

12 Ballads - Hayden - No. 1.





The beautifull 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.

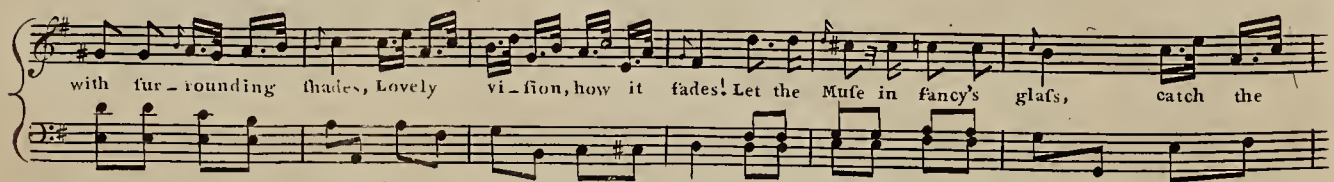
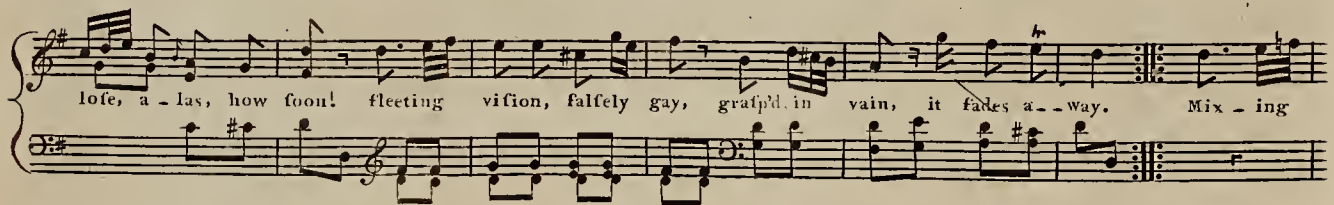
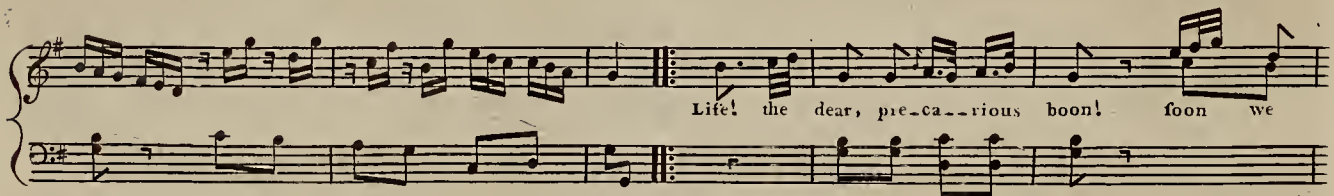
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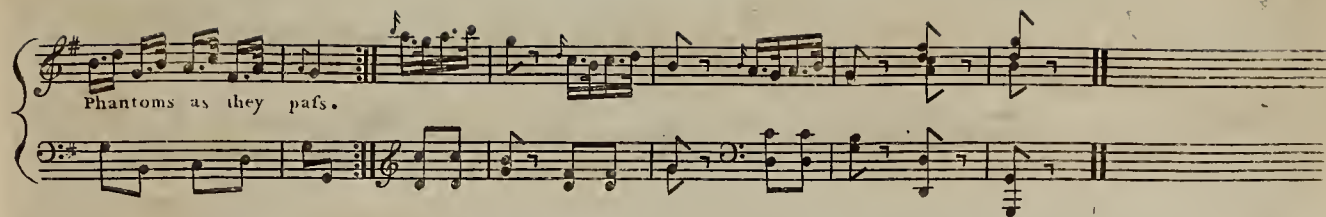
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LIFE *an ODE*Words by D^r Hawkefworth.N^o I

Moderato





2

See they rise! a Nymph behold
 Careless, wanton, young and bold,
 Smiling cheeks and roving eyes,
 Causeless 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 thyself, 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 distaste and cares,
 All the load of life he bears:
 White his locks, his visage wan,
 Strength, and ease, and hope are gone.

