

THOU HAST WOVEN THE SPELL.

The Poetry by George P. Morris; the Music by Austin Phillips.—Published by Davidson.

*Andante.*

Thou hast wo-ven the spell that hath bound me Through all the dark changes of years,  
 And the smiles that I wore when I found thee Have faded and melted in tears. Like the  
 poor wounded fawn from the mountain, Who seeks out the clear sil-ver tide, I have  
 lin-ger'd in vain at the foun-tain Of hope—with a shaft in my side. Thou hast  
 wo-ven the spell that hath bound me Through all the sad changes of years, And the  
 smiles that I wore when I found thee Have fa-ded and melt-ed in tears.

Thou hast taught me that love's rosy fetters  
 A pang from the thorns may impart,  
 That the coinage of vows and of letters  
 Comes not from the mint of the heart.

Like the lone bird that flutters her pinion,  
 And warbles in bondage her strain,  
 I have struggled to fly thy dominion,  
 But find that the effort is vain.

THE EVENING STAR.

Composed by Thomas Bridgewater.

*Allegretto*

O! sweet-ly shines the sum-mer sun When Heav'n from clouds is free, And  
 bright-ly gleams the moon-light On field, rock, and so-rest tree; But, to the pen-sive  
 heart of love—O! sweeter than these, by far, It is with de-vious steps to rove Be-  
 neath the ev'-ning star; But, to the pen-sive heart of love—O! sweet-er than  
 these, by far, It is with devious steps to rove Be-neath the ev'-ning star.

For all the future cannot give  
 What spaceless time hath reft;  
 And, Jessy, since thou ceas'd to live,  
 A vacant world is left.  
 I turn me to my days of love,—  
 The sweetest on earth by far,—  
 And oft, in thought, with thee I rove  
 Beneath the ev'ning star!

To others give the festive hall,  
 Where wine-cups shine in light,—  
 The music of the crowded ball,  
 With beauty's lustre bright;—  
 But give to me the lonely dell—  
 Sweeter than these by far,—  
 Where pine-trees wave, and waters swell,  
 Beneath the ev'ning star!

## THE BOAR-HUNT.

The Music by Mozart.

*Con Spirito.*

See the bright sun-beam of gold lights the moun-tain, Soon will he gild both the  
mo-rass and flood; Now the wild boar drinks from nature's clear fountain, Soon will the ja-ve-lin  
reek in his blood. Hark! the horn calls a-way, and starts the wild boar; Then bold-ly we  
føl-low thro' for-est, o'er moor, While our dogs bay loud, and our hor-ses neigh, Thro'  
brush-wood and dan-ger;—Hark! on and a-way! While our dogs bay loud, and our  
hor-ses neigh, Thro' brush-wood and dan-ger—Hark! on and a-way! To hunt the  
boar, whose roar's as loud As na-ture's rude trum-pet, a burst-ing cloud.

Together and loud as Jove cracking thunder,  
We dash through the thicket, and swim through  
flood;  
Strange animals rush from coverts in wonder;  
Birds to the air call away their young brood.  
Hark! the yager's blast!—the boar's in sight!  
Our dogs gather round him! he turns to the  
fight!  
But our dogs fall back from his tusk at bay,  
Then again to the chase hark on and away,  
To hunt the boar, &c.

Thunder he's roaring! like light'ning we're flying!  
The dogs again grapple, again he's at bay:  
The jav'lins fix him; but, though he is dying,  
Dogs he throws from him, till lifeless they lay.  
Hark! the horn sounds his knell, and gathers the  
band;  
With jav'lins rais'd, round the carcass we stand;  
Then, mounting our steeds, right homeward we  
stray,  
Till next morning's sunbeam shall call us away.  
To hunt the boar, &c.

## MARY, LAY THY HEART AT REST.

The Music by John Whitaker.

*Andantino.*

Off spring fair of love di-vine, To my suit in-cline thee; Gen-tle vir-gin,  
wert thou mine, Round my heart I'd twine thee; Watch-ful o'er thy  
slum-bers lie, See thee smile, see thee smile, or hear thee sigh; See thee smile or  
hear thee sigh; E-ver glad to cheer thee. Ga-zing still, with

ea - - ger eye, I would ev' - ry ef - fort try, Yield - ing plea - sures  
till I die, For the love I bear thee, the love I bear thee, for the  
love I bear thee, the love I bear thee, For the love I bear thee.

Mary, lay thy heart at rest,  
Safely on my bosom ;  
Fear not danger, lovely guest,—  
Nature's choicest blossom.  
Ere this heart would injure thee,  
It should break and cease to be ;

Think I'd ne'er deceive thee.  
Angry kings might then contend,  
Adverse pow'rs their rights defend ;  
Weave with thee, my charming friend,  
Would be mine, believe me.

CATALANI JOE, THE BALLAD-SINGER.

*Vivace.*  
Come, all you chaunt-ing vo - ca - lists, That war - bles high and low, Sirs,— A yard and  
half of mu - sic buy Of Ca - ta - la - ni Joe, Sirs. Here's love songs, and com - ic  
songs, And songs of ev' - ry na - tion ; But if you'll wait a hin - stant, You shall  
have 'em in ro - ta - tion. Come, all you chaunting vo - ca - lists, That war - bles high and  
low, Sirs,— A yard and half of mu - sic buy Of Ca - ta - la - ni Joe, Sirs.

My wife she is a wonder quite—  
I cannot love another ;  
That's the ticket ; take a sight ;  
Roger, how's your mother ?  
I couldn't think of such a thing,  
While the stormy winds do blow, sirs ;  
What's a house without a woman ?  
With a helmet on his brow, sirs.  
Come, all ye, &c.

