English Minstrelsie

A Monument of English Song.

Edited by

S. Baring-Gould, M.A.

ENGLISH MINSTRELSIE

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A National Monument of English Song

COLLATED AND EDITED, WITH NOTES AND
HISTORICAL INTRODUCTIONS, BY

S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

THE AIRS, IN BOTH NOTATIONS, ARRANGED BY
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IN EIGHT VOLUMES
VOLUME THE SECOND

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NOTES TO SONGS

VOL. II.

Rule Britannia (p. 1).—The song appeared in the Masque of "Alfred," which was first performed at Cliefden House, the residence of Frederick, Prince of Wales, on August 1, 1740. The occasion was the commemoration of the Accession of George I., as well as the birthday of the young Princess Augusta. The composers of the words of the Masque were Thomson and Mallet, but Thomson seems to have taken the lead in the affair, as he alone is mentioned in the newspapers of the day as the author, although in the book the name of Mallet is given as well.

Ritson attributed the authorship of the song to Thomson, but a claim, which cannot be substantiated, has been made for Mallet as the author.

In the original there were but three stanzas, and three more were added by Lord Bolingbroke. But the words are of less import than the tune, which was composed by Dr. Arne, who wrote all the music for the Masque. He afterwards altered this into an opera, and it was performed at Drury Lane Theatre on March 20, 1745, for the benefit of Mrs. Arne. This lady, whose maiden name was Cecilia Young, had been a pupil of Geminiani; and she sang for the first time in public at Drury Lane in 1730. With a good natural voice, she had been so well taught, that her style of singing was infinitely superior to that of any other English woman of her time. The song "Rule Britannia" became a favourite with the Jacobite party, which produced a version altered and adapted to their views.

Here is an extract from the *Times* of October 3, 1798, when the news of Nelson's victory in the battle of the Nile reached England:—

"*Drury Lane.*—After the play, the news of Admiral Nelson's glorious victory produced a burst of patriotic exultation that has been rarely witnessed in a theatre. 'Rule Britannia' was unanimously called for from every part of the house, and Messrs. Kelly, Dignum, Sedgewick, Miss Leak, and Mrs. Bland, came forward and sung it, accompanied by numbers of the audience. It was called for, and sung, a second time. The acclamations were the loudest and most fervent we ever witnessed."

Wagner declared that in the first eight notes of this song, the English character was portrayed—its vigour, its resolution, and its eternal greatness.

Cupid's Courtesy (p. 4).—There is a blackletter broadside with this song, which was licensed to be printed during the Protectorate, March 13, 1655. Nevertheless it is of a much earlier date. Mr. J. Payne Collier describes it as "an early love-ballad, the date of which we cannot pretend to ascertain further than that there exists a manuscript copy of it, dated 1595." Of printed copies none exist earlier than 1655. Oliver Cromwell permitted the revival of musical entertainments and the printing of ballads, both of which had been rigorously suppressed before. Whereupon "Cupid's Courtesie" was one of these printed by Coles. This printed copy bears the initials of the author, J. P., so also do two other editions. The ballad, partly from its quaintness, partly on account of the pleasant tune with which it was associated, continued long in favour, and was reprinted in white letter at the beginning and middle of the 18th century. The ballad when complete consists of fourteen stanzas. It will be found in the "Roxburgh Ballads" (ed. Chappell & Ebsworth), iii. p. 530. The same J. P. who wrote "Cupid's Courtesie" was also the composer of "Phillis on the New Made Hay." It has been reprinted in the Roxburgh Collection, by Mr. Ebsworth, for the Ballad Society, and is in fourteen stanzas.

The air is given in D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy" (1714), vi. 43, together with the words. It was arranged for Mr. Chappell by Dr. Macfarren, and is given in his "Popular Music of Olden Time," p. 364.

If thou can't Desert Me (p. 6).—I regret not to be able at present to state who was the composer of this spirited song. Mr. Sheppard writes:—"I have known it all my life, and I met with it the other day in a MS. music-book into which it had been copied about 1842-3. I cannot say with any certainty whose it is, and guessing is worth nothing. It is a very good song, of a declamatory style, but has nothing of the ordinary ballad style about it. Whoever wrote it had notions of the dramatic in music, and the words correspond thereto."

Follow the Drum (p. 9).—A song by Hudson, written to an old English Country Dance. Blewitt, Hudson, and other comic singers of their day, were accustomed to make use of old airs which they altered to suit their fancy, much as Tom Moore doctored up Irish melodies; and unhappily in many cases completely vulgarised them. This is not the case with the dance tune to which Hudson set the capital words of "Follow the Drum."

The Shepherd and the Little Bird (p. 12).—A song in "The Cherokee," written by Cobb, the music composed—that is to say, put together out of scraps by others—by Stephen Storace. Kelly says, "The Cherokee chorus was the grandest ever composed; the effect was sublime. Mrs. Crouch acted very finely in it. That delightful warbler, Mrs. Bland, in the character of a Welsh peasant, sang the ballad, afterwards so universally popular, 'A little bird,' &c., with great simplicity and truth; indeed, what did she not sing well? As far as her powers went, she was perfect as an English ballad singer."

Mrs. Bland was a Jewess, her name before she was married was Romanzini, and she first sang at Hugh's Riding School in St. George's Fields in 1773. She made her first appearance on the stage at Drury Lane in 1786, as the Page in "Richard Cœur de Lion," when she sang the song "The merry dance I dearly love" with great effect. In 1789 she went to Dublin, where she found that prejudice against the Hebrews was lively, and likely to affect her profits. She accordingly used all her cunning to procure a good benefit. Knowing that the Roman Catholics liberally patronised those of their faith, she attended their chapels and exhibited demonstrative devotion therein. But as she found that in spite of this the report spread that she was a Jewess, she sat sewing at her window every Saturday forenoon, and sent her mother round with a small porker under her arm, with instructions to pull its tail or nip its ear, so as to make it squeal, and to inform every one she met that she was taking it home for her daughter's dinner next day.

She married Mr. Bland, brother of the celebrated Mrs. Jordan, and became deranged through having inadvertently occasioned the death of one of her children.

The opera of "The Cherokee" was performed in 1794. It had

a poor plot, and the characters were not particularly interesting. A whimsical youth, who hates his cousin, a young lady with an exactly similar temper, merely because her father desires their union, quarrels with his uncle, and vows he will never marry the girl. Then, when it is arranged that they are to part for ever, both discover that they are violently in love, and marry in spite of him.

The music of Storace alone saved the play from being damned, and that music, like all Storace's work, is a patchwork of reminiscences without originality. The melody of "The Shepherd and the Little Bird" may have been taken from a nursery air still in common use in the West Riding of Yorkshire, or, more probably, from a passage in the andante of Haydn's "Surprise Symphony." In 1802, an unsuccessful attempt was made to revive the opera under the title of "Algonah."

A Fine Old English Gentleman (p. 16).—A song that has gone through a great many forms. In the first place it appears as "The Queen's Old Courtier," a chanting air. It appears to have been first printed in the reign of James I.; but this is probably not its original form. In 1564-5, W. Pickering was licensed to print a ballad entitled "The Lamentation of the Old Servynge Man Lamentyng his Estate," and the same year Thomas Colwell was also licensed to print it. Though we cannot say that this is the same ballad as "The Old Courtier," it is possible that it may be so, in its earliest form; anyhow this ballad has gone through many strange transformations, and the shape in which it appears in the ballad opera of "The Battle of Hexham" is as the lament of an old servant.

Pepys refers to "The Old Courtier" in his diary, under the date of 16th June, 1660. "Came to Newbery, and there dined, and music: a song of the Old Courtier of Queen Elizabeth, and how he was changed upon the coming in of the King, did please me mightily, and I did cause Mr. Hewer to write it out."

The song went through various forms; it was added to considerably. It is found in "Le Prince d'Amour," 1660; in "Antidote to Melancholy," 1661; in "Wit and Drollery," 1687; in Dryden's "Miscellany Poems" (1716).

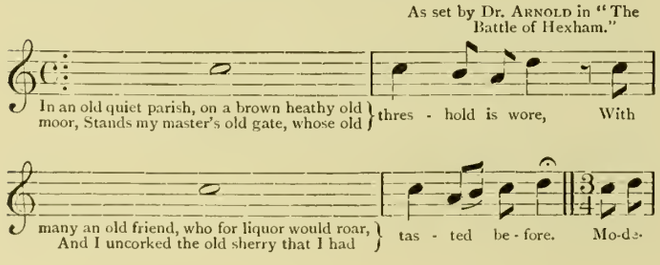
In the reign of Charles II., a certain J. Howard wrote and published "An Old Song of the Old Courtiers of the King's, with a New Song of a New Courtier of the King's," to the tune of "The Queen's Old Courtier." A copy of this is among the "Roxburgh Ballads."

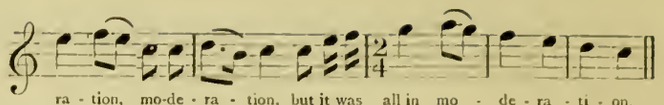
About the end of the 17th century the ballad was revived and sung by Mr Vernon in Shadwell's comedy, "The Squire of Alsatia," a curious play into which the author introduced so much of the cant of White Friars as to render it necessary to prefix a glossary for the reader to be able to understand the dialogue. This play was produced in 1688. In the song the burden was altered after the sixth verse to:—

"Alteration, alteration,
'Tis a wonderful alteration."

In "The Battle of Hexham," composed by G. Colman, jun., and the music set by Dr. Arnold, played at the Haymarket, 1709, the song is again introduced. It runs thus:—

As set by Dr. Arnold in "The Battle of Hexham."





2.

Then I had my old quiet pantry, of the servants was the head,
Kept the key of the old cellar, old plate, and chip'd the brown bread:
If an odd old barrel was missing it was easily said,
That the very old beer was one morning found dead.
Moderation, &c.

3.

But we had a good old custom, when the week it did begin,
To shew, by my accounts, I had not waisted a pin;
For, my Lord, tho' he was bountiful, thought waste it was a sin,
And never would lay out much, but when my lady lay in.
Moderation, &c.

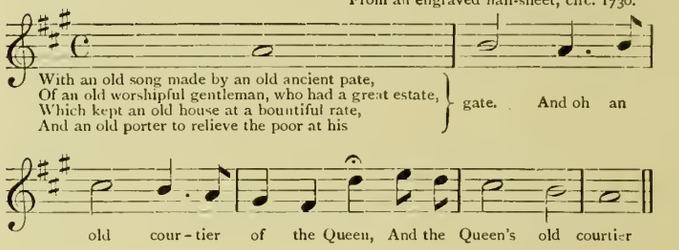
4.

Good lack! good lack! Dame Fortune once more did frown,
And I left my old quiet pantry to trade from town to town,
Worn quite off my old legs, in search of bobs, thumps, and cracks of the crown,
I was fairly knocked up, and almost foully knock'd down!
Alteration, alteration,
O 'twas a wonderful alteration.

Finally the old song was revived with further "alteration" in the present century; but the versions vary very considerably.

It may not, therefore, be amiss to give "The Old Queen's Courtier" in its complete form.

Earliest form of the Melody.
From an engraved half-sheet, circ. 1730.



2.

With an old lady whose anger, a good word assuages,
Who every quarter pays her old servants their wages,
Who never knew what belonged to coachman, footmen nor pages,
But kept twenty odd fellows with blue coats and badges.
Like an old courtier, &c.

3.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend parson, you may judge him by his looks,
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen, that maintains half-a-dozen old cooks.
Like an old courtier, &c.

4.

With an old hall hung about with guns, pikes and bows,
With old swords and bucklers that have stood many shrewd blows,
And an old frieze coat to cover his worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of old sherry to comfort his copper nose.
Like an old courtier, &c.

5.

With an old fashion when Christmas was come,
To call in his neighbours with bag-pipe and drum;
And good cheer enough to furnish every old room.
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and a man dumb.
Like an old courtier, &c.

6.

With an old huntsman, a falconer, and a kennel of hounds,
Which never hunted nor hawked, but in his own grounds;
Who like an old wise man kept himself within his own bounds,
And when he died, gave every child a thousand old pounds,
Like an old courtier, &c.

7.

But to his eldest son, his house and land he assigned,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountiful mind,
To love his good old servants and to his neighbours be kind;
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclin'd.
Like a young courtier, &c.

8.

The New Courtier.

Like a young gallant newly come to his land,
That keeps a brace of creatures at his command,
And takes up a thousand pounds upon his own land,
And lies drunk in a new tavern 'till he can neither go nor stand.
Like a young courtier, &c.

9.

With a neat lady that is brisk and fair,
That never knew what behoved to good house-keeping or care,
But buys several fans to play with the wanton air,
And seventeen or eighteen dressings of other women's hair,
Like a young courtier, &c.

10.

With a new hall built where the old one stood,
Wherein is burned neither coal nor wood,
And a shovel-board table whereon meat never stood,
Hung round with pictures that do the poor no good.
Like a young courtier, &c.

11.

With a new study full of pamphlets and plays,
With a new chaplain that swears faster than he prays,
With a new buttery hatch that opens once in three or four days,
With a new French cook to make kickshaws and fays.
Like a young courtier, &c.

12.

With a new fashion when Christmas is come,
With a new journey up to London we must be gone,
And leave nobody at home but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on his back with a stone.
Like a young courtier, &c.

13.

With a gentleman usher, whose carriage is complete,
With a footman, coachman, and page to carry meat;
With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat;
Who, when the master has dined, lets his servants not eat.
Like a young courtier, &c.

14.

With a new honour bought with the old gold,
That many of his father's old manors had sold,
And this is the occasion that most men do hold,
That good house-keeping is now grown so cold.
Like a young courtier, &c.

All the portion relative to the New Courtier is a composition of the period of Charles II. The old song probably concluded with verse 7, finishing somewhat differently.

Martin Parker wrote one of his best ballads under the title of "Time's Alteration," to the tune of "I'll ne'er be Drunk again." The head lines run:—

"The old man's rehearsal, what brave days he knew,
A great while agone, when his old cap was new."

And the burden to each stanza is: "When this old cap was new." "Roxburgh Ballads" (ed. Chappell and Ebsworth), ii. p. 582. Here is a stanza from it:—

"A man might then behold
At Christmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curbe the cold,
And meat for great and small;
The neighbours were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true;
The poore from the gates were not chidden,
When this old cap was new."

The connection between the two ballads cannot be mistaken. The decay of the old hospitality, and the growth of extravagance and love of pleasure, and desertion of the country for the court, are bitterly animadverted upon also, in the excellent ballad "Mock-beggar's Hall," printed by R. Harper 1635-42.

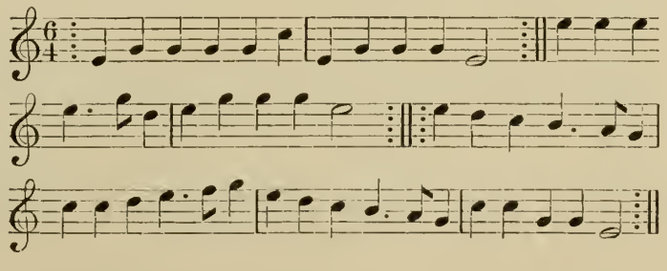
Here is one stanza:—

"Farme-houses which their fathers built
And land well kept in tillage,
Their prodigall sons have sold for gilt,
In every town and village.
To th' city and court they do resort,
With gold and silver plenty,
And there they spend their time in sport,
While Mock-begger hall stands empty."

The old air was recast in its present form by C. H. Purday, and published in 1832; and this—now the popular form—is that we give.

Phillida Flouts Me (p. 20).—The first notice we have of this song is in "The Crown Garland of Golden Roses," 1612, in which is "A short and sweet sonnet made by one of the Maids of Honour upon the Death of Queen Elizabeth, which she sewed upon a Sampler, in Red Silke: To a new tune, or *Phillida Flouts Me.*" This does not mean that "Phillida Flouts Me" is the new tune, but that the song is to be sung to its own newly made air, or else to the old air of "Phillida."

In Izaak Walton's Angler, 1653, the Milkwoman asks, "What song was it, I pray? was it *Come, Shepherds, Deck your Heads*, or *As at Noon Dulcina Rested*, or *Phillida Flouts Me?*" The ballad is found in "Wit Restored," 1658; and is found also among the black-letter ballads in the Roxburgh Collection. Another set to the same air was "Oh! what a Plague it is to be a Lover." Words and music are in Watt's "Musical Miscellany," 1729, and the tune got into many of the ballad-operas, such as "The Quaker's Opera," 1728; "Love in a Riddle," 1729; "Damon and Phillida," 1734, &c. In "The Plotting Papist's Library," issued by Playford in 1680, is a ruder and therefore, in all probability, an earlier form of the air. It is reprinted in the new edition of Chappell.



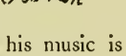
Spring and Winter (p. 22).—This is a folk-song widely known among the English peasantry. In the original it is usually called the "Four Seasons," and as such is given in Barrett's "Folk Songs," No. 22. The tune never varies greatly.

The first time I obtained it was thus. Mr. Bussell and I had heard that there was an old cripple living on Dartmoor, who was a singer. We visited him in his cottage, entered into conversation with him, and speedily got him to sing to us. We took down a good many of his songs and ballads and their tunes, and bade him farewell, with a promise to return another day. Accordingly about three weeks later we returned, and were accosted at the door by his wife, a hard, stern-looking woman. We asked if Richard were within. "Yes," she replied, "he is in bed." Might we see him? In return she asked whether we were the gentlemen who had been getting him to sing some weeks previously. We replied in the affirmative. "Then," said she, "you ought to have been ashamed to get an old man like that to sing worldly songs. At his age he shouldn't sing nought but psalms and hymns, and"—with a queer look—"I'll take care he don't sing no more such songs—so long as I manage him."

The old fellow died in the following year, and we were never again able to obtain access to him. Alas! poor old man, how his face lit up! and how his ancient spirit rose, as he sang to us during his wife's temporary absence! I verily believe, we afforded him the last gleam of happiness in his closing days.

The case of the old fellow was one in which the cruelty that may occur in the working of our English poor laws was made evident. He lived in a mean cottage of his own, and because his own, the Guardians were unable to allow him *anything*. If his wife went out charring, he was left in bed, so crippled that he was unable to turn himself; if she remained at home, they were absolutely penniless. He was urged to sell his house, and go into the Union. "No, let me starve and die under my own roof," he replied. And starve he would have, had it not been for the charity of neighbours. One can understand the clinging of this old sick man to his house, in which he had lived for many years, and his inability to endure the wrench of parting with it, and being turned out of it. It was surely barbarity to punish him, by denial of a pittance, for this very natural feeling. I have curtailed the song, which has a verse for the operations of each season of the year, and have added a conclusion.

Where are you Wandering (p. 27).—A favourite song from the opera of "Sweethearts and Wives," by James Kenny, the music by I. Nathan. The opera appeared in 1823. Nathan was accidentally killed in Sydney, January 15, 1864, where he was run over by a tramcar.

(Autograph)— 

Although Nathan was a Jew, yet the character of his music is essentially English, and redolent of the best English traditions.

Of Kenny, the author of the words, Mr. Planché has kind and pleasant recollection. In comparing him with Poole, he says: "They were equally witty; but in Poole's wit there was too frequently a mixture of gall, while Kenny's never left a taste of bitterness behind it. I appreciated Poole's talent, but I loved Kenny's. Dining in Poole's company on one occasion, a city knight who was present inquired, 'Who wrote "The School for Scandal?"' Poole, with the greatest *sang-froid*, and a glance of infinite contempt, replied, 'Miss Chambers, the banker's daughter.' * 'Ah! indeed,' said Sir J——; 'clever girl, very clever girl!' Almost immediately afterwards, Poole said, 'Pray, Sir J——, are you a knight bachelor or a knight errant?' 'Well now—I really can't say—I'll make a point of inquiring.' It was as good as a play to watch Poole's countenance, but I confess his audacity made me shiver.

"Kenny would have had too much respect for his friend he was dining with, to have shown up one of his guests so unmercifully. I do not remember his saying a severe thing of or to any one. Even in moments of irritation he would give a graceful turn to his reproof. One evening when I was playing whist with him at his own house, Mrs. Kenny burst suddenly into the room, followed by three or four ladies who had been dining with us, all in fits of laughter at some ludicrous incident that had occurred, and startled Kenny (a very nervous man) so greatly that he let drop some of his cards, and exclaimed, 'Is—*Heaven* broke loose.'"

* Miss Chambers wrote "The School for Friends," 1805.

Home, Sweet Home (p. 30).—The words by J. Howard Payne, and the imperishable air by Sir Henry Bishop. It appeared in the opera of "Clari; or, The Maid of Milan," brought out at Covent Garden, May 8, 1823. In the published music it is called a "Sicilian air," but no evidence is forthcoming that such an air has ever been known and sung in Sicily, nor was the collection of folk-melodies begun in Europe—at all events in the south—at this date. It is most probably a melody of Bishop's own, but Parke in his "Musical Memoirs" states that he took it from a German opera,—a doubtful statement, as, had that been the case, its origin would certainly have been discovered.

In Limbo (p. 32).—This song I first heard from an old charwoman in S. Devon, a very respectable-looking old thing, but I was informed in confidence that she swore "outrageous wuss nor a man." She sang to me also "The Abbot of Canterbury." I did not discover her song "In Limbo" till many years after, and then dropped on it quite unexpectedly, as "The Fantastick Prodigal," in "The Merry Musician," 1716.

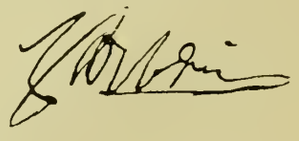
In "Hob; or, The Country Wake," also entiled "Flora; or, Hob in the Well," a ballad-opera by Colley Cibber, 1715, is a song set to the air of "In Limbo." But Cibber's play is merely a curtailment of Dogget's "Country Wake," 1696. The song clearly belongs to the latter end of the 17th century

The song consists, in "The Merry Musician," of eight stanzas. "Old Mary," when she sang it to me, began at the fourth, then sang the first, and added two stanzas not found in the printed edition. I have ventured to add a final verse.

The traditional tune as sung by the old charwoman was unquestionably the same as that found in "The Merry Musician" and in "Hob in the Well," but it had become somewhat modernised, in transmission through two centuries.

All of a Row (p. 34).—A reapers' song in the West of England, known to old agricultural labourers, but now alas, no more sung, since the reaping machines have abolished the scythe and sickle.

Farewell, my Trim-built Wherry (p. 36).—Both words and air by C. Dibdin. This song entered into his play of "The Waterman," which was performed at the Haymarket Theatre in 1774. The song was sung by Charles Bannister as the original Tom Tug, afterwards by Charles Incledon, Dignum, and Braham. "The Waterman," wrote Dibdin, "better known by the title of *My Poll and my Partner Joe*, which certainly cleared the publishers two hundred pounds, I was compelled to sell for two guineas."

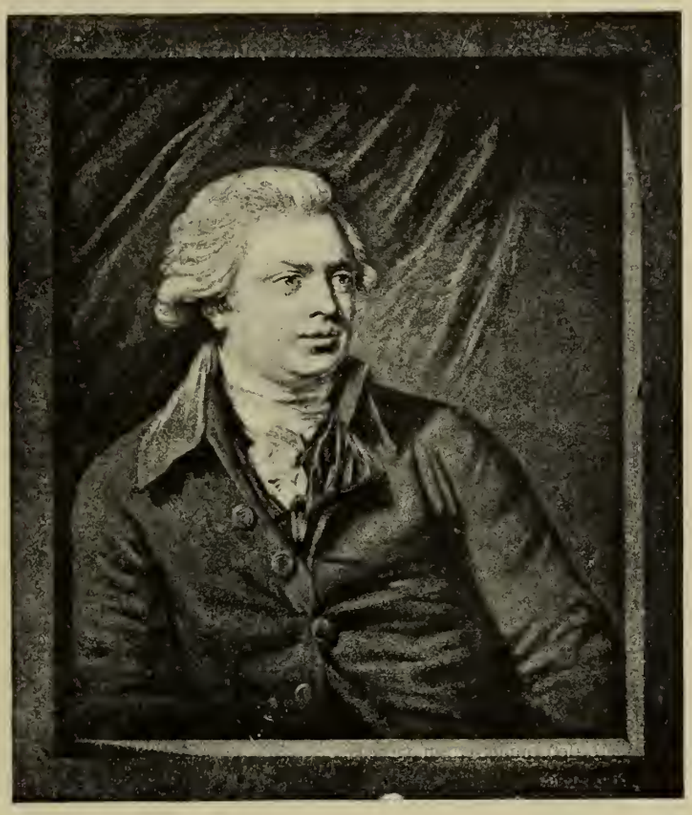
(Autograph)— 

My Friend and Pitcher (p. 38). — William Shield, who has contributed so many songs to English minstrelsy, was a native of Durham, born in 1748, and apprenticed to a boat-

builder at North Shields. We shall have more to say of him later. The song we here give has always held its own with the public, and must have become dear to the agricultural and artisan class, for it is found printed on broadsides for half a century.

This song is from "The Poor Soldier," 1783.

Hope the Hermit (p. 40).—The words by John Oxenford; the melody is the old dance tune, "Lady Frances Neville's Delight." It is one of the very few of Oxenford's set of verses that rises above mediocrity. He had the unhappy knack of killing



(*From a Picture by G. Opie.*)

good robust old airs by replacing the fine words to which they had been wedded for centuries with his own "wish-wash."

The late Mr. William Chappell, when he desired to popularise or give a new spell of life to the old English airs that had been familiar to our sires and granddames, brought out "Old English Ditties," a selection of the choicest melodies from his "Popular Music of Olden Time." Of these there were a hundred and twenty; and of these but forty-two were left with the old words unmeddled with. Mr. Oxenford graciously did not alter those by Shakespeare, but many others, fresh, wholly unobjectionable, and fragrant with poetry, he mauled and made flat and insipid.

Somewhat later Dr. Charles Mackay produced a series of old English ditties arranged by Sir Henry Bishop, to all of which he wrote fresh and utterly uninteresting words. Even such a charmingly characteristic song as "The Curly-Headed Cowboy" was not allowed to remain untouched. This series appeared in the *Illustrated London News*, and met with so little favour, that it was never republished in book form.

All Oxenford's songs have fallen dead except "Hope the Hermit," which he had written to "Lady Neville's Delight," a dance air that had no original words set to it.

Mr. J. L. Hatton was the next to take up the old English songs, and this he did in his delightful work, "The Songs of England," in two volumes, published by Messrs. Boosey. He pitched overboard all Oxenford's stuff.

Messrs. Walter Crane and Marzials, in "Pan Pipes"—a book delightfully illustrated with all the grace of Mr. Crane's pencil, and with the songs arranged with Mr. Marzial's accustomed delicacy—reproduced fifty-one of these dear old songs, and went back, as might have been expected, to the old words.

In the present collection new words have only been given where the original were lost or too objectionable for reproduction. Wherever possible, in the latter case, the words have only been modified.

The Woodpecker (p. 42).—The words by Tom Moore, the music by M. Kelly, who was born in 1764 and died in 1826. The date of the appearance of this song was about 1811. It rapidly spread through England, and was sung for thirty years after its first appearance.

One of the most amusing books of Memoirs we have is that of Michael Kelly. We shall frequently have occasion to quote from it.

The Death of Nelson (p. 45).—A very popular composition by Braham. John Braham was born in London, of Jewish parents, in 1774, and left an orphan at an early age, and in such humble circumstances that he is said to have sold pencils about the streets for a living. Yet this little wretched Jewish pedlar lived to see his daughter a countess, the wife of an English earl, of one of the oldest families in the peerage.

When very young, Braham—his real name was Abraham—became the pupil of Leoni, an Italian singer of celebrity, and he made his first appearance in public, at Covent Garden Theatre, April 21, 1787. In the bill it was announced—"At the end of Act 1, 'The Soldier's tired of War's Alarms,' by Master Braham, being his first appearance on any stage." In 1796, he was engaged by Storace for Drury Lane, and made his *début* in "Mahmoud," and in the following year was engaged for the Italian opera-house.

He composed several operas that have had no vitality, among which the best known are "The English Fleet," 1802; and "The Devil's Bridge," 1812. But it is by his song "The Death of Nelson" that he established a lasting popularity. It was written for his opera "The Americans." Braham died in 1856.

Mrs. Byrne, in her "Gossip of the Century" (1892), says that she was taken from her bed, by her father, to hear Braham sing at a "farewell" at Brighton. She says: "Braham was radiant; thrice he returned to the footlights, and thrice he responded to the shouts of frantic delight. The great singer knew his public, and that he would not be let off without one of his popular songs; the orchestra struck up 'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay,' and even before he had opened his lips the very symphony was applauded to the echo. This spirited and also pathetic song touched the hearts of the audience, and their shouts for a second encore were so persistent that it was in vain the singer tried to pacify them with bows and smiles; no—it was a marine audience, and a sea song they were determined to have; a demand, at once supplicatory and imperative, was made for 'The Bay of Biscay,' and, whatever Braham's intention may have been, there was nothing for it but compliance. He sang 'The Bay of Biscay;' the sudden lull was positively startling—it was a calm in which, after the discordant cries, his melodious voice seemed additionally sweet; but no sooner had the last mellifluous note died away than a simultaneous and intensified shout burst forth, the shrill cries of women and hurrahs of men combining to support the bravos and clappings of ladies as well as gentlemen. Braham's sea-songs, even when not at the sea-side, were always captivating to the million, and he so well knew their effect on the masses that he was too often willing to sacrifice musical taste in order to respond to the demands of a public who worshipped him. It must be allowed, however, that to these songs, which, when others have attempted them, have never risen above vulgarity, Braham knew how to impart an heroic grandeur."

"The Death of Nelson" was sung by Braham in 1810, at the Lyceum, when the two great patent theatres, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, had been burnt, and were not rebuilt. Mathews the comedian was questioned one day by Lady Hamilton relative to the merits of the opera then performing, at the same time stating her intention of accompanying some friends of hers to the theatre that evening. He considerately advised her not to go, as the subject of the opera was likely to touch her feelings, and distress her.

Probably Lady Hamilton forgot this warning, for it so fell out that in the evening Mathews perceived the lady in a private box, the entrance to which was from behind the scenes, with her little adopted Horatia at her side. Mathews was sure there would ensue a scene, so he called to him Spring,* the box-keeper, and thus addressed him, first taking out his watch, and looking at it: "Spring, I give you notice that at twenty minutes past nine o'clock" (the usual period when "The Death of Nelson" occurred), "a large lady, now sitting in the stage box opposite, *will be taken very ill*, and require assistance. On no account be out of the way, and have ready a glass of water and a bottle of smelling salts, for she will have a fit at that very time."

Spring looked into Mathew's face with a faint smile upon his lips, not knowing whether he were being hoaxed, but as he thought best to obey, he did as was required, and kept his eye on the box indicated. Precisely at twenty minutes past nine, Braham began his song, and before the second verse was finished, sobs and screams were heard ringing through the theatre. Spring rushed into the green-room pale as a sheet, and running to the slab whereon stood the salts and the water tumbler, seized them and ran to the fatal box, exclaiming as he passed Mathews behind the scenes, "Well, now, sir! you *are* a conjuror! The lady is actually in convulsions—and to the minute when you said it would be so."

Tol-lol-de-rol (p. 50).—A play-house musical dialogue; it has much the character of one of Dr. Arnold's, but I have not found it among his operas that I have been able to consult in the British Museum. It is found in "The Nightingale," ***n.d.***, but about 1831.

The Dumb Wife (p. 54).—An ever favourite ballad, sung in the 17th century, and sung at the present day by our peasantry, always to the same air.

The words appear in blackletter on broadside, about 1678, and are reprinted in the "Roxburgh Ballads" (Ballad Society ed.), iv. p. 357.

The air is more ancient still, it is that of "Paul's Steeple," or "I am the Duke of Norfolk."

In Fletcher's comedy of "Monsieur Thomas," 1639, a fiddler being questioned as to what ballads he was able to perform, gave "The Duke of Norfolk" as one with which he was thoroughly familiar. The tune is found in "Pills to Purge Melancholy," in the editions of 1698, 1707, and 1719; to a song called "Bacchus' Health;" but also to "The Dumb Wife."

Mr. Farmer in his "Gaudiamus" gives it as taken down by him from a beggar woman. We have heard it sung several times by agricultural labourers.

When a Trembling Lover Dies (p. 57).—Another of Nathan's delightful melodies. This song is in his opera of "Alcaid," produced in 1824. Nathan appeared on the stage at Covent Garden as Henry Bertram in "Guy Mannering," 1816, an opera composed by Bishop assisted by Whittaker. Nathan's taste and style were of the purest English character, and though he did not compose much, some of his songs will never die.

Nathan composed the airs to Lord Byron's "Hebrew Melodies." "Sun-burnt Nathan," wrote the noble author to Tom Moore, "why do you always twit me with his vile Ebrew Nasalities."

Of Hebrew melodies, Nathan was particularly partial to "Jeptha's Daughter," which he sang, and sang well.

* Spring was a rather pushing fellow; once in March when the Duke of Clarence came to the theatre, the box-keeper, rubbing his hands, addressed him with: "Forward Spring, sir! forward Spring!"

"Very forward indeed," answered his Royal Highness. The sobriquet attached to the box-keeper ever after.

It happened that Ducrow, delighted at the success of his burlesque "St. George and the Dragon" (1833–4), which had run for fifty nights at Astley's, gave a supper on the stage, to which all performers, and those who had contributed music, and such patrons as honoured his equestrian exhibitions, were invited.

After supper, Ducrow from the head of the table called out, "Come, Mr. Nathan, tip us 'Jaffier's Daughter.'" The composer readily obeyed the call, and sat down to an upright pianoforte, on the top of which was perched a favourite parrot belonging to Ducrow. The moment after Nathan had played the prelude and had sung the first line—

"Since our country, our God, oh! my sire—"

the bird put its head on one side, and squeaked out "D—— stuff! D—— stuff! Polly Ducrow."

This produced an explosion of laughter that somewhat discon-

certed the poor Hebrew, who scowled at the parrot, and then, when the laughter was lulled, went on—

"And the voice of my mourning is o'er—"

whereupon the parrot again interrupted with a loud "Gammon! Gammon! Polly Ducrow."

There was an end to "The Song of Salem" for that evening.

The Bonny Grey-Eyed Morn (p. 60).—The original words to this song were by D'Urfey, and begin thus:—

"The Bonny Grey-eyed Morn began to peep,
When Jockey rowsed with love came blithely on;
And I, who wishing lay deprived of sleep
Abhorred the lazy hours that slow did run:
But muckle were my joys when in my view,
I from my window spy'd my only dear;
I took the wings of love and to him flew,
For I had fancy'd all my heaven was there."

Then, as usual, Tom D'Urfey makes a foul use of a charming air, and the additional verse cannot be quoted. These two verses were later extended to more, all of the same quality.

The song was written for D'Urfey's play of "The Fond Husband; or, The Plotting Sisters," which was produced at Drury Lane in 1676. Jeremiah Clarke wrote the music. The air is worthy of Purcell or any other first-class composer; indeed, too good for the words. Allan Ramsay appropriated the song for his "Tea Table Miscellany," 1724, and wrote fresh words, retaining of the original only the initial line. D'Urfey had already republished his song with Clarke's music, in his "Pills to Purge Melancholy," vol. iii. p. 234, of the edit. 1719. The tune was introduced by Gay into the "Beggar's Opera" for the song "'Tis Woman that Seduces all Mankind." I have retained the first stanza of Ramsay's words, somewhat lightening the second, which is cumbrous, and wanting in flow and grace.

The story of Jeremiah Collier is a sad one.

He was educated in the Royal Chapel, under Dr. Blow, who entertained so great an affection for him that he resigned in his favour the situation of master of the choristers and almoner of St. Paul's. Clarke was appointed his successor in 1693, and shortly after he became organist of that cathedral. Clarke had the misfortune to entertain a hopeless passion for a beautiful lady, far above him in station. He fell into a fit of despondency, and resolved on destroying himself. "Being at the house of a friend in the country, he took an abrupt resolution to return to London: his friend, having observed in his behaviour marks of great dejection, furnished him with a horse and servant. Riding along the road, a fit of melancholy seized him, upon which he alighted, and giving the servant his horse to hold, went into a field, in a corner of which was a pond, and also trees, and began to debate with himself whether he should then end his days by hanging or drowning. Not being able to resolve on either, he thought of making, what he looked upon as chance, his umpire, and drew out of his pocket a piece of money, and tossing it into the air, it came down on its edge, and stuck in the clay; though the determination answered not his wish, it was far from ambiguous, as it seemed to forbid both methods of destruction. Being thus interrupted in his purpose, he returned, and mounting his horse, rode on to London; and a short time after this he shot himself." *

* "Dictionary of Musicians," 1827.

You Gentlemen of England (p. 62).—This ballad is an alteration of one by Martin Parker, our prince of ballad composers. It was printed in blackletter for C. Wright (1613–1633), and entitled "Say Less for my Money," and was to be sung to the air of "The Jovial Cobbler." Instead of beginning "You gentlemen of England," it begins "Countriemen of England." A blackletter copy of the later version is in the Bagford collection, and has been printed by Mr. Ebsworth; this was issued by W. Onley in the reign of Charles II.

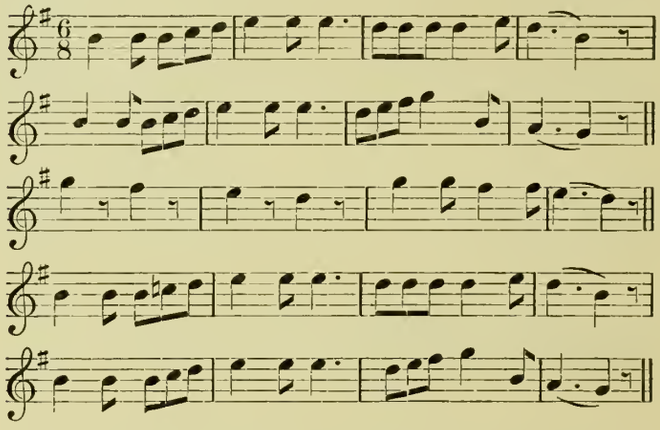
Ritson prints from a copy entitled "Neptune's Raging Fury; or, The Gallant Seamen's Sufferings." In this there are fourteen stanzas. Ritson prints the traditional air. In "180 Loyal Songs," 1686 and 1694, is a bad version of the tune printed to a parody, "Ye Calvinists of England." Dr. Calcott converted this fine old song into a glee.

A Right Little, Tight Little Island (p. 64).—A song by Thomas Dibdin, son of the more famous Charles Dibdin. "He was a 'hard-working, patient, dramatic hack, who, without genius, knew thoroughly what the French call 'the science of the boards.' No better specimen could be given of the painstaking drudge, who could be depended on to supply what was wanted, in the best style, and at the shortest notice. There is something almost pathetic in the incredible labour of this writer, who was a country actor, stage-manager at Drury Lane and the Haymarket, manager of theatres himself, translator, adapter, constructor of pantomimes, tragedies, burlettas, anything that was needed, yet all ending in ruin and bankruptcy. When he began life, earning a wretched crust in the country theatres, burdened with a family, he went through many hardships, even to 'sharing,' as it was called, the candle ends, which was all that could be shared at the end of a performance. But he was ever cheerful and hopeful, and it is pleasant to read how the first break came which led him on to London and to prosperity. A successful farce attracted the notice of his managers. He hurried to London. Not only were his pieces taken, but he and his wife were engaged as performers. From that time he continued to supply pieces in the most extraordinary profusion, all for the most part fairly successful, to the number of two hundred! He wrote for every theatre and supplied every form of entertainment. . . . The story of this hard-working man is worthy of study, though not encouraging. It may be said that there is no profession which offers more examples of that patient, persevering labour, which leads eventually to the highest success. But what came so suddenly fell away almost as fast. After years of drudgery came embarrassment, harsh treatment by managers, haughty claims and dismissal, attempts at management, bankruptcy, and finally ruin." *

Thomas Dibdin was the son of Charles Dibdin by Mrs. Davenet, a chorus singer at Covent Garden Theatre. She was the daughter of a person of the name of Pott; and Dibdin's children by her were, in early life, called by that name. Their subsequent assumption of their father's name gave him great offence. In perusing Thomas Dibdin's "Memoirs of his Own Life" (1827), every one must be struck with the cold manner in which he speaks of his father, who had basely deserted the poor woman who was the mother of Thomas, and had formed a connection with another, a Miss Wyld, having all the while a lawful wife, living in extreme poverty and desertion. Thomas Dibdin may be said to have left nothing behind him deserving to live, nothing that rises above mediocrity, except the one song we here give.

In his Memoirs, Thomas Dibdin tells the occasion of his writing this song. It was in 1797, when there was a threat of invasion of England by Napoleon, and troops and transports were being collected at Boulogne. Dibdin wrote a burletta in ridicule of this attempt, and called it "The British Raft," for which he was paid, by the proprietor and manager of Sadler's Wells, the sum of five guineas. "One song in it, 'The Snug Little Island,' was so successful that I sold it to Longman & Co., of Cheapside, for fifteen guineas, three times the price of the whole burletta. Mr. Longman afterwards told me the house cleared nine hundred pounds by this song. On Easter Monday Mr. Davis first sang this song at Sadler's Wells. The same day was opened the theatre at Maidstone. The Maidstone Volunteers, and their commandant, Lord Romney, patronised the night's performance. Political feeling ran very high, and a fierce dispute, almost amounting to a tumult, occurred in the course of the evening, respecting an encore of 'God save the King.' Lord Romney harangued the house; replies were made; when, in a low-comedy frock, I was pushed on the stage by Mrs. Baker, and with much humility, between curses and joke, begged the audience, before they proceeded with their debate, to hear my simple song, which I instantly began, without waiting permission, and 'The Snug Little Island' never was more triumphant over any division of opinion among its inhabitants. The audience had it again and again, and the rest of the night passed smoothly; its reception in London was equally enthusiastic."

The air to which Dibdin set the "Right Tight Little Island," was "The Rogue's March," a graceful and pastoral melody. Why it should be that selected for being played at the expulsion of reprobates and deserters from their regiments is hard to say. Another song set to the air is "Abraham Newland," written by Charles Dibdin, jun., on the cashier of the Bank of England, whose name was formerly attached to bank-notes. Mr. Chappell suspects that the old song in Congreve's "Way of the World," beginning "Prithee fill a glass," was written to this tune, which would throw back its date to the time of James II. For Dibdin's song the air of "The Rogue's March" has been somewhat developed. In its original form it stands thus—



Shortly before the Reform Bill, the Pocket Borough of Fowey in Cornwall was sold by the Rashleighs to a Portuguese Jew, who, when he brought his two nominees into the town for election, was met by the Fowey band, which preceded the carriage playing "The Rogue's March." The old Jew was profoundly ignorant what tune was being performed in his honour.

The Leather Bottle (p. 67).—This song is found in "Wit and Drollery," 1682; in "The New Academy of Compliments," 1694 and 1713; in "Pills to Purge Melancholy," ed. 1719. In the "Westminster Drollery," Pt. II., 1672, and in the earlier 1707 edition of "Pills to Purge Melancholy" are two versions of the ballad in praise of the Black Jack.

The song appears also in blackletter broadside, printed by Thackeray (1660–1680).

Heywood describes leather bottles, in his "Philocothonista,"

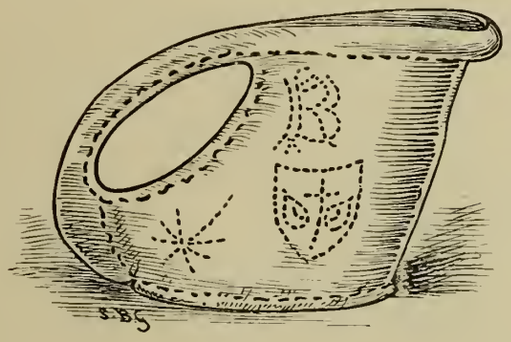
* P. Fitzgerald: "History of the English Stage," 1882, ii. p. 395.

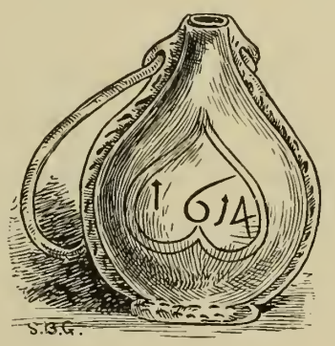
1635. "Bottles we have of leather, but they most used amongst the shepherds and harvest people of the country; small jacks we have in many ale-houses of the citie and suburbs, tipt with silver; besides the great black-jack and bombards at the court, which, when the Frenchmen first saw, they reported at their returne into their countrey, that the Englishmen used to drink out of their boots."

The following song in honour of "The Black Jack" is from a MS. Diary of William Whiteway, 1618-1634, in the British Museum, under date 1620. This William Whiteway was son of William Whiteway of Denbury and Thomasine Gould, a member of my family.

"The Black Jack, the Merry Black Jack,
As it is, toss it high, a!
Grows, flows,—till at last it falls to blows,
And make their noddles cry, a!

The Brown Bowl, the Merry Brown Bowl,
As it goes round about, a!
Fill, swill, let the world say what it will,
And drink the drink all out, a!





BLACK JACK AND LEATHER BOTTLE.

The Deep Can, the Merry Deep Can,
As we do freely quaff, a!
Fling, sing, be as merry as a King,
And sound the lusty laugh, a!"

I give a drawing of a Leather Bottell in my own possession, that has the date 1614. The Abbot of Glastonbury's leather jack, a good deal more ancient, has been copied in terra cotta by the Glastonbury Pottery Company.

Two Daughters of an Aged Stream are We (p. 70).—This marvellous duet is in Purcell's "King Arthur," the words by Dryden (1691).

Arthur as he is passing over a bridge is tempted by two syrens. They rise out of the water, and one says—

1st Syren: "O pass not on but stay,
And waste the joyous day
With us in gentle play;
Unbend to love, unbend thee!
O lay thy sword aside,
And other arms provide;
For other wars attend thee,
And sweeter to be tried."

Then both unite in the duet, "Two Daughters of an Aged Stream are we."

After a soliloquy of Arthur's, dryads and sylvan spirits issue from behind trees and dance around the hero waving green boughs, and attempting to lure him by their fascinations.

Song: "How happy the lover,
How easy his chain,
How pleasing his pain!
How sweet to discover
He sighs not in vain!
For Love every creature
Is formed by his nature;
No joys are above
The pleasures of love."

Of the duet in this scene, Mr. Hogarth writes in his "Memoirs of the Musical Drama," 1838, vol. i.: "The duet 'Two daughters of an Aged Stream are we,' is one of the very happiest effects of Purcell's genius. In imagining it, he at once leaped over the space of a century and a half, and anticipated all the grace, refinement, and expression which a long line of his successors, down to the present day, have been able to bestow upon melody. This song of the syrens is indeed enchanting, and realises any idea that can be formed of such bewitching accents as might shake the constancy of a hero.

"Not only, too, is it fascinating to every one who is capable of being moved by sweet sounds, but it is full of exquisite beauties as a work of art. How beautifully chosen are the gliding intervals in which the invitation, 'Come, come' is breathed out, and reiterated so gently! and how persuasive the diminished fifth, into which the highest voice urges the remonstrance, 'What dangers from a naked foe!' If we look into the combination of the two parts, we find ingenious contrivances, which, though charming to the ear, give no idea whatever of art or labour. The passage 'We'll beat the waters till they bound' appears to the listener highly descriptive; but it is, moreover, a canon in the unison very curiously interwoven, till it breaks into a free imitation between the parts, and the fine undulating strain which continues to the end. This charming duet wants nothing but the rich orchestral colouring of Mozart, which Purcell would assuredly have given to it, had he possessed the means which the progress of instrumental music placed in the hands of the modern composer."

The drama concludes with a masque represented by Pan, Nereids, Venus, Æolus, and other mythological personages, and consisting of songs and dances, for the purpose of exhibiting to Arthur the future prosperity and greatness of Britain.

"King Arthur" was adapted under the name of "Arthur and Emmeline," and was reproduced at Drury Lane in 1784. The two principal characters were supported by Kemble and Miss Farren. Kemble had nothing of a voice, and no knowledge of music. Once when rehearsing at Drury Lane, the leader of the orchestra, Shaw, cried out, "Mr. Kemble, my dear Mr. Kemble, you are murdering time." Kemble, coolly taking a pinch of snuff,

retorted, "My dear sir, it is better for me to murder him outright, than to be continually beating him, as you do."

Miss Farren, beautiful, accomplished, and of unblemished reputation, left the stage to become Countess of Derby (May 1, 1797).

"King Arthur" was again revived by Macready in 1841, and in connection with the revival a remarkable story is told by Mr. Anderson in his "Memoirs," which ought to have been told in my notes to "Come if You Dare," from the same piece, but I had not then read these Memoirs.

During the rehearsal Tom Cooke, the musical director, was in despair of being able to find any one who could do justice to the superb song. Anderson had noticed that there was a young chorus singer named Sims Reeves, who had a fine voice, and he suggested that he should be tried, but Cooke laughed at the idea. Macready then interfered, and said that at least the young fellow might be given a chance, and desired Cooke to try Reeves alone. "In less than twenty minutes, Cooke returned in raptures of delight. Rushing up to me, he embraced me again and again, swearing in his odd way, that we must change places—I must conduct the orchestra, and he take my place on the stage. The result was delightful; Mr. Reeves made a great hit, and was nightly encored in his magnificent solos. Shortly after this he went to Italy."

The British Grenadiers (p. 74).—Mr. Chappell says of this famous air: "The correct date of this fine old melody appears altogether uncertain, as it is found in different forms, at different periods," but he shows that it is intimately related to other old airs, such as "Sir Edward Noel's Delight," and "All You that Love Good Fellows," so that all three probably derive from some earlier original. "The commencement of the air is rather like 'Prince Rupert's March,' and the end resembles 'Old King Cole,' with the difference of being major instead of minor. Next to the National Anthem, there is not any tune of a more spirit-stirring character, nor is any more truly characteristic of English national music."

The words are not older than 1678, when the "Grenadier Company" was first formed, nor later than the reign of Queen Anne, when grenadiers ceased to carry hand-grenades.

Black-Eyed Susan (p. 76).—The ballad was written by Gay on Susanna Mountfort, daughter of the unfortunate actor so basely murdered by Lord Mohun and his minions, in 1692. Mrs. Mountfort afterwards married Vanbruggen.

Miss Dubellamy is the authority for the following story:—

"Lord Berkeley, who had greatly admired Miss Mountfort, left her £300 a year on his decease, on condition that she never married. He likewise purchased Cowley for her. She fell in love with the great actor Booth, but the desire of retaining her annuity prevented her from marrying him; and he became attached to and married the dancer, Miss Santlow. When Susanna Mountfort heard of this she became deranged, and was obliged to be kept under restraint at Cowley. As during the most violent paroxysms of her disorder she was not outrageous, and now and then a ray of reason beamed through the cloud that overshadowed her intellect, she was not placed under rigorous confinement, but suffered to go about the house all day. During a lucid interval, she asked her attendant what play was to be performed that evening, and was told that it was 'Hamlet.'

"In this play, while she had been on the stage, she had always met with great applause in the character of Ophelia. The recollection struck her, and, with that cunning which is usually allied to insanity, she found means to elude the care of her servants, and got to the theatre, where, concealing herself till the scene in which Ophelia was to make her appearance in her insane state, she pushed on the stage before her rival, who played the character that night, and exhibited a far more perfect representation of madness than the utmost exertions of mimic art could do. She was, in truth, Ophelia herself, to the amazement of the performers as well as of the audience. Nature having made this last effort, her vital powers failed her. On her going off, she prophetically exclaimed, 'It is all over!' and, indeed, that was soon the case, for as she was conveying home (to make use of the concluding lines of another sweet ballad of Gay's, wherein her fate is so truly described), 'She, like a lily drooping, then bowed her head and died.'"

The song was written by Carey on Susanna Mountfort, but the singer who first sang it and made it her own was one who is now known only by the name of Clara, who for many years was the object of Lord Bolingbroke's assiduous attention and enthusiastic affection. The poor girl strayed for some time, during which he was unable to trace her. It was after this, that, having learned where she was, he addressed to her the tender lines beginning—

> "Dear thoughtless Clara, to my verse attend,
> Believe, for once, the lover and the friend."

And concluding thus—

> "To virtue thus, and to thyself restored,
> By all admired, by one alone adored;
> Be to thy faithful Harry kind and true,
> And live for him, who more than died for you."

Yet when Clara's voice failed, and her beauty faded, he seems no more to have concerned himself about her, for she maintained herself by the sale of oranges at the Court of Requests.

This song was one of Incledon's favourites, and one in which he was always certain of an encore.

The tune of Leveridge's is very like another which he composed to the words, "Send Back my Long Strayed Eyes," and, as Mr. Chappell says, "in both he seems to have drawn more on memory than imagination. One of the snatches sung by Ophelia in 'Hamlet,' and several other old songs begin in the same manner."

The original ballad by Gay was printed in the collected edition of his Poems, and is given with Leveridge's air in Watt's "Musical Miscellany," iv. 148, and occurs in half-sheet copper-plate engraved music of the date of *circ.* 1730; but the tune was known before that, as it was introduced into "The Village Opera," 1729; as well as into "Robin Hood," 1730; "The Chambermaid," 1730; and "The Grub-street Opera," 1731.

A good story of Incledon and this song is told by E. Fitzball in his "Memoirs."

"I recollect going to the Angel Inn (Bury St. Edmund's), with Charles Incledon after one of our grand gala nights, when Incledon had been singing at the theatre, with a few congenial spirits. As usual, Charles was very much inebriated, as were not a few of the others. In the course of their orgies, a young officer of a yeomanry cavalry regiment, Captain C., was giving a glowing description of a sham fight, in which he commanded, when Incledon made some cutting remarks about feather-bed soldiers. This was readily construed into a personal insult, by the really gallant young officer, and he and the popular singer would have come to something, anything but harmonious, but for the interference of Bob the waiter, who persuaded the belligerents to subdue their wrath and settle with sword or pistols, the ensuing morning. Bob, in his experience, no doubt fully believed that by the following morning sleep would have buried all in forgetfulness. But not so; the next morning the young cavalry officer was stirring with the lark, and although he resided at Barton, several miles off, he returned to the Angel by times, to demand satisfaction for the affront he had received.

"Incledon, who had quite forgotten all about the feather-bed insult, was fast asleep in his feather-bed, unmindful as if the affair had never occurred. Not so the captain, neither could all the oratory

of Bob, the waiter, produce the slightest diminution of his determined resolution to terminate the affront with blood.

"At length, Bob consented to introduce the enraged man of war to Incledon's bedside, which being done, finding Incledon asleep, he summoned him with martial voice, to be up, and buckle on his armour. Incledon, who had been dreaming about singing 'The Storm,' rubbed his eyes, and began to pipe—

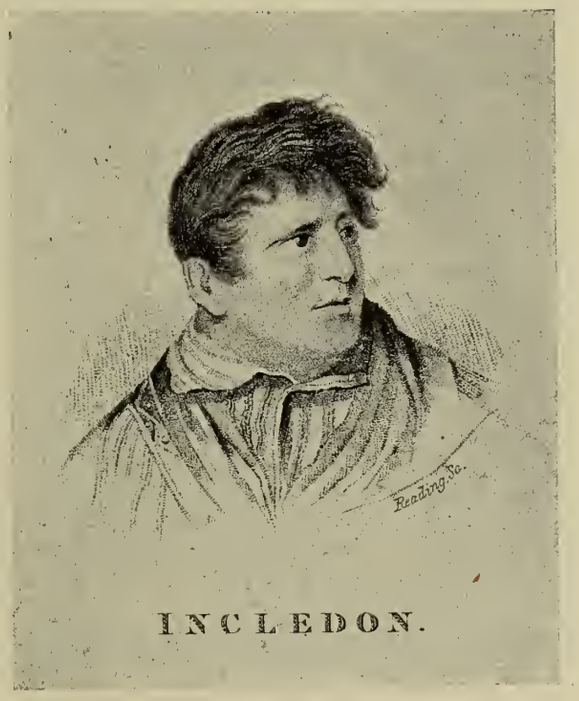
"Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer!"

when he beheld C. in a menacing attitude, pointing to the open door.

"'Who are you? and what the devil do you want here?' cried the amazed vocalist.

"'I want satisfaction for the affront offered me here, at the Angel, last night.'

"'Satisfaction,' reiterated Incledon, scratching his head, and striving to recollect himself, in some bewilderment.



"'Satisfaction! by G—— I'll have it!' cried the wrathful captain.

"'So you shall,' answered Incledon, sitting up, and beginning to sing the popular song of 'Black-Eyed Susan,' which he executed with so much melody, grace, and feeling, that although the room became crowded, there wasn't a dry eye in it, not even the captain's. When he had ended, 'There,' he said blandly, 'my fine fellow, that has satisfied thousands, let it satisfy you,' and putting forth his hand, it was generously taken as offered, and the affair ended."

Come Where the Aspens Quiver (p. 78).—By Alexander Lee, of whom some account will be given under the head of "Buy a Broom." It was published in 1830.

Lashed to the Helm (p. 81).—James Hook is said to have set over two thousand songs to music; among these a large number were imitation Scottish songs. They were composed for Vauxhall. Hook produced a "Monthly Banquet of Apollo," in 1795-6, and a number of Ballad Operas. Amongst all this profusion it is not easy to find a single pure melody that is a real creation of genius. The song we now give is an echo of the robust sea-songs of his age, but nothing more than an echo.

At the opening of the Strand Theatre as an "English Opera House," an Ode was performed, which was composed by James Hook. Some one asked Giardini, who was present, what he thought of it. "Very good," answered the Italian. "But," exclaimed the other, who knew the low opinion formed of Hook by Giardini, "it is not all his own."

"Exactly, and for that very reason is very good."

True, doubtless; but the arch-pilferer, Giardini, was not the man to have said it.

Fairest Isle (p. 84).—We have already given the lovely duet of the syrens from Purcell's "King Arthur," and now we give from the same opera the song of Venus.

Sir Thomas, I Cannot (p. 88).—A very early English melody, which is found in Sir John Hawkins' Transcripts of Virginal Music of the Stuart, possibly Tudor, period. It was a popular air, for it is found in many of the ballad operas, beginning with the "Beggar's Opera," in which Polly Peachum sings her song, "I like a Ship in Storms was Tossed," to this air. It is found in the fourth and later edition of "The Dancing Master." It is sometimes entitled "Tom Trusty." Kane O'Hara set a duet in "Midas" to this air. In the Pepys' Collection is a blackletter ballad on the "Gun Powder Plot," 1605, set to this air. In "Grammatical Drollery," 1682, is a song "Come, Sweet Molly, let us be Jolly," to the tune of "Thomas, I Cannot." This ballad is still sung in country places, but I have heard it to a different air, which shall be given in this collection.

The original words of the song that gives its name to the tune are hardly desirable. I have therefore rewritten the lines set to it, preserving the words that give its title to the melody. Although Mr. Chappell did not find the words, they have been recovered from

a MS. of earlier date than 1656, by Mr. Ebsworth. Chappell gives to the tune the first verse of the song, "Thy Scandalous Neighbours of Portugal Street," the rest of which may be found in "Notes and Queries," 6th Series, May 1880.

I Remember, I Remember (p. 90).—The words by Mr. Mackworth Praed, and the very pleasant melody by Mrs. Edward Fitzgerald. The song was composed in April 1832, and was first published with the music. It was reprinted in the *Morning Post*, and is included in the collected edition of "Praed's Poems," edited by Sir George Young, Bart., 1866.

Mrs. E. Fitzgerald was the wife of a shady and disreputable personage of considerable talents, Edward Purcell, who on the death of her father assumed the name and arms of Fitzgerald. She wrote the music to four of Praed's songs—"I Remember," "The Runaway," "Long Ago," and "Last Words."

Thou art Gone from my Gaze (p. 94).—Composed by Thomas Linley, a music master of Bath, born at Wells in 1725, brought into notice through his son-in-law, Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Kelly in his "Reminiscences" says—"The Linley family were all most highly gifted—nature and art combined did everything for them. I remember once, having the satisfaction of singing a duet with Mrs. Sheridan, William Linley's sister, at the house in Bruton Street; her voice, taste, and judgment united to make her the *rara avis* of her day.

"The last time I beheld her heavenly countenance was at Bristol Hot Wells, where she went for the benefit of her health. She was, indeed, what John Wilkes said of her, the most beautiful flower that ever grew in nature's garden; she breathed her last in the year 1792, in the thirty-eighth year of her age, and was buried by the side of her sister, Mrs. Tickle, in the cathedral church of Wells.

"Her mother, a kind, friendly woman, and in her youth reckoned beautiful, was a native of Wells. Miss Maria Linley, her sister, a delightful singer, died of a brain fever, in her grandfather's house at Bath. After one of the severest paroxysms of the dreadful complaint, she suddenly rose up in her bed, and began the song of 'I know that my Redeemer Liveth,' in as full and clear a tone as when in perfect health.

"I never beheld more poignant grief than Mr. Sheridan felt for the loss of his beloved wife; and although the world, which knew him only as a public man, will scarcely credit the fact, I have seen him, night after night, sit and cry like a child while I sang to him, at his desire, a pathetic little song of my composition, 'They bore her to her grassy grave.'"

Lord Mount Edgecumbe, in his "Musical Reminiscences," says of Mrs. Sheridan—"To an angelic face (of the peculiar expression of which those who never saw her may form some idea from Sir Joshua Reynold's beautiful portrait of her as St. Cecilia), she added an angelic voice, of so sweet and delightful a tone and quality that it went at once to the heart; and combined with her touching expression, produced an effect almost heavenly, and moved every hearer. I heard her more than once when I was very young, and the recollection has never been effaced."

Mrs. Sheridan when Miss Linley went by the title of "The Maid of Bath;" she had at the same time two suitors, Sheridan and Captain Mathews, both of whom were so desperately in love with her that they agreed to terminate the difference by the sword. They met for this purpose, and fought till they were so exhausted that they both fell, and while lying on the ground continued to make thrusts at each other, until they were separated. The lady gave the preference to Sheridan, and married him in 1773. Sheridan had resolved not to allow her to appear in public when she became his wife, and he refused an offer of £1000, for an engagement for her to sing at the Pantheon for twelve nights. He would not even permit her attendance at the music parties of Queen Charlotte.

The touching song, "Thou art Gone from my Gaze like a Beautiful Dream," seems to have been the outpouring of the father's heart in anguish at the loss of his beloved daughter.

Oxen Ploughing (p. 97).—I reprint this delightful song from the last edition of my "Songs of the West."

For several years I had come upon snatches of it, old men remembered portions,—the chorus almost always, and a fragment of the song itself here and there, none perfect. At last I received information that there was an old fellow near Liskeard in Cornwall who sang it. Mr. Sheppard and I went thither, arrived at his door to hear that he had been speechless for three days, and his death was hourly expected.

One day I was engaged in excavating a prehistoric village on the Bodmin moors near Trewortha Marsh, when a workman told me that there was in the parish of Northill an old man, a bit of a white-witch, who could sing.

I made three excursions after him, driving a distance of eighteen miles, and the same distance back. On two occasions he was not to be found, on the third I caught him cutting fern on a bank. A fine old man with snowy hair and beard, dark eyes, and a nose like the beak of a hawk. I at once asked him if he knew the song of the "Oxen Ploughing." He struck up at once. I sat on a heap of fern he had cut as bedding for cattle, and sang with him, till I had learned the song by heart, then I drove home the eighteen miles, singing it the whole way so as to make sure of the tune.

The following year I was in the Vale of Lanherne in Cornwall, where the old innkeeper, over ninety, was once a great singer. I asked him about this song. He told me there was a bell-ringer in the place, who sang it every year at the ringers' supper, and it was his "one song." I sent for this man. Mr. Bussell was with me, and we got it down from him, words and music.

It was now easy out of these two complete copies, differing somewhat from one another, and the eight or nine fragments, to arrive at the original form of the song. The other day I received a letter from the rector's wife at Lanreath, Cornwall, to this effect. "Having seen in the *Cornish Times*, published weekly at Liskeard, that you are interested in the song of the Ploughboy, I thought I would write and tell you that we have an old man here who sings it to us every Christmas at our choir party. He has not much voice, but a great deal of expression. If you would like to come and hear old Giles sing the song, we shall be very pleased to see you and give you hospitality."

The use of oxen ploughing is almost wholly gone out in England, which is one reason for the disappearance of the song; but in Sussex on the chalk downs they are still in employ. They are called "Sussex runts;" fine large black oxen with wide spreading horns. Eight oxen are usually yoked to a double-furrow plough: a man steers the plough, while a boy drives with a goad. In spite of the competition of horses and steam, hundreds of oxen are still worked on the Downs in the neighbourhood of Brighton and Lewes.

On the Cotswold Hills moreover, oxen are still in employ, and one may see the driver lying under the "bank of sweet violets" eating his bread and cheese or bacon, whilst the patient oxen stand resting in the furrow, chewing the cud.

The character of the song is delightful. It is full of freshness and life. And there is in the last verse that spirit of self-confidence and self-consequence, so marked a feature in the English ploughman. The "Ploughboy" songs of the country form a class of their own; they are all delightful, breathe a contented spirit, joyous as that of the lark.

Lobe's Ritornella (p. 100).—A song by J. B. Planché, to which the music, or rather setting, was by T. Cooke. It occurred in the musical drama of "The Brigand," which was produced at Drury Lane in 1829. The great melodramatic favourite, James Wallack, performed in it the part of the hero; and increased his popularity so vastly by it, that the public became impatient if he took any tragic or comic part in another play. This unlooked-for consequence so nettled him, that he frequently exclaimed to Planché when he met him, in a savage tone, "D—n your Brigand, sir! It has been the ruin of me."

Planché writes of the play: "Perhaps one of the most unexpected hits in the piece was the extraordinary success of the song 'Gentle Zitella,' which I wrote for Wallack to sing, who was no singer. Assisted by the situation, he got through it very creditably, and it told well with the audience; but the extraordinary part of the business was the enormous popularity of the song out of the theatre. The late Mr. Chappell of New Bond Street agreed to give £500 more for it (than it was originally sold for to Mr. Latour) on the strength of the sale of that song alone, which brought him upwards of £1000 the first year, and continued for many to produce a considerable income.

"By this bit of good fortune I profited *not one shilling*. Mr. T. Cooke received £25 for his arrangement of the air, *which was mine as well as the words*, and some further benefit in the exchange of a piano; but when, on hearing of the wonderful sale of the song, I appealed to Mr. Latour for some recognition, however trifling, of my property in the work, he referred me to Mr. Chappell, to whom he had sold the business, and who would reap all the profits of the song; and on applying to Mr. Chappell, he assured me that Mr. Latour had exacted so large a sum from him in consideration of the value of that song, that he really could not afford to pay anything more for it."

Once again, as it has been since the days of Virgil, and will be to the end of time—

"Sic vos non vobis melificatis apes."

As this is the only song of Planché's composition, words and air, that we can give, a short notice of the man as he was seen by his contemporary and fellow-worker in dramatic authorship will not come amiss. Fitzball writes: "Of all the dramatic writers in my recollection, there never existed one so careful, and consequently so true in his translations, as this gentleman. He was the author of successful pieces, innumerable, amongst them, the beautiful (!) libretto of Weber's 'Oberon,'* in which the poetry is so sweet it reminds you of the most exquisite expressions in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' without being in the least degree a plagiarism. As a burlesque writer, also, Planché stood unrivalled; he never resorted to the mean trick of personality, so frequently adopted when the dull author has not any real wit of his own; Planché had brilliant thoughts at his disposal, and knew how to use them, throwing them

"THE MAID OF BATH."

(*From the Picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.*)

* In his "Recollections and Reflections," Planché attempts a vindication of this wretched composition, that is scarcely better as a whole than the book of the Zauberflöte. The songs are good—the scenario uninteresting.

about like a shower of radiant stars. Elegance, taste, all that was refined was his; and what was better than all, refined feeling."

Gathering Peascods (p. 102).—A pleasant melody, found in all the editions of Playford's "Dancing-Master" from 1650 to 1690. The two first bars are the same as those in "All in a Garden Green," but there is no further resemblance in the airs.

The original words have been, I fear, irretrievably lost; they are not to be found in broadside, nor in any early song-books. I have therefore written words for the tune, retaining the initial line of the original. Sir George Macfarren wrote for the tune, a song entitled "Autumn's Golden Leaf," beginning—

"Why should we sorrow
That summer's dazzling ray
So soon should pass away,
Whilst we can borrow
From autumn's yellow light
A scene more truly bright?"

And G. A. Wade wrote another set of words beginning—

"How pleasant it is, in the blossom of the year,
To stray, and find a nook,
Where nought doth fill the hollow of the listening ear,
Except the murmuring brook."

Neither refer in any way to the picking of pea-pods, nor are the verses at all in character with the date and quality of the melody. I have therefore tried my hand on them. Of one thing I could be quite sure, that if there was in the original a "Gathering of Peascods," there was as certainly a love-making between the green rows.

Th eair has been borrowed, unless I am greatly mistaken, by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and worked into the madrigal in "The Mikado," without acknowledgment.

I'd be a Butterfly (p. 104).—Thomas Haynes Bayly, born at Bath in 1797, was the author of this favourite song, and also of that already given in this collection, "We Met, 'twas in a Crowd." He was educated at Winchester and at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford. He married the daughter of Benjamin Hayes of Marble Hill, county Cork, in 1826. His profits from his literary labours were at one time considerable. Since 1831, he wrote as many as thirty-six plays. He was also the author of a novel, "The Argloneis." His best dramatic work, "Perfection," was produced by Madame Vestris.

The song "I'd be a Butterfly" was written in 1826, and was the first composed after his marriage. He and his bride were staying at Lord Ashtown's villa at Chessel, on Southampton Water. The widow tells the circumstances of this song being written, in the memoir prefixed to the collected songs and poetic compositions of her husband:—

"A large party was staying at Lord Ashtown's, and the day before it broke up, the ladies, on leaving the dining-table, mentioned their intention of taking a stroll through the beautiful grounds, and the gentlemen promised to follow them in ten minutes. Lured by Bacchus, they forgot their promise to the Graces, and Mr. Haynes Bayly was the only one who thought fit to move; and he, in about half-an-hour, wandered forth in search of the ladies. They beheld him at a distance, but pretending annoyance at his not joining them sooner, they fled in an opposite direction. The poet, wishing to carry on the joke, did not seek to overtake them; they observed this, and lingered, hoping to attract his attention. He saw this manœuvre, and determined to turn the tables upon them. He waved his hand carelessly and pursued his ramble alone; then, falling into a reverie, he entered a beautiful summer-house, known now by the name of Butterfly Bower, overlooking the water, and there seated himself. Here, inspired by a butterfly which had just flitted before him, he wrote the well-known ballad now alluded to. He then returned to the house, and found the ladies assembled round the tea-table, when they smilingly told him they had enjoyed their walk in the shrubberies excessively, and that they needed no escort. He was now determined to go beyond them in praise of *his* solitary evening walk, and said that he had never enjoyed himself so much in life; that he had met a butterfly, with whom he had wandered in the regions of fancy, which had afforded him much more pleasure than he would have found in chasing them; and that he had put his thoughts in verse. The ladies immediately gave up all further contention with the wit, upon his promising to show them the lines he had just written. He then produced his tablets, and read—

'I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,'

to the great delight of his fair auditors.

"It should perhaps be here remarked that the poet foretold his own doom in this ballad; for it will be seen, by his early death, that his nerves were too finely strung to bear the unforeseen storms of severe disappointment which gathered round him in after years.

"On the same evening he composed the air, to which Mrs. Haynes Bayly put the accompaniments and symphonies, and it was sung the following evening to a very large party assembled at Lord Ashtown's, who encored it again and again."

Haynes Bayly fell ill with jaundice in 1839, which assisted by the physicians turned to dropsy, and this dropsy further assisted by physicians led to his death.

"His friend and physician, Dr. Canon, considered it his duty to inform him of his situation, which he did as delicately as possible. However, the announcement was unattended by any excitement, as Mr. Haynes Bayly had been for some time looking forward with calmness and hope to a brighter life beyond the grave; and when he heard Dr. Canon's opinion, his reply was, 'God's will be done.' As he became gradually weaker his sufferings decreased, and although nearly blind, he endeavoured to trace, but with so feeble a hand that the words in the original MS. are barely discernible, his thoughts and feelings on a future state, which we here quote:—'I believe that my only hope is by trusting myself entirely to the mercy of Almighty God, who, through Christ, has given pardon, provided we acknowledge ourselves sinners, and resolutely ask forgiveness.'"

(Autograph)—

"My poor friend, Haynes Bayly," writes Planché, "whose health had been failing for some time past, died at Cheltenham on the 22nd of April, 1839, leaving his widow and two little girls, the eldest a cripple, in sadly straitened circumstances." Through the instrumentality of Mr. Planché a benefit performance was given at Drury Lane, and the élite of the dramatic and musical professions gave their services gratuitously. By this means between four and five hundred pounds were raised, sufficient to clear off debts on a little property Mrs. Bayly possessed in Ireland. "The substantial 'benefit' which thus resulted to my old friend's wife and family is an event I look back upon with the greatest satisfaction. Charles Kemble used to tell a far different story about some poor foreigner, dancer or pantomimist in the country, who, after many annual attempts to clear his expenses, came forward one evening with a face beaming

with pleasure and gratitude, and addressed the audience in these words:—'Dear Public! moche oblige. Ver good benefice—only lose half-a-crown—I come again!'"

Haynes Bayly was buried in Cheltenham, and his epitaph was written by Theodore Hook. After his death an edition of his works was issued by his widow in 1844, to which she prefixed a memoir.

