

Vol. 2.

1

PRINCE BLUCHER



LIEBER AUGUSTINE

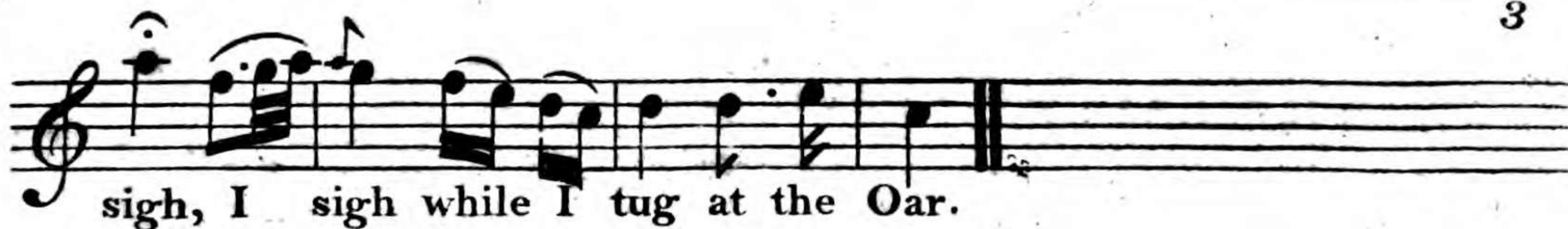


THE GALLEY SLAVE

Andante affett^o

Oh, think on my fate, I once freedom enjoy'd, Was as happy as
hap - py could be, But pleasure is fled! e - ven hope is de -
stroy'd, A Cap - tive a - las! on the Sea, I was ta'en by the
foe, 'twas the fi - at of fate, To tear me from her I a -
- dore, When thought brings to mind my once hap - py estate, I

The musical score is written on five staves in treble clef, 2/4 time. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody is characterized by a slow, expressive tempo (Andante affett^o). The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The final note of the piece is a half note F#.



