

AMERICAN

# SONG BOOK;

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

CONTAINING

A LARGE COLLECTION OF POPULAR  
NATIONAL, SACRED, AND FAMILIAR SONGS.

SEE TO NUMBER.

F 44.11

Am 15

BOSTON:

WILLIS POTT

Once tunc punctum, qui miscuit uile  
dulci.

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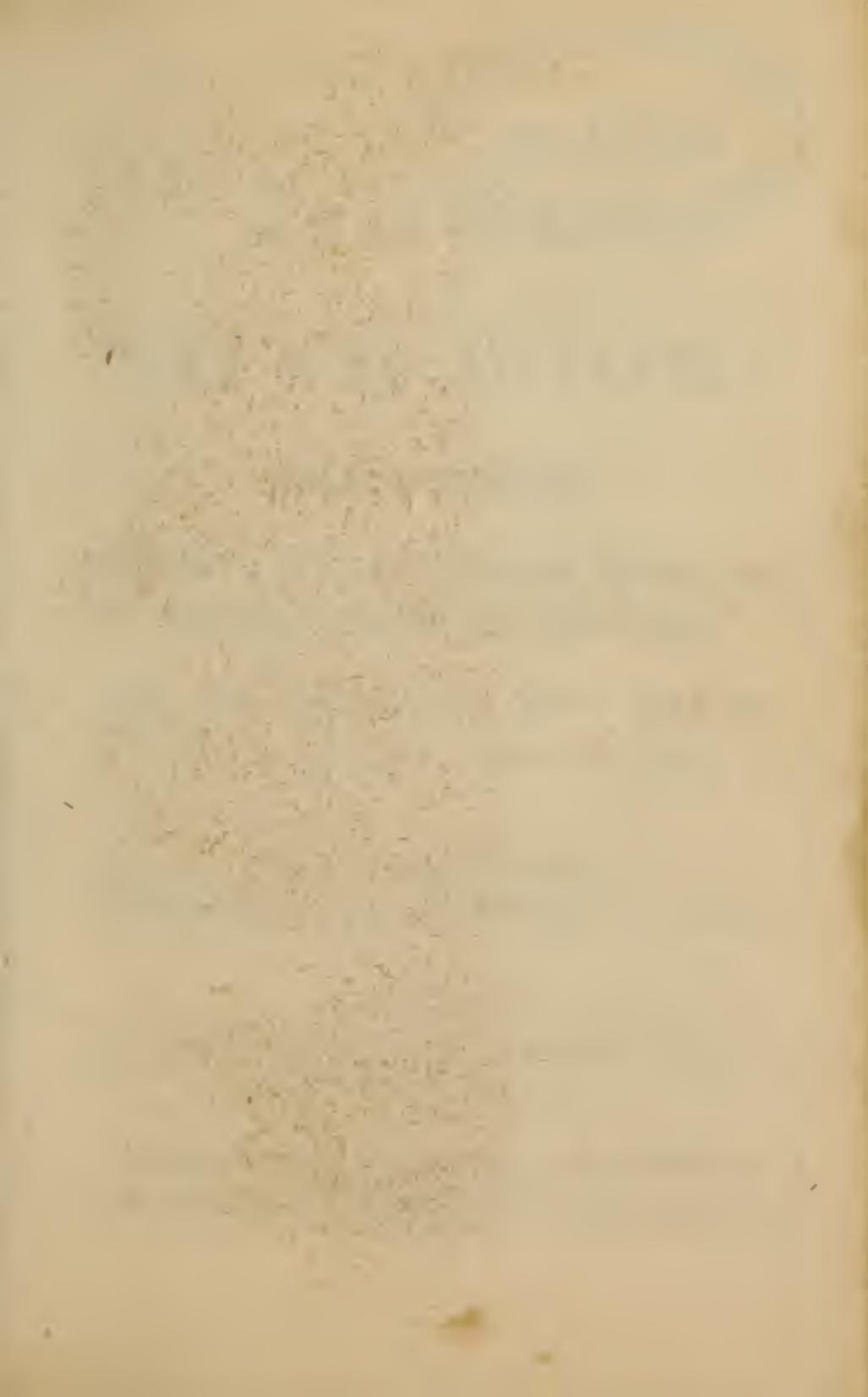
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THE

APR 15 1936

AMATEUR'S

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

# SONG BOOK:

## PART FIRST.

CONTAINING A LARGE COLLECTION OF POPULAR, SENTIMENTAL, NATIONAL, AND COMIC SONGS,

SET TO MUSIC IN TWO PARTS,

THE AIR, OR FIRST TREBLE AND BASE.

BY AN AMATEUR.

STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY A. B. KIDDER, NO. 7 CORNHILL.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY ELIAS HOWE, JR.

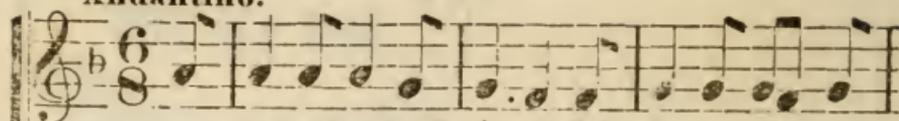
No. 7 CORNHILL.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1843, by  
ELIAS HOWE, JR.

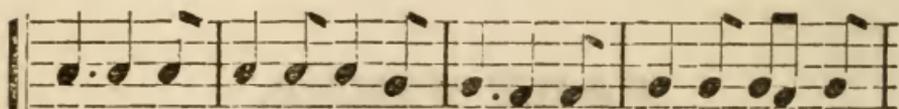
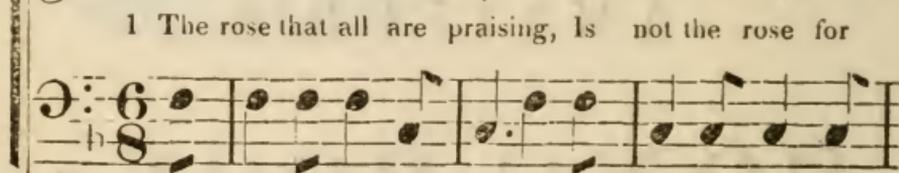
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of  
Massachusetts.

## 2 THE ROSE THAT ALL ARE PRAISING.

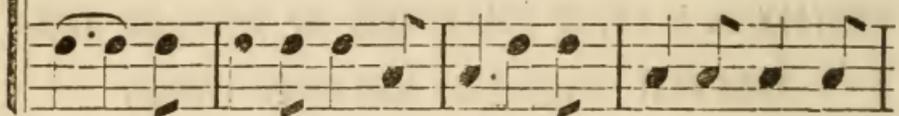
*Andantino.*



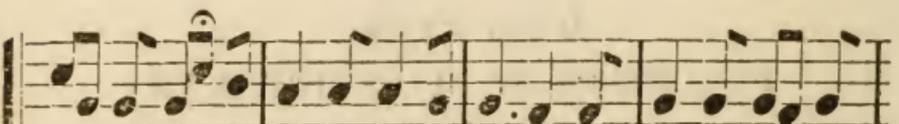
1 The rose that all are praising, Is not the rose for



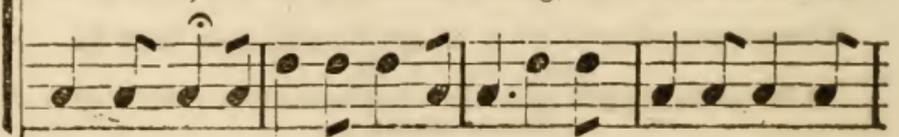
me; Too ma-ny eyes are gaz-ing Up - on the cost-ly



tree; But there's a rose in yonder glen, That shuns the gaze of



oth-er men; For me its blossoms raising, Oh! that's the rose for





2

The gem a king might covet,  
 Is not the gem for me;  
 From darkness who would move it,  
 Save that the world may see;  
 But I've a gem that shuns display,  
 And next my heart worn every day,  
 So dearly do I love it;  
 Oh! that's the gem for me, &c.

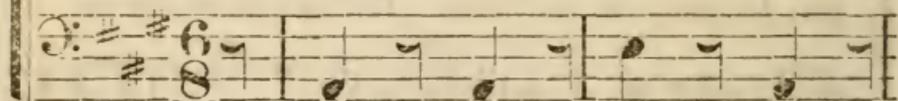
3

Gay birds in cages pining,  
 Are not the birds for me;  
 The plumes so brightly shining,  
 I care not for to see;  
 But I've a bird that gaily sings,  
 Though free to rove, she folds her wings  
 For me her flight resigning,  
 Oh! that's the bird for me, &c.

4 COME, HASTE TO THE WEDDING.



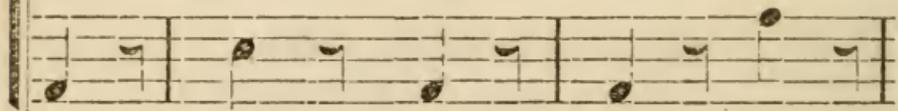
1. Come, haste to the wedding, ye friends and ye neighbors, The



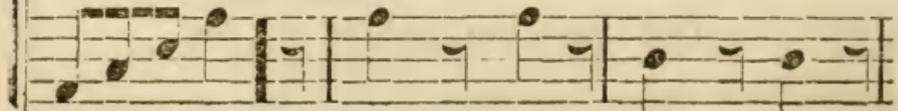
lovers their bliss can no longer de-lay, For - get all your sor-

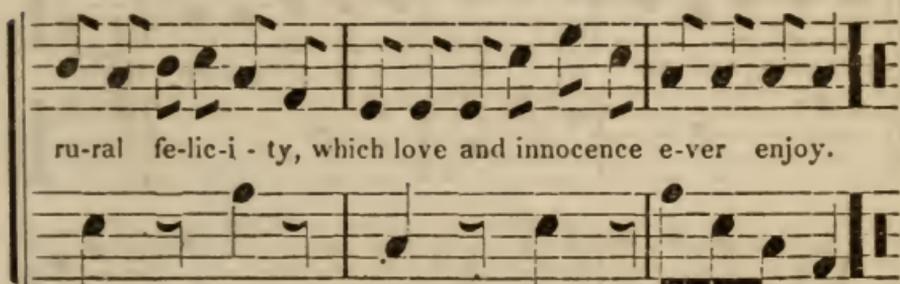
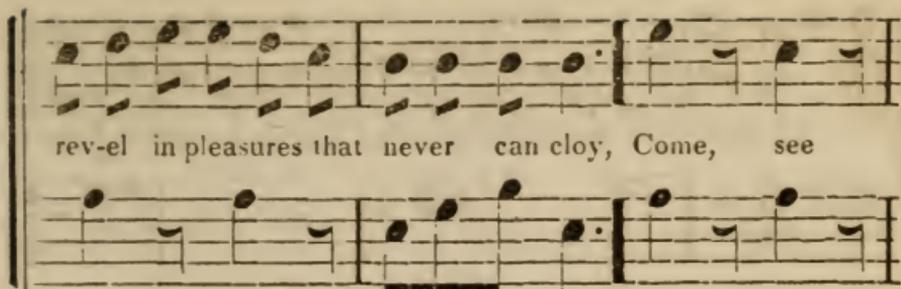


rows, your cares and your labors, And let ev-'ry heart beat with



rapture to-day ; Ye vo-ta - ries, all at-tend to my call, Come





## 2

Let envy, let pride, let hate and ambition,  
 Still crowd to and beat at the breast of the great,  
 To such wretched passions we give no admission,  
 But leave them alone to the wise ones of state.  
 We boast of no wealth,  
 But contentment and health,  
 In mirth and in friendship our moments employ.  
 Come see, &c.

## 3

With reason we taste of each heart-stirring pleasure,  
 With reason we drink of the full flowing bowl;  
 Are jocund and gay, but all within measure,  
 For fatal excess will enslave the free soul.  
 Come, come at our bidding,  
 To this happy wedding,  
 No care shall intrude here our bliss to annoy.  
 Come see, &c.

## LAW.

1. Come, list to me a minute, A song I'm going to begin it; There's

something seri-ous in it, So pray your at-ten-tion draw.

'Tis all a-bout the law, Which has such a deuce of a claw. Ex-  
'Tis L, A, W, Law; Which has such a deuce of a claw. If

perience I have bought it, And now to you have brought it, Will  
you're fond of pure vexation, And sweet procrast-i - na-tion, You're

you or not be taught it? I sing the charms of law.  
just in a sit - u - a - tion To 'n-joy-a suit at Law;

- 2 When your cause is beginning,  
 You only think of winning,  
 Attornies slyly grinning,  
 The while the cash they draw,  
 Your cause goes on see-saw,  
 As long as your cash they draw.  
 With brief and consultation  
 Bill and replication,  
 Latin and botheration,  
 While the counsel loodly jaw.  
 J, A, W,—Jaw,  
 Is a very great thing in law.  
 If you're fond, &c.
- 3 Snail-like your cause is creeping,  
 It hinders you from sleeping,  
 Attornies only reaping,  
 For still your cash they draw;  
 D. R, A, W,—Draw,  
 Is the main spring of the law.  
 Misery, toil, and trouble,  
 Make up the hubble bubble,  
 Leave you nothing but stubble,  
 And make you a man of straw.  
 S, T, R, A, W,—Straw,  
 Divides the wheat from the straw.  
 If you're fond, &c
- 4 And when your cause is ending,  
 Your case is no ways mending,  
 Expense each step attending,  
 And then they find a flaw—  
 Then the judge, like a jackdaw,  
 Will lay down what is law.  
 In a rotten stick your trust is,  
 You find the bubble burst is,  
 And though you don't get justice,  
 You're sure to get plenty of law:  
 And L, A, W,—Law,  
 Leaves you not worth a straw.  
 If you're fond, &c.
- 5 Should you cling to another man's wife,  
 It is quite the rage in high life,  
 The big wigs, to settle the strife,  
 Plunge you and your husband in law.  
 And if you're a Johnny Raw,  
 Lord, how they will clapper and claw!  
 They'll knock you into the centre,  
 The piper you'll pay if you enter  
 Upon such a slippery venture,  
 As few but yourself e'er saw.  
 L, A, W,—Law,  
 Keeps paw-paw people in awe.  
 So if you're fond, &c.

8 AM I NOT FONDLY THINE OWN?

1. Thou, thou, reign'st in this bosom, There, there hast thou thy throne.

Thou, thou know'st that I love thee, Am I not fondly thine own?

For.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, am I not fondly thine own? own?

Then, then, e'en as I love thee,  
 Say, say, wilt thou love me?  
 Thoughts, thoughts, tender and true, love,  
 Say wilt thou cherish for me;  
 Yes, yes, yes, yes, say wilt thou cherish for me?

3

Speak, speak, love, I implore thee,  
 Say, say, hope shall be thine;  
 Thou, thou, know'st that I love thee,  
 Say but that thou wilt be mine!  
 Yes, yes, yes, yes, but say that thou wilt be mine!

# THE GALLEY SLAVE.

9

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a bass line. The lyrics are: "1 Oh, think on my fate! once I freedom en - joy'd— Was happy as happy could be ; But pleasure is fled, e-ven hope is de-stroy'd, A captive, a - las! on the sea." The score ends with a double bar line.

- 2 I was ta'en by the foe, 'twas the fiat of fate,  
 To tear me from her I adore;  
 When hope brings to mind my once happy estate,  
 I sigh, O I sigh while I tug at the oar.
- 3 Hard, hard is my fate! O how galling my chain!  
 My life steer'd by misery's chart;  
 And though 'gainst my tyrants I scorn to complain,  
 Tears gush forth to ease my full heart.
- 4 I disdain e'en to shrink, though I feel the sharp lash,  
 Yet my heart feels for her I adore;  
 When thought brings to mind my once happy estate,  
 I sigh, O I sigh while I tug at the oar!
- 5 How fortune deceives! we had pleasures in tow,  
 The port where she dwelt we'd in view;  
 But the wish'd nuptial morn was o'erclouded with wo  
 And, dear Anna, I hurried from you.
- 6 Our shallop was boarded, and I borne away,  
 To behold my dear Anna no more!  
 But despair wastes my spirits, my form feels decay,  
 He sigh'd, and expir'd at the oar.

# 10 O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET.

1. O las-sie, art thou sleeping yet, Or art thou wakim,

I would wit? For love has bound me hand and foot And I would fain be

in jo. O let me in this ae night, This ae, ae, ae night, For

pity's sake this ae night, O rise and let me in, jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,  
 Nae star blinks through the driving sleet;  
 Tak' pity on my weary feet,  
 And shield me frae the rain, jo. Oh let &c.  
 The bitter blast that round me blows  
 Unheeded howls. unheeded fa's;  
 The cauldness of thy heart's the cause  
 Of a' my grief and pain, jo. Oh let me in, &c.

## HER ANSWER.

O tell na me o' wind and rain,  
Upbraid na me with cauld disdain,  
Gae back the gate ye came again,  
I winna let you in, jo.

I tell you now this ae night,  
This ae, ae, ae night;  
And ance for a' this ae night,  
I winna let ye in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,  
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,  
Is nocht to what poor she endures,  
That's trusted faithless man, jo.

I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,  
Now trodden like the vilest weed  
Let simple maid the lesson read,  
The weird may be her ain, jo.

I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,  
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;  
Let witless, trusting woman say  
How aft her fate's the same, jo.

I tell you now, &c.

## I WONT BE A NUN.

1. Now is it not a pi-ty such a pretty girl as

I, Should be sent to a nun-ner-y to pine a-way and

die? But I wont be a nun, no, I won't be a nun, I'm

so fond of pleasure that I cannot be a nun.

2 I'm sure I cannot tell what's the mischief I have done.  
But my mother oft tells me that I must be a nun.  
But I won't be a nun, &c.

3 I could not bear confinement, it would not do for me,  
For I like to go a shopping, and to see what I can see.  
So I won't be a nun, &c.

4 I love to hear men flattering, love fashionable clothes,  
I love music and dancing, and chatting with the beaux.  
So I can't be a nun, &c.

5 So mother, don't be angry now, but let your daughter be,  
For the nuns would not like to have a novice wild as me,  
And I can't be a nun, &c.

WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER. 13

1. Will you come to the bow'r I have shad-ed for

you, Your bed shall be ro-ses be-span-gled with dew.

Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the bow'r?

Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the bow'r?

- 2 There under the bow'r on soft roses you lie,  
With a blush on your cheek, but a smile in your eye,  
Will you, will you, &c.  
Smile my belov'd?
- 3 But the roses we press shall not rival your lip,  
Nor the dew be so sweet as the kisses we'll sip.  
Will you, will you, &c.  
Kiss me, my love?
- 4 And O! for the joys that are sweeter than dew,  
From languishing roses or kisses from you,  
Will you, will you, &c.  
Won't you, my love?

SHE. Well, well, sir, so you've come at last, I thought you'd come no

more, I've waited with my bon-net on from one till half past

four, You know I hate to sit alone, unsettled where to go, You'll

break my heart, I know you will, if you contin-ue so.

HE. Now pray my love put off that frown, and don't begin  
to scold,  
You really will persuade me soon you're growing cross  
and old,  
I only stopped at Grosv'nor gate, young Fanny's eye to  
catch,  
I won't I swear, I won't be made to keep time like a watch.

**SHE.** It took you two hours, then to bow? two hours! take  
off your hat,  
I wish you'd bow that way to me, and appropos of that,  
I saw you making love to her, you see I know it all,  
I saw you making love to her at Lady Gossip's ball.

**HE.** Now really, Jane, I own your temper is so very odd  
to-day,  
You're jealous, and of such a girl as little Fanny Gray!  
Make love to her, indeed my dear you could see no such  
thing  
I sat a minute by her side, to see a turquoise ring.

**SHE.** I tell you that I saw it all, the whispering and grim-  
mace,  
The flirting and coquetting in her little foolish face.  
Oh! Charles, I wonder that the earth don't open where  
you stand,  
By the heaven that is above us both, I saw you kiss her  
hand.

**HE.** I didn't love, or if I did, allowing that 'tis true,  
When a pretty woman shows her rings what can poor man  
do,  
My life, my soul, my darling Jane! I love but you alone,  
I never thought of Fanny Gray, how tiresome she's grown.

**SHE.** Put down your hat, don't take your stick, now  
prithee Charles do stay,  
You never come to see me now, but you long to run away,  
There was a time, there was a time, you never wished to  
go,  
What have I done, what have I done, dear Charles to  
change you so.

**HE.** Pooh, pooh my love, I am not changed, but dinner  
is at eight,  
And my father's so particular, he never likes to wait,  
Good bye, good bye, you'll come again! "yes, one of  
these fine days,"  
He's turned the street, I knew he would, he's gone to  
Fanny Gray's.

## SICH A GETTIN UP STAIRS.

1. On a Sus-kehan-na raft I cum down de bay, And I

danced, and I frolick'd, and I fiddled all de way, Sich a gittin up stairs I

neb-er did see, Such a git-tin up stairs I neb-er did see.

Trike he toe an heel, cut de pigeon wing,  
Scratch gravel, slap de foot, dat's just de ting.  
Sich a gittin up stairs, &c.

I went to de play an I seed Jim Crow,  
Oh! nigga Isam den swell, for Jim was no go.  
Sich a gittin up stairs, &c.

I look him in de face, until I make him grin,  
And den I trow a backa quid an hit him on de shin.  
Sich a gittin up stairs, &c.

Oh, I is dat boy dat knows to preach a sarmon,  
'Bout temperance, and "seven up, and all dat kin of  
varmin. Sich a gittin up stairs, &c.

Niggas held a meetin 'bout de clonization,  
 And dere I spoke a speech about amalgamation.  
 Sich a gittin up stairs, &c.

To Washington I go, dere I cut a swell,  
 Cleanin gemmen's boots and ringin auction bell.  
 Sich a gittin up stairs, &c.

I call on yaller Sal, dat trades in sausages,  
 And dere I met big Joe, which make my dander ris.  
 Sich a gittin up stairs, &c.

Says I, "you see dat door? just mosey, nigga Joe,"  
 For I'm a Suskehannah boy wot knows a ting or two.  
 Sich a gittin up stairs, &c.

And den I show my science—prenez gardez vous,  
 Bung he eye, break he shin, split he nose in two!  
 Sich a gittin up stairs, &c.

Sal beller out—den she jump up between us,  
 But guess he no forget de day when Isam show he genus  
 Sich a gittin up stairs, &c.

Den big Joe went out, he gwan to take de law,  
 But he no fool de possum—I cut stick for Baltimore.  
 Sich a gittin up stairs, &c.

Two behind and two before,  
 Wait till you get to de watchhouse door.  
 Sich a gittin up stairs, &c.

Sall is sassy, I know what she means,  
 She's been to school, and is up to beans.  
 Sich a gitting up stairs, &c.

If you want a song, get one dat's fat,  
 "The gallant hussar," or "all round my hat."  
 Sich a gittin up stairs, &c.

Turner and Fisher, dey go de hole figga,  
 Dey's de chaps what mortalize de nigga.  
 Sich a gittin up stairs, &c.

When you buy dis, and know it right well,  
 Fetch along de change, and get de 'Singer's Jewel.  
 2\* Sich a gittin up stairs, &c.

## POLLY HOPKINS

TOMMY —Pret-ty pret-ty Pol-ly Hopkins, how d'ye

do, how d'ye do? POLLY. None the bet-ter, Tommy

Tompkins for see - ing you, for see - ing you. T. I'm a

man of wealth. P. Be qui-et, pray. T. Take all my pelf. P. Pray

get a - way. { T. Oh! cru-el, cru - el Pol - ly Hopkins, to  
P. Oh! cru-el, cru - el Tommy Tompkins, to

treat me so, to treat me so. }  
treat me so, to treat me so. }

*T.* When we are married, Polly Hopkins, which we will be

*P.* I hope the next day, Tommy Tompkins, to bury thee.

*T.* I'll handsome grow

*P.* That I deny.

*T.* Tho' ugly now—

*P.* Worse by and by.

*T.* Oh! cruel, cruel Polly Hopkins, to treat me so.

*P.* Oh! cruel, cruel Tommy Tompkins, to tease me so.

*T.* When I am dead, Polly Hopkins, remember me.

*P.* With all my heart, Tommy Tompkins, so let it be.

*T.* Then you'll fret and cry—

*P.* Ah! to be sure.

*T.* To think that I,

*P.* Died not before.

*T.* Oh! cruel, cruel Polly Hopkins to treat me so.

*P.* Oh! cruel, cruel Tommy Tompkins, to tease me so.

## LAVENDER GIRL.

1. As the sun climbs o - ver the hills, When the

sky-larks sing so cheer-i - ly I my lit - tle bas - ket

fill, And trudge a - long the village, merri - ly. Light my

bosom, keep my heart, I but laugh at Cupid's dart; I keep my

mother, my-self and brother, By trudging a - long to sell my

lav-en-der, Ladies try it, come and buy it, Never

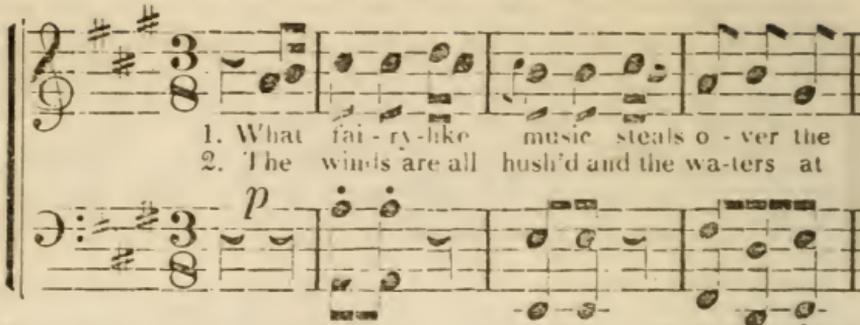
saw ye ni - cer lav-en-der; Ladies try it, try it.

try it, Come, come, buy my lav - en - der.

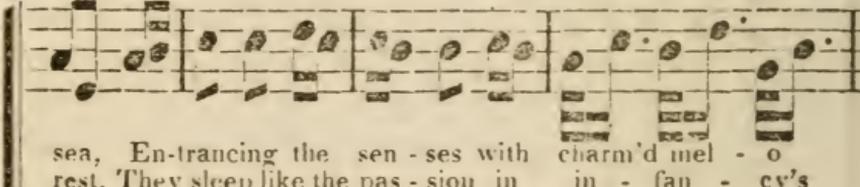
2

Ere the gentry quit their beds,  
 Foes to health, I'm wisely keeping it;  
 Oft I earn my daily bread,  
 And sit beneath the hedge partaking it,  
 Ne'er repining, ne'er distress'd,  
 Tell me then am not I bless'd?  
 Tho' not wealthy, I'm young and healthy,  
 And only care to sell my lavender.  
 Ladies, try it, &c.

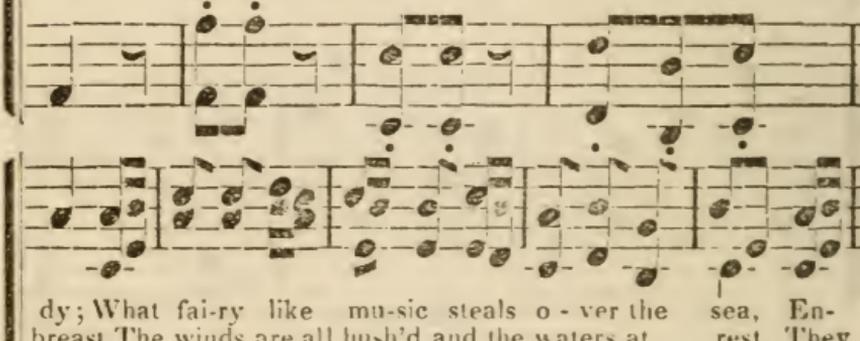
## WHAT FAIRY LIKE MUSIC.



1. What fai-ry-like music steals o-ver the  
 2. The winds are all hush'd and the wa-ters at



sea, En-trancing the sen-ses with charm'd mel-o  
 rest, They sleep like the pas-sion in in-fan-cy's



dy; What fai-ry like mu-sic steals o-ver the sea, En-  
 breast, The winds are all hush'd and the waters at rest. They



trancing the sen-ses with charm'd mel-o-dy?  
 sleep like the pas-sion in in-fan-cy's breast.

'Tis the voice of the mermaid, that floats o'er the main' As she  
Till storms shall unchain them from out their dark cave, And break

mingles her song with the gon - do - lier's strain; 'Tis the  
the re - pose of the soul and the wave Till storms

voice of the mermaid that floats o'er the main, As she  
shall un - chain them from out their dark cave, And

mingles her song with the gon - do - lier's strain.  
break the re - pose of the soul and the wave.

He.

Do cease your clack and hold your tongue, You're always teasing,

She.

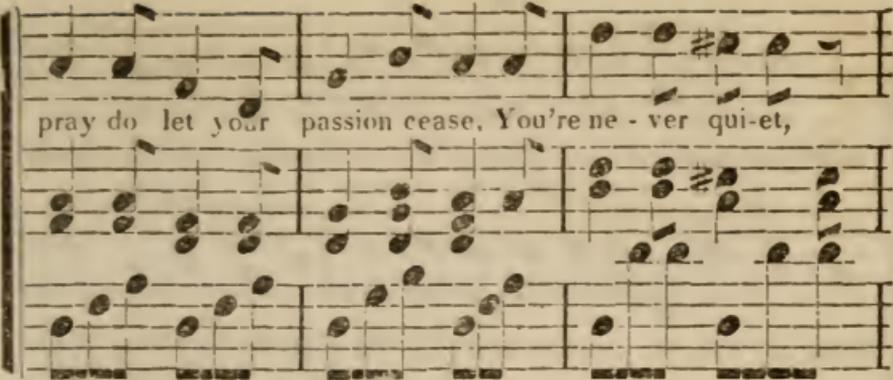
squalling, bawling, You're always quarrelling all day long. And

He.