ELEGY

N^o IIWords 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 slave, 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 desire; 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
-pire 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 chearful 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 rostrate health is found.

3

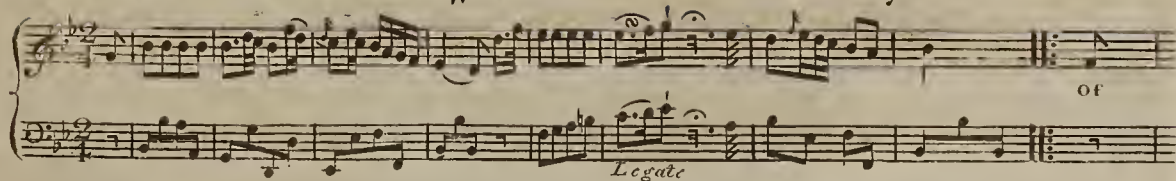
All hail sweet Solitude! to thee
In thy sequester'd Bower,
Let me invoke the pastoral muse,
And every Sylvan power.
Give me to climb the mountain's brow,
When morn's faint blushes rise;
And view the fair extensive scene,
With Contemplations eyes.

N^o IV

COLIN and LUCY.

The Words by M^r. Tickel.

Andante



Leinster, fam'd for Maidens fair, Bright Lucy was the grace; Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid Stream Re- flect a fairer

face; Till Luckless love, and pining care Im- part'd her rosy hue, Her dainty lips, her damask cheek, And

eyes of glossy blue.

2

Of Lucy warn'd, of flattering Swains
 Take heed ye early fair,
 Of vengeance due to broken vows,
 Ye flattering Swains beware;
 Three times, all in the dead of night,
 A Bell was heard to ring;
 And at her window striking thrice,
 The Raven flapp'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, she 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 hedew'd his brow,
 He groan'd, he shook, he fell.

7

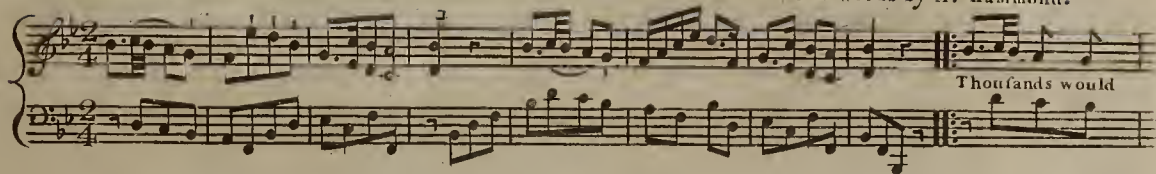
From the vain bride, a bride no more,
 The varying crimson fled;
 When stretch'd beside her rival's Corse;
 She saw her lover dead.
 He to his Lucy's new made grave,
 Convey'd by trembling Swains,
 In the same mould, beneath one sod,
 For ever now remains.

N^o. V

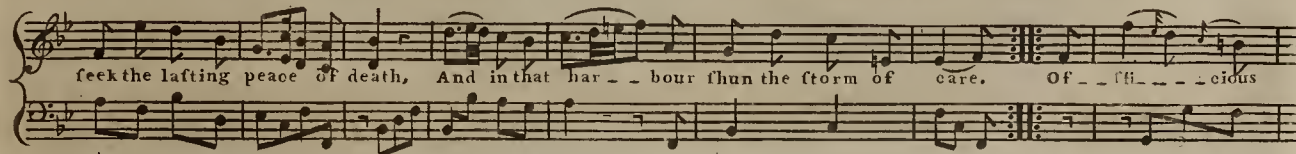
ELEGY.

The words by M^r. Hammond.