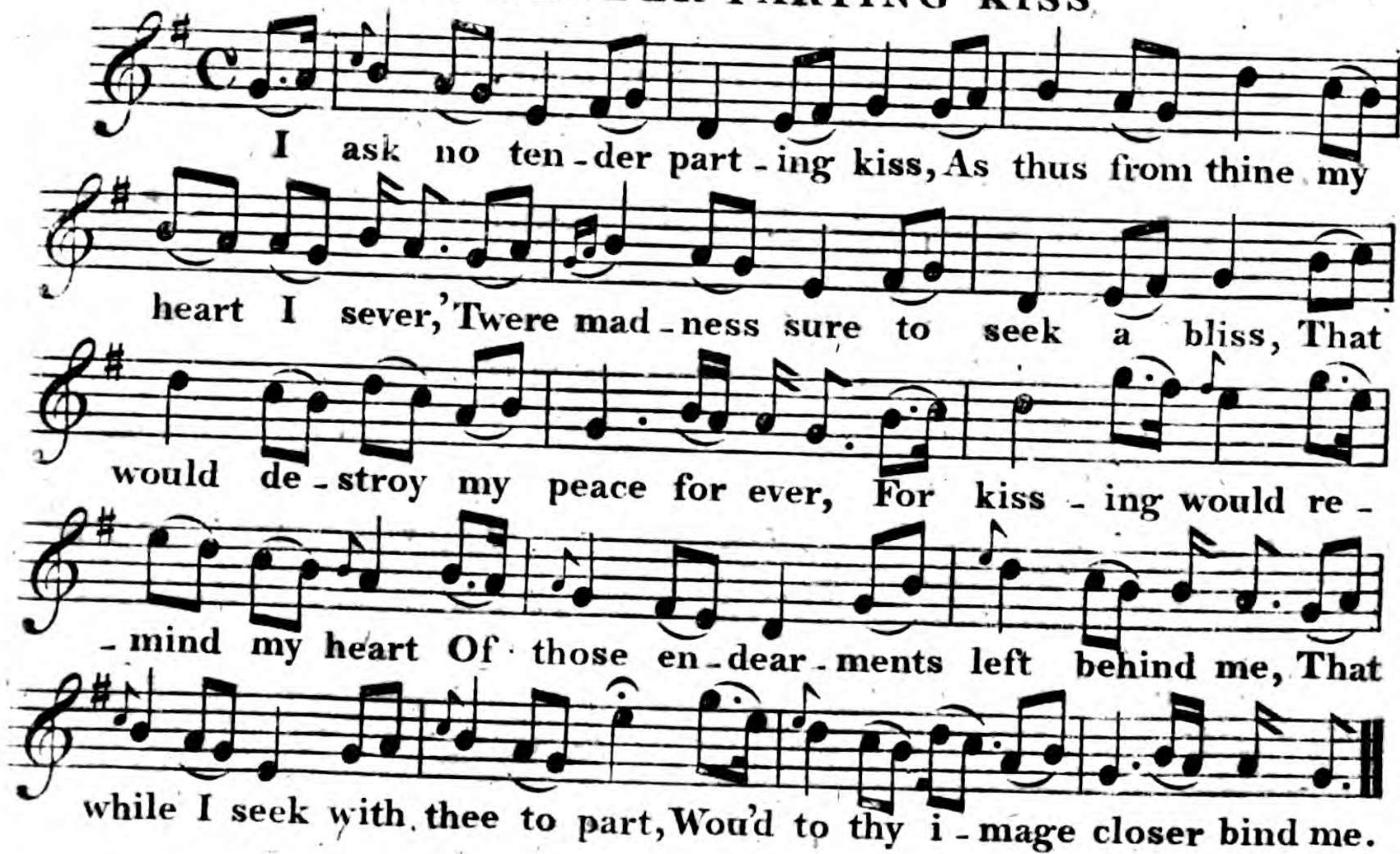
3

2
Hard, hard is my fate! oh, how galling my chain,
My life's steer'd by misery's chart;
And tho' 'gainst my tyrants I scorn to complain,
Tears gush forth to ease my full heart:
I disdain e'en to shrink, tho' I feel sharp the lash,
Yet my breast bleeds for her I adore,
While around me the unfeeling billows will dash,
I sigh and still tug at the Oar.

3
How fortune deceives, I had pleasure in tow,
The Port where she dwelt we'd in view;
But the wish'd nuptial Morn was o'er clouded with woe,
And dear ANNA! I hurry'd from you:
Our Shallop was boarded and I borne away,
To behold my dear ANNA no more,
But despair wastes my spirits, my form feels decay,
He sigh'd, and expir'd at the Oar.

2

I ASK NO TENDER PARTING KISS



The musical score is written on five staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is common time (C). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together in groups. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words split across lines. The final line of the song ends with a double bar line.

I ask no ten - der part - ing kiss, As thus from thine my
heart I sever, 'Twere mad - ness sure to seek a bliss, That
would de - stroy my peace for ever, For kiss - ing would re -
- mind my heart Of those en - dear - ments left behind me, That
while I seek with thee to part, Wou'd to thy i - mage closer bind me.

Yet kiss, oh kiss me once again,
E'er we part my soul's best treasure;
Thou cause of all my bitterest pain,
Thou source of all my sweetest pleasure!
And as to mine thy Lips are prest,
Tho' I shall grieve that we must sever,
Let but a sigh escape thy breast,
And by that sigh I'm blest for ever.

LORD WELLINGTON



MAID OF LODI

Andante

The musical score is written on five staves in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and slurs. The lyrics are printed below the staves, aligned with the notes.

I sing the Maid of Lodi, Whose kindnes I have
known, When for - tune dark and cloudy, Did
on me sad - ly frown, Way laid by some ban -
- ditti, Near Po's lux - uriant shore, Wound - ed I lay and
helpless, And robb'd of all my store, Wound -



2

When first I saw this Maiden,
The waves had me betray'd;
Our Boat too deeply laden,
Had sunk but for her aid;
She to her Cottage brought me,
Where, with the sweetest smile
True kindness there she taught me,
Devoid of art or guile.

3

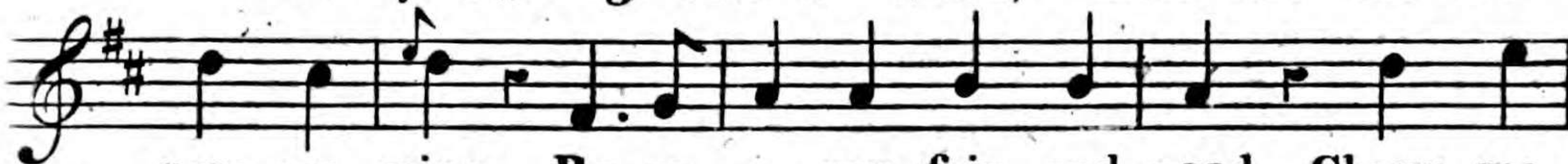
Return'd from Town, I sought her,
But empty was her Cot;
Where strays this lovely daughter,
Say what has chang'd her lot:
But I not long had tarry'd,
When tripping o'er the sand,
She, and the Youth she'd marry'd,
Came singing hand in hand.

IN MY COTTAGE NEAR A WOOD

Andante



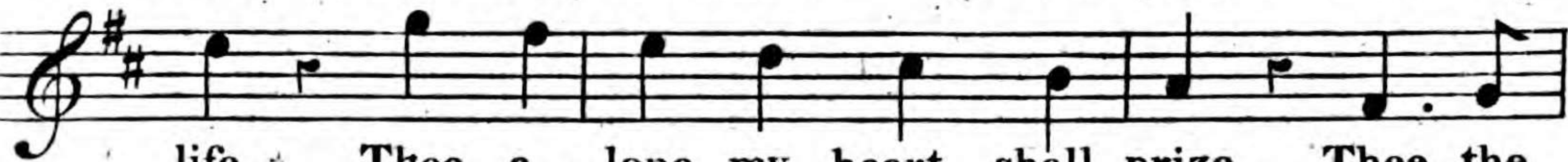
In my Cot - tage near a Wood, Love and Ro - sa



