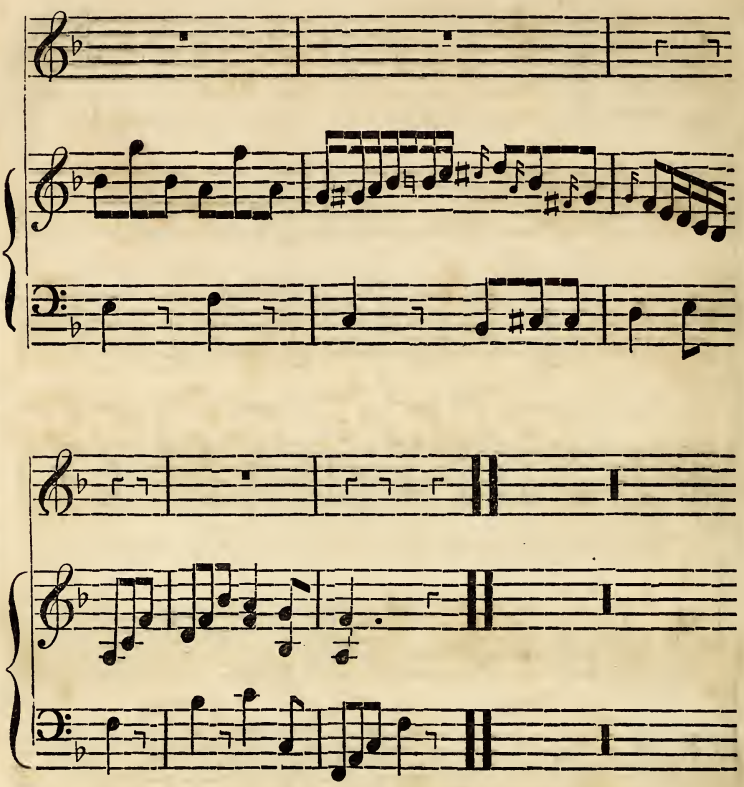
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.

Larghetto. [AIR—*Believe me if all those, &c.*




tremulous way, How soon she return'd, for the
blue wave had curl'd O'er all and de - nied her a spray.
It is thus when my flight for a moment I mark, Dear

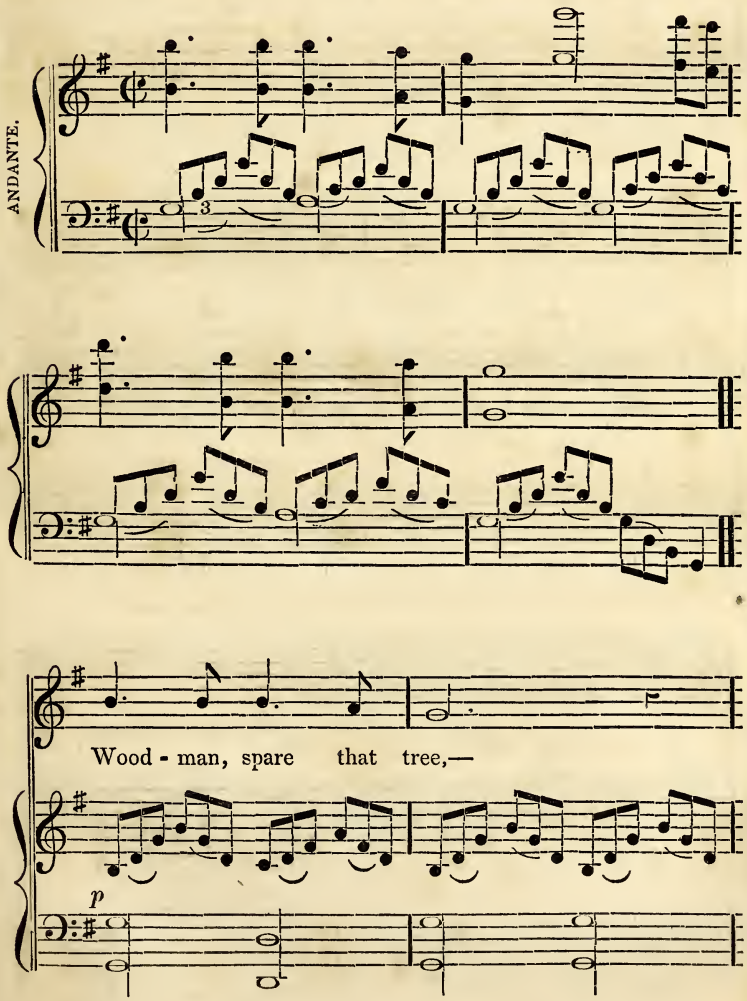

source of my plea-sures, from thee, I re-
turn to thy breast as the dove to the ark, For the
world holds no o - ther for me.

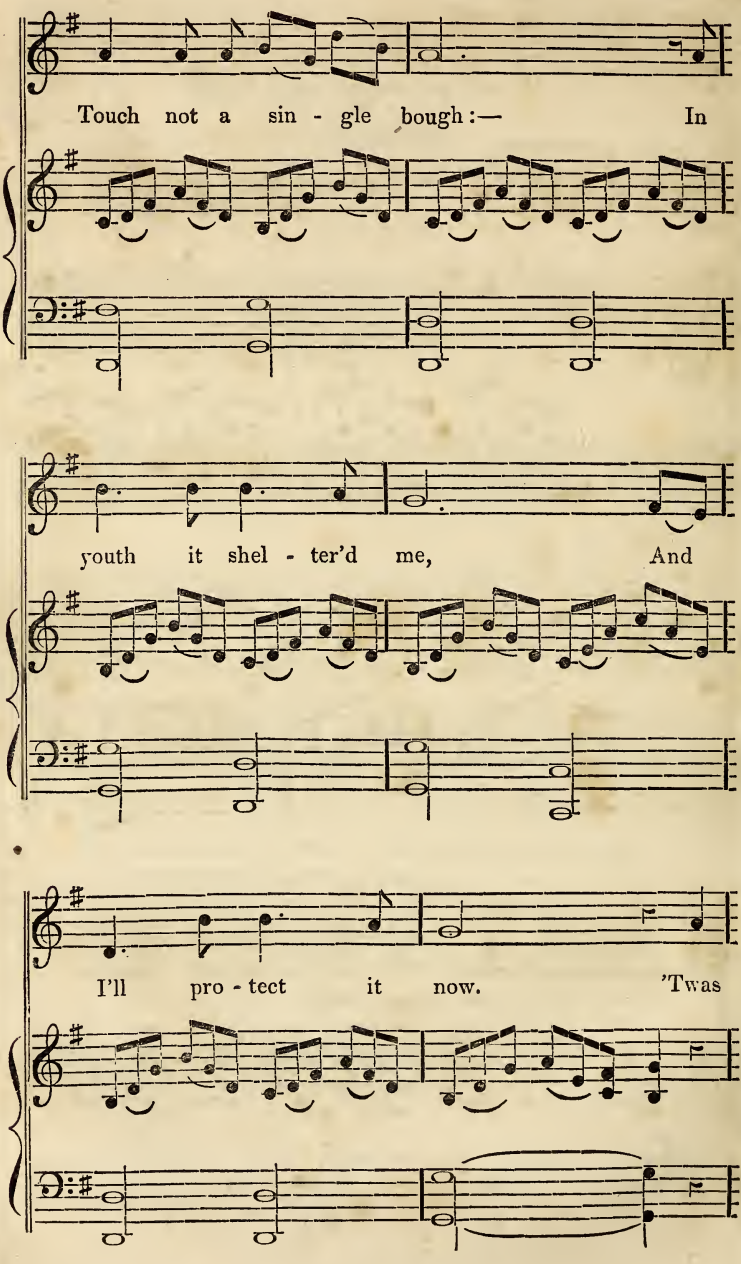


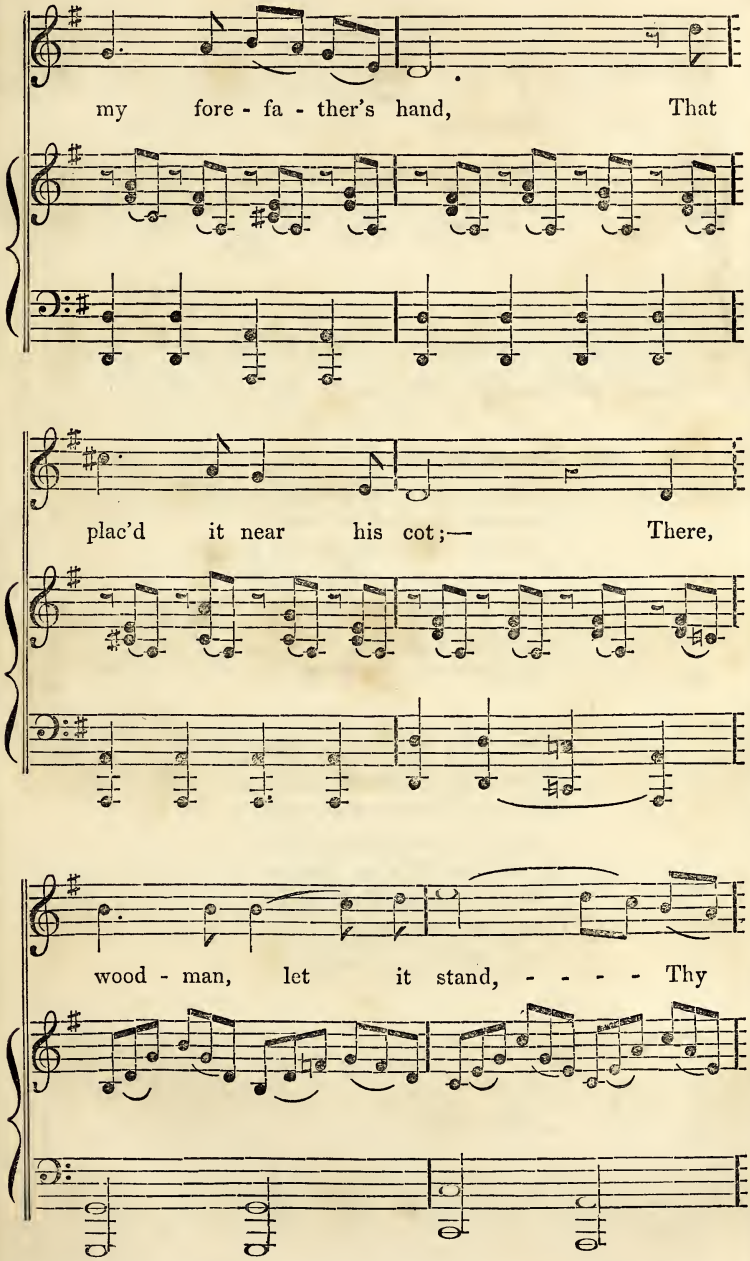
But the dove at last fled to the grove's sylvan shade,
Forsaking the ark you will say;
But was it not Nature whose call she obey'd;
And how could the flutt'rer stay?
I shall yet quit this breast, where each warm virtue springs,
That to me ev'ry pleasure has giv'n;
But, oh! it will be on eternity's wings—
I shall fly from your bosom to heav'n.

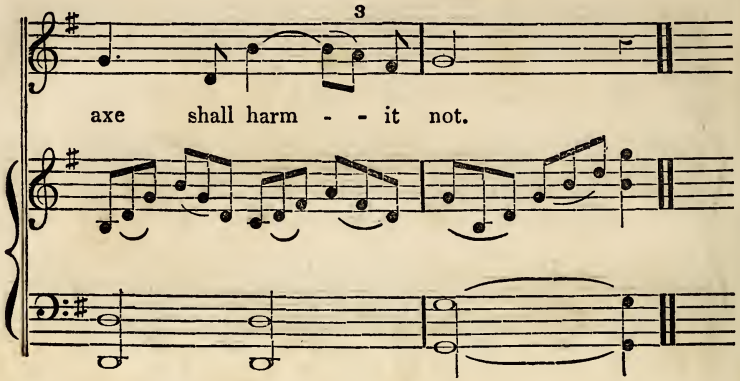
Woodman, spare that Tree.

Words by P. Morrise. *Music by H. Russell.*




Touch not a sin - gle bough:— In
youth it shel - ter'd me, And
I'll pro - tect it now. 'Twas


my fore - fa - ther's hand, That
plac'd it near his cot;— There,
wood - man, let it stand, - - - - Thy



That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Is spread o'er land and sea,—
Ah! would'st thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear that stroke—
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh! spare that aged oak!
Now tow'ring to the skies.

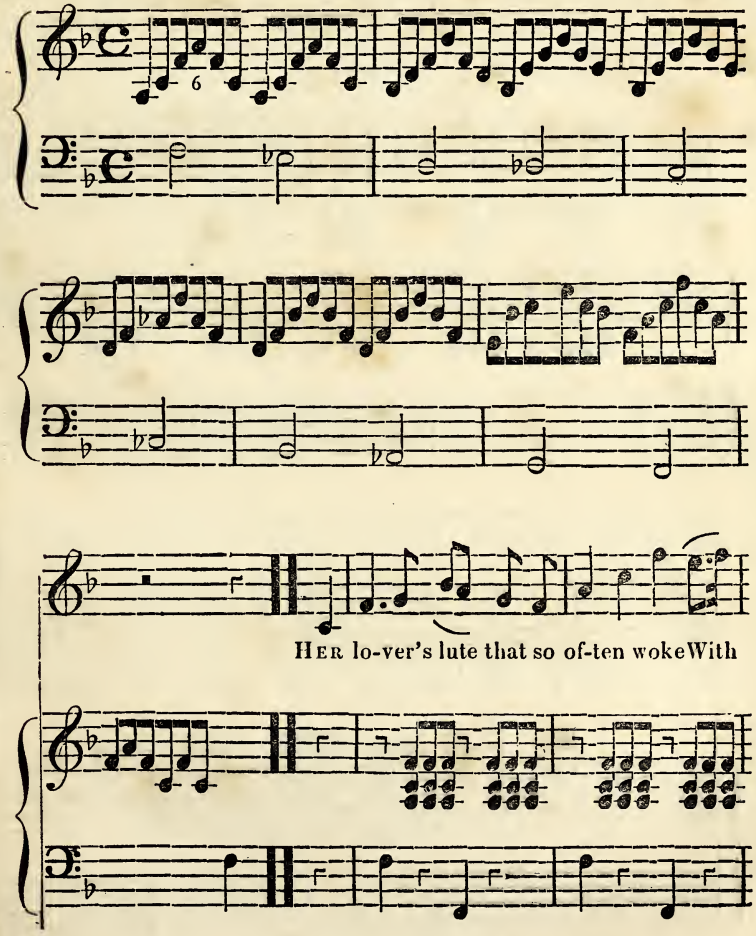
When but a thoughtless child,
I sought its grateful shade,
With youthful sports beguil'd.—
Here, too, my sister play'd—
My mother kiss'd me here—
My Father press'd my hand;—
I ask, and with a tear,
Oh! let that old oak stand!

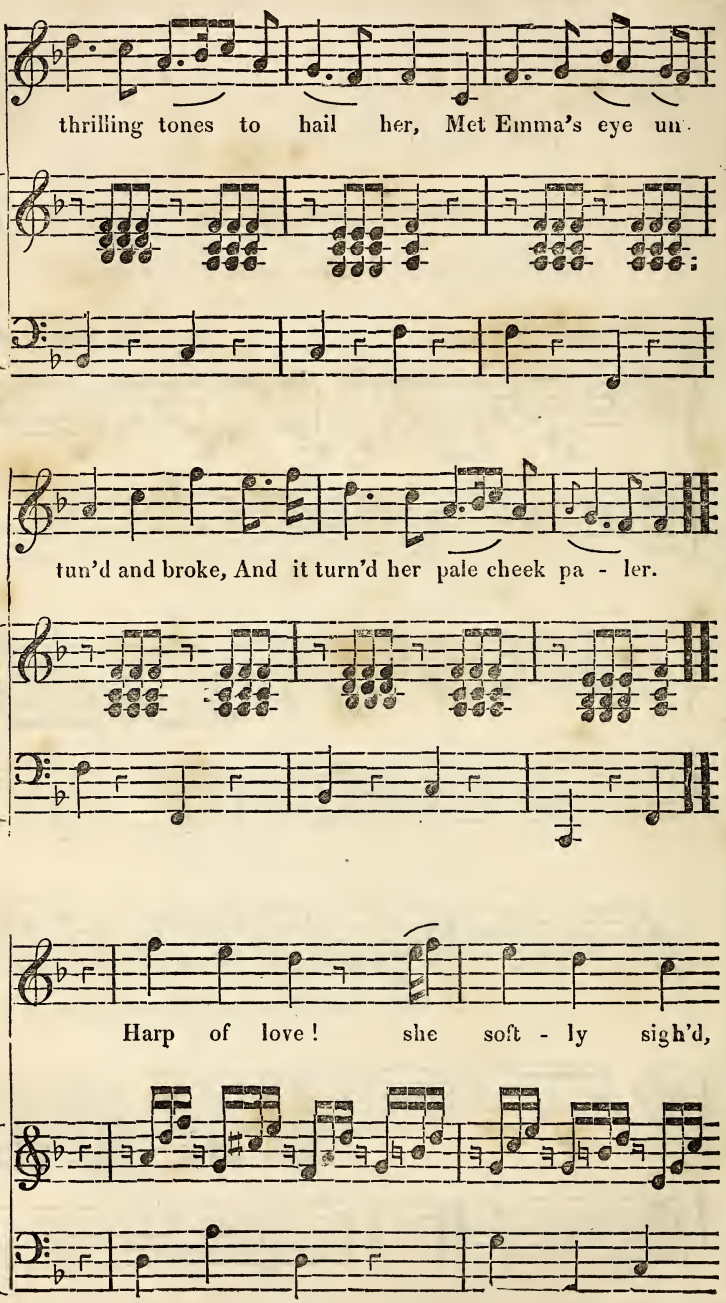
THE IRISH MELODIES.—No. 5.

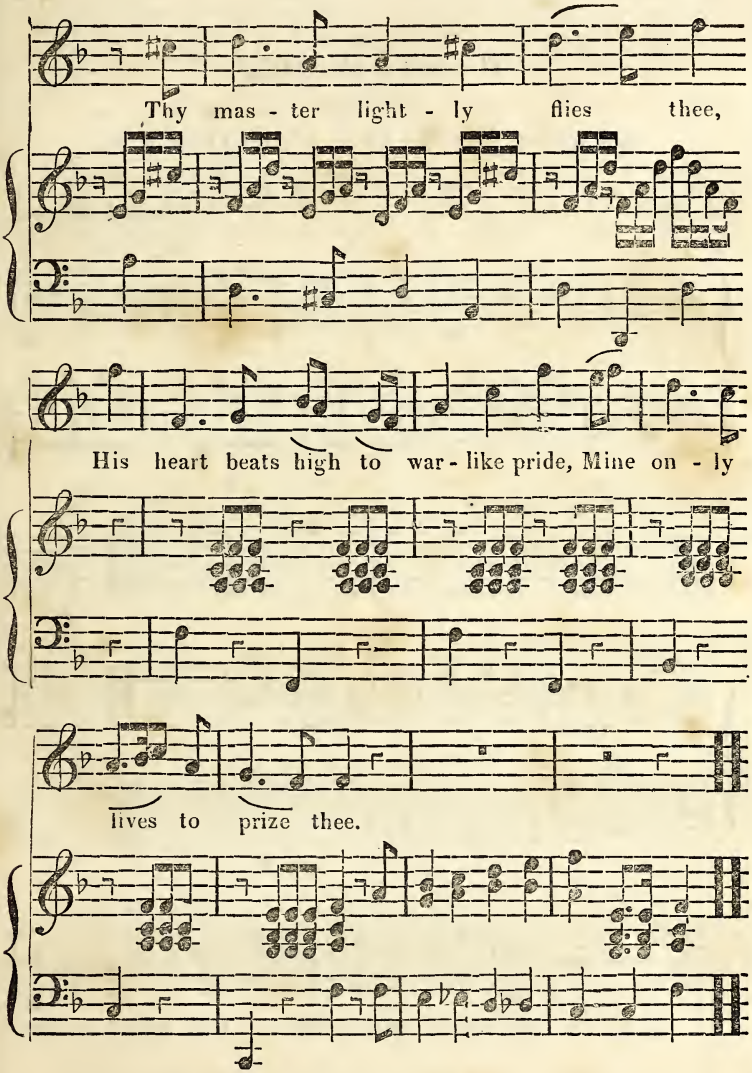
The Lover's Lute.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.

With Expression. [Air—*The Minstrel Boy*




thrilling tones to hail her, Met Emma's eye un-
tun'd and broke, And it turn'd her pale cheek pa - ler.
Harp of love! she soft - ly sigh'd,

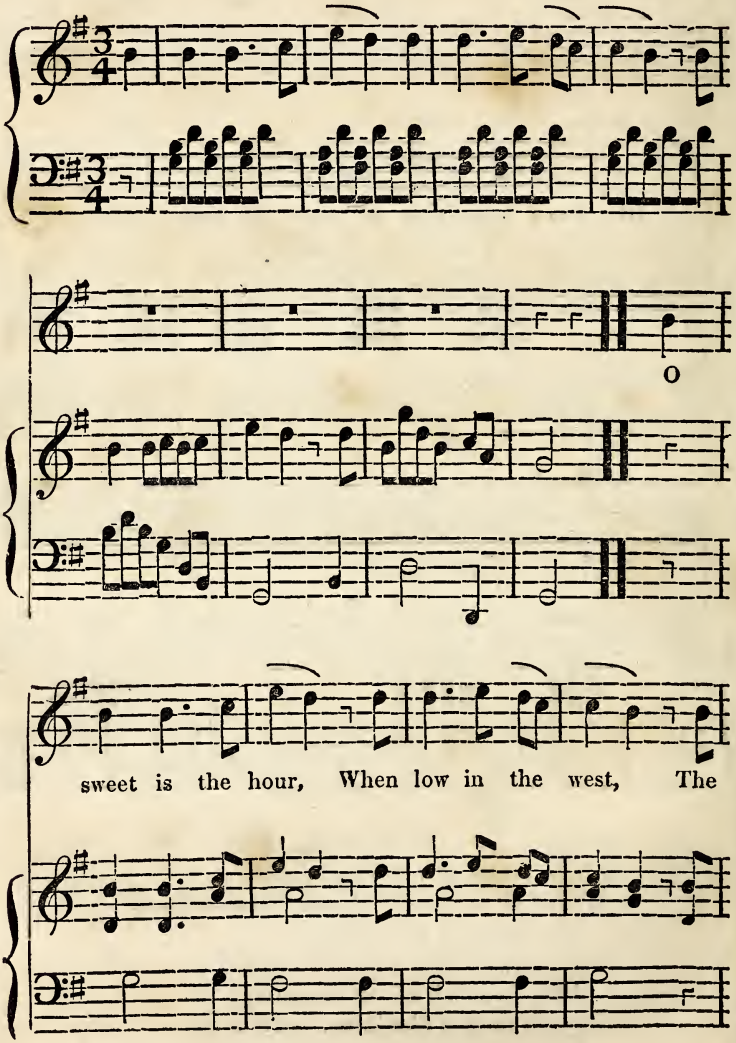


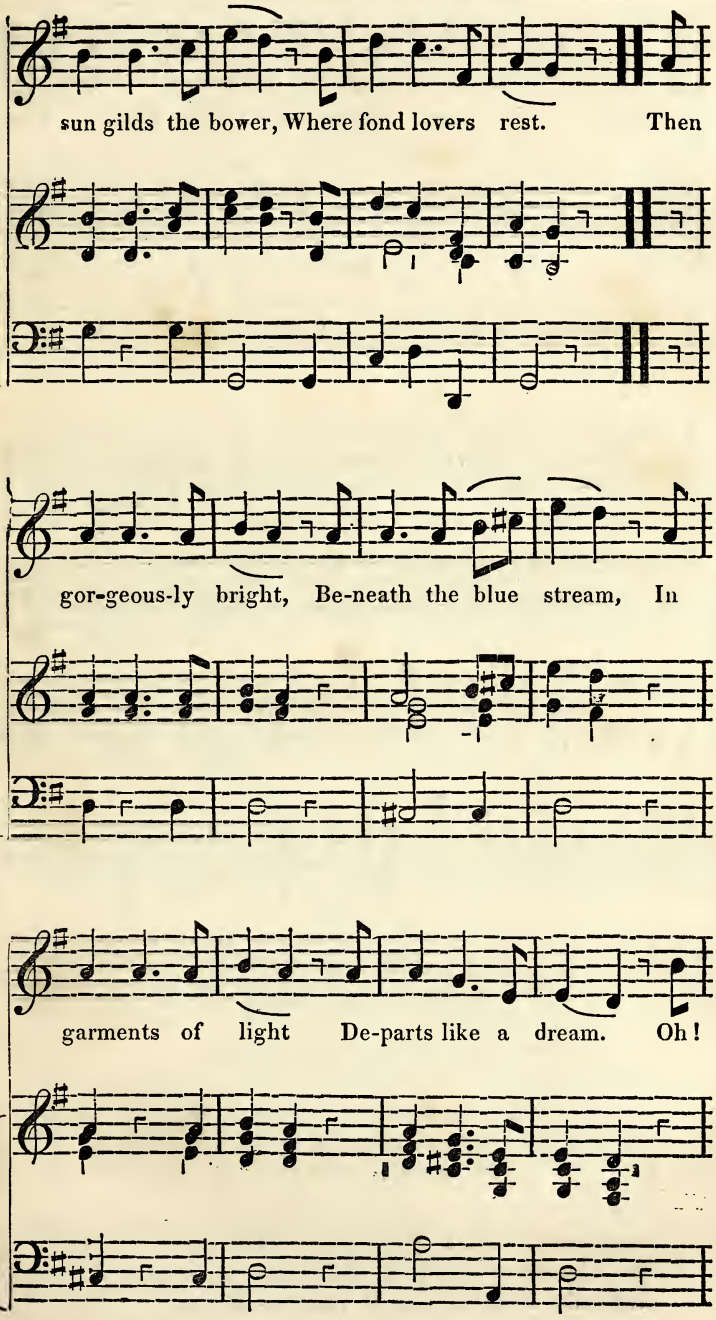
But yet again, as so oft before,
She heard its notes so tender,
When her warrior-youth return'd once more,
His country's best defender.
And sung—" How well is he repaid,
Who from toil of war returning,
Beholds in eyes like thine, sweet maid,
Love's brightest, warmest welcome burning.'

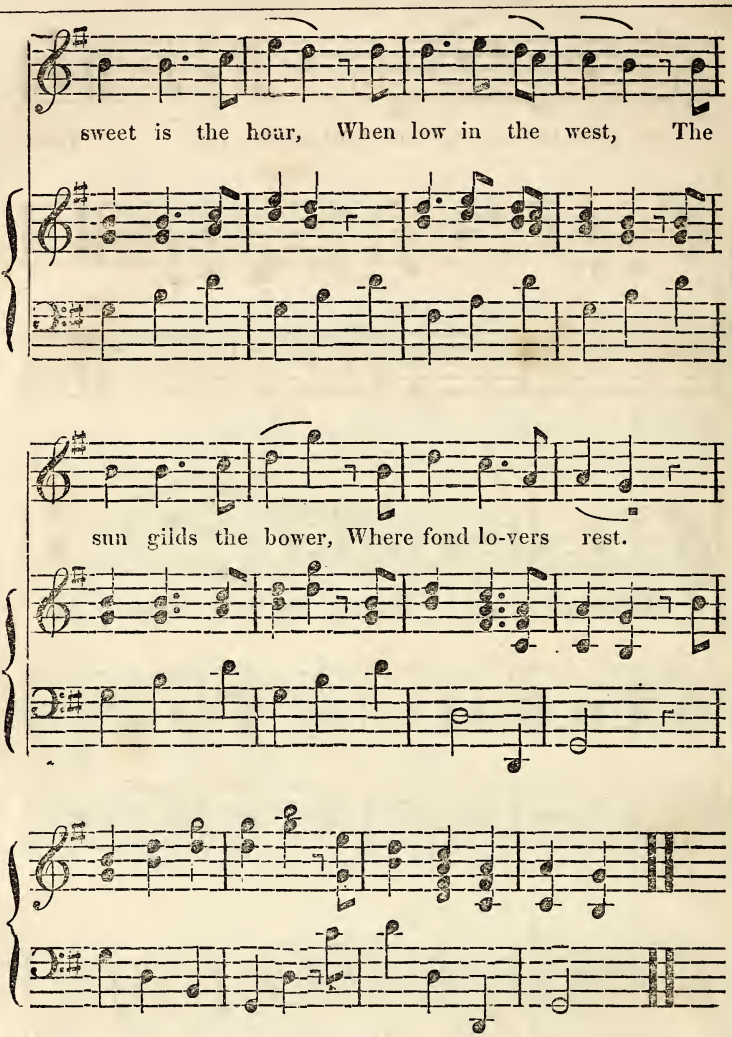
O sweet is the Hour.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY D. L, RICHARDSON Esq.

Affetuoso. [*Spanish Melody.*




sun gilds the bower, Where fond lovers rest. Then
gor-geous-ly bright, Be-neath the blue stream, In
garments of light De-parts like a dream. Oh!



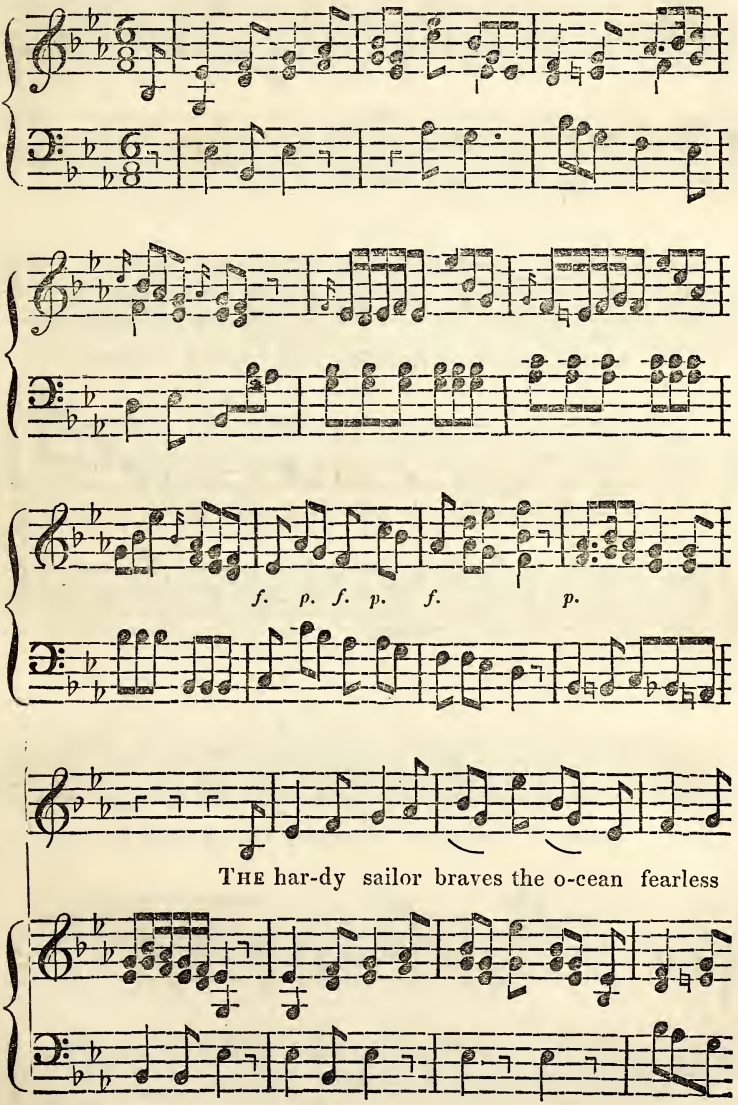
O sweet and serene the spell that beguiles,
When Night's sable queen more tenderly smiles·
The boldest are coy—the wildest are grave—
The sad feel a joy loud mirth never gave!
O! sweet is, &c.

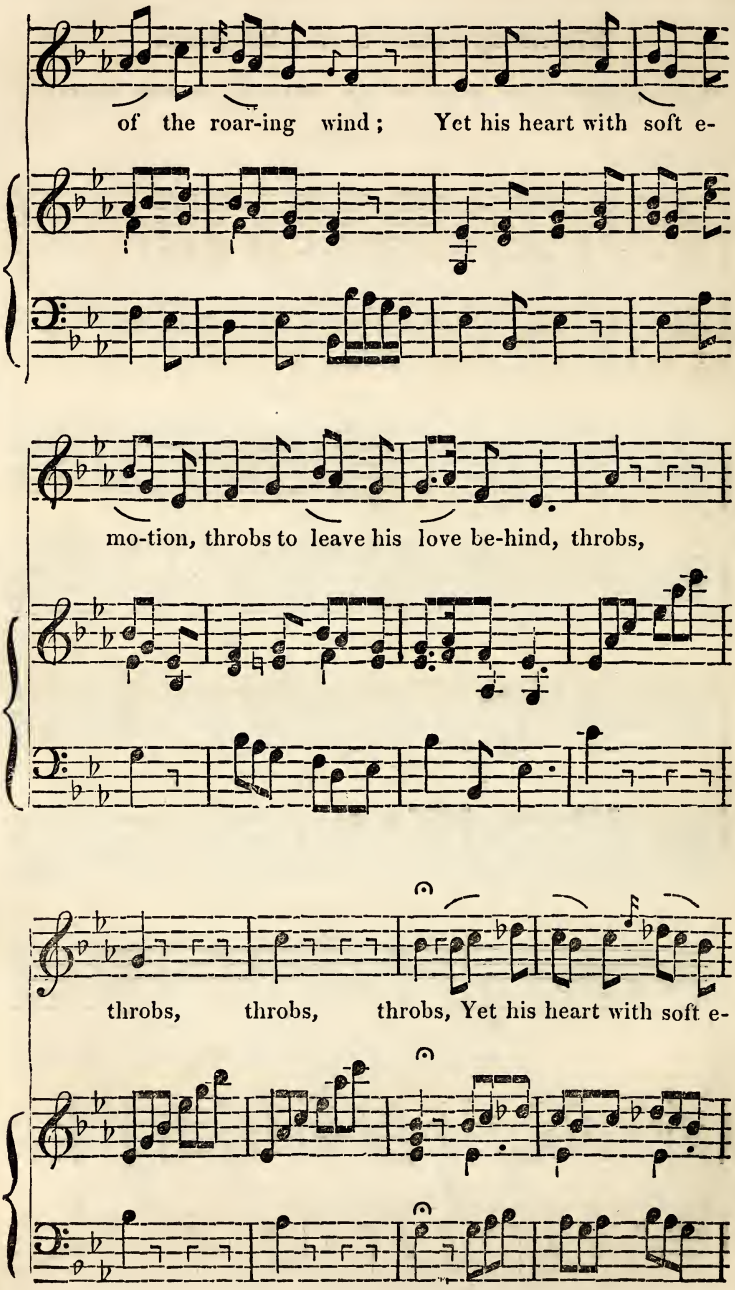
The spirits of love, to hallow the time,
From regions above, pour music sublime;—
Their harmonies cheer the dull gloom of night,
And wake the sweet tear of voiceless delight.

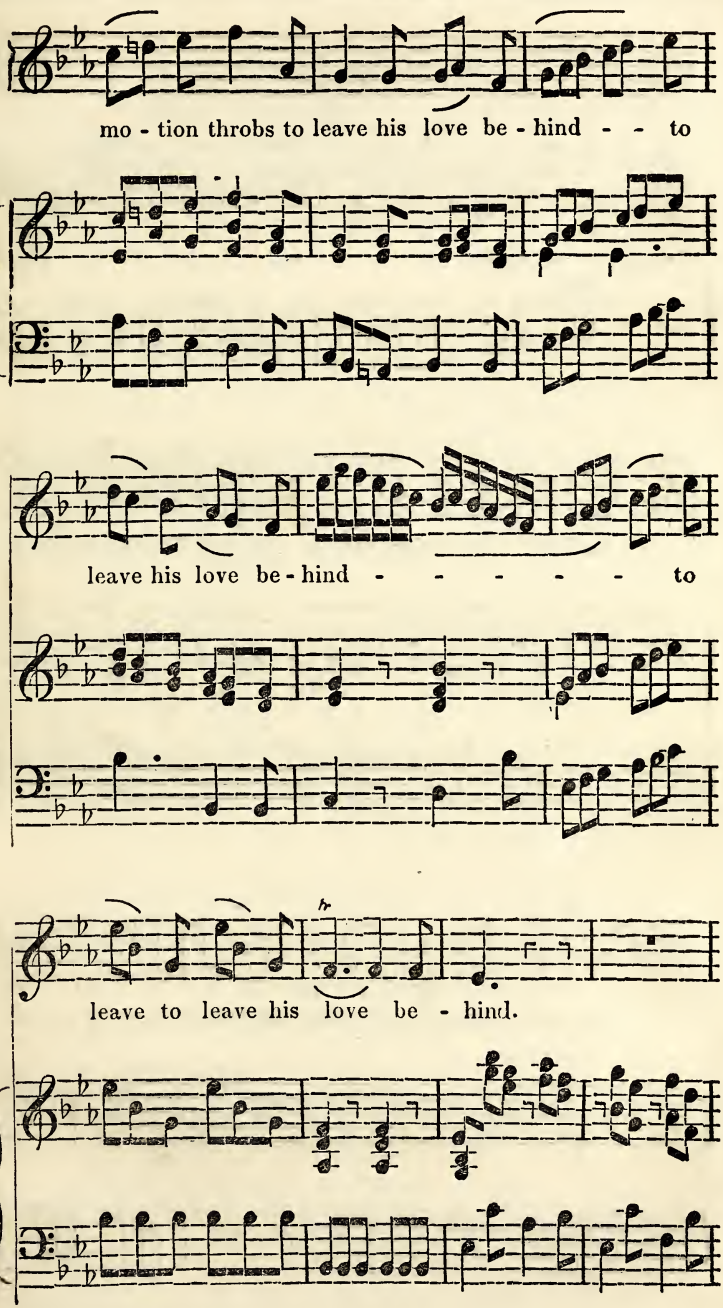
The hardy Sailor braves the Ocean.

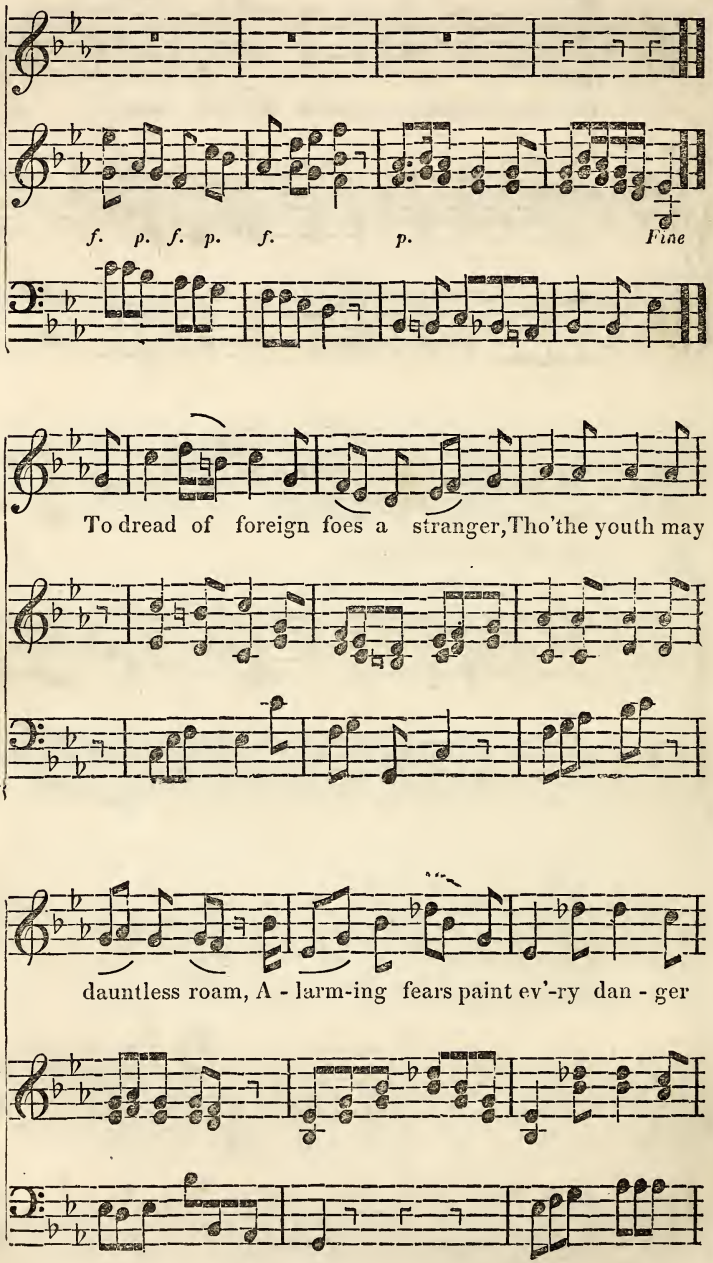
A FAVORITE SONG, SUNG BY MR. BRAHAM, IN THE CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.

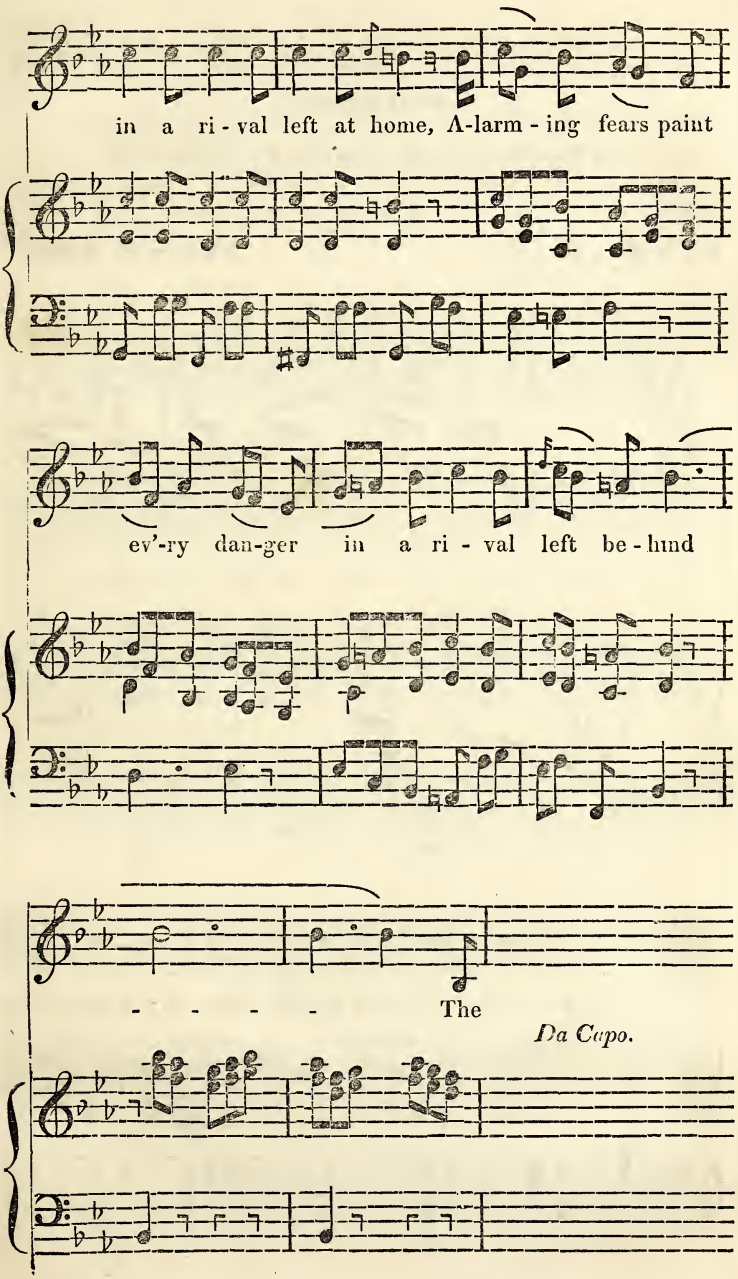
Grazioso.




of the roar-ing wind; Yet his heart with soft e-
mo-tion, throbs to leave his love be-hind, throbs,
throbs, throbs, throbs, Yet his heart with soft e-


mo - tion throbs to leave his love be - hind - - to
leave his love be - hind - - - - - - to
leave to leave his love be - hind.

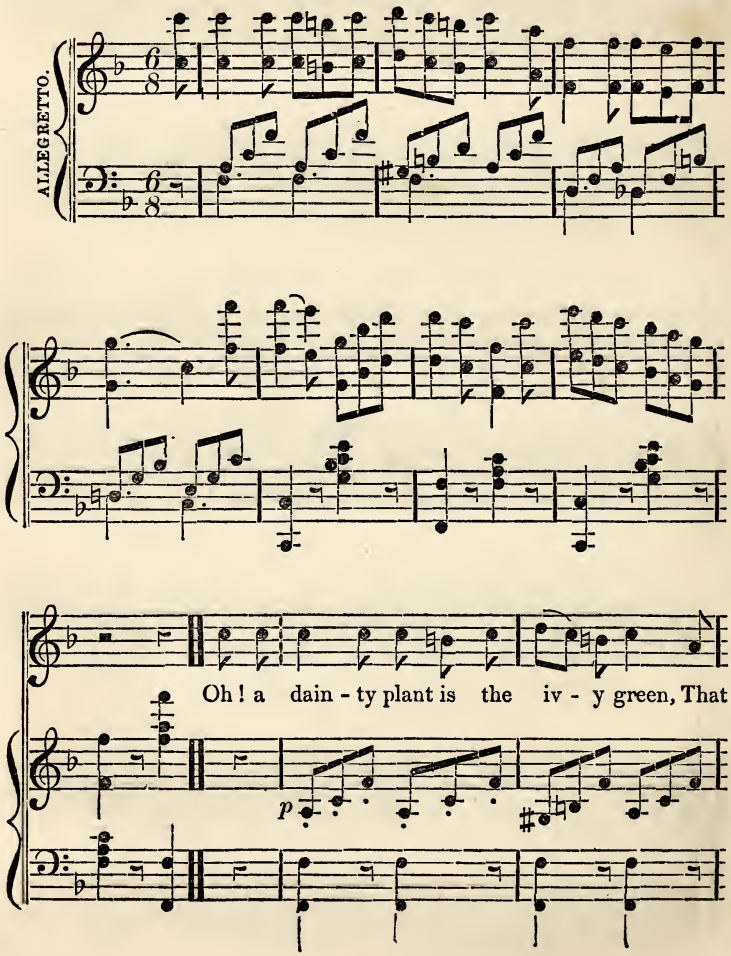

f. p. f. p. f. p. Fine
To dread of foreign foes a stranger, Tho' the youth may
dauntless roam, A - larm-ing fears paint ev'-ry dan - ger

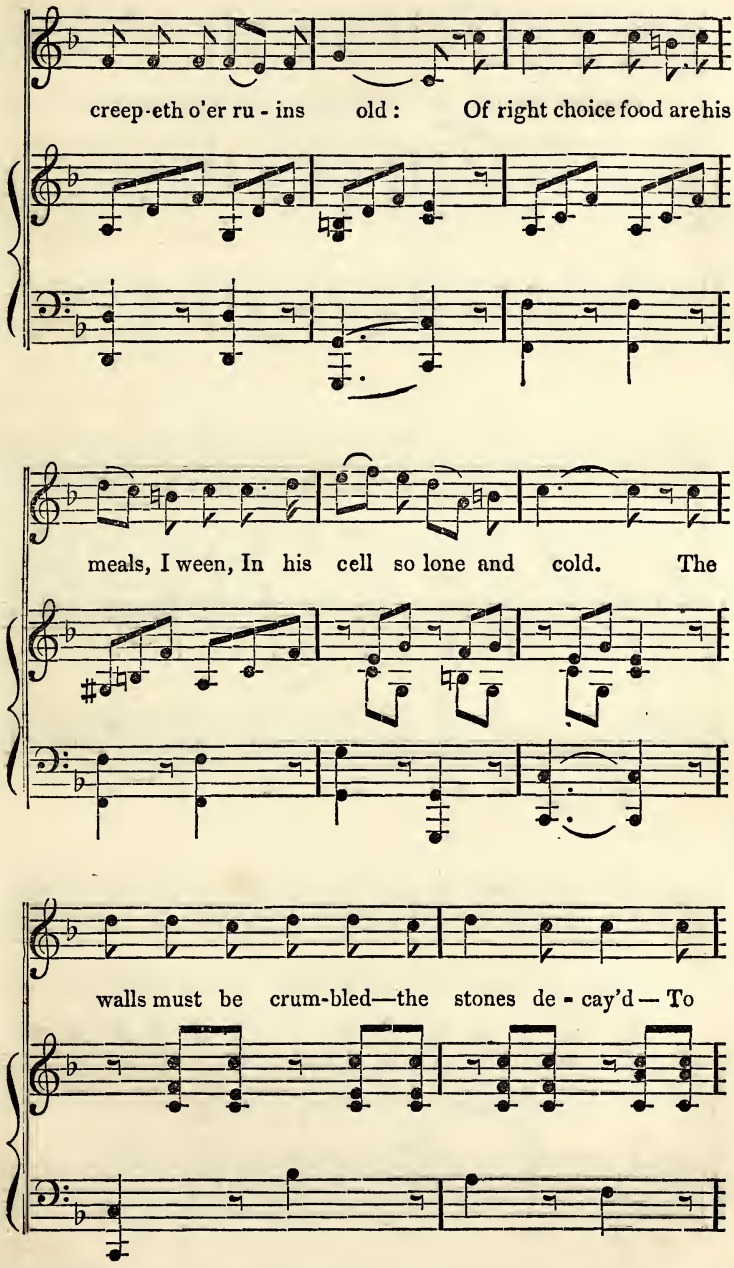

in a ri - val left at home, A-larm - ing fears paint
ev'-ry dan-ger in a ri - val left be - hind
- - - - The
Da Capo.

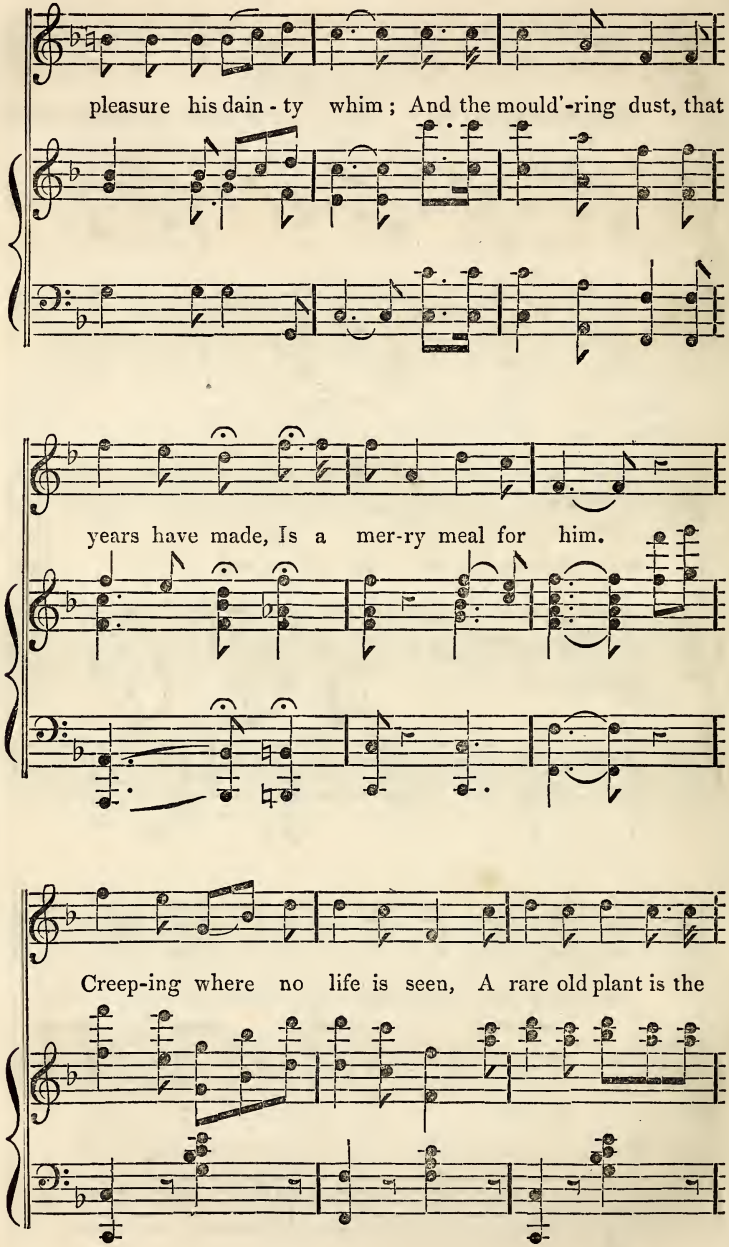
The Ivy Green.

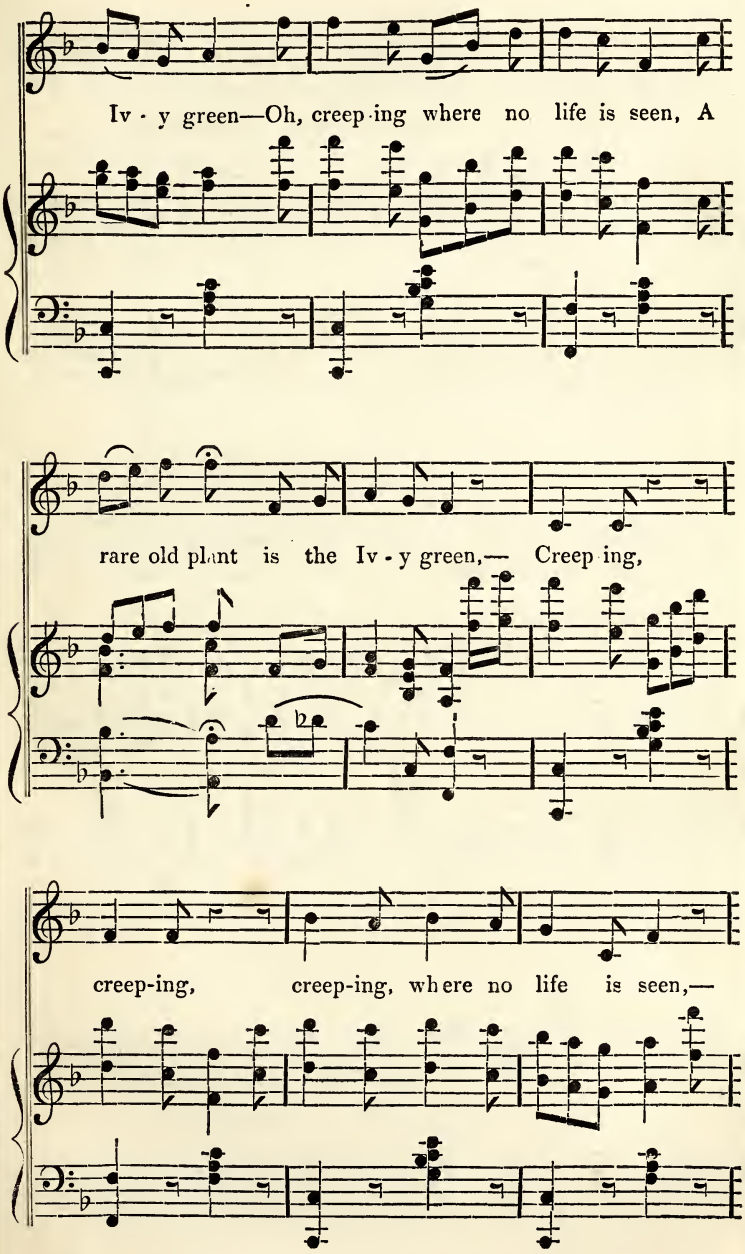
[THE WORDS (BY BOZ) PRINTED BY PERMISSION.]

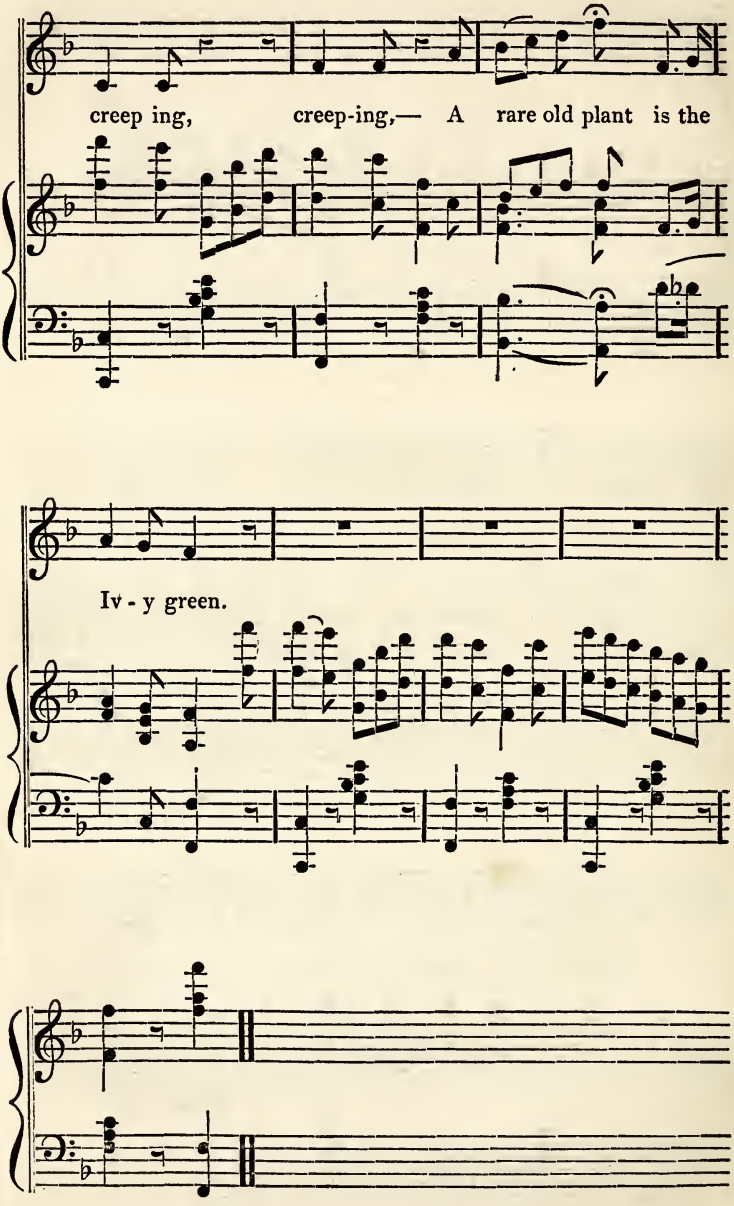
Words by C. Dickens. *Music by H. Russell.*




creep-eth o'er ru - ins old : Of right choice food are his
meals, I ween, In his cell so lone and cold. The
walls must be crum-bled—the stones de - cay'd — To


pleasure his dain - ty whim; And the mould'-ring dust, that
years have made, Is a mer-ry meal for him.
Creep-ing where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the


Iv - y green—Oh, creep ing where no life is seen, A
rare old plant is the Iv - y green,— Creep ing,
creep-ing, creep-ing, where no life is seen,—

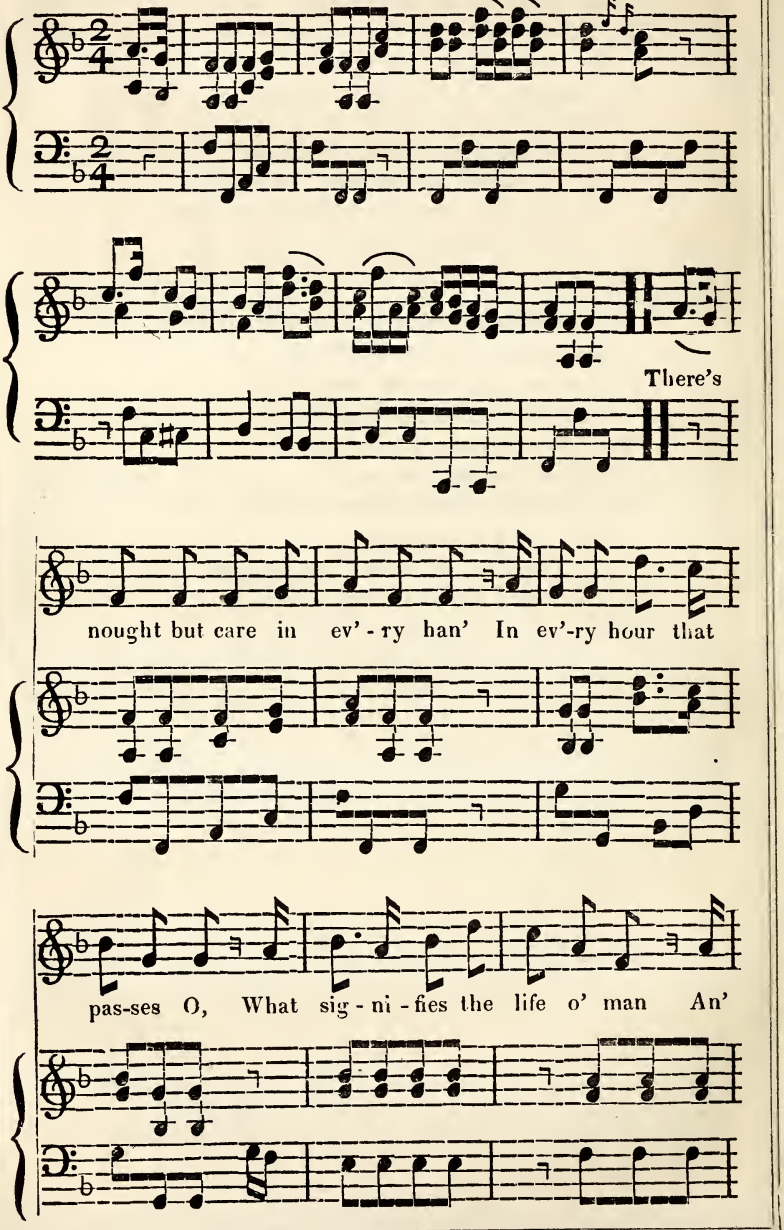

creep ing, creep-ing,— A rare old plant is the
Iv - y green.

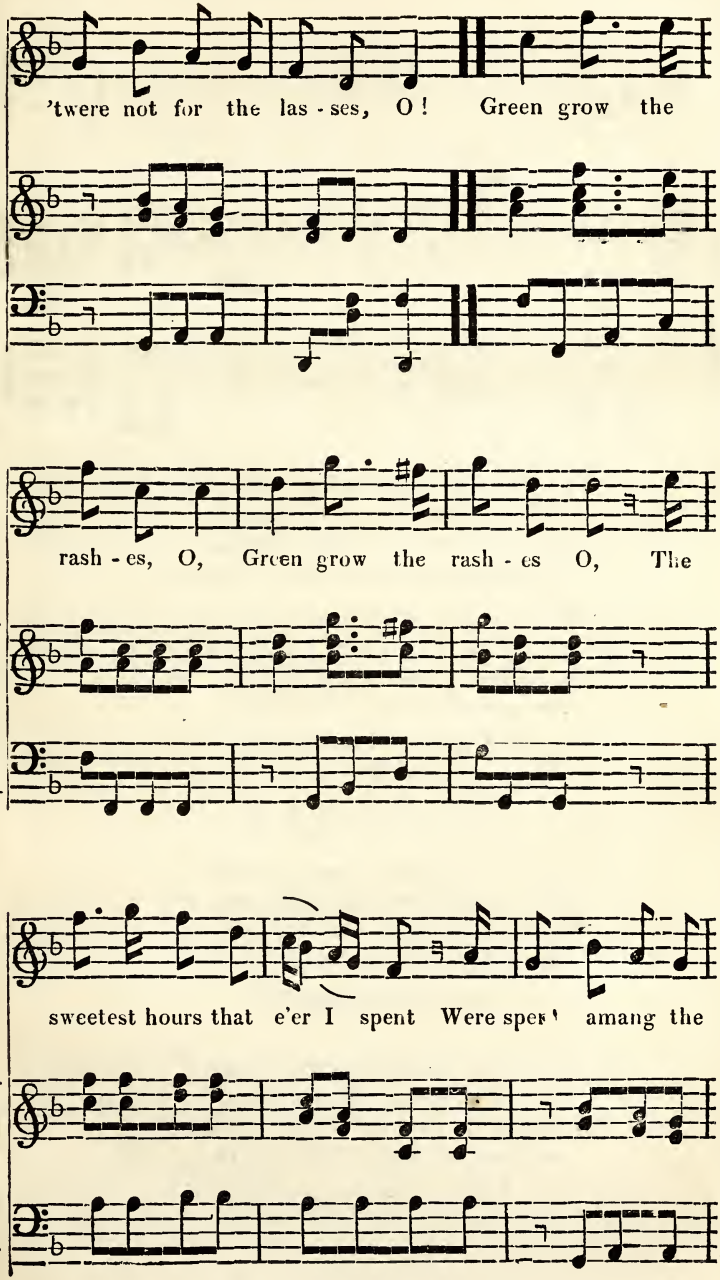
Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he.
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
To his friend the huge Oak Tree!
And slily he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim Death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

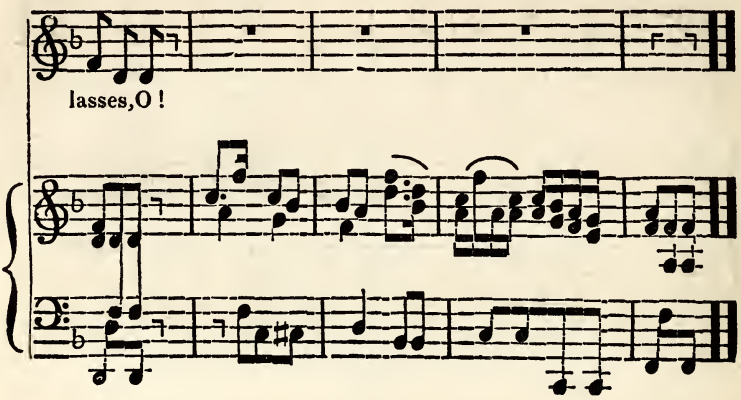
Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping on, where Time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Green grow the Rashes, O!

Allegretto.




'twere not for the las - ses, O! Green grow the
rash - es, O, Green grow the rash - es O, The
sweetest hours that e'er I spent Were spen' amang the



The warl'y race may riches chase,
An' riches still may flee them, O!
An' tho' at last they catch 'em fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O!

Chos. Green grow, &c.

But gi'e me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O!
An' warl'y cares an' warl'y men
May a' gae tapsailteerie, O.

Chos. Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O!
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Chos. Green grow, &c.

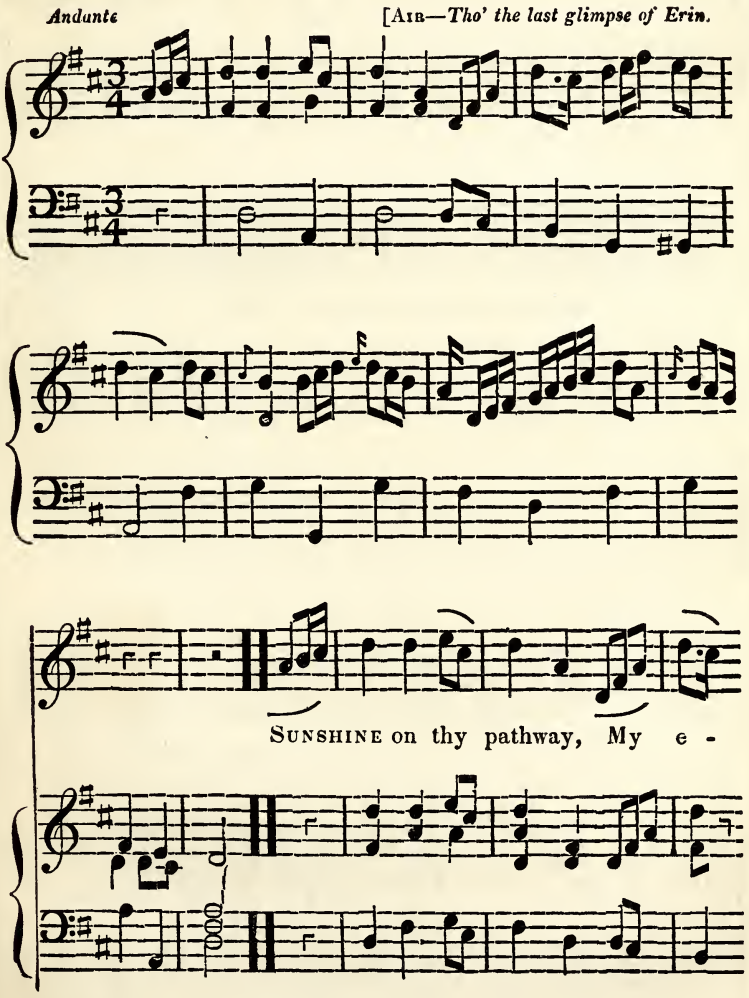
Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O!
Her 'prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

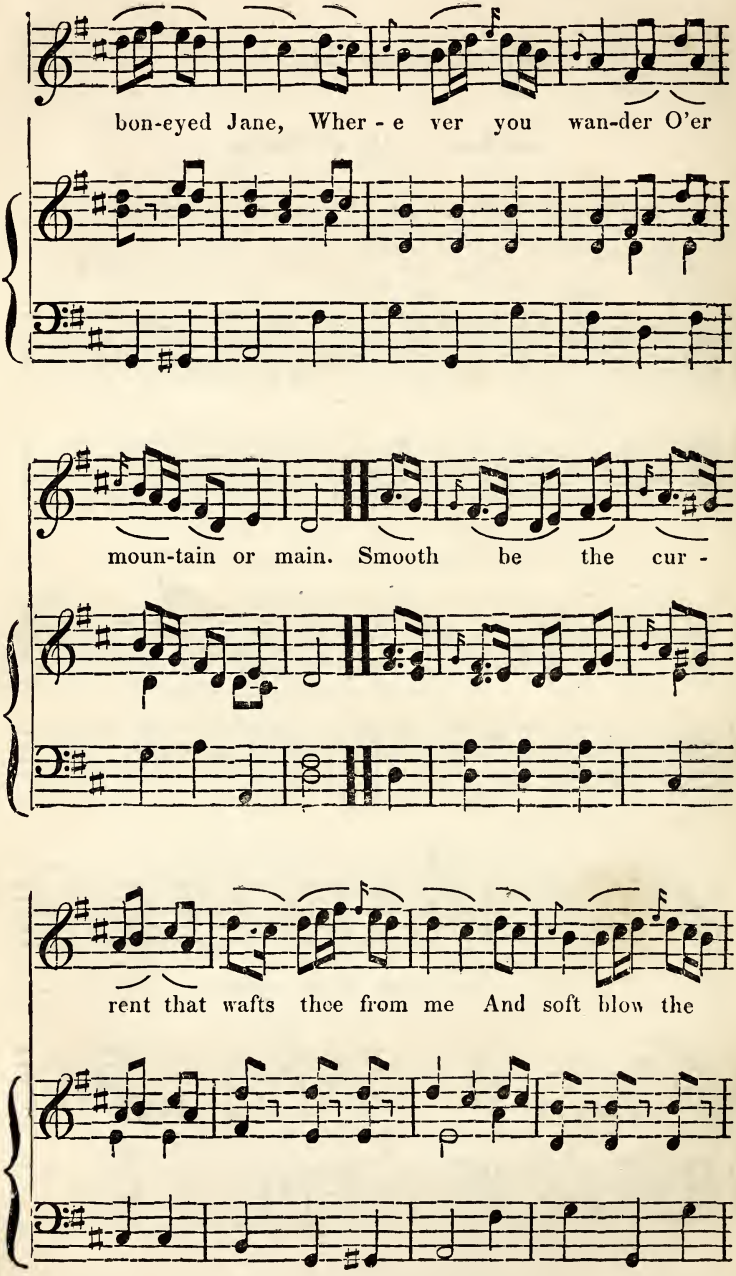
Chos. Green grow, &c.

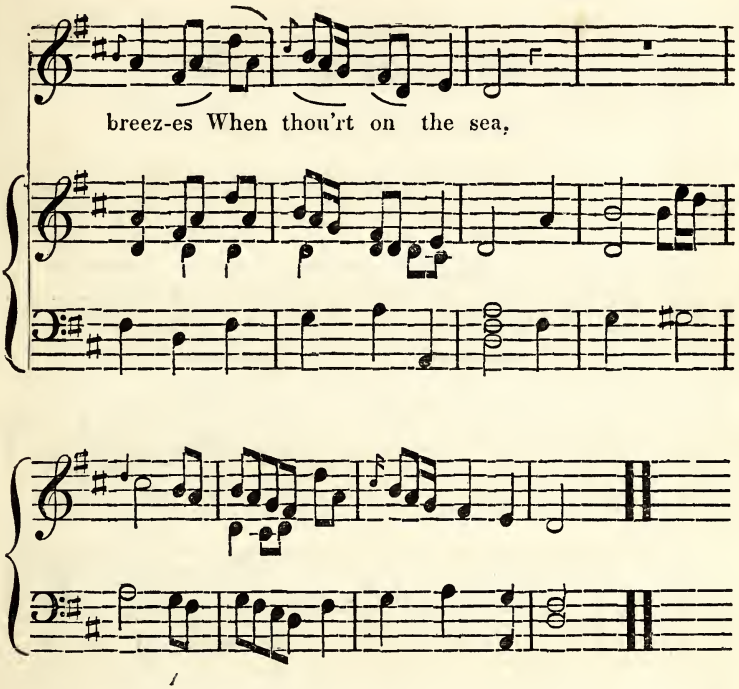
THE IRISH MELODIES.--No. 6.

Sunshine on thy Pathway.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.




bon-eyed Jane, Wher - e ver you wan-der O'er
moun-tain or main. Smooth be the cur -
rent that wafts thee from me And soft blow the



Lightly, dear maiden,
Thy bosom may prize
The vows of my breathing,
The glance of mine eyes.
Lightly thy heart may
Bound gaily and free,
Whilst mine must, uneasy,
Ache sadly for thee.

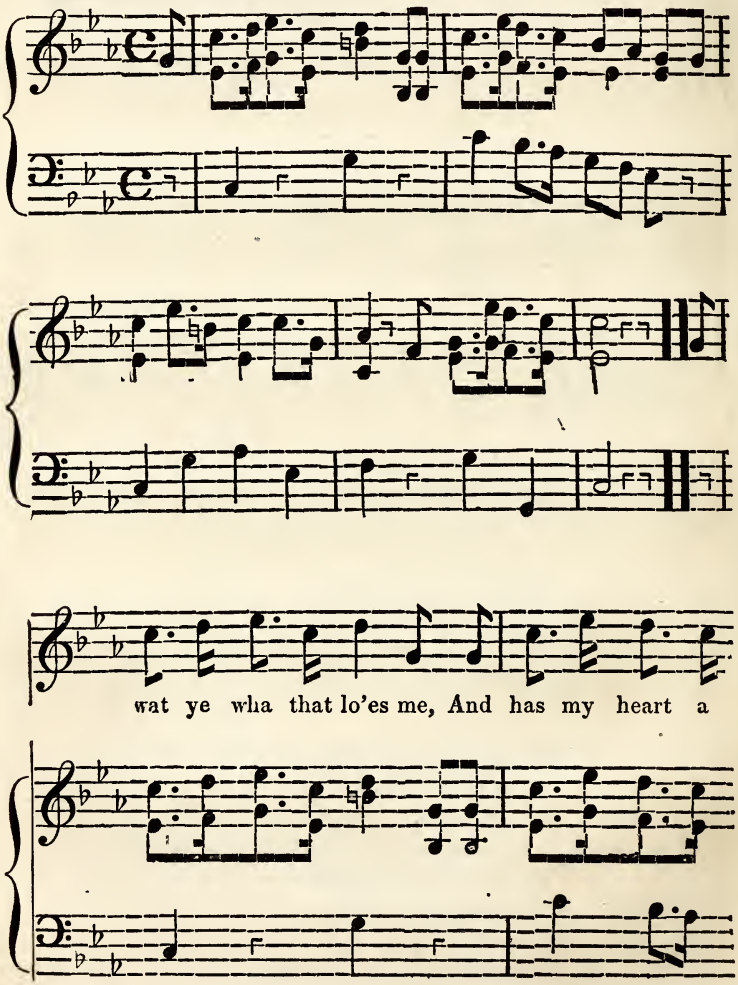
Yet blessings upon thee,
My light-footed fair,
Tho' for me or my fate
You confess not a care.
The star that in yonder
Bright heaven I see,
Is as lov'd of my soul
Tho' it beam not for me.

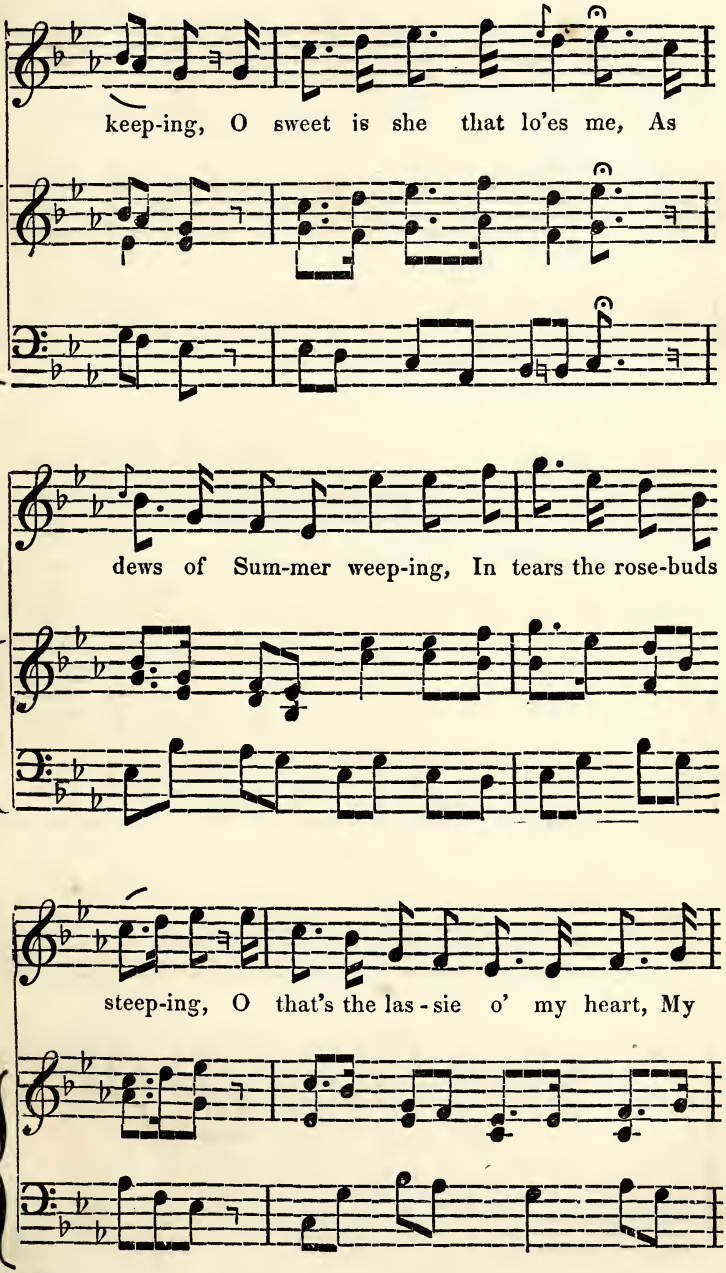
O what ye wha that lo'es me.

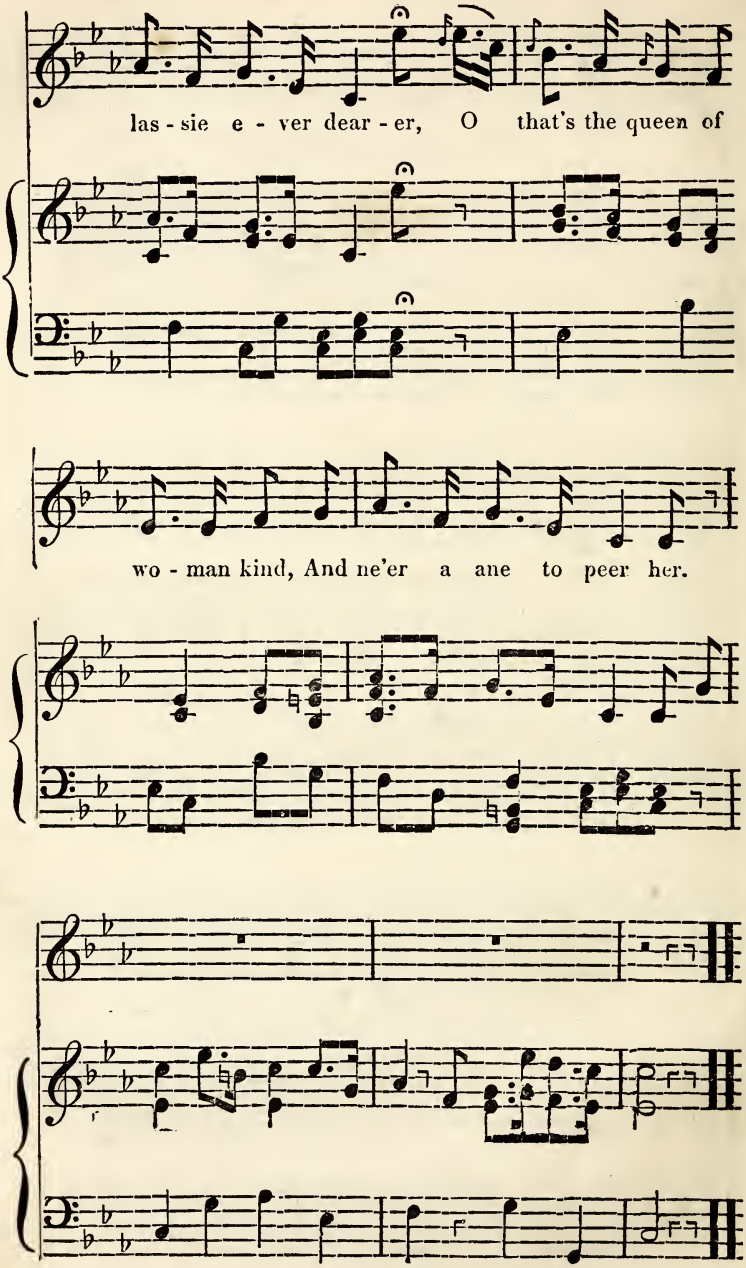
A FAVORITE SCOTCH SONG.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY ROBERT BURNS.

Andante con Espressione.




keep-ing, O sweet is she that lo'es me, As
dews of Sum-mer weep-ing, In tears the rose-buds
steep-ing, O that's the las-sie o' my heart, My


las - sie e - ver dear - er, O that's the queen of
wo - man kind, And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Ere while thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming,
O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen of woman kind
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

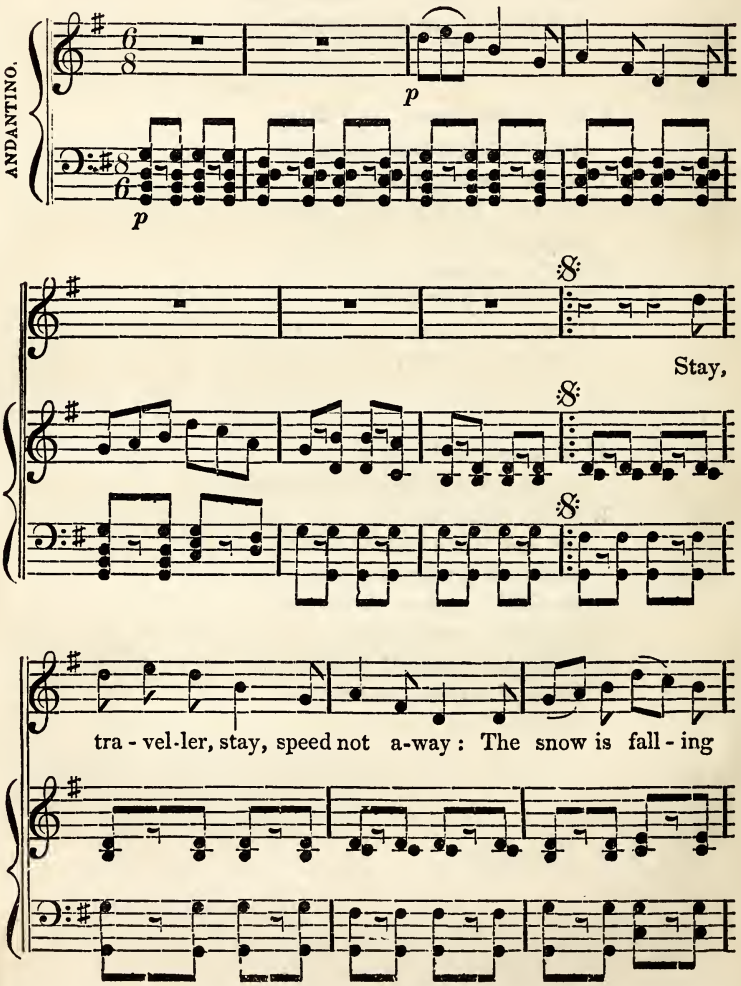
If thou hadst heard her talking,
And thy attention's plighted,
That ilka body talking,
But her, by thee is slighted,
And thou art all delighted,
O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' woman kind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

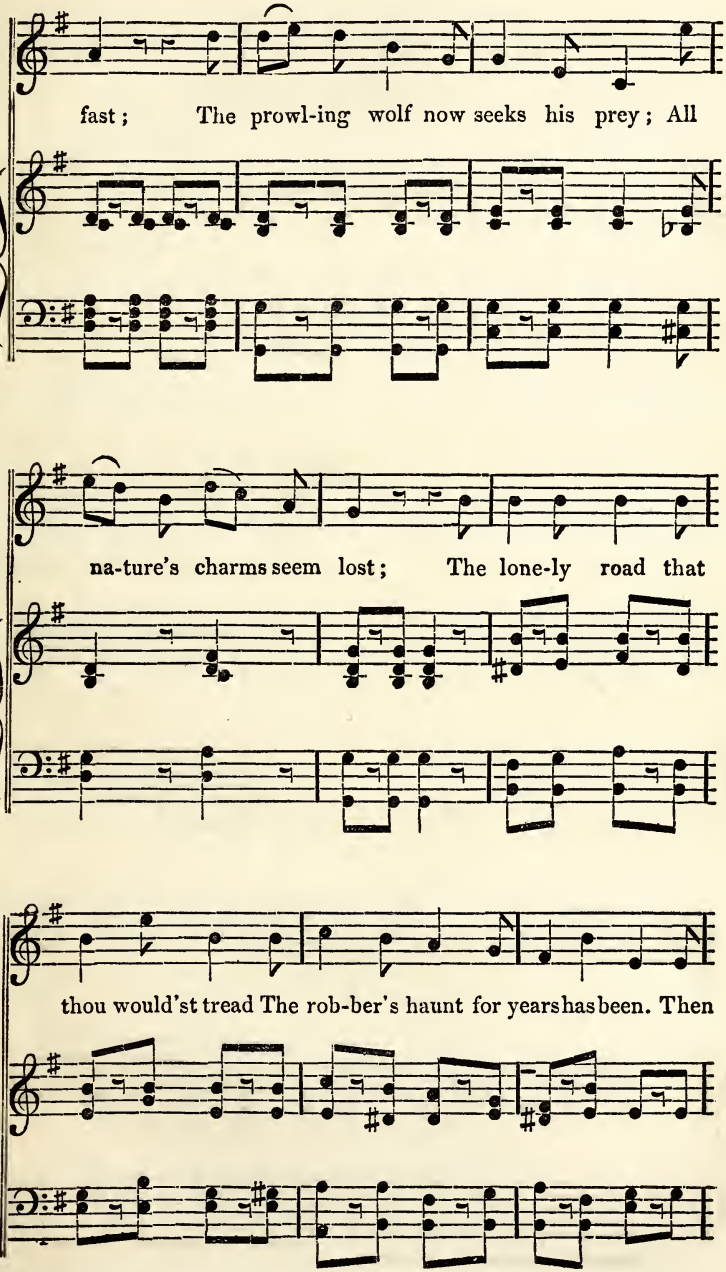
If thou hast met this fair one,
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one,
But her, thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken hearted:
O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen of woman kind
And ne'er a ane to peer her

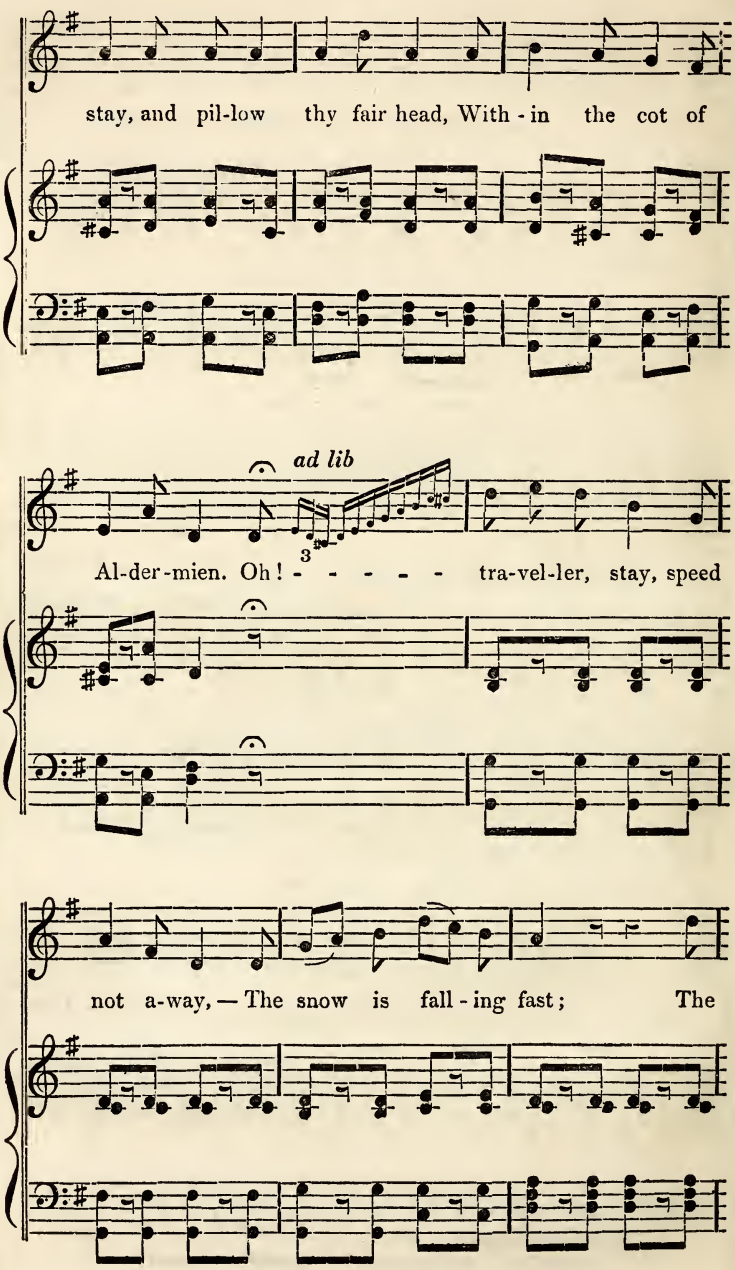
Stay, Traveller, stay.

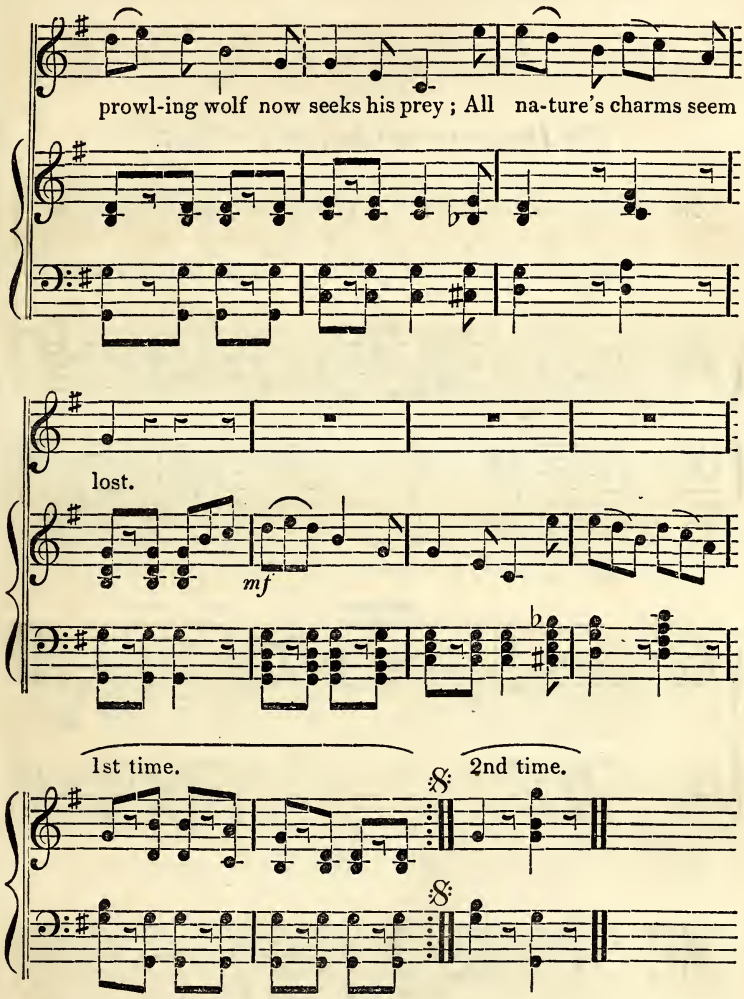
FROM THE OPERA OF LA DONNA DEL LAGO.

Rossini.




fast; The prowl-ing wolf now seeks his prey; All
na-ture's charms seem lost; The lone-ly road that
thou would'st tread The rob-ber's haunt for years has been. Then


stay, and pil-low thy fair head, With - in the cot of
ad lib
Al-der-mien. Oh! - - - - - tra-vel-ler, stay, speed
not a-way, — The snow is fall - ing fast; The

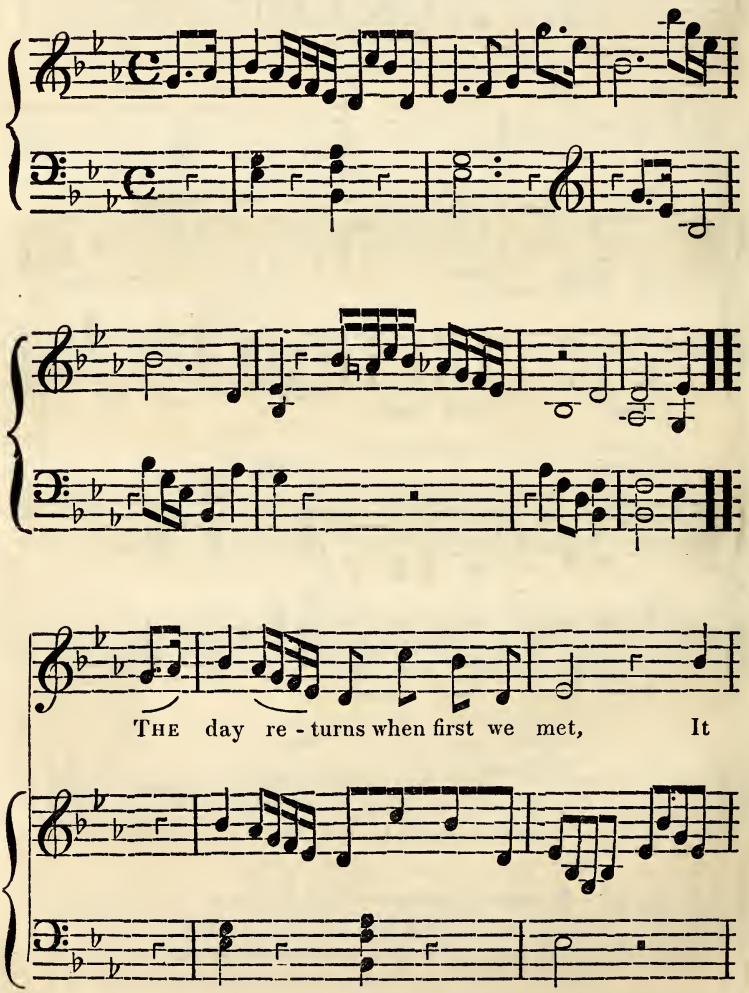


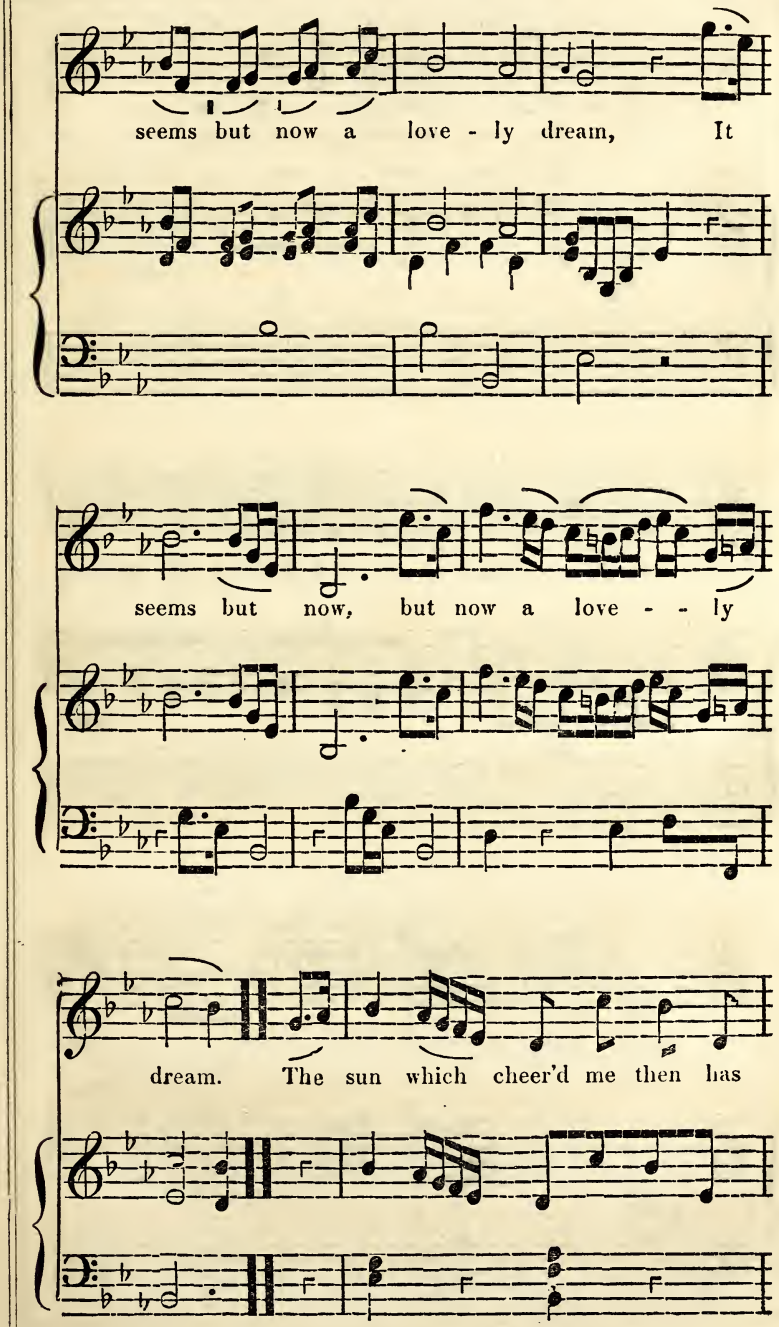
No dainty fare my cot contains—
With wealth I ne'er was bless'd—
Though small my store, still what remains
Thou'rt welcome to, my guest.
Ah! 'twas on such a night as this
My aged grandsire's spirit fled;—
Then stay, or thou like him may miss
The path, be robb'd, and left for dead.
Then, traveller, stay, &c.

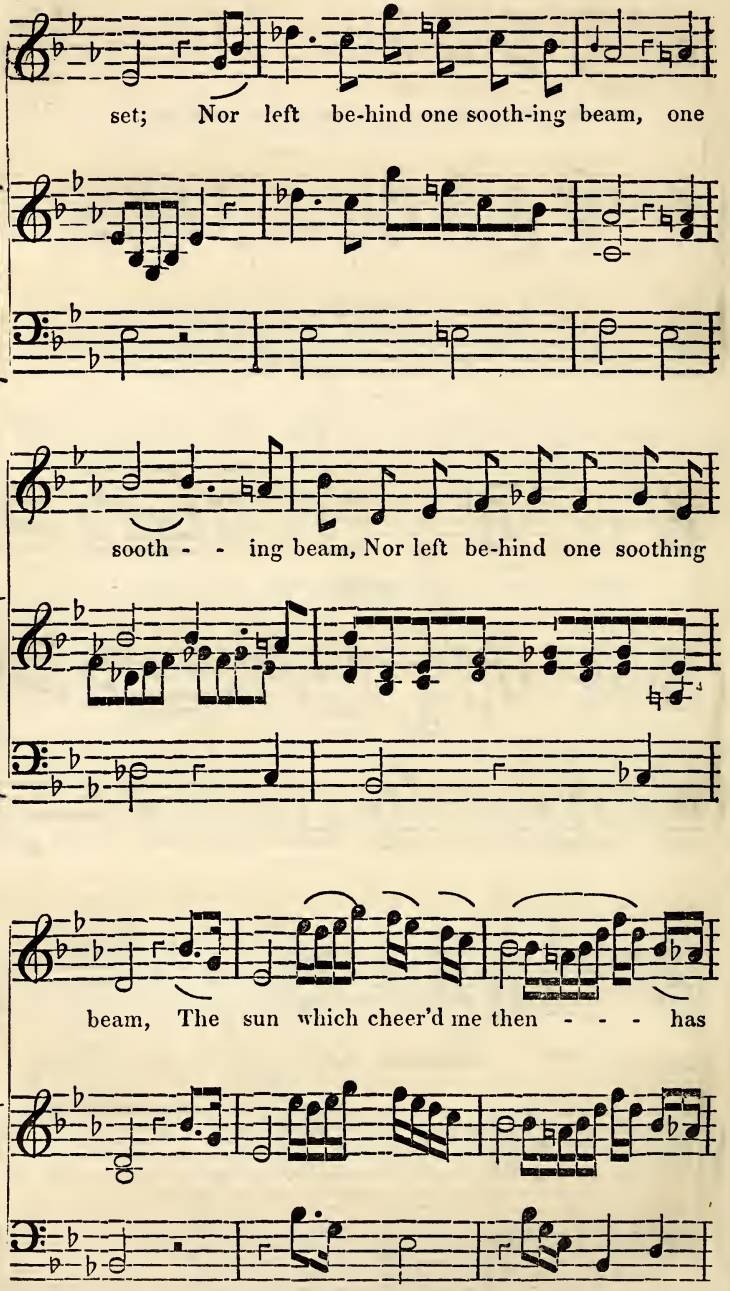
The Day returns when first we met.

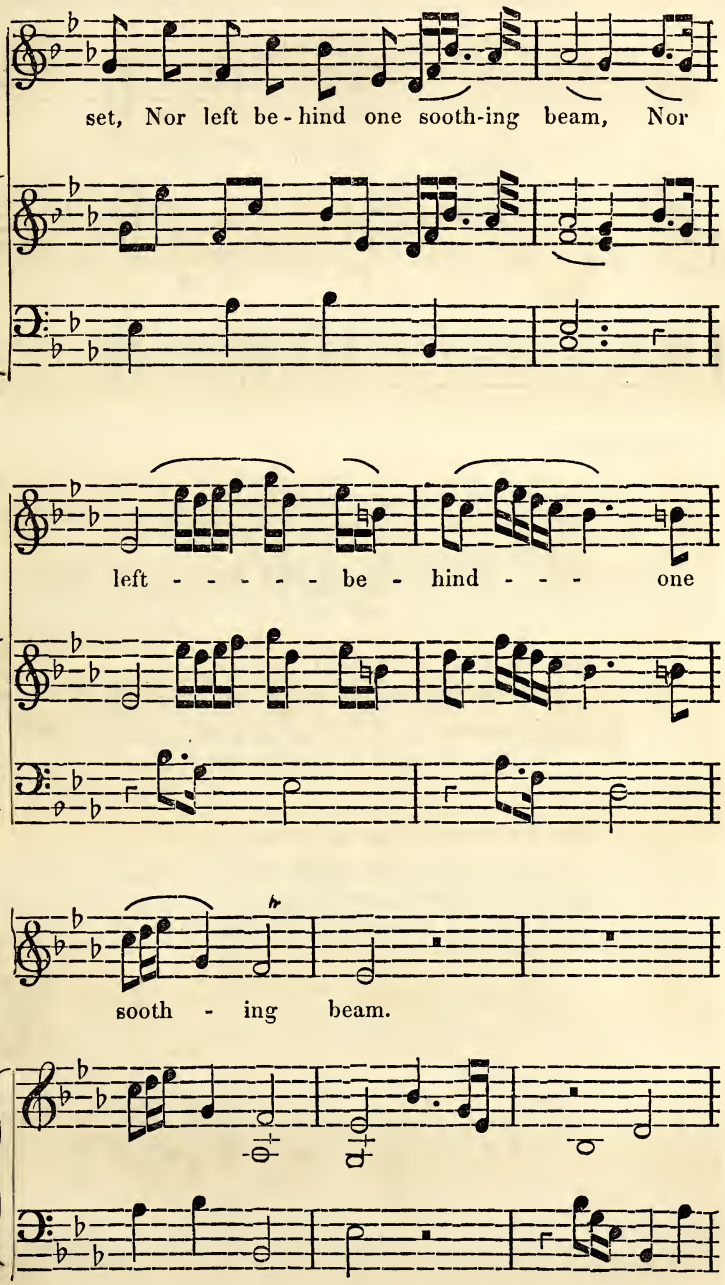
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY Mrs. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

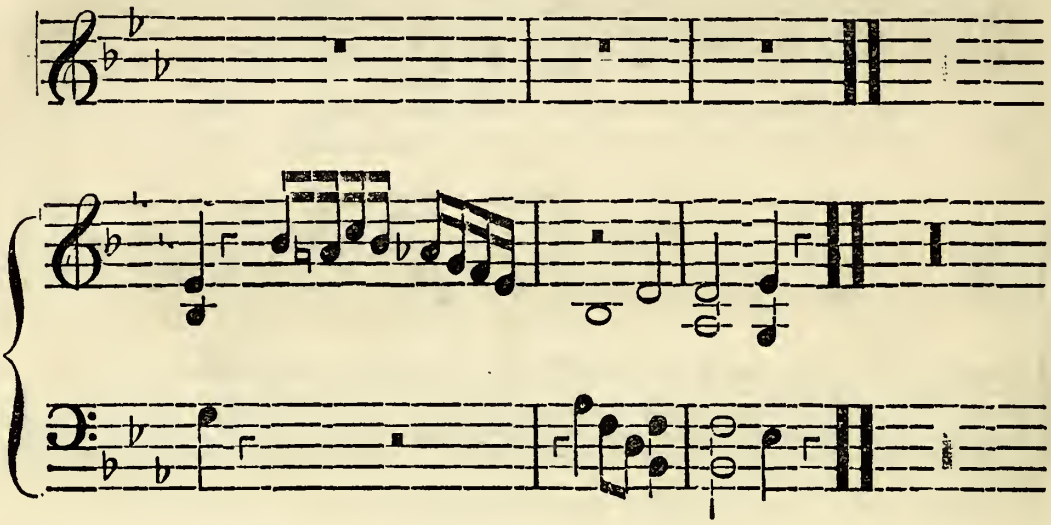
[*Subject from* VIOTTI.




seems but now a love - ly dream, It
seems but now, but now a love - - ly
dream. The sun which cheer'd me then has


set; Nor left be-hind one sooth-ing beam, one
sooth - - ing beam, Nor left be-hind one soothing
beam, The sun which cheer'd me then - - - has


set, Nor left be - hind one sooth-ing beam, Nor
left - - - - - be - hind - - - one
sooth - ing beam.



The day returns,—in gayest pride
  Glad Nature hails young Summer's reign;
And I must try in smiles to hide
  The grief that rends my heart in twain.

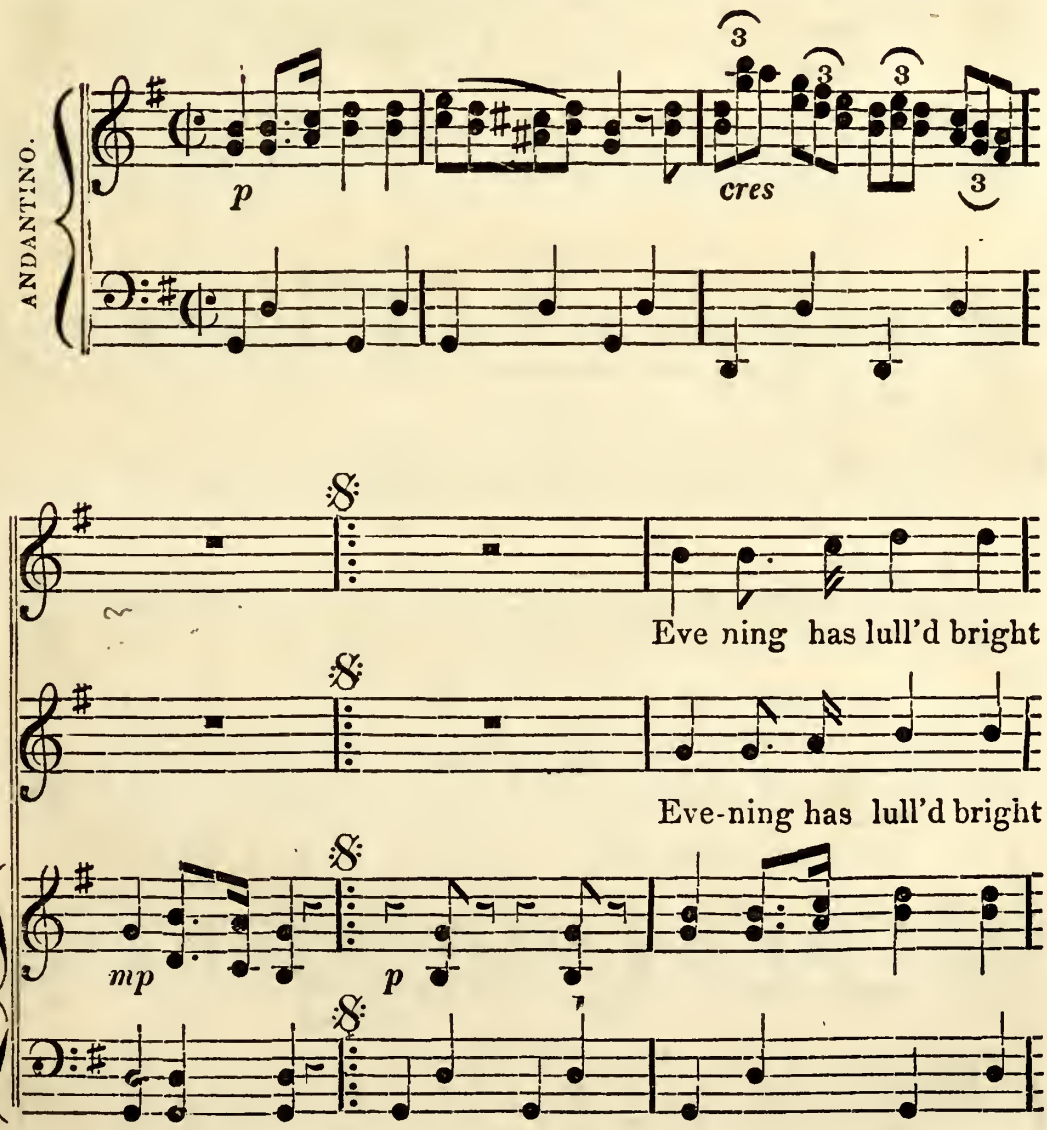
The day returns, but still I mourn,
  The hopes that bloom for me no more;
The peace that from my breast is torn,
  The joys of youth so quickly o'er!