Pretty little Sally ;  
My Helen is the fairest flower,—  
She lives in our alley.  
Why are you wandering here. I pray ?  
On the banks of the beautiful Rhine,  
sir,  
We met the queen in a one-horse shay,  
Wearing a four-and-nine, sir.  
Come, all ye, &c.

When the southern breezes blow,  
Hurra, I'm off to sea, love ;  
Such a beauty I did grow ;  
Do you ever think of me, love ?  
Why did I love ? Ax my eye ;  
Lasses love the sailors ;  
Tom Bowling, what's a woman like ?  
The devil among the tailors.  
Come, all ye, &c.

When a little farm we keep  
On the banks of Allan Water ;  
We met the moralizing sweep  
With Lord Ullin's daughter.  
Thump, thump, scold, scold ;  
The washwoman's wrangle ;  
My dearest Jane, my pretty Jane,  
Has your mother sold her mangle ?  
Come, all ye, &c.

The light of other days shall shine  
Upon the blighted flower ;  
Bid me discourse, with those we love,  
At the midnight hour.  
Here's John Anderson my Joe ;  
We met—'twas near the mile end ;  
And here's Kate Kearney jumping Jim  
Crow  
With the King of the Cannibal Islands.  
Come, all ye, &c.

Love was once a little pet ;  
Never go a tossing ;  
I'm over young to marry yet  
The man wot sweeps the crossing.  
Meet me at the garden gate,—  
A fig for pride or riches ;  
Pray Goody please to moderate—  
Hodge's leather breeches.  
Come, all ye, &c.

Maggie Lauder, who are you ?  
The sun is o'er the mountain ;  
John White, to-day I'm sixty two  
Let's wander by the fountain.  
Sweet eyes, deep in a forest dell,  
Doctors can ease ills ;  
Father thankee's pretty well,  
Mother's got the measles.  
Come, all ye, &c.

In infancy our hopes and fears—  
Begone dull care, O !  
The flag that brav'd a thousand years  
At a country fair, O !  
Far from me my lover flies ;  
Sound the trumpet boldly ;  
Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
In a fashionable coaley.  
Come, all ye &c.

Bill Jones, she never told her love,  
Going out a fishing ;  
Mother, give your boy a buss,—  
A chapter upon kissing.  
You gentlemen of England,  
We've lived and loved together ;  
God bless our Queen Victoria,  
And may she reign for ever.  
Come, all ye &c.

## GILL MORICE.

Scottish Ballad.—The Poem by Allan Ramsay; the Music by Robert Bremner.

*Andante.*



Gill Morice was an Earl's son, His name it wax-ed wide; It was nae for his great rich-



es, Nor yet his mic-kle pride; But it was for a la-dy gay, That liv'd on Carron side.

\* Where will I get a bonny boy,  
That will win hose and shoon,—  
That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',  
And bid his lady cum;  
Ye maun rin this errand, Willie,  
And ye may rin wi' pride;  
When other boys gae on their feet,  
On horseback ye sail ride.

\* Oh no! oh no! my master dear!  
I dare nae for my life;  
I'll nae gae to the auld baron's,  
For to trust for his wife.  
\* My blyd Willie, my boy Willie,  
My dear Willie,' he said,  
\* How can ye strive against the stream?  
For I sail be obeyed.'

\* But, oh! my master dear,' he cried,  
' In Green Wood ye're your lane;  
Gi' o'er sic thoughts, I wou'd ye red,  
For fear ye should be ta'en.'  
\* Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',  
Bid her come here wi' speed;  
If ye refuse my high command,  
I'll gar thy body bleed.

\* Gae bid her tak this gay mantle—  
'Tis a' good but the hem—  
Bid her cum to the good Green Wood,  
And bring nane but her lane;  
And there it is, a silken sark;  
And her hand sew'd the sleeve;  
And bid her come to Gill Morice,—  
Speer nae bauld baron's leave.'

\* I will gae your black errand,  
Though it be to thy coast;  
Sen ye by me will nae be warn'd,  
In it ye sail find frost.  
The baron he's a man of might,  
He ne'er could bide a taunt;  
As ye will see, before it's night,  
How sma' ye'll hae to vaunt.

Now, sen I maun your errand rin,  
Sae sair against my will,  
'Ise make a vow, and keep it true,—  
It sail be done for ill.  
And when he came to broken briggs,  
He bent his bow and swam;  
And when he came to grass growing,  
Set down his feet and ran.

And when he came to Barnard's ha',  
Wau'd neither chap nor ca';  
But set his bent bow to his breast,  
And lightly lap the wa'.  
He wau'd tell nae man his errand,  
Though twa stood at the gate;  
But straight into the ha' he cam,  
Whair grit folks sat at meat.

\* Hail! hail! my gentle s're and dame!  
My message winna wait;  
Dame, ye maun to the Green Wood gang,  
Before that it be late;  
Ye're bidden take this gay mantle,—  
'Tis a' good but the hem:—  
Ye maun gae to the good Green Wood  
E'en by yoursel alone.

\* And there it is, a silken sark;  
Your ain hand sew'd the sleeve;  
Ye maun come speak to Gill Morice;  
Speer nae bauld baron's leave.'  
The lady stamped wi' her foot,  
And winked wi' her eye;  
But a' that she could say or do,  
Forbid he wad nae be.

\* It's surely to my bow'r-woman?  
It ne'er could be to me.'  
\* I brought it to Lady Barnard,—  
I trow that ye Le she.  
Then, up and spake the wylie nurse  
(The bairn upo' her knee),  
' If it come frae Gill Morice,  
It's dear welcome to me.'

