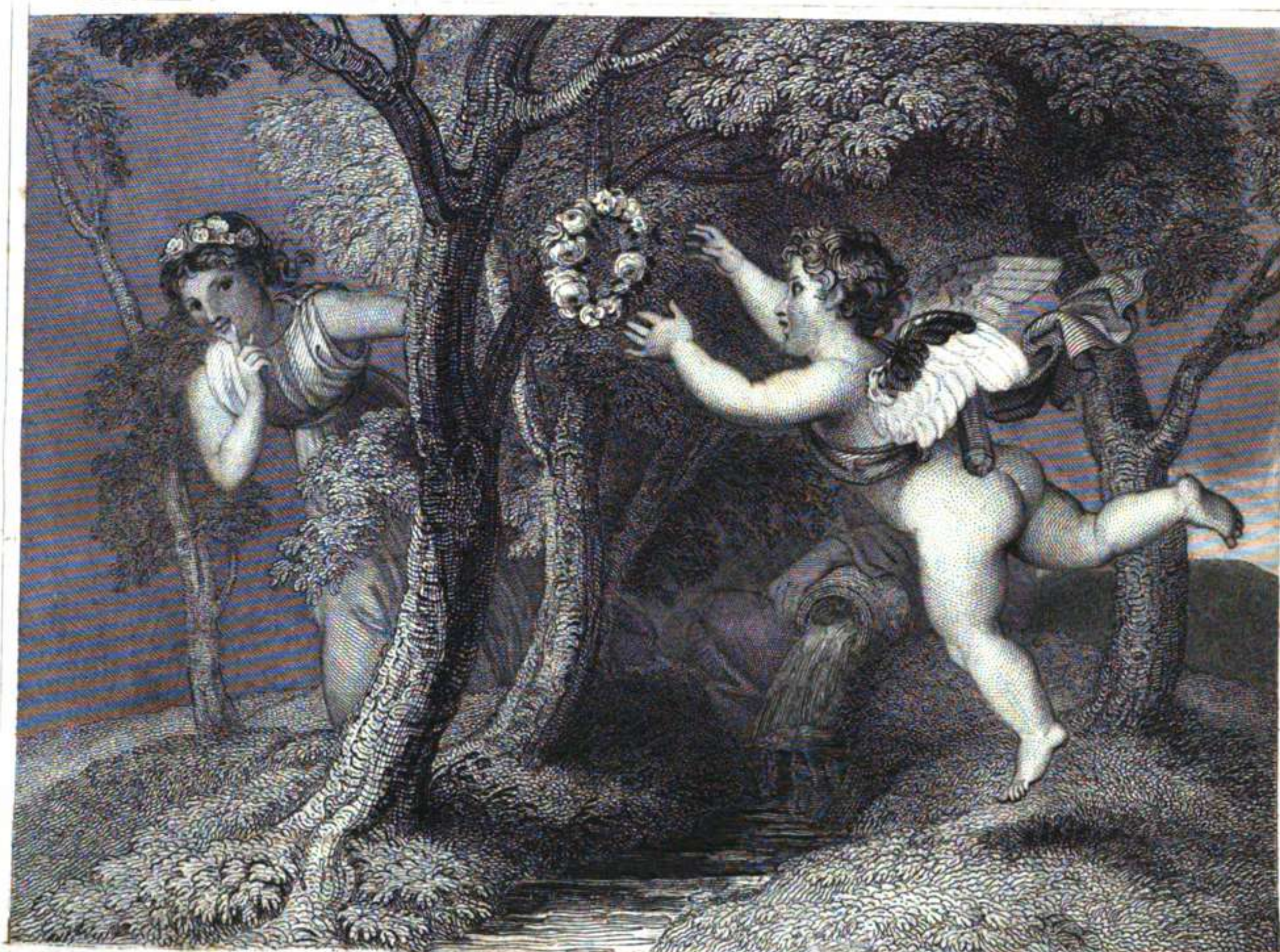


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A SELECTION OF
 POPULAR NATIONAL AIRS,
 with Symphonies and Accompaniments
By
 HENRY R. BISHOP,
The Words by
 THOMAS MOORE, ESQ^R.



DRAWN BY T. STOTHARD R.A.

ENGRAVED BY C. MARR.

“O’er head from the trees hung a Garland fair,
 A fountain run darkly beneath—
 ’Twas Pleasure that hung the bright flow’rs up there,
 Love knew it, and jump’d at the wreath.”

Ent.^d at Sta Hall.

R & E. Williamson. Sculp^r

L O N D O N ,

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THE THIRD NUMBER.

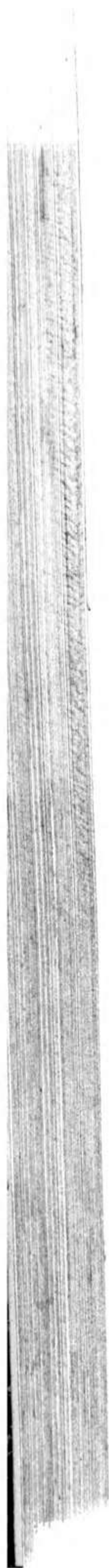
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WHEN LOVE WAS A CHILD.

1

Swedish Air.

*In Moderate
Time.*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with an instrumental introduction in 6/8 time, marked 'In Moderate Time'. The piano part features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal part enters with the lyrics 'When Love was a child, and went idling round' Mong flowers the whole summer's day— One morn in the valley a bow'r he found, So sweet, it allur'd him to stay. O'er'. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like *p* (piano) and *sf* (sforzando). A 'slentando' marking is present in the piano part, indicating a gradual increase in tempo. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8.

slentando.

When Love was a child, and went idling round' Mong flowers the

whole summer's day— One morn in the val_ley a bow'r he found, So

sweet, it allur'd him to stay. O'er

head from the trees hung a Garland fair, A fountain run darkly be-

neath — 'Twas Pleasure that hung the bright flow'rs up there, Love

knew it, and jump'd at the wreath.

But Love didn't know—and at his weak years, What

ur_chin was like - ly to know?—That Sorrow had made of her

own salt tears That foun_tain which murmur'd be - low.

He caught at the wreath— but with

too much haste, As boys, when im_patient, will do — It

4

fell in those waters of bri-ny taste, And the flowers were all wet

through. Yet

this is the wreath he wears night and day, And, though it all sun-ny ap-

pears With Pleasure's own lus-tre, each leaf, they say, Still

tastes of the Foun-tain of Tears.

f *pp*

SAY, WHAT SHALL BE OUR SPORT TO DAY?

Sicilian: Air,

*With Spirit
and Feeling*

p *legati* *dim*

Say, what shall be our sport to day? There's nothing on earth, in sea or air, Too

bright, too bold, too high, too gay, For spirits like mine to dare! 'Tis

like the re-turn-ing bloom Of those days, a-las, gone by, When I

lov'd, each hour-I scarce knew whom, And was blest-I scarce knew why, When I

lov'd, each hour, I scarce knew whom, And was blest I scarce knew

why, was blest I scarce knew why.

Aye-those were days, when life had wings, And

flew- oh flew so wild a height, That like the lark, which sunward springs, 'Twas

giddy with too much light! And, though of some plumes be-reft, With that

sun, too, near-ly set, I've e-nough of light And wing still left For a

few gay soarings yet, I've e-nough of light and wing still left For a

few gay soar-ings yet For a few gay soar-ings yet.

mf *f*

BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS.

*Melody (Air)**In. Moderate**Time.**Expressively.*

p Soave *f* *p e ritard:*

Bright be thy dreams—

may all thy weeping Turn into smiles, while thou art sleeping!

Those, by death or seas remov'd, Friends, who in thy spring-time knew thee,

All thou'st e-ver priz'd or lov'd, In dreams come smiling to thee!

f *pp*

There may the child, whose love lay deepest,

Dearest of all, come, while thou sleepest; Still the same—no charm for-got,

Nothing lost that Life had giv-en— Or, if chang'd, but chang'd to what Thou'lt

find her yet in Hea-ven!

627

BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS.

DUETT.

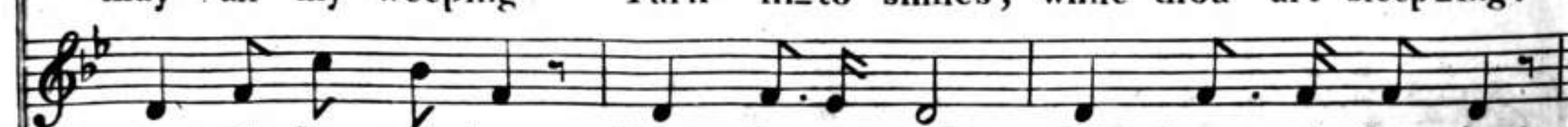
Welsh Air.

