HESTER BOYD

Contents

Zara's Ear Rings.

The Words from

Lockharts Spanish Ballads.

The Music by the Composer of

The Captive Knight.

Entd. Sta. Hall. *Price 2/6*

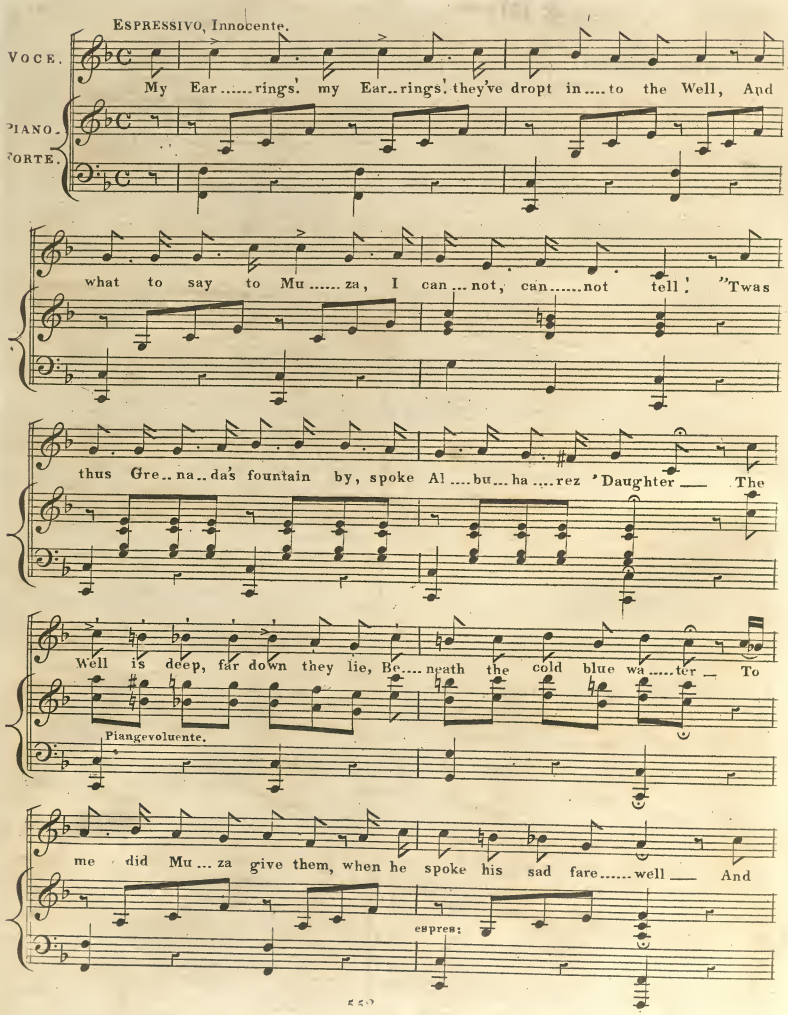
London.

Published by I. WILLIS Royal Musical Repository, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, & 7, Westmorland Street, Dublin.

Where may be had, by the same Composer

The Captive Knight	*Ballad*	2/-
The Tyrolese Evening Hymn	*do.*	2/-
Evening Song to the Virgin	*Duet*	2/-
Welsh Quadrilles		4/-

ZARA'S EAR RINGS.



what to say when he comes back, A ..... las! I can ... not tell.

My Ear ... rings! my Earrings! they were Pearls in Sil ... ver set, That

when my Moor was far a ..... way, I ne'er should him for ..... get, That I

ne'er to o .... ther tongue should list, nor smile on o ... ther's tale, But re....

..... mem ... ber he my lips had kiss'd, Pure as those Earring's pale; When

he comes back and hears that I've dropt them in the Well, Oh!

what will Muza think of me, I cannot, cannot tell.

espres:

ben legato

My Earrings! my Earrings! he'll

say they should have been, Not of Pearl and of Sil....ver, but of

Gold and glittering sheen, Of Jas.....per and of O....nyx and of

Diamond shin.... ing clear, All chang...ing to the changing light, with

radi..ance in..... sin..... cere, That chang..ing mind unchang...ing gems are

not befit....ting well _Thus will he think, and what to say, a...las! I can..not tell:

rallentando espres:

He'll think when I to mar...ket went, I loiter..ed by the way, He'll

think a will.....ing ear I lent, to all the lads might say, He'll

think some other Lo...ver's hand, a....mong my tress...es noosed, From the

ears where he had placed them, my rings of pearl un.....loosed — He'll

think when I was sporting so be.....side this mar.....ble well, My

pearls fell in — and what to say, I can...not, can..not tell.

rallent. espress: ben legato

He'll say I am a Wo...man, and

we are all the same, He'll say I loved when he was here, to

whis.....per of his flame, But when he went to Tu.....nis, my

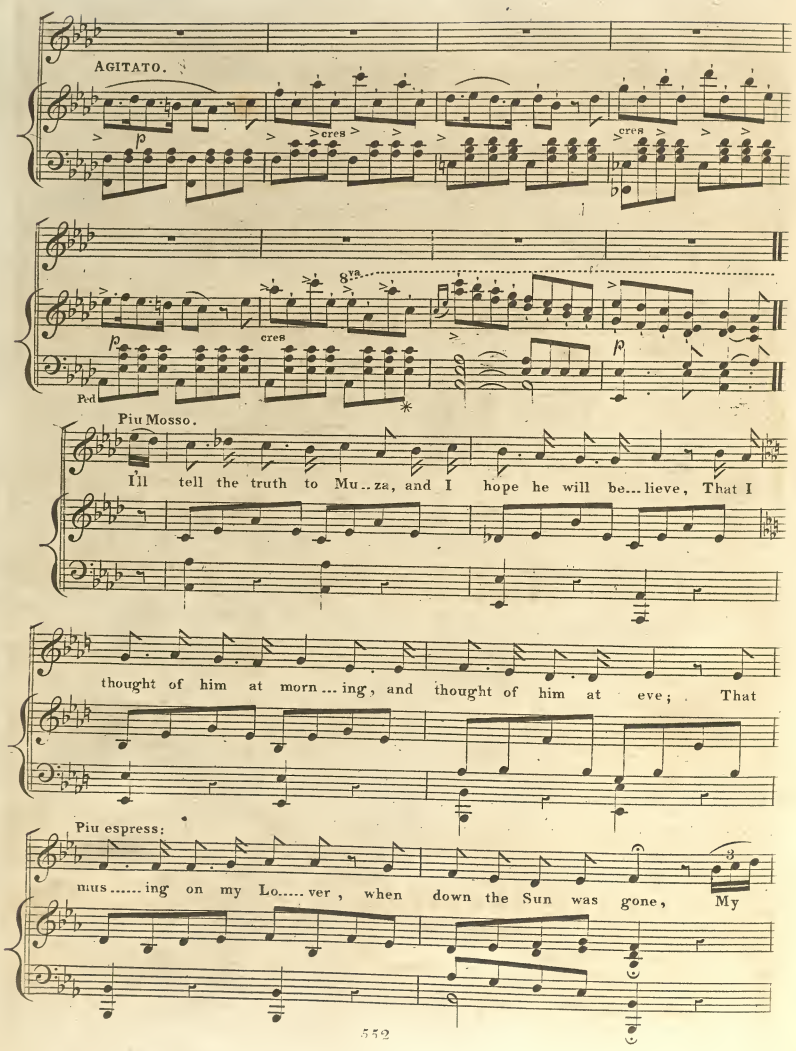
vir....gin troth had bro....ken, And thought no more of Mu....za, and

cared not for his to.....ken, My Ear.....rings! my Ear.....rings! Oh!

cres

luck..less, luckless well! For what to say to Muza, A....las! I cannot tell.

rallen: espres:


AGITATO.
p
cres
cres
8va
cres
p
Ped
Piu Mosso.
I'll tell the truth to Mu..za, and I hope he will be...lieve, That I
thought of him at morn...ing, and thought of him at eve; That
Piu espress:
mus.....ing on my Lo.....ver, when down the Sun was gone, My

ear..... rings in my hand I held, by the foun.... tain all a..... lone — And

that my mind was o'er the Sea, When from my hand they fell — And that

espres: rallen:

deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well.

Ad lib:

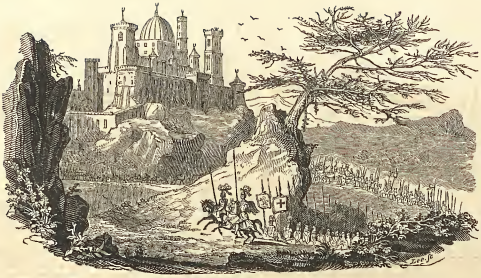
espres: Ad lib:

Ped *

12

13

Hester Boyd
June 19th



THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.

A Ballad.

The Words by Mrs. Hemans,

THE MUSIC BY HER SISTER;

AND BOTH RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

Sir Walter Scott.

ENTERED AT  STAT. HALL.

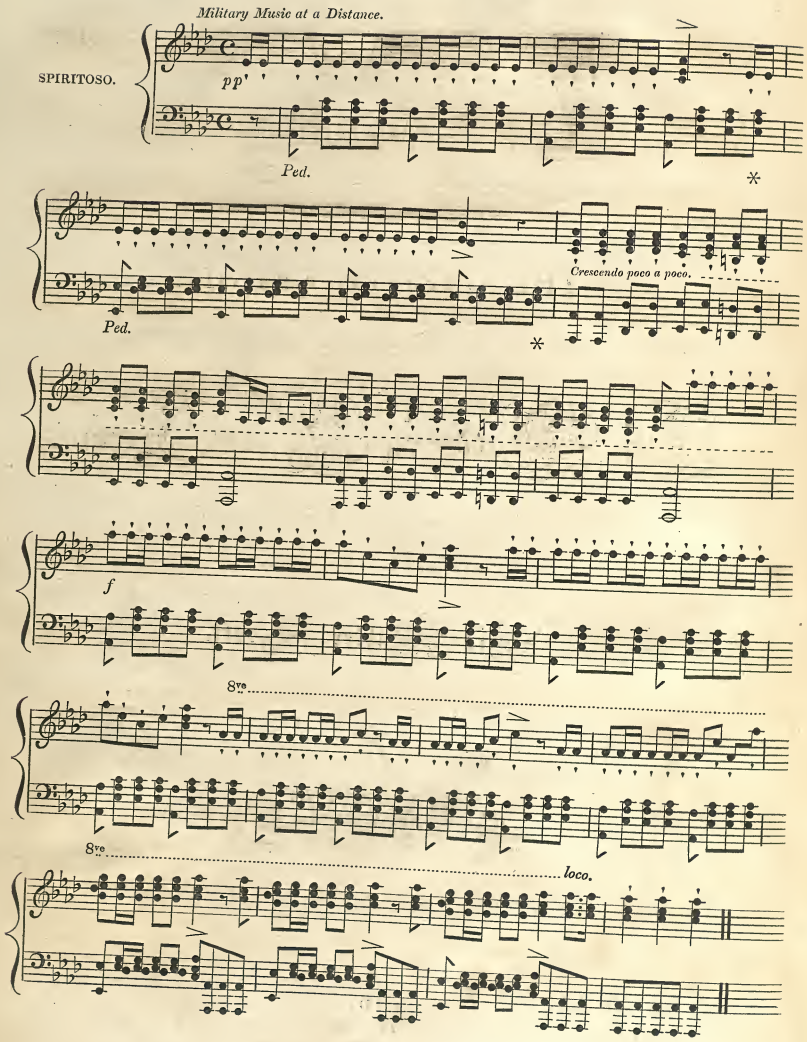
PRINTED FROM PATENT COPPER TYPES, BY H. GROSS, STAMFORD-STREET.