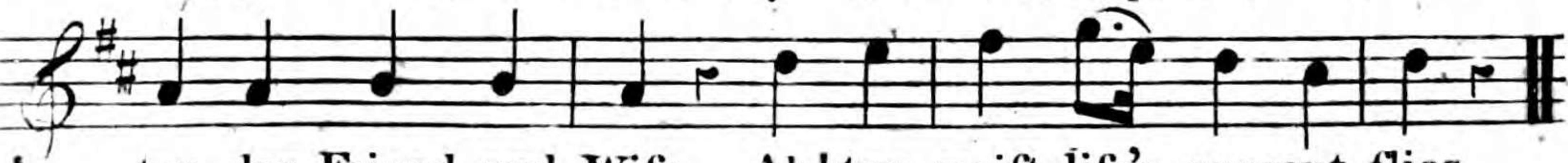
now are mine, Ro - sa e - ver fair and good, Charm me



with those smiles of thine: Ro - sa part - ner of my



life, Thee a - lone my heart shall prize, Thee the



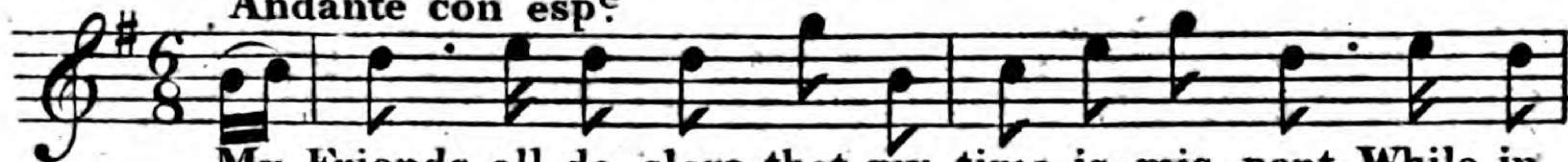
ten - der Friend and Wife, Ah! too swift life's current flies.

Linger yet, ye moments stay,
Why so rapid is your wing,
Wither would you haste away,
Stay, and hear my Rosa sing:
Love and youth still bless my Cot,
Fortune's frowns are for our good,
May we live by pride forgot,
In our Cottage near a Wood.

THE TANK.



THE SWEET LITTLE GIRL THAT I LOVE

Andante con esp^e

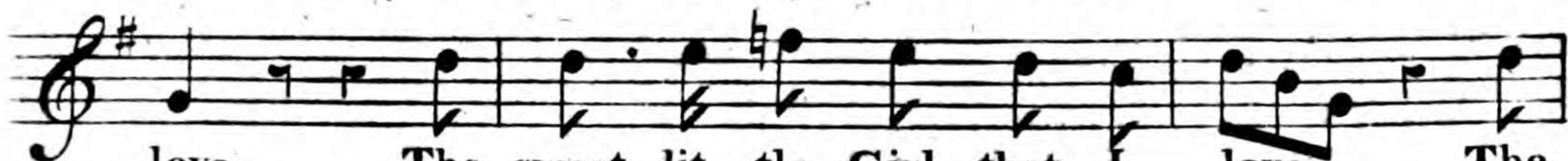
My Friends all de-clare that my time is mis-pent, While in



ru-ral re-tirement I rove, I ask no more wealth than dame



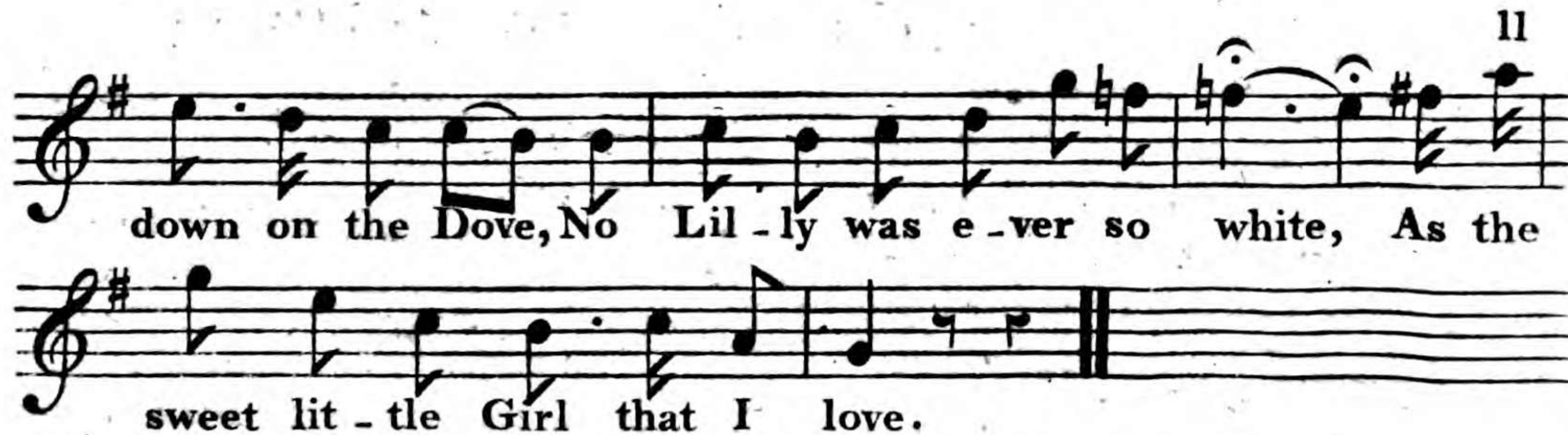
for-tune has sent, But the sweet lit-tle Girl that I