The song was introduced into Poole's Comedy of "The Wealthy Widow," and acquired popularity at once through the singing of Mrs. Waylett and of Miss Stephens—"delightful Kitty"—who afterwards became Countess of Essex.

Haynes Bayly, though a man of light and sportive mood, was full of deep religious feeling. He was the author of those beautiful verses—

"Cling to the Cross, thou lone one,
For a solace in thy grief;
Let faith believe its promise,
There is joy in that belief.

O lie not down, poor mourner,
On the cold earth in despair;
Why give the grave thy homage?
Does the spirit moulder there?
. . . .
Cling to the Cross, thou lone one,
For it has power to save.
If the Christian's hope forsake thee,
There's no hope beyond the grave."

These beautiful lines were composed in 1828, on the death of his infant son.

The Flaxen-Headed Cowboy (p. 108).—The song was written by O'Keefe, for his ballad-opera of "The Farmer," that appeared in 1787, with music composed and arranged for it by William Shield. The first to sing it was Blanchard, and he was followed by the pleasant comedian Cherry, "whose country boys," wrote Charles Mathews in 1795, "are the most simple and humorous of any I have seen, after Blanchard."

In 1798, Mathews himself played the same part. His widow says in the memoirs of her husband, "In that day 'The Flaxen-Headed Cowboy' was a popular song, and Mr. Mathews took great pains with it, and literally *whistled* 'o'er the lea,' as symphony."

The air is probably by Shield, and if so, one of his best.

Yes! Let Me Like a Soldier Fall (p. 111).—William Vincent Wallace, of Scottish descent, was born at Waterford in Ireland, about 1812 or 1814. His father was a bandmaster, and was engaged for the band of the Theatre Royal, Dublin. William Vincent was quite capable when a mere boy to be his father's substitute as conductor.

William Vincent Wallace quitted Ireland in 1835, and owing to a quarrel with his wife, instead of settling in London, he went to Australia, where he gave a concert, for which he received in payment a hundred sheep.

After many wanderings, he arrived in London in 1845, where he appeared in a private box at the theatre, in "a white hat, with a very broad brim, a complete suit of planter's nankeen, and a thick stick in his hand."

He now resumed old friendships with musical men, and was introduced by an acquaintance to Fitzball, the hack libretto-writer, who received him with his pen still moist from finishing the play of "Maritana." Fitzball at once gave this to him to work up, and the opera of "Maritana" was produced at Drury Lane, Nov. 15, 1845, and proved a great success. Indeed it still holds the stage.

Fitzball says of "Maritana:" "I was the first to mention the great merits of this opera to Mr. Bunn, but he invariably turned a deaf ear to my commendations. At length it so happened that Mr Wallace gave one of his splendid performances on the piano at the Hanover Square Rooms, which Sir Henry Webb heard, and spoke of him with great admiration to our manager. Mr. Bunn immediately inquired of me, if this was the same Wallace I had so frequently mentioned with so much enthusiasm, and finding it was so, now requested to read the libretto, which hitherto he had refused to look at. I took it to him on a Saturday, and he sent for me on the Monday.

"He was pleased to be somewhat facetious on the subject, and inquired whether I had written the book of 'Maritana.' 'If not,' I answered, 'I am unacquainted with the author.' I was somewhat apprehensive of what would come next; but he continued, in his usually off-hand but kind manner, 'Well, if the fellow who has composed the music is as clever as the fellow who wrote the book, then all I have to say is, you are two clever fellows together.'

"In the evening Wallace went with me to Bunn's, and played over the opera; everybody present, as I expected, was delighted, and the work accepted for immediate representation. But it should be told to the inexperienced that a new grand opera does not come out quite so rapidly as I have related these details. Rehearsal after rehearsal has to take place, and many are the heart-burnings for more than one of the party concerned, before the public ear listens to the harmony produced in the conclusion. In due time, however, the grand original opera of 'Maritana' was produced with unequivocal success, and ran a nearly uninterrupted course of a whole season. Mr. Bunn himself wrote the words to two beautiful songs, 'In Happy Moments,' and 'Scenes that are Brightest,' since so popular. My pieces were, 'It was a Knight,' 'Turn on, Old Time, thy Hour-Glass,' 'Hark! these Chimes!' and 'There is a Flower that Bloometh.' The opera stood little indebted either to scenic aid, or that of costume; the more especially to the former, as we had but one new scene, a drop, which was inevitable; therefore its own musical merits, assisted by the exertions of the singers, Mr. W. Harrison, H. Phillips, Miss Romer, and Miss Poole, won for it a celebrity which, I have not the slightest doubt, will carry down its reputation to a long posterity."

If I had a Thousand a Year (p. 114).—A song by Mrs. Virtue Millard, who also composed "Alice Gray." The song first appeared in 1833.

Come, Come, Sweet Molly (p. 116).—A song by Captain William Hicks. It was written some few years before 1671, when it was entitled "A Dialogue between a Gallant and his Mistress"— also "A Mock Song," by which is meant what we call a "parody." There are several distinct prints of it, some with a single, some with a double "Come," *i.e.*, "Come, my Sweet Molly, let us be Jolly," and "Come, Come, my Sweet Molly, &c." The authorship in the early prints is claimed by or for William Hicks, the somewhat Bacchanalian "man about town." It was sung to the tune "Thomas, I Cannot," which we have already given in this series. The air now given is that to which I have heard it sung by country folk in the West of England. It used to be sung at Christmas-tide, with other like "dialogues," in farm-houses.

There are two versions of the last verse. In one the lady answers—

"O no, kind sir, I know you well,
Give you an inch, you'll take an ell,
And when you've done, you'll tell, you'll tell."

There is an additional verse before this, which I have omitted for the sake of shortening the song to singable proportions.

The song is given in the "Grammatical Drollery," 1682, in "The Aviary," 1745; after which it seems to have been displaced in popular favour by other songs of a like nature, and to have lingered on only in remote country districts.

I have to thank Mr. Ebsworth for information relative to this song.

A Poor Little Gipsy (p. 118).—A song composed by Dr. Arnold for Miss Leak at the Haymarket, to be sung in his ballad-opera of "The Review," 1801. The libretto was by George Colman the younger. It was a spirited and amusing piece, and owed its success to the admirable acting of Johnstone and Emery, as an Irishman and a Yorkshireman, and Mr. Fawcett as a parish clerk, who sang Shield's lively song "Caleb Quotem;" which we shall give shortly in this collection. Miss De Camp, afterwards Mrs. Charles Kemble, acted the part of a drummer-boy, and sang delightfully the merry song "A Spruce Little Drummer so Bonny and Gay," and looked charming.

Miss Leak, who sang "A Poor Little Gipsy," was a Norfolk girl, daughter of a farmer, who lost her parents at an early age, and was brought up at Norwich by an uncle and aunt. She was instructed by Mr. Sharp of that city, and was articled to Dr. Arnold in 1792. She appeared on the boards of the Haymarket in the character of Rosetta, in "Love in a Village," in 1793, when aged only fifteen. Her voice failed her, and she was reduced to earn her livelihood by teaching music.

Mrs. Crouch introduced the song into Storace's popular opera of "No Song, no Supper," with that independence which performers at that time assumed, of lugging into a piece any song in which they thought they were effective. "No Song, no Supper" was produced in 1790, but maintained its place on the boards for many years.

Kelly in his "Reminiscences" says—"Mrs. Crouch sang it ('The Little Gipsy') delightfully, and it was everywhere a great favourite. While she was singing the line 'Spare a poor little gipsy a half-penny,' a jolly tar hallooed from the pit, 'That I will, my darling!' and threw a shilling on the stage. The liberality of honest Jack produced a roar of laughter from the audience."

Last Night the Dogs did Bark (p. 120).—A song sung by Mrs. Jordan before 1794, as that was the year in which her eldest son, George Fitzclarence, was born, January 29; and she retired from the stage after that, except for occasional reappearances.

The song is given in "The Ipswich Apollo," date about 1809, p. 47; in "The English Minstrel," with the music, a rare little book in two vols., the songs chiefly of the dates 1783-99; but one, T. Dibdin's "Fair Ellen like a Lily Grew," so late as 1802, to which date the book would seem to belong. It is also given in "The British Neptune," date not earlier than 1806, and in "The Thrush," 1830. It is also found in sheet form, as sung by Miss Tyrer at Covent Garden, about 1820.

This version begins somewhat differently from that sung by Mrs. Jordan, the third verse of Miss Tyrer's song being—

"When I was a smart young girl
Of fifteen or sixteen years old,
O then I had plenty of suitors,
But now they've grown wondrous cold.
O what will become of me,
O what shall I do?" &c.

The last verse also differs—

"O dear, how shocking the thought,
That all my beauty must fade,
I am sure it is not my fault,
That I must die an old maid."

There is again another version, which is that given in the "British Neptune." It runs thus—

"The dogs began to bark, and I peep'd out to see
A handsome young man a hunting.
But he was not hunting for me.
And it's oh! what will become of me?
Oh, what shall I do?
Nobody coming to marry me,
Nobody coming to woo.

The first time I went to my pray'rs,
I pray'd for half a year;
I pray'd for a handsome young man,
With mickle deal of gear.
And it's oh! &c.

The last time I went to my pray'rs,
I pray'd both night and day,
Come blind, come lame, come cripple,
Come some one take me away,
And it's oh! &c.

And now I have sung you my song;
I hope it has pleased you well;
That a husband for me you will find,
Or soon you will hear my knell.
For it's oh! &c."

A sequel to George Colman's popular song of "Unfortunate Miss Bailey," was written by Kertland 1805-6, and bore various titles, viz., "Miss Bailey's Ghost," and "No Rest in the Grave;" it began "The dogs had ceased to bark." This was sung to the same tune as the above, and not to the tune of "Unfortunate Miss Bailey."

The song seems to have been English, and that of an earlier date than Mrs. Jordan's singing of it. There is, in the "Westminster Drollery," 1672 (Pt. II.), a song called "Dialogue between a Man (in garrison) and his Wife (with her company) Storming Without." This begins—

"Hark, hark! the dogs do bark,
My wife is coming in,
With Rogues and Jades
And Roaring Blades
They make a devilish din."

The tune to which this was sung was "The Devil's Drum." There is also the well-known nursery song—

"Hark, hark! the dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town;
There's some in rags, and some in jags,
And others in velvet gowns,"

for which see "Halliwell's Nursery Rhymes" (Warne's ed.), p. 120.

This nursery song is attributed to the period of the arrival of the House of Hanover, and is said to have been a Jacobite jingle. In "The Tempest," it may be remembered, there is a burden to the song of "Come unto these Yellow Sands," of

"Hark, hark! Bowgh-wowgh!
The watchdogs bark! Bowgh-wowgh!"

Hope, thou Nurse of Young Desire (p. 123).—The song of "Hope, thou Nurse of Young Desire," opens the ballad-opera of "Love in a Village," written by Isaac Bickenstaffe, and performed in 1762, with music arranged for it by Dr. Arne. There are in it forty-two airs, of which only seventeen are by Arne, the rest are by Cary, Weldon, Festing, Gallupi, Handel, Dr. Boyce, &c. It was a popular piece, and ran nearly as long as had the "Beggar's Opera." Several of Arne's airs in it are delightful, but that we here give is by Weldon, and was originally written for the Masque of "The

Judgment of Paris," by Congreve, and to it were set the words, "Let Ambition Fire thy Mind."

John Weldon was born at Chichester, and educated at Eton College. He was a pupil of Purcell. In 1694 he was appointed organist of New College, Oxford; in 1701, he was gentleman extraordinary of the Chapel Royal; and on the death of Dr. Blow, in 1708, was appointed his successor as organist of the Chapel Royal. He died in 1726.

The part of Rosetta, who sings this song with Lucinda, was a favourite one with Mrs. Crouch.

Early One Morning, just as the Sun Was Rising (p. 126).—Mr. Chappell says: "If I were required to name three of the most popular songs among the servant-maids of the present generation, I should say, from my experience, that they are *Cupid's Garden*, *I Sow'd the Seeds of Love*, and *Early One Morning*. I have heard *Early One Morning* sung by servants who came from Leeds, from Hereford, and from Devonshire, and by others from parts nearer London." The words are found in a good many old song-books, but the tune was first printed by Mr. Chappell. He adds, "Of the tune I can say no more, than that it bears relationship to a hornpipe that was formerly played at the theatre, and was known by the name of 'Come, all you Young Blades that in Robbery take Delight,' from a slang song, commencing with that line." But this song is merely one set about the beginning of this century to the same folk air. Since Mr. Chappell printed the tune, others have fastened on it and have used it, but it has not occurred to them to go to the sources of English folk song, and draw for themselves from that bubbling spring of pure melody.

The song appears in print in *The Songster's Magazine*, circ. 1804, printed for J. Evans, 41 Long Lane. Chappell gives the words inaccurately in "Popular Music," p. 735, and also in his "National English Melodies," p. 77; the modernised version is used in *Harper's Monthly Magazine* to accompany Abbey's designs, vol. lxxvii., p. 668, Oct. 1888; so also in "Panpipes," p. 28, 1883. As this modernised version has been generally received and become popular, I have retained it here. In the original the song begins—

"Early one morning, just as the sun was rising
I heard a young damsel sigh and complain."
2nd stanza. "How can you slight a pretty girl that loves you?"
3rd ,, "But when you meet a pretty woman."
4th ,, "Thro' yonder grove, a pleasant bower."

There is no particular advantage in retaining the earliest forms of a song, except for antiquaries. The words as the airs of songs taken up by the people are in continual flux.

VILLAGE DANCE. *From a Broadside.*

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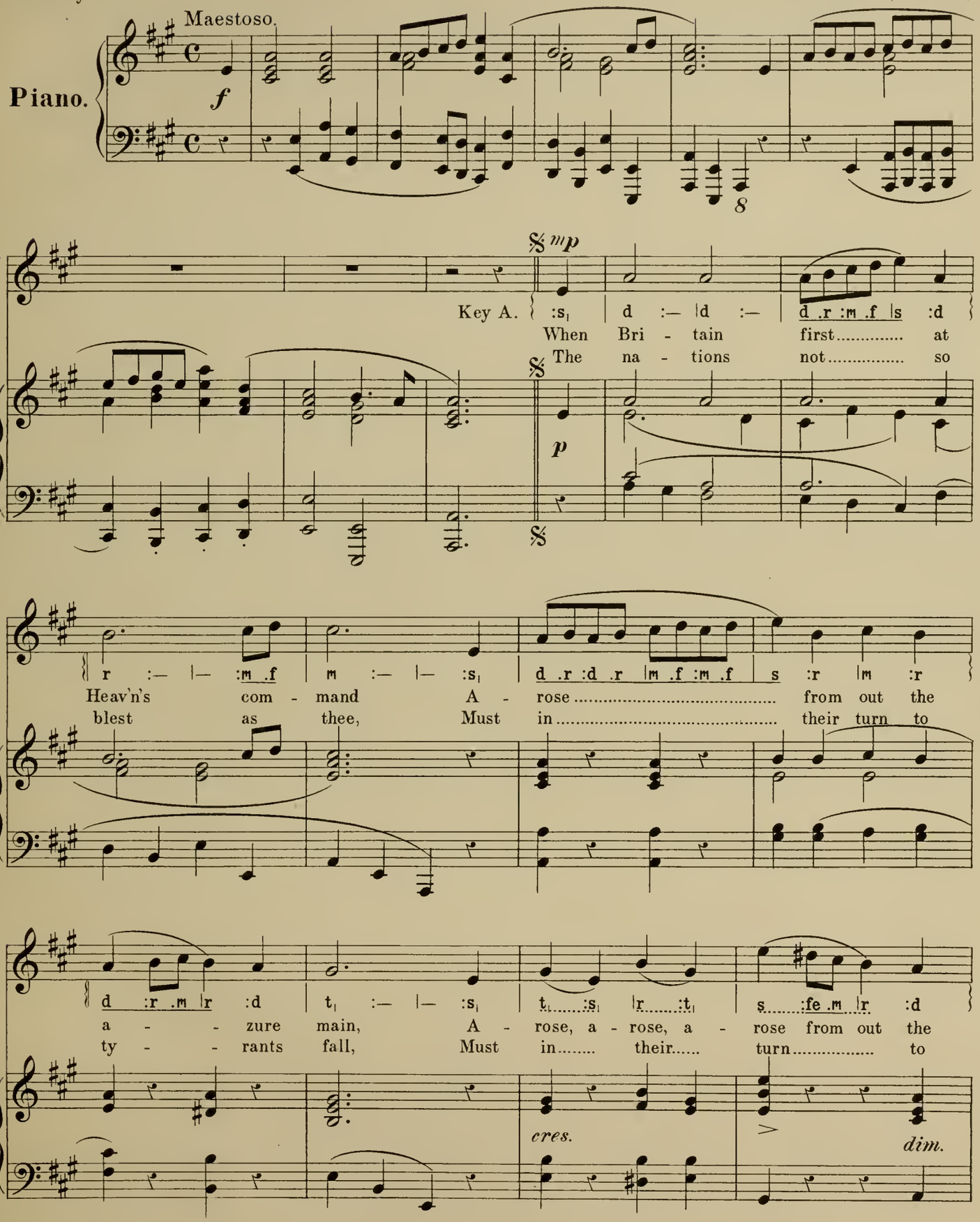
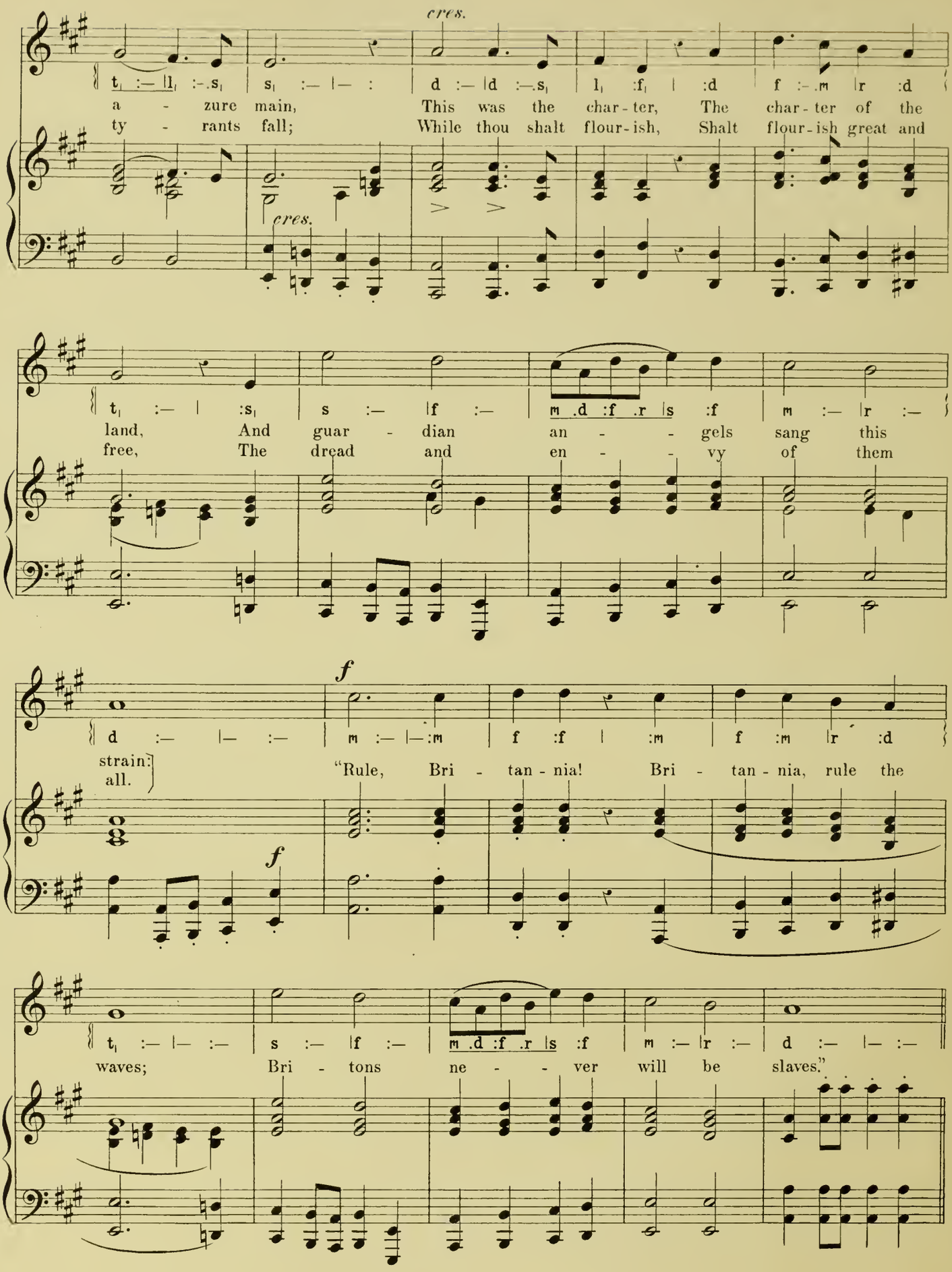
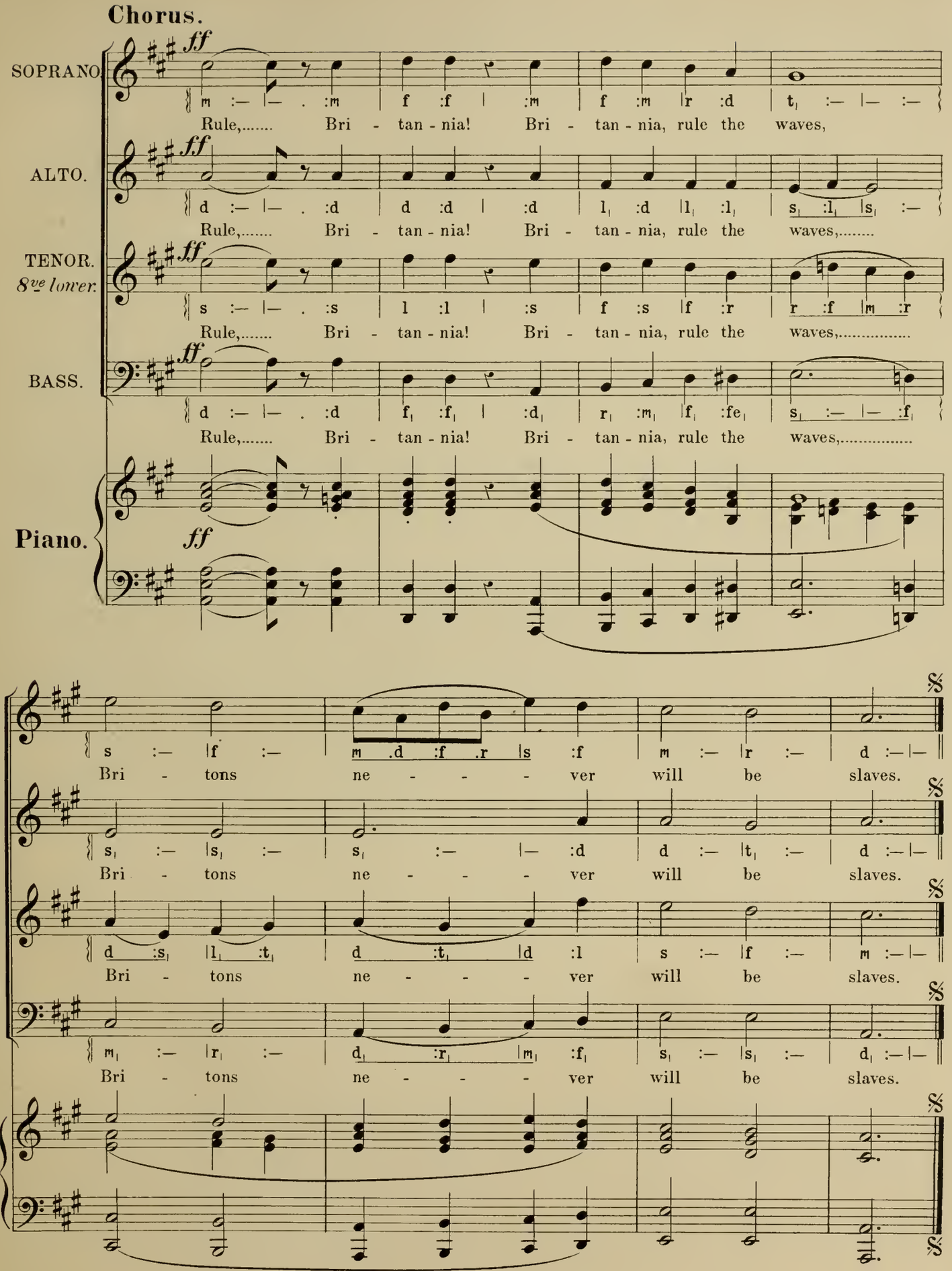
*** In cases where the First Line differs from the Title, the former is also given (in italics). The figures in parentheses refer to the page at which the NOTE will be found.

RULE, BRITANNIA!

Words by THOMPSON. Dr ARNE. (W. H. H.)




cres.
cres.
t, :— |l, :.s, | s, :— |— : | d :— |d :—.s, | l, :f, | :d | f :.m |r :d
a - zure main, This was the char - ter, The char - ter of the
ty - rants fall; While thou shalt flour - ish, Shalt flour - ish great and
t, :— | :s, | s :— |f :— | m .d :f .r |s :f | m :— |r :—
land, And guar - dian an - - gels sang this
free, The dread and en - - vy of them
f
d :— |— :— | m :— |—:m | f :f | :m | f :m |r :d
strain: all.
"Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri - tan - nia, rule the
f
t, :— |— :— | s :— |f :— | m .d :f .r |s :f | m :— |r :— | d :— |— :—
waves; Bri - tons ne - - ver will be slaves."


Chorus.
SOPRANO.
ALTO.
TENOR.
8ve lower.
BASS.
Piano.
ff
Rule,..... Bri - tan - nia! Bri - tan - nia, rule the waves,
Rule,..... Bri - tan - nia! Bri - tan - nia, rule the waves,.....
Rule,..... Bri - tan - nia! Bri - tan - nia, rule the waves,.....
Rule,..... Bri - tan - nia! Bri - tan - nia, rule the waves,.....
Bri - tons ne - - - ver will be slaves.
Bri - tons ne - - - ver will be slaves.
Bri - tons ne - - - ver will be slaves.
Bri - tons ne - - - ver will be slaves.

Cupid's Courtesy.

Old English Air
(H. F. S.)

Lightly and Playfully. ♩ = 104.

Piano.

Key G.

m :l, :t, | d :—.r :m | r :m :r .d

Through the cool sha - dy woods as I was
Then lit - tle Cu - pid caught his bow so

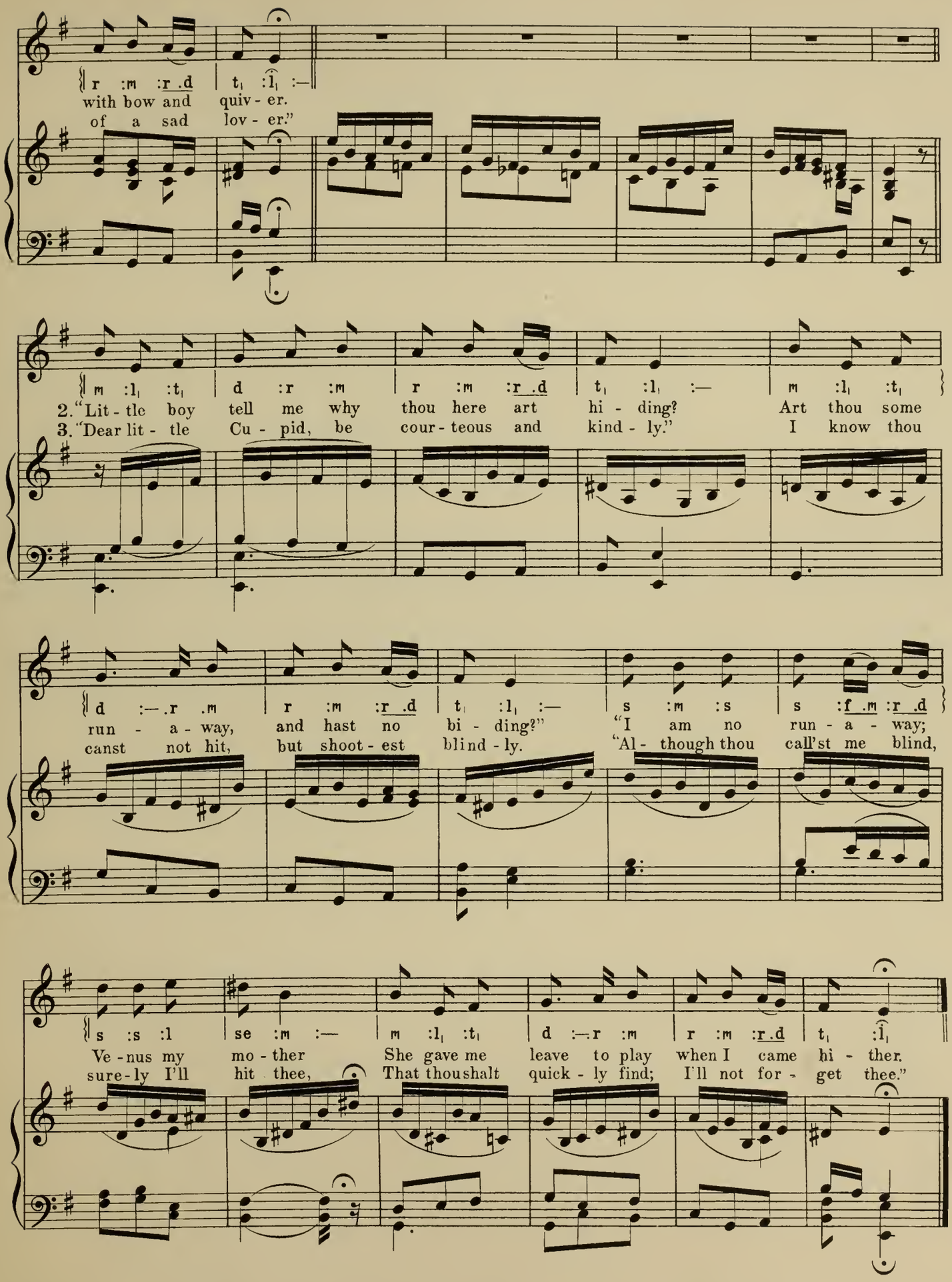
t, :l, : | m :l, :t, | d :—.r :m | r :m :r .d | t, :l, : | s :m :s

rang - ing, I heard the pret - ty birds notes sweet-ly chang-ing; Down by a
nim - ble, And shot a fa - tal shaft which made me trem - ble; "Go tell thy

s :f .m :r .d | s :s :l | se :m :— | m :l, :t, | d :—.r :m

mea - dow side where runs a ri - ver, A lit - tle boy I spied
mis - tress, dear, thou canst dis - co - ver, What all the pas - sions are

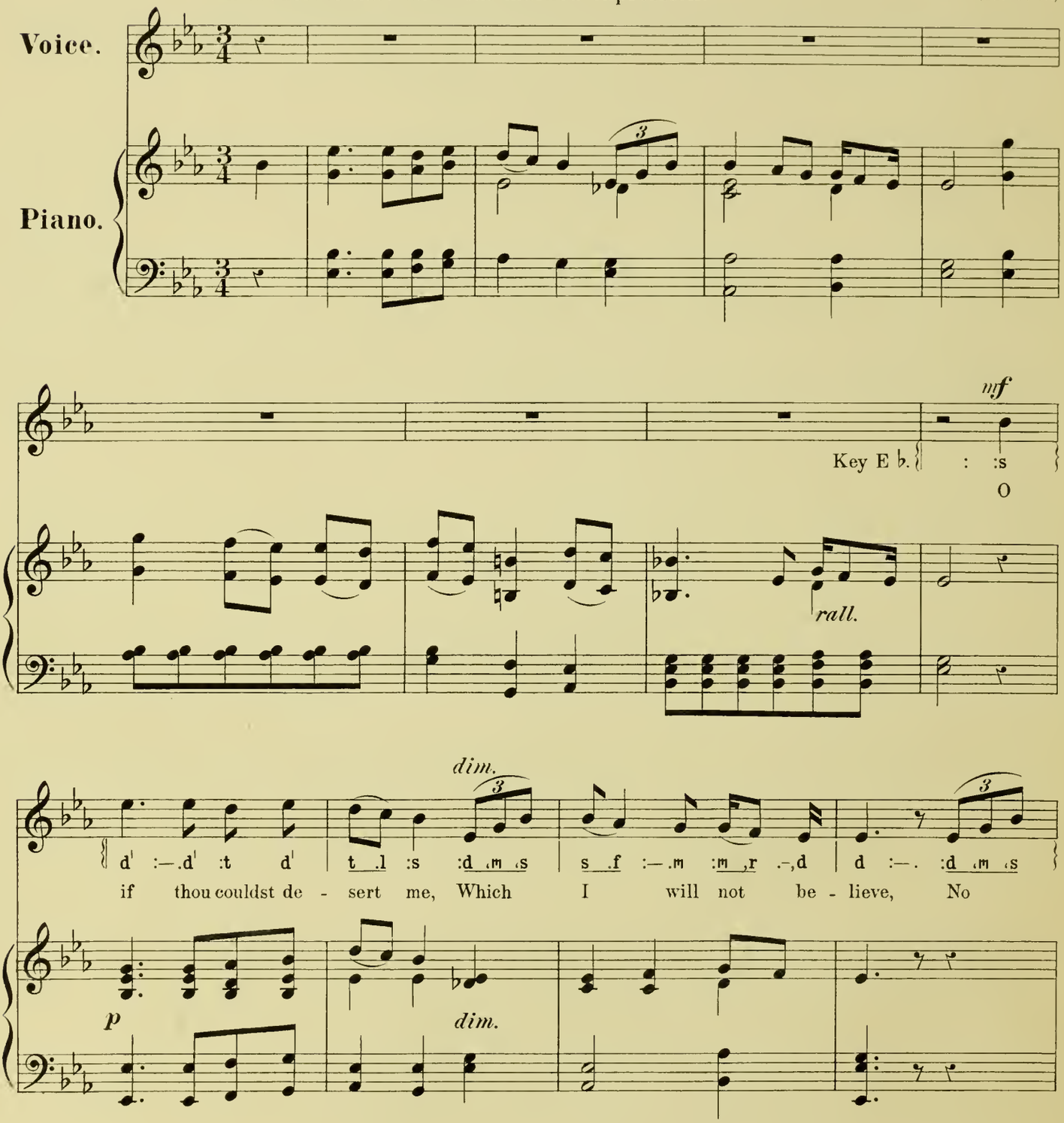
rall. *a tempo*

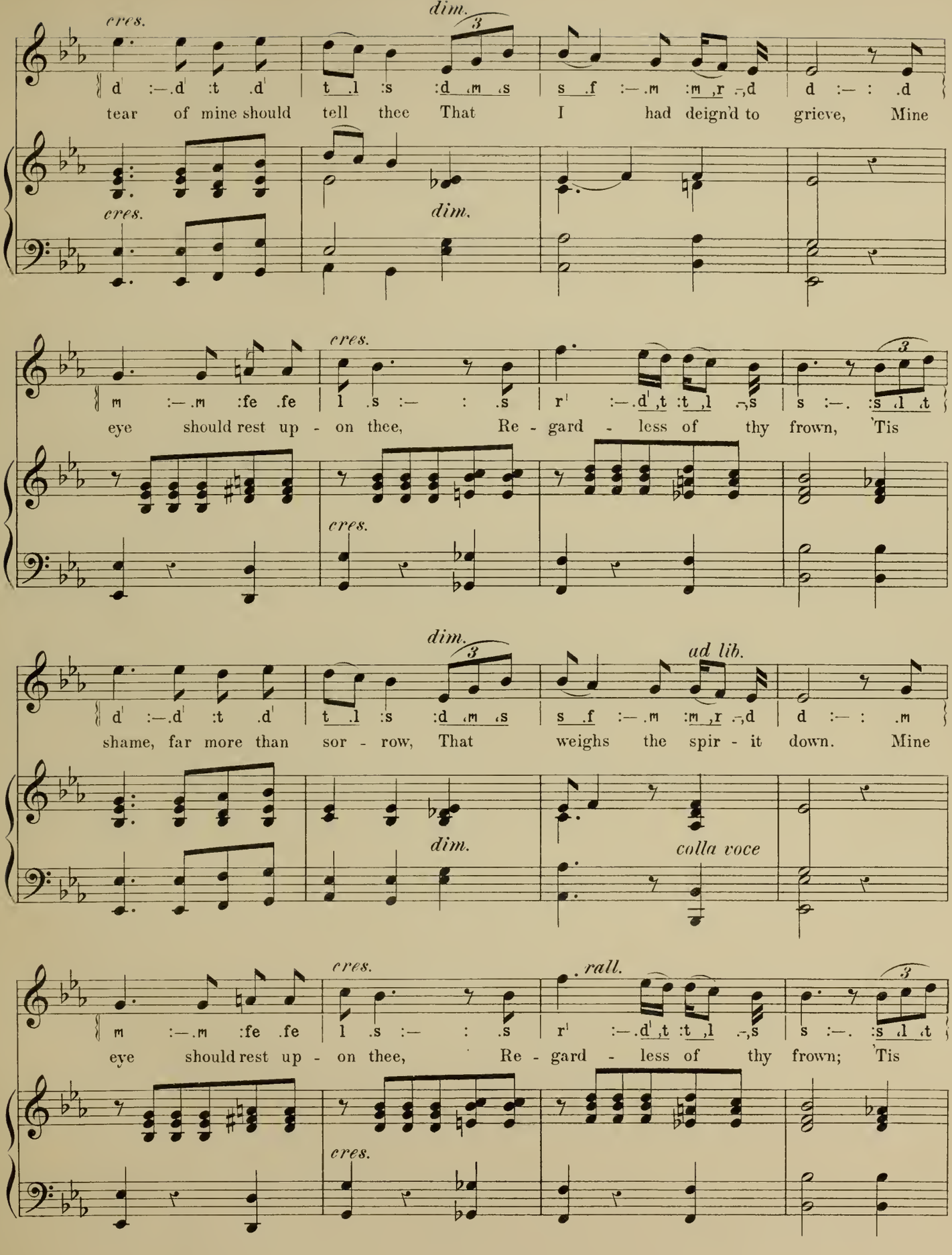

r :m :r .d | t, :l, :—
with bow and quiv - er.
of a sad lov - er."
m :l, :t, | d :r :m | r :m :r .d | t, :l, :— | m :l, :t,
2."Lit - tle boy tell me why thou here art hi - ding? Art thou some
3."Dear lit - tle Cu - pid, be cour - teous and kind - ly." I know thou
d :—.r .m | r :m :r .d | t, :l, :— | s :m :s | s :f .m :r .d
run - a - way, and hast no bi - ding?" "I am no run - a - way;
canst not hit, but shoot - est blind - ly. "Al - though thou call'st me blind,
s :s :l | se :m :— | m :l, :t, | d :—.r :m | r :m :r .d | t, :l,
Ve - nus my mo - ther She gave me leave to play when I came hi - ther.
sure - ly I'll hit thee, That thou shalt quick - ly find; I'll not for - get thee."

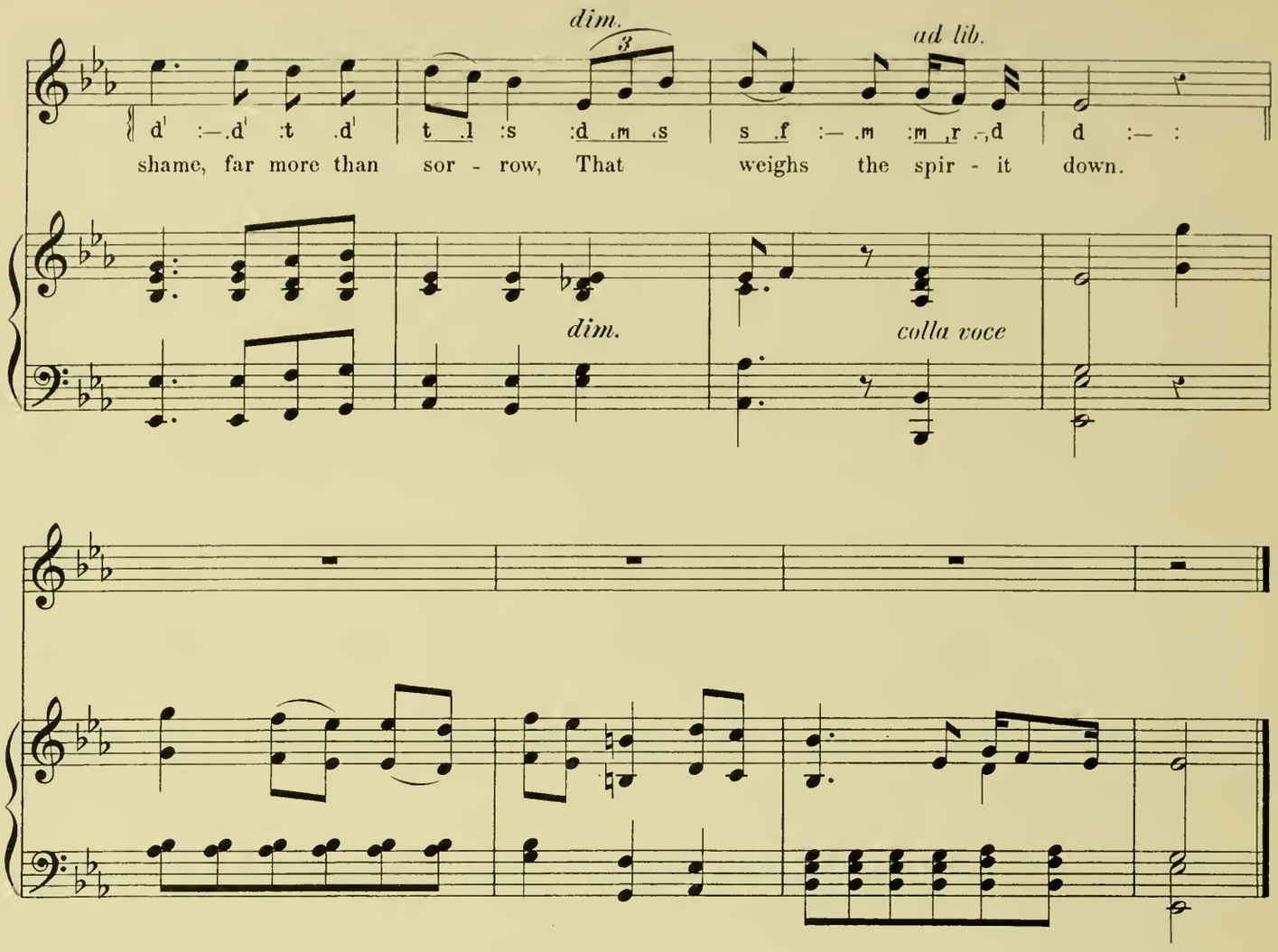
O! IF THOU COULDST DESERT ME.

Composer unknown.
(H. F. S.)

In moderate time and with marked expression.




cres.
dim.
d :—.d' :t .d' | t .l :s :d .m .s | s .f :—.m :m .r .d | d :— : .d
tear of mine should tell thee That I had deign'd to grieve, Mine
cres.
dim.
m :—.m :fe .fe | l .s :— : .s | r' :—.d' .t :t .l .s | s :—. :s .l .t
eye should rest up - on thee, Re - gard - less of thy frown, 'Tis
cres.
dim.
d' :—.d' :t .d' | t .l :s :d .m .s | s .f :—.m :m .r .d | d :— : .m
shame, far more than sor - row, That weighs the spir - it down. Mine
dim.
ad lib.
colla voce
cres.
rall.
m :—.m :fe .fe | l .s :— : .s | r' :—.d' .t :t .l .s | s :—. :s .l .t
eye should rest up - on thee, Re - gard - less of thy frown; 'Tis
cres.



2

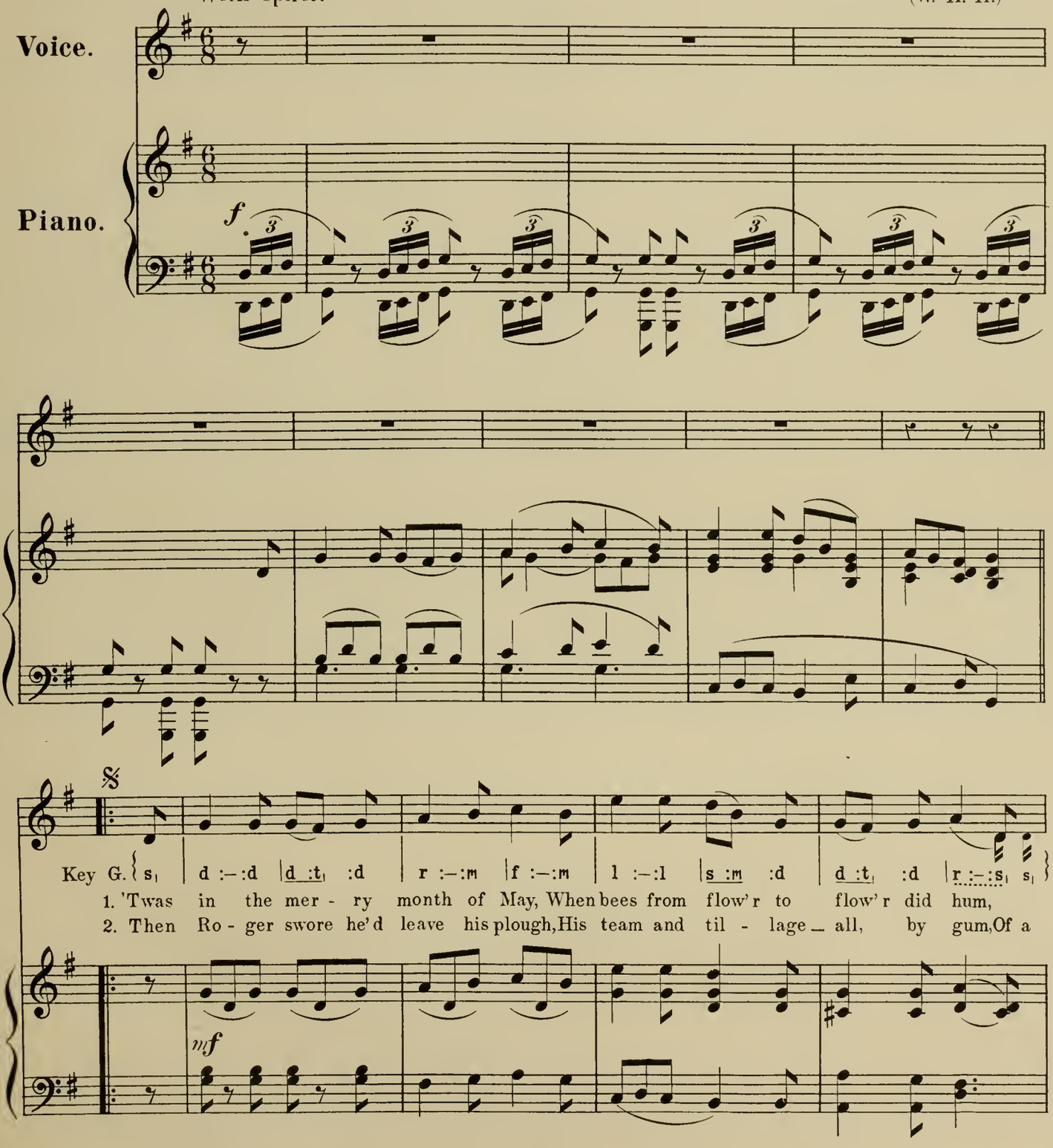
If tyrant fetters bound me,
I would disdain to shrink;
And none should know I felt them,
Tho' galled by every link.
I'd learn to bear their pressure,
And thus I'd scorn thy frown;
'Tis shame, far more than sorrow,
That weighs the spirit down.

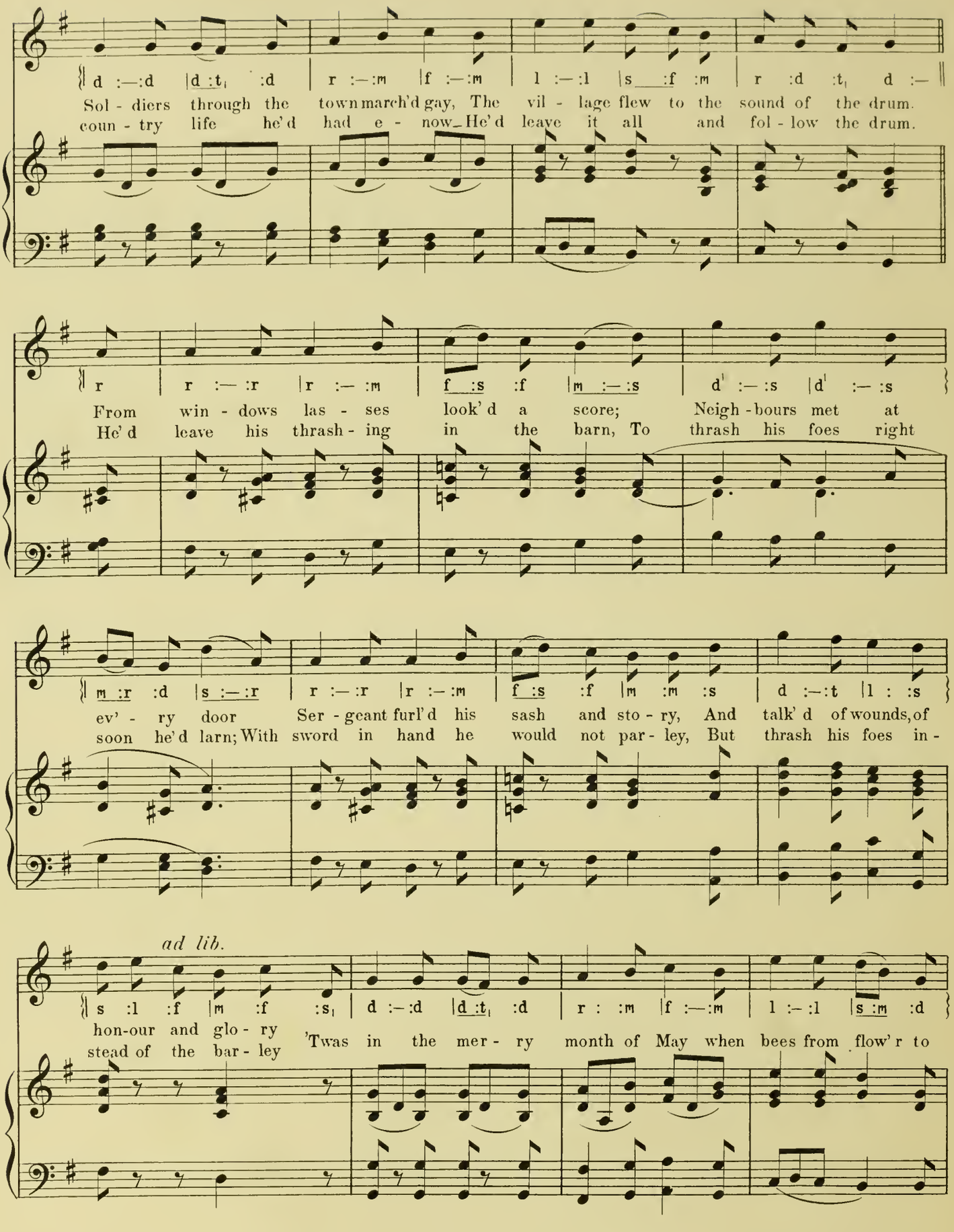
FOLLOW THE DRUM.

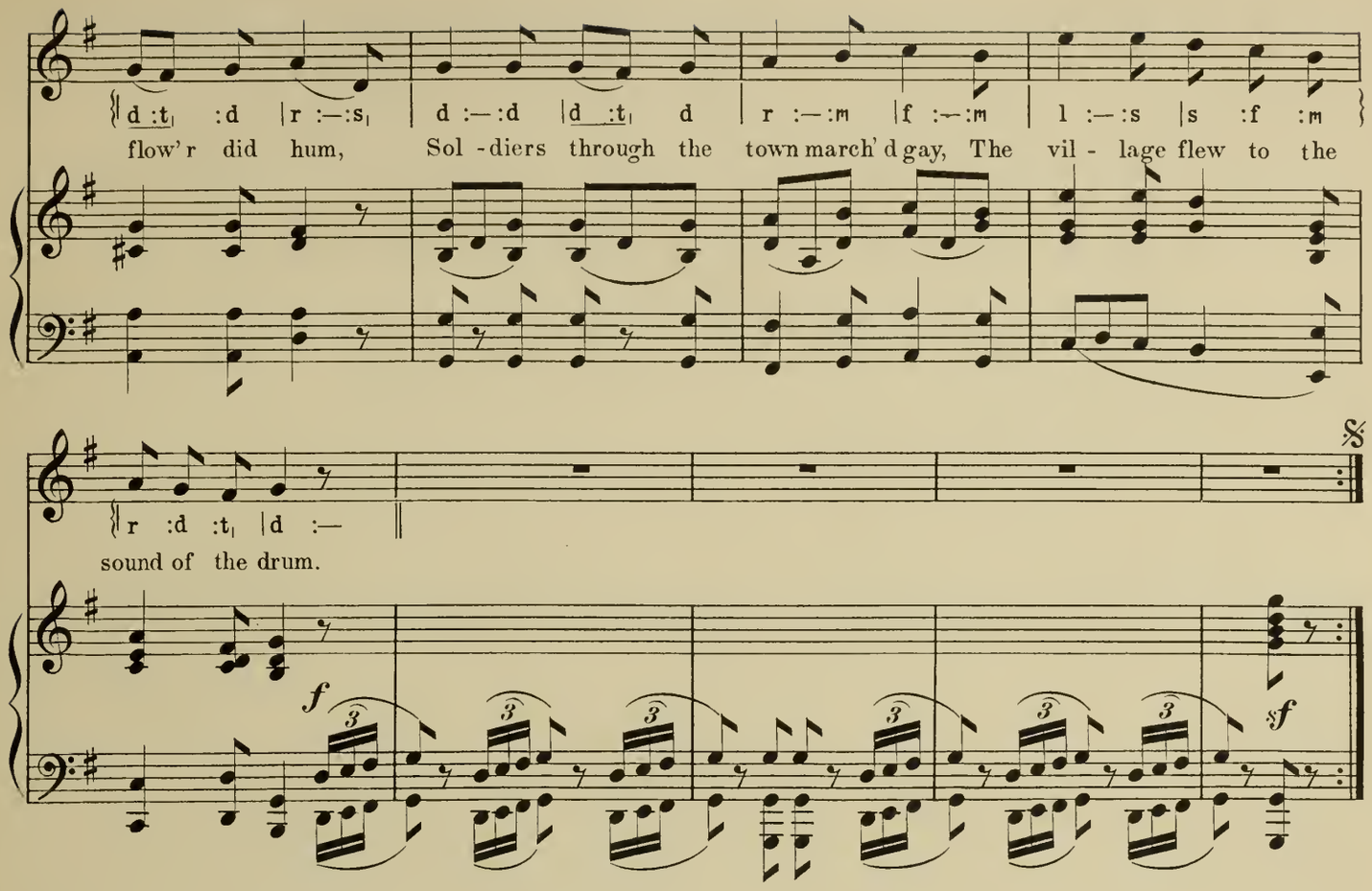
Words by HUDSON.

Old English Air.
(W. H. H.)

With spirit.




d :—:d |d :t, :d | r :—:m |f :—:m | l :—:l |s :f :m | r :d :t, d :—
Sol - diers through the town march'd gay, The vil - lage flew to the sound of the drum.
coun - try life he'd had e - now He'd leave it all and fol - low the drum.
r | r :— :r |r :— :m | f :s :f |m :— :s | d' :— :s |d' :— :s
From win - dows las - ses look' d a score; Neigh - bours met at
He' d leave his thrash - ing in the barn, To thrash his foes right
m :r :d |s :— :r | r :— :r |r :— :m | f :s :f |m :m :s | d :—:t |l : :s
ev' - ry door Ser - geant furl' d his sash and sto - ry, And talk' d of wounds, of
soon he' d larn; With sword in hand he would not par - ley, But thrash his foes in -
ad lib.
s :l :f |m :f :s, | d :—:d |d :t, :d | r : :m |f :—:m | l :—:l |s :m :d
hon-our and glo - ry 'Twas in the mer - ry month of May when bees from flow' r to
stead of the bar - ley



2

The cobbler he threw by his awl,
When all were glad, he'd ne'er be glum,
But quick attend to glory's call,
And, like a man, would follow the drum!
No more at home he'd be a slave,
But take his seat amid the brave;
In battle's seat none should be prouder
For balls of wax, have balls of powder.
'Twas in the merry, &c.

3

The tailor he got off his knees,
And to the ranks did boldly come;
He said he ne'er would sit at ease,
But go with the rest and follow the drum!
How he'd lather the foes, good lord!
When he'd a bodkin for a sword;
The foe should find he didn't wheedle,
When he'd a spear instead of a needle!
'Twas in the merry, &c.

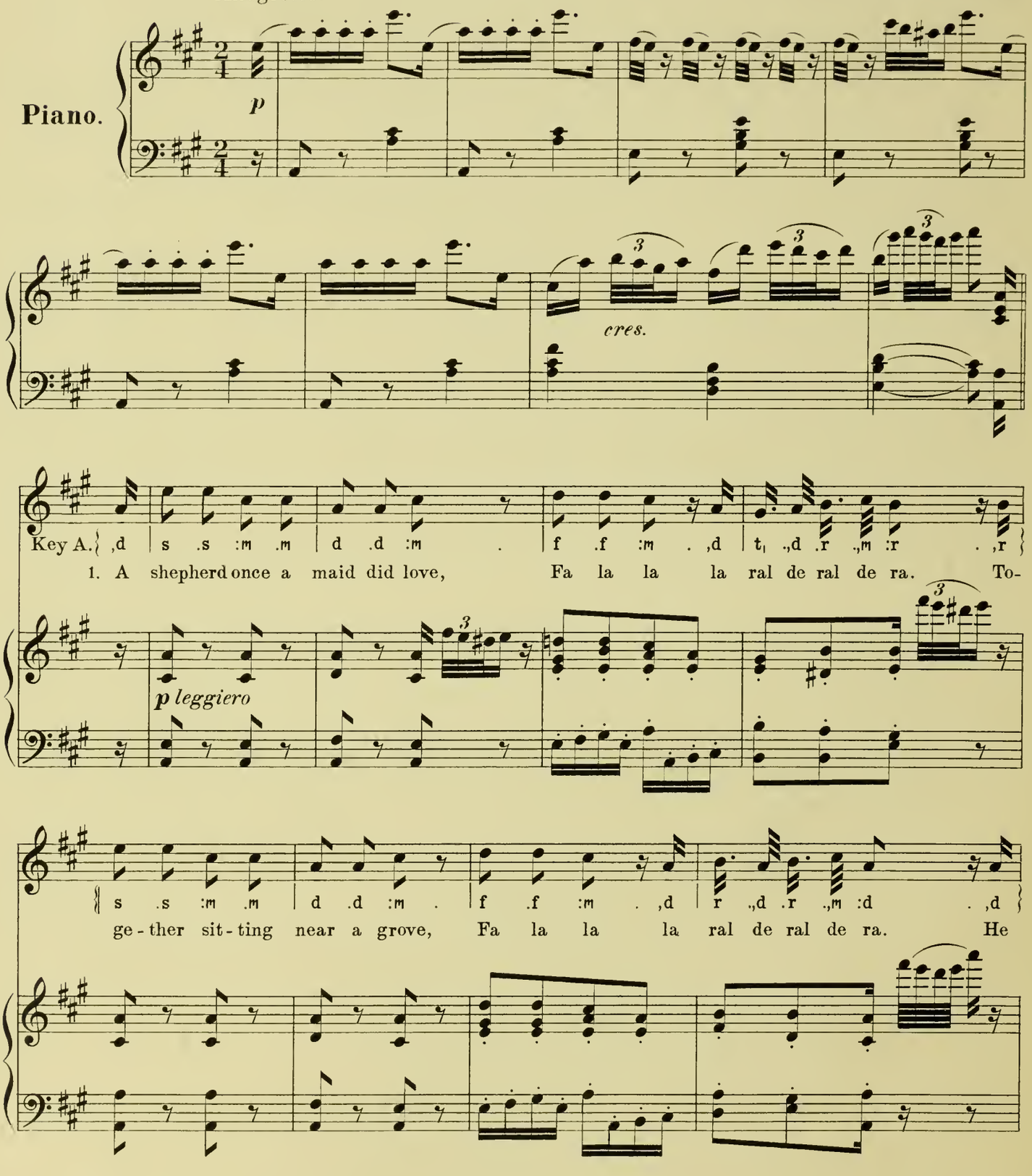
4

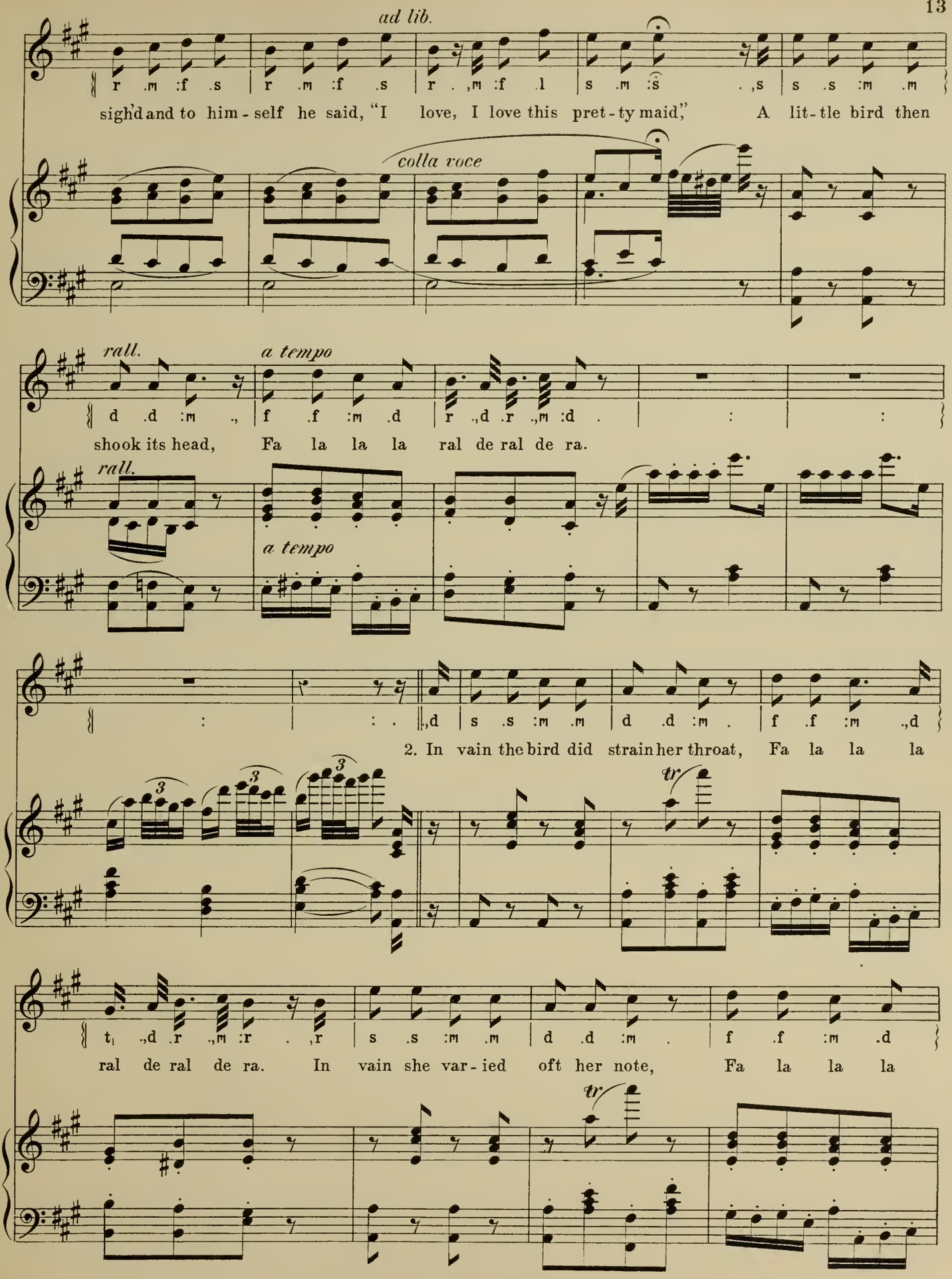
Three old women — the first was lame
The second was blind, the third nigh dumb —
To stay behind were a burning shame, —
They'd follow the men, and they'd follow the drum!
Our wills are good, but lack aday!
Where there's a will, there is a way,
To catch the soldiers we will try for it!
And march a mile tho' we die for it!
'Twas in the merry, &c.

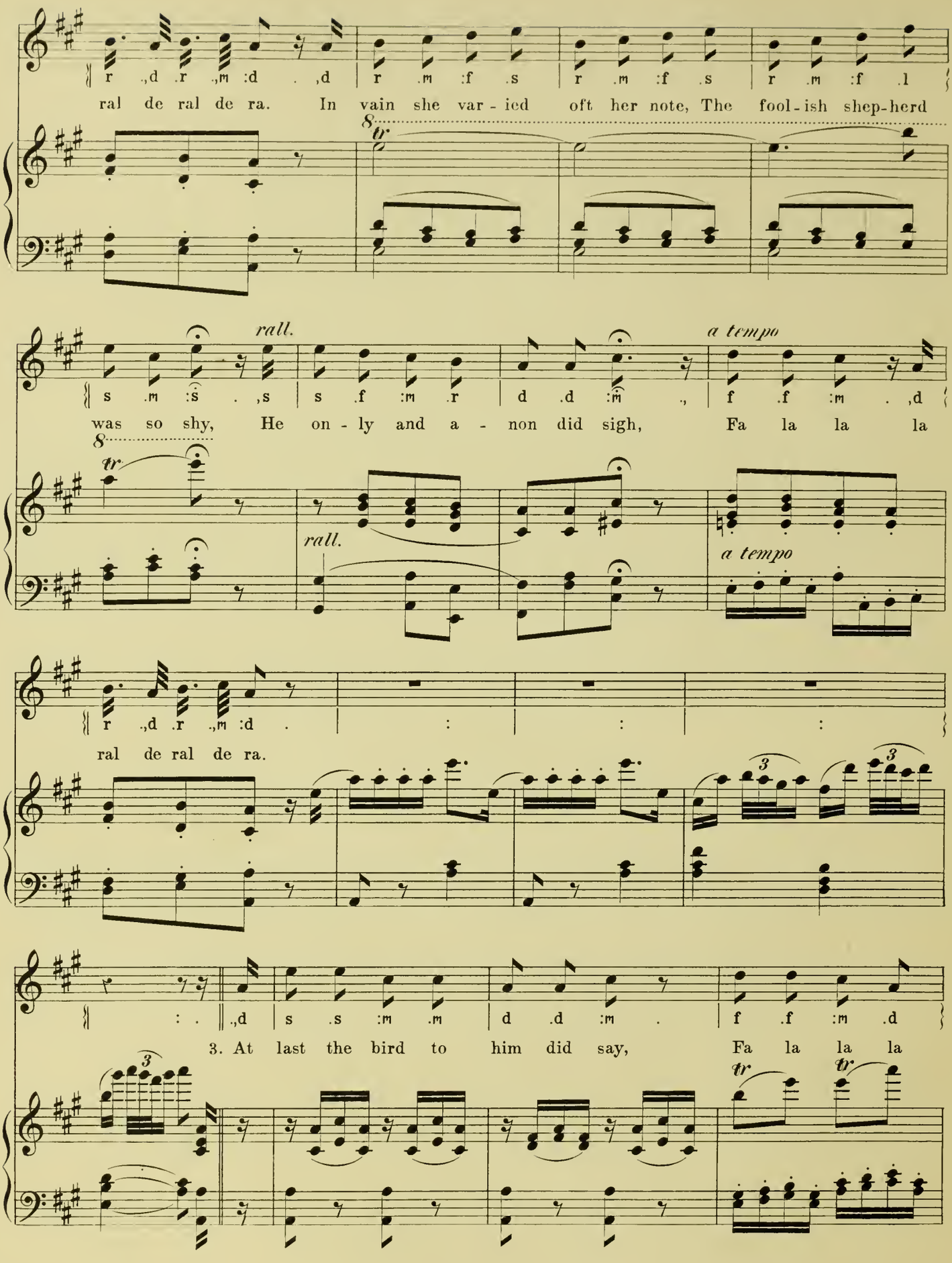
THE SHEPHERD AND THE LITTLE BIRD.

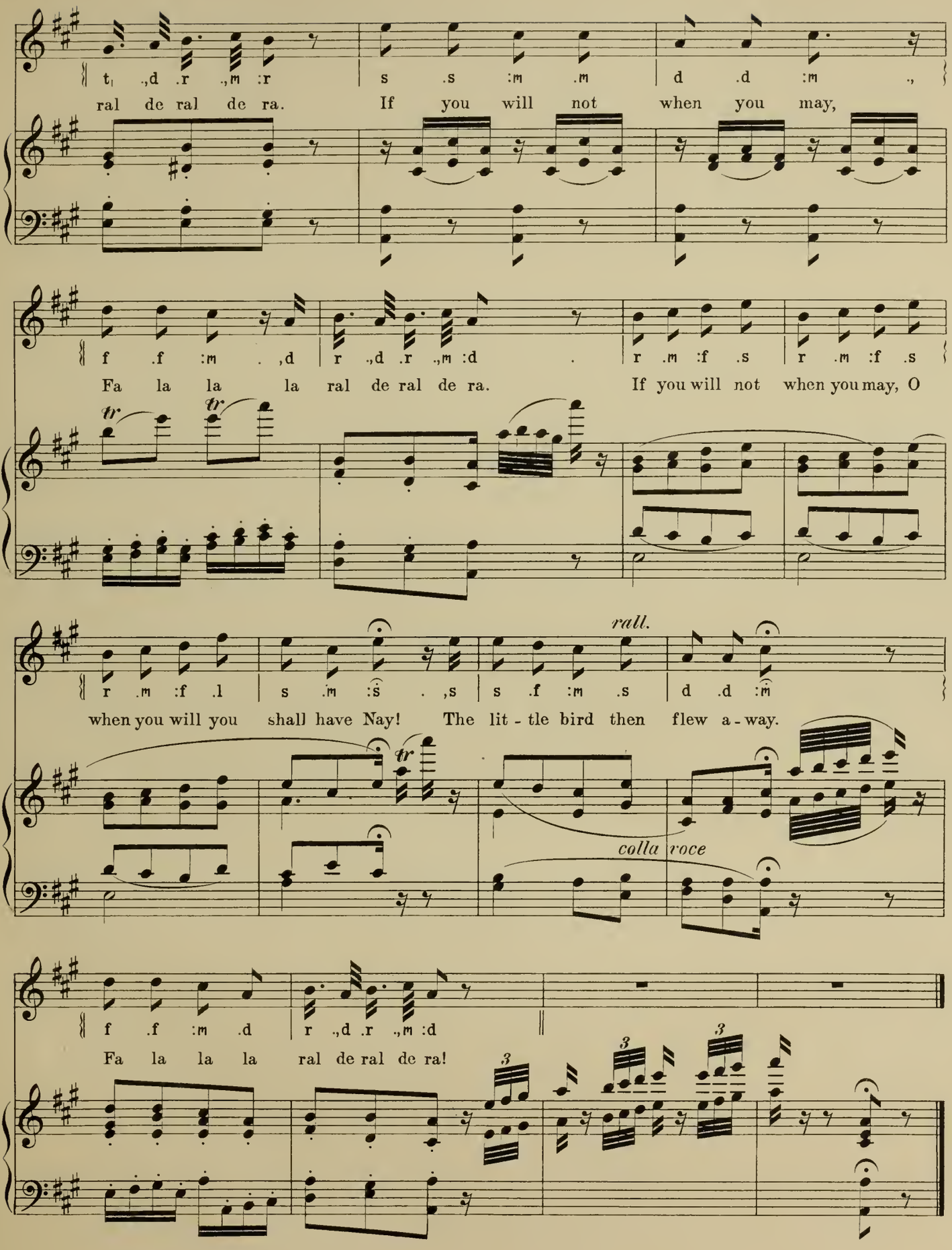
S. STORACE. (W. H. H.)

Allegretto.