First Voice.  Bright, be thy dreams,

Second Voice.  Bright, be thy dreams,

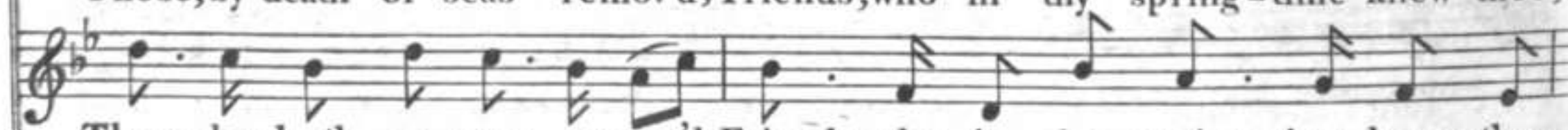
In. Moderate Time. Feelingly  *p. Soave. f p. ritard*

 may all thy weeping Turn in-to smiles, while thou art sleep-ing!

 may all thy weeping Turn in-to smiles, while thou art sleep-ing!



 Those, by death or seas remov'd, Friends, who in thy spring-time knew thee,

 Those, by death or seas remov'd, Friends, who in thy spring-time knew thee,



All thou'st e-ver priz'd or lov'd, In dreams come smiling to thee!

All thou'st e-ver priz'd or lov'd, In dreams come smiling to thee!

There may the child,

There may the child,

f *pp* *f* *pp*

whose love lay deepest, Dearest of all, come, while thou sleepest—

whose love lay deepest, Dearest of all, come, while thou sleepest—

Still the same — no charm for - got, No - thing lost that

Still the same — no charm for - got, No - thing lost that

Life had giv - en — Or if chang'd, but chang'd to what Thou'lt

Life had giv - en — Or if chang'd, but chang'd to what Thou'lt

espres:

find her yet in Heaven!

find her yet in Heaven!

f *p* ritard

GO THEN—'TIS VAIN.

Sicilian Air,

Heavily *Soave.*

Go then—'tis vain to ho - - ver, Thus round a hope that's dead - -

At length my dream is o - - ver, 'Twas sweet—'twas false - 'tis

fled. Fare-well—since nought it moves thee

Such truth as mine to see - - - Such truth as mine to

legati Cres

see - - - Some one, who far less loves thee, Perhaps more blest will

mf p

be.

Farewell, sweet eyes, whose brightness New life a - round me shed - -

Farewell, false heart, whose light - ness Now leaves me death in - stead -

Go now, those charms sur - ren - - der To some new lo - ver's sigh - -

To some new lo - ver's sigh - - - One, who tho' far less

ten - - der, May be more blest than I.

legati

Cres mf p dim

627

THE CRYSTAL HUNTERS.

Swiss (Air)

Gaily *f*

p *pp*

8va *loco*

O'er mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters speed along, While

grots, and caves, And i- cy waves Each instant e-cho to our song. And

when we meet with store of gems, We grudge not kings their diadems, — O'er
mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters speed along, While
grots, and caves, And i- cy waves Each instant echo to our song. Each
instant e-cho to our song.

ad lib: *a tempo.* 17
a tempo.
cres
mf *f* *ff*
slentando *p* *pp*

627

No Lover half so fondly dreams Of sparkles from his la-dy's eyes, As
a tempo.

we of those refreshing gleams, That tell where deep the Crystal lies; Tho'
ad lib: a tempo

next to crystal, we, too, grant, That la-dies, eyes may most enchant - O'er

mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters speed a long, While
a tempo.

grots, and caves, And i- cy waves Each instant e- cho to our song. Each

instant e- cho to our song.

mf *f* *ff*

p *pp* *slentando.*

Sometimes when o'er the Alpine rose, The golden sunset leaves its ray, So

like a gem the flow' ret glows, We thither bend our head- long way. And

20

ad lib: a tempo.

tho' we find no treasure there, We bless the rose, that shines so fair—O'er

a tempo

mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters speed along, While

cres

grotts, and caves, And i-cy waves Each instant echo to our song. Each

mf f

in-stant e-cho to our song.

THE CRYSTAL HUNTERS.

TRIO AND CHORUS.

Swiss Air,

Gaily

The musical score is written for piano and voices. It begins with a piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked 'Gaily'. The piano part consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff with a forte 'f' dynamic. The second system also has a treble and bass staff, with a piano 'p' dynamic. The vocal parts enter in the third system, with lyrics: 'O'er mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crys-tal-hunters'. There are three vocal parts: First Voice, Second Voice, and Bass. The piano part continues in the fourth system, with dynamics 'f', 'f', and 'p'.

First Voice
O'er mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crys-tal-hunters

Second Voice
O'er mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crys-tal-hunters

Bass
O'er mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crys-tal-hunters

Piano
Forte

22

speed along, While grotts, and caves, And i - cy waves Each instant e - cho

speed along, While grotts, and caves, And i - cy waves Each instant e - cho

speed along, While grotts, and caves, And i - cy waves Each instant e - cho

to our song, And when we meet with store of gems We grudge not kings their

to our song, And when we meet with store of gems We grudge not kings their

to our song, And when we meet with store of gems We grudge not kings their

Chorus. a Tempo.

di - adems - O'er mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal - hunters

di - adems - O'er mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal - hunters

di - adems - O'er mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal - hunters

Colla Voce mf a Tempo.

23

speed a - long, While grots, and caves, And i - - cy waves Each

speed a - long, While grots, and caves, And i - - cy waves Each

speed a - long, While grots, and caves, And i - - cy waves Each

in - stant e - cho to our song. Each in - stant e - cho to our song.

in - stant e - cho to our song. Each in - stant e - cho to our song.

in - stant e - cho to our song. Each in - stant e - cho to our song.

in - stant e - cho to our song. Each in - stant e - cho to our song.

Cres *ff*

Slentando.

p *dim* *pp*

627

Detailed description: This is a page of a musical score, numbered 23 at the top right and 627 at the bottom center. It features three vocal staves (soprano, alto, and tenor) and a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "speed a - long, While grots, and caves, And i - - cy waves Each" and "in - stant e - cho to our song. Each in - stant e - cho to our song." The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. Dynamics include *cres* (crescendo), *f* (forte), *mf* (mezzo-forte), *ff* (fortissimo), *p* (piano), *dim* (diminuendo), and *pp* (pianissimo). The piano part has a section marked "Slentando." (ritardando).

Three-part vocal setting with piano accompaniment. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are repeated for three voices: Soprano, Alto, and Tenor/Bass. The piano accompaniment features a flowing melody in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

No Lo - ver half so fond - ly dreams Of spar - kles from his
la - dy's eyes, As we of those re - fresh - ing gleams, That
tell where deep the crys - tal lies. Tho' next to crys - tal

147400

ad lib: Chorus. 25
a Tempo.

we, too, grant, That la-dies, eyes may most en-chant— O'er

we, too, grant, That la-dies, eyes may most en-chant— O'er

we, too, grant, That la-dies, eyes may most en-chant— O'er

Colla Voce

moun-tains, bright with snow and light, We Crys-tal - hun - ters

moun-tains, bright with snow and light, We Crys-tal - hun - ters

moun-tains, bright with snow and light, We Crys-tal - hun - ters

a Tempo

speed a - long, While grots, and caves, And i - cy waves Each

speed a - long, While grots, and caves, And i - cy waves Each

speed a - long, While grots, and caves, And i - cy waves Each

instant e-cho to our song. Each in-stant e-cho to our song.

instant e-cho to our song. Each in-stant e-cho to our song.

instant e-cho to our song. Each in-stant e-cho to our song.

Sometimes when o'er the Al-pine rose, The gold-en sun-set

Sometimes when o'er the Al-pine rose, The gold-en sun-set

Sometimes when o'er the Al-pine rose, The gold-en sun-set

627

leaves its ray, So like a gem the flow' - ret glows, We
leaves its ray, So like a gem the flow' - ret glows, We
leaves its ray, So like a gem the flow' - ret glows, We

thi - ther bend our head - long way: And tho' we find no
thi - ther bend our head - long way: And tho' we find no
thi - ther bend our head - long way: And tho' we find no

ad lib: Chorus
treasure there, We bless the rose, that shines so fair - O'er
treasure there, We bless the rose, that shines so fair - O'er
treasure there, We bless the rose, that shines so fair - O'er

