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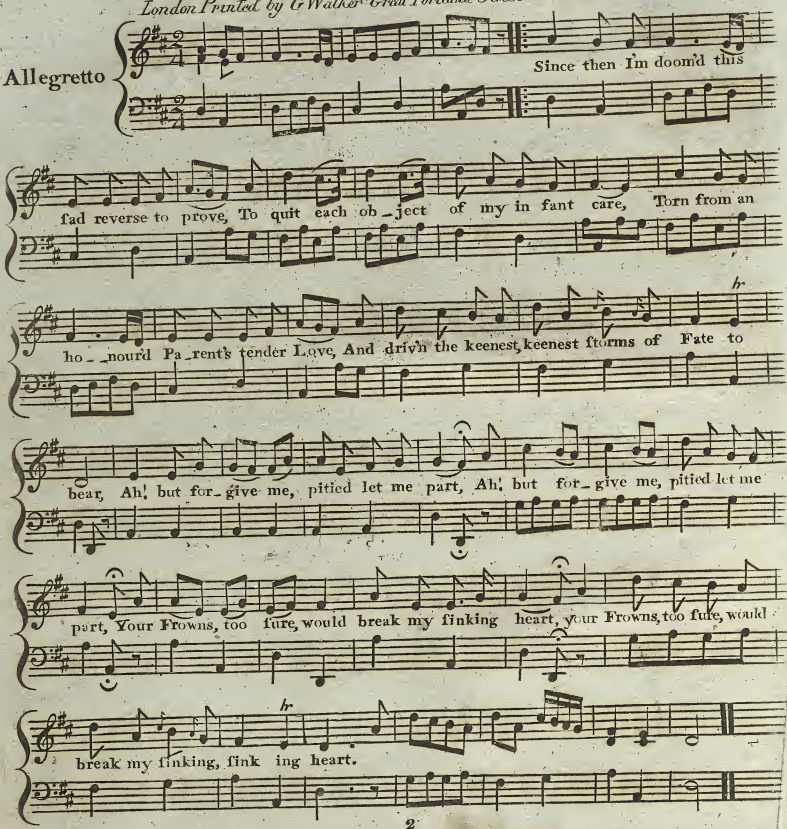
35544

Thomas

Since then I'm Doom'd

Sung by Mrs. Jordan in the Spoild Child

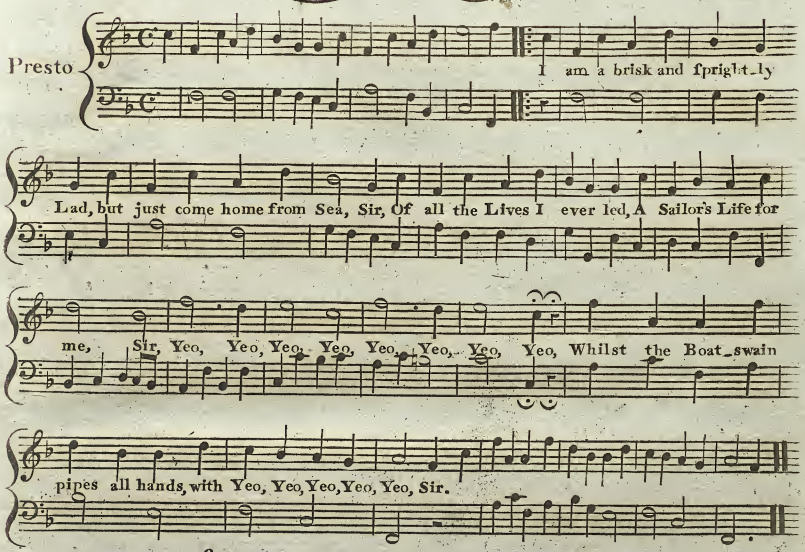
London Printed by G Walker Great Portland Street N.o 106 Price 6d



2

Where e'er I go, what e'er my lowly ftate,
Yet grateful mem'ry, ftill ſhall linger here,
And when, perhaps you're muſing o'er my Fate,
You ſtill may greet me with a tender Tear,
Ah. then forgive me, pitied let me part,
Your Frowns, too ſure, would break my ſinking heart.

YEO YEO.



2

What Girl but loves the merry Tar,
We o'er the Ocean roam, Sir,
In ev'ry Clime we find a Port,
In ev'ry Port a Home Sir.
Yeo, Yeo, &c:

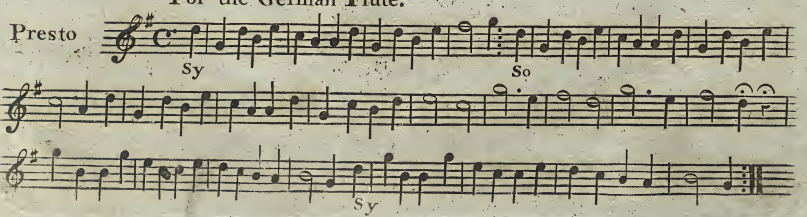
3

But when our Country's Foes are nigh,
Each hastens to his Gun, Sir,
We make the boasting Frenchmen fly,
An bang the haughty Don Sir.
Yeo, Yeo, &c:

4

Our Foes subdued, once more on Shore,
We spend our Cash with glee, Sir,
And when all's gone, we drown our Care,
And out again to Sea, Sir,
Yeo, Yeo, &c:

For the German Flute.



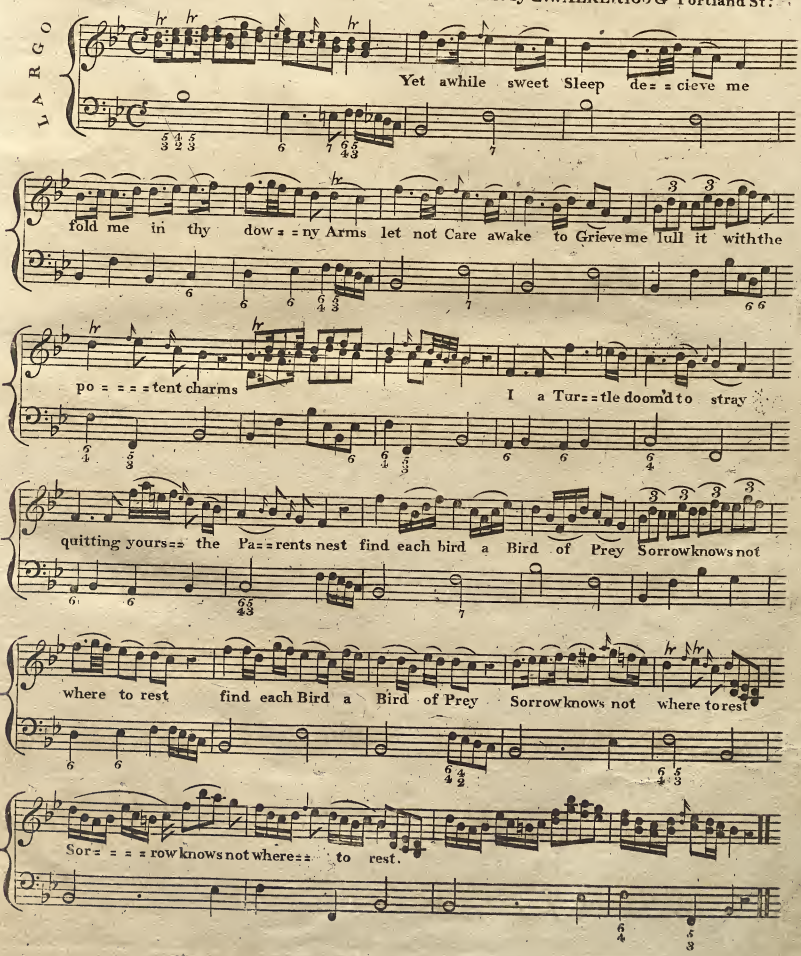
YET A WHILE SWEET SLEEP.

No. 22.

IN CYMON

Pr. 3d

LONDON: Printed by the POLYHYMNIAN Company. & Sold Wholesale by G. WALKER 106 Gt Portland St.t



LOVERS WHO LISTEN

N°42. Sung by Sig^a STORACE in the OPERA of the PIRATES. Pr.1^s

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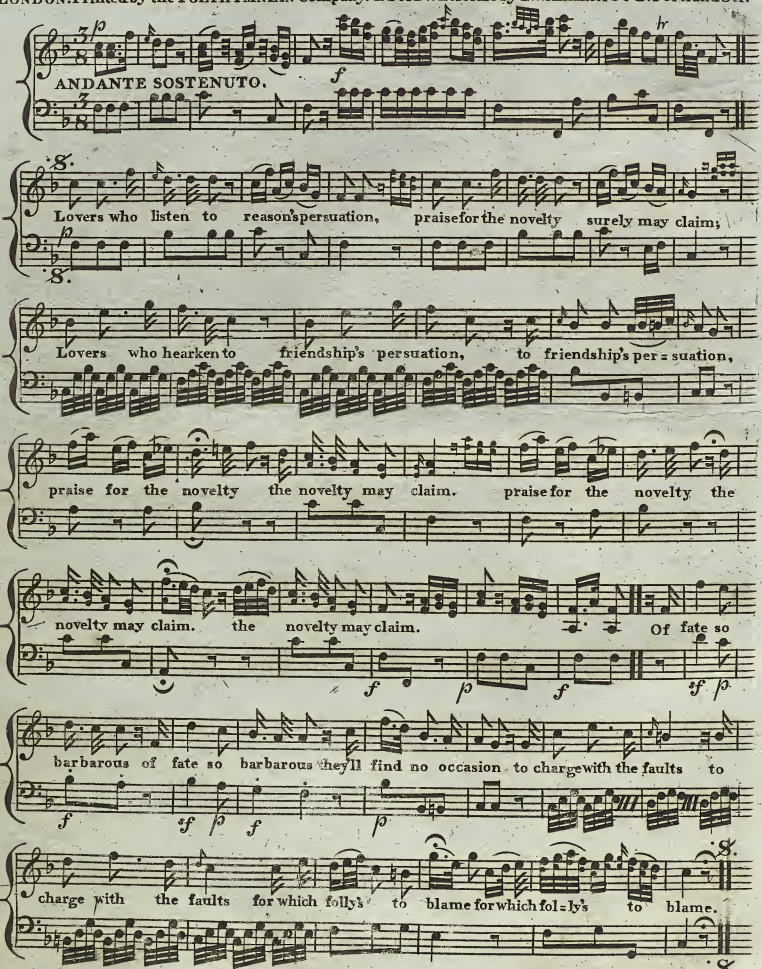

LOVELY NYMPH

SUNG BY Mr KELLY IN THE BURLETTA OF MIDAS.

No. 98.

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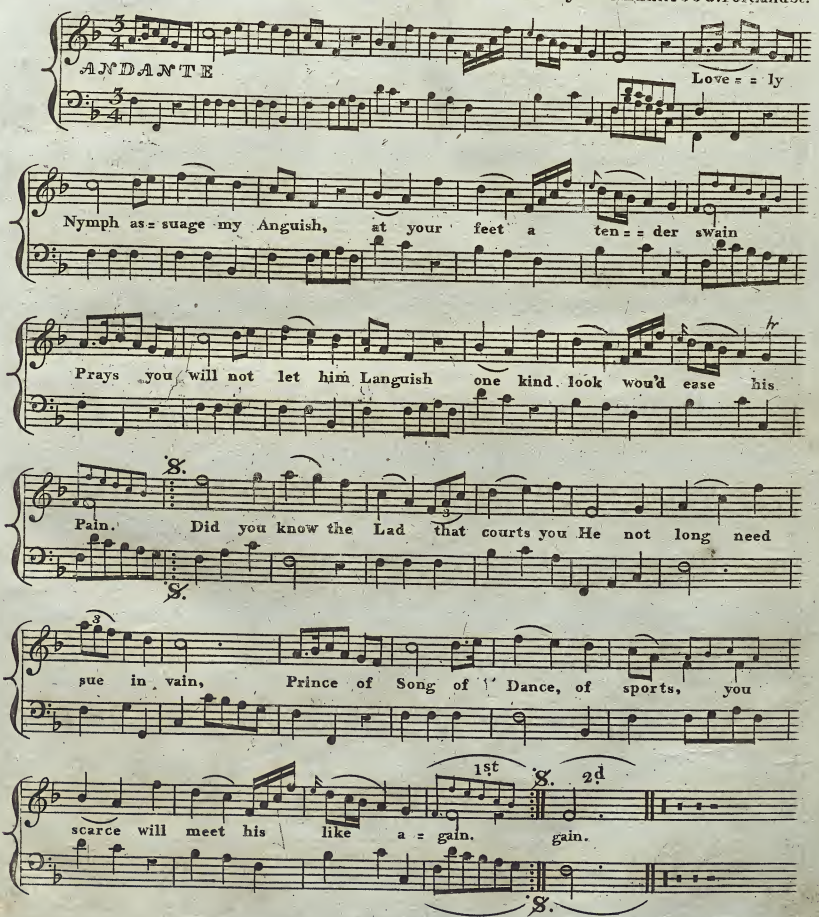


AH CAN I E'ER FORGET THEE LOVE,

A Caratina, Sung with much Applause

BY

Mr. Sinclair

at the

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN,

in the Revived Opera, called the

LORD OF THE MANOR,

Composed by

HENRY R. BISHOP,

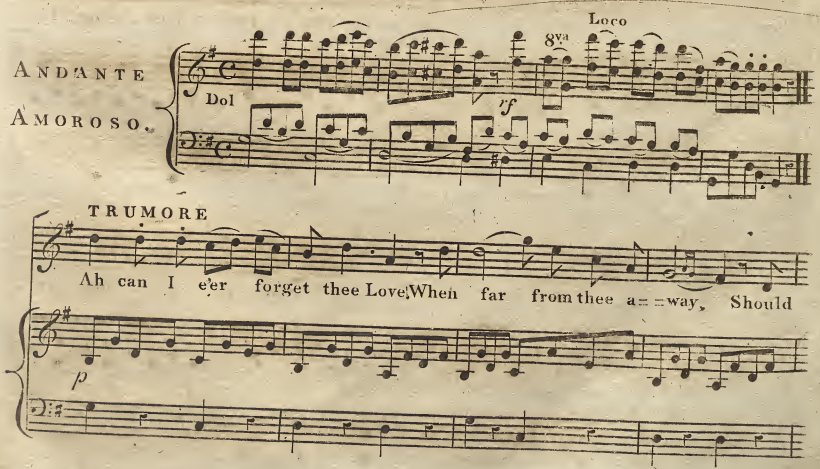
Composer and Director of the Music to the Theatre Royal Covent Garden,

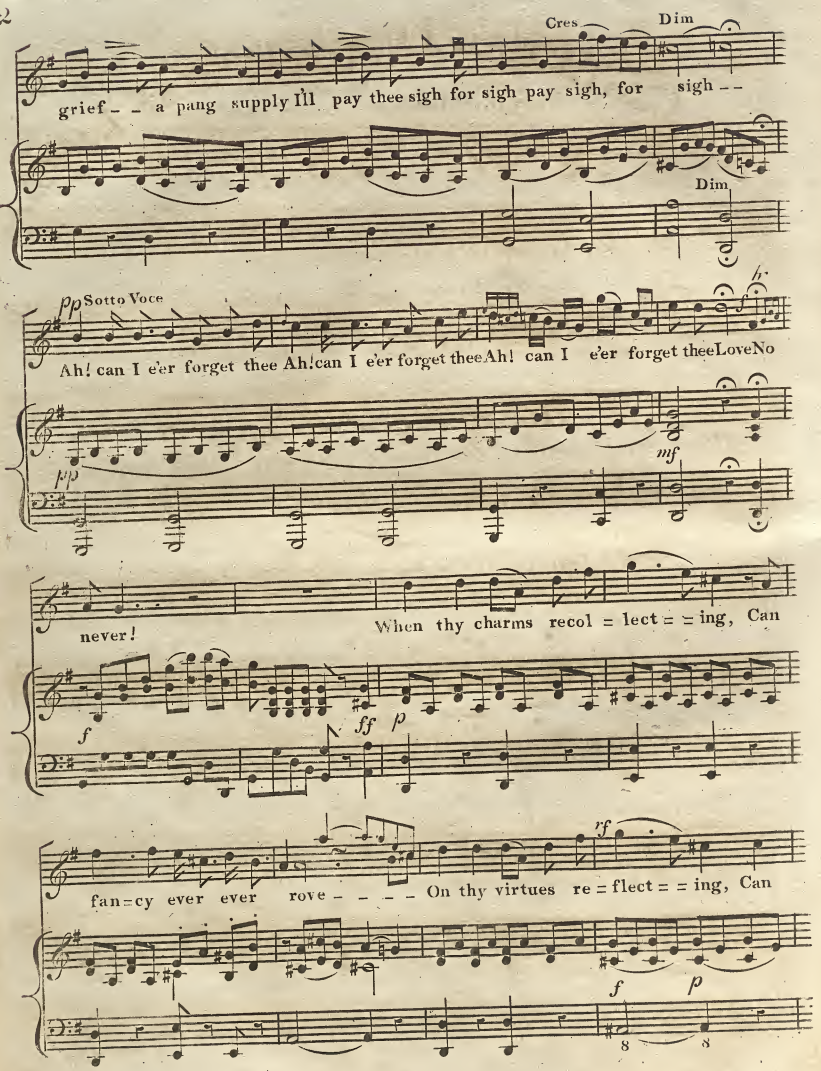
WORDS BY CHARLES DIBDIN JUN.R ESQ.rs

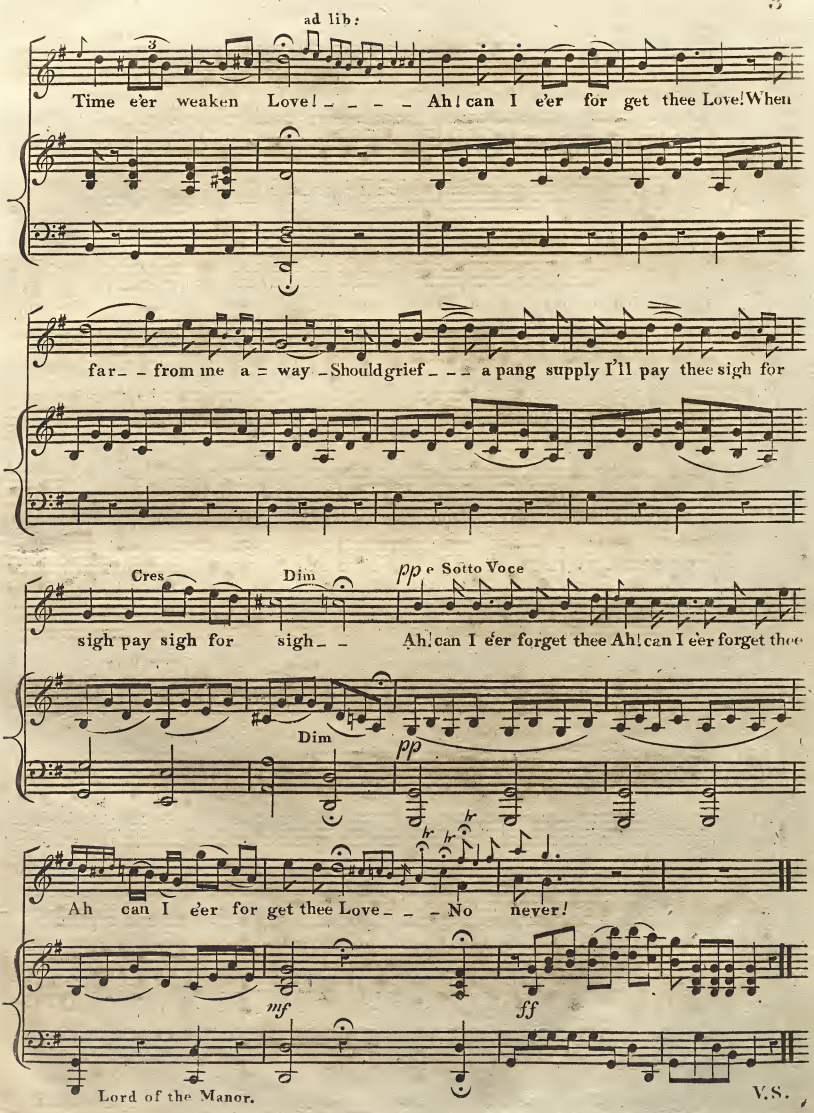
Pub.d at Sta. Hall.

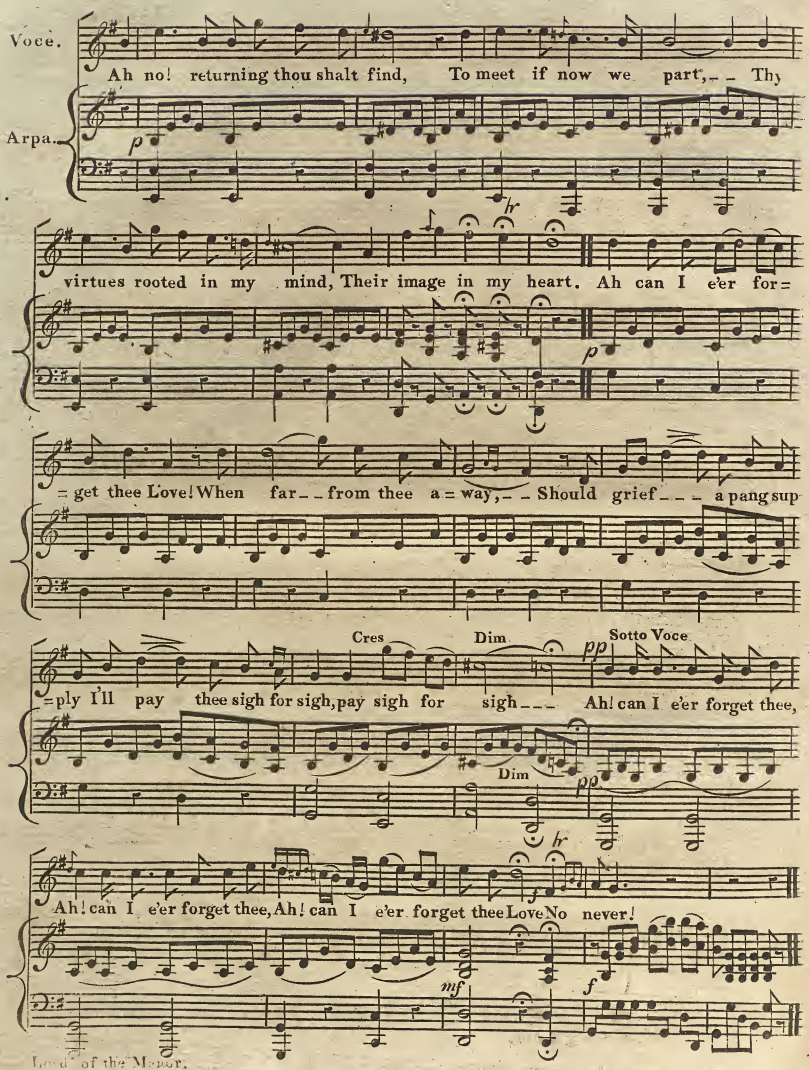
Price 1/6.

London Printed by Goulding & Co.e 20, Soho Square & 7, Westmorland St. Dublin.




Cres
Dim
grief – – a pang supply I'll pay thee sigh for sigh pay sigh, for sigh – –
Dim
pp Sotto Voce
Ah! can I e'er forget thee Ah! can I e'er forget thee Ah! can I e'er forget thee Love No
mf
pp
never!
When thy charms recol = lect = = ing, Can
f
ff
p
rf
fan = cy ever ever rove – – – – On thy virtues re = flect = = ing, Can
f
p
8
8

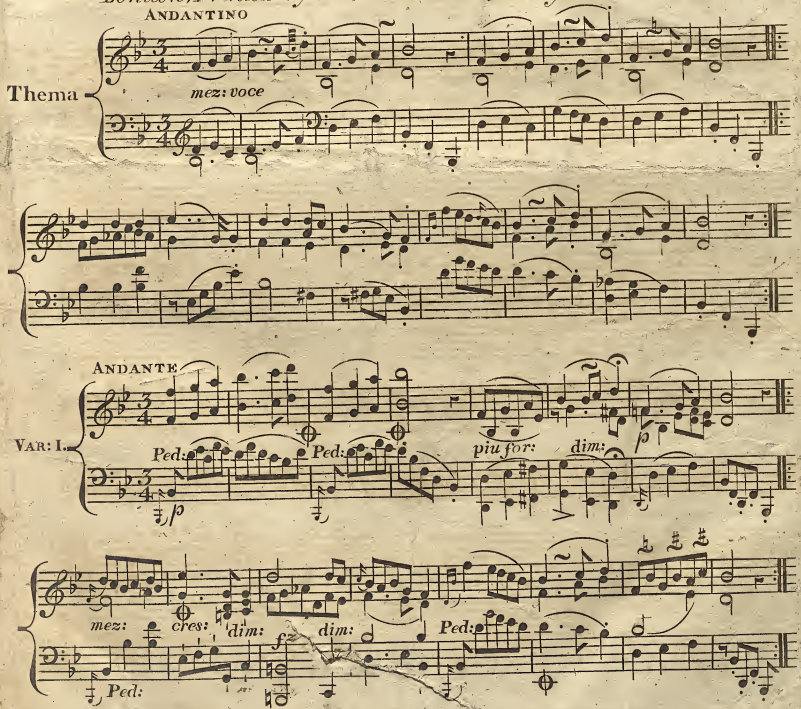

ad lib:
Time e'er weaken Love! Ah! can I e'er for get thee Love! When
far from me a = way Should grief a pang supply I'll pay thee sigh for
Cres
Dim
pp e Sotto Voce
sigh pay sigh for sigh Ah! can I e'er forget thee Ah! can I e'er forget thee
Dim
pp
Ah can I e'er for get thee Love No never!
mf
ff

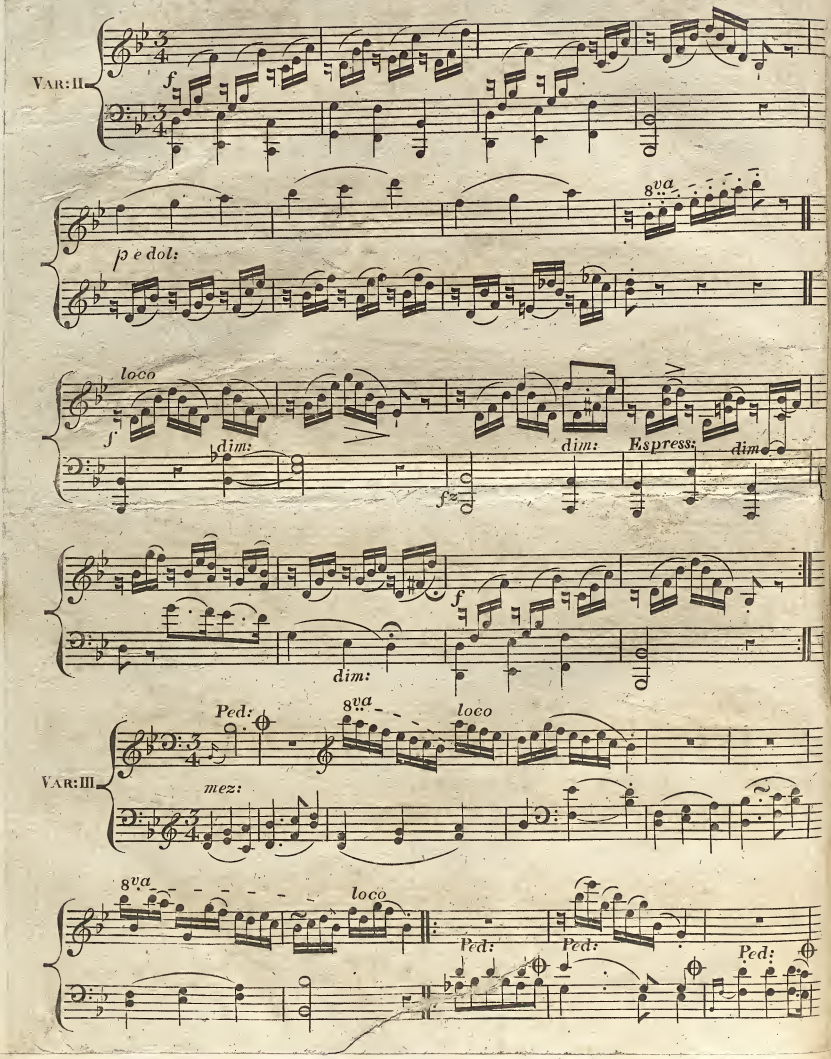

Voce.
Arpa.
Ah no! returning thou shalt find, To meet if now we part, Thy
p
hr
virtues rooted in my mind, Their image in my heart. Ah can I e'er for=
p
=get thee Love! When far from thee a=way, Should grief a pang sup
Cres
Dim
Sotto Voce
pp
=ply I'll pay thee sigh for sigh, pay sigh for sigh Ah! can I e'er forget thee,
Dim
pp
hr
Ah! can I e'er forget thee, Ah! can I e'er forget thee Love No never!
f
mf
f

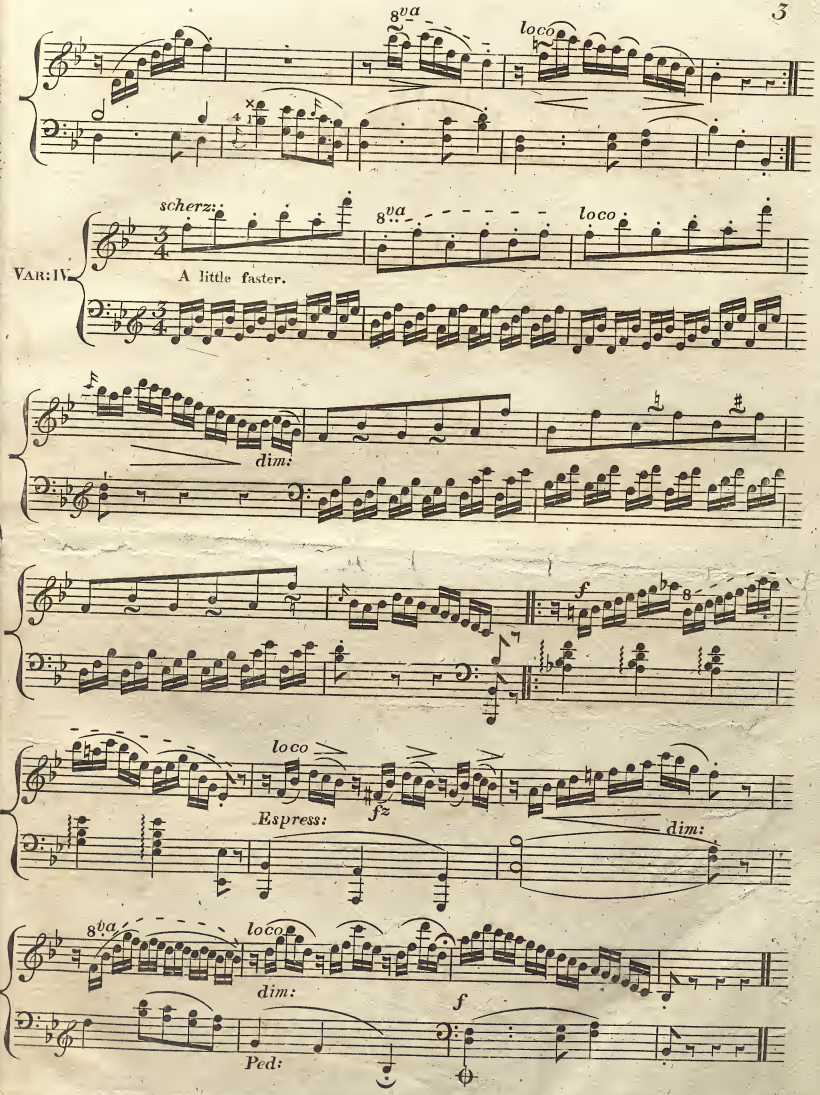
The Celebrated Irish Melody of
ROBIN ADAIR,
with Variations, for the
PIANO FORTE, OR HARP,
Composed and Respectfully Dedicated to
Miss Hodder,
BY C. STOKES.

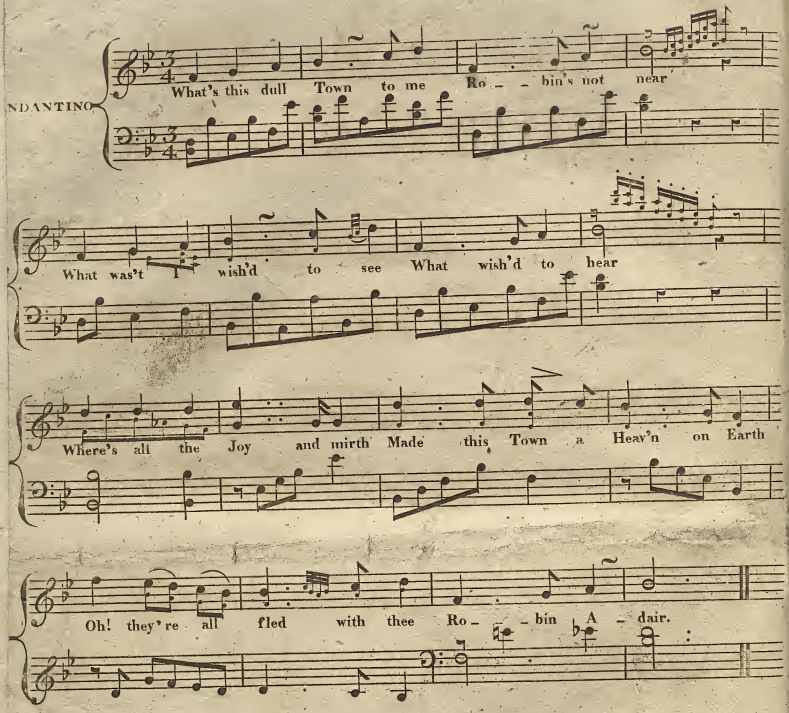
Pr: 1/6.

London, Printed by W. Hodsoll N.o 45, High Holborn.




Var: II
f
8va
p e dol:
loco
f
dim:
dim:
Espress.
dim
fz
f
dim:
Ped:
8va
loco
Var: III
mez:
8va
loco
Ped:
Ped:
Ped:


8va
loco
scherz:
8va
loco
VAR: IV.
A little faster.
dim:
f
8
loco
fz
Espress:
dim:
8va
loco
dim:
f
Ped:



2

What made th'Assembly shine?
Robin Adair.
What made the Ball so fine?
Robin was there.
What when the Play was o'er
What made my heart deplore?
Oh! it was parting with
Robin Adair.

3

But now thou'rt cold to me
Robin Adair.
But now thou'rt cold to me
Robin Adair.
Yet him I lov'd so well
Still in my heart shall dwell
Oh! I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.

14

2

MY HARP ALONE

From

The Celebrated Poem

ROKEBY

by Walter Scott

Composed by

L. JANSEN

Ent Sta Hall

Price 1/-

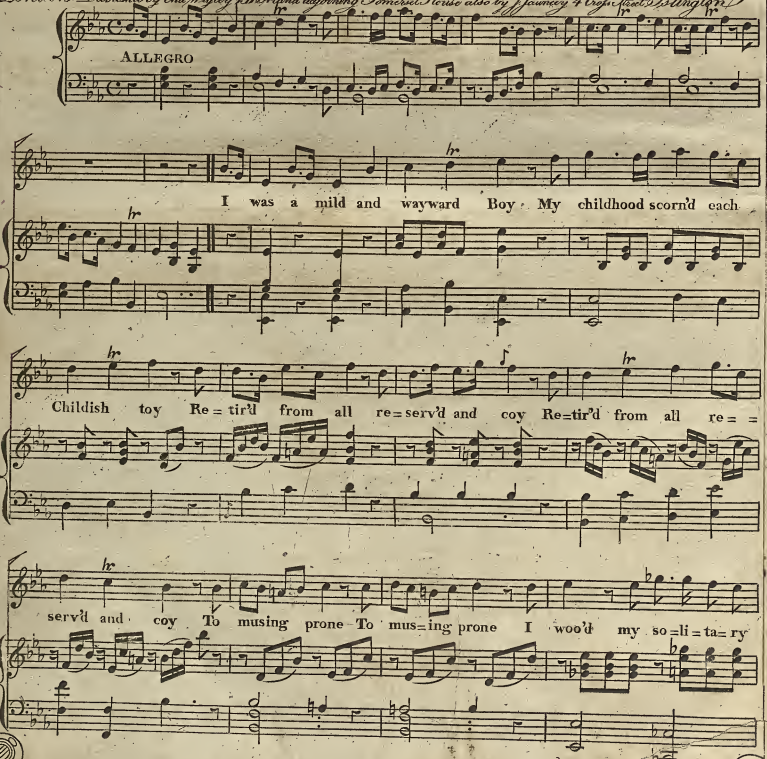
London Published by Chas Wigley 45 Strand adjoining Somerset House also by J Jaunceey 4 Cross Street Islington

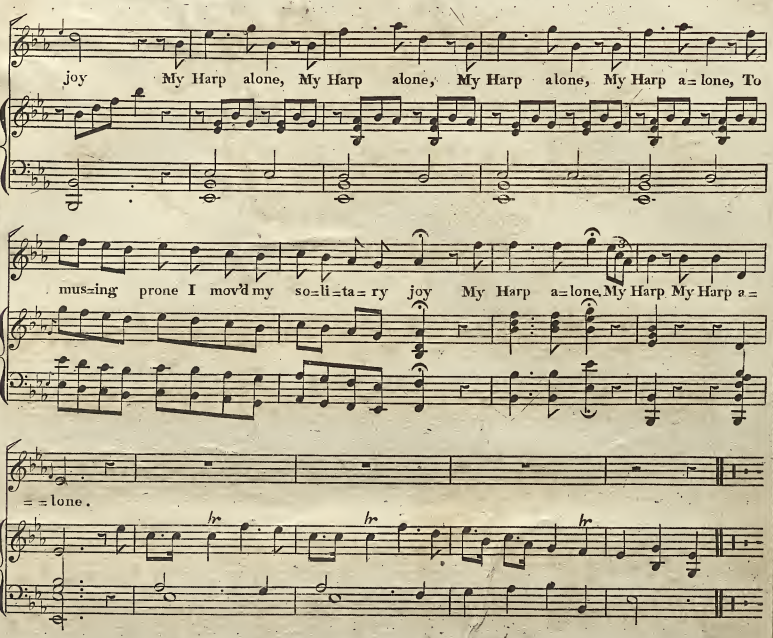
ALLEGRO

I was a mild and wayward Boy My childhood scorn'd each

Childish toy Re=tir'd from all re=serv'd and coy Re=tir'd from all re==

serv'd and coy To musing prone To mus=ing prone I woo'd my so=li=ta=ry





2

My Youth with bold ambition's mood,
Despis'd the humble Stream and Wood
When my poor Father's Cottage stood,
To fame unknown,
What should my soaring views make good,
My Harp alone!

3

Love came with all his frantic fire,
And wild romance of vain desire;
The Barons Daughter, heard my Lyre,
And prais'd the tone!
What could presumptous hope inspire;
My Harp alone!

2 Whither, my Love, ah! whither art thou gone?

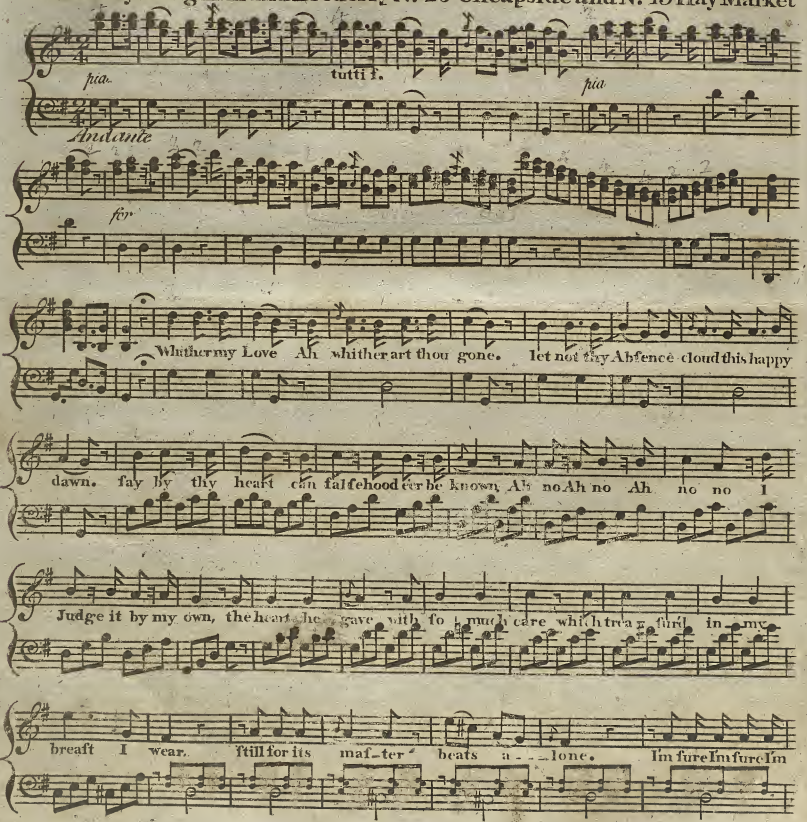
Sung by Signora Storace in the

HAUNTED TOWER

The Music by Sig.r Paisiello

Entered at Stationers Hall. Price 1s

Printed by Longman and Broderip N.o 26 Cheapside and N.o 13 Hay Market



fure the felfifh things his own Whither my love Ah whither art thou gone let not thy

abfence cloud this happy dawn fay by thy heart can falfehood e'er be known Ah no Ah no Ah

no no no I Judge it by my own Whither my love Ah whither art thou gone, whither my

single notes

love Ah whither art thou gone.

Guitar

Whither my love Ah whither art thou gone let not thy ab-fence cloud this happy dawn,

fay by thy heart can falfehood e'er be known Ah no Ah no Ah no no I Judge it by my own the

heart he gave, with fo much care, which treafur'd in my breaft I wear, ftill for its

maf-ter, beats a--- lone, Im fure I'm fure I'm fure the felfifh things his own

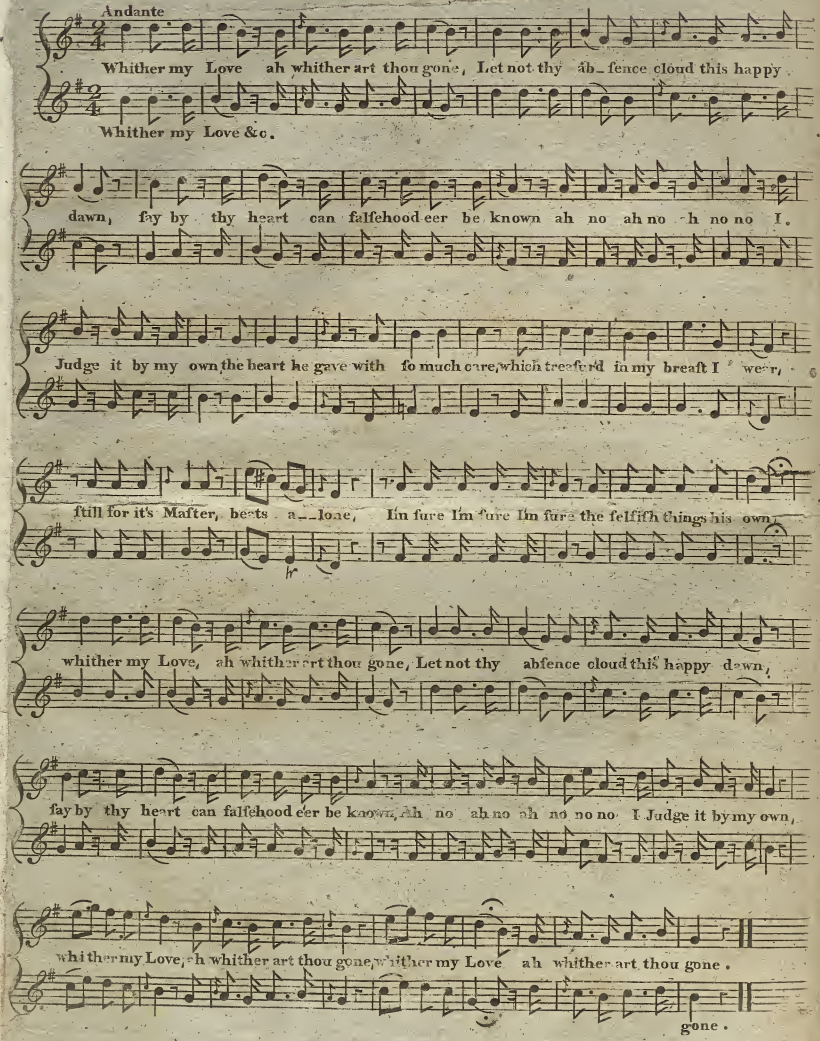
whither my love Ah whither art thou gone let not thy abfence cloud this happy

dawn fay by thy heart can falfehood e'er be known Ah no Ah no Ah no no no I

Judge it by my own whither my love Ah whither art thou gone whither my love Ah

whither art thou gone.

DUET for 2 Voices or Flutes.



A Favourite Song

in the New COMEDY of the HEIRESS,

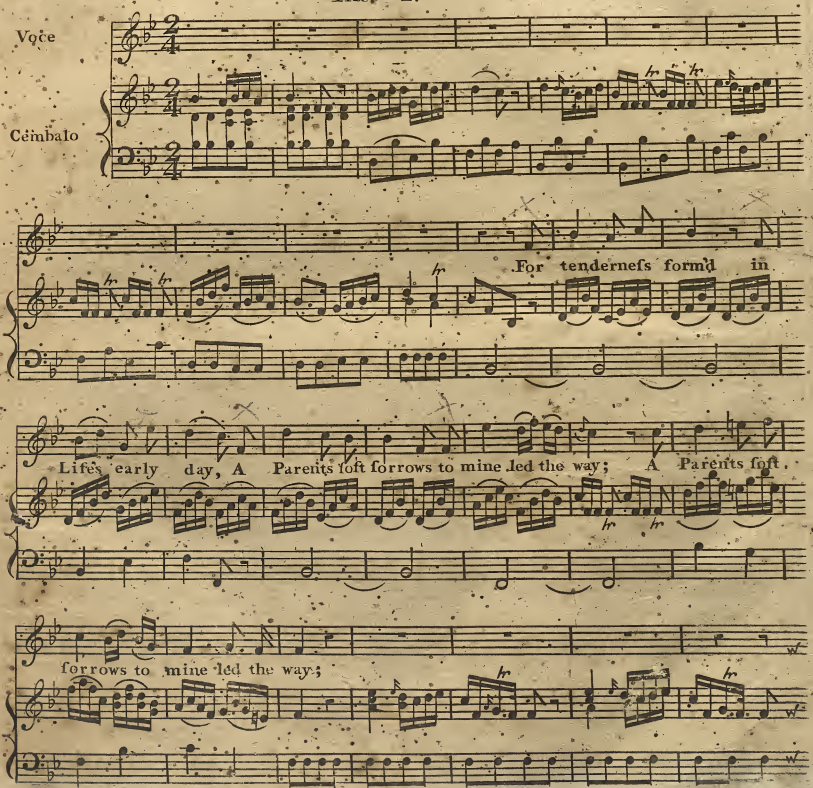
as performed with universal Applause at Drury Lane Theatre.

Adapted to an AIR of SIGR PAESIELLO by MR LINLEY.

SUNG BY MRS CROUCH.

London Printed for I. & P. Thompson N.o 75 St. Pauls Church Yard.

Price 1s



The Leſson of Pity was caught from her Eye, and eer words were my own I

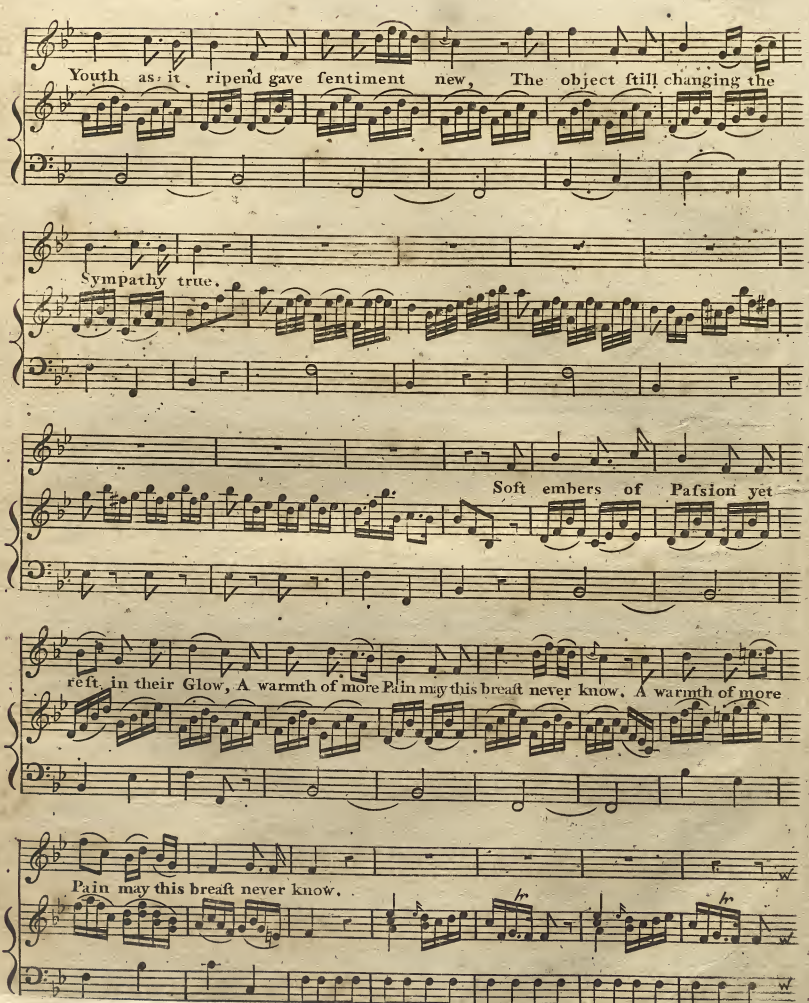
ſpoke with a ſigh.

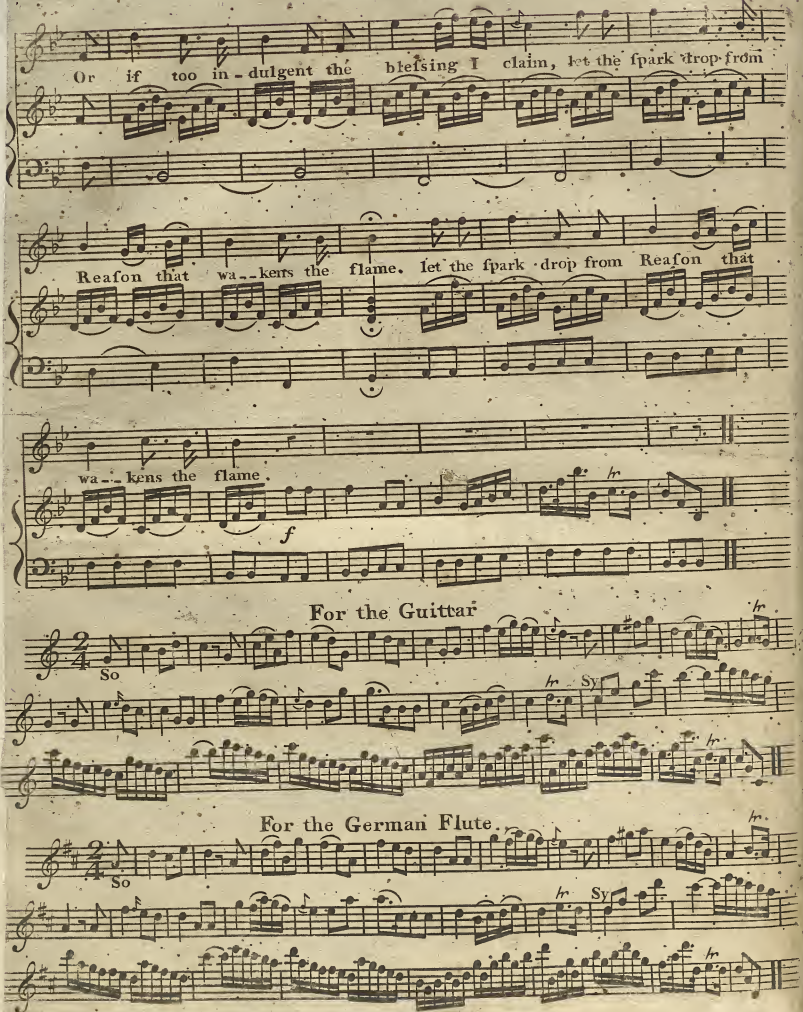
The Nightingale plunder'd, the

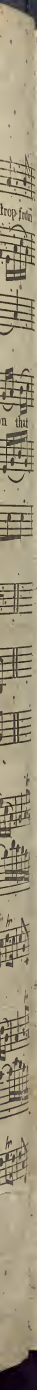
mate widow'd Dove, the warbled complaint of the ſuffering Grove, the warbled com-

-plaint of the ſuffering Grove.

To


Youth as it ripend gave fentiment new, The object ftill changing the
Sympathy true.
Soft embers of Pafsion yet
reft, in their Glow, A warmth of more Pain may this breaft never know. A warmth of more
Pain may this breaft never know.


Or if too in-dulgent the bleſsing I claim, let the ſpark drop from
Reaſon that wa--kens the flame. let the ſpark drop from Reaſon that
wa--kens the flame.
f
For the Guittar
So
Sy
For the German Flute.
So
Sy



ROY'S WIFE OF ALLDIVALOCH.

Price 1d.

