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LYRIC POETRY
OF
GLEES, MADRIGALS, CATCHES,
ETC.

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LYRIC POETRY

OF

GLEES, MADRIGALS, CATCHES,
ROUNDS, CANONS, AND DUETS.

AS PERFORMED

IN THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN'S CATCH CLUB,
THE GLEE CLUB, THE MELODISTS CLUB, THE ADELPHI GLEE CLUB,
AND ALL VOCAL SOCIETIES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

COMPILED BY

THOMAS LUDFORD BELLAMY.

~~~~~  
" 'Tis Music's voice."  
~~~~~

LONDON:

PRINTED BY RICHARD AND JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR.

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RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.

P R E F A C E.

THE following work was originally undertaken at the suggestion of my much esteemed friend, E. Hawkins, Esq., President of the Adelphi Glee Club, who, with myself, lamented that so many magnificent compositions should remain in obscurity for the want of some general record to keep them in the recollection of the numerous Amateurs and Professors, forming the various Glee and Catch Clubs in the United Kingdom.

Having frequently witnessed the gratification derived by the auditory in vocal societies, from being enabled to follow the words of concerted pieces during the performance, I resolved on compiling a similar work to that of Mr. R. Clark, collecting such pieces as had escaped his observation, and adding many others by eminent Composers of the last fourteen years, a large

proportion of which have been composed since the publication of Mr. Clark's work.

Should I succeed in contributing to the gratification of my liberal Patrons, my expectations will be realized; and I trust, that when this publication shall be diffused among the various meetings so widely established for the study and encouragement of this style of composition, its utility will be appreciated.

I cannot conclude without acknowledging my obligation to the Members of several Societies, (individually and collectively,) especially those of the Adelpi Glee Club, whose early and liberal patronage has been my greatest encouragement.

15, Compton-street East, Regent-square.

October 5th, 1840.

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ADELPHI CLUB GLEE.

(Written for the Adelphi Glee Club at the desire of the President, Mr. E. Hawkins, and set to music by several eminent Composers, to whom a Prize was offered by the Club for the best composition. *)

HARMONY ! whose unseen force
Rules the starry worlds above,
And in their eternal course,
Guides the planets as they move ;

Harmony ! whose magic art
Voice to kindred voice unites,
Here thy choicest gifts impart,
Come and bless our festive rites.

Let brother to brother good fellowship proffer,
Apollo invites us, come bow at his shrine ;
The Glee and the Catch are the incense we offer,
The bond that unites us is Music divine.

The Words by E. Taylor, Gresh. Prof. Mus.

* The Prize was not awarded till after the publication of the present work.



LYRIC POETRY.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. C. CLIFTON.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass.)

A BLOSSOM wreath of rich perfume
I for my fairest wove ;
She to her beauty gave its bloom,
Its transience to her love.

I sent her then a pearl to prize,
With which she soon did part,
But kept its brilliance in her eyes,
Its hardness in her heart.

Words by J. M. Dovaston.

(Purday.)

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—G. HARGREAVES.

(Soprano, Tenor, Bass.)

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, " Boatman do not tarry,
And I'll give thee this silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

“ And who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water ? ”

“ Oh ! I ’m the chief of Ulva ’s isle,
And this Lord Ullin ’s daughter.

“ And fast before her father ’s men,
Three days we ’ve fled together ;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

“ His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover ? ”

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
“ I ’ll go, my chief, I ’m ready :
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

“ And, by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I ’ll row ye o ’er the ferry. ”

By this, the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark, as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
 And as the night grew drearer,
 Adown the glen rode armed men,
 Their trampling sounded nearer.

“Oh, haste thee! haste!” the lady cries;
 “Though tempests round us gather;
 I’ll meet the raging of the skies,
 But not an angry father.”

The boat has left a stormy land,
 A stormy sea before her;
 When oh! too strong for human hand,
 The tempest gather’d o’er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar,
 Of waters fast prevailing;
 Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
 His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade
 His child he did discover:
 “Come back, come back!” he cried in grief,
 “Across this stormy water;
 And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,
 My daughter! O my daughter!”

’Twas vain! the loud waves lash’d the shore,
 Return or aid preventing:
 The waters wild went o’er his child,
 And he was left lamenting.

Words by Campbell.

(Hawes.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices and Chorus.*—H. R. BISHOP, M.B.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, Bass.)

A CUP of wine, that 's brisk and fine,
 And drink unto the leman mine!
 Then for the chace and falconers cry!
 Come fill the cup, O fill it up,
 Down to the bottom freely sup!
 Wine gives the slave his liberty.

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;
 For women are shrews, both short and tall:
 'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
 And welcome, merry Christmas!

Words by Shakspeare.

Bishop's Collection, (D'Almaine).

EPIGRAM, *for 4 Voices.*—W. JACKSON.

(2 Sopranos, Tenor, Bass.)

ADAM alone could not be easy,
 So he must have a wife, and please ye!
 But how could he procure that wife,
 To be the solace of his life?

How? how?

Out of a rib, sir, from his side,
 Was formed the needful useful bride;
 But how did he the pain beguile?

How? how?

Oh! he slept sweetly all the while.
 But when this rib was re-applied
 In woman's form to Adam's side,
 How then I pray you did it answer?

How? how

He never slept so sweet again, sir.

Jackson's Epigrams.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—DANBY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, Bass.)

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
 Fresh verdure decks the grove;
 Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
 And tunes his notes to love.

Sad Philomel, ah! quit thy haunt,
 Yon distant woods among,
 And round my friendly grotto chant
 Thy sweetly plaintive song.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly,
 And shun the noontide heat,
 My shrubs a cooling shade supply,
 My groves a safe retreat.

Warren's Collection, No. 23.

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—WEBBE, Jun.

AH, friendship! balm of troubled minds,
 A stern decree of fate,
 Has robbed and plundered of its joys,
 My heart, so blest of late.

Retired, apart from all the world,
 The private tear I shed;
 Since, lost my friend, no joy for me,
 No peace but 'midst the dead.

From distant clime, where now he dwells,
 Alas! there's no escape;
 For me, alas! till he return,
 There's nought to do but weep.

This gained a Prize Medal, 1794.

(Hime and Son, Liverpool.)

SONG, *for 3 Voices.*—HENRY PURCELL.

(Alto, Tenor, Bass.)

AH! how gladly we believe,
 When the heart is but too willing;
 Can that look, that face deceive?
 Can she take delight in killing?
 Ah! I die if you deceive me,
 Yet I will, I will, believe me.

Warren's Collection, No. 20.

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices*.—T. WHEELKES, 1598.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, Bass.)

AH, me ! my wonted joys forsake me,
 And deep despair doth overtake me ;
 Awhile I sung, but now I weep,
 Thus sorrows run, when pleasures creep.
 I wish to live, and yet I die,
 For love hath wrought my misery.

Warren's Collection, No. 12.

CANON (*three in one*).—TRAVERS.

AH, me ! what perils do environ
 The man that meddles with cold iron.

Warren's Collection, No. 1.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—Irish Air, harmonized by BIGGS.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass.)

AH, me ! with that false one how swiftly time passed—
 Time ever remember'd, too happy to last !
 But oh ! speak not his name, source of tender regret,
 For it pleasure recalls I had better forget.
 Be still then, my heart, and thy fondness restrain,
 Long treasured for one, but ah ! treasured in vain.
 Forget that to love me for ever he swore,
 And only remember he loves me no more.

Oh, say is there aught that kind fate can bestow,
 So dear as true passion's first delicate glow,
 When hearts deeply conscious, repress the fond sigh,
 While the mutual avowal still beams from the eye?
 But cease, foolish heart, on such moments to dwell,
 Forget the fond meeting and fonder farewell;
 Forget that to love me for ever he swore,
 And only remember he loves me no more.

Words by Mrs. Opie.

(Lonsdale.)

GLEE, for 4 Voices.—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, Bass.)

AH, well-a-day! how long must I endure
 This pining pain, or who shall work my cure?
 Fond Love no cure will have, seeks no repose,
 Delights in grief, nor any measure knows.
 And now the moon begins to rise,
 And twinkling stars are lighted in the skies;
 The winds are hush, the dews distil, and sleep
 With soft embrace has seized my weary sheep:
 I only, with the prowling wolf, constrained
 All night to wake; with hunger he is pained,
 And I, in love: his hunger he may tame,
 But who in love can stop the growing flame?

Words from Phillips's Pastorals.

Horsley's 4th Collection, (Lonsdale).

ELEGY, *for 3 Voices.*—T. LINLEY of Bath.

(Alto, Tenor, Bass.)

AH! what avails the sprightly morn of life,
 Though blooming health adorn its brightening beam,
 Though blushing honours crown the youthful brow,
 And golden riches paint the transient dream?
 These may amuse, and anxious thoughts employ,
 But love alone can kindle into joy;
 Blest be that hour, that happy hour,
 When first I owned Emira's power!
 Then gloomy thoughts and pining care
 Forsook my breast, and love reigned there.
 Where yonder lime-trees fan the air,
 I saw, I loved the charming fair;
 In tumults wild my soul was tost,
 And every wish of freedom lost.
 Ah! how shall I deserve thy charms,
 How win thee to my longing arms?
 Let other swains to fame aspire,
 Thy love is all that I require.
 Ye nymphs, your freshest roses bring,
 Crown her with all the pride of spring;
 Let pleasure every hour employ,
 And her delight be Damon's joy.
 While bees with murmurs fill the plain,
 And sweets from every flower drain,—
 While, stretch'd beneath the hillocks steep,
 The shelter'd herds in safety sleep—

While fountains roll through flowery meads,
 And forests lift their verdant heads—
 With thee I 'd wear my life away,
 Insensibly with thee decay.

Linley's Collection.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—WEBBE, JUN.

(2 Sopranos, Tenor, Bass.)

AH! what were spring without the rose?
 The rose, without the nightingale?
 Without a crystal cup that glows
 With odorous wine, this vernal vale?

And what thy bard, without his maid?
 Light of these eyes! warmth of this blood!
 The spring were but a desert shade,
 And choirful heaven a solitude.

Words from D'Israeli's Persian Poetry.

(Chappell and Co.)

TRIO.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos, Bass.)

A KNIGHT was said
 To love a maid,
 Who vowed she 'd ne'er be kind;
 The maid was cold,
 The knight was bold,
 The maid she changed her mind.

The knight he moved
 The maid he loved,
 That was so cold before ;
 The maid so bright
 She loved the knight—
 The knight he loved no more !

Words by Sheridan Knowles.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 6. (D'Almaine and Co.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—CALLCOTT.

“ALAS !” cried Damon, wishing for a wife,
 “I cannot, will not singly pass my life ;
 Ah Delia, let my ardent sighs prevail,
 You can but hear and then reject my tale ;
 And if with smiles you cheer my hapless fate,
 Oh triumph, Delia, in my altered state.”

Warren's Collection, No. 30.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, Bass.)

ALAS ! he's gone, and leaves us to deplore
 His loss, for social Damon is no more.
 How did the listening shepherds round him throng,
 To catch the sound from his inspiring song !
 How sunlike did he spread around his rays,
 And even from envious minds extracted praise !

Visit his tomb, there friendship's odours shed
 Around his last, obscure, and silent bed—
 Still praying, as you gently move your feet,
 Soft be his pillow, and his slumbers sweet!

Clementi's Vocal Harmony.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—WEBBE.

(Alto, Tenor, Bass.)

ALAS! how vain has been my search to find
 That bliss which centres only in the mind:
 Thus have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
 To seek that good which nothing here bestows.
 After long toil and voyages in vain,
 Quiet, thy port let my toss'd vessel gain!
 Of heavenly peace this earnest to me lend—
 Let my life sleep, and learn to love her end!

Webbe's Collection, Vol. 3. (Lonsdale.)

ELEGIAC GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—DR. HARRINGTON.

(2 Sopranos or Tenors, Bass.)

ALAS! what boast hath blooming youth,
 Since thus Florella lies?
 Paleness o'er her damask'd cheek,
 And closed her beauteous eyes.

If fade these glories of her face,
 Ah why such frailty trust,
 When virtue still its sweetness keeps,
 And blossoms in the dust?

Warren's Collection, No. 7.

EPITAPH, *for 4 Voices.*—DR. CALLCOTT.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, Bass.)

ALL people now, in your behalf,
 Oh think of the fate of Sir John Calf.
 O cruel death! more cunning than a fox,
 That would not let this calf live 'till he became an ox.
 Oh that he might have eaten both brambles and thorns,
 And when he came to his father's years he might have
 worn the horns.

Warren's Collection, No. 32.

CANON (*four in two*).—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass.)

ALL thy works praise thee, O Lord!
 And thy saints give thanks unto thee.

Psalm CXLV. verse 10.

Horsley's Collection.

THE HERDSMAN'S EVENING SONG.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—JAMES EAST.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass.)

ALLELUIA, Amen !

Hark ! those voices sweetly blending—
 'T is the herdsmen's evening song,
 On the breeze to heaven ascending,
 As they homeward pass along.

Ave, Santa Maria !

Da tu a noi riposo !

Ricevi i nostri grazie,

Santa e bella Vergine.

Now from every humble dwelling
 Listen to the fond farewell ;
 Louder now the strain is swelling,
 Distant sounds the village bell.
 Now from every humble dwelling,
 Listen to the fond farewell !

Ave, Santa Maria ! etc.—Amen.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 6 Voices.*—WILLIAM ROCK.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, 2 Tenors, Bass.)

ALONE, through unfrequented wilds
 With pensive steps I rove,
 I ask the rocks, I ask the streams,
 Where dwells my absent love.
 The silent eve, the rosy morn,
 My constant search survey;
 But who can tell, if thou my dear,
 Wilt e'er remember me?

*This Glee gained the Prize Medal of the
 Hibernian Catch Club, 1788.*

Bland's Collection, No. 36. (Mills.)

CANON, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

ALZATE, O porte, i vostri capi! alzatevi, O porte
 eterne, e'l Re, il Re di Gloria entrerà! Chi è questo
 Re di Gloria? Egli è il Signore forte e possente, il
 Signore poderoso in battaglia, esso è 'l Re di Gloria!

This gained a Prize Medal, 1770.

Ladies' Catch-Book.

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—J. C. PRING.

A MEMBER of the modern great
 Passed Sawney with his budget;
 The peer was in a car of state,
 But the tinker forced to trudge it.

The tinker shall receive the praise
 His lordship would parade for,
 One's debtor for his dapple greys,
 But the other's shoes are paid for.

Warren's Collection, No. 32.

PRIZE CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—JENNER.

ANCIENT Phillis has new graces—
 'T is a strange thing, but a true one—
 Shall I tell you how?
 She herself makes her own faces,
 And each morn she wears a new one.
 Pray where 's the wonder now?

Wheatston's Harmonist.

A THOUGHT ON DEATH.

CANON, *for 4 Voices.*—DANBY.

AND why, my soul, so loth to take thy flight
 To yon blest regions of the purest light?
 Where streams of endless bliss and pleasure flow
 For ever lovely and for ever new.

This Canon gained a Prize Medal, 1784.

Warren's Collection, No. 23.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—DANBY.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass.)

APOLLO! high our souls inspire
 With Orphean melody and fire ;
 In soft, harmonious, soothing strains
 Assuage the lover's torturing pains :
 Infuse, great god, a favourite son—
 With sounds Calliope was won.
 Then may we offer at thy shrine,
 Another Orpheus still divine ;
 Whose charming tones shall Music raise
 Far above all earthly praise.

Danby's Collection, 3rd Book.

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices.*—T. MORLEY, 1588.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass.)

APRIL is in my mistress' face,
 And July in her eyes hath place ;
 Within her bosom is September,
 But in her heart a cold December.

(Novello.)

EPITAPH, *for 5 Voices.*—MARY HUDSON.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, Bass.)

APPLAUD so great a guest, Celestial Powers,
 Who now resides with you, but once was ours ;
 Yet let invidious earth no more reclaim
 Her short-lived favourite and her chiefest fame,

Complaining that so prematurely died
 Good Nature's pleasure and Devotion's guide.
 Died ! no, he lives while yonder organ's sound
 And sacred echoes to the choir rebound.

Warren's Collection, No. 10.

ROUND, *for 4 Voices.*—LONG.

ARACHNE once, ill-fated maid,
 Daring Minerva to engage,
 Her form was changed, her beauty fled,
 She fell a victim to her rage.
 Oh then, beware of Arachne's fate ;
 Be prudent, fair one, and submit,
 For you'll more justly feel her hate,
 Who rival both her art and wit.

*Words by David Garrick
 on a Lady embroidering.*

Warren's Collection, No. 1.

CANZONET, *for 3 Voices.*—T. MORLEY, 1588.

(2 Sopranos, Alto.)

ARISE, get up my dear, make haste to begone thee ;
 Lo ! where the bride, fair Daphne, tarries on thee.
 Hark, O hark, yon merry wanton maidens squealing,
 Spice-cakes and sops-in-wine are now dealing.
 Then run apace
 And get a bride-lace,

And gilt rosemary branch, the while there yet is catching
 And then hold fast, for fear of old snatching.

Alas, my dear, why weep you ?

Oh fear not that dear love, the next day keep we.

List ! yon minstrels ; hark how they firk it,

And how the maidens jirk it,

With Kate and Will,

Tom and Gill :

Now a skip,

Then a trip,

Finely set aloft,

There again as oft !

Hey ho, brave holiday !

And all for fair Daphne's wedding-day.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, Tenor, Bass.)

ARISE, my fair, and come away
 The blooming spring begins today ;
 Bleak winter's gone, with all his train
 Of chilling frosts and dropping rain ;
 Amidst the verdure of the mead
 The primrose lifts her velvet head ;
 The warbling birds, the woods among,
 Salute the season with a song ;
 All welcome in the genial ray,
 Arise, my fair, and come away !

Words from Moore's "Solomon."

Clementi's Vocal Harmony. (Monro.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—JAMES HOOK.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, Bass.)

ARISE, my fair one, and receive
 All the pleasures love can give :
 Hark ! the birds on every thorn
 Sweetly usher in the morn.

Warren's Collection, No. 20.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—EVANS.

(Alto, Tenor, Bass.)

As a rosy wreath I bound,
 'Mongst the roses Love I found ;
 Swift I seized his pinions fast,
 And in wine the wanton cast.
 Taking then the laughing cup,
 Swift I drank the wanton up ;
 Now with ever-tickling wings,
 Up and down my breast he springs.

(Hawes.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—JOSEPH BAILDON.

(Alto, Tenor, Bass.)

As afternoon, one summer's day,
 Venus stood bathing in a river,
 Cupid a-shooting went that way,
 New strung his bow, new filled his quiver.

With skill he chose his sharpest dart,
 With all his might his bow he drew,
 Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
 The too-well guided arrow flew.

"I faint, I die," the goddess cried ;
 "Oh cruel, couldst thou find none other
 To wreak thy spleen on, parricide !
 Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother."

Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce could speak :
 "Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye ;
 Alas ! how easy my mistake,—
 I took you for your likeness, Chloe ?"

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices*.—WILBYE, 1609.

(Alto, Tenor, Bass.)

As fair as morn, as fresh as May,
 A pretty grace in saying nay ;
 Smil'st thou, my dear ? then sing and say
 Fa, la, la !

But oh that love-enchanting eye !
 Lo ! here my doubtful doom I try,—
 Tell me, my dear, live I or die ?
 She smiles (fa, la, la !)—she frowns—ah me, I die !

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. C. PRING.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, Bass.)

As I wove, with wanton care,
 Fillets for a virgin's hair,
 Cupid (and I marked him well)
 Hid him in a cowslip's bell,
 While he plumed a pointed dart,
 Fated to inflame the heart.
 Glowing with malicious joy,
 Sudden I secured the boy,
 And, regardless of his cries,
 Bore the little frighten'd prize
 Where the mighty goblet stood,
 Teeming with a rosy flood ;
 "Urchin," in my rage I cried,
 "What avails thy saucy pride ?
 Thus I drown thee in my cup,
 Thus in wine I drink thee up."

Warren's Collection, No. 31.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—T. COOKE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, Bass.)

As it fell upon a day,
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade,
 Which a grove of myrtles made,
 Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow and plants did spring ;

Everything did banish moan,
 Save the nightingale alone ;
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
 Leaned her breast up-till a thorn,
 That, to hear her so complain,
 Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
 For her griefs, so lovely shown,
 Made me think upon my own.

As it fell, etc.

Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain,
 None take pity on thy pain ;
 Even so, poor bird, like thee,
 None alive will pity me ;
 Every one that flatters thee
 Is no friend to misery.

As it fell, etc.

Words are easy, like the wind,
 Faithful friends are hard to find ;
 Every man will be thy friend
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
 But if fortune once do frown,
 Then farewell his great renown ;
 They that fawned on him before
 Use his company no more.
 He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need.
 If thou sorrow, he will weep,
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep ;

Thus, of every grief in heart,
 He with thee doth bear a part :
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

*Words from Shakspeare.—(This Glee gained
 the Prize at the Catch Club, 1831.)*

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—WEBBE.

(Alto, Tenor, Bass.)

As Nancy danced upon the green,
 The sweetest nymph that e'er was seen,
 Tom did to me his flame reveal,
 But said her heart was made of steel. Oh !

“ Dear Tom,” said I, “ yield her to me,
 If you can take the hint,
 To raise love's fire we 'll soon agree,
 For mine is made of flint.”

Callcott's Collection, Vol. 2. (Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—CALLCOTT.

(2 Sopranos, Bass.)

As on the mournful poplar bough,
 Sad Philomel renews her strain,
 She charms the listening vale below,
 And softly plaintive mocks my pain ;

Yet sing, fond bird, thy varied note
 May gratitude's sweet vows impart,
 And, while in air the accents float,
 Convey them to my charmer's heart.

Horsley's Collection. (Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—DANBY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, Bass.)

As onward we jog through the mazes of life,
 Now elated with hope, now depressed with fears,
 'T is the balm of the bottle that softens the strife,
 And even prosperity's blessing endears.
 In his bright sparkling stream is the magic combined,
 Which can sorrow and care from the bosom displace;
 Make the sunshine of gaiety float on the mind,
 And the smile of contentment to beam from the face.
 Come then, jolly god, with thy goblets well stored,
 And while their soft powers my senses possess,
 Let the bower of freedom a shelter afford,
 And friendship make sacred the blissful recess:
 Each wish then complete, in possession of these,
 I never for riches or fame will contend,
 Nor e'er, partial fortune, arraign thy decree,
 If you leave unmolested my bottle and friend.

Danby's Collection, 3rd Book.

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—DANBY.

(Soprano, Alto, 2 Tenors, Bass.)

As passing by a shady grove
 I heard a linnet sing,
 Whose sweetly plaintive voice of love
 Proclaimed the cheerful spring.

His pretty accents seemed to flow,
 As if he knew no pain ;
 His downy throat he tuned so sweet,
 It echoed o'er the plain.

Ah ! happy warbler, I replied,
 Contented thus to be ;
 'T is only harmony and love
 Can be compared to thee.

(Coventry and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, Bass.)

As the moments roll,
 Let new joys inspire ;
 Hebe fill the bowl,
 Orpheus tune the lyre.
 Let each cheerful heart
 Join the festive train,
 Thus before we part,
 We'll be young again.

Cares and anxieties we now resign,
 Or drown them in a mighty bowl of wine.
 When dead, Deucalion may, if he thinks good,
 Drench our cold carcasses in watery flood.

Ladies' Catch-Book, and Webbe's Collection, Vol. 2.

CATCH, *for 4 Voices*.—S. WEBBE.

As Thomas was cudgelled one day by his wife,
 He took to his heels and ran for his life ;
 Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
 And screened him at once from the shrew and the rabble :

Then ventured to give him some wholesome advice ;
 But Tom is a fellow of humour so nice,
 Too proud to take counsel, too wise to take warning,
 He sent to all three a challenge next morning.

He fought with all three, thrice ventured his life,
 Then went home again, and was threshed by his wife.

Ladies' Catch-Book.

CANZONET, *for 2 Voices*.—W. JACKSON.

(Soprano, Tenor.)

As through the pendent shade the beams
 On yonder sleeping heifer play,
 How sweet with thee to haunt the streams,
 And soft attune my amorous lay !

While flocks beneath the caverns lie,
 And the lone plain with fervour glows,
 While kidlings faint in slumber lie,
 Lulled by the bees to deep repose.
 Here may we pass the noontide hours,
 Nor let a care our joys molest ;
 Thus may we bless the indulgent powers,
 And soothe our plighted souls to rest.

Jackson's Madrigals.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, Bass.)

ASKEST thou how long my love shall stay,
 When all that's new is past ?
 How long ? ah ! Delia, can I say
 How long my life will last ?
 Dry be that tear, be hushed that sigh ;
 At least I'll love thee till I die.
 And does that thought affect thee too,
 The thought of Damon's death ;
 That he who only lives for you,
 Must yield his faithful breath ?
 Hushed be that sigh, be dry that tear,
 Nor let us lose our heaven here !

Words by Sheridan.

Stevens' Set of Eight. Op. 3.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—JAMES ELLIOTT.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass.)

AT her fair hands how have I grace entreated,
 With prayers oft repeated,
 Yet still my love is thwarted.
 Heart, let her go, for she'll not be converted.
 - Say, shall she go?
 Oh, no, no, no!
 She is most fair, though she be marble-hearted.

How often have my sighs declared the anguish
 Wherein I daily languish!
 Yet doth she still procure it.
 Heart, let her go, for I cannot endure it.
 Say, shall she go?
 Oh, no, no, no!
 She gave the wound, and she alone can cure it.

This gained the Catch-Club Prize 1835.

King's Collection.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—DANBY.

(2 Sopranos, Bass.)

AT setting day and rising morn,
 With soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of Heaven thy safe return,
 With all that can improve thee.
 I'll visit oft the birken bush,
 Where first thou kindly told me
 Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
 Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
 By greenwood shade or fountain,
 Or where the summer day I'd share
 With thee upon yon mountain ;
 There will I tell the trees and flowers,
 From thoughts unfeigned and tender,
 By vows you are mine,—by love is yours
 A heart which ne'er can wander.

Danby's Collection, 3rd Book.

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, 2 Basses.)

AT summer's eve, when heaven's aerial bow
 Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
 Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
 Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
 Why do those hills of shadowy tint appear
 More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
 And robes the mountain with its azure hue.
 Thus with delight we linger to survey
 The promised joys of life's unmeasured way ;
 Thus from afar each dim discovered scene
 More pleasing seems than all the past hath been ;
 And every form that fancy can repair
 From dark oblivion glows divinely there.
 With thee, sweet hope, resides the heavenly light,
 That pours remotest rapture on the sight.

Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way,
 That calls each slumbering passion into play.
 Eternal hope! when yonder spheres sublime
 Pealed their first notes to sound the march of time
 Thy joyous youth began, but not to fade:
 When all the sister planets have decayed,
 When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
 And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
 Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
 And light thy torch at nature's funeral pile.

Words by Campbell, from the Pleasures of Hope.

This Glee gained the Prize given by the Glee Club, 1834.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, Bass.)

AT the voice of ocean's king,
 From our rocky cave we spring,
 To lash the deep from furious wing,
 And bid the tempest rage;
 For angry Venus now,
 A victim to her slighted fires,
 Her passion can assuage.
 I to the Antarctic region fly,
 And to the hyperborean, I;
 Whilst we the equatorial sweep,
 And thus enrage the mighty deep:

Till ocean with the sky confounded,
 Within its yawning caverns dark,
 With sights of horror first astounded,
 Engulphed at length the shattered bark!

(D'Almaine.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(2 Tenors, Bass.)

ATTEND, ye sons of mirth,
 Come let us drink and sing;
 To Bacchus and Apollo
 Now your offerings bring.
 Jolly Bacchus does invite us,
 Mirth and humour do unite us;
 Joyful songs will merry make us,
 Melancholy will forsake us.

Ladies' Catch-Book.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—F. IRELAND.

(Alto, Tenor, Bass.)

AWAKE, my fair, awake!
 Hark how from yonder grove
 The birds sing forth their roundelays of love;
 For thee new flowers in garlands I will twine,
 Awake! and be mine own true valentine.

Bland's Collection, No. 18. (Mills.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—J. DANBY.

(2 Altos, 2 Tenors, Bass.)

AWAKE, my muse, awake, my lyre,
 In Delia's praise ; and may the lay,
 Glowing with pure poetic fire,
 Flow copious, elegant, and gay.
 Her virtues and her charms proclaim
 Her innocent of guile
 And gentle, and transmit to fame
 The power of her subduing smile.

Warren's Collection, No. 27.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, Tenor, Bass.)

AWAKE, sweet muse, the breathing spring
 With rapture warms, awake and sing ;
 Awake and join the vocal throng,
 Who hail the morning with a song.
 To Nancy raise the cheerful lay,
 Oh bid her haste and come away ;
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn.

Words by Burns.

Webbe's Collection, Vol. 3. (Lonsdale.)

GLEE, for 3 Voices.—GEORGE HOLDEN.

(Alto, Tenor, Bass.)

AWAY, cold mortals, hence away,
 Leave us this spot of earth,
 Where we may build a temple up
 To harmony and mirth.
 The fire that on the fane shall burn
 Shall be the light that flies
 In glances from those liquid orbs,—
 Sweet woman's tearful eyes !
 Bid wit attend, with laughing face,
 About the glowing shrine ;
 And bring us golden chalices,
 Of sparkling amber wine,
 As clear and pure as gushing springs
 Meandering Tempe o'er,
 And odorous as the spicy breeze
 That blows from Saba's shore.
 See Time, how swift he wields his scythe,
 Let Pleasure hold his hand ;
 While Joy shall snatch his glass away,
 And empty out the sand ;
 That glass shall be a revelling bowl,
 Filled high to exiled Mirth,
 Since the gods have sent him out of heaven,
 We'll fix his home on earth.

(Prize Glee, Liverpool, 1837.) Poetry by James Stonehouse.
 (Novello.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass.)

AWAY, delights ! go seek some other dwelling,
 For I must die ;
 Farewell, false love, thy tongue is ever telling
 Lie after lie ;
 For ever let me rest now from my smarts ;
 Alas ! for pity, go and fire their hearts,—
 Mine was not so.

Never again deluding Love shall know me,
 For I will die ;
 For all those griefs that think to overgrow me
 Shall be as I ;
 For ever will I sleep while poor maids cry,
 Alas ! for pity, stay,
 And let us with thee ;
 Men cannot mock us in the clay.

Words by Beaumont and Fletcher.

Stevens' Set of Eight. Op. 3.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—SIR J. STEVENSON.

(Alto, Tenor, Bass.)

AWAY with philosophy, care and frugality,
 This is the moment for mirth and delight ;
 And he that would preach o'er the woes of mortality,
 Banished for ever, be out of our sight !

Then push round the bowl,
 And let every soul
 That can feel inspiration by beauty and wine,
 With a heart full of glee,
 And a loud three times three,
 Drink a bumper to Love, and the god of the vine !
 Hurrah !

Words by W. F. Collard.

(Purday.)

TRIO.—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(2 Sopranos, Bass.)

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast ;
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
 While like the eagle free,
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves
 Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind !
 I heard a fair one cry ;
 But give to me the snoring breeze,
 And white waves heaving high ;
 And white waves heaving high, my boys,
 The good ship tight and free,—
 The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we.

There 's tempest in yon horned moon,
 And lightning in yon cloud ;
 And hark the music, mariners,
 The wind is piping loud ;
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashes free,—
 While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea.

Words by Allan Cunningham.

These words are also set by J. Lord as a Glee for 3 voices.

(Cramer and Co.)

TRIO.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, Tenor, Bass.)

BACTRIA's sage, famed Zoroaster,
 Was our first redoubted master ;
 For him, some centuries ago,
 Did we the heaving bellows blow ;
 And when his learned carcass fell
 Beneath the lightning's flashes,
 We sifted his cinders very well,
 And we bottled up his ashes.
 Then blow away, boys ! then blow, good fellows !
 If we should retire from blowing the bellows,
 Oh, we should be a heavy loss
 To brothers of the Rosy Cross.

Jacob Behman had got in his head
 A notion that made some sport ;
 For among the stars is a darkness, he said,
 Where the devil is keeping his court :
 But wheresoever the devil may be,
 The devil a bit for that care we ;
 And we are resolved, while a star exists,
 We'll work for the good of the alchymists.
 Then blow away, boys, etc.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 3. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(2 Sopranos, or 2 Tenors, Bass.)

BALMY zephyrs gently blowing,
 Sweetness all around bestowing,
 As hence ye idly roam,
 Say, if ye meet my absent dear,
 Say ye are sighs that greet his ear,
 But say not whence ye come.

Ye silver brooks that swiftly glide,
 Should he sit near your weeping tide,
 In murmurs speak my care ;
 But say not whence those murmurs came,
 Nor whose fond eye increased your stream,
 And swelled it with a tear.

(Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—G. HARGREAVES.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, Bass.)

BEAR me, sweet Fancy, to the groves
 Where gay Anacreon, ever young,
 With Bacchus and the laughing Hours,
 Quaffed the deep bowl and raised the jocund song.
 There the poet careless lies,
 Pleasure sparkling in his eyes,
 While the rosy nymphs are led
 In mazy dance around his bed ;
 And ever as they near him move,
 Urged by wine and urged by love,
 On his lips they plant the kiss,
 On his brow the grape they press.
 He the while with rapture fraught
 Calls to mind each richer thought,
 That o'er the pride of mortal sense
 Holds a boundless influence ;
 The merry sound hath won Despair,
 To curl again her matted hair,
 To drop the lifted steel, and laugh at wrinkled care.

Words by Westall.

This Glee gained the Prize at the Gentlemen's Glee Club, Manchester, 1834.

(Novello.)

CANZONET, *for 3 Voices.*—J. TRAVERS.

(Alto, Tenor, Bass.)

BEAUTY should please but not ensnare,
 Good Sense alone upholds her reign ;
 Scarce Venus' self were worth our care,
 Unless the Graces joined her train.
 Except the nobler mind endears,
 In vain the fairest face allures ;
 That but a specious bait appears ;
 Sense, like the hook, its prey secures.
 Then, Celia, every hour improve,
 That each may mutual blessings taste ;
 So shall the charms that win my love
 Be strong enough to make it last.

TRIO.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(3 Sopranos.)

BEAUTIFUL are the fields of day,
 Yet we have fields more bright than they :
 Beautiful is the morning-star,
 Yet we've a beam is fairer far.
 Fear not to leave day's light,
 Fear not our home of night !
 Come then, Aladdin, ere night is done,
 Lost is the lamp,—the lamp is won !

Rapidly fades the shooting star,
 Yet we have fallen swifter far ;
 Rapidly fly the beams of night,
 Yet we rushed in our swifter flight.
 Sprite of the golden ring,
 Haste on thy swiftest wing ;
 Haste thee, for ere yet day is done,
 Lost is the lamp,—the lamp is won !

Bishop's Collection, 3rd vol. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—J. PARRY.

(Soprano, Tenor, Bass.)

BEFORE the sun illumes the skies,
 We hear the merry London Cries ;
 And as the venders take their rounds,
 They loudly shout in various sounds :
 Sweep ! Milk below !
 Sweep ! Mackerel O !
 Clothes ! Hot mutton-pies !
 Who buys, who buys ?

Words by J. Parry.

Parry's Collection. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, for 6 Voices.—ATTWOOD.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, 2 Basses.)

BEGIN the charm, and as thou lull'st mine ears
 With thy enchantment, melt me into tears.
 Then let thy active hand sweep o'er the lyre,
 And make my spirits frantic with the fire.
 That done, sink down into a silvery strain,
 And make me calm as gentle streams again.

Words altered from Herrick's Hesperides, 1648.

(Hill and Co.)

GLEE, for 4 Voices.—J. KENDRICK PYNE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, Bass.)

BEGIN the gay chorus, strike, strike the soft lyre !
 Apollo awakens sweet harmony's quire ;
 Fair Venus, with smiles, joins the musical throng,
 While the nymphs of Diana applaud the gay song.
 Not a ripple is seen on the lake's glassy face,
 While silence reigns queen o'er the broad ocean's face ;
 But list ! oh what rapture entrances the mind,
 As melody's daughter is borne on the wind ;
 Now louder, now lower, it swells o'er the main,
 'Till the rocks echo back the bold chorus again.
 Hark ! hark ! from yon grove how melodious the sound,
 In the haunts of Apollo what pleasures are found !

Words by W. C. Wills, Esq.

(Monro and May.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—DANBY.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass.)

BEGIN the song, and strike the living lyre ! [quire,
 Lo ! how the years to come, a numerous and well-fitted
 All hand in hand do decently advance,
 And to my song with smooth and equal measure dance.
 While the dance lasts, how long soe'er it be,
 My music's voice shall bear it company,
 'Till all gentle notes be drowned
 In the last trumpet's dreadful sound.

Danby's Collection, 4th Book.

JUPITER AND SEMELE.

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

BEGONE every doubt, and away every fear,
 'T is Jupiter loves thee, thy guardian is here.
 Though 't is easy to please ye, and hard to deny,
 Yet I must not, I dare not, I cannot comply ;
 I languish with anguish, and tenderly sigh,
 Then come to my arms, you must not deny.

Ladies Catch-Book.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos, Bass.)

BEHIND the swart forest the sun sinks from view,
 Its last glories darting each wild alley through;
 They stream o'er the river in long lines of light,
 Like golden lances levelled for fight.
 Changing to crimson, behold now they glow,
 As if they had drunk the life-blood of a foe.
 Row, row! if ere night ye would win
 The shrine of the blessed Saint Fridolin.

Blacker and blacker the pine-forest grows,
 Deeper and deeper the shadow it throws;
 One ruddy spark in its bosom still wearing,
 Like the wolf's angry eye from the dark thicket glaring.
 White break the billows around our lone raft,—
 Hark! didst not hear it? the river-sprite laughed!
 Row, row! if ere night ye would win
 The shrine of the blessed Saint Fridolin.

Words by J. R. Planche, Esq.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 2. (D'Almaine and Co.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices*.—S. WEBBE, JUN.
 BEHOLD blest Peace, though banished long,
 It reigns with us once more ;
 Thunders no more the cannon strong,
 The storm at length is o'er.

This happy land, O lovely Peace !
 Now hails thy blest domain,
 And sees with joy, that long shall last,
 The clouds disperse again.

Fair commerce now, in bounteous share,
 Again its blessings pours,
 Contentment lightens every care,
 And bliss complete is ours.

Harmonic Club Collection. (Mills.)

QUARTET. Harmonized by Jackson from a Song by
 Arne.

(2 Sopranos, Tenor, Bass.)

BEHOLD the sweet flowers around,
 With all the bright beauties they wear,
 Yet none on the plains can be found
 So lovely as Cœlia is fair !

Ye warblers, come raise your sweet throats,
 No longer in silence remain ;
 Oh lend a fond lover your notes,
 To soften my Cœlia's disdain.

Oft times in yon flowery vale
 I breathe my complaint in a song,
 Fair Flora attends the soft tale,
 And sweetens the borders along.

But Cœlia, whose breath might perfume
 The bosom of Flora in May,
 Still frowning, pronounces my doom,
 Regardless of all I can say.

Jackson's Collection.

QUINTET.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, Bass.)

BELIEVE me, tears may oft-times start
 As pledges of a happier heart,
 Than smiles might ever show :
 In gracious silence while they steal,
 No chilling taunts their course congeal,
 Such tears still sacred flow.
 Ah ! lightly trip the hours,
 As zephyr's brushing flowers,
 When peace sheds her beam on the breast :
 So swift they flutter by,
 We count not ere they fly,
 But feel that their passage is blest.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 3. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—Dr. COOKE.

(Soprano, 2 Altos, Tenor, Bass.)

BENEATH a weight of hapless love,
 How vain does every effort prove,
 When struggling to get free ;
 In vain against Love's pointed darts
 The tender soul its fires exerts,
 And pants for liberty.

Warren's Collection, No. 1.

EPITAPH, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. COOKE.

BENEATH in the dust
 The mouldy old crust
 Of Nell Batchelor lately was shoven ;
 She was skilled in the arts
 Of pies, custards, and tarts,
 And knew every trick of the oven.
 Having lived long enough,
 She made her last puff,
 A puff by her husband much praised ;
 Now here she doth lie,
 To make a dirt pie,
 In hopes that her crust will be raised.

Warren's Collection, No. 17.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—DR. HARRINGTON.

(2 Sopranos, or 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

BENEATH the silent rural cell
 Of innocence and peace,
 With sage retirement let me dwell,
 And taste each home-felt bliss.

O let me pierce the secret shade,
 Cheered by the warbling woods,
 Or woo the venerable maid,
 Lulled by the gliding floods.

Then learn, when noon of bliss be past,
 To calmly meet my end,
 And feel my setting sun at last
 The grave unfeared descend.

Wheatston's Harmonist.

EPITAPH, *for 4 Voices.*—GEORGE BERG.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, Bass.)

BENEATH this stone, entombed with martial fame,
 Lies Wolfe the brave of ever-glorious name.
 O passenger, with awe approach this bust,
 Enriched and hallowed with your hero's dust;
 Recount his deeds, and pay the friendly tear,
 To Virtue, Truth, and Honour rested here;
 Yea, let your generous bosom melt with grief,
 To pay the last sad tribute to your chief;

Nor let a Briton pass the hallowed pile,
 But stop, and weep the glory of his isle
 In triumph slain. O youth, as good as brave,
 Torn from thy conquest to the humble grave,
 Farewell! be blest, and angels speed thy flight
 To the bright regions of eternal light.

GRACE, *for 4 Voices*.—READING, 1675.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

BENEDICTUS sit Deus in donis suis, et sanctus in omnibus operibus ejus! Adjutorium nostrum est in nomine Domini, qui fecit cœlum et terram; sit nomen Domini benedictum ex hoc nunc usque in secula seculorum! Fac Reginam salvam, Domine; da pacem in diebus nostris, et exaudi nos in die quocunque invocamus te. Amen!

(Hawes.)

CANON (*three in one*).—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

BENEDICAT tibi Dominus ex Sion; ut videas bona Jerusalem omnibus diebus vitæ tuæ. Amen!

Psalm CXXVIII.

Horsley's 4th Collection. (Lonsdale.)

CANON (*four in two*).—WM. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

BE thou exalted, Lord, in thine own strength :
So will we sing, and praise thy power.

Psalm XXI. verse 13.

Horsley's Collection.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—The melody by Dr. CLARKE
WHITFIELD.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

BIRD of the wilderness, blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
Emblem of happiness, blest is thy dwelling-place,
Oh ! to abide in the desert with thee.

Wild is thy lay and loud, far in the downy cloud ;
Love gives it energy, Love gave it birth ;
Where on thy dewy wing, where art thou journeying ?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen, o'er moor and mountain
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day, [green,
Over the cloudlet dim, over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherubim, hie thee away !

Then when the gloaming comes, love in the heather
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be ; [blooms,
 Bird of the wilderness, blest is thy dwelling-place,
 Oh ! to abide in the desert with thee.

Words by the Ettrick Shepherd.

(These Words are also set as a Glee by J. Goss, for 4 Voices.)

Harmonized by Greatorex. (Cramer and Co.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—WM. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

BLESS our gardens, Flora gay,
 With all thy choicest blooms ;
 The ladies hasten forth to cull thy sweetest treasure ;
 How I love them for their colours rare !
 Their rich perfumes are ever dear,
 To me they give delight and pleasure.

(Cramer and Co.)

CANON (*four in two*).—WM. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, Tenor, and 2 Basses.)

BLESSED be the Lord God of Israel : for He hath
 visited and redeemed his people. Hallelujah !

Luke I. 68

Horsley's Collection.

SERENADE, *for 5 Voices.*—JULES BENEICT.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and 2 Basses.)

BLESSED be the home where love makes his dwelling,
 Pleasure and peace his footsteps invite ;
 Oh with what joy each bosom is swelling,
 When two in one tie thus fondly unite.
 Friendship's offering now we bring to thee,
 We hail this happy hour ;
 Calm and sunny may life's pathway be,
 And strewn with many a flower.
 Blessed be the home where love makes his dwelling,
 Pleasure and peace crown this happy hour.—Tra, la, la !

Words by George Linley, Esq.

(Cramer and Co.)

CANON (*four in two*).—Dr. CALLCOTT.

BLESSED is he that considereth the poor and needy ;
 the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble.

*Psalm II. verse 1.**(This gained a Prize, 1785.)*

GLEE, *for 5 Voices*.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Soprano, Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass ; also for 2 Sopranos and Bass.)

BLOW, gentle gales, and on your wing
Our long-expected succours bring.

Look, look again !

'T is all in vain.

Lo ! behold a pennant waving—

'T is the sea-bird's pinions laving.

Hark ! a signal fills the air—

'T is the beetling rock resounding,

'T is the hollow wave rebounding,

Wild as our hope, and deep as our despair.

From "The Slave." (D'Almaine.)

CANZONET, *for 3 Voices*.—T. MORLEY, 1588.

(Soprano, Alto, and Tenor.)

BLOW, shepherds, blow your pipes,
With gladsome glee resounding ;
See, lo ! where the fair Eliza comes,
With love and heavenly grace abounding ;
Go nymphs, run apace, and meet her,
With flowers and garlands gay, goodly greet her.
All hail, Eliza fair, the country's goddess !
Long mayst thou live, the shepherd's queen and mistress.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices*.—ROBERT COOKE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

BORNE on the wings of lofty fame,
 To Albion's favoured island came
 The sceptred kings, whose glorious arms
 Appeased Europa's wild alarms ;
 Whose deeds, resplendent with renown,
 Restored each exiled monarch's crown :
 They bade the raging battle cease,
 And gave the hostile nations peace.
 Far as the circling sun their virtues shine, [line.
 Upheld by England's Prince, blest heir of Brunswick's
 (Lonsdale.)

 CANON (*six in three*).—R. WOODWARD.

Bow down thine ear, O Lord! and hear me ; for I
 am poor and in misery : comfort the soul of thy servant,
 who putteth his trust in thee.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—WALMISLEY.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

BOY, I hate their empty shows,
 Persian garlands I detest ;
 Bring not me the late-blown rose,
 Lingering after all the rest.
 Plainer myrtle pleases me,
 Thus outstretched beneath my vine—
 Myrtle more becoming thee,
 Waiting with thy master's wine.

Words translated from Horace by Cowper.

Walmisley's 1st Collection.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—PAXTON.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

BRAIDING chaplets the other day,
 Amongst the roses Cupid lay ;
 Soon as I spyed the wanton thing,
 I slyly caught him by the wing ;
 Then plunged him in a brimming glass,
 And drink it to my favourite lass :
 Since when I swear I feel no rest,
 The rogue so flutters in my breast.

(Mills.)

QUARTET.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

BREATHE my harp, ye groves resound,
 And pour my song on Mador's ear ;
 I pace the sacred oak around :
 Hark ! the tuneful bard draws near ;
 Thus we tread this holy ground,
 With solemn footsteps soft and slow.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 3. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

BREATHE soft, ye winds ! ye waters, gently flow ;
 Shield her, ye trees—ye flowers, around her grow ;
 Ye swains, I beg you pass in silence by,
 My love in yonder vale asleep doth lie.

Ye warbling choir, reserve your cheerful lay,
 To glad my waking fair, your music stay ;
 And fancy's busy occupation be,
 To bring some pleasing imagery of me.

Words by Phillips.

Convito Harmonico.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—LODGE ELLERTON, Esq.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul!
 No lovelier spirit than thine
 E'er burst from its mortal control,
 In the orbs of the blessed to shine.
 On earth thou wert all but divine,
 As thy soul shall immortally be;
 And our sorrow may cease to repine,
 For we know that our God is with thee.
 Light be the turf of thy tomb,
 May its verdure like emeralds be;
 There should not be a shadow of gloom,
 In aught that reminds us of thee.
 Young flowers and an evergreen tree
 May spring from the spot of thy rest,
 But nor cypress nor yew let us see,
 For why should we mourn for the blest?

Words by Lord Byron.

(Hawes.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—WALMISLEY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

BRIGHT while smiles the sparkling wine,
 Music, breathe thy softened strain,
 Bid the heart its griefs resign,
 Useless cares and wishes vain.
 Time our sorrow or our joy
 Heedless will alike destroy.

Hope, to cheer the path we tread,
 Can but bid her violets spring ;
 Mirth but round her sunshine spread,
 Pleasure but her roses bring.
 Catch, enjoy the noontide ray,
 Ere lowers the sky, ere sets the day.

Words by Professor Smyth, of Peter-House, Cambridge.
 (Cramer and Co.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—BATTISHILL.

BUT thirty years Tom lived, 't is true,
 But living thirty, threescore knew ;
 For instead of sleeping fifteen, he
 Who never sleeps must sixty be ;
 This Tom averred, and nobly cried,
 He 'd never sleep, then sleeping died.

Warren's Collection, No. 4.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—M. P. KING.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell ?
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side ;
 The lowing herd, the sheepfold's simple bell ;
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried ;

In the low valley echoing far and wide,
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;
 The hollow murmur of the ocean's tide ;
 The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

Words from Beattie's Minstrel.

(Mills.)

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices.*—G. J. SKELTON.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

BY Ribble's stream I'll pass my days,
 If wishes aught avail ;
 For all that mortals want or praise
 Is found in Ribblesdale.

Here heath-clad hills and caverned dells,
 And rocks and rills prevail,
 And sylvan glens and fairy cells
 Abound in Ribblesdale.

Impetuous gushing waterfalls
 The startled ear assail,
 While each impending crag appals
 The eye in Ribblesdale.

The meads are decked by Flora's hand,
 Her gifts perfume the gale,
 And Bacchus dyes with magic wand
 The floods of Ribblesdale.

The sweet though fatal power of love,
 Which sighing swains bewail,
 No witching beauties ere could prove
 Like those of Ribblesdale.

'T was here the gallant feats befell
 Which fill the poet's tale ;
 For all the deeds romances tell
 Were done in Ribblesdale.

Be court or city others' lot,
 While rustic scenes I hail ;
 Be mine, in some sequestered spot,
 The charms of Ribblesdale.

(Novello.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—J. STAFFORD SMITH.

By shady woods and purling streams,
 I spend my life in pleasing dreams ;
 And would not for the world be taught
 To change my false delightful thought ;
 For who, alas ! can happy be,
 That does the truth of all things see ?

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—I. M^cMURDIE, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

By the dark-rolling waters they raised the hero's tomb;
 the song of bards rose over the dead. Blest be thy soul,
 son of Semo! thou wert mighty in battle; thy strength
 was like the strength of a stream; thy speed like the
 eagle's wing: thy path in battle was terrible. Peace to
 thy soul in thy cave!

Words from Ossian.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices*.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

By the moon we sport and play,
 With the night begins our day;
 As we frisk the dew doth fall,
 Trip it little urchins all.
 Lightly as the little bee,
 Two by two, and three by three,
 And about, about go we.

(Mills.)

CANON (*three in one*).—Dr. NARES.

By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept,
when we remembered thee, O Sion!

Psalm CXXXVII.

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—BERG.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

CAN you tell me what I think?
Yes, I know your thought—'t is drink:
Will you then my thought pursue?
Yes, I'll think and drink like you.

Warren's Collection, No. 7.

ROUND, *for 5 Voices*.—S. WEBBE.

CARE flies from the lad who is merry,
Whose heart is as sound,
Whose cheeks are as round,
As plump and red as a cherry.

Ladies' Catch-Book.

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—J. GARTH, of Durham.

CARE, thou canker of our joys,
 Now thy tyrant reign is o'er,
 Fill the merry bowl my boys,
 Join in Bacchanalian roar.

Seize the villain, plunge him in !
 See the hated miscreant dies ;
 Mirth, and all thy train, come in,
 Banish sorrow, tears and sighs.

O'er the merry midnight bowl,
 Oh how happy shall we be !
 Day was made for vulgar soul—
 Night, my boys, for you and me.

Words by Dr. Grant.

(Walker.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—SPOFFORTH.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

CAUGHT by my Delia's ruby lip,
 A bee, who took it for a flower,
 Hastened the tempting balm to sip,
 Its dewy fragrance to devour.
 Then quaffing the nectareous juice,
 Elate with bliss, enraptured cries,
 Thee for my honey-bank I choose,
 And Hybla's sweets henceforth despise.

(Hawes.)

CANZONET, *for 3 Voices.*—T. MORLEY, 1588.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

CEASE, mine eyes, this your lamenting,
 In vain you hope of her hard heart's relenting :
 Oh, cease your flowing,
 Drop not so fast, where no grace is growing.
 See, she laughs, she plays and smiles,
 With joy and gladness,
 To see your grief and sadness.
 O Love, thou art abused,
 Was ever true love scornfully thus used ?

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(2 Sopranos, or 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

CHE dolce liquore ! che amabile frutto !
 Beviamolo tutto, che buono sarà.
 Che venga il piacere, che fuggasi il lutto,
 Beviamolo, tutto, che bene ci farà.
 Di Bacco il liquore fa liete, felice,
 Beviamolo, amici, che gusto ci da ;
 Dal Nume del vino prendiamo gli auspici,
 Beviamolo, amici, che meglio ci stà.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—J. C. PRING.

(2 Altos, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

CHLOE found Amyntas lying
 All in tears upon the plain,
 Sighing to himself and crying,—
 “ Wretched I, to love in vain !
 Ever scorning and denying
 To reward a faithful swain,
 Kiss me, dear, before my dying,
 Kiss me once and ease my pain.”
 Chloe, laughing at his crying,
 Told him that he loved in vain ;
 But, repenting and complying,
 When he kissed, she kissed again.

Words by Dryden.

Warren's Collection, No. 31.

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices.*—T. MORLEY, 1588.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

CLORINDA, false, adieu ! thy love torments me,
 Let Thyrsis have thy heart since he contents thee.
 Oh grief and bitter anguish,
 For thee unkind I languish ;
 Fain I alas would hide it,
 Oh but who can abide it ?

Adieu then, farewell! leave me, death now desiring ;
 Thou hast lo! thy requiring :
 So spake Philistus, on his hook relying,
 And sweetly, sweetly fell a-dying.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. CHARD.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

COLD are the breezes on Greenland's coast,
 Where breakers of ice meet the billow ;
 But love is the Greenland hunter's host,
 His pole-star, his pilot, his pillow.
 Joyous he welcomes the solar ray,
 Dancing the twilight all away.

When the sun o'er his hazy horizon rides,
 In his radiant course thus surrounding,
 In his fur-clad surge through the valleys he slides,
 Where the bear and the beaver are bounding.
 How jovial the sport of a Greenland day,
 Hunting the six months away !

Pale is the light of the polar star,
 From the chase that directs him so weary,
 When the sun in the ocean sinks his car,
 And consigns him to darkness so dreary.
 Then how sweet in the arms of his love to stay,
 Slumbering the six months' night away !

Words by Montgomery.

(Hawes.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE, Jun.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

COME away, come away, death!
 And in sad cypress let me be laid;
 Fly away, fly away, breath!
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 O prepare it;
 My part of death no one so true
 Did share it.
 Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be strown;
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse where my bones shall be thrown.
 A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, Oh where
 Sad true lover never find my grave,
 To weep there.

Words by Shakspeare.

(Chappell.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—BATTISHILL.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

COME bind my brows, ye wood-nymphs fair,
 With ivy-wreaths, come bind my brows;
 Hence, grief and woe, and pain and care,
 To Bacchus I'll devote my vows.

Dull cynic rules are fit for schools,
 Let those digest the food who can ;
 But love and wine shall still be mine,
 Oh let me laugh out all my span.

No wounds, O Love, e'er let me feel,
 But such as spring from eyes and shapes ;
 A curse on those that come by steel,
 I hate all blood, but blood of grapes.

Then fill up high the bowl, that I
 May drink and laugh at fools of sense ;
 Why need we fear to want next year ?
 'T will be all one a hundred hence.

Words by T. Moreen.

Battishill's 1st Collection.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—C. SPENCER.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

COME, come away, sweet love !
 The golden morning breaks ;
 All earth, all air of love—
 Of love and pleasure speaks.
 Come, come away, sweet love !
 The golden morning wastes ;
 While, from his fiery sphere,
 The sun his arrows casts ;

And all the shadows fill the grove,
 Playing—
 Staying—
 To entertain the stealth of love.

(Novello.)

Candidate for the Catch-Club Prize, 1839.

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

COME, dearest love, let us retire,
 Day's lamp is gone, light doth expire.
 Can I complain when thou art nigh me?
 Shine out bright eyes! night, I defy thee.
 Oh no, sweet night, let me not chide thee,
 Tarry, and to Love's altar guide me.

Ladies' Catch-Book.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—J. PARRY.

(Alto, Tenor, or 2 Sopranos, and Bass.)

COME, fairies, trip it on the grass
 With a ho, ho, ho, ho!
 And mock dull mortals as they pass,
 With a ho, ho, ho, ho!
 While the stars are shining bright
 Let us dance by their sparkling light,
 With a ho, ho, ho, ho!
 Slowly rising see the moon,
 By her beams we'll revel soon.

Behold yon swain
 Steals o'er the plain,
 To meet a lady gay ;
 Be your employ
 To mar their joy,
 And lead the youth astray.
 But hark, hark, hark !
 The warbling lark
 Attunes her matin hymn :
 Away, away !
 'T will soon be day,
 The stars are growing dim.
 Then away, away—
 'T will soon be day ;
 No more our freaks pursue ;
 We 'll meet at night
 By Cynthia's light,
 And then our sports renew,
 With a ho, ho, ho, ho !

(Novello.)

*Words by John Parry.*GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—L. ATTERBURY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

COME fill the board with generous wine,
 And let us regale at Bacchus' shrine ;
 With harmony and friendship crowned,
 Let us push the bottle swiftly round ;
 A sentiment, my friends, let us give—
 May we enjoy the days we live !

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—JOLLY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

COME fill the goblet, fill it high!
 Nectareous streams, a rich supply,
 Shall cheer my thirsty soul;
 If care should float upon the wave,
 Let him be buried, and the grave
 A deep capacious bowl.

(Jolly's 1st Collection.)

CANON, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. HAYES.

COME, follow me
 To the greenwood tree,
 Where the well-toned horn
 Sounds sweet in the morn,
 While the stag is in view
 And the hunters pursue,
 With a Tally-ho!
 And our horses dart fire from their eyes.
 O'er hills and o'er dales
 Their ardour prevails;
 With the hounds in full cry,
 While we halloo, and follow
 The game, till it pants, till it dies.

This gained a Prize Medal, 1765.

(Coventry and Co.)

CANON, *for 4 equal Voices.*—WM. BATES.

COME follow me with merry glee,
 And hail the blushing morn ;
 Hark forward, our game is in view,
 Which we pursue with deep-toned horn.
 O'er hills and o'er rocks
 We follow the fox ;
 For see, more slow he moves,
 And now he dies.

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

COME forth, sweet spirit, from thy cloudy cave,
 Far in the bosom of the starless night,
 And suddenly above the mountain top
 Lifting thy placid beauty all at once,
 Spread a still rapture o'er the encircling earth
 That seems just waking from some heavenly dream.
 Hail! soft-browed sovereign of the sea and sky ;
 Thee heaven and all its glories worship—thee
 Worships old ocean with its million waves ;
 Even though 'mid fleecy clouds as still as snow,
 Or the blue depths of stainless sanctity,
 Lies thy beloved way.

Address to the Moon, by J. Wilson, Esq.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 2. (D'Almaine and Co.)

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—BERG.

COME, friends and companions, let's take a full glass,
 And each drink a health to his favourite lass ;
 With wine and with love let this evening be crowned,
 Let no envy or discord among us be found ;
 With hearts free from trouble we cheerfully sing
 Huzza for our country, huzza for our king !

Warrens Collection, No. 1.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—DR. CALLCOTT.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

COME, gentle spring, ethereal mildness come,
 And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
 While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
 Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.
 And see where surly winter passes off
 Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts ;
 His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
 The shattered forest and the ravaged vale.
 While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch
 The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.
 Be gracious, heaven ! ye fostering breezes, blow !
 Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend, [year.
 And temper all, thou world-reviving sun, into the perfect
 While in the rosy vale Love breathes his infant sighs,
 From anguish free, and full replete with bliss,
 Save the sweet pain that inly thrilling
 But exalts it more.

Sale's Collection.

Words from Thompson's Seasons.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—J. R. MAC FARLANE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

COME gather around,
 We'll encircle the flowing bowl;
 For the bowl hath a charm,
 Hath a spell to disarm
 Every foe to the mirthful soul.
 O join in the song!
 There is virtue in social glee;
 It will bring relief
 To the pangs of grief,
 And dark care from its voice will flee.

Words by J. Black, Esq.

(Z. T. Purday.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—R. ANDREWS.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

COME, gentle sleep,
 Attend thy votary's prayer,
 Though death's image
 To my couch repair.
 How sweet thus lifeless,
 Lifeless thus to lie,
 Thus without dying
 Oh how sweet to die.

Words by Dr. Wolcot.

(Hawes.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—V. NOVELLO.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

(Arranged also for Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

COME, hie away, away with me,
 Away, my love, to the greenwood tree;
 The sun has left his ocean bed,
 The happy lark is on the wing,
 Let no one talk of drowsihed,
 For this is old May morning.

We'll sit beneath the flowering bough,
 And hear the thrush his bridal sing,
 And I will deck thy gentle brow
 With gems of old May morning.

Then hie away, etc.

Pale primrose and blue violet,
 Cowslip with head down turning,
 Shall form thy sylvan coronet,
 My queen of old May morning.

Then hie away, etc.

And thus the hours shall glide along
 On dove-like blessed wing,
 While thus we sing our woodland song,
 To welcome old May morning.

Then hie away, etc.

And when the day has well-nigh tolled,
 And we are home returning,
 We'll talk of those in times of old
 Who danced on old May morning.
 Then hie away, etc.

(Novello.)

Words by Charles Cowden Clarke.

CATCH, for 3 Voices.—**JOHN WORGAN, Mus. Bac.**

COME hither, my merry boys, all in a ring,
 Let us drink, and let us sing;
 Here's a health to the queen,
 And a health to the king,
 And a health to my merry boys all in a ring!

Warren's Collection, No. 10.

ROUND, for 3 Voices.—**S. IVES, 1650.**

COME, honest friends and jovial boys,
 Come follow me,
 And sing this Catch merrily.

Convito, (Chappell,) also Bland's Collection, Vol. 1.

GLEE, for 4 Voices.—**C. SPENCER.**

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

COME, Jenny, let me sip the dew
 That on those coral lips doth play,
 One kiss would every care subdue,
 And bid my weary soul be gay.

For surely thou wert formed by love,
 To bless the sufferer's parting sigh ;
 In pity then my griefs remove,
 And on thy bosom let me die.

Words by T. Gent.

