11147464

4° Mus. pr. 35243

A SELECTION OF
POPULAR NATIONAL AIRS,
WITH
Symphonies and Accompaniments
BY
SIR JOHN STEVENSON, Mus.Doc.
THE WORDS BY
THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

Drawn by T.Stothard. R.A. Engraved by L.Mitan.

Ent. at Sta. Hall. LONDON, Price 12 0

Published April 23rd. 1818. by J. Power. 34, Strand.

11147464

11147464

To the

Marchioness of Lansdowne

This Volume is Inscribed,

by her Ladyship's obliged

faithful Servant,

Thomas Moore.

Sloperton Cottage

Devizes.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is Cicero, I believe, who says "*naturâ ad modos ducimur*;" and the abundance of wild, indigenous airs, which almost every country, except England, possesses, sufficiently proves the truth of his assertion. The lovers of this simple, but interesting, kind of music are here presented with the First Number of a collection, which, I trust, their contributions will enable us to continue. A pretty air without words resembles one of those *half* creatures of Plato, which are described as wandering in search of the remainder of themselves through the world. To supply this other half, by uniting with congenial words the many fugitive melodies which have hitherto had none, or only such as are unintelligible to the generality of their hearers, is the object and ambition of the present work. Neither is it our intention to confine ourselves to what are strictly called national melodies, but, wherever we meet with any wandering and beautiful air, to which Poetry has not yet assigned a worthy home, we shall venture to claim it as an *estray* swan, and enrich our humble Hippocrene with its song.

It is not, indeed, without strong hopes of success that I present this First Number of our miscellany to the Public. As the music is not my own, and the words are little more than unpretending interpreters of the sentiment of each air, it will not perhaps be thought presumption in me to say, that I consider it one of the simplest and prettiest collections of songs to which I have ever set my name.

T. M

INDEX.

TITLES.	AIRS.	PAGE
All that's bright must fade! - -	Indian - - - -	9
A Temple to Friendship - -	Spanish - - -	1
Dost thou remember? - -	Portuguese - - -	34
Fare thee well! thou lovely One! -	Sicilian - - - -	31
Flow on, thou shining River! - -	Portuguese - - -	4
Oh! come to me, when Daylight sets -	Venetian - - - -	44
Oft in the stilly Night - -	Scotch - - - -	51
Reason, Folly, and Beauty - -	Italian - - - -	25
Should those fond Hopes - -	Portuguese - - -	22
So warmly we met - - -	Hungarian - -	16
Those Evening Bells - - -	The Bells of St. Petersburg	19

INDEX

TO

THE HARMONIZED AIRS.

All that's bright must fade! - -	Duett - Indian - -	-	12
Dost thou remember? - -	Ditto - Portuguese -	-	38
Flow on, thou shining River! - -	Ditto - Ditto - -	-	6
Hark! the Vesper Hymn is stealing -	Glee - Russian -	-	54

A Temple to Friendship.*

(Spanish Air.)

With Spirit but not too quick.

Cres

"A Temple to Friendship" said Laura, enchant-ed, "I'll build in this garden, the thought is divine!" Her Temple was built — and she now only wanted An image of Friendship to place on the shrine. She flew to a sculptor, who

* The thought is taken from a Song by Le Prieur, called "La Statue de l'Amitié."

set down before her A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent, But so

cold and so dull, that the youthful a_dorer Saw plainly this was not the

i_dol she meant.

"Oh! never," she cried, "could I think of enshrining An image, whose looks are so

joyless and dim; But yon lit_tle God, up_on ros_es re_ clin_ing, We'll

make, if you please, Sir, a Friendship of him." So the bargain was struck_with the

lit_tle God laden She joy_ful_ly flew to her shrine in the grove_"Fare_

well," said the sculptor "you're not the first maiden, Who came but for Friedship and

took away Love?"

FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

Portuguese Air.