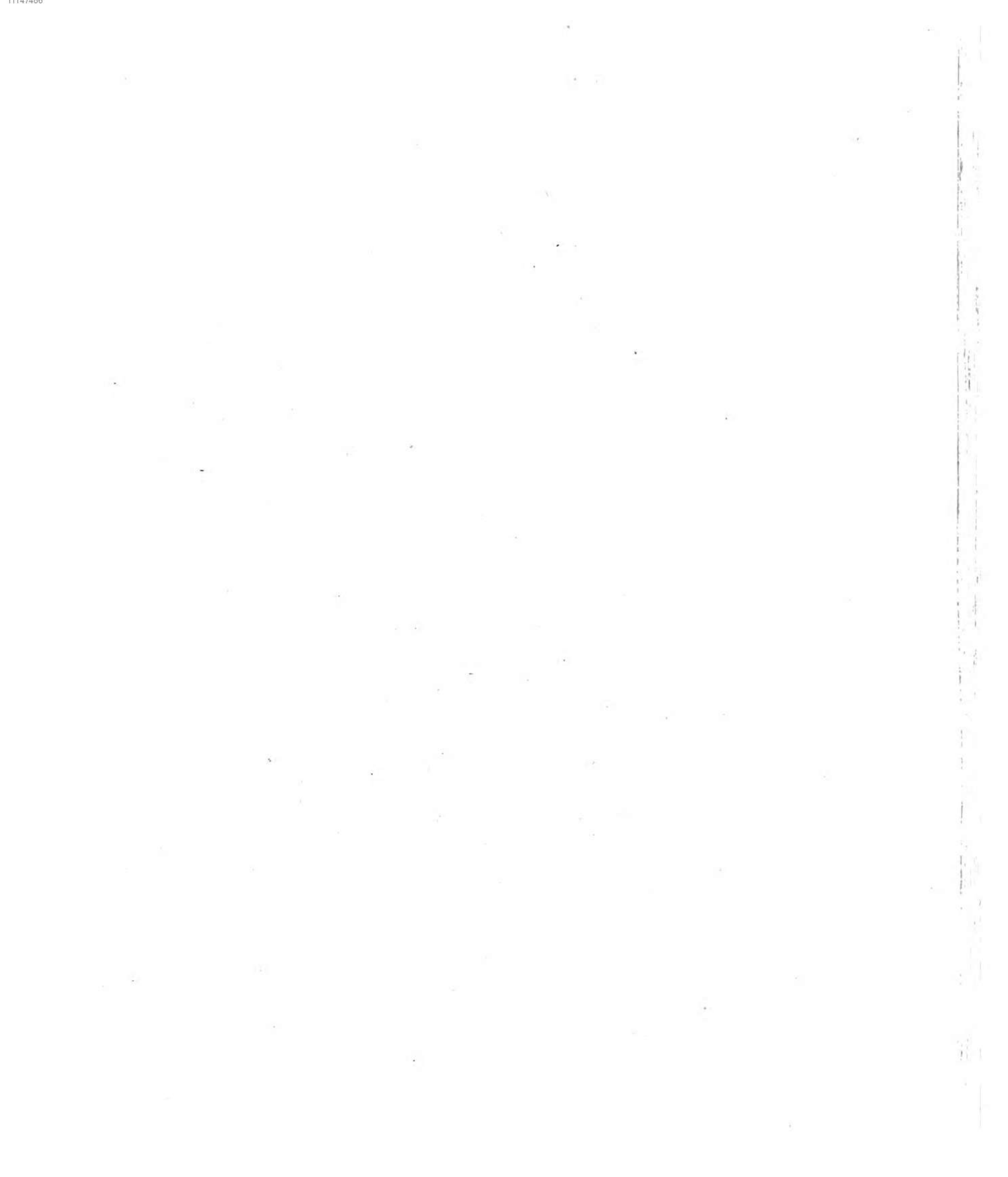
Colla Voce

mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters speed a-long, While
mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters speed a-long, While
mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters speed a-long, While

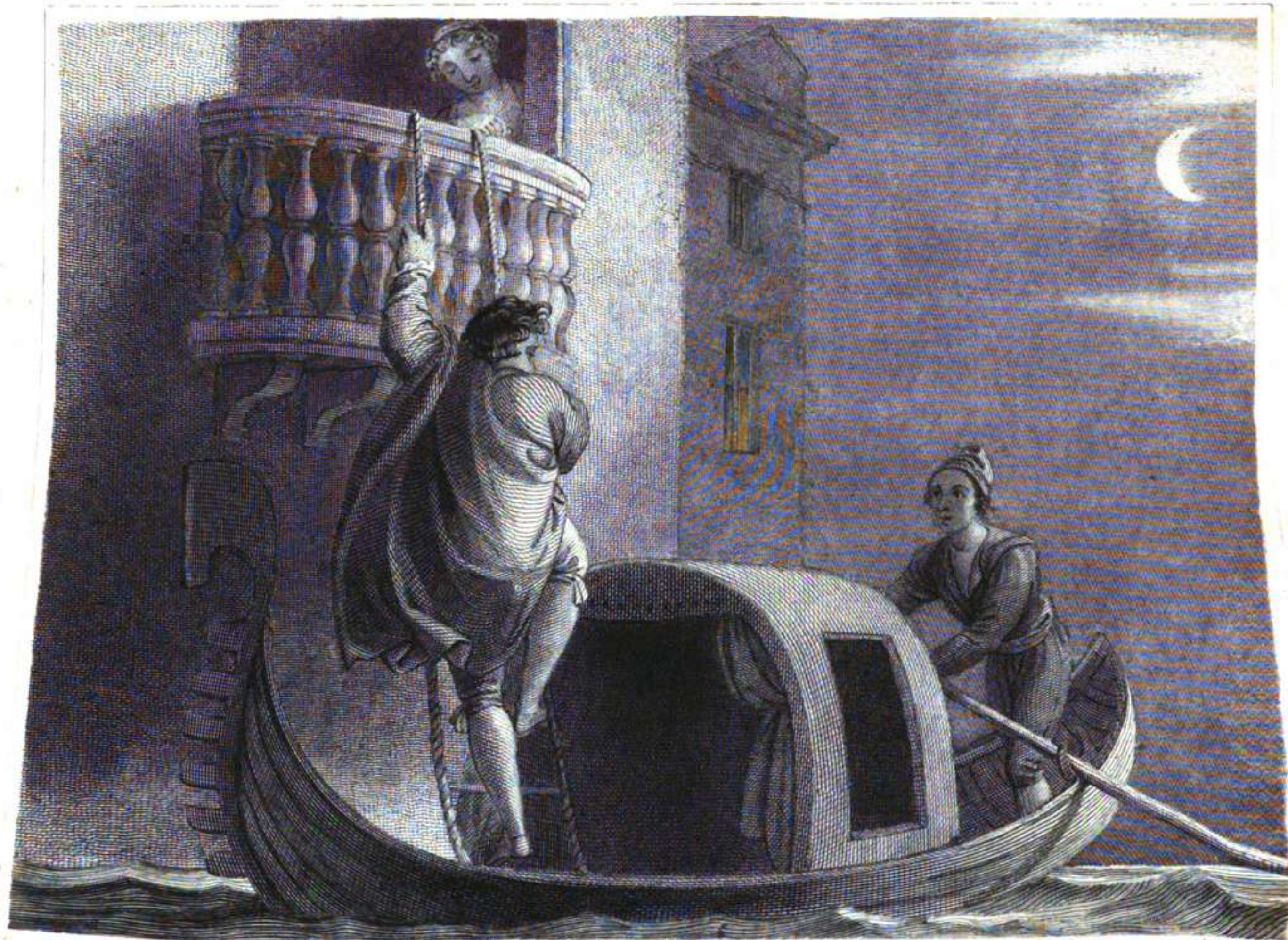
grots, and caves, And i-cy waves Each in-stant echo to our song. Each
grots, and caves, And i-cy waves Each in-stant e-cho to our song. Each
grots, and caves, And i-cy waves Each in-stant e-cho to our song. Each

in-stant e-cho to our song.
in-stant e-cho to our song.
in-stant e-cho to our song.

mf *ff* *ff* *ff*



ROW GENTLY HERE.



DRAWN BY T. STOTHARD, R.A.

ENGRAVED BY C. MARR.

Now rest thee here, my gondolier,
Hush hush — for up I go
To climb yon light balcony's height,
While thou keepst watch below.

London, Published Feb. 14th 1822, by J. Power, 34, Strand.

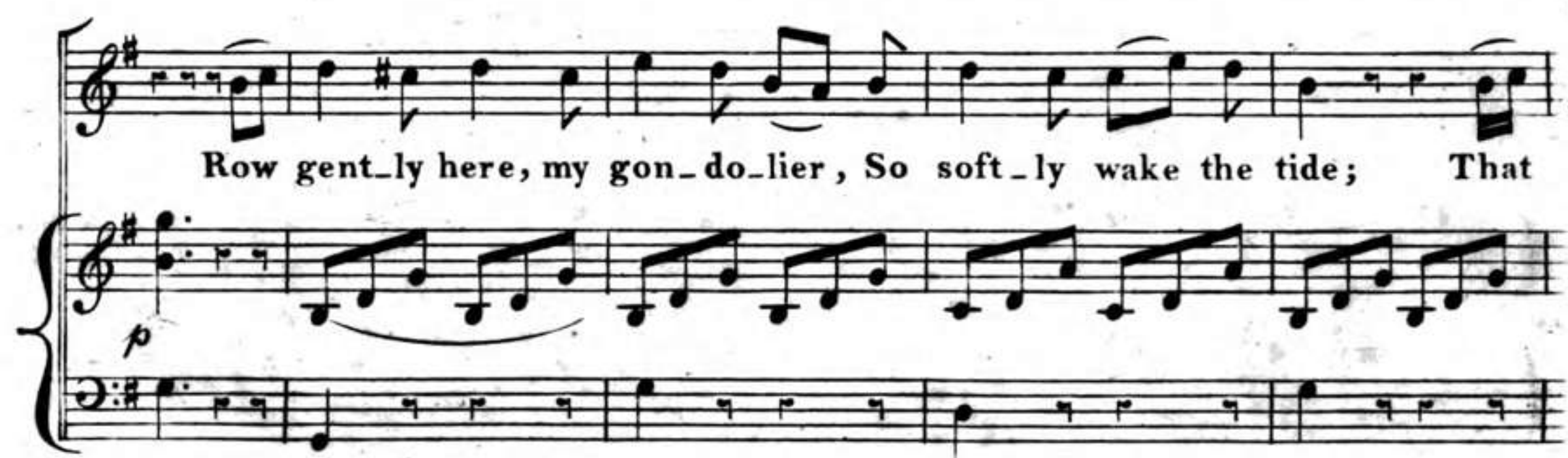
ROW GENTLY HERE.

