

MISTRESS TIMOTHY TRUTH.

The Words by W. Upton; the Music by W. T. Parke.

Allegretto.

Mis-ter Sam-u-el Sage was a ve-ry rich man, And paid his ad-dress-es to me;
 Yet his age, to be sure, a - bove six-ty had run,—But that was mere no-thing, said he:
 O no! for sin-cere - ly he lov'd me so dear-ly, That, would I his pas-sion as-suage, Tho' he'd
 thou - sands some few—nay, as rich as a Jew, I should be Mis-tress Sam-u - el Sage,
 I should be Mis-tress Sam-u-el Sage, I should be Mis-tress Sam-u - el Sage; Tho' he'd
 thou-sands some few—nay, as rich as a Jew, I should be Mis - tress Samu - el Sage.

Mister Timothy Truth was a modest young swain,	Now between these two lovers, the rich and the
Yet ventur'd to say he lik'd me;	I was quite at a loss what to do; [poor,
But then, as for money, he'd none, 'twas plain,	But the gout's such an odd pain for maidens to
And so at a distance sigh'd he:	That I chose the young man of the two— [eure,
Yet vow'd he ador'd me—	And this you must own
For pity implor'd me,—	Women oft make it known—
And would I but have him, forsooth,	An old man they'll give up for a youth:
Were the world all his own,	So, as nothing is worse
It should be made known,	Than to wed and turn nurse,
I should be made Mistress Timothy Truth!	I became Mistress Timothy Truth.
I should be, &c.	I became, &c.

O! THEN I'LL CEASE TO LOVE.

The Music by Thomas Williams.

Allegretto.

When Na-ture's hand shall fail to yield Her an - nual tri-bute of the field. And
 all shall bar - ren prove, And all shall bar - ren prove; When flow'rs no more a -
 dorn the spring, Or chirp-ing birds their ca - rols sing, Or chirp - ing birds their ca - rols
 sing, O! then I'll cease, I'll cease to love! O! then I'll cease to love! O!
 then I'll cease to love! O! then, O! then I'll cease to love! O! then I'll cease to love!
 When Cynthia's lamp shall gild the day,
 Or Sol by night his beams display
 In Heaven's arch above;

When 'time shall draw expiring breath,
And Lo'e itself be lost in death;—
O! then I'll cease to love!

night, Like kid-lings blithe and mer-ry. Ripe as the melt-ing clus-ter—No li-ly has more
 lus-tre; Yet hard to tame as ra-ging flame, And fierce as storms that blus-ter; Yet
 hard to tame as raging flame, And fierce as storms that blus-
 - - - - - ter; Yet hard to tame as ra-ging flame, And fierce as storms that bluster!

SISTER AND I.

The Words by Thomas Dibdin; the Music by Charles Dibdin.

Allegretto.

'We all have our mi-se-ries, great folks and little, And yet it's no sar-vice to
 blub-ber and cry: The lad who laughs most is at home to a tit-tle, And tears are sad
 drink when sor-row is dry. For me, I've had ser-row e-nough to go hang me—An
 orphan, poor de-vil, left ear-ly were I: What then, I'd no fa-ther nor mo-ther to
 bang me; What then, I'd no fa-ther nor mo-ther to bang me; For both ran a-way from
 sis-ter and I, sis-ter and I, sis-ter and I; For both ran a-way from sis-ter and I.

' Uncle had money; he left it among us,
 But his will cost us many a tear and a sigh;
 For his two executioners wickedly flung us,
 That rogue, Farmer Forestall, and young Law-
 yer Sly.
 'Twas heart-breaking thus they should wrong their
 employer;
 "But," said I, "I'll have one bit of fun, if I
 die:"
 So the farmer I thrash'd, and well leather'd the
 lawyer;—
 And up to town travell'd poor sister and I.
 In Lunnun, of course, we made many a blunder,
 And sister were teas'd by coxcomical elves;
 Who wanted her virtue, but that were no wonder,
 Seeing as how they had none for themselves.

