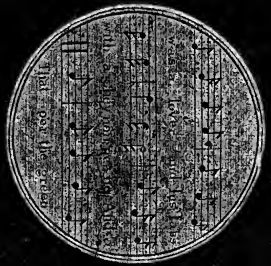

THE SONG BOOK

THE SONG BOOK

WORDS AND TUNES
FROM THE BEST POETS AND MUSICIANS

SELECTED AND ARRANGED
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PREFACE.

THIS volume contains the majority of the best Songs, by deceased poets and musicians, of Great Britain and Ireland. That it has been possible to compress anything answering to this description into so small a compass is due to a variety of causes, of which deficiency of material whence to choose has assuredly not been one. But, the *best* things, in every kind of art, are necessarily few. The field of choice, too, has been limited in the present instance to pieces which fully answer to the popular idea of a song—a thing, the first condition or qualification of which is *that it can be sung*, and to which, therefore, apt notes are as essential and as important as apt words. Moreover, it was desirable that the collection should consist exclusively of *National* songs—songs which, through their truth to nature, their felicity of expression, and the operation of time, have sunk "deeper than did ever plummet sound" into the hearts of the people among whom they have sprung up and circulated.

The presentation of these songs *without accompaniment*, has been dictated not merely by want of space, but by the desire to present them in their original forms. For, in almost every case, the *tune* is the *only* original part of the music of a national song; the addition even of a bass having been generally made by a later hand—not always guided by a sympathetic spirit.

In thus bringing together the Songs of Great Britain and Ireland, an opportunity will be afforded both for confirming a just impression in respect to

them, and also for removing a false one;—by showing, on the one hand, that, as a body, they will not suffer by comparison with those of any other nation—perhaps even with those of all other nations put together,—on the other, that the *English*, as well as the Scottish, the Welsh, and the Irish, *have national melodies*—a truth which, old and irrefragable as it may be to those who have looked into the matter, will be altogether new to, and require confirmation with, those who have not. Some excuse for this may have existed, up to a comparatively recent time, in the absence of any authentic and accessible body of evidence in relation to English melody; but the labours of Mr. Chappell have now put this within reach of every candid inquirer, and establish beyond doubt the priority as well as the extent of our claims as a nation of song-makers.

In his splendid and exhaustive collection,* Mr. Chappell has included not only the majority of those English songs and tunes "of the olden time" which are still current and popular, but many others that, wanting a chronicler or an interpreter, had ceased, or would soon have ceased, to be so. Many a treasure, too, long lost to eye and ear in the folds of ancient manuscripts, or veiled under obsolete and repulsive notations, will be found in it:—all these accompanied and enriched by annotations and illustrations, not more remarkable for their number than for their accuracy and interest.

Indeed, but for Mr. Chappell's, a book like the following would have demanded an amount of research which must have placed many years between its projection and its publication. Nor, without his encouragement, could the Editor have ventured to avail himself so often of the results of Mr. Chappell's researches, as this book will show he has done. But an announcement of the plan of it, submitted by the Editor to Mr. Chappell before he undertook to carry it into effect, was met by that gentleman, not merely

* *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, a Collection of Ancient Songs, Ballads, and Dance Tunes, illustrative of the National Music of England, &c. By William Chappell, F.S.A. London Cramer & Co.

with a prompt and unconditional permission to use, or extract from, his publications to any extent, but by an offer of co-operation of any other kind that might be needed.

Copious as were the resources thus liberally opened to the Editor, it will be seen that they were not the only ones to which he has had access, and occasion to resort. Not to say that much in Mr. Chappell's work is, as a very condition of its existence as national melody, familiar even "as household words," some, if not many, songs of much interest have not found their way into it,—simply because no book can contain everything. The authorities for these as well as all other pieces, whether of words or music, contained in this volume are specified at the foot of each; more detailed information, where needed, being given in the concluding notes.

Though nothing that can be compared with the research and critical acumen of Mr. Chappell has been brought to bear upon it, *Scottish* song has long been, to the natives of Scotland, an object of far greater pride and attention than has English song to our own countrymen. Collections of Scottish melodies are both numerous and copious,—too copious in many instances; since they include both a good deal hardly worthy of preservation, and also not a little the *nationality* of which (always doubtful) more careful inquiry must have resulted in assigning to South Britain or Ireland. That not a few so-called Scottish melodies are possibly or certainly Irish has been long known to, and admitted by, the Scotch themselves; but that the terms *Northern*, and even *Scottish*, have often been applied to their own songs by the English, and that a considerable number of pieces, which have found their way into Scottish collections, had been in print as well as in large circulation in England long before (though it might be with slight variations, not of structure, but of surface), are truths, the demonstration of which we owe to Mr. Chappell. Not that the Scotch alone have profited in this way. It is certain also that many favourite *Irish* melodies have either been pieced together from fragments of English material, or stolen ready made.

These appropriations, however, of their neighbours' goods, admitted in full, both Ireland and (still more) Scotland have good cause for rejoicing in their lyrical wealth. To the perfection of a song the words and the notes must contribute in an equal degree; and these must be not merely excellent in themselves, but accordant with each other. The conditions of a song's existence are only thoroughly fulfilled where

> "—— music and sweet poesy *agree*,
> As needs they must—the sister and the brother."

In the songs of no people is this *agreement* more perfect than, or so frequent as, in the Scottish. The contributions of Burns alone to the minstrelsy of his country would entitle Scotland to a high—perhaps to the highest—place among song-making peoples. And even Burns, though of unequalled altitude, is but as the highest peak in the mountain-chain which leads up to it, guards and buttresses it, on all sides. He is *facile princeps*, no doubt, but his compeers are royal and many.

In comparison with Scottish, Irish minstrelsy appears, of necessity, under great disadvantages—*to us*. The native poet-musicians of Ireland are unintelligible to the great mass by whom the English language and its varieties are spoken. And, within the memories of men living, no Anglo-Irish poet had taken a place for a moment to be compared with that of Burns, in connexion with the melodies of his own country. The condition of Wales has been precisely similar, and from the same cause. Her vocal melodies have been long before the world, in considerable numbers, but of necessity also divorced from the words to which they were originally allied. Indeed, before the very recent publication of Mr. Thomas's work,* nothing like a collection of Welsh Melodies, interpreted and adorned by the addition of English words, of appropriate character, had been attempted. The courtesy of Mr. Thomas's publishers has enabled

* *Welsh Melodies*, with Welsh and English Poetry. By John Jones, Esq. (Talhaiarn) and Thomas Oliphant, Esq.; arranged by John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia). London: Addison & Co.

the Editor to give some specimens of Welsh songs, the beauty and interest of which will, no doubt, lead musical readers to the inspection and study of the entire collection from which they are taken.

To the English, Scottish, Welsh, and Irish songs specified in the title-page, have been added a few *American*. In admitting them a rule excluding contemporary songs has been violated. Everything, however, in America comes quickly to maturity, and the flavour which, in the Old World, can be given to national melody only by age, seems to be communicable in the New, through other agencies. Certain it is that a considerable number of American songs which have taken strong hold, not only of America, but of Great Britain, cannot possibly number even the fewest years needed for the enrolment of any British composition among *our* national songs.

To what extent any considerable number of ancient melodies—of whatever nation—are *intact;* with how much of the detail, or even of the design, of their authors about them, they have come down to us, is a question which, however interesting, it is not likely there will ever be any means of answering satisfactorily. Many of the most ancient tunes must be the production of artists to whom the use of musical symbols was either unfamiliar or altogether unknown, and whose inspirations, caught up "by ear" have been passed on, from voice to voice, and from instrument to instrument, for long periods of time, before their forms were verified in the written note. Those whose only means of tradition are oral, have, no doubt, very retentive memories; but, admitting this to the fullest extent, variations innumerable, and more or less great, both in words and notes, must, in the course of frequent repetitions of the same songs, make their way into them. If we consider, too, the extent to which almost every performer impresses what he performs with his own individuality, we shall hesitate to set much store by the *authenticity*, whatever we may think of the beauty, of many of those versions of old melodies, which have been taken down, at such cost and trouble, by musical antiquarians, from the lips of "the oldest inhabitants" of out-of-the-way places.

The assignment of dates to national melodies on internal evidence—and we nave often no other to guide us—is attended with difficulties altogether special. An average musical composition can as little conceal its age as an average human being. A thousand peculiarities in its plan and details will betray to an experienced eye or ear the approximate time, and often even place, of its production. But tunes, pure and simple, are the waifs and strays of musical creation —the offspring of genius often not amenable to, often not cognizant of, musical law, to whose lot it has not unfrequently fallen to anticipate modes of operations not yet *sanctioned* by the orthodox practitioner. That musical history furnishes many instances of this is certain; melodies, the dates of which are indisputable, being found cast in forms—technically, in a *tonality*—not generally accepted and used till many years after their composition. The Editor has not succeeded in ascertaining on what evidence so high an antiquity is assigned to certain tunes in many Scottish, Welsh, and Irish collections. That the stocks on which some of them have been grafted are ancient is probable; or (to change the metaphor) that the work handed down to us may enclose, or may have altogether replaced, another of very distant date, is neither impossible nor improbable; but in these, as in too many other instances, restoration and repair have destroyed a monument, and its transformation has been so thorough, that the original artificer might fail to find any of his own work left in it.

The value and interest, to the musical reader, of a collection like the following consist greatly in the opportunity it affords of comparing, not merely one melody with another, but any *set* of national melodies with any other—the English with the Irish, the Irish with the Welsh, and so on. The songs of a people might be expected, in some marked way, to reveal its character and peculiarities. That from their *literary* part, the words, something in respect of these might, in the absence of all other knowledge, be predicated is certain; but that from their musical part, the notes—essentially so vague, so unequal to

clear expression of any but a few powerful affections of the mind—any equal amount of knowledge, or any knowledge whatever, of the people among whom they have grown up, could be obtained, must be considered extremely doubtful.

It remains only for the Editor to name here the musical works to which he has had most frequent occasion to refer. These are, for the English tunes, Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time;* for the Scottish, Thomson's *Scottish Songs;* for the Welsh, Thomas's *Welsh Melodies;* and for the Irish, Bunting's *Ancient Music of Ireland.* Considerable discrepancies exist between many of the airs in the latter work and those bearing the same names in Moore's *Irish Melodies:* in every instance the version of Bunting has been adopted in preference to that of Moore, as being always the more ancient, and generally the more beautiful. Thus, for the first time, many of these magnificent lyrics will be found in connexion with the airs by which they were professedly inspired.

J. H.

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The Song Book

I

BLOW THY HORN, HUNTER

Animato

Blow thy horn, Hunter, Come blow thy horn on

high; In yonder wood there lyeth a doe, In

faith she will not die. Come blow thy horn

hunter, Come, blow thy horn, jolly hunt - er!

CHAPPELL. From a MS. Brit. Mus.

II

PASTIME WITH GOOD COMPANY

Andante

Pastime with good com - pany I love, and shall un-

til I die; Grudge who will, but none deny, So

God be pleas'd, this life will I For my pastance, Hunt,

sing and dance; My heart is set, All goodly sport, To

my comfort, Who shall me let?

Youth will needs have dalliance,
Of good or ill some pastance;
Company me thinketh the best
All thoughts & fantasies to digest.
For idleness
Is chief mistress
Of vices all:
Then who can say
But pass the day
Is best of all?

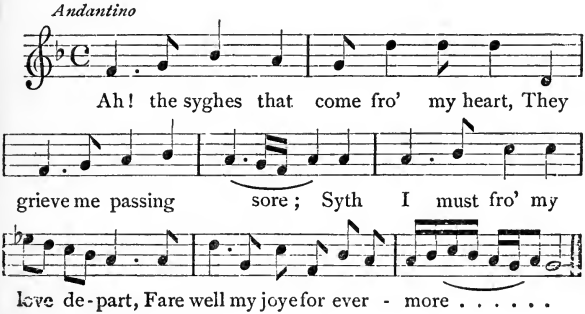
Company with honesty
Is virtue; and vice to flee.
Company is good or ill,
But every man hath his free will.
The best I sue,
The worst eschew:
My mind shall be
Virtue to use,
Vice to refuse,
I shall use me.

CHAPPELL. The Words and Tune (by HENRY VIII.) from a MS. in the Brit. Mus.

III

AH! THE SYGHES THAT COME FRO' MY HEART

Andantino



Oft to me with her goodly face,
  She was wont to cast an eye;
And now absence to me in place!
  Alas! for woe I die, I die!

I was wont her to behold,
  And take in armes twain;
And now with syghes manifold,
  Farewell my joy and welcome pain!

Ah! me think that should I yet,
  As would to God that I might;
There would no joys compare with it
  Unto my heart, to make it light.

CHAPPELL. From a MS. in the Brit. Mus.

IV

IT WAS A MAID OF MY COUNTRY

Allegretto

It was a maid of my country, As

she came by a hawthorn tree, As full of flow'rs as

might be seen, She marvell'd to see the tree so green; At

last she asked of the tree, How came this freshness

unto thee, And ev'ry branch so fair and clean? I

marvel that you grow so green.

The tree made answer by and by,
I have cause to grow triumphantly,
The sweetest dew that ever be seen,
Doth fall upon me to keep me green.

Yea, quoth the maid, but when you grow
You stand at hand at ev'ry blow,
Of every man for to be seen,
I marvel that you grow so green.

Though many one take flowers from me,
And many a branch out of my tree;
I have such store they will not be seen,
For more and more my twigs grow green.
But how, an they chance to cut thee down,
And carry thy branches into the town?
Then they will never more be seen
To grow again so fresh and green.

Though that you do it is no boot,
Although they cut me to the root,
Next year again I will be seen
To bud my branches fresh and green.
And you, fair maid, cannot do so;
For "when your beauty once does go"
Then will it never more be seen,
As I with my branches can grow green.

The maid with that began to blush,
And turn'd her from the hawthorn bush;
She thought herself so fair and clean,
Her beauty still would ever grow green.

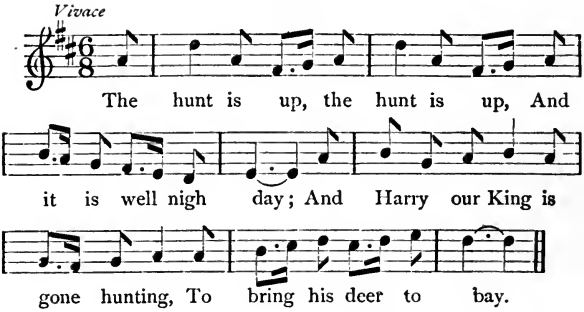
* * * * * *

But after this never I could hear,
Of this fair maiden anywhere,
That ever she was in forest seen
To talk again with hawthorn green.

CHAPPELL. The Words from Ritson's Ancient Songs, and Evans' Old Ballads. TUNE *Dargason.*

V

THE HUNT IS UP



The east is bright with morning light,
  And darkness it is fled,
And the merry horn wakes up the morn
  To leave his idle bed.

Behold the skies with golden dyes
  Are glowing all around;
The grass is green, and so are the treen
  All laughing at the sound.

The horses snort to be at the sport,
  The dogs are running free,
The woods rejoice at the merry noise
  Of hey tantara tee ree!

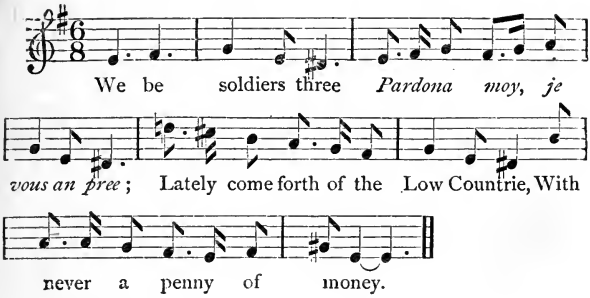
The sun is glad to see us clad
  All in our lusty green,
And smiles in the sky as he riseth high
  To see and to be seen.

Awake all men, I say again,
  Be merry as you may;
For Harry our king is gone hunting,
  To bring his deer to bay.

CHAPPELL. From Musick's Delight on the Cithern. 1667.

VI

WE BE SOLDIERS THREE



Here, good fellow, I drink to thee,
Pardona moy, je vous an pree;
To all good fellows, wherever they be,
With never a penny of money.

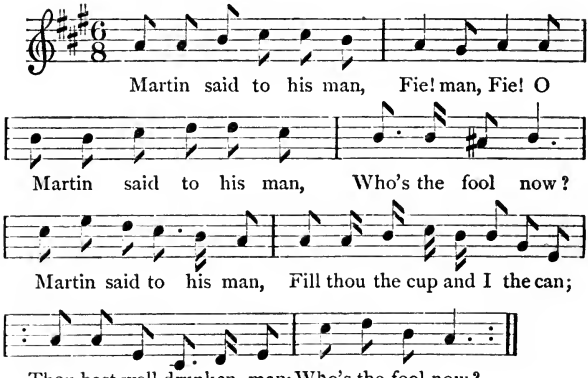
And he that will not pledge me thus,
Pardona moy, je vous an pree;
Pays for the shot, whatever it is,
With never a penny of money.

Charge it again, boy, charge it again,
Pardona moy, je vous an pree;
As long as there is any ink in thy pen,
With never a penny of money.

DEUTEROMELIA. 1609.

VII

WHO'S THE FOOL NOW



I saw the man in the moon;
Fie! man, fie!
I saw the man in the moon;
Who's the fool now?
I saw the man in the moon
Clouting of St. Peter's shoon;
Thou hast well drunken, man;
Who's the fool now?

I saw a hare chase a hound;
Fie! man, fie!
I saw a hare chase a hound;
Who's the fool now?
I saw a hare chase a hound
Twenty miles above the ground;
Thou hast well drunken, man;
Who's the fool now?

I saw a goose ring a hog;
Fie! man, fie!
I saw a goose ring a hog;
Who's the fool now?
I saw a goose ring a hog,
And a snail bite a dog;
Thou hast well drunken, man;
Who's the fool now?

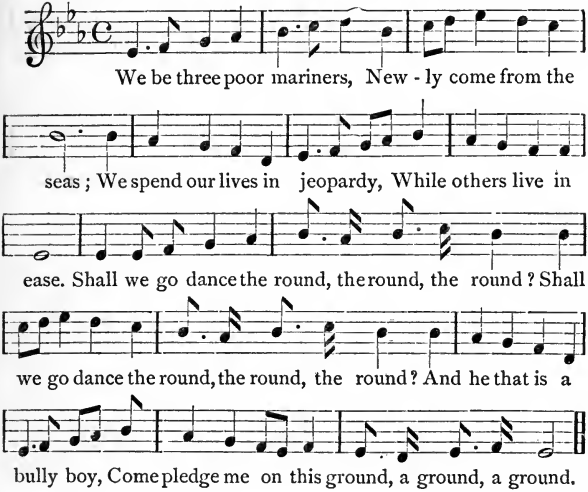
I saw a mouse catch a cat;
Fie! man, fie!
I saw a mouse catch a cat;
Who's the fool now?
I saw a mouse catch a cat,
And the cheese eat the rat;
Thou hast well drunken, man;
Who's the fool now?

DEUTEROMELIA. 1609.

VIII

WE BE THREE POOR MARINERS

Moderato

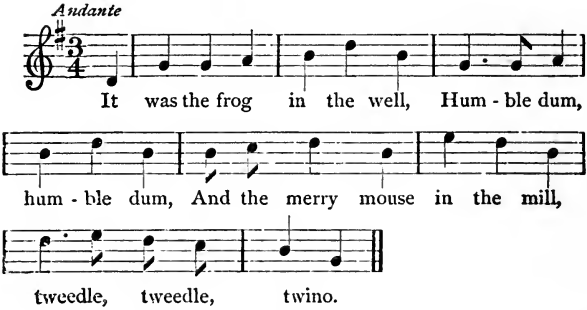


We care not for those martial men
That do our states disdain ;
But we care for the merchantmen
Who do our states maintain.
To them we dance this round, around, around,
To them we dance this round, around, around ;
And he that is a bully boy,
Come pledge me on this ground, aground, aground.

DEUTEROMELIA. 1609.

IX

THE FROG WOULD A-WOOING RIDE



The frog would a-wooing ride,
  Humble dum, humble dum,
Sword and buckler by his side,
  Tweedle, tweedle, twino.

When upon his high horse set,
  Humble dum, humble dum,
His boots they shone as black as jet
  Tweedle, tweedle, twino.

When he came to the merry mill pin,
Lady Mouse beene you within?
Then came out the dusty mouse,
I am lady of this house;

Hast thou any mind of me?
I have e'en great mind of thee.
Who shall this marriage make?
Our lord, which is the rat.

What shall we have to our supper?
Three beans in a pound of butter.
But, when supper they were at,
The frog, the mouse, and e'en the rat,

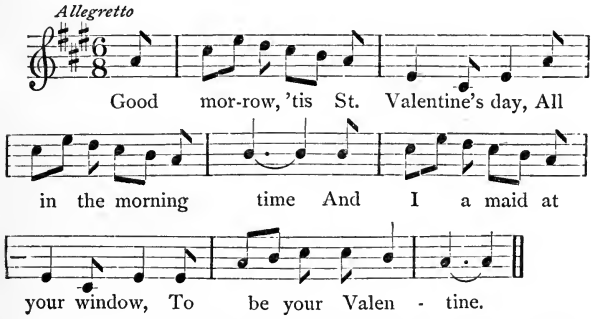
Then came in Tib, our cat,
And caught the mouse e'en by the back,
Then did they separate:
The frog leapt on the floor so flat;

Then came in Dick, our drake,
And drew the frog e'en to the lake,
The rat he ran up the wall,
And so the company parted all.

MELISMATA. 1611.

X

GOODMORROW, 'TIS ST. VALENTINE'S DAY



CHAPPELL. Words from Shakespeare's Hamlet.
TUNE *Traditional.*

XI

SIR SIMON DE MONTFORT

Moderato

Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shall bee; Once

chief of all the great barons was hee, Yet

fortune so cruelle this lorde did a - base, Now

lost and for-got-ten are hee and his race.

When the barons in armes did King Henrye oppose,
Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose;
A leader of courage undaunted was hee,
And oft-times he made their enemies flee.

At length in the battle on Eveshame Plaine
The barons were routed and Montfort was slaine;
Most fatall that battel did prove unto thee,
Though thou wast not born then, my prettye Bessie!

Along with the nobles that fell at that tyde,
His eldest son Henrye, who fought by his side,
Was fellde by a blowe he receivde in the fight!
A blow that deprivde him for ever of sight.

Among the dead bodyes all lifeless he laye,
Till evening drew on of the following daye,
When by a young ladye discoverd was hee;
And this was thy mother, my prettye Bessie.

A baron's faire daughter stept forth in the night,
To search for her father, who fell in the fight,
And seeing young Montfort, where gasping he laye,
Was moved with pitye and brought him awaye.

In secrette she nurst him, and swayed his paine,
While he throughe the realm was believd to be slaine:
At lengthe his faire bride she consented to bee,
And made him glad father of prettye Bessie.

And nowe leste our foes oure lives sholde betraye,
We clothed ourselves in beggar's arraye,
Her jewelles shee solde, and hither came wee;
All our comfort and care was our prettye Bessie.

And here have we lived in fortune's despite,
Thoughe meane, yet contented with humble delighte,
Thus many longe winters nowe have I beene
The sillye blinde beggar of Bednall-greene.

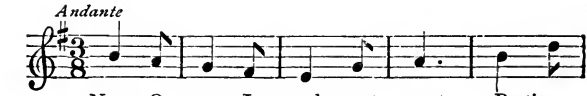
And here, noble lordes, is ended the songe
Of one, that once to your own ranke did belong:
And thus have you learned a secrete from mee,
That neer had been known but for prettye Bessie.

CHAPPELL. Words from Percy's Reliques.

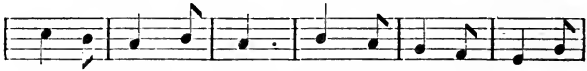
XII

NOW O NOW I NEEDS MUST PART

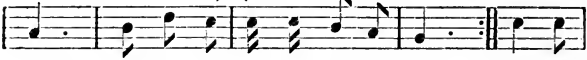
Andante



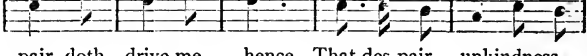
Now, O now I needs must part, Parting
While I live I needs must love: Love lives



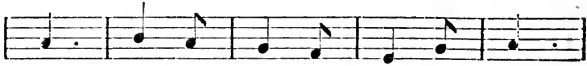
though I absent mourn, Absence can no joy im-
not when life is gone. Now, at last, des - pair doth



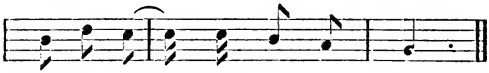
part, Joy once fled can ne'er re - turn. Sad des-
prove Love di - vi - ded loveth none.



pair doth drive me hence, That des-pair unkindness



sends, If that parting be of - fence,



It is she which then of - fends.

Dear, when I from thee am gone,
Gone are all my joys at once!
I loved thee, and thee alone,
In whose love I joyed once.
While I live I needs must love,
Love lives not when life is gone.

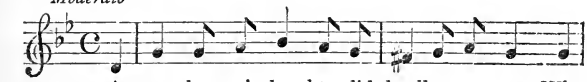
Now, at last, despair doth prove
Love divided loveth none,
And although your sight I leave,
Sight wherein my joys do lie,
Till that Death do sense bereave,
Never shall affection die.

From DOWLAND's First Book of Songs. 1597.

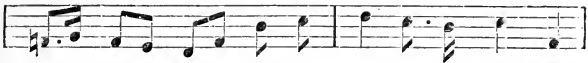
XIII

A POOR BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER

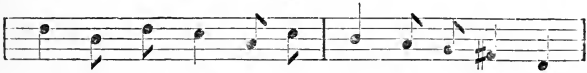
Moderato



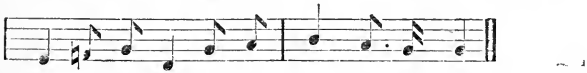
A poore beggar's daughter did dwell on a greene, Who



for her fairenesse might well be a queene; A



blithe bonny lasse, and a dainty was shee, And



many one call-ed her prettye Bessie.

Her father he had noe goods nor noe land,
But begg'd for a penny all day with his hand;
And yett to her marriage he gave thousands three,
And still he hath somewhat for prettye Bessie.

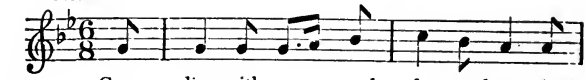
And if any one here her birth doe disdaine,
Her father is ready, with might and with maine,
To prove she is come of noble degree;
Therefore do not flout at prettye Bessie.

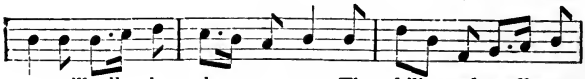
CHAPPELL. The Words from Percy's Reliques. TUNE, *The Blind Beggar.*

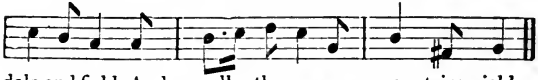
XIV

COME, LIVE WITH ME

Moderato







There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
And twine a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come, live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

CHAPPELL. The Words attributed to Marlowe. TUNE from *Corkme's Second Book of Agres.* 1612; & a MS. discovered by Sir John Hawkins.

XV

WHEN THAT I WAS A LITTLE TINY BOY

Moderato

When that I was a little tiny boy, With a heigh! ho! the wind and the rain, A foolish thing was but a toy, For the rain it raineth ev - 'ry day, With a heigh! ho! the wind and the rain, For the rain it raineth ev - 'ry day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With a heigh! ho! the wind and the rain,
'Gainst thieves and knaves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth ev'ry day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With a heigh! ho! the wind and the rain,
By swaggering never could I thrive,
For the rain it raineth ev'ry day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With a heigh! ho! the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you ev'ry day.

Words from Shakespeare's Twelfth Night.

XVI

PHILLIDA FLOUTS ME

Grazioso

O what a plague is love. I cannot bear it; She will in - constant prove I greatly fear it; It so tor - ments my mind, That my heart fail - eth; She wavers with the wind, As a ship sail - eth: Please her the best I may, She loves still to gain-say, Alack, and well a day! Phillida flouts me.

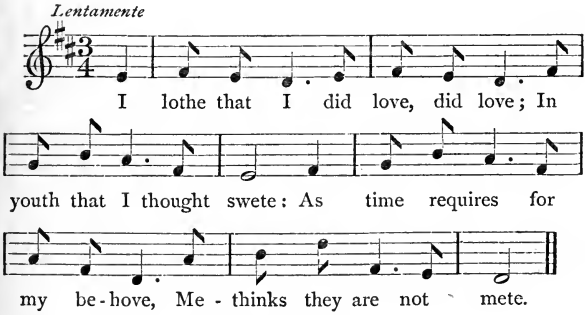
I often heard her say,
That she lov'd posies;
In the last month of May
I gave her roses,
Cowslips and gilly-flowers,
And the sweet lily
I got, to deck the bowers
Of my dear Philly.
She did them all disdain
And threw them back again:
Therefore 'tis flat and plain
Phillida flouts me.

Which way soe'er I go
She still torments me,
And whatsoe'er I do
Nothing contents me:
I fade, and pine away
With grief and sorrow;
I fall quite to decay,
Like any shadow.
I shall be dead, I fear,
Within a thousand year;
And all because my dear
Phillida flouts me.

CHAPPELL. From Watts' Musical Miscellany and Ritson's Ancient Songs.

XVII

I LOTHE THAT I DID LOVE



For Age with stealing steps
Hath clawde me in his crowch;
And lusty Youthe awaye he leapes,
As there had been none such.

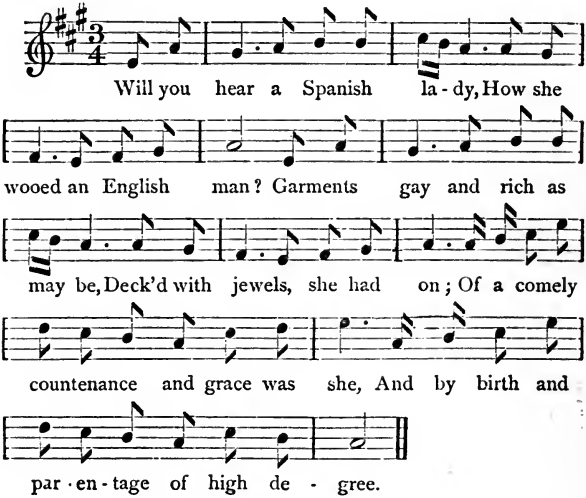
A pikeax and a spade (a spaœ)
And eke a shrowding shete,
A home of clay for to be made
For such a guest most mete.

CHAPPELL. Words from Percy's Reliques.
TUNE. *Now ponder well.*

XVIII

THE SPANISH LADY

Lentamente



As his prisoner there he kept her,
On his hands her life did lye;
Cupid's bands did tye them faster
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in anything she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
For to set the ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.
Then said this lady mild "Full woe is me,
O let me still sustain this kind captivity."

"How should'st thou, fair lady, love me
Whom thou know'st thy country's foe?
Thy fair words make me suspect thee:
Serpents lie where flowers grow."
"All the harm I wish to thee, most courteous knight,
God grant the same upon my head may fully light.

"Blessed be the time and season,
That you came on Spanish ground;
If you may our foes be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city, you have won our hearts each one,
Then to your country bear away that is your own."

"Courteous ladye, leave this fancy,
Here comes all that breeds the strife;
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife;
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

"O how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend!
Many happy days God send her;
Of my suit I make an end;
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which did from love and true affection first commence.

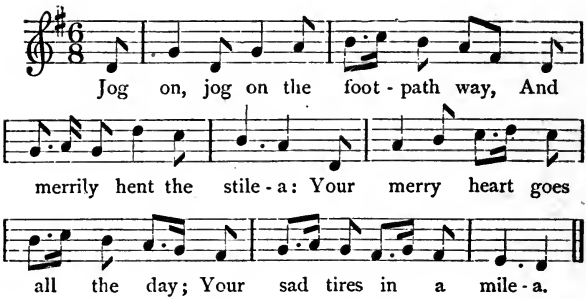
"I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all his laws defye;
In a nunnery will I shroud me
Far from any companye:
But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

"Thus farewell most gallant captain!
Farewell too my heart's content!
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent:
Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee!"
"The like fall ever to thy share most fair ladiè."

CHAPPELL. Words from Percy's Reliques.
TUNE from the *Skene MS.*

XIX

JOG ON, JOG ON



Your paltry money-bags of gold,
  What need have we to stare for,
When little or nothing soon is told,
  And we have the less to care for.

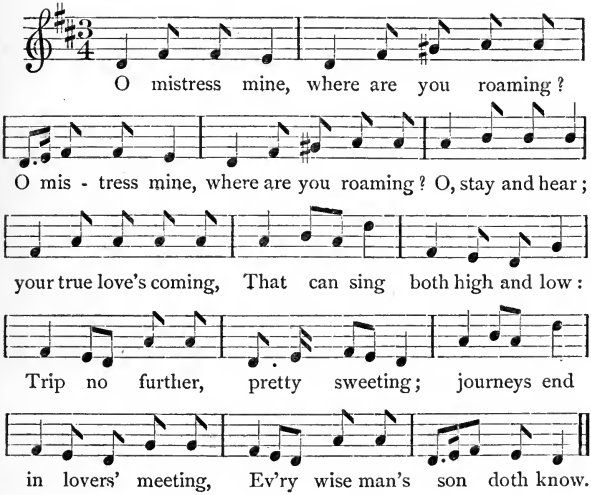
Cast away care, let sorrow cease,
  A fig for melancholy:
Let's laugh and sing, or, if you please,
  We'll frolic with sweet Dolly.

CHAPPELL. Words from The Antidote against Melancholy.

XX

O MISTRESS MINE

Moderato



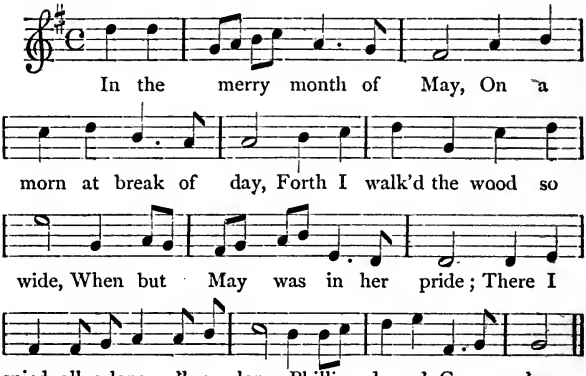
What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
  What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
  Youth's a stuff will not endure.

CHAPPELL. The Words from Shakespeare's Twelfth Night.
TUNE. *Traditional.*

XXI

IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY

Allegretto



Much ado there was, God wot,
For he would love, but she would not;
She said never man was true,
He said none was false to you,
He said he had lov'd too long,
She said love should have no wrong.

Corydon would kiss her then,
She said maids must kiss no men
Till they did for good and all;
Then she made the shepherd call
On all the heavens, to witness truth,
That never loved a truer youth.

Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not love abuse,
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded.

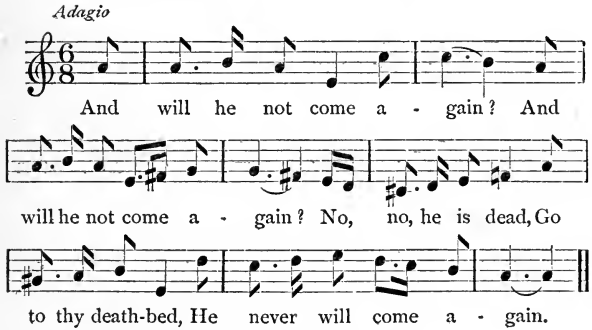
And Phillida with garlands gay
Was crowned the lady of the May.

From Pills to purge Melancholy.

XXII

AND WILL HE NOT COME AGAIN

Adagio



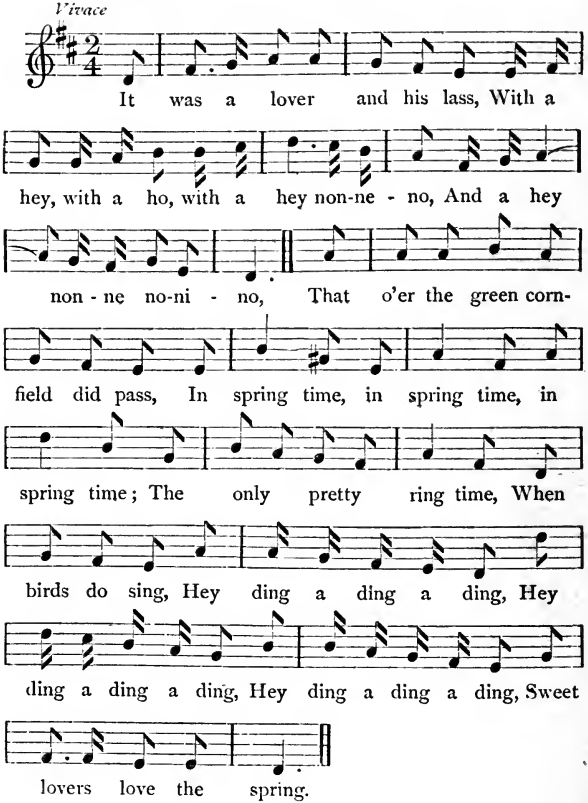
His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God 'a mercy on his soul!

Words from Shakespeare's Hamlet.

XXIII

IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

Vivace



And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, with a ho, with a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

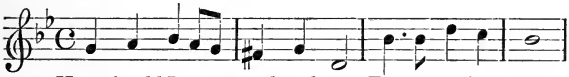
This carol they began that hour,
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

CHAPPELL. The Words from Shakespeare's As you like it.
TUNE from a *MS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.*

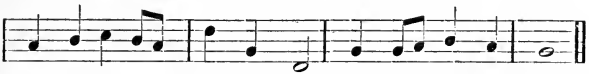
XXIV

HOW SHOULD I YOUR TRUE LOVE KNOW

Andantino



How should I your true love know, From an-other one?



By his co-ckle hat - and - staff, And his sandal shoon.

He is dead, and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone!
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

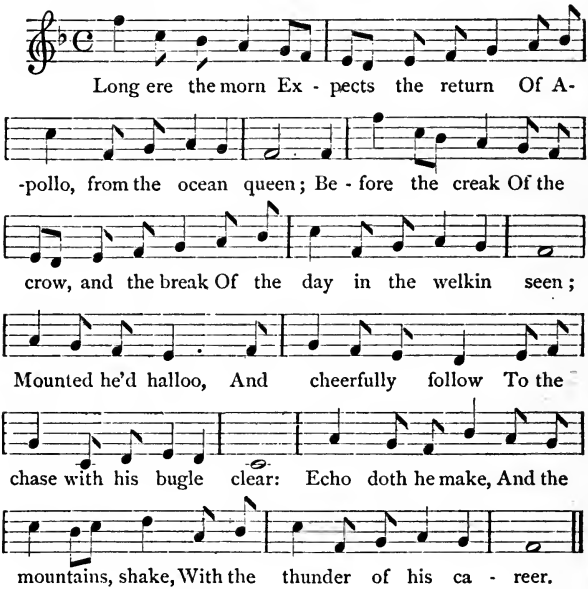
White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did not go,
With true-love showers.

Words from Shakespeare's Hamlet.

XXV

THE HUNTER IN HIS CAREER

Con Spirito



Now bonny bay
In his foine waxeth gray;
Dapple-grey waxeth bay in his blood;
White-Lily stops
With the scent in her chaps,
And Black-Lady makes it good.

Poor silly Wat,
In this wretched state,
Forgets these delights to hear ;
Nimbly she bounds
From the cry of the hounds,
And the music of their career.

Hills with the heat
Of the gallopers' sweat,
Reviving their frozen tops,
And the dale's purple flowers,
That droop from the showers
That down from the rowels drops.
Swains their repast,
And strangers their haste
Neglect, when the horns they do hear;
To see a fleet
Pack of hounds in a sheet,
And the hunter in his career.

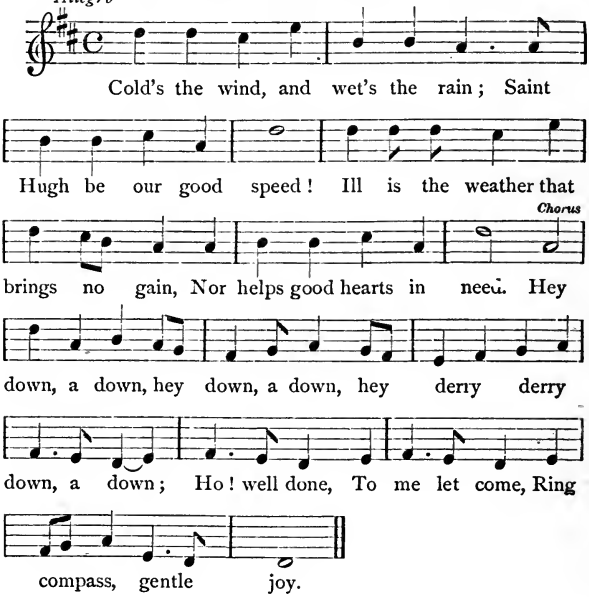
Thus he careers
Over heaths, over meres,
Over deeps, over downs, over clay ;
Till he hath won
The noon from the morn,
And the evening from the day.
His sport then he ends,
And joyfully wends
Home again to his cottage, where
Frankly he feasts
Himself and his guests,
And carouses in his career.

CHAPPELL. The Words from Wit & Drollery 1682.
TUNE from the *Stralock & Skene MSS*.

XXVI

COLD'S THE WIND AND WET'S THE RAIN

Allegro



Troll the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, to thee!
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And drown it merrily.
Hey, down, &c.

CHAPPELL. From The Dancing Master.
TUNE *The Cobbler's Jig.*

XXVII

HARVEST HOME

Vivace

Our oats they are hoed, and our

barley's reap'd, Our hay it is mow'd, and our

hovels heap'd; Come, boys, come; come, boys, come, And

Chorus

merrily roar out, Harvest Home! Harvest Home!

Harvest Home! We'll merrily roar out Harvest Home!

We've cheated the parson, we'll cheat him again:
Why should the vicar have one in ten?
One in ten; one in ten;
Why should the vicar have one in ten?

For staying while dinner is cold and hot,
And pudding and dumpling are burnt to pot?
Burnt to pot; burnt to pot;
And pudding and dumpling are burnt to pot.

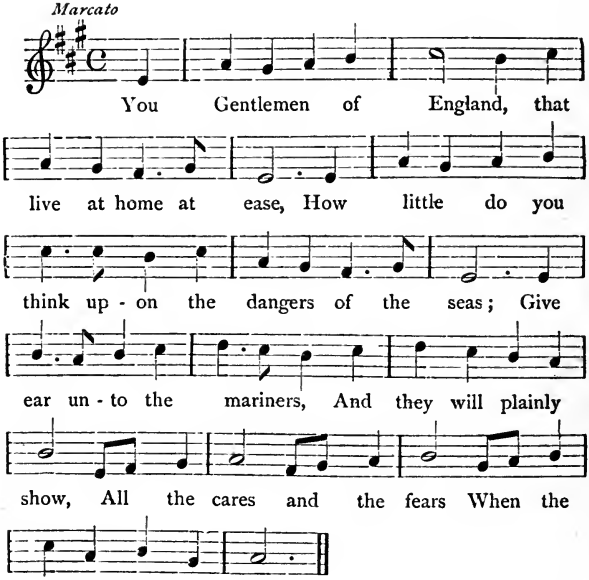
We'll drink off our liquor while we can stand,
And hey for the honour of Old England!
Old England; Old England;
And hey for the honour of Old England!

CHAPPELL.

XXVIII

YOU GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND

Marcato



The sailor must have courage,
No danger he must shun;
In every kind of weather
His course he still must run;

Now mounted on the top-mast,
  How dreadful 'tis below!
Then we ride, as the tide,
  When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,
  And England is at war
With any foreign nation,
  We fear not wound nor scar.
To humble them, come on, lads,
  Their flags we'll soon lay low;
Clear the way for the fray,
  Tho' the stormy winds do blow.

Sometimes in Neptune's bosom
  Our ship is toss'd by waves,
And every man expecting
  The sea to be our graves;
Then up aloft she's mounted,
  And down again so low,
In the waves, on the seas,
  When the stormy winds do blow.

But when the danger's over,
  And safe we come on shore,
The horrors of the tempest
  We think about no more;
The flowing bowl invites us,
  And joyfully we go,
All the day drink away,
  Tho' the stormy winds do blow.