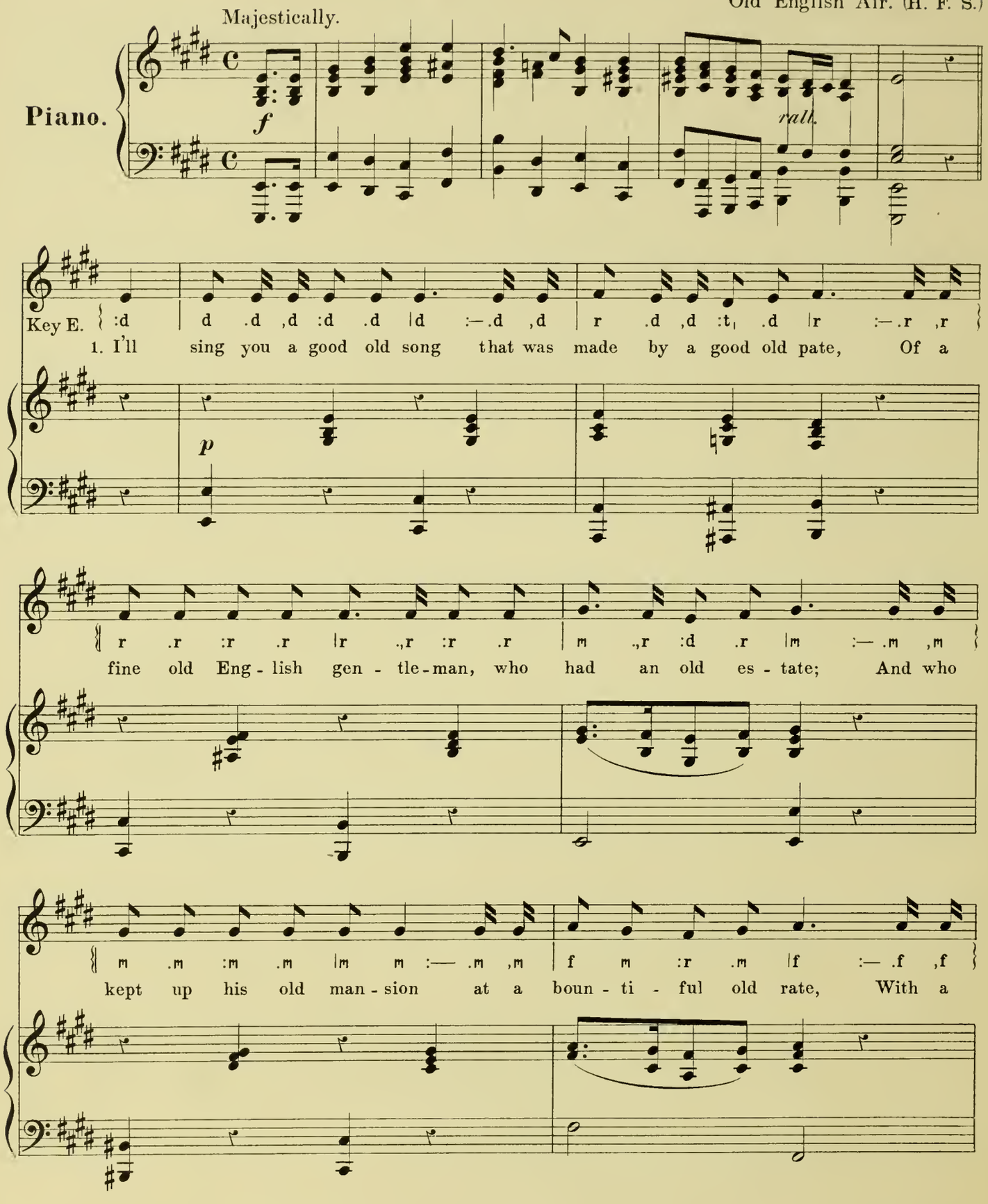

ad lib.
r .m :f .s | r .m :f .s | r . ,m :f .l | s .m :s . ,s | s .s :m .m
sigh'd and to him - self he said, "I love, I love this pret - ty maid," A lit - tle bird then
colla voce
rall.
a tempo
d .d :m ., | f .f :m .d | r .,d .r .,m :d . | : | :
shook its head, Fa la la la ral de ral de ra.
rall.
a tempo
: | : . ||,d | s .s :m .m | d .d :m . | f .f :m .,d
2. In vain the bird did strain her throat, Fa la la la
3
3
3
tr
t, .,d .r .,m :r . ,r | s .s :m .m | d .d :m . | f .f :m .d
ral de ral de ra. In vain she var - ied oft her note, Fa la la la
tr

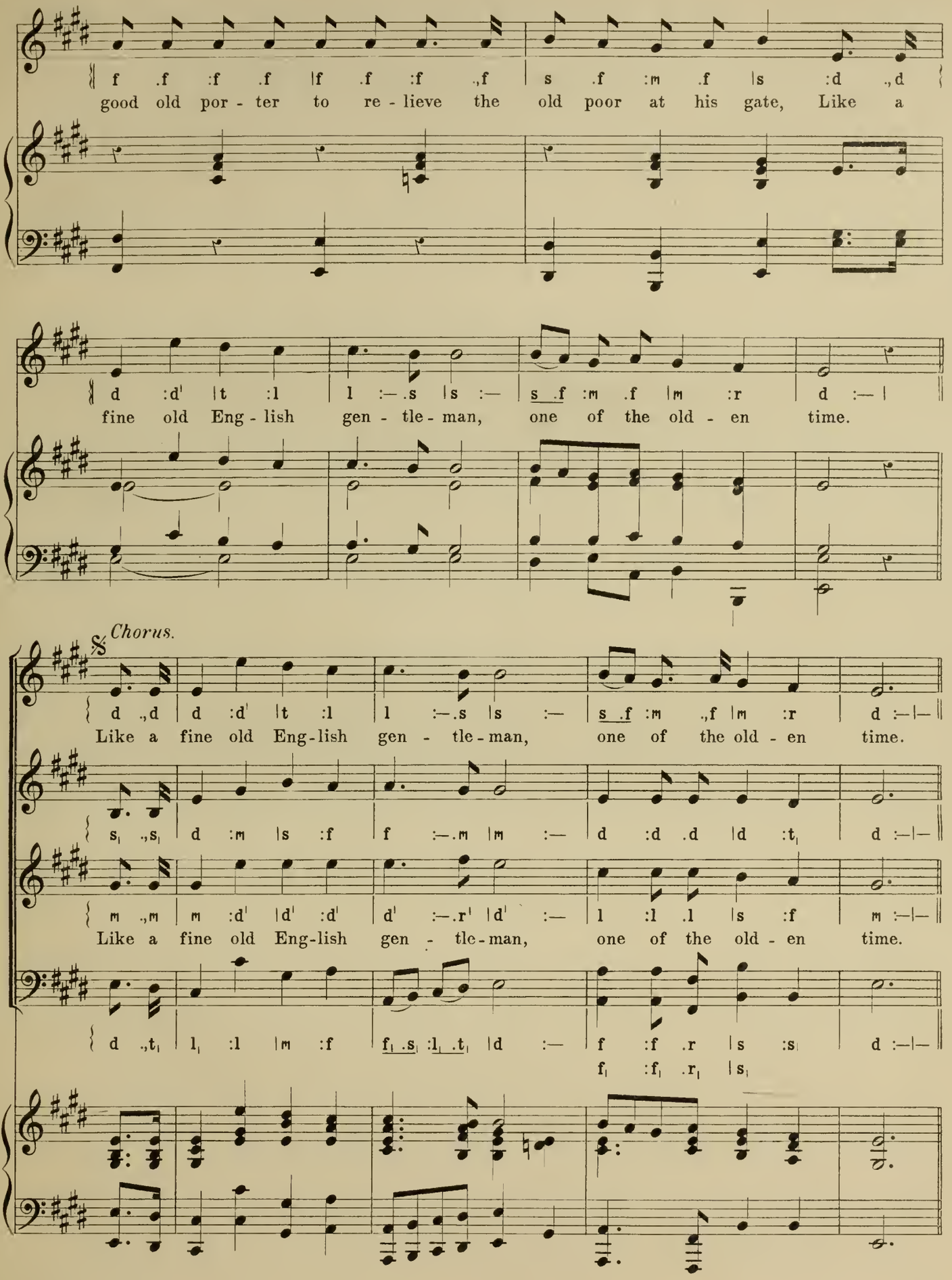

ral de ral de ra. In vain she var - ied oft her note, The fool - ish shep-herd
was so shy, He on - ly and a - non did sigh, Fa la la la
rall.
a tempo
ral de ral de ra.
3. At last the bird to him did say, Fa la la la

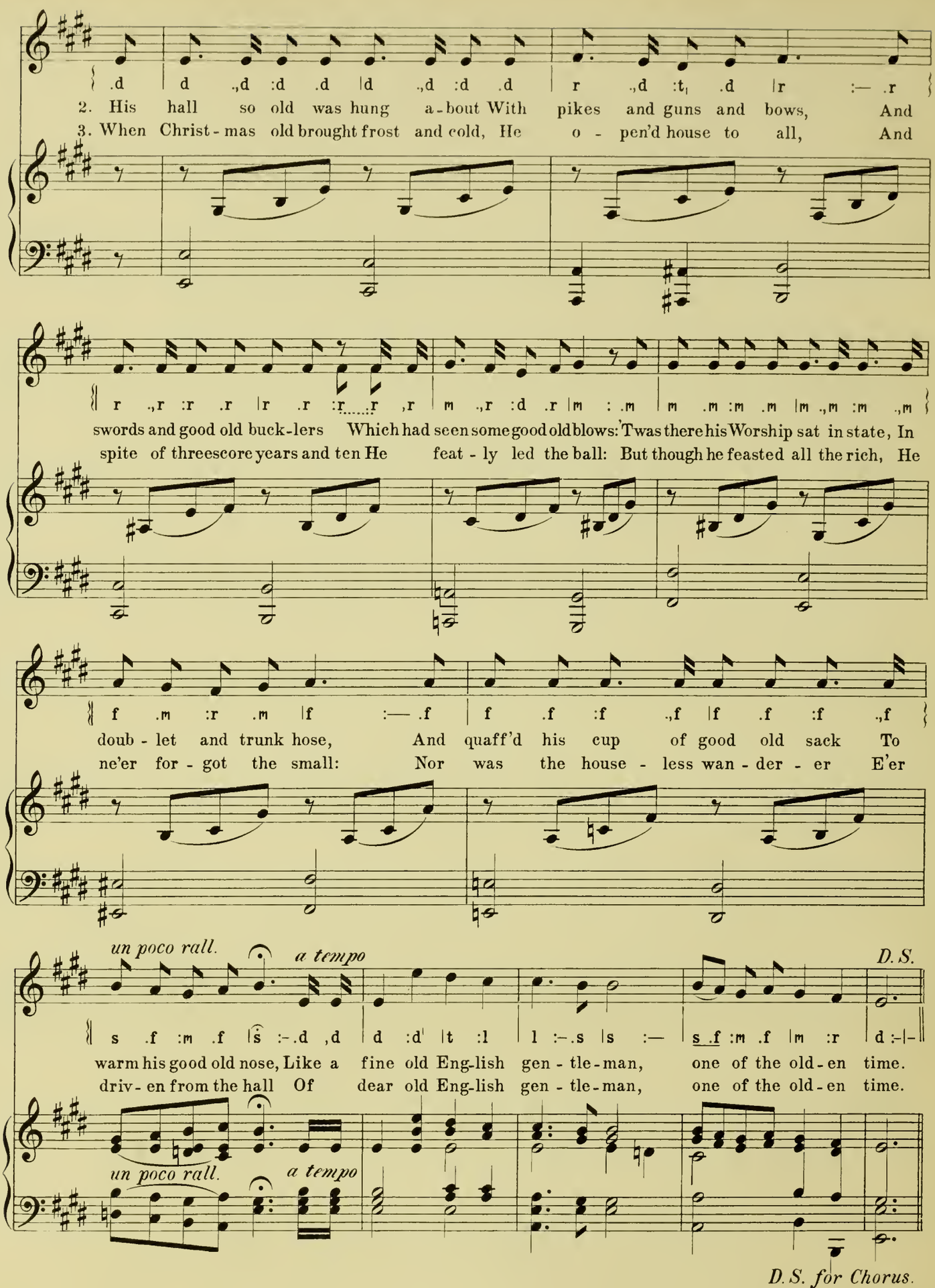

t, .,d .r .,m :r | s .s :m .m | d .d :m .,
ral de ral de ra. If you will not when you may,
f .f :m . ,d | r .,d .r .,m :d . | r .m :f .s | r .m :f .s
Fa la la la ral de ral de ra. If you will not when you may, O
tr
tr
r .m :f .l | s .m :s . ,s | s .f :m .s | d .d :m
rall.
when you will you shall have Nay! The lit - tle bird then flew a - way.
tr
colla voce
f .f :m .d | r .,d .r .,m :d
Fa la la la ral de ral de ra!
3
3
3

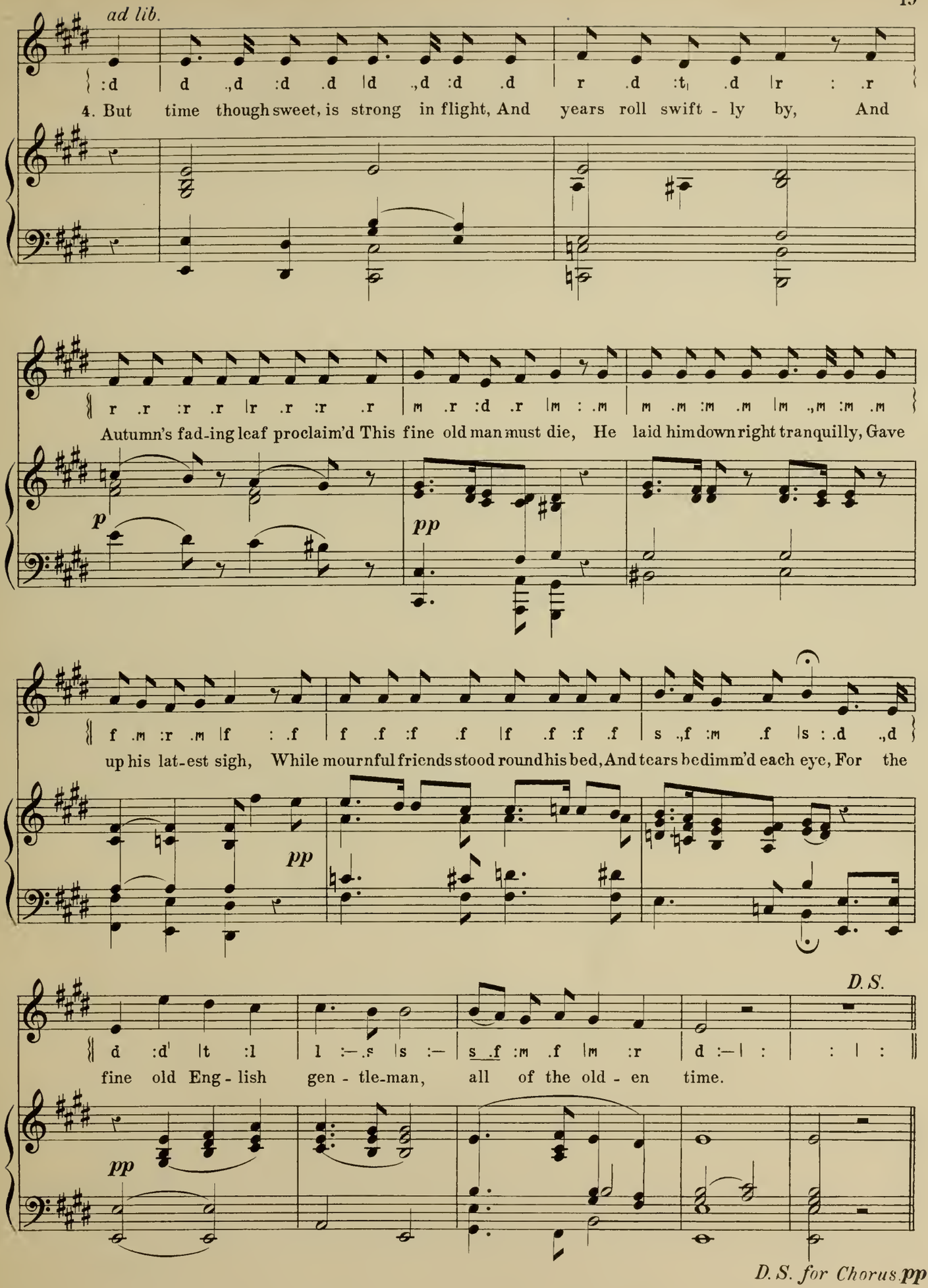
THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

Old English Air. (H. F. S.)



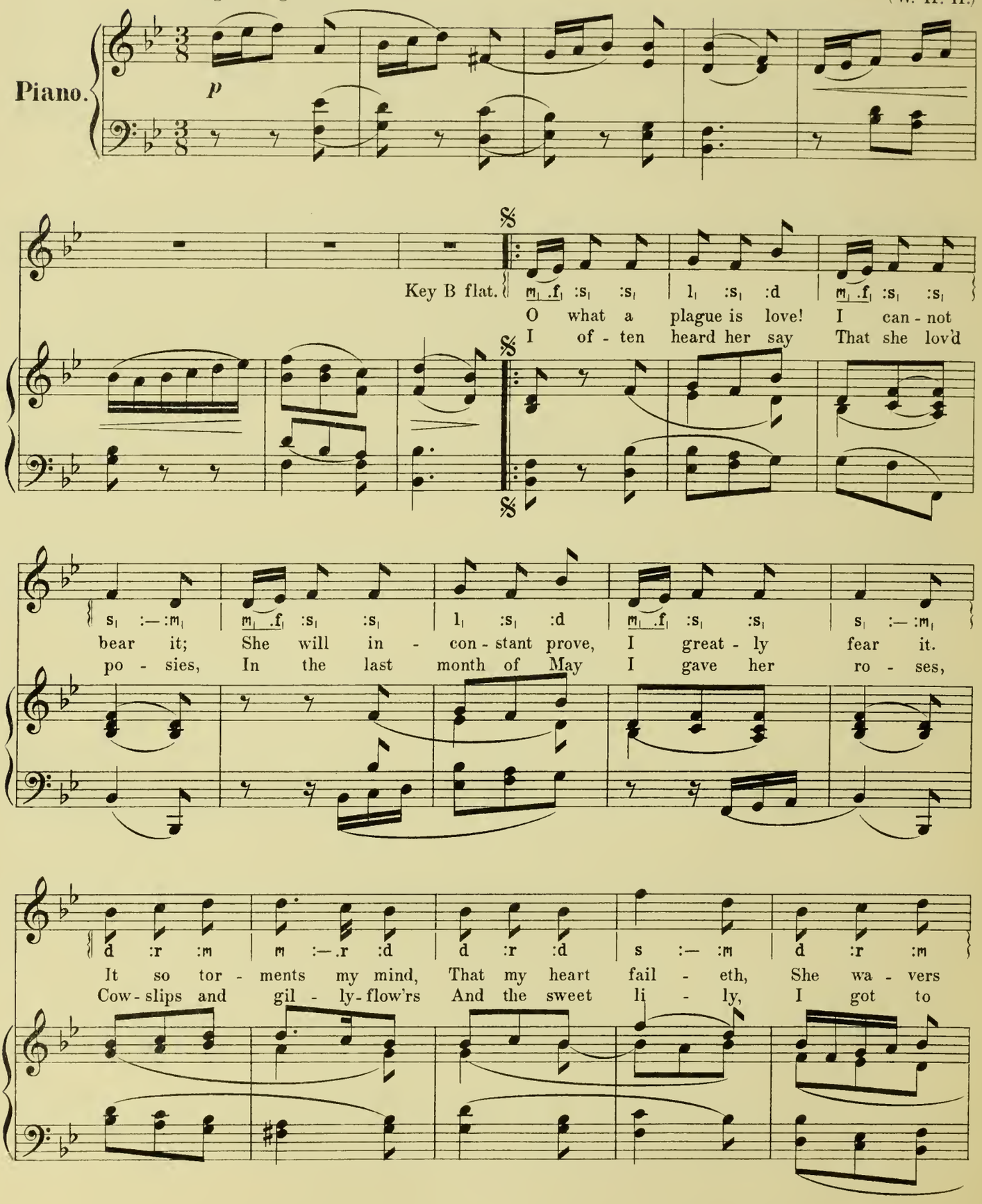

f .f :f .f |f .f :f .,f | s .f :m .f |s :d .,d
good old por - ter to re - lieve the old poor at his gate, Like a
d :d' |t :l | l :—.s |s :— | s .f :m .f |m :r | d :— |
fine old Eng - lish gen - tle - man, one of the old - en time.
Chorus.
d .,d | d :d' |t :l | l :—.s |s :— | s .f :m .,f |m :r | d :—|—
Like a fine old Eng-lish gen - tle-man, one of the old - en time.
s, .,s, | d :m |s :f | f :—.m |m :— | d :d .d |d :t, | d :—|—
m .,m | m :d' |d' :d' | d' :—.r' |d' :— | l :l .l |s :f | m :—|—
Like a fine old Eng-lish gen - tle-man, one of the old - en time.
d .,t, | l, :l |m :f | f, .s, :l, .t, |d :— | f :f .r |s :s, | d :—|—
f, :f, .r, |s,

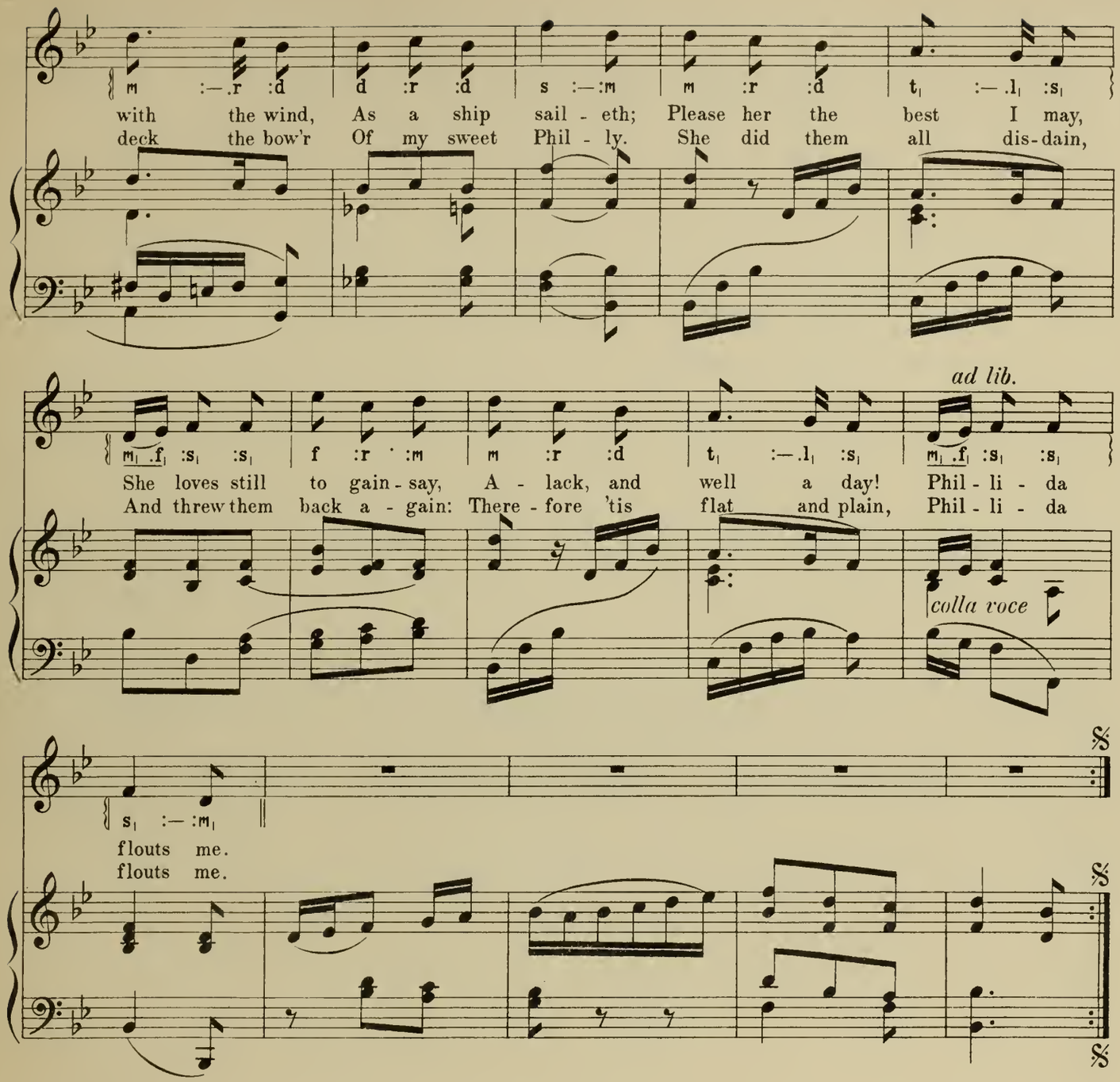

2. His hall so old was hung a-bout With pikes and guns and bows, And
3. When Christ-mas old brought frost and cold, He o - pen'd house to all, And
swords and good old buck-lers Which had seen some good old blows: 'Twas there his Worship sat in state, In
spite of threescore years and ten He feat - ly led the ball: But though he feasted all the rich, He
doub - let and trunk hose, And quaff'd his cup of good old sack To
ne'er for - got the small: Nor was the house - less wan - der - er E'er
un poco rall.
a tempo
D.S.
warm his good old nose, Like a fine old Eng-lish gen - tle-man, one of the old-en time.
driv - en from the hall Of dear old Eng-lish gen - tle-man, one of the old-en time.
un poco rall.
a tempo
D.S. for Chorus.


ad lib.
:d d .,d :d .d |d .,d :d .d | r .d :t, .d |r : .r
4. But time though sweet, is strong in flight, And years roll swift - ly by, And
r .r :r .r |r .r :r .r | m .r :d .r |m : .m | m .m :m .m |m .,m :m .m
Autumn's fad-ing leaf proclaim'd This fine old man must die, He laid him down right tranquilly, Gave
p
pp
f .m :r .m |f : .f | f .f :f .f |f .f :f .f | s .,f :m .f |s : .d .,d
up his lat-est sigh, While mournful friends stood round his bed, And tears bedimm'd each eye, For the
pp
D.S.
d :d' |t :l | l :—.s |s :— | s .f :m .f |m :r | d :—| : | : | :
fine old Eng - lish gen - tle-man, all of the old - en time.
pp
D.S. for Chorus pp

PHILLIDA FLOUTS ME.

Allegretto grazioso. (W. H. H.)





3

Which way soe'er I go,
She still torments me;
And whatsoe'er I do,
Nothing contents me:
I fade and pine away
With grief and sorrow;
I fall quite to decay,
Like any shadow.
I shall be dead, I fear,
Within a thousand year;
And all because my dear
Phillida flouts me.

Spring and Winter.

Folk Song (F. W. B.)

Cheerfully.

Voice.

Piano.

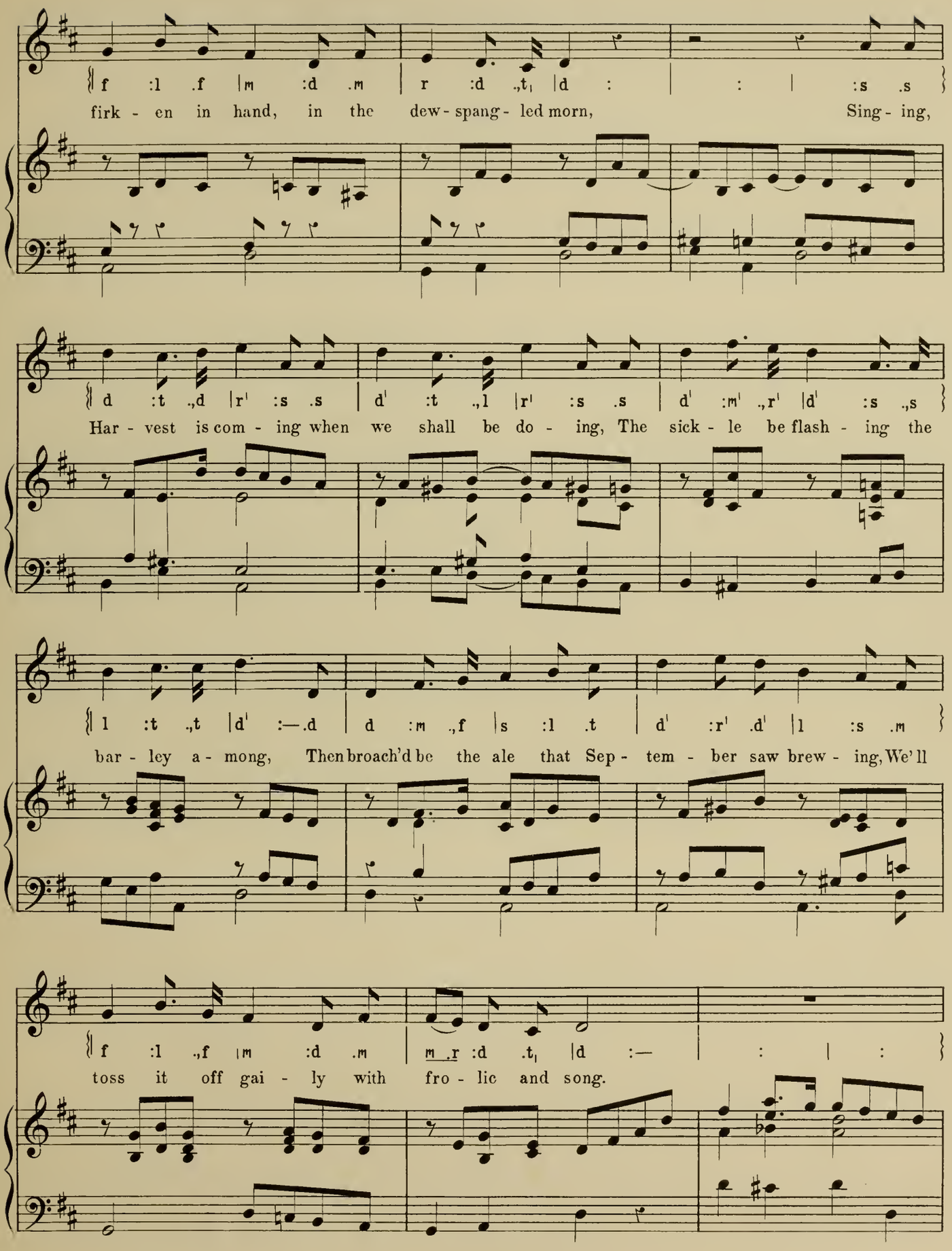
Introductory Symphony, and if desired, between the verses.

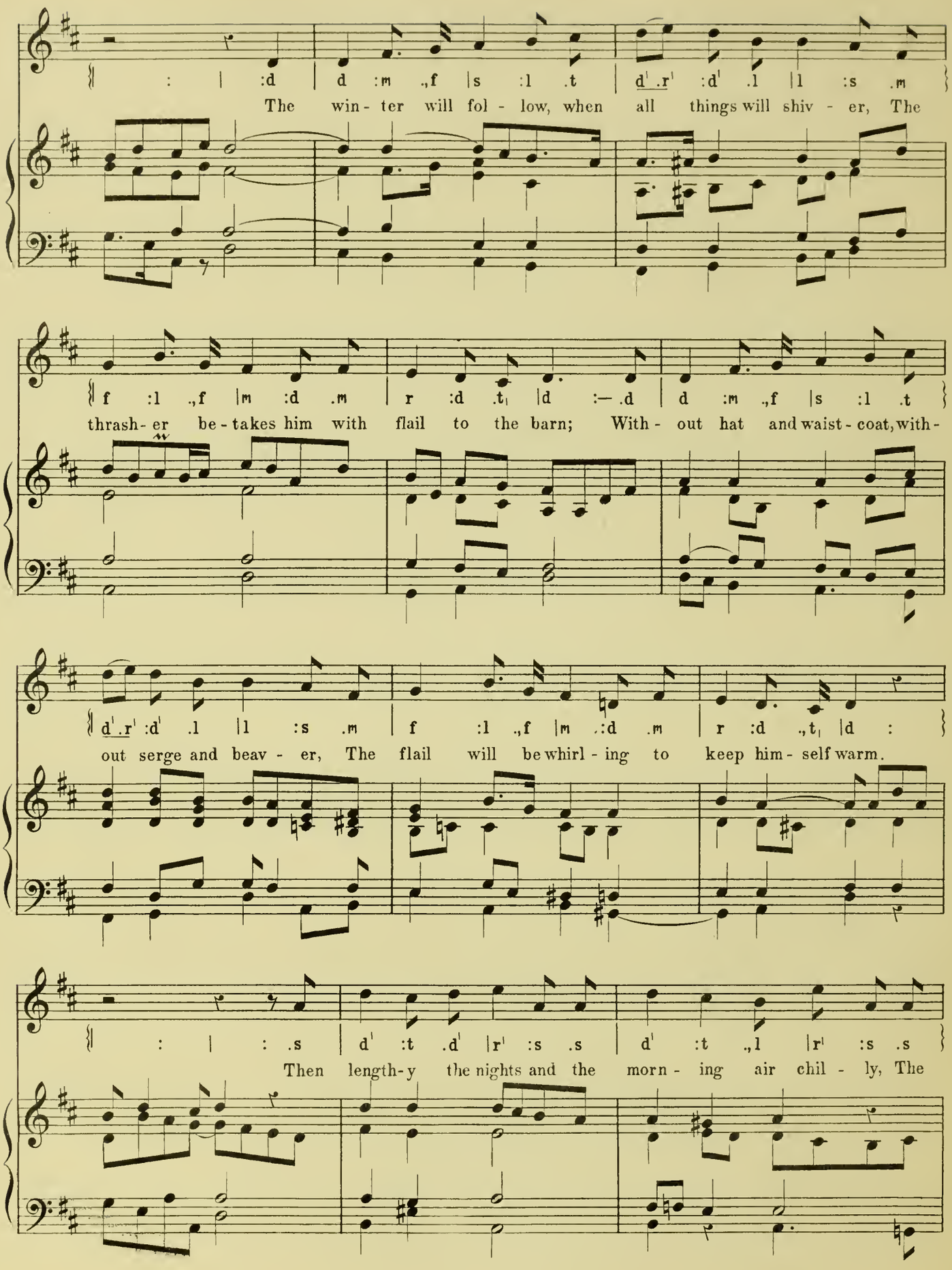
Key D. .d | d :m .,f |s :l .t | d'.r' :d' .l |l :s .m | f :l .,f |m :d .m

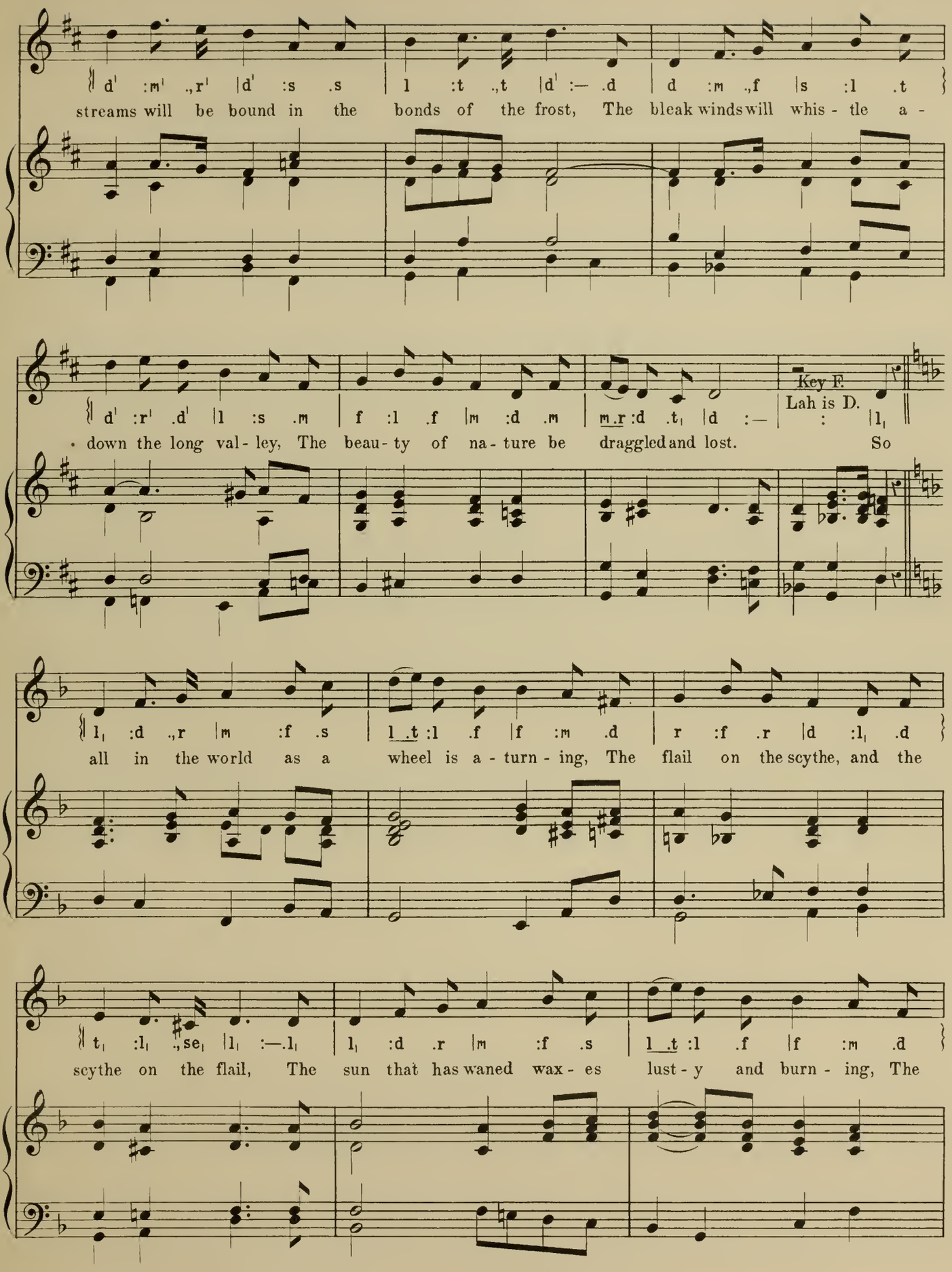
The spring-time is come, with a bright sun and show- er, The fields are be-deck- ed with

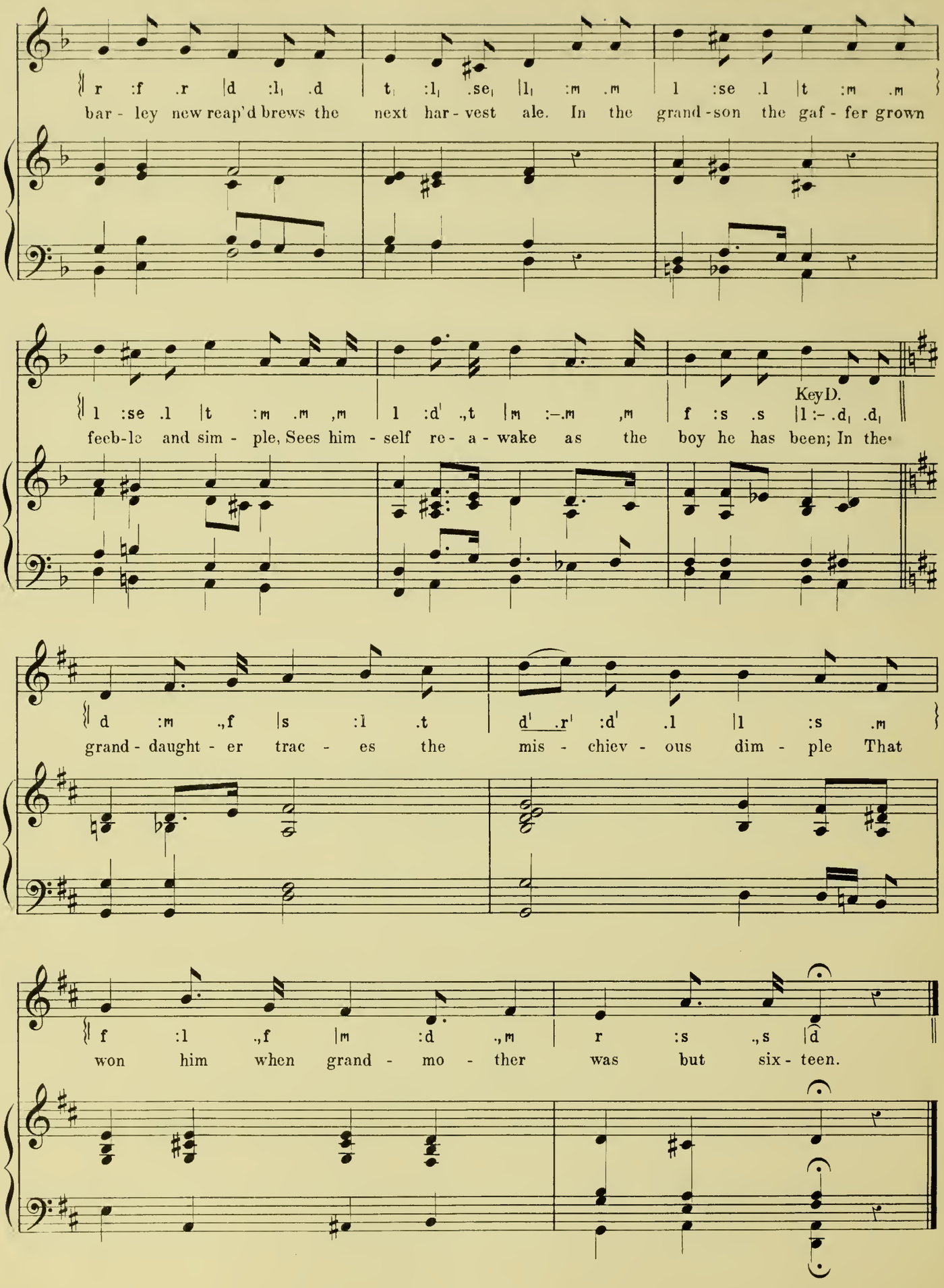
r :d .,t, |d :d | d :m .,f |s :l .t | d'.r' :d' .l |l :s .m

grass and green corn, With scythe on his shoul - der goes forth the glad mow - er, His


f :l .f |m :d .m | r :d .,t, |d : | : | :s .s
firk - en in hand, in the dew - spang - led morn, Sing - ing,
d :t .,d |r' :s .s | d' :t .,l |r' :s .s | d' :m' .,r' |d' :s .,s
Har - vest is com - ing when we shall be do - ing, The sick - le be flash - ing the
l :t .,t |d' :—.d | d :m .,f |s :l .t | d' :r' .d' |l :s .m
bar - ley a - mong, Then broach'd be the ale that Sep - tem - ber saw brew - ing, We'll
f :l .,f |m :d .m | m .r :d .t, |d :— | : | :
toss it off gai - ly with fro - lic and song.


: | :d | d :m .f |s :l .t | d'.r' :d' .l |l :s .m
The win - ter will fol - low, when all things will shiv - er, The
f :l .f |m :d .m | r :d .t, |d :— .d | d :m .f |s :l .t
thrash - er be - takes him with flail to the barn; With - out hat and waist - coat, with -
d'.r' :d' .l |l :s .m | f :l .f |m .:d .m | r :d .t, |d :
out serge and beav - er, The flail will be whirl - ing to keep him - self warm.
: | : .s | d' :t .d' |r' :s .s | d' :t .l |r' :s .s
Then length - y the nights and the morn - ing air chil - ly, The


d' :m' .,r' |d' :s .s | l :t .,t |d' :— .d | d :m .,f |s :l .t
streams will be bound in the bonds of the frost, The bleak winds will whis - tle a -
d' :r' .d' |l :s .m | f :l .f |m :d .m | m.r :d .t, |d :— | Key F. Lah is D. : |l,
down the long val - ley, The beau - ty of na - ture be draggled and lost. So
l, :d .,r |m :f .s | l .t :l .f |f :m .d | r :f .r |d :l, .d
all in the world as a wheel is a - turn - ing, The flail on the scythe, and the
t, :l, .,se, |l, :—.l, | l, :d .r |m :f .s | l .t :l .f |f :m .d
scythe on the flail, The sun that has waned wax - es lust - y and burn - ing, The


r :f .r |d :l, .d | t, :l, .se, |l, :m .m | l :se .l |t :m .m
bar - ley new reap'd brews the next har - vest ale. In the grand - son the gaf - fer grown
l :se .l |t :m .m ,m | l :d' .,t |m :-.m ,m | f :s .s |l :- .d, .d,
Key D.
feeb-le and sim - ple, Sees him - self re - a - wake as the boy he has been; In the
d :m .,f |s :l .t | d' .r' :d' .l |l :s .m
grand - daught - er trac - es the mis - chiev - ous dim - ple That
f :l .,f |m :d .,m | r :s .,s |d
won him when grand - mo - ther was but six - teen.

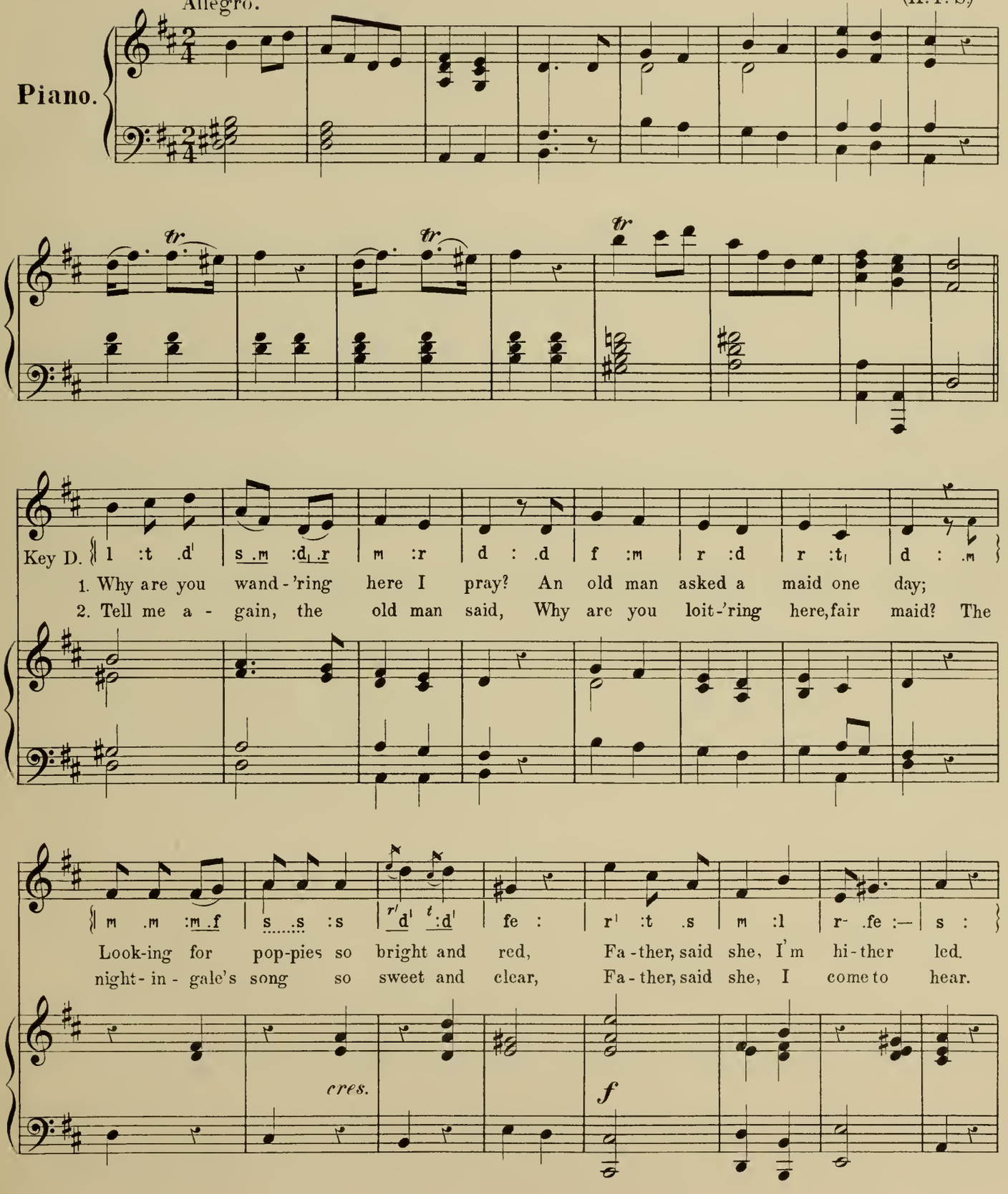
WHY ARE YOU WANDERING?

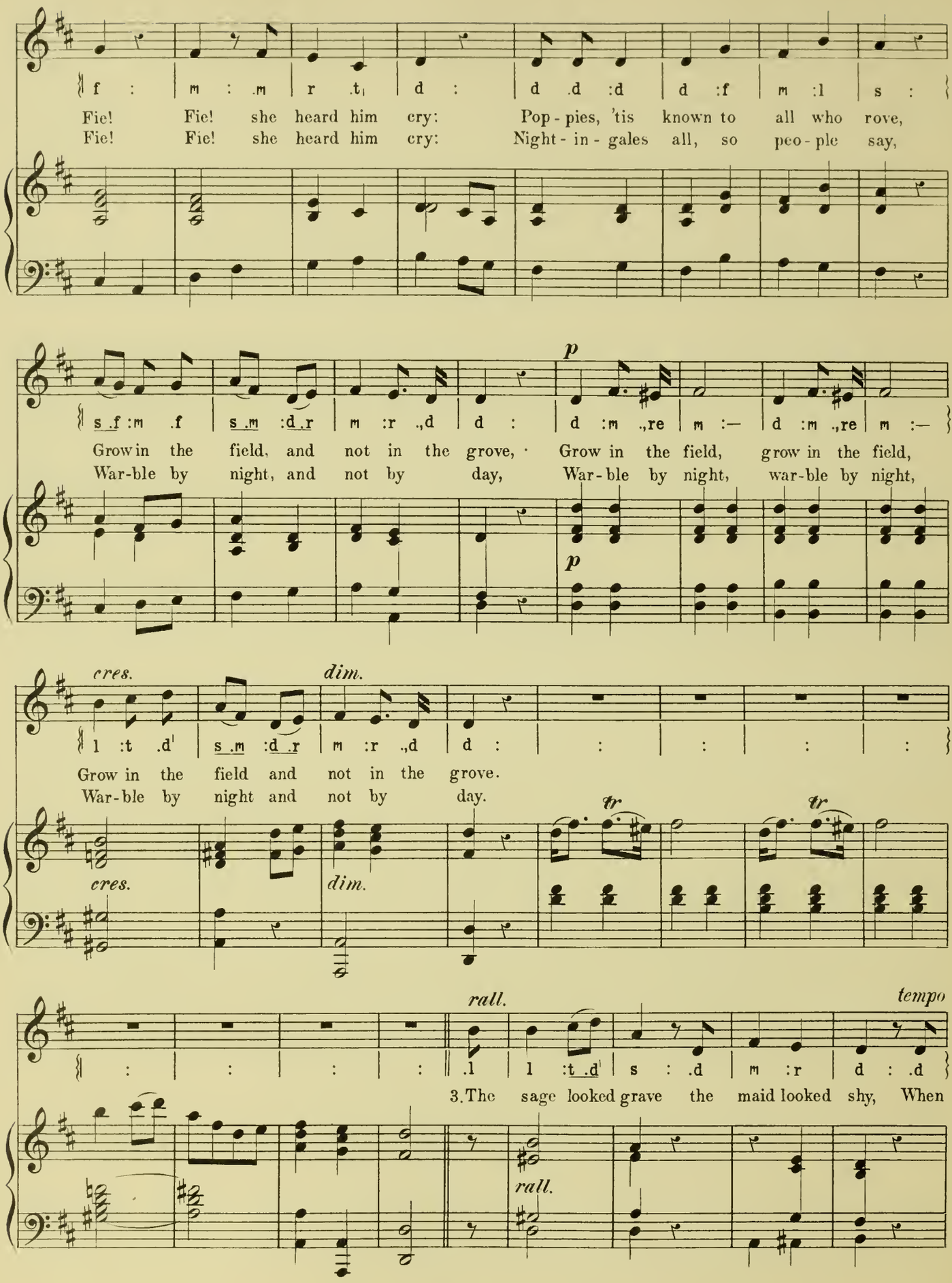
Words by
KENNY.

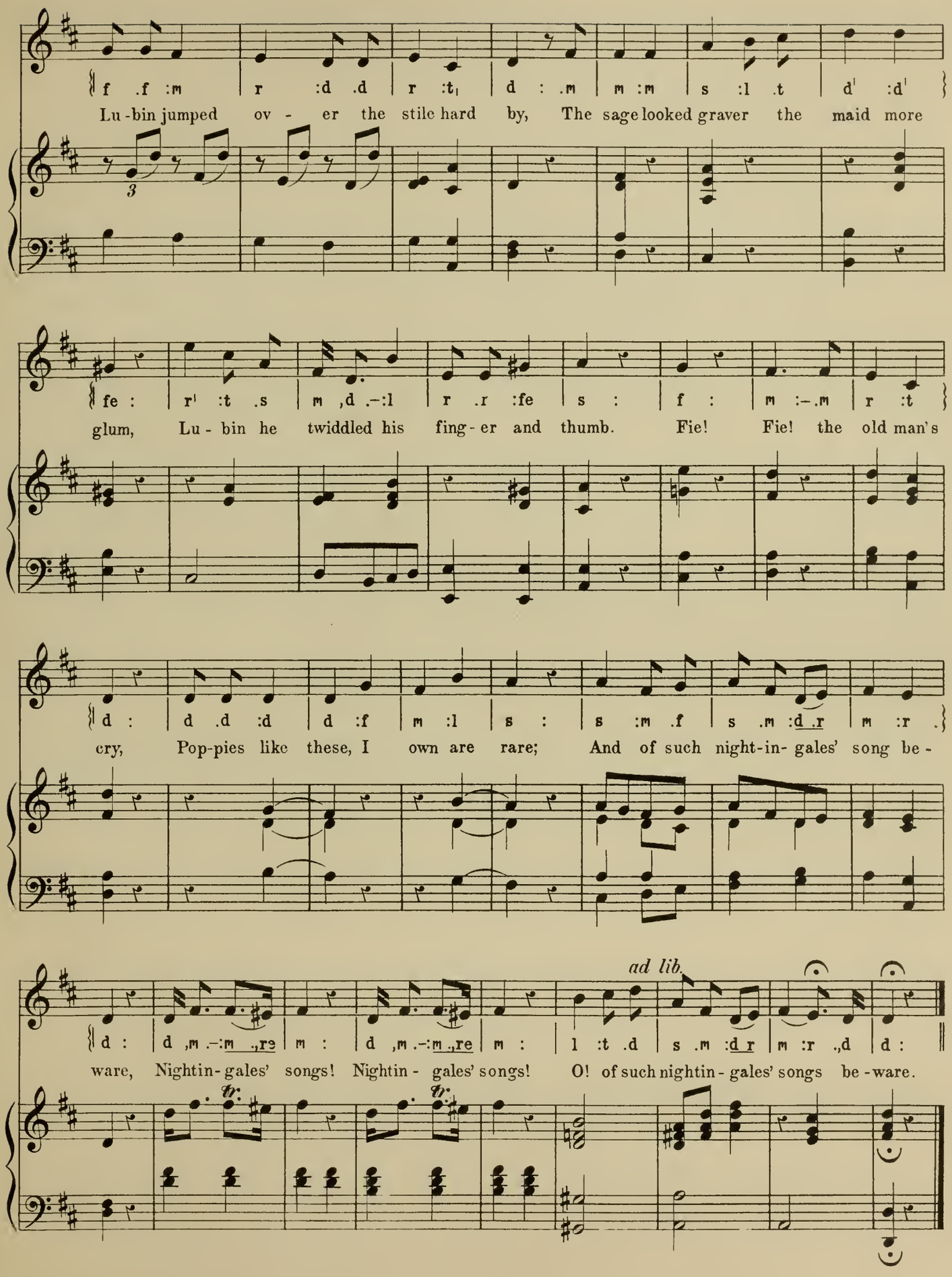
Composed by
NATHAN.
(H. F. S.)

Allegro.

Piano.



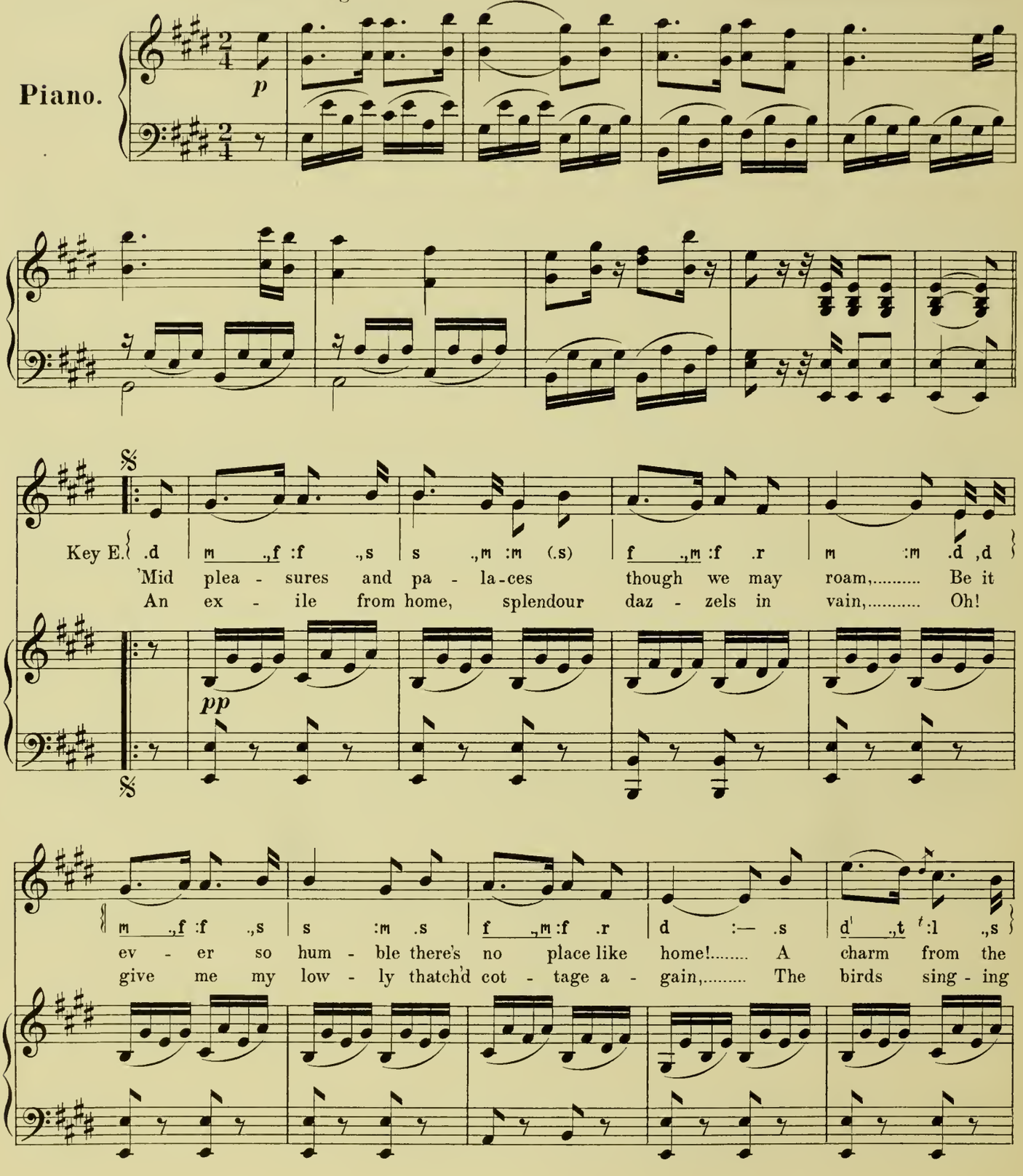

f : m : .m r .t, d : d .d :d d :f m :l s :
Fie! Fie! she heard him cry: Pop - pies, 'tis known to all who rove,
Fie! Fie! she heard him cry: Night - in - gales all, so peo - ple say,
s .f :m .f s .m :d .r m :r .,d d :
p
d :m .,re m :— d :m .,re m :—
Grow in the field, and not in the grove, Grow in the field, grow in the field,
War-ble by night, and not by day, War-ble by night, war-ble by night,
cres.
dim.
l :t .d' s .m :d .r m :r .,d d :
Grow in the field and not in the grove.
War-ble by night and not by day.
tr
tr
cres.
dim.
rall.
tempo
: : : : .l l :t .d' s : .d m :r d : .d
3. The sage looked grave the maid looked shy, When
rall.

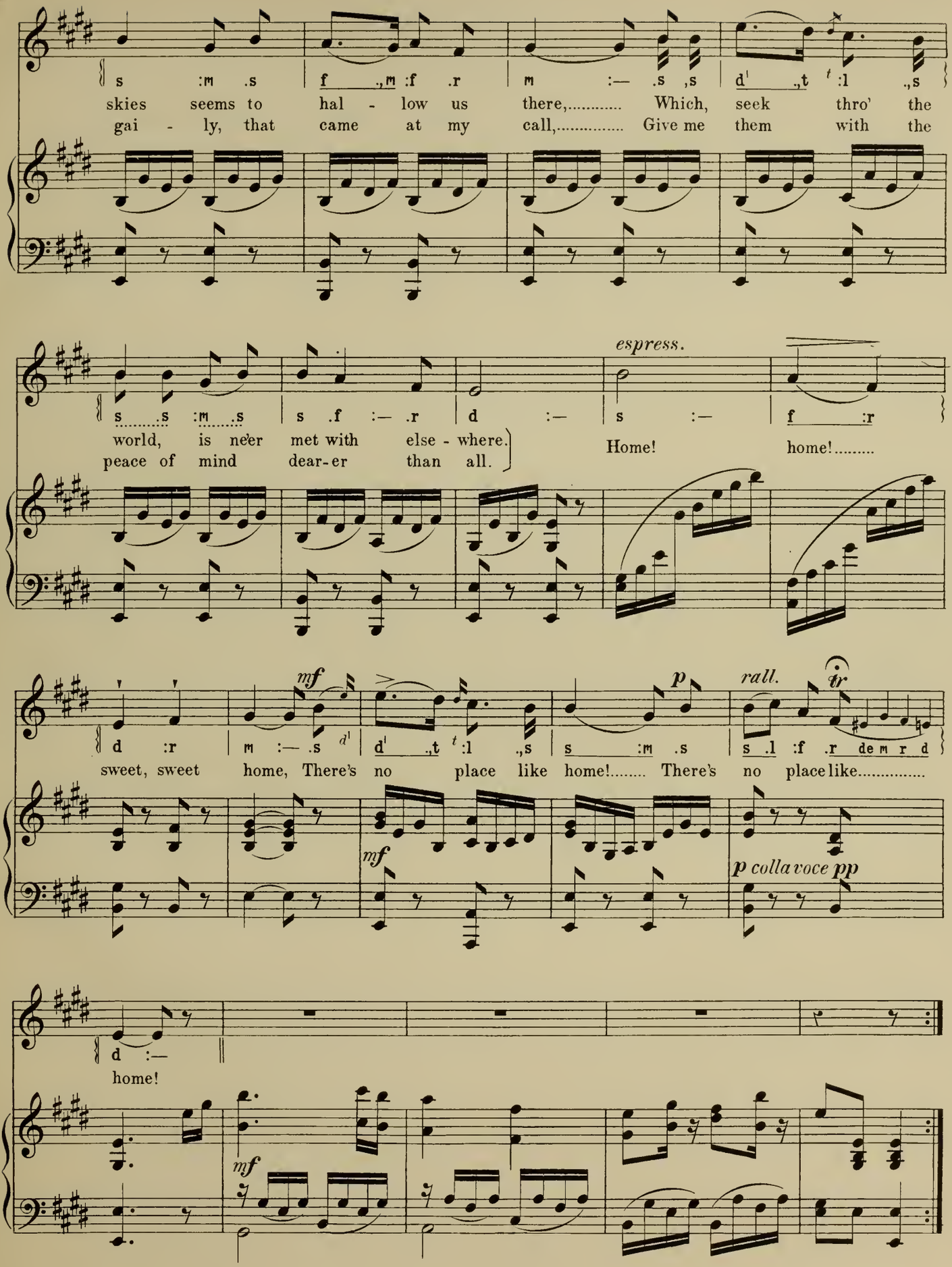

f .f :m | r :d .d | r :t, | d : .m | m :m | s :l .t | d' :d'
Lu-bin jumped ov - er the stile hard by, The sage looked graver the maid more
fe : | r' :t .s | m ,d .-:l | r .r :fe | s : | f : | m :-.m | r :t
glum, Lu - bin he twiddled his fing-er and thumb. Fie! Fie! the old man's
d : | d .d :d | d :f | m :l | s : | s :m .f | s .m :d .r | m :r .
cry, Pop-pies like these, I own are rare; And of such night-in-gales' song be -
ad lib.
d : | d ,m .-:m .,re | m : | d ,m .-:m .,re | m : | l :t .d | s .m :d .r | m :r .,d | d :
ware, Nightin-gales' songs! Nightin - gales' songs! O! of such nightin-gales' songs be-ware.
tr.
tr.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Words by J. HOWARD PAYNE.

Andante larghetto. Sir H. R. BISHOP. (W. H. H.)




skies seems to hal - low us there,..... Which, seek thro' the
gai - ly, that came at my call,..... Give me them with the
espress.
world, is ne'er met with else - where.
peace of mind dear-er than all.
Home! home!.....
mf
sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home!..... There's no place like.....
rall.
mf
p colla voce pp
home!
mf

In Limbo.

Old English. (H. F. S.)

In moderate time. ♩. = 76.

Piano.

Key G. :s, | d :t, :d |l, :t, :d | f :m :r |t, :— :s, |

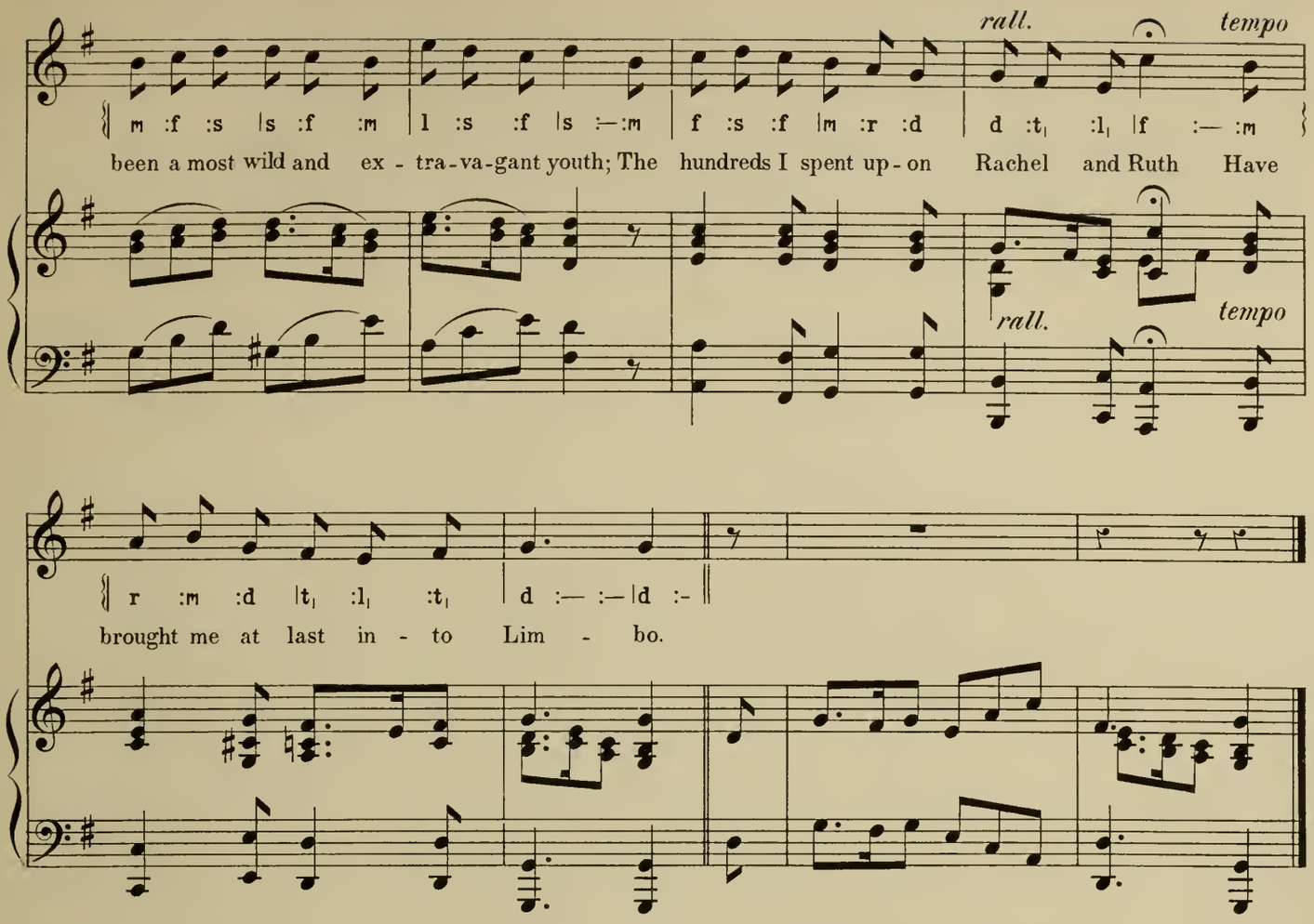
I once that was great, Now full lit - tle am grown; A

d :t, :d |l, :r :d | t, :s, :— | : :s, | m, :f, :s, |l, :t, :d | r :d :r |s, :— :s, |

mi-mic of *mul-tum in par-vo.* I'm bu-ried a-live in a clois-ter of stone; They

l, :t, :d |s, :d :t, | d :d :— | : :s | m :f :s |s :—.f :m | l :s :f |s :— :s |

say it is what I de - sarve, O. In what they have said there is something of truth; I've



2

My father, he left me five hundred a year,
My mother, she left me her jointure;
Then every good acre from mortgage was clear,
To cross with my gun and my pointer.
But field after field to the market I sent,
My acres I sold, and the money I spent,
My heart upon nothing but revelry bent,
And that was the high-road to Limbo.

3

My hall with abundance of old fashioned plate,
And arras I packed off together,
I dressed myself up in a pageant of state,
In powdered wig, hat and feather.
With hawks and with hounds, and with fine ambling nags,
I rioted round, till I emptied my bags,
My gay coat was turned to contemptible rags,
Besides I was clapt into Limbo.

4

†) I used for to vaunt me as if I could fly,
Or strut like a crow in a gutter.
The people would cry out, whene'er I went by,
There goes Master Fopling-a-Flutter!
Like unto topgallant I hoisted my sails,
My rapier, muff-ribbons, wig of two tails;
But then I sat sighing and gnawing my nails,
Confined to a chamber in Limbo.

5

And now I am happy, on acres a few,
With a cow, and a cob in my stable,
An innocent wife, who is loving and true,
And cherubs surrounding my table.
I owe not a penny, my fortune is small,
Though poverty pinches, it never can gall,
I leave it to others to go to the wall
And like Jackasses walk into Limbo.

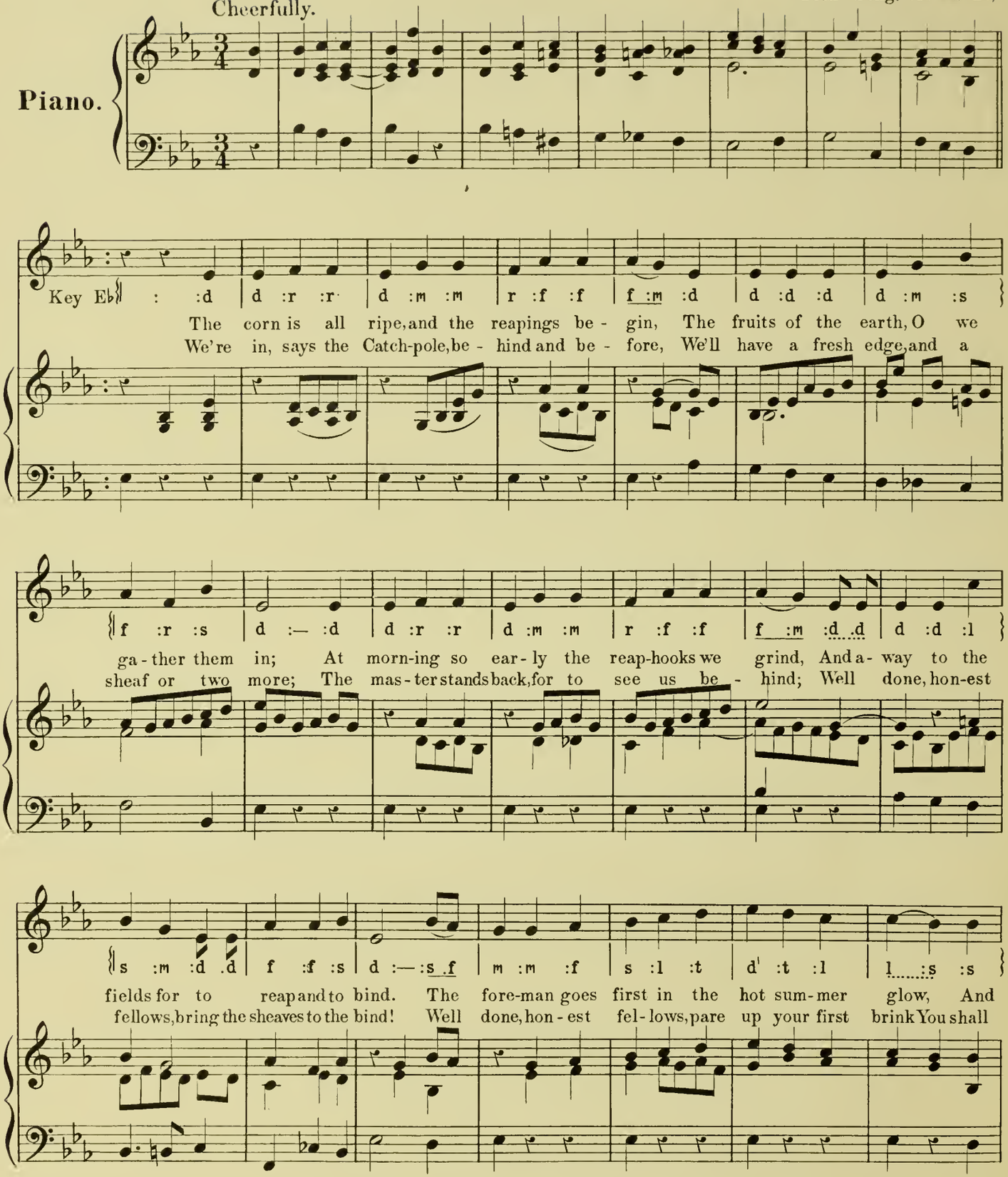
†) May be omitted in singing.