She.

ugly names are calling; You know you ne'er can be at peace, Now

He.



pray do let your passion cease, You're ne - ver qui-et,

She.

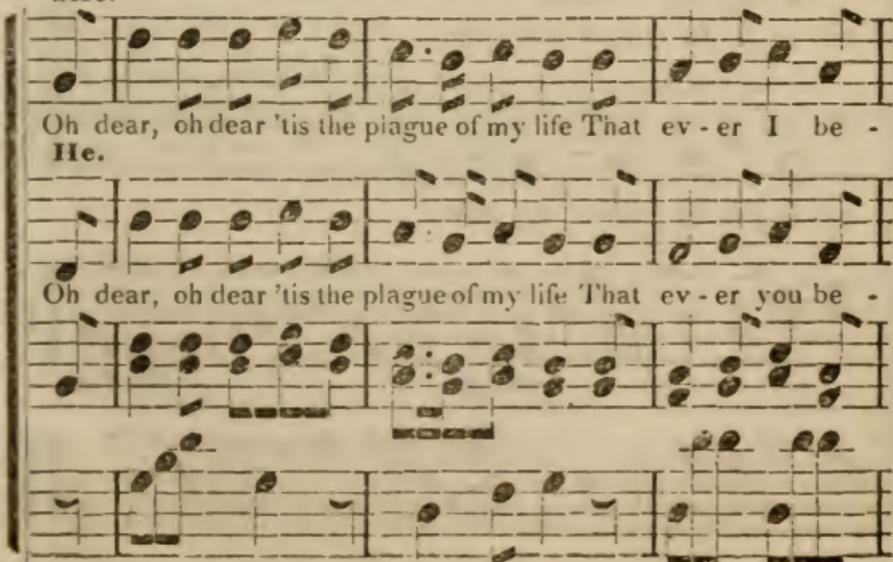
He.



I de - ny it.

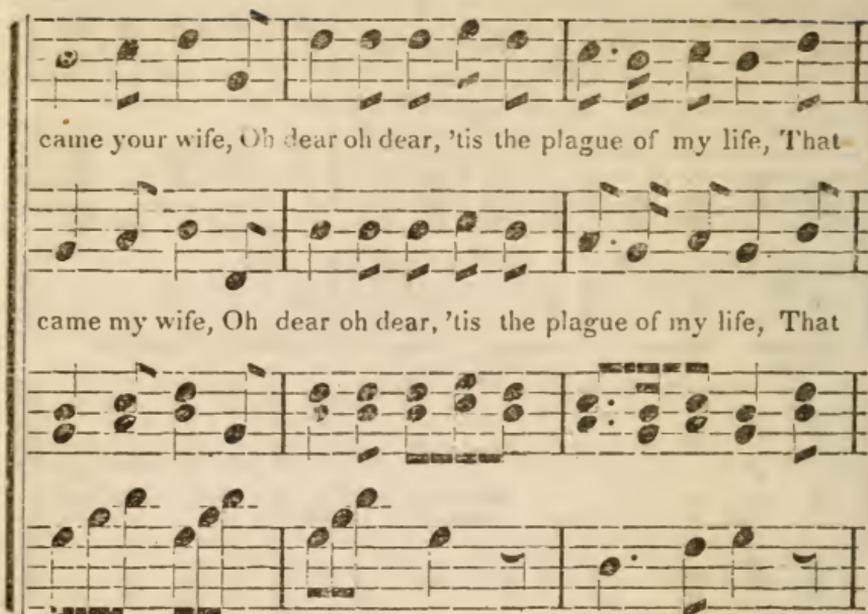
Mad-am, you'll my rage increase ;

She.



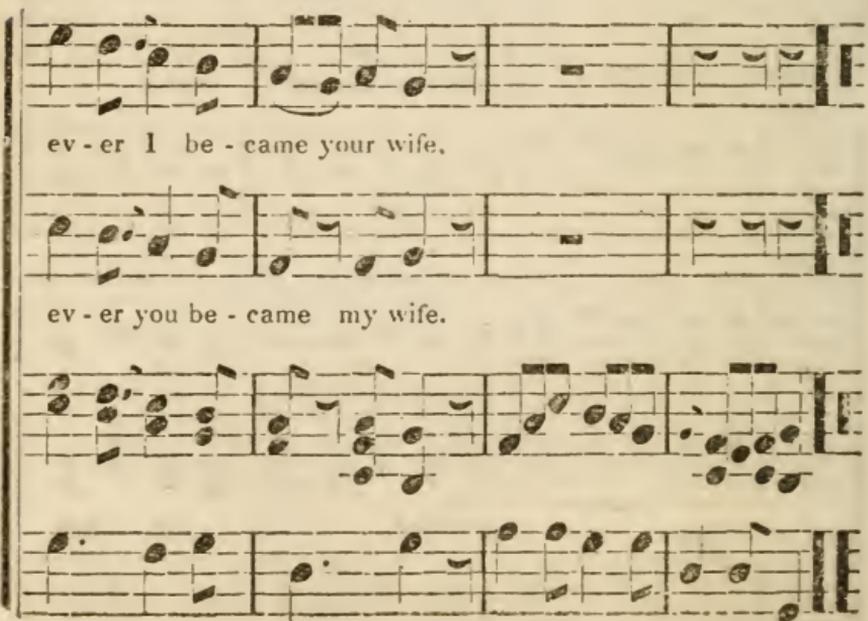
Oh dear, oh dear 'tis the plague of my life That ev - er I be -  
He.

Oh dear, oh dear 'tis the plague of my life That ev - er you be -



came your wife, Oh dear oh dear, 'tis the plague of my life, That

came my wife, Oh dear oh dear, 'tis the plague of my life, That



ev - er I be - came your wife,

ev - er you be - came my wife.

## 2

*He* You know you're always gadding about  
Dancing, walking, chatting, talking,

*She* You know from morn till night you're out,  
With other ladies walking.

*He* You know you're always after fellows.

*She* 'Tis only you're so very jealous.

*He* You'll own you do it.

*She* Oh you shall rue it.

*He* We're a happy pair so people tell us.

*Both* Oh dear, oh dear, &c.

## 3

*He* You'll own your temper's very bad,  
Looks so flouting, always pouting.

*She* Yours is enough to drive one mad,  
Suspicious, jealous, doubting,

*He* You know my passion don't remain.

*She* But soon as off begins again.

*He* Oh how vexing.

*She* How perplexing.

*He* You'll put me in a rage again.

*Both* Oh dear, oh dear, &c.

## 4

*He* Madam we had better part,  
Than by living constant din in.

*She* Oh I'll agree with all my heart,  
Let's be the task beginning.

*He* I hereby bid a last adieu.

*She* And now I take a final view.

*He* North.

*She* South.

*He* East.

*She* West.

*He* Take which corner you like best.

*Both* O dear, oh dear I now for life,  
Am rid of my tormenting wife.  
O dear, oh dear I now for life,  
Forsake the office of a wife.

Well, then Madam, as you are determined to go,  
Good bye—Good bye sir—You'll recollect madam  
'tis all your fault— I beg your pardon sir 'tis all  
your fault—I say 'tis yours sir—Zounds! madam,  
I say 'tis yours—You know I never was in a passion.

## 5

*He* My dearest love don't leave me so,  
Without measure you're my pleasure.

*She* You know my love I could not go,  
For you're my darling treasure.

*He* Then for the future let's agree,

*She* And live in sweetest harmony.

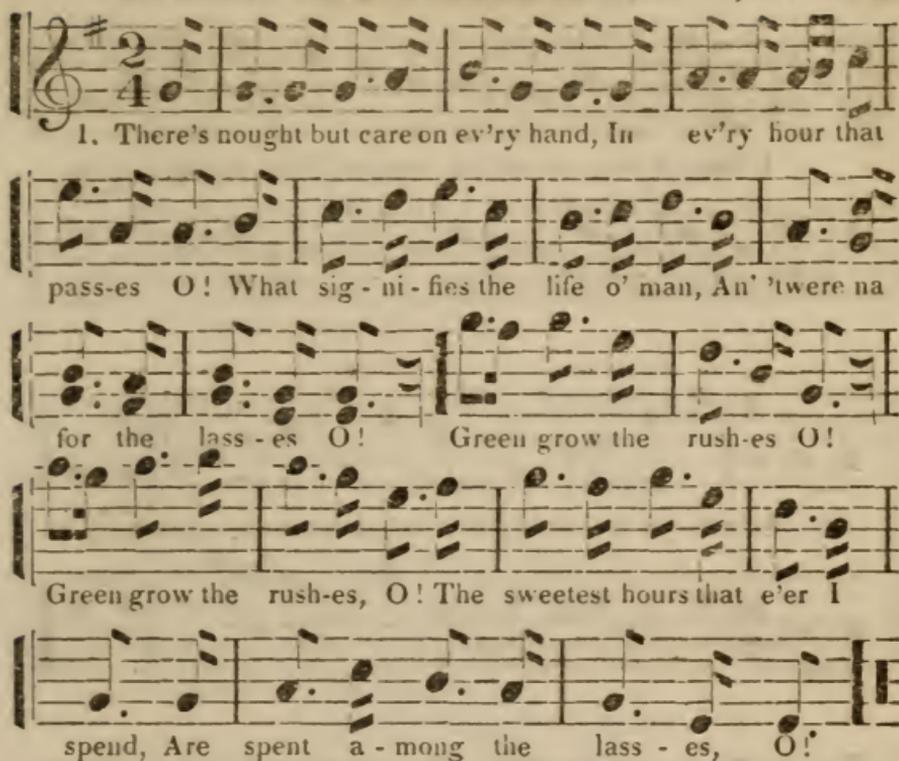
*He* Nor let to-morrow.

*She* Bring forth sorrow.

*He* To crush our sweet felicity.

*Both* Oh dear, oh dear 'tis the joy of my life,  
That ever I became your wife.  
Oh dear, oh dear 'tis the joy of my life,  
That ever you became my wife.

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES, O. 29



1. There's nought but care on ev'ry hand, In ev'ry hour that  
 pass-es O! What sig-ni-fies the life o' man, An' 'twere na  
 for the lass-es O! Green grow the rush-es O!  
 Green grow the rush-es, O! The sweetest hours that e'er I  
 spend, Are spent a-mong the lass-es, O!

- 2 The warly race may riches chase,  
 An' riches still may fly them, O!  
 An' though at last they catch them fast,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O!  
 Green grow the rushes, O, &c.
- 3 Gie me a cannie hour at e'en,  
 My arms about my dearie, O!  
 Then warly cares and warly men  
 May a' gae tapsaltee-rie, O!  
 Green grow the rushes, O, &c.
- 4 For you sae douse! ye sneer at this,  
 Ye're naught but senseless asses, O!  
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,  
 He dearly loved the lasses, O!  
 Green grow the rushes, O, &c.
- 5 Auld nature swears the lovely dears,  
 Her noblest work she blesses, O!  
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
 And then she made the lasses, O!  
 Green grow the rushes, O, &c.

## WASHING DAY.

1. The sky with clouds was overcast, The rain be - gan to

fall, My wife she whipped the children, Who raised a pretty squall

{ She bade me with a frowning look, To get out of her way, Oh the  
For'tis thump, thump, scrub, scrub, scold, scold a - way, Oh the

deuce a bit of com-fort's there up-on a washing day.  
deuce a &c.

2 My Kate she is a bonny wife,  
 There's none more free from evil  
 Except upon a washing day,  
 And then she is a devil;  
 The very kittens on the hearth,  
 They dare not even play,  
 Away they jump with many a thump,  
 Upon a washing day.

For its thump, thump, &c.

3 A friend of mine once asked me,  
 How long's poor Jenny dead;  
 Lamenting the good creature,  
 And sorry I was wed  
 To such a scolding vixen,  
 Whilst he had been at sea;  
 The truth it was, he chanc'd to come  
 Upon a washing day.

For its thump, thump, &c.

4 I asked him to stay and dine,  
 "Come, come, said I, oddz buds!  
 I'll no denial take—you shall,  
 Though Kate is in the suds;  
 But what he had to dine upon,  
 In faith I shall not say;  
 But I'll wager he'll not come again  
 Upon a washing day.

For its thump, thump, &c.

5 On that sad morning when I rise,  
 I make a fervent prayer  
 Unto the gods, that it may be  
 Throughout the day quite fair,  
 That not a gown or handkerchief,  
 May in the ditch be laid;  
 For should it happen so, egad,  
 I should catch a broken head.

For its thump, thump, &c.

32 THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

1. The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho! The

Campbells are coming, O ho, o ho! 'The Campbells are coming to

bon-nie Lochle-ven, The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho!

Up - on the Lemons I lay, I lay, Up - on the Lemons I

lay, I lay, I looked down to bonnie Lochleven, And

heard the bonny pi - brochs play.

D. C.

## 2

Great Argyle, he goes before;  
 He makes his cannons loudly roar;  
 Wi' sound of trumpet, pipe and drum,  
 The Campbells they are comin', O, ho, O, ho!  
 The Campbells, &c

## 3

The Campbells, they are a' in arms,  
 Their loyal faith and truth to show;  
 Wi' banners rattling in the wind,  
 The Campbells are comin', O, ho, O, ho!  
 The Campbells, &c.

## GROWING BEAUTY.

1. When I was a lit tle boy Some fit-teen years a-

go. I was the pride of my mammy, She made me quite a

show, Such a beau - ty I did grow, did grow, did

grow, Such a beau-ty I did grow.

- 2 I'd red straight hair, and goggle eyes,  
And such a roguish leer;  
A large flat nose, and then a mouth  
That reached from ear to ear.  
Such a beauty, &c.
- 3 My mammy doated on me,  
And when my mouth she'd fill,  
For fear she'd spoil it with a spoon,  
She fed me with a quill.  
Such a beauty, &c.
- 4 And when that I could run alone,  
Stock still I never stood;  
The ducks were my companions,  
As I waddled through the mud?  
Such a beauty, &c.
- 5 Then I learn'd to be musical,  
And got off some songs so pat,  
I could grunt bass like a pig,  
Mew treble like a cat.  
Such a beauty, &c.
- 6 Then I went to a dancing school,  
For to be finished there,  
And they said I danc'd a minuet  
As graceful as a bear.  
Such a beauty, &c.
- 7 With a mountebank a candidate,  
I'll beat them all quite hollow,  
And I won this pretty gold-laced hat,  
By grinning through a collar.  
Such a beauty, &c.
- 8 My name is Tommy Herring,  
As every body knows;  
And they stick me in the barley field  
To frighten off the crows.  
Such a beauty, &c.

## BARBARY ALLEN.

1. In Scarlet Town, where I was born, There was a fair maid

dwellin' And every youth cried well awa'; Her name was Barbary

Al len, Her name was Barbary Al-len, Her name was Barbary

Al len. All in the merry month of may, When green buds they were

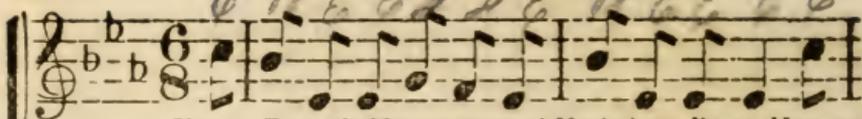
swelling, Young Jimmy Grove on his death bed lay For love of Barbary  
Allen.

## SONG BOOK.

- 2 He sent his man unto her then,  
 To the town where she did dwell in  
 Saying you must come to my master,  
 If your name be Barbary Allen;  
 For death is printed on his face,  
 And o'er his heart is stealin',  
 Then haste away to comfort him,  
 O! lovely Barbary Allen.
- 3 Though death be printed on his face,  
 And o'er his heart be stealin',  
 Yet little better shall he be'  
 For bonny Barbary Allen.  
 So slowly, slowly, she came up,  
 And slowly she came nigh him,  
 And all she said when there she came,  
 Young man I think your dying!
- 4 He turn'd his face unto her straight,  
 With deadly sorrow sighing,  
 Oh! pretty maid come pity me,  
 I'm on my death-bed lying.  
 If on your death-bed you do lie,  
 What needs the tale your tellin',  
 I cannot keep you from your death;—  
 Farewell! said Barbary Allen.
- 5 He turn'd his face unto the wall,  
 And death was with him dealin',  
 Adieu, adieu, my friends all  
 Adieu to Barbary Allen.  
 As she was walking o'er the fields,  
 She heard the bells a kneelin',  
 And every stroke did seem to say,  
 Unworthy Barbary Allen.
- 6 She turned her body round about,  
 And spied the corps a coming,  
 Lay down, lay down, the corpse she said,  
 That I may look upon him.  
 With scornful eyes she looked down;  
 Her cheeks with laughter swellin',  
 Whilst all her friends cried out amain,  
 Unworthy Barbary Allen!
- 7 When he was dead and in his grave,  
 Her heart was struck with sorrow,  
 O mother, mother, make my bed,  
 For I shall die to-morrow.  
 Hard-hearted creature, him to slight,  
 Who loved me so dearly,  
 O! that I'd been more kind to him,  
 When he was alive and near me.
- 8 She on her death-bed as she lay,  
 Begg'd to be buried by him,  
 And sore repented of the day,  
 That she did e'er deny him.  
 Farewell! she said, ye virgins all,  
 And shun the fault I fell in,  
 Henceforth take warning by the fall  
 Of cruel Barbary Allen.

## RORY O'MOORE.

*G B E G A G E B E E E C*

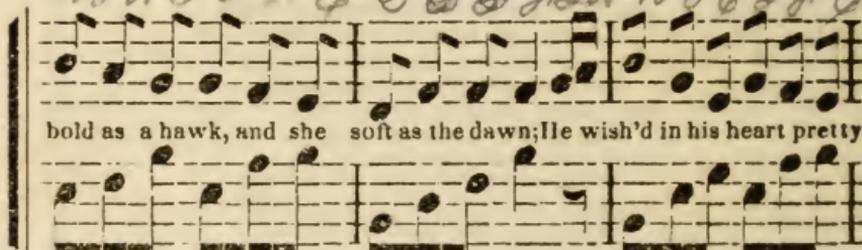


1. Young Rory O'Moore courted Kathaleen Bawn. He was



"Oh, jewell," says Rory, "that same is the way You've

*B A G G A E D G F G A B G E G E*



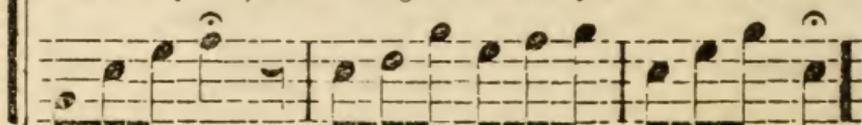
bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn; He wish'd in his heart pretty

thrated my heart for this many a day, And 'tis plazed that I am; and why

*B G E C D G A B B C D E E E*

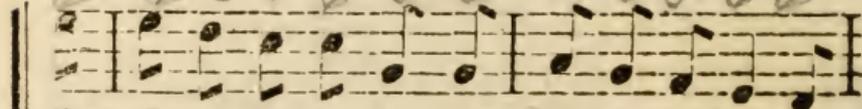


Kathleen to please, And he thought the best way to do that was to tease



not, to be sure? For 'tis all for good luck," says bo.d Rory O'Moore.

*E G G G C G G G A G F E E*



Now, Ro-ry, be ni-sy,? sweet Kathleen would cry, Re



proof on her lip, but the smile in her eye; With your tricks I don't know, in truth,

what I'm about, Faith, you've teas'd till I've put on my cloak inside out."

2

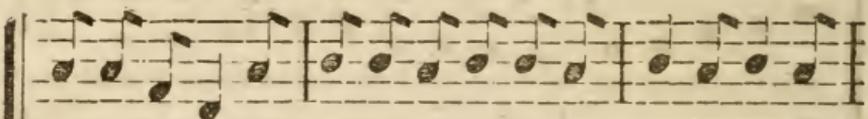
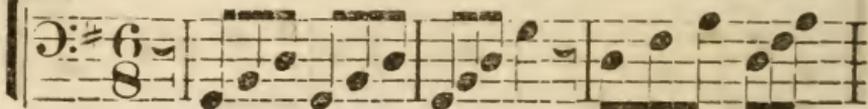
“Indeed, then,” says Kathleen, “don’t think of the like,  
 For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike;  
 The ground that I walk on he loves, I’ll be bound,”  
 ‘Faith,’ says Rory, ‘I’d rather love you than the ground’  
 “Now, Rory, I’ll cry, if you don’t let me go,  
 Sure I dream every night that I’m hating you so!”  
 “Oh!” says Rory, “that same I’m delighted to hear,  
 For dhramas always go by contraries, my dear;  
 Oh, jewel! keep dhraming that same till you die.  
 And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie;  
 And ’tis plazed that I am; and why not, to be sure!  
 Since ’tis all for good luck,” says bold Rory O Moore.

3

“Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you’ve teased me enough,  
 And I’ve thrashed for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff.  
 And I’ve made myself drinking your health quite a baste,  
 So I think, after that, I may talk to the praste.”  
 Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,  
 So soft and so white without freckle or speck,  
 And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with light,  
 And he kissed her sweet lips. Don’t yon think he was right?  
 “Now Rory, leave off, sir—you’ll hug me no more,  
 That’s eight times to day that you’ve kissed me before”  
 “Then here goes another,” says he, “to make sure,  
 For there’s luck in odd numbers,” says Rory O Moore.



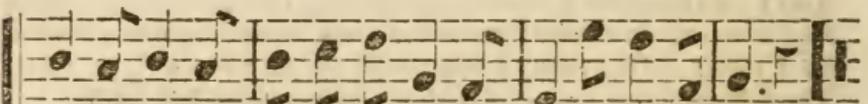
1. There was an old chap in the west country, A flaw in his lease the



lawyers had found, 'Twas all a-bout sel-ling of five oak trees, And



building a house up - on his own ground. Ri tu, di nu, di



nu, di na, ri tu di ni, nu, ri tu, di nu, di na.



- 2 Now this old chap to London would go,  
To tell the king a part of his wo,  
Likewise to tell him a part of his grief,  
In hopes King George would give him relief.  
Ri tu, di nu, &c.
- 3 Now when this old chap to London had come,  
He found the king to Windsor had gone;  
But if he had known he'd not been at home,  
He'd dang'd his buttons if ever he'd come.  
Ri tu, di nu, &c.
- 4 Now when this old chap to Windsor did stump,  
The gates were barr'd and all secure;  
But he knocked and thumped with his oaken clump,  
There's room within for me I'm sure.  
Ri tu, di nu, &c.
- 5 Pray Mr. Noble, show I the king.  
Is that the king I see there?  
I see'd a chap at Bartlemy fair  
Look more like a king than that chap there.  
Ri tu, di nu, &c.
- 6 Well Mr. King, pray how d'ye do?  
I've gotten for you a bit of a job,  
Which if you'll be so kind as to do,  
I've gotten a summat for you in my fob.  
Ri tu, di nu, &c.
- 7 The king he took the lease in hand,  
To sign it, too, was likewise willing;  
And he to make him a little amends,  
He lugged out his bag and gave him a shilling  
Ri tu, di nu, &c.
- 8 The king to carry on the joke,  
Ordered ten pounds to be laid down,  
The farmer he stared, but nothing spoke,  
He stared again, and scratched his crown.  
Ri tu, di nu, &c.
- 9 The farmer he stared to see so much money,  
And to take it up was likewise willing,  
But if he'd known he'd got so much money,  
He'd dang'd his wig if he'd gin him that shilling.  
[4\*] Ri tu, di nu, &c

## MISS LUCY LONG.

1. I've come again to see you, I'll sing a-noth - er

song, Jist listen to my sto-ry, It is - 'nt ver-y

long Oh take your time Miss Lucy, Take your time Miss Lucy

Long, Oh take your time Miss Lucy, Take your time Miss Lucy Long.

2 I went to see Miss Lucy,  
 I got her to consent,  
 And up to Deacon Snowbal's,  
 Dis child and Lucy went. Oh take, &c.

- 3 He ax'd us what we wanted,  
 I told him he knew best,  
 He put our hands together,  
 I cannot splain de rest Oh take, &c.
- 4 And now we have got married,  
 I spect to have some fun,  
 If Lucy does'nt mind me,  
 Dis nigger'll cut and run. Oh take, &c.
- 5 Miss Lucy she is handsom,  
 Her teeth is white as snow,  
 And when she rocks the cradle,  
 I plays the old banjo. Oh take, &c.

---

 ANSWER.

- 1 I'd like to know de gemman,  
 Dat wrote dat little song,  
 Who dare to make so public  
 De name ob Lucy Long.  
 Oh get away you darkey, oh take away  
 your song,  
 You'll nebber be de husband ob dis Miss  
 Lucy Long.
- 2 He says he pop'd de question,  
 I tells you tis a lie;  
 If I could see de darkey,  
 I'd scratch him in de eye.  
 Oh get away, &c.
- 3 To marry sich a nigger,  
 I'd never stoop so low,  
 I can get a better one,  
 De 'stinguished Jimmy Crow.  
 Oh get away, &c.
- 4 Now I have splained de subjec,  
 And told you all I know,  
 If I can catch Sam Johnsing,  
 I'll smash his ole banjo.  
 Oh get away, &c.

## OLD DAN TUCKER.

1. I come to town de udder night, I hear de noise, an

saw de fight, De watchman was a run - nin roun, cry - in

## CHORUS.

Old Dan Tucker's come to town. So get out de way! get out de way!

get out de way! Old Dan 'Tucker your too late to come to supper.

2

Tucker is a nice old man,  
 He used to ride our darby ram;  
 He sent him whizzen down de hill,  
 If he had'nt got up he d lay dar still.

Get out, &c.

3

Here's my razor in good order  
 Magnum bonum, jis hab bought 'er;  
 Sheep shell oats, Tucker shell de corn,  
 I'll shabe you as soon as de water get warm  
 Get out, &c.

4

Ole Dan Tucker an I got drunk,  
 He fell in de fire and kick up a chunk,  
 De charcoal got inside he shoe  
 Lor bless you honey how de ashes flew.  
 Get out, &c

5

Down de road foremost de stump,  
 Massa make me work de pump;  
 I pump so hard I broke de sucker,  
 Dar was work for old Dan Tucker.  
 Get out, &c

6

I went to town to buy some goods,  
 I lost myself in a piece of woods,  
 De night was dark, I had to suffer,  
 It froze de heel of Daniel Tucker.  
 Get out, &c.

7

Tucker was a hardened sinner,  
 He neber said his grace at dinner;  
 De ole sow squeel, de pigs did squall  
 He 'hole hog wid de tail and all.  
 Get out, &c.

## COAL BLACK ROSE.

1 Lubly Ro-sa, Sambo cum, Don't you hear the banjo

tum, tum, tum. Oh, Rose, de coal black Rose!

I wish I may be scorched if I don't lub Rose, Oh, Rose, de coal black Rose.

- 2 Dat you Sambo? yes, I cum,  
 Don't you hear de banjo, tum, tum, tum?  
 Dat you, Sambo, yes I cum,  
 Don't you hear de banjo, tum, tum, tum?  
 Oh! Rose, de coal black Rose,  
 I wish I may be scorched if I don't lub Rose.  
 Oh Rose, &c.
- 3 Tay a little. Sambo, I cum soon  
 As I make a fire in de backa room.  
 Tay a little, Sambo, I cum soon,  
 As I make a fire in de backa room.  
 Oh! Rose, bress dat Rose,  
 I wish I may be burnt if I don't lub Rose.  
 Oh! Rose, &c.

4 I laugh to tink if you was mine, lubly Rose,  
 I'd gib you plenty de Lord above knows,  
 Ob possom fat and hominy, sometimes rice,  
 Cow-heel and sugar cane and ebery ting nice  
     Oh! Rose, bress dat Rose,  
 I wish I may be shute if I don't lub Rose.  
     Oh! Rose, &c.

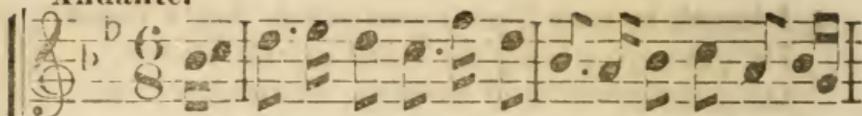
5 What in de corner dar, Rose, dat I py?  
 I know dat nigger Cuffee by de white ob he eye  
 Dat not Cuffe 'tis tick ob wood I'm sure,  
 A tick ob wood wid tocking on! You tell me  
     dat, pshaw!  
     Oh! Rose, you black-a-snake rose,  
 I wish I may be burnt if I don't hate Rose.  
     Oh! Rose, &c.

6 Let go my arm, Rose, let me at him rush,  
 I swella his two lips, like a black-a-ball brush;  
 Let go my arm, Rose, let me at him rush,  
 I swella his two lips, like a black-a ball brush.  
     Oh! Rose, you black-a-snake Rose,  
 I wish I may be burnt if I don't hate Rose.  
     Oh! Rose. &c.