love, The sweet lit-tle Girl that I love, The



Rose on her Cheeks my delight, She's soft as the down, as the

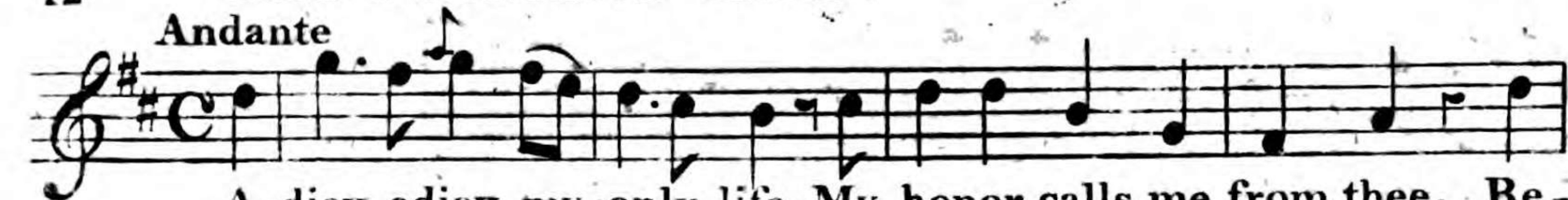


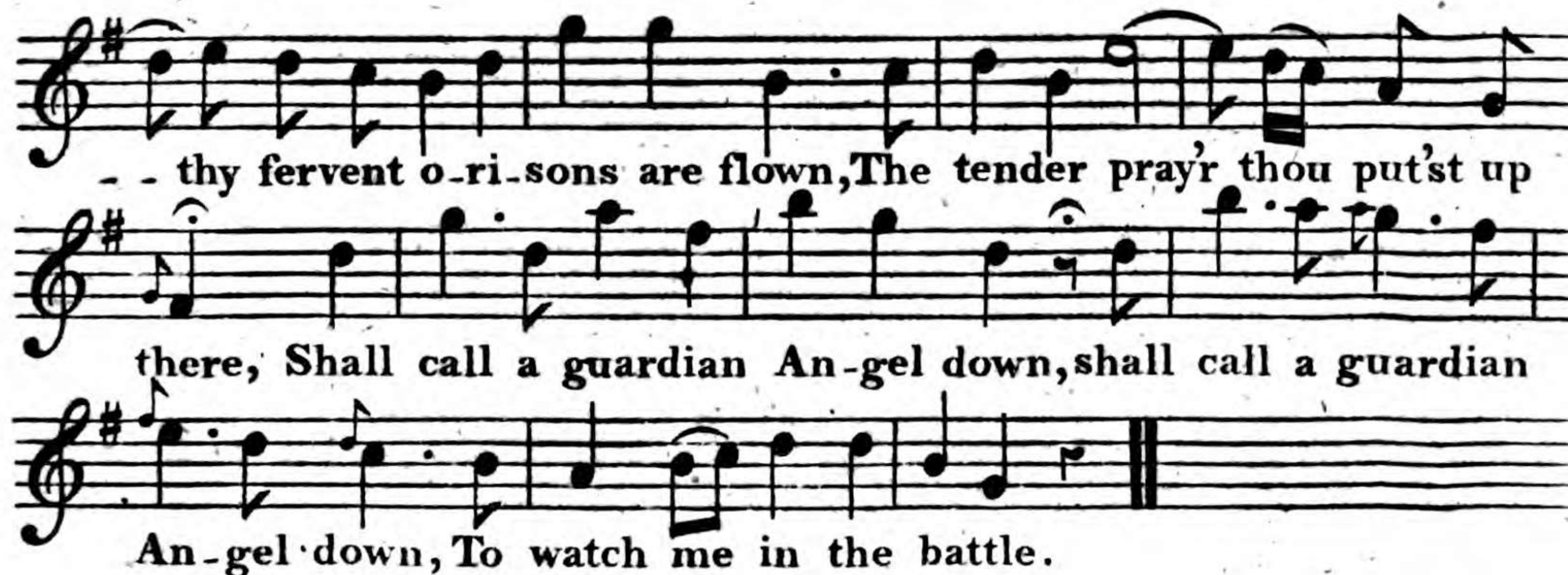
2
Tho' humble my Cot, calm content gilds the scene,
For my fair one delights in the Grove;
And a Palace I'd quit for a dance on the Green,
With the sweet little Girl that I love.
The sweet little Girl &c.

3
No ambition I know, but to call her my own,
No fame but her praise wish to prove;
My happiness centers in Fanny alone,
She's the sweet little Girl that I love.
The sweet little Girl &c.

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU

Andante





2

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
As sword and buckler serving;
My life shall be more dear to me,
Because of thy preserving:
Let peril come, let horror threat,
Let thundering Cannons rattle,
I fearless seek the conflicts heat,
Assured when on the wings of love, &c.

