

nt = 12 Pieces
G.A. XX. 1-12

DOCT^r HAYDN's

TWELVE

ORIGINAL

BALLADS

For the

PIANO - FORTE

Or

HARPSICHORD

Price 5/5^d

DUBLIN

Published by EDMUND LEE (N^o 2.) Dame Street near the Royal Exchange, of whom may be had

Pleyel's Scotch Songs - - - - -	s - d	Dusseck's Sonata with the Fife Hunt - - - - -	s - d
Doct ^r Haydn's 1 st & 2 ^d Sets of Canzonets each -	8..1h	— Sufferings of the Queen of France - - - - -	3..3
— Sonata dedicated to the Princess of Wales -	4..4	— Sonata with God Savè the King - - - - -	2..2
Pleyel's Sonata's with Scotch movements each -	3..3	Within a Mile of Edinburgh with Var. ^s by D ^o - - -	2..8h
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Hook's Musical Guide - - - - -	13..0	Here's a Health to them that's awa - - - - -	1 7h
	5..5		6h

Graden H.T.V. Nos.

7. 9. 3. 8. 6. 12
1. 5. 4. 11. 10. 2



XXVI a 1-12

FAIR IRIS

2

A Favorite BALLAD Composed by the Celebrated G: HAYDN

In this still re-tire-ment fair I-RIS I view'd Her beauty en-chant-ed her
 man-ner sub-dued; In ef-fa-ble swee-ness each fea-ture ar-
 ray'd each fea-ture ar-ray'd And the
 ma-gic of Love in her bright tresses play'd, the ma-gic of
 Love in her bright tresses play'd.

2
 The Fair thus resistless pass'd careless along,
 Praise follow'd her footsteps and blest her in song;
 For sure ev'ry virtue adorns that soft breast,
 Whose snow gave to Innocence hint for a Vest.

3
 In what dripping Grotto-what blossom fenced Row?
 Sequesters the Beauty from noon's burning pow'r?
 Assist in the search, O ye gay Village Swains,
 And the smile on her Lips will requite all your pain.

4
 But why should I tempt you her charms to behold!
 Why lure you to bondage with tethers of gold!
 In love 'tis most pleasing to suffer alone,
 And the loss of your Hearts wont recover my own.

For the GUITAR or GER. FLUTE.

IN VAIN OH! HAPLESS LOVER

A favorite BALLAD Composed by the Celebrated G. HAYDN

Adagio
Affettuoso

SF

In vain O hapless Lo-ver Thou

fight'st for De-lia's charms These Eyes her with dis-co-ver To

SF

blebs an o thers arms These Eyes her with dis-

Pia 3 3

co-ver To blebs an o thers Arms. Sy

For

Yet

SF *SF* *SF*

not a-lone a-do-ring Thou mark'st the Nymph di-

vine Thou mark'st the Nymph di vine Un
number'd hearts de plo ring Like thee for De lia pine Like
thee for De lia pine.

For the Ger: Flute or Guitar.

Sy SF So

DUBLIN Published by **ANNE LEE** Dame Street near the Royal Exchange

THE TEAR

A favorite BALLAD

Composed by the Celebrated G: HAYDN.

had Al-can-dor fight'd in vain And felt loves a-go-ni-zing pain

Nor could Eu-phra-sia then dis-co-ver By words her

tor-ments to her Lover For mo-desty in both con-ceal'd What na-ture

wish'd to have re-veal'd.

2
Meeting her once by chance in tears,
He ventur'd to declare his fears;
And ardently he sought to know
The source from whence those tears could flow;
For in a form so heavenly fair,
He thought no grief could harbour there.

3
Nor could she then the cause confess,
But softly said look nigh and guess!
With faltering accent as she speaks,
The dew-drops glisten down her cheeks
Whilst he no farther could advance,
Then just to cast a timid glance.

4
In dread suspense the Youth espies
A Tear, just starting from her Eyes;
He gaz'd, and (what he least expected)
The chrysal Orb himself reflected:
With modest vows he own'd his flame,
And what he saw he dar'd to name.

5
With transport next he snatch'd a kiss,
And drank the Tear, on hearing "Yes!"
Reserve at length, was laid aside,
Euphrasia made his happy Bride:
And may no ills their bliss destroy;
But, all their tears be tears of joy!

For the Guitar or G: Flute

DUBLIN Publish'd by ANNE LEE Dame Street near the Royal Exchange (N.2.)

INCONSTANCY

A Favorite BALLAD Composed by the Celebrated G. HAYDN.

X

ALLEGRETTO

Thou toldst me sweet per-fi-dious

Maid That spring should lose her va-ried bloom Thou toldst me sweet per-fi-dious Maid That

spring should lose her va-ried bloom That Cynthia's silv'ry beam should

fade And Sol no more the World il-lume When thou the pride of ev-ry Grove shouldst cease to

blest me with thy love.