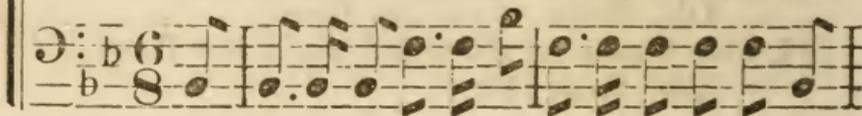
7 I ketch hold ob Cuffee, and kick him on de shin  
 Which put de nigger on de floor, and made  
     him grin,  
 I ketch hold ob Cuffee and he try away to pull,  
 But I up wid a foot and kick him on de skull.  
     Oh! Rose, take care Rose,  
 I wish I may be burnt if I don't hate Rose.  
     Oh! Rose, &c

# 48 JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

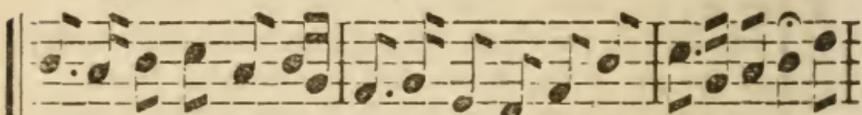
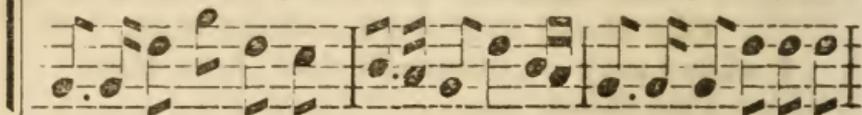
Andante.



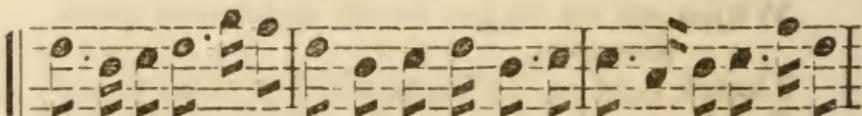
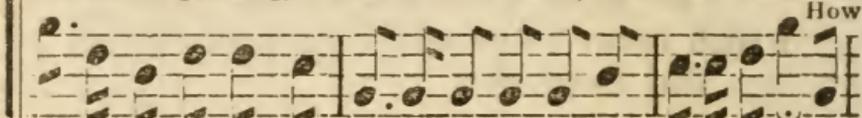
1. The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond, And



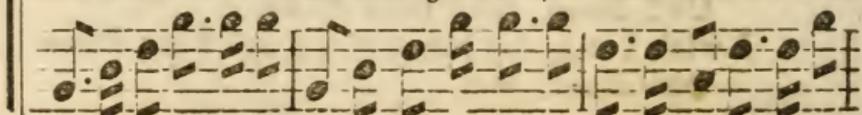
left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene, While lanely I stray in the



calm simmer gloaming, To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.



sweet is the brier wi' its saft faulding blossom, And sweet is the birk wi' its



mantle o' green, Yet sweeter an' fairer an' dear to my bosom, Is

lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane, Is lovely young Jessie, is

lovely young Jessie, Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

- 2 She's modest as ony, an' blythe as she's bonny,  
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain,  
 An' far be the villian divested o' feeling,  
 Wha'd blight in its blossom the sweet flow'r o' Dumblane.  
 Sing on, thou sweet Mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,  
 Thour't dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen,  
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,  
 Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.
- 3 How lost were my days, till I met wi' my Jessie,  
 The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain,  
 I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,  
 Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.  
 Tho' mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,  
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,  
 An' reckon as naething the height o' its splendor,  
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

## BEGONE, DULL CARE.

1. Be - gone, dull care, I pray thee begone from

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

me; Be-gone, dull care, thou and I shall nev-er a-

The second system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

gree; Long time thou hast been tarrying here, And

The third system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

fain thou wouldst me kill; But in faith, dull

care, Thou never shall have thy will.

## 2

Too much care will make a young man look grey  
 And too much care will turn an old man into clay,  
 My wife shall dance and I will sing,  
 So merrily pass the day;  
 For I hold it one of the wisest things,  
 To drive dull care away.

## LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

1 { 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming a-lone ; }  
 { All her love-ly com-panions Are fa-ded and gone ; }

To reflect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh!

D. C.

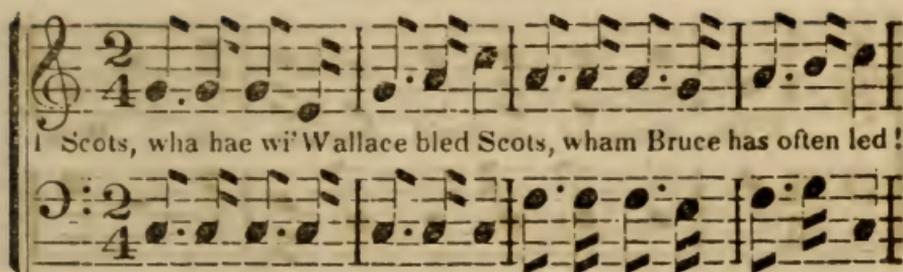
No flower of her kindred, No rose-bud is nigh,

2

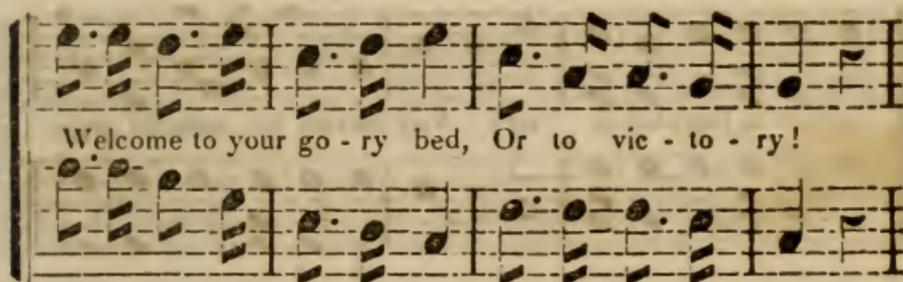
I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
 To pine on the stem;  
 Since the lovely are sleeping,  
 Go, sleep thou with them;  
 Thus kindly I scatter  
 Thy leaves o'er thy bed  
 Where thy mates of the garden  
 Lie scentless and dead.

3

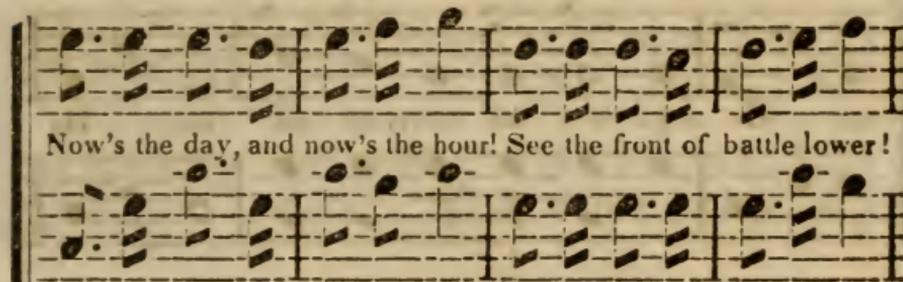
So soon may I follow  
 When friendships decay,  
 And from love's shining circle,  
 The gems drop away!  
 When true hearts lie wither'd,  
 And fond ones are flown,  
 Oh! who would inhabit  
 This bleak world alone?



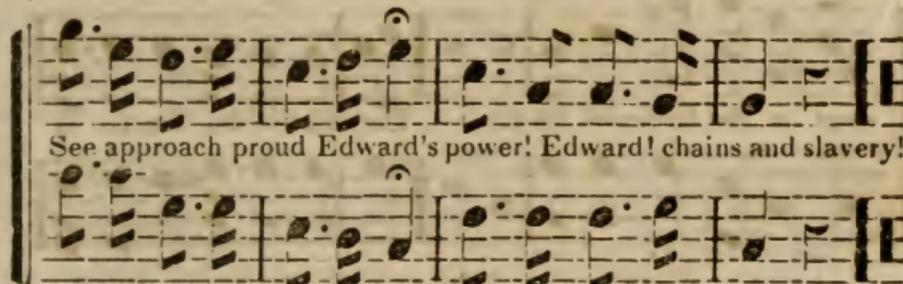
Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled Scots, wham Bruce has often led!



Welcome to your go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - ry!



Now's the day, and now's the hour! See the front of battle lower!



See approach proud Edward's power! Edward! chains and slavery!

2 Wha will be a traitor knave?  
 Wha would fill a coward's grave?  
 Wha sae base as be a slave?  
 Traitor! coward! turn and flee.  
 Wha for Scotland's king and law  
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw  
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa'  
 Caledonian! on wi' me!

3 By oppressions woes and pains!  
 By your sons in servile chains!  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall be, shall be free!  
 Lay the proud usurpers low!  
 Tyrants fall in every foe!  
 Liberty's in every blow!  
 Forward! let us do, or die!

## THE MINSTREL'S RETURN.

1. The minstrel's re-tur'n'd from the war, With

spir-its as buoyant as air; And thus on his tune-ful gui-

tar, He sings in the bower of his fair, He

sings in the bower of his fair. The noise of the bat-tle is

o . . . ver, The bu - gle no more calls to arms; A

sol-dier no more, but a lov-er, I kneel to the pow'r of thy

charms! Sweet la - dy, dear la - dy, I'm thine, I

bend to the mag - ic of beauty ; Tho' the helmet and banner are

mine, Yet love calls the sol - dier to du - ty.

2

The minstrel, his suit warmly prest,  
She blush'd, sigh'd, and hung down  
her head ;

Till conquered she fell on his breast,  
And thus to the happy youth said—  
“The bugle shall part us, love, never ;

My bosom thy pillow shall be ;  
Till death tears thee from me forever,  
Still faithful, I'll perish with thee,”

Sweet lady, &c.

3

But she called the youth to the field,

His banner wav'd over his head ;  
He gave his guitar for a shield,  
But soon he laid low with the dead ;  
While she o'er her young hero bend-

ing,  
Received his expiring adien ;  
“I die while my country defending,  
With a heart to my lady love true.”  
“Oh! death!” then she sigh'd, “I am  
thine ;

I tear off the roses of beauty ;  
For the grave of my hero is mine,  
He died true to love and to duty ”

## THE MELLOW HORN.

1. At dawn au-ro-ra gai-ly breaks, In all her proud at-

tire, Ma-jes tic o'er the glas-sy lakes Re-lecting li-quad

fire; All nature smiles to ush-er in The blushing queen of

morn, And huntsmen with the day begin To wind the mellow

horn, The mellow horn, the mellow, mellow horn, The

mel-low horn, the mel - low, mel-low horn. And

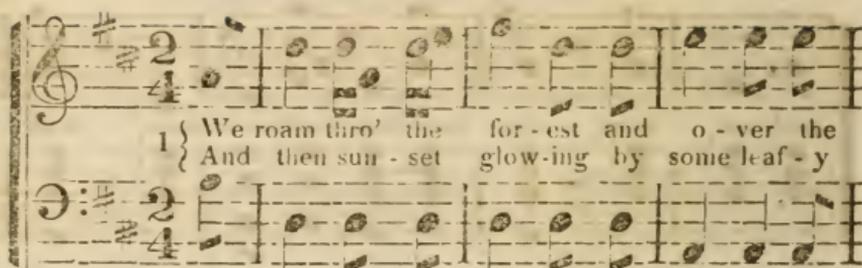
huntsmen with the day begin, 'To wind the mellow horn, And

huntsmen with the day begin 'To wind the mel-low horn, the

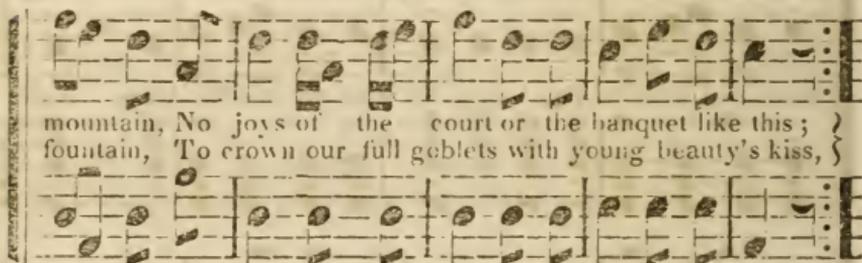
mellow. mellow horn, the mellow, mel - low horn.

2. At eve when gloomy shades obscure  
 The tranquil shepherd's cot,  
 When tinkling bells are heard no more,  
 And daily toil forgot;  
 'Tis then the sweet enchanting note,  
 On zephyrs gently borne,  
 With witching cadence seems to float  
 Around the mellow horn, The mellow horn, &c.  
 'Tis then the sweet enchanting note, &c.

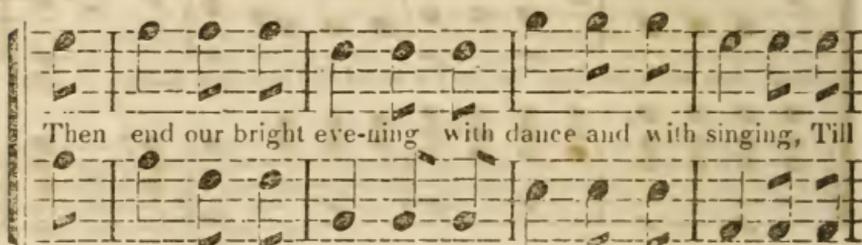
## HUNTING CHORUS.



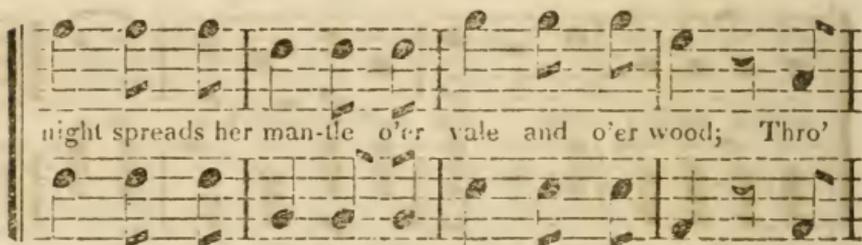
1 } We roam thro' the for-est and o-ver the  
And then sun-set glow-ing by some leaf-y



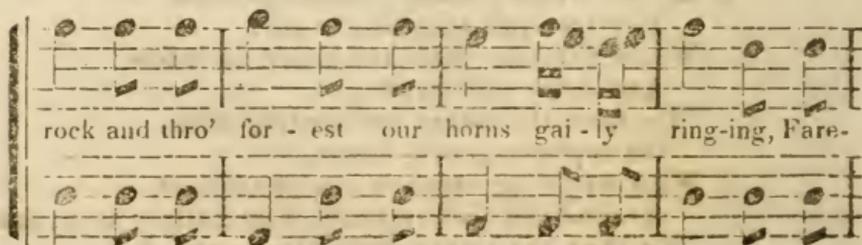
mountain, No joys of the court or the banquet like this ; }  
fountain, To crown our full goblets with young beauty's kiss, }



Then end our bright eve-ning with dance and with singing, Till



night spreads her man-tle o'er vale and o'er wood; Thro'



rock and thro' for-est our horns gai-ly ring-ing, Fare-

well to the day-star that sets in the flood. Follow

hark; fol - low, hark! fol - low, hark! fol - - low,

hark! follow, hark! follow, hark! follow, hark! follow, hark! fol-low,

hark! fol-low, hark! hark! fol - low, hark! fol-low, hark!

2

Then should icy winter be hailing and snowing,  
 Or summer look red o'er the yellow hair'd corn,  
 Or breezes are blowing, or night winds are flowing,  
 Still ring thro' the forest the hunter's gay horn.  
 Then end our bright evening, &c.

## SWEET HOME.

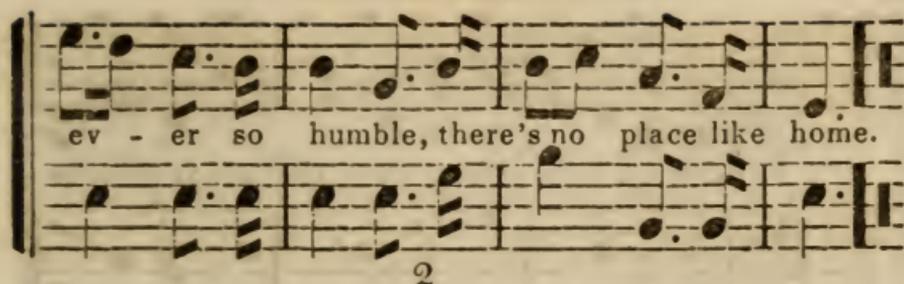
1. Mid pleasures and pal-a-ces, tho' we may

roam, Be it ev-er so humble, there's no place like

home; A charm from the skies seems to hal-low us

there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-

where. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it



2

I gaze on the moon, as I trace the drear wild,  
 And feel that my parent now thinks of her child;  
 She looks on that moon from our own cottage door,  
 Thro' woodbines whose fragrance shall cheer me  
     Home, home, &c. [no more.]

3

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;  
 Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;  
 The birds singing gaily, that come at my call:  
 Give me them, sweet peace of mind, dearer than all  
     Home, sweet home, &c.

4

If I return home, overburdened with care,  
 The heart's dearest solace I'm sure to meet there;  
 The bliss I experience whenever I come,  
 Makes no other place seem like that of sweet home.  
     Home, sweet home, &c.

5

Farewell, peaceful cottage! farewell, happy home!  
 Forever I'm doomed a poor exile to roam;  
 This poor, aching heart must be laid in the tomb,  
 Ere it cease to regret the endearments of home.  
     Home, sweet home, &c.

[6]

## BONNIE DOON.



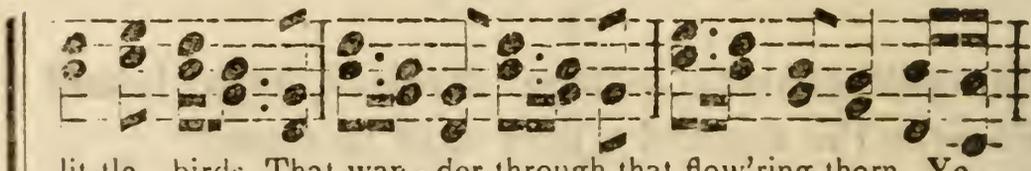
1. Ye banks and braes of bonny Doon, How can ye bloom sa



fresh and fair? How can ye chaunt, ye lit tle birds, While



I'm so wae, and full of care? Ye'll break my heart, ye



lit tle birds, That wan - der through that flow'ring thorn, Ye





2

Oft have I roam'd by bonny Doon,  
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,  
 Where ilka bird sung o'er its note,  
 And cheerfully I join'd with mine.  
 Wi' heartsome glee i' pu'd a rose,  
 A rose out of yon thorny tree;  
 But my false love has flown the rose,  
 And left the thorn behind me.

3

Ye roses blaw your bonny blooms,  
 And draw the wild birds by the burn,  
 For Luman promis'd me a ring,  
 And ye maun aid me should I mourn.  
 Ah! na, na, na, ye need na mourn,  
 My een are dim and drowsy worn;  
 Ye bonny birds, ye need na sing,  
 For Luman never can return.

4

My Luman's love, in broken sighs,  
 At dawn of day by Doon ye'se hear;  
 And mid-day, by the willow green,  
 For him I'd shed a silent tear.  
 Sweet birds, I ken ye'll pity me,  
 And join me wi' a plaintive sang,  
 While echo wakes, and joins the mane  
 I make for him I lo'ed sae lang.

## LOVE'S RITORNELLA.

HE. Gen-tle Zi - tel - la,      whither a-way, Love's ri-tor-

nella,    list while I    play. SHE.No, I have lingered too long on my

road,    Night is ad - vancing, the brigand's abroad! Lonely Zi-

tel-la has too much to fear ; Love's ritornella she may not hear.

HE.—Charming Zitella, why shouldst thou care,  
 Night is not darker than thy raven hair!  
 And those bright eyes, if the brigand should see  
 Thou art the robber, the captive is he!  
 Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear,  
 Love's ritornella, tarry and hear.

SHE.—Simple Zitella, beware, ah beware!  
 List ye no ditty, grant ye no prayer.

HE.—To your light footsteps let terror add wings!  
 'Tis Massaroni himself who now sings!  
 Gentle Zitella, &c.

1. Oh where, tell me where, does your Highland lad-die

dwell? Oh where, tell me where, does your highland laddie dwell.

He dwells in merry Scotland at the sign of the blue bell, And 'tis

oh in my heart that I love my lad-die well.

2 Oh where, and oh where has your Highland laddie gone?

Oh where, &c.

He has gone to fight the French for King George upon the throne,  
And 'tis oh in my heart that I wish him safe at home

3 In what clothing, in what clothing is your highland laddie clad?

In what clothing, &c.

His bonnet is of the saxon green, his waiscoat of the plaid,  
And 'tis oh in my heart that I love my Highland lad.

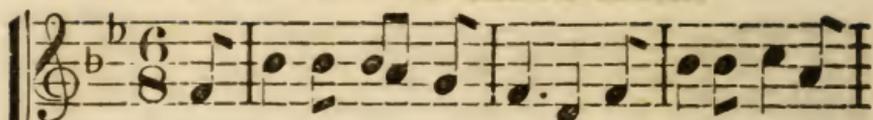
Supposing, supposing your highland lad should die!

Supposing, &c.

And 'tis oh in my heart that I hope he may not die.

The bagpipes would play over him, I'd sit me down and cry.

## THE POACHERS.



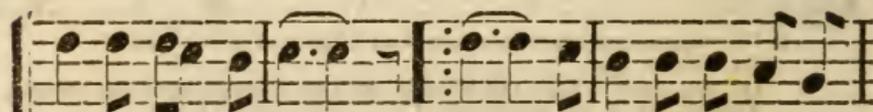
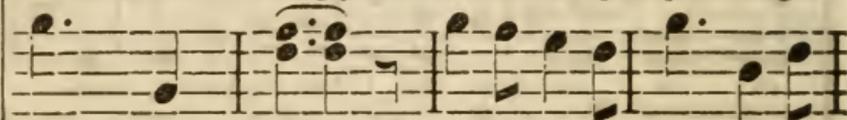
1. When I was bound apprentice in famous Lincoln



shire, Full well I served my mas - ter for

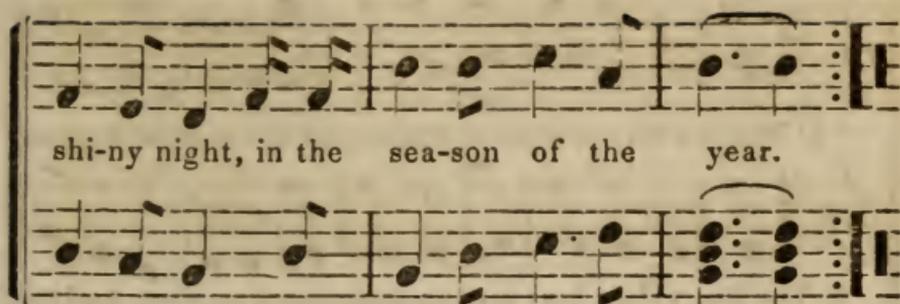


more than seven long years Till I took up to poaching, as



you shall quickly hear; Oh! 'tis my delight in a





2

As me and my comrades were setting of a snare,  
 'Twas there we spied the game-keeper, for him we  
 did not care,  
 For we could wrestle and fight my boys, and jump  
 on any where.  
 Oh! 'tis my delight of a shiny night in the season  
 of the year.

3

As me and my comrades were setting four or five,  
 And taking them up again, we caught a hare alive,  
 We swung over shoulder and through the woods  
 Oh! 'tis my delight &c. [did steer,

4

We swung over our shoulder and then we trudged  
 home,  
 We took him to a neighbor's house and sold him  
 for a crown;  
 We sold him for a crown my boys but did not tell  
 Oh! 'tis my delight &c. [you where.

5

Success to every gentleman that lives in Lincoln-  
 shire,  
 Success to every Poacher that will not sell a hare,  
 Bad luck to every game-keeper that will not sell a  
 Oh! 'tis my delight &c. [deer;

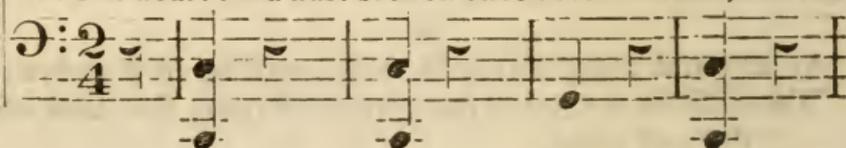
## THE LAST LINK IS BROKEN.



1. The last link is broken that bound me to thee, And the



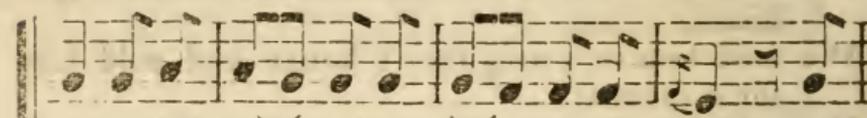
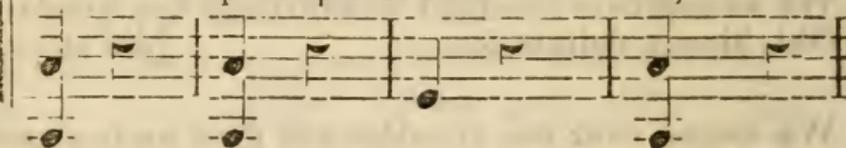
2. The heart thou hast broken once doted on thee, And the



words thou hast spoken have render'd me free; That



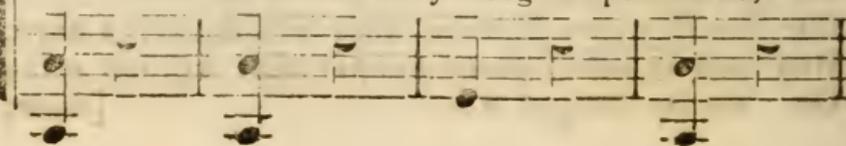
words I have spoken proves sorrow to me; Oh!



bright glance misleading, on oth-ers may shine, Those



had'st thou then treasur'd my thoughts spoken free, Thou





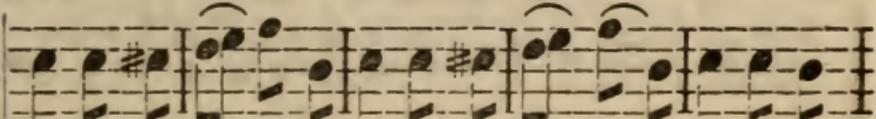
eyes smil'd unheeding when tears burst from mine. If my



could'st not have measur'd thine own love to me. But oh!



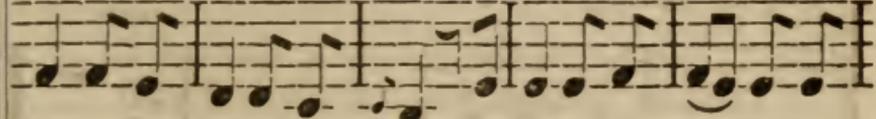
love was deem'd boldness that error is o'er, I've witness'd thy



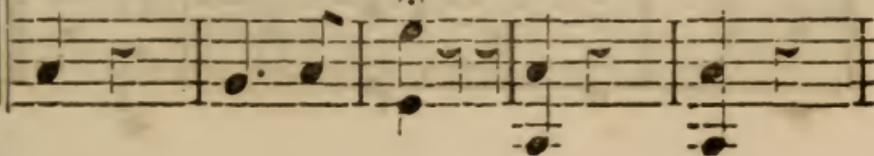
thou hast sorrow'd the heart that was thine, I'll return to thee,



coldness and prize thee no more, I have not lov'd light-ly, I'll



borrow'd, the one I thought mine. I have not lov'd &c.

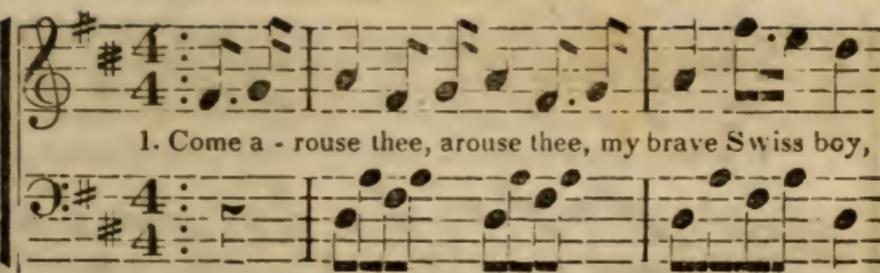


## THE LAST LINK IS BROKEN,

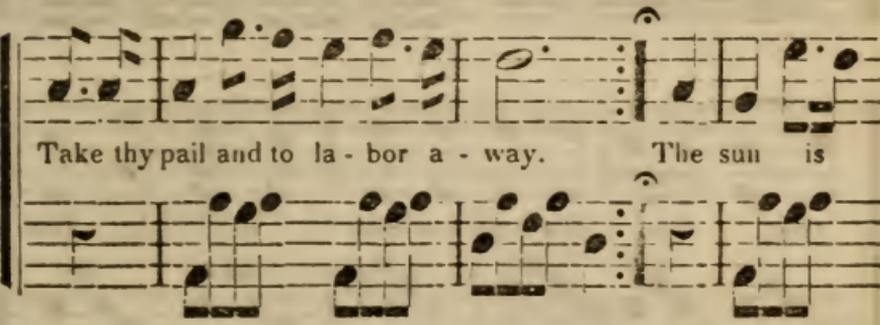
think on thee yet, I'll pray for thee nightly, till life's sun has

set; I have not loved lightly, I'll think on thee yet, I'll

pray for thee night-ly till life's sun has set.

