

THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, Esq.; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

*Con espressione e Anima.*

If thou wouldst win a last-ing fame, And make the fu-ture bless thy name,—Be-gin thy pe-ril-ous ca-reer, And walk thy way with-out a fear: And if thou hast a voice with-in That e-ver whis-pers work and win;—If thou canst plan a no-ble deed, - - And ne-ver flag till it suc-ceed; *ad lib. tempo.* If thou canst struggle day and night, And keep thy cy-no-sure in sight;—If thou canst dine up-on a crust, Nor pine that fortune is un-just;—

If thou canst see, with tranquil breast,  
The knave or fool in purple dress'd;  
If thou canst toil, the long-live day,  
At thankless work, for scanty pay;—  
If, in thy progress to renown,  
Thou canst endure the scoff and frown,  
And bear the treacherous embrace  
Of those who run the self-same race;—  
If thou in darkest days canst find  
An inner brightness in thy mind,  
Whatever obstacles control,  
Go on, true heart, thou'll reach the goal.

But, if so bent on worldly fame  
That thou must gild thy living name,  
And hast not strength to watch and pray  
To seize thy time and force thy way;—  
If failure might thy soul oppress,  
And make thee like thy soul the less;—  
Should rivalry thy fame forestal,  
And thou let tears or curses fall;—  
Pause ere thou tempt the hard career—  
Thy heart will break, thy brain will sear:—  
Content thee with a meaner lot,  
Nor sigh that thou must be forgot.

HOW FAIR THE HEAVENS.

The Poetry by G. Soane, A.B.; arranged to the air 'Dolce Pensiero,' in Rossini's opera of 'Semiramide.' Published by Davidson.

*Allegretto.*

How fair the hea - vens, how sweet the flow - - - ers, To one who leaves - - - the bed of pain! Ah! what joy is in the wel-come hours! I live and breathe my-self a - gain, I live and breathe - - - my-self - - - a - gain - - - I live and breathe my-self - - - a - gain, my-self a-gain.  
In all around me itself revealing,  
The spirit stirs of life and love;  
Ah! in such an hour of blissful feeling  
We seem more near the world above.

## THOUGH DARK BE THE WOES.

The Poetry by J. A. Wade; the Music by Pleyel.

*Vivace.*

Tho' dark be the woes thou wilt bring me, And days of an ex-ile be mine,— Tho'  
 death with its sor-rows may sting me, Still, Free-dom, I'll e-ver be thine! With  
 thee, to the de-sert I'll wan-der, Or roam on the bil-low-y sea; And  
 there I'll but cling to thee fond-er, When I know what it is to be free!

In the glen of some far-distant mountain,  
 Like that where thy image first smil'd,  
 I will sing, by the fall of the fountain,  
 The songs thou hast taught me so wild:

For there is the place I will find thee,  
 Far, far from the courts of the slave;  
 And I'll think not of joys left behind me,  
 If bless'd with thy light o'er my grave.

## ALONE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

Composed by Hook.

*Andantino.*

The day is de-parted, and round from the cloud The moon in her beau-ty ap-  
 pears; The voice of the night-in-gale war-bles a-loud The mu-sic of love in our  
 ears: Ma-ri-a, appear! now the sea-son so sweet With the beat of the heart is in  
 tune; The time is so ten-der for lov-ers to meet, A-lone by the light of the  
 moon,— A-lone by the light of the moon, A-lone by the light of the moon, A-  
 lone by the light of the moon, A - - lone by the light of the moon.

I cannot, when present, unfold what I feel;  
 I sigh—can a lover do more?  
 Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,  
 Yet I think of her all the day o'er.  
 Maria, my love, do you long for the grove?  
 Do you sigh for an interview soon?  
 Does e'er a kind thought run on me, as you rove  
 Alone by the light of the moon?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear,  
 My bosom is all in a glow; [ear,  
 Your voice when it vibrates so sweet through mine  
 My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.  
 Ye pow'rs of the sky, will your bounty divine  
 Indulge a fond lover his boon?  
 Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,  
 Alone by the light of the moon?

THE BRIDE AND HER LOVE, WHERE ARE THEY?

The Poetry by Neele; the Music by Robert William Dixon.

*Andante Grazioso.*

Did ye see the red rose on its bon-ny green stem, As it o-pen'd its lips to the  
 dew? The new-ly fledg'd birds, did ye look up-on them, Just futt'-ring their  
 wings as they flew? Did ye mark the young light, dawn-ing dim in the east, With the  
 clouds cold and si-lent a - bove? Did ye hear the bells ring at the vil-lage-spread  
 feast? Did ye see the young bride and her love? Did ye hear the bells  
*Ritard. piu lento ad lib.*  
 ring at the vil-lage-spread feast? Did ye see the young bride and her love?