The Words altered from Martin Parker.

XXIX

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY

Andantino

Over the mountains, And over the

waves; Under the fountains, And under the

graves; Under floods that are deepest, Which

Neptune o - bey; Over rocks that are

steepest, Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
  For the glow-worm to lie;
Where there is no space
  For receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dares not venture,
  Lest herself fast she lay;
If Love come he will enter,
  And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
  A child for his might;
Or you may deem him
  A coward from his flight:
But if she, whom Love doth honour,
  Be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
  Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
  By having him confin'd;
And some do suppose him,
  Poor thing, to be blind;
But if ne'er so close you wall him,
  Do the best that you may,
Blind Love, if so ye call him,
  Soon will find out his way.

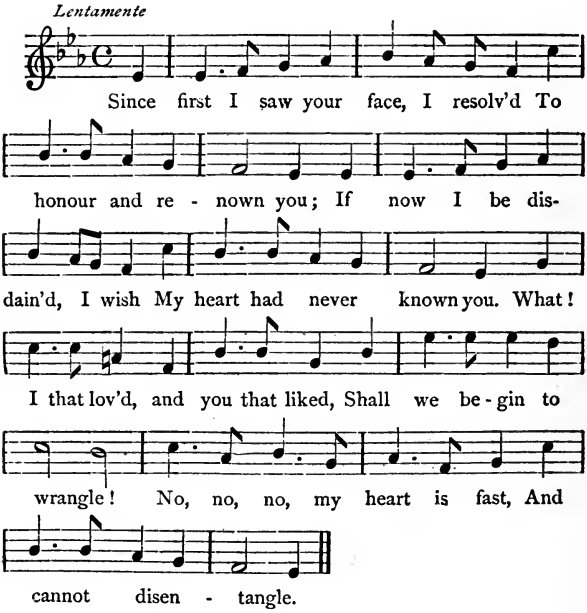
You may train the eagle
  To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
  The phœnix of the east;
The lioness, ye may move her
  To give o'er her prey;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover:
  He'll find out the way.

CHAPPELL. The Words from Percy's Reliques.

XXX

SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE

Lentamente



If I admire or praise you too much,
That fault you may forgive me;
Or if my hands had stray'd to touch,
Then justly might you leave me.

I ask'd you leave, you bade me love,
  Is't now a time to chide me?
No, no, no, I'll love you still,
  What fortune e'er betide me.

The sun, whose beams most glorious are,
  Rejecteth no beholder;
And your sweet beauty, past compare,
  Made my poor eyes the bolder.
When beauty moves, and wit delights,
  And signs of kindness bind me,
There, O there, where'er I go,
  I'll leave my heart behind me.

[If I have wrong'd you, tell me wherein,
  And I will soon amend it;
In recompense of such a sin,
  Here is my heart, I'll send it.
If that will not your mercy move,
  Then for my life I care not;
Then, O then, torment me still,
  And take my life, and spare not.]

From Ford's Musique of Sundry Kinds.

XXXI

A NORTH-COUNTRY LASS

Andantino

A North-Country lass up to London did pass, Al-

though with her nature it did not a - gree, Which

made her repent, and so often lament, Still

wishing again in the North for to be. O the

oak and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree Do

flourish at home in my own country!

Fain would I be in the North Country,
Where the lads and the lasses are making of hay;
There should I see what is pleasant to me;—
A mischief light on them entic'd me away!
O the oak, and the ash, &c.

I like not the court, nor the city resort,
Since there is no fancy for such maids as me;
Their pomp and their pride, I can never abide,
Because with my humour it doth not agree.
O the oak, and the ash, &c.

How oft have I been in the Westmoreland green,
Where the young men and maidens resort for to play,
Where we with delight, from morning till night,
Could feast it, and frolic on each holiday.
O the oak, and the ash, &c.

The ewes and their lambs, with the kids and their dams,
To see in the country how finely they play;
The bells they do ring, and the birds they do sing,
And the fields and the gardens, so pleasant and gay.
O the oak, and the ash, &c.

At wakes and at fairs, being 'void of all cares,
We there with our lovers did use for to dance;
Then hard hap had I, my ill fortune to try,
And so up to London, my steps to advance.
O the oak, and the ash, &c.

But still I perceive, I a husband might have,
If I to the city my mind could but frame;
But I'll have a lad that is North-Country bred,
Or else I'll not marry, in the mind that I am.
O the oak, and the ash, &c.

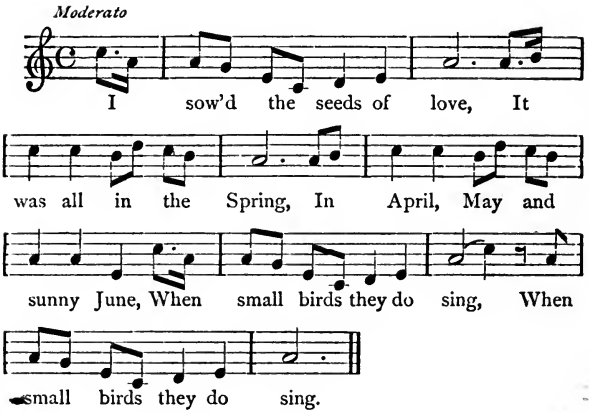
A maiden I am, and a maid I'll remain,
Until my own country again I do see,
For here in this place I shall ne'er see the face
Of him that's allotted my love for to be.
O the oak, and the ash, &c.

Then farewell my daddy, and farewell my mammy,
Until I do see you, I nothing but mourn;
Rememb'ring my brothers, my sisters, and others,
In less than a year, I hope to return.
Then the oak, and the ash, &c.

CHAPPELL. From The Dancing Master.

XXXII

I SOW'D THE SEEDS OF LOVE.



My garden was planted full
  Of flowers every where,
But for myself I could not choose
  The flower I held so dear.

My gardener was standing by,
  And he would choose for me ;
He chose the primrose, the lily and pink,
  But those I refused all three.

The primrose I did reject,
  Because it came too soon ;
The lily and pink I overlook'd,
  And vow'd I would wait till June.

In June came the rose so red,
  And that's the flower for me ;
But when I gather'd the rose so dear
  I gain'd but the willow tree.

Oh ! the willow tree will twist,
  And the willow tree will twine ;
And would I were in the young man's arms,
  That ever has this heart of mine.

My gardener, as he stood by,
  He bade me take great care,
For if I gather'd the rose so red,
  There groweth up a sharp thorn there.

I told him I'd take no care,
  Till I did feel the smart,
And still did press the rose so dear
  Till the thorn did pierce my heart.

A posy of hyssop I'll make,
  No other flower I'll touch,
That all the world may plainly see
  I love one flower too much.

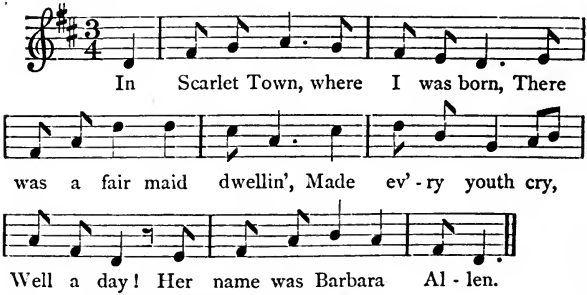
My garden is now run wild ;
  When I shall plant anew,
My bed, that once was fill'd with thyme,
  Is now o'errun with rue.

CHAPPELL. TUNE *Traditional.*

XXXIII

BARBARA ALLEN

Andante



All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swellin',
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
To the town where she was dwellin',
'You must come to my master dear,
Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

'For death is printed on his face,
And o'er his heart is stealin',
Then haste away to comfort him,
O lovely Barbara Allen.'

'Though death be printed on his face,
And o'er his heart is stealin',
Yet little better shall he be
For bonny Barbara Allen.'

So slowly, slowly she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him;
And all she said when there she came,
'Young man, I think you're dying.'

He turn'd his face unto her straight,
With deadly sorrow sighing,
'O lovely maid, come, pity me,
I'm on my death-bed lying.'

'If on your death-bed you do lie,
What needs the tale you're tellin'?
I cannot keep you from your death;
Farewell,' said Barbara Allen.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
As deadly pangs he fell in:
'Adieu, adieu, unto you all,
Adieu to Barbara Allen.'

As she was walking o'er the fields,
She heard the bell a knellin';
And every stroke did seem to say,
Unworthy Barbara Allen!

She turn'd her body round about,
And spied the corpse a coming;
'Lay down, lay down, the corpse,' she said,
'That I may look upon him.'

With scornful eye she lookèd down,
Her cheek with laughter swellin',
While all her friends cried out amain,
'Unworthy Barbara Allen!'

When he was dead and laid in grave,
Her heart was struck with sorrow,
'O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die to-morrow.

'Hard hearted creature him to slight,
Who lovèd me so dearly:
O that I had been more kind to him,
When he was live, and near me!'

She, on her death-bed as she lay,
Begg'd to be buried by him,
And sore repented of the day
That she did e'er deny him.

'Farewell,' she said, 'ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in;
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen.'

From Percy's Reliques. TUNE *Traditional.*

XXXIV

TO ALL YOU LADIES

To all you ladies now at land, We
men at sea in - dite; But first would have you
understand How hard it is to write. The
Muses now, and Neptune too, We must implore to
write to you. With a fa la la la la.

Repeat in Chorus

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain,
Yet, if rough Neptune rouse the wind
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa, &c.

Then if we write not by each post,
  Think not we are unkind,
Nor yet conclude your ships are lost,
  By Dutchmen or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a-day.
        With a fa, &c.

The king, with wonder and surprise,
  Will swear the seas grow bold,
Because the tides will higher rise,
  Than e'er they us'd of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
        With a fa, &c.

Could foggy Opdam chance to know
  Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
  And put their fort at Goree;
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind!
        With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
  Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
  No sorrow we shall find.
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.
        With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,
  We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play;
  But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.
        With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
  And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
  Sit careless at a play;
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand or flirt your fan.
        With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
  That dies in every note;
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
  For being so remote;
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.
        With a fa, &c.

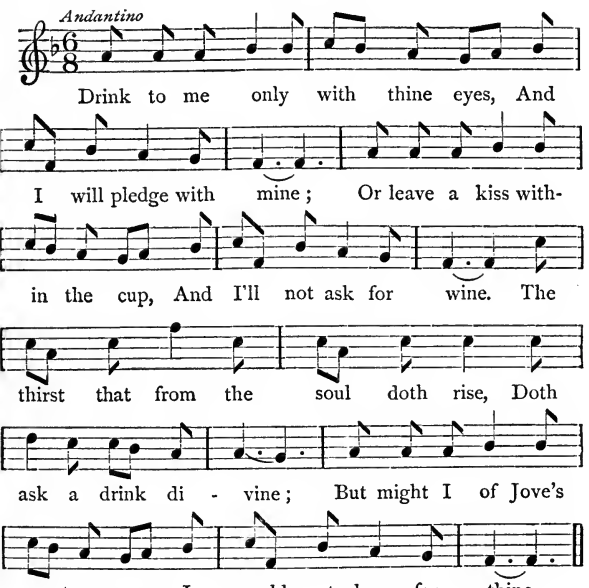
In justice you cannot refuse
  To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
  Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
        With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all your loves,
  And likewise all our fears;
In hopes this declaration moves
  Some pity from your tears;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
        With a fa, &c.

The Words by the Earl of Dorset.
TUNE from *The Merry Musician.*

XXXV

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES



I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
  Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
  It could not withered be;

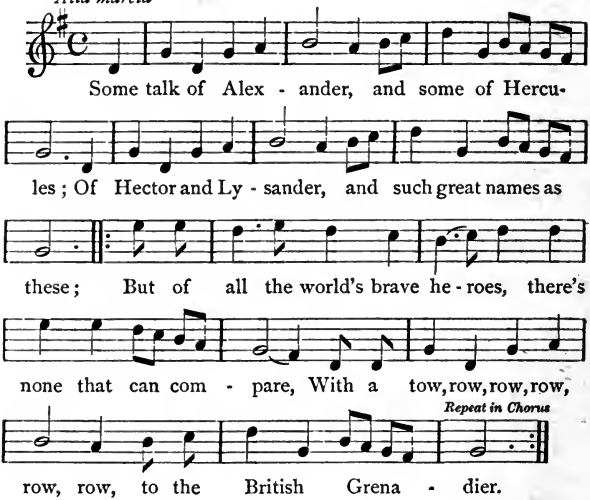
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
  And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
  Not of itself, but thee.

Words by Ben Jonson. TUNE *Anon.*

XXXVI

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

Alla marcia



Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon ball,
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal ;
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears,
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.
Chorus—But our brave boys, &c.

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fusees, and we with hand grenades ;
We throw them from the glacis, about the enemies' ears,
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.
Chorus—We throw them, &c.

And when the siege is over, we to the town repair,
The townsmen cry Hurra, boys, here comes a Grenadier,
Here come the Grenadiers, my boys, who know no doubts or fears,
Then sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.
Chorus—Here come the, &c.

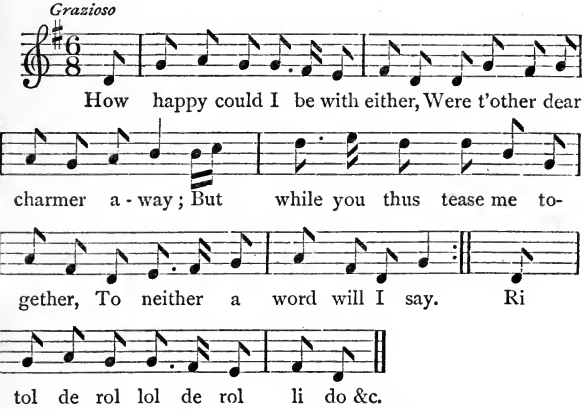
Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the louped clothes;
May they and their commanders live happy all their years,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.
Chorus—May they, &c.

CHAPPELL. TUNE *The British Grenadiers.*

XXXVII

HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER

Grazioso



From The Beggars' Opera.
TUNE *Give ear to a frolicsome ditty.*

XXXVIII

DULCE DOMUM

Andantino

Conci - namus O So - dales! Eja!

quid si - le - mus? Nobile canticum, Dulce melos,

Chorus

Domum, Dulce Domum, re-so - nemus. Domum,

domum, dulce, domum, Domum, domum, dulce

domum, Dulce, dulce, dulce, domum, Dulce,

domum, reso - ne - mus.

Appropinquat, ecce! felix!
Hora gaudiorum:
Post grave tœdium,

Advenit omnium,
Meta petita laborum.
Domum, domum, dulce domum, &c.

Musa libros mitte, fessa;
Mitte pensa dura:
Mitte negotium,
Jam datur otium;
Me mea mittito cura.
Domum, domum, dulce domum, &c.

Ridet annus, prata rident;
Nosque rideamus.
Jam repetit Domum,
Daulius advena;
Nosque Domum repetamus,
Domum, domum, dulce domum, &c.

Heus! Rogere! fer caballos;
Eja! nunc eamus;
Limen amabile,
Matris et oscula,
Suaviter et repetamus,
Domum, domum, dulce domum, &c.

Concinamus ad Penates;
Vox et audiatur:
Phosphore! quid jubar,
Segnius emicans,
Gaudia nostra moratur?
Domum, domum, dulce domum, &c.

TUNE by *John Reading.*

XXXIX

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND

Vivace

When mighty roast beef was the

Englishman's food, It en - nobled our hearts, and en-

riched our blood, Our soldiers were brave and our

courtiers were good. Oh! the roast beef of old

England! And oh! for old England's roast beef!

But since we have learn'd from effeminate France
To eat their ragouts as well as to dance,
We are fed up with nothing but vain complaisance.
Oh! the roast beef, &c.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,
And kept open house, with good cheer, all day long,
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in the song,—Oh &c.

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
Ere coffee and tea, and such slip-slops were known,
The world was in terror if e'er she did frown.—Oh &c.

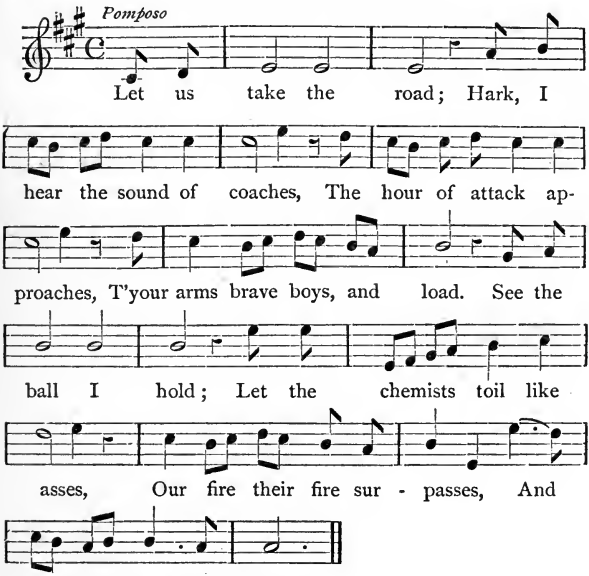
In those days if fleets did presume on the main,
They seldom or never return'd back again,
As witness the vaunting armada of Spain.—Oh &c.

Oh, then we had stomachs to eat and to fight,
And when wrongs were cooking, to set ourselves right;
But now we're a-hm!—I could, but good night. —Oh &c.

The Words and Tune by Richard Leveridge.

XL

LET US TAKE THE ROAD



From The Beggars' Opera.
TUNE *March in Handel's Rinaldo.*

XLI

COME SWEET LASS

Andante

Come sweet Lass; This bonny weather

Let's to - gether; Come sweet Lass, Let's trip upon the

grass. Ev - 'ry where, Poor Jocky seeks his

dear, And unless you ap - pear, He sees no

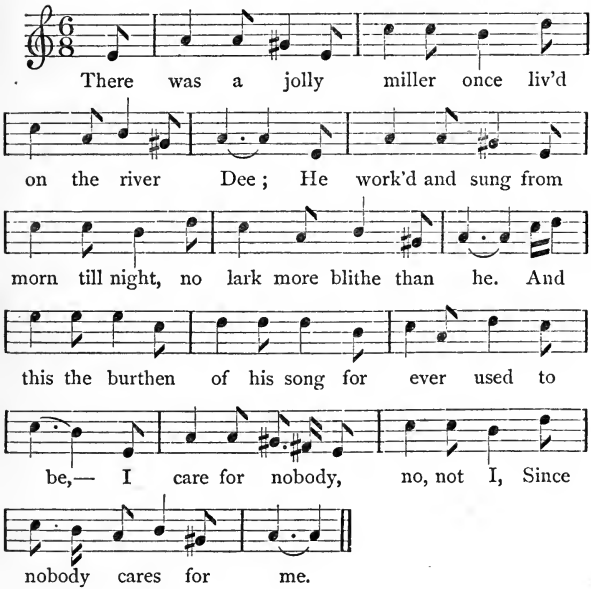
beauty here.

On our green
The loons are sporting,
Piping, courting:
On our green
The blithest lads are seen:
There, all day,
Our lassies dance and play,
And ev'ry one is gay
But I, when you're away.

From Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1699.
TUNE *Greenwich Park.*

XLII

THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER

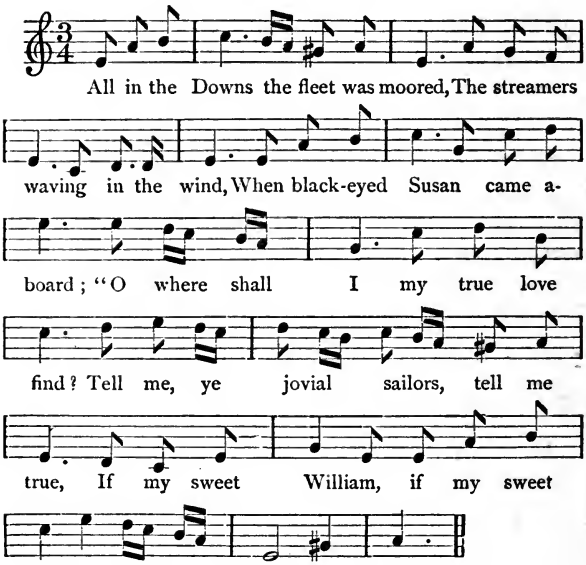


I love my mill, she is to me like parent, child and wife,
I would not change my station for any other in life:
Then push, push, push the bowl my boys, and pass it round
to me,
The longer we sit here and drink, the merrier we shall be.

CHAPPELL. TUNE *The Budgeon it is a delicate Trade.*

XLIII

BLACK-EYED SUSAN



William, who high upon the yard,
  Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well known voice he heard,
  He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
  Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,
  And drops at once into her nest:
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
  My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear:
  We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landmen say,
  Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
  In every port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

"If to fair India's coast we sail,
  Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright;
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
  Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

"Though battle call me from thy arms,
  Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
  William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

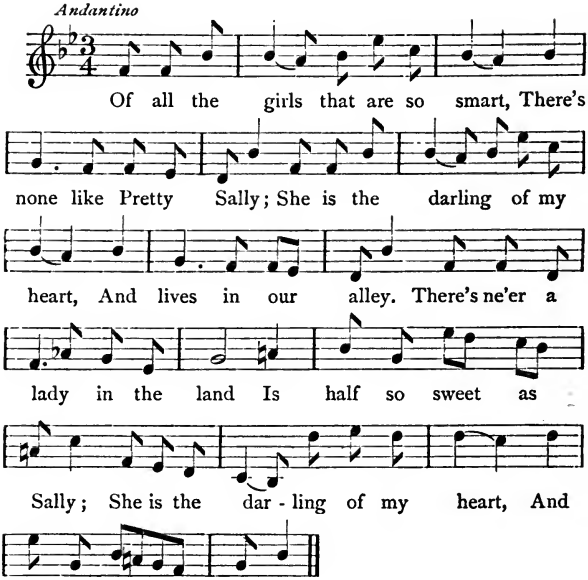
The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
  The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay on board:
  They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
"Adieu!" she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

The Words by Gay.
TUNE by *Richard Leveridge.*

XLIV

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

Andantino



Her father he makes cabbage nets,
  And through the streets does cry them;
Her mother she sells laces long
  To such as please to buy them:
But sure such folk can have no part
  In such a girl as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
  I love her so sincerely ;
My master comes, like any Turk,
  And bangs me most severely :
But let him bang, long as he will,
  I'll bear it all for Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And lives in our alley.

Of all the days are in the week,
  I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
  A Saturday and Monday ;
For then I'm dress'd, in all my best,
  To walk abroad with Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
  And often I am blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
  Soon as the text is named :
I leave the church in sermon time,
  And slink away to Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
  O then I shall have money ;
I'll hoard it up and, box and all,
  I'll give unto my honey :
I would it were ten thousand pounds,
  I'd give it all to Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And lives in our alley.

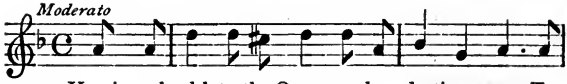
My master and the neighbours all,
  Make game of me and Sally,
And but for she I'd better be
  A slave, and row a galley :
But when my seven long years are out,
  O then I'll marry Sally,
And then how happily we'll live—
  But not in our alley.

The Words by Henry Carey. TUNE *The Country Lass.*

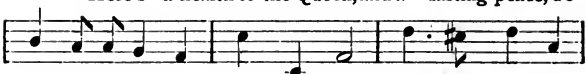
XLV

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE QUEEN

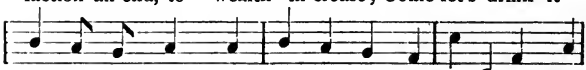
Moderato



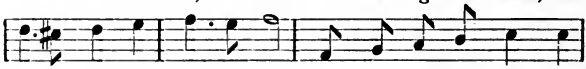
Here's a health to the Queen, and a lasting peace, To



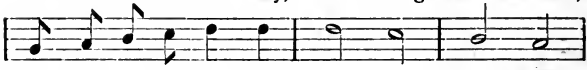
faction an end, to wealth in-crease; Come let's drink it



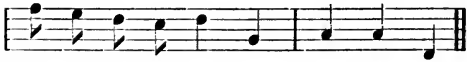
while we have breath, For there's no drink - ing after death, And



he that will this health de - ny, Down among the dead men,



Down among the dead men, Down, down, down, down,



Down among the dead men let him lie!

Let charming beauty's health go round,
In whom celestial joys are found,
And may confusion still pursue
The senseless, woman-hating crew;
And they that woman's health deny,
Down among the dead men let them lie!

In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleasure to my soul;
Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,
For Bacchus is a friend to Love.

And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie!

May love and wine their rights maintain,
And their united pleasures reign,
While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,
We'll sing the joys that both afford;
And they that won't with us comply,
Down among the dead men let them lie!

CHAPPELL. TUNE *Down among the Dead Men.*

XLVI

BEGONE DULL CARE

Andantino

Be - gone, dull Care! I pry-thee be-gone from me! Be - gone, dull Care! You and I shall never a - gree; Long time thou hast been tarrying here, And fain thou would'st me kill; But, i' faith, dull Care! Thou never shalt have my will.

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

CHAPPELL. TUNE *The Buck's Delight.*

XLVII

NED THAT DIED AT SEA

Andantino

Give ear to me, both high and low; and while you mourn hard Fate's de - cree, Lament a tale, right full of woe, Of comely Ned that died at sea. Of comely Ned that died at sea.

His father was a commodore;
His king and country serv'd had he;
But now his tears in torrents pour
For comely Ned that died at sea.

His sister Peg her brother lov'd,
For a right tender heart had she;
And often to strong grief was mov'd,
For comely Ned that died at sea.

His sweetheart Grace, once blythe and gay,
That led the dance upon the lea,
Now wastes in tears the ling'ring day
For comely Ned that died at sea.

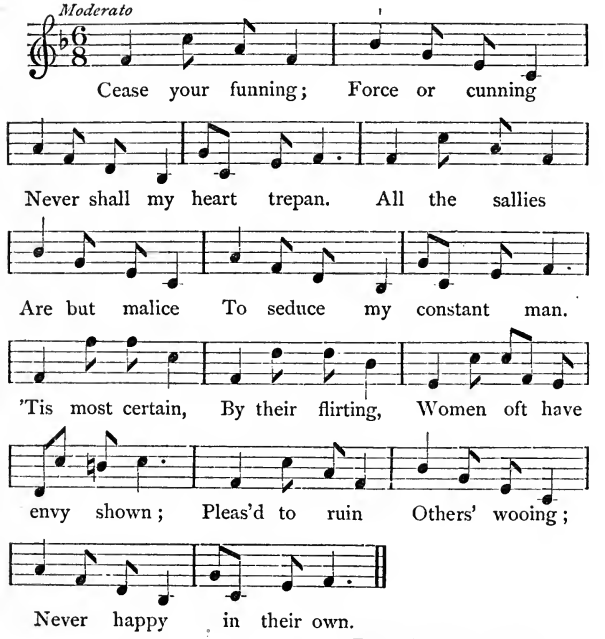
His friends who lov'd his manly worth,—
For none more friends could boast than he,—
To mourn now lay aside their mirth,
For comely Ned that died at sea.

Come, then, and join, with friendly tear,
The song that 'midst of all our glee,
We from our hearts chant once a year,
For comely Ned that died at sea.

The Words and Tune by DIBDIN.

XLVIII

CEASE YOUR FUNNING



From The Beggars' Opera.

XLIX

THE VICAR OF BRAY

Con spirito

In good King Charles's golden days, When

loyalty no harm meant, A zealous high-church-

man was I, And so I got pre - fer - ment. To

teach my flock, I ne - ver miss'd, Kings were by God ap-

pointed, And lost all those that dare resist, Or

touch the Lord's a - nointed. And this is law that

I'll maintain, Un - til my dying day, Sir, That

what - so - ever king shall reign, I'll still be Vicar of Bray, Sir.

When royal James possess'd the crown,
  And Popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
  And read the Declaration:
The Church of Rome I found would fit
  Full well my constitution;
And I had been a Jesuit,
  But for the Revolution.
        And this is law, &c.

When William was our king declar'd,
  To ease the nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steer'd,
  And swore to him allegiance.
Old principles I did revoke,
  Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
  A jest was non-resistance.
        And this is law, &c.

When royal Anne became our queen,
  The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
  And I became a Tory:
Occasional conformists base,
  I blam'd their moderation;
And thought the Church in danger was,
  By such prevarication.
        And this is law, &c.

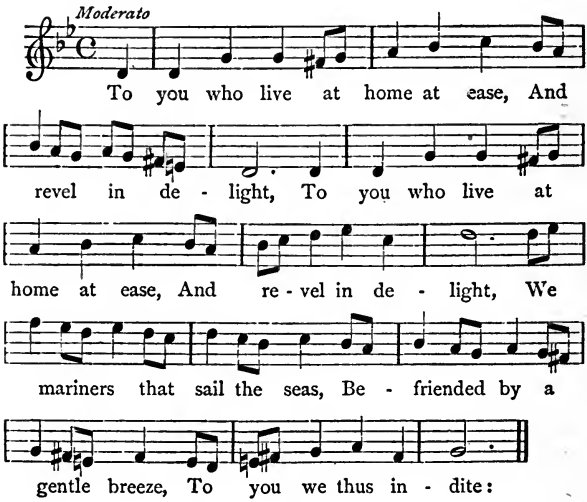
When George in pudding-time came o'er,
  And moderate men look'd big, Sir,
My principles I chang'd once more,
  And so became a Whig, Sir;
And thus preferment I procur'd
  From our new faith's-defender;
And almost every day abjur'd
  The Pope and the Pretender.
        And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To them I do allegiance swear—
While they can hold possession;
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be,—
Until the times do alter.
And this is law, &c.

Anon. TUNE *The Country Garden.*

L

TO YOU WHO LIVE AT HOME AT EASE



Let all your perturbations die,
  Your private feuds allay,
Let every animosity
For ever in oblivion lie,
  Now we are gone to sea.

When forked lightning flies amain,
  And thunder splits our mast,
Think then what dangers we sustain,
Compelled by you to cross the main,
  For human frailties past.

I hope to see my dear once more,
  Tho' I my voyage pursue;
Tho' winds unite and billows roar
To waft me from Britannia's shore,
  I'll be for ever true.

I neither dread the war's alarms,
  Nor poison'd Indian dart;
But, while engaged in hostile arms,
I'll be inspired by Molly's charms,
  With whom I leave my heart.

When having suffered an exile,
  And favoured by the wind,
Enriched with Carolina's spoil,
And coasting for my native isle,
  Perhaps she'll then prove kind.

From The British Musical Miscellany.
TUNE by *Leveridge.*

LI

A HUNTING WE WILL GO

Vivace

The dusky night rides down the sky, And ushers in the morn; The hounds all join in glorious cry, The hounds all join in glorious cry, The huntsman winds his horn. The huntsman winds his horn. Then a hunting we will go, A hunting we will go, A hunting we will go, A hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms, and begs his stay;
My dear, it rains, it hails, it snows,
You will not hunt to-day?
But a hunting we will go, &c.

A brushing fox in yonder wood,
Secure to find we seek;
For why, I carried, sound and good,
A cartload there last week.
And a hunting we will go, &c.

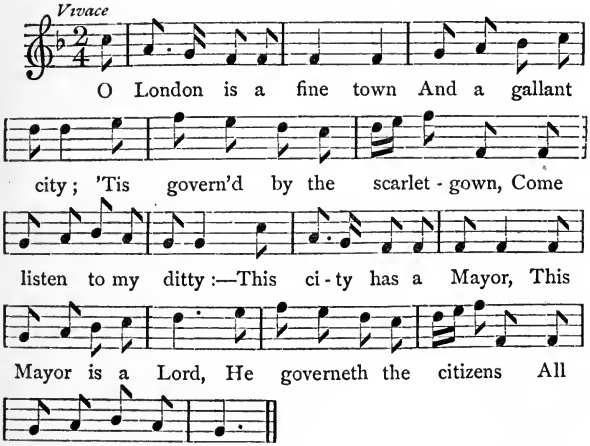
Away he goes, he flies the rout,
Their steeds all spur and switch;
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
And some thrown in the ditch.
But a hunting we will go, &c.

At length his strength to faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight;
Then hungry, homeward we return,
To feast away the night.
Then a drinking we do go, &c.

The Words by Fielding. TUNE *A begging we will go.*

LII

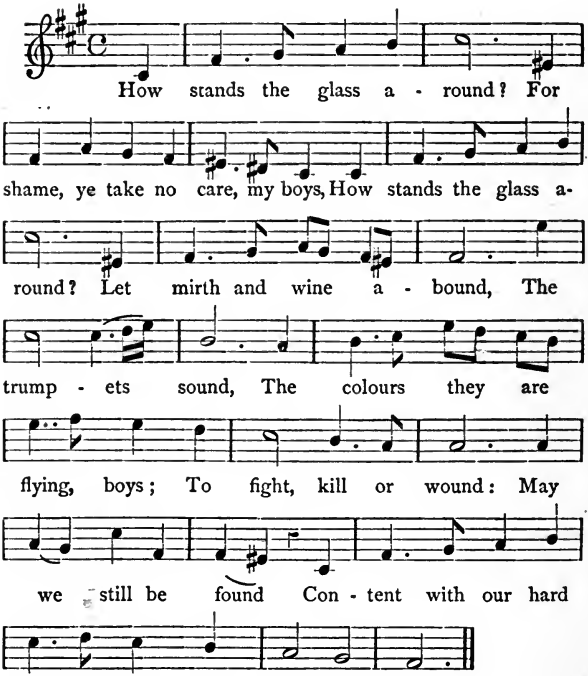
O LONDON IS A FINE TOWN



From The Beggars' Opera.

LIII

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?



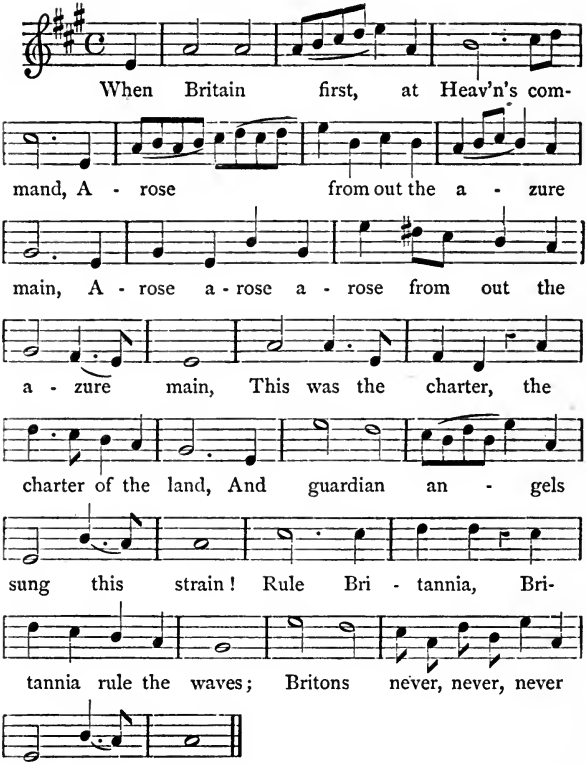
Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why,
Whose business 'tis to die!
What! sighing? fie!
Damn fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!
'Tis he, you, or I;
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,
(I mean not to upbraid you, boys)
'Tis but in vain
For soldiers to complain:
Should next campaign
Send us to Him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain;
But should we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cures all again.

CHAPPELL. From Vocal Music.
TUNE *Why, Soldiers, Why?*

LIV

RULE BRITANNIA



The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame;
But work their woe, and thy renown.
Rule Britannia, &c.

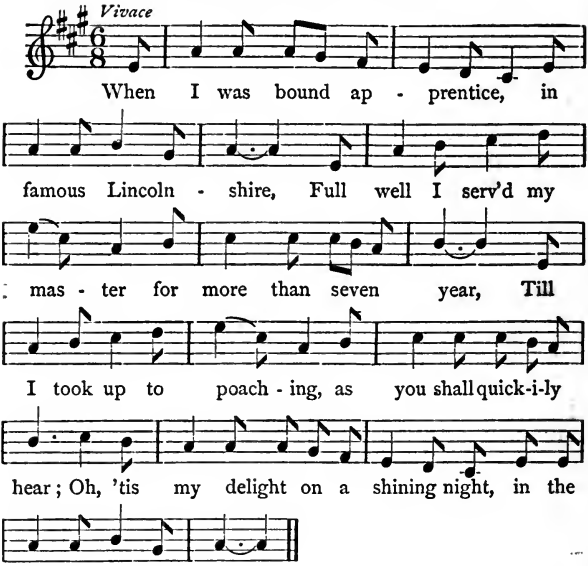
To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles, thine.
Rule Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy court repair;
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts, to guard the fair.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Words by Thomson.
TUNE by *Arne*.

LV

THE LINCOLNSHIRE POACHER



As me and my companions were setting of a snare,
'Twas then we spied the gamekeeper, for him we did not care,
For we can wrestle and fight, my boys, and jump o'er anywhere;
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

As me and my companions were setting four or five,
And taking on 'em up again, we caught a hare alive,
We took the hare alive, my boys, and thro' the woods did steer;
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

I threw him on my shoulder, and then we trudged home,
We took him to a neighbour's house and sold him for a crown,
We sold him for a crown, my boys, but I did not tell you where;
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

Success to every gentleman that lives in Lincolnshire,
Success to every poacher that wants to sell a hare,
Bad luck to every gamekeeper that will not sell his deer;
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

CHAPPELL.

LVI

COME YOU NOT FROM NEWCASTLE?

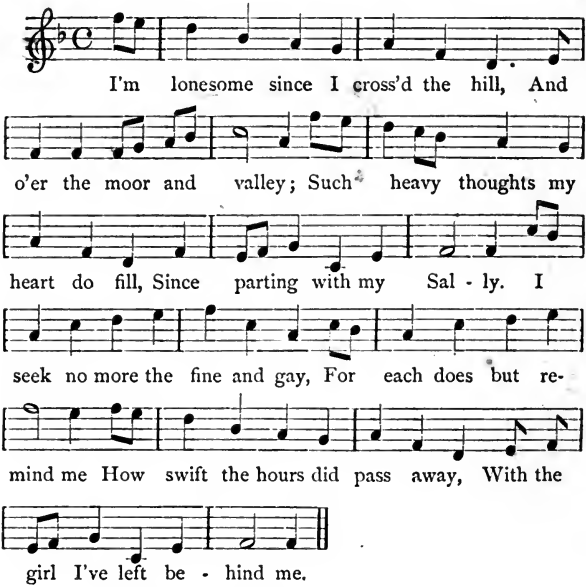
Andantino

Come you not from New - castle? Come you not there a - way? O met you not my true love, Riding on a bonny bay? Why should I not love my Love? Why should not my Love love me? Why should I not speed after him? Since love to all is free.

CHAPPELL.
From The Dancing Master.

LVII

THE GIRL I'VE LEFT BEHIND ME



Oh! ne'er shall I forget the night,
The stars were bright above me,
And gently lent their silv'ry light,
When first she vow'd to love me.
But now I'm bound to Brighton camp,
Kind Heaven, then pray guide me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

Had I the art to sing her praise
With all the skill of Homer,
One only theme should fill my lays—
The charms of my true lover.
So, let the night be e'er so dark,
Or e'er so wet and windy,
Kind heaven send me back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

Her golden hair in ringlets fair,
Her eyes like diamonds shining,
Her slender waist with carriage chaste,
May leave the swain repining.
Ye gods above! Oh hear my prayer,
To my beauteous fair to bind me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

The bee shall honey taste no more,
The dove become a ranger,
The falling waves shall cease to roar,
Ere I shall seek to change her.
The vows we register'd above
Shall ever cheer and bind me,
In constancy to her I love,
The girl I've left behind me.

My mind her form shall still retain,
In sleeping or in waking,
Until I see my love again,
For whom my heart is breaking.
If ever I return that way,
And she should not decline me,
I evermore will live and stay
With the girl I've left behind me.

CHAPPELL. TUNE *Brighton Camp.*

LVIII

HEART OF OAK

Allegro pomposo

Come cheer up my lads, 'tis to glo-ry we steer, To add something more to this wonderful year; To honour we call you, as freemen not slaves,—For who are so free as the sons of the waves! Heart of oak are our ships, Heart of oak are our men; We always are ready; Steady, boys, steady; We'll fight and we'll conquer a - gain and a - gain.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
They never see us but they wish us away;
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,
For, if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.
Heart of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes;
They frighten our women, our children, and beaus;
But, should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.
Heart of oak, &c.

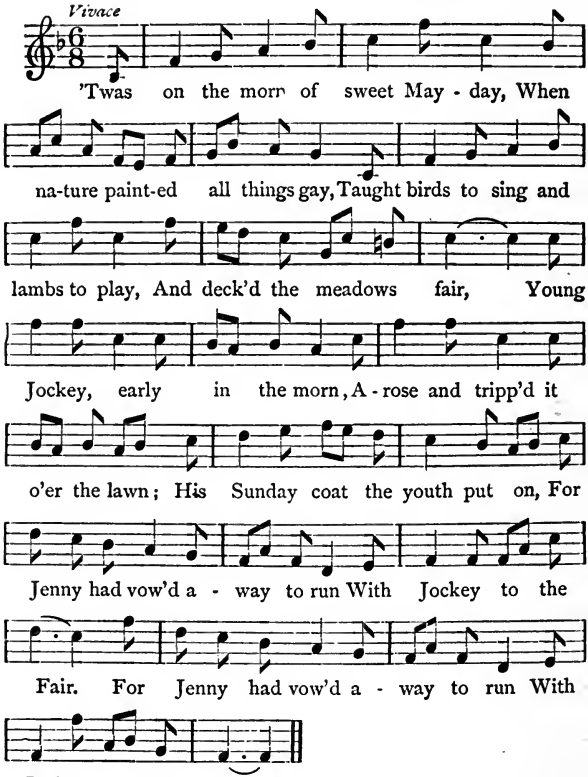
We'll still make them fear, and we'll still make them flee,
And drub 'em on shore, as we've drubb'd 'em at sea,
Then cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing,
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, our king.
Heart of oak, &c.

We'll still make 'em run, and we'll still make 'em sweat,
In spite of the devil, and Brussels Gazette,
Then cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing,
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king.
Heart of oak, &c.

Words by Garrick.
TUNE by Dr. Boyce.

LIX

WITH JOCKEY TO THE FAIR



The cheerful parish bells had rung,
With eager steps he trudg'd along;
Sweet flow'ry garlands round him hung,
Which shepherds us'd to wear:
He tapp'd the window,—"Haste, my dear,"
Jenny, impatient, cried, "Who's there?"
"'Tis I, my love, and no one near,
Step gently down, you've nought to fear
With Jockey to the Fair." Step gently, &c.

"My Dad and Mammy're fast asleep,
My brother's up and with the sheep,
And will you still your promise keep
Which I have heard you swear?
And will you ever constant prove?"
"I will, by all the powers above,
And ne'er deceive my charming dove,
Dispel these doubts, and haste, my love,
With Jockey to the Fair." Dispel these, &c.

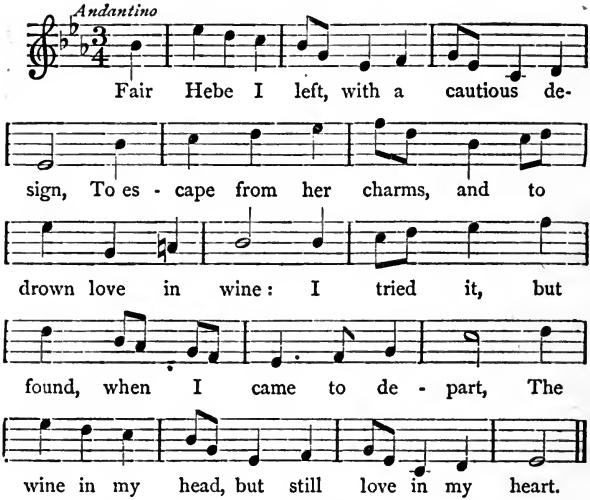
"Behold the ring," the shepherd cried,
"Will Jenny be my charming bride?
Let Cupid be our happy guide,
And Hymen meet us there!"
Then Jockey did his vows renew,
He would be constant, would be true,
His word was pledg'd; away she flew,
With cowslips sparkling with the dew,
With Jockey to the Fair. With cowslips, &c.