The Fifth Edition.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY WILLIS AND CO., ROYAL MUSICAL REPOSITORY,
EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY; AND AT 7, WESTMORLAND STREET, DUBLIN.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.

THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.



Animato.

'Twas a trum - pet's peal - - ing sound! And the

Knight look'd down from the Pay - nim's tow'r, And a Chris - tian host, in its

pride and pow'r, Through the pass be - - neath him wound.

"Cease a - while, cla - - - rion! cla - rion wild and shrill!

Cease! let them hear the cap - tive's voice— be still, be still!

8ve

mf

Ped. *

2d VERSE.

I knew 'twas a trum - pet's note! And I see my breth-ren's lan - ces gleam, And their pen - nons wave by the moun - tain stream, And their plumes to the glad wind float.

Cease awhile, &c.

3d VERSE.

I am here with my hea - vy chain! And I look on a tor - rent sweep - ing by, And an ea - gle rush - ing to the sky, And a host to its bat - tle plain.

Cease awhile, &c.

4th VERSE.

Must I pine in my fet - ters here? With the

wild wave's foam, and the free bird's flight, And the tall spears glanc - ing

on my sight, And the trum - pet in mine ear?

Cease a - while, cla - - - rion, cla - rion wild and shrill!

Cease! let them hear the cap - tive's voice— be still, be still!—

Music advancing.

f

Ped.

ff

The Army passes.

ff

f

decres.

Ped

p

ANDANTE EXPRESSIVO.

They are gone! they have all pass'd by!

They in whose wars I had borne my part;

They that I lov'd with a bro - - ther's heart, They have

left me here to die! Sound a - - - gain,

cla - - - - - rion! cla - - - rion pour thy blast!

Sound! for the cap - tive's dream of hope - - is - - - past!"

Ad Lib.

p

Ped.

pp

Ped.

ppp

*

Mrs. Arthur Boyd

(Second Edition)

O! Give me but my Arab Steed.

A ROMANCE

as Sung by

Miss Forde

AND BY Mr. MELROSE

at the

THEATRE ROYAL HAWKIN'S STR.T

also by MISS ASHE

Composed Expressly for her & Dedicated to

at the DUBLIN CONCERTS

Miss Harty.

THE POETRY BY

by Wm. Mc. GHIE.

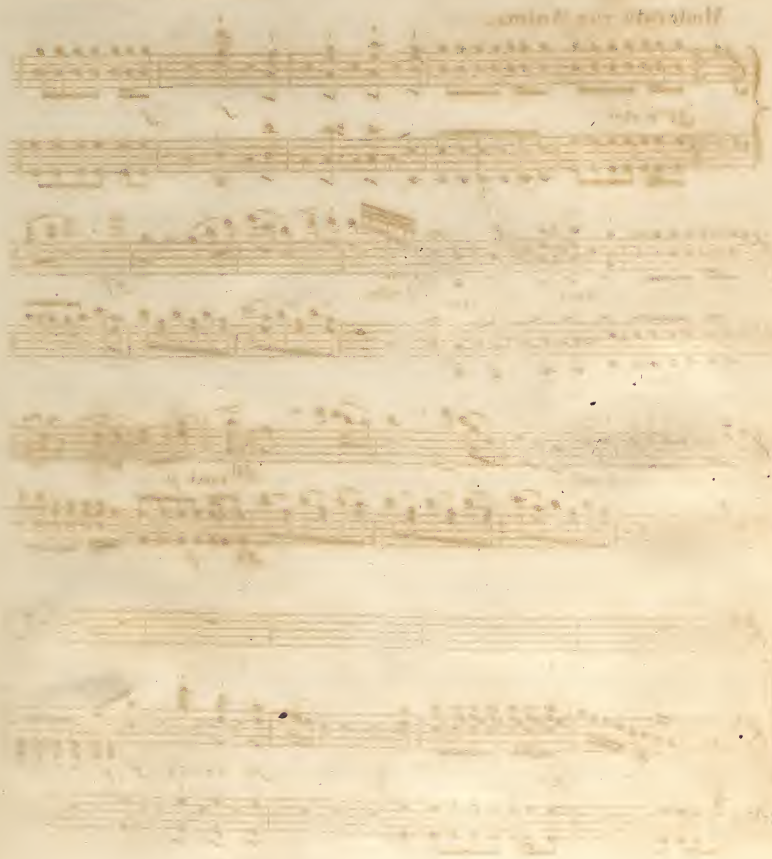
G. A. HODSON.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Pr. 2/-

Published at the Dublin Musical Repository.

108 GRAFTON STREET.



The Arab Steed.

The Words by W. McGhie. *Composed by G. A. Hodson*

Moderato con Anima.

ff e stac

f

f

cres

ten

Flute

p dolce

fp

Clar.t

fz

tutti p

fz

p

p

Oh

ff

fz fz fz f p

The Subject from Rossini

con Anima

give me but my Arab steed, A shield and falchion bright, And

pp stac

I will to the battle speed To save him in the fight.

cres

f

p

His no - - - ble crest I'll proudly wear, And gird his scarf a - round, But

fz

f

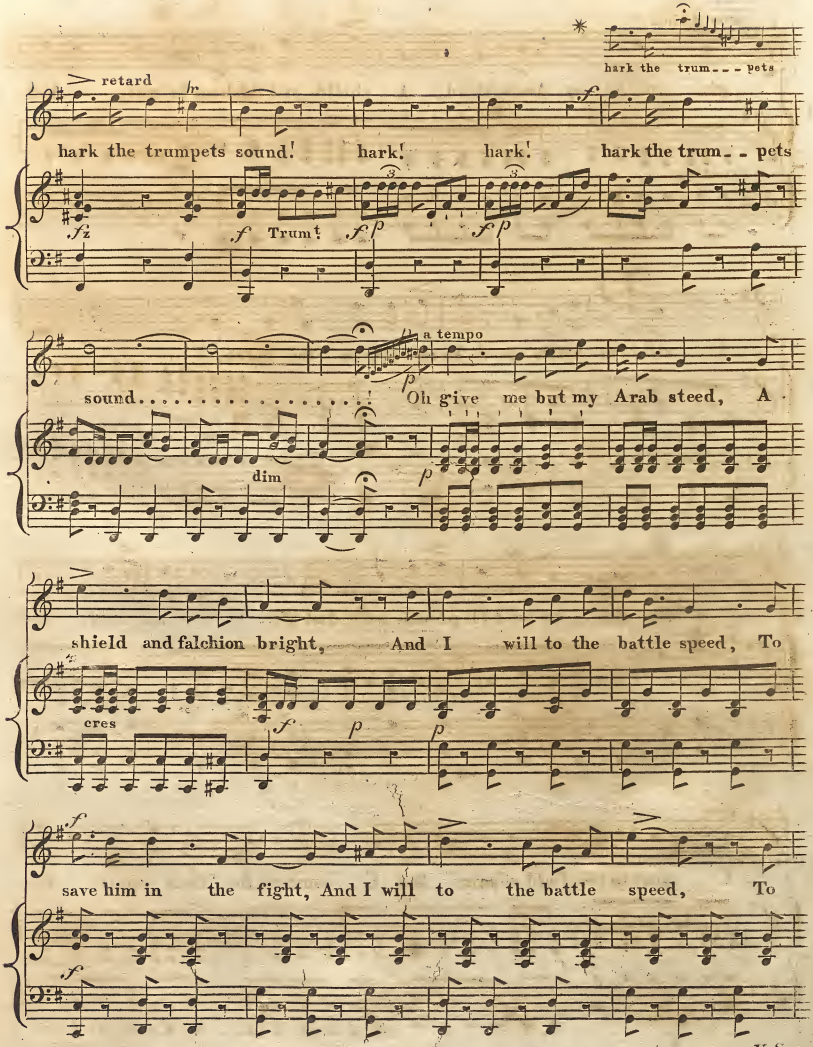
cres

I must to the field repair, But I must to the field repair, For

cres

p

f p


hark the trum - - - pets
retard
hark the trumpets sound! hark! hark! hark the trum - - pets
Trumt
a tempo
sound. . . . . Oh give me but my Arab steed, A
dim
shield and falchion bright, And I will to the battle speed, To
cres
save him in the fight, And I will to the battle speed, To

V.S.

6

cres cres

save him in the fight, & I will to the battle speed, To save him in the

p cres f p cres f

fight.

f cres f f f f f

2d Verse.

O with my Arab steed I'll go, To brave th'embattled plain, Where

pp stac

war__riors brave their valour show, And drain each no__ble vein;

cres

His brow that oft the battle braves, With fade - less laurels

crown'd, Shall guide me where his falchion waves, Shall guide me where his

cres

cres

falchion waves, But hark the trumpets sound! hark! hark!

retard

Trumpet

hark the trumpets sound . . . . . Oh

dim

V. S.

8

give me but my Arab steed, A shield and falchion bright, And

p cres f p

I will to the battle speed, To save him in the fight, & I will

f p f

to the battle speed, To save him in the fight, & I will

cres p cres

to the battle speed, To save him in the fight.

f p cres f f cres

f f f f

"Meet me to Night"

A Cavatina

as Sung by

MISS PATON.

with

Rapturous Applause

Composed by

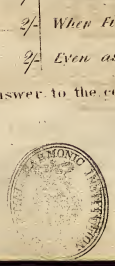
CHAS. E. HORN.

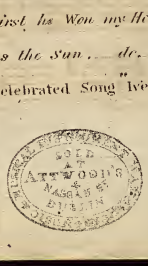
Eng. Stn. Bath.

Price 2/-

London.

Published at the Royal Harmonic Institution, Argyll Rooms, 240, Regent Street.





"Meet me to Night."

A Cavatina

Sung by

MISS PATON,

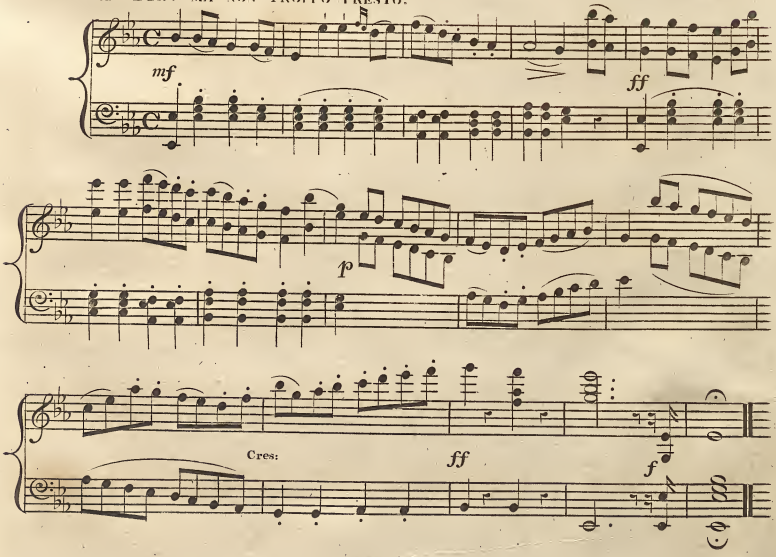
Miss Stephens, Miss Love,

and

MADAME VESTRIS.