This Glee gained the Prize at the Glee Club, April 6th, 1839.
 (Novello.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—R. WOODWARD.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

COME let us sit, let's drink and sing,
 And pay our orgies to the spring ;
 Chant we so loud that all the spheres,
 Struck mute, may voices change for ears.
 Let us be genial, and our lays
 As wanton as the April days ;
 Now while we're fresh we're light and clever,
 O let us now sing all together.

Op. 1.

CATCH, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

COME let's away and join the jovial throng :
 Hark ! 't is Bacchus calls us in a song ;
 Your festive rites prepare, fill up the bowl,
 Let all tonight be mirth without control.

Ladies' Catch-Book.

EPIGRAM, *for 2 Voices.*—W. JACKSON.

(Soprano and Tenor.)

COME leave us, here pleasure is queen,
 With rapture we bow at her shrine;
 Among us thou must not be seen,
 No, there's danger—we'll drown thee in wine.
 Indeed thou'rt too grave to endure,
 Thou wouldst rob us of all our delight,
 Thou'rt long enough with us, I'm sure;
 Then prithee excuse us tonight.

Jackson's Epigrams.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—WM. GREGORIE, 1672.

(2 Sopranos, or 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

COME let us laugh, let us dance, let us sing;
 The winter to us is as good as the spring.
 We care not a feather
 For wind or for weather,
 By night and by day
 We sport and play,
 Conferring our notes together.

*These words are also set as a Round for 3 Voices, by Dr. Green in
 the Convito.*

(Howell and King.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

COME let's have a catch,
 Or a comical song, or a glee;
 We met to be merry,
 Am I to begin, or is he?
 Pox take it! let's drink away sorrow,
 I love to be cheerful, and banish my care till tomorrow.
 Begin it again.
 Don't laugh so—he's out!
 See from laughing he cannot refrain,
 So give him a bumper, and let him
 Begin it again.

Ladies' Catch-Book.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

COME, love, since time creeps on apace,
 And age makes no delay,
 Since neither wit, nor form, nor face,
 Can charm the tyrant's sway;
 Come, let us leave this care-worn throng,
 Where sighs nor sorrows cease,
 'Mid rural scenes the day prolong,
 And live and love in peace.
 And there, dear maid, the rosy hours
 New transports still shall bring;
 There all of life, to hearts like ours,
 Is one un-ending spring.

(Hawes.)

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices.*—T. MORLEY, 1588.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, and Tenor.)

COME, lovers, follow me,
 And leave this weeping,
 See where the lovely little god
 Sweetly lies a-sleeping :
 Soft then, softly for fear we wake him,
 And to his bow he take him ;
 Oh ! then, if he but spy us,
 Whither shall we then fly us ?
 And if he come upon us,
 Out, well away ! then are we woe-begone-us ;
 Hence then, away, follow me, begone, dispatch us !
 And that apace, ere he wake, for fear he catch us.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—JOLLY.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

COME, Lucy, my love, on the wings of a dove,
 Hither fly, to my cottage repair ;
 And leave the gay town to folks of renown,
 Where truth and pure love are so rare.
 The rose and the vine round my lattice entwine,
 In garlands so perfumed and gay ;
 The peach and the plum invite you to come,
 All things charge your tardy delay.

In kirtle of green shall my Lucy be seen,
 Bedecked with each fanciful flower,
 My lambs and my kine, my sheepcrook be thine,
 My shepherdess, these be thy dower !
 With bosoms elate shall the cottagers wait,
 To greet thee a glad welcome home ;
 The maidens are singing, the village-bells ringing,
 Ah, Lucy, why will you not come ?

Words by J. Banister.

Posthumous Collection. (Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—DANBY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

COME, my Laura, haste away !
 Come with all thy sweetness gay ;
 What have we with crowds to do,
 What with courtly pomp and show ?
 Now when Sol's declining fire
 A thousand tender thoughts inspire,
 Let us trace yon upland grove,
 And banquet on the sweets of love ;
 The Muses shall attend our walk,
 And sentiment illumine our talk ;
 For all conspire their bliss to crown
 Whose animated souls are one.

(Coventry and Co.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—J. C. PRING.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

COME, O haste thee, beauteous spring,
 To deck once more the teeming earth;
 Come, O haste! and with thee bring
 Gentle love and smiling mirth.
 The melting frosts bedew the way
 Where'er thy flowery footsteps tread,
 The morning breezes round thee play,
 Perfumes the fluttering zephyrs spread.
 Come, O haste! and with thee bring
 Gentle love and smiling spring.
 She comes! behold o'er yonder hill,
 The rising verdure marks her way;
 Now let the pipe exert its skill,
 And virgin voices chant the lay.

Warren's Collection, No. 31.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—DANBY.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

COME, pretty bird, and sweetly sing,
 But let it be my Delia's song;
 And as I touch the trembling string,
 Each note repeat, each strain prolong.
 Ah! little minstrel, are you there?
 Sure thou wert taught to play thy part;
 By such a soft engaging air
 My Delia first ensnared my heart:

My ravished senses stood amazed,
 Enchanted by each magic tone ;
 My heart, my eyes, on Delia gazed,
 'Till neither I could call my own.

Danby's Collection, 3rd Book.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(2 Tenors, and Bass.)

COME, push round with spirit the liquor divine,
 He's a fool who to care is a slave ;
 When we part with this world, we part with good wine,
 Nay there's not e'en small beer in the grave.
 Now look at that bottle, a good-natured fellow,
 I admire such a generous elf!
 Who, whenever we choose to be joyous and mellow,
 Scorns to keep e'en a drop for himself.

Words by Dr. Wolc

Ladies' Catch-Book.

EPIGRAM, *for 4 Voices.*—W. JACKSON.

(2 Sopranos, Tenor, and Bass.)

COME, push round with spirit the nectar divine,
 He's a fool who to care is a slave,
 While we may, let us laugh, and take off our wine,
 For we all must be sober when laid in the grave.

Now look at that bottle, a good-natured fellow,
 I like such a generous elf!
 Who, whenever we choose to enjoy and be mellow,
 Scorns to keep e'en a drop for himself.

Jackson's Epigrams.

ROUND, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE, JUN.

COME, quaff the flowing bowl!
 Drinking joys exalt the soul,
 Of all joys the purest—ta, ra, la!
 Let the miser worship pelf,
 I to wine devote myself,
 Life, while thou endurest—ta, ra, la!

Generous wine, how high thy praise!
 Happy nights and happy days
 Thou to all insurest—ta, ra, la!
 He by whom thou art not prized,
 Lives a wretch and dies despised;
 Thou all sorrow curest—ta, ra, la!

(Mills.)

Words from Der Frieschutz.

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—JAMES ELLIOTT.

(Soprano, Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

COME, see what pleasures in our plains abound,
 The woods, the fountains, and the flowery ground;
 As you are beauteous, were you half so true, [you.
 Here could I live, here could I love, and die with only

(Cramer and Co.)

Words translated from Virgil.

These Words are also set as a Madrigal by M. P. King.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—T. COOKE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

COME, spirits of air, to the carnival feast,
 Ere the moonlight is hid or the viol has ceased ;
 Come, nymphs of the fountain that sparkle in streams,
 And spirits that glide on the wandering beams.
 Oeo ! Oeo ! our bark glides along
 To the sound of the timbrel, the viol and song.

Spirits that gather the bloom of wild flowers,
 And feed on the sweets of the Cashmere bowers ;
 Spirits that wander o'er regions of snow,
 And fairies that flit from the wandering bow.
 Oeo ! Oeo ! our bark glides along
 To the sound of the timbrel, the viol and song.

Spirits that slumber in the virginal's note ;
 Spirits that habit in the summer's beam mote ;
 Spirits that murmur in the Nereid's shell,
 As ye weave in the moonlight your magical spell.
 Oeo ! Oeo ! our bark glides along
 To the sound of the timbrel, the viol and song.

Haste ! 't is the feast of the carvinal night ;
 Our souls are abroad in the silvery light ;
 Our hearts beat with joy, and our spirits are high,
 As we laugh in the moonbeam that falls from the sky.
 Oeo ! Oeo ! our bark glides along
 To the sound of the timbrel, the viol and song.

This gained the Prize at the Catch Club, 1830.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—W. SHORE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

COME, sweet Mirth, with your fantastic train,
 Whirling o'er the giddy brain ;
 Come, hither come, young buxom maid,
 In all your sweetest charms arrayed,
 To live with me in rural bowers,
 Spangled o'er with spring-tide flowers ;
 Or to find some forest glade,
 Where beneath an oak-tree's shade
 We may spend the live-long day
 In jest, and merry roundelay.

This Glee obtained the Prize at the Manchester Glee Club, 1831.

(Novello.)

 TRIO.—Sir GEORGE SMART.

(3 Sopranos.)

COME, take up your hats, and away let us haste
 To the butterfly's ball and the grasshopper's feast ;
 The trumpeter gadfly has summoned the crew,
 And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On the smooth-shaven grass by the side of a wood,
 Beneath a broad oak that for ages has stood,
 There the children of earth and the tenants of air
 For an evening's amusement together repair.

And there came the beetle so blind and so black,
 Who carried the emmet his friend on his back ;
 And there was the gnat, and the dragon-fly too,
 With all their relations, green, orange, and blue.

And there came the moth with his plumage of down,
 And the hornet in jacket of yellow and brown ;
 Who with him the wasp, his companion, did bring,
 But they promised that evening to lay by their sting.

Then the sly little dormouse crept out of his hole,
 And led to the feast his blind brother the mole ;
 And the snail with his horns peeping out from his shell,
 Came, fatigued with the distance, the length of an ell.

A mushroom their table, and on it was laid
 A water-dock leaf, which a table-cloth made ;
 The viands were various, to each of their taste,
 And the bee brought her honey to crown the repast.

With step so majestic the snail did advance,
 And promised the gazers a minuet to dance ;
 But they all laughed so loud that he pulled in his head,
 And went in his own little chamber to bed.

Then as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
 Their watchman, the glow-worm, came out with a light ;
 So home let us hasten while yet we can see,
 For no watchman is waiting for you and for me.

(Coventry and Co.)

Words by W. Roscoe.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.—with chorus *ad lib.*)

COME, thou monarch of the vine,
 Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne ;
 In thy vats our cares be drowned ;
 With thy grapes our hairs be crowned !
 Cup us till the world goes round !

Words by Shakspeare.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 1. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. C. CLIFTON.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

COME to these scenes of peace,
 Where the river murmuring,
 The sweet birds all summer sing,
 Where pain and sorrow cease :
 Stranger, does thy heart deplore
 Friends whom thou must see no more ?
 Does thy injured spirit prove
 Pangs of hopeless severed love ?
 Thee, the streams that whisper near,
 Thee, the birds that carol clear
 Shall soothe, as silent thou dost lie
 And dream to their sweet lullaby.

(Collard and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—MORLEY.

(2 Sopranos, and Bass.)

COMELY swain, why sittest thou so?—Fa, la, la!
 Folded arms are signs of woe:—Fa, la, la!
 If the nymph no favour show—Fa, la, la!
 Choose another, let her go.—Fa, la, la!

Wheatston's Harmonist.

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—T. COOKE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

COMRADES, come,
 Let's push about the liquor,
 And drink to the toast,
 That the cup may go round quicker;
 Good fellowship be still our boast!
 Then drink, boys, drink!
 A fig for our foes,
 And whate'er they can do;
 Our hearts they are sound,
 And our wine is so too.
 So drink, boys, drink!

(Williams.)

*Words by Soane.*ELEGY, *for 3 Voices.*—W. JACKSON.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

COULD he whom my dissembled rigour grieves
 But know what torment to my soul it gives,
 He'd find how fondly I'd return his flame,
 And want myself the pity he would claim.

Unhappy partner of my killing pain,
 Think what I feel the moment you complain ;
 Each sigh you utter wounds my tenderest part,
 So much my words misrepresent my heart.

When from your eyes the falling drops distil,
 My vital blood in every tear you spill ;
 And all these mournful agonies I hear,
 Are but the echoes of my own despair.

No. 3. *Words translated from the Italian by Sir S. Garth.*

TRIO.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos, and Bass.)

CRABBED age and youth
 Cannot live together ;
 Age is full of care,
 Youth like summer morn ;
 Age like winter weather,
 Youth like summer brave ;
 Age like winter bare,
 Youth is full of sport ;
 Age's breath is short,
 Youth is nimble, age is lame ;
 Youth is warm and bold,
 Age is weak and cold ;
 Youth is wild, and age is tame ;
 Age, I do abhor thee ;
 Youth, I do adore thee !

O my love, my love is young ;
 Age, I do defy thee !
 O good shepherd, hie thee,
 For methinks thou stayest too long.

Words from Shakspeare.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 3. (D'Almaine and Co.)

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—W. HORSLEY, MUS. BAC.

CRETHIS, whom all the Samian nymphs admire
 For sportive Attic wit and youthful fire,
 Ah ! vainly now upon her name they call,
 That sleep hath seized on *her* that waits on all.

Horsley's 1st Collection. (Lonsdale.)

Words from the Greek of Callimachus.

CANZONET, *for 3 Voices.*—T. MORLEY, 1588.

(2 Sopranos, and Bass.)

CRUEL ! you pull away
 Too soon your dainty lips,
 When as you kiss me ;
 But you should hold them still,
 And then should you bless me.
 Now or ere I taste them,
 Straight away they haste them ;
 But you perhaps retire them

To move my thoughts, thereby to fire them :
 Alas ! such baits you need to find out never,
 If you would let me, I would kiss them ever.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices*.—JOHN DYNE.

(2 Tenors, and Bass.)

CUPID no more shall give me grief,
 Or anxious cares oppress my soul,
 While generous Bacchus gives relief,
 And drowns them in a flowing bowl.
 Celia, thy scorn I now despise,
 Thy boasted empire I disown ;
 This takes the brightness from thy eyes,
 And makes it sparkle in my own.

Warren's Collection, No. 9.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—JAMES ELLIOTT.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

CUPID once upon a bed
 Of roses laid his weary head :
 Luckless urchin, not to see
 Within the leaves a slumbering bee.
 The bee awaked, with anger wild,
 The bee awaked and stung the child.
 Loud and piteous are his cries,
 To Venus quick he runs—he flies ;
 “ O mother ! I am wounded through,
 I die with pain—indeed I do.”
 Thus he spoke ; and she the while
 Heard him with a soothing smile ;
 Then said, “ My infant, if so much
 Thou feel the little wild bee's touch,
 How must that heart, ah ! Cupid, be,
 The hapless heart that 's stung by thee ?”

Words by T. Moore.

ROUND, for 4 Voices.—Dr. COOKE.

CURST as the evil one is he,
 The unhappy wretch who is tied to thee ;
 Who sees and hears thee wildly rage,
 Whilst nought thy fury can assuage.
 'T is this deprives my soul of rest,
 This raises horrors in my breast ;
 For whilst I hear in anguish tost,
 My courage fails, my voice is lost ;
 My hair's erect, and chilling dread
 O'er all my vital frame is spread :
 My scared eye-balls shun the sight,
 Deaf are my ears with dire affright ;
 My trembling limbs cold sweats bedew,
 Terrific fears my blood subdue ;
 Dreading at last a longer stay,
 I rise, take breath, and run away.

A Parody on the celebrated fragment of " Sappho to Lesbia," the English translation of which begins " Blest as the immortal Gods is he !"

Warren's Collection, No. 15.

GLEE, for 3 Voices.—J. C. NIGHTINGALE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

DARK is the night, and the blast doth howl,
 But our faggots brightly blaze ;
 Then light be each soul, though the dark clouds roll,
 And we'll drink to our happy days.

When meads are sprinkled o'er with flowers,
 And smiling spring appears,
 And fragrance follows gentle showers,
 Lovely as beauty's tears—
 When streams are clear and skies are bright,
 And the lark is warbling high,
 For souls that dwell with deep delight,
 On that sweet melody—
 We travellers take a staff and scrip,
 And journey through the land
 In bonds of happy fellowship,
 A merry roving band.
 When summer's scorching ray
 Descends upon the plains,
 By brooks which through the valleys stray,
 A cool retreat we gain ;
 And whilst our frugal meal we take
 Beneath some spreading tree,
 The birds delicious music make
 In our leafy canopy.
 When the sun is gone, and the moon doth shed
 Her soft and mellow light,
 Then the path how cheerily we tread,
 That leads to rest at night.
 When autumn's chilling night-winds blow,
 And leaves bestrew the ground,
 And crimson hip and purple sloe
 In hedge and brake abound ;
 When clustering fruit is gathered in,
 And the farmer brews his ale,

To cheer the wanderer who may win
 A shelter from the gale ;
 We, like the swallow, take our flight
 From winter's surly reign,
 And round the fire we meet each night
 To chant a merry strain.

Words by W. Stringer, Esq.

(Monro and May.)

GLEE, for 3 Voices.—SPOFFORTH.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

DAUGHTER of Jove, Aonian maid !
 Auspicious grant our suppliant prayer ;
 O'er all our efforts shed thine aid,
 And shield us with thy fostering care ;
 In sweetest harmony attune the lays,
 And strike the vocal shell in Polyhymnia's praise.
 Thus by thy genial warmth inspired,
 May no annoying care intrude ;
 No rankling thought by envy fired,
 No secret wish, no discord rude.
 Here then amid social mirth and glee,
 With flowing cups to beauty crowned ;
 Their strain, each chaunting cheerily,
 May Polyhymnia's sons be found.

(Hawes.)

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. COOKE.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power ;
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
 The bad affright, afflict the best ;
 Oh gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dread goddess ! lay thy chastening hand ;
 Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
 Not girt with pain, despair, and want, thy vengeful band.

Thy form benign, O goddess ! wear,
 Thy milder influence impart ;
 Thy philosophic train be there,
 To soften, not to wound, my heart.
 The generous spark, extinct, revive,
 Teach me to love and to forgive ;
 Exact my own defects, to scan
 What others are, to feel and know myself a man.

Words by Gray.

Op. 5. (Mills.)

ELEGY, *for 4 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

DAUGHTERS of Albion, once there grew a flower,
 The sweetest and the fairest of the bower ;
 The lovely spring in all her radiance smiled,
 And called the beauteous plant her fairy child.

Day after day, with over-anxious care,
 She watched the rising stem, and thought how fair,
 How beautiful it grew; and if a storm,
 Perchance, too rudely shook its tender form,
 Her rosy fingers curtained it around,
 While her refreshing tears bedew'd the ground.
 For this the morning shed salubrious balm;
 For this the evening sprinkled holy calm;
 For this the night her canopy o'erspread,
 And wept the choicest drops upon its head.
 Did ever such a flower so honoured grow
 In the rude wilderness of life below?
 Oh! sure some angel plucked it from her sphere,
 While yet a bud, and bade it blossom here;
 But, fearful it might meet on earth a stain,
 Or Heaven would chide her, stole it back again.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

DEAR Celia, while poetic dreams
 To flowery vales and purling streams
 Confine a happy mind;
 While some, in their dear selves possess
 Of all that 's good, cry "To be blest,
 Retire, and quit mankind!"
 May no such false ideal bliss,
 No solitary joy like this
 My social mind deceive;

But may the world and I agree,
 In short—let others live for me,
 Let me for others live.

Posthumous Collection. (Novello.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

DEAR Innocence, where'er thou deign'st to dwell,
 The pleasures sport around thy simple cell;
 The song of nature melts from grove to grove;
 Perpetual sunshine sits upon thy vale;
 Content and health thy rural hamlet hail,
 And echo waits upon the voice of love.

Words by Dr. Wolcot.

Op. 3. (Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—T. COOKE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and 2 Basses.)

DEAR Innocence, where'er thou deign'st to dwell,
 The pleasures sport around thy simple cell;
 The song of nature melts from grove to grove;
 Eternal sunshine sits upon thy vale,
 And ruddy health thy hamlets hail,
 And echo waits upon the voice of love.

But where is scowling Guilt's abode?
 The specter'd heath and danger's cavern'd road.
 The shuffling monster treads with panting breath;
 The cloud-wrapt storm insulting roars around;
 Now fear appals him at the thunder's awful sound;
 He starts with horror at the flash of death!
 He calls on darkness with affright,
 And bids her pour her deepest night,
 Her clouds impenetrable bring,
 And hide him with her raven wing.
 Are these the pictures? then we need not muse,
 Nor gape, nor ponder which to choose;
 O Innocence, we each will be thy slave;
 Who, but the greatest fool, would be a knave?

Words by Dr. Wolcot

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

DEAREST, do not now delay me,
 Since thou know'st I must begone;
 Wind and tide 't is thought do stay me,
 But 't is wind that must be blown
 From that breath, whose native smell
 Indian odours far excels.

O then speak, thou fairest fair!
 Kill not him who vows to serve thee,
 But perfume the neighbouring air,
 Else dull silence sure will starve me;
 'Tis a word that's quickly spoken,
 But being restrained, a heart is broken.

*Words from Beaumont and Fletcher's Comedy
 of the Spanish Curate.*

Op. 3. (Lonsdale.)

CANZONET, for 3 Voices.—T. MORLEY, 1588.

(Soprano, Alto, and Bass.)

DEEP lamenting, grief bewraying,
 Poor Amyntas thus sat saying,
 Glut now thine eyes full, while I lye here a-dying,
 Killed with disdain, alas! and pity; crying,
 Now mayst thou laugh full merrily,
 For dead is the man, thy mortal enemy.
 O no! weep not, I cannot bide this blindness;
 All too late, now all too late, comes this your kindness.
 But if you would that death
 Should of life deprive me,
 Weep not, alas! lest
 You thereby revive me.
 Ah! cease to bewail me,
 My life now doth fail me.

(Novello.)

GLEE, for 3 Voices.—W. HAWES.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

DEEP silence hushed the midnight scene,
 Sweet sleep had sealed each wearied eye,
 And soothed to rest the wretch's woes ;
 But conscience, Mary, waked with thee.
 Through weeping clouds the moon so wan
 Uncertain shed a glimmering ray,
 From churchyard yew the nightingale
 Remurmur'd oft her woeful lay.

When trembling Mary's bed beside,
 A pale, pale spectre stood to view,
 And thrice his ghastly head he shook,
 And cried, " Behold thy Edwin true !
 Behold now fixed in death these eyes,
 That oft so fondly gazed on thee ;
 Behold, false maid, the feeble ghost
 Of one that mourned thy perjury !"

The phantom fled, the rosy dawn
 Awakes to genial joy the morn ;
 But genial joy nor rosy dawn
 Shall more to Mary's soul return.
 A ghost in every shade she sees,
 As she the tender scene broods o'er ;
 A voice she hears in every breeze
 Cry, Mary, thou shalt sleep no more !

Words by Silvester Otway.

From a Set of 6. (Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—C. STOKES.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

DELIGHTFUL thus the fleeting hours to spend
 In social pleasure for a social end,
 To feel that inward rapture of the soul
 Which undistinguish'd animates the whole !

Impromptu on the Pleasures of Music.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—DANBY.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

DID smiling Fortune bless my store,
 The Tuscan vase, the medal hoar,
 The tripod, valiant Greek's reward,
 Should show my friends my fond regard.
 For thee, whose favour most I prize,
 No worthless gift would I devise,
 Did I those models fair possess,
 Where forms of saints and chiefs express
 What Angelo's and Raphael's art
 To stone and colours could impart :
 But such to me have not been given
 By the indulgent hand of Heaven ;
 Nor does thy easy fortune need,
 Nor thy soul crave, so rich a meed.
 A song that every muse inspires
 Can fill the soul with rapturous fires ;
 A song from me thou mayst receive,
 And *hear* the worth of what I give.

(Danby's Collection.)

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices*.—T. MORLEY, 1588.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

DIE now, my heart! from thy delight exiled,
 Thy love is dead, and all our hope beguiled;

O Death, unkind and cruel,

To rob the world of that, her fairest jewel!

Shoot at me now, and spare not;

Kill me—I care not.

Think not, O Death, alas! thy dart will pain me;

Why shouldst thou here against my will retain me?

Oh hear a doleful wretch his crying,

Or I die, for want of dying!

(Novello.)

CANON (*three in one*).—STONERD, Mus. Bac. 1652.

(With a plain Song, to be sung by a fourth Person the whole time
 the Canon is performed, or to be sounded on a glass.)

DING, ding, ding, dong, bell!

O cruel Death, that stopped the breath

Of him I loved so well;

Alack and well away! it is a heavy day

As ever us befell:

Then for his sake some order let us take,

That we may ring his knell—

Ding dong, ding dong, bell!

Hark, hark ! I hear the bellman near,
 I hear the bell come ringing ;
 Go, bellman, before, and stand at the door,
 For now the corse is bringing :
 Make ready all anon, that we may begone,
 For all the bells are ringing.
 Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong !

(Mills.)

CANON, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

Dio immortale, in te riponga quegli
 Ch' ama il tuo gran nome, il suo
 Fasto e la sua gloria, perchè tu
 Quel solo sei che spandi sopra i
 Giusti e gioja e pace !

Ladies' Catch-Book.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—DANBY.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

DISTANT hie thee, carping Care,
 From the spot whereon I dwell ;
 Rigid mortals, come not there ;
 Frowns, begone to hermit's cell.
 But let me live the life of souls,
 With laughter, love, and flowing bowls !

Bland's Collection, No. 36. (Mills.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—WEBBE.

(Soprano, Tenor, and Bass.)

DIVINE Cecilia! goddess, heavenly maid!
 Bless us, thy humble votaries, with thy aid,
 That we to nations yet unborn may prove
 That music only is the food of love;
 Then shall this day for ever sacred be
 To thee, bright saint, to love and harmony.

Concentore's 2nd Collection. (Lonsdale.)

CATCH, *for 4 Voices.*—L. MARENZIO.

Do, Re, Mi, Fa!
 I 'm quite sick of this solfaing,
 I 've forgot all you've been saying.

(Mills.)

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—TRAVERS.

DOUBTLESS the pleasure is as great
 In being cheated as to cheat;
 As lookers-on feel most delight
 That least perceive the juggler's sleight;
 And still the less they understand,
 The more they admire his sleight of hand.

Warren's Collection, No. 1.

CATCH, *for 3 Voices*.—S. WEBBE.

Dov' è la mia bella,
 La mia pastorella,
 La mia amata ?
 E' andata—che farò ? Ohi me ! ohi me !

Ladies' Catch-Book.

CANZONET, *for 3 Voices*.—T. MORLEY, 1588.

(Soprano, Alto, and Tenor.)

Do you not know how Love lost first his seeing ?
 Because with me once gazing
 On those fair eyes, where all powers have their being,
 She with her beauty blazing,
 Which death might have revived,
 Him of his sight and me of heart deprived.

(Novello.)

TRIO.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

DREAR, and e'en when blooming drear,
 Scowls the heath, a patchless ground :
 There an arid tract, and here
 Plovers wing their marshy round.

And oft in some old ruined tower
 The perching raven loves to croak,
 Boding death's sad solemn hour ;
 And here and there a stately oak
 Stands blasted by the thunder-stroke.
 But cheer ! but cheer !
 Though the heath be drear,
 Thither go we, thither go we,
 And merry companions shall we be.
 Point the way, we've death in view,
 You shall lead, and I pursue.

Words by G. Colman the younger.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 3. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—W. RICHARDS.

(2 Sopranos, or 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

DREARY and dark comes on the night,
 Black clouds frown o'er the mountain's height ;
 The stream a foaming torrent flows,
 And fierce and keen the north wind blows.
 And see, amidst the rising storm,
 Across the moor what stranger form
 Bewildered wanders far astray :
 Stranger, whither lies thy way ?
 Weary and cold, o'erta'en by night,
 Much further yet to go ;
 No cheering star, no friendly light
 My lonely track to show.

Rest here tonight, content to share
 Our lowly roof, our humble fare :
 Black howls the tempest raging round,
 But peace and comfort here are found ;
 Toils, cares, and storms are all forgot,
 Thus welcomed to the mountain cot.

(Z. T. Purday.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

DRINK and rejoice ! for let us wisely think,
 My friend, we must not always laugh and drink ;
 Our heads we 'll crown with flowers and rich perfumes,
 Before they 're vainly lavished on our tombs.

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

TRIO.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

DRINK ! drink ! the red red wine,
 That in the goblet glows,
 Is hallowed by the blood that stained
 The ground whereon it grows.
 Drink ! drink ! there 's health and joy
 In its foam to the free and brave ;
 But it would blister up, like the elf king's cup,
 The pale lip of the slave.

Drink ! drink ! and as your hearts
 Are warmed by its ruby tide,
 Swear to live as free as your fathers lived,
 Or to die as your fathers died.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 3. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

DRUID, thy grove is virtue's throne ;
 To peace, to piety alone
 Thy central oak its shade extends :
 Here, melting in devotion's fires,
 The soul sublimed to Heaven aspires ;
 The dross subsides, the gold ascends.

Words from Mason's Caractacus.

(Mills.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—R. WOODWARD.

EACH hour, alas ! I older grow,
 Time on my temples sheds his snow ;
 And as I feel myself decay,
 And hasten to my mother clay,
 My past and present ills conspire
 To jade my muse and damp my fire.

Op. 1.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*,—with Chorus *ad lib.*

H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

E'EN as the sun, with purple-coloured face,
 Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
 Rose-cheeked Adonis hied him to the chace ;
 Hunting he loved, but love he laughed to scorn.

Words by Shakspeare.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 2. (D'Almaine and Co.)

TRIO.—J. HULLAH.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

EVENING shades around us falling,
 Mortals to their slumbers calling,
 Chide our longer stay :
 But in an hour, remember well,
 We meet again, till then farewell !
 Hence, we must away !

Words by J. Maddison Morton.

(Cramer and Co.)

CANZONET, *for 3 Voices*.—J. TRAVERS.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

FAIR and ugly, false and true,
 All to great Venus' yoke must bow ;
 Such pleasure in our pains she takes,
 She laughs to see what sport she makes.

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

FAIR as the blushing grape she stands,
 Tempting the gatherer's ready hands :
 Blossoms and fruit in her together meet,
 As ripe as Autumn, and as April sweet.

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

DUET.—S. WEBBE.

(Tenor and Bass.)

FAIR eye of night, by whose pale ray
 The sad desponding lovers stray,
 And praise in many a mournful lay
 The objects of their vows ;
 Say, gentle moon, if thou hast seen,
 Crowned with gay flowers, fair Beauty's queen,
 By rising hill, or daisied green,
 Or through the twisted boughs.

Say, hast thou seen those eyes, whose light
 Spangles the jetty robe of night,
 And makes the brow of darkness bright ?
 But ah ! I vainly dream :
 For hadst thou viewed their sunlight blaze,
 Thou wouldst have hid in deep amaze
 Thy lessen'd orb, to see their rays
 Eclipse thy silver beam.

Ladies' Catch-Book.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—SPOFFORTH.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

FAIR is my love, but not so fair as fickle ;
 Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty ;
 Brighter than glass, and yet as glass is brittle ;
 Softer than wax, and yet as iron rusty.
 A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
 None fairer, nor none falser, to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
 Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing !
 How many tales to please me hath she coined,
 Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing !
 Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
 Her faith, her oaths, her tears and all were jestings.

Words by Shakspeare.

(Hawes)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. ARNE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

FAIR the opening lily blows,
 Sweet the fragrant citron grows,
 Which perfumes the eastern grove :
 Say can aught with these compare ?
 Oh ! much fairer, sweeter far
 Bloom the charms of her I love.

Warren's Collection, No. 3.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—M. P. KING.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

FAR from hence be noisy clamour,
 Pale disgust and anxious fear ;
 Pining grief and wasting anguish
 Never keep their vigils here :
 But within the charmed bosom
 None but soft affections play ;
 Every ruder gust of passion,
 Lulled by music, dies away.

(Mills.)

QUINTET,—with Chorus *ad lib.*

H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Soprano, Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

FAR from home and all its pleasures,
 Parched beneath a burning sun,
 To increase a stranger's treasures,
 Still the slave must labour on.

Far from each delightful scene,
 Where in early youth he strayed,
 Sporting on the cheerful green,
 Or musing in the silent shade.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 3. (D'Almaine and Co.)

CANZONET, *for 3 Voices.*—T. MORLEY, 1588.

(Soprano, Alto, and Bass.)

FAREWELL, disdainful !
 Since no love avails me ;
 Oh ! sharp and bitter anguish,
 What discord, grief, assails me :
 Needs must I part, alas !
 Yet parting makes me languish,
 But yet it pleaseth thee ;
 Therefore, unkind, now adieu !
 There is no remedy.
 Oh ! come again, return thee :
 No more, false love, thy flames shall burn me ;
 No, no, be still, content thee ;
 When I am gone, perhaps
 Thou wilt repent thee.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE, Jun.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

FAREWELL to the nymph of my heart ;
 Farewell to the cottage and vine ;
 From thy scenes with a tear I depart, '
 Where pleasure so often was mine.

Remembrance shall dwell on thy smile,
 Shall dwell on thy lute and thy song,
 Which often, my hours to beguile,
 Have echoed the valleys among.

Once more the fair scene let me view,
 The cottage, the valleys, and grove ;
 Dear valleys, for ever adieu !
 Adieu to the daughter of love !

Words by Dr. Wolcot.

(Chappell.)

TRIO.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Soprano and 2 Tenors.)

FAREWELL, ye storms, no more invade,
 Nor ocean's heaving swell ;
 Protection grant, delightful shade,
 In love and peace to dwell.

Balmy and soft the perfumed air
 Steals from the spicy grove ;
 The blooming aloe shelters there,
 With many a floweret wove.

Words by Thomas Morton.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 3. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—W. SHORE.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

FARE thee well, thou first and fairest,
 Fare thee well, O fare thee well !
 Fare thee well, thou best and dearest,
 Fare thee well, O fare thee well !

Had we never loved so kindly,
 Had we never loved so blindly,
 Never met, or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted!

Words by Burns.

(Novello.)

TRIO.—J. M'MURDIE, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos, or Soprano, Alto, and Bass.)

FATHOMS deep beneath the wave,
 Stringing beads of glistening pearl,
 Singing the achievements brave
 Of many an old Norwegian earl;
 Dwelling where the tempest's raving
 Falls as light upon our ear
 As the sigh of lover, craving
 Pity from his lady dear.
 Children of wild Thule, we
 From the deep caves of the sea,
 As the lark springs from the lea,
 Hither come to share your glee.

From reining of the water-horse,
 That bounded till the waves were foaming,
 Watching the infant tempest's course,
 Chasing the sea-snake in his roaming;
 From winding charge-notes on the shell,
 When the huge whale and sword-fish duel,
 Or tolling shroudless seamen's knell,
 When the winds and waves are cruel.

Children of wild Thule, we
 Have ploughed such furrows on the sea
 As the steer draws on the lea,
 And hither we come to share your glee.

We heard you in our twilight caves,
 A hundred fathom deep below;
 For notes of joy can pierce the waves,
 That drown each sound of war and woe.
 Those who dwell beneath the sea
 Love the sons of Thule well;
 Thus to aid your mirth, bring we
 Dance and song and sounding shell.
 Children of dark Thule, know,
 Those who dwell by haaf and voe,
 Where your daring shallops row,
 Come to share the festal show.

From the Pirate of Sir Walter Scott.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. LODGE ELLERTON, Esq.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

FAYRE is my love when her fayre golden haires,
 With the loose wynd, ye waving chance to marke,
 Ah! fayre, when the rose in her red cheekes appears,
 Or in her eyes the fyre of love does sparke.
 Fayre when her brest, lyke a rich laden barke
 With gold and orient gems, she forth did laye;
 Fayre when that cloud of pryde, which oft doth dark
 Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away.

But fayrest she when so she doth display
 The gate with pearles and rubyes richly dight,
 Through which her words so wise do make their way,
 To bear the message of her gentle spright.

Words by Spenser.

This Glee gained the Prize given by the Catch Club, 1836.

(Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Soprano, Alto, and Bass.)

Few are the vales that Colin owns,
 And few the flocks those vales that rove ;
 I court not Delia's heart with wealth,
 A nobler price I offer—Love !
 Yet should the maid refuse to hear,
 And basely wed for wealth alone,
 Her choice would make my bosom bleed,
 But surely could not bless her own.

Ladies' Catch-Book.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. HAYES.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

FIELDS were overspread with flowers,
 Fairest choice of Flora's treasure ;
 Shepherds there had shady bowers,
 Where they oft reposed with pleasure ;
 Meadows flourished fresh and gay,
 Where the wanton herds did play.

Springs more clear than crystal streams
 Seated were the groves among ;
 Thus nor Titan's scorching beams,
 Nor earth's drought could shepherds wrong ;
 Fair Pomona's fruitful pride
 Did the budding branches hide.

Flocks of sheep fed on the plains,
 Harmless sheep that roamed at large ;
 Here and there sat pensive swains,
 Waiting on their wandering charge ;
 Pensive while their lasses smiled,
 Lasses which had them beguiled.

Hills with trees were richly dight,
 Valleys stored with Vesta's wealth ;
 Both did harbour sweet delight,
 Nought was heard to hinder health ;
 Thus did Heaven grace the soil,
 Not deformed with workman's toil.

Purest plot of earthly mould,
 Might that land be justly named ;
 Art by nature was controlled,
 Art which no such pleasure framed ;
 Fairer place was never seen,
 Fittest place for Beauty's queen.

Words from England's Helicon.

Euterpean. (Monro.)

QUINTET, with Chorus.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and 2 Basses.)

FILL, boys, and drink !
 Wine will banish sorrow :
 Come and drink the goblet out,
 We'll have more tomorrow.
 We live free from fear,
 In harmony here,
 Combined, just like brother and brother ;
 And this be our toast,
 The freebooter's boast,
 Success and good-will to each other !

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 3. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, for 4 Voices.—KREUTZER and T. COOKE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

FILL, fill the cup to love and glory !
 Each soldier will the goblet drain,
 That's pledged to deeds of ancient story,
 And greet it with a martial strain.
 To war a bowl, and one to beauty,
 That calms the fury of the soul,
 And cheers our duty ;
 A soldier ne'er forgets the fair,
 Love and war his homage share :
 We love our duty,
 Drink to beauty !
 Now, boys, to both a bowl !

Words by — Serle, Esq.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—W. LINLEY.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

FILL high the cup with liquid flame,
 And speak my Amaryllis' name ;
 Repeat its magic o'er and o'er,
 And let the sound my lips adore ;
 Sweeten the breeze, and mingling swim
 On every bowl's voluptuous brim.
 Give me the wreath that withers there :
 It was but last delicious night
 It hung upon her wavy hair,
 And caught her eyes' reflected light.
 Oh ! haste and twine it round my brow,
 It breathes of Amaryllis now.

(Novello.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—WEBBE.

FILL me a bumper from the bowl,
 May all our days in pleasure roll !
 Drink and sing, for who 'd refuse
 To praise the god that sends the juice ?
 For jolly Bacchus at his birth,
 Turned all our sadness into mirth.

Warren's Collection, No. 15.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—BATTISHILL.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

FILL, sweet girls, the foaming bowl,
 Let me gratify my soul :
 I faint with thirst,—the heat of day
 Has drunk my very life away.
 Lead me to yon cooling bowers,
 And give me fresher wreaths of flowers ;
 For those that now my temples shade,
 Scorched by my burning forehead, fade.
 But O my heart ! what can remove—
 What wines, what shade—this heat of love ?
 These are all vain,—alas ! I find
 Love is the fever of the mind.

2nd Collection.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—R. ANDREWS.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

FILL the goblet again, let our banquet be crowned
 With the rich purple nectar, high mantling around :
 Care, avaunt ! Joy, approach ! thy bland empire maintain,
 And this mandate pronounced, Fill the goblet again !
 Then all hail the bright juice, by Jove's offspring pressed,
 While the rich spice of Friendship still heightens its zest ;
 Mighty Love, add thy wreath to our mirth-woven chain,
 And to Wine, Friend, and Fair, fill the bumper again.

(Hawes.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. PARRY.

(Alto, Tenor, and 2 Basses.)

FILL the shining goblet, and pass it freely round,
 Quaff the purple stream to music's cheerful sound;
 Let our motto be,
 Mirth and harmony,
 And let all gloomy thoughts in sparkling wine be drown'd.

To sing of woman's charms, your voices join with mine,
 Her dear bewitching smile gives brightness to the wine.
 Fill the shining goblet, etc.

*Words by John Parry.**The Liverpool Beefsteak Club gave a Prize for this Glee.*

(Cramer and Co.)

CANON, *for 3 Voices.*—T. WELSH.

Fior di Aprile,
 Si gentile,
 D'ogni stella
 Tu più bella,
 Pien d'amore
 Offrirti il core,
 Fino a morte
 E la mia sorte.

(Cramer and Co.)

DUET.—J. PARRY.

(Tenor and Bass.)

FLOW gently, Deva ; on thy mossy banks
 The valiant Tudor sleeps : sweet be his dreams !
 And when he awakes, O may he wake in peace.
 Ah, no ! I hear the clashing sound of arms ;
 Rouse the gallant warrior,—rise, Tudor, rise !
 And lead us on to death or victory :
 Then shall the bards, in sad notes ring our knell,
 Or chant in happy strains the song of joy.

Words by John Parry.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, for 3 Voices.—CHARLES JONES.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

FLOW gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise ;
 My Mary's asleep by the murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.
 Thou stork-dove, whose echo resounds through the glen,
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

(Monro and May.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—DANBY.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

FLOW on, silver stream, trilling soft on thy bed,
 Enriching the sweetly diversified scene ;
 Where Flora empurples with flowers the gay mead,
 And flocks round thy margin disporting are seen.

The beauties of nature and art deck thy source,
 While music, sweet music, ascends from the glade ;
 No rocks e'er impede thy meandering course,
 Or sully the maze that thy waters have made.

Danby's Collection, 3rd Book.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. LODGE ELLERTON, Esq.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

FLOW, softly flow, thou murmuring stream,
 Beside my ladye's bower,
 And do not mar her spirit's dream,
 In this delightful hour.

But gently rippling greet her ear,
 With sounds that lull the soul,
 As near her bower, all bright and clear,
 Thy beauteous billows roll.

Blow, softly blow, thou balmy air,
 Beside my ladye's tower ;
 The rudest winds would hush to spare
 So soft and fair a flower.

Breathe gently o'er her rosy cheek
 Thy mildest, purest balm ;
 But heed, lest thou a slumber break,
 So beautiful and calm.

Candidate for the Catch-Club Prize, 1839.

(Lonsdale.)

MADRIGAL, *for 3 Voices.*—WILBYE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

FLY, Love, to heaven above, and look out Fortune,
 And sweetly her importune,
 That I from my Calista, best beloved,
 You and she sit down, be never moved ;
 And Love, to Carimel, see you commend me,
 Fortune, for her sweet sake, befriend me.

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

INVOCATION, *for 3 Voices.*—T. LINLEY, of Bath.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

FLY to my aid, O mighty Love,
 From out thy amaranthine bowers ;
 Where beauty lives and pleasure reigns,
 To crown with bliss thy happy hours.

Bear on thy wings propitious dreams,
 Stealing thy soul to secret joys ;
 The Muses and the Graces bring,
 With each soft art thy power employs.
 Amidst sweet enchantment to my song impart
 Thy pleasing pain and fond distress of heart.

Yet vain your aid, unless Emira dear,
 Whose wondrous charms have robbed my soul of rest,
 Approve my lay ; if she approve,
 My song shall speak the rapture of my breast.
 Linley's Elegies.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—WILLIAM SHORE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

FOND breeze that rovest
 Where my ladye strays,
 Odours thou lovest,
 Wafting to her praise ;
 Lone brook that with soft music bubblest,
 Chaining her soul to harmony.
 Round her presence let me steal,
 Like ye unseen, a breath I'd be ;
 Content no other joy to feel
 Than circling thee.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. M^cMURDIE, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

FORBEAR, sweet wanton, go your ways !
 I heed no more your dainty smiling ;
 Your sugared words, your thrilling gaze,
 And matchless craft in heart beguiling.

For though your beauty may be bright,
 If all may in its splendour bask,
 Now bid my love a fair “ Good night,”
 I will not con a common task.

Forbear, false syren, strive no more,
 Your tuneful voice hath ceased to charm me ;
 Your power hath gone, your reign is o'er,
 Those witching sounds no more can harm me.

For though the strain was honey sweet,
 Its honey, sweetness, all allowed ;
 And I like not the poor conceit
 To be but one among the crowd.

(Cramer and Co.)

*Words from “ Life and Time,”—Shakspeare.*ROUND, *for 3 Voices.* A combination of three melodies.—J. PARRY.

FRIENDSHIP, beneath thy mild sway, ever cheering,
 Sorrow is softened, and banished is care ;
 Vainly we seek for such blessings endearing,
 As under thy soothing dominion we share.

Where is the heart that to love's soft dominion
 Does not with rapture and gratitude bend?
 Thousands proclaim with united opinion
 A lover's warmth purer than that of a friend.
 Love and friendship both adoring,
 Let me add a word or two,
 When the sparkling liquor pouring,
 Happiness I think in view.
 Paying duty
 To worth and beauty,
 Health and pleasure
 Fill the measure;
 Love and friendship thus adoring,
 Let me join their praise with you.

Words by J. Parry.

Parry's Collection. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. ALCOCK.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

FRIENDSHIP, thou dearest blessing Heaven bestows,
 Balm of our cares, and softener of our woes;
 I at thy shrine my willing tribute pay,
 And to thine honour consecrate my lay.
 Thy form is lovely, and thy fruit divine,
 For love, and peace, and truth, and joy are thine;
 And kindred souls who feel this generous flame,
 Enjoy a fund of bliss that wants a name.

Warren's Collection, No. 14.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—W. LINLEY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

FROLICK and free, for pleasure born,
 Dull, self-denying fools I scorn ;
 The proffered bliss I ne'er refuse,
 'Tis often troublesome to choose.
 Lov'st thou, my friend ? I love at sight.
 Drink'st thou ? this bumper does thee right.
 At random with the stream I flow,
 And play my part where'er I go.
 But, god of sleep ! since we must be
 Obliged to give some hours to thee,
 Be that the only time to snore
 When I can laugh and drink no more ;
 Short, very short, be then thy reign,
 For I'm in haste to live again.

From a Set of Eight Glees. (Hawes.)

ELEGY, *for 3 Voices*.—T. LINLEY, of Bath.

(Soprano, Alto, and Bass.)

FROM blushing morn to evening mild,
 In thy dear converse blest,
 How sweet the golden minutes fly,
 And every care has rest.
 With thee alike each hour can charm
 All seasons and their change,
 The sun at noon, the shades at night,
 While thus with thee I range.

How sweet the breath of opening morn,
 With charm of earliest birds ;
 What fragrance after falling showers,
 The evening mild affords.

But not the breath of opening morn,
 Or charm from every grove,
 Or fragrant sweets at evening mild,
 Can please without my love.

Still let me hear thy voice, still view thy heavenly charms,
 Still lean on thy dear breast, still clasp thee in my arms ;
 Still let the melting eye invite the balmy kiss,
 Thus may we ever live, secure of every bliss.

Linley's Elegies.

CANON, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

FROM everlasting to everlasting thou art God.

Ladies Catch-book.

This gained a Prize Medal, 1768.

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

FROM flower to flower, with eager pains,
 See the blest labourer fly ;
 When all that from her toil she gains
 Is in the sweets she hoards to die.

'T is thus (would man the truth believe,
 With life's soft sweets, each favourite joy;
 If we taste wisely, they relieve;
 But if we plunge too deep, destroy.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE, Jun.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

FROM peace and social joy Medusa flies,
 And loves to hear the storm of anger rise;
 Thus hags and witches hate the smiles of day,
 Sport in loud thunder, and in tempests play.

Warren's Collection, No. 22.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

FROM the garden's gay border, or skirts of the field,
 Jocund Summer a garland would take,
 Which in sweetness and beauty was only to yield
 To the bride, and was wove for her sake.
 There was reason and sense, and not colour alone,
 In each leaf and each flower that he chose;
 In the lily so pure was her purity shown,
 And her beauty was marked in the rose.

Each pleasing quality claimed its device,
 And each grace called an emblem its due ;
 Jocund Summer perceived that his gems in a trice
 Were outdone, and their number too few.
 Could he borrow from Autumn or steal from the Spring,
 There were virtues unmatched and untold ;
 And if all had their flower, yet each short living thing
 Was no type of what never grows old.
 No, no, leafy Spring, jocund Summer, nor you
 Mellow Autumn, whom berries emboss :
 In vain will ye muster your stores to our view,
 For they fade, and each month feels a loss.
 But dear Mary shall give to each quick-fleeting hour
 Of your days an unchanging delight ;
 The four seasons in turn shall acknowledge a power,
 Which their losses and wants shall requite.
 (Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—G. HARGREAVES.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

FULL many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Words from Gray's Elegy.

(Hawes.)

TRIO.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos and Tenor.)

FULL of doubt and full of fear,
 Linco, I have hobbled here ;
 Good lack, ah ! well-a-day !
 Honest Linco, tell me, pray
 Tell what does his worship say ?
 Cease your doubts and cease your fear,
 His worship—Goody—d'ye hear ?
 Dearest mother do not fear !
 Linco, can you make her hear ?
 I have been half dead with fright,
 I thought you'd not come back tonight.
 Dearest mother, lend an ear ;
 Linco, you can make her hear ?
 Goody, Goody,—hey !—I cannot make her hear :
 No, I give it up—'t is clear,
 Thunder would not make her hear.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 3. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. BOYCE.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

GENIUS of harmony ! thy numbers lend,
 To grace an Eglinton's lamented name ;
 Patrons and sons of music, here attend,
 And swell the strain that consecrates his fame.

Lost e'er the half of life's short race he ran,
 By ruthless hands forced to the shades below ;
 Not all the charms or real worth of man
 Could guard their votary from the fatal blow.

How vain our tears ! how faint th' applause we pay !
 Yet grateful still this trophy meet we raise,
 Whose basis deep in harmony we lay,
 So sweet accords shall eternize his praise.

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—ATTERBURY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

GENTLE air, thou breath of lovers,
 Vapour from a secret fire,
 Which by thee itself discovers,
 E'er yet daring to aspire.
 Softest note of whisper'd anguish,
 Harmony's refined part,
 Striking, while thou seem'st to languish,
 Full upon the listener's heart.

Warren's Collection, No. 27.

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and 2 Basses.)

GENTLE manners, virtuous lives,
 Make easy husbands, happy wives ;
 These are the only means we know,
 To make a little heaven below.

Angry manners, vicious lives,
 Make wretched husbands, cursed wives ;
 And hence such evils take their birth,
 Which make a little hell on earth.

Two easy things will satisfy mankind,
 An easy fortune, and an easy mind ;
 But the one thing that gives a man content,
 Is a good conscience, from a life well spent.

Ladies' Catch-Book.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. HARRINGTON.

(2 Sopranos, or 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

GENTLE sighs my soul discover,
 Tender glance and blushing cheek ;
 All reveal how much I love her,
 All in vain my passion speak.
 Kind Fates, revenge her cruel charms,
 And bear me dying to her arms.

Wheatston's Harmonist.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE, Jun.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

GENTLE stranger, have you seen
 A wood-nymph pass this way—
 A blue-eyed maid of cheerful mien,
 Attired in green array?
 A bugle in her hand she bore,
 Which loud and oft she blew,
 And buskins on her feet she wore,
 Gemmed with the silver dew.

Oft at the early peep of morn
 She courts this sylvan scene,
 And winds her joy-inspiring horn
 Melodious o'er the green.
 Responsive echo swells the lay
 In loud resounding strains,
 And wafts the dying harmony
 O'er all the neighbouring plains.

A graceful nymph this morn I've seen,
 With glittering zone display'd,
 And as she brushed the dew-decked green,
 I hailed the beauteous maid;
 Swift as the fearful hind she flies,
 When hounds and horns pursue,
 And up yon sloping woodland hies,
 To join the huntress crew.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

GIRL of my soul! this goblet sip,
 'T will chase thy pensive tear;
 'T will sweeten care like woman's lip—
 Like it, will banish fear.

Though not, alas! so sweet,
 It yet will give us joy,
 And gild those moments fleet
 That love may not employ.

Twine, twine a wreath to bind those brows,
 Those brows so fair and bright,
 That every feeling, passion rouse
 To love, and joy, and light:
 Those flashing brows to twine
 With beauty's choicest flowers,
 And thus with love and wine
 To wile away the hours.

From a Set of Six Glees. (Mills.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

GIVE me a cup of the grape's bright dew,
 Give me a heart of the lightest hue,
 Give me a smile in beauty's bower,
 And little I'll reck of the midnight hour:

Why should I fear the legend tale?
 Why should my glowing cheek grow pale?
 When wine can drive the fiend away,
 In joyous night, in gloomy day.
 Give me a cup, etc.

Set also by the same Composer for 5 Voices. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices*.—Sir JOHN STEVENSON.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

GIVE me the harp of epic song,
 Which Homer's finger thrilled along;
 But tear away the sanguine string,
 For war is not the theme I sing.

Proclaim the laws of festal rite,
 I'm monarch of the board tonight,
 And all around shall brim as high,
 And quaff the tide as deep as I.

And when the clusters' mellowing dews
 Their warm enchanting balm infuse,
 Our feet shall catch th' elastic bound,
 And reel us through the dance's round.

Then, Bacchus, we will sing to thee
 In wild but deep ebriety,
 And flash around such sparks of thought
 As Bacchus could alone have taught.

Then give me the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrilled along ;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.

Words from Moore's Anacreon.

(Cramer and Co.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. HARRINGTON.

GIVE me the sweet delights of love ;
Let not anxious care destroy them ;
Oh how divine still to enjoy them !
Pure are the blessings love bestowing,
Peace and harmony ever flowing :
A smoky house, a failing trade,
Six squalling brats, and a scolding jade.

Convito Harmonico, vol. 1. (Chappell.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—W. JACKSON.

(2 Sopranos, Tenor, and Bass.)

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away,
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As some sad turtle his lost love deploras,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores,
Thus, from Delia, to the woods I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpitied, and forlorn !

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !
 Come Delia, come,—ah why this long delay ?
 Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring,
 Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
 Ye trees that fade when autumn heats remove,
 Say, is not absence death to those that love ?

Words by Pope.

King's Collection.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. GREENE.

(2 Sopranos, Tenor, and Bass.)

Go, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace ;
 How happy should I prove,
 Might I supply that envied place
 With never-fading love :
 There, Phœnix-like, beneath her eye,
 Involved in fragrance, burn, and die.

Know, hapless flower, that thou shalt find
 More fragrant roses there ;
 I see thy withering head reclined
 With envy and despair :
 One common fate we both must prove,
You die with envy, I with love.

Words by Gay.

Harmonized by W. Jackson.

ELEGY, *for 4 Voices.*—W. LINLEY.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

Go, musing traveller, whose sorrows pine
 O'er transient griefs—go, meditate on mine ;
 Weep not, although the morning's blossoms fade,
 On the quaint wreath thy cheated fancy made.
 The ethereal fire that lately rode on high,
 Proud and rejoicing in the rosy sky,
 Sinks in the night-wave ; but tomorrow's beam
 Again shall sparkle in the orient stream :
 So on our hopes, when life's short race is run,
 Shall play the radiance of a brighter sun.

Words by C. Marsh, Esq.

From a Set of Eight. (Hawes.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—ATTERBURY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

Go, thou gentle whispering wind,
 Bear this sigh, and if thou find
 Where my cruel fair doth rest,
 Cast it in her snowy breast :
 So, inflamed by my desire,
 It may set her heart on fire ;
 Those sweet kisses thou shalt gain
 Will reward thee for thy pain.

Warren's Collection, No. 24.

GLEE, for 4 Voices.—SPOFFORTH.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

Go to my Anna's breast, sweet rose,
 And there your blushing charms display ;
 Tell (as your leaves their sweets disclose)
 How swift the fleeting hours decay.

(Hawes.)

GLEE, for 4 Voices.—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

Go, youth beloved ! in distant glades,
 New friends, new hopes, new joys to find ;
 Yet sometimes deign, midst fairer maids,
 To think on her thou leav'st behind.
 Thy love, thy fate, dear youth to share,
 Must never be my happy lot ;
 But thou may'st grant my humble prayer—
 Forget me not !
 Yet should the thoughts of my distress
 Too painful for thy feelings be,
 Heed not the wish I now express,
 Nor ever deign to think on me.
 But oh ! if grief thy steps attend,
 If want, if sickness be thy lot,
 And thou require a soothing friend—
 Forget me not !

Words by Mrs. Opie.

(Chappell and Co.)

MADRIGAL, *for 3 Voices.*—W. JACKSON.

(Soprano, Tenor, and Bass.)

Go, zephyr, and whisper the maid
 That I sigh at her cruel delay,
 O tell her the song of the shade
 Is silent when she is away.

'T was her beauty gave life to the vale,
 And filled every swain with delight;
 Her voice that enlivened the gale,
 Her smile that gave lustre to night.

But since she is fled from our eye,
 The pleasures are gone with the fair,
 The streamlet moves on with a sigh,
 And the grot seems the dome of despair.

Jackson's Madrigals.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—DANBY.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

GODDESS of the tuneful lyre!
 Who kindlest mortal breasts with heavenly fire,
 On thy votaries deign to smile,
 And sublunary griefs and care beguile.

She hears! celestial airs resound,
 And fill with melody the skies around:
 My soul transported soars above,
 'Till lost in strains extatic of unbounded love.

Danby's Collection, 3rd Book.

CANZONET, *for 3 Voices.*—T. MORLEY.

(2 Sopranos, or 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

GOOD morrow, fair ladies of the May!
 Where is my Chloris, cruel fair?
 Sweet ladies of the May,
 Tell me where!
 O see where she comes a queen,
 All in green,
 In gaudy green arraying:
 Oh how gaily goes my sweet jewel!
 Was ever such a Maying,
 Since May delights decaying;
 So was my Chloris sheen
 Brought home and made May queen.

Wheatstone's Harmonist.

CANON (*three in one*).—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

GREAT is our Lord, and great is his power: yea and
 his wisdom is infinite,

Horsley's Collection.

Psalm CXLVII, Verse 5.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—W. HAWES.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

GREAT Lord of life! from whom this humble frame
 Derives the power to sing thy holy name,
 Forgive the lowly muse, whose artless lay
 Has dared thy sacred attributes survey.
 Delighted oft through Nature's beauteous field
 Has she adored thy wisdom bright revealed;
 Oft have her wishes aimed the secret song,
 But awful reverence still withheld her tongue.
 Yet as thy bounty lent the reasoning beam,
 As feels my conscious breast thy vital flame,
 So, blest Creator! let thy servant pay
 His mite of gratitude this feeble way;
 Thy goodness own, thy providence adore,
 And yield thee only—what was thine before.

 EPITAPH ON ANACREON.

DUET.—S. WEBBE, Jun.

(Tenor and Bass.)

GROW, clust'ring ivy, where Anacreon lies,
 There may soft buds from purple meadows rise;
 Gush, milky springs, the poet's tomb to lave,
 And fragrant wine flow joyous from his grave:

Thus charmed his bones shall press their narrow bed,
 If aught of pleasure ever reach the dead ;
 In these delights he soothed his age above,
 His life devoting to the lyre and love.

Words from the Greek Anthology.

(Chappell.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. COOKE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

HAIL! all hail, Britannia, queen of isles !
 Where freedom dwells, and commerce smiles;
 Where fair religion burns her brightest flame,
 And every virtue consecrates her name ;
 Whose god-like sons disdain to yield,
 Or in the senate or the field ;
 While their strong eloquence and courage roll
 Warmth to the heart and terror to the soul.

Hail! all hail, Britannia, queen of isles!
 Where freedom dwells, and commerce smiles,
 Whose still undaunted tars with sails unfurled
 Ride in bold triumph, conquerors of the world.

Dr. Cooke's Collection, and Euterpean. (Monro.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the wood,
 Attendant on the spring!
 Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.
 Soon as the daisy decks the green,
 Thy certain voice we hear;
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year?
 Delightful visitant, with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 When heaven is filled with music sweet
 Of birds among the bowers.

Words by Logan.

From the 1st Set. (Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—PAXTON.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

HAIL, blushing goddess, beauteous Spring!
 Who in thy jocund train dost bring
 Love's and Grace's smiling hours,
 Balmy breezes, fragrant flowers;
 Come with tints of roseate hue,
 Nature's faded charms renew.

Warren's Collection, No. 25.

ROUND, *for 4 Voices.*

HAIL, bounteous May! come join the festive chorus,
 Flora has spread a flowery mead before us;
 Fal, la, la! cheerfully sing,
 Let hill and valley ring.

Words by James King.

King's Collection, from Borosini's Cantici.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—T. COOKE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

HAIL, bounteous Nature! tyrant Winter flies;
 Quit thy chill couch, eternal queen arise,
 And hearken to our tributary song.
 Swell the loud chorus, every tuneful voice,
 Strike the full chord—bid echoing spheres rejoice,
 And earth, and sea, and air, the harmony prolong.
 Lo! she begins her annual round:
 Cheered by the forest minstrel's sound,
 The waters snap their icy chain,
 The curled leaf expands again,
 And spring-time flowers, fresh and gay,
 Smile around her tranquil way.
 And now the rosy Summer, fann'd by bees,
 Invites the throng beneath the bowing trees;
 Or loitering 'midst the new-mown hay remote,
 Listens to thrush or cuckoo's weary note;
 While the hot sunshine drains the sleepy rill,
 And drowsy noon bids Nature's self be still.

But hark! what means that jocund measure?
 'Tis the harvest song of pleasure;
 Autumn comes our queen to greet,
 Loaded with her vintage sweet;
 And Bacchus and his train advance
 To press the grape, and join the sylvan dance.

Hold, revellers! your hour is past,
 The yellow leaf obeys the blast,
 And Nature droops beneath a giant's force;
 The thunder rolls, the torrent pours,
 The lightning sears, the tempest roars,
 And herald winds, with trumpets loud and hoarse,
 Proclaim the wintery triumph near,
 And sound a requiem o'er the dying year.

Then, as the changeful seasons roll away,
 So man's brief tenure hurries to decay;
 But there's a life immortal that shall bring
 The genial freshness of perennial spring.

Then raise the grateful song of praise
 To that indulgent, mighty Power,
 Whose will the universe obeys,
 Whose bounty cheers the humblest flower:
 Hail, Source of all! benign and free,
 Thou Spirit of Eternity!

Words by G. Macfarren.

(Willis.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—R. ANDREWS.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

HAIL, fair peace! thou heavenly guest
 By whom the world is sooth'd to rest;
 On thy seraphic wing descend,
 And with our cheerful numbers blend.
 Oh may thy soft and moonlike beam
 Discord dispel, e'en as a dream,
 And may thy dulcet notes once more
 Silence the dreadful cannon's roar.
 No longer let Mars' dreadful car
 Drive o'er the earth—the fiend of war!
 Strewing wide th' ensanguin'd plain
 With gory heaps of armed slain.