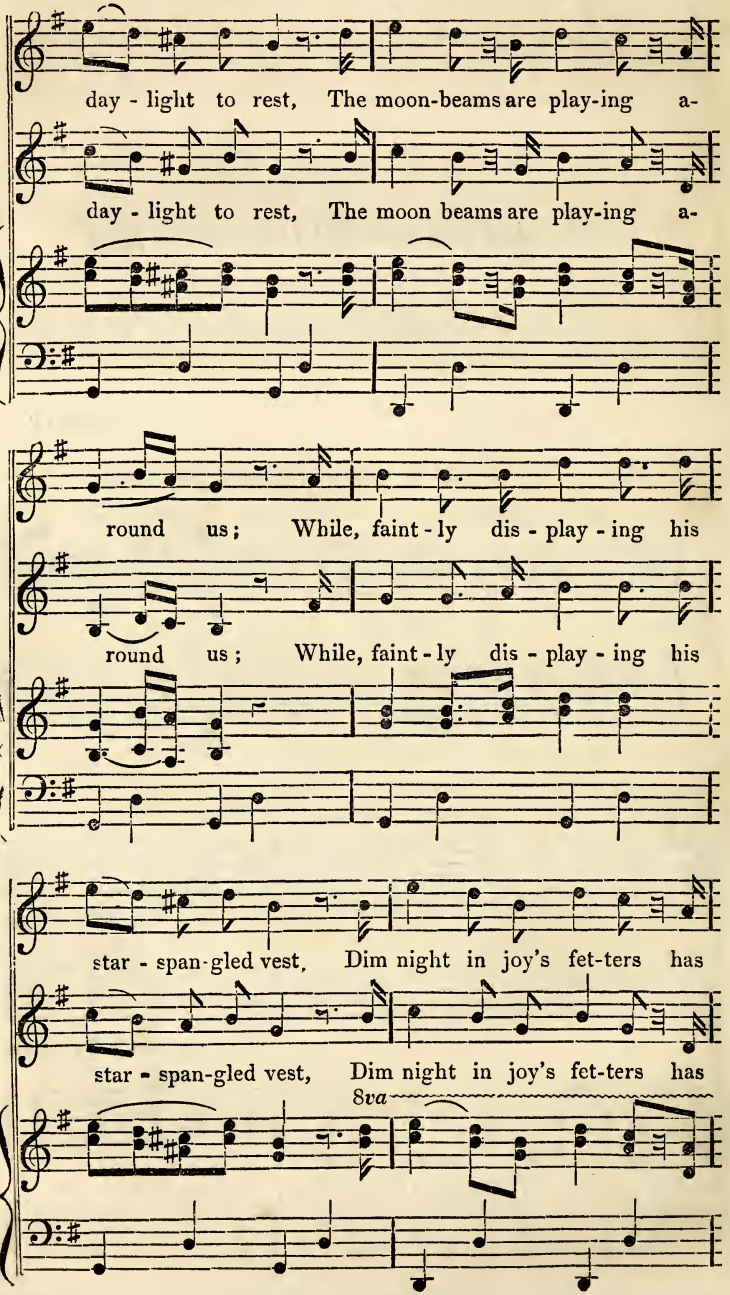
The day returns,—to me in vain,
  It cannot give this bosom rest;
But only brings redoubled pain,
  To know, I can no more be blest!

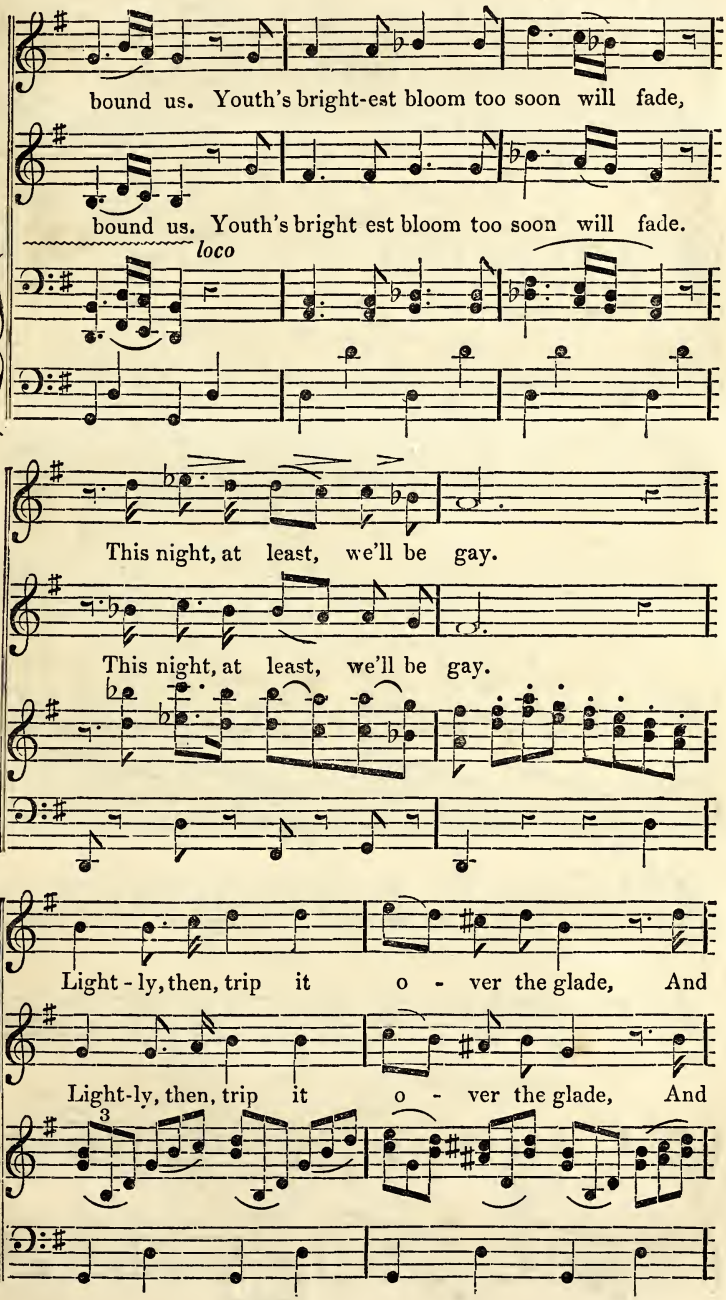
Evening has lull'd bright Daylight to Rest.

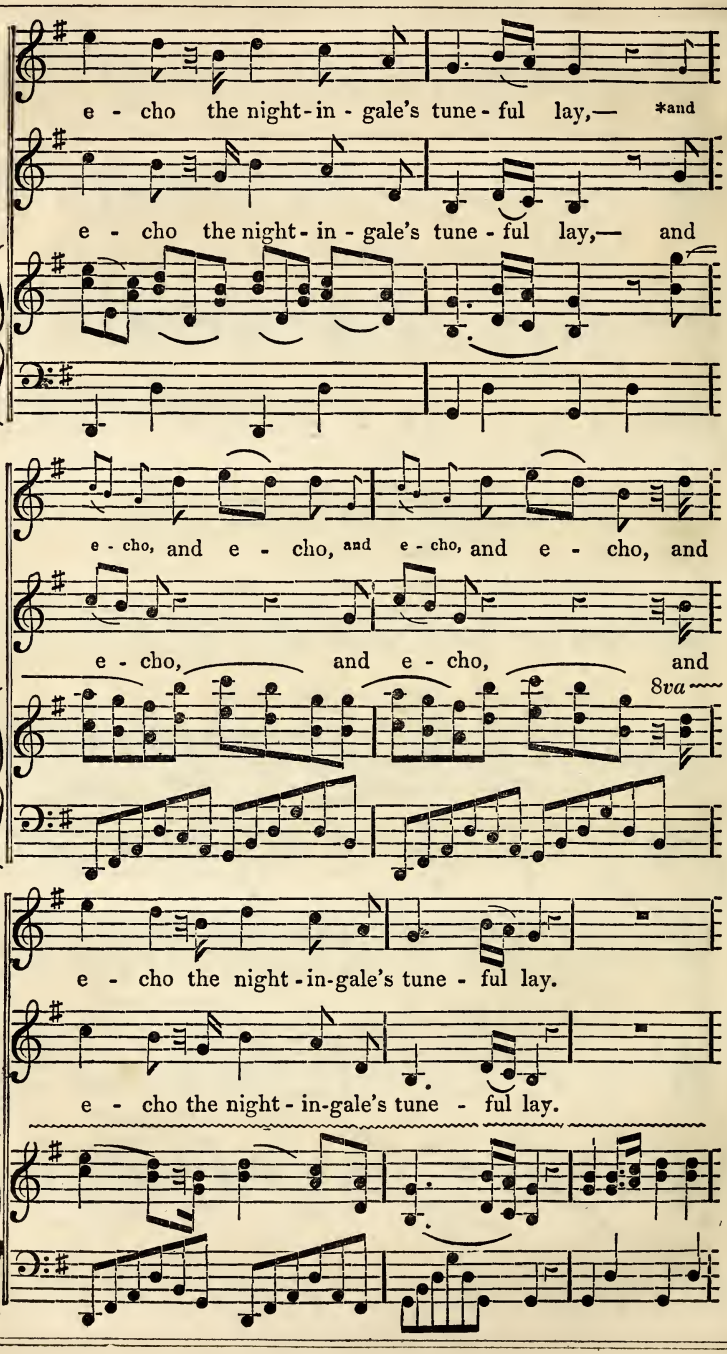
FROM THE OPERA OF ANNA BOLENA.

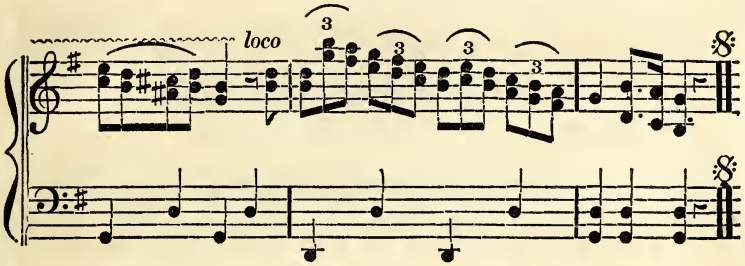
Donizetti




day - light to rest, The moon-beams are play-ing a-
day - light to rest, The moon beams are play-ing a-
round us; While, faint - ly dis - play - ing his
round us; While, faint - ly dis - play - ing his
star - span-gled vest, Dim night in joy's fet-ters has
star - span-gled vest, Dim night in joy's fet-ters has
8va


bound us. Youth's bright-est bloom too soon will fade,
bound us. Youth's bright est bloom too soon will fade.
loco
This night, at least, we'll be gay.
This night, at least, we'll be gay.
Light - ly, then, trip it o - ver the glade, And
Light-ly, then, trip it o - ver the glade, And
3


e - cho the night - in - gale's tune - ful lay,— *and
e - cho the night - in - gale's tune - ful lay,— and
e - cho, and e - cho, and e - cho, and e - cho, and
e - cho, and e - cho, and
8va
e - cho the night - in-gale's tune - ful lay.
e - cho the night - in-gale's tune - ful lay.



Zephyrs are sporting with gossamers gay,
While glow-worms are gleaming ar ound us;—
Join the festivity —come, come away—
See, Mirth with pure Friendship has crown'd us.
Youth's brightest bloom too soon will fade,—
This night, at least, we'll be gay;—
Lightly, then, trip it over the glade,
And echo the nightingale's tuneful lay.

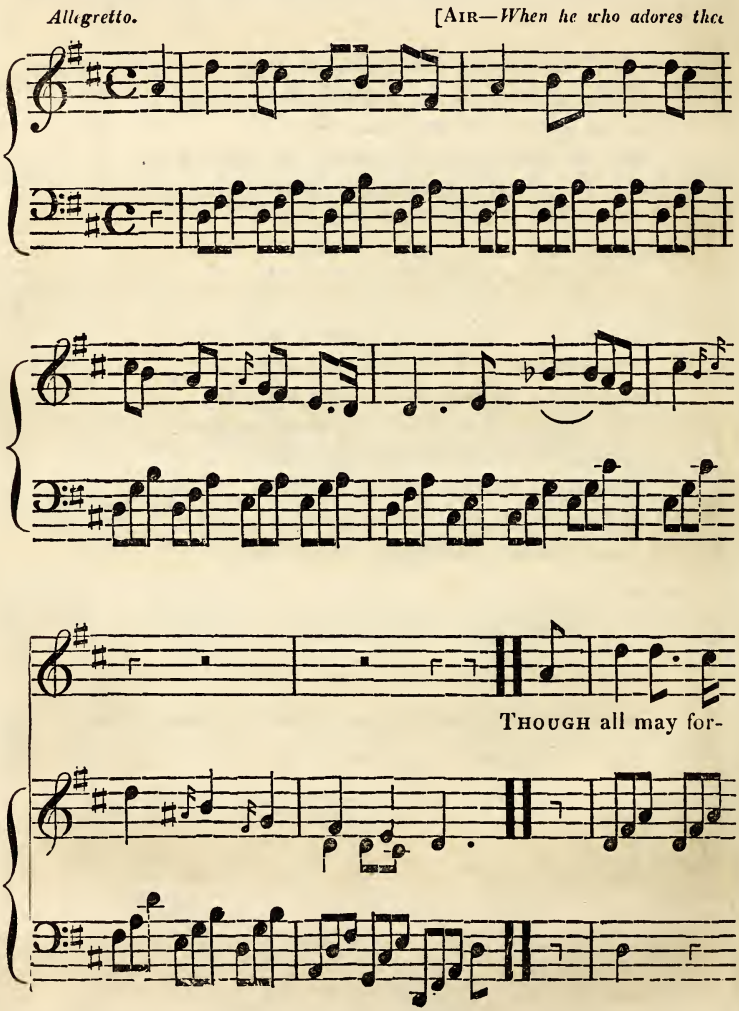
Snow in the brook's glossy ripple is lost;
The rainbow too soon fades away, love;
The shadowy dreams of the nights long past
Our youth's transient joys but pourtray, love.
Hope's fairest flow'rs too soon will fade,—
This night, at least, we'll be gay;—
Lightly, then, trip it over the glade,
And echo the nightingale's tuneful lay.

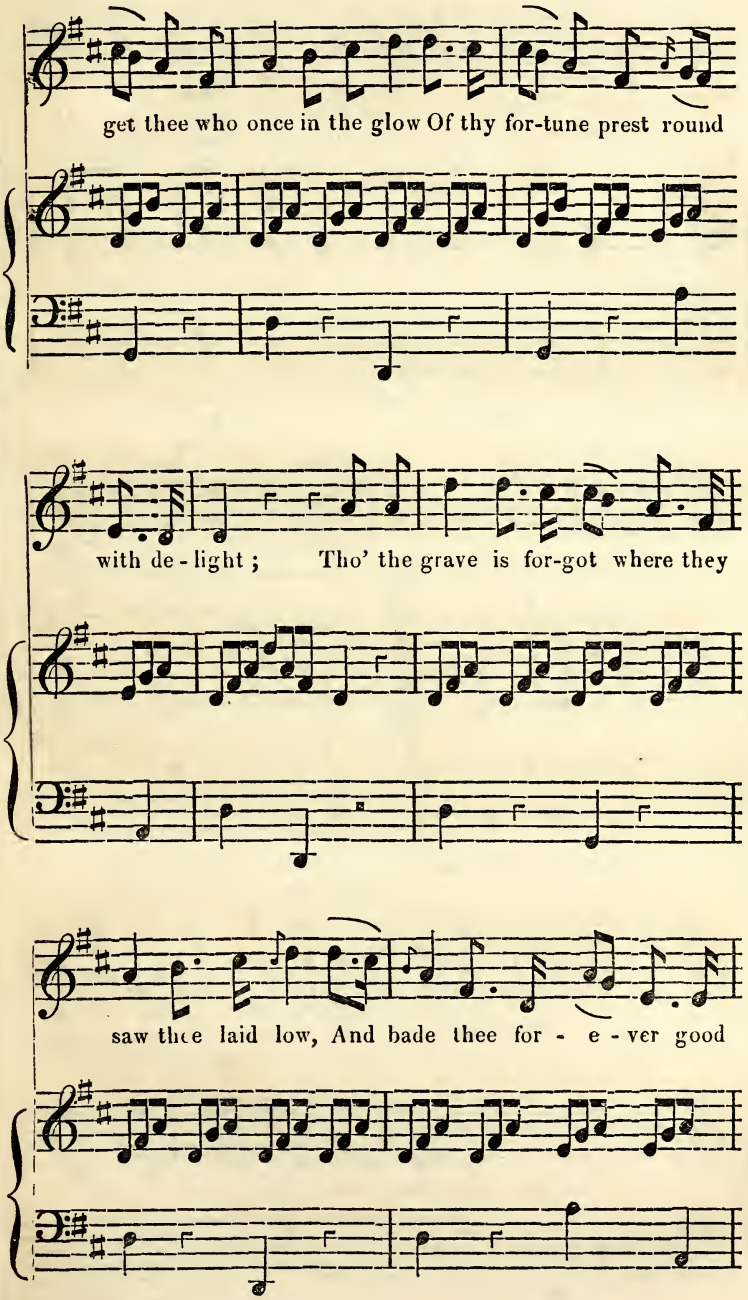
* The passages printed small are to be used only when sung as a Solo.

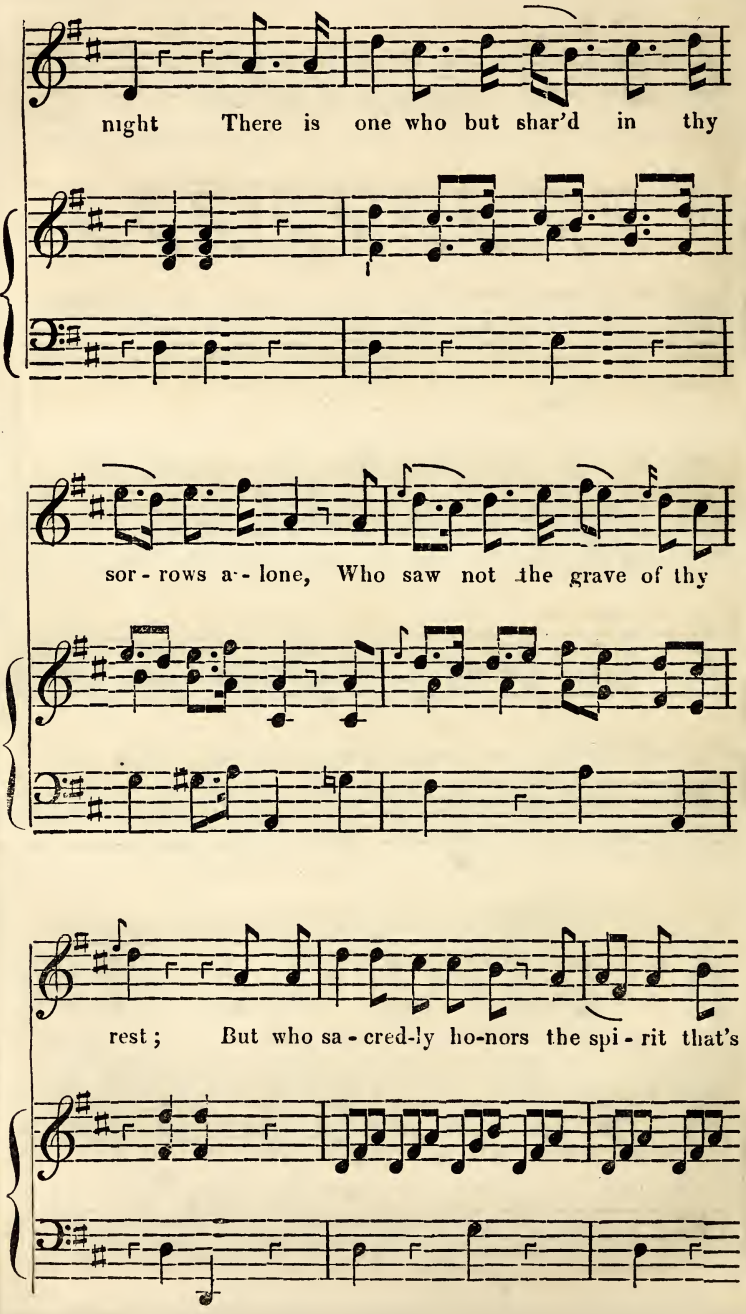
THE IRISH MELODIES.—No. 7.

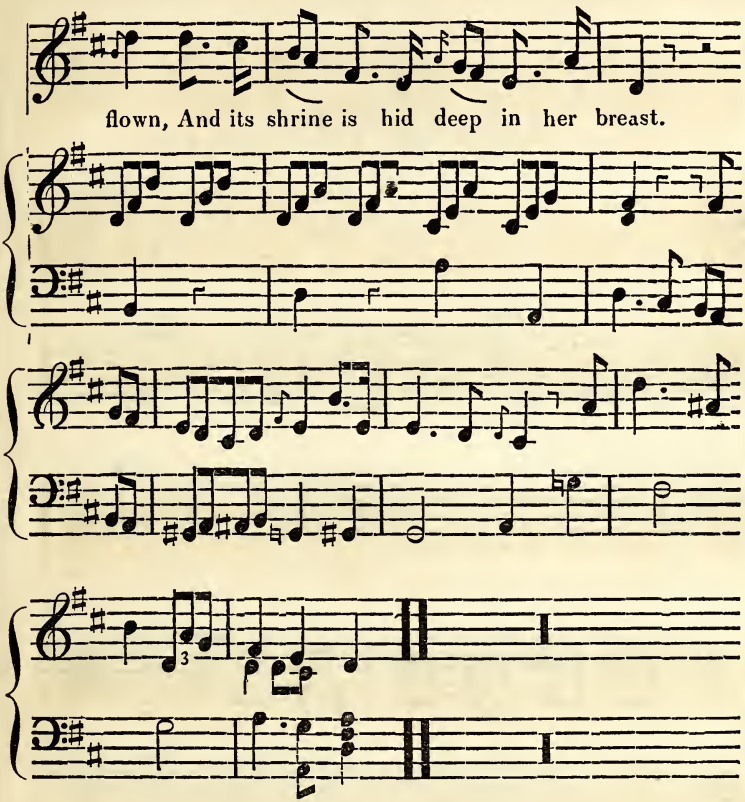
Though all may forget thee.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.




get thee who once in the glow Of thy for-tune prest round
with de - light ; Tho' the grave is for-got where they
saw thee laid low, And bade thee for - e - ver good

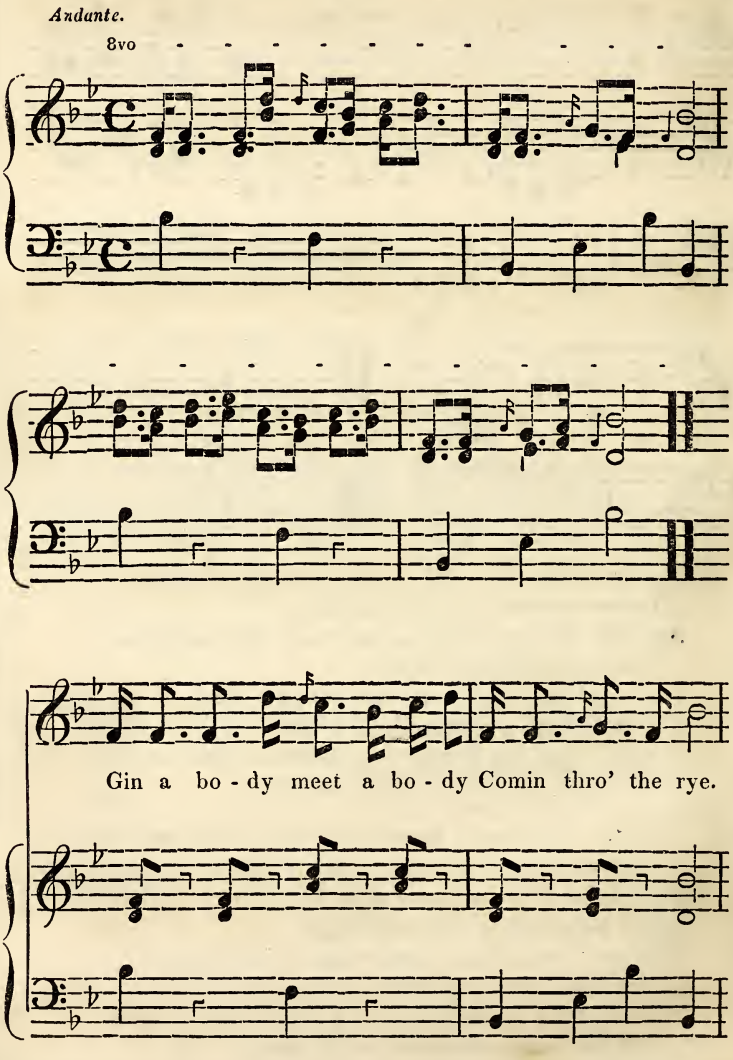

night There is one who but shar'd in thy
sor - rows a - lone, Who saw not the grave of thy
rest; But who sa - cred-ly ho-nors the spi - rit that's

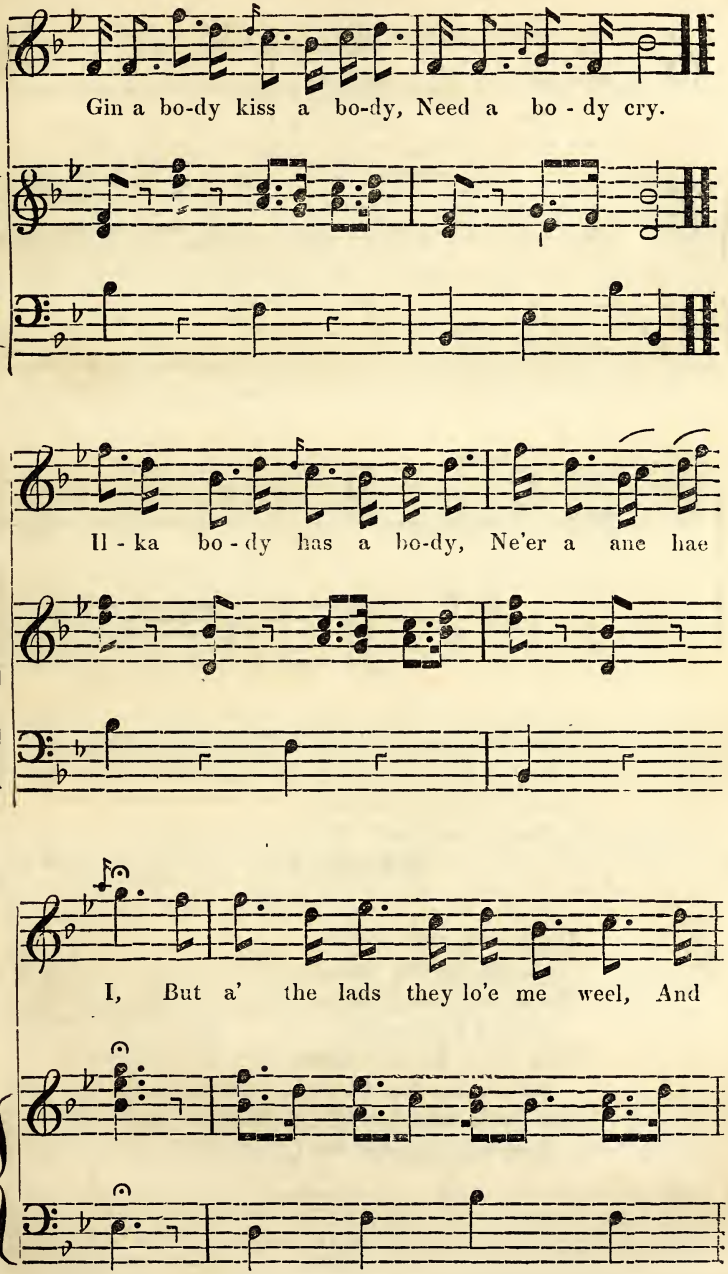


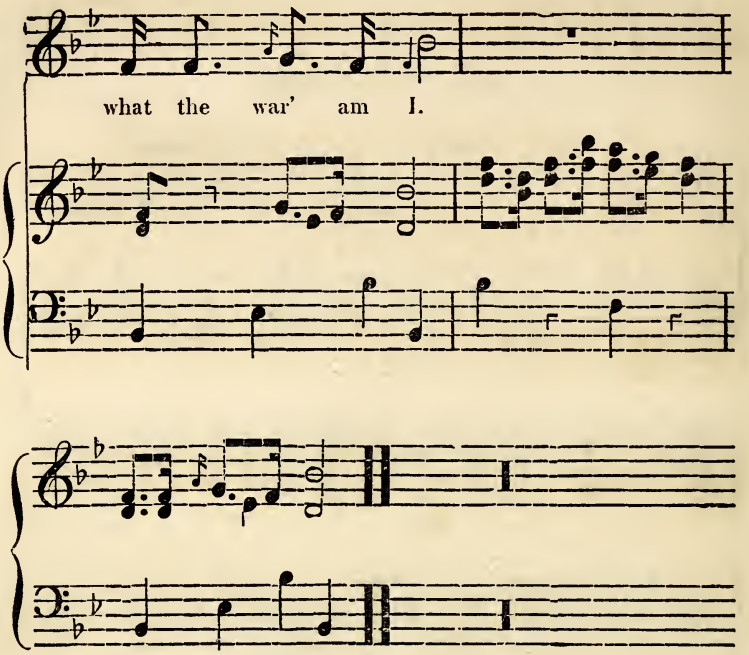
She remembers thy sighs as they breath'd on her ear,
In the accents of sorrow and pain;
And feels that thy suff'rings have made thee more dear
Than any will e'er be again.
She would have thee once more with the waste of thy woe,
With feelings of fondness and pride,
But since that is a thought she must ever forego,
She would joy to lay down by thy side.

Then though all may forget thee, who once in the glow
Of thy fortune press'd round with delight;
Though the grave is forgot where they saw thee laid low,
And bade thee for ever good night,
That one who for thee could resign ev'ry dream,
That from youth and ambition arise,
Will still think on thee here, as her life's dearest beam,
And her beacon of worlds in the skies.

Comin thro' the Rye.




Gin a bo-dy kiss a bo-dy, Need a bo - dy cry.
Il - ka bo - dy has a bo-dy, Ne'er a ane hae
I, But a' the lads they lo'e me weel, And



Gin a body meet a body
Comin frae the well;
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body tell.
Ilka body, &c.

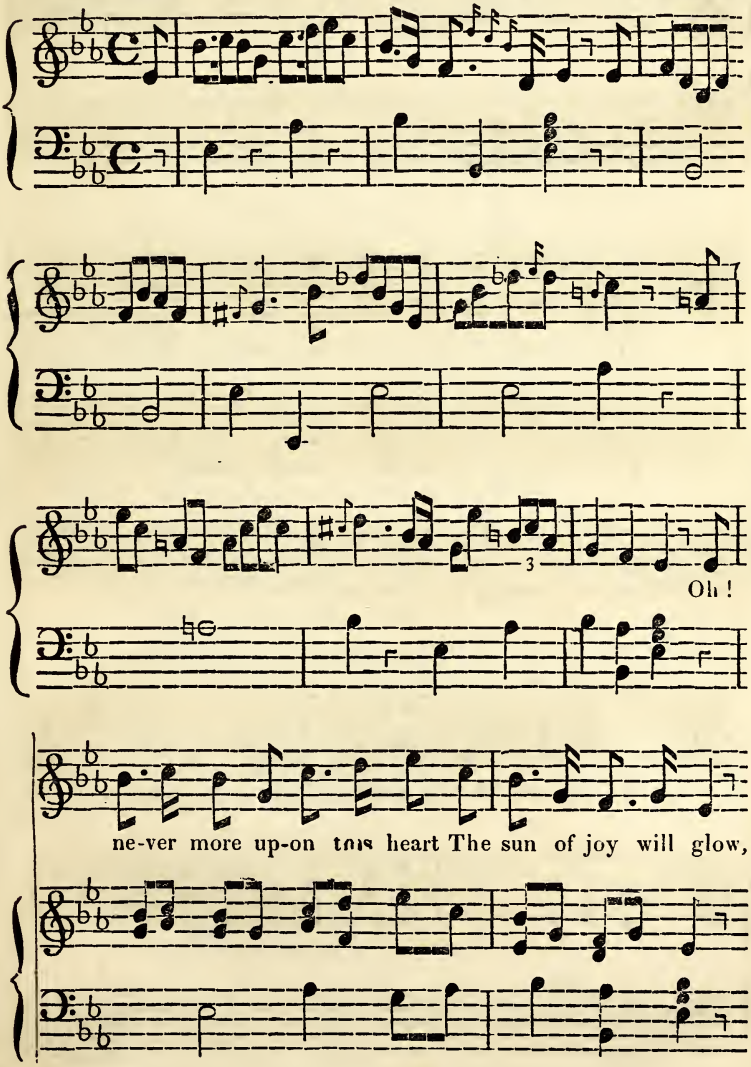
Gin a body meet a body
Comin frae the town,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body gloom.
Ilka Jenny has her Jocky,
Ne'er a ane hae I;
But a' the lads they lo'e me weel,
And what the war' am I.

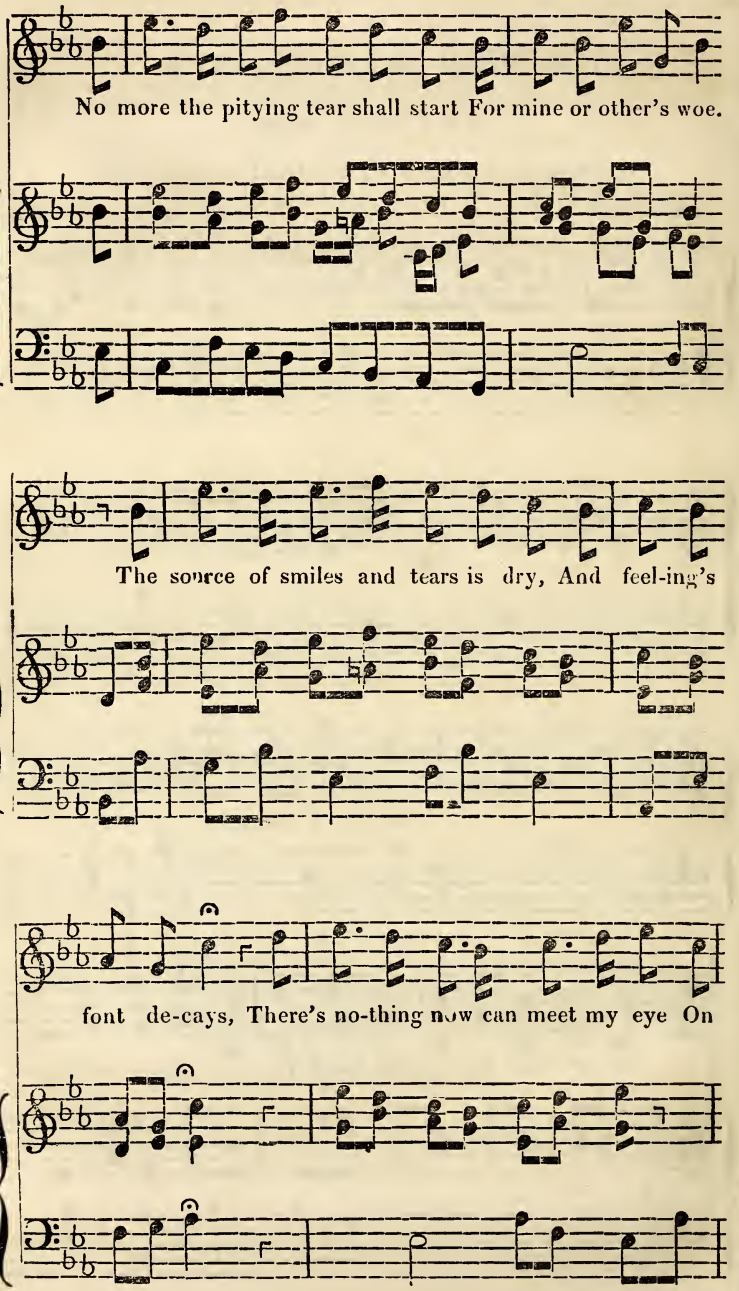
THE IRISH MELODIES.—No. 8.

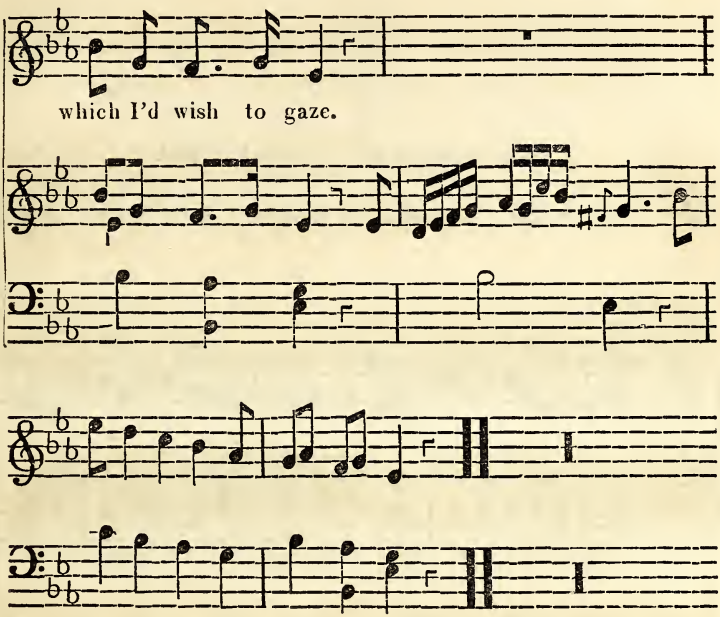
Oh! never more.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

With Feeling. [AIR—*The Harp that once.*




No more the pitying tear shall start For mine or other's woe.
The source of smiles and tears is dry, And feel-ing's
font de-cays, There's no-thing now can meet my eye On



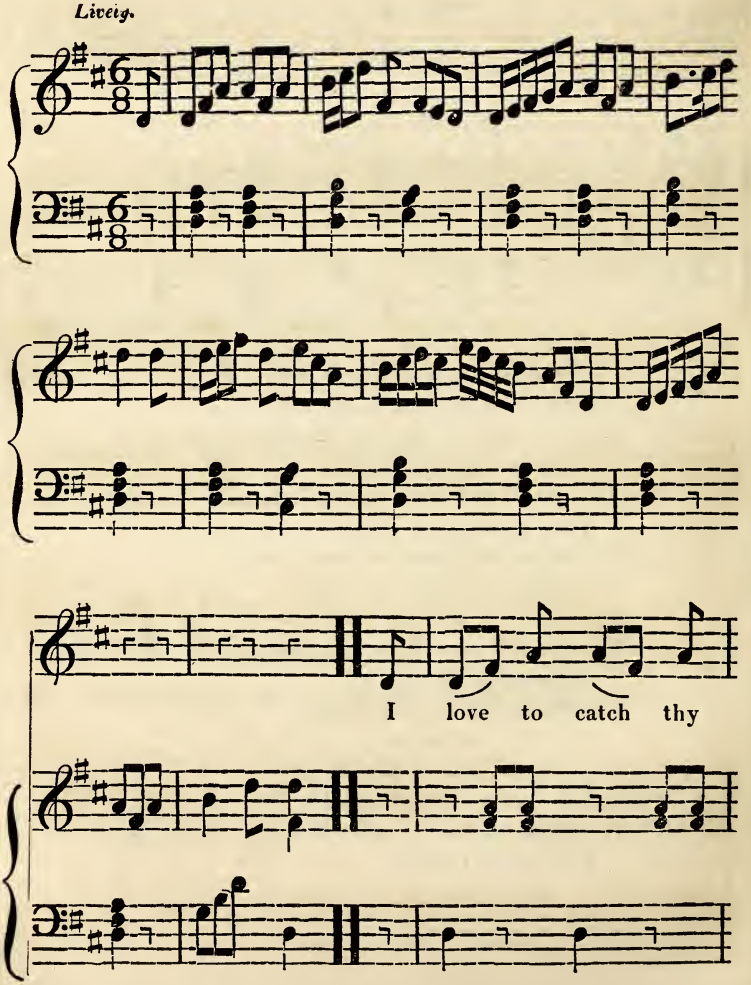
The blandishments of life that lit
My hopes when youth was wild,
Have vanish'd; would they'd linger'd yet,
And I was still a child!
Oh! for those happy hours of peace,
When trifles gave delight,
Ere Sorrow bid those raptures cease,
Or Malice brought her blight.

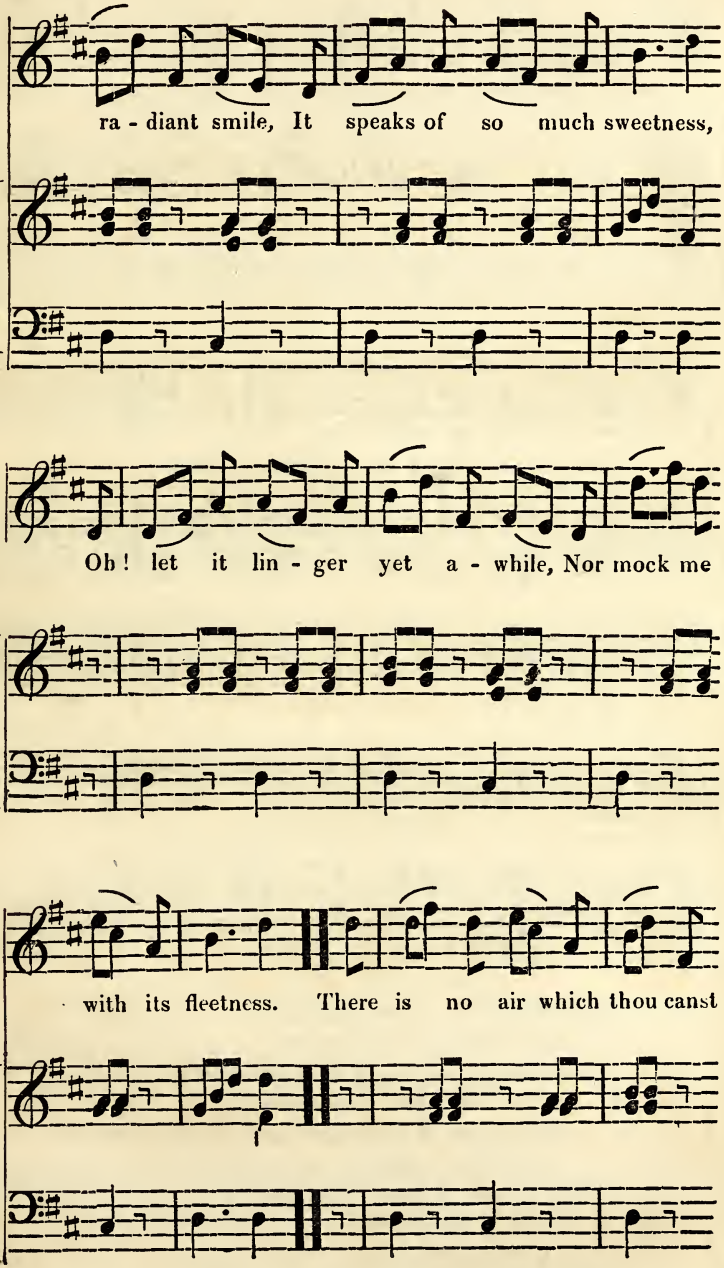
Those joys I never more must know,
But mem'ry pictures yet
The blisses that I must forego,
But never can forget.
Hope flutters still within its urn,
And cools my burning brain;
In dreams my bosom still will burn,
And echo joy again

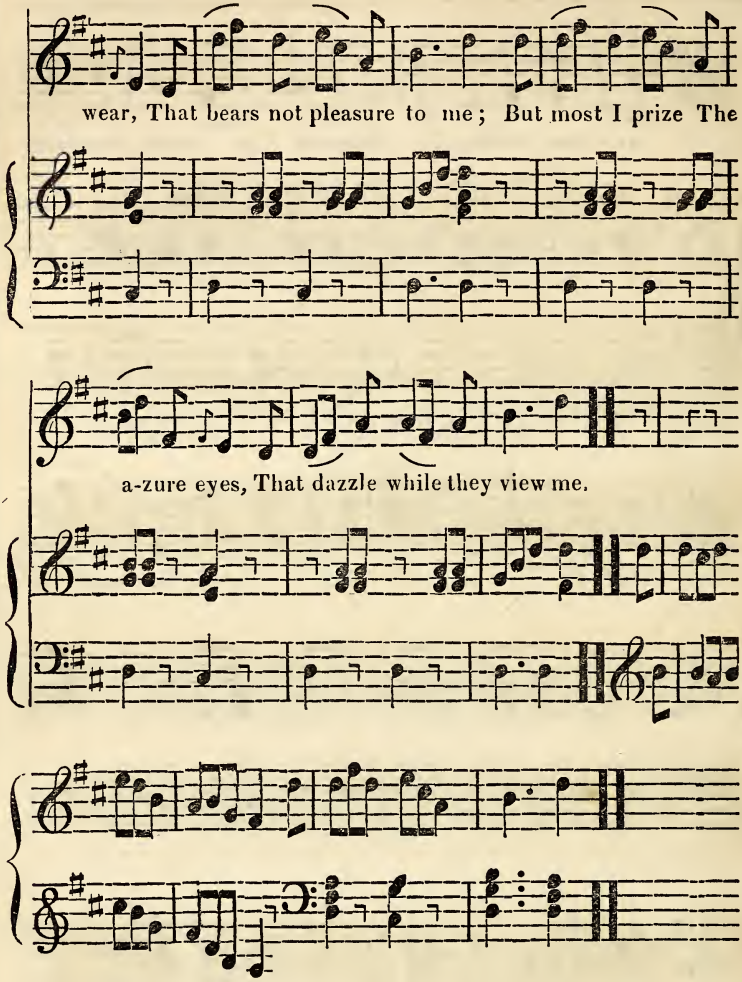
I love to catch thy radiant Smile.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.

Liveig.



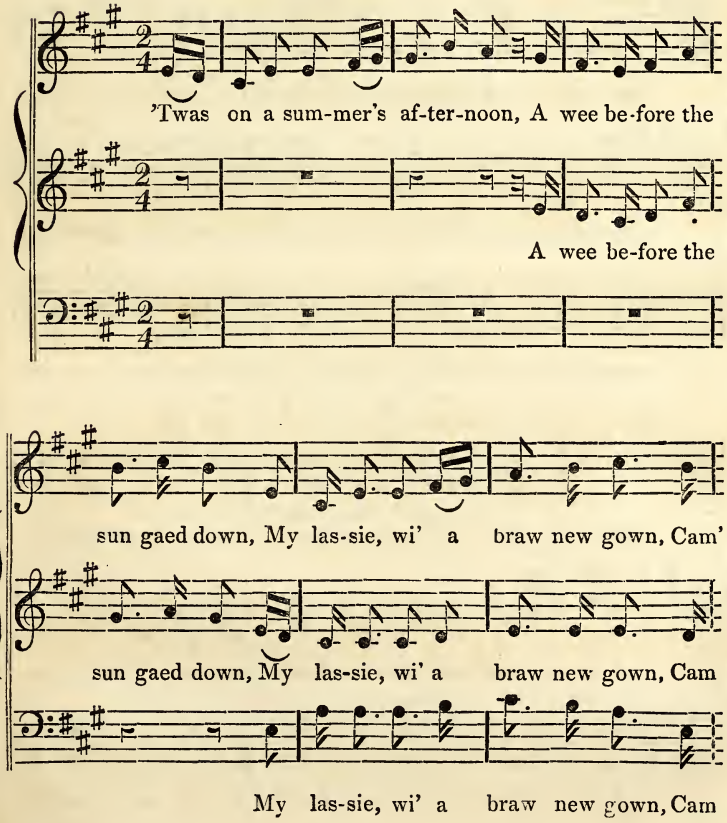

ra - diant smile, It speaks of so much sweetness,
Oh! let it lin - ger yet a - while, Nor mock me
with its fleetness. There is no air which thou canst

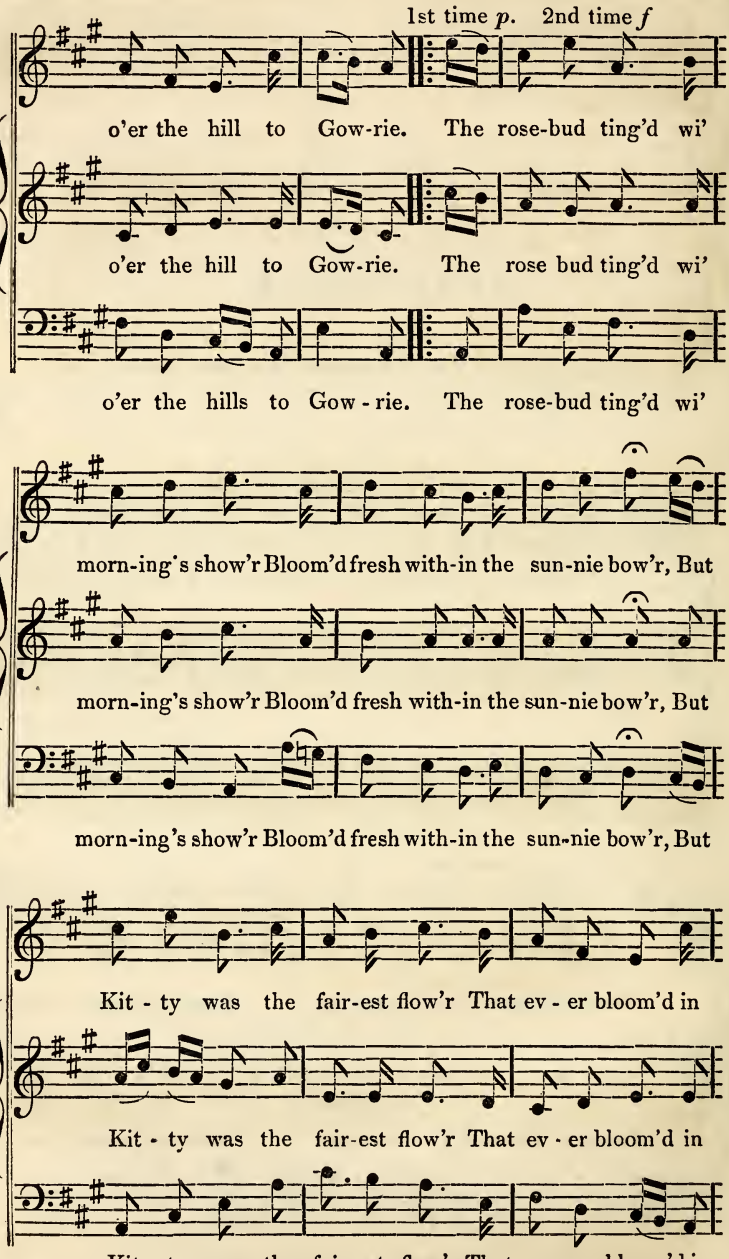


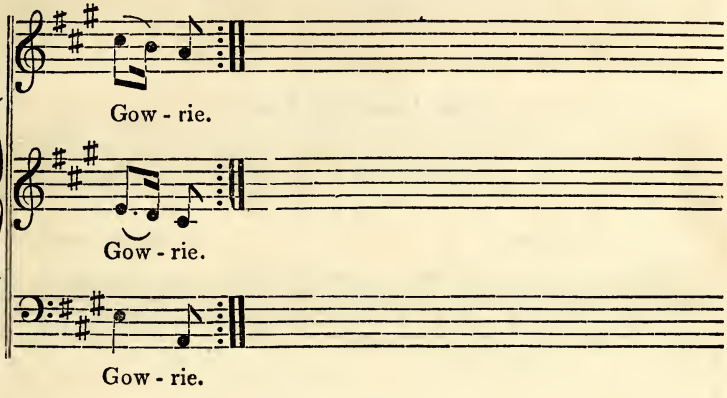
The rosy hour of dawning light,
  Which dewy gems encluster,
Boasts not a beam so warm, so bright,
  As that dear eye's own lustre.
    Like some fleet ray,
    That breaks away
From clouds of fleecy whiteness,
    The beam that hid
    Beneath thy lid,
Breaks forth all warmth and brightness

The Lass o' Gowrie.

Harmonized for Two Treble and One Bass Voices.




1st time p. 2nd time f
o'er the hill to Gow-rie. The rose-bud ting'd wi'
o'er the hill to Gow-rie. The rose bud ting'd wi'
o'er the hills to Gow - rie. The rose-bud ting'd wi'
morn-ing's show'r Bloom'd fresh with-in the sun-nie bow'r, But
morn-ing's show'r Bloom'd fresh with-in the sun-nie bow'r, But
morn-ing's show'r Bloom'd fresh with-in the sun-nie bow'r, But
Kit - ty was the fair-est flow'r That ev - er bloom'd in
Kit - ty was the fair-est flow'r That ev - er bloom'd in
Kit - ty was the fair-est flow'r That ev - er bloom'd in



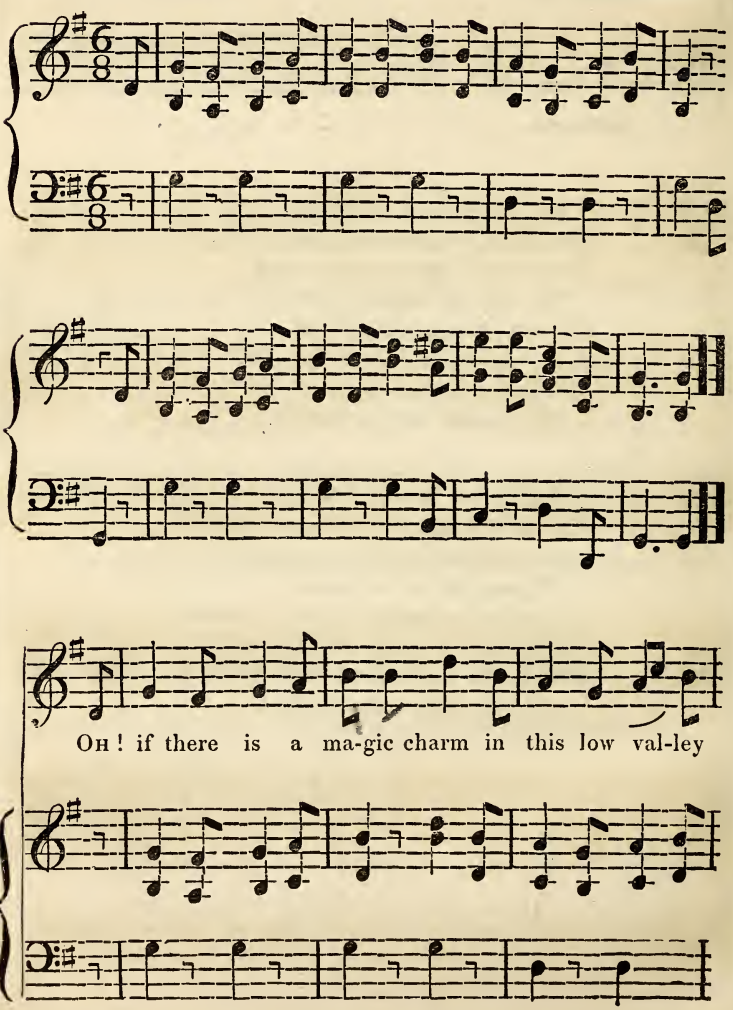
I had nae thought to do her wrang,
But round her waist my arm I flang,
And said, my lassie, will ye gang
To view the carse o' Gowrie ?
I'll take ye to my father's ha',
In yon green field beside the sha',
And make ye lady of them a'—
The brawest wife in Gowrie.

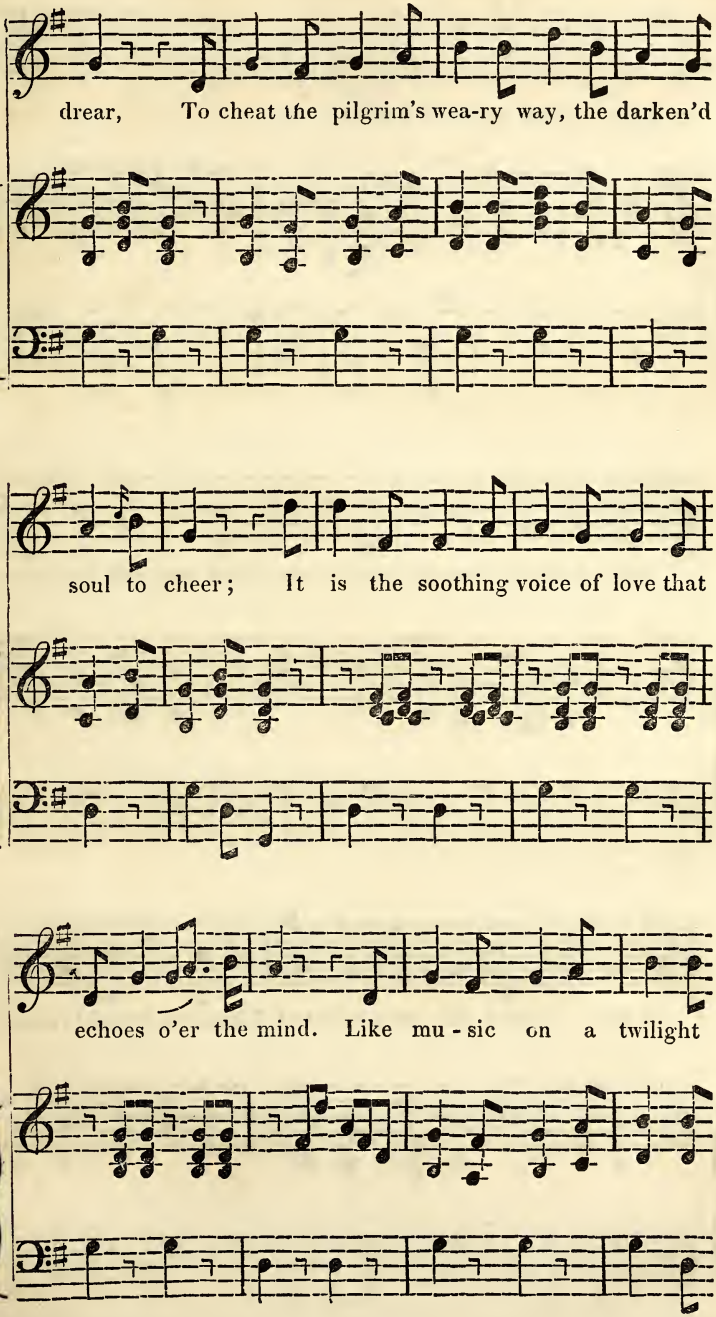
Soft kisses on her lips I laid ;
The blush upon her cheek soon spread ;
She whispered modestly, and said,
I'll gang wi' ye to Gowrie.
The auld folks soon ga'ed their consent,
And to Mess John we quickly went,
Wha tied us to our hearts' content,—
And now she's Lady Gowrie !

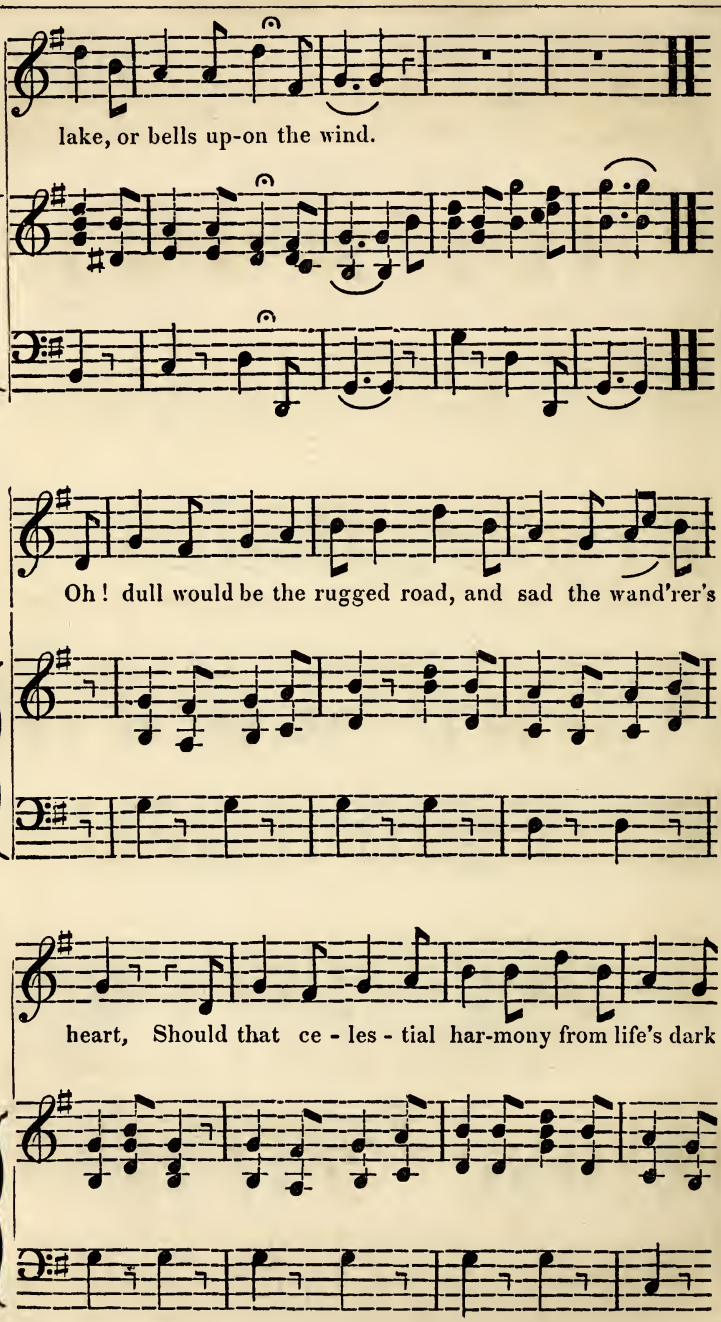
The Voice of Love.

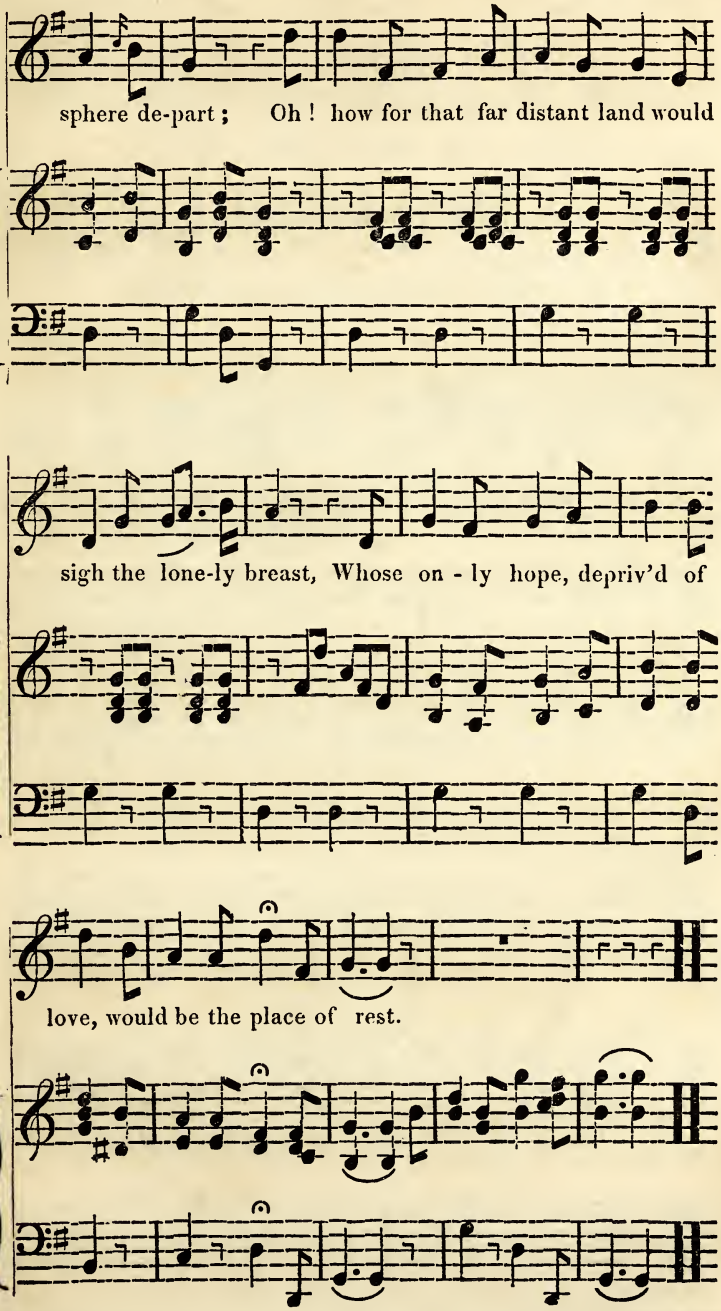
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY D. L. RICHARDSON Esq.

Andante Espressivo. [*Italian Melody.*




drear, To cheat the pilgrim's wea-ry way, the darken'd
soul to cheer; It is the soothing voice of love that
echoes o'er the mind. Like mu-sic on a twilight

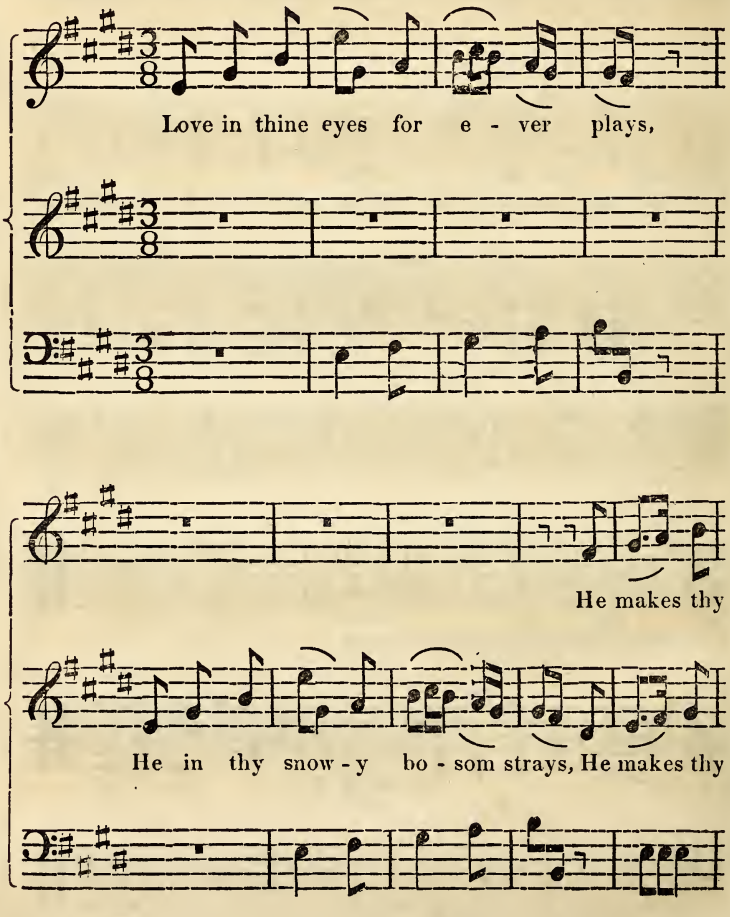

lake, or bells up-on the wind.
Oh! dull would be the rugged road, and sad the wand'rer's
heart, Should that ce - les - tial har-mony from life's dark

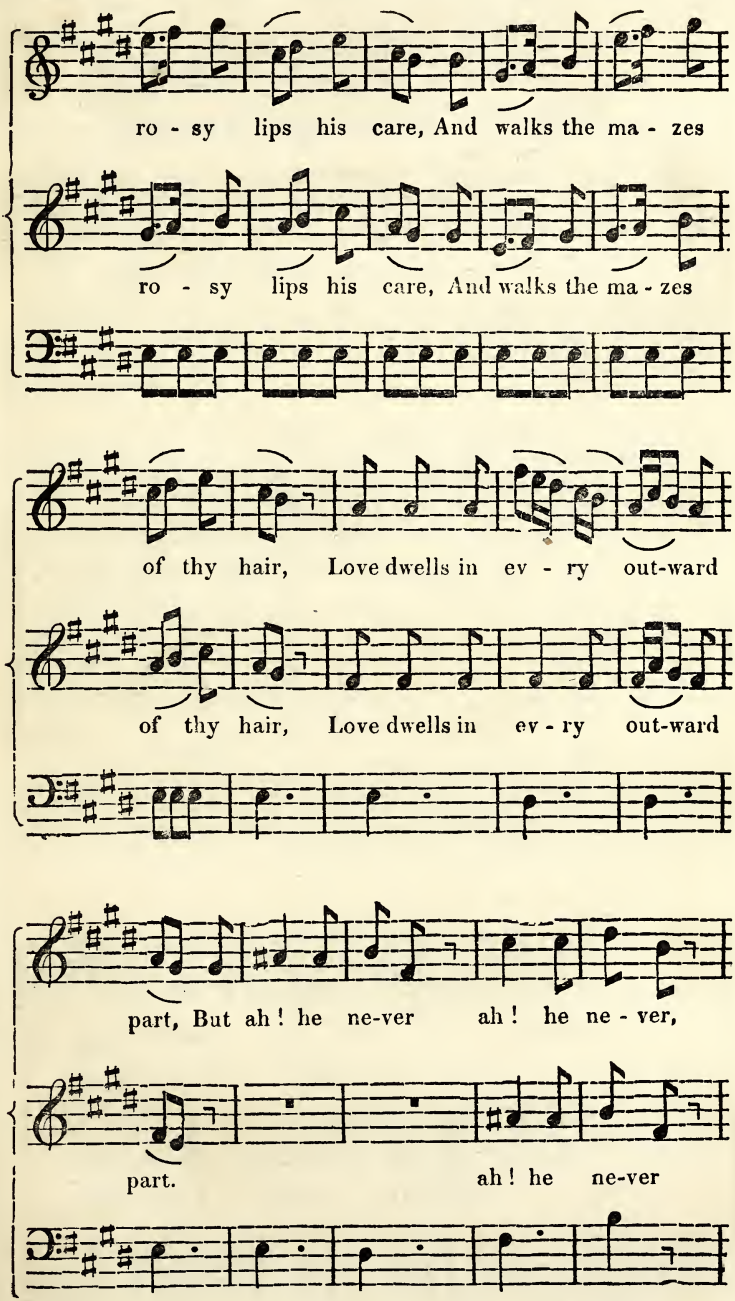

sphere de-part; Oh! how for that far distant land would
sigh the lone-ly breast, Whose on - ly hope, depriv'd of
love, would be the place of rest.

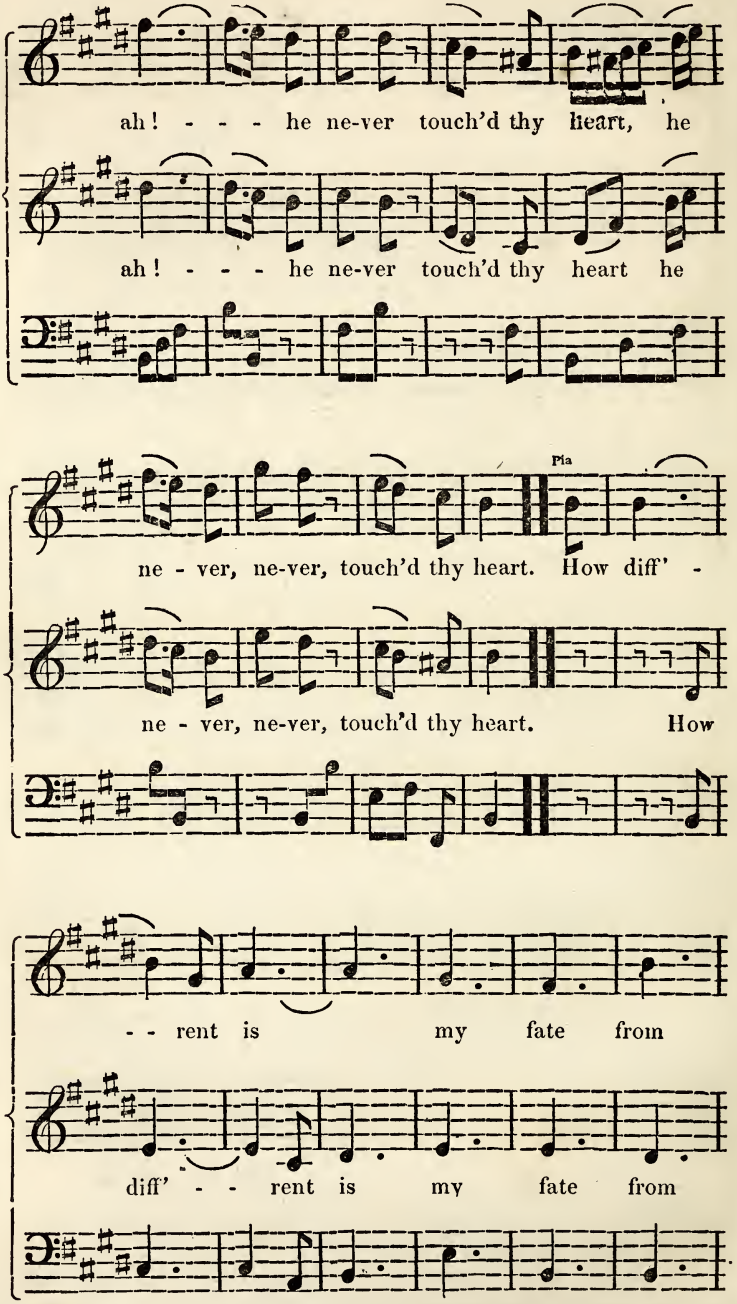
Love in thine Eyes.

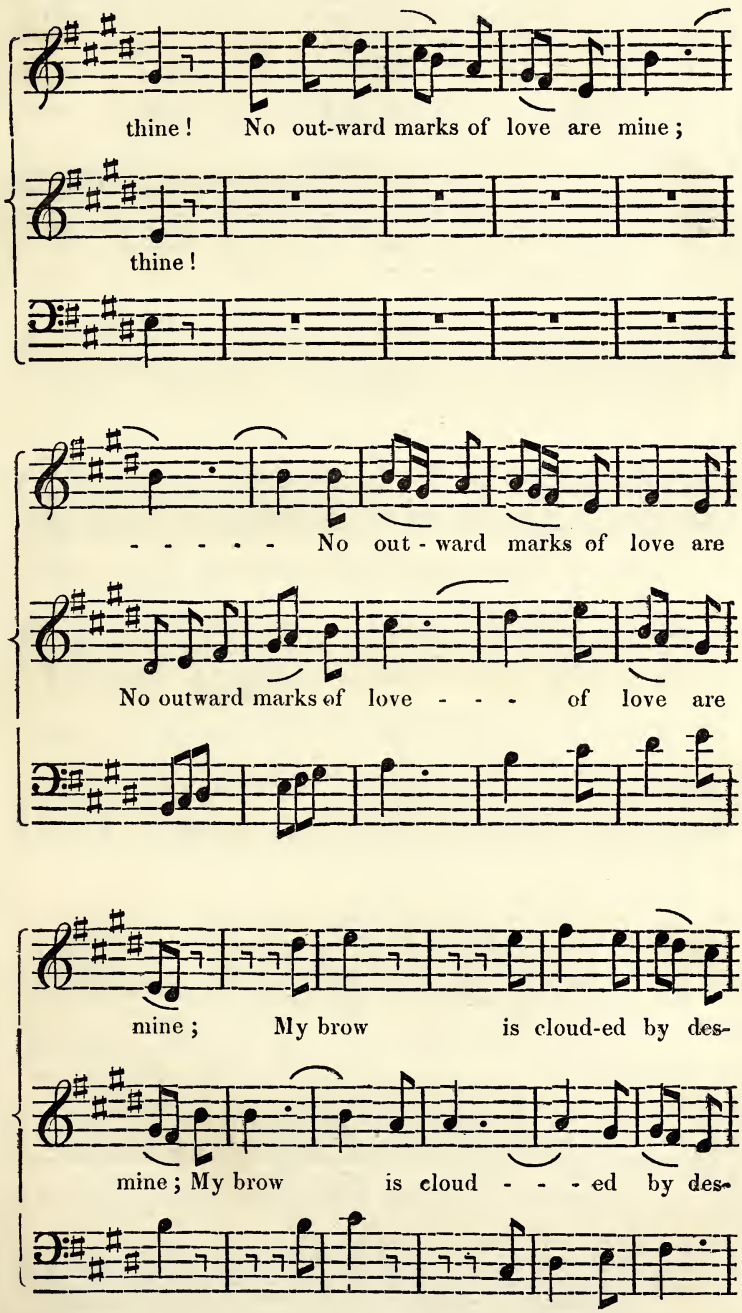
A FAVORITE CANZONET FOR TWO VOICES.

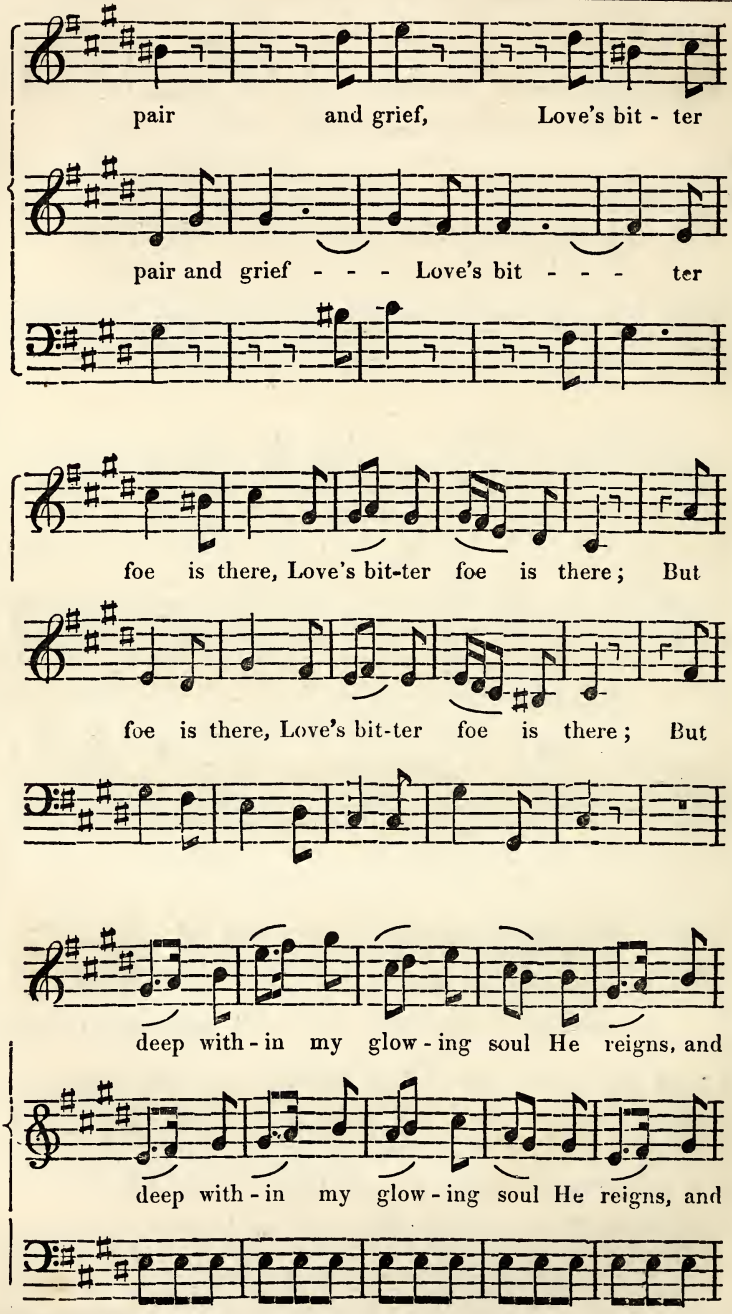
Allegro. W. JACKSON.

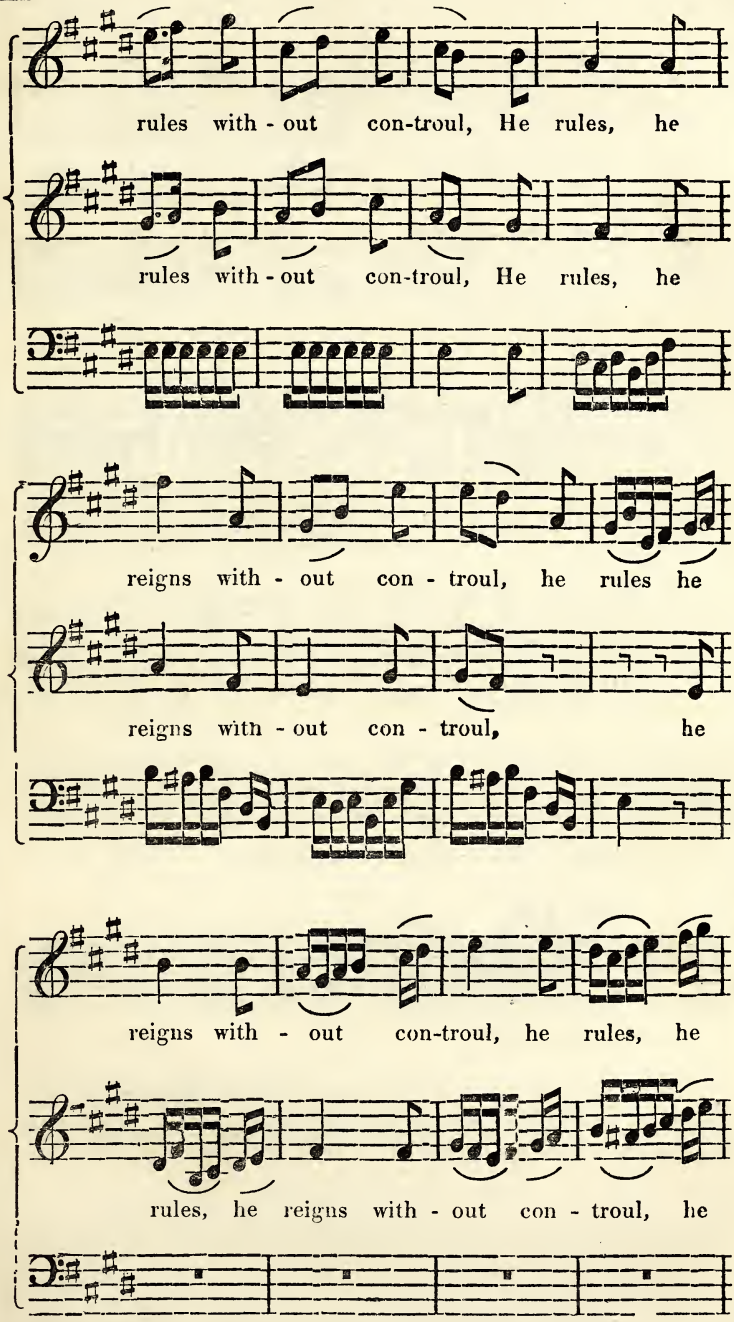


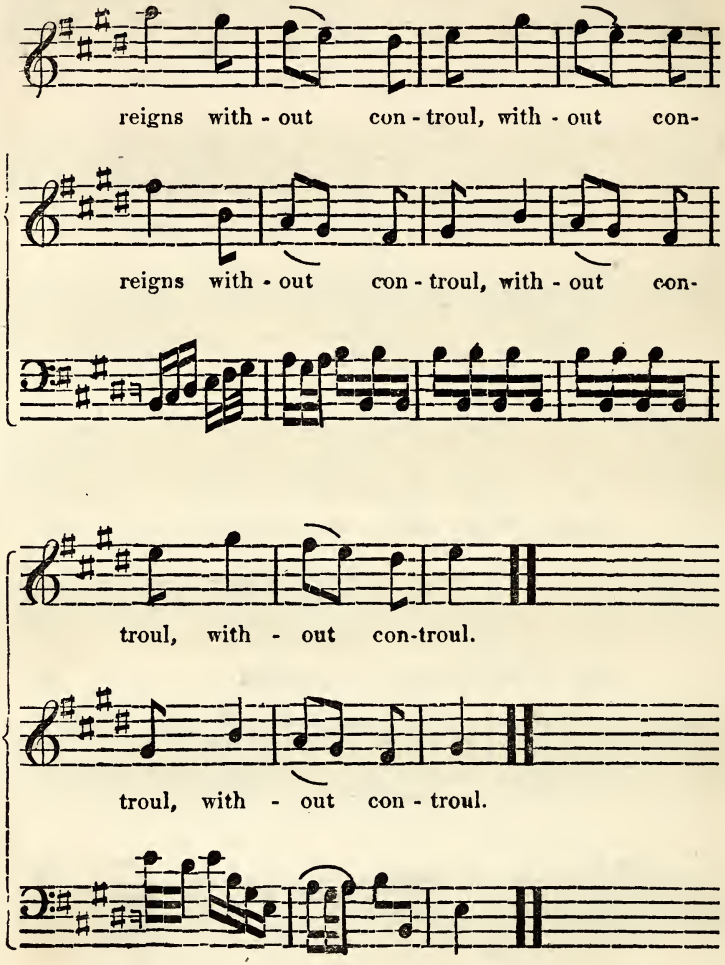

ro - sy lips his care, And walks the ma - zes
ro - sy lips his care, And walks the ma - zes
of thy hair, Love dwells in ev - ry out-ward
of thy hair, Love dwells in ev - ry out-ward
part, But ah! he ne-ver ah! he ne - ver,
part. ah! he ne-ver


ah! - - - he ne-ver touch'd thy heart, he
ah! - - - he ne-ver touch'd thy heart he
Pia
ne - ver, ne-ver, touch'd thy heart. How diff' -
ne - ver, ne-ver, touch'd thy heart. How
- - rent is my fate from
diff' - - rent is my fate from


thine! No out-ward marks of love are mine;
thine!
- - - - - No out - ward marks of love are
No outward marks of love - - - of love are
mine; My brow is cloud-ed by des-
mine; My brow is cloud - - - ed by des-


pair and grief, Love's bit - ter
pair and grief - - - Love's bit - - - ter
foe is there, Love's bit-ter foe is there; But
foe is there, Love's bit-ter foe is there; But
deep with - in my glow - ing soul He reigns, and
deep with - in my glow - ing soul He reigns, and


rules with - out con-troul, He rules, he
rules with - out con-troul, He rules, he
reigns with - out con - troul, he rules he
reigns with - out con - troul, he
reigns with - out con-troul, he rules, he
rules, he reigns with - out con - troul, he

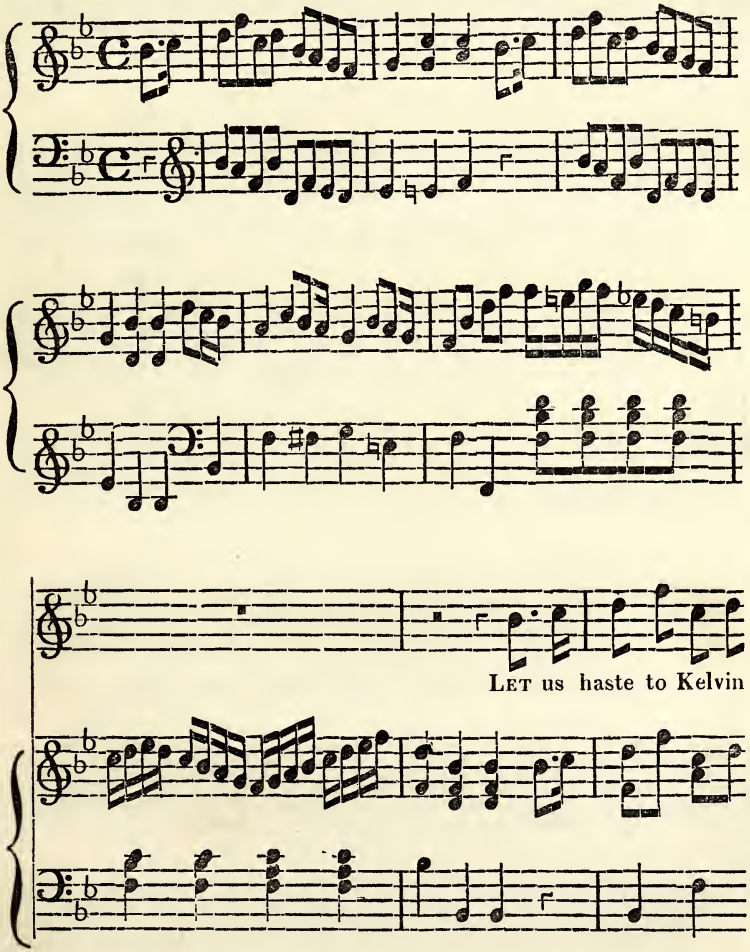

reigns with - out con - troul, with - out con-
reigns with - out con - troul, with - out con-
troul, with - out con-troul.
troul, with - out con - troul.

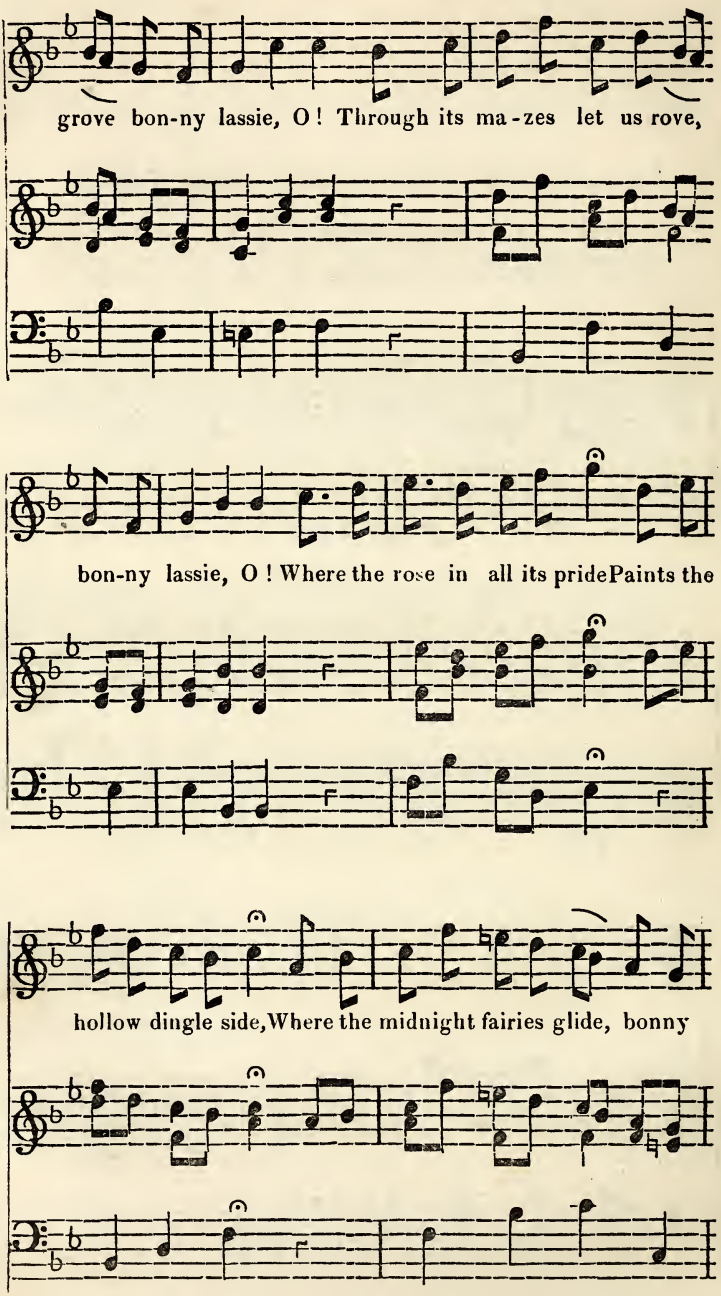
Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonny Lassie, O!

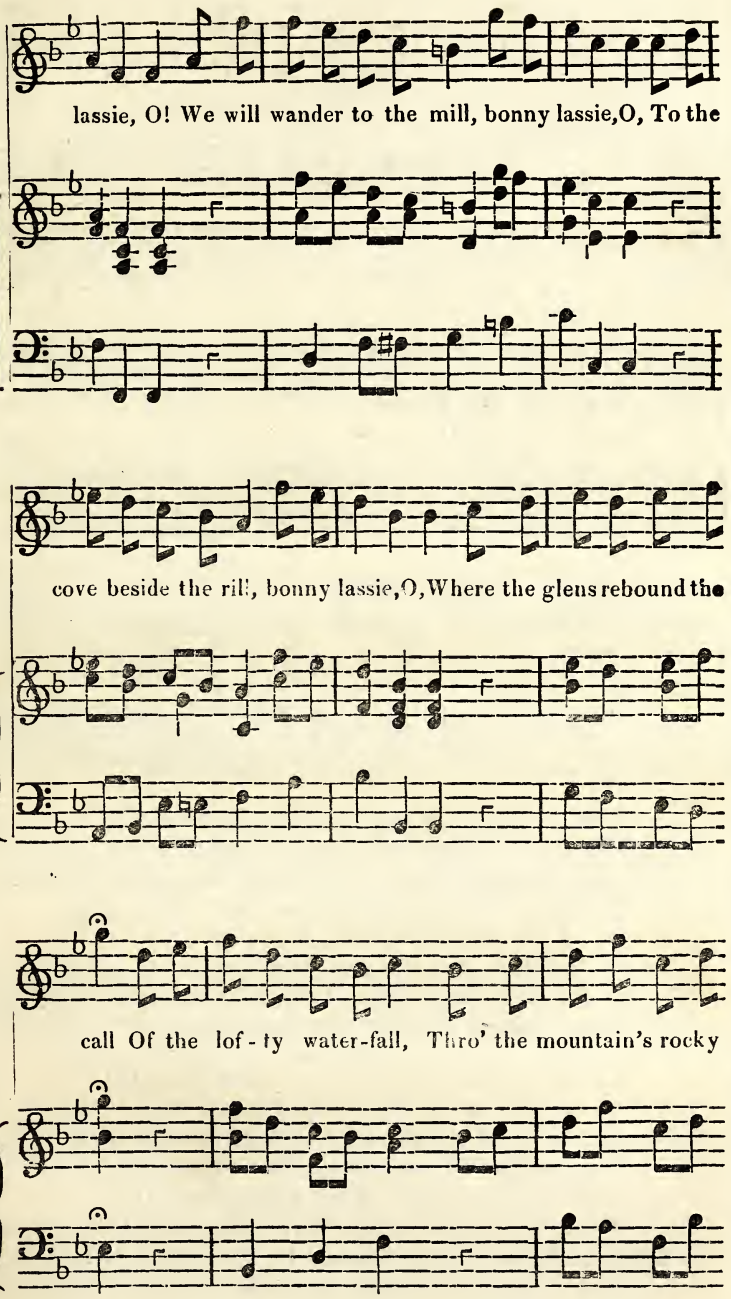
A FAVORITE SCOTCH BALLAD,

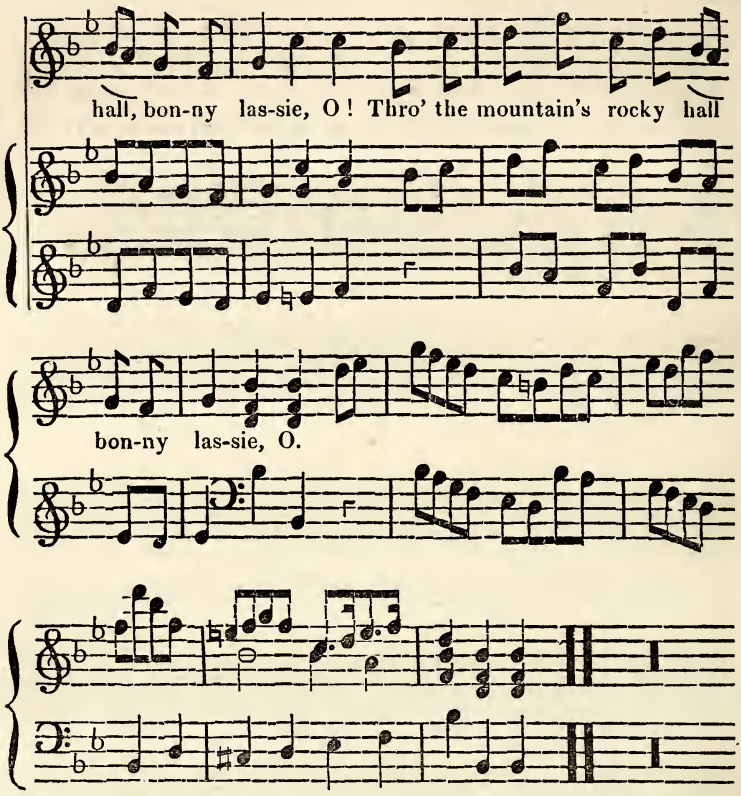
INTRODUCED BY Mr. BRAHAM, IN GUY MANNERING.

Affetuoso.




grove bon-ny lassie, O! Through its ma-zes let us rove,
bon-ny lassie, O! Where the rose in all its pride Paints the
hollow dingle side, Where the midnight fairies glide, bonny


lassie, O! We will wander to the mill, bonny lassie, O, To the
cove beside the rill, bonny lassie, O, Where the glens rebound the
call Of the lof-ty water-fall, Thro' the mountain's rocky



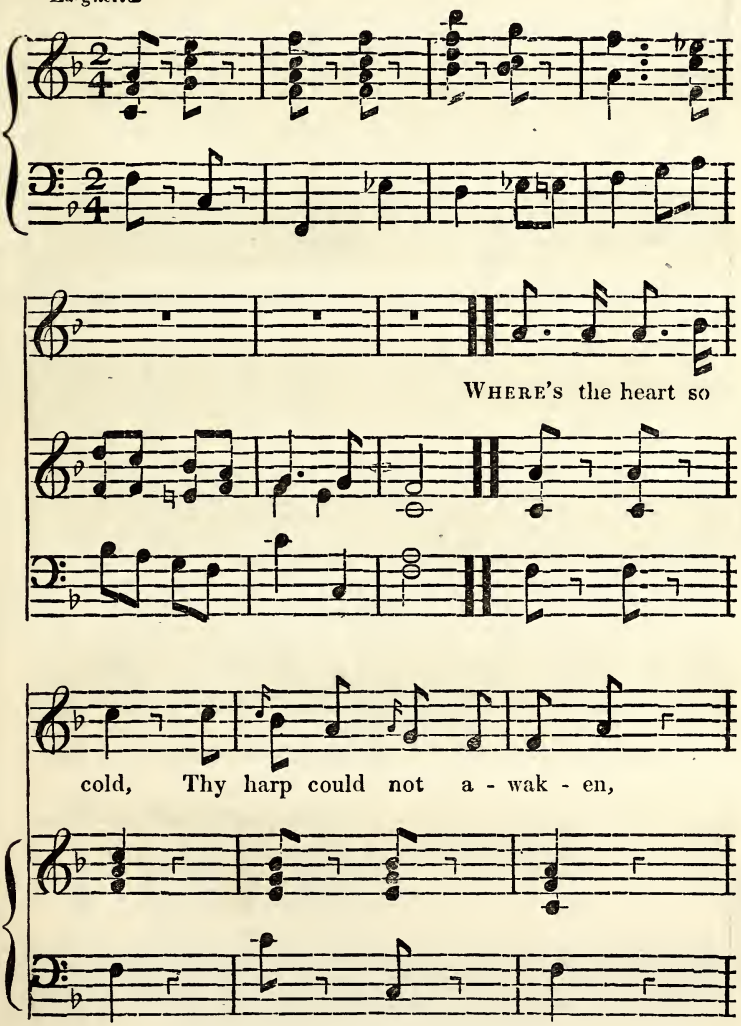
Then we'll up to yonder glade, bonny lassie, O!
Where so oft beneath the shade, bonny lassie, O!
With the songsters in the grove, we have told our tale of love,
And have sportive garlands wove, bonny lassie, O!
Ah! I soon must bid adieu, bonny lassie O!
To this fairy scene and you, bonny lassie, O!
To the streamlet winding clear, to the fragrant scented bri'r
E'en to thee of all most dear, bonny lassie, O!

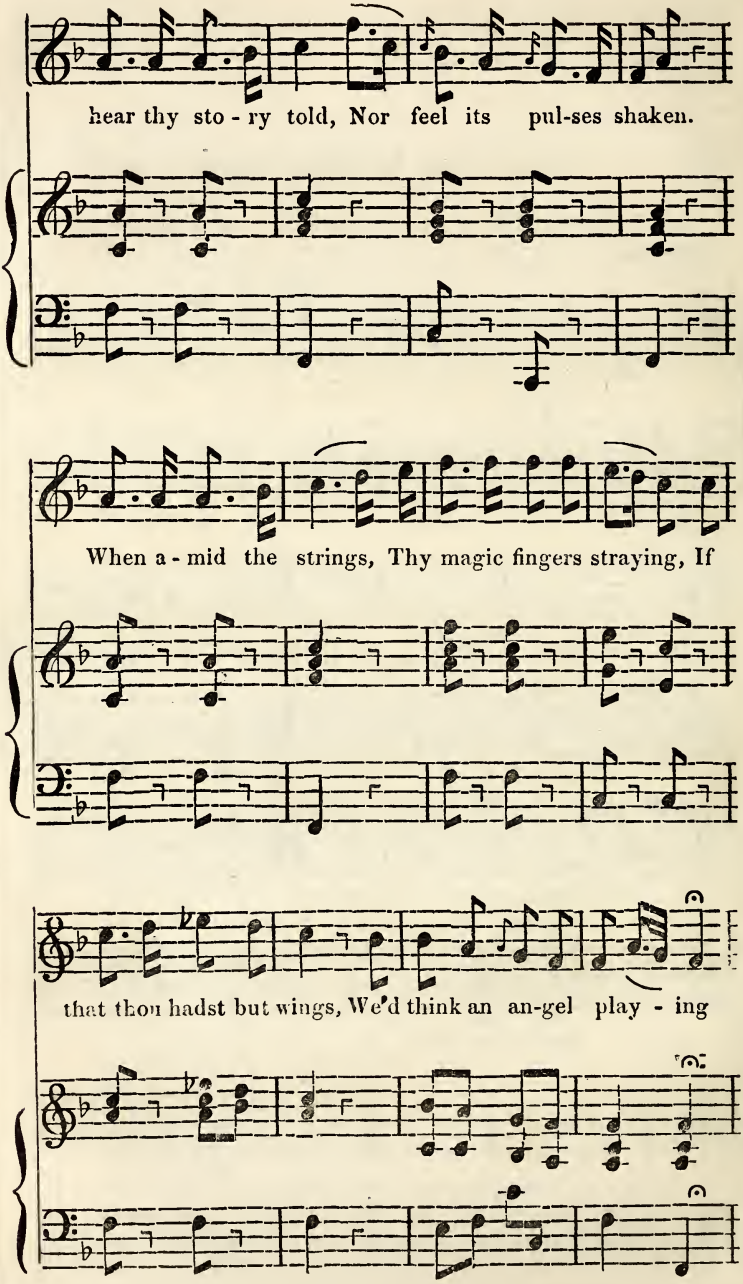
For the frowns of fortune lour, bonny lassie, O!
On thy lover at this hour, bonny lassie, O!
Ere the golden orb of day wake the warblers on the spray,
From this land I must away, bonny lassie, O!
And when on a distant shore, bonny lassie, O!
Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonny lassie, O!
Wilt thou, Julia, when you hear of thy lover on his bier,
To his mem'ry drop a tear, bonny lassie, O!

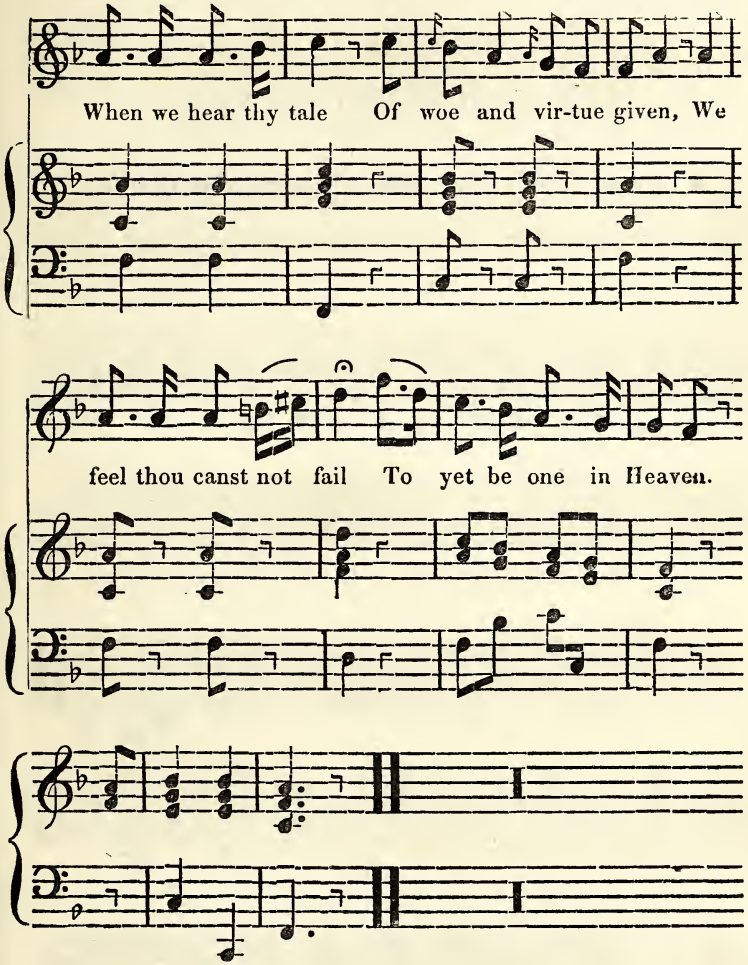
Where's the Heart so cold.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.

Larghetto.




hear thy sto - ry told, Nor feel its pul-ses shaken.
When a - mid the strings, Thy magic fingers straying, If
that thou hadst but wings, We'd think an an-gel play - ing



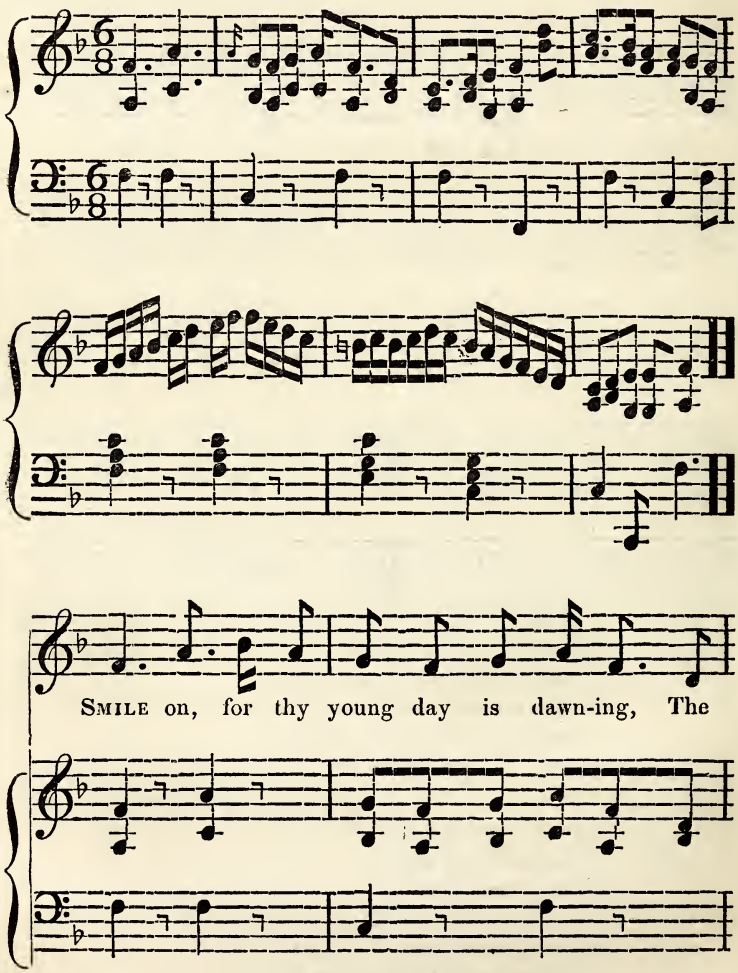
Then let sighs less deep,
O'er thy lip come stealing;
Be the tear you weep,
Fraught with balmier healing.
Mem'ry vainly tries
To speak to thee of error;
Hope beyond the skies,
Hushes every terror.
All thy many woes
To thee were only given,
To prove, how purely glows
The flame that mounts to Heaven.

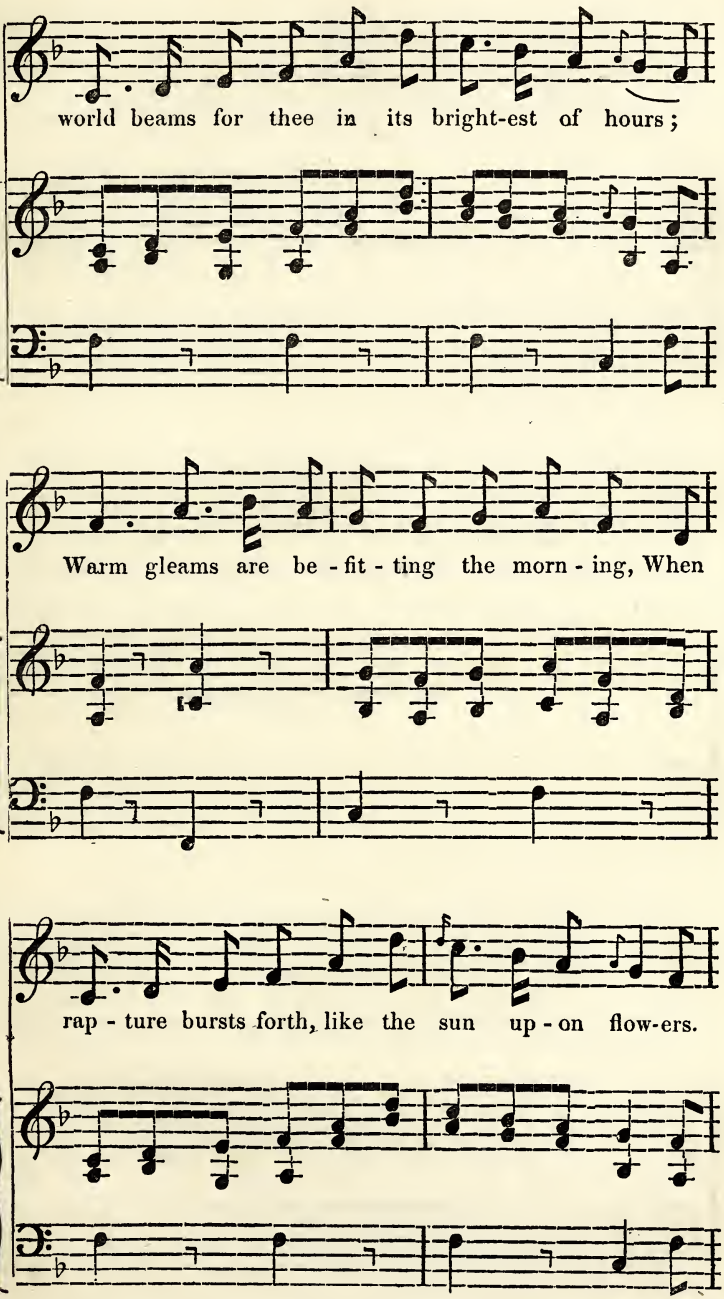
THE IRISH MELODIES.—No. 9.

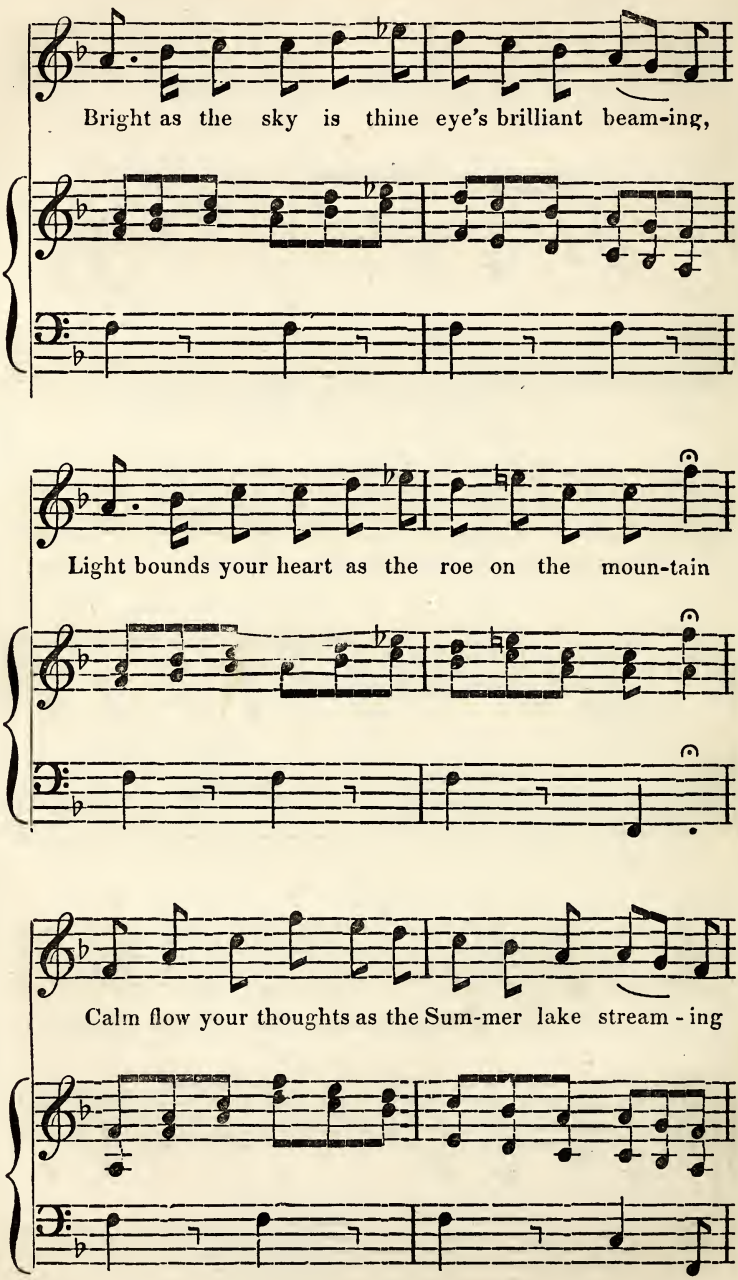
Smile on, for thy young Day is dawning.