London Published at the Royal Harmonic Institution Argyll Rooms 246 Regent Street.
& to be had of all Music Warehouses in the United Kingdom.

ALLEGRO MA NON TROPPO PRESTO.



Meet me to night in the path which lies by the side of the woodland hollow, The

moon will have open'd her silver eyes and tell thee which path to follow.

f

and tell thee which path to follow

mf

Then tripping a long to thy footsteps sound Thy lip to thy heart will be

p

humming If thy glance for a moment turn around 'twill as sure thee love I'm

coming Meet me to night in the path which lies, by the

side of the woodland hollow The moon will have op_en'd her

sil ver eyes and tell thee which path to follow.

f

p Oh do not fear do not fear not a tone will

Espressivo.

Cres: *f*

break On earth or in air on earth or in air that can chide thee If a

p

lone-----ly Rose per--chance be awake 'Twill droop its bloom be----

ad lib:

Tempo Primo.

----side thee 'Twill droop its bloom---- be--side thee do not

sf pp

fear--- do not fear not a tone will break-----

Cres:

On earth or in air----- to chide thee On

mf

earth or in air------- to chide----- thee

Dim:

Meet me to night in the path which lies by the side of the woodland.

hollow The moon will have o--pen'd her sil-----ver eyes and

tell thee which path to follow to fol----low to fol---low to

f *p*

follow to follow to follow to follow The moon will have o--pen'd her

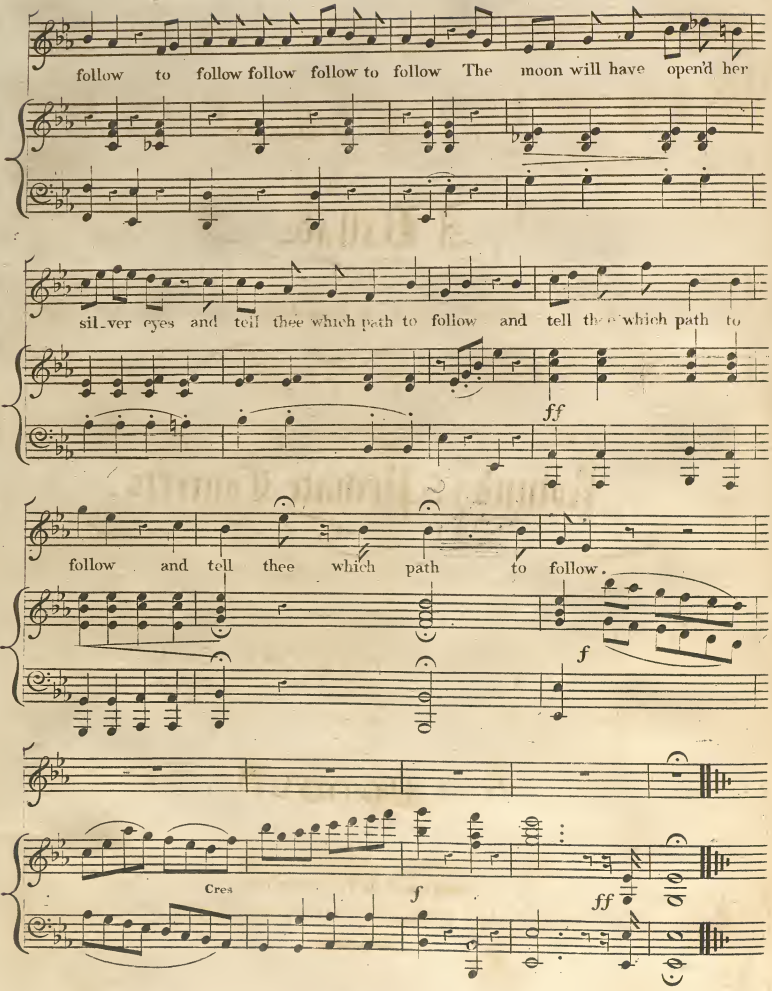
mf

Schirzo

silver eyes and tell thee which path to follow to follow follow follow to

Cres:

f *pp*


follow to follow follow follow to follow The moon will have open'd her
sil_ver eyes and tell thee which path to follow and tell thee which path to
ff
follow and tell thee which path to follow.
f
Cres
f
ff

Hester Boyd — June 18

37

ALICE GRAY.

A Ballad.

Sung with universal Approbation by

MISS ASHE

— at the —

Rotunda & Private Concerts.

COMPOSED AND DEDICATED

— TO —

MISS GERNON,

of Drogheda.

Ent at Sta. Hall

Price 2/-

— BY —

G. A. HODSON.

Published by G. A. Hodson.
At the Dublin Musical Repository, 108, Grafton Street.

Alice Gray.

Sung by Miss Ashe

Composed by G. A. Hodson.

Andante è con Expressione

p dol

dim

f

p dim

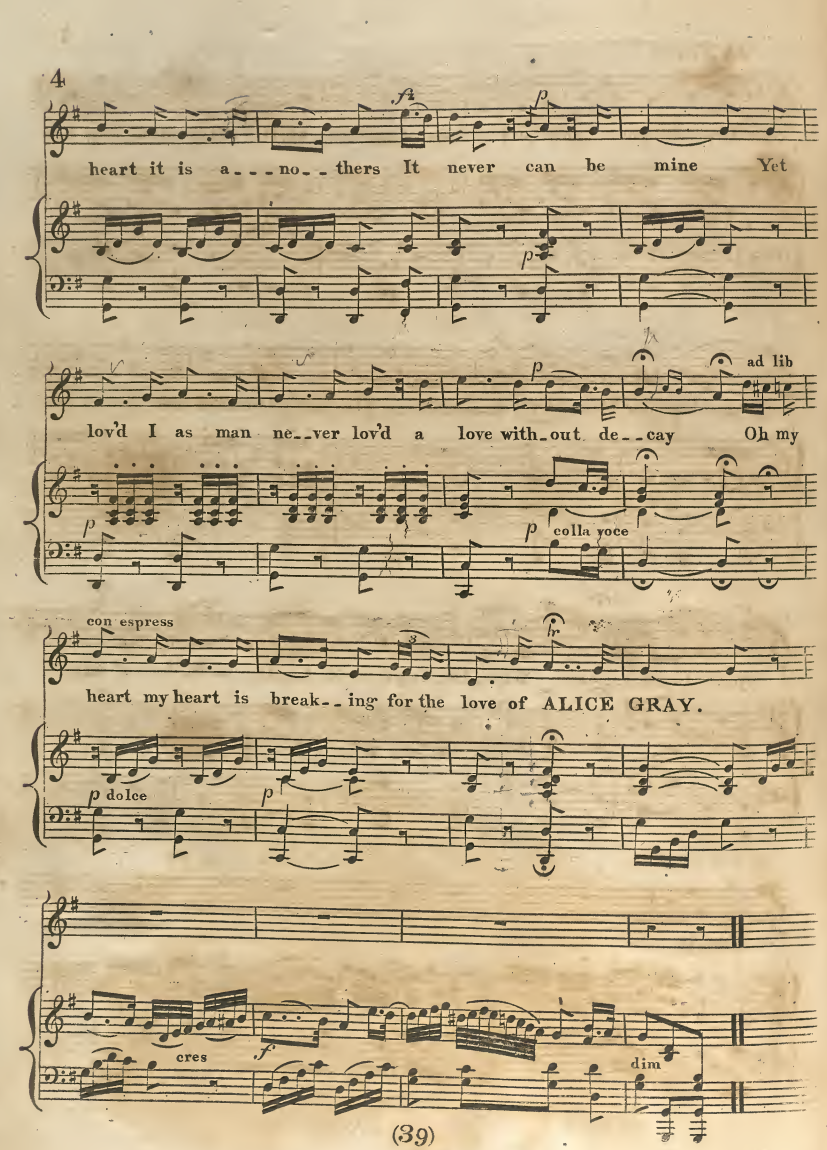
p

She's all my fan - cy paint - ed her, She's lovely, she's di - - vine, But her

p

p dim

V. S.


4
f
p
heart it is a___no__thers It never can be mine Yet
p
ad lib
lov'd I as man ne__ver lov'd a love with_out de__cay Oh my
p
p colla voce
con espress
heart my heart is break__ing for the love of ALICE GRAY.
p dolce
p
cres
f
dim

2d Verse.

Her dark brown hair is braided, o'er a brow of spotless white Her soft blue eye now

p dim

languishes now flashes with de--light The hair is braided not for me the

f p

eye is turn'd a--way Yet my heart my heart is breaking for the love of ALICE

ad lib

colla voce dolce

GRAY.

cres f dim

6 3d Verse.

I've sunk beneath the summer's sun & trembled in the blast, But my pilgrimage is

p p dol

nearly done The weary conflict's past And when the green sod wraps my grave, may

p p

f p pi--ty hap-ly say Oh his heart, his heart is broken for the love of ALICE

f p colla voce p dol p

GRAY.

cres f dim

Harmonized.

As Sung by the Misses Ashe.

1st Soprano.

She's all my fancy painted her she's lovely she's di - vine, but her

2d Soprano.

She's all my fancy painted her she's lovely she's di - vine, she's lovely but her

3d Soprano.

She's all my fancy painted her she's lovely she's di - vine, she's lovely but her

heart it is a - - - no - - thers she never can be mine But

heart it is a - - - no - - thers she never never can be mine But

heart it is her heart it never never can be mine I

lov'd I as man ne - - ver lov'd a love with - out de - - cay Oh my

lov'd I as I lov'd a love with - out de - - cay Oh my

lov'd I lov'd her with a love with - out de - - cay Oh my

heart my heart is break - ing for the love of ALICE GRAY.

heart my heart is break - ing for the love of ALICE GRAY.

heart my heart is break - ing for the love of ALICE GRAY.

The Anchor's weigh'd.

The Admired Air,

In the Opera of

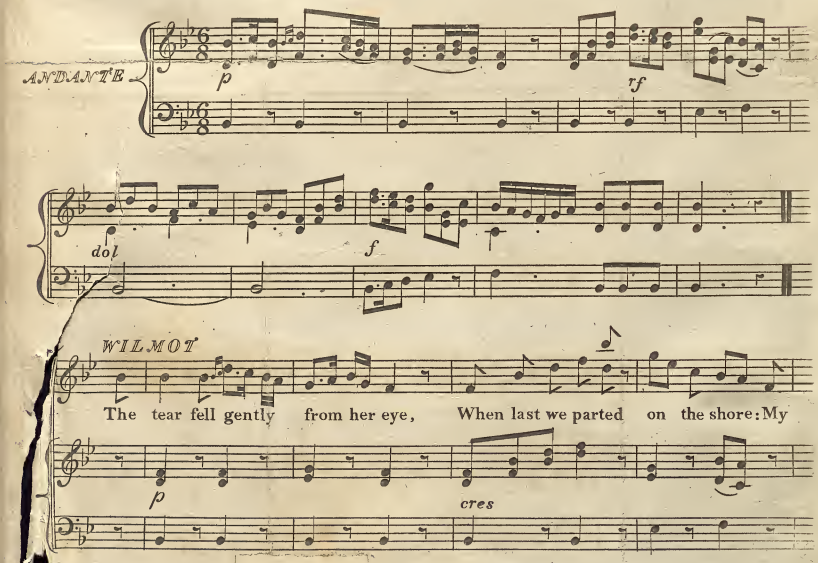
THE AMERICANS,

Sung, & Composed by

Mr. BRAHAM.