O! the rose it has bloom'd—it is wither'd, is dead,  
 And the leaves blown away with a breath;  
 O! the birds they are grown—they are strong, they  
 are fled,  
 And the fowler has done them to death:

O! the light brighten'd forth over woodland and  
 dell,  
 Then it faded and faded away;  
 And the bells that were ringing are tolling a knell,  
 And the bride and her love, where are they?

THE SIGH OF HER HEART WAS SINCERE.

*Largo Espress.* The Poetry by Peter Pindar; the Music by Sir J. Stevenson.

The sigh of her heart was sin-cere, When blush-ing she whis-per'd her love,— A  
 sound of de-light in my ear, Her voice was the voice of a dove. Ah! who could from  
 Phil-li-da fly? Yet I sought o-ther nymphs of the vale,— For-got her sweet blush and her  
 sigh— For-got that I told her my tale, For-got that I told her my tale.

In sorrow I wish'd to return,  
 And the tale of my passion renew:—  
 'Go, shepherd,' she answer'd with scorn—  
 'False shepherd, for ever adieu!

For thee no more tears will I shed;  
 From thee to fair friendship I go:  
 The bird by a wound that has bled  
 Is happy to fly from its foe.'

## NANCY'S TO THE GREEN-WOOD GANE.

Scottish Melody.—The Words by Ainslie.

*Moderato.*

Nan-cy's to the green-wood gane, To hear the gowd-spink chatt'-ring;  
 And Wil-lie he has fol-low'd her, To gain her love by flatt'-ring:  
 But a' that he could say or do, She geck'd and scorn-ed at him; And,  
 aye when he he-gan to woo, She bade him mind wha gat him.

'What ails ye at my dad?' quoth he,  
 My minnie or my auntie?  
 Wi' crowdy-mowdy they fed me,  
 Lang-kale, and ranty-tanty:  
 Wi' bannocks o' gude barley-meal,  
 Of thae there was richt plenty,  
 Wi' chappit stocks fu' butter'd weel,  
 And was not that richt dainty?

'Although my father was nae laird,  
 'Tis daftin to be vaunty,  
 He keppit aye a guid kale-yard,  
 A ha' house, and a pantry:  
 A guid blue bonnet on his head,  
 An overlay 'bout his craigie;  
 And, aye until the day he dee'd,  
 He rade on guid shank's-naigie.'

'Now wae and wonder on your snout,  
 Wad ye hae bonnie Nancy?  
 Wad ye compare yoursel' to me—  
 A docken till a tanzie?  
 I hae a wooer o' my ain,  
 They ca' him Souple Sandy;  
 And weel I wat his bonnie mou'  
 Is sweet like sugar-candy.'

'Now, Nancy, what need a' this din?  
 Do I no ken this Sandy?  
 I'm sure the chief o' a' his kin  
 Was Rab, the beggar-randy:  
 His minny Meg upon her back  
 Bare baith him and his billy;  
 Will ye compare a nasty pack  
 To me, your winsome Willie?'

'My gutcher left a guid braidsword;  
 Though it be auld and rusty,  
 Yet—ye may tak' it on my word,—  
 It is baith stout and trusty;  
 And if I can but get it drawn,  
 Which will be richt uneasy,  
 I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,  
 That he shall get a heezy.'

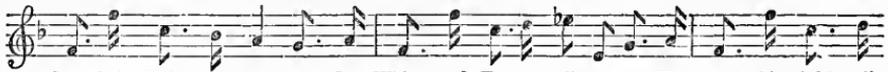
Then Nancy turn'd her round about,  
 And said, 'Did Sandy hear ye,  
 Ye wadna miss to get a clout;  
 I ken he disna fear ye:  
 Sae haud your tongue, and say nae mair;  
 Set somewhere else your fancy;  
 For, as lang's Sandy's to the fore,  
 Ye never shall get Nancy.'

## TULLOCHGORUM.

The Poetry by the Rev. John Skinner; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Allegro con Spirito.*

'Come, gie's a sang,' Mont-gome-ry cried, 'And lay your dis-putes all a-side; What  
 sig-ni-fies't for folks to chide For what's been done be-fore 'em? Let Whig and To-ry  
 all a-gree, Whig and To-ry, Whig and To-ry, Whig and To-ry all a-gree, To



drop their Whig-meg-mo-rum. Let Whig and To-ry all a-gree To spend this night wi'



mirth and glee, And cheer-fu' sing a-lang wi' me, The reel of Tul-loch-go-rum.'

