

For me my fair a wreath has wove.

Words by DAVID GARRICK (1716-1779).

Air by GIARDINI (1716-1796).

VOICE. *Siciliana.* For me my fair a wreath has wove, Where

PIANO. *mp* *p*

Ped. * Ped. *

ri - val flow'rs in un - ion meet, Where ri - val flow'rs in un - ion meet; As

p *cresc.*

oft she kiss'd this gift of love, Her breath gave sweet - ness to the sweet! As

p *p* *p*

oft she kiss'd this gift of love, Her breath gave sweet - ness to the sweet, Her

cresc. *f* *dim.* *p*

Ped. * Ped. *

Though not born an Englishman, Giardini spent much of his time in England, acting first as leader, and afterwards as manager of the (London) Italian Opera (1752-1765). According to Burney no artist was ever so much applauded, excepting only David Garrick, the author of the above verses. Garrick's lines are imitated from a Spanish Madrigal from Twiss's *Tour in Spain*.

breath gave sweet-ness to the sweet. A bee with - in a

mf *pp*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

da - mask rose Had crept the nec - tar'd dew to sip, But less - er sweets the

Ped. | * Ped. | *

thief fore - goes, And fix - es on Lou - i - sa's lip. There tast - ing all the

p

bloom of Spring, Wak'd by the rip - 'ning breath of May, Th' un - grate - ful spoil - er

p

Ped. * Ped. *

left his sting, And with the hon - ey fled a - way.

f *dim.* *p*

Ped. * Ped. *

We be soldiers three.

From the "Freemen's Songs" in *Deuteromelia* (1609).

In quick time.

PIANO.

1. We be sol-diers three, Par-do-na moy, je vous an pree; †
 2. Here I drink to thee, Par-do-na moy, je vous an pree;
 3. He who pled-ges not, Par-do-na moy, je vous an pree;

slower. ⊕ *Dal S.*

1. Late-ly come forth of the Low Coun-trie, With nev-er a pen-ny of mon-ey. . .
 2. To all good fel-lows where-er they be, With nev-er a pen-ny of mon-ey. . .
 3. Pays for the shot, and what-e'er it is, With nev-er a pen-ny of mon-ey. . .

p *Dal S.*

Last verse. *p slower.*

4. Charge it a-gain, boy, charge it a-gain! Par-do-na moy, je vous an pree;

f tempo. *rall.*

4. Long as there is an-y ink in thy pen, With nev-er a pen-ny of mon-ey. . .

tempo. *cresc.* *co a voce.* *f*

The text of the melody, which is here given exactly, is from *Deuteromelia* (1609) where it appears among the "Freemen's Songs." Another, but inferior reading may be found in *Wit and Mirth* (vol. I, 1698, and vol. vi., p. 177 (1719)). It may be mentioned that in many copies the 15th note (marked ⊕) is natural. The original three-part harmony is given in Hawkins' History.
 † The phrase "Pardona moy, je vous an pree" is evidently an Anglicised version of "Pardonez moi, je vous en prie."

Good morrow, 'tis St. Valentine's Day.

One of "Ophelia's Songs" in *Hamlet*.

Tune from Durfey's *Wit and Mirth*, 1707
(vol. ii., 44), and 1719 (vol. iv., 43).

VOICE. 8.

1. Good mor - row, 'tis Saint
2. Now crim - son'd is the

PIANO. 8.

In flowing time.

mp

1. Valen - tine's day, All in the morn - ing time: . . . And
2. cheek of dawn, Bright pearls her tress - es twine; . . . And

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

1. I . . a maid at your win - dow, To be your Val - en - tine. . . .
2. I . . am here at break of morn, To be your Val - en - tine. . . .

mf *decresc.* *p*

Ped. *

Dal 8.

dim.