She got a good place, and was wed to her mas-
 ter,
 But, proving ungrateful, left me, by the bye;
 Yet, since doing our duty for care is a plaster,
 Who's most cause to be wretched, sister or I?
 Thus sang a poor bumpkin, sorrow beguiling,
 Thinking his case of all others the worst;
 Till turning, he saw where his sister stood smiling,
 Her husband with mirth, too, ready to burst.
 She cried, but with joy, while his hand she was
 pressing,
 ' Dear brother, for you we've a farm been to
 buy:—
 We've found father and mother too, well, and
 their blessing
 They've given to husband, brother, and I.'

A SOLDIER AM I.

The Poetry by William Smyth.

Con Spirito.

A sol-dier am I, all the world o'er I range, And would not my lot with a
monarch exchange; How wel-come a sol-dier, wher-ev-er he roves, At-tend-ed, like
Ve-nus, by Mars and the loves! How dull is the ball, and how cheer-less the
fair! What's a feast or a fro-lic, if we are not there! Kind, heart-y, and
gal-lant and joy-ous we come, And the world looks a-live at the sound of the drum.

'The soldiers are coming,' the villagers cry;
All trades are suspended to see us pass by:
Quick flies the glad sound to the maiden up-stairs,
In a moment dismiss'd are her broom and her cares;
Outstretch'd is her neck, till the soldiers she sees,
From her cap the red ribbon plays light on the
breeze;
But lighter her heart plays, as nearer we come,—
But redder her cheek at the sound of the drum.

The veteran, half dozing, awakes at the news,
Hobbles out, and our column with triumph reviews;
Near his knee, his young grandson, with ecstasy
hears
Of majors, and generals, and fierce brigadiers;

Of the marches he took, and the hardships he
knew,
Of the battles he fought, and the foes that he slew;
To his heart spirits new in wild revelry come,
And make one rally more at the sound of the drum.

Who loves not a soldier—the generous, the brave,
The heart that can feel, and the arm that can save?
In peace, the gay friend with the manners that
charm,

The thought ever liberal, the soul ever warm;
In his mind nothing selfish or pitiful known—
'Tis a temple, which honour can enter alone:
No titles I boast, yet, wherever I come,
I can always feel proud at the sound of the drum

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE AND CANTY WI' MAIR.

To the same Air; the Poetry by Burns.

Contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gi'e them a skelp as they're creeping along,
W'a a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scottish sang.
I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought—
But man is a soldier, and life is a faught:
My mirth an' good-humour are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare
touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night of gude fellowship southers it a';
When at the blithe end of our journey at last,
Wha the de'il everthinks o' the road he has pass'd?
Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her
way:

Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
Come ease or come travail, come pleasure or pain,
My worst word is, 'Welcome and welcome again.'

THE CONSTANT MAID.

The Poetry and Music by George Thomson.

Andante con Espress.

Spring's primrose banks and wood-notes wild, And sum-mer bright and au-tumn mild, And
win-ter nights with jest and glee,—Were all in turn right dear to me? But

war - blers now un - heed-ed sing, And flow'rs and fruits un-tent-ed spring; And
nights that once seem'd short are lang, Nae lang-er cheer'd by Nor-man's sang.

My Norman won the hearts of a',
He was sae gallant, kiud, and free;
At kirk, in camp, or chieftain's ha',
The match of him ye could na see.
But woe to dark Drummossie muir,
And cruel deeds of that sad day,
When right to might was forc'd to cour,
And captive he was borne away.

Till then, a blither lass than I
Ne'er led the sprightly highland dancé;
And lighter foot or merrier eye,
Than Norman's, ne'er came out of France.
To me how chang'd those laughing hours!
I seek no more the village train,
But fly to lonely birken howers,
To muse upon my faithful swain.

To those lov'd haunts, at gloaming gray,
I oft-times steal, by all unseen;
There sorrow's sweet, ah! well-a-day,
When none can mark my downcast mien.
There, I look back with many a sigh,
On meetings, vows, and partings dear:—
Ah, me! were my brave soldier nigh,
He'd soon kiss off this falling tear.