'O, Tullochgorum's my delight;  
It gars us a' in aye unite;  
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,  
In conscience I abhor him.  
For blithe and merry we's be a',  
Bliithe and merry, bliithe and merry,  
Bliithe and merry we's be a',  
And mak' a cheerfu' quorum.  
Bliithe and merry we's be a',  
As lang as we hae breath to draw,  
And dance, till we be like to fa',  
The reel of Tullochgorum.

'There need na be sae great a praise,  
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;  
I wadna gie' our ain strathspeys  
For half a hundred score o' 'em.  
They're douff and dowie at the best,  
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie;  
They're douff and dowie at the best,  
Wi' a' their variorum.  
They're douff and dowie at the best,  
Their allegros, and a' the rest;  
They canna please a Higiland taste,  
Compar'd wi' Tulluogorum.

'Let worldly minds themselves oppress  
Wi' fear of want and double cess,  
And sullen sots themselves distress  
Wi' keeping up decorum.  
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,—

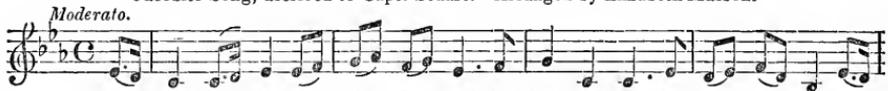
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
Like auld Philosophorum?  
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,  
And canna rise to shake a fit  
To the reel of Tullochgorum?

'May choicest blessings still attend  
Each honest-hearted open friend;  
May calm and quiet be his end,  
And a' that's good watch o'er him!  
May peace and plenty be his lot,  
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty;  
May peace and plenty be his lot,  
And dainties, a great store o' 'em!  
May peace and plenty be his lot,  
Unstain'd by any vicious blot;  
And may he never want a groat,  
That's fond of Tullochgorum.

'But for the discontented fool,  
Who wants to be oppression's tool,  
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,  
And discontent devour him!  
May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow;—  
May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
And nane say, Wae's me for 'im!  
May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
And a' the ills that come frae France,  
Whae'er he be that winna dance  
The reel of Tullochgorum!

BONNIE CHARLIE.

Jacobite Song, ascribed to Capt. Stuart.—Arranged by Elizabeth Masson.



Tho' my fire-side it be but sma', And bare and com-fort-less with a', I'll



keep a scat, and may be twa, To wel-come bon-nie Char-lie. Al-



though my aum-rie and my shiel Are toom as the glen of Ear-nan-hyle, I'll



keep my hind-most hand fu' meal, To give to bon-nie Char-lie.

Although my lands are fair and wide,  
It's there nae longer I maun hide;  
Yet my last hoof, and horn, and hide,  
I'll gie to bonnie Charlie.

Although my heart is unco sair  
And lies fu' lowly in its lair,  
Yet the last drap o' blude that's there,  
I'll gie for bonnie Charlie.

## ZORCICO.—THE BISCAIEN TO HIS MISTRESS.

Peninsular Melody—The Poetry by the Hon. Mrs. Norton.

*Adagio.*

O! soft-ly falls the foot of love Where those he worships rest, More gen - tle than a  
mo-ther bird Who seeks her down-y nest; And thus I steal to thee, be-lov'd, Be-neath the  
dark, the dark blue night: O, come to our unconquer'd hills, For there the stars are bright.

O! pleasant 'tis to wander out,  
When only thou and I  
Are there, to speak one happy thought  
To that far silent sky!  
The valleys down beneath are full  
Of voices and of men;  
O! come to our untrodden hills;  
They will not tell again.

The balmy air may breathe as sweet,  
With perfume floating slow;  
But here, where thou and I may roam,  
The fresh wild breezes blow.  
O! here each little flow'ret seems  
To know that it is free;  
The winds on our unconquer'd hills—  
Are full of liberty!

THE YORKSHIRE BEAUTY, OR THE MISFORTUNE OF  
BEING HANDSOME.

Written by John Major.

*Vivace.*

You've heard of Ny-key Num - scull, of York-shire, I'll be sworn;—I reck-on  
my mis - for - tins from the time that I were born; Such a beau - ty I did  
grow, did grow, did grow, Such a beau - ty I did grow.

For when I was a little boy, at two or three years  
old,  
The people all admir'd me, as I have since been told,  
Such a beauty I did grow!

My Mother, she was frightful as the sun wou'd tan  
my skin, [my very chin,  
So she slouch'd my hat o'er eyes and all,—down to  
Such a beauty I did grow!

Then I were sent to school, in another year or two;  
But I ne'er cou'd larn my letters,—folks they made  
so much a-do,  
Such a beauty I did grow!

But, as for edication, Mother said as that were  
naught;  
For the lad cou'd make his fortin, ay! as quick, as  
quick, as thought!  
Such a beauty I did grow!