Soon did they meet a joyful throng,
Their gay companions blythe and young;
Each joins the dance, each joins the song,
To hail the happy pair.
What two were e'er so fond as they?
All bless the kind propitious day,
The smiling morn and blooming May,
When lovely Jenny ran away
With Jockey to the Fair. When lovely, &c.

CHAPPELL. From Vocal Music.

LX

FAIR HEBE I LEFT



I repair'd to my Reason, entreating her aid,
She paus'd on my case, and each circumstance weigh'd
Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my prayer,
That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

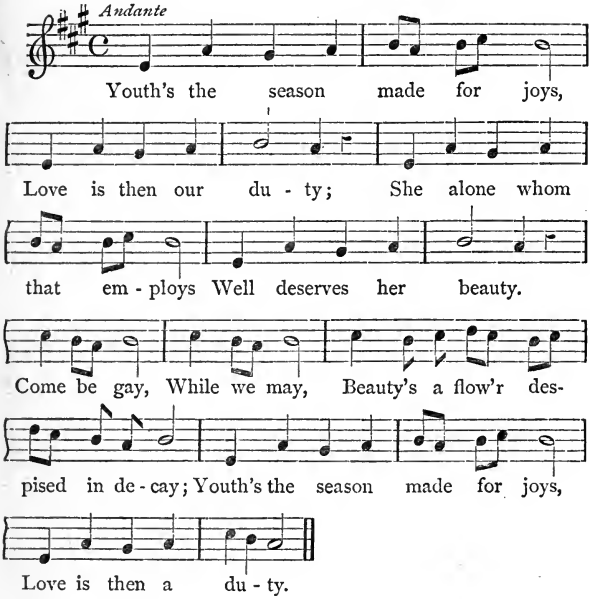
That's a truth, replied I, I've no need to be taught,
I came for a council to find out a fault;
If that's all, quoth Reason, return as you came,
To find fault with Hebe would forfeit my name.

What hopes then, alas! of relief from my pain,
When like lightning she darts through each throbbing vein?
My senses surpris'd, in her favour took arms,
And Reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

CHAPPELL. The Words by Lord Cantalupe.
TUNE. *Pretty Polly Oliver.*

LXI

YOUTH'S THE SEASON MADE FOR JOYS



Love with youth flies swift away,
  Age is nought but sorrow;
Let us drink and sport to-day,
  Our's is not to-morrow.
    Dance and sing,
    Time's on the wing,
Life never knows the return of Spring.
  Let us drink and sport to-day
    Our's is not to-morrow.

From The Beggars' Opera.

LXII

AS DOWN IN THE MEADOWS

Andantino

As down in the meadows I chanc'd for to pass, O

there I beheld a young beau - ti - ful lass, Her

age, I am sure, it was scarce - ly fifteen, And

she on her head wore a garland of green. Her

lips were like rubies, and as for her eyes, They

sparkled like diamonds, or stars in the skies; And

then, O her voice, it was charming and clear! As

sadly she sung for the loss of her dear.

Why does my love, Willy, prove false and unkind,
O why does he change like the wavering wind,
From one that is loyal in every degree,
Ah, why does he change to another from me?
In the meadows as we were a making of hay,
Oh there did we pass the soft minutes away,
And then was I kiss'd and set down on his knee,
No man in the world was so loving as he.

But now he has left me, and Fanny the fair
Employs all his wishes, his hopes, and his care;
He kisses her lip as she sits on his knee,
And says all the sweet things he once said to me.
But, if she believe him, the false-hearted swain
Will leave her, and then she with me may complain;
For nought is more certain, believe, silly Sue,
Who once has been faithless can never be true.

She finished her song, and rose up to be gone,
When over the meadow came jolly young John,
Who told her that she was the joy of his life,
And if she'd consent he would make her his wife:
She could not refuse him, to church so they went,
Young Willy's forgot, and young Susan's content.
Most men are like Willy, most women like Sue,
If men will be false, why should women be true?

CHAPPELL. From The Merry Musician.

LXIII

MY LODGING IT IS ON THE COLD GROUND

Andante

My lodging it is on the cold ground, And oh! very hard is my fare, But that which grieves me more, love, Is the cold-ness of my dear. Yet still he cried, O turn, love, I prythee, love, turn to me; For thou art the on-ly girl, love, That art a-dored by me.

With a garland of straw I'll crown thee, love,
And marry thee with a rush ring;
Thy frozen heart shall melt with love,
So, merrily I shall sing.
Yet still he cried &c.

But, if thou wilt harden thy heart, love,
And be deaf to my pitiful moan,
Then I must endure the smart, love,
And shiver in straw, all alone.
Yet still he cried &c.

CHAPPELL. TUNE *Traditional.*

LXIV

THE WINTER IT IS PAST

Andantino

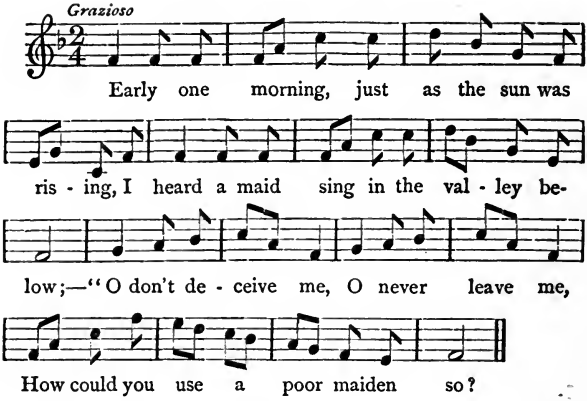
The winter it is past, And the summer comes at last, And the small birds sing on ev - 'ry tree; Now ev - 'ry thing is glad, While I am very sad, Since my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the briar, by the waters running clear,
May have charms for the linnet or the bee;
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest;
But my true love is parted from me.

TUNE *Anon.*

LXV

EARLY ONE MORNING



"O gay is the garland, fresh are the roses
I've culled from the garden to bind on thy brow;
O don't deceive me! O do not leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?

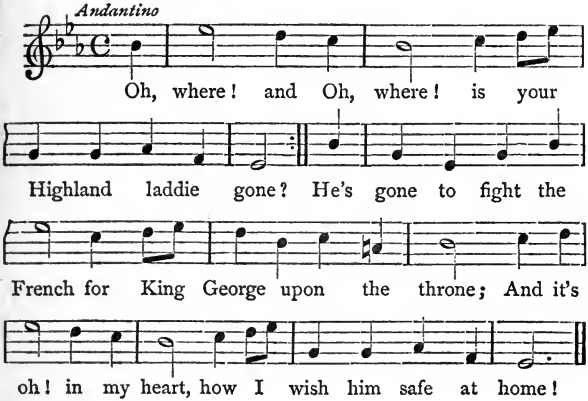
"Remember the vows that you made to your Mary,
Remember the bow'r where you vow'd to be true;
O don't deceive me! O never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

Thus sung the poor maiden, her sorrow bewailing,
Thus sung the poor maid in the valley below,
"O don't deceive me! O do not leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

CHAPPELL. TUNE *Traditional.*

LXVI

THE BLUE BELL OF SCOTLAND



Oh, where! and oh, where! does your Highland laddie dwell?
He dwells in merry Scotland, at the sign of the Blue Bell;
And it's oh! in my heart, that I love my laddie well.

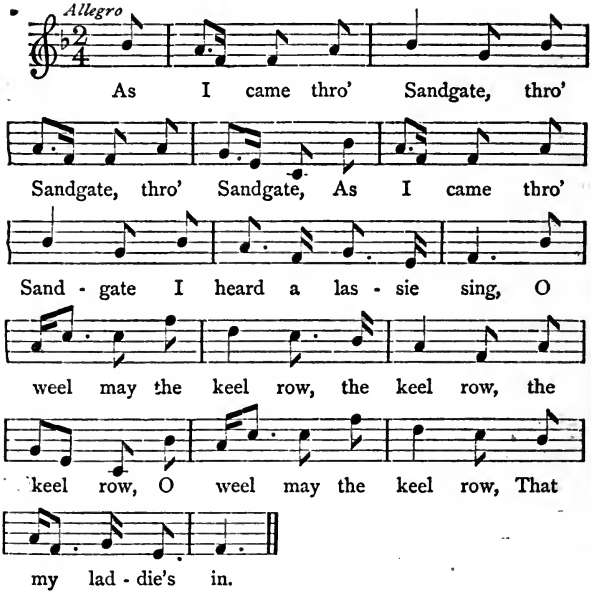
What clothes, in what clothes is your Highland laddie clad?
His bonnet's of the Saxon green, his waistcoat's of the plaid;
And it's oh! in my heart, that I love my Highland lad.

Suppose, oh, suppose that your Highland lad should die?
The bagpipes shall play over him, I'll lay me down and cry;
And its oh! in my heart, that I wish he may not die!

CHAPPELL. The Words from Ritson's 'North Country Chorister.'
TUNE by *Mrs. Jordan.*

LXVII

O WEEL MAY THE KEEL ROW



O wha's like my Johnny,
Sae leith, sae blythe, sae bonny?
He's foremost among the mony
Keel lads o' coaly Tyne:
He'll set and row so tightly,
Or in the dance—so sprightly—
He'll cut and shuffle sightly;
'Tis true,—were he not mine.

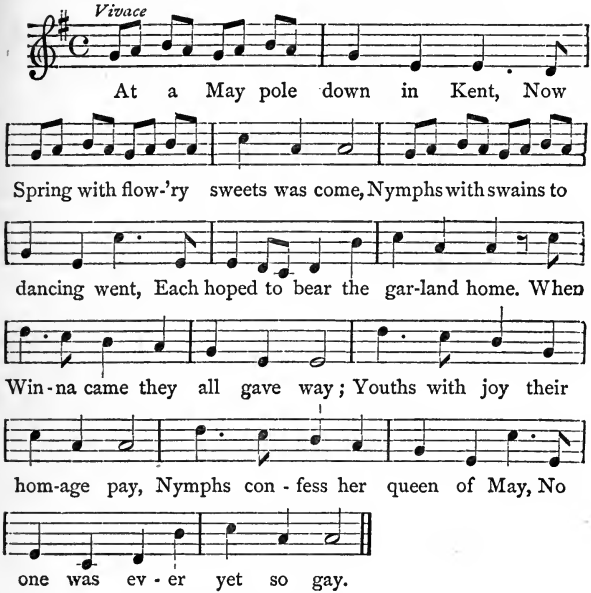
He wears a blue bonnet,
Blue bonnet, blue bonnet;
He wears a blue bonnet,—
A dimple in his chin:
And weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row;
And weel may the keel row,
That my laddie's in.

CHAPPELL. The Words from Ritson's 'Northumbrian Garland.'

TUNE *Smiling Polly.*

LXVIII

AT A MAY POLE DOWN IN KENT



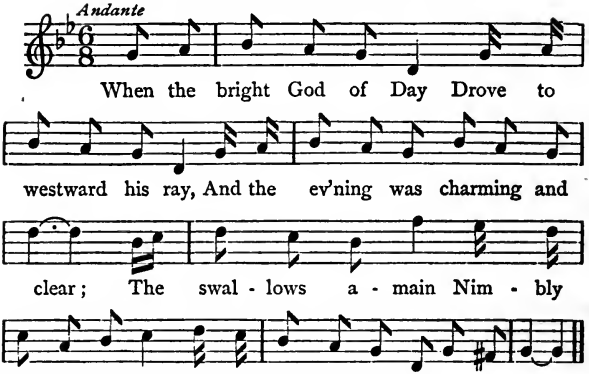
All around your steps advance,
  Now foot it in a fairy ring,
Nimbly trip and nimbly dance,
  "Ever live bright Winna" sing.
With boughs their hearts of oak beset
Your brave sires their conqueror met,
No crown but her locks of jet
Now does your free allegiance get.

From The British Musical Miscellany. The Words by Bedingfield.

TUNE *O'er the Hills and far away.*

LXIX

WHEN THE BRIGHT GOD OF DAY



In a jessamine bower,
(When the bean was in flower
And zephyrs breathed odours around)
Lov'd Celia she sat,
With her song and spinet,
And she charmed all the grove with her sound.

Rosy Bowers she sung,
While the harmony rung,
And the bees they all fluttering arrive;
The industrious bees,
From the flowers and the trees,
Gently hum with their sweets to their hive.

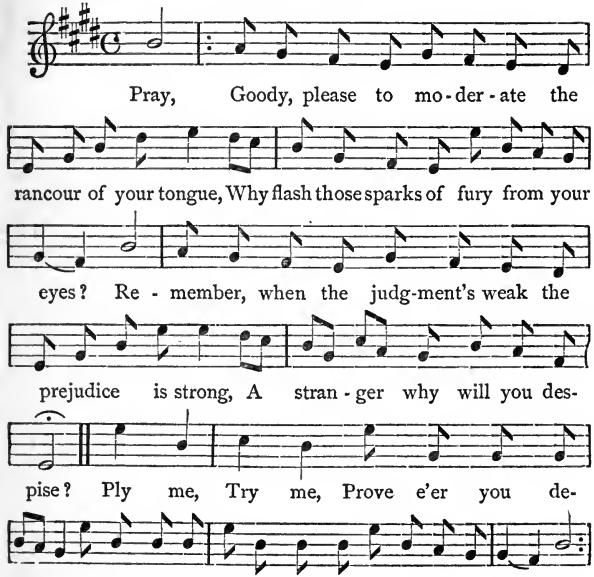
The gay God of Love
As he flew o'er the grove,
By zephyrs conducted along,
As she touched on the strings
He beat time with his wings,
While Echo repeated the song.

O ye mortals beware
How ye venture too near,
Love doubly is armèd to wound ;
Your fate you can shun,
For you're surely undone
If you rashly approach near the sound.

From the British Musical Miscellany.

LXX

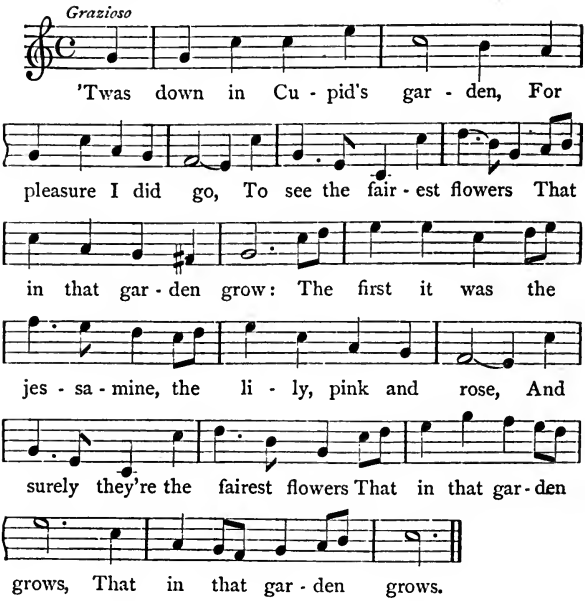
Allegretto *PRAY GOODY*



From O' Hara's Burletta 'Midas.'

LXXI

TWAS DOWN IN CUPID'S GARDEN



I'd not walk'd in that garden
The past of half an hour,
When there I saw two pretty maids
Sitting under a shady bow'r.

The first was lovely Nancy,
  So beautiful and fair,
The other was a virgin,
  Who did the laurel wear.

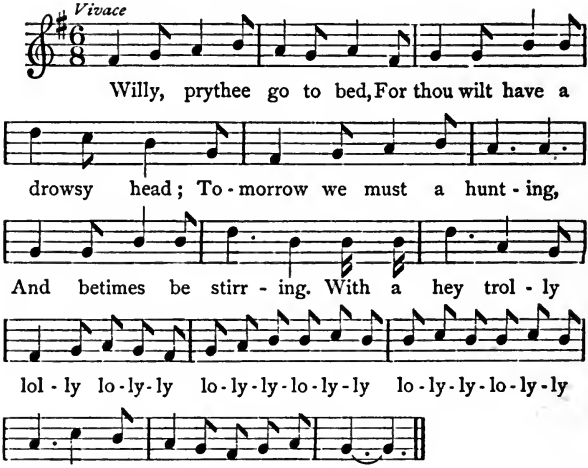
I boldly stepp'd up to her,
  And unto her did say,
Are you engaged to any young man?
  Do tell to me, I pray.
I'm not engaged to any young man,
  I solemnly do swear,
I mean to live a virgin,
  And still the laurel wear.

Then hand in hand together
  This lovely couple went;
Resolved was the sailor boy
  To know her full intent;
To know if he would slighted be,
  When to her the truth he told:
Oh no! oh no! oh no! she cried,
  I love a sailor bold!

CHAPPELL. TUNE *Traditional.*

LXXII

WILLY, PRYTHEE GO TO BED



It is like to be fair weather;
Couple all my hounds together,
Couple Jolly with little Jolly,
Couple Trolly with old Trolly.
With a hey &c.

Couple Finch with black Trole,
Couple Chanter with Jumbole,
Let Beauty go at liberty,
For she doth know her duty,
With a hey &c.

Let May go loose, it makes no matter,
For Cleanly sometimes she will clatter,
And yet I am sure she will not stray,
But keep with us still all the day.
With a hey &c.

With "O masters and what you were,"
This other day I start a hare,
On what-call hill upon the knole,
And there she started before Trole.
With a hey &c.

And down she went the common dale
With all the hounds at her tail,
Like yeaffe a yaffe, yeaffe a yeaffe,
Hey Trole, hey Chanter, hey Jumbole.
With a hey &c.

See how Clasper chops it in,
And so doth Gallant now begin;
Look how Trole begins to tattle,
Tarry awhile ye shall hear him prattle.
With a hey &c.

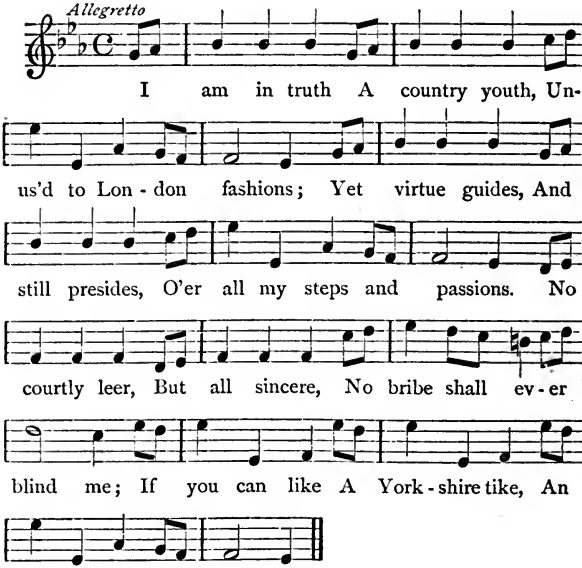
For Beauty begins to wag her tail,
Of Cleanly's help we shall not fail,
And Chanter opens very well,
But Merry she doth bear the bell.
With a hey &c.

So prick the path, and down the lane,
She uses still her old train,
She is gone to what-call wood
Where we are like to do no good.
With a hey &c.

From The Freeman's Songs in DEUTEROMELIA. 1609.

LXXIII

I AM IN TRUTH A COUNTRY YOUTH



Tho' Envy's tongue,
With slander hung,
Does oft belie our county,
No men on earth
Boast greater worth,
Or more extend their bounty.

A noble mind
Is ne'er confined
To any shire or nation;
He gains most praise
Who best displays
A generous education.

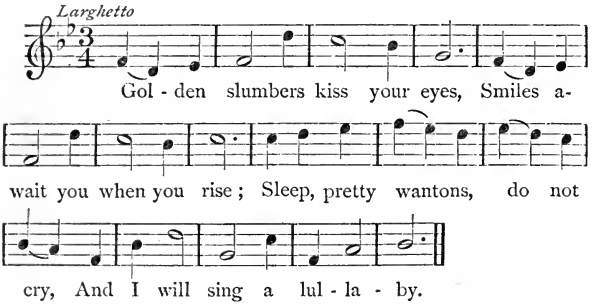
Our northern breeze
With us agrees,
And does for business fit us;
In public cares,
In Love's affairs,
With honour we acquit us.

While rancour rolls
In narrow souls,
By narrow views discerning,
The truly wise
Will only prize
Good manners, sense, and learning.

From The British Musical Miscellany.
Words and Music by Henry Carey.

LXXIV

GOLDEN SLUMBERS KISS YOUR EYES



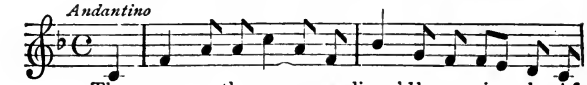
Care you know not, therefore sleep,
While I o'er you watch do keep;
Sleep, pretty darlings, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.

CHAPPELL. TUNE *May Fair.*

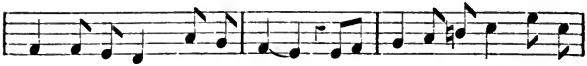
LXXV

THE LASS THAT LOVES A SAILOR

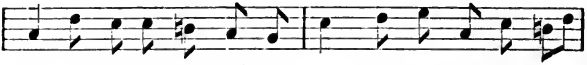
Andantino



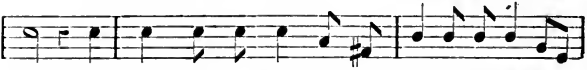
The moon on the ocean was dimm'd by a rip - ple, Af-



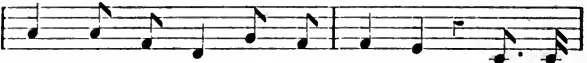
fording a chequer'd de - light; The gay jolly tars pass'd the



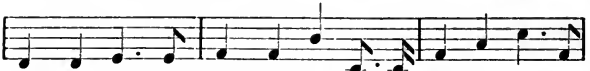
word for the tipple, And the toast,—for 'twas Sa - tur - day



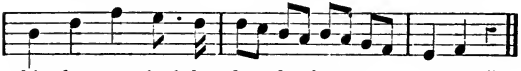
night; Some sweetheart or wife That he lov'd as his life Each



drank, while he wish'd he could hail her, But the



standing toast that pleas'd the most Was "the wind that blows the



ship that goes, And the lass that loves a sailor!"

Some drank the King and his brave ships,
And some our Constitution;
Some "May our foes and all such rips
Own British resolution!"—

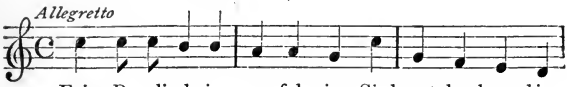
That fate might bless some Poll or Bess,
And that they soon might hail her;
But the standing toast &c.

Some drank our Queen, and some our land—
Our glorious land of freedom!
Some that our tars might never stand
For heroes brave to lead 'em!
That beauty in distress might find,
Such friends as ne'er could fail her;
But the standing toast &c.

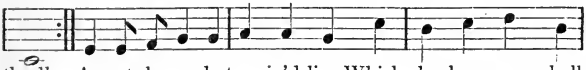
The Words and Tune by DIBDIN.

LXXVI

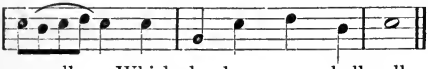
FAIR ROSALIND



Fair Rosalind, in woe-ful wise, Six hearts has bound in



thrall: As yet she unde-termin'd lies, Which she her spouse shall



call, Which she her spouse shall call.

Wretched, and only wretched, he
To whom that lot shall fall;
For, if her heart aright I see,
She means to please them all.

CHAPPELL. From Watt's Musical Miscellany.

LXXVII

THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD

Andante

To England when, with fav'ring gale, Our

gal-lant ship up channel steer'd, And scudding un-der

ea-sy sail, The high blue wes-tern land appeared, To

heave the lead the seaman sprung, And to the Pilot

cheer-ly sung;—"By the deep, Nine! By the deep, Nine!" To

heave the lead the seaman sprung, And to the Pi-lot

cheer-ly sung;—"By the deep, Nine!"

And bearing up to gain the port,
Some well-known object kept in view,—
An abbey, tower, a harbour, fort,
Or beacon to the vessel true;

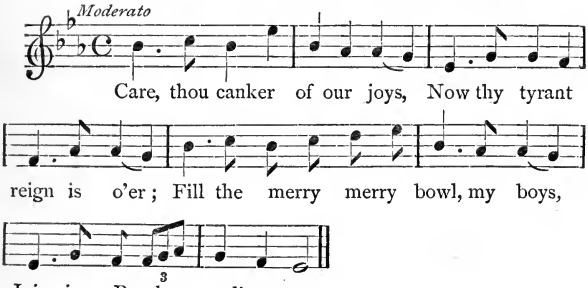
While oft the lead the seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
"By the mark, Seven!"

And as the much-lov'd shore we near,
With transport we behold the roof
Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof;
The lead once more the seaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung,
"Quarter less Five!"

From the Opera "Hartford Bridge."
Words by Pearce. TUNE by *Shield.*

LXXVIII

CARE, THOU CANKER OF OUR JOYS



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

O'er our merry midnight bowls,
Oh, how happy shall we be;
Day was made for vulgar souls,
Night, my boys, for you and me.

CHAPPELL. Words by Grant.
TUNE attributed to *Garth of Durham.*

LXXIX

THEN FAREWELL MY TRIM-BUILT WHERRY

Espressivo

Then fare - well, my trim - built wherry; Oars and coat, and badge fare - well; Never more, at Chelsea Fer - ry, Shall your Thomas take a spell. Then fare-well my trim - built wherry; Oars and coat and badge fare-well; Ne - ver more at Chelsea fer - ry, Shall your Thomas take a spell, Shall your Thomas take a spell.

But to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I'll go,
Where, expos'd to ev'ry danger,
Some friendly ball may lay me low.
Then mayhap, when, homeward steering
With the news, my messmates come,
Even you, the story hearing,
With a sigh may cry, "Poor Tom!"

The Words and Tune by Dibdin.

LXXX

OH! DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE!

Allegretto

Oh! dear! what can the matter be? Dear! dear!

what can the matter be? Oh! dear! what can the matter be?

Johnny's so long at the fair. He promis'd he'd buy me a

fairing should please me, And then for a kiss, Oh! he

vow'd he would teaze me; He promis'd he'd bring me a

bunch of blue ribbons To tie up my bonny brown hair. And its

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
Dear! dear! what can the matter be?
Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promis'd he'd bring me a basket of posies,
A garland of lilies, a garland of roses,
A little straw hat, to set off the blue ribbons
That tie up my bonny brown hair.

Words and Tune Anon.

LXXXI

POOR TOM BOWLING

Andante

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling, The dar - ling of our crew; No more he'll hear the tem - pest howling, For death has broach'd him too. His form was of the manliest beauty, His heart was kind and soft; Faith - ful be - low, he did his du - ty, But now he's gone a - loft, But now he's gone a - loft.

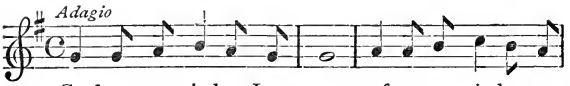
Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and true hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,—
Ah! many's the time and oft;
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd;
For, though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

The Words and Tune by Dibdin.

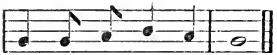
LXXXII

GO FROM MY WINDOW



Go from my window, Love, go; go from my window, my

Dear; The wind and the rain, Will drive you back again, You



cannot be lodged here.

Begone, my Juggy, my Puggy;
Begone, my Love, my Dear;
The weather is warm,
'Twill do thee no harm,
Thou canst not be lodged here.

CHAPPELL. From Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle.
TUNE *Go from my window.*

LXXXIII

PITY KIND GENTLEMEN

Andante

Over the mountains, and over the moor,

Hungry and barefoot, I wander forlorn. My Father is dead, and my

mother is poor, And she grieves for the days that will

never return. Pity kind gentlemen friends of hu-man-i - ty;

Cold blows the wind and the night's com - ing on;

Give me some food for my mo - ther, for cha - ri - ty,

Give me some food, and then I will be-gone.

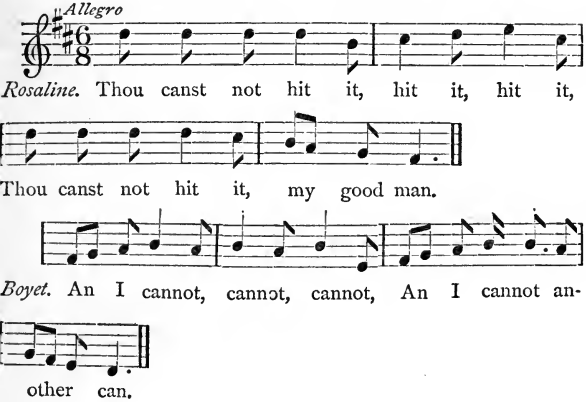
Call me not lazy-back beggar, and bold enough, —
  Fain would I learn both to knit and to sew;
I've two little brothers at home, when they're old enough,
  They will work hard for the gifts you bestow.
    Pity kind gentlemen &c.

Think while you revel so careless and free,
  Secure from the wind and well clothed and fed,
Should fortune so change it, how hard it would be,
  To beg at a door for a morsel of bread.
    Pity kind gentlemen &c.

Words and Tune Anon.

LXXXIV

THOU CANST NOT HIT IT



CHAPPELL. Words from Love's Labour Lost.
TUNE from a MS. at Oxford.

LXXXV

WAPPING OLD STAIRS

Andante

Your Molly has never been false, she declares, Since

last time we part - ed at Wapping old stairs, When I

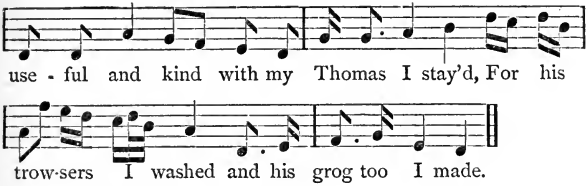
swore that I still would con - tinue the same, And

gave you the 'bacco - box mark'd with my name, And

gave you the 'bacco - box mark'd with my name. When I

pass'd a whole fortnight be - tween decks with you, Did I

e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of your crew? To be



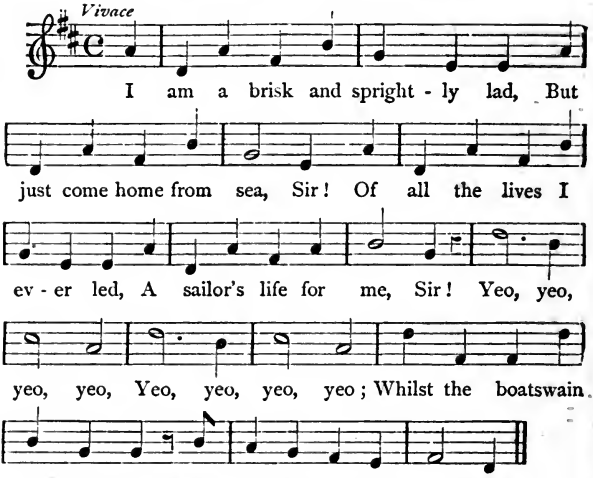
Though you promis'd last Sunday to walk in the Mall,
With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sall,
In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,
And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.
Why should Sall or should Susan than me be more priz'd?
For the heart that is true, Tom, should ne'er be despis'd;
Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake;
Still your trousers I'll wash, and your grog too I'll make.

"Dear Molly," cried Tom as she heav'd a deep sigh,
And the crystalline tear stood afloat in each eye,
"I prithee my love my unkindness forgive,
And I ne'er more will slight thee as long as I live,
Neither Susan nor Sall shall again grieve my dear,
No more from thine eye will thy Tom force a tear,
Then be cheerful and gay nor thy Thomas forsake,
But his trousers still wash, and his grog too still make."

TUNE by *Percy*.

LXXXV

YEO, YEO, YEO, YEO, YEO, SIR



What girl but loves the merry tars
  Who o'er the ocean roam, Sir?
In every clime we find a port,
  In every port a home, Sir. With yeo, &c.

But when our country's foes are nigh,
  Each hastens to his gun, Sir,
We make the boasting Frenchmen fly,
  And bang the haughty Don, Sir. With yeo, &c.

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. With yeo, &c.

From The Spoilt Child.

LXXXVII

O SLUMBER MY DARLING

Andantino

Oh slumber, my darling, thy sire is a knight, Thy mo - ther a la - dy, so love - ly and bright. The hills and the dales from the towers which we see They all shall belong, my sweet in - fant, to thee. Oh rest thee, Babe, rest thee, Babe, sleep on till day, Oh rest thee, Babe, rest thee, Babe, sleep while you may.

Oh rest thee, my darling, the time it shall come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum,
Then rest thee, my darling, oh sleep while ye may,
For war comes with manhood, as light comes with day.
Oh rest thee, Babe, rest thee, Babe, sleep on till day,
Oh rest thee, Babe, rest thee, Babe, sleep while you may.

The TUNE by *Whittaker.*

LXXXVIII

THE BAY OF BISCAY

Andante

Loud roars the dread - ful thun - der, The rain a de - luge show'rs, The clouds are rent a- sun - der By light'ning's vi - vid pow'rs; The night was drear and dark, Our poor de - vot - ed bark— Till next day, there she lay, In the Bay of Bis - cay, O!

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

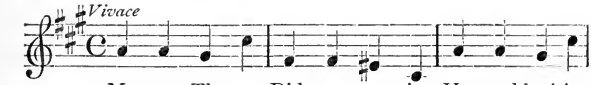
At length the wish'd for morrow
  Breaks through the hazy sky,
Absorb'd in silent sorrow
  Each heaves a bitter sigh.
The dismal wreck to view,
  Strikes horror to the crew—
As she lay, on that day,
    In the Bay of Biscay, O !

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

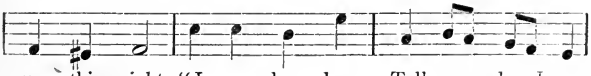
TUNE by *Davy.*

LXXXIX

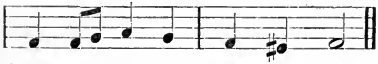
MY MAN THOMAS



My man Thomas, Did me promise, He would visit



me this night. "I am here, love; Tell me, dear Love,



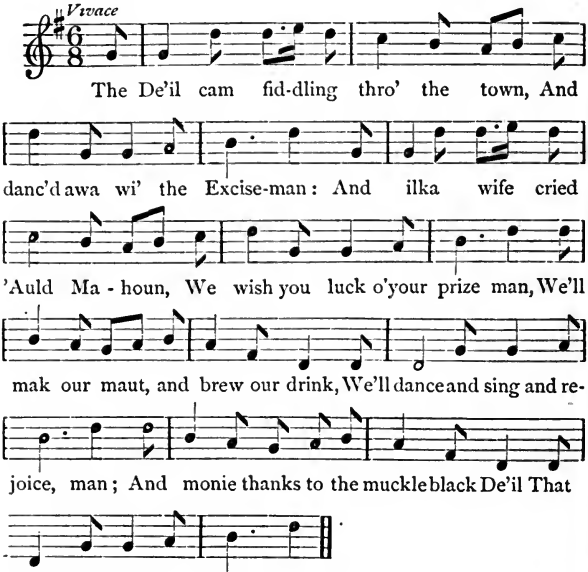
How I may ob - tain thy sight."

CHAPPELL. The Words from Fletcher's Monsieur Thomas.

TUNE. *O dear twelvepence.*

XC

THE DE'IL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN



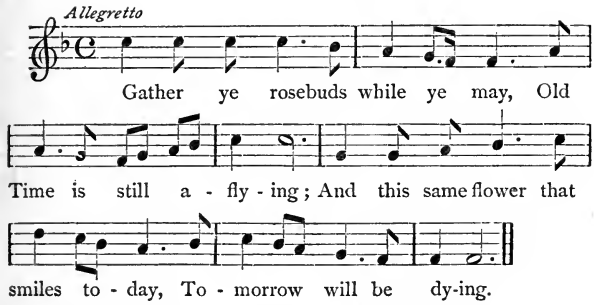
There's threesome reels, and foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er came to our lan'
Was—the De'il's awa wi' the Exciseman.
We'll mak our maut, &c.

The Words by Burns.

TUNE (English) *The Hemp Dresser.*

XCI

GATHER YE ROSEBUDS



The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
  The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
  And nearer he's to setting.

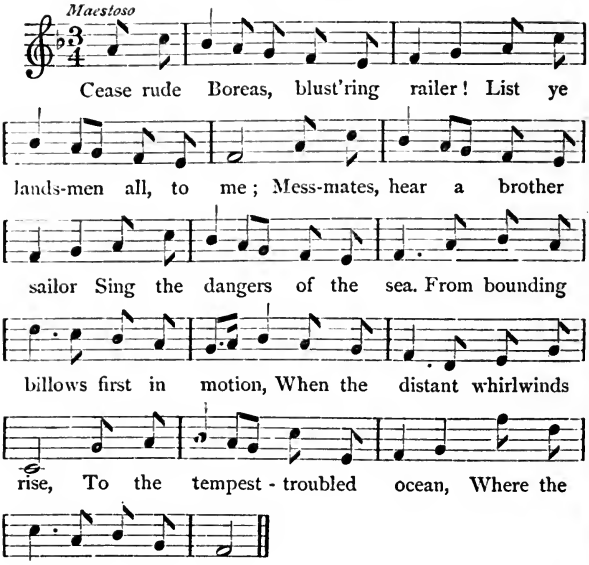
That age is best which is the first,
  When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
  Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
  And, while ye may, go marry;
For having once but lost your prime,
  You may for ever tarry.

The Words by Herrick.
From Playford's 'Ayres and Dialogues.'

XCII

THE STORM



Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,—
By topsail-sheets and haulyards stand,
Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
Down your staysails,— hand, boys, hand!

Now it freshens, set the braces,
  Quick the topsail-sheets let go;
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
  Up your topsails nimbly clew.

Now all you at home in safety,
  Sheltered from the howling storm,
Tasting joys by Heaven vouchsafed ye,
  Of our state vain notions form.
Round us roars the tempest louder,
  Think what fear our mind enthrals!
Harder yet it blows, still harder
  Now again the boatswain calls.

The topsail-yards point to the wind, boys,
  See all clear to reef each course—
Let the foresheet go—don't mind, boys,
  Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the spritsail-yard get,
  Reef the mizen—see all clear—
Hand up, each preventer-brace set—
  Man the foreyards—cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the awful thunder's rolling,
  Peal on peal contending clash;
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
  In our eyes blue lightnings flash:
One wide water all around us,
  All above us one black sky,
Diff'rent deaths at once surround us,
  Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The foremast's gone! cries ev'ry tongue out,
  O'er the lee twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out—
  Call all hands to clear the wreck.

Quick, the lanyards cut to pieces—
  Come, my hearts, be stout and bold!
Plumb the well—the leak increases—
  Four feet water in the hold!

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
  We for our wives and children mourn;
Alas, from hence there's no retreating!
  Alas, to them there's no return!
Still the danger grows upon us,
  Wild confusion reigns below,
Heav'n have mercy here upon us,
  For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys—
  Let the guns o'erboard be thrown—
To the pump come, every hand, boys,
  See, our mizenmast is gone.
The leak we've found it cannot pour fast,
  We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up and rig a jury foremast—
  She rights!—she rights!—boys, wear off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
  Since kind Heav'n has spar'd our lives,
Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking
  To our sweethearts and our wives:
Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
  Close to the lips a brimmer join;—
Where's the tempest now, who feels it?
  None—our danger's drown'd in wine.

Words and Tune by G. A. Stevens.

XCIII

THE MORN RETURNS

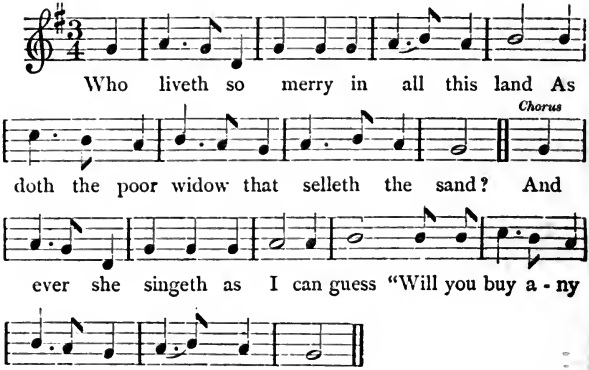
Affettuoso

The morn returns in saffron drest, But not to sad Ro - si - na rest, The blushing morn a- wakes the strain A - wakes the tune - ful Choir, But sad Ro - si - na ne'er again Shall strike the sprightly lyre, But sad Ro - si - na ne'er again Shall strike the sprightly lyre.

Words by Mrs. Brooke.
TUNE by *Stephen Paxton.*

XCIV

WHO LIVETH SO MERRY



The broom-man maketh his living most sweet,
With carrying of brooms from street to street;
Cho. Who would desire a pleasanter thing
Than all the day long doing nothing but sing?

The chimney sweeper all the long day,
He singeth and sweepeth the soot away:
Cho. Yet when he comes home, although he be weary,
With his sweet wife he maketh himself full merry.

The cobbler he sits cobbling till noon,
And cobbleth his shoes till they be done:
Cho. Yet doth he not fear, and so doth say,
For he knows his work will soon decay.

The merchant-man doth sail on the seas,
And lie on the ship board with little ease:
Cho. Always in doubt the rock is near,
How can he be merry and make good cheer?

The husbandman all day goeth to plough,
And when he comes home he serveth his sow:
Cho. He moileth, and moileth, all the long year,
How can he be merry and make good cheer?

The serving man waiteth from street to street,
With blowing his nails and beating his feet:
Cho. And serveth for forty shillings a year,
That 'tis impossible to make good cheer.

Who liveth so merry and maketh such sport,
As those that be of the poorest sort?
Cho. The poorest sort, wheresoever they be,
They gather together, by one, two, and three.

And every man will spend his penny,
What makes such a show among a great many? *Bis.*

From DEUTEROMELIA, 1609.

XCV

ALL IN A GARDEN GREEN

Moderato

All in a garden green Two lovers sat at

ease, As they could scarce be seen A - mong, a-

mong the leafy trees. They long had lov'd y - fore,

And no longer than truly, In that time of the year,

In that time of the year Cometh 'twixt May and July.

Quoth he, "Most lovely maid,
My troth shall aye endure;
And be not thou afraid,
But rest thee still secure,

"That I will love thee long
As life in me shall last;
Now I am young and strong,
And when my youth is past.

"When I am grey and old,
And then must stoop to age,
I'll love thee twenty-fold,
My troth I here engage."

She heard with joy the youth,
  When he thus far had gone;
She trusted in his truth,
  And, loving, he went on:

"Yonder thou see'st the sun
  Shine in the sky so bright,
And when this day is done,
  Then cometh the dark night,

"No sooner night is not,
  But he returns alway,
And shines as bright and hot
  As on this gladsome day.

"He is no older now
  Than when he first was born;
Age cannot make him bow,
  He laughs old Time to scorn.

"My love shall be the same,
  It never shall decay,
But shine without all blame,
  Though body turn to clay."

She listened to his song,
  And heard it with a smile,
And, innocent as young,
  She dreamed not of guile.

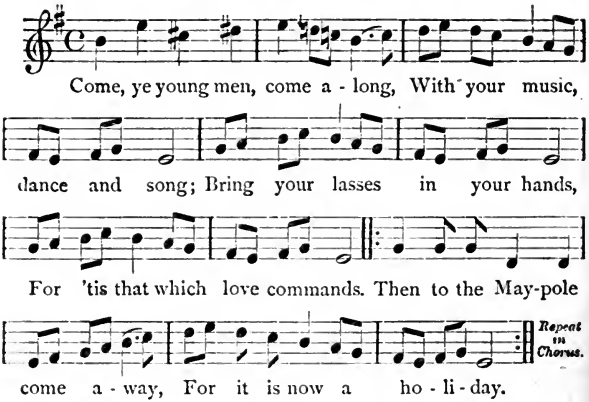
No guile he meant, I ween,
  For he was true as steel,
As was there after seen,
  When she made him her weal.

Full soon both two were wed,
  And these most faithful lovers,
May serve at board at bed,
  Example to all others.

CHAPPELL. From William Ballet's Tune Book.

XCVI

THE MAY-POLE.



It is the choice time of the year,
For the violets now appear;
Now the rose receives its birth,
And pretty primrose decks the earth.
Then to the May-pole come away,
For it is now a holiday.

Here each bachelor may choose
One that will not faith abuse;
Nor repay with coy disdain
Love that should be lov'd again.
Then to the May-pole come away,
For it is now a holiday.