ALL OF A ROW.

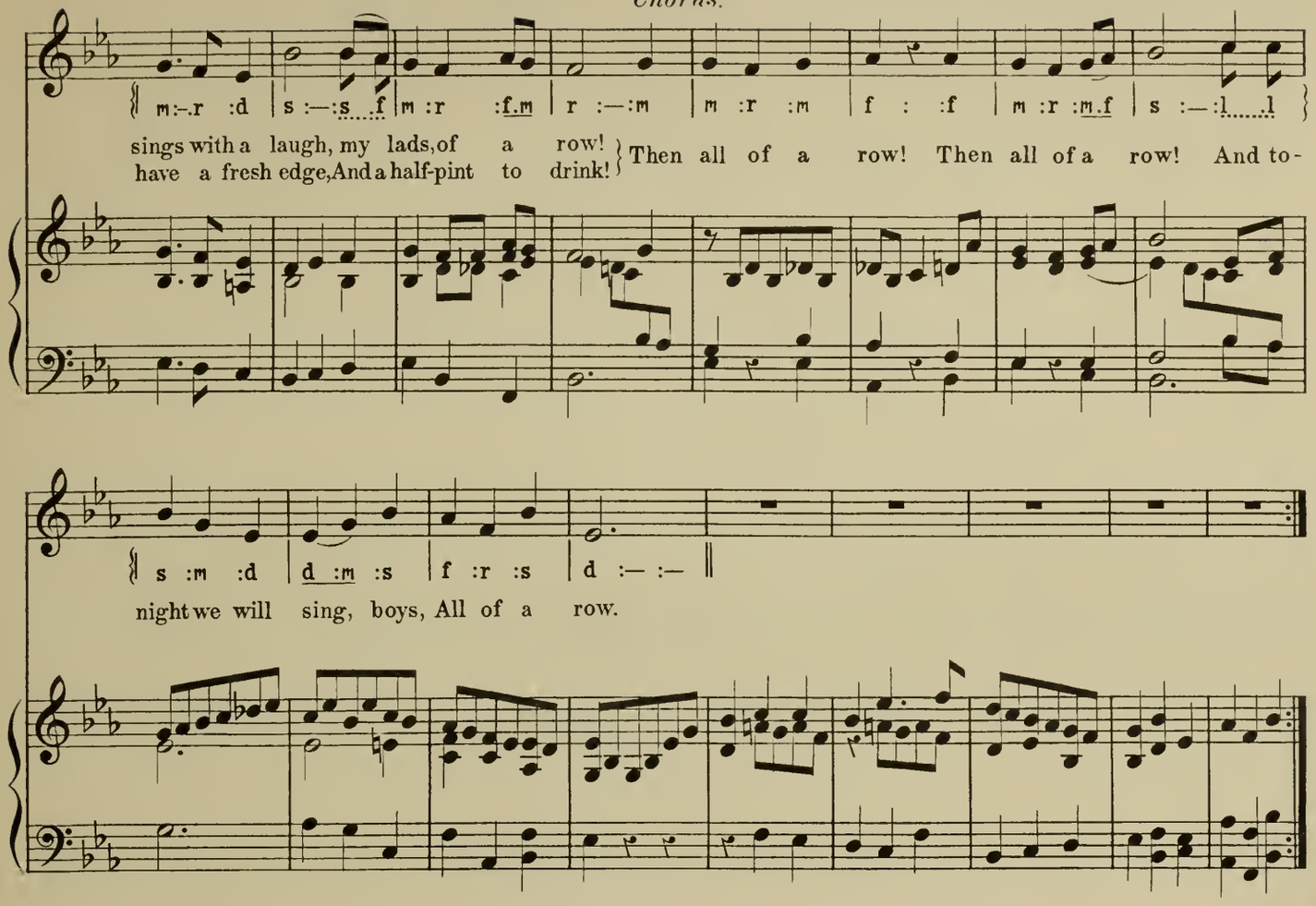
Folk Song. (F. W. B.)

Cheerfully.

Piano.



Chorus.



3

And so we go on thro' the heat of the day,
Some reaping, some binding, all merry and gay,
We'll reap and we'll bind, we will whistle and sing,
Unflagging until the last sheaf we bring in;
It's all our enjoyment wherever we go,
To work and to sing, Brothers, all of a row.
Then all of a row, &c.

4

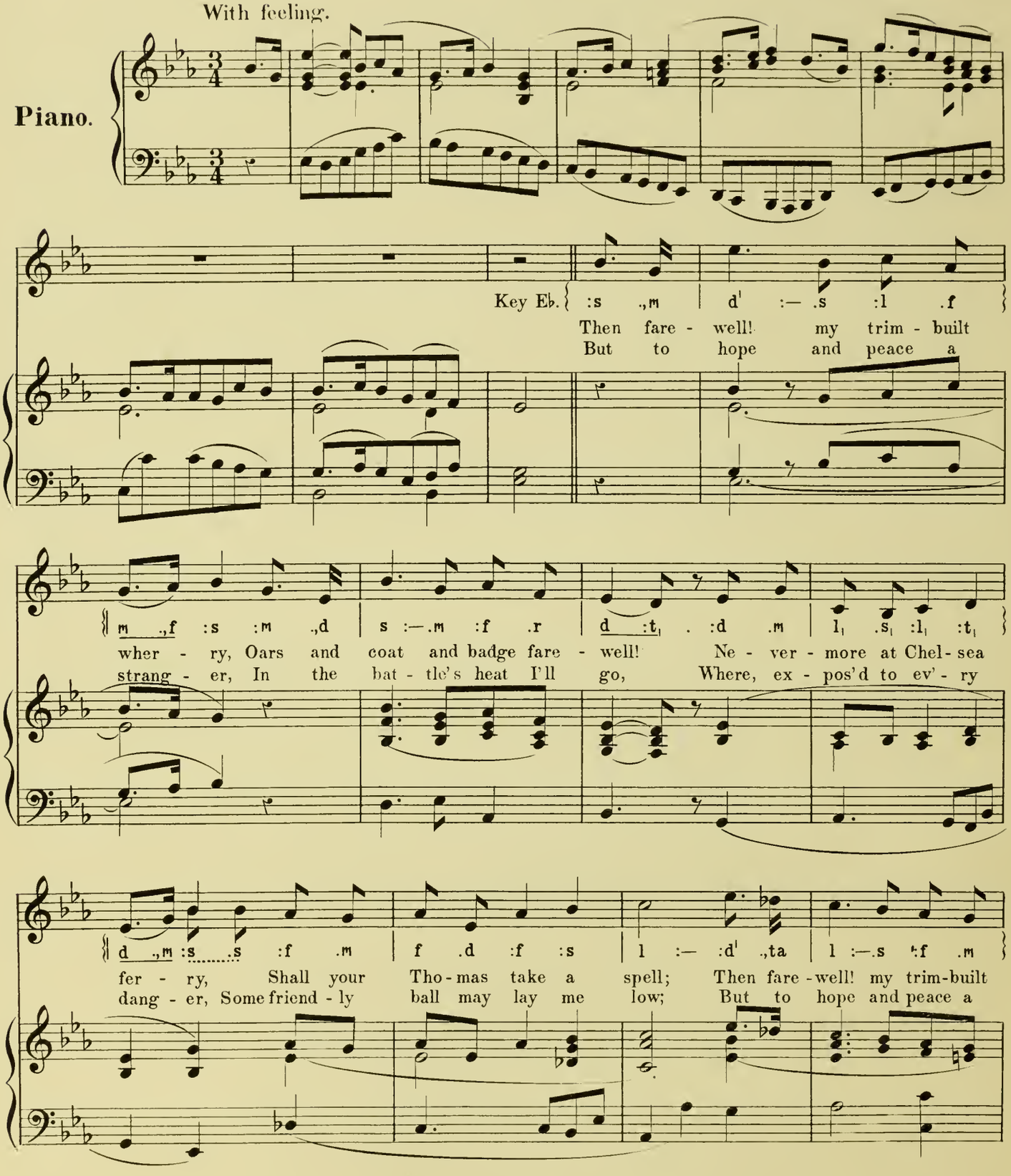
Our day's work is done, to the farmhouse we steer,
To eat a good supper and drink humming beer;
We wish the good farmer all blessings in life,
And drink to his health, and as well to his wife.
God prosper the grain for next harvest we sow,
When again in the arrish we'll sing, Boys, hallo!
Then all of a row, &c.

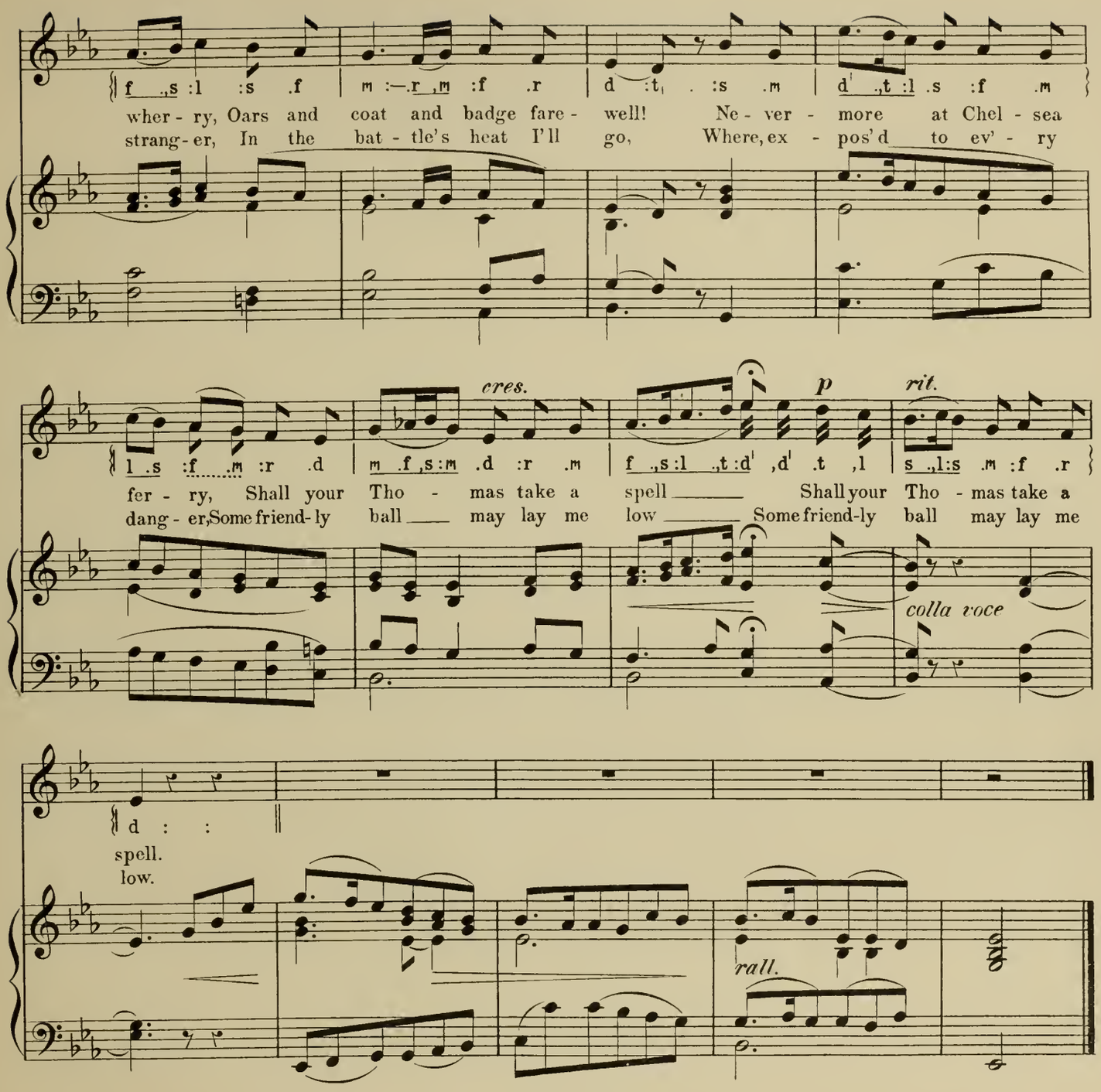
THEN FAREWELL! MY TRIM-BUILT WHERRY.

Words and Music by C. DIBDIN.
(W. H. H.)

With feeling.

Piano.



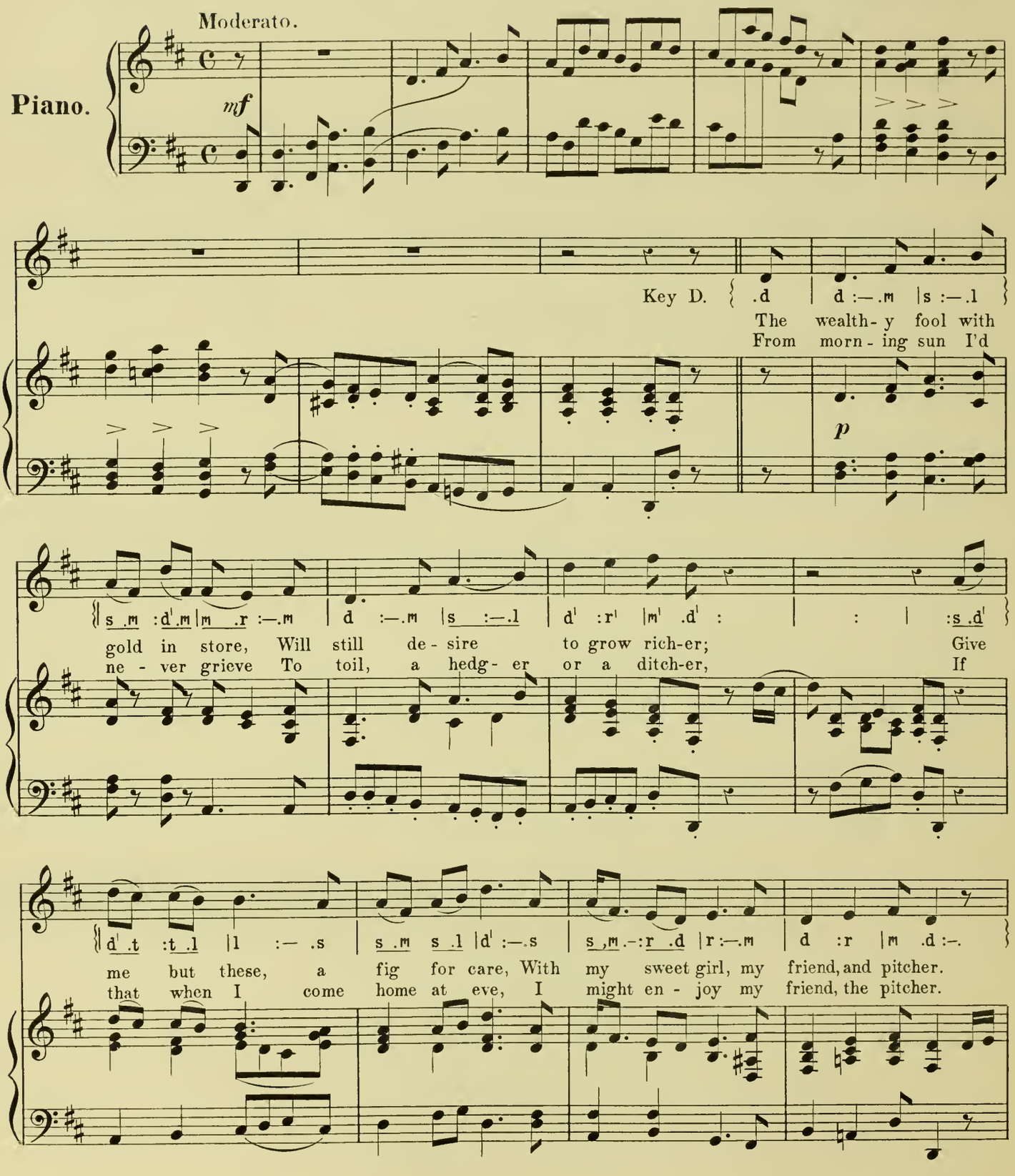


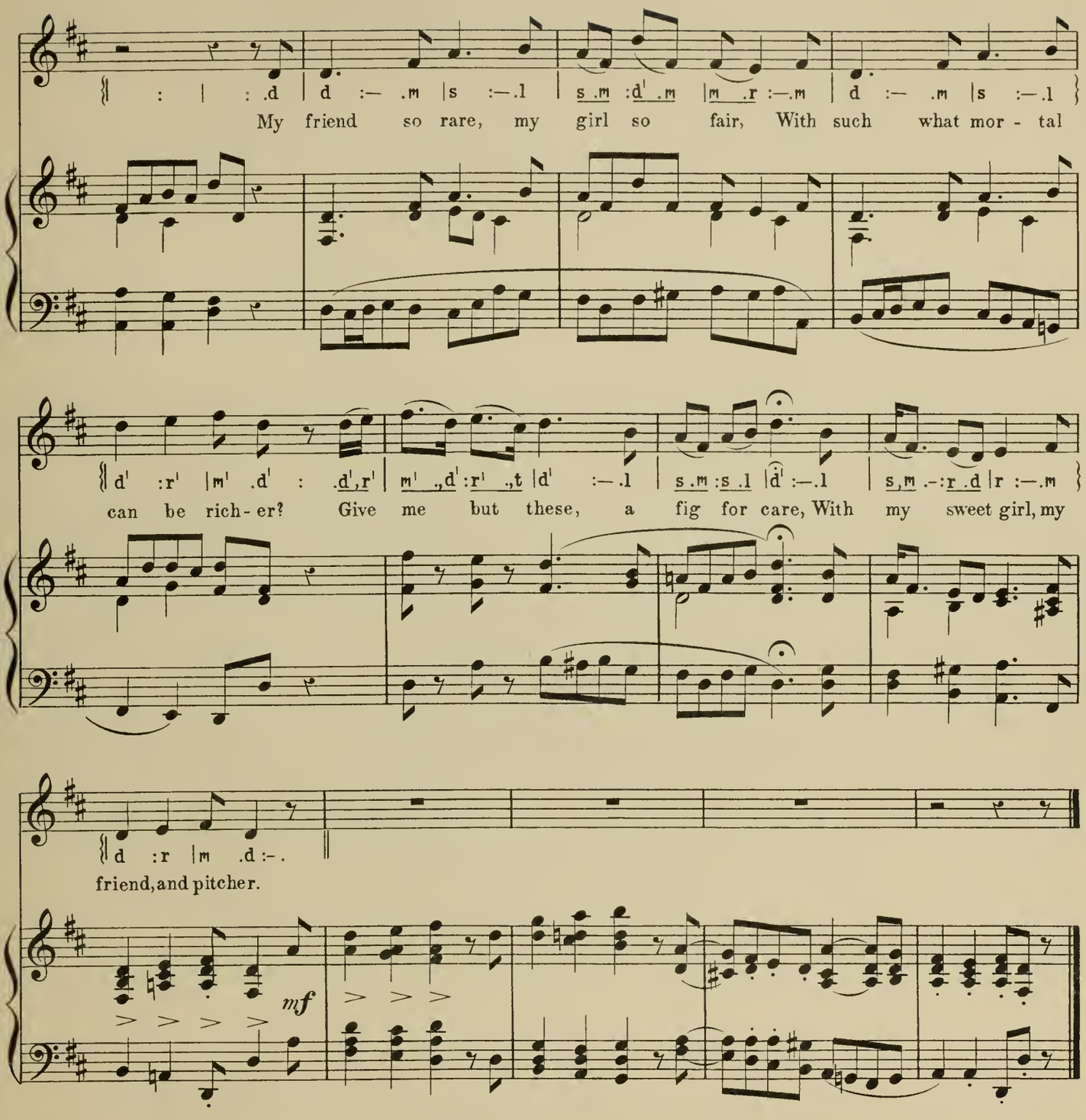
3

Then mayhap when homeward steering,
With the news my mess-mates come:
Even you, my story hearing,
With a sigh may cry, "Poor Tom."
Then mayhap when homeward steering,
With the news my mess-mates come:
Even you my story hearing,
With a sigh may cry, "Poor Tom."

MY FRIEND AND PITCHER.

SHIELD. W. H. H.





3

Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,
I do not know what can bewitch her.
With all my heart, can I be poor,
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher?
My friend so rare, &c.

HOPE, THE HERMIT.

Words by J. OXENFORD. Old air. (W. H. H.)

Boldly and steadily.

Piano.

f

Key B♭. .s, :l, .t, | d :d |d :t, .d | r .d :t, .l, |s, :l, .t, | d :m, |f, :s, |

Once in a blithe greenwood Liv'd a her-mit wise and good, Whom the folks from far and

"The ve-ry long-est lane Has a turn-ing, it is plain, E'en the black-est clouds will

mf

d, :— |— :d .r | m :m |m :r .m | f .m :r .d |r :s, | l, .t, :d .r |m :r |

near For his coun-sel sought Knowing well that what he taught The drear-i-est of hearts would

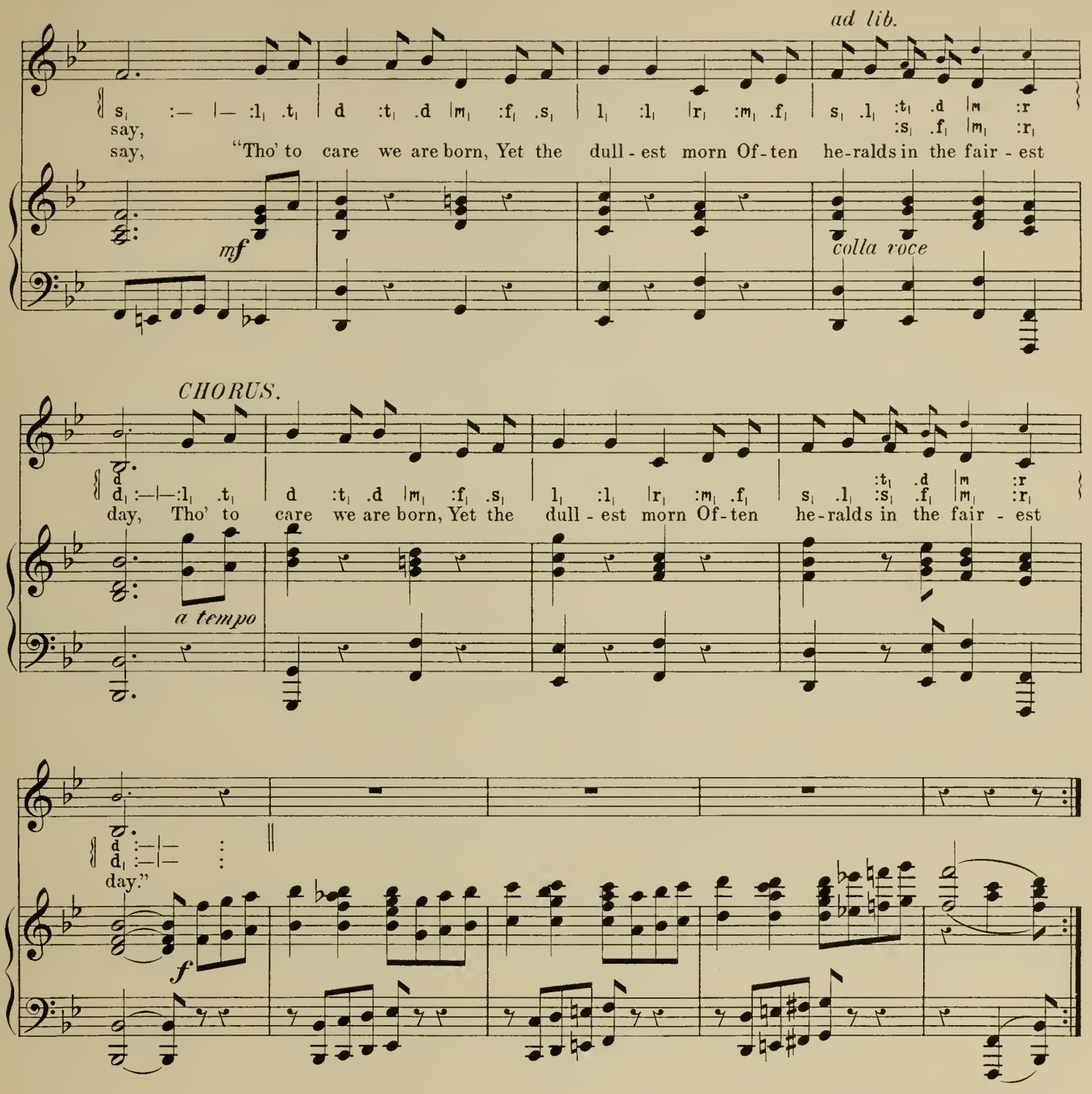
fly; And what can't be cur'd Must with patience be en-dur'd, As cheap-ly can he laugh as

d :— |— :t, .d | r :r |r :m | r .d :t, .d |r :t, .d | r .m :r .d |t, :l, |

cheer. Tho' his hair was white, His eye was clear and bright, And he thus was ev-er wont to

cry." And the peo-ple gaz'd, At words so deep a-maz'd, While the sage went on to

p

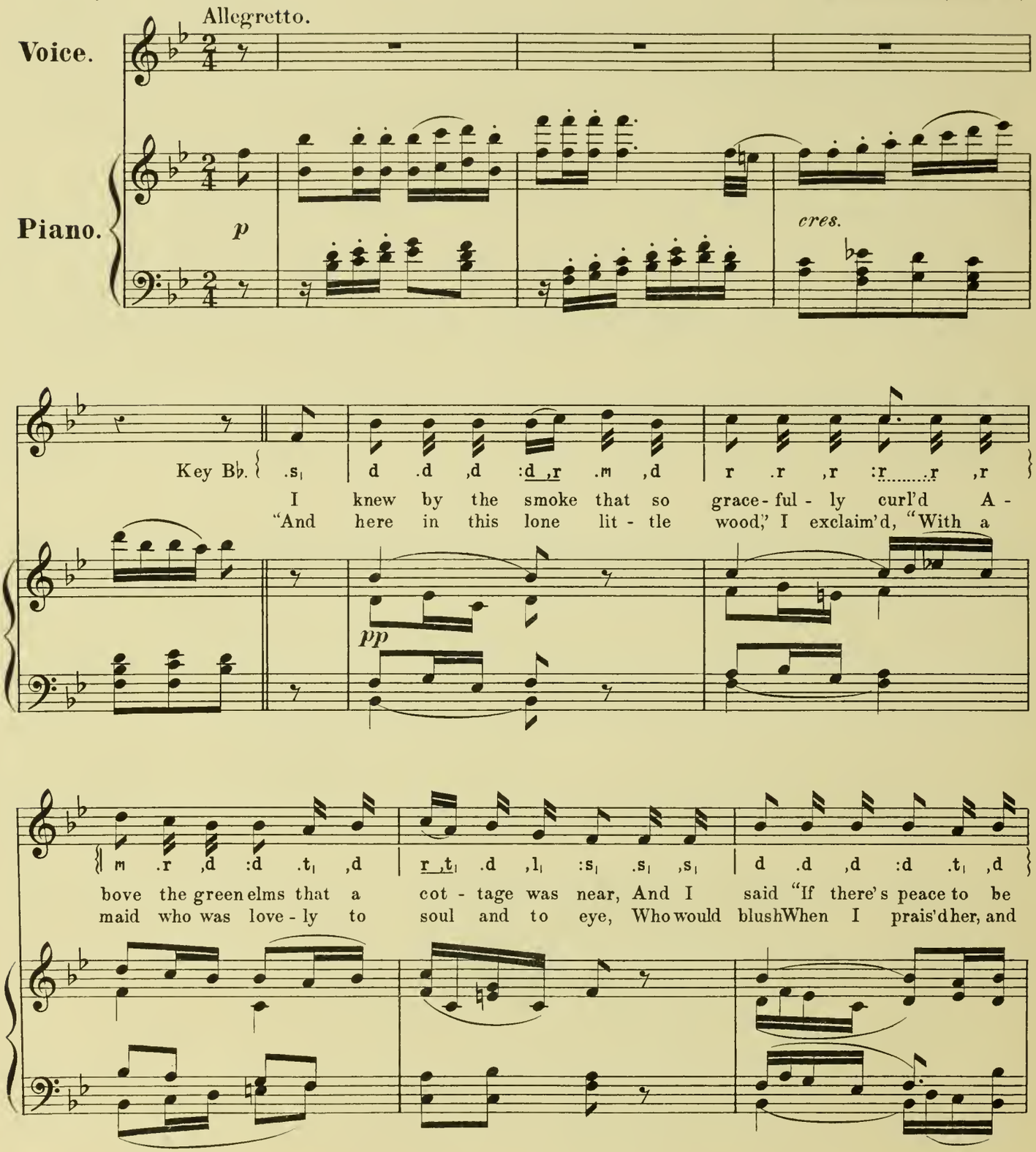


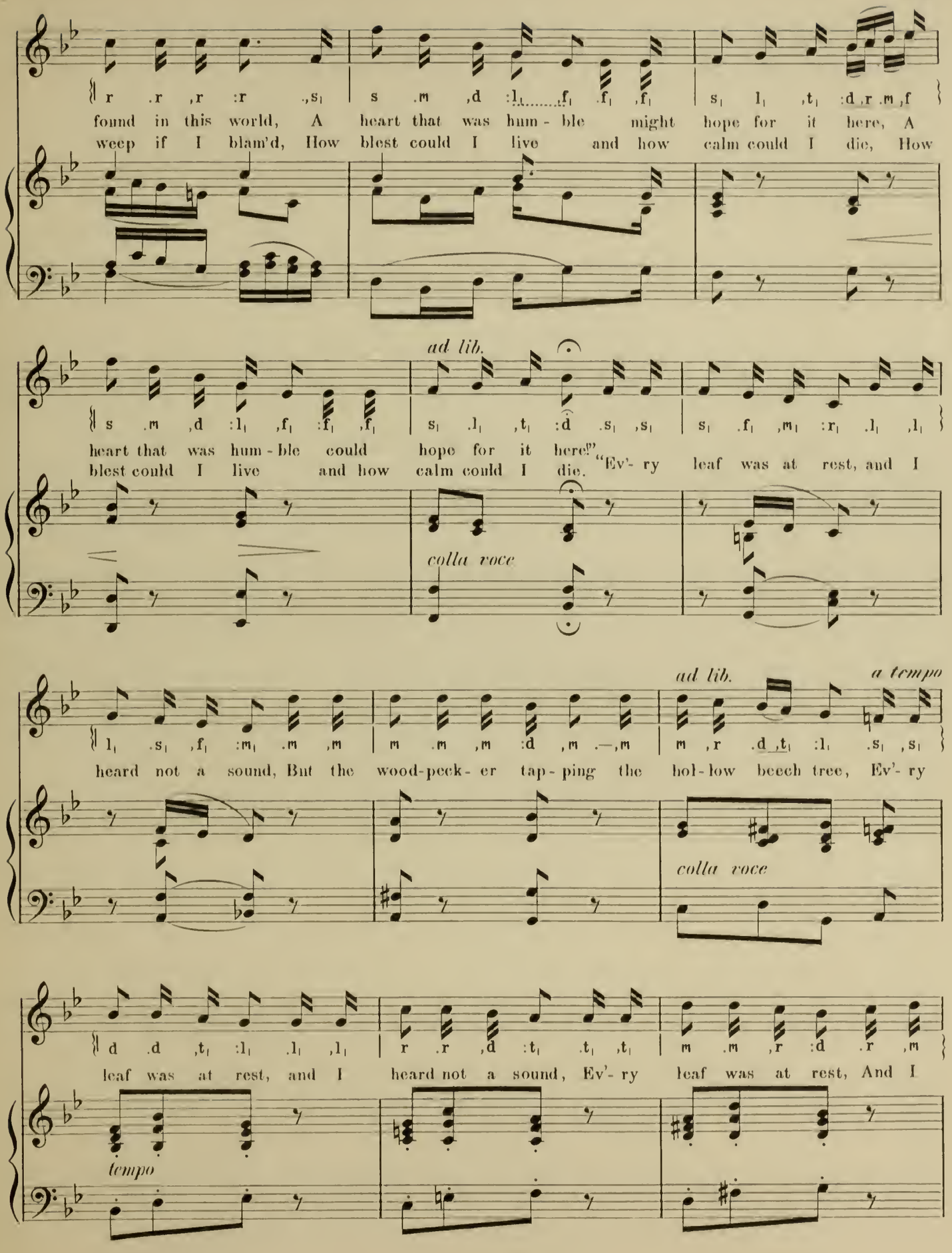
3

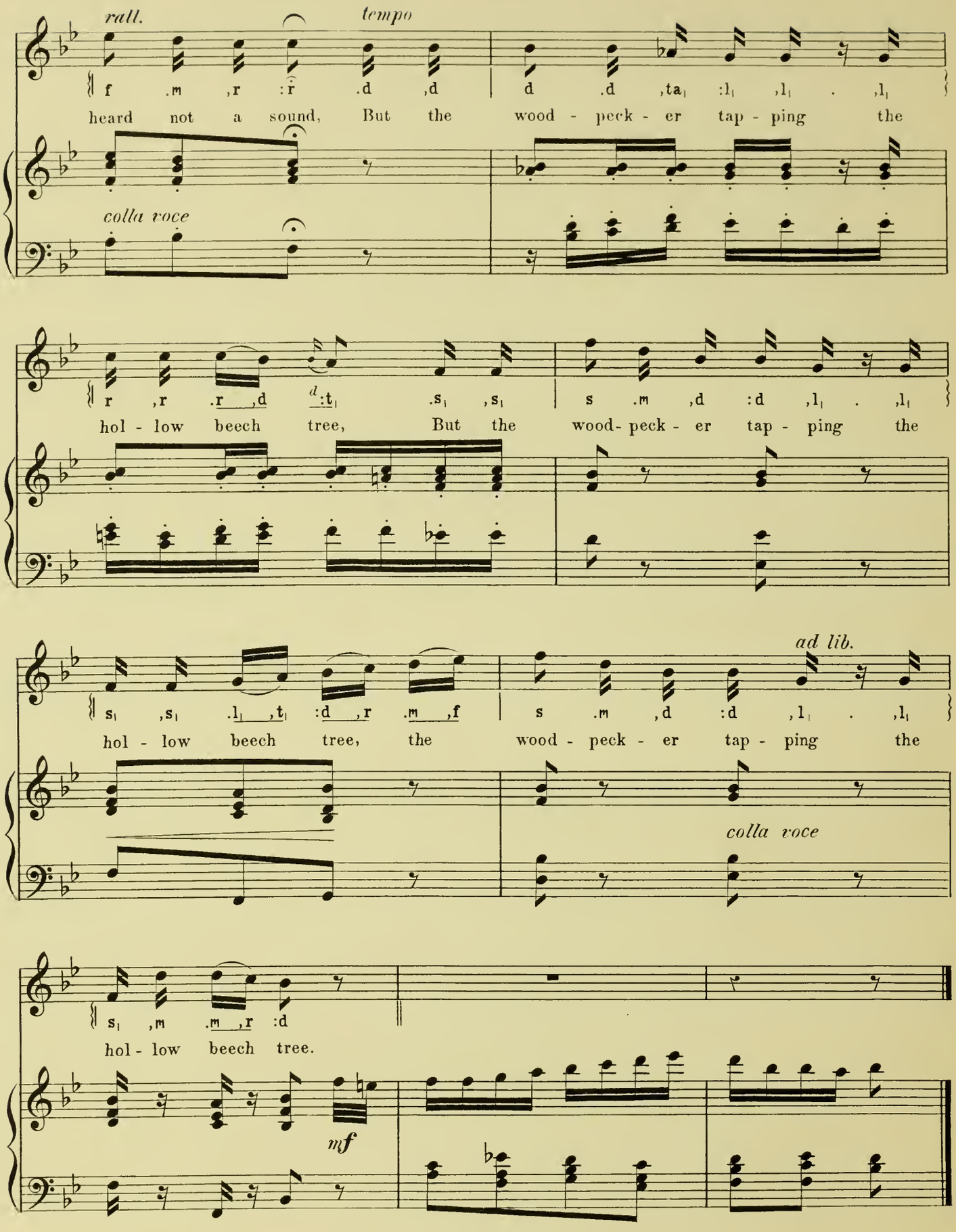
Pray, is the hermit dead?
From the forest has he fled?
No, he lives to counsel all
Who an ear will lend
To their wisest, truest friend,
And Hope, the hermit's name they call:
Still he sits, I ween,
'Mid the branches evergreen,
And cheerly you may hear him say,
"Tho' to care we are born,
Yet the dullest morn
Often heralds in the fairest day."

THE WOODPECKER.

Words by T. MOORE. M. KELLY. (W. H. H.)



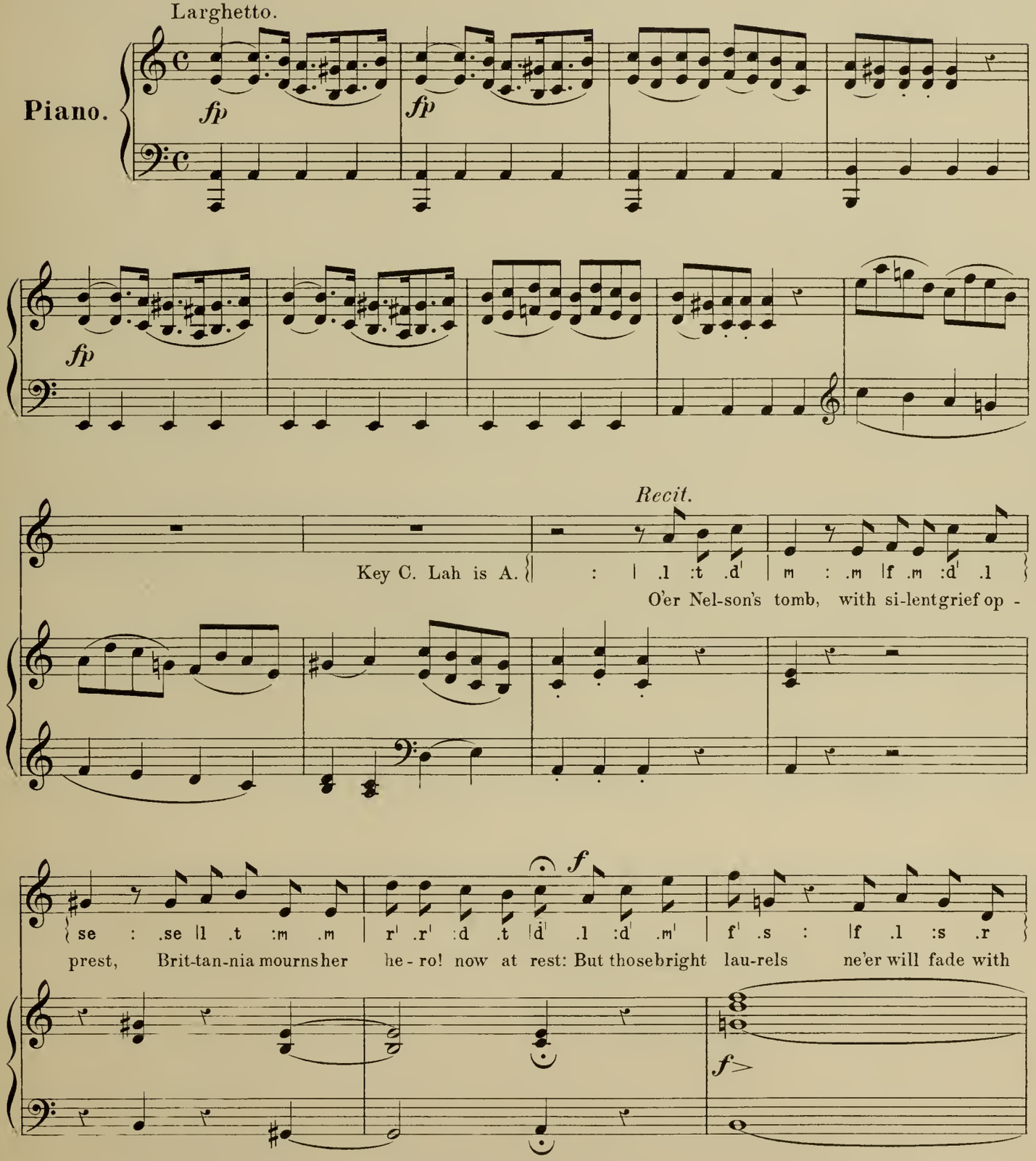

found in this world, A heart that was hum - ble might hope for it here, A
weep if I blam'd, How blest could I live and how calm could I die, How
ad lib.
heart that was hum - ble could hope for it here!"
blest could I live and how calm could I die.
"Ev'- ry leaf was at rest, and I
colla voce
ad lib.
a tempo
heard not a sound, But the wood-peck- er tap- ping the hol- low beech tree, Ev'- ry
colla voce
leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound, Ev'- ry leaf was at rest, And I
tempo

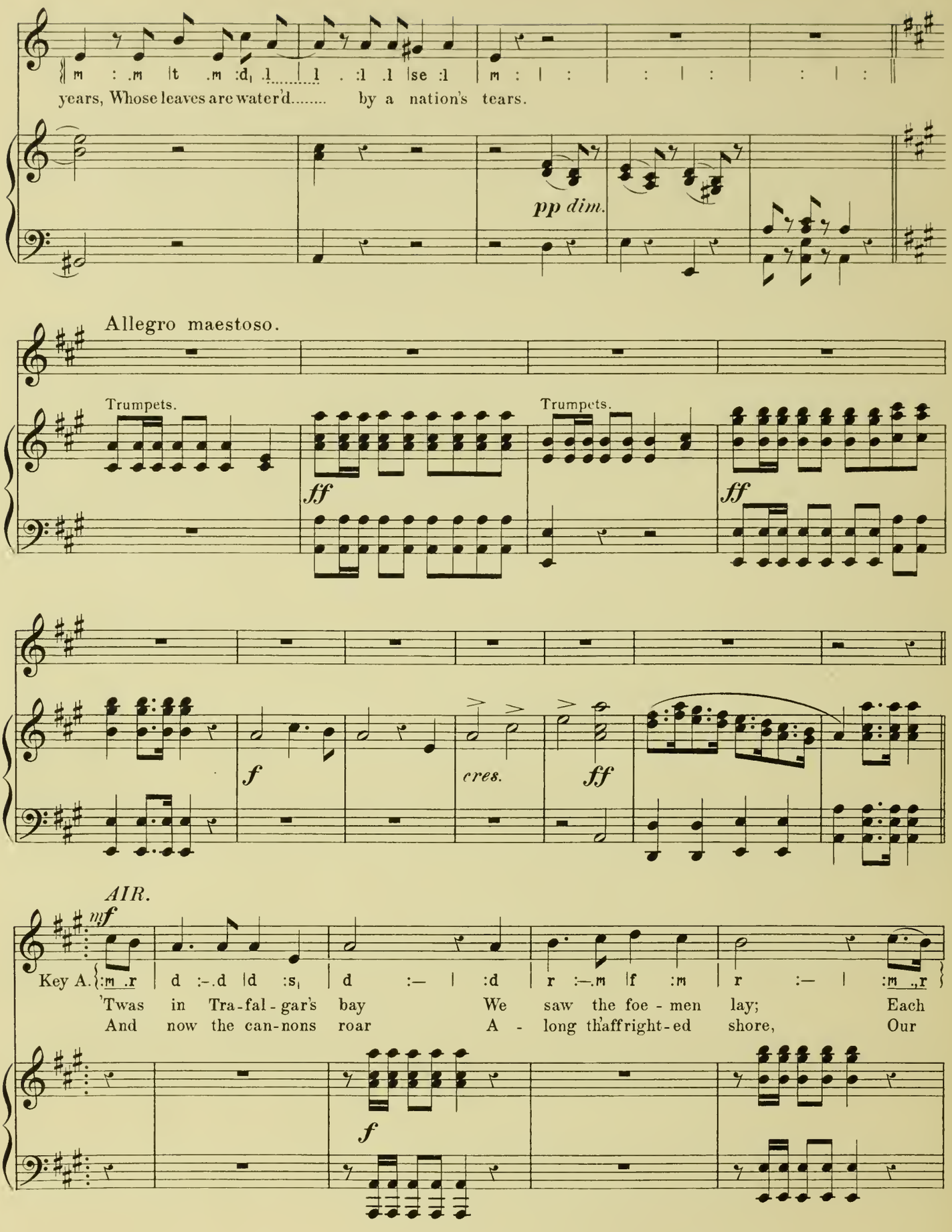

rall.
tempo
f .m ,r :r .d ,d d .d ,ta, :l, ,l, . ,l,
heard not a sound, But the wood - peck - er tap - ping the
colla voce
r ,r .r ,d d:t, .s, ,s, s .m ,d :d ,l, . ,l,
hol - low beech tree, But the wood- peck - er tap - ping the
s, ,s, .l, ,t, :d ,r .m ,f s .m ,d :d ,l, . ,l,
hol - low beech tree, the wood - peck - er tap - ping the
ad lib.
colla voce
s, ,m .m ,r :d
hol - low beech tree.
mf

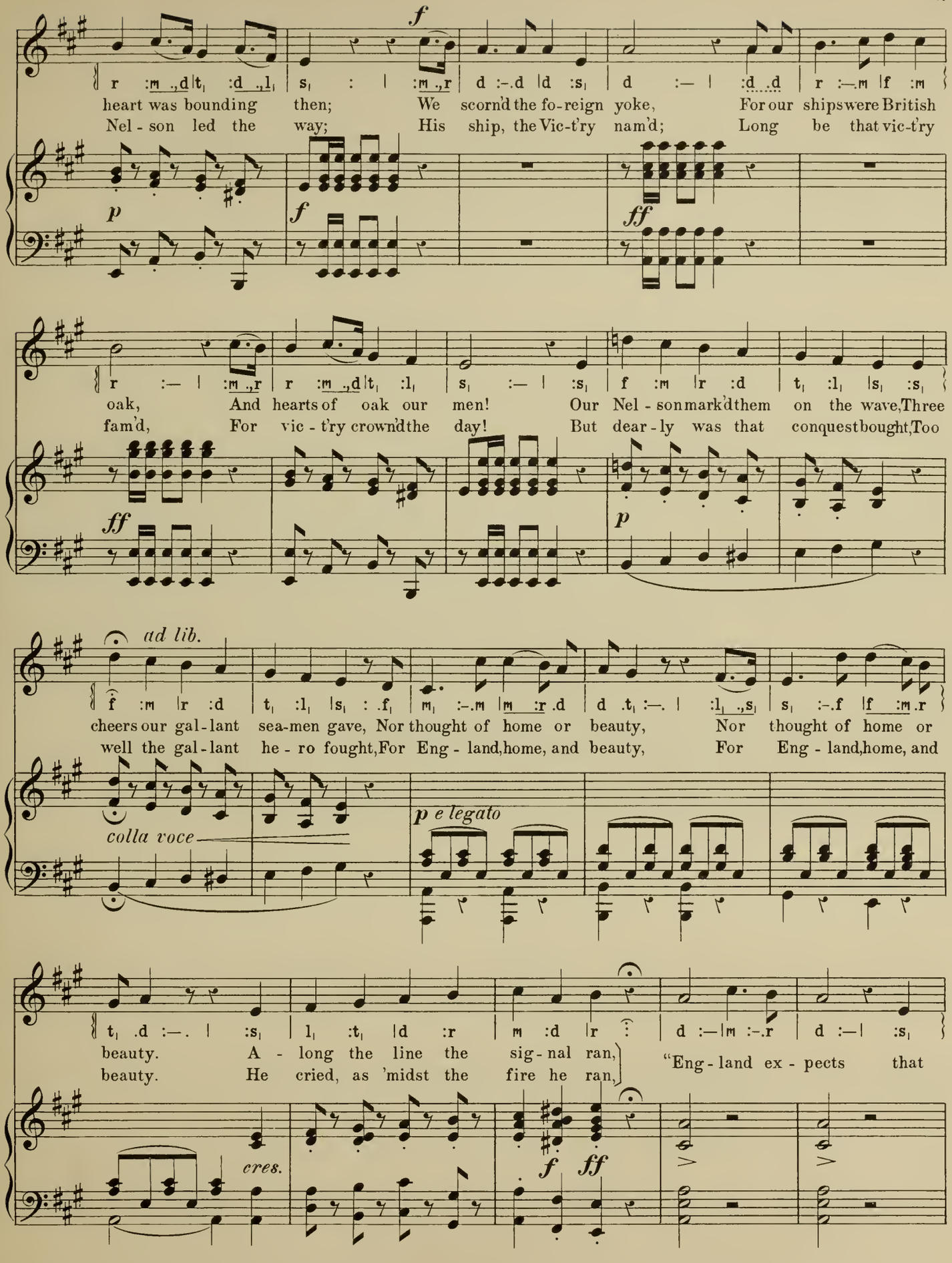
THE DEATH OF NELSON.

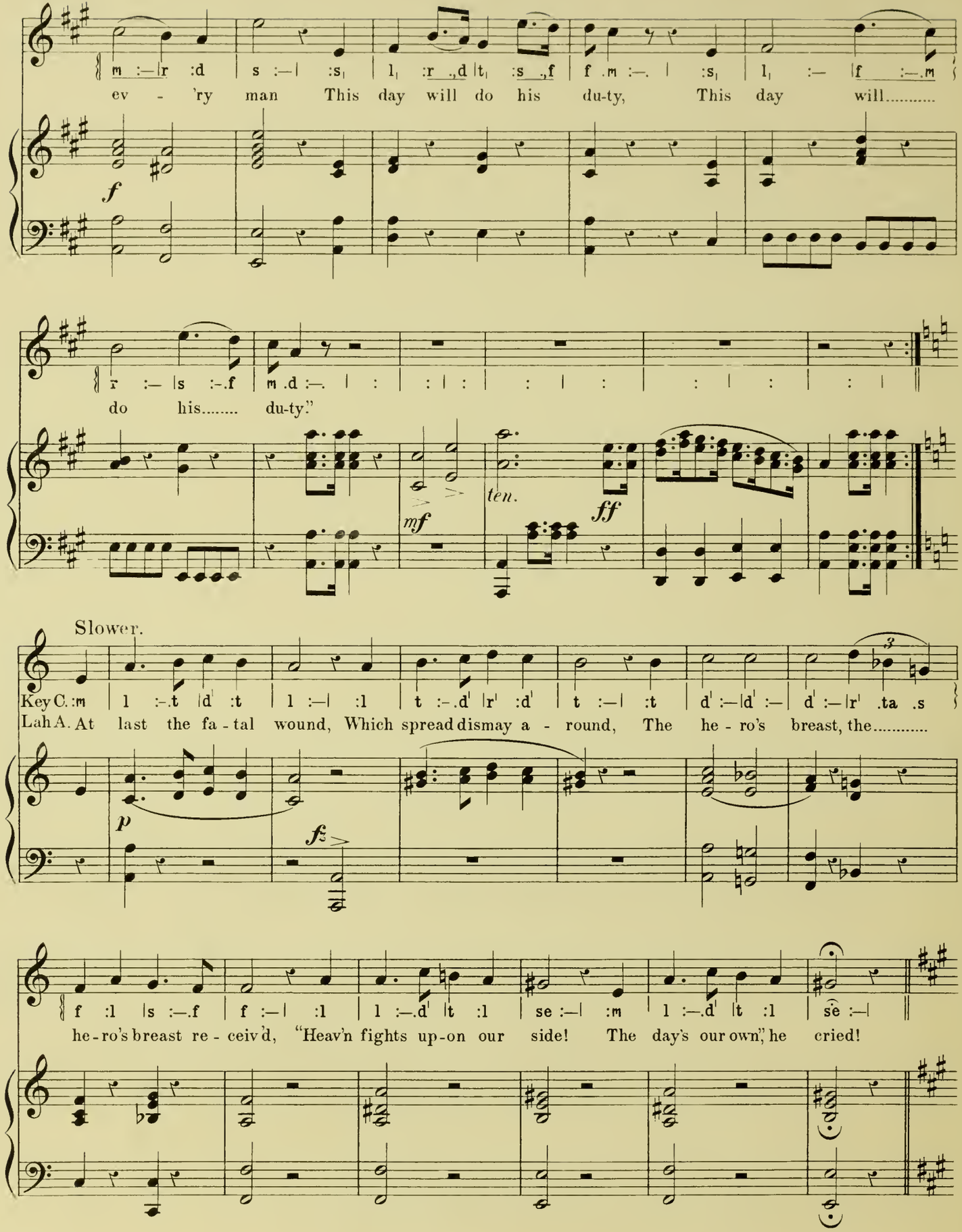
Words by S. J. ARNOLD. BRAHAM.

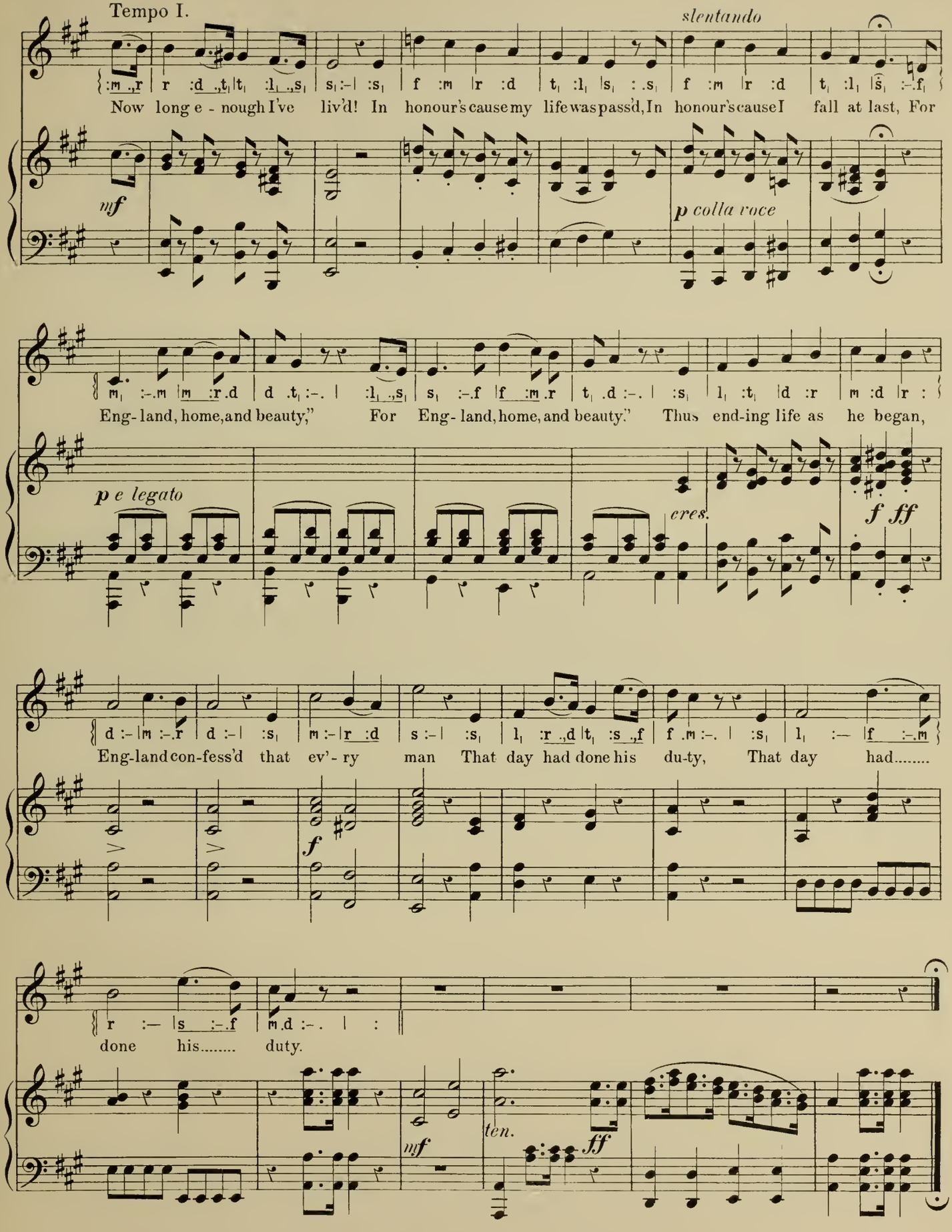
Larghetto.




m : .m |t .m :d, .l | l . :l .l |se :l | m : | : | : | : | : |
years, Whose leaves are water'd..... by a nation's tears.
pp dim.
Allegro maestoso.
Trumpets.
ff
Trumpets.
ff
f
cres.
ff
AIR.
mf
Key A. {:m .r | d :-.d |d :s, | d :— | :d | r :—.m |f :m | r :— | :m .,r }
'Twas in Tra-fal-gar's bay We saw the foe-men lay; Each
And now the can-nons roar A-long th'affright-ed shore, Our
f


f
r :m .,d|t, :d .,l, | s, : | :m .,r | d :-.d |d :s, | d :— | :d .d | r :-.m |f :m
heart was bounding then; We scorn'd the fo-reign yoke, For our ships were British
Nel - son led the way; His ship, the Vic-t'ry nam'd; Long be that vic-t'ry
p
f
ff
r :— | :m .,r | r :m .,d|t, :l, | s, :— | :s, | f :m |r :d | t, :l, |s, :s,
oak, And hearts of oak our men! Our Nel - son mark'd them on the wave, Three
fam'd, For vic - t'ry crown'd the day! But dear - ly was that conquest bought, Too
ff
p
ad lib.
f :m |r :d | t, :l, |s, : .f, | m, :-.m |m :r .d | d .t, :-. | :l, .,s, | s, :-.f |f :m .r
cheers our gal - lant sea-men gave, Nor thought of home or beauty, Nor thought of home or
well the gal - lant he - ro fought, For Eng - land, home, and beauty, For Eng - land, home, and
colla voce
p e legato
t, .d :-. | :s, | l, :t, |d :r | m :d |r | d :—|m :-.r | d :—| :s,
beauty. A - long the line the sig - nal ran,
beauty. He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran,
"Eng - land ex - pects that
cres.
f
ff


m :—.r :d | s :—| :s, | l, :r .,d | t, :s .,f | f .m :—. | :s, | l, :— |f :—.m
ev - 'ry man This day will do his du-ty, This day will.....
f
r :— |s :—.f | m .d :—. | : | : | : | : | : | : | : |
do his..... du-ty."
mf
ten.
ff
Slower.
Key C. :m | l :—.t |d' :t | l :—| :l | t :—.d' |r' :d' | t :—| :t | d' :—|d' :—| d' :—|r' .ta .s
Lah A. At last the fa - tal wound, Which spread dismay a - round, The he - ro's breast, the.....
3
p
fz
f :l |s :—.f | f :—| :l | l :—.d' |t :l | se :—| :m | l :—.d' |t :l | se :—|
he - ro's breast re - ceiv'd, "Heav'n fights up-on our side! The day's our own," he cried!


Tempo I.
slentando
Now long e - nough I've liv'd! In honour's cause my life was pass'd, In honour's cause I fall at last, For
mf
p colla voce
Eng- land, home, and beauty," For Eng- land, home, and beauty." Thus end-ing life as he began,
p e legato
cres.
f ff
Eng-land con-fess'd that ev'- ry man That day had done his du-ty, That day had.....
f
done his..... duty.
mf
ten.
ff

TWANG LANGO DILLO DAY.

DUET.

Old English Air.
(H. F. S.)

In moderate time. ♩ = 76.

Piano.

f *p* *f*

Key G. : .s$_1$:s$_1$ .s$_1$ | d :l$_1$ .d :t .r | s$_1$:—. :

Thy se-cret un-to thy mas-ter tell.

: : | : : | : .r :r .r

I love a

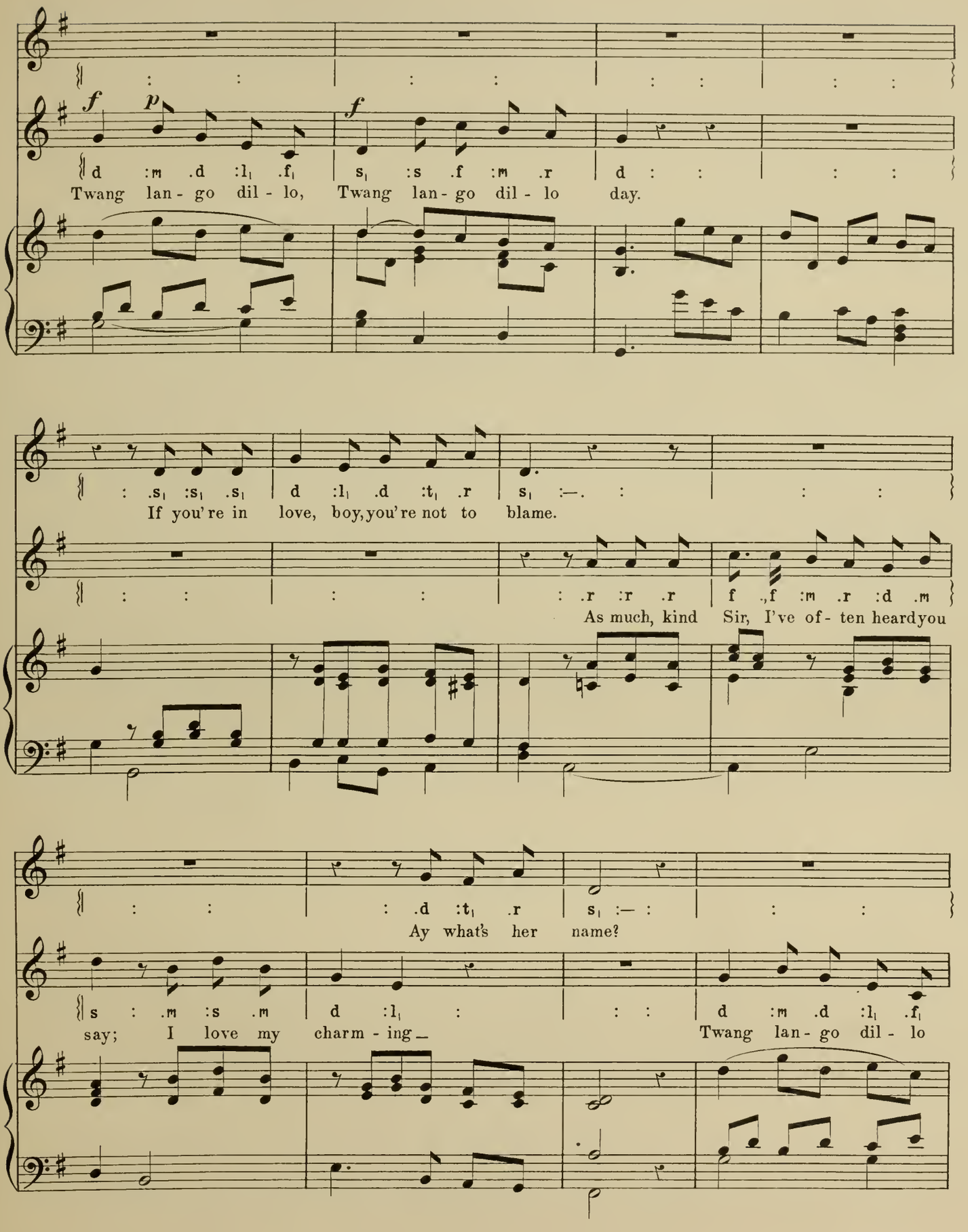
p

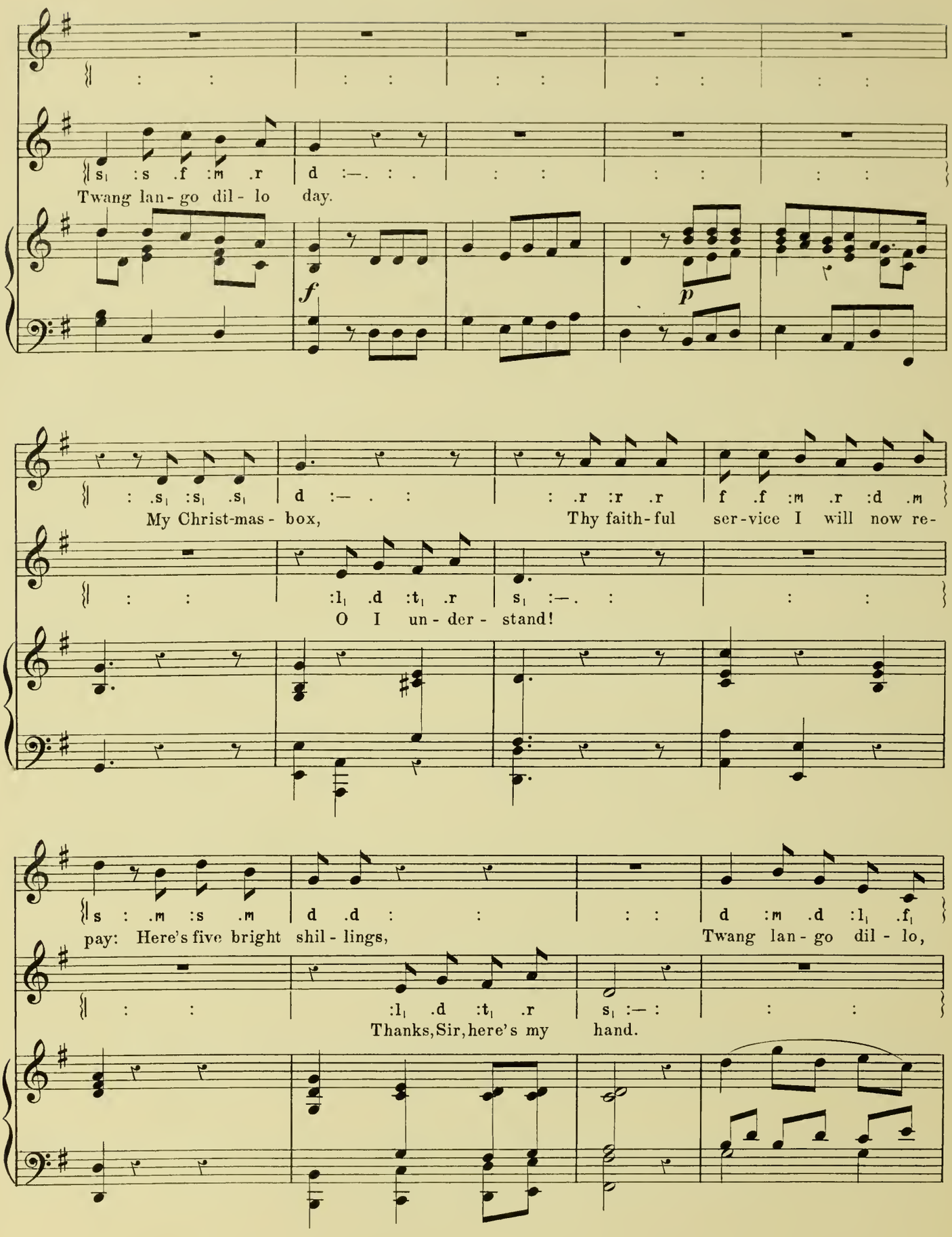
:m .r :d .m | s :—. : | : .d :t$_1$ .r | s$_1$: :

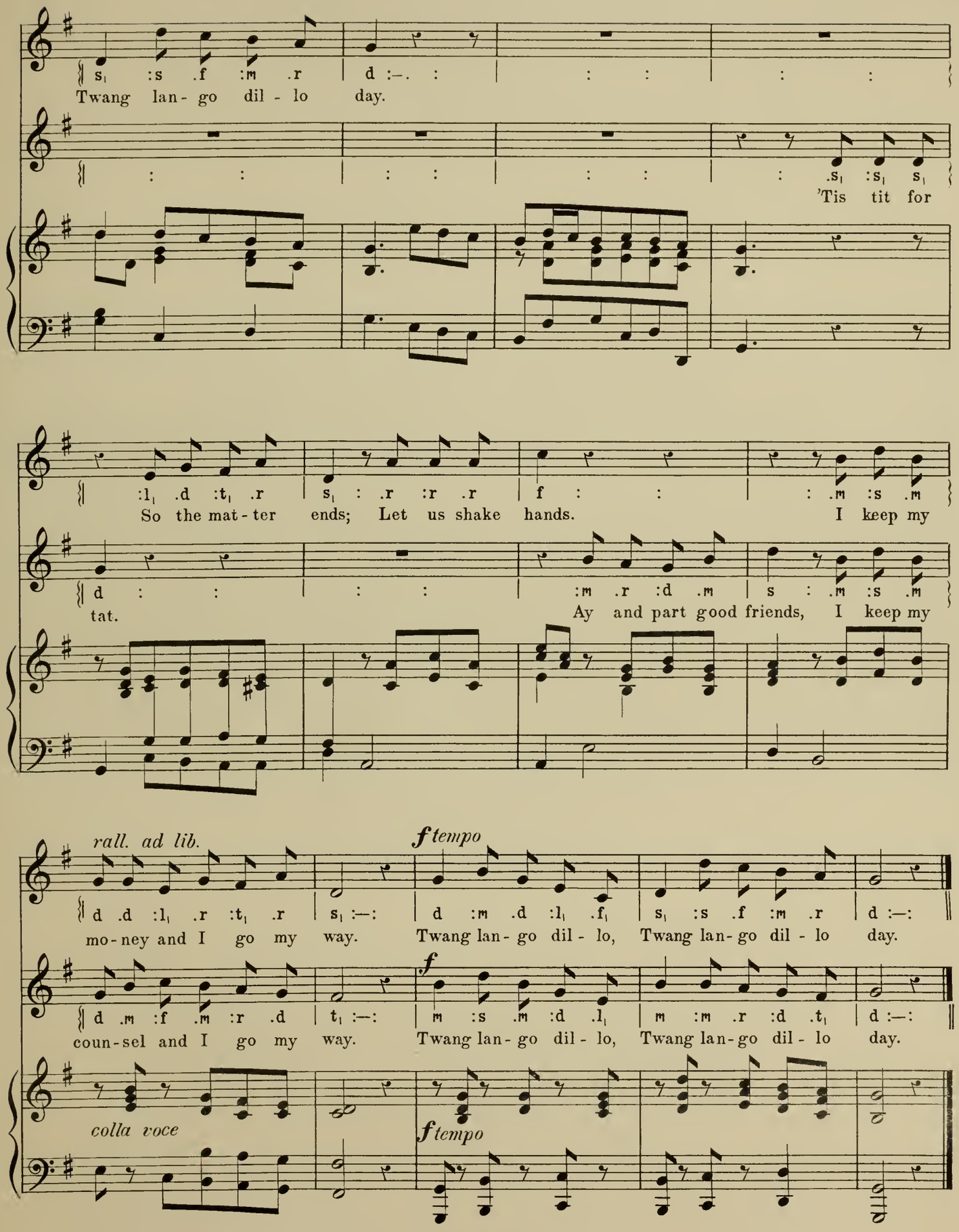
Is she full of play? Where doth she dwell?

f : : | : .m :s .m | d :l$_1$: | : :

maid; No kid more game-some.