Vendian Air.

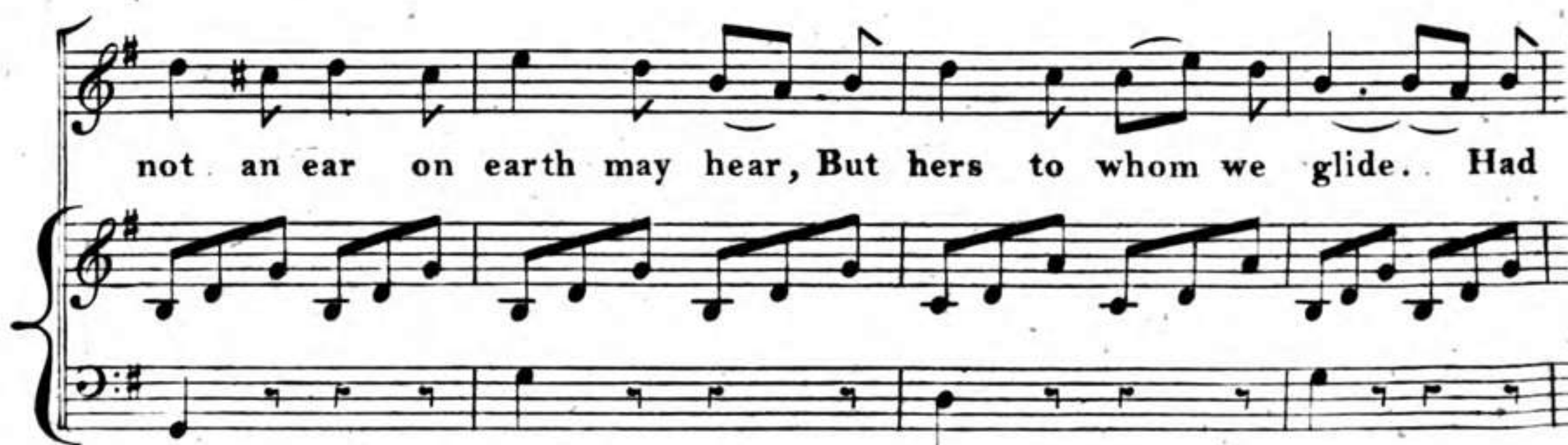
*In rowing
Time?*



Row gent-ly here, my gon-do-lier, So soft-ly wake the tide; That



not an ear on earth may hear, But hers to whom we glide. Had



Heav'n but tongues to speak, as well As star-ry eyes to see, Oh

think what tales 'twould have to tell Of wand'ring youths like me. *ad lib:* *mf*

p *p* *mf*

Now rest thee here, my gondo-lier, Hush hush— for up I *p*

go To climb yon light Bal-co-ny's height, While thou keep'st watch be-

low. Ah! did we take for Heav'n a-bove But half such pains as

ad lib:
we Take day and night, for woman's love, What An-gels we should

be!

mf *p* *slentando* *pp*

ROW GENTLY HERE.

DUETT

Venetian Air.

In rowing Time.

Row gent-ly here, my gon-do-lier, So soft-ly wake the
 Row gent-ly here, my gon-do-lier, So soft-ly wake the

tide; That not an ear on earth may hear, But hers to whom we
 tide; That not an ear on earth may hear, But hers to whom we

glide. Had Heav'n but tongues to speak, as well As starry eyes to see, Oh

glide. Had Heav'n but tongues to speak, as well As starry eyes to see, Oh

ad lib:

think what tales 'twould have to tell Of wand'ring youths like me.

think what tales 'twould have to tell Of wand'ring youths like me. *a Tempo*

Colla Voce

p *p* *mf*

Now rest thee here, my gon-do-lier, Hush hush — for up I

Now rest thee here, my gon-do-lier, Hush hush — for up I

pp

go To climb yon light Bal-co-ny's height, While thou keep'st watch be-

low. Ah! did we take for Heav'n a-bove But half such pains as

we Take day and night, for woman's love, What Angels we should be!

ad lib:

Colla Voce *f* a tempo

p *slentando* *pp*

OH DAYS OF YOUTH.

*French Air.**With
Impassioned
Melancholy.*

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a series of triplet eighth notes in the right hand and single eighth notes in the left hand, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The vocal line enters with a half note, followed by quarter notes. The lyrics are: "Oh days of youth and joy, long clouded, Why thus for e-ver haunt. my view? When in the grave your light lay shrouded, Why did not me-mory die there too? Vainly doth Hope her strain now sing me,". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more varied pattern in the left hand, including some triplet figures. The score includes performance markings such as *morendo*, *dim*, and *slentando*. The piece concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

p *morendo* *dim*

pp

slentando

Oh days of youth and joy, long clouded, Why thus for e-ver
haunt. my view? When in the grave your light lay shrouded, Why did not
me-mory die there too? Vainly doth Hope her strain now sing me,

MAJORE.

Whisp'ring of joys that yet re - main - No - no -, never, more can

this life bring me One joy that e - quals youth's sweet pain. -

No - no, never more can this life bring me One joy that e - quals

youth's sweet pain - One joy that e - quals youth's sweet pain.

Dim lies the way to death be -

fore me, Cold winds of Time blow round my brow - Sunshine of youth that

once fell o'er me, Where is your warmth, your glo - ry now? 'Tis not that

then no pain could sting me - 'Tis not that now no joys re - main -

MAJORE.

Oh it is that life no more can bring me One joy so

sweet as that worst pain. Oh it is that life no more can

bring me One joy so sweet as that worst pain One joy so

sweet as that worst pain.

627

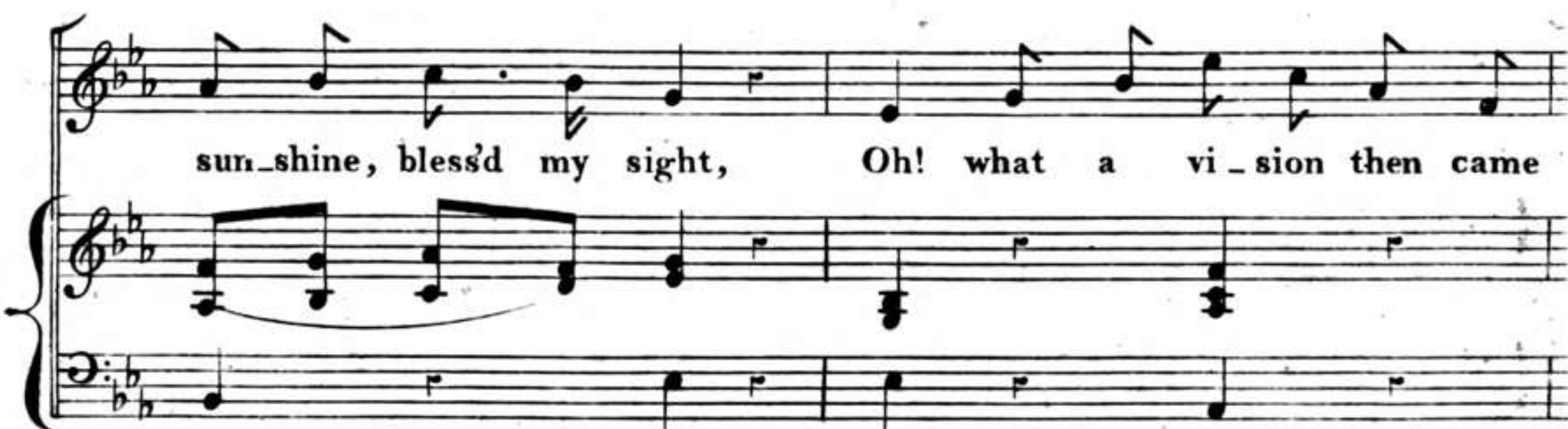
WHEN FIRST THAT SMILE.

Venetian Air.