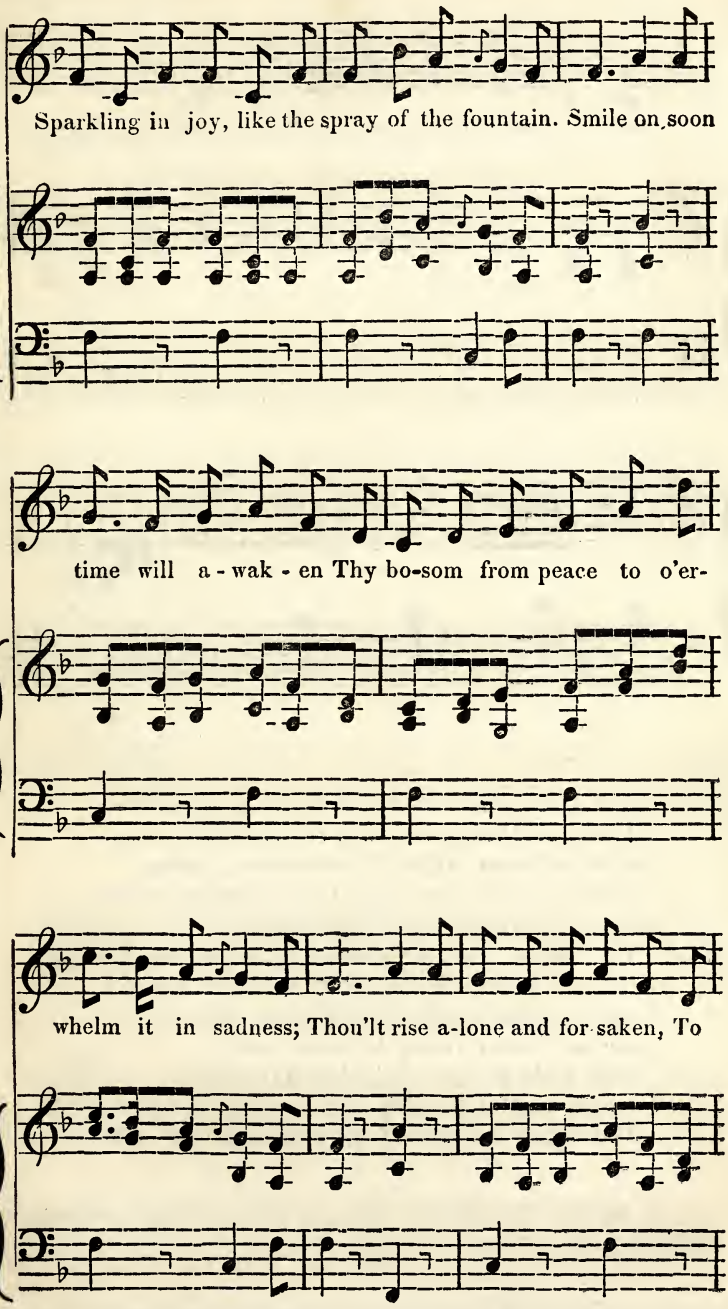
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

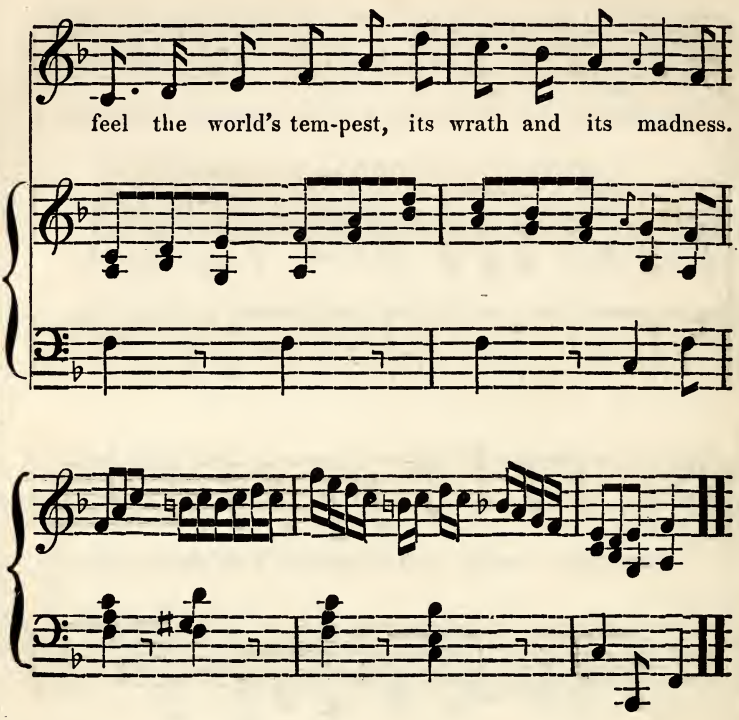
Allegretto. [Air—*Sing, sing.*




world beams for thee in its bright-est of hours;
Warm gleams are be - fit - ting the morn - ing, When
rap - ture bursts forth, like the sun up - on flow-ers.


Bright as the sky is thine eye's brilliant beam-ing,
Light bounds your heart as the roe on the moun-tain
Calm flow your thoughts as the Sum-mer lake stream - ing


Sparkling in joy, like the spray of the fountain. Smile on, soon
time will a - wak - en Thy bo-som from peace to o'er-
whelm it in sadness; Thou'lt rise a-lone and for-saken, To



Young dreams, like the bright lotos* growing,
Arise from the stream, when the sun kisses ocean,
Bud in his beams, whilst the waters are glowing,
All warm with his smiles in their tremulous motion.
As the cold eve draws in darkness around it,
The flow'rs of the earth from the sunbeam must sever,
The lotos awakes from the bright spell that bound it,
And vanishes 'neath the dark waters for ever.
Smile on, for thy young day is dawning,
Bask while you may in joy's roseate light;
Too soon you'll relinquish your morning,
And sink in the cares of the world's gloomy night.

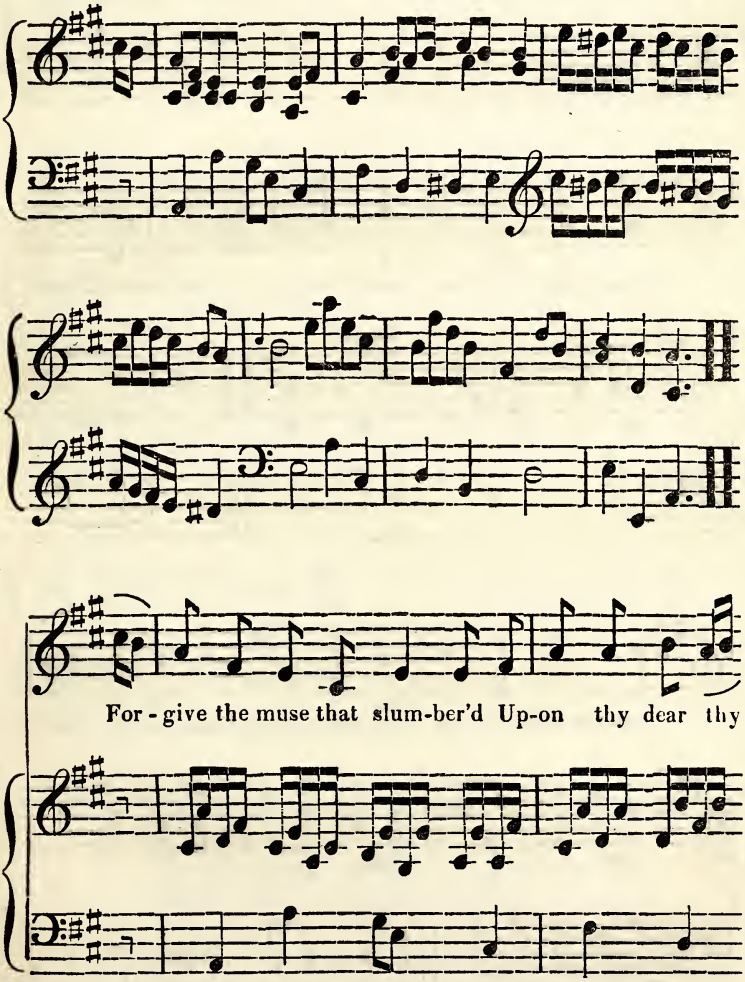
* An Egyptian flower, that rises above the stream at sunrise, and sinks at sunset.

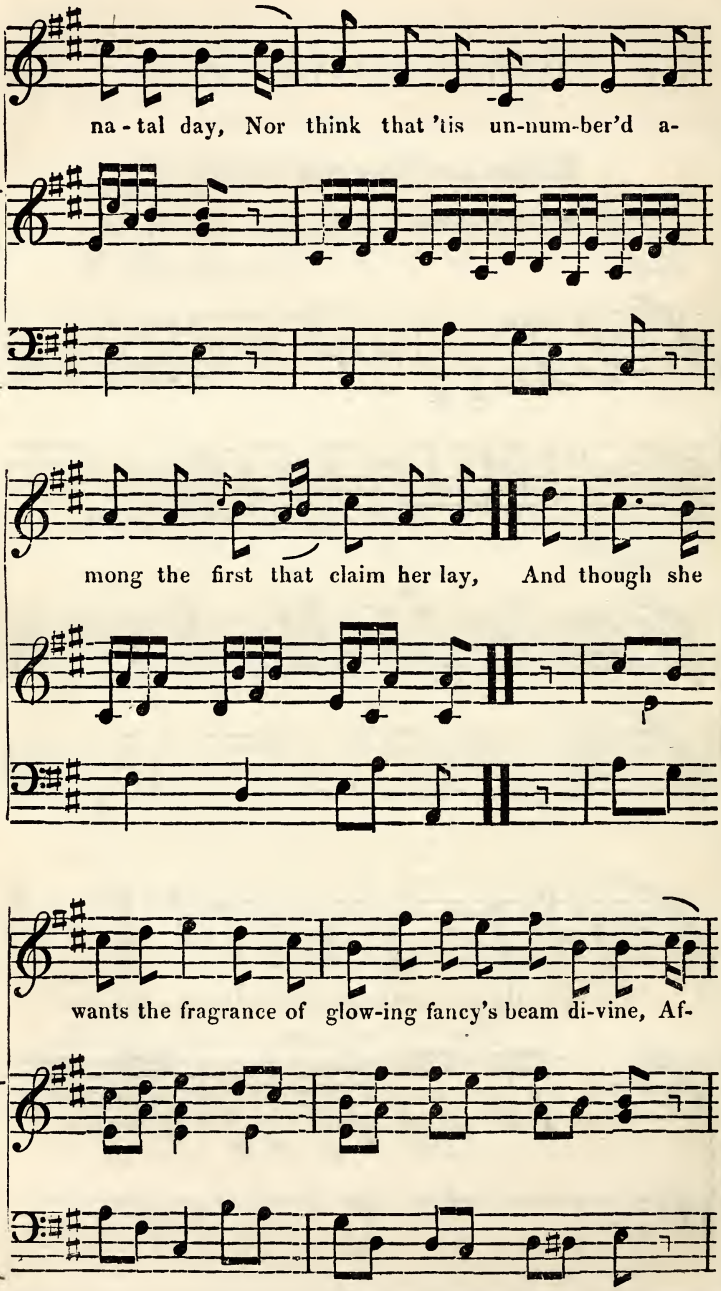
THE IRISH MELODIES.—No 10.

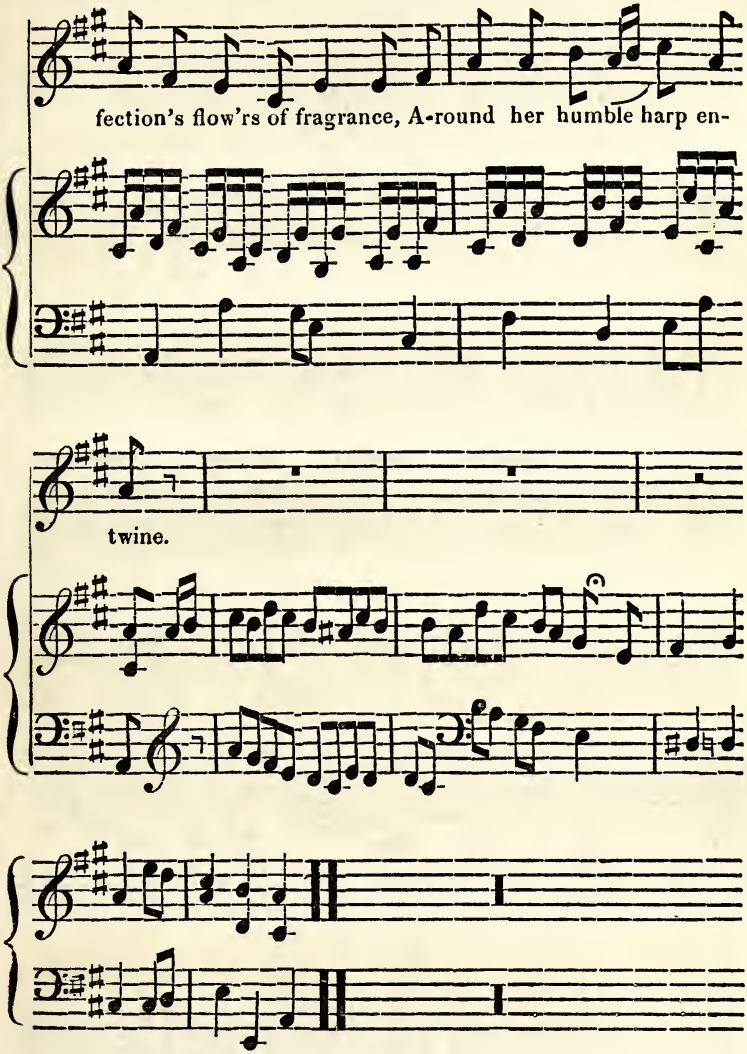
Forgive the Muse that slumber'd.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.

Allegretto. [AIR—*I'd mourn the hopes &c.*




na - tal day, Nor think that 'tis un-num-ber'd a-
mong the first that claim her lay, And though she
wants the fragrance of glow-ing fancy's beam di-vine, Af-

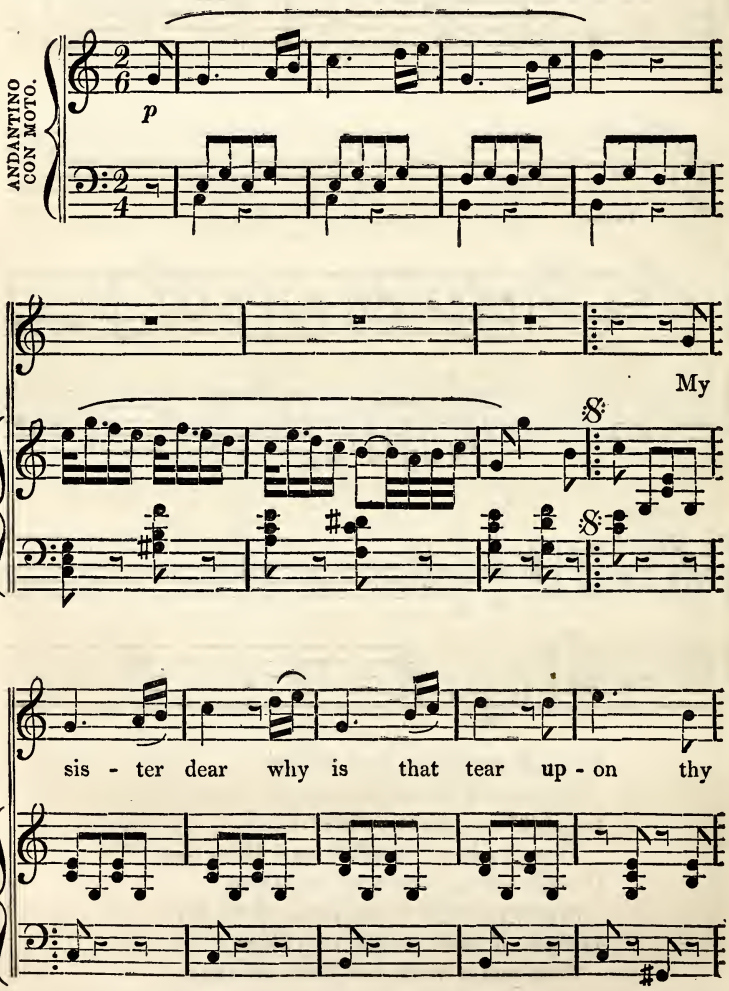


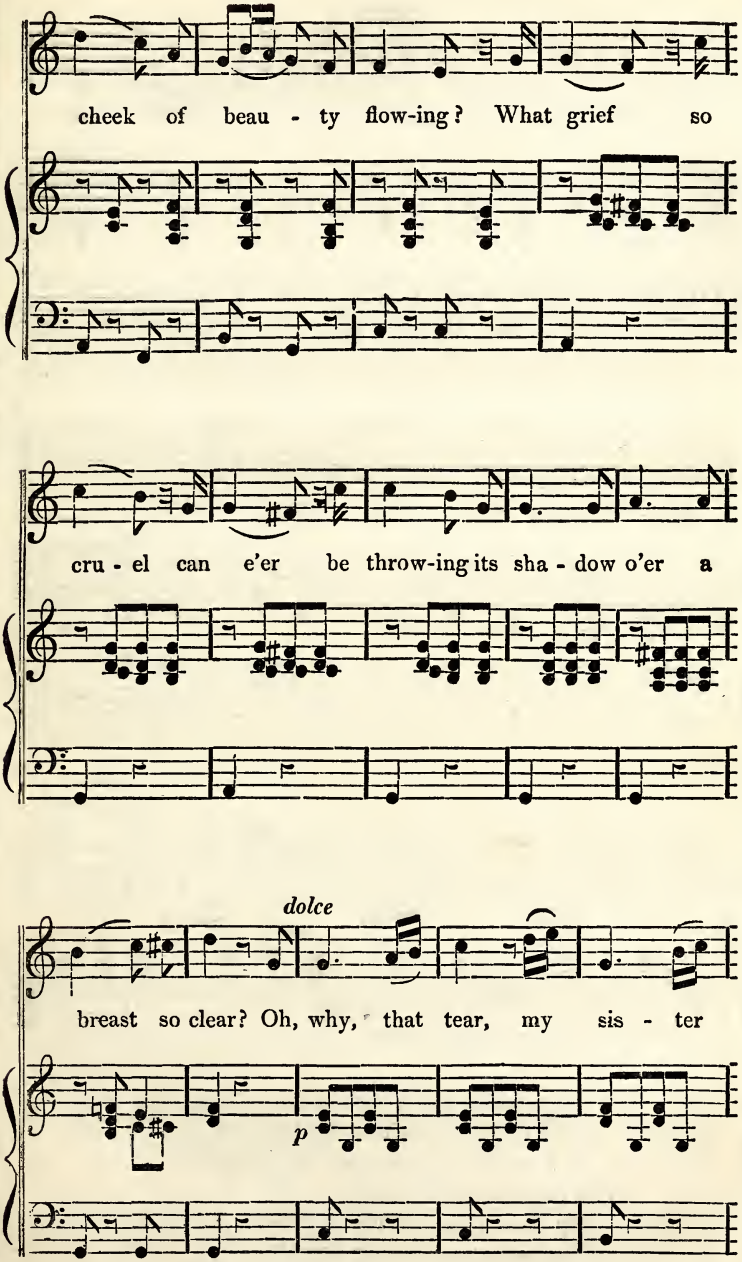
Those flowers have been shaded
By cypress boughs from sunny skies,
Yet still they bloom unfaded,
Though adverse winds around them rise.
Though sorrow's tears oft dew them,
Bright joy shall shake them off to-day,
As thou, if thou couldst view them
With smiles would kiss them all away.

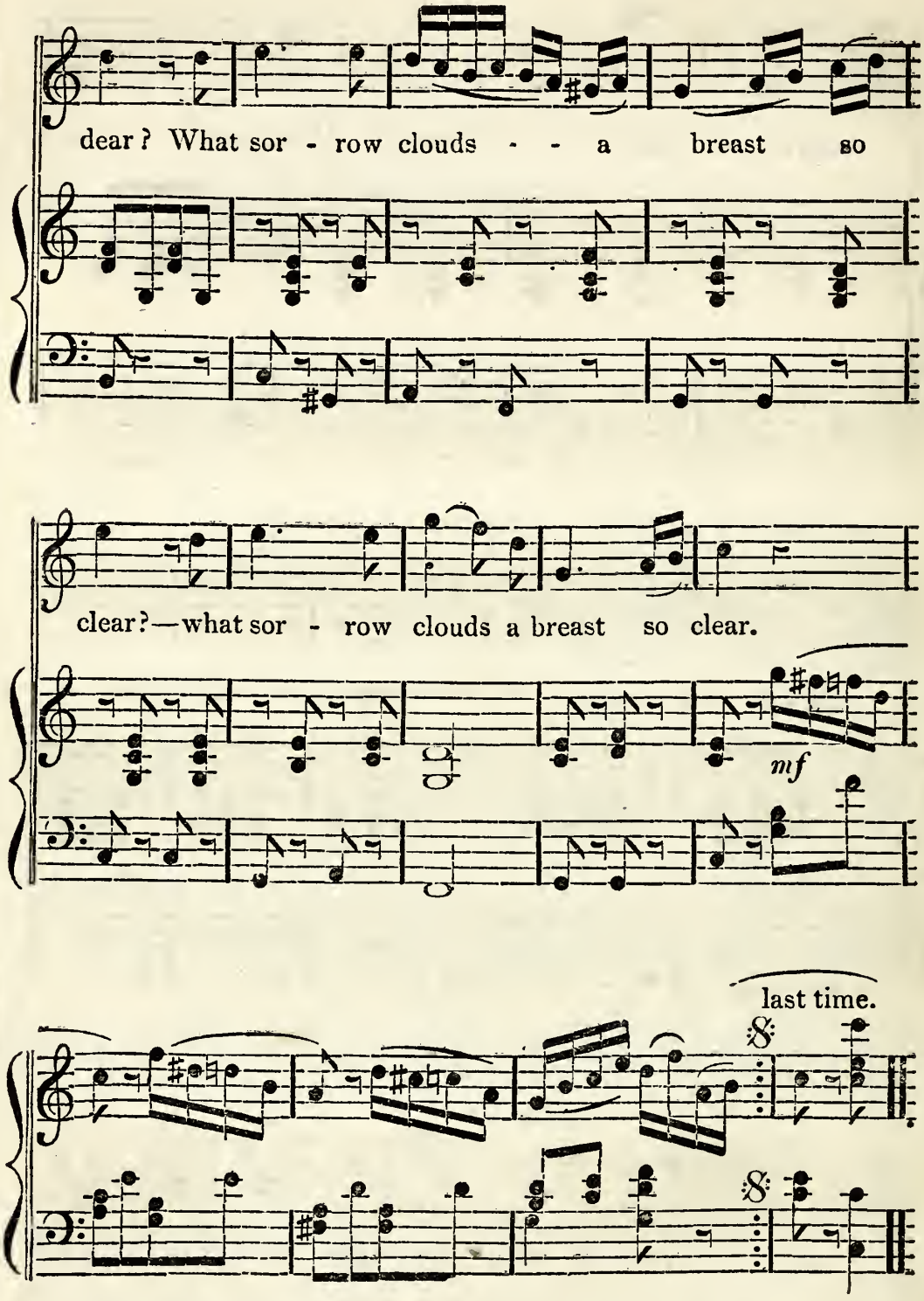
My Sister Dear.

FROM MASSANIELLO.

SUNG BY MESSRS. BRAHAM, FRAZER, &c.




cheek of beau - ty flow-ing? What grief so
cru - el can e'er be throw-ing its sha - dow o'er a
dolce
breast so clear? Oh, why, that tear, my sis - ter
p

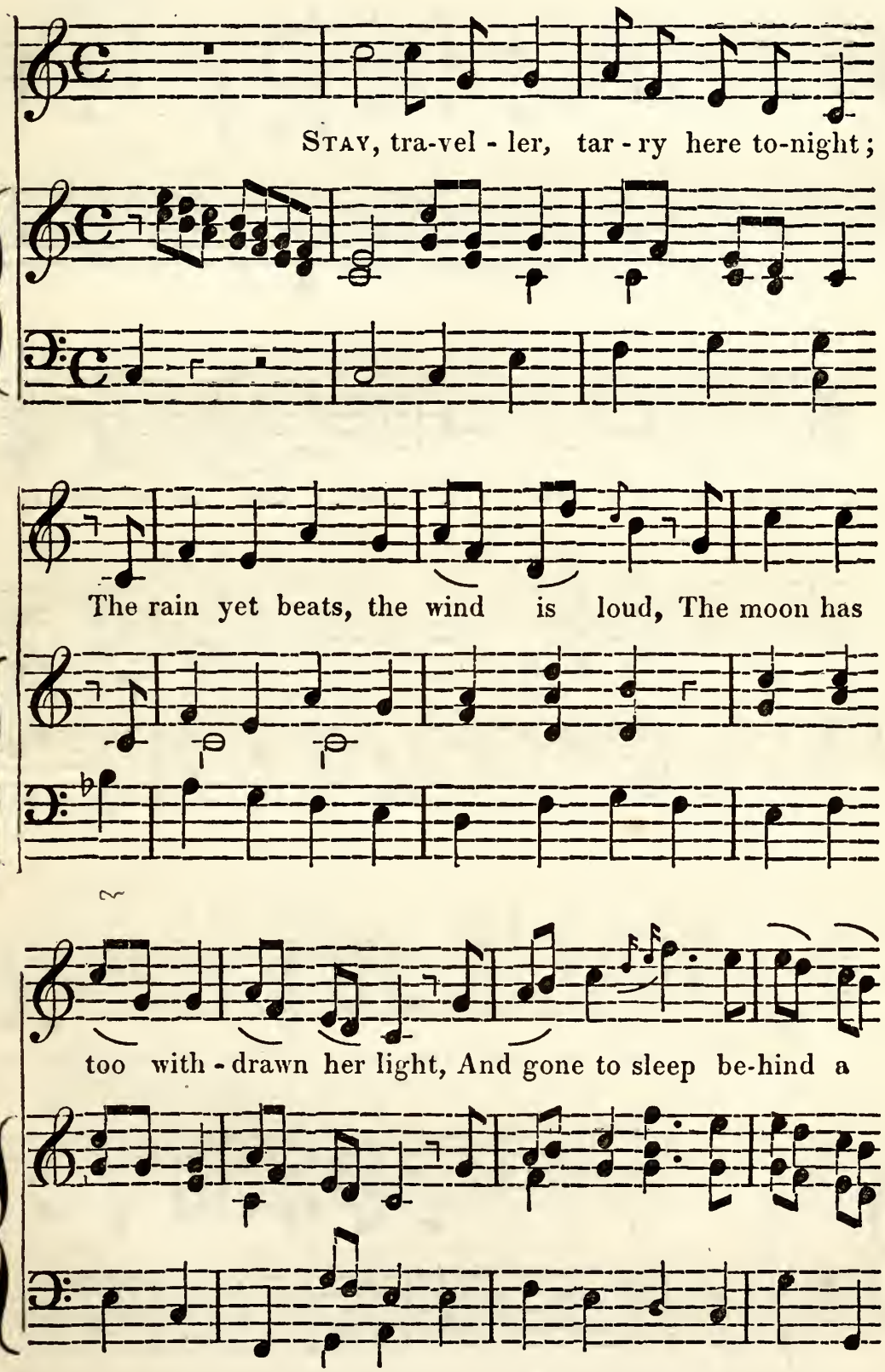


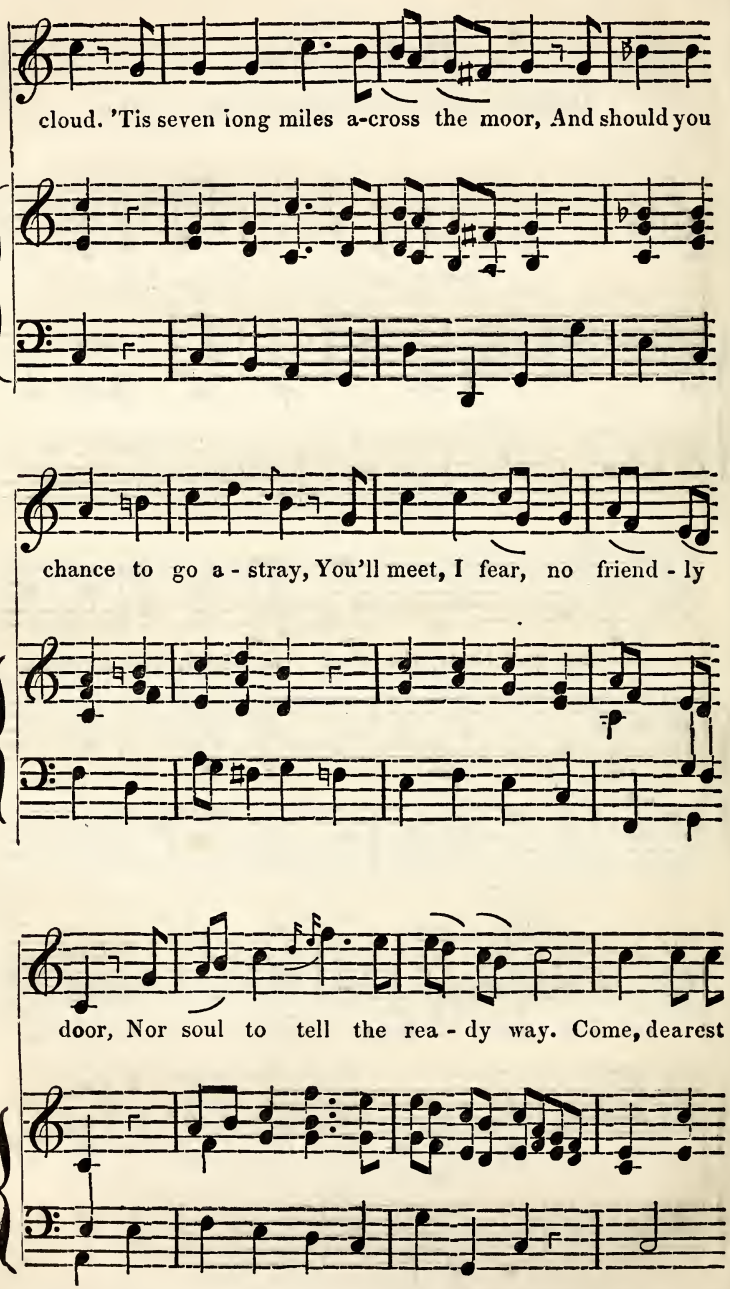
My sister dear, thy lovely smile
Grief dispels where'er it lightens;
And surely that which all else brightens
Has power to itself beguile.
My sister dear, thy lovely smile
The deepest sorrow can beguile.

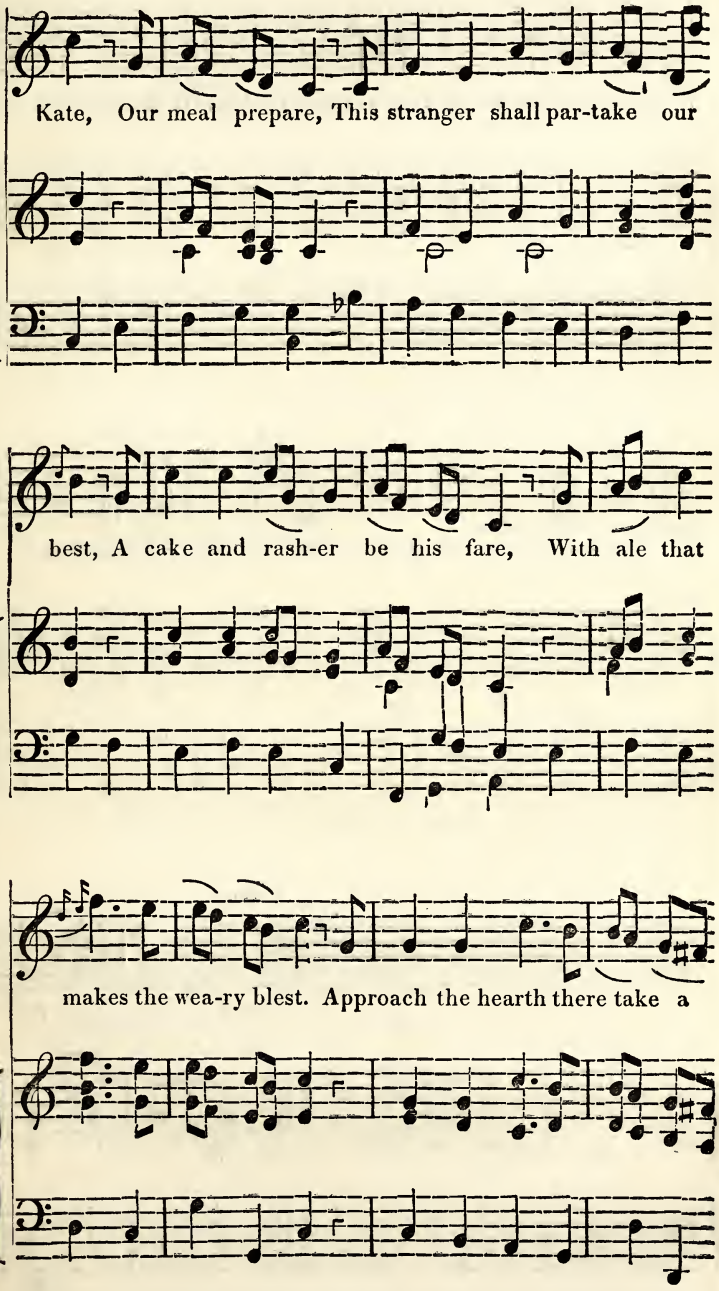
The Woodman.

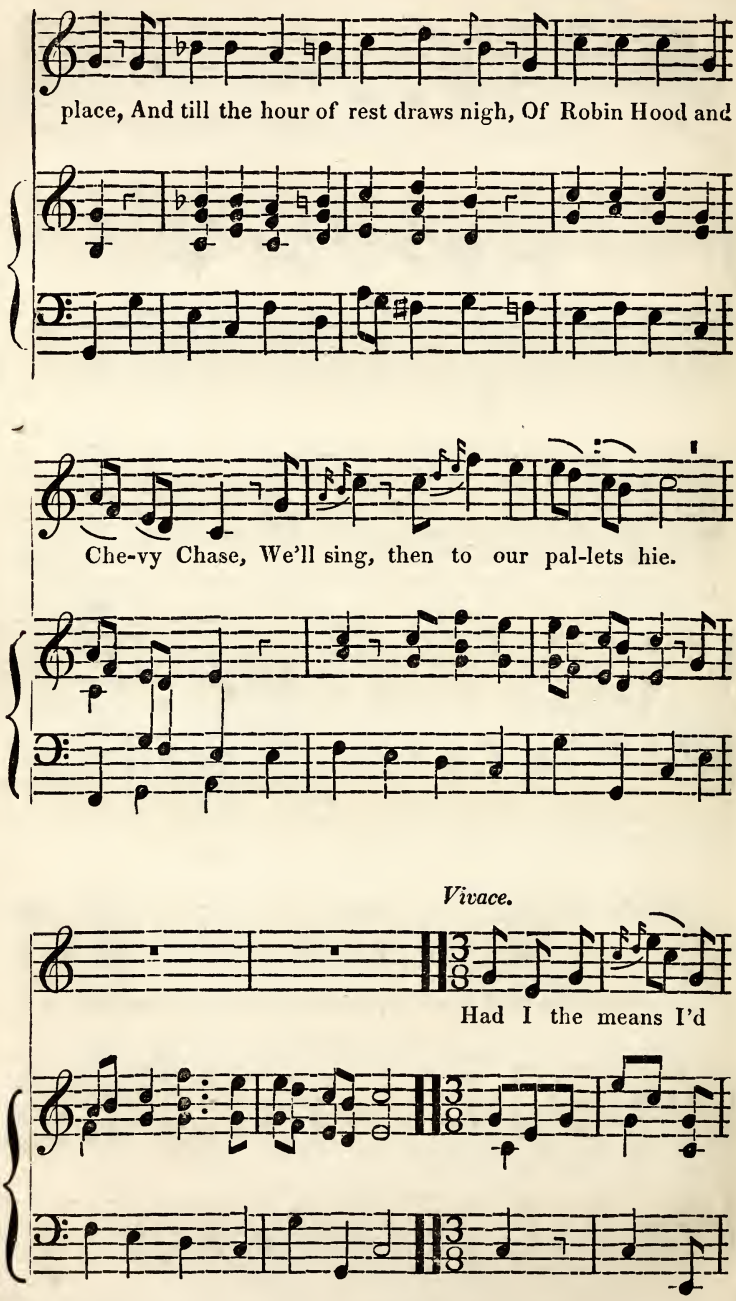
A FAVORITE SONG, COMPOSED BY MR. LINLEY.

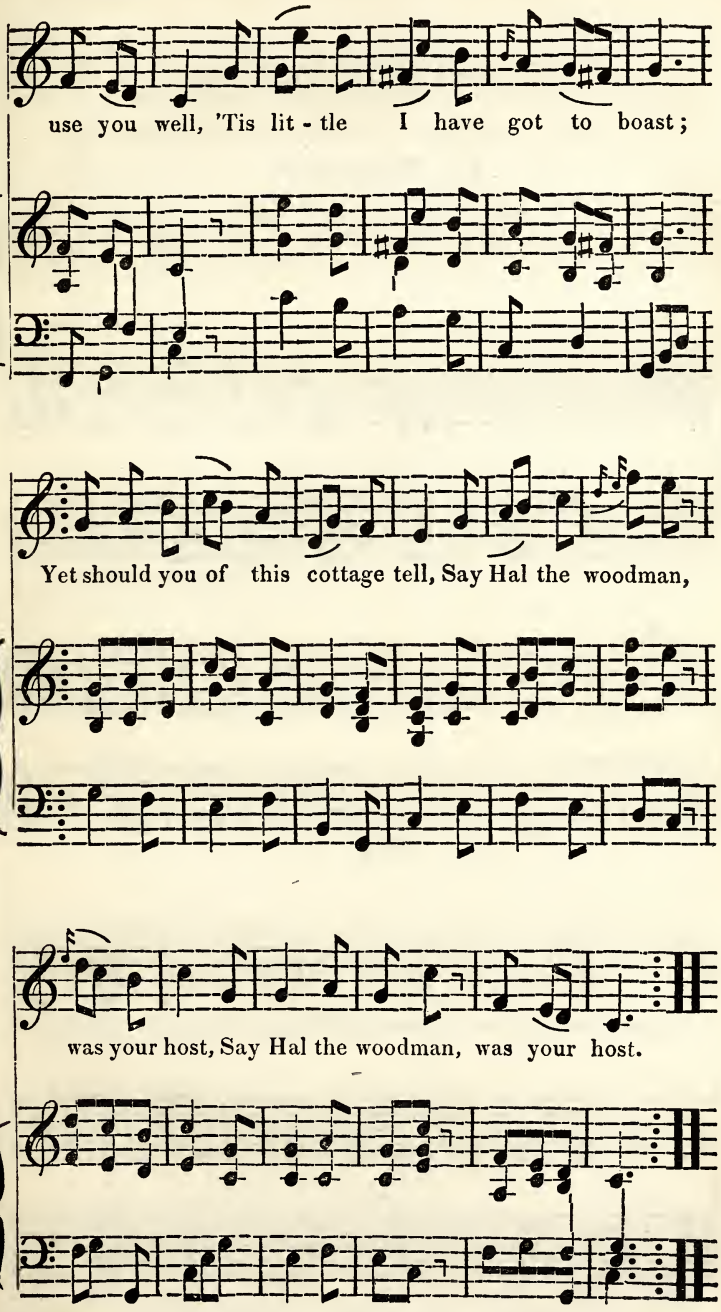
Moderato.




cloud. 'Tis seven long miles a-cross the moor, And should you
chance to go a - stray, You'll meet, I fear, no friend - ly
door, Nor soul to tell the rea - dy way. Come, dearest


Kate, Our meal prepare, This stranger shall par-take our
best, A cake and rash-er be his fare, With ale that
makes the wea-ry blest. Approach the hearth there take a


place, And till the hour of rest draws nigh, Of Robin Hood and
Che-vy Chase, We'll sing, then to our pal-lets hie.
Vivace.
Had I the means I'd

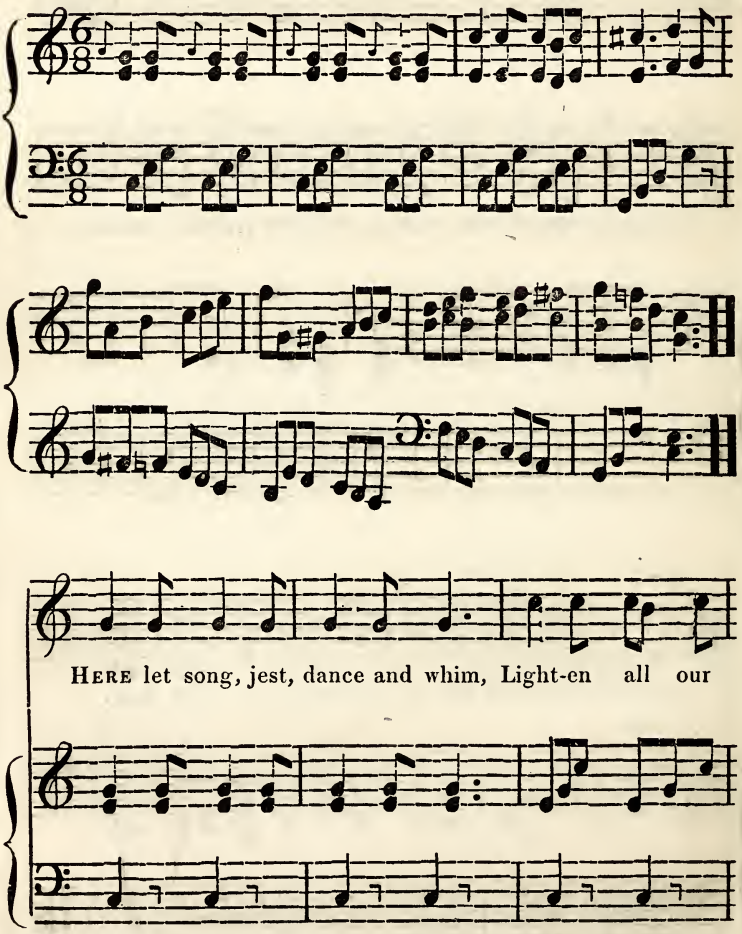

use you well, 'Tis lit - tle I have got to boast;
Yet should you of this cottage tell, Say Hal the woodman,
was your host, Say Hal the woodman, was your host.

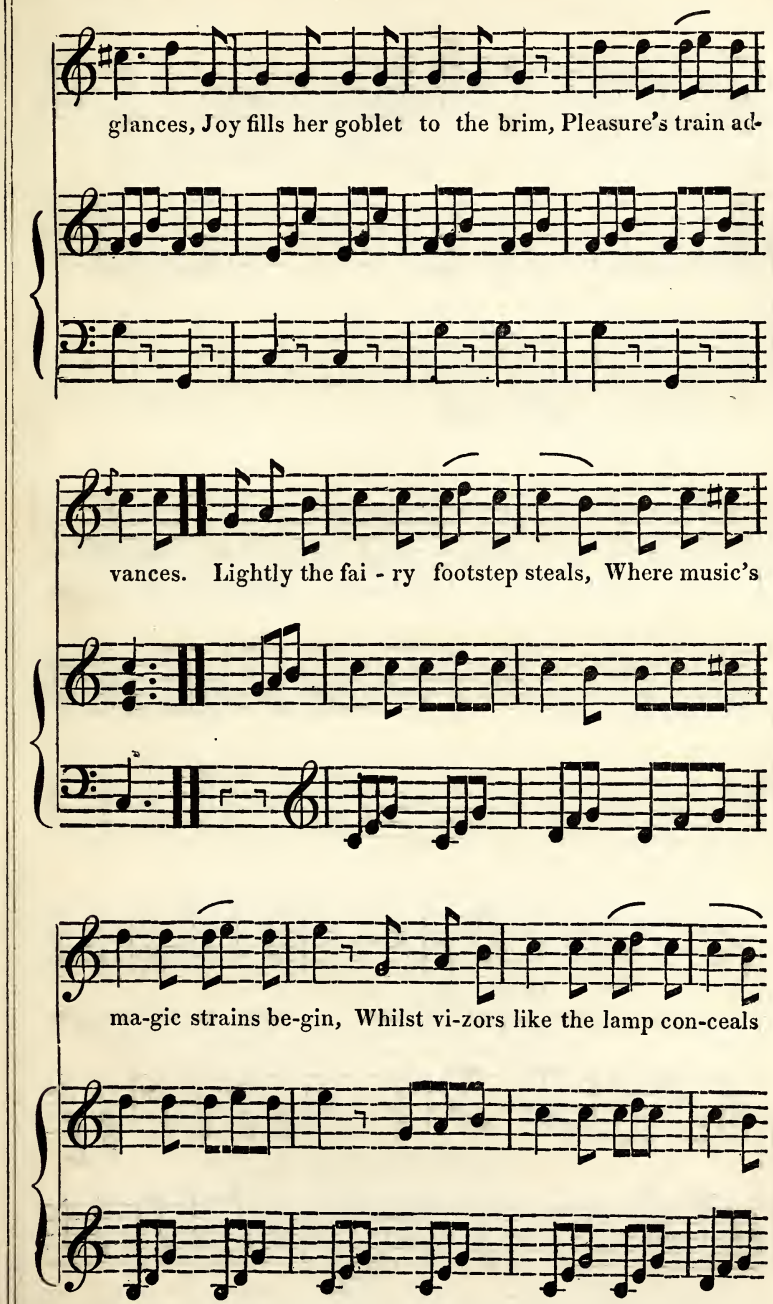
THE IRISH MELODIES.—No. 11.

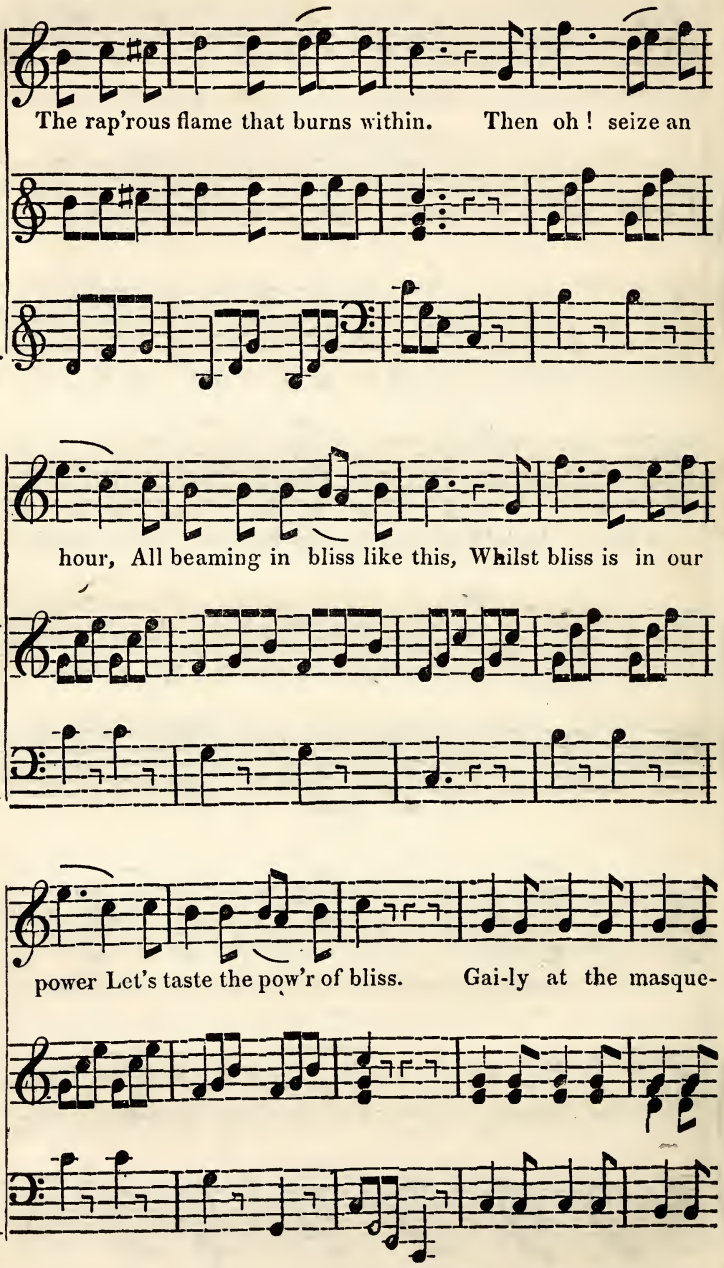
The Masquerade.

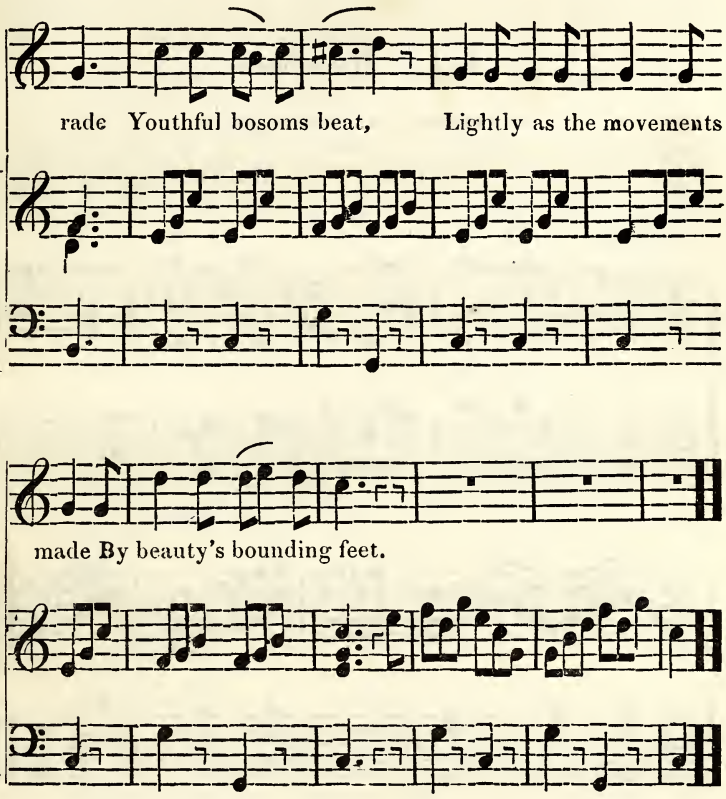
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY W. LEMAN REDE.

Lively. AIR—*C'est l'Amour.*




glances, Joy fills her goblet to the brim, Pleasure's train ad-
vances. Lightly the fai - ry footstep steals, Where music's
ma-gic strains be-gin, Whilst vi-zors like the lamp con-ceals


The rap'rous flame that burns within. Then oh! seize an
hour, All beaming in bliss like this, Whilst bliss is in our
power Let's taste the pow'r of bliss. Gai-ly at the masque-



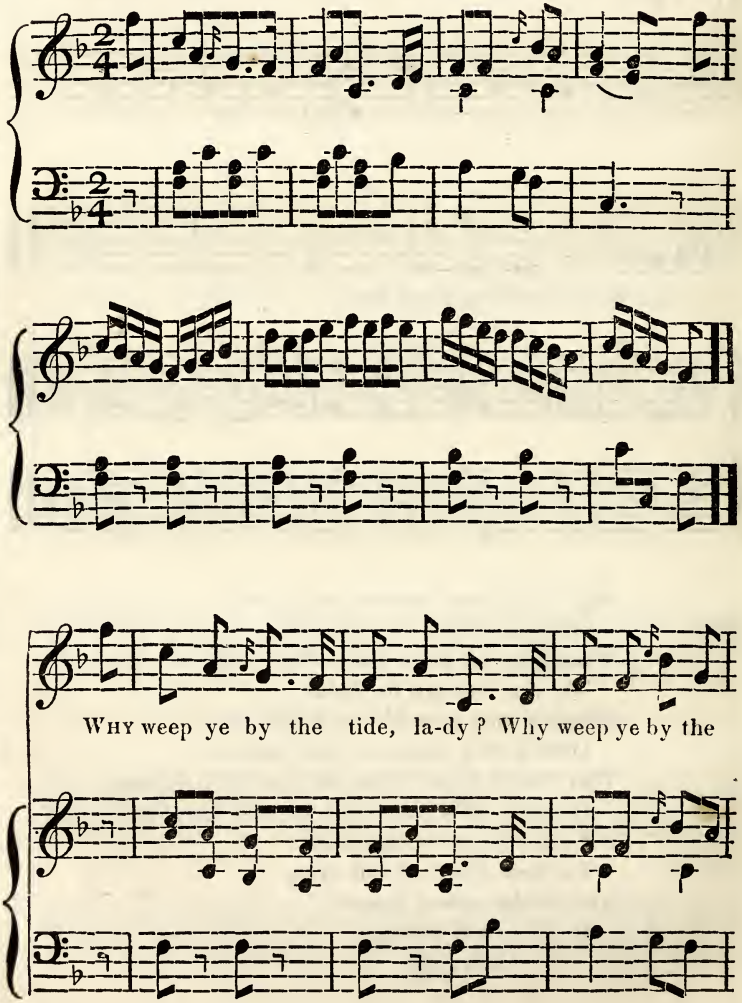
Why should age reprove our mirth,
Or cynics chide our gladness,
When pleasure's sun has set on earth,
'Tis time enough for sadness.
Scholars may pore o'er midnight lamp,
Darkly they gleam to those above,
Why should their frowns our pleasure's damp;
Let them seek lore whilst we seek love,
For learning sheds no gleam
To those who read but eyes,
And Ovid's softest theme
Is not so soft as sighs,
Gaily, &c.

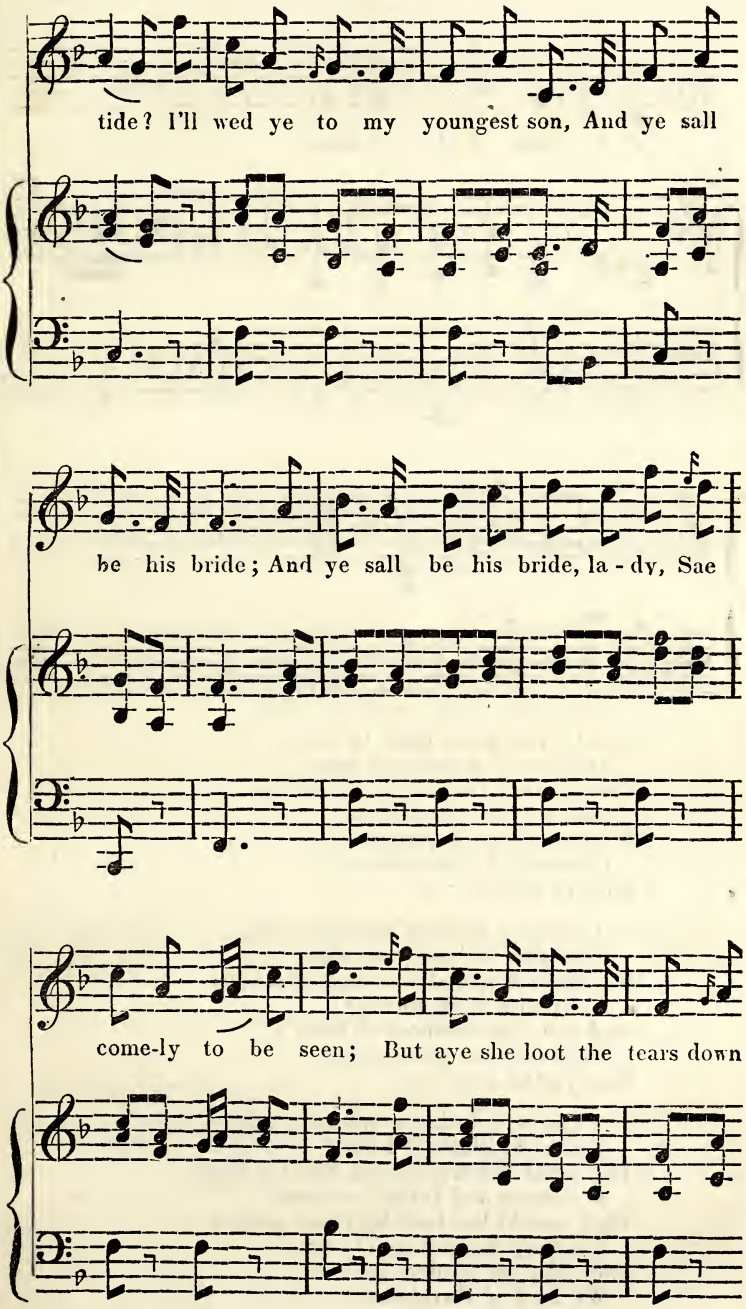
Jock o' Hazeldean.

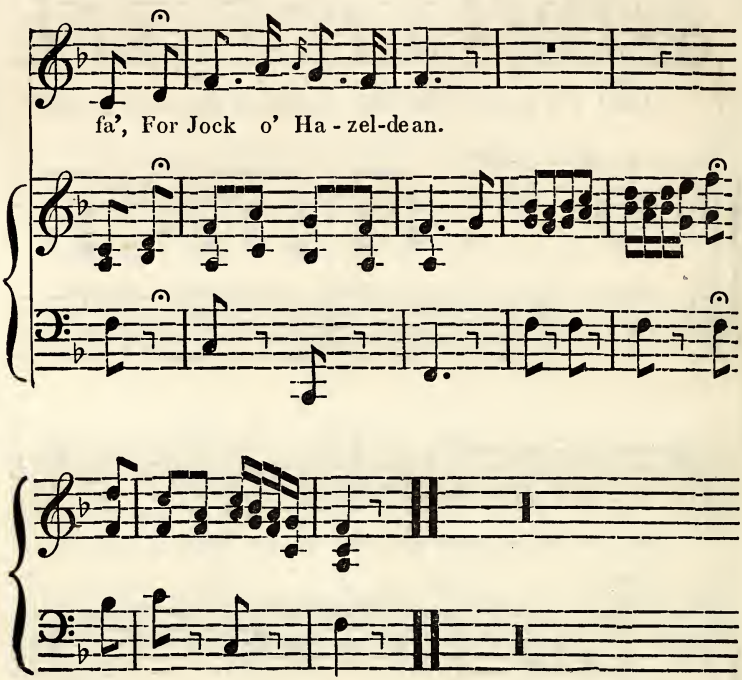
A CELEBRATED SCOTCH SONG

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Allegretto.




tide? I'll wed ye to my youngest son, And ye sall
be his bride; And ye sall be his bride, la-dy, Sae
come-ly to be seen; But aye she loot the tears down



Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale,
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley dale.
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen;
But aye she loot, &c.

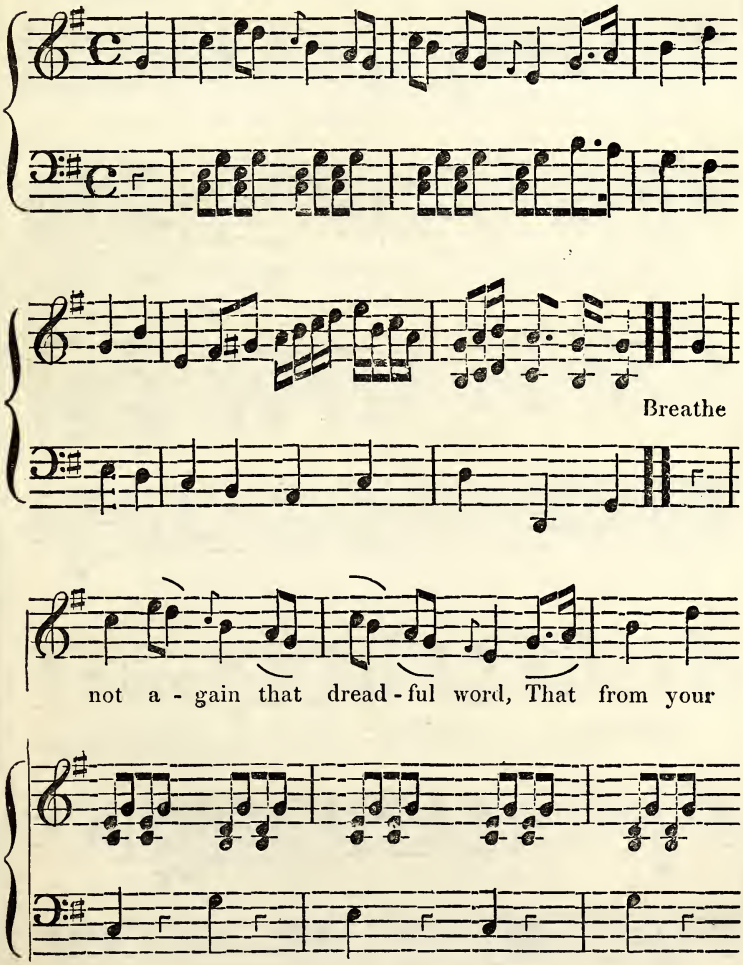
"O' chain o' gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettied hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfry fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost of them a',
Shall ride our forest queen."
But aye she loot, &c.

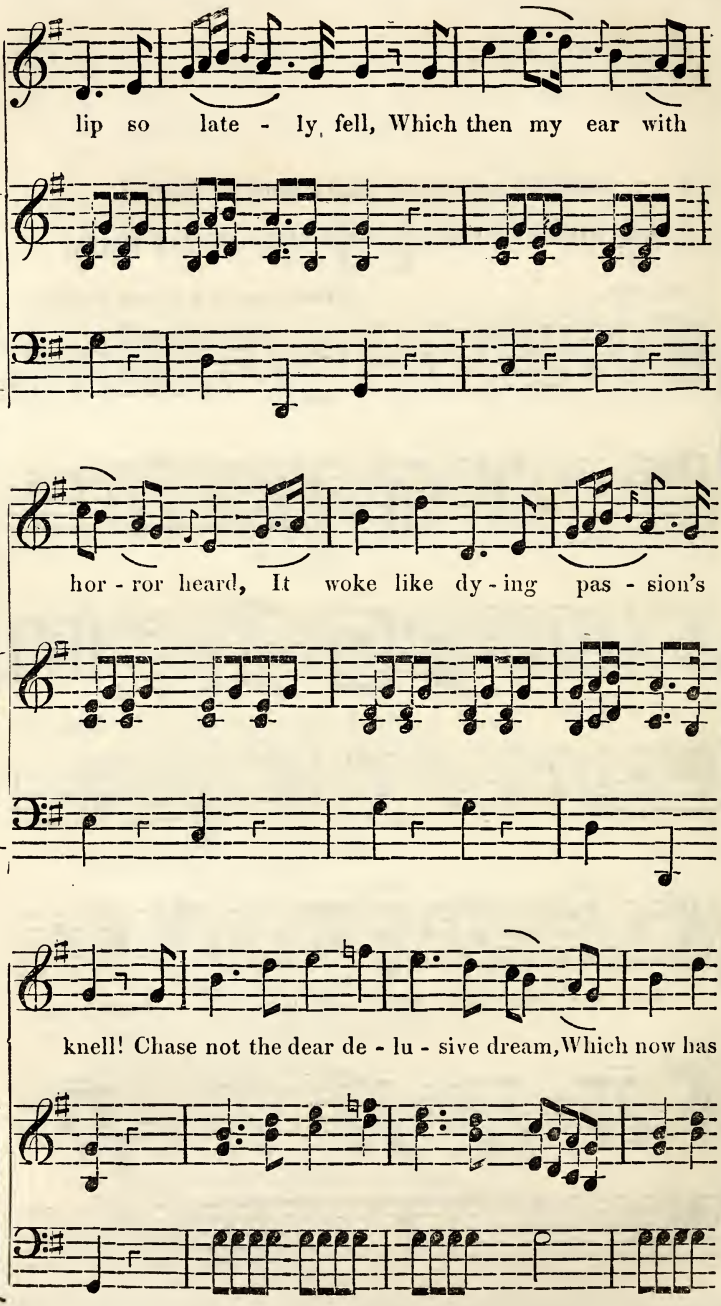
The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,
The taper glimmer'd fair,
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her both by bower and ha'
The lady was not seen:
She's o'er the border, and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

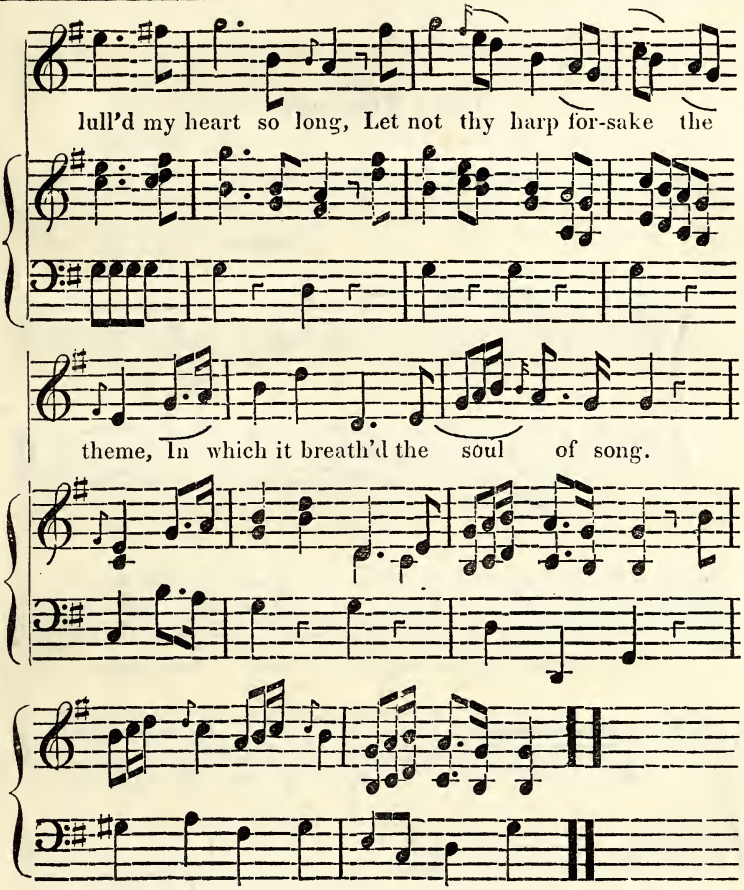
Breathe not again that dreadful Sound.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS MARY LEMAN REDE.

Affettuoso. [AIR—*Where'er I see those smiling eyes.*




lip so late - ly fell, Which then my ear with
hor - ror heard, It woke like dy - ing pas - sion's
knell! Chase not the dear de - lu - sive dream, Which now has



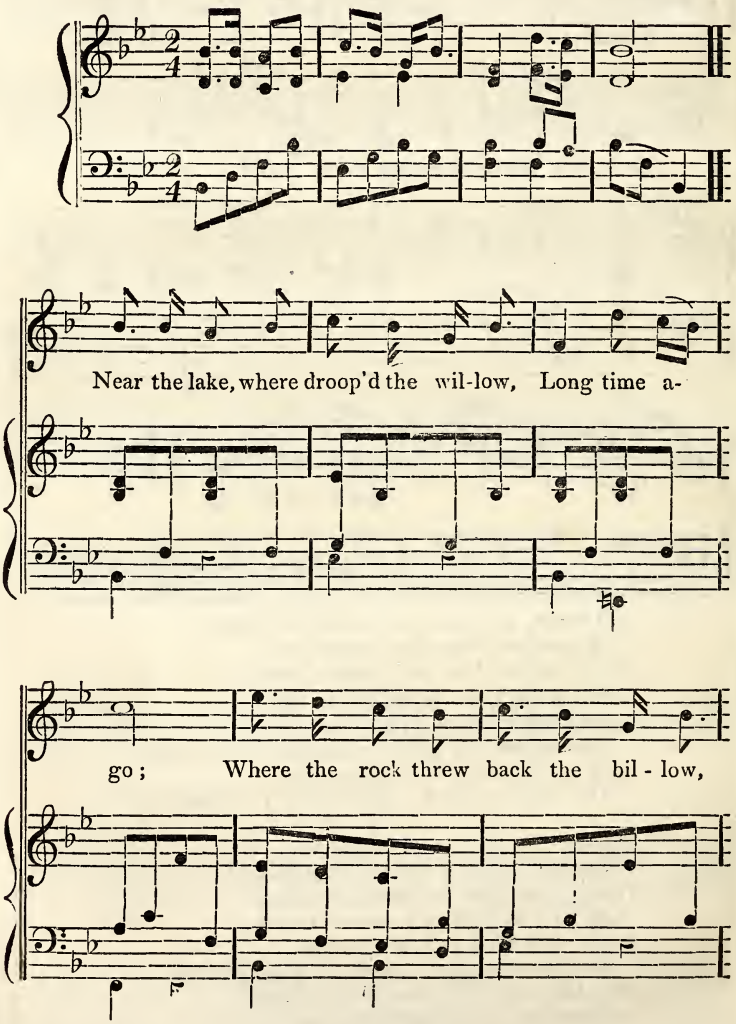
Still smile, my love, as when the dream
Of passion woke that sunny ray,
Which melted like the western beam,
When daylight fades in dew away;
Let my adoring eyes perceive
The smiles you gave, when love was young;
Still let thy playful fancy weave
The tale on which, entranc'd, I've hung.

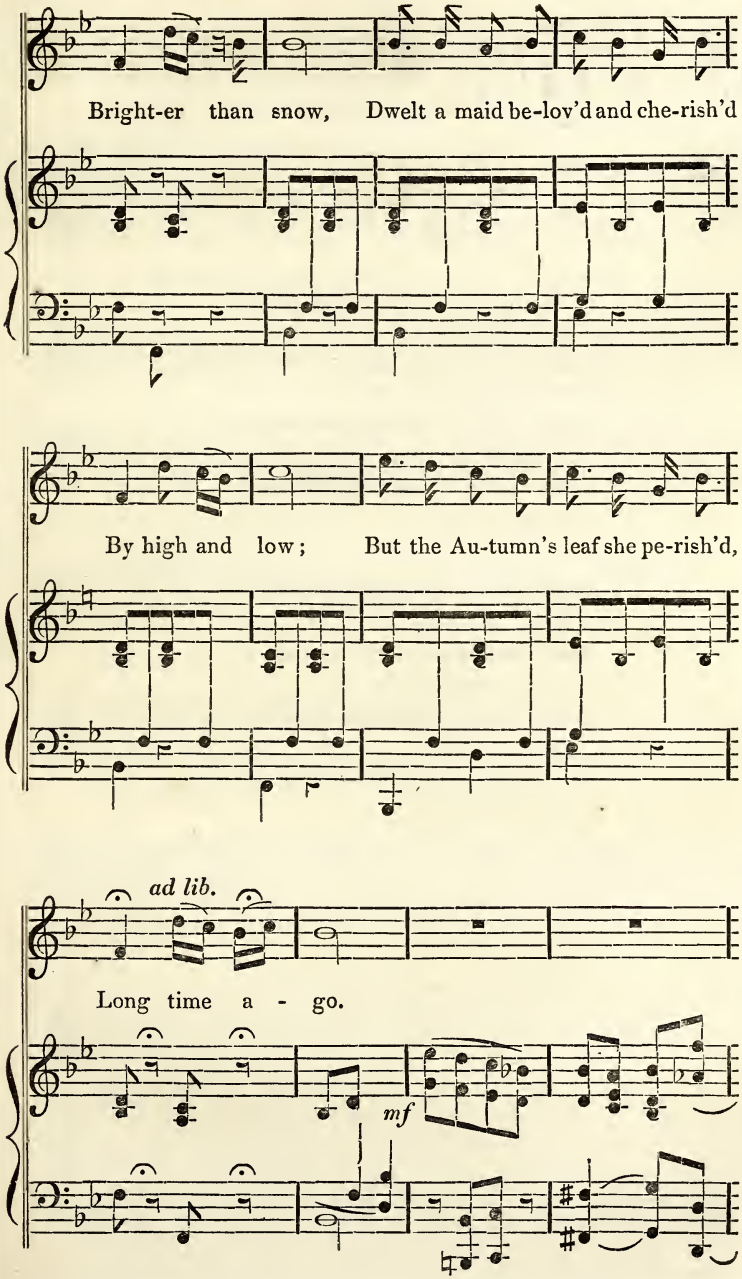
Tell me you love, and let me see
The truth in thy dissolving glance;
Turn, turn, that languid eye to me,
And let its light my soul entrance;
But if that bliss you now refuse,
And love no more can wake those charms,
Oh! take me then, and let me lose
Existence in thy faithless arms.

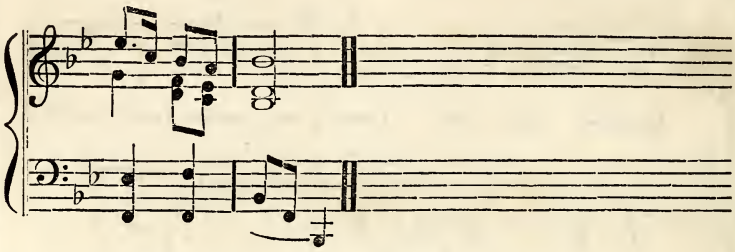
Long Time ago.

AS SUNG BY MADAME VESTRIS,

Composed by C. E. Horn.




Bright-er than snow, Dwelt a maid be-lov'd and che-rish'd
By high and low; But the Au-tumn's leaf she pe-rish'd,
ad lib.
Long time a - go.
mf



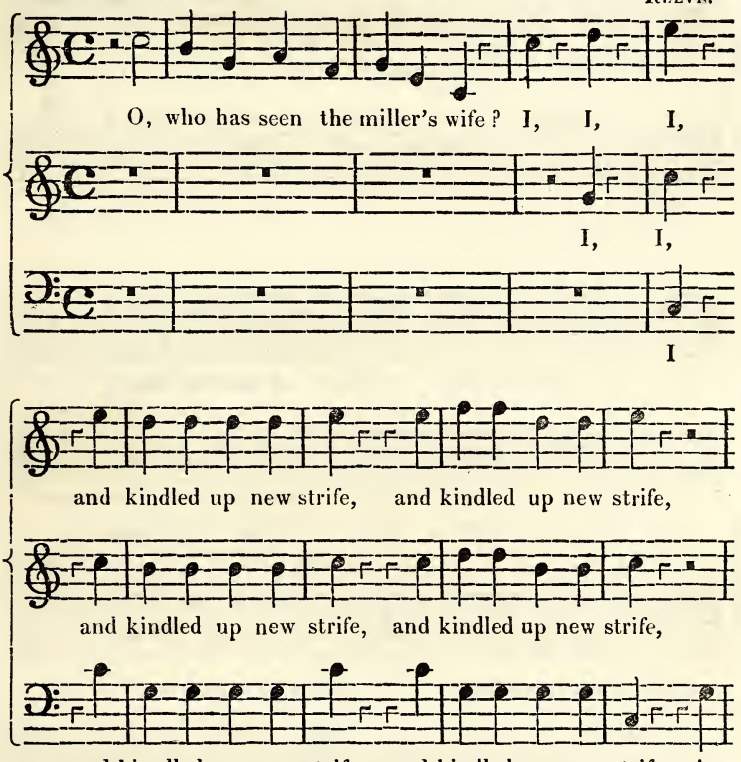
Rock, and tree, and flowing water—
Long time ago—
Bird, and bee, and blossom, taught her
Love's spell to know.
While to my fond words she listen'd,
Murmuring low,
Tenderly her blue eye glisten'd,
Long time ago.

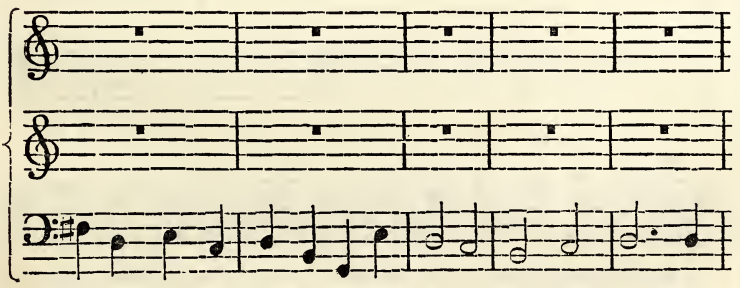
Mingled were our hearts for ever—
Long time ago—
Can I now forget her? Never!
No, lost one, no!
To her grave these tears are given,
Ever to flow:
She 's the star I miss'd from heaven,
Long time ago.

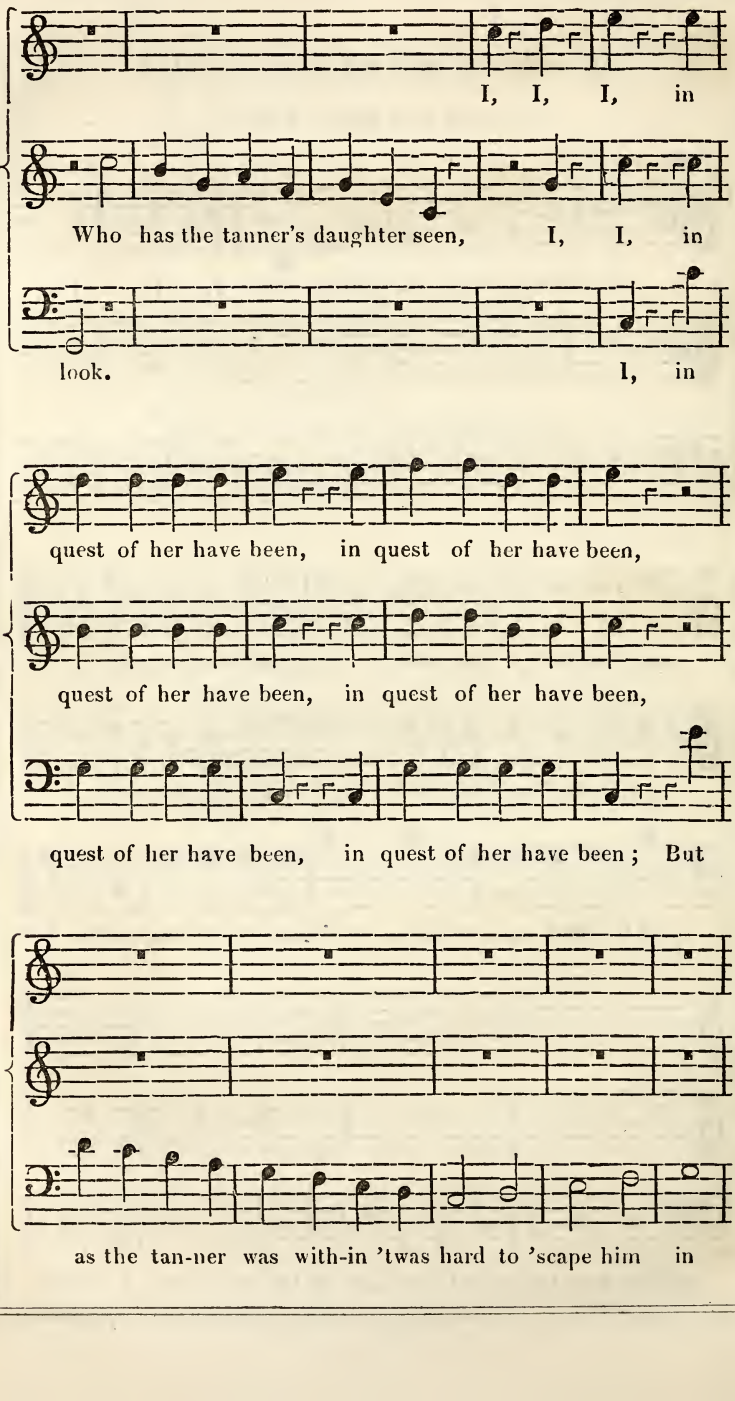
O! who has seen the Miller's Wife?

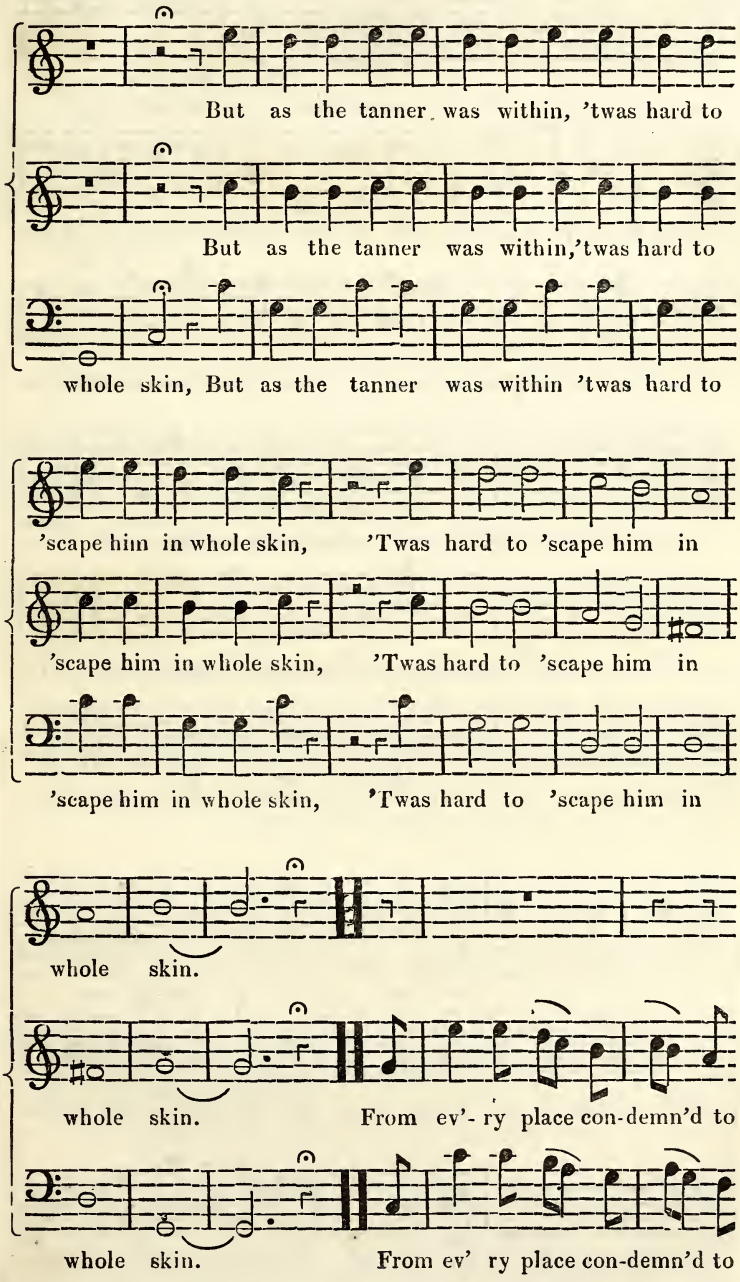
A GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

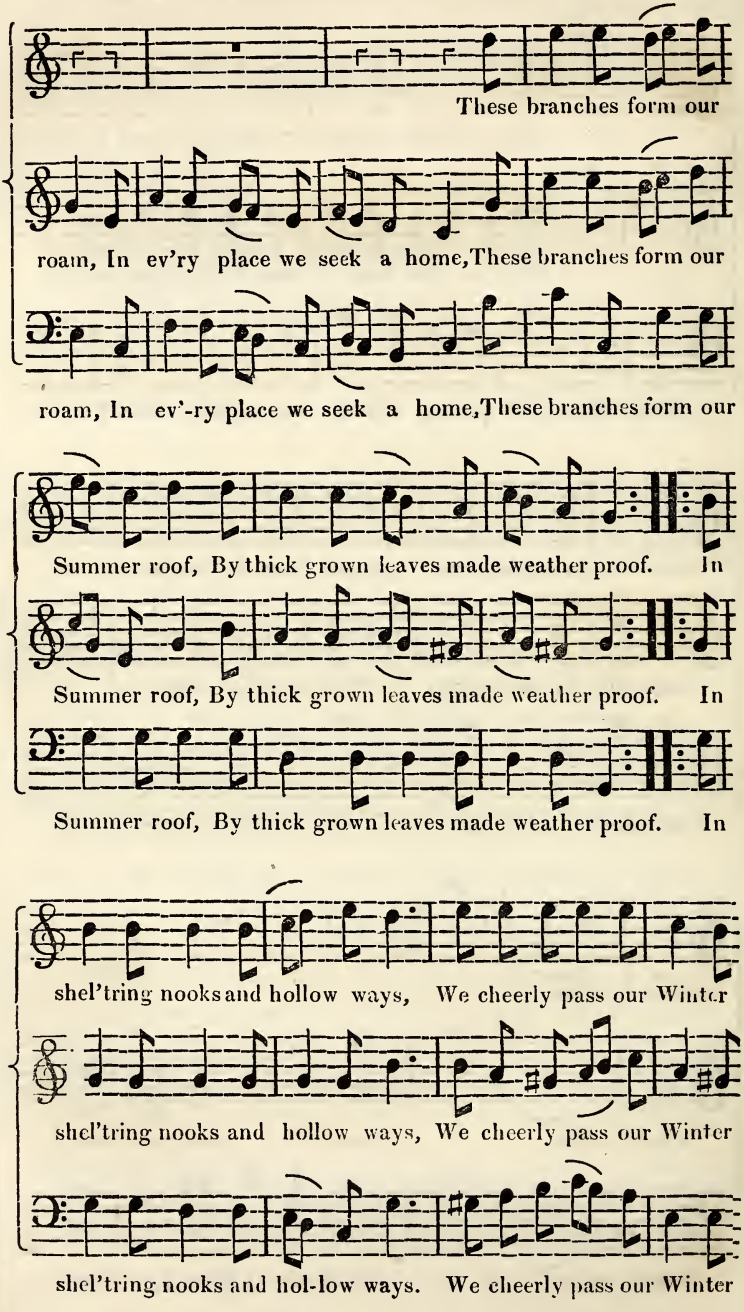
Moderato. REEVE.

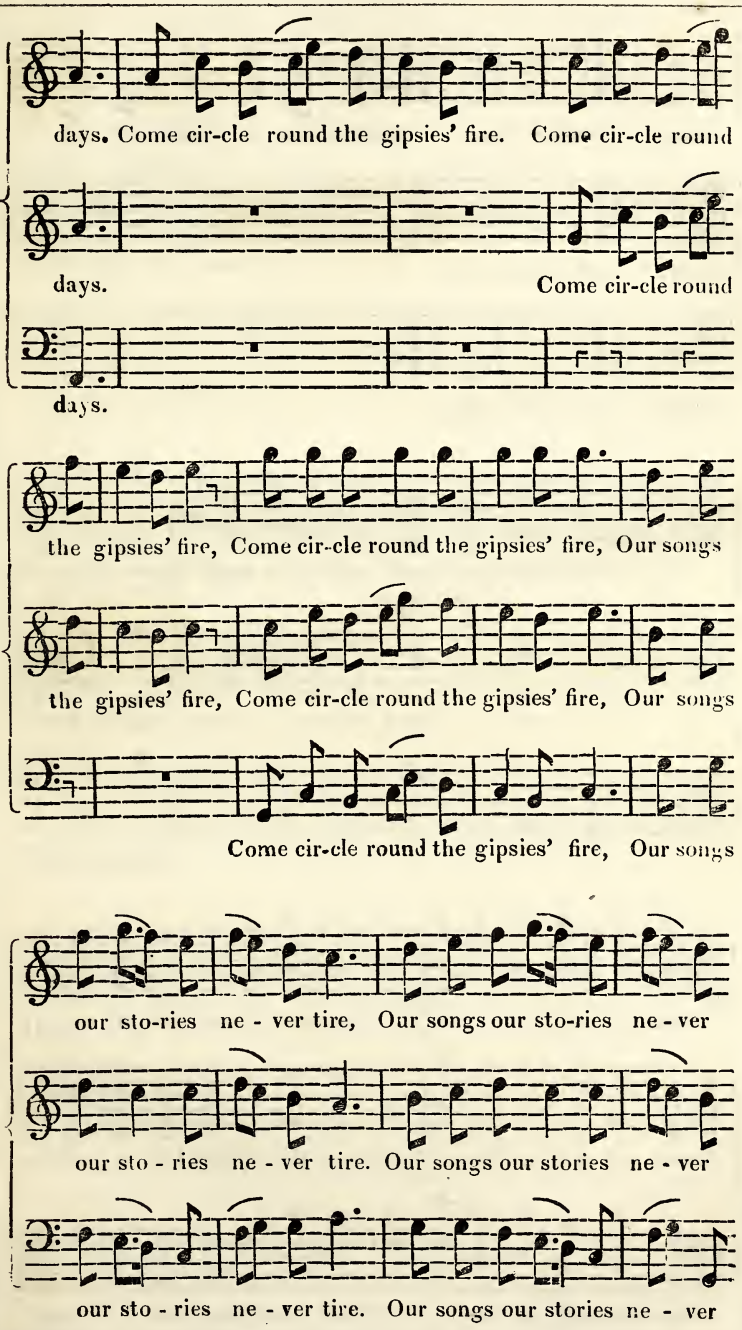


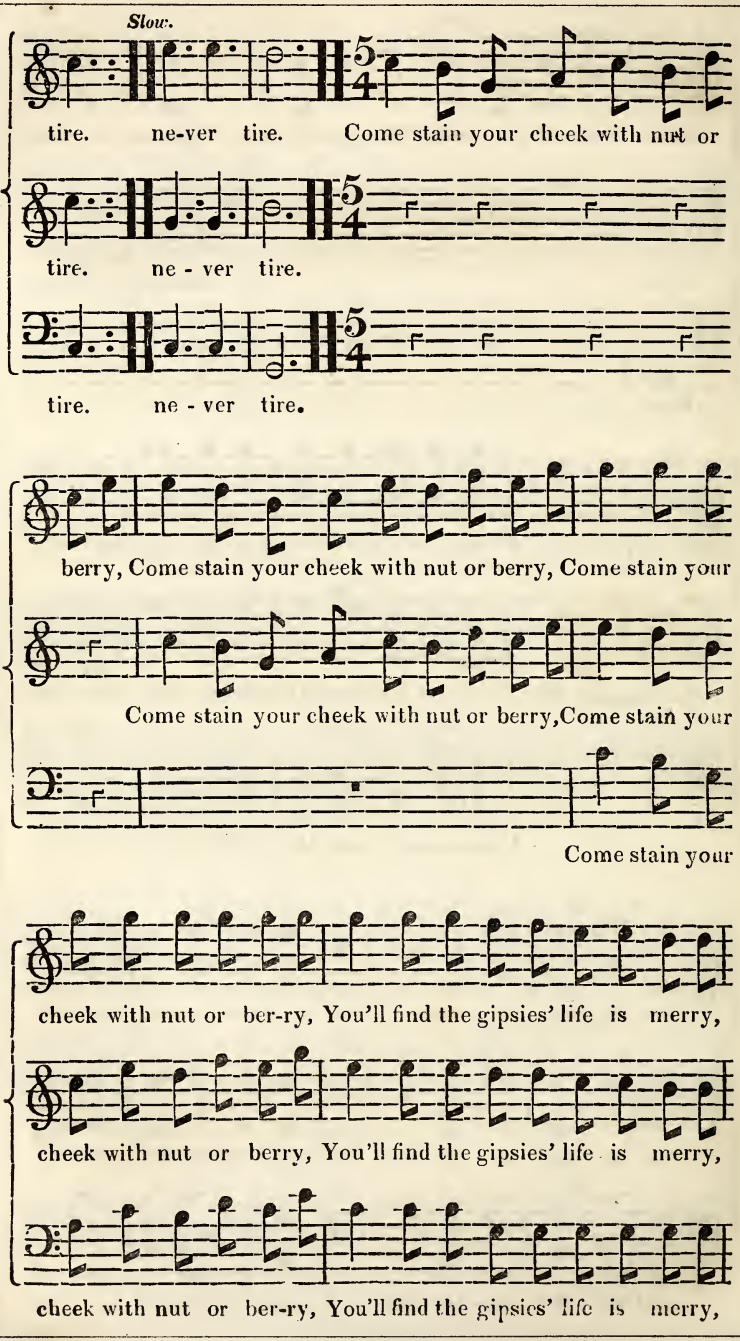


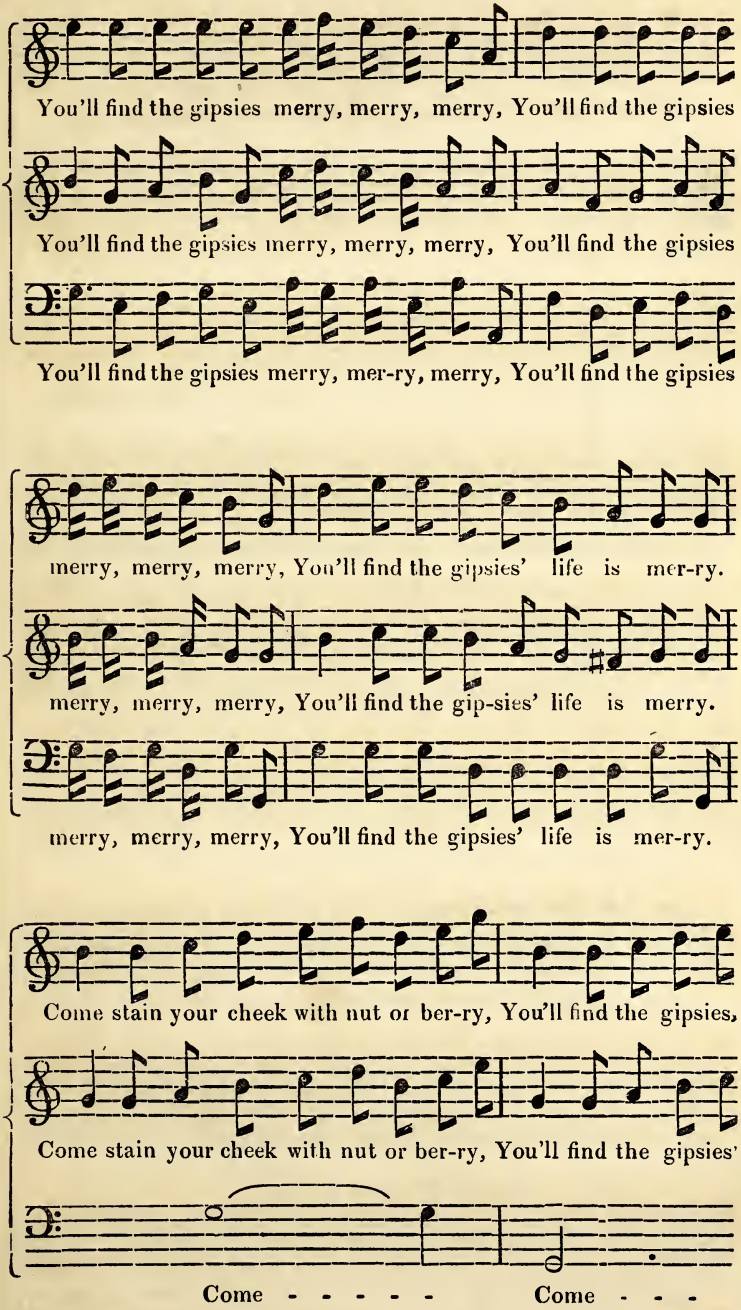

I, I, I, in
Who has the tanner's daughter seen, I, I, in
look. I, in
quest of her have been, in quest of her have been,
quest of her have been, in quest of her have been,
quest of her have been, in quest of her have been; But
as the tan-ner was with-in 'twas hard to 'scape him in

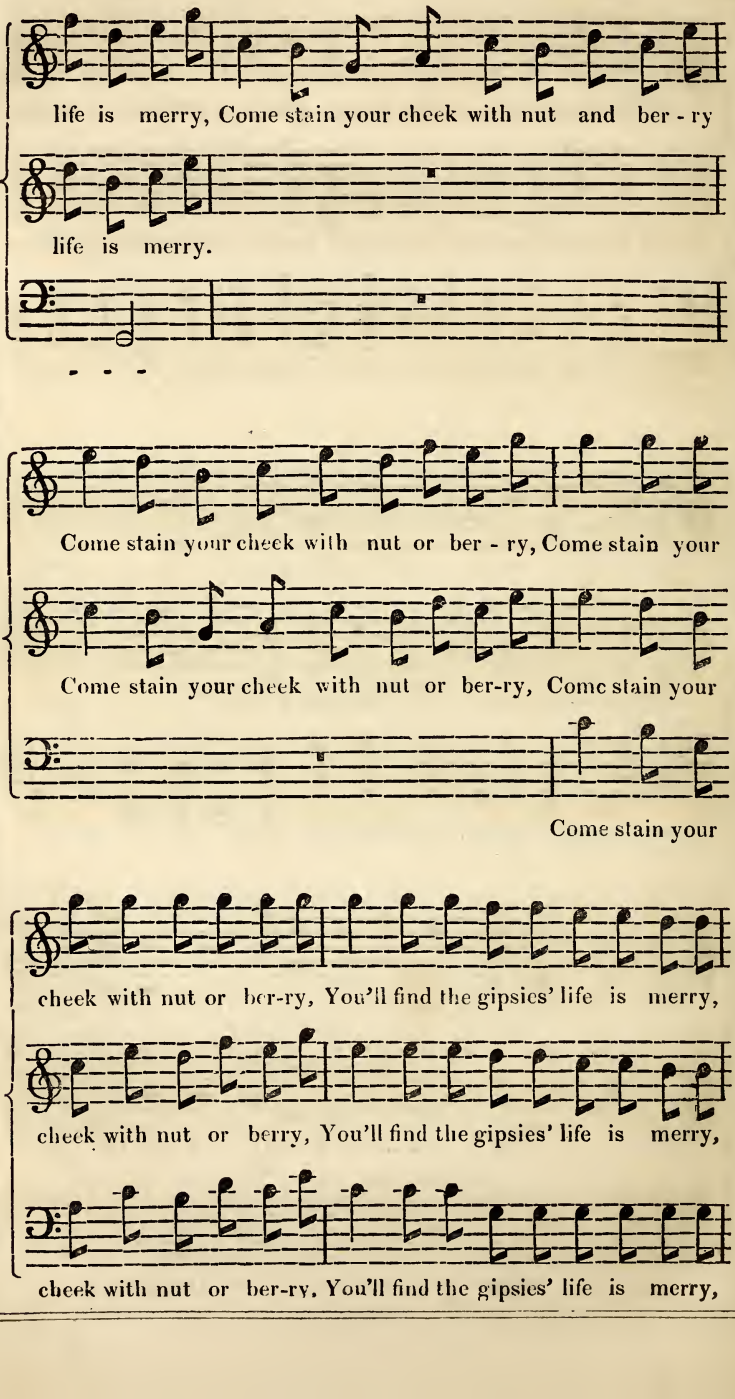

But as the tanner was within, 'twas hard to
But as the tanner was within,'twas hard to
whole skin, But as the tanner was within 'twas hard to
'scape him in whole skin, 'Twas hard to 'scape him in
'scape him in whole skin, 'Twas hard to 'scape him in
'scape him in whole skin, 'Twas hard to 'scape him in
whole skin.
whole skin. From ev'- ry place con-demn'd to
whole skin. From ev' ry place con-demn'd to

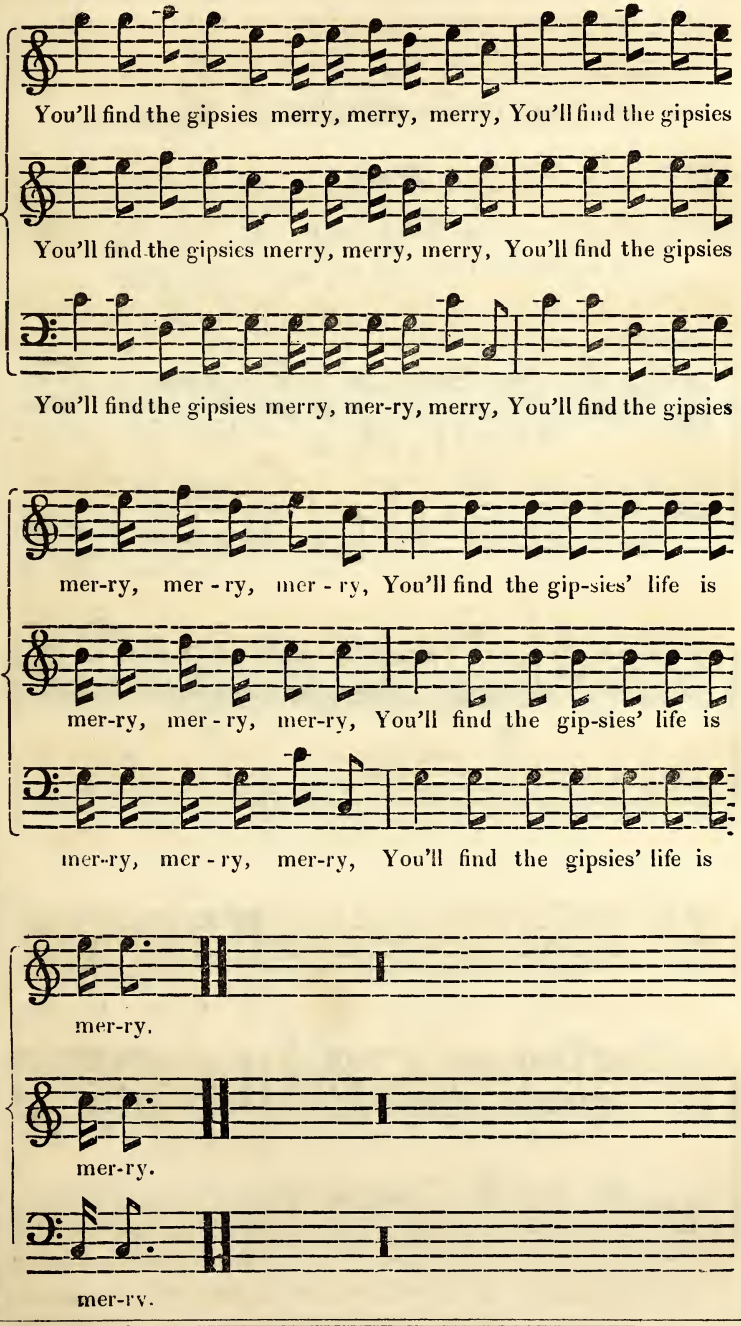

These branches form our
roam, In ev'ry place we seek a home, These branches form our
roam, In ev'-ry place we seek a home, These branches form our
Summer roof, By thick grown leaves made weather proof. In
Summer roof, By thick grown leaves made weather proof. In
Summer roof, By thick grown leaves made weather proof. In
shel'tring nooks and hollow ways, We cheerly pass our Winter
shel'tring nooks and hollow ways, We cheerly pass our Winter
shel'tring nooks and hol-low ways. We cheerly pass our Winter


days. Come cir-cle round the gipsies' fire. Come cir-cle round
days. Come cir-cle round
days.
the gipsies' fire, Come cir-cle round the gipsies' fire, Our songs
the gipsies' fire, Come cir-cle round the gipsies' fire, Our songs
Come cir-cle round the gipsies' fire, Our songs
our sto-ries ne - ver tire, Our songs our sto-ries ne - ver
our sto - ries ne - ver tire. Our songs our stories ne - ver
our sto - ries ne - ver tire. Our songs our stories ne - ver


Slow.
tire. ne-ver tire. Come stain your cheek with nut or
tire. ne - ver tire.
tire. ne - ver tire.
berry, Come stain your cheek with nut or berry, Come stain your
Come stain your cheek with nut or berry, Come stain your
Come stain your
cheek with nut or ber-ry, You'll find the gipsies' life is merry,
cheek with nut or berry, You'll find the gipsies' life is merry,
cheek with nut or ber-ry, You'll find the gipsies' life is merry,


You'll find the gipsies merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gipsies
You'll find the gipsies merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gipsies
You'll find the gipsies merry, mer-ry, merry, You'll find the gipsies
merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gipsies' life is mer-ry.
merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gip-sies' life is merry.
merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gipsies' life is mer-ry.
Come stain your cheek with nut or ber-ry, You'll find the gipsies,
Come stain your cheek with nut or ber-ry, You'll find the gipsies'
Come - - - - - Come - - -


life is merry, Come stain your cheek with nut and ber - ry
life is merry.
Come stain your cheek with nut or ber - ry, Come stain your
Come stain your cheek with nut or ber-ry, Come stain your
Come stain your
cheek with nut or ber-ry, You'll find the gipsies' life is merry,
cheek with nut or berry, You'll find the gipsies' life is merry,
cheek with nut or ber-ry. You'll find the gipsies' life is merry,


You'll find the gipsies merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gipsies
You'll find the gipsies merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gipsies
You'll find the gipsies merry, mer-ry, merry, You'll find the gipsies
mer-ry, mer - ry, mer - ry, You'll find the gip-sies' life is
mer-ry, mer - ry, mer-ry, You'll find the gip-sies' life is
mer-ry, mer - ry, mer-ry, You'll find the gipsies' life is
mer-ry.
mer-ry.
mer-ry.

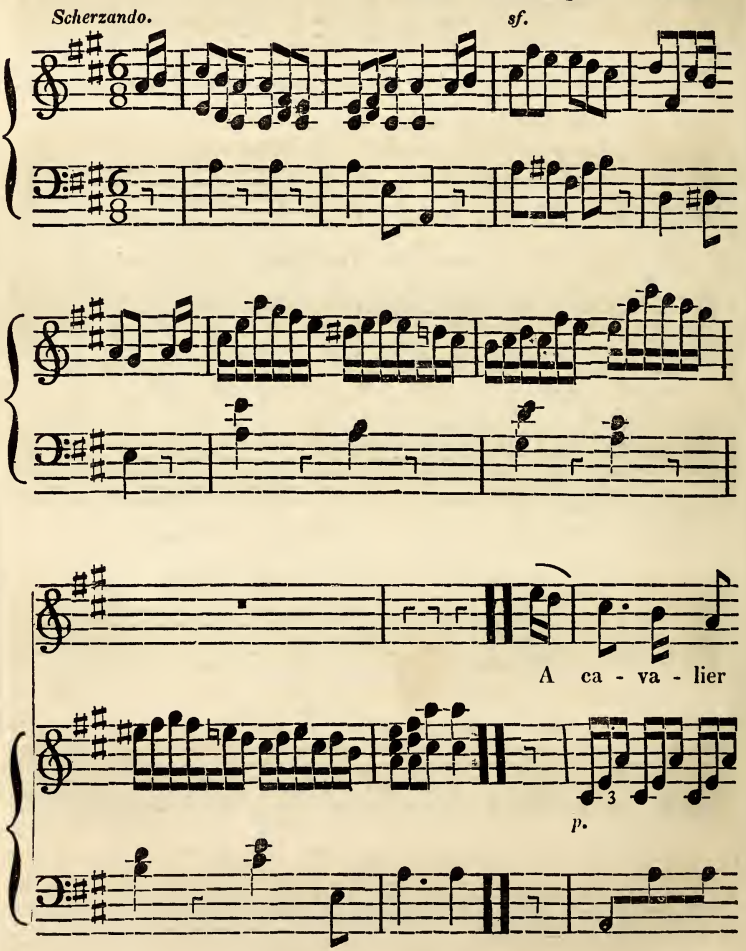
THE IRISH MELODIES. No. 13.

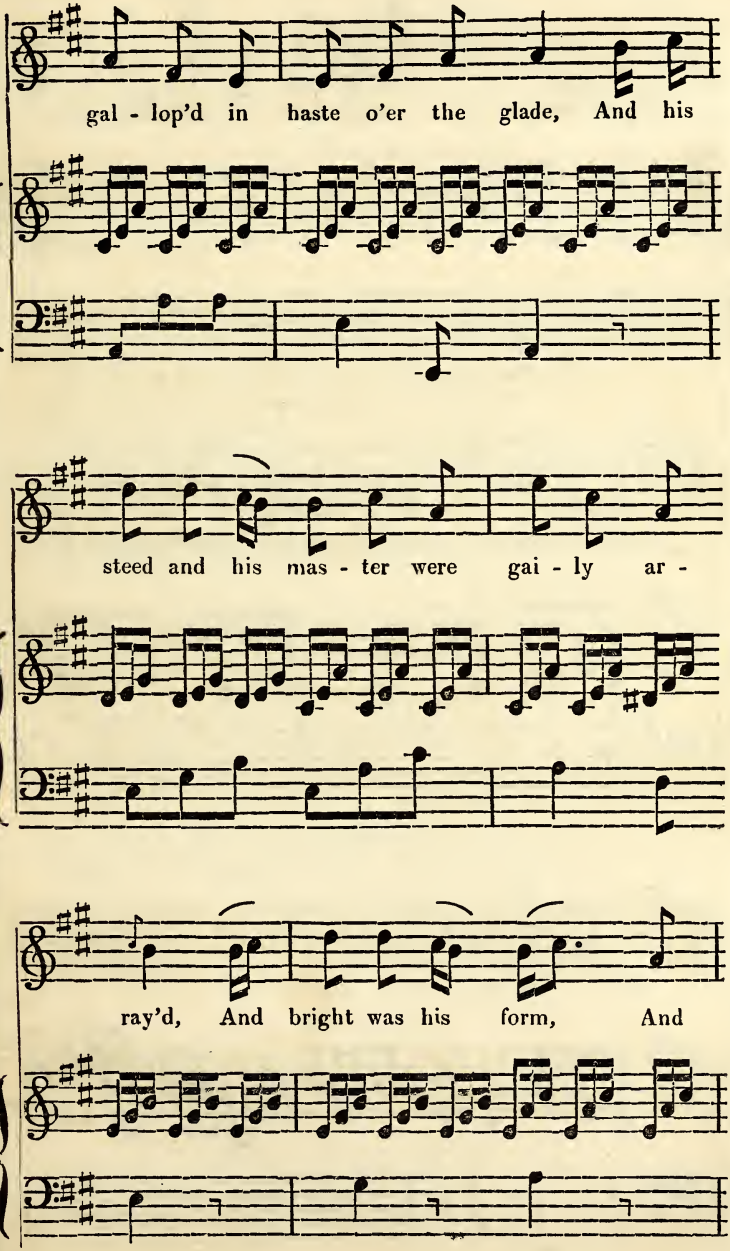
Helen.