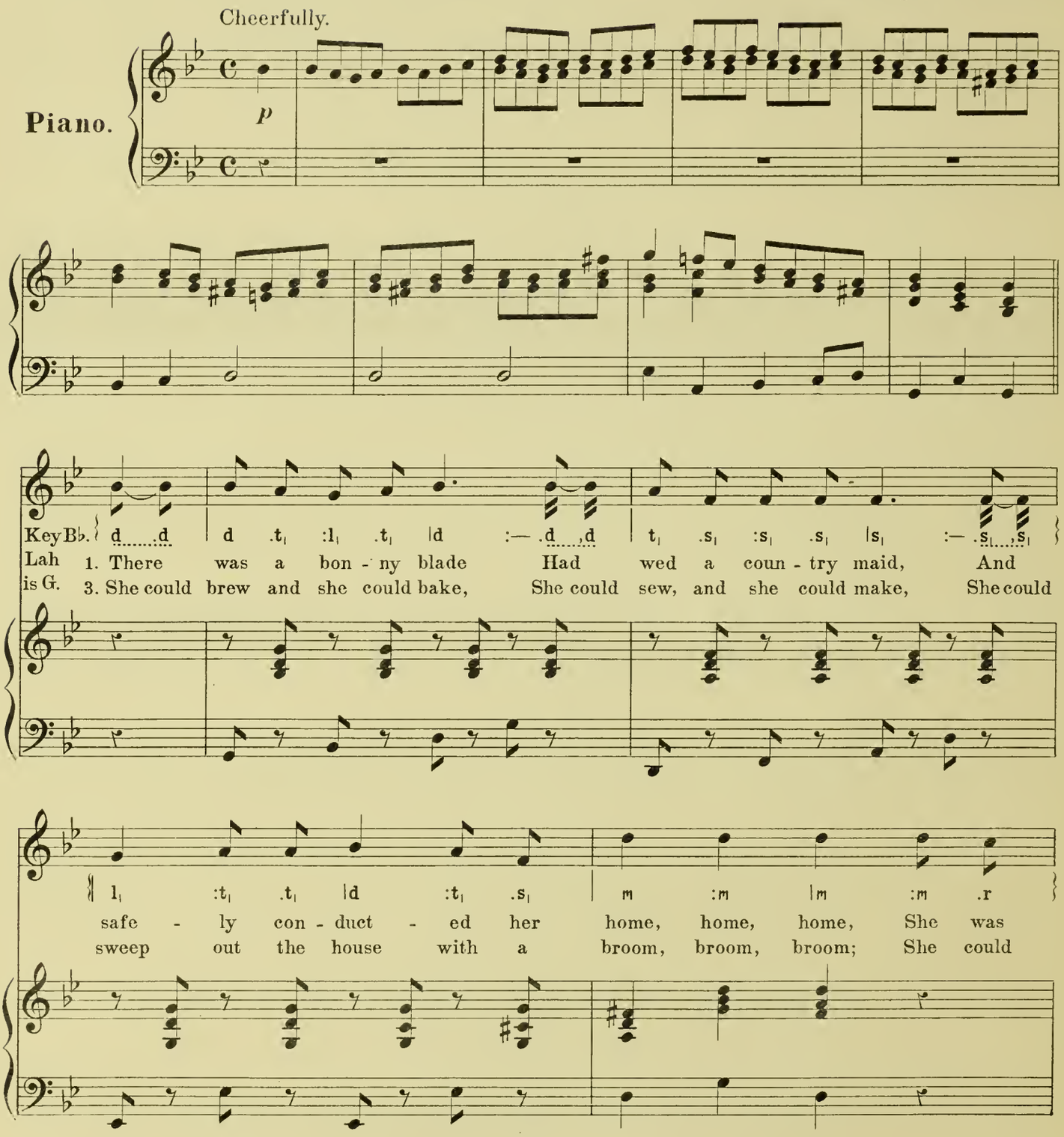

f p
d :m .d :l, .f,
Twang lan - go dil - lo,
f
s, :s .f :m .r
Twang lan - go dil - lo day.
: .s, :s, .s,
If you're in
d :l, .d :t, .r
love, boy, you're not to
s, :—. :
blame.
: .r :r .r
f .f :m .r :d .m
As much, kind Sir, I've of - ten heard you
: .d :t, .r
s, :— :
Ay what's her name?
s : .m :s .m
say; I love my
d :l, :
charm - ing_
d :m .d :l, .f,
Twang lan - go dil - lo

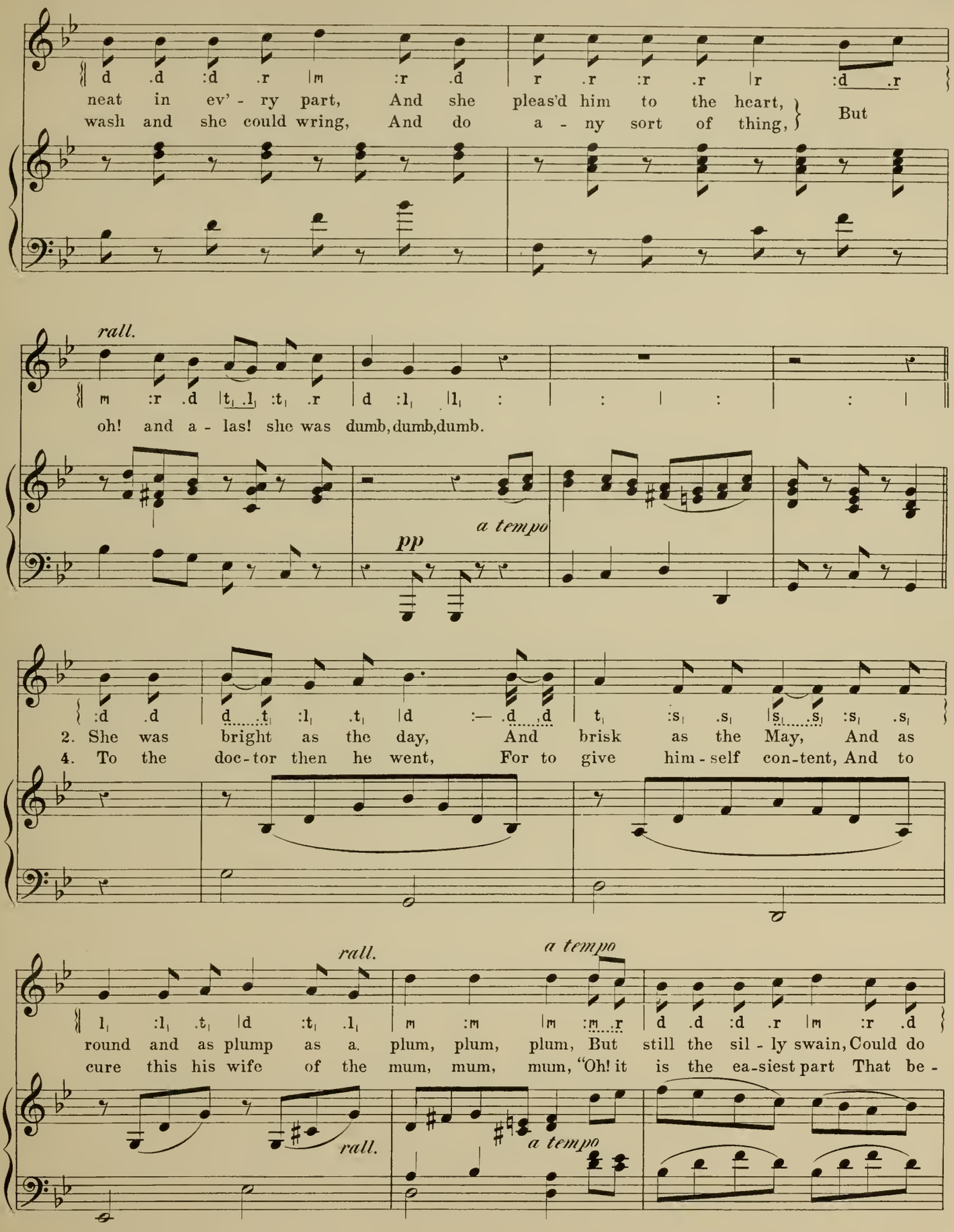

Twang lan - go dil - lo day.
My Christ-mas - box, Thy faith-ful ser-vice I will now re-
O I un - der - stand!
pay: Here's five bright shil - lings, Twang lan - go dil - lo,
Thanks, Sir, here's my hand.

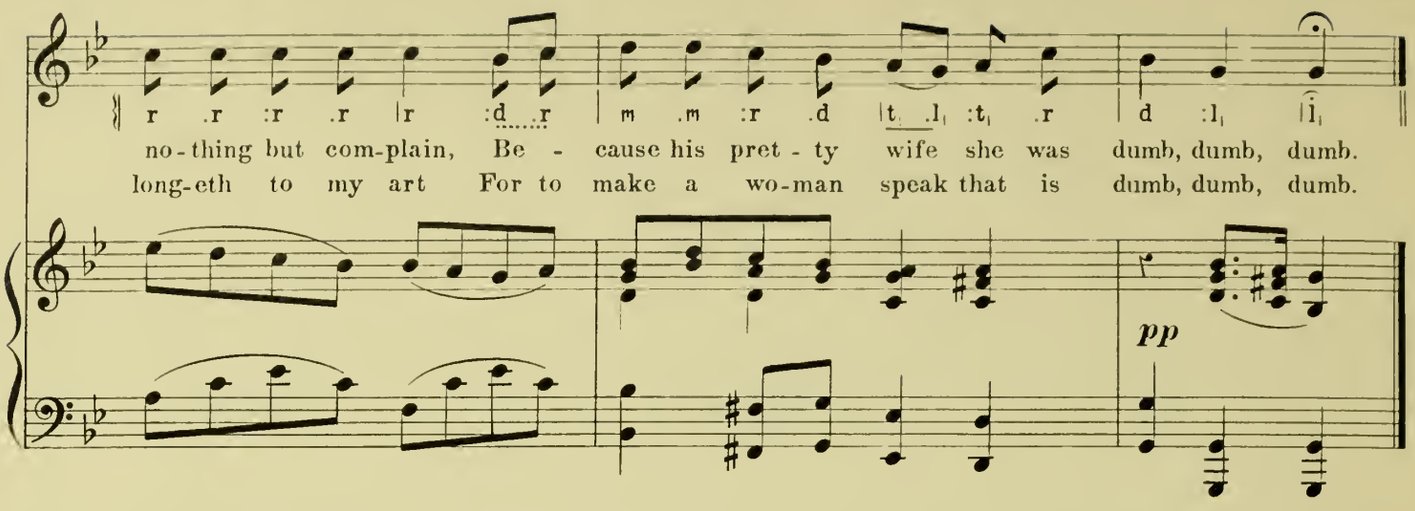

Twang lan- go dil - lo day.
'Tis tit for
So the mat - ter ends; Let us shake hands. I keep my
tat.
Ay and part good friends, I keep my
rall. ad lib.
mo - ney and I go my way.
Twang lan - go dil - lo, Twang lan - go dil - lo day.
coun - sel and I go my way.
Twang lan - go dil - lo, Twang lan - go dil - lo day.
colla voce
f tempo
f tempo
f

The Dumb Wife.

Old English. (H. F. S.)




neat in ev' - ry part, And she pleas'd him to the heart,
wash and she could wring, And do a - ny sort of thing,
But
rall.
oh! and a - las! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.
pp
a tempo
2. She was bright as the day, And brisk as the May, And as
4. To the doc-tor then he went, For to give him-self con-tent, And to
rall.
a tempo
round and as plump as a plum, plum, plum, But still the sil - ly swain, Could do
cure this his wife of the mum, mum, mum, "Oh! it is the ea-siest part That be -
rall.
a tempo



5

So the lancet he did bring,
And he cut her chattering string,
At liberty he set then her tongue, tongue, tongue;
Her tongue began to walk,
And she began to talk,
As though she had never been dumb, dumb, dumb.

6

Her faculty she tries,
And she fills the house with noise,
She rattled in his ears like a drum, drum, drum.
She bred a deal of strife,
Made him weary of his life—
He'd give anything again she were dumb, dumb, dumb.

7

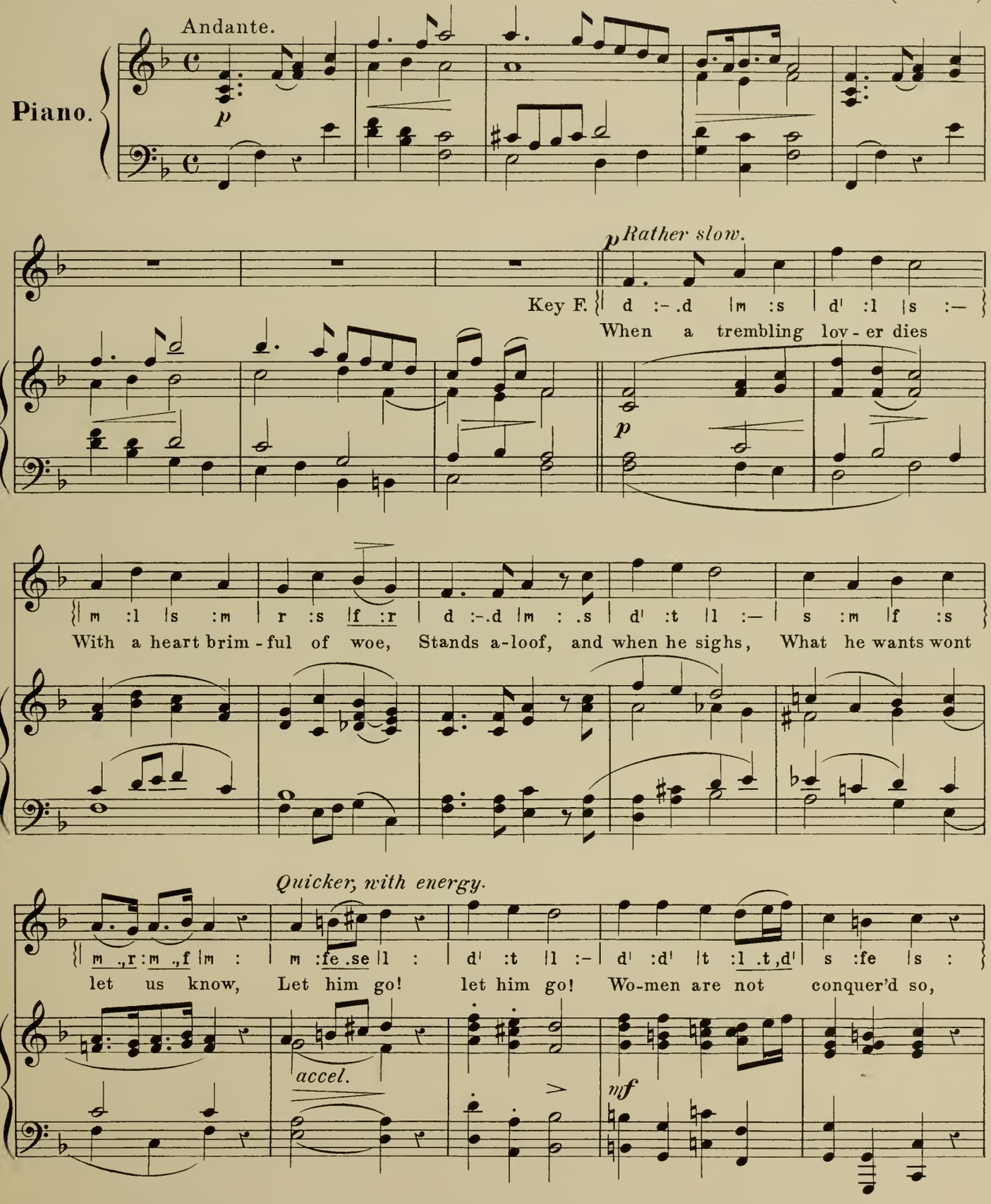
To the doctor he goes,
And thus he vents his woes,
"Oh! doctor, you me have undone,-done,-done;
My wife she's turned a scold,
And her tongue she cannot hold,
I'd give anything again she were dumb, dumb, dumb!"

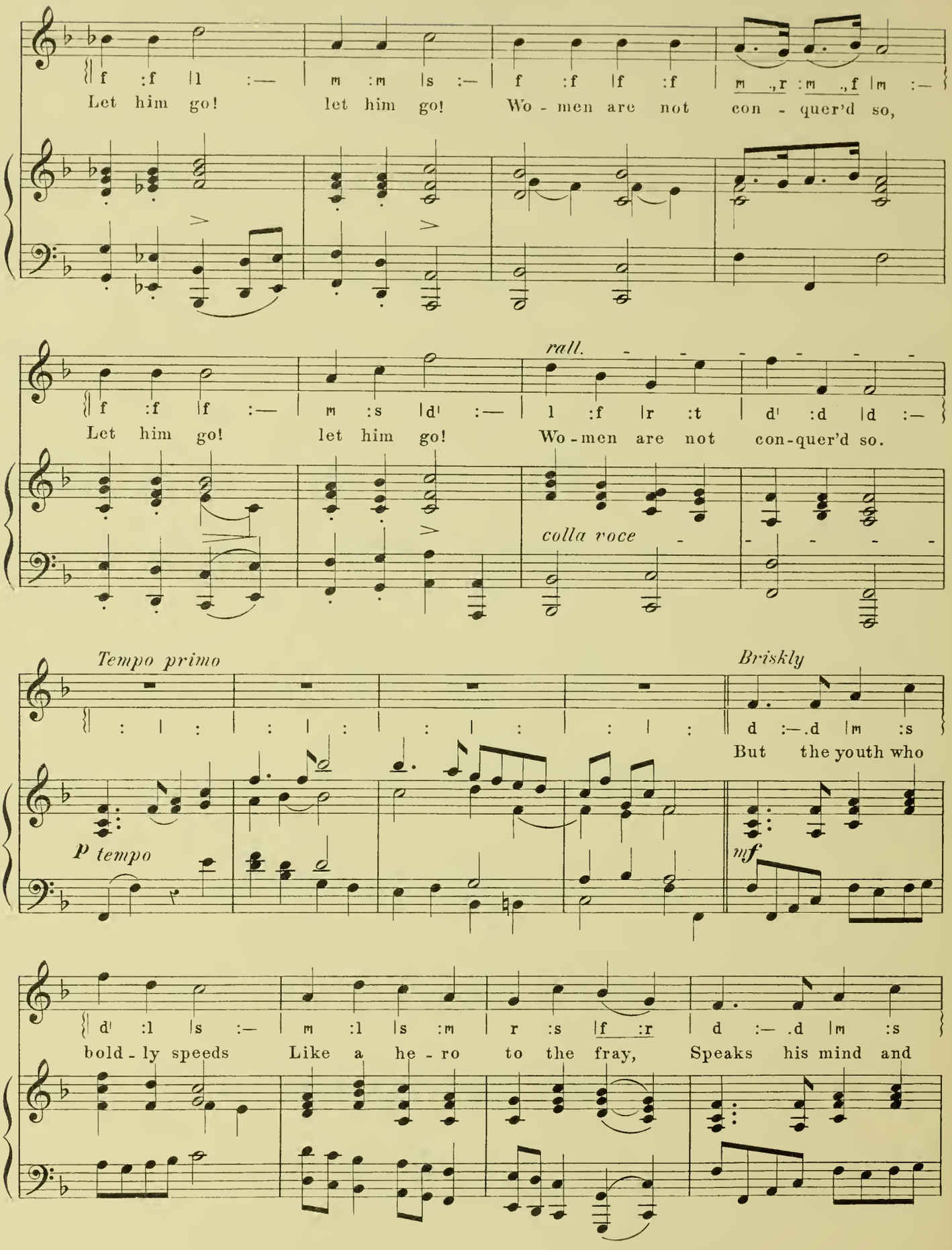
8

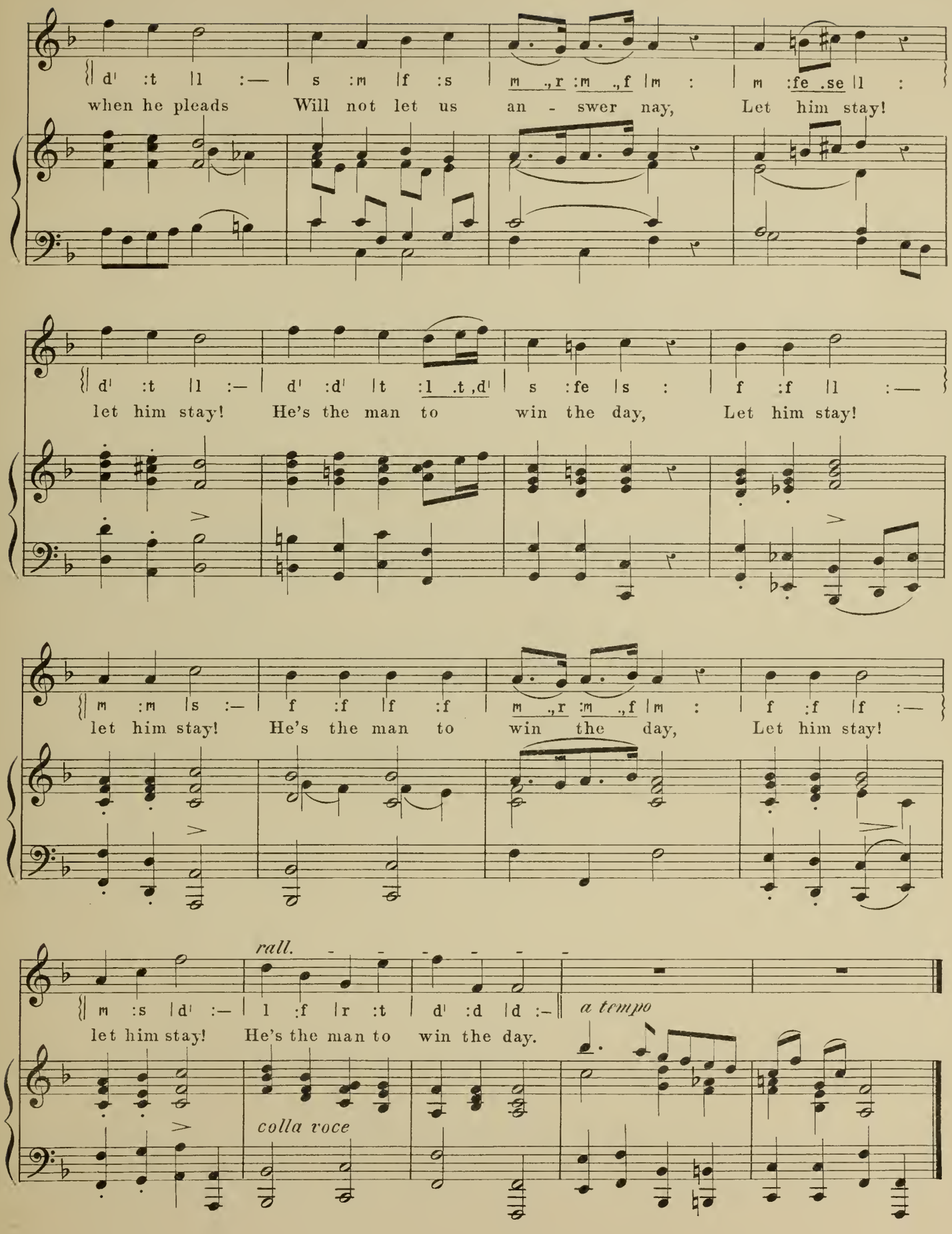
"When I did undertake
To make thy wife to speak
'Twas a thing very easily done, done, done:
But 'tis past the wit of man,
Let him do whate'er he can,
To make a scolding wife hold her tongue, tongue, tongue."

When a trembling Lover dies.

NATHAN. (W. H. H.)

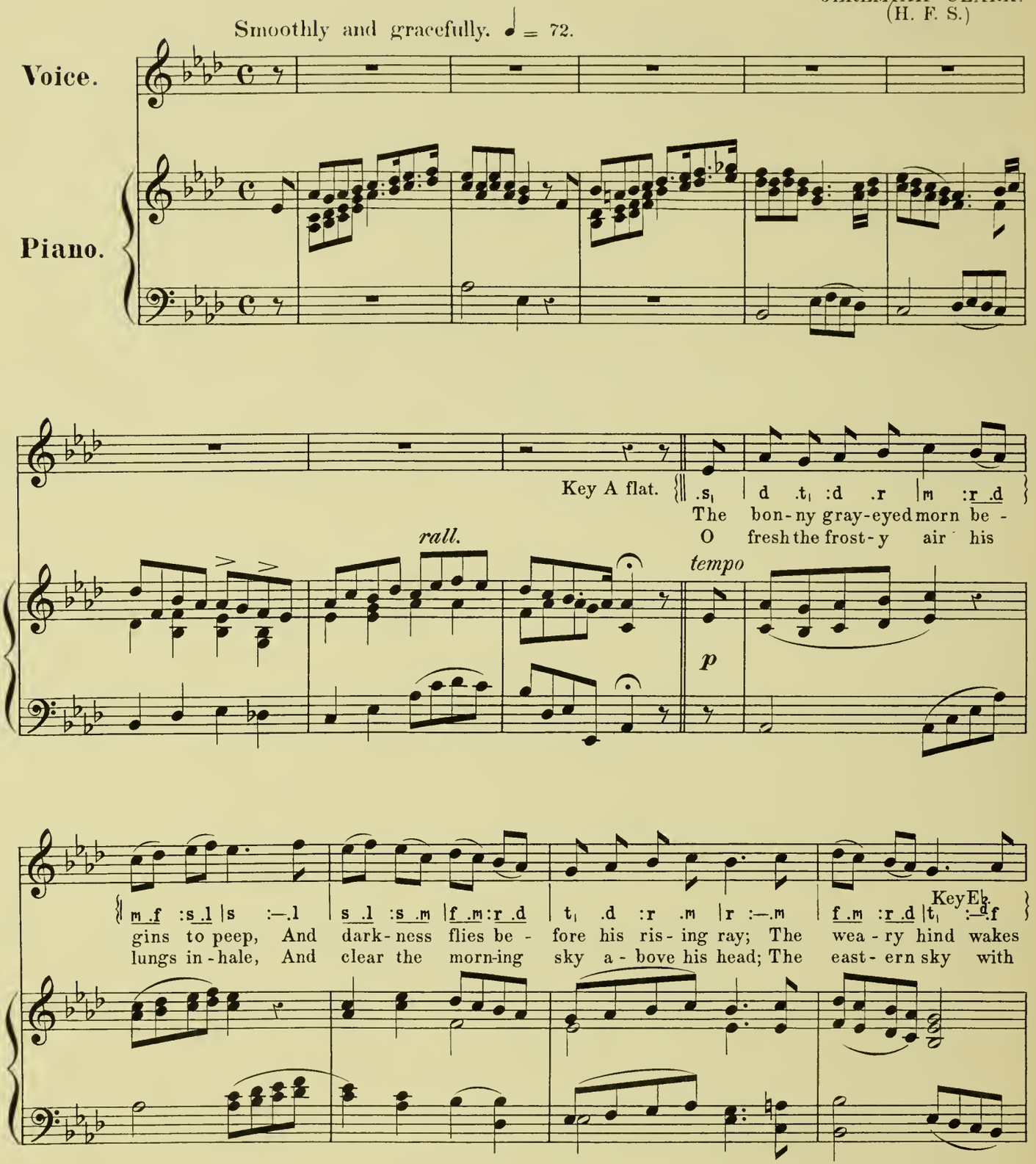


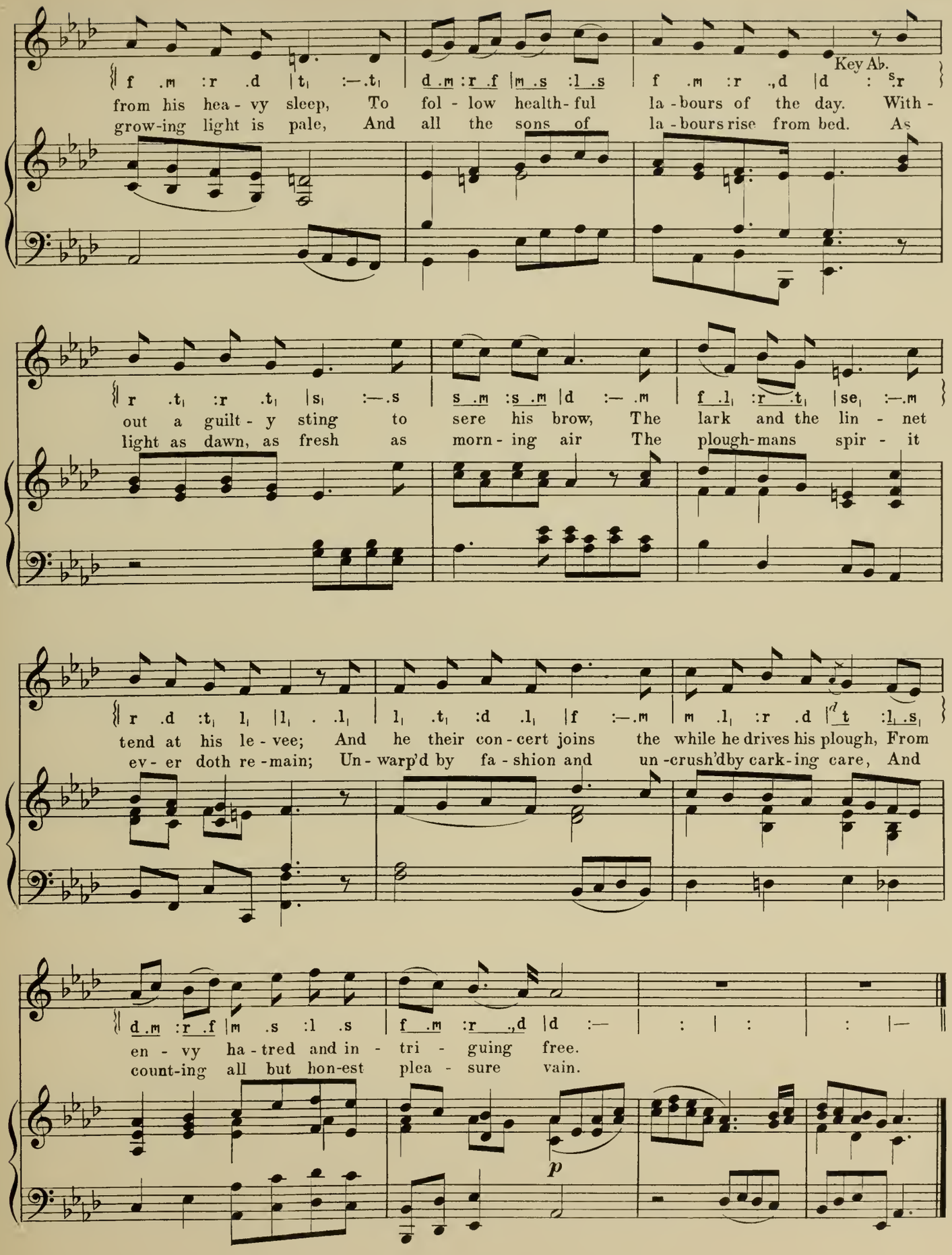

f :f |l :— | m :m |s :— | f :f |f :f | m .,r :m .,f |m :—
Let him go! let him go! Wo - men are not con - quer'd so,
rall.
f :f |f :— | m :s |d' :— | l :f |r :t | d' :d |d :—
Let him go! let him go! Wo-men are not con-quer'd so.
colla voce
Tempo primo
Briskly
: | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | d :—.d |m :s
But the youth who
p tempo
mf
d' :l |s :— | m :l |s :m | r :s |f :r | d :— .d |m :s
bold - ly speeds Like a he - ro to the fray, Speaks his mind and


d' :t |l :— | s :m |f :s | m .,r :m .,f |m : | m :fe .se |l :
when he pleads Will not let us an - swer nay, Let him stay!
d' :t |l :— | d' :d' |t :l .t ,d' | s :fe |s : | f :f |l :—
let him stay! He's the man to win the day, Let him stay!
m :m |s :— | f :f |f :f | m .,r :m .,f |m : | f :f |f :—
let him stay! He's the man to win the day, Let him stay!
rall.
m :s |d' :— | l :f |r :t | d' :d |d :— | a tempo
let him stay! He's the man to win the day.
colla voce

THE BONNY GRAY-EYED MORN.

JEREMIAH CLARK.
(H. F. S.)




Key Ab.
f .m :r .d |t, :—.t, | d .m :r .f |m .s :l .s | f .m :r .,d |d : s,r
from his hea - vy sleep, To fol - low health - ful la - bours of the day. With -
grow-ing light is pale, And all the sons of la - bours rise from bed. As
r .t, :r .t, |s, :—.s | s .m :s .m |d :— .m | f .l, :r .t, |se, :—.m
out a guilt - y sting to sere his brow, The lark and the lin - net
light as dawn, as fresh as morn - ing air The plough-mans spir - it
r .d :t, l, |l, . .l, | l, .t, :d .l, |f :—.m | m .l, :r .d |d t :l, .s,
tend at his le - vee; And he their con - cert joins the while he drives his plough, From
ev - er doth re - main; Un - warp'd by fa - shion and un - crush'dby cark - ing care, And
d .m :r .f |m .s :l .s | f .m :r .,d |d :— | : | : | : |—
en - vy ha - tred and in - tri - guing free.
count-ing all but hon-est plea - sure vain.
p

You Gentlemen of England.

Old Song (about 1630.)
(W. H. H.)

With energy.

Voice.

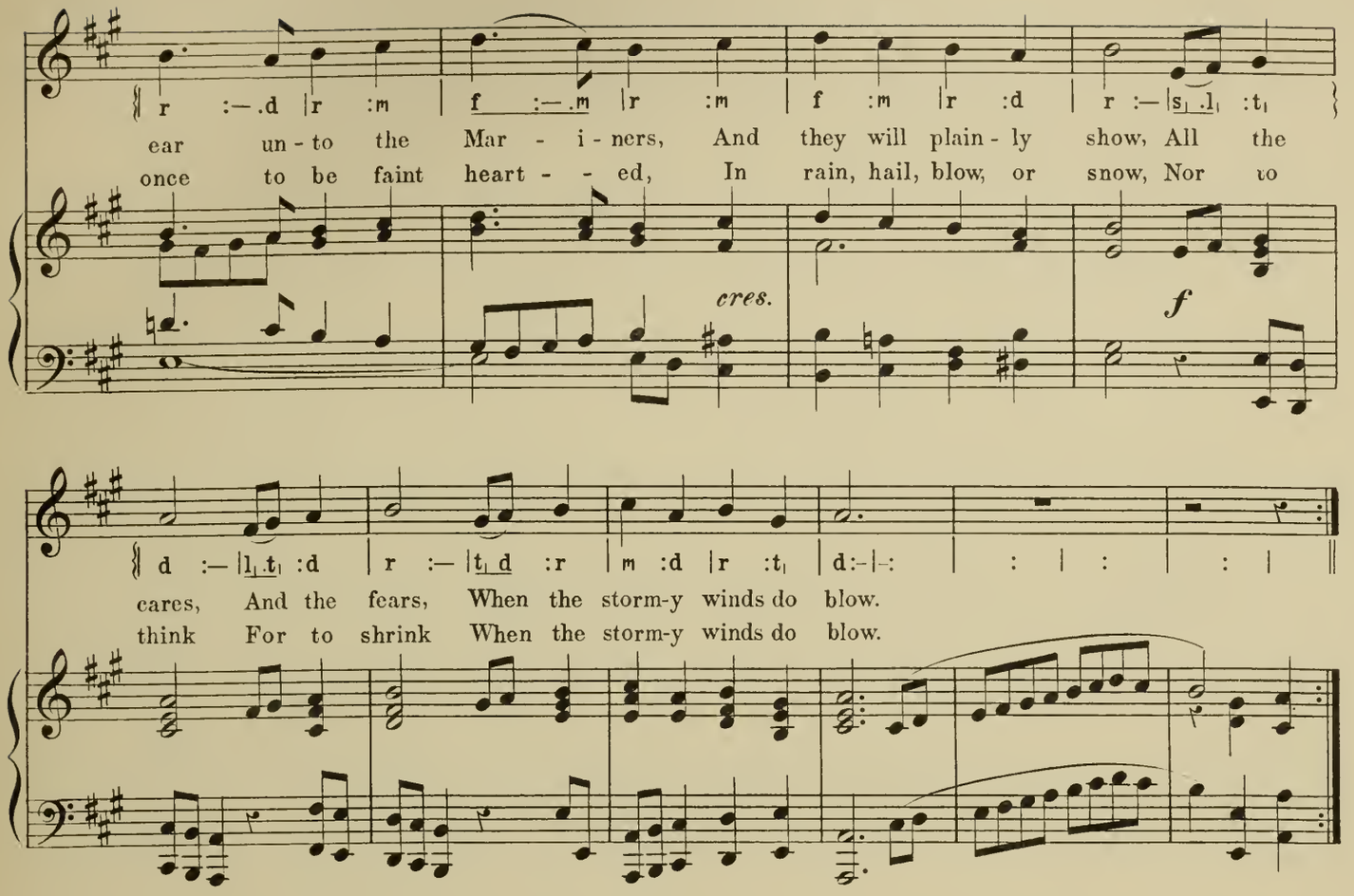
Piano.

f

Key A. 1. You gen - tle - men of Eng - land, That live at home at ease, How
2. All you that will be sea - men, Must bear a val - iant heart, For

mf

lit - tle do you think up - on The dang - er, of the seas; Give
when you come up - on the seas, You must not think to start: Nor



3

The lawyer and the usurer,
That sit in gowns of fur,
In closets warm, can take no harm
Abroad they need not stir;
When winter fierce, with cold doth pierce,
And beats in the hail and snow,
We are sure to endure,
When the stormy winds do blow.

4

Then, courage, all brave mariners,
And never be dismay'd,—
Whilst we have bold adventurers,
We ne'er shall want a trade
Our merchants will employ us;
To fetch them wealth, I know,
Then behold, work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.

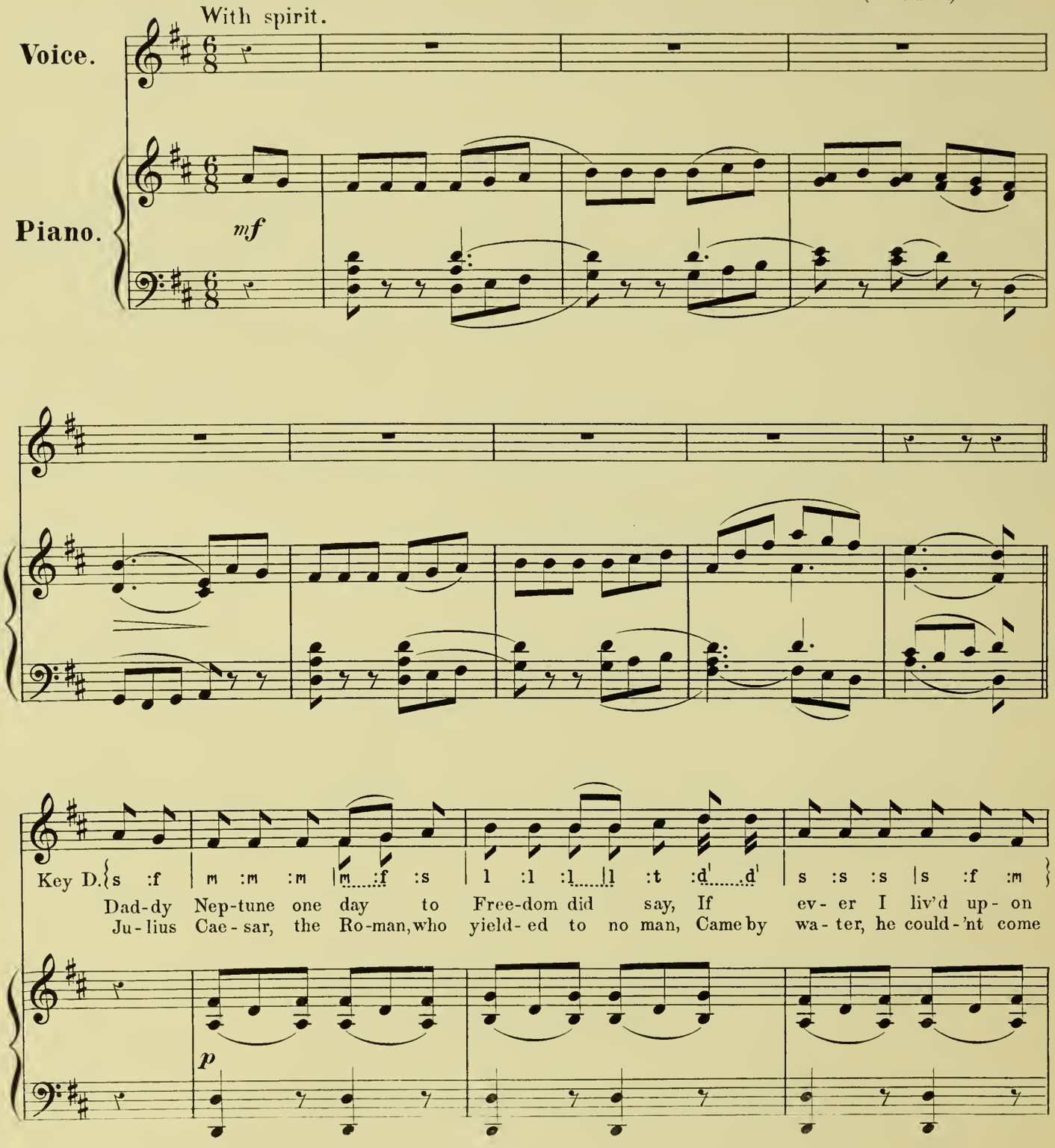
5

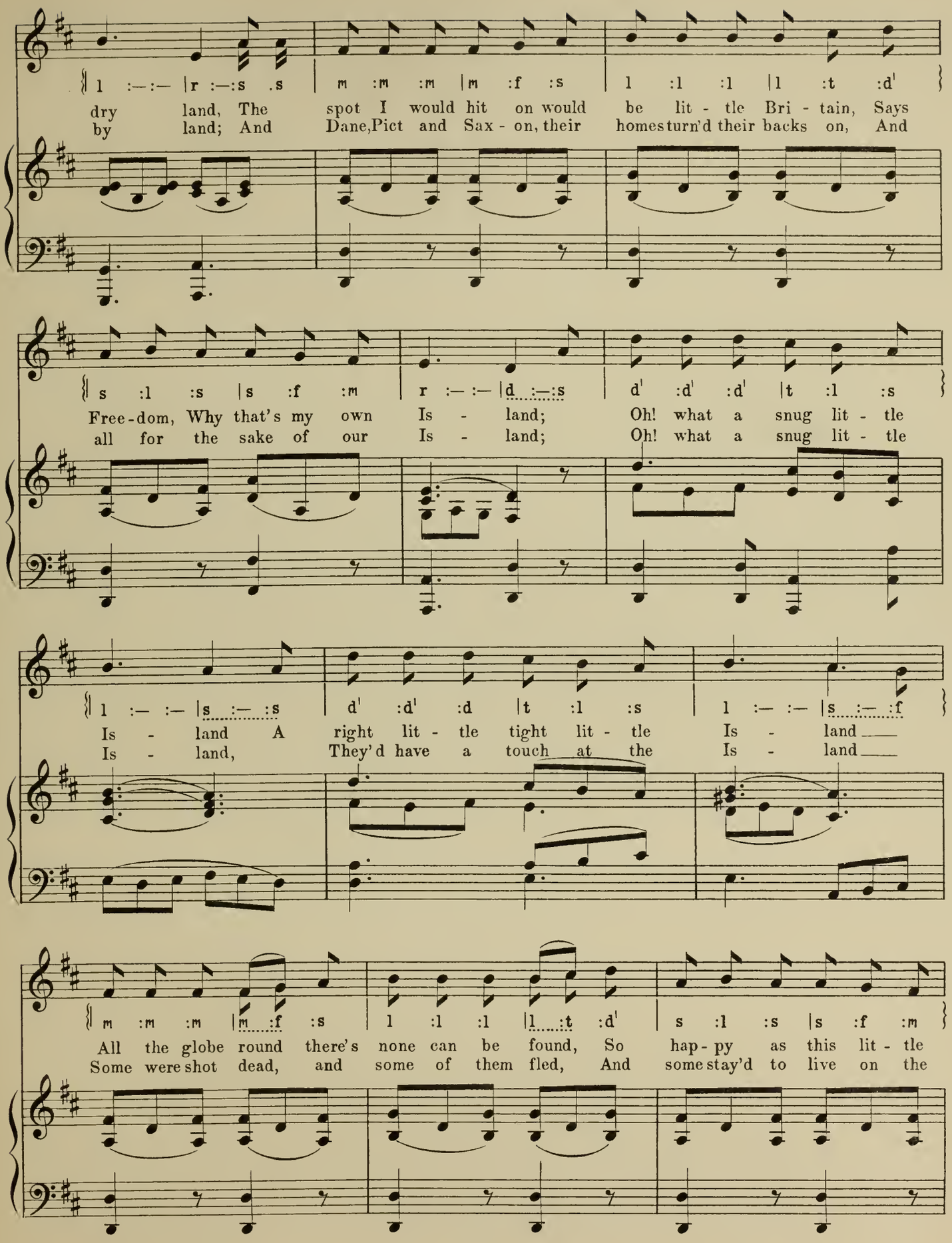
When we return in safety,
With wages for our pains,
The tapster, and the vintner
Will help to share our gains;
We'll call for liquor roundly,
And pay before we go;
Then we'll roar on the shore
When the stormy winds do blow.

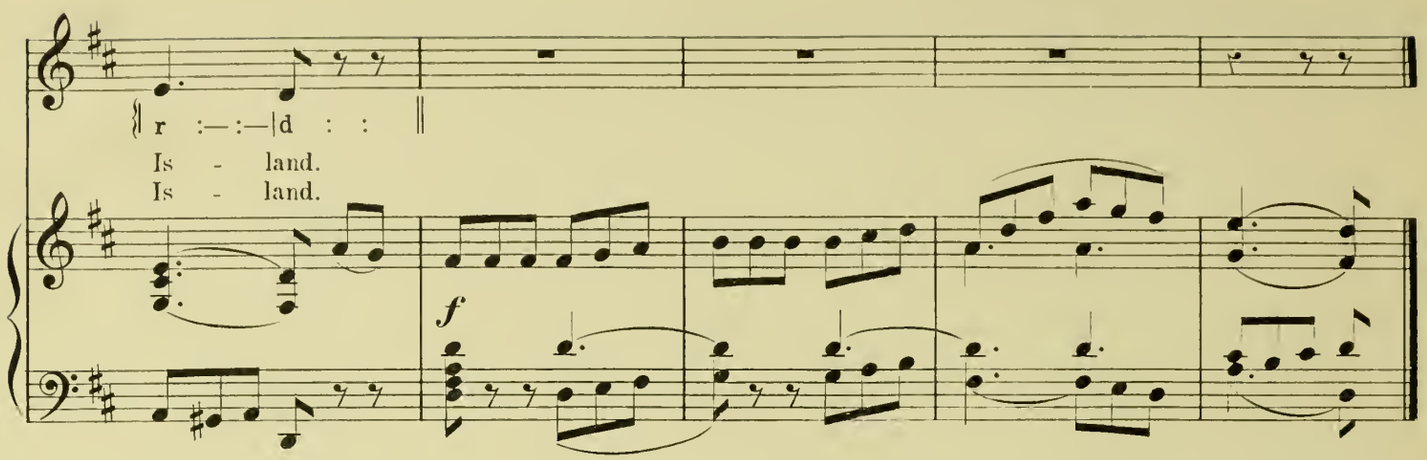
THE TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.

Words by T. DIBDIN.

Music "The Rogue's March."
(W. H. H.)




l :—:— |r :—:s .s | m :m :m |m :f :s | l :l :l |l :t :d'
dry land, The spot I would hit on would be lit - tle Bri - tain, Says
by land; And Dane,Pict and Sax - on, their homesturn'd their backs on, And
s :l :s |s :f :m | r :— :— |d :—:s | d' :d' :d' |t :l :s
Free-dom, Why that's my own Is - land; Oh! what a snug lit - tle
all for the sake of our Is - land; Oh! what a snug lit - tle
l :— :— |s :— :s | d' :d' :d |t :l :s | l :— :— |s :— :f
Is - land A right lit - tle tight lit - tle Is - land
Is - land, They'd have a touch at the Is - land
m :m :m |m :f :s | l :l :l |l :t :d' | s :l :s |s :f :m
All the globe round there's none can be found, So hap - py as this lit - tle
Some were shot dead, and some of them fled, And some stay'd to live on the



3

Then a very great war-man called Billy the Norman,
Cried, "Hang it! I never liked my land:
It would be more handy to leave this Normandy,
And live on yon beautiful Island."
Says he "'Tis a snug little Island,
Shall we not go visit the Island?"
Hop, skip and jump and there he was plump;
And he kicked up a dust in the Island.

4

Then the Spanish Armada set out to invade her.
Quite sure, if they ever came nigh land,
They could' nt do less than tuck up Queen Bess,
And take their full swing in the Island.
Oh! the poor Queen of the Island,
The Drones came to plunder the Island.
But snug in the hive the Queen was alive,
And "buzz" was the word in the Island.

5

Then since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept tune,
In each saying this shall be my land;
Should a French army come here we' ll show them some fun here,
For them they would find it a shy land:
The brave Volunteer of the Island
Would give them enough of the Island.
Frenchmen should just take a bite of the dust,
But not a bit more of the Island.

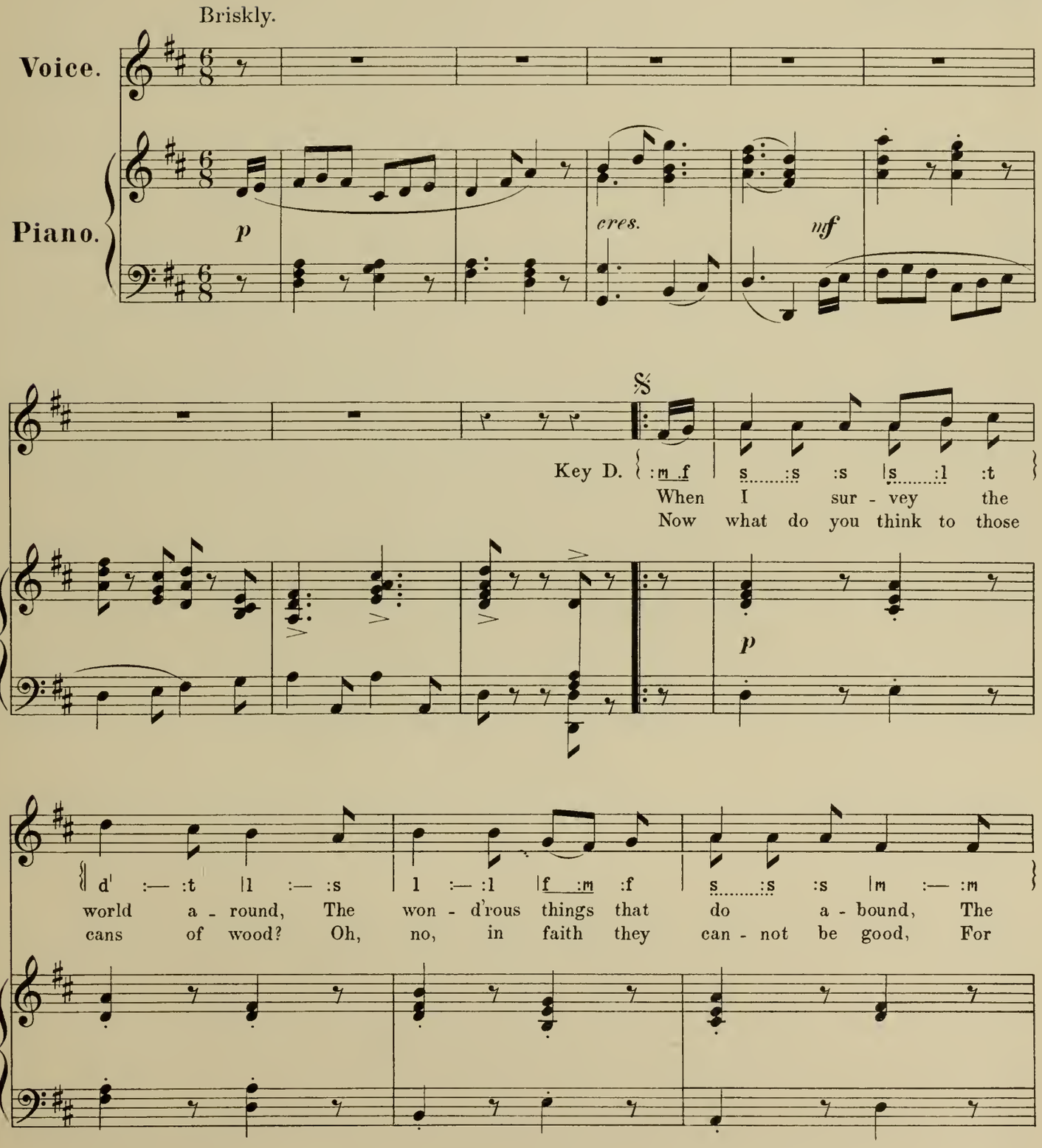
6

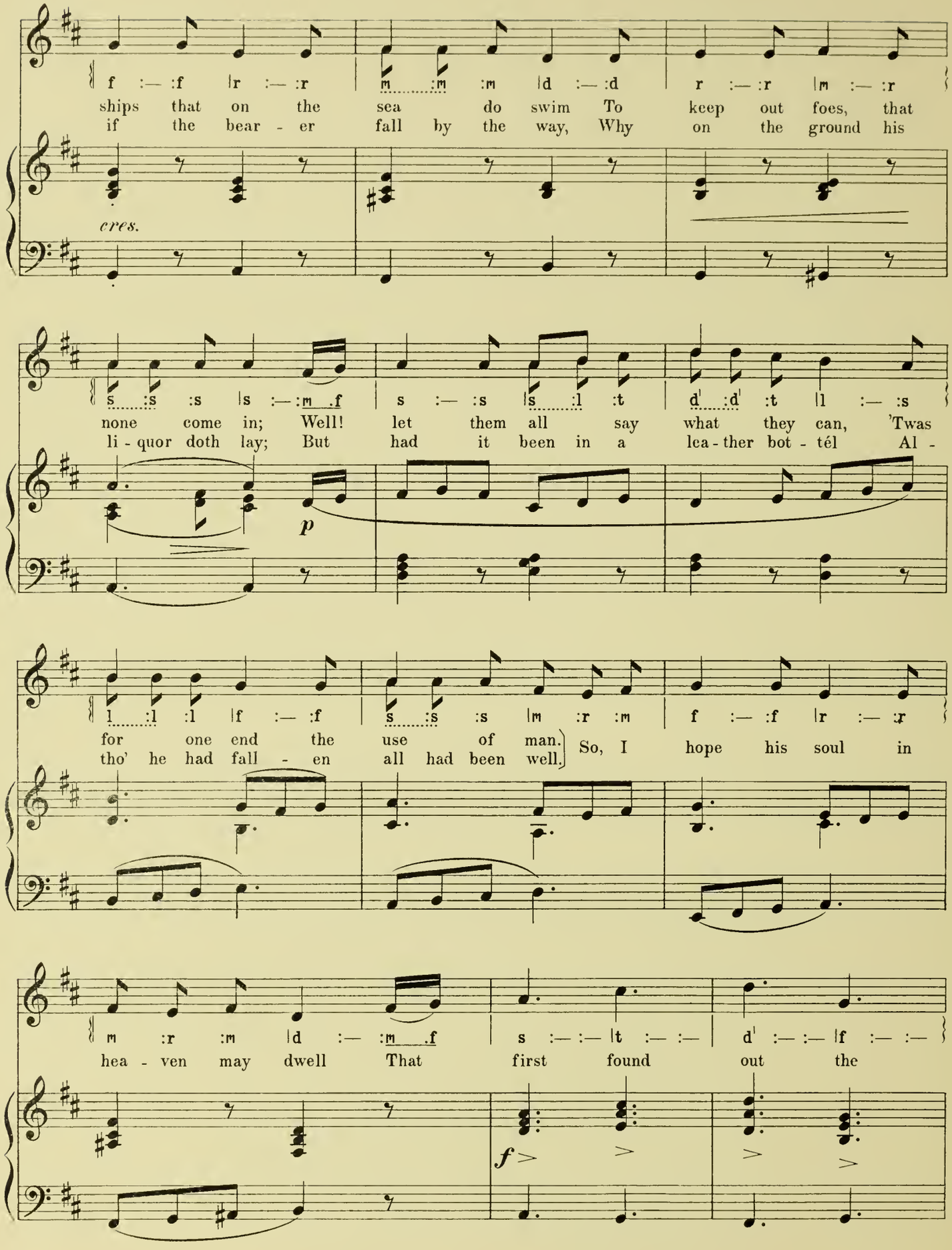
Then long live the Queen, may her foes e' er be seen
To perish before they come nigh land.
And may providence bless and grant her success,
In defending the right of our Island.
For oh! 'tis a free little Island,
A dear little spot is our Island;
And Britons all can and will die to a man,
Ere they give up a grain of the Island.

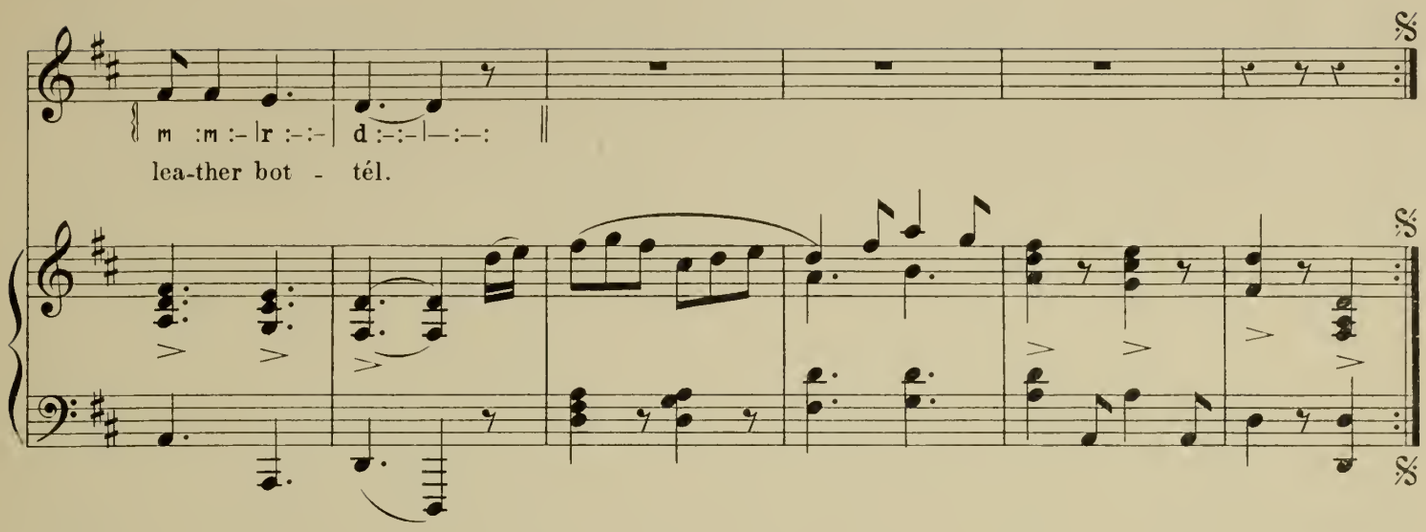
THE LEATHER BOTTEL.

Words 17th Cent.

Old song. (W. H. H.)




f :— :f |r :— :r | m :m :m |d :— :d | r :— :r |m :— :r
ships that on the sea do swim To keep out foes, that
if the bear - er fall by the way, Why on the ground his
cres.
s :s :s |s :— :m .f | s :— :s |s :l :t | d' :d' :t |l :— :s
none come in; Well! let them all say what they can, 'Twas
li - quor doth lay; But had it been in a lea - ther bot - tél Al -
p
l :l :l |f :— :f | s :s :s |m :r :m | f :— :f |r :— :r
for one end the use of man. So, I hope his soul in
tho' he had fall - en all had been well.
m :r :m |d :— :m .f | s :— :— |t :— :— | d' :— :— |f :— :—
hea - ven may dwell That first found out the
f



3

Then what do you say to those glasses fine?
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine,
For if you chance to touch the brim,
Down fall the liquor and all therein;
But had it been in a leather bottél
And the stopple in, all had been well.
So I hope, &c.

4

Then what do you think of those black pots three?
If a man and his wife should not agree,
Why they'll tug and pull till their liquor doth spill.
At a leather bottél they may tug their fill,
And pull away till their arms do ache,
And yet their liquor no harm will take.
So I hope, &c.

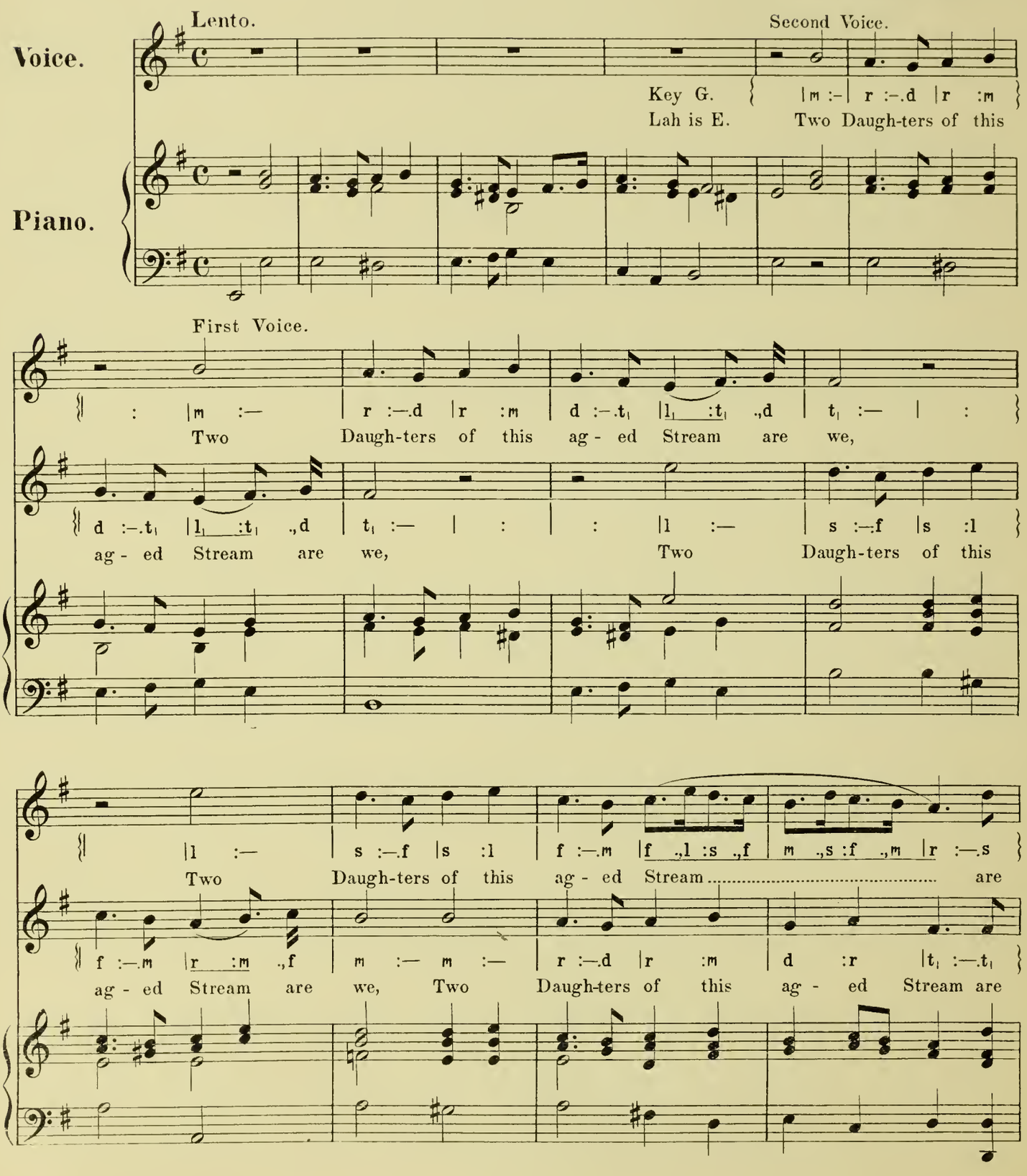
5

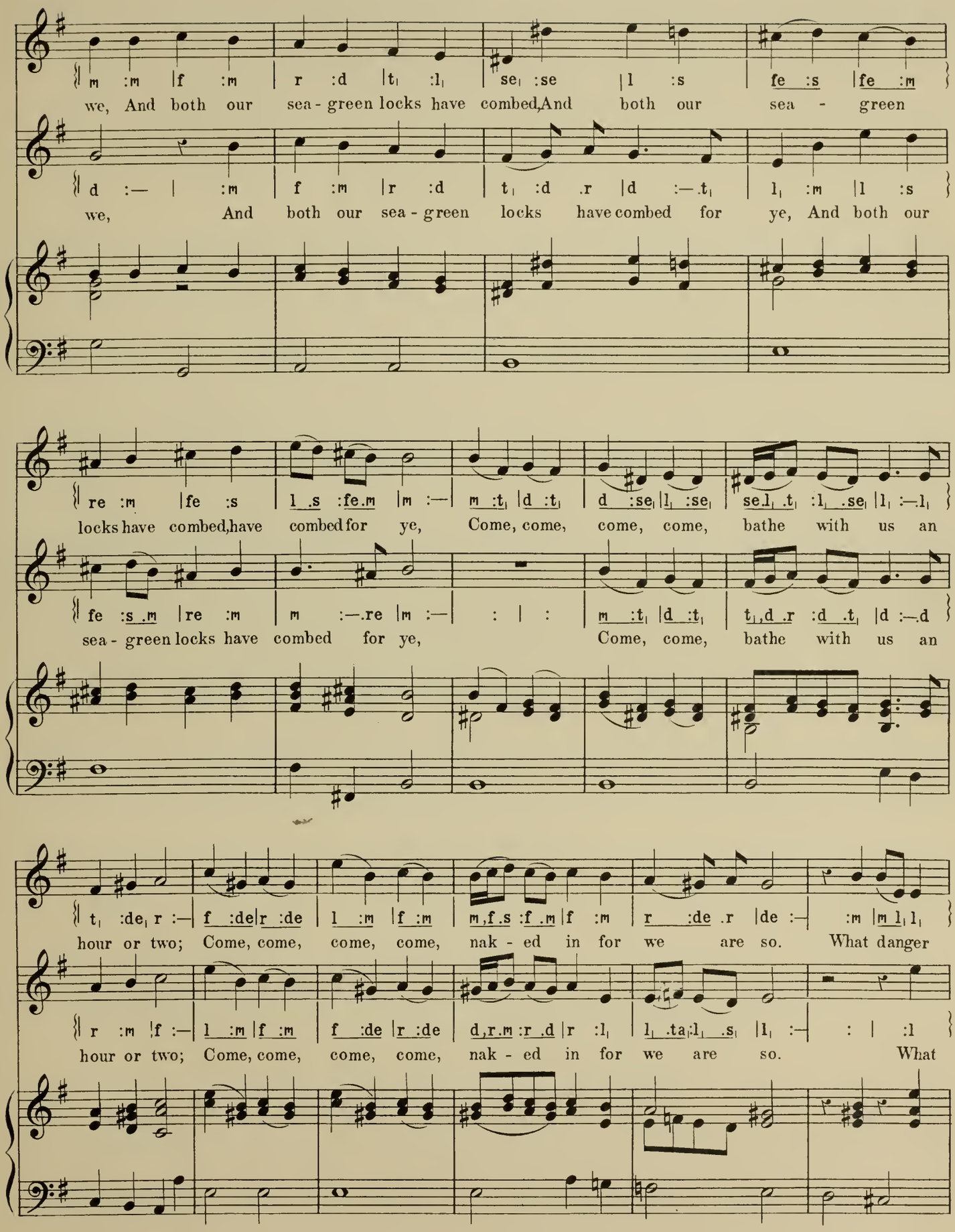
And when the bottle at last grows old,
And will good liquor no longer hold,
Out of the side you may make a clout,
To mend your shoes when they're worn out;
Or, take it and hang it up on a pin,
'Twill serve to put hinges and odd things in.
So I hope, &c.

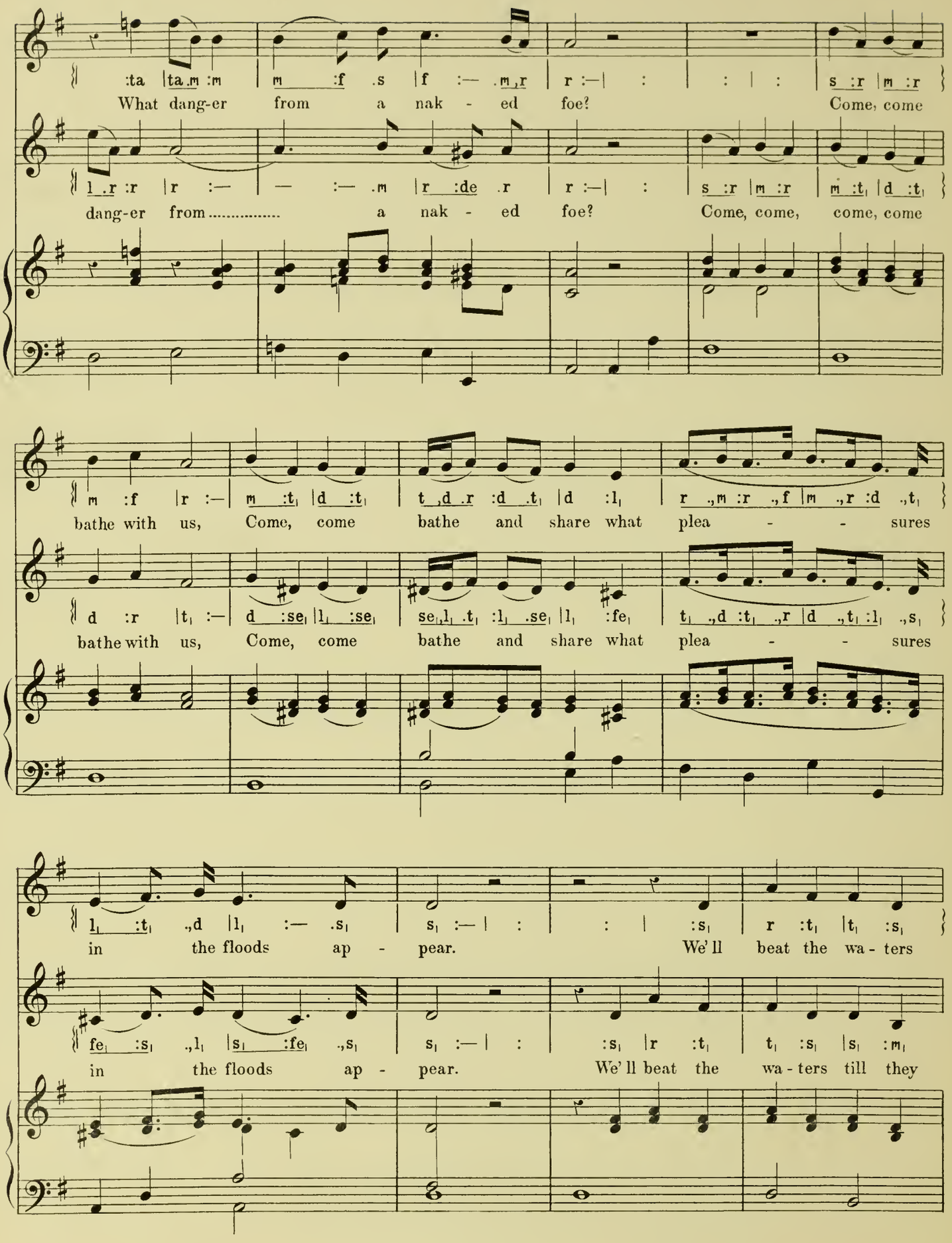
TWO DAUGHTERS OF THIS AGED STREAM.

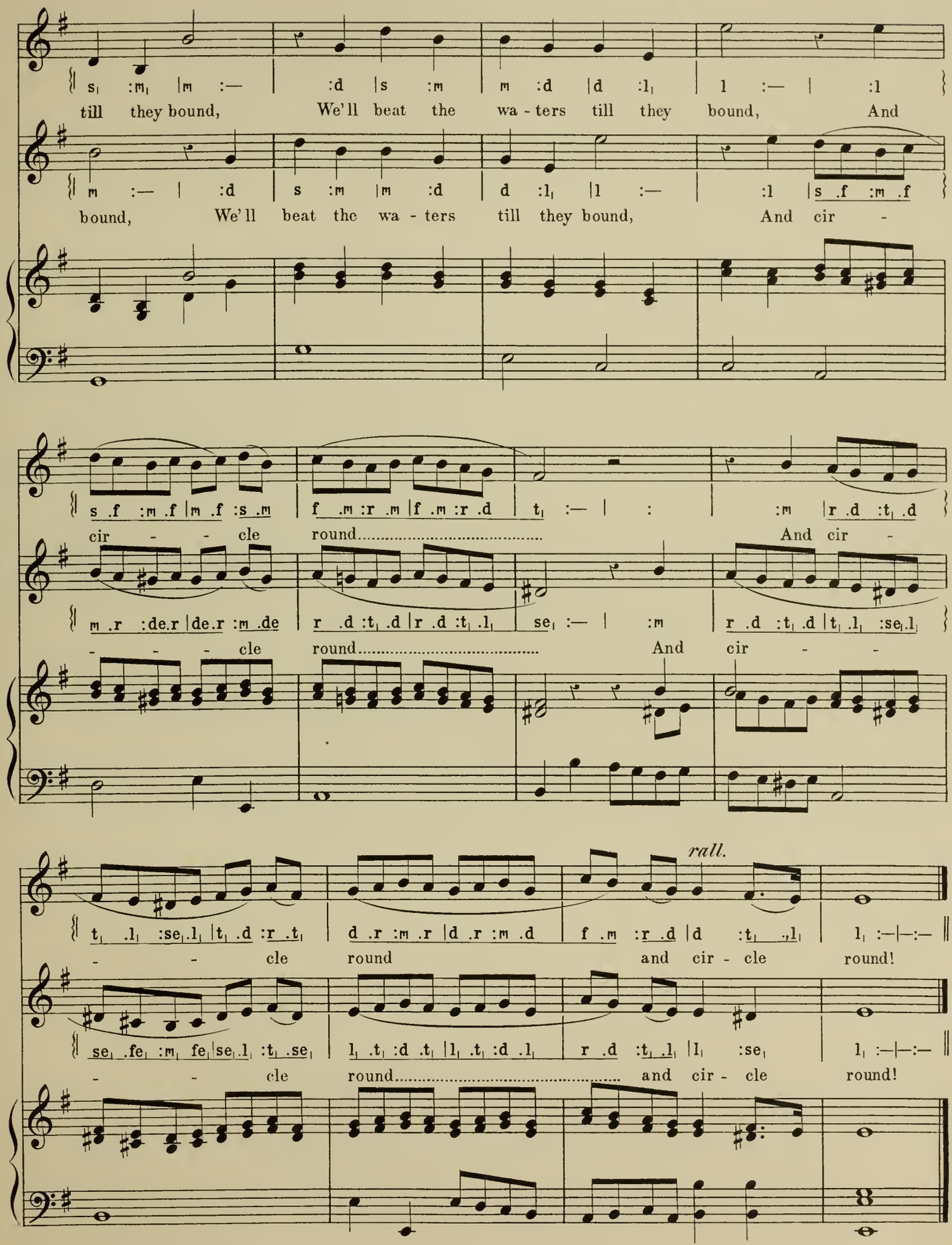
Duet from "KING ARTHUR.