This exquisite little melody appears to have been evolved from one or even two older airs. "Who 'list to lead a soldier's life" from *The Dancing Master* of 1650, and "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor" from Sandys' *Christmas Carols* (1833), are both possible precursors of "To-morrow 'tis St. Valentine's day" which occurs in several Ballad Operas, as for example *The Quaker's Opera* (1728). The first stanza is from one of the most popular of "Ophelia's Songs" in *Hamlet* (Act 4, Scene 5); while the second stanza is an adaptation to prolong so delicious a strain. Durfey includes the air, set to the words beginning "Arise, arise, my Juggy, my Puggy," in *Wit and Mirth* (1707, vol. ii., p. 44, and in the edition of 1719, vol. iv., p. 43).

To all you ladies now at land.

Words by the Earl of Dorset (1637-1706).

Air from Watt's *Musical Miscellany* (1730).

In brisk time.

PIANO. *p* *mf* *f*

mp

1. To
2. For
3. Then
4. The

- | | | | | | | | | | | |
|----|--------|------|-------|------|--------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-----|
| 1. | all | you | la - | dies | now | at | land | We | men | at |
| 2. | though | the | Mu - | ses | should | prove | each | And | fill | our |
| 3. | if | we | write | not | by | each | post, | Think | not | we |
| 4. | King | with | won - | der | and | sur - | prise | Will | swear | the |

p

- | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|----|-------|------|--------|------|-------|-------|-------|------|--------|-------|-------|
| 1. | sea | in - | dite; | But | first | would | have | you | un - | der - | stand |
| 2. | emp - | ty | brain, | Yet | if | rough | Nep - | tune | rouse | the | wind |
| 3. | are | un - | kind! | Nor | yet | con - | clude | our | ships | are | lost |
| 4. | seas | grow | bold; | Be - | cause | the | tides | will | high - | er | rise, |

p

Matthew Prior it was who originated, or at least, handed down the story that the Earl of Dorset wrote these verses at sea, on the night before a naval engagement, during the first Dutch war, 1664. Pepys' Diary, however, confutes this statement, by anticipating that event. Under Jan. 2, 1664-5, is the following entry:—"To my Lord Brouncker's, by appointment, in the Piazza, in Covent Garden; where I occasioned much mirth with a ballet I brought with me, made from the seamen at sea to their ladies in town; saying Sir W. Pen, Sir G. Ascue, and Sir J. Lawson made them. Here a most noble French dinner and banquet. The street full of footballs, it being a great frost." The *ballet* referred to was Earl Dorset's song. Durfey gives a bad copy of the air, in *Wit and Mirth*, vi., 272 (1720).

1. How hard it is to write: The Mu - ses now, and
 2. To wave the a - zure main; Our pa - per, pen, and
 3. By Dutch - men or by wind: Our tears we'll send a
 4. Than e'er they did of old: But let him know it

f

1. Nep - tune too, We must im - plore to write to
 2. ink, and we, Roll up and down our ships at
 3. speed - ier way, The tide shall bring them twice a
 4. is our tears Brings floods of grief to White - hall

slower. *Dal S.*

1. you—With a fa, la, la, la, la.
 2. sea—With a fa, la, la, la, la.
 3. day—With a fa, la, la, la, la.
 4. stairs—With a fa, la, la, la, la.

slower. *p tempo.* *pp Dal S.*

Come all ye youths.

Words by THOMAS OTWAY (1651-1685).
Somewhat slow & plaintively.

Air from *Wit and Mirth* (1719).

PIANO. *p*

Ped. * Ped. *

1. Come all ye youths whose hearts e'er bled By cruel
2. The happiest mortal once was I, My heart no

1. beau - ty's pride, Bring each a gar - land with
2. sor - row knew; Pi - ty the pain with

1. on his head, Let none his sor - row hide;
2. which I die, But ask not whence it grew;

Thomas Otway, the author of the above song, is said to have been the finest English tragic poet of the Classical School. *The Orphan*, the tragedy from which the song is taken, was produced in 1680, and at once won for Otway a distinguished position. Both words and music are contained in *Wit and Mirth* IV, 282 (1719) and in Ritson's *English Songs*, where it is stated that "the following are supposed to be the original notes. There is a later, but not much superior air, by Dr. Boyce." In the copies mentioned, the second half of the air is set in common time.