2

THE PASSPORT OF LIFE



Man was born for a purpose that's no - ble and good, Which the



baseness of time cannot smother, And the maxim I hold to be



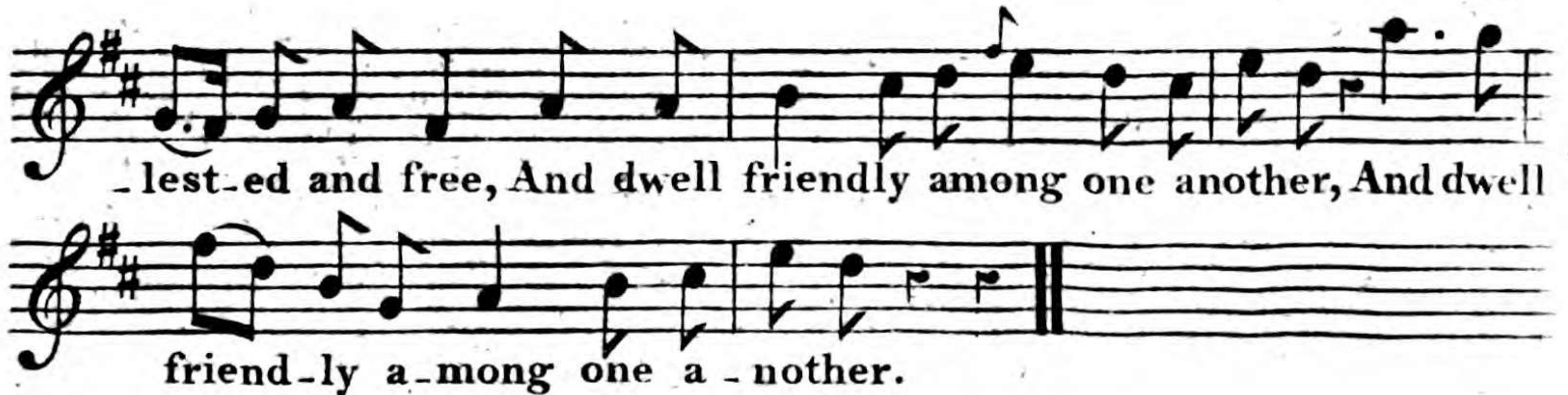
dear as my blood, Is to cherish and love one a - nother, O'er the



world let me roam, and my passport shall be, To re - member that



each man's my Brother, By which we may go un - mo -



2

Lo! the poor simple Indian, untutor'd and wild,
 And the Slave whom adversities cover;
 Are the offsprings of Nature, then nourish her Child,
 'Tis a duty we owe one another:
 Then to live would be joy, and to die would be bliss,
 Which is easy for Man to discover;
 And the short simple lesson I've pictur'd in this,
 Is to cherish and love one another.

TELL ME BABBLING ECHO

Andante

Tell me bab-ling e-cho why You re-turn me

sigh for sigh, When I of slight-ed love com-plain,

You de-light you de-light to mock my pain.

2
 Bold intruder Night and Day,
 Busy tell tale hence away,
 Me and my cares in silence leave,
 Come not near me while I grieve.

3
 But if my Swain in all his charms,
 Returns to bless my longing Arms,
 I'll call thee from thy dark retreat,
 The joyful tidings to repeat.

Repeat, repeat, repeat thy strain,
 Tell it o'er and o'er again,
 From Morn to Night prolong the tale,
 Let it ring from Vale to Vale.

SCOTS GREY'S WALTZ.

17



THE TRANQUIL THATCH

The musical score is written on five staves in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line on the fifth staff.

You say my Cot-tage in-complete, Yields not the joys of
life, I love th'unfi-nish'd blest a-bode, I love its
guest my Wife: Be-neath the thatch con-tent can sleep, And
la-bour la-bour reaps its joys, For o-ther's woes a-
lone I weep. No care my breast an-noy.

The gilded Roof, the vaulted Dome,
The massy pile of Plate,
Bespeak, I grant, the splendid home,
But envy preys on state:
Be mine to boast the tranquil thatch,
Content, domestic ease,
Tho' grandeur scorns to lift the latch,
Has grandeur joys like these.

3

Mark too, how throbs, the Courtier's breast,
Beneath the glittering Star,
A Stranger still to peaceful rest,
With calm delight at war;
Yon curling smoke that tops the Trees,
Reveals the lov'd retreat,
And wafted by the passing breeze,
Shews happiness complete.

HENRY'S COTTAGE MAID

Pastorale

Ah where can fly my Soul's true love, Sad I
wan - der this lone Grove, Sighs and tears for
him I shed, Hen - ry is from Lau - ra
fled, Thy love to me thou didst im - part, Thy
love soon won my vir - gin heart, But dear - est

21

Hen - ry thou'st be - - tray'd, Thy - - - love with
thy poor Cot - tage Maid.

2

Thro' the Vale my grief appears,
Sighing sad with pearly tears,
Oft thy Image is my theme,
As I wander on the Green:
See from my Cheek the colour flies,
And Love's sweet hope within me dies,
For oh dear Henry thou'st betray'd
Thy love, with thy poor Cottage Maid.

2

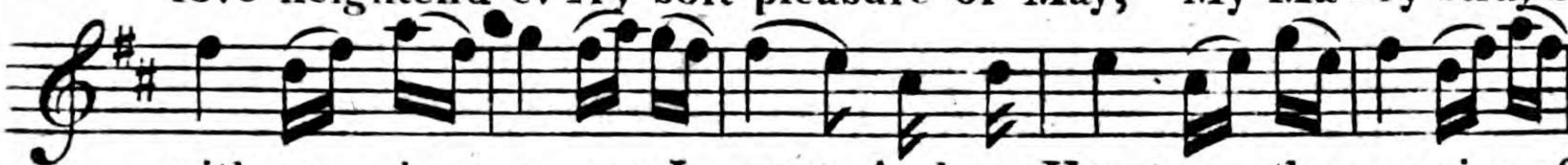
THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST



The Flow'rs of the Forest in, Spring time were gay, And



love heighten'd ev'ry soft pleasure of May, My Ma - ry stray'd



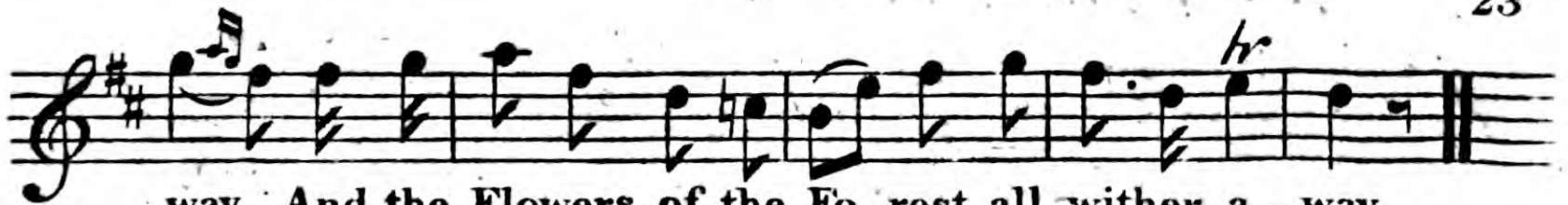
with me where e - ver I went, And my Heart was the mansion of



peace and con - tent, But a - las! she has left me for



passtimes more gay, And the Flowers of the Forest all wither a -



- way, And the Flowers of the Fo- rest all wither a - way.

2

The Flow'rs of the Forest in Spring time were gay,
And the smile of my Mary, gave wings to the day,
But past are those pleasures, no more to return,
Her charms I adore, and her falshood I mourn,
For alas! She has left me for passtimes more gay,
And the Flowers of the Forest all wither away.

3

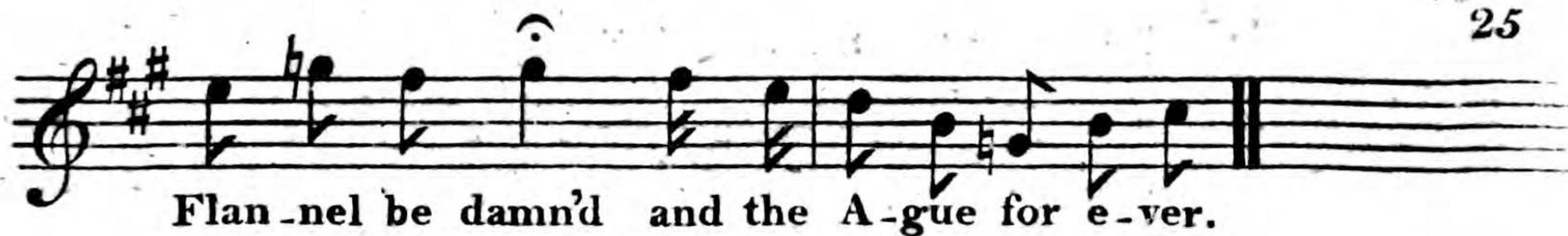
The Flow'rs of the Forest in Spring time were gay,
Like their fragrance, my bliss and fond hopes pass away,
Fond hopes which I caught from the glance of her Eye,
Now blighted by, sorrow, fade, wither, and die,
For alas! She has left me for passtimes more gay,
And the Flowers of the Forest all wither away.

2



Oh! long life to the Girls who re-vive without pother, The





2

Mrs Eve who with panniers her sides wou'dnt saddle,
 Never thought of a Pocket to hold in her daddle,
 By my soul the invention's quite handy and sensible,
 So bless ev'ry Ladies sweet dear Indispensible,
 Then Ladies go cool &c.

3

From Cork Paddy came and the English defin'd him
 As wearing his Coat neatly button'd behind him
 Tit for tat English Girls the Pats all adore ye
 Then pray visit Cork with your Pockets before ye
 Then Ladies go cool &c.

2

For one of our Boroughs not free from infection,
Should a Lady set up at the gen'ral Election;
With Pocket in hand and the Mopusses in it,
Oh she'd be at the head of the pole in a Minnet,
Then Ladies go cool &c.

The great Tristram Shandy, and no one was apter,
Once threaten'd on Pockets to write a big Chapter,
My chapter on Pockets I give harum scarum,
So bless the dear Creatures however they wear them,
Then Ladies go cool, don't care a splinter,
For Man must adore you both summer and winter,
Sweet are your smiles in all changes of weather,
So bless all your Faces and Pockets together.

BATTLE OF THE NILE

27



BARON OF MOWBRAY



From the Baron of Mowbray's Castle gate, The Kn^t. rode on with



speed, He heeded not the La-dy's fate, But for-wards urg'd his



Steed, He pass'd thro' Courts and Camps were dwelt High La-dies



rich and gay, His falshood many a fair one felt, He lov'd and he



rode a-way, away, a-way, away, He lov'd and he rode a-way.

On her sick Bed soon this Lady laid,
Her Heart no more was gay,
Return, return dear Knight she said,
My sorrows to allay:
Remember how you vow'd your love,
Alas! but to betray,
Your favor now with honor prove,
You must not ride away.

3

The news of her illness reach'd the Knight,
He backwards turn'd his Steed,
Dry up thy tears that fall so bright,
To Church sweet Heart with speed:
Hark! hark the Castle Bell now rings,
The Lady and Knight are gay,
Hark! hark the Lady sweetly sings,
He loves — nor rides away.