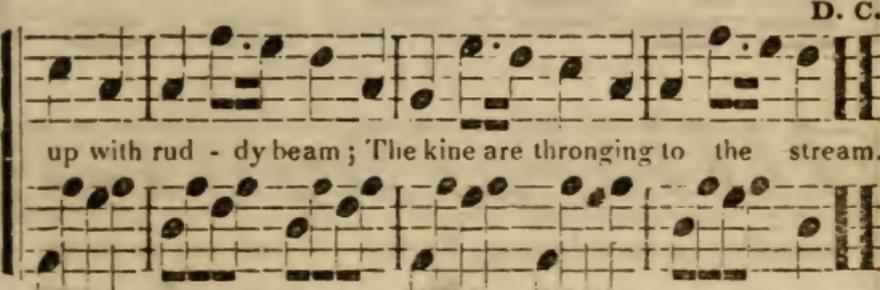


1. Come a - rouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss boy,



Take thy pail and to la - bor a - way. The sun is

D. C.



up with rud - dy beam; The kine are thronging to the stream.

2 Am not I, am not I, a merry Swiss boy,  
 When I hie to the mountains away?  
 For there a shepherd maiden dear,  
 Awaits my song with listening ear.  
 Am not I, &c.

3 Then at night! then at night—Oh a gay swiss  
 I'm away to my comrades, away! [boy!  
 The cup we fill—the wine is passed  
 In friendship round, until at last,  
 With good night! and good night! goes the happy  
 Swiss boy  
 To his home and his slumbers, away.

1. A-way with melan - chol - y, Nor doleful changes

ring, On life and hu-man fol - ly, But

mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing, Fa la; Come on, ye ro-sy

hours, Gay smiling moments bring; We'll strew the way with



3

Then what's the use of sighing,  
 While time is on the wing;  
 Can we prevent his flying?  
 Then merrily, merrily sing,  
 Fal la.

If griefs, like April showers,  
 A moment's sadness bring,  
 Joys soon succeed like flowers,  
 Then cheerily, cheerily sing,  
 Fal la.

4

The rose its bloom refuses,  
 If pluck'd not in the spring,  
 Life soon its fragrance loses,  
 Then cheerily, cheerily sing,  
 Fal la.

Fly, fly all dull emotion,  
 All care away we fling;  
 Pure joy is our devotion,  
 Then cheerily, cheerily sing.  
 Fal la.

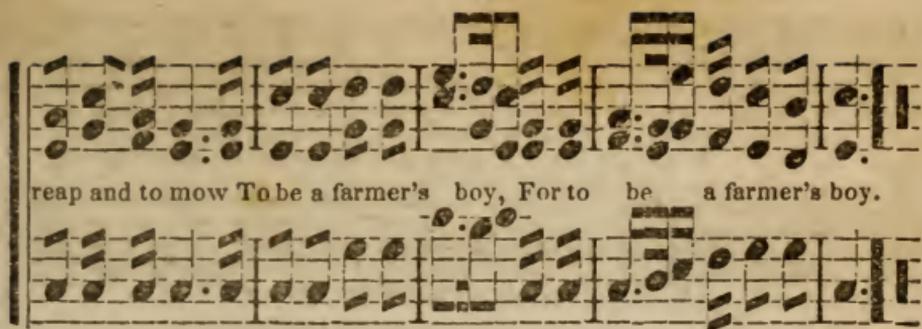
## THE FARMER'S BOY.

1. The sun had sunk be - hind the hill, A - cross you dreary

moor, When wet and cold there came a boy Up to the farmer's

door, Can you tell me, said he, if a - ny there

be, Who would like to give em - ploy, For to plough and to sow to



2 My father's dead, my mother's left  
 With four poor children small,  
 And what is worst for my mother still,  
 I'm the eldest of them all;  
 But though little, I will work as hard as I can,  
 If I can get employ, for to plough and to sow,  
 To reap and to mow, To be a farmer's boy, &c

3 But if no boy you chance to want,  
 One favor I've to ask,  
 To shelter me till dawn of day,  
 From the cold and wintry blast,  
 And at break of day I will trudge away,  
 Else where to seek employ, For to plough and to, &c

4 The farmer's wife cries try the lad,  
 Let him no further seek,  
 Oh do! papa, the daughter cries,  
 While tears run down her cheeks,  
 For those that will work, 'tis hard to want,  
 Or to wander for employ, For to plough, &c.

5 The farmer's boy, he grew a man,  
 The good old farmer died;  
 He left the lad with all he had,  
 And his daughter for his bride;  
 The boy that was, now a farmer is,  
 And he thinks and smiles with joy,  
 On the break of day, when he passed that way,  
 To be a farmer's boy, for to be a farmer's boy.

## BONNY BOAT.

1. O, swiftly glides the bon-ny boat, Just

parted from the shore, And to the fisher's chorus note, Soft

moves the dipping oar; These toils are borne with happy cheer, And

e - ver may they speed; That fee - ble age and

help-mate dear, And ten-der bar-nies feed.

We cast our lines in Largo Bay,  
 Our nets are floating wide;  
 Our bonny boat with yielding sway,  
 Rocks lightly on the tide;  
 And happy prove our daily lot  
 Upon the summer sea;  
 And blest on land our kindly cot  
 Where all our treasures be.

2

The mermaid on her rock may sing,  
 The witch may weave her charm;  
 No water sprite, nor eldrick thing,  
 The bonny boat can harm:  
 It safely bears its scaly store  
 Thro' many a stormy gale;  
 While joyful shouts rise from the shore  
 Its homeward prow to hail.

We cast our lines in Largo Bay, &c.

3

Now safe arriv'd, on shore we meet  
 Our friends with happy cheer:  
 And with the fisher's chorus greet  
 All those we hold most dear:  
 With happy cheer, the echoing cove  
 Repeats the chanted note  
 As homeward to our cot we haste  
 Our bonny bonny boat.

We cast our lines in Largo Bay &c

[7\*]

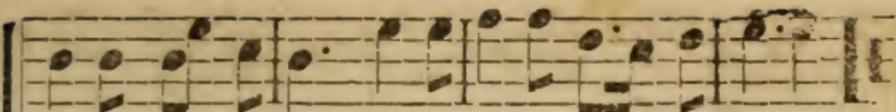
## BLUE EYED MARY.

1. Come tell me blue-eyed stranger, Say

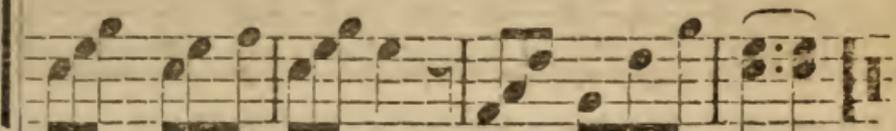
whith-er dost thou roam, O'er this wide world a

ran-ger, Hast thou no friends or home, They called me blue-eyed

Ma-ry, When friends and for - tunes smiled; But



ah! how fortunes va - ry, I now am sorrow's child.



3

Come here, I'll buy thy flowers,  
 And ease thy hapless lot,  
 Still wet with vernal showers,  
 I'll buy, forget me not.

4

'Kind sir, then take these posies,  
 They're fading like my youth,  
 But never, like these roses,  
 Shall wither Mary's truth.'

5

Born thus to weep my fortune,  
 Though poor, I'll virtuous prove;  
 I early learned this caution  
 That pity is not love.

6

Look up, thou poor forsaken,  
 I'll give thee house and home  
 And if I'm not mistaken,  
 Thou'lt never wish to roam.

7

"Once more I'm happy Mary,  
 Once more has fortune smiled;  
 Who ne'er from virtue vary,  
 May yet be fortune's child"

## CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

1. Faintly as tolls the evening chime, Our  
 voic-es keep tune and our oars keep time. Our  
 voi - ces keep tune and our oars keep time.  
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll  
 sing at Saint Ann's our part-ing hymn.

Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The

rap - ids are near, and the day - light's past, The

rap - ids are near, and the day-light's past.

2

Why should we yet our sails unfurl?  
 There's not a breath the blue wave to curl;  
 But, when the wind blows off the shore,  
 Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.  
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past

3

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon  
 Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon;  
 Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers,  
 O, grant us cool heavens, and fav'ring airs.  
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

## AULD LANG SYNE.

1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er bro't to

mind, Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And days o' lang

syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll

tak' a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

2

We two ha'e run about the braes,  
 And pu'd the gowans fine;  
 But we've wandered mony a weary foot,  
 Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

3

We twa ha'e paidlet i' the burn,  
 Frae morning sun till dine;  
 But seas between us braid ha'e roared,  
 Sin' auld lang syne.  
 For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

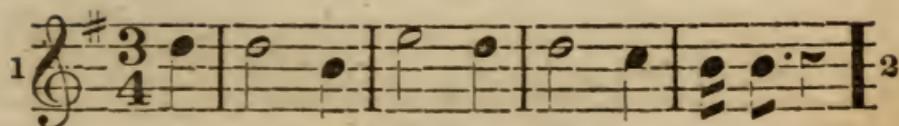
4

And there's a hand, my trustie feire,  
 And gi'es a hand o' thine;  
 And we'll tak' a right gude willie-waught,  
 For auld lang syne.  
 For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

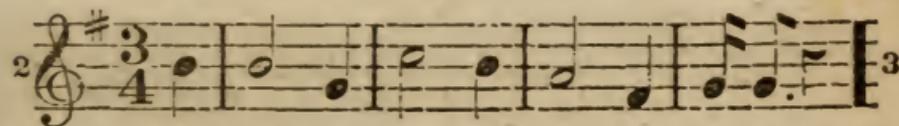
5

And surely you'll be your pint-stoup,  
 And surely I'll be mine;  
 And we'll tak' a drop o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.  
 For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

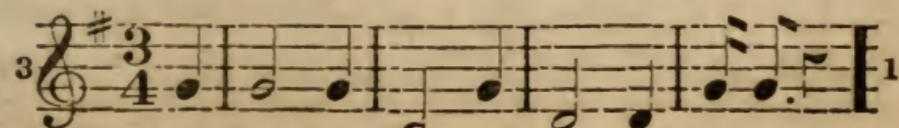
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 ROUND.


A boat! a boat to cross the fer-ry;



And we'll go o - - ver to be mer-ry;



And while we float sing hey down der-ry.

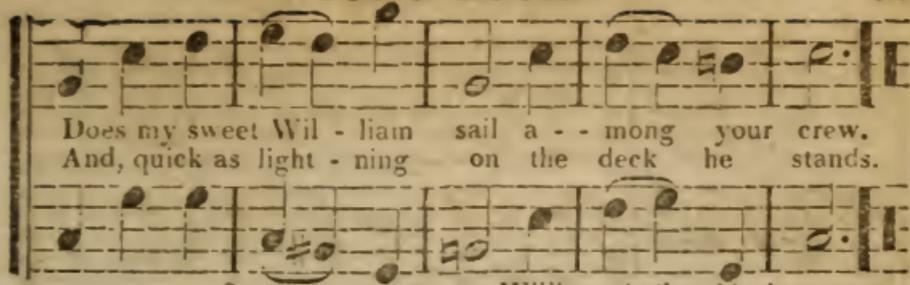
## BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

1. All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The streamers  
2. William, who high up - on the yard, Rock'd with the

wav - ing in the wind, When black-eyed Susan came on  
bil - lows to and fro ; Soon as her well known voice he

board ; " Oh! where shall I my true love find? Tell me, ye  
heard, He sigh'd and cast his eyes be - - low. The cord slides

jo - - vial sai - lors, tell me true, Does my sweet William  
swift - ly through his glow - ing hands, And, quick as lightning



2  
So the sweet lark, high poised in air,  
Shuts close his pious to his breast.  
If, chance his mate's shrill note he  
hear,

And drops at once into her nest.  
The noblest captain in Columbia's  
fleet  
Might envy William's lips those  
kisses sweet.

3  
"O, Susan! Susan! lovely dear!  
My vows shall ever true remain;  
Let me kiss off that falling tear,  
We only part to meet again.

Change, as ye list, ye winds, my  
heart shall be

The faithful compass that still points  
4 [to thee

'Believe not what the landsmen say  
Who tempt with doubts thy con-  
stant mind;

They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,  
In every port a mistress find—  
Yes, yes, believe them when they  
tell thee so,

For thou art present wheresoe'er I  
5 (go.

"If to far India's coast we sail,  
Thine eyes are seen in diamonds  
bright;

Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale;  
Thy skin is ivory so white;  
Thus every beauteous object that  
I view,

Wakes in my soul some charm of  
lovely Sue.

6  
"Tho' battle calls me from thy arms  
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;  
Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from  
harms, [8]

William shall to his dear return ;  
Love turns aside the balls that round  
me fly,  
Lest precious tears should drop  
from Susan's eye."

7  
The boatswain gave the final word,  
The sails their swelling bosoms  
spread;

No longer must she stay aboard;  
They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung  
his head.

Her lessening boat unwilling rows  
to land!

'Adieu!' she cried, and waved her  
lily hand.

### THE SEQUEL

1  
The moon had burst the clouds of  
heaven,

When Susan sought the wreck-  
strewn shore,

By grief and woe her bosom riven,  
Her shipwreck'd William to de-  
plore;

While gazing on the watery waste,  
A floating form her eye descried,  
And the next heaving billow placed  
Her lover by the maiden's side.

2  
'Susan, for thee the storm I braved,  
While angry surges round me  
roared,

And see, by bounteous mercy saved  
Thy sailor to thine arms restor'd!!  
His well-known voice her fears be-  
guiled,

His glowing kiss her sorrows dried;  
And the next morning's sunbeams  
smiled

On Susan as her William's bride!

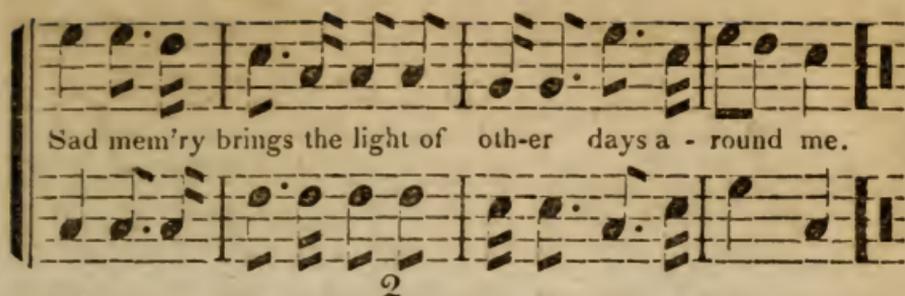
1. Oft in the stilly night, When slumber's chain hath bound thee,

Fond mem'ry brings the light of other days around me; The

smiles, the tears of boyhood's years, The words of love then spoken, The

eyes that now shone, now dim'd and gone, The cheerful heart's now broken!

Thus in the stil - ly night, Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,



2

When I remember all  
 The friends so link'd together,  
 I've seen around me fall,  
 Like leaves in winter weather,  
 I feel like one who treads alone  
 Some banquet hall deserted,  
 Whose lights are fled, whose garland's dead,  
 And all but me departed.  
 Thus in the stilly night, &c.

### MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

1

March to the battle field,  
 The foe is now before us,  
 Each heart is freedom's shield,  
 And heaven is smiling o'er us.  
 The woes and pains, the galling chains,  
 That keep our spirits under,  
 In proud disdain, we've broke again,  
 And tore each link asunder.  
 March to the battle field, &c.

2

Who for his country brave,  
 Would fly from her invader?  
 Who, his base life to save,  
 Would, traitor-like, degrade her?  
 Our hallow'd cause, our home and laws,  
 'Gainst tyrant power sustaining,  
 We'll gain a crown of bright renown,  
 Or die—our rights maintaining!  
 March to the battle field, &c

## MARSEILLES HYMN.

Ye sons of freedom, wake to glo - ry, Hark, hark what

myriads bid you rise ; Your children, wives and grandsires

hoa - ry, Behold their tears, and hear their cries ! Behold their

tears and hear their cries ! Shall hateful ty-rants mischief

breed-ing, With hireling host, a ruf - fian band, Af-

fright and deso-late the land, While peace and liber - ty lie

bleeding, To arms, to arms, ye brave, The pa-triot sword un-

sheath, March on, march on, all hearts re-

solved On lib - er - ty or death.

2 Oh, Liberty, can man resign thee,  
 Once having felt thy generous flame!  
 Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee,  
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame!  
 Too long the world has wept bewailing,  
 That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,  
 But freedom is our sword and shield,  
 And all their arts are unavailing.  
 To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

[8\*]

## BAY OF BISCAY.

Slow.

1. Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder, The rain a de-luge

show'rs; The clouds were rent asunder, By light'ning's vivid pow'rs. The

night both drear and dark, Our poor de-vo-ted bark; There she

lay, 'Till next day In the Bay of Bis-cay, O.

## 2

Now dash'd upon the billow,  
Our op'ning timbers creak;  
Each fears a watery pillow,  
None stop the dreadful leak.  
To climb the slippery shrouds,  
Each breathless seaman crowds;  
As she lay,  
'Till the day,  
In the Bay of Biscay, O.

## 3

At length the wish'd for morrow,  
Broke through the hazy sky;  
Absorb'd in silent sorrow,  
Each heav'd the bitter sigh.  
The dismal wreck to view,  
Struck horror to the crew,  
As she lay,  
On that day,  
In the Bay of Biscay, O.

## 4

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

## HAIL, COLUMBIA.

1. Hail, Co-lum-bia, happy land! Hail, ye he-roes

heaven-born band, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, Who

fought and bled in freedom's cause, And when the storm of

war was gone, En - joyed the peace your val - or won. Let

In-dependence be your boast, Ev-er mindful what it cost.

E-ver grateful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.

Firm, u-ni - ted let us be, Rallying round our lib-er - ty!

As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safety we shall find.

2  
Immortal Patriots! rise once more!  
Defend your rights, defend your  
shore ;  
Let no rude foe with impious hand  
Let no rude foe with impious hand  
Invade the shrine, where sacred lies  
Of toil and blood the well earned  
prize ;  
While offering peace sincere & just  
In heaven we place a manly trust,  
That truth and justice may prevail,  
And every scheme of bondage fail.  
Firm, united, &c.

3  
Sound, sound the trump of fame !  
Let Washington's great name  
Ring thro' the world with loud ap-  
plause ! (Twice.)  
Let every clime, to freedom dear,  
Listen with a joyful ear ;

With equal skill, with steady pow'r  
He governs in the fearful hour  
Of horrid war, or guides with ease,  
The happier time of honest peace,  
Firm, united, &c.

4  
Behold the chief, who now com  
mands,  
Once more to serve his country,  
stands,  
The rock on which the storm will  
beat ! (Twice.)

But armed in virtue, firm and true,  
His hopes are fixed on heaven and  
you ;

When hope was sinking in dismay,  
When gloom obscured Columbia's  
day,  
His steady mind from changes free,  
Resolved on death or Liberty.  
Firm, united, &c.

## BUY A BROOM.

1. From Teutchland I come with my light wares all laden, To

dear hap - py England, in summer's gay bloom, Then listen, fair

la-dy, and young pretty maiden, Oh! buy of the

wand'ring Ba-va-rian a broom. Buy a broom! buy a

broom! Oh! buy of the wand'ring Bavarian a broom!

1

From Teutchland I come, with my light wares all laden,

To dear happy England, in summer's gay bloom.  
Then listen, fair lady and young pretty maiden,  
Oh! buy of the wand'ring Bavarian a broom  
Buy a broom! buy a broom!

Oh buy of the wand'ring bavarian a broom!

2

To brush away insects that sometimes annoy you  
You'll find it quite handy, to use night and day,  
And what better exercise, pray, can employ you,  
Than to sweep all vexatious intruders away.

Buy a broom! Buy a broom!

Than to sweep all vexatious intruders away.

3

Ere winter comes on, for sweet home soon depart-  
ing

My toils for your favor again I'll resume,  
And while gratitude's tear in my eyelid is starting,  
Bless the time that in England I cried buy a broom!

Buy a broom! buy a broom!

Bless the time that in England I cried buy a  
broom!

## ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

1. { Fare - well, farewell to thee Ar - aby's daughter! Thus  
 { No pearl ev - er lay, under Oman's green water, More

Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute blowing And

warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea; } Oh! fair as the sea flower  
 pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee. }

hush'd all its music and wither'd its frame.

D. C.

close to thee growing, How light was thy heart till love's witchery came.

2

But long upon ARABY'S green sunny highlands,  
 Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom  
 Of her who lies sleeping among the pearl Islands,  
 With nought but the sea-star to light up her tomb.  
 And still, when the merry date season is burning,  
 And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,  
 The happiest there, from their pastime returning,  
 At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

## 3

The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses  
Her dark-flowing hair, for some festival day,  
Will think of thy fate, till neglecting her tresses,  
She mournfully turns from the mirror away;  
Nor shall IRAN, beloved of her hero! forget thee,  
Tho' tyrants watch over her tears as they start;  
Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee,  
Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

## 4

Farewell— be it ours to embellish thy pillow  
With everything beauteous that grows in the deep,  
Each flower of the rock, and each gem of the billow,  
Shall sweeten thy bed, and illumine thy sleep.  
Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber  
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;  
With many a shell in whose hollow-wreath'd chamber,  
We, Peris of ocean, by moonlight have slept.

## 5

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,  
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head:  
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling,  
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.  
Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet fountain  
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,  
They'll weep for the chieftain who died on that mountain,  
They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in this wave.

## BETSY BAKER.

1. From noise and bustle far away, hard work my time em-

p-loying, How happily I pass'd each day, content and health enjoying,  
The

birds did sing, and so did I, as I trudged o'er each a-cre, I

never knew what was to sigh till I saw Betsy Ba-ker.

2

At church I met her dressed so neat, one Sunday in hot weather,  
 With love I found my heart did beat, as we sung psalms together,  
 So piously she hung her head, the while her voice did shake, ah!  
 I thought if ever I did wed, 'twould be with Betsy Baker.

3

From her side I could not budge, and, sure, I thought no harm on't,  
 My elbow then she gave a nudge, and bade me mind the sarment;  
 When church was over, out she walked, but I did overtake her,  
 Determined I would not be baulked, I spoke to Betsy Baker.

4

Her manners were genteel and cool, I found on conversation,  
 She'd just come from boarding-school, and finished her education;  
 But love made me speak out quite free, says I, I've many an acre,  
 Will you give me your company? I sha'n't, said Betsy Baker.

5

All my entreaties she did slight, and I was forced to leave her,  
 I got no sleep all that there night, for love had brought a fever;  
 The doctor came, he smelt his cane, with long face like a Quaker,  
 Said he, 'Young man, pray, where's the pain?' says I, 'Sir Betsy  
 Baker.'

6

Because I was not bad enough, he bolused and he pilled me,  
 And, if I'd taken all his stuff, I think he must ha' killed me;  
 I put an end to all the strife 'twixt him and the undertaker,  
 And what d'ye think 'twas saved my life? why thoughts of Betsy  
 Baker.

7

I then again to Betsy went, once more with love attacked her,  
 But meantime she got acquainted wi' a ramping mad play actor.  
 If she would have him, he did say a lady he would make her,  
 He gammoned her to run away, and I lost Betsy Baker.

8

I fretted very much to find my hopes of love so undone,  
 And mother thought 'twould ease my mind if I came up to London.  
 But though I strive another way, my thoughts will ne'er forsake her.  
 I dream all night, and think all day, of cruel Betsy Baker.

I ' Together let us sweetly live, I am bound for the land of Canaan; }  
 Together let us sweetly die, I am bound for the land of Canaan; }

O Ca-naan, bright Canaan, I am bound for the land of Canaan;

O Canaan, it is my happy home, I am bound for the land of Canaan;

2

If you get there, before I do, I am bound for the land of Ca-  
 Look out for me, I'm coming too, I am bound, &c. [naan.  
 O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

3

I have some friends before me gone, I am bound, &c.  
 And I'm resolved to travel on, I am bound, &c.  
 O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

4

Our songs of praise shall fill the skies, I am bound, &c  
 While higher still our joys they rise, I am bound, &c.  
 O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

5

Then come with me, beloved friend, I am bound, &c.  
 The joys of heaven shall never end, I am bound, &c.  
 O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c

1 { Days of absence, sad and drea-ry, Cloth'd in sorrow's  
Days of absence, I am wea-ry, Her I love is

dark ar - ray ; }  
far a - way. } Hours of bliss too quickly van - ished,

When will aught like you re - turn ; When the hea - vy

sigh be banished ; When this bosom cease to mourn.

Not till that loved voice can greet  
me,  
Which so oft has charm'd mine ear,  
Not till those sweet eyes can meet  
me,  
Telling that I still am dear ;  
Days of absence then will vanish,  
Joy will all my pangs repay ;  
Soon my bosom's idol banish  
Gloom, but fe when she's away.

All my love is turn'd to sadness.  
Absence pays the tender vow,  
Hopes that fill'd the heart with  
gladness,  
Mem'ry turns to anguish now ;  
Love may yet return to greet me,  
Hope may take the place of pain ;  
Antoinette with kisses meet me,  
Breathing love and peace again.

1. } When I can read my ti - tle clear, To  
 } I'll bid fare-well to ev' - ry fear, And

mansions in the skies, } And wipe my weeping eyes,... And  
 wipe my weeping eyes. }

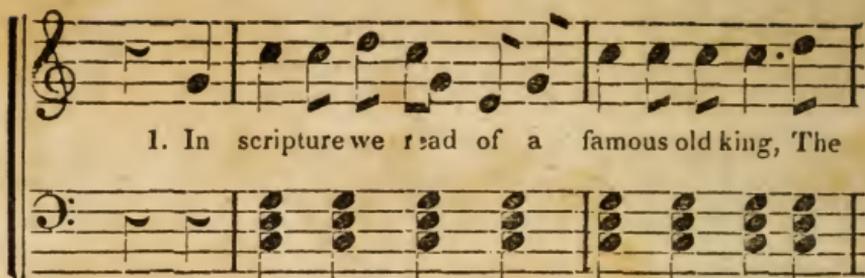
wipe my weeping eyes, I'll bid farewell to ev'-ry fear, And

wipe my weeping eyes. O that will be joy - ful,

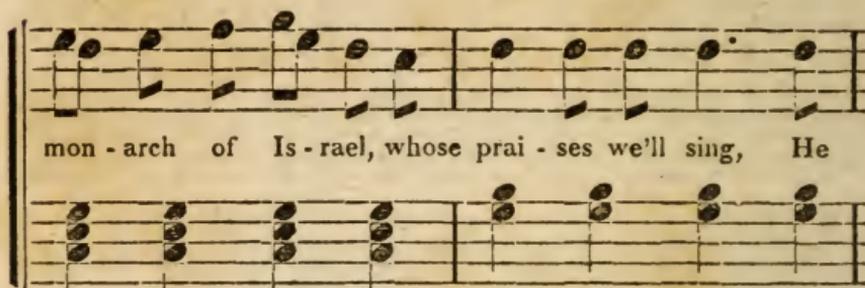
joy - ful, joy - ful, O that will be joy - ful,

When we meet to part no more, When we meet to part no  
 more,.... On Canaan's happy shore; 'Tis there we'll meet at  
 Je - sus feet, When we meet to part no more.

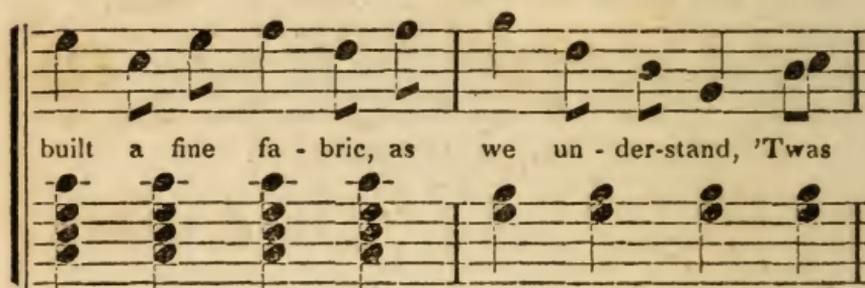
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
 And hellish darts be hurl'd,  
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
 And face a frowning world, And face, &c. And, &c.  
 O that will be joyful, &c.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
 And storms of sorrow fall;  
 May I but safely reach my home,  
 My God, my heaven, my all. O that will be, &c
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul,  
 In seas of heavenly rest,  
 And not a wave of trouble roll  
 Across my peaceful breast. O that will be, &c.
- 5 When we've been there ten thousand years,  
 Bright shining as the sun,  
 We've no less days to sing God's praise  
 Than when we first begun. O that will be, &c



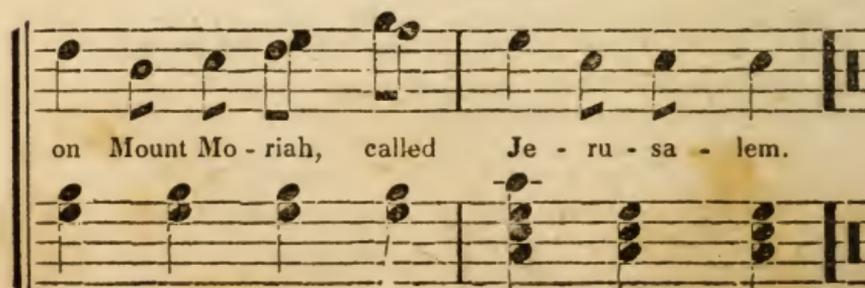
1. In scripture we read of a famous old king, The



mon - arch of Is - rael, whose prai - ses we'll sing, He



built a fine fa - bric, as we un - der - stand, 'Twas



on Mount Mo - riah, called Je - ru - sa - lem.