Hope! still I fondly cling to thee,
Sweet cordial of the aching heart;
That bliss is yet in store for me,
When we shall meet, no more to part.
Time! like an arrow wing thy flight,—
O haste to change my wayward lot;
Bring Norman back to glad my sight,
And then what palace like our cot!

THE BONNIE HOUSE OF AIRLY.

Jacobite Song.

Andante.

On a sum - mer-day, when our chief was a-way, And the flow'r bloom'd fresh and
fair - ly, A sound from a - far like the dread voice of war, Was
heard in the bon - nie house of Air - ly. A sound from a - far, like the
dread voice of war, Was heard in the bon - nie house of Air - ly.

Argyle led on his well-arm'd men,
That glance in the sun so rarely;
And, wand'ring many a lonely gien,
They reach'd the bonnie house of Airly.
And wand'ring, &c.

The lady look'd frae her high castle-wa',
And O! but she sigh'd sairly,
To see Argyle like a reaver come
To plunder the bonnie house of Airly.
To see Argyle, &c.

'Come down, come down, thou fair lady,
Your castle is mann'd but sparely;
Come down and safety find with me,
And leave the falling house of Airly.
Come down,' &c.

'O! spare thy flattery, fause Argyle,
With thee I will not parley:
My troth thou never shalt beguile
From my lov'd lord of Airly.
My troth, &c.

O! were they here, my brave gallant sons,
That are now with good Lord Airly,
They'd soon gar you rue the day that you drew
A traitor's sword 'gainst Charlie.
They'd soon, &c.

Though your proud banners fly, and the reek
Around the towers of Airly, [rise high,
The dearest blood in your kinsmen's veins
Shall pay their price but barely.
The dearest, &c.

'Twas mutter'd here, by a gray-hair'd seer,
Wha spi'd fu' mony a ferlie,
He saw a headless chief appear
To light a low in Airly.
He saw, &c.

And when a traitor's doom you meet,
You'll rue this day right early;
You'll think that you bought your treason dear
'Gainst your King and his faithful Airly.
You'll think, &c.

WHEN WOMEN WARM US.

To the Air, 'Finch'han dal Vino,' in Mozart's 'Don Giovanni.'—Published in Davidson's 'Gems of Foreign Opera.'

Vivace.

When wo-men warm us, O! how they charm us! Ne-ver a-larm us, Till they are won!
 Wedded, how changing! Fickle and ranging, Fan-cy es-tranging, From us they run! Fancy es-
 trang-ing, From us they run! From us they run! From us they run! Ri-vals in-
 vite them, Pleasures de-light them, No-thing can fright them Un-der the sun! No-
 thing can fright them Un-der the sun! No-thing can fright them Un-der the sun! No-
 -thing can fright them Un-der the sun! No-thing can fright them Un-der the sun!
 Ri-vals in-vite them, Plea-sures de-light them, No-thing can fright them Un-der the sun!
 No-thing can fright them Un-der the sun! - - An-ger re-sent-ing, Ne-ver re-
 pent-ing, Teaz-ing, tor-menting, Still they go on! Ne-ver re-pent-ing, Teazing, tor-
 ment-ing, Still they go on! No-thing can move them, Rid-dles we prove them, Yet
 still we love them, All said and done! - - - - Au-ger re-sent-ing, Ne-ver re-pent-ing,
 Teaz-ing, tor-ment-ing, Still they go on! No-thing can move them, Rid-dles we
 prove them, Yet still we love them, All said and done! Yet still we love them,
 All said and done! - - - - - When wo-men warm us, O! how they charm us!

Ne-ver a - larm us, Till they are won! Ne - ver a - larm us, Till they are
won! Ne - ver a - larm us, Till they are won! Till they are
won! Till they are won, Till they are won, Till they are won!

BOUND WHERE THOU WILT, MY BARB.

The Poetry by Lord Byron; the Music by I. Nathan.

Andante.