STERNE'S MARIA



'Twas near a Thicket's calm retreat, Under a Pop-lar



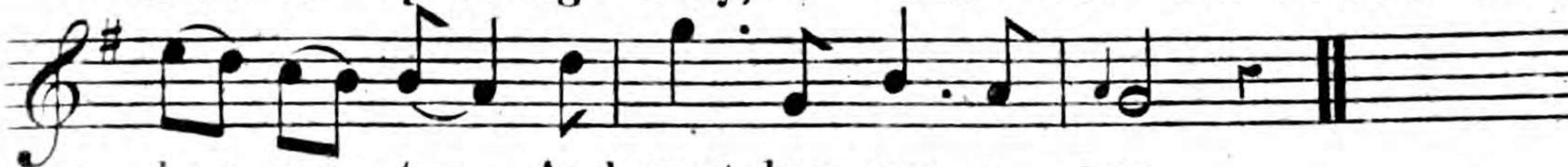
Tree, Ma - ri - a chose her wretched seat, To mourn her



sor - rows free, Her love - ly form was sweet to view, As



dawn at op' - ning Day, But ah! She mourn'd her



love not true, And wept her care a - way.

2

The Brook flow'd gently at her feet,
 In murmurs smooth along;
 Her pipe, which once she tun'd so sweet,
 Had now forgot it's song:
 No more to charm the Vale she tries,
 For grief has fill'd her breast,
 Those joys which once she us'd to prize
 But love has rob'd her rest.

3

31

Poor helpless Maid! who can behold
 Thy sorrows so severe,
 And hear thy love-lorn story told,
 Without a falling tear?
 Maria, luckless Maid, adieu!
 Thy sorrows soon must cease,
 For heav'n must take a Maid so true
 To everlasting peace.

PEGGY BAN



MISS PLATOFF



PRINCE FREDERICK OF PRUSSIA

33

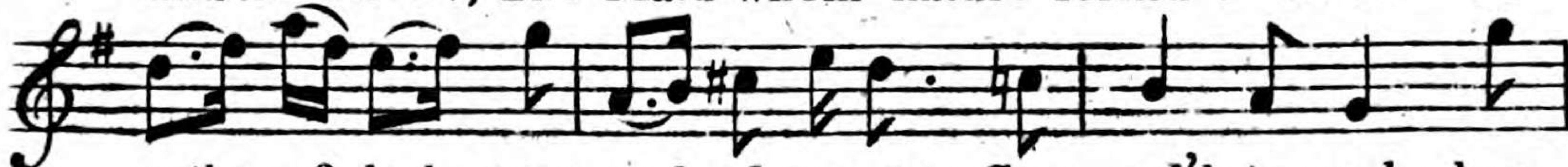




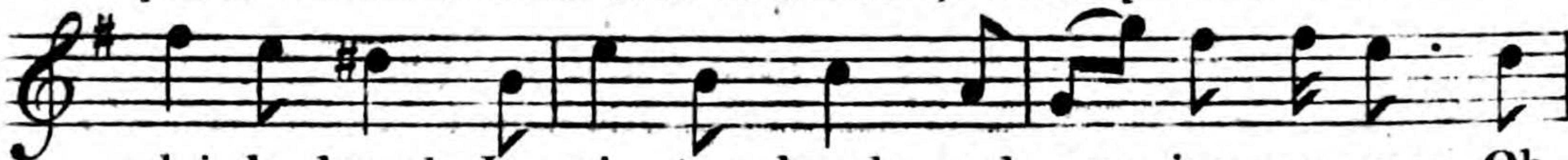
The Maid whom nature form'd to tread The paths of darkness



and of sorrow, The Maid whom nature form'd to tread The



paths of dark-ness and of sorrow, Com-pel'd to seek her



dai-ly bread, In win-ter dreads each com-ing morrow, Oh



stran-ger spare she plain-tive cries, One mite ere poor blind



2

In Summer when the rip'ning Sun,
 Spreads all about abundant treasure,
 She seeks its influence to shun,
 And sings her woes in endless measure,
 Oh stranger spare she plaintive cries,
 One mite ere poor blind Mary dies.

3

Each season brings to some new joys,
 And plenty welcome each days dawning,
 While pining want her time destroys,
 And av'rice treats her sighs with scorning,
 Still to each stranger thus she cries,
 Oh spare one mite ere Mary dies.

2

THE CARPET WEAVER



Don't you remember a Car-pet weaver, Whose Daughter lov'd a



youth so true, He promis'd one day he never would leave her, Ah



down in the Vale where Vi'-lets grew, He flatter'd and vow'd where



she sat be-side him, Soft tales tell-ing of loves long a -



go, He vow'd to her but can you tell If she her love de -



2

Never he told her, he would be a Rover,
 She fondly thought he told her true,
 But how shall the Maid his truth discover,
 Ah! will he plight his vows anew:
 If never, never her voice deceiv'd him,
 Now while telling of loves long ago,
 Can he forget the Girl who believ'd him,
 Down in the Valley where Violets grew.