Yet, ere I came to man's estate, my chance were  
a'most gone,  
For among so many lasses, I cou'd never fix on one,  
Such a beauty I did grow!

Then the girls pretend to hate me, lord! the cause  
were plain to see; [o' me,  
'Twere such a disadvantage, when they stood beside  
Such a beauty I did grow!

O! the plague of being handsome there's but very  
few as knows;  
I cou'dn't walk about, but folks cried, 'Look! see—  
there he goes!'  
Such a beauty I did grow.

Some said it were a shame I wasn't made a prince's  
page; [stage!  
And some said I were fitter to be—show'd up on a  
Such a beauty I did grow!

So, tir'd quite wi' being praised (upon my life, it's  
true),  
I wish'd mysen as ugly—ay! as—any one o' you,  
Such a beauty I did grow!

Thus, teas'd and vex'd on all sides—lord! what  
cou'd a body do? [see me now,  
I fretted sick, and made mysen—just—what you  
Such a beauty I did grow!

HYMN TO FREEDOM

Irish Melody, 'Down beside me;' the Poetry by M. J. Barry, published in Duffy's 'Spirit of the Nation.'

*Andante.*

God of peace! be - fore thee, peace - ful here we kneel,— Hum - bly to im -  
 plore thee For a na - tion's weel. Calm her son's dis - sen - sions; Bid their  
 dis - cord cease; End their mad con - ten - tions;—Hear us, God of peace!

God of love! low bending  
 To thy throne we turn—  
 Let thy rays descending  
 Through our island burn;  
 Let no strife divide us,  
 But, from Heaven above,  
 Look on us and guide us;—  
 Hear us, God of love!

God of battles! aid us;  
 Let no despot's might  
 Trample or degrade us,  
 Seeking this our right!  
 Arm us for the danger;  
 Keep all craven fear  
 To our breasts a stranger;—  
 God of battles! hear.

God of right! preserve us  
 Just—as we are strong;  
 Let no passion swerve us  
 To one act of wrong—  
 Let no thought unholy  
 Come our cause to blight;—  
 Thus we pray thee, lowly—  
 Hear us, God of right!

God of vengeance! smite us  
 With thy shaft sublime,  
 If one bond unite us  
 Forg'd in fraud or crime!  
 But, if humbly kneeling,  
 We implore thine ear,  
 For our rights appealing—  
 God of nations! hear.

BOUND 'PRENTICE TO A WATERMAN.

The Words by Cross; the Music by J. Sanderson.

*Allegro.*

Bound pre - tice to a wa - ter - man, I learn'd a bit to row, But, bless your heart! I  
 al - ways was so gay, That, to treat a lit - tle wa - ter nymph, who took my heart in  
 tow, I run'd myself a bit in debt, and then I run'd a - way. Sing - ing, ri tol fol de ral, yeo  
 ho, ri tol fol de rid - dle di do, ri tol fol de rol, yeo ho, ri tol fol de rid - dle da.

Board man-of-war I enter'd next, and learn'd to  
 quaff good flip,  
 And far from home we scudded on so gay:  
 I ran my rigs, but lik'd so well my captain, crew,  
 and ship, [away.  
 That, run what will, why—damme if ever I run  
 Singing, ri tol, &c.  
 With Drake I've sail'd the world around, and  
 learn'd a bit to fight,  
 But somehow I a prisoner was ta'en;

So, when the Spanish jailor to my dungeon show'd  
 a light, [again.  
 I blinded both his peepers, and then ran away  
 Singing, ri tol, &c.  
 I've run a many risks in life, on ocean and on shore,  
 But always, like a Briton, got the day;  
 And, fighting in old England's cause, will run as  
 many more,  
 But, let me face ten thousand focs, will never  
 run away. Singing, ri tol, &c.

## TIME FLIES.

The Music arranged by T. Cooke.

*Allegretto.*

Old Time, to-day, 'twines flow'rs A - bout his scythe and glass, And all the lit - tle  
hours On light - est tip - toe pass; It is our vil - lage fair, The world as - sem - bles  
there, The world as - sem - bles there. Old Time, to-day, 'twines flow'rs A - bout his  
scythe and glass, And all the lit - tle hours On light - est tiptoe pass. 'Come! catch me, still,' Time  
cries, 'Time cries; He smiles, but ah! ah! he flies, he smiles, but ah! ah! he flies.

The beaux will round me crowd, I blush of course,—and smile,—  
To gaze on face so fair; But copy Time the while.  
They sigh, they whisper loud, Old Time, to-day, &c.  
And murmur'd raptures swear:

## IN THE WOODY WILDS WE DWELL.

Hindustanee Melody, arranged by C. E. Horn, to the Poetry of W. Reader.