Bound where thou wilt, my barb! or glide, my prow! But be the star that
guides the wan-d'r'er thou! But be the star that guides the wan-d'r'er thou!
Thou, my Zu - lei - ka, share and bless my bark; The dove of peace and pro-mise
to mine ark! Thou, my Zu - lei - ka, share and bless my bark; The dove of
peace and promise to mine ark! Or, since that hope de-nied in worlds of strife,
Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life! Be thou the rain-bow to the storms of
life! The eve-ning-beam that smiles the clouds a-way, And tints to - morrow with pro-
phe - tic ray! And tints to - mor-row with pro - phe - tic ray, - - - - -
- - - - - with pro - phe - tic ray, with pro - phe - tic ray!

Bless'd as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's wall,
To pilgrims pure and prostrate to his call;
Soft as the melody of youthful days,
That steals the trembling tear/ of speechless praise;

Dear as his native song to exile's ears,—
Shall sound each tone thy long-lov'd voice ender
For thee, in those bright isles is built a bow
Blooming as Aden in its earliest hour!

A HEART TO LET.

On most Advantageous Terms, in a peculiarly Eligible and Desirable Situation, with immediate and undisturbed Possession.—Published by Davidson.

Allegretto.

To be let, at a ve - ry de - si - ra - ble rate, A snug lit - tle house in a
 heal - thy es - tate: 'Tis a ba - che - lor's heart, And the a - gent is Chance; Af -
 fec - tion the rent, to be paid in ad - vance; Af - fec - tion the rent, to be paid in ad -
 vance. The own - er, as yet, has dwelt in it a - lone, So the fix - tures are not of much
 value; but soon 'Twill be fur - nish'd by Cu - pid him - self, if a wife Take a lease for the
 term of her na - tu - ral life. So, la - dies, dear la - dies, pray do not for - get, A
 ba - chelor's heart, A bachelor's heart, An ex - cel - lent ba - che - lor's heart to be let.

The tenant will have a few taxes to pay—
 Love, honour, and (heaviest item) obey!
 And as for the good-will, the owner's inclin'd
 To have that, if possible, settled in kind!

Indeed, if he could such a matter arrange,
 He'd be highly delighted to take in exchange—
 Provided true title by prudence be shewn—
 Any heart unencumber'd and free as his own!
 So, ladies, dear ladies, &c.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

The Poetry by Thomas Campbell; the Music by Henry West, R. A.

Con Spirito.

Ye ma - ri - ners of Eng - land, That guard our na - tive seas,
 Whose flag has brav'd, a thou - sand years, The bat - tle and the breeze!
 Your glo - ri - ous stan - dard launch a - gain, To match an - o - ther,
 foe! And sweep through the deep, While the storm - y winds do blow; While the
 bat - tle ra - ges loud and long, And the storm - y winds do blow!

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave !—
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And the ocean was their grave.
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.
 Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep :
 Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak,

She quells the floods below,—
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow ;
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.
 The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn ;
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceas'd to blow ;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceas'd to blow.

ZOUNDS, MY LADS, NEVER PINE.

The Words by S. J. Arnold ; the Music by T. Cooke.

Vivace.

Zounds, my lads, ne-ver pine, Nor call wo-man di-vine— For she's mere flesh and
 blood in her prime: If an an-gel she be, Why, then, an-gels for me—For I've
 had half a score in my time! Tol de rol di dol did-dle de dol.

When man takes the field,
 If to woman he yield,
 Be sure he's a slave all his life—
 For, if she's a jade,
 While yet only a maid,
 Only think what she'll be when a wife !
 Tol de rol, &c.
 Don't stand twiddling your thumbs,
 With your haws and your hums,—
 Look at her as bold as you can ;

If you give her a kiss,
 She'll not take it amiss,
 Though she'll say, 'You're a very rude man.
 Tol de rol, &c.
 Then prithee give o'er,
 Sigh and simper no more,—
 Like a soldier assail her in form :
 If she still beats you back,
 Change your line of attack,
 And boldly, man, take her by storm.
 Tol de rol, &c.