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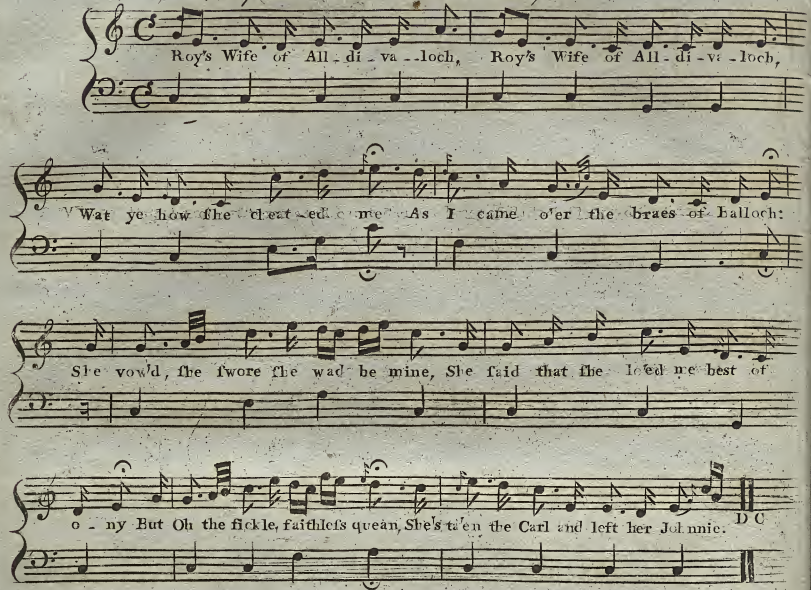
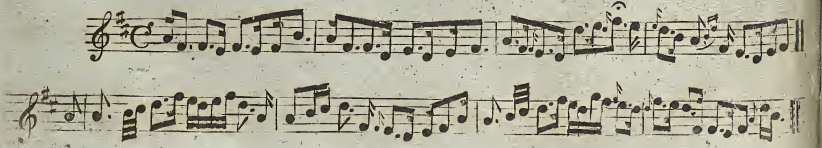


O! She was a can-ty quean,
And well cou'd she dance the highland walloch,
How happy I, had she been mine
Or I'd been Roy of Alldivaloch
Roy's wife &c.

Her hair is fair, een is clear
Her wee bit mou' so sweet and bonny
To me she ever will be dear
Tho' she's for ever left her Johnie
Roy's wife &c.



MERRY MAY THE MAID BE.

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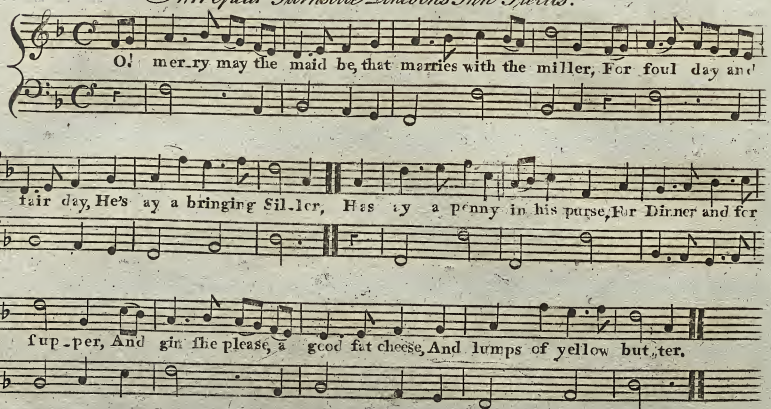


2

When Jamie first did woo me,
I speir'd what was his calling,
Fair Maid says he, C. come and see,
Ye're welcome to my dwelling;
Though I was shy, yet I could spy,
The truth of what he told me,
And that his house was warm and couth,
And room in it to hold me.

3

Behind the door a bag of meal,
And in the kist was plenty,
Of good hard cakes, his Mither makes,
And bannocks were na scanty,
A good fat sow, a sleepy cow,
Was standing in the byre,
While lazy pouss, with mealy mouse,
Was playing at the fire.

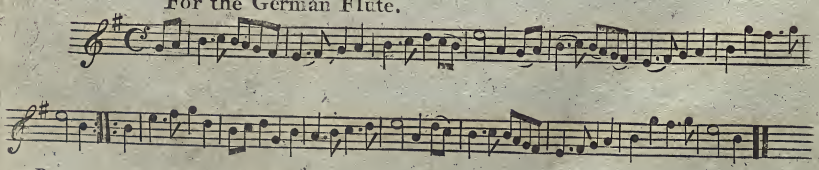
4

Good signs are these, my Mither says,
And bids me tak the Miller,
For foul day and fair day,
He's aye a bringing till her,
For meal and malt, she does nae want,
Nor ony thing that's dainty,
And now and then a keckling hen,
To lay her eggs in plenty.

5

In winter, when the wind and rain,
Blaws o'er the house and byre,
He sits beside a clean hearth stane,
Before a rousing fire;
With nutbrown ale he tells his tale,
Which rows him o'er fou nappy,
Who'd be a king a petty thing,
While a Miller lives so happy.

For the German Flute.

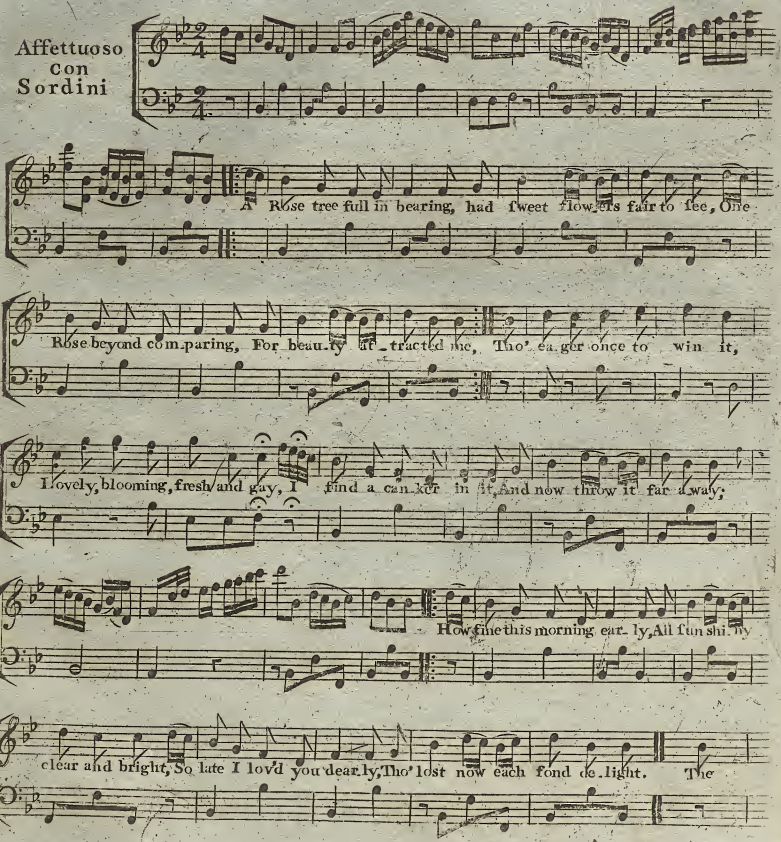


A ROSE TREE FULL IN BEARING

A favorite Song in the

POOR SOLDIER

Pr: 1s.


Affettuoso con Sordini
A Rose tree full in bearing, had ſweet flow_ers fair to ſee, One
Rose beyond com_paring, For beau_ty at_tracted me, Tho' ea_ger once to win it,
Lovely, blooming, fresh and gay, I find a can_ker in it, And now throw it far a_way;
How fine this morning ear_ly, All ſun shi_ny
clear and bright, So late I lov'd you dear_ly, Tho' lost now each fond de_light. The

clouds seem big with showrs, Sunny beams no more are seen, Farewell ye happy hours, Your

2d Voice.

The clouds seem big with showrs, Sunny beams no

falshood has chang'd the scene. The clouds seem big with showrs, Sunny beams no

more are seen, fare well ye hap py hours, your falshood has chang'd the scene.

more are seen, fare well ye hap py hours, your falshood has chang'd the scene.

For the German Flute.

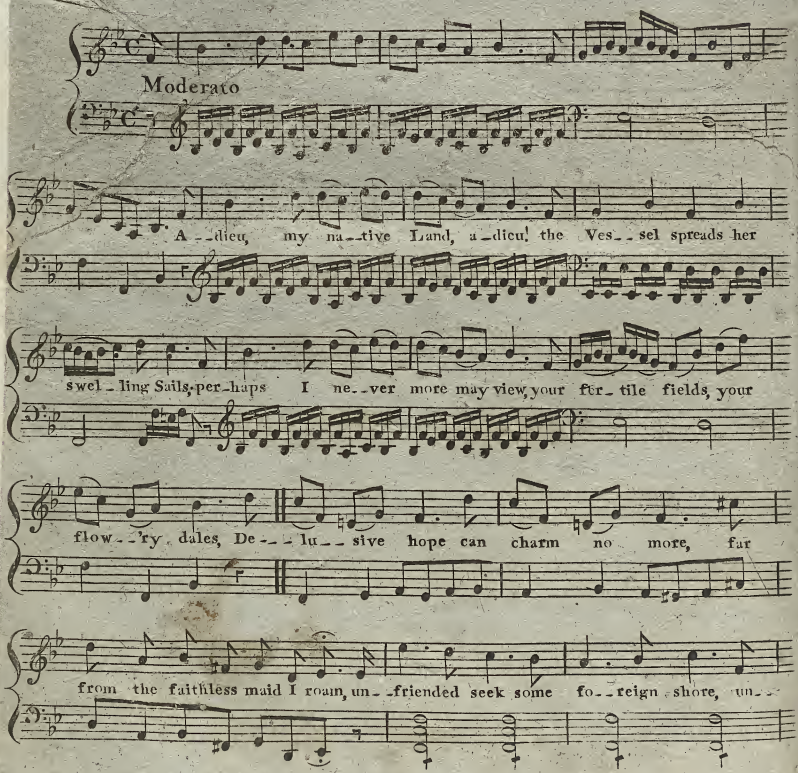
ADIEU, MY NATIVE LAND, ADIEU!

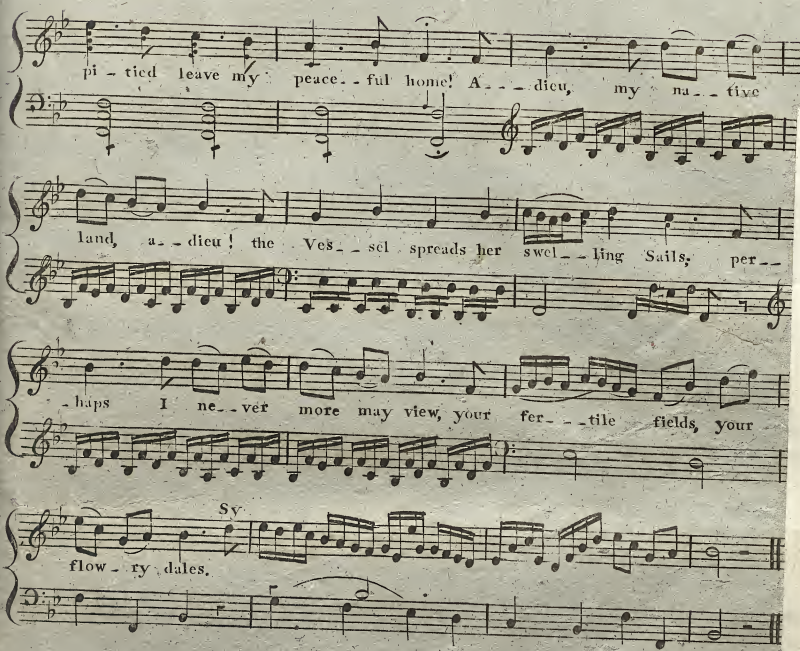
A Favorite Song

Adapted for the

Piano-Forte.

Pr:l.s


Moderato
A - dieu, my na - tive Land, a - dieu! the Ves - sel spreads her
swel - ling Sails, per - haps I ne - ver more may view, your fer - tile fields, your
flow - 'ry dales, De - lu - sive hope can charm no more, far
from the faithless maid I roam, un - friended seek some fo - reign shore, un -



2

Farewel, dear village, oh! farewel,
Soft on the gale thy murmer dies;
I hear thy solemn evning bell,
Thy spires yet glad my aching eyes.
Tho frequent falls the dazzling tear,
I scorn to shrink from Fate's decree,
And think not, cruel maid, that e'er
I'll breath another sigh for thee.
Adieu, &c:

3

In vain thro' shades of frowning night,
Mine eyes thy rocky coast explore;
Deep sinks the fiery orb of light,
I view thy beacons now no more!
Rise, billows, rise! Blow, hollow wind!
(Nor night, nor storms, nor death I fear.)
Ye friendly, bear me hence, to find
That Peace which Fate denies me here!
Adieu, &c:

The Garland of Love,

SUNG BY Mrs. BLAND,

at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane,

In the Grand Melo Drama of

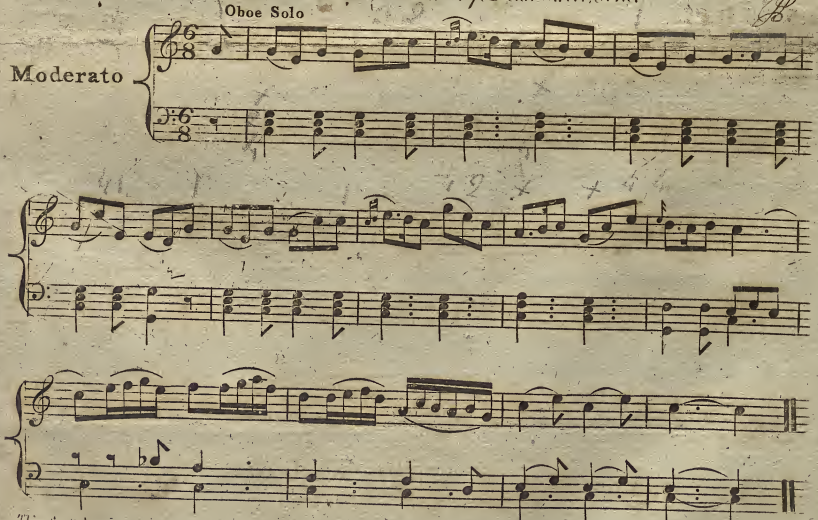
TEKELI,

Composed by Mr. Hook.

Entd. Stat. Hall.

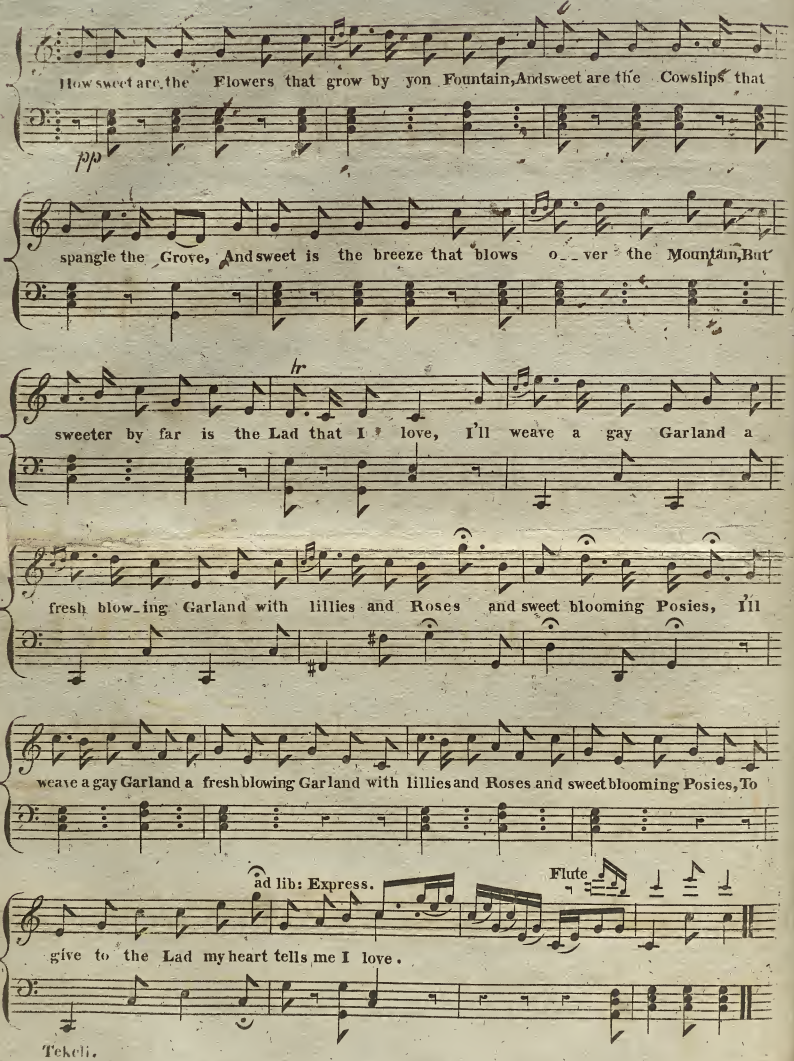
Price 1/6

London, Printed by J. Pearce, No. 70 Dean Street, Soho.

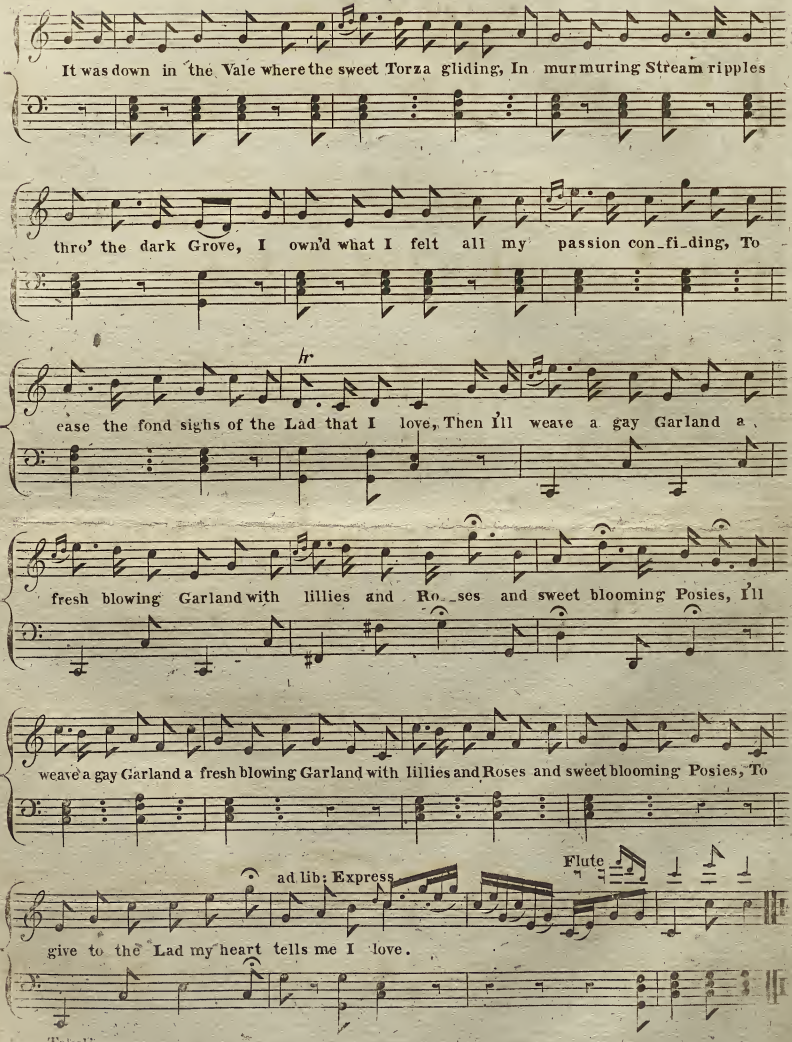


This Song is arranged as a Rondo, by L. Jansen 1/6 also the Celebrated Dance a Rondo, by Holst 1/6. V.S.

The Music for the Flute Pr. 3s.


How sweet are the Flowers that grow by yon Fountain, And sweet are the Cowslips that
pp
spangle the Grove, And sweet is the breeze that blows o__ver the Mountain, But
sweeter by far is the Lad that I love, I'll weave a gay Garland a
fresh blow_ing Garland with lillies and Roses and sweet blooming Posies, I'll
weave a gay Garland a fresh blowing Garland with lillies and Roses and sweet blooming Posies, To
ad lib: Express.
Flute
give to the Lad my heart tells me I love.

Tekeli.


It was down in the Vale where the sweet Torza gliding, In murmuring Stream ripples
thro' the dark Grove, I own'd what I felt all my passion con_fi_ding, To
ease the fond sighs of the Lad that I love, Then I'll weave a gay Garland a
fresh blowing Garland with lillies and Ro_ses and sweet blooming Posies, I'll
weave a gay Garland a fresh blowing Garland with lillies and Roses and sweet blooming Posies, To
ad lib: Express
Flute
give to the Lad my heart tells me I love.

Tekell.

The Harpers first Song

from the

Celebrated Poem

Rokeby

Written by

Walter Scott Esq.r

Composed by

W. RUSSELL

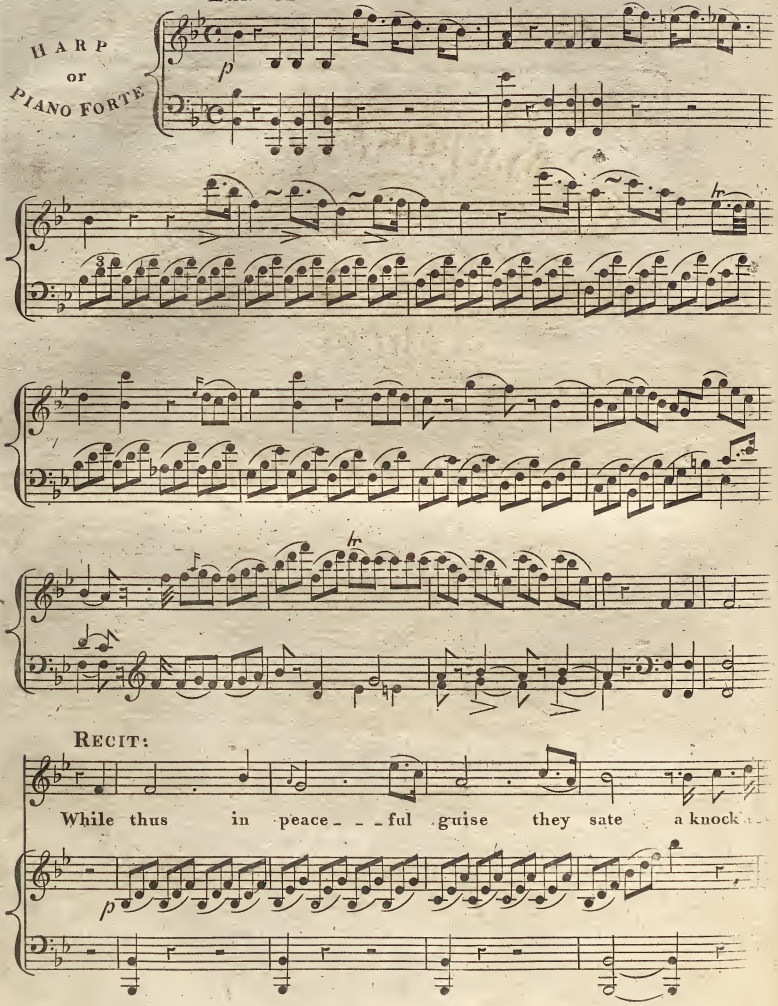
Mus. Bac. Oxon.

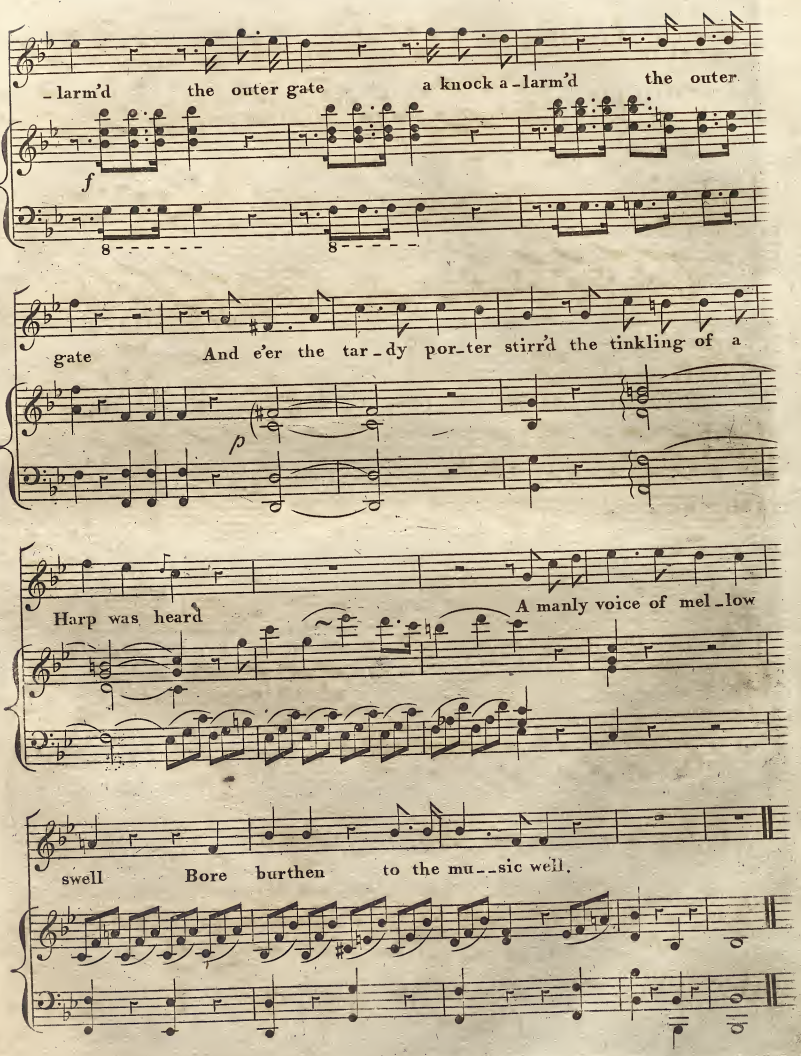
Entered at Stationer's Hall. *Pr. 2.s*

LONDON

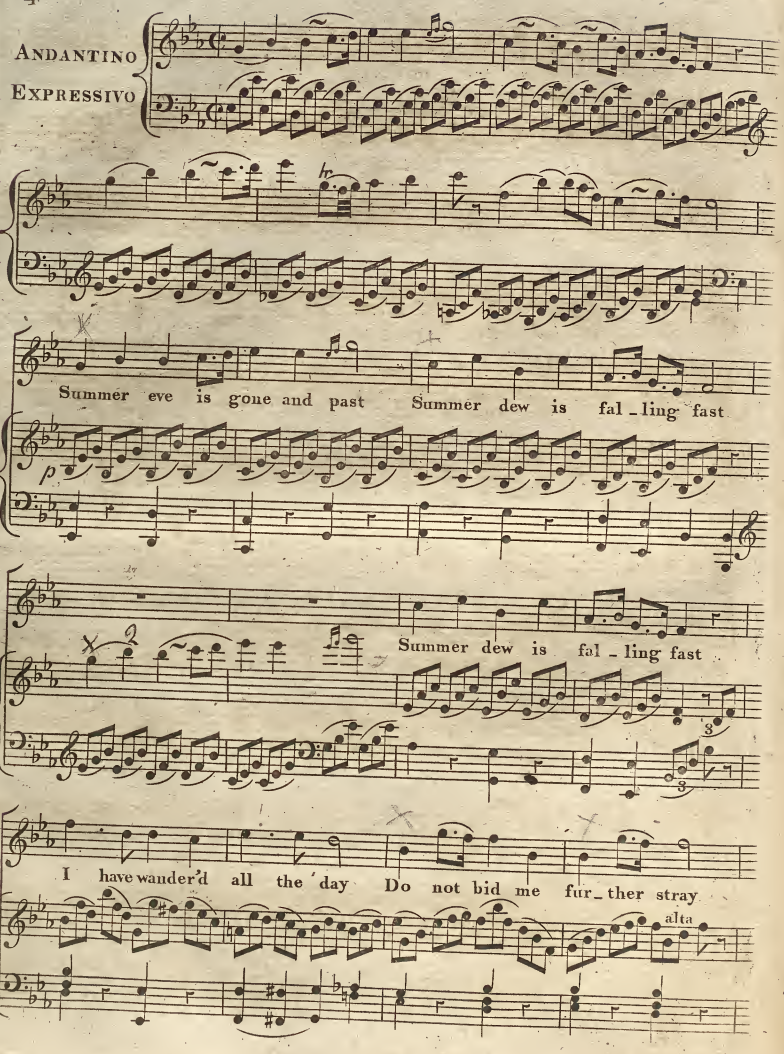
Printed & Sold by W. Hodsoll, 45 High Holborn.

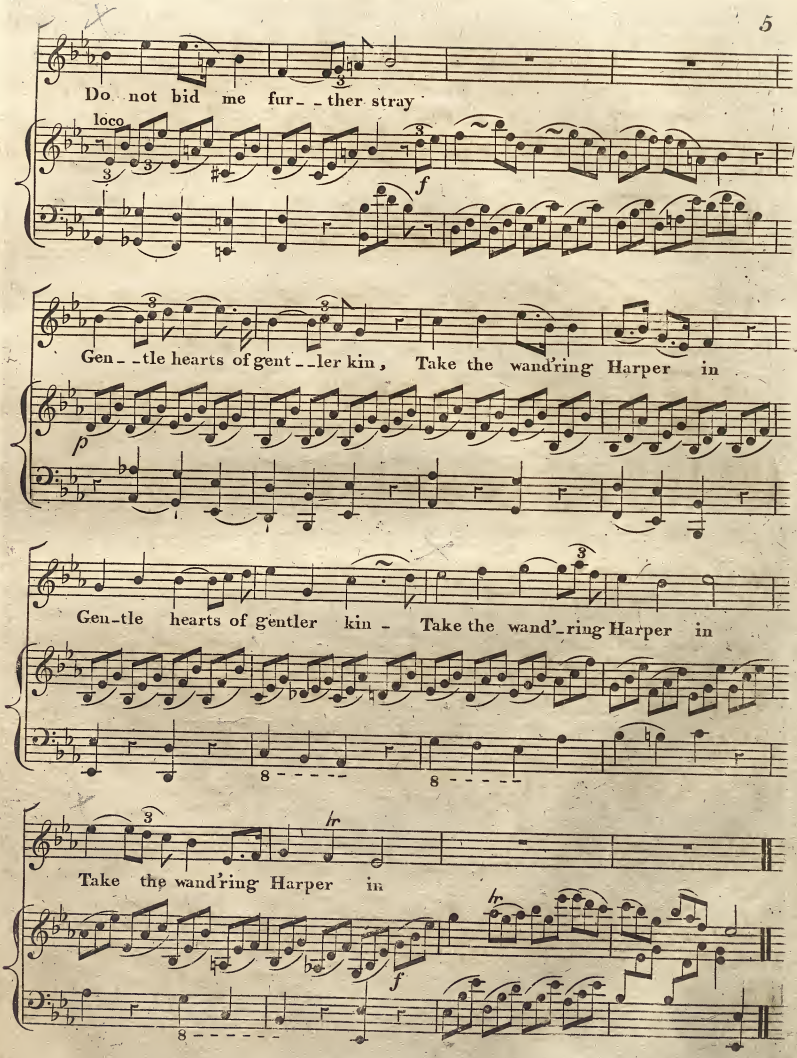
Where may be had the following by the same Author from the above Poem.
The Harper's 2.d Song, Allen A Dale, A weary Lot is thine fair Maid,
The Harp.


LARGHETTO
HARP
or
PIANO FORTE
p
tr
RECIT:
While thus in peace - - - ful guise they sate a knock
p

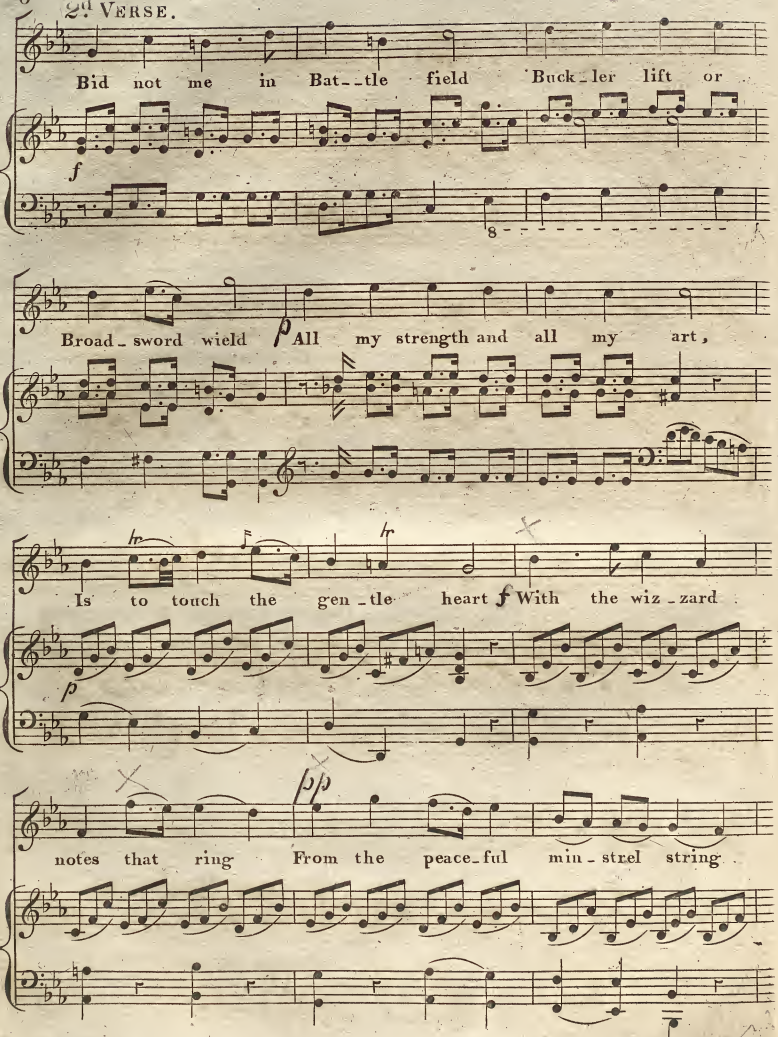

-larm'd the outer gate a knock a-larm'd the outer
f
8
8
gate And e'er the tar-dy por-ter stirr'd the tinkling of a
p
Harp was heard A manly voice of mel-low
swell Bore burthen to the mu--sic well.

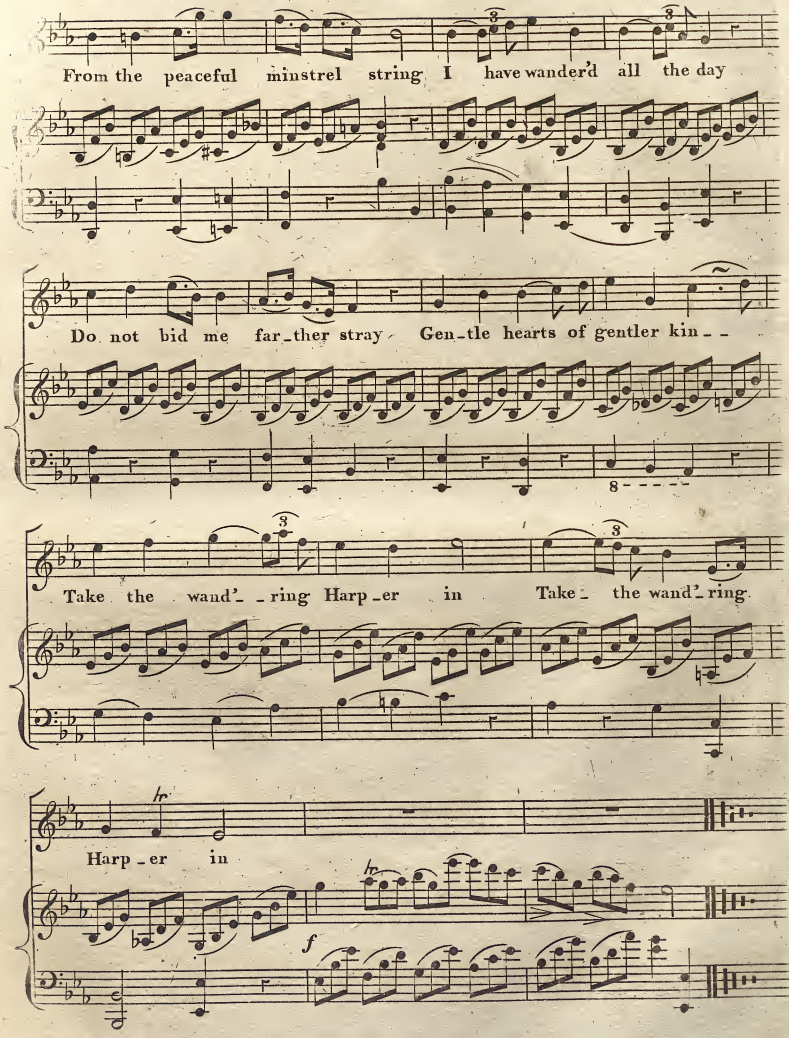
4


ANDANTINO
EXPRESSIVO
Summer eve is gone and past Summer dew is fal_ling fast
Summer dew is fal_ling fast
I have wander'd all the day Do not bid me fur_ther stray
alta


Do not bid me fur_ _ther stray
loco
f
Gen_ _tle hearts of gent_ _ler kin, Take the wand'ring Harper in
p
Gen_tle hearts of gentler kin_ Take the wand'_ring Harper in
8
8
Take the wand'ring Harper in
hr
hr
f
8

2d VERSE.


Bid not me in Bat--tle field Buck-ler lift or
f
8
Broad-sword wield p All my strength and all my art,
Is to touch the gen-tle heart f With the wiz-zard
p
pp
notes that ring From the peace-ful min-strel string.


From the peaceful minstrel string I have wander'd all the day
Do not bid me far-ther stray Gen-tle hearts of gentler kin--
Take the wand'-ring Harp-er in Take the wand'-ring
Harp-er in
f

4.3

He is all the World to me,

A FAVORITE AIR,

as Sung with great Applause by

Miss Bolton,

at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden

COMPOSED BY

H. R. Bishop.

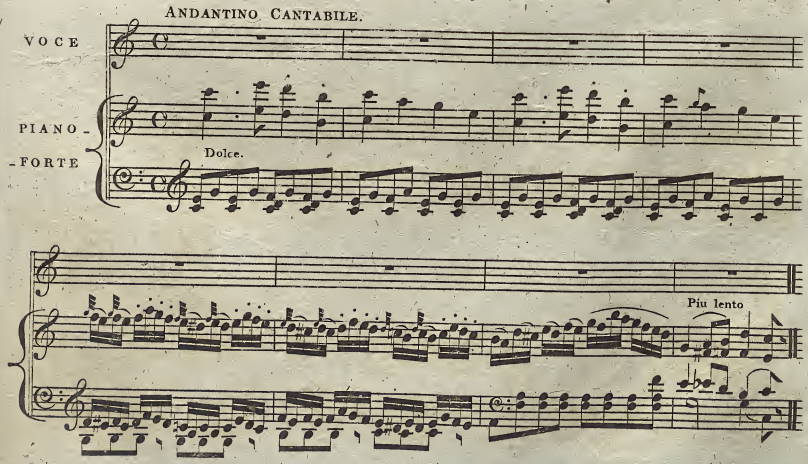
Printed Sta. Hall.

LONDON,

Price 1/6

Printed & Published for the Author by I. Lavenu, 26 New Bond Str.t

1819



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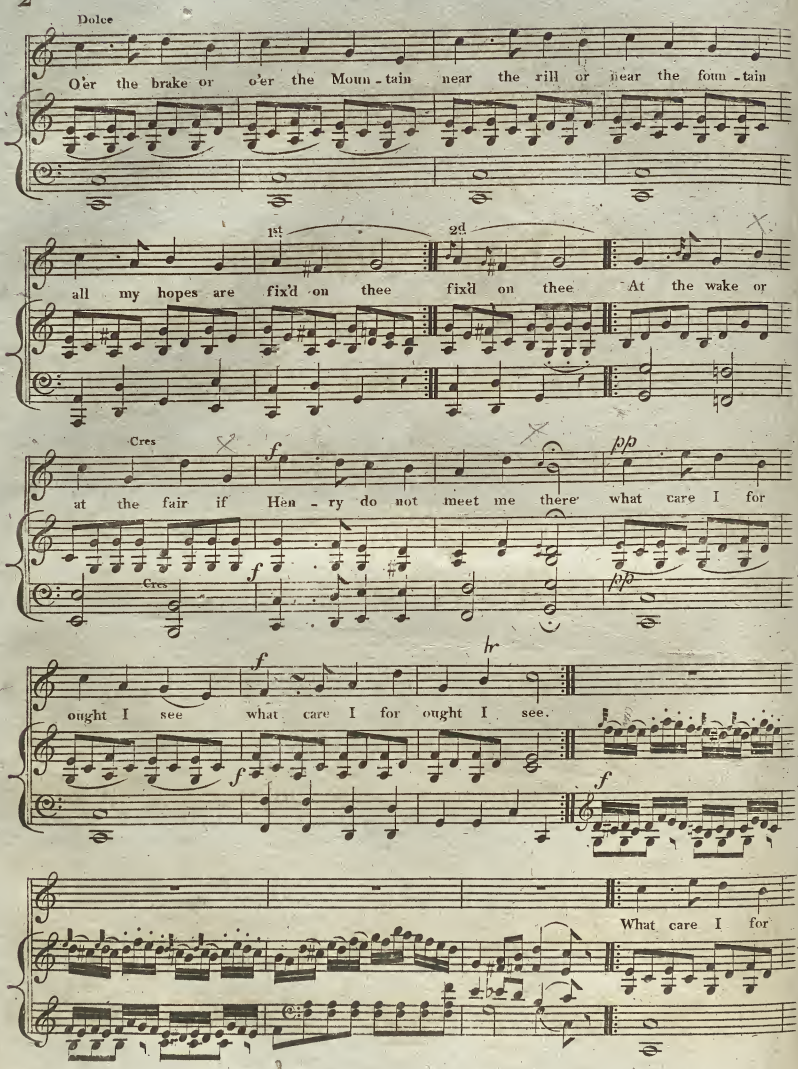
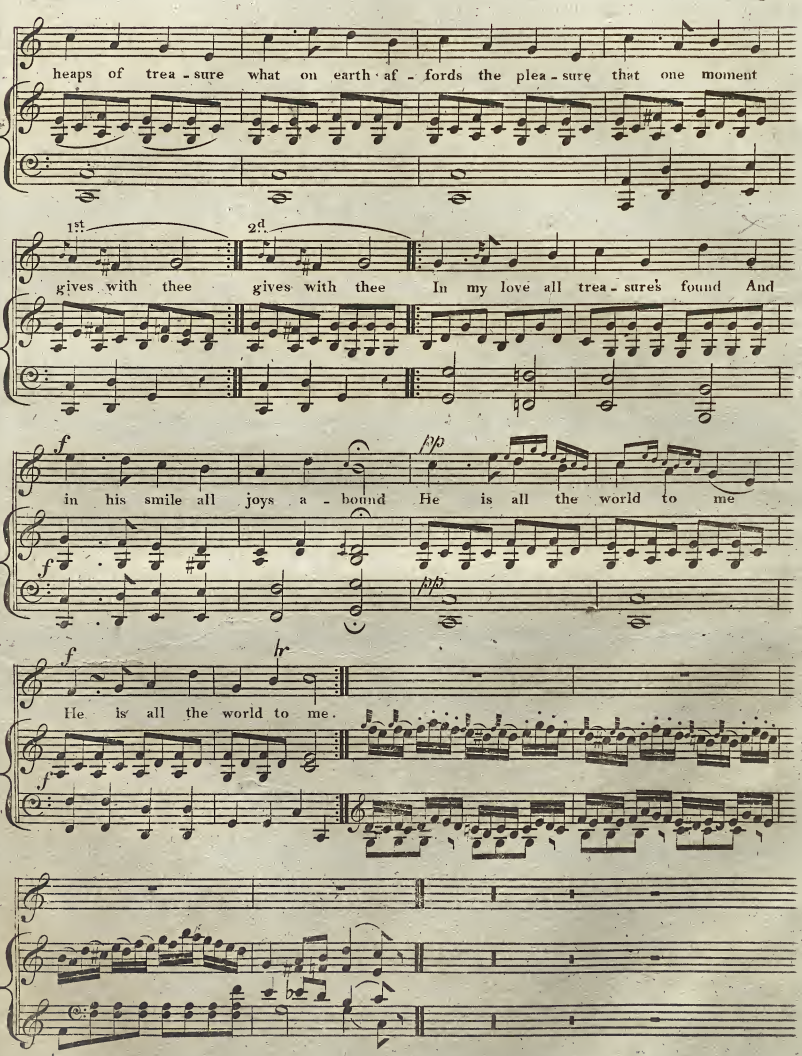

Dolce
O'er the brake or o'er the Moun - tain near the rill or near the foun - tain
1st
2d
all my hopes are fix'd on thee fix'd on thee At the wake or
Cres
f
pp
at the fair if Hen - ry do not meet me there what care I for
Cres
f
pp
f
hr
ought I see what care I for ought I see.
f
f
What care I for


heaps of trea - sure what on earth af - fords the plea - sure that one moment
1st
2d
gives with thee gives with thee In my love all trea - sure's found And
f
pp
in his smile all joys a - bound He is all the world to me
f
f
hr
He is all the world to me.

26

2

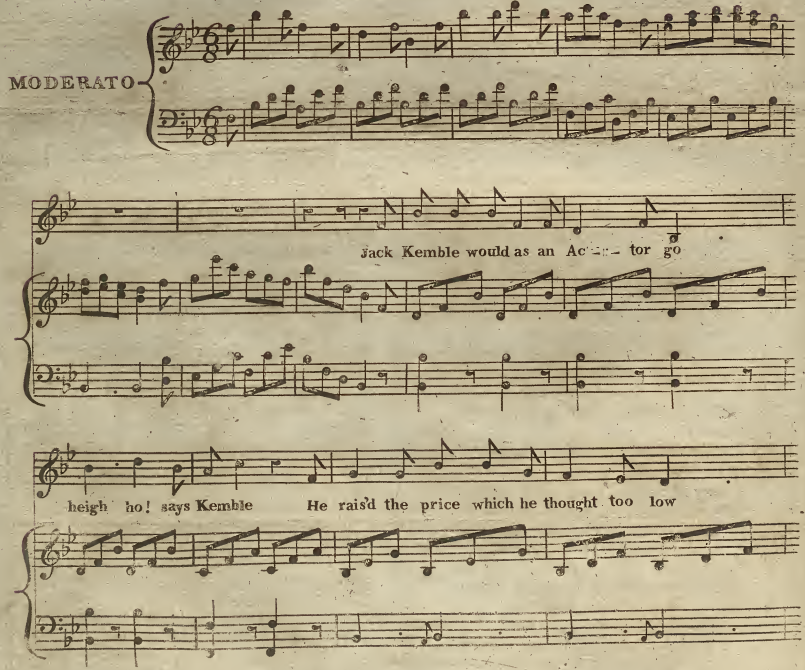
HEIGH HO! SAYS KEMBLE.

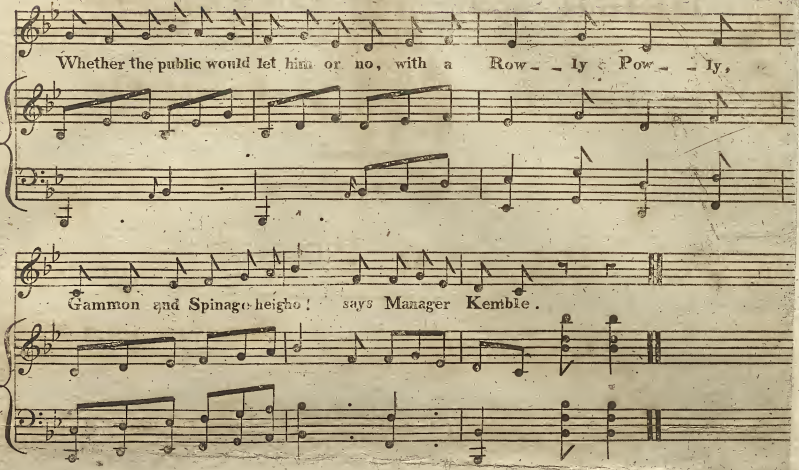
WITH AN ACCOMPANIMENT

FOR THE

Pr. 1s.

PIANO FORTE.





2

The mob at the door made a mighty din,
Heigho! says Kemble,
They dash'd like Devils through thick and thin,
And over the benches come tumbling in,
With their rowly powly, gammon and spinage,
"'Twill do," says Manager Kemble.

3

Soon as they pass'd Bill Shakespeare's Hall,
Heigho! says Kemble,
They thought the lobbies were much too small,
So they gave a loud roar, and they gave a loud bawl,
With their rowly powly, gammon and spinage,
Hollo! says Manager Kemble.

4

"What is it you want," (in a sort of a huff,)
Heigho! says Kemble,
Says M! Leigh, "nousensical stuff,"
Poh! none of your bother, you know well enough,
With your rowly powly, gammon and spinage
"O dear," says Manager Kemble

5

He held by the tip his Opera Hat,
Heigho! says Kemble,
Indeed the Concern is as poor as a Rat,
Says John Bull d_n me, we don't stand that,
With your rowly powly, gammon and spinage,
That won't do, Manager Kemble.

6

He folded his arms in a great nonplus,
Heigho! says Kemble,
With Queen Annes prices he made a great fuss,
Says Bull "What the Devil's Queen Anne to us,
With her rowly powly, gammon and spinage,
O dear, says Manager Kemble.

7

He swore to himself an oath by styx,
Heigho! says Kemble,
Kind Ladies and Gentlemen none of your tricks,
I love Seven Shillings much better than six,
With my rowly powly, gammon and spinage,
I do, says Manager Kemble.

8

Then, toward the Gallery-gentle Souls,
Heigho! says Kemble;
"No Private Boxes, no Pigeon Holes,
We'll douse your glims, in a crack by goles,"
With your rowly powly, gammon and spinage,
No don't, says Manager Kemble.

9

"Private Boxes are nought to the mob,"
Heigho! says Kemble,
With Lady Straddle, I drink hob and nob,
And I'm hand in glove with my Lord Thingumbob,
With his rowly powly, gammon and spinage,
Heigho! says Manager Kemble.

Julia to the Wood Robin

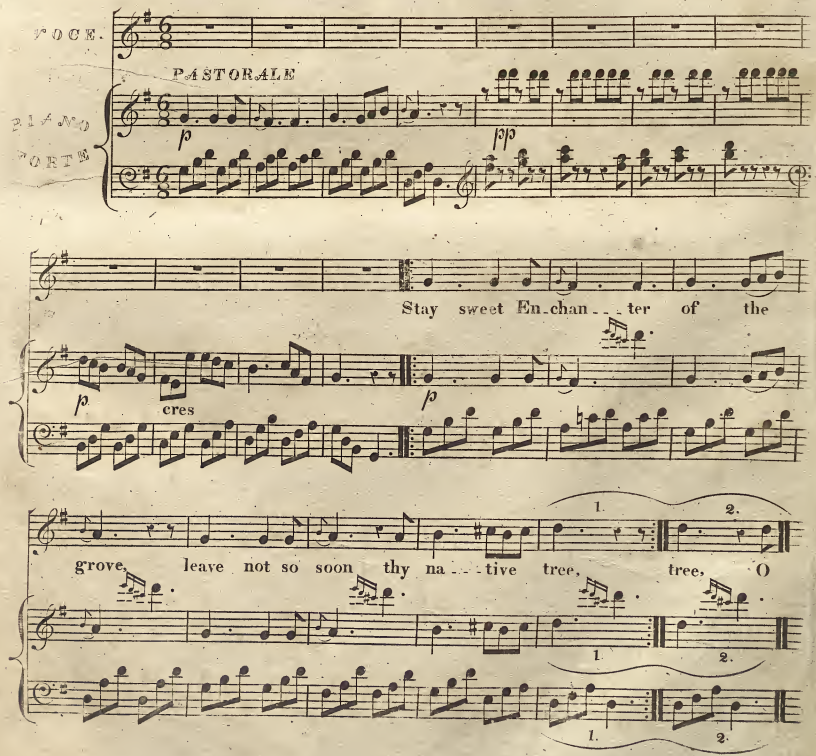
The favorite Canzonet

Composed by

Reginald Spofforth

5/6

London, Printed by Clementi, Banger, Collard, Davis, & Collard, 26, Cheapside.