(Hawes.)

*Words by N. Gardiner.*QUARTET (with Choruses *ad. lib.*)—H. R. BISHOP,
Mus. Bac.

(Soprano, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

HAIL, gentle master, lord, all powerful!
 Lo in our might we bend before thy call,
 Leaving our world so bright, so glorious,
 Where day and life and joy are endless all!
 Fair child of day, hail!
 Than fairest day more bright;
 Fades every shade of deepest night
 At thy magnificent and wond'rous light.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 3. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. KENDRICK PYNE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

HAIL, god of song! shed round thy light,
And dissipate the gloom of night.

Awake the harp—begin the glee;
Strike, gaily strike the tuneful lyre,
Our souls with melody inspire,
And join our festive harmony.

Give us to sing, by thee inspired,
Some sacred theme by friendship fired:
Fountains of wine shall pour along,
While, quaffing from the nectar'd bowl,
The generous feelings of the soul
Shall breathe a spirit to the song.

Words by W. C. Wills, Esq.

*This gained the Prize of the Western City Glee Club.—Sung as the
opening Glee of the Society, March 15, 1838.*

(W. Hawes.)

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. GREENE.

HAIL! green fields and shady woods,
Crystal streams that still run pure;
Hail! Nature's uncorrupted goods,
Where virtue only dwells secure.
Free from vice and free from care,
Age has no pain, nor youth a snare.

(Convito Harmonico.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—REV. — JENNER.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

HAIL, lovely shade ! where my love-stricken mind
 Sought fond relief in thinking of my love :
 In those blest hours what raptures did I find ;
 How sweet,—but ah ! how swiftly did they move.
 How fondly did I love ! sure from her eye
 Love sent the sharpest arrows in his store.
 Ah, foolish heart, why heaves th' unbidden sigh ?
 Hast thou forgot, thou lovest her now no more ?

Warren's Collection, No. 7.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—SIR J. STEVENSON.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

HAIL, lovely sound !—'tis Strephon plays ;
 Hush every noise,—let 's hear the lays.
 For see, while he careless strikes the notes,
 In air ascending music floats,
 And quick to echo 's given ;
 The sound so pleases her, she flies
 With Strephon's music to the skies,
 And wafts it into Heaven.

Bland's Collection, No. 46. (Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

HAIL, Music! sweet enchantment, hail!
 Like potent spells thy powers prevail;
 On wings of rapture borne away,
 All nature owns thy universal sway. .
 For what is beauty, what is grace,
 But harmony of form and face?
 What are the beauties of the mind,
 Heaven's rarest gifts, but harmony combined?
 From the fierce passions discord springs,
 'Till Nature strike the softer strings:
 The softer strings the soul compose,
 And love, harmonious love, from passion flows;
 Affection's flame and friendship's ties
 And all the social pleasures rise
 From thee, O harmony divine!
 Concord, beauty, every joy is thine.

This Occasional Ode gained a Premium, 1778.

Warren's Collection, No. 17.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—WILLIAM BATES.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

HAIL, sacred horrors, hail!
 Tremendous death,
 Whose blasting breath
 Does all assail!

Thee too, mouldering grave!
 Thy conquest rue,
 Her to subdue
 Nought worthy left to wish to save.

The vernal rose which opes his sweets
 To zephyrs, when his breath she meets,
 Was Daphne in her bloom.
 O will divine! to thee she stoops,
 She like her sister lily droops,
 And bows her to thy doom.

O ghastly death, where's now thy sting?
 Thou grave, thy greatest victory sing!
 Your terrors now lay by:
 None like to her shalt thou ere slay;
 Ere one like *her* is wrapt in clay,
 Time of old age shall die.

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

QUARTET, and Chorus *ad lib.*—H. R. BISHOP, M.B.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

HAIL to the chief who in triumph advances!
 Honoured and bless'd be the ever-green Pine;
 Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!

Heaven send it happy dew,
 Earth lend it sap anew,
 Gaily to bourgeon and broadly to grow ;
 While every highland glen
 Sends our shout back again,
 Roderick Vich Alpine Dhu, ho, ieroe !

Row, brothers, row, for the pride of the Highlands !
 Stretch to your oars for the ever-green Pine ;
 Oh that the rosebud that graces yon islands
 Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine !
 O that some seedling gem,
 Worthy such noble stem,
 Honoured and bless'd in their shadow might grow !
 Loud should Clan Alpine, then,
 Ring from her deepest glen,
 Roderick Vich Alpine Dhu, ho, ieroe !

Words by Sir Walter Scott.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 3. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—LORD MORNINGTON.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

HAIL, social pleasure,
 The heart's dearest treasure,
 In musical measure
 We welcome thee here.
 Since life is fleeting,
 From fate no retreating,
 Enjoy then our meeting
 To greet the new year.

Sure 't would be treason
 Against sense and reason,
 At this happy season
 Our joys to refrain ;
 For sorrow and sadness
 Is nothing but madness,
 When innocent gladness
 Solicits the strain.

Wake the loud chorus,
 Mirth is before us ;
 Cupid invites us,
 Gay Bacchus excites us,
 While music delights us,
 Our spirits to cheer.
 Then join in repeating
 Our wish for completing
 The scheme of our meeting,
 To hail the new year.

(Mills.)

Words by the Rev. — Wills.

EPITHALAMIUM, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

HAIL, wedded love, perpetual source of peace,
 The calm where restless passion sinks to ease ;
 When hearts united thus each other claim,
 How sweet the friendship and how soft the flame.

Wealth, honours, empire far behind are thrown,
 And all the world's well lost for thee alone ;
 Hence those endearing interests of life,
 The father, son, the brother and the wife ;
 Here love extended runs through different names,
 The fruitful fountain of ten thousand streams.

Ladies' Catch-Book.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—PAXTON.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

HAPPY are they whom bounteous Heaven
 Means to relieve the poor has given ;
 Sweet is the pleasure, too, of those
 Whose breast with pity overflows ;
 Then bliss supreme must they receive,
 Who can both pity and relieve.

(Coventry and Co.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—DANBY.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

HAPPY is the shepherd's life,
 Free from care and noise and strife ;
 In rural toils he spends each day,
 In slumbers glides the night away ;
 A stranger to the cares of wealth, [health.
 Possess'd of nought but peace, and that great blessing,

Danby's Collection, 3rd book.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. ADCOCK, of Cambridge.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

HAPPY nation, who possessing
 Nature's gifts in full increase,
 Sees around thee every blessing,
 Scenes of plenty, scenes of peace ;
 Fields where golden Ceres waving
 Glistens in the ripening sun ;
 Streams, their fertile borders laving,
 Scattering riches as they run.

Words from the Summer's Tale.

(Z. T. Purday.)

CATCH, *for 4 Voices.*—LONG.

HAPPY the youth who can but see
 Thy beauty's form ; yet happier he
 Who hangs enamoured of thy song,
 And drinks the music of thy tongue.
 Almost a god is he who sips
 The balmy nectar of thy lips ;
 But oh ! to whom you all resign,
 Is all immortal, all divine.

Warren's Collection, No. 1.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—JAMES BATTYE.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

HAPPY they, the happiest of their kind,
 Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
 Attuning all their passions into love ;
 For nought but love can answer love,
 And render love secure.

Words from Thomson's Seasons.

(Z. T. Purday.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices*.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos and Bass ; also for Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

HARK ! Apollo strikes the lyre,
 And loudly sounds the golden wire
 To bid of Heaven the tuneful choir
 Their art divine employ ;

Whose song harmonious shall rebound
 In echoes from the vast profound,
 And earth shall catch the charming sound
 With wide-diffusing joy.

(D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—W. LINLEY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

HARK! from yon ruin'd abbey walls
 The owl to midnight pastime calls;
 Now, now we follow Mab, our fairy queen,
 To sing, to dance, and revel on the green.
 Ye nimble lightnings run before her car,
 And in her train ride every splendid star;
 And you, ye spheres and everlasting choirs,
 Carol sweet hymns and sweep your living lyres.

Words from the "Fairy Fantasies," by C. Loftley, Esq.

From a Set of Eight. (Hawes.)

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—EMILY KING.

HARK! how plainly the bells say 't is time to go;
 O no! they say, stay a little longer—
 Past twelve o'clock and a starlight morning.

King's Collection.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—ATTWOOD.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

HARK! how the sacred calm that breathes around
 Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
 In still small accents whispering from the ground,
 A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
 By hands unseen are showers of violets found ;
 The red-breast loves to build and warble there,
 And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

Words from Gray's Elegy, in the Chiswick edition of British Poets.
 (Hill and Co.)

MADRIGAL, for 4 Voices.—T. MORLEY, 1588.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, and Tenor.)

HARK, jolly shepherds, yon lusty ringing !
 Hark ! how cheerfully the bells dance,
 While yon jolly lads are springing :
 Go then, why sit we here thus delaying,
 And all yon merry wanton lasses playing ?
 How gaily Flora leads it
 And sweetly treads it !
 The woods they ring, loudly resounding,
 With echo sweet rebounding.

Words from Eng'land's Helicon.

(Novello.)

CATCH, for 3 Voices.—J. STAFFORD SMITH.

HARK the nightingale !
 In her mournful lay
 She tells her story's woeful tale,
 To warn ye, if she may.

Warren's Vocal Harmony,—Single. (Mills.)

MADRIGAL, *for 5 Voices.*—T. LINLEY, Jun.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

HARK ! the birds melodious sing,
 And sweetly usher in the Spring ;
 Close by his fellow sits the dove,
 And gently whispers her his love.

Linley's Madrigals.

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

HARK, the cock crows !
 Away, my love, away !
 And the wind blows ;
 Away, my love, away !
 Quick ! put on thy weeds,
 And tell, and tell thy beads,
 For soon it will be day.

Callcott's 3rd Collection. (Cramer and Co.)

QUARTET.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos, Tenor, and Bass.)

HARK ! the solemn distant bell
 Tolls a departed sovereign's knell ;
That form, that shared a kingdom's sway,
 Is summoned to its native clay.

But if to mortals it be given
 To look with pious trust to Heaven,
 Her blameless life may justly dare
 To hope a blest acceptance there.
 Resigned to that supreme decree,
 Which during life was all to thee,
 We hail thy flight from earthly sway
 To realms of everlasting day.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 4. (D'Almaine and Co.)

TRIO.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

HARK ! 't is the voice of the falling flood ;
 And see where the torrents come
 Thundering down, through rock and wood,
 Till the roar makes Echo dumb !

Like giant steeds from a distant waste,
 That have madly broke away,
 Leaping the crags in their headlong haste,
 And trampling the waves to spray.

Five abreast ! as their own foam white,
 Their wild manes streaming far,
 A worthy gift from a water-sprite,
 To his ocean monarch's car.

Words by J. R. Planchè, Esq.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 4. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 6 Voices.*—DANBY.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

HARK! waked from according lyres,
 The sweet strains flow in symphony divine :
 From air to air the trembling numbers fly,
 Swift bursts away the flow of joy ;
 Now swells the flight of praise,—
 Springs the shrill trump aloft ;
 The toiling chords, melodious,
 Labour through the flying maze ;
 And the deep base his strong sounds,
 Rolls away, majestically sweet.

Danby's Collection, 4th Book.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

Soli.

HART and hind are in their lair,
 Couched beneath the fern they lie ;
 And the moon, our mistress fair,
 Is riding through the cloudless sky.

Coro.

O'er the lake the night wind steals,
 About the oak the blind bat wheels ;
 Come, sit we round our trysting-tree,
 Daring outlaws as we be.

Solo.

Now in dark and narrow cell,
 Now in chamber rich and rare,
 Lowly monk his beads doth tell,
 Lordly abbot patters prayer ;
 'Neath our leafy covering
 Let us now our vespers sing ;
 Come troll we catch, and chaunt we glee,
 Daring outlaws as we be.

Soli.

Now in stately castle hall,
 Baron proud and gallant knight
 For the courtly harpers call,
 And pace a measure with lady bright.

Coro.

Blither sports in greenwood bower
 Know we at this moonlight hour ;
 Come, drink we deep and feast we free,
 Daring outlaws as we be.

From "Maid Marian." (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—J. M. COOMBS.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

HASTE, let the roses bind our hair,
 And merry jest and laugh prepare ;
 Behold a blooming maid advance !
 She waves the spear with ivy bound,
 And to the lute's enchanting sound
 With tempting feet begins the dance ;

And, breathing balmy odours, lo !
 A youth, whose locks luxuriant flow ;
 The lyre he sweeps, and sweetly sings
 Accordant to the tuneful strings ;
 And see ! to mingle in our joy,
 With golden locks the Paphian boy ;
 And Bacchus too, with beauteous mien,
 And her, of all the loves the queen ;
 They come in pleasures to engage,
 That gild with smiles the gloom of age.

Words by Peter Pindar.

(Coventry and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. SMITH, of Dublin.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

HASTE, my boy, the goblet bring,
 Strains of soothing softness sing ;
 Fill my bowl with gay delight,
 For, my boy, I 'll live tonight.

In a chaplet now entwine
 Tendrils of the clustering vine,
 With the sweetest weeping flowers,
 Gathered in the night-dew showers.

'T is not for Myrtilla's hair
 I the flowery wreath prepare ;
 Bind it round my goblet's brow,
 Love does not employ thee now.

Still deceit when love appears,
 Still his blossoms fade in tears ;
 And even when they brightest bloom,
 Thorns envenom their perfume.

Chorus.

No, no, no ! the tyrant is not near,
 Hearts of kinder glow are here ;
 And though tomorrow I may be a slave,
 Tonight, tonight I will be free.

Words by Miss King.

This Glee gained a Prize at the Liverpool Beef-steak Club.

(Willis and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

HASTE, my charmer, to the verdant fields,
 And taste the balmy sweets that Nature yields ;
 Where Flora all her fragrant treasure spreads,
 Smiles on each spray, and spangles all the meads.
 Hark ! how for thee the wakeful lark prepares
 Her matin song, and chants her cheerful airs ;
 For thee the woodland choirs their homage bring,
 And thine is all the music of the Spring.

Op. 3. (Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—HON. AUGUSTUS BARRY.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

HAVE you not seen the timid tear
 Steal trembling from mine eye?
 Have you not marked the flush of fear,
 Or caught the murmuring sigh?
 And can you think my love is chill,
 Nor fixed on you alone?
 And can you rend, by doubting still,
 A heart so much your own?

To you my sole affections move,
 Devoutly, warmly true;
 My life has been a task of love,
 A love-long thought of you;
 If all your tender faith is o'er,
 And still my truth you'll try,
 Alas! I have but one proof more,
 I'll bless your name and die.

Words by the Hon. Augustus Barry.

Harmonized by Webbe. (Monro and May.)

CANZONET, *for 3 Voices.*—J. TRAVERS.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

HE is not numbered with the blest
 To whom the gods large store have given,
 But he who of enough possessed,
 Can wisely use the gifts of heaven,
 Who Fortune's frowns unmoved can bear,
 And worse than death doth baseness fear.

To those that choose the golden mean
 The waves are smooth, the skies serene ;
 They envy not the houses of the great,
 Nor court the baseness of the poor's retreat.

An even mind in every state,
 Amidst the frowns and smiles of fate,
 Dear mortal Delius, always show ;
 Let not too much of cloudy fear,
 Nor too intemperate joys appear,
 Or to contract or to extend thy brow.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. HINDLE, Mus. Bac.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

HE on whose birth the lyric queen
 Of numbers smiled shall never grace
 The Isthmian gauntlet, or be seen
 First in the famed Olympic race :
 He shall not, after toils of war,
 And taming haughty monarchs' pride,
 With laurel'd brows conspicuous far,
 To Jove's Tarpeian temple ride.
 But him, the streams that warbling flow
 Rich Tibur's flowery meads along,
 And shady groves, his haunts shall know,
 The master of Æolian song.

Hindle's Collection.

CATCH, *for 3 Voices*.—PURCELL.

HE that drinks is immortal,
 And can ne'er decay,
 For wine still supplies
 What age wears away ;
 How can he be dust,
 Who moistens his clay ?

Convito Harmonico, Vol. 4. (Chappell.)

ELEGY, *for 3 Voices*.—T. LINLEY, of Bath.

(Soprano, Alto, and Bass.)

HE who could first two gentle hearts unbind,
 And rob a lover of his weeping fair,
 Hard was the man, but harder in my mind
 The lover still who died not of despair.
 Sad is my day, and sad my lingering night,
 When, wrapt in silent grief, I weep alone ;
 Emira's gone ! and all my past delight
 Is now the source of unavailing moan.
 Where is the wit that heightened beauty's charms ?
 Where is the face that fed my longing eyes ?
 Where is the shape that still might bless these arms ?
 Where are those joys relentless Fate denies ?
 Oh turn once more ere I with grief expire,
 And while I fold thee blushing to my breast,
 We'll breathe love's secret thoughts and fond desire,
 And soothe the anguish of our souls to rest.

Words from Hammond's Elegies.

Linley's Elegies.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—C. C. SPENCER.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

Set also by JOHN JOLLY, for 4 Voices.

HE who loves a rosy cheek,
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from starlike eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fire,
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flame must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mien,
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combined,
 Kindle never-dying fires :
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks, and lips, and eyes.

*Words by T. Carew.*CANON (*three in one*).—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

HEAR me when I call, O God of my righteousness !
 O hear me, have mercy upon me, and hearken unto my
 prayer !

Psalm IV. verse 1.

Horsley's Collection.

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices.*—CHRIST. MORALES.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

HEARKEN to thy faithful swain, my ever-dearest ;
 Why dost thou fly me ? tell me why thou fearest :
 And say, sweet maid, O whither shall I borrow
 Some solace sweet, to cheer me in my sorrow ?
 For while I have but thee, I want no other treasure ;
 When thou art absent, even life hath lost its pleasure :
 Then, Phillis, stay ! O stay then, Phillis, stay !
 O wherefore shouldst thou fear me ?
 Thy frowns would kill me,
 Even as thy smiles would cheer me.

From "The Vocal Schools of Italy." (Cramer and Co.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

HEIGH-HO ! says Jenny, sighing for her swain,
 I 've lost the dearest shepherd of the plain ;
 Nay, never sigh, thou silly girl, says Kate ;
 My love has suffered still a harder fate ;
 For twice three shepherds claimed a part in me ;
 I lost them all, but now I 've three times three.

Ladies' Catch-Book.

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices*.—T. MORLEY, 1588.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, and Tenor.)

HELP! I fall! lady, my hope doth betray me,
 Oh help alas! but you vouchsafe to slay me.

See a nymph unkind and cruel,
 To scorn her only jewel.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—J. C. PRING.

(2 Sopranos, Tenor, and Bass.)

HELP me, each harmonious grove;
 Gently whisper, all ye trees;
 Tune each warbling throat to love,
 And cool each meadow with a breeze.

(Coventry and Co.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices*.—J. C. PRING.

(Soprano, Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

HENCE, avaunt! 't is holy ground;
 Comus and his midnight crew,
 And Ignorance with look profound,
 And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue;

Mad Sedition's cry profane,
 Servitude that hugs her chain ;
 Nor in these consecrated bowers,
 Let painted Flattery hide her serpent train in flowers :
 Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain
 Shall dare the Muses' walk to stain,
 While bright-eyed Science watches round ;
 Hence, avaunt ! 't is holy ground.

Warren's Collection, No. 30.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—G. HARGREAVES.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

HENCE, smiling mischief! Love, away!
 Haste, spread thy wings, seek other bowers ;
 No more indulge thy wanton play,
 Nor breathe thy sighs among the flowers ;
 For ah! the rose I fondly pressed
 While fresh it bloomed beneath mine eye,
 Infused a poison in my breast,
 The odour of thy treacherous sigh ;
 Then flutter here, fond Love, no more,
 I dare not, will not own thy sway ;
 To me my bosom's peace restore ;
 Thou smiling mischief, hence away!

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—G. HARGREAVES.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

HERE awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
 Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame;
 Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
 Tell me thou bringst me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e;
 Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.
 Here awa', etc.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave o' your slumbers;
 How your dread howling a lover alarms!
 Awaken, ye breezes! roll gently, ye billows!
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.
 Here awa', etc.

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na' his Nannie,
 Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main!
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But dying believe that my Willie's my ain!
 Here awa', etc.

Words by Burns.

(Hawes.)

MADRIGAL, *for 5 Voices.*—J. K. PYNNE, Jun.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

HERE at our choral meetings may we see
 Peace, and good-will, and social harmony.
 Sorrow and pain, tears that unbidden flow,
 And half our ills, O Discord, to thee we owe;
 But thine, O Harmony, shall be this hour,
 And joy shall fill the hearts that own thy power.

This Madrigal gained the Prize given by the Society for the Encouragement of Vocal Music, May 25th, 1839.

(Monro and May.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. ALCOCK.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

HERE beneath this lofty shade,
 Thus in careless freedom laid,
 While Assyrian essence sheds
 Liquid fragrance on our heads,
 While we may, with roses crowned,
 Let the cheerful bowl go round,
 Bacchus can our cares control,
 Cares that prey upon the soul.

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

MADRIGAL, *for 2 Voices*.—W. JACKSON.

(Soprano and Tenor.)

HERE, first inspired by grateful Love,
 For her I frame the verse sincere ;
 With pleasure still the lawn I rove,
 And pour my softest numbers there.

With joy we trace each verdant scene,
 The waving hills that gently rise,
 The scattered groves, the spires between,
 And fleecy whiteness of the skies.

For us the brook winds through the dale,
 For us the linnet plumes his wing ;
 Ours is the soft and fragrant gale,
 For us the jocund shepherds sing.

For us the flowers adorn the mead,
 Through trembling leaves the sunbeams play ;
 Content weaves garlands for our head,
 While Love and Nature join the lay.

Jackson's Madrigals.

ROUND, *for 3 Voices*.—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

HERE in sweet sleep the son of Nicon lies—
 He sleeps, for who shall say the good man dies ?

Harmonic Club Collection. (Mills.)

EPITAPH, *for 3 Voices.*—TRAVERS.

HERE innocence and beauty lie, whose breath
 Was snatched by early, not untimely death ;
 Hence did she go, just as she did begin
 Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin ;
 Death, that does sin and sorrow thus prevent,
 Is the next blessing to a life well-spent.

Warren's Collection, No. 1.

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.* EDMUND GREGORY.

HERE 's a bowl will drown your sorrow,—
 He that flinches is an ass ;
 'Tis from hence our mirth we borrow,
 Let not then one moment pass ;
 Leave dull thinking till tomorrow,
 Drink, and put about the glass.

Wheatstone's Harmonist.

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—R. WOODWARD.

HERE lies honest Stephen, and Mary his bride,
 They merrily loved, and cheerfully died ;

They laughed and they loved, they drank while they
 were able,
 But now they are forced to knock under the table.
 Alas! do what one will, to moisten our clay,
 'T will one day be ashes and moulder away.

Op. 1^{mo}.

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—JAMES GREEN.

HERE lies poor Toby all alone,
 As dead as any stone.
 Alas! what is he dead? it can't be so,
 But he may be drunk from top to toe;
 There let him lie, he'll soon be sober,
 He's only full of good October.

Warren's Collection, No. 29.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—F. GIARDINI.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

HERE lies my wife, poor Phillis,
 Let her lie;
 She's found repose at last,
 And so have I.

Warren's Collection, No. 20.

CATCH, *for 5 Voices*.—THEODORE AYLWARD, Gresh.
Prof. Mus.

HERE lies honest Ned,
Because he is dead;
Had it been his father,
We had much rather;
Had it been his mother,
We had rather than the other;
Had it been his sister
We ne'er should have missed her;
But since 't is honest Ned,
There's no more to be said.

Warren's Collection, No. 15.

EPITAPH, *for 3 Voices*.—W. HAWES.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

HERE sleeps beneath this humble pile of earth
The mortal relics of transcendent worth;
Snatched from this world, from all her earthly strife,
She's gone—a parent dear, a virtuous wife.
In friendship and religion's paths she trod,
And drew the model of her life from God;
Serenely calm in hope, resigned her breath,
And found her greatest, kindest friend—in death.

Written in a Country Churchyard.

From a Set of Six. (Mills.)

ROUND, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

HERE lies within this tomb so calm
 Old Giles, pray sound his knell,
 Who thought no song was like a psalm,
 No music like a bell.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

“ HERMIT hoar, in solemn cell,
 Wearing out life’s evening gray,
 Strike thy bosom, sage, and tell
 Where is bliss, and which the way? ”
 Thus he spake, and speaking sighed,
 Scarce repressed the stealing tear,
 When the hoary sage replied,
 “ Come, my lad, and drink some beer.”

Words by Dr. Johnson.

Posthumous Collection. (Novello.)

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—HILTON.

HEY down a-down, hey down derry !
 Shall I go with my true love over the ferry,
 And with her, like the birds in the greenwood, be merry ?

King’s Collection.

Words altered by James King.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—T. H. SEVERN.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

HIE away!

Over bank and over brae ;
 Where the copsewood is the greenest,
 Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
 Where the lady fern grows strongest,
 Where the morning dew lies longest.

Hie away, etc.

Where the black cock sweetest sips it,
 Where the fairy latest trips it,
 Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
 Lovely, lonesome, cool and green.

Hie away, etc.

Words by Sir Walter Scott.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

HIGH on a mountain's lofty brow,
 'Mid the clouds in glory's seat,
 Rocked by roaring winds that blow,
 Lightnings blast and tempests beat.
 In the sun-lit vale beneath,
 Hope, with sweet contentment, dwells,
 While gentler breezes round them breathe,
 And softer showers refresh their peaceful cells.

Warren's Collection, No. 24.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

HIGH the sparkling beverage pour,
 Be the song with fervour fraught!
 MARK, the consecrated hour
 Lifts the soul in solemn thought:
 Is it blest delusion's hour
 Rolls mine eye in frenzied trance?
 Beams of glory round me shower,
 Troops of radiant forms advance.
 Founded on that firm-set rock,
 Rising view the dome of gold,
 Fixed secure from wintry shock,
 There the good and there the bold.

 THE WARRIOR.
GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—G. HARGREAVES.

(2 Sopranos, or Tenors, and Bass.)

HIS foot's in the stirrup,
 His hand's on the mane,
 He is up and away!
 Shall we see him again?
 He thinks on his ladye-love;
 Little he heeds
 The levelling of lances
 Or rushing of steeds:

He thinks on his true love,
 And rides in an armour
 Of proof, woven sure
 By the spells of his charmer.

Words by A. Cunningham.

(Hawes.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

HITHER, all ye Loves and Pleasures,
 Sportive bend your devious way,
 With your festive mirth-fed measures
 Join the joyous roundelay.

Thus by you inspired, while singing
 Merry catch or tuneful glee,
 Social transport ever springing,
 Swell the song with harmony.

Webbe's Glees, Vol. 2. (Lonsdale.)

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices.*—T. MORLEY, 1588.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, and Tenor.)

Ho! who comes there with bagpiping and drumming?
 O, 't is, I see, the Morris-dance a coming.
 Come, ladies, come away, I say come quickly,
 And see how trim they dance about and trickly:

Hey, there again : hark how the bells they shake it !
 Now for our town ; hey ho ! our town, and take it.
 Soft, not away so fast ; dost see they melt them ?
 Piper be hanged, knave ! look, the dancers swelt them :
 Out, there, stand out ; you come too far, I say, in—
 And give the hobby-horse more room to play in.

(Novello.)

CANZONET, *for 3 Voices.*—T. MORLEY, 1588.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

 HOLD out, my heart,
 With joy's delights accloyed,
 O hold thou out, my heart, and show it,
 That all the world may know it,
 What sweet content,
 'Thou lately hast enjoyed :
 She that, Come dear, would say,
 Then laugh and run away ;
 And if I staid her, thus would she then cry,
 Nay, fie ! for shame, fie !
 My true love not regarding,
 Hath given my love at length his full rewarding ;
 So that unless I may tell the joys that do over fill me,
 My joys kept in, I know, in time will kill me.

(Novello.)

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—J. THOMSON, of Edinburgh.

(3 Tenors.)

HOMEWARD, comrades, let us hie ;
 The sun has sunk in the golden sky
 To quaff his draught from the deep,
 And so must we of mortal clay
 Recruit our strength for the coming day,
 And pledge the brimming wine-cup ere we sleep.

Words by C. J. Hallett.

(Hawes.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—J. LODGE ELLERTON, Esq.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and 2 Basses.)

How beautiful is night !
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air ;
 No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
 Breaks the serene of heaven :
 In full-orb'd glory yonder moon divine
 Rolls through the dark blue depths ;
 Beneath her steady ray
 The desert circle spreads,
 Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.

Words by Southey.

This Glee gained the Prize given by the Catch Club, 1838.

(Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—J. C. PRING.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

How bright were the blushes of morn,
 How sweet was the song of the grove,
 Ere Cynthia thus left me forlorn,
 And frowning forbade me to love !
 My streams I was wont to adore,
 My flock bleated music around ;
 And, shepherds, I loved them the more,
 Because she was pleased with the sound.

Words by Dr. Wolcot.

(Monro and May.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—G. HARGREAVES.

(Soprano, Tenor, and Bass.)

How can my poor heart be glad,
 When absent from my sailor lad ?
 How can I the thought forgo,
 He 's on the seas, to meet the foe ?
 Let me wander, let me rove,
 Still my heart is with my love ;
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
 Are with him that 's far away.

At the starless midnight hour,
 When winter rules with boundless power,

As the storms the forest tear,
 And thunders rend the howling air,
 Listening to the doubling roar
 Surging on the rocky shore,
 All I can, I weep and pray,
 For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive branch extend,
 And bid wild war his ravage end ;
 Man with brother man to meet,
 And as a brother kindly greet.
 Then may heaven with prosperous gales
 Fill my lover's welcome sails,
 To my arms their charge convey,
 My dear lad that 's far away.

Words by Burns.

CATCH, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

How charming the fair one I love and admire,
 When pensive yet pleasant she goes !
 She 's externally kind, but consumed by Love's fire
 I 'm unable to hide my sad woes.
 While you lie surrounded by roses so gay,
 And laugh, drink, and sing every hour ;
 'T is truly to conquer old time, who 'll not stay,
 When we cover each thorn with a flower.

Warren's Collection, No. 31.

TRIO.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

How deep the sigh that rends the heart,
 Which breaking still its hopes conceal!
 How keen the pang, when lovers part,
 And dare not, must not love reveal!
 O let these faltering accents tell,
 That breathe a long, a last farewell!

Words by J. Pocock,

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 4. (D'Almaine and Co.)

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—BERG.

How happy are we now the wind is abaft,
 And the boatswain he pipes, Haul both our sheets aft;
 Steady, says the master, it blows a fresh gale,
 We 'll soon reach our port, boys, if the wind does not fail.
 Then drink about, Tom, although the ship roll;
 We 'll save our rich liquor by slinging the bowl.

Warren's Collection, No. 1.

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices.*—W. JACKSON.

(2 Sopranos, Tenor, and Bass.)

How happy is the rustic boy,
 Who playing keeps his kine!
 Pleasure is all his sweet employ,
 No cares his thoughts confine.

The fluttering breeze, the brawling rill,
 The rush of sudden shower,
 His ear all Nature's concert fill,
 Her charms beguile each hour.
 Contented if his cattle feed
 Together all the day,
 A roving glance is all his heed,
 And then again to play.
 On turfy bed at ease he lies,
 Secure from Phœbus' beam,
 Soon lulled to rest he shuts his eyes,
 And tastes a honey dream.

Jackson's Madrigals.

GLEE, *for 5 Voices*.—W. BYRDE, 1563.

(Soprano, Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

How oft the heathen poets
 Did Apollo famous praise,
 As one who, for his music sweet,
 No peer had in his days !

Warren's Collection, No. 29.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—WM. BATES.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

How silent lies the chief, how low,
 Whose kindling spirits wont to glow
 At the shrill trumpet's voice !

Now o'er the unregarding tomb
 Th' ear-piercing fife, the thundering drum,
 In vain its power employs.

He's gone! the master of the field,
 The central gem of Honour's shield,
 The pride of Virtue's car;
 The tyrant's scourge, the foe's annoy,
 The brave man's friend, the soldier's joy,
 The father of the war.

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—W. H. WEST.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

How soft sleep the beams of yon moon on the breast
 Of the ocean that waveless in stillness doth rest!
 Ah, stay, sister, stay, and the melody mark,
 That 'witches my senses—hark, sister, hark!
 Oh fly thee from sounds that are fatally soft,
 That dew thy bright eye in the sad tear so oft;
 'Tis the ocean-king's hand that now kisses the lyre,
 For maidens like thee, love, he glows with desire.
 Now delight thrice refined whirls round my poor heart;
 Dost thou see yon fair youth speeding o'er the blue wave?
 No ocean-king he, sister, why then depart?
 See the features of love and the form of the brave.

See, lulled are the billows,
 Yon island of willows
 Contains the dear maid of my soul ;
 To her then repair thee,
 She bade me to bear thee

Unharm'd by the whirlpool or shoal.

Ah, youth! should'st thou speak of true love, beware!
 Should those words prove as light as the pinions of air,
 May the curse of wrong'd virtue embitter life ever,
 May you seek for repose and discover it never!

'T is a phantom thou fearest,

'T is the wish of my dearest,

'T is the truth that thou hearest,

Come, come o'er the wave.

Why changeth thy vessel? 't is shaped like a shell;

Why change those gold tresses to ringlets of green?

Why whistles the wind now? why springs from the swell

Of the ocean yon white drops,—say, what can it mean?

Wond'rst thou at my crown of rushes?

Wond'rst thou why the water gushes?

Wonder no more,—thou 'rt the ocean-king's bride,

And the tempests shall never, no never subside.

The rain descends, the lightnings flash,

The thunders roll, the billows clash;

With blackened skies

She sinks, she dies.

Words by H. Firm, Esq.

(Z. T. Purday.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—G. HOLDEN.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

How sweet 't is to return
 Where once we 've happy been,
 Though paler now life's lamp may burn,
 And years have rolled between.

And if those eyes beam welcome yet,
 That wept our parting then,
 Oh, in the smiles of friends thus met,
 We live those years again.

They tell us of a fount that flowed
 In happier days of yore,
 Whose waters bright fresh youth bestowed,
 Alas ! that fount 's no more.

But smiling memory still appears,
 Presents her cup, and when
 We sip the sweets of vanished years,
 We live those years again.

(Novello.)

*Words by S. Lover, Esq.**This gained the Gold Medal at the Liverpool Beef-steak Club, 1839.*GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—H. WYLDE.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

HUMANITY ! thy awful strain shall greet the ear,
 Sonorous, sweet and clear ;

And as, midst the dulcet notes
 That breathe from flute or lyre,
 The deep base rolls its manly melody,
 Guiding the tuneful choir,
 So thou, Humanity, shalt lead along
 The accordant passions in this moral song,
 And give one mental concert, truest harmony.

Words by Cowper.

(Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—T. MOORE, Esq.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

“ HUSH ! hush ! ” how well
 That sweet word sounds
 When love, the little sentinel,
 Walks his night rounds ;
 Then if a foot but dare
 One rose-leaf crush,
 Myriads of voices in the air
 Whisper “ hush ! hush ! ”

“ Hark, hark, ’t is he ! ”
 The night elves cry,
 And hush their fairy harmony
 While he steals by ;

But if his silvery feet
 One dew-drop brush,
 Voices are heard in chorus sweet
 Whisp'ring "hush! hush!"

Words by T. Moore, Esq.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—LONG.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

HUSH! the god of Love here sleeping lies,
 His hands disarmed and closed his wanton eyes;
 The bow unstrung awhile forgets to wound,
 His useless shafts lie scattered on the ground:
 Sleep on, sweet babe, and smiling, promise peace,
 For shouldst thou wake we know 't will quickly cease.

Warren's Collection.

CANON (*three in one*).—THOMAS FORD, 1650.

I AM so weary of this lingering grief;
 Some speedy help—I faint and die in brief.

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

CANON (*four in two*).—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor and Bass.)

I AM well pleased that the Lord hath heard the voice
of my prayer: therefore will I call upon him as long as
I live.

Warren's Collection, No. 30.

*This gained a Prize Medal, 1791.*CATCH, *for 3 Voices*.—Dr. HARRINGTON.

I CANNOT sing this Catch, I shall laugh ha, ha, ha!
For shame, you silly calf, don't you laugh,
You will not sing it half,
But make us all to laugh, ha, ha!
Look at his face, ha, ha!
When he sings bass, ha, ha!

(Mills.)

ROUND, *for 3 Voices*.—JOHN HILTON, 1652.

I CHARGE ye, O daughters of Jerusalem, I charge
ye by the hinds of the field, I charge ye that ye stir not
up or waken my love until she please.

Warren's Collection, No. 22.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

I COME! I come! ye have called me long,
 I come o'er the mountain with light and with song;
 Ye may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth,
 By the winds which tell of the violets' birth,
 By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
 By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the south, and the chestnut flowers
 By thousands have burst from the forest bowers;
 I have passed o'er the hills of the frozen north,
 And the larch has hung all his tassels forth;
 I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
 And called out each voice of the deep blue sky.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
 They are sweeping on to the silvery main;
 They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
 They are flinging spray on the forest boughs;
 They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
 And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
 Where the violets lie may be now your home:
 Ye of the rose cheek and dew-bright eye,
 And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly;
 With the lyre and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
 Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.

(Cramer and Co.)

CATCH, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. ALCOCK.

I HAVE no hopes, the duke he says, and dies ;
 In sure and certain hopes, the prelate cries :
 Of these two learned peers, I prithee say, man,
 Who is the lying knave, the priest or layman ?
 The duke he stands an infidel confest ;
 He 's our dear brother quoth the lordly priest ;
 The duke, though knave, still brother dear he cries,
 And who can say the reverend prelate lies ?

On Bishop Atterbury's burying the Duke of Buckingham.

Warren's Collection, No. 12.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. McMURDIE, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

I LOVE, I love to be alone,
 For then the stream of thought
 Flows in its wild luxuriance on,
 With lovely burthens fraught.

There, on its headlong current borne,
 Are well-remembered things ;
 Sweet flow'rets form the past uptorn
 That busy memory flings ;

And there are voices on the air,
 And perfumes on the breeze,
 That bear the mind to lands more fair,
 And softer climes than these.

Words by Boyle.

(Cramer and Co.)

CATCH, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

I LOVE to be merry and wise,
 To drink and cajole with a friend ;
 I love to assist in a song,
 And mirth with my troubles to blend ;
 To sing with the merry,
 To grieve with the sad,
 And to toss off a bumper
 To make my heart glad.

Ladies' Catch-book.

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—S. WEBBE, JUN.

(Alto, 3 Tenors, and Bass.)

I NEVER knew a sprightly fair
 That was not dear to me,
 And freely I my heart could share
 With every one I see.
 It is not this or that alone
 On whom my choice would fall,
 I do not more incline to one
 Than I incline to all.

The circle's bounding line are they,
 Its centre is my heart,
 My ready love the equal ray
 That flows to every part.

(Chappell.)

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE, Jun.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

I PIERCED the grove, and, in the deepest gloom
 Beheld sweet Love, of heavenly form and bloom ;
 Nor bow nor quiver at his back were slung,
 But harmless on the neighbouring branches hung.
 On rose-buds pillowed lay the little child,
 In glowing slumbers pleased, and sleeping smiled ;
 While, all around, the bees delighted sip
 The fragrance of his smooth and balmy lip.

Words from the Greek Anthology.

(Published by Composer.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. COOKE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

I PRITHEE, sweet, to me be kind,
 Delight not so in scorning ;
 I sue for love, oh let me find
 Some pleasure midst my mourning.

What though to you I vassal be,
 Let me my right inherit ;
 Send back the heart I gave to thee,
 Since thine it cannot merit :
 So shall I to the world declare
 How good, how sweet, how fair you are.

Warren's Collection, No. 29.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—LODGE ELLERTON, Esq.

(Soprano, Tenor, and Bass.)

I THINK of thee, love, when the morning's ray
 O'er ocean gleams ;
 I think of thee, love, when the moonbeams play
 On glassy streams.
 I see thee, dearest, on the distant strath,
 When dust-clouds rise ;
 In deepest night, when on the small bridge-path
 The wanderer lies.

I hear thee, dearest, when the torrent strays
 With murmuring fall ;
 In silent groves for thee I go to gaze
 When hushed is all.

I am by thee, love, though thou 'rt ne'er so far,
 To me thou 'rt near ;
 Now sinks the sun and smiles the star ;
 O, wert thou here !

Words from Frazer's Magazine.

From a Set of Eight. (Hawes.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—W. HAWES.

(2 Trebles, or, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

I THOUGHT this heart consuming lay
 On Cupid's burning shrine ;
 I thought he stole thy heart away,
 And placed it near to mine :
 I saw thy heart begin to melt,
 Like ice before the sun,
 'Till both a glow congenial felt,
 And mingled into one.

Words by T. Moore, Esq.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Harmonized by R. BANKS, of
 [Rochester.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WANDERED once at break of day,
 While yet upon the sunless sea
 In wanton sighs the breeze delayed,
 And o'er the wavy surface played ;
 Then first the fairest face I knew,
 First loved the eye of softest blue,
 And ventured, fearful, first to sip
 The sweets that hung upon the lip
 Of faithless Emma.

So mixed the rose and lily's white,
 That nature seemed uncertain quite

To deck her cheek what flower she chose,
 The lily or the blushing rose ;
 I wish I ne'er had seen her eye,
 Ne'er seen her cheek of doubtful dye,
 And never, never dared to sip
 The sweets that hung upon the lip
 Of faithless Emma.

(D'Almaine and Co., and Hime and Son, Liverpool.)

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices.*—T. MORLEY, 1588.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, and Tenor.)

I WILL no more come to thee,
 That flouts me when I woo thee ;
 Still Ty-hy, ty hy ty, thou criest,
 And all my lovely rings, my pins and gloves deniest.
 Oh say, alas ! what moves thee
 To grieve him so that loves thee ;
 Ah leave, alas ! awhile tormenting,
 And give my burning yet some small relenting.

(Novello.)

CANON, *in the fifth and ninth below.*—R. WOODWARD.

(2 Sopranos and Alto.)

I WILL sing unto the Lord, because he hath dealt so
 lovingly with me ; yea, I will praise the name of the
 Lord most High.

Op. 1^{mo}.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

I WISH to tune my quivering lyre
 To deeds of fame and notes of fire ;
 To echo, from its rising swell,
 How heroes fought and nations fell.
 The dying chords are strung anew,—
 To war ! to war ! my harp is due ;
 With glowing strings the epic strain
 To Jove's great son I raise again.
 All, all in vain, my wayward lyre
 Wakes silver notes of soft desire.
 Adieu, ye chiefs renowned in arms,
 Adieu the clang of war's alarms ;
 To other deeds my soul is strung,
 And sweeter notes shall now be sung ;
 My harp shall all its powers reveal,
 To tell the tale my heart must feel ;
 Love, love alone my lyre shall claim,
 In songs of bliss and sighs of fame.

Words translated from Anacreon, by Lord Byron.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. McMURDIE, Mus. Bac.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

IF all the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me move
 To live with thee and be thy love ;

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
 When rivers rage and rocks grow cold ;
 Then Philomel becometh dumb,
 And age complains of care to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
 To wayward winter reckoning yields :
 A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

*Words by Sir Walter Raleigh, written, as Isaac Walton informs us,
 in his younger days.*

(Cramer and Co.)

EPIGRAM, *for 3 Voices.*—W. JACKSON.

(Soprano, Tenor, and Bass.)

IF any so wise is
 That wine he despises,
 Let him tipple small beer and be sober ;
 While we laugh and sing,
 As if it were Spring,
 He shall droop like the trees in October.

But be sure, overnight,
 If this dog do you bite,
 That you take it henceforth for a warning ;
 Soon as out of your bed,
 To settle your head,
 Take a hair of his tail in the morning.

Jackson's Epigrams.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—JOSEPH BAILDON.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

IF gold could wasted life restore,
 I'd hoard in chests the precious ore ;
 And when grim death approached would say,
 Here, take thy fee and go thy way.
 But since the Fates are so severe,
 What's gold to me? love, wine and good cheer
 Are better far than useless treasure ;
 I'll change my sordid cares for pleasure.

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

IF life be a dream, 't is a pleasant one sure,
 And the dream of tonight we at least may secure ;
 If life be a bubble, though better I deem,
 Let us light up its colours by gaiety's beam.
 Away with cold vapours, I pity the mind
 That nothing but dullness and darkness can find ;
 Give me the kind spirit that laughs on its way,
 And turns thorns into roses, and Winter to May.

Words by Professor Smyth.

(Cramer, Addison, and Beale.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

IF Music can charm, and if Love can invite,
 No less, rosy Bacchus, thou giv'st us delight ;
 I love *them*, 't is true, but my bottle, I swear,
 Is at once the best friend and physician of care ;
 But would a gay mortal taste rapture divine,
 Apollo and Venus with Bacchus must join.

These Words are also set by Danby for five Voices.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—H. LAWES.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

IF my mistress fix her eye
 On those ruder lines of mine,
 Let them tell her how I lie
 Fettered by her looks divine ;
 Tell her it is only she
 Can release and set me free.

Tell her yet 't is my desire
 To remain her captive still ;
 Neither can I aim at higher
 Hope or fortune than her will ;
 So she will my thralldom pay
 But with one good look a day.

Words by Harington.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. ARNE.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

IF o'er the cruel tyrant love
 A conquest I believed,
 The flattering error cease to prove,
 O let me be deceived.

Forbear to fan the gentle flame
 Which love did first create ;
 What was my pride is now my shame,
 And must be turned to hate.

Then call not to my wavering mind
 The weakness of my heart,
 Which, ah ! I feel too much inclined
 To take the traitor's part.

Harmonized by Greatorex. (Cramer and Co.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. COOKE.

IF the man who turnips cries,
 Cry not when his father dies,
 'T is a proof that he had rather
 Have a turnip than his father.

Words by Dr. Johnson.

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—G. HARGREAVES.

IF there's a beauty, I declare
 'T is Eliza bright and free;
 And you're another charming fair,
 As sweet to view, as dear to me.
 If love but gazes on thine eye,
 He raves, he's drunk with ecstasy.
 I'll prove my words, my truth to prove,
 You strike me most—'t is you I love.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—W. FITZPATRICK.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

IF tomorrow may dawn on a stormy day,
 If the smile in pleasure's eyes
 By the clouds of despair may be chased away
 Like the visions of a summer's day,
 If joy be a vanishing beam at best,
 Like the lights o'er the northern seas,
 Oh where is the heart that could coldly waste
 The sunshine of moments like these.
 Then fill high, fill high the sparkling glass,
 And crown the moments as they pass.

Words by — Harvey, Esq.

(Duff and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. ARNE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

IF when death shall lift his dart,
 Gold could bribe him to depart,
 None than I would labour more
 To increase the glittering store ;
 But since riches have no power
 To put off the fatal hour,
 Why should trash my thoughts employ ?
 Why should care control my joy ?
 Death will strike an equal blow,
 Whether I am rich or no.
 Give me then, while life is mine,
 Jovial friends and sparkling wine ;
 Give me beauty, kind and free,
 Beauty blest in blessing me :
 So shall I transported share
 All of life that 's worth the care.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Saxon Melody, arranged by R.

[ANDREWS.]

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

I' LL lo'e thee, Annie, while the dew
 In siller bells hings on the tree,
 Or while the burnie's waves o' blue,
 Rin wimplin' to the rowin' sea ;

I'll lo'e thee while the gowan mild
 Its crimson fringe spreads on the lea,
 While blooms the heather in the wild,
 O Annie, I'll be true to thee.
 I'll lo'e thee while the lintie sings
 His song o' love on whinnie brae,
 I'll lo'e thee while the crystals spring
 Glint in the gowden gleams o' day ;
 I'll lo'e thee while there 's licht aboon,
 And stars to stud the breast o' sky ;
 I'll lo'e thee 'till life's day is done,
 And bless thee wi' my latest sigh.

Words by R. Hamilton.

(Z. T. Purday.)

QUINTET.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

ILLUSIVE hope, no more deceiving,
 Now to our wishes friendly prove ;
 Propitious powers, in you believing,
 Grant the reward to constant love.
 Gaily let each moment fly,
 Lightly passing as a sigh ;
 Sweetly smile, O goddess fair,
 Gently press the ambient air.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 4. (D'Almaine and Co.)

CATCH, *for 4 Voices*.—JOHN DANBY.

I'M a toper gay, when drinking,
 Thus how sweet the moments pass ;
 I'm a lover, ever thinking
 Of my dear and constant lass ;
 Drinking, singing, toying, kissing,
 Full of frolic, full of play,
 Sparkling bumpers never missing,
 Night by far outshines the day.

Warren's Collection, No. 27.

CATCH, *for 3 Voices*.—DR. CALLCOTT.

IMPERIAL Rome, the mistress of the world,
 Cæsar and Pompey both to ruin hurled ;
 Its Capitol there saw her master's end,
 And lofty ranks exclude the name of friend ;
 Too oft we quarrel, but to show our might,
 And "Bite him Vixen," sets e'en dogs to fight.

Warren's Collection, No. 29.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—J. PARRY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

IN a cell or cavern deep
 Sorrow loves unseen to weep ;

Not where busy crowds intrude,
 But in sacred solitude.
 When the eye of scorn is closed
 And the tear flows unexposed,
 When the moon's gay sportive beams
 Coyly kiss the pearly streams,
 When the night-bird charms the grove,
 Oh! how sweet alone to rove,
 Listening to her lay of love.

Words by J. Parry.

(Cramer and Co.)

ECHO-GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—J. PARRY.

(Soprano, Tenor, and Bass.)

IN a sweet sequestered dell
 Sportive Echo loves to dwell;
 Thither hapless lovers fly,
 For she gives them sigh for sigh.

Echo—sigh for sigh!

Hark! e'en now she mocks our strain,
 Prithee let us try again;
 Sportive nymph, I pray,

Echo—pray!

Listen to our simple lay;
 Say in voice distinct and clear,
 Art thou far, or art thou near?

Echo—near!

Let us laugh, ho, ho, ho, ho!

Echo—ho, ho, ho!

Love I never did profess,
If I have, pray answer yes.

Echo—yes!

One word more, and then we 'll go,
Does she love me? say yes or no.

Echo—no!

Sportive Echo, take thy flight,
We must bid thee now good night.

Echo—good night!

Words by John Parry.

(D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Harmonized by W. KNYVETT.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
The yellow-haired laddie would oftentimes go [grow.
To wilds and deep glens where the hawthorn trees

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sang his loves evening and morn;
He sang with so soft an enchanting a sound
That sylvans and fairies unseen danced around.

(Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—MARSCHNER.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

IN autumn we should drink, boys ;
 You need not sure be told,
 'Tis then the overladen vine
 Its purple burden sheds in wine.
 In autumn we should drink, boys, drink, boys!

In winter we should drink, boys,
 For winter it is cold ;
 And better than capote or hood,
 The bright Tokäyer warms the blood.
 In winter we should drink, boys, drink, boys!

In summer we should drink, boys,
 For summer's hot and dry ;
 The very earth is thirsty then,
 And thirsty surely must be men.
 In summer we should drink, boys, drink, boys!

In springtime we should drink, boys,
 It don't much matter why ;
 But having drunk for seasons three,
 To blink the fourth would folly be.
 In springtime we should drink, boys,
 Yes, round the year we'll drink, boys!

Words by J. R. Planché, Esq.

(Hawes.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

IN care and sorrow mourned I many a day,
 And passed the tedious nights in grief away ;
 At length a ray of hope glanced o'er my mind,
 Then sorrow fled, and grief kept far behind.
 Now free as air, from bliss to bliss I rove,
 Pleasure on pleasure all my hours improve ;
 Thus may we all forget our troubles past,
 And may our present joy for ever last.

Webbe's Collection, Vol. 3. (Lonsdale.)

 RONDO and CATCH, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE, Jun.

IN Delia every beauty meets
 That is to nature known ;
 She 's all that 's good, she 's all that 's fair,
 There is no charm she does not share,
 No grace that 's not her own.

Her lips like fairest cherries seem,
 Her teeth like rows of pearl ;
 Of brightest auburn is her hair,
 Whose tresses mock the toilet's care,
 So readily they curl.

Those eyes, which first my heart enslaved,
 Are black, as black as sloes ;
 Her cheek excels the ruby's glow,
 Her neck is white as virgin snow,
 And Grecian is her nose.

She has but one defect, alas !
 By flattery she 's caressed ;
 Oh ! what a fright my soul alarms,
 Whene'er I think my Delia's charms
 May make another blest.

Words by Egerton Webbe.

(Chappell.)

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices.*—T. MORLEY, 1588.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, and Tenor.)

IN dew of roses steeping
 Her lovely cheeks,
 Lycorius thus sat weeping :
 Ah ! Dorus false, that hast my heart bereft me,
 And now unkind hast left me :
 Hear me, alas ! oh hear me ;
 Cannot my beauty move thee,
 Then pity me, because I love thee ?
 Ah me ! thou scornest the more I pray thee,
 And this thou dost to slay me ;
 Ah ! do then, do kill me, and then vaunt thee ;
 Yet my ghost still shall haunt thee.

(Novello.)

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices.*—T. MORLEY, 1588.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

IN every place fierce Love, alas! assails me,
 And grief doth so torment me,
 That how can joy content me,
 When Hope, and Faith, and all, no whit avails me?
 O gentle Love! oh grant me less to grieve me,
 Or grieve me more, and grief will soon relieve me.
 (Novello.)

CANON, *for 3 Voices.*—DR. ARNE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

IN friendship, wine, and amorous play,
 Who sports with fresh delight,
 May wisely say, I've had my day,
 And wish the world good-night.

Warren's Collection, No. 5.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE, JUN.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

IN glorious dress she comes, sweet flowery May!
 Her matchless beauties crown the smiling day
 With lively tint, and wake each landscape gay;

Her playful, soft, inviting airs
 Tempt us to lay aside our cares,
 To join with joy her dancing steps, and sing
 With the young feather'd choir, whose downy wing
 And melody proclaim the dear return of Spring :
 All nature feels her influence, love and joy,
 And rich delights the golden hours employ.
 Oh then how earnestly we wish the longer stay
 Of mirth-inspiring, sprightly May ;
 But ah ! we wish, we wish in vain ;
 Each flower she strews
 Too plainly shows
 The quick declension of her pleasing reign ;
 Yes, yes, she trips so fast away,
 We quickly with regret shall say,
 She's gone ! farewell, sweet flowery May !
 (Chappell.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices*.—W. RUSSELL, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

IN rosy bowers and sweet arcades
 The lovely Nine dance round and play,
 And there, in close embowering shades,
 They celebrate the festive day.

Then twine, sweet maids, the roseate wreath
 Around the cot of balmy peace,
 Whose fragrant odours Friendship breathe,
 Whose mandate bids red war to cease.

Long may our island, by thy power divine,
 With richest diadems and honour shine ;
 From east to west our commerce wide display,
 In every clime till time shall pass away.

Euterpean. (Monro.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

IN rural innocence secure I dwell,
 Alike to fortune and to fame unknown ;
 Approving conscience cheers my humble cell,
 And social quiet marks me for her own.

(Coventry and Co.)

TRIO.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Soprano, Tenor, and Bass.)

IN tears the heart oppressed with grief
 Gives language to its woes ;
 In tears its fullness finds relief
 When rapture's tide o'erflows.

Who then unclouded bliss would seek
 On this terrestrial sphere,
 When e'en delight can only speak,
 Like sorrow, in a tear ?

Words by Mrs. Hemans.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 4. (D'Almaine and Co.)

EPITAPH, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. COOKE.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

INTERRED here doth lye a worthy wyght,
 Who for long time in music bore the bell ;
 His name to show, was Thomas Tallis hight,
 In honest, virtuous life he did excel ;
 He served long time in chapel with great praise,
 Four sovereigns' reigns, a thing not often seen ;
 I mean King Henry, and Prince Edward's days,
 Queen Mary, and Elizabeth our queen ;
 He married was, though children he had none,
 And lived in love full three-and-thirty years,
 With loyal spouse, whose name yclipt was Joan,
 Who, here entombed, him company now bears.
 As he did live, so also did he dye,
 In mild and quiet sort, O happy man !
 To God full oft for mercy did he cry,
 Wherefore he lives, let Death do what he can.

On the Tombstone of Tallis, at Greenwich, who died Nov. 23, 1625.
 Warren's Collection, No. 7.

 THE HERMITAGE.
GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

IN the deep shade of this sequestered grove,
 With sacred solitude, ah would you dwell?
 Stranger ! no more the storms of passion prove,
 But seek for quiet in this lowly cell ;

Nor guilt nor care can reach this blest abode,
 For virtue guards the flowery paths around ;
 Her feet alone have pressed the verdant sod,
 She decks with each delight this hallowed ground.
 Oh ! would you taste of joys for ever new,
 'T is here, retired with virtue, you must rest ;
 Quit the vain world, and join the happy few
 That here with innocence and peace are blest.

Posthumous Collection. (Novello.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—G. A. MACFARREN.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

IN the merry old times of our ancestors,
 When the Saxons and Danes ruled here,
 They feasted right well,
 As their chronicles tell,
 And got drunk every day in the year.
 In the merry old times, etc.

One day when the king was royally fresh
 They throned him upon the sea-shore,
 And commanded the waves,
 Like infidel slaves,
 To be humble their master before ;

But the billows were all so rolling drunk,
 That they scared the whole court from Dover,
 And they foamed and they roared,
 " We scorn such a lord,
 He's a king only half seas over !"
 In the merry old times, etc.

Then his majesty summoned both commons and lords,
 "Let's be merry and wise," quoth he ;
 "To quell this commotion,
 Let's drink up the ocean,
 And so be the lords of the sea."
 In the merry old times, etc.

Words by G. A. Macfarren.

(Hill and Co.)

DUET.—S. WEBBE, Jun.

(Soprano and Tenor.)

IN the rough garb of winter when nature is dressed,
 And the snow-storm drives over the vale,
 How fare they that lodge in yon lone little nest,
 That so fearfully rocks in the gale ?
 Oh they feel not the pitiless tempest that shakes them,
 They heed not the rage of the weather ;
 In love fondly trusting, each blast only makes them
 Still nestle more closely together :
 Let us live then, like them, for each other alone,
 Nor fear though the world should reprove ;
 No sorrows disturb us, no fears do we own,
 Secure in the strength of our love :
 Should adversity come, with her withering blast,
 Our hearts all her power could not sever,
 For the ills that we share only rivet more fast
 The ties that unite us for ever.

Words by Egerton Webbe.

(Chappell.)

ROUND, *for 4 Voices.*—JOHN DANBY.

IN this fair vill, which suits retirement well,
 The Muse shall visit, and the Naiad dwell ;
 No murmur shall invade the nymph's repose,
 But her own Avon, which beneath thee flows ;
 No ruder sound affect amusement's ease
 Than the soft whisper of the vernal breeze ;
 By Phœbus sent, his favourite bards are come,
 Act his behest, and consecrate the dome.

Warren's Collection, No. 21.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—SPOFFORTH.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

IN this recess, this melancholy shade,
 Where fleeting phantoms haunt the silent glade ;
 Where gloomy paths in endless turnings twine,
 As best befits a venom'd pang like mine,
 Devoted unto sorrow here I rove,
 Unhappy in my friendship as my love ;
 While busy thought reflects on former scenes,
 On cherished follies and fantastic dreams.
 Yet why this grief, why murmur at my fate,
 Of vanished joys that bear so short a date ?
 Though Death has struck the tender nymph I love,
 She treads, I trust, ethereal fields above.

(Hawes.)

ELEGY, *for 3 Voices.*—T. LINLEY, of Bath.

(Soprano, Alto, and Bass.)

IN thousand thoughts of love and thee,
 Restless I wake the tedious night ;
 And wish the day, as if the day
 Could comfort bring as well as light.

Then walk the fields ; the cheerful birds
 With early song salute the morn,
 Each with his mate, while I, alone,
 Wander despairing and forlorn.

Cease, cease your notes, ye birds of joy,
 And let the mournful nightingale,
 That loves to weep, prevent the Spring,
 And tell her grief to every vale.

I'll weep with her and tell my woes,
 Thus doomed for ever to complain,
 In mournful sounds, Emira's loss,
 My killing grief and endless pain.

Elegies, No. 6.

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE, Jun.

IN vain would Fortune, with tempestuous blast,
 The present pile of happiness destroy ;
 Locked in the sacred treasures of the past,
 What I have once possessed I still enjoy.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—STEPHEN PAXTON.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

IN vain I strike the sounding string,
 And music's power implore ;
 The softest notes no comfort bring,
 But raise my passion more.
 In vain I bend at Bacchus' shrine,
 My sorrows to remove,
 In vain invoke the god of wine,
 I find no cure for love.
 Dear Chloe, then your aid impart,
 Take pity on your swain ;
 One gentle look will ease his heart,
 One smile will end his pain.

Warren's Collection, No. 19.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—BATTISHILL.

(Alto, Tenor and Bass.)

IN vain you tell your parting lover
 You wish fair winds to waft him over ;
 Alas ! what winds can happy prove,
 That bear me far from her I love ?
 Alas ! what dangers on the main
 Can equal those which I sustain
 From slighted love and cold disdain

Be gentle, and in pity choose
 To wish the wildest tempests loose ;
 That thrown again upon the coast,
 Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,
 I may once more repeat my pain,
 Once more in dying notes complain
 Of slighted love and cold disdain.

Words by Prior.

Second Collection.

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

IN vain you would blow up the fire of love,
 Your arts are vain, and never can me move ;
 For having been deceived my heart is cold,
 And not for baubles to be bought or sold :
 Whoever knows me knows that I am free,
 And so indeed I ever wish to be.

Warren's Collection, No. 31.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

INVEST my head with fragrant rose,
 That on fair Flora's bosom grows ;
 Distend my veins with purple juice,
 That mirth may o'er my limbs diffuse.

'T is wine and love, and love and wine,
 Inspire our youth with flames divine :
 Thus crowned with Paphian myrtles, I
 In Cyprian shades will bathing lie ;
 Whose snows, if too much cooling, then
 Bacchus shall warm my blood again.
 Life's short, and winged pleasures fly,
 Who mourning live do living die :
 On down and floods then, swan-like, I
 Will stretch my limbs, and singing die.
 'T is wine, etc.

Words by R. Heath, 1650.

*Set also by Elliott for 4 Voices, which Glee gained the Prize, 1821.
 See Clark, page 406.*

Horsley's Vocal Harmony. (Monro and May.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. ARNOLD.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

IN yonder grave a Druid lies ;
 While slowly winds the stealing wave,
 The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
 To deck the poet's sylvan grave.
 Long the stone and pointed clay
 Shall meet the musing Briton's eyes ;
 O vales and wild woods, shall ye say,
 In yonder grave your Druid lies !