\* Ye leid, ye leid, ye filthy nurse,  
Sae loud's I hear ye lie;  
I brought it to Lady Barnard,—  
I trow ye be na she'  
Then up and spake the bauld baron—  
An angry man wae he;  
He's ta'en the table wi' his foot,  
In flinders gart a' flee:—

\* Gae bring a robe of yon eliding,  
That hings upon the pln;  
And I'll gae to the good Green Wood,  
And spake with your leman.'  
\* Bide at hame, now, Lord Barnard,  
I warn ye bide at hame;  
Ne'er wyte a man for violence,  
That ne'er wyte ye wi' nane.

Gill Morice sits in good Green Wood,  
He whistl'd and he sang;  
\* O! what means a' these folks coming;  
My mother carries lang.'  
When Lord Barnard to Green Wood  
came,  
Wi' meikle dule and care.  
There first he saw the brave Gill  
Morice,  
Keming his yellow hair.

\* Nae wonder, sure, oh Gill Morice.  
My lady lo'ed ye weel;  
The fairest part of my body  
Is blacker than thy heel.  
Yet ne'ertheless, now, Gill Morice,  
For a' thy great beauty,  
Ye's rue the day ye e'er was born;  
That head sail gae wi' me.'

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,  
And slait it on the strae;  
And through Gill Morice's fair body  
He's gart cauld iron gae;  
And he has ta'en Gill Morice's head,  
And set it on a spear;  
The meekest man in a' his train  
Has got that head to bear.

And he has ta'en Gill Morice up,  
Laid him across his steid,  
And brought him to his painted bow'r,  
And laid him on a bed.  
The lady sat on castle wa',  
Beheld both dale and down,

And there she saw Gill Morice'  
head  
Come tralling to the town.

\* Far mair I lo'e that bloody head,  
Bot' and that yellow hair,  
Than Lord Barnard, and a' his  
lands,  
As they lie here and there.'  
And she has ta'en her Gill Morice,  
And kias'd both mouth and chin,—  
\* I once was fou of Gill Morice,  
As hip was o' the stane.

\* I got ye in my father's house,  
Wi' meikle sin and shame;  
I brought thee up in good Green  
Wood,  
Under the heavy rain;  
Oft have I by thy cradle sat,  
And fondly seen thee sleep;  
But now I'll gae about thy grave,  
'The sa't tears for to weep.'

And syne she kiss'd his bloody cheek,  
And syne his bloody chin,—  
\* Better I lo'ed my Gill Morice,  
Than a' my kith and kin!  
Away, away, ye ill woman!  
An ill deed mait ye die;  
Gin I had ken'd he'd been your son,  
He'd ne'er been slain for me.'

\* Upbrauld me not, my Lord Barnard,  
Upbraid me not for shame!  
Wi' that same spear, O! pierce my  
heart!  
And put me out o' pain.  
Since nothing but Gill Morice's head  
Thy jealousy rage could quell,  
Let that same hand now take her life  
That ne'er to thee did ill.

\* To me nae after days nor nights  
Will e'er be saft or kind;  
I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,  
And greet till I am blind.'  
\* Enough of blood by me's been spilt;  
Seek not your death frae me;  
I rather it had been myself  
Than either him or thee.

\* With waeifu' wae I hear your plaint;  
Sair, sair, I rue the deed,  
That e'er this cursed hand of mine  
Did gar his body bleed,  
Dry up your tears, my winsome dame,  
Ye ne'er can heal the wound;  
You see his head upon the spear,  
His heart's blood on the ground.

\* I curse the hand that did the deed,  
The heart that thought the ill;  
The feet that bore me wi' sic speed  
The comely youth to kill  
I'll ay lament for Gill Morice,  
As gin he were my ain;  
I'll ne'er forget the dreary day  
On which the youth was slain.'

## THE SHAPE ALONE LET OTHERS PRIZE.

The Poetry by Akenside; the Music by J. Fisin.

*Andante.*

The shape a-lone let o-thers prize The fea-tures of the fair;—I look for spi-rit  
in her eyes, And mean-ing in her air— And mean - ing in her air. A  
dam-ask cheek and iv - 'ry arm shall ne'er my wish-es win: Give me an a - - ni -  
ma - ted form, That speaks a mind with - - la, That speaks a mind with - in.

A face where awful honour shines,—  
Where sense and sweetness move,  
And angel innocence refines  
The tenderness of love.  
These are the soul of beauty's frame,  
Without whose vital aid  
Unfinish'd all her features seem,  
And all her roses dead.

Ah! where both their charms unite,  
How perfect is the view,—  
With every image of delight,  
With graces ever new.  
Their power, but faintly to express,  
All language must despair;  
But, go behold my Anna's face,  
And read it perfect there.

## SURE, SALLY IS THE LOVELIEST LASS.

The Music by Dr. Arne.

*Andante.*

Sure, Sal-ly is the love-li-est lass, That e'er gave shep - nera glee; Not  
May-day in its morn - ing dress Is half as fair as she! Let  
po - ets paint the Pa - phian Queen, And fan - cy'd forms a - dore: Ye  
bards, had ye my Sal - ly seen, Ye'd think of those no more.

No more ye'd prate of Hybla's Hill,  
Where bees their honey sip,  
Did ye but know the sweets that dwell  
On Sally's love-fraught lip.  
But ah! take heed, ye tuneful swains,  
The ripe temptation shun;  
Or else like me ye'll wear her chains,  
Ye'll be like me undone.

Once in my cot secure I slept,  
Then, lark-like, hail'd the dawn;  
More sportive than the kids I kept,  
I wanton'd o'er the lawn;  
To every maid, love's tale I told,  
And did my truth aver;  
Yet, ere the parting kiss was cold,  
I laugh'd at love and her.

But now the gloomy grove I seek,  
Where love-lorn shepherds stray;  
There to the winds my griefs I speak,  
And sigh my soul away;  
Naught but despair my fancy paints,—  
No dawn of hope I see;  
For Sally's pleas'd with my complaints,  
And laughs at love and me.