2

He ordered king Solomon, he being his son,  
To finish the building which he had begun;  
King Solomon being willing to execute the plan,  
He gathered all the workman that were in the land.

3

King Solomon a letter to Tyre did send,  
Beseeching king Hiram for to be his friend,  
King Hiram being willing to grant him relief,  
Sent him that cunning workman called Hiram the chief

4

He was the son of a widow, and of the tribe of Dan,  
In every particular he acted a man,  
He being cunning and skilful in craft,  
There was none could exceed him in casting the brass.

5

He built him two cherubims and of the image work,  
The wings of them reached over to cover the ark;  
They reached o'er so far to Solomon's porch,  
That he might observe them on going to church.

6

And when these cunning craftsmen the stones they did  
square,  
All ready for building before they came there,  
And on proper carriages they carried them down,  
That on that mighty building no hammer should sound.

7

And when the queen of Sheba she heard of his fame,  
Then up to Jerusalem she instantly came,  
And when she came there she was struck with surprise,  
To see his mighty learning which so dazzled her eyes.

8

She asked him questions according to art,  
He answered her all that belonged to her part,  
In wisdom and learning there was none could excel,  
So then the queen of Sheba, she loved him well

9

Come all ye Free Masons who rule the grand lodge,  
And bless that king Hiram with infinite love,  
King Hiram, king Solomon also,  
Come fill up your glasses boys, we'll drink and we'll go

1. In the days when we went Gip-sey-ing, A long time a -

go, 'The lads and las-ses in their best Were dress'd from top to

toe : We danc'd and sung the jocund song, Up - on the for-est

green; Aud nought but mirth and jol-li - ty A - round us could be

seen; And thus we pass'd a pleasant time, Nor thought of care or

wo, In the days when we went gip-sey-ing a long time a - go,

In the days when we went gipseying, A long time a - go.

2

All hearts were light, and eyes were bright,  
 While nature's face was gay;  
 The trees their leafy branches spread,  
 And perfume fill'd the way.  
 'Twas there we heard the cuckoo's note  
 Steal softly through the air,  
 While every scene around us looked  
 Most beautiful and clear.  
 And thus we passed, &c.

3

We filled a glass to every lass,  
 And all our friends most dear;  
 And wished them many happy days,  
 And many a happy year.  
 To friends away we turned our thoughts,  
 With feelings kind and free;  
 And oh! we wished them with us there,  
 Beneath the forest tree,  
 And thus we passed, &c.

When marshalled on the night-ly plain, The glittering  
star a-lone, of all the train, Can fix the

one a-lone the Sa-rior speaks, It is the  
1 FINE.

hosts be - stud the sky, One  
sin-ner's [OMIT] . . . . . wandering eye. } Hark! hark! to

star of . . . . . Beth-le-hem. D. C.

God the chorus breaks, From every host, from ev'-ry gem; But

- 2 Once on the raging seas I rode,  
The storm was loud, the night was dark,  
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd  
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.  
Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
Death-struck—I ceased the tide to stem:  
When suddenly a star arose,  
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 It was my light, my guide, my all,  
It bade my dark forebodings cease;  
And through the storm and danger's thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.  
Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,  
I'll sing first in night's diadem,  
Forever and forevermore,  
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

1. In good Old Col-ony times, When we liv'd under the king,

2. Now the miller, he stole corn, And the weaver, he stole yarn,

Three roguish chaps fell into mishaps, Because they could not sing.

And the little tailor stole broadcloth enough To keep these three thieves warm

The first, he was a miller, The second, he was a weaver,

Now the miller was drown'd in his dam, And the weaver was hung in his [yarn

The oth-er was a little tailor, Three thieving rogues together.

But the devil clapt his paw on the little tailor, With the broadcloth under (his arm.

## Nothing True but Heaven.

1. This world is all a fleet - ing show, For

man's il - lu - sion given, This world is all a

fleet - ing show, For man's il - lu - sion given;

The smiles of joy, the tears of wo, De -

ceit-ful shine, de - ceit - ful flow, There's nothing true but

Heaven, There's nothing true but Heav'n, There's

noth - ing true but Heaven.

2 And false the light on glory's plume,  
 As fading hues of even;  
 And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,  
 Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—  
 There's nothing bright but heaven!

3 Poor wanderers of a stormy day!  
 From wave to wave we're driven;  
 And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,  
 Serve but to light the troubled way—  
 There's nothing calm but heaven!

## Long, Long Ago.

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long ago,

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the top line and a bass clef on the bottom line. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

long, long a - go: Sing me the songs I de - lighted to hear,

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Long, long a - go, long a - go. Now you are come all my

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

grief is removed, Let me for-get that so

The fourth and final system of musical notation on this page. It concludes the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

long you have lov'd, Let me believe that you

love as you lov'd, Long, long ago, long a - go.

2

Do you remember the path where we met,  
 Long long ago, long long ago?  
 Ah yes you told me you ne'er would forget,  
 Long long ago, long ago.

Then to all others my smile you prefer'd,  
 Love when you spoke gave a charm to each word,  
 Still my heart treasures the praises I heard,  
 Long long ago, long ago.

3

Though by your kindness my fond hopes were rais'd,  
 Long long ago, long long ago,  
 You by more eloquent lips have been prais'd,  
 Long long ago, long ago.

But by long absence your truth has been tried,  
 Still to your accents I listen with pride,  
 Blest as I was when I sat by your side  
 Long long ago, long ago

## The Pirate's Serenade.

1. My boat's by the tower, my bark's in the bay, And

both must be gone ere the dawn of the day. The

moon's in her shroud, but to guide thee afar, On the

deck of the daring's a love light-ed star. Then

wake la-dy, wake, I am wait-ing for thee, And

this night or nev-er my bride thou shalt be. Then

wake la - dy, wake, I am waiting for thee, And

this night or nev-er my bride thou shalt be.

## 2

Forgive my rough mood unaccustomed to sue,  
 I woo not perhaps as your land lovers woo,  
 My voice has been tuned to the notes of the gun,  
 That startle the deep, when the combat's begun;  
 And heavy and hard is the grasp of that hand,  
 Whose glove has been ever the guard of the band.  
 But think not of these, and this moment be mine,  
 And the plume of the proudest shall lower to thine.

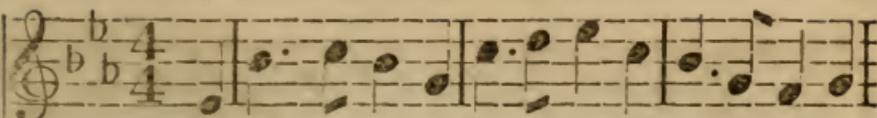
## 3

One hundred shall serve, the best of the brave,  
 And the Chief of a thousand shall kneel to thy slave,  
 And thou shalt reign Queen, and thine Empire shall  
     last,  
 Till the red flag by inches is torn from the mast.  
 Oh Islands there are on the face of the deep  
 Where the leaves never fade and the skies never weep,  
 And there if thou wilt, our love bowers shall be,  
 When we leave for the green-wood, our home on the  
     sea.

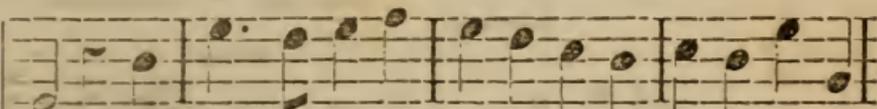
## 4

And there thou shalt sing of the deeds that were done,  
 When we loosed the last blast, and the last battle won,  
 Ah! haste love, haste, for the fair breezes blow,  
 And my ocean bird pois her pinions of snow.  
 Now fast to the lattice these silken cords twine,  
 They are meet for such feet and fingers as thine.  
 The signal, my Mates, ho! hurrah! for the sea,  
 This night, and forever, my bride thou shalt be.

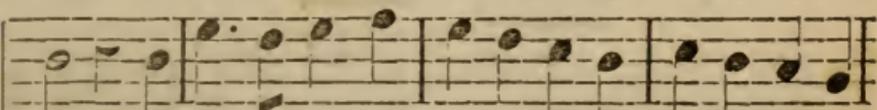
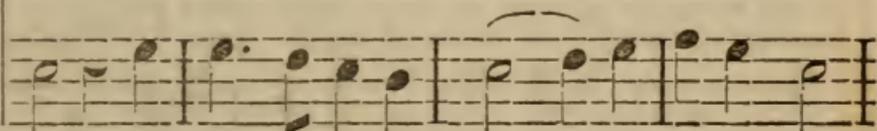
# The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls. 117



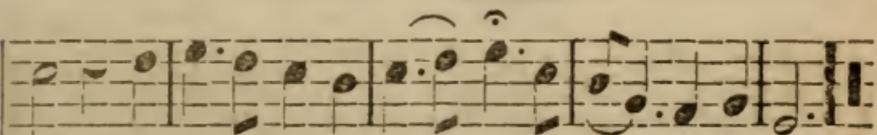
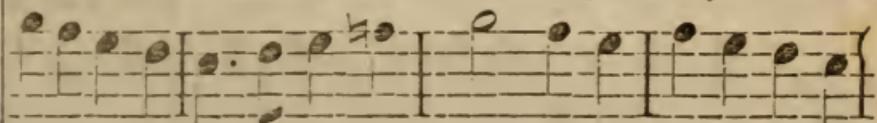
1. The harp that once thro' Tara's halls, The soul of music
2. No more to chiefs and ladies bright, The harp of Tara



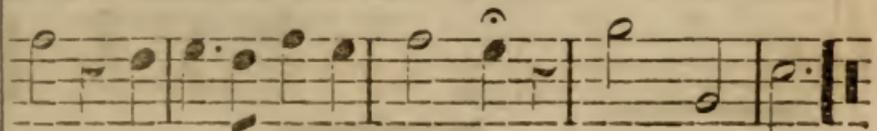
shed, Now hangs as mute on 'Ta-ra's walls As if that soul were  
swells; The chord a-lone that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in



fled. So sleeps the pride of for-mer days, So glo-ry's thrill is  
tells. Thus free - dom now so seldom wakes; The on-ly thro' she



o'er; And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.  
gives, Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that still she lives.



## Castilian Maid.

1. Oh! re- member the time in La Man - cha's  
 When you call'd me the flower of Cas - - til - - ian  
 Oh! nev - er dear youth let you roam where you

Fine.

shades, When our moments so bliss - ful - ly flew; } When I  
 maids, And I blush'd to be call'd so by you. }

taught you to war - ble the gay Se - gua - dille, And to

D. C.

dance to the light Cas - ta - - - - net.



## Life Let us Cherish.

1. Life let us cher - - ish, While yet the

The first system of music is in 6/8 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It features a treble and bass clef. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "1. Life let us cher - - ish, While yet the".

ta - per glows, And the fresh flow - ret

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "ta - per glows, And the fresh flow - ret".

**Fine.**

pluck ere it close. Why are we fond of

The third system of music includes the word "Fine." centered above the staff. The lyrics are: "pluck ere it close. Why are we fond of".

toil and care? Why choose the rankling thorn to wear, And

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "toil and care? Why choose the rankling thorn to wear, And".

D. C.

heedless by the li-ly stray, Which blossoms in our way?

2

When clouds obscure the atmosphere,  
 And forked lightnings rend the air,  
 The sun resumes its silver crest,  
 And smiles adorn the west.

Life let, &amp;c.

3

The genial seasons soon are o'er;  
 Then let us, ere we quit this shore,  
 Contentment seek; it is life's zest,  
 The sunshine of the breast.

Life let, &amp;c.

4

Away with every toil and care,  
 And cease the rankling thorn to wear;  
 With manful hearts life's conflict meet,  
 Till death sounds the retreat.

Life let, &amp;c.

## The Soldier's Return.

1. { When wild war's deadly blast was blown, And  
And eyes a-gain with pleasure beam'd, That  
gen-tle peace re - - turn - ing, }  
had been blear'd wi' mourn-ing, } I left the lines and  
tent-ed field, Where I had been a lodg-er, My  
hum - ble knapsack a' my wealth, A poor but honest sol-dier.

2 A leal light heart was in my breast,  
My hand unstain'd by plunder;  
And for fair Scotia hame again,  
I cheery on did wander.  
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,  
I thought upon my Nancy,  
I thought upon the witching smile  
That caught my youthful fancy.

3 At length I reach'd the bonny glen  
Where early life I sported,  
I passed the mill and trysting thorn  
Where Nancy aft I courted:  
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid  
Down by her mother's dwelling!  
And turn'd me round to hide the flood  
That in my een was swelling.

- 4 Wi' altered voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,  
 Sweet as yon hawthorn blossom;  
 Oh! happy, happy, may he be,  
 That's dearest to thy bosom :  
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,  
 And fain wad be thy lodger;  
 I've served my king and country lang,  
 Take pity on a soldier !
- 5 Sae wistfully she gazed on me,  
 And lovelier was than ever;  
 Quo' she, A soldier ance I lo'ed,  
 Forget him shall I mever;  
 Our humble cot, and hamely fare,  
 Ye freely shall partake it!  
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,  
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't.
- 6 She gazed—she redden'd like a rose—  
 Syne pale like ony lily,  
 She sank within my arms and cried,  
 Art thou my ain dear Willie ?  
 By Him who made yon sun and sky,  
 By whom true love's regarded,  
 I am the man—and thus may still  
 True lovers be rewarded !
- 7 The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,  
 And find thee still true-hearted;  
 Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,  
 And mair—we'se ne'er be parted!  
 Quo' she, My grandsire left me gowd,  
 And mailin plenish'd fairly;  
 And come, my faithful soldier lad,  
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly !
- 8 For gold the merchant ploughs the main,  
 The farmer ploughs the manor;  
 But glory is the soldier's prize,  
 The soldier's wealth is honor.  
 The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,  
 Nor count him as a stranger;  
 Remember, he's his country's stay  
 In day and hour of danger.

## KATE KEARNEY.

1. Oh! did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney?

She lives on the banks of Kil-lar-ney, From the

glance of her eye, shun dan-ger and fly, For

fa-tal's the glance of Kate Kearney. For that eye is so modest-ly

beam - ing, You ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming, Yet

Oh! I can tell how fa - tal the spell That

lurks in the eye of Kate Kear - - ney.

3

Oh! should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,  
 Who lives on the banks of Killarney,  
 Beware of her smile, for many a wile  
 Lies hid in the eye of Kate Kearney

4

Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,  
 There's mischief in every dimple;  
 And who dares inhale her sighs' spicy gale,  
 Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

## John Anderson My Jo.

John An - der-son my Jo John, When

The first system of music is in G major (one flat) and 2/2 time. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Nature first be - gan To try her canny hand, John, her

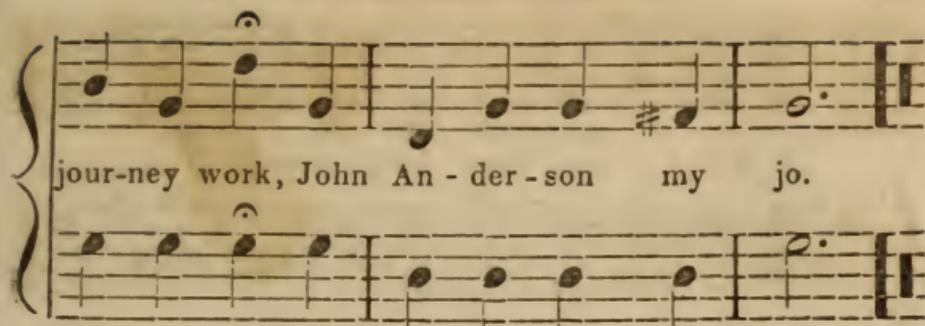
The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

no-blest work was man; And you among them a' John, so

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

trig from top to toe, She proved to be nae

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



## 2

John Anderson, my jo, John, ye were my first conceit,  
 I think nae shame to own, John, I lo'd ye ear' and late:  
 They say ye're turning auld, John, and what though it  
 be so,  
 Ye're ay the same kind man to me, John Anderson, my  
 jo.

## 3

John Anderson my jo, John, when we were first ac-  
 quaint,  
 Your locks were like the raven, your bonny brow was  
 brent;  
 But now your brow is bald, John, your locks are like  
 the snow,  
 Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson, my  
 jo.

## 4

John Anderson, my jo, John, we clamb the hill the-  
 gither,  
 And mony a canty day, John, we've spent wi ane  
 anither;  
 Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand  
 we'll go,  
 And sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson, my jo.

## The Troubadour.

1. Gai - ly the Trou - ba - dour touch'd his guitar,

When he was hastening home from the war; Singing, 'From Palestine,

hith - er I come; La - dy love, La - dy love, welcome me home.'

2

She for the Troubadour hopelessly wept;  
 Sadly she thought of him when others slept;  
 Singing, 'In search of thee would I might roam;  
 Troubadour, Troubadour, come to my home.'

3

Hark! 'twas the Troubadour breathing her name:  
 Under the battlement softly he came;  
 Singing 'From Palestine, hither I come,  
 Lady love, lady love, welcome me home.'

1. Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken

dear! Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;

Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'er-cast, And the

heart and the hand all thy own to the last.

2 Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same  
 Through joy and through torments, through glory and shame?  
 I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,  
 I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art!

3 Thou hast called me thy angel, in moments of bliss,—  
 Still thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—  
 Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,  
 And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too!

## EXILE OF ERIN.

1. There came to the beach a poor ex - ile of E - rin ;

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written in G major, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

The dew on his thin robe hung heavy and chill ;

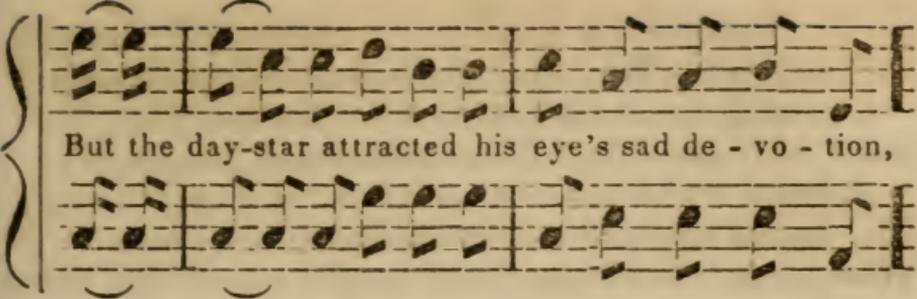
The second system of musical notation continues the melody from the first system. It consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs, 6/8 time, with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

For his coun - try he sighed, when at twi - light re - pair - ing,

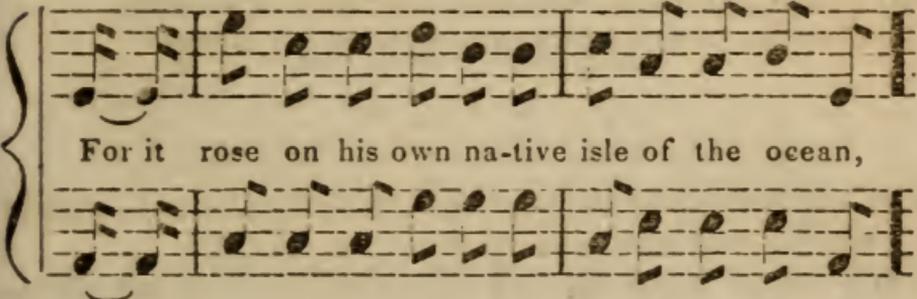
The third system of musical notation continues the melody. It consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs, 6/8 time, with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

To wan - der a - lone by the wind - beat - en hill ;

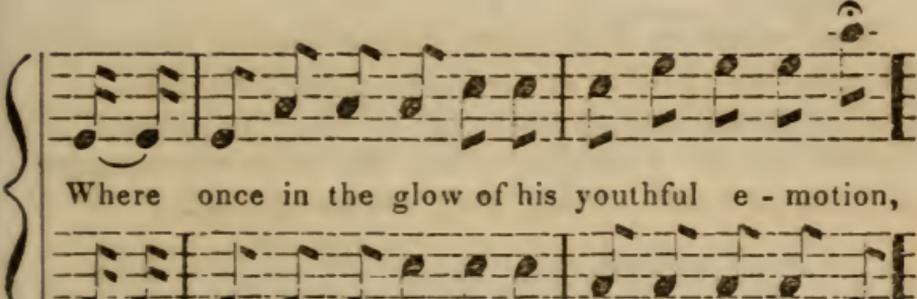
The fourth and final system of musical notation on this page continues the melody. It consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs, 6/8 time, with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.



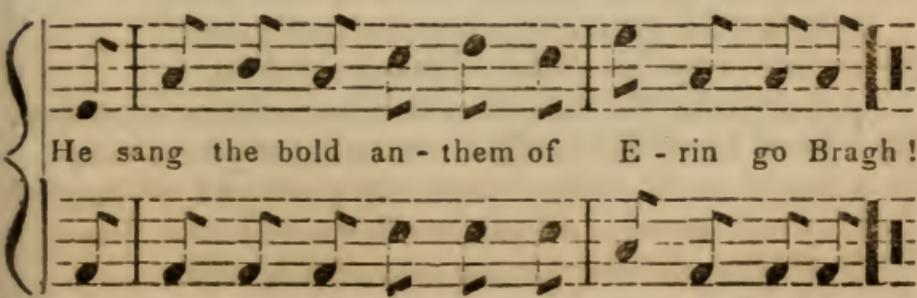
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad de - vo - tion,



For it rose on his own na-tive isle of the ocean,



Where once in the glow of his youthful e - motion,



He sang the bold an - them of E - rin go Bragh!

## 2

Oh! sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger  
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;  
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
 A home and a country remain not for me:  
 Ah! never again in the green shady bowers,  
 Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet  
 hours,  
 Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,  
 And strike to the numbers of Erin go Bragh!

## 3

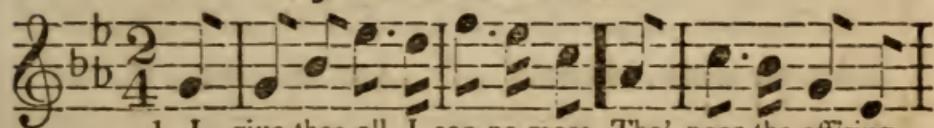
Oh! where is the cottage that stood by the wild wood?  
 Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?  
 Oh! where is my mother that watched o'er my child-  
 hood,  
 And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?  
 Ah! my sad soul long abandon'd by pleasure,  
 Oh! why did it doat on a fast fading treasure—  
 Tears like the rain drops may fall without measure,  
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

## 4

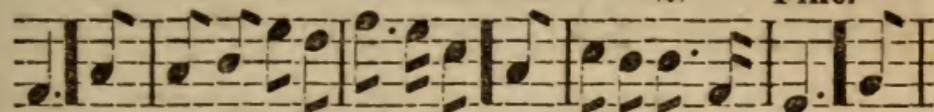
Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,  
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;  
 But, alas! in a far distant land I awaken,  
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.  
 Oh! hard cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me,  
 In a mansion of peace, where no peril can chase me?  
 Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace me—  
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

But yet, all its sad recollections suppressing  
 One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw;  
 Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,  
 Land of my forefathers, Erin go Bragh!  
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,  
 Green be thy fields, aweetest isle of the ocean,  
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion  
 Erin ma vorneen, Erin go Bragh!

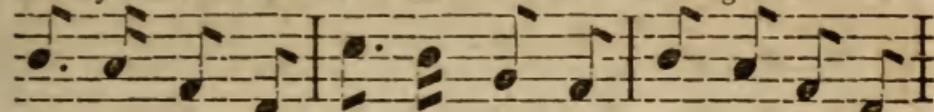
My Heart and Lute.



1. I give thee all, I can no more, Tho' poor the off'ring  
Fine.

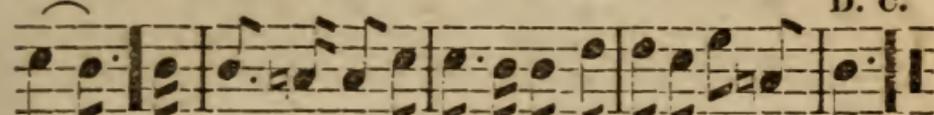


be; My heart and lute are all the store That I can bring to thee. A



lute whose gen - tle song re - veals The soul of love full

D. C.



well; And bet-ter far, a heart that feels Much more than lute can tell.

2 Though love and song may fail, alas!

To keep life's clouds away,

At least 'twill make them lighter pass,

Or glad them if they stay.

If ever care his discord flings

O'er life's enchanted strain,

Let love but gently touch the strings,

12 'Twill all be sweet again. I give thee, &c.

## JOHN NOTT.

1. John Nott he lived on Lud-gate hill, ('Twas

The first system of the musical score for 'John Nott'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics '1. John Nott he lived on Lud-gate hill, ('Twas' are positioned between the two staves.

there his trade be-gan,) And be - ing of the

The second system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'there his trade be-gan,) And be - ing of the' are positioned between the two staves.

liv - e - ry, Was thought a sta-ble man;

The third system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'liv - e - ry, Was thought a sta-ble man;' are positioned between the two staves.

Paper, and pens and ink he sold, And tho' the times might

The fourth and final system of the musical score on this page. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'Paper, and pens and ink he sold, And tho' the times might' are positioned between the two staves.

va-ry, Through prudence in his lit - tle shop, He

still kept Sta-tion - a - ry, He still kept Station-

a-ry. John Nott, why not, John Nott, why not, why

not, why not, John Nott.

- 2 He was Not tall—he was not short,  
 He was Not dark—not fair,  
 He was Not fat—he was not lean,  
 Yet Nott, was very spare;  
 His gross amount was very large,  
 And people said indeed  
 Although John Nott did bear much Weight,  
 He always was in-Kneed,  
 He always was in-Kneed. John Nott, &c.
- 3 John Nott, he dearly loved Miss Twist,  
 So did Untwist his love,  
 And vow'd, although a milliner,  
 Her Cap-tive, he would prove,  
 But she was Captious, and a flirt,  
 And made John Nott her sport.  
 For as she could love no man Long,  
 She quickly cut him Short,  
 She quickly cut him Short. John Nott, &c.
- 4 John Nott declared he was undone,  
 (And so he wrote her word,)  
 For a Connubial Knot he hoped  
 To tie, with her accord;  
 Miss Twist, you're twined around my heart,  
 Whate'er may be my lot,  
 Tho' we're not Join'd, yet we're apart;  
 Adieu, forget me Nott,  
 Adieu, forget me Nott. John Nott, &c.
- 5 John Nott resolved to put an end  
 To all his mortal battles,  
 And having none with him to Chat,  
 He sold off all his Chattles;  
 Although not wedded, home he went,  
 And made a little knot,  
 Twist broke his heart, and twine his neck,  
 And poor John Nott was not. And poor, &c

1. My brother I wish you well, My brother I wish you  
 CHOR. Be mention'd in the promis'd land, Be mention'd in the promis'd

well, When my Lord calls I trust I shall Be mention'd in the promis'd land  
 land, When my Lord calls, I trust I shall be mention'd in the promis'd land

1. My brother I wish you well,  
 My brother I wish you well,  
 When my Lord calls I trust I shall  
 Be mentioned in the promised land.

CHORUS.

Be mentioned in the promised land.  
 Be mentioned in the promised land.  
 When my Lord calls I trust I shall  
 Be mentioned in the promised land.

- 2. My sister I wish you well. &c.
- 3. My father I wish you well, &c.
- 4. My mother I wish you well, &c.
- 5. My neighbors I wish you well, &c.
- 6. My pastor I wish you well, &c.
- 7. Young converts I wish you  
 well, &c.
- 8. Poor sinner I wish you well, &c.

## Rose of Allandale.

1. The morn was fair, the skies were clear, No

breath came o'er the sea, When Ma - ry left her

high - land cot, And wandered forth with me. The

flow - ers deck'd the mountain side and fragrance fill'd the

vale, By far the sweetest flow-er there Was the

rose of Al - lan - dale. Was the rose of Al-lan-

dale— the rose of Allan - dale. By far the sweetest

flow . er there Was the rose of Al - lan - dale.

2. Where'er I wander'd, east or west,  
 Though fate began to lower,  
 A solace still was she to me,  
 In sorrow's lonely hour:  
 When tempests lash'd our gallant  
 bark,  
 And rent her shivering sail,  
 One maiden form withstood the storm,  
 'Twas the Rose of Allandale.

3. And when my fever'd lips were  
 parch'd,  
 On Afric's burning sand,  
 She whispered hopes of happiness,  
 And tales of distant land:  
 My life had been a wilderness,  
 Unblest by fortune's gale,  
 Had fate not link'd my lot to hers,  
 The Rose of Allandale.