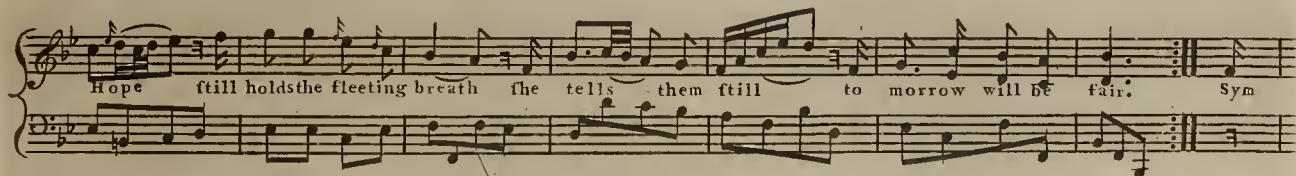
Moderato



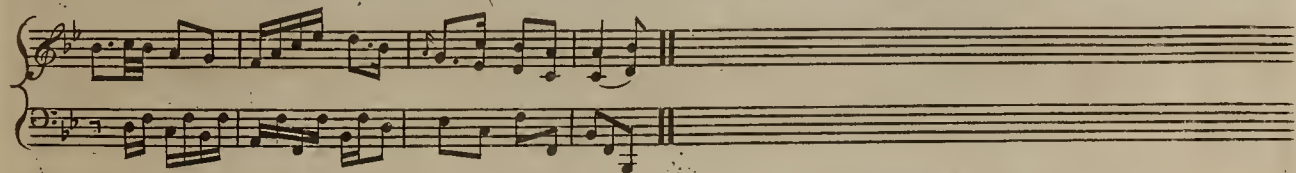
Thousands would



seek the lasting peace of death, And in that har - bour shun the storm of care. Of sti - 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 despit'd to long.

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

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.

PRAYER 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'd in woods unseen; And oft by Cynthia's silver light, tript 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 chatter'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.

SAPPHO

The Words by Dr Smollet

N^o VII
March
alla
Militare

When

Sappho tun'd the raptur'd strain, The lightning 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.

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.

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.

The Words by Dr Sam^l Johnson.

Tempo di
Minuetto

A musical score for the song "The Winter Wind". The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part features a prominent bass line with a strong rhythmic pattern. The voice part has a melody that is simple and easy to sing. The score is arranged in a single system.

hold, my fair, where'er we rove, What dreary prospects round us rife; The

na - ked hill the leaf - less grove, The ho - ary ground, the frowning skies! Not

on - ly through the wa - f - ted plain, stern win - ter is thy force confess'd; Still

wi - der spreads thy hor - rid reign, I feel thy pow'r u - surp my breast.

2

Enlivening hope, and fond desire,
 Resign the heart to spleen and care;
 Scarce 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 foreen me from the ills of life.

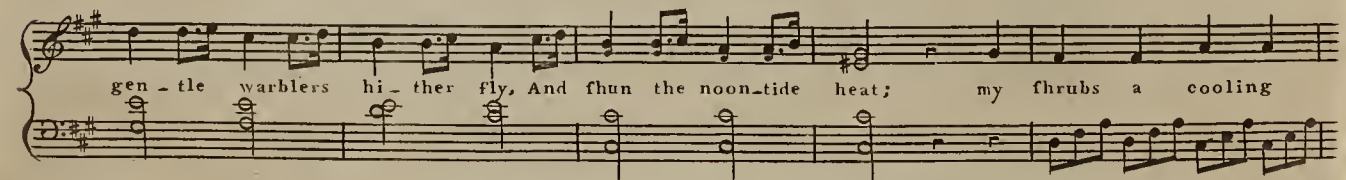
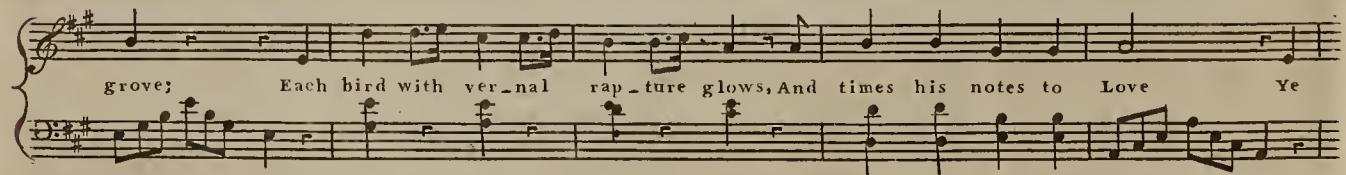
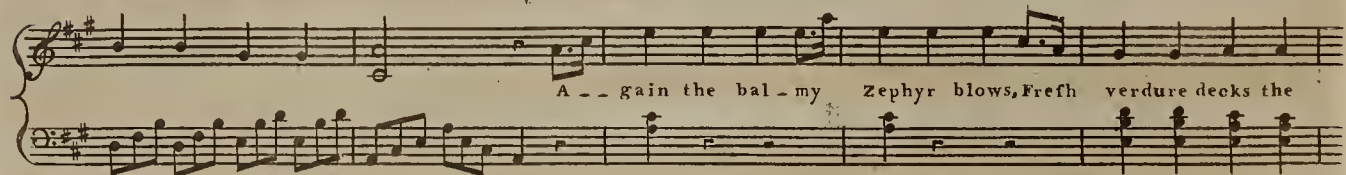
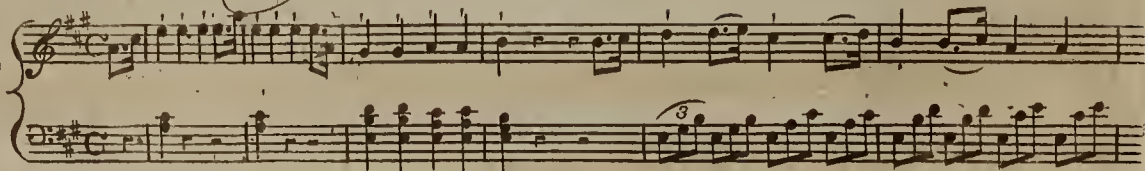
Invitation to the feathered Race

