






# ENGLISH MINSTRELSIE

A Monument of English Song.



Edited by  
S. Haring-Gould.





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# English Minstrelsie

A National Monument of English Song

COLLATED AND EDITED, WITH NOTES AND  
HISTORICAL INTRODUCTIONS, BY

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THE AIRS, IN BOTH NOTATIONS, ARRANGED BY

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IN EIGHT VOLUMES

VOLUME THE EIGHTH



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# NOTES TO SONGS

## VOL. VIII.

**Come Cheer up your Hearts** (p. 1).—The melody to this very popular drinking song was by John Sheeles, a teacher of the harpsichord, and the author of two collections of lessons for that instrument. His compositions gave token of considerable musical ability, and they are vastly above those of Dieupart and Holmes, writers of the same period. This song is in the fifth volume of Watts' "Musical Miscellany," 1731; "The Merry Musician," 1716; "The Convivial Songster," 1782; "The Hive," 1732, vol. ii., &c. The song, "Come Cheer up your Hearts," long retained its popularity, and was sung even into this century.

The ballad, "Come Cheer up your Hearts," was a composition of Martin Parker, King of Ballad Writers, or of Laurence Price. It was printed between 1607 and 1640, and is in the Roxburghe Collection. The title of the song is "A Health to all Good Fellowes, or the Good Companion's Arithmaticke," and was originally sung to the air "To Drive the Cold Winter away," which we give in this volume. In the original there are twelve stanzas.

**The Morning-Break** (p. 4).—An old and well-used English melody. The song, words and music, are in Watts' "Musical Miscellany," vol. ii., 1729. The words were by Arthur Bradley. They have been slightly altered. By whom the air was composed is not known. The melody was taken into the Ballad Opera of "The Fashionable Lady," 1730—

"Your Cupid, and your Hymen now,  
When they prepare the marriage vow,  
Assume the wily lawyer's brow,  
And ask what jointure friends allow."

**The Maid of Doncaster** (p. 6).—This is the air generally known as "The Northern Lass," but as we have given William Fisher's "Northern Lass," we here employ the secondary title.

In "Folly in Print," 1667, is given the ballad relative to this damsel, Betty Maddocks, who bargained that she would wed only with that suitor who could tire her out in dancing. A hundred cavaliers essayed it, but she wearied them all. The ballad has been rewritten twice. The original begins—

"There dwells a maid in Doncaster,  
Is named Betty Maddocks;  
No fallow deer, so plump and fair,  
E'er fed in park or paddocks.  
Her skin as sleek as Taffy's leek,  
And white as t'other end on't,  
Like snow doth melt, so soon as felt,  
Could you but once descend on't.  
A hundred horse, beshrew my heart,  
At once did ride on wooing,  
And by a stout commander ledde,  
With hopes of mighty doing.  
No officer, no brigadier,  
Nor quarter-master sent her,  
With all their horse and mighty force,  
Could her affections enter.  
Of seven husbands I have read,  
But of a hundred never,  
And since I cannot marry all,  
For one I will endeavour.

This I propose, and him I'll choose—  
For I will have this trial—  
But daunce me down; I am his own;  
He shall have no denial.

They danc'd a jig, but fell so fast,  
There's none could bear up to her,  
Only the gallant that came last  
Made oath he would undo her.  
She, smiling, said, 'Poor me, a maid  
Must live a little longer,'  
And straight she forced him off the ground,  
Now hopes to find a stronger."

As the ballads on this fair maid are very long—some sixteen stanzas—I have ventured on a third rewriting of the same theme, and have condensed it into four. The air is found in "The Merry Musician," 1716, to "The Sugar Plum." It is in "Pills to Purge Melancholy," to a song by D'Urfey, "Great Lord Frog and Lady Mouse," and is in the opera, "Momus turn'd Fabulist" (air xxxvii.). The tune was carried into Scotland, and there appropriated to "Muirland Willie," and published as a Scotch tune in "Orpheus Caledonicus," 1725. Its first appearance in print is in Walsh's "Country Dances," 1713. Originally the tune was a grave and stately one, but D'Urfey turned it into a lively strain, and the Scotch adopted his rendering of it. The tune is introduced into "The Intriguing Chambermaid," 1734.

**The Spring is A-coming** (p. 8).—The song by Tony Aston that begins "The Spring is A-coming," gave its title to this air, but it is also called "The Bath Medley." It is found in Playford's "Dancing-Master," and in Walsh's "Dancing-Master," under the name of "Humours of the Bath." It was introduced into a number of Ballad Operas, as "The Wedding," 1729; "The Beggars' Wedding," 1729; "The Lovers' Opera," 1729; "The Devil to Pay," &c.

The original song by Aston is printed with the music in Watts' "Musical Miscellany," 1729, vol. i. p. 161, and again the tune is given to Coffey's song, "Young Virgins, Love Pleasure," in the fifth volume, from "The Beggars' Wedding."

The original words having no interest nowadays, I have rewritten the song, keeping as near to Aston's first verse as possible.

Here is his second verse—

"Bless past comparisons, at Mr. Harrison's,  
Dice are rattling, beaus are prattling,  
Ladies walking and wittily talking;  
Madam, the medley is just begun."

Chappell in his "Popular Music" has given the first half of the tune only.

**Honest Men** (p. 10).—A robust old English song. It is found in "The Musical Miscellany" of Watts, 1730, vol. iii. There are four stanzas in the original. It is also in "The Hive," vol. i. 1732; in "The Convivial Songster," 1782; "Calliope," 1786 and 1788; Ritson's "English Songs," 1783, vol. ii. The song is introduced into "The Jovial Crew," 1731.

**Marriage, or, The Mouse Trap** (p. 12).—A vastly popular song; it is by Tom D'Urfey, and it was sung in "The

A



Country Wake," a play written by Thomas Dogget, the actor who bequeathed the annual coat and badge to the Thames watermen. The play was printed in 1696. Thomas Dogget died in 1721. The coat and silver badge were to be rowed for by six watermen, on the 1st August, being the anniversary of King George I.'s succession to the throne on the death of Queen Anne, though, in fact, he was not proclaimed till the 5th August. "The Country Wake" was recast as "Hob in the Well," by Colley Cibber, 1715; and again as "Flora," by Hipposley, in 1730.

The tune is in the second volume of the "Dancing-Master" of Playford, and was introduced into the "Beggars' Opera," "The Generous Freemason," and others.

D'Urfey reprinted his song in "Pills to Purge Melancholy," 1719, i. 250; and it is also in Watts' "Musical Miscellany," 1731, vol. v. It got into nearly all song-books of last century, and it generally bears the second title here given to it, but it is also called "Marriage." The air was used in "The Virgin Unmask'd," by Fielding, 1786.

**Northern Nancy** (p. 14).—This popular old air is contained in every edition of the "Dancing-Master" after 1665. It was one of the tunes called for by "The Hob-nailed Fellows" in "The Second Tale of a Tub," 1715, and by Sisly at the merry-making on the Queen's visit to Bath, 1688. To this tune was sung the favourite ballad of "Mock Beggar's Hall Stands Empty." The air is very similar, probably another version of "With my Flock as Walked I," a song of Queen Elizabeth's reign; the tune is in Elizabeth Roger's MS. Virginal Book in the British Museum. In the West of England a sudden storm from the north is termed a "Northern Nancy." New words have been composed to this tune, on the theme of a ballad sung to me by an old man some years ago. He had a very heavy cold, and I could not make much out of his tune, owing to his inability to reach the high notes. The ballad that he sang was much longer, and it belonged to a peculiar class of *test of sobriety* ballads, where, after each verse, the singer has to sing 1, 2, 3, 4, up to ten, or even further, and then reverse the numbers. If he can do this correctly he is esteemed not to be in the least fuddled.

In D'Urfey's song, "Jolly Roger Twangdillo of Plowden Hall," in "Pills," i. 20, 1719, is an allusion to this tune as a dance—

"She danc'd Northern Nancy,  
Ask'd 'Parley vous Fransay.'"

The ballad of the "Maid and the Lantern" I heard, was not quite such as could be printed without alterations, I have therefore largely toned it down.

**The Melancholy Nymph** (p. 16).—A song by Gay, which was set to music by Handel; it was sung in the pastoral farce of "What d'ye Call it?" acted at Drury Lane in 1715. Pope, who is thought to have assisted Gay in the composition of the piece, gives the following account of its reception:—"The farce of 'The What d'ye Call it' has occasioned many different speculations in the town. Some looked upon it as a mere jest upon the tragic poets; others, as a satire upon the late war. Mr. Cromwell, hearing none of the words, and seeing the action to be tragical, was much astonished to see the audience laugh; and says the Prince and Princess (afterwards George II. and Queen Caroline, then just arrived in England) must doubtless be under no less amazement on the same account. Several Templars, and others of the more vociferous kind of critics, went with a resolution to hiss, and confessed they were forced to laugh so much that they forgot the design they came out with. The court, in general, has very particularly come into the jest; and the three first nights were dis-

tinguished by very full audiences of the first quality. The common people of the pit and gallery received it at first with great gravity and sedateness, some few with tears; but after the third day they also took the hint, and have ever since been very loud in their claps. There are still some sober men who cannot be of the general opinion; but the laughers are so much the majority, that one or two critics seem determined to undeceive the town at their proper cost, by writing grave dissertations against it: to encourage them in which laudable design, it is resolved a preface shall be prefixed to the farce, in vindication of the nature and dignity of the new way of writing."

It must be added that the farce of "The What d'ye Call it" is vastly humorous and entertaining. The justices of peace administering law over their pots, the ghosts that rise and denounce them, and the absurd denouement are admirable.

The squire's son has brought the steward's daughter into trouble. A Christmas play is got up to amuse the justices, in which the young squire takes part as well as Kitty Carrot, the steward's daughter. They are to be married in the play, but the vicar will not lend his surplice for the purpose. The squire, very angry at this scruple, orders the vicar to do the job himself, and then is greatly dismayed to find that, in order to get the play properly performed, he has given himself a daughter-in-law.

The farce is worthy of Mr. Gilbert. Kitty introduces the ballad thus—

"You, Bess, shall reap with Harry by your side;  
You, Jenny, shall next Sunday be a bride;  
But I forlorn.—This ballad shows my care,  
Take this sad ballad, which I bought at fair,  
Susan can sing—do you the burthen bear."

**Way With these Self-lobbing Lads** (p. 18).—The verses were the composition of Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, and in the original are in five stanzas. He was born at Alcester in Warwickshire in 1554, and was early introduced into the Court of Queen Elizabeth, with whom he was a great favourite. He had the address to preserve the goodwill of James I. and Charles I., by the former of whom he was created Lord Brooke in 1620. He was assassinated by Ralph Heywood, one of his retainers, in 1628. The portrait of Lord Brooke and a memoir are in Lodge's "Portraits," vol. iii.

This song is taken from the first, the 1597, edition of "The First Booke of Songes or Ayres of Foure Partes, with Tablature for the Lute. So made that all the partes together, or either of them severally, may be sung to the Lute, Opherian, or Viol de Gambo." By John Dowland.

**Eke Lass With the Golden Locks** (p. 20).—This song was composed by the Reverend Christopher Smart, and the music is by Dr. Arne.

**The Well of S. Keyne** (p. 23).—The air is that of the Helston Furry Dance, performed every old May-day at Helston in Cornwall. At one o'clock on the 8th May a large party of ladies and gentlemen, in summer attire,—the ladies decorated with garlands of flowers, the gentlemen with nosegays and flowers in their hats, assemble at the Town Hall, and proceed to dance after the band, playing the traditional air. They trip in couples, hand in hand, during the first part of the tune, forming a string of from thirty to forty pairs, or perhaps more; at the second part of the tune the first gentleman turns with both hands the lady behind him, and her partner turns in like manner with the first lady; then each gentleman turns his own partner, and then they trip on as before. The other couples, of course, pair and turn in the same way, and at the same time.



The dancing is not confined to the streets, the house doors are thrown open, and the train of dancers enter by the front, dance through the house, and out at the back, through the garden, and back again. It is considered a slight to omit a house. Finally the train enters the Assembly Room, and there resolves itself into an ordinary waltz.

As soon as the first party has finished its course, another goes through the same evolutions, and then another, and so on; and it is not till late at night that the town returns to its peaceful propriety.

There is a general holiday in the town on Flora Day, and so strictly was this formerly adhered to, that any one found working on that day was compelled to jump across Pengella, a wide stream that discharges its waters into Loo Pool. As this feat was almost impracticable, it involved a sousing. The festival has by no means ceased to be observed, it has rather, of late years, been revived in energetic observance.

The words sung are—

"Robin Hood and Little John,  
They are both gone to the fair, O!  
And we will go to the merry greenwood  
To see what they do there, O!  
And for the chase, O! to chase the buck and doe!  
With Hal-an-tow, jolly rumbello!

And we were up as soon as the day, O!  
For to fetch the summer home.  
The summer and the May, O!  
Now the winter is agone, O!  
And for the chase, O! to chase the buck and doe!  
With Hal-an-tow, &c.

Where are these Spaniards  
That made so great a boast, O!  
Why, they shall eat the grey goose feather,  
And we will eat the roast, O!  
In every land, O! the land wherever we go,  
With Hal-an-tow, &c.

As for the good knight St. George,  
St. George he was a knight, O!  
Of all the knights in Christendom,  
St. George he is the right, O!  
In every land, O! &c.

God bless Aunt Mary Moses,  
And all her power and might, O!  
And send us peace in Merry England,  
Send peace by day and night, O!  
In Merry England, O! both now and ever, O!  
With Hal-an-tow, &c."

A very similar song is sung on May-day at Padstow to a much earlier air. That now employed at Helston is a hornpipe, not probably earlier than the beginning of last century. The Padstow song with its air is given in my "Garland of Country Songs." This Helston hornpipe is given in Jones's "Bardic Museum," 1802, ii. 97; also by Davies Gilbert in his "Cornish Christmas Carols," 2nd ed., 1823. Chappell set to it Southey's ballad of the Well of S. Keyne, in his "Old English Ditties." I have thought as well here to retain it set to this ballad.

**To all you Ladies now on Land** (p. 26).—A well-known song by the Earl of Dorset. It is said to have been written at sea, in the first Dutch war, 1665, the night before an engagement. But Dr. Johnson remarks on this: "Seldom any splendid story is wholly true. I have heard from the late Earl of Orrery, who was likely to have good hereditary intelligence, that Lord Dorset had been a week employed upon it, and only retouched or finished it on the memorable evening. But even this, whatever it may subtract from his facility, leaves him his courage."

This earl was Charles Saville, born 1638, who succeeded to the

earldom in 1677. He had been created Earl of Middlesex in 1675. At the time of writing the song he was Lord Buckhurst, and was a volunteer with the fleet.

Pepys mentions the song in his diary, under the date Jan. 2, 1664/5. He says: "To my Lord Brouncker's by appointment, in the Piazza, Covent Garden; where I occasioned much mirth with a ballet I brought with me, made from the seamen to the ladies in town." The statement that the song was composed the night before an engagement is irreconcilable with the facts. The engagement did not take place till June, 1665. In "Merry Drollery Complete," 1670, is a song, "My Mistress is a Shuttlecock," set to the same air. In "A Pill to Purge State Melancholy," 1715, the air is used for a "Soldiers' Lamentation for the loss of their General." The tune is in Watts' "Musical Miscellany," vol. iii. 1730, and in "The Convivial Songster," 1782, and was employed in several ballad-operas.

**In Praise of a Dairy** (p. 28).—This song is given to the air of long-standing popularity, "Packington's Pound," in Playford's "Musical Companion," Part II., 1687. The tune is found in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, and Shakespeare's ballad on Sir Thomas Lucy was written to it. The tune is found in "A New Book of Tablature," 1596; in a "Collection of English Songs," printed in Amsterdam, 1634; in "Select Ayres," 1659; in "A Choice Collection of 180 Loyal Songs," 1685; and in many other collections. It was used in the "Beggars' Opera;" to it were set "A Newgate Garland," and many another song.

The air is thought to derive its name from Sir John Packington, commonly called "Lusty Packington," who wagered that he would swim from the bridge at Westminster, *i.e.*, Whitehall Stairs, to that at Greenwich, for the sum of three thousand pounds. "But the good Queen (Elizabeth), who had particular fondness for handsome fellows, would not permit Sir John to run the hazard of the trial."

Sir John was the son of Sir Thomas Packington, and was born in 1549. He lived in such splendour that he squandered his estate. In 1593 he was granted a patent for starch, and he was given other emoluments, by means of which, and especially by means of a good marriage with Dorothy, daughter of Humphrey Smith, Queen Elizabeth's silk-man, he was able to retrieve his fortunes. He built the house of Westwood, where now hangs his portrait. He made a large pond there, but encroached on the highway. This led to disputes, and in a fit of anger he had the embankment cut and flooded the road. This pond has become pound in title of the air. He and his wife did not get on together very happily. In 1609 he and his "little violent lady parted upon foul terms." Sir John died in January 1624/5.

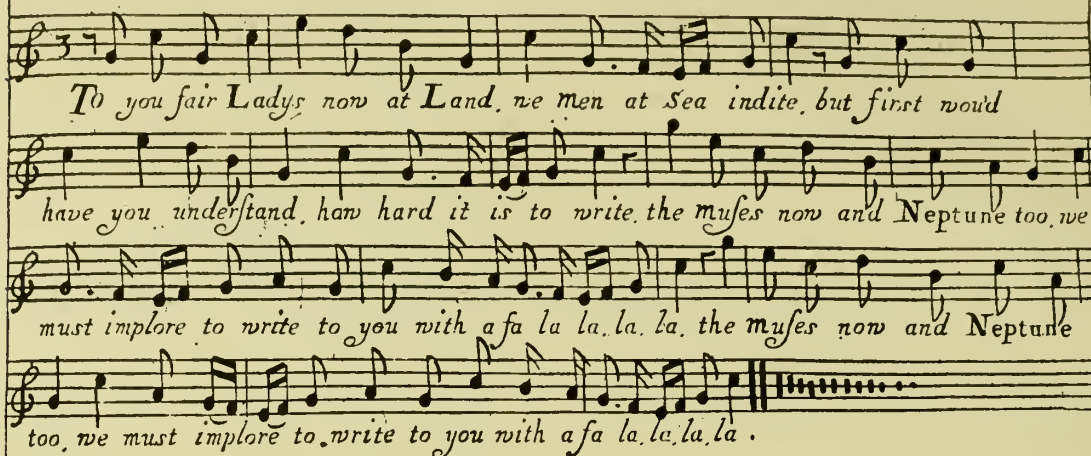
**He that Will not Merry, Merry be** (p. 30).—The tune belonged to a ballad, "The Three Merry Men of Kent," and as such was used in the opera of "The Jovial Crew," 1731. The song occurs in a good many collections of last century. It was introduced into Dr. Arne's and Bates' opera of "The Ladies Frolic," 1770, which was, however, merely a revival of "The Jovial Crew."

In "The Jovial Crew" there is but a single verse, and that is coarse.

**Sally in our Alley** (p. 32).—The author of the words was Henry Carey, and he also composed a melody for it, of some merit, though none of Carey's airs were of first quality. However, his tune has been discarded, and in place of it his words have been fitted to "The Country Lass," which is given in "Pills to Purge Melancholy," ii. 165, 1700 and 1707; ed. 1717, iv. 152. The tune is in "The Devil to Pay," 1731. The ballad is in black-



*A Ballad by the late L<sup>d</sup> Dorset when at Sea never before printed.*



To you fair Ladys now at Land, we men at Sea indite, but first woud  
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, the muses now and Neptune  
too, we must implore to write to you with a fa la, la, la, la.

2  
But though the muses shoud be kind,  
And fill our empty brain,  
Yet if rough Neptune cause the Wind,  
To rouse the Azure main,  
Our paper pens and ink and we,  
Rowl up and down our Ships at Sea,  
with a fa la,

3  
Then if we write not by each post,  
Think not that we're unkind;  
Nor yet conclude that we are lost,  
By Dutch by French or Wind,  
Our grief will find a speedier way,  
The tide shall bring them twice a day  
with a fa la.

4  
The King with wonder and surprize,  
Will think the Seas grown bold,  
For that the tide does higher rise,  
Then ere it did of old,  
But let him know that tis our tears,  
Sends floods of grief to white hall stairs,  
with a fa la.

5  
Shoud Count Thoulouse but come to know,  
Our sad and dismall story,  
The french woud scorn so weak a foe,  
Where they can get no glory,  
For what resistance can they find,  
From men as left their hearts behind,  
with a fa la.

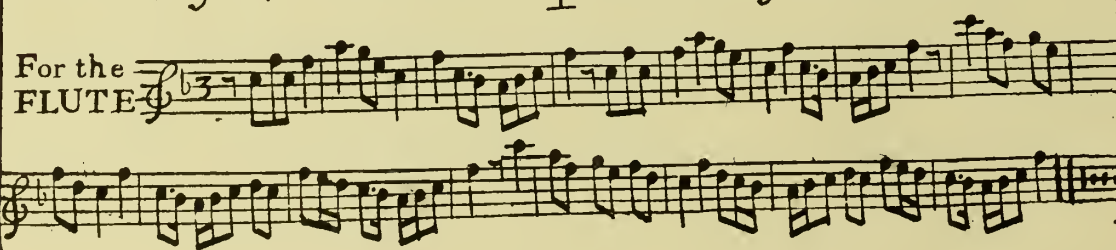
6  
To pass our tedious time away,  
We through the merry main,  
Or else at serious Ombra play,  
But why shoud we in vain,  
Each others ruin thus pursue,  
We were undone when we left you,  
with a fa la.

7  
When any mournfull tune you hear,  
That dyes in ery note,  
As if it sigh'd for each mans care,  
For being so remote,  
Think then how often Love we've made,  
To you while all those tunes were play'd,  
with a fa la.

8  
Let wind and weather do its worst,  
Be you to us but kind,  
Let french men vapour dutch men curse,  
No sorrows we shall find,  
Tis then no matter how things go,  
Nor who's our friend or who our foe,  
with a fa la.

9  
Thus haveing told you all our loves,  
And likewise all our fears,  
In hopes this declaration moves,  
Some pitty to our tears,  
Lets hear of no Inconstancy,  
We have too much of that at Sea,  
with a fa la, la, la, la.

For the FLUTE





letter in the Roxburghe Collection. The ballad begins, "What though I be a country lass, a lofty mind I bear-a." Carey gives us the occasion of his composing the ballad. "A shoemaker's 'prentice, making holiday with his sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet-shows, the flying chairs, and all the elegancies of Moorfields, from whence, proceeding to the farthing pye-house, he gave her a collation of buns, cheese-cakes, gammon of bacon, stuffed beef, and bottled ale, through all which scenes the author dodged them. Charmed with the simplicity of their courtship, he drew from what he had witnessed this little sketch of nature; but, being then young and obscure, he was very much ridiculed by some of his acquaintance for this performance, which nevertheless made its way into the polite world, and amply recompensed him by the applause of the divine Addison, who was pleased more than once to mention it with approbation." The ballad was sung to Carey's tune till about 1760.

**A Valentine** (p. 34).—This consists of a portion only of a long ballad printed about 1730, entitled, "The True Lovers' Good Morrow," in the Roxburghe Collection.

The air is that of "As at noon Dulcina rested," given in "Pills to Purge Melancholy," vi. 206, also used for "From Oberon in Fairy-Land." The ballad "As at noon Dulcina rested" is attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh. Both this and "From Oberon" are printed in Percy's "Reliques." The milkmaid in Walker's "Angler" says, "What song was it, I pray you? Was it, *Come, Shepherds, deck you heads, or, As at noon Dulcina rested?*" A good many songs were set to this very popular melody, and in 1642 it was used for a hymn in "Psalms and Songs of Sion; turned into the language and set to the tunes of a Strange Land." "From Oberon in Fairy-Land" was the ballad of "The Merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow," attributed to Ben Jonson. "As at noon Dulcina rested" is in "Pills to Purge Melancholy," 1719, v. 80, vi. 206.

**I live not Where I love** (p. 36).—An early ballad in black-letter, in the Roxburghe Collection, subscribed P. L., i.e. Peter Lowberry, and printed for Henry Gosson (1607-41). It consists of twelve stanzas, of which a cento has been formed for "English Minstrelsie." Various songs were set to this tune. A song by D'Urfey is in "Pills to Purge Melancholy," 1719, v. 80—it was also in his earlier edition of 1707, and begins—

"Did you not hear of a gallant sailor,  
Whose pockets they were lined with gold;  
He fell in love with a pretty creature,  
And I to you the truth unfold."

This song, says Mr. Chappell, "is still sung about the country, sometimes to a tune resembling that printed in 'Pills,' but more commonly to this air ('I live not where I love'). No tune seems to be more generally known by tradition. I have been favoured with copies from various and widely distant parts of the country. Captain Darnell had learnt it from old Harry Smith, the fiddler, of Nunnington, near Kirby Moorside; Mr. Edward Loder had repeatedly heard it in the West of England. . . . The versions from different parts of the country differ in some points, especially in the terminations of the phrases; but that might be expected, as it was gathered from untutored singers."

The form here used is that from the West of England, and it has a thoroughly Somersetshire ending.

In the black-letter ballad the song is directed to be sung to a northern tune, "Shall the Absence of my Mistress." There are twelve stanzas in Lowberry's ballad. I have slightly smoothed the original rugged metre to facilitate singing.

**Dulce Domum** (p. 38).—This old song, well-known to all school-boys, is said to have been written more than two hundred years ago by a Winchester scholar, who had been detained at the usual time of vacation for some offence or neglect, and chained to a tree. The unfortunate youth was so affected by the disgrace and his loss of liberty, that he died of a broken heart before the end of the holidays.