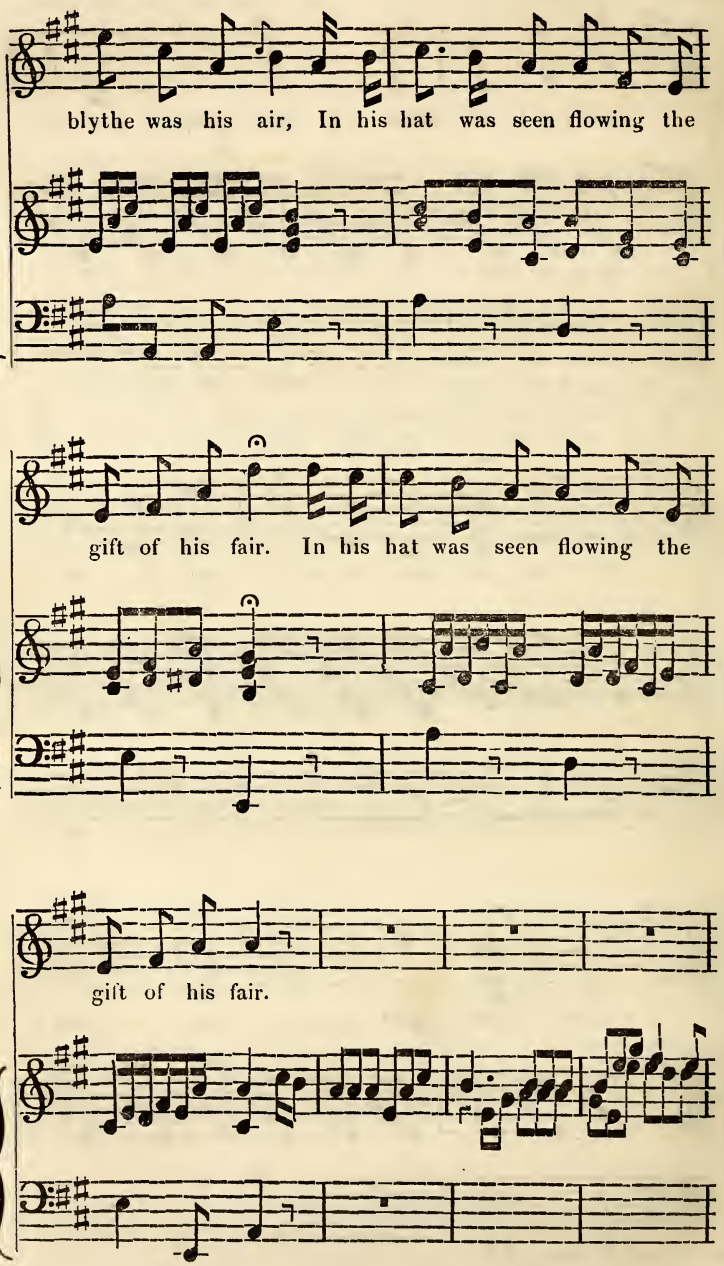
A BALLAD.

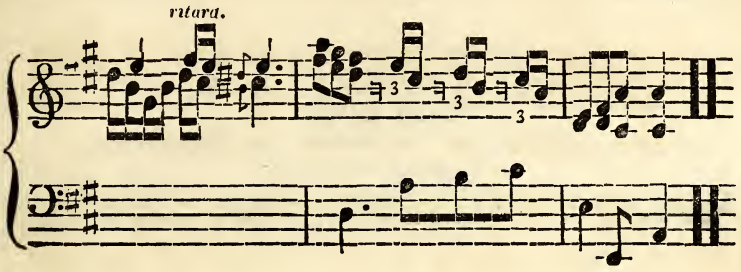
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

[AIR—*The meeting of the Waters.*




gal - lop'd in haste o'er the glade, And his
steed and his mas - ter were gai - ly ar -
ray'd, And bright was his form, And


blythe was his air, In his hat was seen flowing the
gift of his fair. In his hat was seen flowing the
gift of his fair.



And Helen look'd out from her window that night,
And he wav'd his gay plumes, when the maid was in sight,
Clapping spurs to his steed, swiftly onward he prest,
In a moment he folded the fair to his breast.

And lip meeting lip, there as mutely they clung,
Their eyes' glowing rapture spoke more than the tongue;
While her breath panting quickly in sighs only spoke.
The echoes of rapture his presence awoke.

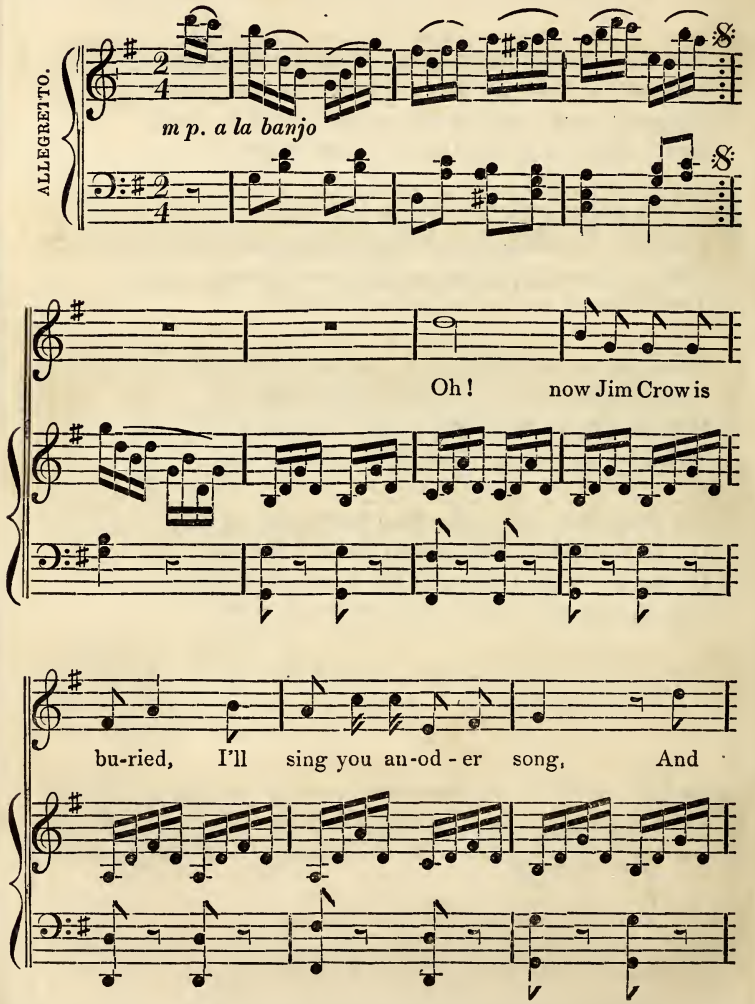
The morning beam'd brightly, the cavalier's steed
Flew lightly along the dew-spangled mead;
But never again came that knight, and no more
Wears the maiden the smile which that ev'ning she wore.

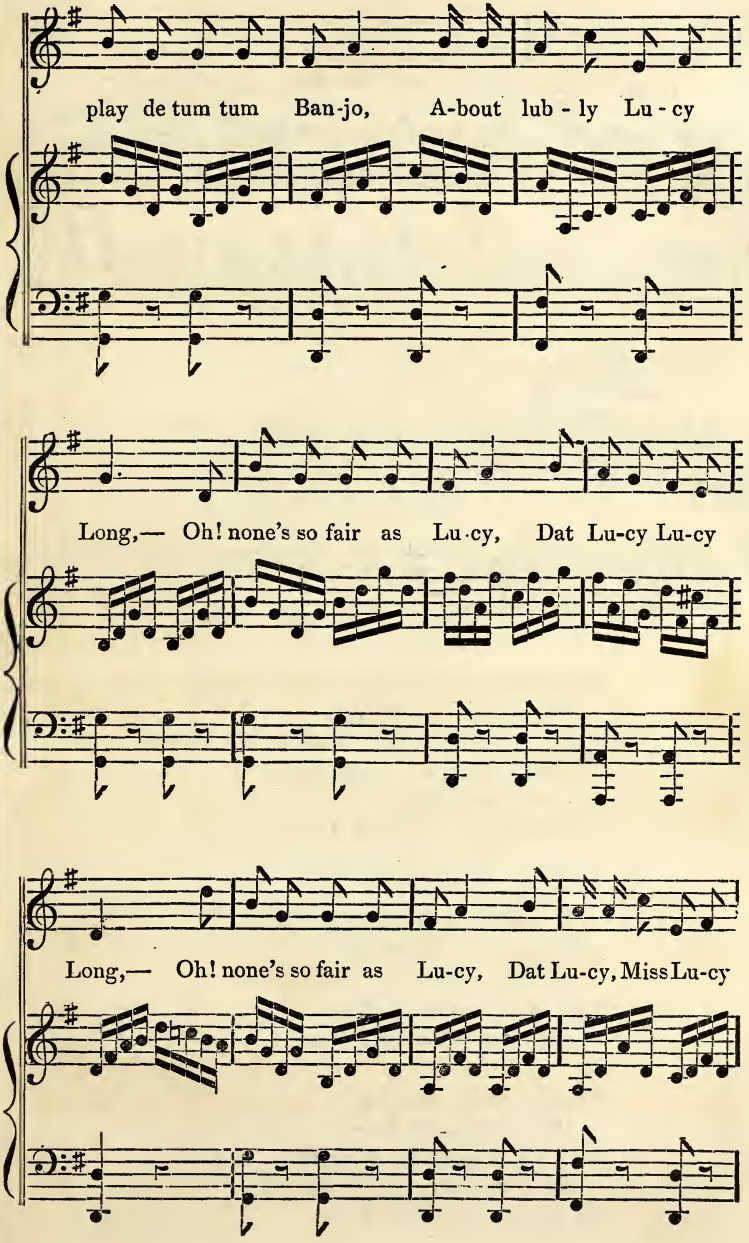
She weeps not, but looks from her lattice all day,
On the road where the cavalier wended his way;
In vain her heart throbs, or her bosom may burn,
That knight and those blisses will never return.

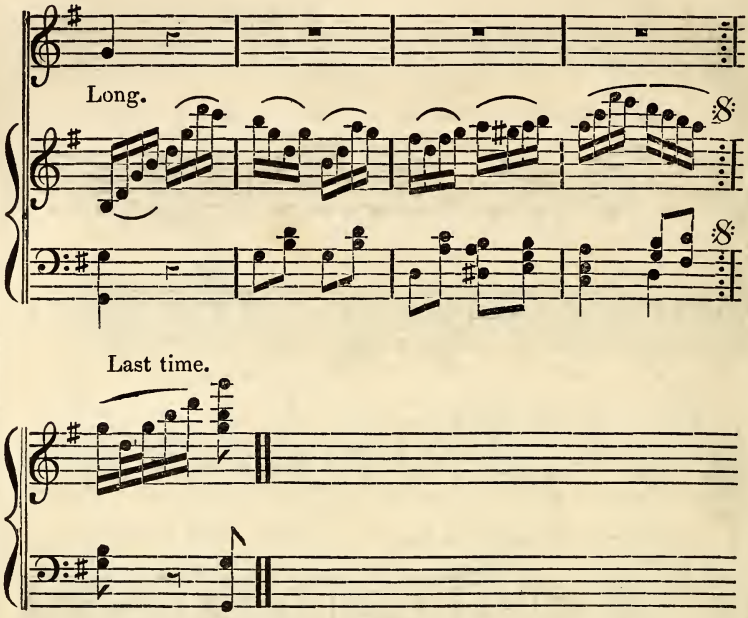
Lucy Long,

AN AMERICAN MELODY,

SUNG BY MR. SWEENY, ACCOMPANIED BY HIMSELF ON THE BANJO.




play de tum tum Ban-jo, A-bout lub - ly Lu - cy
Long,— Oh! none's so fair as Lu-cy, Dat Lu-cy Lu-cy
Long,— Oh! none's so fair as Lu-cy, Dat Lu-cy, Miss Lu-cy



Miss Lucy's berry saucy,
Wheneber I talk ob lub,—
You'd tink her eyes were comets—
Dey're as big as a washing-tub.
So lubly is dat Lucy—
Miss Lucy, Miss Lucy Long.

Her face, all black and shiny,
Is smooth as de skins ob soles;
Her figure is so charming,
Just like a great sack ob coals.
Oh! none's so fair as Lucy,
Dat Lucy, Miss Lucy Long.

Her lips are so enticing,
Dey are so berry fat,—
You'd tink her nose, so chubby,
She'd stole from some tom cat.
So lubly is dat Lucy, &c.

Her arms they look'd so graceful,
At our last Kentuck ball,
I'm sure Miss Ad'laide Kemble's
Is nutting to her's at all.
So lubly is dat Lucy, &c.

She is so berry hansome,
Dat people say she must
Hab been de real Wenus—
If she had but been born first.
So lubly is dat Lucy, &c.

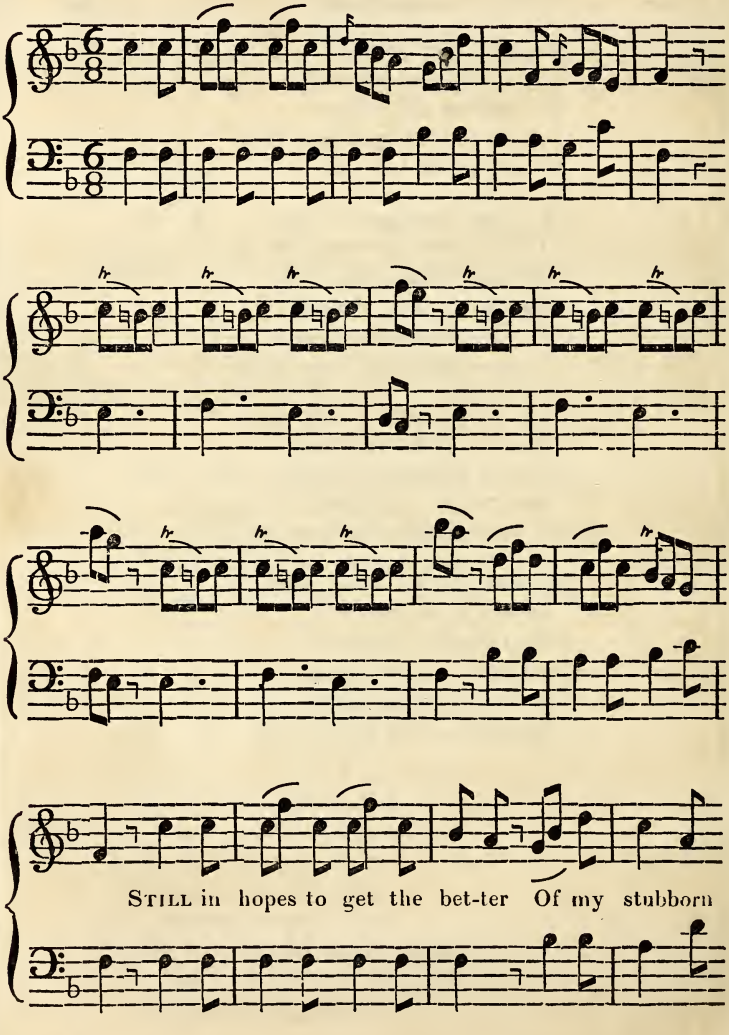
Oh! when she sings, so lubly,
Like Bedford she can shout,
You'd tink her Madame Grisi,
So nice de notes slip out.
Oh! sweet enchanting Lucy—
Dare's nobody like Lucy Long.

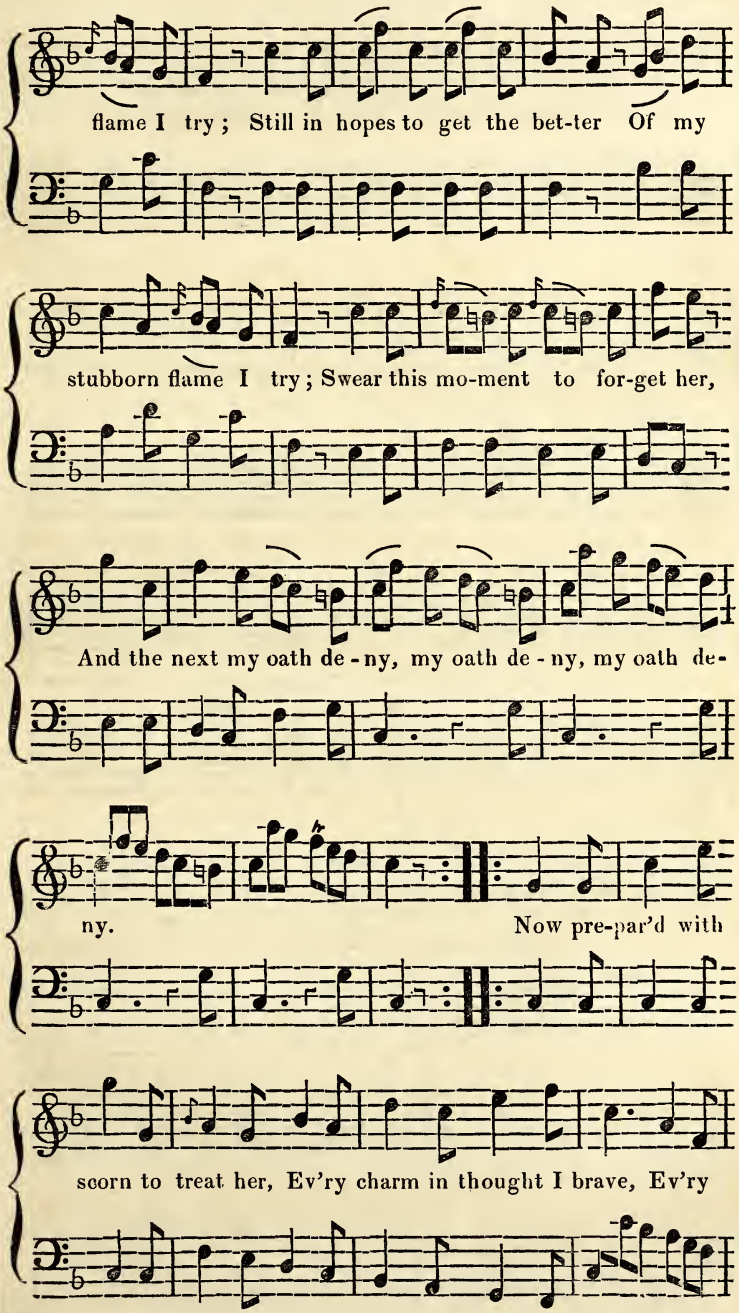
When last she went a dancing,
She trod de floor so light,
Dat all de Niggers jump up,
And run off in a fright.
Oh! sweet enchanting Lucy, &c.

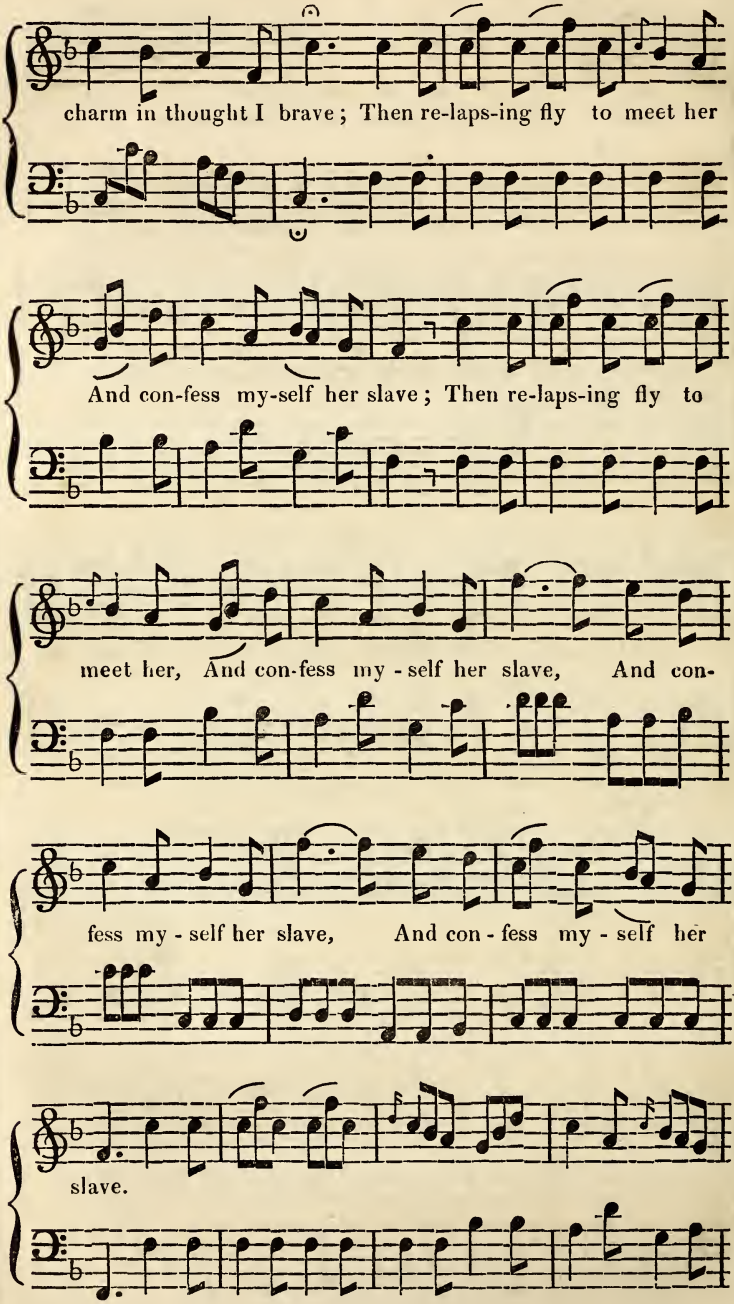
And when dat we are married,
As sure as she was born,
If she turns out a wixen,
I'll trade her away for corn,
And neber again see Lucy,
Miss Lucy, Miss Lucy Long!

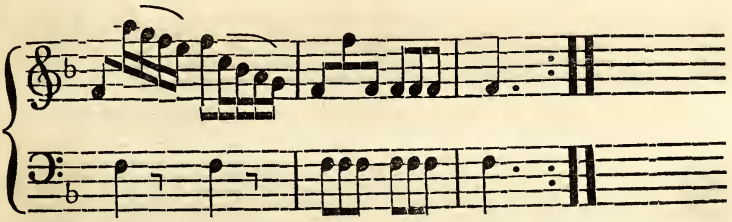
Still in Hopes to get the better.

All.gro. ARNE



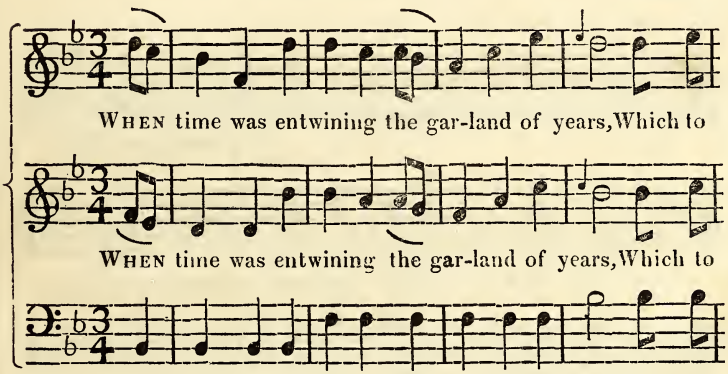

flame I try; Still in hopes to get the bet-ter Of my
stubborn flame I try; Swear this mo-ment to for-get her,
And the next my oath de-ny, my oath de-ny, my oath de-
ny. Now pre-par'd with
scorn to treat her, Ev'ry charm in thought I brave, Ev'ry

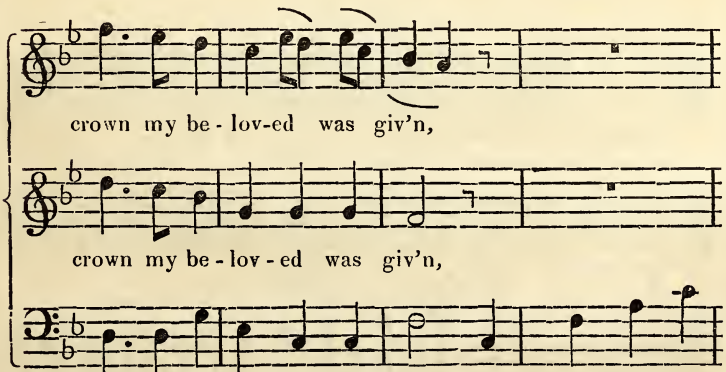

charm in thought I brave; Then re-laps-ing fly to meet her
And con-fess my-self her slave; Then re-laps-ing fly to
meet her, And con-fess my-self her slave, And con-
fess my-self her slave, And con-fess my-self her
slave.

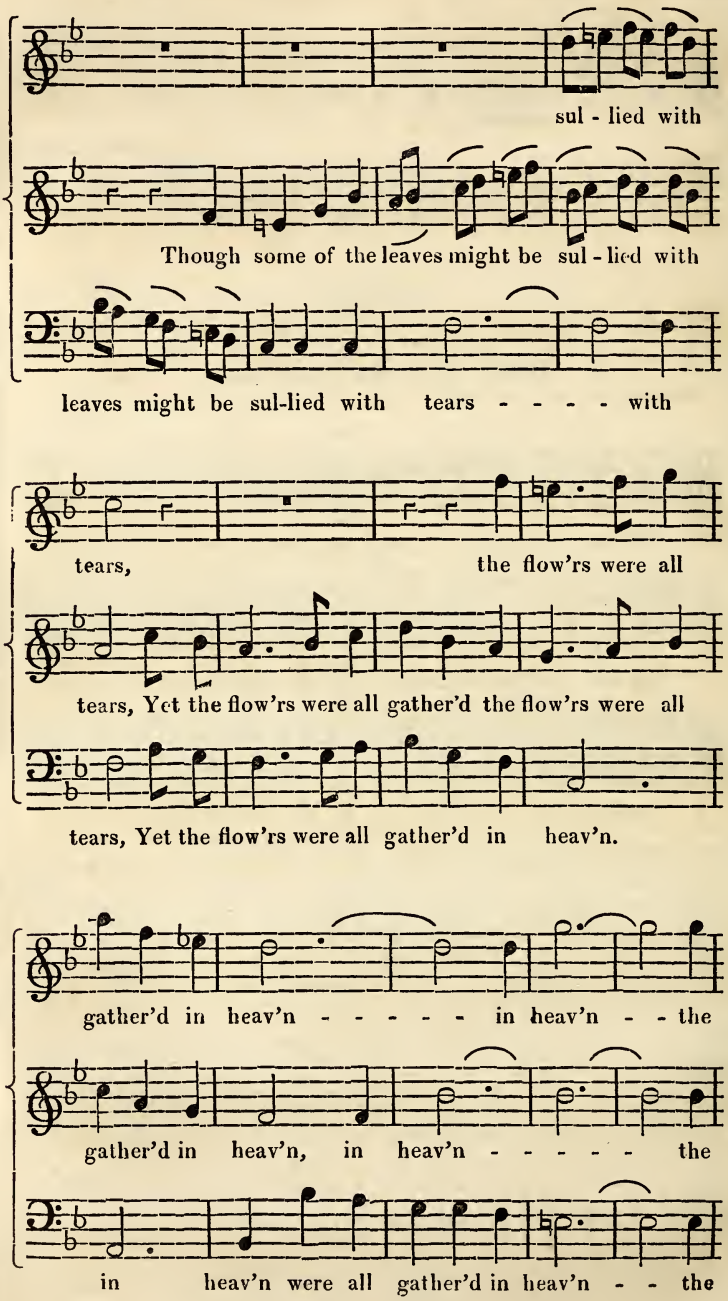


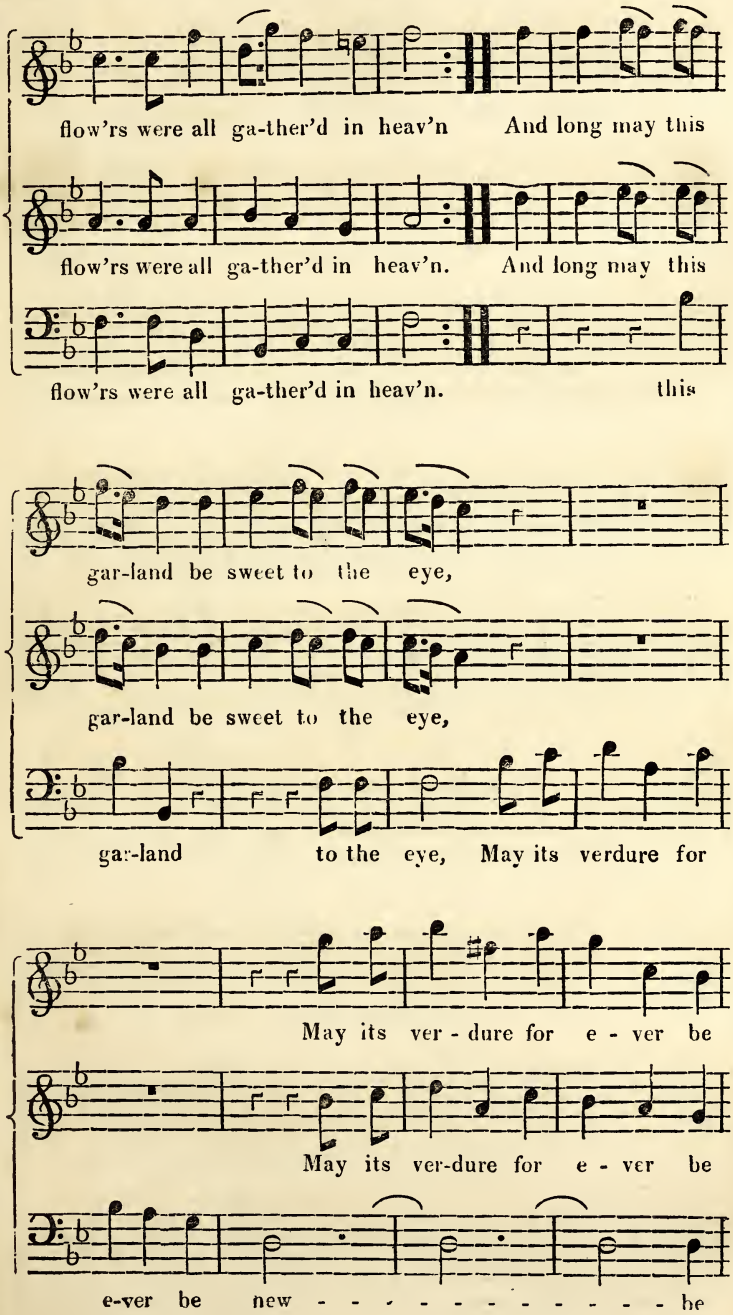
When Time was entwining.

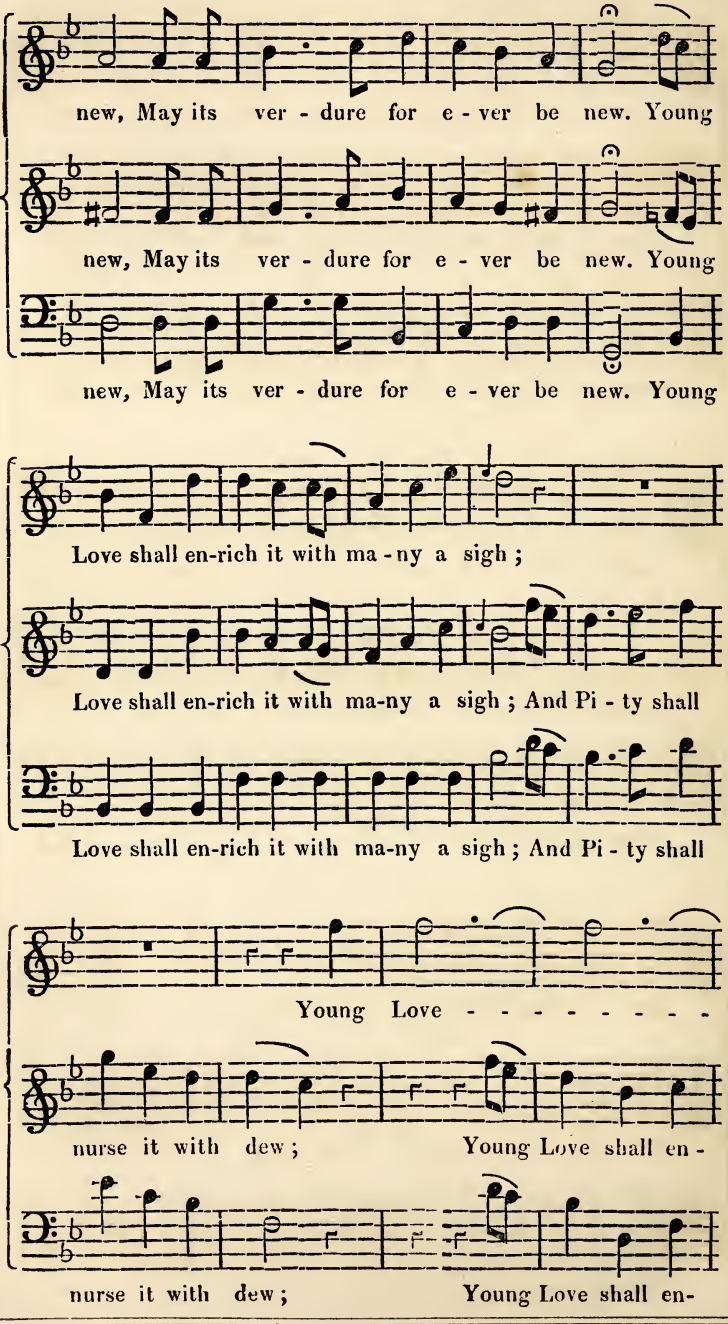
CALLCOTT.

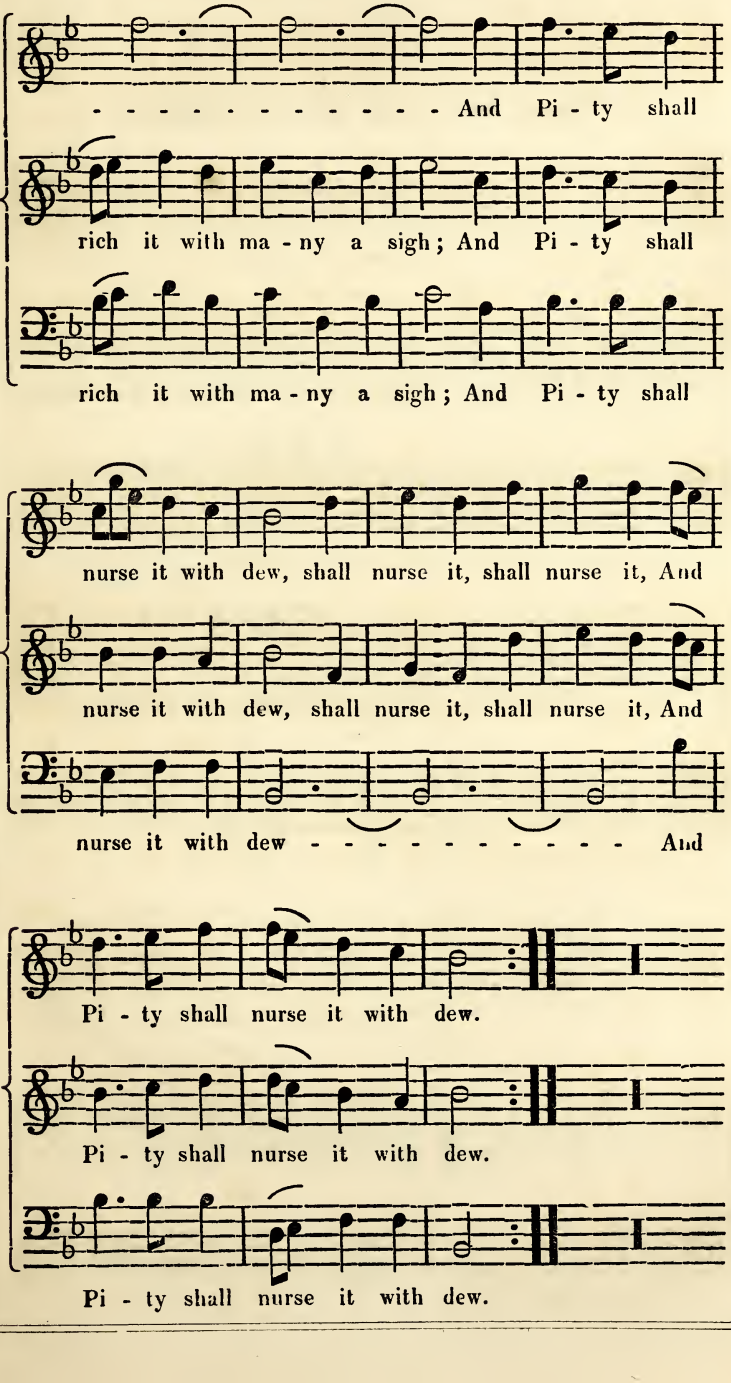





sul - lied with
Though some of the leaves might be sul - lied with
leaves might be sul-lied with tears - - - - with
tears, the flow'rs were all
tears, Yet the flow'rs were all gather'd the flow'rs were all
tears, Yet the flow'rs were all gather'd in heav'n.
gather'd in heav'n - - - - - in heav'n - - the
gather'd in heav'n, in heav'n - - - - - the
in heav'n were all gather'd in heav'n - - the


flow'rs were all ga-ther'd in heav'n And long may this
flow'rs were all ga-ther'd in heav'n. And long may this
flow'rs were all ga-ther'd in heav'n. this
gar-land be sweet to the eye,
gar-land be sweet to the eye,
gar-land to the eye, May its verdure for
May its ver - dure for e - ver be
May its ver-dure for e - ver be
e-ver be new - - - - - - - - - - - be

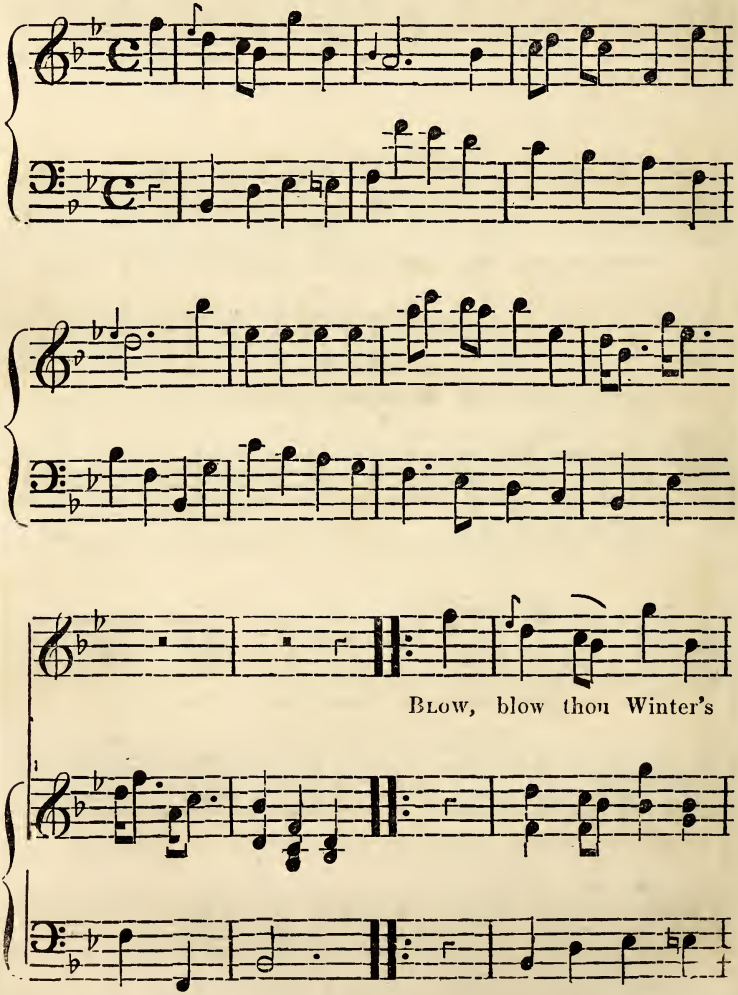

new, May its ver - dure for e - ver be new. Young
new, May its ver - dure for e - ver be new. Young
new, May its ver - dure for e - ver be new. Young
Love shall en-rich it with ma - ny a sigh ;
Love shall en-rich it with ma-ny a sigh ; And Pi - ty shall
Love shall en-rich it with ma-ny a sigh ; And Pi - ty shall
Young Love - - - - - - - -
nurse it with dew ; Young Love shall en -
nurse it with dew ; Young Love shall en-

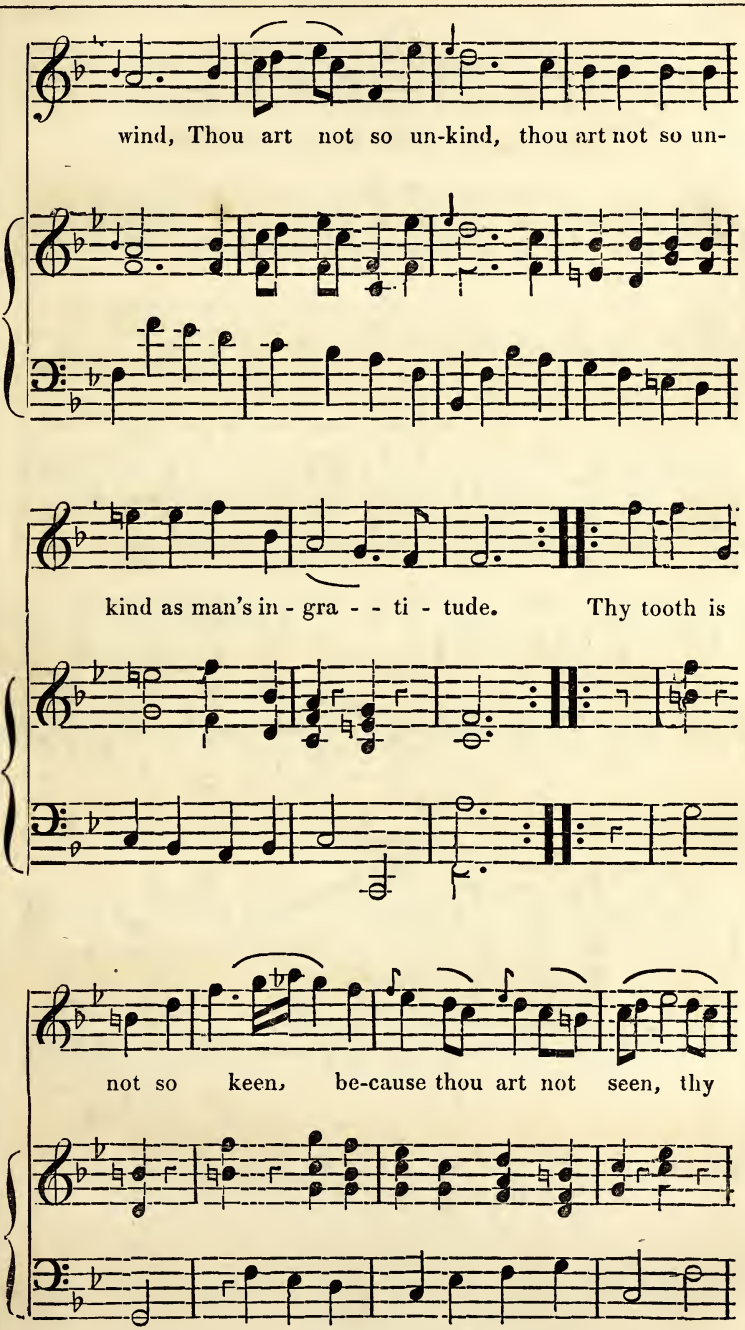

- - - - - - - - - - - - And Pi - ty shall
rich it with ma - ny a sigh; And Pi - ty shall
rich it with ma - ny a sigh; And Pi - ty shall
nurse it with dew, shall nurse it, shall nurse it, And
nurse it with dew, shall nurse it, shall nurse it, And
nurse it with dew - - - - - - - - - - - And
Pi - ty shall nurse it with dew.
Pi - ty shall nurse it with dew.
Pi - ty shall nurse it with dew.

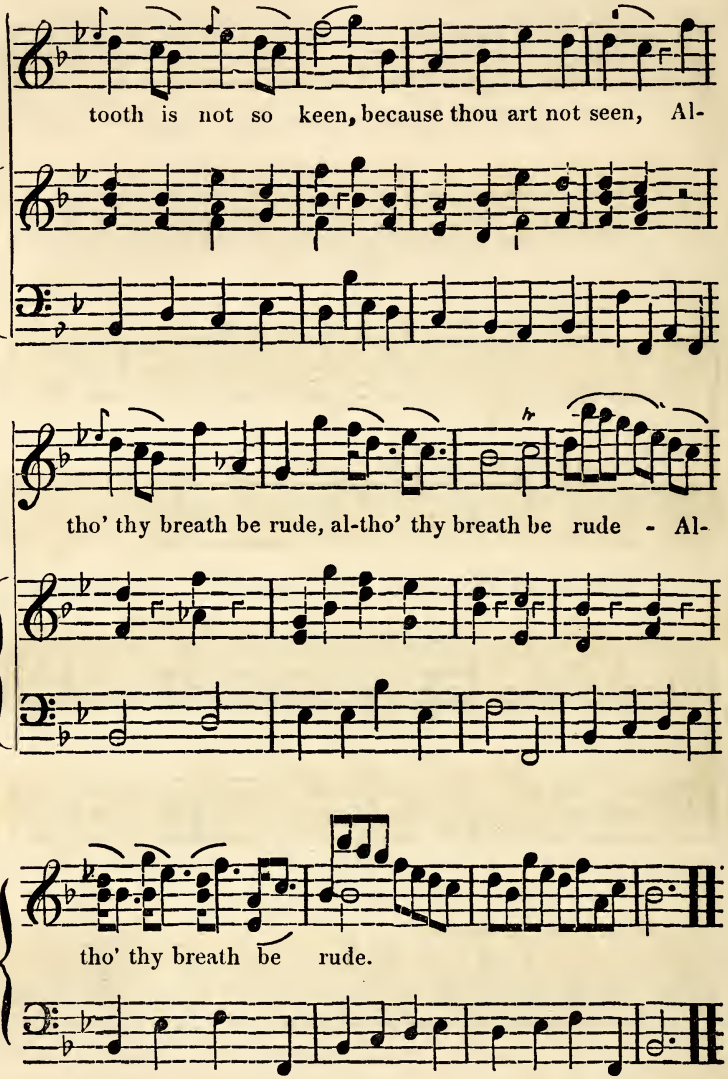
Blow, blow, thou Winter's Wind.

A POPULAR SONG, SUNG BY MR. BRAHAM, IN SHAKSPEARE'S PLAY, OF THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Andante. DR. ARNE.




wind, Thou art not so un-kind, thou art not so un-
kind as man's in - gra - - ti - tude. Thy tooth is
not so keen, be-cause thou art not seen, thy



Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friends remember'd not.

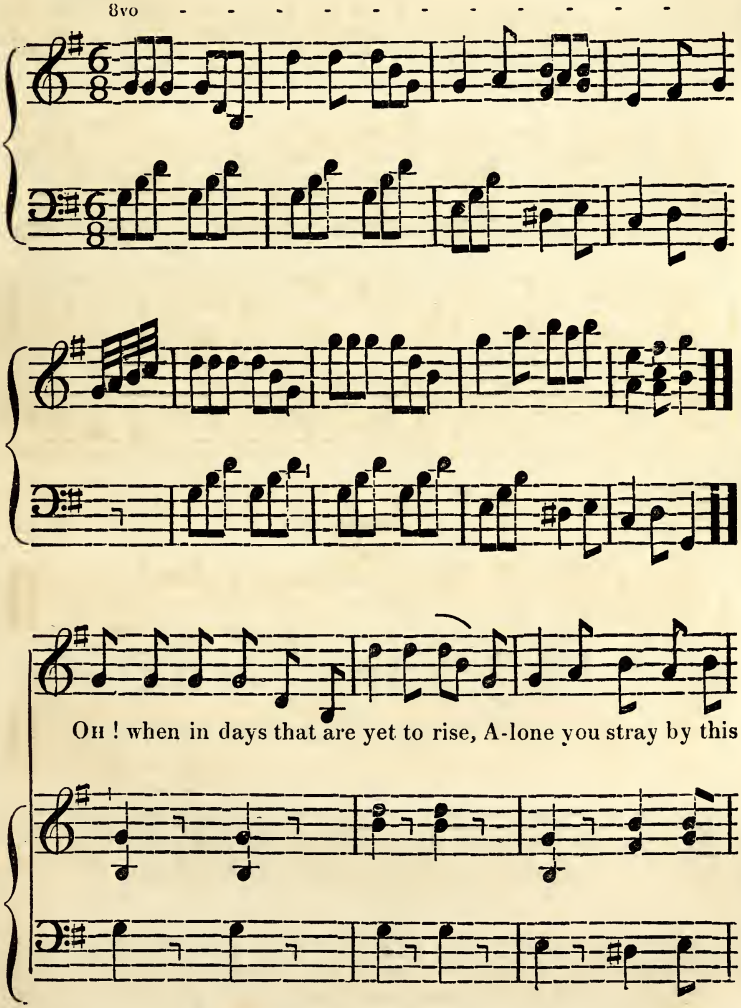
THE IRISH MELODIES.—No. 14.

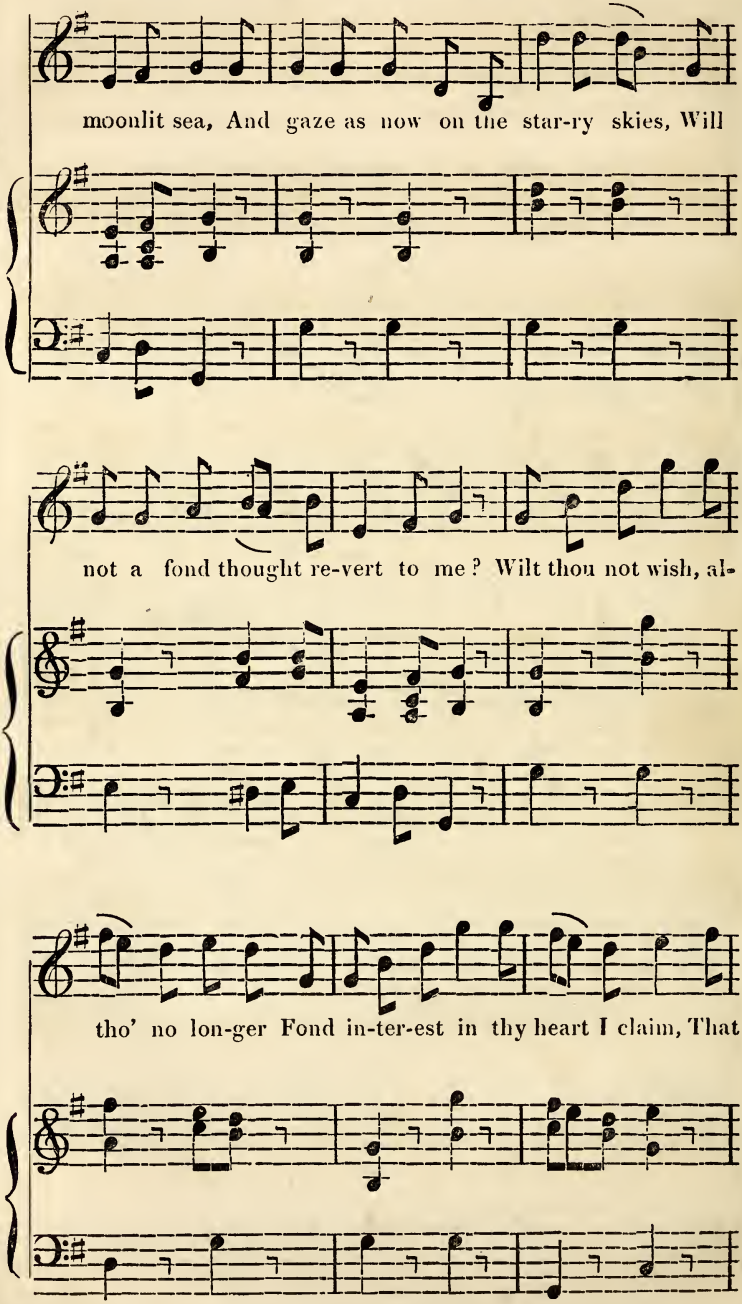
Oh! when in Days that are yet to rise.

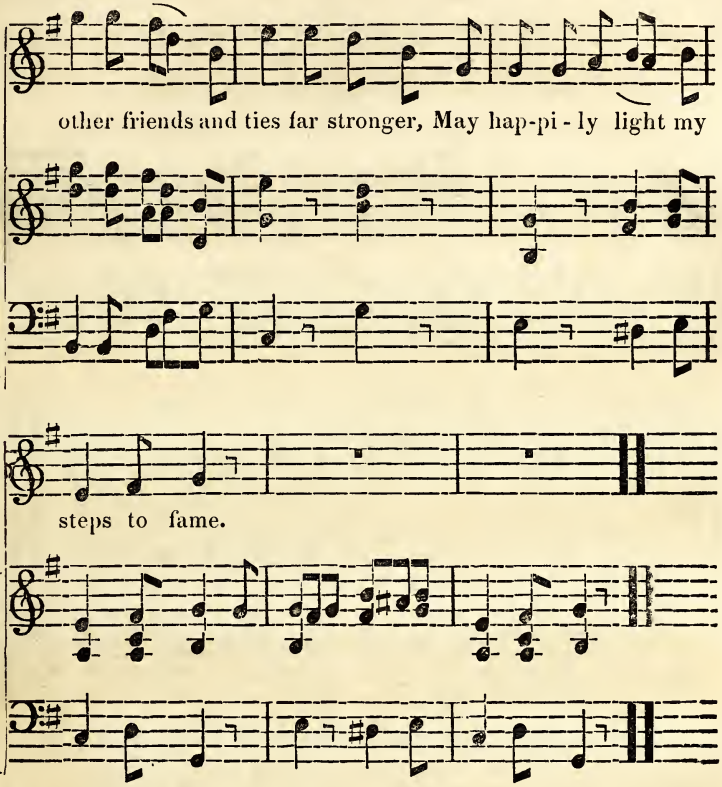
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.

Allegretto. [AIR—*The Legacy.*

8vo




moonlit sea, And gaze as now on the star-ry skies, Will
not a fond thought re-vert to me? Wilt thou not wish, al-
tho' no lon-ger Fond in-ter-est in thy heart I claim, That



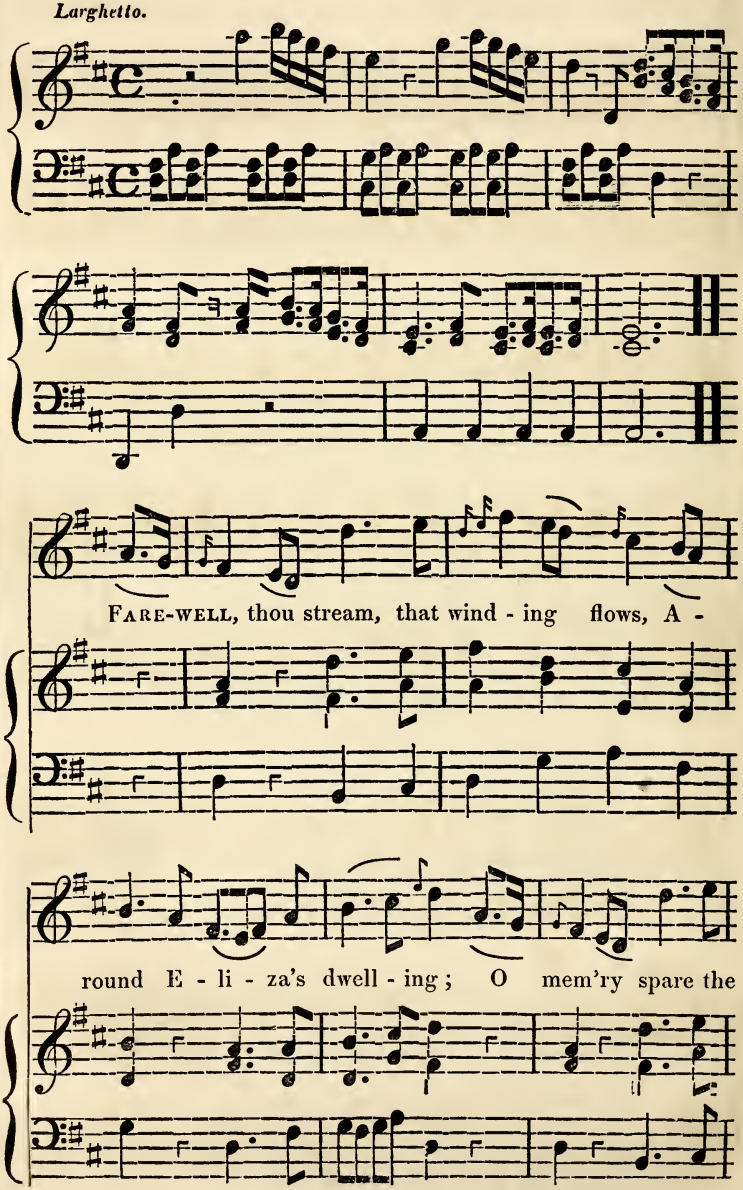
Oh! yes I know though far I sever,
Without the hope that was once my own,
Thy heart cannot resign for ever
The thoughts of bright days too fleetly flown,
And thou wilt wish where'er I wander,
That Heaven's kind care my path may keep,
And shed a tear of pity—fonder
Than happier days e'er saw thee weep.

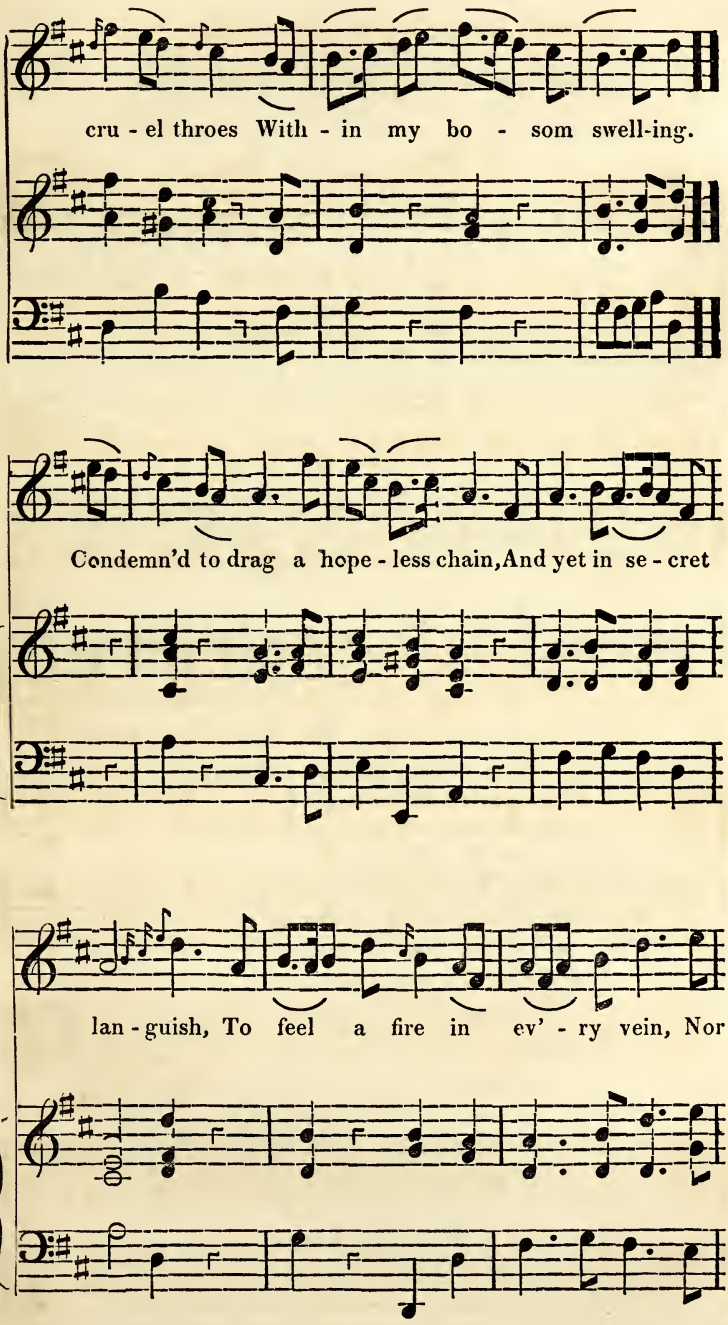
And when my weary exile's o'er,
And time shall bring the wanderer home,
To tread again the native shore,
From which and thee 'twas death to roam,
Although forgot by all who may linger,
As kindred or friends, to my cold view,
Love, early love, with unerring finger,
I feel will point me out to you.

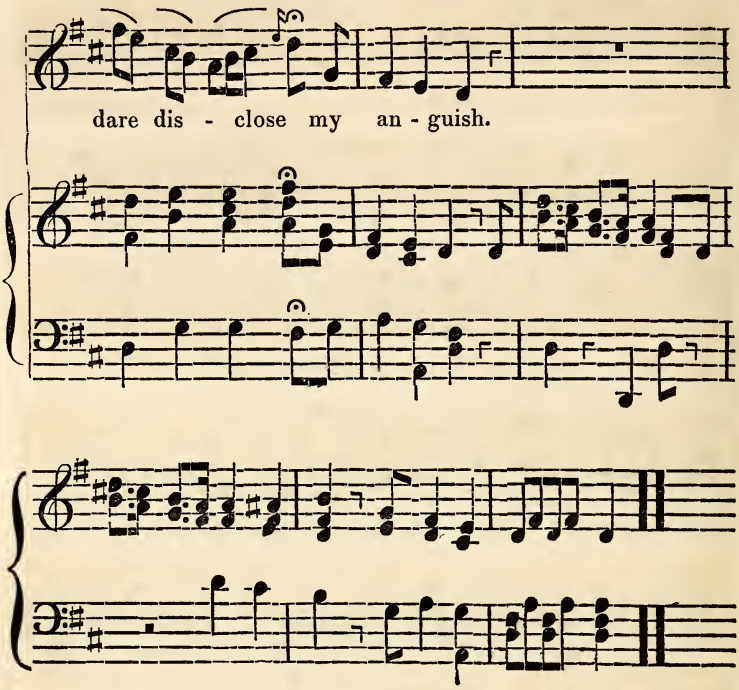
Farewell, thou Stream that winding Flows.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY ROBERT BURNS

Larghetto.




cru - el throes With - in my bo - som swell-ing.
Condemn'd to drag a hope - less chain, And yet in se - cret
lan - guish, To feel a fire in ev' - ry vein, Nor



Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover;
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor can'st, relieve me;
But, oh! Eliza, hear one pray'r—
For pity's sake, forgive me!

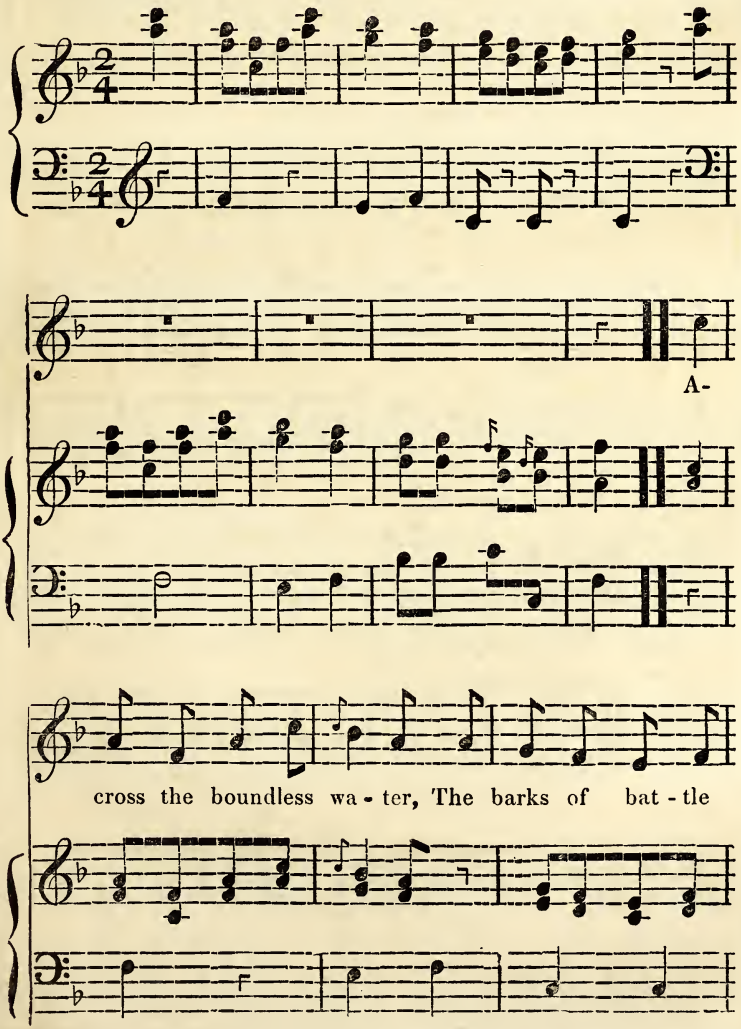
The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wish whilst it enslav'd me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd.
Till fears no more had sav'd me:
Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing,
Mid circling horrors sinks at last,
In overwhelming ruin,

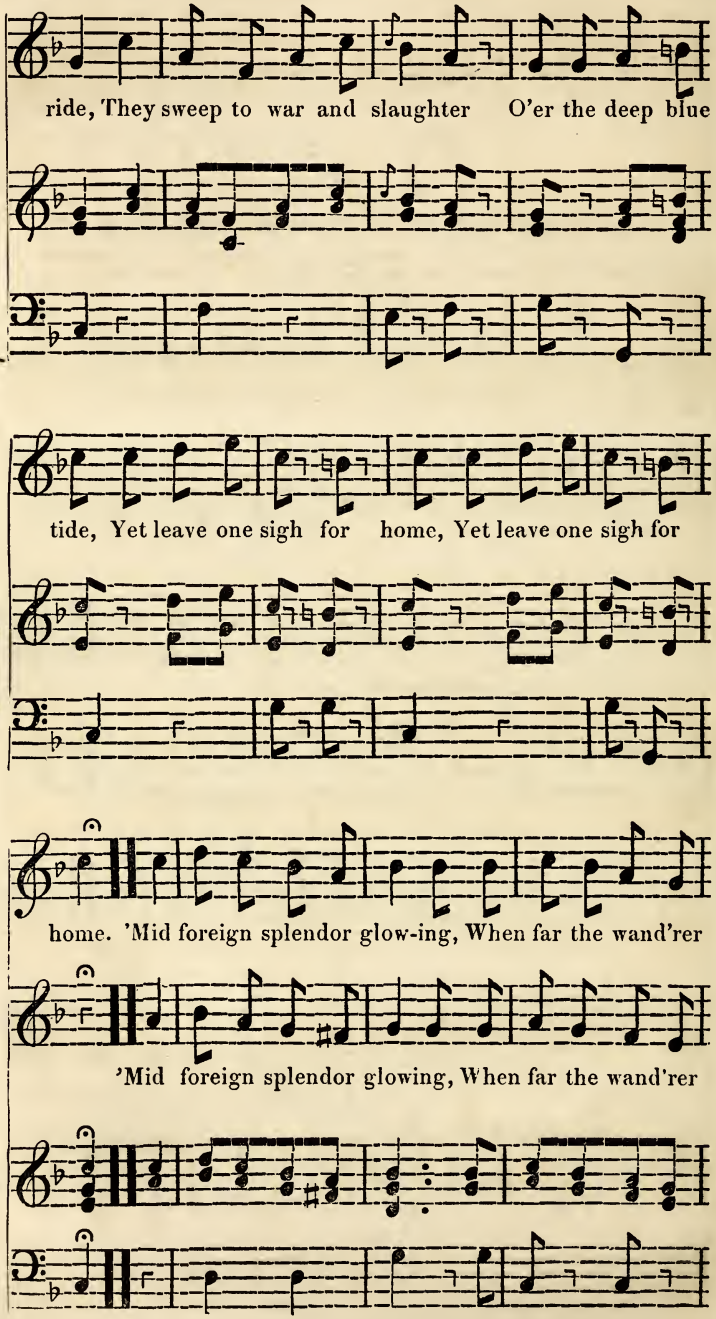
Our Thoughts are still at Home.

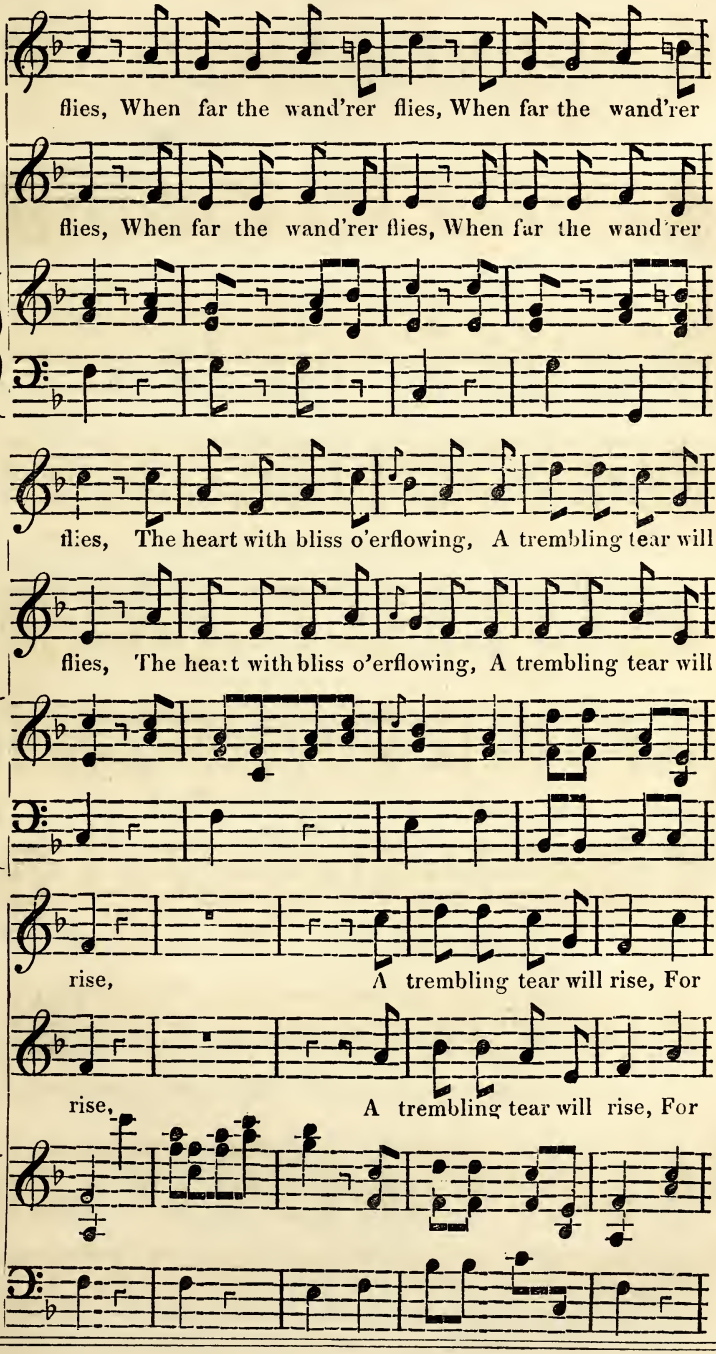
FROM WINTER'S OPERA OF THE ORACLE, ARRANGED AS A DUETT.

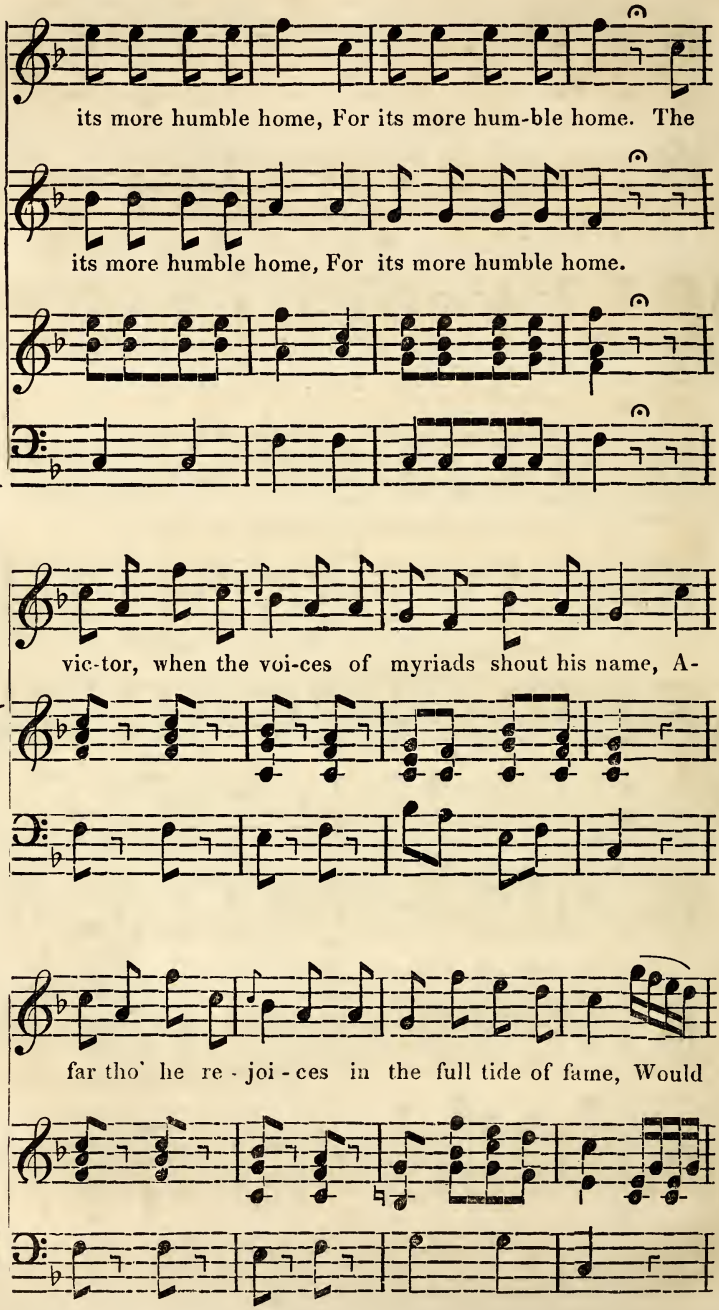
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

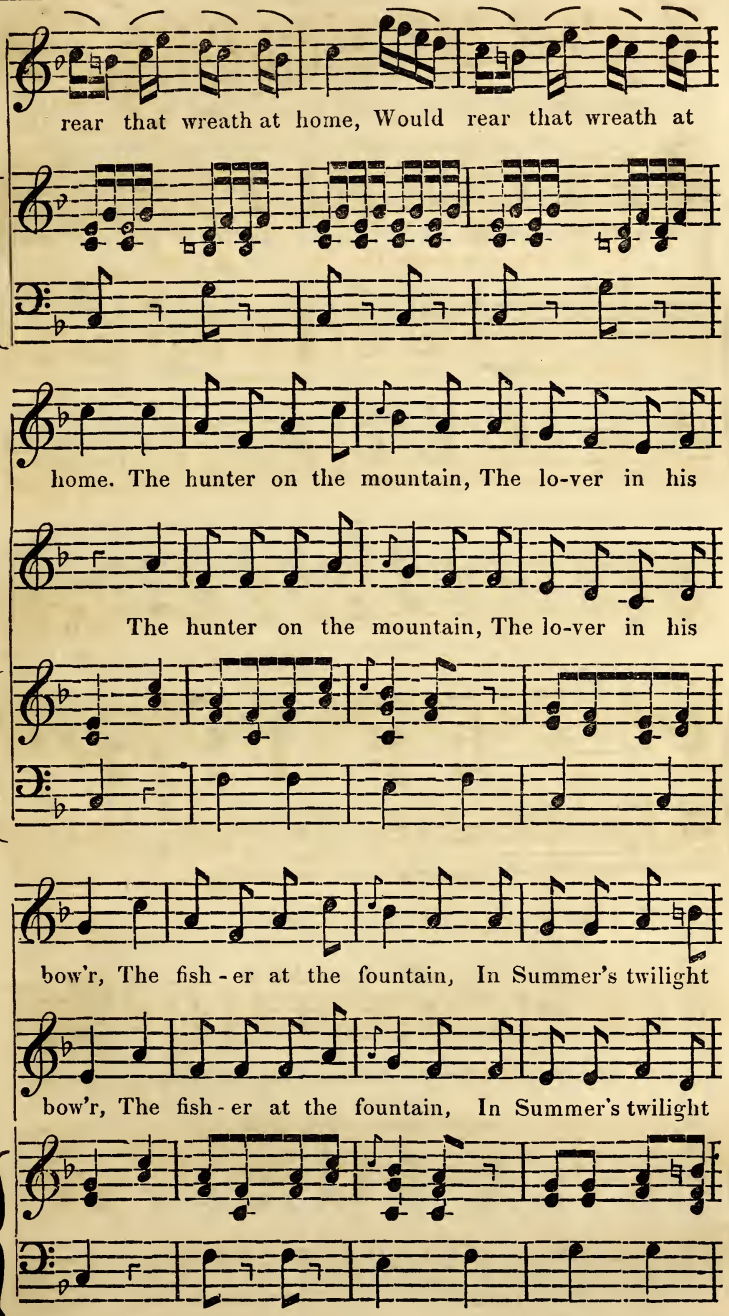
Allegretto.

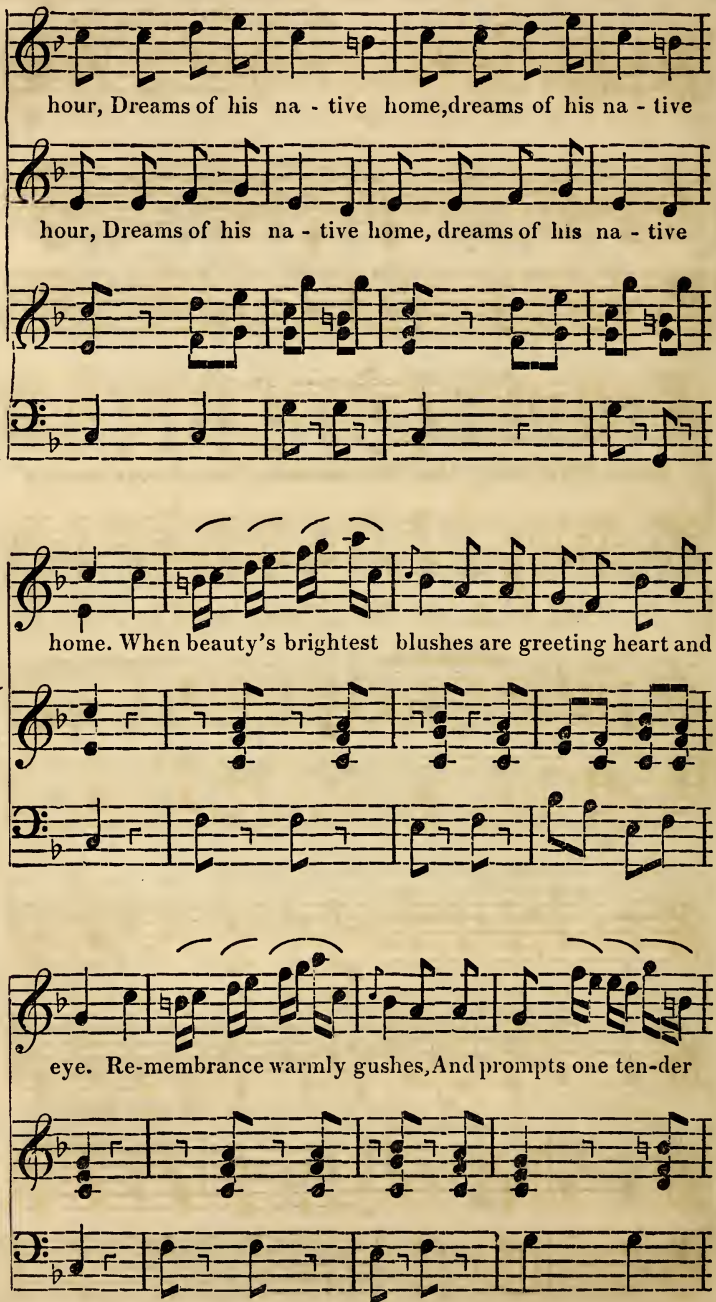


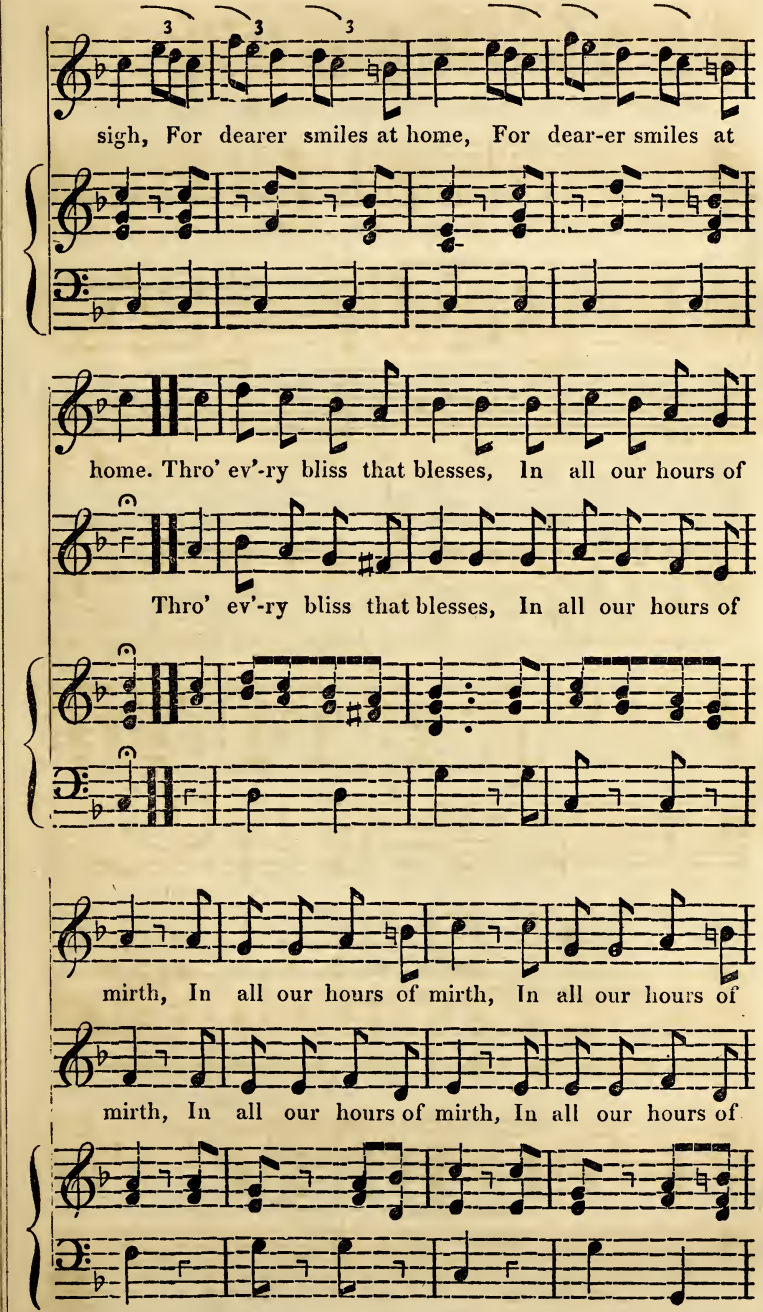

ride, They sweep to war and slaughter O'er the deep blue
tide, Yet leave one sigh for home, Yet leave one sigh for
home. 'Mid foreign splendor glow-ing, When far the wand'rer
'Mid foreign splendor glowing, When far the wand'rer

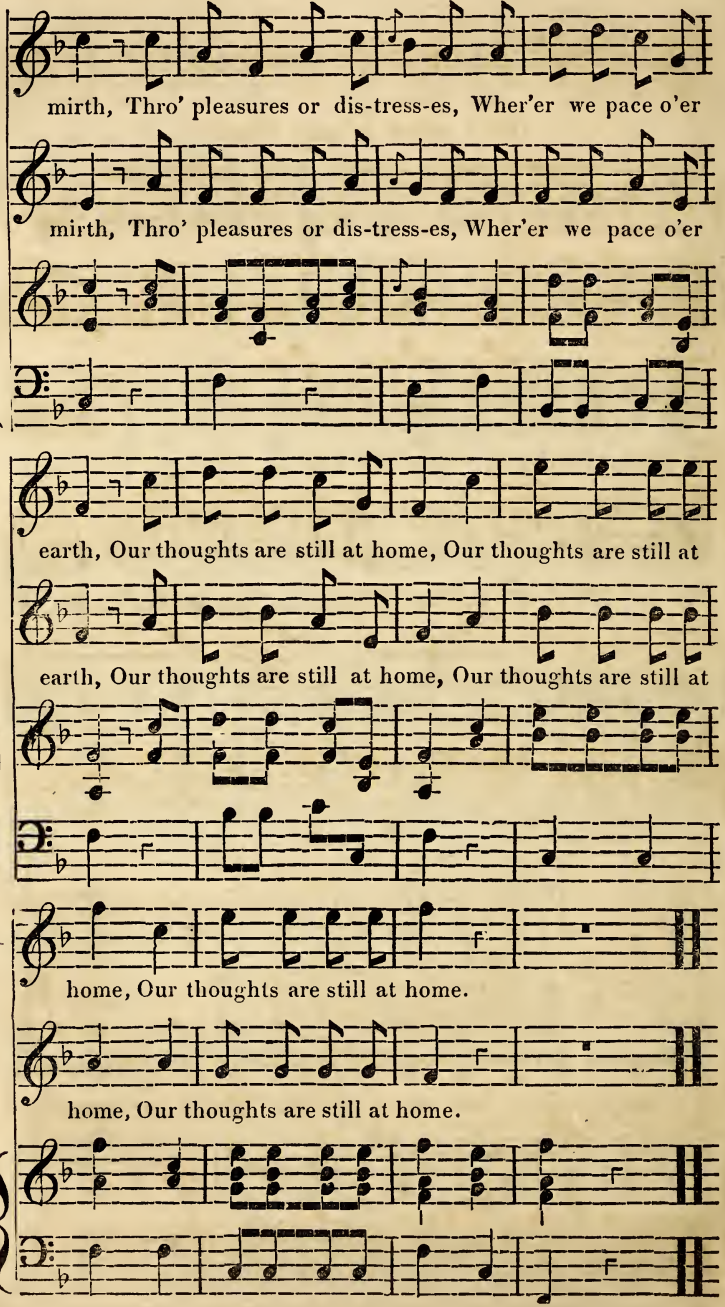

flies, When far the wand'rer flies, When far the wand'rer
flies, When far the wand'rer flies, When far the wand'rer
flies, The heart with bliss o'erflowing, A trembling tear will
flies, The heart with bliss o'erflowing, A trembling tear will
rise, A trembling tear will rise, For
rise, A trembling tear will rise, For


its more humble home, For its more hum-ble home. The
its more humble home, For its more humble home.
vic-tor, when the voi-ces of myriads shout his name, A-
far tho' he re - joi - ces in the full tide of fame, Would


rear that wreath at home, Would rear that wreath at
home. The hunter on the mountain, The lo-ver in his
The hunter on the mountain, The lo-ver in his
bow'r, The fish-er at the fountain, In Summer's twilight
bow'r, The fish-er at the fountain, In Summer's twilight


hour, Dreams of his na - tive home, dreams of his na - tive
hour, Dreams of his na - tive home, dreams of his na - tive
home. When beauty's brightest blushes are greeting heart and
eye. Re-membrance warmly gushes, And prompts one ten-der


sigh, For dearer smiles at home, For dear-er smiles at
home. Thro' ev'-ry bliss that blesses, In all our hours of
Thro' ev'-ry bliss that blesses, In all our hours of
mirth, In all our hours of mirth, In all our hours of
mirth, In all our hours of mirth, In all our hours of

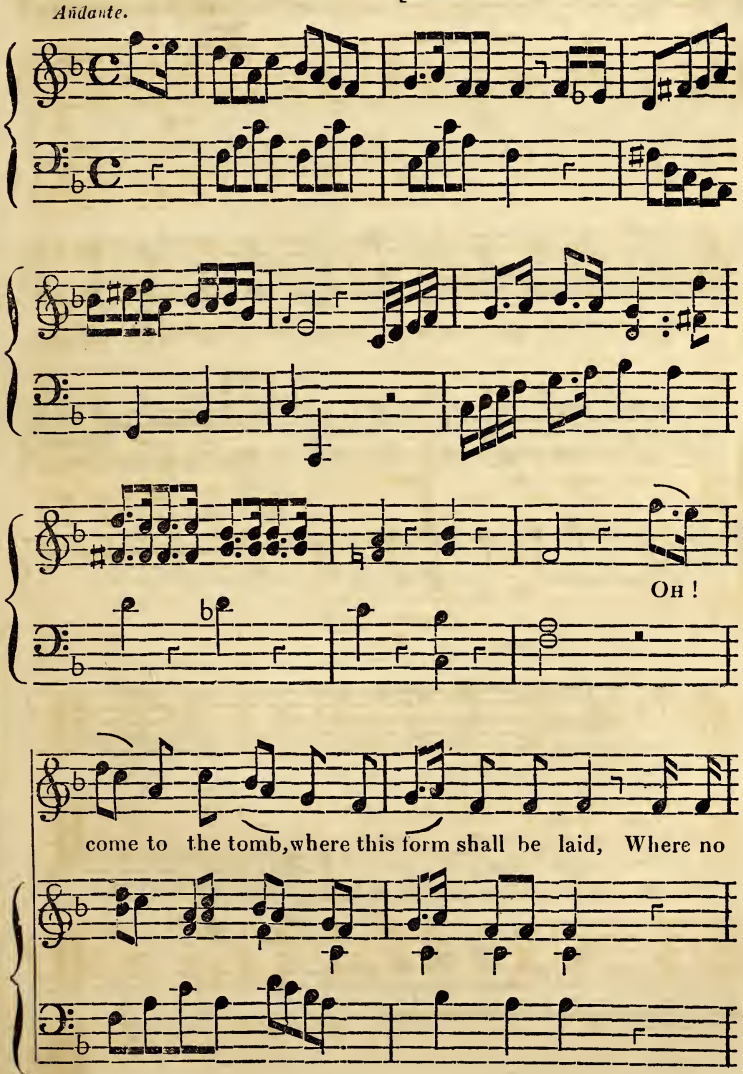

mirth, Thro' pleasures or dis-tress-es, Wher'er we pace o'er
mirth, Thro' pleasures or dis-tress-es, Wher'er we pace o'er
earth, Our thoughts are still at home, Our thoughts are still at
earth, Our thoughts are still at home, Our thoughts are still at
home, Our thoughts are still at home.
home, Our thoughts are still at home.

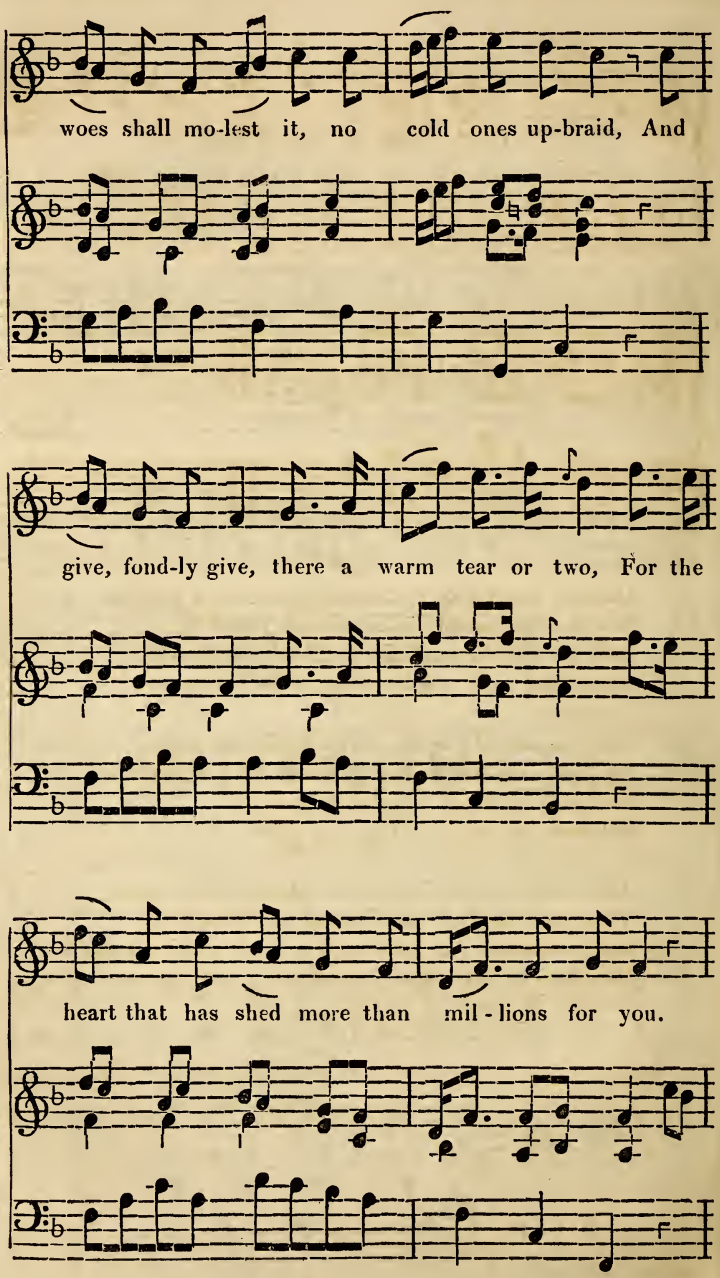
THE IRISH MELODIES.—No 15.

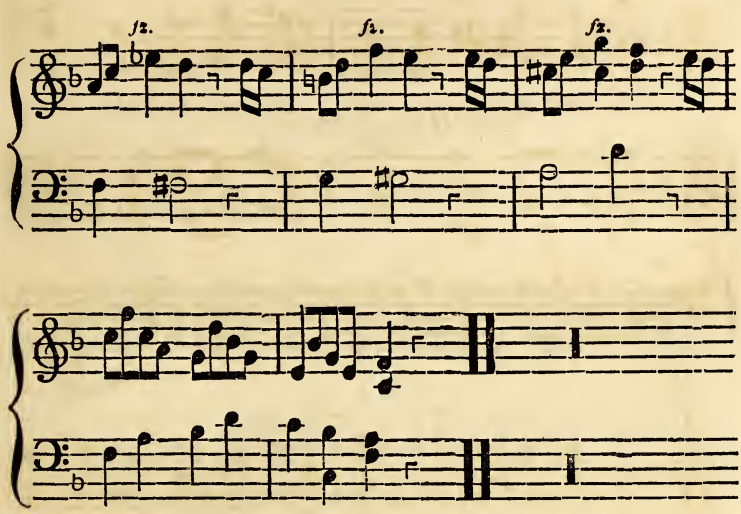
Oh! come to the Tomb.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS MARY LEMAN REDE.

[AIR—*Oh! breathe not his Name.*




woes shall mo-lest it, no cold ones up-braid, And
give, fond-ly give, there a warm tear or two, For the
heart that has shed more than mil - lions for you.



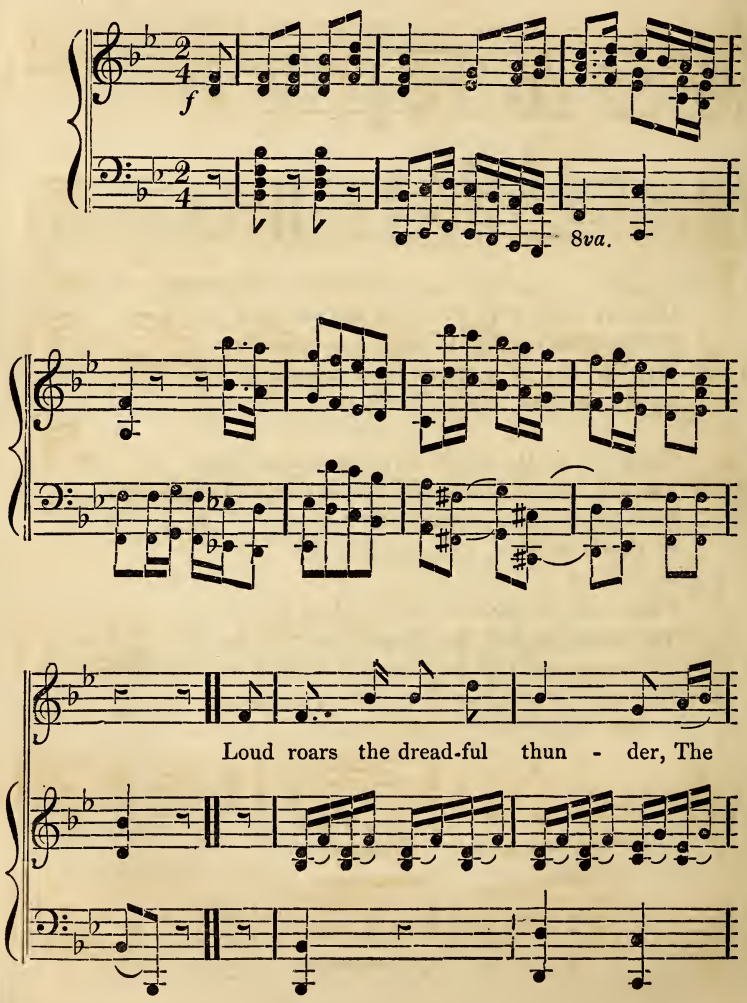
Gild my tomb with the smile that in life I ador'd,
Which often has life to my bosom restor'd;
But, oh! let its sunbeam be blended with dew.
As my last look will be when it lingers on you.

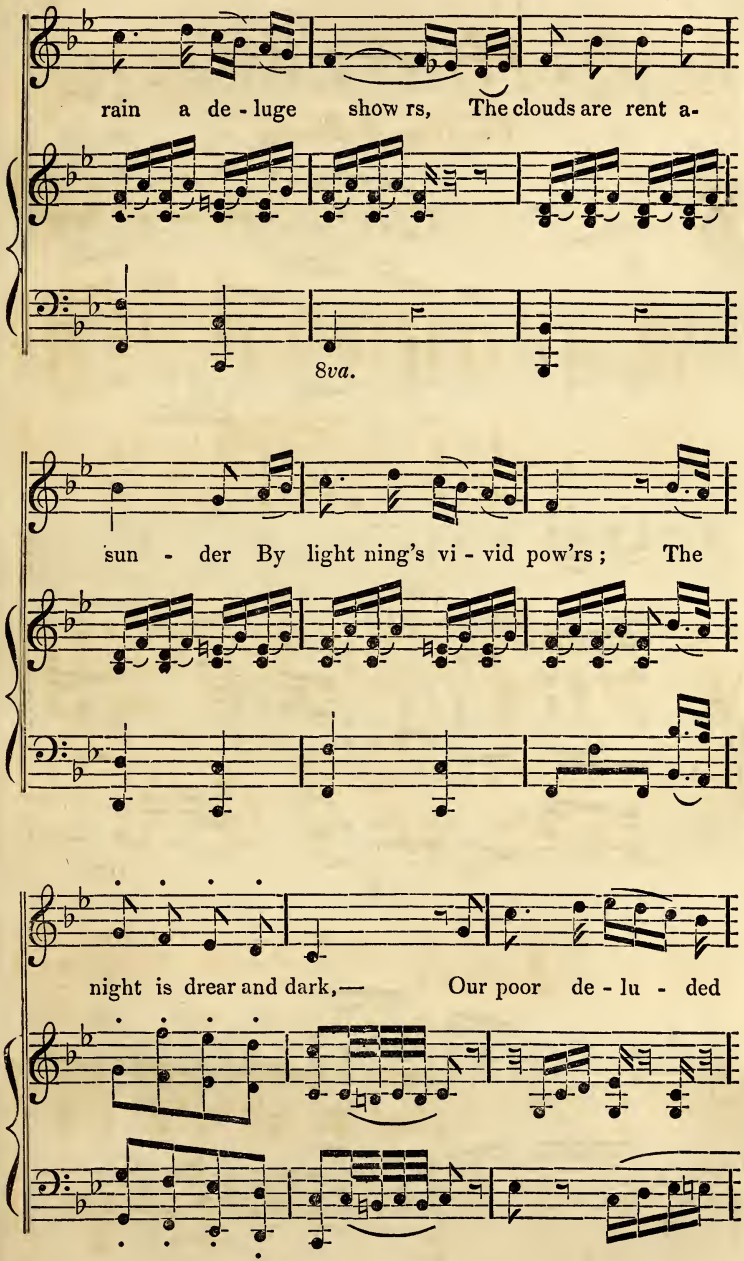
Then turn to the world, to its shadow or glare,
And ask, has it got such a friend for you there,—
So fondly adoring, so ardently true,—
So madly devoted, as I was to you?

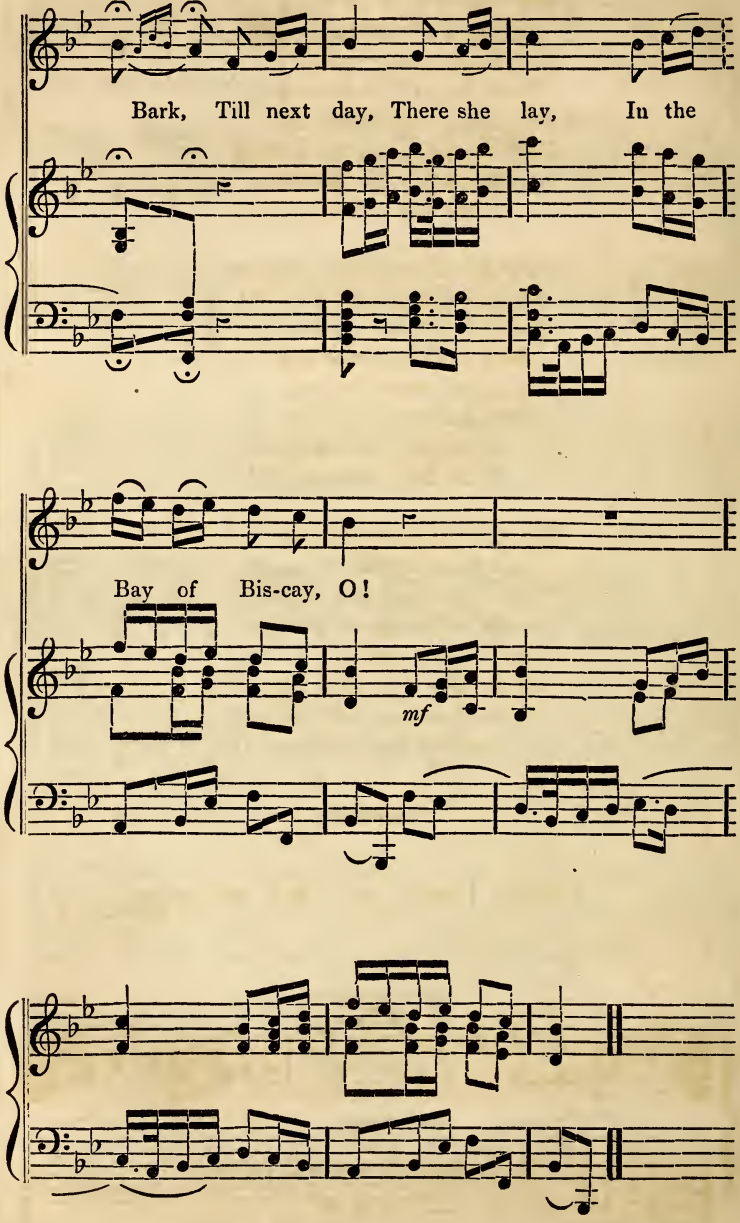
Then come to the tomb where these relics recline,
The spirit has fled, but despise not the shrine,
And remember that nothing but death could subdue
The light of that shrine that burn'd only for you.

The Bay of Biscay.

Composed by J Davy.




rain a de - luge show rs, The clouds are rent a-
8va.
sun - der By light ning's vi - vid pow'rs; The
night is drear and dark,— Our poor de - lu - ded

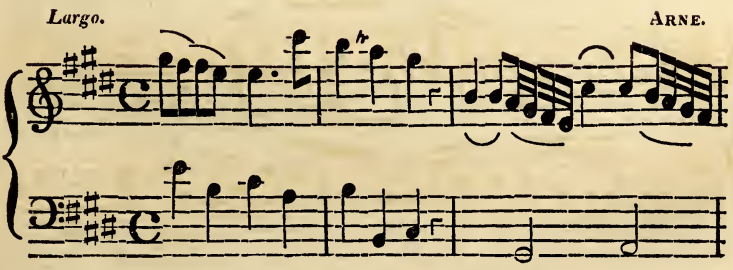

Bark, Till next day, There she lay, In the
Bay of Bis-cay, O!
mf

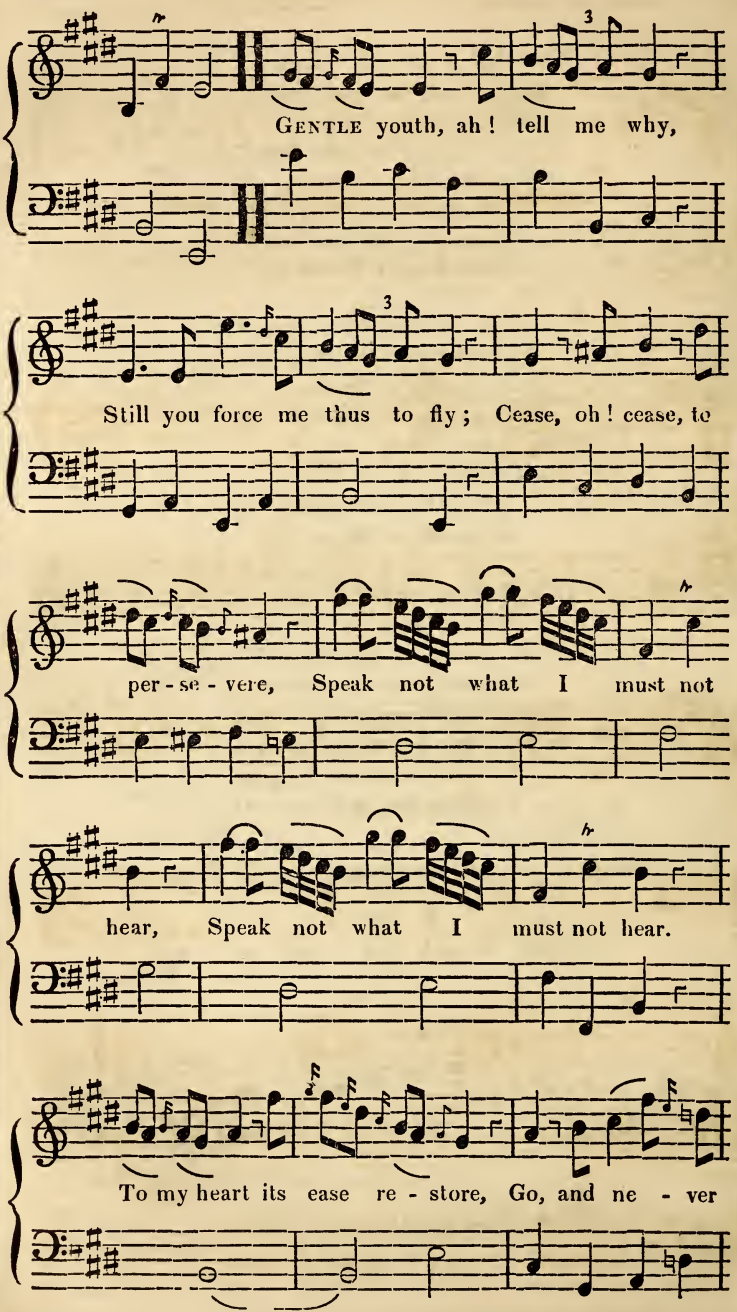
Now dash'd upon the billow,
Her op'ning timbers creak;
Each fears a wat'ry pillow;
None stop the dreadful leak.
To cling to slipp'ry shrouds
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay, till next day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

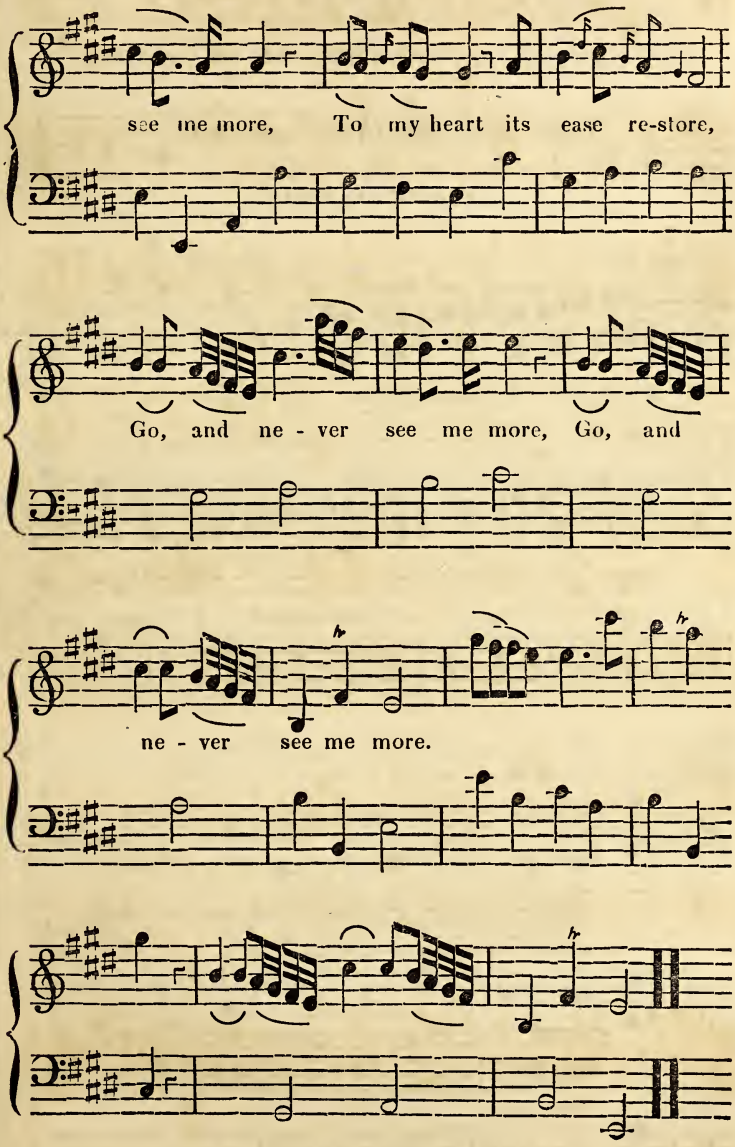
At length the wish'd-for morrow
Breaks through the hazy sky,—
Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
Each heaves a bitter sigh.
The dismal wreck to view,
Strikes horror to the crew,
As she lay, on that day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent,
When Heav'n, all bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent:—
A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers!—
Now we sail, with the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay, O!

Gentle Youth, ah! tell me why.