H. PURCELL. (H. F. S.)




m :m |f :m | r :d |t, :l, | se, :se |l :s | fe :s |fe :m
we, And both our sea - green locks have combed,And both our sea - green
d :— | :m | f :m |r :d | t, :d .r |d :— .t, | l, :m |l :s
we, And both our sea - green locks have combed for ye, And both our
re :m |fe :s | l .s :fe.m |m :— | m :t, |d :t, | d :se, |l, :se, | se,l, .t, :l, .se, |l, :—.l,
locks have combed,have combed for ye, Come, come, come, come, bathe with us an
fe :s.m |re :m | m :—.re |m :— | : | : | m :t, |d :t, | t,,d .r :d .t, |d :—.d
sea - green locks have combed for ye, Come, come, bathe with us an
t, :de, r :— | f :de|r :de | l :m |f :m | m,f.s :f .m|f :m | r :de .r |de :— | :m |m l, l,
hour or two; Come, come, come, come, nak - ed in for we are so. What danger
r :m |f :— | l :m |f :m | f :de |r :de | d,r.m :r .d |r :l, | l, .ta, l, .s, |l, :— | : | :l
hour or two; Come, come, come, come, nak - ed in for we are so. What


:ta |ta .m :m | m :f .s |f :— .m ,r | r :— | : | : | : | s :r |m :r
What dang-er from a nak - ed foe? Come, come
l .r :r |r :— | — :— .m |r :de .r | r :— | : | s :r |m :r | m :t, |d :t,
dang-er from ..... a nak - ed foe? Come, come, come, come
m :f |r :— | m :t, |d :t, | t, .d .r :d .t, |d :l, | r .,m :r .,f |m .,r :d .,t,
bathe with us, Come, come bathe and share what plea - - sures
d :r |t, :— | d :se, |l, :se, | se, .l, .t, :l, .se, |l, :fe, | t, .,d :t, .,r |d .,t, :l, .,s,
bathe with us, Come, come bathe and share what plea - - sures
l, :t, .,d |l, :— .s, | s, :— | : | : | :s, | r :t, |t, :s,
in the floods ap - pear. We' ll beat the wa - ters
fe, :s, .,l, |s, :fe, .,s, | s, :— | : | :s, |r :t, | t, :s, |s, :m,
in the floods ap - pear. We' ll beat the wa - ters till they


till they bound, We'll beat the wa - ters till they bound, And
bound, We'll beat the wa - ters till they bound, And cir -
cir - - - cle round..... And cir -
- - - - cle round..... And cir - - -
- - - cle round and cir - cle round!
- - - cle round..... and cir - cle round!
rall.

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

Old English Song (W. H. H.)

In quick-step-time and with energy.

Voice.

Piano.

f

cres.

Key G.

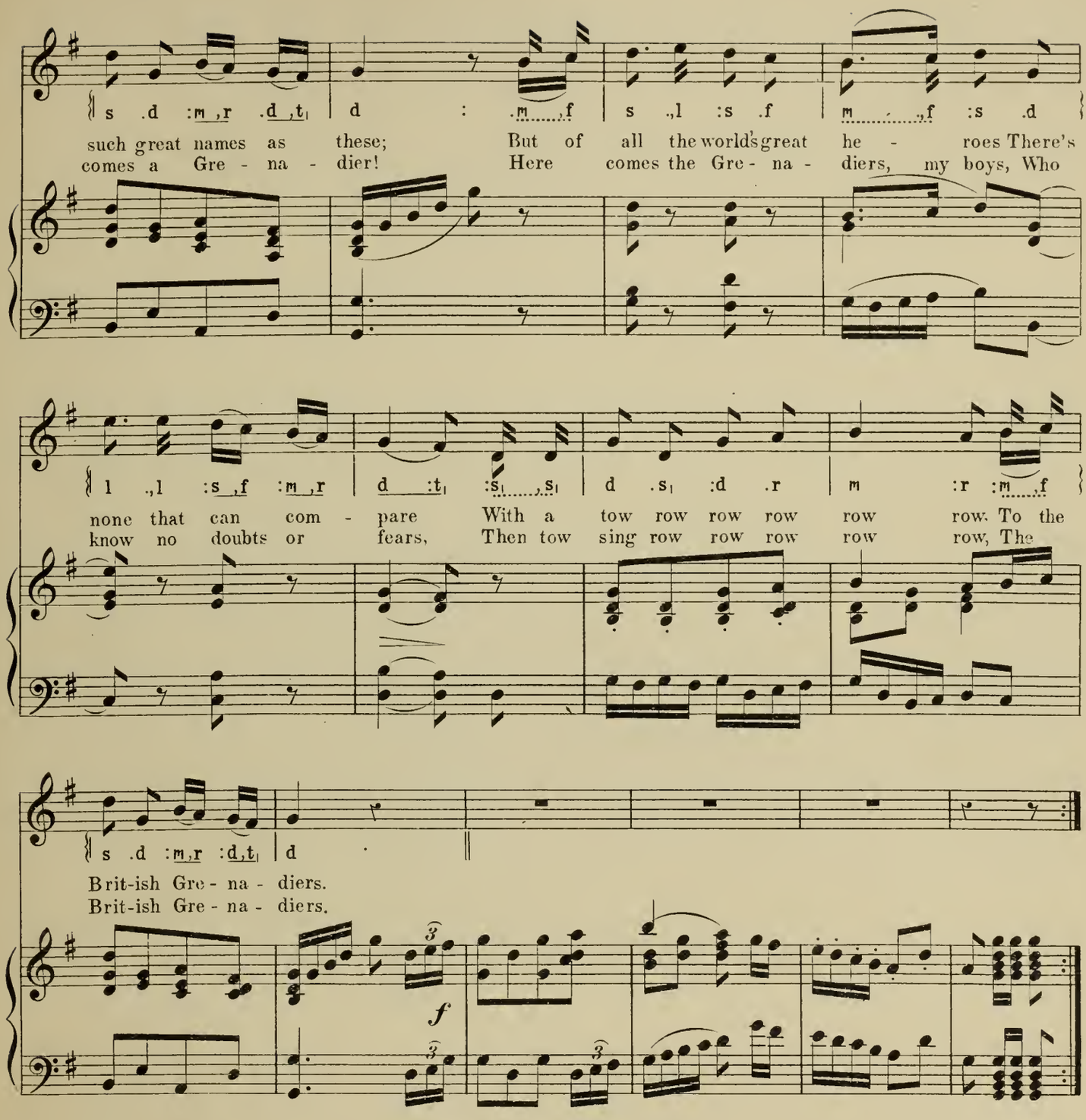
.s, | d .s, :d .r | m :r .m ,f

Some talk of A - lex - an - der, And
And when the siege is o - ver, We

p

s .d :m ,r .d ,t, | d : .s, | d .s, :d .r | m :r .m ,f

some of Her - cu - les, Of Hec-tor and Ly - san - der, And
to the town re - pair, The towns-men cry, Hur - rah, boys! Here



3

Then let us fill a bumper,
And drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches,
And wear the louped clothes:
May they and their Commanders
Live happy all their years,
With a tow row row row row row,
For the British Grenadiers.

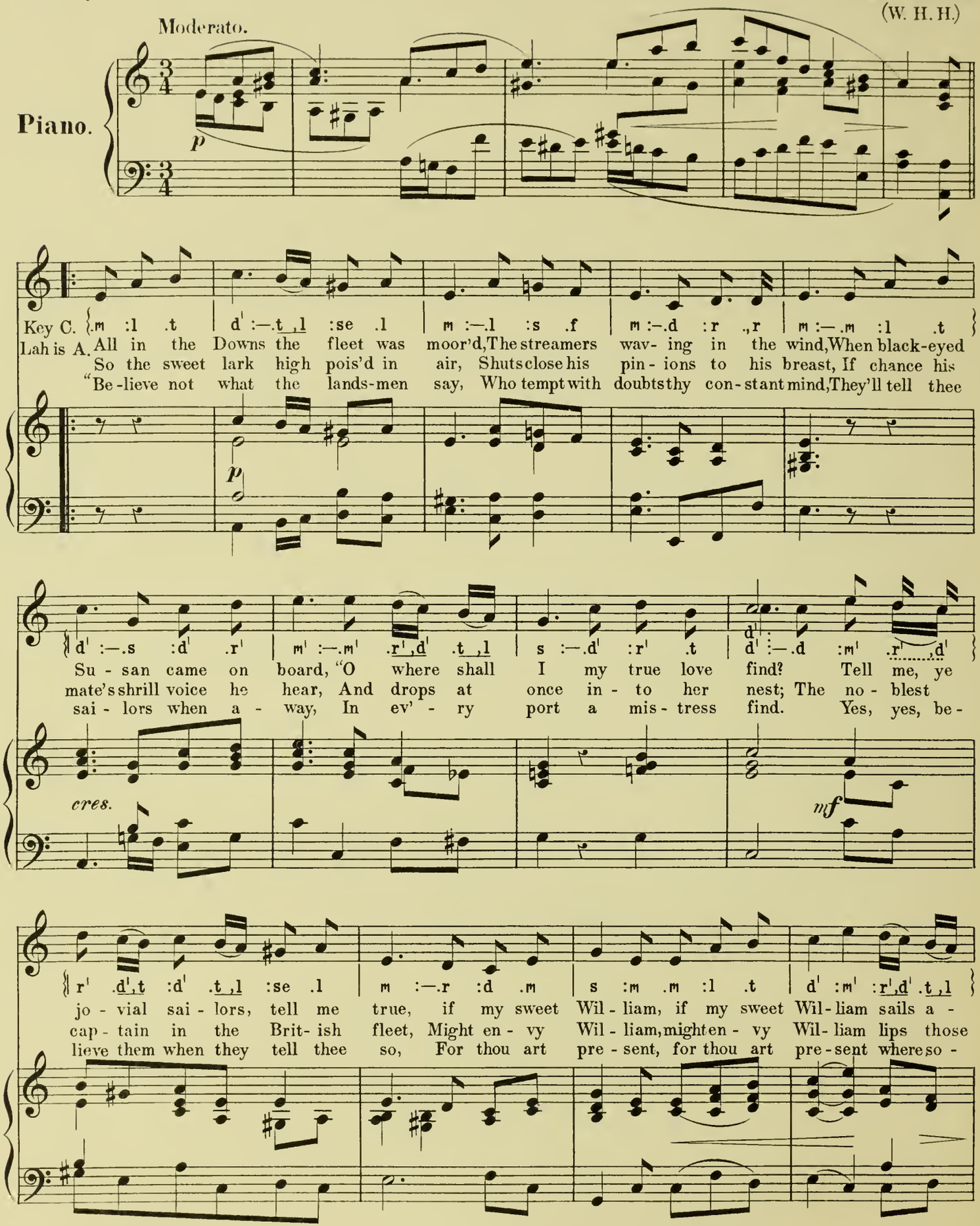
BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

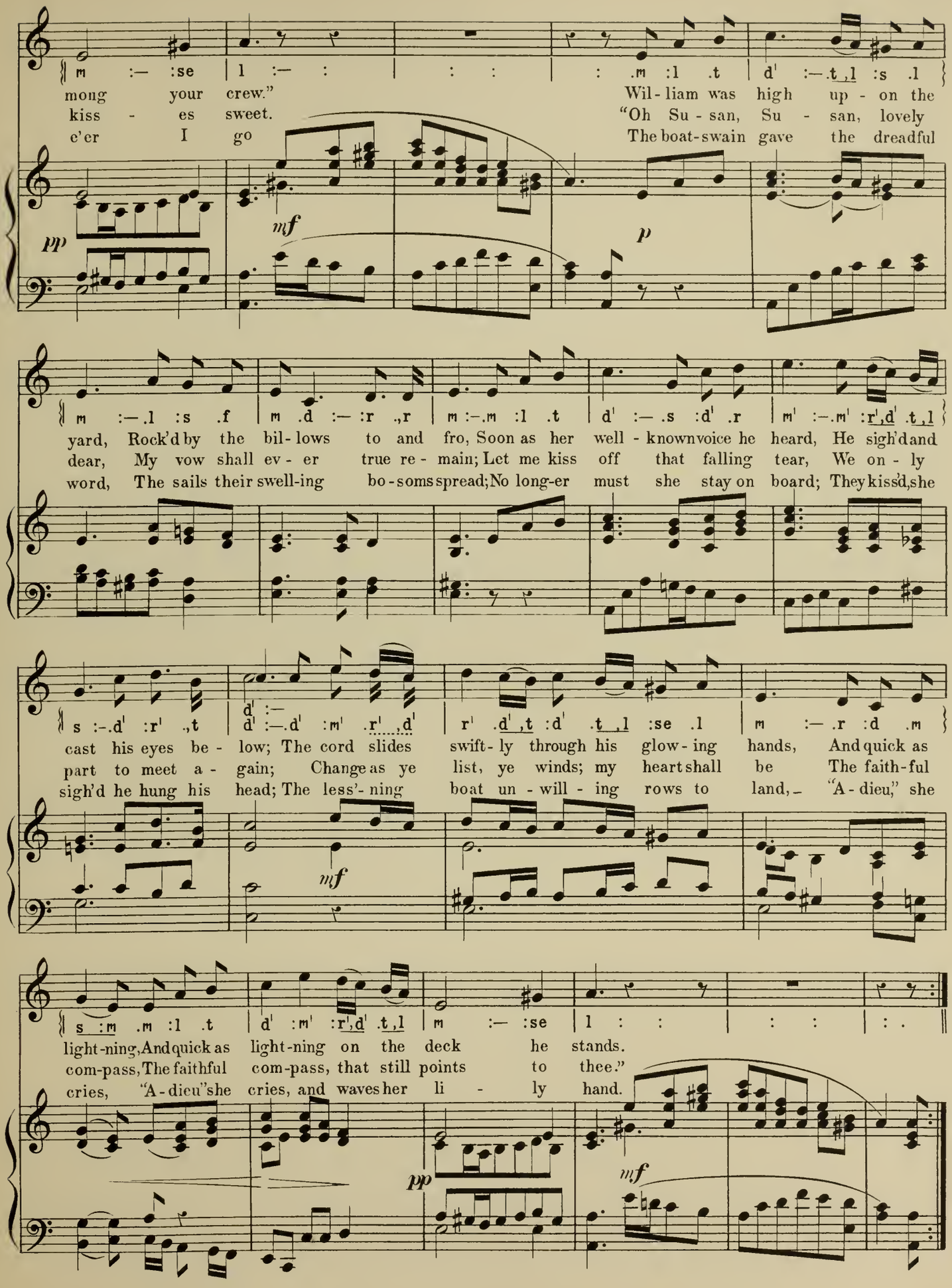
Words by GAY.

LEVERIDGE.
(W. H. H.)

Moderato.

Piano.

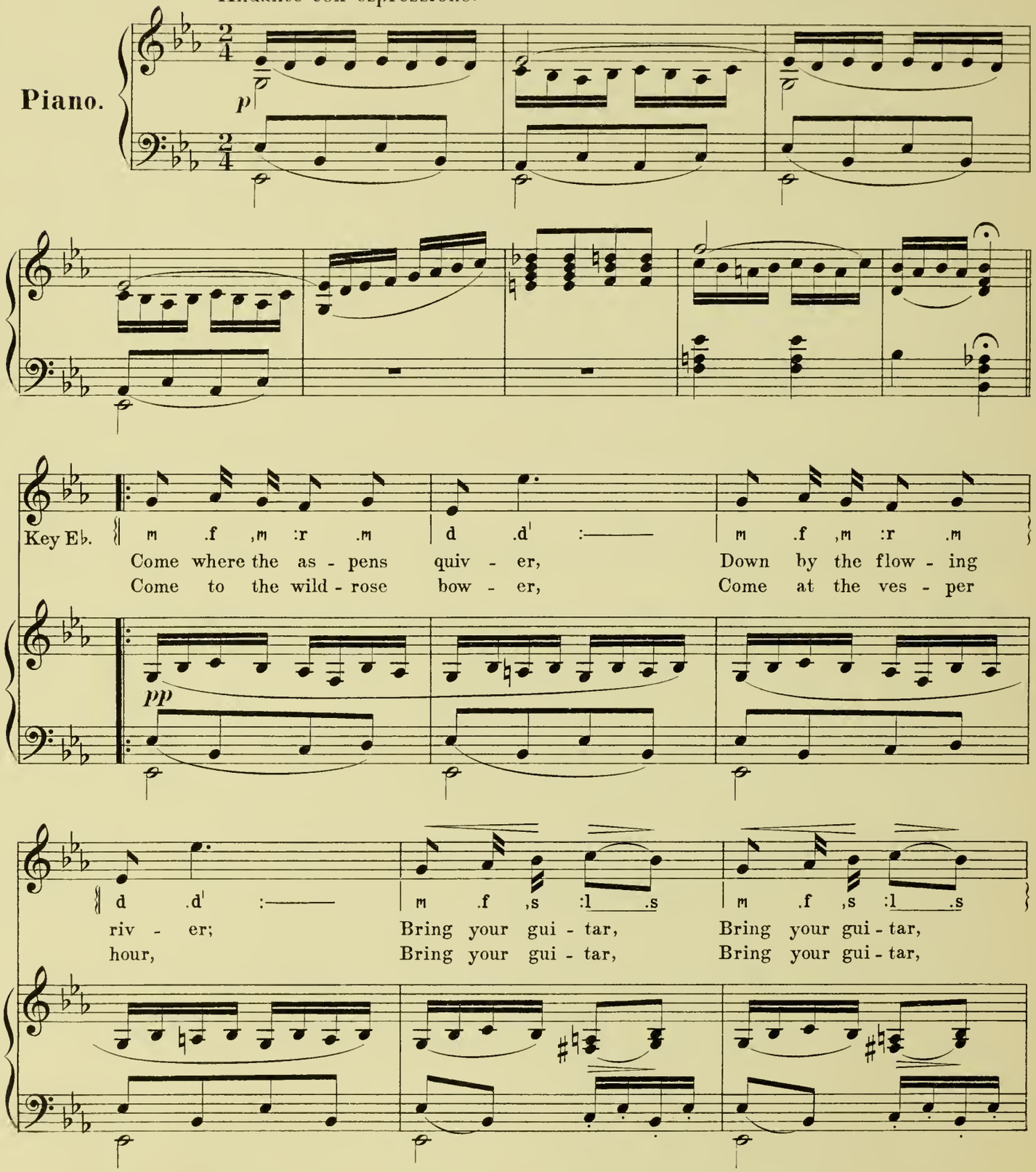


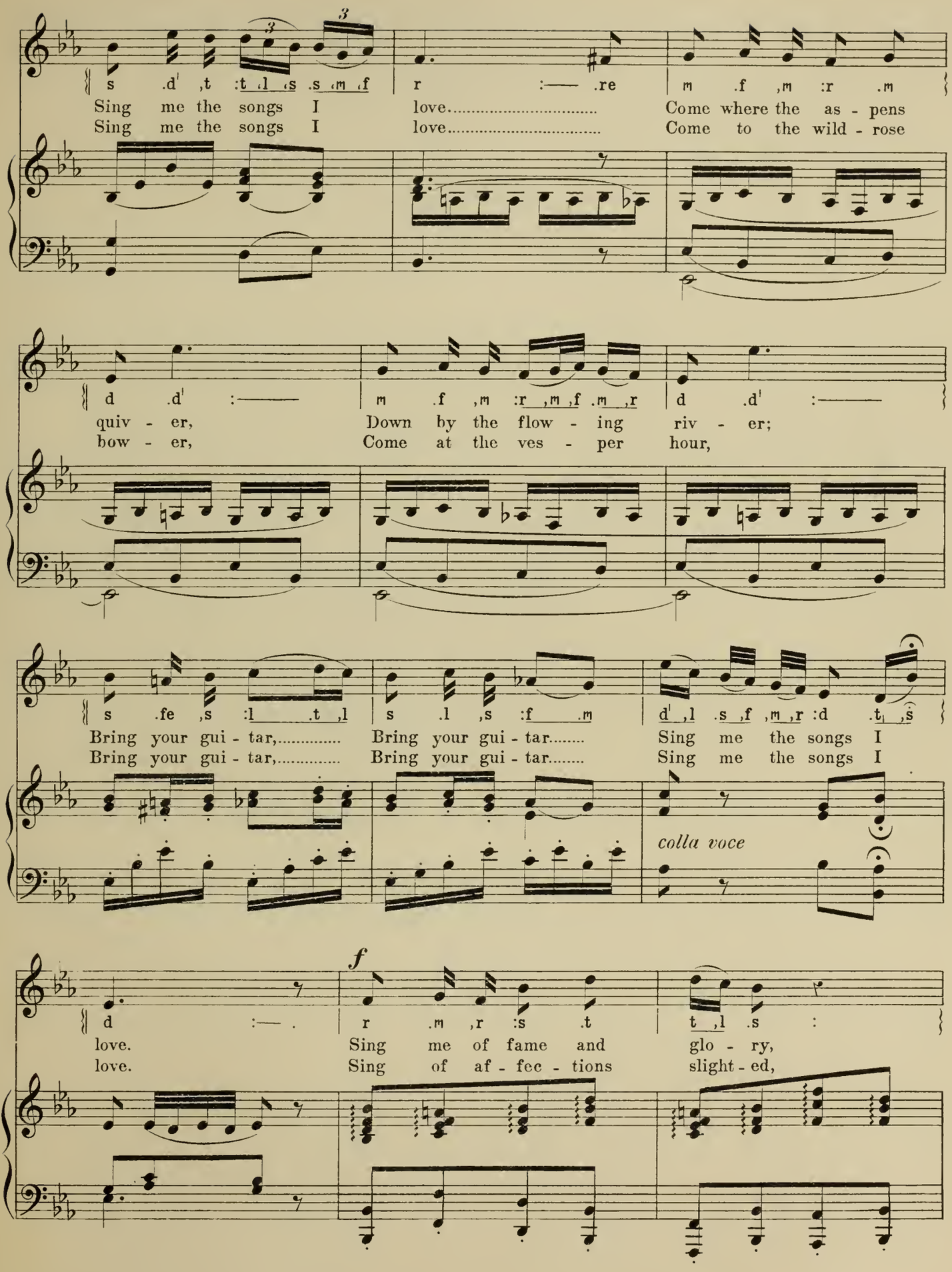

m :— :se | l :— : | : : | : .m :l .t | d' :— .t ,l :s .l
mong your crew." Wil-liam was high up-on the
kiss-es sweet. "Oh Su-san, Su-san, lovely
e'er I go The boat-swain gave the dreadful
pp
mf
p
m :— .l :s .f | m .d :— :r .,r | m :— .m :l .t | d' :— .s :d' .r | m' :— .m' :r',d' .t,l
yard, Rock'd by the bil-lows to and fro, Soon as her well-known voice he heard, He sigh'd and
dear, My vow shall ev-er true re-main; Let me kiss off that falling tear, We on-ly
word, The sails their swell-ing bo-soms spread; No long-er must she stay on board; They kiss'd, she
s :— .d' :r' .,t | d' :— | d' :— .d' :m' .r' ,d' | r' .d' ,t :d' .t ,l :se .l | m :— .r :d .m
cast his eyes be-low; The cord slides swift-ly through his glow-ing hands, And quick as
part to meet a-gain; Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be The faith-ful
sigh'd he hung his head; The less'-ning boat un-will-ing rows to land, "A-dieu," she
mf
s :m .m :l .t | d' :m' :r',d' .t,l | m :— :se | l : : | : : | : .
light-ning, And quick as light-ning on the deck he stands.
com-pass, The faithful com-pass, that still points to thee."
cries, "A-dieu" she cries, and waves her li-ly hand.
pp
mf

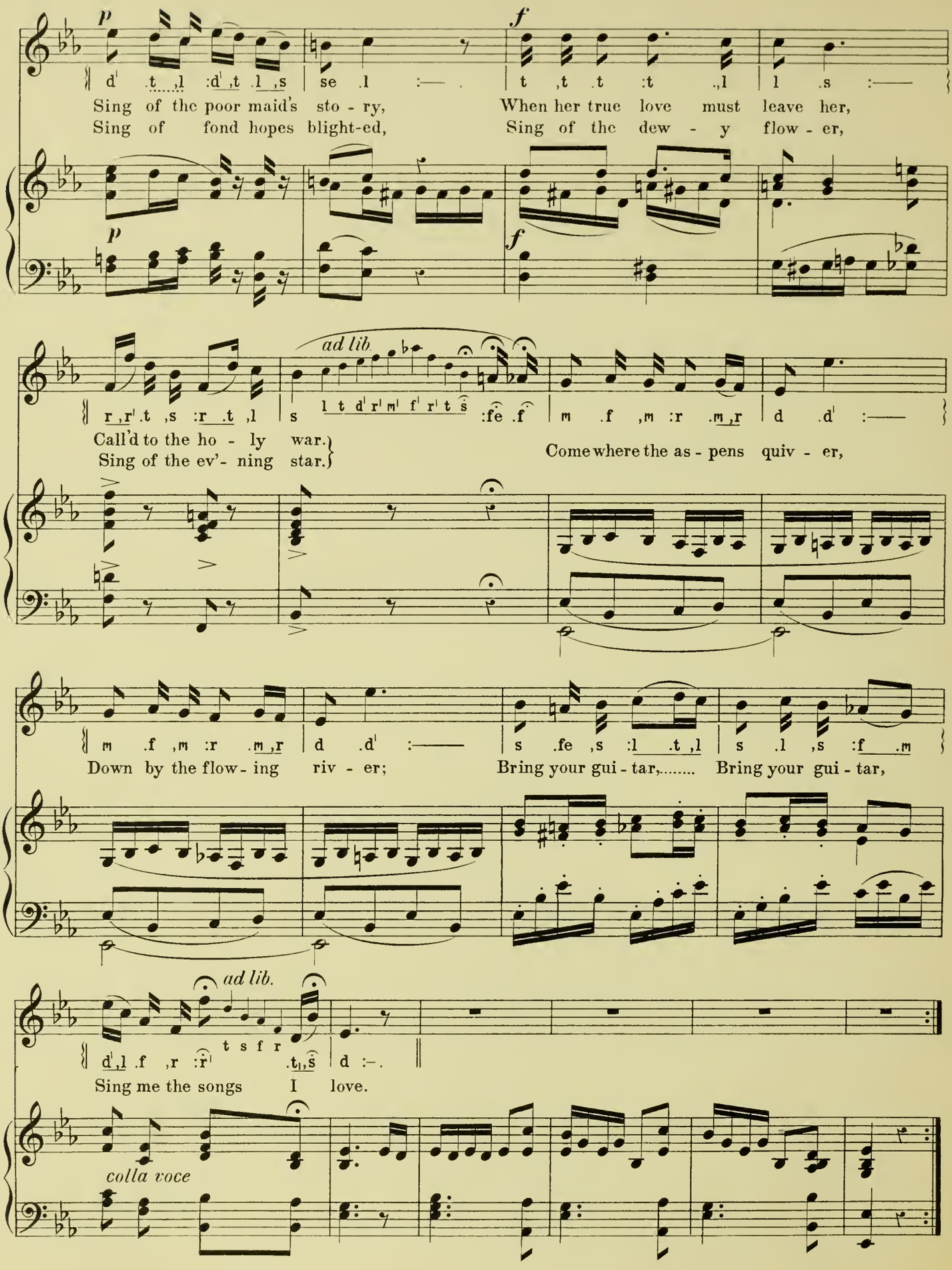
COME WHERE THE ASPENS QUIVER.

ALEXANDER LEE. (W. H. H.)

Andante con espressione.

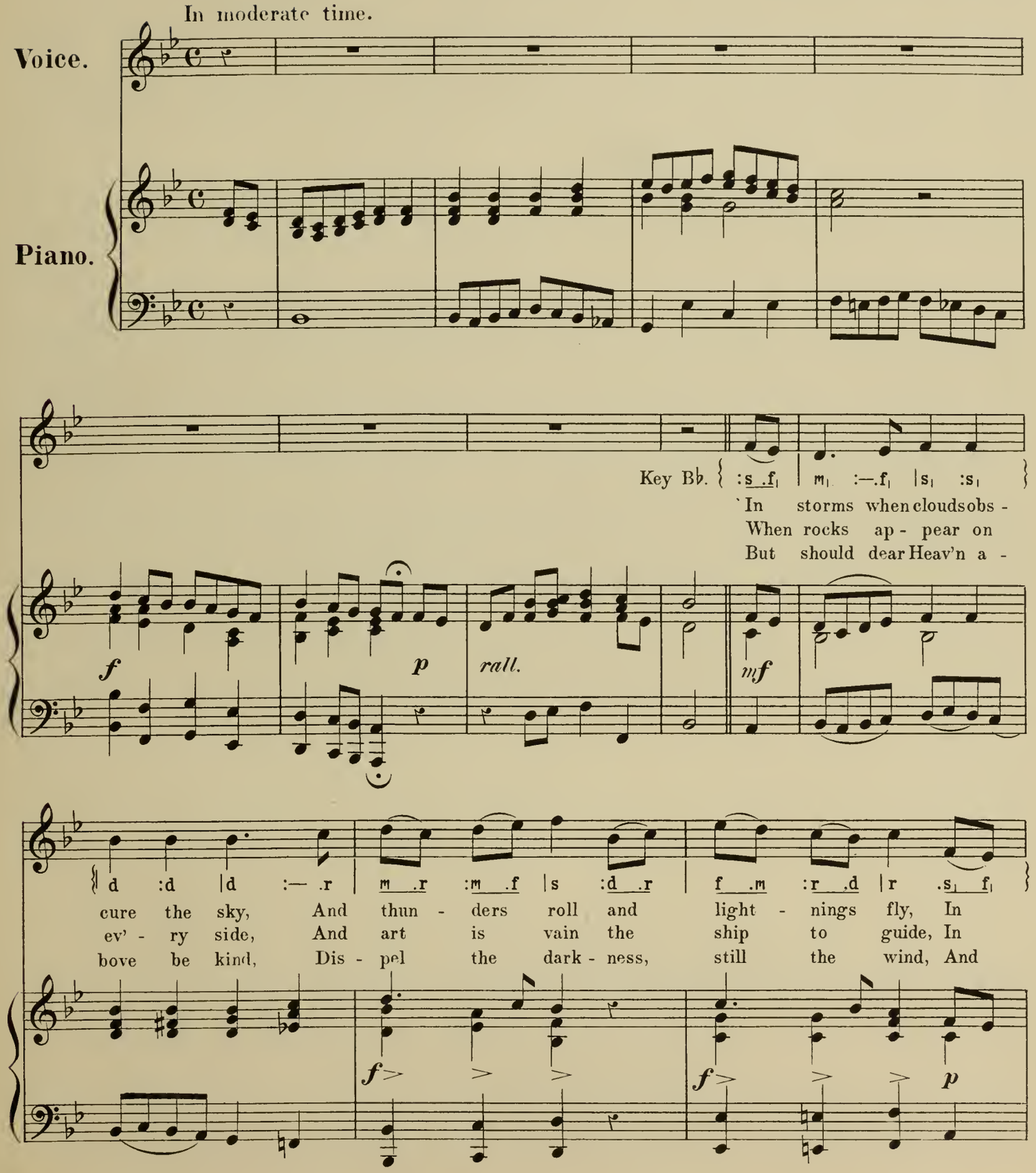


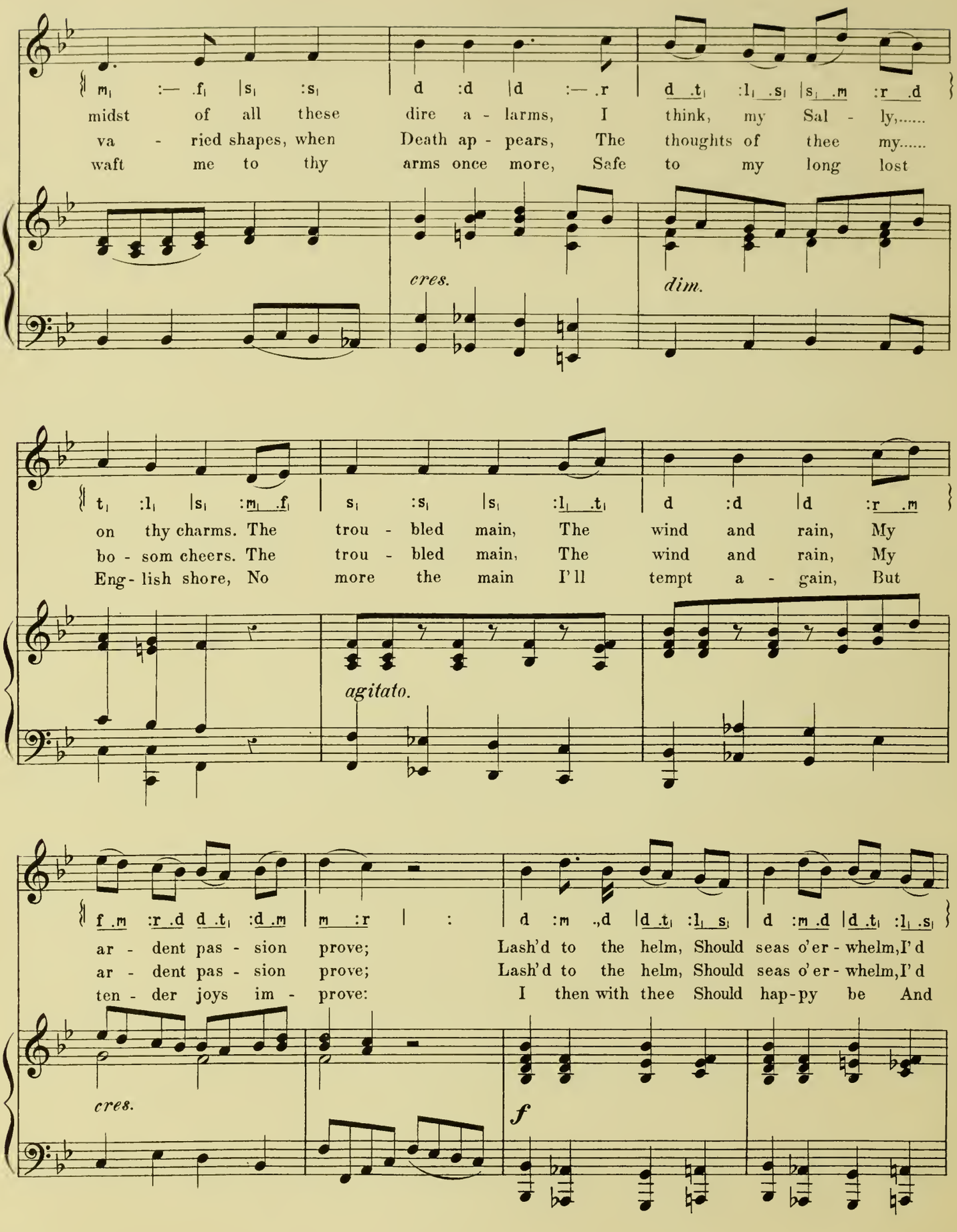

Sing me the songs I love..... Come where the as - pens
Sing me the songs I love..... Come to the wild - rose
quiv - er, Down by the flow - ing riv - er;
bow - er, Come at the ves - per hour,
Bring your gui - tar,..... Bring your gui - tar..... Sing me the songs I
Bring your gui - tar,..... Bring your gui - tar..... Sing me the songs I
colla voce
love. Sing me of fame and glo - ry,
love. Sing of af - fec - tions slight - ed,

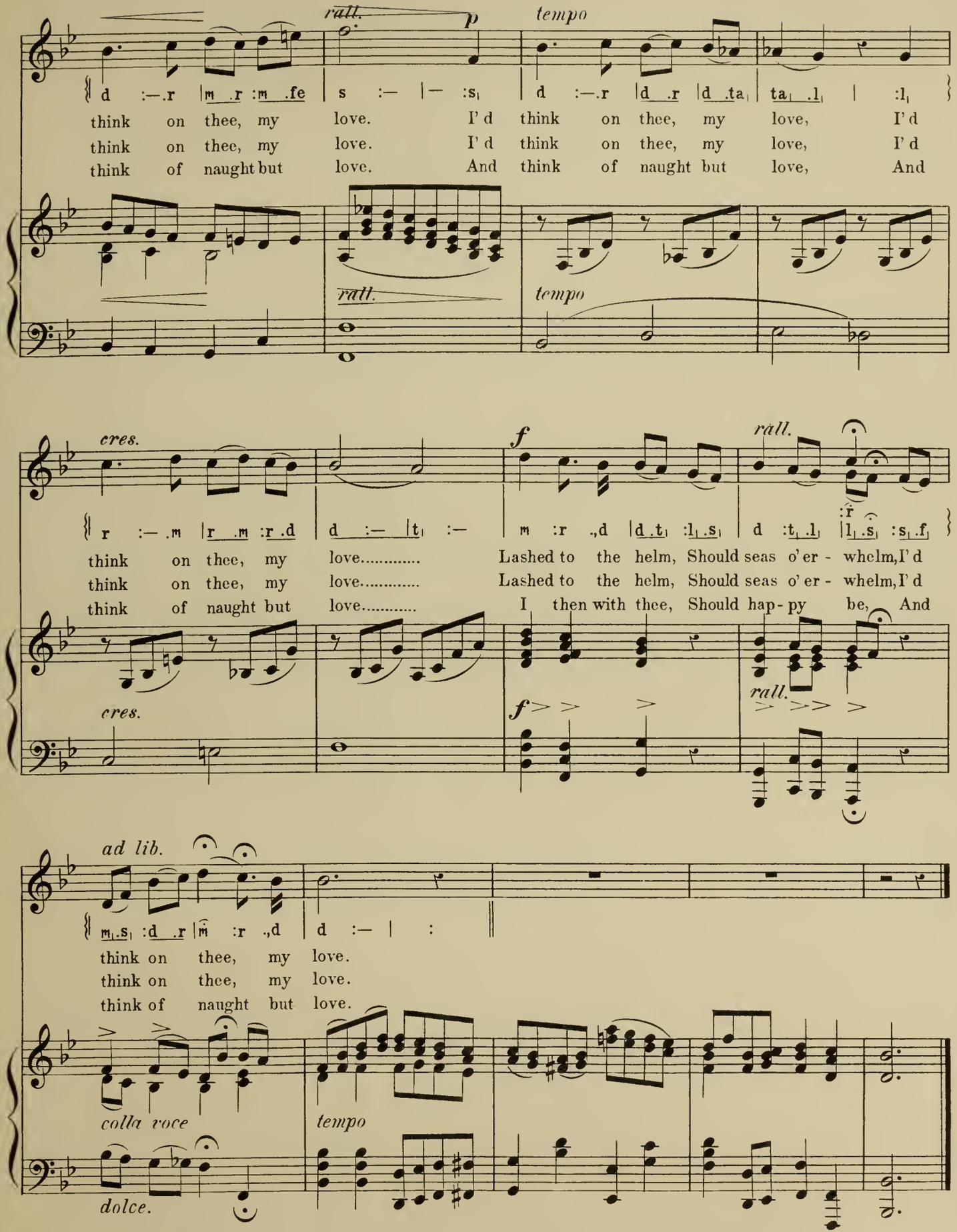

p
f
Sing of the poor maid's sto - ry,
Sing of fond hopes blight-ed,
When her true love must leave her,
Sing of the dew - y flow - er,
ad lib.
Call'd to the ho - ly war.
Sing of the ev'- ning star.
Come where the as - pens quiv - er,
Down by the flow - ing riv - er;
Bring your gui - tar,..... Bring your gui - tar,
ad lib.
Sing me the songs I love.
colla voce

LASHED TO THE HELM.

JAMES HOOK. (H. F. S.)



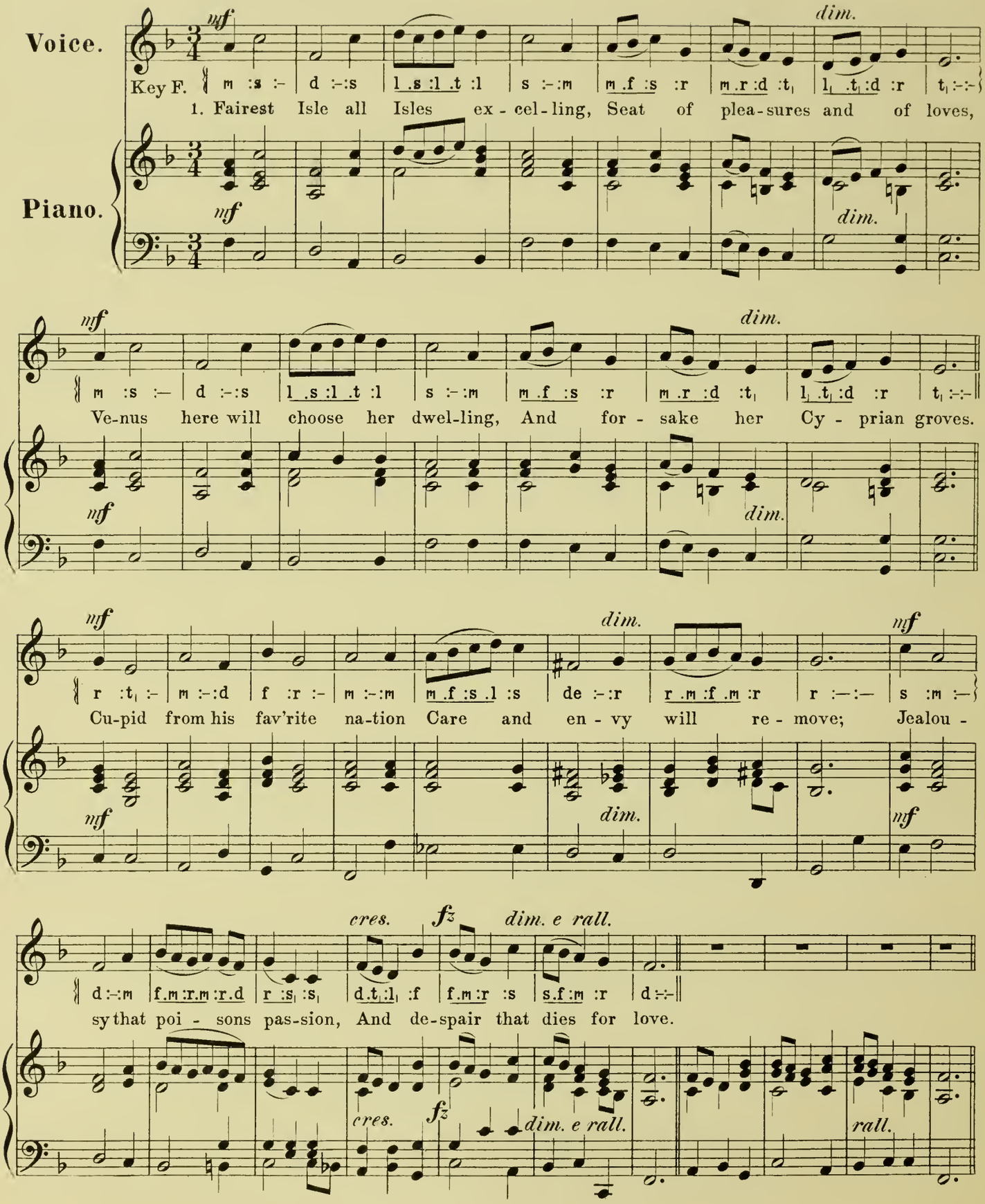

midst of all these dire a - larms, I think, my Sal - ly,.....
va - ried shapes, when Death ap - pears, The thoughts of thee my.....
waft me to thy arms once more, Safe to my long lost
cres.
dim.
on thy charms. The trou - bled main, The wind and rain, My
bo - som cheers. The trou - bled main, The wind and rain, My
Eng - lish shore, No more the main I'll tempt a - gain, But
agitato.
ar - dent pas - sion prove; Lash'd to the helm, Should seas o'er - whelm, I'd
ar - dent pas - sion prove; Lash'd to the helm, Should seas o'er - whelm, I'd
ten - der joys im - prove: I then with thee Should hap - py be And
cres.
f

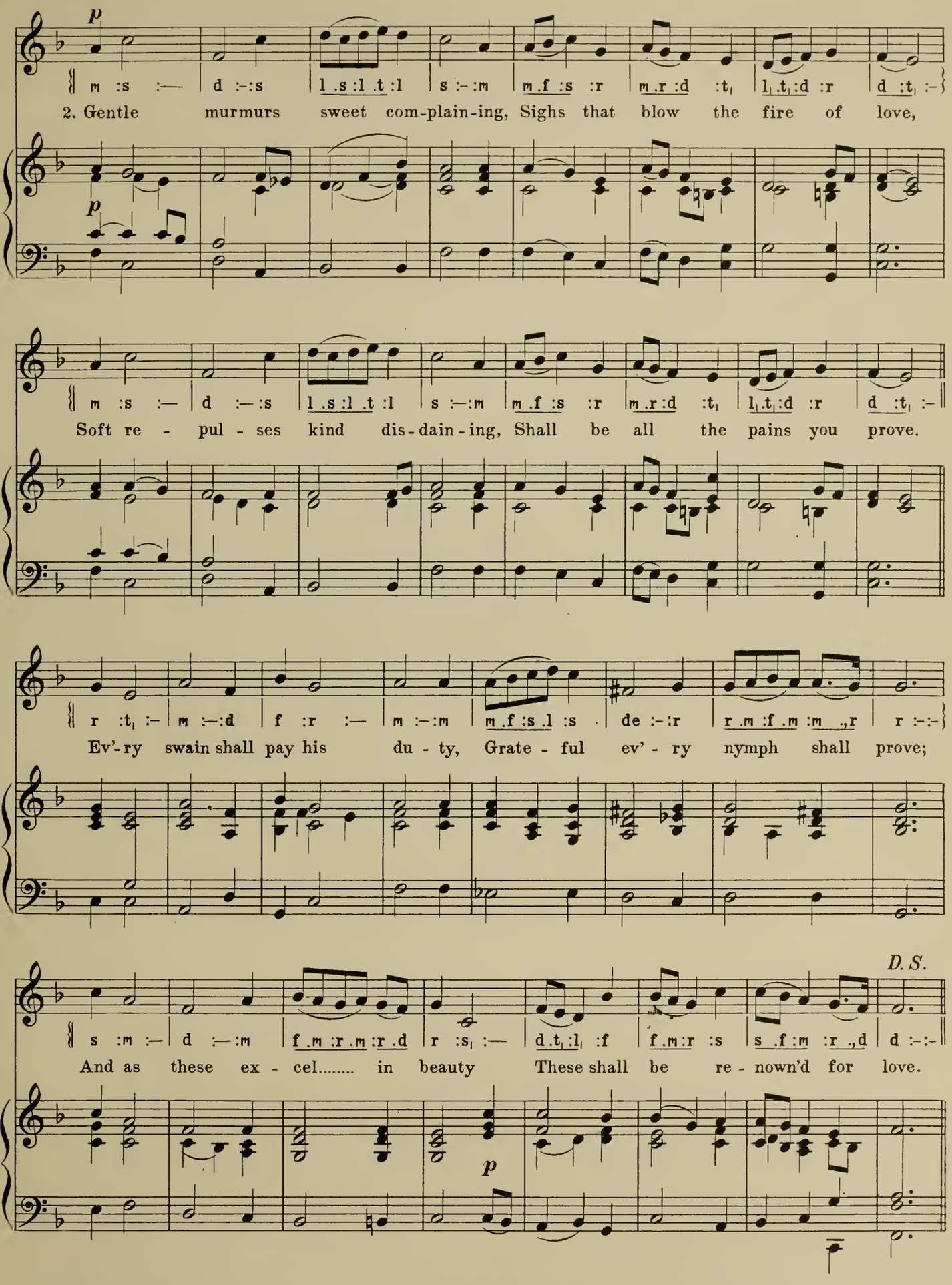

rall.
p
tempo
d :—.r |m .r :m .fe | s :— |— :s, | d :—.r |d .r |d .ta, | ta, .l, | :l,
think on thee, my love. I' d think on thee, my love, I' d
think on thee, my love. I' d think on thee, my love, I' d
think of naught but love. And think of naught but love, And
rall.
tempo
cres.
f
rall.
r :— .m |r .m :r .d | d :— |t, :— | m :r .,d |d .t, :l, .s, | d :t, .l, |l, .s, :s, .f,
think on thee, my love..... Lashed to the helm, Should seas o' er - whelm, I' d
think on thee, my love..... Lashed to the helm, Should seas o' er - whelm, I' d
think of naught but love..... I then with thee, Should hap - py be, And
cres.
f
rall.
ad lib.
m, .s, :d .r |m :r .,d | d :— | :
think on thee, my love.
think on thee, my love.
think of naught but love.
colla voce
tempo
dolce.

FAIREST ISLE.

Smoothly and not too fast.

HENRY PURCELL. (H. F. S.)



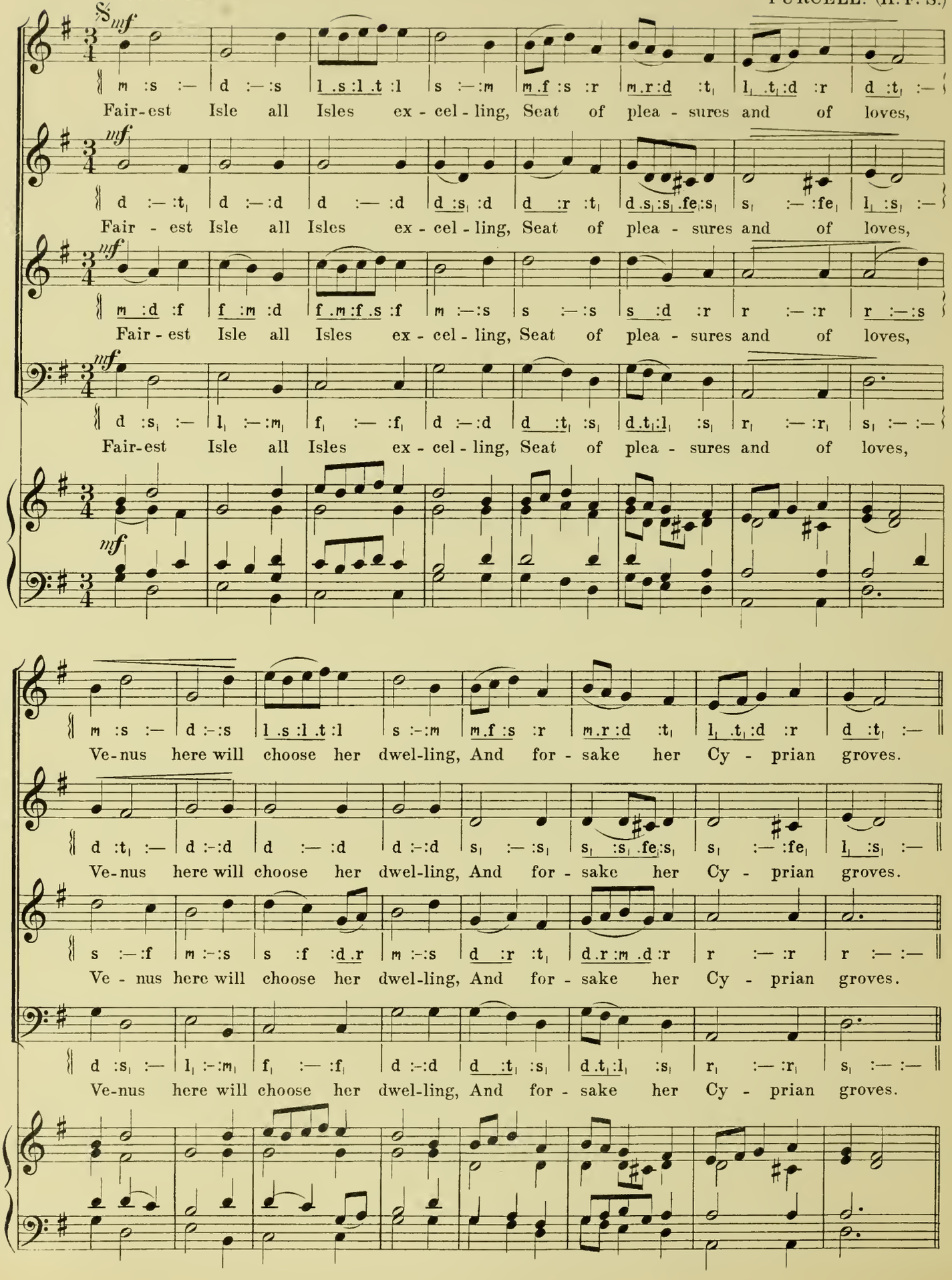

p
m :s :— | d :-:s | l .s :l .t :l | s :-:m | m .f :s :r | m .r :d :t, | l, .t, :d :r | d :t, :-
2. Gentle murmurs sweet com-plain-ing, Sighs that blow the fire of love,
p
m :s :— | d :—:s | l .s :l .t :l | s :—:m | m .f :s :r | m .r :d :t, | l, .t, :d :r | d :t, :-
Soft re - pul - ses kind dis-dain-ing, Shall be all the pains you prove.
r :t, :- | m :—:d | f :r :— | m :—:m | m .f :s .l :s | de :-:r | r .m :f .m :m .,r | r :-:-
Ev'-ry swain shall pay his du - ty, Grate - ful ev' - ry nymph shall prove;
D. S.
s :m :- | d :—:m | f .m :r .m :r .d | r :s, :— | d .t, :l, :f | f .m :r :s | s .f :m :r .,d | d :-:-
And as these ex - cel..... in beauty These shall be re - nown'd for love.
p

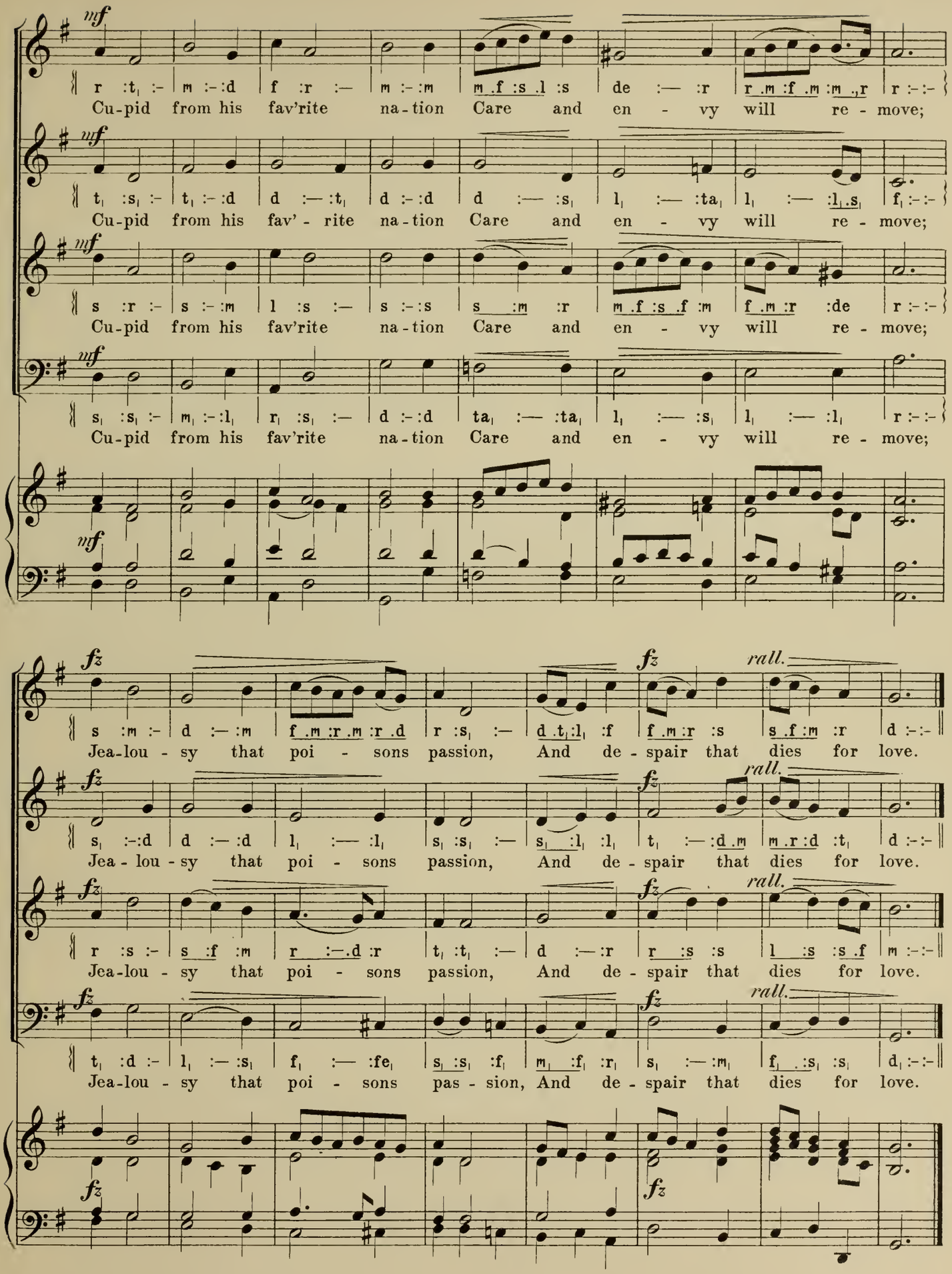
"FAIREST ISLE."

For Four Voices.

Not too fast.

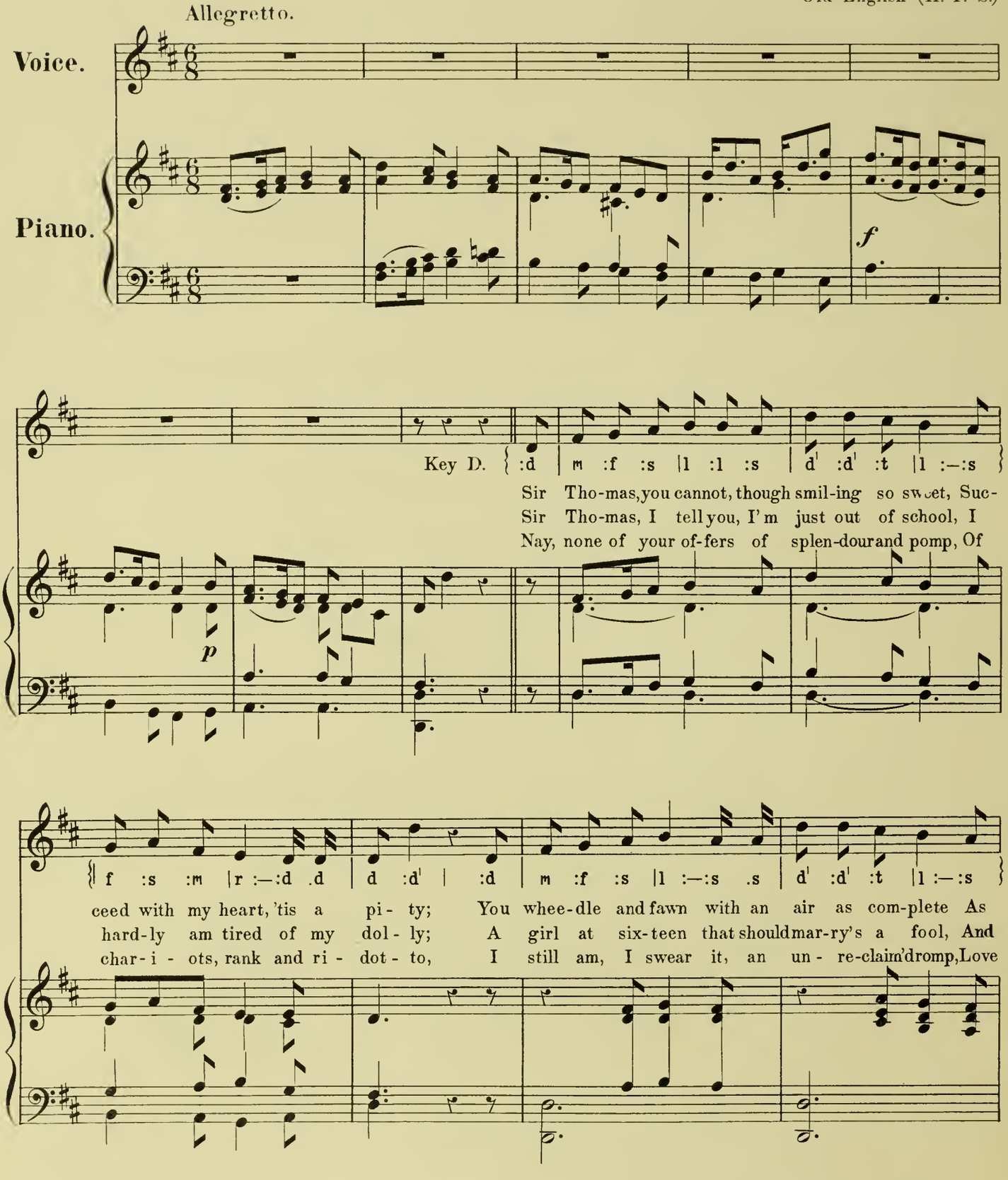
PURCELL. (H. F. S.)

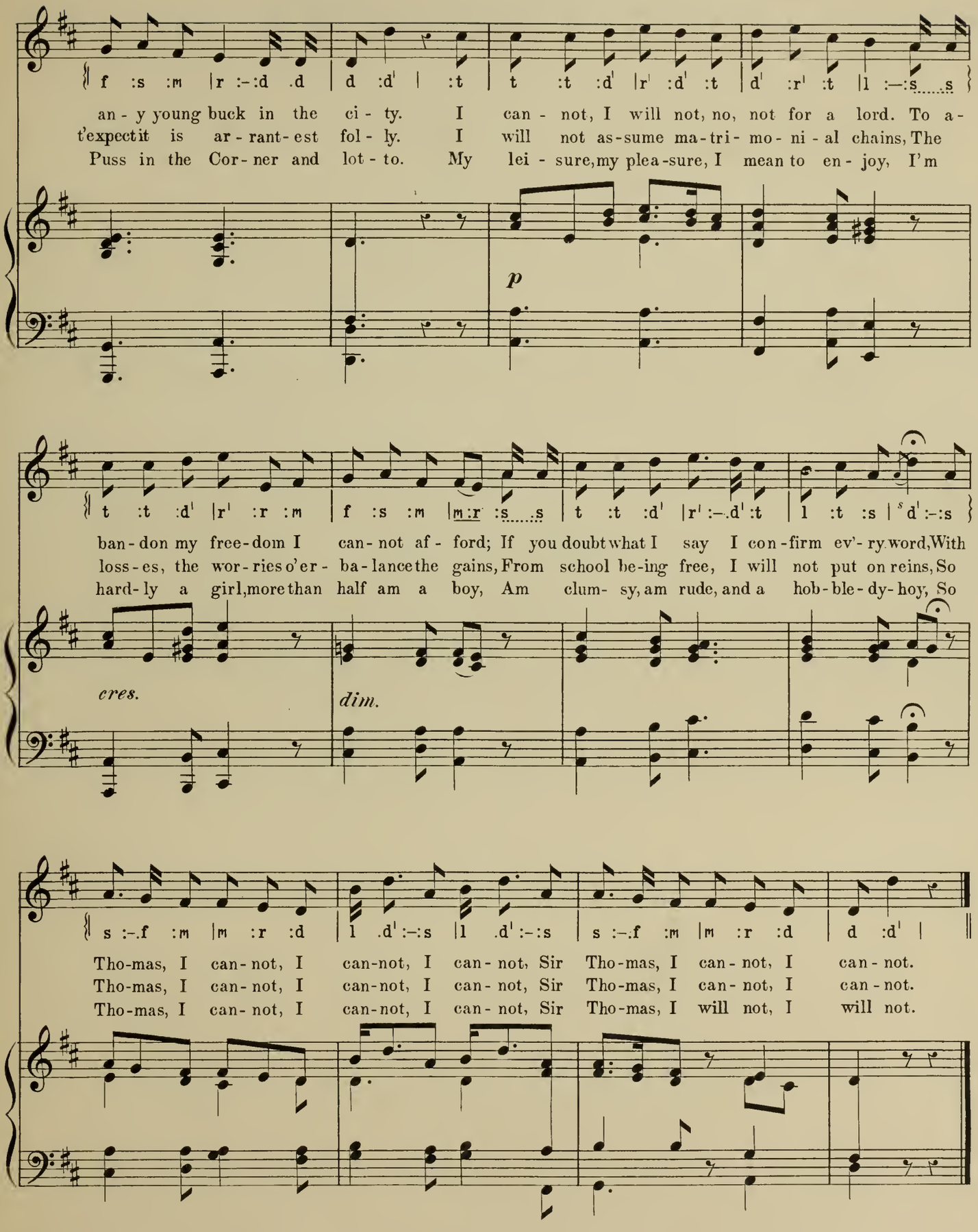



mf
r :t, :- | m :-:d | f :r :- | m :-:m | m .f :s .l :s | de :— :r | r .m :f .m :m .,r | r :-:-
Cu-pid from his fav'rite na-tion Care and en - vy will re - move;
t, :s, :- | t, :-:d | d :—:t, | d :-:d | d :— :s, | l, :— :ta, | l, :— :l, .s, | f, :-:-
Cu-pid from his fav' - rite na-tion Care and en - vy will re - move;
s :r :- | s :-:m | l :s :- | s :-:s | s :m :r | m .f :s .f :m | f .m :r :de | r :-:-
Cu-pid from his fav'rite na-tion Care and en - vy will re - move;
s, :s, :- | m, :-:l, | r, :s, :- | d :-:d | ta, :— :ta, | l, :— :s, | l, :— :l, | r :-:-
Cu-pid from his fav'rite na-tion Care and en - vy will re - move;
fz
rall.
s :m :- | d :— :m | f .m :r .m :r .d | r :s, :- | d .t, :l, :f | f .m :r :s | s .f :m :r | d :-:-
Jea-lou - sy that poi - sons passion, And de - spair that dies for love.
s, :-:d | d :— :d | l, :— :l, | s, :s, :- | s, :l, :l, | t, :— :d .m | m .r :d :t, | d :-:-
Jea - lou - sy that poi - sons passion, And de - spair that dies for love.
r :s :- | s :f :m | r :—.d :r | t, :t, :- | d :—:r | r :s :s | l :s :s .f | m :-:-
Jea-lou - sy that poi - sons passion, And de - spair that dies for love.
t, :d :- | l, :— :s, | f, :— :fe, | s, :s, :f, | m, :f, :r, | s, :— :m, | f, .:s, :s, | d, :-:-
Jea-lou - sy that poi - sons pas - sion, And de - spair that dies for love.

Sir Thomas, I cannot.

Old English (H. F. S.)

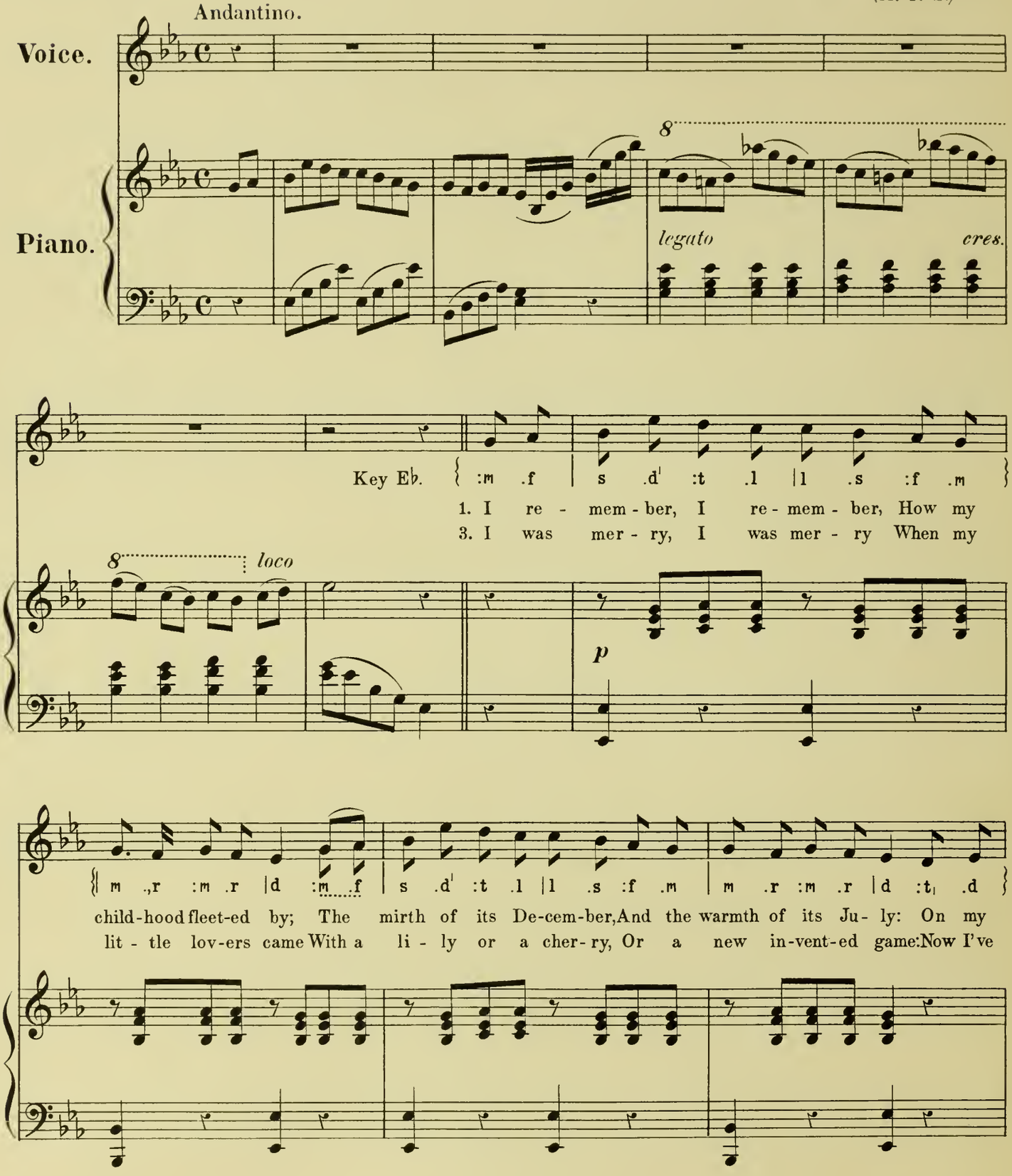


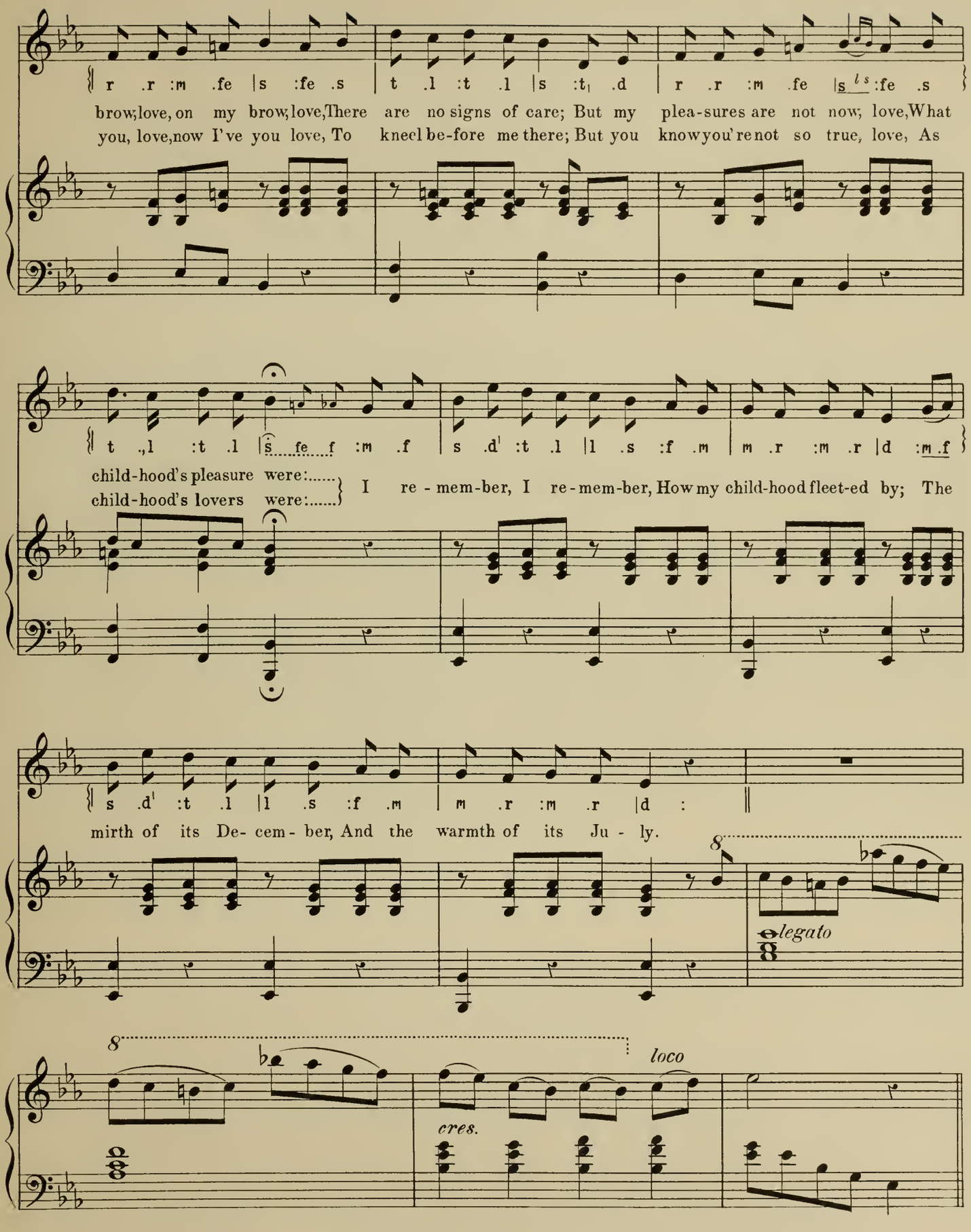

f :s :m |r :-:d .d | d :d' | :t | t :t :d' |r' :d' :t | d' :r' :t |l :—:s .s
an - y young buck in the ci - ty. I can - not, I will not, no, not for a lord. To a-
t'expectit is ar - rant - est fol - ly. I will not as-sume ma-tri- mo - ni - al chains, The
Puss in the Cor - ner and lot - to. My lei - sure, my plea-sure, I mean to en - joy, I'm
p
t :t :d' |r' :r :m | f :s :m |m :r :s .s | t :t :d' |r' :-.d' :t | l :t :s | s d' :-:s
ban - don my free - dom I can - not af - ford; If you doubt what I say I con - firm ev'- ry word, With
loss - es, the wor - ries o'er - ba - lance the gains, From school be - ing free, I will not put on reins, So
hard - ly a girl, more than half am a boy, Am clum - sy, am rude, and a hob - ble - dy - hoy, So
cres.
dim.
s :-.f :m |m :r :d | l .d' :-:s | l .d' :-:s | s :-.f :m |m :r :d | d :d' |
Tho - mas, I can - not, I can-not, I can - not, Sir Tho - mas, I can - not, I can - not.
Tho - mas, I can - not, I can-not, I can - not, Sir Tho - mas, I can - not, I can - not.
Tho - mas, I can - not, I can-not, I can - not, Sir Tho - mas, I will not, I will not.