2

BEGGAR GIRL**Grazioso**

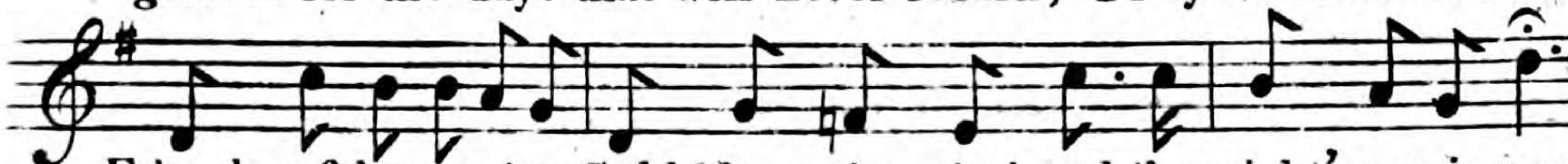
O-ver the Mountain and over the Moor, Hungry & barefoot I



wander forlorn, My Father is dead and my Mother is poor, And she



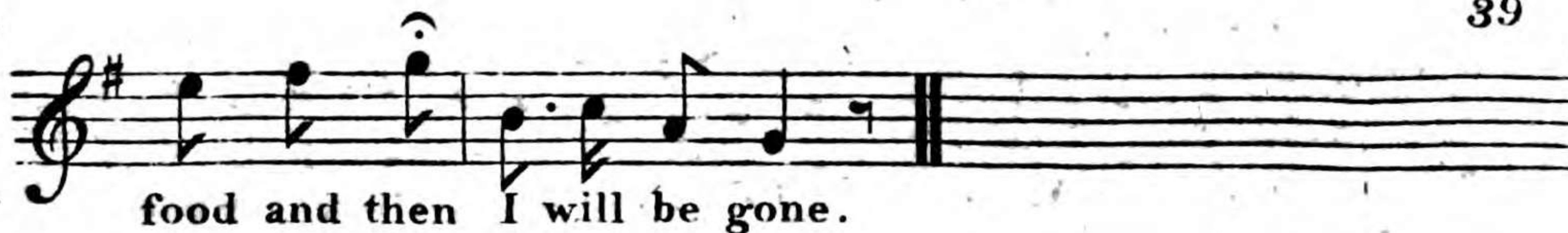
grieves for the days that will never return, Pi-ty kind Gentlemen,



Friends of humanity, Cold blows the wind and the night's coming on,



Give me some food for my Mother for charity, Give me some



2

Call me not lazy back Beggar and bold enough,
 Fain would I learn both to knit and to sew,
 I've two little Brothers at home when they're old enough,
 They will work hard for the gifts you bestow,
 Pity kind Gentlemen &c.

3

O think while you revel so careless and free,
 Secure from the wind well clothed and fed,
 Should fortune so change it, how hard it would be,
 To beg at a Door for a morsel of Bread,
 Pity kind Gentlemen &c.

2

GO GENTLE SIGH

Largo

Go gentle sigh, to him this heart Pre-fers to all the rest, And
soft-ly to his ears im-part, The wish-es of my breast, Oh,
say how much, how fond I love, And tell him all my pain, Sof-
-ten his heart, his pi-ty move, Nor let me sigh in vain, Nor
let me, let me, nor let me sigh in vain.

The musical score is written on five staves in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Largo'. The melody is a simple, expressive line with various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score ends with a double bar line on the fifth staff.

With him contented could I live,
Tho' humble was our lot;
Nor sigh for ought the world could give,
All, all in him forgot:
And should this heart e'er droop with grief,
And yield to sad despair,
One smile from him would give relief,
And soften ev'ry care.

AH PERDONA



THE COTTAGE OF PEACE

The musical score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is a simple, folk-like tune. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with hyphens indicating where the words continue across lines. The paper shows signs of age, including some staining and wear at the edges.

Fair La-dy tho' low is our Cot in the Vale, Thy person is
safe and secure, Nor fear the proud Lord will its sanction as -
- sail, The Robber will harm not the poor, Here truth and sim -
- pli-city go hand and hand, While health does to pleasures in -
- crease, And tho' few our Pastures we boast of, or Land, Our Cot is the



2

Fair Lady then rest in our Cot in the Vale,
 Where innocence holds its retreat;
 Where the sweet little Chorister carrols his tale,
 And the Woodbine secures you from heat:
 Tho' Mansions of pow'r surrounded by wealth,
 The pride of the great may increase,
 The humble thatch'd roof is the dwelling of health,
 And our Cot is the Cottage of Peace.

2

THE FISHING DUET

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is characterized by frequent sixteenth and thirty-second note runs, often beamed together, giving it a lively, fish-like quality. The lyrics are printed below the staff, with some words hyphenated across lines. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Thus for Men the Wo - men fair, Lay the cunning
cun - ning snare, Lay the cunning cun - - ning snare,
While like Fish the Men will rove, And with beauty
fall in love, And with beau - ty fall in love.
What is beauty but the bait, Oft re - pented

when too late, What is beauty, what is beauty,
 but the bait, but the bait, Oft re - pen - ted
 when too late, Oft re - pen - ted when too late.

2

If too rash you seize the prize,
 Now display'd before the Eyes,
 How you'll rue when all is past,
 Hymen's hook which holds you fast:
 Ere you marry then beware,
 'Tis a blessing or a snare.

THE WHITE COCKADE

My Love was born in A-ber-deen, The bo-niest Lad that
e'er was seen, But now he makes our hearts fu' sad, He
takes the field wi' his white Cock-ade, O he's a rant-ing
rov-ing Lad, He is a brisk an' a bonny Lad, Be-tide what may I
will be wed, And follow the boy wi' the white Cockade.

The musical score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is a simple, folk-style tune. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line on the fifth staff.

I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,
My gude gray Mare and hawket Cow,
To buy mysel a tartan plaid,
To follow the Boy wi' a white Cockade,
O he's a ranting roving Lad &c.

PRINCE REGENT'S WALTZ



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