In memory of this sad incident, the scholars of Winchester, attended by the master, chaplains, organist, and choristers, formerly made a procession annually, before the beginning of the summer vacation, three times round the tree or post, singing the song.

Dr. Hayes attributes the composition of the music to John Reading, who was organist of Winchester College and Cathedral from 1681 to probably 1695, the date of his death. Reading composed the music to the three Latin Graces sung at the annual college elections. The printed copies of "Dulce Domum" ascribe the music to him, and the words to "Turner"; but no scholar of this name is to be found on the register of the college in Reading's time, and but one who had been a scholar was his contemporary; but he, Francis Turner, admitted in 1650, so far from dying as a boy of a broken heart, became Prebendary of St. Paul's, and then Bishop of Ely. He was one of the seven bishops brought to trial before the Court of Queen's Bench by James II. Before Francis Turner there were Edward Turner in 1477, John Turner in 1530, another Edward in 1551, again an Edward in 1620, and two Turners in 1522 and 1529.

Several English versions of the song have been made. The best is by Dr. Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrew's, and formerly second master of Winchester College.

**Balance a Straß** (p. 40).—This appears in an early half-sheet without composer's name. Chappell, in his "National Airs," says it was used by or written for one Mattocks, a posture-master, 1750; but in another place—in "Popular Music"—he says it was written for Jacob Hall, a rope-dancer.

In the "Universal Magazine" for 1761 it is set to the song I give, occasioned by a review of Colonel Burgoyne's troops in Hyde Park. It was also used for an air in the servants' medley in "Love in a Village," 1762; and in 1852 Charles Mackay wrote "The Green Lanes of England" to the air. The air bears a resemblance to "Joan's Placket is Torn," that we have already given. In an essay "On the Present State of Music among the Common People," for the "Monthly Miscellany" of February 1774, it is said: "What made our sailors despise the French in the late war? 'Hearts of Oak,' 'Balance a Straw,' and 'The Roast Beef of Old England.'"

The song first appeared in "The Reprisal," the words by Smollet, 1757—a poor play, but humorous. In it were introduced a Frenchman (Champignon), a Scotchman (Macclaymore), an Irishman (Oclaberry), and an English lieutenant (Lyon). The song was given to Harriet, an English girl courted by Champignon, and Miss Macklin sang it in personating Harriet. It runs thus—

"From the man whom I love though my heart I disguise,  
I will freely describe the wretch I despise;  
And if he has sense but to *balance a straw*,  
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau,  
Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow:  
A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon,  
In courage a hind, in conceit a gascoon.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,  
His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather;  
Yet, if he has sense but to *balance a straw*,  
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw."

This is the description of a Frenchman. The song without the music is in the "Universal Magazine," February 1757. It caught on with



the public, and became a favourite. Chappell is wrong, I believe, in saying it was written for either Mattocks or Hall; but these rope-dancers used the air which was composed for "The Reprisal" by James Oswald. It was introduced into "Clio and Euterpe," vol. i., 1758. Oswald was the author of "Ten Favourite Songs sung at Ranelagh," and published in 1755.

James Oswald was chamber composer to George III., appointed in 1761. He was a retailer of second-hand music in St. Martin's Churchyard, and was a Scotchman by birth. At the time of the Bute administration, when the court favoured Scotchmen, Dr. Arne was ignored when a musician was required for the court, and the appointment was given to Oswald.

**Ho! Stande the Glass Around** (p. 46).—This is called General Wolfe's song. It is found in "The Patron, or The Statesman's Opera," performed at the Haymarket in 1729. This was by Thomas Odell, a native of Buckinghamshire, and a man of fair estate, which, however, he ran through, and then set up a theatre in Goodman's Fields, which he opened in 1729; and for the first season it met with considerable success. But as the son of a city magistrate formed a connection with a performer at the theatre, this gave offence to the mayor and aldermen, and they obtained an order for it to be closed. Odell then transferred the theatre to Giffard, who rebuilt it in 1733. The original Goodman's Field's Theatre had been a silk throwster's shop.



NANCY DAWSON.

(From a Painting by Charles Spooner.)

**The Oak and the Ash, and the Bonny Bp** (p. 43).—A black-letter copy of this charming ballad is in the Roxburghe Collection, and was printed by P. Brooksby (1672-95). It is reprinted in Evans' "Old Ballads," 1810, i. 115. The tune is very early. It is found in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book as "Quodling's Delight," and it appears in all editions of the "Dancing-Master," from 1650 to 1701, under the name of "Godesses."

Other songs were sung to the same melody, and it may be worth while to notice that the once popular "Grandfather's Clock," sung so much in the streets about twenty years ago, is almost note for note with this tune.

In the original there are too many stanzas for use at the present day, when an audience will endure but three or four at the outside. I have here cut it down to five. The words are probably by Martin Parker.

The play of "The Patron" was not a success, but the song lived, and became popular. It occurs in "Vocal Music," 1775, vol. ii., and Shield introduced it into "The Siege of Gibraltar," 1780. General Wolfe sang this song the night before the battle of Quebec, in which he fell, 1759, and on this account it has been attributed to him as though he had composed it.

**After the Pangs** (p. 48).—The composer of the music of this song was John Ernest Gaillard, son of a wigmaker, born at Zell, in Hanover, in 1687. He was taught by Farinelli, and then by Steffani. Then he was taken into the service of George, Prince of Denmark; and, on the Prince's marriage with Queen Anne, Gaillard came to England, and became chapel-master to Catharine, the Queen-Dowager of Charles II., at Somerset House. He



composed a "Te Deum" and a "Jubilate," and anthems that were performed at St. Paul's, and thanksgivings for victories. He also set to music "Calypso and Telemachus," performed at the Haymarket Theatre in 1712. In 1728 he published "The Morning Hymn of Adam and Eve," taken from the "Paradise Lost." "Pan and Syrinx," an operetta in one act, was performed in 1717; other operas by him were "Jupiter and Europa," "The Necromancer, or Harlequin Faustus," "Pluto and Proserpine," "Apollo and Daphne." "With Early Horn" was a song from his "Royal Chase, or Helen's Cave." By singing this for a hundred nights Beard first attracted popularity.

Gaillard enriched English song with many delightful pieces. He has been unjustly neglected, for his compositions have character and originality. There are six in the first volume of Watts' "Musical Miscellany," 1729. As an instance of his sustained popularity, I may mention that I have heard an old miller in South Devon sing his hunting song in "Apollo and Daphne," "Away! away! we've crowned the day," so that it has lived from 1726, when first sung, till the present day—one hundred and seventy years. Most of Gaillard's work is so good that it is hard to make a selection; and yet we can only allow room for two of his compositions here. Gaillard, or Galliard, as he was at first called, died in 1749.

**Nancy Dawson** (p. 50).—The air is everywhere known, but not the song itself, that refers to a noted dancer in the reign of George II. She first appeared as a dancer at Sadler's Wells, and as she was graceful, pretty, and produced the novelty of singing as she danced, she became a vast favourite with the town, and was engaged for Covent Garden. In the original song are these lines, which tell something of the rage she caused—

"See how the Op'ra takes a run,  
Exceeding 'Hamlet,' 'Lear,' or 'Sun,'  
Though in it there would be no fun  
Was't not for Nancy Dawson.

Tho' Beard and Brent charm every night,  
And female Peachum's justly right,  
And Filch and Lockit please the sight,  
'Tis crowned by Nancy Dawson.

See little Davy strut and puff:  
Pox on the Op'ra and such stuff!  
My house is never full enough.  
A curse on Nancy Dawson!

Tho' Garrick he has had his day,  
And forced the town his laws t' obey,  
Now Johnny Rich is come in play  
With help of Nancy Dawson."

There is a scandalous attack on her in Stevens' "Dramatic History of Master Edward, Miss Ann, and Others," 1763. The Master Ned of this scurrilous book is Edward Shuter, whom Garrick pronounced to be the greatest comic genius he had ever known. Strange to say, Shuter was a follower of Whitefield, and he would sometimes attend five different meeting-houses on Sundays, and when very drunk could hardly be restrained from preaching in the streets. Shuter died in 1776. Stevens makes Whitefield thus describe Nancy: "I protest she is comely amongst the daughters of delight—yea, she is fair as the fairest females of Judah. She is more precious to my sight than the rose of Sharon or the snow-drops of Damascus; verily, my friend, my heart beateth to behold her, and I would sooner chuse to have her within my fold than both my fists full of the gold of Ophir." Shuter entered into an intrigue with Nancy, but, if Stevens is to be trusted, they soon quarrelled, and came to blows, and there is a copperplate illustration of the battle between them in the edition of 1785.

Nancy was very charitable, and had many good qualities. She

died in 1767, and was buried in the chapel of St. George the Martyr, Bloomsbury, where there is a tombstone to her memory, bearing the laconic inscription, "Here lies Nancy Dawson."

The tune of "Nancy Dawson" was printed as a country dance, and was arranged as "Miss Dawson's Hornpipe." It was introduced into "Love in a Village," 1762, as the housemaid's song—

"I pray, ye gentles, list to me;  
I'm young and strong, and clean to see,  
I'll not turn tail to any she  
For work that's in the county.

Ot all your house the charge I take,  
I wash, I scrub, I brew, I bake,  
And more can do, than here I speak,  
Depending on your bounty."

The tune is familiar to all children as "Here we go round the Mulberry Bush."

In the text I have struck out the verses referring to the theatrical affairs of the time of Nancy, and have substituted another. In "Snarllyow," Captain Marryat introduces a Nancy Dawson, but quite another person from the celebrated dancer.

The complete song of "Nancy Dawson" is, amongst other places, in "The Bullfinch" of 1763, p. 177, and "The Apollo, or The Songster's Universal Library," 1760.

My friend Mr. Kidson of Leeds writes me: "Regarding the tune 'Nancy Dawson,' I have a copy of it in a very rare old book of country dances, long prior to her time, bearing a very coarse title. This air she adopted for her evolutions on the stage between the acts of the 'Beggars' Opera.' Her dancing, combined with John Beard's 'Captain Macheath' and Miss Brent's 'Polly Peachum,' caused the piece to run fifty-two nights. This was in 1759, at Covent Garden; it is alluded to in the song. The song appeared adapted to the tune she danced to in the "Universal Magazine" for October 1760, and I am also in possession of an engraved half-sheet contemporary copy. In Thompson's book of hornpipes the tune is named 'Miss Dawson's Hornpipe,' and under this title is in many other dance-books *circa* 1760–1765. Other airs bearing her name are in existence, as, 'Miss Dawson's New Hornpipe' and 'Miss Dawson's Fancy,' but none attained the popularity of the first. It is said that a verse from her song was cut on her tombstone in St. George's Churchyard, but that it was expunged by order of the vicar. Goldsmith mentions Nancy Dawson the dancer in an epilogue intended to be spoken by Mrs. Bulkley—

'Hither the affected city dame advancing,  
Who sighs for operas, and dotes on dancing,  
Taught by our art her ridicule to pause on,  
Quits the ballet, and calls for Nancy Dawson.'

It is said that Charles Wesley composed a hymn to the tune 'Nancy Dawson,' but I am not able to verify the statement."

**Bonny Nell** (p. 52).—A lively air from one of the earliest editions of Playford's "Apollo's Banquet," probably of 1670. There can be little doubt that Nell Gwyn is the Bonny Nell intended. There do not seem to be any words extant to this air; but there was another tune called Bonny Nell that is to be found in "Pills to Purge Melancholy," iii. p. 54 (ed. 1719), to which was set a right dolorous ballad, commencing—

"As I went forth one summer's day,  
To view the meadows fresh and gay,  
A pleasant bower I espied,  
Standing hard by the river's side;  
And in't I heard a maiden cry,  
Alas! there's none e'er loved liked I."

This ballad is also in the Roxburghe Collection (i. p. 260, ed. Chappell & Ebsworth). It was to this latter tune that Dr. Richard



Corbett, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, wrote some verses beginning—

“It is not yet a fortnight since  
Lutetia entertained a prince.”

“After he was D.D.,” says Aubrey, “he sang ballads at the Cross of Abingdon. On a market-day, he and some of his comrades were at the tavern of the Cross (which, by the way, was the finest in England), and a ballad singer complained that he had no custom; he could not put off his ballads. The jolly doctor put off his gown, and put on the ballad-singer’s leathern jacket; and, being

I kissed her, and so did my wife; and a mighty pretty soul she is.”

Under date March 2, 1666/7. “After dinner, with my wife to the King’s house to see ‘The Maiden Queen,’ a new play of Dryden’s, mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strains of wit; and the truth is, there is a comical part done by Nell, which is Florimell, that I never care, however, to see the like done again, by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at the play. But so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girl, then most and best of all when she comes in like a young gallant; and



ELEANOR GWYN.

(From the Engraving, by J. Ogborne, of Sir Peter Lely’s Picture.

a handsome man, and having a rare full voice, he presently had a great audience, and vended a large number of ballads.”

As the words, if there ever were any, to the merry, roistering air of “Bonny Nell” that we give, have not yet been recovered, Mr. Sheppard has written some that correctly fit the character of the melody.

Pepys says, under date Jan. 23, 1666/7—“Here (at the King’s Theatre) in a box above, we spied Mrs. Pierce; and going out, they called us, and so we staid for them; and Knipp took us all in, and brought to us Nelly, a most pretty woman, who acted the great part of Coelia to-day very fair, and did it pretty well.

hath the motions and carriage of a spark, the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her.”

**The Hop-Planter** (p. 54).—A robust Kentish song of 1759, when the French were making preparations in Havre, Toulon, and other ports, for the invasion of England. In July of that year Rodney bombarded Havre, and the Toulon fleet was dispersed by Boscawen, whilst another was defeated by Hawke at Quiberon.

**Despairing beside a Clear Stream** (p. 56).—The same air to which was sung “Can Love be Controlled by Advice,”



a song in the "Beggars' Opera." The air is that of "Grim King of the Ghosts; or, The Lunatick Lover," reprinted by Percy in his "Reliques," and by Ritson in his "Select Collection of English Songs." The first stanza runs—

"Grim King of the Ghosts, make haste,  
And bring hither all your train;  
See how the pale moon does waste,  
And just now is in the wane.  
Come, you night-hags, with all your charms,  
And revelling witches, away  
And hug me close in your arms,  
To you my respects I'll pay."

"The Lunatick Lover" was printed by Richard Pocock between 1685 and 1688. It is included in Percy's "Reliques."

Another song to the same air was "The Father's Wholesome Admonition; or, A Tempting Pennyworth of Good Counsel to Bad Husbands," printed about 1688. It begins thus—

"My son, if you reckon to wed, and take to yourself a kind Wife,  
Pray then let it never be said but that you'll reform your old Life:  
There's many good pounds you have spent, the which you had reason  
to prize,  
But labour in time to repent; 'tis good to be merry and wise."

The tune got not only into the "Beggars' Opera," but also "The Devil to Pay."

To this air Rowe wrote his celebrated song, "Colin's Complaint." This we employ, as the song in the "Beggars' Opera" is in one verse only, and that would require modification to make it tolerable to modern taste. It begins—

"Can love be controlled by advice?  
Will Cupid our mothers obey?  
Though my heart were as frozen as ice,  
At his flame 'twould have melted away."

According to Dr. Johnson, Rowe wrote his song in allusion to his own situation with the Countess Dowager of Warwick, who preferred to him the more attractive Addison.

This poem provoked several parodies. One in 1735 begins—

"By the side of a great kitchen fire  
A scullion so hungry was laid;  
A pudding was all his desire,  
A kettle supported his head."

Another parody by Canning ran—

"By the side of a murmuring stream  
An elderly gentleman sat;  
On the top of his head was his wig,  
And atop of his wig was his hat.  
  
The wind it blew high and blew strong  
As the elderly gentleman sat,  
And bore from his head in a trice,  
And plucked in the river his hat.  
  
The gentleman then took his cane,  
Which lay by his side as he sat;  
And he dropp'd in the river his wig,  
In attempting to get out his hat.  
  
His breast it grew cold with despair,  
And full in his eye madness sat;  
So he flung in the river his cane,  
To swim with his wig and his hat.  
  
His head, being thicker than common,  
O'erbalanced the rest of his fat;  
And in plunged the son of a woman  
To follow his wig, cane, and hat."

In Watts' "Musical Miscellany," 1729, vol. i., is a song, entitled "Rosalind's Complaint," that begins—

"On the bank of a river so deep."

## VIII.

This also is set to "Grim King of the Ghosts." When Gay used the air for "Can Love be controlled by Advice?" he adopted his first line from a song by Mr. Berkeley, addressed to the notorious Viscountess Vane, whose hateful story is related by Smollett in "Memoirs of a Lady of Quality," introduced into "Peregrine Pickle."

Gay put the song into Polly Peachum's mouth, retaining only the first line of Berkeley's song.

The air is said to have been composed by one Russell, who also set "Young Daphne" and "The Shepherd's Complaint," "The Modest Question," included in "Apollo's Cabinet," 1757. The air was re-arranged by Balfe to a song called "The Lover's Mistake," which was sung by Madame Vestris.

**York. York. for my Monie** (p. 59).—The air is the old "Green Sleeves." In Nashe's "Have with you to Saffron-Walden," 1596, we have—"Doo as Dick Harvey did, that having preacht and beat doune three pulpits in inveighing against dancing, one Sunday evening when his wench or friskin was footing it aloft on the greene, with foote out and foote in, and as busie as might be at Rogero, Basilino, Turkelony, *All the Flowers of the Broom, Pepper is Black, Greene Sleeves, Peggie Ramsey*, he came sneaking behind a tree, and lookt on; and though hee was loth to be seene to countenance the sport, having said God's word against it so dreadfully, yet to show his good will to it in his heart, he sent her eighteenpence in hugger-mugger (in secret) to pay the fiddlers."

"Green Sleeves" has been one of the most popular tunes in England through four centuries. The tune is found in Dowland's lute MSS., and in William Ballet's Lute Book. It is in the "Dancing-Master," 1686, and was taken into the "Beggars' Opera" (air lxvii.) for the song "Upon Tyburn Tree." At the Revolution "Green Sleeves" became a Cavalier party tune, and to it was set the song of "The Blacksmith:"—

"Of all the trades that ever I see,  
There is none with the blacksmith's compar'd may be,  
For with so many several tools works he,  
Which nobody can deny."

It naturally travelled into Scotland, and was popularised there. It is still sung among our peasants to the words "A pie sat on a pear-tree top."

In "Pills to Purge Melancholy," it is set to a political song entitled "The Trimmer."

The tune, as used since the beginning of the eighteenth century, is somewhat altered from the original, which Chappell gives from William Ballet's Lute Book of the sixteenth century.

**False Philander** (p. 62).—A delicate, dainty song, set by Gouge, a composer of the early part of the eighteenth century. He also was the author of "Jockey and Jenny together were Wed," "Phebe," "Homeless Love," "Would Heaven Indulge," and he composed the music for Theobald's play, "The Distressed Lovers," which was never printed. His songs appear in the first volume of Watts' "Musical Miscellany," and one from "The Distressed Lovers" in the second, 1729, after which no more of his songs appear, and it is probable that he died about this time.

"False Philander" is also introduced to another air in Bickham's "Musical Entertainer," i. 1737. Oswald also composed an air to the same words.

**Why so Pale and Wan. Fond Lober?** (p. 64).—Sir John Suckling's song. He was born in 1613, and died in 1641, at the age of twenty-eight.

The bass air here given is in "The British Orpheus," 1817. The original air is given by Rimbault in his "Musical Illustrations



of Bishop Percy's *Reliques*," 1850, from a MS. volume of old songs from the time of Charles I., that originally belonged to the library at Staunton Harold, the seat of Earl Ferrers. This beautiful lyric was sung by Mrs. Cross in the "Mock Astrologer," to an air composed by Lewis Ramonden. It was afterwards reset by Dr. Arne; again, in 1860, by Lady Clarence Paget, and in 1828 by Mr. C. V. Stanford.

**Roger and Cicely** (p. 66).—A pretty old English song in Watts' "Musical Miscellany," 1731, vol. vi. There is another song set to the same air, "Cupid turn'd Tinker," in the same collection.

**Come, Roger and Nell** (p. 70).—From the opera of "The Harlequin Sorcerer," by Lewis Theobald; the music composed and collected by Gaillard, 1725. This song maintained its popularity for a century. It is in the *London Magazine* for 1752. Besides finding its way into innumerable song books in last century, it was taken into the irreproachable collection of Plumptre, "the profits of which work, if any, were to be given to the Society for the Suppression of Vice," Cambridge, 1805. Plumptre added a verse, which is here retained.

**The Sun had Loosed his Weary Team** (p. 72).—A song by Tom D'Urfey in "Pills to Purge Melancholy," vol. i. —in every edition. The words, being coarse, have had to be revised. The tune is that of "The Hemp Dresser," from an old song which was set to it, beginning—

"There was a London gentlewoman that lov'd a country man-a,  
And she did desire his company a little now and then-a.  
Fa-la-la, &c.

This man he was a hemp-dresser, and dressing was his trade-a,  
And he did kiss the mistress, sir, and now and then the maid-a.  
Fa-la-la," &c.

D'Urfey's song, with the air, is in his third book of songs, 1685; in Playford's third book of "Choice Ayres and Songs." The tune is used in the "Beggars' Opera," 1728; "The Court Legacy," 1733; "The Sturdy Beggars," 1733; and "The Rival Milliners," 1737. But also under another title in "Penelope," 1728; "Love and Revenge," n.d., where it is called "Jones Stoop'd Down." The tune travelled into Scotland, where it was appropriated, and Burns wrote to it his song, "The Deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman."

In the "History of Robert Powell, the Puppet-Show Man," 1715, this tune of "The Hemp-Dresser" is mentioned as a favourite one called for by the company. It was originally a country dance. From D'Urfey the song passed into many collections, as "The Universal Songster," 1782.

**To Anthea** (p. 74).—This song was first published in 1850, in a volume of Herrick's songs set to music by John L. Hatton. In the preface he says: "The songs forming the contents of this volume were written at different times and under various circumstances. Some few of them were composed previous to my departure for America in the autumn of the year 1848, and presented as little souvenirs to my friends on leaving England. The rest, with one exception, I wrote entirely for my own amusement during the time I was away; and all of them were composed without any view to their publication. This statement I think it necessary to make, in order to account for the fragmentary, scrap-like form of some of

them. On my return to England I was urged by one of my friends, who was cognisant of what I had done, to make a complete collection, and publish them in a consolidated form. The kindness of my friends in restoring me some of my MSS. has enabled me to do this; and now I send these songs forth into the world, satisfied if they should be the means, in however humble a degree, of adding to the material of musical enjoyment, or of contributing anything to the regeneration of the popular taste in an important department of chamber music. London, August 1850."

In the original edition, in the line, "And having none there, I will keep a heart to weep for thee," the music goes up to D only. In the so-called Santley setting, published by Cramer about 1881, it goes up D flat.

Herrick's song, "To Anthea," was originally set to music in John Playford's "Treasury of Music," 1669, and there entitled "Love's Votary." The composer of this set was Henry Lawes. It is probable that Hatton did not know of this fact.

John L. Hatton was born in Liverpool in 1809, and was self-taught. He settled in London in 1832, and was engaged at Drury Lane Theatre, at which house, in 1844, he produced an operetta called "The Queen of the Thames." Many of his songs were published under the pseudonym of Czapek. He was for some time director of the music at the Princess's Theatre under Charles Kean, and whilst there composed music for "Macbeth" and "Sardanapalus," 1853; "Henry VIII.," 1855; "Richard II.," 1857; "King Lear," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Much Ado about Nothing," 1858. He died in 1886.

**Arise, Sweet Messenger** (p. 78).—By Dr. Arne, from "Alfred." This was a masque by James Thomson and David Mallet, and it was performed for the first time on the 1st August 1740, in the gardens of Cliefden, in commemoration of the accession of George I., and in honour of the birthday of the Princess of Brunswick. Altered into an opera, it was acted at Covent Garden in 1749, when Mrs. Arne and Miss Young sang in it. It was again remodelled in 1751 by Mallet, with the retention of very little of the first.

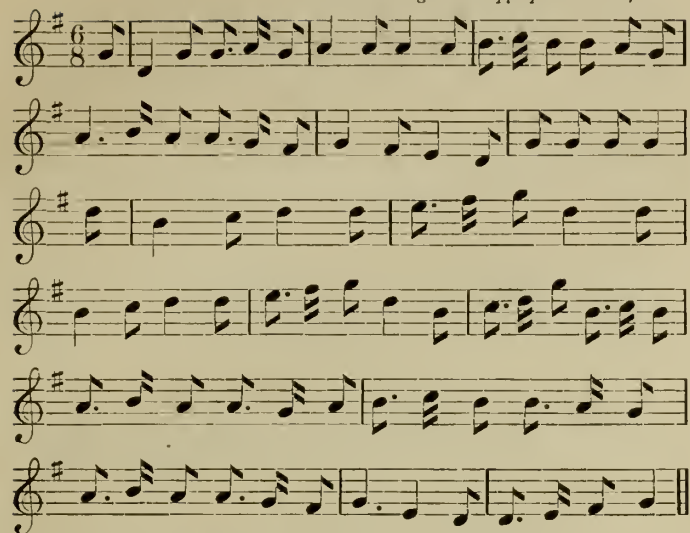
**The Red Lips With a Bit of a Pout** (p. 80).—An old and very much used tune, known as "The Coal-black Joke." The original song is objectionable, so much so that many another set of words has been made to fit so good a tune. The air is employed in "The Beggars' Wedding," 1729; in "The Generous Freemason," 1731; in "The Lottery," 1732; "The Livery Rake," 1733; "Achilles," 1733; and many others.