*In. Moderate
Time, with
Expression.*



When first that smile, like



sun-shine, bless'd my sight, Oh! what a vi-sion then came



o'er me, Long years of love, of calm and pure de-light,

Cres
mf p

40

Seem'd in that smile to pass be-fore me. *Cres*

Néer did the peasant dream néer dream of summer skies, Of

gold-en fruit, and harvests springing; With fonder hope than

I of those sweet eyes, And of the joy their light was bringing. *Slower* *colla voce* *Tempo 1.º*

Where now are all those

fond-ly promis'd hours? Oh Wo-man's faith is like her

bright-ness, *Cres* Fad-ing as fast as rain-bows or day *mf* *p*

flow'rs, Or aught that's known for grace and light-ness. *Cres*

Short as the Per_sians pray'r his pray'r at close of day, Must

be each vow of Love's re - peat_ing - Quick let him

wor - ship beau_ty's pre_cious ray, Ev'n while he kneels, that ray is

ad lib

colla voce

fleet_ing!

Tempo 1^{mo}

WHEN FIRST THAT SMILE.

DUETT.

Venetian Air.

In Moderate Time, with Expression.



When first that smile, like

When first that smile, like

pp



sunshine bless'd my sight, Oh, what a vi-sion then came o'er me,

sunshine bless'd my sight, then came o'er me, *Cres*

Long years of love, of calm and pure delight, Seem'd in that

Long years of love, of calm and pure delight,

smile to pass be-fore me. Ne'er did the pea-sant dream ne'er

to pass be-fore me. Ne'er did the pea-sant dream ne'er

dream of summer skies, Of golden fruit, and harvests springing,

dream of summer skies, Of golden fruit, and harvests springing,

With fonder hope than I of those sweet eyes, And of the
With fonder hope than I of those sweet eyes,
joy their light was bring-ing.
their light was bring-ing.
Cella Voce. a Tempo
Where now are all those fond-ly promis'd hours?
Where now are all those fond-ly promis'd hours?
pp

Oh! woman's faith is like her brightness — Fa-ding as fast as
 is like her brightness — Fa-ding as fast as

Cres
mf *p*

rainbows or day-flow'rs Or aught that's known for grace and lightness.
 rainbows or day-flow'rs for grace and lightness.

Cres

Short as the Persian's pray'r his pray'r at close of day, Must
 Short as the Persian's pray'r his pray'r at close of day, Must

be each vow of Love's re-peat-ing — Quick let him worship

be each vow of Love's re-peat-ing — Quick let him worship

Beau-ty's precious ray, Ev'n while he kneels, that ray is

Beau-ty's precious ray, that ray is

ad lib:

Colla Voce.

fleet-ing.

fleet-ing.

a Tempo

Dim

PEACE TO THE SLUMBERERS.

ARRANGED FOR THREE VOICES.

Catalonian. (ir.)

Soave Espress:

They
Soave

Soave

They

Peace to the slumber-ers, Peace to the slumb'ers, They



lie on the bat_tle plain, With no shroud to co_ver them, With

lie on the bat_tle plain, With no shroud to co_ver them, With

lie on the bat_tle plain, With no shroud to co_ver them, With

no shroud to co_ver them, The dew and the summer rain Are

no shroud to co_ver them, The dew and the summer rain Are

no shroud to co_ver them, The dew and the summer rain Are

all that weep o_ver them, Are all that weep o_ver them.

all that weep o_ver them, Are all that weep o_ver them.

all that weep o_ver them, Are all that weep o_ver them.

ten:

morendo.

slentando. Vain was their brave-ry,
 mf Cres *p*
 Espress.
 The fall'n Oak lies where it lay, A-cross the wint'ry
 The fall'n Oak lies where it lay, A-cross the wint'ry
 Vain was their brav'ry. The fall'n Oak lies where it lay, A-cross the wint'ry
pp
 ri-ver, A-cross the wint'ry ri-ver, But brave hearts, once
 ri-ver, A-cross the wint'ry ri-ver, But brave hearts, once
 ri-ver, A-cross the wint'ry ri-ver, But brave hearts, once
f

51

Piangevole

swept a-way, Are gone, a-las! for e-ver, Are gone, a-las! for

swept a-way, Are gone, a-las! for e-ver, Are gone, a-las! for

swept a-way, Are gone, a-las! for e-ver, Are gone, a-las! for

p

e-ver!

e-ver!

e-ver!

mf Cres *Slentando.*

Piared Espress:

Our limbs shall lie as

With Energy. Our limbs shall lie as

Woe to the Conqueror! Woe to the Conqueror! Our limbs shall lie as

mf *f* *mf* *f* *pp*

52

cold as theirs, Of whom his sword be-reft us, Of whom his sword be-

cold as theirs, Of whom his sword be-reft us, Of whom his sword be-

cold as theirs, Of whom his sword be-reft us, Of whom his sword be-

reft us, Ere we for-get the deep arrears Of vengeance they have

reft us, Ere we for-get the deep arrears Of vengeance they have

reft us, Ere we for-get the deep arrears Of vengeance they have

left us, Of vengeance they have left us!

left us, Of vengeance they have left us!

left us, Of vengeance they have left us!

Colla Voce.

WHEN THOU SHALT WANDER.

*Sicilian (6/8)**Tenderly*

When thou shalt wander by that sweet
light We us'd to gaze on so many an eye, When love was
new and hope was bright, Ere I could doubt, or thou de-
ceive — Oh then re-memb'ring how swift went by Those hours of

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a melody in the voice part and a piano accompaniment in the piano part. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Tenderly'. The score is divided into four systems, each with a voice line and a piano line. The piano part includes dynamic markings: *p* (piano) and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are written below the voice line.

transport— ev'n thou may'st sigh. Yes, proud one,

e—ven thy heart may own That love like ours was far too

sweet, To be like sum—mer garments thrown a—side, when

past the summer's heat; And wish in vain to know a—

gain Such days such nights as bless'd thee then.

Cres

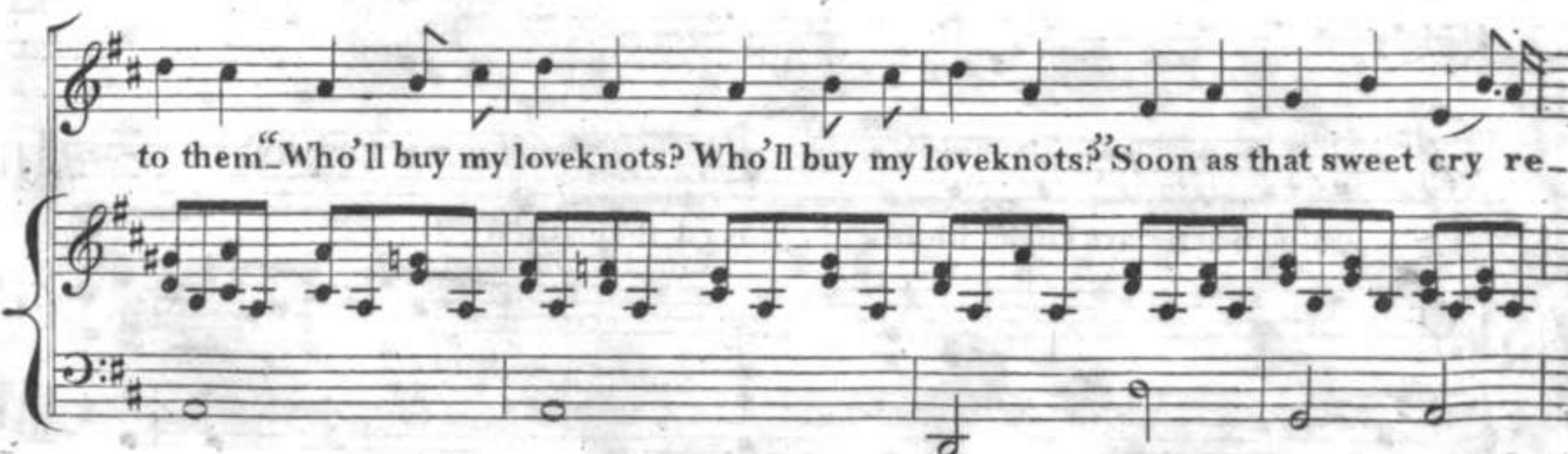
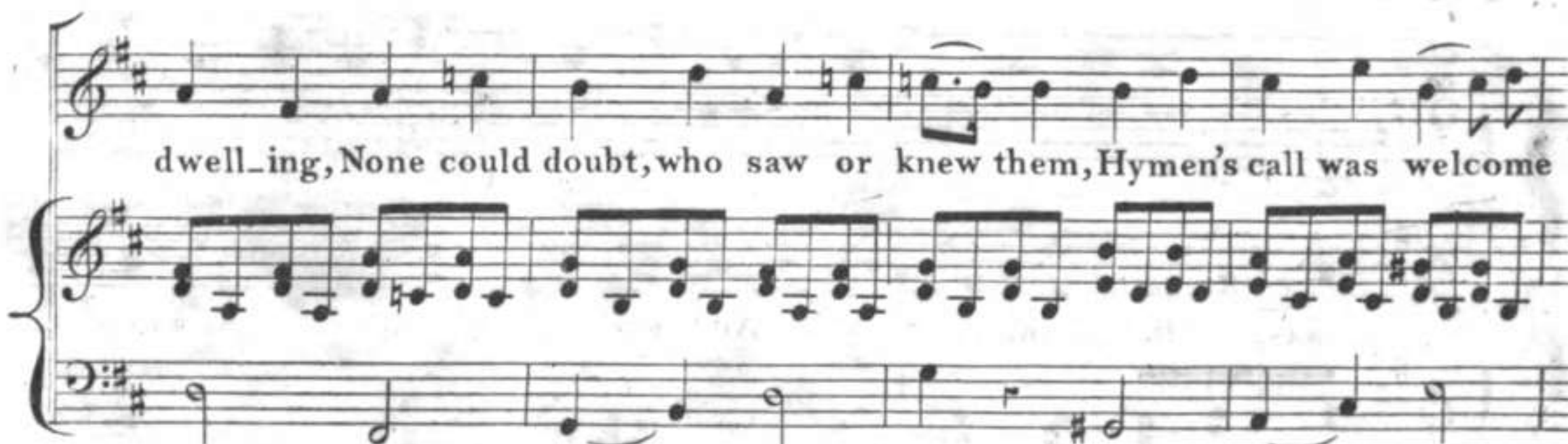
mf