Since this, my poor neglected lambs,  
So late my only care,  
Have left their fond, their fleecy dams,  
And stray'd I know not where.  
Alas! my ewes! in vain ye bleat;—  
My lambkins lost,—adieu!  
No more we on the plain shall meet,  
For lost's your shepherd, too.

## O! CANST THOU JUDGE HOW DEAR THOU ART.

From 'Lays of a Minstrel,' the Poetry by Thomas Haynes Bayly.

*Larghetto con espress.*

O! canst thou judge how dear thou art— How ve - ry dear to me? When thus I



strive to wean my heart From ear-ly friends for thee? The town may be a merry place; But



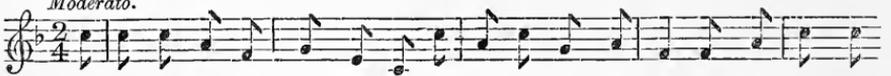
that is not my care: There is not one fa - mi-liar face To give me wel-come there.

I go from many friends, so kind,  
They see no fault in me;  
I go where I expect to find  
No earthly friend but thee!  
I leave them all, and 'tis my choice;  
Believe not I repine:  
I never wish to hear a voice,  
Or see a smile, but thine.

To one so gay, my native glen  
Must seem a dreary spot;  
I know the restless hearts of men  
Despise so calm a lot.  
In this lone vale thou couldst not dwell;  
Ah! no—not e'en for me:  
Then, be it so; but use me well;—  
I give up all for thee!

## UMBRELLA COURTSHIP.

English Comic Song.

*Moderato.*

A belle and beau would walk - ing go, In love they both were pi - ning; The wind in



gen - tle gales did blow, An A - pril sun was shining. Though Simon long had courted Miss, He



knew he'd acted wrong, in Not hav - ing dar'd to steal a kiss, Which set her quite a - long - ing.

It soon occurred, as they did walk,  
And view'd each dale, so flow'ry,  
As Simon by her side did stalk,  
Declar'd the sky look'd show'ry.  
The rain came to her like a drug,—  
When loudly he did bellow,  
'Look here, my love, we can be snug,—  
I've brought a new umbrella.'

Quick flew the shelter over Miss;—  
Now Simon was a droll one,—  
He thought this was the time to kiss,  
So from her lips he stole one.  
She blush'd;—the rain left off, and he  
The umbrella closed for draining:  
'O! don't,' says she, 'I plainly see  
It hasn't left off raining.'

Now, Simon, when he smok'd the plan,  
The umbrella lighted;  
He grew quite bold, talk'd like a man,  
And she seem'd quite delighted.

Their lips rung chimes, full fifty times,  
Like simple lovers training:  
Says she, 'These are but lovers' crimes;  
I hope it won't cease raining.'

He kiss'd her out of her consent  
That she'd become his bride; hence,  
To buy the ring was his intent,  
And then to get a licence.  
They parted, but he took much pains  
Where they should meet to tell her:  
Says she, 'I'll meet when next it rains,—  
So bring your umbrella.'

The wedding morn, no time to waste,  
He arose before 'twas day;  
And, just as if to please her taste,  
It was a shocking wet day.  
They married were, had children dear,—  
Eight round - fac'd little fellows:  
But, strange to state, the whole of the eight  
Were marked with umbrellas.

MY NATIVE LAND, GOOD NIGHT.

The Poetry by Lord Byron; the Music by Miss Fowler.

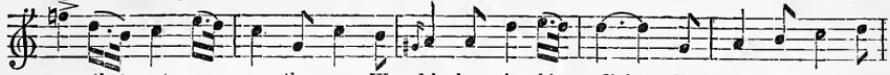
*Moderato.*



A - dieu, a - dieu! my na - tive shore Fades o'er the wa - ters blue: The



night-winds sigh, the break - ers roar, And shrieks the wild sea - mew. You



sun, that sets up - on the sea, We fol - low in his flight: Fare-well a - while to



him and thee—My na - tive land, good night! My na - tive land, good night!

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go

Athwart the foaming brine,

Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,

So not again to mice!

Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!

And when you fail my sight,

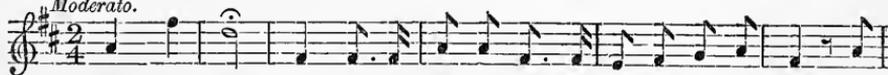
Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves!

My native land, good night!

TYROLESE EVENING HYMN.

The Poetry by Mrs. Hemans.

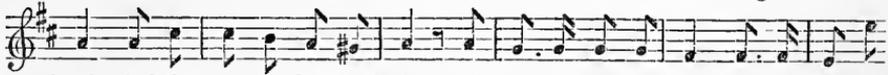
*Moderato.*



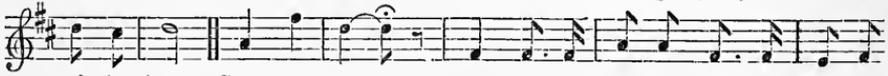
Come, come, come, come to the sun - set tree—The day is past and gone; The



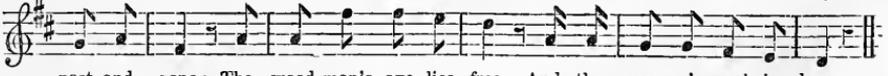
wood-man's axe lies free, And the rea-per's work is done: The twi-light star is



heav'n, And the sum-mer-dew to flow'rs; And rest to us is giv'n, By the cool soft



ev'n-ing hours. Come, come, come, come to the sun - set tree—The day is



past and gone; The wood-man's axe lies free, And the rea-per's work is done.