In Smollett's "Launcelot Greaves," when Crowe is about to watch all night in church by his armour, "'Hark ye, brothers,' said he, wiping his face, 'I do suppose as how one may pass away the time in whistling the "Black Joke," or singing "Black-Eyed Susan," or some such sorrowful ditty.' 'By no means,' cried the doctor, 'such pastimes are neither suitable to the place nor the occasion, which is altogether a religious exercise.'"

The tune is in Watts' "Musical Miscellany," 1731, vol. vi. p. 70. It is in "The Convivial Songster," 1781, to the words that begin, "Could I know all the world," but an earlier form of the song began "No moralist since." The tune was carried into Scotland, and there appropriated by Hogg for "The Thistle of Scotland" in his "Jacobite Relics." But Tom Moore also laid hands on it, and employed it for his song, "Sublime was the Warning which Liberty spake." "The Sprig of Shillalah" was also set to it, but the tune is neither Irish nor Scotch. I have followed the words in "The Convivial Songster" as nearly as possible consistent with propriety. The earliest form of the air is as follows:—



From an Engraved Copperplate circ. 1720.



**Corydon's Farewell** (p. 82).—This song is in "The Golden Garland of Princely Delights," circ. 1609.\* But there is a copy in a rare musical volume entitled "The First Book of Ayres, composed by Robert Jones," 1601, arranged for four voices.

The Scottish poet Montgomery wrote a song beginning "Away, vain world, bewitcher of my heart," which was set to this tune in Forbes' Cantus of 1612. In the edition of Montgomery's poems, printed in Edinburgh in 1821, this song is mentioned as having been composed to the "toon" of "Sall I let her go," part of the burden of "Corydon's Farewell." This melody of Robert Jones's seems to have become popular in Scotland at an early date, for in Mistress Melvill's "Ane godlie Dream," 1603, is "a verie comfortable song, to the tune of Sall I let her goe." In Brown's comedy, "The Jovial Crew," 1641, there is an allusion to this song—

"Let her go, let her go,  
I care not if I have her, I have her, or no."

The melody, like many other old English airs, got into "Nederlantsche Gedenck-clankt, door Adrianum Valerium," Haerlem, 1626. If Jones's tune got adopted in Holland, we need not be surprised if it, as was the case with many other English tunes, found favour and adoption in Scotland.

**What shall I do to show?** (p. 84).—From the Opera of "Dioclesian," by Thomas Betterton, 1690. The music by Henry Purcell. The air was used in the "Beggars' Opera" for Sir C. Hanbury Williams' song:—

"Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre,  
Which in the garden enamels the ground;  
Near it the bees in play flutter and cluster,  
And gaudy butterflies frolic around."

**Nottingham Ale** (p. 86).—This song is sung to Henry Purcell's "Lilliburlero." The tune is earlier than the words of the Protestant ballad, for it is found in the second edition of "The Delightful Companion," by Robert Carr, 1686, and probably in the first edition of the same book. It appears there without name, merely as a lesson. It got linked to a foolish set of words—

"Ho! brother Teague, dost hear de decree, Lil-li-bur-le-ro, buller-a-la.  
Dat we shall have a new depute, Li-lli-burlero, &c.  
Ho! by me shoul, it is de Talbot,  
And he will cut all de English throat;

\* No copy of this edition is known to exist, nor of the second. The edition that is accessible is one of 1620.

Tho', by my shoul, de English do praat,  
De law's on dare side, and Creist knows what.  
But, if dispencc do come from de Pope,  
We'll hang Magna Charta and demselves in a rope," &c.

Burnet says in his "History of his Own Times," "A foolish ballad was made at that time (1688), treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden, said to be Irish words, 'Lero, lero, lilliburlero,' that made an impression on the (King's) army, that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And, perhaps, never had so slight a thing so great an effect."

In "Musick's Handmaid," Pt. II., the tune appears as by Henry Purcell, he who revised the whole edition, 1689; and Purcell used it as a ground to the fifth air in his opera, "The Gordian Knot untied," 1691. It found its way into "Pills to Purge Melancholy," and into many ballad operas. The first four bars of the air are taken from "In Taunton Dene," unless, indeed, the latter be derived from "Lilliburlero."

A great number of ballads were sung to the air. Amongst others the nursery rhyme—

"There was an old woman went up in a basket,  
Seventeen times as high as the moon,"

and the harvest song, "There was an old farmer in Sussex did dwell," and also "Jolly companions every one."

**My dear and only Love** (p. 88).—This song is found in a MS. volume of ballads and songs written by John Gamble, and dated 1659. Several songs went to the same air, as "The Faythful Lover's Resolution," printed by O. Birch, in London, 1618; also "Good Sir, you wrong your Britches," printed by John Trundle, 1628; also "Anything for a quiet life," printed by O. P. Another again begins, "I wish I were those gloves, dear heart." So also the ballad of "Hero and Leander," printed by R. Burton. So popular was the air in England that it travelled into Scotland, where James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, recast the original English ballad to the same tune. His verses begin—

"My dear and only love, I pray  
That little world of thee  
Be govern'd by no other sway,  
But purest monarchy:  
For if confusions have a part,  
Which virtuous souls abhor,  
I'll call a synod in my heart,  
And never love thee more."

Vastly inferior to the original.

The Marquis of Montrose's song made the tune popular in Scotland.

The original English words and tune are in "Wit and Drollery," 1656, "Pills to Purge Melancholy," all three editions, 1700, 1707, 1719, and in the "Dancing-Master" of 1686. In the original there are five stanzas. Both words and air belong to James I.'s reign.

**The Golden Days of Good Queen Bess** (p. 90).—The song was by Collins, not the poet, but the reciter, in celebration of Queen Elizabeth's Birthday, such celebrations being much in vogue as anti-Jacobin demonstrations during last century. The air is "Ally Croker," so named from a song by Foote, in his comedy "The Englishman in Paris," 1753, and was sung by Miss Macklin to the guitar. The song began—

"There lived a man in Ballymccrazy,  
Who wanted a wife to make him unaisy,  
Long had he sighed for dear Ally Croaker,  
And thus the gentle youth bespoke her:  
Arrah, will you marry me, dear Ally Croaker?"



It is not a genuine Irish air at all; it is found originally in "Love in a Riddle," in 1729, as "No more, fair Virgins, boast your powers."

The tune was next adopted for a song, "When first I began to ogle the ladies," sung by Mrs. Jordan in male attire in "The Strangers at Home," a comic opera performed at Drury Lane in 1785. Parke, in his "Musical Memoirs," says—"Mrs. Jordan, though not what could be termed a regular singer, occasionally introduced into her characters in comedy a ballad or two, which she sang without accompaniments in a style of such sweetness and expression as uniformly delighted her auditors."

Coleman wrote his "Unfortunate Miss Bailey" to the same air.

**The Lass of Lynn** (p. 93).—A song by Tom D'Urfey, but in its original form eminently objectionable. I have therefore rewritten it, keeping only the first two lines and the burden. The tune is found in "Youth's Delight on the Flageolet," 1697, under the title, "Aye, marry and thank you too." Under that of "I live in the Town of Lynn," it is in "Silvia," 1731, and of "The Bark in Tempest Tost," in "Robin Hood," 1730. A great many songs were set to the tune, and it is not wholly extinct yet among our peasantry. D'Urfey's song first appears in the 1707 edition of "Pills to Purge Melancholy."

**The Night her blackest sables Bore** (p. 96).—The original words were by Tom D'Urfey, and it appeared first in "Choyce Ayres and Songs to sing to the Theorbo or Bass viol," 1683, also, in the same year, in "A Collection of Songs and Poems; by Thomas D'Urfey, gent.," and was afterwards included by the author in his "Pills to Purge Melancholy."

The tune was composed by D'Urfey's friend, Thomas Farmer.

Allan Ramsay introduced the song into the "Tea-Table Miscellany" in 1724, and gave it a Scottish flavour.

Thomson took it into his "Orpheus Caledonicus" in 1733. Ritson speaks of the song as "an English song of great merit, which has been Scottified by the Scotts themselves."

D'Urfey wrote a host of make-believe Scottish songs, but this one is not of the number. Its alteration was due to Ramsay, who, knowing its popularity in England, sought to popularise it also in Scotland. As the words of D'Urfey are not fit to be reproduced, I have rewritten the song, using the well-known lyric of Anacreon as basis.

In the "Scot's Musical Museum," 1787, is a feeble version, "The Night her silent sable wore."

Burns, in 1792, took the theme and worked it up anew in the song, "O, open the door, some pity shew."

As Ramsay did not note in his "Tea-Table Miscellany" that the song was composed by D'Urfey, the opportunity was not lost, and it was attributed to Francis Sempill of Beltrees. To help to give a Scottish claim to the song, William Stenhouse "fabricated or imagined documents in proof of the most nefarious statements. Not one word of his can be safely accepted without being tested, and every examination has been invariably damaging to his reputation" (J. W. Ebsworth's *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. p. 198).

Thomas Farmer, who composed the tune, was one of the London waits; he was admitted to a Bachelorship in Music at Cambridge in 1684. He composed many songs that are included in the collections of the period, and was the author of "A Consort of Music, in Four Parts," and "A Second Consort of Music, in Four Parts," both printed in oblong quarto, the first in 1685, the second in 1690. In the "Orpheus Britannicus" is an elegy on his death, written by Tate, and set by Purcell, by which it appears that he died young. It begins—

"Young Thirsis' Fate, ye Hills and Groves deplore,  
Thirsis, Thirsis, the pride of all the plains,  
The joy of nymphs, and envy of the swains,  
The gentle Thirsis is no more."

There is a very generally known ballad on the same lines as that by D'Urfey, sung by our English peasantry, called "The Cottage on the Moor." It begins:—

"It's forty long miles I have gone to-day,  
I spied a cottage all on my way,  
Which I never had seen before.  
I stepped all up to that cottage door,  
A fair pretty maiden tripped over the floor,  
Whom I never had seen before."

"'T rains, it hails, and loud it blows,  
And I am awetted thro' my clothes,  
I prithee, then, let me in.'  
'Oh no, kind sir, that may never be,  
There's no one at all in the house with me,  
I dare not then let you in.'"

"I turned me round away to go,  
When sweet compassion she did bestow,  
And she called me back again;  
For tender pity possess'd her heart,  
She would not in rain let me depart,  
So she open'd and let me in."

And so on. The air, however, is not like that by Farmer. I should not be surprised, so closely does D'Urfey's song follow the lines of the folk ballad, that he had merely taken it and recomposed it to Farmer's tune.

**Come, Sweet Lass** (p. 98).—This fresh, pleasant song, with air, are from "Pills to Purge Melancholy," first edition and that of 1719. The song appeared first in "The Compleat Academy of Compliments," 1685, and the air, as "Greenwich Park," is found in the "Dancing-Master" of 1698, and all subsequent editions.

**O Jenny, O Jenny** (p. 100).—A song by D'Urfey in "Pills to Purge Melancholy," 1719, i. 169. The air is "May Fair," and was taken into the "Beggars' Opera" (air 9); also into "The Fashionable Lady," 1730 (air 34), to a song—

"O dearest lady! let me but see  
Those bright stars of beauty languish on me;  
Let spleen, and let satire,  
Wit and ill-nature,  
Ever, as now, my enemies be."

The tune is also called "The Willoughby Whim."

May Fair was established in the fields behind Piccadilly in the time of Charles II., and when built over, a chapel was there erected, that became celebrated for clandestine marriages. To the air Mr. Chappell had adapted a lullaby, written by Macfarren, "Golden Slumbers Kiss your Eyes." D'Urfey's words have been retained as far as possible. His is one of the mock Scotch songs that were coming into fashion after James, Duke of York, had been governor of Scotland, 1669-1670.

As an instance of the way in which some of these old English airs have a perennial life, this may be quoted. It has been adapted to a sort of Revivalist hymn, "Shall we meet beyond the River," published by the Sunday-School Mission (Musical Leaflets, No. 18); and is sung vigorously in Lancashire and Yorkshire.

**Flow, Flow, thou Winter Wind** (p. 102).—From "As You Like It." The music by Dr. Arne.

**Widdicombe Fair** (p. 104).—For some reason or other, not exactly discoverable, and certainly not due to the merits of the air,



this has become the accepted Devonshire song, and is played as a march by the Devon Volunteers' band. The song has been already given in "Songs of the West." The date of words and tune is probably of the end of last century. Mr. Bussell and I have, however, recovered from one singer an earlier and more rugged form of the melody, and I am inclined to think that the older air was modified to suit the absurd words to which it was coupled about the end of last or beginning of this century.

**The Country Lass** (p. 110).—This is a fine ballad by Martin Parker, which D'Urfey somewhat altered in "Pills to Purge Melancholy," 1707, ii. 165; 1719, iv. 152. The tune goes by several names: "Stingo; or, Oyle of Barley," and as such appears in the "Dancing-Master," from 1650 to 1690; also as "Cold and Raw." It derived this name from an unpleasant song composed to the tune by D'Urfey, in imitation Scotch, and first appeared in "Comes Amoris," 1688. It was taken into the "Beggars' Opera" and into "Midas," 1764; and was soon transferred across the Border, and from being an imitation Scotch song was translated into a "genuine" one, and the English air was appropriated as well.

Sir John Hawkins relates the following anecdote of this song in his "History of Music," ii. 564: "This tune was greatly admired by Queen Mary, consort of King William, and she once appointed Purcell by requisition to have it sung to her, he being present. The story is as follows:—The queen having a mind one afternoon to be entertained with music, sent to Mr. Gosling, then one of her chapel, and afterwards sub-dean of St. Paul's, to Henry Purcell, and to Mrs. Arabella Hunt, who had a very fine voice, and an admirable hand on the lute, with a request to attend her. They obeyed her commands. Mr. Gosling and Mrs. Hunt sang several compositions of Purcell's, who accompanied them on the harpsichord. At length, the queen, beginning to grow tired, asked Mrs. Hunt if she would not sing the ballad 'Cold and Raw.' Mrs. Hunt answered yes, and sung it to her lute. Purcell was all the while sitting at the harpsichord unemployed, and not a little nettled at the queen's preference of a vulgar ballad to his music. But seeing her Majesty delighted with this tune, he determined that she should hear it upon another occasion; and accordingly, in the next birthday-song, viz., that for the year 1692, he composed an air to the words, 'May her bright example chace vice in troops out of the land,' the bass whereof is the tune to 'Cold and Raw.'"

It is certainly startling to read of Queen Mary asking a lady to sing before her a song so indelicate.

I have given the earliest form of "Stingo." When Purcell wrote his song for the Queen in 1692, he took the altered form of the air then in fashion. The tune in its earliest form is clearly one for pipe and tabor, and is certainly more ancient than Playford's "Dancing Master."

Another tune of "The Country Lass," much altered, has displaced Carey's original melody for his ballad of "Sally in our Ally."

**Britannia's Song, Réjoice** (p. 112).—A fine song from "Clio and Euterpe," 1759, vol. i., and in "Essex Harmony," vol. i., 1786. The structure of the air closely resembles "God Save the King," and has that refrain to the first verse. It was originally set for three voices. It was a patriotic song of 1758. Cape Breton had been captured by the French in 1748. General Amherst, with Wolfe, and 14,000 men, partly raised in the colonies, embarked with Admiral Boscawen, to attempt the recovery. Boscawen destroyed five French men-of-war that covered Louisburg, took five frigates, and landed the troops, who by July 27 made themselves master of the whole island. Out of compliment to the Minister, they changed

the name of Louisburg, the capital, into that of Pittsburg. The song is too good to be preserved merely as a curiosity. I have therefore given it a fresh set of words.

**I'm a Man that's done Wrong to my Parents** (p. 114).—Whilst the eighth volume of "English Minstrelsy" was in preparation, in fact, drawing to its conclusion, one of my old singers, a mason, came to me to chant some of his ancient ballads. He said to me, "There's a song as I'll sing you now, if I can, right through, but it always makes me feel as if my voice 'ud break; and I'll tell you why. I was working as a navvy on a new line, and there was a chap with us, a youngish chap. We calld'n Punch. Well now, one evening at the public-house one o' us fellers set up singing this song, 'I'm a Man that's done Wrong to my Parents.' That chap, Punch us calld'n, he sat a bit, then down went his head, and he cried like rain. At last he cudn't bear it no more, but went out. He never, never cud listen to that song through. Well, I went arter he, and I found he crying out o' doors, and he told me all about it. He'd been sent by his father to sell a cow in the market, and he sold her and got twenty pound. But he got in the ale house wi' some wild chaps, and what wi' drinkin' and one thing or another, he lost the money. He were ashamed to go home. No, he never went home again, and he ca'd himself the prodigal son." My old singer paused. Presently he went on, "Now, the coorious thing was that this here new line us were on ran close by his father's old farm, and we was cuttin' and banking there. Punch 'ud go Sundays and look over the wall or hedge at the old faither and mother, but he durst not show himself. I sed to he, sed I, 'Go, like a man, and they'll forgive you. Sure that happened years ago.' But 'No,' sed Punch, 'I'll not do that. I'm sure they'd forgive me; but I'm a man that's done wrong to my parents, and till I've saved up twenty pound, and got something beside, and till I can sing—

"And I'll hold up my face, and go back to my place,  
And prove to my friends I'm a man."

Till I can show that, I won't go home.' Well, sir," continued the old singer to me, "ever since then, whenever I try to sing that old song, a lump comes in my throat, and I seem to see poor Punch afore me, with the tears like rain streaming over his cheeks."

Mr. Kidson knows a gentleman, who told him that the song was composed by a plumber in Leeds, lately dead. He was wont to sing it at taverns at so much a night, and got Mr. Kidson's friend to note the airs he composed. The melody is very modern in character, and by no means original. I do not, however, trust the plumber's assertion. The tune and song have made their way into Somerset, Dorset, and Devon, and the old mason who sang to me had not acquired it recently, but about forty years ago. Moreover, these singers are like the composers of broadside ballads; they take old themes and slightly alter them, and then claim them as their own. I once asked an old singing tanner whether he had any song about cider. He hesitated. A week later he came with one. The words were something of a make-up, the air was decidedly cobbled up of strains from two or three folk tunes. After he had sung to me, he proudly announced that words and melody were his own composition.

The tune of "I'm a Man that's done wrong to my Parents" not only resembles that of "The Tarpaulin Jacket," but also "The Mossy Banks of the Dee," and one in my "Songs of the West," entitled "The Old Singing Man," that was employed for the ballad of "The Little Girl down the Lane."

I do not give the song here for its musical merits, but as an instance of the sort of composition and recomposition of airs that goes on among our artisans and labourers.

It has already been printed by Miss Broadwood in her "English



Country Songs," as taken down from a farm labourer in Dorsetshire in 1889, and from a collier in Somerset.

**L'Adieu** (p. 117).—By George Jackson, about 1780.

With this the Editor bids farewell to the musical public which has taken these volumes. It has not been easy to resolve what to include and what to reject; there is such an *embarras de richesse* in English song. He has included a good many samples of the sentimental, melodious, but somewhat feeble contributions of the beginning of this century; the compositions of Haynes Bayley, Alexander Lee, and the like, because they are eminently characteristic of the period; also several of the transitional period of Dr. Arnold and Shield. At the time when the later volumes of "English Minstrelsy" are appearing, the attention of musicians is turning to the more robust and healthier creations of a still earlier period; and the Editor rejoices to think that this is the case, and trusts to assist towards the improvement of the degenerate taste which delights in flabby, idealless song, such as has held the public ear for nearly forty years, and to direct it to the limpid, sparkling, and pure springs of early English minstrelsy. He ventures to think that when the singer and the hearer have got accustomed to the character of this earlier music,

then they will refuse the nauseous stuff which the music publishers turn out by cartloads. A distinguished ballad-composer, who died a few years ago, had written a very fine song, full of character, force, and freshness. The Editor of this collection heard it, and as the composer conducted, he expressed to him the delight it had afforded him. Some time after, he ventured to say to him: "Will you pardon the remark, but I cannot understand how you could have written that splendid song and also the ballad—" He named one which had become vastly popular. To this the composer replied, "I know that the latter is worse than rubbish, but there are certain animals which consume refuse only—and such, alas! is the English public at the present day."

The Editor cannot conclude this work without a word to express the real joy it has been to him to be engaged on it. It has, indeed, been to him a labour of love; but, at the same time, he must add his thanks to his kind collaborators who have so admirably arranged the music, and who have so patiently borne with his crotchets, and subordinated their wishes to his. It is not always that those engaged in concert work harmoniously together.

Finally, his thanks are due to Mr. Frank Kidson, for giving him valuable hints relative to the history of some of the songs.



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# COME, CHEER UP YOUR HEARTS.

Con spirito.

J. SHEELES. (F. W. B.)

Voice.

Piano.

Key D. { :m | l, :d :m | l .t :d' :t | l :s :f | m :— :t }

Lah is B. Come, cheer up your hearts, And call for your quarts, And  
Come, drink, my hearts, drink, And call for your wine, 'Tis

{ d' :s :l | f :r :s | m :d :— :— :m :m | l, :d :m | l .t :d' :t }

let there no li- quor be lack- ing; We have mon- ey in store, And in -  
that makes a man speak tru- ly; What sot can com- plain, or dai -



I :s :f | m :— :t | d :s :l | f :r :s }  
 tend for to roar Un - til we have sent it all  
 ly com - plain, That he, in his drink, is un -

m :d :— :— :s | m :s :l | fe :— :t | se :t :d | l :— :s }  
 pack-ing. \_\_\_\_\_ Then draw and make haste, And let no time waste, But  
 ru - ly. \_\_\_\_\_ Then drink and be civil, In - tend-ing no evil, If

f :m :l | se :— :l | t :— :— :— :d :d }  
 give ev' - ry man his due; \_\_\_\_\_ To a -  
 that you'll be rul'd by me; \_\_\_\_\_ For

r :d :t | d :t :l | t :l :se | l :s :f }  
 void all trou - ble Go fill the pot dou - ble, Since  
 cla - ret and sack We ne - ver will lack, Since



He that made one made two, Since He that made one made two,  
 He that made two made three, Since He that made two made three, *colla voce*

## 3.

The old curmudgeon,  
 Sits all the day drudging,  
 At home with brown bread and small beer,  
 With scraping of pelf  
 He starveth himself,  
 Scarce eats a good meal in the year.  
 But we'll not do so,  
 Howe'er the world go,  
 Since we have got money in store;  
 For claret and sack  
 We never will lack  
 Since He that made three made four.

## 4.

Come, drink, my hearts, drink,  
 And call for your wine,  
 D'ye think that I'll leave you i'the lurch?  
 My reck'ning I'll pay  
 Ere that I go away,  
 Or hang me as high as Paul's church.  
 Tho' some men may say  
 That this is not the way  
 For us in this country to thrive,  
 No matter for that,  
 Let's have t'other quart,  
 Since He that made four made five.

## 5.

But now the time's come  
 For all to go home,  
 Our liquor's all gone, for certain;  
 What makes me repine  
 Is that Bacchus divine  
 Won't give a cup gratis at parting.  
 The deuce take old Charon,  
 Whose brains are so barren,  
 We'll affront him in spite of his Styx.  
 If he grudges the ferry,  
 We'll return and be merry,  
 Since He that made five made six.



# THE MORNING BREAK.

May Day Carol.

Old English.  
(H. F. S.)

*Affetuoso.*

Piano.

The first system of the piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) begins with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand (bass clef) provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. A *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking is present in the middle of the system. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

Key C. Lah is A.

The second system features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

*f* s :— .l | s .m | r .d | m :l | l : .s }  
A - wake, ye drow - sy maids, a - wake; Be -  
The lark is thril - ling in the height, A

The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment features a more complex bass line with some chromatic movement.

{ d' :— .r' | m' :r' .d' | d' .t :l .s | d' : .s | d' :— .r' | m' :r' .d' }  
hold the beau - teous morn - ing break; The ro - sy kir - tled  
voice and not a speck in sight, The black - birds brood - ing



*rall. ad lib.*

dawn ap - pears, To kiss a - way night's hea - vy tears.  
o'er their nests, In - struct their young from tune - ful breasts.

*dolce*

*pp*

*pp*

3.

Already Roger with his crook  
Attends his flock at yonder brook,  
And blushing Betty at his side,  
For sure by June will be his bride.

4.

Already lowing in the stall  
The cows from you attention call;  
Ope, ope, ye maids, your honest eyes,  
The stars veil theirs in paling skies.

5.

Ye wretched sluggards in your beds,  
With parched throats and aching heads,  
What rapture and fresh charms ye miss  
Who lose the sun's arising kiss.

6.

Awake, ye drowsy maids, awake,  
The cobwebs from your fancies shake;  
We lads without, our feet in dew,  
Are calling, with the cows, for you.



# MAID OF DONCASTER.

Old English Air.  
(W. H. H.)

**Piano.** Lively.

Key G. Lah is E.

{ :m<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub>:-:t<sub>1</sub> | d:-:r | m:-f :m | s:-:s | r:t<sub>1</sub>:r | s:-:m }

In Don - cas - ter there dwelt a lass, And she did ev - 'ry  
"Then here's my hand, and I a - gree A Lon - don gal - lant

{ r:-:d | t<sub>1</sub>:-:l<sub>1</sub> :s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub>:-:t<sub>1</sub> | d:-:r | m:-f :m | l:-:t | d<sub>1</sub>:-:t :l | m :-:se }

maid sur - pass, The toast of all did toss the glass, Of yeo - man, hind or  
shall have me If he can dance per - sist - ent - lie, And fag me off this

{ l:-:-: | :-:m | l:-:t | d<sub>1</sub>:-:t :d<sub>1</sub> | m :-:f | s:-:f | r:t<sub>1</sub>:r | s:-:m }

squire, She danc - éd up, she danc - éd down, "I faith," said she, "in  
floor," Now fif - ty ca - va - li - ers came, Mous - tach - ioed men of



|| r :-: d | t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :-: t<sub>1</sub> | d :-: r | m :-: f : m | l :-: t | d<sub>1</sub> :-: t : l | m :-: se }

Lon-don town, There's ne'er a man I stand a crown, Can trip, and me out-mar-tial fame, She con-quer'd each, in ve-ry shame, They one and all gave

|| l :-: - | - :-: ||

tire.  
o'er.