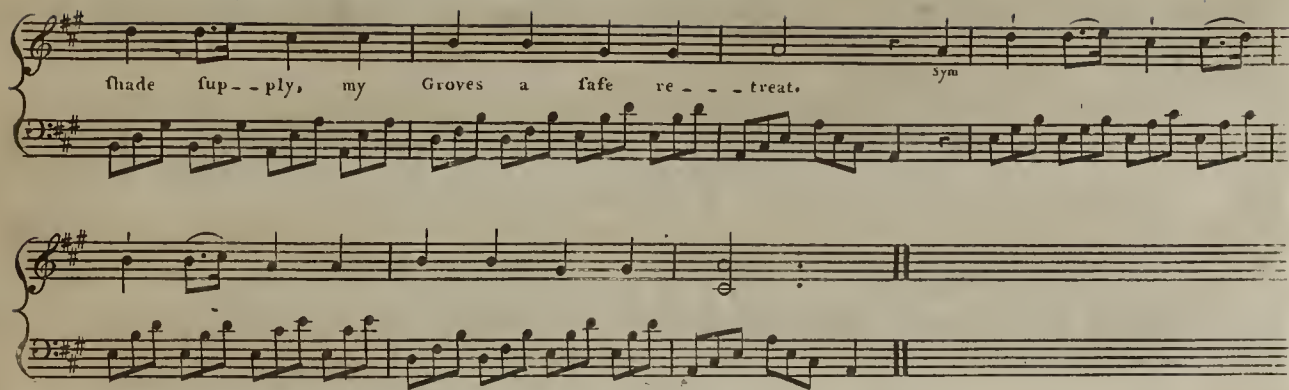
The Words by the Rev^d M^r Graves.

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.