Words by Collins.

Warren's Collection, No. 14.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—G. HARGREAVES.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

Io! they come, they come!
 Garlands for every shrine;
 Strike lyres to greet them home;
 Bring roses, pour ye wine!
 Swell, swell the Dorian flute,
 Through the blue triumphal sky;
 Let the cittern's tone salute
 The sons of victory!
 With the offering of bright blood
 They have ransomed hearth and tomb,
 Vineyard and field and flood;
 Io! they come, they come!
 Who murmured of the dead?
 Hush, boding voice!
 We know that many a shining head
 Lies in its glory low.
 Breathe not those names today!
 They shall have their praise ere long,
 And a power all hearts to sway,
 In ever-burning song.
 But now shed flowers, pour wine,
 To hail the conquerors home;
 Bring wreaths for every shrine,
 Io! they come, they come!

Words by Mrs. Hemans.

(Hawes.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—W. KNYVETT.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

IT was the charming month of May,
 When all the flowers were fresh and gay,
 One morning by the break of day,
 The youthful, charming Chloe,

From peaceful slumber she arose,
 Girt on her mantle and her hose ;
 O'er the flowery mead she goes,
 The youthful, charming Chloe.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
 Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe ;
 Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
 The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people you might see,
 Perched all around on every tree ;
 In sweetest notes of melody
 They hail the charming Chloe.

Till painting gay the eastern skies,
 The glorious sun began to rise,
 Outrivalled by the radiant eyes
 Of youthful, charming Chloe.
 Lovely was she, etc.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

IT was the lord of Falkenstein,
 He met a maid both fair and fine ;
 Her cheek was pale, her dress was white,
 And sorrow dimm'd her eyes so bright.
 "And wherefore weep you, lovely maid?"
 The lord of Falkenstein he said :
 "Oh, tell me whence your sorrows flow,
 And let me hush your bosom's woe."
 "Art thou the lord of Falkenstein ?
 And yonder castle's tower is thine ?
 Yon castle's tower like gold, which gleams
 And glitters in the morning beams ?"
 "There stands a tower in Falkenstein,
 Whose walls inclose this love of thine ;
 There doth he now in fetters stay,
 And shall until his dying day."
 She went around and round the tower,
 Bleak roars the wind, cold falls the shower ;
 Loud howls the storm, it chills my heart,
 More chills it those our loves who part.
 The lord of Falkenstein, who heard
 The faithful maiden's plaintive word,
 In pity loosed her lover's chain,
 And gave him to her arms again.

(Mills.)

CATCH, *for 4 Voices.*—WILLIAM BATES.

JACK at the mast-head with joy cries, "A sail!
 She is ours, my brave boys, her strength shan't avail;"
 "Then follow," says Bluff to the rest of his crew,
 "Her mast's by the board, she soon must bring to."
 Says Tar to the Parson, midst fire and smoke,
 "She'll blow us to heaven! indeed I don't joke."
 With-pale looking face (not minding the jest),
 "God forbid!" in a fright replied the poor priest.
 Warren's Vocal Harmony.

CANZONET, *for 3 Voices.*—T. MORLEY, 1588.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

Joy doth so arise, and so content me,
 When I but see thee, O my life's fair treasure!
 That seeing makes me blind, alas! through too great
 pleasure;
 But if such blinding, sweet Love, doth so delight thee,
 Come, Love, and more thus blind me still, and spite thee.
 (Novello.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—G. HARGREAVES.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

Joy! we search for thee in vain
 In the monarch's gilded train,

In the mask's fantastic crowd,
 In the revels of the proud,
 In the camp or festive hall,
 At the rout or midnight ball.
 Thou, in all that's pure and fair,
 Dost delight, O Joy, to share ;
 In creation's vesper song,
 Warbling with the winged throng ;
 In the cuckoo's mellow voice
 Shouting to the woods—rejoice !
 Thou art on the dewy lawn,
 Sporting with the lamb and fawn,
 Joining in the frolic play
 Of childhood's happy holiday.

Words by Miss Strickland.

This gained the Prize offered by the Apollo Glee Club, Liverpool, 1838.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—DAVY. Arranged by V. Novello.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

JUST like love is yonder rose,
 Heavenly fragrance round it throws ;
 Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose,
 And in the midst of briars it blows.

Just like love, etc.

Culled to bloom upon the breast,
 Though rough thorns the stem invest,
 They must be gathered with the rest,
 And with it to the heart be pressed.

Just like love, etc.

And when rude hands the twin-buds sever,
 They die, and they shall blossom never,
 Though the thorns be sharp as ever.

Just like love, etc.

Words from Camoens.

(Novello.)

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices.*—RUGGIERO TROFEO.

(2 Sopranos, Tenor, and Bass.)

LADY, I pray thee
 Be not thus disdainful,
 But hearken to my suit,
 With kind consenting ;
 Yet if still unrelenting,
 O then in pity fly me ;
 Who can refrain to love
 If thou art nigh me ?

“Vocal Schools of Italy.” (Cramer and Co.)

CANZONET, *for 3 Voices.*—T. MORLEY, 1588.

(Soprano, Alto, and Bass.)

LADY, if I through grief and your disdain,
 Adjudged be to live in hell eternally remaining,
 Of those my burning flames well shall I rest contented;
 Oh! but you I wail, who there must be tormented:
 For when I shall behold you,
 Your eyes alone will so delight me,
 That no great pain can once affright me; [doubt you,
 But this, alas! would quite have killed me—oh do not
 To have been there alone without you.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—T. MORLEY.

(2 Sopranos, or 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

LADY, those eyes of yours,
 Those fine eyes that shine so clearly,
 Why do you hide from me,
 That bought their beams so dearly?
 Think not, when thou exil'st me,
 Less heat in me sojourneth;
 O no! then thou beguil'st thee;
 Love doth but shine in thee,
 But oh! in me he burneth.

(Novello.)

MADRIGAL, *for 5 Voices.*—GIOVANNI FERRETTI.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

LADY, unkind, my heart thou hast, alas! ensnared:
 If thou, still cruel, scorn'st the love I pay thee,
 Oh give it back, I pray thee.

“Vocal Schools of Italy.” (Cramer and Co.)

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices.*—T. MORLEY, 1588.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, and Tenor.)

LADY, why grieve you still me?
 Oh no, you love me, if this be love, to kill me.
 Oh strange tormenting;
 Ah break, heart, alas!
 Her heart contenting:
 And you, that now disdain me,
 Say then that grief hath slain me.

(Novello.)

MADRIGAL, *for 5 Voices.*—GIOVANNI FERRETTI.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

LADIES, I fain would warn ye.
 Remember, time is flying,
 Nor linger in replying,
 O then stay not, delay not,
 Lest in turn your swains should scorn ye.

“Vocal Schools of Italy.” (Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—W. ROCK.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

LAWLESS o'er the yielding wire,
 Wild as with their father's lyre,
 When the sons of Eol play,
 Let the trembling fingers stray ;
 Give to freedom fair the strain
 Unallied to pain ;
 Wreathe the laurel, myrtle, vine,
 Hail to music, love and wine !

Warren's Collection, No. 26.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—JOHN DANBY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

LET gaiety sparkle in our eyes,
 Each tongue of mirth some token give ;
 Time is but lent, to use it's wise,
 Then while we may, my friends, let's live.
 In pleasure's ocean let us sail,
 But still let reason be our guide ;
 Thus from mad passion's boisterous gale
 Our ship secure shall briskly ride.

Danby's Collection, 4th Book.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

LET kings for empire or for crowns contend,
 Let them their arms to distant realms extend;
 I envy none—no, not the powers above,
 I've all I wish for in Astrea's love.

Wheatstone's Harmonist.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. ADCOCK.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

LET not corroding care our bliss destroy,
 Its deadly poison rankle in our breast;
 Come, Bacchus, parent of each earthly joy,
 Lull with thy dulcet power our soul to rest;
 Let sweet oblivion o'er our senses steal,
 Our bosom breathe no sigh, no sorrow feel.

(Mills.)

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

LET not love on me bestow
 Soft distress and tender woe;
 I know none but substantial blisses,
 Eager glances, solid kisses;

I know not what the lovers feign
 Of finer pleasures mixed with pain ;
 Then prithee give me, gentle boy,
 None of thy grief, but all thy joy.

Ladies' Catch-Book, and Webbe's Collection, Vol. 1.

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—BERG.

LET us drink and be merry, dance, joke and rejoice,
 With claret, canary, theorbo and voice ;
 The changeable world to our joys is unjust,
 And all pleasures are ended when we're in the dust.
 In mirth let us spend our spare hours and our pence,
 For we shall be past it a hundred years hence.

Ladies' Amusement.

MADRIGAL, *for 3 Voices.*—W. JACKSON.

(Soprano, Tenor, and Bass.)

LET us live to love and pleasure,
 Careless what the grave may say ;
 When each moment is a treasure,
 Why should mortals lose a day ?
 Setting suns shall rise in glory ;
 But when little life is o'er
 There's an end to all the story ;
 We shall sleep, to wake no more.

Jackson's Madrigals.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—BATTISHILL.

(Soprano, Alto, and Bass.)

LET perjured fair Amynta know
 What for her sake I undergo;
 Tell her, for her how I sustain
 A lingering fever's wasting pain;
 Tell her the torments I endure,
 Which only, only she can cure.
 But oh! she scorns to hear or see
 The wretch who lies so low as me;
 A fancied greatness turns her brain,
 And Strephon hopes, alas! in vain;
 For ne'er was found, though often tried,
 That pity ever dwelt with pride.

Words by Prior.

Second Collection.

CANON (*four in two*), 4 Voices.—R. WOODWARD, Jun.

LET the words of my mouth and the meditation of my
 heart be always acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my
 strength and my Redeemer.

This Canon gained the first Prize Medal given by the Catch Club, 1764.

Warren's Collection, No. 3.

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

LET the sage hermit shun mankind,
 Let the dull miser hoard his gold,
 Let Chloe's charms poor Strephon blind,
 Let treacherous friends be bought and sold;
 Be mine, amidst the social band,
 The raptures of champagne to taste,
 Whose vigorous juice new relish gives
 To mutual converse, reason's feast;
 While old Anacreon seems to rise and say,
 Begone, ye toils of life! ye busy cares, away!

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

LET the smiles of youth appearing,
 Let the rays of beauty cheering,
 Drive the gloom of care away:
 Thus, in strains of lively measure,
 We, replete with joy and pleasure,
 Lengthen out each happy day.
 Far from the tumult of ambitious strife,
 Easy, contented, may we glide through life.
 Time can impair the lustre of our youth,
 But not of friendship, love, nor sacred truth.
 Let the smiles, etc.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—T. COOKE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

LET us drain the nectar'd bowl,
 Let us raise the song of soul
 To him, the god who loves so well
 The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell.
 When I drink my sorrows o'er
 I think of doubts and fears no more,
 But scatter to the railing wind
 Each gloomy phantom of the mind ;
 When I drink, the jesting boy,
 Bacchus himself, partakes my joy ;
 When I drink, I feel, I feel
 Visions of poetic zeal :
 Warm with the goblet's fresh'ning dews,
 My heart invokes the heavenly Muse.
 Venus ! I breathe my vows to thee
 In many a sigh of luxury.
 Surely never yet has been
 So divine, so blest a scene.
 Has Cupid left the starry sphere,
 To wave his golden tresses here ?
 Oh yes ! and Venus, queen of wiles,
 And Bacchus shedding rosy smiles ;
 All, all are here, to hail with me
 The reign of mirth and social glee.

*Words by G. A. Macfarren, Esq.**This gained the Prize at the Glee Club, 1830.*

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Sir J. STEVENSON.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

LET us the fleeting hours enjoy,
 With love and harmony all cares destroy ;
 Contented be, good-humour'd, blithe and gay,
 Pleasing and pleased, ill-nature chase away ;
 While social mirth and all its smiling train
 Inspire new joys, and with delight here reign.
 Then join in merry Catch and Glee,
 And happy, happy let us be.

(Mills.)

ELEGY, *for 3 Voices.*—T. LINLEY.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

LET vanquish'd nature mourn
 Her lost simplicity o'er Shenstone's urn :
 With sympathetic sorrow o'er his tomb,
 Let the pale primrose shed its wild perfume ;
 The cowslip droop its head, and all around,
 The withering violet, strew the hallow'd ground :
 For mute the swain, and cold the hand that wove
 Their simple sweets to wreaths of artless love.

Words by Tickell, on the death of Shenstone.

Convito Harmonico, vol. 4. (Chappell.)

CANON, *for 4 Voices*.—DR. HAYES.

LET'S drink and let's sing together,
 In spite of wind or weather ;
 For here true joy is found,
 So let the toast go round ;
 Come, here 's to all honest men !
 Fill up your glass, drink fair, or drink again.

Convito Harmonico, vol. 2. (Chappell.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices*.—FRANCIS IRELAND.

LET'S drink, boys, and be jolly,
 For thinking is a folly ;
 Here she goes, boys, in a brimmer.
 To the best of our skill,
 With joy the hours we'll fill ;
 Here she goes, boys, in a brimmer.
 In Christendom sure none be
 So gay, so jovial as we ;
 Here she goes, boys, in a brimmer.

Warren's Collection, No. 11.

CATCH, *for 4 Voices*.—T. COOKE.

LET'S have a Catch, and not a Glee ;
 " When winds breathe soft " 's too hard for me ;

Or "When shall we three meet again,
 In thunder, lightning, or in rain ;"
 For never more I hope to match
 The cold that I 've contrived to catch ;
 To cure this cold I 'll quickly drain
 A fleeting glass of brisk champagne.

Words by T. Cooke.

This gained the Prize at the Catch Club, 1832.

Published by the Composer.

CANON (*three in one*), for 3 Voices.—W. BATES.

LIE on, while my revenge shall be,
 To speak the very truth of thee.

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

GLEE, for 3 Voices.—S. WEBBE.

(2 Sopranos or Tenors, and Bass.)

Trio.

LIFE is a flower, the sages say,
 That blooms today and dies tomorrow ;
 If such our state, ye wise ones, pray
 Have we an hour to waste in sorrow ?

Chorus.

Then—vive l'amour, vive la joie,
 La musique et l'esprit !
 Vivons seulement pour ces emplois,
 Ecoutez ce qu'on dit.

Trio.

If life's sweet morn so quick must pass,
 So soon must fade its brilliant noon,
 Too soon will evening come, alas !
 And dull dark night our joys entomb.

Chorus.

Then—vive l'amour, vive la joie,
 La musique et l'esprit !
 Vivons seulement pour ces emplois,
 Ecoutez ce qu'on dit.

Trio.

Why should we sigh, or weep, or think,
 Since nought can wayward fate incline ?
 No, we'll to present pleasures drink,
 And not at coming woes repine.

Chorus.

Then here 's to love and here 's to wit,
 To music and to joy !
 These cares alone for us are fit,
 All other cares annoy.

CANON, *for 3 Voices.*—J. S. SMITH.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

LIFE is a scene of conteck and distress,
 Ne it is longer than a winter's day ;
 And shall we make our few enjoyments less ?
 Ne'er shall my tongue its venom'd malice wreak
 On tuneful bards whom laurel crowns a pay ;
 Ne will I 'gainst the comely matron speak,
 Or draw one pearly drop down Beautie's cheek.

Warren's Collection, No. 20.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—GLUCK.

(2 Sopranos, or Alto, and Bass.)

LIFT up thy drooping head, sweet rose !
 The storm that raged has lost its power ;
 None but a balmy breeze now blows,
 To heal the wounds of that dread shower.
 Shines now again the lord of day ;
 Each grateful flower, as he appears,
 Reviving in his genial ray,
 Breathes odorous thanks through sparkling tears.

Words by W. J. Taylor, Esq.

(Lonsdale.)

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—T. COOKE.

LIGHTLY and brightly breaks away
 The morning from her mantle grey;
 Hark to the trump and the drum,
 And the neigh of the steed and the multitude's hum,
 And the clash and the shout—they come! they come!

Words by Lord Byron.

(Willis and Co.)

CANON, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. ALCOCK.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

LIKE as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so longeth
 my soul after thee, O God! My soul is athirst for
 God, yea, even for the living God; when shall I come
 to appear before the presence of God?

This gained a Prize Medal, 1772.

Warren's Collection, No. 11.

MADRIGAL, *for 5 Voices.*—LUCA MARENZIO.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

LILIES white, crimson roses,
 Upon her cheeks are blooming;
 Teeth of pearly whiteness,
 And eyes of starry brightness,

Her lovely face discloses ;
 Her smile while brightly beaming,
 Of paradise I 'm dreaming :
 Pay here your ardent duty,
 Her adore, queen of beauty !

“Vocal Schools of Italy.” (Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

LITTLE Bacchus, reeling fellow,
 Haste and aid me with thine art ;
 Bring the juice of grape so mellow,
 And its powers quick impart.
 Cupid, hence ! thy wiles are teasing,
 Seek no more to make me mad ;
 Him I follow who, more pleasing,
 Will not let me e'er be sad.
 Bring me then that bowl of pleasure,
 Sparkling with the roseate wine ;
 If on me thou pour'st thy treasure,
 Bacchus, I 'll be ever thine.

Words by John Petre, Esq.

(D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—JOHN DANBY.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

LITTLE warbler, who dost bring
 Mirth and music to the Spring,
 Welcome to our jocund swains,
 And the nymphs that grace the plains ;
 How the youths thy absence mourn !
 Great their joy at thy return.

Danby's Collection, 3rd Book.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—GEORGE HARGREAVES.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

Lo ! across the blasted heath
 Rushes War, the pride of Death ;
 At his side, in dreadful state,
 Despair and yelling Horror wait ;
 Round him are the sisters three,
 Each her pallid steed bestriding,
 Furious through the battle riding,
 Mocking mortal misery.
 On they come with horrid joy,
 And screaming loud, Destroy ! destroy !
 The sounds terrific load the air,
 Desolation hovers near,
 And madness rends the soul of fear.
 O goddess ! thou at whose mild word
 The murderer drops th' insatiate sword,

Meek-eyed angel, holy Peace !
 Descend in all thy winning charms,
 And with thine olive bind his arms,
 And bid the carnage cease.

Words by Westall.

This gained the Prize at the Glee Club, Manchester, 1833.
 (Novello.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. HINDLE, Mus. Bac.

(2 Altos, Tenor, and Bass.)

LOOSE to the wind her golden tresses streamed,
 Forming bright waves, with amorous zephyr's sighs ;
 And though averted now, her charming eyes
 Then with warm love and melting pity beamed :
 Was I deceived? ah surely, nymph divine,
 That fine suffusion on thy cheek—'t was love !
 What wonder then those lovely tints should move,
 Should fire this heart, this tender heart of mine ?
 Thy soft melodious voice, thy air, thy shape,
 Were of a goddess, not a mortal maid ;
 Yet tho' thy charms, thy heavenly charms, should fade,
 My heart, my tender heart, could not escape,
 Nor cure for me in time or place be found ;
 The shaft extracted does not cure the wound.

Words from Petrarch, by Charlotte Smith.

Hindle's Collection.

MADRIGAL, *for 5 Voices.*—RUGGIERO GIOVANELLI.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

LOSE not your chance, fair ladies,
 For time is ever flying,
 And you will ne'er grow younger ;
 Take advice while you may,
 And be complying ;
 Refuse your swain no longer ;
 Accept his suit today—nay, never falter,
 For when tomorrow cometh he may alter.

“Vocal Schools of Italy.” (Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—JOLLY.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

LOUD howls the wind, the foaming billows dash,
 The midnight torrents round me wild descend ;
 The thunder rolls, the livid lightnings flash—
 Relentless elements, why thus contend ?
 He that directs the storm supports my mind ;
 When dangers rise, in Him alone I trust ;
 Whate'er His will, I'll strive to be resigned,
 And though I perish, own that He is just ;
 But hope still whispers He 'll my safeguard prove,
 And bring me back to those I fondly love.

Words by Meyrick.

Posthumous Collection. (Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

LOVE delights the giddy lad,
 Prudent age to claret flies;
 For to love is to be mad,
 But to drink is to be wise.
 With Copernican mysteries have done,
 Let the earth turn around or the sun,
 Such arguments always decline;
 What needs such elaborate pother,
 Since the turning of one or the other
 Will ripen the juice of the vine?

Warren's Collection, No. 32.

MADRIGAL, *for 6 Voices.*—LUDGE ELLERTON, Esq.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and 2 Basses.)

LOVE in my bosom like a bee
 Doth suck his sweete;
 Now with his wings he seems to play with me,
 Now with his feete.
 Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
 His bed amid my tender breast;
 My kisses are his daily feast,
 And yet he robs me of my rest.
 Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
 He music plays if I so sing;

He lends me every living thing,
 Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.
 What if I beat the wanton boy
 With many a rod?
 He will repay me with annoy,
 Because a god:
 Then sit thou safely on my knee,
 And let my bowre thy bosom be;
 O Cupid! so thou pity me,
 I will not wish to part from thee.

Words by Thos. Lodge, 1574.

From a Set of Eight. (Hawes.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—PETER HELENDAAAL.

(2 Sopranos, Tenor, and Bass.)

LOVE, inform thy faithful creature
 How to keep his fair one's heart;
 Must it be by truth of nature,
 Or by poor dissembling art?
 Tell the secret, show the wonder,
 How we both may gain our ends;
 I am lost if we're asunder,
 Ever tortured if we're friends.

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

LOVE, like other little boys,
 Cries for hearts, as they for toys ;
 Which when gained in childish play
 Wantonly are thrown away.
 Still on wing or on his knees,
 Love does nothing by degrees ;
 Basely flying when most prized,
 Meanly fawning when despised ;
 Flattering or insulting ever,
 Generous and grateful never :
 All his joys are fleeting dreams,
 All his woes severe extremes.

Ladies' Catch-Book.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

LOVE, under friendship's vesture white,
 Laughs, his little limbs concealing ;
 And oft in sport, and oft in spite,
 Like pity meets the dazzled sight,
 Smiles through his tears revealing ;

But now as rage the god appears,
 He frowns, and tempests shake his frame;
 Frowning or smiling, or in tears,
 'Tis Love—and Love is still the same.

From a Set. (Lonsdale.)

Words by Sir John Rogers.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—G. HARGREAVES.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

LOVE wakes and weeps
 While beauty sleeps!
 Oh for music's softest numbers,
 To prompt a theme
 For beauty's dream,
 Soft as the pillow of her slumbers!

Through groves of palm
 Sigh gales of balm,
 Fire-flies on the air are wheeling;
 While through the gloom
 Comes soft perfume,
 The distant beds of flowers revealing.

O wake and live!
 No dream can give
 A shadow'd bliss the real excelling;
 No longer sleep,
 From lattice peep,
 And list the tale that love is telling.

(Hawes.)

Words by Sir Walter Scott.

MADRIGAL, *for 5 Voices.*—SILVESTRO DURANTE.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

LOVELY and gracious is my Amarillis,
 Fairer than daffodils or whitest lilies ;
 Nymphs all in vain with her contest the prize,
 She charms all hearts, and she attracts all eyes.

“Vocal Schools of Italy.” (Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—DR. COOKE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

LOVER, thou must be presuming,
 If thou wilt the fair possess ;
 See ! the wanton blushing, blooming,
 Courts your tender fond caress ;
 Man of show, stand not so,
 To her go, let her know,
 Warm as May, your brisk address.
 Cloudy eye if she appear in,
 Ever to your amorous view,
 Looks of cold December wearing,
 Bid the proud coquette adieu.
 'Tis design ; never pine,
 Never sigh or whine ;
 Fly from her, she 'll follow you.

Warren's Collection, No. 7.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—JOSEPH MORRIS.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

MAIDEN, wrap thy mantle round thee,
 Cold the rain beats on thy breast ;
 Why should horror's voice astound thee ?
 Death can bid the wretched rest.
 All under the tree thy bed may be,
 And thou may'st slumber peacefully.

Maiden, once gay pleasures knew thee,
 Now thy cheeks are pale and deep ;
 Love has been a felon to thee,
 Yet, poor maiden, do not weep ;
 There's rest for thee, all under the tree,
 Where thou wilt sleep most peacefully.

(Monro and May.)

*Words by Henry Kirke White.*MADRIGAL, *for 5 Voices.*—GIO. GIA. GASTOLDI.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

MAIDENS fair of Mantua's city,
 None so graceful, none so pretty,
 See the merry dance invites you :
 Fa, la, la !
 With feet nimbly springing,
 Keep time while we're singing,
 Fa, la, la !

"Vocal Schools of Italy." (Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

MAJESTIC night!

Nature's great ancestor! day's elder-born!
 And fated to survive the transient sun!
 By mortals and immortals seen with awe!
 A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
 An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heaven's loom
 Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
 In ample folds of drapery divine,
 Thy flowing mantle form; and heaven throughout
 Voluminously pour thy pompous train.
 Stars teach as well as shine. At Nature's birth
 Thus their commission ran,—“Be kind to man.”
 Where art thou, poor benighted traveller?
 The stars will light thee, though the moon should fail.
 Where art thou, more benighted, more astray?

The stars call thee back,

And, if obeyed their counsel, set thee right.
 Night opes the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe,
 Which gives those venerable scenes full weight
 And deep reception in th' intender'd heart;
 While light peeps through the darkness like a spy,
 And darkness shows its grandeur by the light.

Words from Young's Night Thoughts.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 1. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—STEPHEN PAXTON.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

MAKE there my tomb beneath the lime-tree's shade,
 Where grass and flowers in wild luxuriance wave;
 Let no memorial mark where I am laid,
 Or point to common eyes the lover's grave;
 But oft at twilight, morn, or closing day
 The faithful friend with faltering step shall glide,
 Tributes of fond regret by stealth to pay,
 And sigh for the unhappy suicide.
 And sometimes when the sun with parting rays
 Gilds the long grass that hides my silent bed,
 The tear shall tremble in my Charlotte's eyes,
 Dear precious drops that shall embalm the dead.
 Yes, Charlotte o'er the mournful spot shall weep,
 Where her poor Werter and his sorrows sleep.

Warren's Collection, No. 24.

 TRIO.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

MARK! comrades, mark! through the green sea
 Yon gallant bark scuds merrily;
 The white foam curls along her way,
 Her sails she furls, she makes the Bay!
 Mark! comrades, etc.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 5. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—ROBERT COOKE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors and Bass.)

MARK where the silver queen of night
 Through yonder cloud, but half reveal'd,
 Appears more beautifully bright,
 While half her crescent is conceal'd :

So merit, when it strives to hide
 From every eye its modest worth,
 Still finds itself the more display'd,
 And shines with double lustre forth.

(Lonsdale.)

CATCH, *for 4 Voices.*—JOSEPH BAILDON.

MASTER Tommy marry ! pray what says St. Paul ?
 If I 'm not mistaken, marry not at all.
 Boys, whene'er you marry, mind the golden rule,
 Look before you leap, lest you play the fool.

Warren's Vocal Harmony, page 20.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—DR. ALCOCK.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

MAY harmony and mutual love
 Together ever constant prove,
 And time improve the social tie !

May joy and pleasure ever reign,
 And mirth its utmost heights attain ;
 May friendship's charms elate our spirits high,
 And peace and happiness our cares supply !

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—H. PURCELL.

(Alto, Tenor and Bass.)

MAY the god of wit inspire,
 The sacred Nine to bear a part,
 And the blessed heavenly choir
 Show the utmost of their art !
 Whilst echo shall, in sounds remote,
 Repeat each note—repeat each note.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—J. WILLIS.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

MERRILY, merrily goes the bark,
 Before the gale she bounds ;
 So darts the dolphin from the shark,
 Or the deer before the hounds :
 They left Loch Tua on their lee,
 And they waken'd the men of the wild Tiree,

And the chief of the sandy coll ;
 They paused not at Columba's isle,
 Though pealed the bells from the holy pile
 With long and measured toll ;
 No time for matin or for mass,
 And the sounds of the holy summons pass
 Away to the billows' roll.
 Merrily, merrily, etc.

Words from the Lord of the Isles, by Sir Walter Scott.
 (Willis and Co.)

MADRIGAL, *for 5 Voices.*—JOHN BARNETT.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

MERRILY wake music's measure,
 Our song be love and pleasure,
 And beauty's power, that wings each hour
 With ever new delight ;
 Merrily the strain repeating,
 Till echo with it meeting ;
 Around, above, be joy and love
 The burden here tonight.

Merrily the light dance weaving,
 To others grave thoughts leaving,
 Hence with care, for mirth rules here,
 And smiles alone are seen.

Merrily we've seas sailed over,
 The fairest to discover;
 With bended knee we own 't is thee,
 And hail thee beauty's queen.

Words by F. Shannon.

(Cramer and Co.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. S. SMITH.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

'MIDST silent shades and purling streams
 The god of love supinely dreams;
 In rosy and fantastic chains
 He leads deluded maids and swains;
 But if the trumpet's loud alarms
 Calls us to deeds of manly arms,
 Roused from his downy bed, he cuts the yielding air,
 Scared at the noble noise and thunder of the war.

Warren's Collection, No. 16.

SERENADE, *for 3 Voices.*—G. HARGREAVES.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

MILD is the air of the summer night;
 Alvina, we wait for thee,
 Where rests our boat in the clear moonlight
 On the softly murmuring sea.

We have bound young Love in a silken band,
 And his song's melodious call
 Invites thee, maid, to a beauteous land,
 And to beauty's festive hall.

There the lamps are hung from the mirror'd dome,
 The pillars with roses wreathed,
 And bowers are there like Love's own bright home,
 Where love should be only breathed ;
 There the halls are throng'd with Sicilian maids,
 There the fairest youths are met,
 Who whispering rove through delightful shades,
 Or dance to the castanet.

O lady, haste, disappointment steals
 Cold, dark, like a withering sear ;
 The soul of bliss pain the soonest feels,
 The heart, if it love, must fear :
 I hear thy voice, and its low soft sound
 Bids grief from my bosom part ;
 I hear thy step on the silent ground,
 Now I hold thee to my heart.

O lady, etc.

Kind swells the breeze of the summer sky,
 All our sails are now thrown free,
 And swift we glide in the clear moonlight
 O'er the softly murmuring sea.

Words by Charles Swain.

These words are also set by J. Elliot

(Willis and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—M. P. KING.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

MILLIONS of spiritual creatures walk the earth
 Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep :
 All these with ceaseless praise His works behold
 Both day and night : how often from the steep
 Of echoing hill, or thicket, have we heard
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,
 Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
 Singing their great Creator ! oft in bands,
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
 With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
 In full harmonic number joined, their songs
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.

Words from Milton's Paradise Lost, Book iv.

From a Set of Eight. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—T. ATTWOOD.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

MORE sweet than odours which at morn
 Are wafted through the sky,
 Soars Charity's pure incense, borne
 From earth to heaven on high ;
 It can the woes of others cure,
 And brings its own reward ;
 For what we give unto the poor
 We lend unto the Lord.

When God looks from his throne above,
 No sight His eyes can scan
 So pleasing as the deed of love
 Which binds man more to man ;
 And angels, when they dwell secure,
 Those deeds with joy record,
 For what we give unto the poor
 We lend unto the Lord.

Words by the Rev. J. Shergold Boone, A.M.

(Collard and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—W. KNYVETT.

(Alto, Tenor, and 2 Basses.)

MURDER! I wish to my heart I was dead ;
 Murder! my wife has sure broken my head ;
 She last night in a rage began
 To bang me with the warming-pan ;
 And what was worse than all, good lack !
 The pan was hot, and burnt my back.

(See *Clark*, page 190.)

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

MUSIC, all powerful o'er the human mind,
 Can still each mental storm, each tumult calm ;
 Soothe anxious care on sleepless couch reclined,
 And e'en fierce Anger's furious rage disarm :

At her command the furious passions lie ;
 She stirs to battle, or she lulls to peace ;
 Melts the charm'd soul to thrilling ecstasy,
 And bids the jarring world's harsh clangor cease.

Soft through the dell the dying strains retire,
 Then burst majestic in the varied swell ;
 Now breathe melodious as the Grecian lyre,
 Or on the ear in sinking cadence dwell.
 Oh ! surely Harmony from Heaven was sent
 To cheer the soul, when tired with human strife ;
 To soothe the wayward heart, by sorrow rent,
 And soften down the rugged road of life.

Words by H. K. White.

(Cramer and Co.)

CATCH, for 3 Voices.—DANBY.

MUSIC the soul with melody inspires,
 The heart of man with true ambition fires ;
 When the fine strains with pleasing concord flow,
 The lover's tender passions softer glow ;
 E'en savages soft Music's sounds adore,
 And lose their nature by its gentle power.

(George and Manby.)

GLEE, for 3 Voices.—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

MY dear and only love, take heed,
 Lest thou thyself expose,
 And let all longing lovers feed
 Upon such looks as those ;

A marble wall then build about,
 Beset without a door ;
 For if thou let thy heart fly out,
 I 'll never love thee more.
 No more, no, no, no more,
 I 'll never love thee more.

I 'll do with thee as Nero did,
 When Rome was set on fire,
 Not only all relief forbid,
 But to a hill retire ;
 And scorn to shed a tear to see
 Thy spirit grow so poor,
 But, smiling, sing until I die,
 I 'll never love thee more !
 No more, no more, no more,
 I 'll never love thee more.

Yet for the love I bore thee once,
 Lest that thy name should die,
 A monument of marble stone
 The truth shall testify ;
 That every pilgrim, passing by,
 May pity and deplore
 My case, and know the reason why
 I cannot love thee more.
 No more, no more, no more,
 I cannot love thee more

Words by the Marquis of Montrose, 1640.

(Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—W. KNYVETT.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

MY laddie is gone far away o'er the plain,
 While in sorrow behind I am forced to remain ;
 Though blue-bells and violets the hedges adorn,
 Though trees are in blossom and wild blows the thorn,
 No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay,
 There's nothing can please me, now Jockey's away ;
 Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,
 Haste, haste, my dear Jockey, to me back again.

No pleasure I feel though the sunbeams are bright,
 For the beauties of nature no longer delight ;
 No more with the lasses I sport on the green,
 Since he's far away who gave life to the scene ;
 While joyfully singing, the linnet and thrush
 With notes full of harmony gladden each bush,
 I alone am forlorn, repeating the strain,
 Haste, haste, my dear Jockey, to me back again.

Words by Lonsdale.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE, JUN.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

MY Phillida, adieu ! love,
 For evermore farewell !
 Ah me, I've lost my true love,
 And thus I ring her knell :
 Ding dong, ding dong !

I'll deck her tomb with flowers,
 The fairest ever seen,
 And with my tears, as showers,
 I'll keep them fresh and green.

In sable will I mourn,
 Black shall be all my weed ;
 Ah me ! I am forlorn,
 Now Phillida is dead.

Ancient Ballad.

Webbe's (Jun.) Collection. (Chappel!.)

PASTORAL GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE, Jun.

(Tenor and 3 Sopranos.)

- “ My pretty maids, so blithe and gay,
 With crook and scip, whence come you, pray ?”
- “ We come, sir, from the neighbouring hill,
 Close by the fount of this clear rill ;
 There, in a little tuft of green,
 Our father's straw-roof'd cot is seen ;
 Beneath that dear, though narrow shed,
 We sisters all were born and bred.”
- “ Oh what must be the favour'd place
 That yields such charms and native grace,
 As rustic weeds no more can shroud
 Than noon-day's sun an envious cloud !

Love's genuine progeny you seem,
 From each fair face such pleasures beam."
 "Our business is to tend our flocks
 In yonder vale o'erhung with rocks ;
 When fed we drive them home at eve,
 So now, kind sir, we take our leave."

"Well might it grieve your beauties rare,
 To waste themselves on desert air,
 When courts and cities would delight
 To give them to the public sight ;
 But tell me, do you feel content,
 Within these lonely regions pent?"

"More true content within us dwells,
 While roving in these flowery dells,
 Than fills the breasts of ladies great
 While dancing in the rooms of state ;
 No wealth we want, or fine array,
 Flowers are enough to make us gay."

Words from the Italian, by Dr. Aikin.

(Chappell.)

QUARTET.—Harmonized by W. JACKSON, from a
 Song by Dr. ARNE.

(2 Sopranos, Tenor, and Bass.)

MY roving heart has oft with pride
 Dissolved Love's silken chains,
 The wanton deity defied,
 And scorned his sharpest pains ;

But from thy form resistless stream
 Such charms as must control ;
 In thee the fairest features beam,
 The noblest, brightest soul.

Pleased in thy converse all the day,
 Life's sand unheeded runs ;
 With thee I'll hail the rising ray,
 And talk down summer's suns.

While friendship and so bright a flame
 With equal force shall shine,
 Our love, in fondness still the same,
 Each day shall more refine.

Jackson's Collection.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

MY ships to fair Sicilia's coast
 Have row'd their rapid way,
 While in their van my well-mann'd barque
 Spreads wide her streamers gay ;
 Arm'd at the helm, myself a host,
 I seem'd in glory's orb to move ;
 Ah Harold, check the empty boast,
 A Russian maiden scorns thy love.

Rough was the sea and rude the wind,
 And scanty were my crew,
 Billows on billows o'er our deck
 With frothy fury flew;
 Deep in our hold the waves were lost,
 Back to their bed each wave we drove.
 Ah Harold, etc.

What feat of hardihood so bold,
 But Harold wots it well?
 I curb the steed, I stem the flood,
 I fight with falchion fell;
 The oar I ply from coast to coast,
 On ice with flying skates I rove.
 Ah Harold, etc.

Can she deny, the blooming maid,
 And she has heard my tale,
 When to the south my troops I led
 The fortress to assail,
 How, while my prowess thinn'd the host,
 Fame bade the world each deed approve?
 Ah Harold, etc.

Words by W. Mason.

(Mills.)

GLEE, for 3 Voices.—Harmonized by Dr. CALLCOTT,
 from a Song by Dr. CROFT.

(Soprano, Alto, and Bass.)

My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
 When Phœbe went with me wherever I went;

Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast,
 Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest ;
 But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
 What a marvellous change on a sudden I find !
 When things were as fine as could possibly be,
 I thought 't was the Spring, but alas ! it was she.

Words by Byrom.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

MYNHEER Vandunck, though he never was drunk,
 Sipp'd brandy and water gaily,
 And he quench'd his thirst with two quarts of the first,
 To a pint of the latter daily ;
 Singing, " O that a Dutchman's draught could be
 As deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee."

Water well mingled with spirit good store
 No Hollander dreams of scorning ;
 But of water alone he drinks no more
 Than a rose supplies when a dew-drop lies
 On its bloom in a summer morning ;
 For a Dutchman's draught should potent be,
 Though deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee.

From the Opera of " The Law of Java."

(D'Almaine and Co.)

CATCH, for 3 Voices.—Dr. COOKE.

NATURE, for defence, affords
 Fins to fish, wings to birds ;
 Stings to bees, claws to the bear,
 Swiftness to the timid hare ;
 Still the same through various forms,
 The ass has a tail, the stag has horns ;
 Man has powerful legs and arms,
 And a breast which courage warms ;
 Woman can give no offence,
 While she relies on her innocence.

This gained a Prize Medal, 1793.

Warren's Collection, No. 32.

GLEE, for 4 Voices.—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

NE'ER may Discord's hideous power
 Here unsated stalk around ;
 Slaughter ne'er, with kindred gore,
 Madly drench the thirsty ground ;
 But to Union's soft command
 May our minds harmonious prove ;
 Leagued in war, a friendly band,
 Tuned in peace to social love.

The Words translated from the "Furies of Æschylus," by Potter.

(Lonsdale.)

CANON, *for 3 Voices.*—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

NEL mirarvi, O boschi amici,
 Sento il cor languirmi in sen,
 Mi rammento i dì felici,
 Mi ricordo del mio ben.

Words from Metastasio.

(Chappell and Co.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and 2 Basses.)

No April can revive the withered flowers,
 And though the grace of Spring adorn thee now,
 Swift, speedy Time, feathered with flying hours,
 Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow :
 Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain,
 But love now, while thou mayst be loved again.

Warren's Collection, No. 31.

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—J. HULLAH.

(2 Sopranos, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

No light bound
 Of stag or timid hare,
 O'er the ground
 Where startled herds repair,

Do we prize
 So high, or hold so dear,
 As the eyes
 That light our pleasures here.

No cool breeze,
 That gently plays by night
 O'er calm seas,
 Whose waters glisten bright;
 No soft moan
 That sighs across the lea,
 Harvest home,
 Is half so sweet as thee!

Words by C. Dickens, Esq.

(Cramer and Co.)

CATCH, for 4 Voices.—**JOHN STAFFORD SMITH.**

No more! alas that bitter word, "No more!"
 The great, the just, the generous, the kind,
 The universal darling of mankind,
 The noble Cumberland, is now no more!

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

GLEE, for 4 Voices.—**H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.**

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

No more the morn, with tepid rays,
 Unfolds the flower of various hue;
 Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
 Nor gentle eve distils the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night,
 Usurping darkness shares the day ;
 Her mists restrain the force of light,
 And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
 With sighs we view the hoary hill,
 The leafless wood, the naked field,
 The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles through the grove,
 No vivid colours paint the plain ;
 No more with devious steps I rove
 Through verdant paths now sought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempest roars,
 Congeal'd impetuous showers descend ;
 Haste, close the window, bar the doors,
 Fate leaves me Stella and a friend.

In nature's aid, let art supply
 With light and heat my little sphere ;
 Rouse, rouse the fire, and pile it high,
 Light up a constellation here.

Let music sound the voice of joy,
 Or mirth repeat the jocund tale ;
 Let Love his wanton wiles employ,
 And o'er the season wine prevail.

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
 When mirth's gay tale shall please no more ;
 Nor music charm when Stella sings,
 Nor love nor wine the spring restore.

Catch, then, O catch the transient hour,
 Improve each moment as it flies ;
 Life 's a short summer, man a flower,
 He dies, alas ! how soon he dies !

Words by Dr. Johnson.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 1. (D'Almaine and Co.)

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices.*—T. MORLEY, 1588.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, and Tenor.)

No, no, thou dost but flout me ;
 Fie ! away ! I say nay, thou canst live without me ;
 Since for me then you care not,
 Spight me, and spare not :
 Oh heavy parting,
 Turn and cure this smarting ;
 Come then with comfort, pity my crying,
 Oh help alas ! for now I lie a-dying.

(Novello.)

CANON, *for 3 Voices.*—WARREN.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

Nos autem gloriari oportet in cruce Domini nostri
Jesu Christi, in quo est salus, vita, et resurrectio nostra,
per quam salvati et liberati sumus.

This gained a Prize Medal, 1776.

Warren's Collection, No. 15.

EPIGRAM, *for 3 Voices.*—BERG.

“NOT a day more than thirty, dear sir, on my truth,”
Says a lady to one who commended her youth ;
“By my troth,” cries a wag, “that must surely be true,
For these ten years she’s told me the same she tells you.”

Warren's Collection, No. 2.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

NOUGHT but the present moment can we call
Truly our own,—it is our wealth, our all ;
And yet for ever bent on future views,
That little wealth, that precious all, we lose :
T’ enjoy the hour that courts us we delay,
And hope tomorrow while we lose today ;

Fate, that despises idiots, marks our doom,
 And bids the shade tomorrow never come ;
 Life's uncertain tide by passion driven,
 Hour after hour we slight the proffered haven ;
 Neglect the nearest, eye the furthest shores,
 Till worn with age, and shatter'd o'er and o'er,
 Our frail bark foundering sinks to rise no more.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony. (Monro.)

QUINTET.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos, or Altos, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

Now by day's retiring lamp
 Lo! the vapour, dense and damp,
 Through the misty æther spreads
 Every harm the traveller dreads.

Hark! I hear the wanderer's song,
 As he winds the hills among ;
 Hark! it is the cry of fear,
 Wolves howl around him, storm is near.

When from the deep and distant dell
 He hears the convent's matin bell,
 Bim bome, bim bome, bim bome, bell !
 And soon the morn's inspiring rays,
 His well-known cot, his home displays.

When from the deep, etc.

CANON, *for 3 Voices.*—SPOHR.

(3 Tenors.)

Now come, and soon again you'll see
 Your loved, your long-sought home ;
 Keep well your word, confide in me,
 Take heart and freely come.
 Farewell! repose your trust in me,
 Kind hopes for both may bloom ;
 A fool indeed he needs must be,
 To you who trusts his doom ;
 Oh let me but in safety see
 Once more my long-lost home !

Words by W. Ball.

From the Opera of "Azor and Zemira." (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—C. WESLEY.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

Now I know what it is to have strove
 With the torture of doubt and desire,
 What it is to admire and to love,
 And to leave her we love and admire :
 Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,
 And the damp of the evening repel ;
 Alas! I am faint and forlorn,
 I have bade my dear Phillis farewell.

Words by Shenstone.

(Mills.)

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices*.—T. MORLEY, 1588.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

Now is the gentle season freshly flowing,
 To sing, and dance, and play while May endureth,
 And woo and wed too, that sweet delight procureth.

(Novello.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices*.—Dr. HARRINGTON.

Now kiss the cup, cousin, with courtesy,
 And drink your part with a heart willingly,
 Then so shall we all agree merrily.

MADRIGAL, *for 5 Voices*.—FELICE ANERIO.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

Now morn awaketh, and Phœbus rising
 His golden chariot driveth,
 At whose bright presence nature glad reviveth.
 Awake, my love, to greet him,
 Aloft doth soar the merry lark to meet him ;
 Haste then ! the nymphs invite thee,
 And nature decks the landscape to delight thee.

“Vocal Schools of Italy.” (Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—VINCENT NOVELLO.

(2 Sopranos, Tenor, and Bass.)

Now, now the mirth comes
 With the cake full of plums,
 Where Bean's the king of the sport here;
 Beside, we must know,
 The Pea also
 Must revel as queen in the court here.

Begin then to choose,
 This night as you use,
 Who shall, for the present delight here,
 Be a king by the lot,
 And who shall not
 Be Twelfth-day queen of the night here.

Which known, let us make
 Joy-sops with the cake;
 And let not a man be seen here,
 Who un-urged will not drink,
 To the base from the brink,
 A health to the king and the queen here!

Next crown the bowl full
 Of gentle lamb's-wool,
 Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger;
 With store of ale too,
 And this ye must do
 To make the wassail a swinger.

Give then to the king
 And queen wassailing ;
 And though with ale ye be wet here,
 Yet part ye from hence
 As free from offence
 As when we innocent met here.

Words by Herrick.

(Novello.)

CANZONET, *for 3 Voices.*—T. MORLEY, 1588.

(2 Sopranos and Tenor.)

Now must I die re-cureless,
 When faith is thus regarded,
 And poor love, alas !
 Unkindly is thus rewarded :
 Oh grief, alas ! who may abide it ?
 Hold out, break not heart, but hide it.
 Oh nature cruel, witty,
 Beauty thus without all pity,
 Farewell ! adieu ! with this your love unfeigned,
 I die, alas ! I die, through your disdain constrained.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Sir J. STEVENSON.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

Now steals the punctual hour,
 The hour that bids away ;
 Too soon, too soon to part,
 But we must all our forms obey :
 Then fill every glass, in a bumper be sure,
 And drink to the health of a true amateur.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Lodge ELLERTON, Esq.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
 Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
 Mirth and youth and warm desire ;
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing :
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

Words by Milton.

*These words are also set by Greville, Dr. Cooke and Berg. (See Clark,
 p. 171.)*

From a Set of Eight. (Hawes.)

VENETIAN BOATMAN'S SONG.

QUARTET.—SEBASTIAN BACH.

(2 Sopranos, Tenor, and Bass.)

Now the silver moon arising
 Flings around her light serene,
 While upon her tranquil bosom
 Sleeps in silence Ocean's queen.
 O sacra pia virgine,
 Ora pro nobis!
 O omnes sacri angeli,
 Orate pro nobis!

Hark! along the current gliding,
 Boatmen chant their vesper song,
 While the evening's tranquil zephyr
 Bears the swelling notes along.
 O sacra pia, etc.

(Novello.)

ODE, *for 5 Voices*.—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and 2 Basses.)

Now the storm begins to lower,
 Haste! the loom of hell prepare;
 Iron sleet of arrowy shower
 Hurtles in the darken'd air:

Mista, black terrific maid,
 Sangrida and Hilda see ;
 Join the wayward work to aid,
 'T is the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
 Pikes must shiver, javelins sing ;
 Blade with clattering buckler meet,
 Hauberk crash and helmet ring.

Weave the crimson web of war ;
 Let us go, and let us fly,
 Where our friends the conflict share,
 Where they triumph, where they die.

Sisters, hence, with spurs of speed ;
 Each her thundering falchion wield,
 Each bestride her sable steed ;
 Hurry, hurry to the field.

Words by Gray.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—DANBY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

Now the woodland chorists sing,
 Beauty takes her radiant sphere ;
 Love adorns the smiling Spring,
 Love and beauty gild the year.

Seize the minutes as they fly,
 Jocund hours and festive round ;
 Innocence, with virgin eye,
 Comes with rural chaplets crown'd.

Danby's Second Book.

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—H. PURCELL.

Now we are met and humours agree,
 Call for wine, and lose no time,
 But let's merry be.
 Fill it about, to me
 Let it come.
 Fill the glass to the top,
 I'll drink every drop,
 Supernaculum.
 A health to the king !
 Round let it pass ;
 Fill it up, and then drink it off like men,
 Never baulk your glass.

Wheatstone's Harmonist.

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—R. WOODWARD.

Now we are met let's merry be,
 For one half hour with mirth and glee ;
 To recreate our spirits dull,
 Let's laugh and sing our bellies full.

Op. 1^{mo}.

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

Now we are met let mirth abound,
And let the Catch and Toast go round.

Ladies' Catch-Book.

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—W. M. BENNETT.

Now we are met let 's merry, merry be,
And pass the night away with wit and wine and jollity ;
Let 's have a Catch my jovial fellows,
Sing Old Rose and burn the bellows.
I like a Glee, come sing with me,
Here 's a health to all good lasses!
Stop, my lads, first fill your glasses.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. HARRINGTON.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

Now we 're met like jovial fellows,
Let us do as wise men tell us,
Sing Old Rose and burn the bellows ;
When the jowl with claret glows,
And wisdom shines upon the nose,
O then is the time to sing Old Rose, etc.

Wheatstone's Harmonist.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—DR. CROTCH.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

NYMPH, with thee at early dawn
 Let me brush the wavy corn,
 And at noon-tide's sultry hour
 O bear me to the woodbine bower ;
 When evening lights her glow-worm, lead
 To yonder dew-enamelled mead ;
 And let me range at night
 Those glimmering groves,
 Where stillness ever sleeps,
 And contemplation roves.

(Mills.)

CANON (*four in two*).—S. WEBBE.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

O ALL ye works of the Lord, praise ye the Lord, and
 magnify him for ever.

This gained a Prize Medal, 1781.

Warren's Collection, No. 20.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices*.—Scotch Melody, harmonized by
W. HAWES.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

O BOTHWELL bank, thou bloomest fair,
But ah! thou mak'st my heart fu' sair;
For a' beneath the woods sae green
My love and I wad sit at e'en,
While daisies and primroses mixt
Wi' blue-bells in my locks he fixt:
O Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair,
But ah! thou mak'st my heart fu' sair.

Sad he left me, ah dreary day!
And haplye now sleeps in the clay,
Without ae sigh his death to moan,
Without ae flower his grave to crown:
Oh whither is my true love gone?
Alas! I fear he'll ne'er return.
O Bothwell bank, etc.

(Hawes.)

SERENADE, *for 5 Voices*.—Dr. WILSON.—Arranged
by H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

O BY rivers by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals,
The shepherd swains shall dance and play,
For thy delight on each May-day,
With a fa, la, la!

Where silver sands and pebbles sing
 Eternal ditties to the Spring,
 There shall you pass the welcome night,
 In sylvan pleasure and delight,

With a fa, la, la!

Words from Shakspere's Poems.

(D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Scotch Air, harmonized by W.

KNYVETT.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

O CAN ye sew cushions, and can ye sew sheets?
 And can ye sing ballaloo when the bairn greets?
 And hee and baw birdie, and hee and baw lamb
 And hee and baw birdie, my bonny wee lamb?
 Hee O wee! oh what would I do wi' you?
 Black's the life that I lead wi' you;
 Mony o' you, little for to gi' you,
 Hee O wee! O what would I do wi' you?

I'll put up the cradle upon the tree top,
 The wind it will blow, and the cradle will rock;
 I'll ca' to the birdies, I'll ca' to the sheep,
 To watch my dear bairnie while he is asleep.
 Hee O wee! etc.

(Lonsdale.)

MADRIGAL, *for 3 Voices.*—MICHAEL ESTE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

O COME again, my lovely jewel,
 That we may kindly kiss and play,
 And sweetly pass the time away :
 O do not go—you are too cruel :
 What now, you run away disdaining,
 And leave me here alone complaining.

(Mills.)

ROUND, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. NARES.

O FAIREST maid, I own thy power,
 I gaze, I sigh, I languish ;
 Yet ever, ever must adore,
 And triumph in my anguish.
 Ease then, O charmer ! ease my pain,
 And let my torments move thee ;
 As thou art fairest of the fair,
 So I the dearest love thee.

Warren's Collection, No. 1.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—J. STAFFORD SMITH.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

O FANCY, parent of the Muse,
 Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse ;

Sometimes, sweet nymph, thy votary lead
 To myrtle grove or flowery mead,
 Where youths and soft-eyed virgins meet,
 And lightly trip with nimble feet.
 Sometimes forsake the haunts of folly,
 To woo thee, pensive melancholy ;
 Dejected maid, with tearful eye,
 That loves to fold her arms and sigh.
 At every season let mine ear
 Thy powerful voice, O Fancy, hear ;
 O'er all my listening passions reign,
 O'erwhelm my soul with joy or pain ;
 With terror shake, with pity move,
 Rouse with revenge, or melt with love.

Warren's Collection, No. 14.

QUARTET, with Chorus *ad lib.*—H. R. BISHOP, M. B.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

O FOR the harp whose strings of gold
 Were struck by music's god of old !
 O for the voices all inspired,
 Divinely to its strains that quired !
 For now we raise our song to thee,
 Great patriarch of minstrelsy.

Hail ! glory of the art divine !
 Whose boldness seized Apollo's flame,
 And with a power was only thine
 Made budding genius blossom fame.

Not time, that toils to bury all,
 Shall cast his mantle dark on thee ;
 Thy name and works shall never fall
 Till music's self shall cease to be.

Hail ! all hail !

Words by W. F. Collard, Esq.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 5. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE, Jun.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

O GENTLE sleep ! thou sweet relief
 From anxious care and restless strife ;
 Kind medicine of corroding grief,
 The better part of human life ;
 Of kings and slaves impartial friend,
 In peace thou bidst the weary lie ;
 And mortals, fearful of their death,
 Teachest how easy 't is to die.

Words translated from the ' Hercules Furens ' of Seneca, by Dr. Aikin.
 (Chappell.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—J. C. PRING.

(Soprano, Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

O HARMONY, sweet minstrel of the spheres !
 Who know'st to raise the rapturous glow,
 Or wake the tenderest tear of woe,
 Come, dear companion of my future years !

Oft in sorrow's saddest hour
 The softest magic of thy power
 Shall soothe my troubled breast to peace,
 Till the hushed storm shall seem to cease ;
 Oft when the tumult of my joy runs high,
 Shall lull my melted soul to ecstasy.

Come, then, companion of my future years,
 O Harmony, sweet minstrel of the spheres !

Warren's Collection, No. 32.

Words by C. V. Le Grice.

CATCH, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

O HOW charming here is walking,
 Bosoms warming, gently talking !
 There 's a lord and there 's a beau,
 Out of the town how light they go.
 Each intruding sound of care
 Banished ever at our prayer ;
 Here 's a belle, oh how I love her !
 There 's Miss Smith and Lady Plover.

Warren's Collection, No. 31.

QUARTET.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, and Bass.)

O HOW sweet the opening day,
 Every sense delighting ;
 Charming every care away,
 To labour while inviting :

Labour, source of joy and health,
Labour, all the peasant's wealth.

O how blithe the bosom grows
When the lark is singing,
While to Him who all bestows
Sweet gratitude is springing :
Grateful notes our song employ,
Grateful hearts alone enjoy.

Words by C. Dibdin.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 5. (D'Almaine and Co.)

CANON, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

O ISRAEL, return unto the Lord your God ; He will
have mercy upon you, and He will abundantly pardon.

This gained a Prize Medal, 1792.

Warren's Collection, No. 31.

A BUMPER TO THE FAIRIES.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—J. PARRY.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

O let the sparkling nectar pass,
'T will chase away all care and grief ;
For pleasure nestles in the glass,
To give the merry mind relief.

'Mid scenes where mirth and joy abound,
 To banish dull despair,
 O ne'er forget to pass around
 A bumper to the fair.
 Should Father Time among us flee,
 We'll chase him with our harmony,
 And so retard his flight;
 And when our day of mirth is o'er,
 When wine and song can charm no more,
 We'll bid the world good-night.
 Mid scenes, etc.

Words by John Parry.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay,
 No haughty feat of arms we tell;
 Soft is the note and sad the lay
 That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.
 Moor ye the barge, ye gallant crew,
 And gentle lady deign to stay;
 Rest thee in castle Ravenshew,
 Nor tempt the stormy wave today.
 O'er Roslyn all that dreary night
 A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam,
 'Twas brighter than the watch-fire light,
 And brighter than the bright moonbeam.

There are twenty of Roslyn's barons bold
 Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
 Each one the holy vault doth hold,
 But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle;
 And each St. Clair was buried there
 With candle, with book, and with knell,
 But the Kelpy rung, and the mermaid sung
 The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

Words from the Lay of the last Minstrel.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—W. HAWES.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

O MARY, I love thee with purest devotion,
 No passion more holy in mortal can be;
 The wind to the hill, and the wave to the ocean,
 Are true, but not truer than I am to thee.

Wherever my footsteps by fancy are taken,
 I hear thee, I see thee, thine image is there;
 Though far from my bosom, my love is unshaken,
 I'm still the true Willy to Mary the fair.

Though round me the wild wintry waters are foaming,
 And Mary and Heaven are hid from my view,
 My heart and my mind they are never a-roaming,
 I know thou art beauteous, believe thou art true.

Though wafted far from thee, think not thou 'rt forsaken,
 I pray with the tempest, send sighs with the air;
 But live on believing that distance will waken
 Even higher love in me for Mary the fair.

(Hawes.) *Candidate for the Prize at the Glee Club, 1839.*

ROUND, *for 4 Voices.*—From the “Deuteromelia.”

O MY love, lovest thou me?

Then quickly come and save him that dies for thee.

King's Collection.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

O MEMORY, celestial maid!

Who glean'st the flowerets cropt by time,
 And suffering not a leaf to fade,

Preserv'st the blossoms of our prime,
 Bring, bring those moments to my mind
 When life was new and Lesbia kind;

And bring that garland to my sight

With which my favour'd crook she bound,
 And bring that wreath of roses bright

Which then my festive temples crown'd;
 And to my raptured ear convey
 The gentle things she deign'd to say.

Stevens's Collection, Op. 3^{mo}.

Words by Shenstone.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—G. J. ELVEY.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

O POWER supreme! to thee my thoughts I turn,
 Thou only comfort when I inly mourn;
 Teach me submission to thy awful doom,
 To see thy mercies through misfortune's gloom;
 O arm my soul each stroke of fate to bear,
 And check the rushing torrent of despair:
 Still with thy sacred truth my heart inform,
 And guide my steps through life's uncertain storm;
 For Thou, who dost in nought but good delight,
 Hast ordered all, and therefore all is right.

(Mills.)

CANON (*four in two*).—J. STAFFORD SMITH.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor and Bass.)

O REMEMBER not the sins, nor the offences of my
 youth; but according to thy mercy think thou upon me,
 O Lord, for thy goodness.

This gained a Prize Medal, 1773.

Warren's Collection, No. 12.

MADRIGAL, *for 6 Voices.*—PALESTRINA.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

O SAY what nymph invites us,
 Shepherds, what name delights us?

Dori, whose peerless beauty
 Venus with envy sees,
 Fair queen renowned:
 She comes with garlands crowned
 And splendour all amazing,
 How bright, how lovely!
 Her eyes like sunbeams blazing.
 O give her joyous greeting
 With choicest harmony;
 While echo, the welcome still repeating
 From hill and mountain hoary,
 Each tuneful voice shall join,
 In chorus meeting,
 Long live our beauteous Dori!

“Vocal Schools of Italy.” (Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and 2 Basses.)

O SWEETEST of thy lovely race!
 Unveil thy matchless charms;
 Let me adore that angel face,
 And fold thee in my arms:
 Thy bosom let my tortures move,
 To grant the just returns of love.

Sale's Collection. (Mills.)

CANON, *for 4 Voices*.—DR. CALLCOTT.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

O THAT thou would'st hide me in the grave, until thy
wrath be past: all the days of my appointed time will
I wait, till my change shall come.

This gained a Prize Medal, 1789.

Warren's Collection, No. 28.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices*.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

O THERE was a Dragon, a dragon of might,
Once lived in a mountain grey;
Like a monster of *Ton*, he went raking all night,
And dozed nearly all the day:
And there was a king, with a gallant ring
Of nobles stout and good,
And he had a daughter by all confess'd
The mirror of maidenhood!
The Dragon he gazed from his den above
Till his heart began to flame,
And he fell over head and wings in love
With the fair — I forget her name.
His pulse was high and his spirits were low,
And his appetite, strange to say,

So failed him—he could scarce get through
 A dozen fat sheep a day ;
 He was sick to death of a single life,
 And he thought how sweet 't would be,
 Instead of a fierce she-dragon to wife,
 To take a fair ladye.
 So he cantered down one summer's night,
 And ceremony scorning,
 He twisted his tail round the virgin bright,
 And was off at a moment's warning.
 The father he foam'd for very rage,
 To his hopes it was destruction ;
 The maiden, he vowed, was under age,
 And the deed a vile abduction.
 " And O ! have I none, my court within,"
 He cried in his wild despair,
 " Will slay the caitiff and win a crown,
 With the hand of my daughter fair?"
 Then up and arose Sir Siegfried bold,
 To the dragon's rock he sped ;
 " What ho ! thou traitor Linden Worm,
 I am come for thy craven head!"
 One sweep of his good sword Balamung,
 And he cut the beast in twain,
 As lightly as a skilful leach
 Would breathe a lady's vein :
 The monarch hath taken Sir Siegfried's hand,
 And called him his son ;
 A kingdom and a bride the knight
 By a single blow hath won !