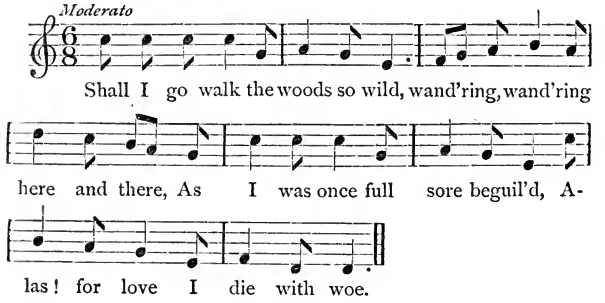
And when you well reckoned have,
  What kisses you your sweethearts gave,
Take them all again, and more,
  It will never make them poor.
    Then to the May-pole come away,
    For it is now a holiday.

When you thus have spent the time,
  Till the day be past its prime,
To your beds repair at night,
  And dream there of your day's delight.
    Then to the May-pole haste away,
    For it is a holiday.

CHAPPELL. From William Ballet's Lute Book.
TUNE *Staines Morris.*

XCVII

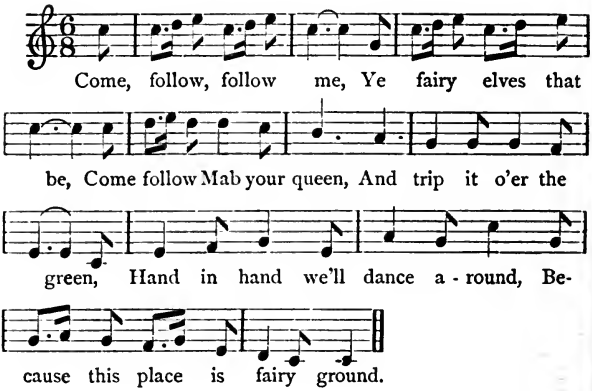
SHALL I GO WALK THE WOODS SO WILD



CHAPPELL. From The Dancing Master.

XCVIII

THE FAIRY QUEEN



When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest,
Unheard and unespied,
Through key-holes we do glide;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it, with our fairy elves.

And, if the house be foul
With platter, dish, or bowl.
Up stairs we nimbly creep
And find the sluts asleep:
Then we pinch their arms and thighs,
None us hears, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,

We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid :
Every night before we go,
We drop a tester in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushroom's head
Our table-cloth we spread ;
A grain of rye or wheat,
The diet that we eat ;
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snails,
Between two cockles stew'd,
Is meat that's easily chew'd ;
Tails of worms and marrow of mice
Do make a dish that's wonderous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy
Grace said, we dance awhile
And so the time beguile :
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grass
So nimbly we do pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk :
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

CHAPPELL. From Musick's Delight on the Cithern.
Words from Percy's Reliques.
TUNE *The Spanish Gipsy.*

XCIX

HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY

Animato

Here's a health un - to his Ma - jes - ty, With a

fa la la la la la la; Con - fusion to his

en - e - mies, With a fa la la la la la la; And

he that will not drink his health, I wish him neither

wit nor wealth, Nor yet a rope to hang himself, With a

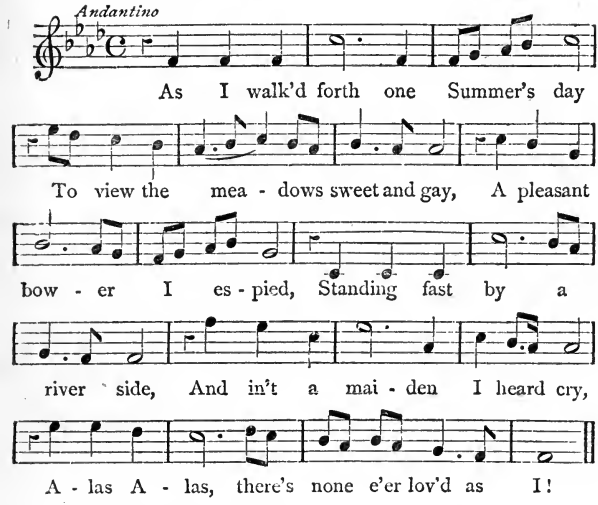
fa la la la la la la la la la, With a fa la la la la

la la.

From Playford's Musical Companion.

C

AS I WALKED FORTH



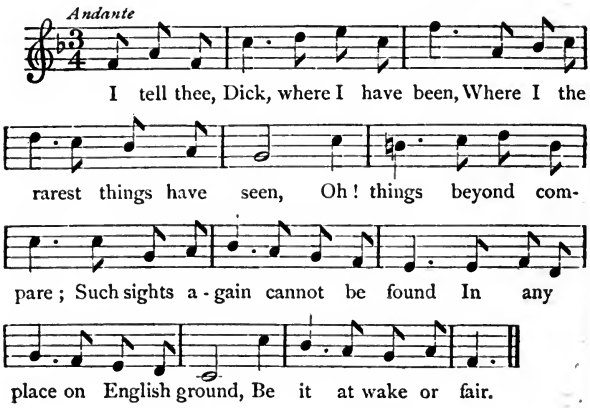
Then round the meadow did she walk,
Catching each flower by the stalk,
Such flowers as in the meadow grew,
The dead man's thumb, an herb all blue,
And as she pull'd them, still cried she,
Alas, alas, none ever lov'd like me.

When she had fill'd her apron full,
Of such green things as she could cull,
The green leaves serv'd her for a bed,
The flow'rs were the pillow for her head:
Then down she lay, ne'er more did speak
Alas, alas, with love her heart did break.

TUNE by *Robert Johnson.*

CI

I TELL THEE, DICK, WHERE I HAVE BEEN



At Charing Cross hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
    There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
    Forty at least in pairs.

Among the rest one pest'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger, though, than thine)
    Walk'd on before the rest:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him,
The king, (God bless him!) 'twould undo him,
    Should he go still so dress'd.

The maid—and thereby hangs a tale,
For such a maid no Whitsun ale
    Could ever yet produce:

No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
    Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring,
    It was too wide a peck;
And to say truth, (for out it must)
It look'd like the great collar, (just,)
    About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
    As if they fear'd the light;
But oh! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter-day
    Is half so fine a sight.

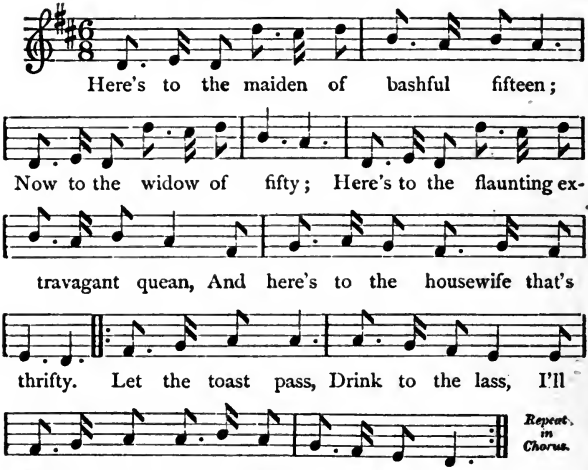
Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison;
    (Who sees them is undone.)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Kath'rine pear,
    The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin;
    Some bee had stung it newly;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
    Than on the sun in July.

Words by Sir John Suckling.

CII

LET THE TOAST PASS



Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
Now to the damsel with none, Sir,
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And now to the nymph with but one, Sir.
Let the toast pass, &c.

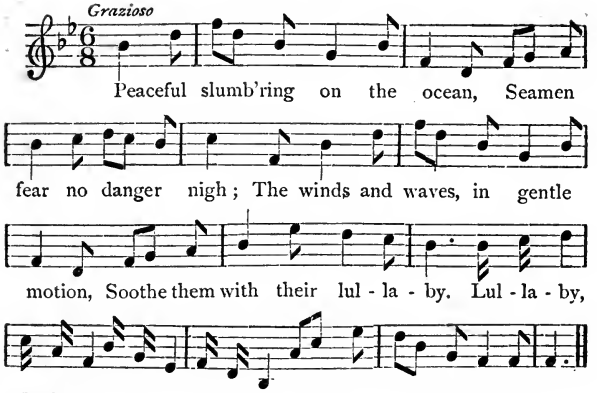
Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
Now to her that's as brown as a berry,
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the damsel that's merry.
Let the toast pass, &c.

For let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill up a bumper, nay fill to the brim,
And let us e'en toast 'em together.
Let the toast pass, &c.

From Sheridan's Comedy "The School for Scandal."

CIII

LULLABY

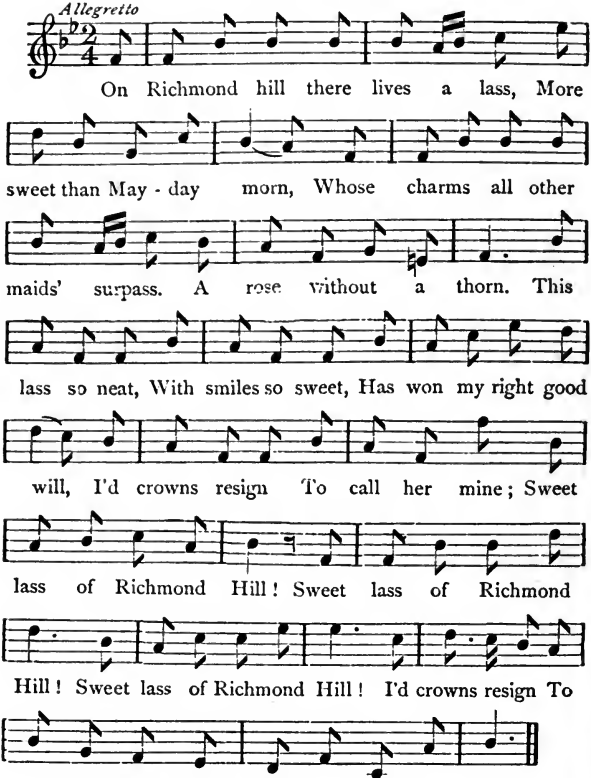


Is the wind tempestuous blowing,
Still no danger they descry;
The guileless heart, its boon bestowing,
Soothes them with its lullaby.
Lullaby etc.

From Cobb's Opera "The Pirates."
TUNE by *Storace.*

CIV

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL



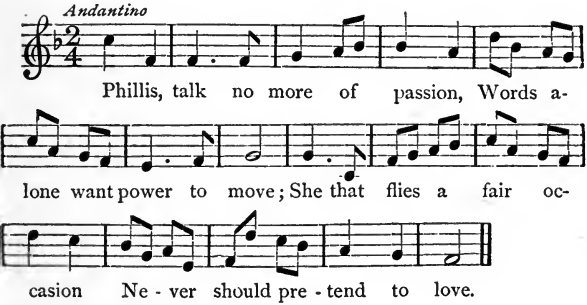
Ye Zephyrs gay, that fan the air,
And wanton through the grove,
Oh! whisper to my charming fair,
I die for her, and love.
This lass so neat, &c.

How happy will the shepherd be,
Who calls this nymph his own;—
Oh! may her choice be fix'd on me,
Mine's fix'd on her alone.
This lass so neat, &c.

Words by Mc Nally.
TUNE by *Hook.*

CV

PHILLIS, TALK NO MORE OF PASSION



See the winged moments flying,
Whereon Youth and Beauty ride;
She, who long persists denying,
Ne'er can hope to be a bride.

From the British Musical Miscellany.
TUNE by *Monro.*

CVI

WHEN FORCED FROM DEAR HEBE TO GO

Andante

When forc'd from dear Hebe to go, What

anguish I felt at my heart! And I thought, but it

might not be so, She was sorry to see me de-

part; She cast such a languishing view, My

path I could scarcely dis - cern, So sweetly she

bade me a - dieu, I thought that she bade me re-

turn, I thought that she bade me re - turn.

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

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

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

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

The Words by Shenstone.
The TUNE by *Arne.*

CVII

WHEN THE ROSEBUD OF SUMMER

Affetuoso

When the rosebud of Summer, its

beauties bestowing, On Winter's rude blast, all its

sweetness shall pour, And the sunshine of day in night's

darkness be glowing, O! then, dearest Ellen, I'll

love you no more, I'll love you no more, I'll

love you no more, O! then, dearest Ellen, I'll

love you no more.

When of hope the last spark which my smile lov'd to cherish
In my bosom shall die, and its splendour be o'er,
And the pulse of that heart which adores you shall perish,
O! then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more.

Words by Fitzsimons. TUNE by *Sir John Stevenson.*

CVIII

THE THORN

Andante

From the white blossom'd sloe my dear

Chloe re-quest-ed A sprig, her fair breast to a-

dorn; No! by Heav'ns! I ex-claim'd, may I

perish if e-ver I plant in that bosom a

thorn. No! by Heav'ns! I ex-claim'd, may I

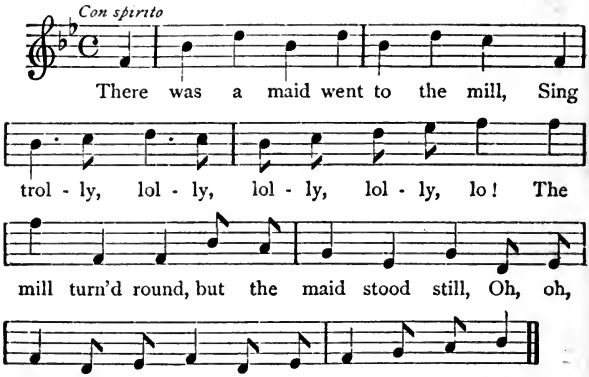
perish if e-ver I plant in that bosom a thorn.

When I show'd her the ring, and implor'd her to marry,
She blush'd like the dawning of morn:—
"I'll consent," she replied, "if you'll promise that no
Jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn."

The Words attributed to Burns.
TUNE by *Shield.*

CIX

THERE WAS A MAID WENT TO THE MILL



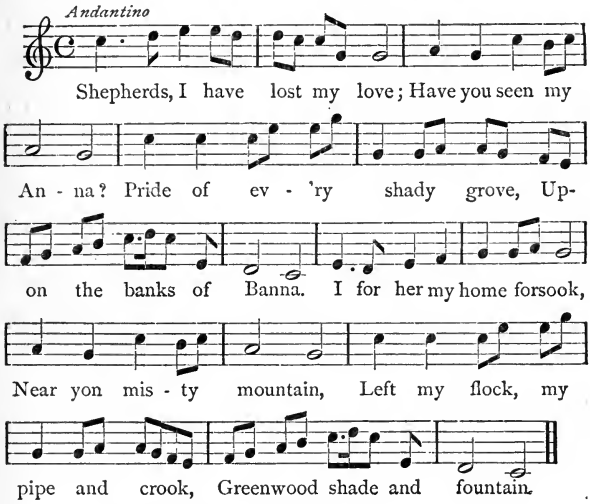
The miller he kiss'd her; away she went,
  Sing trolly, lolly, lolly, lolly, lo!
The maid was well pleas'd, and the miller content,
  Oh, oh, ho! Oh, oh, ho! Oh, oh, ho! was it so?

He danced and he sung while the mill went clack;
  Sing trolly, lolly, lolly, lolly, lo!
And he cherish'd his heart with a cup of old sack,
  Oh, oh, ho! Oh, oh, ho! Oh, oh, ho! did it so?

CHAPPELL. Words from The Jovial Crew.
TUNE. *There was an old woman lived under a hill.*

CX

SHEPHERDS, I HAVE LOST MY LOVE

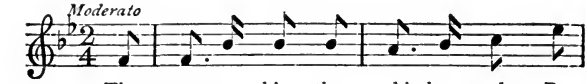


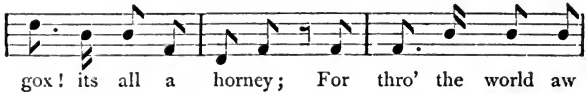
Never shall I see thee more,
  Until her returning,
All the joys of life are o'er,
  From gladness chang'd to mourning.

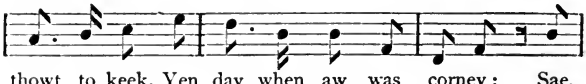
Whither has my charmer flown,
  Shepherds, tell me, whither?
Ah! woe for me, perhaps she's gone
  For ever and for ever.

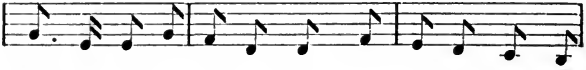
CXI

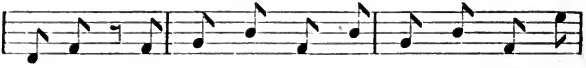
JIMMY JONESON'S WHURRY

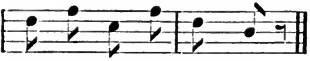












Jemmy Joneson's whurry.

Ye niver see'd the church se scrudg'd,
  As we were there thegither,
An' gentle, simple, throughways rudg'd,
  Like burdies of a feather;
Blind Willie, aw wor joys to croon,
  Struck up a hey-down-derry,

An croose we left wor canny toon,
  Iv Jimmy Joneson's whurry.

As we push'd off, loak! aw the Kee
  To me seem'd shuggy-shooin',
An' tho' aw'd niver been at sea,
  Aw stud her like a new 'un.
An' when the Malls began their reels,
  Aw kick'd maw heels reet murry;
For faix! aw lik'd the voyage to Sheels,
  Iv Jimmy Joneson's whurry.

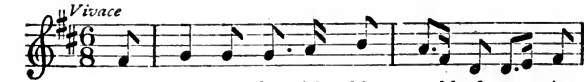
Quick went wor heels, quick went the oars,
  An where my eyes were cassin,
It seem'd as if the bizzy shore
  Cheer'd canny Tyne i' passin.
What! hes Newcassel now ne end?
  Thinks aw, it's wond'rous, varry;
Aw thowt aw'd like my life to spend
  Iv Jimmy Joneson's whurry.

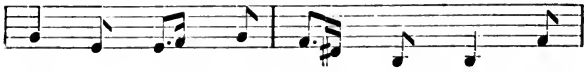
Tyne-side seem'd clad wiv bonny ha's,
  An' furnaces se dunny;
Wey this mun be what Bible ca's
  "The land of milk and honey!"
If aw thor things belang'd tiv me,
  Aw'd myek the poor reet murry,
An' gar each heart to sing wiv glee,
  Iv Jimmy Joneson's whurry.

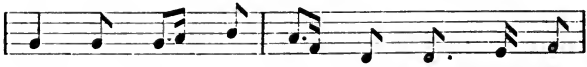
From Tyneside Songs. Words by T. Thompson.
TUNE *Blind Willie singing.*

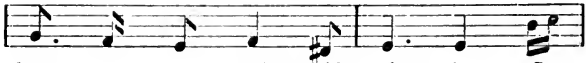
CXII

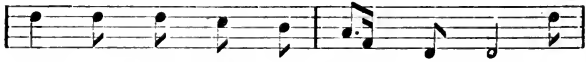
OH! COULD WE DO WITH THIS WORLD

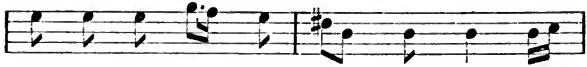


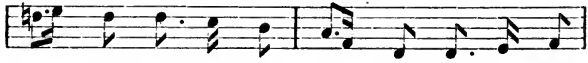


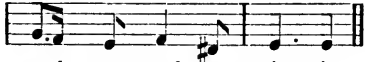












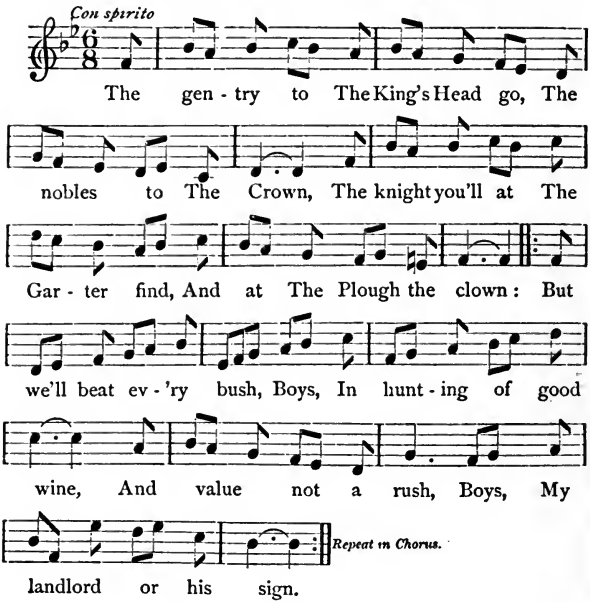
Like those gay flies that wing thro' air,
And in themselves a lustre bear,
A stock of light still ready there,
  Whenever they wish to use it;
So, in this world I'd make for thee,
Our hearts should all like fire-flies be,
And the flash of wit and poesy
  Break forth whenever we choose it.

While every joy that glads our sphere
Hath still some shadow hovering near,
In this new world of ours, my Dear,
  Such shadows will all be omitted:
Unless they're like that graceful one
Which, when thou'rt dancing in the sun,
Still near thee, leaves a charm upon
  Each spot where it hath flitted.

Words by Moore.
TUNE (English) *Green Sleeves.*

CXIII

THE GENTRY TO THE KING'S HEAD GO



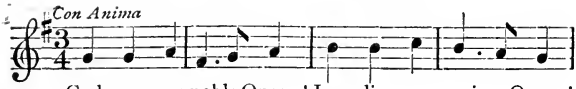
The bishop to The Mitre goes,
  The soldier to The Gun,
The parson topes beneath The Rose,
  The gardener in The Sun:
Cho. But we'll beat every bush, &c.

The sailor to The World's End roams,
The sportsman seeks The Fox,
The lawyer to the Devil comes,
The spendthrift to The Dogs :
Cho. But we'll beat every bush, &c.

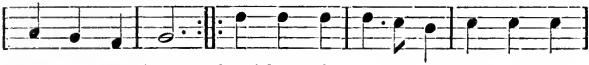
From The British Musical Miscellany.
TUNE by *Young.*

CXIV

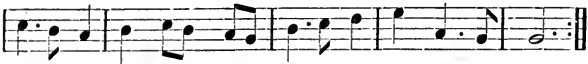
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN



God save our noble Queen ! Long live our gracious Queen!



God save the Queen. Send her vic - torious, Happy and



glorious Long to reign over us, God save the Queen !

O Lord our God, arise !
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall !
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks ;
On Thee our hopes we fix,
God save us all !

Thy choicest gifts, in store,
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign.
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing, with heart and voice,
God save the Queen !

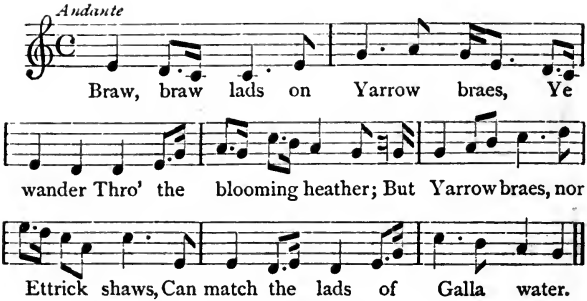
From CHAPPELL.

The Song Book.

PART II. SCOTTISH SONGS.

CXV

GALLA WATER.



But there is ane, a secret ane,
  Aboon them a' I loe him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine;
  The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

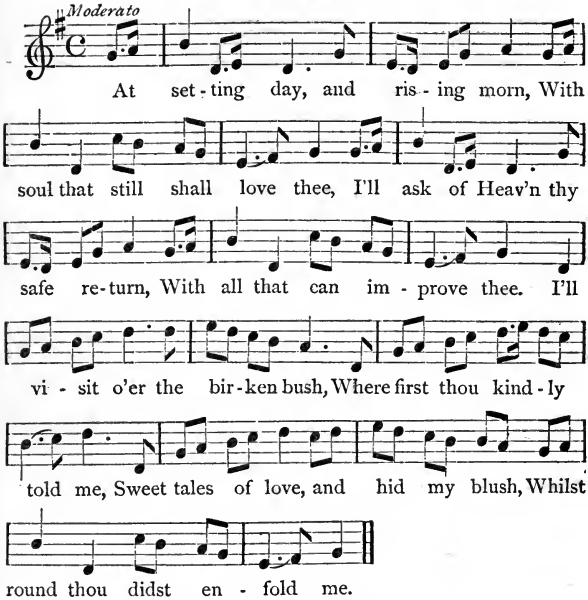
Atho' his daddie was nae laird,
  And tho' I ha'e na meikle tocher,
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
  We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
  That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
  O that's the chiefest warld's treasure!

Words by Burns. TUNE *Galla Water.*

CXVI

AT SETTING DAY



To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood shade, or fountain;
Or where the summer day I'd share
With thee, upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine,—by love is yours
A heart that cannot wander.

Words by Allan Ramsay.
TUNE *The Mill, O.*

CXVII

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

Andantino

John An - der - son my jo, John, When

we were first ac - quent, Your locks were like the

ra - ven, Your bon - ie brow was brent; But

now your brow is beld, John, Your locks are like the

snaw; But blessings on your fros - ty pow, John

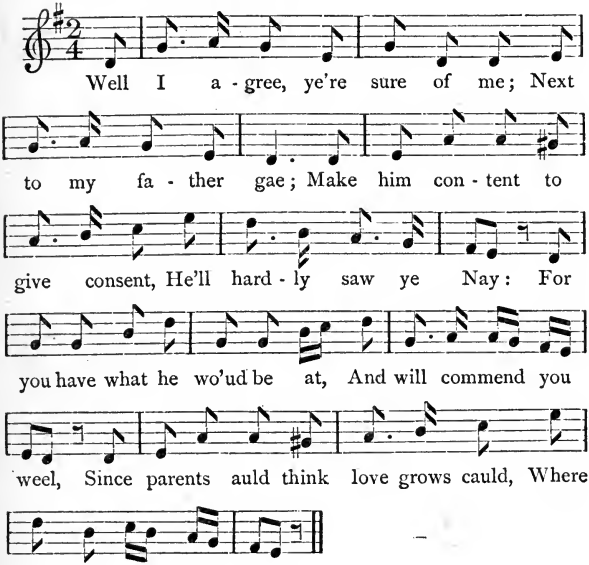
An - der - son my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

Words by Burns.

CXVIII

WELL I AGREE, YE'RE SURE OF ME

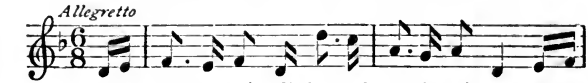


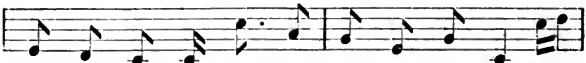
Shou'd he deny, I carena by,
  He'd contradict in vain,
Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
  But thee I will have nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
  Like those in high degree:
And if you faithful prove in love,
  You'll find nae fault in me.

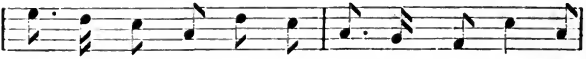
Words by Allan Ramsay.
TUNE *O'er Bogie.*

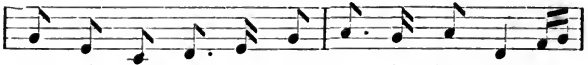
CXIX

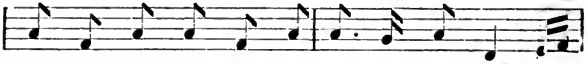
CONTENTED WI' LITTLE

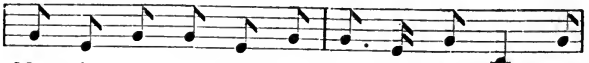


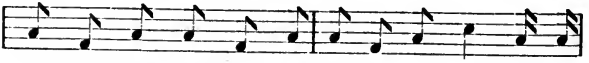


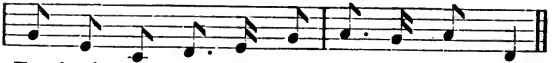












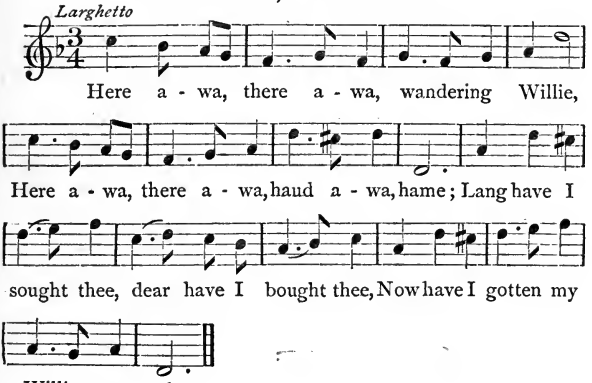
A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a';
When at the blythe end of our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way,
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jad gae:
Come ease, or come travail; come pleasure or pain,
My warst word is—"Welcome, and welcome again!"

Words by Burns.
TUNE. *Lumps o' Pudding.*

CXX

HERE AWA, THERE AWA



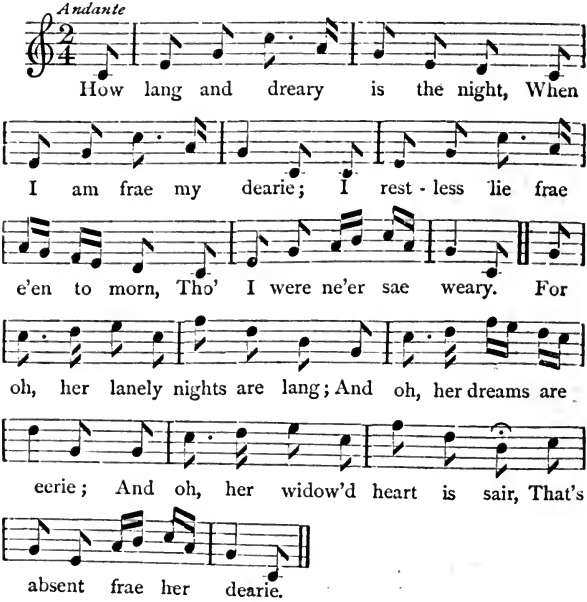
Through the lang muir have I followed my Willie,
Through the lang muir I have follow'd him hame.
Whate'er betide us, naught shall divide us;
Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, here awa, hame!
Come, Love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,
Ilka thing pleases while Willie's at hame.

Chambers. From Herd's Collection.

CXXI

HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT



When I think on the lightsome days
  I spent wi' thee, my dearie,
And now that seas between us roar,
  How can I be but eerie!
    For oh, &c.

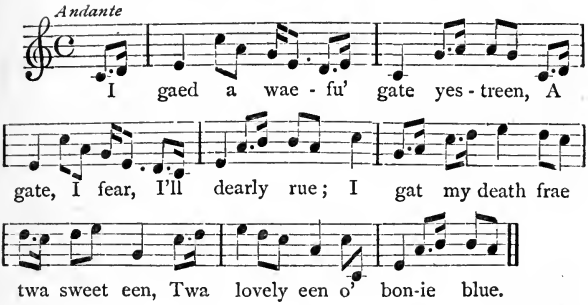
How slow ye move, ye heavy hours;
  The joyless day how drearie!

It wasna sae ye glinted by;
When I was wi' my dearie.
For oh! &c.

Words by Burns.
TUNE *Cauld kail in Aberdeen.*

CXXII

I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN



'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom lily-white;—
It was her een sae bonie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,
She charm'd my soul I wist na how;
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een sae bonie blue.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed;
She'll aiblins listen to my vow:
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonie blue.

Words by Burns.
The Blathrie o't

CXXIII

O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR

Andante

O were my Love yon li - lac fair, Wi' pur - ple blossoms to the spring; And I, a bird to shelter there, When wearied on my lit - tle wing; How I wad mourn, when it was torn By autumn wild, and winter rude! But I wad sing on wanton wing, When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

O gin my love were yon red rose
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
Into her bonie breast to fa'!

Oh, there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light.

The first two verses by Burns, and Richardson, the third old.

TUNE *Oran Gaoil.*

CXXIV

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL

Andantino

The lass of Patie's mill, So bonie blythe and gay, In spite of all my skill, She stole my heart a - way. When ted - ding of the hay, Bare head - ed on the green, Love midst her locks did play, And wanton'd in her e'en.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs that grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd;
I wish'd her for my bride.

O, had I all the wealth
Hopeton's high mountains fill,
Insur'd long life and health,
And pleasure at my will;
I'd promise and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The lass of Patie's mill,
Should share the same wi' me.

Words by Allan Ramsay.

CXXV

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH

Con Moto

Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch! Roy's wife of

Al - di - val - loch! Wat ye how she cheated me, As

I came o'er the braes of Balloch. She vow'd she swore she

wad be mine, She said she loo'd me best of ony; But

O the fickle faith - less quean, She's ta'en the carle and

left her Johnie.

Da Capo.

O, she was a canty quean,
Weel could she dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch!
Roy's Wife &c.

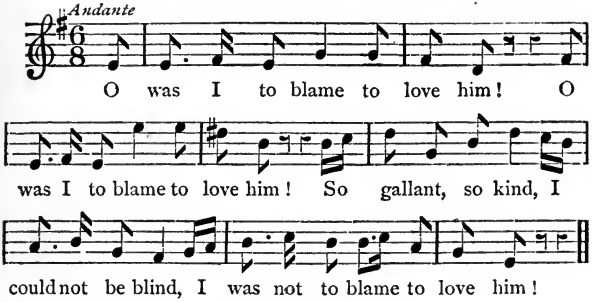
Her face was fair her e'en sae clear,
Her wee bit mouth so sweet and bonnie;

To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's for ever left her Johnie.
Roy's Wife &c.

Words by Mrs. Grant of Carron.

CXXVI

O WAS I TO BLAME TO LOVE HIM



My heart it may break with sorrow,
My heart it may break with sorrow,
'Tis lost for his sake,
No complaint will I make,
My heart it may break with sorrow.

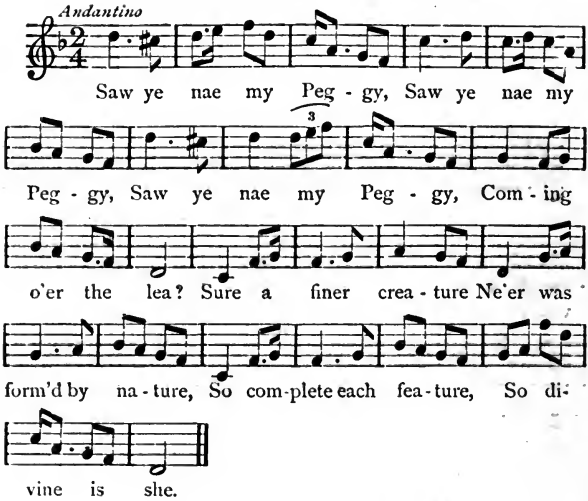
O saw you yon tree's sweet blossom,
O saw you yon tree's sweet blossom,
Like me to your sight,
It fades with the blight,
Yet blame not the love or blossom.

O pride of my heart, I love thee,
O pride of my heart, I love thee;
The zephyr,—the sky
May alter—not I—
I was not to blame to love thee.

Words by William Smyth.
TUNE *When she came ben she bobbit.*

CXXVII

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY



O how Peggy charms me;
Every look still warms me,
Every thought alarms me,
  Lest she love not me:
Peggy doth discover,
Nought but charms all over;
Nature bids me love her,
  That's a law to me.

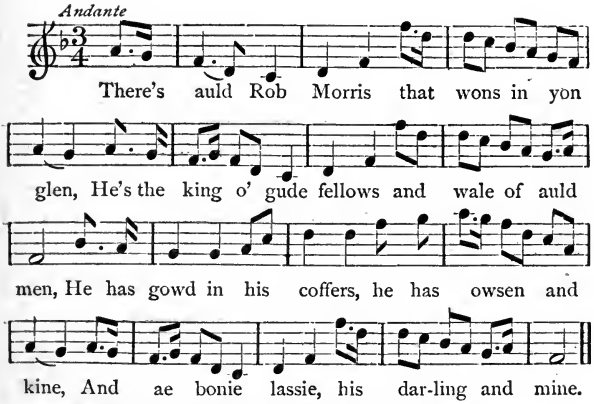
Who would leave a lover,
To become a rover?
No, I'll ne'er give over,
  Till I happy be.

For since love inspires me,
As her beauty fires me,
And her absence tires me,
  Nought can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,
Fate seems to detain her,
Could I but obtain her,
  Happy should I be!
I'll lie down before her,
Bless, sigh, and adore her,
With faint looks implore her,
  'Till she pity me.

CXXVIII

AULD ROB MORRIS



She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May,
She's sweet as the evening amang the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lamb on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But oh, she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
A rover like me maunna hope to come speed;
The wounds I maun hide which will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane,
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh, as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me;
O, how past discribing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express.

Words by Burns.

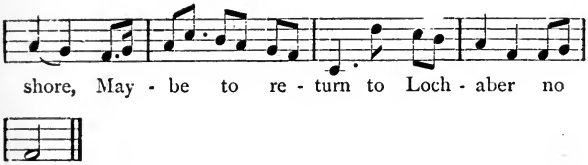
TUNE *Jock the Laird's Brother.*

CXXIX

FAREWELL TO LOCHABER

Affetuoso

Fare - well to Loch - aber, fare - well to my Jean, Where heart-some with thee, I have mony days been; For Loch - aber no more, Loch - a - ber no more, We'll may - be re - turn to Loch - aber no more. There tears that I shed they are a' for my dear, And no for the dan - gers at - tending on weir; Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody



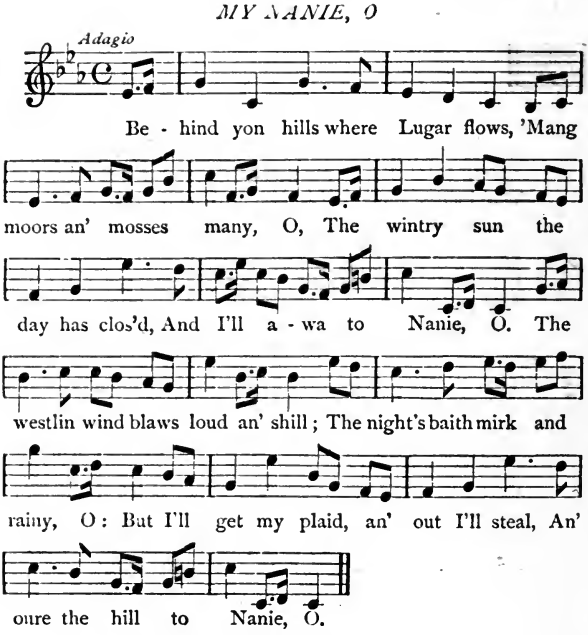
Tho' hurricanes rise, and raise every wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind ;
Tho' loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my Love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sore pain'd,
But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd ;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse ;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse ?
Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And losing thy favour, I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
And if I should chance to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

Words by Allan Ramsay.
TUNE *Lochaber.*

CXXX

MY NANIE, O



My Nanie's charming, sweet, an' young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
  As spotless as she's bonie, O:
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
  Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
  An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be,
  I'm welcome aye to Nanie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
  An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
  My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O.

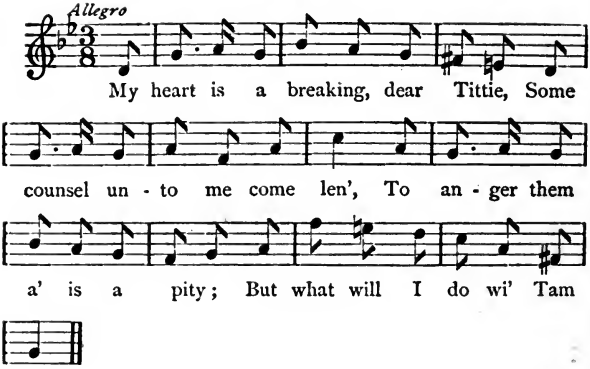
Our auld Guidman delights to view
  His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O;
But I'm as blithe that hauds his pleugh,
  An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
  I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
  But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

Words by Burns.
TUNE *My Nanie, O.*

CXXXI

TAM GLEN



I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fallow,
  In poortith I might mak a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
  If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller,
  'Guid-day to you, brute!' he comes ben:
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
  But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
  And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
  But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
  He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten:
But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
  O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,
  My heart to my mou gied a sten:
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
  And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin
  My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness cam up the house staukin—
  And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
  I'll gie you my bonie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
  The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

Words by Burns
TUNE *Tam Glen.*

CXXXII

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

Adagio

Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev - 'ry swain, I'll

tell how Peg - gy grieves me; Tho' thus I languish,

thus complain, A - las! she ne'er be - lieves me. My

vows and sighs, like si - lent air, Un - heeded ne - ver

move her: The bon - ie bush a - boon Traquair, 'Twas

there I first did love her.

That day she smiled, and made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder:
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her;

I tried to soothe my amorous flame,
  In words that I thought tender;
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
  I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
  The fields we then frequented:
If e'er we meet, she shows disdain,
  She looks as ne'er acquainted.

The bonny bush bloomed fair in May,
  It's sweets I'll aye remember:
But now her frowns make it decay,
  It fades as in December.

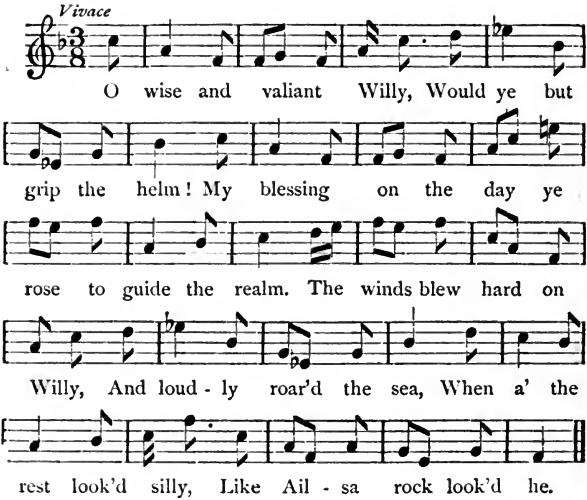
Ye rural powers who hear my strains,
  Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
O make her partner in my pains,
  Then let her smiles relieve me:

If not, my love will turn despair,
  My passion no more tender;
I'll leave the Bush aboon Traquair,
  To lonely wilds I'll wander.

Words by Robert Crawford.
TUNE *The Bush aboon Traquair.*

CXXXIII

O WISE AND VALIANT WILLY



O doure hard-working Willy,
  How sair he won his fee!
He spent it aye as he got it,
  And now he has naething to gi'e.
O doure lang-headed Willy,
  When he began to crack,
He held to his point ay steady,
  And never a foot gaed back.

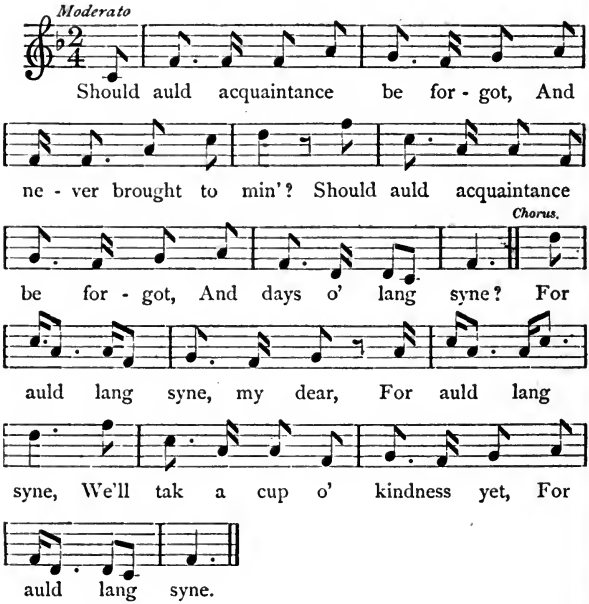
O doure and stalwart Willy,
  He's gane to ca' his plough,
But ere the play be play'd,
  He'll get some mair ado.
There's nought in Will's kail-yard,
  But ae bit laurel tree;
Yet doure and stalwart Willy,
  Is welcome ay to me.

His daddy gied him his name,
  'Twas a' that he could gi'e,
It's kent his daddy's coat
  There's nane could fill but he.
O bold and reckless Willy,
  Nane bides a blast like thee,
On rough and blustering weather,
  Ye're welcome ay to me.

Words by Mrs. Grant of Laggan.
TUNE *Rattling Roaring Willy.*

CXXXIV

AULD LANG SYNE



We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine,
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.

Cho. For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
From mornin sun till dine ;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne.
Cho. For auld, &c.