In Moderate time & with Expression

lentando

Flow on, thou shining ri - ver, But, ere thou reach the sea, Seek Ella's bow'r and give her The wreaths I fling o'er thee. And tell her thus, if she'll be mine, The current of our lives shall be, With joys a-long their course to shine, Like those sweet flow'rs on thee.

But if, in wand'ring thi – ther, Thou

find'st she mocks my pray'r, Then leave those wreaths to wi – ther Up –

on the cold bank there. And tell her thus, when youth is o'er, Her

lone and loveless charms shall be Thrown by upon life's weedy shore, Like

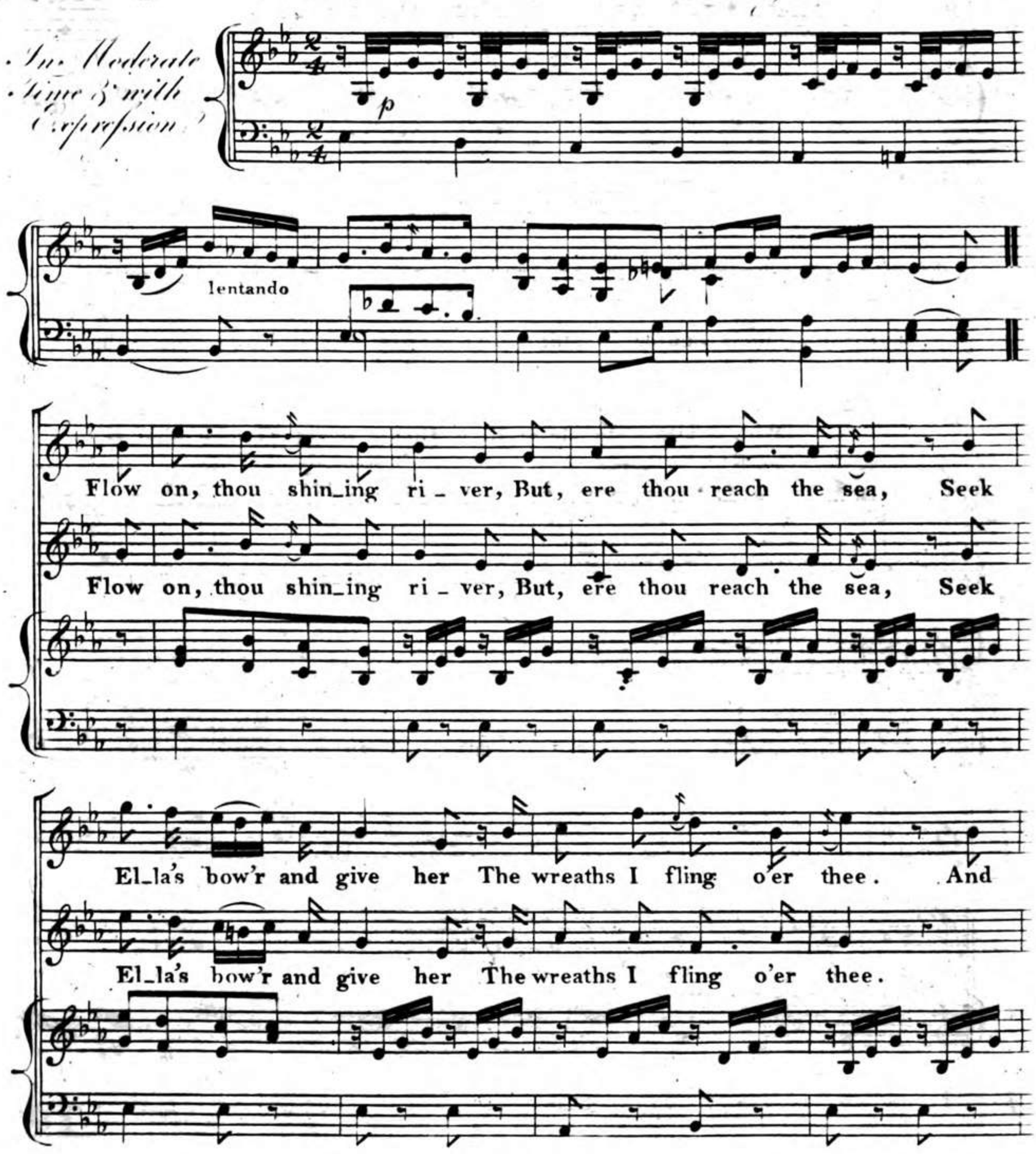
those sweet flow'rs from thee.

FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

Portuguese Air.

DUETT.

Andante Moderato
Time & with Expression



tell her thus, if she'll be mine, The current of our lives shall be, With

And tell her thus, if she'll be mine, our lives shall be,

joys a_long their course to shine Like those sweet flow'rs on thee.

With joys to shine Like those sweet flow'rs on thee.

But if, in wand'ring thi_ther, Thou find'st she mocks my pray'r, Then

But if, in wand'ring thi_ther, Thou find'st she mocks my pray'r, Then

11147464

8

leave those wreaths to wi _ ther Up _ on the cold bank there. And

leave those wreaths to wi _ ther Up _ on the cold bank there.

tell her thus, when youth is o'er, Her lone and loveless charms shall be Thrown

And tell her thus, when youth is o'er, Her charms shall be

by upon life's weedy shore, Like those sweet flow'rs from thee.

up _ on life's shore, Like those sweet flow'rs from thee.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

(Indian Air.)

Melancholy

All that's bright must fade, The bright_est still the fleetest,

All that's sweet was made But to be lost when sweetest.

Stars that shine and fall, _ _ The flow'r that drops in spring_ing,

11147464

10

These a_las! are types of all To which our hearts are cling _ ing.

All that's bright must fade, The brightest still the fleetest,

All that's sweet was made But to be lost when sweetest!

Who would seek or prize Delights that end in aching? Who would trust to

ties That ev'_ry hour are breaking? Better far to be_ _ _ In

ut_ter darkness ly_ _ing, Than be blest with light and see That

light for e_ver fly_ing! All that's bright must fade, The bright_est still the

fleetest, All that's sweet was made But to be lost when sweetest!

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

DUETT.

Indian Air.

Melancholy

All that's bright must fade, The brightest still the fleetest,

All that's bright must fade, The brightest still the fleetest,

All that's sweet was made But to be lost when sweetest.

All that's sweet was made But to be lost when sweetest.

Stars that shine and fall,-The flow'r that drops in springing, These a-las! are

Stars that shine and fall, The flow'r that drops in springing, These a-las! are

types of all To which our hearts are clinging. All that's bright must fade, The brightest

types of all To which our hearts are clinging. All that's bright must fade, The brightest

still the fleetest, All that's sweet was made But to be lost when sweetest!

still the fleetest, All that's sweet was made But to be lost when sweetest!

Who would seek or prize De_lights that end in aching? Who would trust to

Who would seek or prize De_lights that end in aching? Who would trust to

ties That ev'_ry hour are breaking? Better far to be _ _ _ In

ties That ev'_ry hour are breaking? Better far to be In

ut_ter darkness ly_ _ ing, Than be blest with light and see That

ut_ter darkness ly_ _ ing, Than be blest with light and see That

light for e_ver fly_ing! All that's bright must fade, The brightest

light for e_ver fly_ing! All that's bright must fade, The brightest

still the fleetest, All that's sweet was made But to be lost when

still the fleetest, All that's sweet was made But to be lost when

sweetest!

sweetest!

SO WARMLY WE MET.

Hungarian Air.

With tenderness

So warmly we met and so fondly we parted, That which was the sweeter ev'n I could not tell, That first look of welcome her sunny eyes darted, Or that tear of passion which bless'd our farewell. To meet was a Heav'n_ and to part thus an_other, Our

joy and our sorrow seem'd rivals in bliss; Oh Cupid's two eyes are not

lik_er each o_ther, In smiles and in tears, than that moment to this.