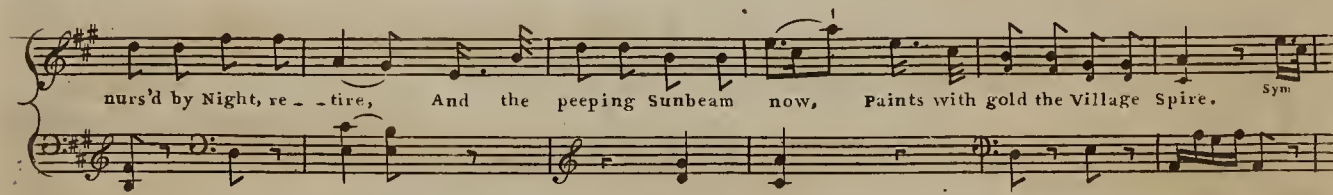
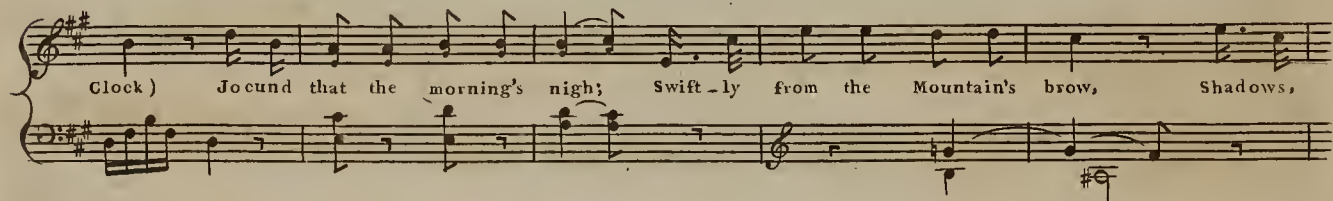
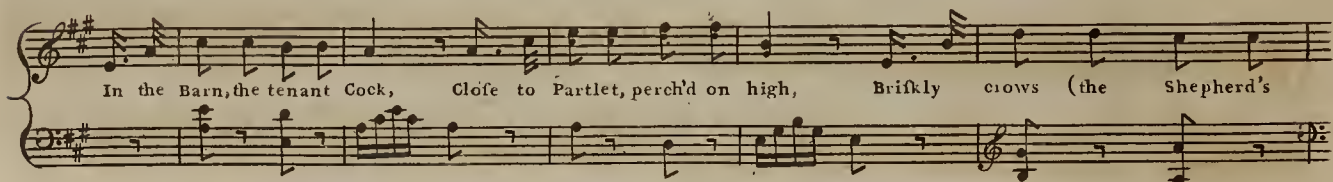
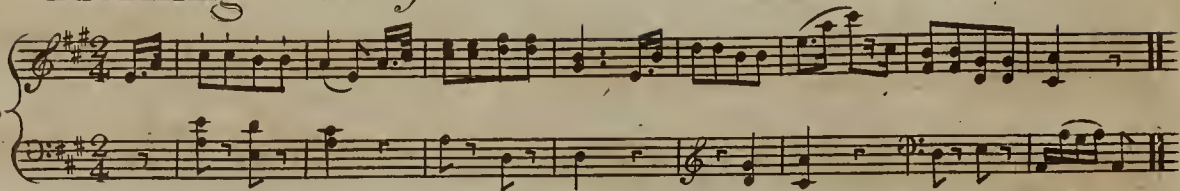
3
 My Trees, for you, ye artless Tribe,
 Shall store of fruit preserve;
 O let me thus your friendship bribe,
 Come, feed without reserve.
 Then let this league, betwixt us made,
 Our mutual Interests guard;
 Mine be the gift of Fruit and Shade,
 Your Songs be my Reward.