O had the doughty champion
 But a little prudence known,
 With the kingdom he had been content,
 And left the bride alone.

A Legend of the Linden Worm, by J. R. Planché.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 2. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. HARRINGTON.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

O THOU, whose notes could oft remove
 The pangs of woe or hapless love,
 Rest here, distrest by cares no more,
 And taste such calm thou gav'st before ;
 Sleep undisturb'd within thy peaceful shrine,
 Till angels wake thee with such notes as thine.

Wheatstone's Harmonist ; also in Warren's Collection, No. 11.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. ELLIOTT.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

O WELCOME Summer ! welcome to my heart
 Thy rain fresh falling, and the morning breeze,

Rich with the fragrance of reviving flowers.
 From feverish dreams relieved, [trees,
 Joyous I start to view the dewdrops, glittering on the
 To catch the bracing, health-renewing gale,
 And mark through morning gleams the light clouds sail.
 With thee, sweet Summer, have I strayed
 To seek the Muses' leafy shade,
 Amid her cooling haunts retired ;
 With thee, soft mistress of the magic song,
 Wander'd the echoing grove among,
 And tuned the lay that Fancy has inspired.

Words by W. Linley, Esq.

King's Collection.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—Scotch Melody, arranged by
 W. HAWES.

(2 Sopranos or Altos, Tenor, and Bass.)

O WERE I able to rehearse
 My ewie's praise in proper verse,
 I'd sound it out as loud and fierce
 As ever piper's drone could blaw.
 My ewie wi' the crooked horn
 Weel deserved baith garse and corn ;
 Sic' a ewie ne'er was born,
 Here about, or far awa'.

I neither needed tar nor kiel
 To mark her upo' hip or heel ;
 Her crooked horn it did as weel
 To ken her by, amo' them a'.
 When other ewies lap the dyke,
 And ate the kail for a' the tyke,
 My ewie never play'd the like,
 But teas'd about the barn-yard wa'.

Yet Monday last for a' my keeping,
 I canna speak it without greeting,
 A villain came when I was sleeping,
 And staw my ewie, horn and a'.
 I sought her sair upo' the morn,
 And down beneath a buss o' thorn ;
 I got my ewie's crooked horn,
 But ah ! my ewie was awa'.

But an I had the loon that did it,
 I hae sworn as weel as said it ;
 Tho' a' the warld should hae forbid it,
 I wad hae gie his neck a thraw.
 But silly thing to lose her life
 Aneath a greedy villain's knife,
 I 'm really fear'd that our gudewife
 Sall never win aboon 't ava'.

(Hawes.)

THE SWISS COW-LAD'S SONG IN A FOREIGN LAND.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. CHARD.

(2 Sopranos, or 2 Tenors and Bass.)

O WHEN shall I visit the land of my birth,
 The loveliest land on the face of the earth?
 When shall I those scenes of affection explore—
 Our forests, our fountains,
 Our hamlets, our mountains,
 With the pride of our mountains, the maid I adore?

O when shall I dance on the daisy-white mead,
 In the shade of an elm to the sound of a reed?
 When shall I return to that lowly retreat,
 Where all my fond objects of tenderness meet—
 The lambs and the heifers that follow my call,
 My father, my mother,
 My sister, my brother,
 And dear Isabella, the joy of them all?

Words by Montgomery.

(Hawes.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—M. P. KING.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

O WHITER than the swan! O more than Hybla sweet!
 Fair Galatea, with thy silver feet,
 Come when my sheep at night return,
 And crown the silent hours and stop the rosy morn.

Come, Galatea, come, the seas forsake, [make ?
 What pleasures can the tides with their hoarse murmurs
 See on the shore inhabits purple Spring,
 Where nightingales their love-sick ditties sing.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony. (Monro and May.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—WILLIAM SHORE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

O WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan cam to see;
 Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
 Ye wad na find in Christendie.
 We are na fou, we 're nae that fou,
 But just a drappie in our e'e;
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,
 And ay we'll taste the barley-bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
 And mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony mae we hope to be.
 We are na fou, etc.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!
 We are na fou, etc.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
 A paltry coward loon is he!
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three.
 We are na fou, etc.

Words by Burns.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—DANBY.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

OBSCURE, unprized and dark the magnet lies,
 Nor lures the search of avaricious eyes;
 Nor binds the neck, nor sparkles in the hair,
 Nor dignifies the great, nor decks the fair:
 But search the wonders of the dusky stone,
 And own all glories of the mine outdone;
 Each grace of form, each ornament of state,
 That decks the fair, or dignifies the great.

Danby's Collection, 4th Book.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—DR. CALLCOTT.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

O'ER hills and through valleys Sir Oluf he sped,
 His parents and friends to his wedding to bid;

'T was night, and arriving where danced the elf band,
The erl-king's proud daughter presented her hand.

" Now welcome, Sir Oluf, oh welcome to me,
Now enter our circle, my partner to be."

" Fair lady, nor can I dance with you, nor may,
Tomorrow's my wedding, and I must away."

" Now listen, Sir Oluf, her partner to be,
Two spurs of fine silver she'll promise to thee ;
A shirt too of satin I'll give as your boon, [moon ;
Which my queen-mother bleach'd in the beams of the
Then yield thee, Sir Oluf, then yield thee to me,
And enter our circle, my partner to be."

" Fair lady, nor can I dance with you, nor may,
Tomorrow's my wedding, and I must away."

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—W. ROCK.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren and bare,
As 'wildered and wearied I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me through lawns to her home.

Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green rushes were strew'd on the floor,
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the sod seats at the door.

I told my soft wishes : she sweetly replied,
 (Ye virgins, her voice was divine !)
 " I've rich ones rejected, and great ones denied,
 Yet take me, fond shepherd—I 'm thine."

Concentores 1st Collection.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—T. COOKE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

OF all the boons kind nature gave,
 To calm the poignant sense of woe,
 To plunge us deep in pleasure's wave,
 And bid its nectar'd billows flow,
 None higher, purer bliss bestows,
 Nor prompts the heart's more ardent swell,
 Than when a virtuous woman throws
 Around the soul her witching spell.
 Oh ! if her heart responsive beat,
 'T is our's the life of love to prove ;
 For joys of life are more than sweet
 When mingled with a woman's love.

Hence with the man, by woman's smiles unmov'd,
 Poor hapless wretch, who never lov'd !
 Come, let him wander with worldly cares opprest,
 Unenvied, scorn'd,—by woman's love unblest.
 Oh ! lovely woman, thine is the sweet art
 To prove the bliss thy angel looks impart ;
 May thy days breathe peace,
 May thy charms ne'er cease
 To soothe and cheer the troubles of the heart !

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—DANBY.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

OF this fair metal make for me,
 Founder divine, no panoply ;
 For how can war delight my soul ?
 Form me an all-capacious bowl :
 On this no glimmering stars display,
 Nor chariots in the azure way ;
 Orion's odious form reject,
 Nor be it with the Pleiads deck'd.
 Say, what to me is either Bear ?
 Rather let branching vines appear ;
 Treading the grape, in burnish'd gold,
 May I fair Bacchus there behold ;
 Add Cupid too, and crown the bowl
 With her who captivates my soul.

Danby's Collection, 4th Book.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—BATTISHILL.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

OFT with wanton smiles and jeers
 Women tell me I'm in years :
 I, the mirror when I view,
 Find, alas ! they tell me true ;

Find my wrinkled forehead bare,
 And regret my falling hair ;
 White and few, alas ! I find
 All that Time has left behind.
 But my hairs, if thus they fall,
 If but few, or none at all,
 Asking not, I 'll never share
 Fruitless knowledge, fruitless care :
 This important truth I know,
 If indeed in years I grow,
 I must snatch what life can give,
 Not to love is not to live.

Words translated from Anacreon by Fawkes.

Battishill's First Collection.

SESTET.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 3 Tenors, and 2 Basses.)

OH ! bold Robin Hood is a forester good,
 As ever drew bow in the merry green wood ;
 At his bugle's shrill singing
 The echoes are ringing,
 The wild deer is springing for many a rood ;
 Its summons we follow,
 Through brake, over hollow,
 The shrilly-blown summons of bold Robin Hood.

And what eye hath e'er seen
 Such a sweet maiden queen
 As Marian, the pride of the forester's green?
 A sweet garden flower,
 She blooms in the bower
 Where alone to this hour the wild rose hath been;
 We hail her in duty
 The queen of all beauty,
 We will live, we will die by our sweet maiden queen.

And we've a grey friar,
 Good as heart may desire,
 To absolve all our sins, as the case may require,
 Who with courage so stout
 Lays his oak plant about,
 And puts to the rout all the foes of his choir;
 For we are his choristers,
 We merry foresters,
 Chorusing still with our militant friar.

Robin and Marian! Robin and Marian!
 Drink to them one by one, drink as you sing;
 Robin and Marian! Robin and Marian!
 Long with their glory old Sherwood shall ring.

Words by J. R. Planché.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 5. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—J. PARRY.

(2 Sopranos—or Alto and Tenor—and Bass.)

OH come! thou Muse of rural song,
 Thy blissful thrills impart;
 And, leading dulcet thoughts along,
 Pervade my glowing heart.

While monarchs mount the victor's car,
 The world in fetters bind,
 Be mine, with passion ne'er at war,
 An empire o'er the mind.

To thy lone cell, O Solitude!
 I fly with wistful haste,
 O let my life in peace conclude
 Amid thy sylvan waste.

Words by E. Williams.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—T. COOKE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

OH fair are thy flow'rets, and balmy the gale
 That breathes on thy beauties, thou green Avondale!
 And the voice of thy waters, as calmly they meet,
 Is like love's mingling kisses with music replete.

I've wandered beside thee as morning just broke
 O'er thy grey rocky masses encircled with oak ;
 With thee have I wandered, thou soft-flowing stream,
 Nor thought of the morrow—life then was a dream.

But dreams, as the shadows of night, pass away,
 And visions of glory are not for the day ;
 Else still would I wander thy green banks along,
 And garland the name of Avoca in song.
 Yet flow, gentle river, flow carelessly on,
 Thy voice is as sweet though the minstrel be gone ;
 And the verdure and flow'rets, the pride of thy vale,
 Still clothe in fresh beauty the green Avondale.

Words by Brandreth.

This Glee gained the Prize at the Glee Club, April 30th, 1836.
 (Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—JOHN RICHARDSON.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

OH! fill the wine-cup high,
 The sparkling liquor pour,
 For we will care and grief defy,
 They ne'er shall plague us more ;
 And ere the snowy foam
 From off the wine departs,
 The precious draught shall find a home,
 A dwelling in our hearts.

From darkness and from woe
 A power like lightning darts,
 A glory cometh down to throw
 Its shadow o'er our hearts ;
 And, dimm'd by falling tears,
 A spirit seems to rise,
 That shows the friend of other years
 Is mirror'd in our eyes.

Give me another draught,
 The sparkling and the strong !
 He who would learn the poet-craft,
 He who would shine in song,
 Should pledge the flowing bowl
 With warm and generous wine ;
 'T was wine that warm'd Anacreon's soul,
 And made his songs divine.

The sparkling juice now pour
 With fond and liberal hand ;
 Oh raise the laughing rim once more,
 Here's to our Father-land !
 Up, every soul that hears !
 Hurrah ! with three times three ;
 And shout aloud with deafening cheers,
 ' The Island of the Free !'
 Then fill the wine-cup, etc.

(Hime and Son, Liverpool ; and Cramer and Co.)

Words by Robert Folkestone Williams, Esq.

This Glee gained a Premium offered by the Liverpool Beef-steak Club, 1839.

CANZONET, *for 3 Voices.*—T. MORLEY, 1588.

(2 Sopranos and Tenor.)

OH fly not! oh take some pity!
 I faint, alas! oh stay her!
 See how she flies away;
 Oh stay, and hear my prayer;
 With one sweet look you may of torment ease me,
 I am no tiger fierce, that seeks to spill thee:
 No, no! thou dost but this to kill me;
 Lo then I die, and all to please thee.

(Novello.)

ELEGY, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

O gentle Love, assist thy swain
 To gain the wish'd-for prize;
 Grant me the balm to heal the pain
 Created by her eyes.

I sighing weep, deprived of sleep,
 And sink with woes opprest;
 My love restore, I ask no more,
 Thus give me joy and rest.

Ladies' Catch-book.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

OH happy, happy we
 Attune to harmony,
 That with heart, hand and voice
 Thus united, rejoice :
 Say, does the star from heaven dropping,
 Or the wind the pale rose cropping,
 Figure right the quick decline
 Of thy heart's friendship unto mine ?

Oh, no, no, no !
 As violets blow,
 Still fresh and still pure
 Shall our friendship endure ;
 Nor shall the star from heaven dropping,
 Nor the wind the pale rose cropping,
 Figure right the quick decline
 Of thy heart's friendship unto mine.

 GLEE, *for 6 Voices.*—Sir JOHN L. ROGERS.

(2 Altos, 2 Tenors, and 2 Bases.)

OH how I long my careless limbs to lay
 Under the plantain's shade, and all the day
 With amorous airs my fancy entertain,
 Invoke the Muses and improve my vein !

No passion there in my free breast should move,
 None but the sweet and best of passions, love ;
 There while I sit, if gentle Love be by,
 That tunes my lute and winds the string so high,
 With the sweet sound of Sacharissa's name
 I'll make the listening savages grow tame.

Words by Waller.

(Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. JOLLY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

OH ! I could whisper thee a tale
 That surely would thy pity move ;
 But what would idle words avail,
 Unless the heart could speak its love ?
 To tell my tale my pen were weak,
 My tongue its office too denies ;
 Then mark it in my varied cheek,
 And read it in my languid eyes.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—M. P. KING.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

OH Lady-bird, Lady-bird, why dost thou roam
 So far from thy comrades, so distant from home ?

Why dost thou, who can revel all day in the air,
 Who the sweets of the grove and the garden can share,
 In the fold of a leaf who can form thee a bower,
 And a palace enjoy in the tube of a flower?

Too soon you may find that your trust is misplaced,
 When by some cruel child you are wantonly chased,
 And this bright scarlet coat, so bespotted with black,
 May be torn by his barbarous hands from your back ;
 For his bosom is shut against pity's appeals,
 He has never been taught that a Lady-bird feels.

(D'Almaine and Co.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—DANBY.

OH let the merry peal go on !
 Proclaim how happy Jane 's with John ;
 With lasses gay and lads elate,
 The Loves and Graces round them wait ;
 Of John and Jane shall be my song,
 Of Jane and John the whole day long.

Convito Harmonico, Vol. 4. (Chappell.)

QUARTET.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Soprano, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

OH let the wine that sparkles bright
 O'erflow the cup of welcome here !
 It yields a charm of pure delight,
 When beauty deigns the draught to share.

Good-night! nor sigh that now we part,
 Your joys commence, your cares are flown;
 For grief no more can touch the heart
 That life and love at once disown.

Words by J. Pocock, Esq.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 5. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—J. McMURDIE, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

OH let us quaff the rosy wine
 Which Bacchus loves, which Bacchus gave!
 And in the goblet rich and deep
 Cradle our crying woes to sleep.

Mix me, child, a cup divine,
 Crystal water, ruby wine;
 Weave the frontlet richly flushing,
 O'er my wintry temples blushing.

Mix the brimmer, Love and I
 Shall no more the gauntlet try;
 Here upon this holy bowl
 I surrender all my soul.

Moore's Anacreon, Ode XVIII.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

OH ! love was made to soothe and share
 The ills that wait our mortal birth ;
 Oh ! love was made to teach us where
 One trace of Eden haunts our earth.
 Born amid the hours of Spring,
 Soothing Autumn's perishing.

Timid as the tale of woe,
 Tender as the wood-dove's sigh,
 Lovely as the flowers below,
 Changeless as the stars on high :
 Made all chance and change to prove,
 And this, oh this, is woman's love !

Words by Miss Landor.

From a Set of Six. (Mills.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—W. HAWES.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

OH merry the hour
 When sprites have power,
 With joyance and laughter free ;
 The glass is run,
 Our toil is done,
 A sportive crew are we.

One idle fay
 With glow-worm's ray
 Is lighting his love to bed,
 Hist, fairies, hist !
 A goblin-mist
 Shall see him hither sped.

The day breaks soon,
 Our lady moon
 Will set her waning horn,
 We must decamp
 With the day-star lamp,
 In the dewy light of morn.

Shout, fairies, shout !
 A peal ring out,
 Our revel must end with day ;
 Our play is past,
 Oh time flies fast,
 Morn breaks, haste, elves, away !

(Hawes.)

Words by Mr. Fane.

*This Glee gained the Prize given by — Pepys, Esq., through the
 medium of the Glee Club, 1833.*

GLEE, for 4 Voices.—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
 While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.

Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
 First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
 Portend success in love ; oh ! if Jove's will
 Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
 Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh ;
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late
 For my relief, yet hadst no reason why :
 Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

Words by Milton.

Horsley's Vocal Harmony. (Monro and May.)

*The first four lines are also set for 5 voices by R. J. S. Stevens.
 (Warren's Collection, No. 24.)*

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Soprano and 2 Tenors.)

OH ! seize we the moments while fair is the sky,
 And brightly the tide of our fortune flows by ;
 With Love at the helm, and Hope on the prow,
 Life's vessel can never sail trimmer than now.

Words by J. R. Planché.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 5. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Soprano, or Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

O skylark, for thy wing,
 Thou bird of joyous light,
 That I might soar and sing
 At Heaven's empyreal height !
 With the heathery hills beneath me,
 Whence the strains in glory spring,
 And the pearly clouds to wreath me,
 O skylark, on thy wing !

Free from earthborn fear,
 Free would I range the blessed skies,
 Through the blue divinely clear,
 Where the low mists cannot rise ;
 And a thousand joyous measures
 From my chainless heart should spring,
 Like the bright rain's vernal treasures,
 As I wandered on thy wing.
 O skylark, etc.

But oh ! the silver cords
 That round the heart are spun
 From gentle tones and words,
 And kind eyes that make our sun,
 To some low sweet nest returning,
 How soon my love would bring

There, there the dews of morning,
 O skylark, on thy wing!
 O skylark, etc.

Words by Mrs. Hemans.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 2. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

O sovereign of the willing soul,
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell! the sullen cares
 And frantic passions hear thy soft control.
 On Thracia's hills the lord of war
 Has curb'd the fury of his car,
 And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command:
 Perching on the sceptred hand
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king,
 With ruffled plumes and flagging wing;
 Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
 The terror of his beak and lightning of his eye.

Warren's Collection, No. 23.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Sir J. STEVENSON.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

“OH stay, sweet fair, till day is breaking,
 And gold the purple skies is streaking.”

“ Good friend, we must, although yet weary,
Traverse the mountain wild and dreary.”

“ Thou, pilgrim, leave not yet the dwelling
Where kindness every care’s dispelling.”

“ Kind friend, no more the storm is blowing,
The morning dawns, we must be going.”

“ Adieu ! may Heaven be kind, befriending
Your sorrows with your journey ending !”

“ Wilt thou when o’er the moor a ranger
Think of the poor forsaken stranger ?”

“ Yes, when I hear the tempest swelling
I’ll think of thee and of thy dwelling.”

“ And wilt thou stop when homeward ’journing,
If by this humble cot returning ?”

“ Yes, here I’ll rest me till the morrow,
And ’neath thy roof forget my sorrow ;
Safe, listening to the distant billow,
We’ll sink upon our rushy pillow.”

(Cramer and Co.)

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices.*—T. MORLEY,

(2 Sopranos, Alto, and Tenor.)

OH sweet, alas ! what say you ?

Ah me ! that face discloses

The scarlet blush of sweet vermilion roses :

And yet, alas ! I know not
 If such a crimson staining
 Be for Love, or disdain ;
 But if of Love it grow not,
 Be it disdain conceived,
 To see us of Love's fruits so long bereaved.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

OH thou, where'er (thie bones att reste)
 Thie spryte to haunte delyghteth beste,
 Whether upponne the bloude-embrewedde pleyne,
 Orr whare thou kennst fromme farre
 The dysmal crye of warre,
 Orr seest somme mountayne made of corse of fleyne,
 Orr fierye round the mynster glare,
 Let Brystowe styll be made thie care ;
 Garde ytt fromme foemenné and consumynge fyre,
 Lycke Avone's streme ensyrke ytt round,
 Ne lette a flame enharme the ground,
 Tylle ynne one flame all the whole world expyre.

Words by Chatterton.

Warren's Collection, No. 28, and Clementi's Vocal Harmony.
 (Monro and May.)

This gained a Prize Medal, 1789.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—DR. CALLCOTT.

(2 Sopranos, or 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

OH vainly wise the moral Muse hath sung,
 That 'suasive hope hath but a syren tongue:
 True, she may sport with life's untutored day,
 Nor heed the solace of its last decay;
 But yet methinks, when wisdom shall assuage
 That grief and passion of our greener age,
 Though dull the close of life, and far away
 Each flower that hailed the dawning of the day,
 Yet o'er her lovely hopes, that once were dear,
 The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe,
 With milder grief her aged eyes shall fill,
 And weep their falsehood, though she love them still.

Concentores 2nd Collection. (Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos, or Altos, Tenor, and Bass.)

OH weel may the boatie row,
 And better may she speed,
 And weel may the boatie row,
 That wins the bairnies' bread.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows weel,
 And lightsome be their hearts that bear
 The merlin and the creel.

And when our bairns are gotten up,
 And we can work no more,
 They'll help to gar the boatie row,
 As we ha' done before.
 The boatie rows, etc.

PARRY'S Collection. (D'Almaine and Co.) *Words by Burns.*

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—J. PARRY.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

OH welcome, welcome, gentle knight,
 To the haunts of the elfin sprite!
 O welcome, while the night-dews fall,
 To our merry, merry magic hall!
 Nay, do not fear,
 No danger's near,
 With music sweet
 We will you greet,
 Till the rays of the morn appear.

Merry fays are we,
 Ever gay and free,—Fal, la, la!
 The festive board prepare,
 Bring forth our choicest fare;
 Then the down of the cygnet spread,
 For the weary wanderer's bed.
 Oh welcome, welcome, etc.

To the night-bird's tuneful lay
 We will trip it light and gay;

And when our sports we close
 We 'll lull thee to repose.
 Oh welcome, welcome, etc.

Words by J. Parry.

(Hill and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

OH were my love yon lilac fair,
 Wi' purple blossoms to the spring,
 And I a bird to shelter there,
 When wearied on my little wing,
 How I wad mourn when it was torn
 By autumn wild or winter rude;
 But I wad sing, on wanton wing,
 When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

Words by Burns.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

OH where is the voice of the summer heard?
 In the flow of the stream or the song of the bird;
 In the hum of the honey-laden bee,
 In the sound of the reaper's songs of glee;

In the sweet sad note of the nightingale's song ;
Such music doth only to Summer belong.

Oh where is the smile of the Summer seen ?
In the golden cups that spring o'er the green ;
In the light that maketh the bright blue sky
Shine like a golden canopy :
But Summer its sweetest smile bestows
On the crimson leaves of the blushing rose.
Surely if heaven has given to earth
One thought in which we may guess its mirth,
'T is the radiant smile of the Summer's glow,
And it wakes into life all things below.

(Cramer and Co.)

THE OLD BACCHANAL.

CANZONET, *for 3 Voices.*—J. TRAVERS.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

OLD I am, yet can (I think)
Those that younger are outdrink ;
When I dance no staff I take,
But a well-filled bottle shake.

He that doth in war delight,
Come, and with these arms let's fight
Fill the cup, let loose a flood
Of the rich grape's luscious blood.

Old I am, and therefore may,
 Like Silenus, drink and play.
 Fa, la, la!

(Mills.)

CANON (*four in two*).—Dr. ARNE.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

OMBRE amene, amiche piante,
 Il mio bene, il caro amante
 Chi mi dice ove n'andò :
 Zeffiretto lusinghiero,
 A lui vola messagiero,
 Di che torni, e che mi renda
 Quella pace che non ho.

This gained a Prize Medal, 1763.

Warren's Collection, No. 5.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices*.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

ON a hill there grows a flower,
 (Fair befall the dainty sweet !)
 By that flower there is a bower,
 Where the heavenly Muses meet ;

In that bower there is a chair,
 Fringed all about with gold,
 Where doth sit the fairest fair
 That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis, fair and bright,
 She that is the shepherd's joy,
 She that Venus did despise,
 And did blind her little boy.

Who would not this fair admire?
 Who would not this nymph adore?
 Who would not this sight desire,
 Though he thought to see no more?

(Lavenu.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—J. C. CLIFTON.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and 2 Basses.)

ON a rock whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in a sable garble of woe,
 With haggard eyes the poet stood;
 Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Stream'd like a meteor through the troubled air,
 And with a master's hand and prophet's fire
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

Hark ! how the giant oaks and desert caves
 Sigh to the torrent's awful voice beneath.
 O'er thee, O king, their hundred arms they wave,
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs crave ;
 Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
 To high-born Hoel's harp or soft Llewellyn's lay.

Words by Gray.

(Purday.)

GLEE, for 3 Voices.—Air by BLANGINI, arranged by
 R. ANDREWS.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

ON bright and glittering wing
 Young Joy is born to Spring ;
 He flutters for awhile,
 And passes like a smile.
 On Pleasure's beauteous breast
 So charming is his nest,
 He seldom leaves his home,
 Though often lured to roam.
 Though bright he still is coy ;
 But when he comes, young Joy
 Fills all the frame with bliss,
 Then fleets e'en as a kiss.

Words by N. Gardiner.

(Hawes.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

ON his death-bed poor Lubin lies,
 His spouse is in despair ;
 With frequent sobs and mutual cries
 They both express their care.
 A different cause, says Parson Sly,
 The same effect may give ;
 Poor Lubin fears that he may die,
 His wife that he may live.

Ladies' Catch-book.

HOHENLINDEN.

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—T. COOKE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and 2 Basses.)

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden showed another sight
 When the drum beat at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
 And furious every charger neigh'd,
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
 Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
 And louder than the bolts of heaven
 Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
 On Linden's hills of stained snow,
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds' rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens : on, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory or the grave !
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet,
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
 And every sod beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay.

Words by T. Campbell ; last verse by Collins.

This Glee gained the Prize at the Catch Club, June 4th, 1839.
 (Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, for 3 Voices.—S. WEBBE, JUN.

(2 Sopranos, or 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

ON parent knees a naked new-born child
 Weeping thou sat'st, when all around thee smiled ;
 So live that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
 Calm thou mayst smile, when all around thee weep.

Words by Sir William Jones.

(Chappell.)

ON MENANDER.

CATCH, for 3 Voices.—Dr. HAYES.

ON thy sweet lips the bees in clusters hung,
 And dropp'd Hybleian honey on thy tongue ;
 For thee the Muses plucked Pierian flowers,
 The Graces woo'd thee in sequester'd bowers ;
 Ages to come shall celebrate thy name,
 And Athens gather glory from thy fame.

Warren's Collection, No. 4.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—T. MOORE.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

ON to the field! our doom is seal'd,—
 To conquer or be slaves;
 This sun shall see our nation free,
 Or shine upon our graves.
 Farewell! oh farewell, my love,
 May Heaven thy guardian be,
 And send bright angels from above
 To bring thee back to me!
 On to the field—the battle-field,
 Where Freedom's standard waves!
 This sun shall see our tyrant yield,
 Or shine upon our graves.

Hark! the trumpet signal-blast,
 Take this last farewell, yet oh! not the last;
 For Hope whispers fondly, that hearts so united,
 So happy, e'en Death would be loth to destroy;
 And, checking his dark hand, would pause ere he blighted
 A love but just opening in sunshine and joy.
 Onward, on to the battle-field,
 Where Freedom's standard waves!
 This sun shall see our tyrant yield,
 Or shine upon our graves.

Words by T. Moore.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE, Jun.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

ONE morning very early,
 One morning in the spring,
 I heard a maid in Bedlam,
 Who mournfully did sing ;
 Her chains she rattled on her hands,
 While sweetly thus sung she,
 “ I love my love, because I know
 My love loves me.

“ Oh ! cruel were his parents,
 Who sent my love to sea,
 And cruel was the ship
 That bore my love away ;
 Yet I love his parents since they ’re his,
 Although they ’ve ruined me,
 And I love my love, because I know
 My love loves me.

“ I ’ll make a strawy garland,
 I ’ll make it wondrous fine,
 With roses, lilies, daisies,
 I ’ll mix sweet eglantine ;
 And I ’ll present it to my love
 When he returns from sea,
 For I love my love, because I know
 My love loves me.”

These words are also set by Dr. Clarke.

(Mills.)

CATCH, for 3 Voices.—H. PURCELL.

ONE—two—three!

If thus we beat the bar,
To sing 't will sure be easier far.
No, no, it cannot so be done,
I tell you I shall mark the time

(thus):

One, two, three, four!—I know 't is right,
But you, sir, cannot sing at sight.

New words, by T. Oliphant, Esq.

(Howell and King.)

CATCH, for 3 Voices.—J. ALCOCK, Jun., Mus. Bac.

ONCE in Arcadia, that famed seat of love,
There lived a nymph, the pride of all the grove;
A lovely nymph, adorned with every grace,
An easy shape, and sweetly-blooming face:
To charm her ear the rival shepherds sing,
Blow the soft flute and wake the trembling string.

Ladies' Amusement.

GLEE, for 3 Voices.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

OUR ship in port, our anchor cast,
The tempest hush'd and calm the main,
We little think of dangers past,
Nor those that we must meet again;

But while the flowing glass goes gaily round,
 In every draught is joy and pleasure found ;
 For then we drink, and drink with glee,
 The sailor's welcome home from sea.

Though hard our toil, our peril great,
 Our hours of ease but short and few,
 We never murmur at our fate,
 But each fond moment past renew.

Words by J. Pocock, Esq.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 2. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

OUR youthful summer oft we see
 Dance by on wings of game and glee,
 While the dark storm reserves its rage
 Against the winter of our age :
 Then happy those, (since each must drain
 His share of pleasure, share of pain,)
 Then happy those, beloved of Heaven,
 To whom the mingled cup is given ;
 Whose lenient sorrows find relief,
 Whose joys are chastened by their grief.

Words by Sir Walter Scott.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—W. KNYVETT.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

OVER mountains wild and dreary,
 Leading to some trading town,
 Oft we travel, faint and weary,
 Till cold hunger sink us down ;

Then beside some tree we lay us,
 Till a stranger passing by
 View the tatters that betray us
 To his generous, pitying eye ;

Marked with hunger pale and wan,
 Our features and our tattered dress,
 Charity becomes the man,
 To soothe the beggar in distress.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(2 Sopranos, Tenor, and Bass.)

OVER the mountains and over the waves,
 Under the fountains and under the graves,
 Over floods that are deepest, which Neptune obey,
 Over rocks that are steepest, Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place for the glow-worm to lie,
 Where there is no space for receipt of a fly,

Where the midge to venture dares not, lest fast herself
 she lay,
 If Love come, why he cares not, but soon finds out
 the way.

Some think to lose him by having him confined,
 And some do suppose him, poor thing! to be blind;
 For if ne'er so close you wall him—do the best that
 you may,
 Blind Love, if so you call him, will find out the way.

You may esteem him a child for his might,
 Or you may deem him a coward for his flight;
 But if she whom Love doth honour be concealed from
 the day,
 Set a thousand guards upon her, Love will find out
 the way.

You may train the eagle to stoop at your fist,
 And you may inveigle the phœnix of the East;
 The lioness you may move her to give over her prey,
 Yet you will ne'er discover Love, when Love finds out
 the way.

Words from Dr. Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry.

From a Set of Eight. Op. 3^{mo}.

GLEE, for 3 Voices.—C. GOODBAN.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

PACK, clouds, away, and welcome day!
 With night we banish sorrow;
 Sweet air, blow soft—mount, larks, aloft,
 To give my love good-morrow.

Wings from the wind to please her mind,
 Notes from the lark I'll borrow ;
 Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
 To give my love good-morrow.

Wake from thy nest, Robin red-breast,
 Sing, birds, in every furrow ;
 And from each hill let music shrill
 Give my fair love good-morrow.

Black-bird and Thrush, in every bush,
 Stare, Linnet, and each Sparrow,
 You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
 Sing my fair love good-morrow.

Words by Heywood, 1600.

Set also by Stevens for 5 Voices. (See Clark, p. 209.)

(Novello.)

ELEGY, *for 3 Voices.*—T. LINLEY, of Bath.

(Soprano, Alto, and Bass.)

PARENT of blooming flowers and gay desires,
 Youth of the tender year, delightful Spring !
 At whose approach inspired with equal fires,
 The amorous nightingale and poet sing.

Thou dost return, but not with thee
 Return the hours I once possest ;
 To others cheerful, but to me
 Thou sadly tell'st, I once was blest !

Thy charms, which Winter snatched away,
 Renewed in all their lustre shine ;
 But ah ! no more shall I be gay,
 Or know the joys that have been mine.

The flowers adorn the sprightly green ;
 Though fanning zephyrs fragrance bear,
 Joyless to me is every scene,
 Alas ! my Damon is not there.

Cheerless I feel the genial sun,
 From Damon absent, lost I rove ;
 Thy presence, dearest youth, alone
 Can warm my heart to joy and love.

Words by Lord Lyttleton.

T. Linley's Collection.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

PASS the wine-cup around,
 With what pleasure its nectar we sip ;
 And how fervent 's the cheer,
 When the heart prompts the words of the lip !

Hip hurrah ! then again,
 The cheer still prolong ;
 A health to the Prince,
 The patron of Science and Song !

Yes, with rapture the cheer we prolong,
 And with pleasure the nectar we sip;
 For there's nought like the Toast and the Song,
 When the heart prompts the words of the lip.
 Hip hurrah! thus the cheer still prolong,
 Long life to the Prince, the patron of Song!

There's not in music half the joy,
 Nor half the bliss in wine,
 As when to laud some honoured name
 The Song and Toast combine.
 Hip hurrah! etc.

(D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—GEORGE HARGREAVES.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

PAST is the race of heroes! but their fame rises on the harp, their feet ride on the wings of the wind; they hear the sounds through the sighs of the storm, and rejoice in their hall of clouds. Such is Calmar! he looks down from eddying tempests, and rolls his form in the whirlwind. Peace to thy soul, son of blue-eyed Mora! thy praise dwells on the voice of the mighty. Then raise thy fair locks, spread them on the rainbow, and smile through the tears of the storm.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—T. MOORE.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

PAST twelve o'clock! good-night, my dearest,
How fast the moments fly!

'T is time to part, thou hearest
That hateful watchman's cry—
"Past twelve o'clock!" good-night!

Yet stay a moment longer;
Alas! why is it so,
The wish to stay grows stronger
The more 't is time to go?
"Past one o'clock!" good-night!

Now wrap thy cloak about thee,
The hours must sure go wrong,
For when they're passed without thee
They're oh! ten times as long.
"Past two o'clock!" good-night!

Again that dreadful warning!
Had ever time such flight?
And see the sky—'t is morning!—
So now *indeed* good-night!
"Past three o'clock!" good-night!

(Cramer and Co.)

Words by T. Moore.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—PETER VALTON.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

PEACE! thou white-robed child of light,
 Thine is every softer scene ;
 Young-eyed pleasure, gay delight
 Still attend thy sylvan reign :
 Where'er thou deignst to be a guest,
 Corroding care forsakes the breast.

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—J. ADCOCK.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

PHILLIS! come rest beneath this elm,
 Come rest that form divine ;
 Let cares of state the rich o'erwhelm,
 Thou shalt be only mine.

When Summer's sun's enlivening ray
 Cheers hill and dale, or grove,
 To shady bowers we'll haste away,
 And murmur tales of love.

I'll weave for thee the sweetest posies,
 And cull each fairest flower,
 The myrtle, lily, blushing roses,
 Refreshed by dewy shower.

My flocks that range yon mountain's side
 Shall all, dear nymph, be thine ;
 I see the blush thou canst not hide,
 Thou art, thou shalt be mine.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—W. BEALE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

PHILLIS! thy lovely looks and form enchanting,
 Which Venus' self dost envy as thou walkest,
 Have wroughte my miserie and deep despayring ;
 O flie then not, so heedless of my sad lamenting.
 Why should I thus complayning sitte ?
 Should her compliance grace me,
 Favor'd by fate some happier swayne
 Would from her love displace me.

Words by J. Gwilt, Esq.

MADRIGAL, *for 5 Voices.*—M. P. KING.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

PLAY gently on your reeds a mournful strain,
 And tell in notes through all the Arcadian plain

That Coridon, the shepherd of the sheep,
Is gone, ne'er to return from death's eternal sleep.

Words by Otway.

From a Set of Eight. (D'Almaine and Co.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. HAYES.

POOR Johnny's dead,
I hear his knell,
Bim, bim, bome bell!
The bell doth toll,
O may his soul
In Heaven for ever dwell!

Ladies' Amusement.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. ARNE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

POOR little pretty fluttering thing,
Must we no longer live together?
And dost thou prune thy downy wing,
To take its flight thou know'st not whither?

Thy pleasing vein, thy amorous folly,
Are all neglected and forgot;
And pensive, wavering melancholy,
Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what.

Words by Prior.

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

CATCH, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

POOR Nicky Markham 's by his sons distrest,
 But surely in his daughters he is blest ;
 These mind him : as for them, do what he may,
 Old Nicky's good advice is thrown away :
 If harm 's on foot, if mischief is the plan, sir,
 Oh certainly Will Markham is your man, sir ;
 And Tom 's a pickle too, for 't is well known
 He oft mistakes his neighbour's for his own.

Warren's Collection, No. 32.

EPITAPH, *for 4 Voices.*—SAVAGE.

POOR Ralpho lies beneath this rood,
 And sure he must be blest,
 For though he could do nothing good,
 He meant to do his best ;
 Think of your souls, ye guilty throng,
 Who, knowing what is right, do wrong.

Warren's Collection, No. 1.

CATCH, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

PRESENCE of mind and courage in distress
 Are more than armies to insure success.

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

MUSSELMAN'S GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—C. E. HORN.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

PRECIOUS cup, with joy be crown'd,
 Softly pass it round to me ;
 Wine, they say, is not allow'd,
 Then let us drink it silently.
 Put it round, never think,
 Pass it quick about ;
 'T is a heavy sin to drink,
 But worse to be found out.

(Hawes.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—DANBY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

PRÆSTAT bibere, ad sanitatem,
 Quam colere pulchritudinem :
 Nam bibendo quiescit animus,
 Sed amando fit inquietas.

Danby's Collection, 4th Book.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

PRIDE of the bower ! we hail the young Rose,
 England's emblem, and hers in whom Britons repose ;
 Victoria ! whilst Love to the Rose shall belong,
 Thy name shall be honour'd in story and song.

(D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—CHARLES JENNER, A.M.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

PRITHEE raise thy drooping head,
 To anxious sorrow bid adieu ;
 When today's warm joys are fled,
 Will after days our bliss renew ?

Whilst youthful blood flows in our veins,
 Let's wing the fleeting hours with joy,
 And give to grief the dull remains,
 When spirits flag and pleasures cloy.

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices, with Chorus ad lib.*

H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

PUSH about the bottle, boys,
 Round the circle let it pass ;
 Life 's a scene of constant joys,
 Aided by the social glass.

For when care disturbs the soul,
 Why should mortal man repine ?
 Since fill but deep enough the bowl,
 And all our cares are drown'd in wine.

Words by S. J. Arnold, Esq.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 2. (D'Almaine and Co.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—L. ATTERBURY.

PUSH about the bottle, let us drink !
 From good wine we 'll never shrink :
 Why should we at Fate repine ?
 Drown our grief and care in wine :
 Here 's to the quick ! ne'er think of the dead ;
 Drawer ! bring us t' other flask of red.

Warren's Collection, No. 8.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

PUSH the red wine about, let the cup mantle o'er !
 We shall not drain it out, there is plenty in store.
 For the clusters are ripe that now hang on the vine,
 And the juice when 't is pressed will be yours, boys,
 and mine.

Spare it not, let it flow, drink hard and drink deep,
 What the farmer shall sow the bold outlaw must reap.
 When the dog-star has set and the harvest-moon wanes,
 The farmers are met, to rejoice in their gains.
 The outlaw unwelcome must needs be a guest,
 And receive a full share of the wine he loves best.

Parry's Collection. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

PUT round the bright wine, for my spirits are gay,
 The night may have sunshine as well as the day;
 Oh welcome the hours when gay visions arise,
 To melt my kind spirit and charm my fond eyes;
 When wine to my head can its wisdom impart,
 And love has its promise to make to my heart,
 Then dim in far shades sink the spectres of care,
 And I tread a bright world with a footstep of air.
 Yes, Mirth is my goddess—come round me, ye few
 Who have wit for her worship, I doat upon you:
 Delighted with life, like a swallow on wing,
 I catch every pleasure the current may bring.

Words by Professor Smyth, of Cambridge.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

QUAND 'IO bevo, O che diletto
 Io mi metto a lodar le nove Muse
 E 'l mio cuor da in preda ai venti
 Gli scontenti che poch' anzi in se racchiuse.

Quand' io bevo, al crin m'annodo
 Con bel modo di mia man ghirlanda ordita;
 E scogliendo il freno ai canti
 Narro i vanti della dolce e gaia vita.

Quand' io bevo, il cuor mi dice,
 Or ti lice far 'l tuo guadagnato usato:
 Godi, godi or la tua sorte
 Ch'a la morte ciascheduno è destinato.

(Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. L. ELLERTON, Esq.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

QUEEN of the night! with mellowed ray,
 Oh guide us on our lonely way,
 And let thy beams soft radiance pour
 O'er verdant hill and ivied tower.
 Dispel night's dark and misty veil
 With trembling beams of moonlight pale,
 And o'er the brow of dewy night
 Shed fairy streams of virgin light.
 Bless with thy sweet and mellow'd ray
 The perils of our lonely way;
 Arise, and from thy azure bower
 Disperse the clouds that darkly lower:

Oh thou, who art the wanderer's friend,
 Fair queen of night ! thy soft beams lend ;
 Oh gently smile with placid ray
 Upon our dark and lonely way.

King's Collection.

TRIO.—Dr. SMITH, of Dublin.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

QUEEN of the sea ! ordain'd to prove
 Our dear Redeemer's filial love,
 Bend from thy starry throne above,
 O beata Vergine !

Where'er the beating tempest roars,
 Oh give fresh vigour to our oars,
 That we secure may reach our shore,
 O beata Vergine !

Where'er the rolling billows sleep,
 And zephyrs fan the level deep,
 Chant we, while all due measure keep,
 O beata Vergine !

(Willis and Co.)

MADRIGAL, *for 6 Voices.*—LUCA MARENZIO.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

QUEEN of the world ! where is thine ancient glory ?
 Great ruler of the nations ! where all thy splendour ?

Where all the arches and the stately temples
 That once adorn'd thee ?
 The sculptor's art, and the lyre touched by the poets ?
 Yet we behold a morn of brightness dawning,
 When thou, queen as of old, shall be renowned :
 Hark ! the Roman lyre is sounding.
 See the mighty dome arising !
 Rome, thou art still with peerless splendour crowned,
 Queen of the world, in all thine ancient glory !
 " Vocal Schools of Italy." (Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—J. C. CLIFTON.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

QUICK flew the gales of rosy Spring,
 And Summer fruits are glowing ;
 The Autumn soon its clouds will bring,
 And Winter's blasts be blowing :
 Then crown the bowl with fairest flowers,
 On Summer's swift but smiling hours
 Ambrosial joys bestowing.
 The sparkling elements of love
 The soul's true passion showing,
 Is wine, that sets the cheeks of Jove
 And mortals' bosoms glowing.

Words by W. F. Collard.

(Purday.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—J. PARRY.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

QUICKLY fly, all that are nigh,
 Quickly fly from the magic ring,
 Quickly fly from the withering eye
 Of the mighty elfin king !
 To the greenwood hie,
 Or with gambols sly
 The gold miners mock, as their labour they ply ;
 Into ocean pry,
 Or aloft to the sky
 Your airy voyage wing.

Parry's Collection. (D'Almaine and Co.) *Words by J. Parry.*

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. NARES.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

REASON ne'er in fetters bind ;
 Cheerful hours unbend the mind ;
 Pleasure use in moderation,
 Judgement join to inclination ;
 Those joys are only free from sorrow,
 Which bear reflection on the morrow.
 See how plenteous our board, how with wine we abound,
 While harmonious accord in our music is found ;
 Let 's laugh, talk, and merrily make ourselves mellow,
 Melodiously sing,
 Pass a health to the king,
 And each man depart, still a rational fellow.

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

REFLECTED on the lake, I love
 To mark the star of evening glow,
 So tranquil in the heaven above,
 So restless on the wave below :
 Thus heavenly hope is all serene ;
 But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
 Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
 As false and fleeting as 't is fair.

Words by C. H. Townsend, Esq.

From a Set. (Cramer and Co.)

ON THE DEATH OF A COUNTRY CURATE.

CATCH, *for 4 Voices.*—L. ATTERBURY.

REJOICE, brave boys,
 Let 's rejoice at his fall ;
 If he 'd lived till we 'd died,
 He 'd have buried us all.

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—T. MOORE.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

REMEMBEREST thou that setting sun,
 The last I saw with thee,
 When loud we heard the evening gun
 Peal o'er the twilight sea—Bome ?

The sounds appeared to sweep
 Far o'er the verge of day,
 Till into realms beyond the deep
 They seemed to die away.

Oft when the toils of day are done,
 In pensive dreams of thee,
 I sit to hear that evening gun
 Peal o'er the stormy sea—Bome.
 And while o'er billows curled
 The distant sounds decay,
 I weep, and wish from this rough world
 Like them to die away.

Words by T. Moore.

(Cramer and Co.)

ON MUSIC.

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—W. HAWES.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and 2 Basses.)

“REQUIESCAT in pace!”

Hark, hark! what sounds are floating on the breeze?

What solemn strains are these?

'Tis Music's voice, that o'er the silent dead

Breathes the slow mournful requiem

For some loved spirit fled

From earth to them.

Thou, heaven-born Music, canst alone dispense

Balm to our woes and bliss to every sense.

A louder and a livelier strain
 Now bursts upon the willing ear ;
 And now it fades and comes again,
 And now it speaks in accents clear.
 'T is Music's voice again that swells
 In joyous measure, while the sound
 Of the merry peal of the wedding bells
 Proclaims the happy tidings round.

O Music, daughter of the rolling spheres !
 Alike congenial to our smiles and tears,
 'T is thine to soothe the torments of despair,
 To lift the soul to Heaven in prayer ;
 Or join the social band, when mirth and joy,
 Our lighter hours employ :
 Thou, heaven-born Music, canst alone dispense
 Balm to our woes and bliss to every sense.

(Hawes.)

Words by S. J. Arnold, Esq.

*This Glee gained the Prize given by Stephen Groombridge, Esq.,
 through the medium of the Glee Club, March 19th, 1831.*

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

REST, gentle youth, while on the quivering breeze
 Slides to thine ear a softly breathing strain ;
 Sounds that move smoother than the steps of ease,
 And pour oblivion in the ear of pain.

Words by Langhorn.

Horsley's Second Collection. (Lonsdale.)

TRIO.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos and Tenor.)

RETURN, return, and never more
 From her who dearly loves thee roam ;
 I'll meet thee at our cottage door,
 And glad shall be thy welcome home.
 O land beloved ! I never more,
 While life is mine, from thee will roam ;
 With grief I left my cottage door,
 And sad will be my welcome home.
 Hush, hush, hush ! how soft and clear
 That distant chime is echo'd here !
 Ding dong, ding dong, it seems to say,
 The darkest hour may pass away,
 The saddest heart again be gay.

Words by J. Pocock, Esq.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 5. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 8 Voices.*—M. P. KING.

(2 Sopranos, 2 Altos, 2 Tenors, and 2 Basses.)

RISE, my soul, on wings of fire,
 Rise the rapturous choir among ;
 Hark ! 't is Nature strikes the lyre,
 And leads the universal song.

Words by Gray.

From a Set of Eight. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—JOHN DANBY.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

Rosy-fingered goddess, rise !
 Fair Aurora, mount the skies !
 Leave, O leave your crystal bed,
 Deck'd with coral beauteous red.
 From each bush the feather'd choir,
 Warbling sweet, new joys inspire ;
 Warbling sweet, each myrtle grove
 Returns to greet the god of Love.
 Come, then, shepherds, come away,
 Come, ye damsels fair and gay ;
 Release your herds and snowy sheep,
 That they the pearly dew may sip ;
 More grateful to the thirsty flocks,
 Than to Narcis his golden locks.
 Come, ere Sol's affervent beams
 Parch the fields or heat the streams :
 Clad each in his best array,
 We 'll celebrate this holiday ;
 Dancing, music, cheerful song,
 Shall the fleeting hours prolong.

Warren's Collection, No. 21.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—T. COOKE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

ROLL on, ye stars, exult in youthful prime,
 Mark with bright curves the printless steps of Time ;

Near and more near your beaming cars approach,
 And lessening orbs on orbs encroach.
 Flowers of the sky! ye too to age must yield,
 Frail as your silken sisters of the field.
 Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,
 Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush;
 Headlong to one dark centre fall,
 And death, and night, and chaos, mingle all:
 Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
 Immortal Nature lifts her changeful form;
 Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
 And mounts and soars, another and the same.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—LODGE ELLERTON, Esq.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

Rouse, ye swains, the sun is up;
 The lark, the harbinger of day,
 On dewy pinions cleaves the sky,
 Shrilly trilling all the way.
 Then up, salute the morn;
 Behold what opening glories gild the view!
 The forest vast, the verdant lawn
 Glittering and bright with morning dew.

The hunter's bugle note is heard
 Where echo rings o'er hill and plain ;
 The tenants of the wood rejoice,
 In nature's simplest, sweetest strain.
 Shake off dull sleep and banish sloth,
 Your orisons to nature pay,
 And join with heart and voice to sing
 The glories of the rising day.

Words from Fraser's Magazine.

From a Set of Eight. (Hawes.)

GLEE, for 4 Voices.—JOHN DANBY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

SACRED powers of love and wine !
 See, I bend before your shrine ;
 Every bliss that you impart
 Riots now within my heart.
 Warble soft, my lyre, and tell
 How their joys my bosom swell.
 First I drink, and then I sip
 Kisses on my fair one's lip ;
 Then again I pledge my bowl,
 And alternate yield my soul ;
 Yield it every joy to prove,
 That arise from wine and love.

Danby's third Collection.

REQUIEM, *for 4 Voices.*—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

SAINTS and angels, hear our strains,
 From purging fire her soul convey,
 And waft it to those blest domains
 Where smiling joy feels no decay.

From a Set of Eight, Op. 3^{mo}.GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—W. LINLEY.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

SAW ye pass by the weird sisters pale?
 Mark'd ye the low'ring castle on the heath?
 Hark! is the deed done—the deed of death?
 Hail, king of Scotland, hail!
 I see no more,—to many a fearful sound
 The bloody cauldron sinks, and all is dark around.
 Pity, touch the trembling strings!
 A maid, a beauteous maniac wildly sings:
 “They laid him in the ground so cold,
 Upon his breast the earth was thrown;
 High is heap'd the grassy mould,
 Oh he is dead and gone!
 The winds of the winter blow on his cold breast,
 But pleasant shall be his rest.”

Concentores' Second Collection. (Lonsdale.)

CANZONET, *for 3 Voices.*—T. MORLEY.

(2 Sopranos and Alto.)

SAY, dear, will you not have me?
 Then here take the kiss you once gave me;
 You elsewhere, perhaps, think to bestow it,
 And I as loth would be to owe it;
 Or if you will not take the thing once given,
 Let me kiss you, I say, and so we shall be even.
 (Novello.)

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices.*—T. MORLEY.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

SAY, gentle nymphs, that tread these mountains,
 Whilst sweetly you sit playing,
 Saw you my Daphne straying
 Along your crystal fountains?
 If you so chance to meet her,
 Kiss her and kindly greet her;
 Then these sweet garlands take her,
 And say from me, I never will forsake her.
 (Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

SAY, Myra, why is gentle love
 A stranger to that mind,
 Which pity and esteem can move,
 Which can be just and kind?

Is it because you fear to share
 Those ills that love molest—
 The jealous doubt, the tender care,
 That rack the amorous breast ?

Alas ! by some degree of woe
 We every bliss must gain ;
 The heart can ne'er a transport know,
 That never feels a pain.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—T. MOORE.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

SAY, what shall we dance ?
 Shall we bound along the moonlight plain
 To music of France, of Italy, Greece or Spain ?
 Shall we, like them who rove
 Through bright Grenada's grove,
 To the light bolero's measures move ?
 Or prefer the guaracia's soft languishing lay,
 And thus to its sounds die away ?
 Say, what shall we dance ?

Sound the gay chords !
 Let us hear each strain from every shore
 That music haunts, or young feet wander o'er.
 Strike the gay chords !

Hark ! 't is the light march, to whose measured time
 The Polonaise, by her lover led, [tread ;
 Delights through the gay saloon with slow step to
 Or sweeter still, through moonlight walks,
 Whose dim shadows serve to hide [by her side.
 The blush raised by him who talks of love the while
 Then comes the smooth waltz, to whose floating sound
 Like dreams we go gliding around.
 Say, which shall we dance ?

(Cramer and Co.)

Words by T. Moore.

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

SAYS Damon to Chloe,
 “ I live on your smiles ;
 Your presence alone
 All my sorrow beguiles.”
 Says Chloe to Damon,
 “ 'T is true, though in rhyme,
 You live very cheap
 At this very dear time.”

Ladies' Catch-book.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—W. HAWES.

Written on the recovery of George the Third.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

SEE, from the gold-tinged chambers of the east
 Aurora leads health's rosy goddess forth ;

From her bright beam and sun-bespangled vest
 Fly the pale minions of the sickly North.
 'Tis done! 't is done! Britannia's sons rejoice,
 Let proud contending nations know;
 To Power supreme attune the voice,
 Let Fame her loud shrill trumpet blow.
 In grateful, deep, melodious accents sing,
 Great Britain, hail your renovated king.
 See, round the patriot monarch's sacred throne,
 Like ivy to the British oak that clings,
 The progeny that George and Charlotte own,
 And Britons hail a race of future kings.
 See how the royal daughters, fair and young,
 In virtue, truth and majesty arrayed,
 Adorn the regal stock from whence they sprung,
 The bright example for each British maid.

Words by Mr. Cherry.

From a Set of Six. (Mills.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—J. JOLLY.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

SEE how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,
 Yon little billow heaves its breast,
 And foams and sparkles for awhile,
 And murmuring then subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
 Rises on Time's eventful sea ;
 And having swelled a moment there,
 Melts into Eternity.

Words by T. Moore.

Posthumous Collection. (Cramer and Co.)

CANZONET, *for 3 Voices.*—T. MORLEY.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

SEE, mine own sweet jewel,
 What I have here for my pretty fine sweet darling !
 A little young robin-red-breast and a starling :
 These I give both, in hope at length to move thee,
 And yet thou sayest that I do not love thee.

(Novello.)

CATCH, *for 4 Voices.*—REV. ROBERT BACON.

SEE, my boys, the foaming bowl !
 Let jolly bumpers take the round,
 Raptures seize on every soul,
 And loud each cheerful voice resound.

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Sir J. STEVENSON.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

SEE! our bark scuds o'er the main,
 Glides smooth, and skims across the liquid plain;
 And while we sing and speed along,
 Our oars thus moved keep measure to our song.
 O spirit of the winds and roaring seas!
 Breathe gentle gales, 'midst skies serene as these;
 Calm, O calm the ocean's heaving breast,
 Whose billows panting sigh for rest.

Words by J. Atkinson, Esq.

(Willis.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Sir J. STEVENSON.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

SEE! our oars with feather'd spray
 Sparkle in the beam of day;
 In our little bark we glide
 Swiftly o'er the silent tide,
 From yonder lone and rocky shore
 The warrior hermit to restore;
 And sweet the morning breezes blow,
 While thus in measured time we row.

CATCH, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

SEE the jolly god appears,
 His hand a mighty goblet bears ;
 With sparkling wine full charged it flows,
 The sovereign cure of human woes.

These Words are also set as a Glee for 3 Voices by Battishill.

Ladies' Catch-book.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—JOLLY.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

SEE the lark prunes his active wings,
 Rises to heaven, and soars and sings ;
 His morning hymns, his mid-day lays,
 Are one continued song of praise ;
 He speaks his Maker all he can,
 And shames the silent tongue of man.

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—C. C. SPENCER.

SEE the little day-star moving,
 Life and time are worth improving,
 Seize the moments while they stay ;
 Seize and use them,
 Lest you lose them,
 And lament the wasted day.

Words by Dr. Watts.

(Published by the Composer.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. McMURDIE, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

SEE the young, the rosy Spring
 Gives to the breeze her spangled wing ;
 While virgin graces, warm with May,
 Fling roses o'er her dewy way.

The murmuring billows of the deep
 Have languish'd into silent sleep ;
 And mark ! the flitting sea-birds lave
 Their plumes in the reflecting wave.

Now the genial star of day
 Dissolves the murky clouds away,
 And cultured field and winding stream
 Are sweetly tissue'd by his beam.

Words from Francis's Horace.

(Cramer and Co.)

MADRIGAL, *for 6 Voices.*—LUCA MARENZIO.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

SEE where with rapid bound the fawn, affrighted,
 Swift through the forest hieth,
 Scared by the breezes through the branches sighing,
 Or murmurs from the rippling streams replying ;
 So, Clora, all my amorous suit disdaining,
 With rapid footsteps flyeth :
 Her devious path I trace with spirits failing.
 Alas ! 't is unavailing ;

Vain all the arts I use ! she hath no pity,
 O'er hill and valley still she boundeth ;
 With Clora's name the grove resoundeth,
 But only echo mocks my plaintive ditty.

“Vocal Schools of Italy.” (Cramer and Co.)

FALL OF JERUSALEM.

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and 2 Basses.)

SEE where yon proud city,
 As though at peace and in luxurious joy,
 Is hanging out her bright and festive lamps.
 There have been tears from holier eyes than mine
 Poured o'er thee, Zion ! and can I refrain ?
 I feel it now, the sad, the coming hour ;
 The signs are full, and never shall the sun
 Shine on the cedar roofs of Salem more :
 Her tale of splendour now is told and done ;
 The wine-cup of festivity is spilt,
 And all is o'er, her grandeur and her guilt.
 O fair and favoured city ! then of old
 The balmy airs were rich with melody,
 That led her pomp beneath the cloudless sky,
 In vestments flaming with the orient gold ;
 Her gold is dim, and mute her music's voice,
 The heathen o'er her perish'd pomp rejoice.
 How stately then was every palm-deck'd street,
 Down which the maiden danced with tinkling feet !

How proud the elders in their lofty gate !
 How crowded all her nation's solemn feasts
 With white-robed Levites and high-mitred priests !
 How gorgeous all her temple's sacred state !
 Her streets are razed, her maidens sold for slaves,
 Her gates thrown down, her elders in their graves ;
 Her feasts are holden 'mid the gentiles' scorn,
 By stealth her priesthood's holy garments worn ;
 And where her temple crowned the glittering rock,
 The wandering shepherd folds his evening flock. .

Words by the Rev. H. H. Milman.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—T. COOKE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

SEE who comes here !
 'T is the merry new year,
 With chaplets of ivy crown'd.
 What brings he here ?
 Wit, mirth and good cheer ;
 In his goblet care is drown'd.

Old Time trips lightly on,
 Here 's a health to his lusty son !
 We 'll welcome him with a song,
 Ding dong—Fal, la, la !
 Hark ! the chimes re-echo the sound ;
 While the kiss and the toast go round,
 We 'll quaff, we 'll laugh—ha, ha !

Words by Edward Morton, Esq.

MADRIGAL, *for 5 Voices.*—T. COOKE.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

SHALL I waste my youth in sighing
For Phillis uncomplying ?

No, no, no, no !

I'll let her go,

And comfort find for her denying ;

Wine its choicest sweets shall lend me ;

Beauty's brightest smiles attend me ;

No more I'll wear

A face of care,

Or let cold Phillis' frown offend me ;

Haste then, shepherds ! Music's treasures

Shall yield her gayest measures ;

And maidens coy

No more enjoy

The pride of marring all our pleasures.

Know ye not, ye fair and cruel,

Flame exists not without fuel ?

So Love unfed, like kindred fires,

Glimmers, flashes, and expires.

Words by G. W. Budd, Esq.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. JOLLY.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

SHALL I, wasting in despair,

Die because a woman's fair ?

Or make pale my cheeks with care

'Cause another's rosy are ?

Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flowery meads in May,
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how fair she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
 I will ne'er the more despair:
 If she love me, this believe,
 I will die ere she shall grieve;
 If she slight me when I woo,
 I can scorn and let her go;
 For if she be not made for me,
 What care I how fair she be?

Words by George Withers, 1622.

Set also for 4 Voices by Evans. (See Clark, p. 234.)

Posthumous Collection. (Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. O. ATKINS.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

SHE comes! she comes! the light and laughing hours
 Herald her advent with auspicious mirth;
 Her breath already wakes the sleeping flowers,
 Her smile flings sunlight over the green earth.
 She comes! she comes! the young, the lovely Spring,
 Making all nature happy, fresh and new;
 All joy, all love, all pleasure she doth bring
 For friends of my fond heart, she brings for you.

Words by H. Napier, Esq.

(Hawes.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. M^cMURDIE, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

SHE is not fair to outward view,
 As many maidens be ;
 Her loveliness I never knew
 Until she smiled on me.
 Oh then I saw her eye was bright,
 A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
 To mine they ne'er reply ;
 And yet I cease not to behold
 The love-light in her eye ;
 Her very frowns are better far
 Than smiles of other maidens are.

Words by Coleridge.

(Cramer and Co.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

SHE who alone possessed my heart
 By chance I saw lie sleeping,
 The little archer drew his dart,
 And made me pay for peeping.

Ladies' Catch-book.

ROUND, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

SHE who lies here, the fair and young,
 The fond delight of every eye,
 To Heaven was call'd away ; she sprung,
 Translated to her native sky ;
 There to remain a beauteous flower,
 Again more lovely sweet to grow ;
 Eternally to scent that bower,
 Untainted by the gales below.

Warren's Collection, No. 31.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—JOHN DANBY.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

SHEPHERDESSES,
 Pretty lasses,
 Come let's trip it on the green ;
 Birds are singing,
 Daisies springing,
 Nature smiles like Beauty's Queen ;
 Meadows growing,
 Springs o'erflowing,
 Flora smiling all around ;
 Lovely flowers,
 Chequer'd bowers,
 Social joy and mirth abound.
 Lilies, roses,
 Fragrant posies,

Nature smiling everywhere ;
 Nymphs complying,
 Cares are flying,
 Every sense of pleasure here.