Ent. Sta. Hall. Price 1/6

London, Printed by Goulding, D'Almaine, Potter & Co. 20, Soho Sq. & to be had at 7, Westmorland Str.t Dublin.



bosom heav'd with many a sigh, To think I ne'er might see her more, To

p *p*

think I ne'er might see her more. Dear youth she cried & canst thou haste a--

cres *f* *p*

way, My heart will break; a little moment stay, Alas I cannot, I cannot part from thee "The

Anchor's weigh'd . . . . The Anchor's weigh'd . . . . fare - well! fare -

f *p*

well! re-member me."

dol *f*

SECOND VERSE

"Weep not my love" I trembling said,

Doubt not a constant heart like mine; I ne'er can meet an-other maid, Whose

cres *p*

charms can fix that heart like thine! Whose charms can fix that heart like thine!" "Go

p *cres*

Americans

then "she cried" but let thy constant mind, Oft think of her you leave in tears behind "dear

p

maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be!" The Anchor's weigh'd! - - - - - The

f

Anchors weigh'd farewell! farewell! - - - - re - member me."

p

dol

f

Americans

Newton Boyd
January
49

THE DEATH OF WEBER.

The Words by J. R. Planché Esq.r

The Music composed & selected from the Favorite Airs in the Opera

DER FREISCHUTZ,

BY John Braham

Ent.d at Sta. Hall. Price 3/-

LONDON.

Published by J. Willis & Co. Royal Musical Repository 55, St. James's Street & 7, Westmorland St. Dublin, where may be had The Beauties of Weber's celebrated Opera Der Freischutz, consisting of Twelve Songs, Duetts & Choruſses, with English Words & an easy Piano Forte Accompaniment. Price 8/6.

Printed by C. Hullmandel.

John Braham

THE DEATH OF WEBER.

The Words by I.R. PLANCHE Esq.r — *The Music composed and arranged by Mr. BRAHAM.*

VOCE.

PIANO-FORTE.

ADAGIO. Weep Weep for the word, the word is spoken Mourn - - - Mourn for the knell, the knell hath knoll'd The mas - ter chord is broken And the mas - ter hand is cold - - - Ro - -

pp *fz* *ad lib.* *fz* *p* *Andante Grazioso.*

mance hath lost hath lost _ _ her minstrel No more no

more his ma _ _ gic strain shall throw _ _ a sweet _ _ er

8va

sweet _ _ _ er spell _ A _ round the le _ gends, the

le _ gends of Al _ maine.

fz fz

f

8

fz fz

loco

f f f f p

loco p p p p

MAESTOSO.

His fame had fled be_ fore him

f

To ma_ ny a fo_ reign land.

4

His lays were sung by ev'_ ry tongue.

And harp'd by ev'_ry hand His fame had fled be_fore him to

many a fo_ reign land His lays were sung by ev'_ry tongue And

harp'd by ev'_ry hand He came to cull fresh lau_rels but fate was

in their breath And turn'd his march of triumph In - -

ff

ADAGIO.

to a dirge of death In - to a dirge of death In - to a dirge of

pp

8 - - -

Andante Grazioso.

death Oh all who knew him lov'd him well For

with his migh - ty mind He bore him - self so meek - - ly His

heart it was so kind _ _ His wild_ly warb_ling wild_ly warbling

me_lo_dies The storms that round them roll _ Are types of the sim_

Cres *fz* *fz* *p* *Ralentan_*

pli_ci_ty And grandeur of his soul.

Largo

do_ _ f a tempo *f* *pp*

a piacere

Though years of cease_less suffering had worn him to a

pp

Moderato.

shade. So patient was his spi_rit No wayward plaint he

made So patient was his spi_rit no way_ward plaint no

sotto voce

way_ _ward plaint he made Death himself seem'd loath to startle His

ad lib. *tempo*

vic_ tim pure and mild And stole up_on him gently As slumber, gently

8va *pp* *pp*

o'er_ a child gent_ly as slum_ _ber o'er_ a child gent_ _ly

loco

stole gent_ _ly stole_ _ as slumber o'er a child as

ADAGIO.

slumber o'er a child. Weep

ff *Drums* *pp*

Weep for the word, the word is spoken mourn - - mourn for the

fz *p*

ad libitum

knell, the knell hath knoll'd The master chord is broken And the

Forte

master hand is cold. And the mas_ter hand is cold. - -

ppp *ralentando e diminuendo*

con espressione.

p *fff*

Seventh Edition.

"OH! NO, WE NEVER MENTION HER,"

SUNG BY

Mr. H. PHILLIPS,

Mr. MILLAR, MISS LOVE,

AND

Miss Stephens,

AT

THE CONCERTS, FESTIVALS, &c.

THE POETRY BY T. H. BAYLY, Esq.

THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS BY

HENRY R. BISHOP.

ENTERED AT  STAT. HALL.

PRINTED FROM PATENT COPPER TYPES, BY W. CLOWES, STAMFORD-STREET.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY GOULDING AND D'ALMAINE, 20, SOHO-SQUARE,

Manufacturers of Cabinet, Harmonic, and Square Piano-Fortes,

WHERE AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT FOR SALE OR HIRE MAY BE SEEN.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.

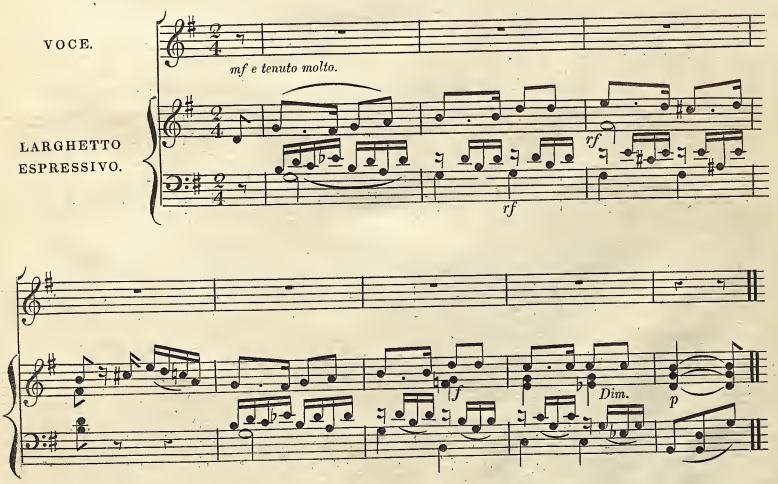
"OH! NO, WE NEVER MENTION HER,"

AS SUNG BY

MISS STEPHENS.

THE POETRY BY
Thomas H. Bayly.

SYMPHONIES, &c., BY
Henry R. Bishop.



☞ This Ballad may be had in the Original Key of E.
And also as Sung by Miss Love.

him, His

Oh! no, we ne-ver men-tion her, Her name is ne-ver heard; My

lips are now for-bid to speak That once fa-mi-liar word: From sport to sport they

hur-ry me, To banish my re-gret; And when they win a smile from me, They

mf *p*

Ad lib.

think that I for-get!

mf e sempre ten. *sfz* *p* *Stent°*

2d Verse.

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 be-

hold no more The val-ley where we met,— I do not see the haw-thorn tree, But

mf *p*

Ad lib.

how can I for - get?

mf e sempre ten. *sfz* *p* *Stent.*

3d Verse.

For oh! there are so many things Re - call the past to me;— The

breeze u - pon the sunny hills, The bil - lows of the sea; The ro - sy tint that

decks the sky, Be - fore the sun is set; Aye, ev'-ry leaf I look u - pon For-

mf *p*

Ad lib.

bids me to for - get!

mf e sempre ten. *sfz* *Slent.*

4th Verse.

he

They tell me she is hap-py now, The gay-est of the gay; They

he

hint that she for-gets me,— But heed not what they say: Like

he

me perhaps she struggles with Each feel-ing of re-gret, But

he He

if she loves as I have lov'd, She ne-ver can for-get!

mf *p* *f*

Fourth Edition

The Swiss Boy.

a Ballad.

N°1 of the Tyrolese Melodies

Sung with the most rapturous Applause by

Mrs. WAYLETT,

The Words by

Wm: Ball:

The Music arranged by

I. Moscheles.

Entd Sta Hall. London. Price 2/-

Published by I. WILLIS & Co. Royal Musical Repository, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, & 7, Westmorland St. Dublin.

An arrangement of this Popular Air by Mr. J. L. Abel, with new words by Mr. Cleobury, is added to this Edition.

70

FOURTH EDITION.

THE SWISS BOY,

"DER SCHWEIZERBUE",

Written by Wm. Ball. *Arranged by I. Moscheles.*

ANDANTINO

Ped * Ped *

Come, a.....rouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss Boy! Take thy
Steh nur auf, steh nur auf, lie...ber Schwei.....zer...bue, Steh nur

pail, and to la.....bor a.....way, Come, a.....rouse thee, arouse thee, my
auf und milch dei...ne Kuh, Steh, nur auf, steh nur auf, lie.....ber

brave Swiss Boy! Take thy pail, and to la.....bor a.....way.
Schwei.....zer bue, Steh nur auf und milch dei ne Kuh.

The Sun is up, with rud.dy beam, The Kine are thronging to the stream, Come a...
Steh du in Got..tes Na...men auf, Deine Kühe sind auf der Al..me draust, Steh nur
(Al..me draussen)

2

...rouse thee, a..rouse thee, my brave Swiss Boy! Take thy pail, and to la....bor a...
auf, steh nur auf, lie...ber Schwei....zer...bue! Steh nur auf und reich deine

2d VERSE.

way!
Kuh.

Am not
Bin i ich

I, am not I, say, a merry Swiss Boy, When I hie to the mountain a...
nit a nicht a lus...ti...ger Schwei....zer....bue, Bin i nit a lus.....ti...ger

.....way! Am not I, am not I, say, a merry Swiss Boy, When I
Bue. Bin i nit lus...ti..ger Schwei.....zer.....bue. Bin i

hie to the mountain a.....way? For there a Shep....herd
nit a lus.....ti..ger Bue. Und wenn i Mor.....gens

mai ... den dear, A ... waits my song with list' ... ning ear, Am not I, am not
früh auf ... steh, Zu ... er ... ste zu mein Dirn ... dl geh, Und dann singen wir a

I, then a merry Swiss Boy, When I hie to the mountain a ..... way!
lus ..... ti ... ges ju ..... he ju ... he! Bin a lus ... ti ger Schwei ... zer ..... bue.

3d VERSE.

Then at night, then at night, Oh! a gay Swiss Boy! Im a ....
Und wenn ich in das Wirthshaus geh Sag

p

... way to my comrades a ..... way. Then at night, then at night, Oh! a
ich der Wir ... thin gleich. Und wenn ich in das

gay Swiss Boy! Im a ..... way, to my comrades a ..... way.
Wirthshaus geh Sag ich der Wir ..... thin gleich.