Morning *a Pastoral*

The Words by M^r. Cunningham

N^o. X

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 Shephérds

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

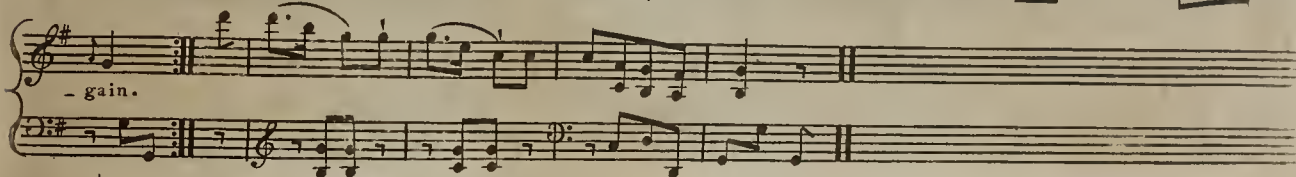
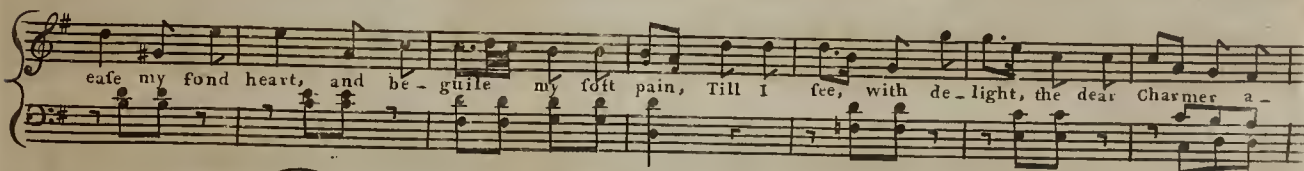
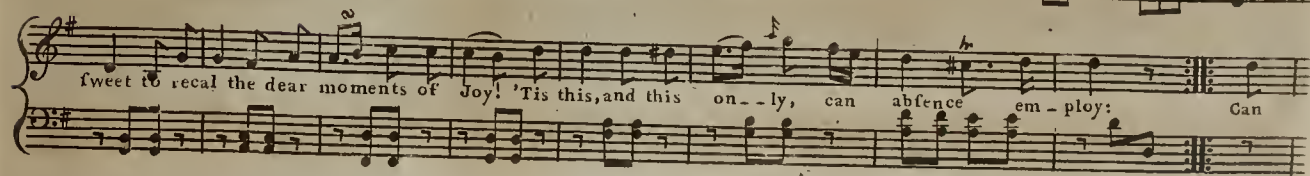
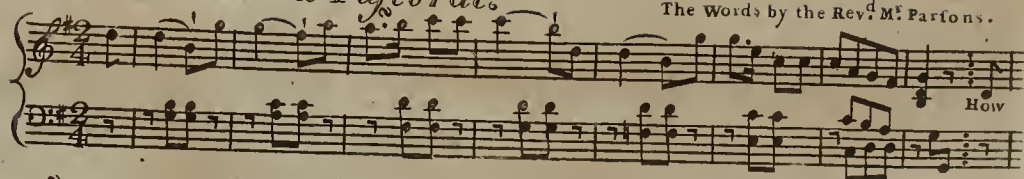
now be-gin to crop, Daifies on the dew-y Dale. Volti Subito

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

Bridge, Quick she 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.

