

3-OCT 30

Copy 1973

SONGS AND CAVATINAS.

- | | | | |
|---|--------------|--|---------------|
| 1. <i>Bashful Young Gentleman,</i> | Glover. 40 | 2. <i>Bridge,</i> | Lindsay 30 |
| 3. <i>Bring Flowers,</i> | Hemans. 30 | 4. <i>By the Margin of Fair</i> | Dance 30 |
| 5. <i>Come to me, Gentle Sleep,</i> | Amiel. 30 | <i>Zurich's Waters,</i> | Rossini. 30 |
| 7. <i>Don't I hear her Coming,</i> | Amiel. 30 | 6. <i>Deh calma oh ciel,</i> | Russell. 40 |
| 9. <i>Have you not seen the Timid</i> | | 8. <i>Flower Boy Merrily lives,</i> | Handel 30 |
| <i>Tear?</i> | Amiel. 30 | 10. <i>He was Despised and Rejected,</i> | Wade. 20 |
| 11. <i>Hops told a Flattering Tale,</i> | Pastello. 20 | 12. <i>Hours there were,</i> | Hatton. 40 |
| 13. <i>I'm Sadder when I Sing,</i> | Paggi. 40 | 14. <i>In Days of Old,</i> | Gradier. 20 |
| 15. <i>Indian Girl's Song,</i> | Hommer. 20 | 16. <i>La Colosa,</i> | Hommer. 30 |
| 17. <i>Mary, don't Forget Me,</i> | Balfie. 30 | 18. <i>Mountain Horn, (1 or 2 voices.)</i> | Osborne. 30 |
| 19. <i>My Lone Rock by the Sea,</i> | Amiel. 30 | 20. <i>My old Familiar Home,</i> | Amiel. 30 |
| 21. <i>Oh! 12 Years,</i> | Abb. 30 | 22. <i>Oh! wear it on thy heart,</i> | Daems. 30 |
| 23. <i>Ole Dan Tucker,</i> | | 24. <i>Orphan of the Tyrol,</i> | Adam. 35 |
| 25. <i>Pilgrim Fathers,</i> | Browne. 35 | 26. <i>Primo Basso, yes am I,</i> | Crouch. 30 |
| 27. <i>Silvia Felice,</i> | Masini. 30 | 28. <i>Sing to me, Avrah,</i> | Snyder. 35 |
| 29. <i>Still in my Dreams thou'rt Near,</i> | Tall. 30 | 30. <i>Sweet May has Come, (Duet.)</i> | |
| 31. <i>Things I don't like to see,</i> | Morris. 30 | 32. <i>Through the Forests, Through</i> | Hanco. 30 |
| 33. <i>Too late, too late,</i> | Lindsay. 30 | <i>the Meadows,</i> | Barnet. 30 |
| 35. <i>'Twere vain to tell thee all</i> | | 34. <i>To thee I turn,</i> | Winnemore. 30 |
| <i>I Feel,</i> | Thibault. 30 | 36. <i>Uncle Ned,</i> | Work. 30 |
| 37. <i>Would I were with Thee,</i> | Crouch. 30 | 38. <i>We'll go down Ourselves,</i> | |
| 39. <i>Mamma won't let Me marry</i> | Morris. 30 | | |
| <i>ye,</i> | | | |

CLEVELAND:

PUBLISHED BY S. BRAINARD'S SONS, 203 SUPERIOR STREET.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1909, by Roof & Clark, in the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois.

THE BASHFUL YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Words by HIMSELF.

Music by CHARLES W. GLOVER.

Moderato.

mf

cres.

rall.

They say I shall get o-ver it—but no, I ne-ver can. You've

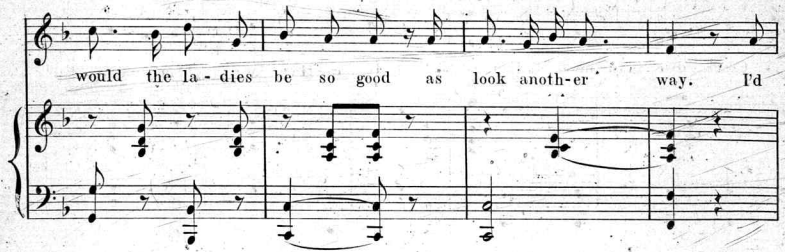
no con-cep-tion what it is to be a bash-ful man; I,



I, oh dear I quite for-get what I was going to say But



would the la-dies be so good as look anoth-er way. I'd



give— I dont know what I'd not, if it were not the case, But



rall.

its a fact—I cannot look a la - - dy in the face. I'd

ra-ther face, I would indeed, I know I am a fool, I'd rather face a

Croco - dile, than meet a Ladies' school, I'd ra-ther face a Croco - dile, than

a piacere.

meet a La-dies' school.

cres. dim.

2. At par-ties, when, like other men, I'm ask'd if I wont dance, I
 3. How am I to get-married? I shall ne-ver have a wife, I could

blush, and fidget with my gloves, and wish my-self in France, And
 ne-ver make an of-fer, I'm con-vinc'd to save my life, There's the

while I'm standing stammering, and hanging down my head, Some sandy whisker'd
 "quizzing" by the sis-ters and the "questions" by Ma-ma; And the "pumping" that one

coxcomb leads the La-dy out in-stead. I did just touch a Lady's hand, last
 goes thro; in the Study by Pa-pa. Then, there's that hor-rid Honey-moon. the

night in a Quad - rille, Oh goodness how my heart 'did beat! it's pal - pi - tating
 jour - ney with a Bride. And grinning post boys look - ing back, and no - one else in -

still. While my young brother fresh from school, to show you how I'm teaz'd, Said
 side, Oh my, the ve - ry thought of it quite takes a - way my breath I'm

"Frank, why what a "muff" you are, Girls like their fingers squeez'd, Said; Frank, why what a
 cer - tain, at the wed - ding, I should blush myself to death, I'm cer - tain, at the

a piacere.
 "muff" you are, Girls like their fingers squeez'd.
 wed - ding, I should blush myself to death.

cres. *dim.*