*mf*

## 3.

So Betsy Maddock, still a maid,  
The London gallants doth upbraid,  
She snaps her fingers, "What! afraid!  
Ye're feeble loons 'tis plain.  
The Yorkshire lads, the lads for me,  
For they can foot it, featly, free,  
And dance for hours both ten and three,  
So hie ye home again?"

## 4.

Now Yorkshire lasses, be they long  
Like to the maiden of my song,  
All nimble, merry hearted, strong,  
And not too easy kiss'd.  
The Yorkshire lasses,—see, I swear  
There's not with them can one compare,  
Tho' pick'd throughout old England fair,  
Deny it?—Here's my fist.



# SPRING IS COMING.

Old English Air. ("Bath Medley")  
(W. H. H.)

Gaily.

Piano. *mf*

The piano introduction is in E-flat major, 6/8 time. It features a lively melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, and continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note pattern.

Key Eb. { :m :r | d :d :d' | t :l :s | l :t :d' | s :f :m | l :f :r | s :m :d }

The spring is a - com - ing, all na - ture is bloom - ing, Each a - mo - rous lov - er doth  
Gay rib - bons ye'll bor - row for May - day to - mor - row, The May - pole a - dorn - ing a -

The first system of the song features a vocal line with a treble clef and a piano accompaniment with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (E-flat major). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

{ l : - t : d | r : m : r | d : d : d' | t : l : s | l : t : d' | s : f : m }

cou - rage re - cov - er; The tur - tles are sing - ing, the but - ter - cups spring - ing, Then  
gainst the glad morn - ing. The lads tho' they tease you I war - rant they'll please you, When

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The melody in the vocal line rises and falls to accommodate the lyrics. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic and harmonic pattern.

{ l : f : r | s : m : d | r : d : t : l | d : - t : d | r : - m : r | r : m : f }

here's to the green - wood where we'll have fun. All life is a - wak - ing, the  
off to the green - wood, sor - row is gone. So Bet - ty and Mol - ly and

The third system concludes the visible portion of the song. The vocal line ends with a final note, and the piano accompaniment provides a concluding harmonic structure.



s : l : t | d' : s : m | f : - s : f | m : - f : m | r : m : d | t : l : s

blos - soms are break - ing, The south - wind is blow - ing, the ap - ple trees show - ing, Their  
Pru - dence and Dol - ly, So Rog - er and Lar - ry and Sim - kin and Har - ry, Ye

d : d : d | t : l : s | l : t : d | s : - f : m | l : f : r | s : m : d

pe - tals, then lass, on the sap - py green grass We'll dance and be mer - ry  
lads of the vil - lage, de - sert - ing the til - lage, A - seek - ing the green - wood

r : d : t | d : - : ||

all in the sun.  
sing - ing run.

## 3.

The winter is over, upon the fresh clover  
 We'll dance and be merry; as red as ripe cherry  
 Each maid will be tripping, the naughty lads skipping,  
 As squirrels about them, brimm'd with fun.  
 The star of the evening gives notice of leaving,  
 The dew that is falling, the nightingale calling,  
 The glowworm appearing give signals for cheering  
 Away and away, happy May-day done!



# A HEALTH TO ALL HONEST MEN.

Old English.  
(F. W. B.)

Briskly.

Piano.

*dolce e legato*

Key G. { :l<sub>1</sub> .t<sub>1</sub> | d :t<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> :se | l : - : - : - :s .f }

Lahis E. Ev'- ry man take his glass in hand, And  
'Tis not own - ing a whim - si - cal name, That

*con fuoco*

{ m : - r : d | t<sub>1</sub> : d : l<sub>1</sub> | m : - : - : - : l<sub>1</sub> .t<sub>1</sub> | d : t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> : se | l : - : - : - : s .f }

drink a good health to the Queen! Man-y years may she rule o'er the land, — May her  
proves a man loy - al and just, Let him fight for his coun - try's fame, — Be im-

{ m : r : d | t<sub>1</sub> : d : l<sub>1</sub> | m : - : - : - : m | m : d : d | d : - : m }

laur - els for ev - er be green. — Let wrang - ling and jang - ling  
par - tial at home if in trust, — 'Tis this that makes him an



s :— :s<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :— :t<sub>1</sub> | d :t<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :— :d .r | m :— :m<sub>1</sub> | m<sub>1</sub> :— :d .t<sub>1</sub> }

straight way cease Let ev'-ry man strive for his coun - try's peace, Nei-ther  
hon - est soul; His health we will drink in a brim - ming bowl. Then

l<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> :d | fe<sub>1</sub> :— :r .d | t<sub>1</sub> :d :r | se : :l .se | l :m :r | d :— :t<sub>1</sub> .l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :— :— ||

To-ry nor Whig, Tho' these par-ties look big, Here's a health to all hon - est men.  
leave off de - bate, No con - fu - sion cre - ate, Here's a health to all hon - est men.

*dolce e legato*  
*f*

## 3.

When a company's honestly met,  
With intent to be merry and gay,  
Their drooping spirits to whet.  
And drown the fatigues of the day,  
What madness it is to dispute,  
When neither can either confute;  
When you've said what you dare,  
You are both where you were.  
Here's a health to all honest men.

## 4.

Then agree, ye true Britons, agree,  
Ne'er quarrel about party name,  
Let your enemies trembling see  
That an Englishman's always the same,  
For our Queen, our Religion, and Right,  
Let's lay aside feuds, and unite.  
Then who cares a fig  
Who's a Tory or Wig?  
Here's a health to all honest men.



## MARRIAGE; OR, THE MOUSETRAP.

Old English.  
(W. H. H.)

Briskly.

Piano. *p* *mf*

Key C. { :d | d :-:r | m :-:f | s :-:l | t :-:l :s }

Of all the sim - ple things we do, To rub  
I gam'd and drank and play'd the fool, And a

{ l :t :d' | r' :t :s | d' :-: - :-:d | d :-:r | m :-:f | s :-:l | t :-:l :s }

o - ver a whim-si - cal life, There's no one fol - ly is so true, As that  
thou-sand mad fro - lies more; I rov'd and rang'd, des - pis'd all rule, But I

{ l :t :d' | r' :t :s | d' :-: - :-:t :d' | r' :t :s | d' :-:r' :m' }

ve - ry bad bar - gain, a wife. ——— We're just like a mouse in a  
ne - ver was mar - ried be - fore. ——— This was the worst plague could en -



I : - : - | - : - : f' f' | m' : r' : d' | t : - d' : r' | s : - : - | - : - : m' | f' : - : m' | r' : - : d' }  
 trap, ——— Or a rat that is caught in a gin; ——— We start and fret and  
 sue, ——— I'm mew'd in a smo - ky house; ——— I used to tope a

t : - d' : r' | s : - : l . s | l : - t : d' | r' : t : s | d' : - : - : - : ||  
 try to es-cape, And rue the sad hour we came in.  
 bot-tle or two, But now 'tis small beer with my spouse.

mf  
 My darling freedom crown'd my joys,  
 And I never was vexed in my way;  
 If now I cross her will, her voice  
 Makes my lodging too hot for my stay.  
 Like a fox that is hampered, in vain  
 I fret out my heart and soul,  
 Walk to and fro the length of my chain,  
 Then I'm forced to creep into my hole.

## 3.

My darling freedom crown'd my joys,  
 And I never was vexed in my way;  
 If now I cross her will, her voice  
 Makes my lodging too hot for my stay.  
 Like a fox that is hampered, in vain  
 I fret out my heart and soul,  
 Walk to and fro the length of my chain,  
 Then I'm forced to creep into my hole.



## NORTHERN NANCY.

Old English. (W. H. H.)

In moderate time.

Piano.

*mf*

The piano introduction is in G major, 6/8 time. It consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'In moderate time' and the dynamics are 'mf'.

The first system of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 6/8 time, with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, with a dynamic of 'p'. The lyrics are: "Lah is G. As I trud-ged on at ten at night My way to fair York She tripp'd a - long, so nim - ble she, The lan - tern still a -".

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 6/8 time, with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, with a dynamic of 'pp'. The lyrics are: "ci - ty, I saw be - fore a lan - tern light Borne swing - ing, And fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, me, Con -".

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 6/8 time, with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, with a dynamic of 'p'. The lyrics are: "by a lass full pret - ty. I her ac - cost, 'My tin - ual - ly was sing - ing. 'Thy foot - steps stay!' She".



way I've lost, Your lan - tern let me car - ry. Then  
an - swer'd "Nay!" "Your name? you take my fan - cy." She

through the land, both hand in hand, We'll tra - vel. pri - thee,  
laugh - ing said, nor turn'd her head, "I'm nowt but Nor - thern

tar - ry?"  
Nan - cy?"

*mf*

## 3

She sped along, I in the lurch,  
A lost and panting stranger,  
Till lo! I found me at the church,  
She'd led me out of danger.  
"Ring up the clerk", she said, "yet hark!  
Methinks here comes the pass'n,  
He'll make us one, then thou art done,  
He'll thee securely fasten?"

## 4

"Man is a lost and vagrant clown  
That should at once be pounded,"  
She said, and laid the matter down  
With arguments well grounded.  
For years a score, or even more,  
I've lain in wedlocks fetter,  
Faith! she was right. Here tied up tight,  
I could not have fared better.



# THE MELANCHOLY NYMPH.

Words by J. GAY.

Music by HANDEL.  
(H. F. S.)

**Voice.** *Plaintively.*

**Piano.**

Key Ab. Lah is F.

*p*

'Twas when the seas were roar - ing, With hol - low blasts of wind, A  
"Twelve months are gone and o - ver, And nine long ted - ious days, Why

*f*

dam - sel lay de - plor - ing, All on a bank re - clin'd, While  
didst thou, ven - turous lov - er, Why didst thou trust the seas? Cease,



*cres.* *dim.*

|| s : - : l<sub>1</sub> | d : t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | r . d : t<sub>1</sub> : - | : : m | f : m : f | r : d : r | t<sub>1</sub> : - : - | : : l<sub>1</sub> }

o'er the roll - ing bil - low, She cast a wish - ful look, Her  
cease, thou cru - el o - cean, And let my lov - er rest, Ah!

*cres.* *dim.*

|| l : se : l | f : m : f | r : de : r | - : - : r , m . f | m : r : d | d : t<sub>1</sub> : - . l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - : - ||

head was crown'd with wil - low, That trem - bled o'er the brook.  
what's thy trou - bled mo - tion To that with - in my breast.

## 3.

"How can they say that nature  
Has nothing made in vain?  
Why then beneath the water  
Do hideous rocks remain?  
No eyes these rocks discover,  
That lurk beneath the deep,  
To wreck the wand'ring lover,  
And leave the maid to weep?"

## 4.

All melancholy lying,  
Thus wail'd she for her dear,  
Repaid each blast with sighing,  
Each billow with a tear.  
When o'er the white wave stooping  
His floating corpse she spied,  
Then, like a lily drooping,  
She bowed her head and died.



# AWAY WITH THESE SELF-LOVING LADS.

Words by Sir FULKE GREVILLE.

From Dowland's 1<sup>st</sup> Book of Ayres. 1600.  
(H. F. S.)

**Voice.** *Cheerfully.*

**Piano.**

*mf*

Key G. { :d m :— .f | s :l s :m | r :m }

A - way with these self - lov - ing lads, Whom  
Sweet Cu - pid's shafts, like des - ti - ny, Do  
My songs they be of Cyn - thia's praise, I

*mf*

*Repeat ad lib.*

f :— .f | m :f | r :r | d

Cu - - pid's ar - row ne - ver glads;  
cause - - less good or ill de - cree;  
wear her rings on ho - li - days.



*p*

:s t :— d r :s f :m r :— r }  
 A - way, poor souls that sigh and weep In  
 De - sert is borne out of his bow, Re -  
 On ev' - ry tree I write her name, And

*f cres.*

m :— m f :m r :d r || m m :— m m :m }  
 love of those that lie and sleep; For Cu - pid is a  
 ward up - on his wing doth go. What fools are they that  
 ev' - ry day I read the same. Where hon - our Cu - pid's

*dim.*

m :s f :r m :s f :m r :— m d }  
 mer - ry god, And for - eeth none to kiss the rod.  
 have not known That love no laws likes, but his own.  
 ri - val is, There mi - ra - cles are seen of his.



# THE LASS WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS.

Words by SMART.

Dr. ARNE. (W. H. H.)

*Allegro moderato.*

**Voice.**

**Piano.** *mf*

Key C. { : d | s :— .l :s | m :d :s | l :— .d' :t | d' :— :s .s }

No more of my Har - riet, of Pol - ly no more, Nor  
Though o'er her white fore - head the gilt tress - es flow, Like the

*p*

{ l :— .f :d' | s :— .m :d' | f :— .m :r | m :— :d }

all the bright beau - ties that charm'd me be - fore; My -  
rays of the sun on a hil - lock of snow, Such



self for a slave to gay Venus I've sold, And  
paint - ers of old drew the queen of the fair - 'Tis the

bar - ter'd my free - dom for ring - lets of gold; I'll  
taste of the an - cients, 'tis clas - si - cal hair; And tho'

throw down my pipe and neg - lect all my flocks, And will  
wit - lings may scoff, and tho' rail - ler - y mocks, Yet I'll

sing to my lass with the gold - en locks. I'll  
sing to my lass with the gold - en locks. Tho'



d' :s :m | d :- r :d | d' :s :m | d :- d' :m' | r' :s :f | m :- s :d' }  
 throw down my pipe, and neg - lect all my flocks, And I'll sing to my lass with the  
 wit-lings may scoff, and tho' rail-ler-y mocks Yet I'll sing to my lass with the

m' r' :d' :t | d' :- : ||  
 gold - en locks.  
 gold - en locks.

## 3.

To live and to love, to converse and be free,  
 Is loving my charmer, and living with thee:  
 Away go the hours in kissing and rhyme,  
 Spite of all the grave lectures of old Father Time;  
 A fig for his dials, his watches and clocks,  
 He's best spent with the lass of the golden locks.

## 4.

Than the swan in the brook, she's more dear to my sight,  
 Her mien is more stately, her breast is more white;  
 Her sweet lips are rubies, all rubies above,  
 Which are fit for the language or labour of love;  
 At the park, in the mall, at the play, in the box,  
 My lass bears the bell, with her golden locks.

## 5.

Her beautiful eyes, as they roll or they flow,  
 Shall be glad for my joy, or shall weep for my woe;  
 She shall ease my fond heart, and shall soothe my soft pain,  
 While thousands of rivals are sighing in vain,  
 Let them rail at the fruit they can't reach, like the fox,  
 While I have the lass with the golden locks.



# THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

23

Words by ROBT. SOUTHEY.

Old Cornish Air.  
(W. H. H.)

**Piano.** *Cheerfully.* *mf*

**Key D.**

{ d { d , r : d } . m , f | s . s : s . l , t | d' . s : s , l . s , f }

A well there is in the West Coun - try, And a clear - er ne'er was  
"Now art thou a bach - e - lor, friend?" quoth he, "For an if thou hast a

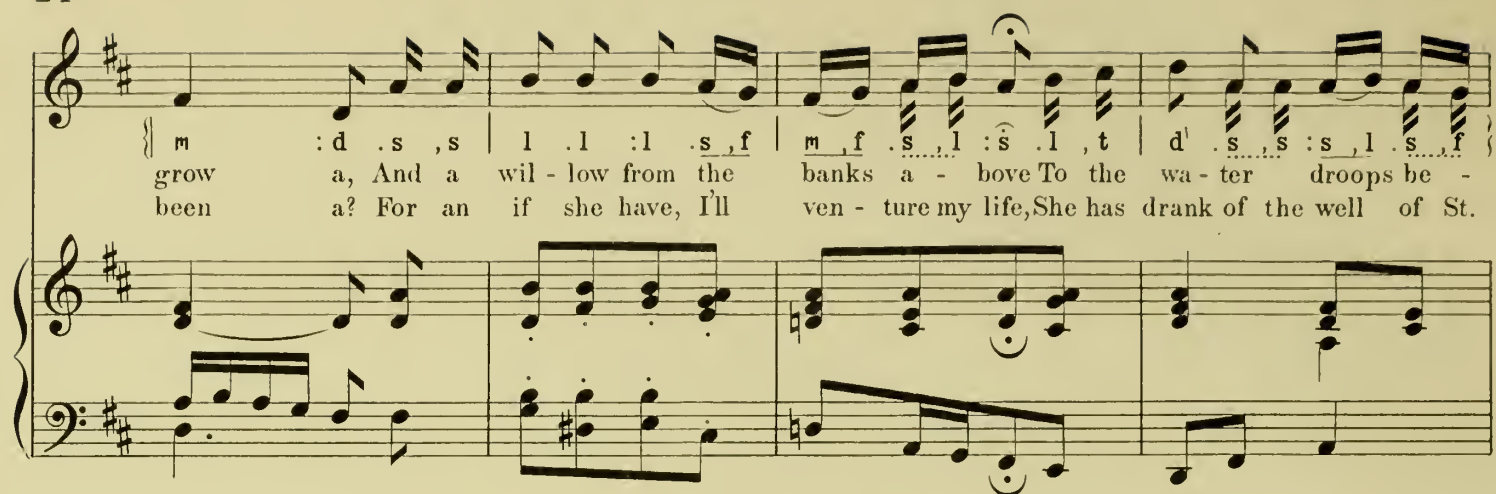
{ m : d . d | d , r : d . m , f | s . s : s . l , t | d' . s , s : s , l . s , f }

seen a, There's not a wife in the West Coun - try But has heard of the well of St.  
wife a, The happi - est draught thou hast drank this day That e'er thou did'st in thy

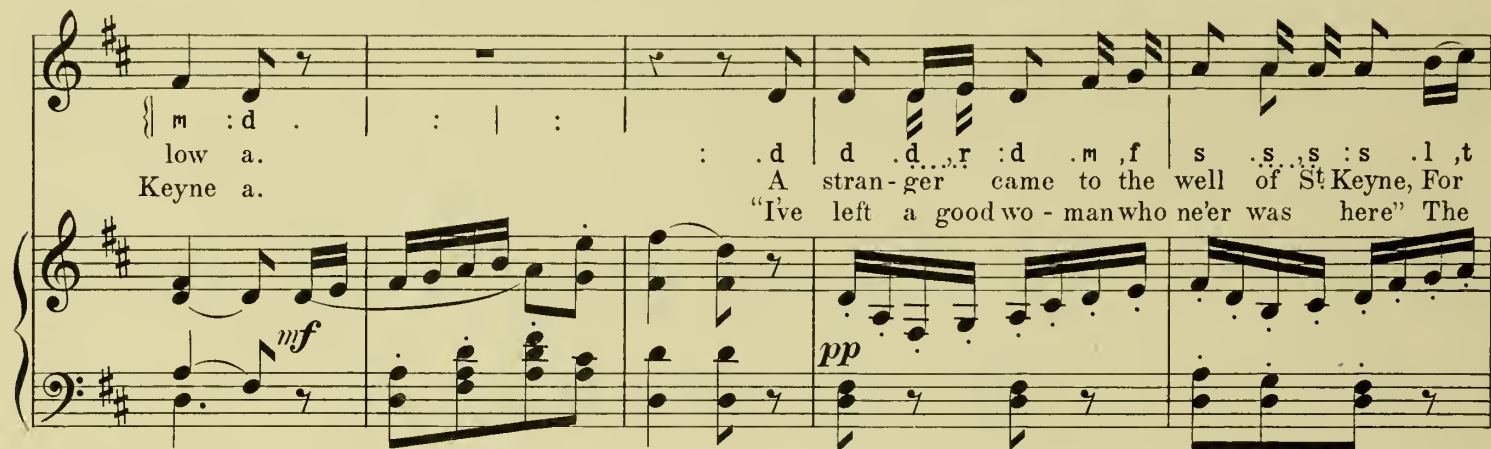
{ m : d . s | l . l , l : l . s , f | m , f . s , l : s . l , t | d' . s , s : s , l . s , f }

Keyne a; An oak and an elm tree stand be - side, And be - hind does an ash tree  
life a; Or has your good wo - man, if one you have, In Corn-wall ev - er

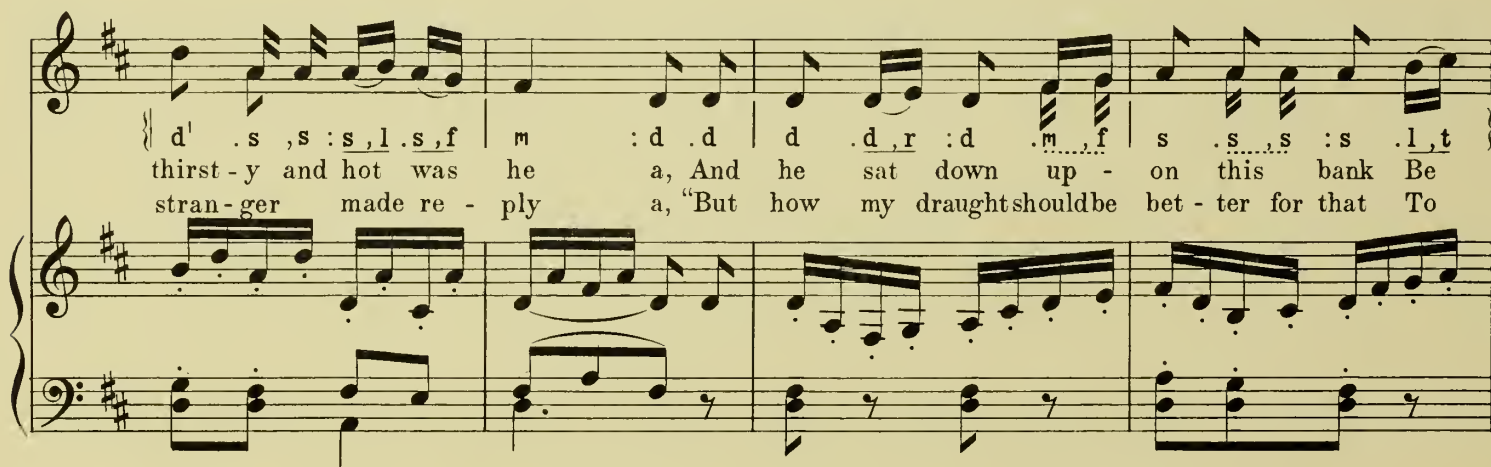




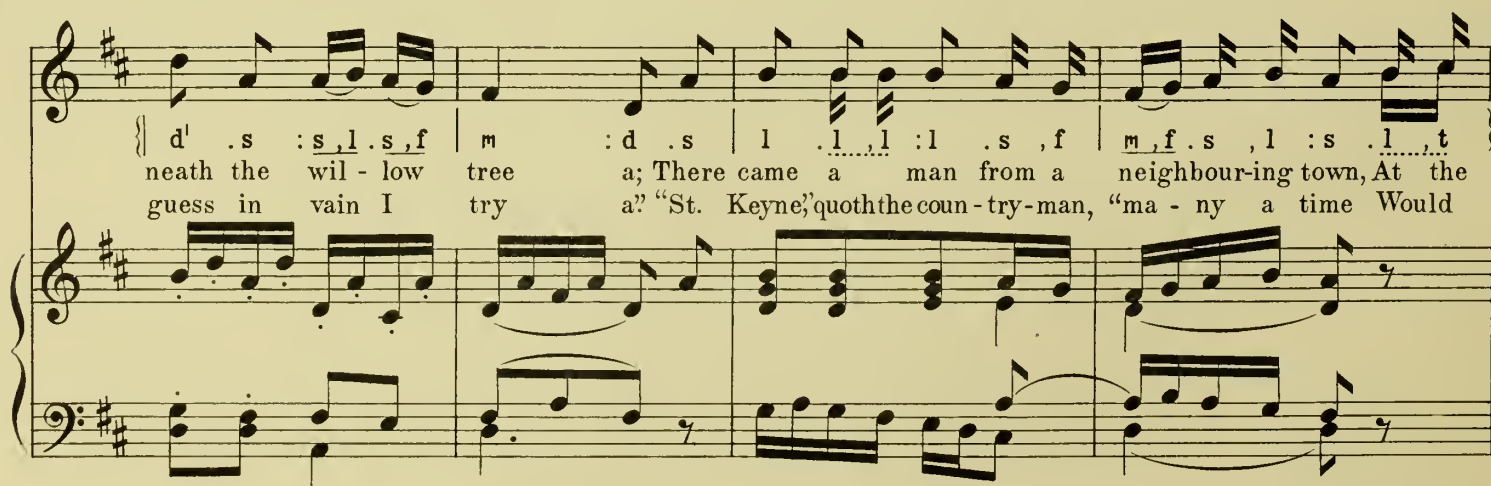
m : d . s , s | l . l : l . s , f | m , f . s , l : s . l , t | d' . s , s : s , l . s , f }  
 grow a, And a wil-low from the banks a-bove To the wa-ter droops been  
 been a? For an if she have, I'll ven-ture my life, She has drank of the well of St.



m : d . : : : . d d . d , r : d . m , f s . s , s : s . l , t  
 low a. : : : A stran-ger came to the well of St Keyne, For  
 Keyne a. : : : "I've left a good wo-man who ne'er was here" The



d' . s , s : s , l . s , f m : d . d d . d , r : d . m , f s . s , s : s . l , t  
 thirst-y and hot was he a, And he sat down up-on this bank Be  
 stran-ger made re-ply a, "But how my draught should be bet-ter for that To



d' . s : s , l . s , f m : d . s | l . l : l . s , f m , f . s , l : s . l , t  
 neath the wil-low tree a; There came a man from a neighbour-ing town, At the  
 guess in vain I try a' "St. Keyne," quoth the coun-try-man, "ma-ny a time Would



well to fill his pail a, Up - on the side he rest - ed it, And  
 drink of this crys - tal well a, And be - fore the an - gels sum - mon'd her, She  
 bade the stran - ger hail a.  
 laid on the wa - ter a spell a.