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

2

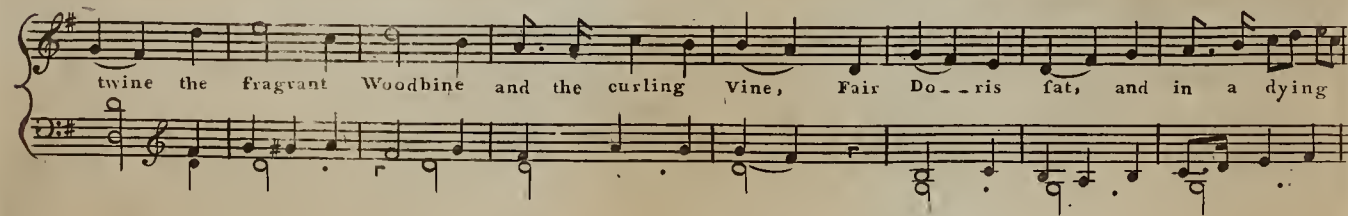
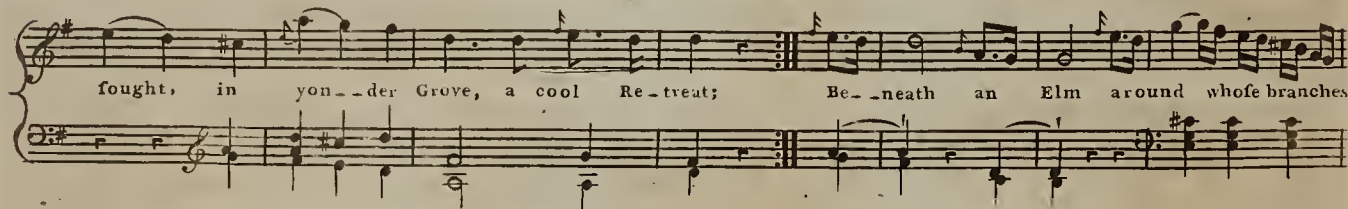
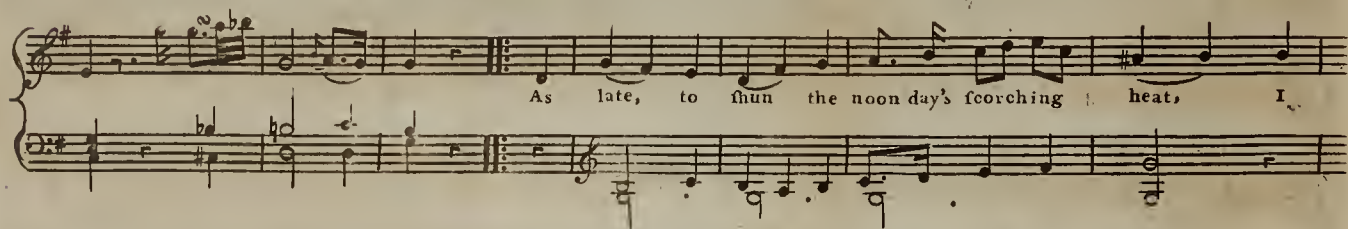
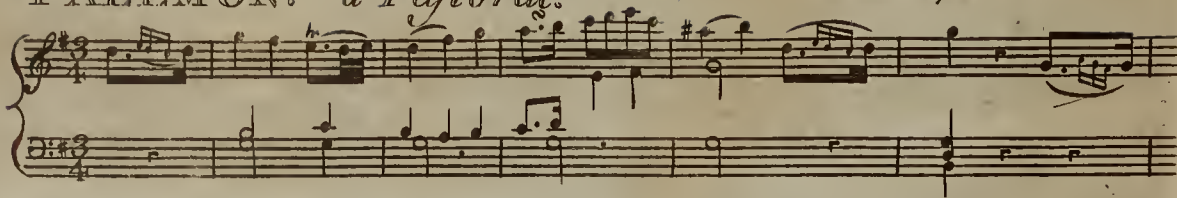
How dull and how slow do the moments retreat,
Time was when they flew, now there's lead on their feet:
Ye loit'ers be gone, why so long do ye stay.
Ye fly when I'm with her, ye creep when away.

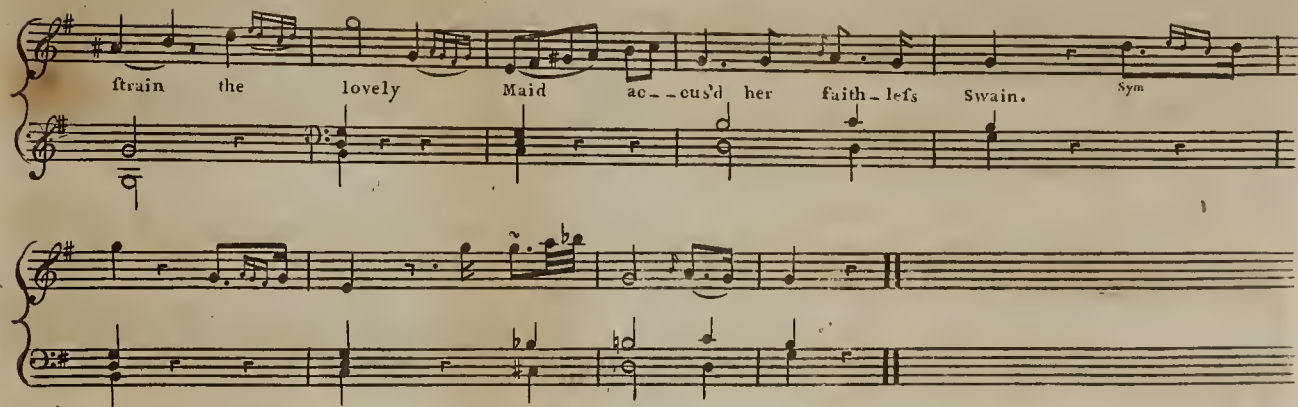
3

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 XIIPALEMON. *a Pastoral.*The Words by M^{rs} Brooke

Tendrement





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.

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

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 sordid Gain my Damons bosom move.
 And what is Wealth, alas! to faithful Love.