8va

The first was like day-break, new, sudden, delicious, The dawn of a pleasure scarc

kin_dled up yet_ The last was that farewell of day-light, more precious, More

glowing and deep, as 'tis near_er its set. Our meet_ing, tho' happy, was

ting'd by a sorrow, To think that such happiness could not remain, While our

parting, tho' sad, gave a hope that tomorrow Would bring back the blest hour of

meeting again.

8va

THOSE EV'NING BELLS.

(Air. The Bells of St. Petersburgh.)

Pensively and in Moderate Time.

Those ev'n_ing bells, those ev'n_ing bells, How many a tale their

mu_sic tells Of youth and home and that sweet time, When last I

heard their soothing chime! Of youth and home and that sweet time, When

last I heard their sooth_ing chime!

256

✱ It will be perceived that the Air is here made the Accompaniment.

Those joy_ous hours are past a_way, And many a heart, that

then was gay, With-in the tomb now dark_ly dwells And hears no

more those ev'_ning bells, With-in the tomb now darkly dwells And

hears no more those ev'ning bells.

And so 'twill be, when I am gone, That tuneful peal will still ring

on, While o_ther bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet

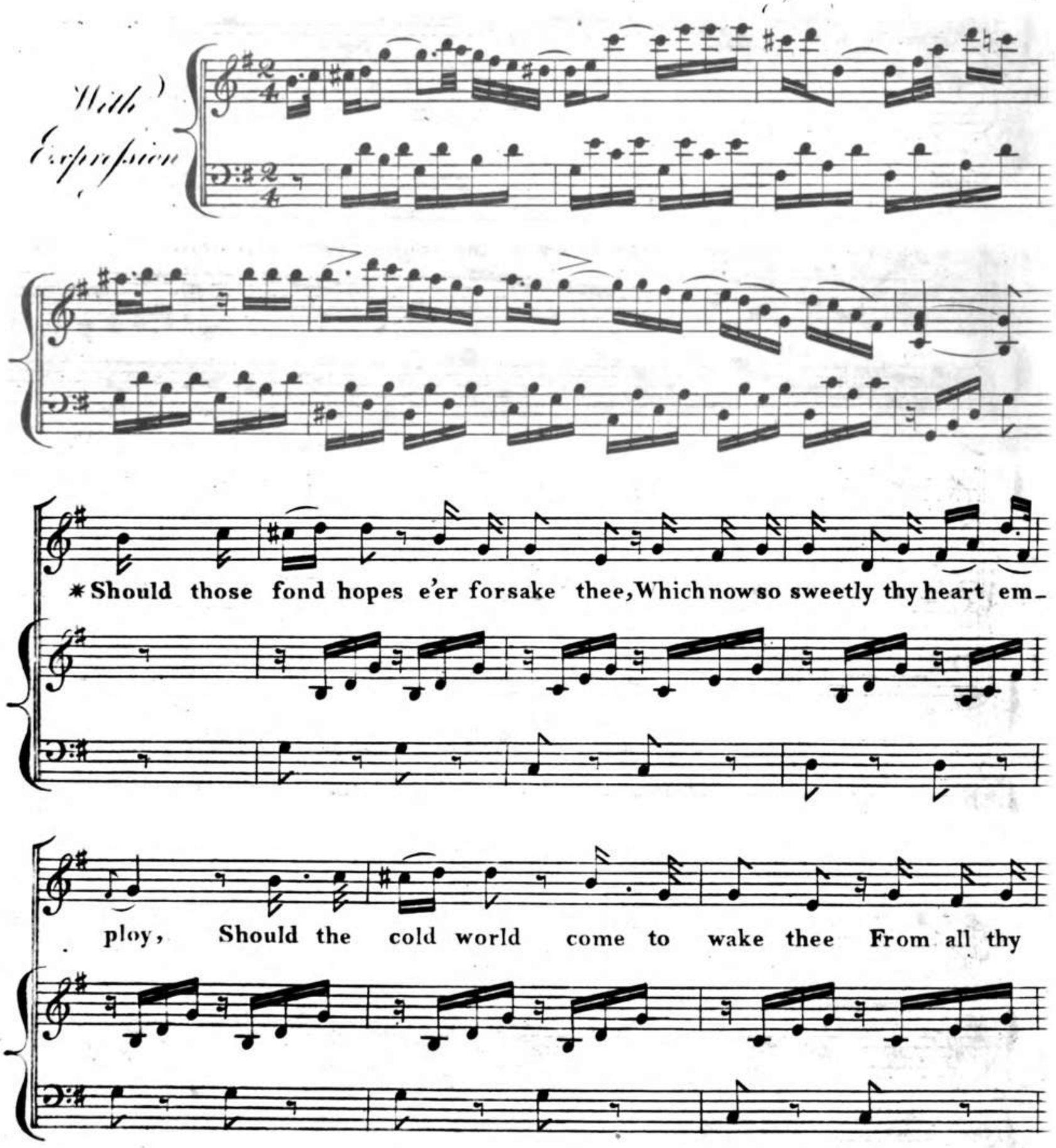
ev'_ning bells! While o_ther bards shall walk these dells, And sing your