## 3.

"If the husband at this gifted well  
 Shall drink before his wife a,  
 A happy man henceforth is he,  
 For he shall be master for life a.  
 But if the wife should drink of it first  
 God bless the husband then a;"  
 The stranger stoop'd to the well of St. Keyne  
 And drank of the water again a.  
 "You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes;"  
 To the countryman he said a;  
 But the rustic sighed as the stranger spake  
 And sadly shook his head a,  
 "I hastened here when the wedding was done,  
 And left my wife in the porch a,  
 But truly she had been wiser than me,  
 For she took a bottle to church a?"



## TO ALL YOU LADIES NOW ON LAND.

Words by Lord DORSET. 1664.

Old English.  
(W. H. H.)

**Piano.** *mf* *Cheerfully.*

**Key Bb.**

{ :s<sub>1</sub> | d : - .t<sub>1</sub> | d : m | r . d : t<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : d | s<sub>1</sub> : - . f<sub>1</sub> | m<sub>1</sub> . f<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | d : - | - : s<sub>1</sub> }

To all you la - dies now on land, We men at sea in - dite, But  
For though the mu - ses should prove kind, And fill our emp - ty brain, Yet

{ d : - .t<sub>1</sub> | d : m | r . d : t<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : d | s<sub>1</sub> : - . f<sub>1</sub> | m<sub>1</sub> . f<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | d : - | - : d . r }

first would have you un - der - stand How hard it is to write. The  
if rough Nep - tune rouse the wind To wave the az - ure main, Our

{ m : d | r : t<sub>1</sub> | d : t<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : s . f | m : d | r : t<sub>1</sub> | d : t<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> . t<sub>1</sub> }

mu - ses now and Nep - tune too, We must im - plore to write to you, } With a  
pa - per, pen and ink, and we Roll up and down our ships at sea, }



{ d : s<sub>1</sub> | m<sub>1</sub> . f<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | d : m . r | d : s<sub>1</sub> . f<sub>1</sub> | m<sub>1</sub> . f<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | d : — | — : ||  
 fa la la la la la la la, With a fa la la la la la la.

*mf*

## 3.

Then if we write not by each post,  
 Think not we are unkind;  
 Nor yet conclude our 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 la, &c.

## 4.

Let wind and weather do their 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 la, &c.

## 5.

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



## IN PRAISE OF A DAIRY.

Old English.  
(W. H. H.)

**Piano.** Gaily.

Key B $\flat$ . Lah is G. In praise of a dai-ry I pur- pose to sing, But, all things in or-der, first  
The first of fair dai-ry maids, if you'll be-lieve, Was A - dam's own wife, our great

Key F. Lah is D.

|| l<sub>1</sub> : d : t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - : m<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : d<sup>1</sup> : t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - : m<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : d<sup>1</sup> : t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - : m<sub>1</sub> }

God save the king, And the queen, I may say, That ev'- ry May day Has  
Grand- mo- ther Eve, Who oft milk'd a cow, As well she knew how, Tho'

Key B $\flat$ . Lah is G.

|| l<sub>1</sub> : d<sup>1</sup> : t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> : d<sup>1</sup> | r<sup>1</sup> : d<sup>1</sup> : t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - : d<sup>1</sup> s | m : - : r : m | r : t<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> }

ma - ny fair dai - ry maids all fine and gay, As - sist me, fair dam - sels, to  
but - ter was not then so cheap as 'tis now. She hoard - ed no but - ter nor



|d :-.t| :d |t| :se| :m| | m :-.r :m |r :t| :s| | l| :d :t| |l| :- : ||  
 fin - ish my theme, In - spir - ing my fan - cy with straw - ber - ry cream.  
 cheese on a shelf, For but - ter and cheese in those days made it - self.

*mf*

## 3

In that age or time there was no horrid money,  
 Yet the children of Israel had both milk and honey,  
     No queen you could see  
     Of the highest degree  
 But would milk the brown cow with the meanest she  
 Their lambs gave them clothing, their cows gave them meat,  
 And in plenty and peace all their joys were compleat.

## 4.

Both pancake and fritter of milk have good store,  
 But a Devonshire white-pot\* must needs have much more,  
     No state you can think,  
     Though you study and wink,  
     From a lusty sack-posset to poor posset drink,  
 But milk's the ingredient, though sack's ne'er the worse,  
 For 'tis sack makes the man, though 'tis milk makes the nurse

\* Devonshire white-pot is a hasty pudding. For singing use Junket.



# HE THAT WILL NOT MERRY MERRY BE.

Old English Song.  
(W. H. H.)

**Piano.** *Briskly.* *f*

Key Bb. Lah is G.

*mf* *p*

He that will not mer-ry, mer-ry be With a gen-'rous bowl and toast, May  
He that will not mer-ry, mer-ry be And take his glass in course, May

he in Bride - well be shut up And bound un - to a  
he be made to drink small beer No pen - ny in his

post. } Let him be mer - ry, mer - ry there, And we will be mer - ry  
purse. }

*mf*



here; For who can know where we may go To be mer-ry an-o-ther

year, brave boys, To be mer-ry an-o-ther year.

*f*

## 3.

He that will not merry, merry be  
 With a crew of jolly boys,  
 May he be plagued with a scolding wife  
 Who'll vex him with her noise.  
 Let him be merry, &c.



## SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Words by HENRY CAREY.

Old English Air  
"The Country Lass?"  
(W. H. H.)

With feeling.

**Piano.**

*p* *cres.* *dim.*

Key Bb.

*pp*

{ s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> . d | d : t<sub>1</sub> . d : f . r | d : t<sub>1</sub> : d | l<sub>1</sub> : — . s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> . f<sub>1</sub> }

Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pret - ty  
Of all the days with - in the week I dear - ly love but

{ m<sub>1</sub> . d : . s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> . d | d : t<sub>1</sub> . d : f . r | d : t<sub>1</sub> : d }

Sal - ly; She is the dar - ling of my heart, And  
one day, And that's the day that comes be - tween A

{ l<sub>1</sub> . s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> . f<sub>1</sub> | m<sub>1</sub> . d : . s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> . m<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : — . t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> . f<sub>1</sub> }

lives in our al - ley. There is no la - dy in the  
Sa - tur - day and Mon - day; Oh, then I'm drest in all my

*cres.* *p*



land That's half so sweet as Sal - ly; She is the  
best To walk a - broad with Sal - ly; She is the

dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our  
dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our

al - ley.  
al - ley.

*p* *cres.* *dim.*

3.

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.

4.

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



## A VALENTINE.

Old English Air.  
 "Dulcina".  
 (H. F. S.)

With simplicity and tenderness.

Voice.

Piano.

Key C. In the month of Feb-ru - a - ry, When green leaves be - gin to spring,  
 Thanks, kind fate, I have my wish - es, Now I've met my maid - en dear;

Pret - ty lambs skip like a fai - ry, Thrush - es cou - ple, bill and sing.  
 Waft I to her tend - er kis - ses, Lo! her sight my heart doth cheer.



Lah is A.

m :l .se l :t d :l t :m' m' :l | f' .m' :r' .d'

All things on earth that draw their breath In love to - ge - ther  
Sweet, dear - est love and tur - tle dove, O let my arms a -

Key C.

t .d' :t l : d' :m' .r' | d' :s m :d | s :s d' :s l :s .f

sweet - ly join; Why should not I my for - tune try, And seek me out a  
bout thee twine; Thou art the she I first did see, Good mor - row to my

m :r | d :— ||

Val - en - tine?  
Val - en - tine.

*tr* *rall.*

3.

Fortune fair hath sure decreed it,  
None but you that I should meet;  
Dearly do I love, believe it,  
You, my one, my only sweet.  
My grieved heart, rack'd with its smart,  
Thinks thee the only sun to shine.  
Love I require, love I desire;  
Of thee, my beauteous Valentine.

4.

When I from my purpose falter  
Bid me then no longer thrive.  
May I perish if I alter  
Whilst that I remain alive.  
Then presently to church will hie,  
When thou'lt be mine and I be thine;  
Take hand and heart, till death do part,  
My life, my wife, my Valentine.



# I LIVE NOT WHERE I LOVE.

Old Song.  
(W. H. H.)

In moderate time.

Piano.

*p legato*

Key Eb.

|| f . f : m . m , f | s . d : t , : d | m , f : s . l | s , f . r : r }

Loy - al lov - ers that are dis - tant From your sweethearts ma - ny a mile,  
Though our bo - dies they be part - ed And a - sun - der ma - ny a mile,

|| f . f : m . m , f | s . d : t , l , s , | m , f : s . , l | f , m . d | d }

Come and help me at this in - stant, Mirth - ful - ly to spend the while;  
Yet I vow to be true - heart - ed, To be faith - ful all the while.

|| f . m : f . s | l , t . d : t , l , s | d . s : s , f . m | f . s : r }

Sing - ing sweet - ly and com - plete - ly Com - men - da - tions of my love,  
With mine eye I can - not spy Dis - tance great, my dear - est love,



|| s ., f : m : m . f | s . d : t , l , s | m ., f : s . l | f , m . d : d ||  
 Swear - ing ev - er to part nev - er, Though I live not where I love.  
 Still I'm with her al - to - ge - ther, Though I live not where I love.

*p*

## 3.

When I sleep I do dream on her,  
 When I wake I take no rest;  
 Ev'ry moment think upon her,  
 She's so fixed in my breast.  
 So my tears, my groans and fears,  
 Wat'ry eyes my passion prove,  
 I will never love dis sever,  
 Though I live not where I love.

## 4.

Birds may leave their airy region  
 Fishes in the air may fly;  
 All the world be one religion,  
 Living things may cease to die,  
 All things change to shapes most strange  
 Ere that I disloyal prove,  
 Any way my faith decay,  
 Though I live not where I love.



## DULCE DOMUM.

Melody attributed to JOHN READING.  
(W. H. H.)

Smoothly, and in moderate time.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G major (one sharp) and common time. The right hand features a flowing melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *cres.* (crescendo), and *dim.* (diminuendo).

The first vocal entry is in G major, common time. The melody is accompanied by piano chords. The lyrics are:   
 Key G. { m : - f | s : m | l : r . m , f | f . m : r . d | m : - . fe | s : l | s : fe | s : - }  
 Con - ci - na - mus O So - da - les E - ja! quid si - le - mus,  
 Ap - pro - pin - quat ec - ce! fe - lix! Ho - ra gau - di - o - rum,

The second vocal entry continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are:   
 { s : r . m | f . s : m | r . l : r . d d . t : l : s | s : m : m | l : r . m , f | m : r | d : d |  
 No - bi - le can - ti - cum, Dul - ce me - los Do - mum, Dul - ce Do - mum re - so - ne - mus.  
 Post gra - ve tæ - di - um Ad - ve - nit om - ni - um, Me - ta pe - ti - ta re - so - ne - mus.

CHORUS.

The chorus section features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are:   
 { m : - . f | s : d | f : - . m | m : r | l : - . s | fe : s | s : fe | s : s }  
 Do - mum, Do - mum, Dul - ce Do - mum, Dul - ce Do - mum, re - so - ne - mus,



|| s :— .m | l :— .s | f .m :r .d | t :s | s :m | l :r .m, f | m :r | d :d ||  
 Do - mum, Do - mum, Dul - ce Do - mum Dul - ce Do - mum, re - so - ne - mus.

*p* *cres.* *dim.*

## 3.

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

## 4.

Ridet annus, prata rident,  
 Nosque rideamus,  
 Jam repetit Domum  
 Daulias advena:  
 Nosque Domum repetamus  
 Domum, Domum, &c.

## 5.

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

## 6.

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



## BALANCE A STRAW.

Old English Song.

Music by J. OSWALD.

In Marching time.

(H. F. S.)

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in F major, 2/4 time. The right hand plays a series of chords and eighth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Key F.

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in F major, 2/4 time, with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, with a steady eighth-note bass line. Dynamics like *f* (forte) and *m* (mezzo-forte) are indicated.

Come, ye brave Bri - tish lads who have cour - age to fight; Hark! old  
Our hors - es are fleet, and our hearts they are tight, The

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: Eng - land in - vites you her wrongs to set right, Ad -  
French shall ex - pe - rience our con - duct and might; Our

The third system concludes the song with a final vocal phrase and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: dieu to our sweethearts, a - dieu to our wives, Old Eng - land we love, and love  
mon - arch, God bless him! be - holds with surprise, How quick we dismount, and how



more than our lives. Like the Ro-mans of old at the trum-pet's a-larms, Quit the nim-ble we rise. With our hel-met, our pis-tols, our car-bine and sword, We'll as-

loom and the plough, and for free-dom take arms.} In the cause of our-coun try our sert our-selves Bri-tons, Re-venge is the word.

blades we will draw, And rush ra-pid to con-quest; Hey! ba-lance a straw!

3.

*Go on to Chorus.*

In our caps we stick oak leaves, a signal to show  
That nothing we love like a brush with the foe.  
We're active ourselves, and so nimble our tits,  
We shall scare the French squadrous quite out of their wits.  
We will sweep from the land, we will drive from the sea,  
The foe who on England sets foot—that will we.  
In the cause, etc.

4.

Us sons of true courage the world will proclaim,  
Our deeds shall shine bright in the annals of fame;  
Old England for Englishmen! no, not one inch  
We'll yield to the invader, nor from him will flinch.  
Hurrah to the king! we'll pursue the good cause,  
Of protecting our country, religion, and laws.  
In the cause, etc.



## CHORUS.

{ :s ,f | m :m .m | m .d | :s .m | r :r ,r | r :m .f }  
 In the cause of our coun - try, our blades we will draw, And rush

{ :m ,r | d :d .d | d :d .d | r :d ,d | t | :d .r }  
 In the cause of our coun - try, our blades we will draw, And rush

{ :s ,s | s :s .s | s .d | :m .s | s :fe ,fe | s :s .s }  
 In the cause of our coun - try, our blades we will draw, And rush

{ :s | ,s | d :s | ,s | d :s | ,s | t | :l | ,l | s | :s .f }  
 In the cause of our coun - try, our blades we will draw, And rush

*ff*

{ | s .d | :s ,m | f :m ,r | d :d ,d | d }  
 ra - pid to con - quest, Hey! ba - lance a straw!

{ | d :d ,d | d :t | ,t | d :s | ,s | s }  
 ra - pid to con - quest, Hey! ba - lance a straw!

{ | s :m ,s | l | s :f | m :m ,m | m }  
 ra - pid to con - quest, Hey! ba - lance a straw!

{ | m :d ,d | f :s | ,s | d :d ,d | d }  
 ra - pid to con - quest, Hey! ba - lance a straw!



OH! THE OAK AND THE ASH.

Old English song.

(W. H. H.)

Slowly, and with expression.

**Piano.**

Slowly, and with expression.

The first system of the musical score is for the piano accompaniment. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo and expression markings are 'Slowly, and with expression.' The first measure of the treble staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody in the treble staff is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some beamed sixteenth notes. The bass staff contains mostly rests, with a few chords in the final measure marked with a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic.

Key B $\flat$ . Lah is G.

Key B♭. Lah is G.

1. A North Coun - try maid up to Lon - don did pass, Al -  
3. How oft have I been up - on West - more - land green, Where the

|| l<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> ., t<sub>1</sub> | d : t<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | se<sub>1</sub> : m<sub>1</sub> ., re | m : m<sub>1</sub> . f | s : m<sub>1</sub> . r | d : t<sub>1</sub> . d }

though with her, na - ture it did not a - gree, Which made her re - pent and so  
young men and maid - ens re - sort for to play, Where we with de - light, from the

*p*

*cres.*

|| r . d : t<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> . t<sub>1</sub> | d : t<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | se<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> . t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : m . , re | m : m . f }

of - ten la - ment, Still wish - ing a - gain in the North for to be. } Oh! the

morn - ing till night, Could feast it and frolic it on each hol - i - day. }



*p* *ad lib.*

s : m . r | d : t . d | r . d : t . l | s : l . t | d : t . l | se . l : t |  
oak and the ash and the bon - ny i - vy tree, They flourish at home in my

*mf* *pp* *colla voce*

l : l . se | l : : : : :  
own coun - try.

*p*

§

{ : m | l : l . t | d : t . l | t : t . d | r : d . t | l : l . t | d : t . l }  
2. O fain would I be in the North Coun - try, Where the lads and the las - ses, are  
4. A maid - en I am, and a maid I re - main, Un - til my own coun - try a -

se : m . re | m : m . f | s : m . r | d : t . d | r . d : t . l | s : l . t }  
mak - ing the hay, There, there should I see what is plea - sant to me, A  
gain I do see, For here in this place I shall ne'er see the face Of

*p*



*cres.*

|| d . d : t<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | se<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : m<sub>1</sub> . re | m<sub>1</sub> : m<sub>1</sub> . f | s : m<sub>1</sub> . r | d : t<sub>1</sub> . d }  
 mis-chief light on them that en - tie'd me a - way. } Oh! the oak and the ash and the  
 him that's al - lot - ted my love for to be. }

*p* *ad lib.*

|| r . d : t<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> . t<sub>1</sub> | d : t<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | se<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> . se<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : ||  
 bon - ny i - vy tree, They flour - ish at home in my own coun - try.

*pp* *colla voce*

*p* *pp*

*For Verse 5 repeat from the sign §.*

5.

Then farewell, my daddy and farewell, my mam,  
 Until I shall see you I nothing but mourn;  
 Rememb'ring my brothers, my sisters and others,  
 In less than a year I do hope to return.  
 Then the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,  
 I shall see them at home in my own country.



# HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?

Old English.  
(W. H. H.)

In moderate time.

**Piano.** *f*

Key B $\flat$ . Lah in G.

*mf*

How stands the glass a - round? For shame, ye take no  
Why, sol - diers, why. Should we be mel - an -

care, my boys, How stands the glass a - round? Let mirth and joy a -  
cho - ly, boys? Why, sol - diers, why? Whose busi - ness 'tis to

bound! The trum - pets sound. The co - lours fly - ing  
die! What sigh - ing? fie! Hang fear, drink on, be



*ad lib.*

are, my boys, To fight, kill or wound, Oh may we still be  
jol - ly, boys, 'Tis he, you or I, Cold, hot, wet or

*p colla voce*

*f a tempo* *rall.*

found, Con - tent with our hard fare, my boys, On the cold  
dry, We're al - ways bound to fol - low, boys, And scorn to

*mf*

ground.  
fly.

*f*

3.

'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 that made you, boys,  
We're free from pain;  
But should we remain,  
A bottle and kind landlady  
Cures all again.



## AFTER THE PANGS.

Music by J. E. GALLIARD.  
(F. W. B.)

Andante allegretto.

Piano.

Key A $\flat$  1, :-t, :d | t, :d :r | d :-t, :l, | m :m : }

Lah is F. Af-ter the pangs of a des-perate lov-er,  
When with un-kindness our love at a standis,  
When with a sigh she ac-cords me the blessing,

*f* *p* *dolce e legato*

|| 1 :s :f | m :—r :d | t, :d :—l, | m :— : | s :—s :l }

When day and night I have sigh'd all in vain, Ah! what a  
When we have pun-ish'd our-selves with pain, Ah! what a  
And her eyes quiv-er'twixt plea-sure and pain, Ah! what a

|| s :f :m | r :m :d | s :s : | r :m :f | m :—r :d }

plea-sure it is to dis-cov-er, In her eyes pi-ty, and  
plea-sure the touch of her hand is, Ah! what a so-lace to  
joy 'tis, and past all ex-press-ing, Ah! what a joy to hear,



d :r :t | d :— :— | : : : : : : : : : :  
 not dis - - dain.  
 hold it a - gain.  
 Meet me a - gain!

*colla voce* *rit.*

s :— s :f | m :r :d | t :d :l | m :m : | t :d :r  
 Ah! what a plea - sure it is to dis - cov - er Mer - cy in  
 Ah! what a plea - sure the touch of her hand is, Know - ing my  
 Ah! what a joy 'tis and past all ex - press - ing, Bet - ter to

*a tempo*

d :t :l | l :— t :se | l :— :— ||  
 her who caused my pain!  
 trou - ble has been in vain.  
 hear her say, Dear - est, re - main!

*poco rit.* *colla voce*

*f* *p*



# NANCY DAWSON.

Old English.  
(W. H. H.)

Lively.

Piano.

*mf*

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system is marked 'Lively.' and 'Piano.' with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody in the treble staff is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes and rests. The second system continues the piece with similar melodic and rhythmic patterns, ending with a final cadence.

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major and 6/8 time, with lyrics written below the notes. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "Of all the girls in our town, The black, the fair, the red, the brown, That See how she comes to give sur-prise, With joy and plea - sure in her eyes, To".

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues the melody with lyrics: "dance and prance it up and down, There's none like Nan - cy Daw - son; Her yield de - light she al - ways tries, So means my Nan - cy Daw - son; Her". The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent rhythmic pattern, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.



ea - sy mien, her shape so neat, She foots it, trips it, looks so sweet, Her cheeks the ve - ry rose of June, Her breath as fir - tree new - ly hewn, Each

*pp*

ev' - ry mo - tion is com - plete - I'd die for Nan - cy Daw - son.  
move - ment as a plea - sant tune, O sweet - est Nan - cy Daw - son.

*cres.* *mf*

## 3.

A king for her might yield his crown,  
To see her, angels might stoop down,  
She's worth the ransom of a town,  
Is lovely Nancy Dawson.  
In Bedlam I shall find a cell,  
And all my fellow madmen tell  
How thousands into folly fell,  
Bewitched by Nancy Dawson.



# BONNY NELL.

Words by H. F. S.

Old English Air.  
(H. F. S.)

Boldly and Merrily.

**Piano.**

Key G.

{ s | m : - : d : - f | r : - : t : - m | d : - t : d | l : - r | t : - : s : - s }

A song, boys! 'Tis wrong, boys! To chat-ter and smoke so long, boys! While  
Fill high, boys! For why, boys! Our throt-tles with song are dry, boys! And  
A floor, boys! Once more, boys! We'll ca - per and rant and roar, boys! And

{ d : t : d | r : m : f | f : - m | m : f : s : s | l : - : s . s | s : - : fe }

bright bon - ny Nell, As we know ve - ry well, Has a voice that is sweet and  
bright bon - ny Nell, Shall sup it as well, For all that she looks so  
bright bon - ny Nell, Shall car - ry the bell, And mad - den us all the



{ | s : - : - | s : - : r | r : - . m : r | r : m : f | s : - . l : s | s : s : f }  
 strong, boys! And he that re - fus - es To list, when she choos - es To  
 shy, boys! For O, the dear crea - ture! Her songs will be sweet - er For  
 more, boys! She foots it so light - ly, So gai - ly and spright - ly, So

{ | m : - . r : d | d : - : t, | l, : - : - | m, : - : m, | f, : - : s, . s, | l, : - : t, : d }  
 move us to woe or mirth, boys, Say, how shall we treat him, We'll  
 wet - ting her pipe with wine, boys, And voi - ces so - no - rous, To  
 eas - y her shape and form, boys! When - ev - er she dan - ces She

{ | d : - : r . r | t, : t, : d | r : - . m : f | r : - : t, . t, | d : - : - | d : - : }  
 kick him and beat him, And rub his red nose on the earth, boys!  
 join in the cho - rus, Nor yours will be want - ing, nor mine, boys!  
 fires all our fan - cies, And car - ries our hearts by storm, boys!



# THE HOP-PLANTERS' SONG.

Old English.  
(W. H. H.)

Briskly.

Piano.

*f*

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system is in 6/4 time, with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is marked *f* (forte) and features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some beamed sixteenth notes. The bass line consists of chords and single notes. The second system continues the melody and bass line, with the melody ending on a half note and the bass line on a whole note.

The first line of the song is in 6/4 time. The vocal melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: "Come, my jol - ly brisk boys, lay your hop - poles a - side, Each lad take his can and his What's he that pre-sides at the court of Ver - sailles To the plan - ter that sits on his". The piano part is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte) and consists of chords and single notes.

The second line of the song is in 6/4 time. The vocal melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: "wench; Old Eng - land now sails with the wind and the tide, To bench? Huz - zah for your hops, your stout, beer, and good ales, Down with". The piano part consists of chords and single notes.



|| l<sub>1</sub> :f :m | r :d :t<sub>1</sub> | d :- :- | : :s<sub>1</sub>.....s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> :d | m :- .m :r }

rouse us- and down with the French, To rouse us- and down with the  
 French wines, and down with the French, Down with French wines, and down with the

|| d :- :- | : : ||

French.  
 French.

*f*

## 3.

Inspir'd by such martial strong liquors as these,  
 Our thirst for revenge we will quench;  
 Our monarch, our sailors, our ships and our seas,  
 Are united to down with the French!

## 4.

Tho' void of all weapons, of guns, and of swords,  
 His fist a brave Briton can clench;  
 He will strike with weapons that nature affords,  
 And quickly will down with the French!