*Vivace.*

In the wood - y wilds we dwell; Arch - er - sports the gloom dis - pel; Branch - ing no - bly  
o - ver - head, Groves roof our leaf - y bed; Night - winds hum our ves - per kuell; Bu - gles  
blithe the dawn - ing tell; Scar'd wakes the dun deer up, That's couch'd in nook or cell.  
Here, no breath of sor - row Taints the gale with fe - ver'd sigh; Harp,—and flask,—and  
hunt - ing spear,—they make the mo - ments fly! In the wood - y wilds we dwell;  
Arch - er - sports the gloom dis - pel; Scar'd wakes the dun deer up, that's couch'd in nook or cell.

From man's sitful gory game, Here, no hapless stranger  
War, which spirits weep to name; Ever sought repose in vain;  
Dreaming pride, whose antic toil Harp,—and flask,—and hunting - spear,—how swift  
Fate views with pensive smile; they banish pain!  
Love, whose hopes and wistful fears In the woody wilds we dwell;  
Draw the Houries' vision - tears; Archer - sports the gloom dispel;  
Fly from these to our green wood, which Joy's fair Scar'd wakes the dun deer up, that's couch'd in  
taper cheers. nook or cell.

DIE FEEN KONIGINN—THE FAIRY QUEEN.

The Poetry by T. H. Stirling; the Music by C. Walther.

*Allegretto espressivo.*

I am a Fai-ry Queen! my ma-gic pow-er Bound-less ex-tends o'er the  
 sea and the land; Thou - sands will hast - en from wood, cave, and bow - er,  
 Should my rais'd scep-tre their pre - sence com - mand; And swift - ly and si - lent - ly,  
 hush, hush, hush, hush! On air - y pin - ions, My fair - y min - ions Speed o'er the  
 heath, Through the woods and the bush, — Speed o'er the heath, through the woods and the bush.

When in deep midnight, while mortals would slumber,

Silv'ry the full-moon beams over the mound;  
 Fairies about me, and countless in number,  
 Dancing in nine-fold encirclets around;  
 With nimble and airy steps, trip, trip, trip, trip!  
 Silently gliding,  
 Circling and sliding,

Light o'er the grass, and the flowers they'll skip.

And when the mystical dance is concluded,

Each of the fairies relates her best feat;  
 Then, sent again 'mongst the sleepers deluded,  
 Haste! the assembly will make their retreat;  
 And in my missions quick, quick, quick, quick,  
 Good people pleasing, [quick!  
 But the bad teasing,  
 Or they will cherish, or play them some trick.

I THOUGHT OUR QUARRELS ENDED.

From 'No Song, no Supper'; the Music by Gretry.

*Allegretto.*

I thought our quar-rels end - ed, And set my heart at ease; 'Tis strange you've thus of -  
 fend - ed! You take de - light to tease; Yes, yes! you take de - light to tease! Dear  
 sir, de - cide the strife Be - tween your child and wife; A - las! the grief I feel I  
 dare not to re - veal, — I know that you be - lieve For Fred'rick's loss I grieve — Psho, psho, psho,  
 psho; ve - ry well, ve - ry — well, as you please; ve - ry well, ve - ry well, think as you please.

In vain I'm always striving  
 To make our diff'rence cease:  
 If you're disputes contriving,  
 And will not live in peace, —  
 No, no!

You will not live in peace:  
 I'm vex'd, dear sir, for you,  
 But say, what can I do?  
 To none I can complain, —  
 How cruel is my pain!  
 I know that you believe, &c.

## IF FOR ME, IF FOR ME.

The Poetry by William Marshall ; the Music by Aug. Voigt.

*Allegretto.*

If for me, if for me, o-ther maid thou shouldst leave, And be-tray the young  
heart thou hast taught to be-lieve, That no sigh for an - o-ther hath poi-son'd thy  
lip, Since from her's Love's first dew - drop you ven - tur'd to sip, Since from  
her's Love's first dew - drop you ven-tur'd to sip, No, no, no! No, no, no! ne-ver  
come to my bow'r; No, no, no! No, no, no! ne-ver come to my bow'r.  
But, O! if to me, if to me thou canst bring A lip that hath ne'er broke the vow it could frame,  
A heart that first vibrates to love's dulcet string, An eye that, once fix'd, burns with one steady flame;  
Yes, you may come to my bow'r.

## AND THIS I THINK A REASON FAIR.

The Words by Capt. Morris ; the Music by Dibdin.

*Vivace.*

I'm of-ten ask'd by plodding souls, And men of so-ber tongue, What joy I take in  
drain-ing bowls, And tipping all night long ; But tho' these cau-tious knaves I scorn, For  
once I'll not dis - dain To tell them why I sit till morn, And fill my glass a - gain, To  
tell them why I sit till morn, And fill my glass a-gain, And fill my glass a-gain.