praise, sweet ev'ning bells!

SHOULD THOSE FOND HOPES.

Portuguese Air

With Expression



356

* The metre of the words is here necessarily sacrificed to the Air.

vi_sions of youth and joy. Should the gay friends for whom thou wouldst

banish Him who once thought thy young heart his own, All, like

springbirds, false_ly vanish, And leave thy winter unheed_ed and lone.

Oh! 'tis then he thou hast slighted Would come to cheer thee, when all seem'd

o'er; Then the truant, lost and blight_ed, Would to his bosom be taken once

more. Like that dear bird we both can remember, Who left us while summer shone

round; But, when chill'd by bleak December, Upon our threshold a welcome still

found.

REASON, FOLLY, and BEAUTY.

Drawn by T. Stothard, R.A. *Engraved by J. Milton.*

Beauty, who likes to be thought very sage,
Turn'd for a moment to Reason's dull page,
Till folly said
Look here sweet maid!
The sight of his cap brought her back to herself;

London Published April 23rd 1868. by J. Power 34 Strand.

REASON, FOLLY AND BEAUTY.

(Italian Air.)

Quick and Playful.

8va

loco

Reason and Folly and Beauty, they say, Went on a

par_ty of pleasure one day; Folly play'd Around the maid, The bells of his

Cap rung merri_ly out, While Reason took to his sermon-book_Oh which was the

pleasanter no one need doubt, no, no, no, no _ _ Which was the

pleasanter no one need doubt. Which was the pleasanter no one need doubt.

8va

Beau_ty, who likes to be thought ve_ry sage, Turn'd for a

moment to Reason's dull page, 'Till Folly said "Look here, sweet

maid!" The sight of his Cap brought her back to her_self; While Reason

read His leaves of lead, With no one to mind him, poor sen_si_ble

elf! no, no, no, no, _ _ no one to mind him, poor

sen_si_ble elf! no one to mind him, poor sen_si_ble elf!

8va

Then Reason grew jea_lous of Fol_ly's gay Cap, Had he that

on, he her heart might en_trap_"There it is" quoth Fol_ly "old

quiz!" (Fol_ly was always good na_tur'd,'tis said) Un_der the

sun, There's no such fun As Reason with my Cap and bells on his

head ha! ha! ha! ha! Rea_son with my Cap and

bells on his head! Reason with my Cap and bells on his head!''