Cres

“WHO’LL BUY MY LOVE KNOTS?”

Portuguese Air,

Playfully.



sounded, How his baskets were surrounded! Maids, who

now first dreamt of trying These gay knots of Hymen's ty - ing, Dames, who

long had sat to watch him Passing by - but ne'er could catch him "Who'll buy my

loveknots? who'll buy my loveknots?" All at that sweet cry assembled, Some laugh'd,

The musical score consists of four systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is G major (one sharp). The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include 'cres' (crescendo) and 'p' (piano). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system.

some blush'd, and some trembled. "Here are knots" said Hymen

Cres *p*

This system contains measures 57 through 60. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "some blush'd, and some trembled." and then "Here are knots" said Hymen. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand. Dynamic markings include "Cres" (crescendo) and "*p*" (piano).

tak-ing Some loose flow'rs of Love's own making; Here are gold ones — you may

This system contains measures 61 through 64. The vocal line continues with "tak-ing Some loose flow'rs of Love's own making; Here are gold ones — you may". The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic texture.

trust 'em (These, of course, found ready custom) Come buy my loveknots, come buy my

This system contains measures 65 through 68. The vocal line includes the parenthetical "(These, of course, found ready custom)" and then "Come buy my loveknots, come buy my". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

loveknots, Some are labell'd "Knots to tie men—Love the maker, Bought of

This system contains measures 69 through 72. The vocal line concludes with "loveknots, Some are labell'd 'Knots to tie men—Love the maker, Bought of". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic texture.

Hymen." Scarce their bar-gains were com-pleat-ed, When the

Cres *p*

Nymphs all cried "we're cheated— See these flow'rs, they're drooping sadly; This gold

knot, too, ties but badly—Who'd buy such loveknots? Who'd buy such loveknots? Ev'n this

tie, with Love's name round it—All a sham—He never bound it!"

Cres

Love, who saw the whole pro-ceed-ing, Would have laugh'd, but for good-

breeding; While old Hymen, who was us'd to Cries like that these

Dames gave loose to "Take back our loveknots. Take back our loveknots" — Coolly

ad lib:
said "There's no return-ing wares on Hymen's hands good morning."

Cres *mf*

SEE, THE DAWN FROM HEAVEN.

(Air Sung at Rome, on Christmas Eve.)

ARRANGED FOR THREE VOICES.

Moderately
Slowly

p

loco

slentando

2^d Voice.

See, the dawn from Heav'n is break - ing, The dawn from Heav'n is

break - ing o'er our sight, And Earth, from sin a - wak - ing,

1st Voice.

See, those groups of An - gels wing - ing, those
hails - the sight.

fp

groups of An - gels wing - ing from the realms a -
bove; Bring - ing wreaths of
On their sun - ny brows from E - den bring - ing Wreaths of hope and
Tenor On their sun - ny brows from E - den bring - ing Wreaths of hope and

The musical score for page 61 is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a 1st Voice part and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "See, those groups of An - gels wing - ing, those hails - the sight. groups of An - gels wing - ing from the realms a - bove; Bring - ing wreaths of On their sun - ny brows from E - den bring - ing Wreaths of hope and Tenor On their sun - ny brows from E - den bring - ing Wreaths of hope and". The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *fp* (fortissimo piano) and a repeat sign at the beginning of the first system.

love. On their sunny brows from E-den bring-ing Wreaths of hope and love.

love. On their sunny brows from E-den bring-ing Wreaths of hope and love.

love. Of hope and love.

mf

dim *p*

2^d Voice.

Hark — their hymns of glory peal-ing, Their hymns of glo-ry peal-ing

through the air, To mor-tal ears re-veal-ing Who lies

The first system of the musical score, measures 1-4. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are "through the air, To mor-tal ears re-veal-ing Who lies".

There, in that dwell-ing dark and low-ly, That dwell-ing dark and there .

The second system of the musical score, measures 5-8. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "There, in that dwell-ing dark and low-ly, That dwell-ing dark and there .". The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *fp* (fortissimo piano) at the beginning of measure 6.

low-ly, Sleeps the heaven-ly Son .

He, whose home is in the

He, whose home is in the

The third system of the musical score, measures 9-12. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "low-ly, Sleeps the heaven-ly Son .". The piano accompaniment continues. The lyrics "He, whose home is in the" are repeated on two staves.

The Ho - - ly One! He, whose home is in the
skies, the Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly One! He, whose home is in the
skies, the Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly One!

skies, the Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly One!
skies, the Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly One!
the Ho - - ly One!

mf

dim *p* *pp*

Detailed description: This is a musical score for page 64. It features three systems of music. The first system has three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'The Ho - - ly One! He, whose home is in the skies, the Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly One! He, whose home is in the skies, the Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly One!'. The second system continues the vocal parts with lyrics 'skies, the Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly One!', 'skies, the Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly One!', and 'the Ho - - ly One!'. The piano accompaniment includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) section. The third system shows the piano accompaniment with dynamics *dim*, *p*, and *pp*.

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Oh! Breathe not his name
Where he who adores thee
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls
Fly not yet!
Oh! think not my Spirits are always as light
Tho' the last Glimpse of Erin
Rich and rare were the Gems she wore
As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters may glow
The Meeting of the Waters

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How dear to me the Hour
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Evelin's Bower—(Oh! weep for the Hour)
Let Erin remember the Days of old
Silent, oh Moyle! be the Roar of thy Waters
Come, send round the Wine
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Believe me, if all those endearing young Charms

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Captain Megan
Erin, oh! Erin—(Like the bright Lamp)
Drink to her

Oh! blame not the Bard
While gazing on the Moon's Light
When Daylight was yet sleeping under the Billow
Before the Battle—(By the Hope within us springing)
After the Battle
Oh! 'tis sweet to think
The Irish Peasant to his Mistress
When thro' Life unblest we rove
It is not the Tear at this Moment shed
'Tis believ'd that this Harp

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The Prince's Day—(Tho' dark are our Sorrows)
Weep on, weep on
Lesbia hath a beaming Eye
I saw thy Form in youthful Prime
By that Lake whose gloomy Shore
She is far from the Land
Nay, tell me not
Avenging and bright
What the Bee is to the Floweret
Love and the Novice (Here we dwell in holiest Bowers)
This Life is all chequer'd

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At the mid Hour of Night
One Bumper at Parting!
'Tis the last Rose of Summer
The young May Moon
The Minstrel Boy
The Valley lay smiling before me
Oh! had we some bright little Isle
Farewell! but whenever you welcome the Hour
Oh! doubt me not
You remember Ellen
I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me

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Come o'er the Sea
Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded?
No, not more welcome
When first I met thee
While History's Muse
The Time I've lost in wooing
Oh! where's the Slave?
Come, rest in this Bosom
'Tis gone, and for ever
I saw from the Beach
Fill the Bumper fair
Dear Harp of my Country

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As slow our ship her foamy Track
In the Morning of Life, when its Cares are unknown
When cold in the Earth lies the Friend thou hast lov'd
Remember thee! yes, while there's Life in this Heart
Wreath the Bowl
Whene'er I see those smiling Eyes
If thou'lt be mine, the Treasures of Air
To Ladies' Eyes a Round, Boy
Forget not the Field where they perish'd
They may rail at this Life
Oh for the Swords of former Time!