Sweet is the hour of rest—

Pleasant the wood's low sigh,

And the gleaming of the west,

And the turf whereon we lie:

When the burthen and o'er the heat

Of labour's task are o'er,

And kindly voices greet

The tir'd one at his door.

Come, come, come, &c.

Yes, tuneful is the sound

That dwells in whisp'ring boughs;

Welcome the freshness round

And the gale that fans our brows:

But rest more sweet and still

Than even nightfall gave,

Our yearning hearts shall fill

In the world beyond the grave.

Come, come, come, &c.

There shall no tempests blow,

No scorching noontide heat;

There shall be no more snow,

No weary wand'ring feet:

So we lift our trusting eyes

From the hills our fathers trod,

To the quiet of the skies,

To the Sabbath of our God.

Come, come, come, &c.

## HARVEST SONG.

The Poetry translated from the German of Holty; the Music by Geistmann.

*Vivace.*

Sickles sound; On the ground Fast the ripe ears fall; Ev' - ry mai - den's  
bon - net Has blue blos - soms on it; Joy is o - ver all, Joy is o - ver all.

Sickles ring,  
Maidens sing  
To the sickle's sound:  
Till the moon is beaming,  
And the stubble gleaming,  
Harvest songs go round.

All are springing,  
All are singing,  
Every lisping thing.  
Man and master meet,—  
From one dish they eat;  
Each is now a king.

Hans and Michael  
Whet the sickle,  
Piping merrily.  
Now they mow,—each maiden  
Soon with sheaves is laden,  
Busy as a bee.

Now the blisses,  
And the kisses!  
Now the wit doth flow  
Till the beer is out;  
Then, with song and shout,  
Home they go! yo ho!

## LOVE AND THE ROSEBUD.

The Poetry by Frederick Thornhill, adapted to a Spanish Air.

*Allegretto.*

As El - la re - clin'd, 'mid a bow - er of ro - ses, By chance from her bo - som a  
bud she let fall, Which Cu - pid, who best is a judge of such po - sies, Saw plain - ly was  
sweet - er by far than them all: So, placing a sprig of fresh myr - tle be - side it, He  
bound them with hearts - ease to - ge - thr as one; Then flew to the mai - den, who  
arch - ly es - pied it, And could not but blush at what young Love had done.

'Nay, blush not,' said Cupid, 'to find your lost  
flower [join'd;  
So close with this bright blooming evergreen  
O! may I behold, in some fortunate hour,  
Each fair virgin blossom as dearly entwined!

For sure 'tis a truth, and by none should be  
sighted, [we own,  
That these buds, which the pride of our garden  
Will blossom more sweetly, by love thus united,  
Than when they are destin'd to blossom alone.'

## THE SWEETS OF LOVE.

The Words and Music by Charles Dibdin.

*Moderato.*

O! did you never hear of nat - ty Wat - ty Walter? He was a ci - ti - zen, A Common -  
coun - cil - man, and a dry - salter; And he'd a pro - di - gious in - cli - na - tion, af - ter

kick - ing up a hun - dred rows, his con - di - tion to al - ter;—O! the sweets of  
love! 'For,' says Watty, says he, 'I've heard that a wife Is the delight and the comfort of a man's life, Ex -  
cept, in - deed, ac - cord - ing to the vul - gar phrase, The cat's a top of the house, and the  
house throwa out of win - dow, and peo - ple tug dif - f'rent ways; Yet, who's a -  
fraid? my fate cries, do not falter; And, since des - ti - ny de - cides in the choice of a wife or a  
hal - ter, I'll marry, and that's flat,' cries nat - ty Wat - ty Wal - ter. O! the sweets of love!

O! did you never hear of pretty Kitty Twisskin?  
Her father kept a porkshop, and she was all over  
red and white, like a pork griskin;  
And the loves and graces in her eyes and her nose,  
and every one of her dimples, were perfectly  
O! the sweets of love! [frisking.  
But poor dear Kitty began to be horribly afraid  
That she should die what people generally under -  
stand by the term an Old Maid!  
So, after turning the subject in all manner of shapes,  
She could not bear the idea of going to the devil  
and leading apes;  
So, up her features with a little of the right French  
rouge she began to be brisking,  
And cock'd up her nose, and set her cap, and was  
perpetually frisking; [Kitty Twisskin.  
For determin'd to have a husband was pretty  
O! the sweets of love!

O! did you never hear that people eat and drink  
in the city? [smart and so witty?  
And that they sing songs, and give toasts, all so  
And that the husbands get money to dress out  
their wives and their daughters so neat and so  
O! the sweets of love! [pretty?  
Well, you are to know that the Lord Mayor gave  
a ball, [thinking of nothing at all;  
And Watty and Kitty happened to be there,  
So Cupid let fly an arrow, which hit Wat in a zig -  
zag direction, like an izzard,  
And, rebounding, enter'd Kitty's heart, as she  
was swallowing the devil in the shape of a  
turkey's gizzard;  
And, from that moment, she thought him so gen -  
teel, and he thought her so witty,  
And she could think of nothing but Watty, and  
he of nothing but Kitty;  
And these were the delicious effects of eating and  
drinking in the city.  
O! the sweets of love!  
O! did you never hear of a place call'd Doctors'  
Commons?

Where, for births, and deaths, and marriages, and  
hanging, and divorces, they issue their sum -  
mons;  
Where the wife's heart is considered first her own,  
afterwards her husband's, then her gallant's,  
and at last no man's!  
O! the sweets of love!  
Well, you see, Watty called upon one of the  
proctors,—  
A set of gentlemen, who, in all family complaints,  
are a set of quack - doctors; [roundly swore;  
And that he was a bachelor, and Kitty a maid, he  
And that they were both at years of discretion, and  
a great deal more; [ings and comings,  
So, after some scribbling, and a great many go -  
And questions and answers, and inquiries, and  
haaings and hummings, [tors' Commons.  
The priest confirm'd the fiat issued out at Doc -  
O! the sweets of love!