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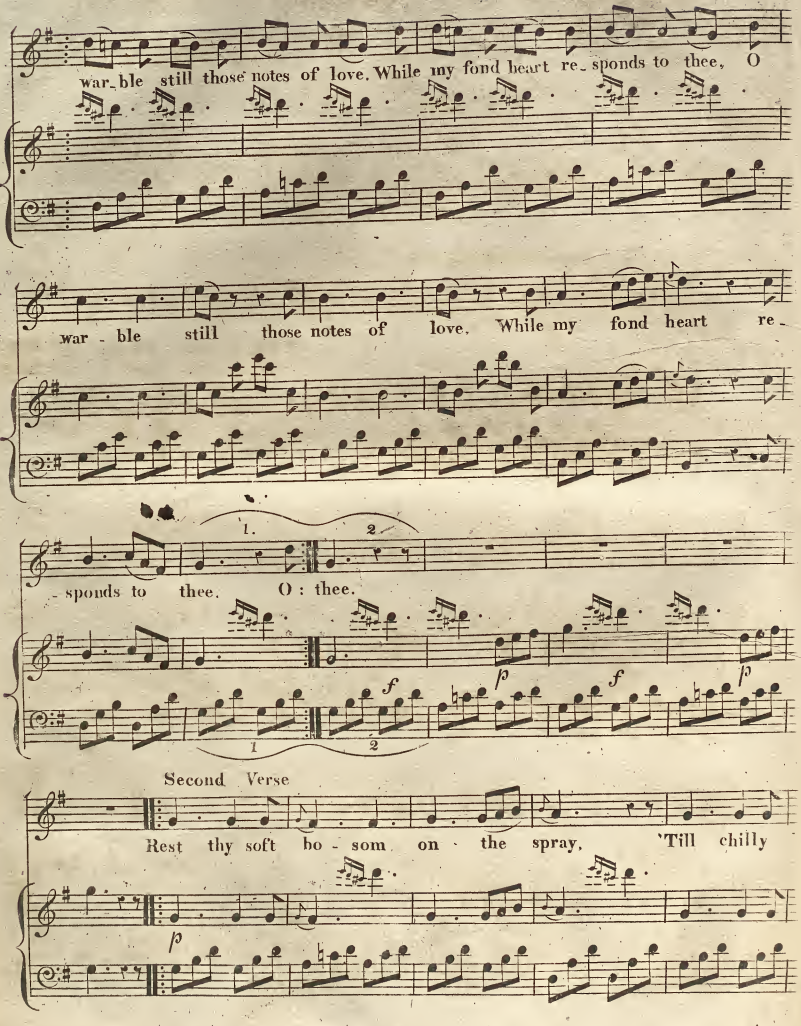
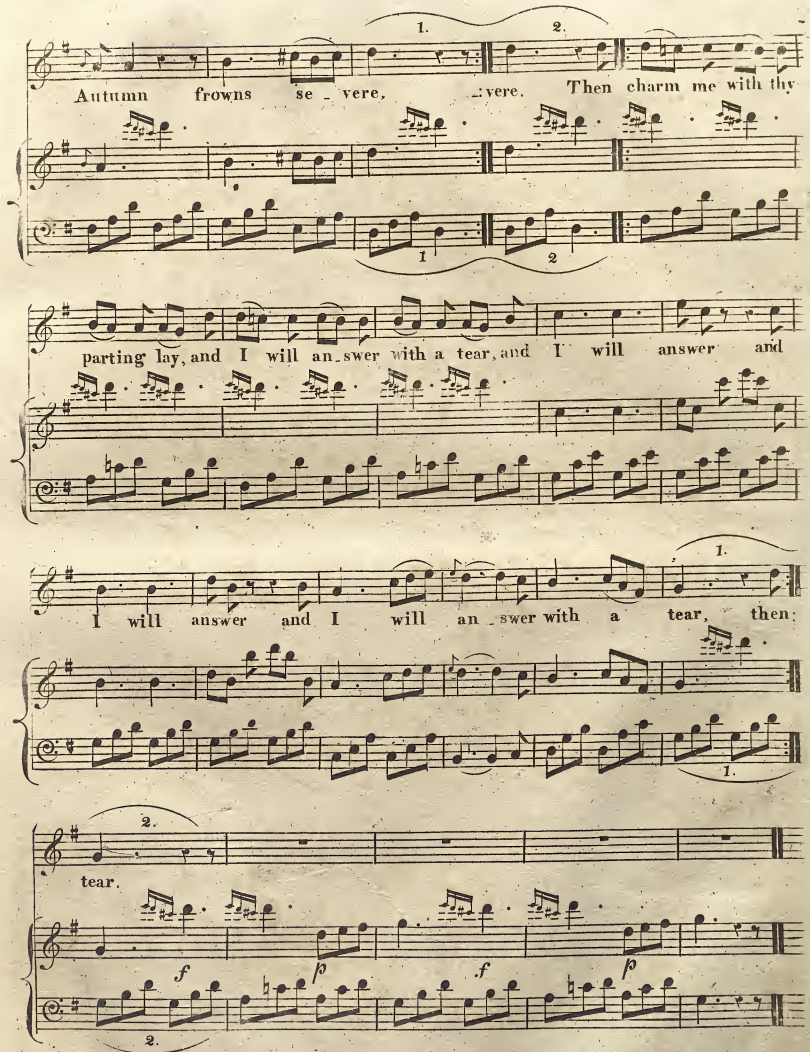
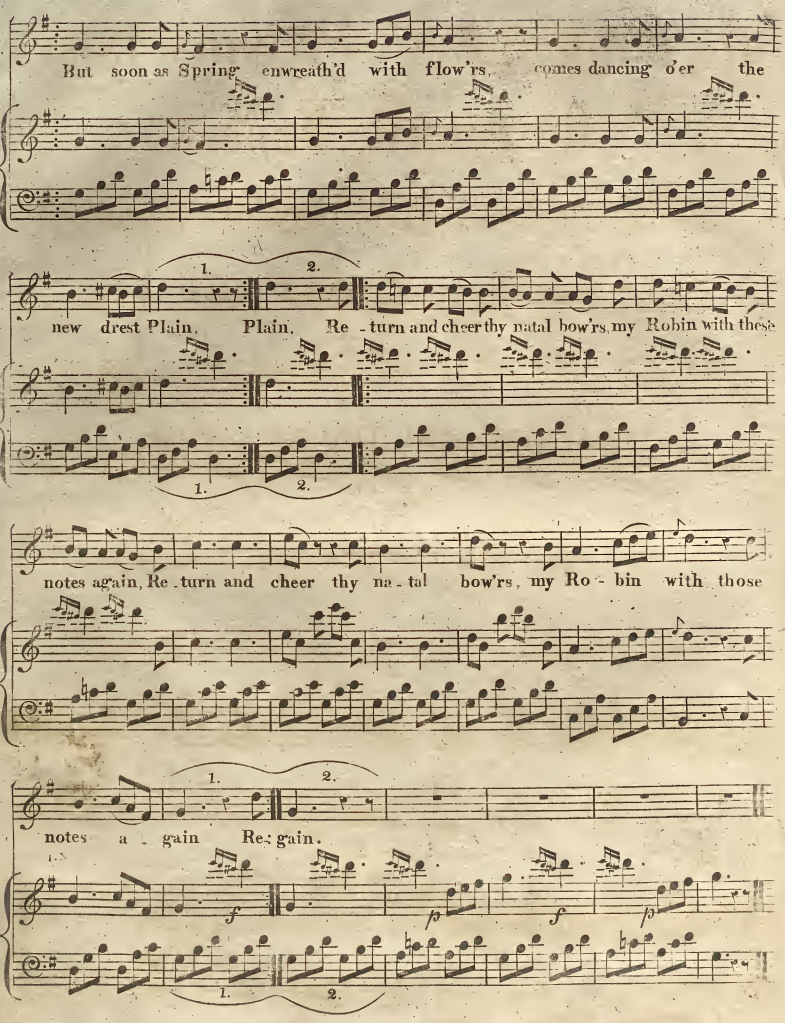

war - ble still those notes of love. While my fond heart re - sponds to thee, O
war - ble still those notes of love. While my fond heart re -
1.
2
- sponds to thee. O : thee.
f
p
f
p
1
2
Second Verse
Rest thy soft bo - som on the spray, 'Till chilly
p


1.
2.
Autumn frowns se _ vere, _ vere. Then charm me with thy
parting lay, and I will an _ swer with a tear, and I will answer and
I will answer and I will an _ swer with a tear, then
tear.
f
p
f
p


But soon as Spring enwreath'd with flow'rs comes dancing o'er the
1. 2.
new drest Plain, Plain, Re - turn and cheer thy natal bow'rs, my Robin with these
1. 2.
notes again, Re - turn and cheer thy na - tal bow'rs, my Ro - bin with those
1. 2.
notes a - gain Re - gain.
1. 2.

JUST LIKE LOVE IS YONDER ROSE

the Favorite Rondo

Sung by Mr. Braham at the

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN,

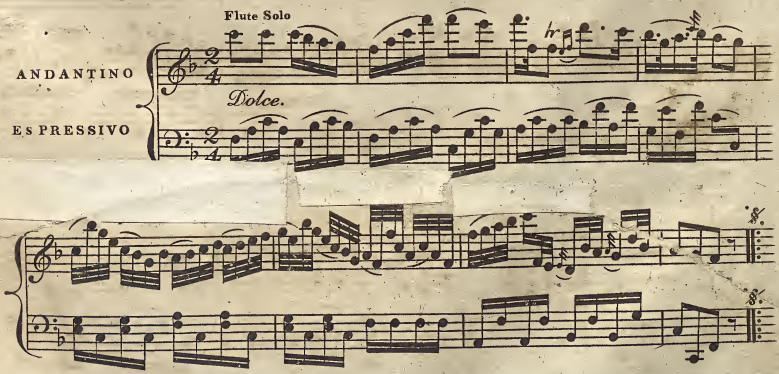
and by Mrs. Mountain at the

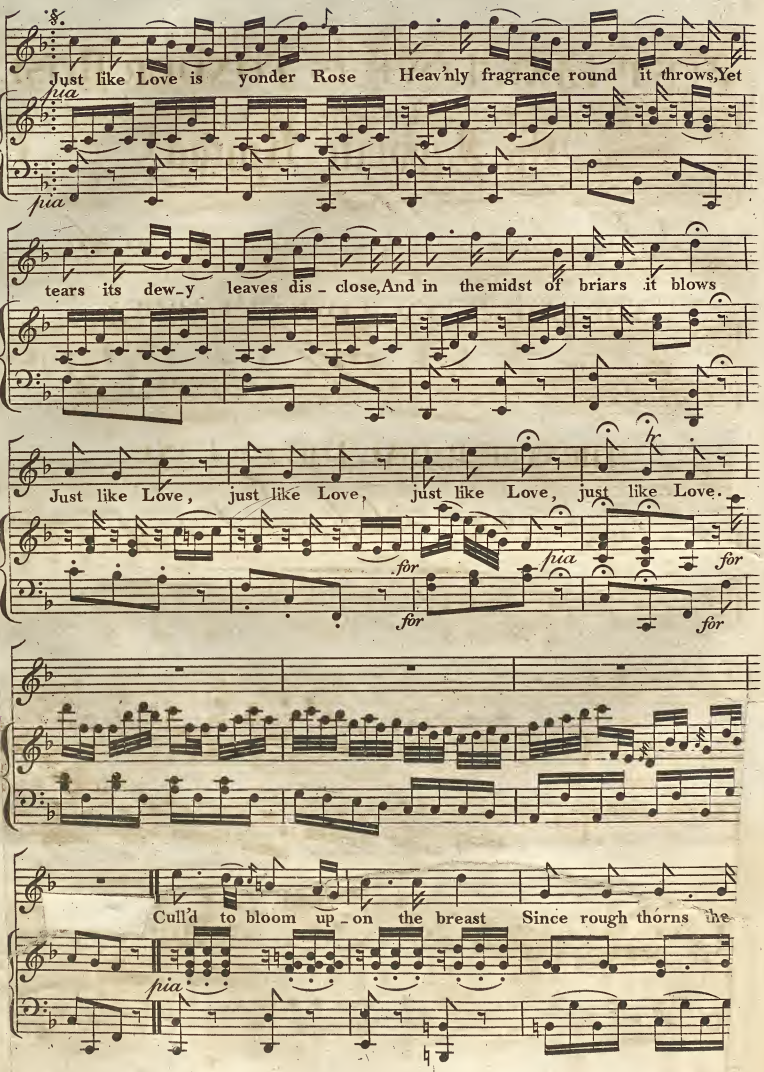
THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE,

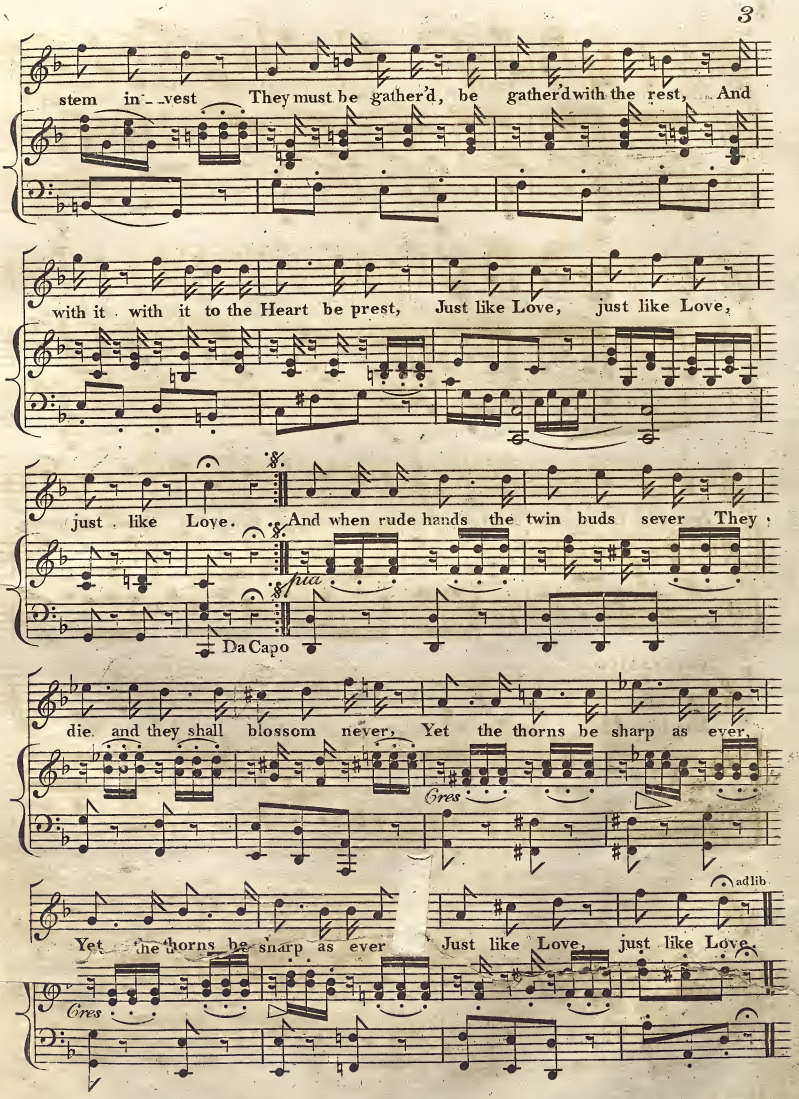
Composed by John Davy. Pr. 1/6.

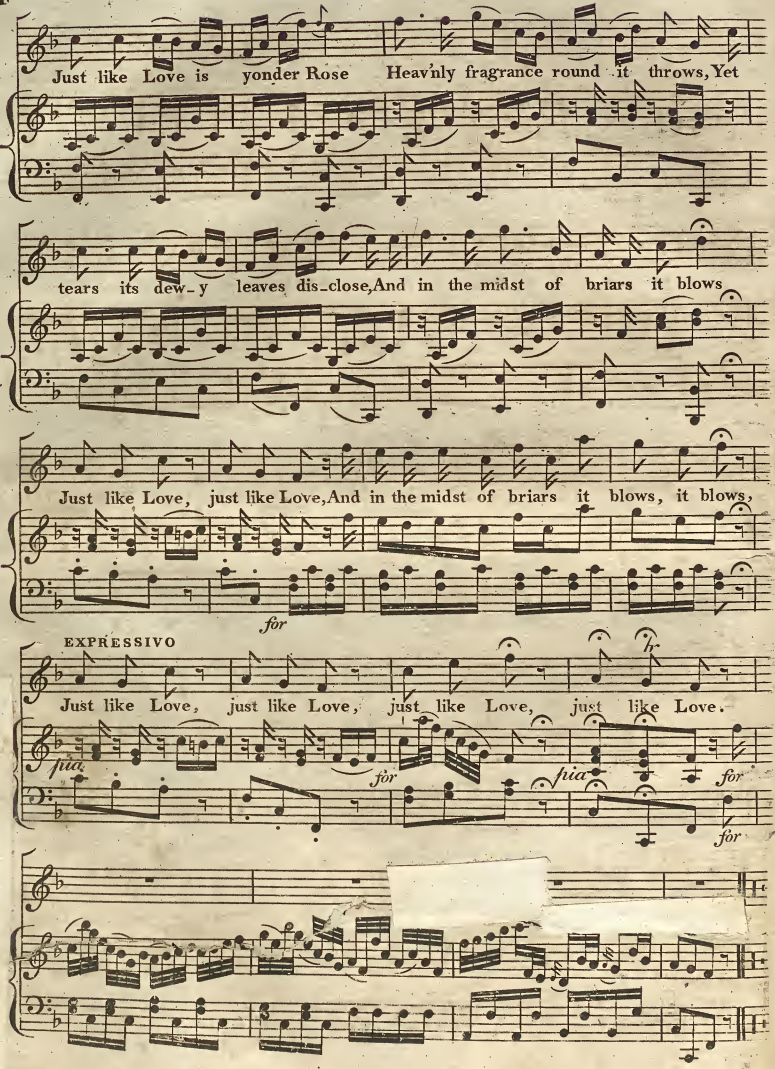
LONDON,

Printed & Sold by Preston, at his Wholesale Warehouses, 97, Strand.




Just like Love is yonder Rose Heav'nly fragrance round it throws, Yet
pia
pia
tears its dew-y leaves dis-close, And in the midst of briars it blows
Just like Love, just like Love, just like Love, just like Love.
for
for
pia
for
for
Cull'd to bloom up-on the breast Since rough thorns the
pia


stem in vest They must be gather'd, be gather'd with the rest, And
with it with it to the Heart be prest, Just like Love, just like Love,
just like Love. And when rude hands the twin buds sever They
Spia
Da Capo
die and they shall blossom never. Yet the thorns be sharp as ever.
Cres
adlib.
Yet the thorns be sharp as ever Just like Love, just like Love.
Cres

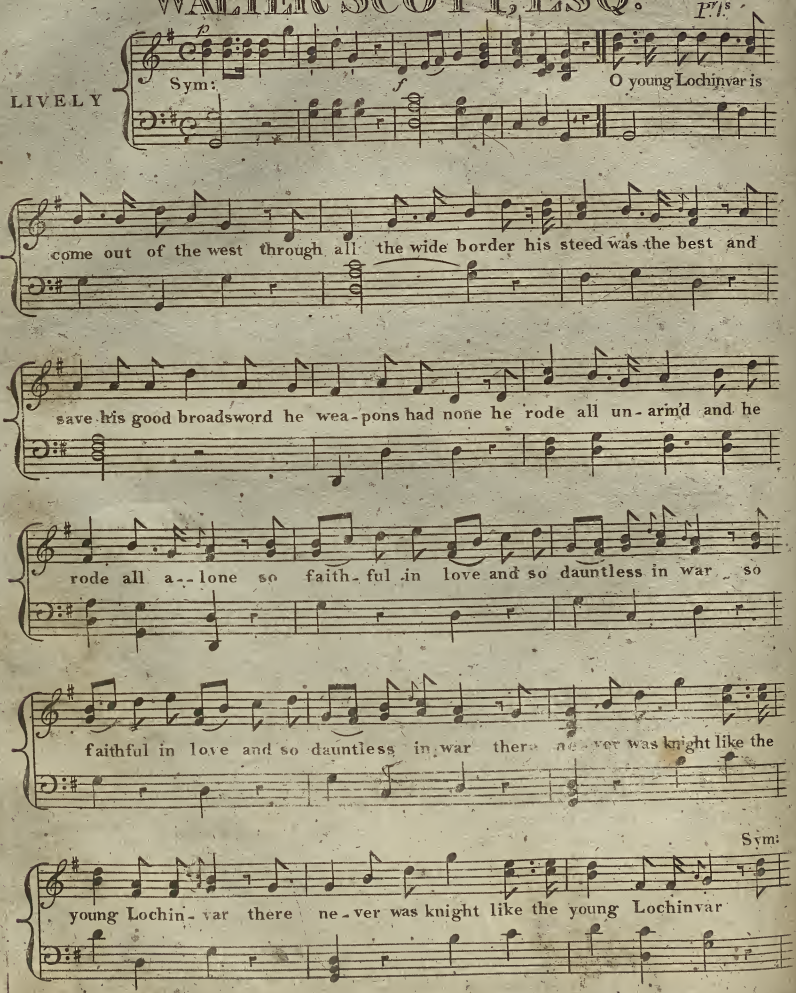

Just like Love is yonder Rose Heav'nly fragrance round it throws, Yet
tears its dew-y leaves dis-close, And in the midst of briars it blows
Just like Love, just like Love, And in the midst of briars it blows, it blows,
for
EXPRESSIVO
Just like Love, just like Love, just like Love, just like Love.
pia.
for
pia.
for
for

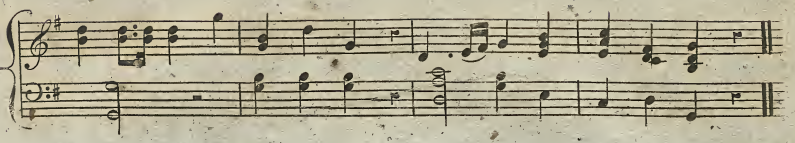
LOCHINVAR,

Lady Heron's Song from Marmion.

BY

WALTER SCOTT, ESQR.





2

He staid not for brake, and he stop'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none,
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The Bride had consented, the Gallant came late,
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar?"
For a laggard in love &c:

3

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among Bridesmen, and Kinsmen, and Brothers, and all:
Then spoke the Bride's Father, his hand on his sword,
For the poor Craven Bridegroom said never a word,
"O come ye in peace, here or come ye in war,
"Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar,
"O come ye in peace, &c:

4

"I long woo'd your Daughter, my suit you denied,
"Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
"And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
"To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine,
"There are Maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
"That would gladly be Bride to the young Lochinvar,
"There are Maidens &c:

5

The Bride kiss'd the Goblet, the Knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup,
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye,
He took her soft hand, ere her Mother could bar;
"Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar,
He took her soft hand, &c:

6

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a Hall such a galliard did grace;
While her Mother did fret, and her Father did fume,
And the Bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the Bride Maiden's whisperd, "twere better by far,"
To have match'd our fair Cousin with young Lochinvar.
And the Bride Maiden's &c:

7

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the Hall door, and the Charger stood near;
So light to the Croupe the fair Lady he swung,
So light to the Saddle before her he sprung,
"She's won! we are gone, over bank, bush and scaur,
They'll have fleet steeds that follow "quoth young Lochinvar,
"She's won! we are gone, &c:

8

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forster's, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran,
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost Bride of Netherby ne'er did they see,
So daring in Love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar.
So daring in Love, &c:

MY FRIEND IS THE MAN

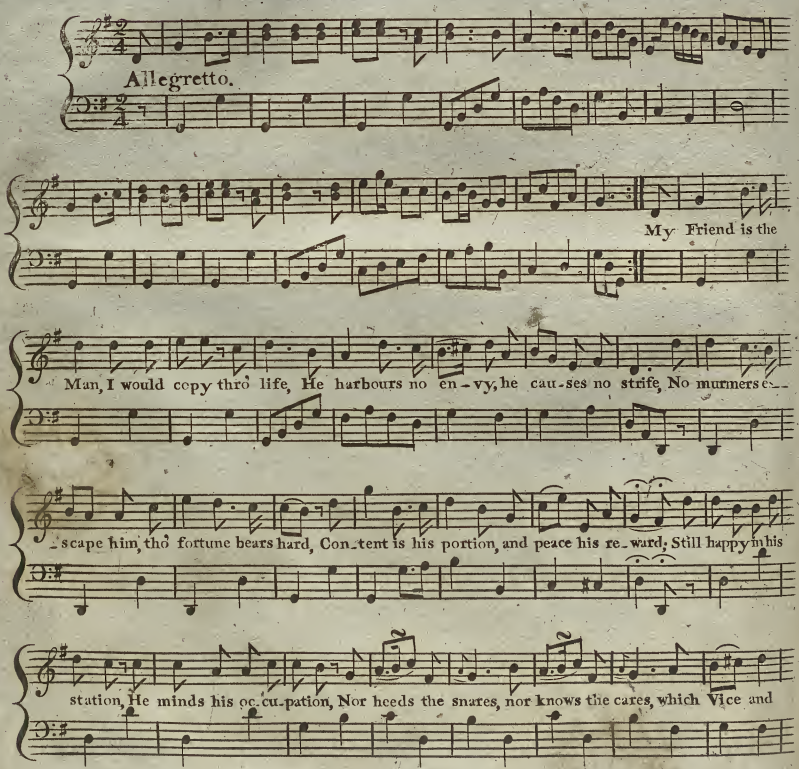
— or —

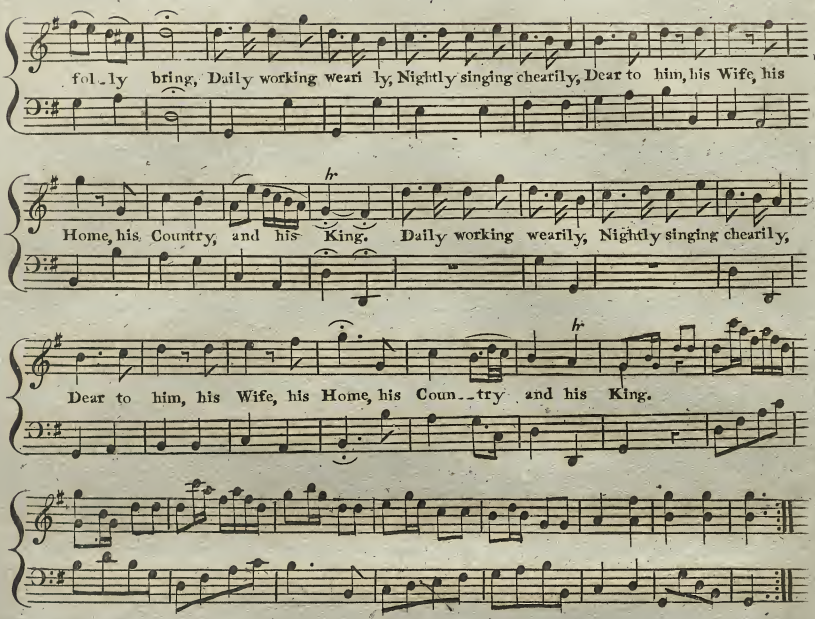
THE MODEL

Composed by

Mr. Hook.

Pr. 1s.





2

His Heart is enlarg'd, tho' his Income is scant,
He lessens his Little, for others that want,
Tho' his Children's dear Claims on his Industry press,
He has something to spare for the Child of distress.
He seeks no idle Squabble,
He joins no thoughtless Rabble,
To clear his way,
From day to day,
His honest Views extend,
When he speaks 'tis verily,
When he smiles 'tis merrily,
Dear to him his Sport, his Toil, his Honour and his Friend.

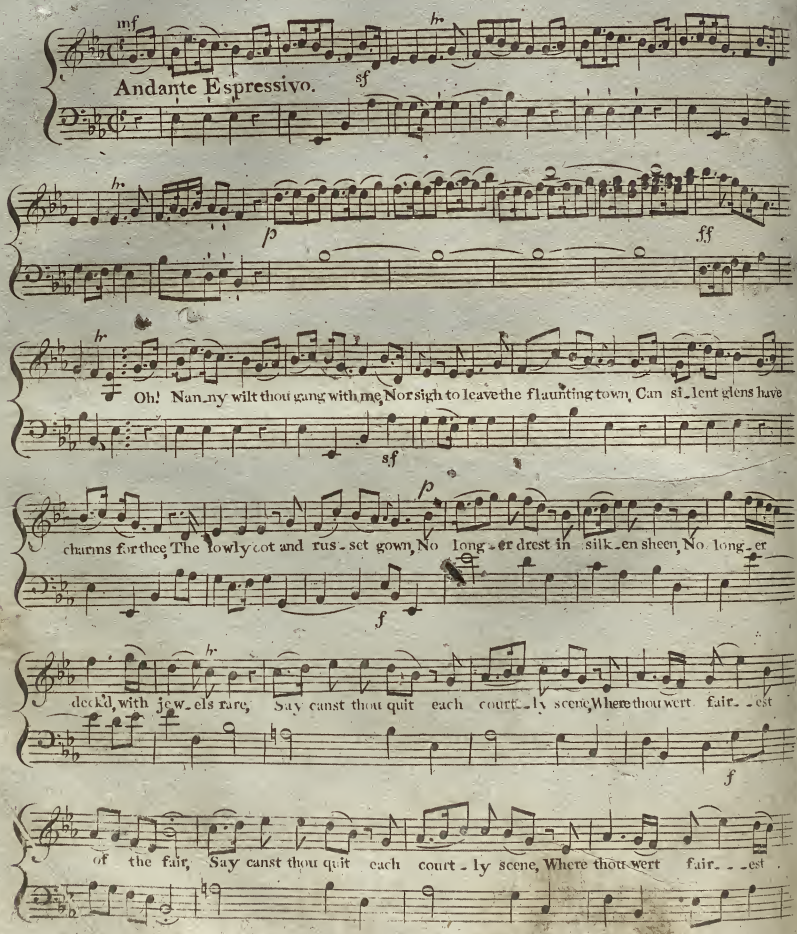
3

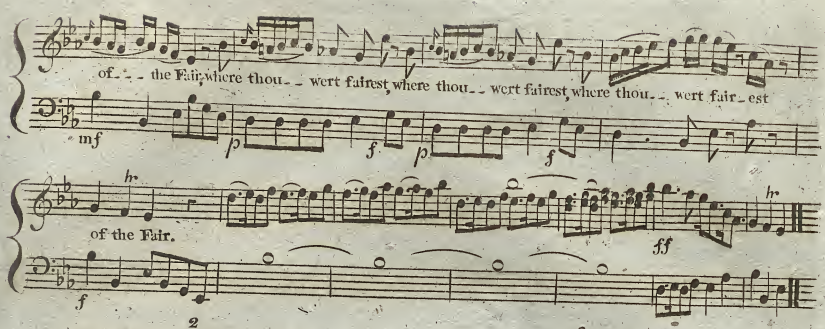
How charming to find in his humble Retreat,
That Bliss so much sought, so unknown to to the Great,
The Wife only anxious her fondness to prove,
The playful Endearments of infantine Love,
Relaxing from his Labours,
Amid his welcome Neighbours,
With plain Regale,
With Jest and Tale,
The happy Hero see,
No vain Schemes confounding him,
All his Joys surrounding him,
Dear he holds, his Native Land, its Laws, and Liberty.

Oh Nanny

Composed by T. Carter

Pr.ce





2

O! Nanny, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a Wish behind,
Say canst thou face the parching Ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry Wind;
O! can that soft that gentle Mien,
Extremes of hardships learn to bear,
Nor sad, regret each courtly Scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the Fair.

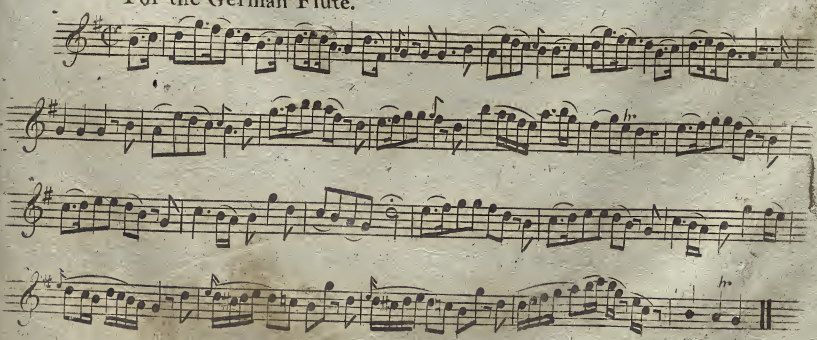
3

O! Nanny canst thou Love so true,
Thro' Perils keen with me to go,
Or when thy Swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of Woe;
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the Nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay Scenes recall,
Where thou wert fairest of the Fair.

4

And when at last thy Love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting Breath,
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with Smiles the bed of Death,
And wilt thou o'er his breathless Clay,
Strew Flow'rs and drop the tender Tear,
Nor then regret those Scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the Fair.

For the German Flute.



PRAY GOODY,

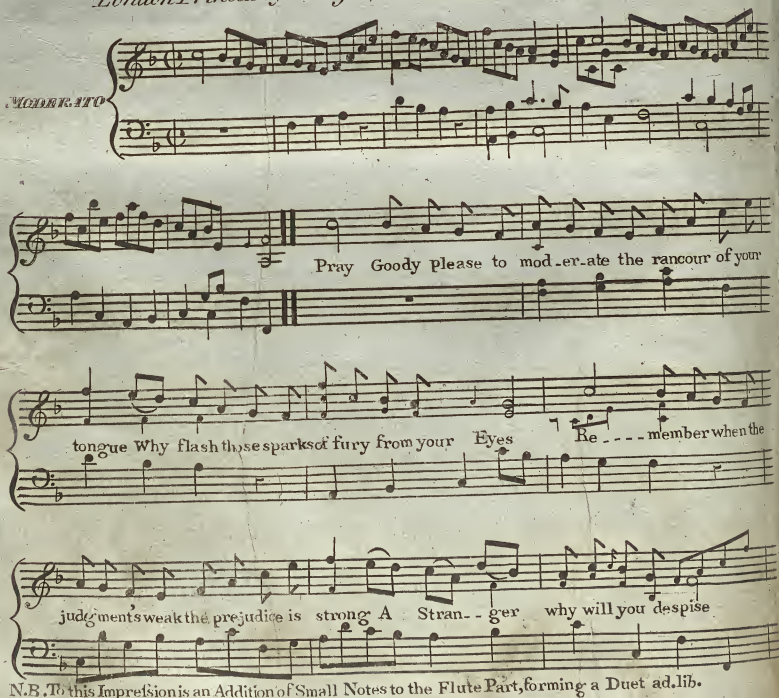
A Favorite Ballad,

Sung by Mr Sinclair, at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, In the Burletta of

MIDAS.

Price 1/-

London Printed by R. Major, Maiden Lane Covent Garden.



N.B. To this Impression is an Addition of Small Notes to the Flute Part, forming a Duet ad.lib.

E Mr. El.

Ply me try me prove e'er you deny me

if you cast me off you'll blast me never more to rise - - - - - - - - Pray Goody please to

moderate the rancour of your tongue why flash those marks of fu - - ry from your Eyes

Ad. lib.

re - - - member when the judgment's weak the prejudice is strong A Stran - - ger

why will you despise.

For One or Two, German Flutes.

D.C.

TELL HER I'LL LOVE HER,

A Ballad, Sung by

Mr. Incledon,

In his new Entertainment of the

SONGSTERS JUBILEE,

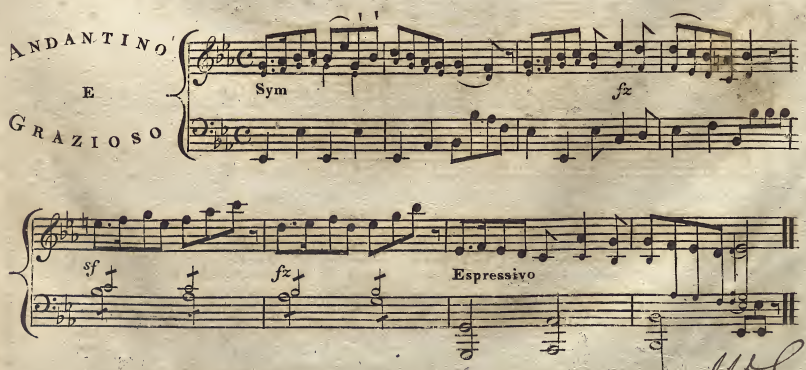
Composed by

Wm. Shield,

(Musician in Ordinary to his Majesty.)

NB. for general accomodation this Ballad is Pub.d in different Keys. Pr.1/6.

London, Printed by Goulding & C.o 20, Soho Square & 7, Westmorland Street, Dublin.



2

Tell her I'll love her while the Clouds drop rain, Or while there's water in the

hr

pathless Main, Tell her I'll love her till this life is o'er, And then my Ghost shall

visit this sweet shore, Tell her I'll love her till this life is o'er, And then my Ghost shall

Clar. Sym. Espress:

visit shall vi=sit this sweet shore. fz fz f

2d. VERSE.

hr

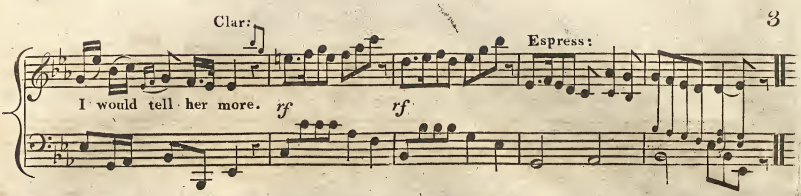
Tell her I only ask shell think of me, I'll love her while there's salt with=in the Sea,

Tell her all this tell it tell it o'er and o'er, I'll love her while there's salt with=

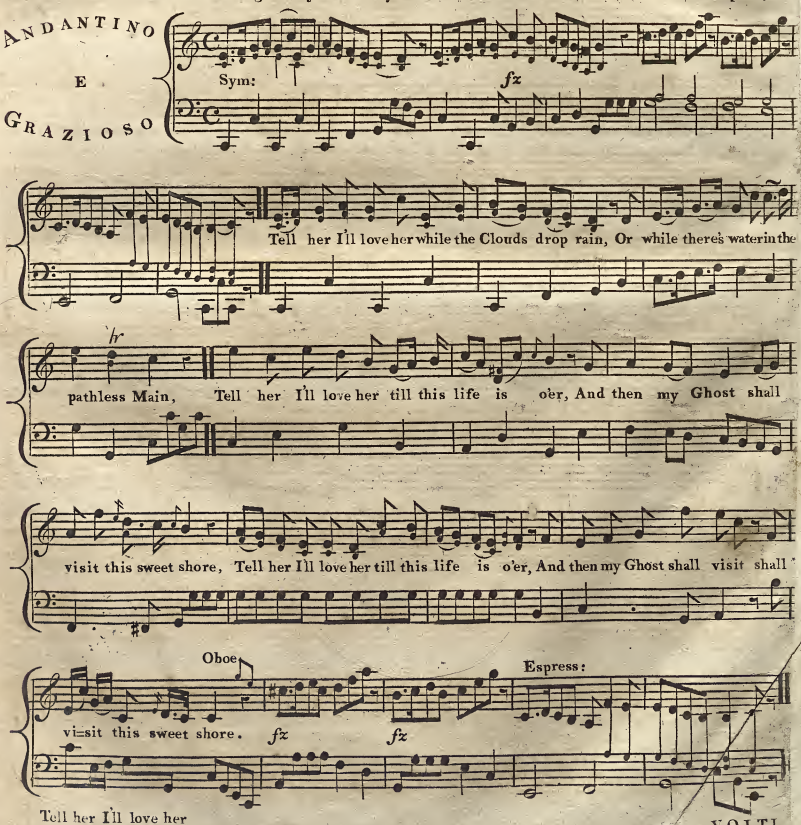
sf sf

in the Sea, Tell her all this tell it tell it o'er and o'er, The Anchor's weigh'd or

Tell her I'll love her

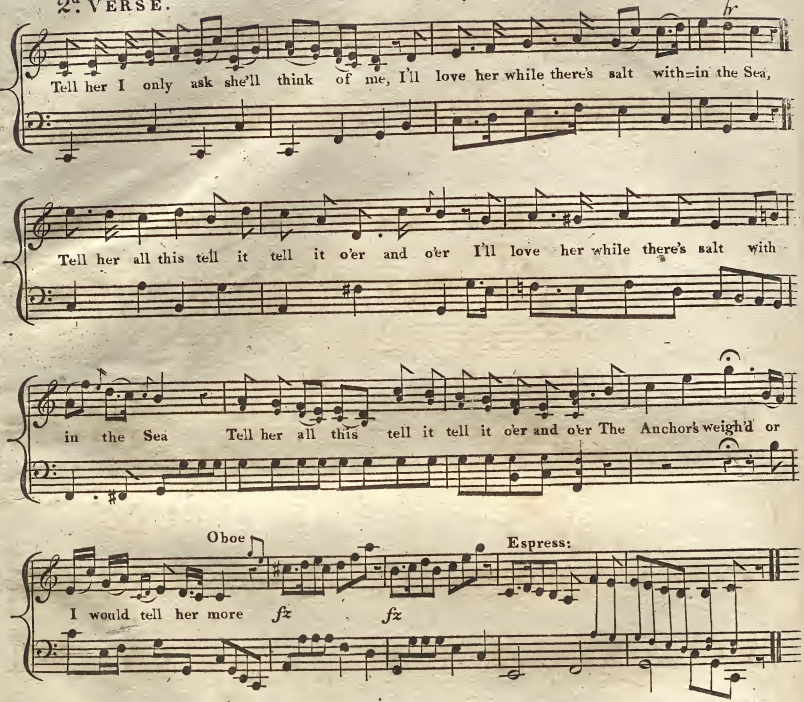


The following Transposition may be useful to Ladies whose Voices are Mezzo Sopranos.

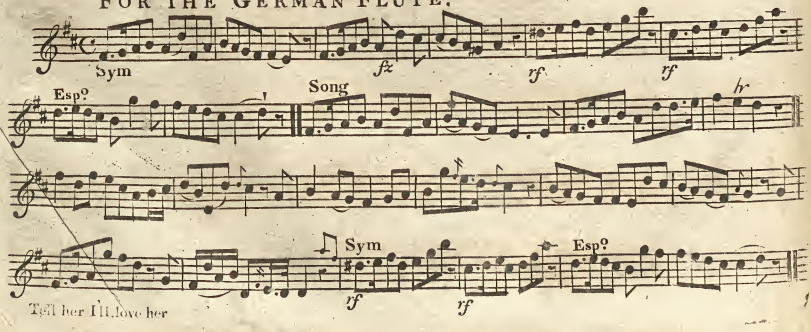


VOLTI

2d. VERSE.



FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE.



Tell her I'll love her

THE MAID OF LODI

A Favorite Ballad

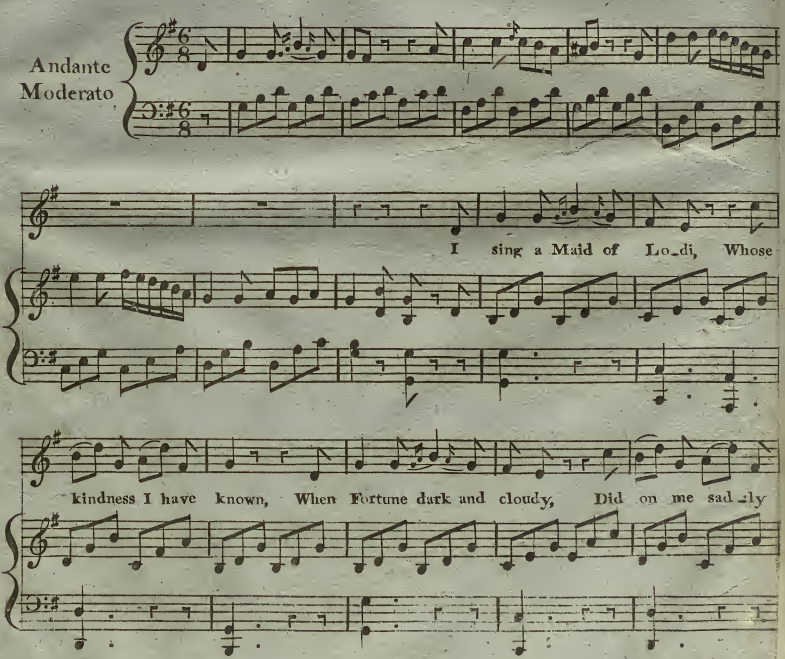
with an Accompaniment for the

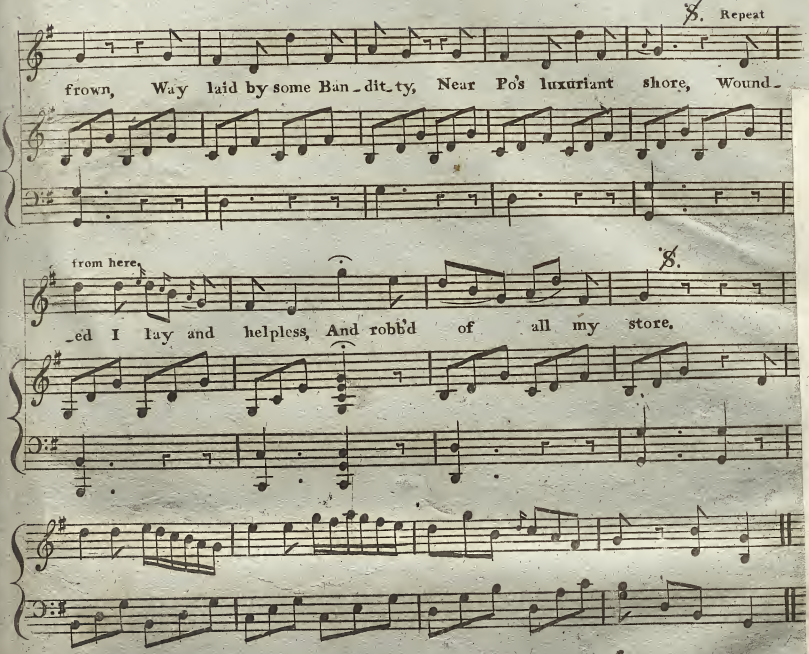
HARP OR PIANO FORTE

The Music

Collected by Mr. Shield.

Pr: 1s.





2

When this fair Maid of Lodi,
Came from the neighb'ring Fair,
And saw me sad and bleeding,
And sighing in despair.
She from her Mule dismounted,
And came to my relief,
And led me to her Cottage,
With signs of tender grief.

3

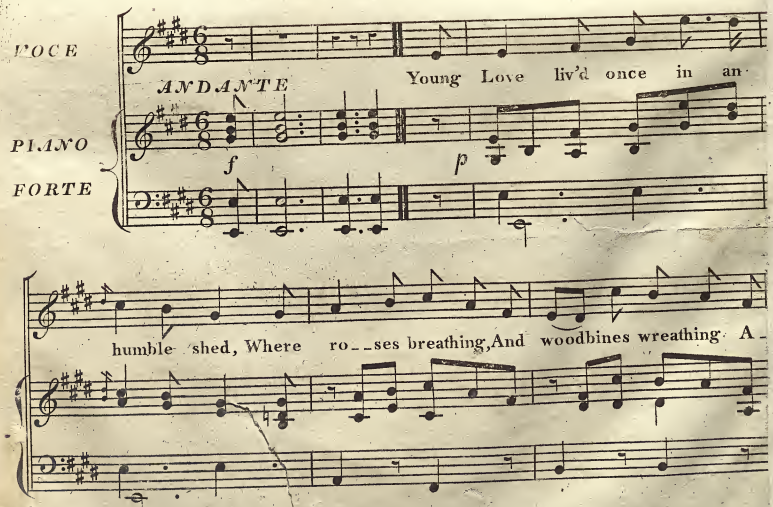
My wounds with care she healed,
My heart with wine she cheer'd,
And by her kind attention,
I soon in health appear'd.
Within her lowly dwelling,
Content for ever smiles,
Some tender tuneful ditty,
Each lab'ring hour beguile.

4

Art may attempt describing,
What charms adorn her face,
Her minds transcendant beauties,
No language e'er can trace.
And when this Maid of Lodi,
Shall change her single state,
The happy Youth she chooses,
Need envy not the great.

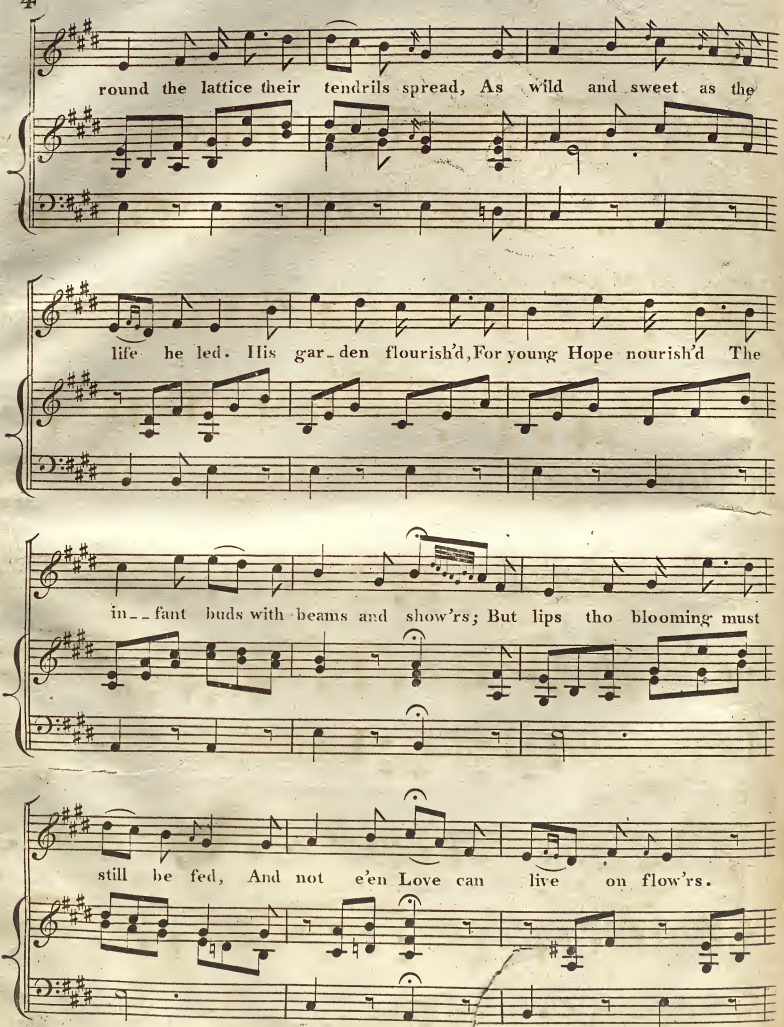
Young Love.

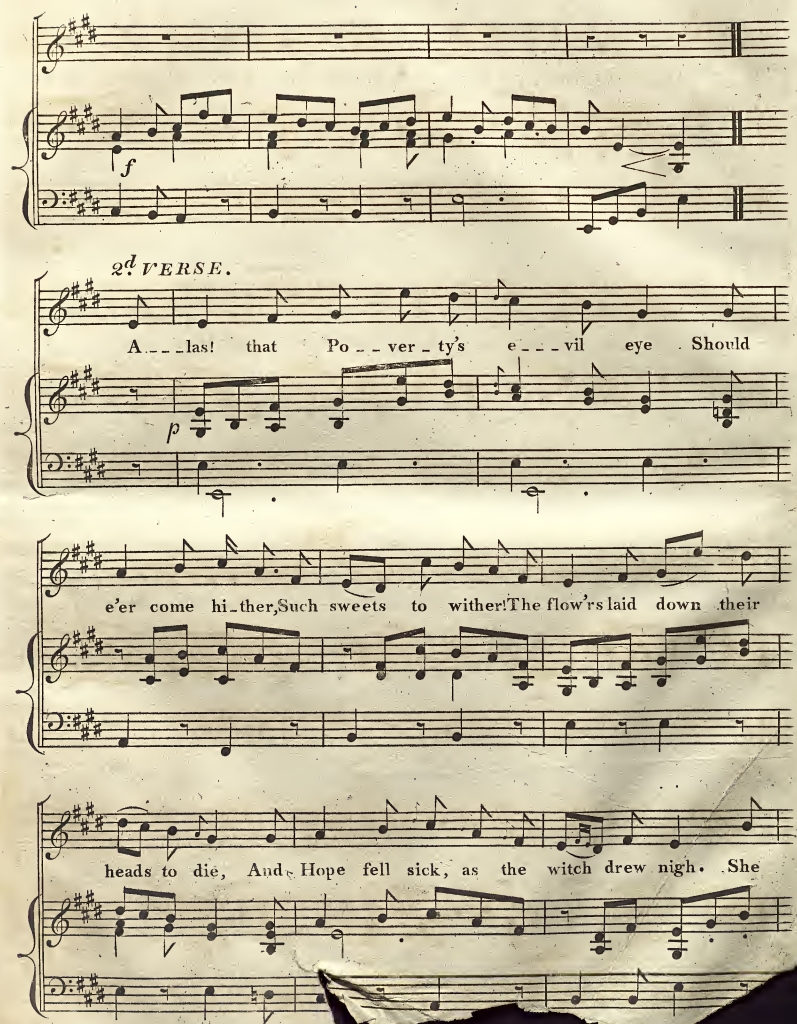
Music & Words by Thos. Moore Esq.

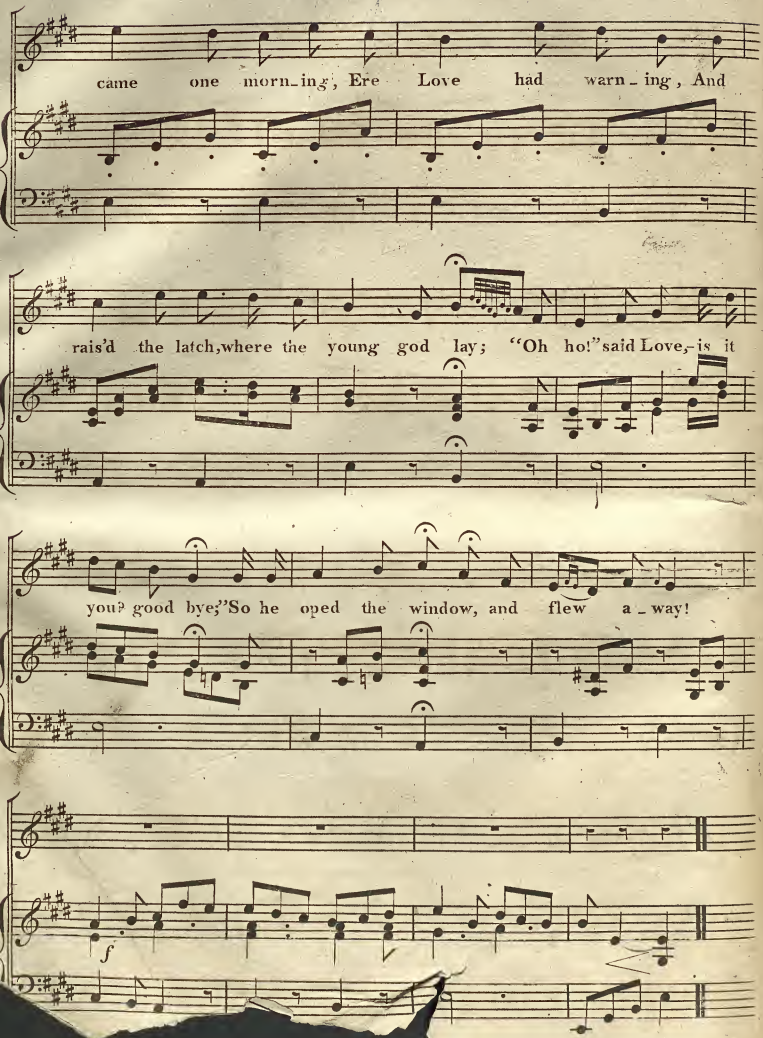


12

4


round the lattice their tendrils spread, As wild and sweet as the
life he led. His gar_den flourish'd, For young Hope nourish'd The
in__fant buds with beams and show'rs; But lips tho blooming must
still be fed, And not e'en Love can live on flow'rs.


f
2d VERSE.
A---las! that Po--ver-ty's e---vil eye Should
p
e'er come hi-ther, Such sweets to wither! The flow'rs laid down their
heads to die, And Hope fell sick, as the witch drew nigh. She


came one morn_ing, Ere Love had warn_ing, And
rais'd the latch, where the young god lay; "Oh ho!" said Love, is it
you? good bye;" So he oped the window, and flew a_way!
f

The

BATTLE OF PRAGUE

A Favorite

SONG,

FOR THE

Piano Forte,

OR

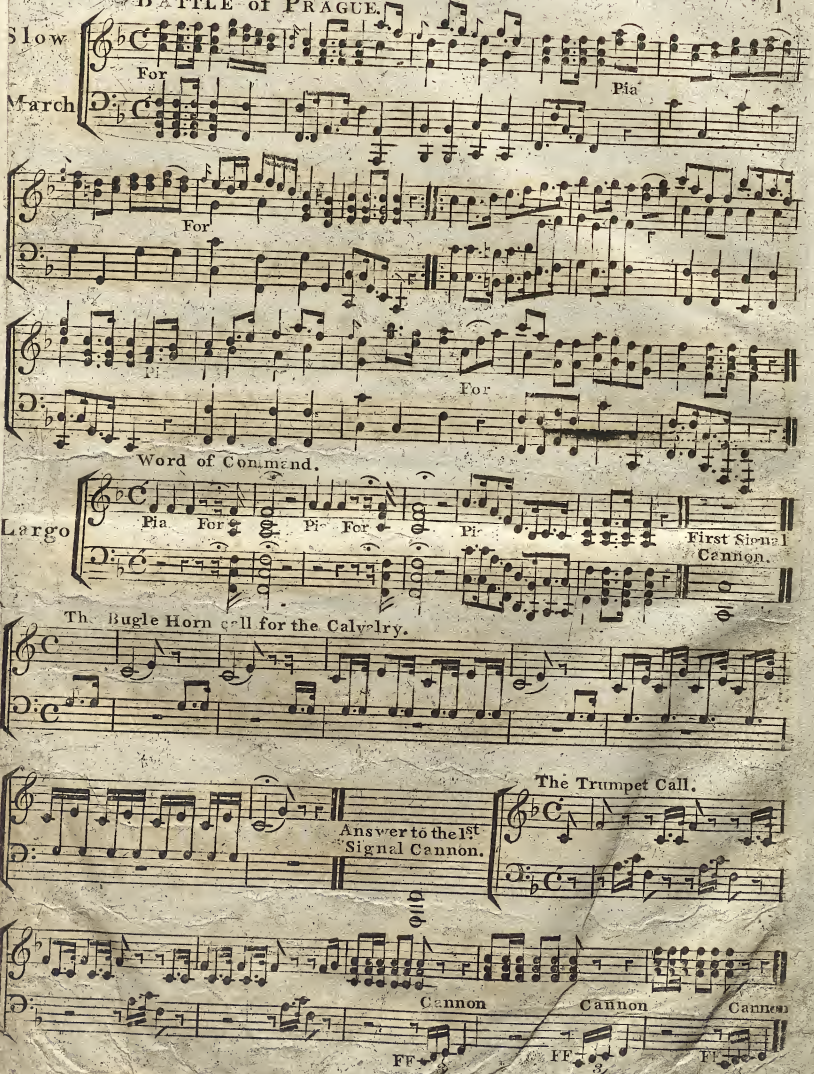
Harpsichord.