THE CAPTIVE TO HIS BIRD.

The Music by Mazzinghi.

Andante.

O! sing, sweet bird, O! sing, sweet bird: from that lov'd strain A
 tran-sient bliss I feel, To lull the sor-row which in vain I la-bour
 to con-ceal. O! sing, sweet bird, O! sing; O! sing, sweet bird, O! sing;

O! sing, sweet bird; O! sing, sweet bird; O! sing, sweet bird.
 From Sylvia torn, whose vocal pow'r
 Made earth a heav'n to me,
 To cheer each sad and tedious hour,
 I fondly taught it thee.
 O! sing, sweet bird, &c.

That, if misfortune damp my love,
 Or yield me up to care,
 Thy lay may rouse my soul, and prove
 A rescue from despair.
 O! sing, sweet bird, &c.

I'VE BEEN TO MY BOWER.

Composed by John Whitaker.—Published by Davidson.

Andante con Espress.

I've been to my bow-er, for I love its re-treat; I've been to my
bow-er, for its o-dours are sweet! I've been to my bow-er, for I
love its re-treat; I've been to my bow-er, for its o-dours are
sweet! I've been to my bow-er by the ri-ver a-lone, And I seem to have
come from the wa-ter-king's throne;— For the stream threw a-round it a
fair sil-ver wreath, And the stars shone like pearls as they trem-bled be-neath.

I've been to my bower,
For I love its retreat;
I've been to my bower,
For its odours are sweet:
I've stay'd in my bower,
For the wind gently blew,

And my tresses were bright
With moonlight and dew.
I came to my bower
When the pale moon arose;
I stay'd from my bower
When she sank to repose.

OF SONGS I KNOW A-MANY.

The Poetry translated from the German of Ruckert; the Music by Joseph Tastré.

Andantino.

Of songs I know a-ma-ny, And sing what list - - eth mé:
'Tis as sweet way as a - ny To have va - ri - e - ty. But
one song I heard late - ly, I long to know so great-ly, I'd
give a hun-dred wil-ling - ly, I'd give a hun-dred wil-ling - ly.

Of late I saw a shepherd,
The grassy vale adown,
Where the merry brooklets caper'd
All in the summer sun,
Under a beech-tree lying,
Lost in a sweet dream, playing
His tune a slender reed upon.
That tune, 'twould first go upward
A dozen notes or so,
And then it would go downward,
Then o'er again once mo'.

That song to him was heaven;
I gladly would have given
All mine that song of his to know.
Then once he would play through it,
And then he'd look away;
Then took't again and blew it;—
I saw him as he lay.
He play'd there, little heeding
His quiet lambkins feeding;
And slowly fled the summer day.

WHEN THE EYE WITH FIRE IS BEAMING.

The Words by C. Clarke, of Great Totham, Essex; the Music by Henry West, R.A.

Con Spirito.

When the eye with fire is beam-ing, And the mant - ling bowl is stream - ing
 With the soul - in - spir - ing draught, With the soul - in - spir - ing draught,
 Let us, let us fill our glass - es To the lass - es, as it pass - es ;
 Let the lus - cious mead be quaff'd, Let the lus - cious mead be quaff'd.

When its fumes the sense are stealing,
 And the brain with wine is reeling,
 Some it stirs to madd'ning strife;
 Some to love, and some to madness,
 Some to gladness, some to sadness,
 Some to clamours loud and rife.

Wrapp'd in ease and jovial leisure,
 Let us hail the God of pleasure,
 Fit to grace this festive day;
 What is care? the glass can kill it;—
 Let us fill it, let us swill it;
 Chase the glooms of life away.

When the fainting spirits languish,
 He can give a pleasing anguish,
 Animate the fainting soul:

Wisdom's secrets he discovers,
 Hearts of lovers, while he hovers
 O'er the mirth-inspiring bowl.

Life and vigour are imparted
 To the poor and lowly-hearted,
 When the God their bosom warms;
 Not the threats of tyrants gall 'em,
 Kings appal 'em, chains enthrall 'em,
 Nor the might of soldiers' arms.