## Some Love to Roam.

1. Some love to roam, o'er the dark sea foam, Where the

shrill winds whistle free, But a chosen band in a

mountain land, And a life in the woods for me, When the

shrill winds whistle free. But a cho-sen band in a

mountain land, and a life in the woods for me. When

morning beams o'er the mountain streams, Oh! merrily forth we

go, To fol - low the stag, to his

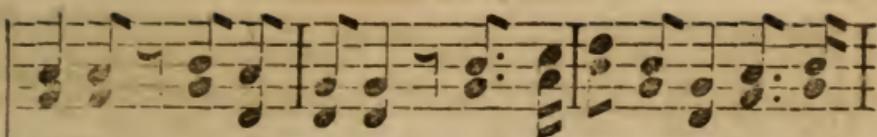
slip-pe-ry crag, And to chase the bound-ing roe.

Ho! ho!

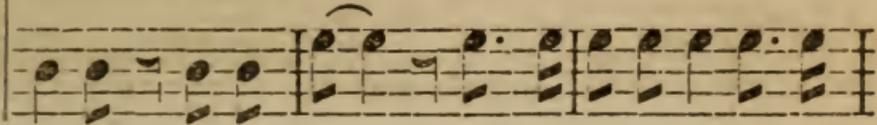
ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! - - - - - ho! ho! ho!

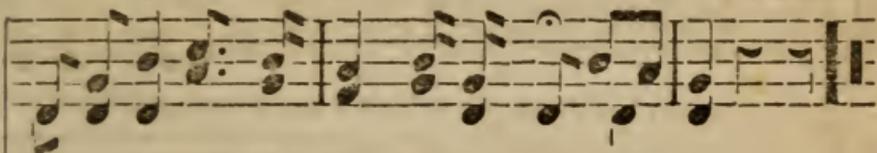
ho! Some love to roam, o'er the dark sea foam, Where the



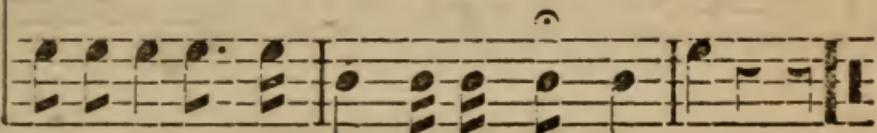
shrill winds whistle free, But a chosen band in a



*ad lib.*



mountain land, And a life in the woods for me.



## 2

The deer we mark, through the forest dark,  
 And the prowling wolf we track,  
 And for right good cheer, in the wild woods here,  
 Oh ! why should a hunter lack ?  
 For with steady aim, at the bounding game,  
 And hearts that fear no foe,  
 To the darksome glade, in the forest shade,  
 Oh ! merrily forth we go.  
 Ho ! ho ! . . . Some love to roam, &c.

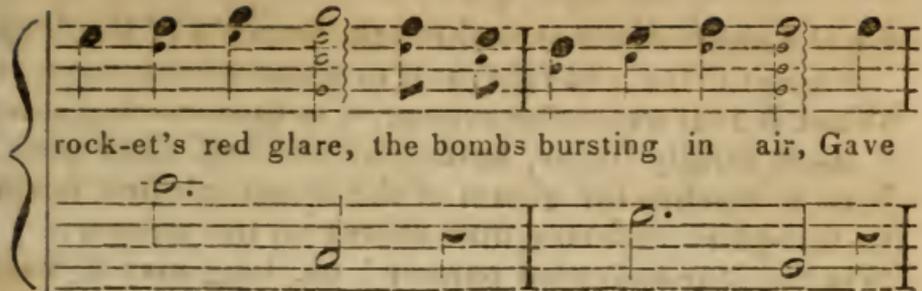
## The Star Spangled Banner.

1. Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so

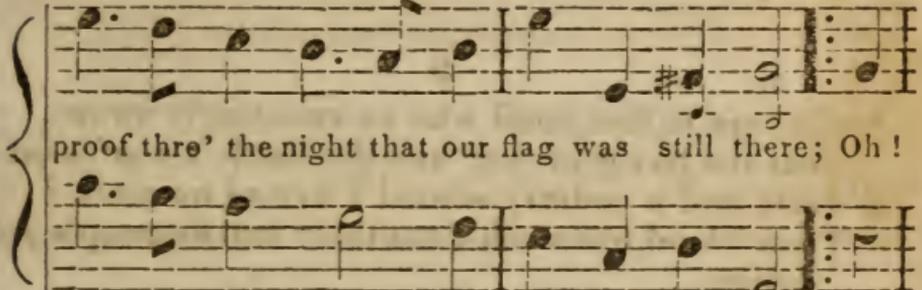
proud - ly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad

stripes and bright stars through the per - il - ous fight, O'er the

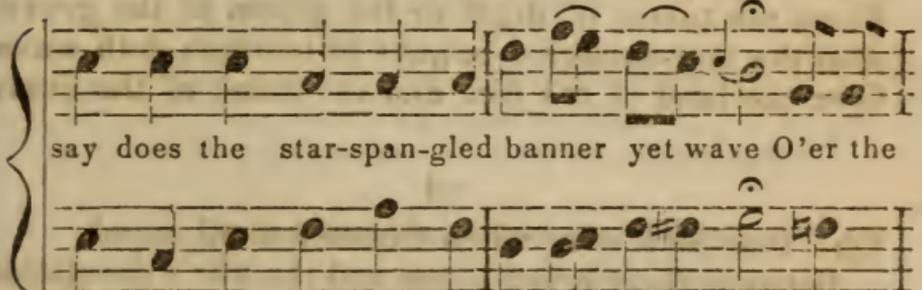
ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming? And the

*rf**rf*


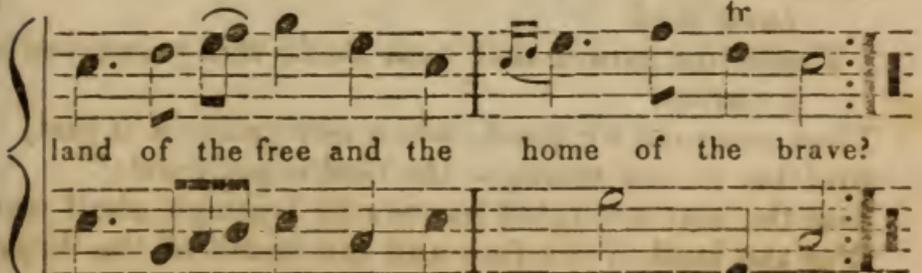
rock-et's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave



proof thro' the night that our flag was still there; Oh!



say does the star-span-gled banner yet wave O'er the



land of the free and the home of the brave?

## 2

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,  
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep  
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses;  
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
 In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:  
 'Tis the star-spangled banner! oh, long may it wave  
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

## 3

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,  
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion  
 A home and a country should leave us no more?  
 Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;  
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave  
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

## 4

Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand  
 Between their loved home and the war's desolation,  
 Bless'd with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land

Praise the power that hath made and preserved us  
 a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
 And this be our motto—“*In God is our trust;*”  
 And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

# The Watchman.

149

Slow.

The musical score is written on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Slow.' The melody consists of several lines of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: '1. Good night, good night, my dearest, How fast the moments fly: 'Tis time to part, thou hearest That hate-ful watchman's cry, That hateful watchman's cry, That hateful watchman's cry, "Past twelve o'clock!" good night, good night.' The score includes dynamic markings 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano) under the lyrics 'That hateful watchman's cry'. The final line of the score shows a change in time signature to 2/4.

hateful watchman's cry, "Past twelve o'clock!" good night, good night.

2

Yet stay a moment longer—

Alas! why is it so?

The wish to stay grows stronger,

The more 'tis time to go.

"Past one o'clock!"—good night!

3

Now wrap thy cloak about thee:—

The hours must sure go wrong,

For when they're pass'd without thee,

They're, oh! ten times as long.

"Past two o'clock!"—good night!

4

Again that dreadful warning!

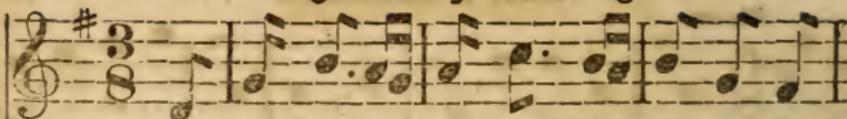
Had ever time such flight?

And see the sky,—'tis morning—

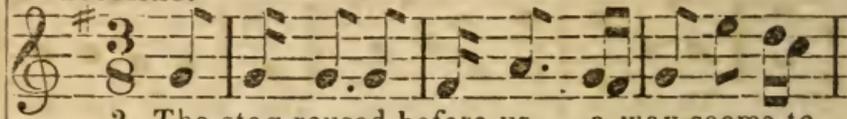
So now, indeed, good night!

"Past three o'clock!"—good night.

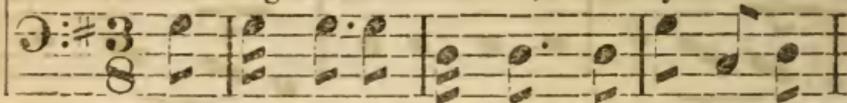
## The Bright Rosy Morning.



1. The bright ro - sy morning peeps o-ver the  
Secondo.



2. The stag roused before us, a-way seems to



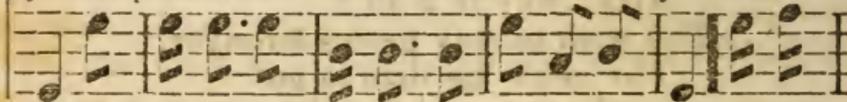
3. The day's sport when o-ver, makes blood cir-cle



hills, With blushes a - dorning the meadows and fields ; While the



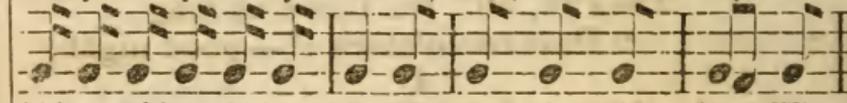
fly, And pants to the cho-rus of hounds in full cry : Then



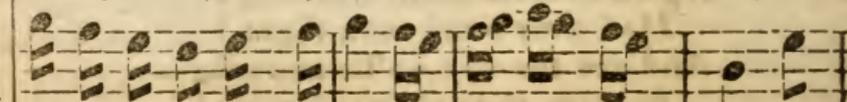
right, And gives the brisk lover fresh charms for the night ; Then



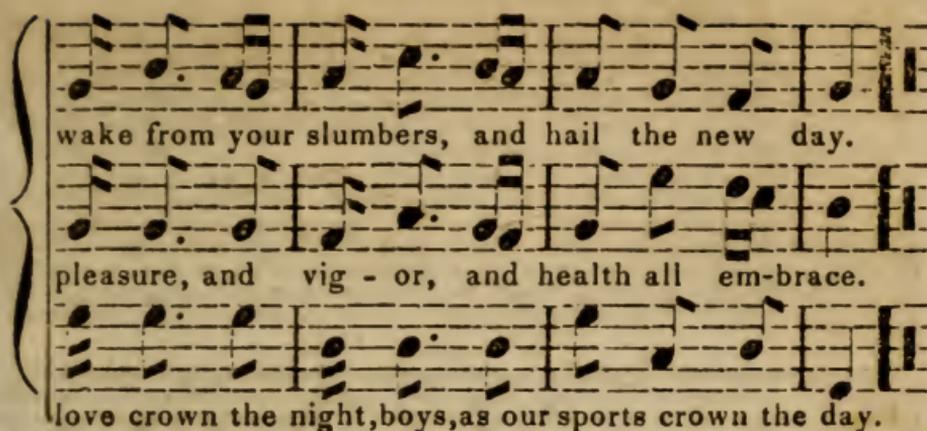
mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry horn calls, come, come a - - way, A-



fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, follow The mu - si - cal chase, Where

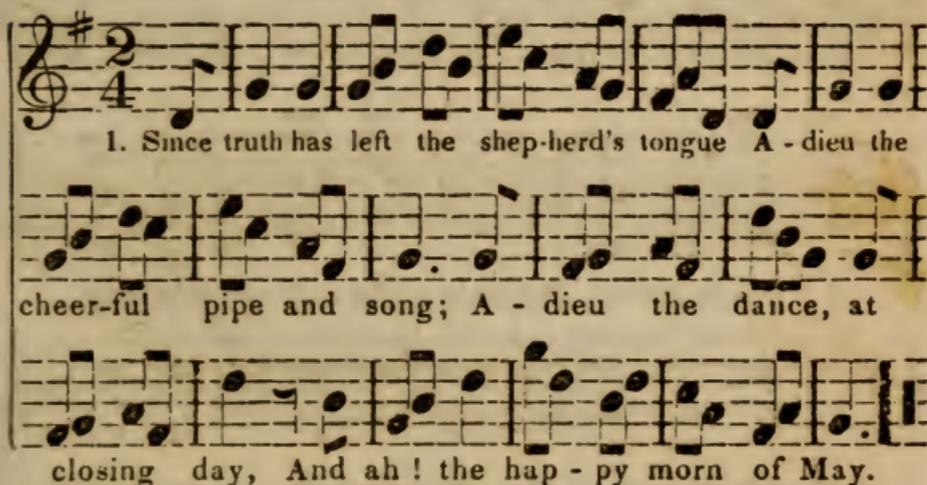


let us, let us now en-joy a l we can while we may ; Let



wake from your slumbers, and hail the new day.  
 pleasure, and vig - or, and health all em-brace.  
 love crown the night, boys, as our sports crown the day.

## Marian's Complaint.



1. Since truth has left the shep-herd's tongue A - dieu the  
 cheer-ful pipe and song; A - dieu the dance, at  
 closing day, And ah! the hap - py morn of May.

2

How oft he told me I was fair,  
 And wove the garland for my hair;  
 How oft for Marian cull'd the bow'r  
 And fill'd my cup with ev'ry flow'r.

3

No more his gifts of guile I'll wear,  
 But from my brow the chaplet tear;

The crook he gave in pieces break,  
 And rend his ribbons from my neck.

4

How oft he vow'd a constant flame,  
 And carv'd on ev'ry oak my name!  
 Blush, Colin, that the wounded tree  
 Is all that will remember me.

150 Go, Forget me, why should Sorrow?

*Affet.*

1. Go, for-get me, why should sor-row

O'er that brow a shadow fling; Go, for-get me,

and to-mor-row, Brightly smile and sweetly sing.

Smile tho' I may not be near thee, Smile tho' I should

nev - er see thee, May thy soul with pleasure shine,

last - ing as the gloom of mine.

2

Like the sun, thy presence glowing,  
 Clothes the meanest thing in light ;  
 And when thou, like him, art going,  
 Loveliest objects fade in night ;  
 All things looked so bright about thee,  
 That they nothing seem without thee ;  
 By that pure and lucid mind,  
 Earthly visions are refined.

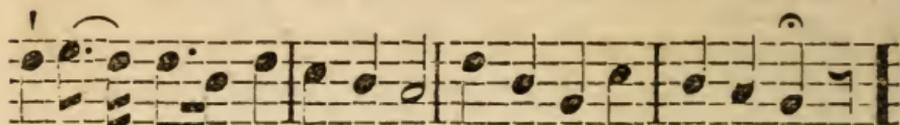
3

Go, thou vision wildly gleaming,  
 Softly on my soul that fell :  
 Go, for me no longer beaming—  
 Hope and beauty, fare thee well !  
 Go, and all that once delighted ;  
 Take and leave me all benighted ;  
 Glory's burning, generous swell,  
 Fancy, and the poet's shell.

## Maltese Boatman's Song.



1. See, brothers, see, How the night comes on, Slowly sinks the setting sun.



Hark! how the solemn vespers sound, Sweetly falls upon the ear.

Then haste, let us work till the day - light is o'er, And

fold our nets as we row to the shore; Our toil of labor

be - ing done, How sweet the boatman's welcome home.

Home, home, home, the boatman's welcome home, Sweet, oh! sweet, the  
boatman's

*f* welcome home! *p* wel-come home! *p* wel-come home.

## 2

See, how the tints of daylight die,  
 Soon we'll hear the tender sigh;  
 For when the toil of labor's o'er,  
 We shall meet our friends on shore.

Then haste let us work till the daylight is o'er,  
 And fold our nets as we row to the shore;  
 For fame or gold howe'er we roam,  
 No sound so sweet as welcome home!

Home, home, home, the boatman's welcome home,  
 Sweet, oh! sweet the boatman's welcome home  
 Welcome home! welcome home!

## Still so Gently o'er me Stealing.

1. Still so gently o'er me stealing, Mem'ry

will bring back the feeling, Spite of all my grief re-

vealing, That I love thee, that I dearly love thee

still. Though some other swain may charm thee, Ah! no

oth - - - er e'er can warm me, Yet ne'er

fear, I will not harm thee, No, thou false one,

No, No, I fond-ly love thee still. Ah! ne'er fear, I will not

harm thee, ne'er fear, I will not harm thee, No, false one, No, I

*p*

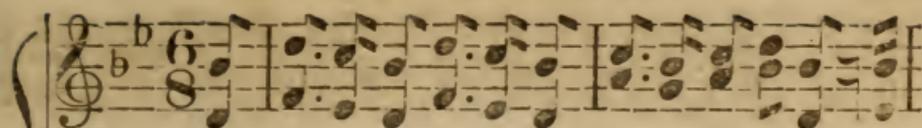
love thee, I love thee, false one, still. Still so gent-ly o'er me

stealing, Mem'ry will bring back the feeling Spite of all my grief re-

1st time. 2d time.

vealing that I love thee, love thee still. Still, I love thee still, I  
1st time. 2d time.

love thee still, I love thee still, I love thee still, I love thee still.



1. { How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, When  
 } The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood, And



The old oak-en bucket, the i-ron bound bucket, The



fond recollection presents to my view, | The wide spreading pond and the  
 ev'ry lov'd spot which my infancy knew, | The cot of my fa- ther, the



moss-cover'd bucket that hung on the well.



mill which stood near it, The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell, }  
 dai-ry house nigh it, And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well. }



2 The moss-covered bucket I hail as a treasure,  
 For often at noon when returned from the field,  
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
 The purest and sweetest that nature could yield.  
 How ardent I siezed it, with hands that were glowing,  
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,  
 Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,  
 And dripping with coolness it rose from the well. The old, &c.

3 How sweet from the green mossy rim to receive it,  
 As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips ;  
 Not a full flowing goblet could tempt me to leave it,  
 Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.  
 And now far removed from the lov'd situation,  
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,

14 And sighs for the bucket which hung in the well. The old, &c.

## LUCY NEAL.

I Come list - en to my sto - ry, You

cant tell how I feel; Ise gwine to sing the

lub I hab For poor Miss Lu - cy Neal. O,

poor Miss Lucy Neal, Den O poor Lucy Neal, Oh!

if I had you by my side, Oh den how good I'd feel.

Chorus.

D. C.

- 2 When I come to Danville,  
I take my horn an blow,  
An den you see Miss Lucy Neal,  
Cum running to de door.  
Den O, poor Lucy Neal, &c.
- 3 Miss Lucy dress'd in satin,  
Its oh, she looked so sweet  
I nebber should hab known her,  
I soon cognised her feet.  
Den O, poor Lucy Neal, &c.
- 4 Oh! tell me dearest Sambo,  
Whar hab you been so long;  
Dey say dat you hab lef me,  
An cross de sea was gone.  
Den O, poor Lucy Neal, &c.
- 5 I tole her dat it was not so,  
An I'd leave her no more,  
Oh den poor Lucy kiss me  
An fell fainting on de floor.  
Den O, poor Lucy Neal, &c.
- 6 Oh! dars de wite man comin,  
To tear you from my side;  
Stan back! you wite slave dealer,  
She is my betrothed bride.  
Den O, poor Lucy Neal, &c
- 7 De poor nigger's fate is hard,  
De wite man's heart is stone,  
Dey part poor nigga from his wife,  
An brake up dare happy home.  
Den O, poor Lucy Neal, &c.

160 When Stars are in the Quiet Skies.

1. When stars are in the quiet skies, Then

most I pine for thee; Bend on me then thy tender

eyes, As stars look on the sea! For

thoughts, like waves that glide by night, Are stillest when they

shine; Mine earthly love lies hush'd in light Be-neath the heav'n of

thine; Mine earth - ly love lies hush'd in light Be-

*ad lib.*

neath the heav'n of thine.

3

There is an hour when angels keep  
Familiar watch on men,  
When coarser souls are wrap'd in sleep,  
Sweet spirit, meet me then.  
There is an hour when holy dreams,  
Through slumber, fairest glide,  
And in that mystic hour it seems  
Thou should'st be by my side.

3

The thoughts of thee too sacred are  
For daylight's common beam;  
I can but know thee as my star,  
My angel, and my dream!  
When stars are in the quiet skies,  
Then most I pine for thee;  
Bend on me, then, thy tender eyes,  
As stars look on the sea!

## Dandy Jim ob Caroline.

1. Dar's dan - dy nig-gers in each place, Wid

beef stake lips dat wink wid grace, but none a-mong de

**Chorus.**

gals can shine, Like dandy Jim ob Car - o - line. For

my ole mas - sa told me so, I's de

best lookin nig-ga in de coun-try Oh! I look in de glass an  
foun twas so, Just what mas - sa told me, O!

2

I went one ebenin to de ball,  
Wid lips combed out an wool quite tall,  
De ladies eyes like snowballs shine  
On dandy Jim ob Caroline,  
For my ole massa, &c

3

Dey squatsied to me in advance,  
To foot it wid me in de dance,  
Yet none could toe but Ginger Dine,  
Wid dandy Jim ob Caroline,  
For my ole massa, &c.

4

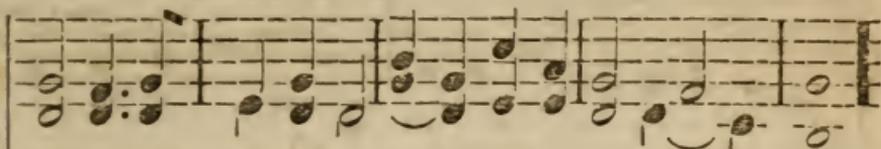
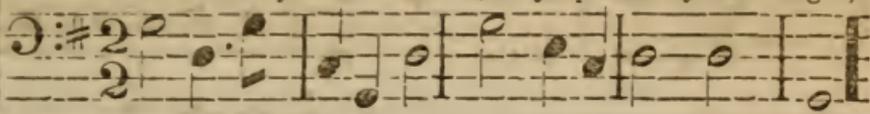
An when I cut de pigeon wing,  
I fan de ceilin wid my fling,  
De ladies all fell in a swine,  
For dandy Jim ob Caroline,  
For my ole massa, &c.

- 5 De fiddler he so much admired,  
 Like 'Ole Bull' he got ginspired,  
 An ebery note he sawed so fine,  
 Said 'Dandy Jim ob Caroline,'  
 For my ole massa, &c.
- 6 An when I started to go home,  
 De ladies sighed an tried to come,  
 But none could go but Molasses Dine,  
 Wid dandy Jim ob Caroline,  
 For my ole massa, &c.
- 7 Den from my head each gal did pull,  
 A lock ob my fine silken wool,  
 Dey plat it into letters fine,  
 Ob dandy Jim ob Caroline,  
 For my ole massa, &c.
- 8 Next to a concert I did go,  
 An soon as I my figger show,  
 An ebery singer change each line,  
 To dandy Jim ob Caroline,  
 For my ole massa, &c.
- 9 Oh! music it hab charms all know,  
 But beauty clipses all below,  
 For de people turned from strains so fine,  
 To dandy Jim ob Caroline,  
 For my ole massa, &c.
- 10 Dey say dat beauty's but skin deep,  
 My skin's so thick twill always keep,  
 An till I die I'll live an shine,  
 The dandy Jim ob Caroline,  
 For my ole massa, &c.

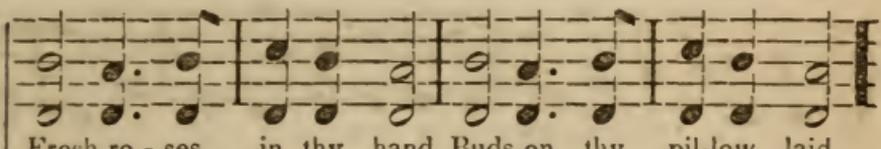
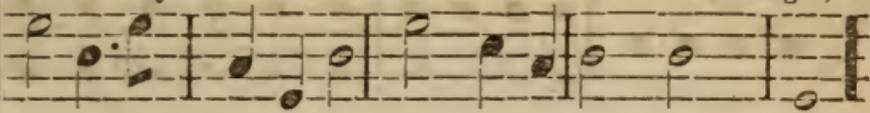
# Go to thy Rest.



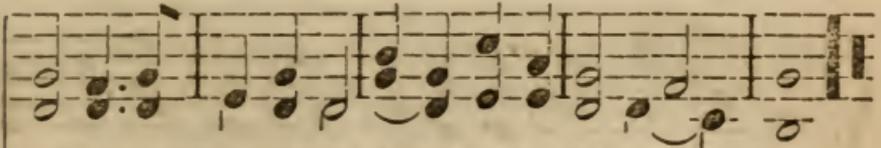
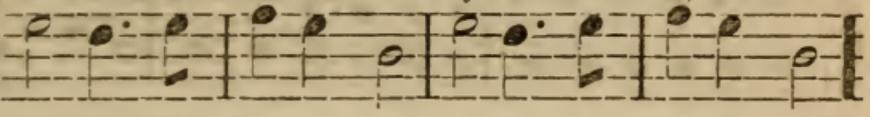
1. Go to thy rest my child, Go to thy dreamless bed,  
 2. Before thy heart might learn In waywardness to stray,  
 3. Because thy smile was fair, Thy lips and eyes so bright,



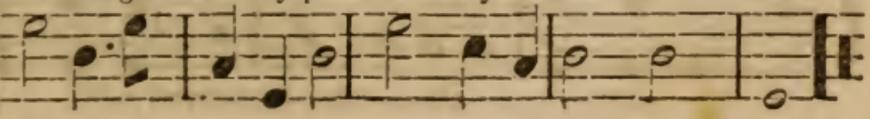
Gen-tle and un-de-filed, With blessings on thy head;  
 Before thy feet could turn, The dark and down-ward way,  
 Because thy cra-dle care Was such a fond de - - light,



Fresh ro - ses in thy hand, Buds on thy pil-low laid,  
 Ere sin might wound thy heart, Or sor-row wake the tear,  
 Shall love with weak embrace Thy heavenward flight de-tain?



Haste from this fearful land, Where flowers so quick-ly fade.  
 Rise to thy home of rest, In yon ce - les - tial sphere.  
 No! Angel! seek thy place A-mid yon cher - ub train.



166 Oh! take me back to Switzerland.

1. By the dark waves of the roll-ing sea Where the

white sail'd ships are tossing free, Came a youth-ful maiden,

Pale and sorrow lad-en, With a mournful voice sang she: Oh!

take me back to Swit-zer-land, My own, my dear my

na - tive land, I'll brave all dan - gers  
of the main, To see my own dear land a - gain.

2

I see its hills, I see its streams,  
Its blue lakes haunt my restless dreams  
When the day declineth  
Or the bright sun shineth,  
Present still its beauty seems !  
Oh ! take me back to Switzerland,  
Upon the mountains let me stand,  
Where flowers are bright and skies are clear,  
For oh ! I pine, I perish here !

3

For months along that gloomy shore,  
'Mid sea-birds' cry and ocean's roar,  
Save that mournful maiden,  
Pale and sorrow laden,  
Then her voice was heard no more.  
Far far away from Switzerland,  
From home, from friends, from native land,  
Where foreign wild flowers coldly leave,  
The broken-hearted found a grave.

168 I see them on their winding way.

1. I see them on their wind-ing way, A-

bout their ranks the moonbeams play, Their lofty deeds and daring high

Blend with the notes of victory : And wa - ving arms, and

ban - ners bright Are glancing in the mel - low

Are glancing, glancing in the mel - low

light. They're lost and gone, The moon is past, The

light. They're lost and gone.

wood's dark shade is o'er them cast, is o'er them cast, And

The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast, is o'er them cast

fainter, fainter, fainter still The march is rising o'er the hill,

rising o'er the hill, ris-ing o'er the hill.

D. C.

2

Again, again, the pealing drum,  
The clashing horn, they come, they  
come;  
Thro' rocky pass, o'er wooded steep,  
In long and glittering files they sweep;  
And nearer, nearer, yet more near,

Their softened echo meets the ear.  
Forth, forth, and meet them on their  
way,  
The trampling hoofs brook no delay,  
With thrilling file, and pealing drum,  
And clashing horn—they come, they  
come. They come, &c.

## LOVELY ROSE.

1. Of late so bright-ly glow - ing, Love-ly

rose; We here be-held thee grow - ing, Lovely rose,

Thou seem'st some an-gel's care, Summer's breath was warm a-

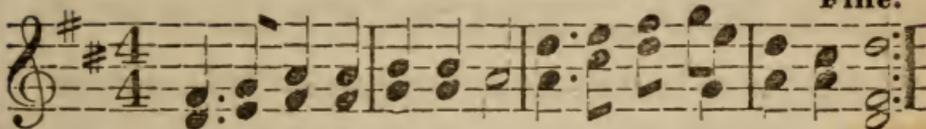
round thee; Summer's beam with beauty crown'd thee, So sweetly fair.