1. But hand in hand a round . . . me
2. Yet if a tempt - - ing fair . . . you

1. move, Sing - ing the sad - - dest tales of
2. find, That's ve - ry love - - ly, ve - - ry

1. love; And see, when your com - plaints ye join, If
2. kind, Though bright as heav'n, whose stamp she bears, Think

cresc.

1. all your wrongs can e - - qual mine.
2. on my fate, and shun - her snares.

dim. *mf*

dim. *Dal 8.*

A hunting we will go.

Words by HENRY FIELDING (1707-1754).

Traditional Tune.

Lively.

PIANO. *mf* *S.* *cresc.*

1. The dus - ky night rides down the sky, And
 2. The wife a - round her hus - band throws Her
 3. A brush - ing fox in yon - der wood, Se -
 4. A - way he goes, he flies the rout, Their
 5. At length his strength to faint - ness worn, Poor

1. ush - ers in the morn : . . The hounds all join in glor - ious cry, The
 2. arms, and begs him stay; . . My dear, it rains, it hails, it snows, My
 3. cure to find we seek; . . For why, I car - ried, sound and good, For
 4. steeds all spur and switch; . . Some are thrown in, and some thrown out, Some
 5. Rey - nard ceas - es flight; . . Then hun - gry, home - ward we re - turn, Then

⊕ *Ossia.*
 hunts - man winds his horn, The

1. hounds all join in glor - ious cry, The hunts - man winds his horn, The
 2. dear, it rains, it hails, it snows, You will not hunt to - day? You
 3. why, I car - ried, sound and good, A cart - load there last week, A
 4. are thrown in, and some thrown out, And some thrown in the ditch, And
 5. hun - gry, home - ward we re - turn, To feast a - way the night, To

Fielding's *Don Quixote in England* (1734) contains the above verses, which were originally designed for the old air of "A begging we will go." But the present tune is now always associated with Fielding's picturesque words. It is found in broadsides, and in collections such as *The Songster's Companion*.

1. hunts - man winds his horn. . . . Then a hunt - ing we will go, . . . A
 2. will not hunt to - day? . . . But a hunt - ing we will go, . . . A
 3. cart - load there last week. . . . And a hunt - ing we will go, . . . A
 4. some thrown in the ditch. . . . But a hunt - ing we will go, . . . A
 5. feast a - way the night. . . . Then a drink - ing we do go, . . . A

mf

Ped

⊕ *Ossia*

hunt - ing we will go, A

1. hunt - ing we will go, A hunt - ing we will go, A
 2. hunt - ing we will go, A hunt - ing we will go, A
 3. hunt - ing we will go, A hunt - ing we will go, A
 4. hunt - ing we will go, A hunt - ing we will go, A
 5. drink - ing we do go, A drink - ing we do go, A

cresc.

Dal '8

1. hunt - ing we will go. . . .
 2. hunt - ing we will go. . . .
 3. hunt - ing we will go. . . .
 4. hunt - ing we will go. . . .
 5. drink - ing we do go. . . .

Last time.

Dal '8

Ye belles, and ye flirts.

Words by WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.

Somewhat quickly.

PIANO.

1. Ye belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert lit - tle things, Who trip in this fro - lic - some
 2. The blush - es of morn, and the mild - ness of May, Are charms which no art can pro -

1. round. Pray tell me from whence this im - mod - es - ty springs, The fash - ions at once to con -
 2. cure; Oh! be but your - selves, and our hom - age we pay, And your em - pire is sol - id and

Both words and music are drawn from Ritson's *English Songs* (1789), where the heading is simply "For Ranelagh," whose celebrated gardens—now a part of the Chelsea Hospital garden—flourished in 1742, and for some sixty succeeding years.