'Tis by the glow my bumper gives,  
Life's picture 's mellow made ;  
The fading light then brightly lives,  
And softly sinks the shade.  
Some happier tint still rises there,  
With every drop I drain,  
And that I think 's a reason fair—  
To fill my glass again.  
My Muse, too, when her wings are dry  
No frolic flights will take,  
But round the bowl she'll dip and fly,  
Like swallows round a lake.  
Then, if each nymph will have her share,  
Before she'll bless her swain,  
Why, that I think 's a reason fair—  
To fill my glass again.  
In life, I've rung all changes through,  
Run ev'ry pleasure down,  
'Mid each extreme of folly, too,  
And liv'd with half the town :

For me, there's nothing new nor rare,  
Till wine deceives my brain,  
And that I think 's a reason fair—  
To fill my glass again.  
There's many a lad I knew is dead,  
And many a lass grown old,  
And, as the lesson strikes my head,  
My weary heart grows cold :  
But wine awhile drives off despair,—  
Nay, bids a hope remain ;—  
Why, that I think 's a reason fair—  
To fill my glass again.  
I find, too, when I stint my glass,  
And sit with sober air,  
I'm pros'd by some dull reasoning ass,  
Who treads the path of care ;  
Or, harder still, am doom'd to bear  
Some coxcomb's fribbling strain,  
And that I'm sure's a reason fair—  
To fill my glass again.

Though hipp'd and vex'd at England's fate,  
 In these convulsive days,  
 I can't endure the ruin'd state  
 My sober eye surveys;  
 But, through the bottle's dazzling glare,  
 The gloom is seen less plain,  
 And that I think 's a reason fair—  
 To fill my glass again.

But now I'll tell, to end my song,  
 At what I most repine;  
 This war has been as other wars—  
 No friend to good port wine;  
 For port, they say, will soon be rare,  
 As juice of France and Spain,  
 And that I think 's a reason fair—  
 To fill my glass again.

‘NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL!’

The Poetry and Music by Miss Louisa H. Sheridan.

*Andante con Espress.*

O, Love! I de-fy'd thee this bo-som to move, And dar'd thee my re-bel pre-  
 sump-tion to quell; Now I yield! for I've seen one I could not but love, 'Not  
 wise-ly, but too well!' I dare not en-coun-ter his eyes, nor re-prove The  
 feel-ing their e-lo-quent glan-ces oft tell; But I'm told I

must shun him, for hope-less I love, 'No<sup>3</sup> wise-ly, but too well!'  
 In the dance there is joy,—if together we move;— They tell me that I shall behold him no more,  
 In his voice, when we sing, there's a rapturous spell; That Time's chilling hand may his image dispel;  
 His presence gives light to this soul! for I love, But they know not this heart! which was formed  
 'Not wisely,—but too well!' to adore  
 'Not wisely,—but too well!'

REMEMBER ME, WHEN FAR AWAY.

The Poetry by G. Walker; the Music by J. Whitaker.

*Andante con Espress.*

Re-mem-ber me when, far a-way, I jour-ney thro' the world's wide waste; Re-  
 mem-ber me at ear-ly day, Or when the ev'-ning sha-dows haste, Or  
 when the ev'-ning shadows haste. When high the pen-sive moon ap-pears, And night, with  
 all her star-ry train, Gives rest to hu-man hopes and fears, Gives rest to hu-man

hopes and fears, Remem-ber I a-lone com-plain, Re-mem-ber I a-lone complain  
 Remember me, when'er you sigh, When'er you think on those away,  
 Be it at midnight's silent hour; Or when you bend the pious knee,  
 Remember me, and think that I Or when your thoughts to pleasure stray,  
 Return thy sigh, and feel its pow'r. O! then dear maid, remember me.

## O! SWIFT WE GO.

The Poetry by J. T. Fields; the Music by Joseph Philip Knight.

*Allegro sprito.*

O! swift we go o'er the flee-cy snow, When moon-beams spar-kle round; When  
hoofs keep time to mu-sic's chime, As mer-ri-ly on we bound, As mer-ri-ly  
on we bound, As mer-ri-ly on we bound. On a win-ter's night, when  
hearts are light, And health is on the wind, We loose the rein and sweep the plain, And  
leave our cares be-hind, And leave our cares be-hind. O! swift we go o'er the flee-cy  
snow, When moon-beams spar-kle round; When hoofs keep time to music's chime, As  
mer-ri-ly on we bound, As mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on we  
bound, As mer-ri-ly on we bound. As mer-ri-ly on we bound

With a laugh and song we glide along,  
Across the fleeting snow;  
With friends beside, how swift we ride  
On the beautiful track below!