## 5.

Our ports, like our hearts, shall be open and free,  
 We scorn both to fly and entrench;  
 Take your liquor, my bucks! take your liquor with glee,  
 Down with that, and then, down with the French!



# DESPAIRING BESIDE A CLEAR STREAM.

Words by N. ROWE.

Old English Air: "Grim King of the Ghosts."  
(H. F. S.)

With melancholy sentiment.

**Piano.**

*pp*

*f* *dim.*

Key Bb. { :m<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :se<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> | d :t<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> | t<sub>1</sub> :— :m<sub>1</sub>...m<sub>1</sub> | d :t<sub>1</sub> :m }  
 Lah is G. 1. Des - pair - ing be - side a clear stream, A shep - herd for -  
 2. What though I have skill to com - plain, Though the mus - es my

*p* *dolce*

{ d :— t<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :— :m<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :se<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> | d :t<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> | t<sub>1</sub> :— :m<sub>1</sub> }  
 sak - en was laid, And while a false nymph was his theme, A  
 tem - ples have crown'd? What though, when they hear my sad strain, The

*p*



d :t<sub>1</sub> :m | d :—t<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :— || d .r | m :m :l<sub>1</sub> | f :m :r .d }  
 wil - low sup - port - ed his head. The wind that blew o - ver the  
 vir - gins sit weep - ing a - round. Ah Co - lin! thy hopes are in

r :— :m .r | d :—t<sub>1</sub> :d | l<sub>1</sub> :r :d | t<sub>1</sub> :— :m .m | l<sub>1</sub> :se<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> }  
 plain To his sighs with a sigh did re - ply; And the brook, in re -  
 vain, Thy pipe and thy lau - rel re - sign; Thy false one in -

d :t<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> | t<sub>1</sub> :— :m | d :t<sub>1</sub> :m | d :—t<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :— ||  
 turn to his pain, Ran mourn-ful - ly mur - mur - ing by.  
 clines to a swain Whose mu - sic is sweet - er than thine!

*dim.*

*dolce*

Go on to verse 3



3. And you, my com - panions so dear, Who sor-row to see me be - tray'd, What - ev - er I

suf - fer, for - bear, For - bear to ac - cuse the false maid. Tho' thro' the wide world I should

*cres.*

range, 'Tis in vain from my for - tune to fly, 'Twas hers to be false and to change, 'Tis

*p* *cres.* *f* *p*

mine to be constant and die.

*dolce* *pp* *dolce*



# YORK! YORK FOR MY MONEY.

Words by Wm. ELDERTON. 1584.

Air "Greensleeves."

H. F. S.

Jovially.

Piano.

Key F. Lah is D.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part is in 6/8 time, key of F major, and is marked 'Piano.' and 'Jovially.' The vocal part is in the same key and time, with lyrics written below the notes. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'As I came through the north coun-trie, The fa-shions of the world to see, I sought for mer-ry com-pa-nie, To go to the ci-ty of Lon-don. But when to the ci-ty of'.

As I came through the

north coun-trie, The fa-shions of the world to see, I sought for mer-ry

com-pa-nie, To go to the ci-ty of Lon-don. But when to the ci-ty of



York I came, I found good com - pa - ny in the same; As

well dis - pos - ed to ev - er - y game, As if it had been in Lon - don.

*Chorus on next page.*

2.

And in that city what saw I then?  
O! knights and squires and gentlemen,  
A shooting went for matches ten,  
As if it had been in London.  
They shot for twenty pound a bow,  
Besides great cheer they did bestow,  
I never saw a gallanter show,  
Except I had been in London.  
York! York, etc.

3.

And never a man that went abroad,  
But thought his money well bestowed,  
And money laid on, heap and load,  
As if it had been in London.  
There's gentlemen as frank and free  
As a mint at York again should be;  
Like shooting I did never see  
Except I had been in London.  
York! York, etc.

\* 4.

I pass not for my money it cost,  
Though some I spent and some I lost,  
I wanted neither sod nor roast,  
As if it had been at London.  
For there was flush of every thing,  
Red and fallow deer for a King,  
I never saw such merry shooting  
Since first I came from London.  
York! York, etc.

5.

God grant that once her majestie  
May come her city of York to see,  
For the comfort of that countrie,  
As well as she doth to London.  
And nothing shall be thought too dear,  
To see her Highness's person there,  
With such obedient love and fear,  
As ever she had in London.  
York! York, etc.



## CHORUS.

*f*

{ d : - : - | d : r : m | r : t<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - : t<sub>1</sub> | d : - : l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : t : d }

York! York, for my mo - nie, Of all the ci - ties that

{ t<sub>1</sub> : se<sub>1</sub> : m<sub>1</sub> | m<sub>1</sub> : - : t<sub>1</sub> | d : - : d | d : r : m }

ev - er I see, For mer - ry pas - time and

{ r : t<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - : l<sub>1</sub> . t<sub>1</sub> | d : - : l<sub>1</sub> | t<sub>1</sub> : - . l<sub>1</sub> : se<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - : - | l<sub>1</sub> : - : }

com - pa - nie, Ex - cept the ci - ty of Lon - don.



# FAREWELL! THOU FALSE PHILANDER.

Music by GOUGE.  
(F. W. B.)

Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

Key F.  
Lah is D.

Fare - well! thou false Phi - lan - der, Since now from me you rove; And  
Fare - well! my mer - ry child - hood, My days from sor - row free! I'll  
And if your feet should wan - der, Be - neath the shade and you Should

leave me here to wan - der, No more to think of love.  
ram - ble thro' the wild - wood, And none con - sort with me.  
light on me, Phi - lan - der, The pret - ty maid you slew.



*f*  
I  
I'll  
Then

*dolce*

*m* *f* *s* *f* *s* *m* | *l* *r* *de* | *r* *m* *f* *m* *f* *r* | *s* *d* *t* |

must for ev - er lan - guish, I must e - ter - nal mourn; From  
pluck the for - est flow - ers, And sing my well - a - day, The  
stay, while ro - ses twin - ing, As gar - land for my head, And

*d* *r* *m* *r* *m* *d* | *f* *m* *se* | *l* *s* *f* *m* *r* *d* *t* | *l* *—* ||

love I now am ban - ish'd, No more, no more re - turn.  
dove in leaf - y bow - ers, A - lone shall hear my lay.  
lay them with re - pin - ing, On her through you who's dead.



# WHY SO PALE AND WAN, FOND LOVER?

## Bass Song.

Words by Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

Old English Air.  
(H. F. S.)

**Piano.**

Key D. Läh is B.

Why so pale and wan, fond lov - er? Pri - thee, pri - thee, why so  
Why so dull and mute, young sin - ner? Pri - thee, pri - thee, why so

pale? Will when look - ing well can't move her, Will thy look - ing ill pre -  
mute? Will when speak - ing well can't win her, Will thy say - ing no - thing

vail? Will thy look - ing ill pre - vail? Pri - thee, pri - thee, why so  
do't? Will thy say - ing no - thing do't? Pri - thee, pri - thee, why so

*rall.*



*a tempo*  
*p*

Key A. Lah is F#.

{ d :— | m :d | s :— .m | f :r | l :— .se | se :m | t<sub>m</sub> :r .d | t<sub>i</sub> :l<sub>i</sub> }  
 pale? Why so pale and wan, fond lov - er? Pri - thee, pri - thee, why so  
 mute? Why so dull and mute, young sin - ner? Pri - thee, pri - thee, why so

*p a tempo*

Key D. Lah is B.

{ m<sub>i</sub> :— | f<sub>i</sub> :— | m<sub>i</sub> :l<sub>i</sub> | m :m<sub>i</sub> | l<sub>i</sub> :— r<sub>i</sub> :m | d<sub>i</sub> :t<sub>i</sub> .l<sub>i</sub> r<sub>i</sub> :f }  
 pale? Why, pri - thee, why so pale? Will when look - ing well can't  
 mute? Why, pri - thee, why so mute? Will when speak - ing well can't

*f*

*rall. e dim.* *f* *ad lib.*  
 { f :m | t :m | d :t<sub>i</sub> .l<sub>i</sub> | f :— .f | m :— d<sub>i</sub> :t<sub>i</sub> .l<sub>i</sub> | r<sub>i</sub> .se :l<sub>i</sub> | m :— .m | l<sub>i</sub> :— | — : ||  
 move her, Will thy look - ing ill pre - vail? Pri - thee, pri - thee, why so pale?  
 win her, Will thy say - ing no - thing do't? Pri - thee, pri - thee, why so mute?

*rall. e dim.* *f*

*rall.*



# ROGER AND CICELY.

Duet.

Old English  
(W. H. H.)

Moderato.

Piano.

ROGER.

Key A. { :s<sub>1</sub> | d :t<sub>1</sub> .l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :s<sub>1</sub> .s<sub>1</sub> | d :m .d l<sub>r</sub> :m .f }

1. Come, love, let us join, Come pri - thee, be mine, Mine  
2. In pi - ty for - bear, To mis - trust me, my dear, O

{ s :f .m l<sub>r</sub> .d :r .m | d :— | d :s<sub>1</sub> | d :t<sub>1</sub> .l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :s<sub>1</sub> .s<sub>1</sub> }

on - ly, my dear, pret - ty crea - - ture, More Cice - ly I prize Than  
spare while so sore - ly I lan - - guish, What room, dear un - kind, For de -

CICELY.  
Key E.

{ d :m .d l<sub>r</sub> :m .f | s :f .m l<sub>r</sub> .d :r .m | d :— | d :m .f }

both of my eyes, And than ho - ney to me she is sweet - - er, Yes,  
ceit you will find In a bo - som that's brim - ful of an - - guish Nay,



*s* :f .m | r .r :m .f | *s* :f .m | r .r :m .f }  
 yes, the plain case is, We know all your pa - ces, Though you  
 nay, Ro - ger, now You wrong me, I trow, I

Key A.

*s* :f .m | r .d :r .m | d :— | d .s, .s, | d .t, :d .r | m :m .f }  
 call us your joy and your trea - sure; Yet if sil - ly wench - es be -  
 would not be reck-on'd hard - heart - ed, But a - las, I have known, for be -

*rall.*

*s* .m :f .s | f .s :l .s | *s* :f .m | r .d :r .m }  
 lieve your pre - ten - ces They're left to re - pent at their  
 liev - ing too soon, Poor maids who have rue - ful - ly

*colla voce*

*d* :— | d : ||  
 lei - sure.  
 smart - ed.

*mf*



## CICELY.

3. { s<sub>1</sub> | d :t<sub>1</sub> .l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :s<sub>1</sub> .s<sub>1</sub> | d :m .d | r :m .f | s :f .m | r .d :r .m }

Well, well, I'm not shy, On your true love re-ly, Come with heart-y good will let's a-

3. { s<sub>1</sub> | m :s .f | m :d .r | m :d .m | s :m .r | d .t<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> .d | f .m :f .s }

Come sweet, be not shy, On your true love re-ly, Come with heart-y good will let's a-

*p*

d :— | — :s<sub>1</sub> .s<sub>1</sub> | d :t<sub>1</sub> .l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :s<sub>1</sub> .s<sub>1</sub> | d :m .d | r :m .f }

gree; I must quit ev'-ry fear, When with - out you, I swear, All the

m :— | — :s<sub>1</sub> .s<sub>1</sub> | m :s .f | m :d .r | m :d .m | s :m .r }

gree; You may quit ev'-ry fear, When with - out you, I swear, All the

## Key E.

s :f .m | r .d :r .m | d :— | — t<sub>1</sub> m .f | s :f .m | r :m .f }

world would be no - thing to me. Well I can't but ap-prove of so

d .t<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> .d | f .m :f .s | m :— | — : | : | : }

world would be no - thing to me.



Key A.

hon - est a love; Key E.

Key A.

O the

Then take me and be thou my wife, O the

*rall.*

love, my lad, That's as heart-y and glad, And as hon - est will last out a

*rall.*

love, my lass, That's as heart-y as this, And as hon - est will last out a

*colla voce*

life.

life.

*f*



# COME, ROGER AND NELL.

Air by GALLIARD.  
(W. H. H.)

With spirit.

**Piano.**

Key D.

{ :d | m :r :d | s :- :m }

Come, Ro - ger and Nell, come,  
Our la - bours are o'er, our

*p*

|| 1 :l :t | d' :- :s | l :f :m | r :s :f | m :- :- | - :- :d }

Sim - kin and Bell, Each lad with his lass hi - ther come; With  
barns in full store, Now swell with rich gifts of the land; Let

Key A.

|| m :f :s | d' f :m :r | t, :r :f | m :r :d | s, :s :m | r :d :t, }

sing - ing and danc - ing, in plea - sure ad - vanc - ing To ce - le - brate har - vest  
ev - 'ry man take, for the prong and the rake, His can and his las - sie in



## CHORUS.

Key D.

|| d :-:- | :-:- d<sup>d</sup> | d<sup>d</sup> : d : r | m :-:- d<sup>d</sup> | t : l : se | l :-:- l | s : f : m | r :-:- d }  
 home. hand. 'Tis For } Ce - res bids play and keep ho - li - day, To ce - le - brate har - vest

|| s :-:- | m :-:- d | s :-:- | m :-:- d | l :-:- | :-:- : t | d<sup>d</sup> : d : f | m :-:- r }  
 home, har - vest home, har - vest home, To ce - le - brate har - vest

|| d :-:- | :-:- : ||  
 home.

## 3.

No courtier can be as happy as we,  
 In innocence, pastime and mirth,  
 Whilst thus we carouse, with sweetheart or spouse,  
 And rejoice in the spoil of the earth.  
 For Ceres bids play, etc.



# THE SUN HAD LOOSED.

Words after  
TOM D'URFEY.

Old English Air.  
(H. F. S.)

Cheerfully.

Piano.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part is in G major, 6/8 time, and features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal part is in G major, 6/8 time, and features a melody with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Key G. { .d | d :- s | s :- l : s }

The sun had loos'd his  
A - pace came on the

{ f :- f | r : m : f | s :- d | d :- r | m :- s :- d | d :- s | s :- l : s }

wea - ry team, And turn'd his steeds a - graz - ing, Ten fa - thoms deep in  
grey - eyed morn, The herds in fields were low - ing, And 'mongst the poul - try

{ s : f : m | r : m : f | s :- d | d :- r | m :- s :- s | m :- r - d : r : m }

Nep - tune's stream, His The - tis was em - brac - ing; The stars tripp'd in the  
in the barn, The plough-man's cock was crow - ing; Then Rog - er rubb'd his



{ r : - : t, | s, : - : s, | s, : - : d | d : - : r | m : - : - | s : - : s }  
 fir - ma - ment, Like milk - maids on a May day, Or  
 sleep - y eyes, And slow - ly said, a - wak - ing, The

{ m : - : r | d : - : r : m | r : - : t, | s, : - : s, | s, : - : d | d : - : r | m : - : - | s : - : - ||  
 coun - try las - ses a - mum - ming sent, Or school - boys on a play day.  
 day is come, 'tis time to rise, My drow - sy bed for - sak - ing.

## 3.

To plough and sow, to reap and mow,  
 Anew, the hours a-summing,  
 To delve and drudge, to dyke and hoe,  
 And drink ale brown and humming.  
 Why zounds! of liquors ale's the chief,  
 And barley is its marrow;  
 And best of viands home grown beef,  
 For both must till and harrow.

## 4.

For certain would we top the can,  
 And chump our beef and bacon,  
 No lie-a-bed must be the man,  
 His feathers quick forsaken,  
 To work and sweat, and sloth forget,  
 And strive to do our best, Sir!  
 To eat and work, and work and eat,  
 And both- to give drink zest, Sir!



# TO ANTHEA.

Words by HERRICK.

J. L. HATTON.  
(W. H. H.)

Allegro.

Voice.

Key Eb.

{s l .t :d' .s t .l :s .f }  
Bid me to live, and I will live, Thy

Piano.

*ff*

*f* :r .,d d :— .m s .,f :m .d s .,f .m .m }  
Pro - tes - tant to be, Or bid me love and I will give a

*dim.* *p*

*f* .s :l .s, *f* m :s .se l .m :f .,l l .m :f .l }  
lov - ing heart to thee, A heart as soft, a heart as kind, A



heart as sound and free, As in the whole world thou canst find, That

heart I'll give to thee,

*dim.* *mf*

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay To

*p* *cres.*

hon - our thy de - cree; Or bid it lan-guish quite a-way, It

*f* *p*



f .m :r .r | d :— .d | d .f :m .d | d .f :m .d }  
 shall do so for thee; Bid me to weep, and I will weep, While

*sempre p*

f .d :s .d | l : .t | d .l :se .m | m .l :t .d }  
 I have eyes to see, And hav - ing none yet I will keep A

*cres.*

d .t :l .se | l : .l | s .f :m .l | s .f :m .m }  
 heart to weep for thee. Bid me des - pair, and I'll des - pair, Un -

*f*

m .m :r :r .d .t | d :— .d | d .r :m .m | m .fe :s .l }  
 der the Cy - press tree; Or bid me die, and I will dare E'er

*p*



death to die for thee. Thou art my life, my

*f* *sempre f*

love, my heart, The ve - ry eyes of me, And

*cres. molto* *ff*

*con passione*

hast com - mand of ev' - ry part, To live and die for

*colla voce*

thee.

*ff*



# ARISE, SWEET MESSENGER OF MORN.

From the Masque of "Alfred."

Words by THOMPSON and MALLET.

DR. ARNE.

(1740.)

(H. F. S.)

Moderato Allegro.

Piano.

Key Eb. { : d s : - : - | : s }

A - rise, a - see,  
See, morn see,

Key Bb.

{ d : - : - | m : - : - | l : t : d | f : - : m | r : - : - | : : | : : | : : | : r s : : s | l : - : - | t : - : - }

rise, sweet mes - sen - ger of morn, With thy mild, mild  
morn a - pears, a ro - sy hue Steals soft o'er

{ d : - : - | - : - : r | m : s : f | m : r : d | t : - : - | : r : r | s : - : - | f : - : - | m : s : f | m : r : d | s : - : - | r : - : - | d : - : - | : : }

beams this isle a - dorn, With thy mild, mild beams this isle a - dorn.  
yon - der o - rient blue, Steals soft o'er yon - der o - rient blue.



Key E

|| : : | : : | : s | s : s | s : s | s : l : t | d : m | m : m | m : m | m : f : s | l : d | d : r : m |

For long as shepherds sport and play, For long as shepherds sport and play, as shepherds  
Well are we met in trim ar - ray, Well are we met in trim ar - ray, are met in

|| f : - | m : - | r : - | : r | m : s : r | m : - s | l : d : s | l : - s | t : - d | r : f : m |

sport and play, This, this shall be a ho - li - day, This, this shall be a  
trim ar - ray, To fro - lie out this ho - li - day, To fro - lie out this

|| r : d : t | d : - s | l : t : d : t | d : - | : : | : : d | s : - f | m : r : d | s : - r : - | d : - l : - : ||

ho - li - day, a ho - li - day, This this shall be a ho - li - day.  
ho - li - day, this ho - li - day, To fro - lie out this ho - li - day.

## 3.

Each nymph be like the blushing morn  
That gaily brightens o'er the lawn,  
That gaily brightens o'er the lawn;  
Each shepherd like the sun be gay,  
Each shepherd like the sun be gay,  
Each like the sun be gay;  
And grateful keep this holiday,  
And grateful keep this holiday,  
This holiday,  
And grateful keep this holiday.



# THE RED LIPS.

Old English Song adapted.

Air: Coal Black Joke. (W. H. H.)

Cheerfully.

Piano.

*mf*

Key F. } :d...d | s | :l | :t | d | r :d | r :m :r lr :- :d...r | m :f :m |m :r :d }

Could I know all the world, I have rea-son to think, That as sure as we eat and as  
The sol-dier who bat-tles thro' powder and smoke, Will reck-on his vic-to-ries

| r :m :r lr :- :d...t | d :d :t |l | :l | :s | s | :l | :t | d :- :s...f }

sure as we drink, We love the red lips that so sau-ci-ly pout. For by  
but as a joke, All for the red lips that so sau-ci-ly pout. The

| m :f :s |s | :l | :s | l | t :d' |s :- :s...f | m :f :s |s | :l | :s }

men of ex-per-i-ence 'thas oft been con-fess'd; And as far as I find, we may  
sai-lor who flour-ish-es cut-las in hand Will ne'er quit the deck whilst he's



*rall.* *a tempo*

judge that the rest Love the } red \_\_\_\_\_ lips, so cor - a - line red, They will  
a - ble to stand, For the }

*colla voce* *a tempo*

*ad lib.*

kin-dle the heart, they will turn a man's head, The red \_\_\_\_\_ lips that sau - ci - ly pout.

*mf*

## 3.

The surgeon has science to make a limb sound,  
Incapable wholly to heal any wound  
    Made by red lips that saucily pout.  
The alchemist seeks the philosopher's stone,  
But priceless, more priceless is forcèd to own  
    Are the red lips, so coraline red, etc.

## 4.

The lawyer will plead till he wearies his jaws,  
But will bind up his brief and desert the best cause  
    For the red lips that saucily pout.  
The mathematician, though grave be his looks,  
Will break his machines and will burn all his books,  
    For the red lips, so coraline red, etc.

## 5.

And thus by these instances, sir, you may see,  
Men of ev'ry profession and ev'ry degree  
    Love the red lips that saucily pout.  
I'm sure it is easier far to withstand  
A purse of bright guineas put into the hand,  
    Than a pair of red lips, so coraline red,  
They kindle the heart, and they turn a man's head,  
    The red lips that saucily pout.



# CORYDON'S FAREWELL.

ROBERT JONES. 1601.  
(W. H. H.)

In moderate time.

**Voice.**

**Piano.**

Key B $\flat$ . Lah is G. } :l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :— | d :— | t<sub>1</sub> :— | :m }

Fare - well, dear love, since  
Fare - well, thou way - ward  
What! turn a - gain? nay,

r :m | d :r | t<sub>1</sub> :— | :t<sub>1</sub> | t<sub>1</sub> :— | d :— | r :— | :m }

thou wilt needs be gone, Mine eyes do shew my  
fair! heart - whole I be, A me - di - cine thy  
nay, it is too late. An - o - ther time I



Key F. Lah is D.

d r t t l l s s l d t m {  
 life is al - most done. Here I will nev - er die So  
 wil - ful - ness to me. Sound as a bell my heart Is  
 will not tempt my fate. Vain - ly to me you sue, For

Key B $\flat$ . Lah is G.

m l se l t l : l : : d r m f s : r l t d r {  
 long as I can spy. now. Do thou de - part.  
 I am ice to you. There be ma - ny mo'e, Though that she do

m : t d r t d l se ba se l t m r d t l {  
 go, There be ma - ny mo'e, I fear not. Why, then, let her

se d t l l : l : se d t l {  
 go, I care not.



# WHAT SHALL I DO, TO SHEW HOW MUCH I LOVE HER?

(Song from "Diocletian." 1690.)

Words by T. BETTERTON.

Music by PURCELL.

(H. F. S.)

In moderate time.

Piano.

*rall.*

*a tempo*

Key C. Lah is D. || d' :l :t | se :-t :l | t ,d' .r' :d' .t :d' .l | t :-m {

What shall I do to shew how much I love her?

*a tempo*

|| m' :l :t | d' :m :se | l .t :t :-l | l :-: | d' :l :t | se :-t :l }

How ma - ny mil - lions of sighs can suf - fice? That which wins o - thers' hearts

|| t ,d' .r' :d' .t :d' .l | t :-m | m' :l :t | d' :m :se | l .t :t :-l | l :-: ||

nev - er can move her; All common me - thods of love she'll de - spise.



Key G. Lah is E.

s :m :s | d' :s :l | m .f :s :f .m | r :— :d | m l :r :t }  
 I will love more than man e'er lov'd be - fore me; Gaze on her

Key C. Lah is A.

d .r :m :l .se | l .t :t :— .l | l :— :r l :fe :t | se :m :d' }  
 all the day, Dream of her all the night: Till for her own sake at

l :r' .t :d' .l | t :— :m | t .d' :r' :d' .t | d' .r' :m' :l }  
 last she'll im - plore me To love her less, to pre -

l .t :t :— .l | l :— :||  
 serve our de - light.



# NOTTINGHAM ALE.

"Lillebulero"

H. PURCELL. (1686.)

(H. F. S.)

Jovially.

Piano.

Key Eb. { .d | d:-r :d | m :- :m | r:-m :r | f :- :f }

When Ven-us the goddess of beau-ty and love A  
Ye bish-ops and curates, priests dea-cons and vicars, When

{ m :s :d | f :f :m | r:-d :t | d:-:d | d:-r :d | m:-m :m | r:-m :r | f :- :f }

rose from the foam, that swam on the sea, Mi-ner-va sprang out of the cran-ium of love, A -  
once you have tasted you'll own it is true, That Nott-ing-ham ale is the best of all liquors, And

{ m :s :d | f :-:m | r:-d :t | d:-:s...s | d':-:t t | d':-:s | s :-:l :ta | l :-:s }

coy sul-len dame, as authors a-gree, But Bacchus, they tell us, that prince of good fel-lows, Was  
none un-derstand what's good like to you, It dis-pels ev-ry vapour, saves pen, ink, and pa-per, For



s : l : t | d : s : l | s : f : m | r : s : l : s : f | m : f : s | l : s : f | m : f : s }  
 Ju-pi-ter's son, pray at - tend to my tale, For they who thus chat - ter mis - take the whole matter, He  
 when in the pul-pit your fan - cy to rail, 'Twill o - pen your throats, you may preach without notes, In -

*CHORUS.*

l : d : d | f : f : m | r : d : t | d : - || d : r : d | m : - | r : m : r | f : f }  
 sprang from a bar - rel of Nott - ing - ham ale. } Nott - ing - ham ale, Nott - ing - ham ale, No  
 spired by a bum - per of Nott - ing - ham ale. }

m : s : d | f : m | r : d : t | d : - ||  
 li - quor on earth like Nott - ing - ham ale.