1. found. What means the cock'd hat, and the mas - cu - line air, With each
 2. sure. But if Am - a - zon - like, you at - tack your gal - lants, And

mp
 Ped. *
 *
 *

1. mo - tion des - igned to per - plex? Bright eyes were in - ten - ed to
 2. put us in fear of our lives; You may do ve - ry well . . . for

1. lang - uish, not stare, And soft - ness the test of your sex, dear girls, And
 2. sis - ters and aunts, But be - lieve me you'll nev - er be wives, my dears, Be -

Ped.

1. soft - ness the test of your sex. . .
 2. lieve me you'll nev - er be wives. . .

Dal'z
cresc. *Dal'z*

f *p*

Ah! stay; ah! turn.

Words by WILLIAM CONGREVE (1670-1729).
Expressively.

Air by JOHN ECCLES (1668-1735).

PIANO.

p *S. dim.*
Ped. *

1. Ah! stay; ah! turn; ah! whi-ther would you fly? Too
2. In vain; I call; for she, like fleet-ing air, When

p
Ped. *

1. charm-ing, too re-lent-less maid! I fol-low not to con-quer but to
2. press'd by some tem-pes-tuous wind, Flies swift-er from the voice of my des-

cresc. *dim.*
Ped. * Ped. *

1. die; You of the fear-ful are a-fraid, You of the fear-ful are a-
2. pair, Nor casts one pi-tying look be-hind, Nor casts one pi-tying look be-

fp

1. fraid.
2. hind.

mf *Dal S. p dim.*
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

"The Fair Penitent" (Congreve), from which the above song is taken, was supplied with incidental music by John Eccles, and published (1703). Another, and quite different setting is quoted, as by Eccles, in *Wit and Mirth*, vol. v., p. 234 (1719). Our copy is from Ritson's *English Songs*, 1783

Wæstron wynde.

From a manuscript in the British Museum.

Slowly.

PIANO.

p

dim. *pp* *cresc.*

pp *pp* *dim.* *pp*

Ped. * *Ped.* *

Dal S.

1. Wes - tron wind when wilt thou blow? (The
2. Mart - mas wind when wilt thou blow? (The

1. small rain down can rain!) O gen - tle death when wilt thou come? For
2. small rain down can rain!) The green leaves fall from off the .tree, And

1. I of my life . . . am wear . . . in vain.
2. I to my love . . . do call . . . in vain.

This curious snatch of old English melody is extracted from an *oblong Quarto* manuscript of the early part of the sixteenth century. (See appendix to Royal MSS. 58 British Museum.) It has been often quoted, but not always correctly. The notes given above have been carefully copied from the original. The two stanzas of words are an adaptation from two old versions.

Sally in our alley.

Words by HENRY CAREY (1685-1743).
In a simple, unaffected manner.

Tune: *The Country Lass.*

VOICE.

1. Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pret-ty
2. Her fa-ther he makes cabbage-nets And through the streets does
3. My mas-ter, and the neighbours all, Make game of me and

PIANO.

1. Sal-ly; She is the dar-ling of my heart, And lives in our al-ley. There's ne'er a
2. cry 'em: Her mo-ther she sells la-ces long To such as please to buy 'em. But sure such
3. Sal-ly; And (but for her) I'd bet-ter be A slave, and row a gal-ley. But when my

1. la-dy in the land Is half so sweet as Sal-ly, She is the dar-ling of my
2. folks could ne'er be-get So sweet a girl as Sal-ly! She is the dar-ling of my
3. sev'n long years are out O then I'll mar-ry Sal-ly; O then we'll wed, truth be it

⊕ Modern Cadence.

al-ley.

1. heart, And lives in our . . . al-ley.
2. heart, And lives in our . . . al-ley.
3. said, But not in our . . . al-ley.