Hail the sweet, the balmy treasure!
 Let the queen of love and pleasure,
 Lit by Cupid's torch, be here;
 And with quick and sprightly paces
 Let the Graces show their faces,
 Till the ruddy morn appear.

OUR VICAR STILL PREACHES THAT PETER AND POULE.

The Words by Sir Walter Scott.

Moderato.

Our vi - car still preaches that Pe - ter and Poule Laid a swingeing long curse on the
 bon - ny brown bowl; That there's wrath and despair in the jol - ly black-jack, And the
 se - ven dead - ly sins in a flag - gon of sack. Yet, whoop, Bar - na - by, off with thy
 liquor; Drink up, see't out, and a fig for the vicar; Drink up, see't out, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip
 The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip;
 Says that Beelzebub lurks in her 'kerchief so sly,
 And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black
 eye;
 Yet whoop, Jack! kiss Gilian the quaker,
 Till she bloom like a rose. and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar thus preaches, and why should he not?
 For the dews of his cure are his placket and pot;
 And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch,
 Who infringe the domains of our good mother-
 church.
 Yet whoop, bully, boys! off with your liquor,—
 Sweet Marg'ry's the word, and a fig for the vicar!

STILL EVER REMEMBER ME.

Composed by S. Storace.

Moderato.

Care-ful the wind-ing path ex-plore, Lest in the tan-gled brake you stray, Then
 think of her whom you a-dore, To cheer the dark and drea-ry way: And
 soft-ly, slow-ly, slow-ly creep, Un-til you light you see; And, while the anxious
 watch you keep, Still ev-er re-mem-ber me! And, while the anxious watch you
 keep, Still ev-er re-mem-ber me! Still ev-er re-mem-ber me!

When you shall hear the sound of joy
 Beating the floor with rustic dance,
 Silent the list'ning ear employ,
 But do not yet too quick advance;

But slowly, softly, softly creep,
 Until you light you see:
 And, while the anxious watch you keep,
 Still ever remember me.

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

The Poetry by Sir Walter Scott; the Music by A. Ballantyne.

Adagio.

O! la-dy, twice no wreath for me, Or twine it of the cy-press-tree; Too
 live-ly glows the li-ly's light, The var-nish'd hol-ly's all too bright. The
 May-flow'r and the eg-lan-tine may shade a brow less sad than mine; But,
 la-dy, weave no wreath for me, Or weave it of the cy-press-tree.

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine,
 With tendrils of the laughing vine;
 The manly oak, the pensive yew,
 To patriot and to sage be due;
 The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
 But that Matilda will not give:
 Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,
 Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Let merry England proudly rear
 Her blended roses, bought so dear;
 Let Albin bind her honnet blue,
 With heath and hair-bell dipp'd in dew;
 On favour'd Erin's crest be seen
 The flower she loves of emerald green;—
 But, lady, twine no wreath for me,
 Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
 The ivy meet for minstrel's hair;
 And, while his crown of laurel-leaves
 With bloody hand the victor weaves,
 Let the loud trump his triumph tell;—
 But, when you hear the passing bell,
 Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,
 And twine it of the cypress-tree.

Yes! twine for me the cypress-bough;
 But O, Matilda, twine not now.
 Stay till a few brief months are past,
 And I have look'd and liv'd my last!
 When villagers my shroud bestrew
 With pansies, rosemary, and rue;—
 Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,
 And weave it of the cypress-tree.

THE OCEAN, OR THE MERRY MARINERS.

The Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Allegro Vivace.

Blow, blow, wild winds, blow, for our course we'll pur-sue, Ca-pri-cious old
 Bo-reas, un-sha-ken by you, Ca-pri-cious old Bo-reas, un-
 shaken, un-shaken by you. And if with ill-na-ture you mut-ter and growl, Why, we'll
 still keep our way, and sing while you howl! So, if with ill-nature you mutter and growl,
 Why, we'll still keep our way, and sing while you howl; Why, we'll still keep our
 way, and sing while you howl; - - - - Why, we'll still keep our way, and
 sing, and sing while you howl; Why, we'll still keep our way, And sing, and sing while you howl.