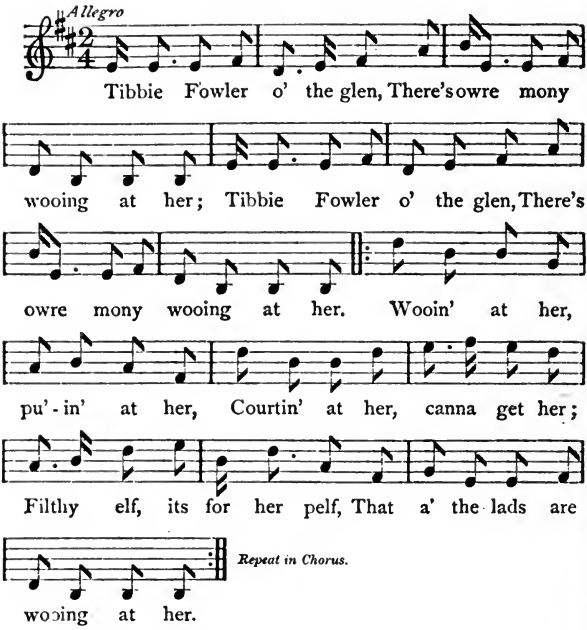
And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine ;
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.
Cho. For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine ;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.
Cho. For auld, &c.

Words by Burns.
TUNE *I feed a lass at Martinmas.*

CXXXV

TIBBIE FOWLER



Ten cam east, and ten cam west,
Ten cam rowin' o'er the water;
Twa cam down the lang dyke-side,
There's twa and thirty wooin' at her.
Wooin' at her, etc.

There's seven butt, and seven ben,
  Seven in the pantry wi' her;
Twenty head about the door,
  There's one-and-forty wooin' at her.
    Wooin' at her, &c.

She sits a queen among them a',
  Ilka chield expects to get her;
Gin she but let her thimble fa',
  They're like to knock their heads together,
    Wooin' at her, &c.

She's got pendles in her lugs,
  Cockle shells wad set her better;
High heel'd shoon and siller tags,
  And a' the lads are wooing at her.
    Wooin' at her, etc.

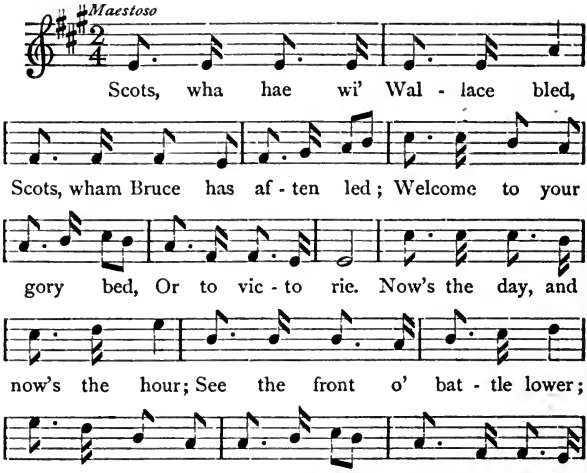
Be a lassie e'er sae black,
  If she hae the name o' siller,
Set her up on Tintock tap,
  The wind will blaw a man till her.
    Wooin' at her, etc.

Be a lassie e'er sae fair,
  If she want the penny siller,
A flie may fell her in the air,
  Before a man be even'd till her.
    Wooin' at her, etc.

From Johnson's Museum.

CXXXVI

SCOTS, WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLED



Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
  Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa'?
  Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
  But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty 's in every blow!
  Let us do or die!

Words by Burns.
TUNE *Hey Tuttie Tattie.*

I'M WEARING AWA, JEAN

TO THE SAME TUNE.

I'm wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw when its thaw, Jean,
I'm wearing awa'
  To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
  In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
  To the land o' the leal.
Our bonie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith gude and fair, Jean,
And O we grudged her sair
  To the land o' the leal.

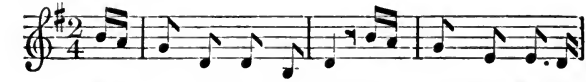
Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait for me
  To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye well, my ain Jean,
This warld's care is vain, Jean,
We'll meet and aye be fain
  In the land o' the leal.

Lady Nairn.

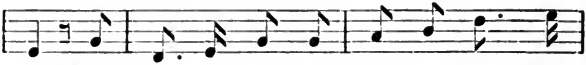
CXXXVII

WHAT AILS THIS HEART OF MINE

Andantino

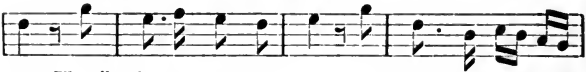


What ails this heart of mine, What means this wat'ry

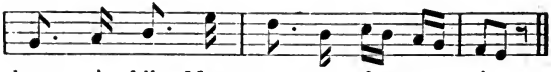


e'e, What gars me a' turn cauld as death, When

I tak' leave o' thee? When thou art far a-



wa, Thou'lt dearer grow to me, But change of place and



change o' folk, May gar my fan - cy jee.

Then I'll sit doun and moan,
  Beneath yon spreading tree,
And gin a leaf fa' in my lap,
  I'll ca't a word frae thee!
Syne I'll gang to the bower,
  Which thou wi' roses tied,
'Twas there by mony a blushing bud,
  I strove my love to hide.

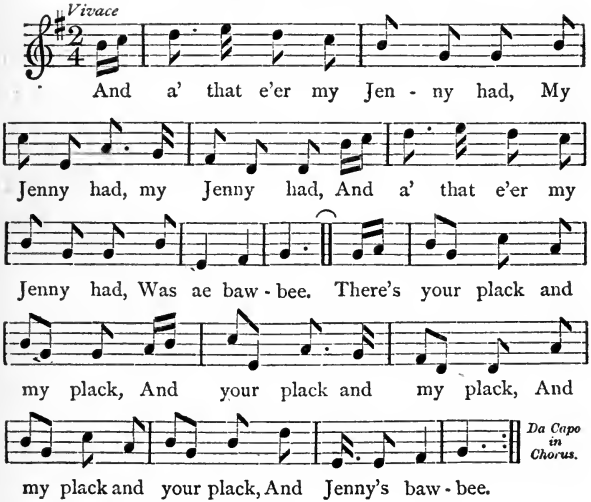
I'll doat on ilka spot,
  Where I hae been wi' thee;
I'll ca' to mind some fond love tale,
  By ev'ry burn and tree.

'Tis hope that cheers the mind,
Though lovers absent be;
And when I think I see thee still,
I think I'm still wi' thee.

Words by Miss Blamire.

CXXXVIII

JENNY'S BAWBEE

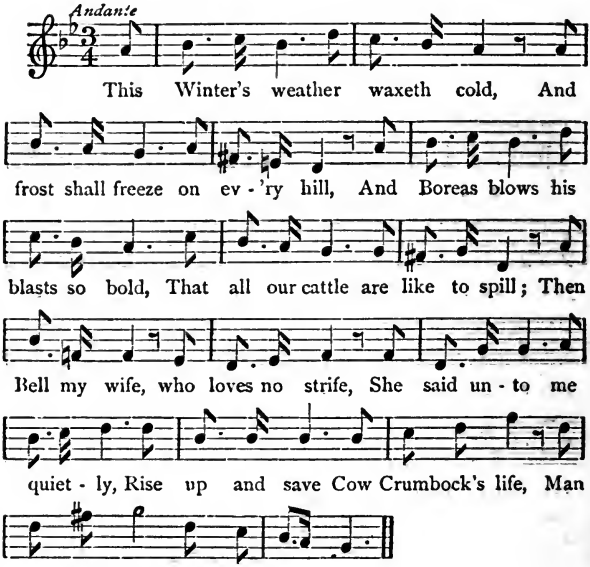


We'll put it in the pint stoup,
The pint stoup, the pint stoup,
We'll put it in the pint stoup,
And birl 't a' three.

Chambers. From Herd's Collection.

CXXXIX

TAKE THY OLD CLOAK ABOUT THEE



HE.

O Bell why dost thou flyte and scorn?
  Thou kenst my cloak is very thin:
It is so bare and overworn,
  A cricke he thereon cannot renn:

Then I'll no longer borrow nor lend,
  For once I'll new apparel'd be;
To morrow I'll to town and spend,
  For I'll have a new cloak about me.

SHE.

Cow Crumbock is a very good cow,
  She has been always true to the pail,
Still has helped us to butter and cheese I trow,
  And other things she will not fail.
I would be loth to see her pine,
  Good husband, counsel take of me,
It is not for us to go so fine,
  Then take thine old cloak about thee.

HE.

My cloak it was a very good cloak,
  It hath been always true to the wear,
But now it is not worth a groat;
  I have had it four and forty year.
Sometime it was of cloth in grain,
  'Tis now but a sigh-clout as you may see,
It will neither hold out wind nor rain,
  I'll have a new cloak about me.

SHE.

It is four and forty years ago,
  Since th'one of us the other did ken,
And we have had bewixt us two,
  Of children either nine or ten;
We have brought them up to be women and men;
  In the fear of God I trow they be;
And why wilt thou thyself misken?
  Man take thine old cloak about thee.

HE.

O Bell my wife why dost thou flout,
  Now is now, and then was then;
Seek now all the world throughout,
  Thou kenst not clowns from gentlemen.
They are clad in black, green, yellow, or grey,
  So far above their own degree,
Once in my life I'll do as they,
  For I'll have a new cloak about me.

SHE.

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
  His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
  Therefore he called the tailor lown.
He was a wight of high renown,
  And thouse but of a low degree;
It's pride that puts the country down,
  Then take thine old cloak about thee.

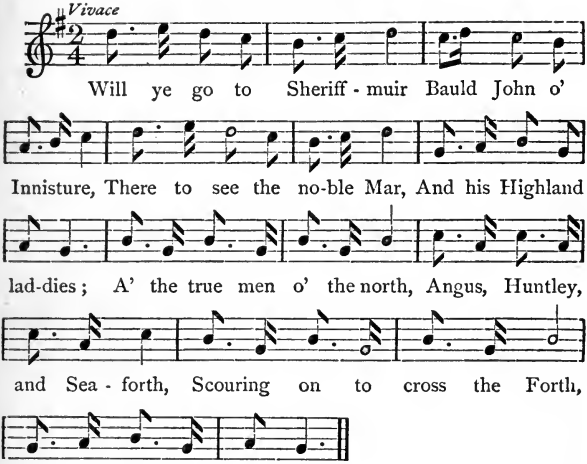
HE.

Bell my wife she loves not strife,
  Yet she will lead me if she can,
And oft to lead a quiet life,
  I'm forc'd to yield though I'm good-man.
It's not for a man with a woman to threap,
  Unless he first give o'er the plea;
Where I began I now mun leave,
  And take mine old cloak about me.

Words from Percy's Reliques.

CXL

SHERIFF-MUIR

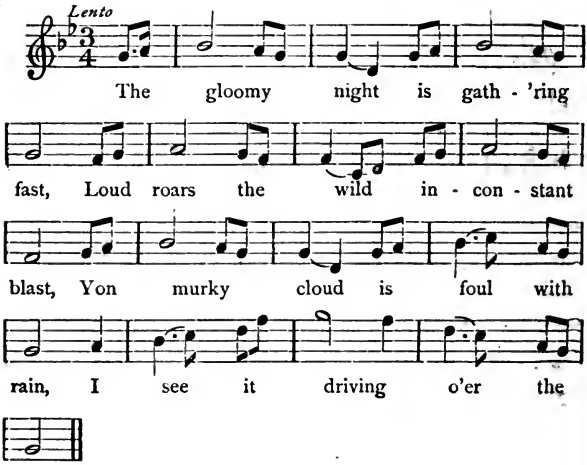


There you'll see the banners flare,
There you'll hear the bagpipes rair,
And the trumpets' deadly blare,
  Wi' the cannons' rattle.
There you'll see the bauld Mc Craws,
Cameron, and Clanronald raws,
And a' the clans, with loud huzzas,
  Rushing to the battle.

From The Scottish Minstrel.

CXLI

THE BONIE BANKS OF AYR



The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn ;
Across her placid azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly :

Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:

But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd by many a wound:
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonie banks of Ayr.

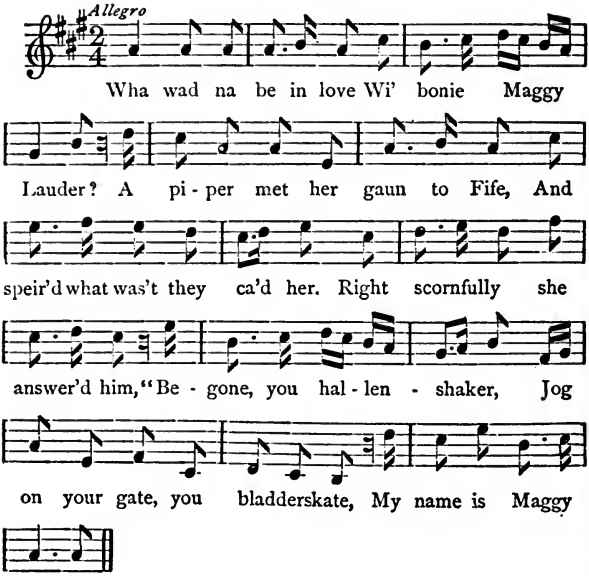
Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!

Farewell, my friends! Farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell, the bonie banks of Ayr.

Words by Burns.
TUNE *Farewell to Ayr.*

CXLII

MAGGIE LAUDER



"Maggy," quo' he, "and by my bags,
I'm fidging fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonie bird,
In troth I winna steer thee:

For I'm a piper to my trade,
  My name is Rob the Ranter;
The lasses loup as they were daft,
  When I blaw up my chanter."

"Piper," quo' Meg, "ha'e ye your bags,
  Or is your drone in order?
If you be Rob, I've heard of you;
  Live you upo' the border?
The lasses a', baith far and near,
  Have heard of Rob the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right good-will,
  Gif you'll blaw up your chanter."

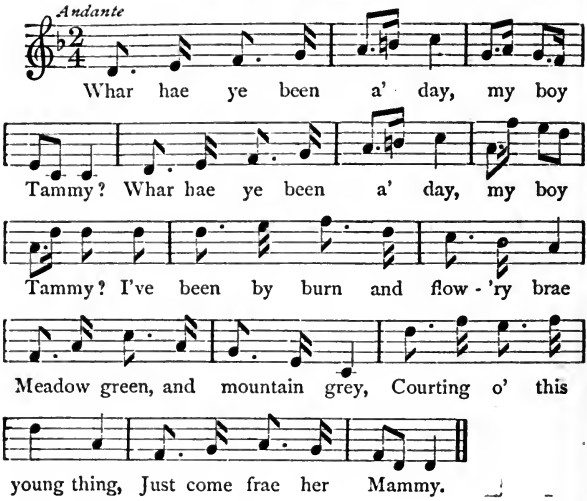
Then to his bags he flew with speed,
  About the drone he twisted;
Meg up, and wallop'd o'er the green,
  For brawly could she frisk it.
"Weel done," quo' he, "Play up," quo' she:
  "Weel bobb'd," quo' Rob the Ranter;
"It's worth my while to play indeed,
  When I ha'e sic a dancer."

"Weel ha'e you play'd your part," quo' Meg,
  "Your cheeks are like the crimson;
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
  Since we lost Habby Simson.
I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
  These ten years and a quarter;
Gin you should come to Anst'er fair,
  Spier ye for Maggy Lauder."

Words by Francis Sempill, of Beltrees.
TUNE *Maggie Lauder.*

CXLIII

MY BOY TAMMY



And whar gat ye that young thing,
  My boy Tammy?
I gat her down in yonder how,
Smiling on a broomy know,
Herding ae wee lamb and ewe,
  For her poor mammy.

What said ye to the bonie bairn,
  My boy Tammy?

I praised her e'en, sae lovely blue,
Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou;
I pree'd it aft, as ye may trow, —
  She said she'd tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating heart,
  My young, my smiling lammy!
"I hae a house, it cost me dear,
I've walth o' plenishin and gear;
Ye'se get it a' wer't ten times mair,
  Gin ye will leave your mammy."

The smile gaed off her bonie face,—
  "I maunna leave my mammy:
She's gi'en me meat she's gi'en me claise,
She's been my comfort a' my days,
My father's death brought many waes,—
  I canna leave my mammy."

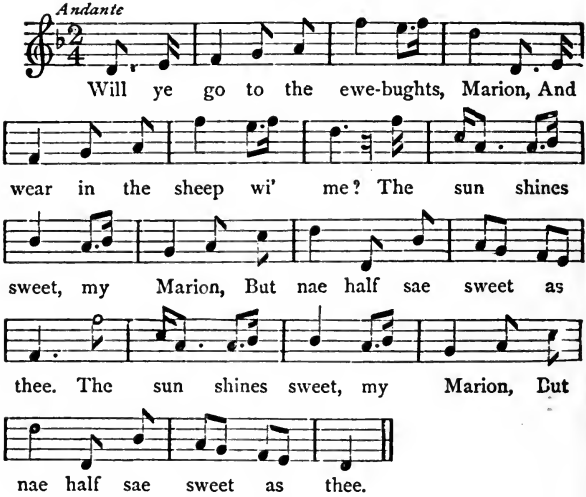
"We'll tak' her hame and mak' her fain,
  My ain kind-hearted lammy!
We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise,
We'll be her comfort a' her days,"—
The wee thing gies her hand and says,
  "There gang and ask my mammy."

Has she been to kirk wi' thee,
  My boy Tammy?
She has been to kirk wi' me,
And the tear was in her e'e,
But oh! she's but a young thing,
  Just come from her mammy.

Words by Macniell.
TUNE *The Lammy.*

CXLIV

WILL YE GO TO THE EWE-BUGHTS



O Marion's a bonie lass,
And the blyth blinks in her e'e;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

I've nine milk ewes my Marion
A cow and a brawny quey;
I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
Upon her bridal-day.

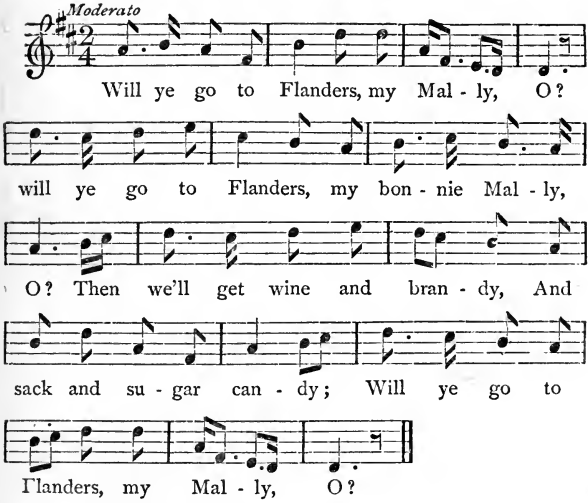
And ye's get a green sey apron,
And waist-coat o' London brown;
And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout my Marion,
Nane dances like me on the green;
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.

Words from Percy's Reliques.
TUNE *The Ewe-bughts.*

CXLV

WILL YE GO TO FLANDERS

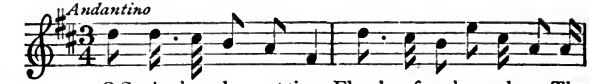


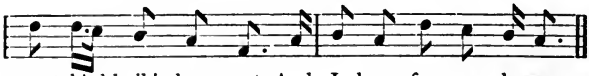
Will ye go to Flanders, my Mally, O?
And see the chief commanders, my Mally, O?
You'll see the bullets fly,
And the soldiers how they die,
And the ladies loudly cry, my Mally, O!

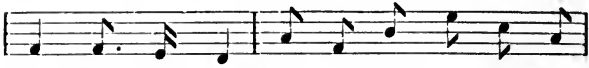
Chambers. From Herd's Collection.

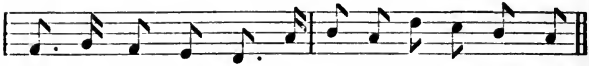
CXLVI

O SPRING'S A PLEASANT TIME









O Spring's a, &c.
O I'm wat, wat,
O I'm wat and weary;
Yet fain I'd rise and run
If I thought to meet my Dearie.

O Spring's a, &c.
When I sleep I dream,
When I wake I'm eerie;
Sleep I can get nane,
For thinkin' o' my Dearie.

O Spring's a, &c.
Lanely night comes on;
A' the lave are sleepin';
I think on my love,
And blear my een wi' greetin'.

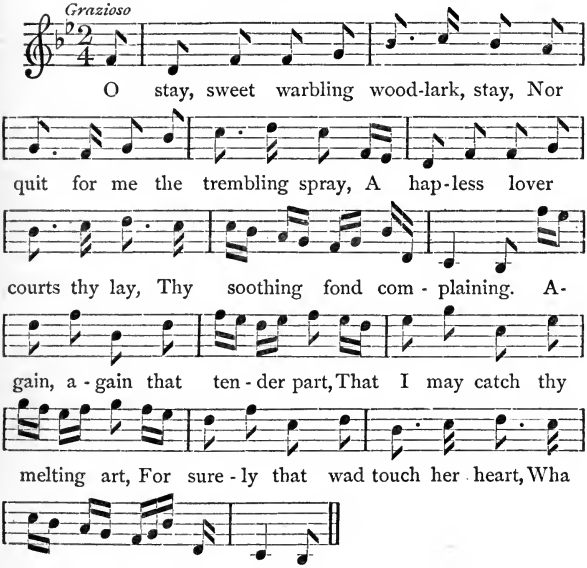
O Spring's a, &c.
Feather beds are saft,
Painted rooms are bonie;
But a kiss o' my dear love
Is better far than ony.

O Spring's a, &c.
O for Friday's night,
Friday at the gloamin'!
O for Friday's night!
Friday's long o' comin'.

From Chambers' Songs of Scotland.

CXLVII

O STAY SWEET WARBLING WOOD-LARK

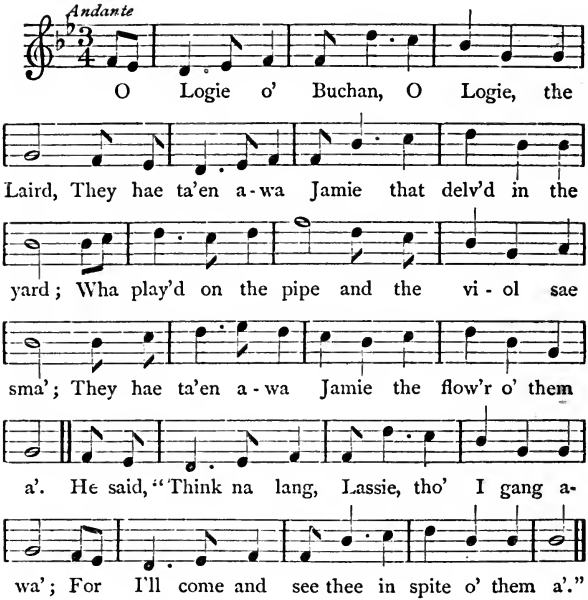


Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind ?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd
  Sic notes o' wae could wauken.
Thou tells o' never-ending care ;
O' speechless grief, and dark despair ;
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair !
  Or my poor heart is broken !

Words by Burns.
TUNE *Locherroch Side.*

CXLVIII

LOGIE O' BUCHAN



Though Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye,
A house and a haddin and siller forby;
Yet I'd take my ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd hae him with his houses and land.
He said, "Think nae lang," &c.

My daddy looks sulky, my minny looks sour,
They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor;

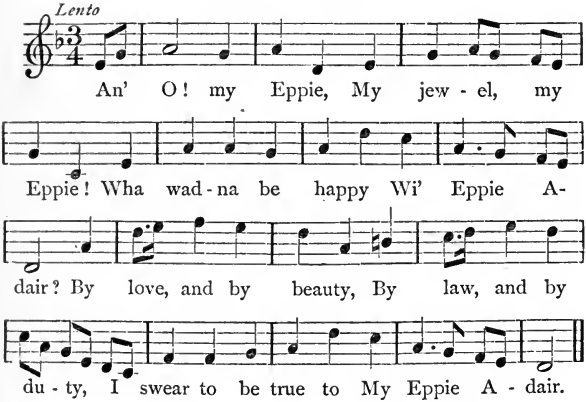
Th.' I lo'e them as well as a daughter should do,
They're nae half sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.
He said, "Think nae lang," &c.

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

Words by George Halket.

CXLIX

EPPIE ADAIR



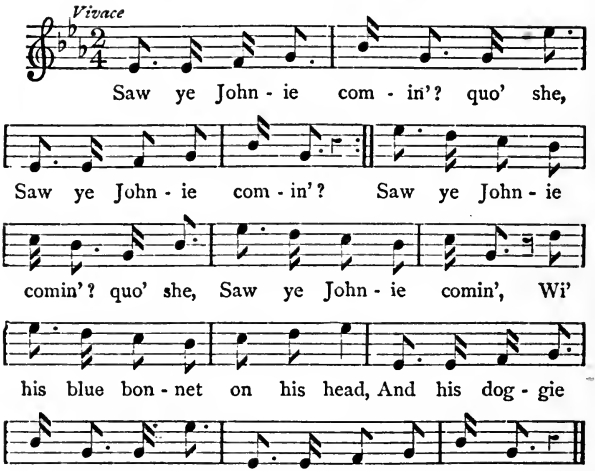
An' O! my Eppie,
My jewel, my Eppie!
Wha wadna be happy
Wi' Eppie Adair?

A' pleasure exile me,
Dishonour defile me,
If e'er I beguile thee,
My Eppie Adair!

Words by Burns.

CL

SAW YE JOHNIE COMIN'?



Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
  Fee him, father, fee him;
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
  Fee him, father, fee him;
For he is a gallant lad,
And a weel-doin',
And a' the wark about the town
Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,
  Gaes wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, quo' he,
  What will I do wi' him?
He's ne'er a coat upon his back,
  And I ha'e nane to gie him.
I ha'e two coats into my kist,
And ane of them I'll gie him:
And for a merk o' mair fee,
Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,
  Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I loe him, quo' she,
  Weel do I loe him;
For weel do I loe him, quo' she,
  Weel do I loe him;
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
He'll haud the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,
  And crack wi' me at e'en.

Tune *Fee him, Father.*

CLI

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'

Vivace

The Campbells are comin' O - ho, O - ho, The

Campbells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho, The

Campbells are com - in' To bon - ie Lochleven, The

Campbells are com - in' O - ho, O - ho. Up

on the Lo - monds I lay, I lay, Up

on the Lo - monds I lay, I lay, I

look - it down to bon - ie Loch - le - ven, And

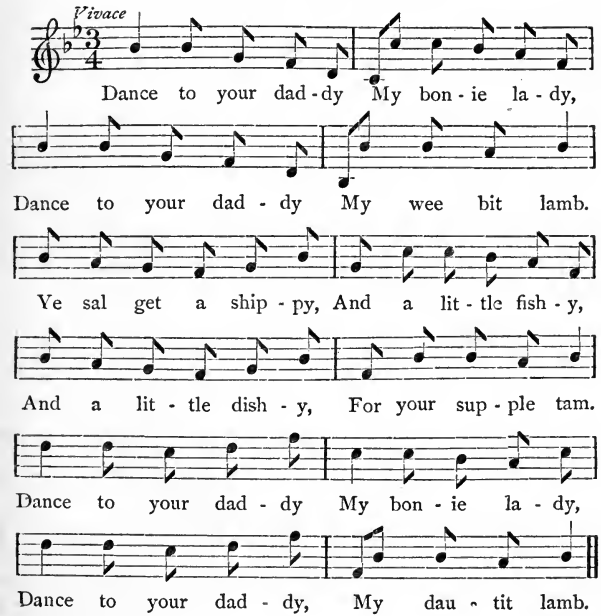
saw three perch - es play, play.

Great Argyle he goes before,
He makes his cannons and guns to roar;
Wi' sound o' trumpet, fife, and drum,
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!

The Campbells they are a' wi' arms,
Their loyal faith and truth to show,
Wi' banners rattlin' in the wind,
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho?

CLII

DANCE TO YOUR DADDY



CLIII

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE

Allegro Vivace

And are ye sure the news is true? And

are ye sure he's well? Is this a time to

think o' wark? Ye jauds, fling by your wheel, Is

this a time to think o' wark, When Colin's at the

door? Rax down my cloak, I'll to the quay, And

Chorus.

see him come a - shore. For there's nae luck a-

bout the house, There's nae luck at a', There's nae luck a-

bout the house, When our guidman's a - wa'.

Rise up and make a clean fire-side,
  Put on the mickle pat;
Gie little Kate her cotton goun,
  And Jock his Sunday's coat.
And make their shoon as black as slaes,
  Their stockins white as snaw;
It's a' to pleasure our guidman,
  He likes to see them braw.
    Cho. For there's nae luck, &c.

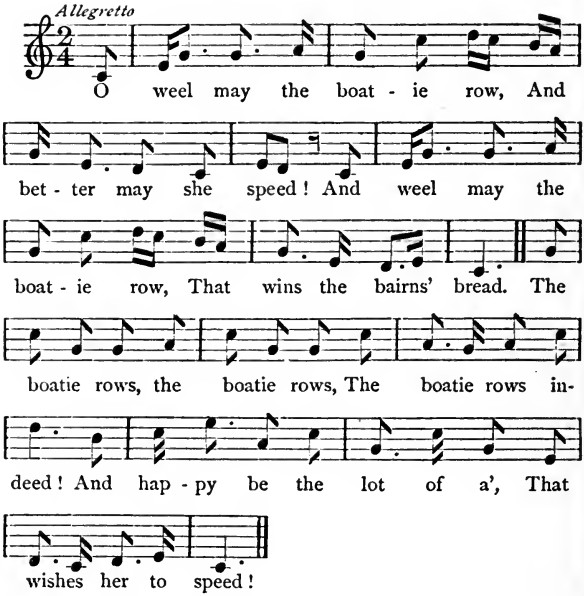
There are twa hens into the crib,
  Ha'e fed this month and mair,
Mak haste and thraw their necks about
  That Colin weel may fare.
My Turkey slippers I'll put on,
  My stockins pearl blue;
It's a' to pleasure our guidman,
  For he's baith leal and true.
    Cho. For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
  His breath's like cauler air;
His very fit has music in't,
  As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
  And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought;
  In truth I'm like to greet.
    Cho. For there's nae luck, &c.

CHAMBERS. From Herd's Collection.

CLIV

THE BOATIE ROWS



I cuist my line in Largo Bay
And fishes I caught nine;
There's three to boil, and three to fry,
And three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, &c.

O weel may the boatie row
  That fills a heavy creel,
And cleads us a' frae head to feet,
  And buys our parritch-meal.
    The boatie rows, &c.

When Jamie vow'd he would be mine,
  And won frae me my heart,
O muckle lighter grew my creel!
  He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
  The boatie rows fu' weel;
And muckle lighter is the lade
  When love bears up the creel.

My kurch I put upon my head,
  And dressed mysel fu' braw;
I trow my heart was douf and wae,
  When Jamie gaed awa';
But weel may the boatie row,
  And lucky be her part;
And lightsome be the lassie's care
  That yields an honest heart!

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie
  Are up and gotten lear,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
  And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
  The boatie rows fu' weel;
And lightsome be her heart that bears
  The murlain and the creel!

And when wi' age we're worn down,
  And hirpling round the door,
They'll row, to keep us hale and warm,
  As we did them before.
Then weel may the boatie row,
  That wins the bairns' bread,
And happy be the lot of a',
  That wish the boat to speed!

Words by John Ewen.

CLV

THE DAY RETURNS

Andantino

The day re - turns, my bosom burns, The

blissful day we twa did meet; Tho' winter wild in

tempest toil'd, Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet. Than

a' the pride that loads the tide, And cross - es o'er the

sultry line; Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes, Heaven

gave me more, it made me thine.

While day and night can bring delight,
  Or nature aught of pleasure give;
While joys above my mind can move,
  For thee, and thee alone, I live!
When that grim foe of life below
  Comes in between to make us part;
The iron hand that breaks our band,
  It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

Words by Burns. TUNE *The seventh of November.*

CLVI

THE YELLOW-HAIRED LADDIE

Andantino

The yellow-hair'd lad-die sat on yon burn brae, Cries milk the ewes, Las-sie, let nane o' them gae; And aye she milk-ed and aye she sung, The yel-low hair'd lad-die shall be my guid-man.

The weather is cauld, and my cleadin' is thin,
The ewes are new clipp'd, they winna bught in;
They winna bught in, although I should dee,
O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind unto me.
They winna bught in, &c.

The guid-wife cries but the house "Jenny come ben,
The cheese is to mak, and the butter's to kirn;"
Though butter and cheese and a' should go sour,
I'll crack wi' my love for another half hour,
Ae half hour, and will e'en mak it three,
For the yellow-hair'd laddie my husband shall be.

CHAMBERS. From the Tea Table Miscellany.

CLVII

THE WEARY PUND

Allegretto

The weary pund, the weary pund, The wea - ry pund o' tow; I think my wife will end her life Be - fore she spin her tow. I bought my wife a stane o' lint As gude as e'er did grow; And a' that she has made o' that, Is ae poor pund o' tow.

Da Capo in Chorus.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
  Beyont the ingle low,
And aye she took the tither souk
  To drouk the stowrie tow.

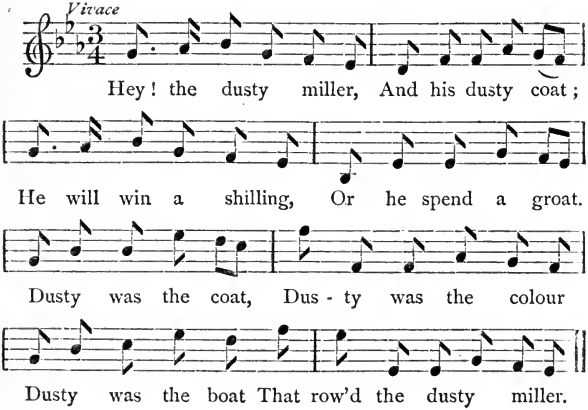
Quoth I, For shame, ye dirty dame,
  Gae spin your tap o' tow!
She took the rock, and wi' a knock
  She brak it o'er my pow.

At last her feet—I sang to see't—
  Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;
And or I wad anither jad,
  I'll wallop in a tow.

Words by Burns.
TUNE *The Weary Pund.*

CLVIII

HEH! THE DUSTY MILLER



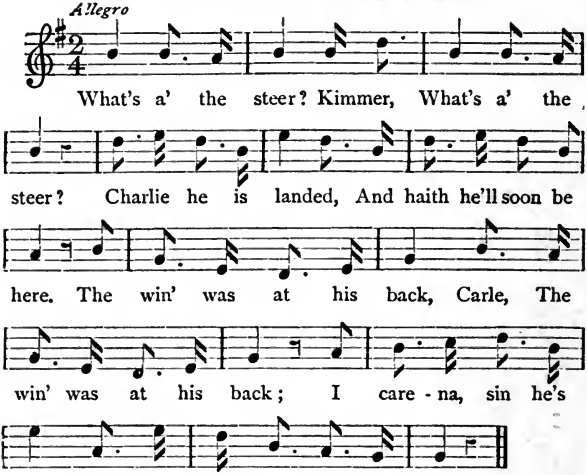
Hey! the dusty miller
  And his dusty sack;
Leeze me on the calling
  Fills the dusty peck.
Fills the dusty peck,
  Brings the dusty siller;
Mony is the groat
  He wins—the dusty miller!

From the Scottish Minstrel.

CLIX

WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER

Allegro



I'm right glad to hear't, Kimmer,
  I'm right glad to hear't;
I hae a gude braid claymore,
  And for his sake I'll wear't.
Sin Charlie he is landed,
  We hae nae mair to fear;
Sin Charlie he is come, Kimmer,
  We'll hae a jub'lee year.

CLX

DONALD

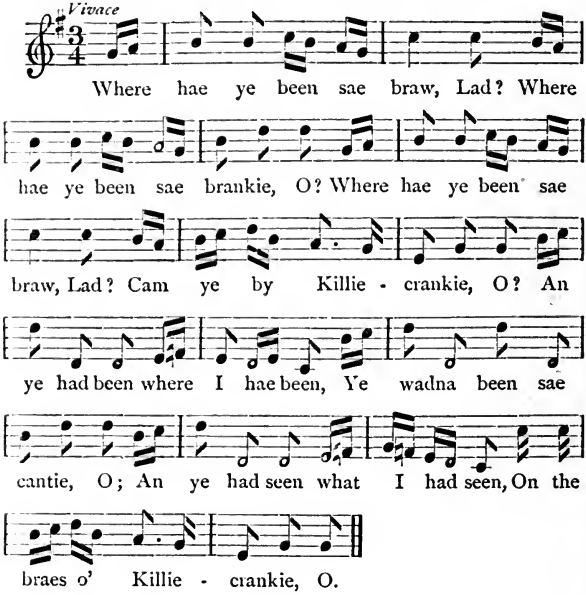
Larghetto

When first you courted me, I own, I fondly favour'd you; Ap - parent worth and high renown, Made me believe you true, Donald. Each virtue then seem'd to a - dorn The man esteem'd by me; But, now the mask's thrown off, I scorn To waste one thought on thee, Donald.

O then for ever haste away,
  Away from love and me;
Go seek a heart that's like your own,
  And come no more to me, Donald.
For I'll reserve myself alone
  For one that's more like me;
If such a one I cannot find,
  I'll fly from love and thee, Donald.

CLXI

THE BRAES O' KILLIECRANKIE, O



I've faught at land, I've faught at sea;
At hame I faught my auntie, O;
But I met the deevil and Dundee,
On the braes of Killiecrankie, O!
An' ye had been, &c.

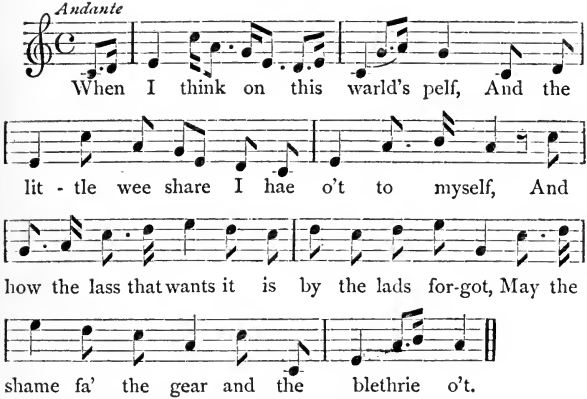
The bauld Pitcur fell in a fur,
And Claverse gat a clankie, O;

Or I had fed an Athole gled,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
An' ye had been, &c.

Words slightly altered by Burns.

CLXII

THE BLETHRIE O'T



Jockie was the laddie that held the pleuch,
But now he's got gowd and gear eneuch,
He thinks nae mair o' me that wears the plaiden coat;
May the shame fa' the gear and the blethrie o't!

Jeany was the lassie that muckit the byre,
But now she is clad in her silken attire;
And Jockie says he lo'es her, and me has forgot,
May the shame fa' the gear and the blethrie o't!

But all this shall never daunton me,
Sae lang as I keep my fancy free;
For the lad that's sae inconstant is nae worth a groat,—
May the shame fa' the gear and the blethrie o't!

From Johnson's Museum.

CLXIII

FROM THEE ELIZA

Lentamente

From thee, E - li - za, I must go, And

from my na - tive shore; The cru - el fates be-

tween us throw A bound-less ocean's roar: But

bound-less oceans, roaring wide, Be-tween my Love and

me, They ne - ver, ne - ver can divide My

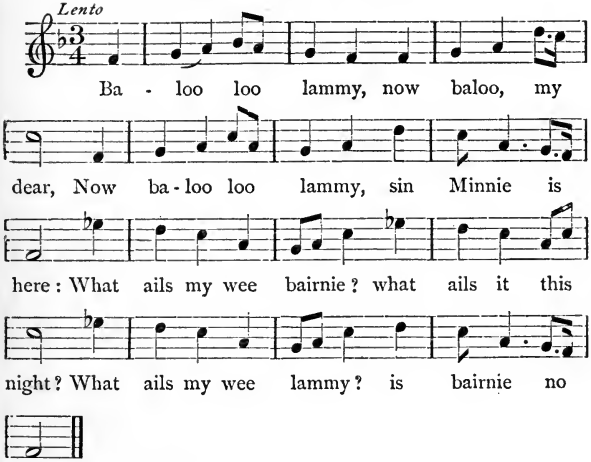
heart and soul from thee.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
  The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in my ear,
  We part to meet no more!
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
  While death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
  And thine that latest sigh!

Words by Burns.
TUNE *Gilderoy.*

CLXIV

BALOO LOO, LAMMY



Baloo, loo, lammy; now baloo, my dear;
Does wee lammy ken that its daddie's no here?
Ye're rockin fu' sweetly on mammie's warm knee,
But daddie's a-rockin' upon the saut sea.

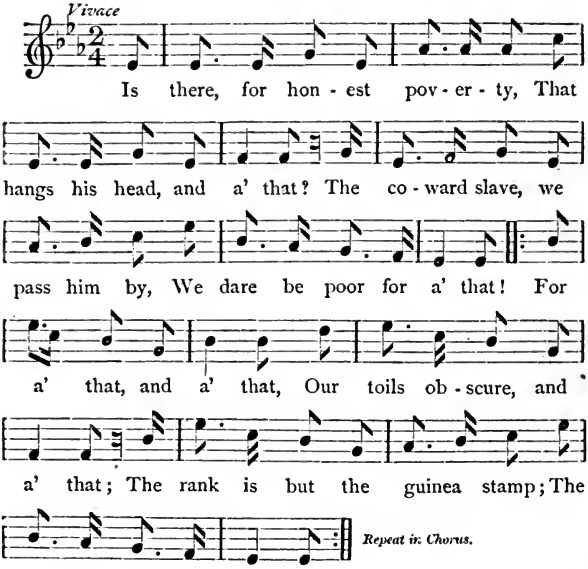
Now hush-a-ba, lammy; now hush-a my dear;
Now hush-a-ba, lammy, ain minnie is here;
The wild wind is ravin, and mammie's heart's sair;
The wild wind is ravin, and ye dinna care.

Sing baloo loo, lammy, sing baloo, my dear,
Sing baloo loo, lammy, ain minnie is here;
My wee bairnie's dozin', it's dozin' now fine,
And, oh! may its wauk'nin be blyther than mine.

Words by Lady Nairn.

CLXV

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT



What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree, and a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

THOMSON. Words by Burns.
TUNE *Up and waur them a' Willie.*

CLXVI

THE LAST TIME I CAM O'ER THE MUIR

Larghetto

The last time I cam o'er the muir, I

left my love be - hind me; Ye powers! what pains do

I endure, When soft i - de - as mind me! Soon

as the ruddy morn dis-play'd, The beaming day en-

suing, I met betimes my love - ly maid, In

fit re - treats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shades we lay,
Gazing and chastely sporting,
Until the sun's last setting ray
Was in the ocean glowing.

I pitied all beneath the skies,
  Even kings, when she was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes
  Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be called where cannons roar,
  Where mortal steel may wound me,
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
  Where dangers may surround me;
Yet hopes again to see my love,
  To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my cares at distance move,
  In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
  To let a rival enter:
Since she excels in every grace,
  In her my love shall centre.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
  Their waves the Alps shall cover,
On Greenland's ice shall roses grow,
  Before I cease to love her.

The neist time I gang o'er the muir,
  She shall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
  Though I left her behind me;
Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
  My heart to her fair bosom;
There, while my being does remain,
  My love more fresh shall blossom.

Words by Allan Ramsay.

CLXVII

O WALY, WALY

Larghetto

O wa - ly, wa - ly up the bank, And

waly, waly down the brae, And waly, waly

yon burnside, Where I and my love wont to gae! I

lean'd my back un - to an aik, I thoucht it was a

trusty tree; But first it bow'd and syne it brak: Sae

my true love did lichtly me.

Oh waly, waly, but love be bonnie,
A little time while it is new;
But when it's auld it waxes cauld,
And fades away like the morning dew.

O wherefore should I busk my heid,
  Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
  And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
  The sheets shall ne'er be press'd by me,
St. Anton's well shall be my drink,
  Since my true love has forsaken me.
O Mart'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
  And shake the green leaves off the tree?
O, gentle death, when wilt thou come?
  For of my life I am wearie!