O! did you never hear of a ceremony call'd throw -  
ing the stocking? [so shocking:—  
Which some people think so delicious, and others  
Well, the bridemen and maids, to wish the bride  
and bridegroom a good night, had all been  
O! the sweets of love. [flocking.  
After which they returned to drink, in possets and  
wine,  
Their - wishes that Hymen's torch on their joys  
might ever shine;  
All which wishes prov'd so propitious, that, as the  
sun shines at noon—  
Unless it should happen to be cloudy—and the  
loves and the pleasures decorate nature in  
June,  
Their hours pass'd so sweetly throughout their  
lives—oh, no! throughout the honeymoon—  
That a crowd of delights in their minds were per -  
petually flocking,  
And they declar'd there was never so pretty a ce -  
remony as throwing of the stocking.  
O! the sweets of love!

## LOVE'S MAGIC EYE.

The Poetry by Harry Stoe Van Dyk; the Music by John Barnett.

*Allegretto.*

There's a ma-gic in thine eye, love, Which seems a soul of light; There's a mu-sic in thy sigh, love, More sweet than lutes at night—There's a ma-gic in thine eye, love, Which seems a soul of light; There's a mu-sic in thy sigh, love, More sweet than lutes at night. O! thy ev'-ry word's a song, love, Thy ev'-ry breath's a rose— O! thy ev'-ry word's a song, love, Thy ev'-ry breath's a rose: For they steal, they steal thy lips a - long, love, And scent them' as they close— For they steal, they steal thy lips a - long, love, And scent them as they close, And scent them as they close, And scent them as they close.

I shall ne'er forget the day, love,  
When first I heard thee sing;  
O! 'twas like the young birds' lay, love,  
That wakes the infant spring:

For the music of thy lips, love,  
Was sweetly faint to me,  
As the sound of oar that dips, love,  
At moonlight in the sea.

## I HAVE LOV'D THEE ONLY.

The Poetry by H. S. Riddell; the Music by Peter M'Leod.

*Moderato con espress.*

I can wish that bliss may find thee, Where-so-e'er thy home may be, Tho' thou thus hast left un-kind-ly Her who on-ly liv'd for thee! I have lov'd thee on-ly—lov'd thee With a kindness felt by few; I have lov'd thee on-ly—lov'd thee With a feel-ing all too true!

Though the words which thou hast spoken  
This lone heart may oft recall,  
O'er the ties that thou hast broken  
Time shall see no tear-drop fall.  
Still I lov'd thee only—lov'd thee  
Till that dreary coldness came  
That has left me lonely—left me  
With a heart that hath no aim.

There is light in yonder Heaven,  
Though the shadows deepen here;  
And the joys may yet be given,  
That shall bring no future tear.  
I have lov'd thee truly—lov'd thee  
In the hours of peace and pain;  
I have loved thee truly—loved thee  
As I ne'er can love again.

THE WOODMAN'S COT.

The Music by Michael Kelly.

*Andante con espres.*

The wood-man's life, though doom'd to toil, Is bless'd be - yond what wealth  
 can give; And dear to him his na - tive soil, That bids him in - de -  
 pen - dent live. And, if a rare the morn - ing knows, That frowns up -  
 on his hum - ble lot, How sweet at eve the calm re - pose—How sweet at  
 eve the calm re - pose, That smiles up - on the wood - man's cot, the woodman's cot!

At early day he loves to hear  
 The cheerful song that swells around,  
 The sweetest music to his ear,  
 To list the falling axe around.

And, though some care his labour knows,  
 Yet health and freedom are his lot;  
 And - weet at eve the calm repose  
 That smiles upon the woodman's cot.

THE FIVE OAKS BEFORE DALLWITZ.

The Poetry translated from the German of Korner; the Music by Húmel.

*Allegretto.*

Noi - sy day is done; its bright hues fade; Red - der glows the sun's de - cli - ning ray;  
 Here, beneath your spreading twi - light - shade, Prompts my swell - ing heart the pen - sive lay.  
 True old chron - i - clers of a - ges gray, Ye are still in life's fresh green ar - ray'd,  
 And the migh - ty forms of years gone by Still are with us in your ma - jes - ty.

Many a noble form has death laid low;  
 Many a flower too early snatch'd away;  
 Through your softly - glimmering twigs, e'en now,  
 Steals the farewell smile of dying day.  
 Yet, unheeding time's remorseless flow,  
 Ye have bid defiance to decay;  
 In your twigs I hear a voice that saith, [death!]  
 Whispering, 'What is great shall live through  
 And ye have lived on!—Ye tower on high,  
 Bold and fresh, in vigorous green array'd.  
 Haply not a pilgrim journeying by  
 But shall rest him in your soothing shade.

What though pale - fac'd Autumn, with a sigh,  
 Marks your leafy children fall and fade?  
 E'en in death they keep a precious trust;  
 Your spring glories bloom from out their dust.  
 Fair image of old German loyalty,  
 As in better days it has been known,  
 When, with glad devotion fired, the free,  
 Dying, laid their country's corner - stone,—  
 Why should I renew the pang? Ah me!  
 'Tis a pang each bosom feels its own!  
 Mightiest of the mighty, German land,  
 Thou art in the dust—thy old oaks stand!

## WHEN BRITAIN ON THE FOAMING MAIN.

The Music by Shield.

