

James Johnson



Price 7/6.

N.B. the Major part of the Poetry was written on purpose to suit the measure of these elegant Ballads.

LONDON Printed & Sold by Longman & Broderip, N^o 26, Cheapside & N^o 43 Hay Market.

Entered at Stationers Hall.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

<https://archive.org/details/twelveballads00hayd>

IRIS

The Words by W^m Pearce Esq^r

Poco Adagio

In this still re-tire-ment fair I-ris I view'd Her beauty en-

s for: chant-ed her man-ner sub-dued; *Sy* In ef-fa-ble

h sweet-ness each fea-ture ar-ray'd each fea-ture ar-ray'd

And the ma-gic of Love in her bright tresses play'd, the ma-gic of *for:*

for:

pia.
Love in her bright tresses play'd. *Sf*
pia.

pia.

2

The Fair thus resifless pass'd careless along,
Praise follow'd her footsteps and bless'd her in song;
For sure ev'ry virtue adorns that soft breast,
Whose Snow gave to Innocence hint for a Vest.

3

In what dripping Grotto - what blossom-fenc'd Bow'r,
Sequesters the Beauty from noon's burning pow'r?
Afsift in the search, O ye gay Village Swains,
And the smile on her lips will requite all your pains.

4

But why shoud I tempt you her charms to behold!
Why lure you to bondage with fetters of gold!
In love 'tis most pleasing to suffer alone,
And the loss of your hearts wont recover my own.

AN ADDRESS TO THE UNSUCCESSFUL LOVER

Adagio

sfor.

In vain O hap - less Lo - - ver Thou fight for De - lia's charms These

sfor.

sfor.

Eyes her with dif - co - - ver To blefs an - - o - - - thers arms These

Eyes her with dif - co - - ver To blefs an - - o - - - thers arms Sy

fizz.

3

for. Yet not a - lone a -

sfor. *sfor.* *sfor.*
 - - do - ring Thou mark'ft the Nymph di - vine Thou mark'ft the Nymph di - vine Un -

sfor. *sfor.* *sfor.*
 - - number'd hearts de - plo - ring Like thee for De - lia pine Like thee - - - for

Sy
 De - - - lia pine.

THE TEAR

The Words by Major Waller

for. *fua.* *m*

sfor. Long had Al-can-dor fight-d in vain And *m*

sfor. felt loves a-go-ni-zing pain *Sy* *f* *sfor.* Nor

sfor. could Eu-phra-fia then dif-co-ver By words-her tor-ments

to - - her Luv-er For mo--def--ty in both con-veal'd What na-ture wif'd to

have re-veal'd. *sfz:* *piz:*

2

Meeting her once by chance in tears,
 He ventur'd to declare his fears;
 And ardently he fought to know
 The source from whence those tears could flow;
 For, in a Form so heavenly fair,
 He thought no grief could harbour there.

3

Nor could she then the cause confess,
 But softly said look nigh and guess!
 With faltering accent as she speaks,
 The Dew-drops glisten down her cheeks
 Whilst he no further could advance,
 Than just to cast a timid glance.

4

In dread suspense, the Youth espies
 A Tear, just starting from her Eyes;
 He gaz'd, and (what he least expected)
 The crystal Orb himself reflected:
 With modest vows he own'd his flame,
 And what he saw he dar'd to name.

5

With transport next he snatch'd a Kiss,
 And drank the Tear, on hearing "Yes!
 Reserve at length, was laid aside,
 Euphrasia made his happy Bride;
 And may no Ills their bliss destroy;
 But, all their tears be tears of joy!

INCONSTANCY

The Words by Peter Pindar Esq^r

Allegretto

Thou toldst me

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff in G major and 2/4 time. The treble staff contains the vocal melody, and the bass staff contains the piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'.

sweet per-fi-dious Maid That spring should lose her va-ri-ed bloom Thou toldst me sweet per-fi-dious

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Sy
Maid That spring should lose her va-ri-ed bloom That Cynthia's

The third system includes a 'Sy' (Crescendo) marking above the treble staff. The lyrics continue below the staff.

fil'ry beam should fade And Sol no more the World il-lume When thou the pride of ev'-ry

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

9

Grove Shouldst cease to blefs me with thy love.

2

Spring boasts her bloom and Cynthia's rays
 Still chace the solemn Shades of Night;
 Whilst Sol with undiminish'd blaze,
 Pours on the Globe his golden light:
 And ah! my trembling lips declare
 That thou art false as thou art fair.

3

But thou wilt say "ah! filly Swain
 How dares thy love to her aspire
 For whom a thousand sigh in vain
 And kindle with a hopelefs fire"
 I own the folly - but what breast
 Swells not with wishes to be blest?

THE COTTAGERS

The Words by W.th Pearce Esq.

Vivace

From this roof young Willy went,

When the Lark first left its bed; *for:* Whis'ring be my Love content

I to distant Vales must tread. *for:* But when Ev'-nings Star ap-pears

Thro' the dews I'll seek this spot, Thro' the dews I'll seek this spot

Let me kiss a - - way thy Tears let me kiss a - - way thy Tears, 'Tis with grief I leave the

cres. *for.* *pia.*

Sy
Got. *for.*

2

This he said then strode away
 O'er the heathy mountain far:
 O to guide him left he stray
 Rife thou blest Ev'ning Star!
 See it beams! - and hark his song!
 Sweetly to my ear 'tis borne,
 Blithe my Shepherd trips along
 Faithful to his vows at morn!

AN INVOCATION TO VENUS

Allegretto

Sweet God - de - ss of beau - - - ty and

plea - - - sure Oh bring to my bo - - - fom its trea - - - sure

Give to my Arms Di - - - o - - - ne's charms That fix each raptur'd

Eye Those lips be mine And smiles di-vine For which a thou-sand sigh. *Sigh*

Ah!