2 The blast too rudely blowing,  
 Lovely rose,  
 Thy tender form o'erthrowing,  
 Lovely rose,  
 Alas! hath laid thee low;  
 Now amid thy native bed,  
 Envious weeds with branches spread,  
 Unkindly grow.

3 No fresh'ning dew of morning,  
 Lovely rose,  
 Thy infant buds adorning,  
 Lovely rose,  
 To thee shall day restore,  
 Zephyrs soft, that late caress'd thee,  
 Evening smiles that parting bless'd thee,  
 Return no more.

—  
 In my Cottage.

Fine.



1 { In my cottage near the wood, Health and Laura both combine, }  
 { Me to bless with ev'ry good, That can render life di-vine. }  
 Still the joys of life shall prove, Blest with lib-er-ty and love.

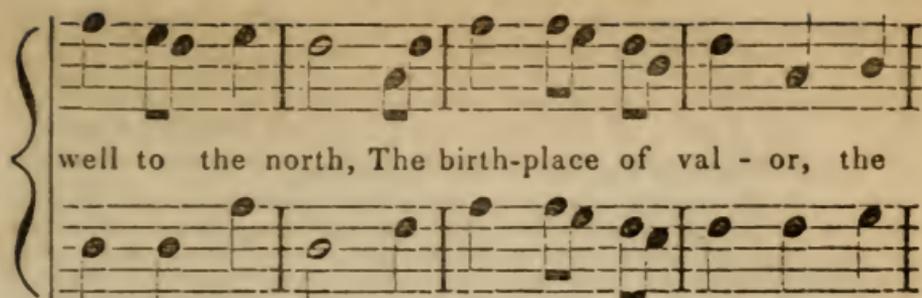


2. Laura, oh! my charmer fair, Time shall ne'er thy love impair.

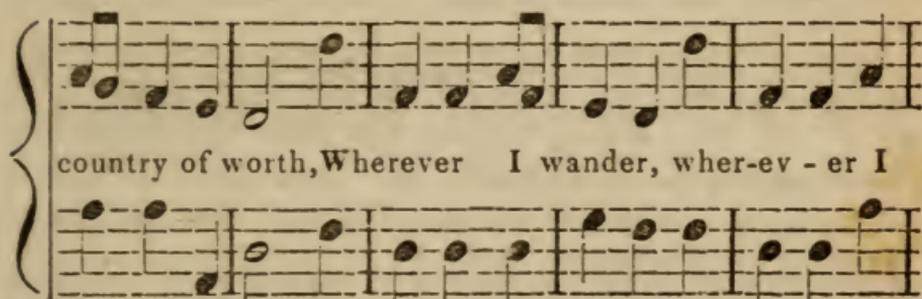
D. C.

2 There, beneath my humble cot,  
 Tranquil peace and pleasure dwell;  
 Sweet contentment still our lot,—  
 Smiling joy can grace a cell.  
 Nature's wants are all supplied,  
 Food and raiment, house and fire;  
 Health may swell in courts of pride,  
 This is all that I desire.

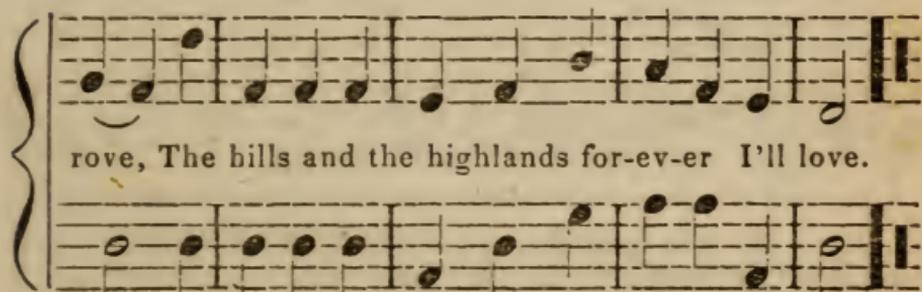
## My Heart's in the Highlands.



well to the north, The birth-place of val - or, the



country of worth, Wherever I wander, wher-ev - er I



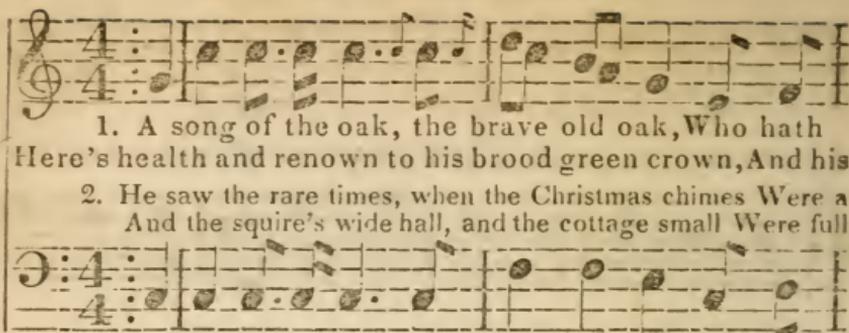
rove, The hills and the highlands for-ev-er I'll love.

2

My heart's in the highlands, &c.

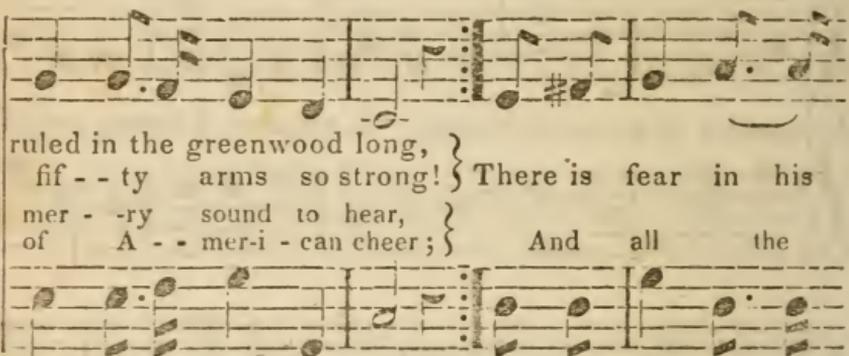
Farewell to the mountains high, covered with snow ;  
 Farewell to the straths and green vallies below ;  
 Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods,  
 Farewell to the waters and wild pouring floods.

## The Brave Old Oak.

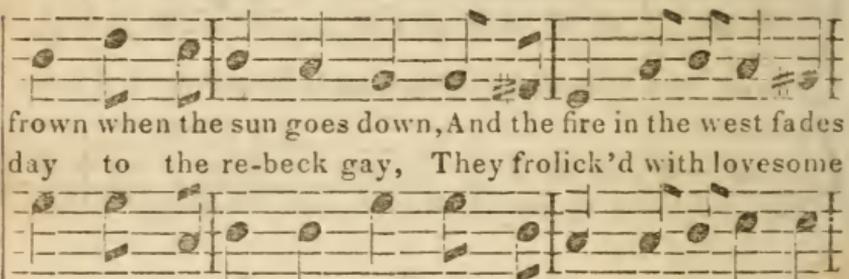


1. A song of the oak, the brave old oak, Who hath  
Here's health and renown to his brood green crown, And his

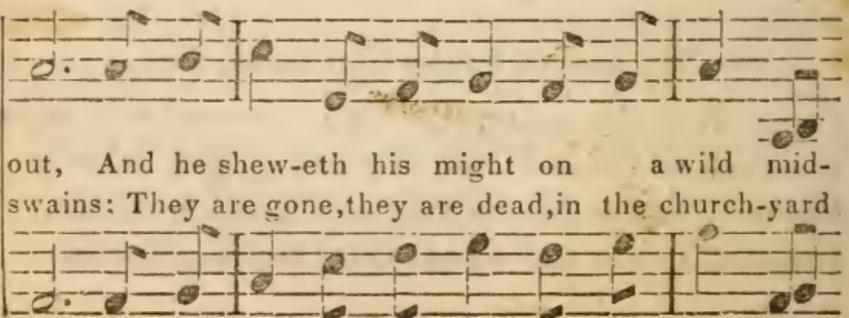
2. He saw the rare times, when the Christmas chimes Were a  
And the squire's wide hall, and the cottage small Were full



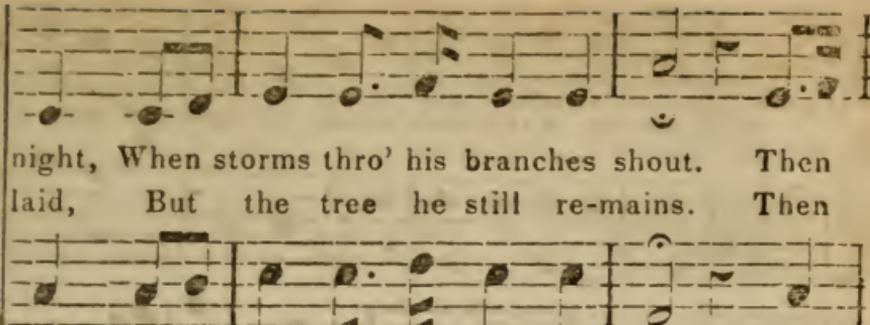
ruled in the greenwood long, }  
fif - - ty arms so strong! } There is fear in his  
mer - - ry sound to hear, }  
of A - - mer-i - can cheer; } And all the



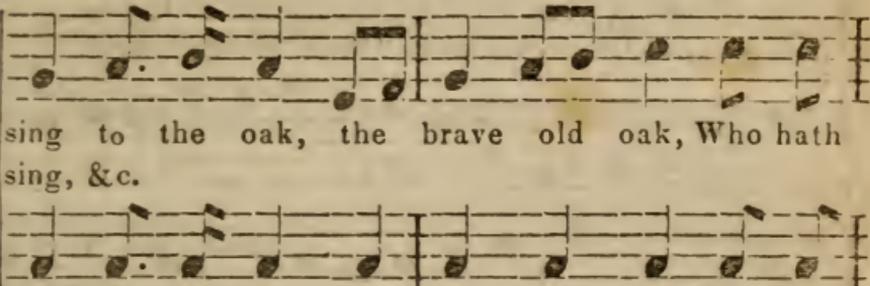
frown when the sun goes down, And the fire in the west fades  
day to the re-beck gay, They frolick'd with lovesome



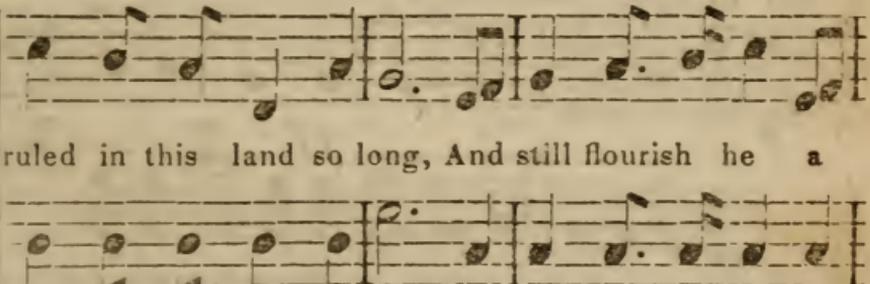
out, And he shew-eth his might on a wild mid-  
swains: They are gone, they are dead, in the church-yard



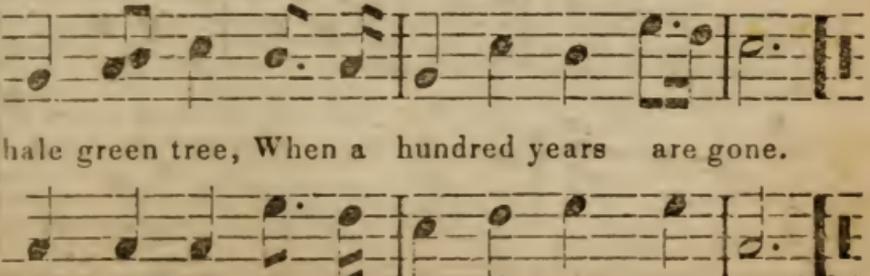
night, When storms thro' his branches shout. Then  
laid, But the tree he still re-mains. Then



sing to the oak, the brave old oak, Who hath  
sing, &c.



ruled in this land so long, And still flourish he a



hale green tree, When a hundred years are gone.

## Ship Ahoy.

When o'er the si - lent seas a-lone, For days and nights we've  
 cheerless gone, Oh, all who've felt it know how sweet Some sunny  
 morn a  
 sail to meet, Some sun-ny morn a sail to meet.

*f* Sparkling on deck is ev'-ry eye, *ff* Ship a-hoy, ship a-hoy, our  
*p* joy-ful cry, *pp* When answer'ing back we faintly hear, Ship a-

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 6/8. The piece is divided into several systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes dynamic markings such as *f* (forte), *ff* (fortissimo), *p* (piano), and *pp* (pianissimo). The music is characterized by a steady, rhythmic accompaniment in the piano part, and a melodic line in the voice part.

hoy, ship ahoy, what cheer, what cheer, Now sails aback we

nearer come, Kind words are said of friends and home, But

soon, too soon we're put in pain, To sail our si-lent

seas a - gain, To sail our si - lent seas a - gain.

## Yankee Doodle.

1. Ye gallant sons of lib-er-ty, Who bravely have de-

fended Your country's rights by land and sea, And to her  
cause at-

tended, With Yankee doodle doo, Yankee doodle dandy, Our

tars will show the haughty foe, Columbia's sons are handy.

- 2 Upon the ocean's wide domain,  
Our tars are firm and true, sirs,  
And freedom's cause they will maintain,  
With yankee doodle doo, sirs.  
Yankee doodle, &c.
- 3 The fourth day of July 'tis said,  
That day will Britain rue, sirs,  
An independent tune we play'd,  
Call'd yankee doodle doo, sirs.  
Yankee doodle, &c.
- 4 Columbia's sons did then declare,  
They would be independent,  
And for King George they would not care,  
Nor yet for his descendant.  
Yankee doodle, &c.
- 5 For the regent thought he'd sent  
A fleet to take our few, sirs,  
But when to sea our sailors went,  
Play'd Yankee doodle doo, sirs.  
Yankee doodle, &c.
- 6 The British tars think that they can  
Whip Yankees two to one, sirs,  
But only give us man for man,  
They'll see what we can do, sirs.  
Yankee doodle, &c.
- 7 Our tars do care no more for France  
Than Britain, is most true, sirs,  
And can make any nation dance,  
To yankee doodle doo, sirs.  
Yankee doodle, &c.

## Highland Mary.

1. Ye banks and braes and streams around The

cas - tle of Mont - gom - e - ry, Green be your woods, and

fair your flow'rs, Your wa - ters nev - er drumlie ! There

summer first unfald her robes, And there the lang - est

tar - ry; For there I took the last fare-weel Of

my sweet Highland Mary.

2. How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,  
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
 As underneath their fragrant shade,  
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!  
 The golden hours, on angel wings,  
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
 For dear to me as light and life,  
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.
3. Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,  
 Our parting was fu' tender;  
 And pledging oft to meet again,  
 We tore ourselves asunder.  
 But oh! fell death's untimely frost,  
 That nipt my flower sae early!  
 Now green's the sod and cold's the clay  
 That wraps my Highland Mary.
4. O pale, pale now those rosy lips,  
 I aft ha'e kiss'd so fondly!  
 And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance,  
 That dwelt on me so kindly!  
 And mouldering now in silent dust,  
 That heart that lo'd me dearly!  
 But still within my bosom's core,  
 16 Shall live my Highland Mary.

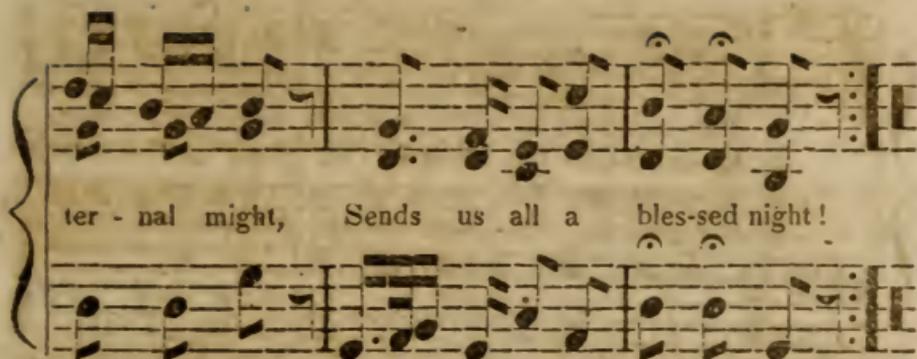
## The German Watchman's Song.

1. Hark ye, neighbors! and hear me tell, Ten now strikes on the

bel - fry bell; Ten are the holy commandments given To

man be - - - low from God in heav'n. Hu - - man watch from

harm can't ward us, God will watch, and God will guard us; He thro' his e-



2

Hark ye, neighbors ! and hear me tell,  
 Eleven sounds from the belfry bell ;  
 Eleven apostles of holy mind,  
 Taught the gospel to mankind,  
 Human watch, &c.

3

Hark ye, neighbors ! and hear me tell,  
 Twelve resounds on the belfry bell ;  
 Twelve disciples to Jesus came,  
 Who suffered rebuke for their Saviour's name.  
 Human watch, &c.

4

Hark ye, neighbors ! and hear me tell,  
 One has pealed from the belfry bell ;  
 One God above is Lord indeed,  
 Who bears us forth in hour of need.  
 Human watch, &c.

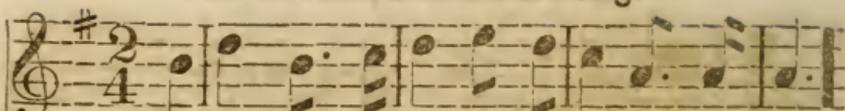
5

Hark ye, neighbors ! and hear me tell,  
 Two resounds from the belfry bell ;  
 Two paths before mankind are free—  
 Neighbors, choose the good for thee.  
 Human watch, &c.

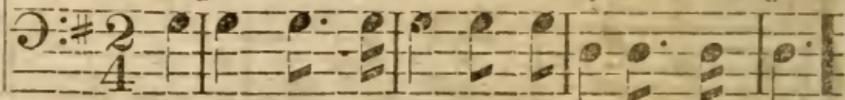
6

Hark ye, neighbors ! and hear me tell,  
 Three now tolls from the belfry bell ;  
 Three-fold reigns the heavenly host—  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
 Human watch, &c.

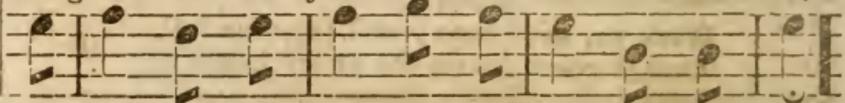
## The Indian's Death Song.



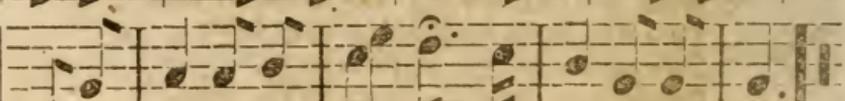
1. The sun sets at night, and the stars shun the day,
2. Re-mem-ber the ar-r-ows he shot from his bow
3. Re-mem-ber the wood where in am-bush we lay,
4. I'll go to the land where my father is gone



But glo - ry remains when the light fades a - way.  
 Re-mem-ber your chiefs by his hatch - et laid low;  
 And the scalps which we bore from your na-tion away;  
 His ghost shall re - joice in the fame of his son;



Be - - gin ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,  
 Why so slow? do you wait till I shrink from my pain?  
 Now the flame ri-ses fast, you ex-ult in my pain,  
 Death comes like a friend to re - lieve me from pain;



For the son of Alk - no-mook shall nev-er complain.  
 No! the son of Alk - no-mook shall nev-er complain.  
 But the son of Alk - no-mook shall nev-er complain.  
 And thy son, oh! Alk - no-mook, has scorn'd to complain.



1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace on the left. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written in the treble clef and the bass line in the bass clef. The lyrics '1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I' are written below the treble staff.

sing: Land where my fathers died, Land of the pil-grim's pride,

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics 'sing: Land where my fathers died, Land of the pil-grim's pride,' are written below the treble staff.

From ev' - - ry moun-tain's side Let free - dom ring.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. The lyrics 'From ev' - - ry moun-tain's side Let free - dom ring.' are written below the treble staff.

2. My native country! thee—  
 Land of the noble free—Thy name I love:  
 I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills;  
 My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.
3. Let music swell the breeze,  
 And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song:  
 Let mortal tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake,  
 Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
4. Our fathers' God, to thee—  
 Author of liberty—To thee we sing;  
 Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light,  
 Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

## Ode on Science.

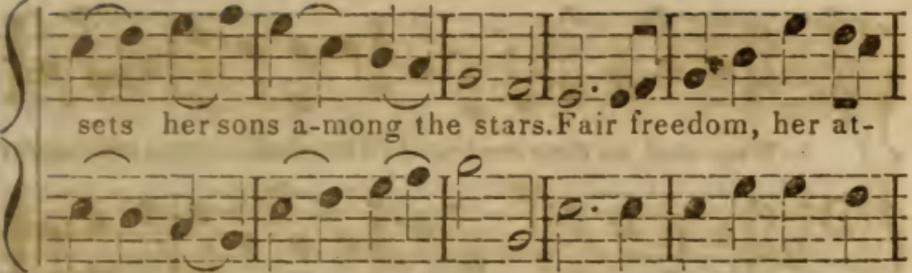
The morn-ing sun shines from the east, And

spreads his glo - ries to the west, All nations with his

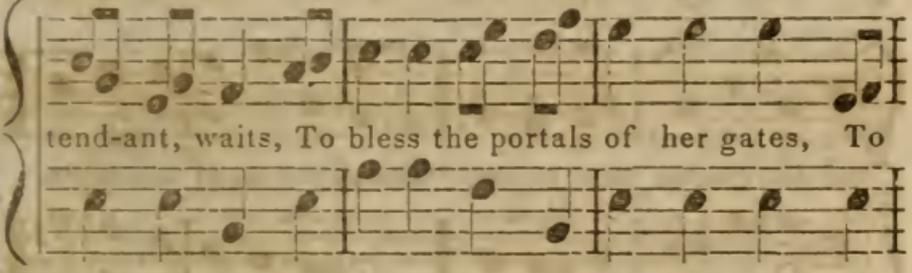
beams are blest, Where'er his ra-diant light appears. So

sci-ence spreads her lu - cid ray O'er lands that long in

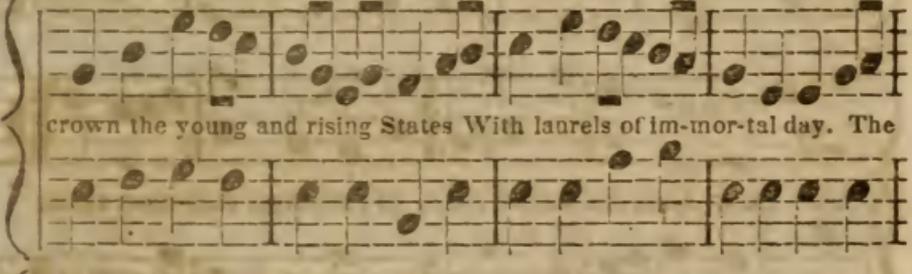
darkness lay, She visits fair Co - lum - - bi - a, And



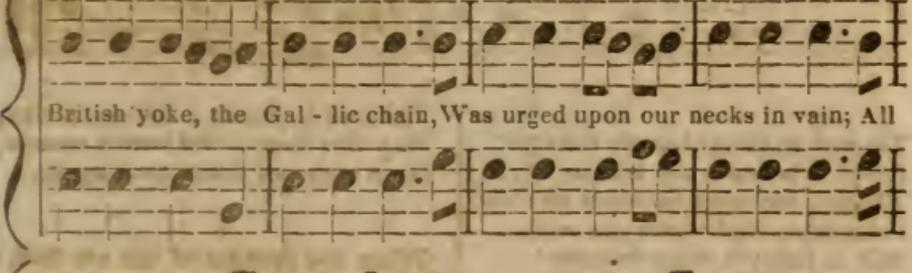
sets her sons a-mong the stars. Fair freedom, her at-



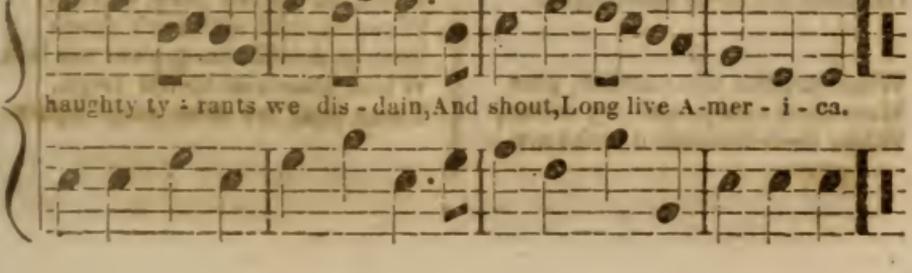
tend-ant, waits, To bless the portals of her gates, To



crown the young and rising States With laurels of im-mor-tal day. The



British yoke, the Gal - lic chain, Was urged upon our necks in vain; All



haughty ty - rants we dis - dain, And shout, Long live A-mer - i - ca.

## Parting Friends.

1. When shall we three meet again? When shall we three meet again?

Oft shall glowing hope ex-pire, Oft shall wea-ri-ed love re-tire,

Oft shall death and sorrow reign, Ere we three shall meet again.

2  
 Though in distant lands we sigh,  
 Parch'd beneath the hostile sky;  
 Though the deep between us rolls,  
 Friendship shall unite our souls;  
 Still in fancy's wide domain  
 Oft shall we three meet again.

3  
 When around this youthful pine  
 Moss shall creep, and ivy twine;  
 When these burnish'd locks are  
 gray,

Thinned by many a toil-spent day,  
 May this long-loved bower remain,  
 Here may we three meet again.

4  
 When the dreams of life are fled;  
 When its wasted lamp is dead;  
 When in cold oblivion's shade  
 Beauty, wealth, and power are laid,  
 Where immortal spirits reign,  
 There shall we three meet again.

1. Oh! no, I nev-er mention him, His name is nev-er  
My lips are now for-bid to speak That once famil-iar

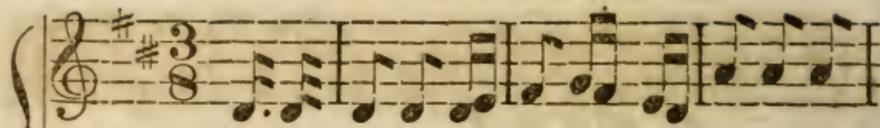
heard; } From sport to sport they hurry me, To banish my re  
word. }

gret; And when they win a smile from me, They think that I forget.

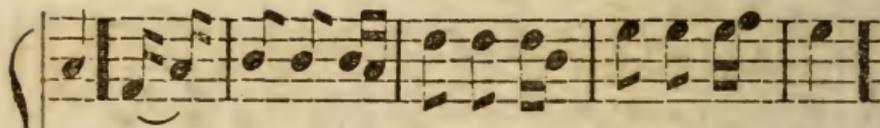
2  
They tell me he is happy now,  
The gayest of the gay;  
They hint that he forgets his vow,  
I heed not what they say:  
Like me perhaps he struggles with  
Each feeling of regret:  
But if he loves as I have loved,  
He never can forget.

3  
They bid me seek in change of  
scene,  
The charms that others see;  
But were I in a foreign land,  
They'd find no change in me.  
'Tis true that I behold no more,  
The valley where we met;  
I do not see that hawthorn tree,  
But how can I forget?

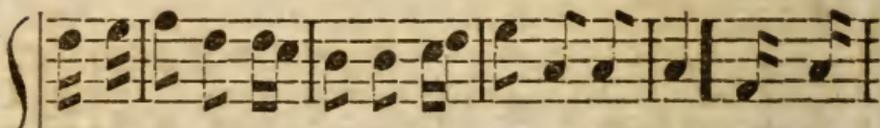
## The Sons of the West.



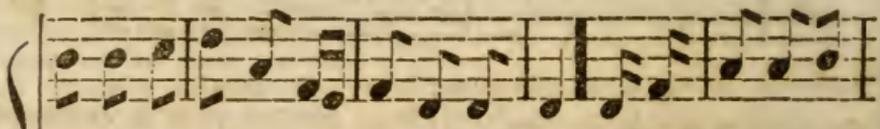
1. When the mandate of Freedom resounded a-

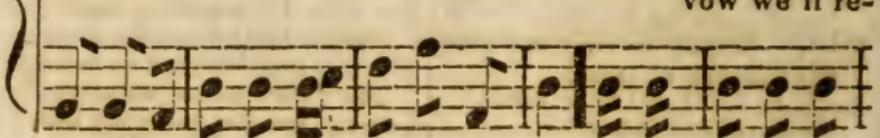
far, That summon'd the sons of Co - lum-bia to war,

'Twas the voice patriotic that answer'd the call; "With our

country we'll stand, with her freedom we'll fall." And their



vow we'll re-

new on this day ever blest, That declared independent the

sons of the west, And their vow we'll renew on this day ever

blest, That declar'd in-de-pen-dent the sons of the west.

## 2

Now let ardor and union each bosom inspire,  
 And to Freedom again wake the notes of the lyre;  
 Now be vocal each mountain, each valley, and plain,  
 And re-echo the pæan to heaven again.