The Cup we fill, the Wine is passd in Friend...ship round, un...
Frau Wir...thin schenk du nur fleis...sig ein sei es Bier oder seis Cham...

...till, at last, With "Good night," and "Good night," goes the
...pag...ner Wein, Schenk nur ein, schenk nur ein. trink es

lentando

hap...py Swiss Boy, To his Home and his slum...bers a ...way.
wie...derum aus, Und dann ge...hen wir froh nach Haus.

f

WHILST THE MIST O'ER THE MOUNTAIN,

New Words by Mrs Cleobury, adapted with new Symphonies & Accompaniments, to the admired Air of the "SWISS BOY"

by J. L. ABEL.

ANDANTE

While the mist oer the mountain is borne from the vale, And the torrent's rude dash on the gale; While o...ver the hamlet dark tempests impend, And the blast makes the pine forest bend.

On a crag of the Jungfrau I fearlessly lie, And look down on the storm clouds beneath me that fly. Oh land of our father's the brave and the free, What clime on this earth is like thee.

(419)

2

The lightfooted Chamois bounds over the rock
The hunter his swiftness doth mock;
And follows his prey oer the frowning glacier
His bold heart a stranger to fear;
Till eve sees him turn to the green sheltered spot
Where his flocks crop the herbage, and rises his cot.
Oh! land of our fathers, the brave and the free,
What clime on this earth is like thee!

3

O land of our fathers! what soil is so blest,
Bright Liberty's cradle and nest!
Or who is so gay as the light Mountaineer
Who roams o'er the wild, free as air:–
Whose bosom no dreams of ambition infest
When he turns to the home of his birthright and rest.
Oh! land of our fathers, the brave and the free,
What clime on this earth is like thee!

Hester Boyd
77
Decem

Wilt thou meet me there, Love.

Written by the Author of

Stella or the Summer's Eve.

Composed & Dedicated to

John Sinclair Esqre.

BY

B. HIME.

Ent^d Sta. Hall *Proc. 2^d*

London.

Printed by F. T. Latour, N° 50, New Bond Street, Mori & Lavenu, 28, New Bond S^t
Hime & Son, 32, Church Street & 56 Castle St Liverpool,
& Hime & Hargreaves, 14, St Ann's Square Manchester

70

WILT THOU MEET ME THERE, LOVE

Composed by R. Slim.

WITH SPIRIT *but not too fast.*

PIANO FORTE or HARP

Where, as dew-y twilight lingers

O'er the balmy air, love, Harps seem touch'd by fairy fingers, Wilt thou meet me

there, love? Where, as dew-y twilight lingers O'er the bal-my air, love,

Harps seem touch'd by fairy fingers, Wilt thou meet me there, love? While the rapid

with expression and pia:

swallow's flying, And each distant murmur dy-ing, Leaves a-lone a--round us

sighing, Wilt thou meet me there, love? Where, as dew-y twilight lingers

p

O'er the balmy air, love, Harps seem touch'd by fairy fingers, Wilt thou meet me

there, love, Wilt thou meet me there, love? Wilt thou meet me there, love?

Ritard.o

Where soft gales from beds of flowers Fragrant incense bear, love,

p

sweet as east-ern maiden's bowers, Wilt thou meet me there, love?

f.p.

Where soft gales from beds of flowers Fragrant incense bear, love,

Sweet as eastern maidens bowers, Wilt thou meet me there, love? While the bird of

with expression and pia:

love is singing, Liquid notes a-round us flinging, Rap-ture to the

full heart bringing, Wilt thou meet me there, love? Where as dewy

twilight lingers O'er the balmy - air, love, Harps seem touch'd by

fai - ry fingers, Wilt thou meet me there, love? Wilt thou meet me

ad lib:

there, love, Wilt thou meet me there, love?

Ritard°

FOLLOW, FOLLOW OVER MOUNTAIN,

a Song,

Sung by

MISS PATON,

The Poetry by

F. W. HOHLER ESQR.

The Music Composed by

S. T. SMITH.

Price 2/0

LONDON:

J. B. Cramer & Co. 201, Regent Street,

and

J. H. Callcott, 22, Great Marlborough Street.

FOLLOW, FOLLOW OVER MOUNTAIN.

And the Spirit shall guide thee over seas &
Mountains covered with roses to Love's Fountain;
whose waters thou shalt taste & thou shalt forget
thy unhappy love.

Achmor & Samet an Oriental Romance.

VOICE.

PIANO FORTE.

dolce *cres:* *calando*

Fol_low, fol_low o_ver mountain, Fol_low, fol_low o_ver sea, And I'll

pp

guide thee to Love's Fountain, If you'll fol_low, fol_low me, Fol_low

Follow, follow.

fol_low o_ver mountain, Follow, fol_low o_ver sea, And I'll guide thee to Love's

Fountain, If you'll follow, follow me.

for *fz* *dim:*

With the wa_ters of the Fountain Will I ease thy ach_ing heart, And the

cres:

ad lib: *a tempo.*

ro_ses of the mountain Shall to thee a balm im_part, Fol_low,

con voce. *a tempo.*

Follow, follow.

fol_low o_ver mountain, Follow, fol_low o_ver sea, And I'll guide thee to Love's

Foun_tain, If you'll fol_low, fol_low me, Fol_low, fol_low o_ver

mountain, Fol_low, fol_low o_ver sea, And I'll guide thee to Love's

Fountain, If you'll follow, follow me.

for *dim:*

Follow, follow.

For Wo_man's love is dear_ly bought If bought with peace of

cres: *ten:*

ad lib:

mind, But taste the fount and not a thought Of love is left be_

con voce.

a tempo.

hind, Fol_low, fol_low o_ver moun_tain, Fol_low, fol_low o_ver

a tempo.

sea, And I'll guide thee to Love's Fountain, If you'll fol_low, fol_low

Follow, follow.

me. I'll fan thee with the Zephyr's wing, And watch thee night and

cres:

day; I'll guide thee to Love's healing spring, So fol_low and a_

way. Fol_low, fol_low, fol_low, fol_low and a__way. Fol_low,

ad lib:

fol_low and a__way.

for

fz

Follow, follow.

93

Maria Boyd

(Third Edition)

Tell me, my heart.

Sung by

MISS M. TREE,

In the Musical Romance call'd

HENRI QUATRE,

at the

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

ALSO BY MISS STEPHENS, IN THE

TRAVELLERS,

at the

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

The Words by T. Morton Esq.r

The Music composed by

HENRY R. BISHOP,

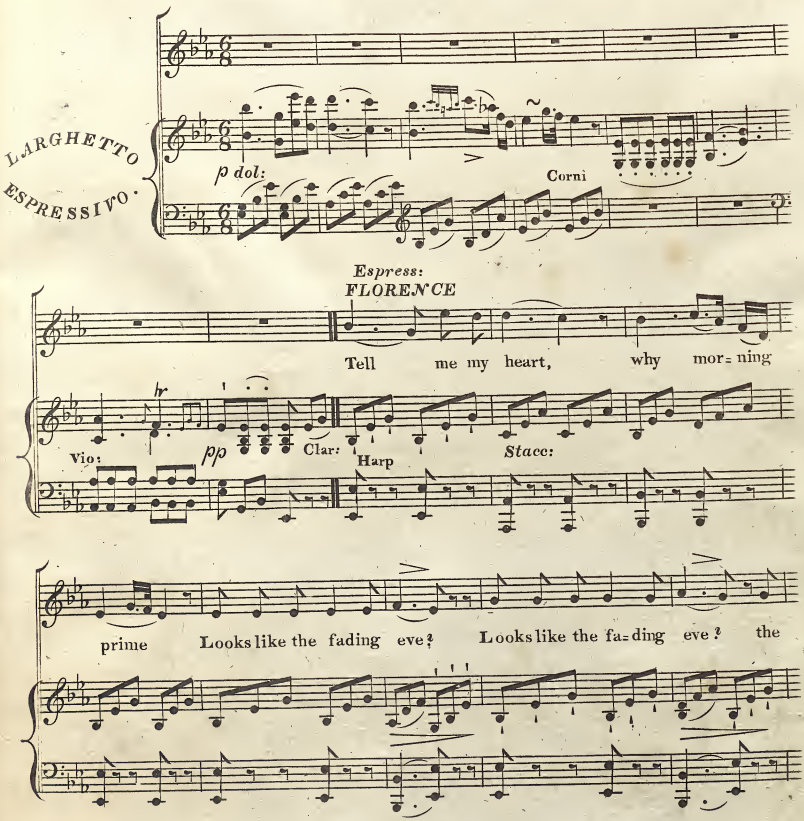
Composer & Director of the Music to the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

Ent. Sta. Hall. LONDON. Price 2s/

Printed by Goulding and D'Almaine N.o 20, Soho Square, & to be had at 7, Westmorland St. Dublin.

TELL ME, MY HEART.

The Poetry by T. Morton. The Music by H. R. Bishop.



fa= =ding eve? Why the gay Lark's ce= les= = = =tial chime – –, Shall

dol:

tell shall tell the soul to grieve? Shall tell shall tell the soul to grieve? to

pp dol:

grieve to grieve? The heaving bosom seems to say, Ah! hapless maid! Your

pp

Love's a=way! Your Love's a= = =way! Your Love your Love's a=way!

cres:

Henri Quatre.

Andº con moto

Tell me my heart - - why summer's glow - - - A win= = = try

mf

Harp

day beguiles? a wintry day be = guiles? Why Flora's beau = ties seem to

blow, - - And fading na = ture smiles And na = ture smiles?

f *ff*

Some Zephyr whispers in my

Clar:

p

Henri Quatre.

ad lib:

ear in my ear Ah! happy hap=py maid your love your love is near your

Flauto

mf cres: pp

love is near - - your love is near - - your love is near your

pp

Clar:

Corni

or is near

love your love is near Tell me my heart - - Why summer's glow - - - A

f p

win = = try day beguiles a wint'ry day be = guiles? Some Zephyr whis = = = pers

f

f fp ffz

Henri Quatre.

p

whispers in my ear - - - Ah! happy maid - - - - - - your love is near.

pp fp fp

pp

some zephyr whis - - - pers whispers in my ear - - - - Ah! happy maid - - - - -

smorz:

ppp

smorz:

ff

Espress: e Slen.o f

- - your love is near your love is near your love is - - - near Ah! happy maid - - your

ff ppp

f Andante

love - - - - - - - - is near.

ff ff ff

Andante

Harp

f ff

Henri Quatre.

Hester Boyd

Leave me to my Sorrow.

Ballad,

Sung by

Mr. MANNERS,

AT THE

Bath Concerts,

FROM THE

Second Volume

OF THE

MELODIES of VARIOUS NATIONS,

The Poetry by

Thomas H. Bayly Esq.r

The Symphonies and Accompaniments,

BY

SIR JOHN A. STEVENSON, Mus. Doc.

Ent. Sta. Hall, Pr. 2/-

LONDON,

Printed by Goulding, D'Almaine & Co. 20, Soho Square, & to be had at 7, Westmorland Street, Dublin.

102

O! leave me to my Sorrow!