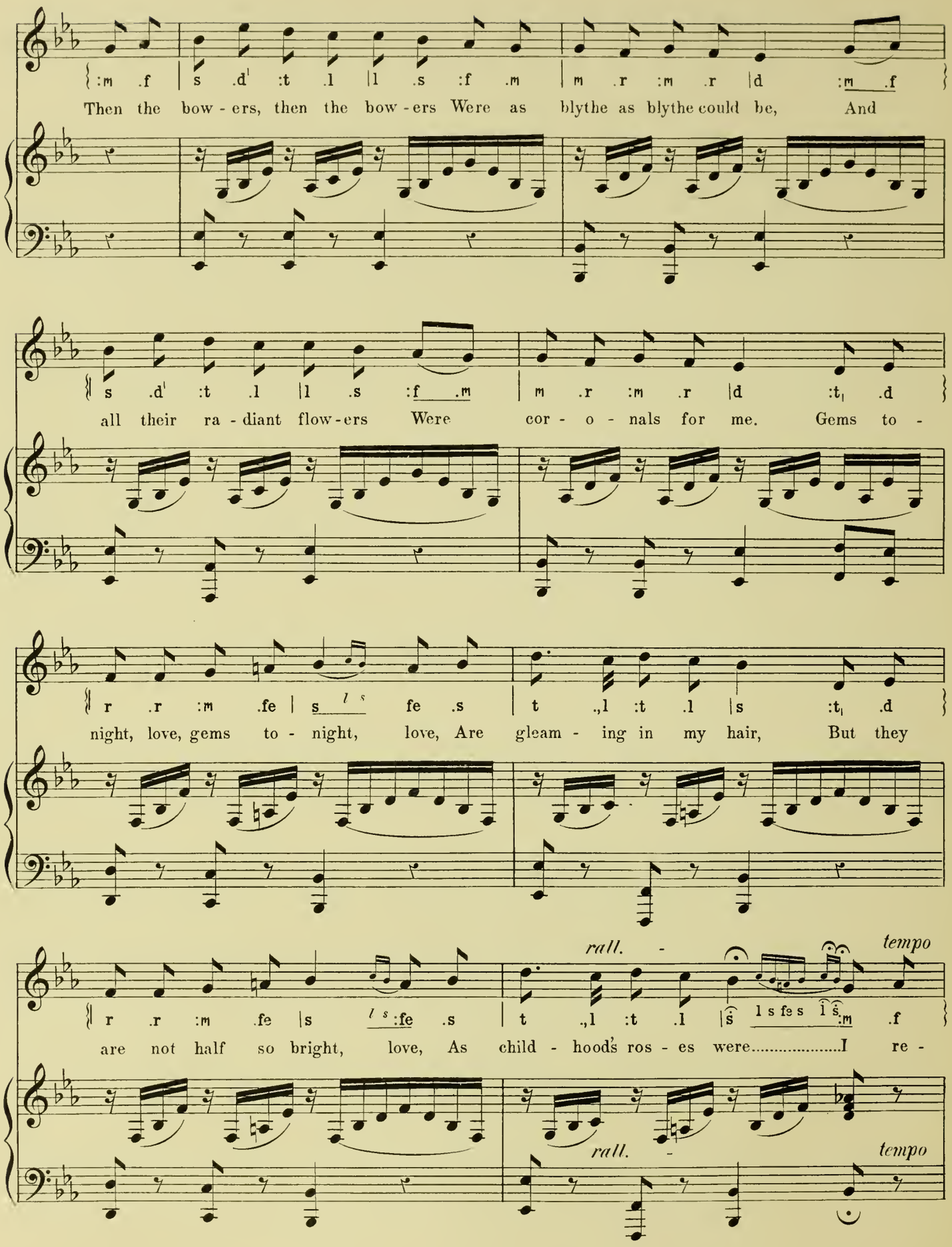
I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

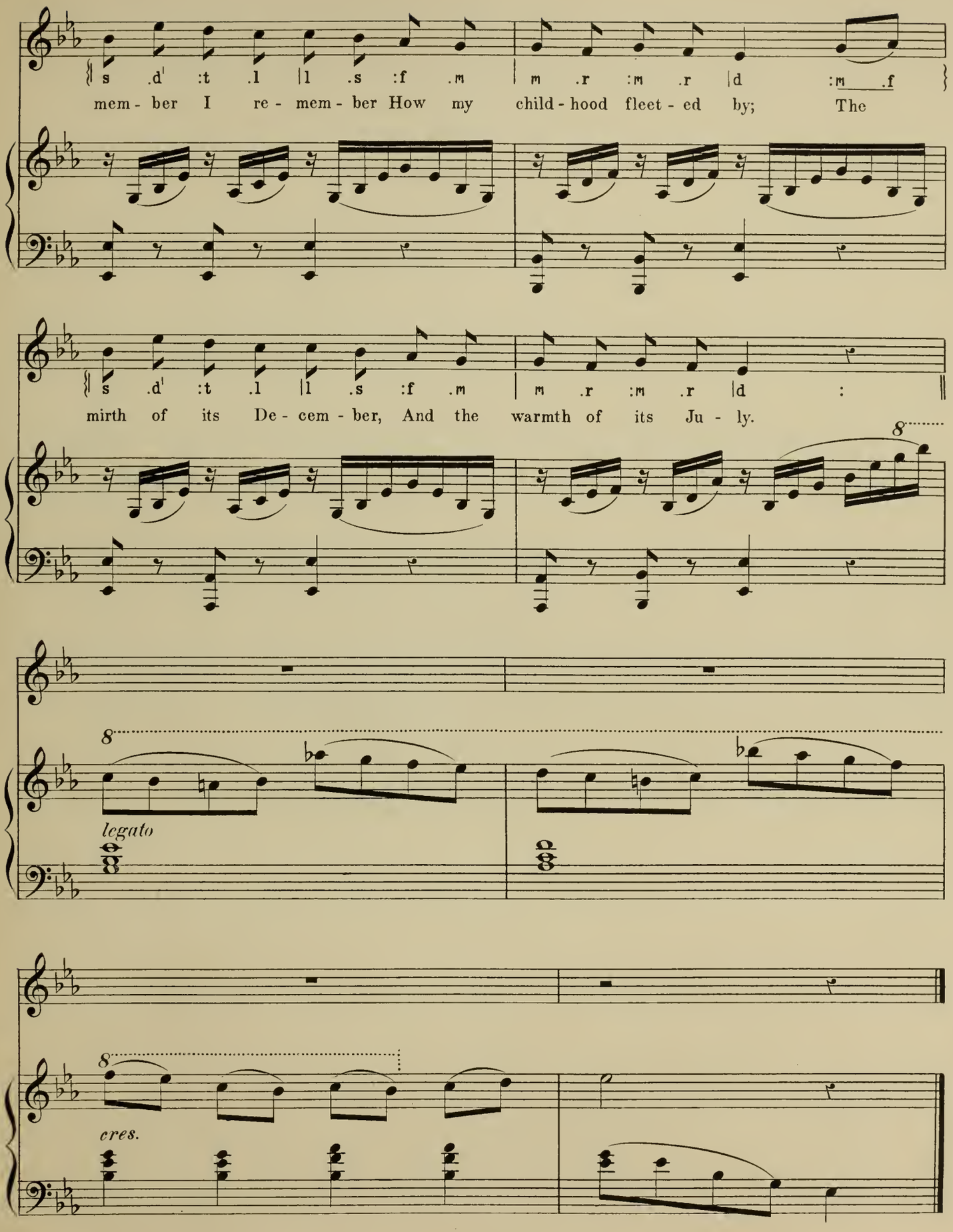
Written by
W. M. PRAED.

Composed by
MRS FITZGERALD.
(H. F. S.)



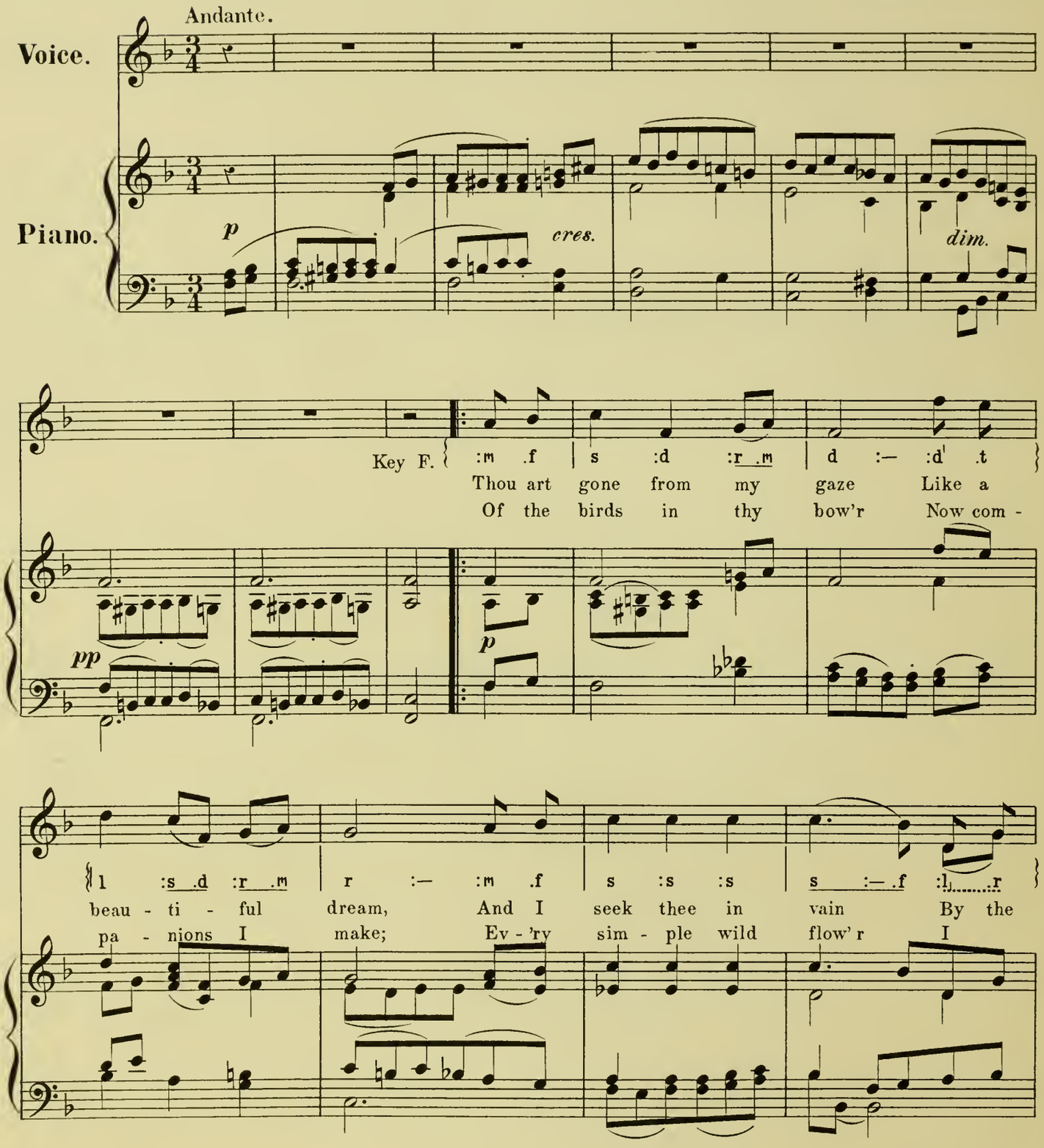

r .r :m .fe |s :fe .s | t .l :t .l |s :t, .d | r .r :m .fe |s ls :fe .s
brow, love, on my brow, love, There are no signs of care; But my plea-sures are not now, love, What
you, love, now I've you love, To kneel be-fore me there; But you know you're not so true, love, As
t .,l :t .l |s fe f :m .f | s .d' :t .l |l .s :f .m | m .r :m .r |d :m .f
child-hood's pleasure were:.....
child-hood's lovers were:.....
I re - mem-ber, I re-mem-ber, How my child-hood fleet-ed by; The
s .d' :t .l |l .s :f .m | m .r :m .r |d :
mirth of its De- cem - ber, And the warmth of its Ju - ly.
8
legato
8
loco
cres.

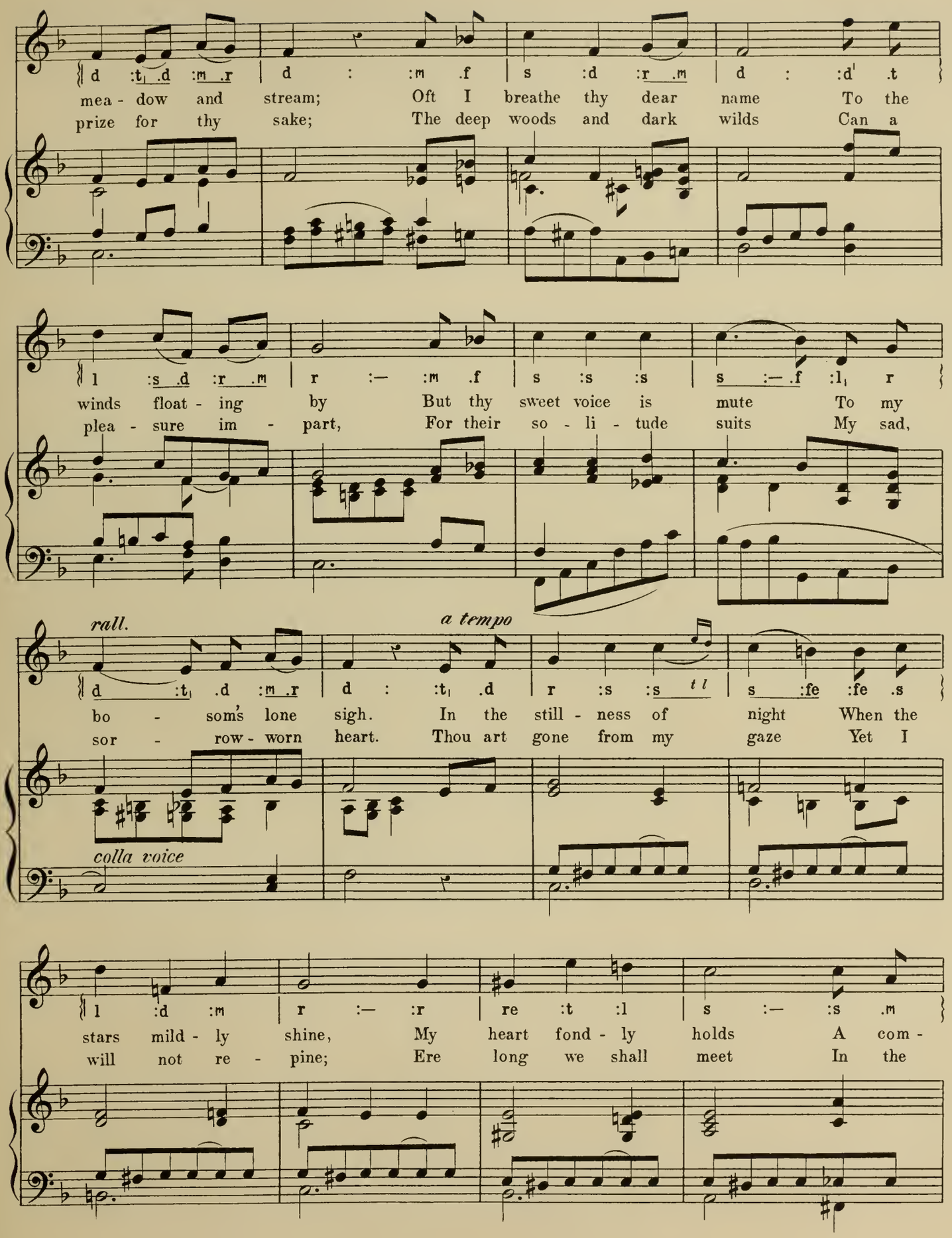

:m .f | s .d' :t .l | l .s :f .m | m .r :m .r | d :m .f
Then the bow - ers, then the bow - ers Were as blythe as blythe could be, And
s .d' :t .l | l .s :f .m | m .r :m .r | d :t1 .d
all their ra - diant flow - ers Were cor - o - nals for me. Gems to -
r .r :m .fe | s l s fe .s | t .,l :t .l | s :t1 .d
night, love, gems to - night, love, Are gleam - ing in my hair, But they
r .r :m .fe | s l s :fe .s | t .,l :t .l | s l s fe s l s :m .f
are not half so bright, love, As child - hood's ros - es were.....I re -
rall. -
tempo
rall. -
tempo

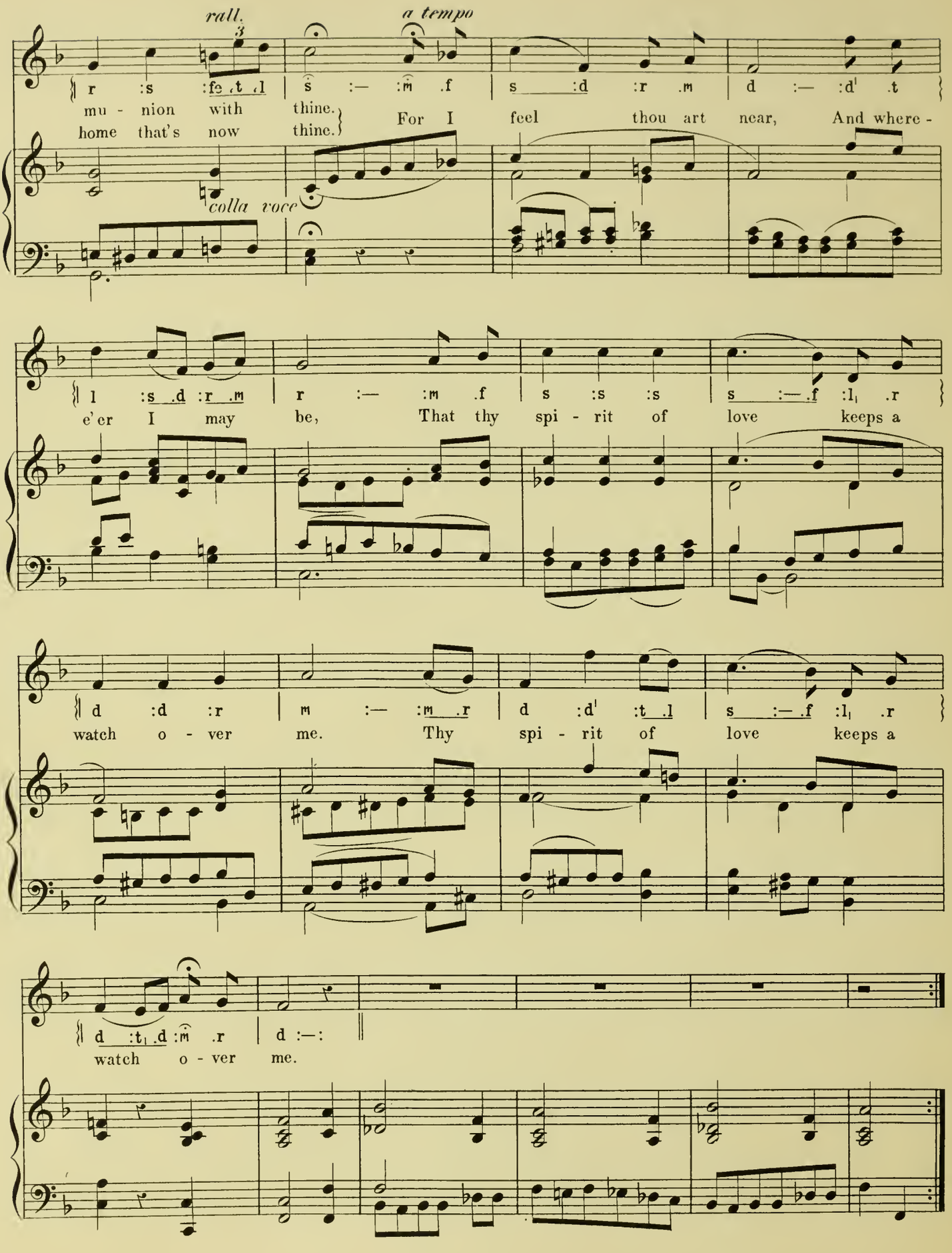

s .d' :t .l |l .s :f .m | m .r :m .r |d :m .f
mem - ber I re - mem - ber How my child - hood fleet - ed by; The
s .d' :t .l |l .s :f .m | m .r :m .r |d :
mirth of its De - cem - ber, And the warmth of its Ju - ly.
8
8
legato
8
cres.

THOU ART GONE FROM MY GAZE.

LINLEY. (W. H. H.)



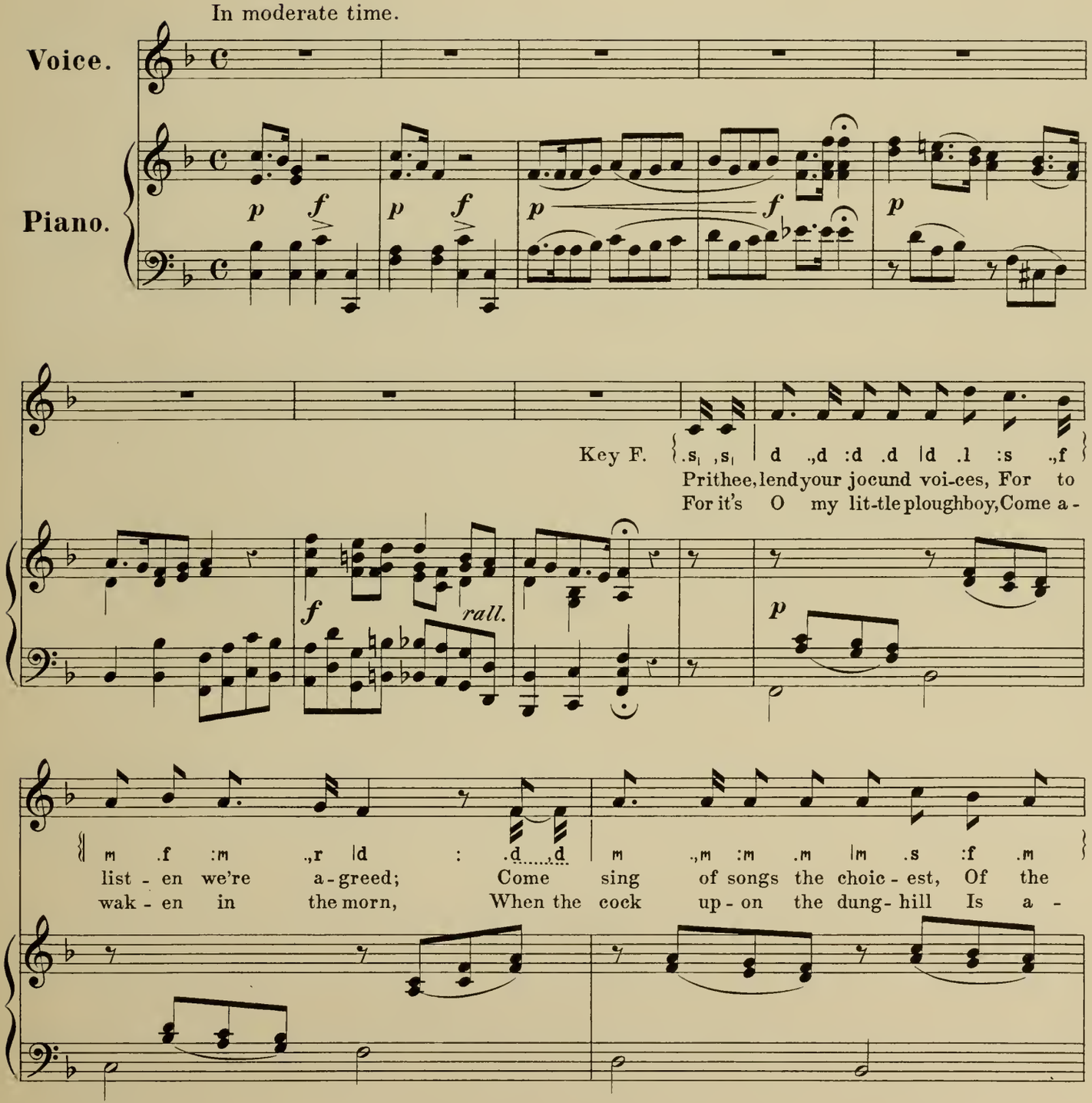

d :t, .d :m .r | d : :m .f | s :d :r .m | d : :d' .t
mea - dow and stream; Oft I breathe thy dear name To the
prize for thy sake; The deep woods and dark wilds Can a
l :s .d :r .m | r :— :m .f | s :s :s | s :— .f :l, r
winds float - ing by But thy sweet voice is mute To my
plea - sure im - part, For their so - li - tude suits My sad,
rall.
a tempo
d :t, .d :m .r | d : :t, .d | r :s :s t l | s :fe :fe .s
bo - som's lone sigh. In the still - ness of night When the
sor - row - worn heart. Thou art gone from my gaze Yet I
colla voice
l :d :m | r :— :r | re :t :l | s :— :s .m
stars mild - ly shine, My heart fond - ly holds A com -
will not re - pine; Ere long we shall meet In the

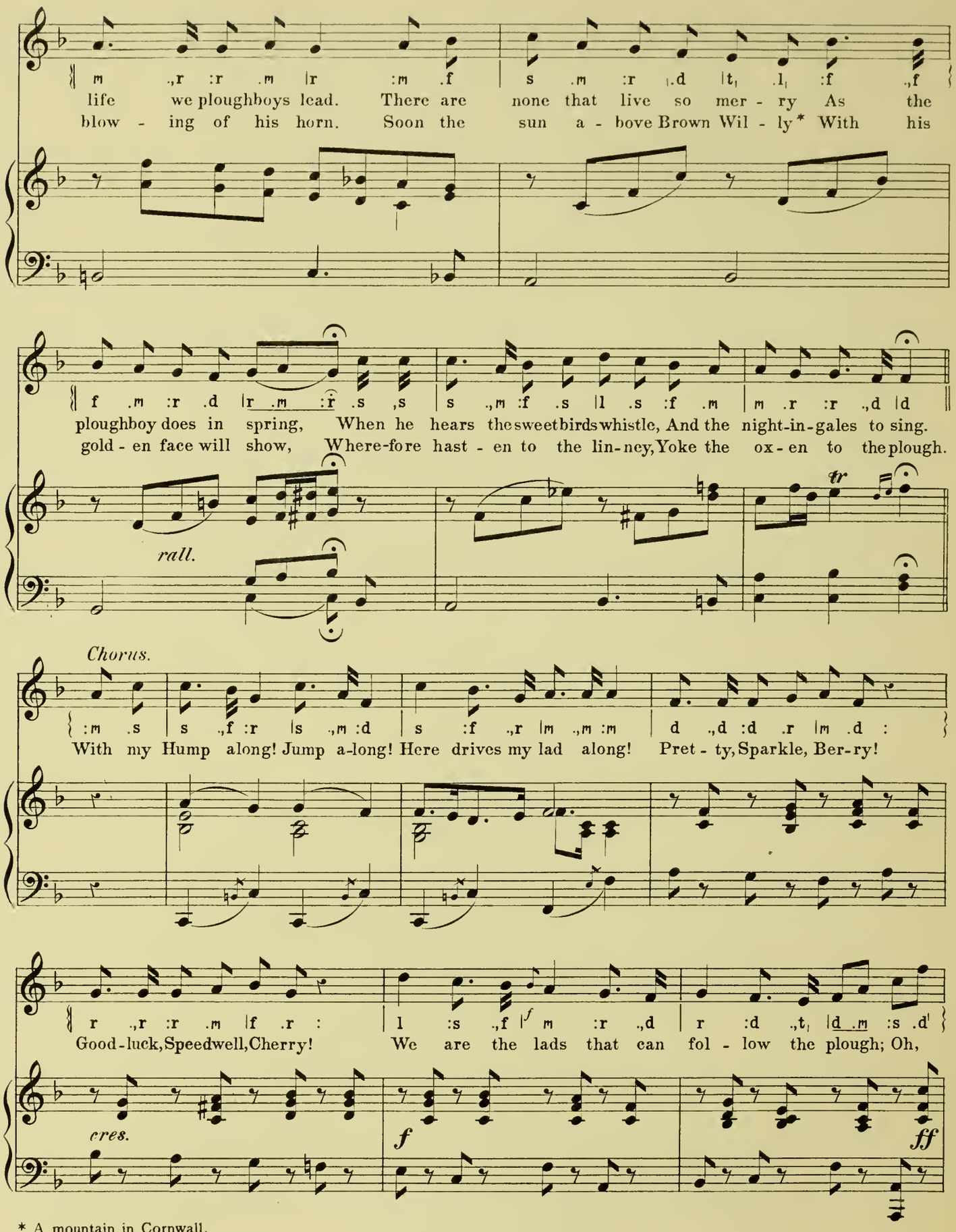

rall.
a tempo
r :s :fe .t .l | s :— :m̂ .f | s :d :r .m | d :— :d' .t
mu - nion with thine.
home that's now thine.
For I feel thou art near, And where -
colla voce
l :s .d :r .m | r :— :m .f | s :s :s | s :— .f :l, .r
e'er I may be, That thy spi - rit of love keeps a
d :d :r | m :— :m .r | d :d' :t .l | s :— .f :l, .r
watch o - ver me. Thy spi - rit of love keeps a
d :t, .d :m̂ .r | d :— :
watch o - ver me.

The Oxen Ploughing.

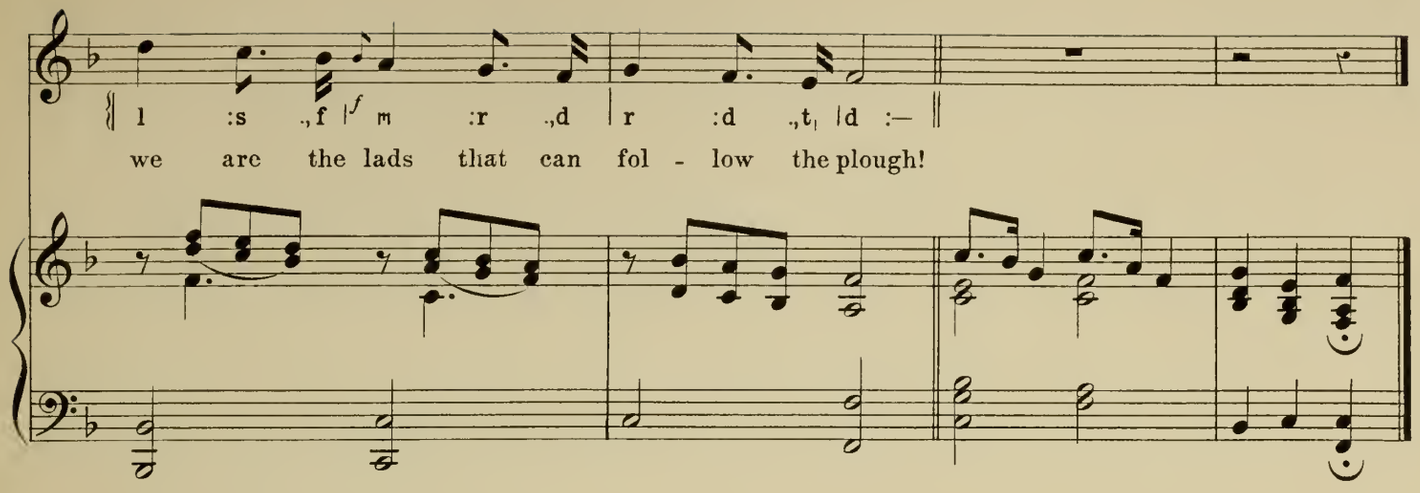
Folk Song. (H. F. S.)

In moderate time.





* A mountain in Cornwall.



3

In the heat of the daytime
It's but little we can do,
We lie beside our oxen
For an hour, or for two.
On the banks of sweet violets
I'll take my moon-tide rest,
And it's I can kiss a pretty girl
As hearty as the best.
With my Hump-along, etc.

4

When the sun at eve is setting
And the shadows fill the vale,
Then our throttles we'll be wetting
With the farmer's humming ale;
And the oxen home returning
We will send into the stall;
When the logs and peat are burning
We'll be merry ploughboys all.
With my Hump-along, etc.

5

O the farmer must have seed, sirs,
Or I swear he cannot sow,
And the miller with his mill-wheel
Is an idle man also.
And the huntsman gives up hunting,
And the tradesman stands aside,
And the poor man's bread is wanting,
So 'tis we for all provide.
With my Hump-along, etc.

LOVE'S RITORNELLA.

Words and air by PLANCHE.
(W. H. H.)

Allegretto.

Piano.

p e leggiero

Key G.

"Gen-tle Zi - tel - la,
"Charming Zi - tel - la,

p

whi - ther a - way?
why should'st thou care?

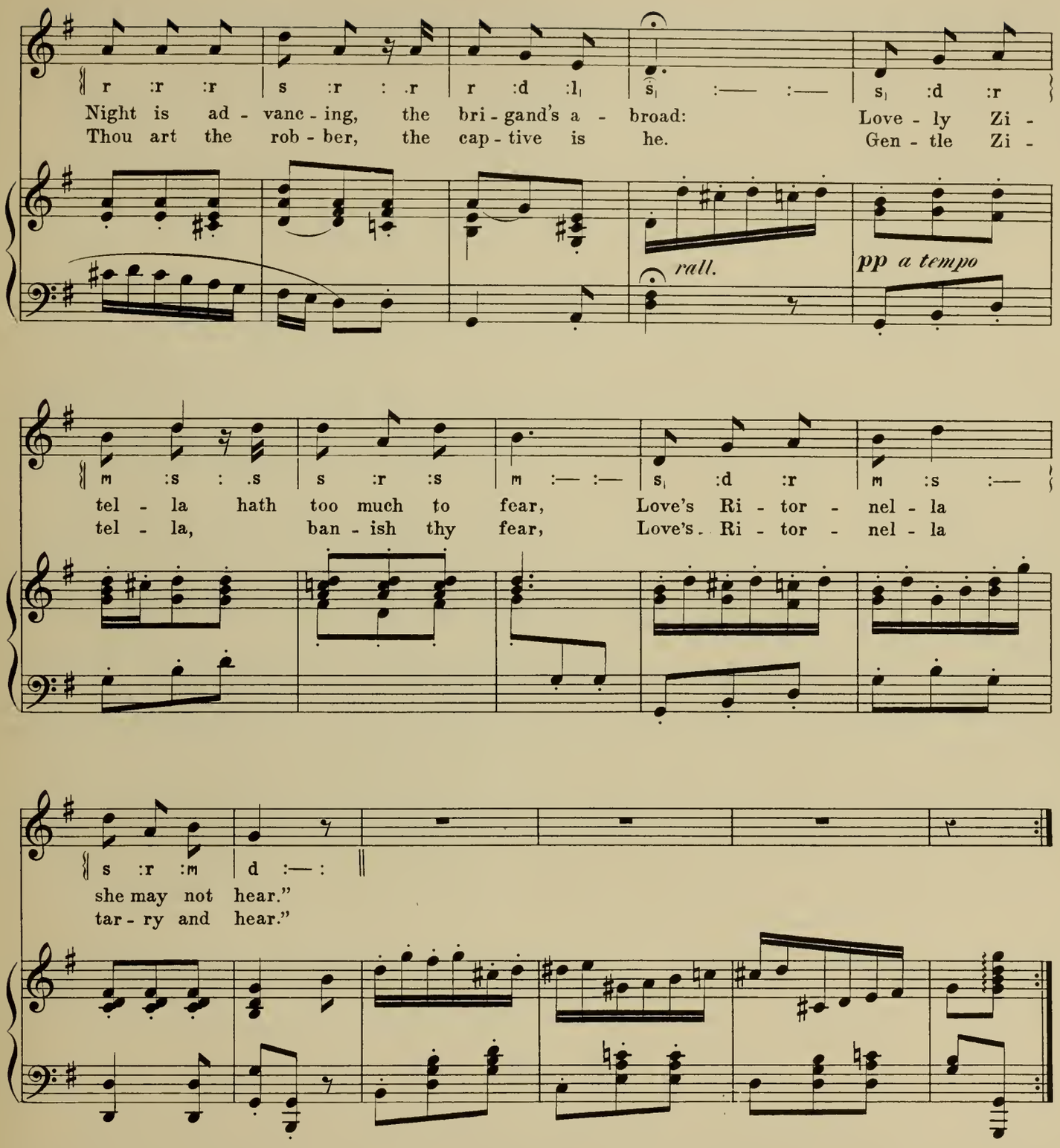
Love's Ri - tor - nel - la,
Night is not dark - er than

list while I
thy ra - ven

staccato

play."
hair;

"No! I have lin - ger'd too long on the road,
And those bright eyes if the bri - gand should see,

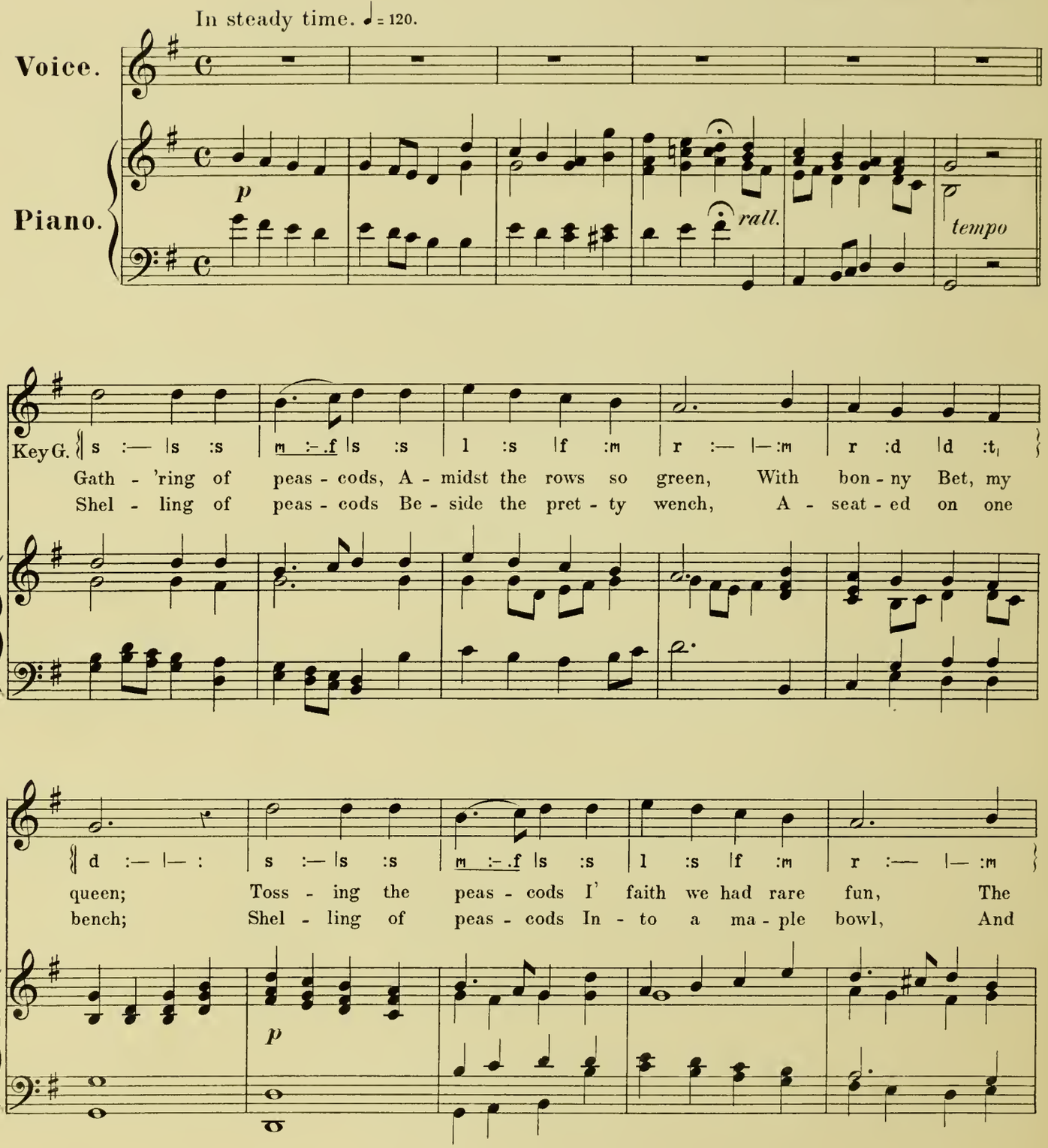


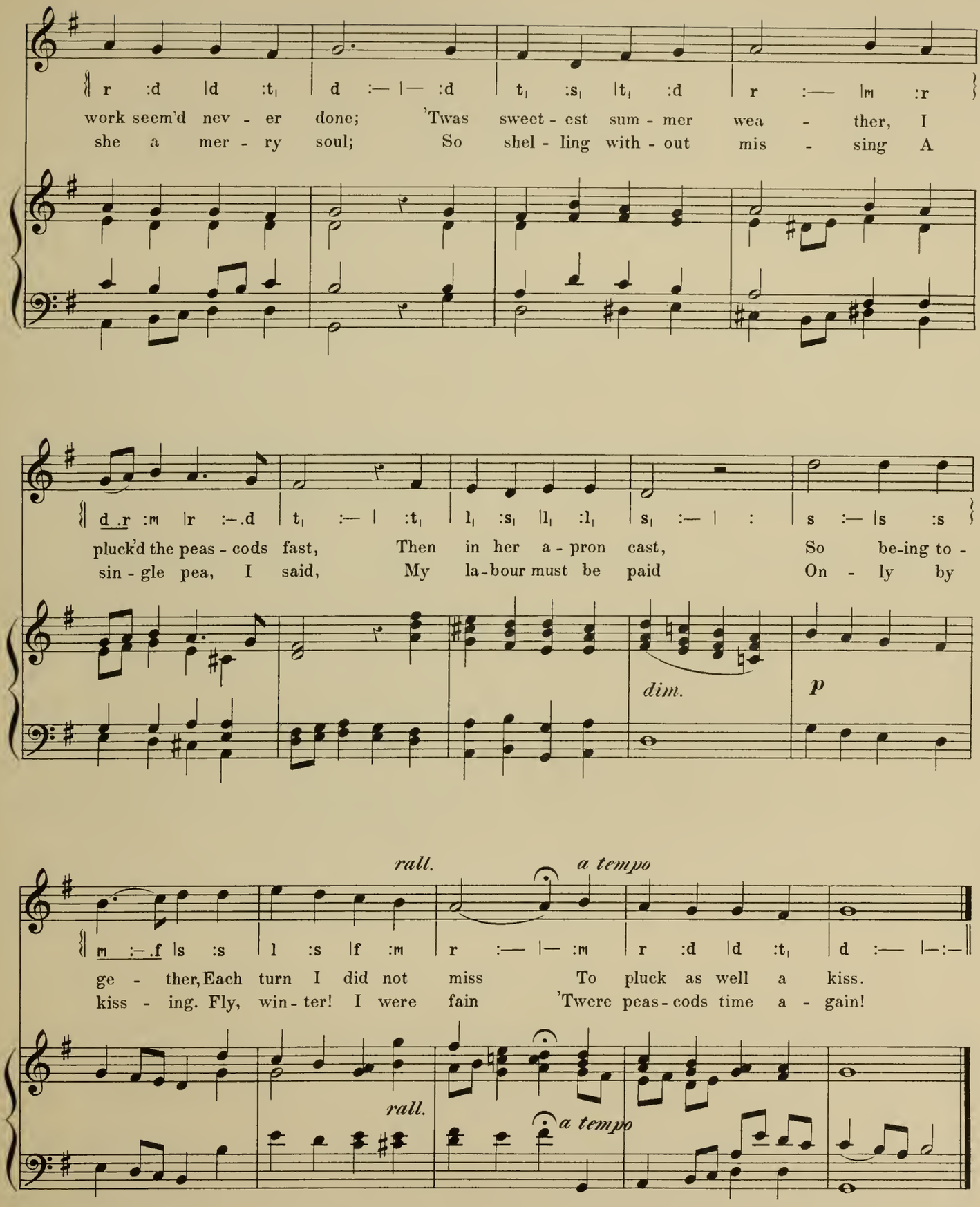
3

"Simple Zitella, beware! oh beware!
List ye no ditty, grant ye no pray'r!
To your light footsteps let terror add wings,
'Tis Massaroni himself who now sings—
Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear;
Love's Ritornella tarry and hear."

Gathering Peascods.

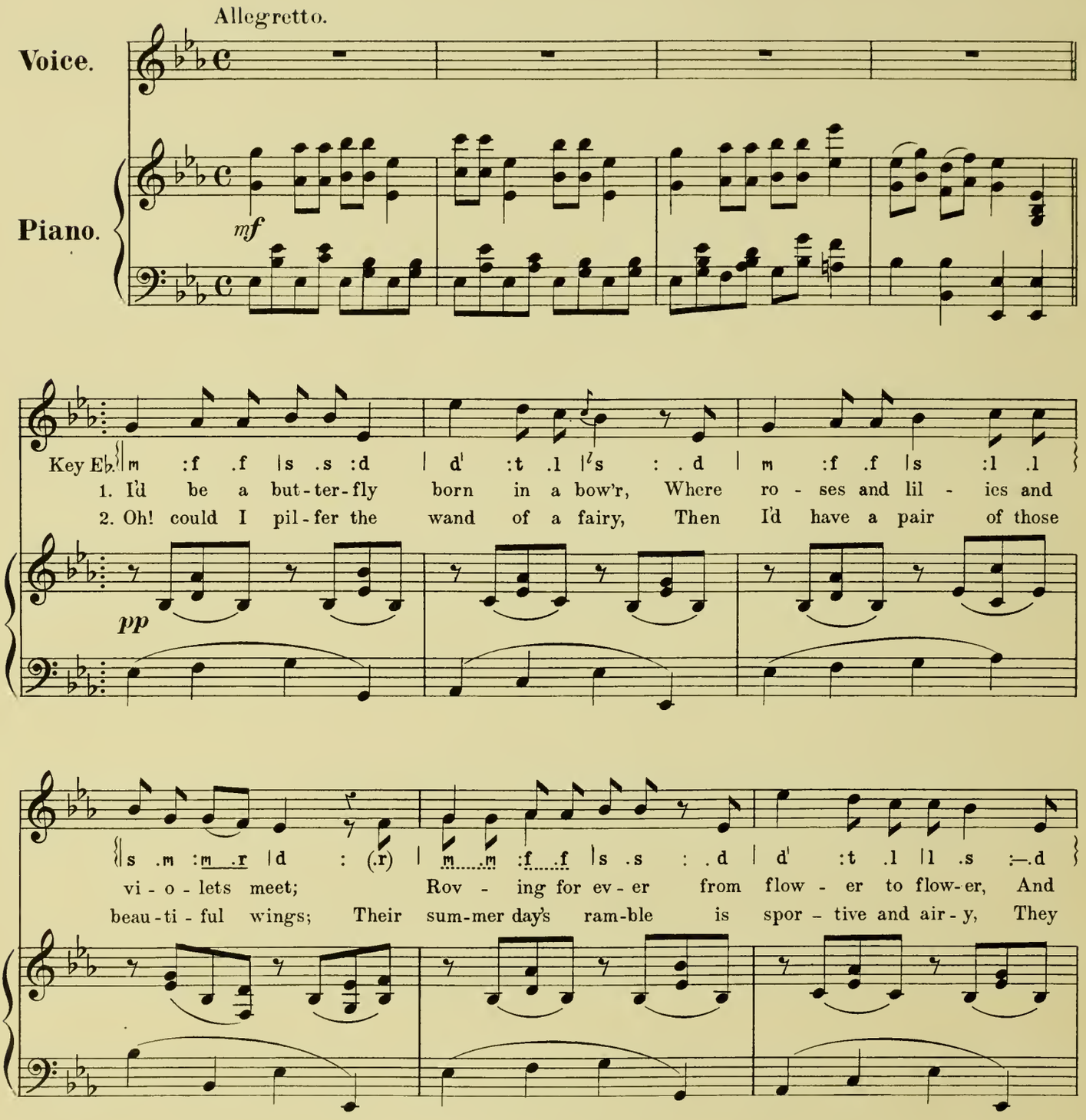
Old English Air. (H. F. S.)

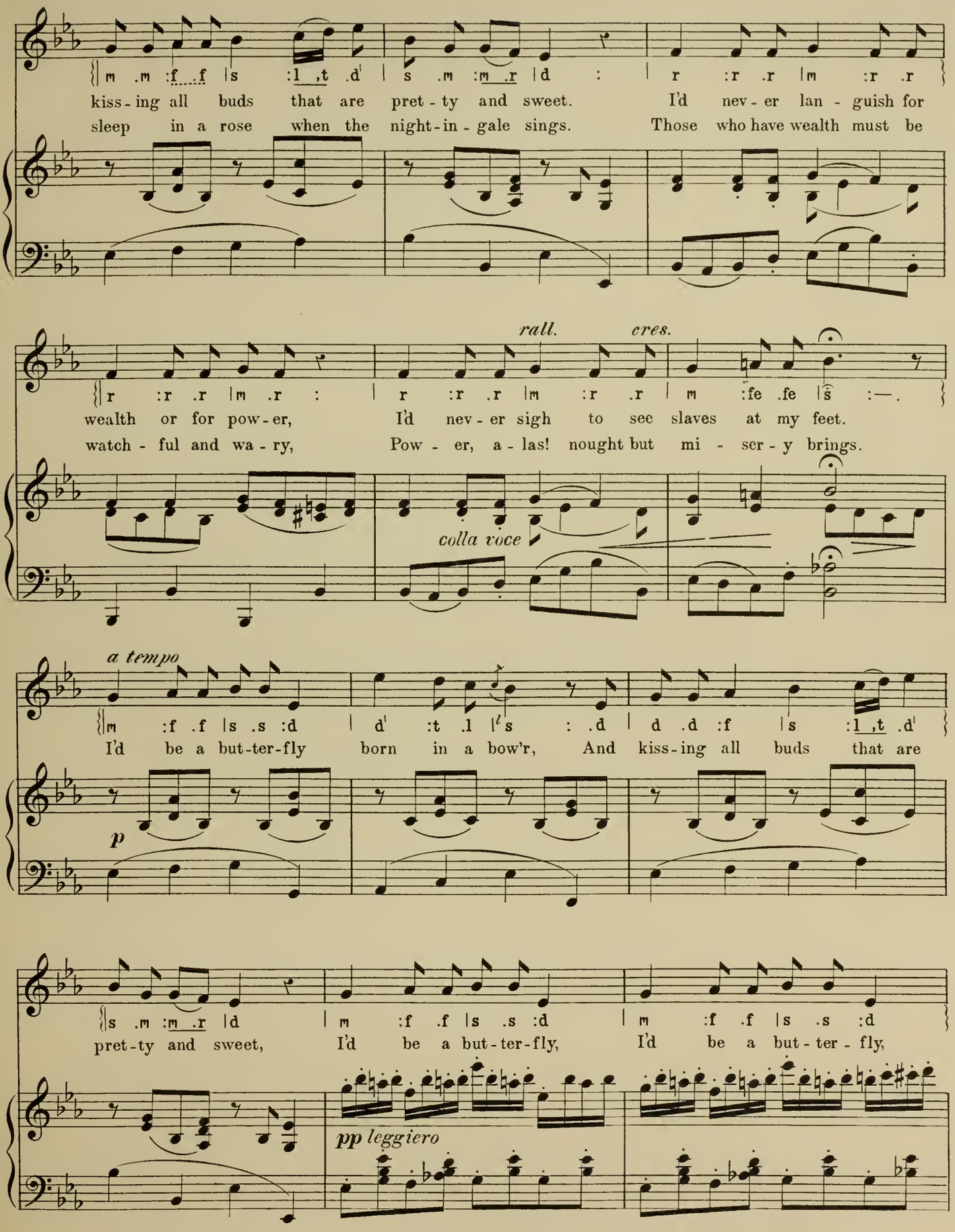


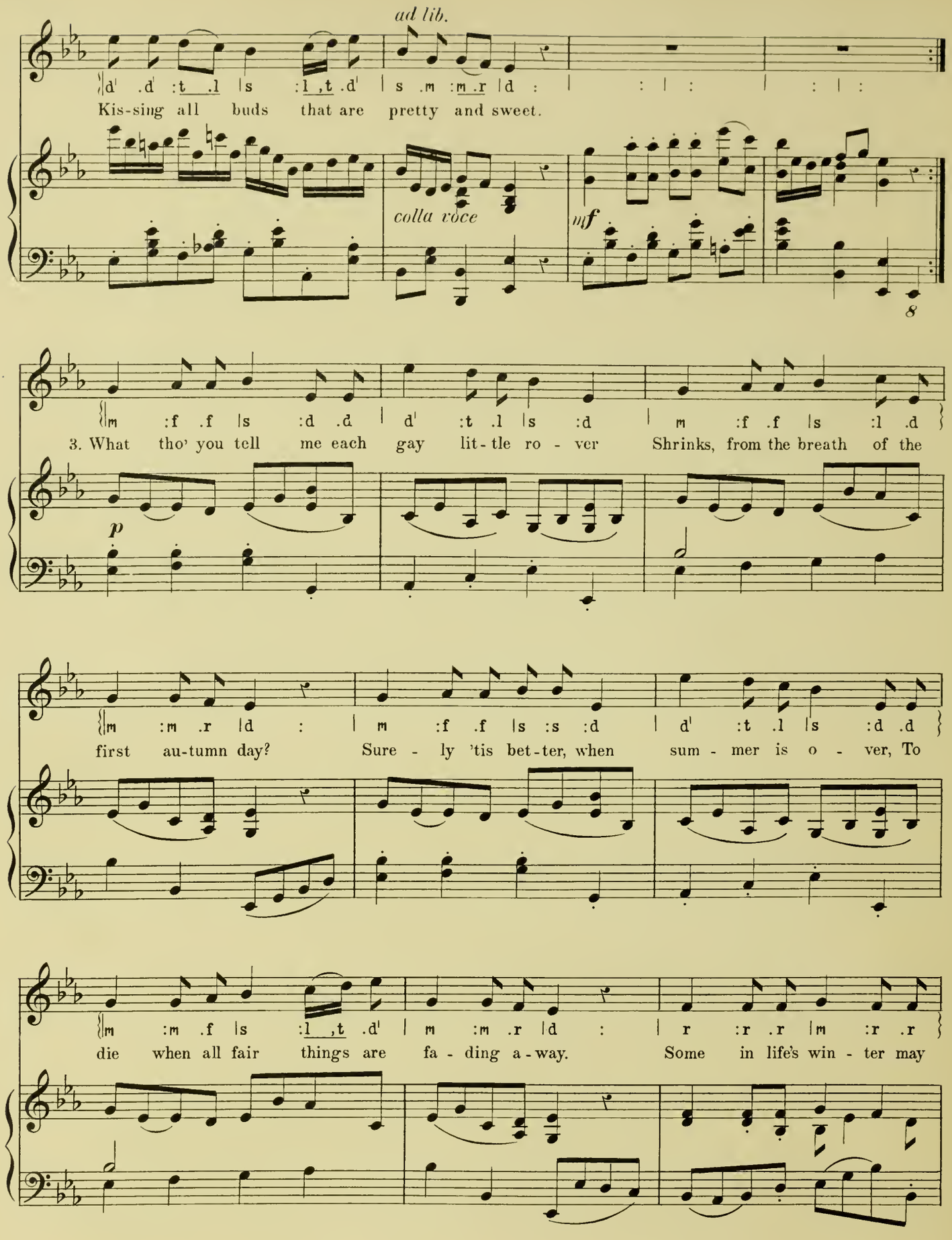

r :d |d :t, | d :— |— :d | t, :s, |t, :d | r :— |m :r
work seem'd nev - er done; 'Twas sweet - est sum - mer wea - ther, I
she a mer - ry soul; So shel - ling with - out mis - sing A
d .r :m |r :—.d | t, :— | :t, | l, :s, |l, :l, | s, :— | : | s :— |s :s
pluck'd the peas - cods fast, Then in her a - pron cast, So be-ing to -
sin - gle pea, I said, My la-bour must be paid On - ly by
dim.
p
rall.
a tempo
m :—.f |s :s | l :s |f :m | r :— |— :m | r :d |d :t, | d :— |—:—
ge - ther, Each turn I did not miss To pluck as well a kiss.
kiss - ing. Fly, win - ter! I were fain 'Twere peas - cods time a - gain!
rall.
a tempo

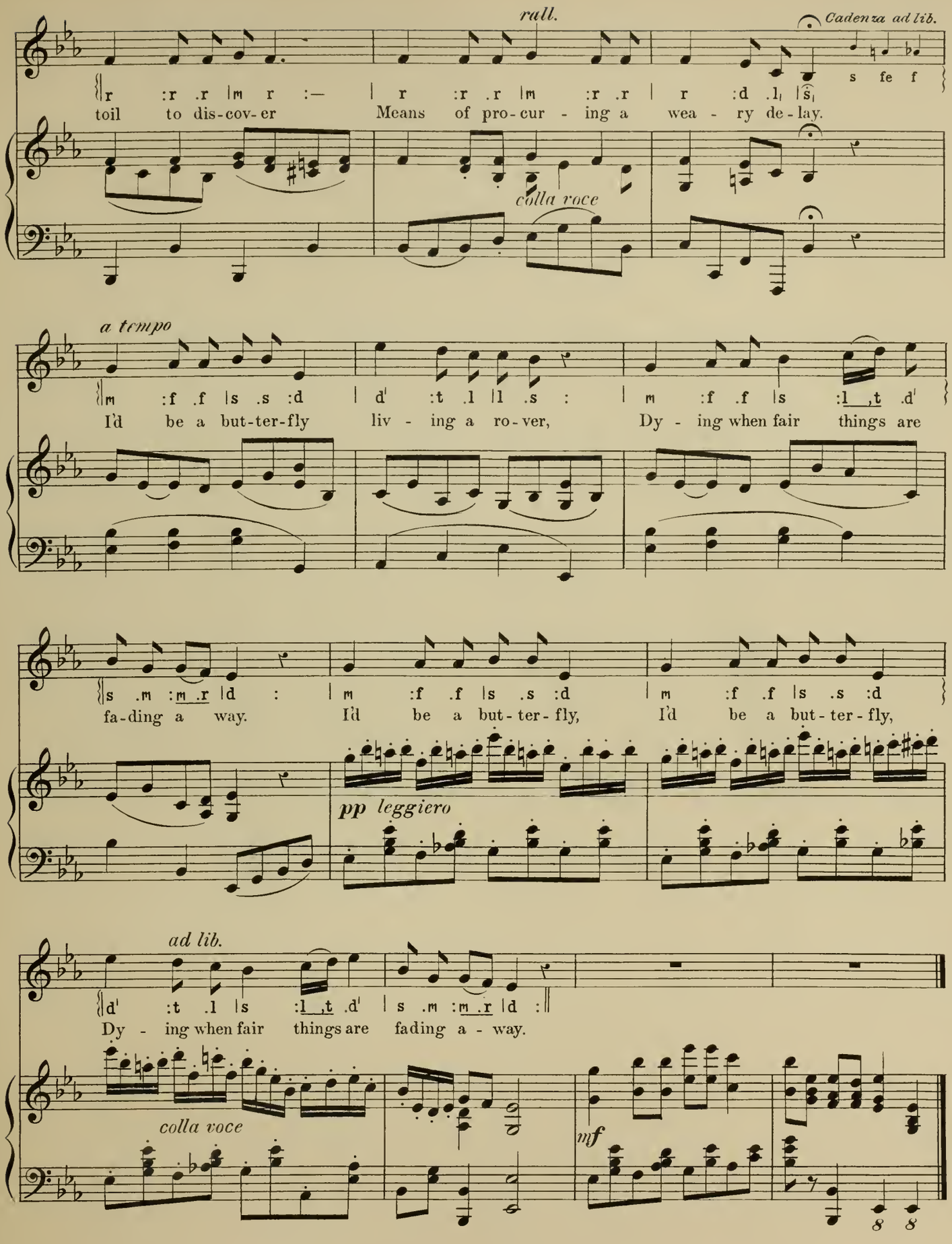
I'd be a Butterfly.

Words and Music by T. H. BAYLEY. (W. H. H.)



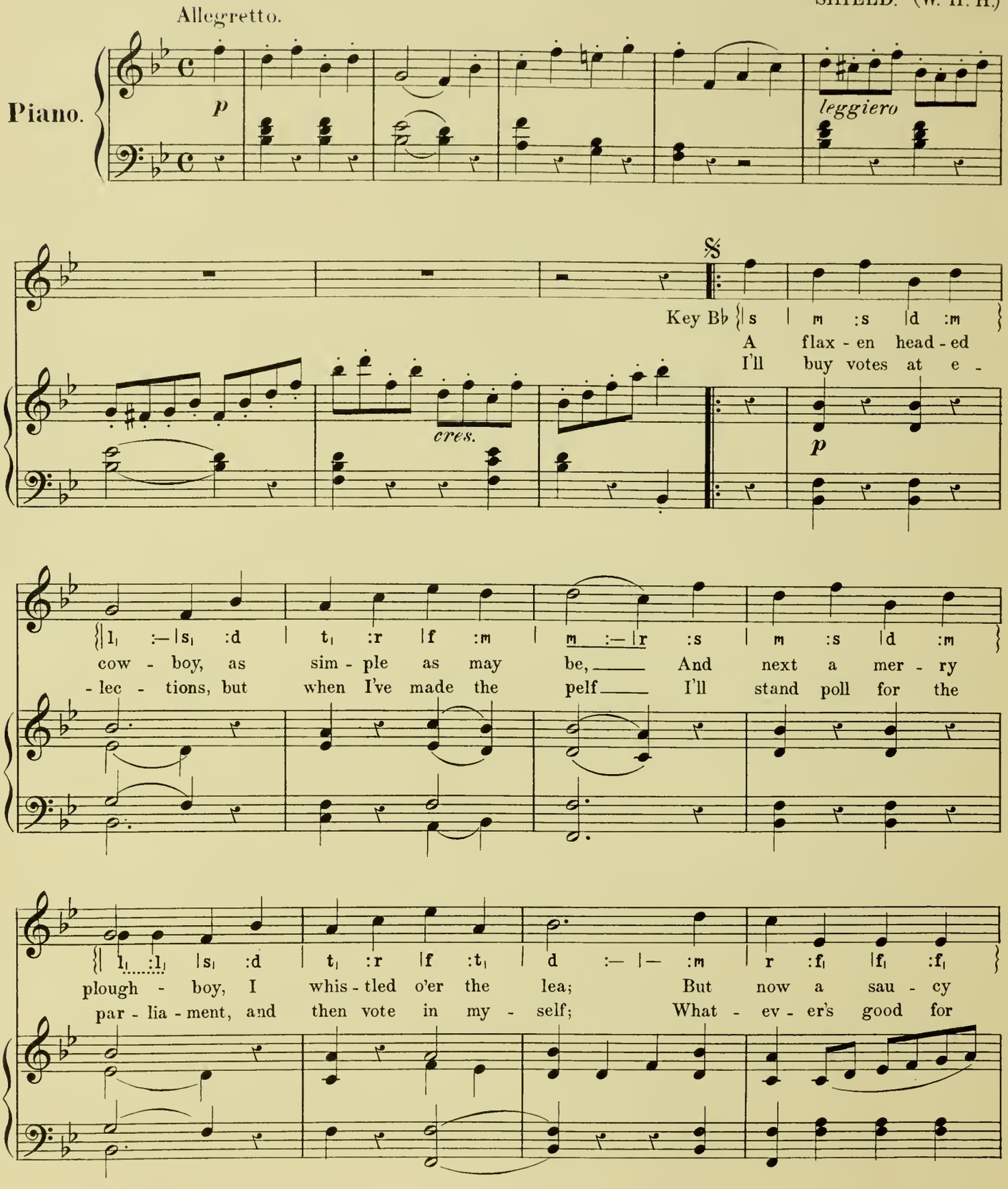

m .m :f .f |s :l ,t .d' | s .m :m .r |d : | r :r .r |m :r .r
kiss - ing all buds that are pret - ty and sweet. I'd nev - er lan - guish for
sleep in a rose when the night - in - gale sings. Those who have wealth must be
rall. cres.
r :r .r |m .r : | r :r .r |m :r .r | m :fe .fe |s :—.
wealth or for pow - er, I'd nev - er sigh to see slaves at my feet.
watch - ful and wa - ry, Pow - er, a - las! nought but mi - ser - y brings.
colla voce
a tempo
m :f .f |s .s :d | d' :t .l |l's : .d | d .d :f |s :l ,t .d'
I'd be a but - ter - fly born in a bow'r, And kiss - ing all buds that are
p
s .m :m .r |d | m :f .f |s .s :d | m :f .f |s .s :d
pret - ty and sweet, I'd be a but - ter - fly, I'd be a but - ter - fly,
pp leggiero

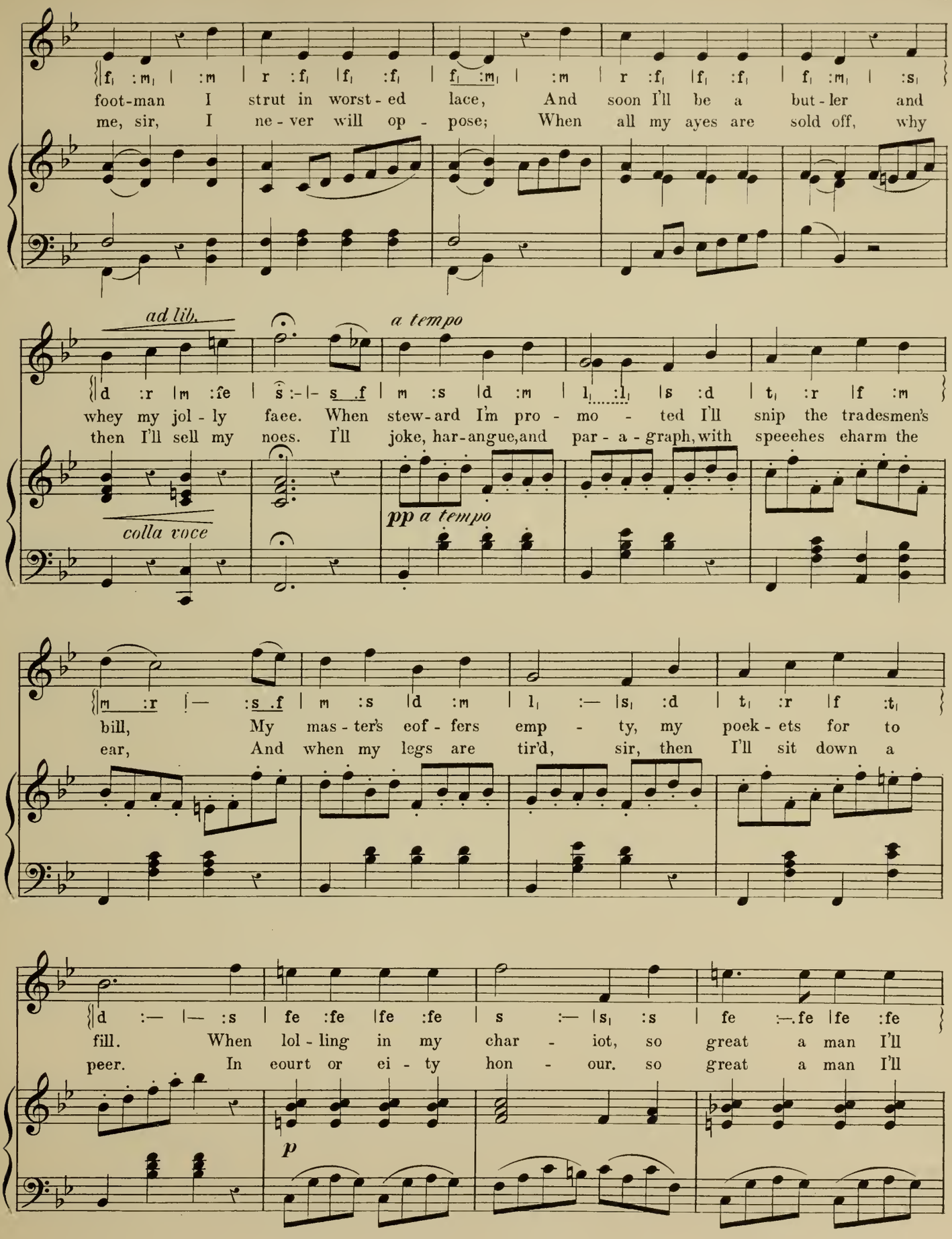

ad lib.
d' .d' :t .l |s :l ,t .d' |s .m :m .r |d :
Kis-sing all buds that are pretty and sweet.
colla voce
mf
8
m :f .f |s :d .d |d' :t .l |s :d |m :f .f |s :l .d
3. What tho' you tell me each gay lit-tle ro - ver Shrinks, from the breath of the
p
m :m .r |d : |m :f .f |s :s :d |d' :t .l |s :d .d
first au-tumn day? Sure - ly 'tis bet-ter, when sum - mer is o - ver, To
m :m .f |s :l ,t .d' |m :m .r |d : |r :r .r |m :r .r
die when all fair things are fa - ding a - way. Some in life's win - ter may

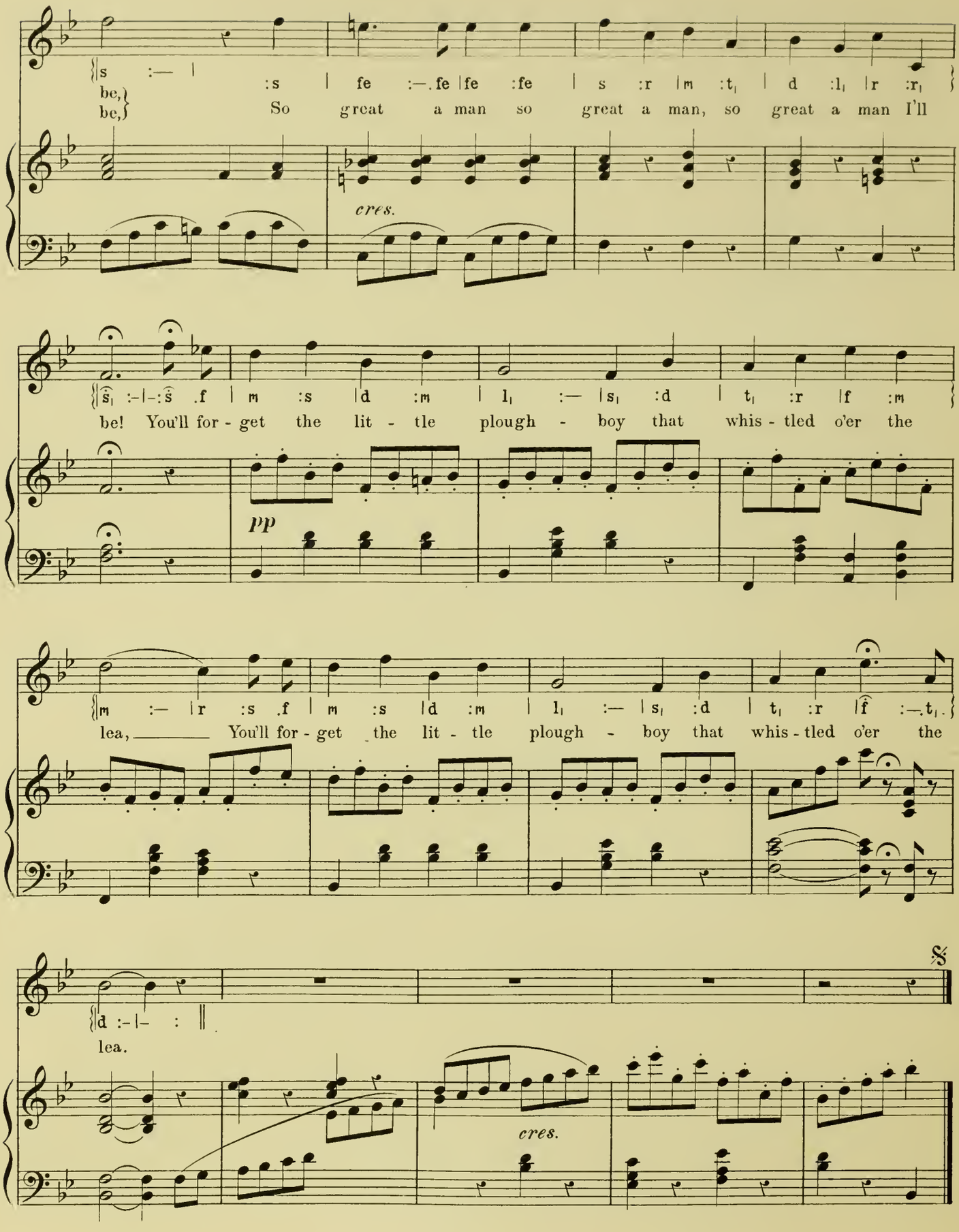

rall.
Cadenza ad lib.
toil to dis-cov-er Means of pro-cur - ing a wea - ry de-lay.
colla voce
a tempo
I'd be a but-ter-fly liv - ing a ro-ver, Dy - ing when fair things are
fa-ding a way. I'd be a but-ter-fly, I'd be a but-ter-fly,
pp leggiero
ad lib.
Dy - ing when fair things are fading a - way.
colla voce
mf

THE PLOUGHBOY.