2

Ah! grant to my wishes her graces
 With her shouldst thou bless my embraces
 In ev'ry kiss
 An age of bliss
 This happy heart would know
 To live with her
 Is Joy sincere
 But ah! without her woe.

THE KNITTING GIRL

From the German; by M^r Holcroft

Adagio

Sy *sf.*

sf. *lia.* Hark Phil - lis hark thro' yon - der Grove Re - spon - sive Na - ture

Sy *sf.* fings Love seeks the deep em - bowerd Alcove And lends swift Fancy wings.

sf. All^o Phillis heard but Phillis fat Si - lent

Sy

knitting

Silent knitting at her Cottage gate

Phillis

Sy

heard but fat silent knitting at her Cottage gate.

2

Enthron'd he's seated in thine Eye;

Where he tho' blind, can see

Himself reflected in each sigh

He bids me breathe for thee. Phillis heard &c:

3

Lo towards the Bow'r he beckons now;

Oh! rife and come away!

From ill to ward thee is his vow;

To guard, and not betray.

Phillis heard, but Phillis fat

No longer knitting at her Cottage gate.

Can sighs and tears re-gain the false Man e-ver? No never ne-

---ver.

Sy

2

3

Most hapless Woman! Man most base and cruel;
 Why are neglect and scorn Love's fiercest fuel?
 Why, Nature, mad'st thou Women so believing
 Men so decieving.

Ten thousand shrieks and cries, thy ears assailing,
 Shall rend thy perjured heart, its guilt bewailing:
 Yet no! they look! and none, tho' wretched living,
 Die unforgiving.

4

To life and light adieu, farewell false Rover;
 Henceforth thy Joys and pangs, oh love, are over:
 Thy taunts, oh World, which never me befriended,
 Are now all ended.

AN OLD STORY

The Words by M^r. Holcroft

Allegro

Stacc
fua: cres

Young Hal call'd soft-ly rife my dear 'Tis
fua:

I your true Love can't you hear Young Hal call'd soft-ly rife my dear 'Tis I your true Love

can't you hear He tapp'd and tapp'd im-pa-tient grown A-gain he call'd and

Sy
faid Why Nan-cy love wou't you come down No, no; re-plied the

Sy
Maid.

2

The wind is bleak, the night is dark,
 Disturbed the Village watch-dogs bark;
 Full five long miles for thee I've come,
 O'er dreary Moorlands stray'd,
 Rise from thy bed and make me room:
 No, no; replied the Maid.

3

Then doleful turn'd he from the door,
 And cur'd his fate, and love forswore!
 But as he turn'd he heard the key,
 As tho' to creak afraid!
 You'll not prove false, sure, whisper'd she;
 No, no; my charming Maid!

4

Thrice kiss'd the Lovers; thrice the Clock
 Beat on the Bell; thrice crow'd the Cock;
 Yet still right loath was Hal to go,
 Tho' Nancy begg'd and pray'd:
 Till the laughing Neighbours cried oh ho!
 Is it fo my pretty Maid!

THE FLAME OF LOVE

The Words by Mathew Prior Esq:

Adagio

Whiff!

s for:

I am scorcht with hot de-fire, In vain cold friendship you re-turn;

By

In vain cold friendship you re-turn:

By

Your drops of pi-ty ou my fire A-

pian:

- lafs! but make it fiercer burn. Your drops of pi--ty on my fire A--

- lafs - - - but make - - - it fierc - - - er burn.

2

Ah! would you have the flame suppreft
 That kills the heart it heats too faft,
 Take half my Pafion to your breaft,
 The reft in mine fhall ever laft.

MOLLY CARR

When I at my window am ga-zing 'Tis not at a Co-met or Star But an

ob-ject more bright and more plea-sing The face of my fweet Mol-ly Carr

No Daph-ne no Chlo-e nor Phil-lis Tho' Po-ets put them on the

par- tho' Po-ets put them on the par- With beauties of Ro-fes and Lil-lies Can

vie with my fweet Mol-ly Carr Can vie with my fweet Mol-ly Carr.

2

Ye Soldiers who boast in your Prattle,
 Yet always hope danger is far,
 You're more safe from the Cannons in Battle
 Than the Eyes of my fweet Molly Carr:
 The Prelate so famous for teaching,
 The excellent virtues of Tar,
 Had he seen her he'd left off his Preaching,
 To treat of my fweet Molly Carr.

3

Ye Lawyers who make yourselves drudges,
 With much dirty work at the Bar,
 You wou'd quit all your fees and the Judges,
 To plead to my fweet Molly Carr:
 Ye Doctors so learned in Phycic,
 Who nature's decays can repair,
 May search but you'll find no specific,
 So certain as fweet Molly Carr.

4

Let those out of play with the Nation,
 With great ones eternally jar,
 I am humbly content with my station,
 So smiles but my fweet Molly Carr:
 Tho' rich as a Croesus in treasure,
 In kingdoms as great as a Czar,
 All, all I wou'd lay down with pleasure,
 At the Feet of my fweet Molly Carr.

MYRA

Written by Lord Lyttleton in 1732

Allegretto

Say My-ra why is

Sy

gentle love A stranger to that mind; Which pi-ty and esteem can move; Which

Sy

can be just and kind? which can be just and kind.

2

Is it because you fear to share
 The Ills that love molest,
 The jealous doubt, the tender care,
 That rack the am'rous breast?

3

Alas! by some degree of woe
 We ev'ry bliss, must gain:
 The heart can ne'er a transport know,
 That never feels a pain.