Blow, blow, and unfurling our sails to the gale, We'll outstrip the breeze, and we'll buffet the blast,
 It shall waft us along, as o'er ocean we sail: And like merry mariners sing to the last.
 So, if with ill-nature, &c.

IT BEATS ALONE FOR ME.

The Poetry by C. Dibdin the Younger; the Music by John Whitaker.—Published by Davidson.

Andante con espress.

Ah! could I e'er deceive thee, Who gave thee sigh for sigh? Truth made me first be-
 lieve thee,—And, ah! can true love die? Were not my heart sin-cere, love, So fond e'er
 could it be? Then farewell bid to fear, love,—It beats a-lone for thee! It beats, it beats, It
 beats a-lone for thee. Then fare-well bid to fear, love,—It beats a-lone for thee.

Ah! let this truth relieve thee
 From ev'ry doubt and care;
 For not a fear can grieve thee,
 But I thy anguish share:

Assur'd thy heart is mine, love,
 What bliss it brings to me;
 Believe my heart is thine, love,
 And beats alone for thee.

THE CORNISH MAY SONG.

Welsh Melody; the Poetry by Alexander Boswell.

Allegretto Vivace.

Ye maids of Hel-ston, ga - ther dew, While yet the moru-ing bree-zes blow; The



fai - ry rings are fresh and new, Then cau - tious mark them as you go.

Chorus.

A-rise, a-rise, a - wake to joy! The sky - lark hails the dawn of day, Care,



get thee hence, from Hel - ston fly! For mirth rules here the morn of May.

Ye youths, who own love's ardent power,

To yonder shelter'd bank repair,

There seek the early op'ning flow'r,

To deck the bosoms of the fair.

Arise, &c.

Or from the thicket in the glade

Go pluck with speed the hawthorn bough,

And twine a wreath to deck the maid

Who has thy troth and plighted vow.

Arise, &c.

If on your way some drudge you meet,

Who lifts the spade, or drives the team,

Aloft in the air the culprit seat,

And bear him quickly to the stream.

Arise, &c.

There let him o'er the current vault,

From bank to bank with active bound,

Or plunging wash away the fault,

And trip with you the merry round.

Arise, &c.

With song and dance, in festive band,

Each happy lad may lead his lass,

With mirthful smiles and hand in hand,

O'er ev'ry threshold freely pass.

Arise, &c.

Though ages close, and manners fade,

And ancient revels pass away,

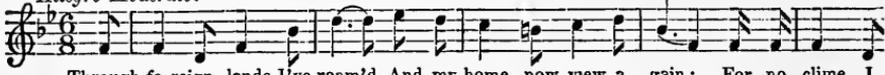
In Helston, let it not be said,

Forgotten is sweet Flora-day.

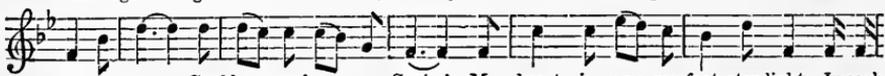
Arise, &c.

THE MERRY MINSTREL PAGE.

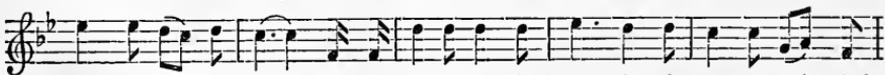
The Words and Music by L. Devereaux.

Allegro Moderato.

Through fo-reign lands I've roam'd, And my home now view a - gain; For no clime I



ev - er saw Could e - qual sun - ny Spain! My heart is gay, my foot-step light - In each



sport I can en - gage; And by ev'-ry one I'm known As the mer - ry min - strel



page! And by ev' - ry one I'm known As the mer - ry min - strel page!

With a heart both light and free

I roam'd through merry France,

And struck my gay guitar,

Or join'd the rustic dance:

To Britain's happy isle I went,

Where beauty crowns the age,

And with kindness all receiv'd

The merry minstrel page.