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Sail on, sail on
The Parallel
Drink of this Cup
The Fortune-teller
Oh ye Dead!
O'Donohue's Mistress
The Echo
Oh banquet not
Thee, thee, only thee
Shall the Harp, then, be silent?
Oh the Sight entrancing

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Reason, Folly, and Beauty Italian
Should those fond hopes Portuguese
So warmly we met Hungarian
Those evening bells The bells of St. Petersburg
Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing Russian

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Weep not for those
The Turf shall be my fragrant Shrine
Sound the loud Timbrel (Miriam's Song)
Go, let me weep
Come not, oh Lord!
Were not the sinful Mary's Tears
As down in the sunless Retreats
But who shall see
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The Lament of the Last Druid
Ellen dear
The Heroes of Cymru
The Exile of Cambria
Ye free Sons of Cambria
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The Hirlas Horn
Oh Wallia! around thee
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From the Hill
Oh! come thou not near
Maid of the wildly-wishing Eye

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A farewell!	Stevenson	2 0	Grotto	Parry	1
Ah! me, why should I heave the fond	Kelly	1 6	Hapless Mary!	Dr. Clarke	2
Ah! say, lovely Emma!	Stevenson	1 6	Hark! the trumpet, hark!	Cooke	2
Ah! what woes are mine	Ditto	2 0	Heath, this night, must be my bed	Kemp	1
Ah! who would heed the seeming sigh?	Horn	1 6	Henry and Sue	Horn	1
A lady once had lovers	Ditto	1 6	Here, in this lone little wood	Stevenson	2
Alice of Fyfe	West	2 0	Here's the bower	Moore	2
A medley	Horn	1 6	Her heart was made to love	Horn	1
And thou art young	King	2 0	Hoax	Ditto	1
Annot Lyle	Doyle	2 0	Hope, thou Nurse		1
A rosy cheek	Horn	1 6	Hope told a flattering tale	Paisiello	1
As when, at Nature's mighty word	King	1 6	Hour of victory	Stevenson	1
Auld lang syne	Burns	1 0	How happy once	Moore	2
Auld Robin Gray	Ditto	1 0	Hush'd be that sigh	Stevenson	1
Away with this pouting and	T. M., Esq.	1 0	Hush! dearest, hush!	Horn	1
A youth sat sighing	Kelly	1 6	Hush! forbear your faults	Ditto	1
Banks of Allan Water	Horn	1 0	I always turn to thee	Kelly	1
Be gay! be gay!	Stevenson	2 0	I can no longer stifle	T. M., Esq.	1
Be sure that a smart little maid	King	1 6	Je suis un pauvre Savoyard	Ware	1
Bill of fare	Horn	1 6	If I swear by that eye	Stevenson	1
Black and blue eyes	Moore	2 0	If maidens would marry	Horn	1
Blighted rose	Stevenson	2 0	If then to love thee be offence	Stevenson	2
Bold is the maiden's heart	Kelly	1 6	If winter frowns	Horn	1
Bosoms who conquer'd and bled	Ditto	2 0	I have woven a garland for thee	Holden	1
Bud in beauty	Stevenson	2 0	I'll love thee ever dearly	Cooke	1
Can I again that form enress?	Moore	1 6	I'm deep in love	Parry	1
Cease, oh! cease to tempt	Ditto	2 0	I'm wearing awa	Burns	1
Cease your funning, (<i>New Edition</i>)		1 0	I'm wearing away	Stevenson	2
Chain and lute	Walmisley	2 0	In days of old	Horn	1
Chapter on pockets		1 0	Indian maid	Kelly	1
Child of glory	Kelly	1 6	I never told my love	Ditto	1
Come, all you forsaken	Dr. Clarke	1 6	In moments of delight	Walmisley	1
Come, take the harp	Stevenson	2 0	In the days of my youth	King	1
Come, tell me, says Rosa	Ditto	1 6	In vain may that bosom	Kelly	1
Come tell me where the maid is found	Ditto	2 0	Invitation, the	Turnbull	2
Come, my sweetest maid		1 6	In yonder bower	Arnold	1
Contradiction	Cooke	1 6	I sigh for the days that are gone	Kelly	1
Day of love	Moore	2 0	It is not that a woman's eyes	Cooke	1
Damon's complaint	Kelly	2 0	Kitty of Coleraine		1
Dandy beau	Cooke	2 0	Lament, the		2
Dear aunt	Moore	1 0	Land of Shillelah		1
Dear Fanny	Stevenson	2 0	Land o' the Leal (<i>New Edition</i>)		1
Dear ladies, listen to my tale	Howell	2 0	Light as the shadows of evening	Stevenson	1
Dear to my heart	Kelly	1 6	Light sounds the harp	Moore	5
Dearest Ellen, awake	Emdin	1 6	Lilla, come down to me	Cooke	5
Deep in my soul	Duval	2 0	Little Mary's eye	T. M., Esq.	
Did not?	Moore	1 6	London, now is out of town	Ware	
Disasters of poor Jerry Blossom	Smith	1 6	Look that says I love thee	Cooke	
Does the harp of Rosa slumber?	Stevenson	1 6	Lord of the castle	King	
Donald, (<i>new edition</i>)		1 0	Lottery, the	Moore	
Emblem	Horn	2 0	Love	Horn	
Ethereal hope, nuptial song	Hawes	2 0	Love and Time	Kelly	
Every hour I lov'd thee more	Blewitt	2 0	Love, honour, and obey!	Cooke	
Exile of Erin	Campbell	1 0	Love in a storm	Barry	
Expostulation	Kelly	1 6	Love, like an April day	Horn	
Fair lady, why this frowning?	Cooke	1 6	Love's light summer cloud	Moore	
Fair Rosa!	Parry	1 6	Love thee, dearest, love thee	Moore	
Fanny, dearest!	Moore	2 0	Loud the trump of war was blowing	Horn	
Fanny was in the grove	T. M., Esq.	1 0	Maid of Marlival	Stevenson	
Fare thee well, thou first and fairest!	Molineux	1 0	Maid of the rock	Ditto	
Farewell, Bessy!	Moore	1 6	Maid whose heart was cold to love	Ditto	
Farewell, sweet eyes		1 6	Man I love	Kelly	
Folly, the	Moore	1 6	Mansion of love	Emdin	
For her I die	Moore	1 6	March away, Helen!	Horn	
Friend of my soul	Kelly	1 0	Mary, I believ'd thee true	Stevenson	
From glory's heights descending	Stevenson	1 6	Monody	Hawes	
From life, without freedom	Moore	1 6	More laurels	O'Meara	
Galant Troubadour	Kelly	2 0	My heart's my own		
Give, love! give	Moore	2 0	My life, I love thee!	Kelly	
Golden chain	Stevenson	2 0	My love is gone to Islambol	Ditto	
Good night	Beethoven	2 0	My love, when thou'rt away	Nicholson	
Go, sweet enchantress!	Leonard	2 0	My dying sire	Kelly	
.....	Moore	2 0	My mother did one rule bequeath	Horn	
.....	Stevenson	2 0			