*Moderato*

When Bri - tain on the foam - ing main Bids her sons their rights de - clare; When  
 Bri - tain on the foam - ing main, on the foam - ing main, Her na - tive reign, Bids her sons their  
 rights de - clare; Soon as her fires have taught the foe, have taught the foe, A -  
 gain to know Who their daunt - less con - que - rors are; Soon as her fires have  
 taught the foe, have taught the foe, A - gain to know Who their daunt - less  
 con - que - rors are;— The sai - lor's bo - som swells with joy, Be - yond the glo - ry  
 to de - stroy— He feels the pow'r to save, He feels the pow'r to save: He,  
 conqu'ring, views a foe no more, In him who sought his life be - fore; He, conqu'ring,  
 views a foe no more, In him who sought his life be - fore; But lifts him from the  
 wave, - - - But lifts him from the wave, - - - But lifts him  
*Fine.*  
 from the wave. While seas are roll - - - ing moun - tains  
 high, Our boats we ply— 'Tis a fel - low crea - ture falls, 'Tis a fel - low  
 crea - ture falls! While seas are rolling moun - - - tains high, Our  
 boats we ply— 'Tis a fel - low creature falls, 'Tis a fel - low crea - ture falls!

See him raise his hands in fear! See him raise his hands in fear! And,  
*D.U. al Fine*  
won - d'ring, hear the cheer - ing voice that his life re - calls! The sail - or -

THE HEAVY HOURS.

The Music by W. Jackson.

*Andante.*

The hea - vy hours are almost pass'd That part my love and me; My long - ing  
eyes may hope at last Their on - ly wish to see: But how, my Delia, will you  
meet The man you've lost so long? Will love in all your puls - es beat, And  
trem - ble on your tongue? Will love in all your pul - ses beat, And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in ev'ry look declare  
Your heart is still the same,  
And heal each idly anxious care  
Our fears in absence frame?  
Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,  
When we shall shortly meet;  
And try what yet remains between,  
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that soothes my mind  
Shall false and groundless prove;  
If I am doom'd at length to find  
You have forgot to love:  
All I of Venus ask is this,  
No more to let us join;  
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,  
To die and think you mine.

PRAISE OF SINGING.

The Poetry translated from the German; the Music by Puget.

*Allegro.*

Were it not for sound and song, Life would lose its plea - sure; We could not en -  
dure it long,—Such a load of trea - sure. Say, what is it soothes the soul, And the  
heart re - joi - ces? 'Tis the burst of joy - ous song, Blend - ing hap - py voi - ces.

When the heavy hours drag,  
Heavier hours bringing,  
When our spirits faint and flag,  
Then we take to singing.  
Cheerily, the while we sing,  
Flies the lighten'd hour;  
Dulness lifts his drooping wing,  
Rous'd by Musi'c's power.

Larks that soar in upper air,  
Nightingales in bowers,  
Quails that sing in meadows fair,  
Flying through the flowers,—  
How they warble! Sky and grove  
With their songs are ringing!  
We, like them, will evermore  
Cheer the hours with singing.

## THE DYING BARD TO HIS HARP.

Welsh Melody; the Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.

*Affetuoso.*

Di-nas Em-linn, la-ment, for the mo-ment is nigh, When mute in the  
wood-lands thine e-choes shall die; No more by sweet Tei-vi Cad-wal-  
lon shall rave, And mix his wild notes with the wild dash-ing wave.

In spring and in autumn, thy glories of shade  
Unhonour'd shall flourish, unhonour'd shall fade;  
For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue,  
That view'd them with rapture, with rapture that  
sung.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their pride,  
And chase the proud Saxons from Prestatyn's side;  
But where is the harp shall give life to their name?  
And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame?

And, O! Dinas Emlinn! thy daughters so fair,  
Who heave the white bosom and wave the dark hair;

What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,  
When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall die?

Then adieu, silver Teivi! I quit thy lov'd scene,  
To join the dim choir of the bards who have been;  
With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the old,  
And sage Taliessin, high harping to hold.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn! still green be thy shades,  
Unconquer'd thy warriors, and matchless thy maids!  
And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness can  
tell,  
Farewell, my lov'd harp! my last treasure, farewell!

## YES, YES, THOU ART REMEMBER'D STILL.

The Music arranged by Louis Jansen.

*Andante.*

Yes, yes! thou art re-mem-ber'd still, Though now torn from each  
spot so dear; With them my memo'ry loves to dwell, And proves the  
source of sor-row's tear. Gay fashion's scenes con-vey no charms—They cannot smother  
keen re-gret; Tho' forc'd in them to bear a part, They can-not force me to for-  
get; Tho' forc'd in them to bear a part, They can-not force me to for-get!

Yes, yes! thou art remember'd still;  
Also the scenes where we have stray'd,—  
The grot so calm, the purling rill,  
Or daisy sweet besprinkl'd glade.  
Ambition's mandate now is past;—  
Thus the bright hours of love are set.  
What though these joys were not to last?  
They cannot teach us to forget.

Yes, yes! thou art remember'd still,—  
Time, place, or pow'r will cause no change:  
Fond hope oft plays about my heart,  
And in her visions sweet I range.

These heavy hours may pass away,—  
With them the cause of our regret;  
There yet may come a happy day  
When we past sorrow shall forget.

Yes, yes! I'll still remember thee,  
Though hurried on from scene to scene;  
No force will raise my constancy,—  
Thy image still will intervene.  
I'll quit the gayest of the gay,  
To retrace these scenes wher we have met;  
But, if those joys return no more,  
I never, never, can forget

THE GLOWWORM AND THE STAR.

A Lyric Fable.—The Words and Music by J. A. Wade.

*Allegretto.*

‘ Put out, put out thy light, Poor sil - ly worm of earth! I've beam'd in beauty bright, Long years be-fore thy birth! Poor sil - ly worm of earth! I've beam'd in beau - ty bright, Long years be-fore thy birth! How canst thou dare to show Thy fee - ble ray with mine? Worms may seek to glow, But on - ly stars can shine— Worms may seek to glow, But on - ly stars can shine On a mid - summer night like this, On a mid-sum-mer night like this— 'Tis on - ly stars that shine On a mid - sum-mer night like this!’