## 3.

Ye doctors, who more execution have done,  
 With powder and potion, and bolus and pill,  
 Than hangman with halter, or soldier with gun,  
 Or miser with famine, or lawyer with quill,  
 To despatch us the quicker, you forbid us malt liquor,  
 Till our bodies consume, and our faces grow pale;  
 Let him mind you who pleases, what cures all disease-is  
 A comforting glass of good Nottingham ale.  
 Nottingham ale, &c.



# MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE.

Old English Song.  
(W. H. H.)

Slowly and smoothly.

Voice.

Piano.

Key G. { :s<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :—l | :s<sub>1</sub> | d :—:r | m :—f :m | r :—:d | s :m :— | r :—:d }

My dear and on - ly love, take heed How thou thy - self ex -  
Let not their oaths, by vol - leys shot, Make a - ny breach at

*pp*

{ l<sub>1</sub> :—:— | —:—:—l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :—l | :s<sub>1</sub> | d :—:r | m :—f :m | r :—:d | s :m :— | f :—:s }

pose; And let not long - ing lov - ers feed Up - on such looks as  
all, Nor smooth - ness of their lan - guage plot A way to scale the



l : - : - : l | s : - : m | r : - : d | f : - : s | l : - : s : f | s : - : m | r : - : d

those. I'll mar - ble wall thee round a - bout, And build with - out a  
wall. No balls of wild - fire love con - sume The shrine which I a -

l : - : - : l | s : - : l : s | d : - : r : d | m : - : f : s | l : - : s : f | s : m : - : r : - : d

door But if my love doth once break out I'll ne - ver love thee  
dore; For if such smoke a - bout it fume, I'll ne - ver love thee

d : - : - : - : ||

more.  
more.

*p*

3.

Then if by fraud or by consent  
To ruin thou shouldst come,  
I'll sound no trumpet as of wont,  
Nor march by beat of drum.  
But fold my arms, like ensigns up,  
Thy falsehood to deplore;  
And after such a bitter cup  
I'll never love thee more.

4.

Yet for the love I bore thee bright,  
And lest that love should die;  
A marble tomb of stone I'll write,  
The truth to testify.  
That every pilgrim passing by  
May see, and so implore,  
And stay and read the reason why  
I'll never love thee more.



# THE GOLDEN DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS.

Words by COLLINS.

Old English Air.  
(W. H. H.)

Boldly, and in moderate time.

Piano.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time, marked 'Boldly, and in moderate time.' The piano part consists of two staves. The vocal melody is written on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: 'To my muse give at - ten - tion, and deem it not a Then we laugh'd at the bug - bears of dons and Ar - mys - te - ry, We jum - ble to - ge - ther mu - sic, po - e - try, and ma - does, With gun - pow - der puffs, and their blus - t'ring bra -' The score is divided into four systems, each with piano accompaniment and vocal melody. The piano part uses a variety of dynamics including *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *sf* (sforzando). The vocal part includes lyrics and musical notation for the melody.

Key G. { .s<sub>1</sub> , s<sub>1</sub> | d :d .d | d :d .d | r .d :t<sub>1</sub> .d }

To my muse give at - ten - tion, and deem it not a  
Then we laugh'd at the bug - bears of dons and Ar -

{ r .m :f .s | m .d :d .d | d .d :d .d | r .d :t<sub>1</sub> .d }

mys - te - ry, We jum - ble to - ge - ther mu - sic, po - e - try, and  
ma - does, With gun - pow - der puffs, and their blus - t'ring bra -



his - to - ry, The times to dis - play in the days of good Queen  
va - does, We knew how to man - age the mus - ket and the

Bess, sir, Whose name and whose mem - o - ry pos - te - ri - ty may  
bow, sir, And bring down a Span - iard as ea - sy as a

bless, sir. } O the gold - en days of good Queen  
crow, sir. }

Bess, sir, Mer - ry be the mem - o - ry of good Queen



|| t, :d . ||  
Bess, sir.

## \* 3.

[Then a lady with ruff tied about her pretty neck fast,  
Would gobble up a pound of beefsteak for her breakfast,  
With close quill'd up coif, her noddle just did fit, sir,  
She truss'd up as tight as a rabbit for the spit, sir.  
O the golden days, &c.]

## 4.

Then good fellowship was as plentiful as beef, sir,  
The poor from the rich never wanted relief, sir,  
While merry went the mill-wheel, the shuttle and the plough, sir,  
And honest men could live by the sweat of the brow, sir,  
O the golden days, &c.

## 5.

Then the folks ev'ry Sunday went twice to the church, sir,  
And ne'er left the parson and prayer in the lurch, sir,  
They judg'd the Lord's Day for all men to be good in,  
And thought it Sabbath breaking to dine without their pudding,  
O the golden days, &c.

## 6.

Thus they ate and they drank, and they wrought and they prayed, sir,  
Of friends not ashamed, nor of enemies afraid, sir;  
And ne'er gave a thought, when this ground they stood upon, sir,  
They'd be drawn to the life, now they're all dead and gone, sir.  
O the golden days, &c.

\* May be omitted in singing.



# THE LASS OF LYNN.

Old English.  
(W. H. H.)

In moderate time.

Voice.

Piano.

Key Bb. { :s<sub>1</sub> | d :-.r :d | t<sub>1</sub> :-:l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :-: - | - :-: t<sub>1</sub> | d :-.r :d | r :-: :r }  
 Lah is G. I am a young lass of Lynn, Who of - ten said, Thank you,

{ m :-: - | - :-: t<sub>1</sub> | d :-.r :d | r :-:d :r | m :-:f :m | l :-:l | s :m :d | t<sub>1</sub> :-:l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :-: - | - :-: m }  
 too; Quite crabbed I'm grown and sere and thin, For no - bo - dy comes to woo. I







true, A wo-man is on-ly es-teen'd as gold, So  
 true, Is by way of the o-ven and fry-ing pan, And by

*With energy*

sure as she work can do. So turn up your sleeves and bake, And  
 way of the cel-lar too. Then in-to the kit-chen, lass, And the

tuck up your kir-tle too, And show you can cakes and cor-dials make, And  
 men, and they not a few, Will court your fa-vour and by the mass, Will

like-wise a fir-kin brew.  
 take you and thank you too.



# THE NIGHT HER BLACKEST SABLES WORE.

New Words by S. B. G.

Old English Air  
(W. H. H.)

Smoothly, and rather slowly.

Voice.

Piano.

Key Eb. {m | d :t<sub>1</sub>.l<sub>1</sub> | m :l | s :— .f | m :r .d | f :— .m | r :d .t<sub>1</sub> }

Lah is C. The night her black-est sa - bles wore, And gloom - y were the  
"My bow is all un - strung;" he said, "And drag - g'd is my

*pp legato*

Key Bb. Lah is G.

se<sub>1</sub> :— | — :m | d :t<sub>1</sub>.l<sub>1</sub> | m :l | se :— .l | t :d<sup>d</sup> | r :d .t<sub>1</sub> | t<sub>1</sub> :— .l<sub>1</sub> }

skies, The glit - t'ring stars they were no more, The wind was sobs and  
wing, My ar - rows do not fear, fond maid, Nor this re - lax - ed



Key Eb. Lah is C.

sighs; Then Cu - pid came un - to the door And tirl - ed at the  
string, Then pi - ty, it be - tray'd her heart, And she un - did the

*cres.*

pin, And cried, Fair maid - en on the floor, I pri - thee, let me  
pin, And love she would not bid de - part, In - con - ti - nent let

*cres.* *dim.*

in.  
in.

*p*

## 3.

Beside the hearth he low did sit,  
 Until his bow was dry,  
 Then laughingly a shaft did fit,  
 He said, the string to try.  
 Then forth it sped and in her breast  
 Did lodge that arrow thin,  
 And she hath neither joy nor rest  
 Because she let love in.



# COME SWEET LASS.

Cheerfully. ♩ = 116.

Old English Song.  
(H. F. S.)

Piano.

The musical score is written in E-flat major (three flats) and common time (C). It consists of a piano accompaniment and a vocal melody. The piano part begins with a series of chords and moving lines in both hands. The vocal melody enters in the second system with the lyrics 'Come, sweet lass, This'. The piano part provides harmonic support, including a 'rall.' section and a 'pp' (pianissimo) section. The vocal melody continues with 'On our green The' and then a longer phrase: 'bon - ny wea - ther Let's to - ge - ther, Come, sweet lass, Let's trip it o'er the loons are sporting, Pip - ing, court-ing; On our green The blith-est lads are'. The piano part continues with chords and moving lines, including a 'p' (piano) section. The vocal melody concludes with 'grass. seen Come sweet lass, This bon - ny wea - ther Let's to - ge - ther; On our green, The loons are sport-ing Pip - ing court-ing'. The piano part ends with a 'cres.' (crescendo) section and a final chord.

Key Eb. ♩ d :- | s :- | m :- | - : l }

Come, sweet lass, This  
On our green The

*rall.* *pp*

♩ s : m | r : d | r : t | l | : s | d :- | s :- | m :- | - : l | s : d | l | : r }

bon - ny wea - ther Let's to - ge - ther, Come, sweet lass, Let's trip it o'er the  
loons are sporting, Pip - ing, court-ing; On our green The blith-est lads are

*p*

*cres.*

♩ t :- | - : - | d :- | s :- | m :- | - : l | s : m | r : d | r : t | l | : s }

grass. seen Come sweet lass, This bon - ny wea - ther Let's to - ge - ther;  
On our green, The loons are sport-ing Pip - ing court-ing

*cres.*



*p*

|| d : - | s : - | m : - | - : l | s : d | l | : r | t : - | - : | t : - | r : - | }  
 Come, sweet lass, Let's trip it o'er the grass, Ev'ry - ry - all  
 On our green The blith - est lads are seen There all

*rall. e*

|| s : - | - : t | d : s | s : m | l : - | - : s | l : f | f : r | t | : r | s | : s | }  
 where young Jock-y seeks his dear, And till that you ap - pear He sees no  
 day the lass-es dance and play, And ev' - ry one is gay But I when

*dim. ad lib.*

|| f : m | r : - . d | d : - | - : ||  
 beau - ty here.  
 you're a - way.

*rall.*

3.

♩ Come sweet maid  
 Whilst flowers springing,  
 Wood birds singing,  
 From the shade, into the pleasant glade.:|  
 Now the sun  
 The evening sun, work done,  
 Its course has run, there's none  
 But thee I love-my only one.

4.

♩ Come, sweet lass  
 This bonny weather  
 Let's together!  
 Come, sweet lass, let's trip it on the grass.:|  
 Everywhere,  
 Young Jocky seeks his dear,  
 And till that you appear,  
 He sees no beauty here.



# O JENNY, O JENNY, WHERE HAST THOU BEEN?

Gracefully.

Old English. (H. F. S.)

Piano.

Key A. } s<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :m<sub>1</sub> :f<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> .s<sub>1</sub> :—:m | r :—:d | l<sub>1</sub> :—:s<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :m<sub>1</sub> :f<sub>1</sub> { s<sub>1</sub> .s<sub>1</sub> :—:m }

1. O Jen - ny, O Jen - ny, where hast thou been? Thy fa - ther and mo - ther are  
 2. Thou hang-est thy smick-ets a - broad to bleach, But why in the world so

{ r :—:d | r :—:—: | r :m :f | s :f :m | f :m :r | t<sub>1</sub> :—:s<sub>1</sub> }

seek - ing thee; A la - zy hus - sy, a ram - bling quean,  
 long should'st be? Ev - er they dan - gle be - yond thy reach,

*p*

{ d...d :m :—:l<sub>1</sub> :—:r | s<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> :—:d :—: | : : | : : | : : | : }

Ev - er in Jock - ie's com - pa - ny.  
 Need - ing Jock - ie's com - pa - ny.



3. Thou goest to the well, with pail from home, To draw, but will e'er a

lag - gard be; Wa - ter's too hea - vy to heave a - lone

Thou must have Jock - ie's com - pa - ny.

## 4.

O Jenny, in troth, and by my fay,  
 'Tis thou and thy Jock that one should be;  
 None can then grumble if all the day  
 Jock and thou keep company.

## 5.

O Jenny, O Jenny, when that takes place,  
 I reckon a change is sure to be;  
 We shall see more of thy comely face,  
 Weary of Jockie's company.



# BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

Song from "As you like it"

Words by SHAKESPEARE. (1590?)

Music by D<sup>r</sup> ARNE (1740.)  
(H. F. S.)

Not too slow.

Voice.

Piano.

Key G.

{ : s | f . m : r . d | l : d | d : t | - : d | r . m : f . r | s : f }

Blow, blow, thou winter wind, Thou art not so un -

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky, Thou dost not bite so

*cres.* *dim.* *D. C.*

{ f : m | - : r | d : d | d : d | fe : fe | s : d | t | - : l | - : s | s : - | }

kind, Thou art not so un - kind As man's in - gra - ti - tude.

nigh, Thou dost not bite so nigh As be - ne - fits for - got.

*cres.* *dim.*



Key C. Lah is A.

Key G.

Thy tooth is not so keen Be - cause thou art not seen, Thy  
 Tho' thou the wa - ters warp Thy sting is not so sharp, Tho'

tooth is not so keen Be - cause thou art not seen, Al -  
 thou the wa - ters warp Thy sting is not so sharp As

*cres.* *fz* *p*

though thy breath be rude, Al - though thy breath be rude, Al -  
 friend re - mem - ber'd not, As friend re - mem - ber'd not, As

though thy breath be rude.  
 friend re - mem - ber'd not.



## WIDDICOMBE FAIR.

Devonshire Folk-Song.  
(LEARMONT DRYSDALE)

Allegro giusto.  $\text{♩} = 72$ .

Piano.

Key G.  $\{ : : | : : s_1 \}$

1. Tom  
2. And  
3. Then

$\{ d : - : d | m : - : r | t_1 : - . l_1 : s_1 | d : - : - | d : - . d : d | m : - . r : d \}$   
 Pearse, Tom Pearse, lend me thy grey mare.  
 when shall I see a - gain my grey mare? } All a - long, down a - long,  
 Fri - day came, and Sat - ur - day noon, }

$\{ t_1 : - . t_1 : d | r : - : s_1 : s_1 | d : - . d : d | m : r : d | t_1 : - . l_1 : s_1 | l_1 : - : s_1 : s_1 \}$   
 out a - long lee, { For I want for to go to Wid - di - combe Fair,  
 By Fri - day soon or Sat - ur - day noon, } Wi' Bill  
 But Tom Pear - se's old mare hath not trot - ted home, }



*cres - - cen - do*

*l\_ :-:s\_ | l\_ :-:s\_ | l\_ :-:s\_ | l\_ :-:s\_ | s\_ :-f :m | r :d :t\_*

Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk, old Un-cle Tom Cobbleigh and

*f*

*s :-:f | m :-f :m | r :d :t\_ | d :-: | : : | : : | : : | : : | : :*

all, — old Un-cle Tom Cobbleigh and all. —

*: : | :s\_ :s\_ | d :-:d :d | m :-r :d | t\_ :-l\_ :s\_ | d :-: | d :-:d :d | m :-r :d*

4. So Tom Pearse he got up to the top o' the hill, All a-long, down a-long,

*p*

*t\_ :-t\_ :d | r :-:s\_ .s\_ | d :-:d :d | m :-r :d | t\_ :-l\_ :s\_ | l\_ :-:s\_ .s\_*

out a-long lee, And he seed his old mare down a - mak - ing her will, Wi' Bill



*p* *poco a poco* *cres.*

l<sub>1</sub> :- :s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :- :s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :- :s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :- :s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :- :s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :- :s<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :- :f :m | r :- :d :t<sub>1</sub> }

Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk, old Un - cle Tom Cobbleigh and

*f*

s :- :l :- :f | m :- :f :m | r :d :t<sub>1</sub> | d :- :l :- : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : ||

all, — old Un - cle Tom Cobbleigh and all. —

*Andante.*

|| : : | :s<sub>1</sub> :s<sub>1</sub> | d :- :d :d | m :- :r...r | t<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> :s<sub>1</sub> | d :- :l :- :d :- :d :d | m :- :r :d }

5. So Tom Pear-se's old mare, her took sick and died, } All a-long, down a-long,

6. But this is not the end of this shock-ing af-fair, }

*molto rall.*

t<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> :d | r :- :s<sub>1</sub> | d :- :d :d | m :- :r :d | t<sub>1</sub> :- :l<sub>1</sub> :s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :- :s<sub>1</sub> .s<sub>1</sub> }

out a - long lee, { And Tom he sat down on a stone, and he cried, Wi } Bill

{ Nor, though they be dead, of the hor - rid ca - reer Of }

*molto rall.*



Tempo I.

*p* *poco* *a* *poco* *cres.*

Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk, old

*pp* *poco* *a* *poco* *cres.*

s<sub>1</sub> :f :m | r :.d :t<sub>1</sub> | s :-- :-- :f | m :.f :m | r :d :t<sub>1</sub> | d :-- :-- : : }  
 Un - cle Tom Cob - bleigh and all, old Un - cle Tom Cob - bleigh and all.

7. When the wind whistles cold on the

The musical score for 'The Moor of Ayr' is presented in three systems. The first system features a vocal melody on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are: 'moor of a night, All a - long, down a - long, out a - long lee, Tom'. The second system continues the vocal melody and includes a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The third system concludes the piece with a final vocal phrase and piano accompaniment. The score is written in a traditional, hand-drawn style with clear notation for notes, rests, and lyrics.



8. And all the night long be heard



The first system of the musical score for 'The Song of the Lark' is shown. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Allegretto' and the time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a piano introduction marked 'p' and 'cres.' (crescendo). The first vocal entry is marked 'e' (entrance) and 'accell.' (accelerando). The piano accompaniment features a series of chords and moving lines. The system ends with a measure marked 'sf' (sforzando) and 'p a tempo' (piano, at tempo).



# WHAT THOUGH I BE A COUNTRY LASS.

Words by M. PARKER.

Old English Air.  
Oil of Barley  
(H. F. S.)

Merrily.

Piano. *p*

Key G. { l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :- l<sub>1</sub> | m :- d }  
Lah is E. What though I be a  
What though I keep my

{ r :- t<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :- s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :- l<sub>1</sub> | m :- d | l<sub>1</sub> :- d :- l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :- l<sub>1</sub> | m :- d | r :- t<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :- s<sub>1</sub> }  
coun - try lass, A lof - ty mind I bear, a; I think my-self as good as those That  
fa - ther's sheep, A thing that must be done, a; A gar - land of the fair - est flow'rs Shall

{ l<sub>1</sub> :- l<sub>1</sub> | m :- d | l<sub>1</sub> :- d :- || d | d :- d | d : t<sub>1</sub> : d | r :- r | r :- r | m :- m | l<sub>1</sub> :- s }  
gay ap - pa - rel wear, a; My coat is made of home - ly grey, Yet is my skin as  
shroud me from the sun, a; And when I see they feed - ing be Where grass and flow - ers

*p*



soft, a, As those that with the choic - est wines Do bathe their bod - ies  
spring, a, Close by a cryst - al foun - tain side I sit me down and

oft, a.  
sing a.

## 3.

At Christmas tide, in mirth and glee,  
I dance with young men neatly;  
And who i'th' city like to me  
Can pleasure taste completely?  
No sport but pride and luxury  
I'th' city can be found then,  
But beauteous hospitality  
I'th' country doth abound then.

## 4.

I'th' spring my labour yields delight  
To walk i'th' merry morning,  
When Flora is, to please my sight,  
The ground with flowers adorning.  
The lark and thrush, from briar and bush,  
Do leap and skip and sing, a;  
And all is there to welcome in  
The long and looked for spring, a.

## 5.

Then we together milking go  
With pails upon our heads, a,  
And walking over woods and fields  
Where grass and daisies spread a,  
In honest pleasure's our delight  
Which makes our labour sweet, a,  
And mirth exceeds on every side  
When lads and lasses meet a.

## 6.

Then do not scorn a country lass  
And look on her with pity.  
You're better sped if her you wed  
Than one from out the city.  
So what I sing is in defence  
Of all plain country lasses,  
Whose modest, honest innocence  
All city girls surpasses.



# BRITANNIA'S SONS, REJOICE.

New words by S. B. G.

Old English Patriotic Song of 1758.  
re-written for the Jubilee year of 1897.  
(F. W. B.)

**Voice.**

Key Bb. { m : m : r | d : - . r : m | d : f : m }

Brit - an-nia's sons, rejoice, With heart and  
May England ev - er be The land of  
The Brit-ish Li - on's roar Fright foe-men

**Piano.**

*f*

{ r : - . r : d | l , . r : d : t , | d : - : - | m : m : r | d : - . r : m | d : f : m }

soul and voice, God save the Queen! Brit - an-nia's sons, rejoice, With heart and  
li - ber - ty, God save the Queen! May England ev - er be The land of  
from our shore, God save the Queen! The Brit-ish Li - on's roar Fright foe-men

{ r : - . r : d | l , . r : d : t , | d : - : - | s , : s , : s , | d : - . d : d | d : f : m }

soul and voice, God save the Queen! In whose au - spi - cious reign We ma - ny  
li - ber - ty, God save the Queen! U - ni - ted hearts and true, Girt with the  
from our shore, God save the Queen! The Brit - ish sword so bright, Leap from its



|| r : - . d : r | t, : m : r | d : - . r : m | m . f : r : - . m | m : - : - }

tri - umphs gain, So thun - der loud the strain, God save the Queen!  
o - cean blue, All false - hood we'll es - chew, God save the Queen!  
sheath to fight, For li - ber - ty and right, God save the Queen!

|| m : m : m | m : - . r : d | r : r : r | r : - . d : t, | d : r : m | f : - . f : m }

In whose au - spi - sious reign, We ma - ny tri - umphs gain, So thun - der loud the strain,  
U - ni - ted hearts and true, Girt with the o - cean blue, All false - hood we'll es - chew,  
The Brit - ish sword so bright, Leap from its sheath to fight, For li - ber - ty and right.

|| r . m . f : m : r | d : - : ||

God save the Queen.

1.

*Original words of 1758.*

2.

Britannia's sons, rejoice,  
To George exalt your voice,  
God save the King!  
In whose auspicious reign  
Cape Breton we regain,  
And in recording strain  
Victory sing.

Amherst and Boscawen,  
And all their British men,  
Like heroes shone.  
Thanks be to patriot Pitt,  
Whose penetrating wit  
And wisdom judged it fit  
To set them on.

3.

Oh, grant that, nobly won,  
That never Cape Breton,  
Again may fall.  
May British hands protect  
While British hearts direct,  
And Gallic schemes detect!  
God save us all!



# I'M A MAN THAT'S DONE WRONG.

Folk Song.  
(W. H. H.)

In moderate time.

Piano.

Key F. { :s<sub>1</sub> .s<sub>1</sub> | m :m :m | f :r :t<sub>1</sub> | d :m :— | : :d }

I'm a man that's in trou - ble and sor - row, That  
Then my fa - ther will say, when he meets me, "You

{ l<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> :d | m :r :d | r :— :— | — :s<sub>1</sub> :s<sub>1</sub> | m :m :m | f :r :t<sub>1</sub> }

once was light heart-ed and gay; Not a coin in the world can I  
beg - gar you still are at large; And mind, sir, that you don't come

{ d :m :— | : :r .r | r :fe :m | r :d :l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :— :— | s<sub>1</sub> :s<sub>1</sub> }

bor - row, Since my own I have squander'd a - way. I  
near me, Or, by hea - ven, I'll give you in charge? My



|| s<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> : r | f : m : r | d : m : — | : : d : d | : : t<sub>1</sub> : d | m : r : d }  
 once wrong'd my fa - ther and mo - ther, Till they turn'd me out from their  
 mo - ther, poor thing's bro - ken heart - ed, To meet me she oft - times will

|| r : — : | : — : s : s | s : l : s | f : — : r : m | f : s : f | m : — : s : s }  
 door, To beg, starve, or die, in a gut - ter to lie, And ne'er  
 try, For to give me a crown, with her head hang - ing down, And a

## CHORUS.

|| s : f : r | t<sub>1</sub> : m : r | d : — : | — : : s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | m : m : m | f : r : t<sub>1</sub> }  
 en - ter their dwell - ing no more, I'm a - man that's done wrong to my  
 tear drop falls out of her eye.

|| d : m : — | : : d | l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> : d | m : r : d | r : — : | : : s }  
 pa - rents, And dai - ly I wan - der a - bout, To



|| s : l : s | f : - : r , m | f : s : f | m : - : s | t : l : s | f : r : t | d : - : - : - : ||  
 earn a small mite for my lodgings at night, God help me, for now I'm cast out.

## 3.

I'd a sister that married a squire,  
 She'll ne'er look nor speak unto me;  
 Because in this world she's much higher,  
 And rides in her carriage, so free.  
 Then the girl that I once loved dearly,  
 Is dying heart-broken, they say,  
 And there on her bed she is lying, nigh dead,  
 And still for the outcast doth pray.

*Chorus.* I'm a man, &c.

## 4.

Kind friends, now from me take a warning,  
 Take heart from what I've told to you,  
 Be not cruel, proud hearted, and scorning,  
 'Tis sometimes full hard to be true.  
 I will try to be honest and upright,  
 And to do all the good that I can,  
 And I'll hold up my face, and go back to my place,  
 And prove to my friends I'm a man.

*Chorus.* I'm a man, &c.



## L'ADIEU.

GEORGE JACKSON.  
(W. H. H.)

