



The beautiful simplicity of the following melodies are so truly Vocal, that the Editor could not resist the impulse of adapting them to English Words - trusting, as they have been so universally admired in the Authors Sonatas &c. They would not be the less acceptable, when joined to elegant Poetry.

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54

2

Nº I

LIFE an ODE

Words by Dr. Hawkefworth.

Moderato

Life! the dear, pre-ca-rious boon! foon we

lose, a-las, how foon! fleeting vision, fallely gay, grasp'd in vain, it fades a-way. Mix-ing

with sur-rounding shades, Lovely vi-sion, how it fades! Let the Muse in fancy's glass, catch the



Phantoms as they pass.

2

See they rise! a Nymph behold,
Careless, wanton, young and bold,
Smiling cheeks and roving eyes,
Gaufele's mirth, and vain surprize:
Tripping at her side, a boy
Shares her wonder and her joy:
This is folly, childhood's guide,
This is childhood at her side.

3

What is he succeeding now,
Myrtles blooming on his brow?
Shafts to pierce the strong, I view;
Wings, the flying to pursue:
Love's the Tyrant, Youth the Slave;
Youth in vain, is wife or brave:
Love, with conscious pride, defies
All the brave, and all the wife.

4

Arm in arm, what wretch is he,
Like thy self, who walks with thee?
Like thy own his fears and woes,
All thy pangs his bosom knows:
Well, too well! my boding breast
Knows the names your looks suggest;
Anxious, busy, restless Pair!
Manhood, link'd, by fate, to Care.

5

Spare the last, — the last appears, —
While I gaze, I gaze in tears —
Age — my future self I trace,
Moving slow, with feeble pace;
Bending with disease and cares,
All the load of life he bears:
White his locks, his visage wan,
Strength, and ease, and hope are gone.

4

N^o II

ELEGY

Words by M^r. Hammond

Con affetto

Ah what a-- vails thy
 lo- vers pi-ous care! His lavish'd incense clouds the sky in vain Nor wealth nor great-ness
 was his i-dle pray'r, For thee, a-- lone, he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain! I scorn I scorn the
 Lydians rivers golden wave And all the vulgar charms, the charms of human
 life And all the charms the charms of hu-man Life; I on-ly ask to

live my Delias flave, And when I long have serv'd her, call her wife At-tend O

Ju--no, with thy sober Ear; At-tend, — gay Ve-nus Venus pa-rent of de-fire; Venus

parent of de-fire Venus parent of de-fire This one fond with if you refuse to

hear Oh! let me with this sigh of Love ex-pire let me let me with this sigh of love ex-

fym O let me with this sigh of love ex-pire. fym

N^o III TO SOLITUDE.

The words by Miss Whately.

Slow

Now genial Spring o'er
lawn and grove, ex-tends her vivid power, Now Phoebus shines with mildest beams, And wakes each sleeping
flower; Soft breezes fan the smiling mead, Kind dews refresh the plain, While Beauty, Har-mo-
ny, and Love, re-new their cheartful reign. Sym

2

Now far from business let me fly,
Far from the crowded seat
Of envy, pageantry, and power,
To some obscure retreat.
Where plenty sheds with liberal hand
Her various blessings round
Where laughing joy delighted roves,
And replete health is found.

3

All hail sweet Solitude! to thee
In thy sequester'd Bower,
Let me invoke the pastoral muse,
And every sylvan power,
Give me to climb the mountain's brow,
When morn's faint blushes rise;
And view the fair extensive scene,
With Contemplations eyes.

N^o IV COLIN and LUCY.

The Words by M^r. Fielcl.

Andante

First system of musical notation for 'COLIN and LUCY'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The system ends with a double bar line and the word 'of'.

Second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, with the bass staff accompaniment. The lyrics 'Leinster, fam'd for Maidens fair, Bright Lucy was the grace; Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid Stream Re-flect a fairer' are written below the notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

Third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, with the bass staff accompaniment. The lyrics 'face; Till luckless love, and pining care Im-pair'd her rosy hue, Her dainty lips, her damask cheek, And' are written below the notes. The system ends with a double bar line and the word 'Legato'.

Fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, with the bass staff accompaniment. The lyrics 'eyes of glossy blue.' are written below the notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

2

Of Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring Swains
 Take heed ye easy fair,
 Of vengeance due to broken vows,
 Ye flatt'ring Swains beware;
 Three times, all in the dead of night,
 A Bell was heard to ring;
 And at her window striking thrice,
 The Raven flap'd his wing.

3

Full well the lovelorn Maiden knew
 The solemn boding sound,
 And thus in dying words bespoke,
 The Virgins weeping round:
 "I hear a voice you cannot hear,
 "That cries, I must not stay;
 "I see a hand you cannot see,
 "That beckons me away.

4

"Now mark false swain my broken heart,
 "Nearly youth I die;
 "Am I to blame, because the bride
 "Is twice as rich as I?
 "Tomorrow in the Church to wed,
 "Impatient both prepare:
 "But know false man; and know fond maid,
 "Poor Lucy will be there.

5

"Then bear my Corse ye comrades dear,
 "The bridegroom blithe to meet;
 "He in his wedding trim so gay,
 "I in my winding Sheet.
 She spake, the dy'd; her Corse was borne,
 The bridegroom blithe to meet;
 He in his wedding trim so gay,
 She in her winding Sheet.

6

What then were Collin's dreadful thoughts!
 How were their Nuptials kept!
 The bridemen flock'd round Lucy dead,
 And all the Village wept.
 Compassion, Shame, Remorse, Despair,
 At once his bosom swell,
 The damps of Death bedew'd his brow,
 He groan'd, he shook, he fell.

7

From the vain bride, a bride no more,
 The varying crimson fled;
 When stretch'd beside her rival's Corse;
 She saw her lover dead.
 He to his Lucy's new made grave,
 Convey'd by trembling Swains,
 In the same mould, beneath one sod,
 For ever now remains.



N^o. V

ELEGY.

The words by M^r. Hammond.

Moderato

Thousands would
seek the lasting peace of death, And in that har- - bour shun the storm of care. Of - fi - - cious
Hope still holds the fleeting breath she tells them still to morrow will be fair. Sym

2
She tells me, Delia, I shall thee obtain,
But can I listen to her siren song.
Who sev'n flow months have dragg'd my painful chain
So long thy lover, and despis'd so long.

4
"Cease cruel man, the mournful theme forbear,
"Tho' much thou suffer, to thyself complain;
"Ah to recall the sad remembrance spare,
"One tear from her, is more than all thy pain.

3
To her I first avow'd my tim'rous flame,
She nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how to sue;
She still would pity what the wife might blame,
And feel for weakness which she never knew.

621

10

N^o VIPRAYER for INDIFFERENCE. The words by M^{rs} Greville.

Allegretto



Oft I've implor'd the Gods in vain, And pray'd till I've been weary; For once I'll seek my wish to gain of O-be-ron the Fairy. Sweet airy being, wanton Sprite, who lurk't in woods unseen; And oft by Cynthia's silver light, trip'd gaily o'er the green.

2

I ask no kind return of love,
 No tempting charm to please;
 Far from the heart those gifts remove,
 That sigh for peace and ease.
 Nor peace, nor ease, the heart can know,
 That like the needle true,
 Turns to the touch of joy or woe;
 But turning trembles too.

O come to shed the sovereign balm,
 My shatter'd nerves new string,
 And for my guest serenely calm,
 The nymph Indifference bring!
 And what of life remains for me,
 I'll pass in sober ease;
 Half pleas'd, contented will I be,
 Content but half to please.

N^o VII
March
alla
Militare

SAPPHO

The Words by D^r. Smollet

When
Sappho tun'd the captiv'd strain, The list'ning wretch forgot his pain With
art de-vine the Lyre she strung, Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung. Sym'

2
For while she struck the quiv'ring string,
The eager breast was all on fire;
And when she join'd the vocal lay,
The captive soul was charm'd away.

4
She ne'er had pin'd beneath despair,
She ne'er had play'd and sung in vain;
Despair had ne'er her soul possess'd,
To dash on rocks, the tender breast.