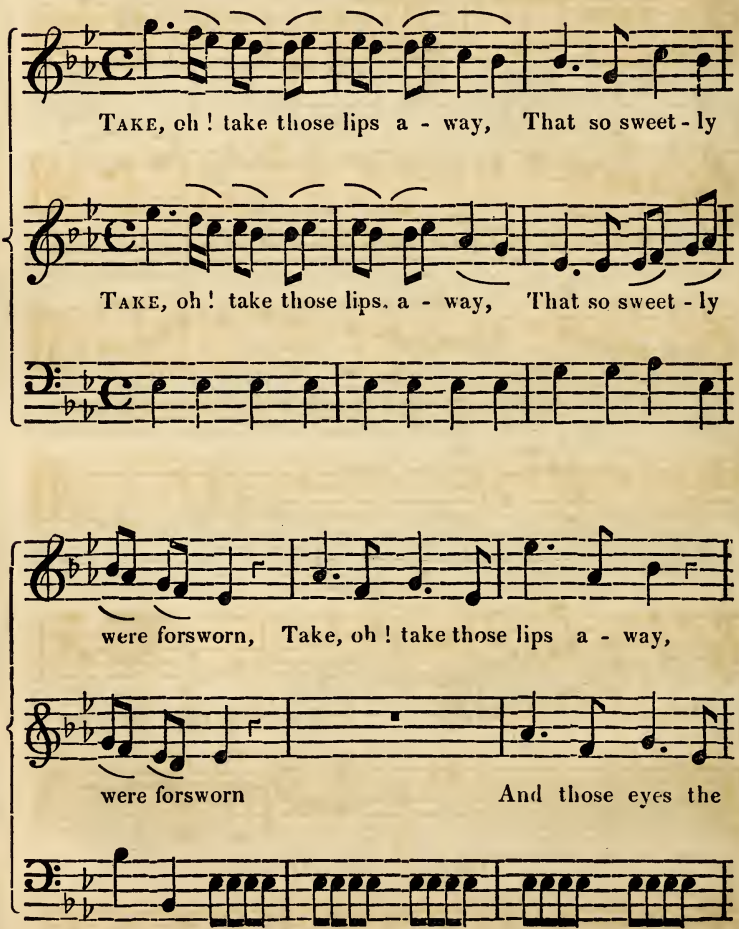

Gentle youth, ah! tell me why,
Still you force me thus to fly; Cease, oh! cease, to
per-se-vere, Speak not what I must not
hear, Speak not what I must not hear.
To my heart its ease re-store, Go, and ne-ver

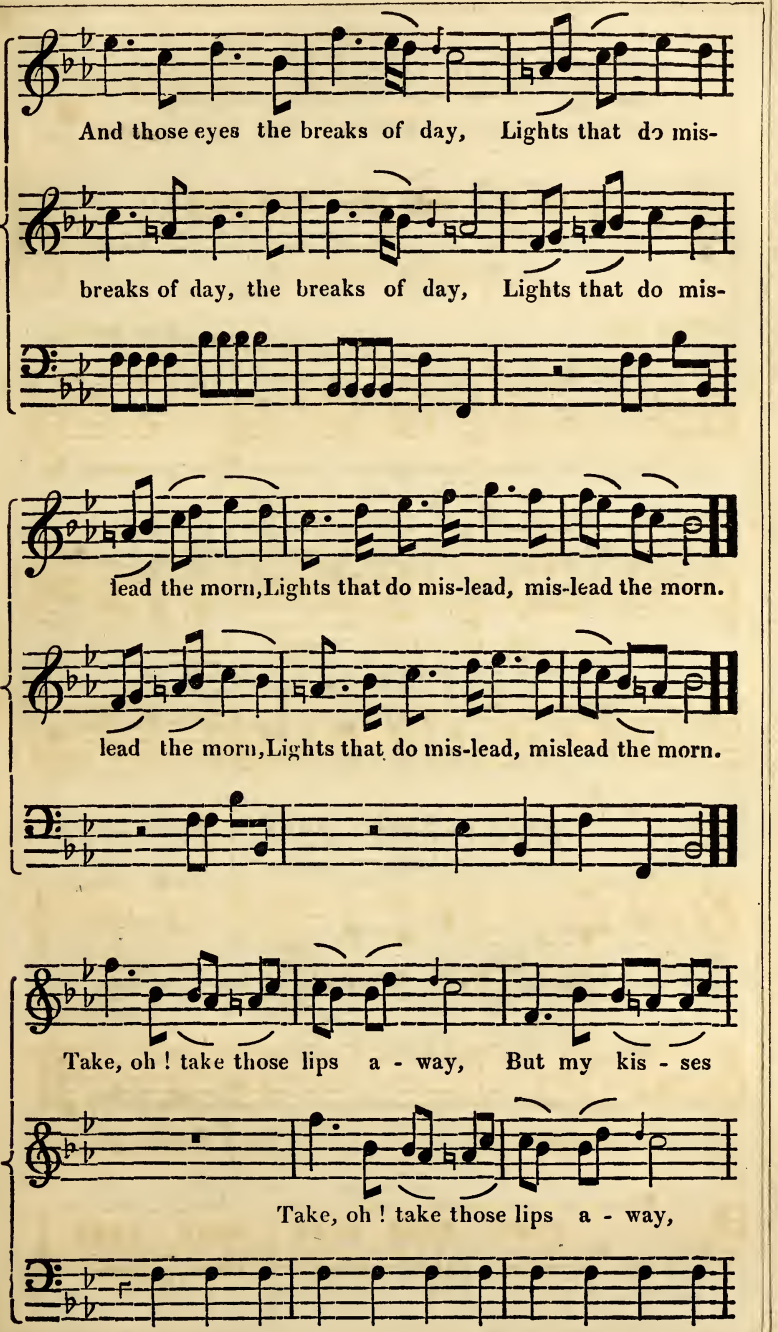

see me more, To my heart its ease re-store,
Go, and ne - ver see me more, Go, and
ne - ver see me more.

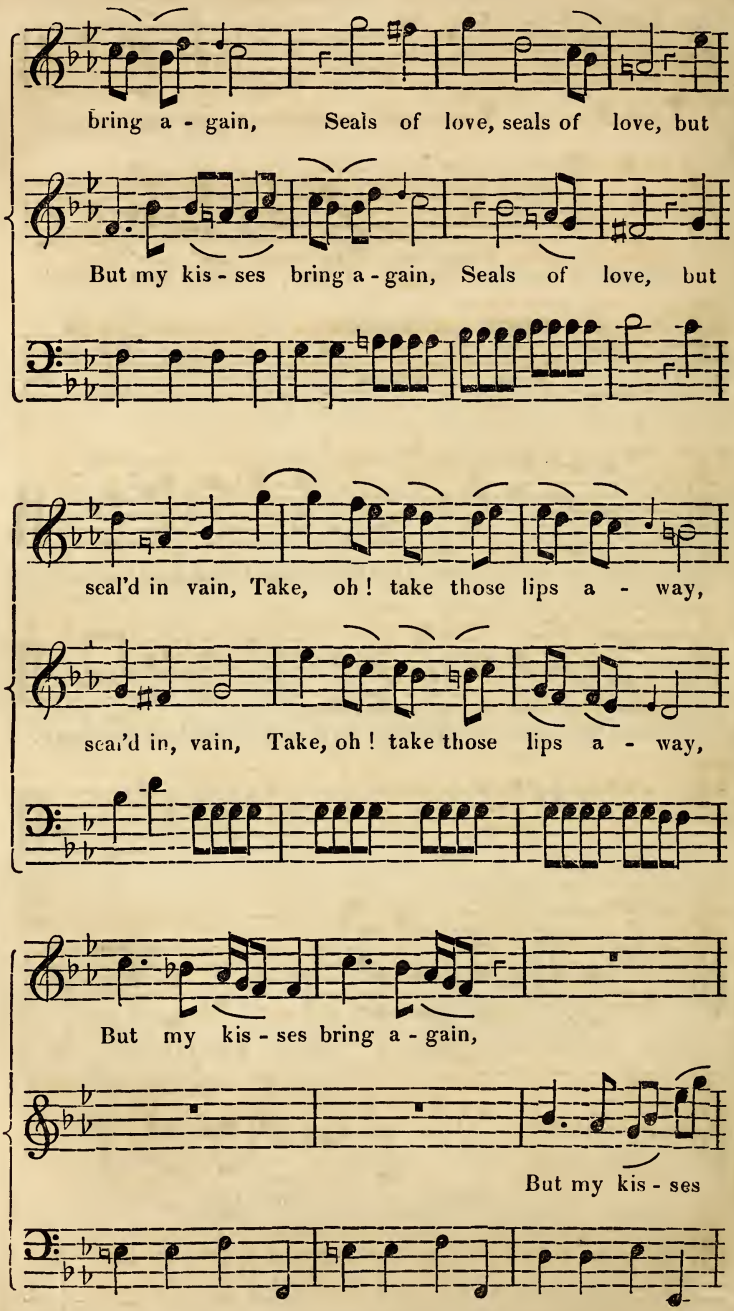
Take, oh! take those Lips away.

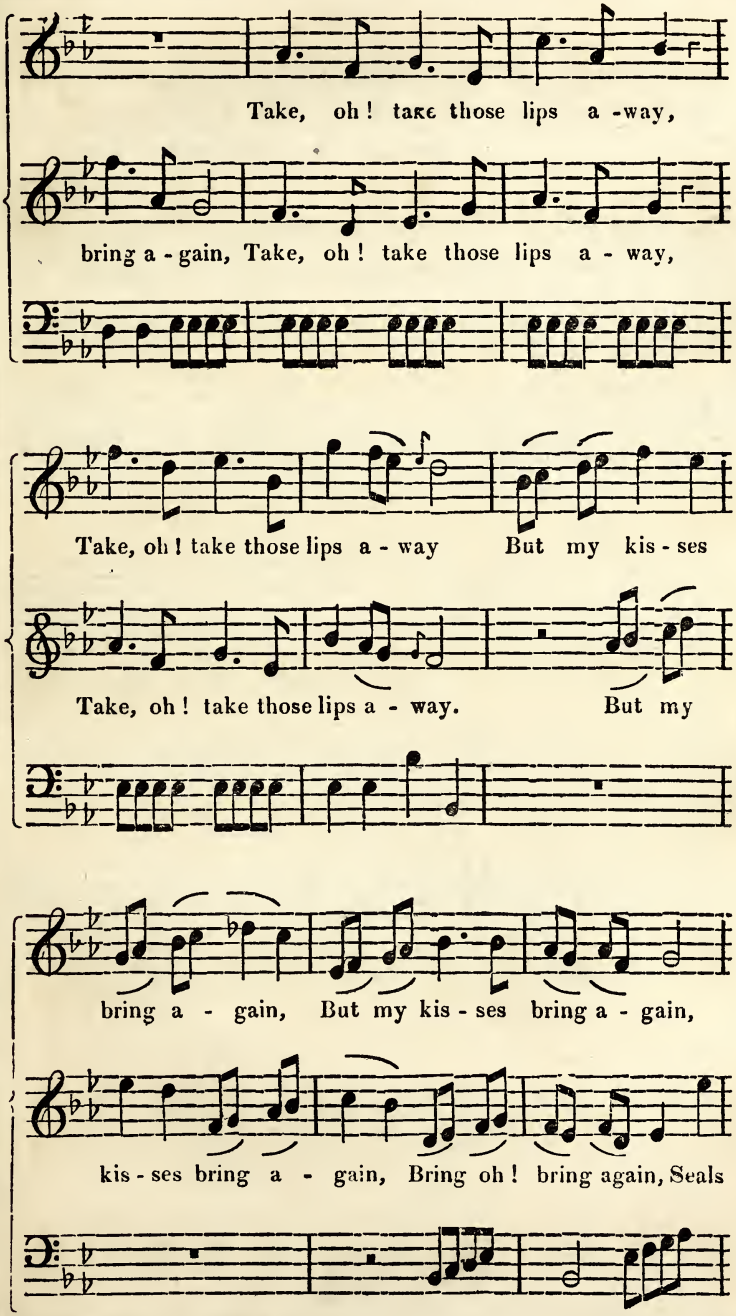
A FAVORITE CANZONET.

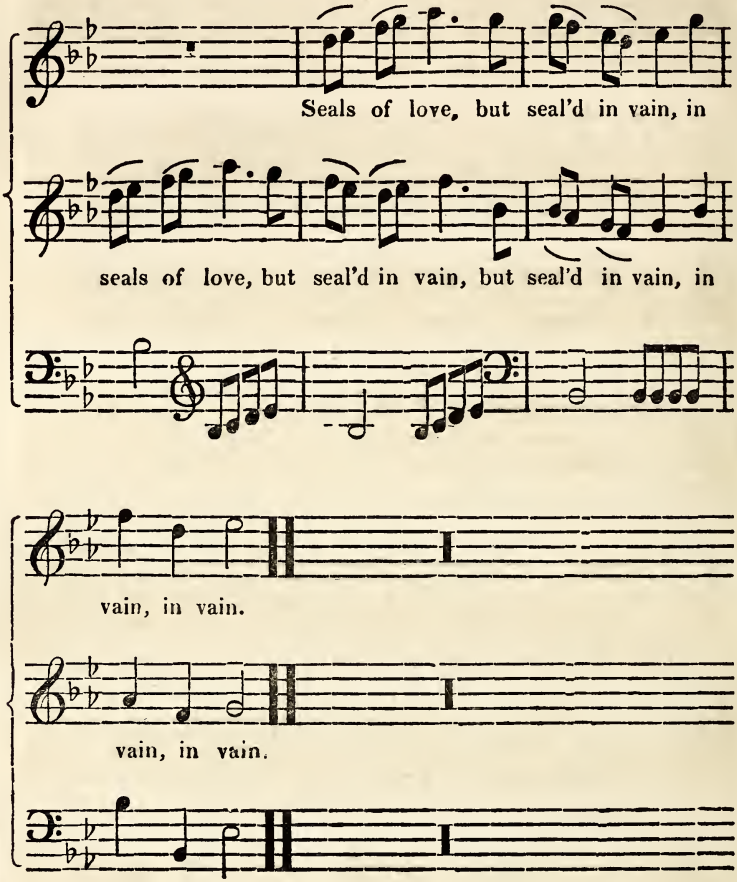
Allegro Molto *Wm. Jackson.*




And those eyes the breaks of day, Lights that do mis-
breaks of day, the breaks of day, Lights that do mis-
lead the morn, Lights that do mis-lead, mis-lead the morn.
lead the morn, Lights that do mis-lead, mislead the morn.
Take, oh! take those lips a - way, But my kis - ses
Take, oh! take those lips a - way,


bring a - gain, Seals of love, seals of love, but
But my kis - ses bring a - gain, Seals of love, but
seal'd in vain, Take, oh! take those lips a - way,
seal'd in, vain, Take, oh! take those lips a - way,
But my kis - ses bring a - gain,
But my kis - ses


Take, oh! take those lips a -way,
bring a - gain, Take, oh! take those lips a - way,
Take, oh! take those lips a - way But my kis - ses
Take, oh! take those lips a - way. But my
bring a - gain, But my kis - ses bring a - gain,
kis - ses bring a - gain, Bring oh! bring again, Seals

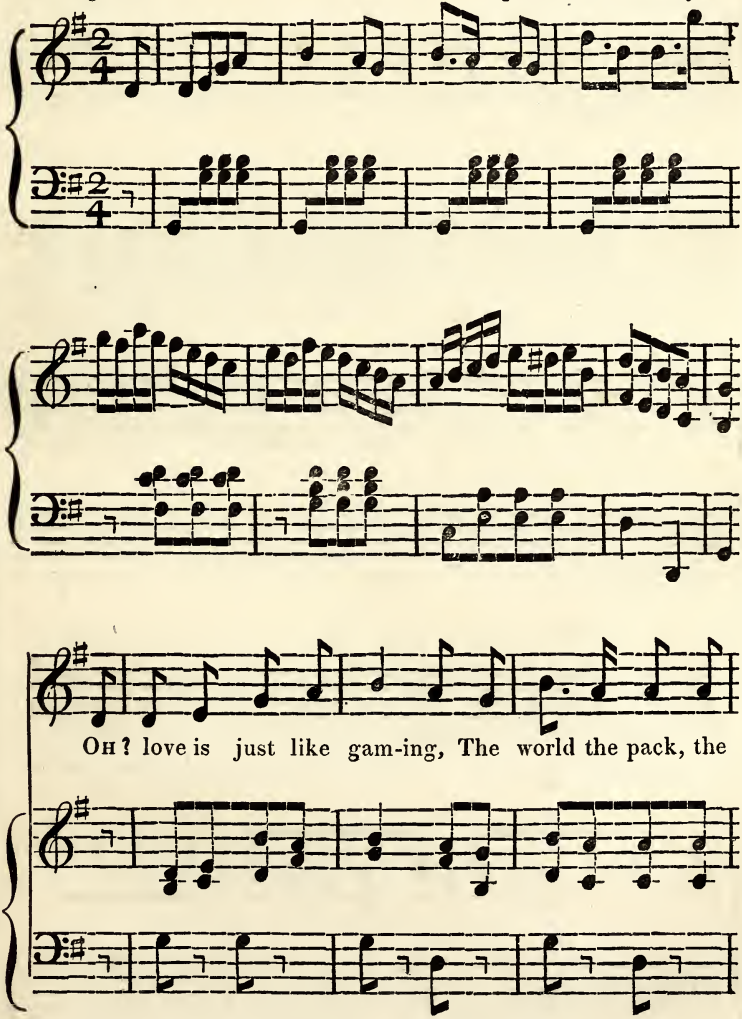

Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, in
seals of love, but seal'd in vain, but seal'd in vain, in
vain, in vain.
vain, in vain.

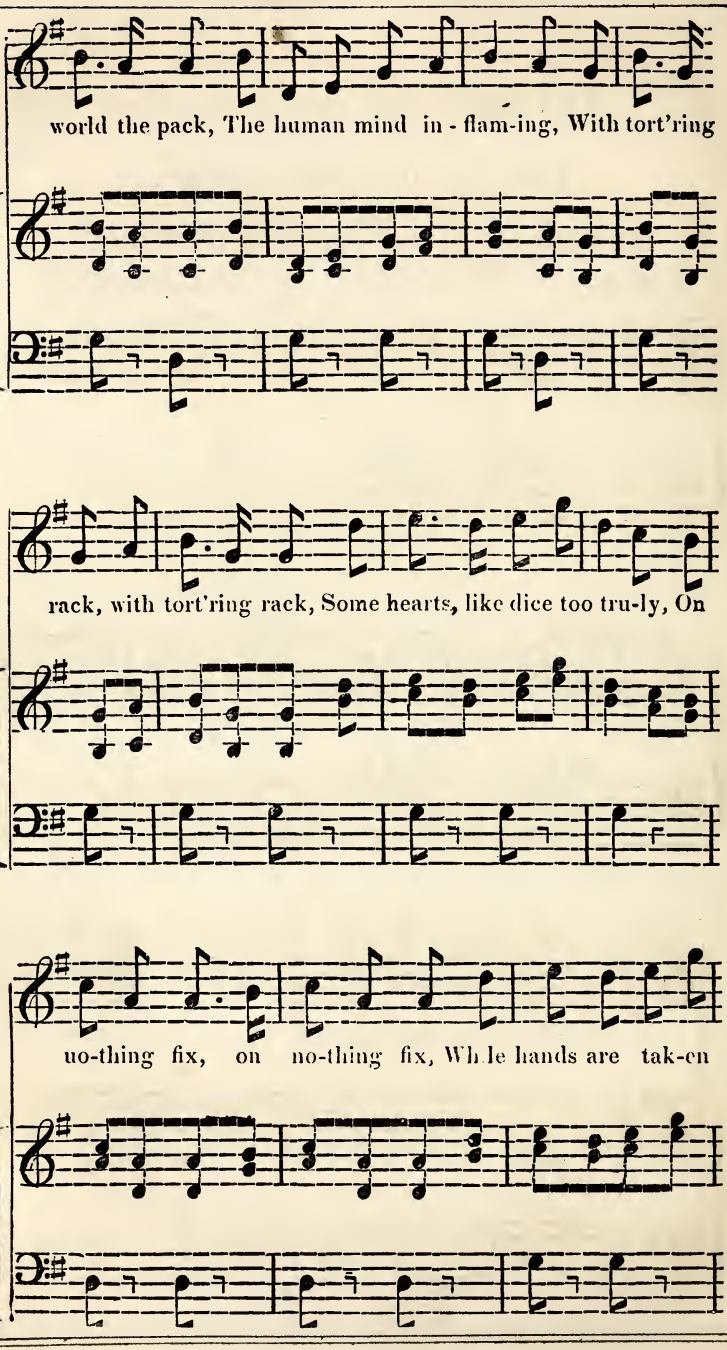
THE IRISH MELODIES.—No 16.

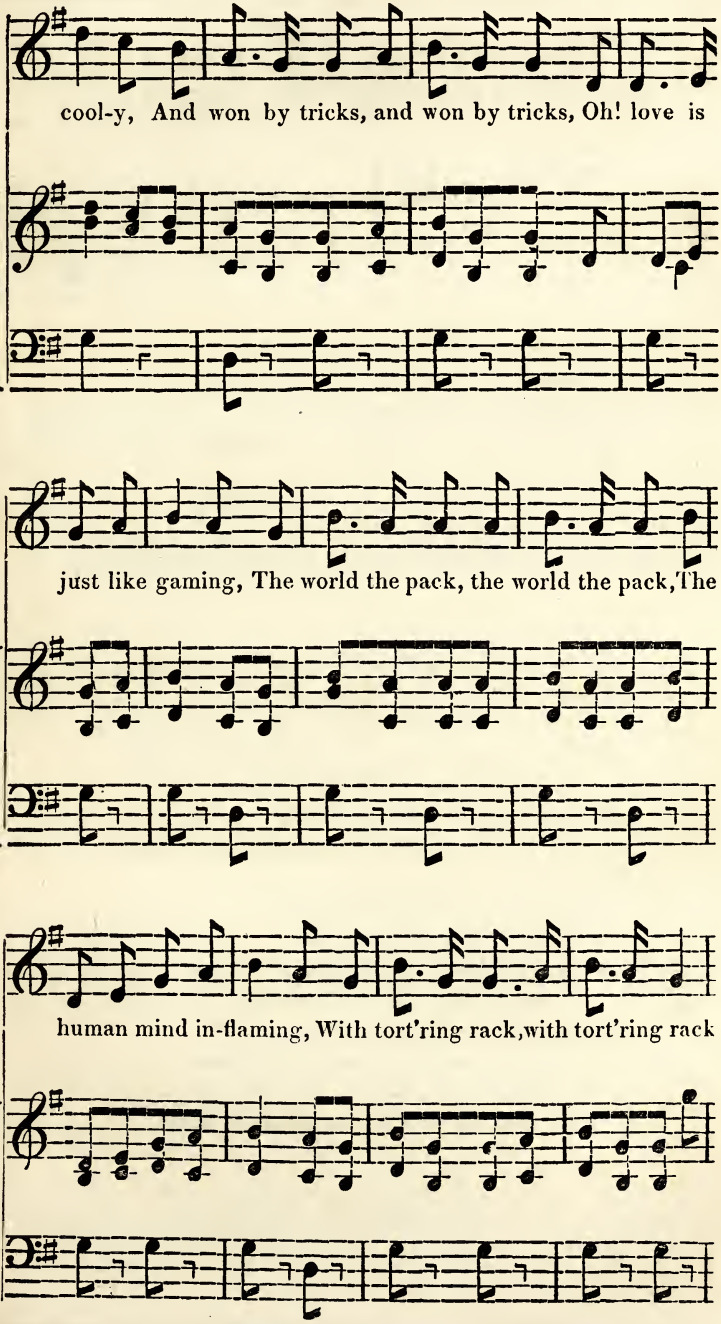
Oh! Love is just like Gaming.

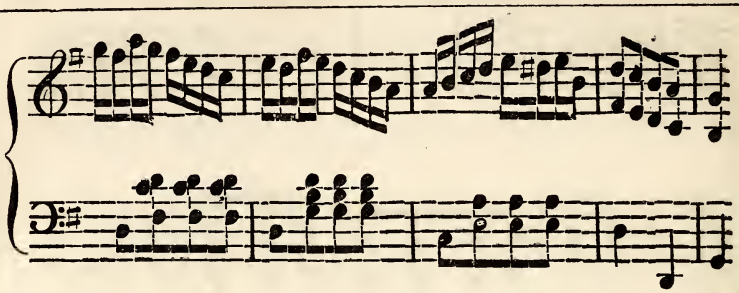
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS MARY LEMAN REDE.

Allegretto. [AIR—*To Ladies' Eyes.*




world the pack, The human mind in - flam-ing, With tort'ring
rack, with tort'ring rack, Some hearts, like dice too tru-ly, On
no-thing fix, on no-thing fix, While hands are tak-en


cool-y, And won by tricks, and won by tricks, Oh! love is
just like gaming, The world the pack, the world the pack, The
human mind in-flaming, With tort'ring rack, with tort'ring rack



The men, oh! who will doubt it,
Are oft the *knaves*, are oft the *knaves*;
But when we set about it,
We make them slaves, we make them slaves;
But some are so unruly,
They will he *kings*, they will be *kings*,
And *king of clubs* too truly,
And such like things, and such like things.

The ladies all to Hymen's
Bright altars crowd, bright altars crowd,
Some to be *queen of diamonds*,
It is allow'd, it is allow'd;
But such soon change their billing,
And call in aids, and call in aids,
And while their spouses killing,
Prove *queen of spades*, prove *queen of spades*.

But those who prize the winning
Of real bliss, of real bliss,
Despise such sordid sinning,
As much amiss, as much amiss,
And seek those honors solely,
That love imparts, that love imparts
Ambitious to be wholly
The *queen of hearts*, the *queen of hearts*.

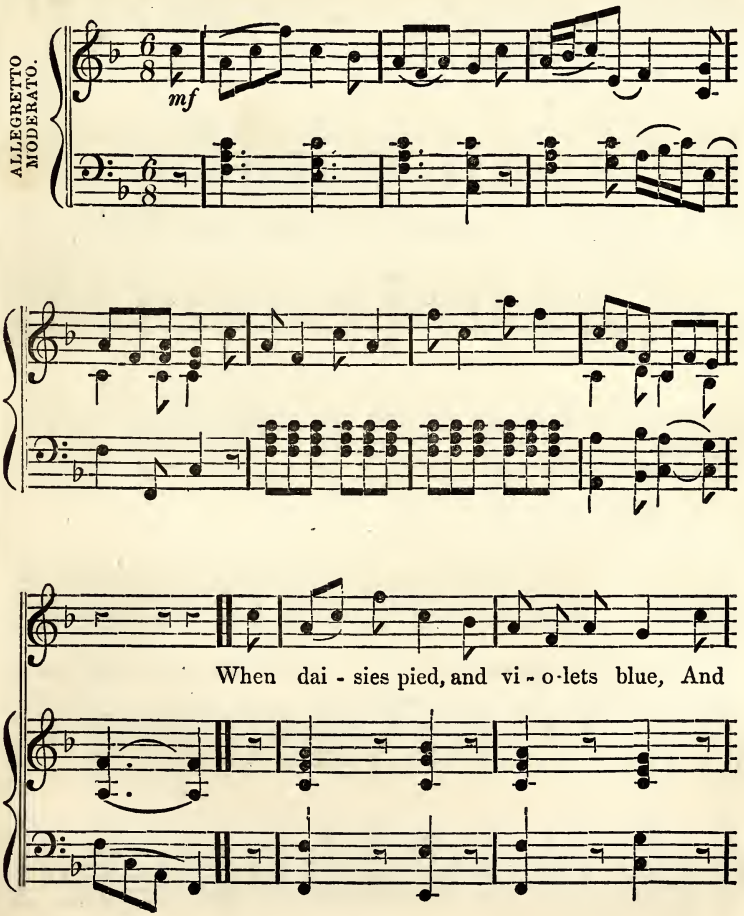
The Cuckoo.

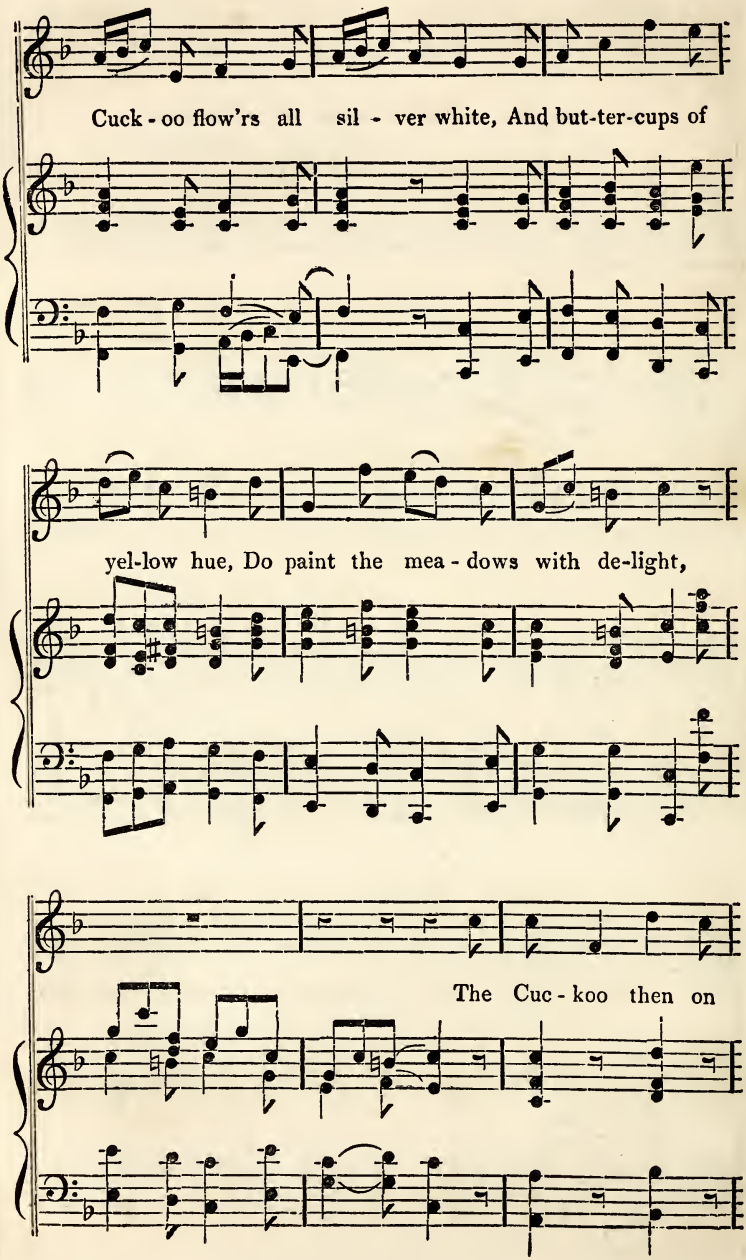
SUNG BY MRS. A. SHAW, MADAME VESTRIS, &c.

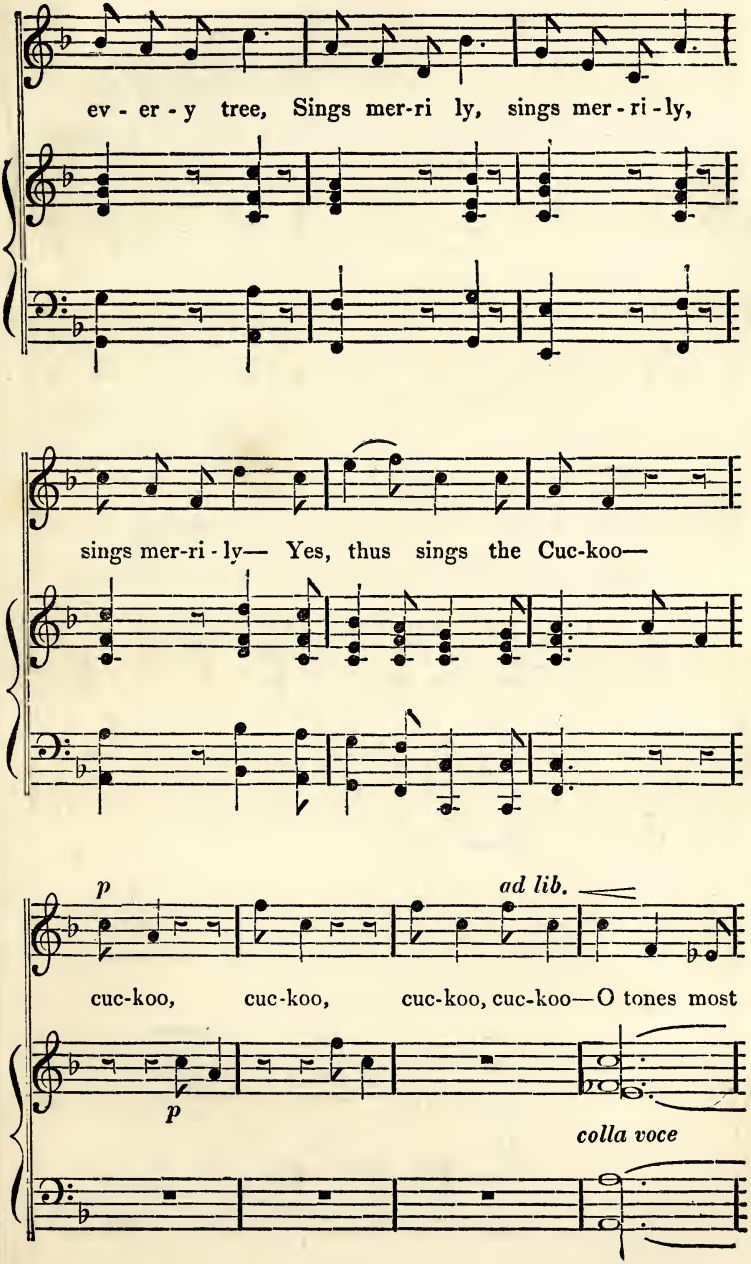
THE POETRY BY SHAKSPEARE.

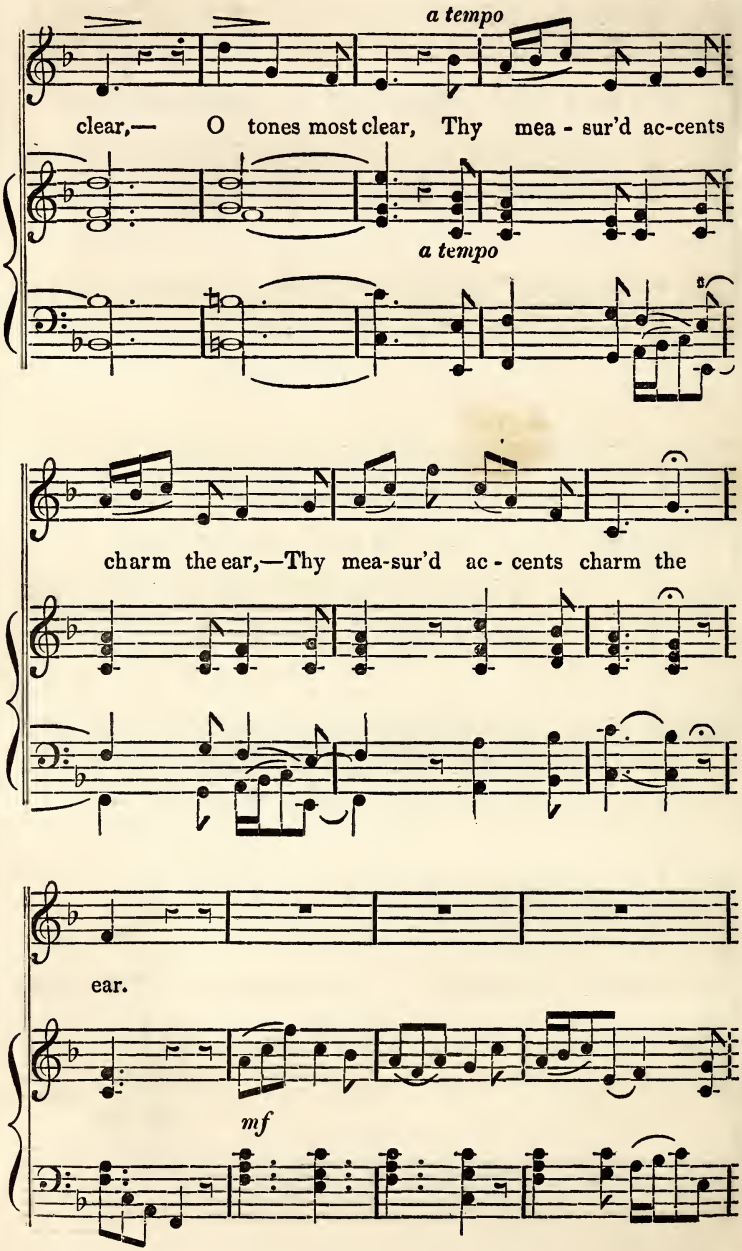
[To render this song more acceptable to the million, a few alterations have been made in the poetry, for which we trust that the indelicate tendency of the authorized version is a sufficient apology.—Ed.]

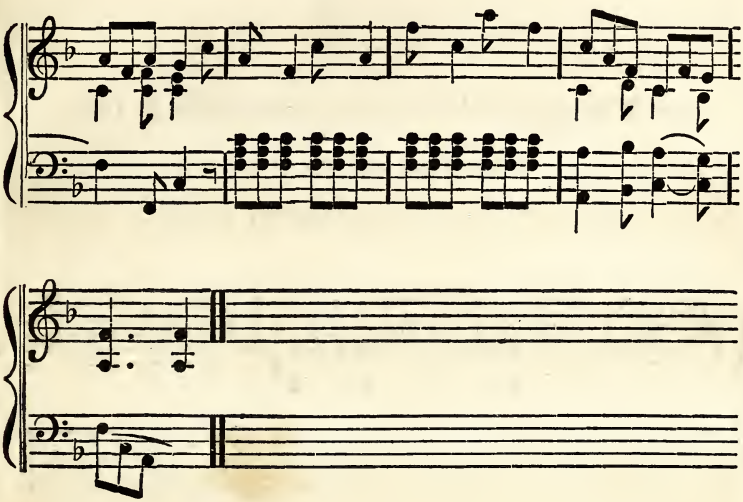
Dr. Arne.




Cuck - oo flow'rs all sil - ver white, And but-ter-cups of
yel-low hue, Do paint the mea - dows with de-light,
The Cuc - koo then on


ev - er - y tree, Sings mer-ri ly, sings mer - ri - ly,
sings mer-ri - ly— Yes, thus sings the Cuc-koo—
p
ad lib.
cuc-koo, cuc-koo, cuc-koo, cuc-koo—O tones most
p
colla voce


a tempo
clear,— O tones most clear, Thy mea - sur'd ac-cents
a tempo
charm the ear,—Thy mea-sur'd ac - cents charm the
ear.
mf



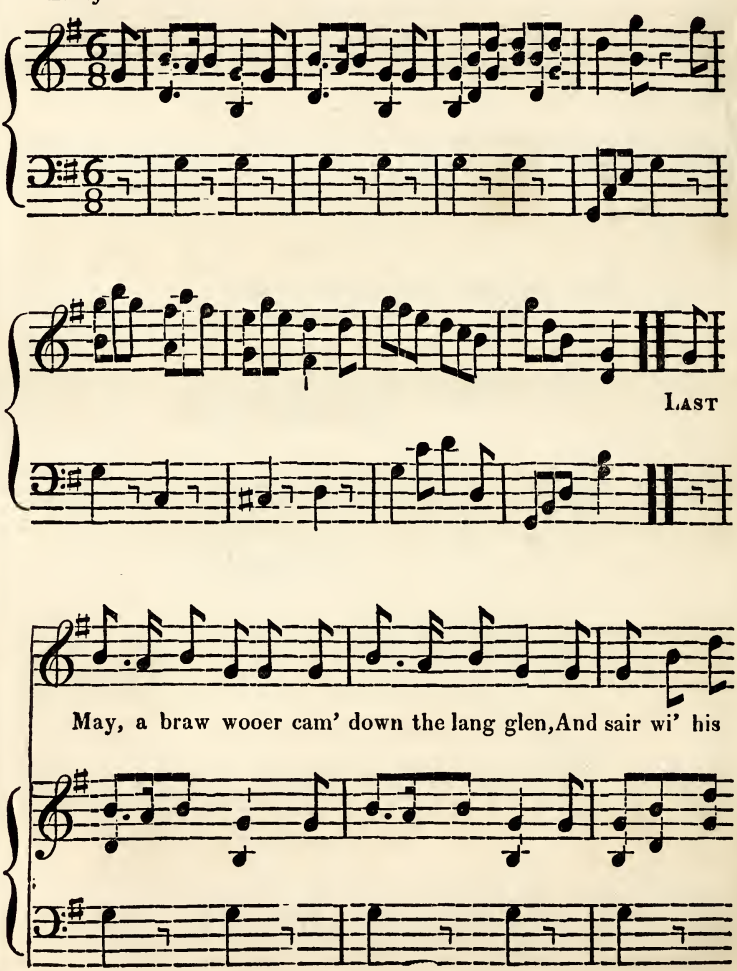
When shepherd's pipe on oaten straws
And larks proclaim the morning's dawn,
And turtles coo, and rooks and daws
And lambkins gambol o'er the lawn,
The cuckoo then, &c.

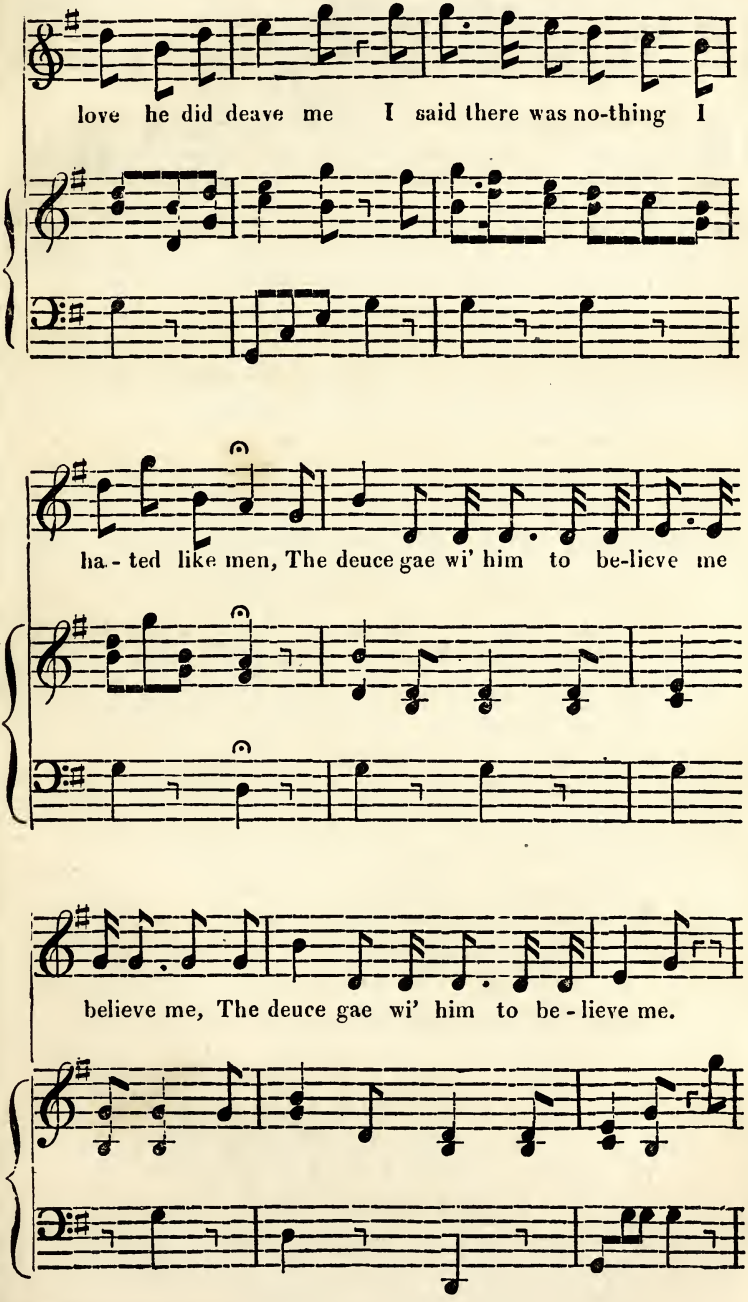
Last May a braw Wooer cam' down the lang Glen.

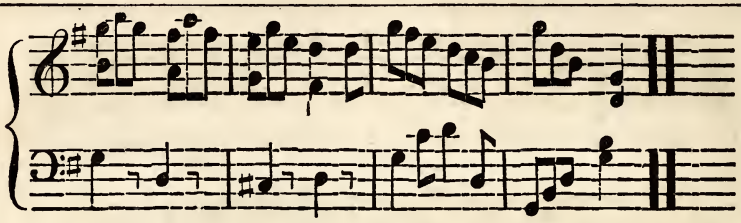
A FAVORITE SCOTCH SONG.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY ROBERT BURNS.

Lively.




love he did deave me I said there was no-thing I
ha - ted like men, The deuce gae wi' him to be-lieve me
believe me, The deuce gae wi' him to be - lieve me.



He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black e'en,
And vow'd for my love he was dying;
I said he might die when he liked for Jean.
The lord forgi'e me for lying, for lying,
The lord forgi'e me for lying.

A weel stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird,
And marriage aff hand were his proffers;
I never loot on that I kend it or car'd,
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less,
The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her,
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess;
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week, as I petted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there:
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

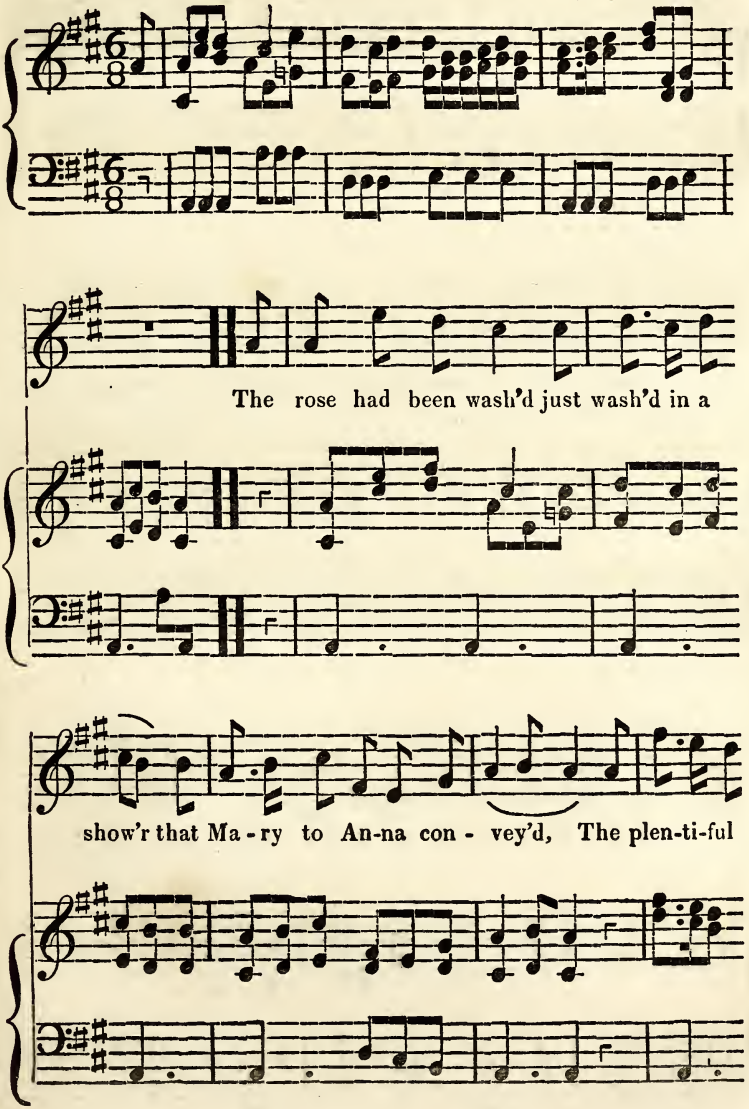
But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink,
Leest neebours might say I was saucy:
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

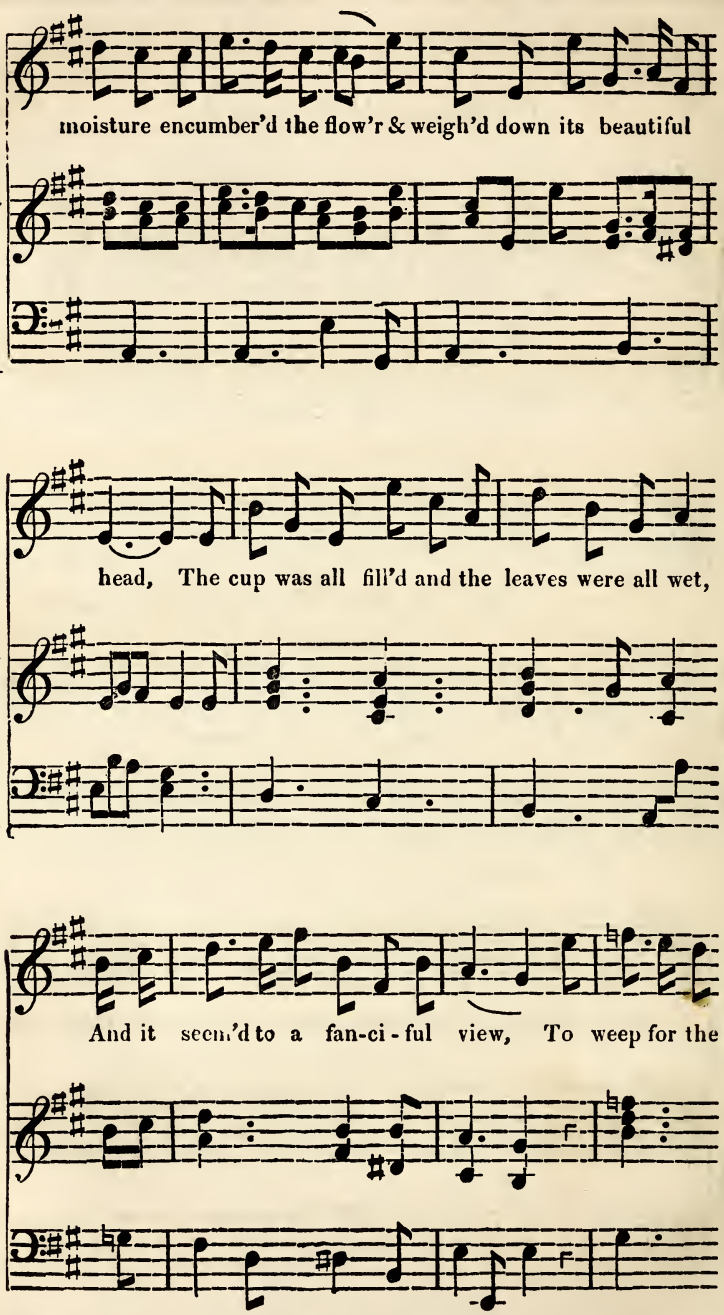
I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
If she had recover'd her hearing,
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet;
But heav'ns! how he fell a-swearing, a-swearing,
But, heav'ns! how he fell a-swearing.

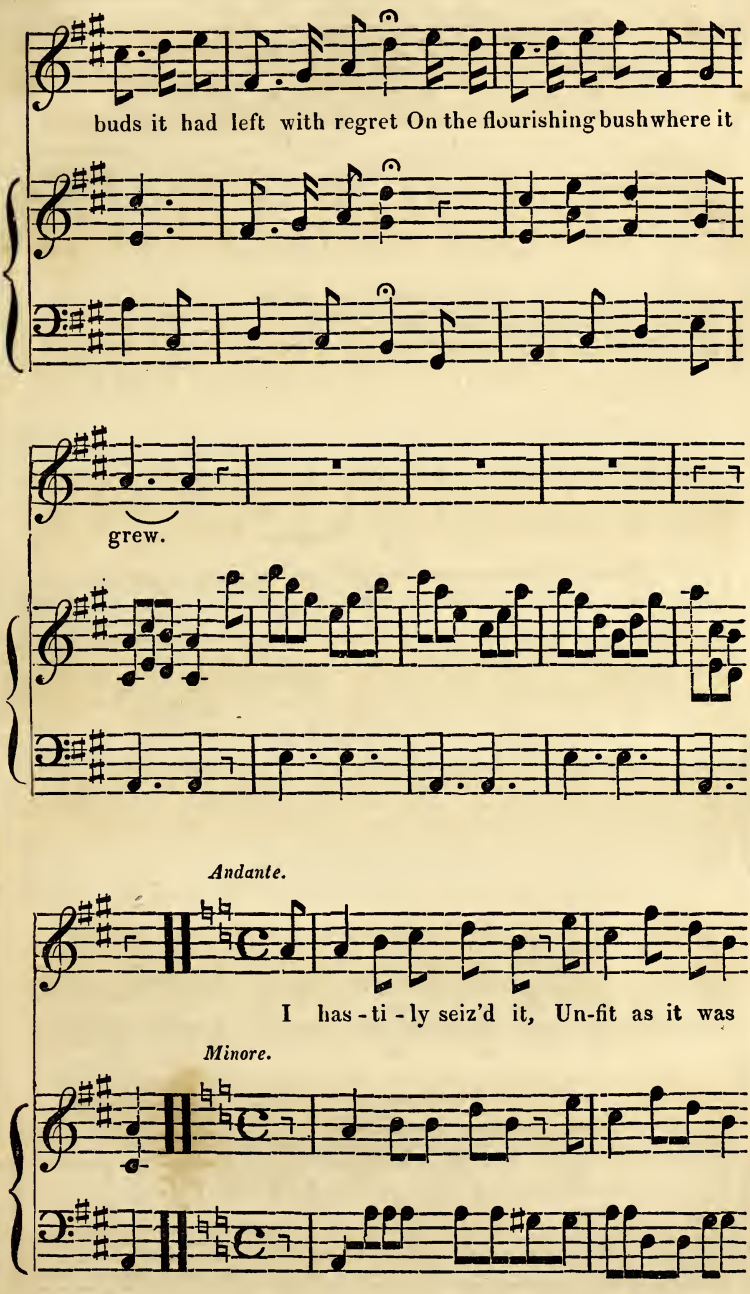
He begg'd for gude-sake! I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow:
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

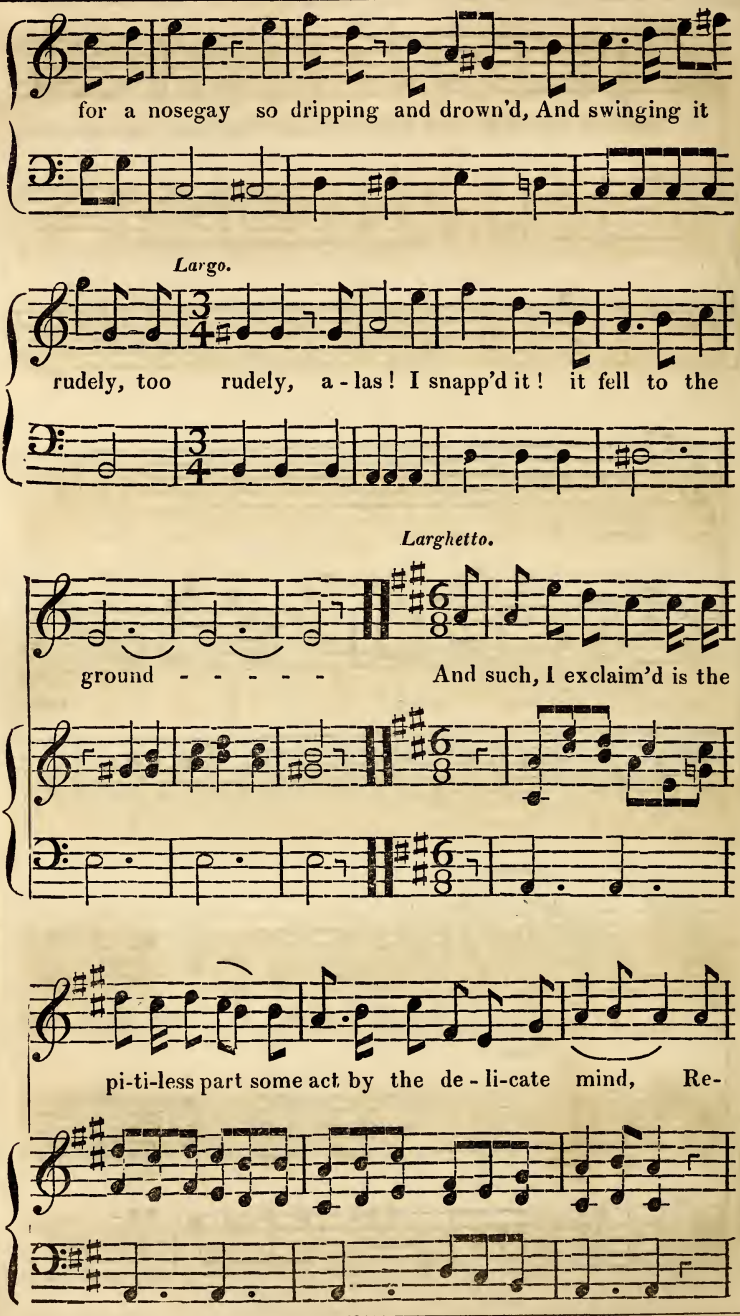
The Rose had been wash'd.

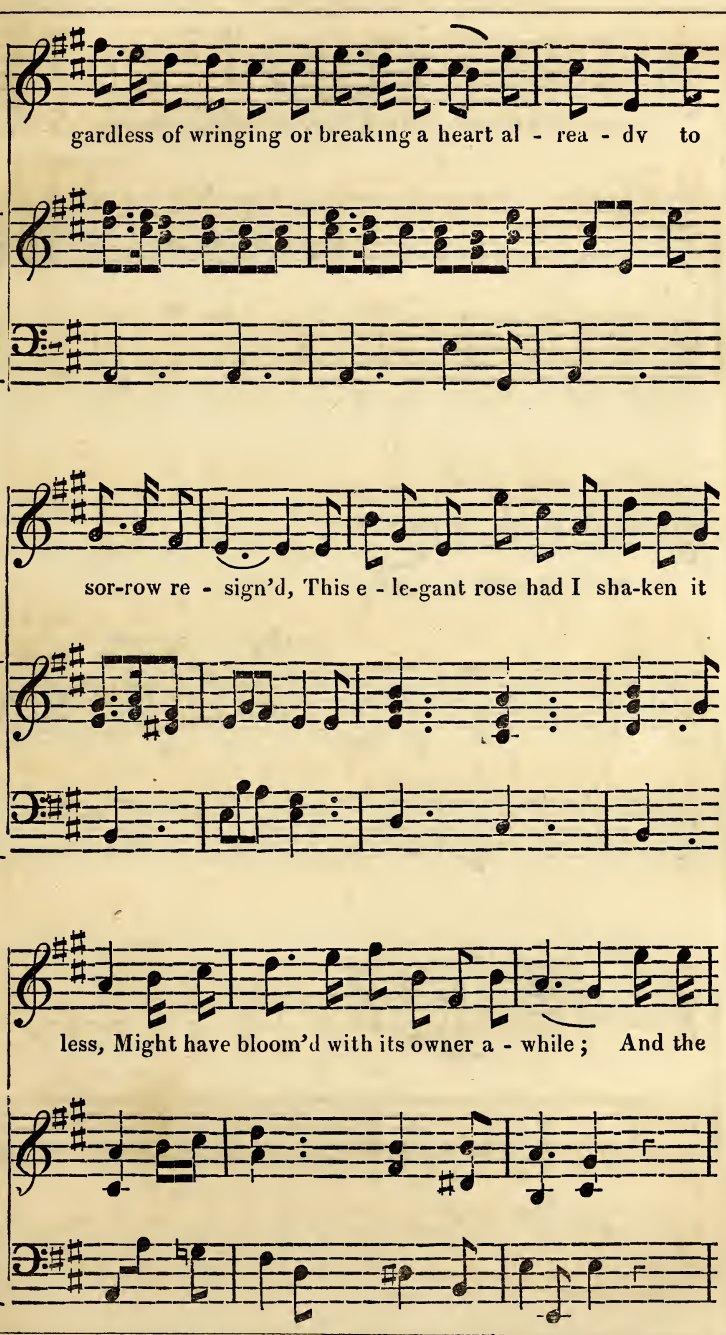
Larghetto. WEBBE.

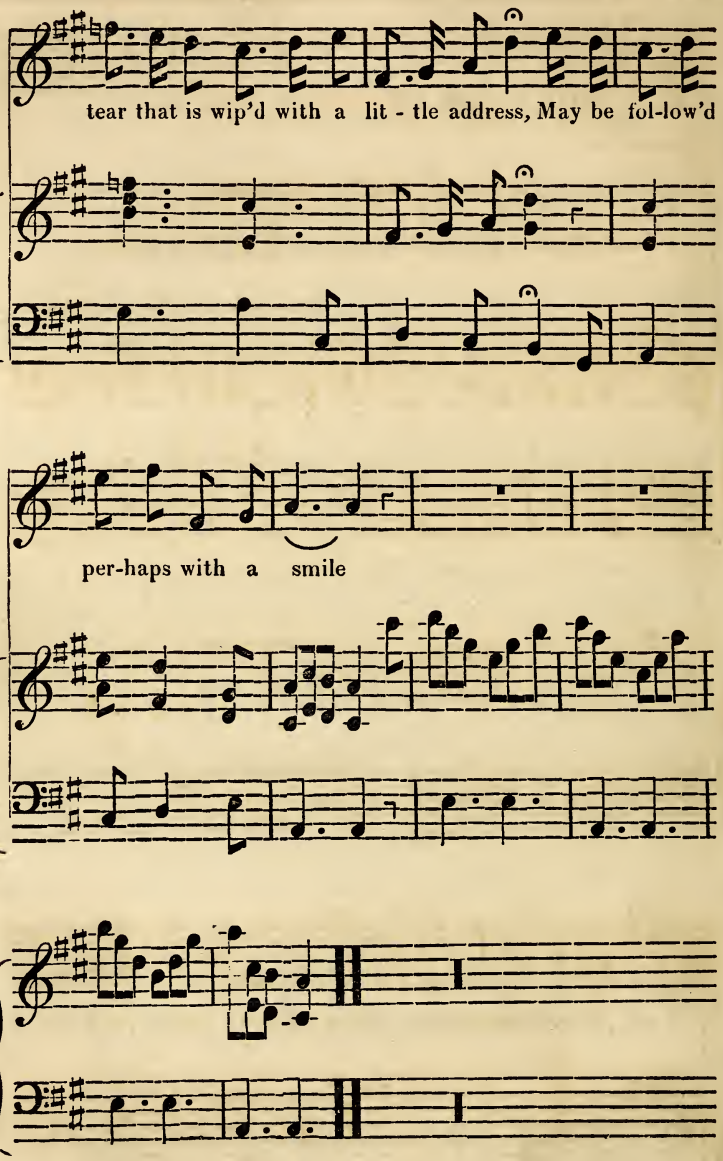



moisture encumber'd the flow'r & weigh'd down its beautiful
head, The cup was all fill'd and the leaves were all wet,
And it seem'd to a fan-ci-ful view, To weep for the


buds it had left with regret On the flourishing bush where it
grew.
Andante.
I has-ti-ly seiz'd it, Un-fit as it was
Minore.


for a nosegay so dripping and drown'd, And swinging it
Largo.
rudely, too rudely, a - las! I snapp'd it! it fell to the
Larghetto.
ground - - - - - And such, I exclaim'd is the
pi-ti-less part some act by the de - li-cate mind, Re-


gardless of wringing or breaking a heart al - rea - dy to
sor-row re - sign'd, This e - le-gant rose had I sha-ken it
less, Might have bloom'd with its owner a - while; And the

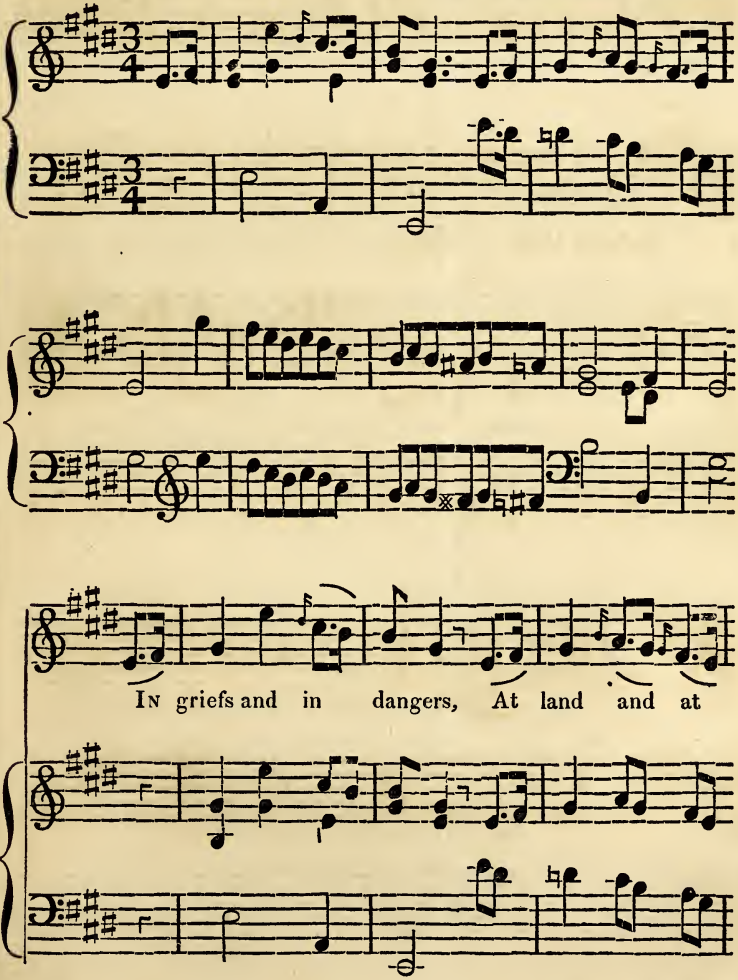

tear that is wip'd with a lit - tle address, May be fol-low'd
per-haps with a smile

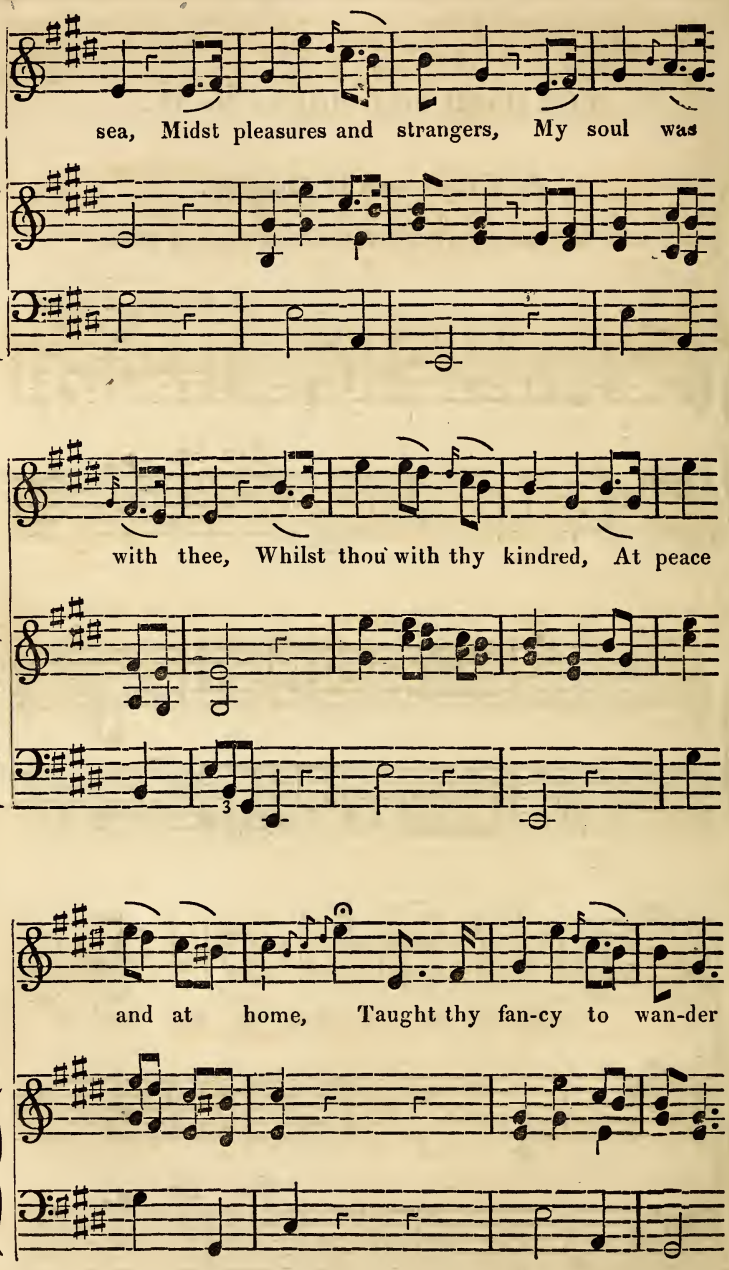
THE IRISH MELODIES.--No 17.

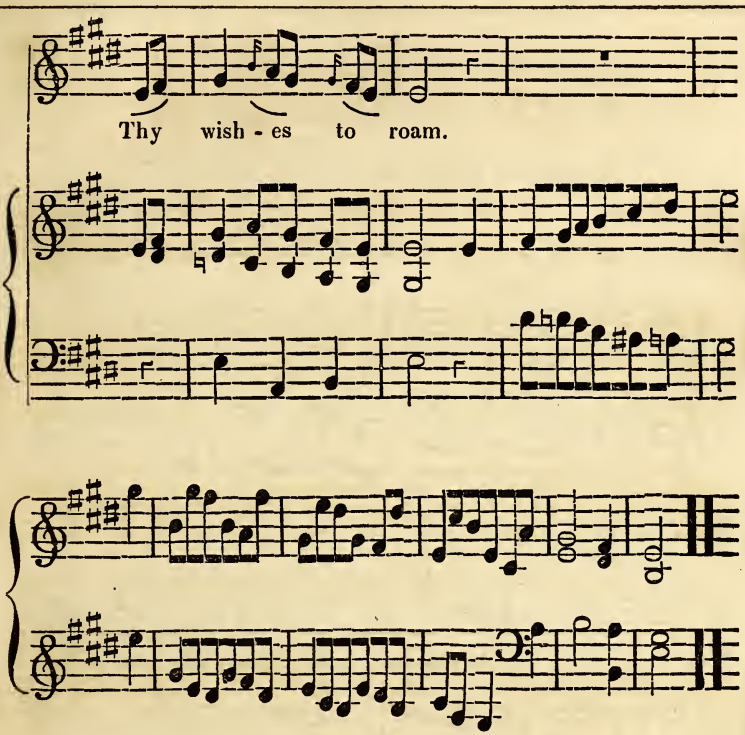
In Griefs and in Dangers.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

[AIR—*The last Rose of Summer.*



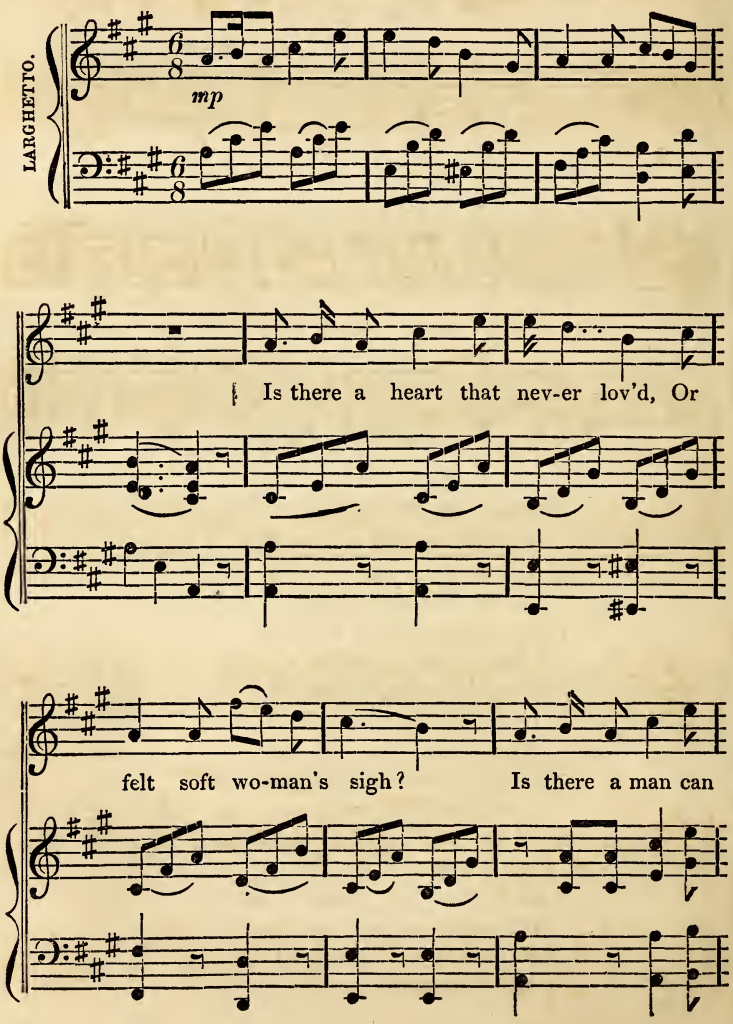

sea, Midst pleasures and strangers, My soul was
with thee, Whilst thou with thy kindred, At peace
and at home, Taught thy fan-cy to wan-der

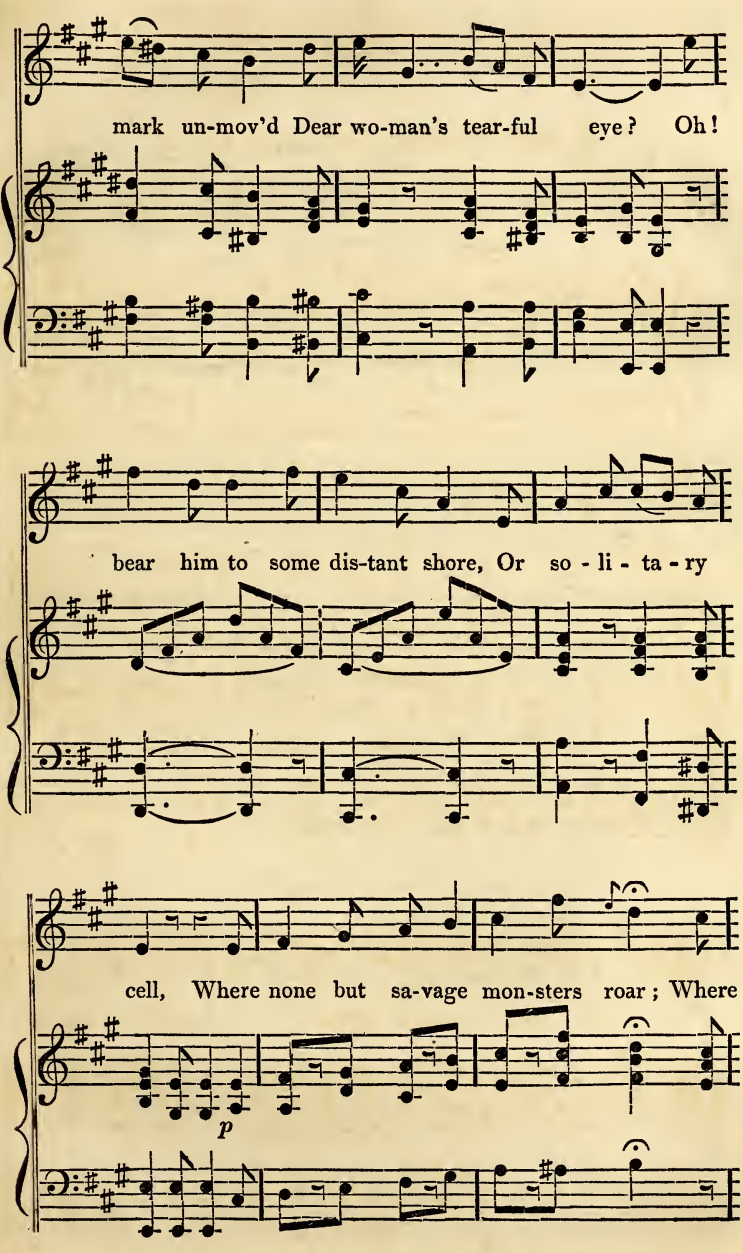


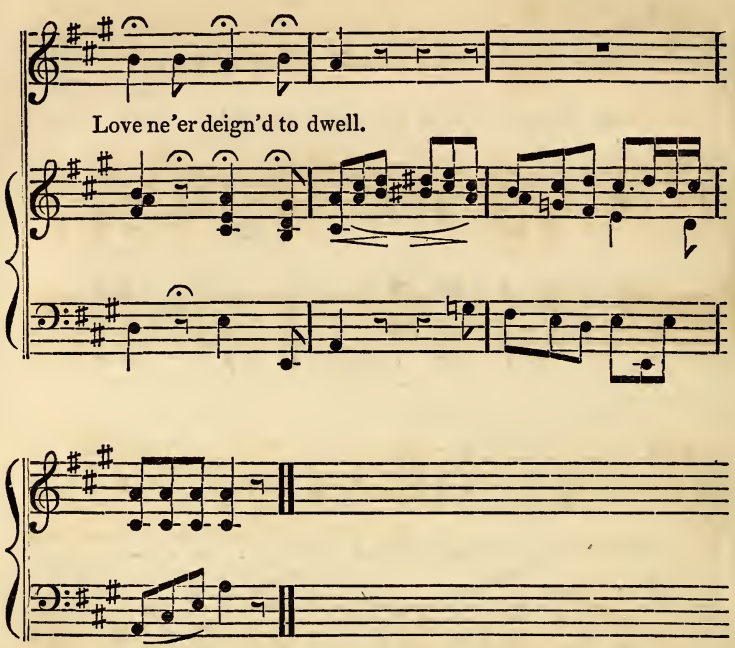
Whilst I suffer'd capture,
Wrong'd wounded, oppress'd,
Thy heart beat with rapture
To Netherville's breast.
In my wants and my sorrows,
I fear'd thou should'st mourn ;
And my heart was distress'd
Lest thine should be torn.

Tho' false friends have decried thee,
I join not their hate ;
Tho' the world may deride thee,
I pity thy fate,
I know thou hast wrong'd me—
Will ne'er be my own ;
But I feel that I love thee,
And love thee alone !

Is there a Heart that never Lov'd?



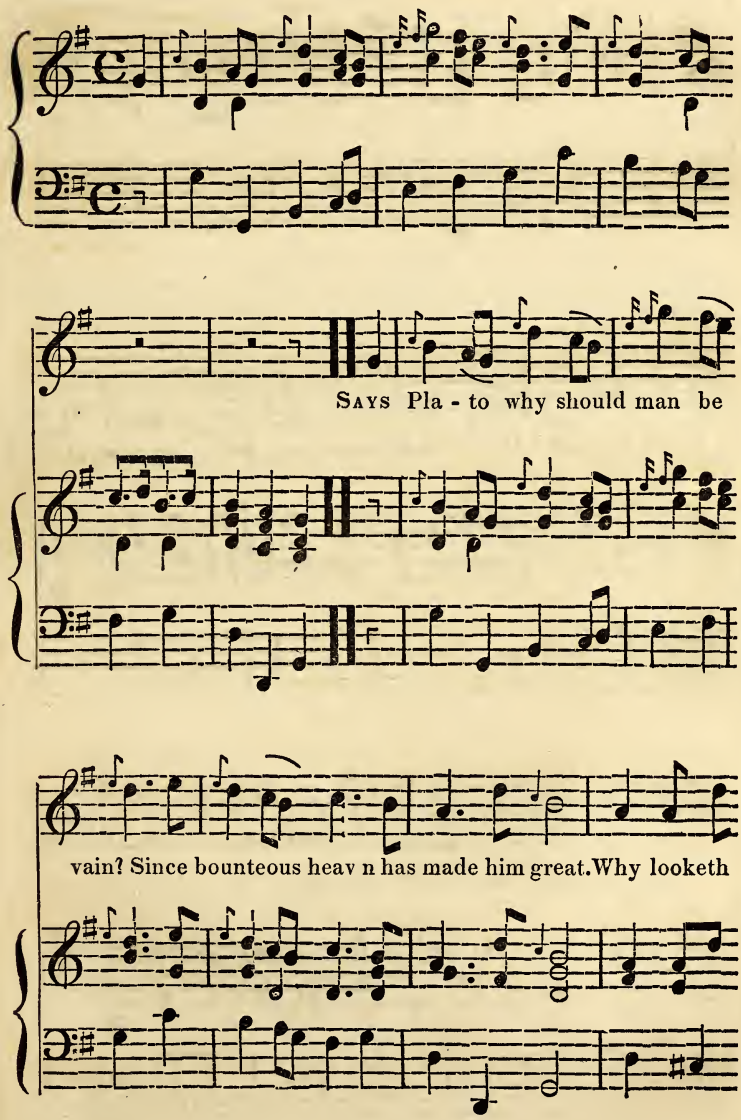

mark un-mov'd Dear wo-man's tear-ful eye? Oh!
bear him to some dis-tant shore, Or so - li - ta - ry
cell, Where none but sa-vage mon-sters roar; Where
p

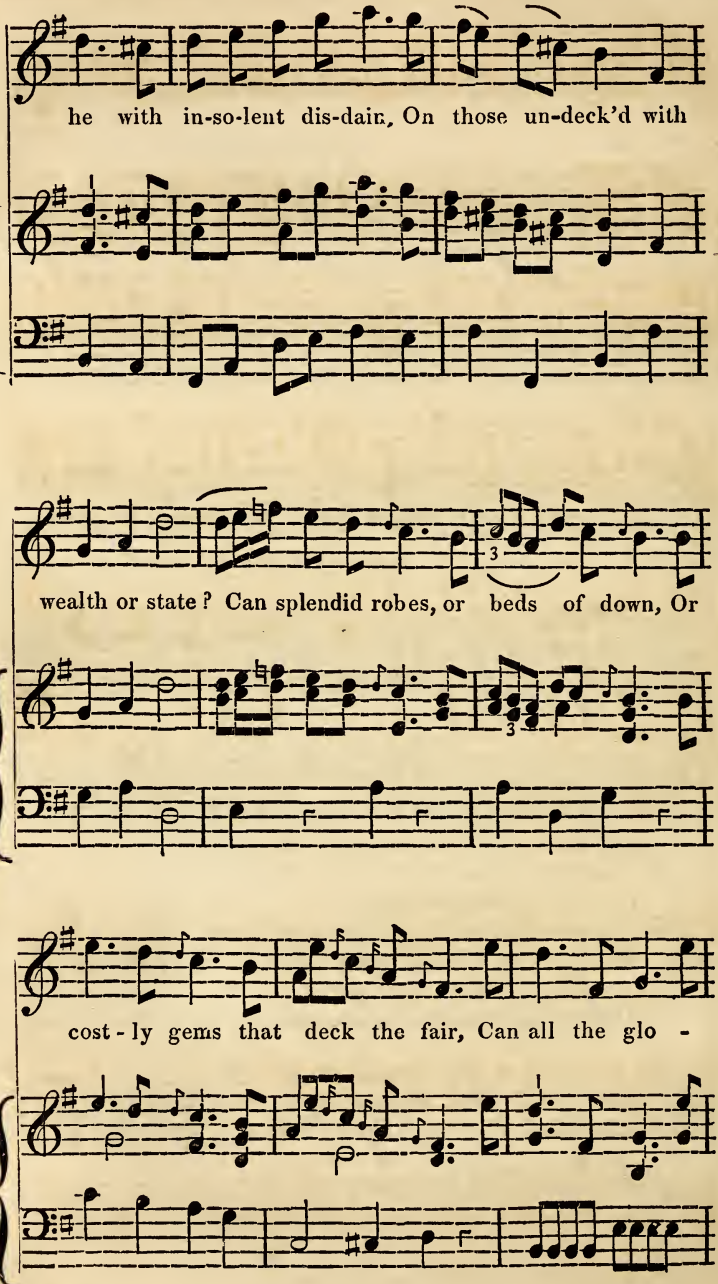


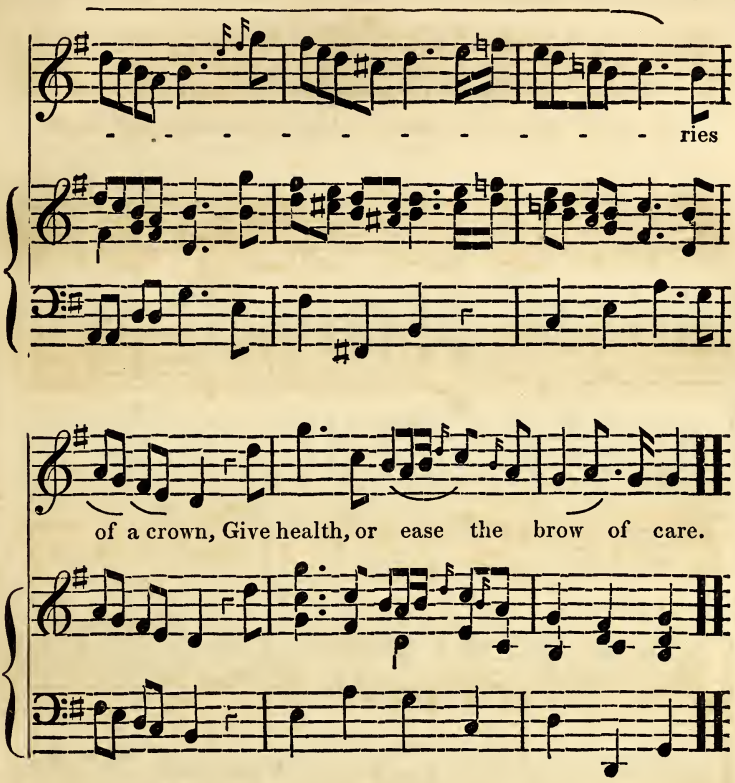
For there's a charm in woman's eye,
A language in her tear,
A spell in ev'ry sacred sigh,
To man, to virtue, dear.
And he who can resist her smiles
With brutes alone should live,
Nor taste that joy which care beguiles—
That joy her virtues give.

Says Plato, why should Man be vain?

Moderato.




he with in-so-lent dis-dain, On those un-deck'd with
wealth or state? Can splendid robes, or beds of down, Or
cost-ly gems that deck the fair, Can all the glo -

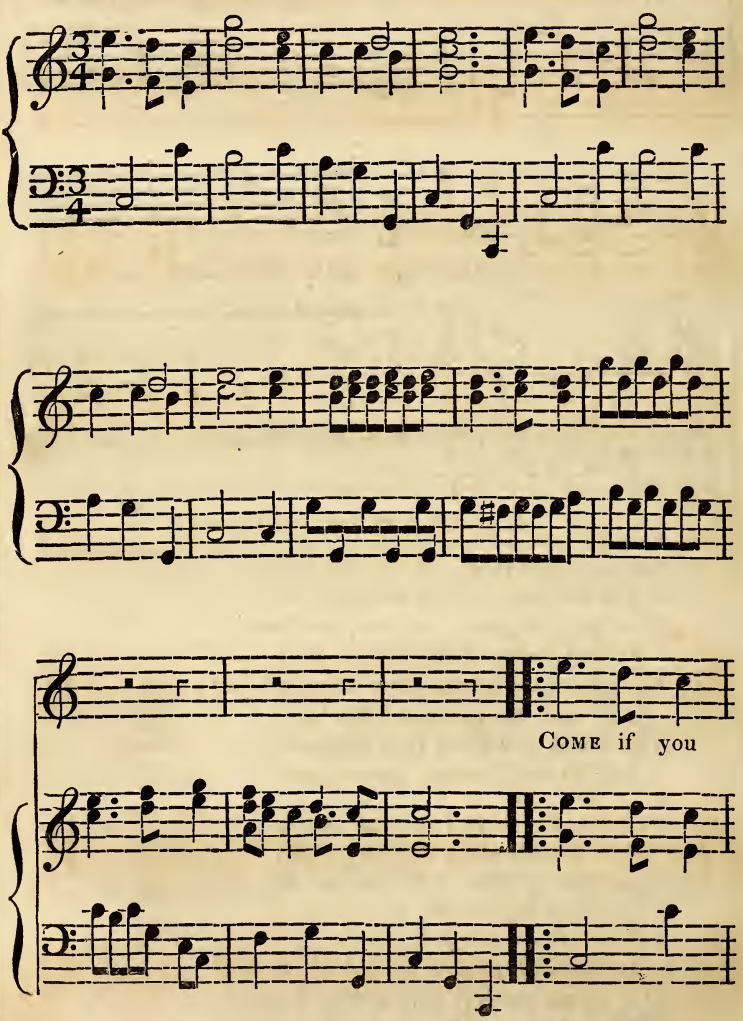


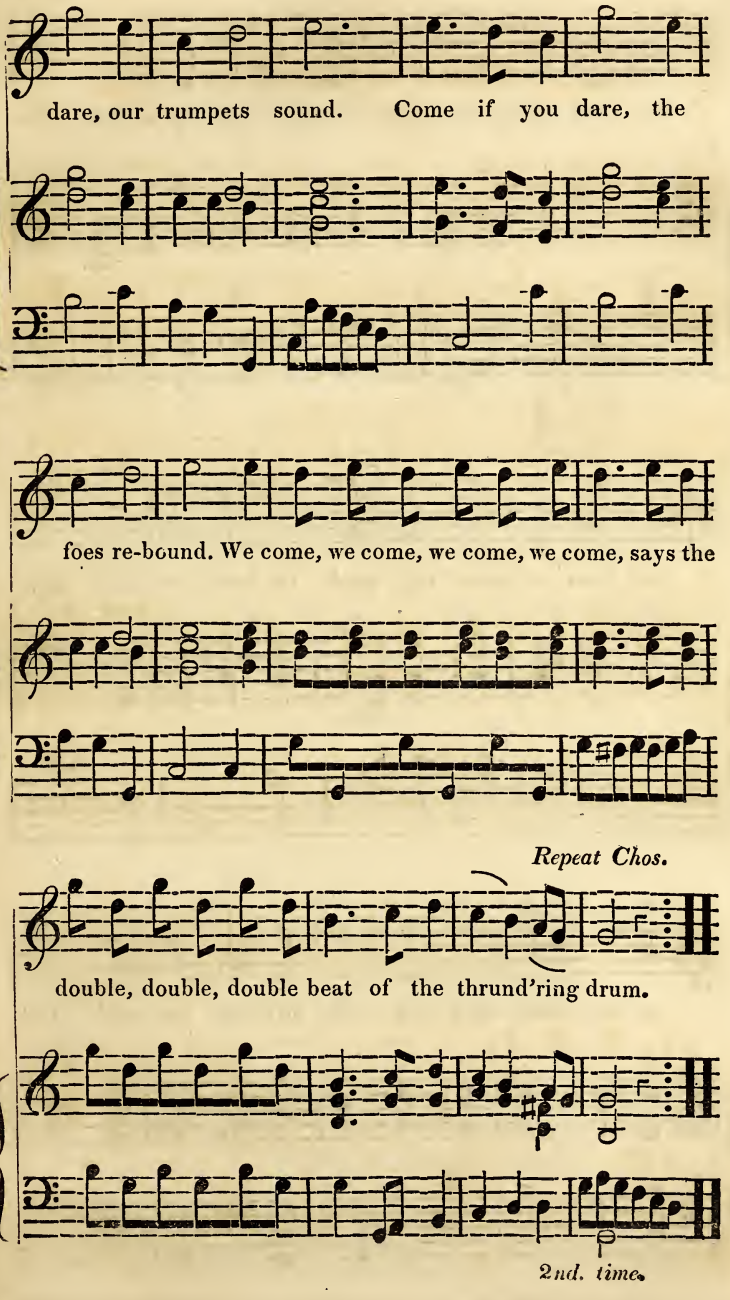
The scepter'd king, the burthen'd slave,
The humble, and the haughty, die;
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust, without distinction, lie!
Go, search the tombs where monarchs rest
Who once the greatest titles bore:
The wealth and glory they possess'd,
And all their honors, are no more.

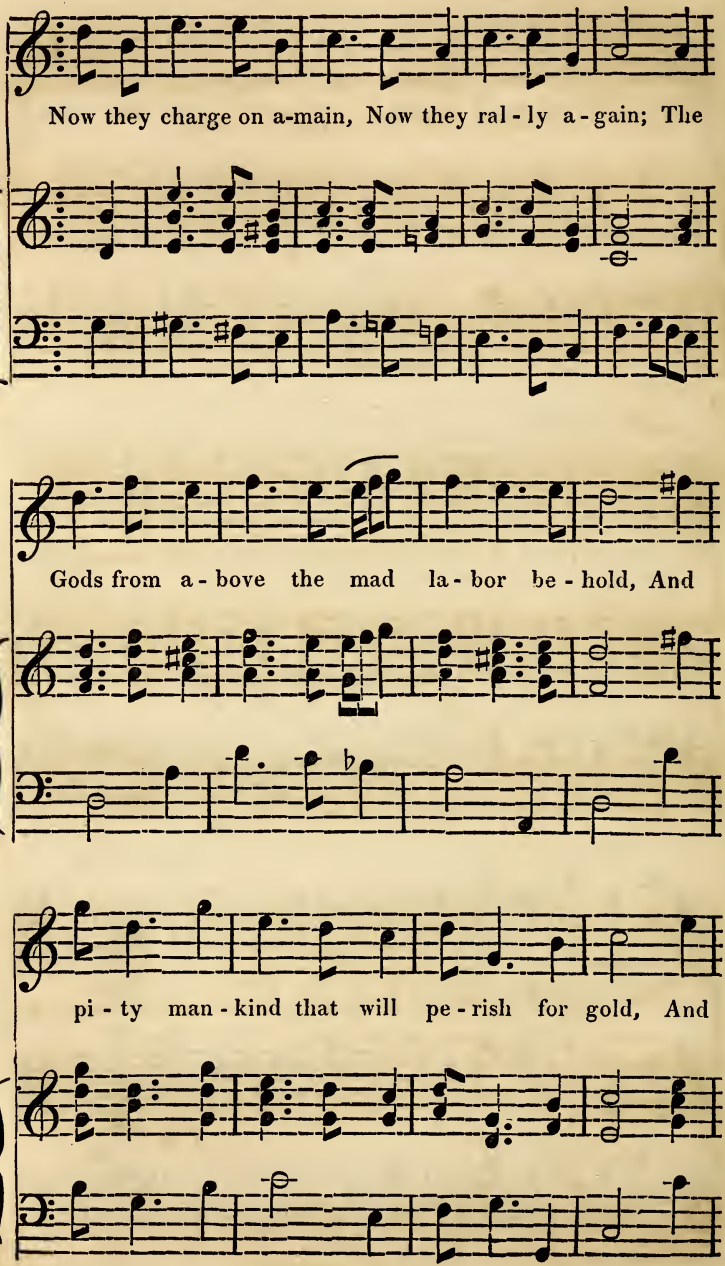
So glides the meteor through the sky,
And spreads along a gilded train;
But, when its short-liv'd beauties die,
Dissolves to common air again.
So 'tis with us, my jovial souls;—
Let friendship reign while here we stay;
Lets crown our joys with flowing bowls,—
When Jove us calls, we must away.

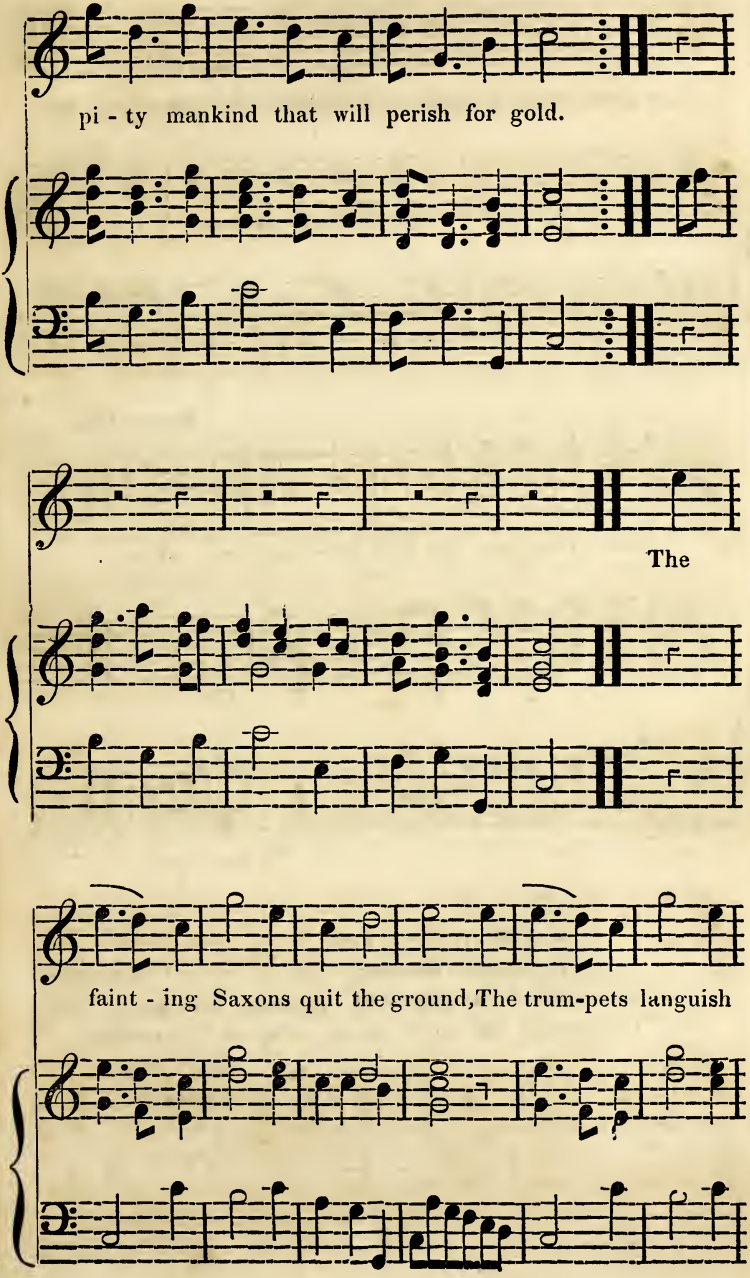
Come if you Dare.

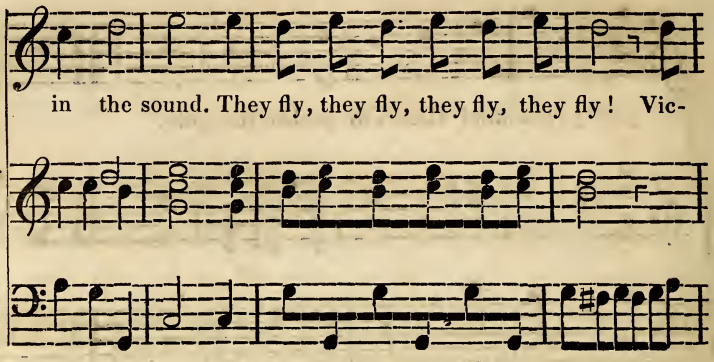
Moderato. PURCELL,



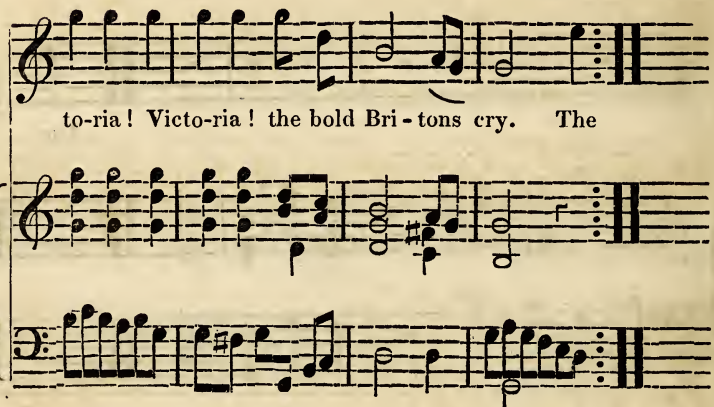

dare, our trumpets sound. Come if you dare, the
foes re-bound. We come, we come, we come, we come, says the
Repeat Chos.
double, double, double beat of the thrund'ring drum.
2nd. time.


Now they charge on a-main, Now they ral - ly a - gain; The
Gods from a - bove the mad la - bor be - hold, And
pi - ty man - kind that will pe - rish for gold, And


pi - ty mankind that will perish for gold.
The
faint - ing Saxons quit the ground, The trum-pets languish



Repeat Chos.



2nd. time.

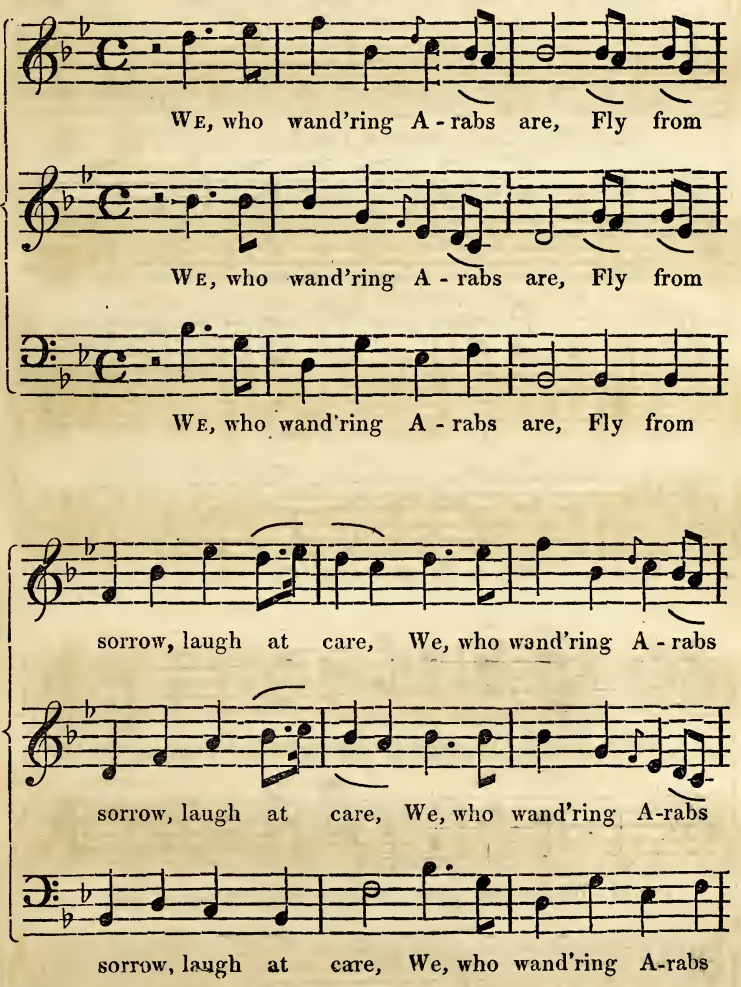
Now the victory's won,
To plunder we run;
We return to our lasses, like fortunate traders,
Triumphant with spoils of our vanquish'd invaders.

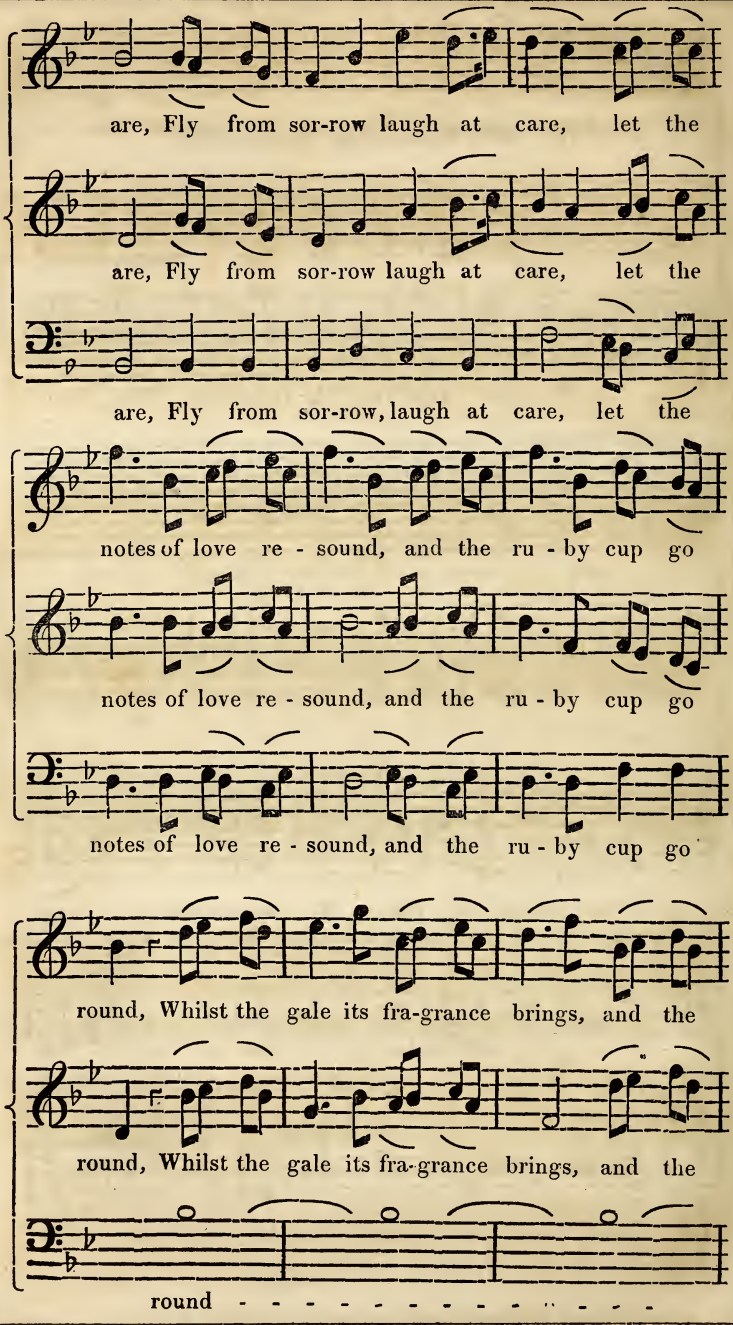
These lines are sung to the second part of the air—"Now they charge,' &c and repeated in chorus.

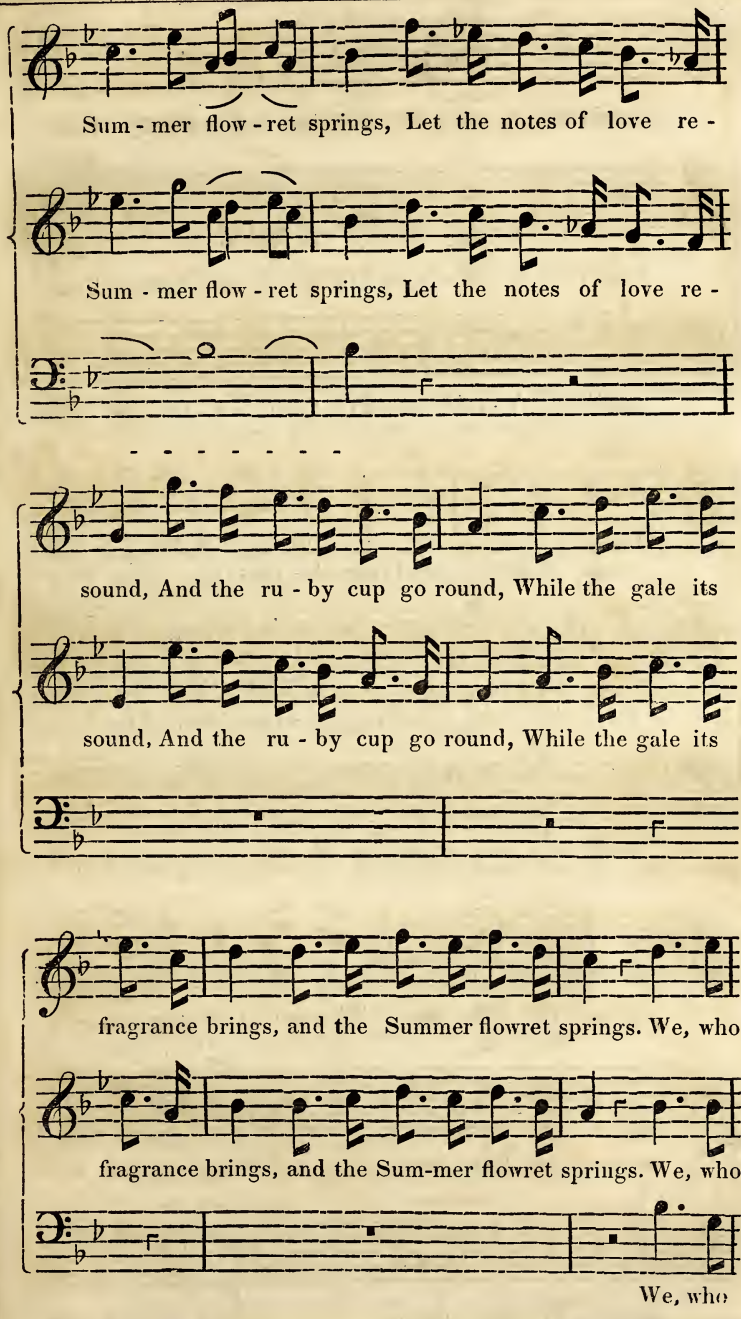
We, who wand'ring Arabs are.

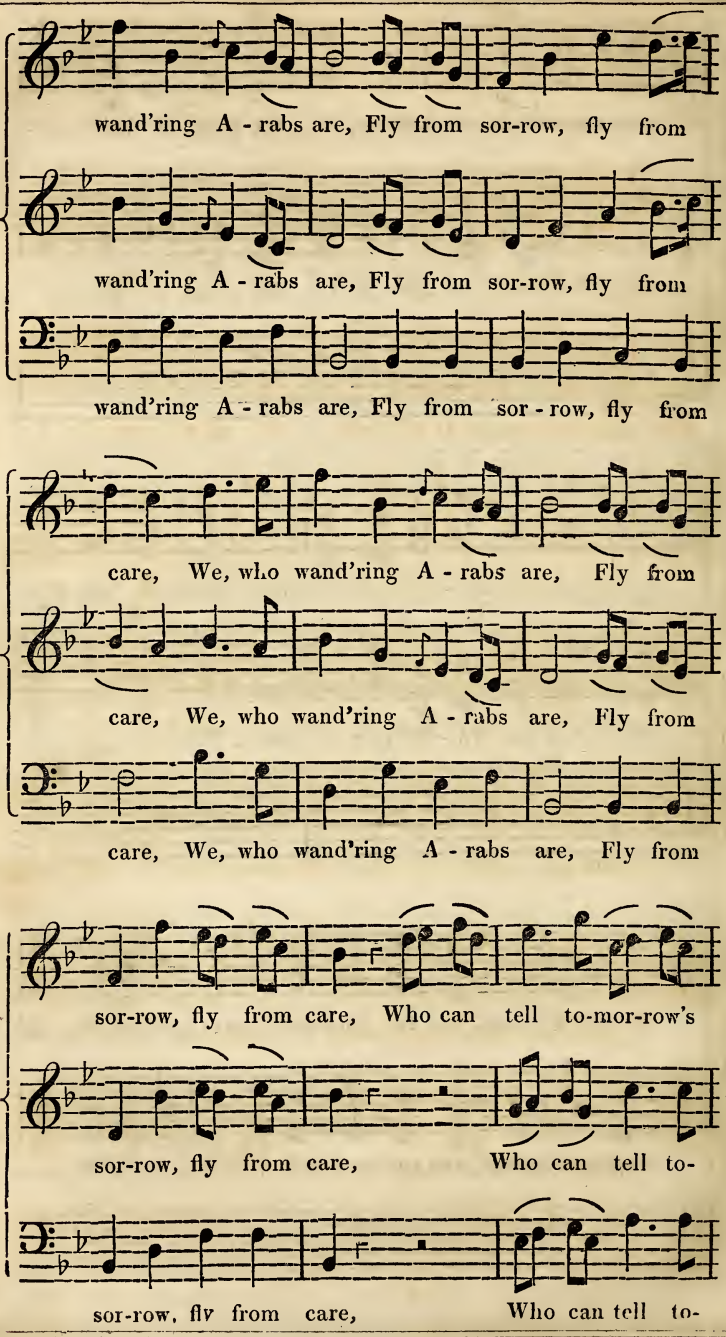
A FAVORITE GLEE.