2

Spring boasts her bloom and Cynthia's rays
Still chase the solemn shades of Night;
Whilst Sol with undiminish'd blaze,
Pours on the globe his golden light:
And ah! my trembling lips declare
That thou art false as thou art fair.

3

But thou wilt say! ah! silly swain
How dares thy love to her aspire
For whom a thousand sigh in vain
And kindle with a hopeless fire
I own the folly—but what breast
Swells not with wishes to be blest?

For the Guitar or Ger: Flute.

Sy

So

Sy

So

Sy

DUBLIN. Published by ANNE LEE Dame Street near the Royal Exchange (N^o. 2.)

THE COTTAGERS

A favorite BALLAD Composed by the Celebrated G: HAYDN

From this roof young Willy went, When the Lark first left its bed;

VIVACE

Whist'ring be my Love content I to distant Vales must tread.

but when Ev'nings Star appears Thro' the dews I'll seek this spot,

Thro' the dews I'll seek this spot Let me kiss a-way thy Tears let me kiss a-way thy Tears, 'Tis with

grief I leave the Cot.

2

This he said then strode away
O'er the heathy mountain far:
Oh! to guide him lest he stray
Rise thou blessed Ev'ning Star!
See it beams! and hark his Song!
Sweetly to my Ear 'tis borne,
Blithe my Shepherd trips along
Faithful to his vows at Morn!

For the GUITAR

From this roof young Willy went, When the Lark first left its bed;

Whist'ring be my Love content I to distant Vales must tread.

but when Ev'nings Star appears Thro' the dews I'll seek this spot,

Thro' the dews I'll seek this spot Let me kiss a-way thy Tears let me kiss a-way thy Tears, 'Tis with

grief I leave the Cot.

Published by ANNE LEE N.2. Dame St

SWEET GODDESS OF BEAUTY

8

A favorite Ballad Compos'd by the Celebrated G: HAYDN

Allegretto

Sweet God - de's of beau - - ty and plea - fure Oh bring to my
 bo - - som its trea - fure Give to my Arms Di - o - ne's charms That
 fix each raptur'd Eye Those lips be mine And smiles di - vine For which a thou - sand
 sigh. Ah!

2
 Ah! grant to my wishes her graces
 With her should'st thou blest my embraces
 In ev'ry kiss
 An age of bliss
 This happy heart would know
 To live with her
 Is Joy sincere
 But ah! without her woe.

For the G Flute or Guitar

So
 Sy So
 Sy

ANNE LEE

THE KNITTING GIRL

Composed by G. HAYDN

Sy S For

ADAGIO

SF: P. Hark Phil-lis hark thro' yon-der Grove re-spon-five Na-ture

fings. Love seeks the deep em-bowerd Alcove and lends swift Fancy wings.

All? SF Phillis heard but Phillis fat Sil-lent

Sy knitting Silent knitting at her Cottage gate Phil-lis

heard but fat silent knitting at her Cottage gate.

Enthron'd he's seated in thine Eye;
Where he tho' blind, can see
Himself reflected in each sigh
He bids me breathe for thee
Phillis heard &c.

Low towards the bow'r he beckons now;
Oh! rise and come away!
From I'll toward the is his vow;
To guard and not betray
Phillis heard, but Phillis fat
No longer knitting at her Cottage gate.

For the GUITAR or GER. FLUTE.

Sy So Sy So

Allegro

ANNE LEE

THE FORSAKEN LADY¹⁰

A favorite BALLAD

Composed by the Celebrated G. HAYDN

Sy For

SF A-las a-las my heart why dost thou languish SF Ah wherefore love these

Sy sighs this bitter anguish Can sighs and tears re-

Sy gain the false Man e-ver? No, never, ne-ver. Can sighs and tears re-

SF gain the false Man e-ver? No never ne-ver. Sy F

F P F

Most hapless Woman! Man most base and cruel;
Why are neglect and scorn Love's fiercest fuel?
Why, Nature, mad'st thou Women so believing
Men so deceiving

Ten-thousand shrieks and cries, thy ears assailing,
Shall rend thy perjured heart, its guilt bewailing:
Yet no! they look! and none, tho' wretched living,
Die unforgiving.

To life and light adieu, farewell false Rover;
Henceforth thy Joys and pangs, Oh love are over:
Thy taunts, Oh World, which never me befriended,
Are now all ended

For the GUITAR

Sy So Sy So

DUBLIN Published by ANNE LEE N^o 2. Dame Street near the Royal Exchange

AN OLD STORY

A favorite BALLAD Composed by the Celebrated G. HAYDN

Allegro

Stacc.

P

cres

Young Hal call'd soft - ly rise my dear 'Tis I your true Love can't you hear young

P

Hal call'd soft - ly rise my dear 'Tis I your true Love can't you hear He tapp'd & tapp'd im -

pa - tient grown A - gain he call'd and said Sy

Why Nan - cy love won't

Sy

you come down No, no; re - plied the Maid

2
The wind is bleak, the Night is dark,
Disturbed the Village watch-dogs bark;
Full five long miles for thee I've come,
O'er dreary Moorlands stray'd,
Rise from thy Bed and make me room:
No, no; replied the Maid.