The ballad of *The Country Lass* was printed about 1620, and it appears likely that the above air was associated with it. In *Durfee's Wit and Mirth*, vol. iv., p. 152 (1719), *The Country Lass* is set to the air of *Cold and raw*, and in vol. ii., p. 240, of the same work, there is *Salley's Answer to Sawney*, a new song, beginning "As I gang'd o'er the Links of Leith," but without any music. Carey's own setting will be found on the next page.

Sally in our alley.

THE ORIGINAL SETTING.

Words and Music by HENRY CAREY (1685-1743).

In moderate time.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf *p*

1. Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like
 2. Her fa-ther he makes cab-bage-nets And through the
 3. My mas-ter, and the neighbours all, Make game of

Ped. (sostenuto.) *

1. pret-ty Sal-ly;
 2. streets . . . does cry 'em;
 3. me . . . and Sal-ly;

She is the dar-ling of my
 Her mo-ther she . . . sells la-ces
 And (but for her) . . . I'd bet-ter

pp *mf* *p*

Ped. (sostenuto.)

1. heart, And she lives in our . . . al-ley. There's ne'er a
 2. long To such as please . . . to buy 'em. But sure such
 3. be A slave, and row . . . a gal-ley. But when my

pp *mf* *p cresc.*

Ped. (sostenuto.)
f cresc.

1. la- - dy in the land . . . Is half so sweet . . . as Sal-ly, She is the
 2. folks . . . could ne'er be - get . . . So sweet . . . as Sal-ly! She is the
 3. sev'n . . . long years are out . . . O then I'll mar-ry Sal-ly; O then we'll

1. dar-ling of my heart, And she lives in our . . . al-ley.
 2. dar-ling of my heart, And she lives in our . . . al-ley.
 3. wed, truth be it said, But not in our . . . al-ley.

rall. *dim.* *p*
colla voce.

In a volume of folio half-sheet songs (H. 1601, British Museum), several versions of Carey's own setting of "Sally" may be found: one of these has a Flute part added at the end, and is entitled "The silent Flute, to the tune of Sally." There is also "Sally in our alley, to Billy in Piccadilly, with proper graces to the tune." Another version is in the *Musical Century*, ii., 32 (1740).

There's a health unto His Majesty.

JEREMY SAVILE. From Playford's *Musical Companion* (1667).

VOICE. *In moderate time.* Here's a

PIANO. *mp*

health un-to His Ma-jes-ty, With a fa la la la la la; Con-fu-sion to his en-e-mies, With a

fa la la la la la; And he that will not drink his health, I wish him nei-ther wit nor wealth, Nor

yet a rope to hang him-self, With a fa la la la la la la la; With a fa la la la la

la la.

mf cresc. *f dim.*

"Come let's all be musitioners, and all roar and sing; 'Here's a health unto His Majesty, With a fa, la, la, la, la, lero.'" [Thomas Shadwell's *Epsom Wells* (1673).] Both words and music are in Playford's *Companion* (1667). The air is perhaps derived from "Once I loved a maiden fair," from *The Dancing Master* (1650).

The gentry to the King's Head go.*

Air by YOUNG, from *The British Musical Miscellany*.

VOICE.

Lively.

PIANO.

f *mp* *mf*

Ped. *

1. The gen - try to the
2. The bis - hop to the
3. The sai - lor to the

1. King's Head go, The no - bles to the Crown, . . The Knight you'll at the Gar - ter find, And
2. Mi - tre goes, The sol - dier to the Gun, . . The par - son to - pes be - neath the Rose, The
3. World's End roams, The sports - man seeks the Fox, . . The law - yer to the Dev - il comes, The

1. at the Plough the clown: . . } But we'll beat ev - ry bush, . . Boys, In hunt - ing of good
2. gar - d'ner in the Sun: . . }
3. spend - thrift to the Dogs; . . }

cresc.

wine, . . And val - ue not a rush, Boys, My land - lord or his sign.

f *fp* *cresc.*

f *Dal. S.* *fp*

Ped.