Composed by

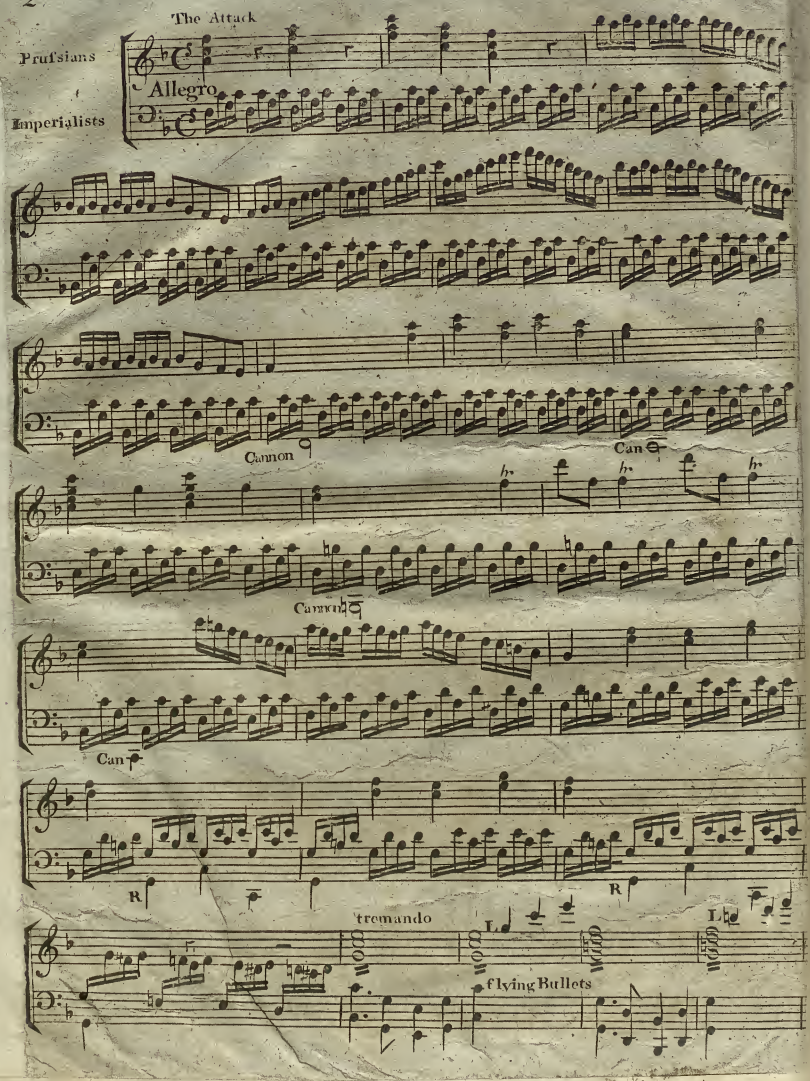
KOTZWARA.

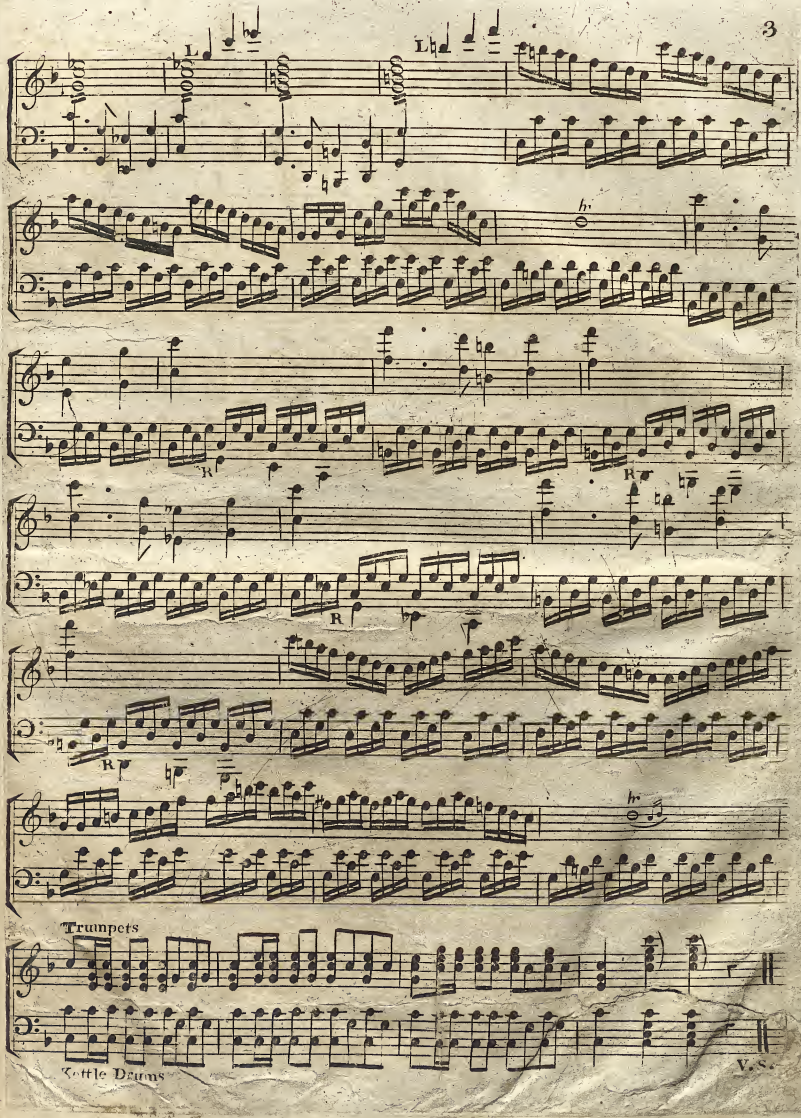
Pr. 2

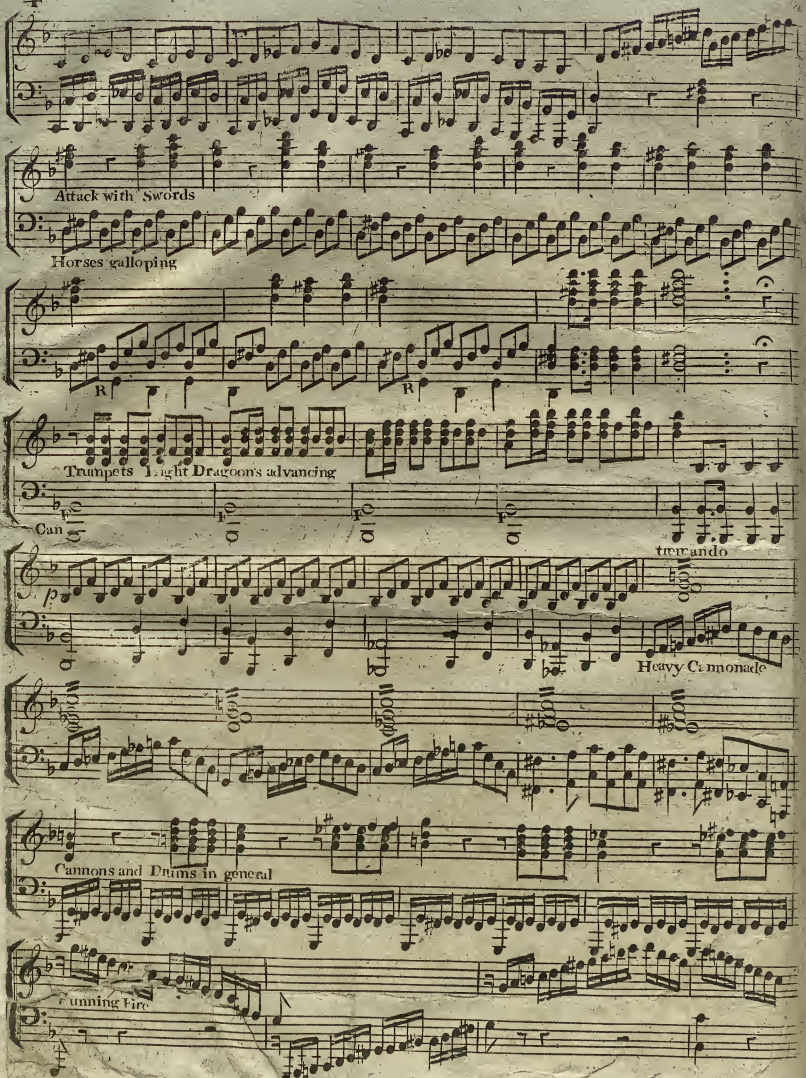
Battle of Prague.

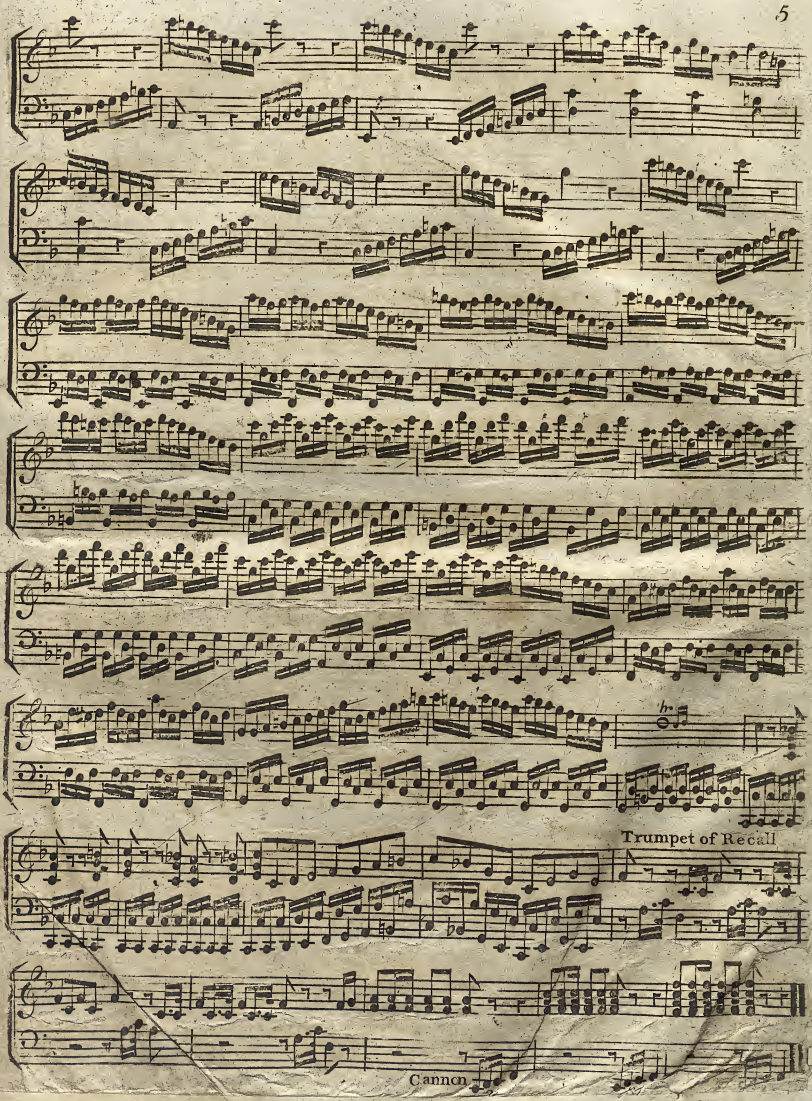


2


The Attack
Prussians
Allegro
Imperialists
Cannon
Can
Cannon
Can
R
R
tremando
L
L
flying Bullets

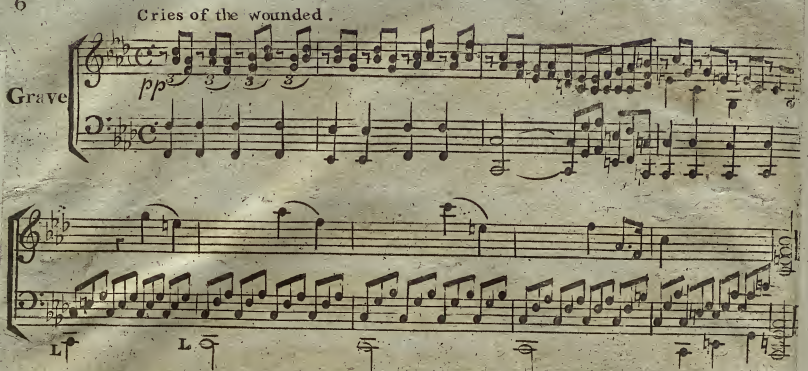

L
L
R
R
R
R
Trumpets
Kettle Drums
V. S.


Attack with Swords
Horses galloping
R
R
Trumpets
Light Dragoons advancing
Can
tremando
Heavy Cannonade
Cannons and Drums in general
Running Fire

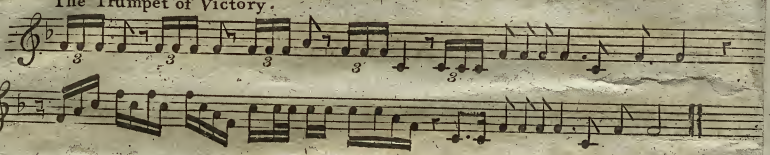

Trumpet of Recall
Cannon

6

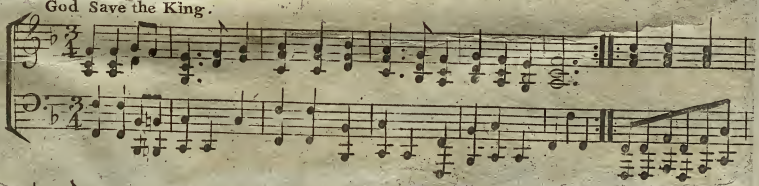
Cries of the wounded.



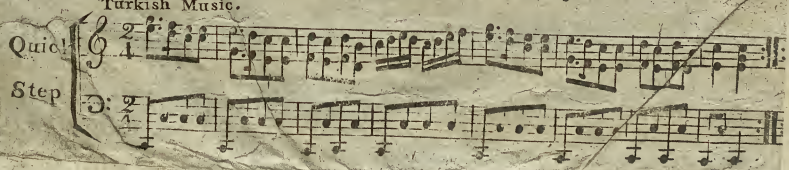
The Trumpet of Victory.

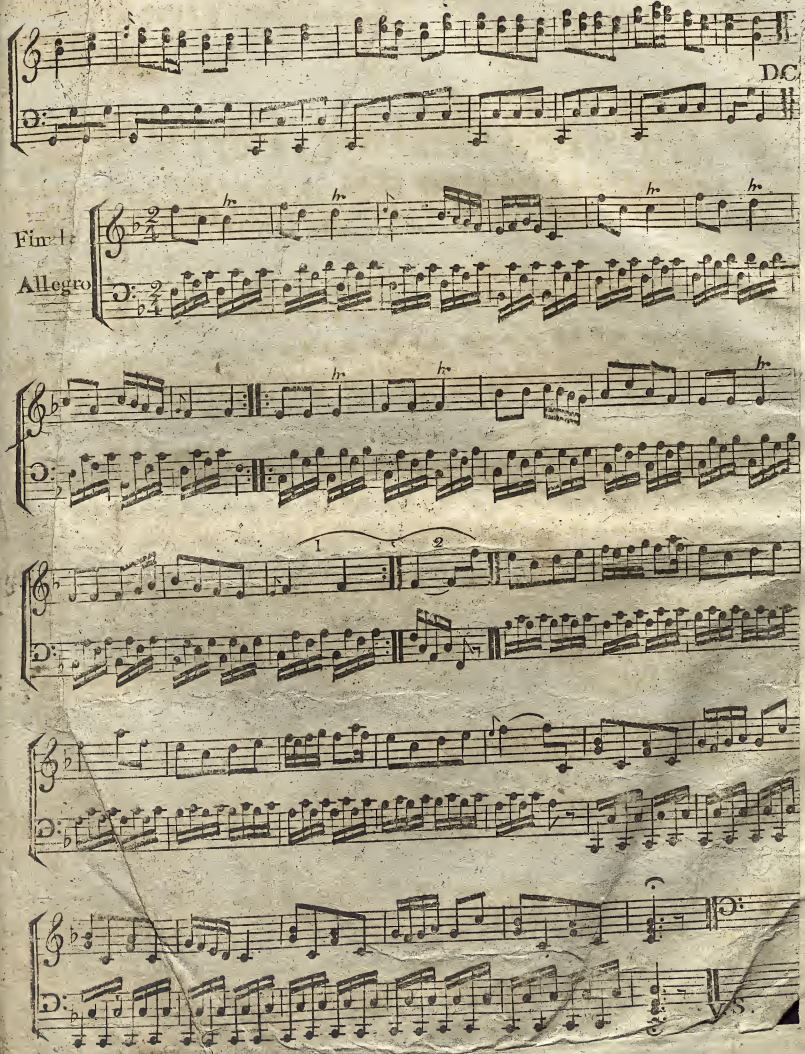


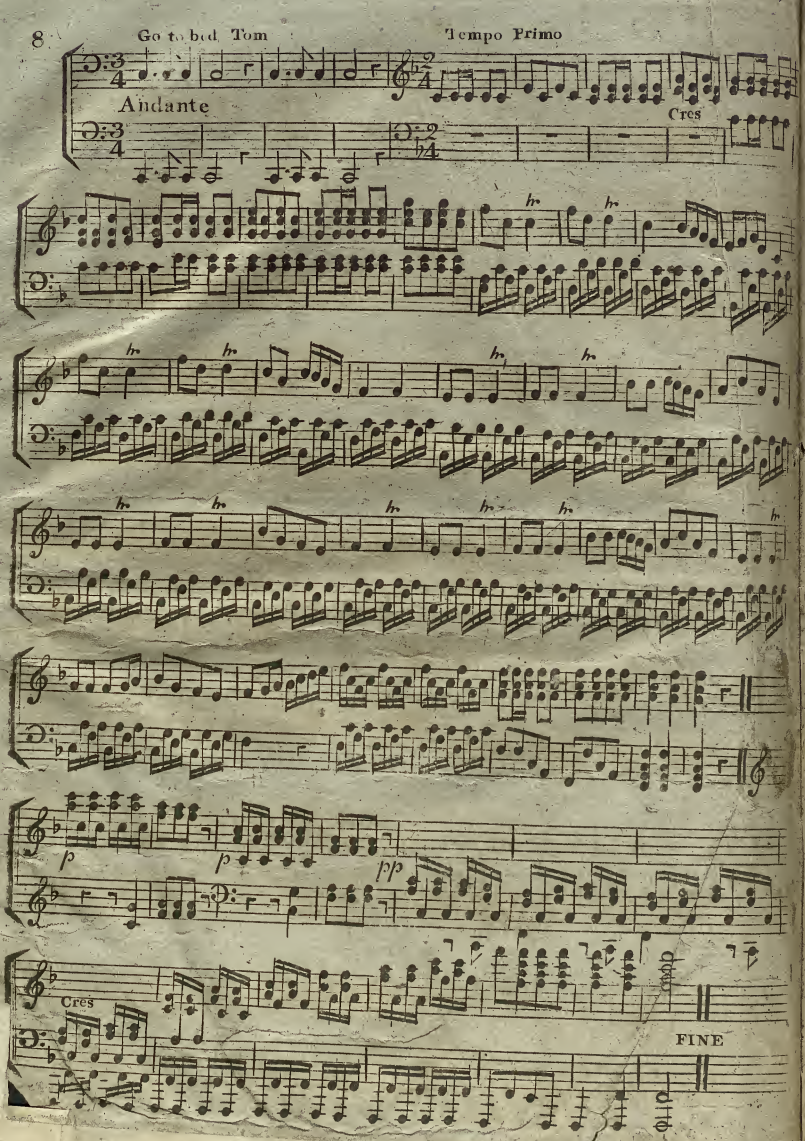
God Save the King.



Turkish Music.




D.C.
Finale
Allegro
1
2
V.S.


8
Go to bed Tom
Tempo Primo
Andante
Cres
p
p
pp
Cres
FINE

Trois Petits
DIVERTISSMENTS
pour le
Piano Forte

Dédiés à Mademoiselle Emme Johnson

et Composés par

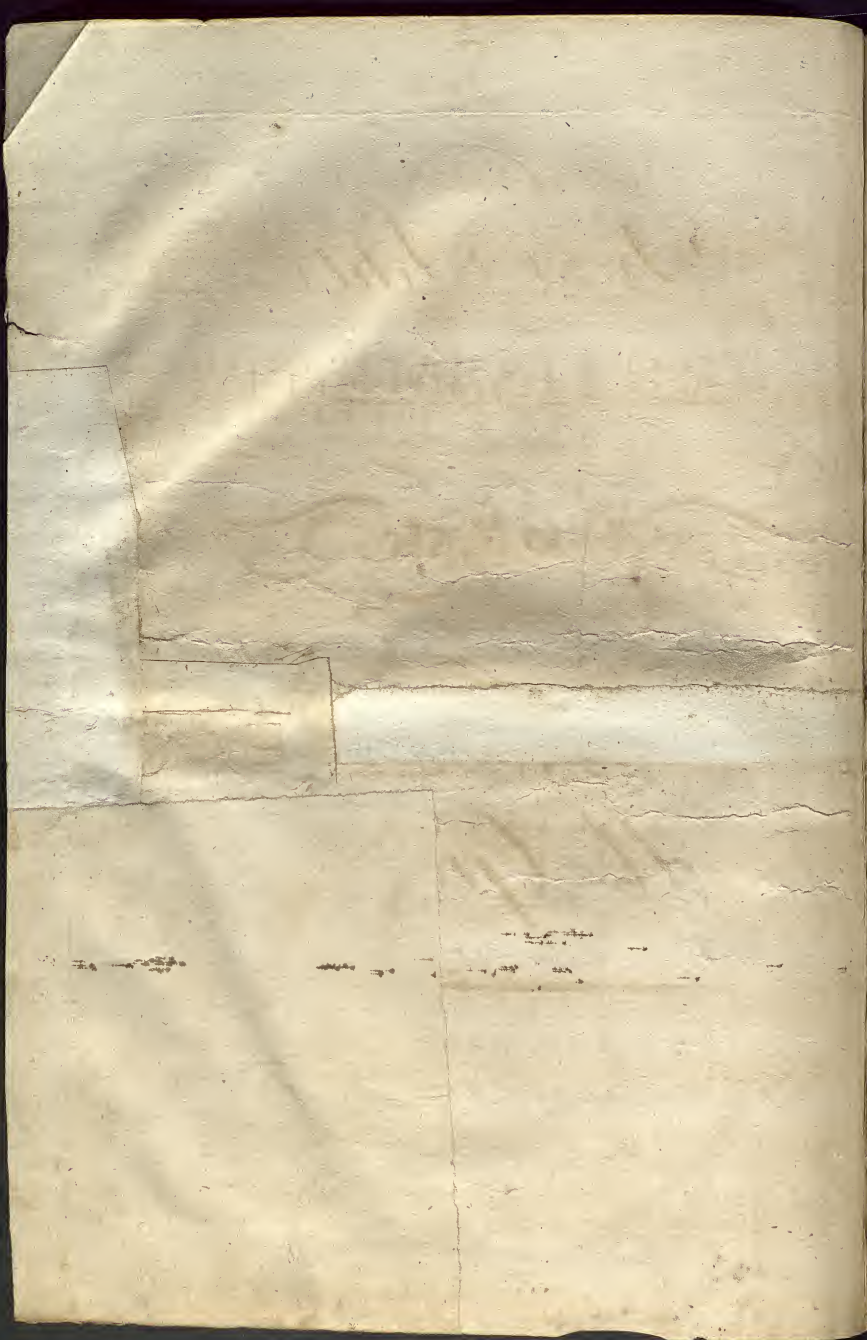
M. Gildon.

Oeuvre 30.me — Prix 3/

A LONDRES,

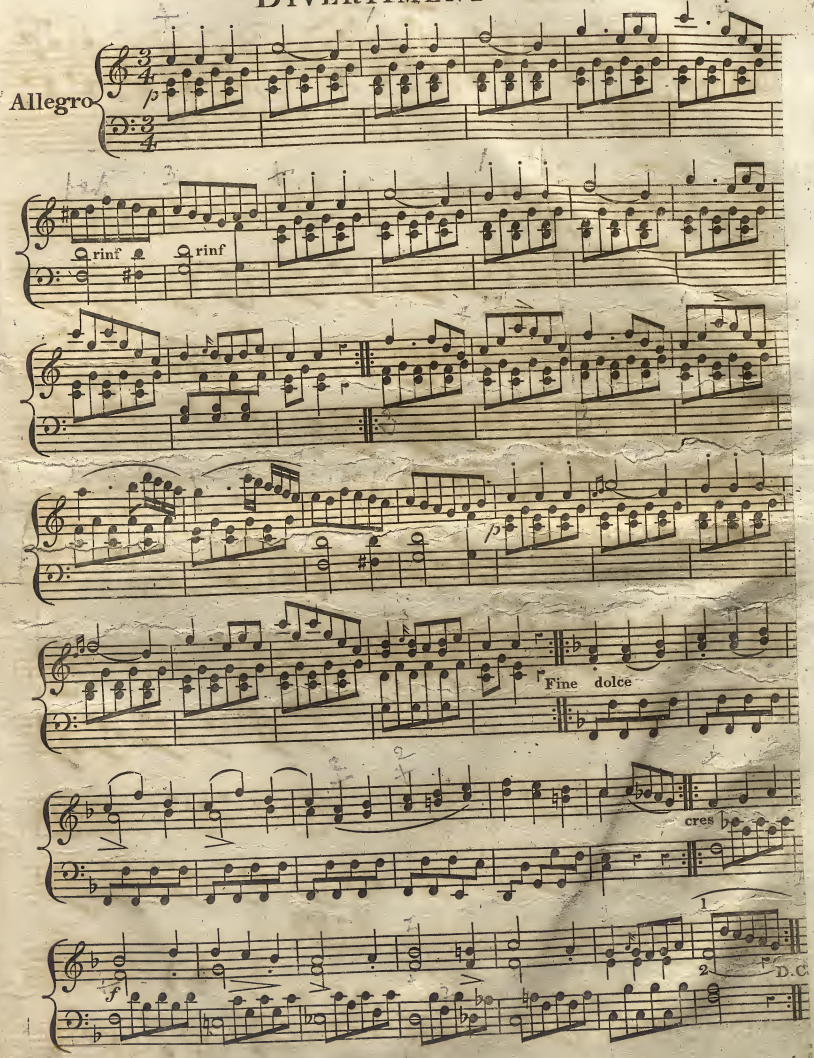
Chez BALLS & COMPAGNIE (408) dans Oxford Street,

près de Soho Square.

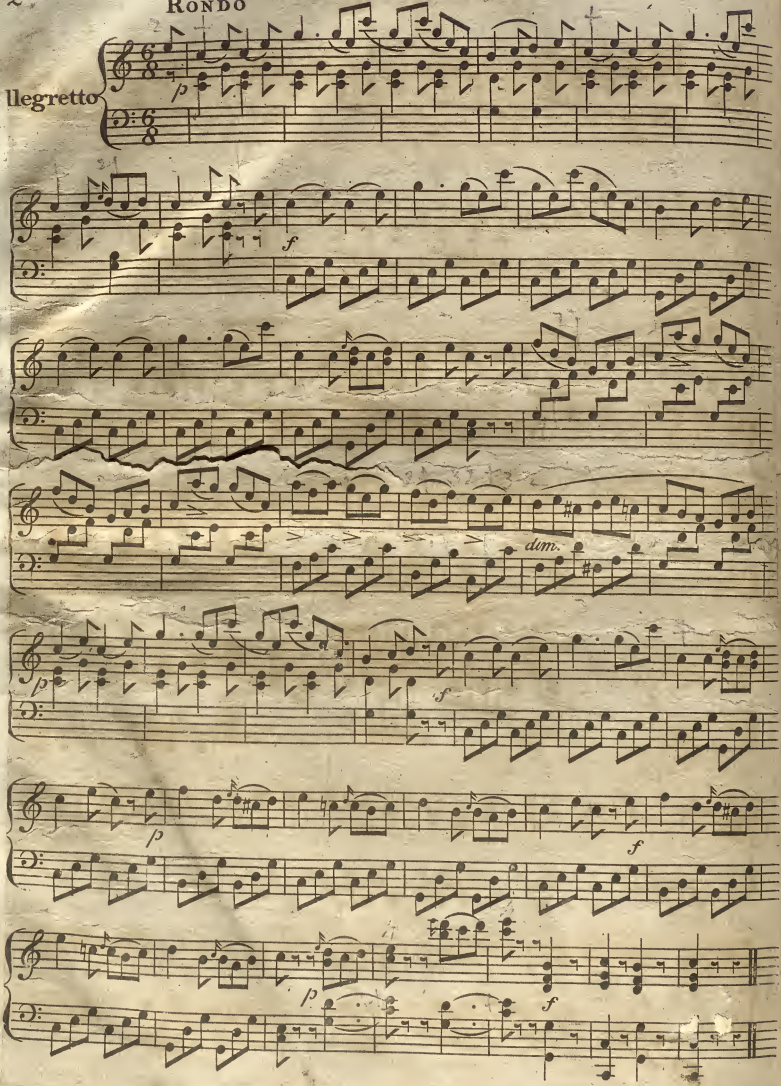


DIVERTIMENTO I.

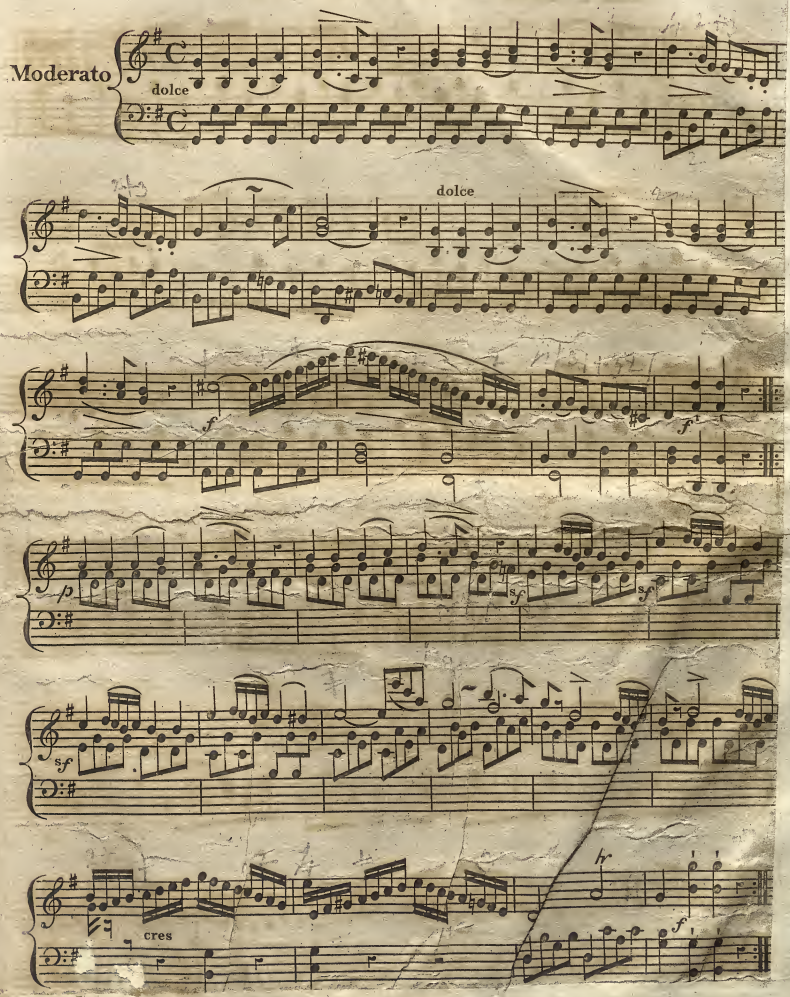
Gildon's Op:30



Rondo

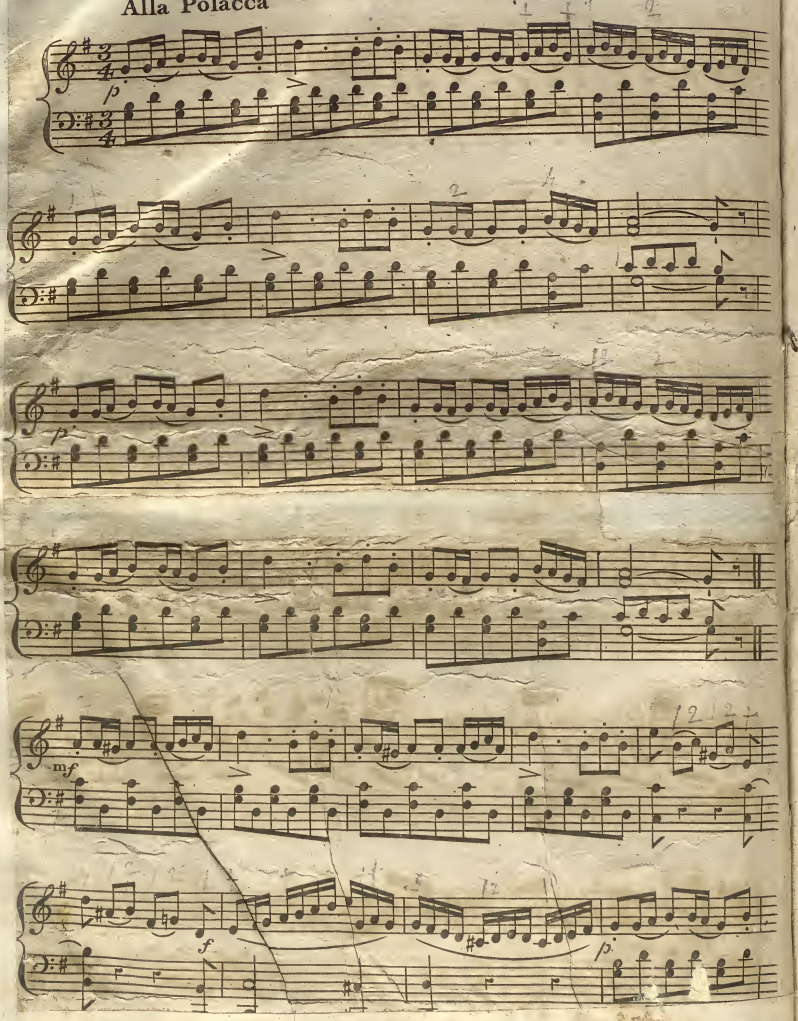


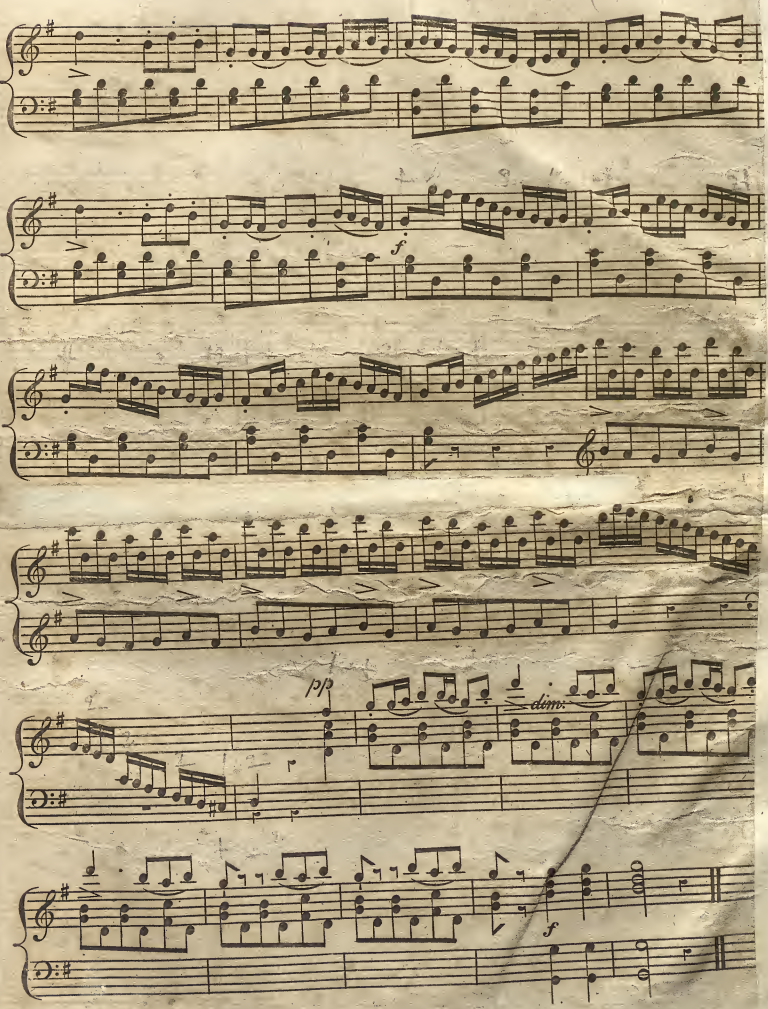
DIVERTIMENTO II.



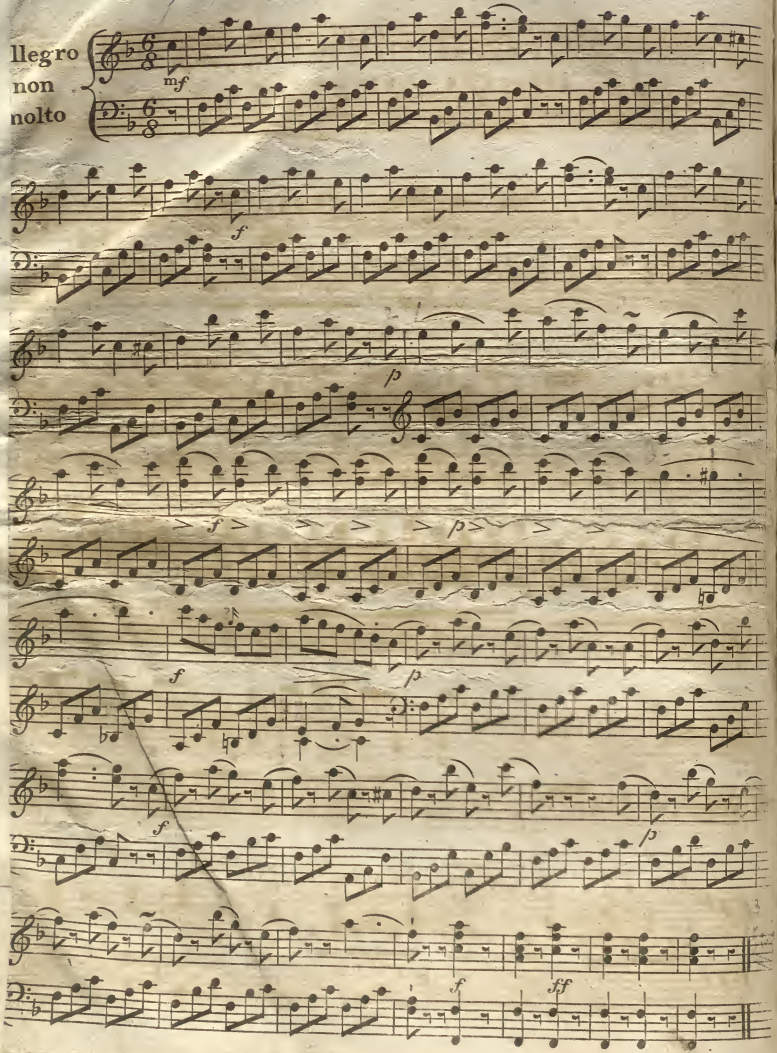
4

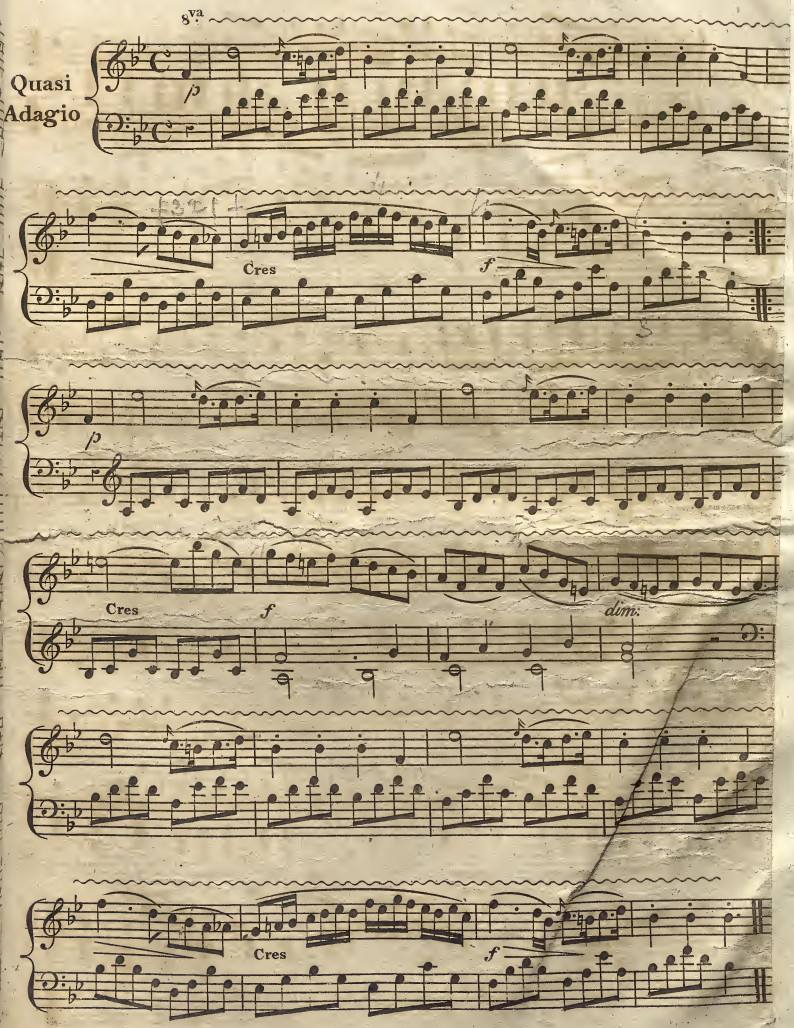
Alla Polacca




f
pp
dim.
f

DIVERTIMENTO III.




8va
Quasi
Adagio
p
Cres
f
p
Cres
f
dim.
Cres
f

8

Valce

Presto

f

p dolce

p

f

Six Sonatas,

For the

Piano Forte.

Composed & Inscribed to

Miss Coke

By

J. MAZZINGHI.

Op.: 61.

Entd at Stat.rs Hall — Price 7s/6

London

Printed by Goulding, Phipps D'Almaine & Co.a at their Music & Musical Instrument Warehouse

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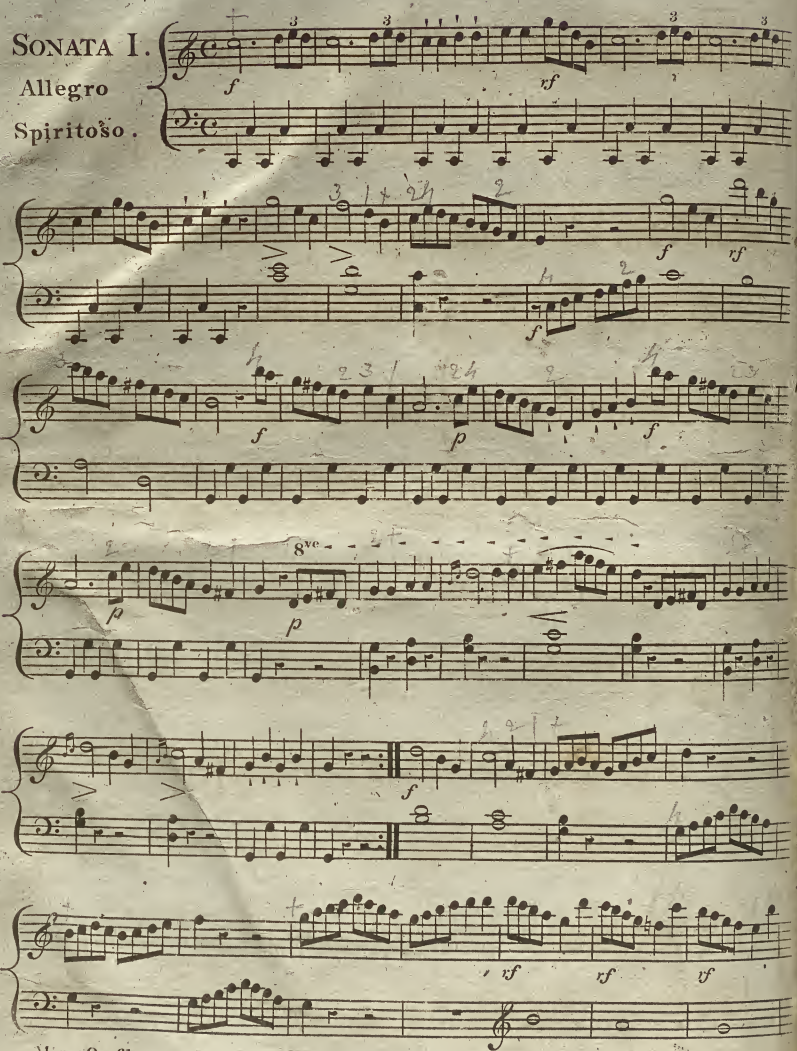
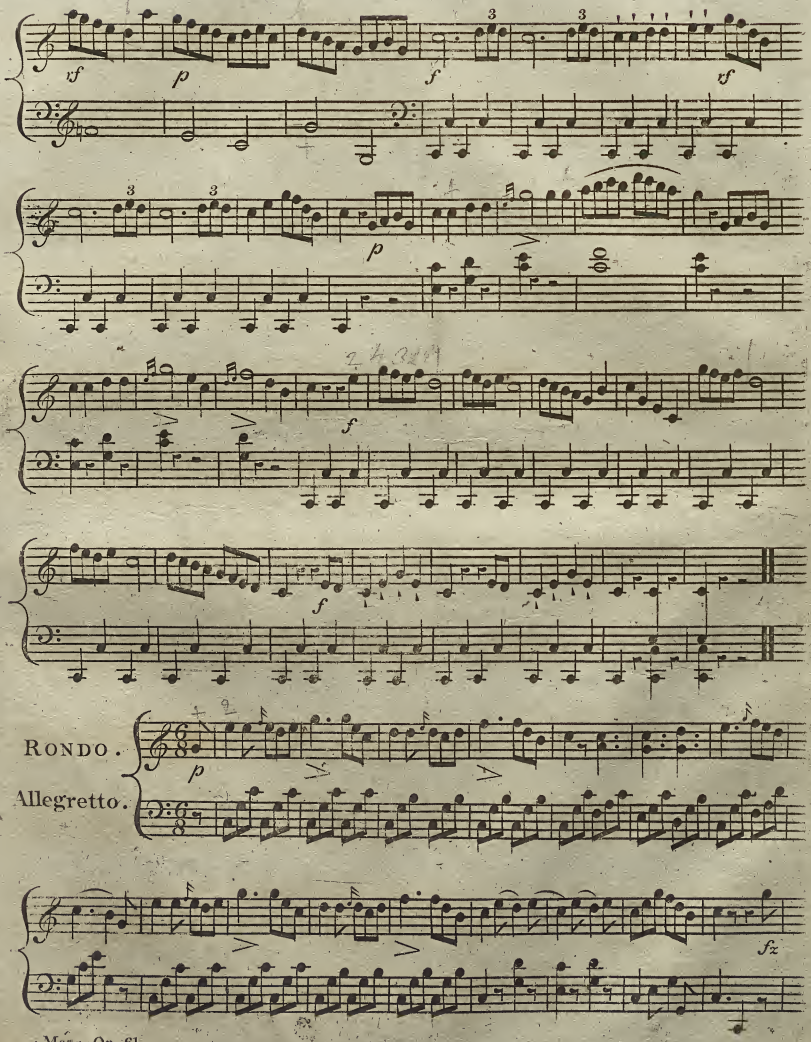
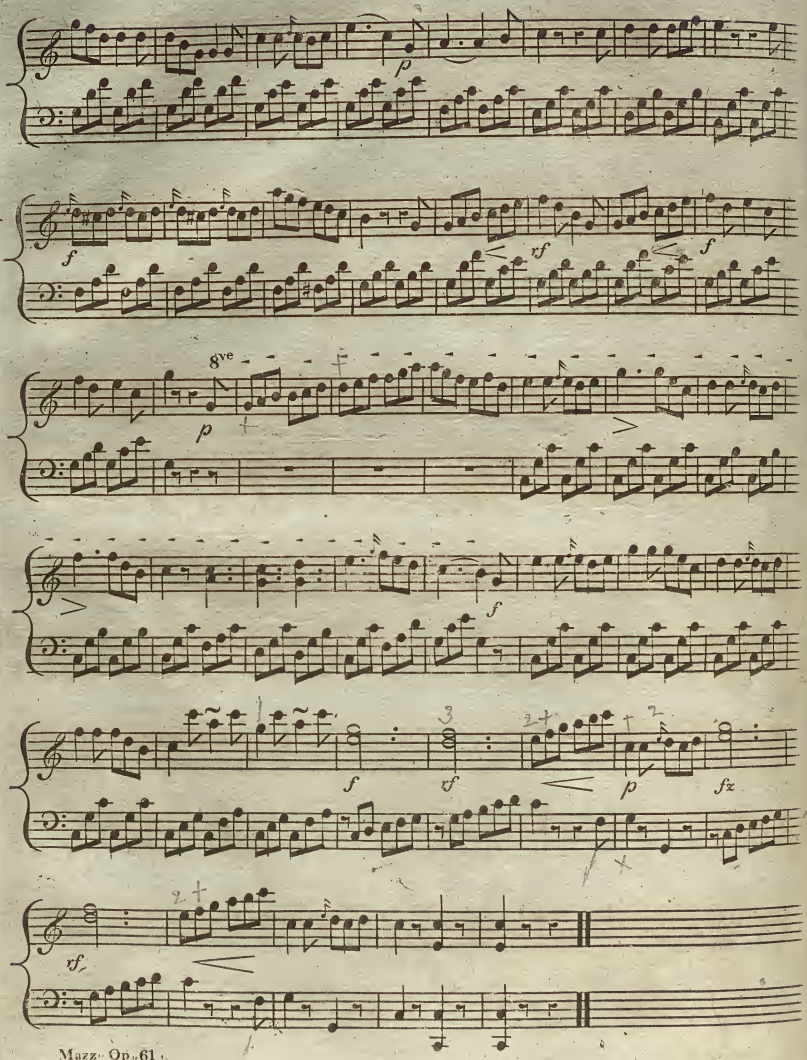
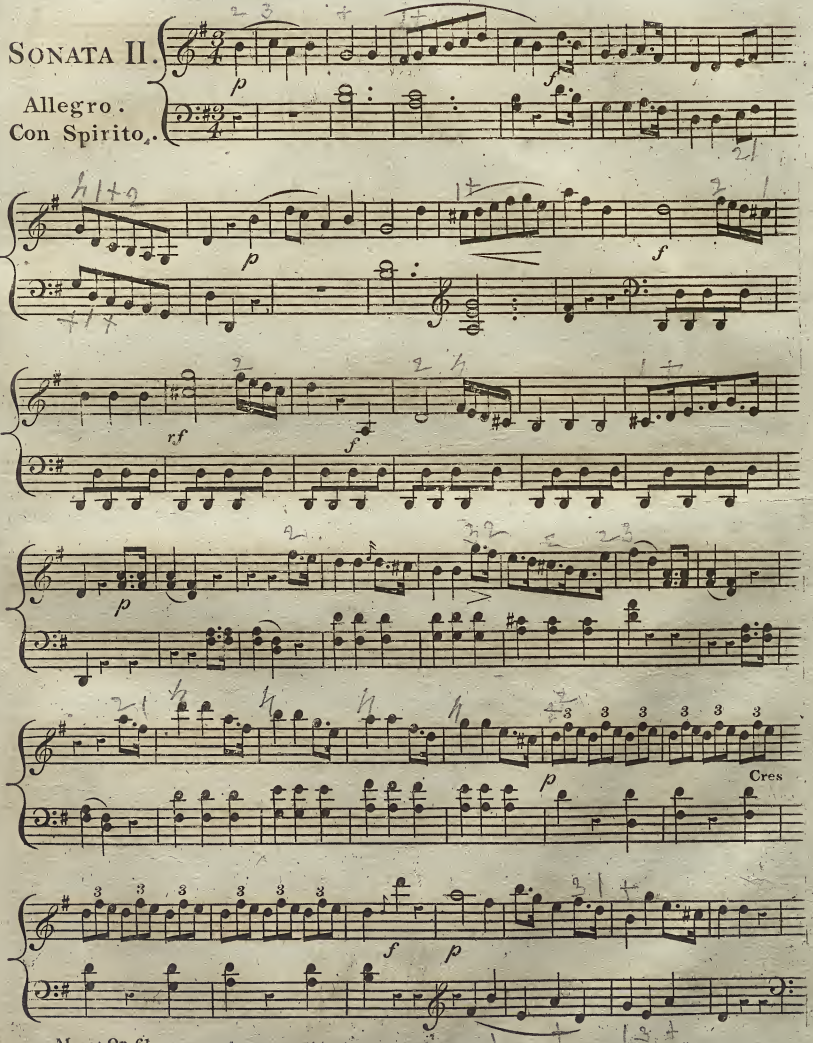

SONATA I.
Allegro
Spiritoso.
8ve

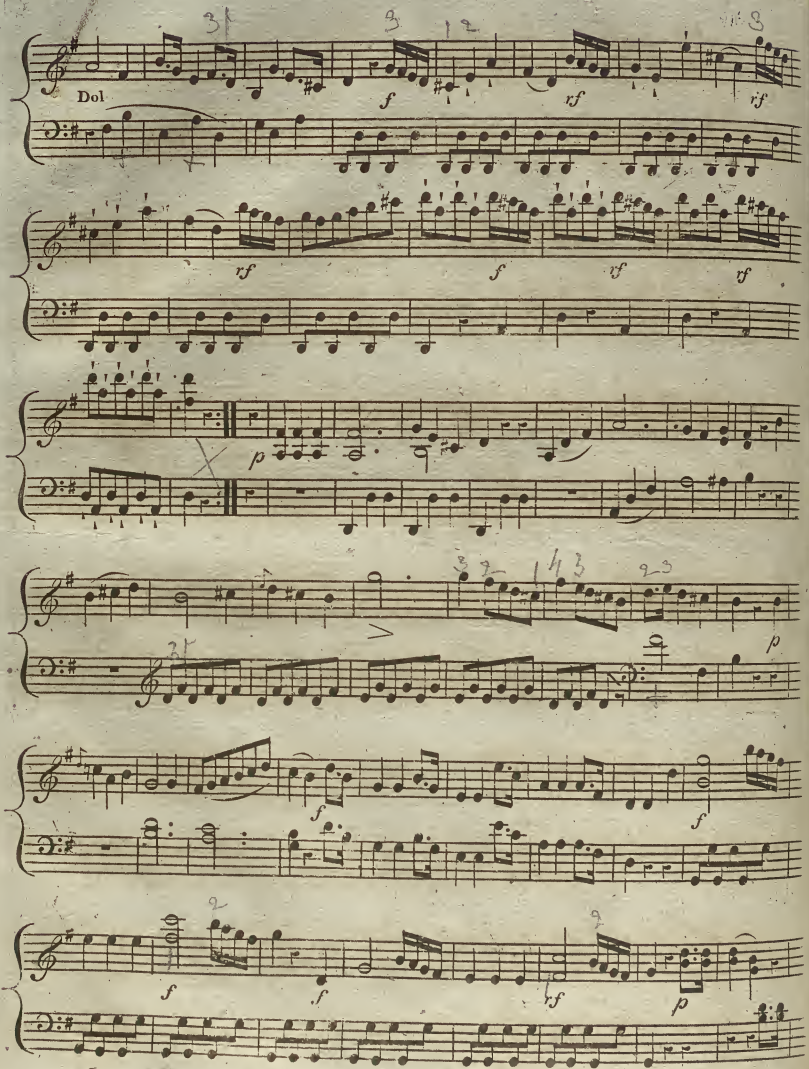

RONDO.
Allegretto.