SHIELD. (W. H. H.)

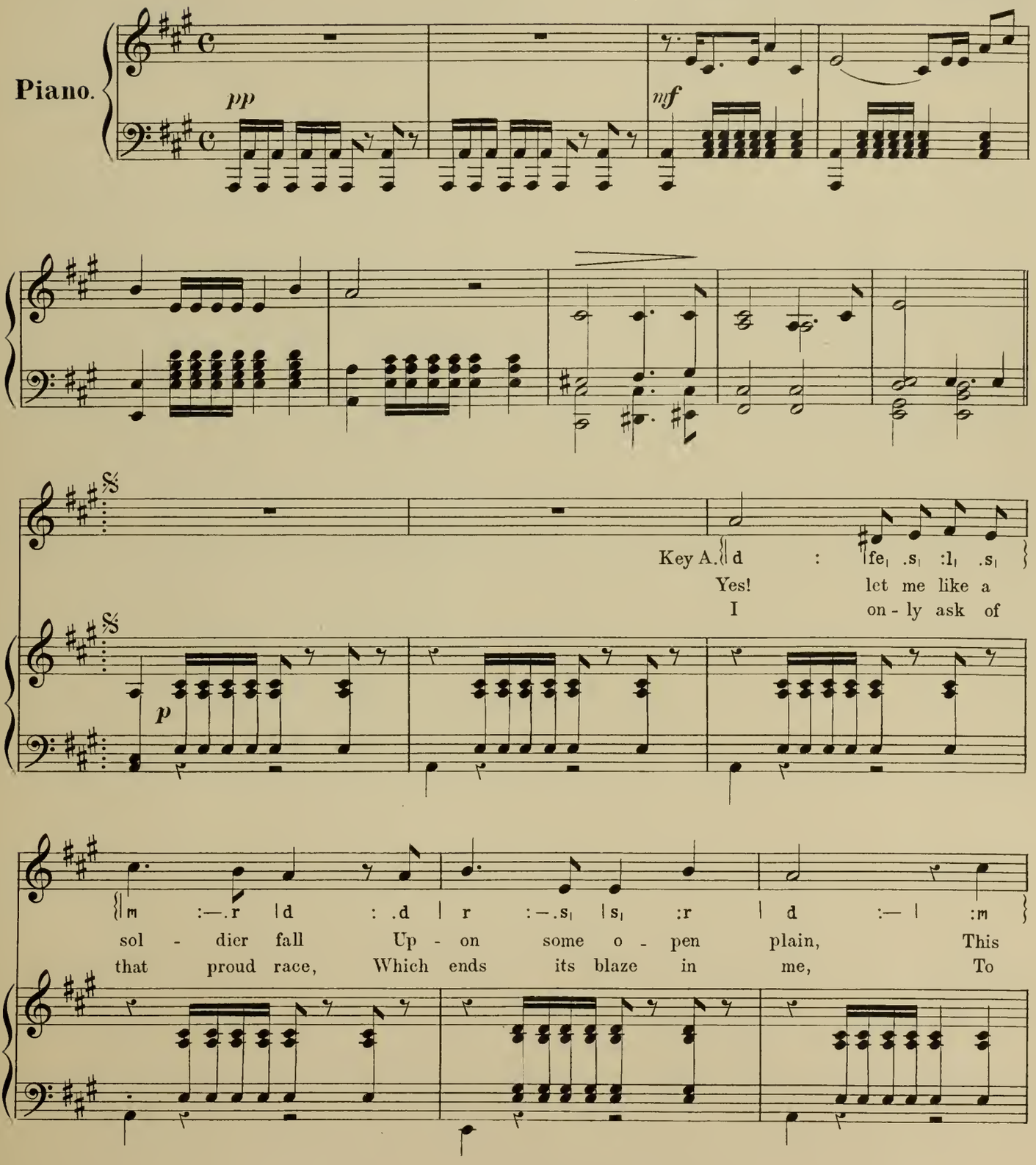


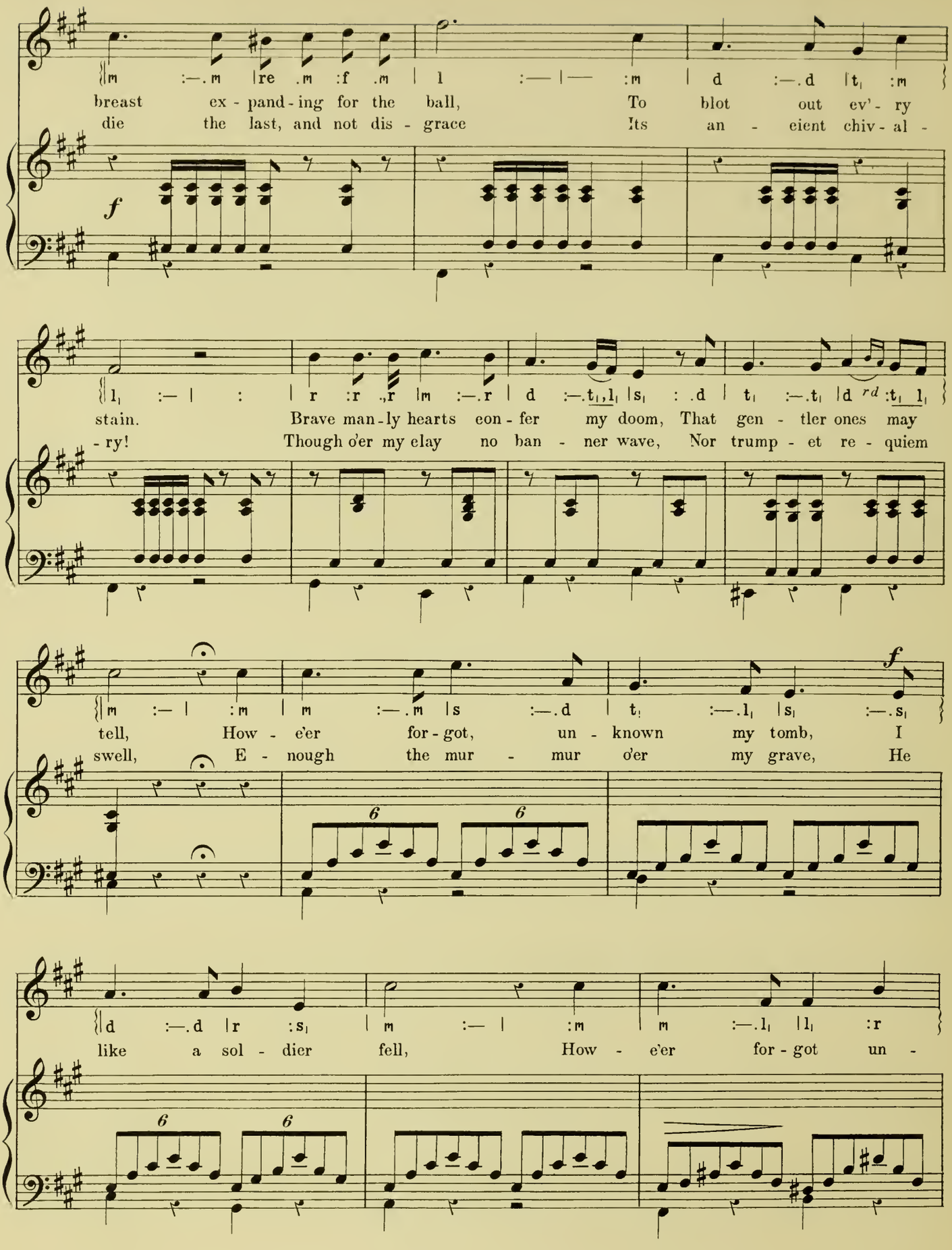

f1 :m1 | :m | r :f1 |f1 :f1 | f1 :m1 | :m | r :f1 |f1 :f1 | f1 :m1 | :s1
foot-man I strut in worst-ed lace, And soon I'll be a but-ler and
me, sir, I ne-ver will op-pose; When all my ayes are sold off, why
ad lib.
a tempo
d :r |m :fe | s :- |- s .f | m :s |d :m | l1 :l1 |s :d | t1 :r |f :m
whey my jol-ly face. When stew-ard I'm pro-mo-ted I'll snip the tradesmen's
then I'll sell my noes. I'll joke, har-angue, and par-a-graph, with speeches charm the
colla voce
pp a tempo
m :r |— :s .f | m :s |d :m | l1 :— |s1 :d | t1 :r |f :t1
bill, My mas-ter's eof-fers emp-ty, my poek-ets for to
ear, And when my legs are tir'd, sir, then I'll sit down a
d :— |— :s | fe :fe |fe :fe | s :— |s1 :s | fe :.fe |fe :fe
fill. When lol-ling in my char-iot, so great a man I'll
peer. In court or ei-ty hon-our. so great a man I'll
p

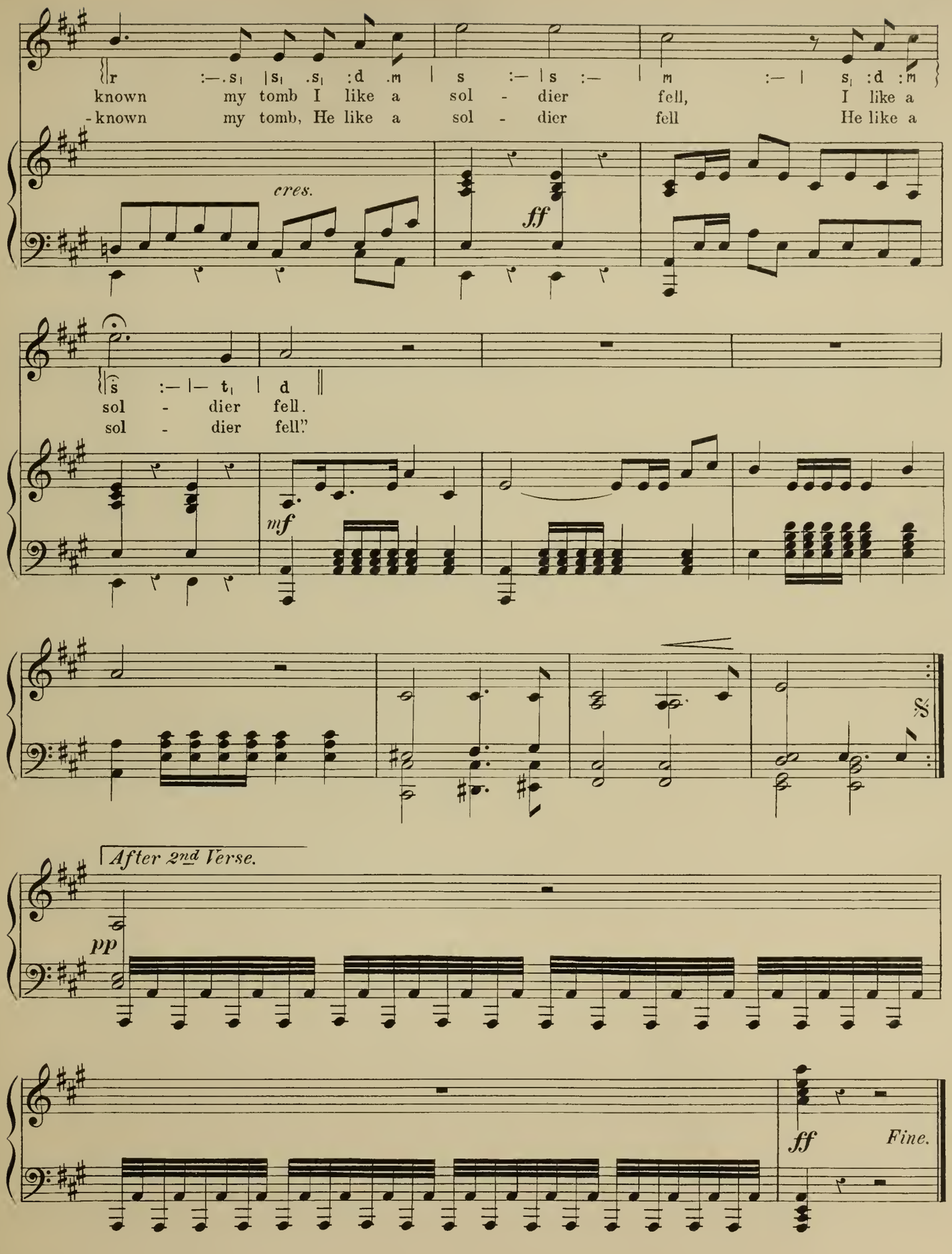

s :— | :s | fe :—.fe | fe :fe | s :r | m :t, | d :l, | r :r, |
be,
be,
So great a man so great a man, so great a man I'll
cres.
ŝ, :-|-:ŝ .f | m :s | d :m | l, :— | s, :d | t, :r | f :m |
be! You'll for - get the lit - tle plough - boy that whis - tled o'er the
pp
m :— | r :s .f | m :s | d :m | l, :— | s, :d | t, :r | f :—.t, |
lea, You'll for - get the lit - tle plough - boy that whis - tled o'er the
d :-|- : ‖
lea.
cres.

YES, LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL.

Music by W. VINCENT WALLACE.




breast ex - pand - ing for the ball, To blot out ev' - ry
die the last, and not dis - grace Its an - cient chiv - al -
f
stain. Brave man - ly hearts con - fer my doom, That gen - tler ones may
- ry! Though o'er my clay no ban - ner wave, Nor trump - et re - quiem
tell, How - e'er for - got, un - known my tomb, I
swell, E - nough the mur - mur o'er my grave, He
f
6
6
like a sol - dier fell, How - e'er for - got un -
6
6


r :—.s, |s, .s, :d .m | s :— | s :— | m :— | s, :d :m
known my tomb I like a sol - dier fell, I like a
-known my tomb, He like a sol - dier fell He like a
cres.
ff
s :— |— t, | d ‖
sol - dier fell.
sol - dier fell."
mf
After 2nd Verse.
pp
ff
Fine.

A Thousand a Year.

Mrs P. MILLARD.
(W. H. H.)

Cheerfully.

Piano.

p *cres.*

Key E♭ | :m ,m | m :m :f | s .s :-:m | d':-:l .f | s:-:m .m | m :r :r | r :d :r |

"Oh! if I had a thou-sand a year, Gaf-fer Green, But I ne-ver shall have it, I
"I would do then I can-not tell what, Gaf-fer Green, I would go to I hard-ly know

p

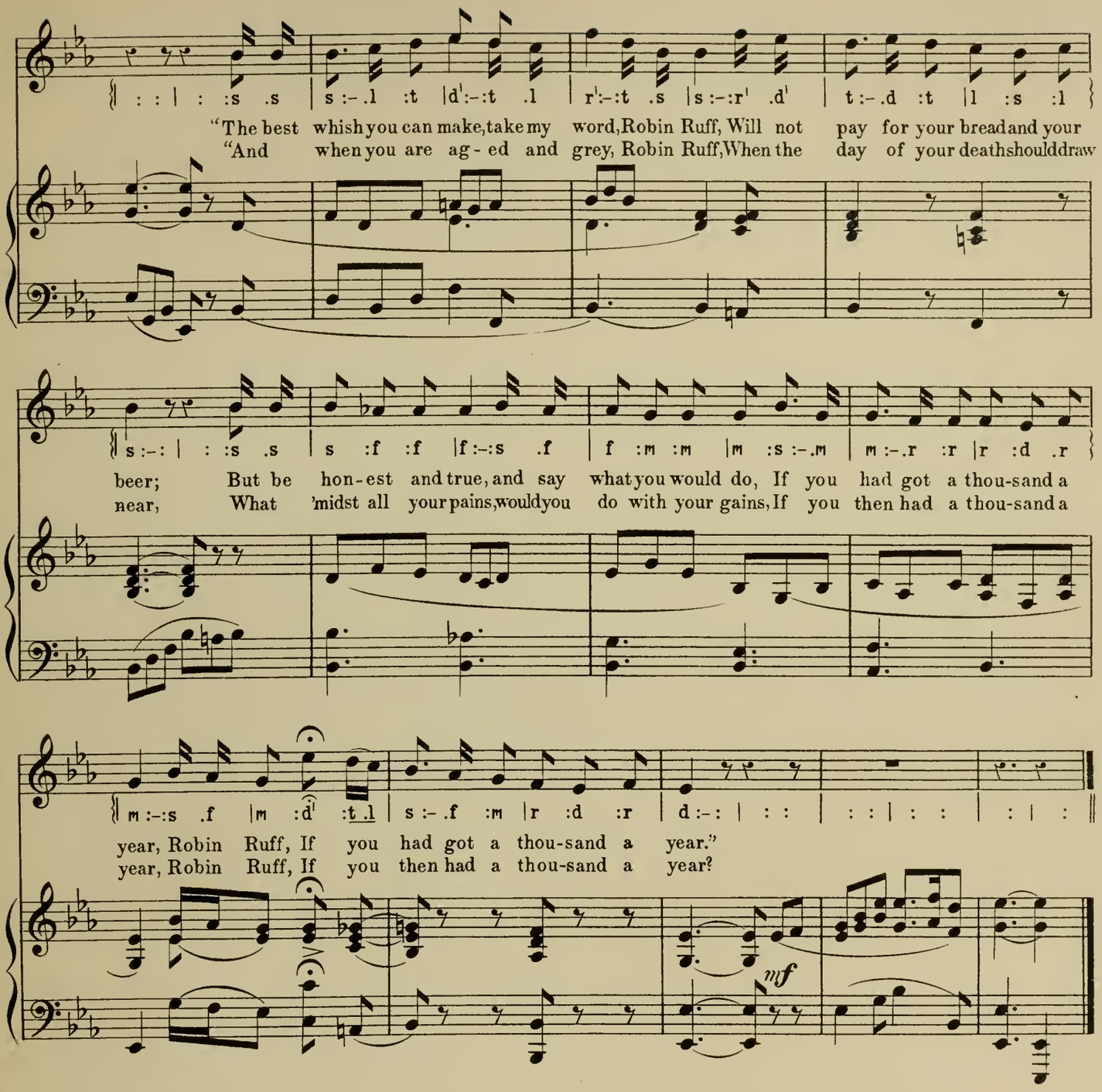
| m :-: | :s .s | s :-.s :s | s :-:s .s | s :-.l :t | d':-:s .m | m :r :r | r :d :r |

fear, What a man should I be, And what things should I see, If I had but a thousand a
where; I would scat-ter the chink, And leave o-thers to think, While I liv'd on a thousand a

| m :—:s .f | m :d' :t .l | s :-.f :m | r :d :r | d :-: | : : | : : | : : |

year, Gaf-fer Green, Oh! if I had a thou-sand a year."
year, Gaf-fer Green, While I liv'd on a thou-sand a year."

cres.



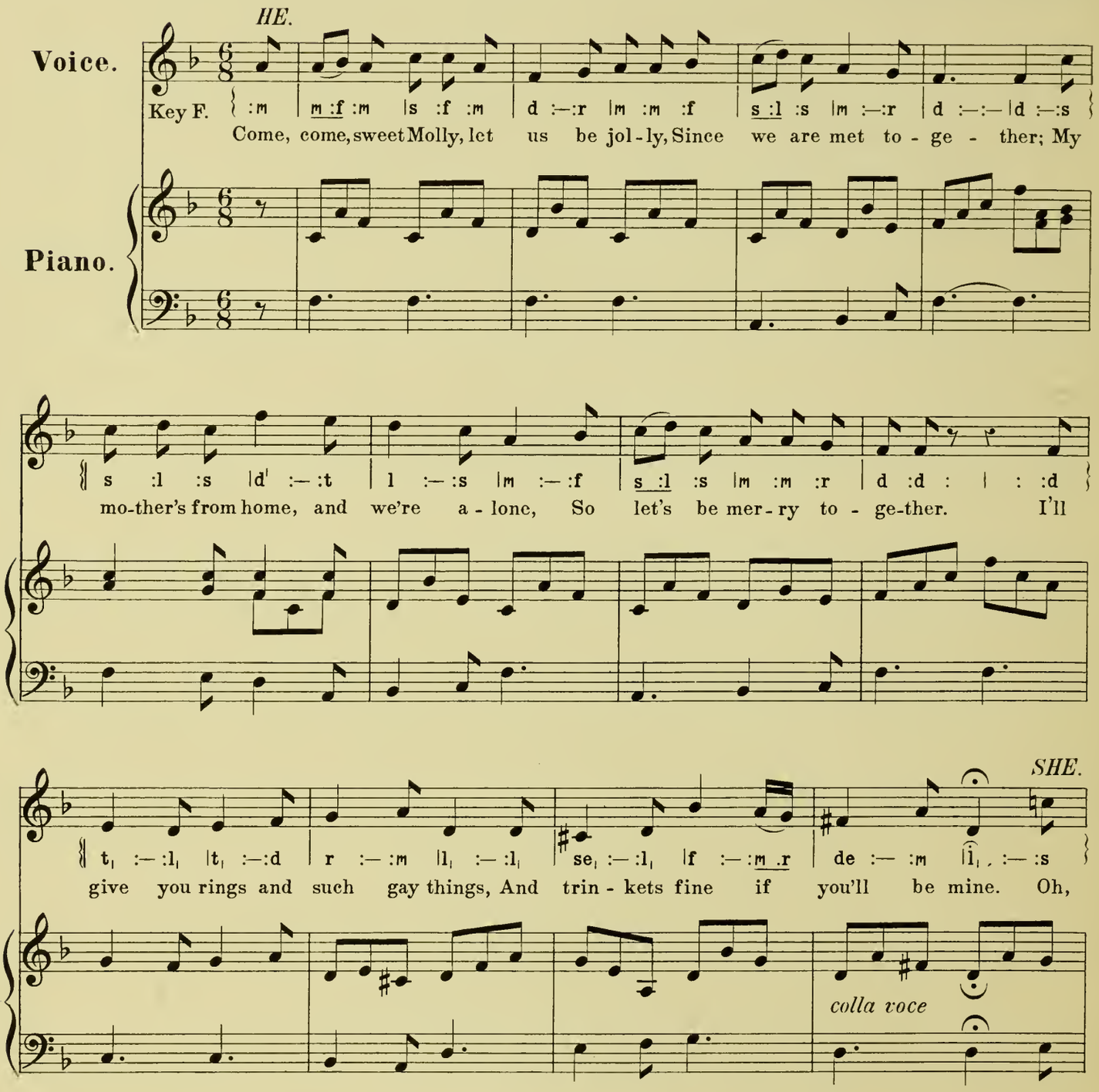
3

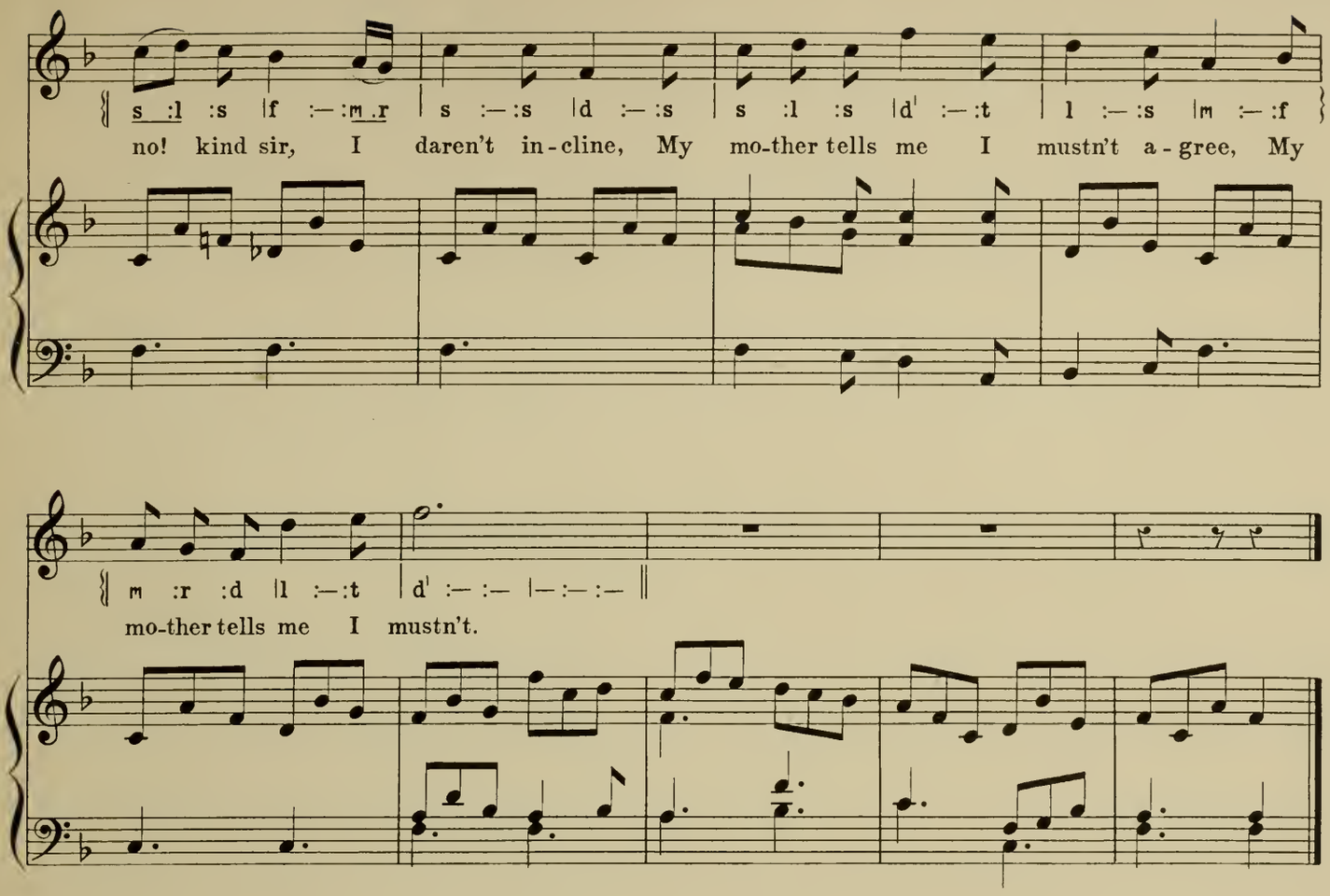
"I never can tell what you're at, Gaffer Green,
For your questions are always so queer;
But as other folks die, I suppose so must I"—
"What! and give up your thousand a year, Robin Ruff,
What! and give up your thousand a year.
There's a world that is better than this, Robin Ruff,
And I hope in my heart you'll go there,
Where the poor man's as great, though he'd here no estate,
Ay as if he'd a thousand a year, Robin Ruff,
Ay as if he'd a thousand a year?"

COME, COME, SWEET MOLLY.

DUET.

Folk Air. (F. W. B.)





2

HE. You shall have a gown of finest silk,
The finest that e'er was seen;
You shall have the cream of all the milk
Of the cows that cross the green.
You shall have curd and cheese-cakes store,
And custards also sugared o'er.
SHE. Oh, no! kind sir, pray ask no more,
My mother tells me I mustn't agree.
My mother tells me I mustn't.

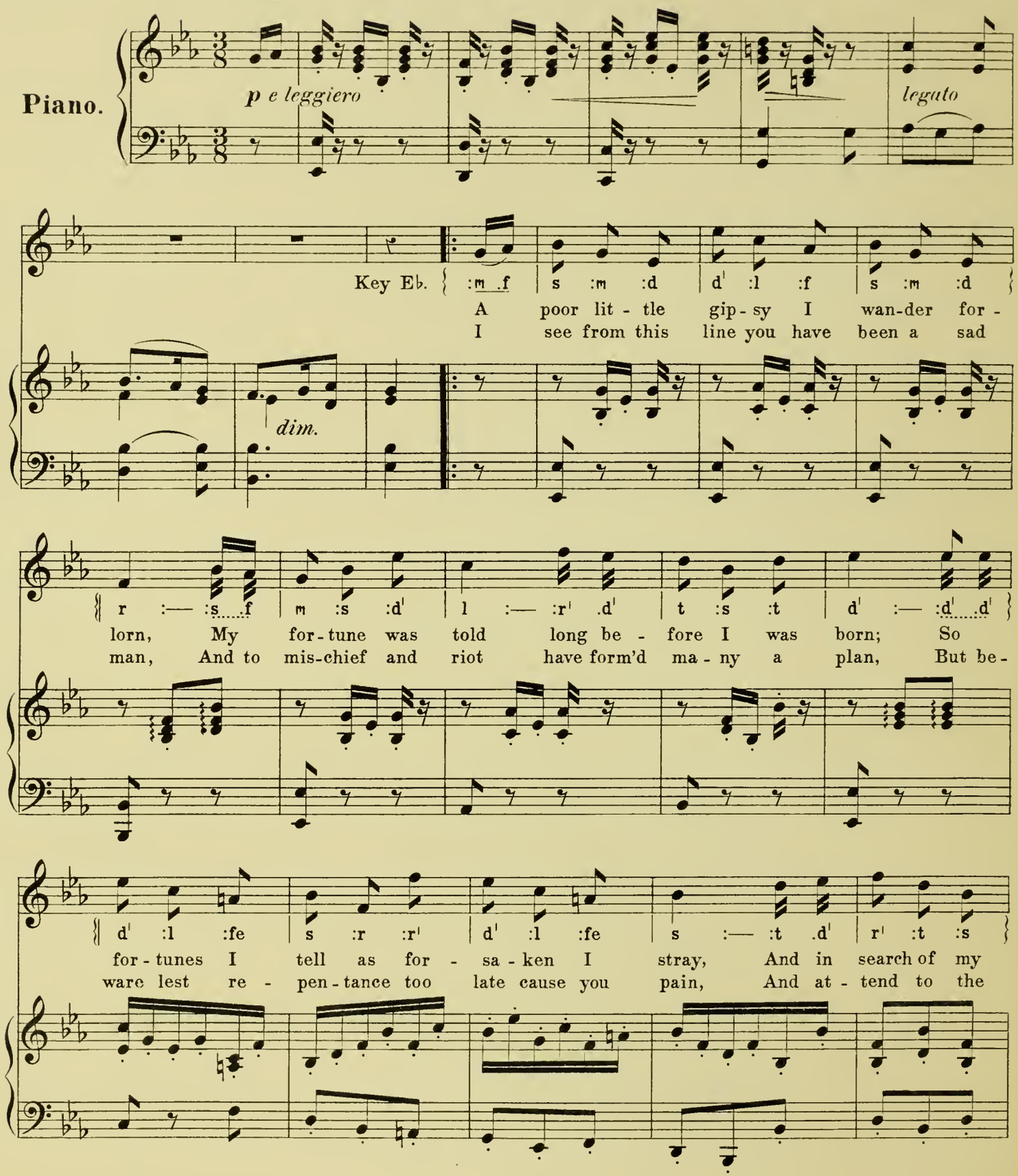
3

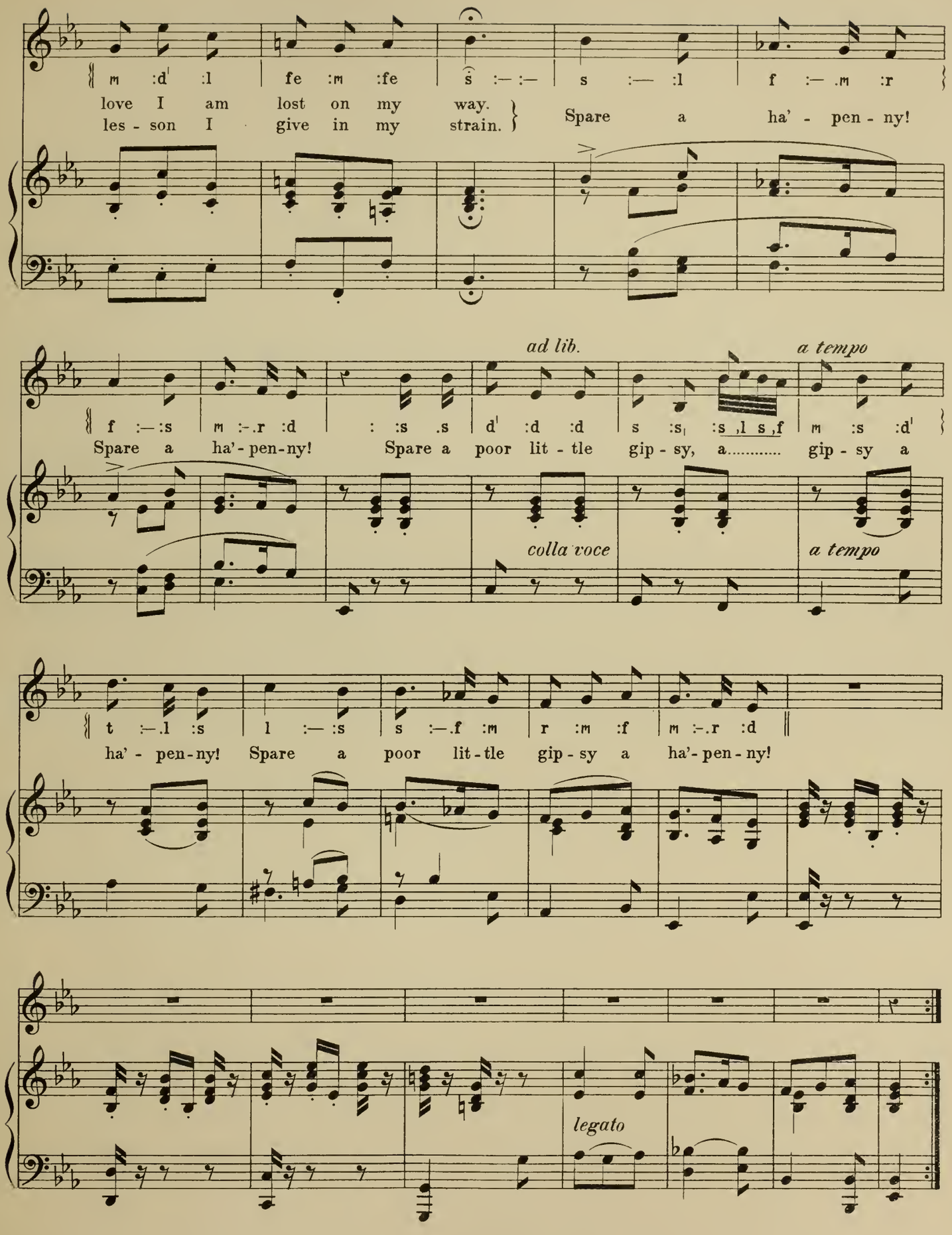
HE. I'll settle on you in copyhold
Of forty pounds a year,
And I have twenty pounds in gold,
'Twill serve to make good cheer.
SHE. That's another tale which now you tell,
So merrily merrily ring the bell,
Your acres and gold I like full well.
My mother bids me in that agree,
My mother tells me to take ye.

THE POOR LITTLE GIPSY.

ARNOLD. (W. H. H.)

Andante.

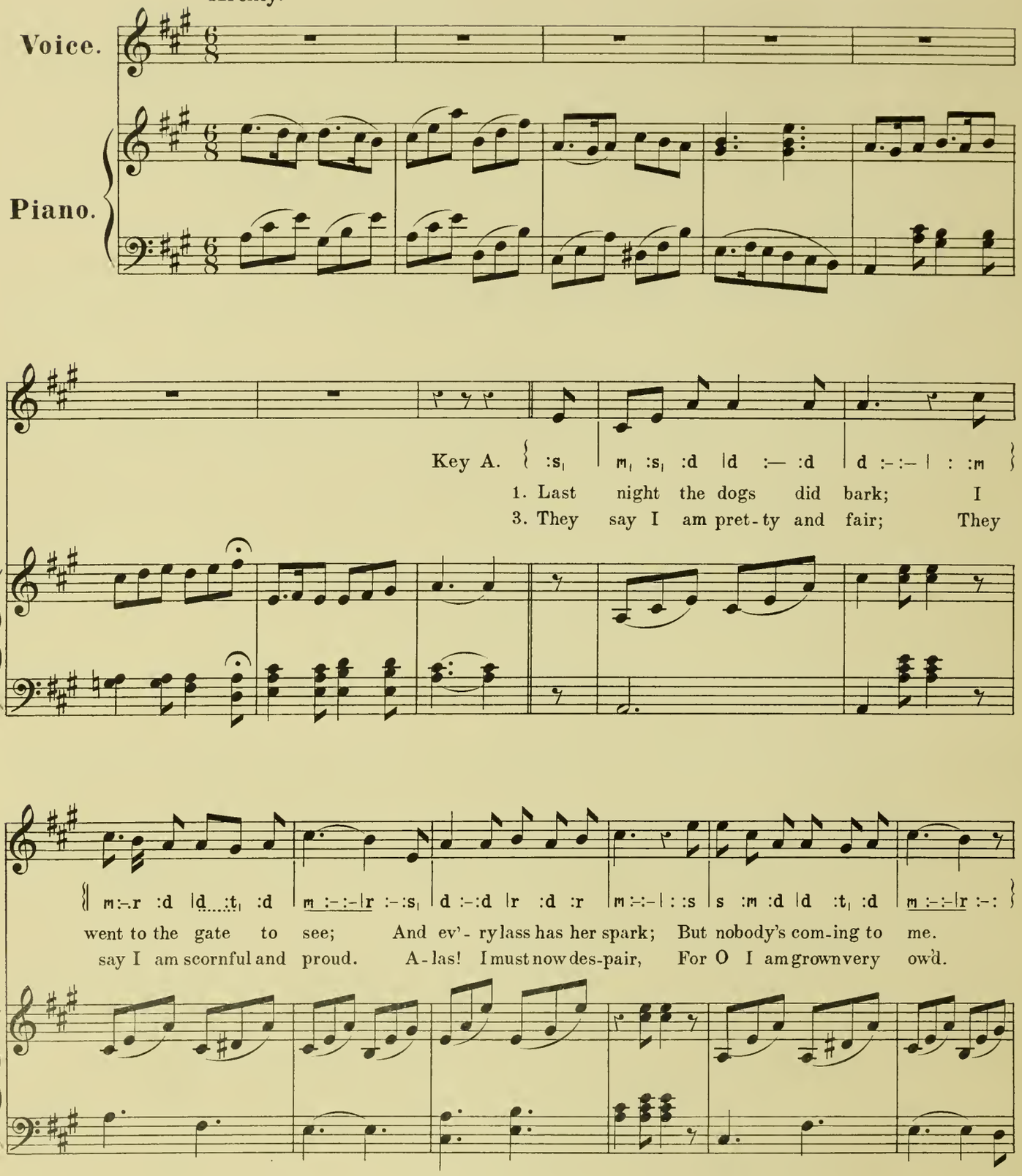


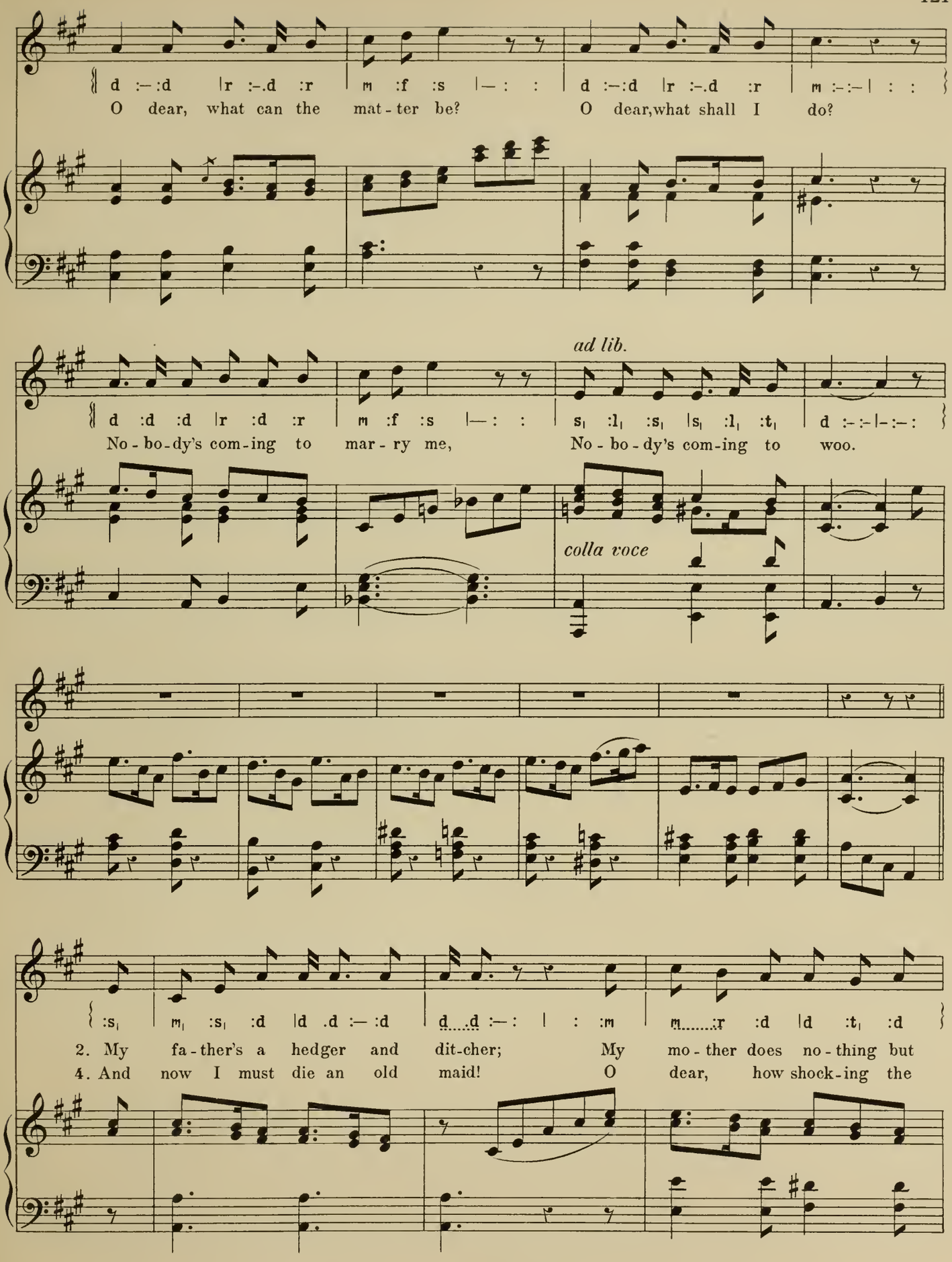

m :d' :l | fe :m :fe | s :— :— | s :— :l | f :— .m :r
love I am lost on my way.
les - son I give in my strain.
Spare a ha' - pen - ny!
ad lib.
a tempo
f :— :s | m :— .r :d | : :s .s | d' :d :d | s :s, :s ,l s ,f | m :s :d'
Spare a ha' - pen - ny! Spare a poor lit - tle gip - sy, a..... gip - sy a
colla voce
a tempo
t :— .l :s | l :— :s | s :— .f :m | r :m :f | m :— .r :d
ha' - pen - ny! Spare a poor lit - tle gip - sy a ha' - pen - ny!
legato

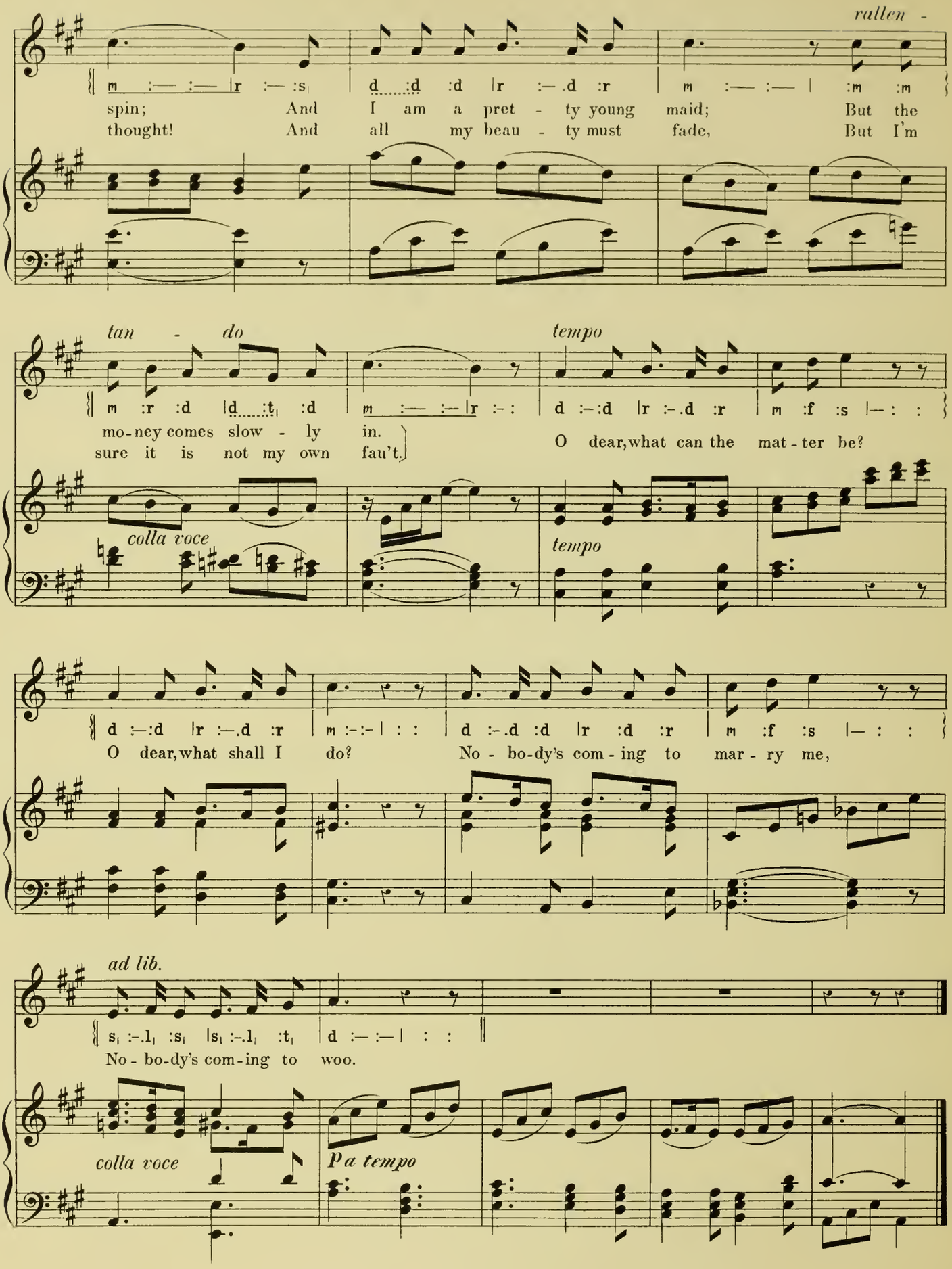
LAST NIGHT THE DOGS.

Old English Air. (H. F. S.)

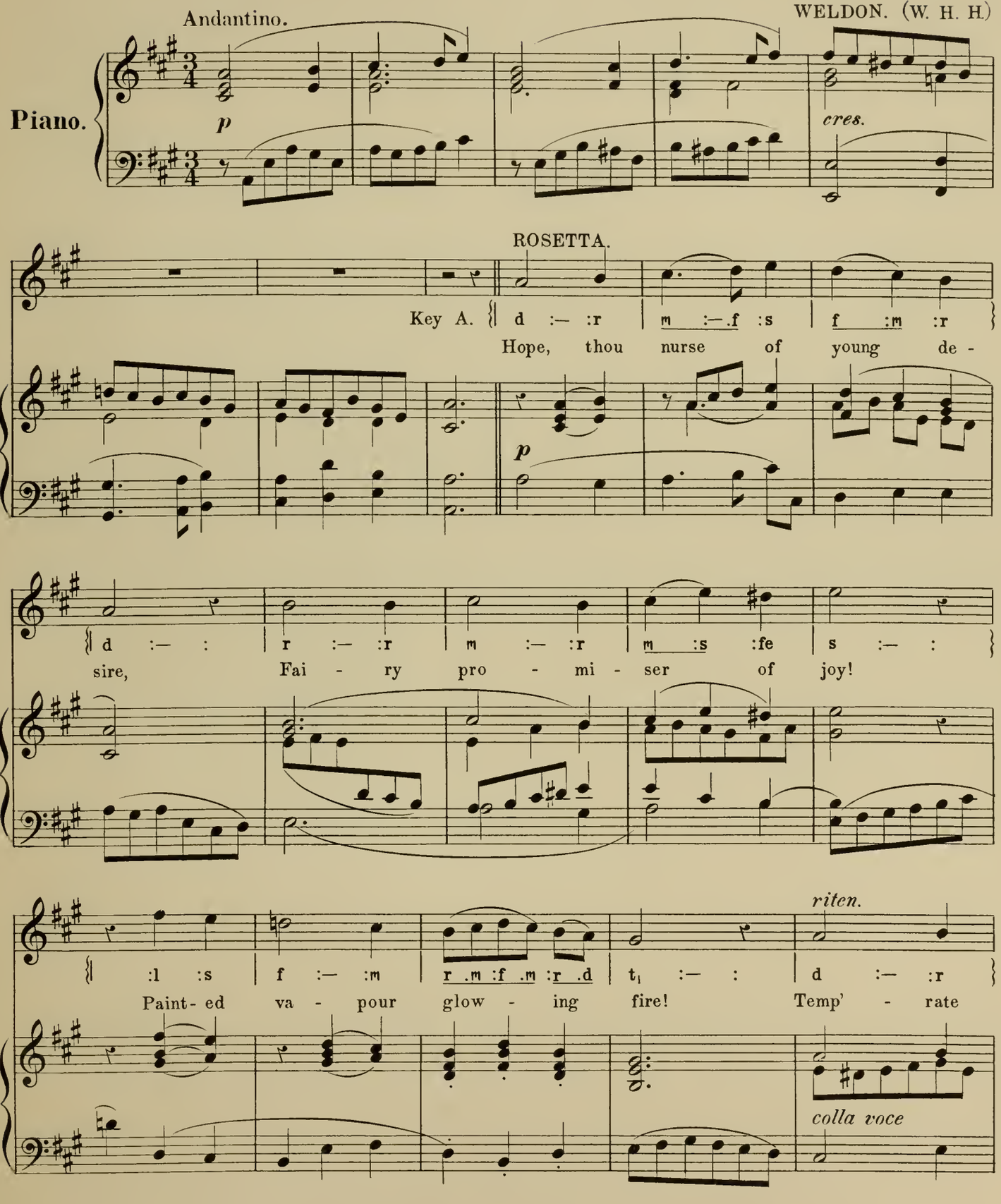
Archly.

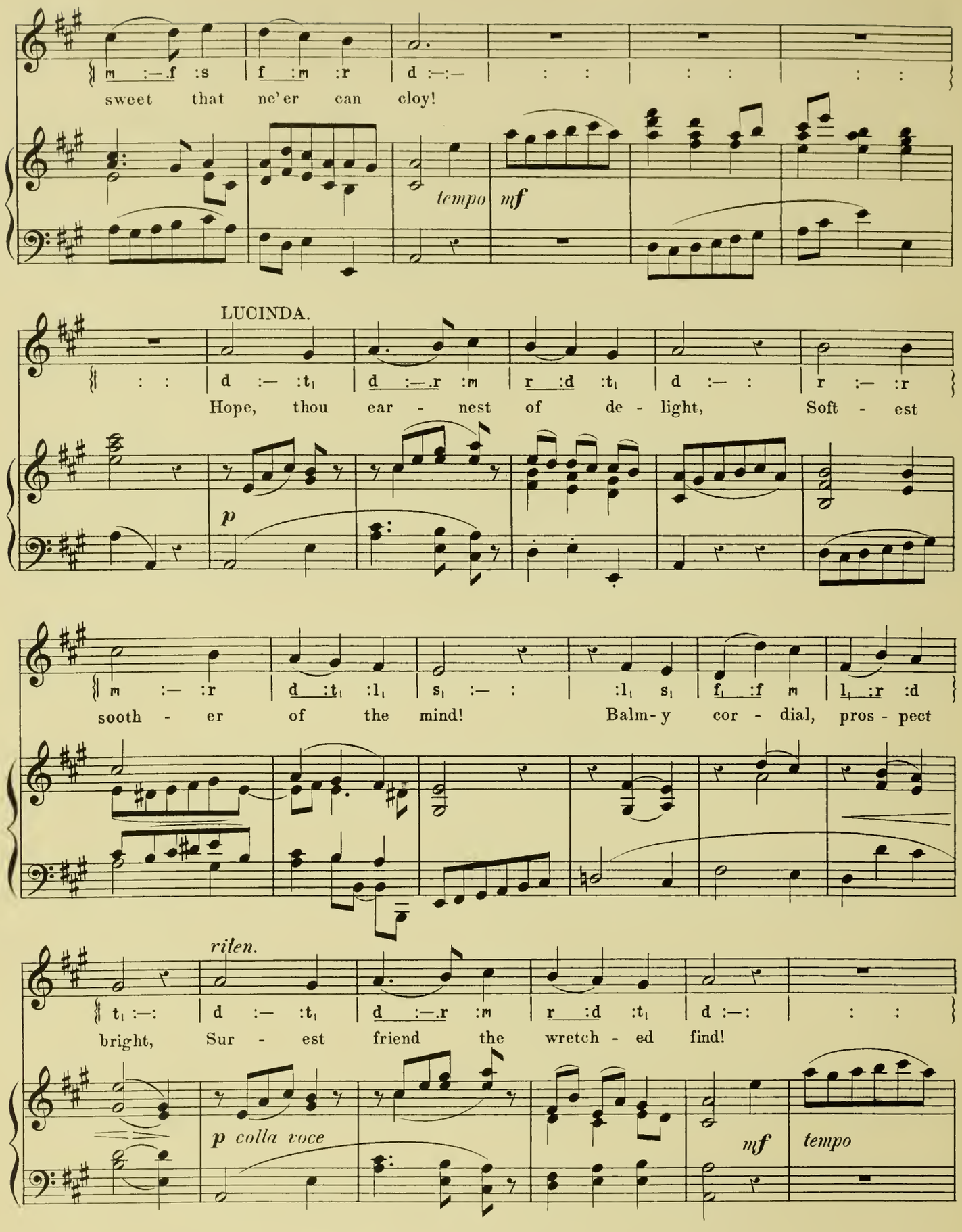


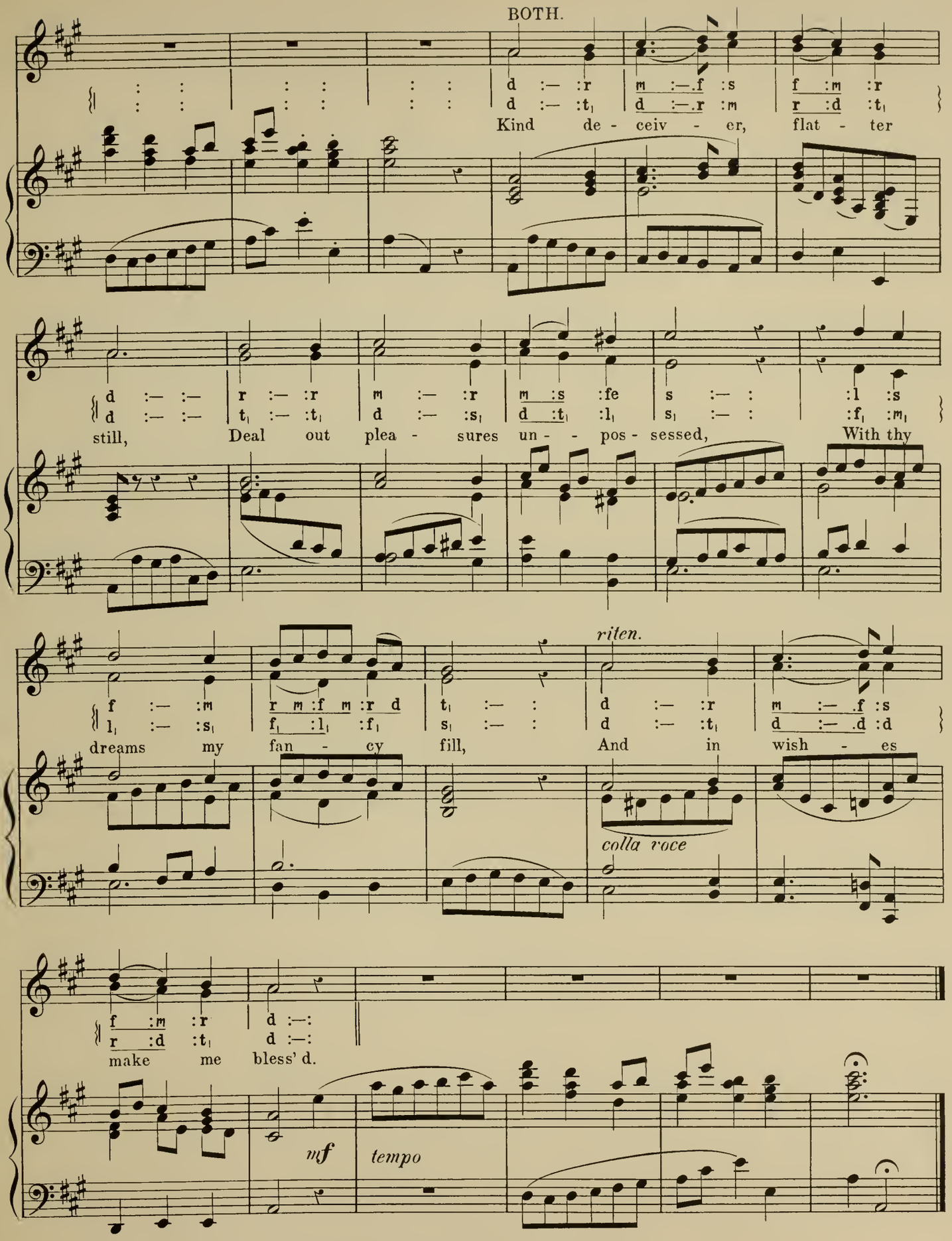

d :—:d |r :—.d :r | m :f :s |— : : | d :—:d |r :—.d :r | m :—:— | : :
O dear, what can the mat - ter be? O dear,what shall I do?
ad lib.
d :d :d |r :d :r | m :f :s |— : : | s, :l, :s, |s, :l, :t, | d :—:—|—:—:
No - bo-dy's com-ing to mar - ry me, No - bo - dy's com-ing to woo.
colla voce
:s, | m, :s, :d |d .d :— :d | d .d :— : | : :m | m .....:r :d |d :t, :d
2. My fa - ther's a hedger and dit-cher; My mo - ther does no - thing but
4. And now I must die an old maid! O dear, how shock-ing the


rallen -
spin; And I am a pret - ty young maid; But the
thought! And all my beau - ty must fade, But I'm
tan - do
mo-ney comes slow - ly in.
sure it is not my own fau't.
tempo
O dear, what can the mat - ter be?
colla voce
tempo
O dear, what shall I do?
No - bo-dy's com - ing to mar - ry me,
ad lib.
No - bo-dy's com-ing to woo.
colla voce
Pa tempo

HOPE, THOU NURSE OF YOUNG DESIRE.



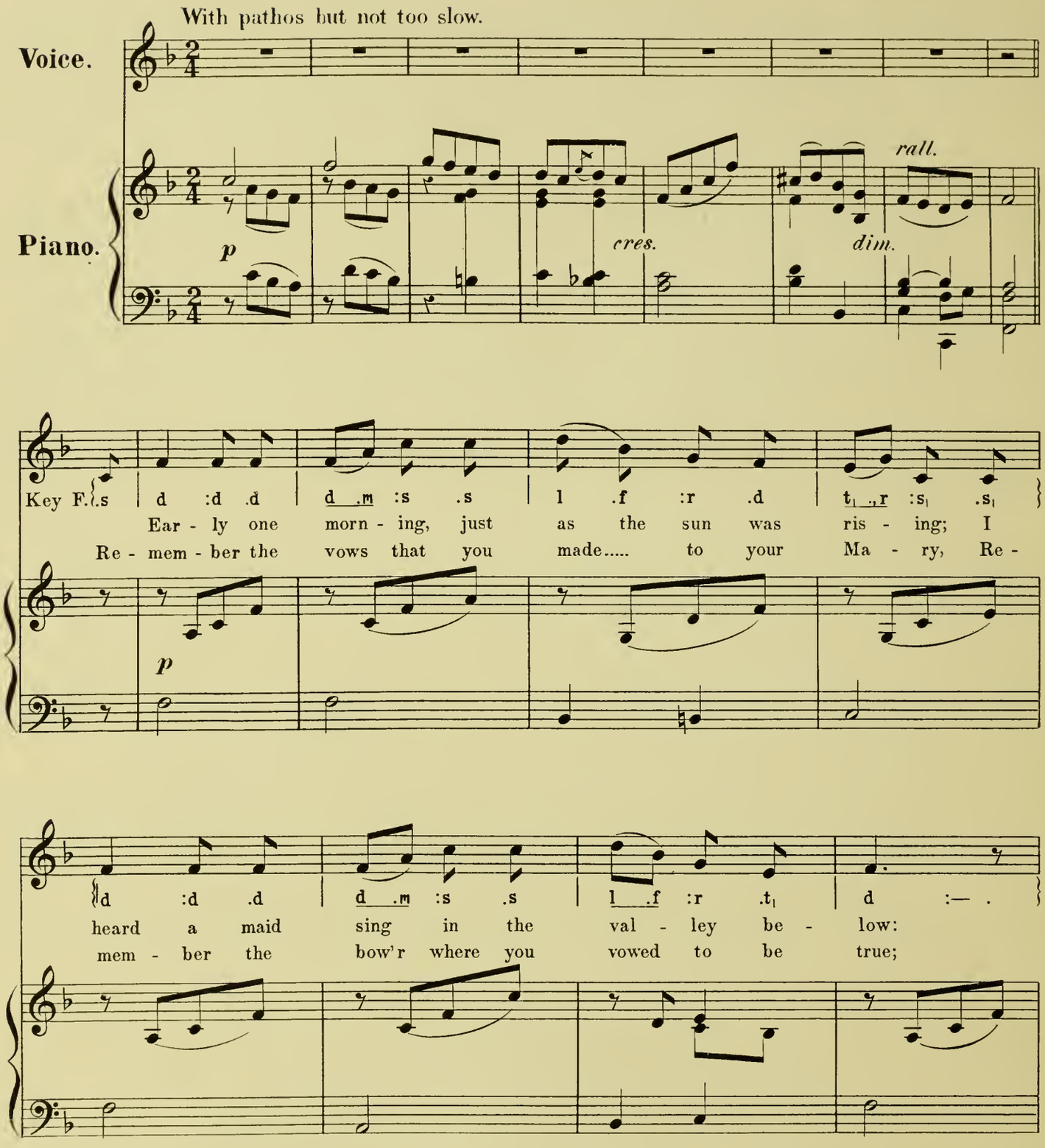

m :—.f :s | f :m :r | d :—:— | : : | : : | : :
sweet that ne'er can cloy!
tempo
mf
LUCINDA.
: : | d :— :t, | d :—.r :m | r :d :t, | d :— : | r :— :r
Hope, thou ear - nest of de - light, Soft - est
p
m :— :r | d :t, :l, | s, :— : | :l, s, | f, :f m | l, :r :d
sooth - er of the mind! Balm-y cor - dial, pros - pect
ritten.
t, :—: | d :— :t, | d :—.r :m | r :d :t, | d :—: | : :
bright, Sur - est friend the wretch - ed find!
p colla voce
mf
tempo

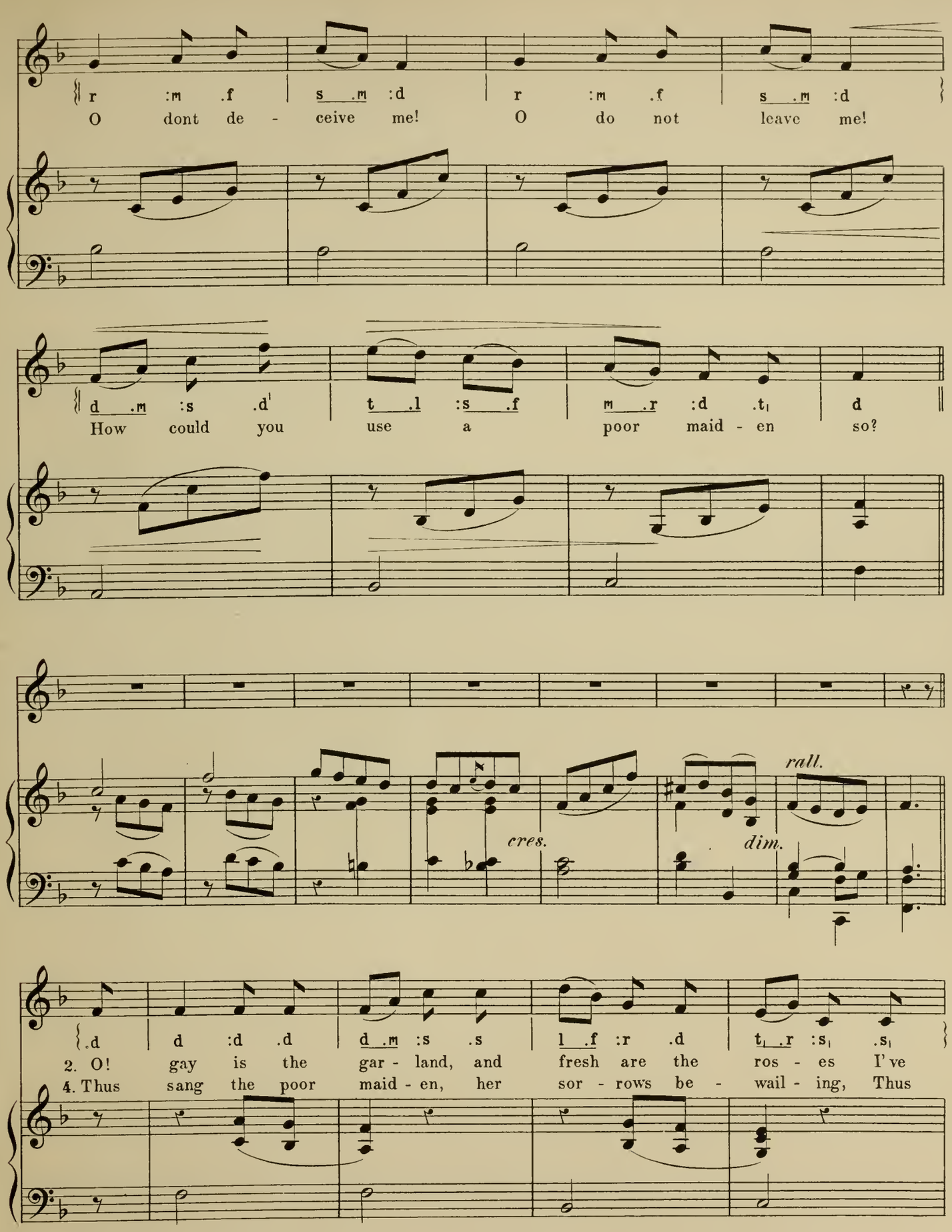


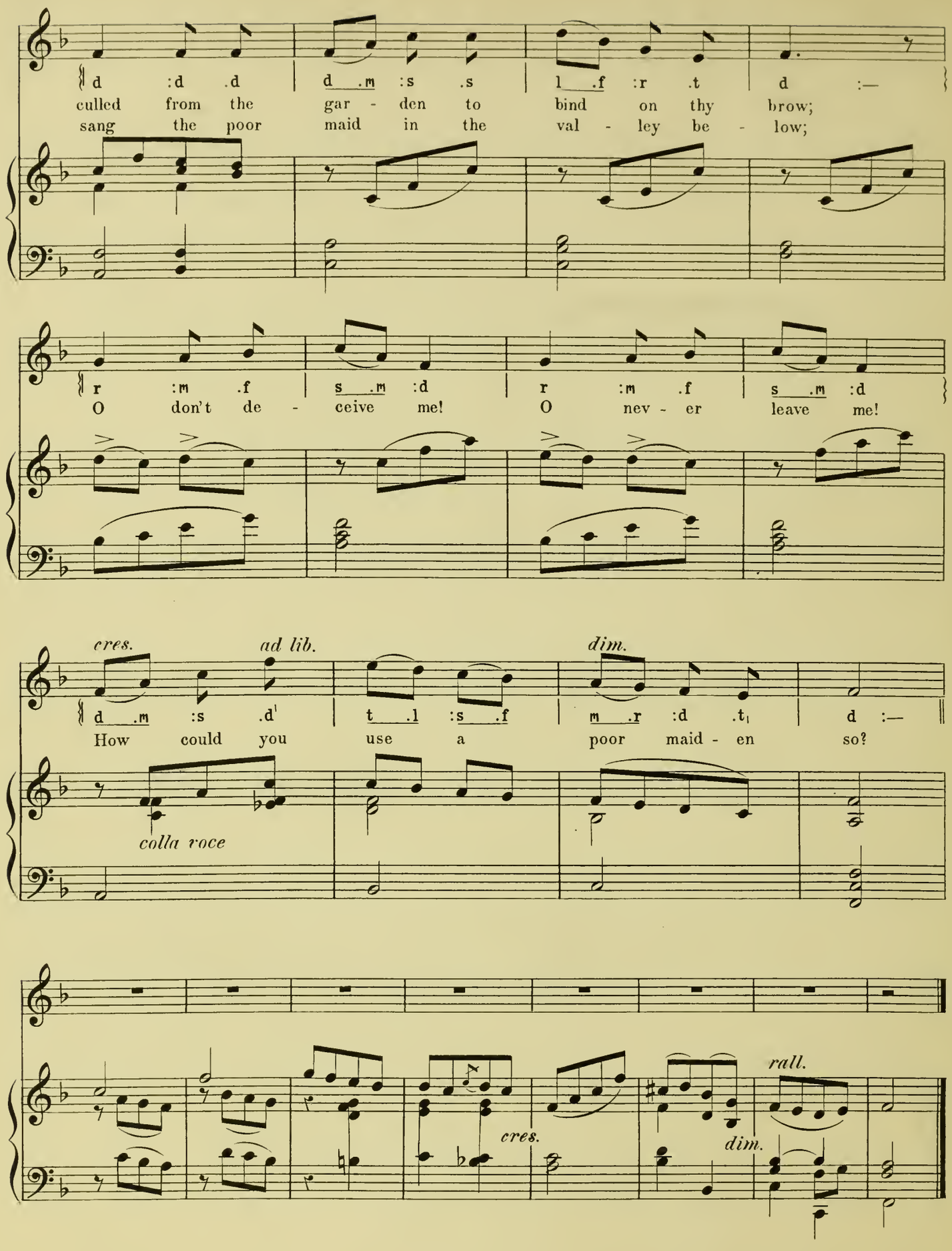
This may be sung by one person, the upper part in last verse being taken.

EARLY ONE MORNING.

Folk Song. (H. F. S.)




r :m .f | s .m :d | r :m .f | s .m :d
O dont de - ceive me! O do not leave me!
d .m :s .d' | t .l :s .f | m .r :d .t, | d
How could you use a poor maid - en so?
cres.
dim.
rall.
.d | d :d .d | d .m :s .s | l .f :r .d | t, .r :s, .s,
2. O! gay is the gar - land, and fresh are the ros - es I've
4. Thus sang the poor maid - en, her sor - rows be - wail - ing, Thus


d :d .d | d .m :s .s | l .f :r .t | d :—
culled from the gar - den to bind on thy brow;
sang the poor maid in the val - ley be - low;
r :m .f | s .m :d | r :m .f | s .m :d
O don't de - ceive me! O nev - er leave me!
cres. ad lib. dim.
d .m :s .d' | t .l :s .f | m .r :d .t, | d :—
How could you use a poor maid - en so?
colla voce
cres.
dim.
rall.