But had she added still to these,
Thy softer, chaster pow'r to please;
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
Thy native smiles of artless truth.

64

12

N^o. VIII

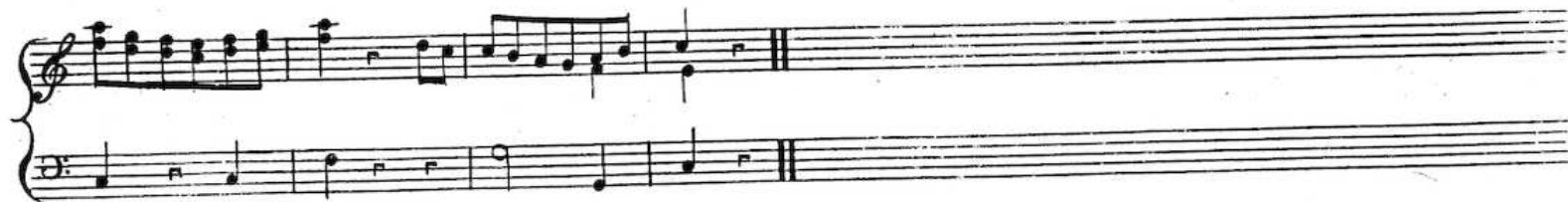
Tempo di Minuetto

The Winter's Walk

The Words by Dr Saml Johnson.

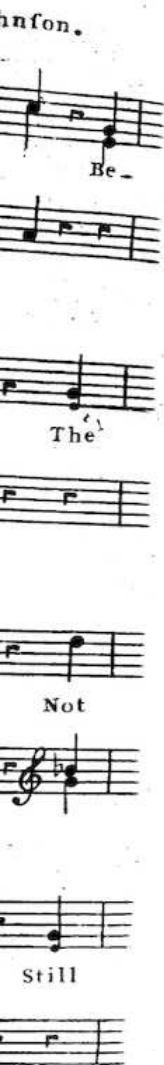
The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The time signature is 3/4. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Be-
 hold, my fair, where'er we rove, What drea-ry prospects round us rise; The
 na-ked hill the leaf-less grove, The hoar-y ground, the frowning skies! Not
 on-ly through the wa-ter plain, stern win-ter is thy force confess'd; Still



2
Enlivening hope, and fond desire,
Reign the heart to spleen and care;
Scarcely frighted love maintains his fire,
And rapture saddens to despair.

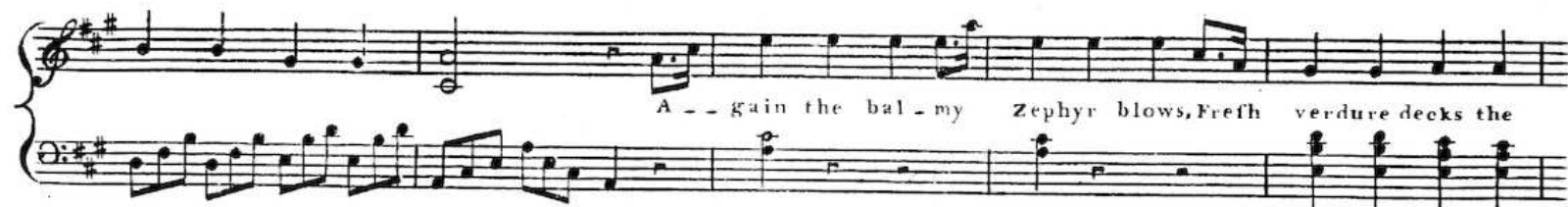
3
Tir'd with vain joys and false alarms,
With mental and corporeal strife,
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
And screen me from the ills of life.