8va

But Reason the headdress so awkwardly

wore, That Beauty now lik'd him still less than be_ fore, While Folly

took Old Rea_son's book, And twist_ed the leaves in a Cap of such

ton That Beauty vow'd, (Tho' not a _ loud) She lik'd him still

bet_ter in that than his own, yes, yes, yes, yes,

lik'd him still better in that than his own. lik'd him still better in

that than his own.

8va

FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE!

Sicilian Air.

With feeling

Fare thee well, thou love_ly one! Love_ly still, but dear no more;—

Once his soul of Truth is gone, Love's sweet life is o'er. Thy

words, whate'er their flatt'ring spell, Could scarce have thus de_ceiv'd, But

11147464

32

ad lib:

eyes that act _ ed truth so well Were sure to be be _ liev'd. Then,

fare thee well, thou lovely one! Love _ ly still, but dear no more;

ad lib:

Once his soul of Truth is gone, Love's sweet life is o'er.

a tempo

Yet those eyes look constant still, True as stars they keep their light,

✱ The Symphonies of this and the preceeding Song are by the Author of the words.

still those cheeks their pledge fulfill Of blushing always bright. 'Tis on_ly on thy

changeful heart The blame of falsehood lies; Love lives in ev'_ry other part, But

ad lib:

there alas! he dies. Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one! Lovely still, but

ad lib:

dear no more; Once his soul of Truth is gone, Love's sweet life is o'er.

a tempo

DOST THOU REMEMBER.

Portuguese Air.

Tenderly

Dost thou re_member that place so lone_ly, A place for

lovers, and lovers on_ly, Where first I told thee all my secret

sighs, Where first I told thee all my secret sighs; When, as the

moonbeam, that trembled o'er thee, Illum'd thy blushes, I knelt be_

fore thee, And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes, And read my

hope's sweet triumph in those eyes. Then, then while

espress lentando a tempo espress

closely heart was drawn to heart, Love bound us— never, never more to

lentando a tempo lentando

part, no no no no no no no no never, never more to part, no no no no no no no

ad lib

never, never more to part.

* And when I call'd thee by names the dear_est That Love could

fan_cy, the fondest, near_est, "My life, my on_ly life" among the

rest, "My life, my on_ly life" among the rest,

In those sweet accents that still en_thrall me, Thou said'st "Ah!

wherefore thy Life thus call me? Thy Soul, thy Soul's the name that I love

* The thought in this verse is borrowed from the original Portugues words.

best, Thy Soul thy Soul's the name that I love best.

espress

For life soon passes, but how blest to be That Soul which

espress

ne_ver, never parts from thee, no no no no no no no ne_ver,

lentando

a tempo

never parts from thee, no no no no no no no never, never parts from

lentando

ad lib:

thee.

DOST THOU REMEMBER.

Portuguese Air.

DUETT.

First Voice.

Dost thou remember that place so lonely, A place for

Second Voice.

Dost thou remember that place so lonely, A place for

Tenderly

lovers, and lovers on_ly, Where first I told thee all my secret

lovers, and lovers on_ly, Where first I told thee all my secret

sighs, Where first I told thee all my se_cret sighs;

sighs, Where first I told thee all my se_cret sighs;

When, as the moon-beam that trembled o'er thee Illum'd thy

When, as the moon-beam that trembled o'er thee Illum'd thy

blushes, I knelt be-fore thee, And read my hope's sweet triumph in those

blushes, I knelt be-fore thee, And read my hope's sweet triumph in those

eyes, And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes.

eyes, And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes.

40

espress lentando a tempo

Then, then while closely heart was drawn to heart, Love bound us—

Then, then while closely heart was drawn to heart, Love bound us—

espress lentando a tempo lentando

never, never more to part, no no no no no no no never, never more to part, no no no

never, never more to part, no no no no no no no never, never more to part, no no no

ad lib:

no no no no never, never more to part.

no no no no never, never more to part:

*And when I call'd thee by names the dearest That Love could

And when I call'd thee by names the dearest That Love could

fan_cy, the fondest, near_est, "My life, my on_ly life" among the

fan_cy, the fondest, near_est, "My life, my on_ly life" among the

rest, "My life, my on_ly life" among the rest,—

rest, "My life, my on_ly life" among the rest,—

* The thought in this verse is borrowed from the original Portuguese Words.