To Italia then I rovd,

Where I ev'ry heart did gain;

But none I lov'd so well

As thy daughters, sunny Spain!

My wand'rings now are nearly o'er.

And my wish is, that in age

I may live as I have liv'd—

A merry minstrel page.

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

The Words by D. L. Richardson.

Andante con Espress.

O! if there is a ma-gic charm in this low val-ley drear, To cheat the
pil-grim's wea-ry way, the dark-en'd soul to cheer; It is the soothing voice of love, that
e-choes o'er the mind, Like mu-sic on a twi-light lake, or bells up-on the wind.
O! dull would be the rugged road, and sad the wan- O! how for that far-distant land would sigh the
d'er's heart, [sphere depart; lonely breast, [place of rest.
Should that celestial harmony from life's dark Whose only hope, depriv'd of love, would be the

WHEN TO LOVELY WOMAN'S POWER.

Composed by Sir J. Stevenson.

Andante.

When to love-ly wo-man's pow'r Man sub-mits his rap-tur'd soul, Then he
culls life's sweet-est flow-er, Then his hours in plea-sure roll, - - When to
roll. No r should meaner ties, in-va-ding, Tempt de-lu-ded man to stray;
Bless'd a-lone when love per-va-ding Bends him to dear wo-man's sway. Love-ly
woman! charm-ing woman! lovely, lovely woman! The best and dear-est gift of life.
Earth contains no other pleasure, He alone, to heaven aspiring.
Which the truly wise should prize; 'E'er can hope its joys to know,
Life no sweeter, dearer pleasure, Who, no other heaven desiring,
Than when love beams from her eyes. Worships woman here below.
Lovely woman, &c.

GATHER YOUR ROSEBUDS.

The Words by Harry Carey.

Moderato.

Ga-ther your rose-buds whilst you may, Old Time is still a fly-ing,
And that same flow'r that smiles to--day To-mor-row may be dy-ing.
The glorious lamp of heav'n, the sun, Then be not coy, but use your time,
The higher he is getting, And, while ye may, go marry;
The sooner will his race be run, For, having but once lost your prime,
And nearer he's to setting. You may for ever tarry.

THE FAIREST MAID.

The Poetry by James Spilling; the Music by Shield.

Moderato.

The ri - sing flow'rs that bright - est bloom With - in the fo - rest glade,
The ear - liest meet their time - less doom, And strew the out - spread shade,—
And soon - est in the si - leut tomb De - parts the fair - est maid!

The fairest flow'r that lights the shade
The soonest quits the eye;
Man plucks it forth, ere time can fade,

Its hidden sweets to try:
And thus the simple trusting maid
Is lov'd—and left to die!

CLAN-ALPINE WARRIORS.

The Poetry from Sir Walter Scott's 'Lady of the Lake;' the Music by Joseph Kemp.

Vivace.

'Twice have I sought Clan - Al - pine's glen In peace; but, when I come a - gain, I
come with ban - ner, brand, and bow, As lea - der seeks his mor - tal foe: For
love - lorn swain, in la - dy's bow'r, Ne'er pan - ted for th'ap - point - ed hour, As
I un - til be - fore me stand This re - bel chief - tain and his band; As
I un - til be - fore me stand. This re - bel chief - tain and his band.'

'Have, then, thy wish!' he whistled shrill,
And he was answer'd from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe.

From shingles gray their lances start.
The bracken-bush sends forth the dart;
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand;
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior arm'd for strife.
That whistle garrison'd the glen
At once with full five hundred men.

With step and weapon forward hung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung;
The mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,

Then fix'd his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James.—'How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu!

Fitz-James was brave:—though to his heart
The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start,
He mann'd himself with dauntless air,
Return'd the Chief his haughty stare.
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly plac'd his foot before:—
'Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I!'

Sir Roderick mark'd—and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foeman worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood—then wav'd his hand:
Down sunk the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanish'd where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood.