With Feeling, but not too Slow.

O!

cres:

f

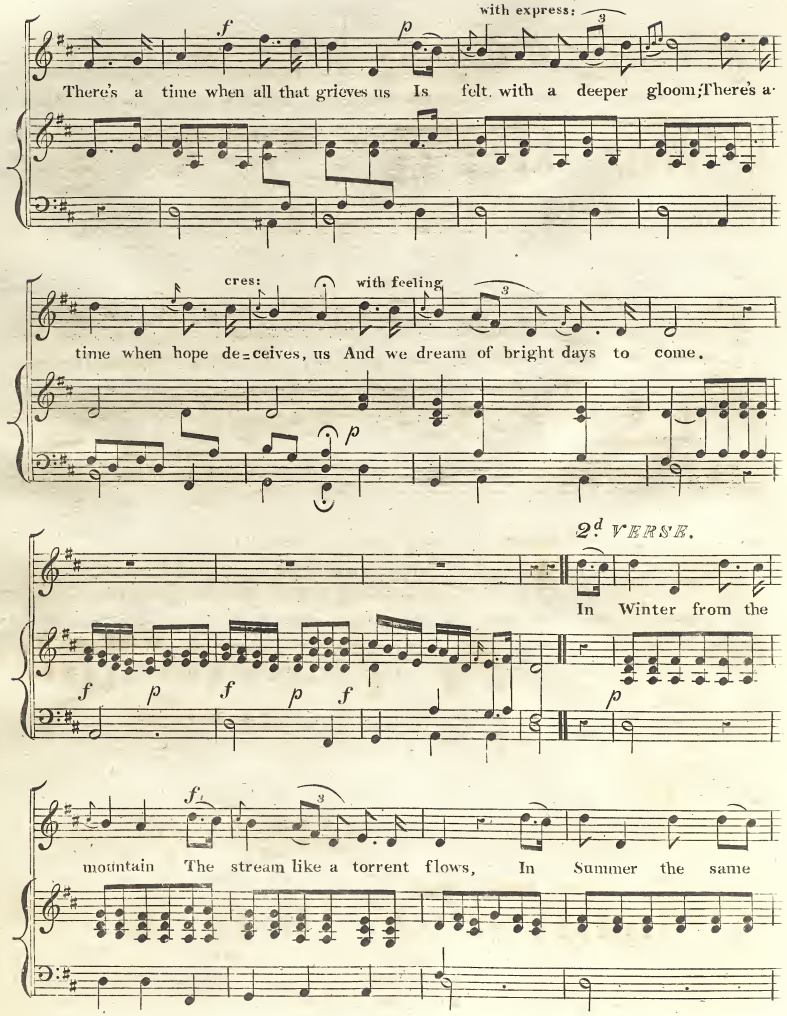
hr

leave me to my sor=row, For my heart is oppress'd to day, O!

p

leave me And to mor=row Dark sha=dows may pass a=way.

Oh! leave me.


with express:
There's a time when all that grieves us Is felt with a deeper gloom; There's a-
cres:
with feeling
time when hope de=ceives, us And we dream of bright days to come.
2d VERSE.
In Winter from the
mountain The stream like a torrent flows, In Summer the same

Oh! leave me .

fountain is calm as a child's re= pose. Thus in grief the first pangs

wound us And tears of despair gush on, Time brings forth new flowrs a=

with feeling

round us, And the tide of our grief is gone.

3d VERSE.

Then heed not my pensive

Oh! leave me.

hours Nor bid me be cheerful now; Can sunshine raise the

flowers That droop on a blighted bough The Lake in the Tempest

with express:

cres:

wears not The brightness its slumber wore The heart of the mourner

with feeling.

cares not For joys that were dear be = fore.

PRINTED BY GOULDING & D'ALMAINE SOHO SQ. LONDON

Oh! leave me.

The Young Cavalier.

The highly popular Romance from

IL CROCIATO in EGITTO,

The Words Translated from the Italian by D.A.O'MEARA,

Composed with an Accompaniment for the

Piano Forte,

BY

MEYERBEER.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 1/6

London, Published by C. Wheatstone, 456, Strand.

Andantino quasi Allegretto

A Ca = va=

lier at close of Eve Told his tale to her he lov'd Bade her

his fond vows be=lieve While thro' the sha= =dy groves they rov'd

As up=on her charms he gaz'd The Mai=den blush'd and

dol

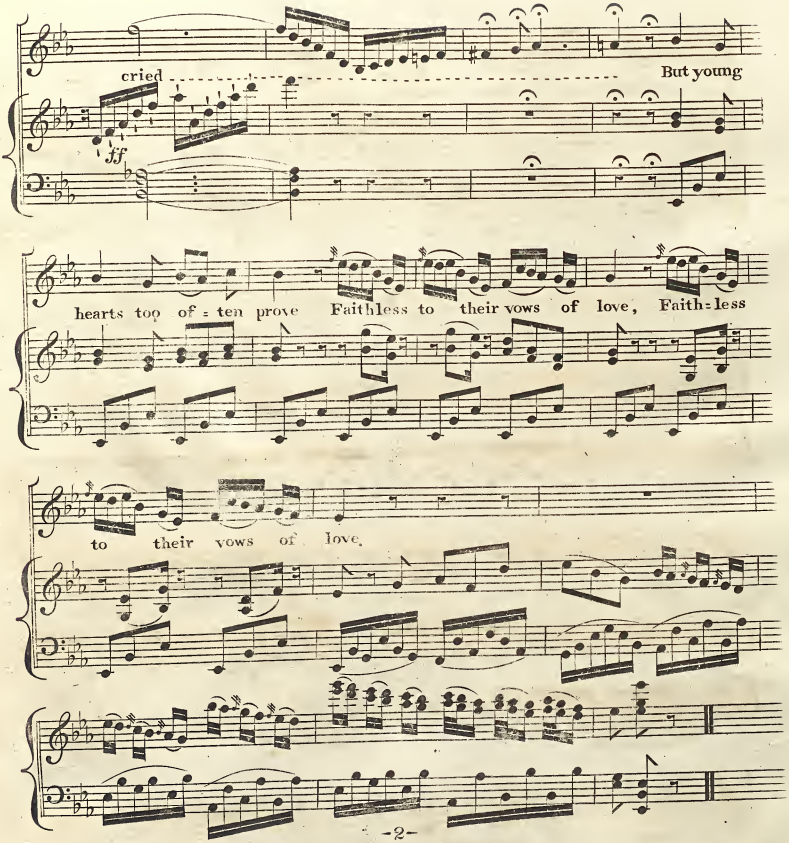
sigh'd Then to his heart her hand he rais'd, Ah! how it beats with love he

pp

pp

cried; beats with love he cried; beats with love Love he

f



-2-

Matilda who like flow'ring May
Bloom'd in all the charms of youth,
To her Cavalier did say
"Can I believe — believe thy truth?
"Doubt not — dear — I've no deceit,"
The Warrior then replied;
"Joy I ne'er can hope to meet"
"Unless I call thee Bride!"
But young hearts too often prove
Faithless to their vows of love!

111.

Master Boyd

"FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER",

the Words by

THOMAS MOORE ESQR.

Arranged with Symphonies

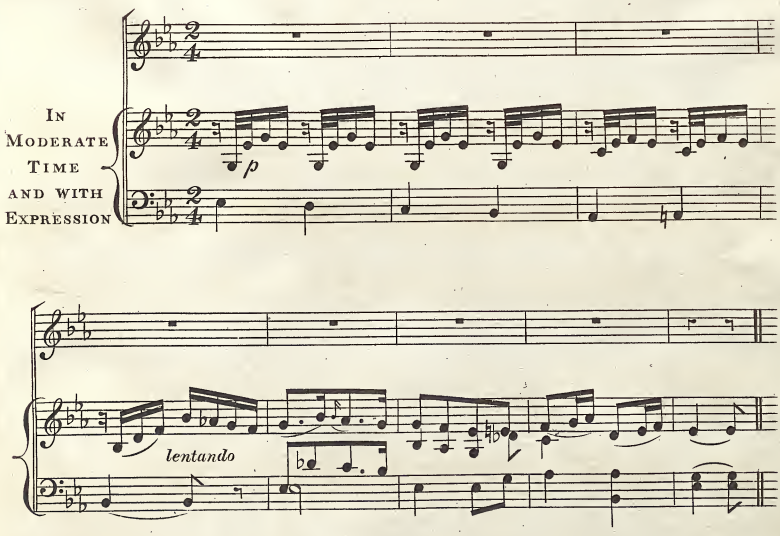
AND ACCOMPANIMENTS

BY

SIR JOHN STEVENSON Mus. Doc.

Price 1/6

London, Published by J. Power 34, Strand.



Flow on, thou shining ri- - ver, But, ere thou reach the sea, Seek Ella's bow'r and

give her The wreaths I fling o'er thee. And tell her thus, if she'll be mine, The

current of our lives shall be, With joys along their course to shine, Like

those sweet flow'rs on thee.

But if, in wand'ring thither, Thou find'st she mocks my pray'r, Then leave those

wreaths to wither Up-on the cold bank there. And tell her thus, when youth is o'er, Her

lone and loveless charms shall be Thrown by up-on life's wee-dy shore, Like

those sweet flow'rs from thee.

Nanny Wilt thou gang with me.

Harmonized for

Two Voices

by the Composer

THOMAS CARTER.

Pr. 1/6

ANDANTINO. AFFETTUOSO.

Oh Nanny, wilt thou gang with me, Nor sigh to leave the flaunt - - ing town, Can si - - - lent glens have charms for thee, The low - - ly Cot, and rus - - set Gown, Nor

Oh Nanny, wilt thou, gang with me, Nor sigh to leave the flaunt - - ing town, Can si - - - lent glens have charms for thee, The lowly Cot, and rus - - set Gown,

London. Printed by Shade, East Side Soho Square.

long.....er drest in silk...en sheen, no long....er deckt with

no longer drest in silk..en sheen, no longer deckt with

Jew...els rare, Say canst thou quit the bu....sy scene, Where

Jew...els rare, Say canst thou quit the bu.....sy scene,

fair=gest of the fair

thou wert fairest, wert fairest of the fair, Say canst thou quit the

Where thou wert fairest, wert fairest of the fair, Say canst thou quit the

f

fair=est of the fair

bu...sy scene, Where thou wert fairest, wert fairest of the fair, Where

bu...sy scene, thou wert fairest, wert fairest of the fair, Where

3

thou - wert fairest, where thou wert fairest, where thou - - wert fair

thou - wert fairest, where thou wert fairest, where thou - - wert fair

fairest of the fair, where thou - - wert fairest, where thou wert fairest, where

fairest of the fair, where thou - - wert fairest, where thou wert fairest, where

thou - wert fair - - est of the fair.

thou - - - - wert fair - - est of the fair.

2

O! Nanny, when thou'rt far awa,
Wilt thou not cast a look behind;
Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,
Nor shrink before the warping wind:
O can that soft and gentle mien,
Severest 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 know,
To share with him the pang of woe:
And when invading pains befall,
Wilt thou assume the Nurse's care;
Nor wishful 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 much lov'd clay,
Strew Flowers, and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret those scens so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the Fair?

O! Nanny. — Duet.