3
Then doleful turn'd he from the door,
And curs'd his fate, and love forswore!
But as he turn'd he heard the key,
As tho' to creak afraid!
You'll not prove false, sure, whisper'd she;
No, no; my charming Maid!

4
Thrice kiss'd the Lovers; thrice the Clock
Beat on the Bell; thrice crow'd the Cock;
Yet still right loath was Hal to go,
Tho' Nancy begg'd and pray'd:
Till the laughing Neighbours cried oh ho!
Is it so my pretty Maid!

For the GUITAR

Sy

So

DUBLIN Published by ANNE LEE Dame Street near the Royal Exchange (No 2.)

THE FLAME OF LOVE 12

A favorite BALLAD Composed by the Celebrated G: HAYDN.

Adagio

S For Whilst I am scorched with
hot de- fire, In vain cold friendship you re- turn; In vain cold friendship
you re- turn: Pia Your drops of pi- ty
on my fire A- lals but make it fiercer burn Your drops of pi- ty
on my fire A- lals but make it fiercer
burn.

(2)

Ah! would you have the flame suppress'd
That kills the heart it heats too fast,
Take half my Passion to your Breast,
The rest in mine shall ever last.

Published by JOHN & Edm^d LEE, Dame Street Dublin.

MOLLY CARR

A Favorite BALLAD Composed by the Celebrated G. HAYDN.

When I at my Window am ga-zing 'Tis not at a Co-met or Star But an
ob-ject more bright & more plea-sing The face of my sweet Mol-ly Carr
No Daph-ne no Chlo-e nor Phil-lis Tho' Poets put them on the par- - - tho'
Po-ets put them on the par- With beauties of Roses & Lil-lies Can vie with my sweet Mol-ly
Carr Can vie with my sweet Mol-ly Carr.

2

Ye Soldiers who boast in your Prattle,
Yet always hope danger is free,
You're more safe from the Cannons in Battle
Than the Eyes of my sweet Molly Carr:
The Prelate so famous for teaching,
The excellent virtue of Tar
Had he seen her he'd left of his Preaching,
To treat of my sweet Molly Carr.

3

Ye Lawyers who make yourselves drudges,
With much dirty work at the Bar,
You would quit all your fees & the Judges,
To plead to my sweet Molly Carr:
Ye Doctors so learned in Physic,
Who Nature's decays can repair,
May search but you'll find no specific,
So certain as sweet Molly Carr.

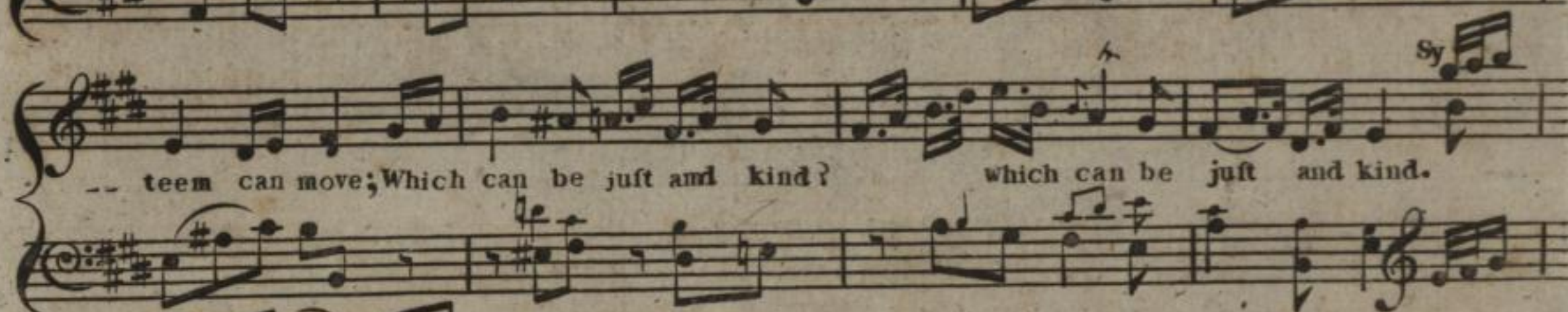
4

Let those out of play with the Nation,
With great ones eternally jar,
I am humbly content with my station,
So smiles but my sweet Molly Carr:
Tho' rich as a Croesus in treasure,
In Kingdoms as great as a Czar,
All, all I would lay down with pleasure,
At the Feet of my sweet Molly Carr.

MYRA

14

A favorite Ballad Composed by the Celebrated G. HAYDN.



2

Is it because you fear to share
The ills that love molest
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the am'rous breast?

3

Alas! by some degree of woe
We ev'ry bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

For the G: Flute or Guitar



PUBLISH'D by JOHN & Edm^d LEE, Dame Street DUBLIN.