'Twas thus a star address'd

A glowworm of the vale,

That rear'd its silver crest

In dewy lustre pale!

The angry worm replies:

'No borrow'd light is mine,

Proud meteor of the skies!

With native rays I shine,

On a midsummer-night,' &c.

While thus they vainly strove,

I heard a casement rise—

I look'd and saw my love,

With her two laughing eyes!

The worm and star saw, too,

For full of jealous spleen,

Their feeble lights withdrew,

And left my Mary Queen!

On a midsummer-night, &c.

LOVE IN MYRTLE BOWERS.

The Music by Charles Jarvis.

*Andante.*

'Tis said young Love seeks myr-tle bow'rs, To rest his down - y wing; 'Tis said he lives in sum-mer flow'rs, And forms the bliss of spring: But where, when win - try gales destroy The sum - mer's mos - sy seat, And chill the wood-land notes of joy, Ah! where - - shall Love - - re - treat?

'Forbear these sighs,' young Love replied,

And whisp'ring echo taught

The chord to every heart that sigh'd,

The tone to every thought.

'You'll find me in the faithful soul,

In palace, cot, or cell;

You'll meet me at the Arctic Pole,

And where the Grisons dwell.'

'Love wanders mid the Torrid Zone,—

On ocean's bosom, too;

The happiest heart he calls his own,

And makes his home with you.

Then strike the harp, and tune the lay,

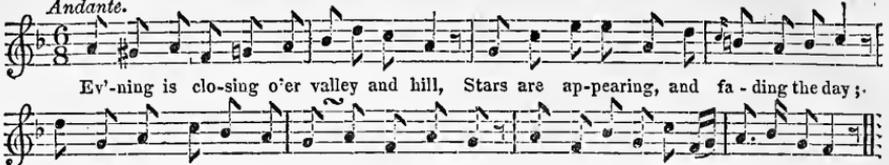
And let the fireside cheer;—

Young Love will gild the waning day,

And bless the present year.'

## THE PARTING SERENADE.

The Poetry by F. W. Rosier; the Music by Spohr.

*Andante.*

Ev'-ning is clo-sing o'er valley and hill, Stars are ap-pear-ing, and fa-ding the day;

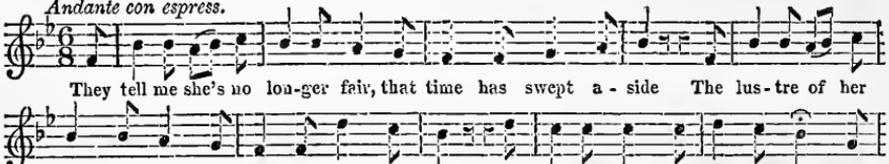
Come to your window, my fair-est, and hear me;— Far, ere to-morrow, I wan-der away.

Long have you known my esteem, my devotion;  
Long have I lov'd you in weal and in woe:

Let us not part, then, in sadness and sorrow  
Grant me one look, for to-morrow I go.

## THEY TELL ME SHE'S NO LONGER FAIR.

American Ballad, the Music by William Astor.

*Andante con espress.*

They tell me she's no loa-ger fair, that time has swept a-side The lus-tre of her

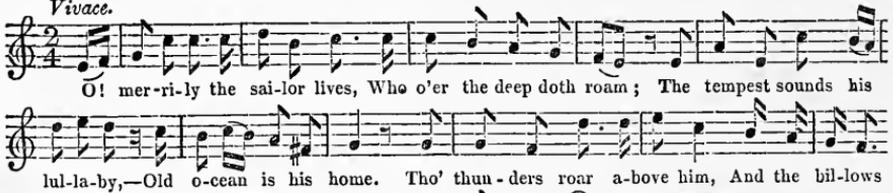
youth-ful brow, her beau-ty's bloom-ing pride; But, if her heart is yet the same, still

gen-tle as of yore, Then is she beau-ti-ful to me, more lovely than be-fore.

They tell me that her cheek is pale as is the twilight  
hour, [former pow'r :  
And that her eye hath lost its light, her glance its  
But if her soul is yet as chaste, still gentleness is  
there;— [still fair.  
Then is her eye to me still bright, her cheek to me

For O! 'tis in the shrined soul where beauty truly  
dwells, [ocean's shells;  
Where virtue lives and faith exists, like pearls in  
Give me a feeling faithful heart, perfection's rich-  
est prize;— [dies.  
That is the temple of all love, where beauty never

## THE MARINER'S SONG.

*Vivace.*

O! mer-ri-ly the sai-lor lives, Who o'er the deep doth roam; The tempest sounds his

lul-la-by,—Old o-ccean is his home. Tho' thun-ders roar a-bove him, And the bil-lows

boil be-low, His heart is light with-in him, lads, What-e-ver wind doth blow.

And when afar on sunny seas,  
When gentlest airs are fleeing,  
He hails some glad returning bark,  
With shouts of joyous greeting,  
She bears his fond remembrances  
To sweet friends o'er the main;  
Though some, alas! poor mariner,  
He may not see again!

Yet cheerily, yet cheerily  
The good ship bears him on,  
Wherever smiles may welcome bear,  
Or glory may be won.

And welcome shall he ever be,  
The generous, brave, sincere,  
Whenever wrong wants righting, lads,  
Or suffering claims a tear.

Then Heaven protect the mariner,  
Who makes his home the deep!  
And guard the dear and distant cot  
Where his little urchin sleep!  
And bless'd be all his wanderings,  
Till off the Eternal shore  
His bark at length shall peacefully  
Be anchor'd evermore!