"Here in cool grot & mossy cell"

A favorite Glee for Four Voices,

Composed by

LORD MORNINGTON.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Pr. 1/6

London, Published by the Royal Harmonic Institution (Argyll Rooms), 246 Regent Str.t

Slow and Piano. Vivace.

Treble: Here in cool Grot, and mos - sy cell; We rural fays and

2.nd Treble or Con: Tenor: Here in cool Grot, and mos - sy cell; We

Tenor: Here in cool Grot, and mos - sy cell; We

Bass: Here in cool Grot, and mos - sy cell; We

Fairies We ru - ral fays We ru - ral fays and Fairies dwell,

ru - ral fays and Fairies We ru - ral fays and Fairies dwell,

ru - ral fays and Fairies We ru - ral fays and Fairies dwell,

ru - ral fays and Fairies We ru - ral fays and Fairies dwell,

Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye, When the pale moon ascending high Darts

Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye, When the pale moon ascending high

Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye, When the pale moon ascending high

Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye, When the pale moon ascending high

Darts thro' yon Limes her quiv'ring quiv'ring beams, We frisk it frisk it frisk it

Darts thro' yon Limes her quiv'ring quiv'ring beams, We frisk it frisk it

Darts thro' yon Limes her quiv'ring quiv'ring beams, We frisk it frisk it

Darts thro' yon Limes her quiv'ring quiv'ring beams, We frisk it frisk it

frisk it frisk it near these chrystal streams. frisk it frisk it frisk it

frisk it frisk it near these chrystal streams. frisk it frisk it frisk it

frisk it frisk it near these chrystal streams. frisk it frisk it frisk it

frisk it frisk it near these chrystal streams. frisk it frisk it frisk it

near these chrystal streams. Her beams re-flected from the wave,

near these chrystal streams. Her beams re-flected from the wave, Afford the

near these chrystal streams. Her beams re-flected from the wave, Afford the

near these chrystal streams. Her beams re-flected from the wave,

The turf with dai-ses broider'd o'er,

light our revels crave; The turf with dai-ses broider'd o'er, Ex-

light our revels crave; The turf with dai-ses broider'd o'er, Ex-

our revels crave; The turf with dai-ses broider'd o'er, Ex-

Exceeds we wot the pa-rian floor.

-ceeds we wot the pa-rian floor. Nor yet for artful

-ceeds we wot the pa-rian floor. Nor

-ceeds we wot the pa-rian floor. Nor yet for artful strains to

Nor yet for artful strains we call, we call, we call, But

strains nor yet for artful strains we call, we call, we call, But

yet for artful strains we call, we call, we call, we call, But

call for art...ful strains we call, we call, we call, But

p

listen listen listen listen to the water fall.

p

listen listen listen listen to the water fall.

p

listen listen listen listen to the water fall.

p

listen listen listen listen to the water fall.

pp

listen listen listen listen to the water fall.

pp

listen listen listen listen to the water fall.

pp

listen listen listen listen to the water fall.

pp

listen listen listen listen to the water fall.

Hark the Lark at Heavn's gate sing's

A favorite GLEE for four Voices

sung at Vauxhall Gardens

Adapted to a single Voice and Harpsichord.

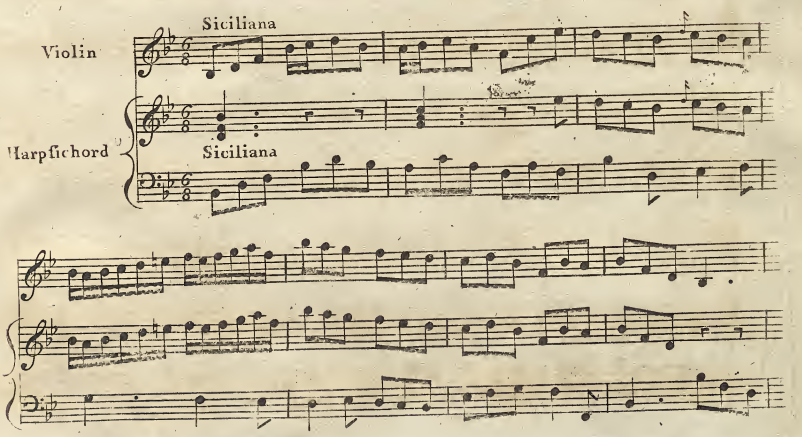
With an Accompanyment for a Violin to be added at pleasure, or it may be played an Octave higher (with very little omission or variation) by another hand on the same Harpsichord.

Composed

And the Accompanyment added by

DOCTOR COOKE

London, Printed by MUZIO, *Clementi & Co. 26 Cheapside.*



Violin

Pia

Tenor Voice

Hark hark the Lark at heav'n's gate sings

Tenor Voice

Hark hark the Lark at heav'n' gate sings

Bass Voice

Hark hark the Lark at heav'n's gate sings

Treble Voice and Harp — si — chord

Hark hark the Lark at heav'n's gate sings

soft swell loud

Hark hark the Lark at heav'n's gate sings and

soft swell loud

Hark hark the Lark at heav'n's gate sings and

soft swell loud

Hark hark the Lark at heav'n's gate sings and

soft swell loud

Hark hark the Lark at heav'n's gate sings and

Phœbus 'gins a - - rife his Steeds to wa - ter at thofe Springs on

Phœbus 'gins a - - - - rife - - - - - - - - his Steeds to wa - ter at thofe

Phœbus 'gins a - - rife his Steeds to wa - - - - ter at thofe

Phœbus 'gins a - - - rife - - - - his Steeds - - to water at thofe

1st time 2d time

cha - - - - - lic'd flow'rs that lies lies and

Springs on chalic'd flow'rs that lies lies

Springs on chalic'd flow'rs that lies lies and

Springs on chalic'd flow'rs that lies lies

1st ti ne 2d ti

wink - - - ing Ma - - - ry buds be - - gin to

and wink - ing Ma - ry buds be - gin to

wink - - - ing Ma - - - ry buds be - - gin to

and winking Ma - ry buds be - gin to ope their gol - - - - den

ope - - be - gin to ope - - their gol - - den eyes

ope win ing Mary buds be - gin to ope their gol - - - den eyes

ope - - - be - gin to ope - - their gol - - - den eyes

eyes and wink - ing Mary buds be - gin to ope their gol - - - den eyes with

p

that pretty is my La-dy fweet a-rife

my La-dy fweet a-rife

my La-dy fweet a-rife

ev'ry thing that pretty is my La-dy fweet a-rife my Lady

a-rife my Lady fweet a-rife with

soft

more soft

a-rife a-rife with

soft

more soft

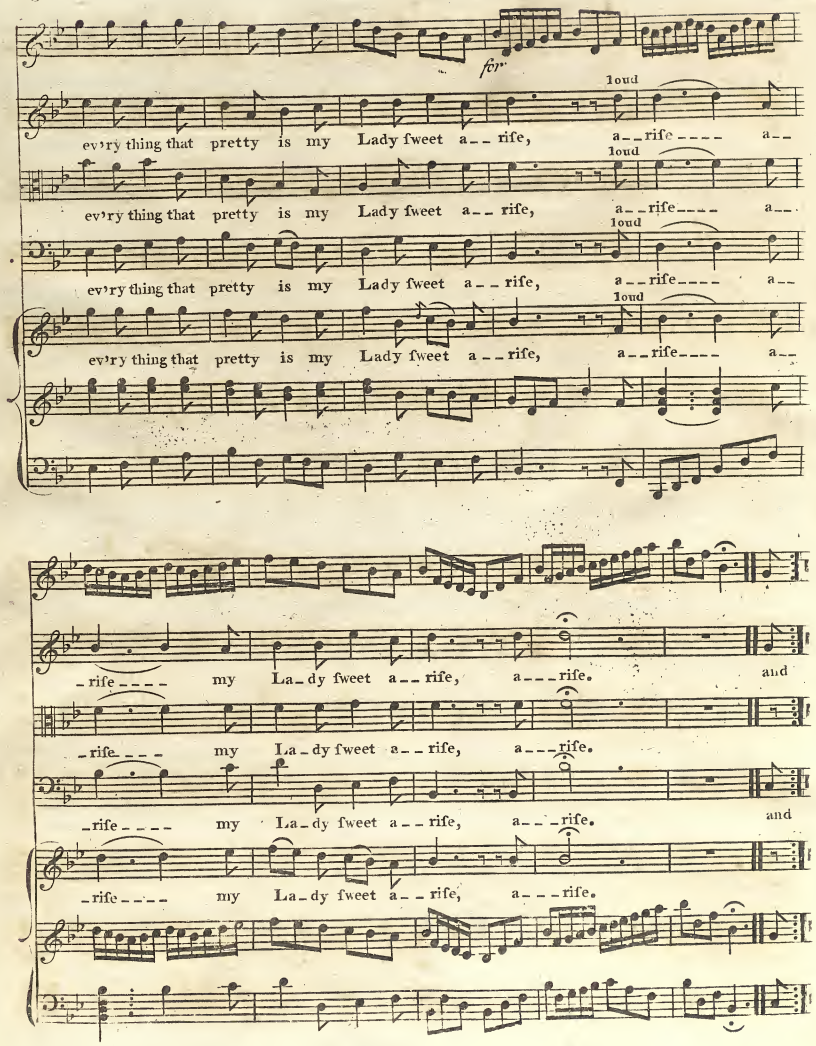
a-rife a-rife with

soft

more soft

fweet a-rife my La-dy fweet a-rife with

more soft


for
loud
evʼry thing that pretty is my Lady ſweet a__ riſe, a__riſe____ a__
loud
evʼry thing that pretty is my Lady ſweet a__ riſe, a__riſe____ a__
loud
evʼry thing that pretty is my Lady ſweet a__ riſe, a__riſe____ a__
loud
evʼry thing that pretty is my Lady ſweet a__ riſe, a__riſe____ a__
_riſe____ my La_dy ſweet a__ riſe, a___riſe. and
_riſe___ my La_dy ſweet a__ riſe, a___riſe.
_riſe____ my La_dy ſweet a__ riſe, a___riſe. and
_riſe____ my La_dy ſweet a__ riſe, a___riſe.

147
180

GLORIOUS APOLLO

A Glee for Three Voices

Composed by S. Webbe

Sold at the DUBLIN HARMONIC INSTITUTION 13 Westmorland St.

Soli

Glo_rious APOLLO from on high beheld us wand'ring to find a Temple for his Praise,

Glo_rious APOLLO from on high beheld us wand'ring to find a Temple for his Praise,

Glo_rious APOLLO from on high beheld us wand'ring to find a Temple for his Praise,

Moderato.

Send Poly_hymnia hither, to shield us while we ourselves such a Structure might raise.

Send Poly_hymnia hither, to shield us while we ourselves such a Structure might raise.

Send Poly_hymnia hither, to shield us while we ourselves such a Structure might raise.