Danby's Collection, 4th Book.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—J. PARRY.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

SHOULD mirth our moments crown,
 Let fortune smile or frown,
 We 'll life enjoy
 Without alloy,
 And care in a bumper drown.

At Beauty's shrine we bend the knee,
 And smiling wear Love's silken chains ;
 Each social son of harmony
 To her he loves the goblet drains.

While gaily our moments we thus are employing,
 May each sparkling magnum fresh happiness bring !
 But while the good things of this life we 're enjoying,
 O ne'er be unmindful from whence they all spring.

Words by John Parry.

(Hawes.)

MADRIGAL, *for 5 Voices.*—G. FERRETTI, 1580.

SIGH not, fond shepherd, thus, in sad despairing ;
 Arise, take heart, be daring !
 What though thy nymph of boldness may accuse thee,
 Put money in thy purse—she'll not refuse thee.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

SINCE first you knew my amorous smart,
 Each day augments your proud disdain ;
 'T was then enough to break my heart,
 And now, thank Heaven ! to break my chain.
 Cease, thou scorner, cease to shun me,
 Now let love and hatred cease ;
Half that rigour had undone me,
All that rigour gives me peace.

Words by Prior.

From a Set of Six. (Mills.)

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices.*—T. MORLEY.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

SINCE my tears and lamenting,
 False love, bred thy contenting,
 Still thus to weep for ever
 These fountains shall persevere,
 Till my heart, grief brim-filled,
 Out, alas ! shall be distilled.

(Novello.)

ROUND, *for 4 Voices.*—From the “Deuteromelia,” 1609.

SING with thy mouth, sing with thy heart,
Like faithful friends, sing, loth to depart,
Though friends together may not always remain,
Yet, loth to depart, sing once again.

King's Collection.

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—BATES.

“SIR, you are a comical fellow;
Your nose it is hooked,
Your back it is crooked,
And you are a comical fellow.”

“Nay, you are a comical fellow;
You squint with such grace,
So red is your face,
'Tis you are a comical fellow.”

“What! I am a comical fellow?
Pray do not say so;
No, no, no, no, no!
I'm sure I'm no comical fellow.”

This Catch gained a Prize Medal, 1770.

Convito Harmonico, Vol. 3. (Chappell.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—DR. HARRINGTON.

“SISTER, oh say, dost thou affection me faithfully?”
“Yea, verily I do, I do most mightily.”
Come, take her to thy bosom, man, lest the poor maid die.
Ladies' Amusement.

CATCH, *for 4 Voices*.—JOHN STAFFORD SMITH.

SLAVES are they that heap up mountains,
 Still desiring more and more ;
 We'll carouse in Bacchus' fountains,
 Never dreaming to be poor :
 Give us then a cup of liquor,
 Fill it up unto the brim ;
 Then methinks our wits grow quicker
 When our brains in liquor swim.

Ladies' Amusement.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass ; also for Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass ;
 also set for 2 Sopranos and Bass.)

SLEEP, gentle lady, the flowers are closing,
 The very waves and winds reposing ;
 Oh may our soft and soothing numbers
 Wrap thee in sweeter, softer slumbers.
 Peace be around thee, lady bright,
 Sleep while we sing good-night, good-night.

Words by J. R. Planché.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 1. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—J. C. CLIFTON.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

SLOWLY, Father Time, one glass I prithee lend,
 For what's one glass, old boy, to thee,
 Whose time can never end?

Freely I'll a score bestow
 For every one of thine,
 For time is never lent I trow,
 That's spent in mirth and wine ;
 Then merrily push the glass, my hearts,
 And merrily let us sing,
 For see, the old grey-beard angry starts,
 And rapidly shakes his wing.

Words by W. F. Collard, Esq.

(Collard and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—JOHN COBB, 1667.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

SMITHS are good fellows,
 They blow the bellows
 While the iron's hot, though their gains be small ;
 Thy pot and my pot their hammers call.
 Hallow, hallow, hallow,
 Is the white mare fallow ?
 Hold foot while I strike,
 Stand fast with a winion ;
 Sure 't is but opinion,
 Ale hurts the sight ;
 For continually thy pot and my pot their hammers call.

Warren's Collection, No. 7.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

So full of life and soul our joys abound,
 We seem to scatter life to all things round ;
 A thousand times the pictured wanton dames
 Appear as springing from their golden frames ;
 For when we drink we surely change our state,
 Mortals no more we are, but gods elate ;
 And when we sing, with these rich gifts before us,
 Heroes and men and gods might join the chorus.

Webbe's Collection, Vol. 2. (Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—W. BEALE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors and Bass.)

SOFT child of love, thou balmy bliss,
 Inform me, O delicious kiss,
 Why thou so suddenly art gone,
 Lost in the moment thou art won ?

Yet go ; for wherefore should I sigh ?
 On Delia's lip, with raptured eye,
 On Delia's blushing lip I see
 A thousand full as sweet as thee.

This Glee is also set by Webbe.

(Lonsdale.)

Words by Peter Pindar.

GLEE, *for 5 Voices*.—J. HINDLE, Mus. Bac.

(Soprano, Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

SOFT is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.

Words from Pope's ' Essay on Criticism.'

Hindle's Collection.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices*.—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

SOFT murmuring bee, who loved yon rose,
 And sipped its fragrant sweets,
 Why fly to where the lily blows,
 A stranger flower to greet ?
 Hence, thief of odours, hence, away,
 Rifle not every flower ;
 Let not one parting kiss delay
 Your farewell to this bower ;
 Your panting mate on yonder blossom mourns,
 Nor tastes its nectar till her lord returns.

*Words selected from a translation of an Indian poem.*Op. 3^{mo}. (Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—JOHN DANBY.

(Soprano, Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

SOFT o'er the mountain's purple brow
 Meek twilight draws her shadows grey ;
 From tufted woods and vallies low
 Light's magic colours steal away ;
 Yet still amid the spreading gloom
 Resplendent glow the western waves
 That roll o'er Neptune's coral caves,
 A zone of light on evening's dome.
 On this lone summit let me rest,
 And view the forms to Fancy dear,
 Till on the ocean's darkened breast
 The stars of evening tremble clear ;
 Or till the moon's pale orb appear,
 And throws a line of radiance wide,
 Far o'er the lightly curling tide :
 No sounds of silence now prevail,
 Save of the dying wave below,
 Or sailor's song, borne on the gale,
 Or oar at distance striking slow.
 So sweet, so tranquil may my evening ray
 Set to this world, and rise in future day.

Danby's Collection, 3rd Book.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—R. COOKE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

SOFT spirit of the western breeze,
 Oh hither wave thy restless wing,
 And pour along these twisted trees
 Thy song of sweetest murmuring.

If, true to love, thy wings could bear
 From my fond heart its fondest vow,
 Go, breeze, to Mary's couch repair,
 And waft that sacred message now.

But o'er her vestments gently breathe,
 Lest, tortured with unhallow'd fire,
 You view the dangerous charms beneath,
 And on the perfumed rose expire.

(Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—J. PARRY.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

SOFTLY sung the Bard of Mona when love his soul
 inspired,
 Loud sung the Bard of Mona when war his bosom fired ;
 But when to lovely peace his tuneful harp was strung,
 In sweet and lively strains the Bard of Mona sung.

Words by John Parry.

(D'Almaine and Co.)

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices.*—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

SOLO e pensoso, i più deserti campi
 Vo misurando a passi tardi e lenti,
 E gli occhi porto per fuggir intenti
 Dove vestigio uman l'arena stampi.
 Ma pur s'è aspre vie, nè s'è selvagge,
 Cercar non so, ch' Amor non venga sempre
 Ragionando con meco, ed io con lui.

Words from the 28th Sonnet of Petrarch.

Horsley's 4th Collection. (Lonsdale.)

CATCH, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. NARES.

SOME say 't is ambition intoxicates man,
 And others that woman the wisest trepan;
 Yet still there 's a charm, but don't let it be told—
 What is it? what is it? 't is gold! 't is gold!

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—From a Duet by PAER, arranged
 by E. TAYLOR, Gresh. Prof. Mus.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

SONS of Dian! leave your slumbers,
 Phœbus now proclaims the day;
 Hark the jolly horn is sounding,
 Mount your horses and away!

Now the dog's enlivening chorus
 Fills each grove and thicket round,
 While the distant hills resounding,
 Echo to the cheerful sound.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—Dr. COOKE.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

SOPHROSYNE, thou guard unseen,
 Whose delicate control
 Can turn the discord of chagrin
 To harmony of soul;
 Above the lyre, the lute above,
 Be mine the melting tone,
 Which makes the peace of all we love
 The basis of our own.

Words by William Hayley, Esq.

Op. 5. (Mills.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—Dr. ALCOCK.

(Soprano, Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

SOON as the genial Spring renews the shade,
 Beneath the wonted bower the lover tells
 His tender wishes to the listening maid,
 While she in blushes all her flame reveals.
 The turtle mourns his solitude no more,
 But woos and bills, as happy as before.

Warren's Collection, No. 16.

MADRIGAL, *for 5 Voices.*—GIO. GIA. GASTOLDI.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

SOON as the silver moonbeams
 On the dark waters tremble,
 Haste we to dells and vallies
 Where sportive fays assemble ;
 Beneath the vine-tree's shelter
 Their merry vigils keeping,
 While from every bush and dingle
 Fauns are peeping :
 With mirthful gambols, songs and dances,
 Lightly bounding, each troop advances ;
 But soon, with light returning,
 They haste away swiftly at dawn of morning.

“Vocal Schools of Italy.” (Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. C. PRING.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

SOUND, O Muse, the Theban jars,
 Sound the rage of Trojan wars,
 Heroes, battles, tumults, sing !
 Softly slept the tender string ;
 Nought my rebel lyre could move
 But the gentle notes of love.
 Straight I tuned the chords anew,
 Now the scenes of arms pursue,
 Now Achilles' triumphs sing :
 Softly slept the tender string ;

Nought my rebel lyre could move,
 But the gentle notes of love.
 Heroes, vainly ye aspire,
 Love alone can raise my fire ;
 Conquest I to you resign,
 Cupid's joys be ever mine.

Warren's Collection, No. 30.

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices.*—GIULIO RENALDI.

(2 Sopranos, Tenor, and Bass.)

SPEED to my Celia,
 O speed your flight,
 And bear her upon love's swiftest wing
 My amorous ditty ;
 Tenderly speak to her,
 And move her heart to pity.

"Vocal Schools of Italy." (Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—W. HAWES.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

SPIRITS of air, who round this motley ball
 Hover sublime, beyond our mortal ken,
 Unseen, though not unfelt by all,
 Whether as guardians or as foes to men—
 On you I call, spirits of air !

I love to wander oft in moonlight glades,
 In stilly night, or in the silent shades,
 Alone, when fancy strives to hear,
 'Mid murmur'd whispers near,
 The noiseless accents of Æolian lyres
 Breathed by your half celestial choirs ;
 And then methinks, light spirits of the air !
 Ye watch as guardians o'er this world of care.
 But when the rustling breeze more rudely sweeps
 The mountain floods, the valleys, woods and deeps,
 As though upon the rushing blast
 Your viewless hosts embattled legions past,
 And in derision of man's puny war
 Spread elemental strife awide and far,
 Then furious winds with winds opposing meet,
 Like unseen trampling of immortal feet.
 Spirits of air !
 'Tis then I deem ye, 'mid the tempest's roar,
 The 'vengeful agents of the unknown power ;
 Or are ye spirits who this mortal coil
 Have shuffled off, and watch around the soil
 Where once ye lived and loved ? if such ye be,
 Still dear to earth, and dearest more to me,
 Soon may I join your still aspiring flight
 To scenēs of endless bliss and never-fading light.

Words by S. J. Arnold, Esq.

(Hawes.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices (with chorus ad lib.)*.

H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

SPORTIVE little trifler, tell me

What you ask for all you know ?

Will you, pretty urchin, sell me

Arrows, quiver, and your bow ?

Why thus silent ? be persuaded,

Make me happy while you can ;

If not, you shall be degraded,

Banished from the haunts of man.

Words by J. Petre, Esq.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 2. (D'Almaine and Co.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices*.—S. WEBBE.

STAY, Daphne, stay, and do not leave me ;

Why will you tempt, and then deceive me ?

Should you refuse to ease my pain,

I ne'er may see these groves again.

Ladies' Catch-book.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices*.—S. WEBBE, Jun.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

STAY, oh stay, thou lovely shade,

Brought by sleep to sorrow's aid ;

Ah! the sweet illusion ends ;
 Light and reason, cruel friends,
 Bid me not with frantic care
 Vainly worship fleeting air.
 Night returns on rapid wing,
 Round my head the poppies fling ;
 Hateful day, thy reign be brief,
 Darkness is the friend of grief ;
 Couldst thou, sleep, my dream restore,
 I could wish to wake no more.

(Mills.)

SESTET.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

STAY, prithee stay, the night is dark,
 The cold wind whistles—hark! hark! hark!
 Stay, prithee stay, the way is lone,
 The ford is deep, the boat is gone ;
 And mountain torrents swell the flood,
 And robbers lurk within the wood.
 Here you must stay till morning bright
 Breaks through the dark and dismal night ;
 And merrily sings the rising lark,
 And hushed the night-bird—hark! hark! hark!

Words by J. Pocock, Esq.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 5. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—J. W. CALLCOTT, Mus. Bac.

(2 Tenors, or Trebles, and Bass.)

STRAY not to those distant scenes,
 From thy comfort do not rove ;
 Tarry in these peaceful glens,
 Tread the quiet paths of love.
 Is not this sequester'd shade
 Richer than the proud alcove ?
 Tarry in this peaceful shade,
 Tarry here with me and love ;
 Limpid brooks around,
 Winding through the varied grove,
 This is passion's fairy ground.

Ladies' Amusement.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—T. COOKE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

STRIKE, strike the lyre ! let music tell
 The blessings Spring shall scatter round ;
 Fragrance shall float along the gale,
 And opening flowerets paint the ground.

Oh I have past whole hours in sighs,
 Condemned the absent fair to mourn ;
 But she appears, and sorrow flies,
 And pleasure smiles at her return.

I love the proud and solemn sweep
 Of harp and trumpet's harmony,
 Like swellings of the midnight deep,
 Like anthems of the opening sky.

But lovelier to my heart the tone
 That dies along the twilight's wing,
 Just heard, a silver sigh, and gone,
 As if a spirit touched the string.

Oh welcome is the joyous strain
 That bids the anxious lover burn ;
 The smile of beauty wakes again,
 And discord flies at her return.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—JOHN DANBY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

SUCH radiant eyes who can withstand,
 That e'en in sleeping charm ;
 Or who resist the soft command,
 Since through their shade they warm.
 Insensible how much they shine,
 As ah ! how much I grieve ;
 I greedy gaze, you sleep supine,
 Nor know the wounds you give.

Danby's Collection, 4th Book.

TRIO.—CARISSIMI.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

SURGAMUS, eamus, properemus ad areolam aromatum :
 quæramus cum dilecto sponsam Virginum pulcherimam
 ubi cubat inter flores, ubi pascitur inter lilia, donec as-
 paret dies et inclinentur umbræ. Eamus, videamus
 deliciis affluentem sponsam, formosam, speciosam, can-
 didam, et decoram, velut roseam auroram, velut lunam
 refulgentem. Tota pulchra est, tota amabilis, tota de-
 siderabilis, et macula non est in eâ. Oculi ejus sicut
 columba ; comæ ejus ex auro purissimo ; genæ illius
 sicut purpura ; favus distillans labia ejus ; manus illius
 candidæ, plenæ hyacinthis ; sinus ejus eburneus, di-
 stinctis saphiris : viderunt et dilexerunt eam filiæ Sion.
 Laudaverunt et beatissimam prædicaverunt.

Words from Solomon's Song.

Novello's Fitzwilliam Music, Vol. i. page 12. (Novello.)

CATCH, for 3 Voices.—S. WEBBE.

SURLY Giles's old cat was shut out of the house,
 How she plagued him all night without catching a mouse !
 With her mew, sick to death, surly Giles rose in haste,
 And he vowed that no longer his moments he'd waste ;
 So he took up a stick as he jumped out of bed,
 And he swore he would knock the old cat on the head.

Warren's Collection, No. 31.

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

SWEET are the blushes on thy face which shine,
 Sweet are the flames which sparkle from thy eyes;
 Sweet are his torments who for thee doth pine,
 Most sweet his death for thee who sweetly dies;
 For if he dies, he dies not by annoy,
 But too much sweetness and abundant joy.

Words by Drummond of Hawthornden.

Horsley's 1st Collection. (Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

SWEET bird, that sings on yonder spray,
 Pursue unharm'd thy sylvan lay;
 While I, beneath this breezy shade,
 In peace repose my careless head;
 And joining thy enraptured song,
 Instruct the world-enamoured throng,
 That the contented, harmless breast
 In solitude itself is blest.

Webbe's Collection, 3rd Book. (Mills.)

GLEE, for 4 Voices.—J. M^cMURDIE, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy shell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That liketh thy Narcissus are?
 Oh if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!
 So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

Words from Milton's Comus.

(Cramer and Co.)

ODE TO HANDEL, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS
 COMMEMORATION.

(4 Altos, 2 Tenors, and 2 Basses.)

SWEET harmonist! whose sounds control
 The various movements of the soul,
 Now with joy and transport fire us,
 Or with tender grief inspire us;

Or awake seraphic love,
 Such as angels feel above.
 But see, what magic holds the listening throng,
 The very soul is turned to ear !
 While the full tides of music pour along,
 Majestic, deep, and clear.

Hail sweet enchanter of the soul !
 Long shall we own thy soft control ;
 And as returns this festive day,
 To thee our free libations pay ;
 We'll chant thy praise in merry glee,
 Wrapt up in harmony and thee.
 Nor shall the praises we bestow be vain ;
 By praises such as Britons give,
 Age and decrepitude forget their pain,
 Decayed musicians live.

Words by the Rev. Dr. Scott.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. JOLLY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

SWEET is the balmy evening hour
 And mild the glow-worm's light,
 And soft the breeze that sweeps the flower,
 With pearly dew-drops bright.

I love to loiter on the hill
 And catch each trembling ray ;
 Fair as they are, they mind me still
 Of one more dear than they.

Posthumous Collection. (Cramer and Co.)

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

SWEET is the breath of vernal shower,
 The bee's collected treasures sweet,
 Sweet music's melting fall,
 But sweeter yet
 The still small voice of gratitude.

Words by Gray.

From a Set. (Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Soprano, Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

SWEET is the soft, the sunny breeze
 That fans the golden orange grove ;
 But oh ! how sweeter far than these
 The kisses are of her I love.

Warren's Collection, No. 27.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—E. TAYLOR, Gresh. Prof. Mus.

(2 Sopranos, Tenor, and Bass.)

SWEET May, for thee the groves
 Their gayest liveries wear;
 Thou art the queen of summer months,
 The fairest of the year:
 For thee the Graces and their train
 Shall lead the dancing hours,
 And nature paint in gayest dyes
 The many-coloured flowers.
 For thee the balmy zephyrs breathe,
 And verdant fields appear;
 Then hail, fair May, bright Summer's queen,
 Thou queen of all the year!

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—DANBY.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

SWEET minstrel of the moonlight hour,
 Who charm'st the solitary plain,
 I pensive haunt the secret bower
 That echoes to thy mournful strain.

How soothing is the voice of woe
 To me, whom love has doomed to pine!
 For 'midst the sounds that plaintive flow
 I hear my sorrows melt with thine.

Danby's Second book.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

SWEET Muse, who lov'st the virgin Spring,
 Hither thy sunny flowerets bring ;
 And let thy richest chaplet shed
 Its fragrance round my Handel's head.

Now string the tuneful lyre again,
 Let all thy sisters raise the strain ;
 And consecrate to deathless fame
 My loved, my honoured Handel's name.

(Monro and May.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Lord MORNINGTON.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

SWEET object of the zephyr's kiss,
 Come, Rose, come, courted to my bower ;
 Queen of the banks ! the garden's bliss,
 Come and abash yon tawdry flower.

“ Why call us to revokeless doom ? ”
 With grief the opening buds reply,
 “ Not suffered to extend our bloom,
 Scarce born, alas ! before we die.

Man having past appointed years,
 Ours are but days, the scene must close ;
 And when Fate's messenger appears,
 What is he but a withered rose ? ”

Warren's Collection, No. 19.

QUARTET.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

SWEET Rose of England, fare thee well !

Bright blossom of a royal line ;

Ah who without a tear shall tell

A tale so sorrowful as thine ?

Ne'er yet to bless our land was given

A princess more beloved or fair ;

Let seraphs waft thy soul to Heaven,

Thou'lt bloom a sister angel there.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 5. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—T. ATTWOOD.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

SWEET soothing hope allays our pain,

Bereav'd of those we fondly love ;

While faith imparts we meet again,

Partaking joy in realms above.

Calm, softly breathing be the gale

Impelling life's expanded sail,

And smoothly flowing be the tide

O'er which we to the haven glide.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. C. CLIFTON.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

SWEET stream, if e'er thy limpid flow
 Should meet the nymph I prize,
 Ah! tell her thou art tears of woe
 Just flown from Damon's eyes.

And thou, O zephyr, quickly fly,
 And lull her soul to rest;
 But tell her that thou art a sigh
 Just flown from Damon's breast.

If tears to soothe her nought avail,
 Nor sigh can singly move,
 Then both united tell the tale
 Of hapless Damon's love.

Words by Lyâia Piggott.

(George.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE, Jun.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, and Bass.)

SWEET stream that winds through yonder glade,
 Apt emblem of a virtuous maid,
 Silent and pure she glides along,
 Far from the world's gay busy throng.

With gentle yet prevailing force,
 Intent upon her destined course,
 Graces attend on all she does,
 Blessing and blest where'er she goes.

Ladies' Catch-book.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos, or Altos, Tenor, and Bass.)

SWEET to the morning traveller
 The skylark's early song,
 Whose twinkling wings are seen at fits
 The dewy light among.

And cheering to the traveller
 The gales that round him play,
 As faint and wearily he drags
 Along his noontide way.

And when the evening's light decays
 And all is calm around,
 There is sweet music to his ear
 In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

And sweet the neighb'ring church's bell
 That marks his journey's bourne,
 But sweeter is the voice of love
 That welcomes his return.

(Mills.)

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

SWEET Venus, daughter of the main,
 Why are you pleased with mortals' pain?
 What mighty trespass have they done,
 That thus you scourge them with your son?
 A guileful boy, a cruel foe,
 Whose chief delight is human woe.

Ladies' Catch-book.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—J. PARRY.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

SWIFTLY we fly through the evening sky
 When the silver moon shines bright,
 When the bat flits round, and the dewy ground
 Is speckled with glow-worm's light.
 When the ring-doves rest on their downy nest
 Through the air we fleeting pass;
 When screams the owl, and watch-dogs howl,
 We revel in the shaven grass.
 Then when we hear loud chanticleer
 Again to our haunts we fly,
 And through the day sleep the hours away,
 Till the moonbeams again we spy.
 When our fairy queen reposes
 On a bed of fragrant roses.

Words by Roscoe.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

TALK not of fate; ah! change the theme,
 And talk of beauty, talk of wine;
 Talk of the joys that round us bloom,
 To love and mirth thy thoughts incline.
 Seek not to pierce the sacred gloom
 Of awful fate;
 You'll find too late
 'T is all a cloud, 't is all a dream.

Boy! let the liquid ruby flow,
 And bid the pensive heart be glad;
 Fear not the frowning cynic—know
 'T is only age that should be sad.
 Youth's date is short, the blessing prize,
 And leave to greybeards to be wise;
 Let music charm,
 And beauty warm,
 And leave to greybeards to be wise.

Posthumous Collection. (Novello.)

PRIZE DUET, 1834.—JAMES KING.

(Soprano, or Tenor, and Bass.)

TAKE heed, my dear, youth flies apace,
 As well as Cupid—Time has wings;
 Soon must the glories of thy face
 The fate of vulgar beauty find.

The thousand loves that arm thy potent eye
 Must droop their quivers, flag their wings, and die.
 E'en while we talk in careless ease
 Our envious minutes wing their flight;
 Instant the fleeting pleasures seize,
 Nor trust tomorrow's doubtful light.

King's Collection.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE, Jun.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

TEARS o'er my parted Thirza's grave I shed,
 Affection's fondest tribute to the dead:
 Oh flow my bitter sorrows o'er her shrine,
 Pledge of the love that bound her soul to mine.
 Break, break, my heart, o'er-charged with bursting woe,
 An empty offering to the shades below.
 Ah! plant regretted, Death's remorseless power
 With dust unfruitful chokes thy full-blown flower;
 Take, Earth, the gentle inmate to thy breast,
 And soft embosom'd bid my Thirza rest.

Elegy from the Greek Anthology.

(Chappell.)

GRACE, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. B. ROGERS, 1653.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

TE Deum Patrem colimus, Te laudibus prosequimur,
 qui corpus cibo reficis, cœlesti mentem gratiâ. Amen.

(Hawes.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—J. DYNE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

TELL me, thou dear departed shade,
 Ah tell me whither art thou flown?
 To what delightful place convey'd,
 What distant world to me unknown?

Say, does thy airy flight extend
 Far back as our once favourite bower?
 Dost thou my lonely walks attend,
 Or visit me at midnight hour?

Whilst Sol displays the radiant beam,
 Each thought I dedicate to thee;
 And if thou form'st the nightly dream,
 How soothing then is sleep to me!

(Mills.) Also in Warren's Vocal Harmony.

CAMBRIA'S HOLIDAY.

TRIO and CHORUS. (*Double Choir.*)—J. PARRY.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

TELL me not that Cambria's lyre
 Wakes to rapture now no more;
 Tell me not that, quench'd her fire,
 The *Awen's** day of glory's o'er.

With such eyes of beauty greeting,
 With such patriot bosoms beating,
 Native genius met to nourish,
 Wallia's lyre and muse will flourish.

* *Awen* means poetical inspiration.

Chorus.

String the harp then ! minstrels, play !
This is Cambria's holiday.

Trio.

What though clouds obscured her name,
And veiled in cold neglect the past,
They served but to embalm her fame,
Her halcyon days are come at last.
Bright the suns that rise to bless her,
Clear the skies that now caress her ;
Days of glory, setting never,
May they live and last for ever !

Chorus.

String the harp then ! minstrels, play !
This is Cambria's holiday.

Words by the Rev. — Mytton.

(Cramer and Co.)

MADRIGAL, for 5 Voices.—GIOVANNI FERRETTI.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

TELL me, O lady fair,
Why thus you slight me ?
O let thy accents sweet
Once more delight me ;
And love, unchanging love,
Sweet Phillis, plight me !

“Vocal Schools of Italy.” (Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and 2 Basses.)

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,
 Oh tell me whither art thou fled?
 To what delightful world above,
 Appointed for the happy dead?

Or dost thou free at pleasure roam,
 And sometimes share thy lover's woe,
 Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
 Can now, alas, no comfort know?

Oh if thou hov'rest round my walk,
 While under every well-known tree
 I to thy fancied shadow talk,
 And every tear is full of thee;

Should then the weary eye of grief,
 Beside some sympathetic stream,
 In slumber find a short relief,
 Oh visit thou my soothing dream.

Words by Thomson.

From a Set of Six. (Mills.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

TELL me what healing medicine can I find,
 What can I take to cure my love-sick mind?

I seek the shady grove, the purling stream,
 Yet these, alas ! do but renew the theme ;
 As rural scenes do but augment my love,
 Next a dramatic scene I mean to prove.

This gained a Prize Medal, 1792.

Warren's Collection, No. 31.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—W. HAWES.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor and Bass.)

TELL me when, inconstant rover,
 When my nightly plaints shall cease ?
 When shall I, your follies over,
 Welcome love and joy and peace ?

Longest nights of dark December
 Still return of morning bring ;
 Leafless boughs exclaim—"Remember,
 We shall bloom again in Spring."

Though the seaman's weeping dear
 Views east winds waft him o'er the main,
 Hope shall brighten in the tear,
 The west may waft him back again.

From a Set of Six. (Mills.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

TELL me, ye powers, what can surpass
 An honest friend, a cheerful glass ?

Ladies' Catch-book ; and No. 6. of Warren's Collection.

GLEE, for 4 Voices.—W. HAWES.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

THE bee, the golden daughter of the Spring,
 From mead to mead in wanton labour roves,
 And loads its little thigh, or gilds its wing
 With all the essence of the flushing groves ;
 Extracts the aromatic soul of flowers,
 And humming in delight, its waxen bowers
 Fills with the luscious spoil, and lives ambrosial hours.

Words by W. Thompson, M.A.(Hawes.) *This gained a Prize at the Glee Club, 1836.*

GLEE, for 4 Voices.—JAMES ELLIOTT.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

THE bee, when varying flowers are nigh,
 On many a sweet will careless dwell ;
 Just sips their dew, and then will fly
 To its own fragrant cell.

Thus, though my heart, by fancy led,
 A wanderer for awhile may be,
 Yet soon returning whence it fled,
 It comes more fondly back to thee.

(Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THE Bishop of Mentz was a wealthy prince,
 Wealthy and proud was he ;
 He had all that was worth a wish on earth,
 But he had no charity.
 He would stretch out his empty hands to bless,
 Or lift them both to pray ;
 But alack ! to lighten man's distress,
 They moved no other way.
 A famine came, but his heart was still
 As hard as his pride was high ;
 And the starving poor but throng'd his door
 To curse him, and to die.
 At length from the crowd rose a clamour so loud,
 That a cruel plot laid he ;
 He opened one of his granaries wide,
 And bade them enter free.
 In they rush'd, the maid and the child,
 'The child that could barely run ;
 Then he closed the barn, and set it on fire,
 And burnt them every one.
 And loud he laugh'd at each terrible shriek,
 And cried to his archer train,
 " The merry mice ! how shrill they squeak !
 They are fond of the Bishop's grain."
 But mark what an awful judgement soon
 On the cruel Bishop fell ;
 With so many mice his palace swarm'd,
 That in it he could not dwell.

They gnaw'd the arras above and beneath,
 They eat each savoury dish up ;
 And shortly their sacrilegious teeth
 Began to nibble the Bishop.
 He flew to the castle of Ehrenfels,
 By the side of the Rhine so fair ;
 But they found the road to his new abode,
 And came in legions there.
 He built him in haste a tower tall
 In the tide, for his better assurance ;
 But they swam the river and scaled the wall,
 And worried him past endurance.
 One morning his skeleton there was seen,
 By a load of flesh the lighter ;
 They had pick'd his bones uncommonly clean,
 And eaten his very mitre.
 Such was the end of the Bishop of Mentz :
 And oft at the midnight hour
 He comes in the shape of a fog so dense,
 And sits on his old Mouse Tower.

Legend of the Mouse Tower on the Rhine, by J. R. Planché.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 2. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—T. ATTWOOD, harmonized by
 GREATOREX.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THE boatmen shout, 't is time to part,
 No longer we can stay ;
 'T was there Maimuna taught my heart
 How much a glance could say.

With trembling step to me she came,
 Farewell! she would have cried;
 But ere her lips the word could frame,
 In half-form'd sounds it died.

Then bending down, with looks of love,
 Her arms she round me flung,
 And as the gale hangs on the grove,
 Upon my breast she hung.

My willing arms embraced the maid,
 My heart with rapture beat,
 While she but wept the more, and said,
 Would we had never met!

Words from Dr. Carlisle's Specimens of Arabian Poetry.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. WHITTAKER.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THE breath of the briar steals down from the wood,
 The glen with its perfume pervading,
 And the woodlark's sweet warbling while seeking its food,
 Sounds like Gratitude's glad serenading;

And the throistle answers from the thorn
 That skirts the babbling rill,
 And hark! hark! the joyous horn
 Comes winding round the hill.

As its wild note swells, the village bells
 Chime in with distant peal,
 And all impart to the merry heart
 A joy it can't conceal;

Then merry, merry we, our note shall be,
 Sing hey down, ho down, derry down dee!

Words by C. Dibdin, Esq.

(Monro and May.)

ELEGY, *for 5 Voices.*—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THE breathing organ swells the sound of woe,
 Through high-arch'd aisles the cadence winds along;
 Solemn, yet sweet, the plaintive tidings flow,
 In all the mournful melody of song.
 With voices blended in harmonious lay
 The sorrowing choir their heavy loss deplore,
 And this last tribute of affection pay
 To their beloved comrade, now no more!
 'T was his celestial pleasure to impart
 Judgement with taste, and science to combine;
 Waking with seraph voice and matchless art
 Immortal Handel's harmony divine.
 Peace, gentle spirit, to thy loved remains!
 Let no rude sounds thy halcyon grave annoy;
 But "gentle airs" and sweet "melodious strains"
 Attend thy passage to the realms of joy.

Elegy to the Memory of Mr. Harrison, by Rev. T. Beaumont.

Horsley's Vocal Harmony. (Monro and May.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—T. COOKE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and 2 Basses.)

THE clouds of night come rolling down: darkness rests on the steeps of Cromla. The stars of the north arise o'er the drowsy waves; they show their heads of fire through the flying mist of heaven. A distant wind roars: silent and dark is the plain of death. Still through the gloom I hear the voice of Carrill; he sings of the friends of our youth, the glory of former years, when on the banks of Lego we sent round the joys of the shell. The ghosts of those he sings come in the rustling shrouds, they bend towards the sound of their praise; they come from the far off snow-topt mountains, and sailing o'er the deep blue sea, they gather around beneath the moonbeam, and quire the song of olden days. Hush! hush! and hear! Strike, strike the harp, and raise the song; send round the cup of mirth, for the thunder of war is past, and the fields are glad in peace. Raise, ye hundred bards, the voice of joy! for the night shall pass in song, till the gold of the morning appear on the hills. Raise, ye hundred bards, the voice of joy!

Words from Ossian.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THE death of fair Adonis I deplore,
 The lovely youth Adonis is no more;
 The cruel Fates have cut his vital thread,
 And all the Loves lament Adonis dead.

Ah Venus! never more in purple rest,
 For mournful sable change thy flowery vest.
 Thy beauteous bosom beat, thy loss deplore
 Aloud in sighs—Adonis is no more!

Webbe's Collection, Vol. 2. (Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. NELSON.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THE fairest bud our land can boast,
 Victoria, to thee
 We give, the honest heartfelt toast
 That well becomes the free:
 Long life and happy years be thine!
 And may their hours be spent
 At that thrice honoured happy shrine,
 Which gives the heart content.
 When sterner duties claim thy care
 O be it thine to prove,
 The surest safeguard of the throne
 Is in a people's love.

(Purday.)

Words by C. Jefferys.

TRIO.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

THE festal eve, o'er earth and sky,
 In her sunset robe looks bright,
 And the purple hills of Sicily
 With their vineyards laugh in light;

From the marble cities of her plains
 Gay songs of triumph swell,
 But with yet more loud and lofty strains
 They shall greet the vesper bell.

Oh! sweet its tones, when the summer breeze
 Is wafting their cadence far,
 To float o'er the blue Sicilian seas
 That gleam to the first pale star.

The shepherd greets them on the height,
 The hermit in his cell,
 But there shall be deeper power tonight
 In the sound of the vesper bell.

Words by Mrs. Hemans.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 6. (D'Almaine and Co.)

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices.*—T. MORLEY.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THE fields abroad with spangled flowers are gilded,
 The meads are mantled, and closes,
 In May each bush arrayed, and sweet wild roses,
 The nightingale her bower hath gaily builded;
 And full of kind and gentle love inspiring,
 I love—hark! she sings, her mate desiring.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. ALCOCK.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THE fool that is wealthy is sure of a bride,
 For riches like fig-leaves his nakedness hide ;
 But the slave that is poor may starve all his life
 In a bachelor's bed, without mistress or wife.

In the good days of yore they ne'er troubled their heads
 With settling of jointures or making of deeds ;
 But Adam and Eve, at their first inter course,
 Even took one another for better for worse.

Then prithee, dear Chloe, ne'er aim to be great,
 Let love be thy jointure, ne'er mind an estate ;
 You can never be poor who have so many charms,
 And I shall be rich when I 've you in my arms.

Warren's Collection, No. 17.

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—J. PARRY.

(Soprano, Tenor, and Bass.)

THE generous heart will never prove
 A traitor to the cause of love.

Words by John Parry.

(D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

THE girl that I love is as mild as Aurora,
 Discreet as Minerva and youthful as Flora;
 Rejoiced at her presence, fond Nature looks gay,
 The trees bow their heads on each side of her way;
 The flowers send forth a profusion of sweet,
 The grass looks more green that is trod by her feet;
 The birds hover round as she trips it along,
 And improve from her voice the best notes of their song;
 Great Phœbus himself is delighted to see
 A power more bright and all-charming than he;
 And stopping his steeds in the midst of their way,
 He gazes, forgetting to drive on the day.

Webbe's Collection, Vol. 2. (Lonsdale.)

THE SOCIAL CUP.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—G. HARGREAVES.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THE gloamin saw us a' sit down,
 An' meikle mirth has been our fa';
 But ca' the tither toast aroun',
 Till chanticleer begin to craw.
 The auld kirk bell has clappit twal',
 Wha' cares tho' she had clappit twa'?'
 We're light o' heart, an' winna part,
 Tho' time and tide should rin awa'.

Tut! never speir how wears the morn,
 The moon 's still blinkin' i' the sky;
 An' gif like her we fill our horn,
 I dinna doubt we 'll drink it dry.
 Then fill we up a social cup,
 An' never mind the dapple dawn;
 Just sit awhile, the sun may smile,
 An' light us a' across the lawn.

Words by Charles Gray, from Cunningham's Songs of Scotland.

(Hawes.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THE glorious sun shall shine on thee
 From his meridian skies,
 And bless the kindred beauties of thy eyes;
 Which (could his own fair beams decay)
 Might shine for him, and bless the world with day.

Webbe's Collection, Vol. 3. (Lonsdale.)

TRIO, with Chorus *ad lib.*—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

Solo.

THE huge, huge globe has enough to do,
 Rolling and bowling around the sun;

Spinning about on its axis too,
Till men on the surface look wondrous blue
At the whirligig risks they run.

(Repeat in Coro.)

Solo.

And the miner when first among fossils he got,
Was only in search of a steadier spot.

(Repeat in Coro.)

Solo.

But we who are gnomes can further probe
Into the rolling, bowling globe,
Than men are allowed to enter ;
For our empire we keep,
From a few fathoms deep,
Down, down to the very centre.

Coro.

The mole and the worm do well, do well
Under the ground to grubble and dwell :
Ho, ho, ho ! we are snug below ;
However 't is twirl'd,
Wherever 't is hurl'd,
What care we how wags the world ?

Words by George Coleman.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 5. (D'Almaine and Co.)

QUARTET.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THE idol of our hopes and fears,
Alas ! is now no more ;

Nor heartfelt sighs, nor fruitless tears
 Can native worth restore :
 Mourn'd by so many streaming eyes,
 Her spotless soul's on wing ;
 Wafted by angels to the skies,
 Sad requiems let us sing.
 Secure above in blissful state,
 Our lovely cherub seems to say,
 " Lament not o'er my early fate,
 For now I gain eternal day."

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 6. (D'Almaine and Co.)

ODE TO NATURE.

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—J. C. NIGHTINGALE.

(Soprano, Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

THE lark's sweet notes that steal upon the ear
 Now swell to boldness, 'gain to melting strains,
 Melodious, soft and clear, it tunes its throat :
 The bubbling spring that trickles from the rock,
 In gentle murmurs flows to join the sound.

Words by Mr. Vincent.

(Monro and May.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

(2 Altos, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

THE laughing powers
 That led the wanton hours
 When May was in her prime,
 Open'd the cells of flowers
 To airy paramours,
 And bid the love-sick poet sigh in rhyme.

With silent step anon
 Came forth the gentle showers,
 To give the noon-day cool
 To lovers wan :
 And every tuneful swan
 That loves the Cayster's springs
 Was there at that sweet time ;
 And every gentle note of gladsome wings
 That loves the gentle gale to pant upon,
 Breathed through the sunny clime.

At that sweet time,
 When with Timæus
 I walked forth to take the air,
 O summer all too fair !
 O blisses all too high to be well sped !
 Alas how soon, too soon, my joys are fled.
 O might I not have known
 That sweetest flower the soonest blown
 Is soonest gone—that clearest stream

Beneath a summer sky
 May soon be dry.
 I never said, can my Timæus die?
 Till he was dead.

Ladies' Amusement.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—T. COOKE.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

THE leaf of the laurel may be
 The boast of the brave and the free,
 And the myrtle may rest on the sad lover's breast,
 But the plant of the vineyard for me.
 Then sing, boys, sing, merrily sing!
 With Bacchus' rubies we'll sprinkle Time's wing.

No maiden worth winning, say I,
 Was ever yet won by a sigh;
 Sad lover, fill up old Anacreon's cup,
 And you'll conquer with smiles by and bye.
 Then sing, boys, etc.

The wisest of mortals may shrink
 From danger's precipitous brink;
 O let them but sing, here 's a health to the king!
 And their hearts will be warm'd while they drink.
 Then sing, boys, etc.

Words by T. H. Bayley, Esq.

(Willis.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

THE leaf that falls in autumn's hour,
 The rose that fades upon the stem,
 Are emblems of the silent power
 Of time and change o'er us and them ;
 Yet happier is the rose's fate,
 For spring will other leaves restore,
 And summer will new flowers create,
 As bright as those which bloom'd before.

But when life's morning dreams depart,
 And grief succeeds to fancied bliss,
 Oh what shall cheer the lonely heart,
 Or soften sorrow's bitterness ?
 Years will roll on, and time will bring
 Its varied changes, but in vain :
 There is in life but one short spring,
 And it can ne'er return again.

From a Set of Six. (Mills.)

TRIO.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

THE lovelorn-maid, when tempests roar,
 Sees her tar's fate in every billow ;
 Wildly she seeks the flinty shore,
 And thorns surround her nightly pillow ;

But soon a vision bright as morn
 A happier halcyon scene discloses ;
 The bark 's at anchor, and each thorn
 Is buried now in beds of roses.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 6. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THE lovely Delia smiles again,
 That killing frown has left her brow ;
 Can she forgive my jealous pain,
 And give me back my angry vow ?
 Love is an April's doubtful day,
 Awhile we see the tempest lower,
 Anon the radiant heaven survey,
 And quite forget the flitting shower.

The flowers that hung their languid head
 Are burnish'd by the transient rains ;
 The vines their wonted tendrils spread,
 And double verdure gilds the plains :
 The sprightly birds that droop'd no less
 Beneath the power of rain and wind,
 In every raptured note express
 The joys I feel when thou art kind.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THE man who in his breast contains
 A heart that no base act arraigns,
 Enchanting pleasure's ground may tread,
 Where love and youthful fancy lead ;
 May toy and laugh, may dance and sing,
 While jocund life is in her spring.

Webbe's Collection, Vol. 2. (Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—W. KNYVETT.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THE midges dance aboon the burn,
 The dews begin to fa',
 The pairtricks down their rushy hown
 Set up their evening ca'.

Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
 Rings through the briery shaw,
 While fleeting gay and swallows play
 Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the gowden gloaming sky
 The mavis rends his lay,
 The red-breast pours its sweetest strains
 To charm the lingering day.

While weary yeldrings seem to wail
 Their little nestlings torn,
 The merry wren, frae den to den,
 Gaes jenkin through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
 The foxglove shuts its bell,
 The honeysuckle and the birk
 Spread fragrance through the dell.

Let others crowd the giddy court
 Of mirth and revelry,
 The simple joys that nature yields
 Are dearer far to me.

(Mills.)

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

THE moments past, if thou art wise, retrieve,
 With pleasant memory of the bliss they gave;
 The present hours in present mirth employ,
 And bribe the future with the hopes of joy.

Words by Prior.

(Chappell, and also Cramer and Co.)

TRIO.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

THE monk must arise when the matins ring,
 The abbot may sleep to their chime;
 But the yeoman must start when the bugles sing,
 'Tis time, my hearts, t'is time!

There's bucks and raes on Bilhope braes,
 There's a herd in Shortwood Shaw ;
 But a lily-white doe in the garden goes,
 She's fairly worth them a'.

Words by Sir Walter Scott.

Bishop's Collection. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. SMITH, of Dublin.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THE moonlight peeps o'er yonder hill,
 Haste, haste, away !
 Our sails their spreading bosoms fill,
 Haste, haste, away !
 How sweet at evening's hour to sail
 Before the soft, the western gale !
 How sweet to watch the sunbeams light,
 When fluttering o'er the billows bright,
 O how sweet !
 Lightly, lightly o'er the wave
 To yonder shore we'll row,
 In the blue lake our oars we'll lave
 Merrily, merrily oh !

Words by J. A. Wade, Esq.

(Willis and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—M. P. KING.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THE nightly wolf is baneful to the fold,
 Storms to the wheat, to the buds bitter cold ;
 But from my frowning fair more ills I find,
 Than from the wolves, and storms, and winter wind.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony. (Monro and May.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

THE news is bad—our troops are fled—
 It much afflicts me—O my head !
 Courage—cheer up, man ! 't is not true,
 I never mind report so new ;
 You cannot think I would deceive ye ;
 There's nothing in it—pray believe me.

Ladies' Catch-book.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—G. HARGREAVES.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

THE poet loves the generous wine ;
 And if the bard sings well,
 For him shall bud the purple vine,
 For him her sparkling juice refine,
 And fairest clusters swell.

The gentle poet loves the fair,
 And loves her without art ;
 The mother hears the poet's prayer,
 The fairest maiden bends her ear.
 Oh ! could a wish successful prove,
 The poet's lot were mine,
 For stars and ribbons far above,
 And far o'er gold and crowns I love
 The maidens and the wine.

(Novello.)

*Words translated from the German.**This Glee gained a Prize at the Liverpool Beefsteak Club.*

TRIO and CHORUS.—H. R. BISHOP, MUS. BAC.

(2 Sopranos and Alto.)

THE red, red wine in the beaker dances,
 Shaming the morning's rosy hue ;
 And o'er it the eye of beauty glances,
 Bright as the star of morning true :
 O largesse ! largesse ! gallant knights !
 We, your bards and minstrels, crave
 Love of ladies ! death of champions !
 Glory, glory to the brave !

O 't is pleasure's sun ascending,
 Tinges the tide in our cups that flow ;
 O 't is love's fair day-star blending
 Its golden light with that crimson glow.
 O largesse, etc.

Words by J. R. Planché.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 6. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

THE Rose, love's blushing emblem, twine
 Around the Bacchanalian vine;
 Let purple bowl and crimson wreath
 The soul of blended fragrance breathe;
 And while the wanton chaplets blow,
 Circling each warm convivial brow,
 A smile from every guest shall prove
 How closely leagued are wine and love.
 Fair offspring of the genial ray
 That warms the teeming lap of May!
 Thy sovereign virtues can improve
 The blessings of the blest above.
 Oft as by Cytherea's bowers,
 Link'd with her young attendant powers,
 Love leads the dance around the god,
 Graceful thy braided blossoms nod:
 Nor scorn, sweet flower, a lowlier place,
 Doom'd thine Anacreon's brows to grace;
 Thy choicest dews anoint my hair,
 While at my side the melting fair
 Of wine, of mirth, of love shall sing,
 Responsive to the Teian string.

Words by E. B. Impey, imitated from Anacreon.

From a Set of Six. (Mills.)

QUARTET.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THE Savoyard from clime to clime
 Tunes his strain and sings his rhyme;
 And still, whatever clime he sees,
 His eye is bright, his heart at ease;
 For gentle, simple, all reward
 The labour of the Savoyard.

The rich forget their pride, the great
 Forget the splendour of their state,
 Where'er the Savoyard they meet,
 And list his song, and say 't is sweet;
 For titled, wealthy, all regard
 The fortunes of the Savoyard.

But never looks his eye so bright,
 And never feels his heart so light,
 As when in Beauty's eye he sees
 His strain is sweet, his rhyme doth please;
 Oh that 's the praise doth best reward
 The labour of the Savoyard.

Words by Sheridan Knowles.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 6. (D'Almaine and Co.)

MADRIGAL, for 5 Voices.—LUCA MARENZIO.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THE shepherds' pipes are sweetly playing,
 To praise their peerless beauty;
 And while in fields and meads their flocks are straying,
 What harmony throughout the groves is sounding;

While to their queen they chant their songs of duty,
 Fair queen, to greet thee.
 Spring in pride, in joy appeareth,
 To welcome thee her gayest robe she weareth ;
 While tuneful birds their jocund notes are trying,
 And woods and mountains echo swift replying.

“ Vocal Schools of Italy.” (Cramer and Co.)

QUARTET.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos, Tenor, and Bass.)

THE silver queen, whose cheerful ray
 Illumes the stream with seeming day,
 Can warm this wakeful anxious breast,
 To meet my love when others rest :

By yon pale moon,
 The signal soon

No more shall sound so drearily ;

Ere night is done,
 Ere morning sun,

Then will the shell sound cheerily.

Bome, bome, bome !

When the fire-fly lights his cold pale lamp,
 And the storm-bird sleeps on the sedgy swamp,
 When the moonbeams o'er the waters play,
 Then will our tribe no longer stay.

By yon pale, etc.

Words by Thos. Dibdin.

GLEE, for 3 Voices.—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THE sparkling beam that on the water plays,
No longer darts around its feeble rays,

When Zephyr folds his sportive wings to rest :
Thus, Truth, do thou my wand'ring thoughts collect,
That love's unruffled splendour may reflect
My Laura's image perfect in my breast.

Words from Collier's Sonnets.

(Monro and May.)

GLEE, for 3 Voices.—GIBBONS.

(2 Tenors, and Bass.)

THE spoils of the field and Bacchus' vine
With the myrtle of Venus together we'll twine ;
The trio united, Apollo invoke,
For the Catch and the Glee, the Song and the joke.

Then fill the glass,

A bumper toast, each favourite lass.

May harmony thus crown the eve of the chace,
Nor discord nor dullness shall ever have place.

Wine, wine, wine and the fair

Will give us true pleasure and banish all care :

Wit and good-humour, health and a friend,
The sons of Diana for ever attend.

(Mills.)

BLIND-MAN'S-BUFF, AN ALLUSION TO LOVE.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. ARNE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THE sport is an emblem of love,
 Where women are caught as they play ;
 Now far out of reach they remove,
 Then, daring, run full in your way.
 No fawn though by nature so shy,
 Pursued will elude you so fast ;
 Yet shunn'd they'll approach you so nigh,
 You are certain to catch them at last.
 Since trifling or flying or kindly complying,
 Love spreads, and they fall in the snare,
 Let a generous connection insure their protection,
 And make them as happy as fair.
 With fondness caressing, with ardour possessing,
 No thorn in the rose of delight ;
 Fresh joys in reward shall regale at your board,
 And repose on your pillows at night.

Warren's Collection, No. 5.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THE sun that sets again shall gild the skies,
 The faded plain reviving flowers shall grace ;
 But hopeless fall, no more on earth to rise,
 The transitory forms of human race.

Thus, though relentless death should all destroy
That 's formed for mighty deeds, for love and joy;
And though to dust their mortal part we give,
Their fame in triumph shall through ages live.

Webbe's Collection, Vol. 2. (Lonsdale.)

GLEE, for 4 Voices.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

THE tiger couches in the wood,
And waits to shed the traveller's blood,
And so couch we :
We spring upon him, to supply
What men to our wants deny,
And so springs he.

Words by J. R. Planché.

(D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, for 4 Voices.—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

THE wandering bird that left the Ark,
Tired of its fancied slighted lot,
And skimm'd the waste of waters dark,
Nor found on earth one little spot,
One hermit bough, whereon to rest
Its wearied foot and drooping wing,

Flew back to its deserted nest
 A wiser, more contented thing :
 So will thy love, by fancy wiled
 Far from this heart it blessed before,
 When none are pleased, though all have smiled,
 Return, nor wish to wander more.

From a Set of Six. (Cramer and Co.)

MADRIGAL, *for 5 Voices.*—ORAZIO VECCHI.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THE white delightsome swan,
 Sweet singing, dieth ;
 And I, lamenting,
 When Death cometh unrelenting :
 How different his end to mine !
 To me the cause of sadness,
 To him of nought but gladness :
 When life and sense are failing,
 And heaven unveiling,
 I fain would sink to slumber,
 With sounds melodious from my lips expiring,
 And harmony divine blest thoughts inspiring.

“Vocal Schools of Italy.” (Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—DR. CALLCOTT.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THEE the voice, the dance obey,
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay ;

O'er Idalia's velvet green
 The rosy-crowned Loves are seen,
 With antic sports and blue-eyed pleasures,
 Frisking light in frolic measures
 On Cytherea's day ;
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet ;
 To brisk notes in cadence beating,
 Glance their many twinkling feet.
 Slow melting strains their queen's approach declare,
 Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay ;
 With arms sublime that float upon the air,
 In gliding state she wins her easy way ;
 O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
 The bloom of young desire and purple light of love.

Warren's Collection, No. 24.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*—J. Goss.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THERE is beauty on the mountain
 In the morning's early gleam,
 There is beauty in the fountain
 By the moonlight's silvery beam ;
 But more beautiful the splendour
 Of thy smile, love, when we meet ;
 And that dewy eye more tender,
 Which can make e'en parting sweet.

There is music in the measure
 Of the soaring skylark's lay,
 When he hails with eager pleasure
 The rising orb of day ;
 But mine ear would rather listen
 To the human voice benign,
 And mine eye would soonest glisten
 When that voice, beloved, is thine.

Words by Bernard Barton.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—G. HARGREAVES.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

THERE was a rose of nature's choicest growth,
 Such as the night-bird seeks and makes her bower ;
 The breeze would sigh around it, as 't were loth
 To bear the perfume from so sweet a flower.
 The dew of heaven loved it, and the ray
 Of evening lingered for its latest smile.
 You would have deem'd that it could not decay,
 So loved, so sweetly nurtured ; but the guile
 Of autumn night winds stole its bloom away ;
 It died ! and morning found a dewy gem,
 Hung as in mockery on the wither'd stem.

(Novello.)

THE VINEGAR BOTTLE.

CATCH, *for 5 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

THERE was an old man
 And an old woman,
 And they lived in a vinegar bottle ;
 A little boy came,
 It was a great shame !
 He broke the vinegar bottle ;
 I 'll tell him I 'll knock him down,
 And send him to Botany Bay
 In a vinegar bottle ;
 O ho, O ho ! will ye so ?
 And smash went the vinegar bottle !

Harmonic Club Collection. (Mills.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

THERE was once a gentle time
 Whenne the worlde was in its prime ;
 And everye daye was holydaye,
 And everye monthe was lovelye Maye.
 Cupide thenne hadde but to goe
 With his purple winges ande bowe,
 Ande in blossom'd vale and grove
 Ev'rie shepherd knelt to love.

Words by the Rev. G. Croly.

From a Set. (Chappell and Co., and Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—G. HARGREAVES.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and 2 Basses.)

THERE 's beauty in the still blue hour of night,
 When streams sing softly through the moon-lit vale ;
 When one by one shoot forth the stars to light,
 Dreamy and cold, and spiritually pale.
 There 's beauty on the ocean, when the gale
 Dashes the merry billows to the strand ;
 When like a phantom flits some wandering sail,
 White as the moonbeam on the glittering sand.
 There 's beauty in the storm ; the far deep roll
 Of the majestic thunders, like the cheer
 Of charging hosts, swells the dilating soul
 With love, deep love, and reverential fear
 For Him who guides the whirlwind's dread career,
 And grasps the living lightning in his hand ;
 For Him, who of all beauty is the sphere ;
 The centre of the glorious and the grand,
 The light of sun and star, of heaven and sea and land.

Words by Chas. Swain.

(Hawes.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—T. H. SEVERN.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

THERE 's music in the air, sweet breathings of the art,
 That preludes to the ear and falls upon the heart ;

Its harp is on the seas, and 'mid the surge's roar
Sings wildly to the breeze, and dies along the shore.
It hangs its airy shell the whispering woods among,
For nature links the spell—her voice is in the song.

Words by Charles Ambrose.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THERE 's something in that bonny face
I never saw before, lassie ;
Your actions a' have sic a grace,
I gaze and I adore, lassie.
Though ither brilliant eyes may dart,
And bright as diamonds shine, lassie,
There 's none but yours shoot through my heart,
And soften all my soul, lassie.
Oh gin ye were mine, lassie,
I 'd be the happiest man alive ;
I 'd lead a life divine, lassie !

In vain for liberty I 've sought,
And struggled to get free, lassie ;
Alas ! you limit ilka thought,
I think alone of thee, lassie.

Each motion shows some grace that's new,
 That fascinates my eyes, lassie ;
 And though your charms I daily view,
 I see them with surprise, lassie.
 Oh gin ye were, etc.

Sweet is the Spring and sweet the rose
 When moistened by the shower, lassie ;
 Bright on the thorn the dew-drop glows
 At morn's refulgent hour, lassie ;
 But purer, brighter far than these
 Thou art, and charm'st me more, lassie,
 Than tongue can tell—I wondering gaze,
 I gaze and I adore, lassie.
 Oh gin ye were, etc.

(Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and 2 Basses.)

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
 Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
 Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
 And every sense and every heart is joy.
 Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months,

With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
 Shoots full perfection through the swelling year :
 And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks ;
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales :
 Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
 And spreads a common feast for all that live.
 In Winter, awful Thou ! with clouds and storms
 Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
 Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
 And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

Words by Thomson.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, for 4 Voices.—M. P. KING.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THEY heard a most melodious sound
 Of all that might delight a dainty ear ;
 Such as at once might not on living ground,
 Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere :
 Right hard it was, for wight which did it hear,
 To read what manner music that might be ;
 For all that pleasing is to living ear
 Was there consorted in one harmony.

Words by Spenser.

From a Set of Eight. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Sir. J. STEVENSON.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

THEY play'd in air, the trembling music floats,
 And on the winds triumphant swell the notes ;
 So soft though high, so loud and yet so clear,
 E'en listening angels leaned from Heaven to hear.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Lodge ELLERTON, Esq.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THEY say there's a flower that lives through long years,
 Yet bears but one blossom ; and when that is o'er,
 The night's softest shade and the morn's lovely tears
 Will bring back the gem that adorned it no more.
 Yet it comes forth in beauty ; and who could survey
 Those bright leaves unfolding, nor sorrow to learn
 That 't was doom'd it should fade like the summer away,
 And never again like the summer return ?

Words by William Hutt, Esq., M.P.

From a Set of Eight. (Hawes.)

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices.*—CLAUDIO MONTEVERDE.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THINE am I, dearest,
 Hark what sounds salute me :

'T is my Cynthia speaketh,
 What melody her welcome voice awaketh !
 How bounds my heart,
 And joy my wishes crowneth,
 When thus her love she owneth.
 Accents sweet, how joyfully ye greet me,
 Pleasure and hope awaking !
 All other joys forsaking,
 For thee alone I 'll live, my fairest,
 Yes, I am truly thine, my ever dearest.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

THINK not, my love, when secret grief
 Preys on my sadden'd heart,
 Think not I wish a mean relief,
 Or would from sorrow part ;
 Dearly I prize these sighs sincere
 That my true passion prove,
 Nor could I bear to check the tear
 That flows from hapless love.

Alas ! though doom'd to hope in vain
 The joys that love requite,
 Yet will I cherish all its pain
 With sad but dear delight.

This treasured grief, this loved despair
 My lot for ever be ;
 But, dearest, may the pangs I bear
 Be never known to thee !

Words altered from Sheridan.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

THINK when to pleasure the powers do invite you,
 Time on the wing is fleeting away ;
 And as the bright season of youth does delight you,
 Crown the dear moments with mirth while you may.
 As time approaches by kind advances,
 With grateful and free open fancies,
 With songs and brisk dances
 Intreat him to stay ;
 His golden treasure
 Then prudently measure.
 Let innocent pastime and virtue delight you,
 Virtue and innocence always are gay ;
 Those who inherit such sweetness of spirit,
 Live, and enjoy true delights every day.

Bland's Collection, No. 31. (Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THINK'ST thou, my Damon, I'd forgo
 This tender luxury of woe,
 Which better than the tongue imparts
 The feelings of impassion'd hearts;
 Blest, if my sighs and tears but prove
 The winds and waves that waft to love?

Can true affection cease to fear?
 Poor is the joy not worth a tear;
 Did passion ever know content?
 How weak the rapture words can paint!
 Still let my sighs, etc.

From a Set of Eight. Op. 3^{mo}.CANZONET, *for 3 Voices.*—T. MORLEY.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THIRSI, let some pity move thee;
 Thou know'st, alas!
 Thy Chloris too well doth love thee,
 Yet thou unkind dost fly me.
 I faint, alas! here must I lye me,
 Cry, alas! now for grief,
 Since he is bereft thee;
 Up the hills and down the dales
 I have not left thee.

Cannot these tears of mine procure love?
 What shepherd ever killed a nymph for pure love?
 See, cruel, see the beasts,
 Their tears they do reward me,
 But thou dost not regard me.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—R. COOKE.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

THIS bubbling stream not uninformative flows,
 Nor idly loiters to its destined main;
 Each flower it feeds that on its margin grows,
 And bids those blush whose days are spent in vain:
 Not void of moral, though unheeded, glides
 Time's current, stealing on with silent haste;
 For lo! each falling sand his folly chides
 Who lets one precious moment run to waste.

Written on an Hour-glass, in a grotto near a river.

From a Set of Eight. (Mills.)

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. HAYES.

THIS tomb be thine, Anacreon! all around
 Let ivy wreath, let flowerets deck the ground;

And from its earth, enriched with such a prize,
 Let wells of milk and streams of wine arise :
 So shall thine ashes yet a pleasure know,
 If any pleasure reach the shades below.

(Chappell.)

EPICEDIUM, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THOUGH mirth our object, can we yet forbear
 To worth like his now gone one friendly tear ?
 Attach'd to us, yet not to us alone,
 On arts in every branch his bounty shone.
 Peace to his shade ! who while on earth was proved
 The model of that harmony he loved.

To the memory of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, Bart.

(Mills.)

ODE TO JOY.

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—T. COOKE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and 2 Basses.)

THOU beauteous spark of heavenly birth,
 Daughter of the virgin sky,
 Joy ! O Joy ! thou milder child of mirth,
 Beneath thy smile all sorrows die.
 Thy magic charm can bind again
 The sever'd hearts of wayward men ;

Can quickly every frown remove,
And soothe the soul to peace and love.

Come, Joy! oh come!

Come, thou dearest boon of Heaven,
Approach and cheer our grateful hearts;
Come nearer yet—to us be given

The playful wiles

And winning smiles

Thy presence e'er imparts;

Come, thou welcome treasure,

Aid our mirthful measure!