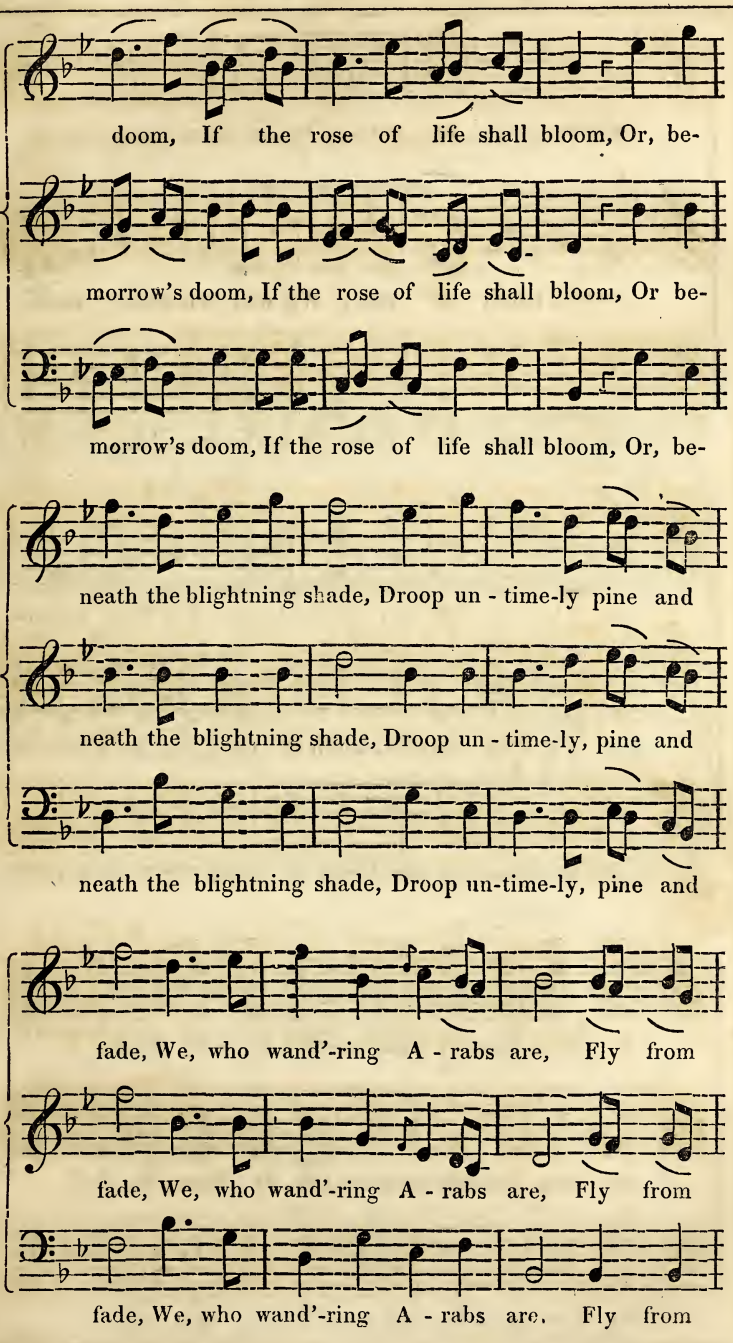
Allegretto *Stephen Storace.*

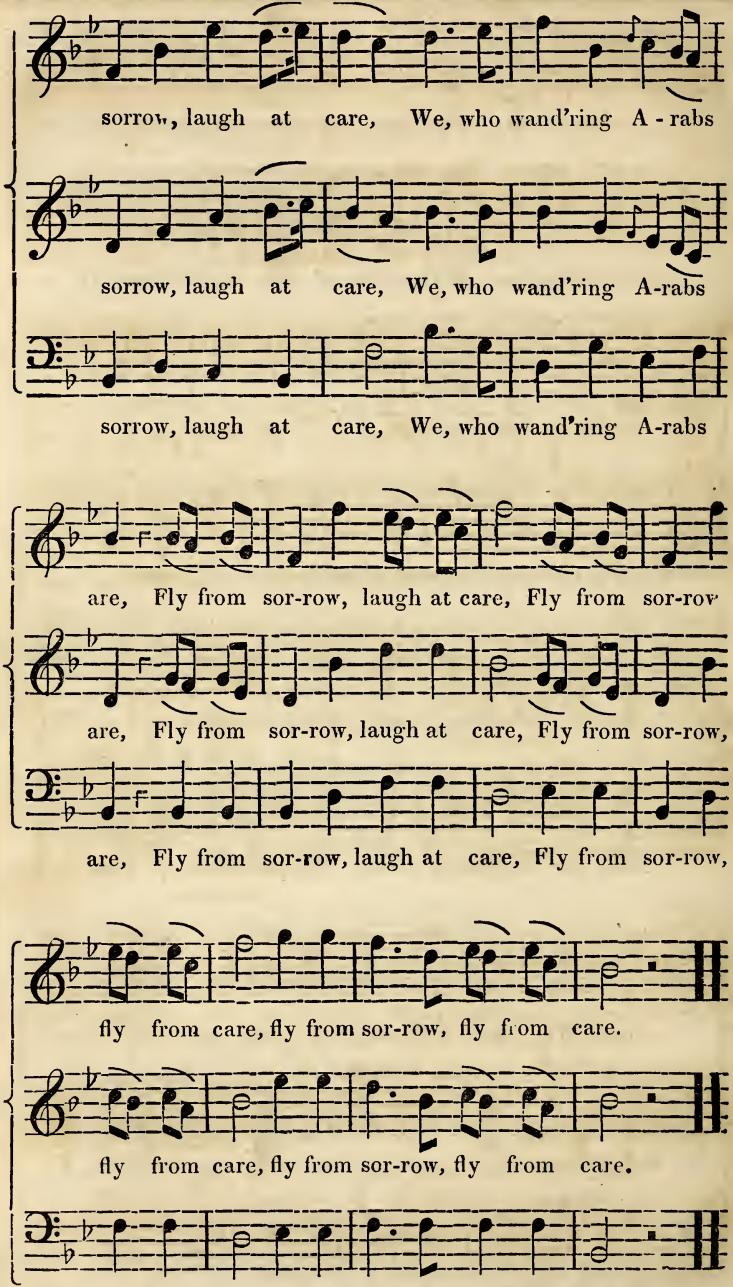



are, Fly from sor-row laugh at care, let the
are, Fly from sor-row laugh at care, let the
are, Fly from sor-row, laugh at care, let the
notes of love re - sound, and the ru - by cup go
notes of love re - sound, and the ru - by cup go
notes of love re - sound, and the ru - by cup go
round, Whilst the gale its fra-grance brings, and the
round, Whilst the gale its fra-grance brings, and the
round - - - - - - - - - - - - -


Sum - mer flow - ret springs, Let the notes of love re -
Sum - mer flow - ret springs, Let the notes of love re -
sound, And the ru - by cup go round, While the gale its
sound, And the ru - by cup go round, While the gale its
fragrance brings, and the Summer flowret springs. We, who
fragrance brings, and the Sum-mer flowret springs. We, who
We, who


wand'ring A - rabs are, Fly from sor-row, fly from
wand'ring A - rabs are, Fly from sor-row, fly from
wand'ring A - rabs are, Fly from sor - row, fly from
care, We, who wand'ring A - rabs are, Fly from
care, We, who wand'ring A - rabs are, Fly from
care, We, who wand'ring A - rabs are, Fly from
sor-row, fly from care, Who can tell to-mor-row's
sor-row, fly from care, Who can tell to-
sor-row, fly from care, Who can tell to-

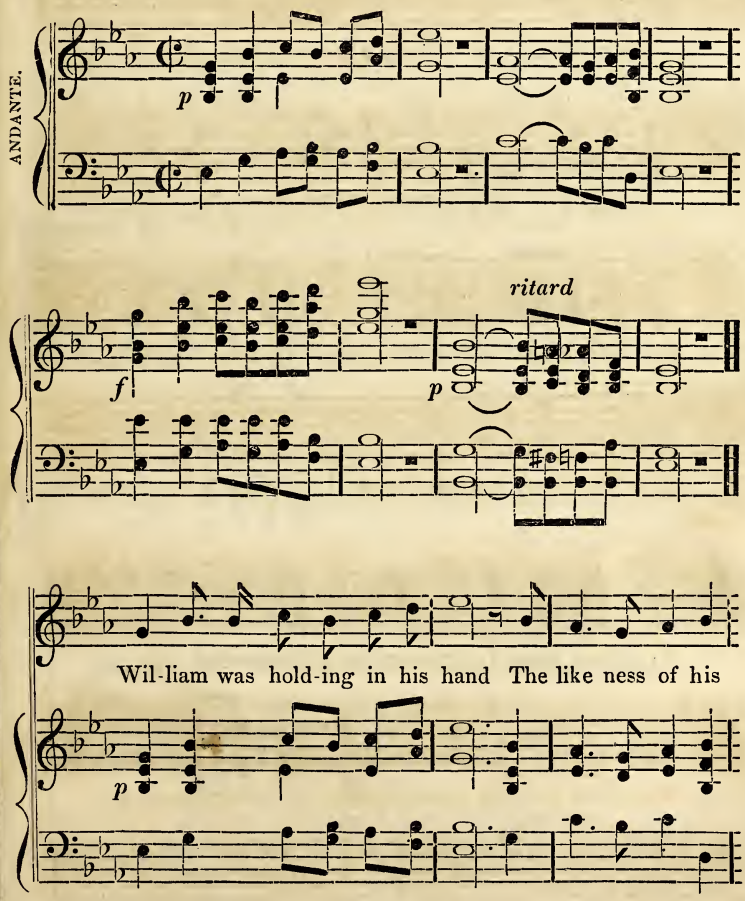

doom, If the rose of life shall bloom, Or, be-
morrow's doom, If the rose of life shall bloom, Or be-
morrow's doom, If the rose of life shall bloom, Or, be-
neath the blightning shade, Droop un - time-ly pine and
neath the blightning shade, Droop un - time-ly, pine and
neath the blightning shade, Droop un-time-ly, pine and
fade, We, who wand'-ring A - rabs are, Fly from
fade, We, who wand'-ring A - rabs are, Fly from
fade, We, who wand'-ring A - rabs are, Fly from

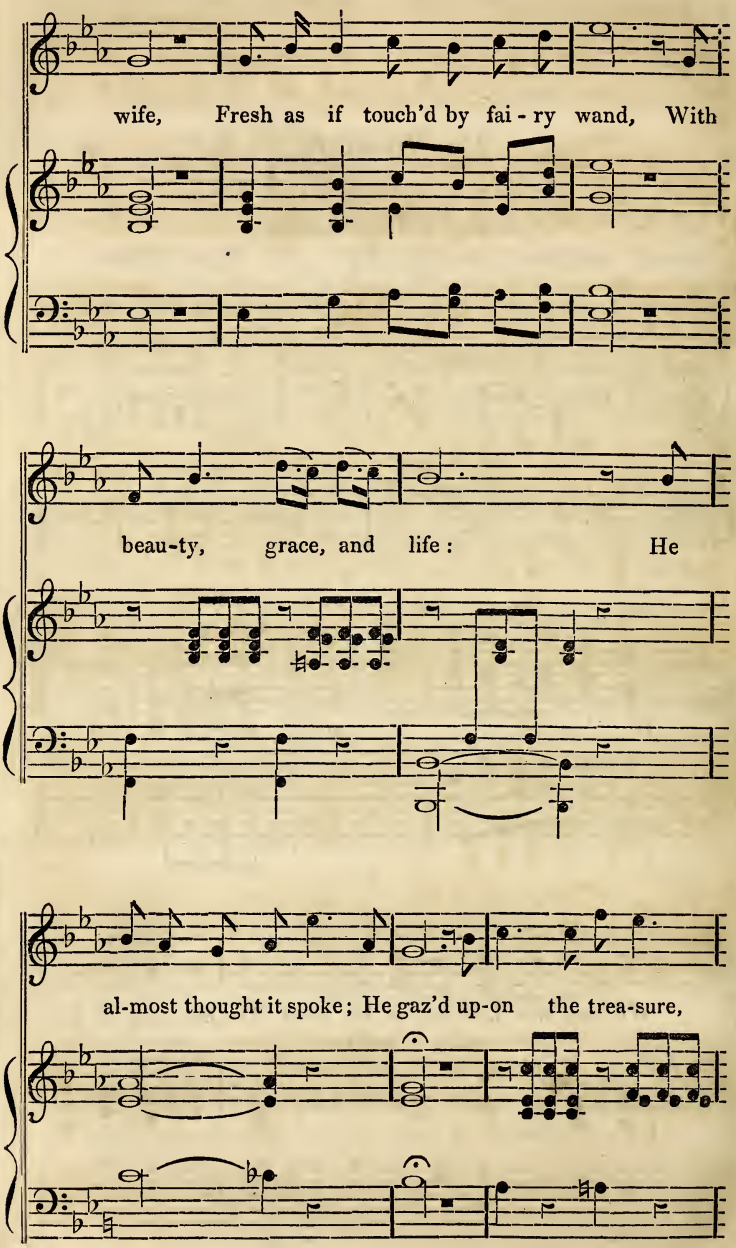

sorrow, laugh at care, We, who wand'ring A - rabs
sorrow, laugh at care, We, who wand'ring A-rabs
sorrow, laugh at care, We, who wand'ring A-rabs
are, Fly from sor-row, laugh at care, Fly from sor-row
are, Fly from sor-row, laugh at care, Fly from sor-row,
are, Fly from sor-row, laugh at care, Fly from sor-row,
fly from care, fly from sor-row, fly from care.
fly from care, fly from sor-row, fly from care.
fly from care, fly from sor-row, fly from care.

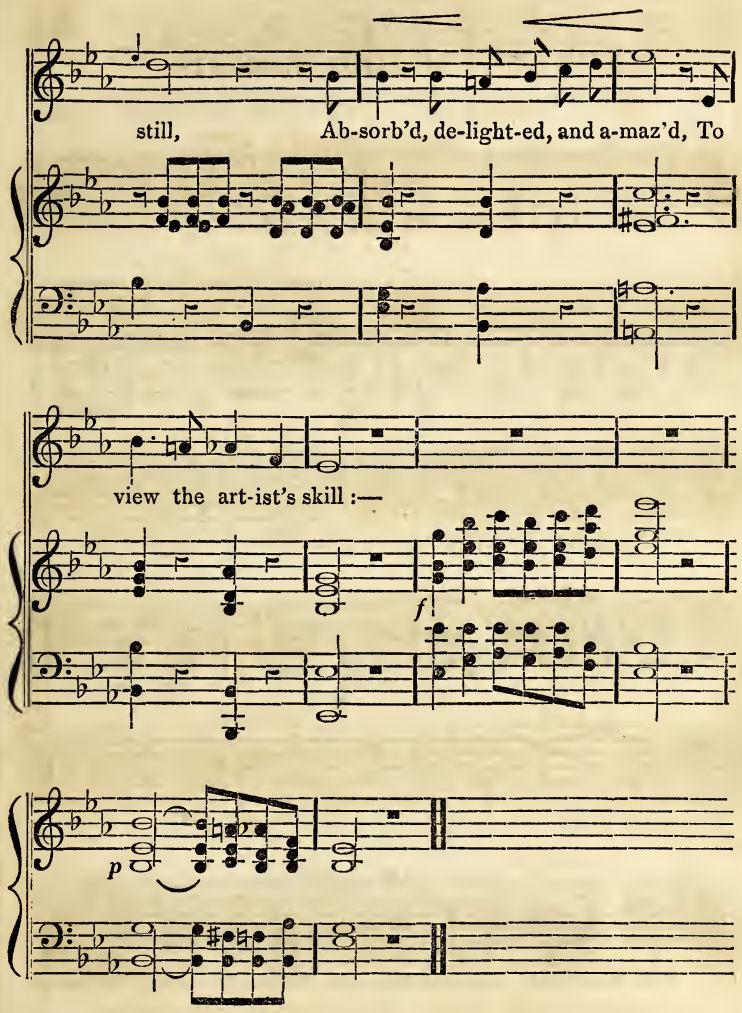
The Miniature.

SUNG BY MR. BRAHAM.

Written by G. P. Morris. *Composed by J. P. Knight.*




wife, Fresh as if touch'd by fai - ry wand, With
beau-ty, grace, and life: He
al-most thought it spoke; He gaz'd up-on the trea-sure,



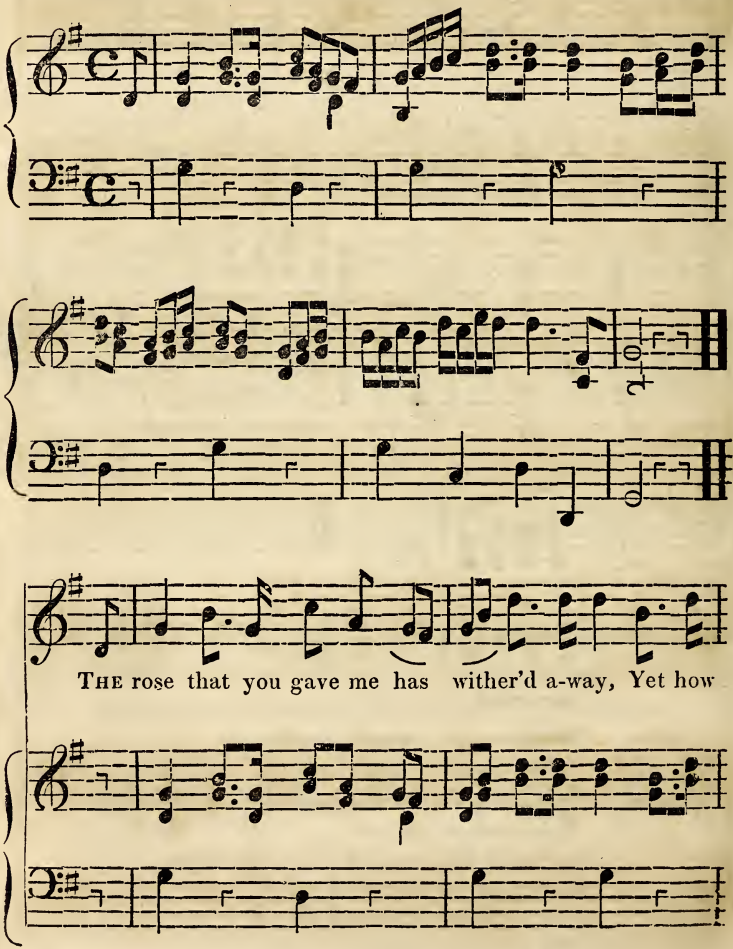
'This picture is yourself, dear Jane—
'Twas drawn to nature true—
I've kiss'd it o'er and o'er again,
It is so much like you.'
'And has it kiss'd you back, my dear ?'
'Why no, my love,' said he—
'Then, William, it is very clear,
'Tis not at all like me.'

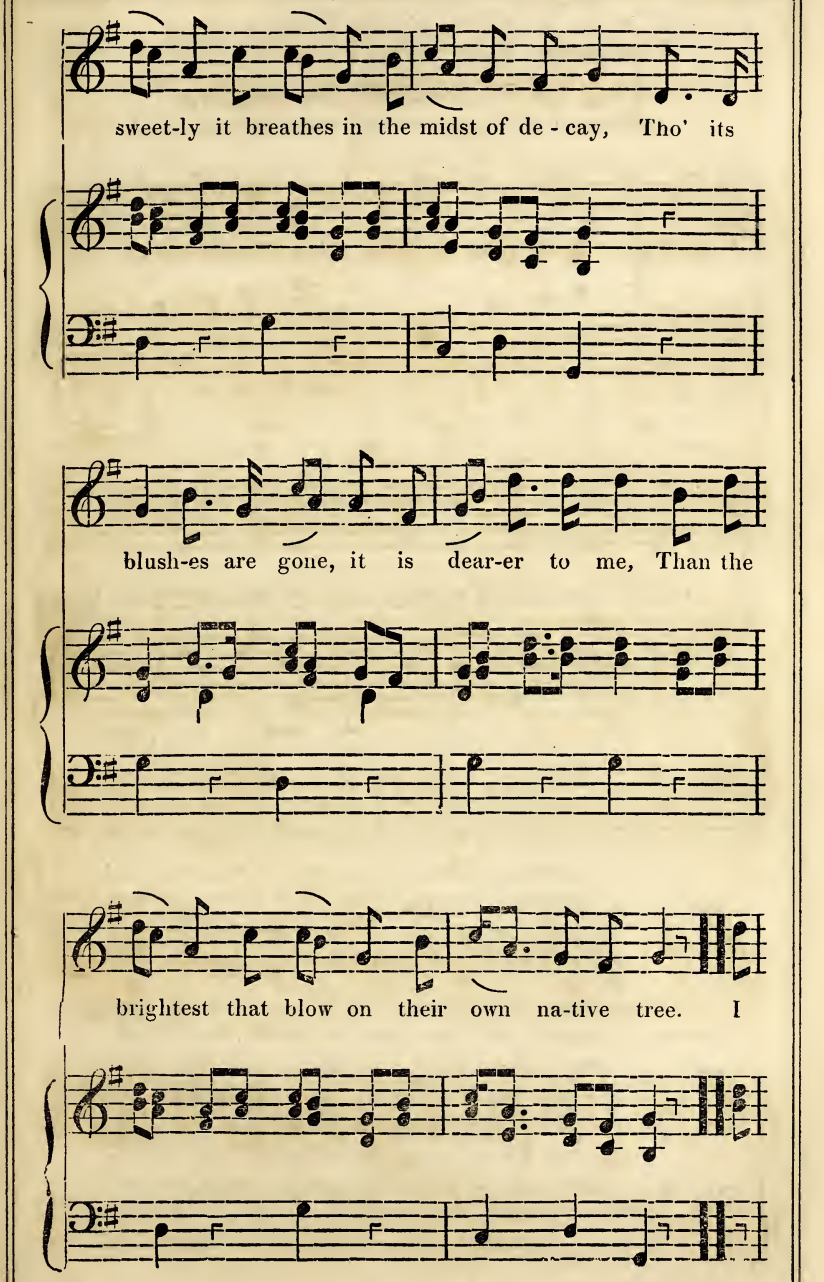
THE IRISH MELODIES.—No. 18.

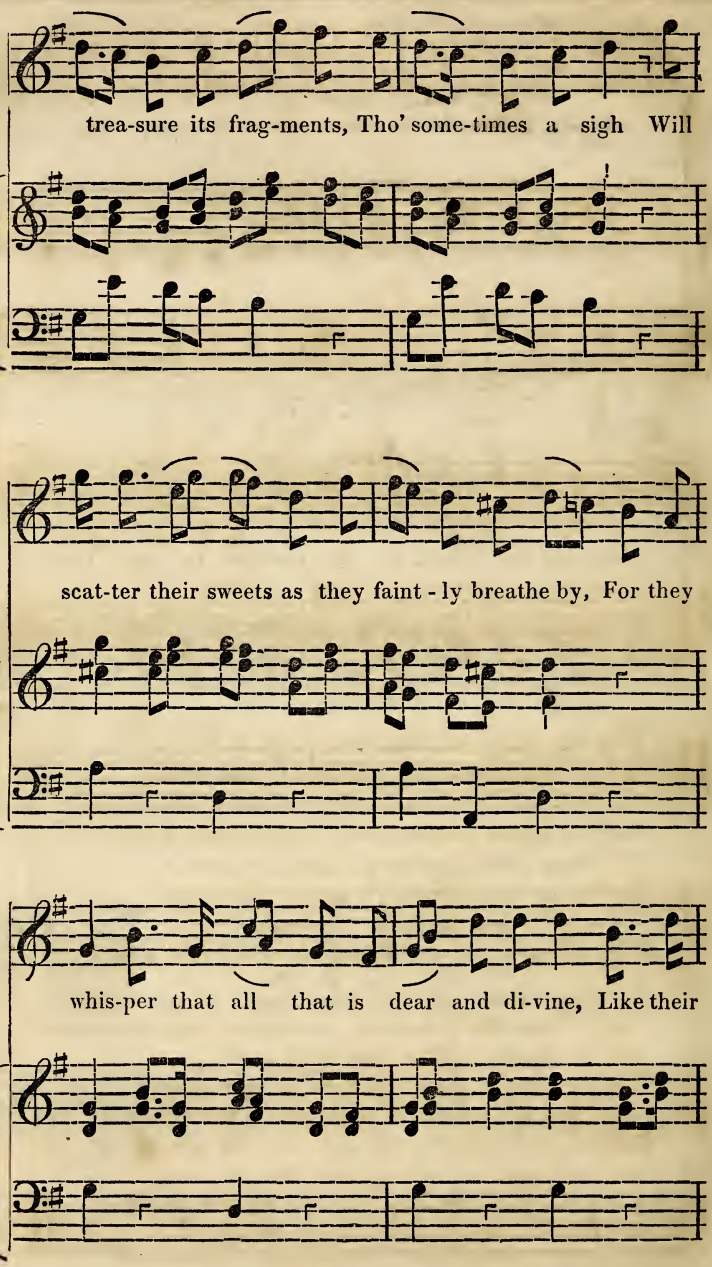
The Rose that you gave me has wither'd away.

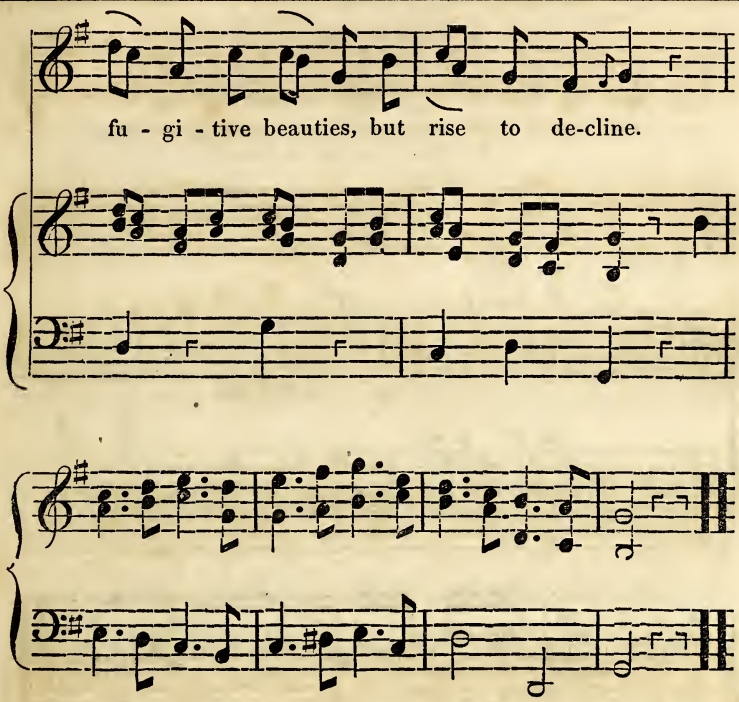
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS MARY LEMAN REDE.

Moderato. [AIR—*Farewell! but whenever.*




sweet-ly it breathes in the midst of de - cay, Tho' its
blush-es are gone, it is dear-er to me, Than the
brightest that blow on their own na-tive tree. I


trea-sure its frag-ments, Tho' some-times a sigh Will
scat-ter their sweets as they faint - ly breathe by, For they
whis-per that all that is dear and di-vine, Like their



That life, like a rainbow, first gives to our view
Existence, imbued with each soft tinted hue;
But they fade one by one, till the last glow has sank,
And our hearts become cold, and existence a blank.
Oh! long before that may I sink to repose,
Nor linger to see the last beam o'er me close,
To be left a lorn mark on the desolate scene,
That merely points out where the waters *have been.*

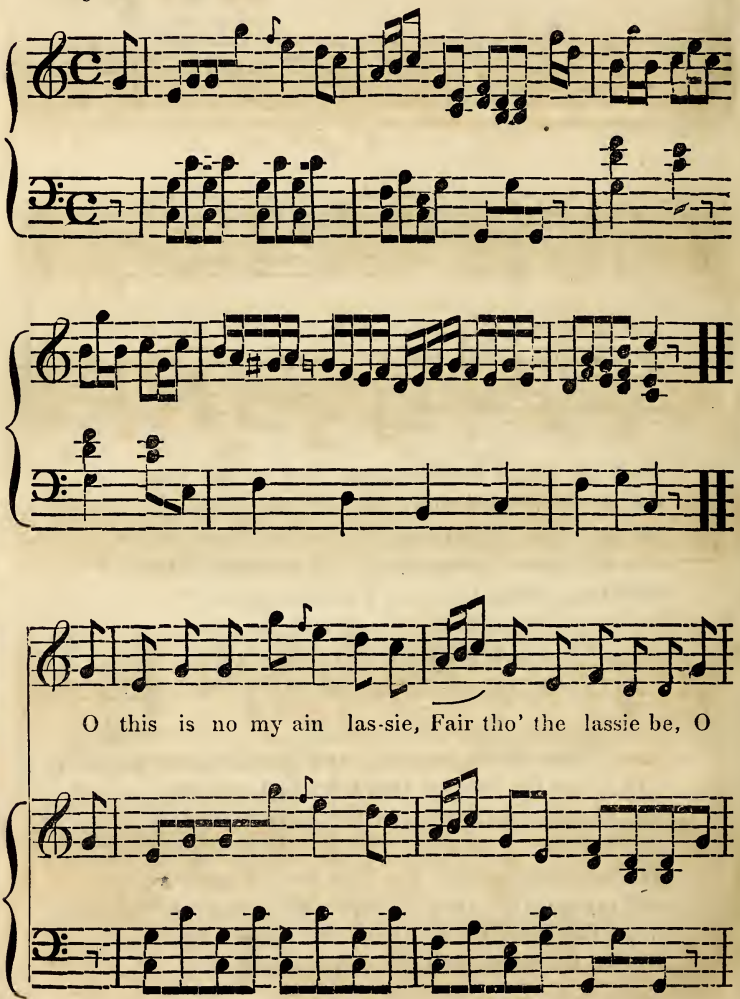
They'll have ebb'd far away, and their bright tide no more
Will revisit the verdure that fades on the shore;
The pale flowers perish, the last of their kind,
And leave not a wreck of their beauty behind.
Oh! no, ere existence has quite lost its spring,
And my spirit yet rises on hope's bouyant wing,
May I fade from the sunshine, and leave a fond ray
To visit the grave, where I sink to decay.

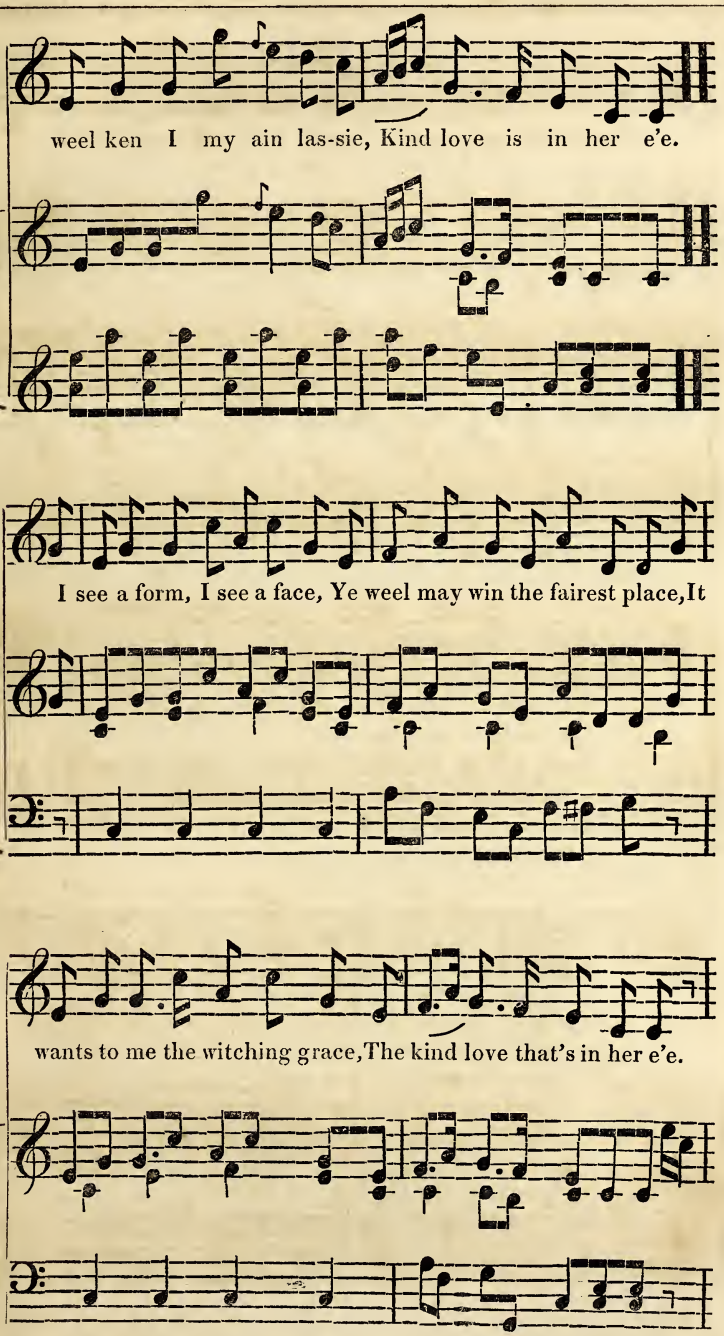
O this is no my ain Lassie.

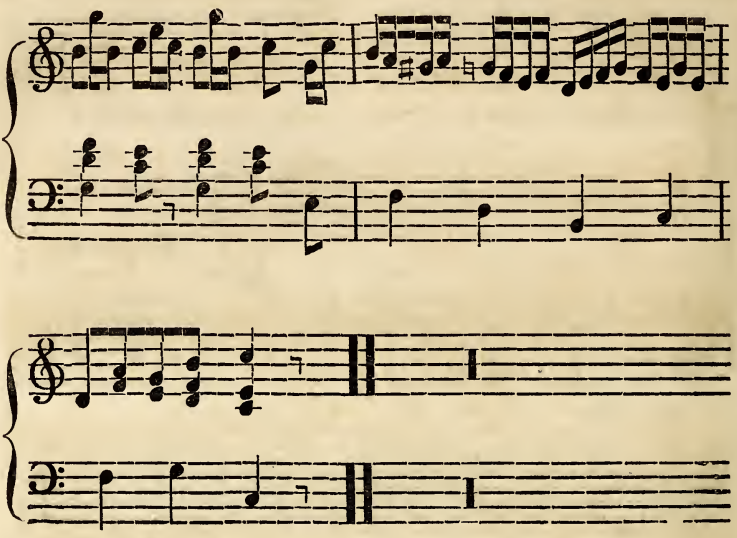
A FAVORITE SCOTCH SONG.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY ROBERT BURNS

Allegretto.




weel ken I my ain las-sie, Kind love is in her e'e.
I see a form, I see a face, Ye weel may win the fairest place, It
wants to me the witching grace, The kind love that's in her e'e.



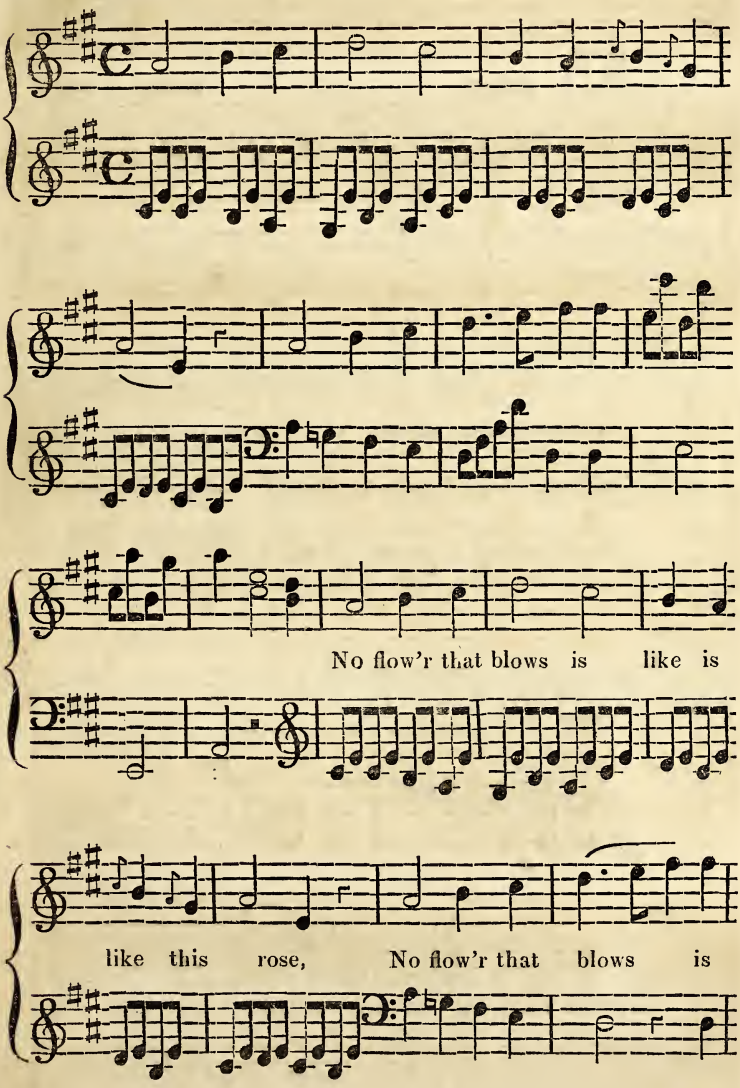
O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be,
Weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.
She's bonny, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall,
And aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

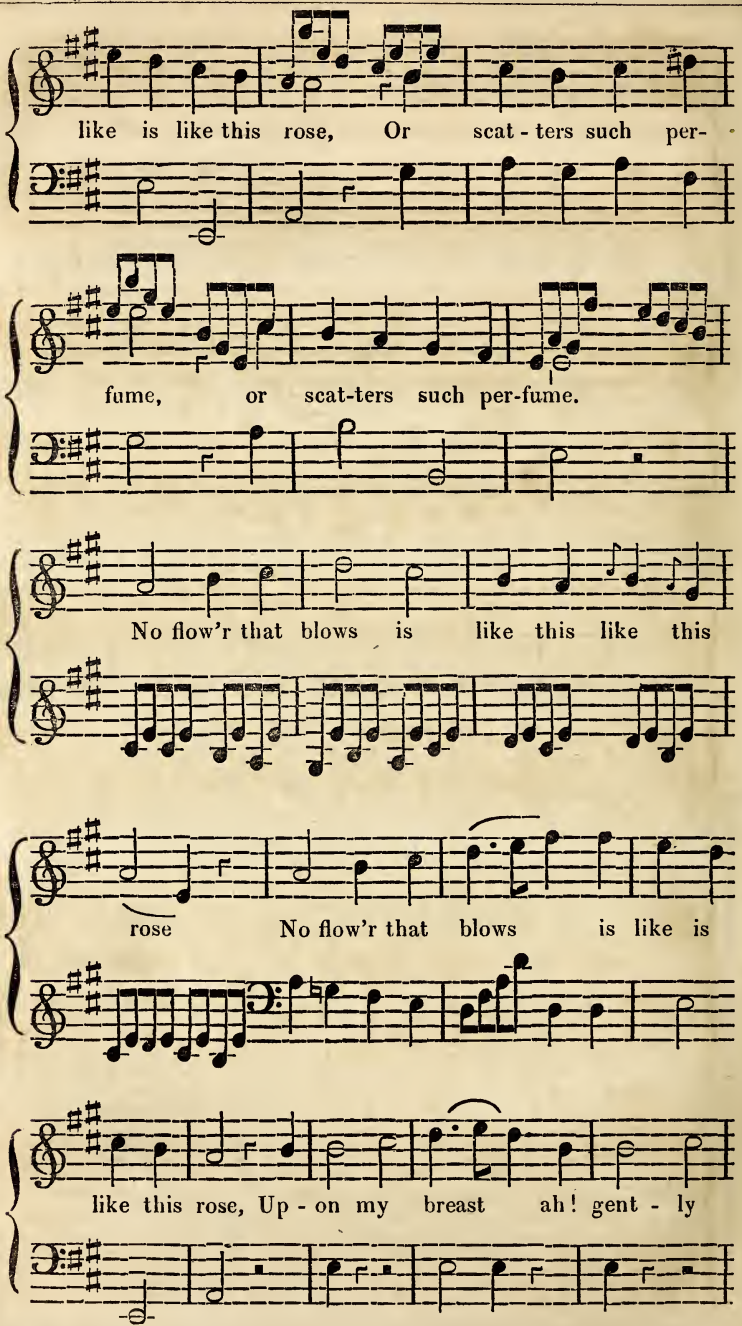
O this is no, &c.
A thief sae pawky is my Jean,
To steal a blink by a' unseen,
But gleg as light are lover's e'en,
When kind love is in the e'e.

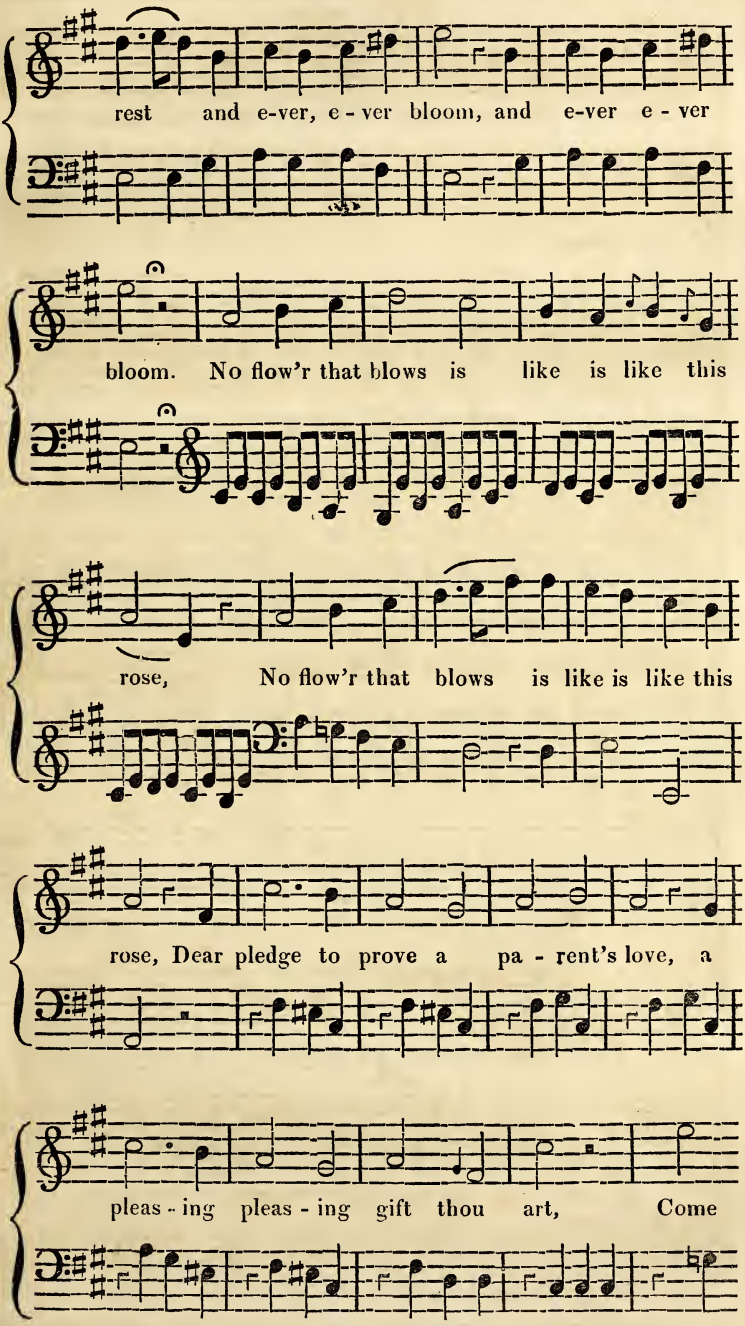
O this is no, &c.
It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks,
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.

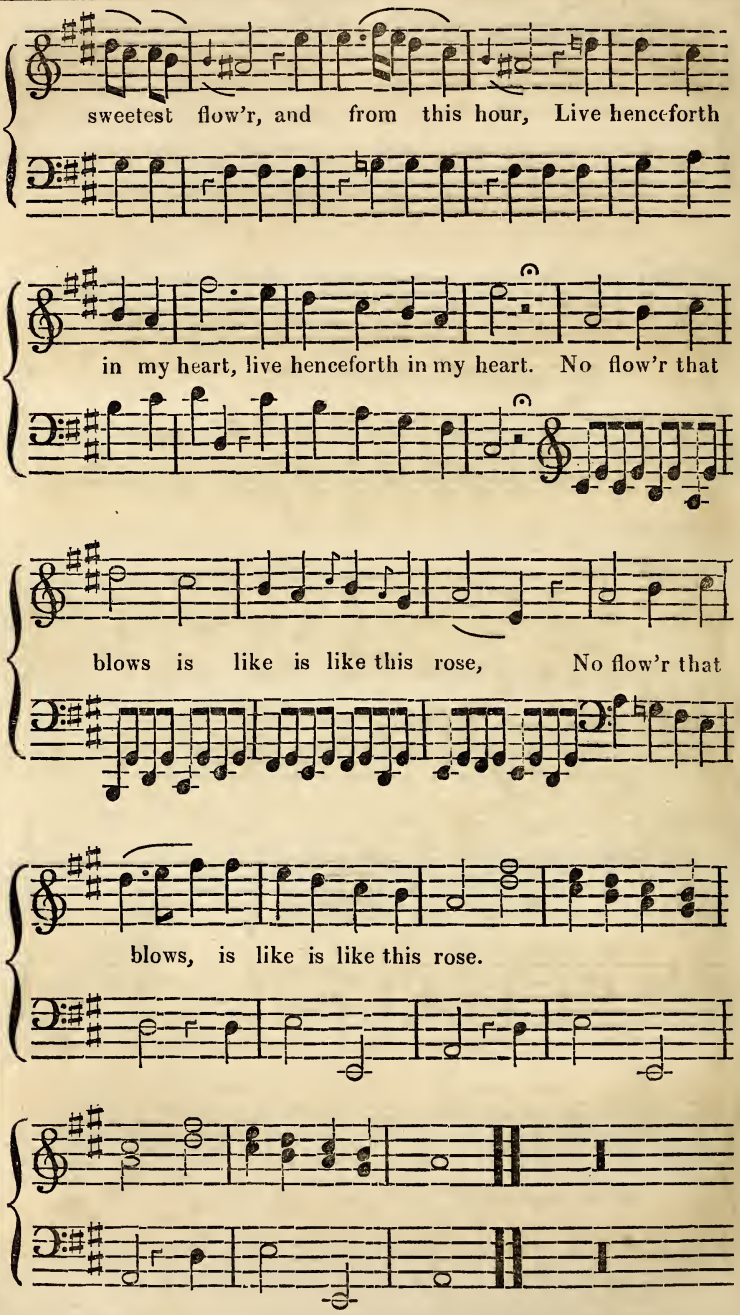
No Flower that Blows.

Moderato. LINLEY.



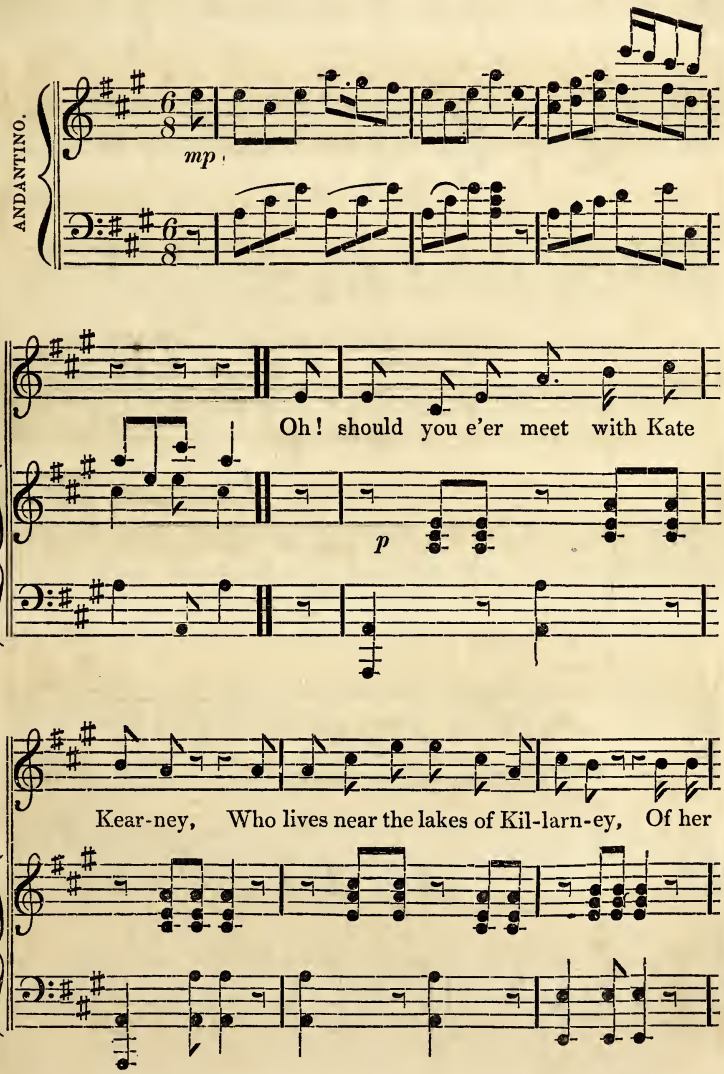

like is like this rose, Or scat - ters such per-
fume, or scat-ters such per-fume.
No flow'r that blows is like this like this
rose No flow'r that blows is like is
like this rose, Up - on my breast ah! gent - ly

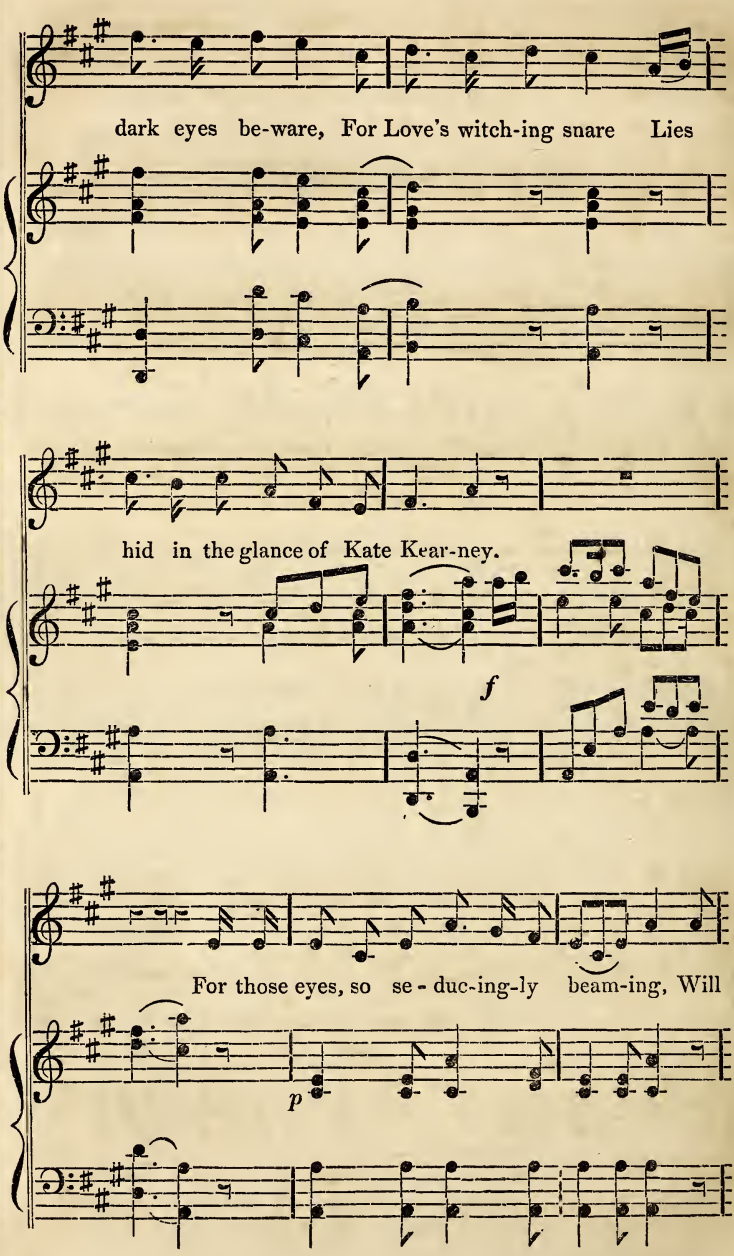

rest and e-ver, e - ver bloom, and e-ver e - ver
bloom. No flow'r that blows is like is like this
rose, No flow'r that blows is like is like this
rose, Dear pledge to prove a pa - rent's love, a
pleas - ing pleas - ing gift thou art, Come

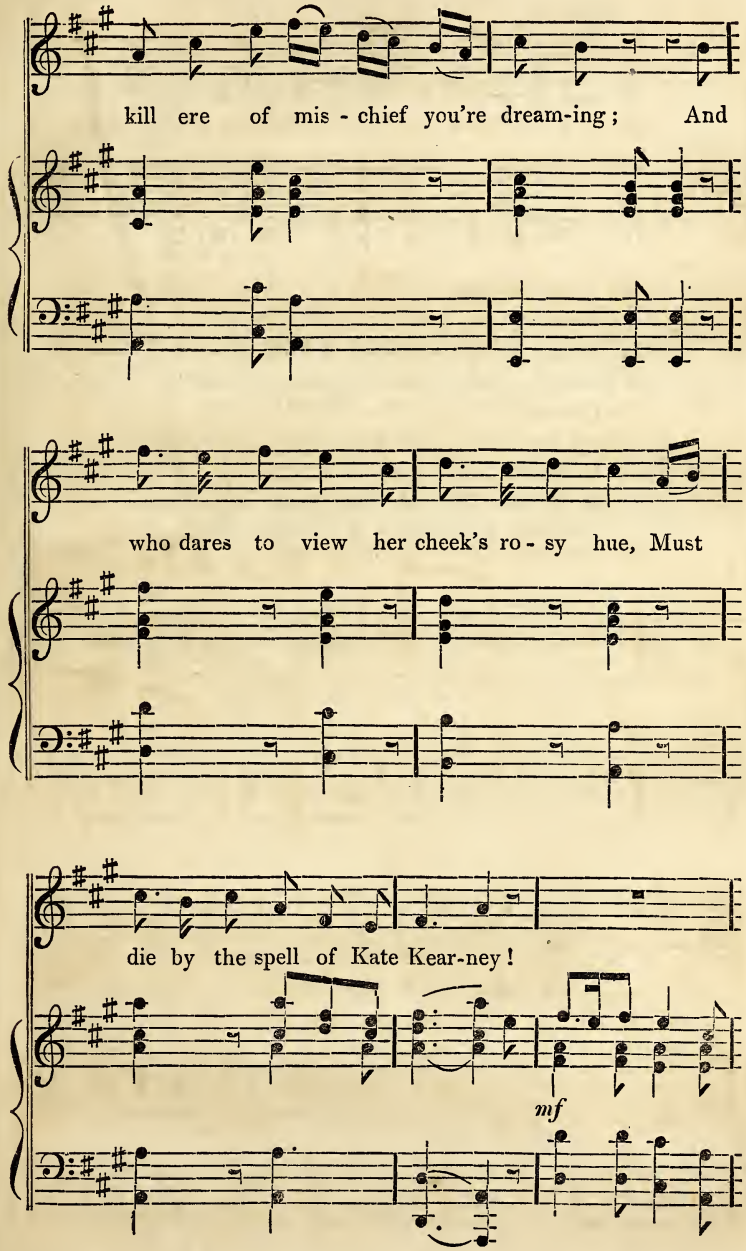

sweetest flow'r, and from this hour, Live henceforth
in my heart, live henceforth in my heart. No flow'r that
blows is like is like this rose, No flow'r that
blows, is like is like this rose.

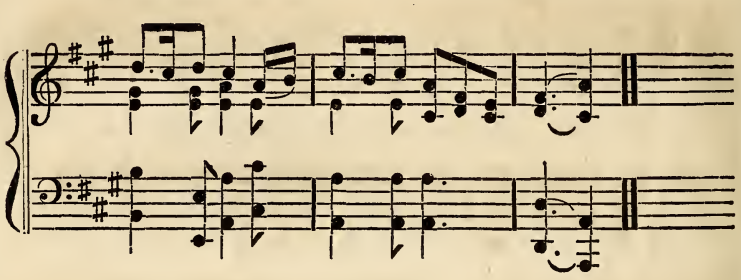
Kate Kearney.

SUNG BY MRS. WAYLETT, &c.




dark eyes be-ware, For Love's witch-ing snare Lies
hid in the glance of Kate Kear-ney.
f
For those eyes, so se - duc-ing-ly beam-ing, Will
p


kill ere of mis - chief you're dream-ing; And
who dares to view her cheek's ro - sy hue, Must
die by the spell of Kate Kear-ney!
mf



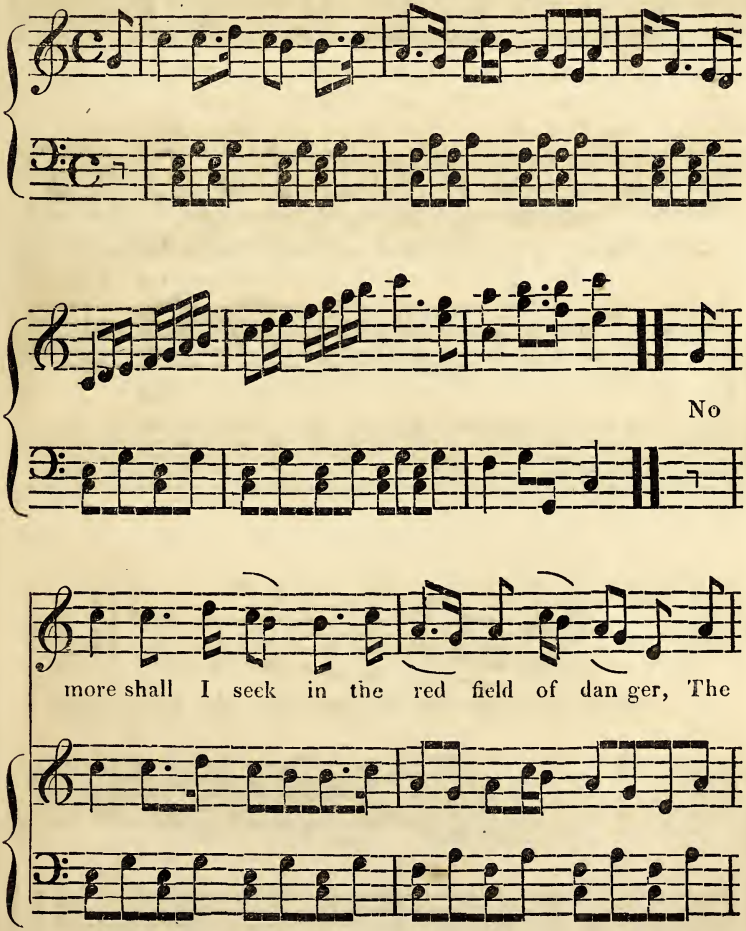
At eve, should you meet this Kate Kearney,
On the balm-breathing banks of Killarney,
Of her smile, oh! beware, for fatal's the snare,
Conceal'd in the smile of Kate Kearney.
Though her hair o'er her snowy neck 's streaming—
Her looks with simplicity teeming–
Beware ere you sip the balm from her lip,
For fatal 's the breath of Kate Kearney!

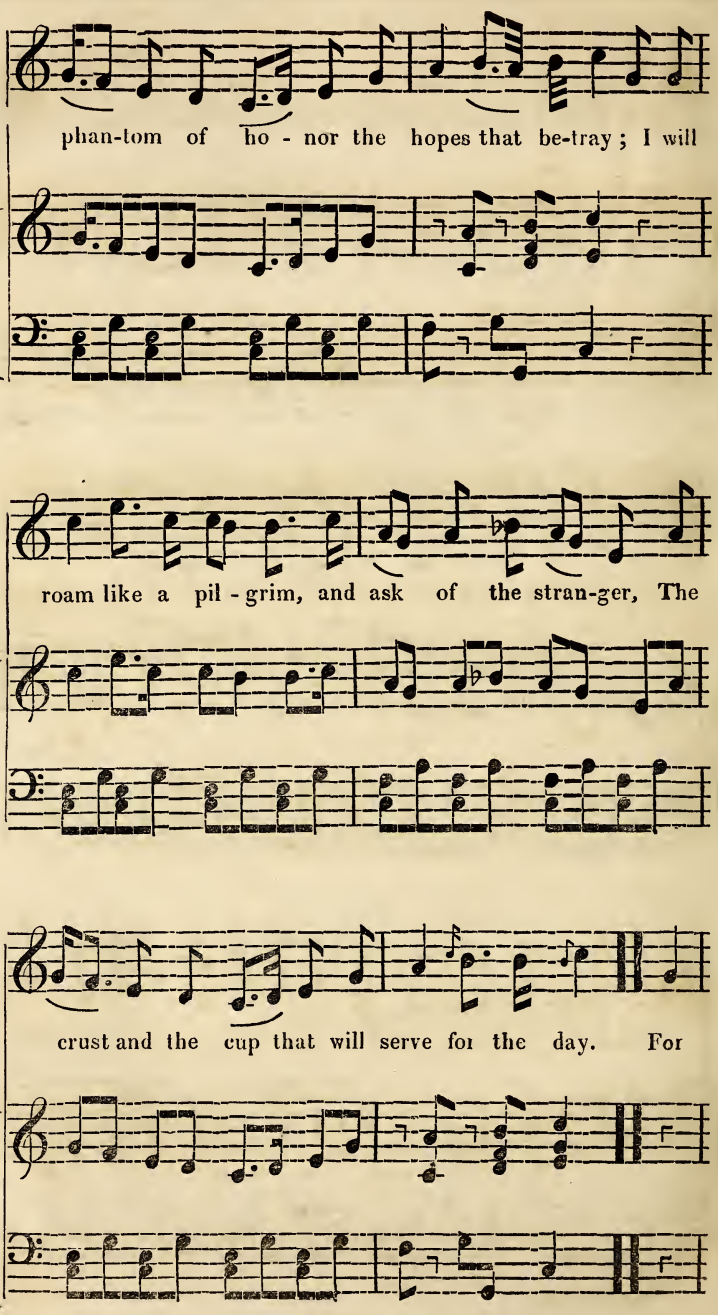
THE IRISH MELODIES.—No. 19.

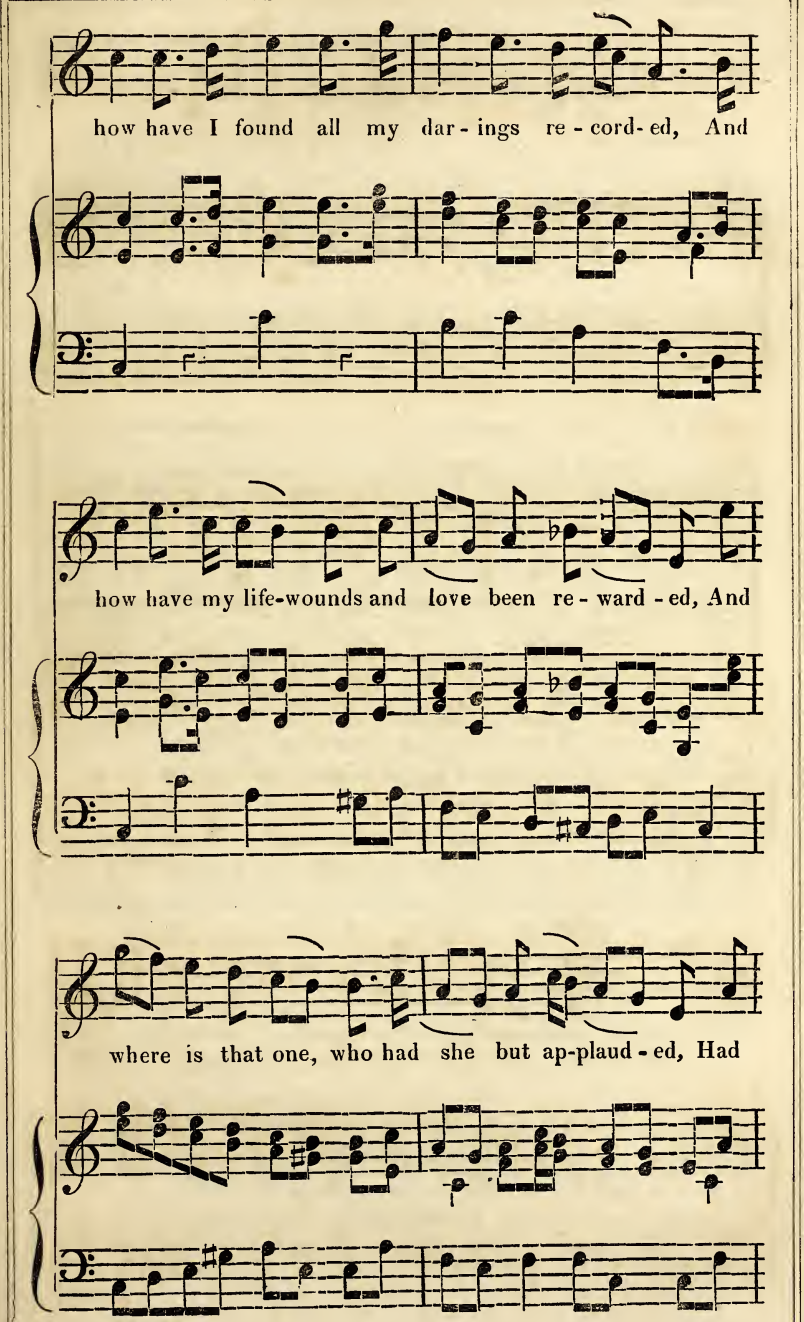
No more shall I seek in the red Field of Danger.

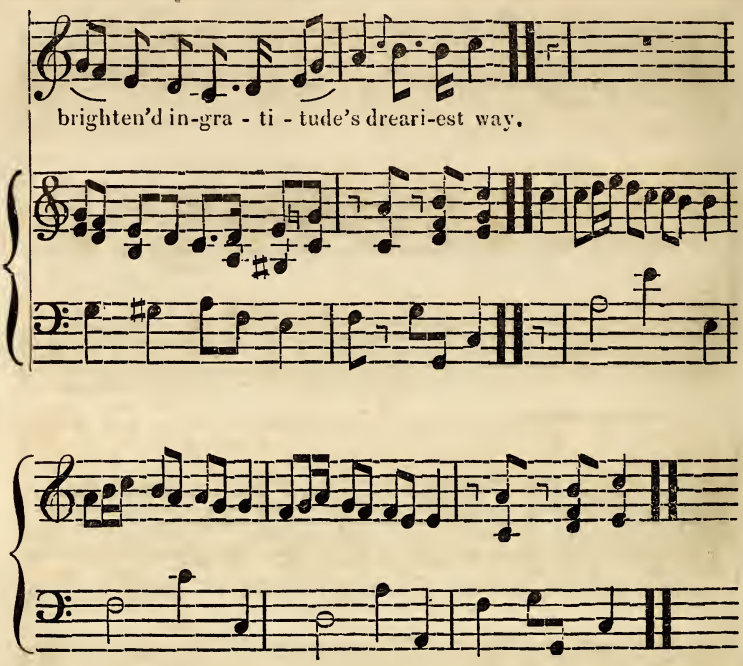
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.

With Expression. [AIR—*'Tis gone and for ever.*




phan-tom of ho - nor the hopes that be-tray; I will
roam like a pil - grim, and ask of the stran-ger, The
crust and the cup that will serve for the day. For


how have I found all my dar - ings re - cord - ed, And
how have my life-wounds and love been re - ward - ed, And
where is that one, who had she but ap-plaud - ed, Had



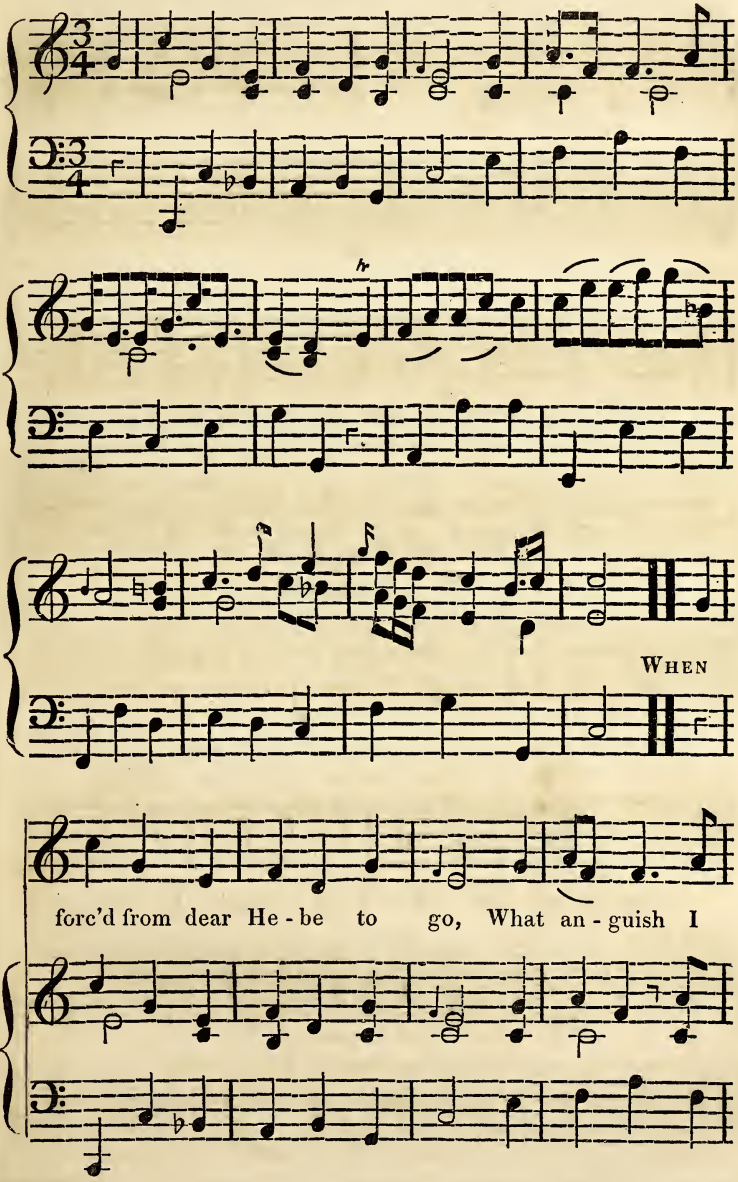
That chosen of all—that best beam of my glory,
Who promis'd to light me to heaven's own shrine,
Has thrown the first blight on the dawn of my story,
And wither'd the wreath that she taught me to twine.
Oh! vain was the hope that she kindled so brightly,
And which rose 'mid the stars that watch'd over me nightly
She has cast off the chain that but fetter'd her lightly,
And left all its weight and its chillness on me.

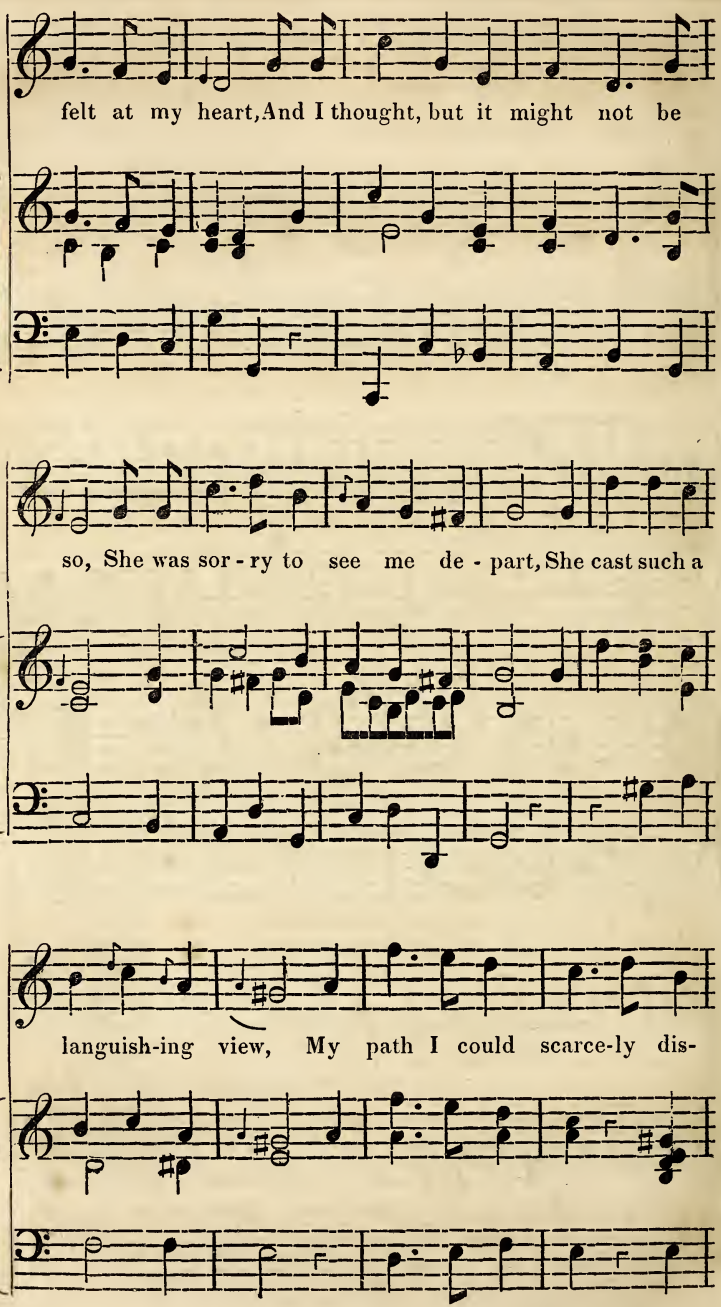
No matter! when years shall have sadden'd her spirits,
And taught her how false is the flatterer's breath,
Sad, deserted, declining, she'll think of my merits,
She'll seek me, perhaps,—she must seek me in death!
She will ask—they will tell her, when hope from life parted
One heart-burst escap'd, and *one* burning tear started,
Then silent and lone, I went forth broken hearted,
To seek some lone spot that might serve for a grave

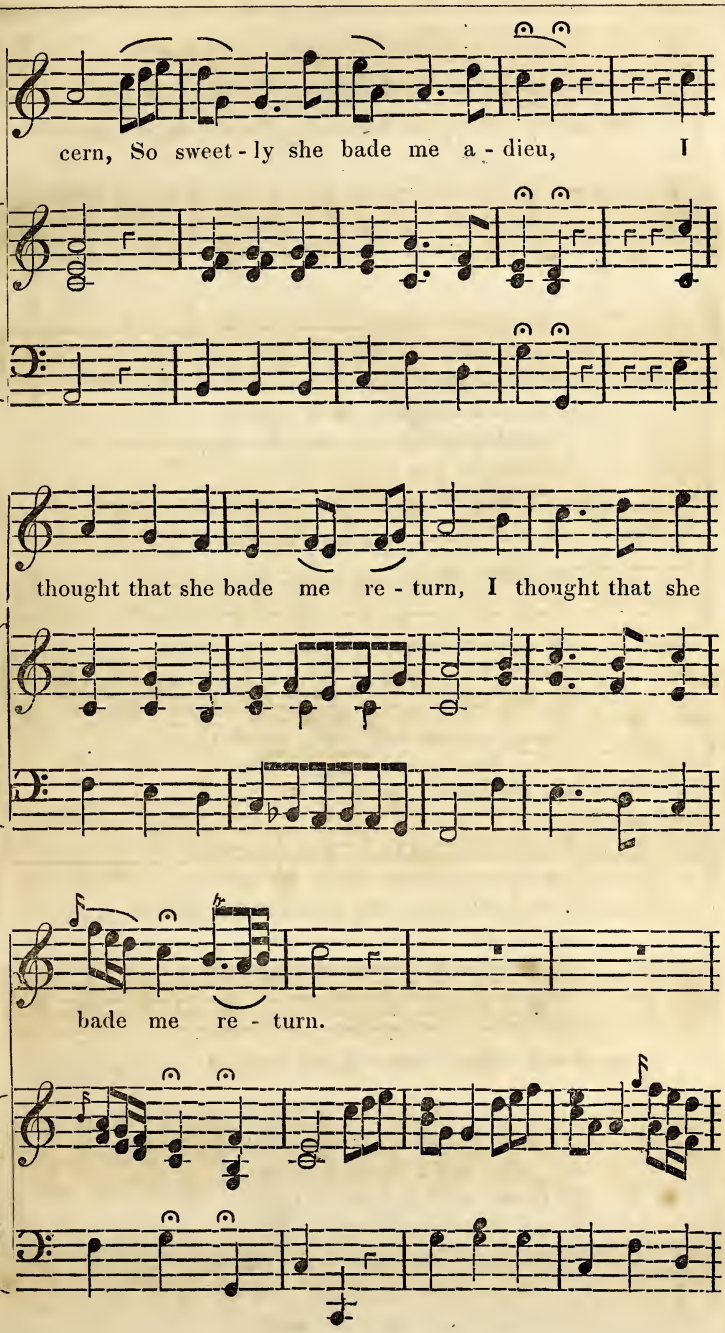
When forc'd from dear Hebe to go.

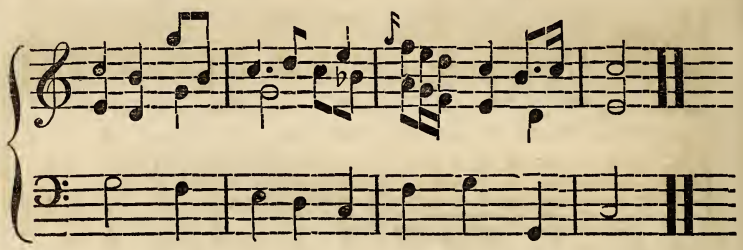
THE WORDS FROM SHENTONE'S PASTORALS.

Andante con Espressione. [DR. ARNE.




felt at my heart, And I thought, but it might not be
so, She was sor - ry to see me de - part, She cast such a
languish-ing view, My path I could scarce-ly dis-


cern, So sweet - ly she bade me a - dieu, I
thought that she bade me re - turn, I thought that she
bade me re - turn.



I thought she might like to retire
To the grove I had labour'd to rear;
For whatever I heard her admire,
I hasten'd and planted it there.
Her voice such a pleasure conveys,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she says,
I'm sure still to love her the more.

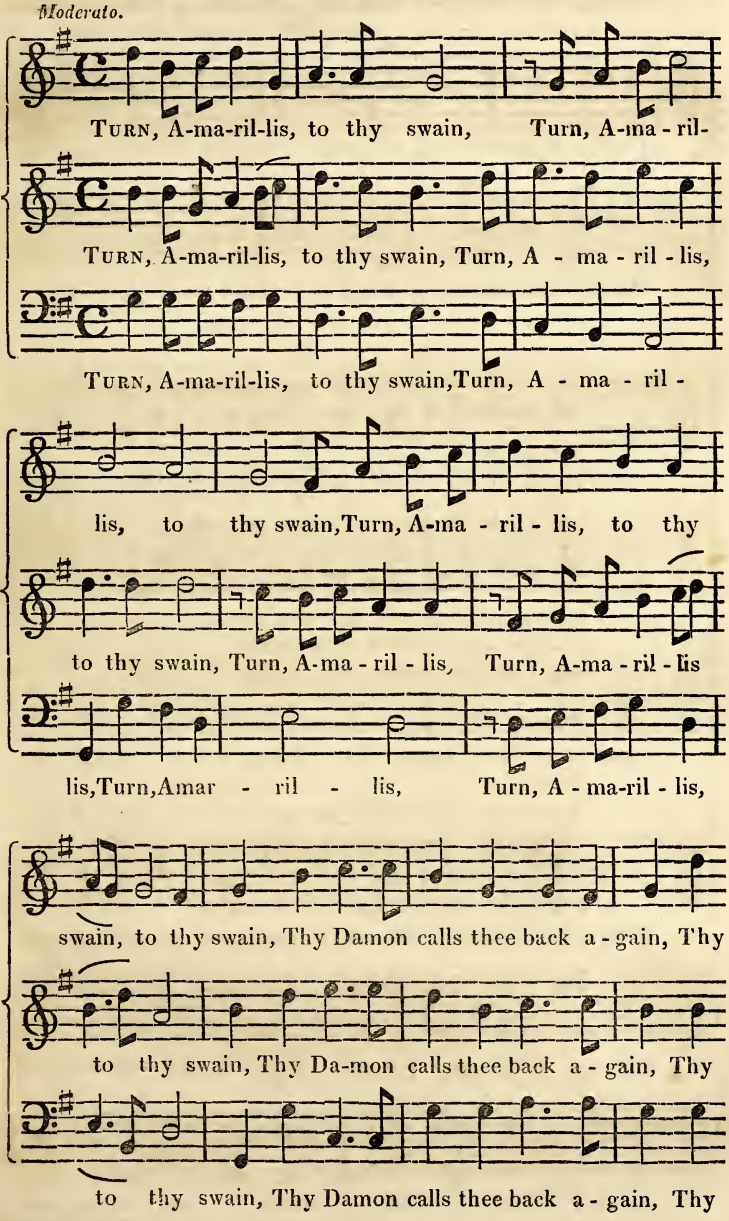
And now, ere I haste to the plain,
Come, shepherds, and talk of her ways;
I could lay down my life for the swain,
That would sing me a song in her praise.
While he sings, may the maids of the town
Come flocking, and listen awhile;
Nor on him let Hebe once frown;
But I cannot allow her to smile.

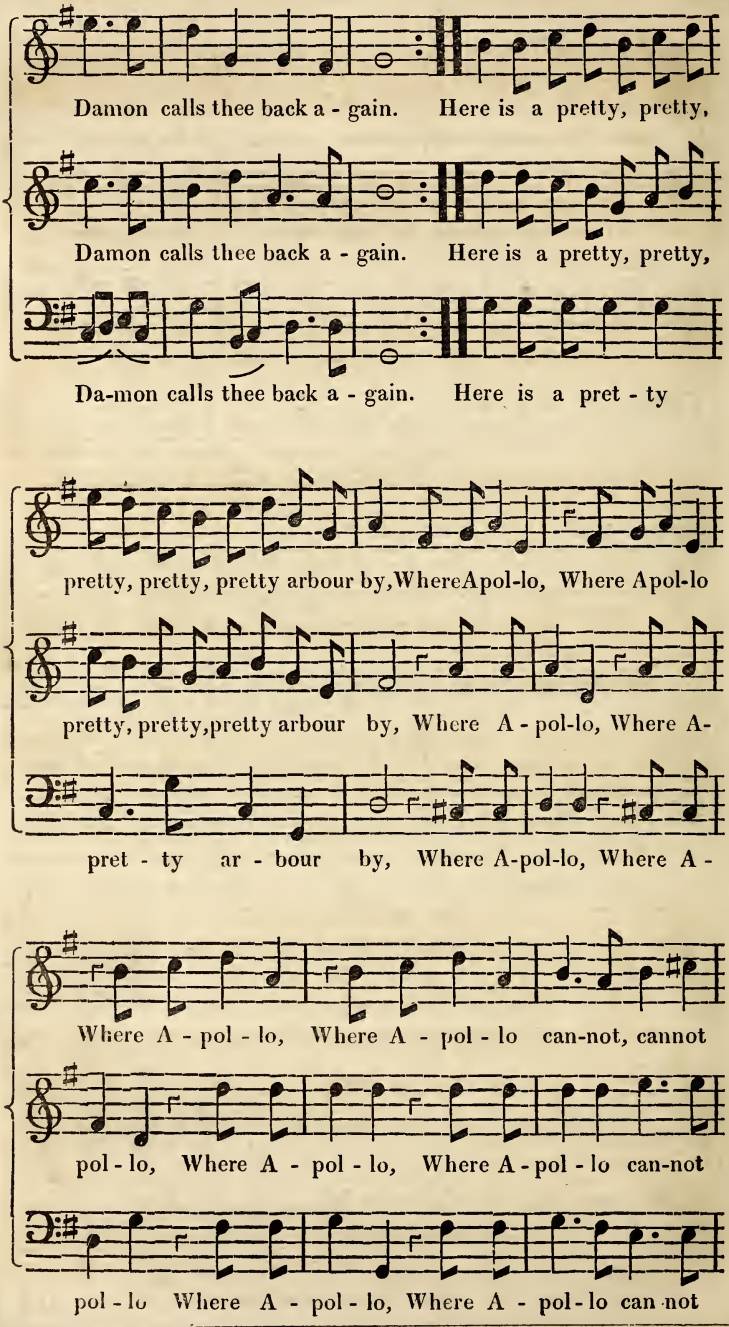
To see, when my charmer goes by,
Some Hermit peep out of his cell;
How he thinks of his youth with a sigh,
How fondly he wishes her well.
On him she may smile if she please,
'Twill warm the cold bosom of age;
But cease, gentle Hebe, oh! cease,
Such softness will ruin the sage.

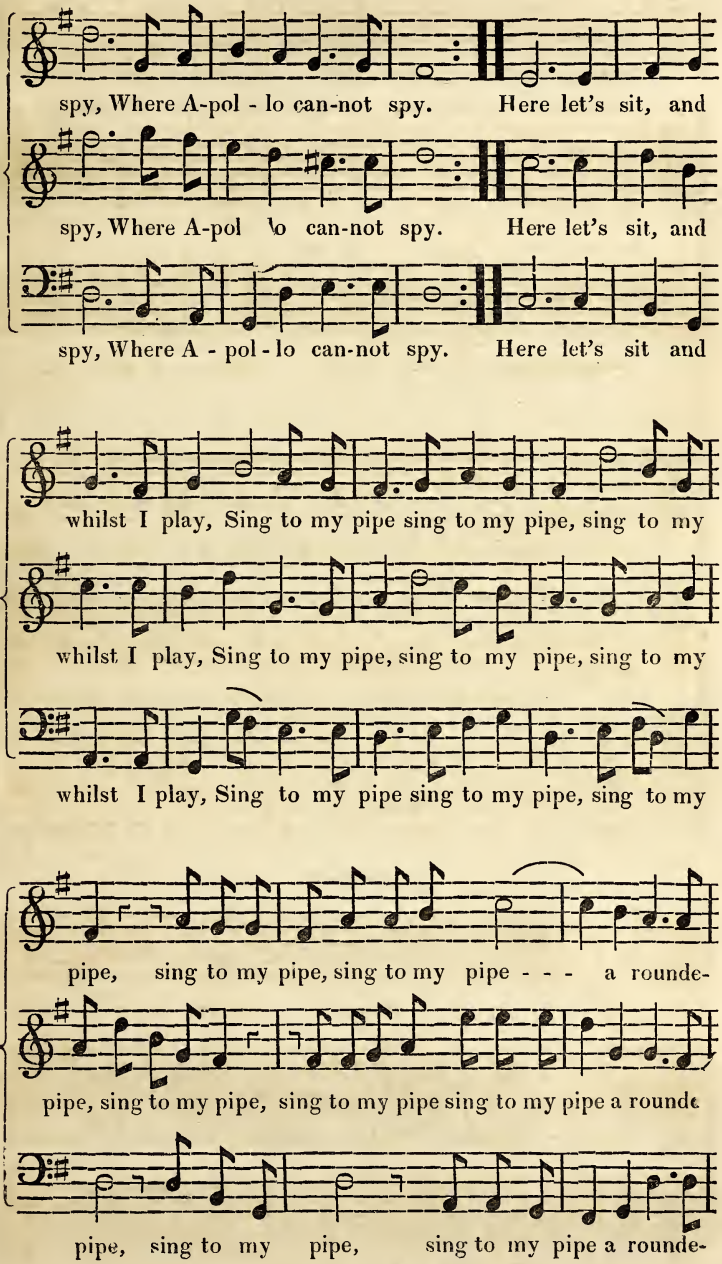
I've stole from no flow'rets that grow
To paint the dear charms I approve;
For what can a blossom bestow,
So sweet, so delightful as love.
I sing in a rustical way,
A shepherd, and one of the throng;
Yet Hebe approves of my lay;—
Go, Poets, and envy my song.

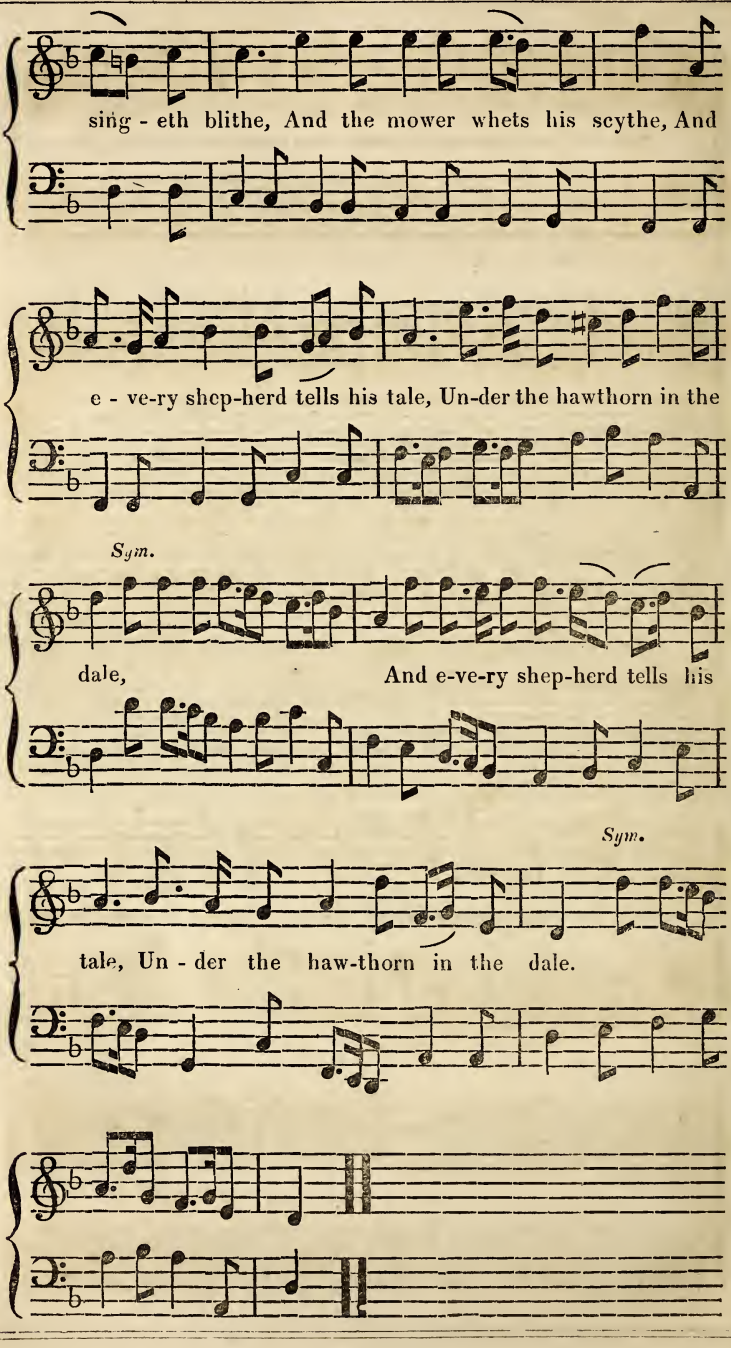
Turn Amarillis.

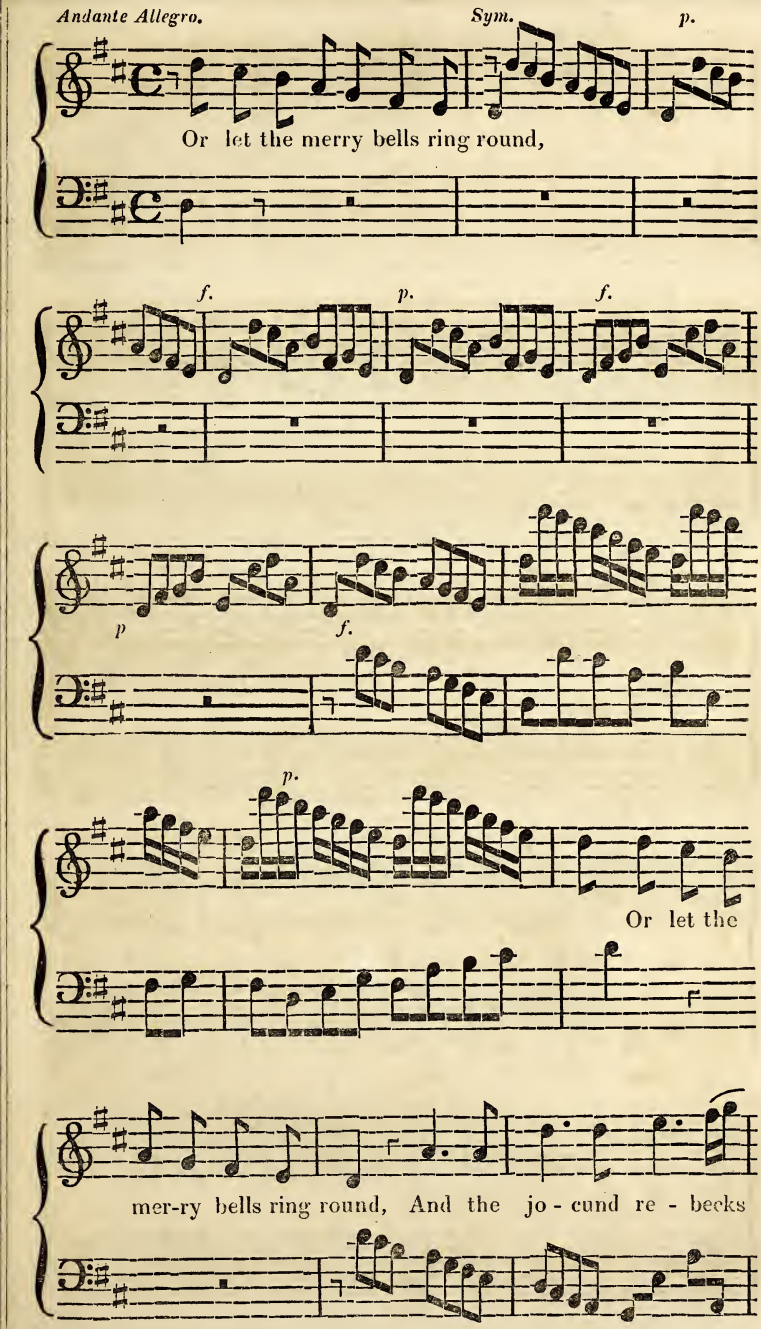
A MADRIGAL FOR THREE VOICES.

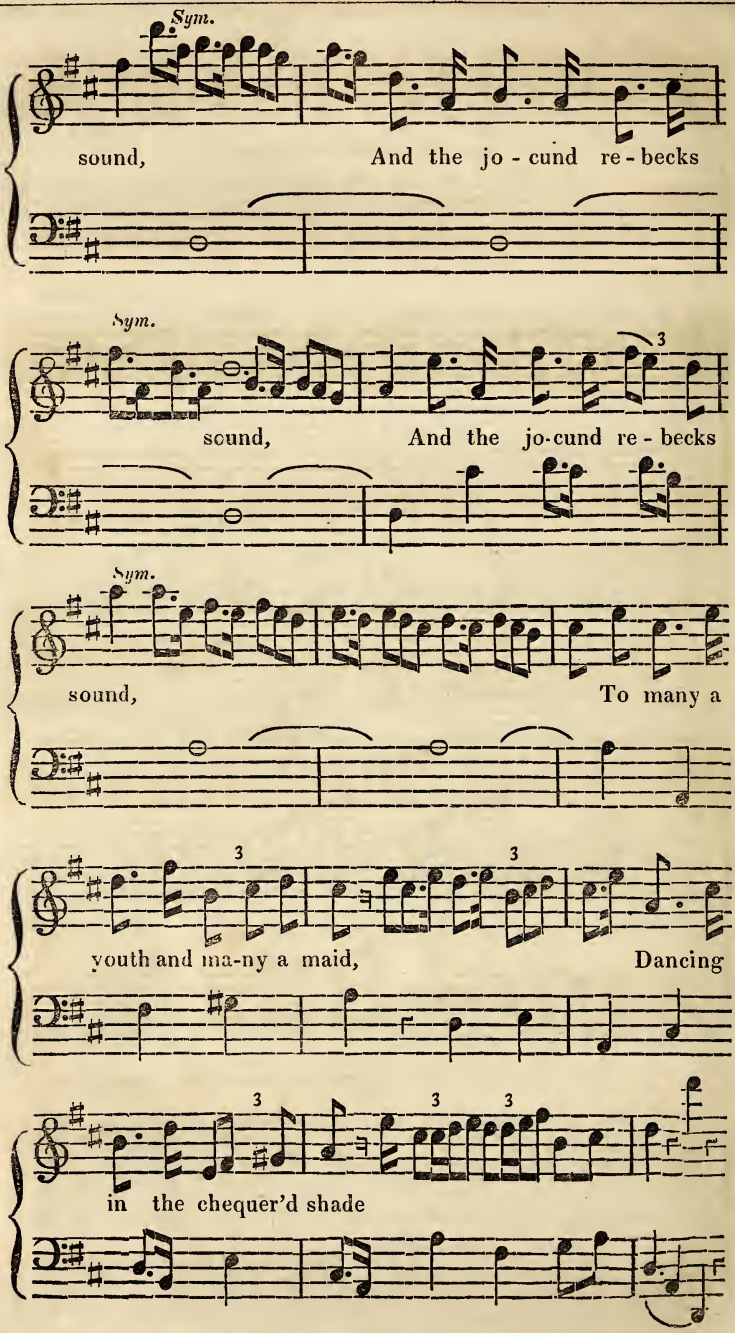



Damon calls thee back a - gain. Here is a pretty, pretty,
Damon calls thee back a - gain. Here is a pretty, pretty,
Da-mon calls thee back a - gain. Here is a pret - ty
pretty, pretty, pretty arbour by, Where Apol-lo, Where Apol-lo
pretty, pretty, pretty arbour by, Where A - pol-lo, Where A-
pret - ty ar - bour by, Where A-pol-lo, Where A -
Where A - pol - lo, Where A - pol - lo can-not, cannot
pol - lo, Where A - pol - lo, Where A - pol - lo can-not
pol - lo Where A - pol - lo, Where A - pol - lo can not


spy, Where A-pol - lo can-not spy. Here let's sit, and
spy, Where A-pol lo can-not spy. Here let's sit, and
spy, Where A - pol - lo can-not spy. Here let's sit and
whilst I play, Sing to my pipe sing to my pipe, sing to my
whilst I play, Sing to my pipe, sing to my pipe, sing to my
whilst I play, Sing to my pipe sing to my pipe, sing to my
pipe, sing to my pipe, sing to my pipe - - - a rounde-
pipe, sing to my pipe, sing to my pipe sing to my pipe a rounde
pipe, sing to my pipe, sing to my pipe a rounde-


sing - eth blithe, And the mower whets his scythe, And
e - ve-ry shep-herd tells his tale, Un-der the hawthorn in the
Sym.
dale, And e-ve-ry shep-herd tells his
Sym.
tale, Un - der the haw-thorn in the dale.


Andante Allegro.
Sym.
p.
Or let the merry bells ring round,
f.
p.
f.
p
f.
p.
Or let the
mer-ry bells ring round, And the jo - cund re - becks

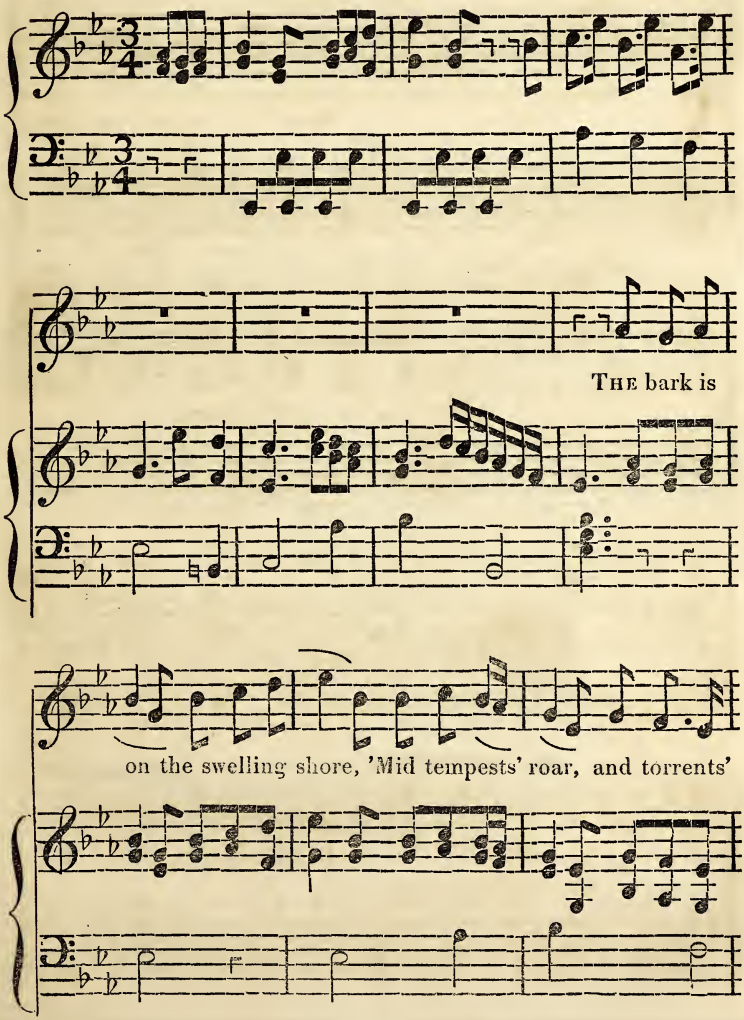

Sym.
sound, And the jo - cund re - becks
Sym.
sound, And the jo-cund re - becks
Sym.
sound, To many a
youth and ma-ny a maid, Dancing
in the chequer'd shade

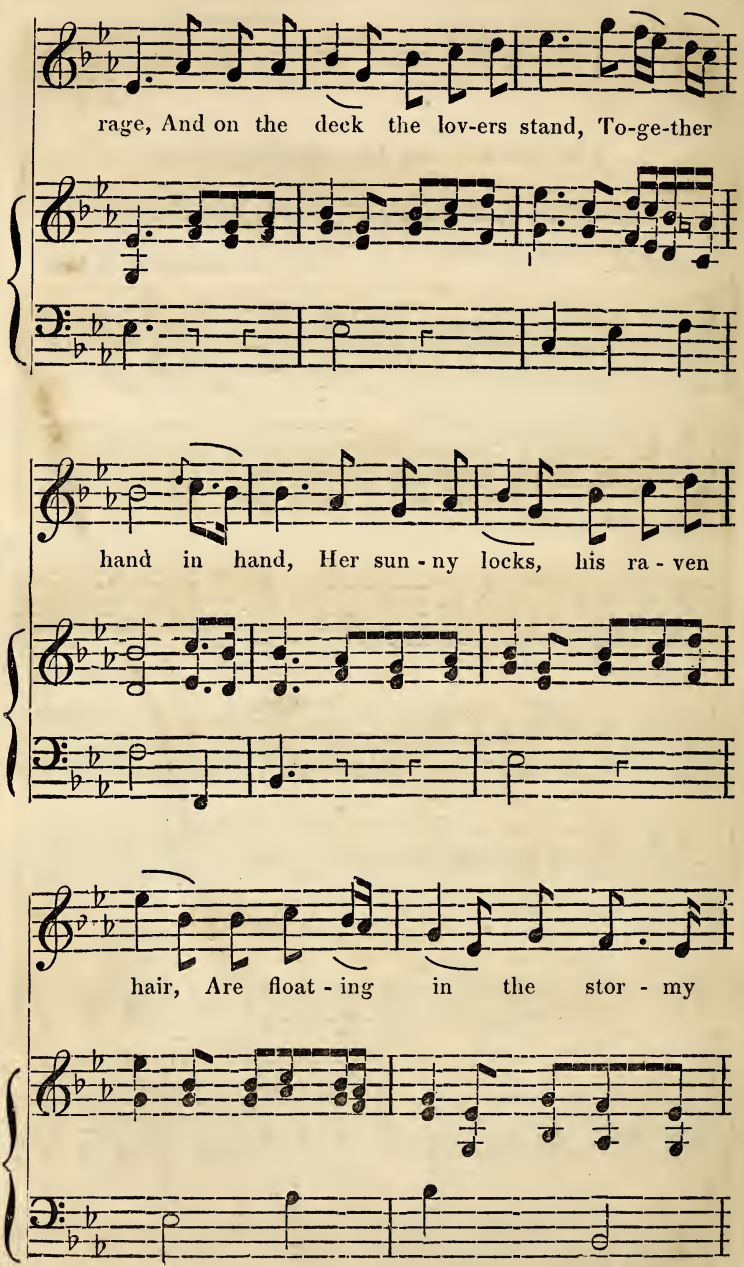
THE IRISH MELODIES.—No 20.

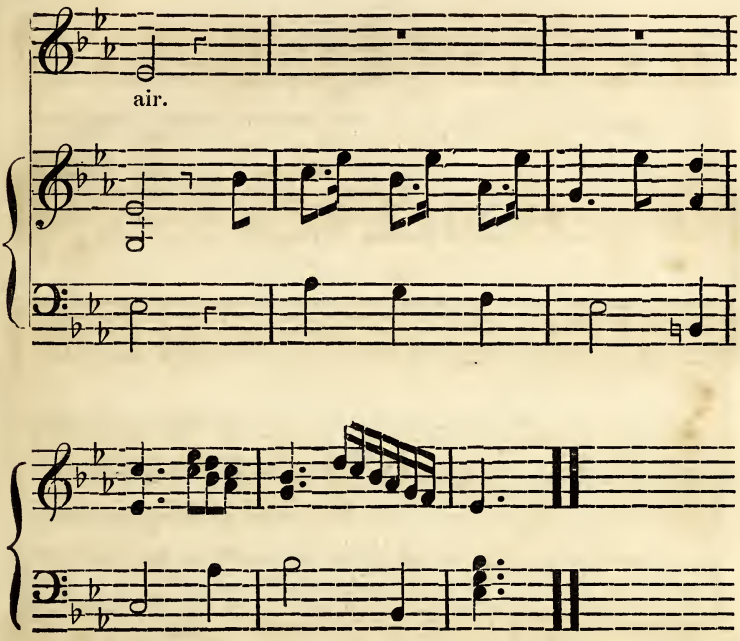
The Bark is on the swelling Wave.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

Allegretto. [AIR—*St. Senanus and the Lady.*



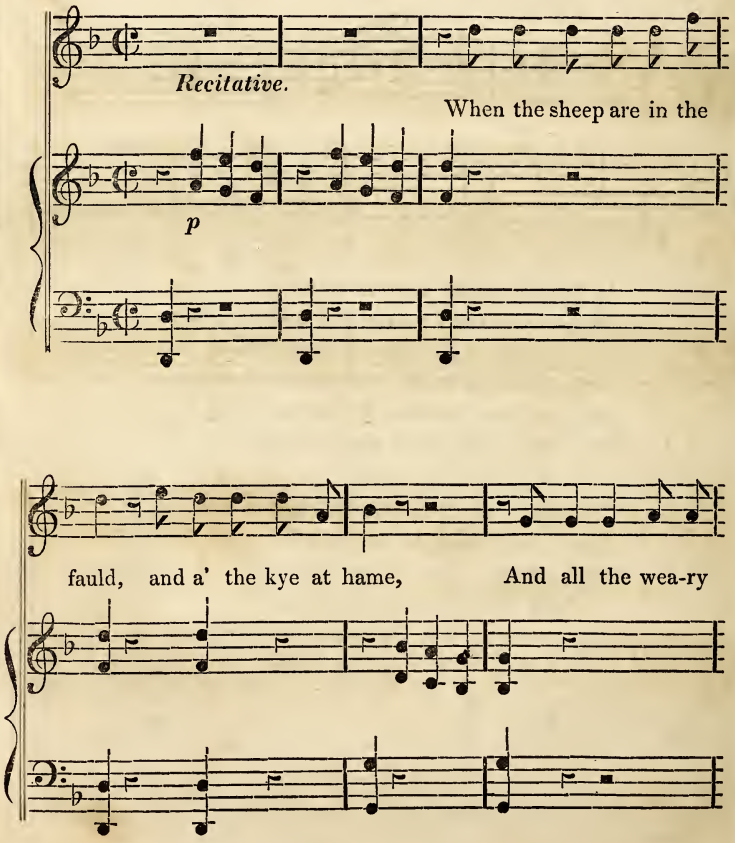

rage, And on the deck the lov-ers stand, To-ge-ther
hand in hand, Her sun - ny locks, his ra - ven
hair, Are float - ing in the stor - my

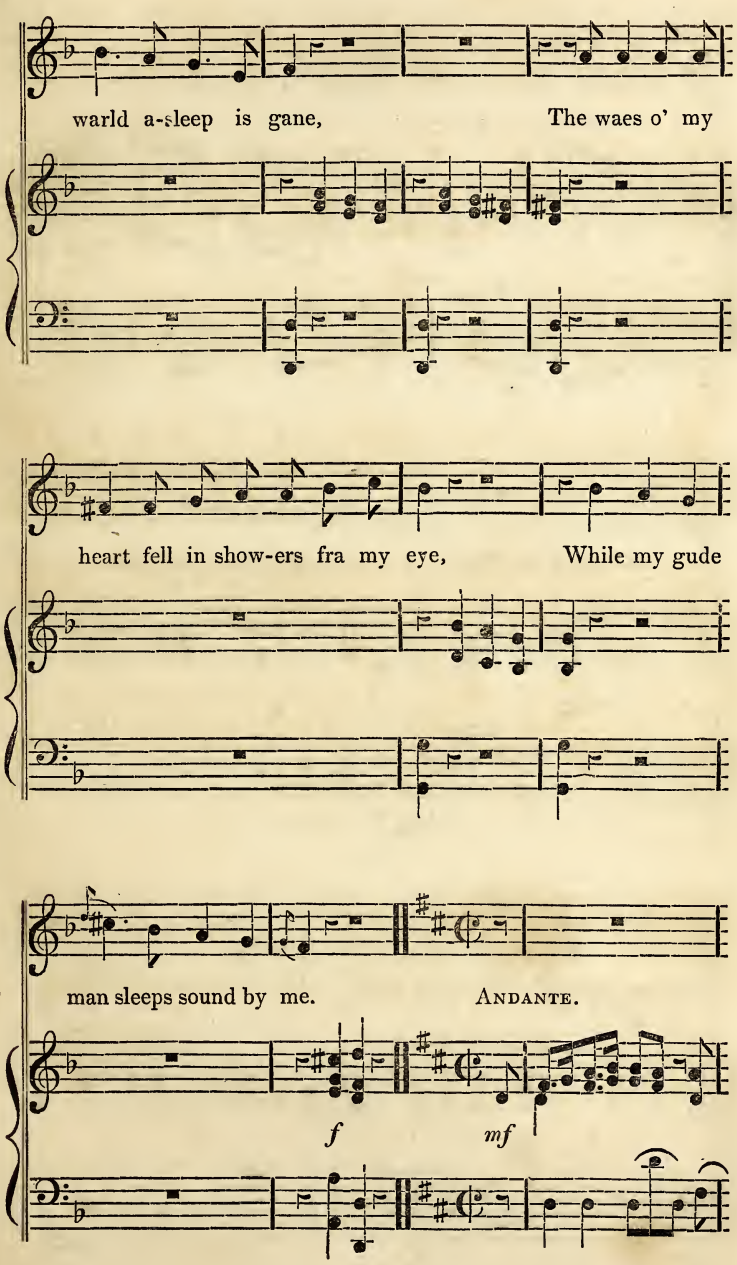


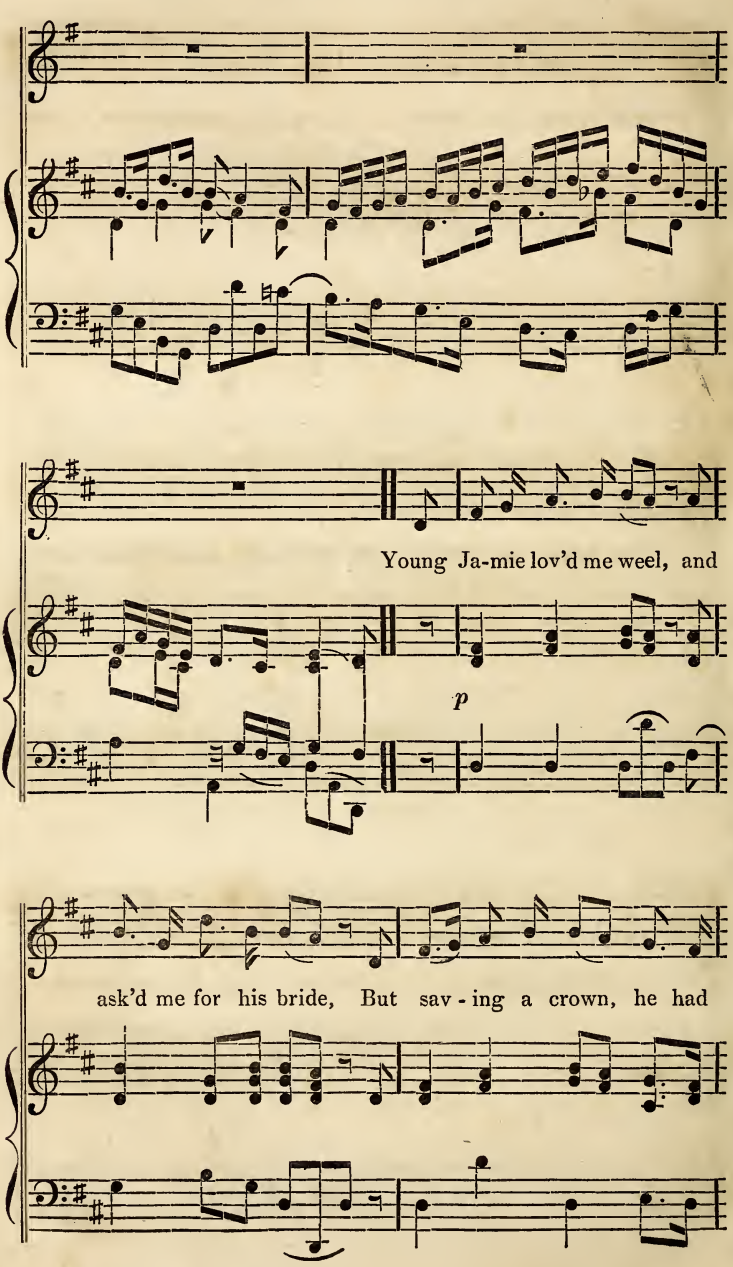
In Italy's bright land of flowers,
They spent their young and ardent hours.
An instant! and their tomb will be
Beneath the dark, blue sea.
But the worst horrors death can bring,
Will only make them closer cling.