		s.	d.			s.	d.
Nay, weep not! dear Ellen.....	Smith.....	2	0	Taste life's glad moments	Walmisley	1	6
Ned of the hills	Owenson	1	0	That shepherd, sure, is he	Stevenson	1	6
Nightingale, the	Sola	2	0	There's not a joy this world can give..	Ditto	2	0
No joy without my love	Cooke.....	1	6	There's the bower	Ditto	1	6
Obey!	Horn	1	6	These Messieurs, Anglois.....	Kearns	1	0
Oh! come, sweet lass!	Stevenson	2	0	They bid me sleep	Kemp	1	6
Oh! fate in pity	Horn	1	6	They tell us that wives are	Kelly	1	0
Oh! give me the heart that is cheerful	Cooke.....	1	6	Think no more, love, of our parting....	Clifton	2	0
Oh! if those eyes deceive me not	Stevenson	2	0	Tho' far from thee I'm roving	Dallas	2	0
Oh! liberty	Moore	2	0	Tho' fate, my girl.....	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! listen to your lover.....	Horn	2	0	Tho' gaily smiles the opening spring ..	Kelly	1	6
Oh! list unto my tale of	Stevenson	1	6	Tho' winter frowns	Horn	1	0
Oh! Nanny, wilt thou gang	Carter	1	0	Thou hast sent me a flowery band	Moore	1	6
Oh! never doubt my love	Cooke.....	2	0	Thunder-bolt frigate	Horn	1	6
Oh! never from the maid depart.....	King	1	0	Thy gentle manners.....	Attwood	2	0
Oh! nothing in life can sadden us	T. M., Esq.	1	0	Thyrsis	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! remember the time	Moore	2	0	Thyrza	Walmisley	3	0
Oh! see those cherries	Ditto	2	0	'Tis love that should rule the breast ..	Kelly	1	6
Oh! smile not thus	Smith	1	6	'Tis wine alone can banish care	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! soon return	Moore	2	0	To Julia, weeping	Ditto	1	0
Oh! such is love	Kearns	1	6	Toll not the bell	Dallas	2	0
Oh! white is the snow	Kelly	2	0	To love thee	Mrs. Opie.....	1	6
Oh! why should the girl of my soul	Moore	2	0	To the brook and the willow	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! woman!	Ditto	2	0	Too soon the flowers of spring may fade	Kelly	1	6
Oh! woods of green Erin	Doyle	2	0	Triumph of Russia	Ditto	2	6
Oh! would I ne'er had seen thee!	Stevenson	1	0	Trumpet of glory.....	Moore	2	0
Oh! yes—so well, so tenderly	Moore	2	0	'Twas on a wild and lonely	Kelly	1	6
Oh! yes, when the bloom	Ditto	2	0	Tyrolese song	Moore	2	0
Old Margery Grizzle	King	1	0	Ulrica	Cooke.....	1	0
On a grand gala night	Cooke.....	1	6	Vittoria	Ditto	2	0
One dear smile	Moore	2	0	Wake, maid of Lorn	Stevenson	2	0
Orator Puff	Ditto	1	6	What's life unblest with Love.....	Ditto	1	6
Orphan boy	Smith	2	0	When a man weds	Horn	1	6
O softly sleep!	Ditto	2	0	Whence can you inherit	Horn	1	0
Paddy in London	Irish Air	1	0	When Charles was deceived.....	Moore	2	0
Paddy the piper	Ditto	1	0	When fickle man for woman sighs....	Kelly	1	6
Pangs of absence	Philipps	1	6	When from thy sight, love	Ditto	1	6
Parting hour is come, love	Doyle	2	0	When I first told my Rosa I lov'd....	Ditto	2	0
Parting look she gave	Turnbull	2	0	When I went for a soldier	Horn	1	6
Pleasures of Brighton	Horn	1	6	When Leila touch'd the lute	Moore	2	0
Plumed casque.....	Kelly	1	6	When love gets in the youthful brain ..	Horn	1	6
Poh! Dermot, go'long with your goster	T. M., Esq.	1	6	When love and truth together play'd..	Philipps	1	6
Pray, Goody!		1	0	When love was fresh from his cradle..	West	1	6
Pretty Sophy	Bishop	2	0	When midst the gay.....	Moore	2	0
Probability	T. M., Esq.	1	6	When night was spreading o'er me	Stevenson	2	0
Rabbinical origin of woman	Moore	1	6	When storms disturb old ocean's bed..	King	1	0
Ray that beams for ever	Kelly	2	0	When the girl of my heart	Dr. Clarke	2	0
Remembrances	Mrs. Mc Mullan ..	2	0	When the rose-bud of summer	Stevenson	2	0
Return, my love	Stevenson	2	0	When time, who steals.....	Moore	2	0
Roderigh Vich-Alpine.....	Horn	1	6	When twilight dews.....	Stevenson	2	0
Roll, drums, merrily	Cooke.....	1	0	When woe on the bosom of mercy	Howell	1	0
Rose of affection	Stevenson	1	6	While parted from the youth	King	1	6
Sale of loves	Moore	2	0	Whilst I listen to thy voice	Stevenson	2	0
Savoyard's return	Dr. Clarke	2	0	Whilst on the beach I wander	Doyle	2	0
Say, pretty weeping figure	Stevenson	1	6	White rose of honor	Kelly	1	6
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled		1	6	Who would not love?	Cooke.....	2	0
Send the bowl round merrily	Moore	1	0	William and Jannett	Sanderson	1	0
Sir Tumble-down Dick	King	1	0	Will you comet o the bower?	T. M., Esq.	1	0
Soft blue of her eye	Kearns	1	0	Wilt thou say farewell, love?	Moore	2	0
Soft breezes breathing	Stevenson	1	6	Winds, whisper gently	Stevenson	2	0
Soft Zephyr	Dr. Clarke	1	6	Woman's power ending never.....	Kearns	1	0
Soldier, rest!	Kemp	1	6	Woman's smile.....	Parry	1	6
Spanish patriots	Parry	1	0	Woman, who conquers all	Cooke.....	1	6
Spirit of joy	Moore	2	0	Woodbine cottage	Stevenson	2	0
Spirit's song	Dr. Clarke	2	6	Woodman's cot.....	Kelly	1	0
Stay, one moment stay!	Stevenson	2	0	Woodpecker	Ditto	2	0
Summer.....	Ditto	2	0	Wreath you wove	Moore	1	6
Sweetest moments life allows	Kelly	1	6	Ye banks and braes, (new edition)....	Burns	1	0
Sweet is love	Doyle	2	0	Ye light forms of fancy	Kelly	1	6
Sweet is the beam of morning	Dallas	2	0	Yes, it is, love!	Clifton	1	6
Sweet is the dream	Stevenson	1	6	Yes, thro' the wide world.....	Mrs. ———	1	0
Sweet lady! look not thus	Ditto	2	0	Young Jessica	Moore	2	0
Sweet minstrel, sing!	Ditto	1	6	Young love	Ditto	2	0
Sweet robin		1	6	Young son of chivalry	King	1	6
Sweet Rose, come away!	Dibdin	1	6	Youth I adore	Cooke.....	1	6
Sweet seducer	Moore	1	6	Youth is but short.....	Dallas	2	0
Tablet of love	Stevenson	2	0	You watch'd the sun's ray	Welsh Air	1	0
Take back the sigh	Moore	2	0	Zounds, my lad	Cooke.....	1	0
Tarry, ye moments	Kelly	1	6				

Nights of music	Moore	2
No ! never shall my soul forget.....	Stevenson	2
Now bright July to pleasure calls	Horn	2
O dinna weep	J. M. Harris.....	2
Peace !	Stevenson	2
Send home those long strayed eyes	Ditto.....	1
Should we be forced to part.....	Cooke.....	2
Song of war	Moore	2
Sparkling fountains	Stevenson	2
Surprise.....	Ditto	1
Tell me where is fancy bred ?.....	Ditto	2
Ditto ditto	Arranged by Bishop	2
That I no longer wish to rove.....	Stevenson	1
Think on me.....	Ditto	2
Thro' silent woods.....	King	2
Tit bits	Cooke.....	1
Together let us range the fields	Dr. Boyce.....	1
Turn to this heart.....	Horn	1
Warrior's soul is all in arms !	Cooke.....	2
Well-a-day !	Horn	1
When in languor sleeps the heart	Stevenson	2
When Jove from the skies	Horn	1
When war unfurls his banner bright ..	King	1
Where is the light from Lara's tower ?	Stevenson	2
While parted from the youth I love	King	1
Wilt thou say farewell, love ?	Bishop	2
Would you gain by art ?	Kelly	1
Young rose	Moore	2

A broken cake	Stevenson	s.	d.
Allen-a-Dale	Horn	2	0
And will he not come again	Stevenson	2	6
Archer's glee	Ditto	1	6
A wake! Apollo calls	Ditto	1	6
Banks of Allanwater	Ditto	1	6
Blithe are the bowers of Mosellai	Huws	2	6
Blest were the days	Kelly	2	0
Boat trio—"Row gently, row"	Stevenson	2	6
Buds of Roses	Ditto	2	0
Canadian boat-song	Ditto	2	6
Cease not yet, sweet bard!	Moore	3	0
Come, buy my cherries, &c.	Stevenson	2	0
Come, follow me	Ditto	2	0
Doubt thou the stars are fire	Ditto	5	0
Ella	Ditto	1	6
Fairy glee	Ditto	2	6
Fill, fill the goblet	Ditto	5	0
Finland love-song	Aylmer	1	6
Give me the harp	Moore	2	6
Happy love	Stevenson	5	0
Mark! the bell is ringing	Ditto	2	0
Mark! thro' the long resounding halls	Ditto	2	0
Here's the bower	King	1	6
Herinits	Stevenson	2	6
Holy be the pilgrim's sleep	Ditto	3	0
I mark'd not eyes	Moore	5	0
.....	Stevenson	2	0

Lonely isle	Horn ..	3
Merrily O !	Stevenson	2
Mountain cot.....	Richards	2
Nor throne of state	Kelly	1
Now is the merry month of May.....	Stevenson	3
Now let the warrior wave his sword.....	Moore	2
Now the star of day is high	Stevenson	3
Ocean king	West	2
Oh ! lady fair !	Moore	3
Oh ! stay, sweet fair.....	Stevenson	3
Oh ! tell me, pilgrims	Ditto	3
Raise the song	Stevenson	1
Roderigh Vich-Alpine.....	Horn	3
Sigh not thus, oh ! simple boy	Moore	1
Sir Rowland the brave	Stevenson	1
Soldier, rest !	Kemp	1
Song that lightens the languid way.....	Moore	1
Sweet lady, look not thus again	Stevenson	1
This is love	Moore	1
Ting-a-tingle	Horn	1
To the brook and the willow	Stevenson	1
Under the greenwood tree	Ditto	1
Under the hawthorn tree	Ditto	1
Up, quit the bower	Attwood.....	1
We fairy folk.....	Stevenson	1
When time, who steals our years.....	Phelps	1
Where shall the lover rest ?	Stevenson	1
Wood nymph	Smith	1
Wreaths of flowers	Stevenson	1

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