* Words adapted by the late John Hullah, and here inserted by the kind permission of Messrs. MacMillan & Co.

Saw you the nymph.

Words and Music by HENRY CAREY.

Lively.

PIANO. *mf* *cresc.*

1. Saw you the nymph whom I . . a - dore, . .
 2. So man - y charms a - round her shine, . .

f *dim.* *mp*

1. Saw you the god - dess of my heart? And can you bid . . me love . . no
 2. Who can the sweet temp - ta - tion fly! Spite of her scorn, she's so . . . di -

1. more, . . Or can you think . . I feel no smart? And can you bid . . me
 2. vine, . . That I must love . . her, though I die: Spite of her scorn, she's

cresc.

rall. *tempo.*

1. love . . no more, . . Or can you think . . I feel no smart?
 2. so . . . di - vine, . . That I must love . . her, though I die.

Love will find out the way.

Words from Percy's *Reliques*.

Air from Playford's *Musick's Recreation on the Lyra Viol*. (1652).

In brisk time.

PIANO. *mf* *p* *cresc.*

1. O - ver the moun-tains And o - ver the waves,
 2. Some think to lose him And have him con - fin'd;
 3. Train up the ea - gle To stoop to your fist;

f dim. Ped. *

1. Un - der the foun - tains And un der the graves, Un - der floods that are
 2. Some do sup - pose him, Poor thing to be blind: But ye ne'er so close
 3. Or you may in - vei - gle The Phce - nix from East: The . . lion - ess, ye may

p

1. deep - est Which Nep - tune o - bey; O - ver rocks that are steep - est Love will
 2. wall him, Do all that you may; Blind love, if so ye call him Will
 3. move her To give o'er her prey; But you'll ne'er stop a lov er, Love will

Dal'z

1. find out the way.
 2. find out his way.
 3. find out his way.

mf cresc. *f dim.* *Dal'z*

Percy gives two additional stanzas, while Ritson discovered no less than thirteen stanzas to exist in the black letter copies. A few redundant words are omitted to aid the singer.

Battle of Agincourt.

(1415.)

Words from Percy's *Reliques*.
In moderate time.

Air from a 15th Century MS.

PIANO. *mf*

1. De o gra - ti - - as

f dim. *mf*

Ped. *

1. An - gli - a red - de . . pro vic - tor - i - a.

p

1. Our King went forth to Nor - man - dy, With
2. Then went our King with all his host, Through
3. Then for a sooth that knight come - ly, In
4. Now gra - cious God he save our King, His

p cresc.

Percy, in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* (ii., 26, 1839) introduces this old song of Agincourt with the remark that it is inserted merely as a curiosity, and adds that "our plain and martial ancestors could wield their swords much better than their pens." Warton, in the *History of English Poetry* (sect. 20) says that when Henry V. entered London after Agincourt "the gates and streets were hung with tapestry, representing the histories of ancient heroes; and children were placed in artificial turrets, singing verses." Some of the editions of the *Reliques*, as for example that above quoted, give the music of the song in old character, copied from a Pepysian MS. since missing from the Library of Magdalene College, Cambridge. The text of the music, here adopted, is from a MS. in Trinity College (Cambridge). Readers may be referred to an extremely interesting book edited by Mr. Fuller Maitland entitled *English Carols of the 15th Century* (Leadenhall Press) which deals fully with this subject.

1. grace and might of chiv - al - - ry, There
 2. France for all the Fren - she boast; He
 3. Ag - in court field he fought man - - ly; Through
 4. peo - ple, and all his well - will - - ing; Give

1. God for him wrought mar - v'lous - - ly, Where
 2. spar'd no dread of least nor most, Till
 3. grace of God most might end - - y, He
 4. him good life, and good end - - ing, That

1. fore Eng - land may call and cry -
 2. he come to Ag in - court coast -
 3. hath both the field and the vic - to - - ry -
 4. we with mirth may safe - ly sing -) De

dim. *f*

o gra - - ti - - as

Dal. S.