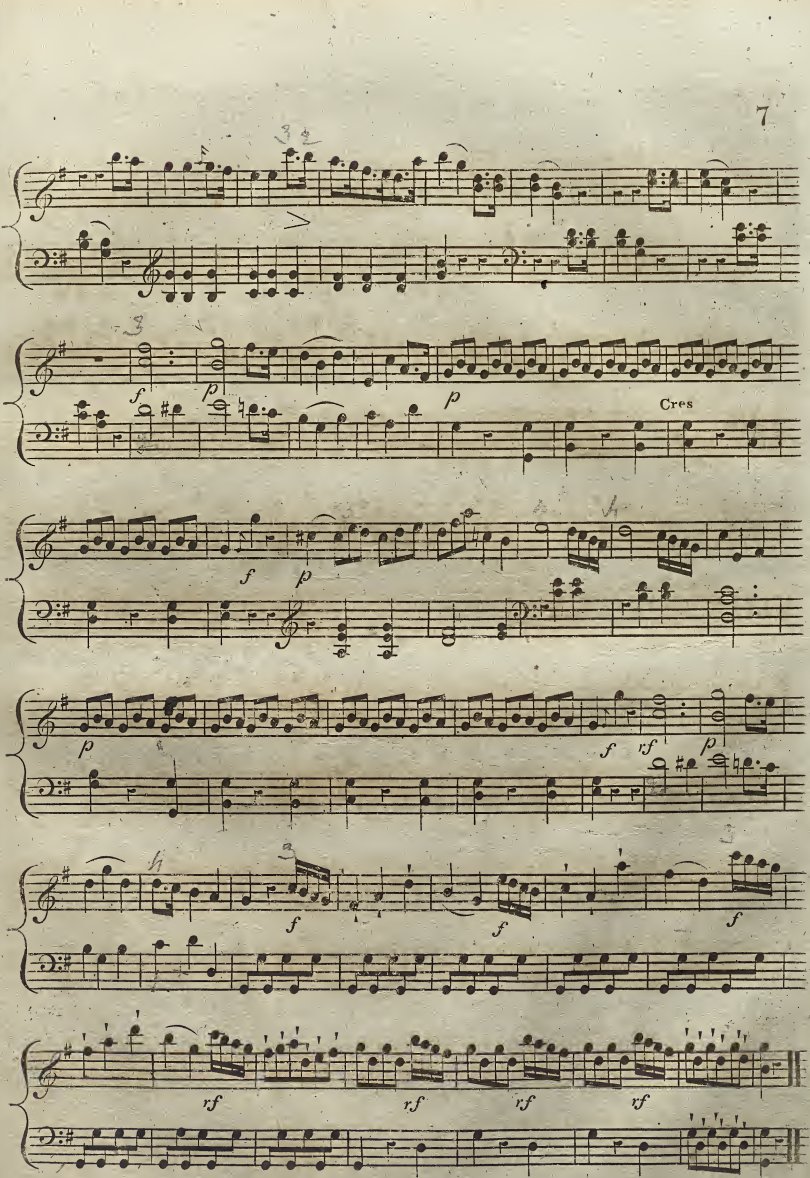
4

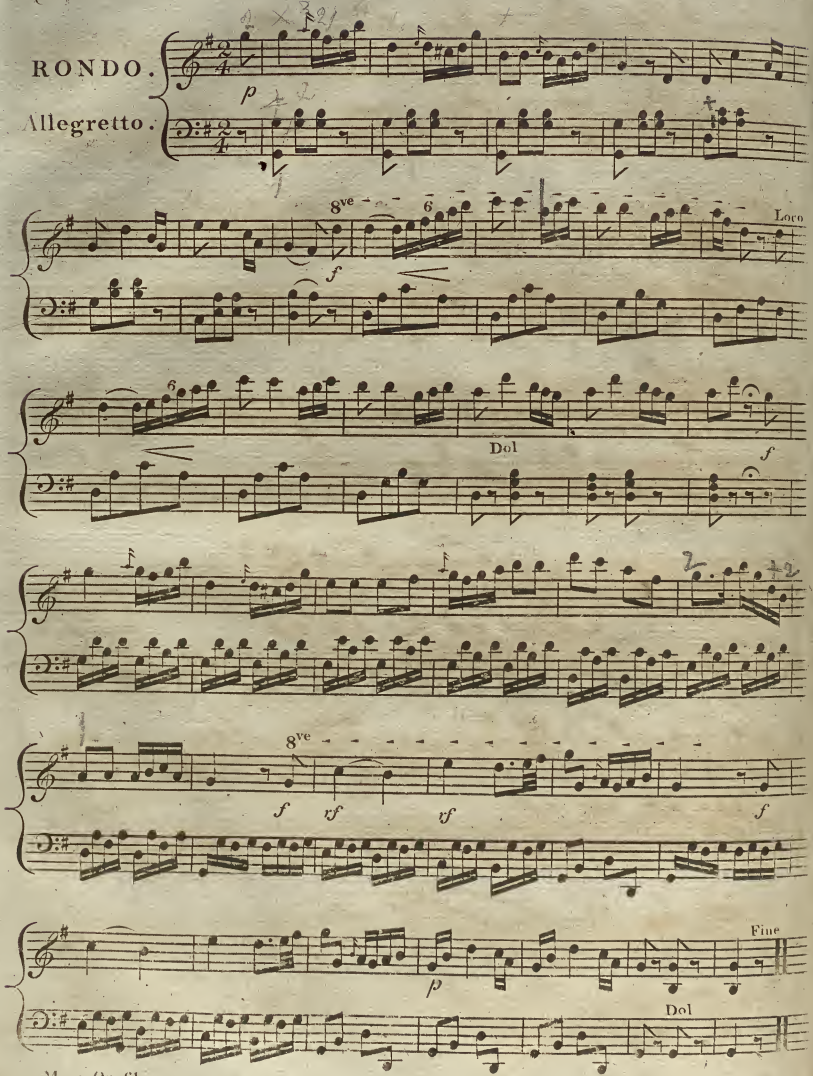


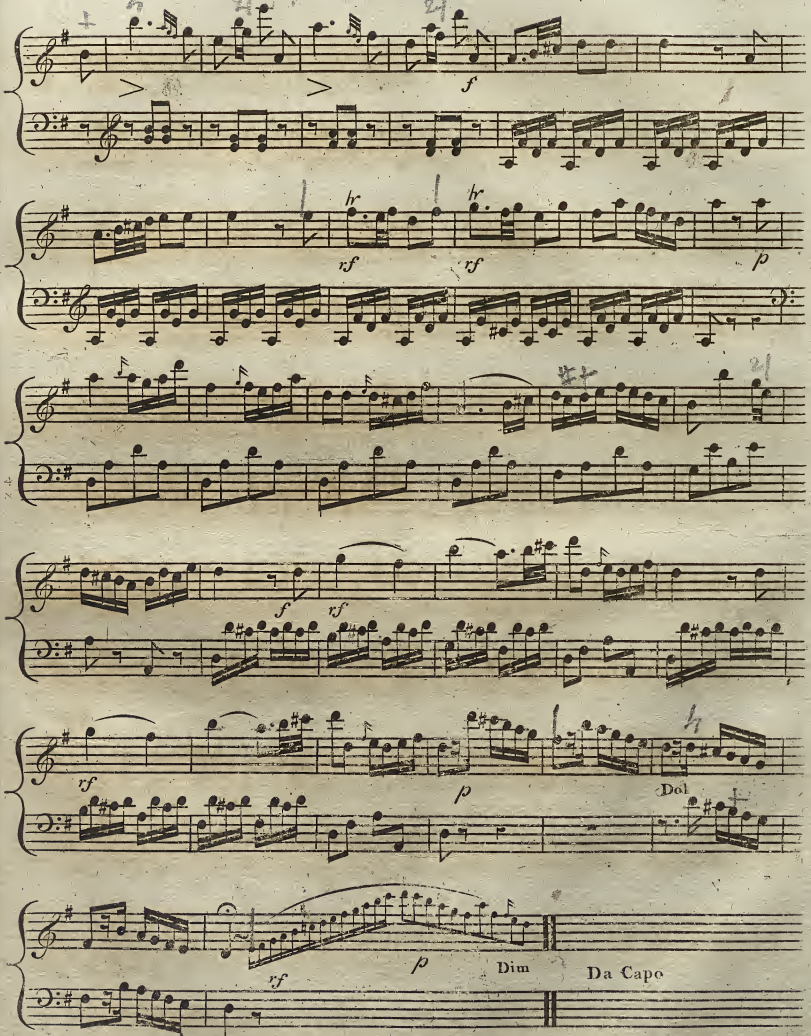

Sonata II.
Allegro.
Con Spirito.
p
f
rf
Cres

6




7
Cres

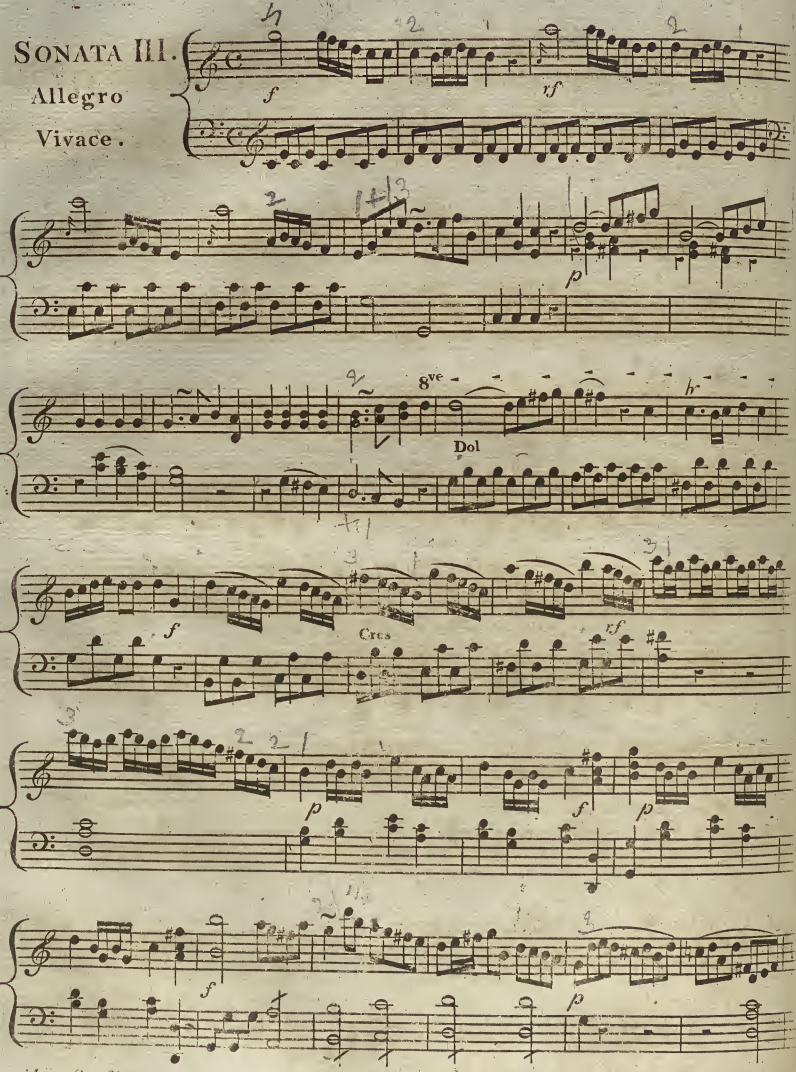

RONDO.
Allegretto.
p
8ve
6
Loco
f
6
Dol
f
8ve
f
vf
vf
f
Fine
p
Dol

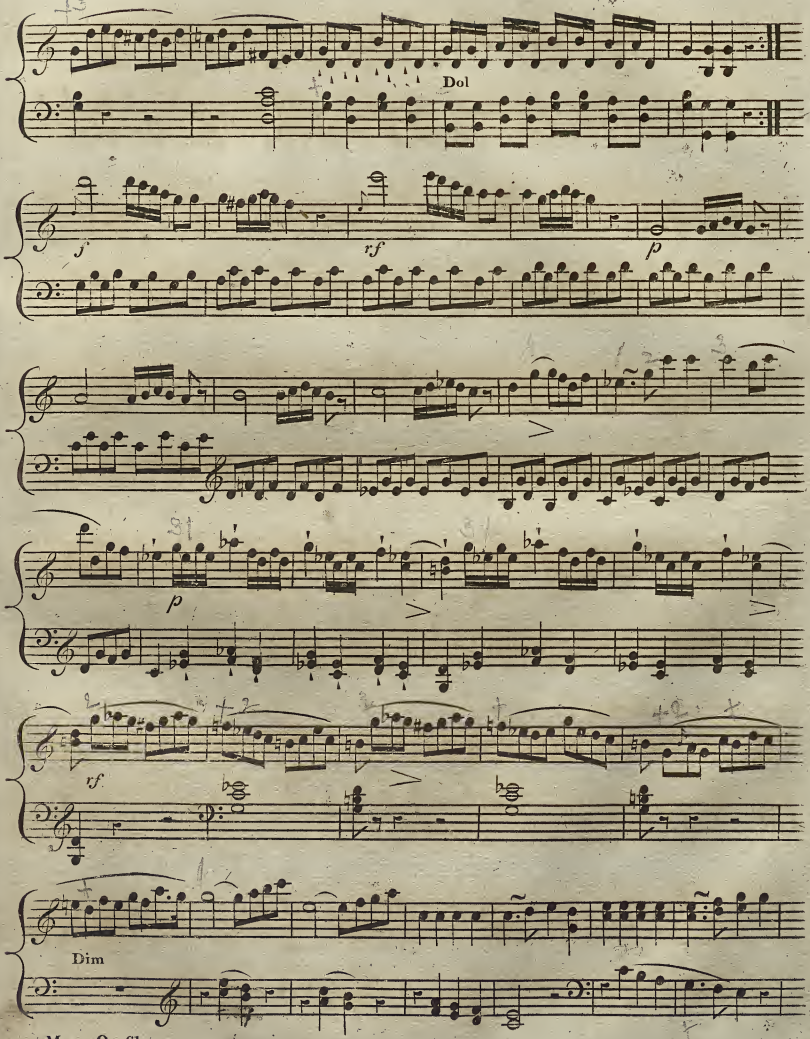

f
hr
rf
hr
rf
p
f
rf
rf
p
Dol
rf
p
Dim
Da Capo

SONATA III.

Allegro

Vivace.




Dol
f
rf
p
p
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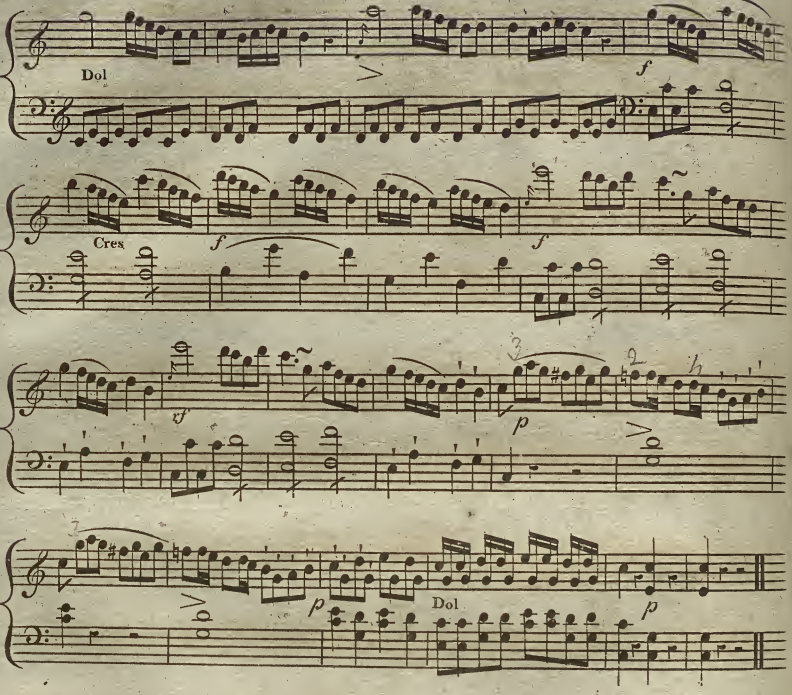

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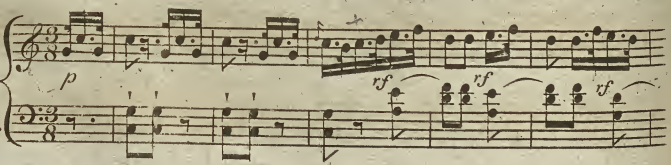

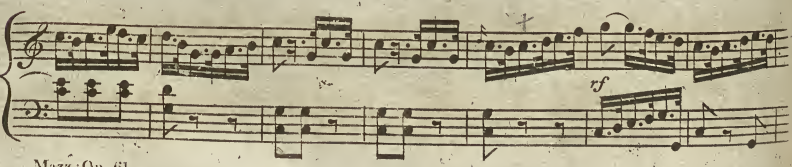

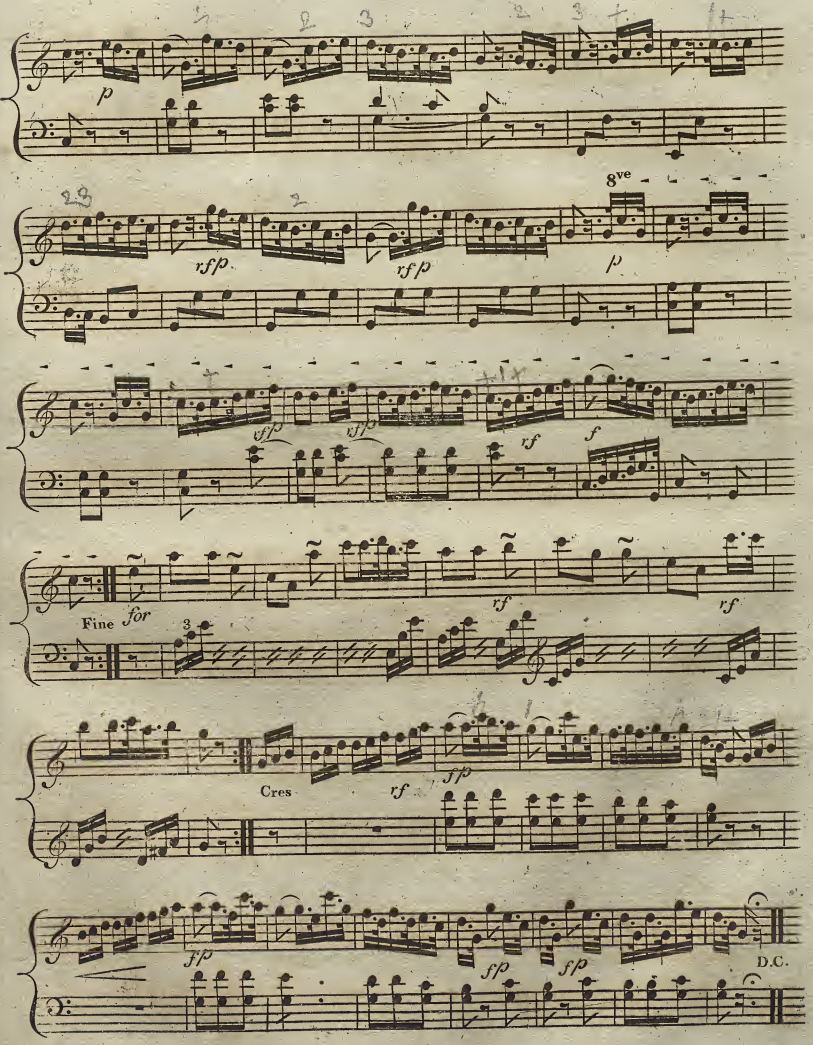
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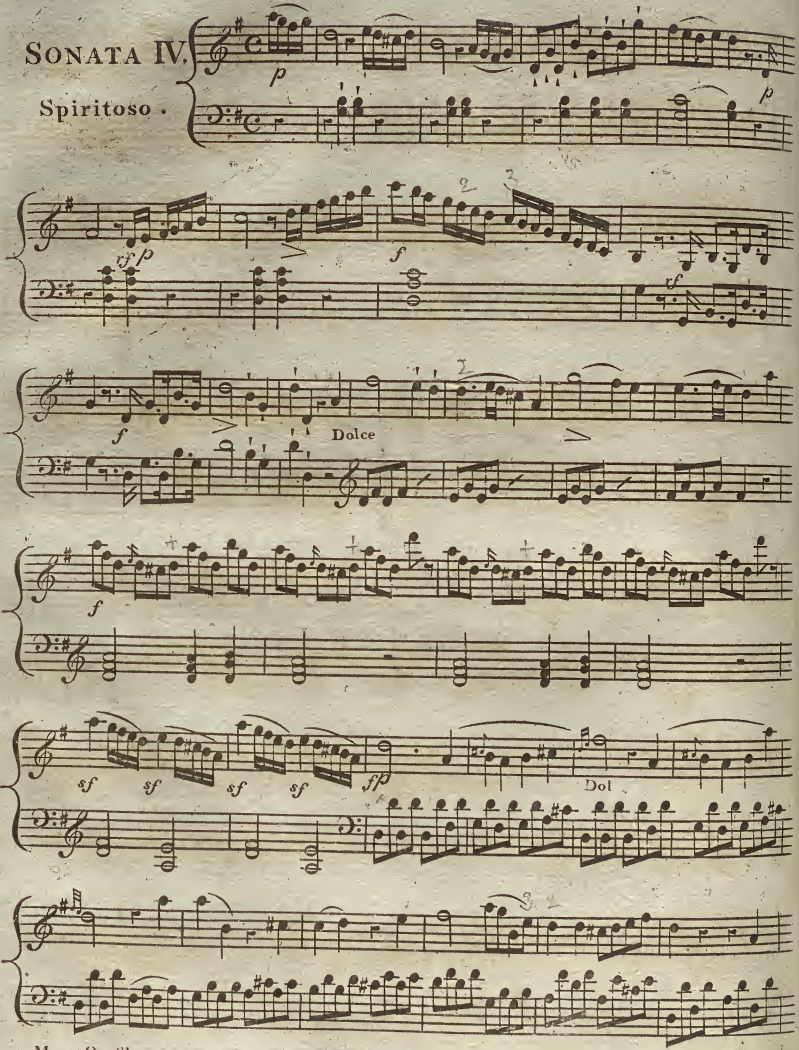
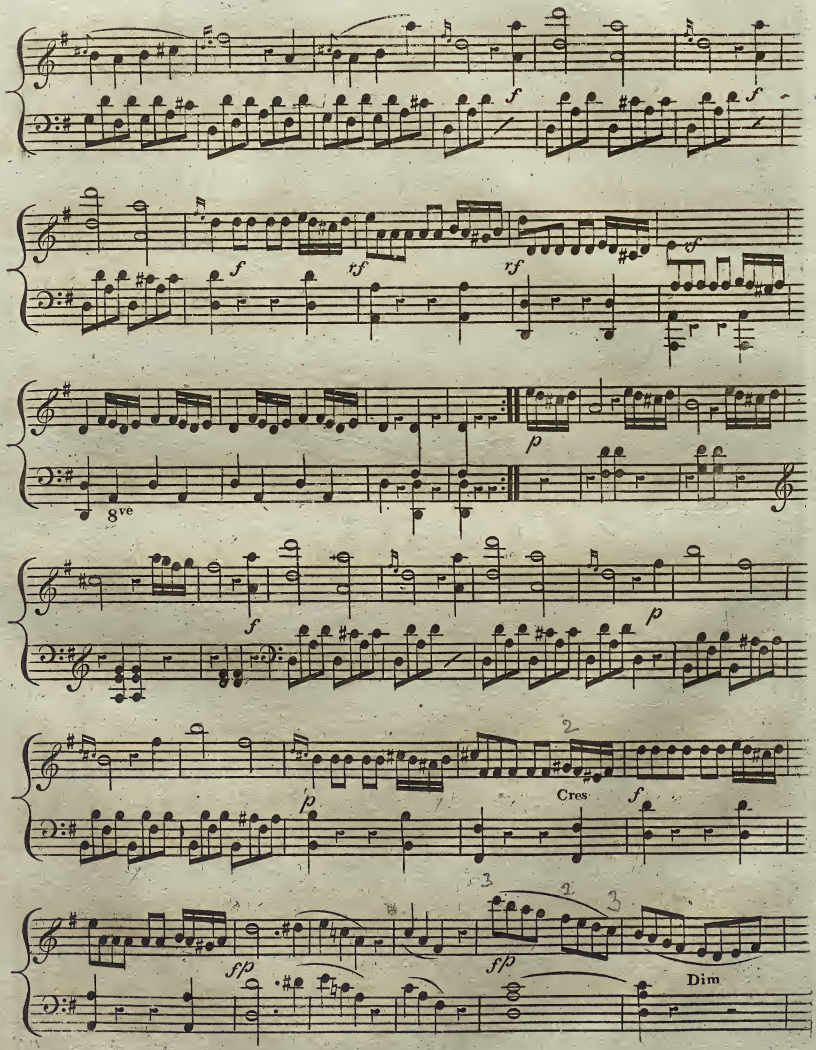
Sonata IV.

Spiritoso.

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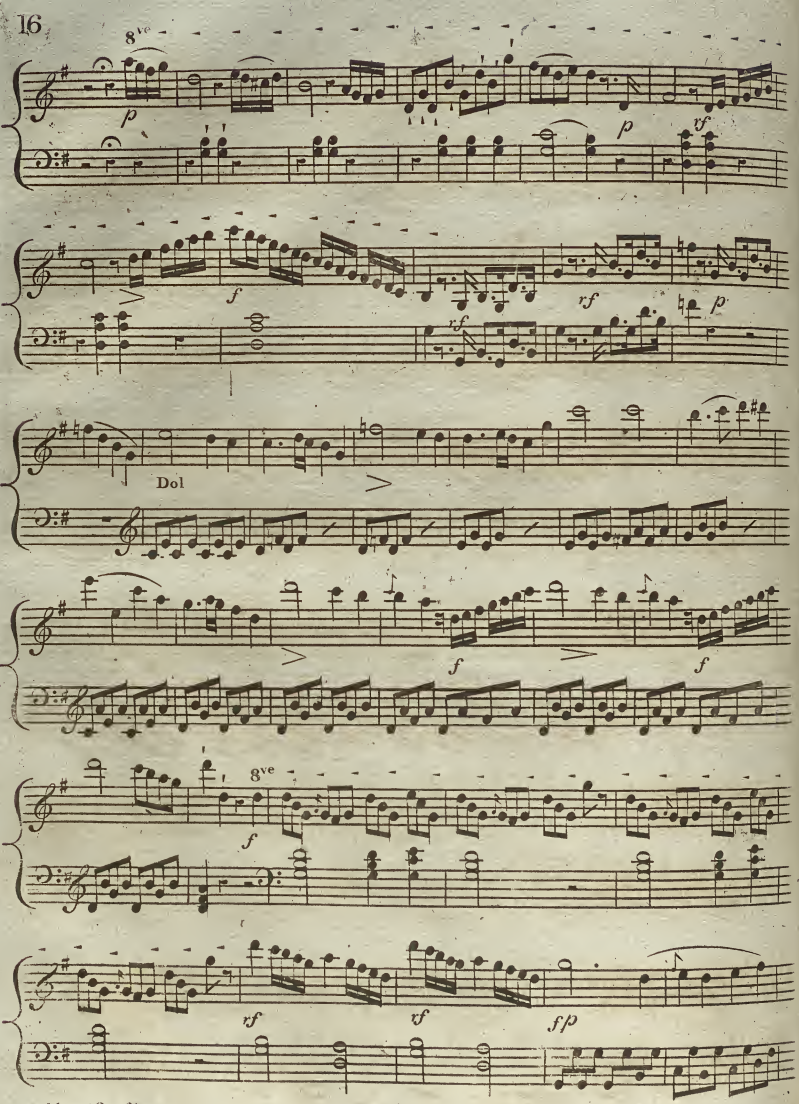
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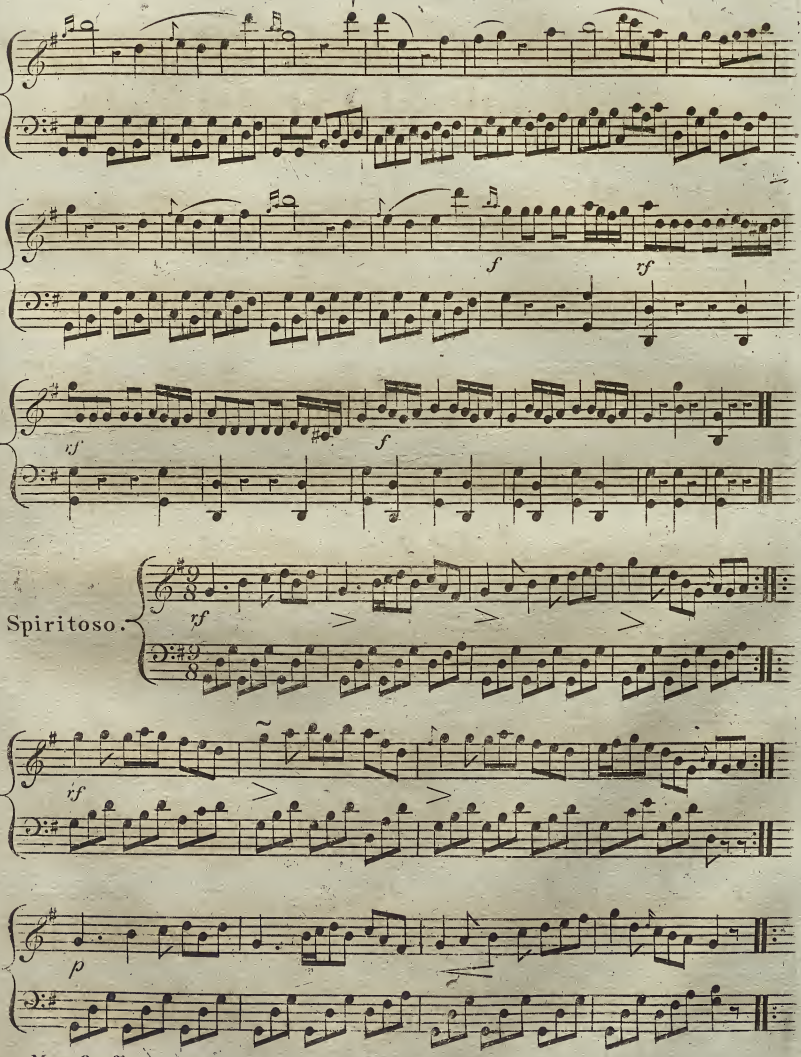
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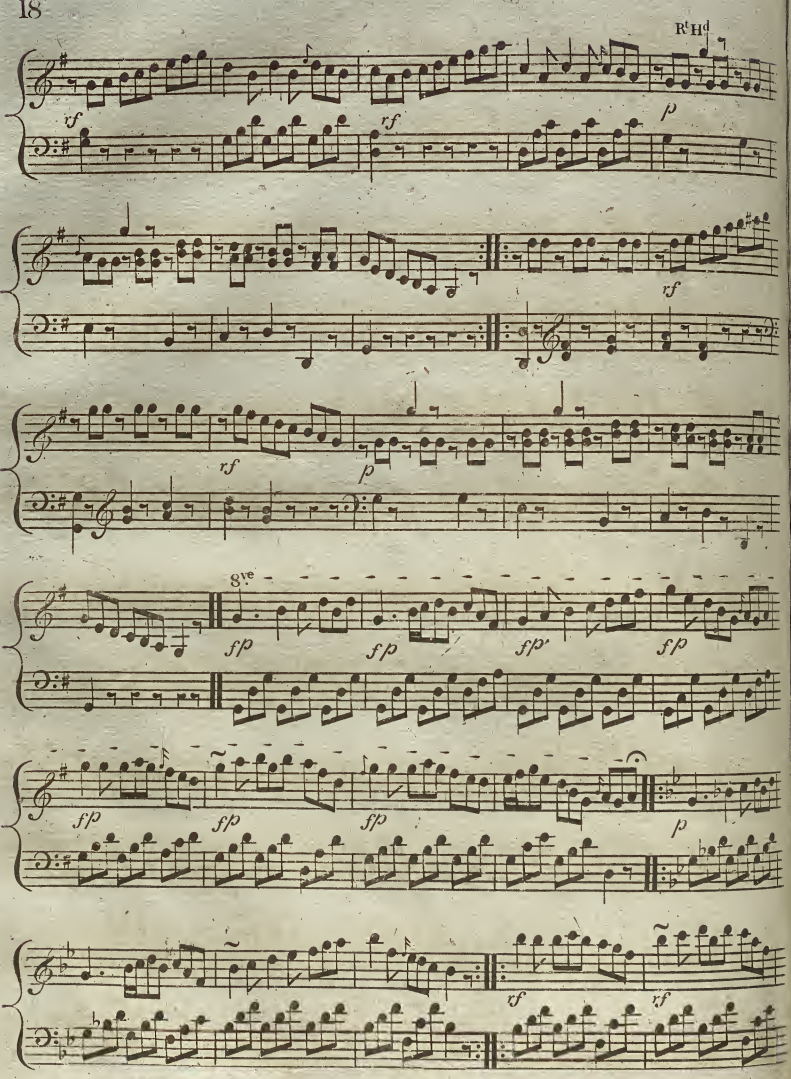
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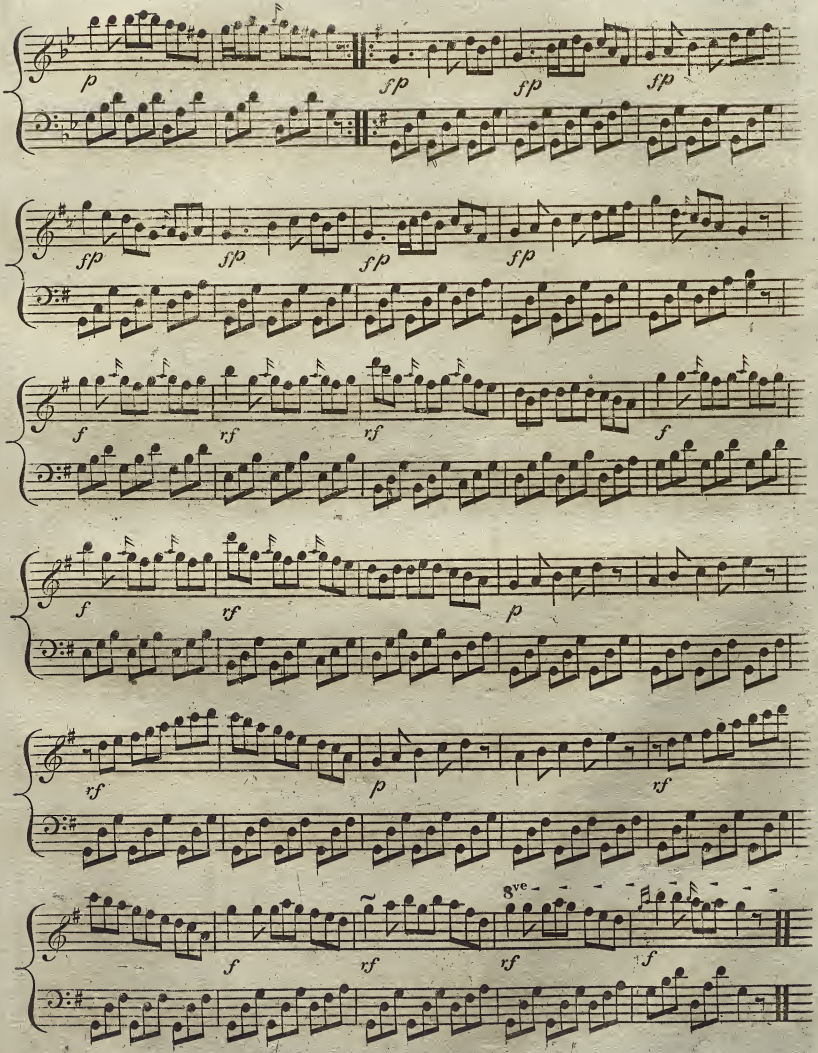
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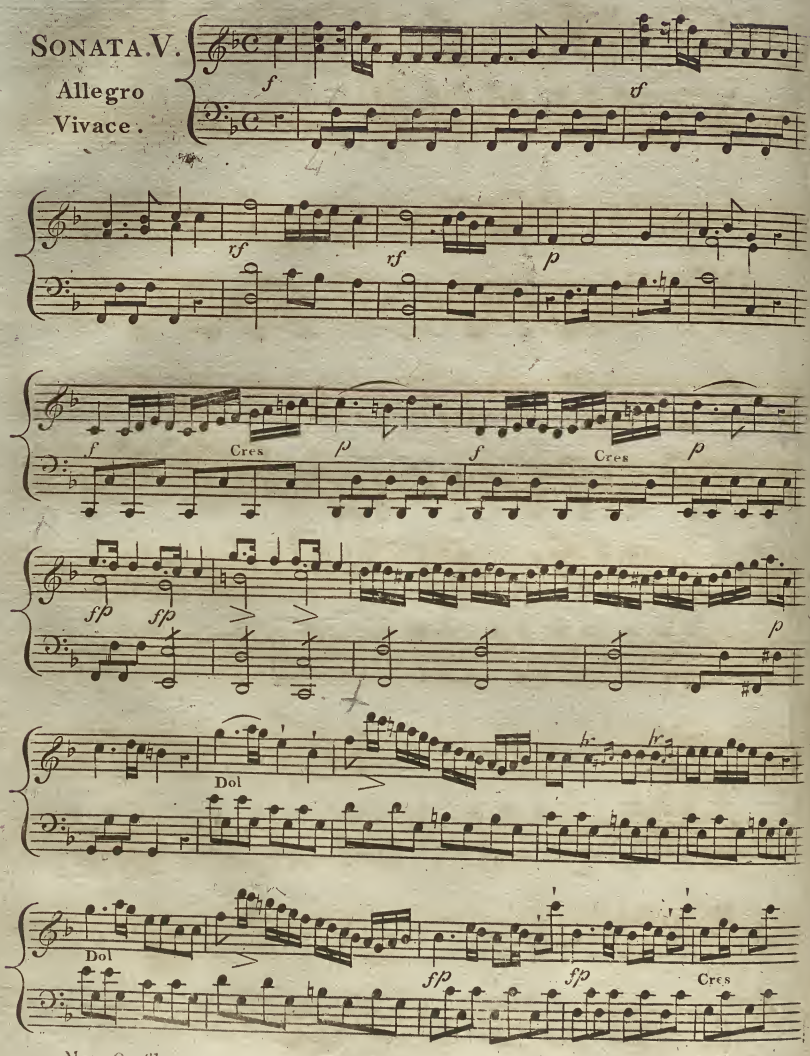
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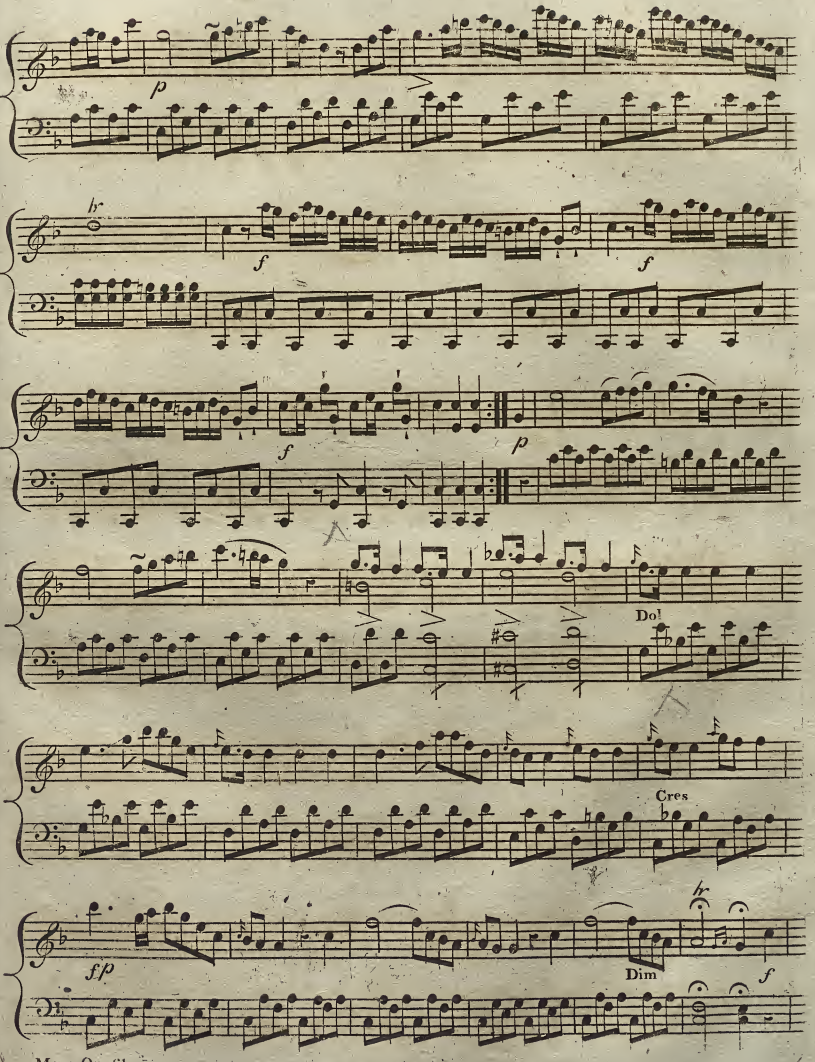
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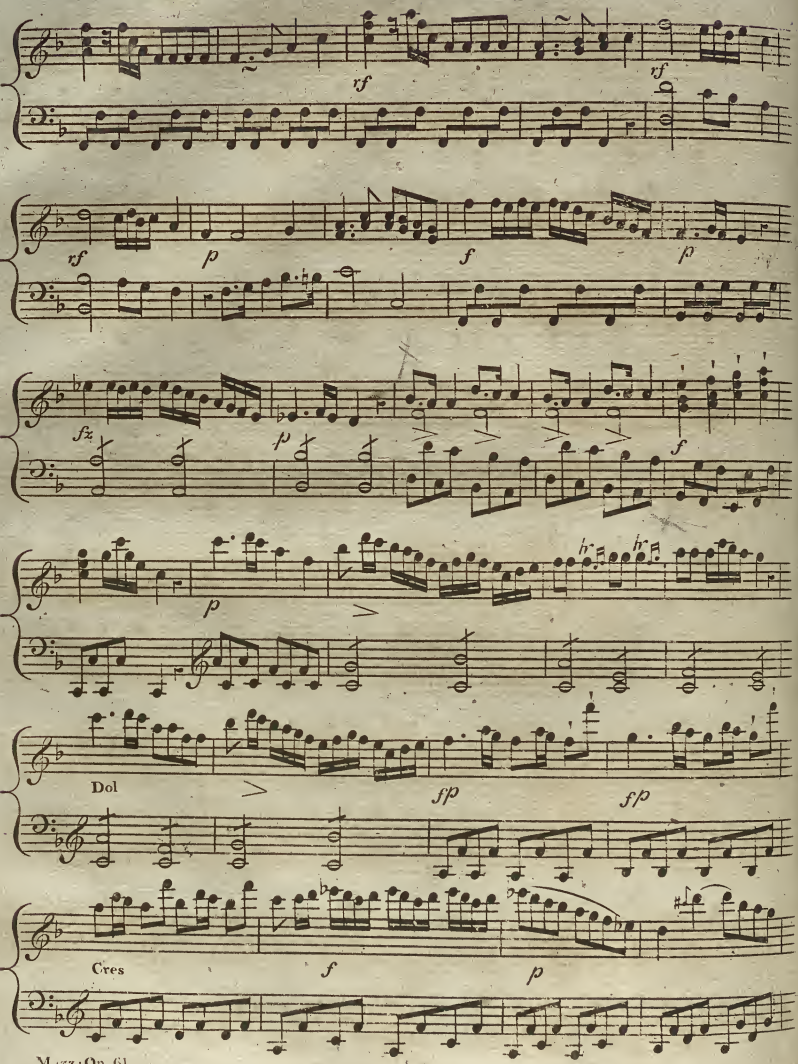
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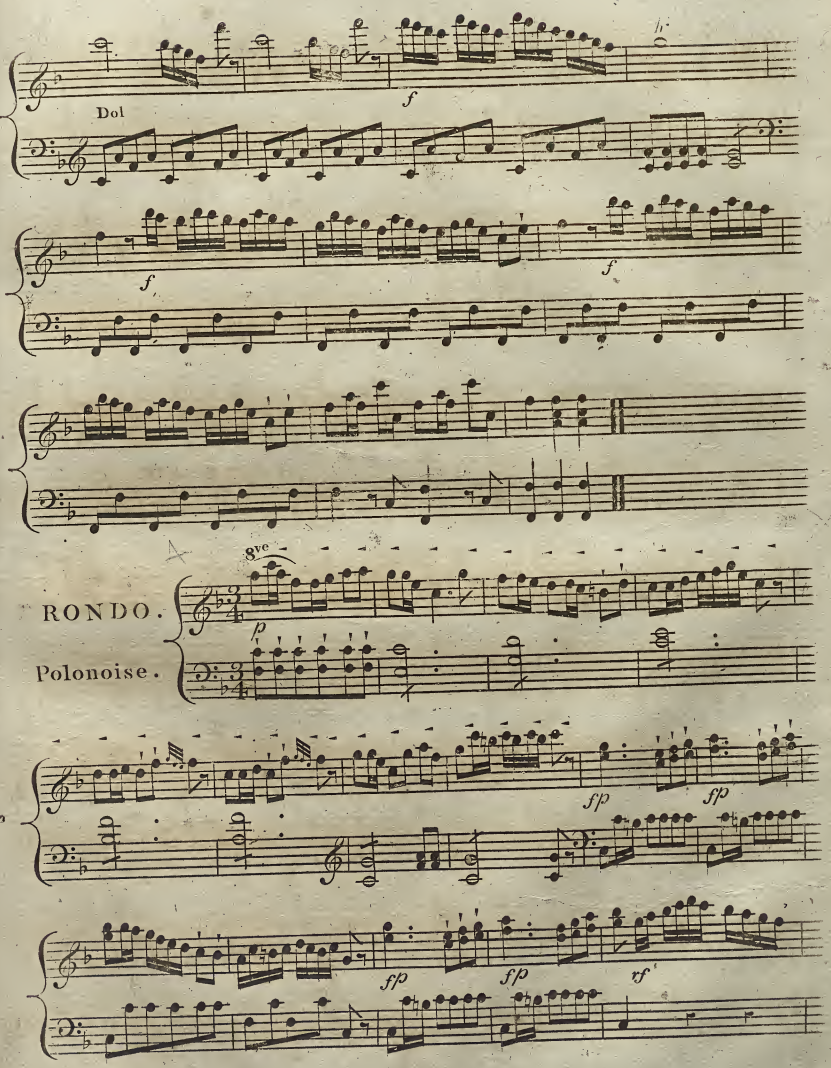
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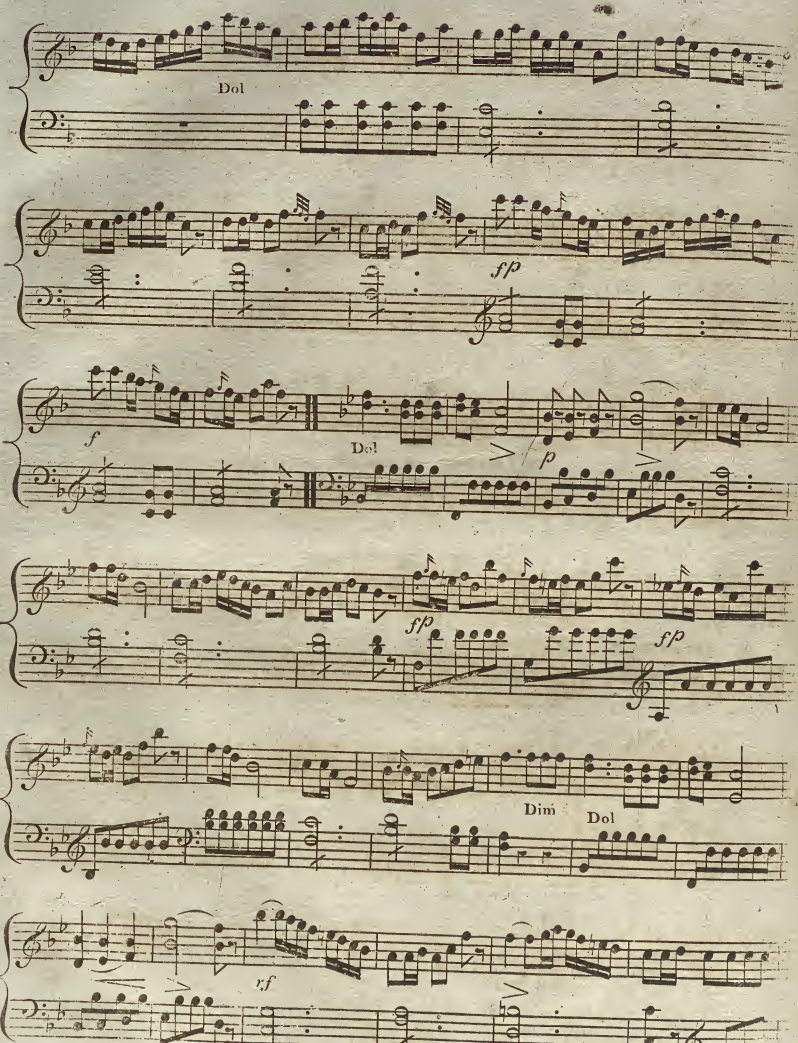

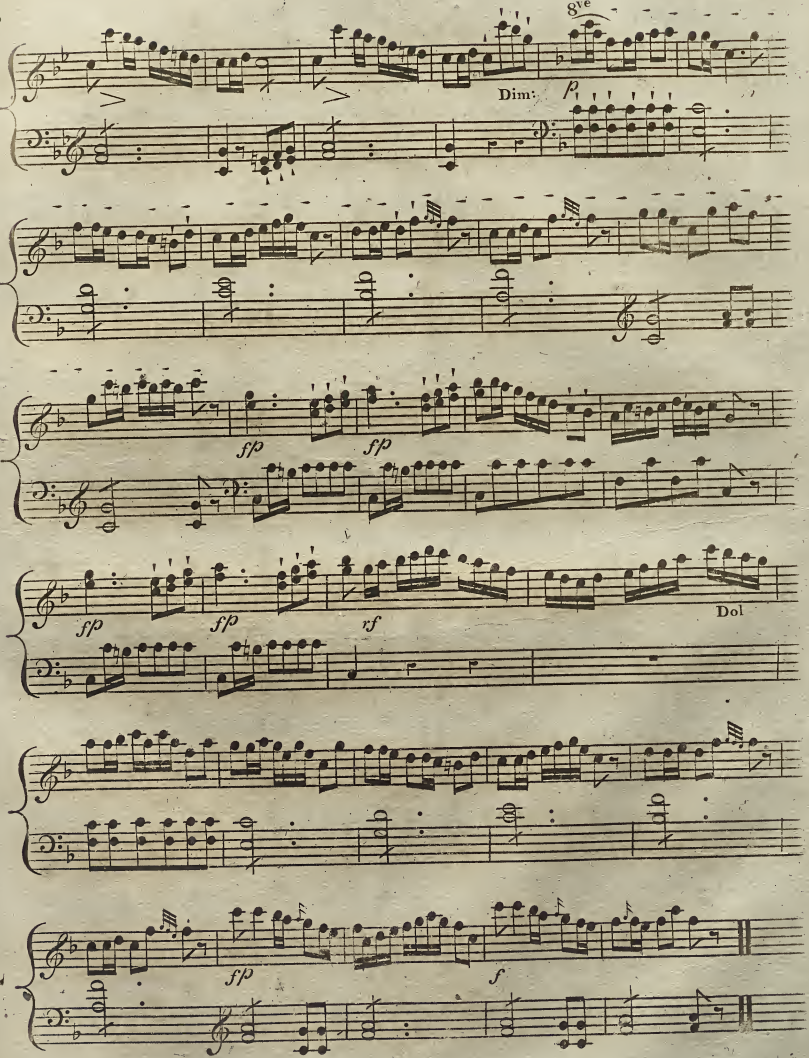
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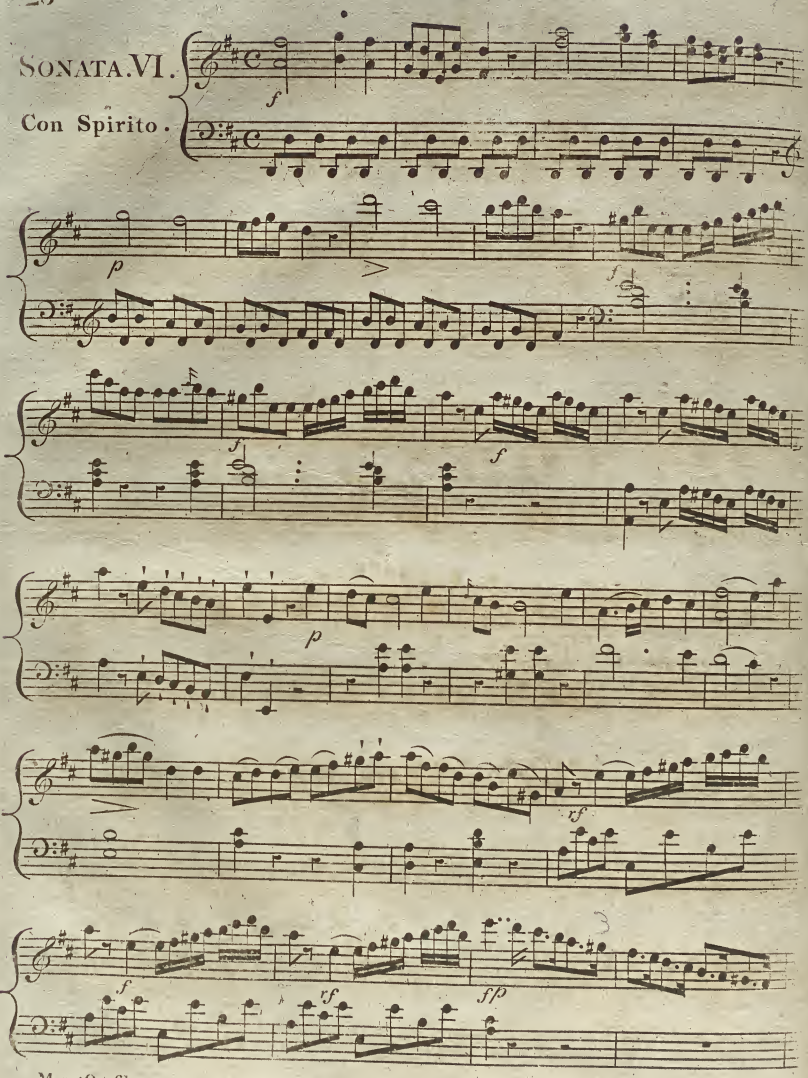
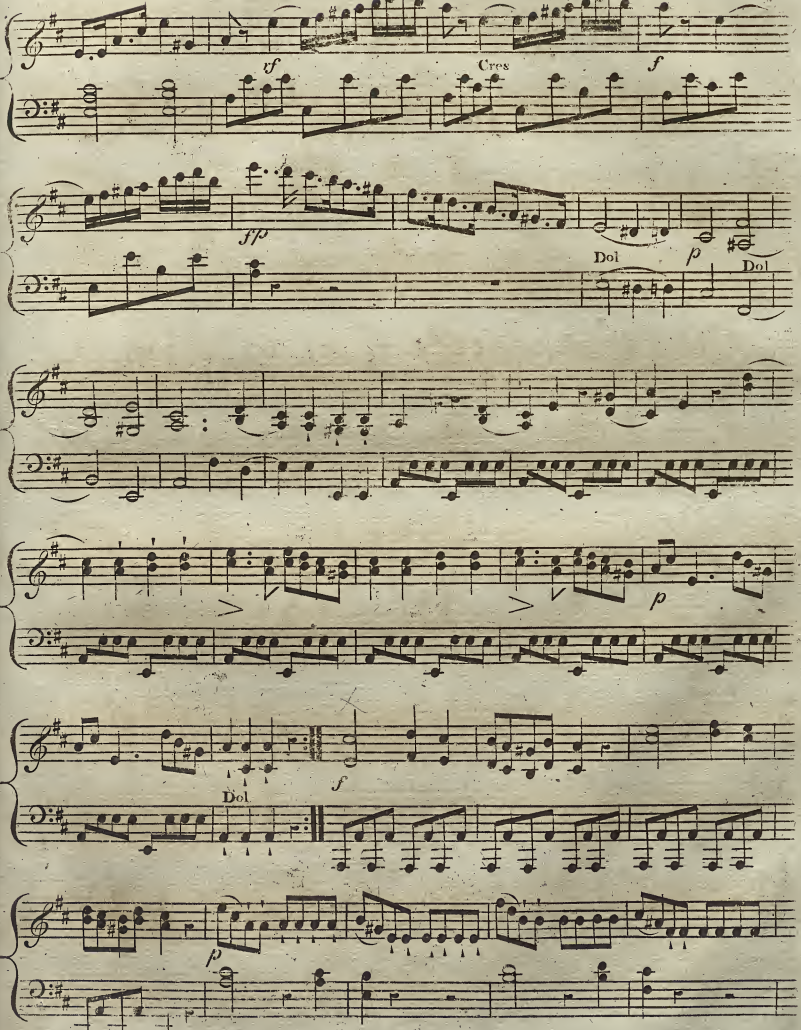
Sonata. VI.