In those sweet accents that still en_thrall me, Thou saidst "ah!

In those sweet accents that still en_thrall me, Thou saidst "ah!

wherefore thy Life thus call me? Thy Soul, thy Soul's the name that I love

wherefore thy Life thus call me? Thy Soul, thy Soul's the name that I love

best, Thy Soul, thy Soul's the name that I love best.

best, Thy Soul, thy Soul's the name that I love best.

a tempo espress espress

For life soon passes, but how blest to be That Soul which never, never parts from

For life soon passes, but how blest to be That Soul which never, never parts from

lentando a tempo lentando

thee, no no no no no no no never, never parts from thee, no no no no no no no

thee, no no no no no no no never, never parts from thee, no no no no no no no

ad lib:

never, never parts from thee!"

never, never parts from thee!"

OH COME TO ME WHEN DAY LIGHT SETS.

Venetian Air.

Flowingly

Oh come to me, when day-light sets, Sweet! then come to

me; When smoothly go our gondolets O'er the moon-light sea. When

mirth's a-wake and Love begins, Be-neath that glanc-ing ray, With

sound of lutes and mando_lins To steal young hearts a_way. Oh

come to me, when day-light sets, Sweet! then come to me, When

smoothly go our gon_dolets O'er the moon-light sea.

Oh! then's the hour for those who love Sweet! like thee and me; When

all's so calm be_low, a_bove, In heav'n and o'er the sea. When maidens

sing sweet barcarolles, And Echo sings a_gain, So sweet, that all with ears and

souls Should love and lis_ten then. So come to me, when day-light sets,

Sweet! then come to me, When smoothly go our gondolets O'er the moon light sea.

* Barcarolles, sorte de Chansons en langue Vénitienne, que chantent les Gondoliers à Venise.—
Rousseau, Dictionnaire de Musique.

Venetian Air.

DUETT.

Moderately

Oh come to me, when day-light sets, Sweet! then come to me; When

Oh come to me, when day-light sets, Sweet! then come to me; When

smoothly go our gon-do-lets * O'er the moon-light sea. When

smoothly go our gon-do-lets O'er the moon-light sea. When

mirth's a-wake and Love begins, Be-neath that glanc-ing ray, With

mirth's a-wake and Love begins, Be-neath that glanc-ing ray, With

* La Biondina in gondoletta.

sound of lutes and mando_lins To steal young hearts a _ way. Oh

sound of lutes and mando_lins To steal young hearts a _ way. Oh

come to me, when day - light sets, Sweet! then come to me, When

come to me, when day - light sets, Sweet! then come to me, When

smoothly go our gon_do_lets O'er the moon-light sea.

smoothly go our gon_do_lets O'er the moon-light sea.

Oh! then's the hour for those who love Sweet! like thee and me; When

Oh! then's the hour for those who love Sweet! like thee and me; When

all's so calm be_low, a_bove, In heav'n and o'er the sea. When

all's so calm be_low, a_bove, In heav'n and o'er the sea. When

maid_ens sing sweet bar_ca_rolles, And E_cho sings a_gain, So

maid_ens sing sweet bar_ca_rolles, And E_cho sings a_gain, So

sweet, that all with ears and souls Should love and lis - ten then. So

sweet, that all with ears and souls Should love and lis - ten then. So

come to me, when day - light sets, Sweet! then come to me, When

come to me, when day - light sets, Sweet! then come to me, When

smoothly go our gon - do - lets O'er the moon-light sea.

smoothly go our gon - do - lets O'er the moon-light sea.

Scotch Air.