Soli

Thus then combining hands & hearts joining sing we in harmony A_POLLO's praise, praise

Thus then combining hands & hearts joining sing we in harmony A_POLLO's praise, praise

Thus then combining hands & hearts joining sing we in harmony A_POLLO's prase, praise

Soli Chos

A_POLLO's praise A_POL_LO's praise A_POLLO's praise A_POLLO's praise,

A_POLLO's praise A_POL_LO's praise A_POLLO's praise A_POLLO's praise,

A_POLLO's praise A_POL_LO's praise A_POLLO's praise A_POLLO's praise,

Soli

Here ev'ry gen _ rours Sentiment a _ wak _ ing Music in spiring U _ ni _ ty & Joy,

Here ev'ry gen _ rous Sentiment a _ wak _ ing Music in spiring U _ ni _ ty & Joy,

Here ev'ry gen _ rours Sentiment a _ wak _ ing Music in spiring U _ ni _ ty & Joy,

Soli

Each social pleasure giving & partak _ ing Glee & good humour our hours em _ ploy;

Each social pleasure giving & partak _ ing Glee & good humour our hours em _ ploy;

Each social pleasuer giving & partak _ ing Glee & good humour our hours em _ ploy;

Soli

Thus then com _ bin _ ing hands & hearts join _ ing long may con _ tinue our

Thus then com _ bin _ ing hands & hearts join _ ing long may con _ tinue our

Thus then com _ bin _ ing hands & hearts join _ ing long may con _ tinue our

1 2 Soli

U _ ni _ ty & Joy. Joy. Our U _ ni _ ty & Joy our U _ ni _ ty &

1 2

U _ ni _ ty & Joy, Joy. Our U _ ni _ ty & Joy our U _ ni _ ty &

1 2

U _ ni _ ty & Joy, Joy. Our U ni ty & Joy our U _ ni _ ty &

Cho^s

Joy our U _ _ ni _ ty & Joy our U _ _ ni _ _ ty & Joy.

Joy our U _ _ ni _ ty & Joy our U _ _ ni _ _ ty & Joy.

Joy our U _ ni _ ty & Joy our U _ _ ni _ _ ty & Joy.

YE BANKS & BRAES O' BONNY DOON

Written by

Burns

FOR ONE OR TWO VOICES.

1/-

EDIN.r Printed & Sold by ROB.t PURDIE at his Music & Musical Instrument Warehouse N.o 70 Princes Street.

Ye Banks and braes o' Bon_ie Doon How can ye Bloom fae

Ye Banks and braes o' Bon_ie Doon How can ye Bloom fae

fresh and fair; Ye lit_tle Birds you'll break my heart While

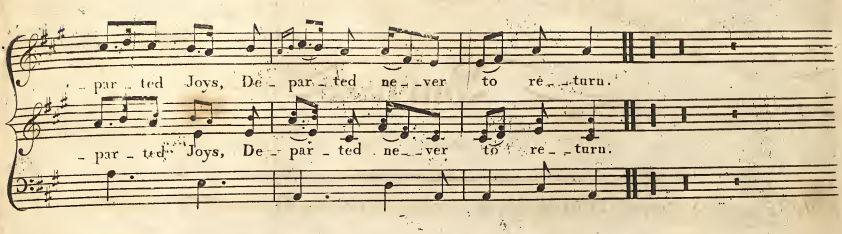
fresh and fair; Ye lit_tle Birds you'll break my heart While

I'm so wea_ry full of care. You'll break my heart ye lit_tle Birds, that

I'm so wea_ry full of care. You'll break my heart ye lit_tle Birds, that

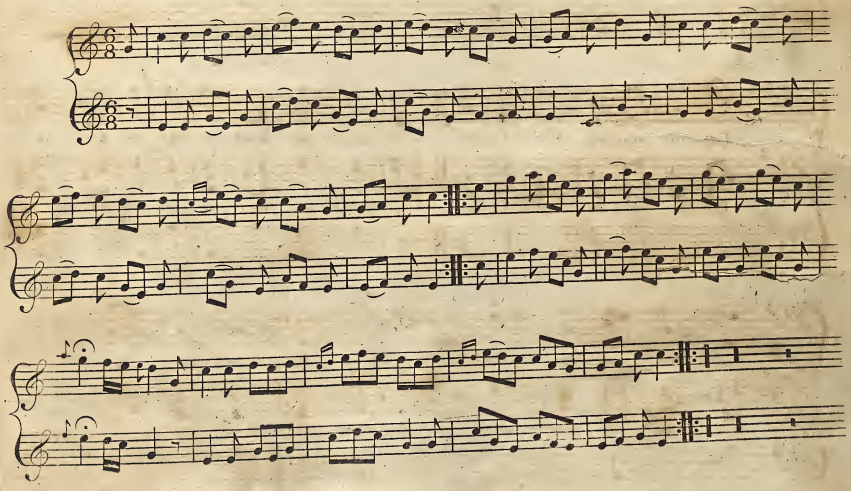
wan_ton war_ble thro' the Thorn: It Minds me of De__

wan_ton war_ble thro' the Thorn: It Minds me of De__



Oft have I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To see the Rose and Woodbine Twine:
Where ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine;
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a Rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny Tree:
But my fause lover staw my Rose,
And left the thorn behind to me.

Duett for two Flutes,



136

Roland the brave. — Mrs Arkwright

For.

The brave Roland! — the brave Roland — False tidings reach'd the Rhe-nish strand, that

he had fall'n in fight; And thy faith-ful bosom swoon'd with pain, Oh

Ria

loveliest maiden of Al-le'mayne, For the loss of thine own true knight

Cres.

But why so rash has she ta'en the veil, In

rf

gon Nonnenwer- der's cloisters pale For her vow had scarce been sworn, And the

fatal mantle o'er her flung, When the Drachenfells to a trumpet rung— 'Twas her

Pia

Cres

Lon

own dear war- rior's horn

Cres

For

Woe,

woe each heart shall bleed, shall break! She would have hung up on his neck, Had he

Pp.

come but yester- even; And he had clasp'd those peerless charms, That shall

Ritard

Yet Ro-land the brave, Ro-land the true, She

Tempo

could not bid that spot adieu; It was dear still midst his woes; For he

Pia

lov'd to breathe the neighbring air, And to think she blest him in her prayer, When the

dal-le-lu-jah rose

She

Cres

died! – He sought the battle-plain, where [illegible] dying train, [illegible]

Pia

fell, and wish'd to fall: And her name was in his la- – st sigh, When Ro-

ritard

- land, the flower of chi- val- ry, Ex- pired at Ronce- – valles

Canzonetta.

Felice Blangini

142.

Allegro.

Piano ou Harpe.

Ah! se ti fossi o ni - - - va con

mi su sta col - li - - na con mi su sta col - li - - - va al fresco a ves - pi -

zza. quando la not - te imbru - - na e che nel ciel la lu - - - - na e

che nel ciel la lu - - na co mincia a ros - chia - - - ar ah! che at - ti che gosti che

sf p

tombo le caro ben vorressi-mo far oh! che atti che gesti che tombo-le caro

sf p

ben vorressimo far oh! che atti che gesti che tombole caro ben vorressi-mo

sf

far caro ben caro ben vorressimo far caro ben caro, ben vorressimo far.

2. C.

Nel più gol - to ros-chet - to
Nel luogo più secreto (bis)
Mi te vorria menar

E te poche parole
Conti le mondargiole (bis)
Mi me trovar a giocar

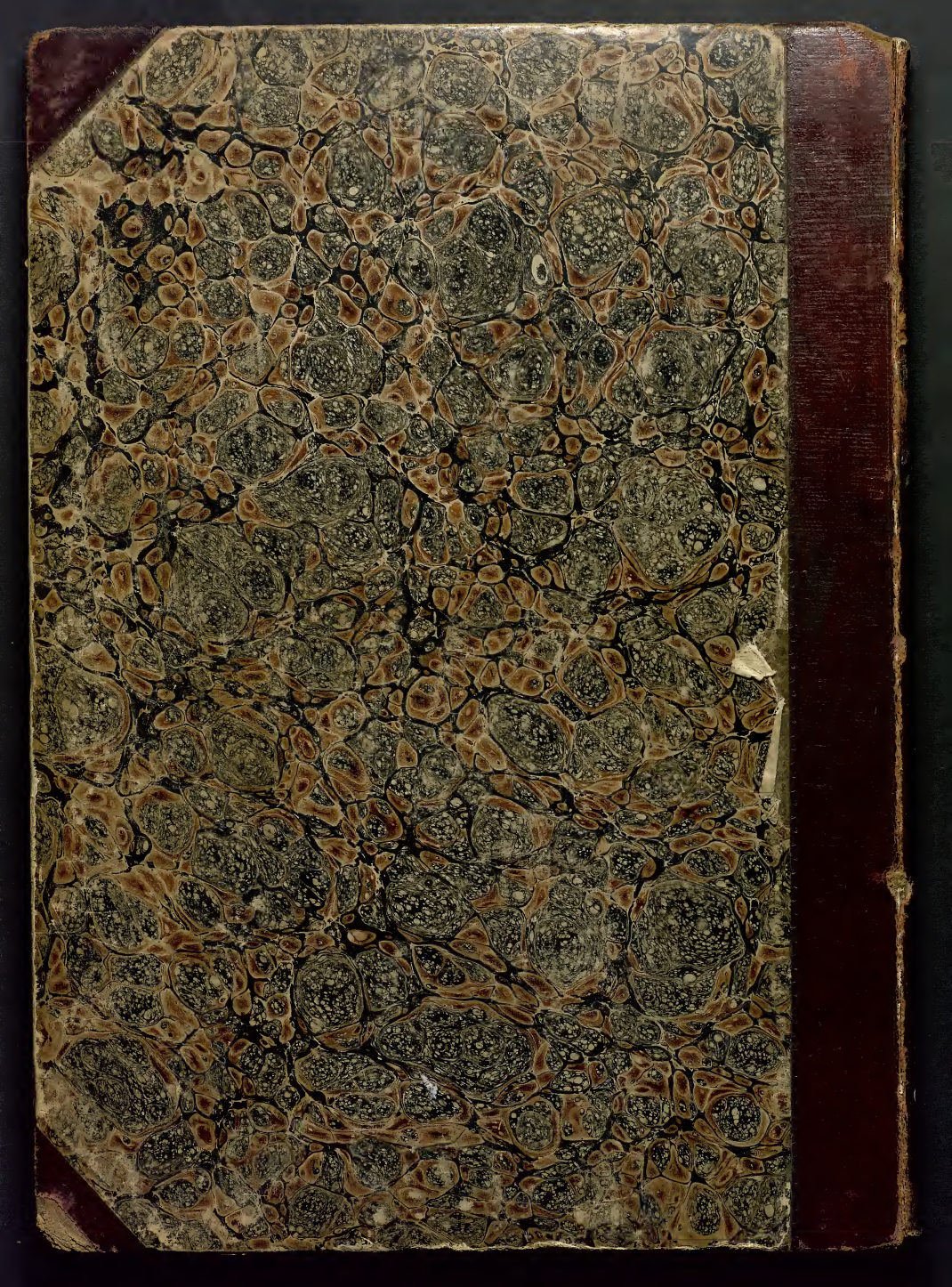
Oh! che atti che gesti che tombole
Caro ben vorressimo far (bis)

3. C.

Te te vorria-vas
E poi te richiamar (bis)
Per venerm cercar

Allora si farbetta
Se chiapperia ben strettta (bis)
E te vorria baxar

Oh! che atti che gesti che tombole
Caro ben vorressimo far (bis)



VOCAL

MUSIC

COLLECTION OF VOCAL MUSIC

V. I

M

COL