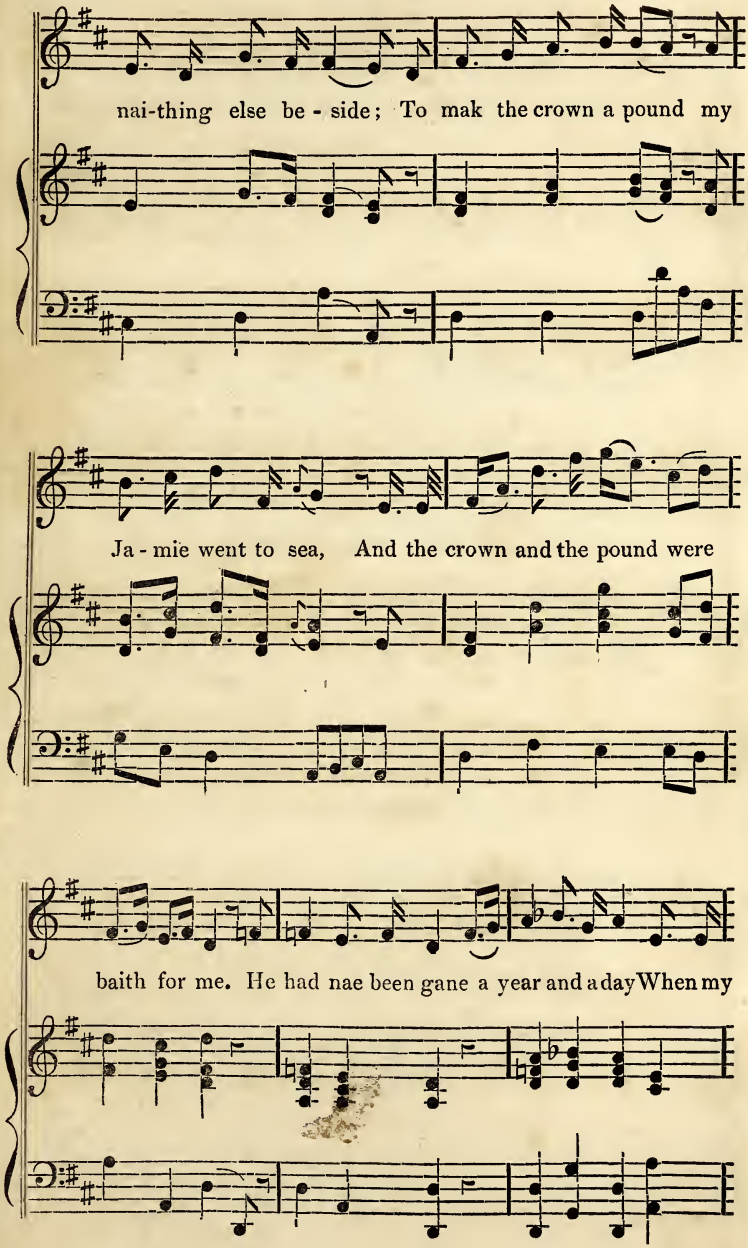
'Tis past! the welt'ring waves now clasp
That fated vessel in their grasp.
'Mid human misery's piercing cry,
Their lips gave one fond sigh;
And form in form entwin'd, they sleep
In the blue bosom of the deep.

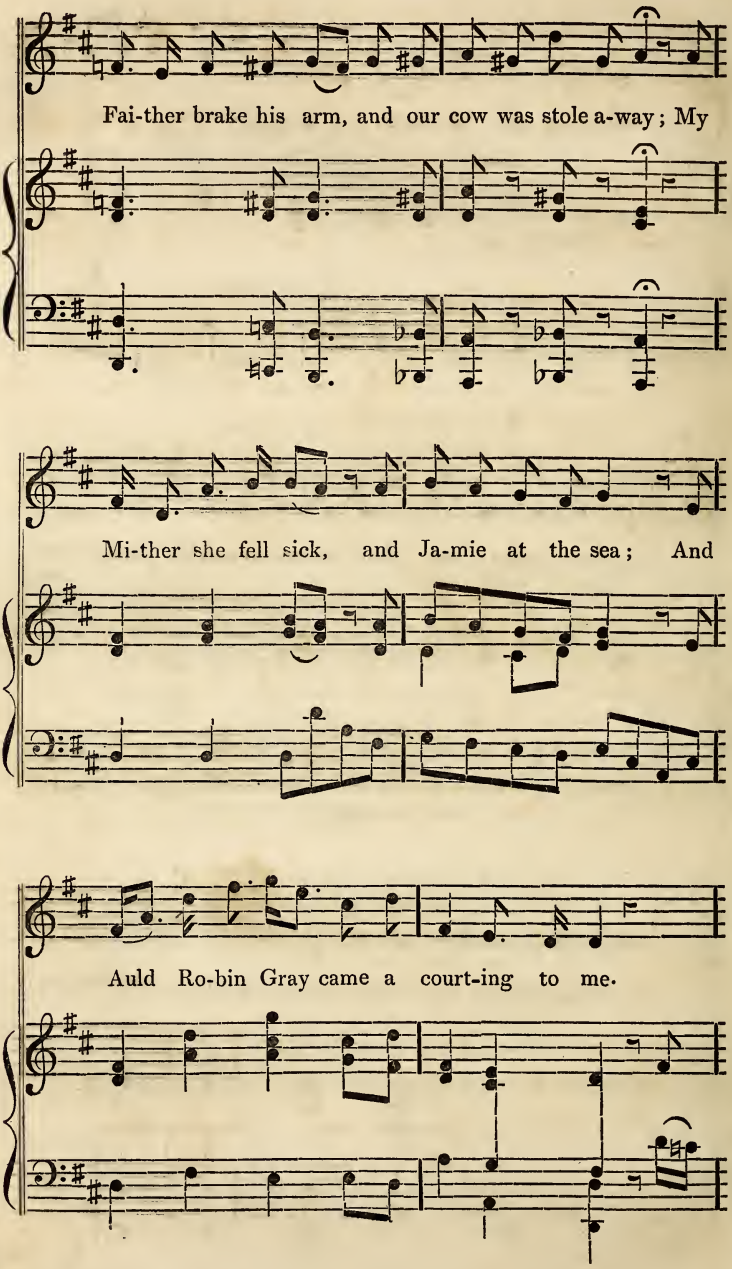
Auld Robin Gray.

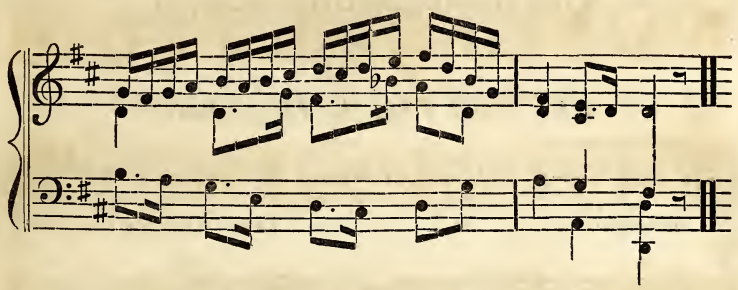



warld a-sleep is gane, The waes o' my
heart fell in show-ers fra my eye, While my gude
man sleeps sound by me.
ANDANTE.
f
mf


Young Ja-mie lov'd me weel, and
p
ask'd me for his bride, But sav - ing a crown, he had


nai-thing else be - side; To mak the crown a pound my
Ja - mie went to sea, And the crown and the pound were
baith for me. He had nae been gane a year and a day When my


Fai-ther brake his arm, and our cow was stole a-way; My
Mi-ther she fell sick, and Ja-mie at the sea; And
Auld Ro-bin Gray came a court-ing to me.



My faither cou'd na wark, my mither cou'd na spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread cou'd na win;
Auld Rob maintain'd em baith, and with tears in his ee,
'Fair Janie, for their sakes, oh marry me.'
My heart it said nay, for I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew hard, and his ship was a wrack—
His ship was a wrack, why did na Jamie die,
And why was he spared to cry wae's me.

My faither urg'd me sair, my mither did na speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break:
They gi'ed him my hand, though my heart was at sea,—
So Auld Robin Gray is a gudeman to me!
I had na been a wife a week but four,
When sitting so mournfully out a' my door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'd na think it he,
Till he said 'I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.'

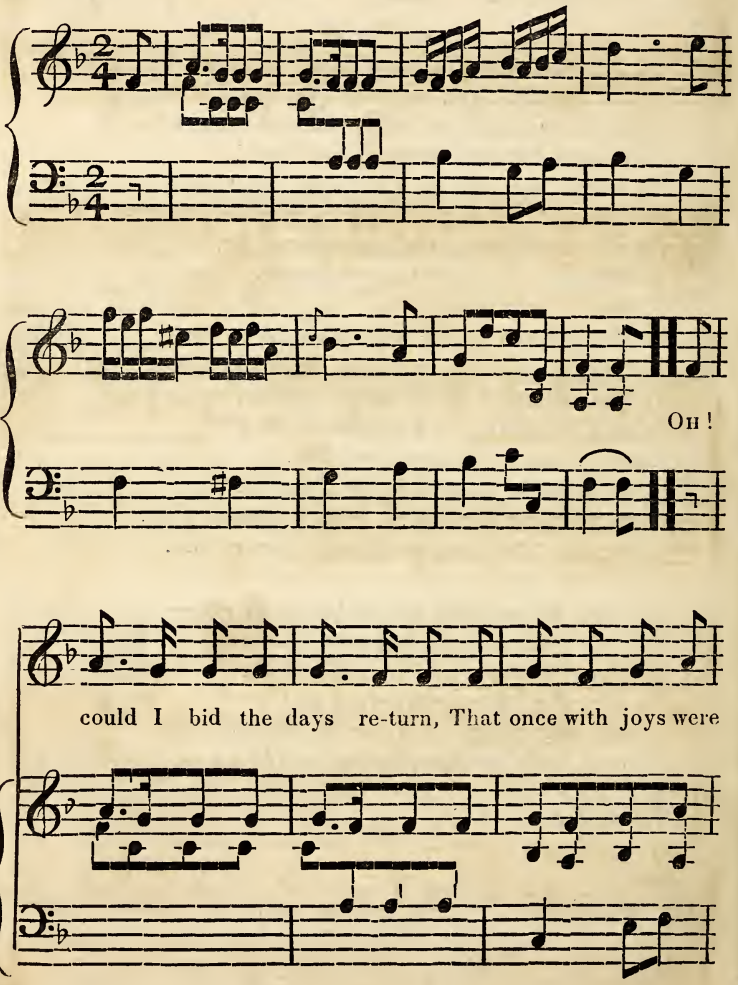
Sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say,—
We took but a kiss, and tare ourselves away:
I wish I were dead, but I am na lik to die,
Oh, why was I born to say wae's me!
I gang like a ghaist, and I care not to spin,
I dare na think on Jamie, for that wou'd be a sin·
So I will do my best a gude wife to be,
For Auld Robin Gray's so kind to me.

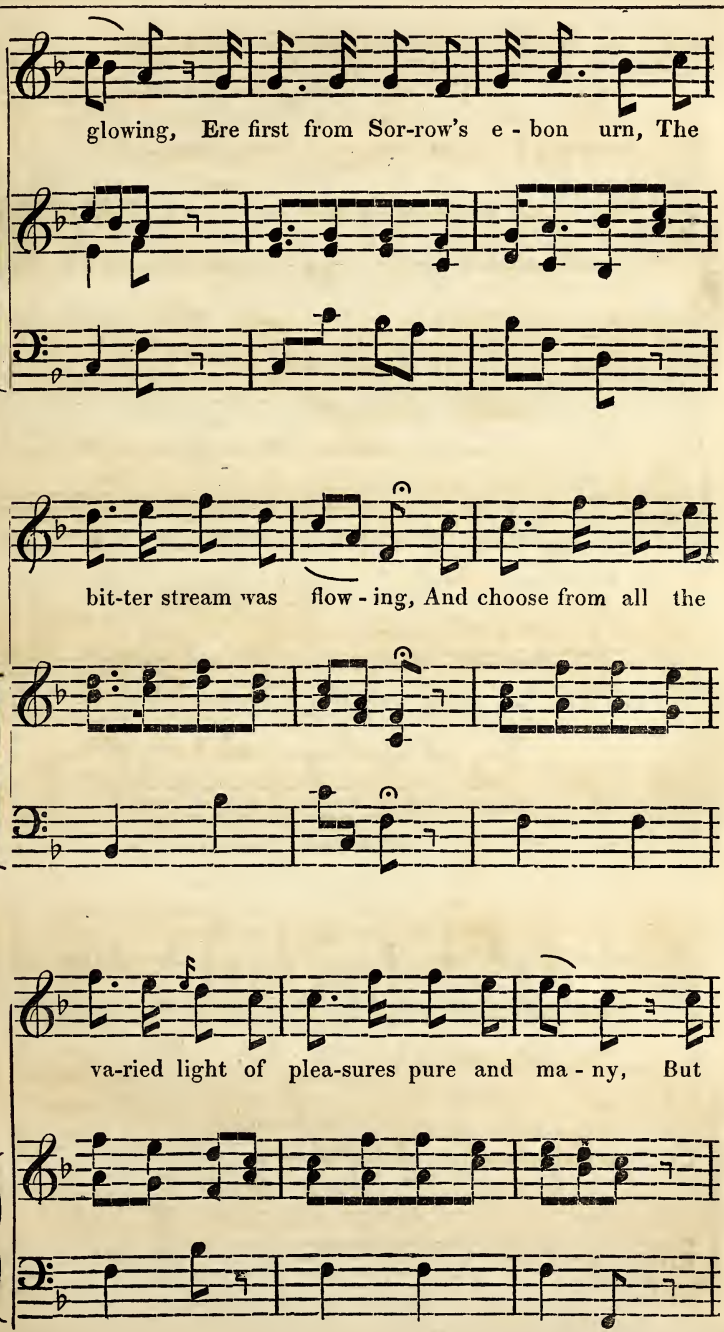
THE IRISH MELODIES.—No. 21.

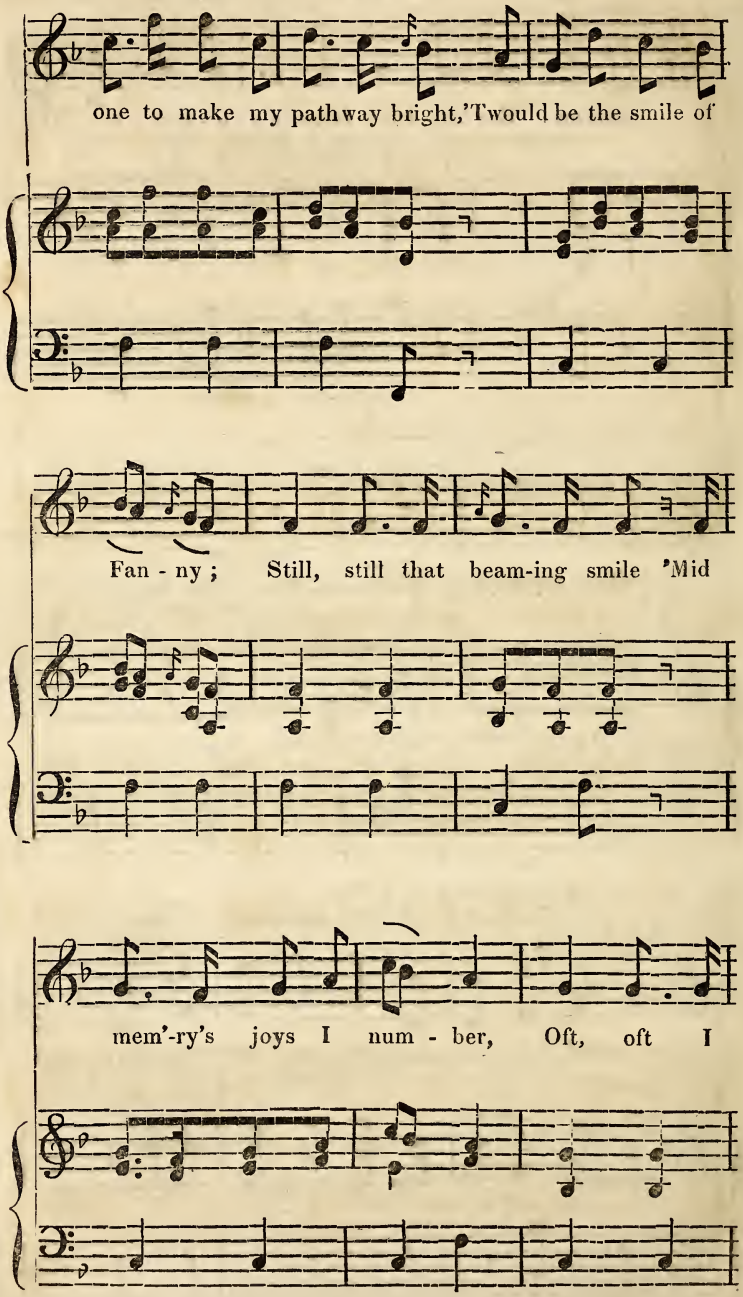
Oh! could I bid the Days return.

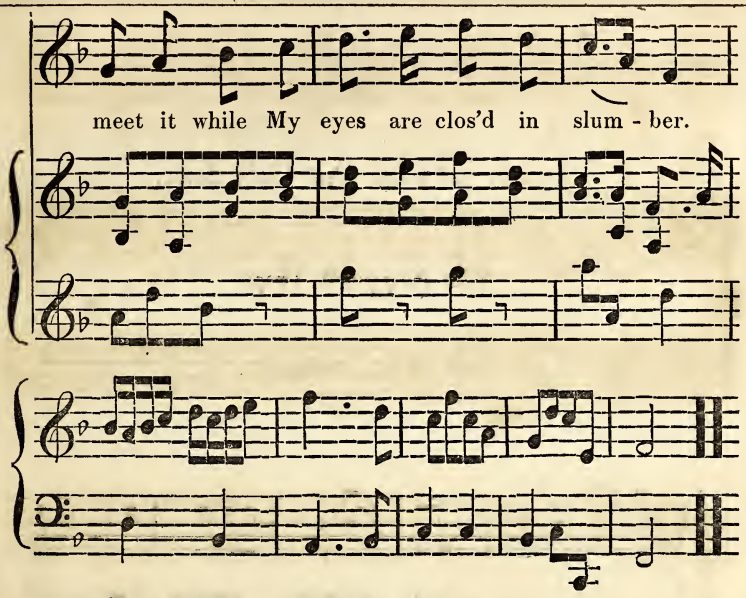
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS MARY LEMAN REDE.

Allegretto. [AIR—*When first I met thee.*




glowing, Ere first from Sor-row's e - bon urn, The
bit-ter stream was flow - ing, And choose from all the
va-ried light of plea-sures pure and ma - ny, But


one to make my pathway bright, 'Twould be the smile of
Fan - ny; Still, still that beam-ing smile 'Mid
mem'-ry's joys I num - ber, Oft, oft I



'Tis ever thus, in vain, we view
The hope we nourish'd blossom,
When bright in bloom, and bath'd in dew,
It fades upon the bosom.
Oh, Fanny! thy fond smiles of bliss,
Thy tears of tender sweetness,
Beam'd all too bright for me to guess,
That such would be their fleetness.
At morn those smiles were mine,
In light and love unclouded;
At eve that form divine,
In death was darkly shrouded.

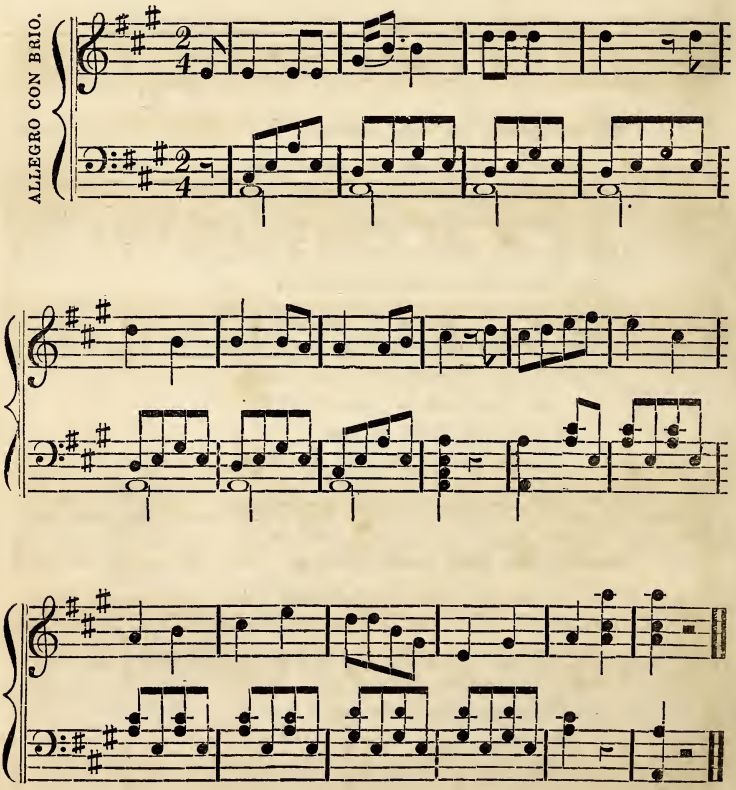
But, like the sun, in that pure clime,
Where night is daylight mellow'd,
Beneath the holy touch of time,
Thy loss has long been hallow'd;
And now beyond the bliss most bright,
If earth for me has any,
I prize the pure and calm delight
Of thinking of my Fanny.
My vesper star! my love!
My soul to thee was given;
Oh! plead for it above,
And summon it to Heaven.

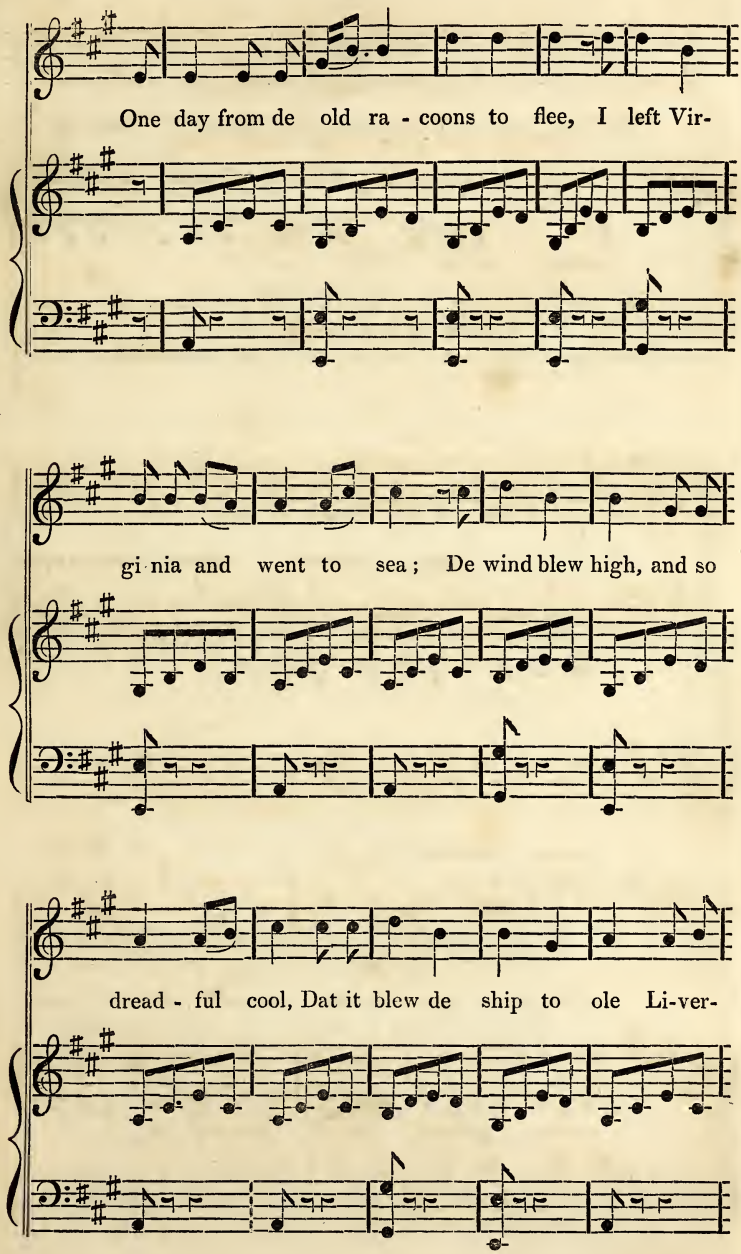
Jenny, get your Oat-Cake done,

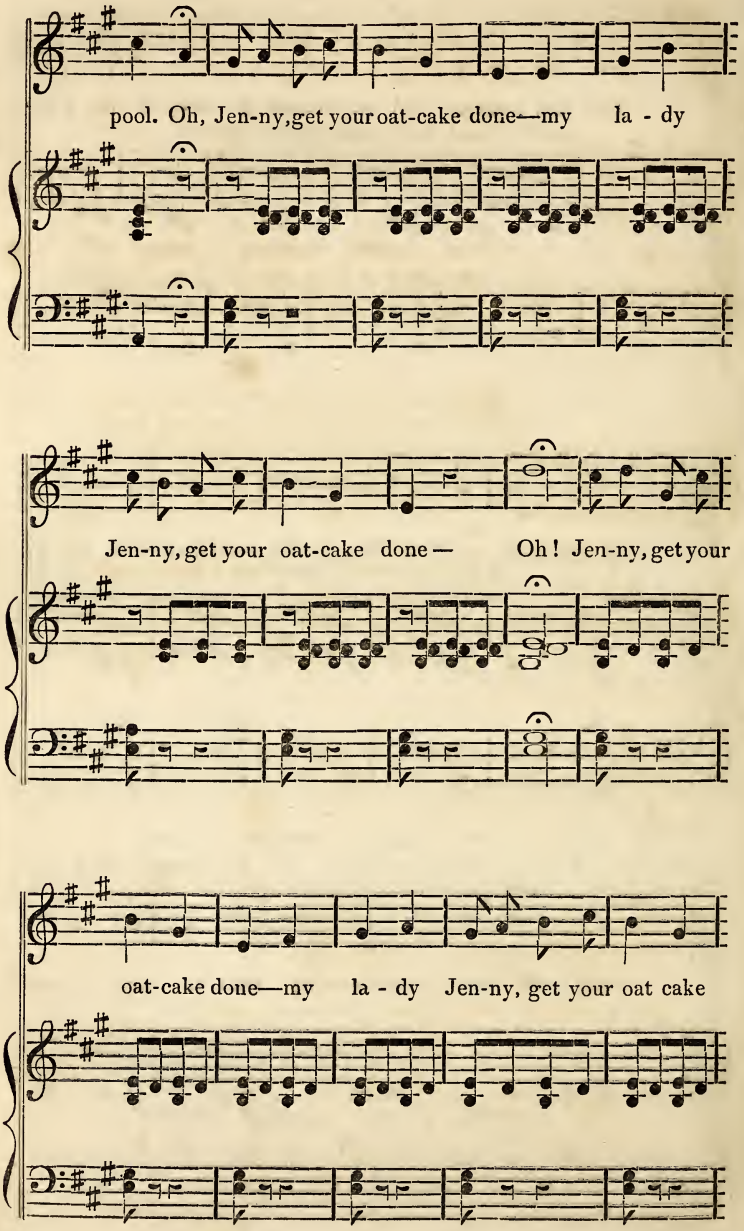
OR

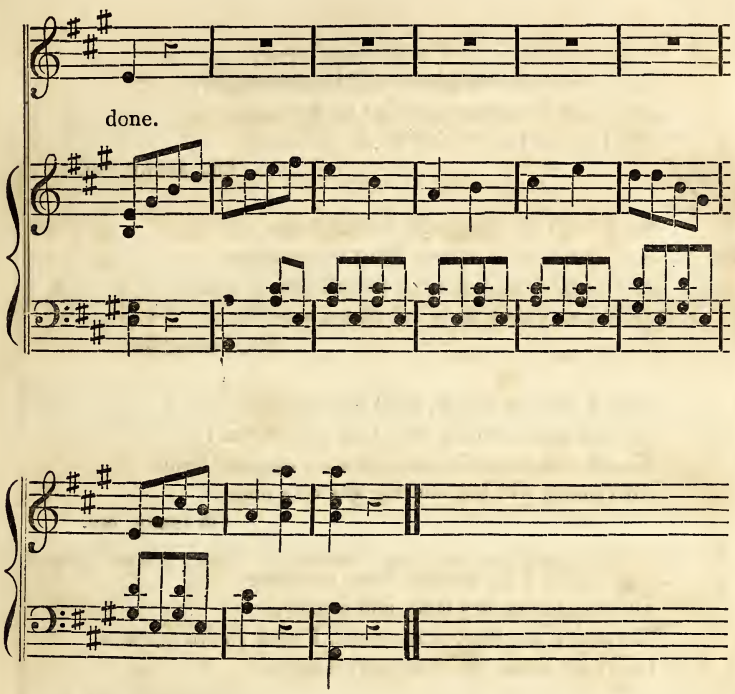
The Nigger's Trip.

SUNG BY MR. SWEENEY.




One day from de old ra - coons to flee, I left Vir-
gi nia and went to sea; De wind blew high, and so
dread - ful cool, Dat it blew de ship to ole Li-ver-


pool. Oh, Jen-ny, get your oat-cake done—my la - dy
Jen-ny, get your oat-cake done— Oh! Jen-ny, get your
oat-cake done—my la - dy Jen-ny, get your oat cake



A mighty storm dare came one night,
Which put poor nigger in a fright;
De lightning slip all about de sky,
Just like a blind horse dat's broke his thigh.
Oh, Jenny, &c.

We anchor'd next morning close to shore—
I thought it a dream, or little more—
Dey took me in a boat, I landed at de pier,
But ole nigger could'nt stand, he felt so queer.
Oh, Jenny, &c.

I went up a street, den turn'd to de right;
I stepp'd just as high as a cow in a fright;
My feet felt so funny, I cut such a figure,
Dat all de folks say, dare's a mighty rum nigger.
Oh, Jenny, &c.

One white man say I make such a fuss,
So he took me straight to de Mansion-house:
And dare de mayor would'nt let me go,
Till I play'd Lucy Long on my ole banjo.
Oh, Jenny, &c.

Now I felt much pleas'd wid all I saw,
So I question de mayor 'bout de corn law;
And he told me dey mean to repeal it as soon
As Hanson goes up in his steam balloon.
Oh, Jenny, &c.

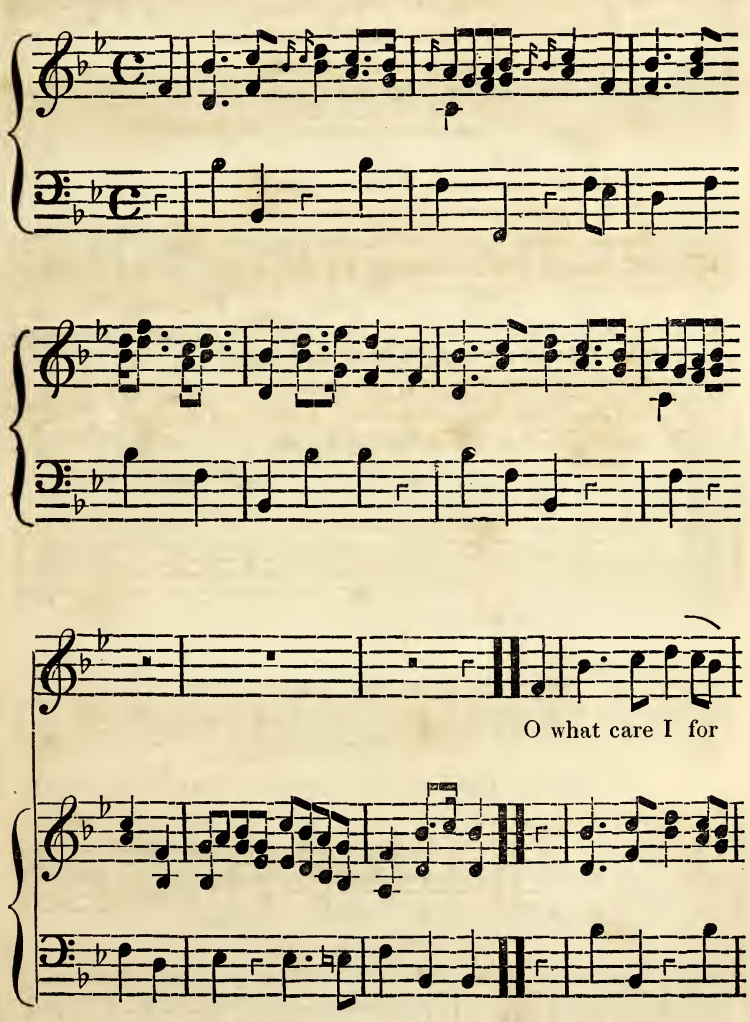
Next I ax'd de mayor, if all was true
'Byut London smoke going all up one flue:
He say it is propos'd, and dey soon mean to light
All Londoa wid but one big gas ob a night.
Oh Jenny, &c.

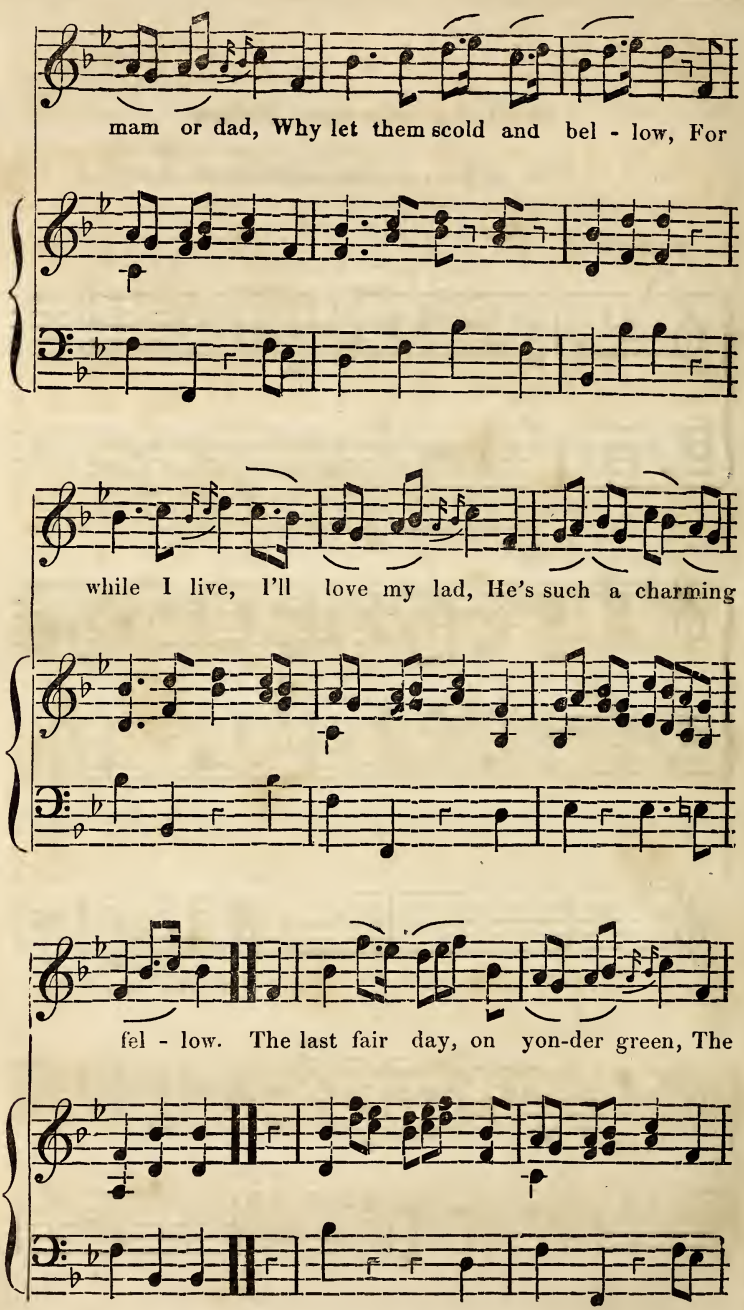
Now I tink I say enough 'bout my trabel,
All ober de sea, dry land, and grabel;
But dare's one ting, white folks, I wish you to know—
Dare's no music like dat of de ole banjo.
Oh, Jenny, &c.

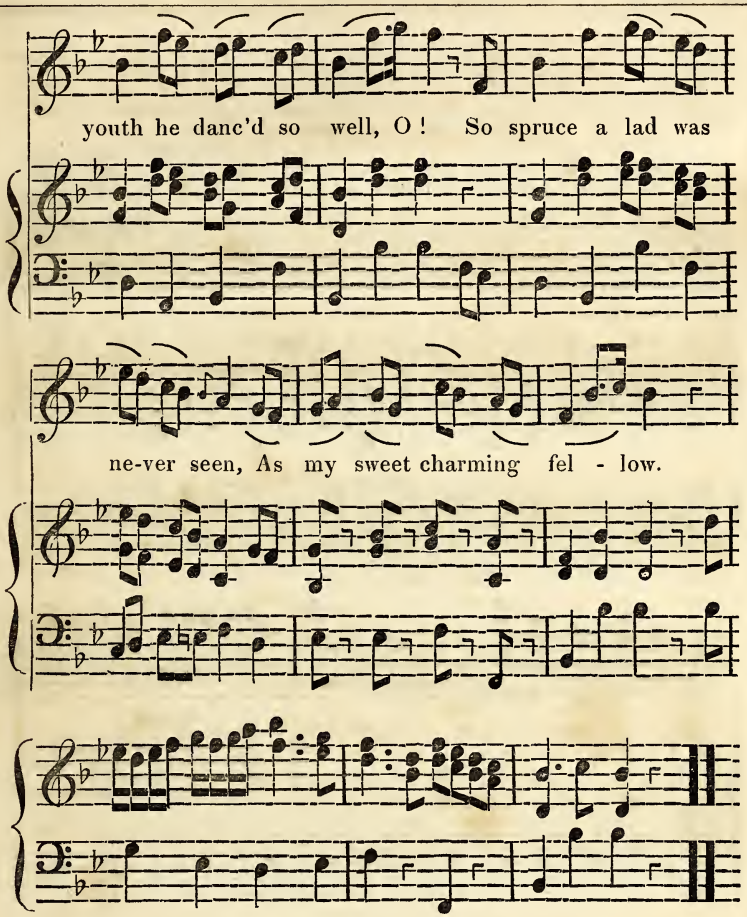
O what a charming Fellow.

SUNG BY MRS. HUMBY, IN THE AGREEABLE SURPRIZE.

Moderato.



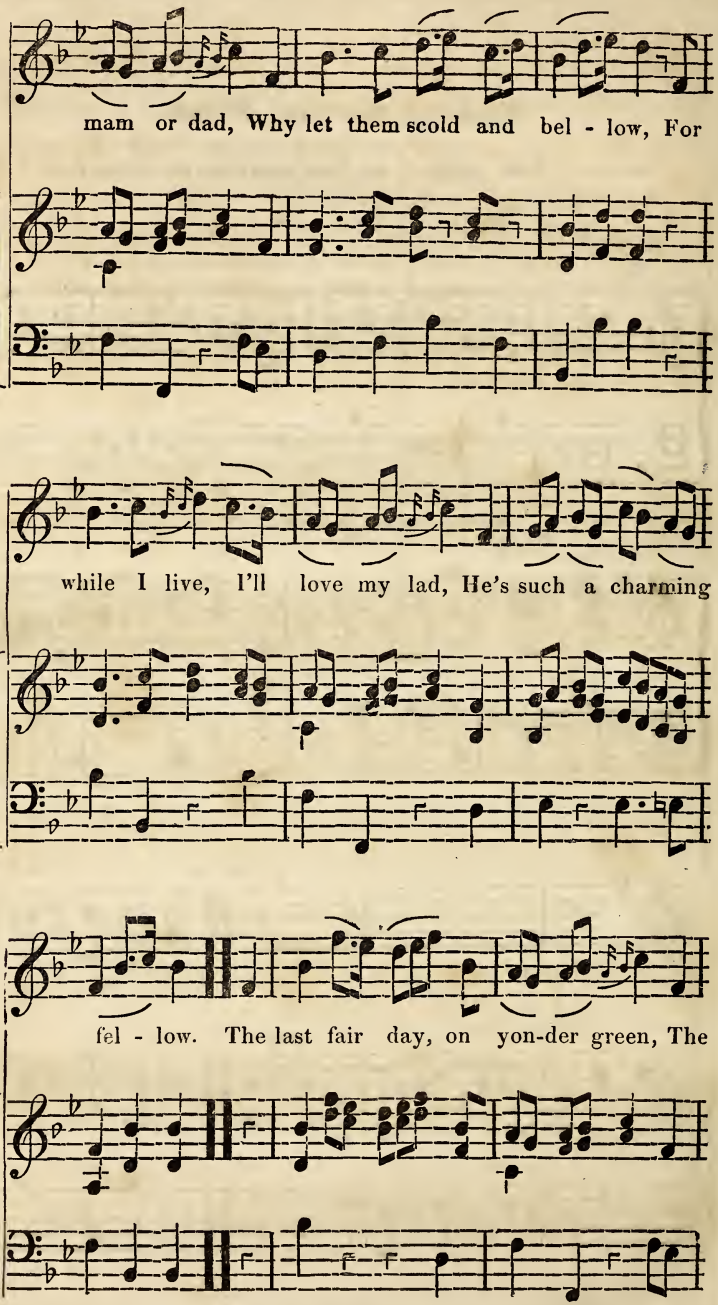

mam or dad, Why let them scold and bel - low, For
while I live, I'll love my lad, He's such a charming
fel - low. The last fair day, on yon-der green, The

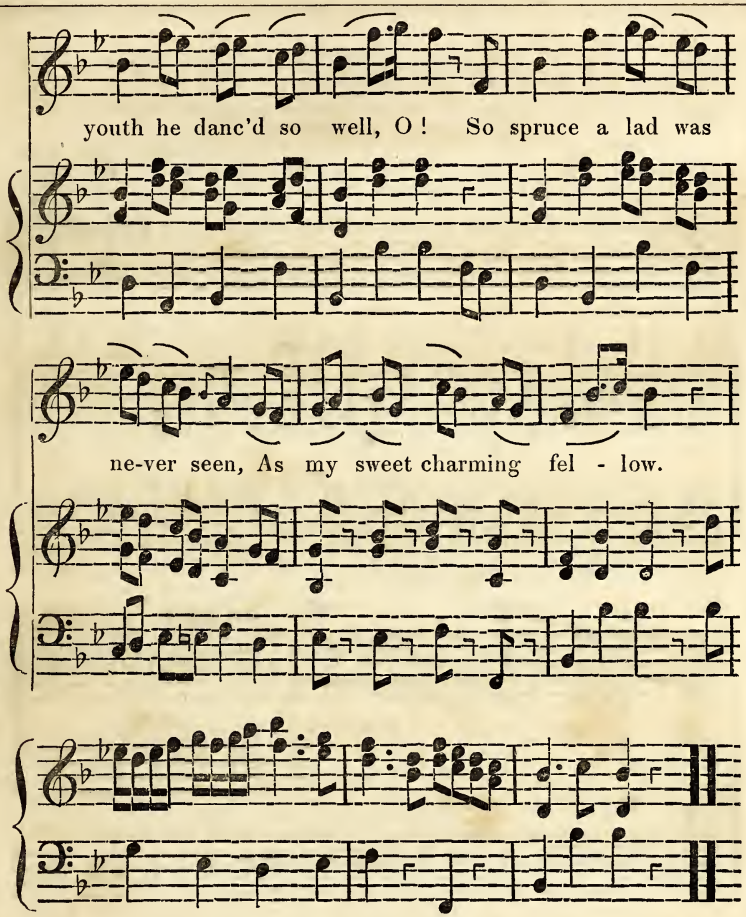


The fair was over, night was come,
The lad was somewhat mellow;
Says he, "My dear, I'll see you home;"
I thank'd the charming fellow.
We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright,
Says he, "My sweetest Nello,
I'll kiss you here, by this good light."
O! what a charming fellow.

"You rogue," says I, "you've stopp'd my breath;
Ye bells ring out my knell, O!"
Again I'd die so sweet a death,
With such a charming fellow.

The last four lines are to be sung to the second part of the tune.


mam or dad, Why let them scold and bel - low, For
while I live, I'll love my lad, He's such a charming
fel - low. The last fair day, on yon-der green, The



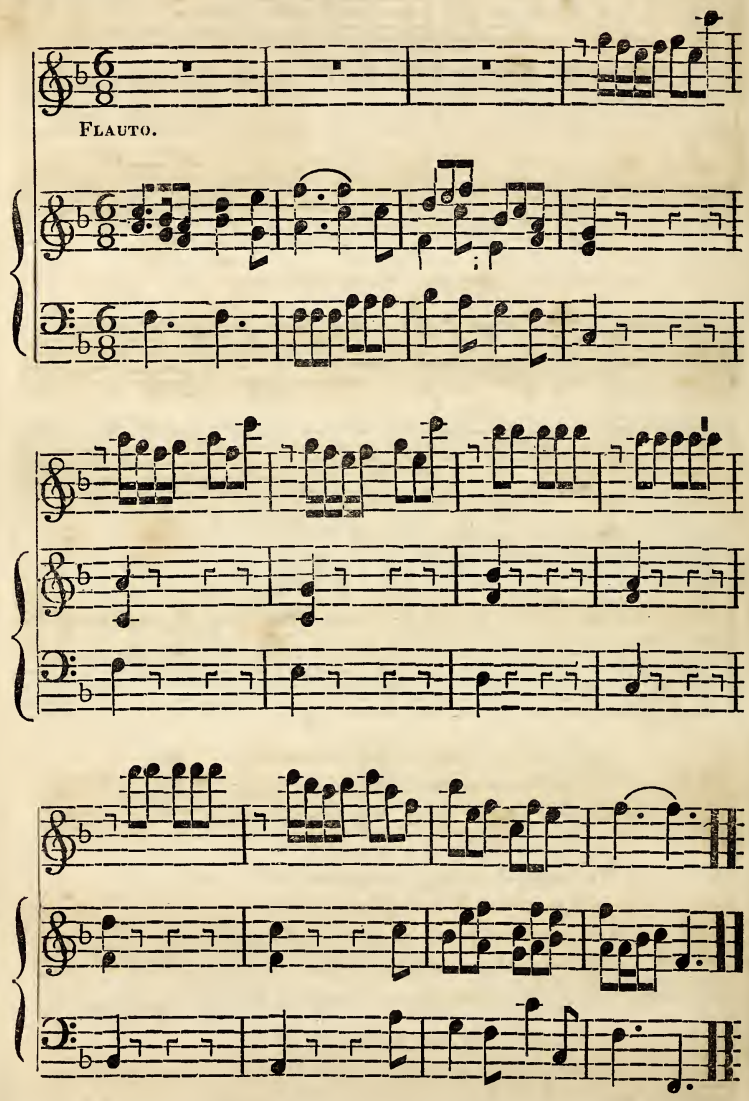
The fair was over, night was come,
The lad was somewhat mellow;
Says he, "My dear, I'll see you home;"
I thank'd the charming fellow.
We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright,
Says he, "My sweetest Nello,
I'll kiss you here, by this good light."
O! what a charming fellow.

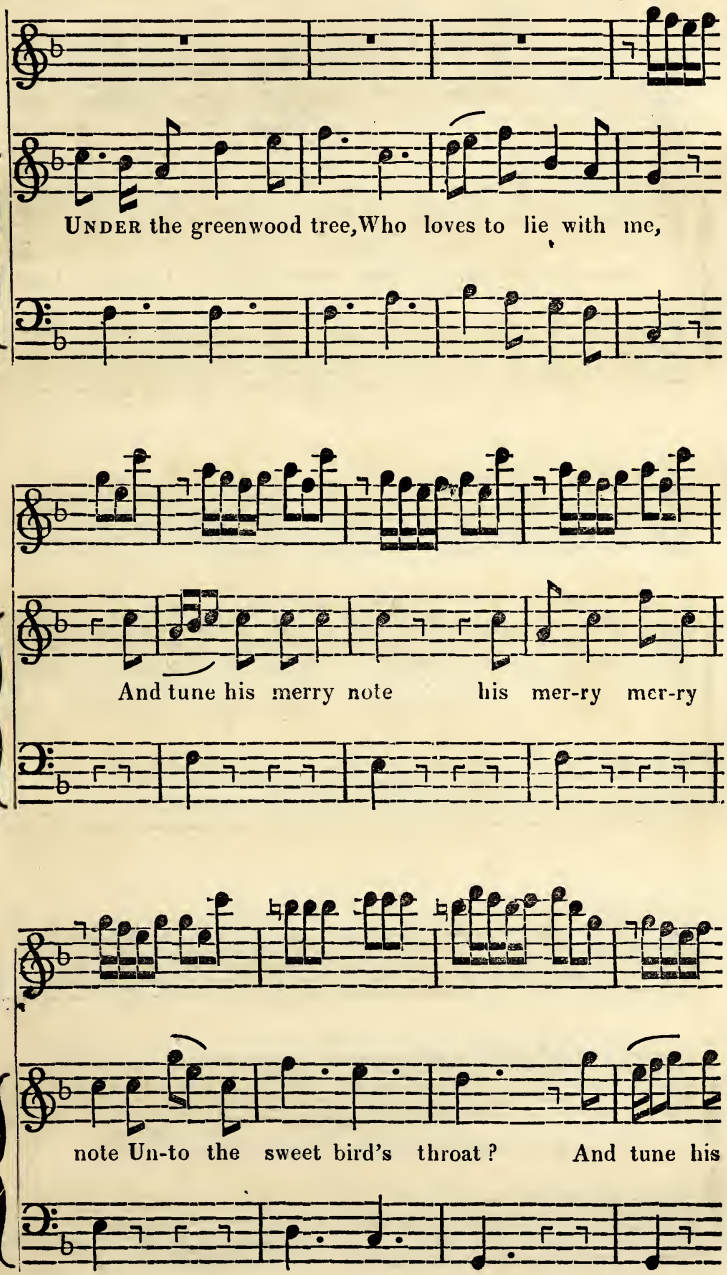
"You rogue," says I, "you've stopp'd my breath;
Ye bells ring out my knell, O!"
Again I'd die so sweet a death,
With such a charming fellow.

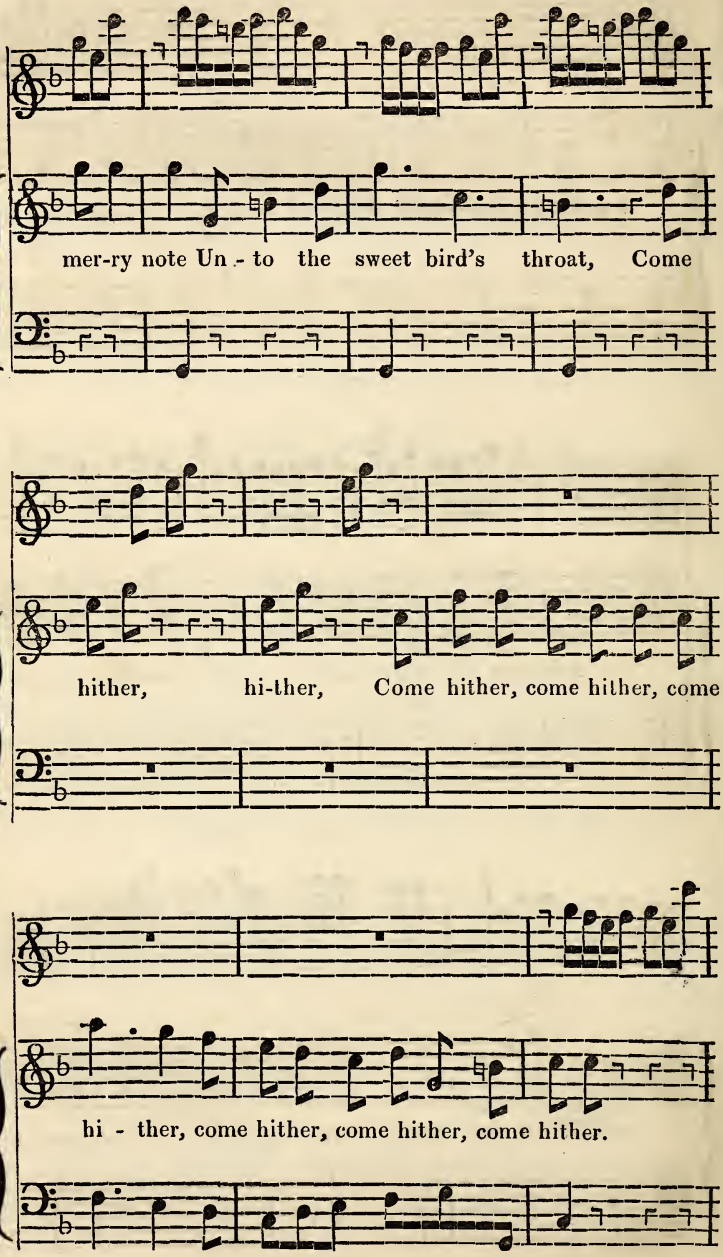
The last four lines are to be sung to the second part of the tune.

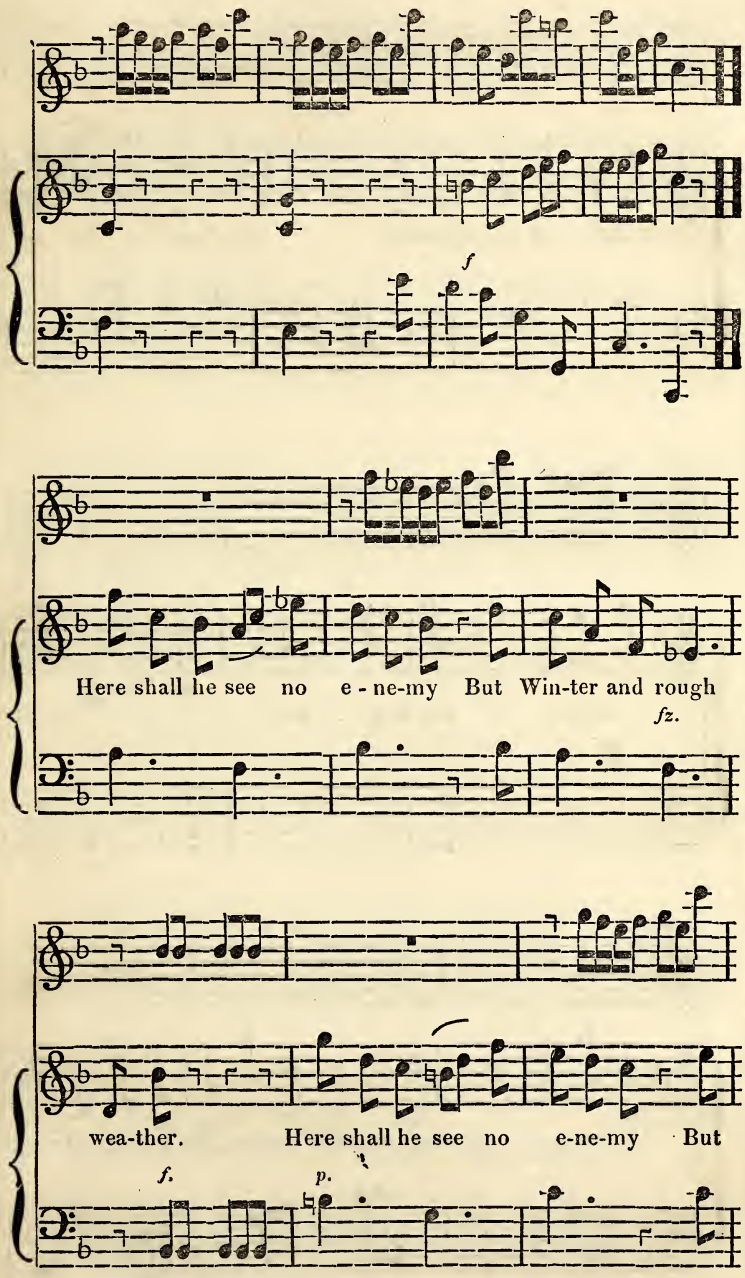
Under the Greenwood Tree.

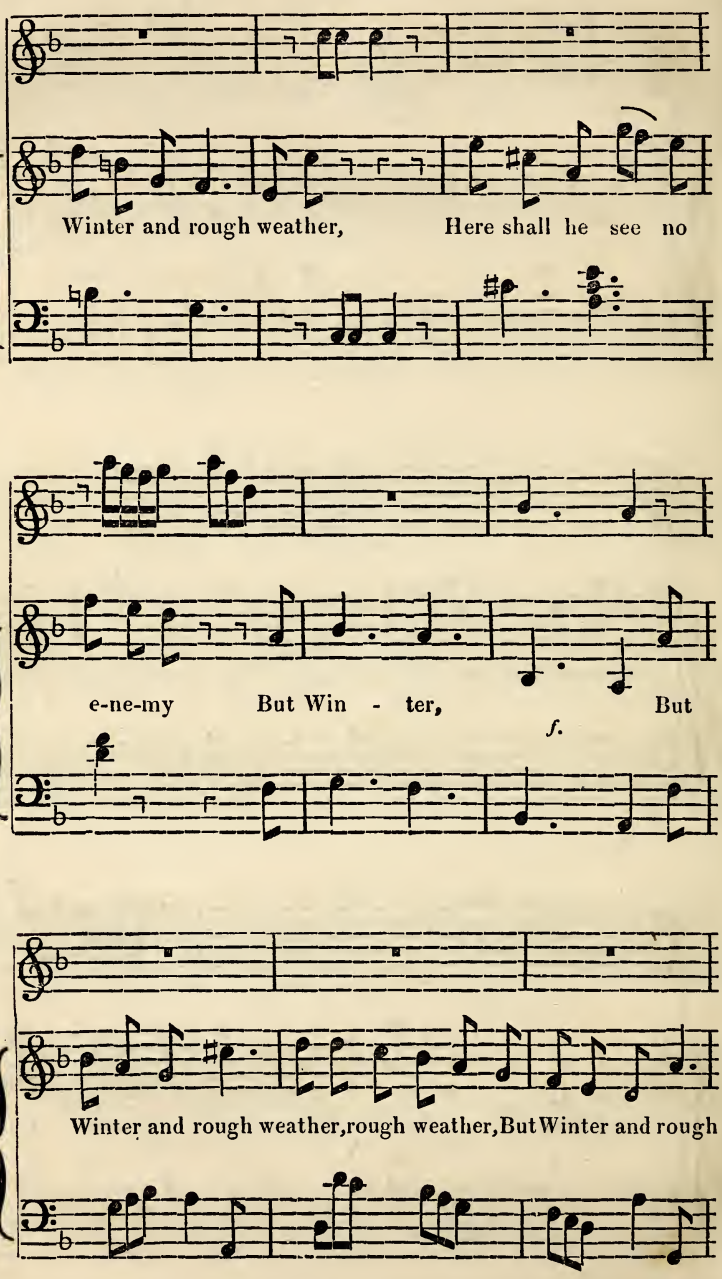
Andante. *Dr. Arne.*

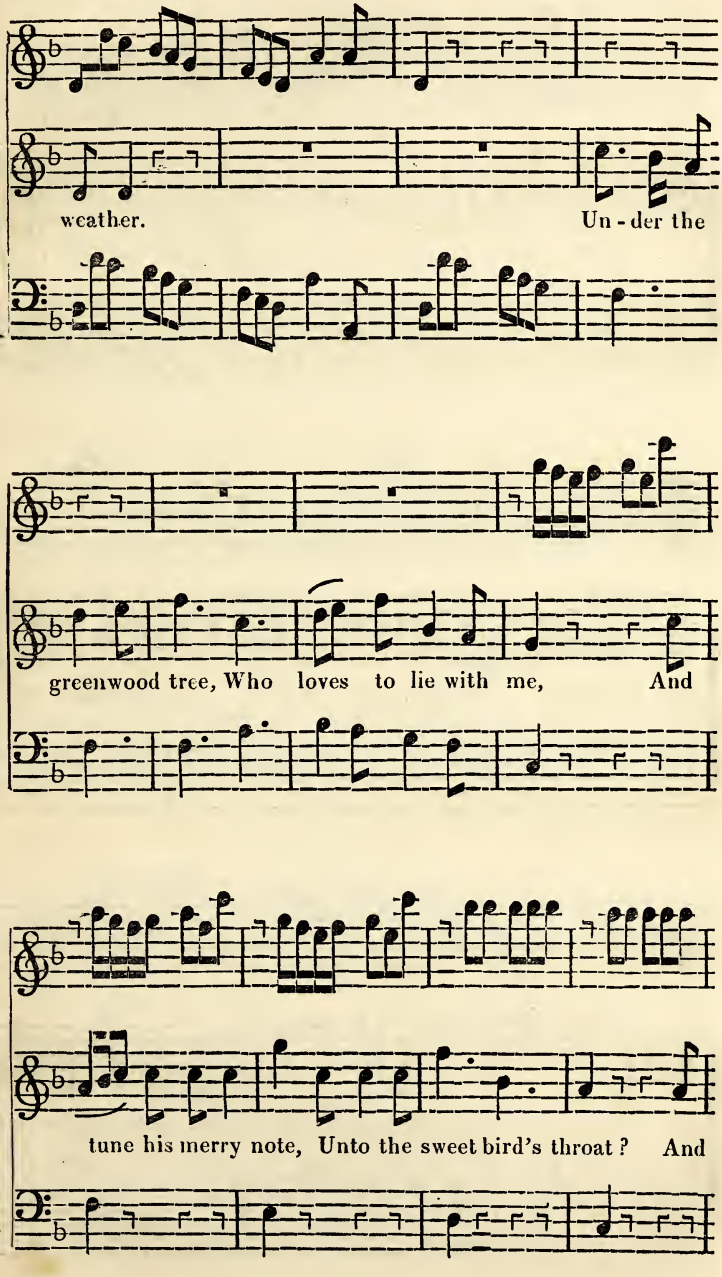


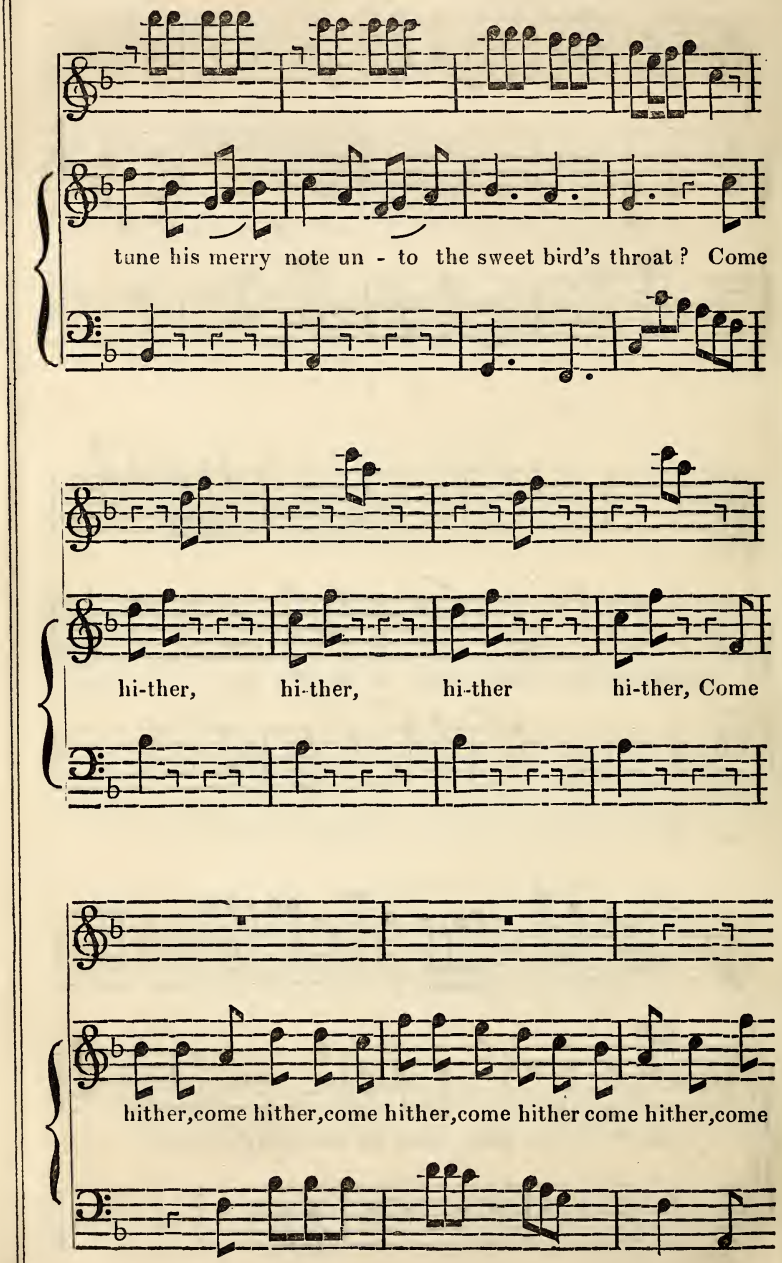

UNDER the greenwood tree, Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note his mer-ry mer-ry
note Un-to the sweet bird's throat? And tune his

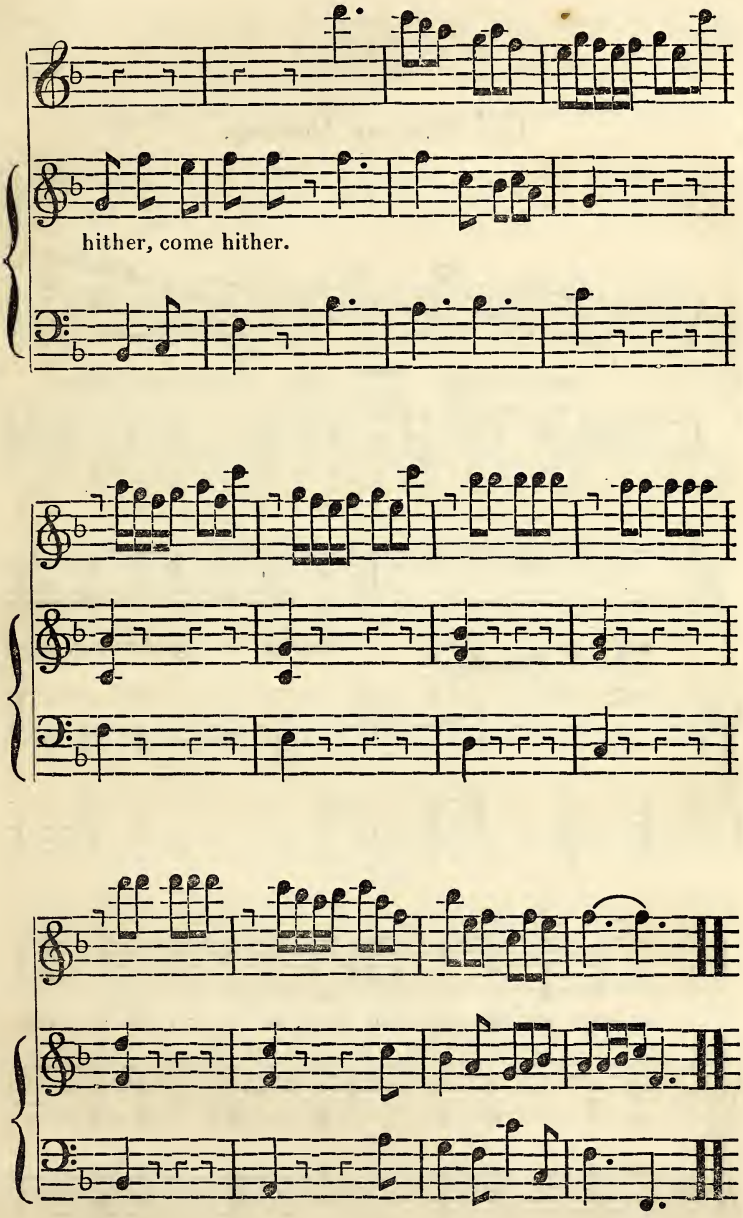

mer-ry note Un - to the sweet bird's throat, Come
hither, hi-ther, Come hither, come hither, come
hi - ther, come hither, come hither, come hither.


f
Here shall he see no e - ne-my But Win-ter and rough
fz.
wea-ther. Here shall he see no e-ne-my But
f.
p.

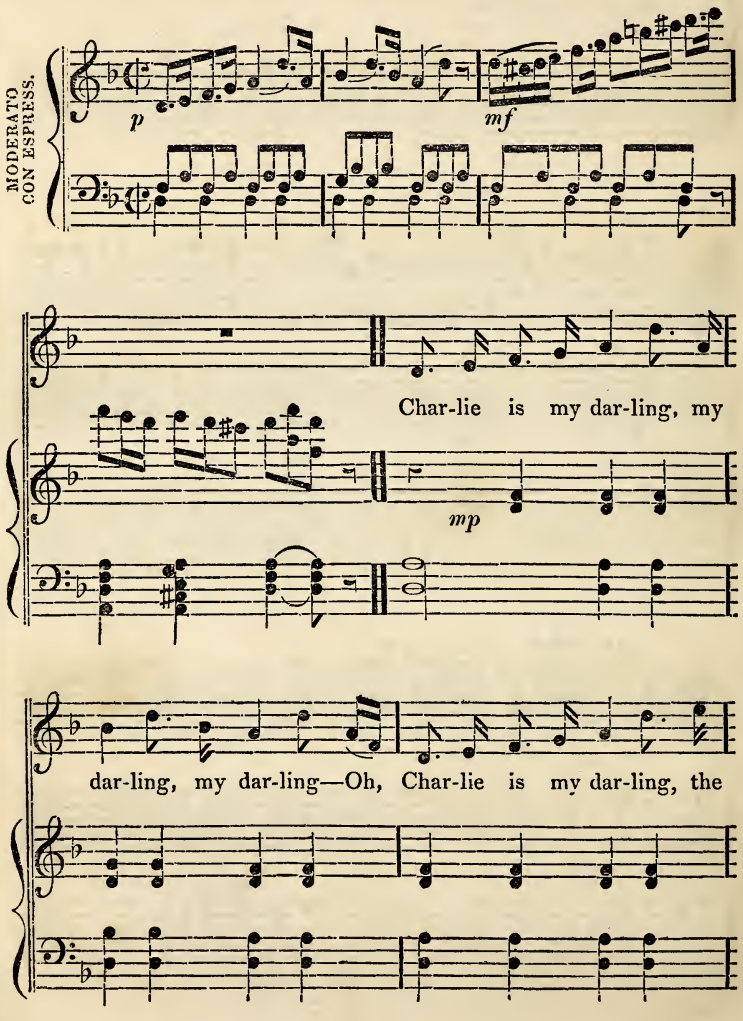

Winter and rough weather, Here shall he see no
e-ne-my But Win - ter, But
f.
Winter and rough weather, rough weather, But Winter and rough

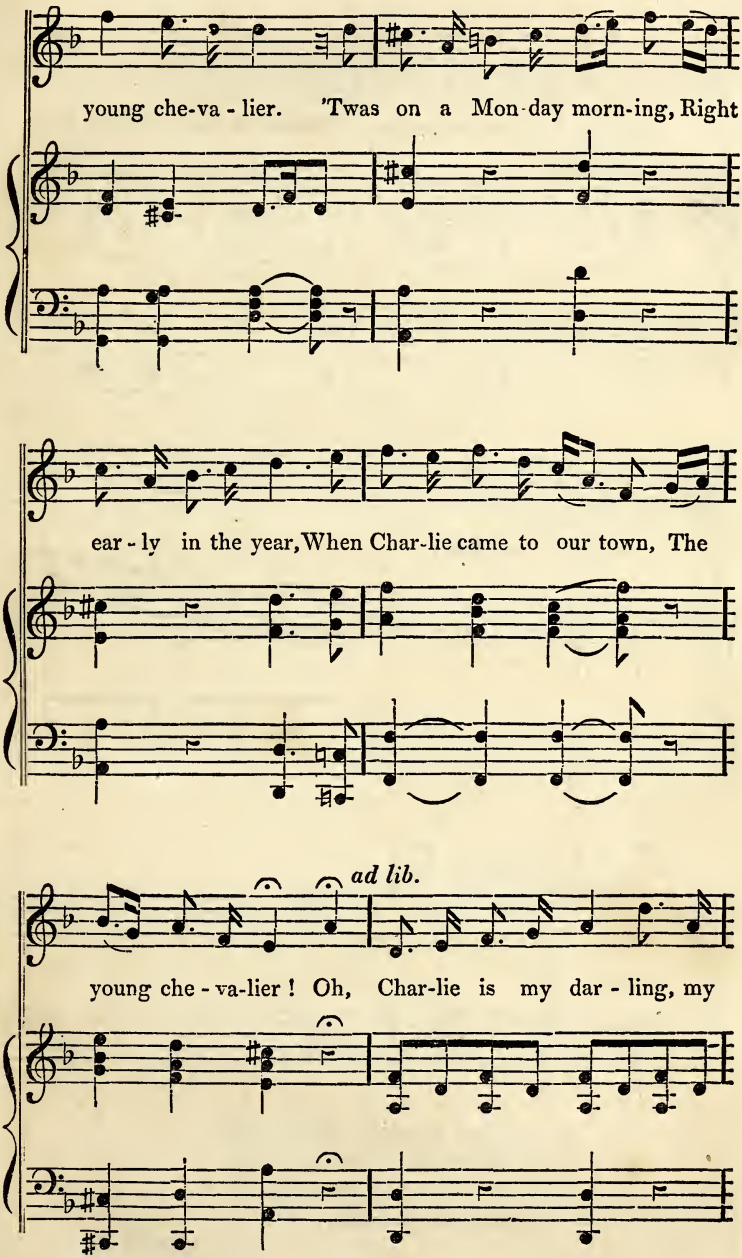

weather.
Un - der the
greenwood tree, Who loves to lie with me, And
tune his merry note, Unto the sweet bird's throat? And

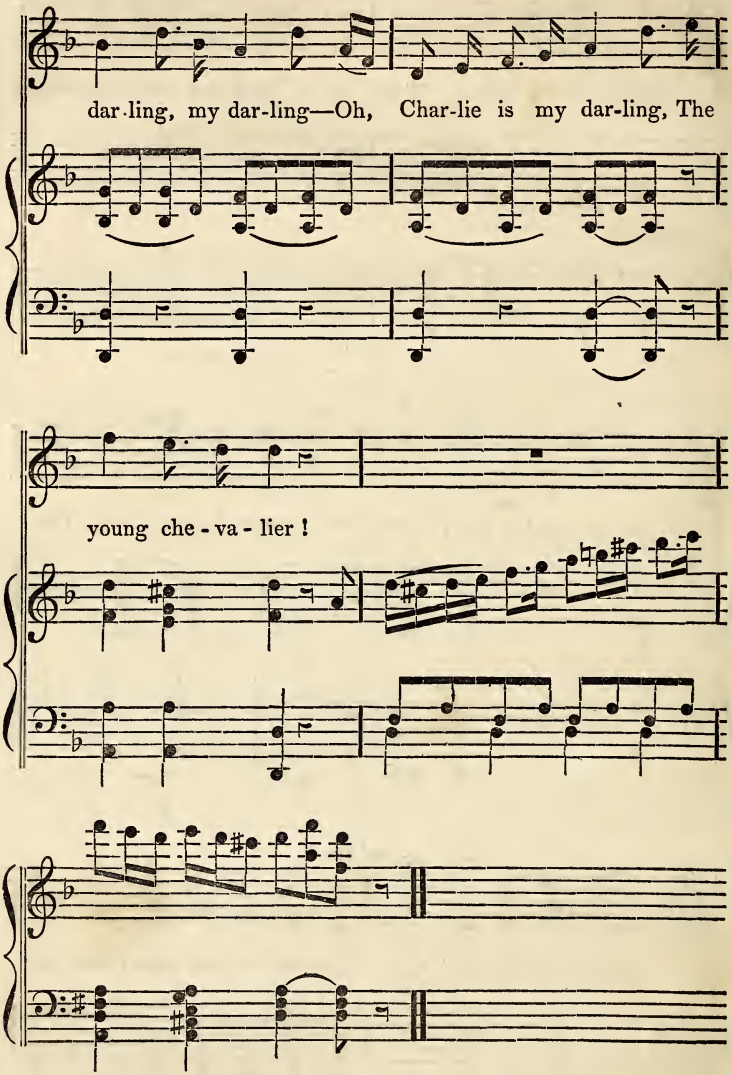

tune his merry note un - to the sweet bird's throat? Come
hi-ther, hi-ther, hi-ther hi-ther, Come
hither,come hither,come hither,come hither come hither,come


hither, come hither.

Charlie is my Darling.




young che-va - lier. 'Twas on a Mon-day morn-ing, Right
ear - ly in the year, When Char-lie came to our town, The
ad lib.
young che - va-lier ! Oh, Char-lie is my dar - ling, my



As he came marching up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear,
And a' the folk came running out
To meet the Chevalier.

Oh, Charlie, &c.

Wi' Highland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores long and clear,
They came to fight for Scotland's right,
And the young Chevalier.

Oh, Charlie, &c.

Now ha'd awa', ye Lowland loon,
And court na lassies here;
The Highland man 's come back again,
Wie the young Chevalier.

Oh, Charlie, &c.

And it's up yon heathery mountain,
And down yon craggy glen,
We dare nae go a milking,
For Charlie and his men.

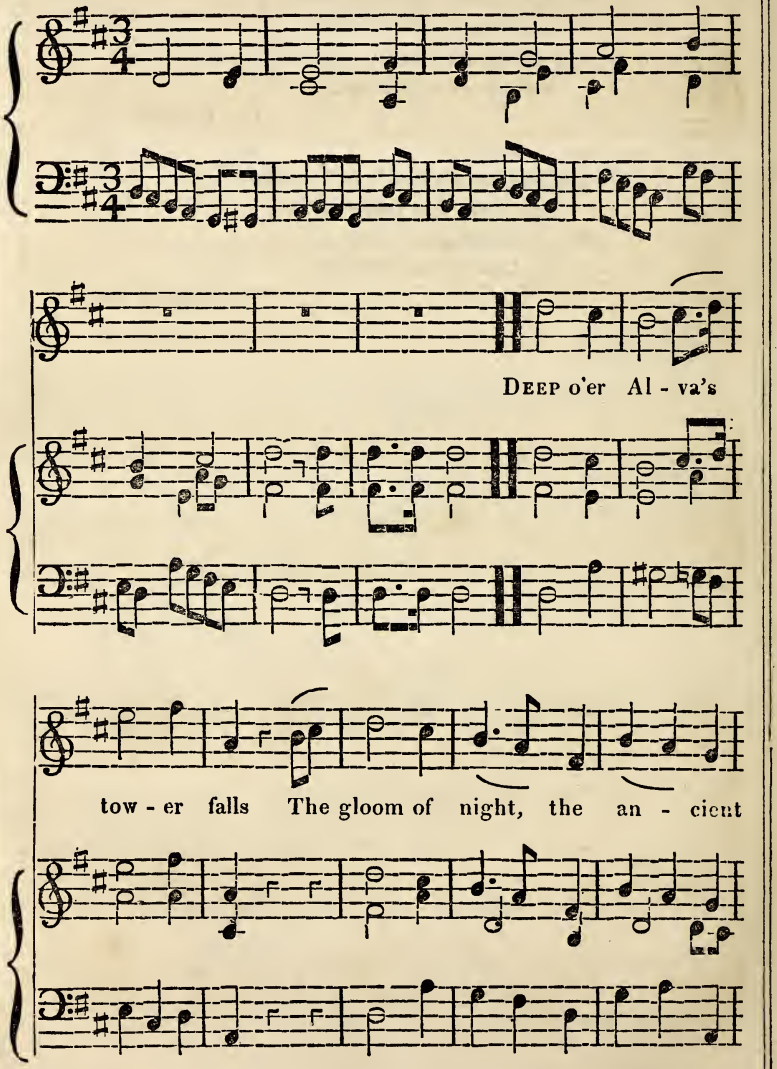
Oh, Charlie, &c.

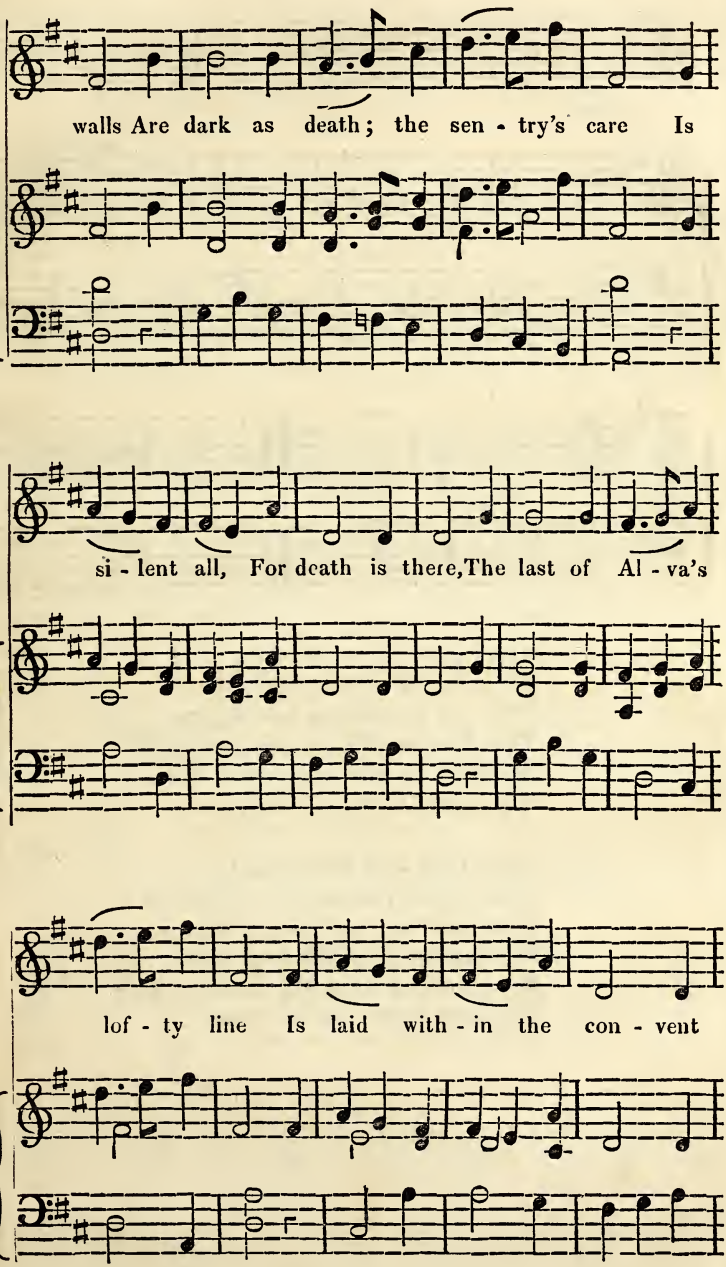
THE IRISH MELODIES.—No 22.

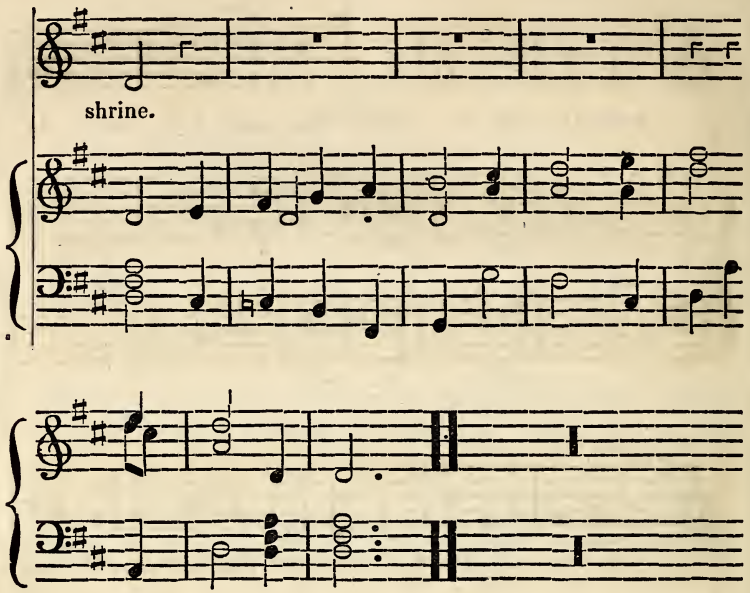
Alva.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

Solemn. [AIR—*Rich and rare were the Gems she wore.*




walls Are dark as death; the sen - try's care Is
si - lent all, For death is there, The last of Al - va's
lof - ty line Is laid with - in the con - vent



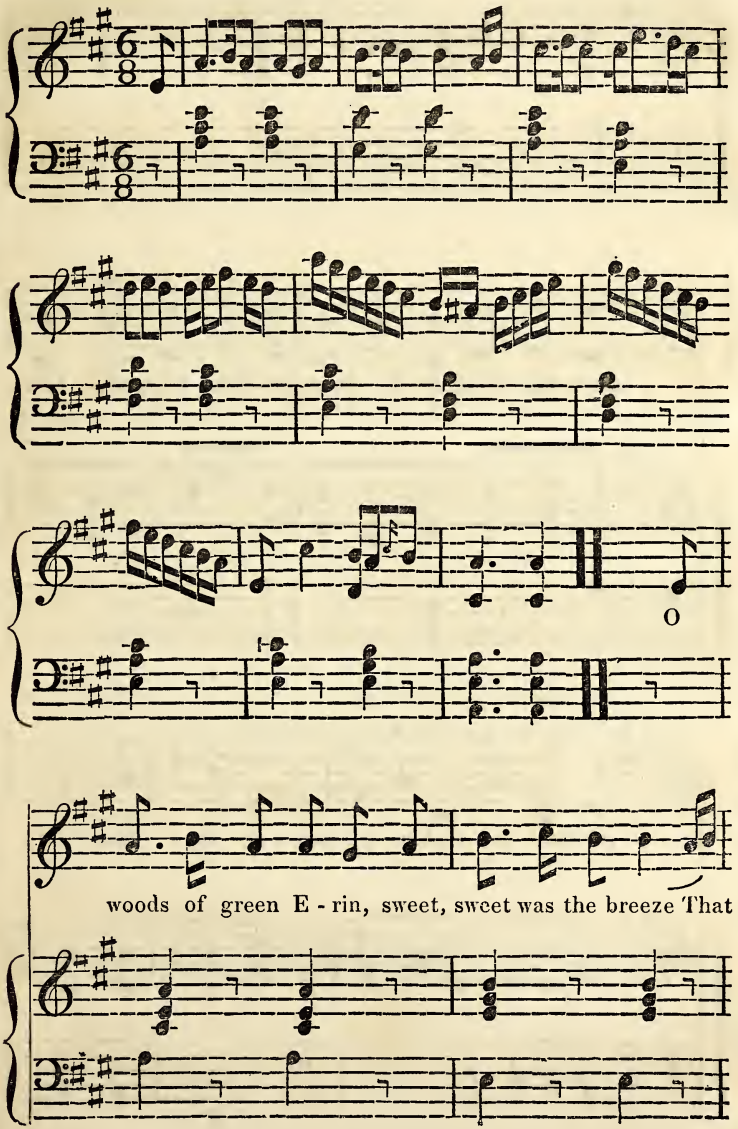
Alva! peace is not for thee,
Thy splendid turrets yonder see,
Thy wide domains are fair to view;
Thou hast no child to give them to;
And thou art old, and sorrow here,
With none to dry thy bitter tear.

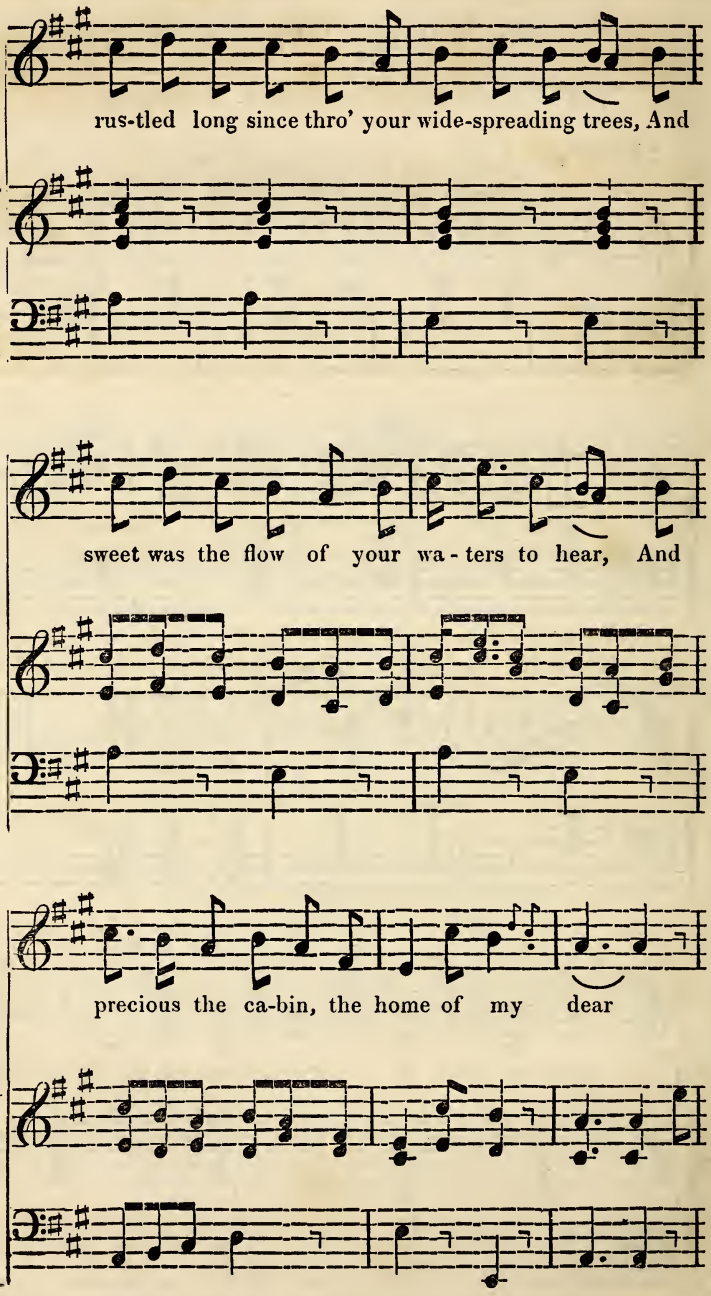
False thou wert in love, and now
Thou reap'st the guerdon of thy vow;
Days shall rise, and suns shall glow,
But pleasure thou wilt never know;
More wretched than thy meanest slave,
Thy only hope is in the grave.

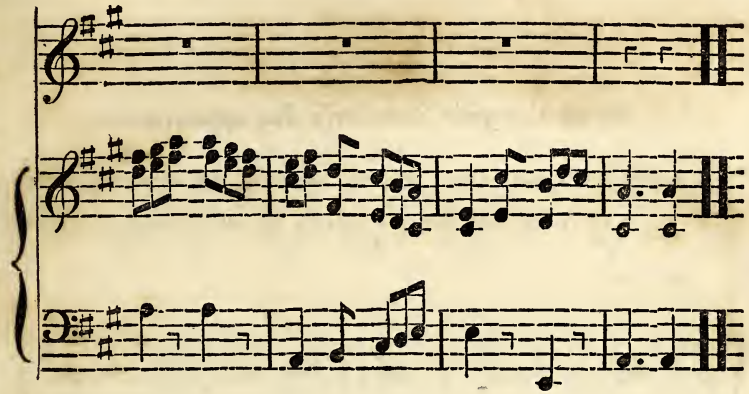
The Exile's Return.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS A. M. PORTER.

Espressivo.




rus-tled long since thro' your wide-spreading trees, And
sweet was the flow of your wa-ters to hear, And
precious the ca-bin, the home of my dear



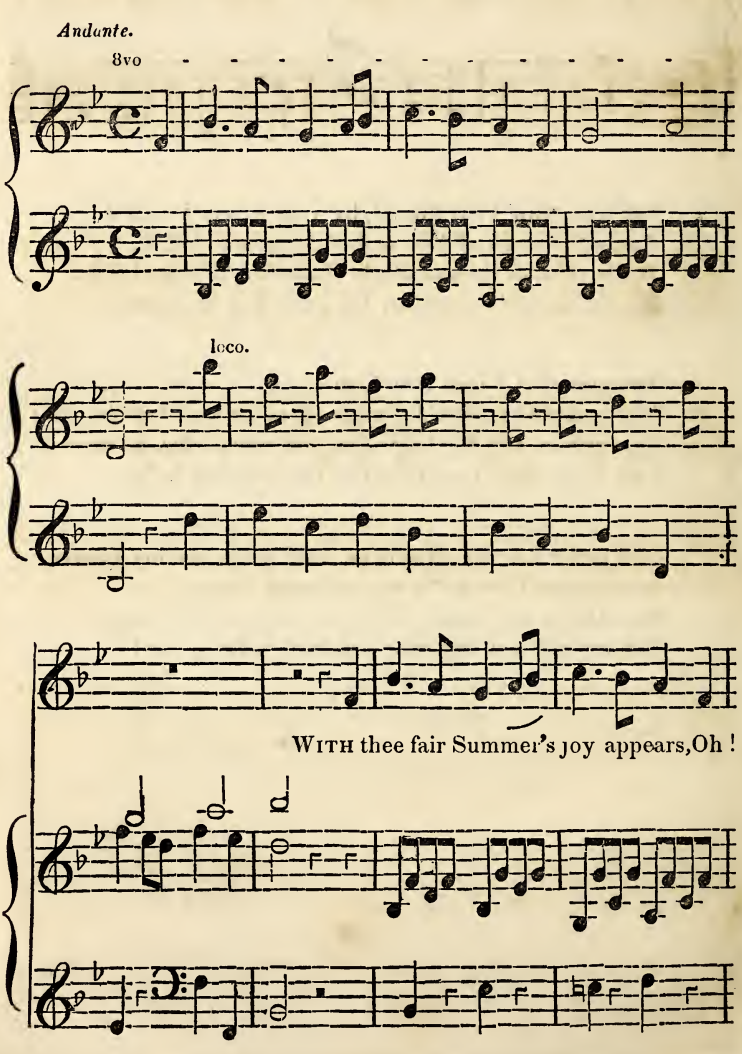
For then thro' your groves, by your waters I walk'd,
And with Norah of love and of happiness talk'd,
While calm as the moonlight that silver'd your charms,
My child, softly sleeping, lay press'd in her arms.

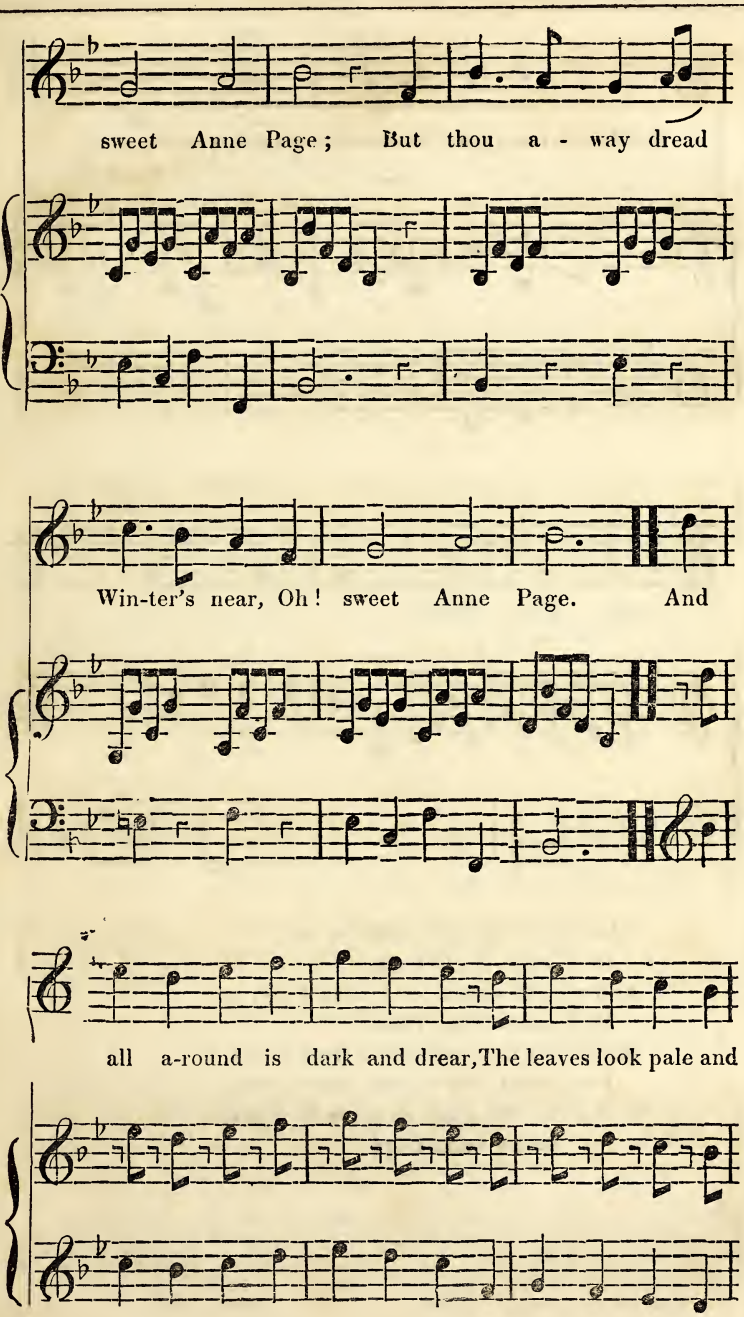
But now that I visit thee Erin again,
Tho' years have pass'd o'er me, they've pass'd me in vain;
Thy woods, and thy lakes, and thy mountains, no more
Can renew such fond thrills as they kindled before.

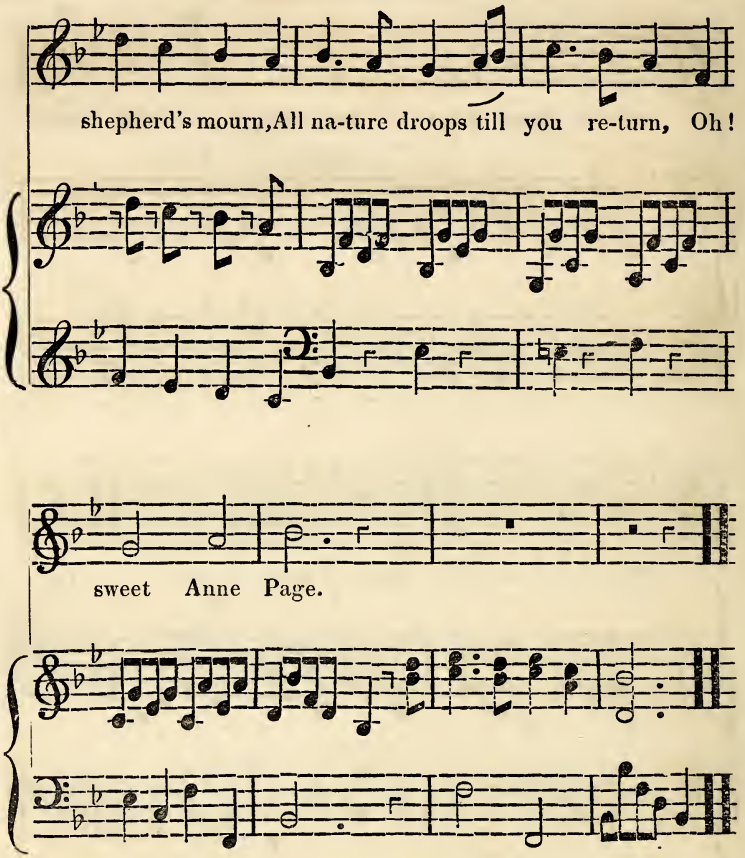
Still green are thy mountains, still green are thy groves,
Still tranquil the water my sad spirit loves;
But dark is my home, and wild, wild its trees wave,
For my wife and my baby are dust in the grave!

With thee fair Summer's Joy appears.

A FAVORITE SONG, SUNG BY MR. BRAHAM, IN SHAKSPEARE'S PLAY OF THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.




sweet Anne Page; But thou a - way dread
Win-ter's near, Oh! sweet Anne Page. And
all a-round is dark and drear, The leaves look pale and

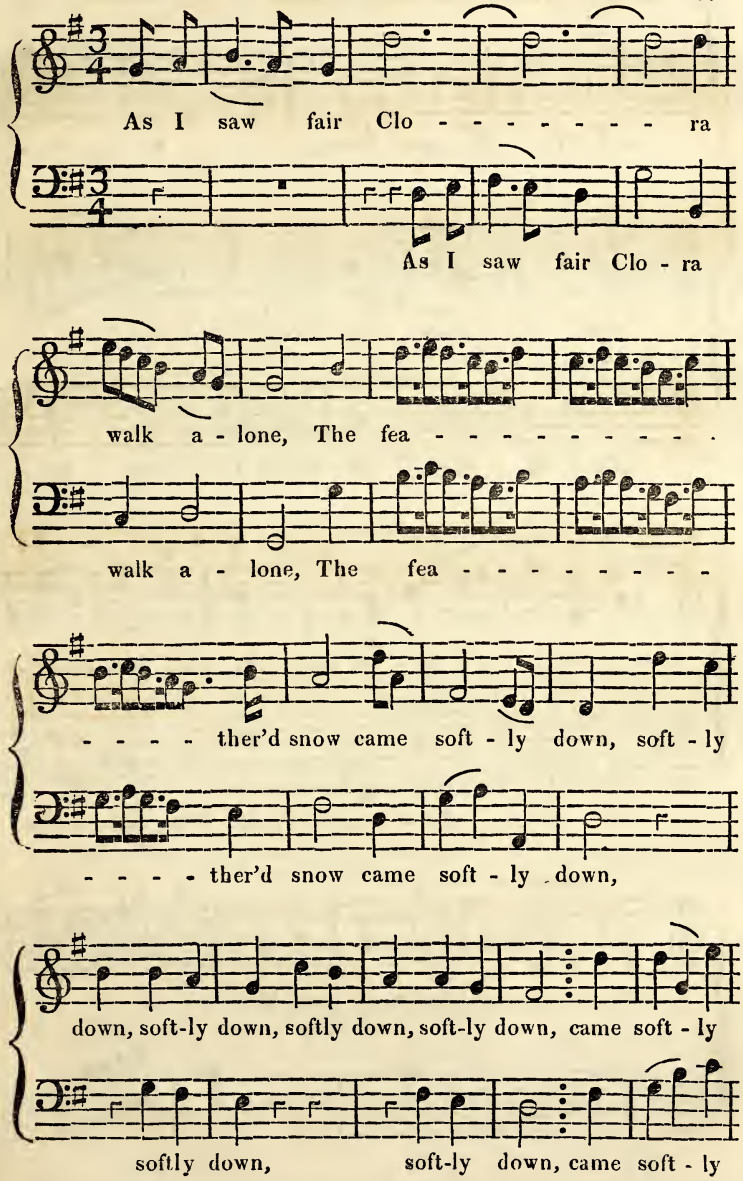


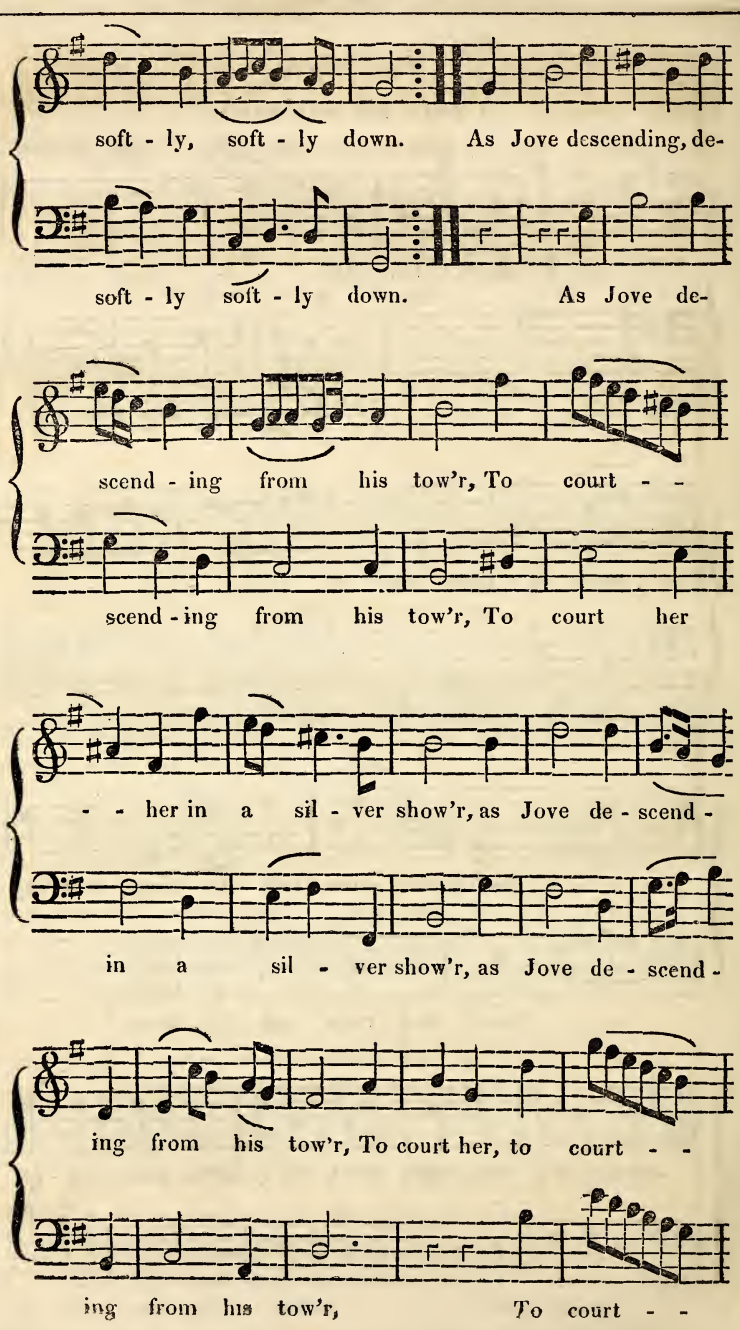
When April's glories shine on me,
Oh! sweet Anne Page!
And violets bloom, oh! none I see,
Oh! sweet Anne Page!
But sweets or colors stol'n from thee;
Yet though 'tis Winter, thou away,
Still there thy shadows make it May,
Oh! sweet Anne Page!

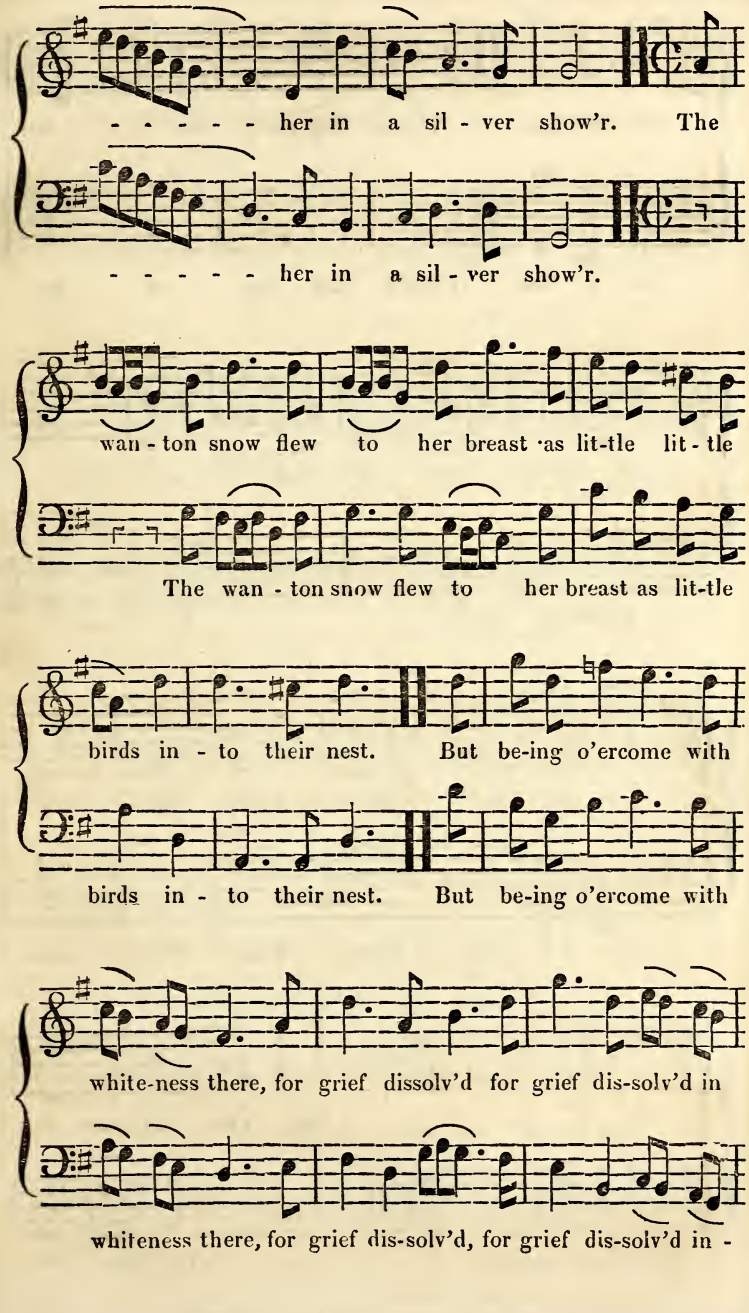
Fair Clora.

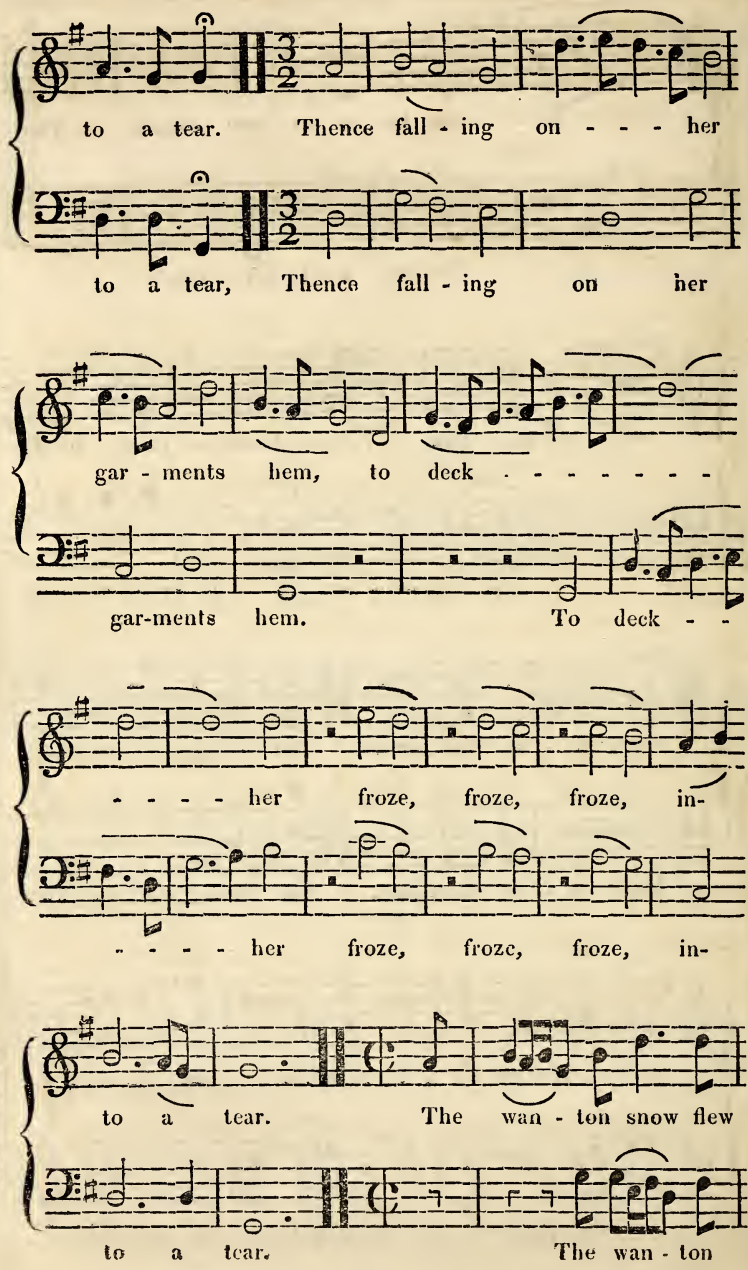
A DUET FOR TWO VOICES.