While the song we renew—"to the day ever blest,  
 That has made independent the sons of the west."

3

See the genius of peace now in beauty expand  
 Her pinions of snow, and o'ershadow our land:  
 As she guards every scene of contentment and health,—  
 Fills our hearts with rejoicing, our coffers with wealth,  
 Then our joys we'll proclaim on this day ever blest,  
 That beholds independent the sons of the west.

4

While the plough, with the loom and the anchor con-  
 tends  
 Which best shall promote freedom's glorious ends,  
 In our councils may prudence and virtue combine;  
 May our bar, bench, and forum with equity shine,  
 And unite to enliven this day ever blest,  
 And to keep independent the sons of the west.

5

May no anarch e'er dare to dissever the band,  
 That unites every heart to our dear native land;  
 May the soil that was hallow'd to freedom of old,  
 Spurn the foot of oppression though sandall'd in gold,  
 And still may that union through ages be blest,  
 That has kept independent the sons of the west.

6

While the thrones and the sceptres of despots decay,  
 And the darkness of tyranny's hasting away;  
 As the name of our Washington brightens with time,  
 And as La Fayette's glory pervades every clime;  
 Be our free happy union more fervently blest  
 By all patriot daughters and sons of the west.

7

May renown swell the names of the chieftains that led,  
 And may gratitude saint all the heroes who bled;  
 May their sons prove that virtue sleeps not in the tomb,  
 May their daughters be spotless as Eden's first bloom,  
 While their vow we renew on this day ever blest,  
 Still to keep independent the sons of the west.

# What can the matter be?

O dear! what can the matter be? Dear! dear! what can the

mat-ter be! O dear! what can the matter be, Johnny's so long at the

fair! He promis'd to bring me a fairing would please me, And

then for a kiss, O! he vow'd he would tease me; He promis'd to

bring me a bunch of blue ribbons To tie up my bonny brown hair.

## Land of our Fathers.

1. Land of our fathers! wheresoe'er we roam,

Land of our birth! to us thou still art home;

Peace and prosper - i - - ty on thy sons at - tend,

Down to pos - ter - i - ty their in - fluence de - scend.

## Chorus.

All then in - - vit - ing, hearts and voi - ces join-ing,

Sing we in har - mo - ny our na - tive land, our

native land, our native land, our na-tive land, our na-tive land.

## 2

Though other climes may brighter hopes fulfil,  
 Land of our birth! we ever love thee still!  
 Heav'n shield our happy home from each hostile  
 band,  
 Freedom and plenty ever crown our native land.  
 All then inviting, &c.

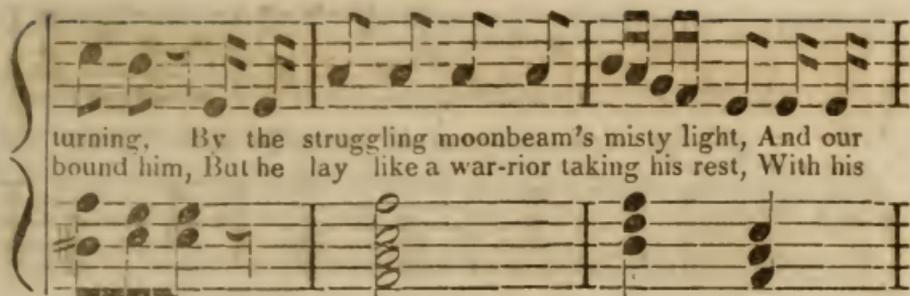
## The Soldier's Grave.

1. Not a drum was heard, nor a fun'ral note, As his  
2. Few and short were the prayers we said, And we

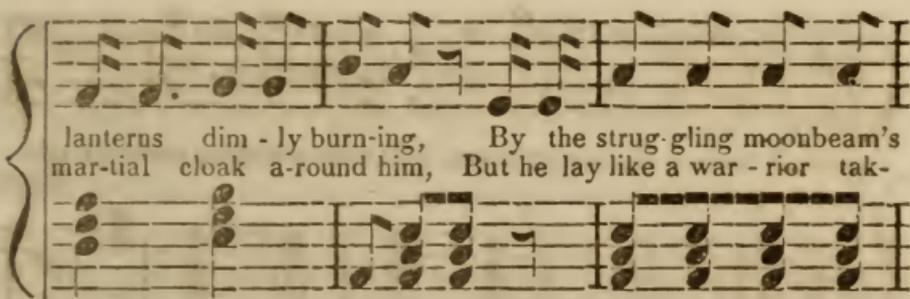
corse to the ramparts we hurried, Not a soldier discharged his  
spoke not a word of sorrow, But we steadfastly gazed on the

farewell shot O'er the grave where our hero we buried. We  
face of the dead, And we bit-ter-ly thought on the morrow. No

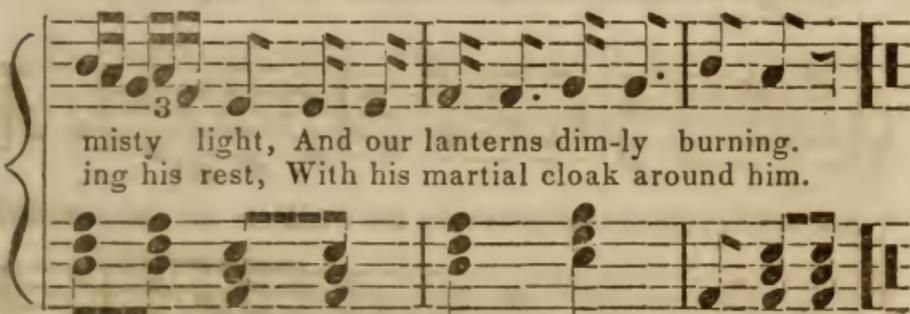
buried him dark-ly at dead of night, The turf with our bay'nets  
useless cof-fin cou-fined his breast, Nor in sheet nor in shroud we



turning, By the struggling moonbeam's misty light, And our  
bound him, But he lay like a war-rior taking his rest, With his



lanterns dim - ly burn - ing, By the strug - gling moonbeam's  
mar - tial cloak a - round him, But he lay like a war - rior tak -



<sup>3</sup>  
misty light, And our lanterns dim - ly burn - ing.  
ing his rest, With his martial cloak around him.

3

But half our heavy task was done,  
When the clock told the hour of retiring,  
And we heard by the distant and random gun,  
That the foe was suddenly firing.  
Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;  
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,  
But we left him alone with his glory.

## Good Old Times.

2 I do respect the good old times, the times of beans and

pork, When our old clever honest dads went whistling to their work;  
When

old cock'd hats and breeches were the fashion of the day, And

good thick bottomed shoes were worn with buckles shining gay.

2. The times of old, the times of old, when our good  
mothers wore  
Good homespun stuffs,—and kept their muffs and tip-  
pets evermore!  
When good stout waists were all the rage, and cheeks  
ne'er painted were,  
And borrow'd curls ne'er deck'd the girls with beauty  
debonnaire!
3. The times of old, the good old times when home-  
brew'd beer went round  
The merry hearth, when boist'rous mirth and apples  
did abound—  
When giggling maids would hang their heads in bash-  
ful modesty,  
And sprightly lads would eye their dads, and nudge  
them cosily!
4. The good old times when our old dads were fat  
and hearty too,  
With hair comb'd back most gracefully, and done up  
in a queue—  
I do respect those golden days, when fashion was in-  
clined  
To make her votaries wear their coats with pocket-  
holes behind!
5. Alas! they're pass'd with time away—those hal-  
cyon days are o'er,  
And now men doat on green frock coats, with pocket-  
holes before!  
The women too have taken the cue, and wear their  
chains of gold;  
O, for the lads, like our old dads, who lived in times  
of old.

## Noble Lads of Canada.

1. Come all ye British heroes, I pray you lend your

ears, Draw up your British forces, and then your volunteers;  
We're

going to fight the Yankee boys, by water and by land, And we

never will return, till we conquer sword in hand, We're the

noble lads of Can-a-da, come to arms boys, come.

2

O now the time has come, my boys, to cross the Yan-  
 kee's line,  
 We remember they were rebels once, and conquer'd  
 John Burgoyne.  
 We'll subdue those mighty Democrats, and pull their  
 dwellings down,  
 And we'll have the states inhabited with subjects to  
 the crown. We're the noble lads, &c.

3

We've as choice a British army as ever crossed the  
 seas,  
 We'll burn both town and city, and with smoke be-  
 cloud the skies,  
 We'll subdue the old green mountain boys, their  
 Washington is gone,  
 And we'll play them Yankee Doodle, as the Yankees  
 did Burgoyne. We're the noble lads, &c.

4

Now we've reached the Platsburgh banks my boys,  
 and here we'll make a stand,  
 Until we take the Yankee fleet, McDonough doth  
 command;  
 We've the Growler and the Eagle that from Smith  
 we took away,  
 And we'll have their noble fleet that lies anchored in  
 the bay. We're the noble lads, &c.

2. You captains bold and brave hear our cries, hear our

cries, You cap-tains bold and brave hear our cries, You

captains brave and bold, tho' you seem uncontroll'd, Don't

for the sake of gold lose your souis.

2. My name was Robert Kidd, when I sail'd, when I sail'd,  
My name was Robert Kidd, when I sail'd.  
My name was Robert Kidd, God's laws I did forbid,  
And so wickedly I did when I sail'd.
3. My parents taught me well, when I sail'd, when I sail'd,  
My parents taught me well, when I sail'd,  
My parents taught me well to shun the gates of hell,  
But against them I rebell'd when I sail'd.
4. I cursed my father dear, when I sail'd, when I sail'd,  
I cursed my father dear, when I sail'd,  
I cursed my father dear, and her that did me bear,  
And so wickedly did swear, when I sail'd.
5. I made a solemn vow, when I sail'd, when I sail'd,  
I made a solemn vow when I sail'd,  
I made a solemn vow, to God I would not bow,  
Nor myself one prayer allow, as I sail'd.
6. I'd a bible in my hand, when I sail'd, when I sail'd,  
I'd a bible in my hand, when I sail'd,  
I'd a bible in my hand, by my father's great command,  
And sunk it in the sand, when I sail'd.
7. I murder'd William Moore, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,  
I murder'd William Moore, as I sail'd,  
I murder'd William Moore, and left him in his gore,  
Not many leagues from shore, as I sail'd.
8. And being cruel still, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,  
And being cruel still, as I sail'd,  
And being cruel still, my gunner I did kill,  
And his precious blood did spill, as I sail'd.
9. My mate was sick and died, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,  
My mate was sick and died, as I sail'd,  
My mate was sick and died, which me much terrified.  
When he call'd me to his bedside, as I sail'd.
10. And unto me did say, see me die, see me die,  
And unto me did say, see me die, see me die,  
And unto me did say, take warning now by me,  
There comes a reckoning day, you must die.

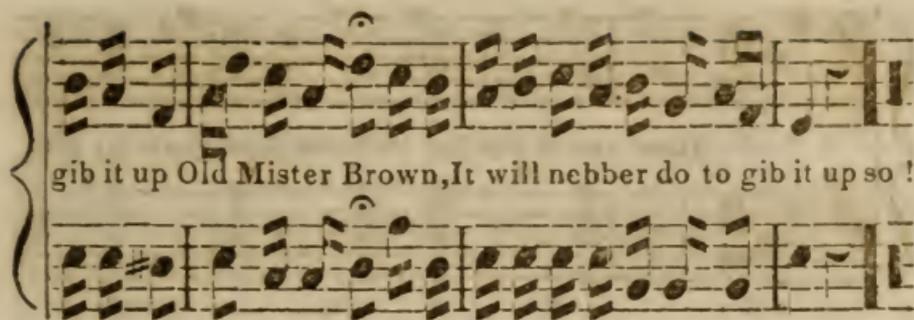
## 'Twill neber do to gib it up so!

1. De old Jim river I float down, I run my backer

boat upon de groun, De drift log come wid a rush-in din, An

stove both ends of the ole boat in. It will neber do to gib it  
up

so! It will neber do to gib it up so! It will neber do to



2

De old log rake me aft an fore,  
 An leff my cook-house on de shore;  
 I thought it would'nt do to gib it up so,  
 So I scull mysef ashore wid de ole banjo.  
 It will nebbber do, &c.

3

I lite on de sand an feel sorter glad,  
 I looks at de banjo an feels bery mad ;  
 I walks up de bank dat slick as glass,  
 Up went my heels an I lite upon de grass.  
 It will nebbber do, &c.

4

It will nebbber do to gib it up so Mr. Brown,  
 I jump up agin an stood upon de groun ;  
 I haul de boat out high an dry up de bank,  
 Den float down de ribber wid de backer on a plank.  
 It will nebbber do, &c.

5

Nigger on de wood-pile barkin like a dog,  
 Toad in de mill-pond sittin on a log,  
 Possum up a gum-tree, sarcy, fat an dirty ;  
 Come kiss me gals or I'll run like turkey.  
 It will nebbber do, &c.

## The Garland of Love.

How sweet are the flow-ers that grow by yon

fountain, And sweet are the cow-slips that span-gle the

grove, And sweet is the breeze that blows over the moun-  
tain, But

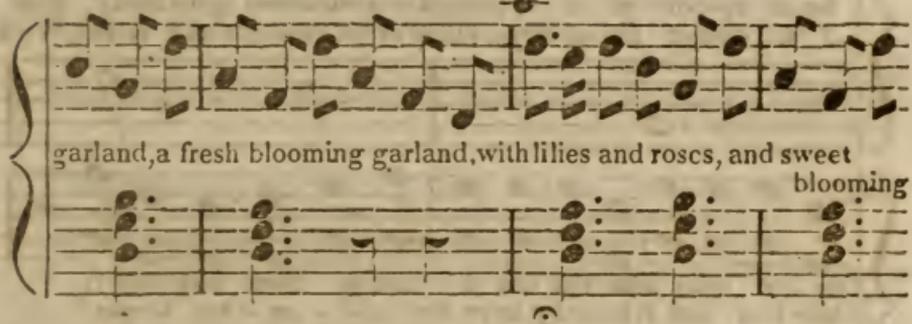
sweeter by far is the lad that I love, I'll



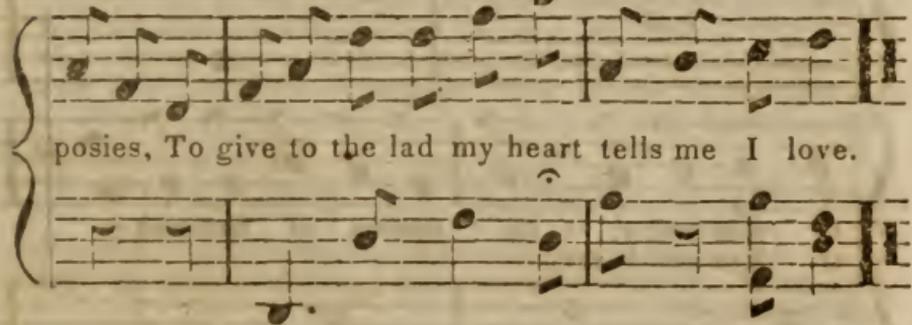
weave a gay garland, a fresh blooming garland With



lilies and roses, and sweet blooming posies, I'll weave a gay



garland, a fresh blooming garland, with lilies and roses, and sweet  
blooming



posies, To give to the lad my heart tells me I love.

## Hunters of Kentucky.

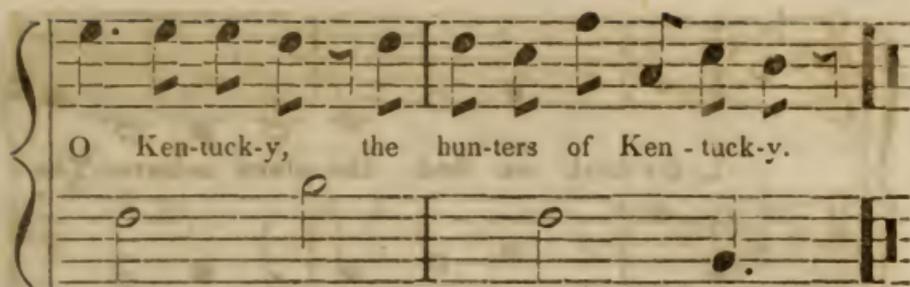
1. Ye gentlemen and ladies fair who grace this famous city, Jus  
 2. We are a hardy freeborn race, each man to fear a stranger, What

lis - ten if you've time to spare, while I rehearse a dit - ty; And  
 e'er the game, we join in chase, despising toil and dan - ger, And

for an op - por - tu - ni - ty, conceive yourselves quite lucky, For  
 if a daring foe annoys, whate'er his strength and forces, We'll

'tis not often here you see a hun - ter from Ken - tucky,  
 show him that Kentucky boys are "al - li - ga - tor horses."

O Ken - tuck - y, the hunters of Ken - tuck - y.  
 O Ken - tuck - y, &c.



- 3 I s'pose you've read it in the prints how Pakenham attempted  
To make old hickory Jackson wince, but soon his schemes repented ;  
For we with rifles ready cock'd, thought such occasion lucky,  
And soon around the hero flock'd the hunters of Kentucky.  
O Kentucky, &c.
- 4 You've heard I s'pose how New Orleans is fam'd for wealth and beauty,  
There's girls of ev'ry hue it seems, from snowy white to sooty,  
So Pakenham he made his brags, if he in fight was lucky,  
He'd have their girls and cotton bags, in spite of old Kentucky.  
O Kentucky, &c
- 5 But Jackson he was wide awake, and wasn't scar'd at trifles,  
For well he knew what aim we take with our Kentucky rifles ;  
So he led us down to Cypress swamp, the ground was low and mucky,  
There stood John Bull in martial pomp, and here was old Kentucky.  
O Kentucky, &c.
- 6 A bank was rais'd to hide our breast not that we thought of dying,  
But that we always like to rest, unless the game is flying :  
Behind it stood our little force—none wish'd it to be greater,  
For ev'ry man was half a horse, and half an alligator. O Kentucky, &c.
- 7 They did not let our patience tire, before they show'd their faces—  
We did not choose to waste our fire, so snugly kept our places :  
And when so near to see them wink, we thought it time to stop 'em;  
And 'twould have done you good I think, to see Kentuckians drop  
'em. O Kentucky, &c.
- 8 They found at last 'twas vain to fight, where lead was all their booty ;  
And so they wisely took a flight, and left us all our beauty,  
And now if danger e'er annoys, remember what our trade is  
Just send for us Kentucky boys, and we'll protect you, ladies.  
O Kentucky, &c.

## Remember Me.

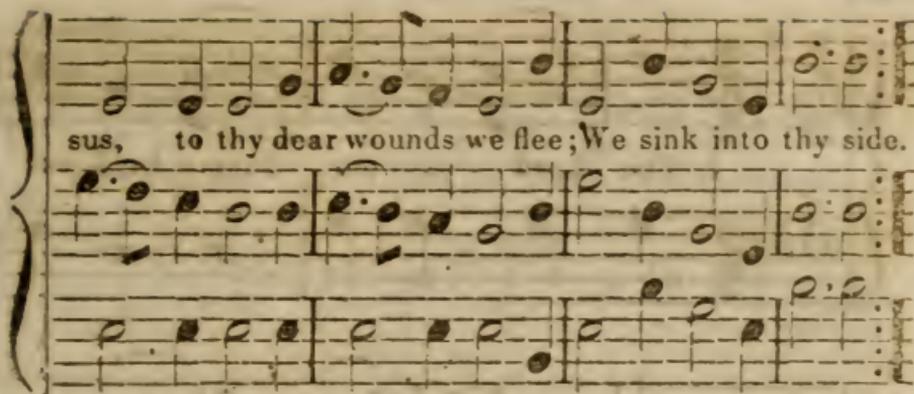
1. By faith we find the place a-bove, The

rock that rent in twain, Be-neath the shade of

As - sured that all who

dy - ing love, And in the cleft re - main. Je-  
FINE.

trust in thee Shall ev - er-more a - - bide.



2 Then let the thundering trumpet sound,  
 The latest lightnings glare;  
 The mountains melt, the solid ground  
 Dissolve as liquid air;  
 The huge celestial bodies roll  
 Amidst the general fire,  
 And shrivel as a parchment scroll,  
 And all in smoke expire!

3 Yet still the Lord, the Saviour, reigns,  
 When nature is destroyed,  
 And no created thing remains  
 Throughout the flaming void.  
 Sublime upon his azure throne,  
 He speaks th' Almighty word;  
 His fiat is obeyed; 'tis done,  
 And paradise restored

4 So be it! let this system end,  
 This ruinous earth and skies!  
 The New Jerusalem descend,  
 The new creation rise!  
 Thy power omnipotent assume!  
 Thy brightest majesty!  
 And when thou dost in glory come,  
 My Lord, remember me!

## The Lord is our Shepherd.

1. The Lord is our Shep - herd, our

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/2. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody in the upper staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a dotted quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The bass line begins with a quarter note G2, followed by a quarter note A2, a dotted quarter note B2, and a quarter note C3.

guardian and guide; What - ev - er we want, he will.

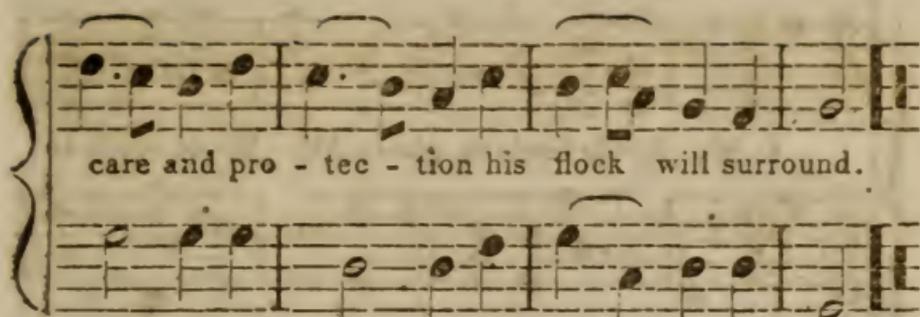
The second system of music continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The upper staff continues with a quarter note D5, a quarter note E5, a dotted quarter note F#5, and a quarter note G5. The bass line continues with a quarter note D3, a quarter note E3, a dotted quarter note F#3, and a quarter note G3.

kind - - ly provide. To th' sheep of his

The third system of music continues the melody and bass line. The upper staff continues with a quarter note A5, a quarter note B5, a dotted quarter note C6, and a quarter note D6. The bass line continues with a quarter note A3, a quarter note B3, a dotted quarter note C4, and a quarter note D4.

pas - - - ture his mē - - - cies a - - - bound, His

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. The upper staff continues with a quarter note E6, a quarter note F#6, a dotted quarter note G7, and a quarter note A7. The bass line continues with a quarter note E4, a quarter note F#4, a dotted quarter note G5, and a quarter note A5. The piece ends with a double bar line.



2

The Lord is our Shepherd; what then shall we fear,  
 What danger can frighten us while he is near?  
 Not when the time calls us to walk through the vale  
 Of the shadow of death, shall our hearts ever fail.

3

Though afraid of ourselves, to pursue the dark way,  
 Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and stay;  
 For we know by thy guidance, when once it is past,  
 To a fountain of life it will bring us at last.

4

The Lord is become our salvation and song,  
 His blessings have follow'd us all our life long;  
 His name will we praise while we have any breath,  
 Be cheerful in life, and be happy in death.

## My Bible leads to Glory.

1. My Bi-ble leads to glo-ry, My Bi-ble leads to

glory, My Bi-ble leads to glory, Ye followers of the Lamb.

## Chorus.

Sing on, pray on, ye fol low-ers of Im - man-u-el,



2 Religion makes me happy,  
 Religion makes me happy,  
 Religion makes me happy,  
 Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.

3 I'm on my way to glory,  
 I'm on my way to glory,  
 I'm on my way to glory,  
 Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.

4 I'm fighting for a kingdom,  
 I'm fighting for a kingdom,  
 I'm fighting for a kingdom,  
 Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.

5 King Jesus is my captain,  
 King Jesus is my captain,  
 King Jesus is my captain,  
 Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.

6 We'll have a shout in glory,  
 We'll have a shout in glory,  
 We'll have a shout in glory,  
 Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.

7 There we shall live forever,  
 There we shall live forever,  
 There we shall live forever,  
 Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.

## O how happy are they,

I. O how hap-py are they who their Saviour obey, And have

laid up their treasre above; Tongue can never express, The sweet

com - fort and peace, Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

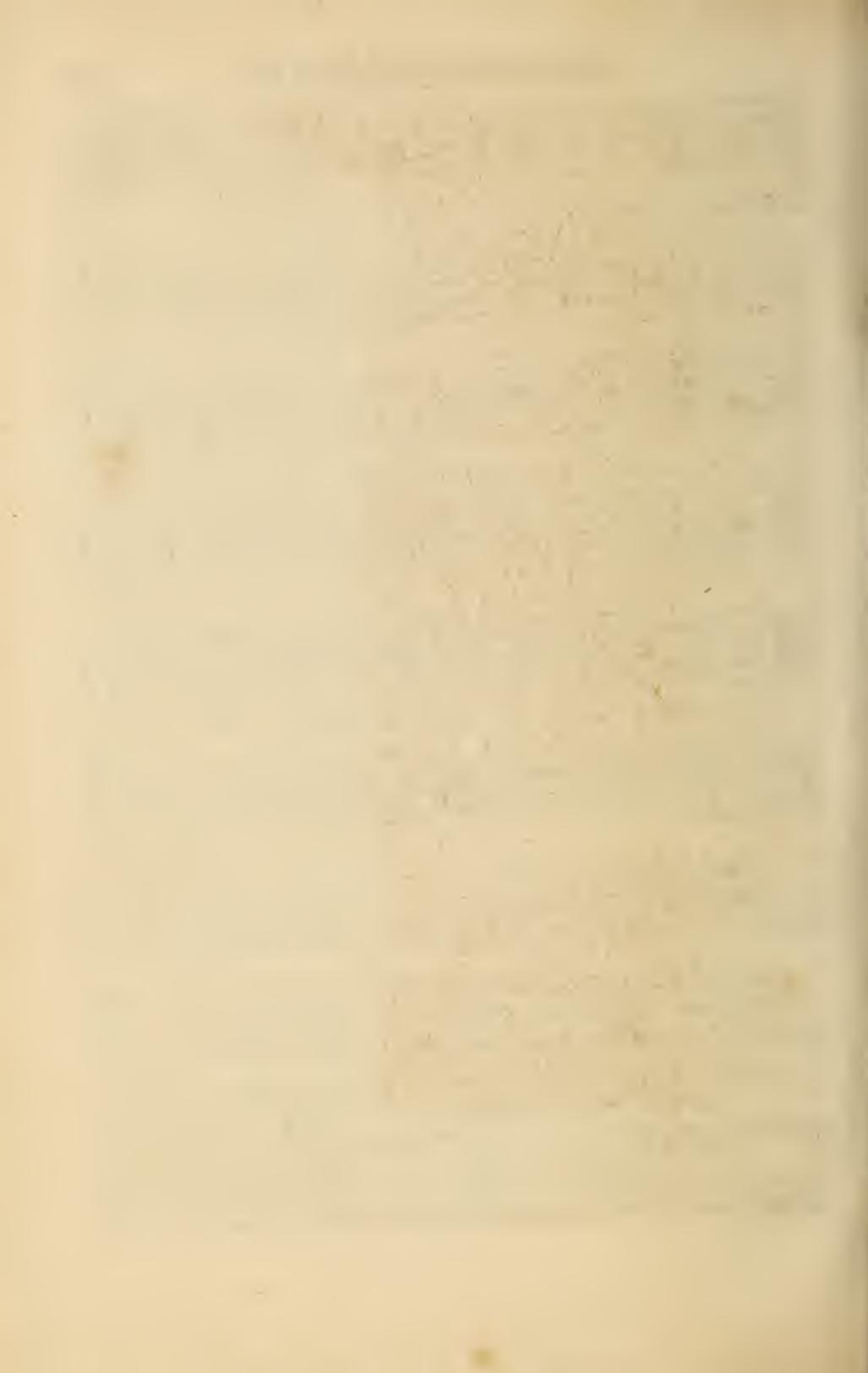
2 That comfort was mine,  
When the favor divine  
I first found in the blood of the  
Lamb;  
When my heart it believed,  
What a joy I received,  
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'Twas a heaven below  
My Redeemer to know  
The angels could do nothing more,  
Than to fall at his feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long  
Was my joy and my song:  
O that all his salvation might  
see!  
He hath loved me, I cried,  
He hath suffered and died,  
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love,  
I was carried above  
Over sin and temptation and pain;  
And I could not believe  
That I ever should grieve,  
That I ever should suffer again

The first part of the document  
 contains a list of names  
 and their corresponding  
 addresses. The names are  
 written in a cursive hand  
 and are somewhat difficult  
 to read. The addresses are  
 also written in cursive and  
 are located to the right of  
 the names. The document  
 appears to be a list of  
 subscribers or donors for  
 a certain organization or  
 cause. The names are  
 arranged in a single column  
 and are separated by  
 small spaces. The  
 addresses are written in a  
 similar style and are  
 located to the right of the  
 names. The document is  
 on aged, yellowed paper  
 and shows signs of wear  
 and discoloration.







Handwritten notes in the top left corner, including the word "March" and the number "21".

Handwritten notes in the top right corner, including the number "23" and the word "CX".