Joy comes bounding o'er the plain,
A rosy, laughter-loving boy,
'Mid pleasure's sportive train;
Around his brows a viny wreath is twined;
His scented locks rich odours breathe
To every passing wind;
While Echo bears on every breeze
His gay and spirit-stirring voice,
And care-dispelling melodies
Make the leafy woods rejoice. Joy! joy! joy!

(Cramer and Co.)

Words by G. Macfarren, Esq.

This Glee gained the Prize at the Catch Club, 1832.

TO HOPE.

ODE, for 8 Voices.—JOHN DANBY.

(2 Sopranos, 2 Altos, 2 Tenors, and 2 Basses.)

THOU blessing sent us from above,
Rich offspring of celestial love,

Fair Hope, thy presence let me hail
 When grief intrudes, when pains assail :
 O'er life's rough sea, amid the tempest's roar,
 Pilot my rolling bark, and set me safe on shore.

Danby's Collection, 4th Book.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THOU cheerful bee, come, freely come,
 And travel round my woodbine bower ;
 Delight me with thy wandering hum,
 And rouse me from my musing hour.
 Oh try no more yon tedious fields,
 Come, taste the sweets my garden yields ;
 The treasures of each blooming mine,
 The bud, the blossom, all are thine.
 And, careless of the noontide heat,
 I'll follow as thy ramble guides ;
 To watch thee pause, and chafe thy feet,
 And sweep them o'er thy downy sides.
 Then in a flower's bell nestling lie,
 And all thy busiest ardour ply ;
 Then o'er the stem, though fair it grow,
 With touch rejecting, glance and go.
 O Nature kind ! O labourer wise !
 That roll'st along the summer ray ;
 Glean'st every bliss thy life supplies,
 And meet'st prepared thy wintry day.

Go, envied, go! with crowded gates
 The hive thy rich return awaits;
 Bear home thy store in triumph gay,
 And shame each idler on thy way.

(Cramer and Co.)

Words by Professor Smyth.

ELEGY, *for 3 Voices.*—W. JACKSON.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THOU fairest proof of beauty's power,
 Idol of my panting heart,
 Nature points this my fatal hour,
 And I have lived and we must part.

Whilst now I take my last adieu,
 Heave thou no sigh nor shed a tear,
 Lest you my half-closed eye may view,
 On earth an object worth its care.

From jealousy's tormenting strife
 For ever be thy bosom freed;
 That nothing may disturb thy life,
 Content I hasten to the dead.

Yet when some better-fated youth
 Shall thee to amorous parley move,
 Reflect one moment on his truth,
 Who dying thus persists to love.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

THOU cypress tree, if once thou see
 My fair Athelia pass this way,
 Tell her I came to print her name,
 Thereby my passion to display.

And let thy bark, whereon I mark
 This sacred ditty of delight,
 Say, only love my hand did move,
 In secret sort, it to indite.

And without fear do witness bear,
 On bended knee I do protest,
 While Death shall give me leave to live,
 To wear her portrait at my breast.

This gained a Prize at the Glee Club, 1829.

Horsley's Vocal Harmony.

CANON, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THOU shalt show me the path of life : in thy presence
 is the fullness of joy, and at thy right hand there is
 pleasure for evermore.

This gained a Prize Medal, 1787.

Warren's Collection, No. 26.

TO FEAR.

ODE, *for 4 Voices.*—W. LINLEY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

THOU, to whom the world unknown
 With all its shadowy shapes is shown,
 Ah Fear, ah frantic Fear!
 I see, I see thee near.
 I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye;
 Like thee I start, like thee disordered fly.

O Fear! I know thee by my throbbing heart;
 Thy withering power inspired each mournful line;
 Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
 Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine.

Words from Collins's Ode to Fear.

From a Set of Eight. (Hawes.)

INVOCATION, *for 3 Voices.*—W. JACKSON.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THOU to whose eyes I bend, at whose command
 (Though low my voice, though artless be my hand,)
 I take the sprightly reed and sing or play,
 Careless of all the censuring world may say,
 O fairest of thy sex, be thou my muse,
 Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse;
 So shall my notes in future times proclaim
 Unbounded love and ever-during flame.

Words by Prior.

Jackson's Elegies.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—JOHN DANBY.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THOU who alone dost all my thoughts infuse,
 And art at once my mistress and my muse,
 Inspired from thee flows every sacred line,
 Thine is the poetry, the poet thine ;
 Thy service shall my only business be,
 And all my life employed in pleasing thee.

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and 2 Basses.)

THOU, who didst put to flight
 Primeval silence, when the morning stars
 Exulting shouted o'er the rising ball,
 O thou, whose word from solid darkness struck
 That spark, the sun—strike wisdom from my soul !
 Through this opaque of nature and of soul,
 This double night, transmit one pitying ray
 To lighten and to cheer. O lead my mind,
 Lead it through various scenes of life and death ;
 And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
 Nor less inspire my conduct than my song.

My best will

Teach rectitude, and fix my firm resolve
 Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrears.

Words from Young's Night Thoughts.

Horsley's Vocal Harmony. (Monro and May.)

This Glee gained the Prize at the Glee Club, 1829.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Sopranos, or 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

THOUGH Autumn's hand extended round
 The withering leaves display,
 Contented health and peace are found
 In every rising day;
 While hope, that gilds each transient hour,
 O'erlooks th' approaching doom,
 She knows that winter's dreary power
 Must yield to vernal bloom.
 What praise awaits the generous mind
 That adds to these a charm,
 Whose heart-felt joys, by taste refined,
 The grateful bosom warm.
 Soft o'er the grove illusive visions play,
 And promise brighter scenes through life's uncertain day.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. McMURDIE, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

THOUGH cruelty denies my view
 Those charms which led me first to love,
 To passion yet will I be true,
 Nor shall my will rebellious prove.

Amid the curls of golden hair
 That wave those beauteous temples round,
 Cupid spread craftily the snare
 With which my captive heart he bound.

And from those eyes he caught the ray
 Which thaw'd the ice that fenced my breast,
 Chasing all other thoughts away,
 With brightness suddenly imprest.

(Cramer and Co.)

Words from an Ode of Petrarch.

ON A VIOLET.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

THOUGH from thy bank of velvet torn,
 Hang not, fair flower, thy drooping crest,
 On Delia's bosom thou shalt find
 A softer, sweeter bed of rest.

Though from mild zephyr's kiss no more
 Ambrosial balm wilt thou inhale,
 Her gentle breath, whene'er she sighs,
 Shall fan thee with a purer gale.

But be thou grateful for that bliss,
 For which in vain a thousand burn ;
 And as thou stealest sweets from her,
 Give back thy choicest in return.

Callcott's Collection.

These words are also set by W. Beale.

QUINTET.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

THOUGH he be now a grey, grey friar,
 Yet he was once a hale young knight ;
 The cry of his dogs was the only quire
 In which his spirit did take delight.

Little he reck'd of the matin bell,
 And drown'd its toll with the clanging horn ;
 And the only beads he loved to tell
 Were beads of dew on the spangled thorn.

Though changeful Time, with hand severe,
 Has made him now those sports forgo,
 His heart still bounds with joy to hear
 The mellow horn and twanging bow.

Words by J. R. Planché.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 6. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices*.—S. WEBBE, Jun.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THROUGH groves sequestered, dark and still,
 Low vales and mossy cells among,
 In silent paths the careless rill,
 Which languid murmurs, steals along:

Awhile it plays with circling sweep,
 And lingering leaves its native plain,
 Then pours impetuous down the steep
 And mingles with the boundless main.

O let my years thus devious glide
 Through silent scenes obscurely calm,
 Nor wealth nor strife pollute the tide,
 Nor honour's sanguinary palm.

When labour tires and pleasure palls,
 Still let the stream untroubled be,
 As down the steep of age it falls,
 And mingles with eternity.

Words by Dr. Hawkesworth.

CATCH, for 3 Voices.—S. WEBBE.

THUS Colin to the nymph he loved the best,
 Supposing she was false, himself addressed:
 "Ungrateful Phillis, thus to leave me,
 I little thought you would deceive me."
 "Upbraid me not, dear swain," said she,
 "I meant to prove your constancy."

Ladies' Catch-book.

GLEE, for 3 Voices.—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

THUS I steer my bark and sail
 On even keel with gentle gale;

At helm I make my reason sit,
 My crew of passions all submit.
 If dark and blustering prove some nights,
 Philosophy puts forth her lights ;
 Experience holds the cautious glass,
 To shun the breakers as they pass,
 And frequent throws the wary lead
 To see what dangers may be hid.
 Though pleased to see the dolphins play,
 I mind my compass and my way ;
 With store sufficient for relief,
 And wisely still prepared to reef ;
 Nor wanting the dispersive bowl
 Of cloudy weather in the soul,
 I make (may Heaven propitious send
 Such wind and weather to the end,
 Neither becalm'd nor ever blown !)
 Life's voyage to the world unknown.

Words by Green.

From a Set. (Chappell ; also Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—T. EBDON.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

THUS let us gently kiss and fondly gaze ;
 Love is a child, and like a child it plays.

Translated from Ovid.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

THUS to love and thus to live,
 Thus to take and thus to give,
 Thus to laugh and thus to sing,
 Thus to mount on pleasure's wing;
 Thus to sport and thus to speed,
 Thus to flourish, thus to feed,
 Thus to spend and thus to spare,
 Is to bid a fig for care.

Ladies' Catch-book.

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, 3 Tenors, and Bass.)

THY beauteous eyes shine with celestial fire,
 And rosy odours from thy neck aspire;
 Brighter than gold thy burnish'd tresses flow,
 Thy balmy lips like the bright crimson glow;
 Meandering veins, sublime thy bosom's white,
 And every grace adorns thee for delight:
 The charms each goddess boasts in thine we see,
 And vanquish'd Venus yields the prize to thee.

Webbe's Collection, Vol. 2. (Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—J. C. PRING.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and 2 Basses.)

THYRSIS, who feeds the virgin's fleecy train,
 And well as Pan can time the rural strain,
 Tired with heat and overcome with wine,
 Now sleeping lies beneath the lofty pine,
 While heedless Cupid, on the desert rock,
 Handles his crook and tends his bleating flock.
 Fly, ye nymphs, and wake the shepherd's boy,
 Lest the fierce wolves should tender Love destroy.

Warren's Collection, No. 32.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—JOHN DANBY.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

TIME impatient hurries on,
 Charms of beauty soon are gone;
 Love and wine, where mirth abounds,
 Happiness is ever found.
 Come, sweet Mirth, and with thy train
 Come, and gladden all the plain;
 Charm me with thy jocund lay,
 Blooming smiler, come away!
 Here's to Chloe, lovely lass!
 Bacchus, fill the sparkling glass;
 We'll the present hour employ,
 Gladly seize the fleeting joy.

Fear not, fear not Cupid's dart
 Which gives pleasure with the smart ;
 Though through mazes he will rove,
 Yet he smooths the way to love.
 We 'll not think what time may cloy,
 But the spring of life enjoy ;
 While we thus our joys improve
 We shall live an age to love.

Danby's Collection, Third Book.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

'T IS Beauty calls, ye tuneful band,
 Exalt your strains at her command ;
 When she appears to grace our feast
 The Muse should crown the lovely guest ;
 But chief at this distinguish'd hour,
 When every bosom feels her power ;
 For now no more with single charms
 The Paphian queen our hearts alarms ;
 But here displaying all her stores,
 With lavish hand her treasures pours ;
 And here unites her scattered rays,
 To shine in one collected blaze.
 Hence, gloomy Care ! thy chilling mien
 Must ne'er in Beauty's train be seen ;
 Far from our social scenes remove,
 Thou foe to pleasure and to love :

But hither come, fantastic Mirth,
 Whose bounding footsteps scorn the earth ;
 With roses crown our flowing bowls,
 With airy notes exalt our souls,
 Till every cheek with rapture glows,
 And every heart with joy o'erflows,
 And all around, with transport gay,
 In festive chorus own thy sway.
 Or now, to check our passion's tide,
 And bid th' impetuous joys subside,
 Call forth such numbers, soft and clear,
 As sweetly melt on Pity's ear ;
 When some fair maid, by moonlight pale,
 To silence trusts her plaintive tale.
 Oh may the tender sounds impart
 Their soft impressions to the heart,
 And charm each ruder thought to rest,
 Till love and rapture fill the breast.
 But still, howe'er our strains may flow,
 Or gaily brisk or sweetly slow,
 Let this fair train accept the lays,
 And deign what they inspire to praise ;
 'T is theirs our numbers to approve,
 For music is the voice of love.

This Glee gained the Prize at the Catch Club, 1776.

YAWNING CATCH, 3 Voices.—Dr. HARRINGTON.

'T is hum drum, 't is mum mum—
 What nobody speak ?

Here's one looks very wise,
 And another rubs his eyes,
 Then stretchés, yawns, and cries
 Heigh! ho! hum!

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. C. CLIFTON.

(2 Sopranos, Tenor, and Bass.)

'Tis life to young lovers in early spring time,
 In the spring time all so fair,
 Through the meadows to go where the primroses grow,
 A-breathing the mild air;
 When the butterfly comes and the great bee hums
 Round the sallow bush gosling-clad;
 And a tweet, tweet, go the little birds sweet,
 For the heart, oh the heart it is glad.

'Tis life to young lovers in high summer days,
 In the summer days all so fine,
 All blithe to be laid in the green, green shade,
 Or bask in the broad sunshine;
 When the hawk sails high in the blue, blue sky,
 With light clouds thinly clad,
 And the merry flies brisk on the warm wall frisk,
 For the heart, oh the heart it is glad.

'Tis life to young lovers in deep winter nights,
 In the winter nights all so long,
 When the fire shines light on the faces so bright
 Of the gay, gay social throng;

With the feast and the dance, and the sparkling glance
 Of the damsels deftly clad,
 When the sharp notes ring on the minstrel's string,
 For the heart, oh the heart it is glad.

'Tis life with young lovers in every time,
 And the year it runs blithely about ;
 For the heart that is honest is happy within,
 And then all is happy without :
 Like the glad sun still, let earth turn as she will,
 Sees her face in its beams ever clad ;
 So the eye of delight sees everything bright,
 For the heart, oh the heart it is glad.

Words by J. F. M. Dovaston, Esq.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, for 4 Voices.—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

'T is merry on a fair Spring morn,
 When hush'd is every ruder wind,
 And Nature, like a mother kind,
 Smiles joyous on her babe just born ;
 When sparkling dew is on the ground,
 And flowerets gay are budding round,
 And Hope is heard in every sound.
 'T is merry, oh 't is merry !

'T is merry on a Summer's noon,
 When zephyr comes like balmy kiss,
 And wakes the drowsy earth to bliss,
 By gaily breathing Love's own tune ;
 When leaves are green and skies are blue,
 And waters of a golden hue,
 And every glance brings beauty new.

'T is merry, oh 't is merry !

'T is merry on an Autumn eve,
 When birds sing farewell to the sun,
 And corn well sheaved and labour done,
 The fields the healthful reapers leave ;
 When those whom daylight keeps afar
 May meet beneath the vesper star,
 Without one fear their joy to mar.

'T is merry, oh 't is merry !

'T is merry on a Winter night,
 When fast descends the deepening snow,
 And o'er the heath the shrill winds blow,
 To watch the crackling faggots' light ;
 When spicy wine and nut-brown ale
 Give zest to each rare Christmas tale,
 And song and joke and laugh prevail.

'T is merry, oh 't is merry !

Words by G. Dance, Esq.

This gained the Prize at the Liverpool Beefsteak Club, 1839.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

'T IS night, dead night: now o'er the plain
 Darkness extends her ebon ray,
 And wide along the gloomy scene
 Deep silence holds her solemn sway.
 Hence, darkness, hence! see beauty rise,
 Supplying sunshine to the eyes;
 Let music all her tribute give,
 And hail the light by which we live.

QUARTET.—J. P. SCHMIDT, arranged by
E. J. LODER.

(Alto, Tenor, and 2 Basses.)

'T IS not to win the wreath of fame
 For which we seek the battle-plain,
 But 't is to break a tyrant's chain,
 And liberty and life to claim:
 And who than share a hero's grave
 Would cling to life, and live a slave?
 No man is he—he has no soul,
 In such a cause death could control;
 For freedom fight for ever;
 But live a slave—oh never!

On virtue's sons Heaven spreads a shield ;
 And soon our haughty foes shall find
 That hearts, where freedom dwells enshrined,
 May bleed, but never, never yield ;
 And though on yonder battle-plain
 Our life-blood we may chance to drain,
 Oh what is death in such a cause ?
 Our epitaph, the world's applause.
 For freedom fight for ever ;
 But live a slave—oh never !

Words by W. M'Gregor Logan.

(Z. T. Purday.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—H. BOYS.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

HARK, hark, hark !
 'T is the signal chime
 Of the festal time,
 'T is the sweet bells' joyous call ;
 They bid us away
 To the revels gay,
 To the sports of the festal hall.
 Old friends we 'll meet,
 Old loves we 'll greet,
 We 'll renew our gladsome lays,
 And in songs reply
 Of the years gone by,
 Old England's merry days.

Bold Robin and John
 We'll hail anon,
 With their archers blithe and free,
 They all will be there,
 With Marian fair,
 As of yore by the greenwood tree.
 And the merry morris-men
 Shall again and again
 With their maidens a measure ply ;
 The motley too shall dance,
 And the hobby-horse prance,
 While the nut-brown ale foams high.

If I 'm Friar Tuck,
 Then to bless the fat buck
 Is my part to play at the table ;
 I 'm not over skill'd,
 But it should be well fill'd,
 And I 'll fill it as well as I 'm able :
 I 'll give to his venison
 My very best benison,
 And thus the last offices crown,
 The glasses we'll clink,
 To his memory drink ;
 And in jolly old sack wash it down.

Words by W. Ball.

(Hill and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—M. P. KING.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

'T IS sad for me, whatever choice I make,
 I must not merit you or must forsake;
 But in this strait to honour I'll be true,
 And leave my efforts to the gods and you.
 From the great father of the gods above
 My song begins, for all is full of Jove;
 To Jove the care of heaven and earth belongs,
 My lays he blesses if you approve my songs.

(Monro and May.)

*Words by Dryden.*EPITAPH, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. BOYCE.

'T IS thus farewell to all
 Vain mortals do perfection call—
 To beauty, goodness, modesty,
 Sweet temper and true piety;
 The rest an angel's pen must tell:
 Long beloved dust, farewell!
 Those blessings which we highest prize
 Are soonest ravish'd from our eyes.

Warren's Collection, No. 1.

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

'T IS time sure to call for the coffee and tea;
 Give me some more claret, no coffee for me!
 Poor soul! see the bumper I hold,
 If you now go to tea, may you hear your wife scold.

Ladies' Catch-book.

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—ROBERT COOKE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and 2 Basses.)

To a friend so sincere, to a comrade so gay,
 Who brought care on himself to drive our cares away ;
 Who loved still to laugh, yet wished ne'er to offend,
 And, a friend to mankind, found mankind not a friend ;
 To a spirit so rare let us ever be just,
 Nor forget him, poor fellow ! though laid in the dust.
 Then haste with your myrtles to hang on his shrine,
 With odours enrich it, bedew it with wine ;
 Ne'er cease on his turf early roses to bloom,
 And green be the laurel that waves o'er his tomb.

Warren's Collection, No. 32.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
 A heart which, dear Chloe, is thine ;
 Transported my arms shall enfold thee,
 And thou shalt for ever be mine.

What joy can be greater than this is ?
 My life on thy lips shall be spent ;
 Each day shall afford us new blisses,
 Each hour shall bring smiles and content.

Ladies' Catch-book.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. AYLWARD, Prof. Gresh. Mus.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

To drink or to sing
 Is a very fine thing
 To enrapture the social soul ;
 But the wine must be good,
 And the words understood,
 Or a fig for the song or the bowl !

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Soprano, Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

To Harmony, seraphic maid,
 Let zephyrs all their incense pay ;
 The stormy winds, by spring allay'd,
 No more shall rule with chilling sway.

The nymphs who in the woody glade
 Delight to pass their happy days,
 Shall to thy name in every shade
 Pay sweet devotion by their lays.

Impatient Time, by thee withheld,
 Will throw away his long-worn scythe,
 And by the heavenly art impelled,
 Shall praise thy fame in sonnets blithe.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 2. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Sir J. STEVENSON.

(2 Sopranos, or 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

To heal the wound a bee had made
 Upon my Chloe's face,
 Honey upon her cheek she laid,
 And bid me kiss the place.

Pleased I obey'd, and from the wound
 Imbibed both sweet and smart ;
 The honey on my lips I found,
 The sting within my heart.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—FRANCIS IRELAND.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

To love and wine your voices raise,
 Let joyful rapture tune your lays,
 Each gloomy vapour hence retire ;
 Hail, sparkling wine and gay desire !
 To mighty Bacchus fair and young
 Let the full goblet ever flow ;
 Let Cupid's praise employ each tongue,
 With his soft flames each bosom glow.
 'T is wine inspires us,
 'T is love that fires us,
 To Bacchus and Cupid our homage is due ;
 When Cupid's soft transports
 With pleasure oppress us,
 Gay Bacchus alone can our spirits renew.

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. CROTCH.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

To love thee, O my Emma, sure
 Is to be tender, happy, pure ;
 'Tis from low passion to escape,
 And woo bright virtue's fairest shape ;
 'Tis ecstasy with wisdom joined,
 And Heaven infused into the mind.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

TOMORROW, tomorrow, thou loveliest May !
 Tomorrow will rise up the first-born day.
 Bride of the Summer, child of the Spring !
 Tomorrow the year will its favourite bring ;
 The roses will know thee and fling back their vest,
 While the nightingale sings him to sleep on their breast ;
 The blossoms, in welcome, will open to meet
 On the light boughs thy breath, in the soft grass thy feet.
 Tomorrow the dew will have virtue to shed
 O'er the cheek of the maiden its loveliest red ;
 Tomorrow a glory will brighten the earth,
 While the spirit of beauty, rejoicing, has birth.
 Farewell to thee, April, a gentle farewell,
 Thou hast saved the young rose in its emerald shell ;
 Sweet nurse ! thou hast mingled thy sunshine and showers,
 Like kisses and tears, on thy children the flowers.

As a hope when fulfil'd to sweet memory turns,
 We shall think of thy clouds as the odorous urns
 Whence colour and freshness and fragrance were wept;
 We shall think of thy rainbows—their promise has kept.
 There is not a cloud on the morning's blue way,
 And the daylight is breaking the first of the May.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—R. COOKE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

To mute and to material things
 New life revolving summer brings;
 The genial call dead nature hears,
 And in her glory re-appears:
 But oh! my country's wintery state
 What second spring shall renovate?
 What powerful call shall bid arise
 The buried warlike and the wise?
 The vernal sun new life bestows
 Even on the meanest flower that blows;
 But vainly may he pierce the gloom
 That shrouds, O Moore, thy hallow'd tomb.

Lines to the memory of Sir John Moore.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices and Chorus.*—J. PARRY.

To our social band—prosperity !
 And let its motto simply be,
 The soul of music—MELODY !

Words by J. Parry.

*This is the Motto of the Melodist's Club, which was established in
 1835 for the encouragement of Melody and English Ballad Composition.*

(D'Almaine and Co.)

ROUND, *for 4 Tenors (with Chorus ad lib.).*

H. R. BISHOP, MUS. BAC.

To see his face, the lion walks along
 Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him ;
 To recreate himself when he hath sung,
 The tiger would be tame and gently hear him.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 6. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—DR. ARNE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

To soften care and sweeten life,
 As faithful mistress, friend, or wife,
 Come, lovely Chloe ! thou alone
 Art mistress, friend, and wife in one.

Warren's Collection, No. 7.

TRIO.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos, and Tenor.)

To that loved bosom I am dear,
 Whate'er befall, I care not ;
 That timid blush and rising tear,
 They told what language dare not :
 Dear lady, calm thy bosom's fear,
 Nor dread the soldier's strife ;
 Ah pitying Heaven ! guard a life
 Which this weak bosom's secret fear
 Proclaims is to its peace too dear.
 Farewell ! oh may you find
 The charm that soothes to peace the mind !

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 6. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

To the festive board let's hie,
 Briskly there the bumpers fly ;
 There the jolly souls resort,
 There without control we'll sport.
 A truce to care ! let others grieve,
 While thus we spend this cheerful eve,
 With singing, dancing, merry boys,
 And close our feast with Venus' joys.

Webbe's Collection, Vol. 1. (Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(2 Altos, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

To the gods of the ocean I pray,
 To waft us soon over the sea;
 O Love! lend a sigh to our sail,
 If Zephyr deny us the gale,
 To land us upon the kind shore,
 Made blest by the nymph I adore;
 Where beauty, with pleasure prepared,
 May the toils of a lover reward.

Words from a Song in "Cymon."

Webbe's Collection, Vol. 2. (Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

To the pale tyrant, who to horrid graves
 Condemns so many thousand helpless slaves,
 Ungrateful we do gentle sleep compare;
 Who though his victories as numerous are,
 Yet from his slaves no tribute does he take
 But woeful cares, that load men while they wake.
 When his soft charms had eased my weary sight
 Of all the baneful troubles of the night,
 Dorinda came, divested of the scorn
 Which the unequall'd maid so long has worn;

How oft in vain had Love's great god essay'd
 To tame the stubborn heart of that bright maid!
 Yet spite of all the pride that swells her mind,
 The humble god of sleep can make her kind:
 A rising blush increased the native store
 Of charms that but too fatal were before;
 Once more present the vision to my view,
 The sweet delusion, gentle Fate, renew!
 How kind, how lovely she, how ravish'd I,
 Show me, blest god of sleep, and let me die.

Webbe's Collection, Vol. 2. (Lonsdale.)

MADRIGAL, *for 5 Voices.*—M. P. KING.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

To thee who art the summer's nightingale,
 The goddess of my heart's most dear delight,
 Why do I send this rustic Madrigale,
 That may thy tuneful ear unseason quite?
 Yet as thou oft with thy sweet roundelays
 Didst stir to glèe our swains in rustic bowers,
 Say, wilt thou now, with thy enchanting lays,
 Delight the dainty ears of higher powers?

Words by Spenser.

From a Set of Eight. (D'Almaine and Co.)

ODE TO CONTENTMENT, *for 4 Voices.*—G. BERG.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

To these lone shades where Peace delights to dwell
 May Fortune oft permit me to retreat;
 Here bid the world with all its cares farewell,
 And leave its pleasures to the rich and great.

Oft as the summer's sun shall cheer this scene
 With that mild gleam which points his parting ray,
 Here let my soul enjoy each eve serene,
 Here share its calm till life's declining day.

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE, Jun.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

To thy lover, dear, discover
 That sweet blush of thine that shameth,
 When those roses it discloses,
 All the flowers that Nature nameth.
 O deliver Love his quiver!
 From those eyes he shoots his arrows
 Where Apollo cannot follow,
 Feather'd with his mother's sparrows.

From those treasures of ripe pleasures
 One bright smile to clear the weather,
 Earth and heaven thus made even,
 Both will be good friends together.
 The air does woo thee, winds cling to thee ;
 Might a word once fly from out thee,
 Storm and thunder would sit under,
 And keep silence round about thee.

When to end me Death shall send me
 All his terrors to affright me,
 Thine eyes' graces gild their faces,
 And those terrors shall delight me ;
 When my dying life is flying,
 Those sweet airs that often slew me
 Shall revive me or relieve me,
 And to many deaths renew me.

Words translated from the Italian by Richard Crashaw.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. COOKE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

To you, fair ladies, now in town
 We countrymen do write,
 And do invite you to come down
 To taste of our delight :
 The weather's fine, the fields are gay,
 And 't is the pleasant month of May.

The country's now in all its pride,
 Now drest in lovely green ;
 The earth, with various colours dyed,
 Displays a lovely scene :
 A thousand pretty flowers appear,
 To deck your bosom and your hair.

The cuckoo's pick'd up all the dirt,
 The trees are all in bloom ;
 If rural music can divert,
 Each bush affords a tune ;
 The turtle's heard in every grove,
 And milkmaids sing their songs of love.

We'll show you all our cowslip meads,
 Our pleasant woods and springs,
 And lead you to the tuneful shades
 Where Philomela sings ;
 Sweet Philomel, whose warbling throat
 Excels your Senesino's note.

Op. 5. (Mills.)

CATCH, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

TOM Metaphysician, Herodotus reading,
 Neglects all the ladies, and surely wants breeding:
 With never a wig on, one day out he sallies,
 Goes boldly demanding a pig through the alleys.

Some thought he was mad and seem'd quite afraid,
 And others declared him in love with a maid ;
 Some said he was stupid, some cried out quite cool,
 He is shot by young Cupid, and now plays the fool.

Warren's Collection, No. 30.

This gained a Prize Medal, 1791.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—JOAH BATES, A.M.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

Too plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
 My heart your own declare ;
 But for heaven's sake let it suffice
 You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost power to try,
 Nor further urge your sway ;
 Press not for what I must deny,
 For fear I should obey.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard,
 Defend, and not pursue ;
 Since 't is a task for me too hard
 To strive with love and you.

Warren's Collection, No. 10.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. Goss.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

T' OTHER day, as I sat in the sycamore shade,
 Young Damon came whistling along ;
 I trembled, I blush'd, a poor innocent maid,
 And my heart capered up to my tongue.

Sly Damon drew near and knelt down at my feet,
 One kiss he demanded—no more ;
 But urged the soft pressure with ardour so sweet,
 I could not begrudge him a score.

Words by Cunningham.

(Willis.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE, Jun.

(2 Sopranos, or 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

TURN those eyes, whose dewy light
 Spreads tender languor o'er my soul ;
 Whose orbs, like waning vesper bright,
 Through mists of melting softness roll :
 Turn those eyes, for now they dart
 Resistless lightning through my heart.

Hide those lips that smiling meet,
 Vermeil and warm as sunny fruit ;

Through which thy breath, ambrosial sweet,
 Coldly denies my ardent suit :
 Ah ! hide those lips for pity's sake,
 They tempt the kiss I dare not take.

Words by Miss Porter.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—Sir J. STEVENSON.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

'T WAS a sweet summer's morning,
 When cowslips were seen,
 When the lark and the linnet
 Came a-tripping o'er the green ;
 Just then were the lads and the lasses all gay,
 With their merry, merry pipe and their roundelay.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. JOLLY.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

'T WAS at the silent hour of night,
 The moon withheld her silvery light,
 When sudden Love's benighted power
 Came rudely tapping at my door.

"Who dares," I cried, "this tumult make?
 Who boldly dares my slumbers break?"
 "A friend," a sobbing voice rejoind,
 "Ah! banish terrors from thy mind;
 A harmless boy, pray let me in,
 With rain just wetted to the skin."
 Moved at his gentle tale of grief,
 Pitying, I rose to his relief.
 The cold withdraws, his spirits rise,
 "Now let us see," the urchin cries;
 And with malicious archness smiled,
 "I fear the rain my bow has spoil'd,
 Or sadly hurt the string." He drew
 The arrow, through my heart it flew;
 At once I felt th' envenom'd sting;
 Loud laughed the boy with wanton spring,
 "All hail! no harm thy guest befell,
 My quiver, bow and all is well."

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—J. C. CLIFTON.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and 2 Basses.)

'T WAS in the dark and dismal hour of night,
 When waves uplifted veil'd the beacon's light,
 A bark was seen distress'd riding in the ruthless storm,
 And at the helm a spirit stood—Britannia's form.

Hark ! how the wild tempestuous breakers roar,
 Foaming with rage against old Albion's shore.
 And now the dauntless crew advance
 And leap upon the strand ;
 In awful peals of sound
 The thunder rolls around, [land,
 While this exulting cry is heard and echo'd through the
 We are spirits bold and free,
 Our home the isle of liberty !
 A favouring breeze soon chase the clouds away,
 Once more returns the cheerful break of day ;
 And now the rising sun in splendour bright
 Dispels the gloomy shadows of the night.
 Oh may this isle be crowned with joy and peace,
 And sweet content bid strife and discord cease !
 Inspiring hope shall point to realms above,
 Where all is harmony and peace and love.

Words by J. C. Clifton.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—BENNETT.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

'T WAS night, and all was still: when on the misty
 heath arose in my ear the tuneful voice of Carrill. He
 sung of the companions of our youth, and the days of
 former years, when we met in the hall after the evening
 chase, and the hunter's voice was hushed on the echoing

hills, when we sent round the joys of the shell. Oh that thou wouldst come when I am alone by night, and think with grief of the joys that are past, and the days of former years, when our deeds were great in battle; oh that thou wouldst sing of our deeds in battle! And thou dost: I hear thy mournful voice in the rustling blast; I hear thy light fingers on the harp; I hear the warlike strain which roused our soul in the days of old. Let the beams of our fame arise in the song of victory, and be a light to other days, when the din of arms is past!

Words from Ossian.

THE DESPAIRING MUSICIAN.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—GEORGE BERG.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

UNABLE to descant in tunable rhyme,
 My spirits unstrung and my pulse out of time;
 Of no crotchet of note my slow heart is possest,
 Each jollity pauses, each fancy's at rest;
 Unnatural fate, too discordant by far,
 On all my gay lessons has doubled the bar;
 Still sharply repeats it, denies me repose,
 And slurs all my measures and varies my woes;
 When I bid her move slow, then she jigs it away,
 And basely acts counter to all I can say;
 While raging I shake with a treble vexation,
 And A-Mi is the tenor of each lamentation;

My ideas, turned grave, dance in concert no more,
 Or beat to those movements no time can restore;
 Yon cliff will I scale that o'erlooks the flat plain,
 Where a strong chord shall end me, and with the first
 [strain.

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. C. CLIFTON.

(2 Sopranos, Tenor, and Bass.)

UNDER the greenwood tree,
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And tune his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat?
 Come hither! come, here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

Words by Shakspeare.

(Chappell and Co.)

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—H. PURCELL.

UNDER this stone lies Gabriel John,
 Who died in the year one thousand and one;
 Cover his head with turf or stone,
 'T is all one.
 Pray for the soul of gentle John;
 If you please you may, or let it alone,
 'T is all one.

Convito Armonico. (Chappell.)

ROUND, for 3 Voices.—TRAVERS.

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse
 Lies the subject of all verse,
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
 Death, ere thou hast slain another
 Learn'd and fair and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke, by Ben Jonson.
 Warren's Collection, No. 1.

GLEE, for 4 Voices.—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

UNLESS with my Amanda blest,
 In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
 Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
 In vain I rear the breathing flower.

Awaken'd by the genial year,
 In vain the birds around me sing;
 In vain the freshening fields appear,
 Without my love there is no spring.

Words by Thomson.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

UP! quit thy bower,
 Late wears the hour,
 Long have the rooks cawed round thy tower ;
 On flower and tree
 Loud hums the bee,
 The wilding kid sports merrily.
 A day so bright, so fresh, so clear,
 Shineth when good fortune 's near.

Up! lady fair,
 And braid thy hair,
 And rouse thee in the breezy air ;
 The lulling stream
 That soothed thy dream
 Is dancing in the sunny beam ;
 And hours so sweet, so bright, so gay,
 Will waft good fortune on its way.

Up! time will tell,
 The friar's bell
 Its service sound hath chimed well ;
 The aged crone
 Keeps house alone,
 And reapers to the fields are gone ;
 The active day, so boon and bright,
 May bring good fortune ere the night.

Words by Miss Joanna Baillie.

(D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—W. WEST.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

UP, Rosalie, love! up is young May,
 Laughing and prancing and singing so gay;
 Primroses bright her handmaidens be,
 Wake to May-morning, love, wake, Rosalie!
 Birds in the forest, love, merrily sing,
 Founts in the forest, love, merrily spring;
 Joy's in the earth, in air, and in sea:
 Wake to May-morning, love, wake, Rosalie!

See the young hours to Time's music play,
 Each with a joy the bride of his way;
 While the busy sports with their locks hanging free,
 Wake to May-morning, love, wake, Rosalie!
 Shepherds, love, give a welcome to morn,
 Winding o'er dale and in forest the horn;
 While the young flocks, love, frisk o'er the lea,
 Wake to May-morning, love, wake, Rosalie!

Words by G. Soane, Esq.

(T. J. Purday.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—G. HARGREAVES.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

VALE of the cross! the shepherds tell
 'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell;
 For there are sainted shadows seen,
 That frequent haunt the dewy green;

By wandering winds the dirge is sung,
And convent bells by spirits rung.

Vale of the cross! the shepherds tell
'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell;
For peace hath there her spotless throne,
And pleasures to the world unknown;
And matin hymns and vesper prayer
Break softly on the tranquil air.

Words from Poems by a Family Circle.

(Novello.)

TRIO.—MARTINI.

(Soprano, Tenor, and Bass; or Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

VADASI via di quà,
Che questo in verità
Da ridere mi fà
Ha, ha, ha, ha!

(Lonsdale.)

GLEE, for 3 Voices.—HENRY LAWES.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

VIEW, Lesbia, view how my various cares do grow;
I burn, and from that fire does water flow:
I Nilus, and I Ætna am;
Restrain, O love, my tears, or else quench my flame.

Bland's Collection, No. 1. (Mills.)

MADRIGAL, for 5 Voices.—Lord BURGHESH.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and 2 Basses.)

VIOLETS again are here,
 Primroses are blooming ;
 Sweeter than these,
 The May flowers are coming,
 Wild rose and eglantine,
 Heartsease and jessamine,
 These for my love I'll twine
 Into a diadem.
 I'll braid them for her hair
 When they are blooming ;
 To deck my Jessie fair
 May flowers are coming.

Words by Mrs. E. L. Emmerson.

*These Words are also set by Lodge Ellerton, Esq., as a Glee for
 4 Voices. (Hawes.)*

(Lonsdale.)

GLEE, for 4 Voices.—G. H. RODWELL.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

WAFTE^d on the wings of morn,
 Hark ! on every breeze is borne,
 With the sunbeam's earliest ray,
 'Tis Victoria's natal day.
 Pealing bells the news proclaim,
 While the cannon's voice of flame,
 Through earth and air with echoing sound,
 Spreads the joyous tidings round.

Words by Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson.

(D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—R. ANDREWS.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and 2 Basses.)

WE come, we come, and ye feel our might
 As we're hastening on in our boundless flight;
 And over the mountains and over the deep
 Our broad invisible pinions sweep,
 Like the spirit of liberty, wild and free,
 And ye look on our works and own 't is we.
 Ye call us the winds—but can ye tell
 Whither we go or where we dwell?
 Ye mark as we vary our forms of power,
 And fell the forest or fan the flower;
 When the hare-bell moves and the rush is bent,
 When the tower's o'erthrown and the oak is rent;
 As we waft the bark o'er the slumbering wave,
 Or hurry its crew to a watery grave;
 And ye say it is we—but can ye trace
 The wandering winds to their secret place?
 Our dwelling is in the Almighty's hand,
 We come and we go at His command;
 Though joy or sorrow may mark our track,
 His will is our guide, and we look not back:
 If in our wrath ye would turn us away,
 Or win us in gentlest air to play,
 Then lift up your hearts to Him who binds,
 Or frees as he will the obedient winds.

Words by Miss Gould, an American Lady.

(Hawes.)

CATCH, *for 4 Voices*.—CHARLES JENNER, A.M.

WE lived one-and-twenty years
 As man and wife together ;
 I could not keep her longer here,
 She's gone I know not whither.
 I suppose she soared above,
 For in the late great thunder
 Methought I heard her very voice
 Rending the clouds asunder.

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

TRIO.—W. SHIELD.

(Soprano and 2 Tenors.)

WE pilgrims who travel through life's checquer'd day,
 Like the blossom of April but bloom to decay ;
 A cloud and a sunbeam wind up its short span,
 So a smile and a tear make the journey of man.

Words by James Tobin, Esq.

(Monro and May.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices*.—T. EBDON.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

WEAK with nice sense the chaste Mimosa stands,
 From each rude touch withdraws her timid hands ;
 Oft, as light clouds o'erpass the summer's glade,
 Alarm'd she trembles at the moving shade ;

And feels alive through all her tender form
 The whisper'd murmurs of the gathering storm ;
 Shuts her sweet eyelids to approaching night,
 And hails with freshen'd charms the rising light.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—DR. CALLCOTT.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WEAVE the crimson web of war ;
 Let us go and let us fly
 Where our friends the conflict share,
 Where they triumph, where they die.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
 Pikes must shiver, javelins sing ;
 Blade with clattering buckler meet,
 Hauberk clash and helmet ring.

Horror covers all the heath,
 Clouds of carnage blot the sun ;
 Sisters, weave the web of death !
 Sisters, cease ! the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands !
 Songs of joy and triumph sing ;
 Joy to the victorious bands,
 Triumph to the younger king.

Words by Gray.

(Coventry and Co.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—JOHN KING.

WE 'LL drink t' other glass, and we 'll drink to the fair,
 And then to the drawing-room straightway repair ;
 The ladies have sent us a summons to tea,
 And we to their orders submissive will be ;
 For wine in their absence no pleasure imparts,
 While tea when they 're present enlivens our hearts.

Warren's Collection, No. 27.

EPITAPH, *for 4 Voices.*—DR. HARRINGTON and
 MR. BRODERIP.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WEEP, gentle shepherds, fair Delia is no more,
 Now in strains of plaintive woe her hapless fate deplore ;
 Where are her charms, her heavenly grace,
 That won the raptured sight ?
 Ah ! lost the glories of her face,
 No more the world's delight.
 Sleep, sacred dust, within this tomb,
 Sweet be thy dreams of joys to come.

Warren's Collection, No. 12.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WELCOME, friendly gleams of night,
 Formed for revels and delight ;

Formed sublimest joys to prove,
 Season choice for wine and love.
 Slumber still, ye sons of care,
 Doom'd the toils of life to share ;
 Partners of my social bowl,
 Wake to bliss th' enchanted soul ;
 Fill the sparkling goblets higher,
 Rouse, oh rouse the dormant fire,
 While the fleeting minutes shine,
 Rich with love and rich with wine.

Ladies' Catch-book.

Set also for 3 Voices, by G. Berg, in Warren's Vocal Harmony.

QUARTET.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos, Tenor, and Bass.)

WELCOME, great and glorious king !
 See thy people blest in thee ;
 Hope and joy thy reign shall bring,
 Faith and true-born liberty.

Future ages shall rejoice
 In thy actions great and good ;
 Hear, O hear a nation's voice
 Sing a nation's gratitude.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 6. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WELCOME, welcome, lady fair,
 Welcome to the foes of care ;
 Here no sorrow 's ever found,
 Welcome, welcome, underground.
 Traitors ! your fury I defy ;
 Behold me thus prepared to die ;
 My limbs in fetters you may bind,
 You cannot, cannot chain my mind.
 Mirth and beauty is our boast,
 'T is the gay freebooter's toast ;
 Drink with us and laugh and play,
 Thus we live and pass the day.

(D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices and Chorus.*—Sir J. STEVENSON.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

Chorus.

WELCOME, welcome !

Soli.

Welcome, sons of harmony,
 Friends of song and social glee !
 Who on earth more blest than we,
 When here we meet together ?

Smiling years have stolen away,
 Careless, festive, free and gay,
 Since that happy, happy day
 When first we met together.

With those years no joy has flown ;
 Pleasures we from Time have won
 Better still, and dearer grown
 Since first we met together.

Never heart among us know
 Grief to check its kindly flow ;
 But our pleasures brighter glow
 The more we meet together.

Words by H. B. Code, Esq.

Composed for, and dedicated to, the Beefsteak Club, Dublin.

(Willis and Co.)

CANZONET, for 3 Voices.—T. MORLEY.

(2 Sopranos and Alto.)

WHAT ails my darling,
 Mine only sweet dainty darling,
 Sitting all alone so weary ?
 Say, what grieves my dear,
 That she is not merry ?
 Cease thus to grieve thee,
 And take withal this kiss to relieve thee.
 Up now, arise thee :
 Oh how can my love lie sleeping,
 And see yon lusty leaping ?

(Novello.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices*.—WILLIAM FLAXTON.

WHAT ails you, ye smokers, to boast of your weed,
 As if nothing but that could be called good indeed?
 Prithee hear me, I'll tell you 'tis nothing but smoke,
 A vapour as trifling and light as a joke.
 The hop's a fine plant, that in savour and smell,
 At ten pounds a hundred, does the weed far excel.

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—Sir G. SMART.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHAT are sighs but sorrow's breeze,
 Blowing o'er life's ruffled seas?
 What are we? barks sailing o'er
 To a distant tranquil shore.
 Pilots, then, unfurl the sail,
 Quickly seize the favouring gale;
 This will waft you to yon sphere,
 Free from trouble, free from fear.
 Breath of sadness! fill my soul,
 Waft me to that distant goal:
 Airy wing! come bear me home,
 Upwards, never more to roam:
 Sigh! thou brother of a tear,
 Freely welcome, freely here;
 On thee my soul would gladly rise
 To its peaceful home, the skies.

Harmonist, 1813, p. 47.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—Air by BEETHOVEN, harmonized
by E. WALTON.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song?
“Worthy is the Lamb once slain!
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain
New dominion every hour.”

These through fiery trials trod,
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with his eternal name;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand;
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

Words by Montgomery.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—W. KNYVETT.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose,
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!

Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 No daisy nor sweet blushing rose,
 Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
 Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

'T is she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her may compare ;
 Love's graces around her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?
 Oh tell me at noon where they feed ;
 Say, if on the sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed.
 (Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHAT bright joy can this exceed,
 This of roving o'er the mead,
 Where the hand of Flora pours
 Such a store, a store of flowers ;
 Where the zephyr's balmy gale
 Wantons in the lovely vale ?
 Oh how pleasing to recline
 Underneath the spreading vine,

In the close concealment laid
 With a love-inspiring maid,
 Fair and sweet, and young and gay,
 Sporting all the live-long day.

Warren's Collection, No. 22.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

WHAT Cato advises most certainly wise is,
 Not always to labour, but sometimes to play;
 To mingle sweet pleasure with search after pleasure,
 Indulging at night for the toils of the day.
 And while the dull miser esteems himself wiser,
 Increasing his gold though his health he destroy,
 Our senses we heighten, our fancies we brighten,
 And pass the long evenings in mirth, song and joy.
 All cheerful and hearty we set aside party,
 To some tender fair each bright bumper is crown'd;
 Thus Bacchus invites us, thus Venus delights us,
 While care in an ocean of claret is drown'd.
 See here 's our physician! we know no ambition,
 For where there 's good wine and good company found,
 Thus happy together, in spite of all weather,
 'T is sunshine and summer with us the year round.

(Lonsdale.)

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices.*—BEALE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

WHAT ho! what shepherd ho! why sittest thou pining?

What ho! the day's abroad, the sun is shining;

All nature is alive but thee;

Up, up! and join our jollity.

Fa, la, la!

Cloris loves not tears and sighs;

Merry words and laughing eyes

Are the charms which best will gain her;

Trust to them, and thou'lt obtain her.

Fa, la, la!

Leave your sorrow, leave these shades,

And come among our dancing maids;

All is now alive but thee;

Up, up! and join our jollity.

Fa, la, la!

Words by H. Robertson, Esq.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—LORD MORNINGTON.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHAT is life and all its pride,

If love and pleasure be denied?

Snatch me hence, ye fates, whene'er

The amorous bliss I cease to share.

O let us crop each fragrant flower
 While youth and vigour give us power ;
 For frozen age will soon destroy
 The power to give and take a joy ;
 And then a prey to grief and care,
 Detested by the young and fair,
 The sun's blest beams will hateful grow,
 And only shine on scenes of woe.

Warren's Collection, No. 16.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—W. SHIELD.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

What is love? an odd compound of simples most sweet,
 Cull'd in life's spring, poor mortals to cheat ;
 A passion no eloquence yet could improve,
 So a sigh best expresses the passion of love.

Wheatstone's Harmonist.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices*.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Soprano, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHAT is love, you ask, fair creature?
 Mark the notes of every sigh,
 Mark the glow of every feature,
 Mark the maddening, melting eye.

Restless, trembling, blest, uneasy
 As the youth beside thee sits,
 Views thy smiles ; now pleased, now crazy,
 Calm by turns and wild by fits.

Ask the voice that sweetly falters,
 Ask the ardent thrilling squeeze ;
 Ask the countenance that alters,
 Smiles that melt and frowns that freeze.

Words by Mrs. Lynch.

(D'Almaine and Co.)

QUARTET.—WEBER.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

WHAT joys can compare to the life of the huntsman,
 While health paints the cheek with a bright mantling
[glow ;
 His thirst he allays at the moss-cover'd fountain,
 And follows the chase with the loud hilliho !
 Oh his is a pleasure surpassing e'en princes',
 Content with the huntsman for ever is found ;
 And sweet 's the enjoyment his slumber evinces,
 Though his home the rude cot and his bed is the ground.
 Hilliho ! hilliho ! hark forward to the sound of the horn !

Words by D. A. O'Meara, Esq.

(Monro and May.)

CATCH, *for 4 Voices.*—F. W. HORNCastle.

What laughing faces here are met,
 What a merry crew !
 I never yet saw such a set
 Before—no, not in all my life.

Be quiet ! I wish you would be quiet now, sir ;
 John, come ha' done, you tickle me so, now don't !
 I'll tell my Pa if you do.

I lead trumps ! come, play away !
 You're always so long a sorting.
 Let's see ; zounds what a hand I've got !
 No honours, no trumps but one, and
 They're just eight, upon my life.

Have you heard the news, Miss Florid ?
 Oh, 't is something very horrid,
 'Bout an accident that happen'd in the Strand, my dear.
 Two fellows with a dray
 Overtun'd Mister Jenkins in his chay ;
 Broke his collar-bone to pieces,
 And much hurt his two young nieces,
 Killed a dog and a dandy too.

Words by F. W. Horncastle.

(Hawes.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHAT may arrive of care tomorrow
 Let dull and vulgar souls divine,
 And joyless brood o'er future sorrow,
 While here we drown the past in wine.
 The bowl supplies eternal streams of pleasure
 To him who wisely filling takes his measure.

Webbe's Collection, Vol. 3. (Lonsdale.)

TRIO.—WEIGL, arranged by W. HAWES.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

WHAT man but gladly will yield his heart
 To woman's beauty?
 Though canker'd woe its thorns impart,
 It is a duty.
 In her delighting,
 Her love requiting,
 Her sorrows soothing,
 Her rough path smoothing,
 Sharing her grief or increasing her joy.

Words by Milman.

(Hawes.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—T. ATTWOOD.

(2 Sopranos, Tenor, and 2 Basses.)

WHAT nature, alas ! has denied
 To the delicate growth of our isle,
 Art has in a measure supplied,
 And winter is deck'd with a smile.
 See, Mary, what beauties I bring
 From the shelter of that sunny shed,
 Where the flowers have the charms of the spring,
 Though abroad they are frozen and dead.

'T is a bower of Arcadian sweets,
 Where Flora is still in her prime ;
 A fortress to which she retreats
 From the cruel assaults of the clime.
 While earth wears a mantle of snow
 These pinks are as fresh and as gay
 As the fairest and sweetest that blow
 On the beautiful bosom of May.

See how they have safely survived
 The frowns of a sky so severe ;
 Such Mary's true love, that has lived
 Through many a turbulent year.
 The charms of the late-blowing rose
 Seem'd graced with a livelier hue,
 And the winter of sorrow best shows
 The truth of a friend such as you.

Words by Cowper.

(Hill and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(2 Sopranos and 2 Tenors.)

- “WHAT phrase sad and soft shall I utter farewell in,
To steal like a murmur and melt around thee?”
- “Fair saint! when at midnight your rosary telling,
Then murmur an Ave-Maria for me.”
- “Good sir, when at midnight my beads I am telling,
I’ll murmur an Ave-Maria for thee.”

Farewell! and wherever your footsteps may stray,
The star-beam of fortune illumine your way!
New happiness ever your prospects adorn,
And embloom them with roses unarm’d by a thorn.

(D’Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *4 Voices.*—R. J. S. STEVENS, Gres. Prof. Mus,

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

WHAT shall he have who merits most,
Who numbers and best shot can boast;
That twang’d the bow with steady eye,
And let the best aim’d arrows fly?
Then let him prize the bugle horn,
Oh! he shall have the bugle horn;
Nor let him fear that in disguise
Some mischief lurks beneath the prize;

For long before his sire was born
They often wore a crest of horn.

(Coventry and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. HARRINGTON.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

“WHAT shall we sing—now here are three?”

“Let it be ‘Non nobis Domine’;”

“I’m sure ’t is right, so pray go on, sir.”

“It cannot be, I’ll swear ’t is wrong, sir;
Begin again, it is not right, sir.”

“I’ll sing no more, no more tonight, sir.”

(Novello.)

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices.*—J. BENNET, 1599.

(3 Tenors and Bass.)

WHEN as I look’d on my lovely Phillis,
Whose cheeks are deck’d with roses and lilies,
I me complained that me she ne’er regarded,
And that my love with slighting was rewarded,
Then wantonly she smileth,
And grief from me exileth.

Convito Armonico, Vol. 3. (Chappell.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. O. ATKINS.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

WHEN Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy,
 The rosy harbinger of joy,
 Who with the sunshine of the bowl
 Thaws the winter of our soul,
 When to my inmost core he glides,
 And bathes it with his ruby tides,
 A flow of joy, a lively heat
 Fires my brain and wings my feet.
 Sing, sing of love ! let music's breath
 Softly beguile our rapturous death ;
 While, my young Venus, thou and I
 To the voluptuous cadence die ;
 Then waking from our languid trance,
 Again we 'll sport, again we 'll dance.

Words from Moore's Anacreon.

(Power.)

ODE, *for 6 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and 2 Basses.)

WHEN charming Chloe gently walks,
 Or sweetly smiles or gaily talks,
 No goddess can with her compare,
 So sweet her looks, so soft her air ;
 In whom so many charms are placed,
 Is with a mind so nobly graced,

With sparkling wit and solid sense,
 And soft persuasive eloquence :
 In framing her divinely fair
 Nature employed her utmost care,
 That we in Chloe's form should find
 A Venus with Minerva's mind.

Webbe's Collection, Vol. 1. (Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—T. ATTWOOD.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHEN clouds that angel face deform,
 Anxious I view the coming storm ;
 When angry lightnings arm thine eye
 And tell the gathering tempest nigh,
 I curse the sex, and bid adieu
 To female friendship, love and you.

But when soft passions rule your breast,
 And each kind look some love has drest,
 And cloudless smiles around you play,
 And give the world a holiday,
 I bless the hour when first I knew
 Dear female friendship, love and you.

Words by Theophilus Swift.

From a Set of Nine Glees.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Sir J. STEVENSON.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHEN Damon is present, how fleeting the hours
 All silver'd with love they glide softly away!
 Ah tell me, how is it? ah say, ye wing'd powers,
 Is Time in a hurry on my happy day?
 Scarce has the fond shepherd his passion reveal'd,
 When looking around we perceive it is noon;
 My wishes, my sighs are still struggling conceal'd,
 'T is evening! ah, why does the day close so soon?

(Willis and Co.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Soprano, 2 Altos, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHEN Daphne died the sylvans sighed sore,
 And every Naiade on her oozie bed;
 The fauns and fairies their light dance forbore,
 Whilst Pan the flocks and fairies fled.
 Sad Venus wept, the Graces all,
 And Phœbus, with the Muses, mourn'd her fall:
 No voice was heard along the dreary plain,
 None but the sighing wind and weeping rain.

Warren's Collection, No. 26.

GLEE, for 3 Voices.—H. BOYS.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

WHEN darkness shrouds the heavy sky,
 And prosy mortals wearied lie,
 On the wide sea awake are we,
 Each sinew strung to industry;
 Whate'er the toil our fates decree,
 Our minds with busy hopes are rife;
 Hurrah, hurrah for the smuggler's life!

No moon, no moon, with prying light,
 To put to shame the friendly night;
 Sworn foes of day, we only pray
 For deepest shade and faintest ray:
 We court not, though we fear not strife:
 Hurrah, hurrah for the smuggler's life!

Our freight full many a maid shall share,
 And thirsty souls that laugh at care;
 Our silk's a dower, our kegs have power,
 We must not lose the happy hour;
 Expects us many an anxious wife:
 Hurrah, hurrah for the smuggler's life!

Now pull, my lads! the well-known creek,
 With muffled oars its entrance seek;
 We'll soon exult with triple glee,
 Ashore, and we, our cargo free:
 How sweet the joys the daring know:
 Hurrah, hurrah for the smuggler's life!

Words from the Tale of the "Lover's Seat," by J. Ollier, Esq.

(Hill and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—JOHN DANBY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

WHEN Delia strikes the trembling string
 She charms our listening ears,
 But when she joins her voice to sing
 She emulates the spheres.

The feathered songsters round her throng
 And catch the soothing notes,
 To imitate her matchless song
 They strain their little throats.

The constant mournful cooing doves,
 Attentive to her strain,
 All mindful of their tender loves,
 By listening soothe their pain.

Soft were the notes by Orpheus played,
 Which once recalled his bride,
 But had he sung like this fair maid
 The nymph could not have died.

Warren's Collection, No. 27.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. H. BURGESS, Esq.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

WHEN Delia to yon verdant bank shall retire,
 And breathe her sweet notes to the air,
 I'll steal to the thicket hard by, and admire
 The eloquent strains of my fair.

Till longing to yield for more exquisite joy,
 The plaintive delights of her tongue,
 The tenderest notes of my pipe I'll employ,
 As she moves from the covert along.

Then if she should catch the soft language of love,
 Yet to answer my fair should deny,
 I'll speak the soft words to the whispering grove,
 And sweet echo her thoughts shall supply.

Yet still may I venture to banish the doubt,
 She will not relinquish my claim,
 But sweetly bestow the fond tribute I sought,
 When her presence first aided my flame.

Words by G. Smith, Esq.

(Mills.)

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—JOHN DANBY.

WHEN I with rapture view my charming fair,
 Her native blush and easy winning air,
 No tender thoughts in finest colours drest
 Can speak the fond emotions of my breast;
 Her loved idea in my bosom burns,
 And doubts and hopes possess my soul by turns.

Warren's Collection, No. 22.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen in the pail;
 When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-whit, to-who—a merry note,
 While bonny Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-wit, to-who—a merry note,
 While bonny Joan doth keel the pot.

Words by Shakspeare.

(D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—JAMES GREEN.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHEN love and friendship wake the soul
 In cheering song and flowing bowl,
 With transport I resign my cares,
 Am charm'd with music's softer airs.

The vital string returns the sound,
 The glow of friendship fires around ;
 The social pipe its clouds ascend,
 And all the pains of life suspend ;
 The sparkling liquor fresh supplies,
 And raise my spirits to the skies ;
 Then glad I hear the sprightly theme,
 Wine in plenteous bottles teem,
 And jovial Bacchus reigns supreme.

Warren's Collection, No. 6.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—G. HARGREAVES.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

WHEN Music first breathed o'er the birth of the sky,
 The stars like the spirits of melody glowed ;
 The flowers caught the spell in each radiant dye,
 And the streams in the gladness of harmony flowed.

The earth like a harp by some angel inspired,
 Through the chords of all nature bore sweetness along,
 Till creation, as if by one sentiment fired,
 In a thousand rich voices awoke into song.

Then welcome the spirit of harmony round,
 May it rear its own temple on every shore ;
 Till the world with love, friendship and unity crown'd,
 Sings—Hail ! great Apollo, reign king evermore !

Oh wherever the magic of music was known,
 A circle of grace and beauty was set ;
 From the hut to the hall, from the tent to the throne,
 'T was the link where the lowest and loftiest met.

Love nursed it with whispers, Joy wreathed it with smiles,
 'T was the friend of the lonely, the balm of our earth ;
 Like a light which the eve of existence beguiles,
 And lifts the tired soul to the shrine of its birth.

(Hawes.)

Words by Charles Swain.

*This Glee gained the highest premium offered by the Liverpool
 Beefsteak Club, 1837.*

GLEE, for 3 Voices.—W. HAWES.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHEN music's tender breathings flow
 In green Castalian shades,
 When gentle spring-gales softly blow
 In blooming Delian glades ;
 When sparkling crystals deck the spheres,
 And liliated flowerets twine,
 The chorded lyre of early years
 Is laid on Memory's shrine.

Then o'er the proudly-swelling deep,
 With mild ambrosial gales,
 Return, and blissful vigils keep
 In peaceful bowery vales.

The rosy chaplet Love has wreathed
 Amid my hair I'll twine,
 And blithely shall the strain be breathed
 That's laid on Memory's shrine.

(Hawes.)

Words by Mr. Fane.

This Glee gained the Prize given by the Glee Club, April 13th, 1833.

GLEE, for 3 Voices.—T. MOORE.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

WHEN o'er the silent seas alone
 For days and nights we've cheerless gone,
 Oh! they who've felt it know how sweet
 Some sunny morn a sail to meet.

Sparkling at once is every eye,
 "Ship-a-hoy!" our joyful cry;
 While answering back the sounds we hear,
 "Ship-a-hoy!" what cheer, what cheer?

Then sails are back'd, we nearer come,
 Kind words are said of friends and home;
 And soon, too soon, we part with pain,
 To sail o'er silent seas again.

Words by Moore.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(2 Sopranos, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHEN pearly dew at early dawn
 Hangs pendent from the blooming thorn,
 The lark to usher in the morn
 Awakes the feathered throng ;
 Borne upwards on her tender wings,
 As from the sod she eager springs,
 In softest numbers sweetly sings
 Her grateful morning song.

Ladies' Catch-book.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Scotch Air, harmonized by
S. WEBBE.

(Soprano, Tenor and Bass.)

WHEN rosy May comes in wi' flowers
 To deck her gay green spreading bowers,
 Then busy, busy are his hours,
 The gardener wi' his paidle ;
 The crystal waters gently fa',
 The merry birds are lovers a',
 The scented breezes round him blaw,
 The gardener wi' his paidle.

When purple morning starts the hare
 To steal upon her early fare,
 Then through the dews he maun repair,
 The gardener wi' his paidle ;

When day expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws o' nature's rest,
 He flees to her arms he loves best,
 The gardener and his paidle.

(Monro and May.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY.

(Soprano, Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

WHEN should lovers breathe their vows?
 When should lovers hear them?
 When the dew is on the boughs,
 When none else are near them;
 When the moon shines cold and pale,
 When the birds are sleeping;
 When no voice is on the gale,
 When the rose is weeping.

Oh softest is the cheek's love-ray
 When seen by moonlight hours;
 Other roses seek the day,
 But blushes are night flowers.
 Oh when the moon and stars are bright,
 When the dew-drops glisten,
 Then their vows should lovers plight,
 Then should ladies listen.

Words by Miss Landon.

(Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. JONES, Mus. Bac.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHEN smiling felicity warbles her song
 The soul-touching numbers harmoniously flow,
 The moments of gladness come swiftly along,
 And bid all the feelings of ecstasy glow.