Con Spirito.

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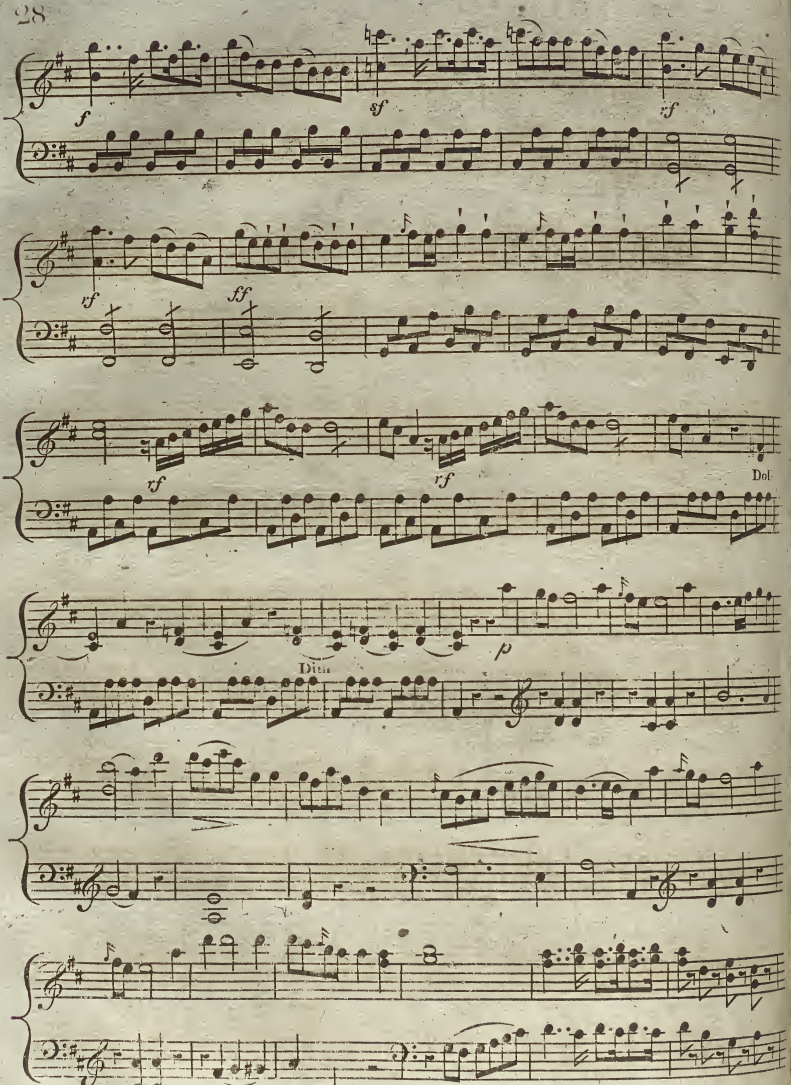
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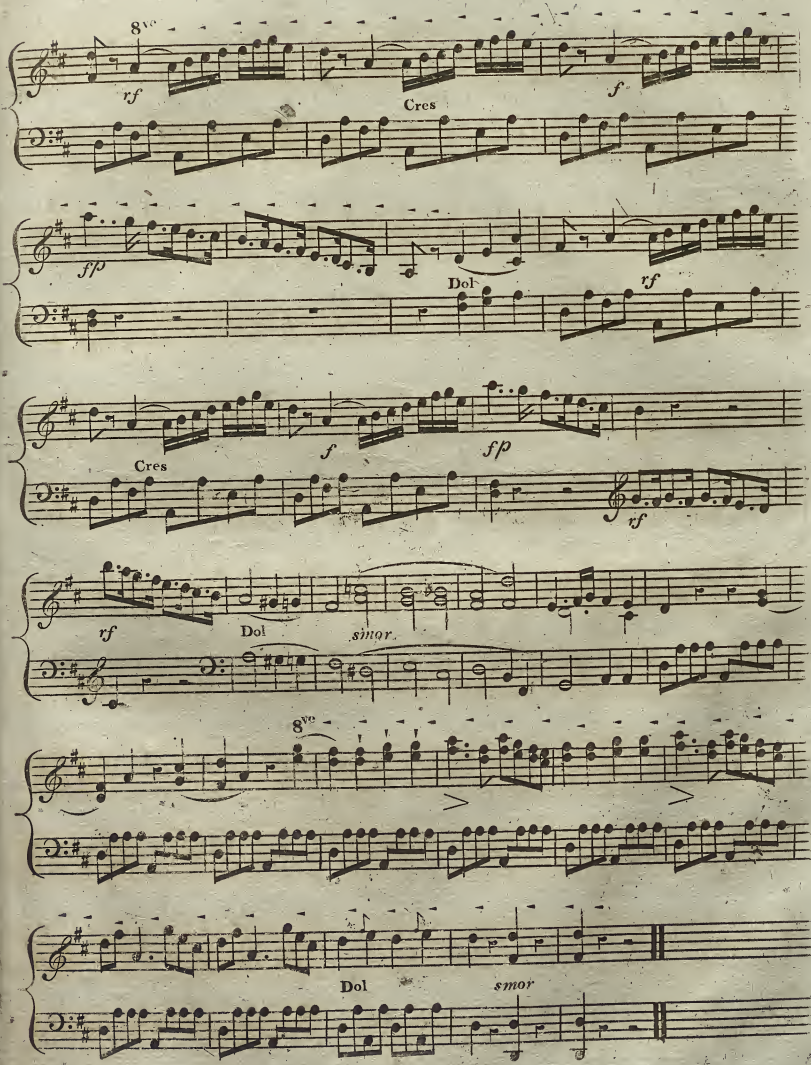
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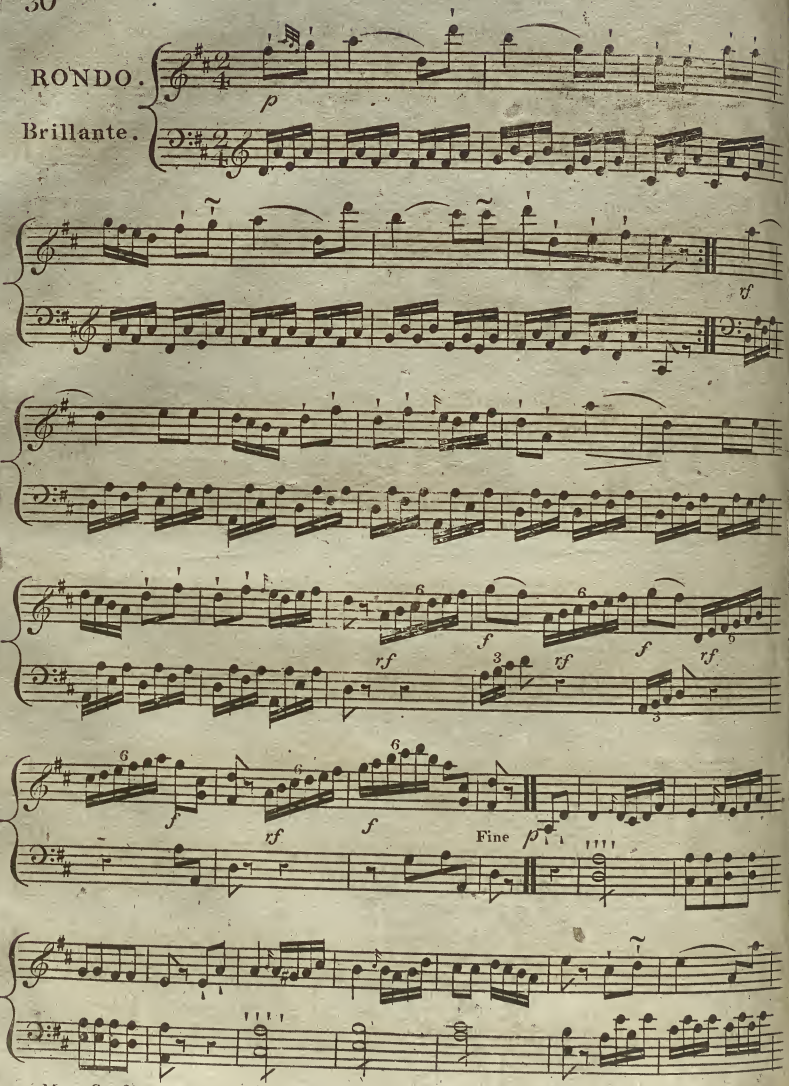
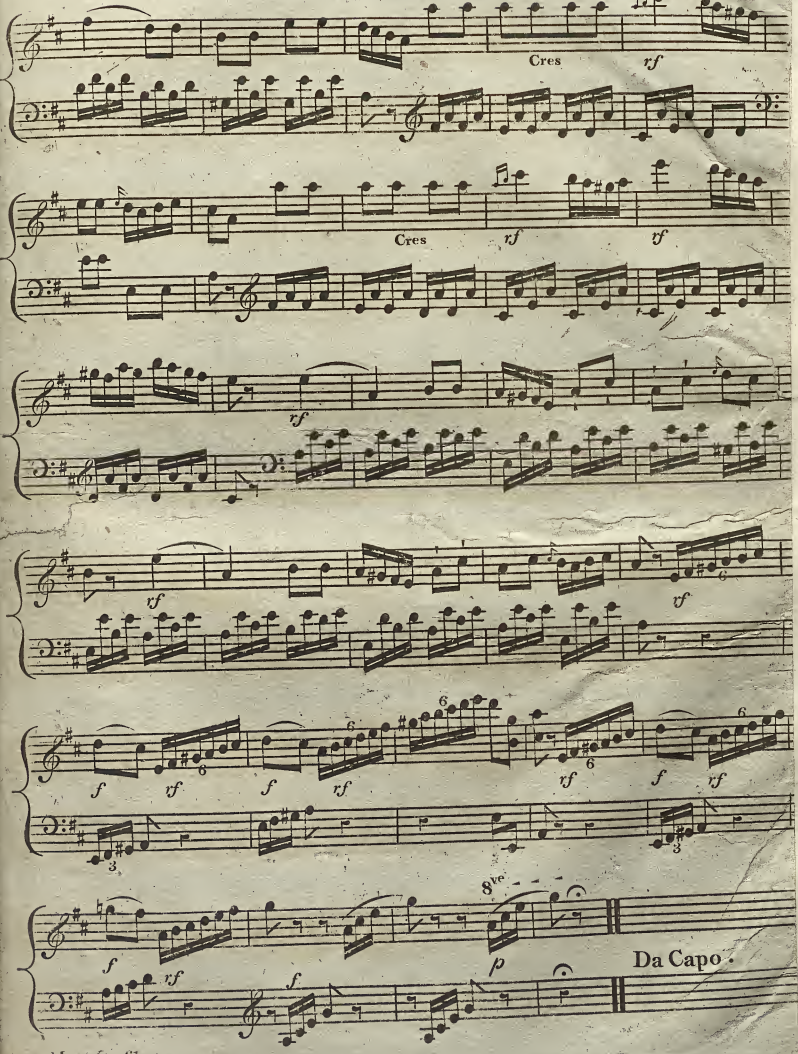
RONDO.

Brillante.

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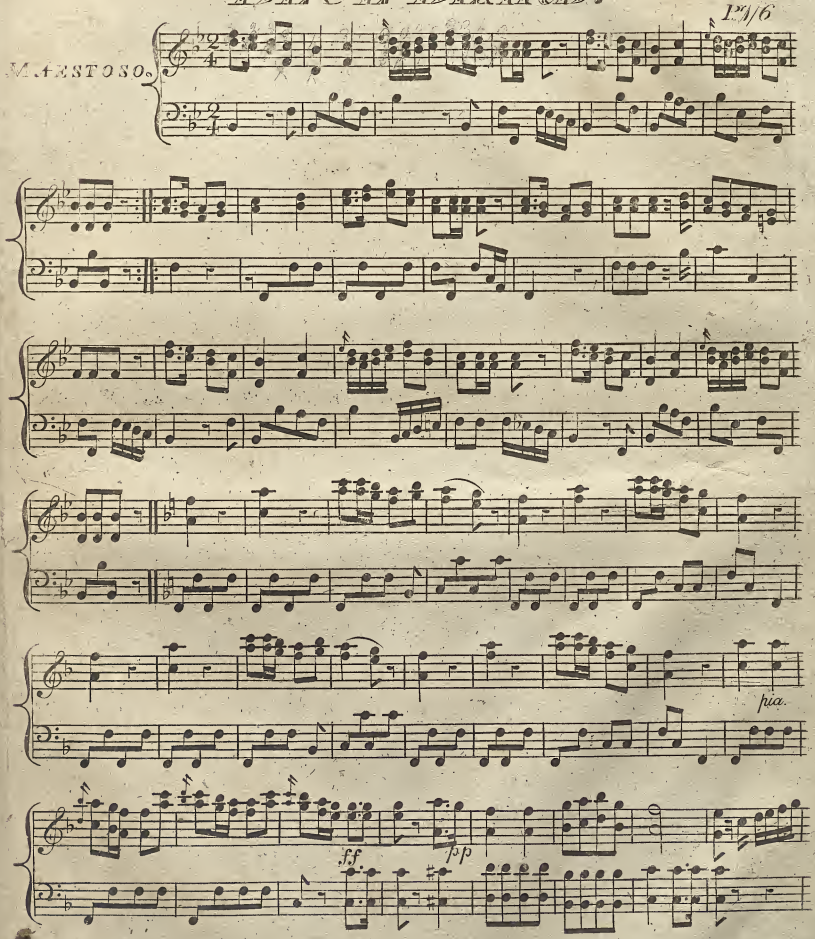
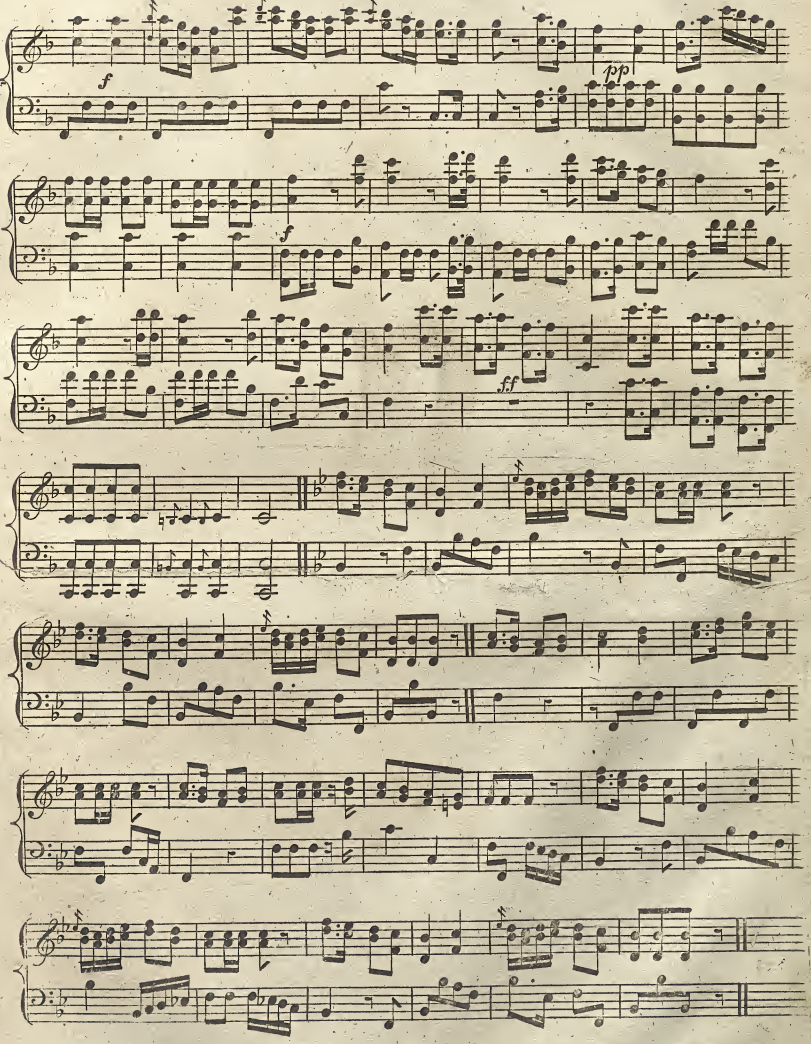
Da Capo.

The Grand March
in BLUE BEARD.

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124

THE SALAMANCA,

NEW WALTZ,

for the

PIANO FORTE,

Composed & Dedicated to

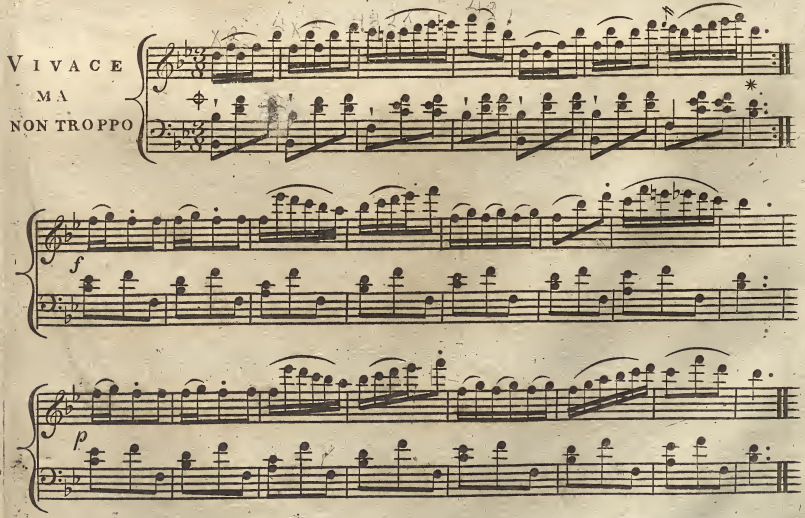
Miss Amelia Mayer,

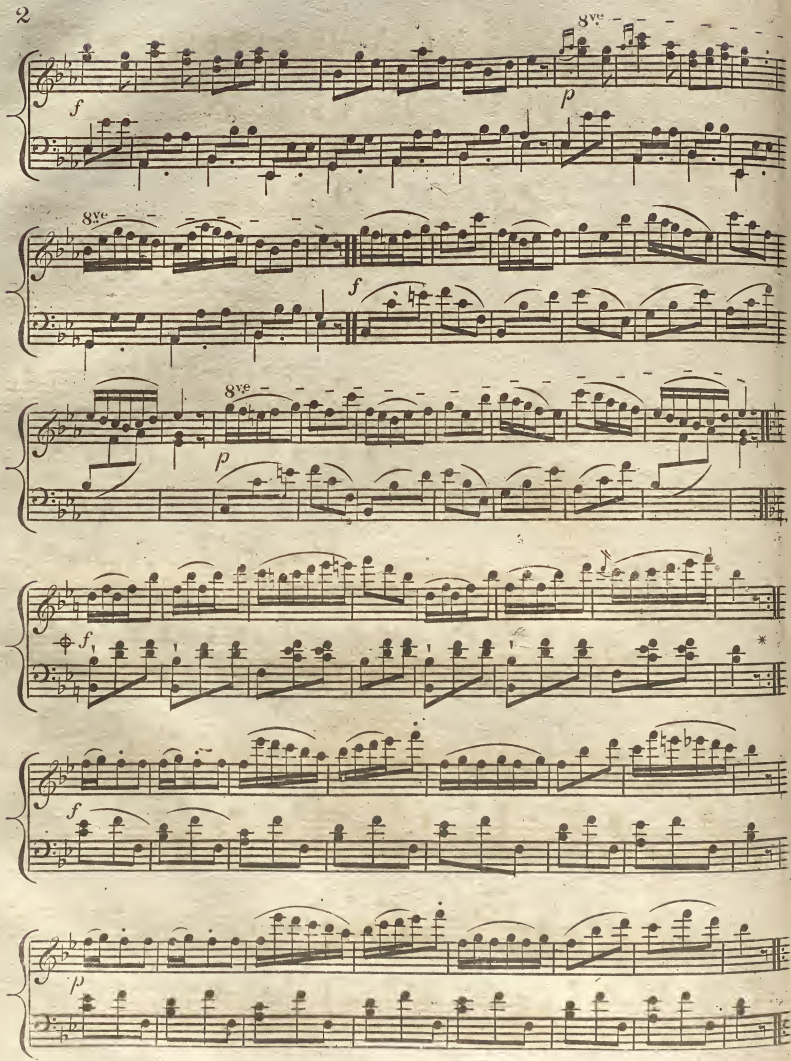
BY

Richd Sight.

Entd at Sta Hall. Price 1/6

London, Printed by Goulding, D'Almaine, Potter & Co
20, Soho Square & 7, Westmorland Street, Dublin.

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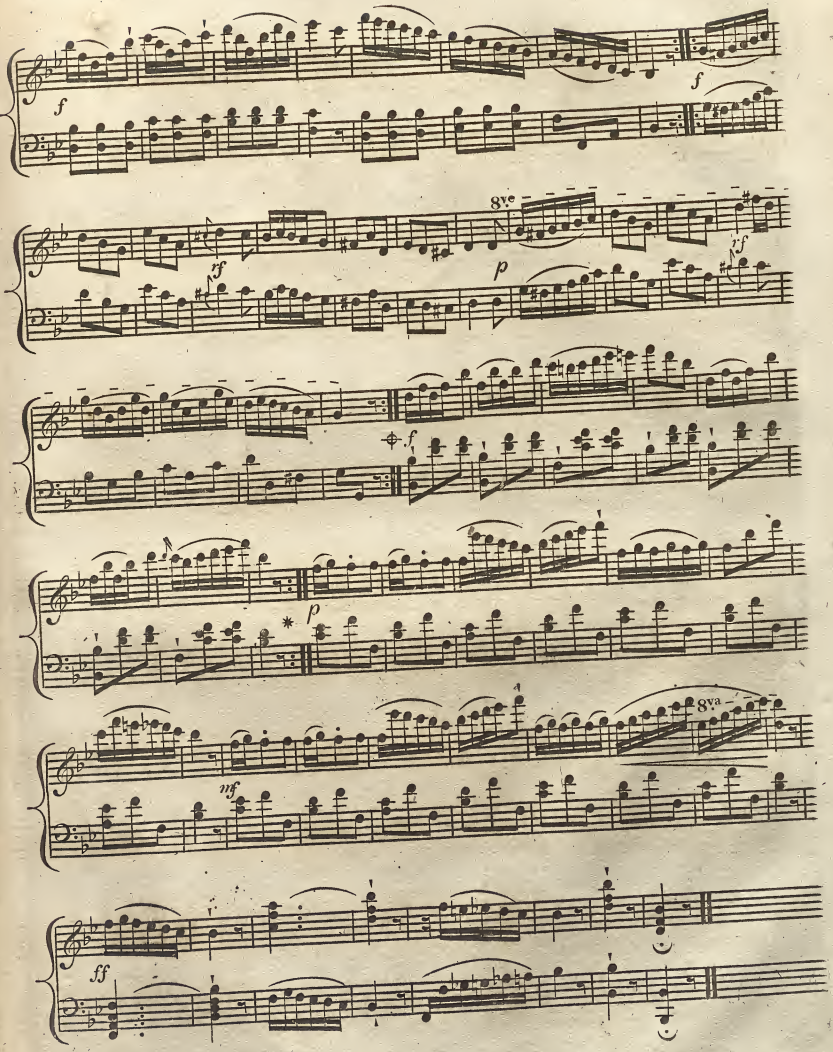
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The Favorite Dance

LOTS OF KISSES

as Danced at Carlton House

Arranged as a Rondo for the

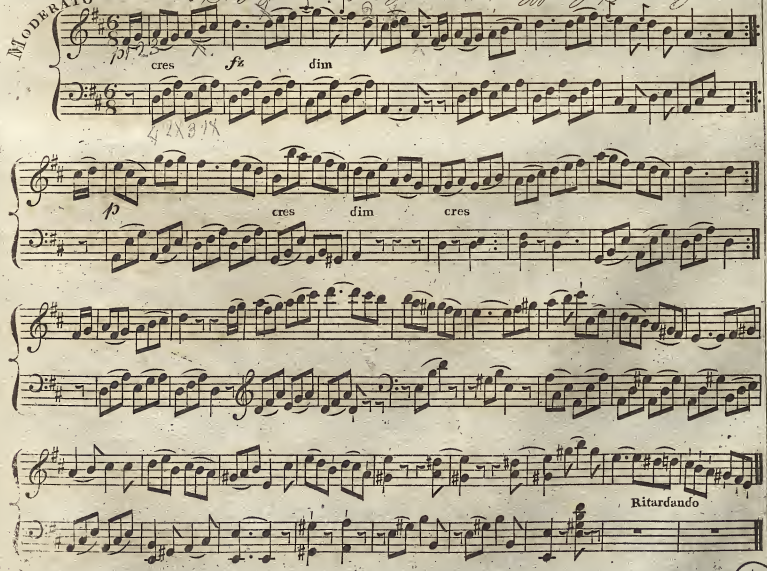
Piano Forte

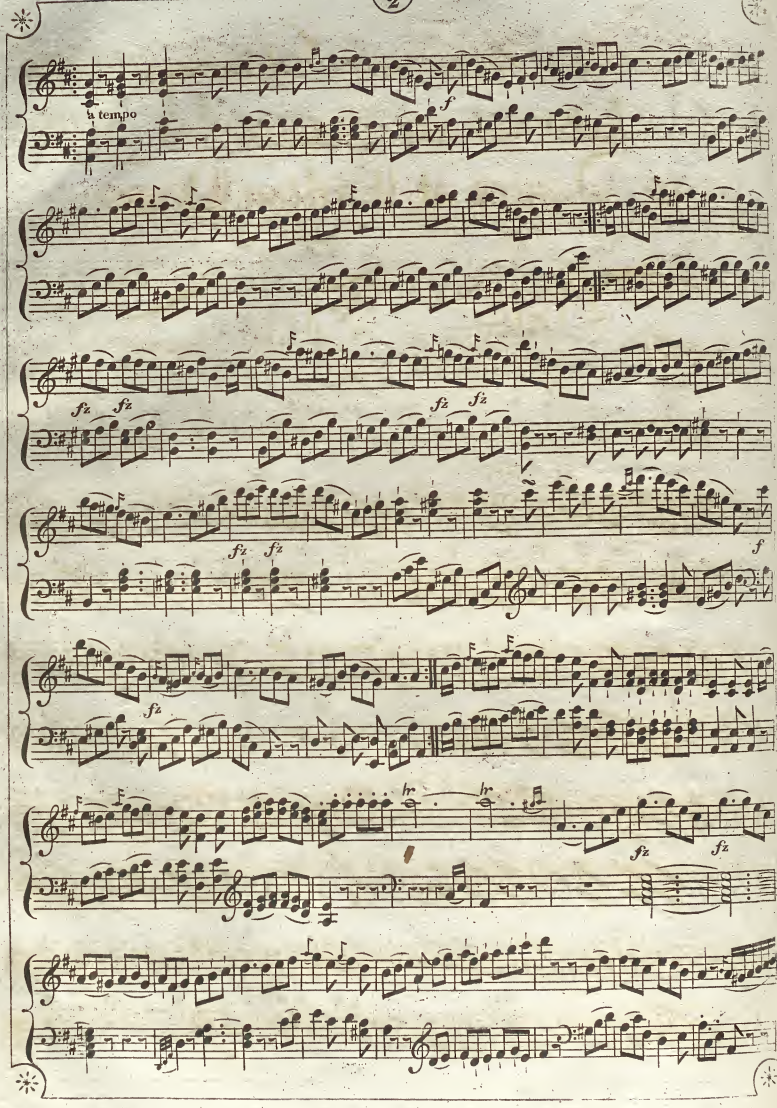
by L Jansen.

Ent Sta Hall

Price 1/6

London Printed by Chas Wigley 151 Strand adjoining Somerset House also by J Jauncey 4 Cross St. Islington

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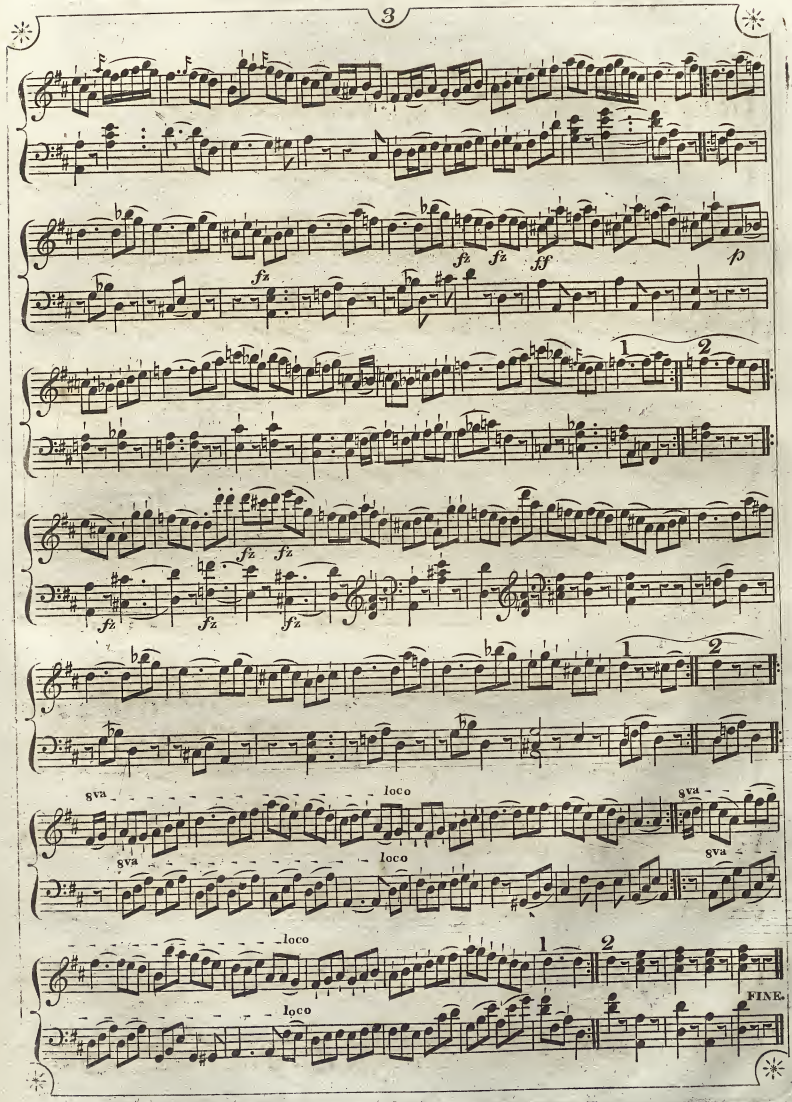
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FINE.

A ROMANCE,

with Variations,

for the

Harp,

Composed & Respectfully

Inscribed to

Miss Young,

BY

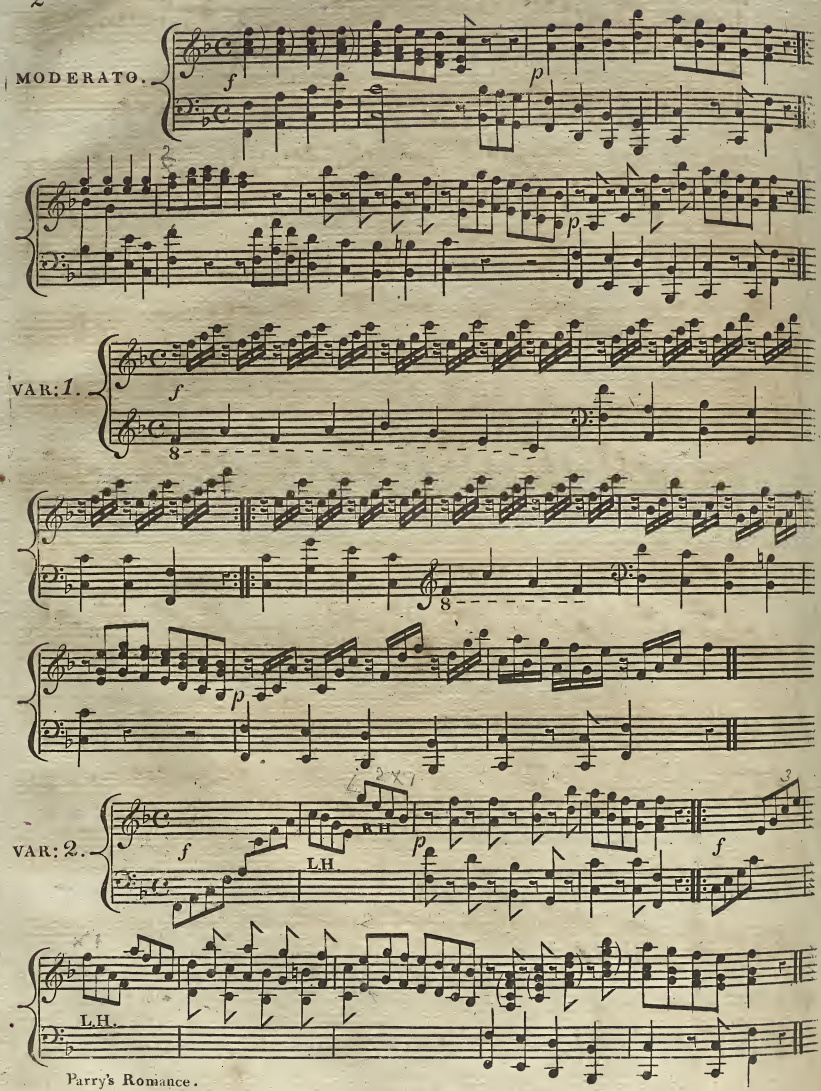
JOHN PARRY.

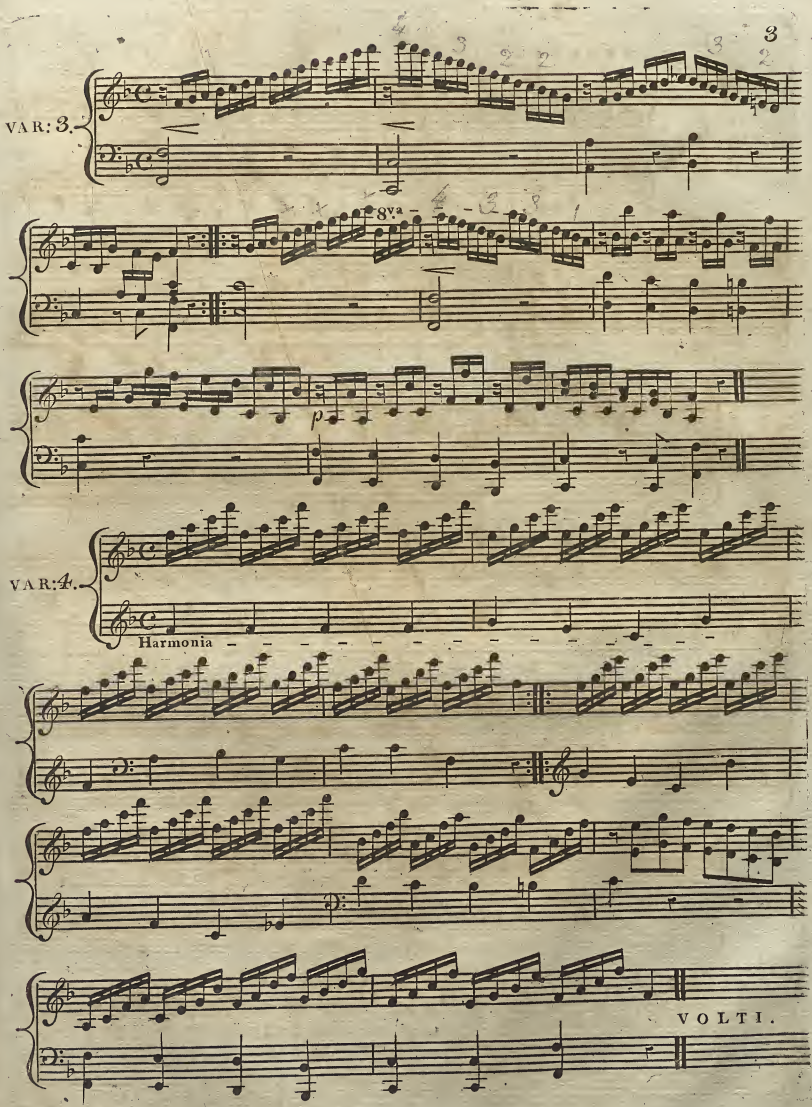
Ent.d at Sta.Hall. LONDON, *Price 1/6.*

Printed by Goulding, D'Almaine, Potter & Wood,

20, Soho Square & 7, Westmorland St. Dublin.

2





Parry's Romance.

MINORE

VAR: 5.

VAR: 6.

2d. Time Alta.

Ritard.o

Cres

FINE

Parry's Romance.

133

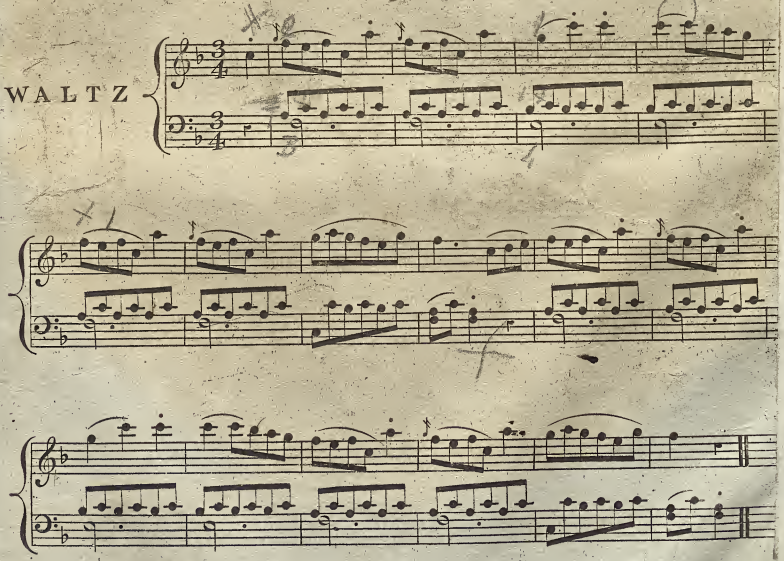
The Hartfield New Waltz for the Piano Forte

BY

J. B. CRAMER.

Entered at Stat. Hall. Price 1/6.

London, Printed & Sold by Chappell & Co. Music & Musical Instrument Sellers, 124 New Bond Street.



V.S.

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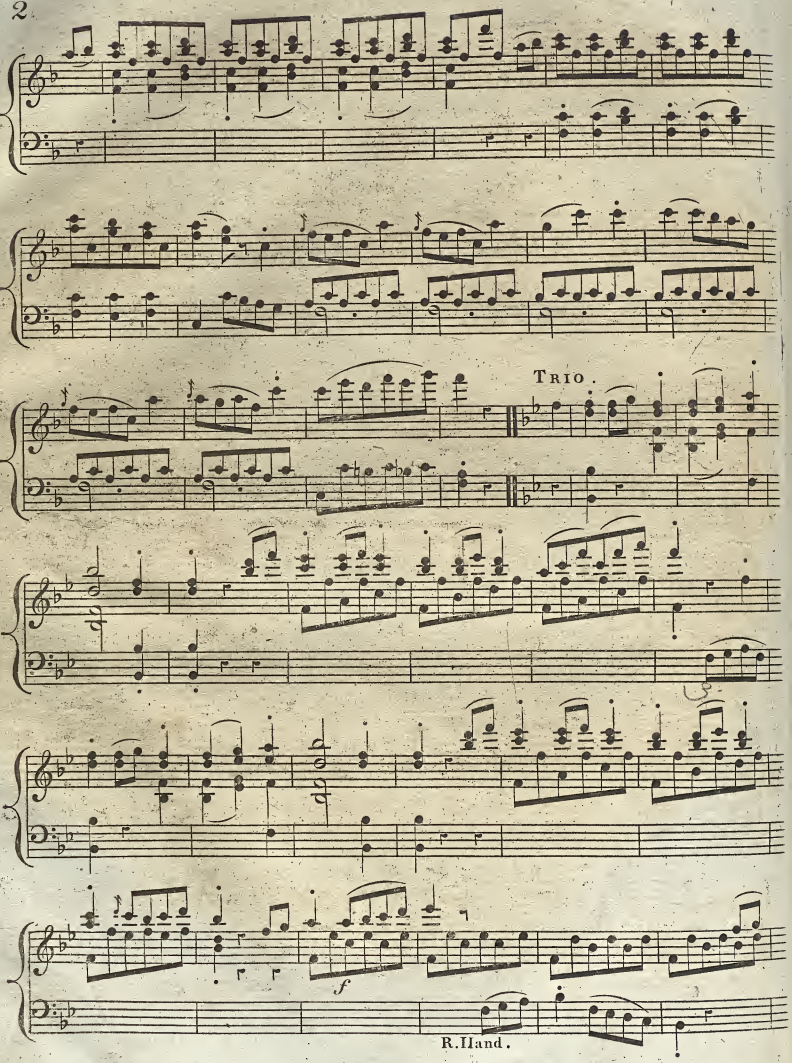
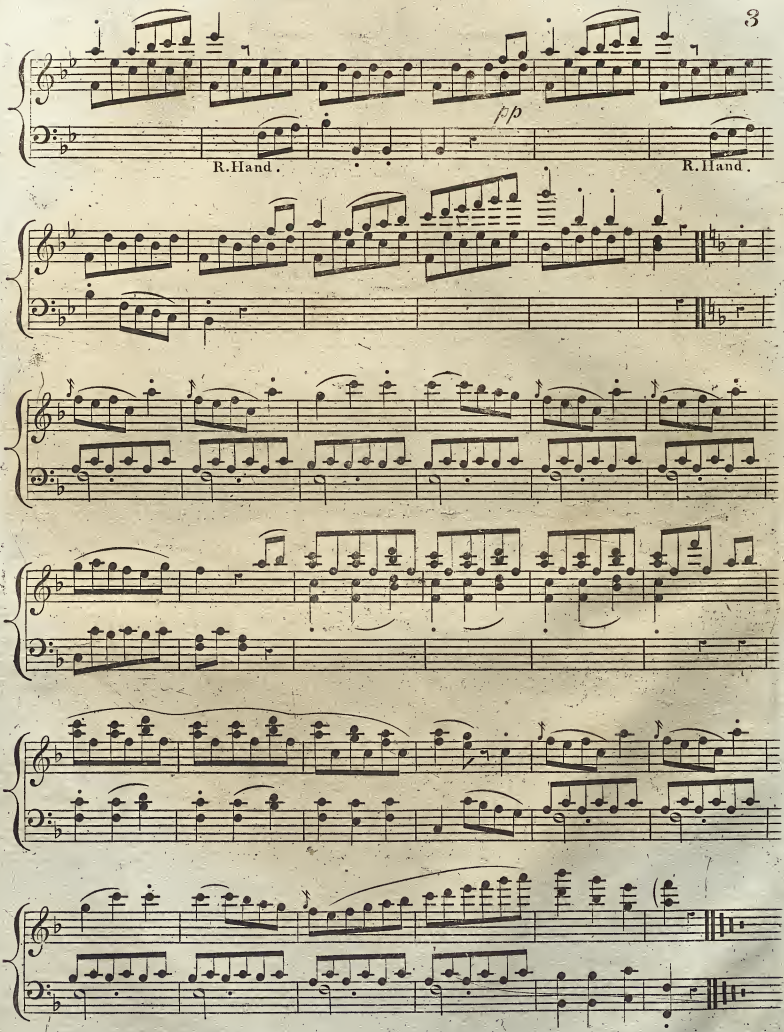



fp
R.Hand.
R.Hand.

136

SPANISH MARCH,

Composed

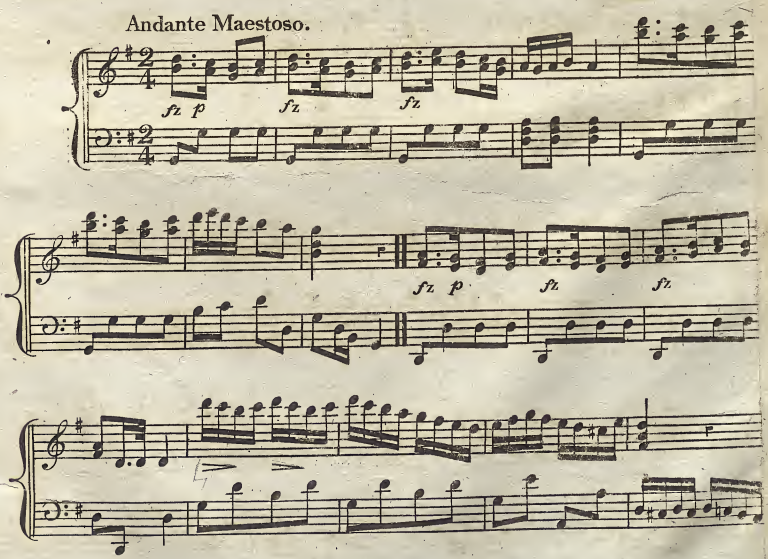
for the

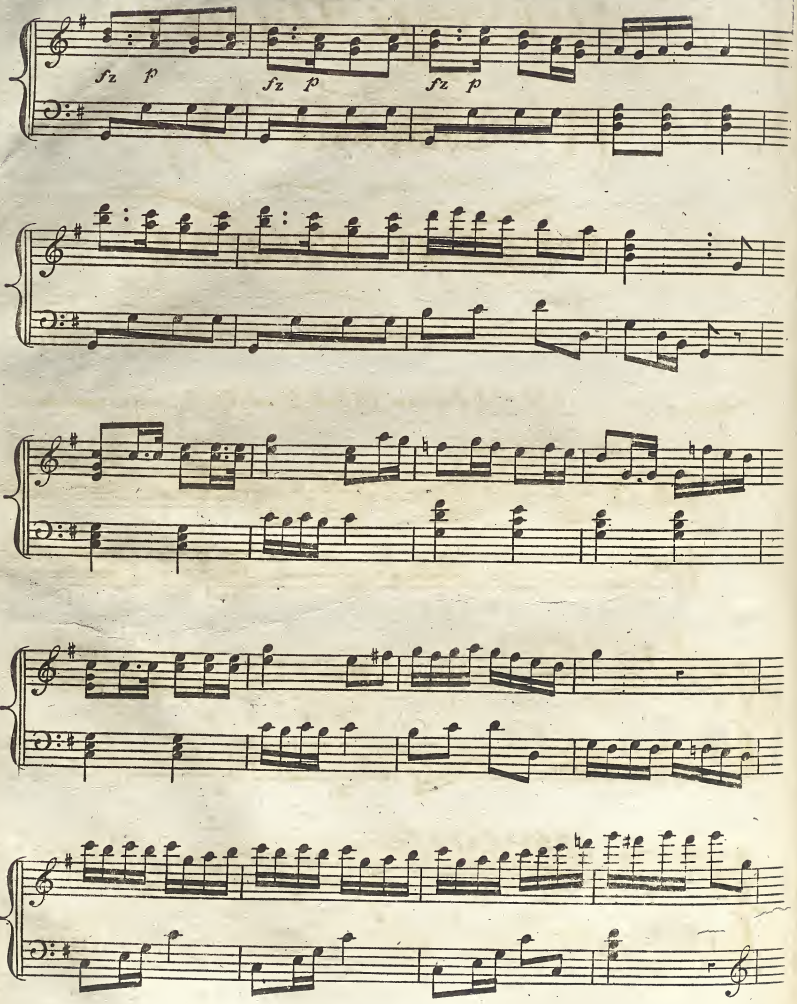
PIANO FORTE.

Pr 1/6

Printed for J. RELFE. *Sold by L. Lavenu, 26, New Bond Street.* & all other Music Shops.

Andante Maestoso.