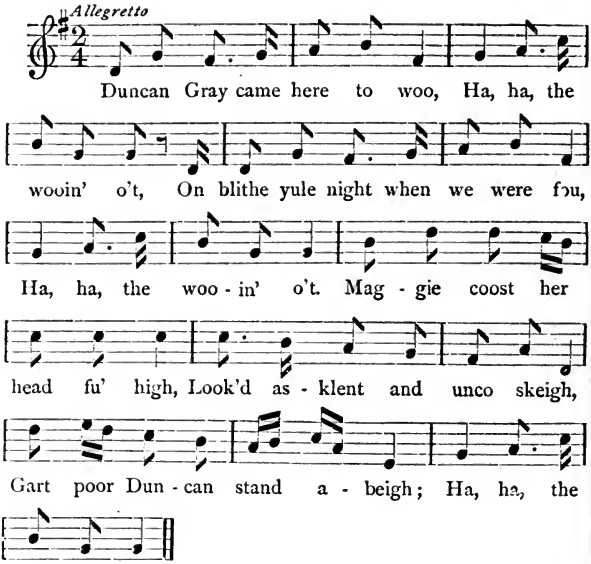
'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
  Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry:
  But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow town,
  We were a comely sicht to see;
My love was clad in black velvet,
  And I mysel in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kissed,
  That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,
  And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
  And set upon his nurse's knee,
And I mysel were dead and gane,
  And the green grass growin' over me!

From Chambers' Songs of Scotland.

CLXVIII

DUNCAN GRAY



Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd;
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn ;
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't ;
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie dee ?
She may gae to—France for me !
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

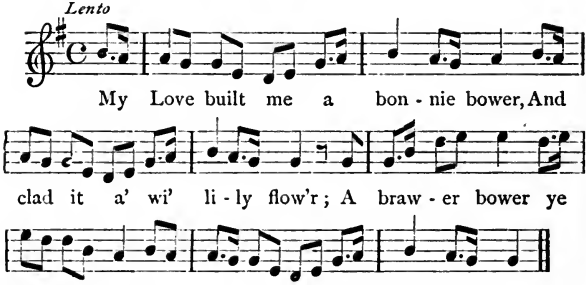
How it comes, let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't ;
Meg grew sick—as he grew well,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings ;
And O, her een, they spak sic things !
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.;
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath ;
Now they're crouse and cantie baith !
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

Words by Burns.
TUNE *Duncan Gray.*

CLXIX

MY LOVE BUILT ME A BONNIE BOWER



There cam a man at mid-day hour,
He heard my song and he saw my bower,
And he brocht armed men that nicht,
And brak my bower and slew my knicht.

He slew my knicht, to me sae dear,
And burnt my bower, and drave my gear;
My servants a' for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sew'd his sheet and made my mane,
I watch'd his corpse, myself alane;
I watch'd by nicht and I watch'd by day,
No living creature cam that way.

I bore his body on my back,
And whyles I went, and whyles I sat;
I digg'd a grave and laid him in,
And happ'd him wi' the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair?
Oh, think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turn'd about awa' to gae?

The man lives not I'll love again,
Since that my comely knicht is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll bind my heart for evermair.

Words and Tune Traditional.

CLXX

O LASSIE I MAUN LO'E THEE

Andante

"O, las - sie, I maun lo'e thee:" "O lad - die lo'e na me;" "O las - sie I maun lo'e thee," "O lad - die lo'e na me; Lo'e them wha ha'e their hearts at hame, Mine's lang been far frae me."

From The Scottish Minstrel.

CLXXI

MARY MORISON

Andantino

O Mary, at thy window be, It is the wish'd, the trysted hour! Those smiles and glances let me see, That make the miser's treasure poor; How blithely wad I bide the stoure, A weary slave frae sun to sun; Could I the rich re - ward se - cure, The lovely Mary Mor - i - son.

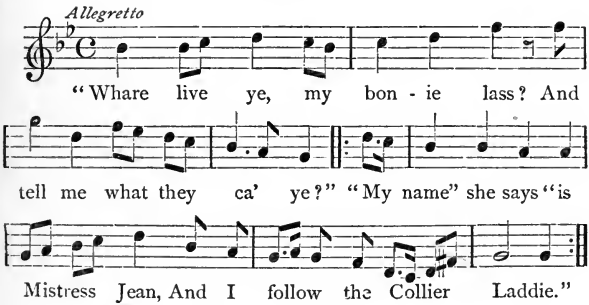
Yestreen, when to the trembling string
  The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
  I sat, but neither heard or saw:
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
  And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
  'Ye are na Mary Morison.'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
  Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
  Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
  At least be pity to me shown!
A thought ungentle canna be
  The thought o' Mary Morison.

Words by Burns.
TUNE *The Glascow Lasses.*

CLXXII

THE COLLIER LADDIE



"See ye not yon hills and dales,
  The sun shines on sae brawlie?
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
  Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie."

"If ye had a' the sun shines on,
  And the earth conceals sae lowly,
I'd turn my back on you and it a',
  And be true to my Collier Laddie."

From The Scottish Minstrel.

CLXXIII

COMIN' THRO' THE CRAIGS OF KYLE

Allegretto

Com - in' thro' the craigs of Kyle, A-

mang the bonie blooming heather, There I met a

bonie las - sie keep-in' a' her ewes the - gether.

O'er the muir a-mang the heather, O'er the muir a-

mang the heather, There I met a bon - ie las - sie

keepin' a' her ewes the - gether.

Repeat in Chorus.

Said I, "My dear, where is thy hame,
On moor, or dale, pray tell me whether?"
She said, "I tent the fleecy flocks
That feed amang the blooming heather."

O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather,
She said, "I tent the fleecy flocks
That feed amang the blooming heather."

We sat us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunny was the weather,
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonie blooming heather.
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather,
She left her flocks at large to rove,
Amang the bonie blooming heather.

While thus we sat, she sung a sang,
Till echo rang a mile and farther,
And ay the burden o' the sang
Was—O'er the muir amang the heather.
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather,
And ay the burden o' the sang
Was—O'er the muir amang the heather.

She charm'd my heart, and ay sinsyne
I could na think on ony ither:
By sea and sky! she shall be mine!
The bonie lass amang the heather.
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather,
By sea and sky! she shall be mine!
The bonie lass amang the heather.

Words by Jean Glover.

CLXXIV

LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM

Moderato

My dad - dy is a can - ker'd carle, He'll nae twine wi' his gear; My Min - nie she's a scolding wife, Hauds a' the house a - steer: But let them say, or let them do, It's a' ane to me, For he's low down, he's in the broom, That's wait - in on me: Wait - in' on me my love, He's wait - in' on me; For he's low down, he's in the broom That's wait - in' on me.

My aunty Kate sits at her wheel,
  And sair she lightlies me;
But well ken I it's a' envy,
  For ne'er a Jo has she.
    But let them say, or let them do,
      It's a' ane to me,
    For he's low down, he's in the broom,
      That's waitin' on me.

My cousin Kate was sair beguil'd
  Wi' Johnny i' the glen,
And ay sinsyne she cries, "Beware
  Of false deluding men!"
    But let them say, or let them do,
      It's a' ane to me,
    For he's low down, he's in the broom,
      That's waitin' on me.

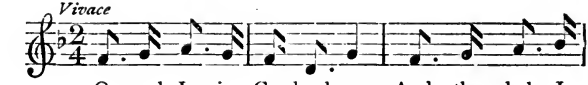
Gleed Sandy he cam west ae night
  And spier'd when saw I Pate;
And ay sinsyne the neighbours round
  They jeer me ear' and late.
    But let them say, or let them do,
      It's a' ane to me,
    For he's low down, he's in the broom,
      That's waitin' on me.

TUNE *Low down in the Broom.*

CLXXV

LEWIE GORDON

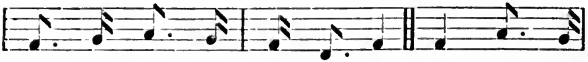
Vivace



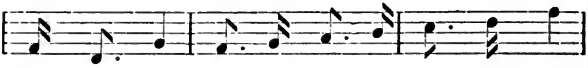
O send Lewie Gordon hame, And the lad I

daur - na name; Tho' his back be at the war,

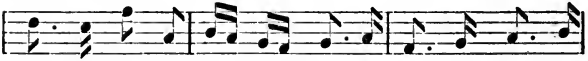
Chorus.



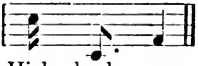
Here's to him that's far a - wa'. Och - on, my



High - land - man! O my bon - nie High - land - man!



Weel would I my true love ken, A-mang ten thousand



High - land - men.

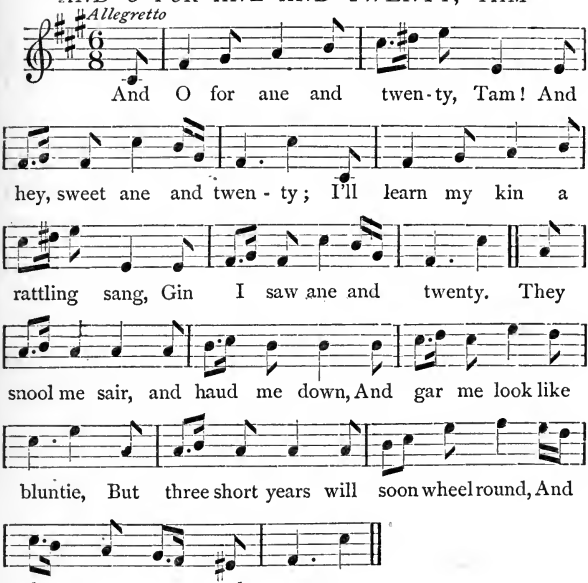
This lovely youth of whom I sing,
Is fitted for to be a king;
On his breast he wears a star;
You'd tak him for the god of war.

O to see this princely one
Seated on a royal throne!
Disasters a' would disappear;
Then begins the jubilee year.

From Chambers' Songs of Scotland.

CLXXVI

AND O FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM



A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear,
  Was left me by my auntie,
At kith or kin I needna speir,
  Gin I saw ane-and-twenty.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof
  Tho' I myself hae plenty;
But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,
  I'm thine at ane-and-twenty.

Words by Burns.
TUNE *So Early in the Morning.*

CLXXVII

OVER THE WATER TO CHARLIE

Allegro

Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er, Come

boat me o'er to Char - lie; I'll gie John Ross an-

Chorus.

other baw - bee, To ferry me o'er to Charlie. We'll

o'er the water and o'er the sea, We'll o'er the water to

Charlie; Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go, And

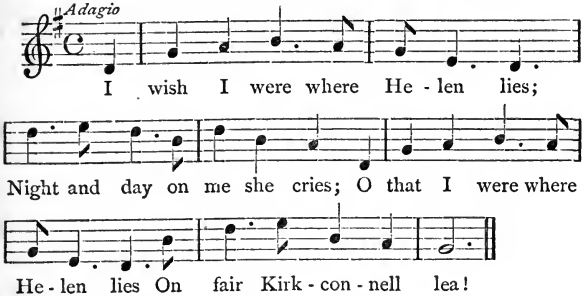
live and die wi' Charlie.

I swear by moon and stars sae bright,
And the sun that glances early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd risk them a' for Charlie!

I once had sons, I now hae nane,
I bred them, toiling sairly;
And I wad bear them a' again,
And lose them a' for Charlie!

CLXXVIII

I WISH I WERE WHERE HELEN LIES



Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

O think na but my heart was sair
When my Love dropt down and spak nae mair!
I laid her down wi' meikle care
On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell lea;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hackéd him in pieces sma',
I hackéd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, 'Haste and come to me!'

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

CHAMBERS. From Herd's Collection.

CLXXIX

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

Andante

And Charlie is my darling, My darling, my darling, And Charlie is my darling, the young Cheva-lier. 'Twas on a Mon - day morn - ing, Right ear - ly in the year, That Charlie cam to our town, The young Cheva - lier. O!

Da Capo.

As he cam walking up the street,
The pipes played loud and clear;
And young and auld cam out to greet
The young Chevalier.
And Charlie is my darling, &c.

O up yon heathery mountain,
And down yon scroggy glen,
We daurna gang a-milking
For Charlie and his men.
And Charlie is my darling, &c.

CHAMBERS. From Johnson's Museum.

CLXXX

MY LOVELY JEAN, MY AIN JEAN

Allegretto

At morn - ing sun out o'er the lea, When

birdies chaunt their notes sae hie, When verdure gladdens

Chorus.

ev - 'ry e'e, 'Tis then I meet my ain Jo. My

love - ly Jean, my ain Jean, My ain Jean, my

ain Jean: O there I meet my ain Jean, My

ain my on - ly ain Jo.

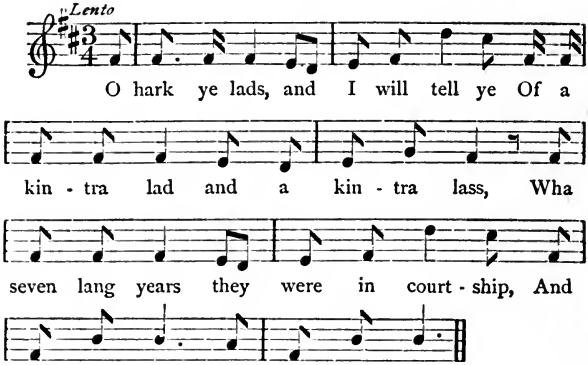
When flow'rets paint the meadows green,
When dew hangs on the scented bean,
The bee hums in the leaves a'tween,
'Tis then I meet my ain Jo.

Whar down the glen the burnie flows,
An' sporting plays between the howes,
Whar lam'ies frisk out o'er the knowes,
'Tis there I meet my ain Jo.

Words by Anderson. TUNE *Lassie art thou sleeping*

CLXXXI

JOHNIE OGLE



But when the mither came to know it,
  She said, "Ye disobedient son,
I've gi'en ye schulin, and gi'en ye learnin,
  And would ye to your ruin run?"

He's gane to find his luve sae dear,
  And said, "Luve, luve, it winna do,
Because that mither's sae unwillin,
  That ever I sud marry you."

The bonny creature, wi' sweet behaviour,
  While tears cam trinkling to the grund,
Said, "Bairns must obey their parents,
  Because they are by Scripture bound.

"There's nae coach, luve, on the shore, luve,
  Nor a boat, luve, on the tide,
And in a ship, luve, on the sea, luve,
  Wi' nane but Johnie Ogle wad I ride."

TUNE *Johnie Ogle.*

CLXXXII

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET

Allegro

My Love she's but a las - sie yet, My

Love she's but a las - sie yet; We'll let her stand a

year or twa, She'll no be half so saucy yet. I

rue the day I sought her O, I rue the day I

sought her O, Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd, But

he may say he's bought her O.

Sae slee she look'd and pawky too!
Sae slee she look'd and pawky too!
Tho' crouse a-field I gade to woo
I'm hame come back a gawky now!
I rue the day I sought her O,
I rue the day I sought her O,
Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd,
But he may *swear* he's bought her O.

The last verse by Macneill.

CLXXXIII

O THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE

Allegretto

O this is no my ain las - sie, Fair tho' the

las - sie be; O weel ken I my ain las - sie, Kind love is

in her ee. I see a form, I see a face, Ye

weel may wi' the fair - est place: It wants, to me, the

witching grace, The kind love that's in her ee.

O this is no &c.
She's bonie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her ee.

O this is no &c.
A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steel a blink, by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in her ee.

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

Words by Burns.

CLXXXIV

AWA, WHIGS, AWA!

Vivace

A - wa, whigs, a - wa! A - wa, whigs, a-

wa! Ye'er but a pack o' traitor loons, Ye'll

do nae gude a - va. Our thist - les flourish'd

fresh and fair, And bon - ie bloom'd our roses, But

whigs came like a frost in June, And wither'd a' our

posies.

Awa, whigs awa, &c.
Our sad decay in kirk and state,
Surpasses my describing;
The whigs came o'er us like a blight,
And we have done wi' thriving.

Awa, whigs awa, &c.
Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust,
Deil blind them wi' the stoure o't,
And write their names in his black book,
Who gave the whigs the power o't.

The last verse by Burns.

CLXXXV

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY

Allegro

Bon - ie las - sie, will ye go, Will ye go,

will ye go, Bon - ie las - sie, will ye go To the

Birks of A - ber - fel - dy? Now sim - mer blinks on

flow - 'ry braes, And o'er the crys - tal streamlet plays, Come

let us spend the light-some days In the Birks of A - ber-

fel - dy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonie lassie, will ye go
To the Birks of Aberfeldy?

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blythely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonie lassie will ye go
To the Birks of Aberfeldy?
The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

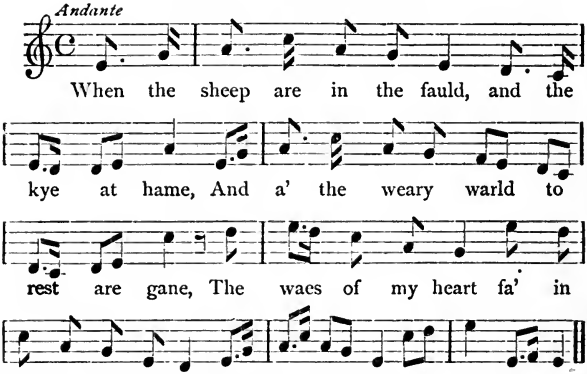
Bonie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonie lassie, will ye go
To the Birks of Aberfeldy?
The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonie lassie, will ye go
To the Birks of Aberfeldy?
Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Words by Burns.
TUNE *The Birks of Aberfeldy.*

CLXXXVI

AULD ROBIN GRAY



Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and socht me for his bride,
But, saving a crown, he had naething else beside;
To make that crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had nae been awa a week but only twa,
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;
My father brak his arm, and young Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father cou'd na work, and my mother cou'd na spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'd na win,
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
Said, Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me!

My heart it said Na; for I look'd for Jamie back:
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack:
The ship it was a wreck,—why did na Jamie dee,
Or why do I live to say, Wae's me?

My father argu'd sair; my mother did na speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break,
Sae I gae him my hand, though my heart was i' the sea;
And auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.

I had na been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'd na think it he,
Till he said, I'm come hame, for to marry thee.

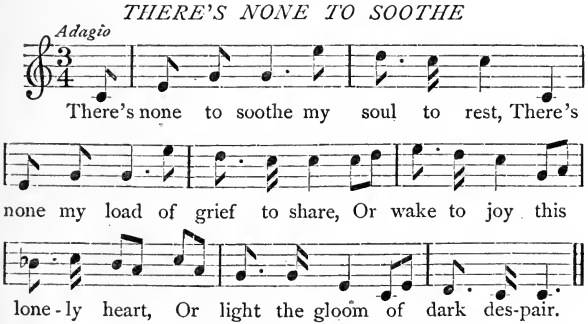
O sair did we greet, and muckle did we say,
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to die;
And why do I live to say, Wae's me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I care na to spin,
I dare na think on Jamie, for that would be a sin;
But I'll e'en do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

The Words by Lady Anne Barnard. TUNE *The Bridegroom grat.*

CLXXXVII

THERE'S NONE TO SOOTHE



The voice of joy no more can cheer,
The look of love no more can warm,
Since mute for aye's that voice so dear,
And clos'd that eye alone could charm.

From The Scottish Minstrel.

CLXXXVIII

A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN

Con spirito

A High - land lad my Love was born, The

low - land laws he held in scorn, But he

still was faith - ful to his clan, My

gal - lant braw John High - land - man. Sing

hey! my braw John High - land - man, Sing

ho! my braw John High - land - man, There's

not a lad in all the land, Was

match for my John High - land - man.

Repeat in Chorus.

With his philabeg and his tartan plaid,
And good claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

We've ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
And liv'd like lords and ladies gay;
For a lawland face he feared none,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

But O, they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast;
My curse upon them every one,
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

And now a widow I must mourn
Departed joys that ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

Words by Burns.
TUNE *The White Cockade.*

CLXXXIX

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST

Larghetto

I've seen the smil - ing of For - tune be-

guil-ing, I've felt all its favours, and found its de-

cay; Sweet was its bless - ing, kind its ca-

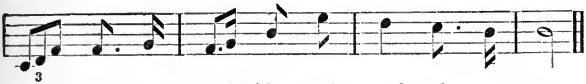
ressing, But now 'tis fled,— fled far a-

way. I've seen the for - est a - dorn - ed the

fore - most, With flowers of the fair - est, most

plea - sant and gay; So bon - ny was their

blooming, Their scent the air per - fum - ing,— But



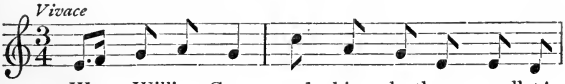
now they are wither'd and weed - ed a - way.

I've seen the morning, with gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempests storming before the mid-day :
I've seen Tweed's silver streams shining in the sunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as he row'd on his way.
O fickle Fortune ! why this cruel sporting ?
O why perplex us, poor sons of a day ?
No more your smiles can cheer me, no more your frowns can fear [me,
For the flow'rs of the forest are melted away.

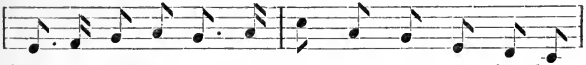
Words by Mrs. Cockburn. TUNE *The Flowers of the Forest.*

CXC

WEE WILLIE GRAY

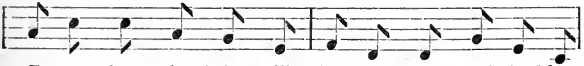


Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet !



Peel a willow wand, to be him boots and jac - ket ;

Roses from the briar will be him trouse and doublet ;



Roses from the briar will be him trouse and doublet.

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet !
Twice a lily-flow'r will be his sack and cravat :
Feathers of a flea wad feather up his bonnet.

Words by Burns.

CXCI

O, THE EWE-BUCHTIN'S BONNIE

Allegretto

O, the ewe-buchtin's bonnie, baith e'ening and

morn, When our blithe shepherds play on the

bog - reed and horn; While we're milk - ing, they're

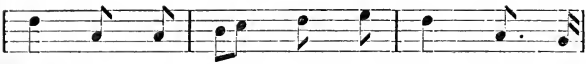
lilt - ing, baith plea - sant and clear: But my

heart's like to break when I think on my

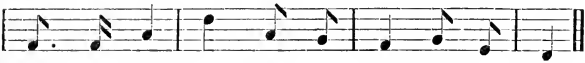
dear. O the shep - herds take plea - sure to

blow on the horn, To raise up their flocks o' sheep

soon i' the morn: On the bon - nie green



banks they feed plea - sant and free; But a-

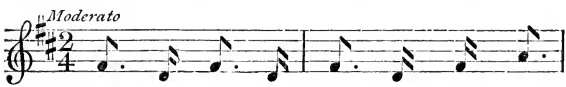


las! my dear heart! all my sighing's for thee.

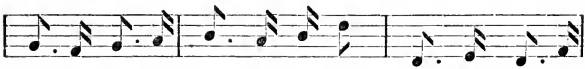
CHAMBERS. The Words by Lady Grizell Baillie.
TUNE by Charles Sharpe of Hoddam.

CXCII

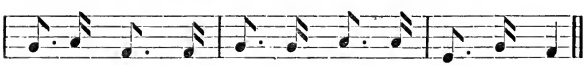
HEE BALOW, MY SWEET WEE DONALD



Hee ba - low, my sweet wee Do - nald,



Picture o' the great Clanronald; Thou'll be chief o'



a' the clan. If thou art spared to be a man.

Leeze me on thy bonie craigie,
An thou live thou 'lt lift a naigie,
Travel the country thro' and thro',
And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

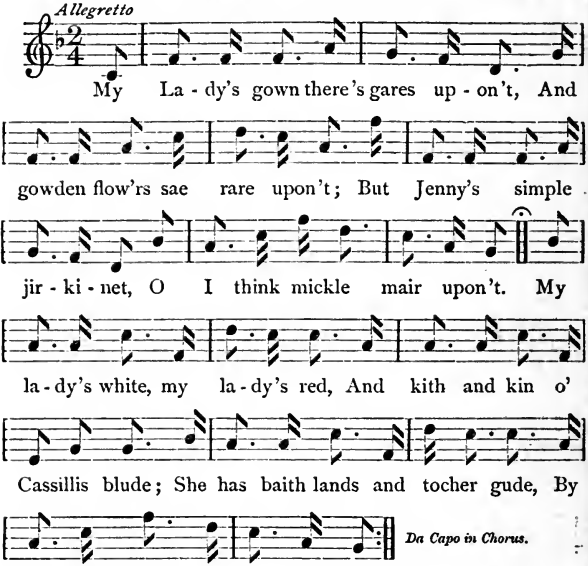
Thro' the lowlands, o er the border,
Weel, my babie, may thou furder;
Herry the louns o' the laigh countrie,
Syne to the Hielands hame to me.

From The Scottish Minstrel.

CXCIII

MY LADY'S GOWN THERE'S GARES UPON'T

Allegretto



Out owre yon muir, out owre yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music notes o' lovers' hymns;
The diamond dew in her e'en sae blue,
Like laughing love sae playfu' swims.

Words attributed to Burns.

CXCIV

GIN LIVING WORTH

Andantino

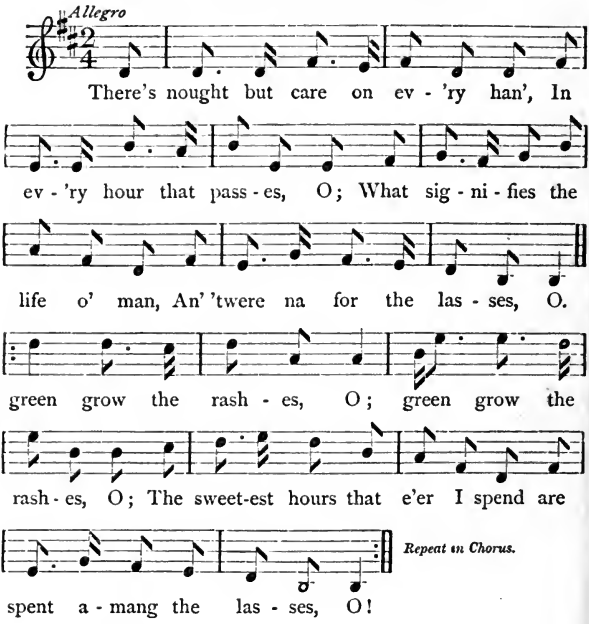
Gin liv - ing worth could win my heart, You would na plead in vain; But in the darksome grave it's laid, Ne'er, ne'er to rise a - gain. My wae - fu' heart lies low wi' his, Whose heart was on - ly mine; And oh! what a heart was that to lose; But I maun no re - pine.

Yet oh! gin Heav'n in mercy soon
  Wad grant the boon I crave,
And tak this life, now naething worth,
  Sin Jamie's in his grave.
And see, his gentle spirit comes
  To show me on my way,
Surpris'd, nae doubt, I still am here,
  Sair wond'ring at my stay.

Words by Miss Blamire. TUNE *The waefu' heart.*

CXCV

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O



The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
  My arms about my dearie, O;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
  May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!
    Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
  Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the warl' saw,
  He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
    Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
  Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her prentice han' she tried on man,
  An' then she made the lasses, O.
    Green grow, &c.

Words by Burns.
TUNE *Green grow the Rashes, O.*

The Song Book.

PART III. IRISH SONGS.

CXCVI

ERIN, THE TEAR AND THE SMILE

Lento

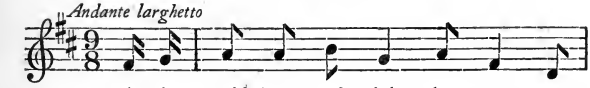
E - rin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes, Blend like the rain - bow that hangs in the skies; Shin - ing thro' sor - row's stream, sad-d'ning thro' plea - sure's beam, Thy suns, with doubt - ful gleam, Weep while they rise.

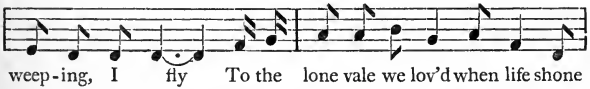
Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form, in Heaven's sight,
One arch of peace!

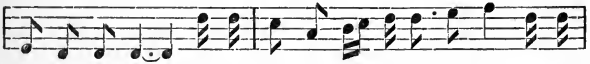
Words by Moore. TUNE (from Bunting) *Ellen aroone.*

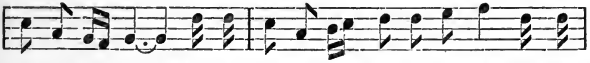
CXCVII

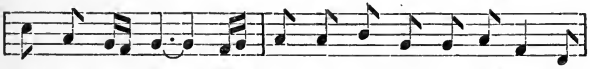
AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT

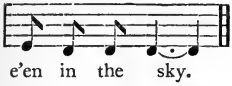












Then I'll sing the wild song, which once 'twas rapture to hear,
When our voices, both mingling, breathed like one on the ear,
And, as Echo far off thro' the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, oh my Love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls
Faintly answering still the notes which once were so dear!

Words by Moore.
TUNE (from Bunting) *Molly, my Dear.*

CXCVIII

O BANQUET NOT

Andantino

O ban-quet not in those shin-ing bow'rs Where

youth re-sorts, but come to me; For mine's a gar-den of

faded flow'rs, More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee. And

there we shall have our feast of tears, And

ma-ny a cup in si-lence pour,—Our guests the shades of

for-mer years, Our toasts to lips that bloom no more.

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
  Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
  To friends long lost, the changed, the dead!
Or, as some blighted laurel waves
  Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
We'll drink to those neglected graves
  Where Valour sleeps, unnamed, forgot.

Words by Moore.
TUNE (from Bunting) *Planxty Irwin.*

CXCIX

TOO LATE I STAYED

Andante

Too late I stay'd: for - give the crime; Un-

heed - ed flew the hours; For noise - less falls the

foot of Time, That on - ly treads on flow'rs. Oh!

who, with clear ac - count, re - marks The ebb - ing of his

glass; When all the sands are dia-mond sparks, That

daz - zle as they pass?

And who to sober measurement
  Time's happy swiftness brings?
When birds of Paradise have lent
  The plumage of their wings.
Too late I stay'd: forgive the crime;
  Unheeded flew the hours;
For noiseless falls the foot of Time,
  That only treads on flowers.

Words by the Hon. W. R. Spencer.

TUNE *The Slender Coat.*

From Bunting's Music of Ireland.

CC

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY

Andantino

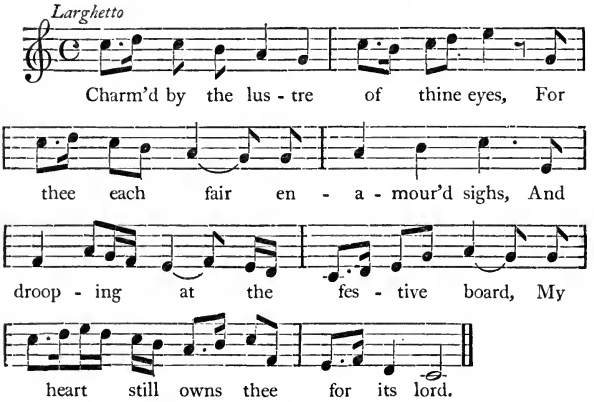
Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee, The
cold chain of si-lence had hung o'er thee long; When
proud-ly, my own Is-land Harp! I un-bound thee, And
gave all thy chords to light, free-dom, and song! The
warm lay of love and the light tone of glad-ness Have
wa-ken'd thy fond-est, thy live-li-est thrill; But so
oft hast thou e-cho'd the deep sigh of sad-ness, That
e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
  This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
Go,—sleep, with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
  Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
  Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis *thy* glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
  And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own!

Words by Moore.
TUNE (from Bunting) *Kate Tyrrel.*

CCI

CHARMED BY THE LUSTRE OF THINE EYES



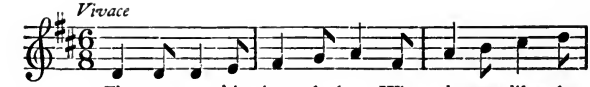
That heart confided in thy smiles
Love smit, yet taught not lovers' wiles,
And hail'd thee in life's morning hour,
Its early star, its opening flower.

Words (from the original Irish) by Miss Balfour.
TUNE *The Captivating Youth.*

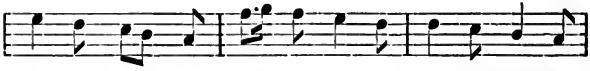
From Bunting's Music of Ireland.

CCII

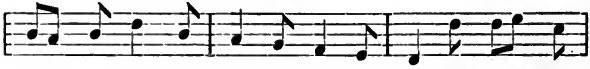
FLY NOT YET



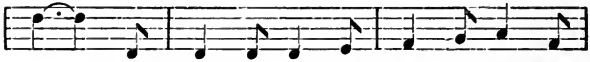
Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour When pleasure, like the



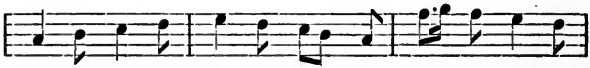
midnight flow'r, That scorns the eye of vul - gar light, Be-



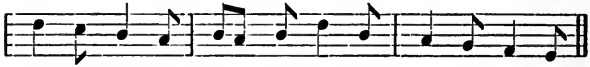
gins to bloom for sons of night And maids who love the



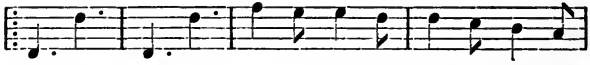
moon. 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade That



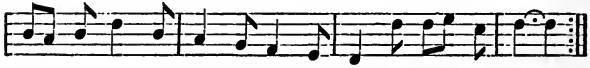
beau - ty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at-



tractions glow - ing Set the tides and gob - lets flow - ing.



Oh! stay,— Oh! stay,— Joy so sel - dom weaves a chain Like



this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd,
In times of old, through Ammon's shade,
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
  To burn when night was near;
And thus should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle till the night returning,
Brings the genial hour for burning.
  Oh! stay,—Oh! stay,—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
  As those that sparkle here!

Words by Moore. TUNE (from Bunting) *Planxty Kelly.*

CCIII

ARISE FROM THY SLUMBERS

Larghetto

A - rise from thy slum-bers, O fair-est of maids! With me wilt thou wan-der to Truigha's green shades, Where sor - rell and bright row-an ber - ries a- bound, And nuts in green clus-ters the branch-es have crown'd.

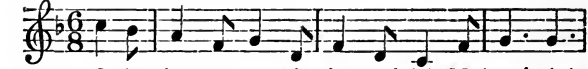
A bed of fresh ivy to rest thee I'll bring,
The blackbirds and thrushes around us shall sing;
And there with unceasing attachment I'll prove
How soothing the cares of affection and love.

The Words (translated from the original Irish) by Miss Balfour.
From Bunting's Music of Ireland. TUNE *The Old Truigha.*

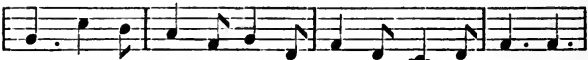
CCIV

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

Andantino

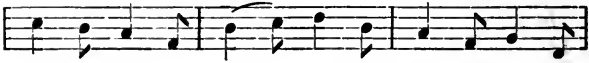


O the days are gone when beauty bright My heart's chain

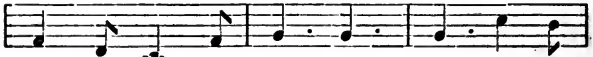


wove; When my dream of life from morn till night Was love, still

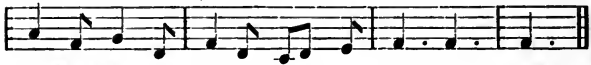
love! New hope may bloom, And days may come, Of



mild - er, calm - er beam, But there's no - thing half so



sweet in life As love's young dream! O there's



no-thing half so sweet in life As love's young dream.

O that fairy form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced;
Still it ling'ring haunts the greenest spot
On mem'ry's waste!
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's winged dream!
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!
O 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!

Words by Moore. TUNE (from Bunting) *The Old Woman.*

CCV

RICH AND RARE

Andante

Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore; But O her beau - ty was far be - yond Her spark - ling gems and snow-white wand. But O her beau - ty was far be - yond Her spark - ling gems and snow-white wand.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, thro' this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

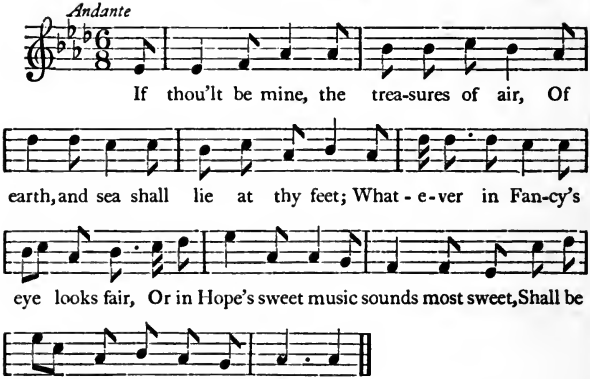
"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm;
No son of Erin will offer me harm;
For, tho' they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight, they love honour and virtue more!

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle;
And blest for ever was she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride!

Words by Moore. AIR (from Bunting) *The Summer is coming.*

CCVI

IF THOU'LT BE MINE



Bright flowers shall spring wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream,
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream,
In our eyes, if thou wilt be mine, Love!

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams that flow from heavenward hills,
Shall keep our hearts, like meads that lie
To be bathed by those eternal rills,
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, Love!

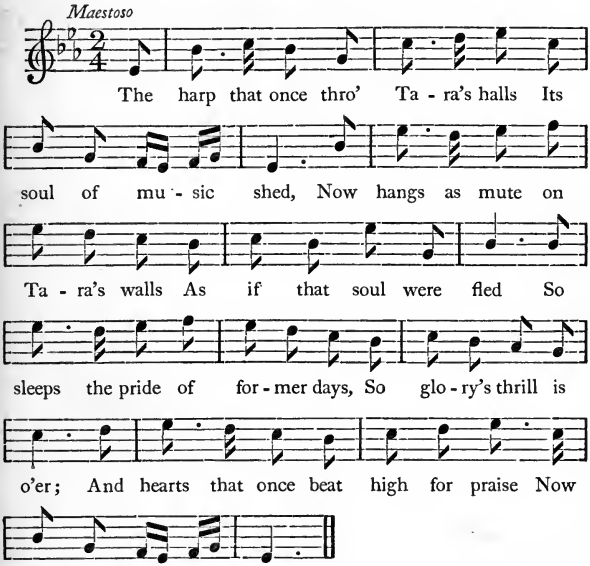
All this and more the Spirit of Love
Can breathe o'er them who feel his spells;
That heaven, which forms his home above,
He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,
As thou'lt own, if thou wilt be mine, Love!

Words by Moore.
TUNE *The Winnowing Sheet.*

CCVII

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

Maestoso

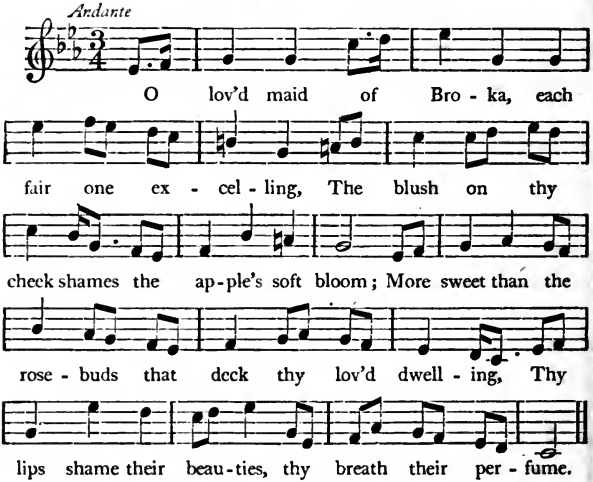


No more to chiefs and ladies bright
  The harp of Tara swells;
The chord, alone that breaks the night,
  Its tale of ruin tells:
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
  The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
  To show that still she lives.

Words by Moore. TUNE (from Bunting) *Molly my Treasure.*

CCVIII

O LOV'D MAID OF BROKA



Come, bird of the evening, sweet thrush, void of sorrow,
Come, greet her approach to thy flower-scented thorn,
And teach her, fond warbler, thy lov'd notes to borrow,
To banish her coldness and soften her scorn.

O perch'd on thy green bough each lov'd note delighting,
How blest, happy bird, could I change lots with thee!
But alas! while fast fetter'd each prospect is blighting,
I would rather than Ireland again I were free!

But adieu! though my hopes by thy coldness and scorning
Fall faded like blossoms half blown on the tree,
May love bless your eve, though it blighted my morning,
I would rather than Ireland once more I were free!

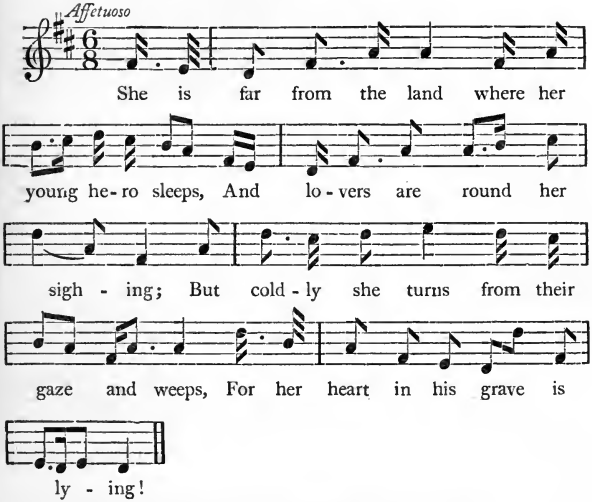
Words (translated from the original Irish) by Macneill.

TUNE *I would rather than Ireland.*

From Bunting's Music of Ireland.

CCIX

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND



She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
  Ev'ry note which he loved awaking;—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
  How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

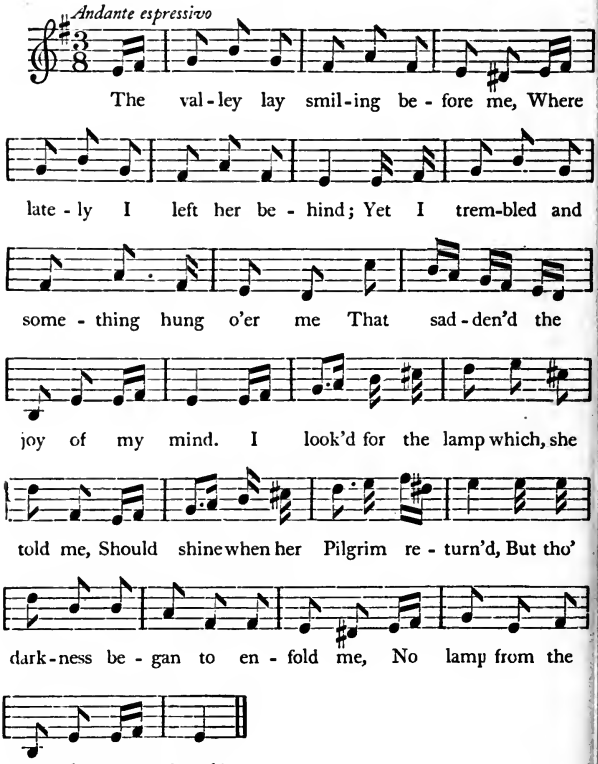
He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
  They were all that to life had entwined him,—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
  Nor long will his Love stay behind him!

Oh! make her a grave, where the sunbeams rest,
  When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
  From her own loved Island of Sorrow!

Words by Moore. TUNE *Oh! open the door.*

CCX

THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME



I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely
  As if the loved tenant lay dead—
Ah! would it were death, and death only!
  But no—the young false one had fled.
And *there* hung the lute, that could soften
  My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand that had waked it so often,
  Now throbbed to my proud rival's kiss.

There *was* a time, falsest of women!
  When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
  Who dared but to doubt thee *in thought!*
While now—oh! degenerate daughter
  Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame!
And, through ages of bondage and slaughter,
  Thy country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already the curse is upon her,
  And strangers her valleys profane!
They come to divide—to dishonour—
  And tyrants they long will remain!
But onward! the green banners rearing,
  Go, flesh every brand to the hilt;
On one side is Virtue and Erin,
  On theirs is the Saxon and Guilt!

Words by Moore.

TUNE (from Bunting) *The Pretty Girl milking her Cow*

CCXI

FULL HIGH IN KILLBRIDE

Larghetto

Full high in Kill - bride is the

grass seen to wave, That sha - dows, O

ge - ne - rous Laugh - lin! thy grave; And

oft, gal - lant chief! is its ver - dure re-

new'd, By the tears of the wi - dow and

or - phan be - dew'd.

Where Boyne's silver tide sweetly murmuring flows,
The rich yellow harvest luxuriantly grows;
But never again shall the stranger repair
The fruits it shall yield in thy mansion to share.

The tones of the harp in that mansion have ceas'd,
No more it resounds with the mirth of the feast;
But each gentle bosom for thee breathes a sigh,
And tears of affection obscure each bright eye.