Thus reclined with his flock by the side of a brook,
 The swain of the mountains melodiously sung;
 Joy trilled in the sound of his musical tongue,
 The sunshine of happiness beamed in his look.

Words by Iolo Vorganwg, Bard of Glamorgan.

(Novello.)

ELEGY, *for 4 Voices.*—JOHN DANBY.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHEN sorrow weeps o'er virtue's sacred dust,
 Our tears become us, and our grief is just:
 Such were the tears he sheds who grateful pays
 This last sad tribute of his love and praise;
 Who mourns the best of wives and friends combined,
 Where female softness met a manly mind;
 Mourns, but not murmurs—sighs, but not despairs,
 Feels as a man, but as a Christian bears.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—Sir J. STEVENSON.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHEN the morning sun was beaming,
 Whilst I still was sweetly dreaming,
 Lubin, to my window creeping,
 Softly sung, "Leave off thy sleeping!"
 "O what voice is that I hear,
 Is my own dear Lubin near?
 Wake me truly with thy strain,
 Sing, my Lubin, ah sing again!"

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. K. PYNNE, JUN.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

WHEN the pearly dews are steeping
 All the wild flowers of the dell,
 And the glow-worm's light is peeping
 Out from every elfin cell;
 When the scented boughs are flinging
 Softest perfumes o'er the bay,
 Then our voices tuneful singing,
 Steal like magic sounds away.

When the peasant seeks the mountain,
 And his distant home of rest,
 Or the herds the cooling fountain,
 When the sun has sought the west;

Then we fairies roam with pleasure,
 Tripping gaily o'er the green
 To the lute's enchanting measure,
 Near the gently-flowing stream.

(Bates.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. J. CLARKE.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHEN the shepherd pens his fold,
 And the wolf begins to rove,
 Swift I fly with jocund step
 Through the dell to meet my love.
 Soon the well-known stream I reach,
 Gently murmuring through the grove,
 Where on many a summer's day
 Oft I wander with my love.

There beneath the pine I rest,
 Sacred to the nestling dove,
 Chiding oft the lagging hours,
 Whilst I wait to meet my love.
 Now my trembling fair I spy,
 Hastening on I see her move;
 Panting then with eager haste,
 On I rush to meet my love.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHEN the storms aloft arise, when the north lifts
the wave on high, I sit by the sounding shore, and look
on the fatal rock. Often by the setting moon I see
the ghosts of my children: half viewless they walk in
mournful conference together. I am sad, oh Carmor!
nor small is the cause of my woe.

Words from Ossian.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 1. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

WHEN the wind blows
In the sweet rose-tree,
And the cow lows
On the fragrant lea,
And the stream flows
All bright and free,
'T is not for thee, 't is not for me;
'T is not for any one here, I trow:
The gentle wind bloweth,
The happy cow loweth,
The merry stream floweth for all below.
O the Spring! the beautiful Spring!
She shineth and smileth on everything.

Where come the sheep?
 To the rich man's moor;
 Where cometh sleep?
 To the bed that's poor:
 Peasants must weep,
 And kings endure,—
 That is a fate that none can cure;
 Yet Spring doeth all she can, I trow:
 She brings the bright hours,
 She weaves the sweet flowers,
 She dresseth her bowers for all below.
 O the Spring! the bountiful Spring!
 She shineth and smileth on everything.

Words by Barry Cornwall.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—LODGE ELLERTON, Esq.

(Soprano, Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

WHEN to their airy hall my father's voice
 Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice;
 When poised upon the gale my form shall ride,
 Or dark in mist descend the mountain's side;
 Oh may my shade behold no sculptured urns,
 To mark the spot where earth to earth returns;

No lengthened scroll, no praise-encumbered stone,
 My epitaph shall be my name alone ;
 If that with honour fail to crown my clay,
 Oh may no other fame my deeds repay ;
 That, only that, shall single out the spot,
 By that remembered, or with that forgot.

Words by Lord Byron.

From a Set of Eight. (Hawes.) ♣

GLEE, for 3 Voices.—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHEN we dwell on the lips of the lass we adore,
 Not a pleasure in nature is missing ;
 May *his* soul be in Heaven—he deserves it I'm sure,
 Who was first the inventor of kissing.

Master Adam I verily think was the man,
 Whose discovery will ne'er be surpassed,
 never, no never !

Well since the sweet game with creation began,
 To the end of the world may it last.

Words by Peter Pindar.

Set also for 3 Voices by Shield.

Webbe's Collection, Vol. 3. (Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Soprano, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHEN would a mortal e'er require
 To pine his life away,
 Nor yet the tranquil night desire,
 Nor yet the living day?
 When hope should cry to love adieu,
 And die unblest'd, though wept by you,
 Then a mortal would desire
 To pine his life away,
 Nor yet the tranquil night desire,
 Nor yet the living day.

Words by Sheridan Knowles, Esq.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 2. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—J. M^cMURDIE, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

WHEN whispering winds do softly steal
 With creeping passion through the heart,
 And when at every touch we feel
 Our pulses beat, and bear a part;
 When threads can make a heart-string break,
 Philosophy can scarce deny
 The soul can melt in harmony.

Oh lull me, charming air!

My sense is rock'd with wonders sweet;

Like snow on wool thy fallings are,

Light like spirits are thy feet.

Grief who need fear that hath an ear?

Down let him lie and slumbering die,

And change his soul for harmony.

(Cramer and Co)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—ROCK.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHENCE comes my love? O heart, disclose;
 'T was from cheeks that shamed the rose;
 From lips that spoyle the rubie's prayse,
 From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze;
 Whence comes my woe as freely owne?
 Ah me! 't was from a hearte lyke stone:
 The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
 The lippes befitting wordes most kynde;
 The eye does tempt to love's desyre,
 And seems to say, 't is Cupid's fire;
 Yet all so fayre but speake my moane,
 Syth nouht doth saye the hearte of stone:
 Why thus, my love, so kynde bespeake
 Sweet lyppe, sweet eye, sweet blushynge cheeke,
 Yet not a heart to save my pain?
 O Venus, take thy gifts again;
 Make not so fayre, to cause our moane,
 Or make a hearte that 's lyke my owne.

Warren's Collection, No. 27.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHERE are the sons of Garvan?
 Where his tribe the faithful,
 Following their beloved chief?
 They the green islands of the ocean sought:
 Belike the crystal ark, instinct with life,
 Obedient to the mighty master,
 Reached the land of the departed;
 There belike they, in the climes of immortality,
 Themselves immortal, drink the gales of bliss
 That o'er Flathinnis breathe eternal spring;
 That blend whatever odours
 Make the gale of evening sweet,
 Whatever melody charms the wood-traveller.
 In fields of joy they have their home,
 Where central fires maintain perpetual summer;
 Where one emerald light
 Through the green element for ever flows.

Words selected from Southey's Madoc.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHERE are those hours on rosy pinions borne
 Which brought to every guiltless wish success,
 When pleasure gladden'd each returning morn,
 And every evening closed in calms of peace?

This gained a Prize Medal, 1793.

CANZONET, *for 3 Voices.*—T. MORLEY.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

WHERE art thou, wanton,
 And I so long about have sought thee?
 See where thy true love
 His heart to keep hath brought thee.
 Then why, oh why dost thou, sweet, hide thee?
 Still I follow thee,
 But thou fliest me;
 Say, unkind, and do no more deride me.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—R. WOODWARD.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHERE art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
 To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
 Spend'st thou thy fury in some heavy song,
 Darkening thy power to make dull subjects light?

Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
 In gentle murmurs time so idly spent;
 Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
 And gives thy pen both skill and argument.

Op. 1^{mo}.

GLEE, for 4 Voices.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHERE art thou, beam of light? Hunters from the
mossy rock, saw ye the blue-eyed fair? Are her steps
on grassy Lumon, near the bed of roses? Ah me! I
behold her bow in the hall: Where art thou?

Words from Ossian.

(D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, for 3 Voices.—BIGGS.

(2 Sopranos or Tenors, and Bass.)

WHERE feeds your flock?
Where yon verdant hill crowns the vale,
Close by yon rock,
Where yon poplars court the gale,
There my goats shall browse today.
'T is the pastor calls, come away!
Nymphs and shepherds, see the morning
Yonder eastern hills adorning,
Rise and come away!

How blest are we!
Hail the shepherd swain's tranquil life,
From envy free,
Free from all the world's vain strife.

But why thus our toils delay ?
 Hark! the pastor calls, come away ;
 Thus while choral songs of pleasure
 Cheer our toil and glad our leisure,
 Welcome, dawn of day !

Words by Mrs. Opie.

(Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

WHERE shall we make her grave ?
 Oh! where the wild flowers wave,
 In the free, free air ;
 Where shower and singing bird
 'Midst the young leaves are heard,
 There, lay her there.

Harsh, harsh was the world to her,
 Now may sleep minister
 Balm for each ill ;
 Low in sweet nature's breast
 Let the meek heart find rest,
 Deep, deep and still.

Murmur glad waters by,
 Faint gales with happy sigh
 Come wandering o'er
 That green and mossy bed,
 Where on a gentle head
 Storms beat no more.

What though for her in vain
 Falls now the bright spring rain,
 Plays the soft wind ;
 Yet still from where she lies
 Should blessed breathings rise,
 Gracious and kind.

Therefore let song and dew
 Thence in the heart renew
 Life's vernal glow ;
 And o'er that holy earth
 Scents of the violet's birth
 Still come and go.

Oh then where wild flowers wave
 Make, make her mossy grave,
 In the free, free air ;
 Where shower and singing bird
 'Midst the young leaves are heard,
 There, lay her there.

Words by Mrs. Hemans.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 1. (D'Almaine and Co.)

This Glee gained the Prize at the Manchester Glee Club, 1832.

GLEE, for 3 Voices.—Arranged by C. STOKES.

(Soprano, Alto, and Bass.)

WHERE the Alpine breeze is blowing,
 See the mountain maiden go ;

On her cheek young health sits glowing,
 Pure her heart as native snow ;
 Blithely singing,
 Twilight bringing
 With the sinking sun repose.

Each revolving day she labours,
 Tending favourite flocks or kine ;
 Then 'midst parents, friends or neighbours,
 And affection's smile divine ;
 Pleasure hovers
 Round the lovers,
 Ever may their hearts entwine.

Words by W. J. Taylor, Esq.

(Lonsdale.)

MADRIGAL, for 4 Voices.—PALESTRINA.

(2 Sopranos, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHERE'ER my Cynthia wanders,
 All nature seems to greet her ;
 With soft and sweet meanders
 See the wanton streamlets run out to meet her :
 The flowers so blooming,
 The air with scents perfuming,
 Shed all their sweets to treat her.

“Vocal Schools of Italy.” (Cramer and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

WHERE'ER my Delia comes she makes the spring,
 Enamour'd fawns and shepherds round her move ;
 The pretty birds with tuneful voices sing,
 And Zephyr in warm sighs declares his love.
 Oh may Love's power instruct her to be kind,
 That she may bless me with her radiant eyes ;
 Cease not the lovely charmer to remind
 Of an unhappy swain who for her dies.

Webbe's Collection, Vol. 2. (Lonsdale.)

GLEE, 5 *Voices*.—R. J. S. STEVENS, Gresh. Prof. Mus.

(Soprano, Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

WHEREFORE burn with vain desires ?
 Few the things that life requires ;
 Youth with rapid swiftmess flies,
 Beauty's blossom quickly dies.
 Thus beneath this lofty shade,
 Thus in careless freedom laid,
 While we are with roses crown'd
 Let the cheerful bowl go round.

Warren's Collection, No. 23.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—DR. ARNE.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

WHILE Delia sleeps, with pleasing themes
 May Love inspire her peaceful dreams,
 And whisper how I'm blest ;
 May yonder stream more silent flow,
 And every zephyr gentler blow,
 To soothe my fair to rest.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—R. COOKE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHILE I listen to thy voice,
 Chloris, I feel my life decay ;
 That powerful noise
 Calls my fleeting soul away ;
 Oh suppress that magic sound,
 Which destroys without a wound.
 Peace, Chloris, peace !
 Or singing die,
 That together you and I
 To Heaven may go ;
 For all we know
 Of what the blessed do above,
 Is that they sing and that they love.

DUET.—T. COOKE.

(Tenor and Bass.)

WHILE love absorbs my ardent soul
 I think not of the morrow ;
 Beneath his sway years swiftly roll,
 True lovers banish sorrow ;
 By softest kisses warm'd to blisses
 Lovers banish sorrow.

While war absorbs my ardent soul
 I think not of the morrow ;
 Beneath his sway years swiftly roll,
 True soldiers banish sorrow ;
 By cannon's rattle roused to battle
 Soldiers banish sorrow.

Since Mars loved Venus, Venus Mars,
 Let's blend love's wounds with battle scars ;
 And call in Bacchus all divine,
 To cure both pains with rosy wine ;
 And thus beneath his social sway
 We'll sing and laugh the hours away.

(Cramer and Co.)

*Words by T. Cooke.**This gained the Prize of the Melodist's Club, 1831.*

GLEE, for 3 Voices.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

WHILE the moonbeams all bright
 Give a lustre to night
 I'll weep on his dwelling so narrow,

And high o'er his grave
 The willow-trees wave,
 Who died on the banks of the Yarrow.

'T was under this shade,
 Hand in hand as we stray'd,
 He fell by the flight of an arrow ;
 And fast from the wound
 His blood stain'd the ground,
 Who died on the banks of the Yarrow.

(Mills.)

QUARTET, with chorus.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHILE the moon shines bright
 In the clear cold night,
 With our voices so soft and slow,
 In long order due,
 Between ivy and yew,
 To the holy aisle we go.

For the troubled dead
 In their mouldering bed
 Do list to a holy prayer,
 And obey the soft sound,
 At the burial ground,
 Of a sweetly chanted air.

And lo! to the place
 Where all Adam's race
 Must down at last be laid,
 We have come with the song,
 Which the voices prolong,
 Of robed priest and sainted maid.

Words by J. R. Planché.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 6. (D'Almaine and Co.)

CANON, *three in one.*—DR. NARES.

WHILE we thus our time employ,
 Mirth and music to enjoy,
 Let no frowning brow be found
 As the merry jest goes round.

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

ELEGY, *for 3 Voices.*—W. JACKSON.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHILST from our looks, fair nymph; you guess
 The secret passions of our mind,
 My heavy eyes, you say, confess
 A heart to love and grief inclined;

There needs, alas ! but little art
 To have this fatal secret known ;
 With the same ease you threw the dart,
 'Tis certain you may show the wound.

How can I see you and not love,
 While you as opening East are fair ?
 While cold as northern blasts you prove,
 How can I love and not despair ?

The wretch in double fetters bound
 Your potent mercy may release ;
 Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,
 Fair Isabel ! my grief would cease.

Jackson's Elegies, No. 2.

CANZONET, *for 3 Voices.*—T. MORLEY.

(2 Sopranos and Alto.)

WHITHER away so fast, tell me, my dear ?
 Whither now away so fast from your true love approved ?
 Oh say, what haste, mine own best darling dear beloved ?
 Then will we try who best runs, thou or I ;
 Then lo ! I come, dispatch thee ;
 Hence, I say, away, or else I catch thee ;
 Oh think not thus away to 'scape without me,
 But run,—you need not doubt me ;
 What faint you, of your sweet feet forsaken ?

Oh well! I see you mean to mock me ;
 What, you halt—oh do you so?
 Alack the while, what you are down?
 Fair maid, well overtaken.

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHO can be happy, though in health,
 With beauty, grandeur, wit or wealth,
 Unless kind Bacchus crowns the blessing,
 And makes it worthy our possessing?
 No bargain made, no quarrel ended,
 No interest moved or cause defended,
 No mirth advanced, no music sweet,
 No human happiness complete,
 Or joyful day, unless 't is crown'd
 With claret, and the glass go round.

Ladies' Catch-book, and Webbe's Collection, Vol. 2.

QUARTET.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

WHO first will strike the deer?
 'T is I, where woods are greenest;
 'T is I, by fountain clear,
 'T is I will strike the deer.

Then echo the horn by hill and lonely fell,
 Then echo the horn by fount and mossy dell ;
 Ride on, till evening drearily creeps
 O'er skies, and the floweret wearily sleeps.

Who 'll sing his dying knell ?
 'T is I, where shades are sweetest ;
 By brink of fountain well
 I 'll sing his dying knell.

Words by G. Soane, Esq.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 6. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—S. WEBBE, JUN.

(2 Altos, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

WHO is Silvia? what is she,
 That all the swains commend her?
 Holy, fair and wise is she ;
 The heavens such grace did lend her,
 That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair ?
 For beauty lives with kindness ;
 Love doth to her eyes repair,
 To help him of his blindness,
 And being helped inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
 That Sylvia is excelling;
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling.

Words by Shakspeare.

(Coventry and Co.)

Set also by Elliott and Stevens.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—L. ATTERBURY.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

WHO like Bacchus can control,
 Who restore the drooping soul?
 When o'erwhelm'd with grief and care,
 Bacchus lifts us from despair:
 Why then droops my cheerful friend?
 Drink, and let your sorrows end.

Warren's Vocal Harmony.

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—JOHN DANBY.

WHO was it that sat in the mulberry shade?
 Who was it that courted a smart little maid?
 Who was it this smart little lass made a jest on?
 It was you, it was you, or 't was old Colley Weston.

Who was it this smart little lady could please?
 Who was it that whined and went down on his knees?
 Who was it that ask'd her a comical question?
 It was you, it was you, and not old Colley Weston.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHOM call ye gay? that honour has been long
 The boast of mere pretenders to the name:
 The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
 That dyes his feathers, saturate with dew,
 Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
 Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest:
 The peasant, too, a witness of his song,
 Himself a songster is, as gay as he.
 But save me from the gaiety of those
 Whose head-ache nails them to a noon-day bed;
 And save me, too, from those whose haggard eyes
 Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
 For property stript off by cruel chance;
 From gaiety that fills the bones with pain,
 The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe.

Words by Cowper.

Posthumous Collection. (Novello.)

QUARTET.—Air by Dr. ARNE, harmonized by
W. JACKSON.

(2 Sopranos, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHY, Chloe, still these jealous heats,
And why that falling tear?
The heart that to a thousand beats
To one may be sincere.
To sweeten autumn's milder reign
The sultry summer glows,
And chilling dews and beating rain
Give freshness to the rose.

Thus I, my Chloe to endear,
To meaner beauties stray,
And call December to my year,
To brighten all the May.
Then grieve not that my heart's inclined
To every face that's new;
I wander, to return more kind,
And change but to be true.

ELEGY, *for 4 Voices*.—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHY droops the Muse? ah why unstrung the lyre
Which erst awaken'd music's sweetest strains?
From their gay haunts the choral train retire,
And seek the shades where pensive silence reigns.

No more at eve, these sylvan scenes among,
 Is heard the inspiring glee or dulcet lay; [throng,
 Hush'd are those strains which charm'd the tuneful
 And sweetly stole the listening hours away.

Beloved, lamented, o'er the sacred urn,
 Where in yon hallow'd shade Webbe's ashes sleep,
 Fair Science, Genius, Virtue, Friendship mourn,
 And the lorn Muse dejected there shall weep.
 "When winds breathe soft" at evening's peaceful hour,
 Let Harmony her richest tribute bring;
 And sighing Elegy shall gently pour
 Her plaintive strains his requiem to sing.

Words to the memory of Samuel Webbe, by the Rev. T. Beaumont.

(Lonsdale.)

GLEE, for 5 Voices.—SPOFFORTH.

(2 Altos, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

WHY flows the Muse's mournful tear
 For thee, cut down in life's full prime?
 Why sighs for thee the parent dear,
 Cropt by the scythe of hoary Time?

Lo this, my boy, 's the common lot;
 To me the memory entrust,
 When all that 's dear shall be forgot,
 I'll guard thy venerated dust.

From age to age, as I proclaim
 Thy learning, piety and truth,
 Thy great example shall inflame,
 And emulation raise in youth.

*Written on the death of the Hon. Philip Carteret, at the age of
 nineteen, by Dr. Friend.*

Warren's Collection, No. 30.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—BATTISHILL.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHY, Harry, what ails you? why look you so sad?
 To think, and ne'er drink, will make you stark mad;
 'Tis the mistress, the friend and the bottle, old boy,
 Which create all the pleasure poor mortals enjoy;
 But wine of the three's the most cordial brother,
 For one it relieves, and it strengthens the other.

Battishill's First Collection.

Words by Prior.

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—C. MUSTON.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WHY mourns my friend, why weeps his downcast eye—
 That eye where mirth, where fancy used to shine?
 Thy cheerful meads reprove that swelling sigh;
 Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.

(Hawes.)

Words by Shenstone.

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices.*—T. MORLEY.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, and Tenor.)

WHY sit I here alone complaining,
 With sobs and groanings, my disdainings?
 Oh this mirth contenteth,
 Whom grief of mind tormenteth;
 Ah cease, alas, this weeping:
 Fool, alas! she does this but to prove me;
 Away, false comfort! no, thou canst not move me;
 You that saw too much mine shall dearly buy it,
 That made my heart believe I did espy it; [me,
 Hence, away, false comfort! in vain thou seek'st to ease
 Away, I say, then! oh no, thou canst not please me.

(Novello)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Lord BURGHERSH.

(1st verse, 3 Tenors and Bass;—2nd verse, Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
 Prithee, why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
 Prithee, why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do 't?
 Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame, this will not move,
 This cannot take her ;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her—
 The devil take her !

Words by Sir John Suckling.

(Power.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—FRANCIS IRELAND.

WHY then that blush ? allay thy needless fear,
 Mistaken maid, no ravisher is near ;
 When thou art next in danger, ask thy glass,
 Would any forfeit heaven for such a face ?
 Whoe'er thy chastity would then molest,
 Show him thy face, and that will guard the rest.

Warren's Collection, No. 12.

MADRIGAL, *for 3 Voices.*—LUCA MARENZIO.

(2 Sopranos and Bass.)

WILL you hear how once repining
 Great Eliza captive lay,
 Each ambitious thought resigning,
 Foe to riches, pomp and sway ;
 While the nymphs and swains delighted,
 Tript around in all their pride,
 Envying joys by others slighted,
 Thus the royal maiden cried :—

" Hark ! to yonder milkmaid singing
 Cheerly o'er the brimming pail,
 Cowslips all around her springing
 Sweetly paint the golden vale.
 Never yet did courtly maiden
 Move so sprightly, look so fair ;
 Never breast, with jewels laden,
 Pour a song so void of care.

" Would indulgent Heaven had granted
 Me some rural damsel's part ;
 All the empire I had wanted
 Then had been my shepherd's heart ;
 Then with him o'er hills and mountains
 Free from fetters might I rove,
 Fearless taste the crystal fountains,
 Peaceful sleep beneath the grove."

Convito Armonico, Vol. 3. (Chappell.) *Words by Shenstone.*

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—W. KNYVETT.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WILT thou be my dearie ?
 When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
 Wilt thou let me cheer thee ?
 By the treasure of my soul,
 That 's the love I bear thee ;
 I swear and vow that only thou
 Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lov'st me ;
 Or, if thou wilt not be my ain,
 Say not thou 'lt refuse me ;
 If it winna, canna be,
 Thou for thine may choose me,
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lov'st me.

(Lonsdale.)

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. HAYES.

WIND, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
 Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid ;
 Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine
 With blushing roses and the clustering vine ;
 Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
 Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung.

Convito Armonico, Vol. 1. (Chappell.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—WHITTAKER.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WINDS, gently whisper while she sleeps,
 And fan her with your cooling wings,
 Whilst she her crystal treasure weeps,
 From pure and unpolluted springs ;

Glide over beauty's flower, her face
 To kiss, her lips and cheek behold ;
 But with a calm and stealing pace,
 Neither too rude nor yet too cold :

Play in the ringlets of her hair
 With such a gale as wings soft love,
 And with so sweet, so rich an air,
 As breathes from the Arabian grove ;

As hushed as lover's sigh,
 Or that unfolds the morning's door ;
 Sweet as the winds that gently fly,
 To sweep the spring's enamelled floor.

(Shade.)

Words by Thomas Nicholls.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

WINDS, whisper gently whilst she sleeps,
 And fan her with your cooling wings,
 Whilst she her drops of beauty weeps,
 From pure and yet unrivalled springs.

Play in her beams and crisp her hair
 With such a gale as wings soft love,
 And with so sweet, so rich an air,
 As breathes from the Arabian grove.

A breath as hush'd as lover's sigh,
 Or that unfolds the morning's door ;
 Sweet as the winds that gently fly,
 To sweep the spring's enamelled floor.

Horsley' Vocal Harmony.

Words by C. Cotton, 1689.

This Glee gained the Prize at the Catch Club, 1828.

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

WINE is the source of all my joy,
 Without my bottle all does cloy;
 Nor can I live without this blessing,
 As by my song I'm now confessing.
 Say what you please of wine and song,
 Without my Phillis all is wrong.

Warren's Collection, No. 15.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—T. A. GEARY.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WINE, wine, thou art divine,
 Thou art divine to drive away care;
 Shed, shed, and jovial spread
 The purple stream that drowns despair.
 Drink, drink, why should we think,
 Why should we think, 't is the poison of joy?
 Pour, pour the purple shower,
 Pour, and every care destroy.
 Here, here, free from all care,
 Free from all care old Time glides along;
 Sweet, sweet is this retreat,
 This retreat of friendship and song.
 Drain, drain the flask, let us drain
 The flask, let us drain of its liquid of joy.

Parry's Collection. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—S. WEBBE.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WITH breath the spacious organ fill,
 With vital breath the trumpet swell
 Inspire the softening flute with skill;
 And let Cecilia, goddess of our song,
 In melting accents ever dwell
 In every string on every tongue.

Webbe's Collection, Vol. 3. (Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

WITH hawk and hound we'll merrily sweep
 Through greenwood, glade and dell,
 Until the bugle's death-note deep
 Rings out the red-deer's knell.

And when at length the chace is o'er,
 And round the wine-cups gaily go,
 We'll make the festive bower resound
 With the praise of the best-drawn bow.

Words by J. R. Planché, Esq.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 2. (D'Almaine and Co.)

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—L. ATTERBURY.

WITH horns and hounds in chorus
 Let's usher in the day ;
 The sport's exceeding glorious,
 Arise, make no delay ;
 Now the stag is roused before us,
 Away, come—come, away !

Convito Armonico. (Chappell.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—Sir J. STEVENSON.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WITH tender lambkins let me play,
 In innocence to pass the day,
 And with them range the valleys green,
 To sport it through the rural scene :
 Thus when the sun to scorching grows,
 We'll wander where the zephyr blows,
 Or rest in yonder myrtle shade,
 Sweet shelter for a harmless maid.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices*.—H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WITH the pomp of nodding sheaves,
 And the vine-indented leaves,
 Autumn now comes rustling by,
 In her glorious pageantry.
 Bounteous guerdon for our toil
 Gives she from the grateful soil,
 Pouring on the high-heaped wain
 Ruddy fruits and golden grain :

For in her hand a cup she bears
 Will soon disperse all human cares ;
 Pressing from the pouting vine
 The tears that flow in joyous wine.
 Oh then, every guileless soul,
 Freely quaff the cheerful bowl,
 And let the generous grape renew
 For toil the strength and spirits due.

Bishop's Collection, Vol. 2. (D'Almaine and Co.)

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices*.—T. MORLEY.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, and Tenor.)

WITHIN an arbour of sweet briar and roses
 I heard two lovers talk in wanton gloses :
 " Say, dainty dear," quoth he, " to whom
 Is thy true liking tied ? "

"To whom but thee, my bonny love,"
 The gentle nymph replied.
 "I die, I die," quoth he,
 "And I and I," said she;
 "Give me," quoth she, "some token."
 "Take, then, my heart," quoth he, "that 's broken."
 "What need of that?" quoth she; "you well do know it."
 "Sweetly come kiss me, then," quoth he, "and show it."
 (Novello.)

DUET.—J. PARRY.

(Tenor and Bass.)

WORDS are easy as the wind,
 Faithful friends are hard to find :
 He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need ;
 If thou sorrow, he will weep,
 If thou wake, he will not sleep.
 Thus, of every grief in heart,
 He with thee doth bear a part :
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

Words by Shakspeare.

(D'Almaine and Co.)

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. HAYES.

WOULD you sing a Catch with pleasure,
 Justly mark both air and measure ;

Never strain with boggling throat
 Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, by note ;
 But boldly lead or glibly follow
 With glee, with spirit, as you swallow.

Convito Armonico, Vol. 4. (Chappell.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—T. A. GEARY.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

WOULD you wish old Care to cozen,
 Take of claret half a dozen ;
 Laughing, quaffing, care destroying,
 Ruby claret never cloying.

Number one, the surly fellow
 Will oppose your getting mellow ;
 Number two, his smoother brow
 T' other bottle will allow.

Number three, he cunning cries,
 This is good, but let's be wise ;
 When you finish number four,
 Care is nearly now no more.

For in quaffing number five,
 See ! he's young and quite alive ;
 Number six completes the cozen,
 Drown him then in half a dozen.

Parry's Collection. (D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—BATTISHILL.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

YE birds, for whom I rear'd this grove,
 With melting lay salute my love ;
 My Daphne with your notes detain,
 Or I have rear'd this grove in vain.
 Ye flowers, before her footsteps rise,
 Display at once your brightest dyes ;
 That she your opening charms may see,
 Or what are all your charms to me ?

Words by Shenstone.

Convito Armonico. (Chappell.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

YE cliffs, I to your airy steep ascend
 With trembling hope and fear,
 To gaze on the extensive deep,
 And watch if William's sails appear.
 Long months elapse while here I breathe
 Vain expectation's frequent prayer ;
 Till bending o'er the waves beneath,
 I drop the tear of dumb despair.
 But see ! a glistening sail in view,
 Tumultuous hopes arise ;
 'Tis he—I feel the vision true,
 I trust my conscious eyes.

His promised signals from the mast
 My timid doubts destroy ;
 What was your pain, ye terrors past,
 To this ecstatic joy ?

Ladies' Catch-book.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—JAMES HOOK.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

YE gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,
 Let nymphs and sylvans cypress-garlands bring :
 Ye weeping loves, the streams with myrtles hide,
 And break your bows as when Adonis died ;
 And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
 Inscribe a verse on this relentless stone :
 Let nature change, let heaven and earth deplore,
 Fair Daphne 's dead, and love is now no more.

Warren's Collection, No. 28.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—T. NORRIS, Mus. Bac.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

YE happy fields, unknown to noise and strife,
 The kind rewarders of industrious life ;
 Ye shady woods, where once I used to rove,
 Alike indulgent to the muse and love ;

Ye murmuring streams that in meanders roll,
 The sweet composers of the pensive soul ;
 The city calls me from your bowers,
 Amusing thoughts and peaceful hours.

Warren's Collection, No. 6.

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—J. BAILDON.

YE heavens, if innocence deserves your care,
 Why have ye made it fatal to be fair ?
 Base man the ruin of our sex was born,
 The beaux are his prey, the rest his scorn ;
 Alike unfortunate, our fate is such,
 We please too little or we please too much.

Bland's Collection, No. 2. (Mills.)

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—S. WEBBE, Jun.

(Soprano, Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

YE lilies that smile in the vale,
 Ye flowers that enamel the grove,
 Your charms are all destined to fail,
 All droop as the flower of love.

Go tell the sweet maid I adore,
 Though now she's the pride of the day,
 No art can her beauty restore,
 When wither'd and turn'd to decay.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—W. LINLEY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

YE little troops of fairies,
 Who meet by night in dairies,
 To steal the cream and fright the maids,
 And laugh at your vagaries ;

Ye pioneering spirits,
 That work in the earth like ferrets,
 And for the miner turn his wheel,
 And pinch him when he merits ;

Ye sylphs who sail in showers
 To visit buds and flowers,
 Or on the sloping sunbeams glide
 To cheer our playful hours ;

O list my invocation !
 Unfold your bright creation,
 And let your legions hover round
 To guard me from vexation.

Words by C. Leftley, Esq.

From a Set. (Mills.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices.*—S. PAXTON.

YE Muses, inspire me with whimsical fire,
 Assist me, Apollo, and lend me your lyre ;

That the verse and the music may pleasingly match,
 And mortals attending confess it 's a Catch.
 Pshaw! you are all out, give attention to me,
 I wrote it, and set it, and say it 's a Glee.

This gained a Prize Medal, 1783.

Warren's Collection, No. 22.

GLEE, *for 5 Voices.*—JOHN DANBY.

(2 Sopranos, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

YE nymphs and sylvan gods,
 That love green fields and woods,
 When Spring newly born
 Loves herself to adorn,
 With flowers that blooming buds.
 In cheerful lays
 Let us sing in the praise,
 Amidst the pleasant vale,
 Of those that choose
 Their sleep to lose,
 And in cold dews,
 With clouted shoes,
 Still carry the milking-pail.

Danby's Collection, 3rd Book.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—J. PARRY,

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

YE spirits of song,
 Among us appear !
 The night is too long
 That finds you not here ;
 Come from Helicon's height,
 From Apollo's fair shrine,
 Come and cheer us this night
 With your presence divine.
 Then the goblet high raise
 In a draught deep and strong,
 Let us drink to the praise
 Of the father of song.
 The generous wines
 Our glowing hearts warm,
 Soft music combines
 Our senses to charm.

(Willis.)

ELEGY, *for 3 Voices.*—T. LINLEY, of Bath.

(Soprano, Alto, and Bass.)

YE sportive loves that round me wait,
 On this high poplar hang my lyre ;
 While heaven thus smiles,
 And vernal airs play wanton in the leaves.
 A whisp'ring breeze soft shall tune the trembling strings,

While I, beneath on this green bank
 Supinely lie ; thus carelessly diffused,
 The rilling brook that murmurs by
 Shall lull my thoughts with pleasing
 Golden dreams of my Emira blest.
 Give me the queen of beauty's throne,
 With eyes that speak the soul of love,
 Sweet as the breath of rising morn,
 Or breezes from the spicy grove ;
 O come with all thy heaven of charms,
 And take me dying to thy arms.

Linley's Elegies.

ELEGY, *for 3 Voices.*—W. JACKSON.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

YE woods and ye mountains unknown,
 Beneath whose dark shadows I stray,
 To the breast of my charmer alone
 These sighs bid sweet echo convey.

Wherever he pensively leans,
 By fountain, on hill or in grove,
 His heart will explain what she means,
 Who sings both from sorrow and love.

More soft than the nightingale's song
 O waft the sad sound to his ear,
 And say, though divided so long,
 The friend of his bosom is near.

Then tell him what years of delight,
 Then tell him what ages of pain,
 I felt while I lived in his sight,
 I feel till I see him again.

Jackson's Elegies, No. 5.

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

YES, beauteous queen, thy son, they say,
 Thy wanton son is gone astray ;
 Nay, Venus, more—'t is said from thee
 A kiss the sweet reward shall be
 To any swain who truly tells
 Where 't is thy little wanderer dwells.

Then grieve no more, nor drop a tear,
 For know the little urchin 's here ;
 He, from the search of vulgar eyes
 Conceal'd, within my bosom lies :
 Now, goddess, now, as I 've told thee this,
 Give me, oh give the promised kiss.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony. (Monro and May.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—Sir J. STEVENSON.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

YES, Damon, yes, I find thee true,
 I'll quick return—false John, adieu !

And in that pretty arbour by
 I will my tender passion sigh,
 And hear my Damon's pipe all day,
 And join him in his roundelay.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

YES, Fortune, I have sought thee long,
 Invoked thee oft in prose and song,
 Through half old England woo'd thee ;
 Through seas of danger, Indian lands,
 Through Afric's howling, burning sands,
 But ah ! in vain pursued thee.

Now, Fortune, thou wouldst fain be kind,
 And now I'll tell thee, Ma'am, my mind,
 I care not straws about thee ;
 For Cynthia's hand alone I toiled,
 Unbribed by wealth the nymph has smiled,
 Ma'am, now bliss is ours without thee.

Webbe's Collection, Vol. 3. (Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(2 Tenors and Bass.)

YES, I own I love to see
 Old men facetious, blithe and free ;

I love the youth that light can bound,
 Or graceful swim th' harmonious round ;
 But when old age, jocose though grey,
 Can dance and frolic with the gay,
 'T is plain to all the jovial throng,
 Though hoar the head, the heart is young.

Ladies' Catch-book.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—W. KNYVETT.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

YES, I will go with thee, my love,
 And leave all else without a sigh ;
 Through the wide world with thee I'd rove,
 Nor feel one pang when thou art nigh.
 No costly gems, no courtly scenes
 Have now the smallest charms for me ;
 My heart to purer pleasure leans,
 And all its joys depend on thee.

The lonely cot in desert drear,
 The russet gown and frugal board,
 With greater pleasures far appear,
 Than all that luxuries here afford.
 The gay, the busy, glittering throng,
 And baneful flattery I'll resign ;
 To courts and cities these belong,
 But not to truth and love like mine.

(Mills.)

ROUND, *for 3 and 4 Voices.*—H. R. BISHOP, M. B.

YES, 't is the Indian drum :
 The woods and rocks around
 Echo the warlike sound.
 They come, they come !

(D'Almaine and Co.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—G. BERG.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never-sear,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And, with forced fingers rude,
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due,
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
 Himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme ;
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Words from Milton's Lycidas.

Warren's Collection, No. 11.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—DR. CROTCH.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

YIELD thee to pleasure, old Care ;
 Hope, let me rejoice in thy truth ;

Leave me, pale Sickness—forbear,
And steal not the rose of my youth.

Spring, with thy charms, prithee come,
I long for thy bright sunny hours ;
Clothe the steep woods round my home,
And bid me revive with thy flowers.

Borne on the fresh-blowing breeze,
The respite of heaven descends ;
Joy, thy white hand let me seize,
I live for my father and friends.

Words by Robert Bloomfield.

(Mills.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

You pretty birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady valleys,
And see how sweetly Phillis walks
Within her guarded alleys ;
Go, pretty birds, unto her bower ;
Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower,
For fear my fairest Phillis frown,
You pretty wantons, warble.

Go tune your voices' harmony,
And sing, I am her lover ;
Strain low and high, that every note
With sweet consent may move her.

Go, pretty birds, unto her hie ;
 Haste, pretty birds, unto her fly ;
 Ah me ! methinks I see her frown,
 You pretty wantons, warble.

Words by Dryden.

Horsley's 3rd Collection. (Lonsdale.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—Harmonized by W. KNYVETT.

(Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

YOUNG Jamie loo'd me well, and ask'd me for his bride,
 But, saving a crown, he had naithing else beside ;
 To make the crown a pound my Jamie went to sea,
 And the crown and the pound were baith alike for me.
 He had nae been gone a year and a day, [away ;
 When my faither brake his arm, and our cow was stolen
 My mither she fell sick, and Jamie at the sea,
 And Auld Robin Gray came a-courting to me.

My faither could nae work, my mother could nae spin,
 I toiled day and night, but their bread I could nae win ;
 Auld Robin fed them baith, and wi' tears in his 'ee,
 Said, Jenny, for their sakes, O pray marry me.
 My faither urged me sair, my mither did nae speak,
 But she looked in my face, till my heart was like to break ;
 So they gied him my hand, though my heart was on
 [the sea,
 And Auld Robin Gray was very kind to me.

Words by Lady Anne Barnard.

(Lonsdale.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices*.—S. WEBBE.

“ YOUNG man, attend to wisdom’s rules,
And follow not the path of fools.”

“ Sir, I attend both wise and foolish,
For otherwise I must be mulish.”

“ Don’t mind him, boy—I ’ll tell you why,
He can’t drink half so much as I.”

Ladies’ Catch-book.

MADRIGAL, *for 4 Voices*.—PALLAVICINO.

(2 Sopranos, Tenor, and Bass.)

YOUNG shepherd swains, beware ye,
O beware of Chloe smiling,
She ’ll soon ensnare ye.
With all her charms and graces,
Your simple heart beguiling,
Her eyes so brightly glancing,
Each youthful swain entrancing.
Avoid her looks so tender,
For if they meet your eye
You must surrender.

“ Vocal Schools of Italy.” (Cramer and Co.)

ROUNDELAY, *for 3 Voices*.—J. STAFFORD SMITH.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

YOURE two eyn will sle me sodenly,
I may the beaute of them not sustene,
So wendeth it thorowout my herte kene,

And but your words will helen hastily :
 My herte is wound while that it is grene ;
 Upon my trouth, I sey you feithfully,
 That you ben of my liffe and deth the quene,
 For with my deth the trouth shall be sene.

Warren's Collection, No. 15.

Words by Chaucer.

CATCH, *for 4 Voices.*—F. W. HORNCastle.

YOU'VE told a story of your love,
 With doubts and fears and weeping eyes ;
 You strike the lyre oft in my praise,
 And mingle song with melting sighs :
 So I will listen to thy suit,
 And love thee till all nature dies ;
 For know, 't is you that stole my heart,
 Then bind me thine by tenderest ties.

Words by F. W. Horncastle.

(Published by the Composer.)

GLEE, *for 4 Voices.*—JOHN DANBY.

(Alto, 2 Tenors, and Bass.)

ZENO, Plato, Aristotle,
 All were lovers of the bottle ;
 Poets, painters and musicians,
 Churchmen, lawyers and physicians,

All admire a pretty lass,
 All require a cheerful glass :
 Every pleasure has its season,
 Love and drinking are no treason.

Bland's Collection, No. 31. (Mills.)

CATCH, *for 3 Voices*.—S. WEBBE, Jun.

ZEPHYR, I can tell you where
 Delia sleeps, devoid of care ;
 If you steal with gentle pace,
 She'll retain her slumbering grace ;
 Then, O mark her roseate hue,
 You'll be transported at the view.

Convito Armonico, Vol. 3. (Chappell.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices*.—G. HARGREAVES.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

ZEPHYR, whither art thou straying ?
 Tell me where,
 With prankish girls in gardens playing,
 False as fair ;
 A butterfly's light back bestriding,
 Queen-bees to honeysuckles guiding,
 Or in a swinging harebell riding,
 Free from care.

To chase the moonbeams up the mountains
 You prepare,
 Or dance with elves on brinks of fountains,
 Mirth to share ;
 Now seen with lovelorn lilies weeping,
 Now with a blushing rosebud sleeping ;
 While fays from out their chambers peeping
 Cry, Oh rare !

(Novello.)

GLEE, *for 3 Voices.*—BATTISHILL.

(Alto, Tenor, and Bass.)

ZEPHYR, with thy downy wing
 Sweep the bosom of each flower ;
 Mingled odours hither bring,
 Delia sleeps within the bower.
 Delia sleeps, but still denies
 Respite to her lover's smart ;
 Chases slumber from his eyes,
 Pours fresh anguish on his heart.
 Slumbering pride now drops her shield ;
 Dream, thy soft sensation prove,
 Make the nymph to fancy yield
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Words by Philip Craig.

Battishill's Second Collection.

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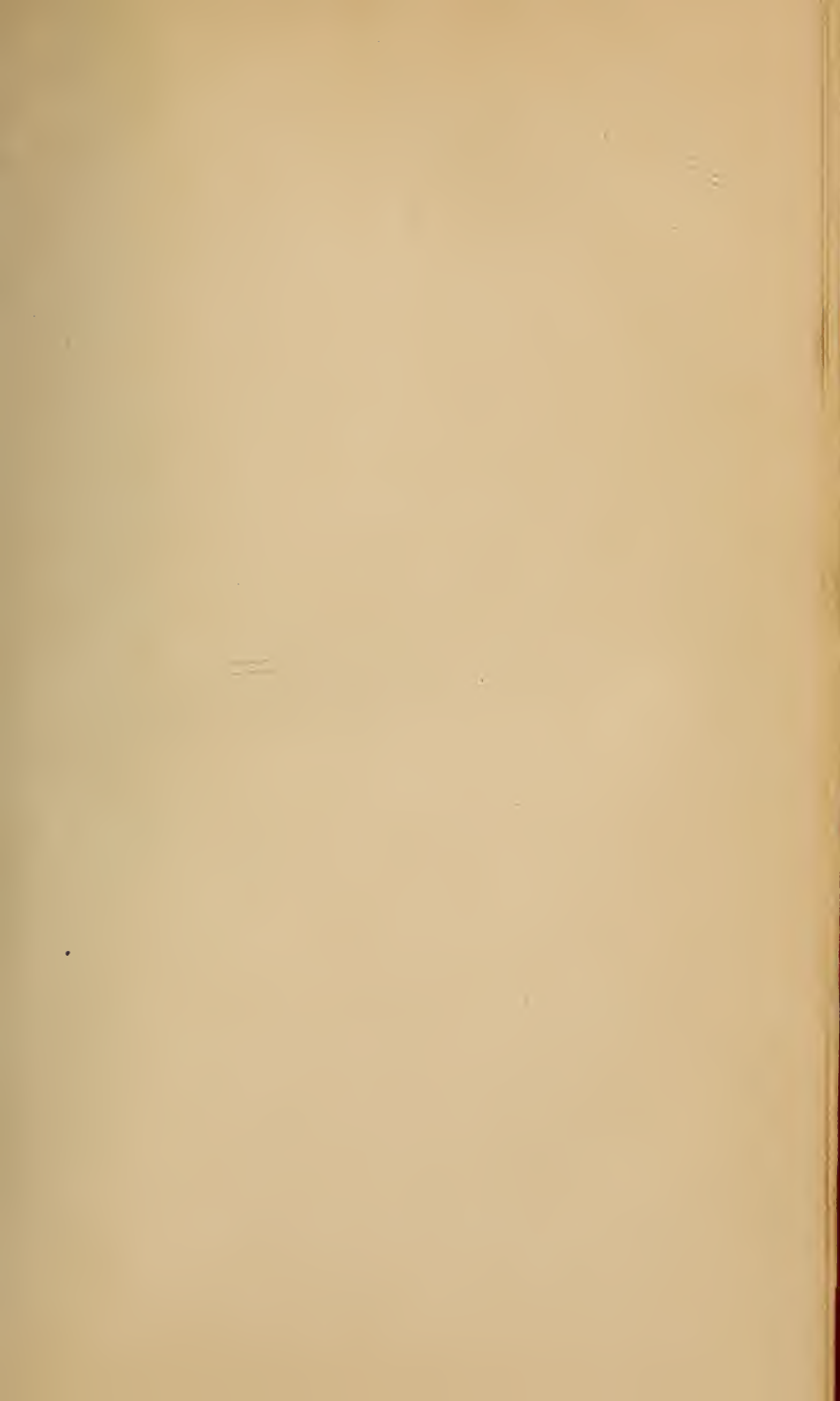
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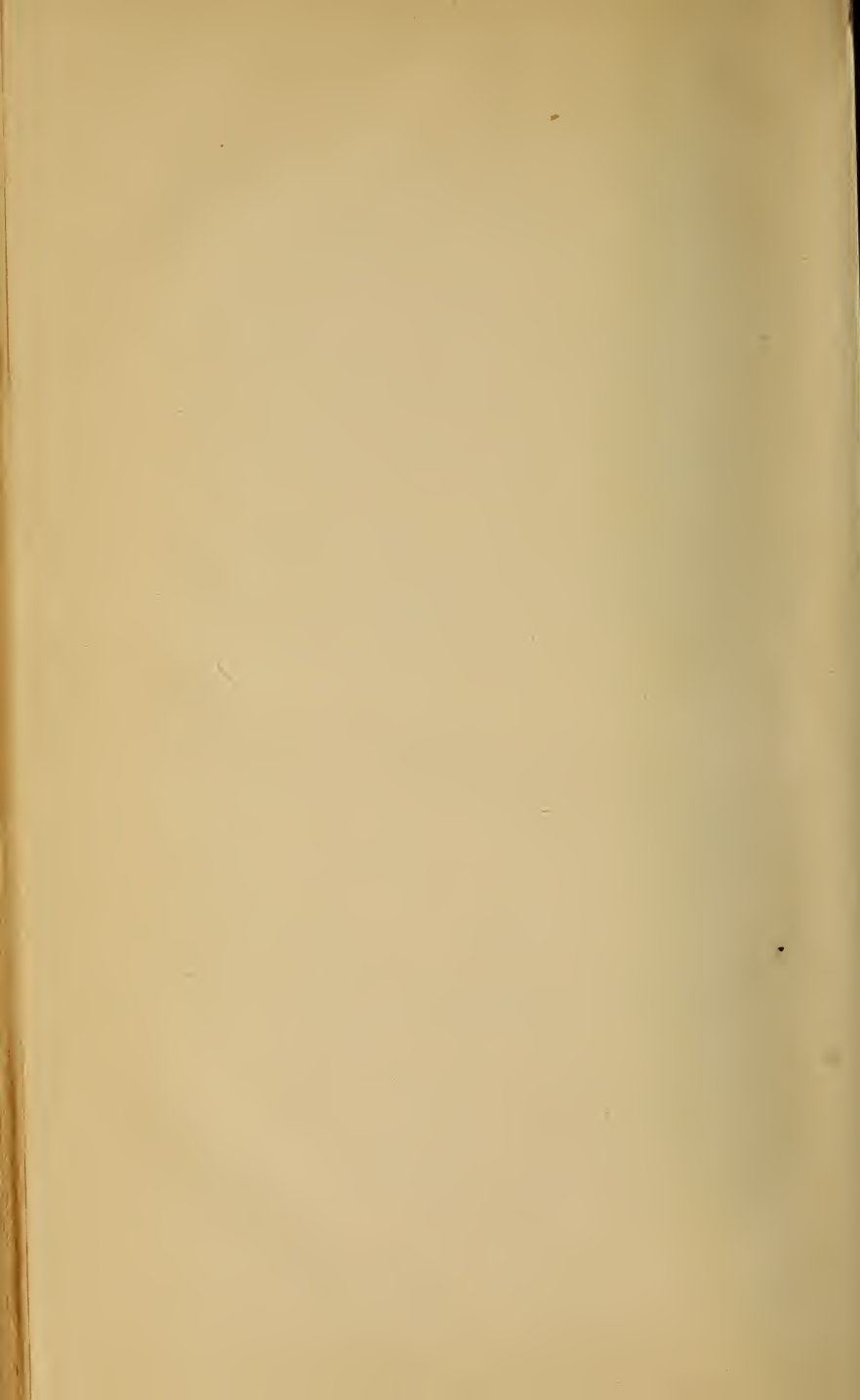
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| 3. Yes, 't is the Indian drum <i>H. R. Bishop</i> | 590 |
| 4. Yet once more, O ye laurels <i>G. Berg</i> | 590 |
| 4. Yield thee to pleasure, old Care <i>Dr. Crotch</i> | 590 |
| 4. You pretty birds that sit and sing <i>W. Horsley</i> | 591 |
| 4. Young Jamie loo'd me well <i>Harm. by W. Knyvett</i> | 592 |
| 3. Young man, attend to wisdom's <i>S. Webbe</i> | 593 |
| 4. Young shepherd swains <i>Pallavicino</i> | 593 |
| 3. Youre two eyn will sle me sodenly <i>J. S. Smith</i> | 593 |
| 4. You've told a story of your love <i>F. W. Horncastle</i> | 594 |
| 4. Zeno, Plato, Aristotle <i>J. Danby</i> | 594 |
| 3. Zephyr, I can tell you where <i>S. Webbe, Jun.</i> | 595 |
| 3. Zephyr, whither art thou straying? <i>G. Hargreaves</i> | 595 |
| 3. Zephyr, with thy downy wing <i>Battishill</i> | 596 |

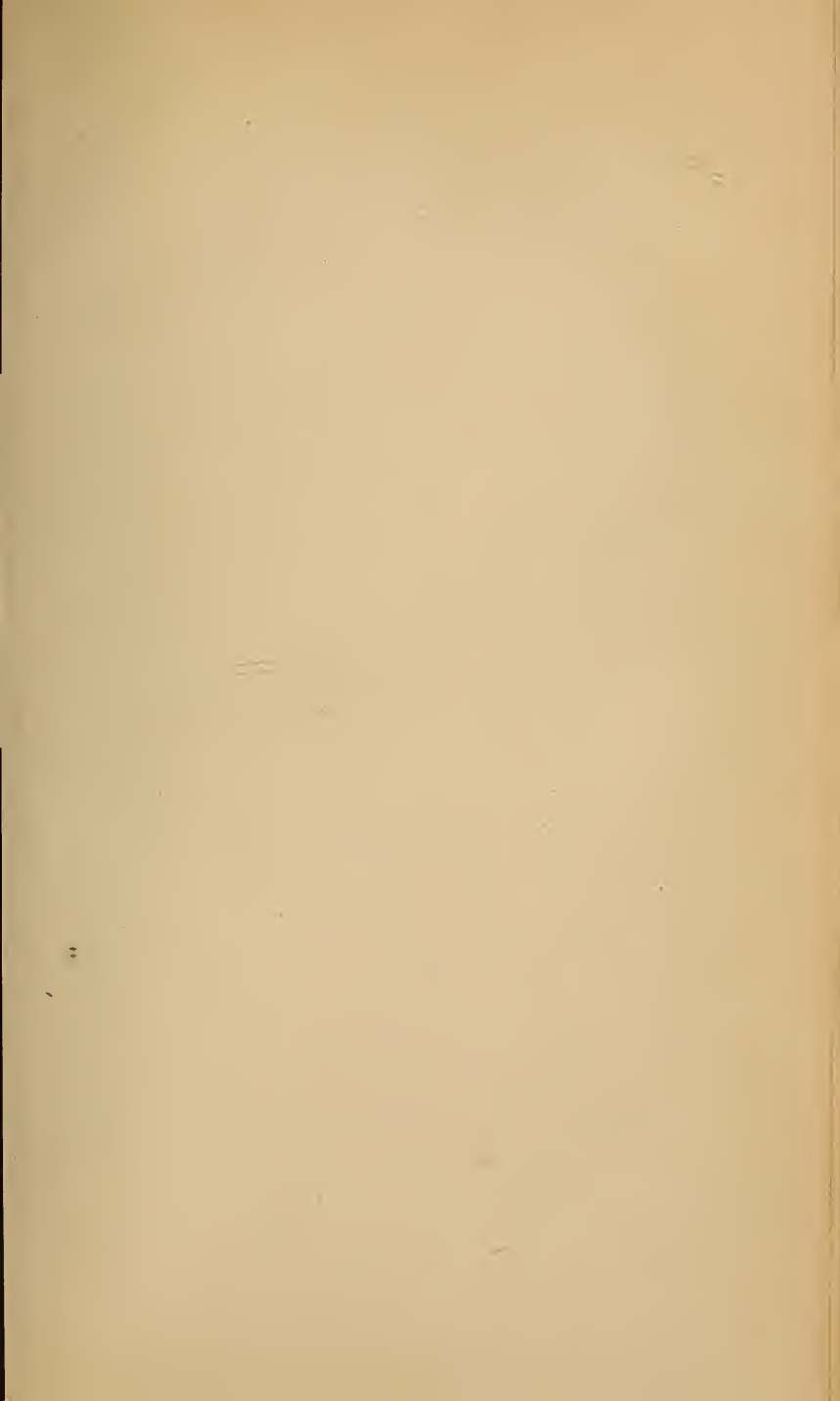
THE END.

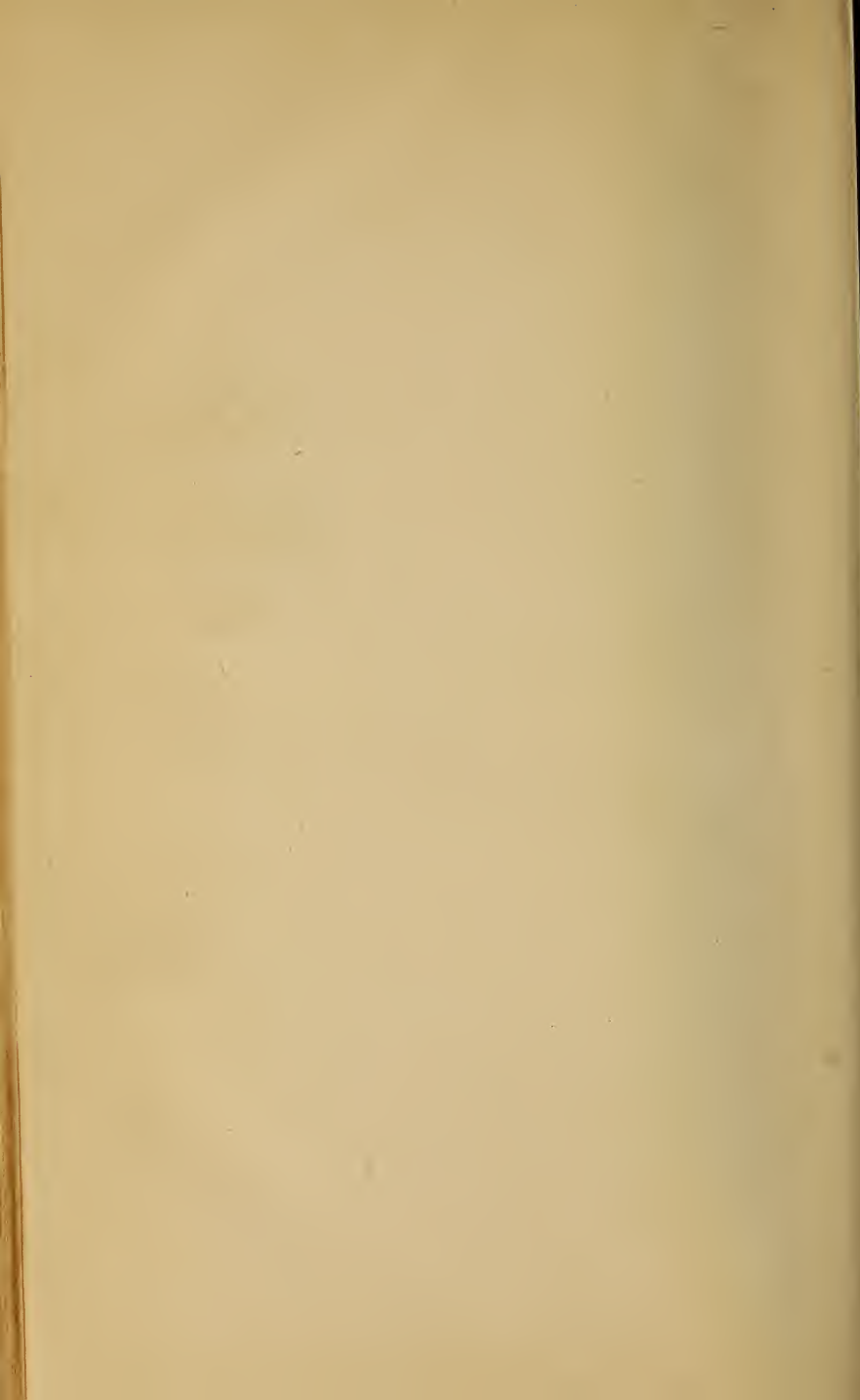
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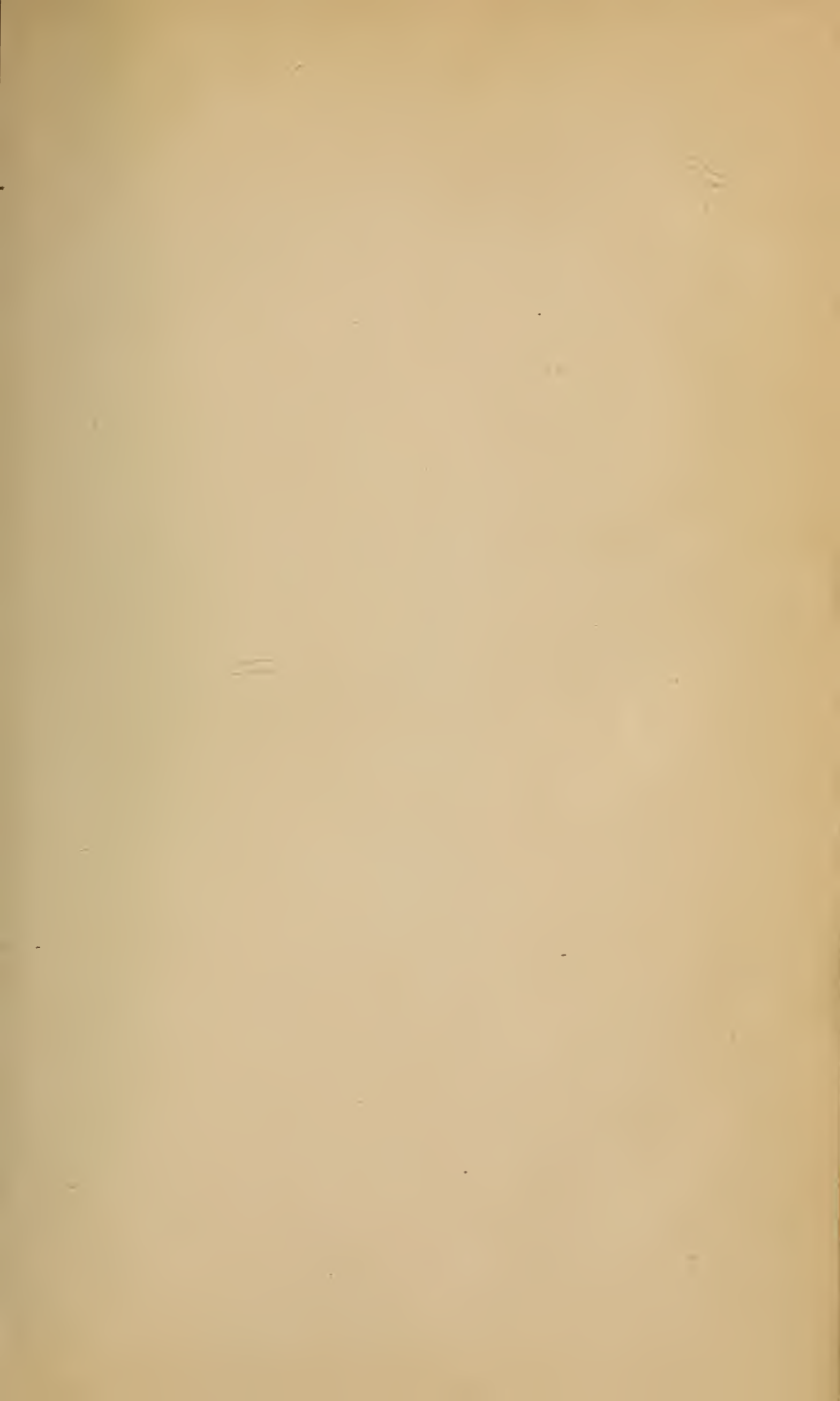
Page 300, line 17, for A BUMPER TO THE FAIRIES,
read A BUMPER TO THE FAIR.













Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Jan. 2009

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