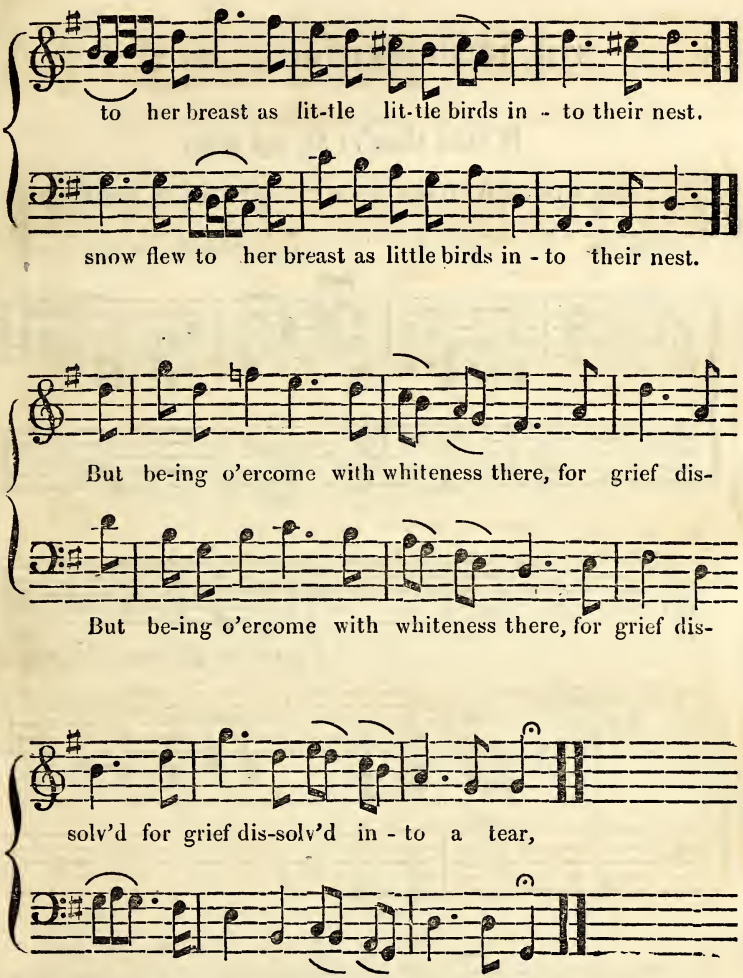
DR. HAYDN.




soft - ly, soft - ly down. As Jove descending, de-
soft - ly soft - ly down. As Jove de-
scend - ing from his tow'r, To court - -
scend - ing from his tow'r, To court her
- - her in a sil - ver show'r, as Jove de - scend -
in a sil - ver show'r, as Jove de - scend -
ing from his tow'r, To court her, to court - -
ing from his tow'r, To court - -


- - - - - - her in a sil - ver show'r. The
- - - - - - her in a sil - ver show'r.
wan - ton snow flew to her breast as lit-tle lit - tle
The wan - ton snow flew to her breast as lit-tle
birds in - to their nest. But be-ing o'ercome with
birds in - to their nest. But be-ing o'ercome with
white-ness there, for grief dissolv'd for grief dis-solv'd in
whiteness there, for grief dis-solv'd, for grief dis-solv'd in -


to a tear. Thence fall - ing on - - - her
to a tear, Thence fall - ing on her
gar - ments hem, to deck - - - - - - -
gar-ments hem. To deck - -
- - - - her froze, froze, froze, in-
- - - - her froze, froze, froze, in-
to a tear. The wan - ton snow flew
to a tear. The wan - ton

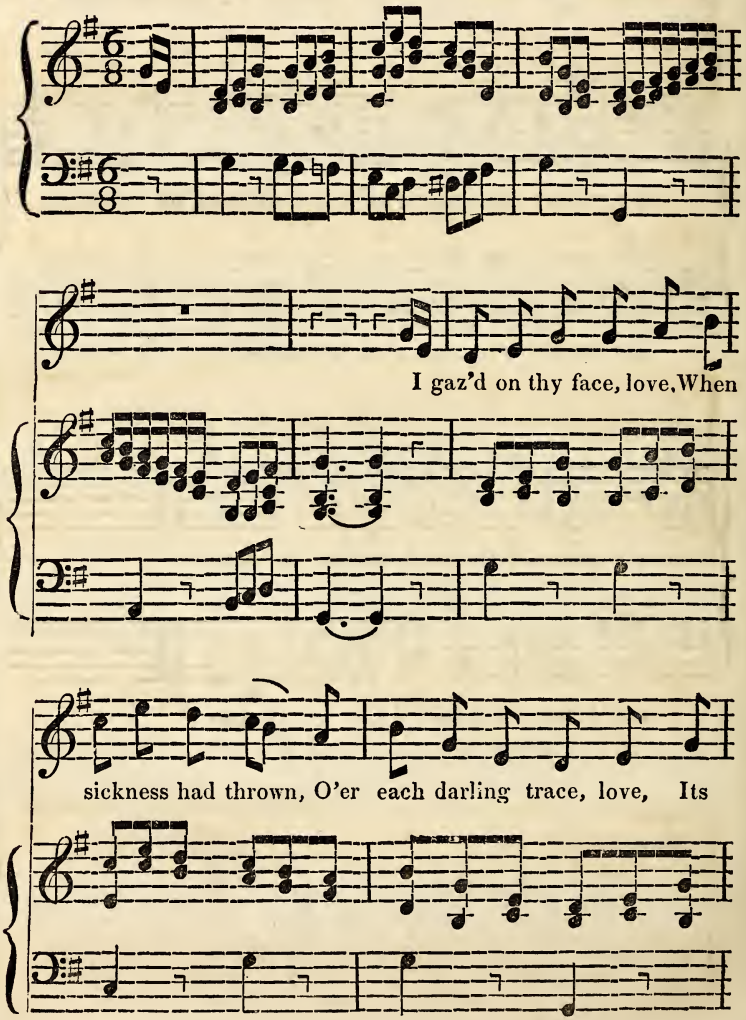

to her breast as lit-tle lit-tle birds in - to their nest.
snow flew to her breast as little birds in - to their nest.
But be-ing o'ercome with whiteness there, for grief dis-
But be-ing o'ercome with whiteness there, for grief dis-
solv'd for grief dis-solv'd in - to a tear,
solv'd, for grief dissolv'd in - to a tear.

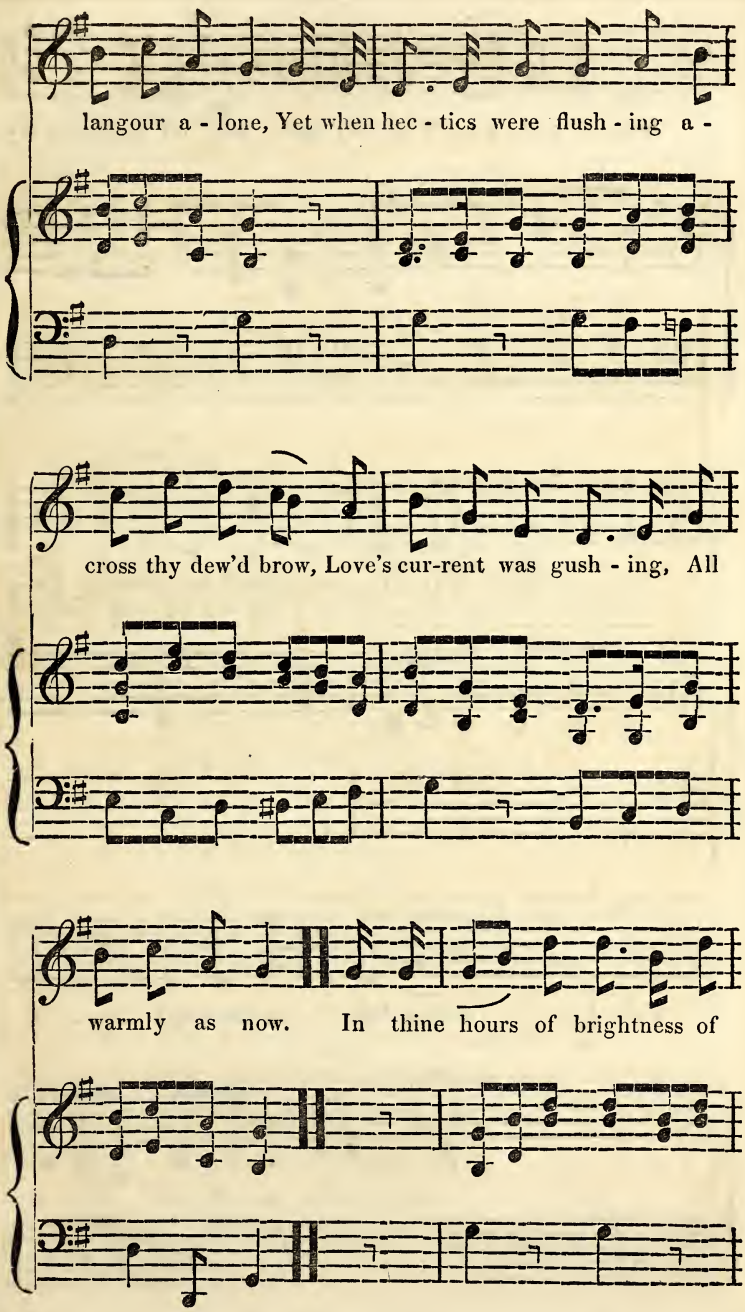
THE IRISH MELODIES.—No 23.

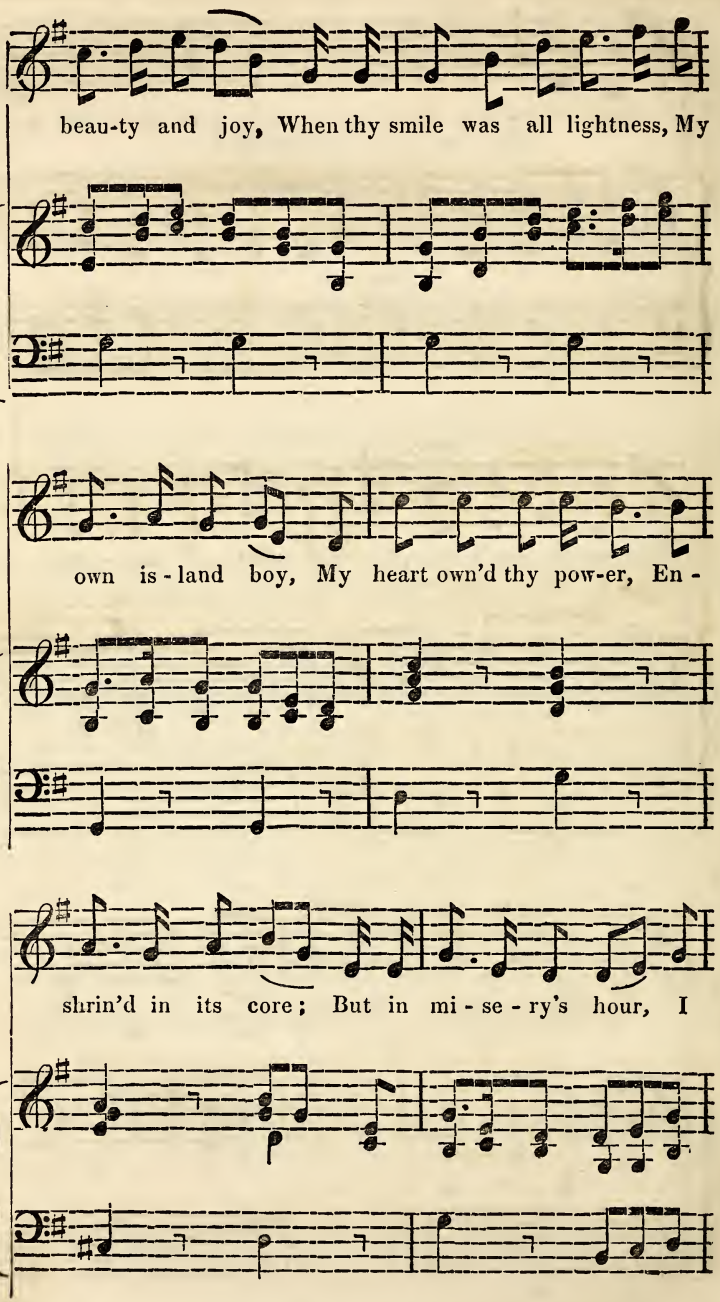
Whilst thou'rt by my side.

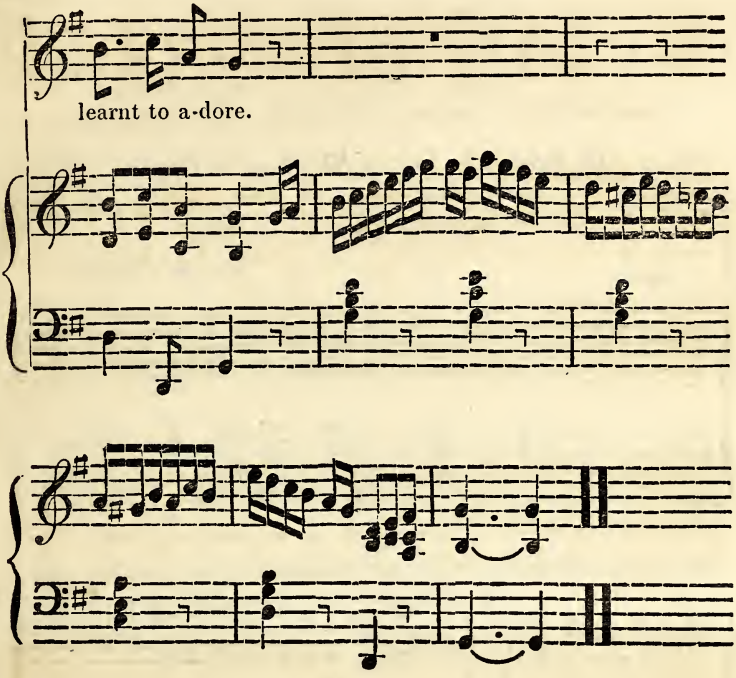
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE,

Allegretto. [Air—*Dear Harp of my Country.*




langour a - lone, Yet when hec - tics were flush - ing a -
cross thy dew'd brow, Love's cur-rent was gush - ing, All
warmly as now. In thine hours of brightness of


beau-ty and joy, When thy smile was all lightness, My
own is-land boy, My heart own'd thy pow-er, En-
shrin'd in its core; But in mi-se-ry's hour, I



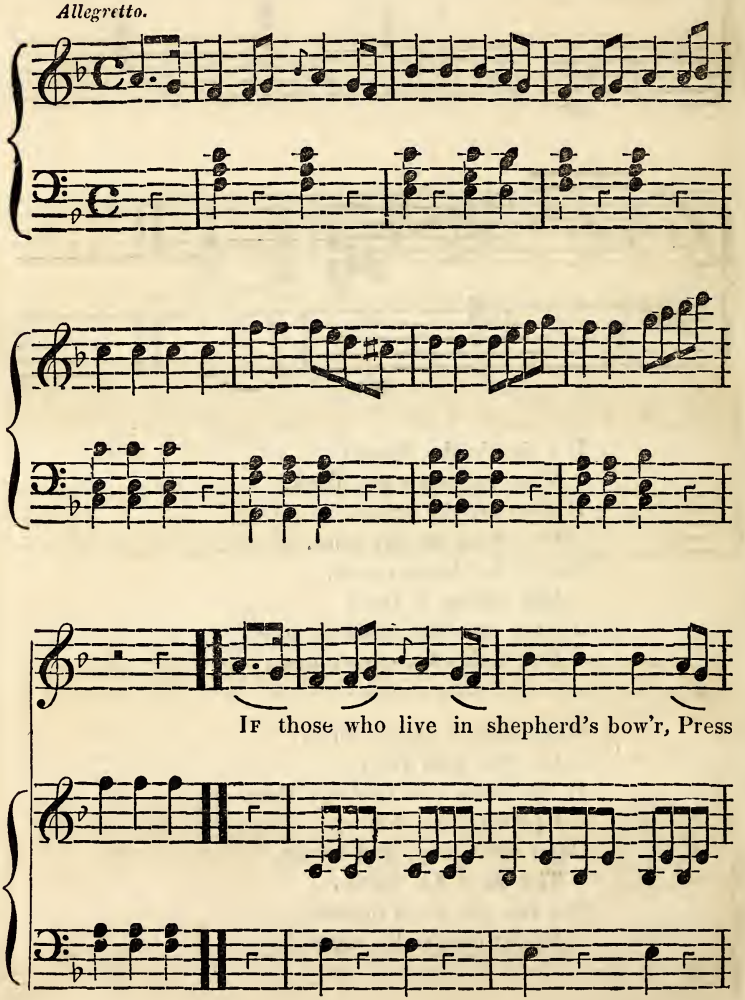
If I joy in thy blisses
When rapture's tide flows,
If dear are thy kisses,
More dear are thy woes.
The ill that befalls thee,
May call up a tear;
Yet the woe that enthrals thee,
But makes thee more dear.

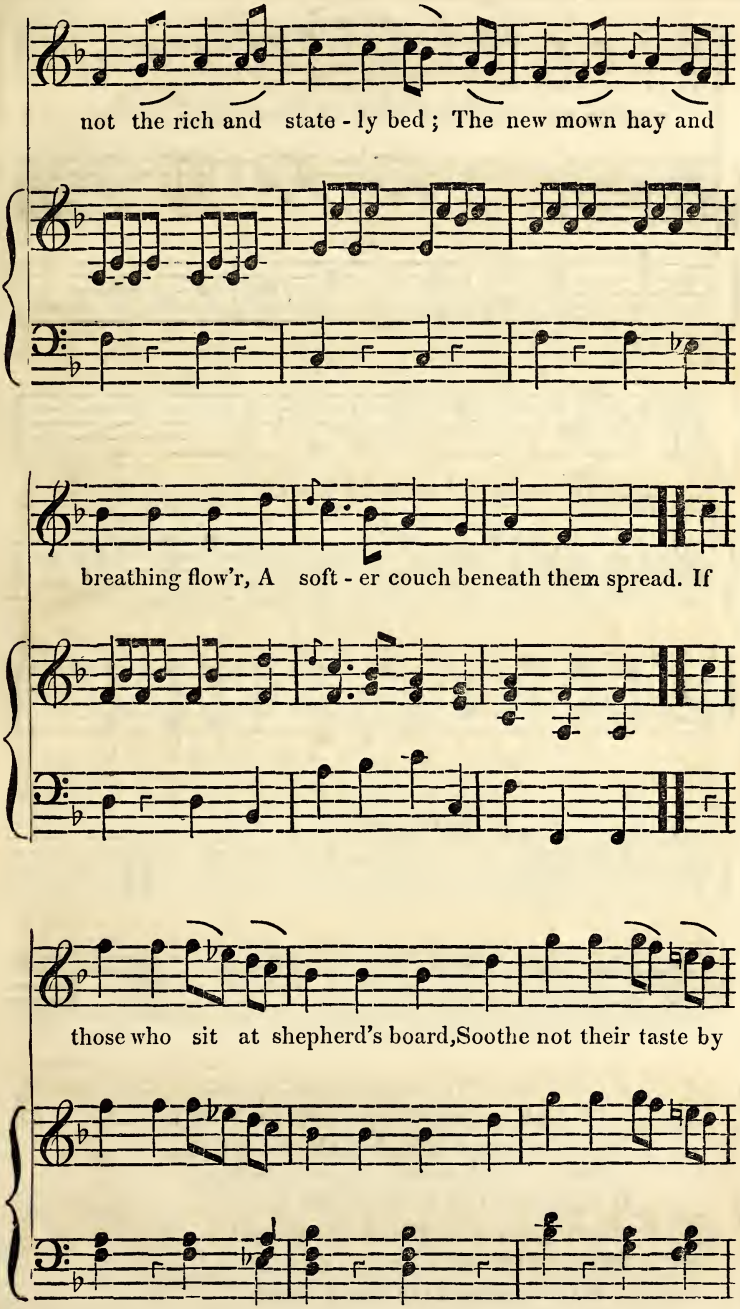
When danger annoys thee,
I sorrow with you;
In the storm that destroys thee,
I perish, love, too.
Come want, woe, and sorrow,
Thy cares I'll divide,
Nor fear the worst morrow,
Whilst thou'rt by my side.

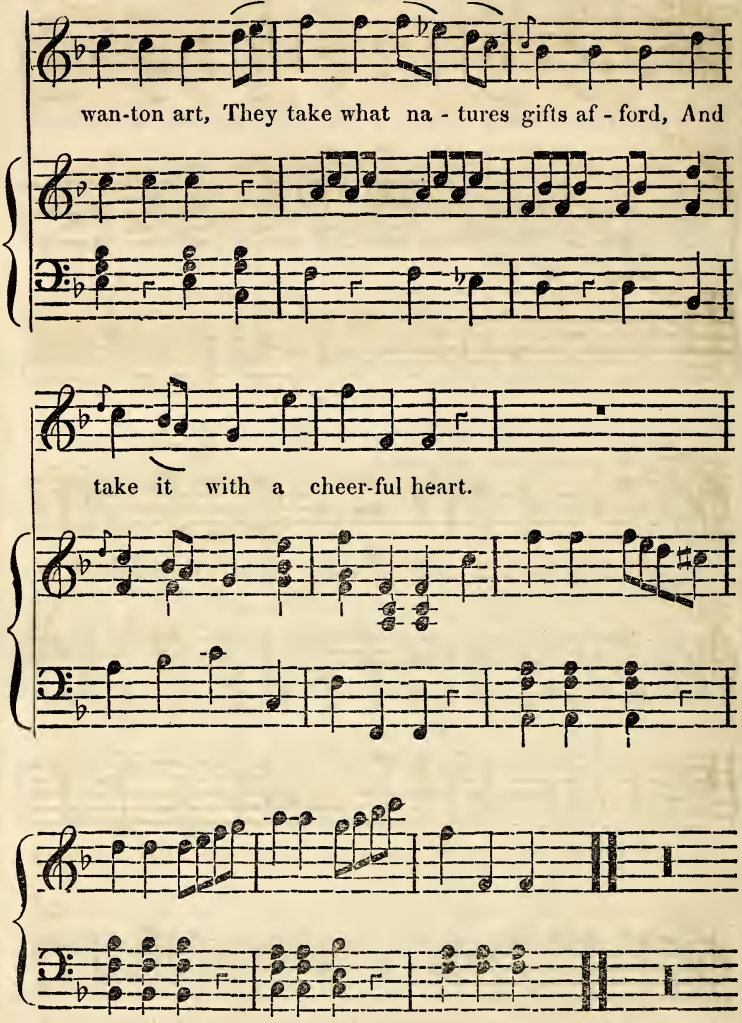
If those who live in Shepherd's Bow'r.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY THOMSON.

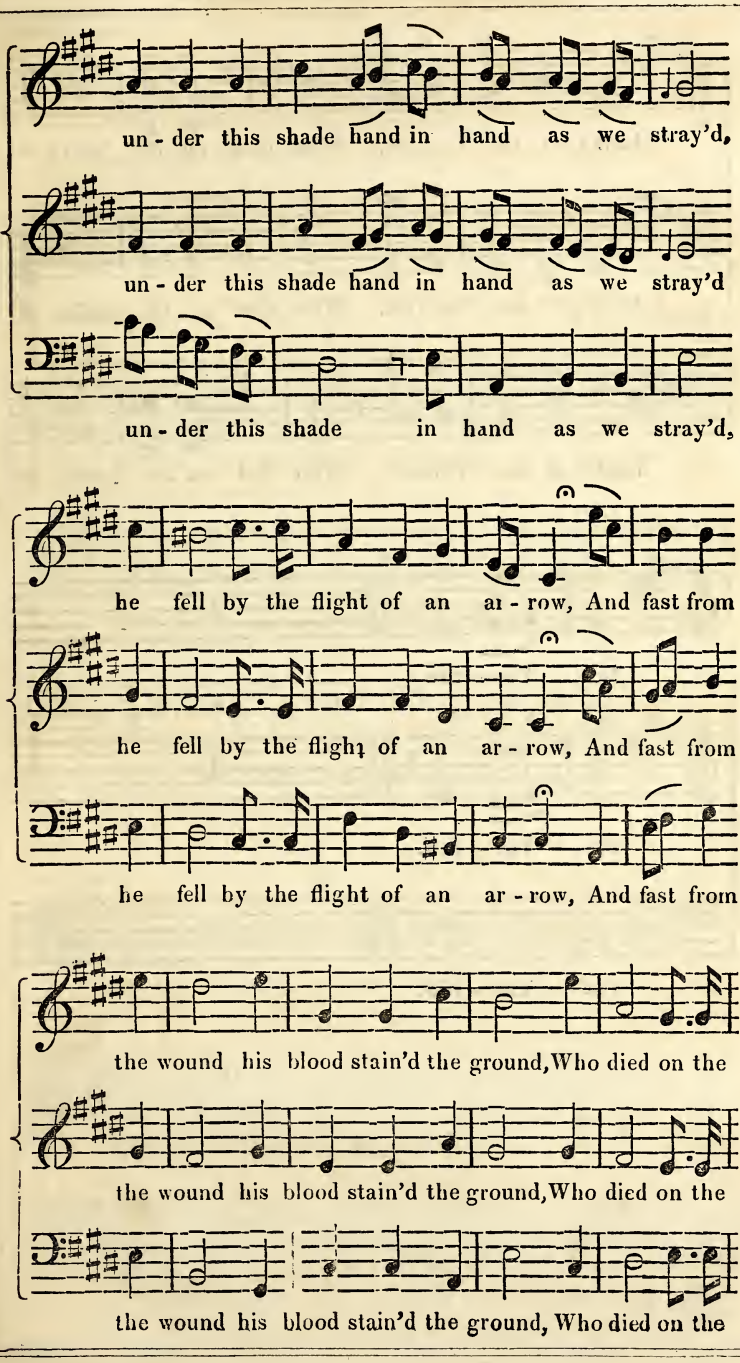
Allegretto.

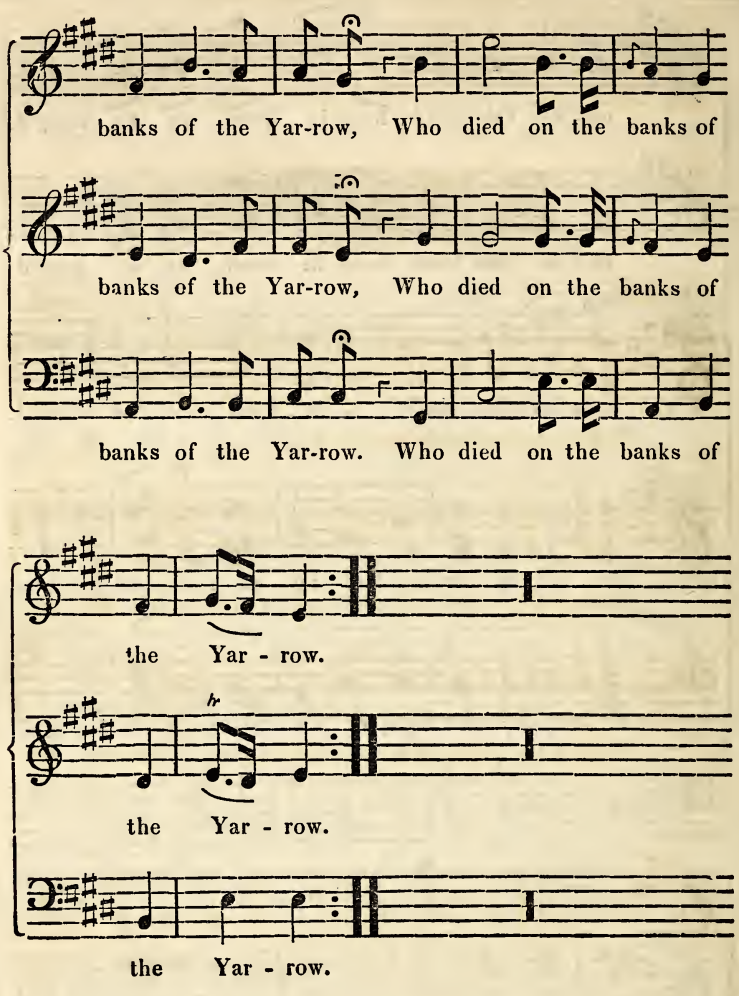



not the rich and state - ly bed ; The new mown hay and
breathing flow'r, A soft - er couch beneath them spread. If
those who sit at shepherd's board,Soothe not their taste by



If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,
No high and sparkling wines can boast;
With wholesome cups they cheer the soul,
And crown them with the village toast.
If those who join in shepherd's sport,
Gay dancing on the dasied ground,
Have not the splendor of a court,
Yet love adorns the merry round.

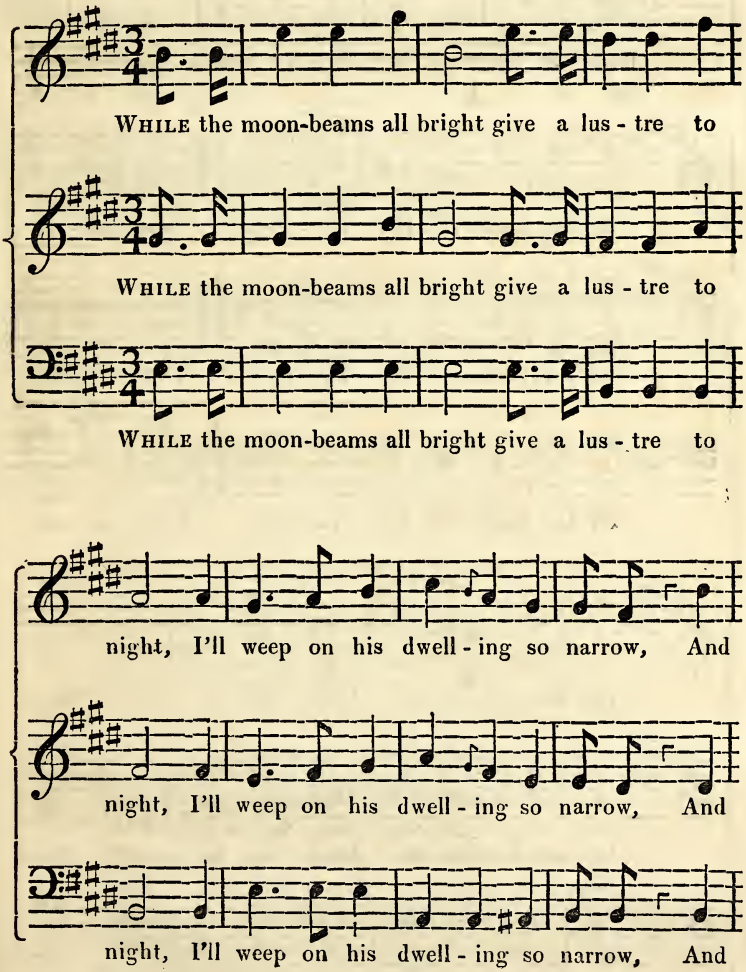

un - der this shade hand in hand as we stray'd,
un - der this shade hand in hand as we stray'd
un - der this shade in hand as we stray'd,
he fell by the flight of an ar - row, And fast from
he fell by the flight of an ar - row, And fast from
he fell by the flight of an ar - row, And fast from
the wound his blood stain'd the ground, Who died on the
the wound his blood stain'd the ground, Who died on the
the wound his blood stain'd the ground, Who died on the

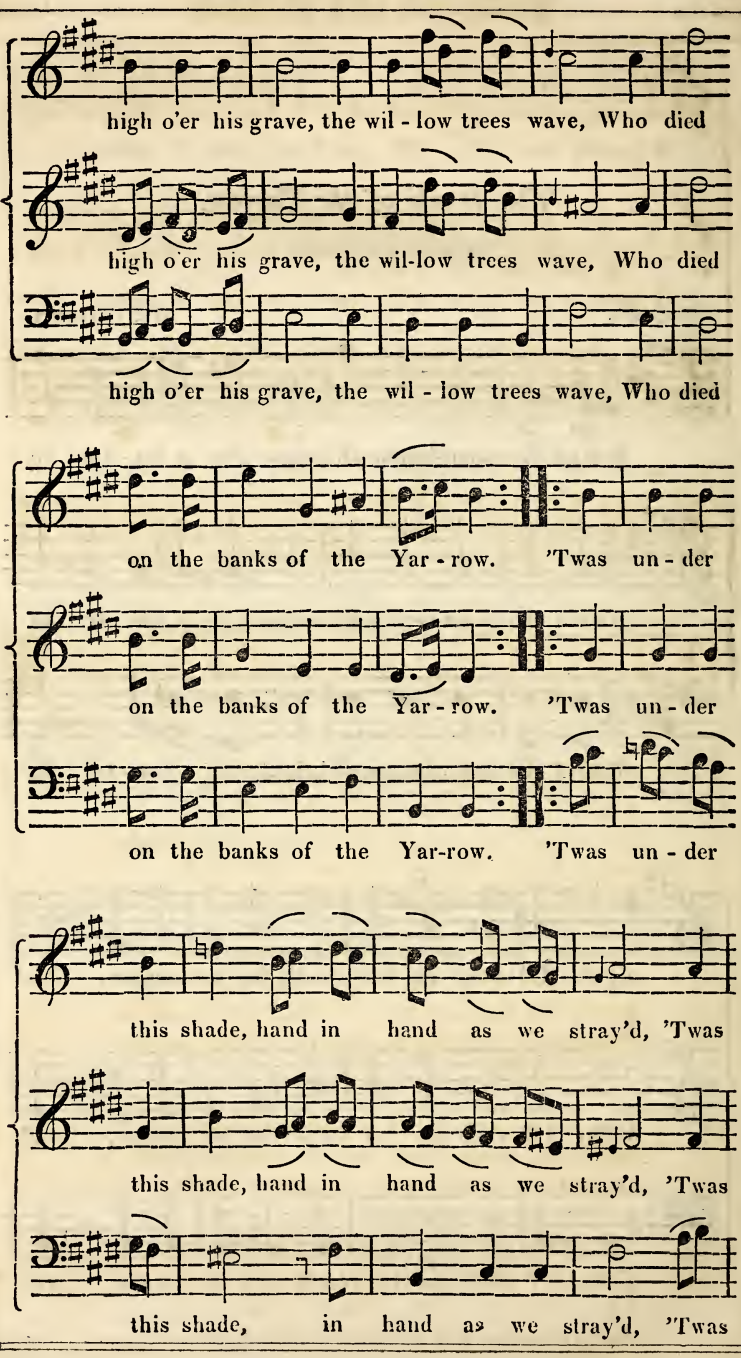

banks of the Yar-row, Who died on the banks of
banks of the Yar-row, Who died on the banks of
banks of the Yar-row. Who died on the banks of
the Yar - row.
the Yar - row.
the Yar - row.

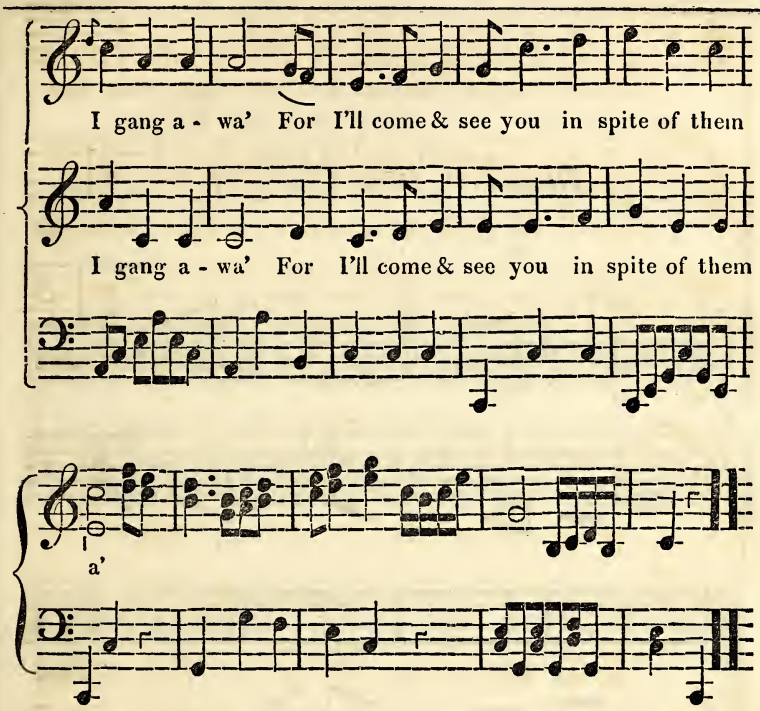
The Banks of the Yarrow.

A FAVORITE GLEE.

Moderato. DR. CALLCOTT.




high o'er his grave, the wil - low trees wave, Who died
high o'er his grave, the wil-low trees wave, Who died
high o'er his grave, the wil - low trees wave, Who died
on the banks of the Yar - row. 'Twas un - der
on the banks of the Yar - row. 'Twas un - der
on the banks of the Yar-row. 'Twas un - der
this shade, hand in hand as we stray'd, 'Twas
this shade, hand in hand as we stray'd, 'Twas
this shade, in hand as we stray'd, 'Twas



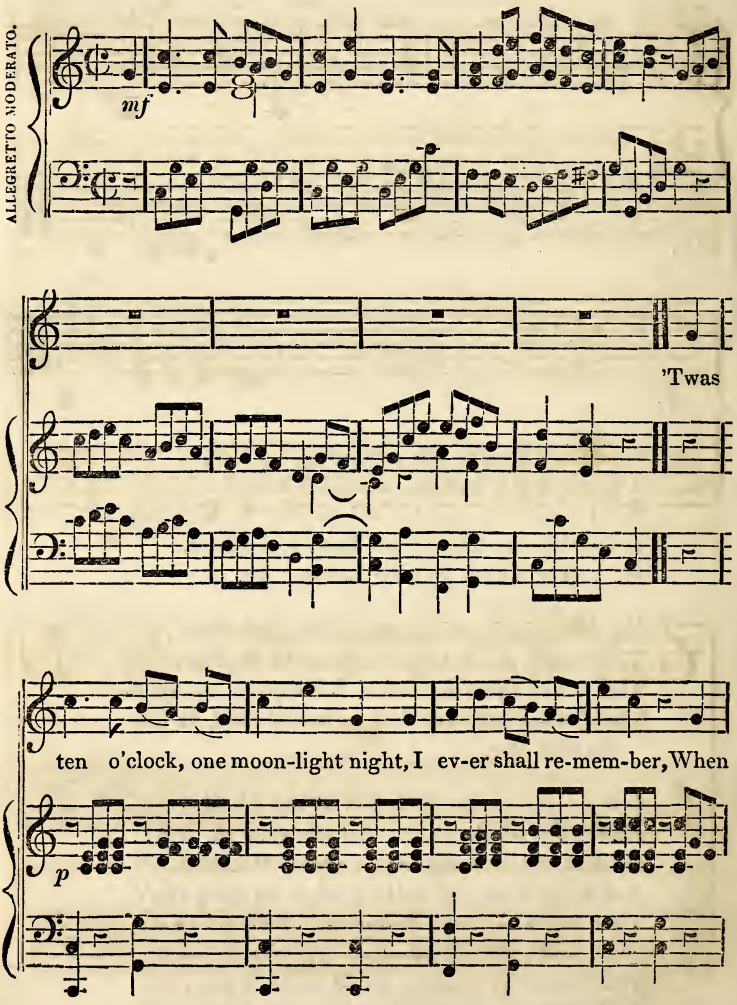
Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye,
A house and a haddin, and siller forby;
But I'd tak' my ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd hae him wi' his houses and land.
He said, 'Think na lang, lassie,' &c.

My daddy looks sulky, my minny looks sour,
They frown upon Jamie because he is poor;
Tho' I like them as weel as a daughter should do,
They're nae half sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.
He said, &c.

I sit on my creepie and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that likes me sae weel;
He had but ae saxpence, he brak' it in twa,
And he gied me the ha'f o't when he gaed awa'.
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na' awa',
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na' awa',
The simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

Remember, Love, Remember.

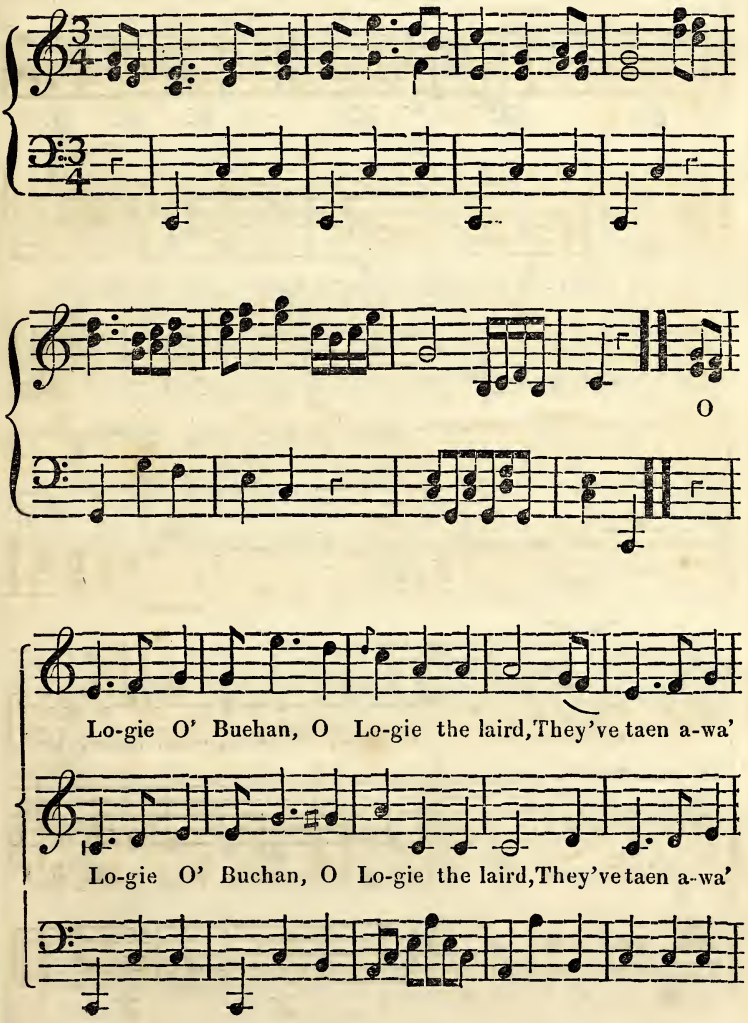
T. Park.

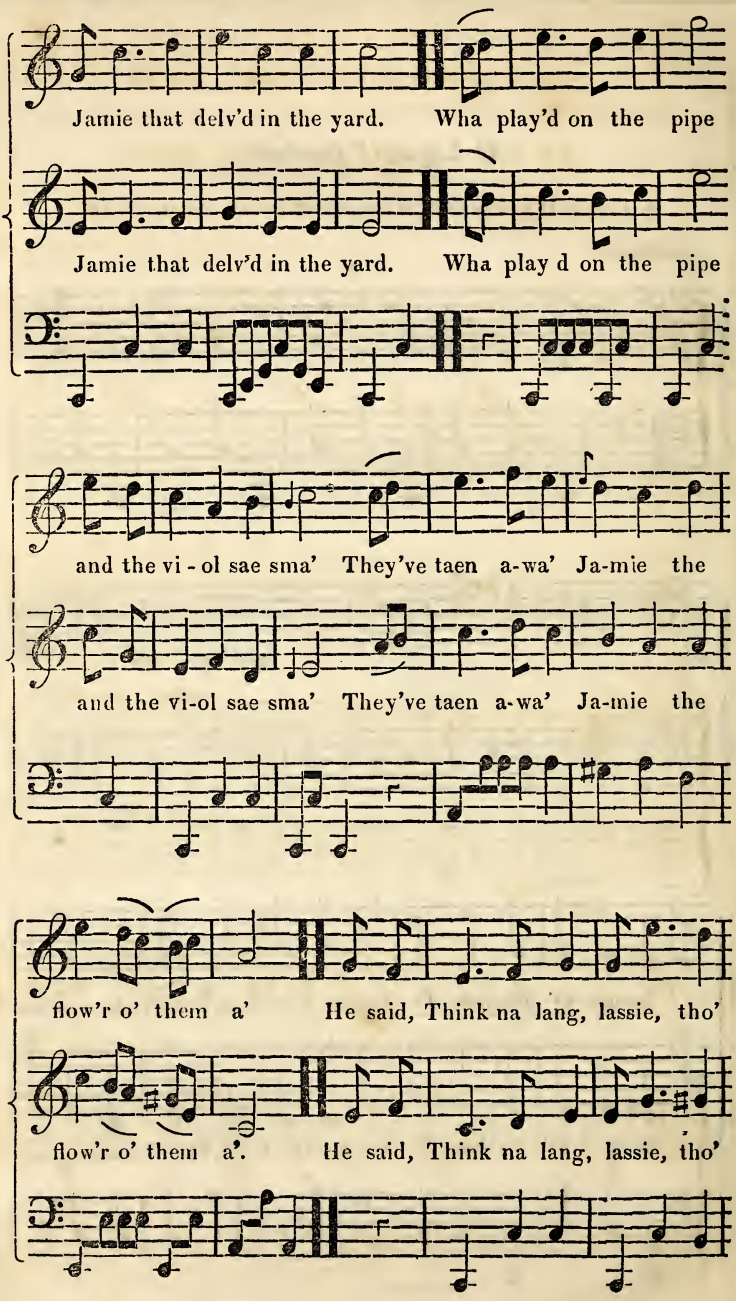


O Logie O' Buchan.

A FAVORITE SCOTCH AIR, ARRANGED AS A DUET.

Grazioso.



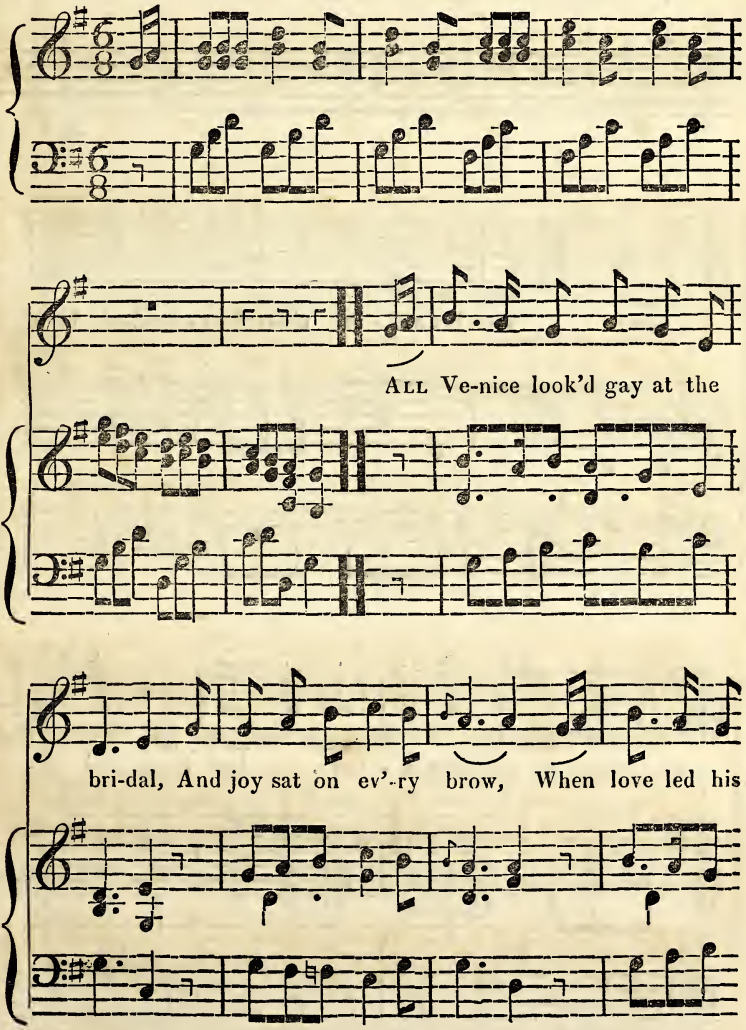

Jamie that delv'd in the yard. Wha play'd on the pipe
Jamie that delv'd in the yard. Wha play d on the pipe
and the vi - ol sae sma' They've taen a-wa' Ja-mie the
and the vi-ol sae sma' They've taen a-wa' Ja-mie the
flow'r o' them a' He said, Think na lang, lassie, tho'
flow'r o' them a'. He said, Think na lang, lassie, tho'

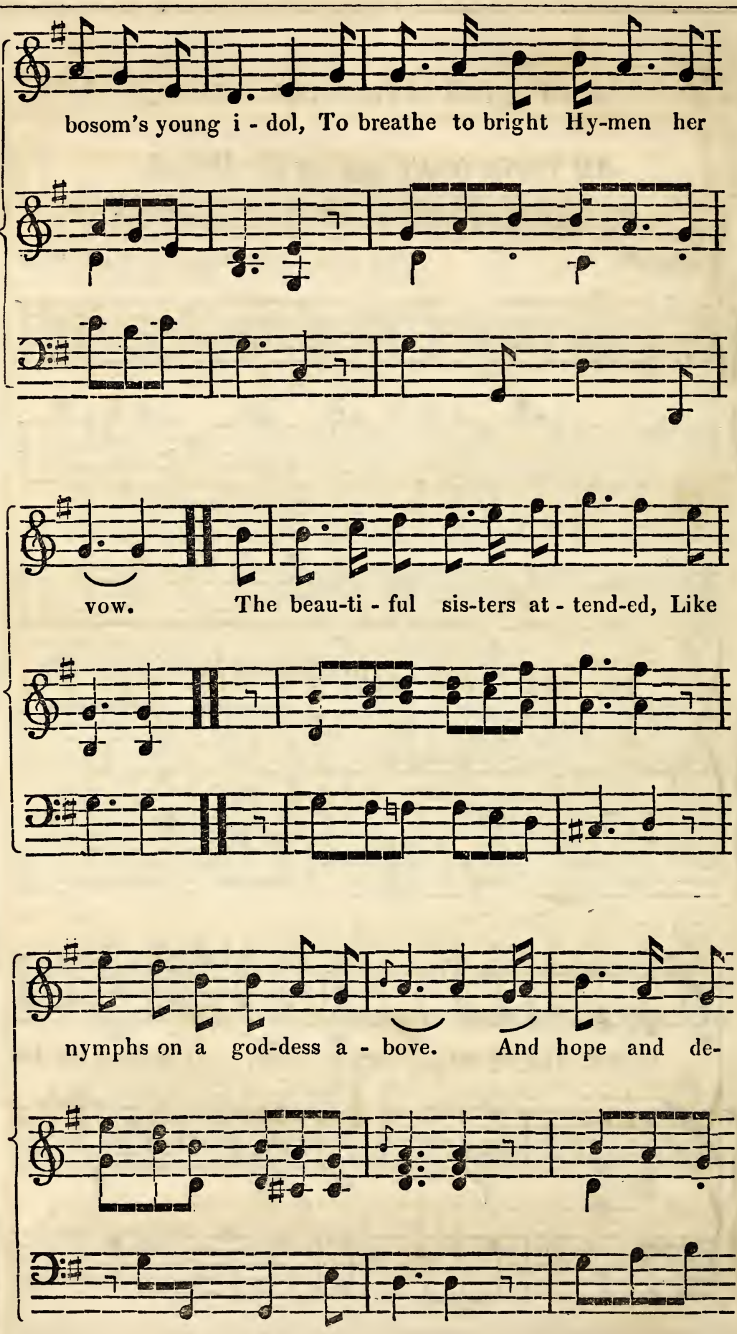
THE IRISH MELODIES.—No. 24.

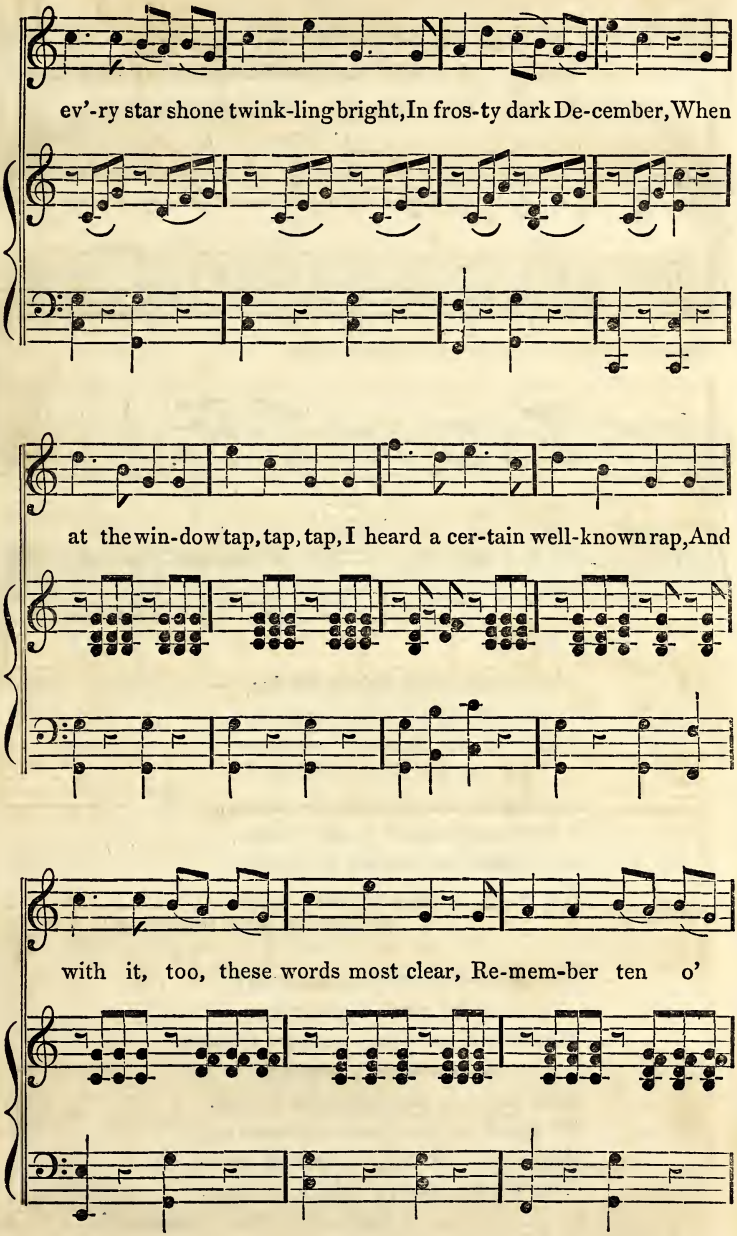
All Venice look'd gay at the Bridal.

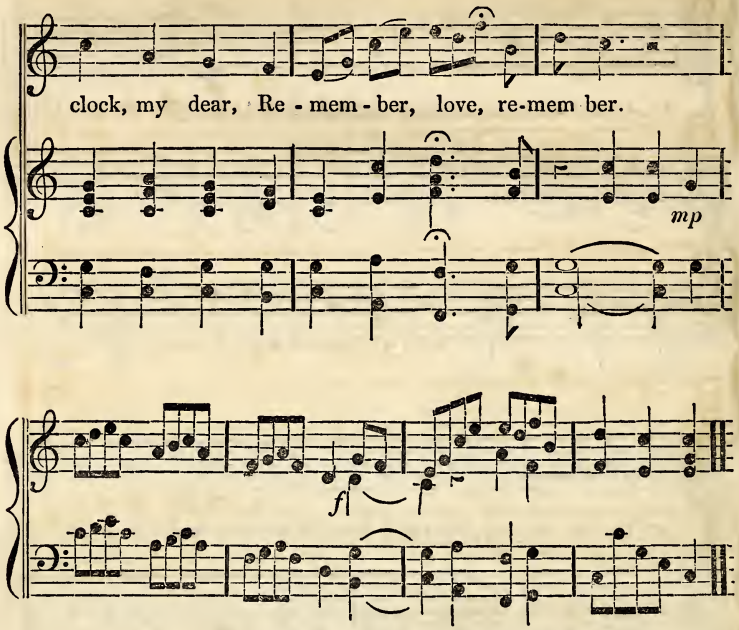
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.

Allegretto. [AIR—*Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded*



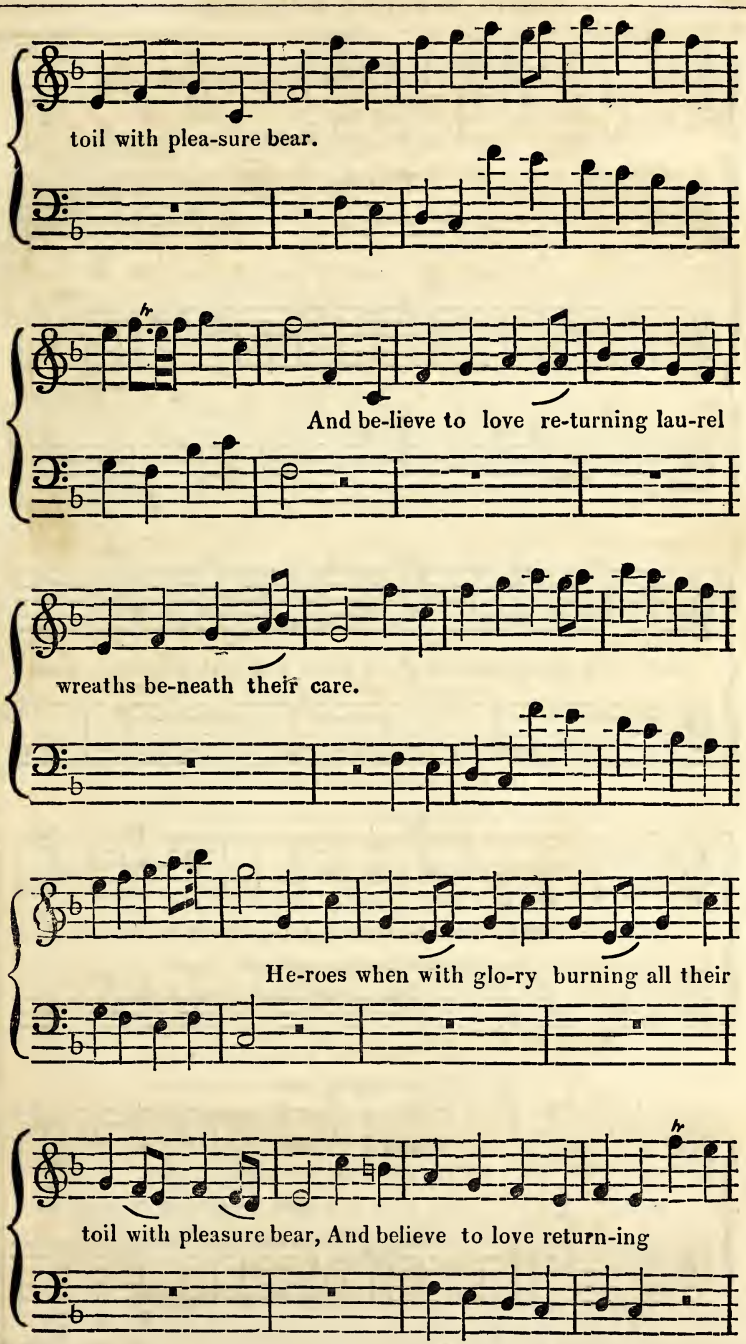

bosom's young i - dol, To breathe to bright Hy-men her
vow. The beau-ti - ful sis-ters at - tend-ed, Like
nymphs on a god-dess a - bove. And hope and de-

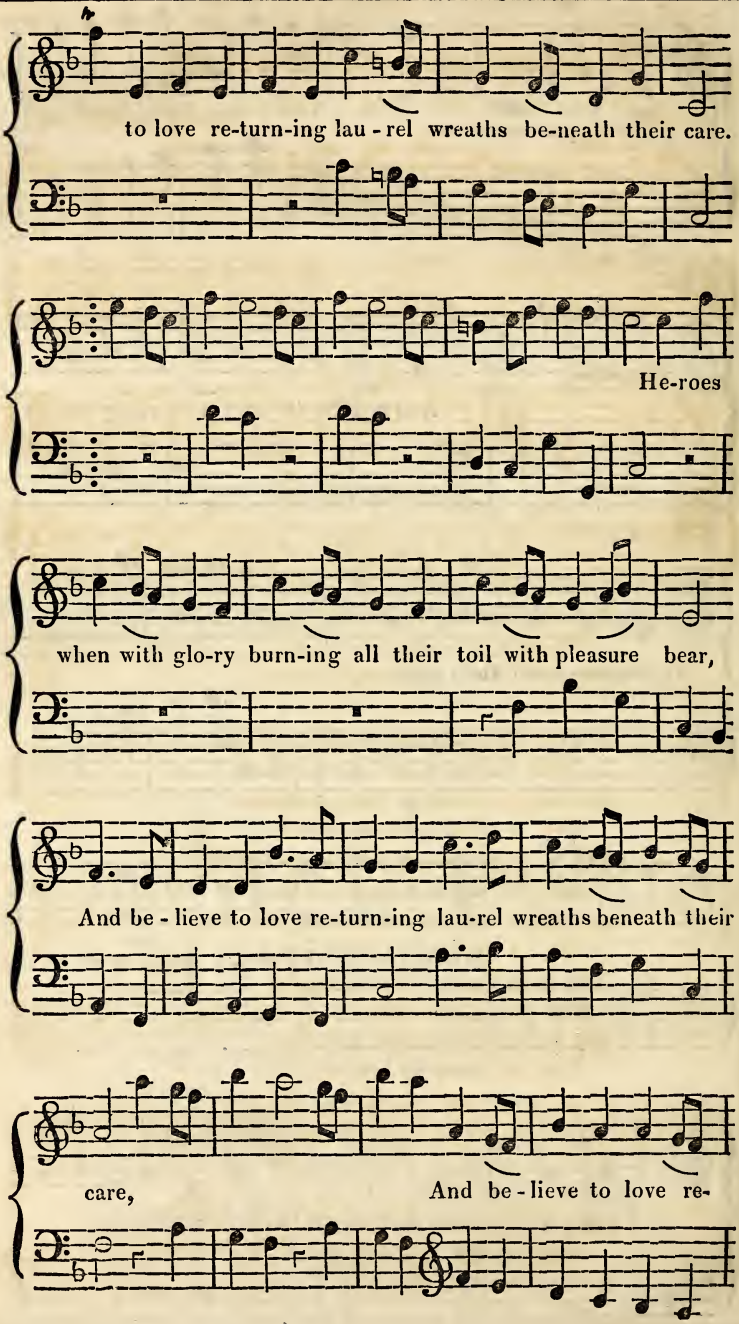

ev'-ry star shone twink-ling bright, In fros-ty dark De-cember, When
at the win-dow tap, tap, tap, I heard a cer-tain well-known rap, And
with it, too, these words most clear, Re-mem-ber ten o'

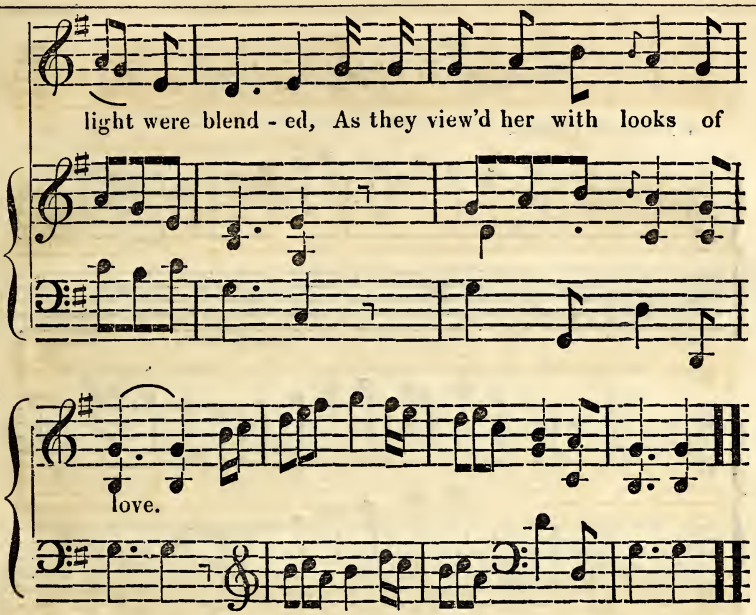


My mother doz'd before the fire,
My dad his pipe was smoking;
I dare not for the world retire—
Now was not that provoking?
At length, the old folks fast asleep,
I flew my promis'd word to keep;
And, sure, his absence to denote,
He on the window-shutter wrote,
Remember, love, remember!

And did I heed a treat so sweet?
O yes! for mark the warning,
Which said at church we were to meet
At ten o'clock next morning.
And there we met, no more to part,
To twine for ever hand and heart;
And since that day, in wedlock join'd,
The window-shutter brings to mind,
Remember, love, remember!


toil with plea-sure bear.
And be-lieve to love re-turning lau-rel
wreaths be-neath their care.
He-roes when with glo-ry burning all their
toil with pleasure bear, And believe to love return-ing

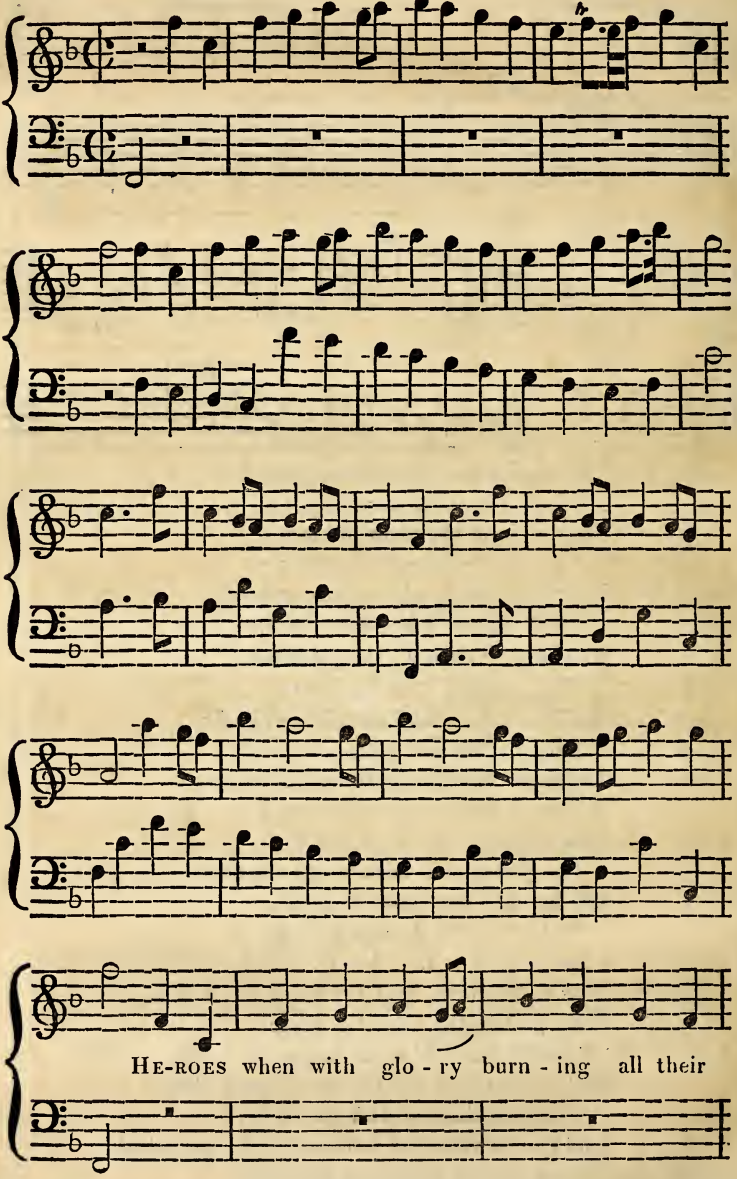

to love re-turn-ing lau - rel wreaths be-neath their care.
He-roes
when with glo-ry burn-ing all their toil with pleasure bear,
And be - lieve to love re-turn-ing lau-rel wreaths beneath their
care,
And be - lieve to love re-

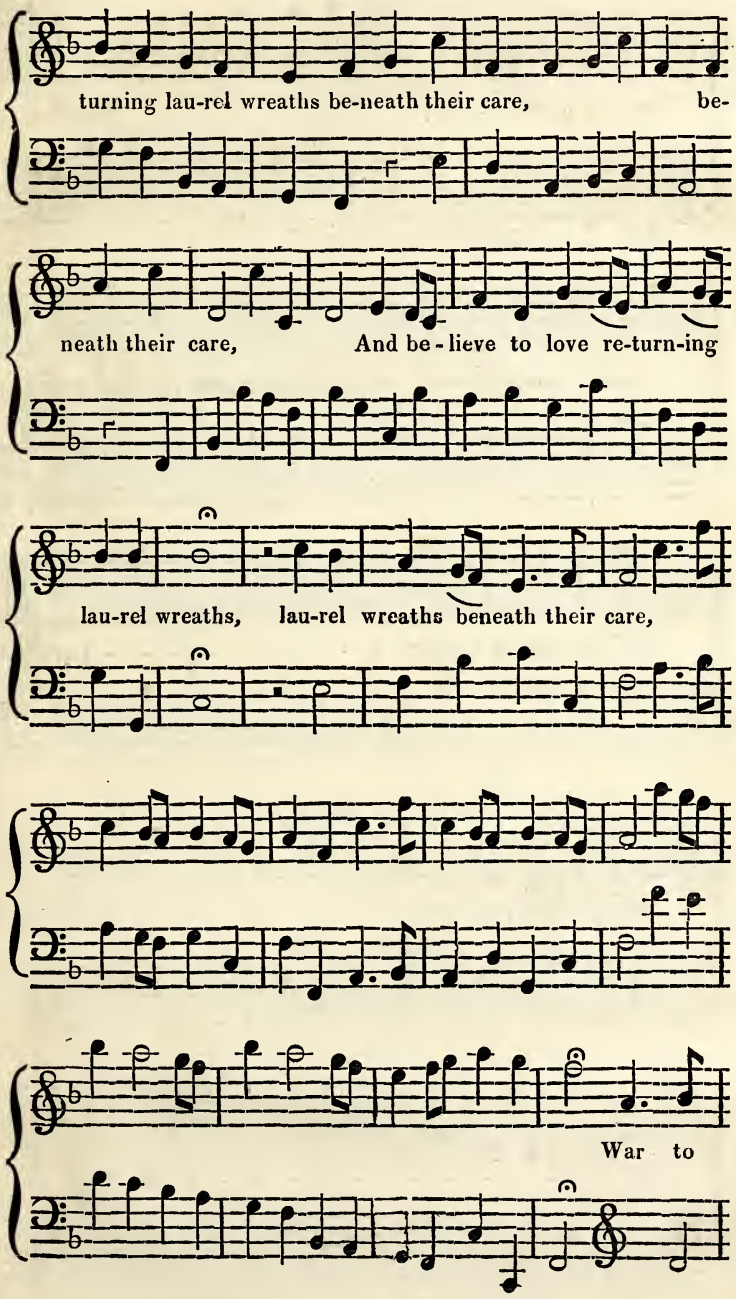


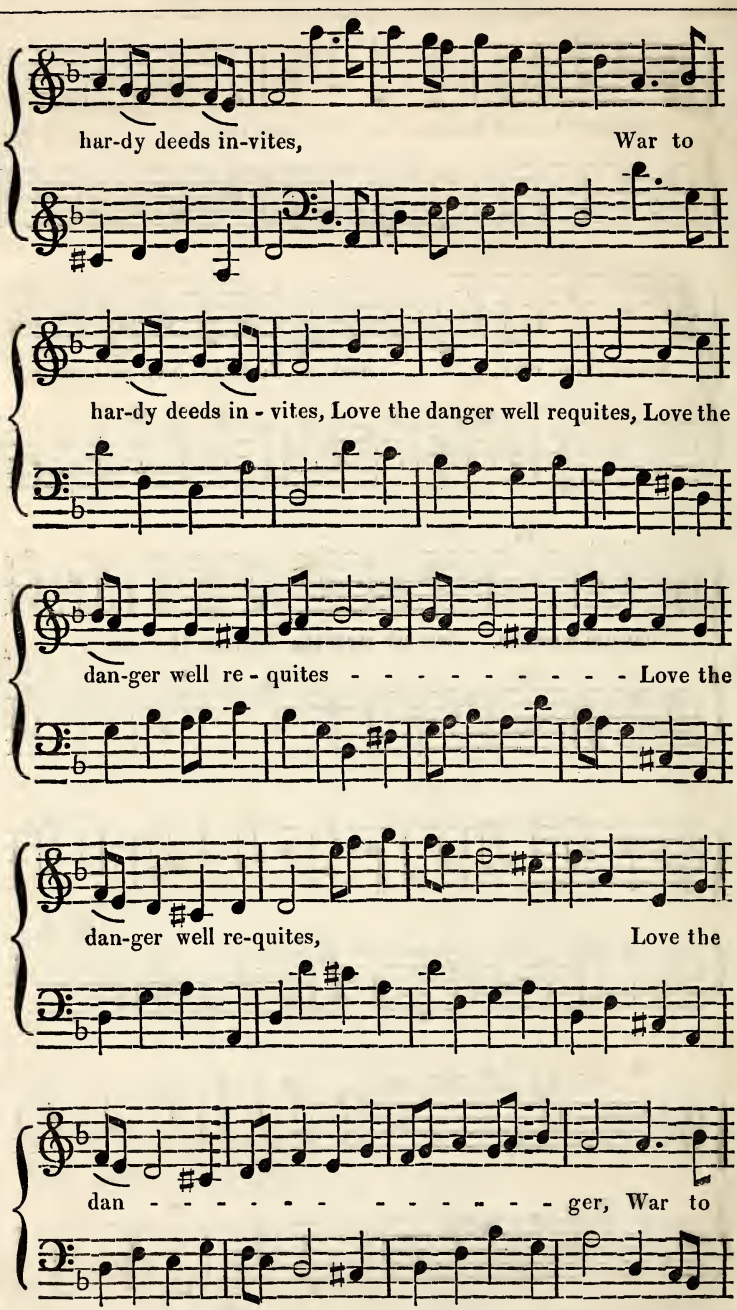
Yet she was the brightest of any
Where all beside were bright;
She rose 'mid the beautiful many
A creature of tenderer light;
For the softness, almost like sadness,
That shadow'd her brow serene,
Was sweeter than all the gladness,
That in other eyes were seen.
The bridegroom and train came lightly,
Each his hat and plume in hand;
And never did bliss beam more brightly
Than it did in that noble band.
Now hand in hand to the altar,
The young pair advance up the aisle;
But her step was seen to falter,
And her cheek to lose its smile,
A terror seem'd o'er her to hover,
In sighs quick, and low came her breath,
When just at the altar her lover
Caught her cold to his bosom in death.
Oh! he gaz'd on his bosom's young idol
With anguish too wild for a tear,
And the flowers that were cull'd for her bridal,
Were silently strewn on her bier.

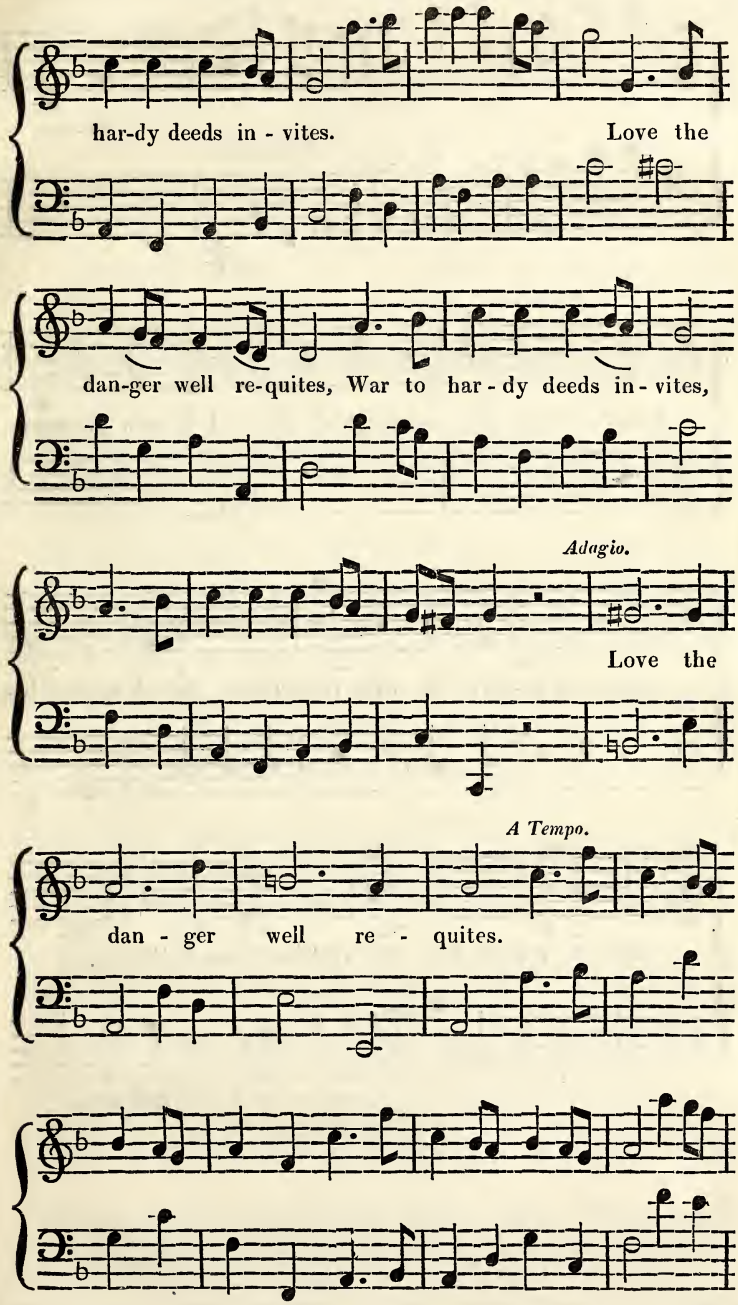
Heroes when with Glory burning.

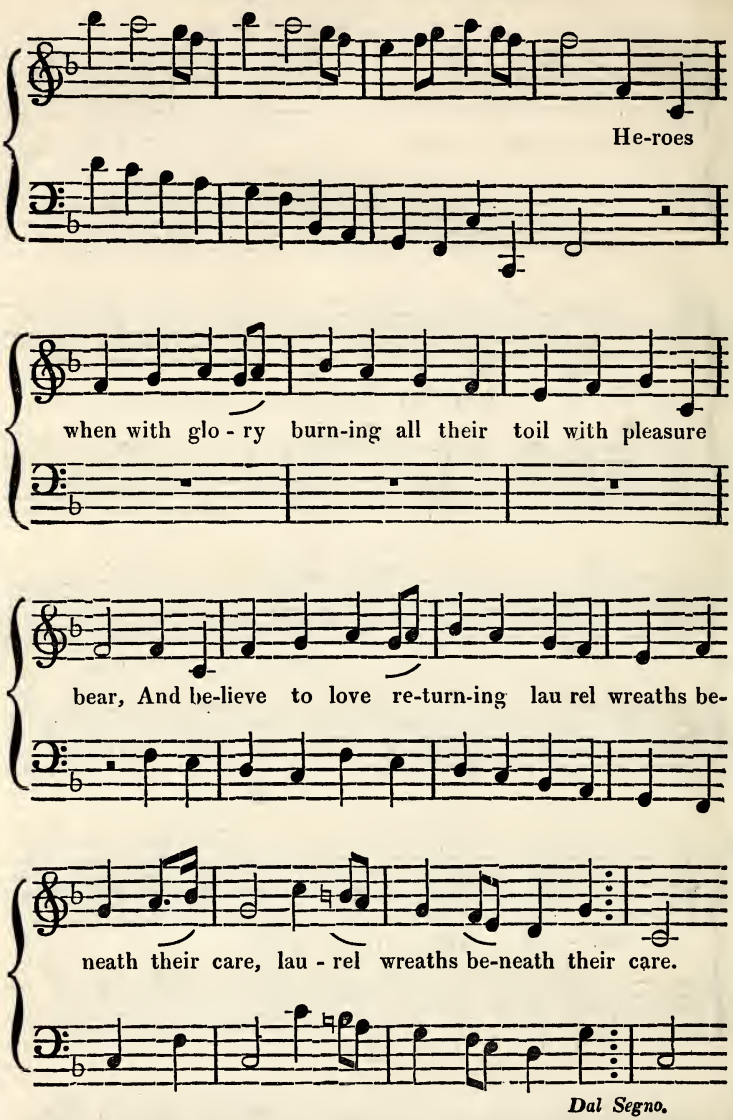
A Tempo di Gavotta. HANDEL.




turning lau-rel wreaths be-neath their care, be-
neath their care, And be-lieve to love re-turn-ing
lau-rel wreaths, lau-rel wreaths beneath their care,
War to


har-dy deeds in-vites, War to
har-dy deeds in - vites, Love the danger well requites, Love the
dan-ger well re - quites - - - - - - - - - Love the
dan-ger well re-quites, Love the
dan - - - - - - - - - - - - - ger, War to


har-dy deeds in - vites. Love the
dan-ger well re-quites, War to har - dy deeds in - vites,
Adagio.
Love the
A Tempo.
dan - ger well re - quites.

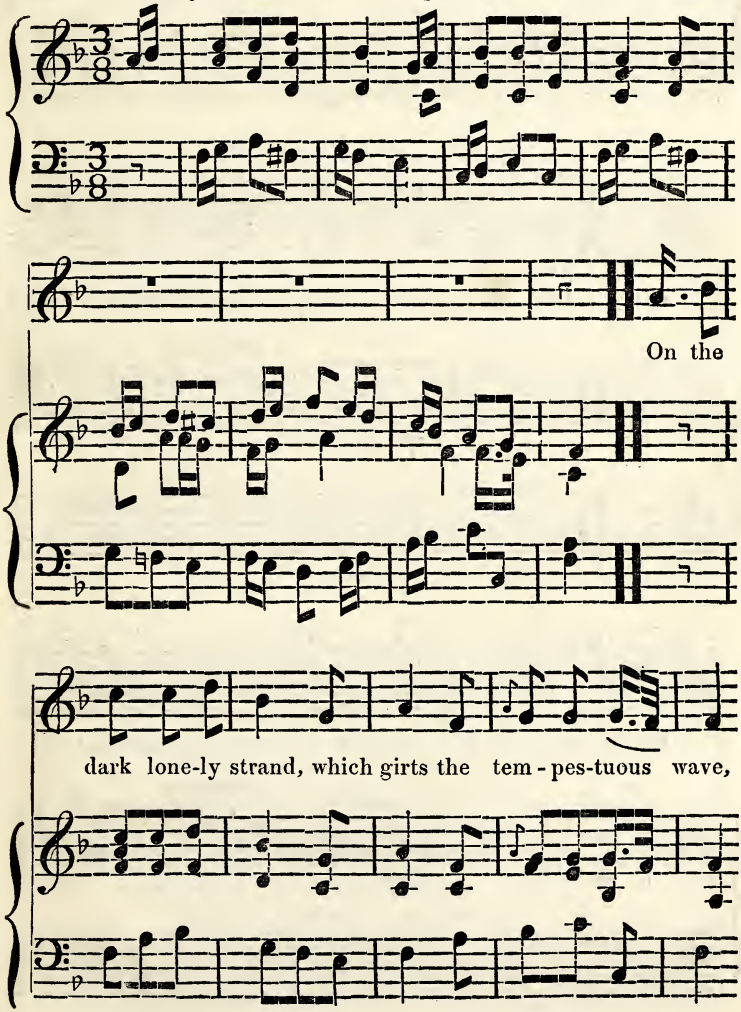

He-roes
when with glo - ry burn-ing all their toil with pleasure
bear, And be-lieve to love re-turn-ing lau rel wreaths be-
neath their care, lau - rel wreaths be-neath their care.
Dal Segno.

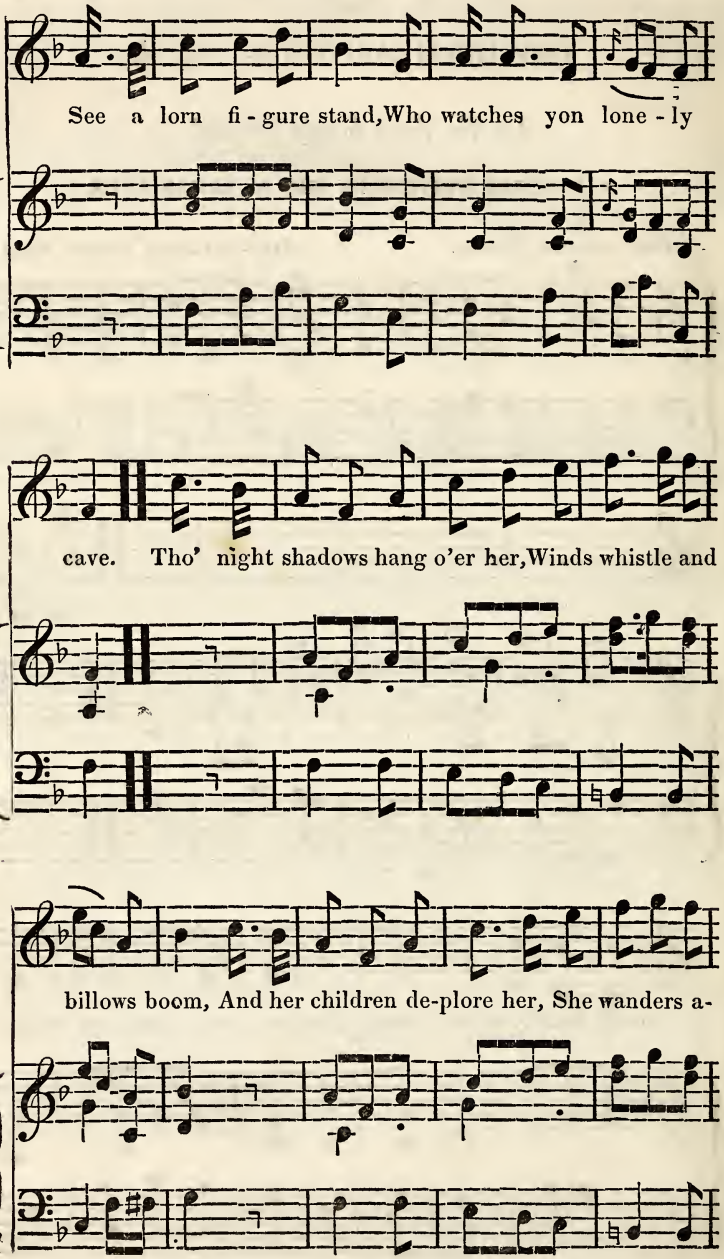
THE IRISH MELODIES.—No. 25.

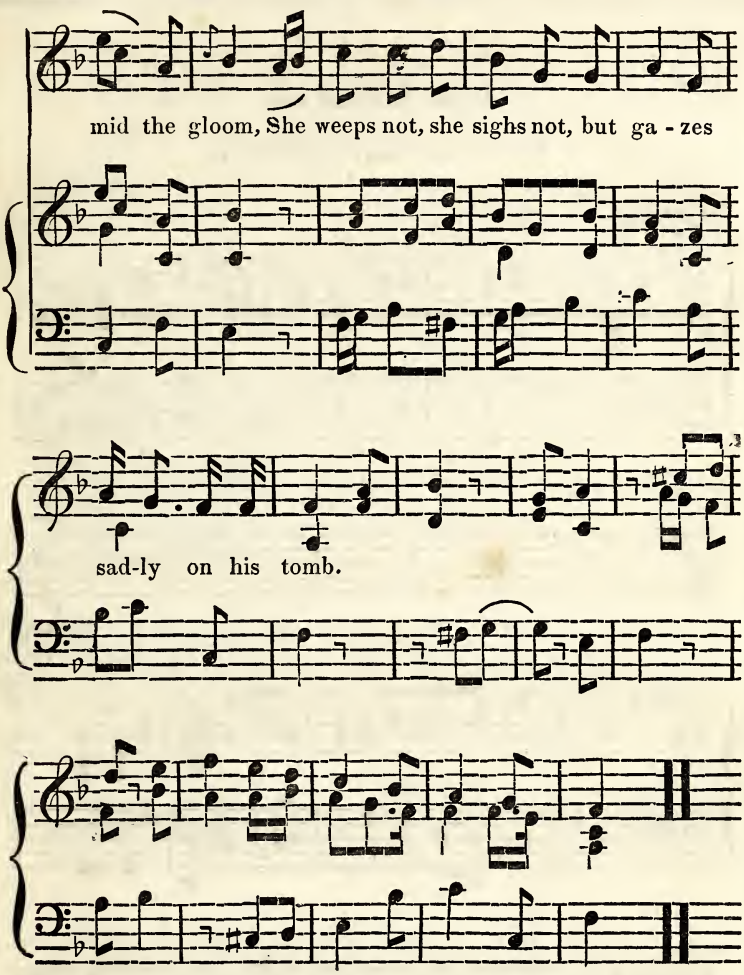
On the dark lonely Strand.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.

With melancholy Feeling. [AIR—*At the mid Hour of Night.*



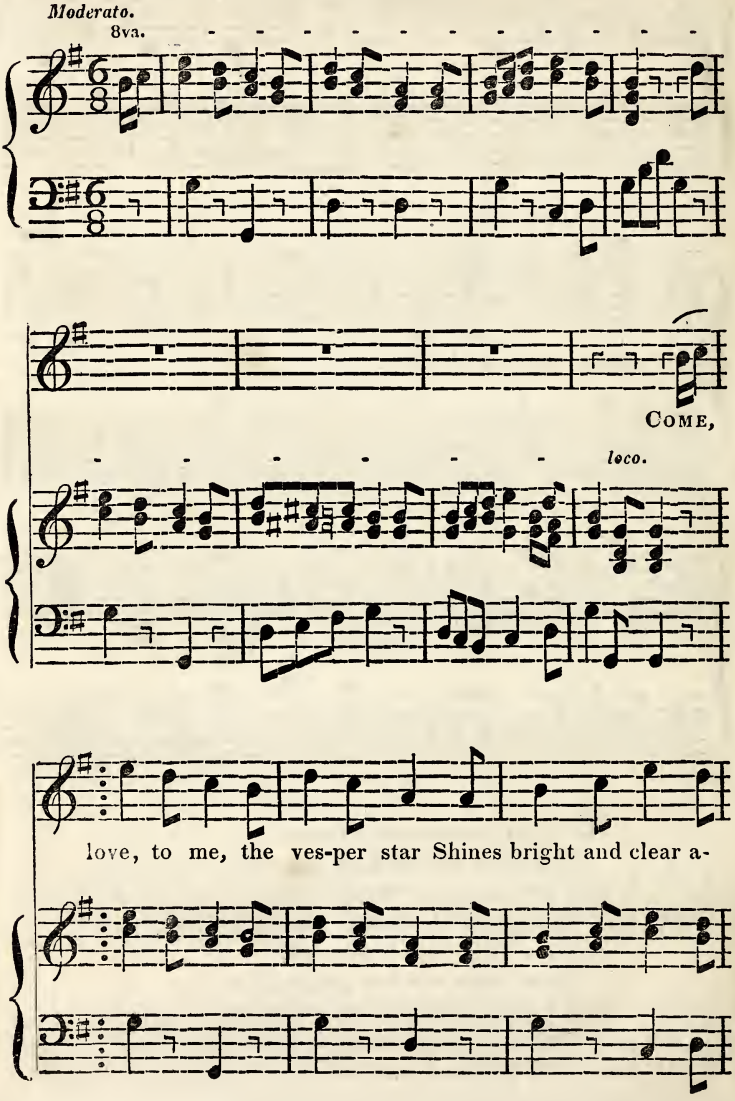

See a lorn fi - gure stand, Who watches yon lone - ly
cave. Tho' night shadows hang o'er her, Winds whistle and
billows boom, And her children de-plore her, She wanders a-

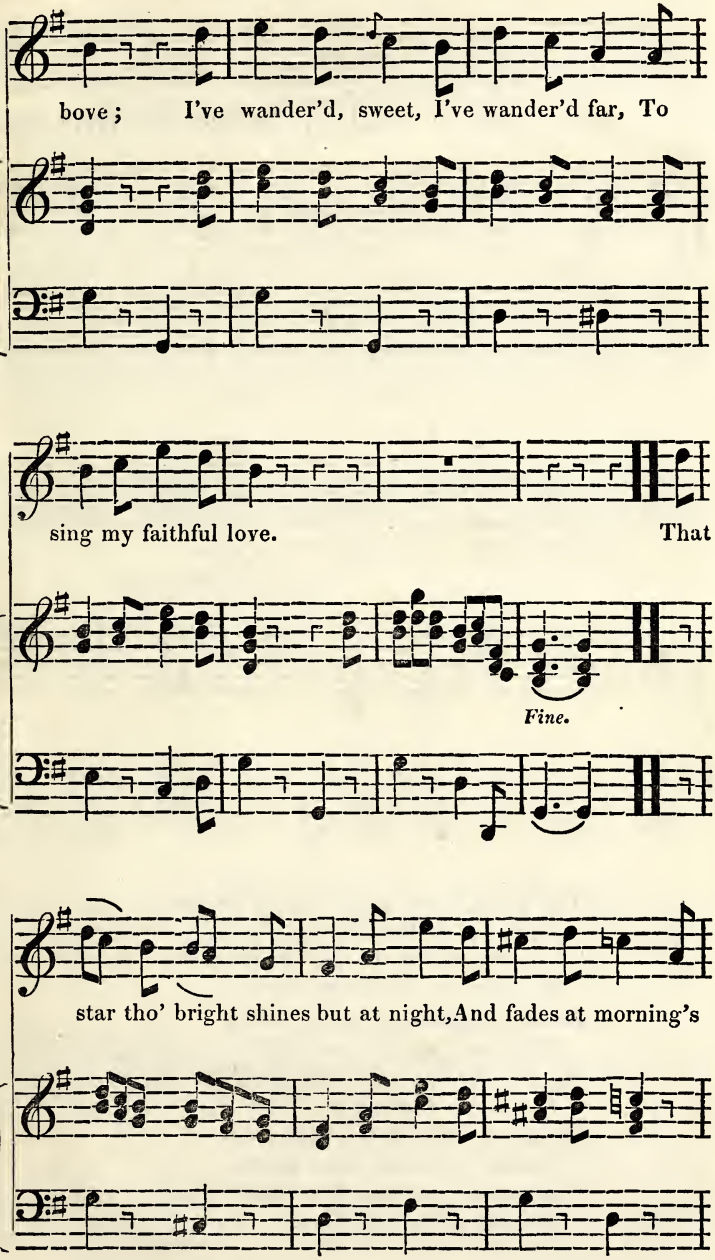


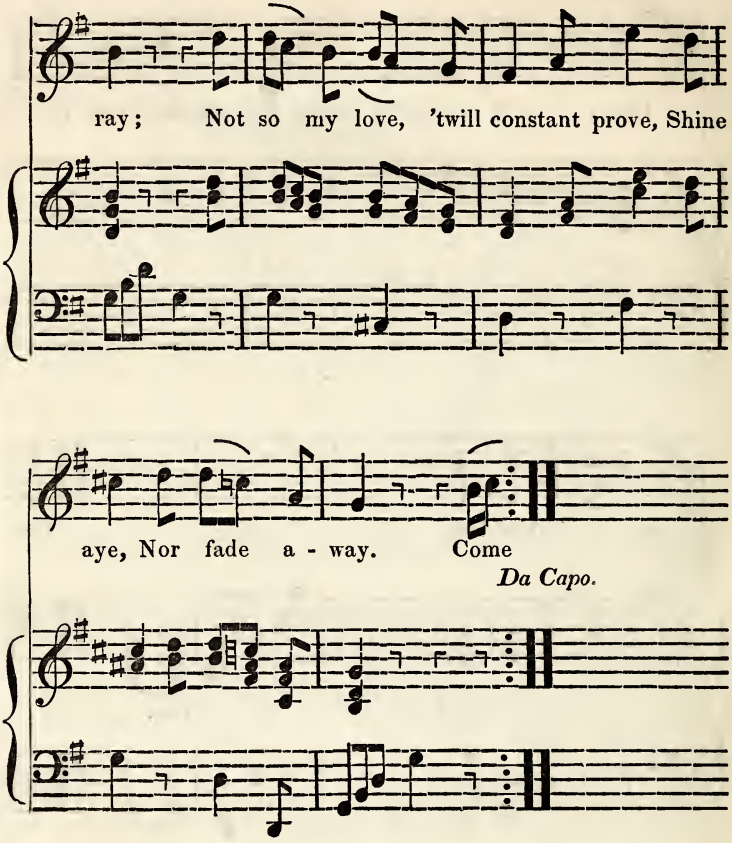
Oh! that breast calmly sleeps,
That once was warm as her own,
And the loathsome worm creeps
Through the heart that was her's alone;
And the bright eye is clouded,
Whose beam was her guiding light,
And those smiles now are shrouded,
That made every beam more bright,
All fleeted, all perished, and left her in darkness and night.

Come Love to me.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY L. Z.

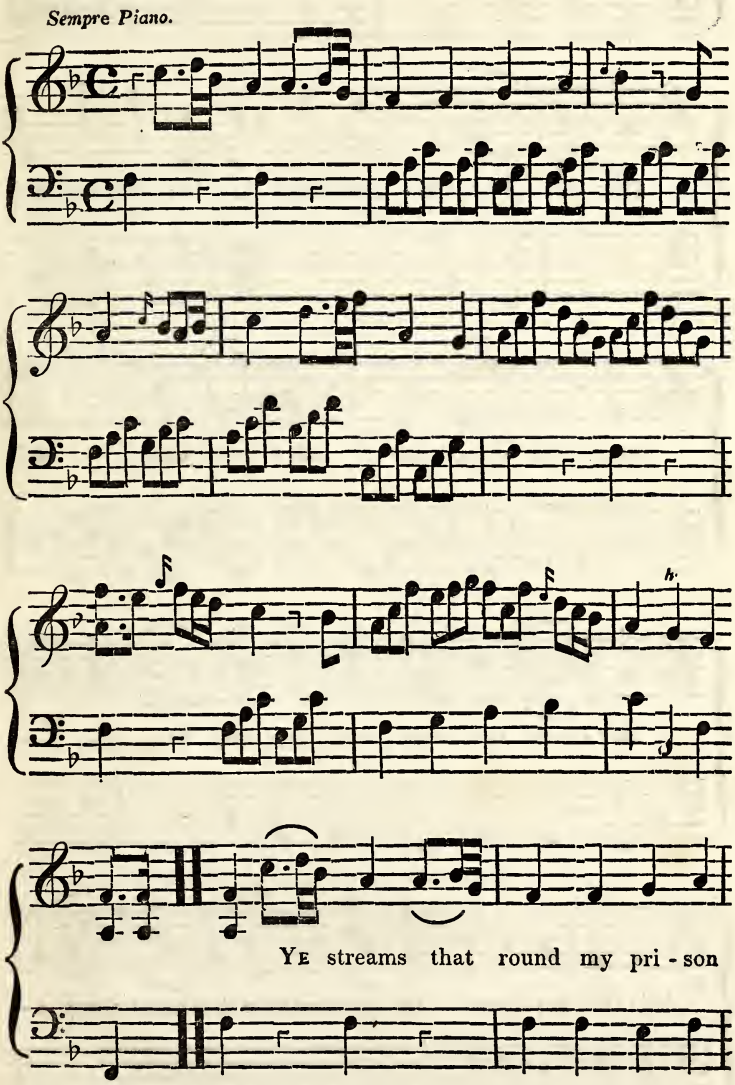


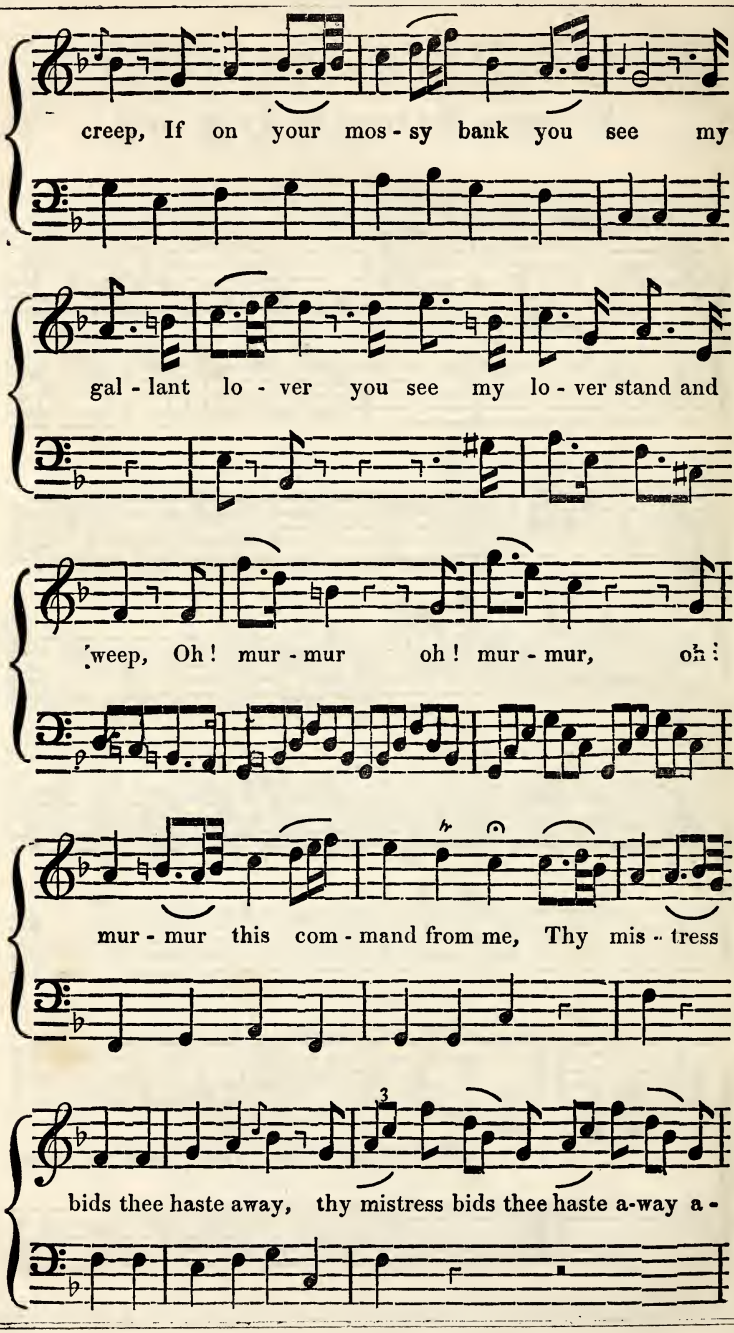

bove; I've wander'd, sweet, I've wander'd far, To
sing my faithful love. That
Fine.
star tho' bright shines but at night, And fades at morning's

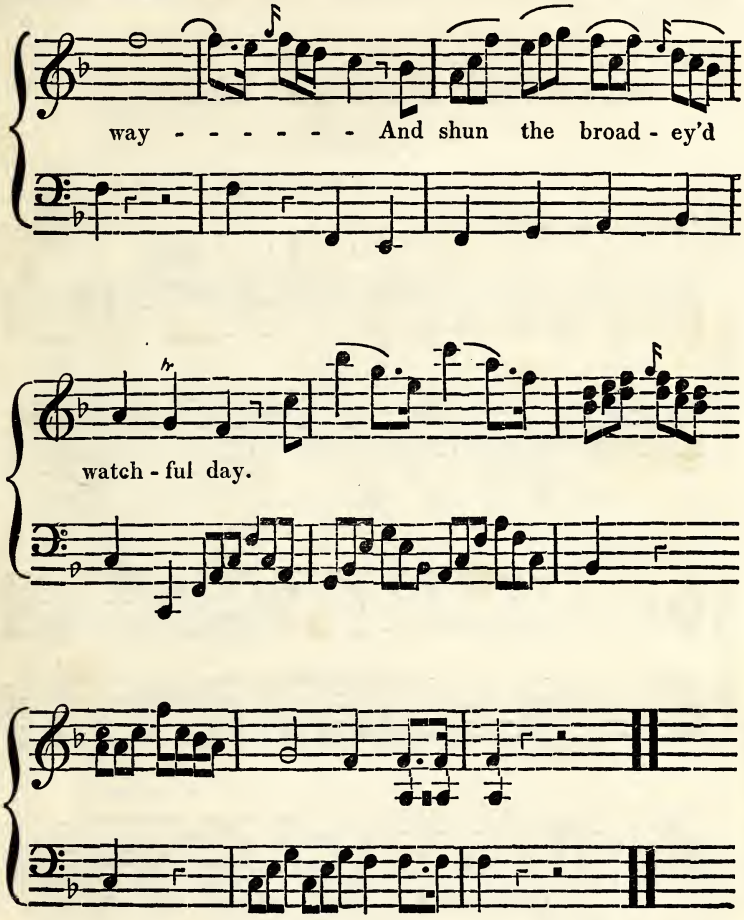


The moon-queen gently sports her ray
Upon thy scented bower,
The Zephyrs kiss, in sportive play,
Thy perfume-breathing flower.
Another hour, thy fav'rive flower
Will droop and die;—alas!
My love for thee aye fresh shall be,
Nor like a flowret pass.
Then come to me, the vesper star
Shines bright and clear above;
I've wander'd, sweet, I've wander'd far,
To sing my faithful love.

Ye Streams that round my Prison creep.




creep, If on your mos - sy bank you see my
gal - lant lo - ver you see my lo - ver stand and
'weep, Oh! mur - mur oh! mur - mur, oh!
mur - mur this com - mand from me, Thy mis - tress
bids thee haste away, thy mistress bids thee haste a-way a -



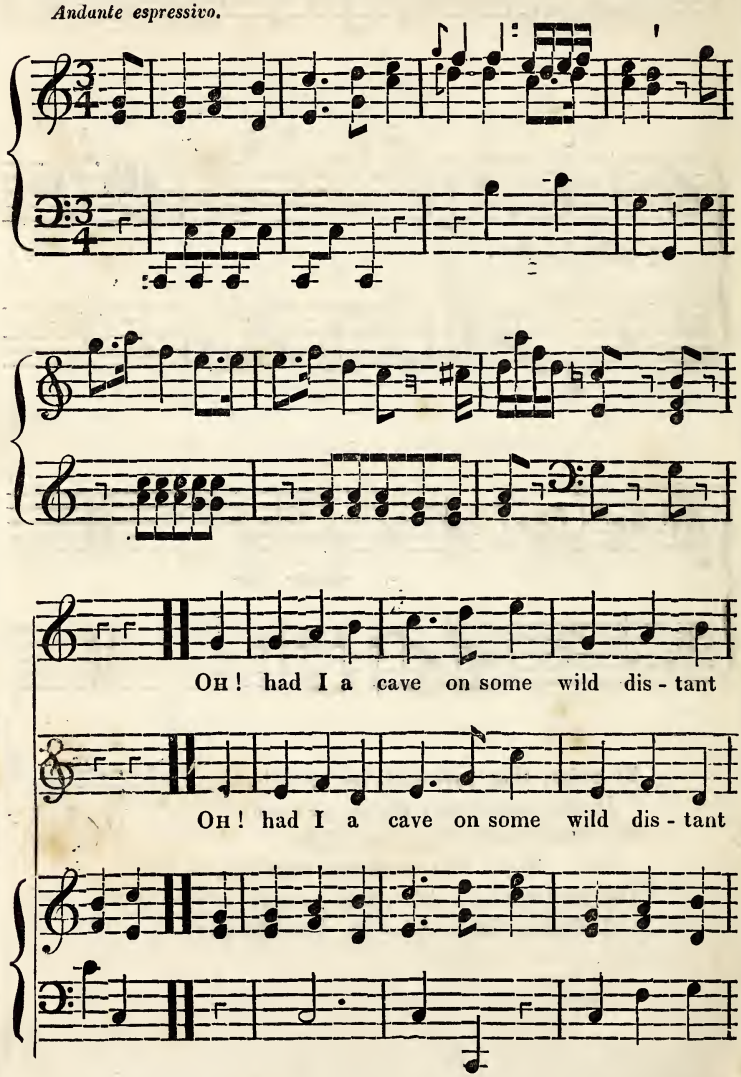
Ye gales, that love with me to sigh,
If, in your breezy flight, you see
My dear Floreski ling'ring nigh,
Oh! whisper this command from me,
Thy mistress bids thee haste away,
And shun the broad-ey'd, watchful day.

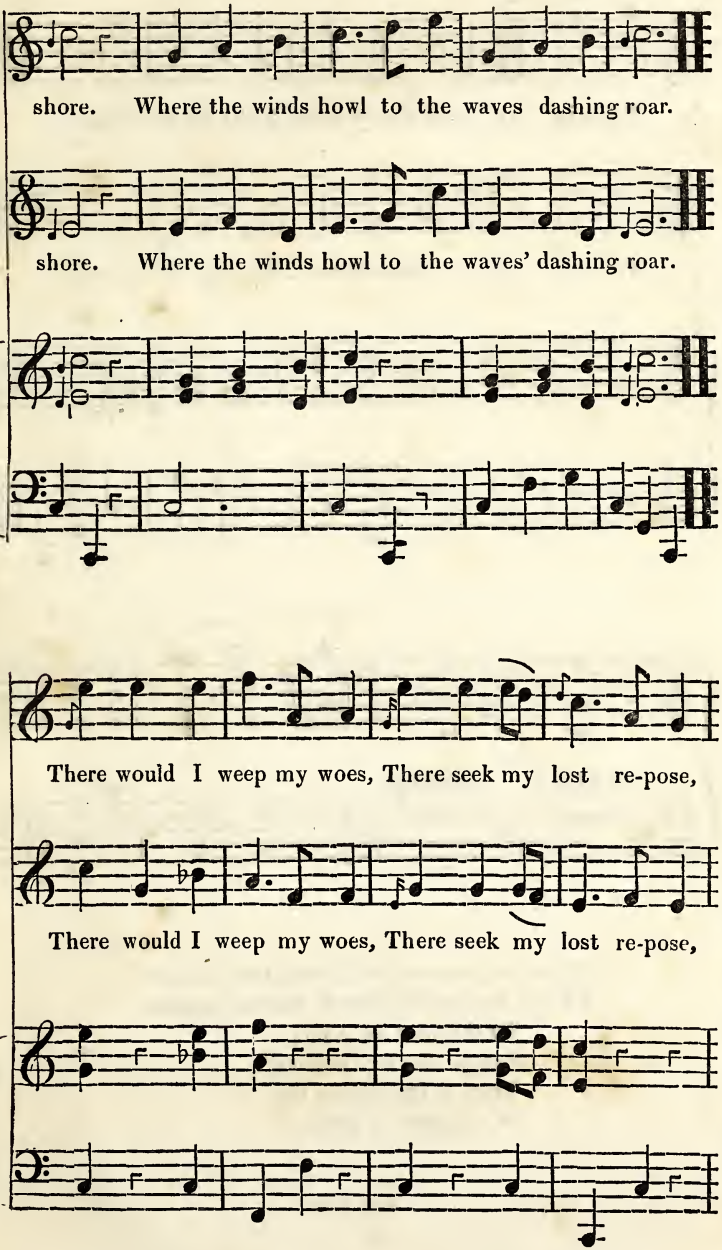
Had I a Cave on some wild distant Shore.

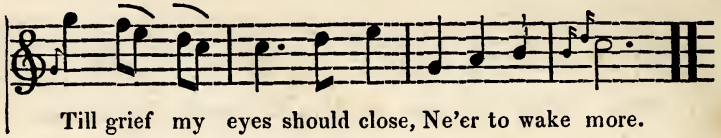
A DUET.

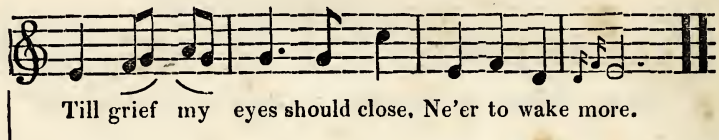
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY ROBERT BURNS

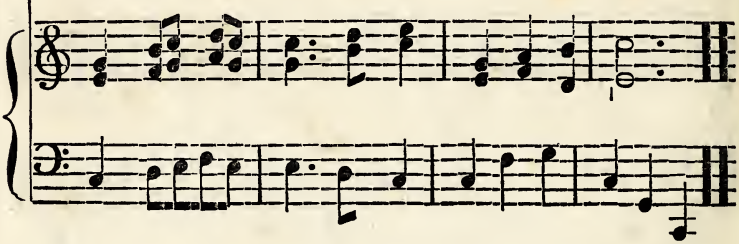
Andante espressivo.

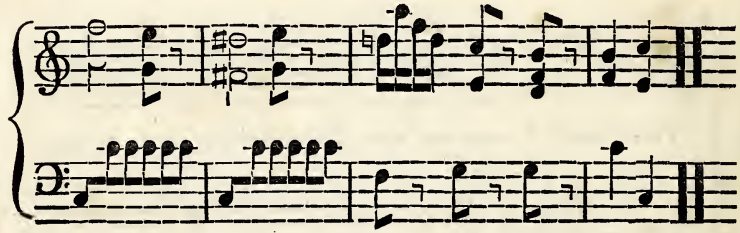



shore. Where the winds howl to the waves dashing roar.
shore. Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar.
There would I weep my woes, There seek my lost re-pose,
There would I weep my woes, There seek my lost re-pose,









Falsest of woman kind, canst thou declare,
All thy fond plighted vows fleeting as air.
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there.

THE END.

V.710