*Invitation to the feathered Race*The Words, by the Revd M^r Graves.N^o. IX

un poco Vivace

e Staccatto





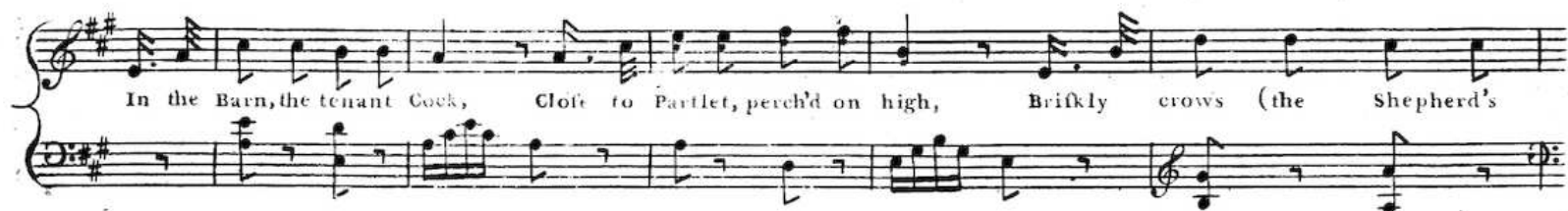
2
 Here freely hop from Spray to Spray,
 Or weave the mossy Nest;
 Here rove and sing the live long day,
 At night here safely rest.
 Amidst this cool translucent Rill,
 That trickles down the Glade,
 Here bathe your Plumes, here drink your fill,
 And revel in the Shade.

3
 My Trees, for you, ye artless Tribe,
 Shall store of fruit preserve;
 O let me thus your freindship bribe,
 Come, feed without reserve.
 Then let this league, betwixt us made,
 Our mutual Intrests guard;
 Mine be the gift of Fruit and Shade,
 Your Songs be my Reward.

16

N^o. XMorning *a Pastoral*The Words by M^r. Cunningham

Con Affetto



Phi-lo-mel forfakes the Thorn, plaintive,

where the prates at night; And the Lark, to meet the morn, Soars be-yond the Shepherd's

fight. Now the Pine Tree's waving top, Gently greets the morning gale; Kidlings

now be-gin to crop, Daisies on the dew-y Dale. Volti Subito

From the low roof'd Cottage ridge, See the chatt'ring Swallow spring, Darting through the one arch'd

Bridge, Quick the dips her dappled wing; Sweet, O sweet the warbling throng, On the

white emblossom'd Spray! Nature's u-ni-ver-sal Song Echoes to the ri-fing

Day.

N^o. XI

Innocentemente

ABSENCE *a Pastoral.*The Words by the Rev.^d M^r. Parsons.

How
sweet to recal the dear moments of Joy! 'Tis this, and this on-ly, can absence em-ploy: Can
ease my fond heart, and be-guile my soft pain, Till I see, with de-light, the dear Charmer a-
gain.

2

How dull and how flow do the moments retreat,
Time was when they flew, now there's lead on their feet:
Ye loit'ers be gone, why so long do ye stay.
Ye fly when I'm with her, ye creep when away.

3

Ah Colin how foolish Times progress to blame,
His paces are equal, his motions the same;
'Twas the Joy of her presence made Time appear fleet,
'Tis the pain of her absence adds lead to his feet.

N^o XII
PALEMON. *a Pastoral.*The Words by M^{rs} Brooke

Tendrement

As late, to shun the noon day's scorching heat, I
fought, in yon-der Grove, a cool Re-treat; Be-neath an Elm around whose branches
twine the fragrant Woodbine and the curling Vine, Fair Do-ris sat, and in a dying



strain the lovely Maid ac - cus'd her faith - less Swain, sym

2
Ye wavy Trees! ye gently murmuring Springs!
Attend! to you the wretched Doris sings:
Oft have ye heard, but now shall hear no more,
The melting Vows my periur'd Damon swore:
Here while he sung, the Winds forgot to blow,
The leaves to tremble, and the Streams to flow.

4
Tho' wealthy Daphne larger flocks may feed,
And her's the Herds that graze yon flow'ry Mead,
Yet I can boast unrival'd rural Strains,
And Charms that fire to love the fighting Swains:
Can fordid Gain my Damons bosom move.
And what is Wealth, alas! to faithful Love.

3
Return, fair Charmer, to thy native Plains;
Return, and bless me with thy tender Strains:
For thee the Meads shall brighter Liveries wear,
And studious Nature deck the smiling Year;
For thee the Flowers a fairer bloom disclose,
And Odours breathe more fragrant from the Rose.

9/4

And