With Melancholy Expression

8va

pp

p

Oft in the stil_ly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me,

Fond mem'ry brings the light Of o_ther days a_round me. The

smiles, the tears of boy-hood's years, The words of love then spok_en, The

eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, The cheerful hearts now brok_en!

Thus in the stil_ly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me, Sad mem'ry

brings the light Of other days a_round me.

When I re_member all The friends, so link'd to_ge_ _ther,

I've seen a_round me fall, Like leaves in win_try weather; I

11147464

feel like one, who treads a-lone Some ban-quet-hall, de-

sert---ed, Whose lights are fled, whose gar--lands dead, And

all, but he, de-part-ed! Thus in the stil-ly night, Ere

slumber's chain has bound me, Sad mem'ry brings the light Of

other days a-round me.

54 HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.

GLEE. *Russian Air.*

In Moderate time

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

Piano Forte

Hark! the ves_per hymn is stealing O'er the waters soft and clear;

Near_er yet and near_er peal_ing, Now it bursts up_on_the ear.

Ju_ _bi_ _la_ _te A_ _men A_ _men.

Ju_ _bi_ _la_ _te A_ _men A_ _men.

Ju_ _bi_ _la_ _te A_ _men A_ _men.

f

Ju_bi_la_te Ju_bi_la_te Ju_bi_la_te A_ _ _men

Ju_bi_la_te Ju_bi_la_te Ju_bi_la_te A_ _ _men

Ju_bi la_te Ju_bi_la_te Ju_bi_la_te A_ _ _men

Ju_bi_la_te Ju_bi_la_te Ju_bi_la_te A_ _ _men

pp

✱ Far_ther now, now far_ther steal_ing, Soft it fades up_on the ear.

Ju_ _ _bi_ _ _la_ _te A_ _men A_ _men.

Ju_ _ _bi_ _ _la_ _te A_ _ _men A_ _men.

Ju_ _ _bi_ _ _la_ _te A_ _men A_ _men.

pp

✱ This passage is added to the original Air by Sir John Stevenson.

Far_ther now, now far_ther steal_ing, Soft it fade up_on the ear.

Ju _ _ bi _ _ _ la _ _ _ te A _ _ men A _ _ men.

Ju _ _ bi _ _ _ la _ _ _ te A _ _ _ men A _ _ men.

Ju _ _ _ bi _ _ _ la _ _ _ te A _ _ _ men A _ _ men.

8va

Now, like moonlight waves retreat_ing To the shore, it dies a_long;

Now, like an_gry surges meet_ing, Breaks the min_gled tide of song.

Ju_ _ _bi_ _ _la_ _te A_ _ _men A_ _men.

Ju_ _ _bi_ _ _la_ _te A_ _ _men A_ _men.

Ju_ _ _bi_ _ _la_ _te A_ _ _men A_ _men.

Ju_bi_la_te Ju_bi_la_te Ju_bi_la_te A_ _men.

Ju_bi_la_te Ju_bi_la_te Ju_bi_la_te A_ _men.

Ju_bi_la_te Ju_bi_la_te Ju_bi_la_te A_ _men.

Ju_bi_la_te Ju_bi_la_te Ju_bi_la_te A_ _men.

Ju_bi_la_te Ju_bi_la_te Ju_bi_la_te A_ _men.

pp

Hush! a_gain, like waves retreat_ing To the shore, it dies a_long.

Ju_ _ _bi_ _ _la_ _ _te A_ _ _men A_ _men.

Ju_ _ _bi_ _ _la_ _ _te A_ _ _men A_ _men.

Ju_ _ _bi_ _ _la_ _ _te A_ _ _men A_ _men.

Hush! a_gain, like waves retreat_ing To the shore, it dies a_long.

Ju_ _ _bi_ _ _la_ _ _te A_ _ _men A_ _men.

Ju_ _ _bi_ _ _la_ _ _te A_ _ _men A_ _men.

Ju_ _ _bi_ _ _la_ _ _te A_ _ _men A_ _men.

8va