O! the raging sea has joy for me,  
When gale and tempest roar;  
But give me the speed of a foaming steed,  
And I'll ask for waves no more.  
O! swift we go, &c.

## THE FRIEND OF MY HEART.

The Words by M. P. Andrews; the Music by Miss Abrams.

*Larghetto*

For thee, all the hard-ships of life I could bear, And brave the at-tacks of mis-  
for-tune and care; But care and mis-for-tune my mind would sub-due, If the  
friend of my heart, If the friend of my heart, must par-take of them too.

Had fate from its bounty propitiously lent  
Enough but to furnish the cot with content,  
The dictates of love in that cot I'd pursue,  
For the friend of my heart would partake of it too.

But Nancy, with naught but her truth to endear,  
With nothing to give to distress but a tear,  
Can ne'er look for comfort, with ruin in view,  
And the friend of her heart to partake of it too.

WHA WADNA FECHT FOR CHARLIE.

A Jacobite Song.

*Moderato.*

Wha wad - na fecht for Char - lie? Wha wad - na draw the sword? Wha wad - na  
up and ral - ly At the roy - al prince's word? Think on Sco - tia's an - cient he - roes; Think on  
fo - reign foes re - pell'd; Think on glo - rious Bruce and Wal - lace, Who the proud u -  
surp - ers quell'd! Wha wad - na fecht for Char - lie? Wha wad - na draw the sword?  
Wha wad - na up and ral - ly At the roy - al prin - ce's word?

Rouse, rouse, ye pitted warriors;  
Rouse, ye serdes of the north;  
Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,—  
'Tis your prince that leads you forth.  
Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?  
Shall we own a foreign sway?  
Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,  
While a stranger rules the day?  
Wha wadna, &c.

See the northern clans advancing!  
See Glengarry and Lochiel!  
See the brandish'd broadswords glazcing!  
Highland hearts are true as steel!  
Now our prince has rais'd his banner;  
Now triumphant is our cause;  
Now the Scottish lion rallies,—  
Let us strike for prince and laws.  
Wha wadna, &c.

THE DE'IL'S AWA WI' TH' EXCISEMAN.

The Poetry by Burns; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Virace.*

The de'il cam fid - dlin' through the toun, And danc'd a - wa' wi' th'ex - cise - man;  
And il - ka wife cries—Auld Ma-houn, I wish you luck o' the prize, man! The  
de'il's a - wa', the de'il's a - wa', The de'il's a - wa', wi' th'ex - cise - man; He's  
danc'd a - wa', he's danc'd a - wa', He's danc'd a - wa' wi' th'ex - cise - man.

We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink,  
We'll dance, sing, and rejoice, man!  
Ard mony braw thanks to the meikle black de'il,  
That danc'd awa' wi' th' exciseman.  
The de'il's awa' &c.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,  
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;  
But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the land,  
Was, 'The de'il's awa' wi' th' exciseman.'  
The de'il's awa' &c.

## THE HARDY SAILOR.

Composed by W. Shield.

*Grazioso.*

The har-dy sai-lor braves the o - cean, Fear-less of the roar-ing wind;  
 Yet his heart with soft e - motion Throbs to leave his love behind;—throbs, throbs,  
 throbs, throbs; Yet his heart with soft e - motion throbs to leave his love be - hind, - - To  
 leave his love be - hind - - - - - To leave, to leave his love be - hind. *Fine.*  
 To dread of fo-reign foes a stranger, Tho' the youth can daunt-less roam, A -  
 harm - ing fears paint ev'-ry dan - ger In a ri - val left at home; A - harm - ing  
 fears paint ev' - ry dan - ger In a ri - val left at home. - - - The

## SALLY PELL.

The Music by Charles E Horn.

*Con Spirito.*

I liv'd and could - n't fix On a wife at thir - ty - six; In youth, I was  
 bash - ful and shy: Pa - pa he was in haste, That of mar - riage I should taste; For the  
 mat - ter of that—so was I, so was I,—For the matter of that—so was I.

So I thought with Sally Pell,  
 Who was then a village belle,  
 My fortune in wedlock to try.  
 O, 'Will you be my bride?'  
 'I am ready, sir,' she cried;  
 Says I, 'Sweet Sally—so am I.'

But, for want of children, we  
 Never had a family,  
 For which Mrs. L. she would sigh:  
 So she took a little school,  
 And to follow such a rule,  
 For the matter of that—so did I.