⊕ The MS. gives a few bars of three-part chorus; too hopelessly crude, however, for insertion in these pages.

Neptune's Raging Fury,

OR "YOU GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND."

*Brightly and fast.*To the tune of *The Joviall Cobler.*

PIANO.

*mp**p*

1. You gen - tle - men of Eng - - land, Who
 2. All you that will be sea - - men, Must
 3. If en - e - mies op - pose us, When
 4. When we re - turn in safe - - ty, With

1. live at home at ease, How lit - tle do you
 2. bear a va liant heart, For when you come up
 3. Eng land is at wars pains, With an y for - eign
 4. va - ges for our pains, The tap - ster and the

1. think up - on The dan - gers of the seas: Give
 2. on the seas You must not think to start; Nor
 3. na - - tions, We fear not wounds nor scars: Our
 4. vint - - ner Will help to share our gains: We'll

"The above is altered from an older ballad written by Martin Parker; an early printed copy of which, in black letter, under the title of *Saylor's for my money*, to the tune of the *Joviall Cobler*, is in the Pepysian library, at Magdalen College, Cambridge." [Ritson's *English Songs* (1788).] An early version of the air is in *Loyal Songs* (1686).

1. ear un - to the Ma - rin - ers, And they will plain - ly
 2. once to be faint - heart - ed, In hail, rain, blow, or
 3. roar - ing guns shall teach round - ly, And pay be - fore we
 4. call for li - quor

1. show, . . . All the cares, and the fears, When the
 2. snow, . . . Nor to think, for to shrink, When the
 3. know, . . . Whilst they reel in the keel, When the
 4. go; . . . Then we'll roar on the shore, When the

CHORUS.

1. storm - y winds do blow: All the cares, and the
 2. storm - y winds do blow: Nor to think, for to
 3. storm - y winds do blow: Whilst they reel in the
 4. storm - y winds do blow: Then we'll roar on the

1. fears, When the storm - y winds do blow.
 2. shrink, When the storm - y winds do blow.
 3. keel, When the storm - y winds do blow.
 4. shore, When the storm - y winds do blow.

Dal G

Since first I saw your face.

Air by THOMAS FORD (1580-1648).

In moderate time.

PIANO.

1. Since first I saw your face, I re - solv'd To
 2. If I ad - mire or praise you too much, That
 3. The sun, whose beams most glo - ri - ous are, Re -

1. hon - our and re - nown you; If now I be dis -
 2. fault you may for - give me; Or if my hands had
 3. ject - eth no be - hold - er; And your sweet beau - ty,

1. dain'd, I wish My heart had nev - er known you. What!
 2. stray'd to touch, Then just - ly might you leave me. I
 3. past com - pare, Made my poor eyes the bold - - er. When

Ford's so-called 'Madrigal,' is to be found in *Musicke of Sundrie Kindes* (fol. 1607). It was written as a song for voice and lute, or for four voices without accompaniment. It is one of the few compositions that has survived its composer, who was a musician in the suite of Prince Henry (Son of James I.), and afterwards, to Charles I. The second volume of *Musicke of Sundrie Kindes* contains "Pavans, Galliards, Almainses, Toies, Jiggs, Thumps for two base viols, the liera-way," etc.

1. I that lov'd, and you that lik'd, Shall we be - gin to
 2. ask'd you leave, you bade me love, Is't now a time to
 3. beau - ty moves and wit de - lights, And signs of kind - ness

1. wran - - gle! No, no, no, my heart is fast, And
 2. chide me? No, no, no, I'll love you still, What
 3. bind me, There, O there, wher - e'er I go, I'll

f dim.