Largo con espressione.

Piano.

*p* *cres.* *dim.* *pp* *cres.*

Key Eb. { s : f . m | m : — . m | r . l : s . f | f : m | d : d' }  
 One kind kiss be - fore we part, Drop a  
 One fond look, my on - ly love, O res -

{ t . l : . s | s . f : — . m | m : r | f : m . r | s : — . s }  
 tear and bid a - dieu, One kind kiss be -  
 train the fall - ing tear, One fond look, my



|| 1 :s .f | d' :t | d' .r d', t d' :m', d' .t, d' | t .i :— .s |

fore we part, Drop a tear and  
on - ly love, O res - train the

Key Bb.

|| s , m . — : r , d , r , m | d : | r s , : — . d | d . t , : d | r . m r , d e r : m . f |

bid a - dieu. Tho' you fe - ver my fond  
fall - ing tears. Tho' my bo - dy must re -

*pp*

|| f : m | s . m : m , d . — | t , . l , : f . , l | l . s : — . t , | r : d |

heart, Till we meet 'twill beat for you.  
move All my soul will still be here.

Key Eb.

|| f , d : d' | t . l : — . s | s . f : — . m | m : r | f : m . r |

One kind kiss be - fore we part, One kind  
One fond look, my on - ly love, One fond



{ s :— . s | l :s . f | d' :t | d' . r' d', t d' :m', d', t, d' | t i : . s }  
 kiss be - fore we part, Drop a tear and  
 look, my on - ly love, O res - train the

*ad lib.*

{ s , m .— | r, d, r, m | d :— ||  
 bid a - dieu.  
 fall - ing tear.

*p* *cres.*

*dim.*

## 3.

One more kiss before we part,  
 One fond look, then bid adieu.  
 Ev'ry fibre of my heart  
 Thrills with tender love for you.  
 One more kiss before we part,  
 One fond look, then bid adieu.







# GENERAL INDEX TO SONGS

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Begone, Dull Care (vi) . . . . .	ii	20	Farewell! thou False Philander (viii) . . . . .	ix	62	<i>I lov'd a Maid, her Name was Nell</i> (vi) . . . . .	xxii	118
Behold, I am a Village Lass (v) . . . . .	xxiii	27	Far, Far from me my Lover flies (v) . . . . .	xxv	68	I'm Afloat (i) . . . . .	xxxii	94
Be Lordly, Willy, be Lordly (vii) . . . . .	xvi	18	Farmer's Boy, The (i) . . . . .	xxx	58	I'm a Man that's done Wrong (viii) . . . . .	xxiii	114
<i>Bid me to Live and I will Live</i> (viii) . . . . .	x	74	Fill me a Bowl (v) . . . . .	xxiv	46	<i>I'm Lonesome since I cross'd the Hill</i> (iv) . . . . .	i	26
Black-eyed Susan (ii) . . . . .	x	76	Fine Old English Gentleman, The (ii) . . . . .	ii	16	<i>I'm Parish Clerk</i> (iv) . . . . .	vii	74
Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind (viii) . . . . .	xiii	102	Flow, thou Regal Purple Stream (iii) . . . . .	i	1	<i>In Doncaster there dwell a Lass</i> (viii) . . . . .	i	6
Bonny Gray-eyed Morn, The (ii) . . . . .	vii	60	Fly away, pretty Moth (v) . . . . .	xxvi	86	<i>In good King Charles's Golden Days</i> (i) . . . . .	xxvii	14
Bonny Nell (viii) . . . . .	vii	52	Fly! fly! ye Lazy Hours (iv) . . . . .	v	52	In Infancy our Hopes and Fears (vi) . . . . .	xii	110
Bound Prentice to a Waterman (vi) . . . . .	iv	42	Flying Dutchman, The (i) . . . . .	xxxii	88	In Limbo (ii) . . . . .	iv	32
Brave Men of Kent (vii) . . . . .	xxvii	34	Follow the Drum (ii) . . . . .	i	9	<i>In May Fifteen Hundred and Eighty</i> <i>and Eight</i> (v) . . . . .	xxiv	52
Brave Old Oak, The (iii) . . . . .	x	104	<i>For England when with Fav'ring</i> <i>Gale</i> (vii) . . . . .	xvi	20	In Praise of a Dairy (viii) . . . . .	iii	28
Britannia's Sons, Rejoice (viii) . . . . .	xxiii	112	From Teutland I come (iii) . . . . .	i	14	<i>In Storms when Clouds obscure the</i> <i>Sky</i> (ii) . . . . .	xi	81
British Grenadiers, The (ii) . . . . .	x	74	From thee to me she turns her Eyes (vii) . . . . .	xxiii	93	<i>In Summer Time, when Flow'rs</i> (vii) . . . . .	xx	66
Britons, where is your Magnanimity (vii) . . . . .	xviii	46	Gallant Poacher, The (iii) . . . . .	ii	28	<i>In the Caverns Deep of the Ocean Cold</i> (vi) . . . . .	vi	64
Brutus (iv) . . . . .	ix	106	Gallant Sailor, The (iv) . . . . .	viii	96	<i>In the Merry Month of May</i> (vii) . . . . .	xxi	78
Burton Ale (v) . . . . .	xxiv	49	Galloping Dreary Dun (i) . . . . .	xxx	76	<i>In the Month of February</i> (viii) . . . . .	v	34
Buy a Broom (iii) . . . . .	i	14	Garden Gate, The (i) . . . . .	xxx	84	In this Old Chair my Father sat (iv) . . . . .	ii	38
By those eyes (v) . . . . .	xxvi	88	Gathering Peascods (ii) . . . . .	xiv	102	Invincible Armado, The (v) . . . . .	xxiv	52
Cabin Boy, The (v) . . . . .	xxiii	36	Gather your Rosebuds whilst ye may (vi) . . . . .	ii	16	<i>I once that was Great</i> (ii) . . . . .	iv	32
Caleb Quotem (iv) . . . . .	vii	74	"Gentle Zitella, whither away?" (ii) . . . . .	xiii	100	I pass all my Hours (iii) . . . . .	x	98
Came you not from Newcastle? (vii) . . . . .	xxi	86	George Ridler's Oven (vi) . . . . .	x	100	I pray thee send me back my Heart (vi) . . . . .	vii	84
Can you now Leave me (vii) . . . . .	xxiv	116	Giles Scroggins (i) . . . . .	xxviii	26	I remember, I remember (ii) . . . . .	xii	90
Care flies from the Lad that is Merry (v) . . . . .	xxii	1	Gipsy King, The (iii) . . . . .	i	7	It was a Lover and his Lass (vii) . . . . .	xx	76
Cast, my Love, thine Eyes (vi) . . . . .	xiii	112	Girl I left behind me, The (iv) . . . . .	i	26	I've been roaming (i) . . . . .	xxx	68
<i>Cease, Rude Boreas</i> (iv) . . . . .	viii	86	<i>Give me Noble Ale</i> (v) . . . . .	xxiv	49	I went to the Fair (i) . . . . .	xxix	40
Cease your Funning (iv) . . . . .	ix	112	Give that Wreath to me (vi) . . . . .	ii	11	Jewel is my Lady Fair, A (vi) . . . . .	v	46
Celibrate this Festival (iv) . . . . .	ii	33	God save the Queen (i) . . . . .	xxv	7	Joan's Placket is Torn (v) . . . . .	xxvi	100
Charming Phillis (i) . . . . .	xxvii	8	Go, forget me (iii) . . . . .	ii	16	Jolly, Jolly Breeze, The (iii) . . . . .	ii	30
Cherry Ripe (i) . . . . .	xxix	36	<i>Go, go, go</i> (v) . . . . .	xxiv	41	Jonathan (v) . . . . .	xxiii	10
Cheshire Chambermaid, The (iii) . . . . .	iii	34	Golden Days of Good Queen Bess, The (vii) . . . . .	xi	90	Joy-Inspiring Horn, The (vii) . . . . .	xx	72
Cheshire Cheese, The (vi) . . . . .	vi	72	<i>Go patter to Lubbers and Swabs</i> (i) . . . . .	xxxii	102	Joy, Joy for Ever (vii) . . . . .	xvi	24
Child of Earth with the golden hair (v) . . . . .	xxvii	106	<i>Good Ringers be we that in Torrington</i> <i>dwell</i> (iv) . . . . .	viii	101	Just like Love is Yonder Rose (iii) . . . . .	iv	47
Colin's Request (vii) . . . . .	xv	1	<i>Had I Hanover, Bremen, and Varding</i> <i>(vii)</i> . . . . .	xx	62	L'Adieu (viii) . . . . .	xiv	117
<i>Come, all ye Jolly Sailors Bold</i> (iii) . . . . .	vii	76	Happy Land! (vi) . . . . .	ii	8	Lady, Thee I Love (vii) . . . . .	xxiii	98
<i>Come, Cheer up, my Lads</i> (iv) . . . . .	i	28	Hares in the Old Plantation (iv) . . . . .	ix	110	<i>Lady, unheeding, Love lies a-Bleeding</i> (iv) . . . . .	v	58
<i>Come, Cheer up your Hearts</i> (viii) . . . . .	i	1	<i>Hark! Hark! the Joy-Inspiring Horn</i> <i>(vii)</i> . . . . .	xx	72	Lashed to the Helm (ii) . . . . .	xi	81
<i>Come, come, Sweet Molly</i> (ii) . . . . .	xv	116				Lass of Lynn, The (viii) . . . . .	xii	93
<i>Come here, Fellow-Servant</i> (vii) . . . . .	xv	14				Lass of Richmond Hill, The (iii) . . . . .	iv	54
<i>Come, if you dare</i> (i) . . . . .	xxviii	20				Lass of the Mill, The (iv) . . . . .	viii	94
<i>Come, Lasses and Lads</i> (i) . . . . .	xxviii	18				Lass with the Golden Locks, The (viii) . . . . .	ii	20
<i>Come, Love, let us Join</i> (viii) . . . . .	x	66						
<i>Come, my Jolly Brisk Boys</i> (viii) . . . . .	viii	54						



<i>Last New Year's Morn</i> (vii) . . . . .	xv	4	<i>Orinthia, my Beloved</i> (iv) . . . . .	i	6	<i>There was a Jolly Miller</i> (vi) . . . . .	iii	30
<i>Last Night the Dogs did Bark</i> (ii) . . . . .	xvi	120	<i>Over the Mountains and over the Waves</i> (vi) . . . . .	iii	32	<i>There was an Old Woman</i> (vii) . . . . .	xxiv	114
<i>Last Valentine Day</i> (vi) . . . . .	ii	22	<i>Oxen Ploughing, The</i> (ii) . . . . .	xii	97	<i>There was a Youth</i> (i) . . . . .	xxix	50
<i>Leather Bottel, The</i> (ii) . . . . .	viii	67	<i>Pastime with Good Company</i> (i) . . . . .	xxvii	4	<i>They tell us that you Mighty Powers</i> (vi) . . . . .	ix	98
<i>Leave, Lasses, your Work</i> (iv) . . . . .	ix	116	<i>Peaceful Slumbering on the Ocean</i> (v) . . . . .	xxii	6	<i>Thou art gone from my Gaze</i> (ii) . . . . .	xii	94
<i>Let Ambition Fire thy Mind</i> (vi) . . . . .	v	62	<i>Phillida and Corydon</i> (vii) . . . . .	xxi	78	<i>Three Ages of Love, The</i> (vii) . . . . .	xx	68
<i>Let me Wander not Unseen</i> (vi) . . . . .	ix	96	<i>Phillida flouts me</i> (ii) . . . . .	iii	20	<i>Through all the Employments of Life</i> (vi) . . . . .	xi	106
<i>Light of Other Days, The</i> (iii) . . . . .	iv	37	<i>Phillida flouts me</i> (ii) . . . . .	iii	20	<i>Through the cool shady Woods</i> (ii) . . . . .	i	4
<i>Listen to the Voice of Love</i> (i) . . . . .	xxix	92	<i>Phillida on the New-Mown Hay</i> (vi) . . . . .	vi	70	<i>Through the Wood</i> (iv) . . . . .	iv	42
<i>Long, Long Ago</i> (vi) . . . . .	viii	44	<i>Pilgrim of Love, The</i> (iv) . . . . .	i	6	<i>Thy Secret unto thy Master tell</i> (ii) . . . . .	vi	50
<i>Loud roar'd the Dreadful Thunder</i> (i) . . . . .	xxxii	111	<i>Pilot, The</i> (vi) . . . . .	v	57	<i>Tight little Island, The</i> (ii) . . . . .	viii	64
<i>Love in Thine Eyes for Ever Plays</i> (iii) . . . . .	ii	19	<i>Ploughboy, The</i> (ii) . . . . .	xv	108	<i>Time has not thinned my flowing hair</i> (v) . . . . .	xxiii	18
<i>Love lies a-Bleeding</i> (iv) . . . . .	v	58	<i>Ploughman's Ditty, The</i> (v) . . . . .	xxvi	90	<i>'Tis I am the Gipsy King</i> (iii) . . . . .	i	7
<i>Love's Ritornella</i> (ii) . . . . .	xiii	100	<i>Polly Oliver</i> (vii) . . . . .	xxi	80	<i>'Tis thy will and I must leave thee</i> (v) . . . . .	xxiii	14
<i>Love will Find out the Way</i> (vi) . . . . .	iii	32	<i>Poor Jack</i> (i) . . . . .	xxii	102	<i>To all you Ladies now on Land</i> (viii) . . . . .	iii	26
<i>Loyal Lovers that are Distant</i> (viii) . . . . .	v	36	<i>Poor little Gipsy, The</i> (ii) . . . . .	xvi	118	<i>To Anthea</i> (viii) . . . . .	x	74
<i>Lubin's Rural Cot</i> (i) . . . . .	xxx	73	<i>Pray Goody</i> (iii) . . . . .	iv	40	<i>To be Lordly, whether he Ride or Run</i> (vii) . . . . .	xvi	18
<i>Maidens, Beware ye</i> (vii) . . . . .	xx	74	<i>Precautioned Nymph, The</i> (v) . . . . .	xxiv	41	<i>To Drive the Cold Winter away</i> (vii) . . . . .	xxii	90
<i>Maid of Doncaster</i> (viii) . . . . .	i	6	<i>Pretty Star of the Night</i> (iv) . . . . .	vii	62	<i>To meet her Mars</i> (v) . . . . .	xxv	84
<i>Many have told of the Monks</i> (i) . . . . .	xxxii	106	<i>Prithee, lend your foud voices</i> (ii) . . . . .	xii	97	<i>Tom Pearse, Tom Pearse</i> (viii) . . . . .	xiii	104
<i>Marigold Lane</i> (i) . . . . .	xxix	42	<i>Quaff with me the Purple Wine</i> (iv) . . . . .	i	21	<i>To my Muse give Attention</i> (viii) . . . . .	xi	90
<i>Marriage, or, the Mousetrap</i> (viii) . . . . .	i	12	<i>Ragged and Torn and True</i> (iii) . . . . .	v	70	<i>Tom Bowling</i> (iv) . . . . .	iv	48
<i>Meet me by Moonlight alone</i> (iv) . . . . .	iii	40	<i>Red Lips, The</i> (viii) . . . . .	x	80	<i>Tubal Cain</i> (iv) . . . . .	i	18
<i>Melancholy Nymph, The</i> (viii) . . . . .	ii	16	<i>Reproach, The</i> (v) . . . . .	xxvi	102	<i>Twang Lango Dillo Day</i> (ii) . . . . .	vi	50
<i>Mermaid, The</i> (vi) . . . . .	vi	74	<i>Rest, Warrior, Rest</i> (vi) . . . . .	iii	34	<i>'Twas Early I Walked</i> (iii) . . . . .	vii	74
<i>Mid Pleasures and Palaces</i> (ii) . . . . .	iv	30	<i>Returning Home across the Fields</i> (i) . . . . .	xxx	73	<i>'Twas in the Merry Month of May</i> (ii) . . . . .	i	9
<i>Midsummer Carol</i> (iii) . . . . .	vii	74	<i>Richard of Taunton Dean</i> (vii) . . . . .	xv	4	<i>'Twas on a Pleasant Summer's Day</i> (vi) . . . . .	i	6
<i>Mid-Watch, The</i> (iii) . . . . .	x	96	<i>Ringers of Torrington Town, The</i> (iv) . . . . .	viii	101	<i>'Twas on a very Stormy Day</i> (i) . . . . .	xxxii	88
<i>Miller of Dee, The</i> (vi) . . . . .	iii	30	<i>Rise, Gentle Moon</i> (iii) . . . . .	v	66	<i>'Twas on the Morn of Sweet May Day</i> (iii) . . . . .	x	101
<i>Miller's Wedding, The</i> (iv) . . . . .	ix	116	<i>Roast Beef of Old England, The</i> (iv) . . . . .	iv	50	<i>'Twas when the Seas were Roaring</i> (viii) . . . . .	ii	16
<i>Molly Lepell</i> (vii) . . . . .	xx	62	<i>Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep</i> (i) . . . . .	xxxii	92	<i>Two Daughters of this Aged Stream</i> (ii) . . . . .	ix	70
<i>Monks of Old, The</i> (i) . . . . .	xxxii	106	<i>Roger and Cicely</i> (viii) . . . . .	x	66	<i>Under the Greenwood Tree</i> (vii) . . . . .	xx	60
<i>Morning Break, The</i> (viii) . . . . .	i	4	<i>Roger's Courtship</i> (iii) . . . . .	v	64	<i>Valentine, A</i> (viii) . . . . .	v	34
<i>Much I Loved a Charming Creature</i> (iii) . . . . .	x	106	<i>Room, Room for a Rover</i> (vii) . . . . .	xxiii	110	<i>Vicar of Bray, The</i> (i) . . . . .	xxvii	110
<i>Musidora</i> (iv) . . . . .	vii	80	<i>Rose that Weeps, The</i> (iv) . . . . .	ii	36	<i>Wandering Beauty, The</i> (vii) . . . . .	xvi	28
<i>My Dear and Only Love</i> (viii) . . . . .	xi	88	<i>Rule Britannia</i> (ii) . . . . .	i	1	<i>Water Parted from the Sea</i> (iii) . . . . .	iv	59
<i>My Dog and I</i> (vi) . . . . .	xiii	118	<i>Sally in our Alley</i> (viii) . . . . .	iii	32	<i>Wealthy Fool with Gold in Store, The</i> (ii) . . . . .	iv	38
<i>My Father in Leather was Clad</i> (vi) . . . . .	xi	108	<i>Sally Sweetbread</i> (v) . . . . .	xxvi	24	<i>Weep no more, thou Sorry Boy</i> (vii) . . . . .	xv	7
<i>My Father turn'd me out of Doors</i> (iv) . . . . .	ix	110	<i>Send Back my Long-Strayed Eyes</i> (v) . . . . .	xxvi	102	<i>Well-a-Day!</i> (vi) . . . . .	i	62
<i>My Friend and Pitcher</i> (ii) . . . . .	iv	38	<i>Shells of the Ocean</i> (v) . . . . .	xxiii	22	<i>Well of St. Keyne, The</i> (viii) . . . . .	ii	23
<i>My Lodging is on the Cold Ground</i> (iii) . . . . .	vi	72	<i>Shepherd and the little Bird, The</i> (ii) . . . . .	i	12	<i>We met, 'twas in a Crowd</i> (i) . . . . .	xxxii	100
<i>My Mother Bids me Bind my Hair</i> (iii) . . . . .	ii	25	<i>Shepherds, have you Seen my Pastora</i> (vi) . . . . .	v	52	<i>Were I oblig'd to Beg my Bread</i> (vi) . . . . .	v	44
<i>My Pretty Jane</i> (iii) . . . . .	iv	52	<i>Shepherd's Winter Song, The</i> (vii) . . . . .	xix	56	<i>What a Fine Thing I have Seen</i> (iv) . . . . .	ix	114
<i>Nancy Dawson</i> (viii) . . . . .	vii	50	<i>Should he upbraid</i> (i) . . . . .	xxx	78	<i>What shall I do to show how much I love</i> her? (viii) . . . . .	xi	84
<i>Night her Blackest Sables wore, The</i> (viii) . . . . .	xii	96	<i>Simon the Cellarer</i> (i) . . . . .	xxxi	97	<i>What though I be a Country Lass?</i> (viii) . . . . .	xii	110
<i>No Flower that Blows</i> (vi) . . . . .	vii	80	<i>Since now the World's turn'd upside Down</i> (vii) . . . . .	xix	54	<i>When a Little Farm we Keep</i> (iii) . . . . .	ix	84
<i>No more of My Harriet</i> (viii) . . . . .	ii	20	<i>Sir Thomas, I cannot</i> (ii) . . . . .	xi	88	<i>When a Trembling Lover dies</i> (ii) . . . . .	vi	57
<i>Northern Lass, The</i> (i) . . . . .	xxx, xxxi	66	<i>Smile again, my Bonnie Lassie</i> (v) . . . . .	xxiv	56	<i>When Britain firstat Heav'n's Command</i> (ii) . . . . .	i	1
<i>Northern Nancy</i> (vii) . . . . .	ii	14	<i>Softly Rise, O Southern Breeze</i> (vi) . . . . .	iv	37	<i>When Daffodils begin to Peer</i> (v) . . . . .	xxv	60
<i>Nottingham Ale</i> (viii) . . . . .	xi	86	<i>Some talk of Alexander</i> (ii) . . . . .	x	74	<i>When Daisies pied</i> (iv) . . . . .	v	56
<i>Now my Daddy's from Home</i> (v) . . . . .	xxiii	24	<i>Somebody</i> (vi) . . . . .	v	44	<i>When Fanny, Blooming Fair</i> (vii) . . . . .	xx	64
<i>Now, oh now, I needs must Part</i> (iv) . . . . .	i	10	<i>Song for the Oak, A</i> (iii) . . . . .	x	104	<i>When Forced from Dear Hebe to go</i> (vii) . . . . .	xxvii	40
<i>Nymph that Undoes Me, The</i> (vii) . . . . .	xxiii	100	<i>Songs of Shepherds</i> (vii) . . . . .	xv	12	<i>When Harold was invaded</i> (vii) . . . . .	xxvii	34
<i>O Cruel, Cruel Fate</i> (iii) . . . . .	viii	82	<i>Spanish Lady, The</i> (vii) . . . . .	xxvi	16	<i>When I survey the World around</i> (ii) . . . . .	viii	67
<i>O for those Old Familiar Friends</i> (v) . . . . .	xxv	77	<i>Sparabella's Complaint</i> (vii) . . . . .	xv	10	<i>When I was Bound Apprentice</i> (iii) . . . . .	ii	28
<i>O Good Ale, thou art my Darling</i> (vii) . . . . .	xix	60	<i>Spider and the Fly, The</i> (i) . . . . .	xxxii	108	<i>When Lubin Sings of Youth's Delight</i> (vi) . . . . .	ii	18
<i>O! If thou couldst Desert me</i> (ii) . . . . .	i	6	<i>Spring and Winter</i> (ii) . . . . .	ii	22	<i>When Mighty Roast Beef</i> (iv) . . . . .	iv	50
<i>O Jenny, O Jenny</i> (viii) . . . . .	xii	100	<i>Spring is Coming</i> (viii) . . . . .	i	8	<i>When Molly Smiles</i> (v) . . . . .	xxvi	90
<i>O Listen, Listen to the Voice of Love</i> (i) . . . . .	xxix	44	<i>Spring-time is come, The</i> (ii) . . . . .	iii	22	<i>When once I was a Shepherd Boy</i> (i) . . . . .	xxvii	6
<i>O no! my Love, no!</i> (iv) . . . . .	vi	60	<i>Stammering Lovers, The</i> (vi) . . . . .	ii	22	<i>When Orpheus went Down</i> (v) . . . . .	xxiii	8
<i>O Poor Polly Oliver</i> (vii) . . . . .	xxi	80	<i>Storm, The</i> (iv) . . . . .	viii	86	<i>When other lips</i> (v) . . . . .	xxv	58
<i>O What a Plague is Love!</i> (ii) . . . . .	iii	20	<i>Sun had Loosed his Weary Team, The</i> (viii) . . . . .	x	72	<i>When that I was a little tiny Boy</i> (i) . . . . .	xxxii	86
<i>O Winter, Dreary Winter</i> (vii) . . . . .	xix	56	<i>Sweet are the Charms of her I Love</i> (iv) . . . . .	ix	104	<i>When the Shepherds Seek to Woo</i> (vi) . . . . .	v	49
<i>Oh, Come with me, my Love</i> (iv) . . . . .	i	12	<i>Sweet Kitty Clover</i> (v) . . . . .	xxiii	16	<i>When the Farmer has fallowed</i> (v) . . . . .	xxiv	38
<i>Oh! Dear! What can the Matter be?</i> (iii) . . . . .	x	108	<i>Sweet Nelly, my Heart's Delight</i> (i) . . . . .	xxx	56	<i>When 'tis Night, and the Mid-Watch is Come</i> (iii) . . . . .	x	96
<i>Oh! Forbear to bid me Slight Her</i> (vi) . . . . .	xi	104	<i>Sweet Smells the Briar</i> (vi) . . . . .	i	4	<i>When Venus the Goddess of Beauty</i> (viii) . . . . .	xi	86
<i>"Oh! If I had a Thousand a Year"</i> (ii) . . . . .	xv	114	<i>Take a Bumper and try</i> (i) . . . . .	xxix	30	<i>Where, Dear Maid</i> (vii) . . . . .	xxi	83
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<i>Oh no, we never Mention her</i> (iv) . . . . .	vii	66	<i>Tell me, Lovely Shepherd</i> (vii) . . . . .	xxvii	31	<i>While I hang on your Bosom</i> (iv) . . . . .	vi	60
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