But, alas! one rainy day,  
 She talk'd her breath away,  
 And, when the breath is out, one must die.  
 'Tis pity—yet 'tis true,  
 Yet just the same must you; and,  
 For the matter of that—so must I.  
 The defunct Mistress L.,  
 As the tombstone will tell,  
 Now rests for a time—quietly;  
 And ever since the cough  
 That took my poor wife off,  
 For the matter of that—so have I.

THE TIRED SOLDIER.

The Music by T. Coombe.

*Vivace.*

The ti - red sol - dier hold and brave, Now rests his wea - ry feet, And to the shel - ter of a grave Has made a safe re - treat. To him the trum - pet's pierc - ing breath, Calls forth to arms in vain; Ned, quar - ter'd in the arms of death, Ned, quar - ter'd in the arms of death, Will ne - ver march, march a - gain, Will ne - ver, ne - ver, march a - gain. To him the trum - pet's pierc - ing breath Calls forth to arms in vain; Ned, quar - ter'd in the arms of death, Ned, quar - ter'd in the arms of death, Will ne - ver march a - gain, Will ne - ver, never, march a - gain.

A boy he left his father's home,  
The chance of war to try;  
O'er regions yet untrod to roam—  
No friend nor brother nigh.  
Yet still he merrily contented on;  
Met danger, death, and pain;  
But now he halts—his toil is done,  
He'll never march again.

The sweets of spring by beauty's hand  
Lie scattered o'er his bier.  
His comrades, as they silent stand,  
Drop honest Ned a tear.  
And lovely Kate, poor Ned's delight,  
Chief mourner of the train,  
Cried, as she viewed the dreadful sight,  
He'll never march again.

COME BUY MY BALLADS.

Composed by M. P. King.

*Andante affettuoso.*

Come, buy my bal - lads, la - dies kind; Like you they're ten - der, as you'll find. Here's tales of love, and tales of woe, That sure will melt your hearts to know.

Here's how young William went to sea  
In search of gold, for none had he;  
And how, alas, when he came home,  
He found his true-love—dead and gone.  
Here's next, how Edward, torn afar  
From her he lov'd by cruel war,

Said—'Weep not, Mary, should we gain  
The vict'ry, then!'—but he was slain.  
And now, here's how the wretched maid  
Each hour bewails her Edward's shade.—  
O ladies sweet! that maid behold,  
Whose tale is in this ballad told.

## JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

Hebrew Melody.—The Poetry by Lord Byron; the Music by I. Nathan.

*Adagio.*

Since our country, our God,—O! my sire! De-mand that thy daugh-ter ex - pire;  
 Since thy tri-umph was bought by thy vow, Strike the bosom that's bar'd to thee now.

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,  
 And the mountains behold me no more;  
 If the hand that I love lay me low,  
 There cannot be pain in the blow!

And of this, O, my father! be sure,  
 That the blood of thy child is as pure  
 As the blessing I beg ere it flow,  
 And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,  
 Be the judge of the hero unbent!  
 I have won the great battle for thee,  
 And my father and country are free.

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,  
 When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,  
 Let my memory still be thy pride,  
 And forget not I smiled as I died!

## UNCLE GABRIEL; OR, O COME ALONG, O SANDY BOY.

Published in Davidson's Cheap Edition of the Songs of the Ethiopian Serenaders.

*Allegro.*

When I went down to San-dy Point, Some pret-ty rigs I run,— I fol-low'd all de  
 beau-tygals Like de sha-dow roun'de san; An' I thought I'd cotch'd a han-gel, For I  
 felt so wer-ry quar; But when I tried to touch her, By gosh she was not dar.

*Chorus.*

O come a-long, O San-dy boy,— Now come a-long, O do; O, what will  
 Un - cle Ga - briel say? Yab, yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, yah!  
 What will Un - cie Ga - briel say? Why, Jen - ny, can't you come a-long, too?

All night I nebber sleep a wink  
 For tinkin' ob dis ghost,—  
 So I wander'd out by moonlight,  
 And ran against a post:  
 I started werry much at dis,—  
 And den I hear a groan:  
 And, lookin' roun', I see dis gal  
 A standin' like a stone!

O! come along, &amp;c.

And fust, she roll'd her eyes about,  
 And den she shook her head:  
 Says she, 'Don't stand dere shiverin',  
 But go slick back to bed!

I'm Dinah Ginger, well you know,  
 (At least vot us'd to be.)  
 Till you made lub to Julia Crow,—  
 Now I'm a cherry-b—'

O! come along, &amp;c.

'But eb'ry night, atwixt the hours  
 Ob twelve o'clock and yun,  
 I'll gib you one of my black looks,—  
 O yes, I will, by gum!

And though I leab her to her fate,  
 She's faithful still to me;  
 And eb'ry night, when de moon am bright  
 Dat horrid sight I see!'

O! come along, &amp;c.