1. can - not dis - en - tan - - - gle.
 2. for - tune e'er be - tide me.
 3. leave my heart be - - hind me.

p Dal S.

p

A lover's complaint.

WILLOW, WILLOW, WILLOW.

Words from Percy's *Reliques*.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Almost slowly.

1. A poor soul sat
2. He sigh'd in his
3. The cold streams ran
4. The wil - - low wreath

1. sigh - ing 'neath a sic - a - more tree ; O wil - low, wil - low,

2. sing - ing, and af - ter each groan Come wil - low, wil - low,

3. by him, his eyes wept a - pace ; O wil - low, wil - low,

4. wear I, since my love did fleet ; O wil - low, wil - low,

1. wil - low! With his hand on his bo - som, his head . . . on his

2. wil - low! I am dead to all plea - sure, my true . . . love is

3. wil - low! The salt tears fell from him, which drown - ed his

4. wil - low! A gar - land for lov - ers for - sak - en most

1. knee ; } O wil low, wil - low, wil - low, wil - low! O

2. gone ; }

3. face ; }

4. meet ; }

Shakespeare's use of the above song in *Othello*, has given it an added interest. (Desdemona) "She had a song of *Willow*, an old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune; and she dyed singing it." The black-letter copy, in the Pepy's Collection, from which Percy has drawn his words, entitles the song "*A lover's complaint*, being forsaken of his love. To a pleasant tune." The tune is in Thomas Dall's MS. Lute book (Library of Trinity College, Dublin), where it appears as *All a greane willow* (1588). It is also contained in Additional MSS. 15117, British Museum.

cresc.

wil - low, wil - low, wil - low, wil - low, shall be my gar -

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'wil - low, wil - low, wil - low, wil - low, shall be my gar -'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

f

land! Sing O the green wil - low, wil - low, wil - low,

The second system continues the piece. The vocal line starts with 'land! Sing O the green wil - low, wil - low, wil - low,'. The piano accompaniment features a prominent bass line with a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking and a '*' symbol. The dynamics are marked 'f' (forte).

dim.

wil - low! Ah me! the green wil low, shall be my gar -

Ped. *

The third system shows the vocal line with lyrics 'wil - low! Ah me! the green wil low, shall be my gar -'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. The dynamics are marked 'dim.' (diminuendo). A 'Ped.' and '*' marking are present at the bottom of the piano part.

Dal' S.

land.

p *dim.* *Dal' S.*

The fourth system concludes the piece. The vocal line has the word 'land.' and then rests. The piano accompaniment features a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking, followed by 'dim.' and 'Dal' S.' (Da Capo). The system ends with a double bar line.

All my pass'd life.

Words by the Earl of Rochester (1647-1680).

Dr. JOHN BLOW (1648-1708).

In moderate time.

PIANO.

p semplice.

1. All my past life is mine no more, The fly - ing hours are gone, Like
 2. What - ev - er is to come, is not; How can it then be mine? The
 3. Then talk not of in - con - stan - cy, False hearts and bro - ken vows: If

p

1. tran - si - tor - y dreams giv'n o'er, Whose im - a - ges are kept in store By mem - or - y a -
 2. pre - sent mo - ment's all my lot, And that, as fast as it is got, Phil - lis, is whol - ly
 3. I, by mir - a - cle, can be This live - long min - ute true to thee, 'Tis all that Heav'n al -

Dal §

1. lone.
 2. thine.
 3. lows.

p

Dal §

dim.

Dr. Blow's melody is preserved in Playford's *Theater of Music* (1685) from which the above copy was made. Blow preceded Purcell as Organist of Westminster Abbey, he also, on the latter's death in 1695, succeeded him. Blow held a Lambeth degree. The author of the words was that clever but reckless John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, whose epigram on Charles II. bids fair to become lasting:—

"He never said a foolish thing
 Nor ever did a wise one."

Durfey includes both music and words in *Wit and Mirth*, iv., 306 (1719).