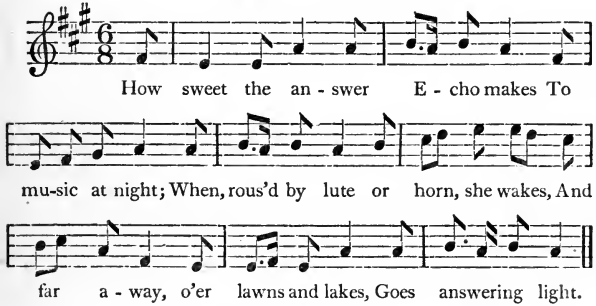
No trophies of victory point to thy tomb,
No laurels are planted around it to bloom;
But long shall thy memory be dear to each breast,
While thy spirit on high is enthron'd with the blest.

Words (translated from the original Irish) by Miss Balfour.
TUNE *Macfarlane's Lamentation.*

From Bunting's Music of Ireland.

CCXII

HOW SWEET THE ANSWER



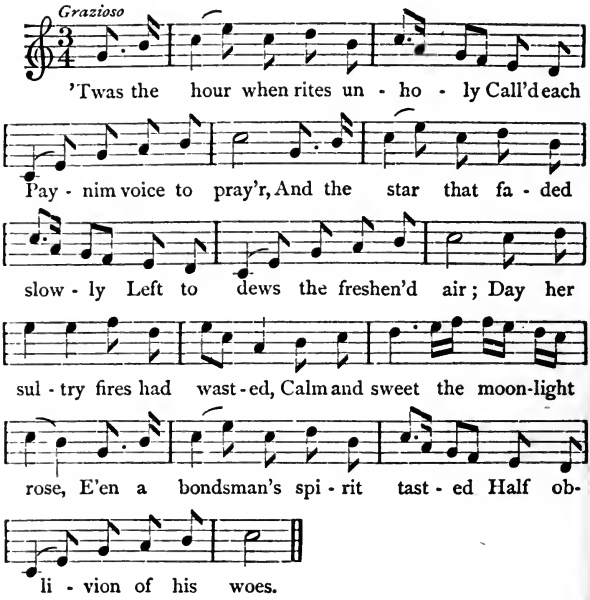
Yet love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,
And only then—
The sigh, that's breathed for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again.

Words by Moore.
TUNE (from Bunting) *The Wren.*

CCXIII.

'TWAS THE HOUR WHEN RITES UNHOLY



Then it was from a Turkish palace
Came an eastern lady bright,
She, in spite of tyrants jealous,
Saw and loved an English knight.

"Tell me, captive, why in anguish
  Foes have dragg'd thee here to dwell,
Where poor Christians as they languish,
  Hear no sound of Sabbath bell?"

"'Twas on Transylvania's Bannat,
  When the crescent shone afar,
Like a pale disastrous planet,
  O'er the purple tide of war;
In that day of desolation,
  Lady, I was captive made,
Bleeding for my Christian nation,
  By the walls of high Belgrade."

"Captive, should the brightest jewel
  From my turban set thee free?"
"Lady! no; the gift were cruel,
  Ransom'd yet, if reft of thee.
Say, fair Princess, would it grieve thee
  Christian climes should we behold?"
"Nay, bold knight, I would not leave thee,
  Were thy ransom paid in gold."

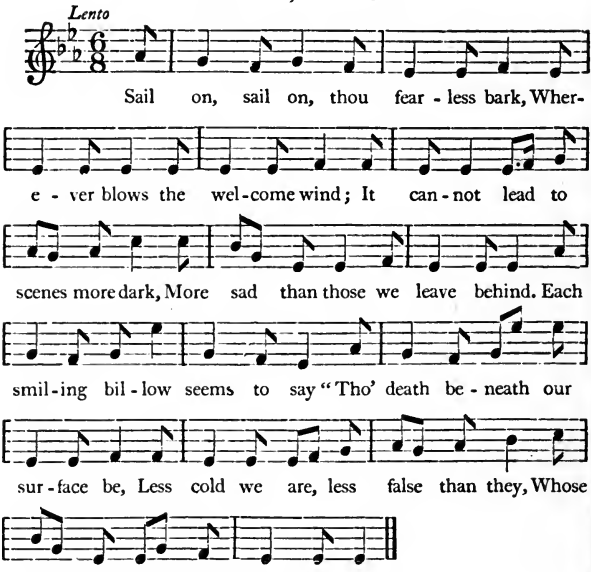
Now in heaven's blue expansion
  Rose the midnight star to view,
When to leave her father's mansion,
  Thrice she wept, and bade adieu—
"Fly we then while none discover."
  Tyrant barques, in vain ye ride!
Soon at Rhodes the British lover
  Clasps his blooming eastern bride.

Words by Campbell.
TUNE *Peggy Ban.*

From Bunting's Music of Ireland.

CCXIV

SAIL ON, SAIL ON



Sail on, sail on, through endless space,
  Through calm, through tempest, stop no more;
The stormiest sea's a resting place
  To him who leaves such hearts on shore.

Or, if some desert land we meet,
  Where never yet false-hearted men
Profaned a world, that else were sweet,
  Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

Words by Moore.

TUNE (from Bunting) *The Humming of the Ban.*

CCXV

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN

Maestoso

Though the last glimpse of E - rin with sor - row I see, Yet wher - e - ver thou art shall seem E - rin to me; In ex - ile thy bo - som shall still be my home, And thine eyes make my cli - mate wher- e - ver we roam.

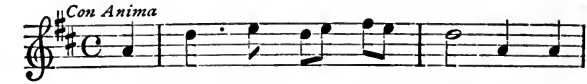
To the gloom of the desert, or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind:—

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.

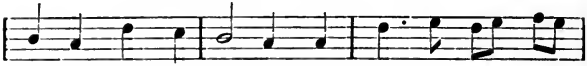
Words by Moore. TUNE (from Bunting) *Coolin.*

CCXVI

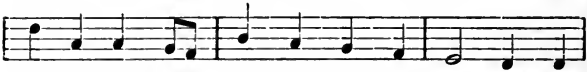
O WHERE'S THE SLAVE, SO LOWLY



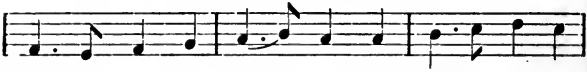
O where's the slave, so low - ly, Con-



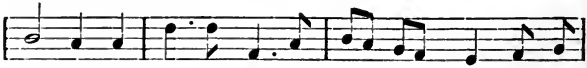
demn'd to chains un - ho - ly, Who, could he burst His



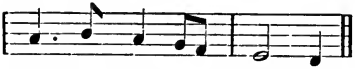
bonds at first, Would pine be - neath them slow - ly? What



soul, whose wrongs de - grade it, Would wait till time de-



cay'd it, When thus its wing At once may spring To the



throne of Him who made it?

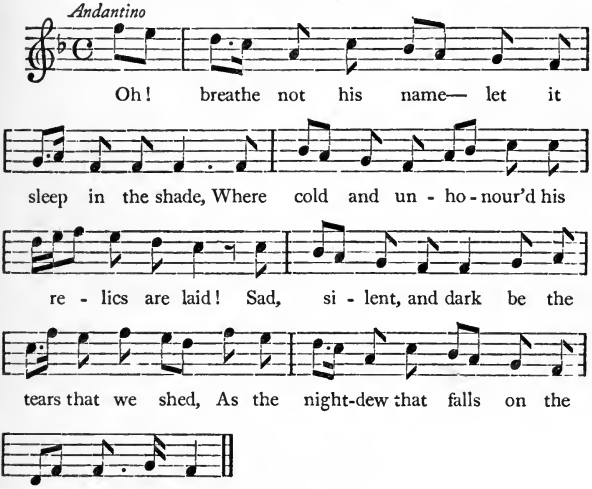
Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, untouched and blowing,
  Than that, whose braid
  Is pluck'd to shade
The brows with vict'ry glowing!

We tread the land that bore us,
The green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us!

Words by Moore. TUNE (from Bunting) *Down beside me.*

CCXVII

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME



But the night-dew that falls, tho' in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, tho' in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

Words by Moore. TUNE (from Bunting) *The Brown Maid.*

CCXVIII

NAY, TELL ME NOT, DEAR

Allegro

Nay, tell me not, Dear, that the gob - let drowns One

charm of feeling, one fond re-gret; Be-lieve me, a few of thy

an - gry frowns Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.

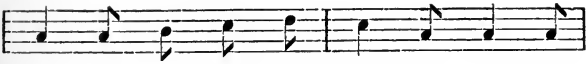
Ne'er hath a beam Been lost in the stream, That

e - ver was shed from thy form or soul; The

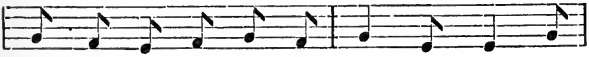
balm of thy sighs, The spell of thine eyes, Still

float on the sur - face, and hal - low my bowl! Then

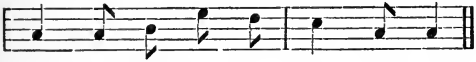
fan - cy not, Dear - est! that wine can steal One



bliss - ful dream of the heart from me; Like



founts that a - wak - en the pil - grim's zeal, The



bowl but bright-ens my love for thee.

They tell us that Love in his fairy bow'r
Had two blush roses of birth divine;
He sprinkled the one with a rainbow show'r,
But bathed the other with mantling wine.
Soon did the buds
That drank of the floods
Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade;
While those which the tide
Of ruby had dyed,
All blushed into beauty like thee, sweet Maid!
Then fancy not, Dearest! that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

Words by Moore.
TUNE *Dennis, don't be threatening.*

CCXIX

O THE SIGHT ENTRANCING

Animato

O the sight en - tranc - ing, When morning's beam is

glanc - ing O'er files ar - ray'd With helm and blade, And

plumes in the gay wind danc - ing. When hearts are all high

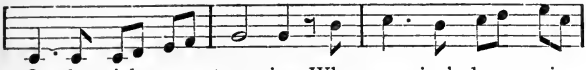
beat - ing, And the trum-pet's voice re - peat - ing That

song whose breath May lead to death, But ne - ver to re-

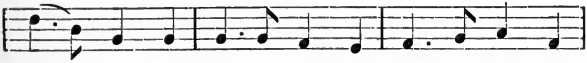
treat - ing. Then if a cloud comes o - ver The

brow of sire or lo - ver, Think 'tis the shade By

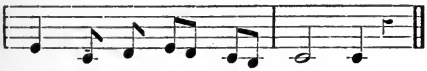
vict' - ry made, Whose wings right o'er us ho - ver.



O the sight en - tranc - ing, When morn - ing's beam is



glanc - ing O'er files ar - ray'd With helm and blade, And



plumes in the gay wind danc - ing.

Yet, 'tis not helm or feather—
For ask yon despot whether
  His plumed bands
  Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.
Leave pomps to those who need 'em—
Adorn but man with freedom,
  And proud he braves
  The gaudiest slaves
That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever,
  'Tis mind alone,
  Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free for ever!
O the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing.
  O'er files array'd
  With helm and blade,
And plumes in the gay wind dancing.

Words by Moore.
TUNE (from Bunting) *Planxty Sudley.*

CCXX

IN RINGLETS CURLED

Andante

In ring-lets curl'd thy tress - es flow, And

bright and sparkling are thine eyes; Time in thy absence

lin - gers slow, When mea-sur'd by a lo - ver's

sighs. Had sa-cred rites once crown'd my love, With

bound - ing steps the fields I'd tread;

O grief! that we no long - er rove Where

Trui-gha's love-ly green-woods spread.

Oh would that on thy bosom laid,
While Erin's sons are hush'd to rest,
I might beneath the green-wood shade,
Breathe the pure raptures of my breast!
Sweet blooming flower! thy sex's pride,
To me a guiding star thou art,
And Heaven itself will sure preside
O'er love that fills a virtuous heart.

My charmer, let us haste away,
  To Truigha's woods our footsteps bend,
Where streams through water-cresses play,
  And Uchai's lovely plains extend.
There holly berries glowing red,
  With nuts and apples sweet abound;
Green rushes there shall strew our bed,
  And warblers chant their lov'd notes round.

Words (translated from the original Irish) by Miss Balfour.
TUNE *The green Woods of Truigha.*
From Bunting's Music of Ireland.

CCXXI

BRANCH OF THE SWEET AND EARLY ROSE

Grazioso

Branch of the sweet and ear - ly rose,
That in the pu - rest beau - ty blows,
So pass-ing sweet to smell and sight, On
whom shall those be - stow de - light?

Who, in the dewy evening walk,
Shall pluck thee from the tender stalk?
Whose temples blushing shalt thou twine,
And who inhale thy breath divine?

Words (translated from the original Irish) by Dr. Drennan.
TUNE *Thou Flower of Virgins.*
From Bunting's Music of Ireland.

CCXXII

A CHIEFTAIN TO THE HIGHLANDS BOUND

Allegretto

A chief-tain, to the high-lands bound, Cries "Boat-man, do not tar-ry! And I'll give thee a sil-ver pound To row us o'er the fer-ry." "Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle, This dark and stormy wa-ter?" "O I'm the Chief of Ul-va's Isle, And this Lord Ul-lin's daugh-ter."

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather;
His horsemen hard behind us ride—
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight;
"I'll go, my chief, I'm ready,
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:—

And, by my word ! the bonny bird
  In danger shall not tarry ;
So, though the waves are raging white,
  I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
  The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of Heav'n, each face
  Grew dark as they were speaking :
But still as louder blew the wind,
  And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
  Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh haste thee, haste !" the lady cries
  "Though tempests round us gather
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
  But not an angry father !"
The boat has left a stormy land,
  A stormy sea before her,—
When, O ! too strong for human hand,
  The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
  Of waters fast prevailing ;
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,—
  His wrath was chang'd to wailing.
For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
  His child he did discover :—
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
  And one was round her lover.

"Come back ! come back !" he cried in grief,
  "Across this raging water ;
And I'll forgive your highland chief,
  My daughter !—O my daughter !"
'Twas vain : the loud waves lash'd the shore,
  Return or aid preventing ;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
  And he was left lamenting.

Words by Campbell.

TUNE (from Bunting) *The Charming fair Eily.*

CCXXIII

THOUGH DARK ARE OUR SORROWS

Animato

Tho' dark are our sorrows, to - day we'll forget them, And

smile thro' our tears, like a sun - beam in show'rs; There

ne - ver were hearts, if our rul - ers would let them, More

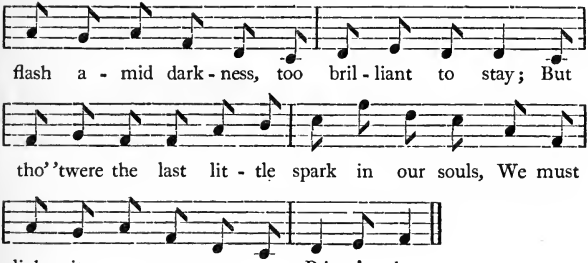
form'd to be tran - quil and blest than ours! But

just when the chain Has ceas'd to pain, And

hope has en-wreath'd it round with flow'rs, There

comes a new link Our spi - rit to sink! O the

joy that we taste, like the light of the poles, Is a



Contempt for the minion, who calls you disloyal!
  Tho' fierce to the foe, to your friends you are true;
And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
  Is love from the heart that loves liberty too.
    While cowards, who blight
    Your fame, your right,
Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array;
    The standard of green
    In front would be seen,—
O my life on your faith! were you summon'd this minute,
  You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,
  When roused by the foe on her Prince's day!

He loves the green isle, and his love is recorded
  In hearts that have suffer'd too much to forget;
And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
  And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet!
    The gem may be broke
    By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
    Each fragment will cast
    A light to the last.
And thus, Erin, my country! tho' broken thou art,
  There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay;
A spirit, that beams thro' each suffering part,
  And now smiles at their pain, on the Prince's day.

Words by Moore. TUNE (from Bunting) *Patrick's Day.*

CCXXIV

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

Andante

'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left

bloom - ing a - lone; All her love - ly com-

pa - nions Are fa - ded and gone; No

flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is

nigh, To re - flect back her blush - es, Or

give sigh for sigh.

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

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

Words by Moore. TUNE *Groves of Blarney.*

CCXXV

LET ERIN REMEMBER

Animato

Let E - rin remember the days of old, Ere her

faith-less sons be - tray'd her, When Ma - la-chi wore the

col - lar of gold Which he won from her proud in-

va-der; When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd, Led the

Red-Branch Knights to dan-ger, Ere the em'rald gem of the

west-ern world Was set in the crown of the stranger.

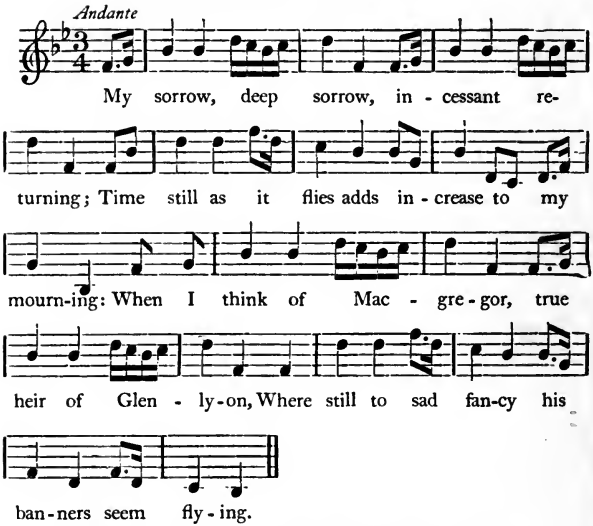
On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining!
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long faded glories they cover.

Words by Moore.

TUNE (from Bunting) *The little bold Fox.*

CCXXVI

MY SORROW, DEEP SORROW



Of Macgregor na Ruara, whose pipes far resounding,
With their bold martial strain set each bosom a bounding,
My sorrow, deep sorrow, incessant returning,
Time still as it flies adds increase to my mourning.

The badge of Strathspey from yon pine by the fountain,
Distinguish'd the hero when climbing the mountain,
The plumes of the eagle gave wings to his arrow,
And destruction fled wide from the bow bent so narrow;
His darts, so well polish'd and bright, were a treasure
That the son of a king might have boasted with pleasure.
When the brave son of Murdock so gracefully held them,
Well pois'd and sure aim'd, never weapon excell'd them.

Now, dead to the honour and pride I inherit,
Not the blow of a vassal could rouse my sad spirit!
Tho' insult or injury now should oppress me,
My protector is gone, and nought else can distress me.
Deaf to my loud sorrow, and blind to my weeping,
My aid, my support, in yon chapel lies sleeping;
In that cold narrow bed he shall slumber for ever,
Yet nought from my fancy his image can sever.

He that shar'd the kind breast which my infancy nourish'd,
Now, hid in the earth, leaves no trace where he flourish'd.
No obsequies fitting his pale corse adorning,
No funeral honours to soothe our long mourning,
No virgins high-born, with their tears to bedew thee,
To deck out thy grave, or with flow'rets to strew thee.
My sorrow, deep sorrow, incessant returning,
Time still as it flies adds increase to my mourning.

Words (translated from the original Gaelic) by Mrs. Grant.
TUNE *Macgregor of Ruara's Lament.*

CCXXVII

THE MINSTREL BOY

Con anima

The Min - strel Boy to the war is gone, In the

ranks of death you'll find him; His father's sword he has

gird-ed on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him.

"Land of Song!" said the warrior bard, "Tho' all the world be

trays thee, *One* sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, *One*

faith - ful harp shall praise thee.

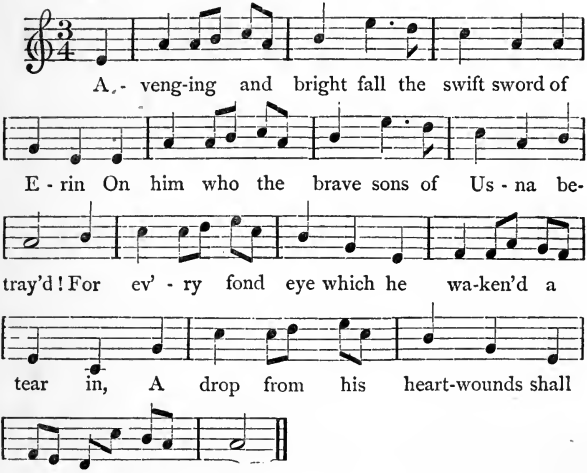
The minstrel fell! but the foeman's chain
  Could not bring that proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
  For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chain shall sully thee,
  Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
  They shall never sound in slavery."

Words by Moore. TUNE *The Moreen.*

CCXXVIII

AVENGING AND BRIGHT

Animato



By the red cloud which hung over Conner's dark dwelling,
When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore—
By the billows of war which so often high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore !—

We swear to avenge them !—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance be wreaked on the murderer's head !

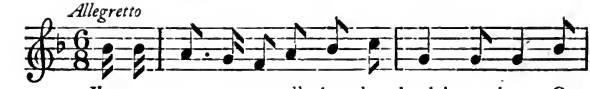
Yes, monarch ! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall ;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes and affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all.

Words by Moore.
TUNE *Crooghan a venee.*

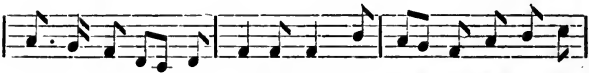
CCXXIX

I'VE A SECRET TO TELL THEE

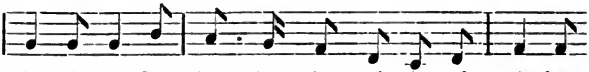
Allegretto



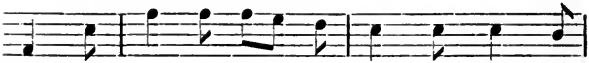
I've a se - cret to tell thee, but hush! not here, O



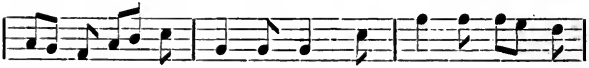
not where the world its vi - gil keeps; I'll seek, to whisper it



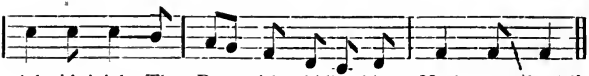
in thine ear, Some shore where the spi - rit of si - lence



sleeps; Where sum-mer's wave un - mur - m'ring dies, Nor



fay can hear the fountain's gush; Where if one note her



night-bird sighs, The Rose saith, chiding him, "Hush, sweet, hush!"

There, 'mid the deep silence of that hour,
When stars can be heard in ocean dip,
Thyself shall, under some rosy bower,
Sit mute, with thy finger on thy lip:
Like him, the boy, who born among
The flowers that on the Nile-stream blush,
Sits ever thus; his only song
To earth and heaven still "Hush, sweet, hush!"

Words by Moore.

AIR *O Southern Breeze.*

CCXXX

WEEP ON, WEEP ON

Andantino

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past; Your dreams of pride are o'er; The fa - tal chain is round you cast, And you are men no more! In vain the he-ro's heart hath bled; The sa - ge's tongue hath warn'd in vain; O Freedom! once thy flame hath fled, It ne - ver lights a - gain.

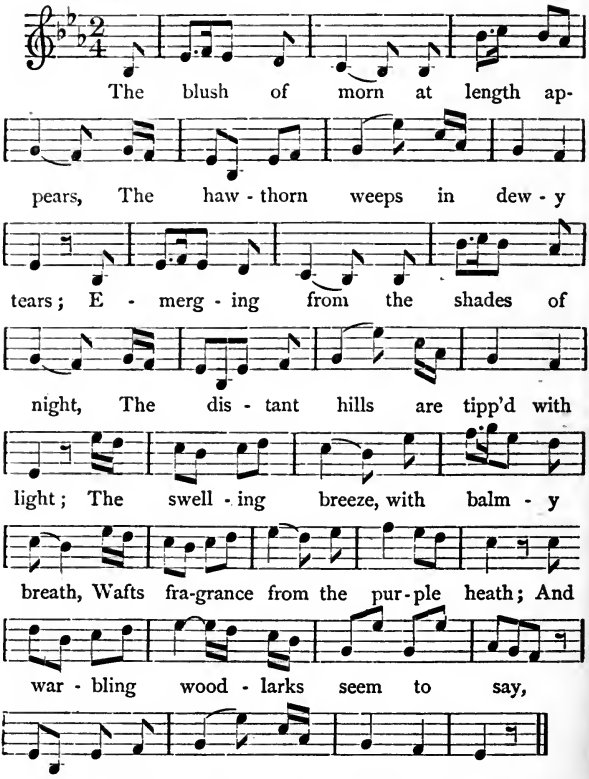
"'Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate,
Your web of discord wove;
And while your tyrants joined in hate,
You never joined in love!
But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,
And man profaned what God had given,
Till some were heard to curse the shrine
Where others knelt to Heaven!"

Words by Moore. TUNE (from Bunting) *The Song of Sorrow.*

CCXXXI

THE BLUSH OF MORN

Andante



Ah! didst thou love's soft anguish feel,
No sleep thy weary eye would seal!
But to the bank thou wouldst repair,
Secure to meet thy true love there.
In pity to my pangs awake!
Unwilling I thy slumbers break;
But longer absence would betray
I met thee at the dawn of day.

Yet though our parents now may frown,
Some pitying power our vows shall crown;
Be constancy and truth but thine,
While youth, and health, and love are mine:
Then shall our hearts united glow
With all that fondness can bestow;
And love extend his gentle sway,
O'er close of eve and dawn of day.

Words (translated from the original Irish) by Miss Balfour.
TUNE *The Dawning of Day*.
From Bunting's Music of Ireland.

CCXXXII

THE YOUNG MAY MOON

Allegretto

The Young May moon is beam - ing, Love, The

glowworm's lamp is gleaming, Love; How sweet to rove Thro'

Mor - na's grove, While the drow - sy world is

dreaming, Love! Then a - wake! the heav'ns look bright, my Dear! 'Tis

ne - ver too late for de - light, my Dear! And the

best of all ways To length - en our days, Is to

steal a few hours from the night, my Dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, Love,
And the sage, his star-watch keeping, Love,
And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, Love!

Then awake till rise of sun, my Dear!
The sage's glass we'll shun, my Dear;—
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He may happen to take thee for one, my Dear!

Words by Moore.
TUNE *The Dandy, O!*

CCXXXIII

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED

Adagio

How oft has the Ben - shee cried,
How oft has Death un - tied Bright links that
Glo - ry wove, Sweet bonds en - twined by love!
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth! Rest to each
faith-ful eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave
Sigh o'er the he-ro's grave!

[We're

We're fall'n upon gloomy days,
Star after star decays;
Ev'ry bright name, that shed
Light o'er the land, is fled.
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth;
But brightly flows the tear
Wept o'er the hero's bier!

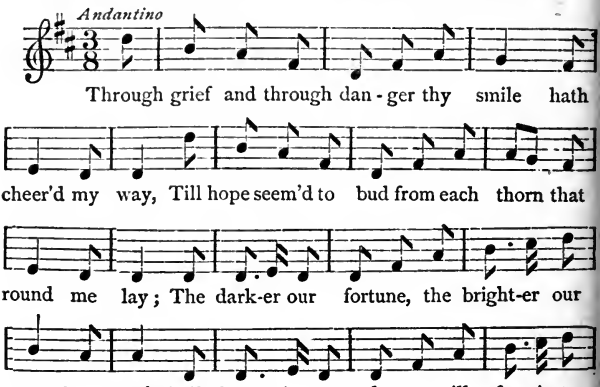
Oh! quench'd are our beacon lights,
Thou of the hundred fights!
Thou, on whose burning tongue,
Truth, peace, and freedom hung!
Both mute! but long as valour shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they liv'd and died.

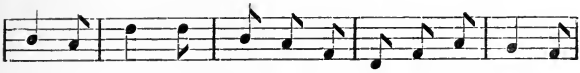
Words by Moore.

TUNE (from Bunting) *The dear Black Maid.*

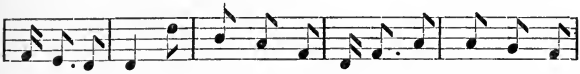
CCXXXIV

THROUGH GRIEF AND THROUGH DANGER

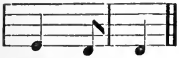




zeal was turn'd Oh! slave as I was, in thy arms my



spi - rit felt free, And bless'd e'en the sorrows that made me more



dear to thee.

The rival was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd;
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd;
She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in caves;
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
Yet cold in the earth at thy feet I would rather be,
Than wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale!
They say, too, so long thou hast worn thy lingering chains,
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains:
Oh! do not believe them—no chain could that soul subdue;
Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too.

Words by Moore.

TUNE *I once had a true love.*

CCXXXV

THE EXILE OF ERIN

Allegretto

There came to the beach a poor ex - ile of E - rin, The

dew on his thin robe was hea - vy and chill; For his

coun-try he sigh'd, when at twi-light re - pair - ing To

wan - der a - lone by the wind beat - en hill. But the

day - star at - tract - ed his eye's sad de - vo - tion, For it

rose o'er his own na-tive isle of the o - cean, Where

once in the fire of his youth - ful e - mo - tion He

sang the bold an-them of *E - rin go bragh!*

"Sad is my fate," said the heart-broken stranger,
"The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me:
Never again in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of *Erin go bragh!*"

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

"Where is my cabin door fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
And where is the bosom friend dearer than all?
Oh, my sad heart! long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast fading treasure?
Tears like the rain-drop may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall."

"Yet, all its sad recollection suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw;
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers, Erin go bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
Erin mavourneen, Erin go bragh!"

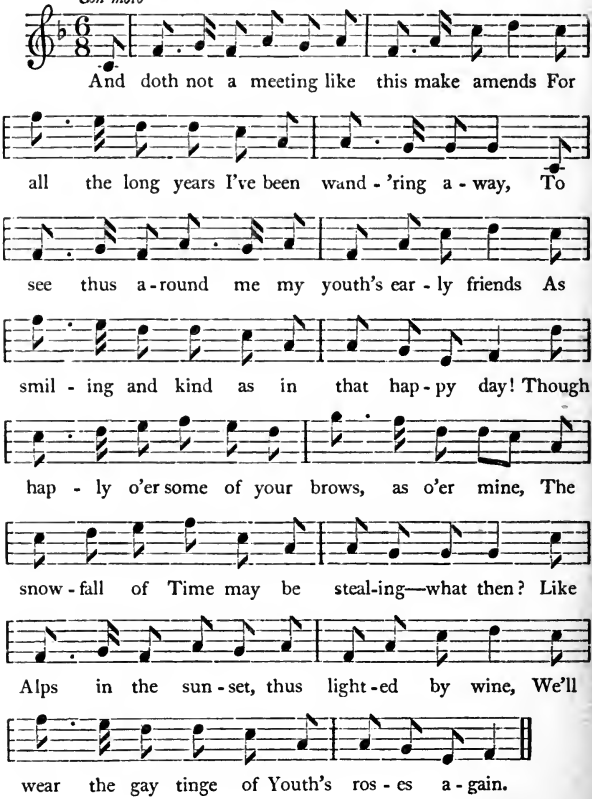
Words by Campbell.
TUNE *Thou blooming Treasure.*

From Bunting's Music of Ireland.

CCXXXVI

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS

Con moto



What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
When held to the flame will steal out on the sight;
So, many a feeling that long seem'd effaced,
The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light.

And thus, as in memory's bark, we shall glide,
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through—
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceiv'd for a moment, we'll think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of Life's morning once more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
For want of some heart, that could echo it, near.
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more pemanent bliss,
For a smile or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

But, come—the more rare such delights to the heart,
The more we should welcome, and bless them the more—
They're ours, when we meet—they are lost, when we part,
Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 'tis o'er.
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let Sympathy pledge us, through pleasure, through pain,
That fast as a feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

Words by Moore.

CCXXXVII

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT

Lento non troppo

While gaz - ing on the moon's light, A

mo-ment from her smile I turn'd, To look at orbs that,

more bright, In lone and dis-tant glo-ry burn'd: But too far Each

proud star For me to feel its warm-ing flame; Much

more dear, That mild sphere, Which near our pla - net

smil-ing came: Thus, Ma - ry dear! be thou my own—While

bright-er eyes un - heed-ed play, I'll love these moonlight

looks a - lone Which bless my home, and guide my way.

The day had sunk in dim showers,
  But midnight now, with lustre meek,
Illumined all the pale flowers,
  Like hope, that lights a mourner's cheek.
    I said (while
    The moon's smile
  Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss),
    "The moon looks
    On many brooks,
  The brook can see no moon but this."
And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
  For many a lover looks to thee;
While, oh! I feel there is but one,
  One Mary in the world for me!

Words by Moore.
TUNE (from Thomson's Collection) *Oonagh.*

CCXXXVIII

O'ROURKE'S NOBLE FARE

Spiritoso

O' Rourke's no - ble fare will ne'er be for-

got By those who were there, or by those who were

not; His re - vels to keep, we sup and we dine On

se - ven score sheep, fat bul - locks, and swine; Usque-

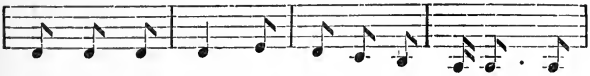
baugh to our feast in pails is brought up, A

hun - dred at least, and a mad - der our cup. Come,

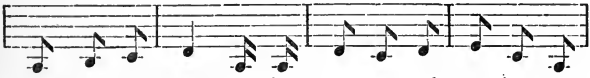
Har - per, strike up! but first, by your fa - vour, Boy,

give us a cup!— Ah, this has some sa - vour! O'

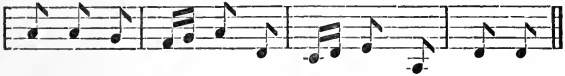
Rourke's jol - ly boys ne'er dreamt of the matter, Till



rous'd by the noise and mu - si - cal clat - ter; They



dance in a round, cut - ting ca - pers and ramp - ing, A



mer - cy the ground did not burst with their stamping.

Bring straw for our bed, shake it down to the feet,
Then over us spread the winnowing sheet;
To show I don't flinch, fill the bowl up again,
Then give us a pinch of your sneeshin a yean.
Good Lord, what a sight! after all their good cheer,
For people to fight in the midst of their beer!

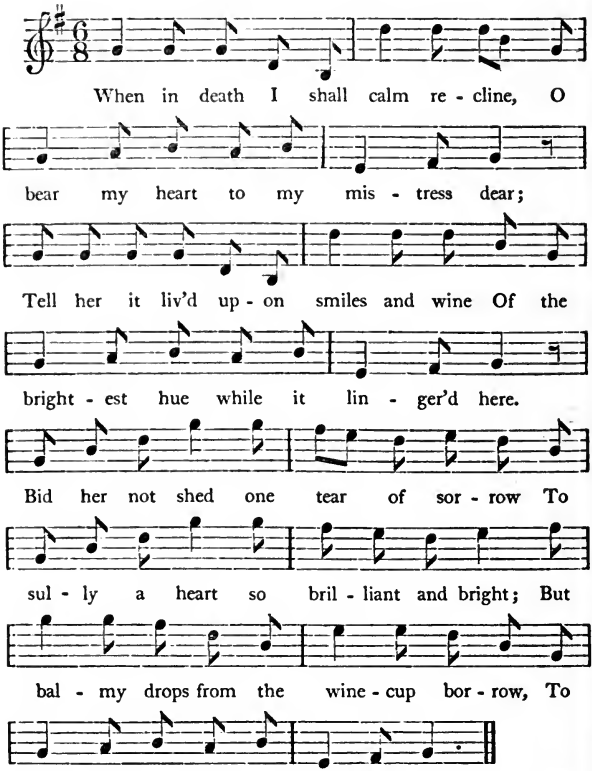
You churl, I maintain my father built Lusk,
The castle of Slane, and Carrick Drumrusk.
The Earl of Kildare, and Moynalta his brother,
As great as they are, I was nurs'd by their mother:
Ask that of old madam, she'll tell you who's who,
As far up as Adam, she knows it is true.

Words (translated from the original Irish) by Dean Swift.
TUNE *O'Rourke's Feast.*

From Bunting's Music of Ireland.

CCXXXIX

THE LEGACY



When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at that friendly door
Where weary travellers love to call:
Then, if some bard who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which now is o'erflowing,
To grace your revel when I'm at rest;
Never, oh, never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest!
But when some warm devoted lover,
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Oh! then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

Words by Moore.

From the Irish Melodies.

CCXL

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE

Maestoso

When he who a - dores thee has left but the

name Of his fault and his sor - row be - hind, Oh,

say, wilt thou weep when they darken the fame Of a

life that for thee was re - sign'd; Yes,

weep! and how - e - ver my foes may condemn, Thy

tears shall ef - face their de - cree; For

Heav'n can wit - ness, though guil - ty to them, I have

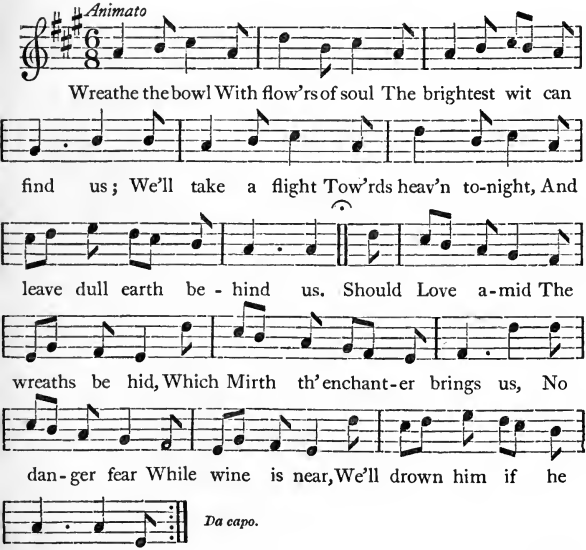
been but too faith - ful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,
  Every thought of my reason was thine,—
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
  Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
  The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give,
  Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

Words by Moore.
TUNE *The Fox's Sleep.*

CCXLI

WREATHE THE BOWL



['Twas

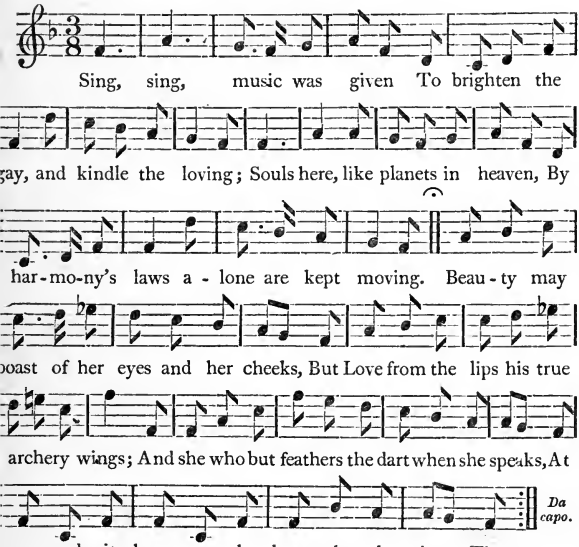
'Twas nectar fed
Of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
And man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows:—
Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended,
Then bring Wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar, splendid!
So wreathe the bowl
With flow'rs of soul
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds Heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

Say why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly,
O lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we'd sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!
Then wreathe the bowl,
With flow'rs of soul
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds Heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

Words by Moore.
TUNE (from Bunting) *Nora with the Purse.*

CCXLII

SING, SING, MUSIC WAS GIVEN



When Love, rock'd by his mother,
Lay sleeping as calm as slumber could make him,
"Hush! hush!" said Venus, "no other
Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him."
Dreaming of music, he slumber'd the while,
Till faint from his lip a soft melody broke,
And Venus, enchanted, look'd on with a smile,
While Love to his own sweet singing awoke.
Then sing, sing, &c.

Words by Moore. TUNE *The Old Langolee.*

CCXLIII

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

Andantino

There is not in this wide world a

val-ley so sweet As that vale in whose bo-som the

bright wa - ters meet. O the last rays of feel-ing and

life must de - part, Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall

fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill;
O no—it was something more exquisite still:—

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear;
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
When we see them reflected in looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

Words by Moore. TUNE (from Bunting) *The Wild Geese.*

CCXLIV

THE DEW EACH TREMBLING LEAF

Andante

The dew each trem-bling leaf enwreath'd, The red-breast sweet-ly sung, The balm-y air with fragrance breath'd From bowers with ro-ses hung; The set-ting sun still faint-ly gleam'd, And swift and sweet the mo-ments flew With her, whose smile too art-less seem'd To hide a heart un-true.

But now o'er dreary scenes I range,
Where once such beauties shone,
Yet blooming nature knows no change,
Alas! 'tis all thine own.
The rose still holds its lovely form,
The dew still sparkles on the tree,
But, oh! the smile that gave the charm
No longer beams on me.

Words (translated from the original Irish) by Miss Balfour.

TUNE *Nancy of the branching Tresses.*

From Bunting's Music of Ireland.

CCXLV

WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH

Adagio

When cold in the earth lies the

friend thou hast loved, Be his faults and his

fol - lies for - got by thee then; Or if from their

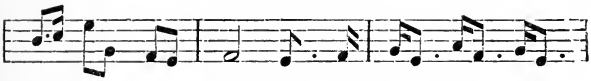
slum - ber the veil be re - moved, Weep

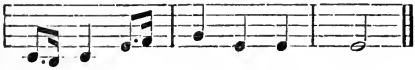
o'er them in si - lence and close it a-

gain. And oh! if 'tis pain to re - member how

far From the pathways of light he was tempted to

roam, Be it bliss to re - mem - ber that





From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
  The revealings that taught him true love to adore,
To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
  From the idols he darkly had knelt to before.
O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
  Thou cam'st, like a soft golden calm o'er the sea;
And if happiness purely and glowingly smiled
  On his evening horizon, the light was from thee.

And tho' sometimes the shade of past folly would rise,
  And tho' falsehood again would allure him to stray,
He has turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
  And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanished away.
As the priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
  At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
So, if virtue a moment grew languid to him,
  He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there!

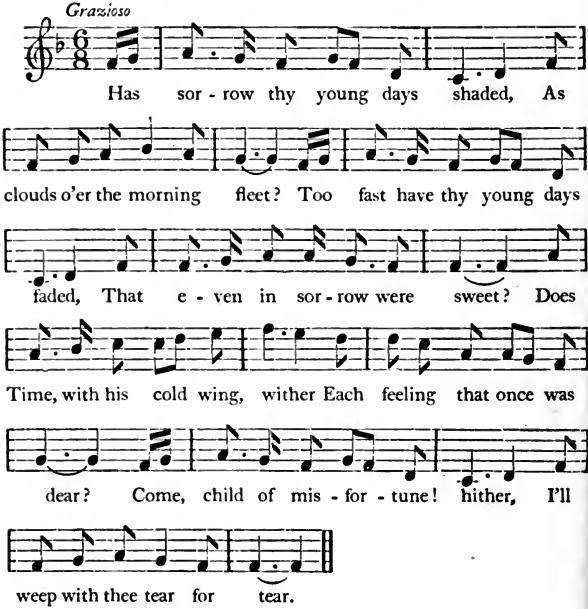
Words by Moore.

TUNE (from Bunting) *Limerick's Lamentation.*

CCXLVI

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED

Grazioso



Has Love to that soul so tender,
  Been like our Lagenian mine,
Where sparkles of golden splendour
  All over the surface shine.
But if in pursuit you go deeper,
  Allured by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
  Like Love the bright vision is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,
  That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glitt'ring glory—
  Has Hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
  The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
  Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the sweet hours have fleeted,
  When Sorrow herself look'd bright;
If thus the fond hope has cheated,
  That led thee along so light;
If thus the unkind world wither
  Each feeling that once was dear;—
Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
  I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

Words by Moore.
TUNE *Sly Patrick.*

The Song Book.

PART IV. WELSH SONGS.

CCXLVII

LIFE AND ITS FOLLIES ARE FADING AWAY

Larghetto

Life and its fol - lies are fad - ing a-

way, Love hath de - part - ed, why then should I

stay? Cold is my pale cheek, and furrow'd with

care, Dim is mine eye-sight, and snow-white my hair.

Near me, in silence, my harp lies unstrung;
Weak are my fingers, and faltering my tongue!
Tuneful companion, we parted must be;
Thou canst no longer bring comfort to me.

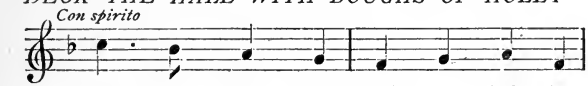
Yet ere we sever, thy master would fain
Swan-like expire in a last dying strain;
And when above him the cypress boughs wave,
Spirits shall murmur it over his grave.