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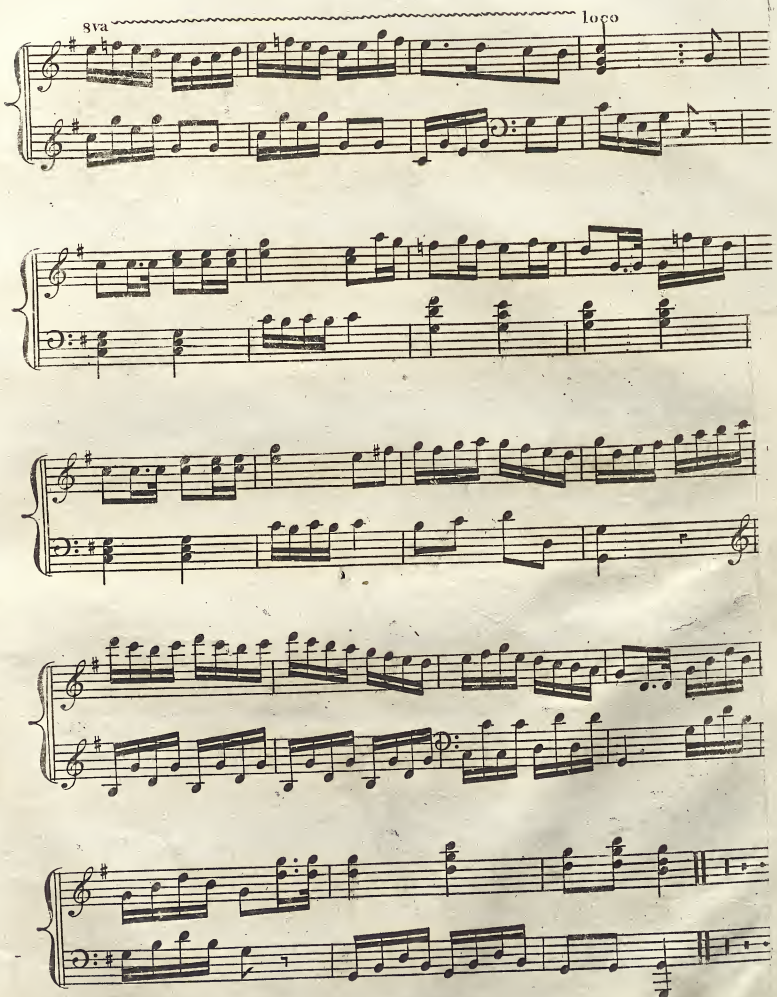

8va
loco

137

The much admired Sicilian Dance,

Arranged as a

ROND O

for the

Piano Forte

by

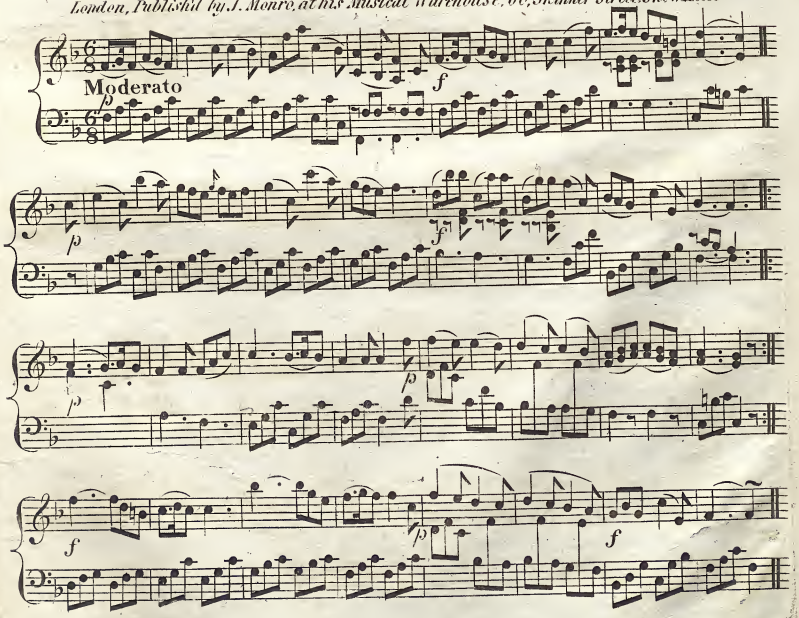
J. ROSS.

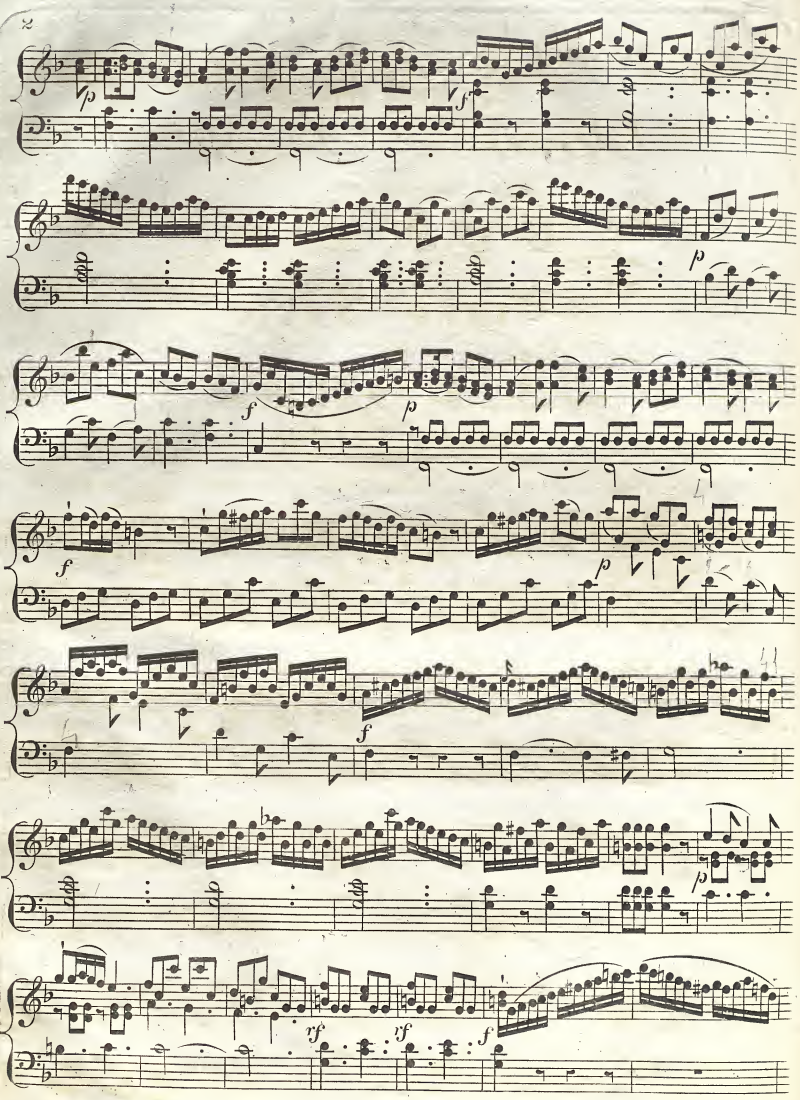
Organist of St. PAUL'S, Aberdeen.

Price 1/6.

Bnd Sta. Hall.

London, Publishd by J. Monro, at his Musical Warehouse, 60, Skinner Street, Snow Hill.

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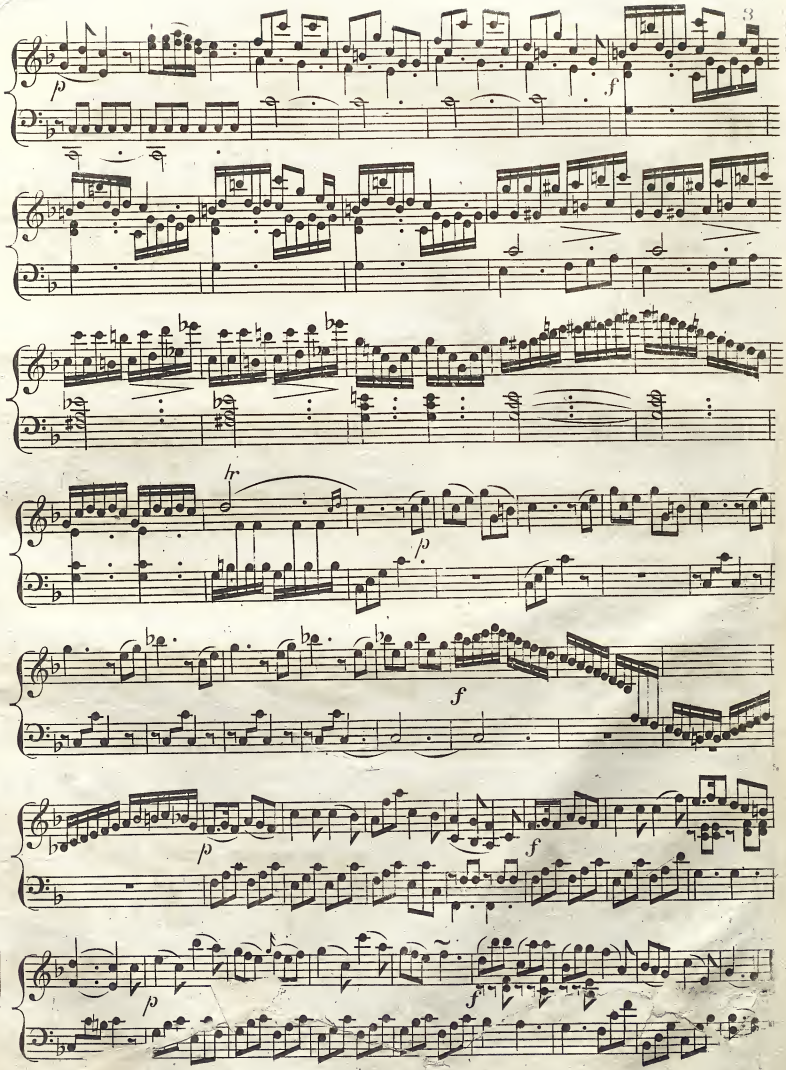
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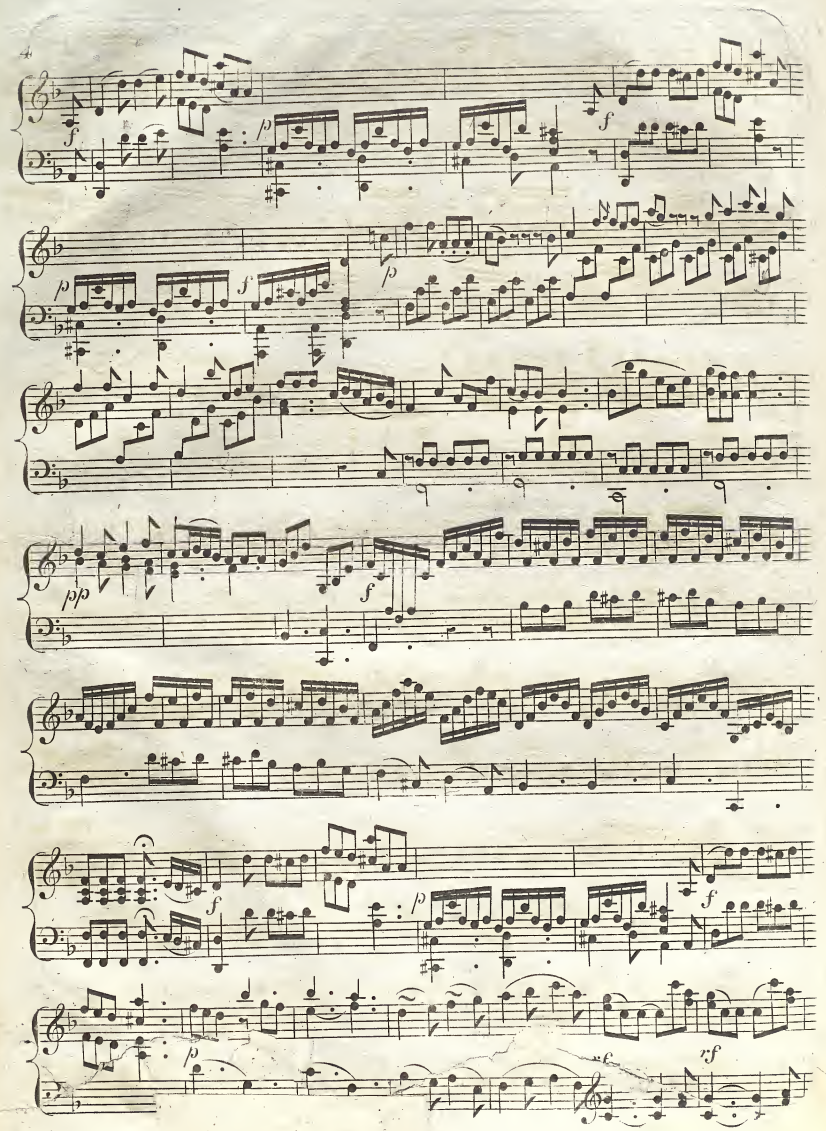
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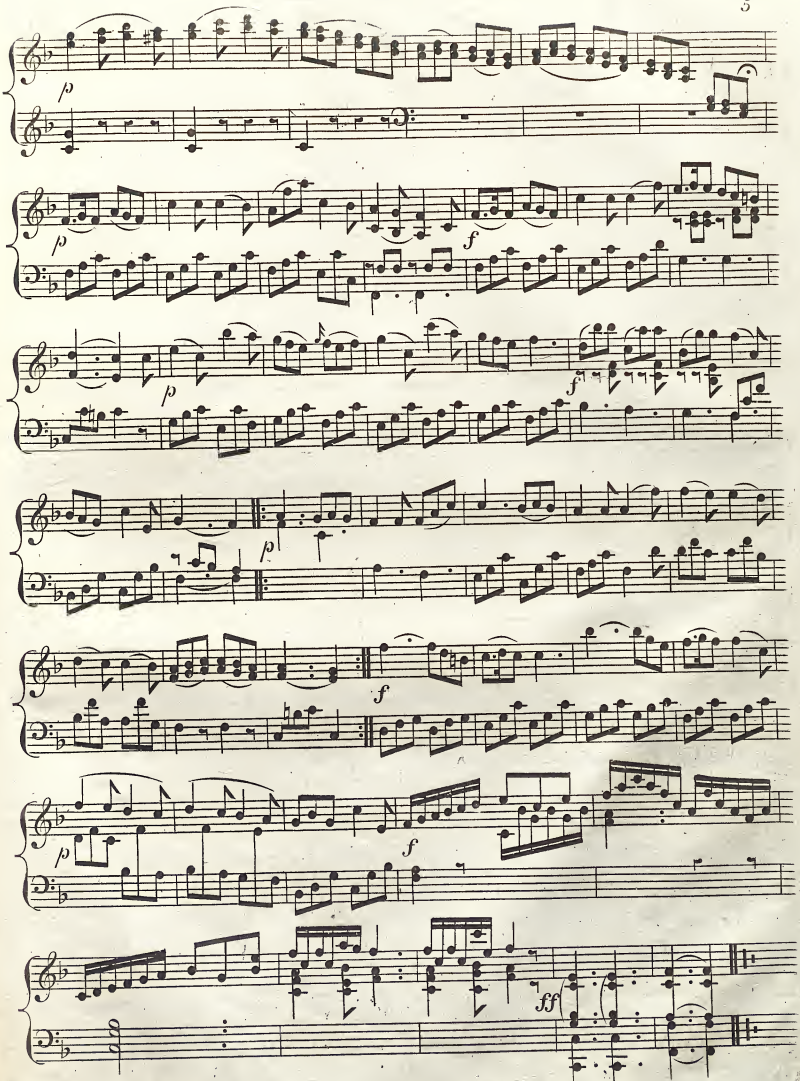
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130

Song on PEACE,

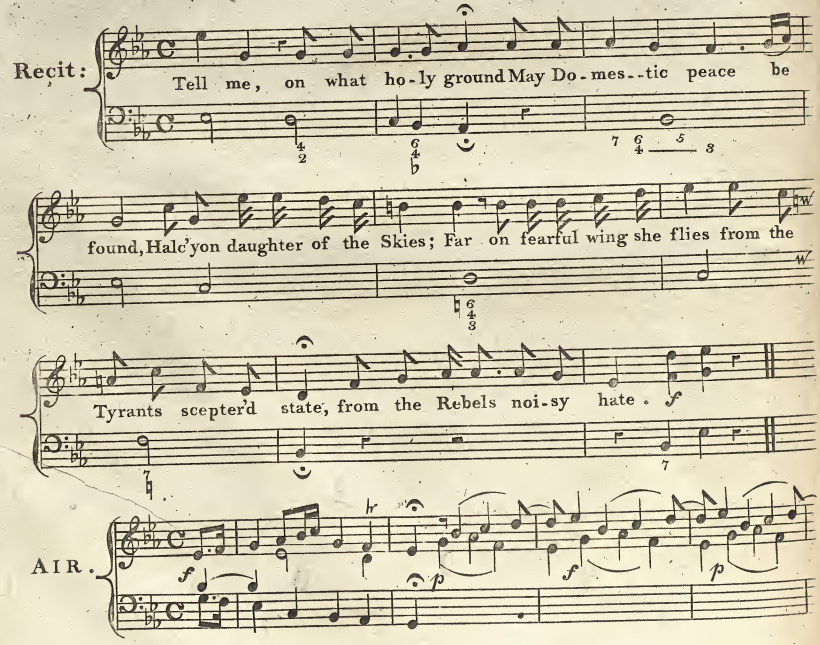
Set to Music by

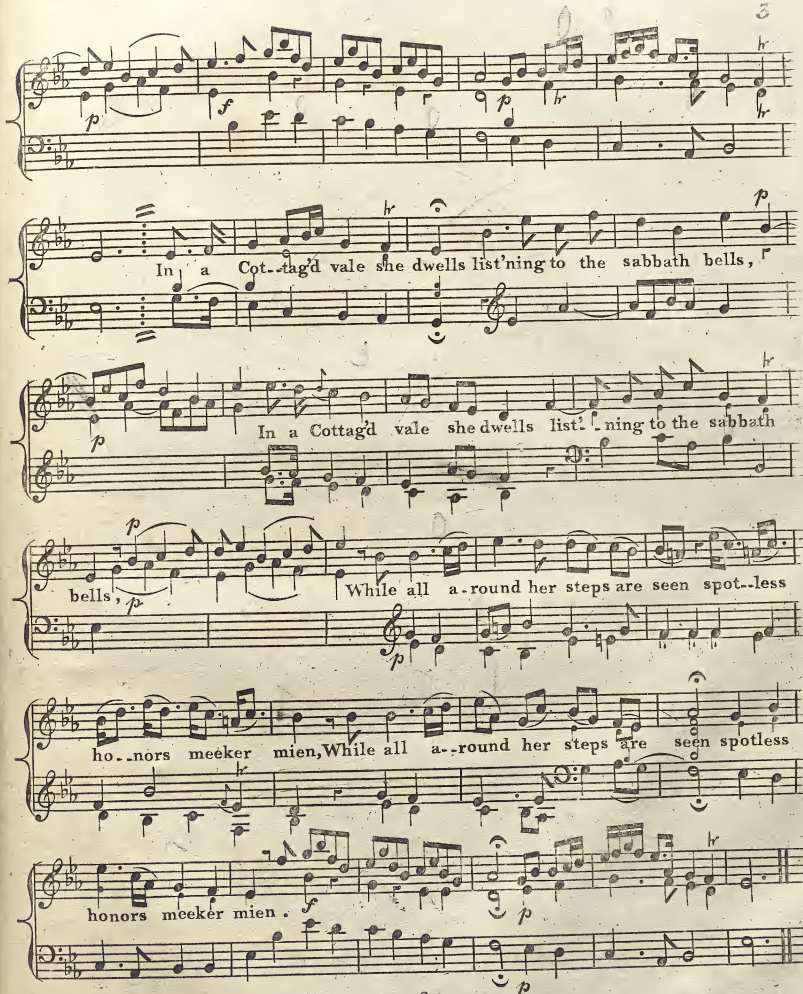
W. Carnaby.

Organist of Huntingdon, Late of His Majesty's Chapel Royal.

Ent. Stat. Hall. Pr. 1/-

London, Printed & Sold by Chappell & Co. 50, New Bond Street.





2.

Love the Sire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow smiling thro' her tears;
And mindful of the past employ,
Mem'ry; bosom spring of joy.

139

Waters of Elle

Song from

Glenarvon,

with

SYMPHONIES,

and an Accompaniment for the

Harp or Piano Forte,

By

G. KIALLMARK.

Ent at Sta. Hall

Price 2/-

London

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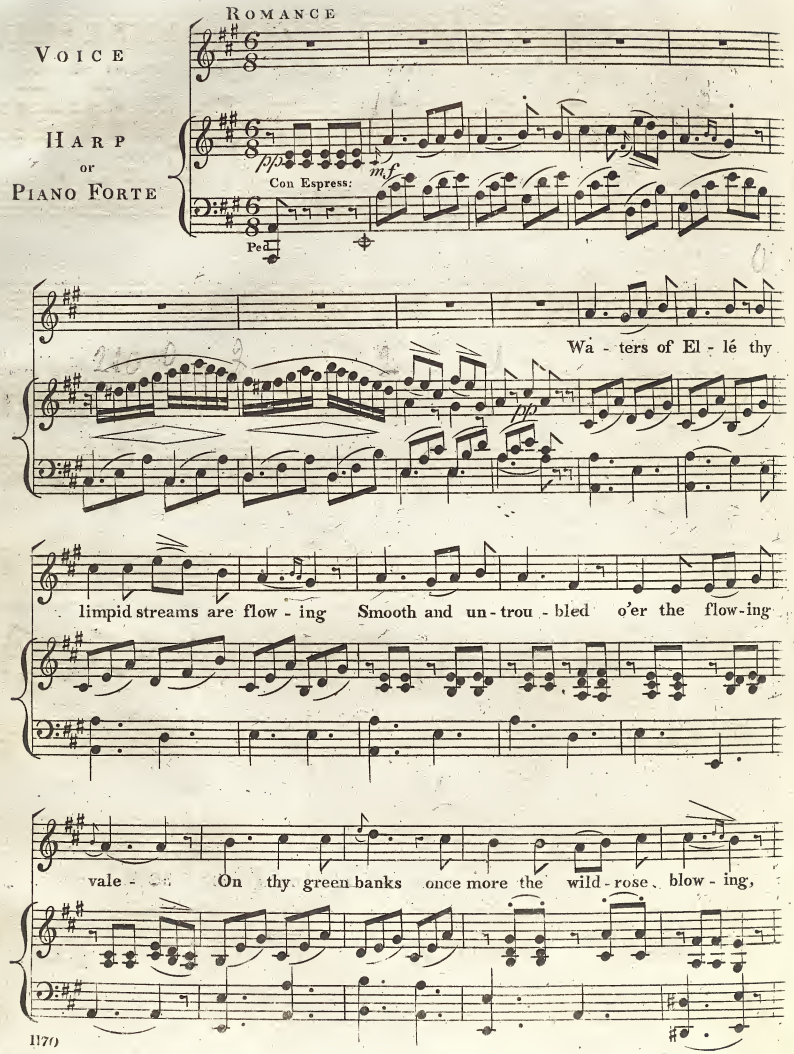
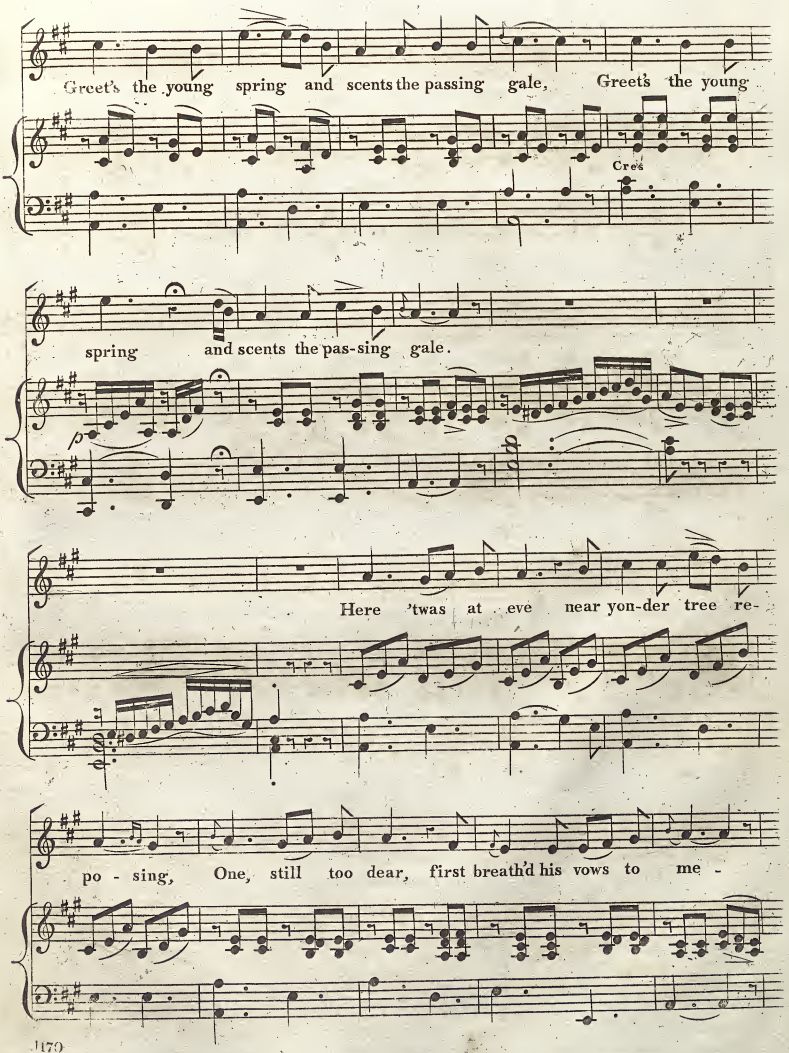
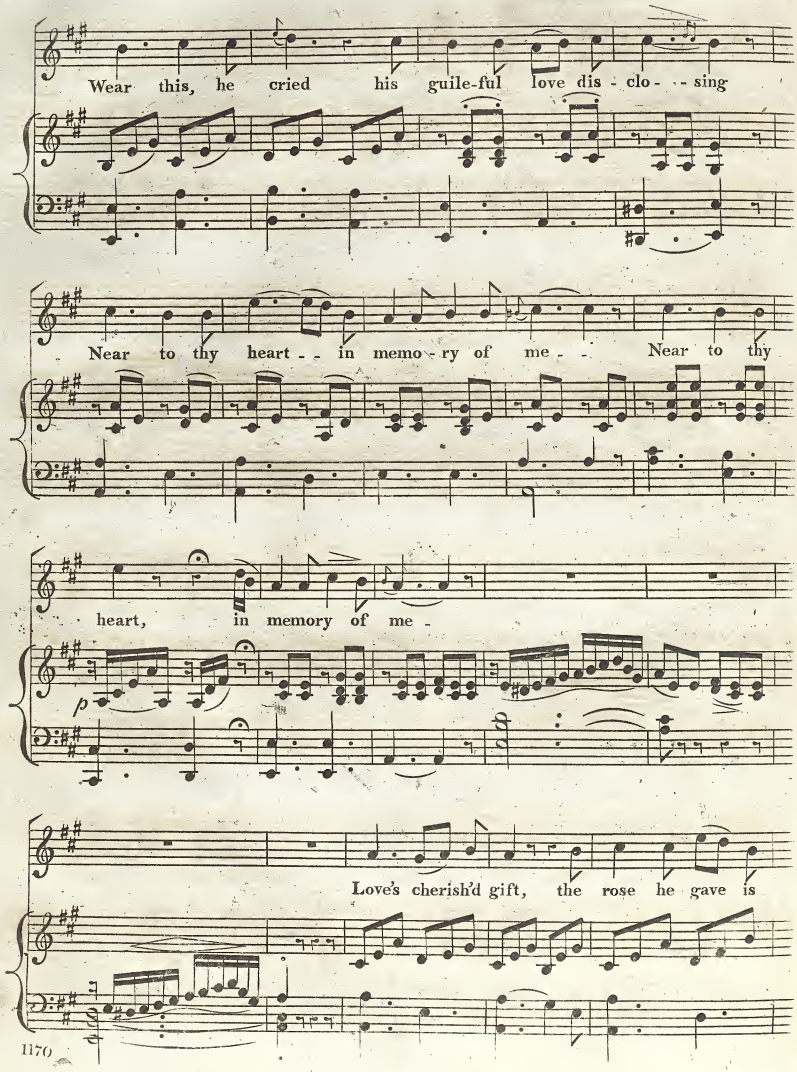
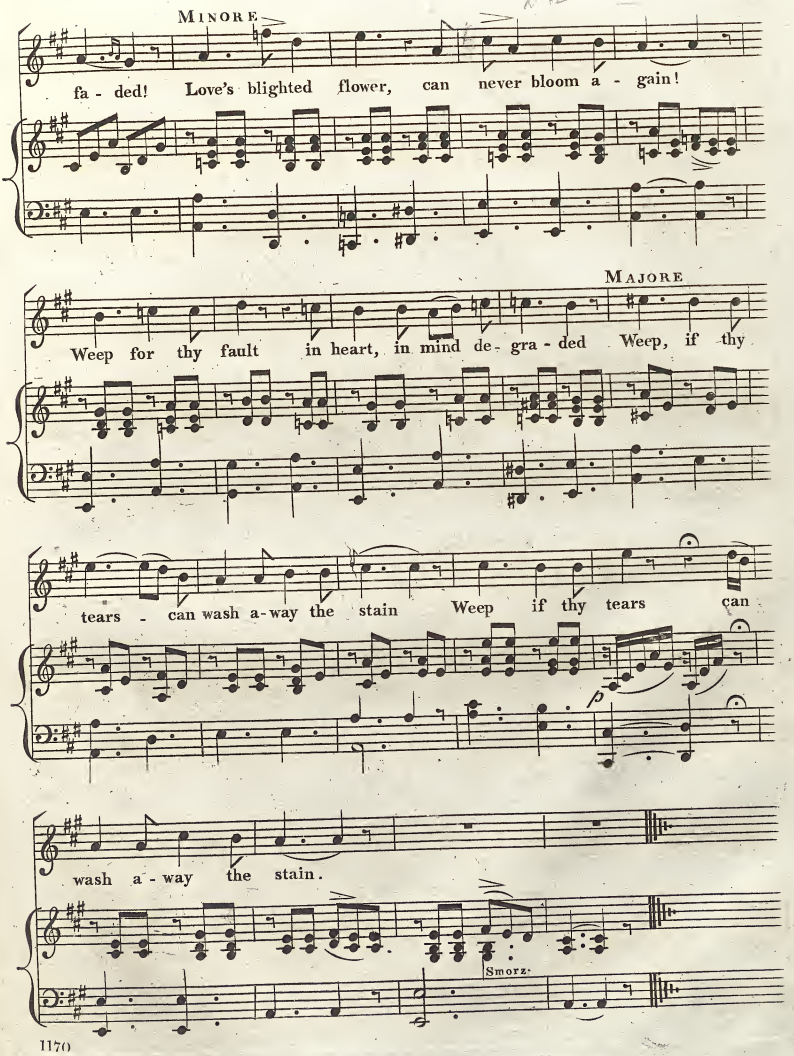

ROMANCE
VOICE
HARP
or
PIANO FORTE
pp
mf
Con Espress:
Ped
Wa - ters of El - lé thy
pp
limpid streams are flow - ing Smooth and un - trou - bled o'er the flow-ing
vale - On thy green banks once more the wild - rose blow - ing,


Greet's the young spring and scents the passing gale, Greets the young
Cres
spring and scents the pas-sing gale.
Here 'twas at eve near yon-der tree re-
po - sing, One, still too dear, first breath'd his vows to me -


Wear this, he cried his guile-ful love dis - clo - - sing
Near to thy heart - - in memo - ry of me - - Near to thy
heart, in memory of me -
p
Love's cherish'd gift, the rose he gave is


MINORE
fa - ded! Love's blighted flower, can never bloom a - gain!
MAJORE
Weep for thy fault in heart, in mind de - gra - ded Weep, if thy
tears - can wash a-way the stain Weep if thy tears can
wash a - way the stain.
Smorz.

140
1.

Di piacer mi balza il cor.

CAVATINA.

Composed by Rossini

Arranged for the

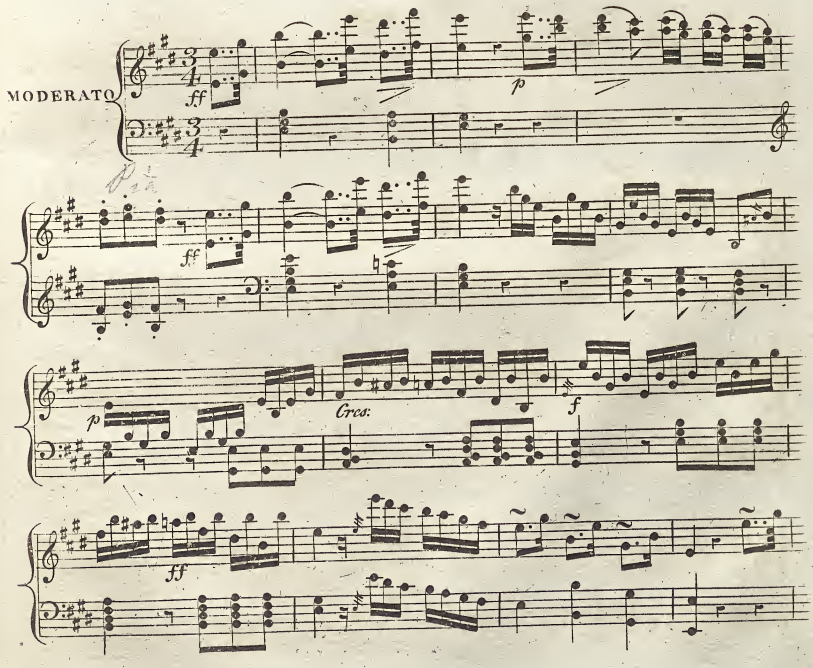
PIANO FORTE,

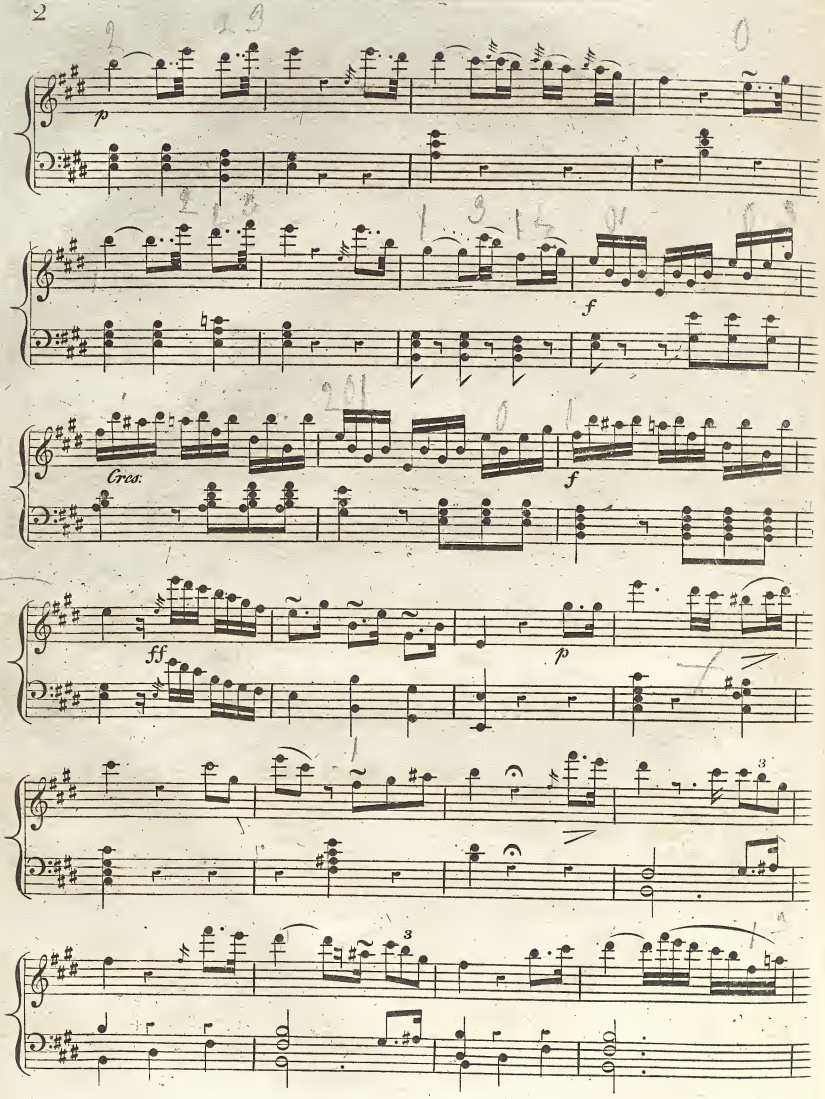
By

Signor B. Grassi.

Ent.d at Sta. Hall. Price 2.s

London Printed & Sold by R.t Birchall 140 New Bond Street.

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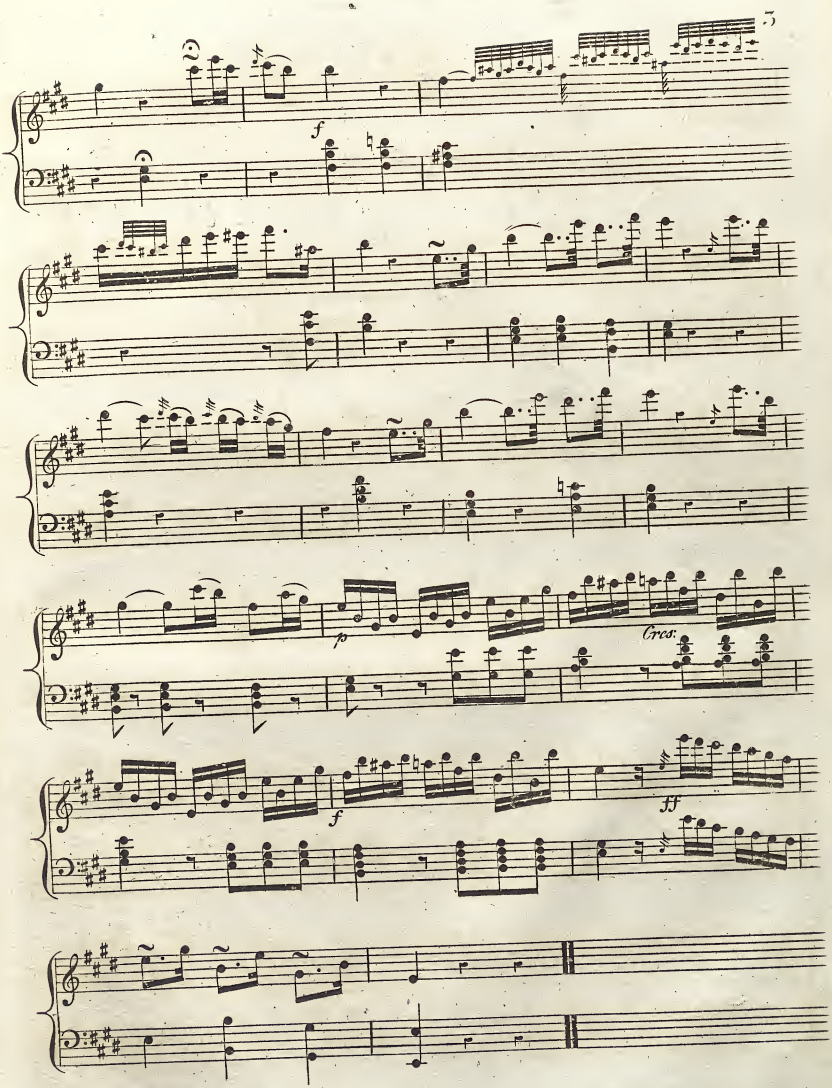
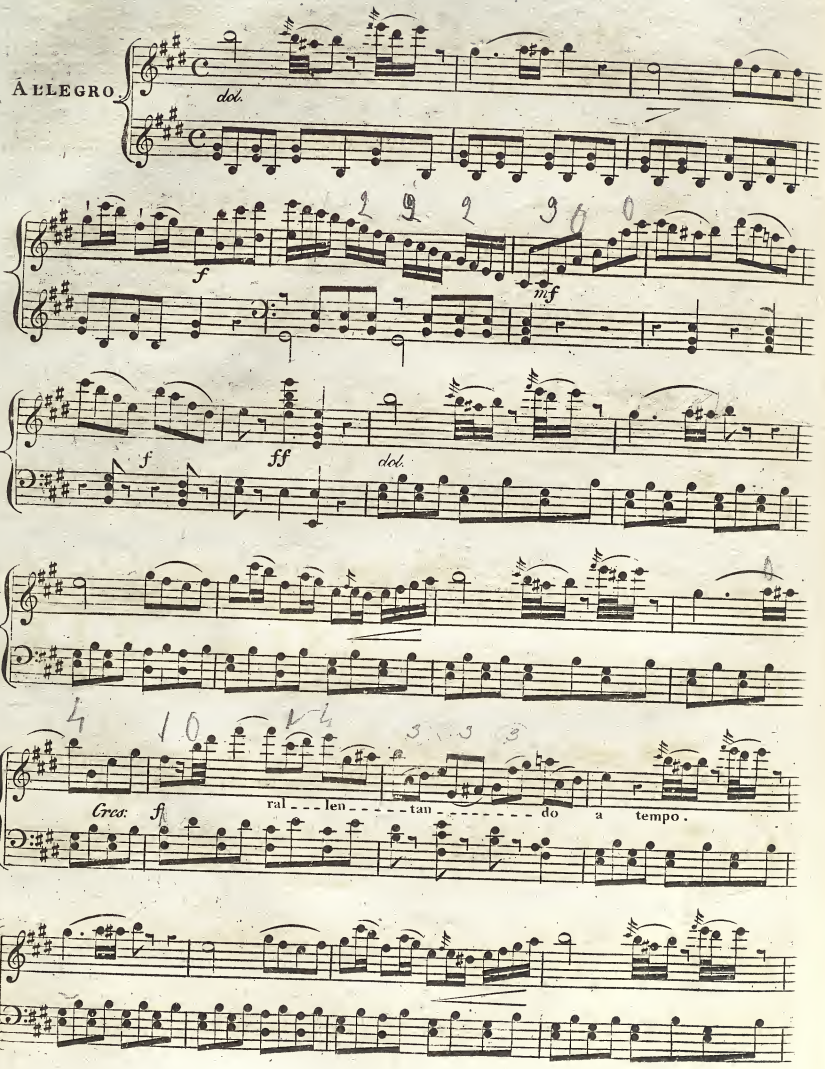


Di piacer P. F.



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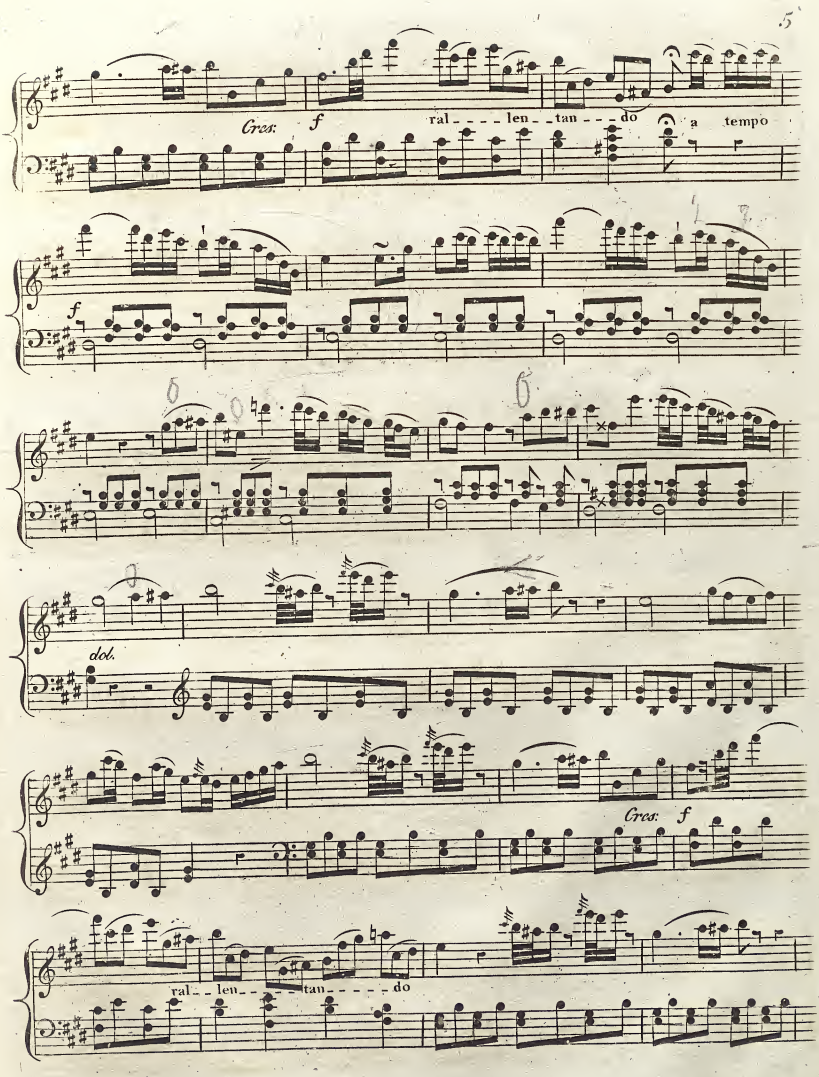
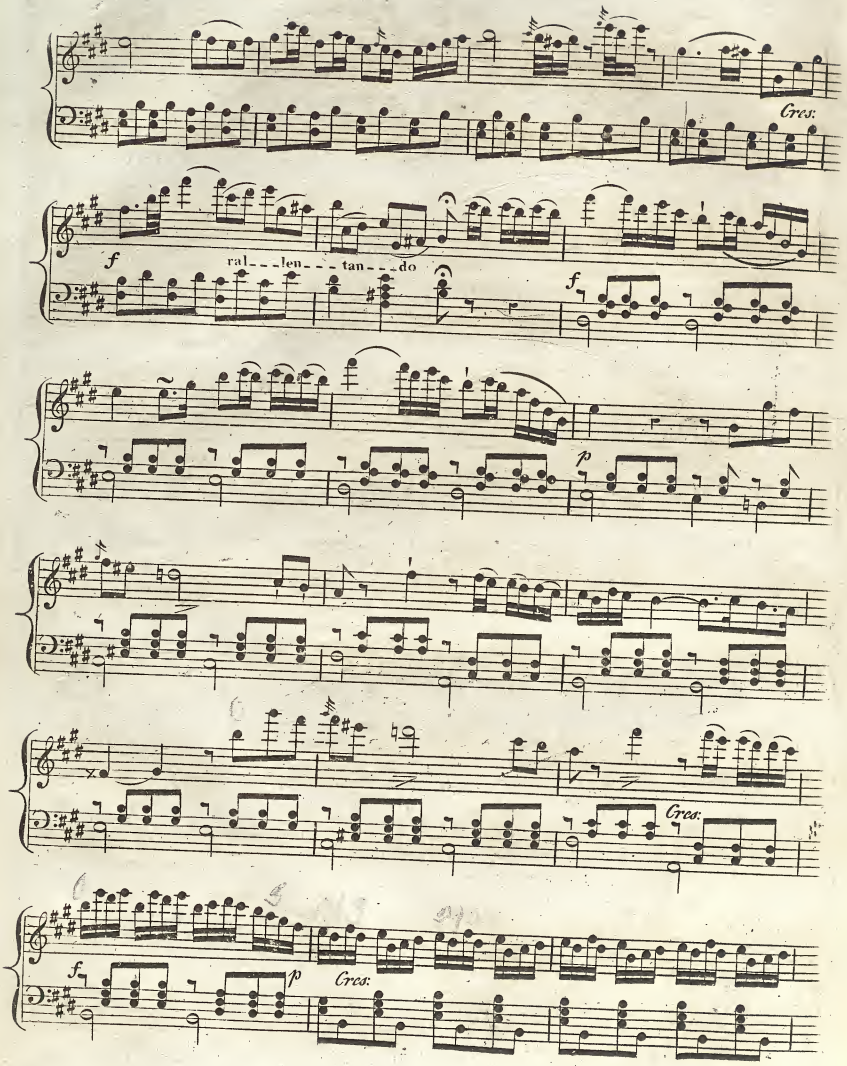


Di piacer **P.F.**



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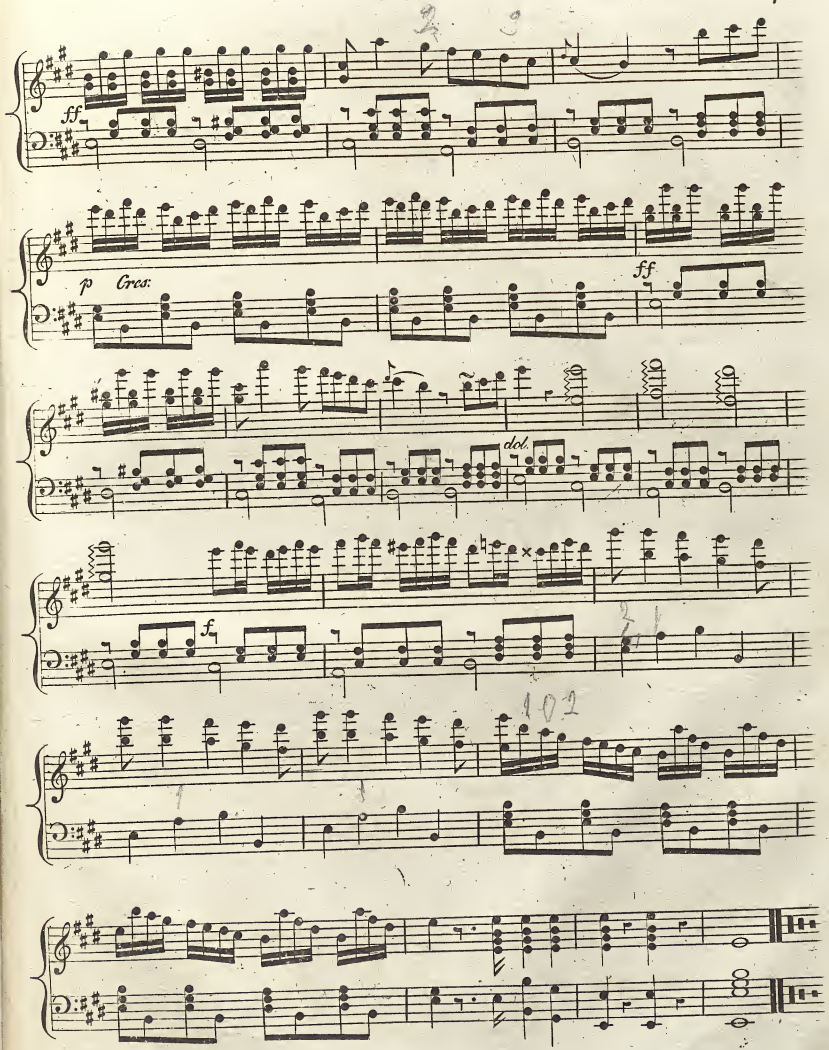


Di piacer P. F.

La Colombe Retrouvée

AN AIR FOR THE

Piano Forte

Composed & dedicated to

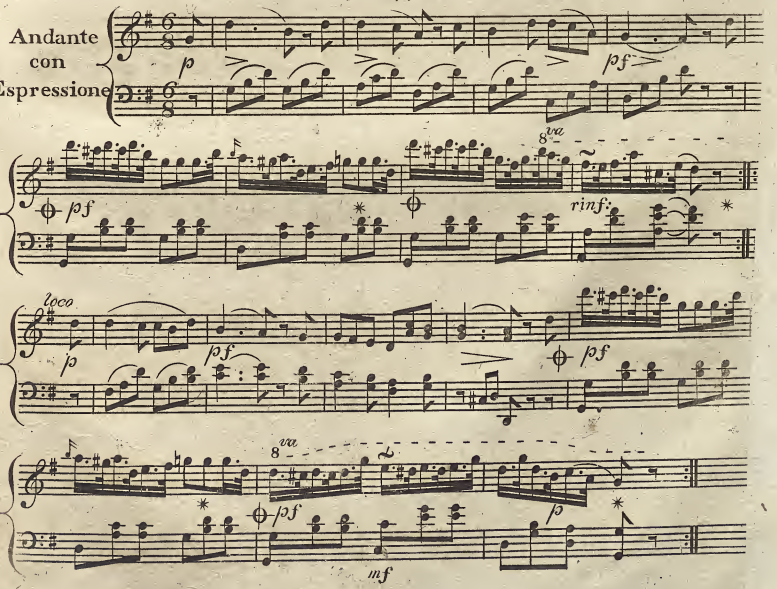
Miss C. H.

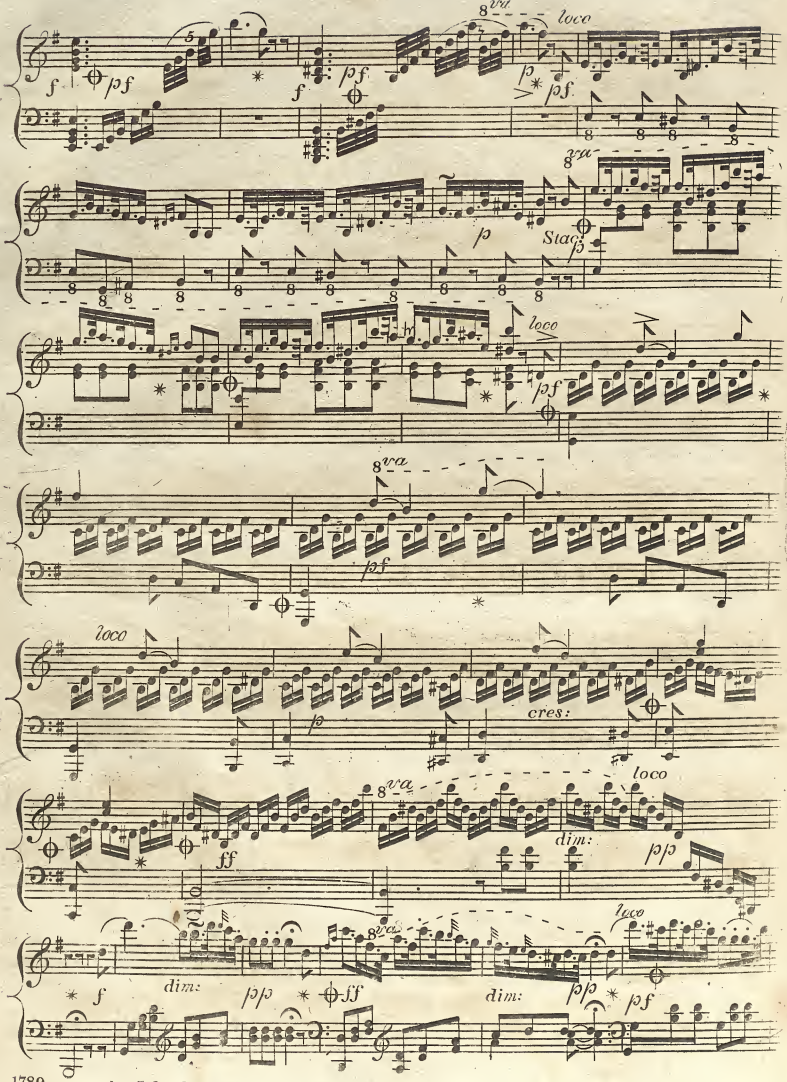
By

LOUIS VON ESCH.

Ent.at Stat. Hall. Price 1/6

London, Printed & Sold by Chappell & Co. 50, New Bond St.