Words (translated from Talhaiarn) by Oliphant.
TUNE *David of the White Rock.*
From Thomas's Welsh Melodies.

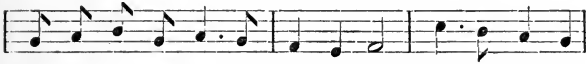
CCXLVIII

DECK THE HALL WITH BOUGHS OF HOLLY

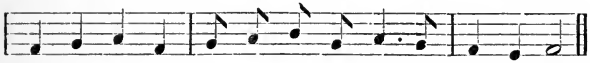
Con spirito



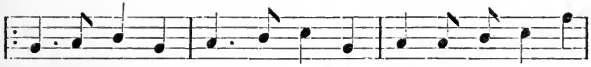
Deck the Hall with boughs of hol - ly,



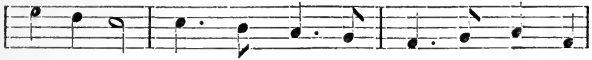
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. 'Tis the sea - son



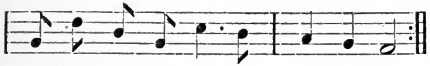
to be jol - ly, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.



Fill the mead-cup, drain the bar - rel, Fa, la, la, la la,



la, la, la. Troul the an - cient Christ - mas ca - rol.



Repeat in Chorus.

Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

See the flowing bowl before us,
Strike the harp and join the chorus ;
Follow me in merry measure,
While I sing of beauty's treasure.

Fast away the old year passes,
Hail the new, ye lads and lasses !
Laughing, quaffing, all together,
Heedless of the wind and weather.

Words (translated from Talhaiarn) by Oliphant.
TUNE *New Year's Eve.*
From Thomas's Welsh Melodies.

CCXLIX

WHERE ARE THE MEN

Larghetto

Where are the men who went forth in the

morning, Hope brightly beam-ing in e-ver-y

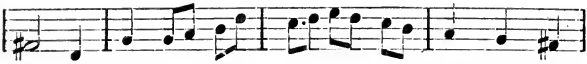
face? Fearing no dan-ger— the Sax-on foe

scorning.— Lit-tle thought they of de-feat or dis-

grace! Fall'n is their chieftain— his glory de-

part-ed— Fall'n are the heroes who fought by his

side! Fa-ther-less chil-dren now weep, bro-ken-



tide!

Small was the band that escaped from the slaughter,
  Flying for life as the tide 'gan to flow;
Hast thou no pity, thou dark rolling water?
  More cruel still than the merciless foe!
Death is behind them, and death is before them;
  Faster and faster rolls on the dark wave;
One wailing cry—and the sea closes o'er them;
  Silent and deep is their watery grave.

Words (translated from Talhaiarn) by Oliphant.
TUNE *The Plain of Rhuddlan.*
From Thomas's Welsh Melodies.

CCL

I HEAR THE TRUMPET SOUNDING

Maestoso

I hear the trum - pet sounding A

wel - come to the day; I see the char - ger

bound - ing, All ea - ger for the fray: Strong

man - ly hearts are beat - ing, Some think of those they

leave be - hind, The lov - ing wife or sweet - heart kind, But

none think of re - treating, Some think of those they

leave be - hind, But none think of re - treat - ing.

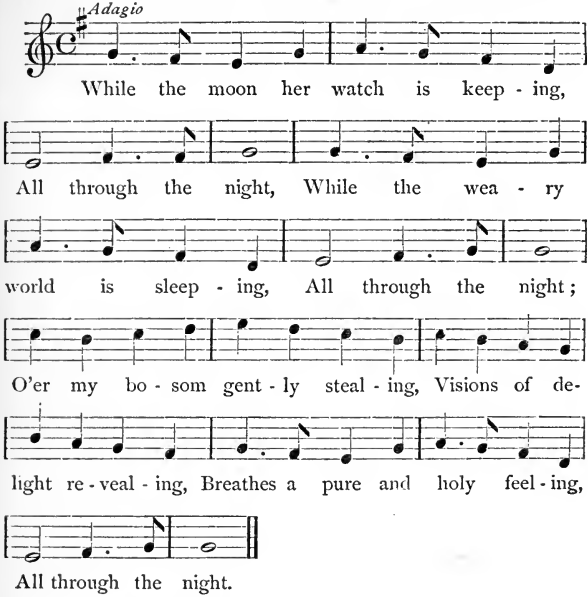
To drive the foe before us, Brave comrades, on to glory;
O Mars! great god of war! Let coward cravens turn and flee;
Thy guardian shield spread o'er us The brave shall ne'er forgotten be,
Be thou our guiding star! They'll live in song and story.

Words (translated from Talhaiarn) by Oliphant.

TUNE *The Camp.* From Thomas's Welsh Melodies.

CCLI

WHILE THE MOON HER WATCH IS KEEPING



Fondly then I dream of thee, Love,
All through the night;
Waking, still thy form I see, Love,
All through the night;
When this mortal coil is over,
Will thy gentle spirit hover
O'er the bed where sleeps thy lover,
All through the night.

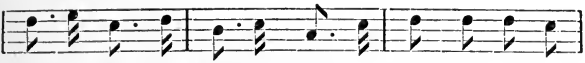
Words (translated from Talhaiarn) by Oliphant.
TUNE *All through the night.*
From Thomas's Welsh Melodies.

CCLII

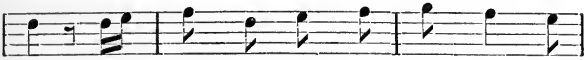
OH! WELL DO I REMEMBER

Larghetto

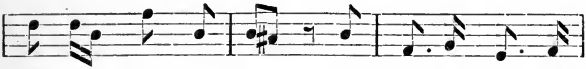
Oh! well do I re - mem - ber, 't was in the month of May, When oft my foot - steps used to rove, at ear - ly dawn of day; They roved to - wards a cot - tage where dwelt a mai - den fair, Her eyes were like the stars a - bove, and au - burn was her hair. She oft would come to meet me, that mai - den young and gay, How



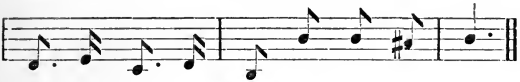
quick-ly then the moments flew, how short appeared the



way! The lambs be - fore us bound - ing, dis-



port - ed o'er the lea, The lit - tle birds they



sang for joy our hap - pi - ness to see.

But now the dawn is cloudy, and chill the morning dew,
And May no longer seems to wear her robe of verdant hue;
No more my footsteps wander towards that cottage door;
Along the path, her swain to meet, the maiden trips no more.
The cottage still remaineth, but no bright embers glow,
No wreathed smoke amid the trees comes curling from below;
The maiden hath departed, and I am left to mourn
With heavy heart, o'er fleeting joys that never can return.

Words (translated from Talhaiarn) by Oliphant.
TUNE *The Dawn of Day.*
From Thomas's Welsh Melodies.

CCLIII

FILL, FILL THE BRIGHT MEAD-CUP

Allegro non Troppo

Fill, fill the bright mead - cup, and

let it go round, Your voices at - tune to the

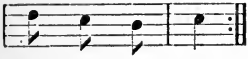
harp's merry sound; Not boist'rous or rude let our

re - vel - ry be, But soften'd by friendship, light-

hearted and free. In Summer or Win - ter, in

rain or in snow; In joy or in sor - row, in

weal or in woe, Dear Cambria, to thee shall the



mead-cup o'er - flow.

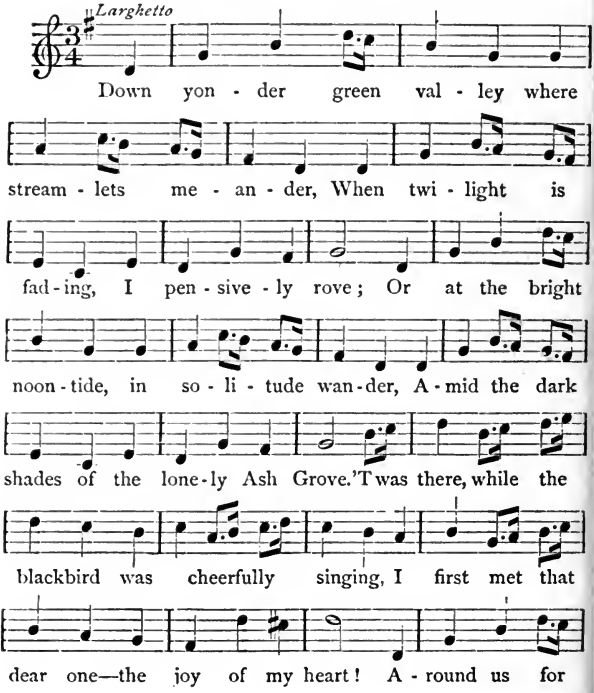
Fill, fill it again, boys, until it runs o'er ;
We'll toast in a bumper the girls we adore ;
And while, like this goblet, our sorrows they cheer,
Ah ! ne'er may their bright eyes be dimm'd by a tear !
In Summer, in Winter, in rain or in snow ;
In joy or in sorrow, in weal or in woe,
Dear Cambria, to thee shall the mead-cup o'erflow.

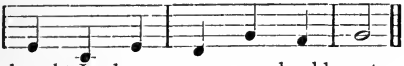
Amid the dear scenes of our childhood and youth,
May virtue long flourish with freedom and truth ;
And as we revisit each time-hallowed spot,
"The joy of the mead-cup" shall ne'er be forgot !
In Summer or Winter, in rain or in snow ;
In joy or in sorrow, in weal or in woe,
Dear Cambria, to thee shall the mead-cup o'erflow.

Words (translated from Talhaiarn) by Oliphant.
TUNE *The Joy of the Mead-Cup.*

CCLIV

DOWN YONDER GREEN VALLEY





Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain,
  Still warbles the blackbird its note from the tree ;
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain,
  But what are the beauties of nature to me ?
With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden,
  All day I go mourning in search of my love ;
Ye echoes ! oh tell me, where is the sweet maiden ?
  " She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ash Grove."

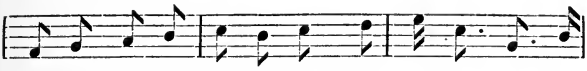
Words (translated from Talhaiarn) by Oliphant.
TUNE *The Ash Grove.*
From Thomas's Welsh Melodies.

CCLV

RISE, RISE THOU MERRY LARK

Con spirito

Rise, rise thou mer - ry lark, Whose upward flight I love to mark, At ear - ly dawn of day: Leave, leave the mos - sy lair, With light wing cleave the yield - ing air, And ca - rol forth thy lay! Sweet, oh! sweet the hon - ied note That swells with - in thy warb - ling throat! 'Tis a stream of me - lo - dy That steals the rap - tur'd soul a - way. De-



Night's ling'ring shades are fled,
And Phœbus, from his ocean bed,
  Through æther wings his flight.
Oh! let thy music sweet
His presence with glad welcome greet
  In ditties of delight!

Higher yet—yet higher fly;
Still soaring upward to the sky:
  As when, in fair Eden's grove,
Unto the new created pair,
You first did tune, to music rare,
  A merry song of love!

Words (translated from Talhaiarn) by Oliphant.
TUNE *The Rising of the Lark.*
From Thomas's Welsh Melodies.

CCLVI

WAR'S LOUD ALARMS

Con spirito

War's loud a - larms Call me to arms;

Honour bids me quit thy charms; To bat - tle I must

go. En - treat me then no more to stay, No

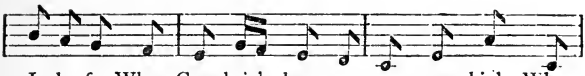
lon - ger can I brook de - lay, My soul is ea - ger

for the fray, And burns to meet the foe.

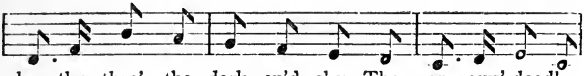
Ne'er shall it be said, A Bri - ton bold from

dan - ger fled, Or sought to hide his cra - ven head With-

in a la - dy's bower: The power of Cu - pid



I de-fy, When Cam-bria's ban-ner waves on high, When



hur-tles thro' the dark-en'd sky The ar-rows' deadly

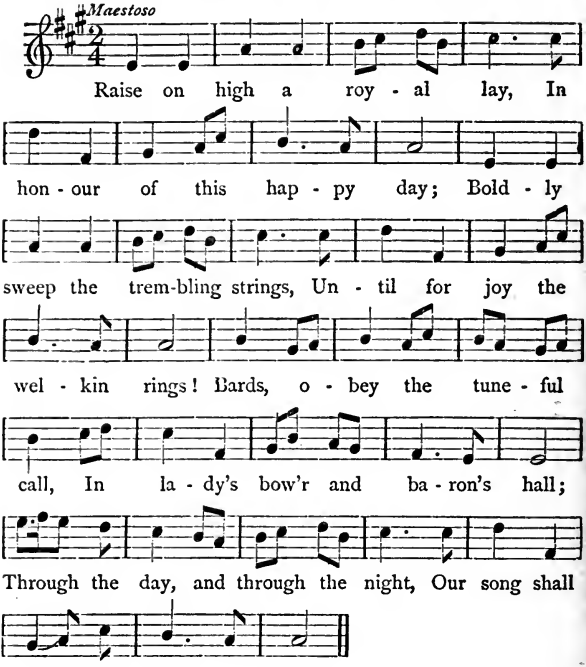
shower.

Far o'er the plain,
Loudly again,
Sounds the trumpet's warlike strain,
A signal to depart.
Yet, dearest, when I'm far from thee,
In death, defeat, or victory,
Thy form alone shall ever be
Still nearest to my heart!
In the battle field,
With spear to spear, and shield to shield,
When we have made the Saxon yield,
And bend his haughty knee,
Then will my true and faithful heart,
At glory's call now doom'd to part,
Forsaking spear and shield and dart,
Come fondly back to thee!

Words (translated from Talhaiarn) by Oliphant.
TUNE *Love's Fascination.*
From Thomas's Welsh Melodies.

CCLVII

RAISE ON HIGH A ROYAL LAY



High and low, let all rejoice,
With merry heart and cheerful voice,
May sweet peace for ever reign
And discord never rise again.

To our brave and glorious king
Fill, fill the mead-cup while we sing
Through the day, and through the night,
Our song shall be, "*The King's Delight.*"

Words (translated from Talhaiarn) by Oliphant.
TUNE *The King's Delight.*
From Thomas's Welsh Melodies.

CCLVIII

JOY UPON THY BRIGHT CHEEK DANCES

Vivace

Joy up - on thy bright cheek dan - ces,
Hob a der-ry dan - no, Jane, sweet Jane! From thine eye Love's
arrow glances, Hob a derry danno, Jane, sweet Jane!
In the green wood I am waiting, All a - lone, sweet Jane;
To the tune-ful birds re - lat-ing How I love thee, Jane.
Come un - to the trys - ting tree, Jane, sweet Jane!

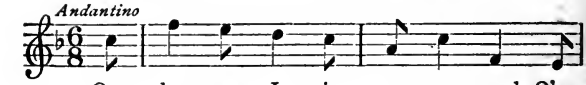
[Oh! that

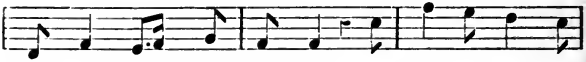
Oh ! that winged were thy lover,
  Hob a derry danno, Jane, sweet Jane !
Round thee like a dove to hover,
  Hob a derry danno, Jane, sweet Jane !
Think not I can ever leave thee,
  No ! the thought is vain !
Think not I can e'er deceive thee ;
  Oh ! no ! pretty Jane !
Thou art all the world to me,
  Jane, sweet Jane !

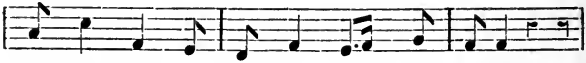
Words (translated from Talhaiarn) by **Oliphant.**
TUNE *Hob a derry danno.*
From Thomas's Welsh Melodies.

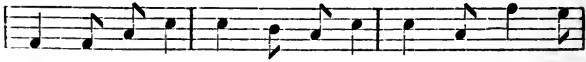
CCLIX

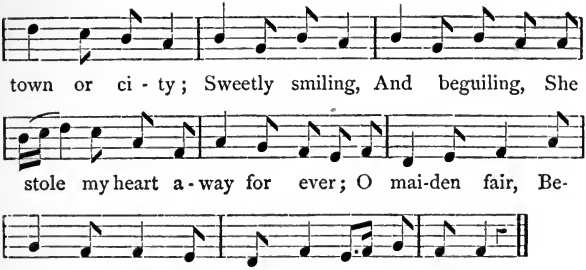
ONE DAY AS I, IN MERRY MOOD









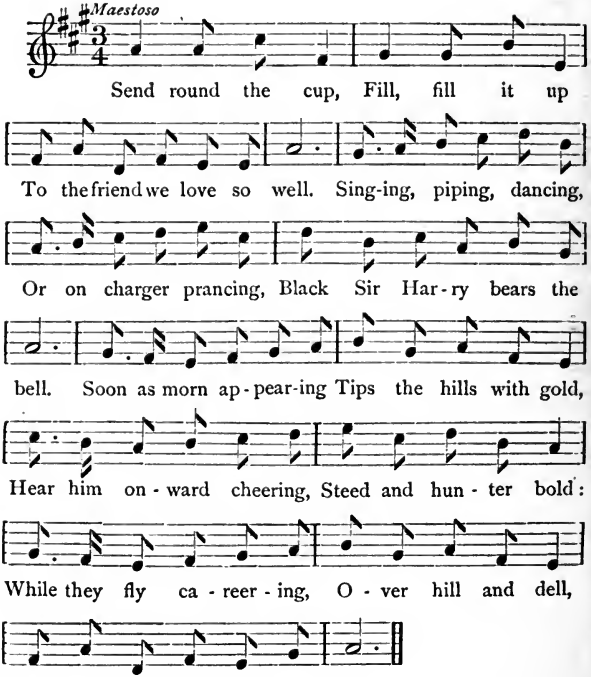


Come gentle dove, with azure wing,
  And listen to my ditty;
Go, seek the maid, and try to move
  Her bosom unto pity;
    When you meet her,
    Kindly greet her,
And with love-sick notes entreat her;
    Softly cooing,
    Sweetly wooing,
Oh! say my heart is her's for ever!
    O maiden fair
    Beyond compare,
Forget thee can I never!

Words (translated from the original Welsh) by Oliphant.
TUNE *The Dove.*
From Thomas's Welsh Melodies.

CCLX

SEND ROUND THE CUP



Sing after me,
With merry glee,
To the world his praises tell;
Laughing, joking, sporting,
Pretty maidens courting,
Over all he bears the bell.
Who is like Sir Harry
In the banquet hall,
Chanting "Hey, down, derry,"
Giving joy to all?
Pledge in mead and perry,
Bumpers to our host;
"Black Sir Harry" be the toast.

Words (translated from Talhaiarn) by Oliphant.
TUNE *Black Sir Harry.*

The Song Book

PART V. AMERICAN SONGS.

CCLXI

I'M OFF TO CHARLESTOWN

Allegretto

My mas - sa and my mis - ses have both gone a-

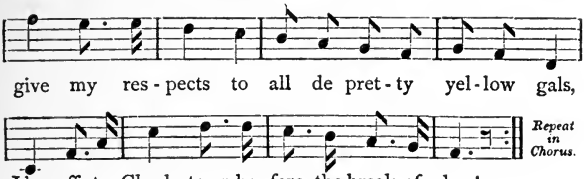
way, Gone to the sulphur springs, de summer months to

stay; And while they're off to - gedder, on a lit-tle kind of

spree, I'll go down to Charlestown, de pret - ty gals to

see. I'm off to Charlestown, early in de morning,

I'm off to Charlestown, and lit - tle time to stay; So



My Nell she wav'd her handkerchief, before she let me go,
Floating down de riffer wid de ole banjo;
I stood and gaz'd upon her, and wip'd away a tear,
De last words she said to me, was "Fare you well, my dear."
I'm off to Charlestown, &c.

It begin to rain a little, de night was berry dark,
De niggars dey got frighten'd, de dogs begin to bark,
De coon he scar'd de buzzard, de buzzard scar'd de coon,
And dey all kept up a running till to-morrow afternoon.
I'm off to Charlestown, &c.

O dat Charlestown is a pretty place, de gals dey dress so neat,
Dey am so slender round de waist, and pretty in de feet;
I'd rather kiss my Nell, dan all de gals I ebber see,
Cause her breff is like an orange-blossom hanging on a tree.
I'm off to Charlestown, &c.

CCLXII

WAIT FOR THE WAGGON

Allegretto

Will you come with me, my Phil - lis dear, To

yon blue moun - tain free, Where the blossoms smell the

sweetest, come rove a-long with me, It's ev - 'ry Sun-day

morning when I am by your side, We'll jump in - to the

wag-gon and all take a ride. Wait for the

wag-gon, wait for the wag-gon, wait for the

wag-gon and we'll all take a ride.

Repeat in Chorus.

Where the river runs like silver, and the birds sing so sweet,
I have a cabin, Phillis, and something good to eat.
Come listen to my story, it will relieve my heart,
So jump into the waggon, and off we will start.
    Wait for the waggon, &c.

Do you believe, my Phillis dear, old Mike with all his wealth,
Can make you half so happy, as I, with youth and health?
We'll have a little farm—a horse, a pig, a cow,
And you shall mind the dairy while I do guide the plough.
    Wait for the waggon, &c.

Your lips are red as poppies, your hair so smooth and neat,
All braided up with dahlias and hollyhocks so sweet;
It's every Sunday morning when I am by your side,
We'll jump into the waggon, and all take a ride.
    Wait for the waggon, &c.

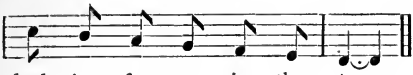
Together on life's journey we'll travel till we stop,
And if we have no trouble we'll reach the happy top.
Then come with me, sweet Phillis, my dear, my lovely bride,
We'll jump into the waggon and all take a ride.
    Wait for the waggon, &c.

CCLXIII

CHEER UP SAM

Con Spirito

O down in A - la - ba-ma, Be - fore I was set free, I lov'd a dark - eyed yel - low girl, And thought that she lov'd me: But she has prov'd in- con - stant, And left me here to tell The sor-row that my heart feels For de - ceit - ful Sa - rah Bell. Cheer up Sam, Now don't let your spirit go down; There's many a belle that we know well, Is



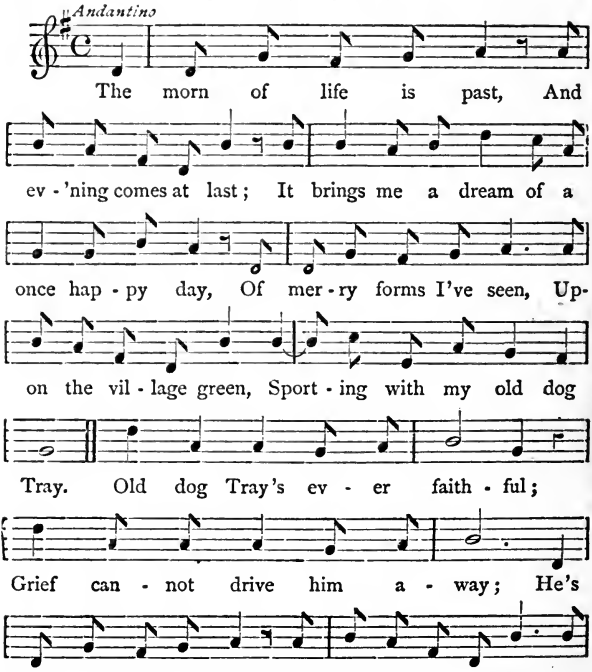
look - ing for you in the town.

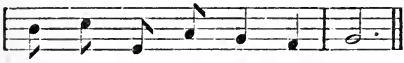
I had not much to give her,
  Yet all I had I gave ;
But wealth and fortune don't belong
  To one that's born a slave.
A white man came with dollars,
  She fled with him to dwell,
And broke the vows she made to me,
  Oh ! perjur'd Sarah Bell.
    Cheer up, Sam, &c.

Now all day while I'm working,
  And hoeing up the corn,
I sigh, and wish within myself
  I never had been born.
Perhaps she's gay and happy,
  Wherever she may dwell,
While my poor heart is breaking
  For deceitful Sarah Bell.
    Cheer up Sam, &c.

CCLXIV

OLD DOG TRAY





bet - ter friend then old dog Tray.

The forms I call'd my own
Have vanish'd one by one,
The lov'd ones, the dear ones have all pass'd away ;
Their happy smiles have flown,
Their gentle voices gone,
I've nothing left but old dog Tray.
Old dog Tray, &c.

When thoughts recal the past,
His eyes are on me cast,
I know he feels what my breaking heart would say ;
Although he cannot speak,
I'll vainly, vainly seek
A better friend than old dog Tray.
Old dog Tray, &c.

NOTES

NO.

I. II. III. These three songs are from MSS. in the British Museum, of the early part of the sixteenth century. The *tonality* of No. III. is, to the modern ear, somewhat vague; but II. has little, and I. nothing, to mark its antiquity. The modulation into the dominant, at the beginning of bar 8, of the last, is thoroughly modern.

IV. Mr. Chappell has called attention to the fact that this, like many other undoubtedly English tunes, has found its way into more than one collection of Welsh airs.

V. "Any song intended to arouse in the morning—even a love-song—was formerly called a *hunt's-up*." So, in French, we have *Aubade* (music to be performed *à l'aube du jour*), and in German, *Morgenmusik*.

VI. VII. From *Deuteromelia* and *Melismata*, the 2nd and 3rd

VIII. IX. Collections, Pammelia being the 1st, of "*Pleasant Roundelayes, Delightful Catches, Freemen's Songs*," &c. published in the beginning of the seventeenth century, by Thomas Ravenscroft. Many of these were, even then, ancient. No. IX. is, without doubt, the precursor of the well-known "A frog he would a wooing go."

X. XV. XVII. The traditions of the stage have preserved these

XX. XXII. tunes to Shakespear's Songs. The majority were,

XXIV. in all likelihood, ancient even in the poet's time.

XI. XIII. Episodes of the well-known *Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green*, in Percy's *Reliques*.

XII. The vocal compositions of John Dowland, "the friend of Shakespear," often incorrectly called *Madrigals*, are, for the most part, *Songs*, with an *accompaniment* for the lute (on which Dowland was a skilful performer), or for three other voices. Though a contemporary of the great English madrigal writers, Dowland was not one of them. His compositions, like those of his contemporary Ford, belong rather to the school of which, in England, Henry Lawes (Milton's friend and fellow-labourer) was the most distinguished master.

XVII. One of the tunes to which *Chevy Chase* and *The Children in the Wood* were sung; also a song in *The Beggar's Opera*.

XVIII. I have omitted a few verses from this ballad to bring it within practicable length.

XIX. A good example of a *plagal* melody, *i.e.* a melody included between the 5th above and the 4th below the tonic, and often ending, like this, on one of the former notes.

NO.

XXX. Like No. XII. this is a *Song*, with an accompaniment for the lute, or three other voices. The parts for Alto, Tenor, and Bass usually published differ materially from those of Ford, whose harmony, it must be admitted, is very inferior to his melody.

XXXIII. Perhaps the most popular English ballad of its class. Goldsmith has honoured it with more than one allusion.

XXXIV. Mr. Chappell gives a very different version of this tune. The above is from a song-book of the end of the seventeenth century, *The Merry Musician*, in which the tune is so absurdly *barred* that it is difficult to understand its rhythm.

XXXV. The two parts, by the addition of which this elegant *Song* is turned into a *Trio*, in so many collections, are modern.

XXXVIII. John Reading was organist of Winchester College, from 1681 to 1689. All attempts at discovering the author of *Dulce Domum* have been hitherto unsuccessful.

XXXIX. There is a song by Henry Fielding, of two verses only which do not differ essentially from the first two of this, by Leveridge. "The music of Macbeth, now popularly known as Lock's, is the composition of Richard Leveridge, and was performed for the first time on the 25th January, 1704. Lock's music, composed in the reign of Charles II. is entirely different." (See Dr. Rimbault's edition of North's *Memoires of Music*, p. 97.)

XL. This is the only tune I have admitted by a foreign composer,—if Handel, who lived and worked among us for half a century, made himself an Englishman by law, and left his MSS. in our charge, can be regarded as a foreigner. The above was worked into *The Beggar's Opera* by Pepusch, also a native of Germany, and a "naturalized" Englishman.

XLIV. The tune here printed is much older and, I cannot but think, much superior to that which Carey himself adapted to his verses.

XLVII. One of the most pleasing productions of Charles Dibdin (b. 1745, d. 1814), poet, musician, and vocalist. His lyrics alone, which form only a portion of his writings, fill two closely printed volumes (roy. 8vo.) in Davidson's Edition. The Editor, Mr. Hogarth, says well of him, "Dibdin united in his own person the characteristics of the bards of the olden time. He gave to the world, through the medium of his own recitations, his own poetry and his own music. In modern days he is absolutely without a parallel."

XLVIII. A tune whose nationality is disputed. (Compare IV.) It is invariably assumed that the Welsh melody *Llwyn Onn* and the above have a common origin. But is the resemblance so close as to preclude the possibility of their derivation from independent sources?

NO.

L. The long *sequence* which forms the second section of this tune is suggestive of a Cambrian origin.

LVII. Mr. Chappell has thoroughly disposed of the Irish claim to this melody. The termination of *As slow our Ship*, in the "Irish Melodies," is doubtless Moore's own.

LXIII. Another "Irish Melody," undoubtedly of English origin. The writer of *Believe me, if all those endearing young charms* may, however, be pardoned his abduction, in consideration of the immortal verse to which he has married the music he ran away with.

LXIV. To be found in most collections of "Scottish Songs," —probably on account of the single iambic foot with the emphasis on the first syllable,—so characteristic of, though by no means peculiar to, Scottish melody.

LXVI. "*The Blue Bell of Scotland*, a favourite ballad, as *composed* and sung by Mrs. Jordan at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane," was entered at Stationers' Hall on the 13th of May, 1800. (See Chappell's *Pop. Mus. p.* 793.

LXIX. The *British Musical Miscellany* was published by Walsh, well-known from his connexion with Handel. Like too many musical works it is without date, which is supplied however in this case by the "song and *spinet*, and the allusion to *From Rosy Bowers*, the finest of Purcell's "Mad" Songs. Purcell died in 1695, from which year till 1710, that of Handel's arrival in England, no other musician's works were tolerated here.

LXXI. Commonly and rightly regarded as one of the most characteristic of English melodies. The *disjunct* intervals are all drawn from the chords of the *tonic dominant* and *sub-dominant*—chiefly from the former two.

LXXIII. Entitled, in the *British Musical Miscellany*, "A Yorkshire Song."

LXXV. Too diffuse, if not too long, for a "national" melody; but the last four bars are exquisite. It is to be regretted that Dibdin's science, of which he had enough to awaken his ambition, fell short of enabling him to develop his ideas in an orderly manner.

LXXVIII. Introduced, as a *Round*, by Shield into his opera, *Rosina*.

LXXXV. The one song which still keeps its favour of John Percy, a prolific and popular melodist of the last century. The third verse is, I suspect, not by the same hand as the former two.

LXXXVI. Few melodies of the present century have enjoyed wider popularity than this; nor is it the only one by the same composer which has known the same fate.

XCII. By a comparison of dates, Mr. Chappell has disposed of the claim of Falconer, the author of *The Shipwreck*, to this song. The patience of no modern audience, nor indeed the lungs of any contemporary

NO.

singer, would support them through this lyric, with which Incledon has, in the memory of men living, roused many a crowded house to a very frenzy of excitement.

XCVII. At least as old as the beginning of the sixteenth century. Conformably to the rules of old tonality, the B in the middle of the third bar, following so soon on the F at the beginning of it, should be *flat*. The tune is in the first, or Dorian, *mode*.

C. A contribution to Playford's *Select Ayres and Dialogues*, by a veritable *Maestro*, who, educated under the rule of the old tonality, has here shown that he understood, and liked, the new.

CIII. Storace, though of Italian parentage, was born in England.

CIV. The resemblance of the first phrase of this melody to that of *The Heavens are Telling* has often been remarked. Hook's tune must have been current at the time of Haydn's visit to London in 1791.

CVII. I have made a slight excision from this pretty and once very popular tune, which those who know the somewhat desultory original will easily excuse.

CVIII. Mr. Alexander Smith has not included these verses in his recent and careful edition of Burns, to whom, in most copies of the song, they are assigned.

CX. The melody to which Moore has adapted his elegant *When through life unblest we rove*. There seems no reason to doubt its English origin.

CXI. I took down this melody from the singing of my late friend Mr. Robert Usher, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who had been familiar with it from his earliest youth as an old and *local* tune. There is another and inferior version in Thomson's *Scottish Songs* (vol. ii. p. 62), entitled *My Jo, Janet*.

CXII. Another of the "Irish Melodies," entitled by Moore *Basket of Oysters*. "It has been a favourite tune," says Mr. Chappell, "from the time of Elizabeth to the present day." There are two versions of it, of which the one printed is the more modern.

CXIII. I have re-modelled the second, and re-written the third, verses of this cleverly designed song, which, in its original form, could not have been included in this collection. The tune has much character.

CXIV. More has been written about this song than anybody is likely ever to read. Mr. Chappell has *condensed* the facts or opinions most worthy of attention in respect to the origin and authorship both of the words and music, into fifteen entertaining pages, royal octavo! at the end of which, with provoking impartiality, he leaves "the verdict as to authorship in the heads of 'his' readers"—an example which the exigencies both of time and space oblige me to follow.

CXV. "There is a series of old rustic songs," says Mr. Chambers, "commemorating 'a bonnie lass,' also the 'braw, braw lads of Gala Water,' and which were sung to a beautiful simple air of one strain." These have been, for the most part, superseded by Burns' song, written, to the same air, for Thomson's Collection.

CXVI. Said to be old, on what evidence I know not,—surely not on *internal* evidence. Burns wrote a narrative ballad to this tune, too long for insertion here.

CXVII. Mr. Chappell regards this beautiful melody as "a mere modification" of the English tune, *I am the Duke of Norfolk*, which "has remained in constant and popular use from the early part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth down to the present time." Moore has included it, modified as usual, in his Irish Melodies, under the name *Cruiskin Lawn*. Whatever be its origin or date, its interest and popularity are due entirely to the words with which it is now universally associated. By right of conquest, at least, it is a Scottish song.

CXX. Burns has re-cast this song, of which I have printed the original words.

CXXI. Composed originally, I suspect, in D, and, like many other Scottish melodies, by a violin player. The cadences are very suggestive of *open* strings.

CXXII. Curious on account of its uncertain tonality.

CXXIII. Probably Irish.

CXXV. I have not succeeded in learning anything about the origin or date of this magnificent melody, the germ of which is undoubtedly old. It is in the 3rd mode, modulating in the second section into the *Modo Lascivo* of the old masters—our "natural scale." No attempt at harmonization with which I am acquainted shows the slightest recognition of this. Burns has written some plaintive and incongruous words to this tune, which, for individuality—the first quality in a tune—strength, and sweetness, is all but unequalled in its class. I refer those who are curious about Roy's wife, or her husband, to the pages of Mr. Chambers.

CXXVIII. The first two lines are from an old dialogue between a mother and daughter; the subject being the eligibility of Auld Rob Morris, who has fourscore *years* as well as fourscore sheep, as a husband. (See Chambers' *Songs of Scotland*, p. 210.) The topic and the treatment of Burns' song are his own.

CXXIX. There is a touching "old ballad" in *The Scottish Minstrel* (vol. iii. p. 58) of the tune of which the above seems to be a more modern adaptation.

CXXXI. In the 1st tone, transposed to the fourth above.

CXXXII. Another *violin* tune, originally in D (See CXXI.). It is certainly modern, and, I think, overrated.

CXXXIII. In the 8th tone, transposed one degree lower. The

NO

last phrase has evidently been modernized. The words were written in the summer of 1803, "when it was understood that a negotiation for bringing Mr. P(itt) again into office had failed." (See Thomson's Collection, vol. iv. p. 153.)

CXXXIV. "This song," says Mr. Chambers, "has found a lodgment in the hearts of Scotsmen in all parts of the earth, and must there remain while the words continue to be understood."

CXXXV. A fine example of a *plagal* tune, ending not on the *final* or key note, but on the 4th below it.

CXXXVI. This melody has been singularly fortunate in having called into existence two songs of entirely opposite character—the one the most defiant, the other the most resigned, in its tone, of their age and country. The tune requires an additional note at the beginning when sung to Lady Nairn's words.

CXXXIX. There is a Scottish version of this dialogue not differing in any important particular from that in Percy's *Reliques*, followed above.

CXL. A spirit-stirring Jacobite song. The second section has much character.

CXLI. From their place in Thomson's Collection these beautiful verses would seem to have been written to this tune, which is surely unworthy of them.

CXLIII. There is a song by Burns, *Thou hast left me ever, Tam*, in Thomson's Collection, to this tune, but Macneil's has a prior, and even a better, claim; and there was not room for both.

CXLVI. The first section of this melody is somewhat confused, but the second is exquisite.

CXLVIII. Mr. Chambers' version of this pleasing and popular song differs slightly from the above from Thomson.

CXLIX. Probably old, certainly beautiful. The sequence in the second section is found in more than one melody —of all nations.

CL. A tune which owes its individuality to the omission of the 4th of the scale, though the 7th is of frequent occurrence.

CLIII. No music has ever been more happily married to verse than this. Not to speak of its perpetual motion—hardly giving breathing-time to the singer —the gude wife's dazed condition is admirably expressed by the uncertain tonality of the tune which, beginning in G, leaves off, but cannot be said to end, in D.

CLV. Another violin tune—the original key D.

CLVI. The words usually sung to this tune, beginning— "In April when primroses paint the sweet plain," are by Allan Ramsay. I have printed the older and less known song.

CLX. This beautiful melody—claimed also by the Irish— has inspired both Burns and Moore. The songs,

NO.

From thee, Eliza, and *I saw thy form in youthful prime*, were both written to *Donald*. Burns' song will be found further on, adapted to another melody, hardly less beautiful.

CLXI. In the 8th tone, of which the final is G,—the F being, when used, *natural*.

CLXIV. Also in the 8th tone, transposed a degree lower.

CLXV. The melody all but identical with CLIII.: but the words are too characteristic of Burns, and too important in every way, to be omitted.

CLXVI. Burns has written a song to this tune, but it has not succeeded in displacing the older one of Allan Ramsay printed above.

CLXVII. There is a sad story connected with this touching song, for which I must refer the reader to Mr. Chambers' *Songs of Scotland*.

CLXIX. First published, possibly written, by Sir Walter Scott. The tune is in what Mr. Engel (See *Music of the most Ancient Nations*) calls the *pentatonic* scale—deficient both in the 4th and 7th sounds.

CLXXVII. No one of the innumerable *Jacobite Songs* is so well known as this.

CLXXIX. *One* of the most popular, and perhaps the best, of the Jacobite tunes. The second section is particularly striking and well-contrived.

CLXXX. I have included these two songs not so much on
CLXXXI. account of the tunes—albeit pretty ones—as of the words. The second verse of the former, and the fourth of the latter, are specially worthy, though for different reasons, of note.

CLXXXIV. A noble tune, thoroughly modern in character and construction.

CLXXXV. Founded on an old song, "from which nothing is borrowed but the first four lines." (Thomson.)

CLXXXVI. The tune to which this very celebrated song was originally written. It is in the 3rd tone, wherein there is a semitone between the 1st and 2nd sounds (E and F). The somewhat maudlin and ill constructed tune to which the words are usually sung is the composition of an English amateur.

CLXXXVIII. Closely resembling a song printed by Mr. Chambers, *The Piper of Dundee*.

CLXXXIX. Both words and music suggested by a much older song. The tune I have printed is diffuse, and, as a whole, incoherent; but individual phrases—the last for instance—are very beautiful.

CXCI. Having regard to the difficulty of developing mere melody to this length, this is one of the best tunes, pure and simple, with which I am acquainted. On the "rare sheet," from which Mr. Chambers has taken his copy, the air is said to have been "composed for the flageolet, by the late Charles Sharpe, of Hoddam, Esq. *when seven years old!*" It is difficult to

xo.

conceive any kind or quantity of evidence that would make this statement credible. Are there any other compositions extant attributed to this *maestro*, of the same, or even of later, date?

CXCV. There is considerable variety in the published copies of this tune. Choice in this case is only to be guided by internal evidence.

CXCVIII. No tune in existence has been presented in so many and such very various shapes as this. There is more than one Scottish or Anglo-Scottish version, another by Moore, besides the above, which Bunting believed to be the original. It is unfortunate that one of the first and worst of these varieties should have been adopted as the *motif* of an opera likely to enjoy a long term of popular favour, Boieldieu's *Dame Blanche*.

CCI. There is much dignity, as well as grace, especially in the opening of this tune.

CCII. The 9th and 10th bars are "an insertion" by Moore. By omitting these bodily, the reader will be able to compare the original tune with the interpolated version, printed above for the sake of the words, which are well worthy of a greater sacrifice to historical accuracy.

CCIV. Moore has slightly altered this tune—why, it would be hard to say. The same remark might often be made, and the same question as often asked.

CCV. Mr. Chappell has called attention to the resemblance which this tune, and even its original words, bear to the celebrated English canon, *Sumer is y-comin in.* (See *Pop. Mus. of the Olden Times*, v. i. p. 23.).

CCVII. *The tither Morn*, in the *Scottish Minstrel*, is nearly identical with this.

CCIX. There is a song, based on the old one, which has given its name to this tune, by Burns (See Thomson's Collection, vol. i. p. 21), which contains two of his best lines—

"The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, oh!"

The tune is, however, probably Irish, and is never likely again to be sung to other words than Moore's.

CCXII. Altered in the *Irish Melodies* by the repetition of several phrases—as "echoes."

CCXII. Moore has written a song, *They came from a Land beyond the Sea*, to this tune—of which he has altered the first phrase, not at all for the better.

CCXV. No tune has suffered from Moore's handling more severely and unaccountably than this.

CCXVI. Moore has altered almost every phrase of this tune, and added four bars to it.

CCXVII. Intact—even in the *Irish Melodies!* But a single touch would have annihilated a thing so delicate, so coherent, so refined.

NO.

CCXVIII. Only altered from the original by repetition of certain phrases.

CCXIX. The plan of this tune is uncommon,—the first strain being twice repeated, and each time with a difference, which, without injury to its unity, prevents its great length from being felt.

CCXX. Moore's *Silence is on our festal Halls* is to this tune.

CCXXI. I suspect this tune to be Welsh. Bunting adopts it without remark. But all is fish that comes into a national collector's net.

CCXXII. A tune altogether unworthy of the words.

CCXXV. Moore has substituted an additional *close* (the original having already three) for the fine sustained repetitions at the line

"Led the red-branch knights to danger."

CCXXVI. A magnificent melody, and certainly not an old one. This tune appears in Thomson's Collection of *Scottish Songs*, without note or comment. On internal evidence I have placed it here.

CCXXVII. In its present shape this tune has taken too strong a hold on public favour to bear "restoration," even were restoration to be desired. Like No. CXCVIII. it forms the *motif* of a popular opera, Flotow's *Martha*.

CCXXX. In the 7th tone, transposed a third lower.

CCXXXIII. Slightly altered by Moore.

CCXXXIV. Like many of Moore's songs this has a double meaning, and refers to the *country*, as well as to the mistress, of the singer

CCXXXV. A melody which has inspired several lyrics besides the above.

CCXXXVII. I have followed the copy in Thomson's Collection, from which Moore's differs at the words, "Which near our planet smiling came."

CCXL. See note to CCXXXIV.

CCXLIII. Some excuse may be made for Moore's alterations in the first phrase of this air, but the mutilation of the second is unpardonable.

CCXLV. *Not one* phrase of this tune is intact in the *Irish Melodies*.

CCL. "This melody was brought into notice by the words, 'Of noble race was Shenkin,' adapted to it by Tom Durfey, in his play of the 'Richmond Heiress,' A.D. 1693." (Thomas's *Welsh Melodies*.)

CCLI. Hitherto chiefly known in connexion with Mrs. Opie's song, *Poor Mary Anne*.

CCLIV. Supposed to be identical with No. XLVIII. *Cease your funning*.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

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