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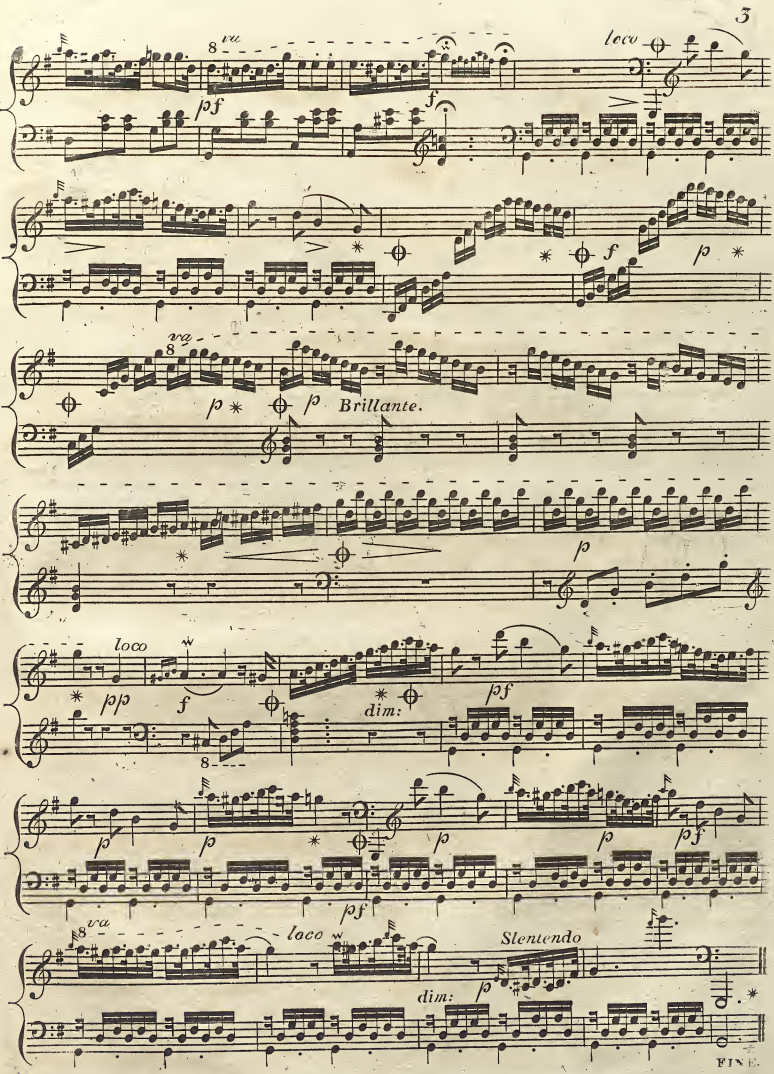
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FINE.

142

1

THE HUNTERS GLEE,

FROM

DER FREISCHUTZ,

arranged for the

Piano Forte,

BY

L. ZERBINI.

The Words by Sidney Waller.

Price 1s/6.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

London Printed by W & S Wybrow, 24 Rathbone Place

MODERATO.

p *f*

Through the Forest we roam, to hunt out the wild Boar, The Huntsman's bold joys when the

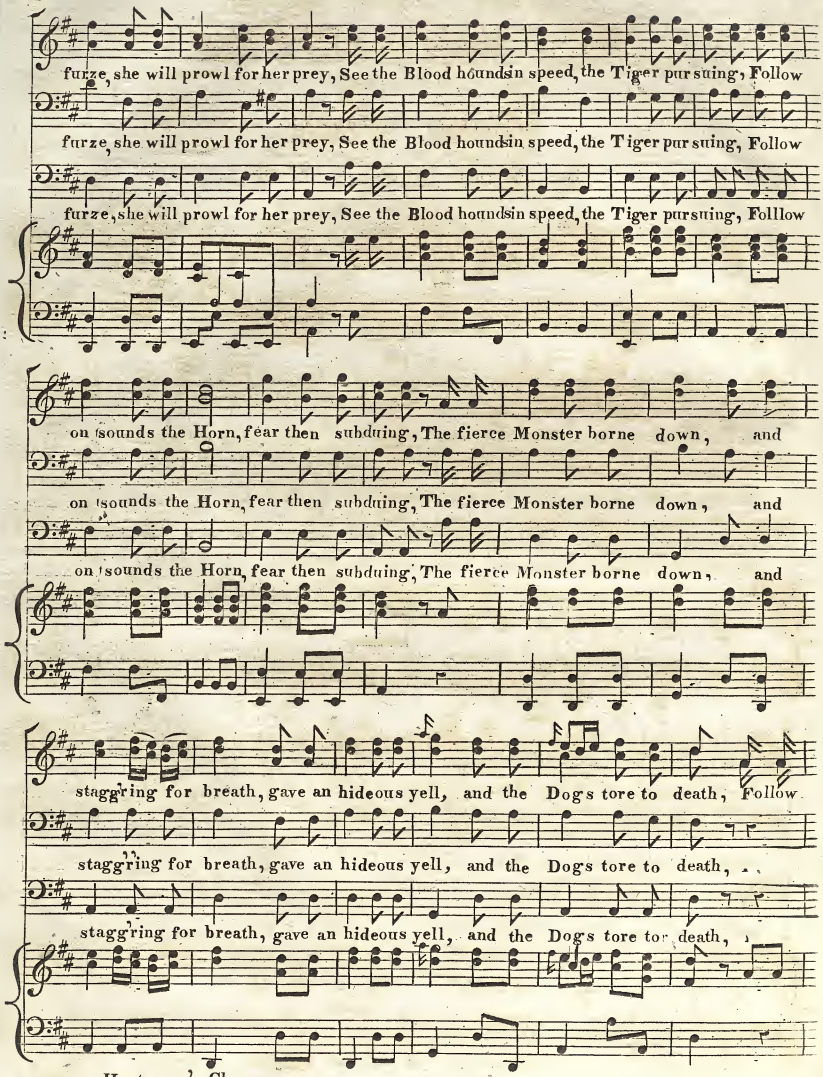
Through the Forest we roam, to hunt out the wild Boar, The Huntsman's bold joys when the

Through the Forest we roam, to hunt out the wild Boar, The Huntsman's bold joys when the

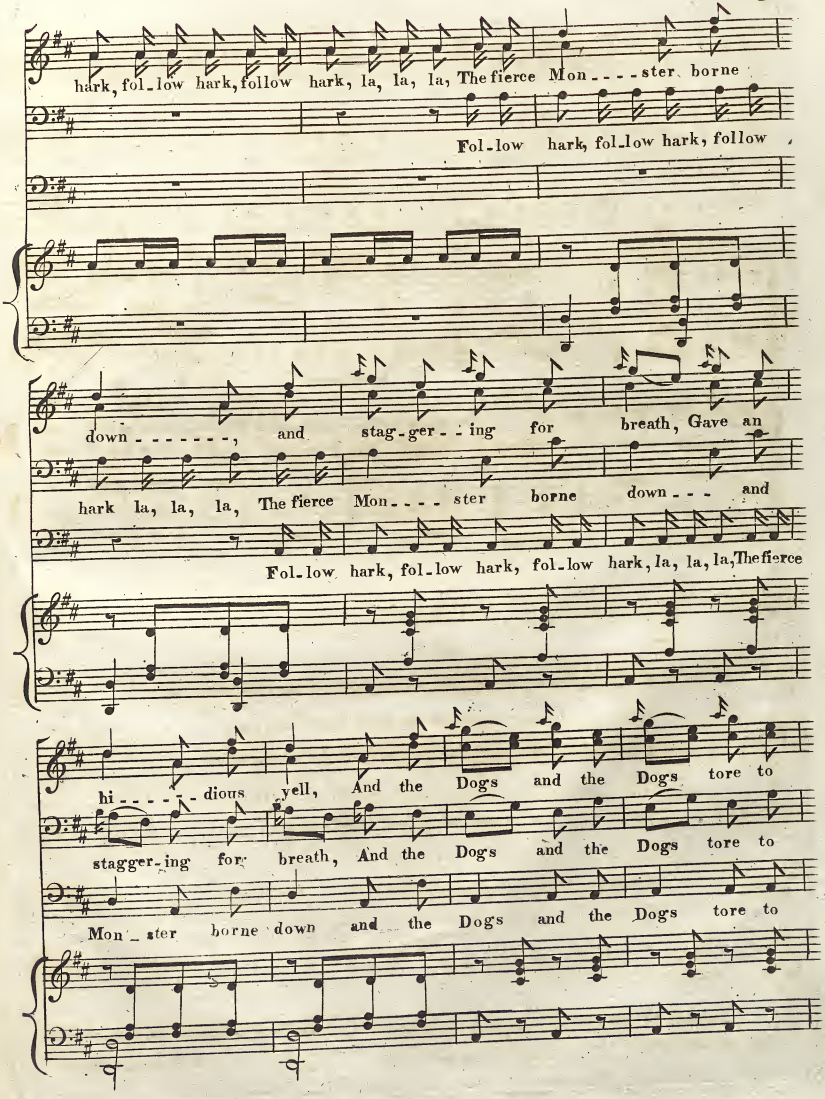
Horn calls away, Hark the Forester's Horn, List the bold Tigers roar through thicket and

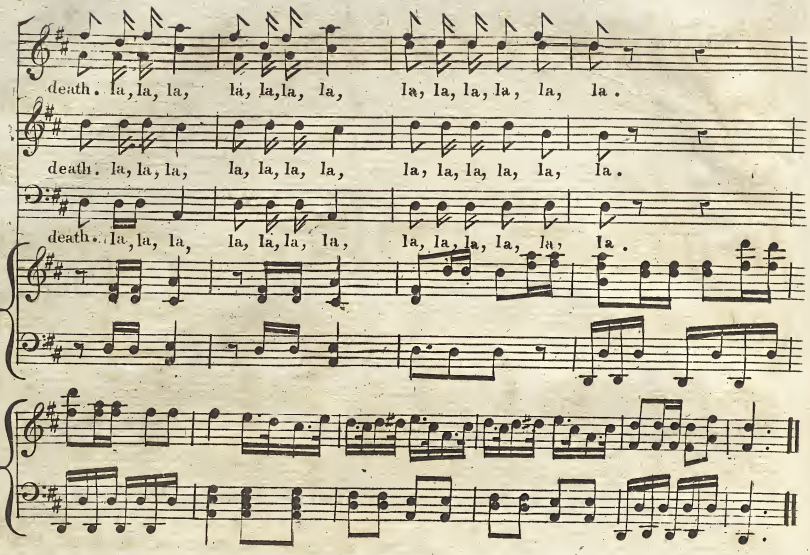
Horn calls away, Hark the Forester's Horn, List the bold Tigers roar through thicket and

Horn calls away, Hark the Forester's Horn, List the bold Tigers roar through thicket and



Huntsman's Chorus


hark, fol_low hark, follow hark, la, la, la, The fierce Mon____ster borne
Fol_low hark, fol_low hark, follow
down_____, and stag_ger__ing for breath, Gave an
hark la, la, la, The fierce Mon____ster borne down___ and
Fol_low hark, fol_low hark, fol_low hark, la, la, la, The fierce
hi_____dious yell, And the Dogs and the Dogs tore to
stagger_ing for breath, And the Dogs and the Dogs tore to
Mon_ster borne down and the Dogs and the Dogs tore to



2

The old Hunters stood forth, clench'd each Spear, took their aim,
With gigantic nerve, struck the bold Tiger down,
Howl'd with pain, foam'd with rage, fiercely rising again,
Nobly struggling with death, the Huntsman's renown:
Songs of triumph, and fame, cheer the Forester's soul,
And gaily they sing the exploits of the day,
Thus forgetting all cares, and fatigues in the Bowl,
The Huntsman's best joy's, follow hark, hark away.

London. Printed by W. & S. Wybrow. 24 Rathbone Place. where may be had all the music in this Opera. On the same terms.

Huntsmans Chorus.

London, Printed & Sold by W. Hodsoll, at his Music Warehouse, 15, High Holborn.

HANDEL'S
Celebrated
Air
O HAD I JUBAL'S LYRE.
Arranged by
SAM.L POOLE.

No. 53. Pr. 2.s

To be Continued

HODSOLL'S
Collection of Duetts.
FOR
Two Performers on One
Piano Forte

Hunter Sc.

by the following Eminent Composers.

			s. d.
No 1.	1 Second Military Sonata	Rimbault	3..0
	2 Grand March	Steibelt	2..6
	3 No.1 from First Set	Smith	1..0
	4 No.2. —	D.o	1..0
	5 No.3. —	D.o	1..0
	6 No.1 in D from Op.3.	Mozart	3..0
	7 Celebrated Overture in G Minor	Haydn	3..0
	8 The Streamlet & Marchioness Rondo	Rimbault	2..6
	9 Haydn's Grand Overture in D	D.o	3..6
	10 Easy in C	D.o	1..6
	11 Tweed Side & Greenfields Air	Billington	1..0
	12 Shepherds I leave best my love & Stanitzs Air	D.o	1..0
	13 Grand Overture London	Haydn	4..0
	14 Ditto Arranged for Juvenile Performers	Rimbault	2..6
	15 No.4 from Op.11	Collizzi	2..6
	16 Favorite in C	Graeff	1..0
	17 Fall of Paris	Jouve	1..0
	18 No.2 from Op.11.	Collizzi	2..6
	19 Oh happy Tawny Moor & The Jealous Don.	Rimbault	2..0
	20 No.3 from Op.11	Collizzi	2..6
	21 Dutch Minuet & Nightingale March	D.o	1..6
	22 Grand March & Spanish Waltz	Rimbault	2..6
	23 Serenade & Air Turque	D.o	2..0
	24 Of Plighted Faith & Grand March	D.o	2..6
	25 Haydn's Symphony The Surprize	D.o	4..0
	26 Mozart's Overture to La Clemenza di Tito	D.o	2..6
	27 Let me wander & or let the Merry Bells	Poole	1..6
	28 Mozart's Overture to Don Giovanni	Rimbault	3..0

No 25	Hallelujah Chorus	Haigh	2..0
	26 The Battle of Prague	W.B. de Kriff	2..6
	27 Hailstone Chorus	Haigh	2..0
	28 Overture to Lodoiska	D.o	2..6
	29 Duke of Yorks March		1..0
	30 Overture Henry the Fourth	Martini	3..0
	31 Overture Artaxerxes		2..0
	32 Le Delizie delle Dame Filarmoniche	Winchester	2..0
	33 Sul Margine D'un Rio	M.P. Corri	1..6
	34 Juliana	D.o	1..6
	35 No.1 from Op.66	Dussek	2..6
	36 No.2. D.o	D.o	2..6
	37 No.3. D.o	D.o	2..6
	38 Allied Sovereigns March & Waltz a Trio	Rimbault	3..6
	39 The Persian Reveillee	M.P. Corri	1..6
	40 Auld Robin Gray	D.o	1..6
	41 Overture Harlequin & Mother Goose	Rimbault	2..6
	42 Hooks Celebrated Cazeche Rondo	D.o	2..6
	43 Pastorale, March & Tambourine Dance	D.o	2..6
	44 Mozarts Overture to Zauberflute	D.o	3..0
	45 Awake the Trumpets Lofty Sound, & Chorus	Haigh	1..6
	46 Let their Celestial Concerts all unite D.o	D.o	1..6
	47 Fixed in his Everlasting Seat D.o	D.o	2..0
	48 Mozarts Overture Le Nozze di Figaro	Rimbault	3..0
	49		
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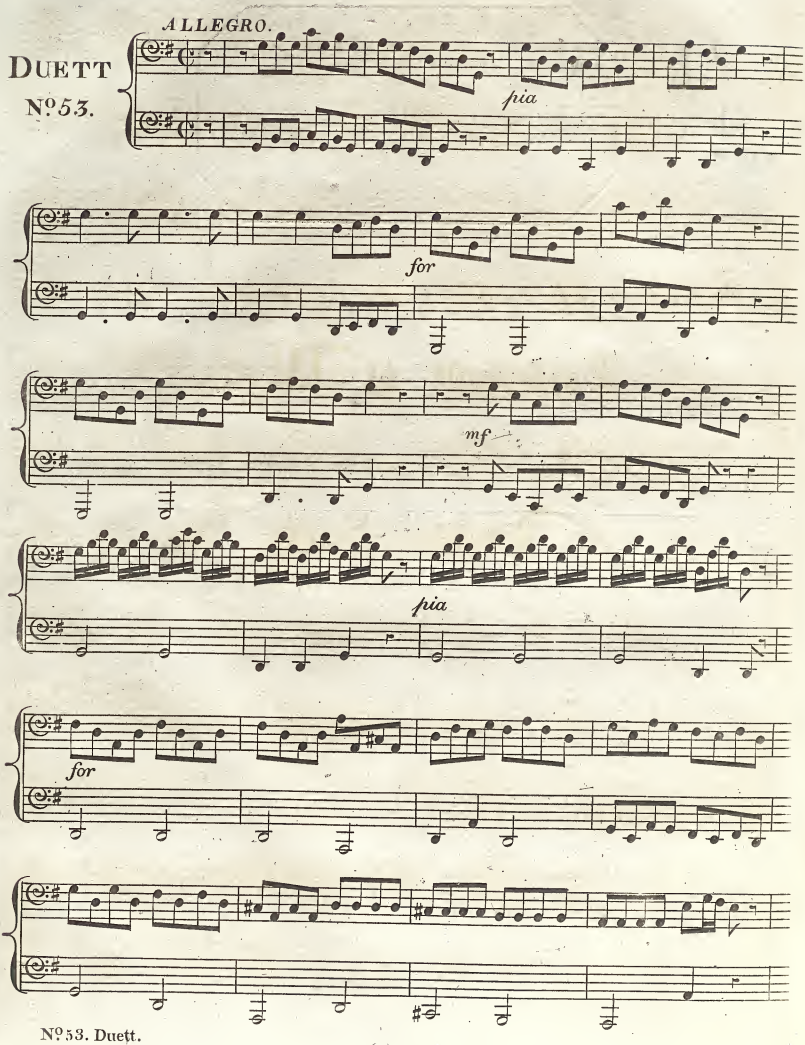
SECONDO.

O HAD I JUBALS LYRE.

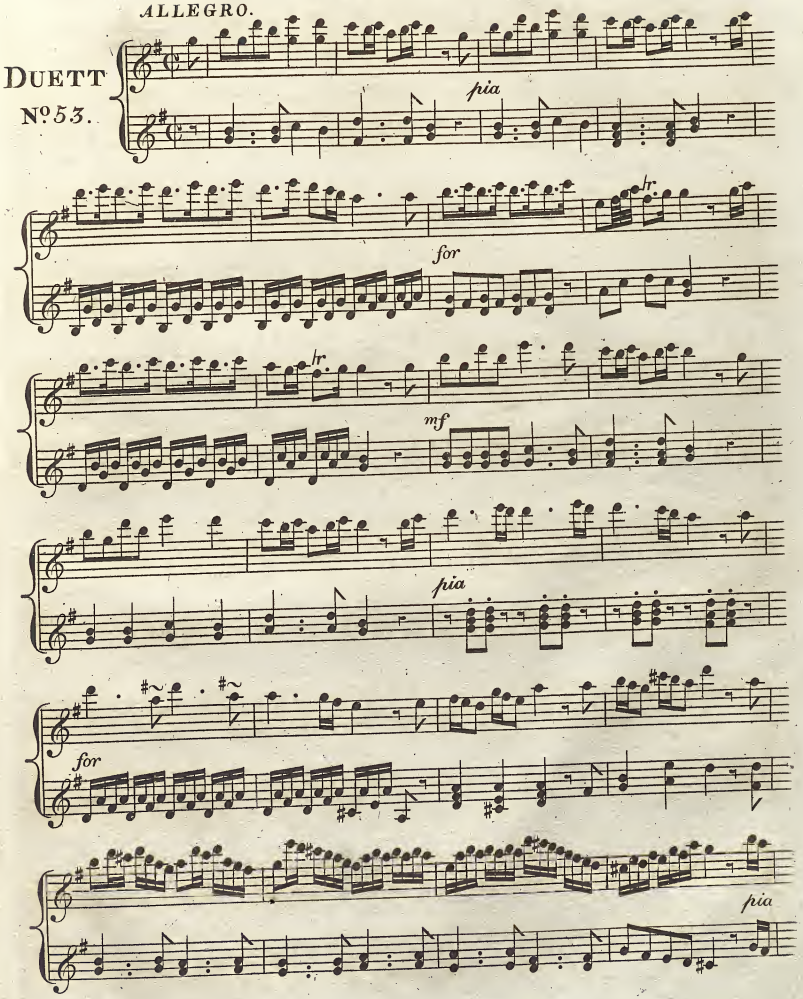
DUETT
Nº53.

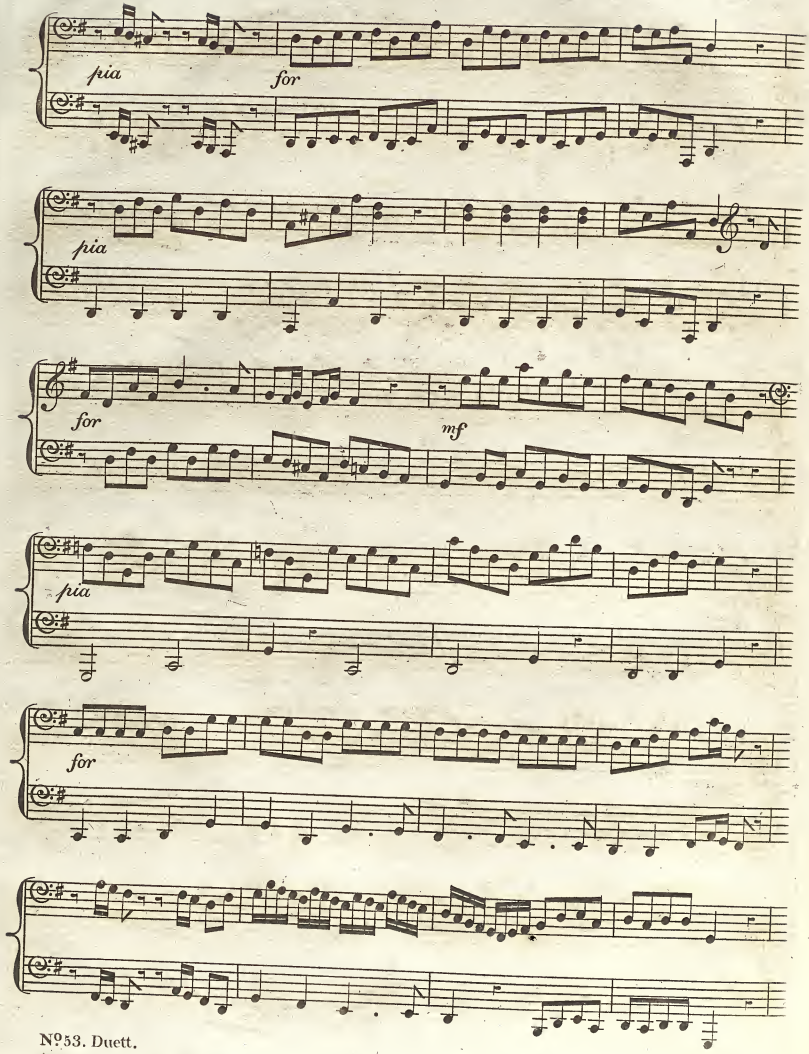


O HAD I JUBALS LYRE.

ALLEGRO.

DUETT
Nº 53.

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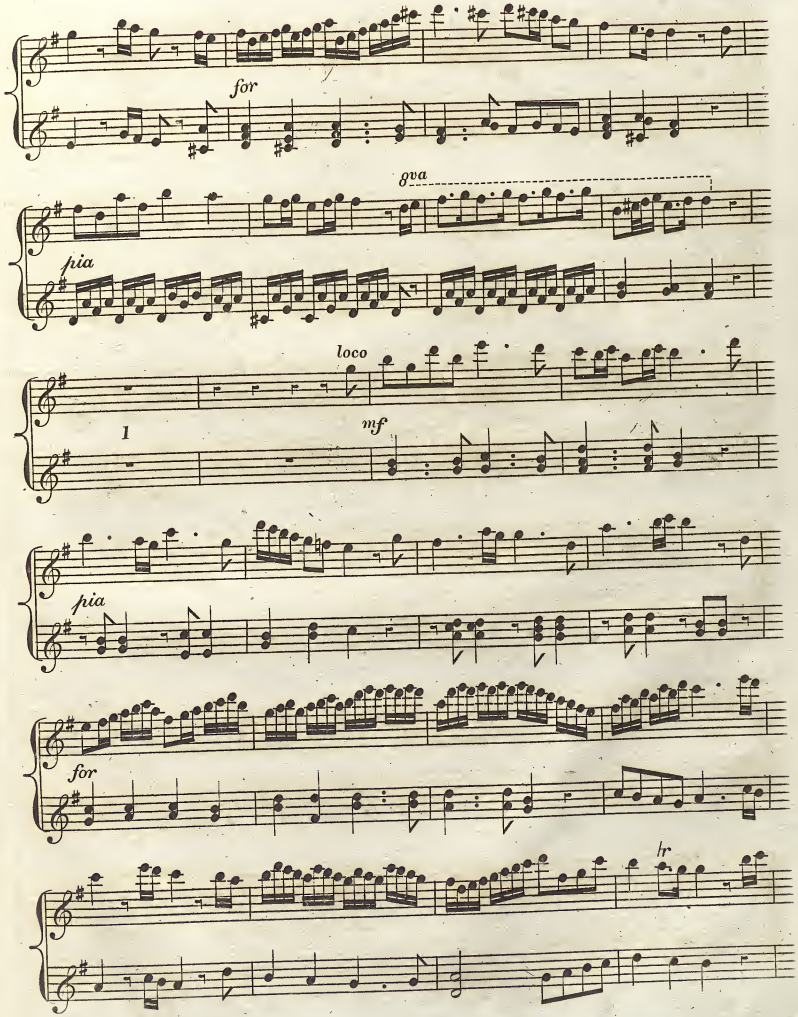
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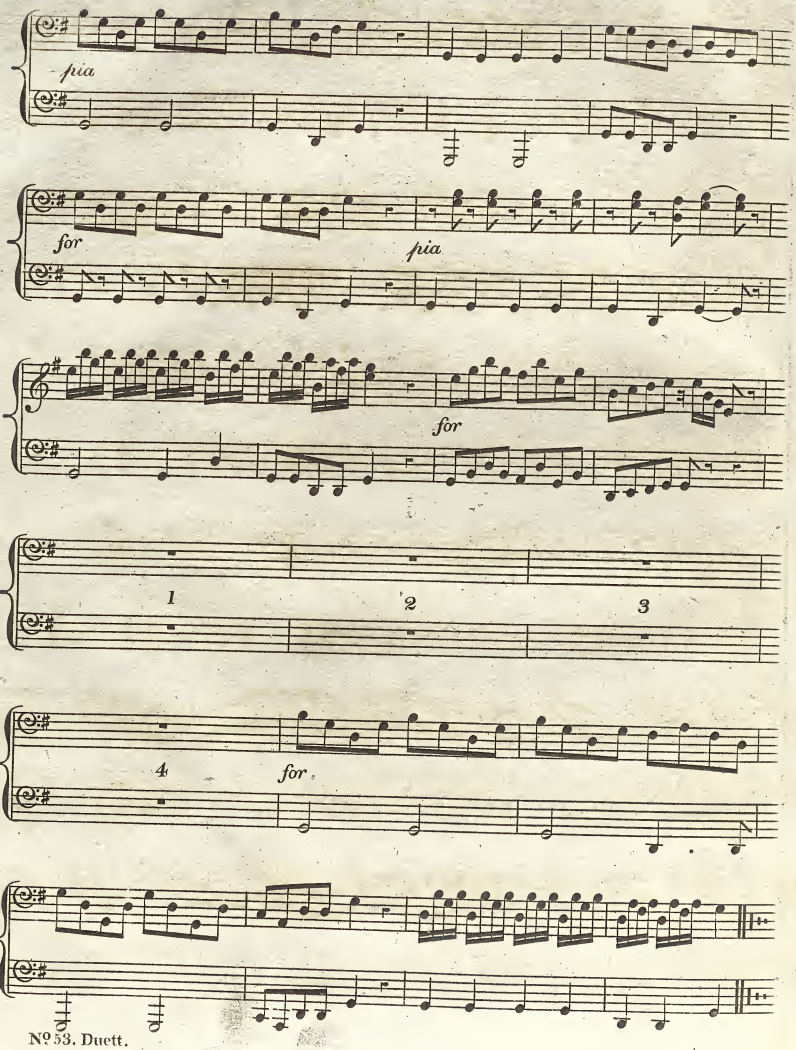
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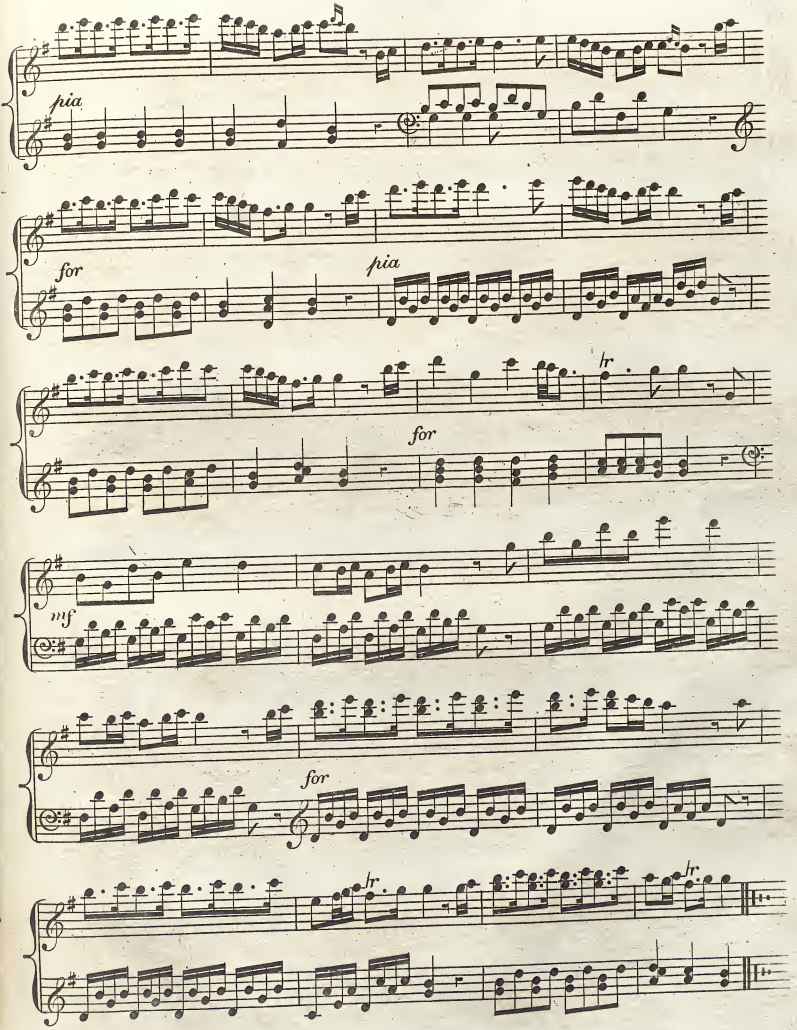
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143.

The Girl of my Heart,

A FAVORITE BALLAD,

Sung by Mr. Incledon, at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden,

COMPOSED by Wm. SHIELD

Musician in Ordinary to his Majesty;

The Words by J. Rannie.

* As some of the Passages in this Ballad may be too high for many Voices in the Original Key, the following transposition is added in order to render it more generally useful.

Price 1/

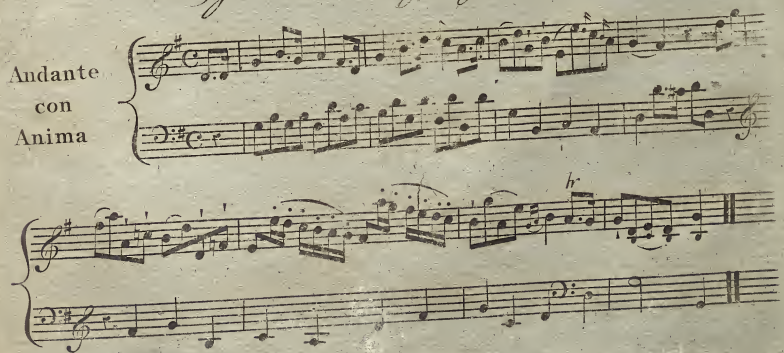
Entd at Stats Hall.

LONDON

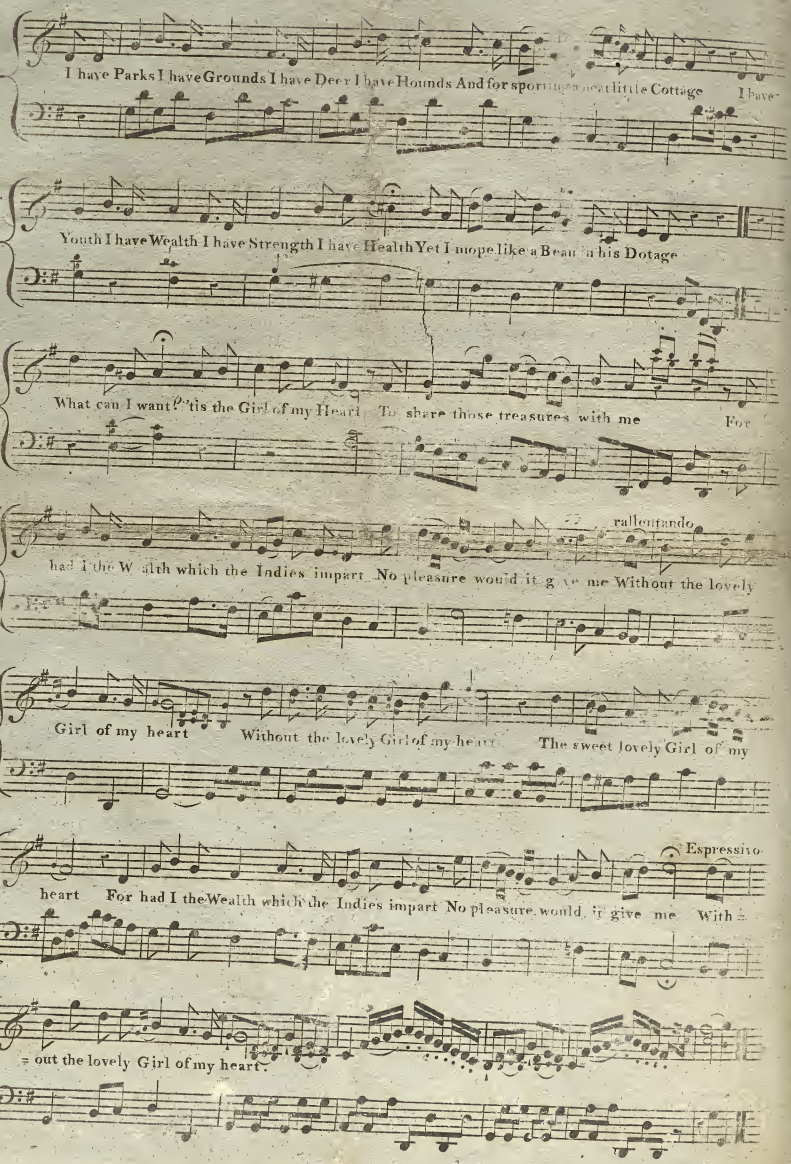
Printed by Goulding, Phipps & D'Almaine, 117 New Bond Street.

Likewise may be had of Goulding, Knevett & Co. 7 Westmoreland Street Dublin,

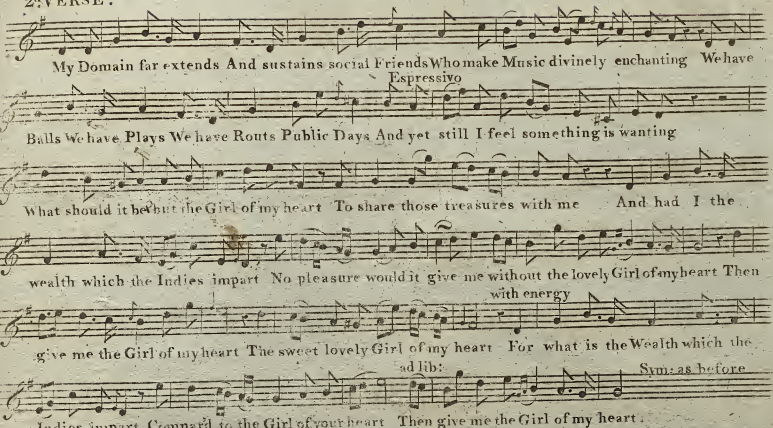
& James Stevens Glasgow.



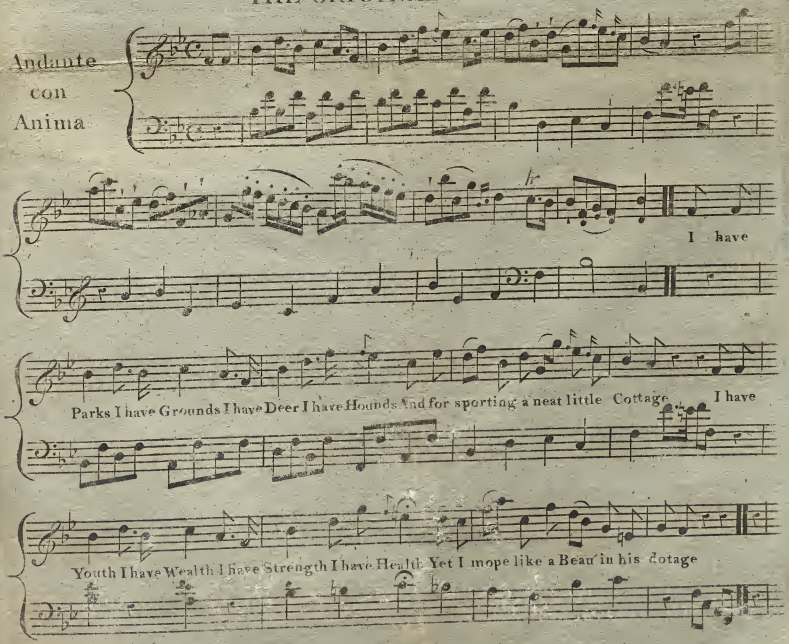
Tom Shield

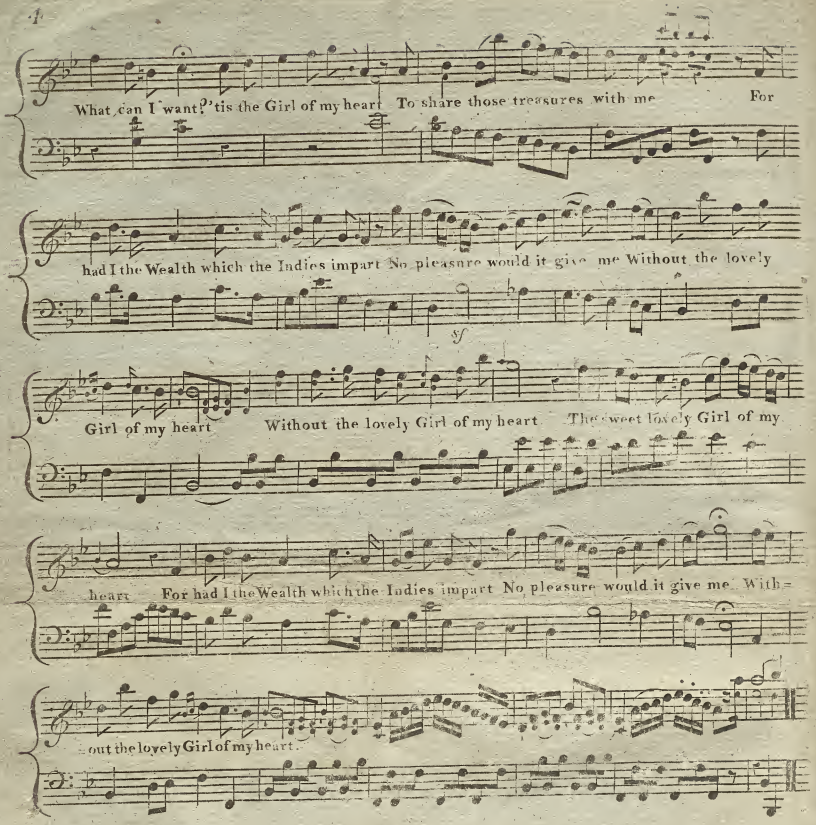

I have Parks I have Grounds I have Deer I have Hounds And for sporting a neat little Cottage I have
Youth I have Wealth I have Strength I have Health Yet I mope like a Beau in his Dotage
What can I want? 'tis the Girl of my Heart To share those treasures with me For
rallentando
had I the Wealth which the Indies impart No pleasure would it give me Without the lovely
Girl of my heart Without the lovely Girl of my heart The sweet lovely Girl of my
Espressivo
heart For had I the Wealth which the Indies impart No pleasure would it give me With
= out the lovely Girl of my heart.

2d VERSE.

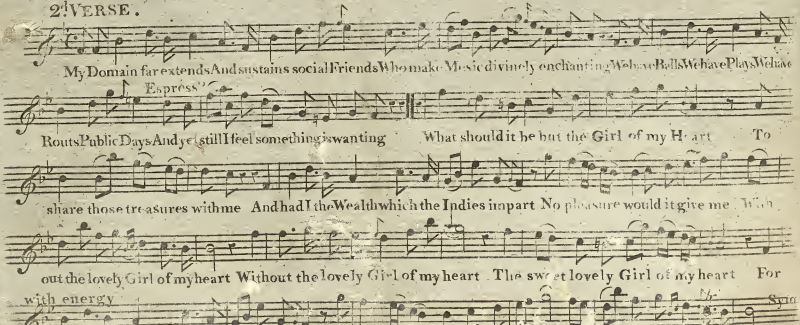


THE ORIGINAL KEY.




What can I want? 'tis the Girl of my heart To share those treasures with me For
had I the Wealth which the Indies impart No pleasure would it give me Without the lovely
sf
Girl of my heart Without the lovely Girl of my heart The sweet lovely Girl of my
heart For had I the Wealth which the Indies impart No pleasure would it give me With=
out the lovely Girl of my heart.

2d VERSE.


My Domain far extends And sustains social Friends Who make Music divinely enchanting We have Balls We have Plays We have
Express
Routs Public Days And yet still I feel something is wanting What should it be but the Girl of my Heart To
share those treasures with me And had I the Wealth which the Indies impart No pleasure would it give me With=
out the lovely Girl of my heart Without the lovely Girl of my heart The sweet lovely Girl of my heart For
with energy
what is the Wealth which the Indies impart Compar'd to the Girl of your heart Then give me the Girl of my heart.

144

MY AIN KIND DEARIE

A favorite SCOTCH AIR, with Variations composed by D. CORRI.

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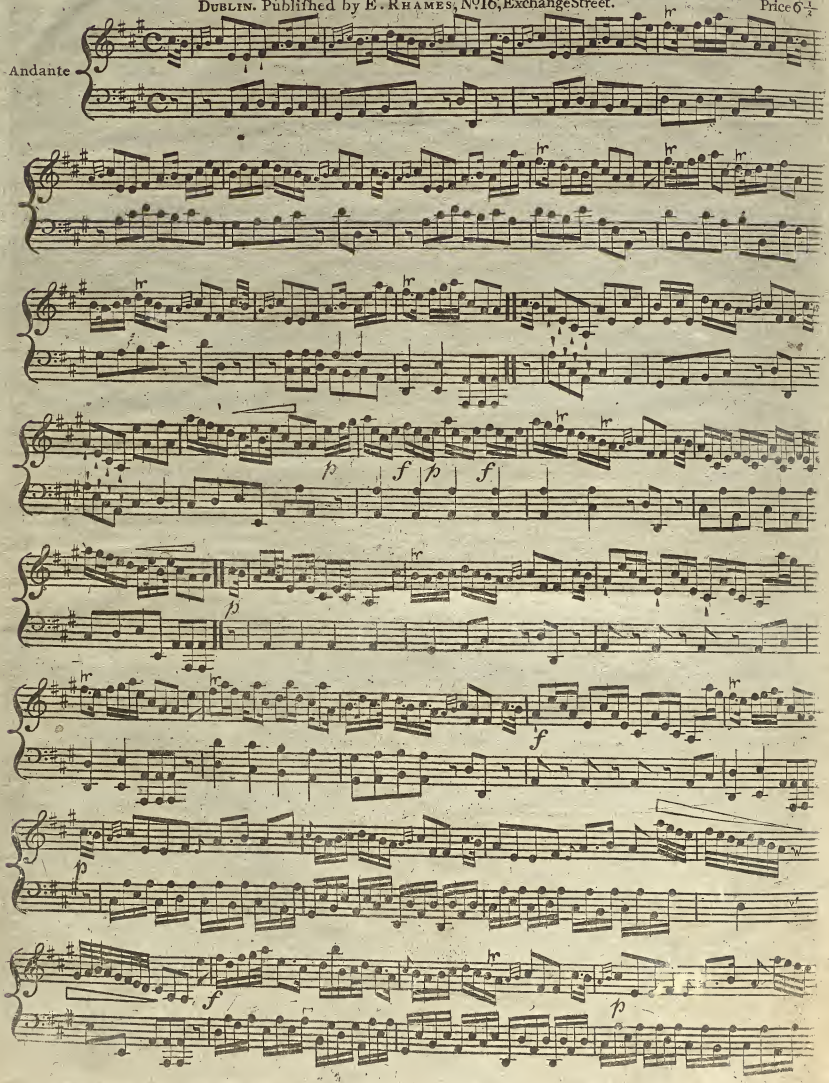

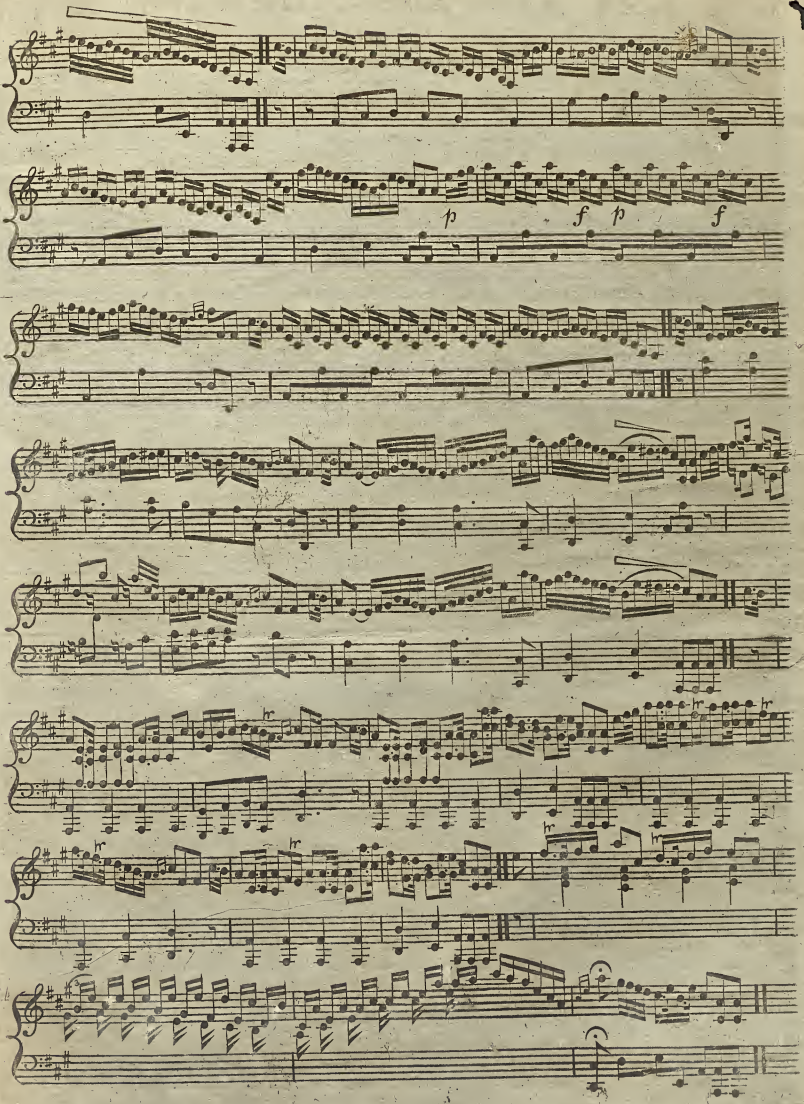
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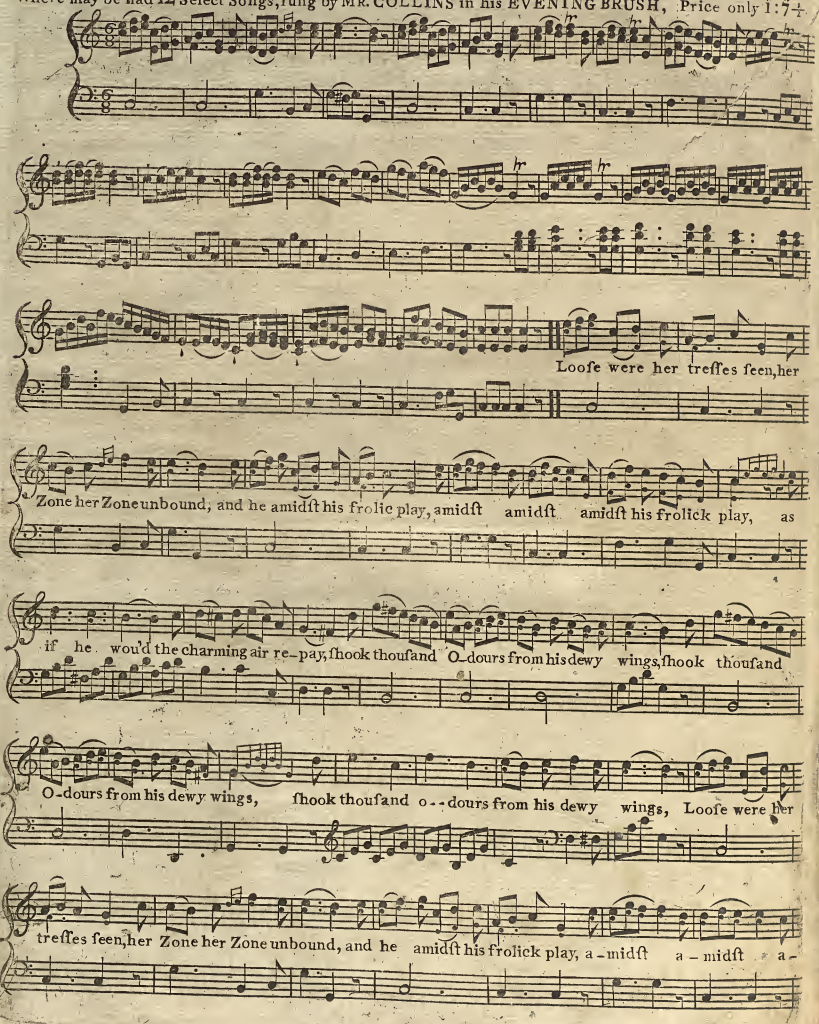
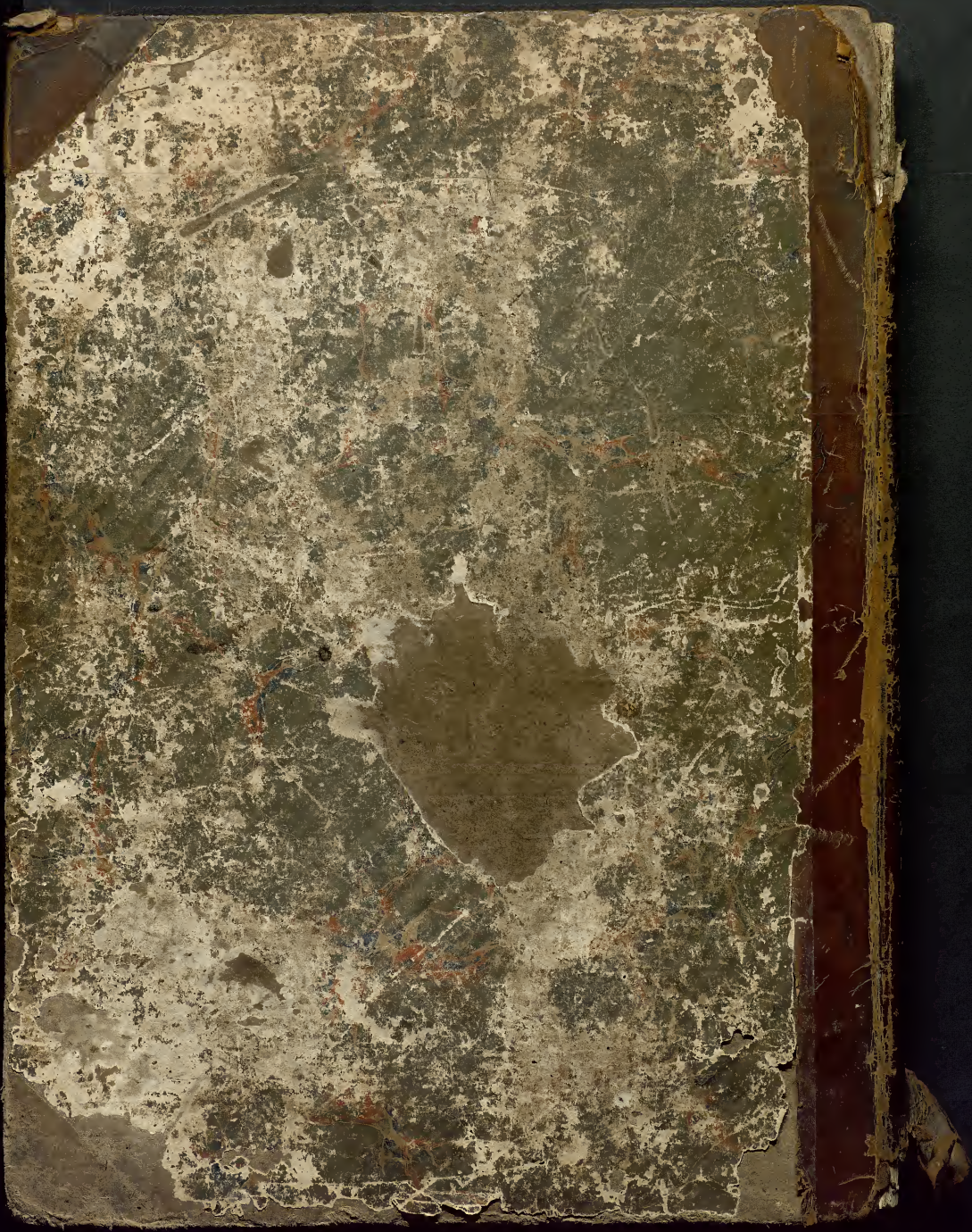
LOOSE WERE HER TRESSES SEEN

Composed by Sig.r Giordani, and Sung with great Applause by Miss George.

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