

Cherry Ripe.

Words by ROBERT HERRICK (1591-1634).

Music by CHARLES EDWARD HORN (1786-1849).

In brisk time.

PIANO. *p*

mf cresc.

S. p

Cher-ry ripe, cher-ry ripe, ripe, I . . cry, . . .

pp staccato.

Full and fair ones, come . . and . . buy; . . . Cher-ry ripe, cher-ry ripe,

(2nd time at page 244).

ripe I . . cry, . . . Full and fair . . ones come and buy.

FIRST TIME.

If so be you

f *dim.* *p* *p*

ask me where . . They do grow, I an - swer there, . .

Or—Where the sun - beams . . sweet - ly smile,

Where my Ju - lia's . . . lips do smile, There's the land of

ad lib. *Dal' S.*

cher - - ry Isle, There's the land of . . cher - - ry Isle. *rall.* *Dal' S.*

SECOND TIME.

Or—Where the sun - beams sweet - ly smile,

Where my Ju - lia's lips do smile, There's the land of cher - ry Isle;

dolce.

There plan - ta - tions ful - ly show, . . All the year where cher - ries grow,

cresc.

All the year where cher - ries grow; Cher - ry ripe, cher - ry ripe, ripe I . . cry, . .

*p**pp*

Ped.

* Ped.

* Ped.

* Ped.

*

rall.

Full and fair ones come and buy, Full and fair ones

*rit.**colla voce.*

come and buy.

*a tempo.**f dim.**p rall.*

Ped.

Begone dull Care.

VOICE.

1. Be-gone dull
2. For too much

Cheerfully.

PIANO.

p

1. Care! . . I pri-thee be-gone from me; . . . Be-gone dull Care, you and
2. Care . . will make a young man turn grey, . . . And too much Care . . will

1. I shall ne-ver a-gree; . . Long time hast thou been tar-rying here, And fain thou would'st me
2. turn an old man to clay. . . My wife shall dance, and I will sing, So mer-ri-ly pass the

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

1. kill; . . . But i' faith, dull Care, . . . thou ne-ver shalt have thy will. . .
2. day; . . For I hold it one of the wis-est things to drive dull Care a-way. . .

p

mf *p* *Dal G.*

"Begone dull care" became popular through its introduction into the pantomime ballet *William Tell*, given at Sadler's Wells in 1793. Long before this the song had appeared in *The Merry Companion*, *The Aviary* (circa 1735), and *The Buck's Delight*. In all probability the air is derived from "The Queen's Jigg"—a genuine dance-tune of the Gigue pattern—which occurs in *The Dancing Master* of 1701 (11th edition). It may be added that one verse of the words was set as a Catch by John Jackson, in the *Pleasant Musical Companion* (Pt. II., 1687).

The Bay of Biscay.

Words by ANDREW CHERRY (1751-1812).

Music by JOHN DAVY (1765-1824).

In moderate time.

PIANO. *f*

Ped. *

8.

1. Loud	roar'd	the	dread - ful	thun - - - der,	The
2. Now	dash'd	up - on	the	bil - - - low,	Her
3. At	length	the	wish'd for	mor - - - row,	Broke
4. Her	yield - ing	tim - bers	se - - - ver,		Her

8. *mp*

1. rain	a	de - luge	show'rs;	The	clouds	were	rent	a -
2. op - 'ning	tim - bers	creak;		Each	fears	a	wa - t'ry	
3. thro' the	ha - zy	sky;		Ab -	sorb'd	in	si - lent	
4. pitch - y	seams	are	rent;	When	Heav'n	all	boun - teous	

1. sun - - der	By	light - ning's	vi - vid	pow'rs.	The
2. pil - - low,	None	stop the	dread - ful	leak.	To
3. sor - - row,	Each	heav'd a	bit - ter	sigh.	The
4. e - - ver,	Its	bound - less	mer - cy	sent.	A

First heard in a ballad-opera entitled "Spanish Dollars" (1805), the above song is the composition of John Davy, a Devonshire man, who in his earlier years was articled to Jackson of Exeter. Several dramatic works were produced at Sadler's Wells; but these like the operas of Davy are now long forgotten.

1. night was drear and dark, Our poor de - vo - ted
 2. cling to slip - p'ry shrouds, Each breath - less sea - man
 3. dis - mal wreck to view, Struck hor - ror in the
 4. sail in sight ap - pears, We hail her with three

1. bark . . Till next day, There she lay, In the
 2. crowds, . As she lay, Till next day, In the
 3. crew . . As she lay, All that day, In the
 4. cheers; . Now we sail, With the gale, From the

Repeat Four Bars in Chorus.

1. Bay of Bis - cay, O.
 2. Bay of Bis - cay, O.
 3. Bay of Bis - cay, O.
 4. Bay of Bis - cay, O.

cresc.

Dal G.

A poor Beggar's daughter.

VOICE.

1. A
2. Her
3. If

PIANO.

Simply.

p

1. poor beg-gar's daugh-ter did dwell on a green, Whose good-ness and beau-ty might
2. fa-ther he had nei-ther goods nor yet land, But begg'd for a pen-ny all
3. an-y-one here hold her birth in dis-dain, Her fa-ther is rea-dy with

1. well grace a Queen, A right bon-ny lass, and a dain-ty was she, And
2. day with his hand; And yet to her mar-riage he gave thou-sands three, And
3. might and with main To prove she is come of most no-ble de-gree, And

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

1. ma-ny did call her pret-ty Bes-sie.
2. still hath some left for pret-ty Bes-sie.
3. thus ends my song of pret-ty Bes-sie.

Ped. * Ped. *

An Elizabethan ballad—The Beggar's Daughter of Bednal-green—quoted by Percy in the *Reliques*, forms the basis of the words of the above song. Pepys refers to a visit (on June 26, 1668) "to the very house built by the blind beggar, so much talked of and sang in ballads." The air is from a MS. Lute-book (*temp.* Charles II) quoted by Rimbault in his *Illustrations of the Reliques* (1850).

The King's Hunt's-up.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Briskly.

1. The
2. The

1. hunt is up, . . . The hunt is up, . . . And now . . 'tis well . . nigh
2. hounds they cry, . . And deer do fly, . . The hunts - man winds his

1. day; And Har - ry our King, Is gone . . hunt - ing To
2. horn; So join all with me, In mer - ry glee, To

1. bring . . his deer . . to bay.
2. greet . . the ris - - ing morn.

Dal S.

p *sf* *Dal S.*

Puttenham, in his *Arte of English Poesie* (1589, p. 12) mentions "one Gray" as having grown unto good estimation with King Henry VIII., and afterwards with the Duke of Somerset (Protector), "for making certaine merry ballades, whereof one chiefly was 'The hunte is up, the hunte is up.'" The melody is given in *Musick's Delight on the Cithren* (1666). Another air of totally different character (arranged by Byrde) is contained in the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book*. It appears first as "The Hunt's Up" and afterwards as "Pescod Time." A vigorous tune by John Bull entitled "The King's Hunt" finds a place in the same volume. This is also distinct from any of the above airs. A hunt's-up though originally a song of the chase, gradually came to be applied to any short piece designed to greet the rising morn, or indeed to a mere love-song.

Dulce Domum.

Latin words by FRANCIS TURNER (circa 1660),
Translated by BISHOP WORDSWORTH (1807-1885).

Music by JOHN READING (circa 1640-1695).

VOICE.

In moderate time.

S. mf

p

I. { Con - ci -
Come com -

I. { na - mus, O so - da - les! E - ja, quid si - le - -
pan - ions, join your . . voi - ces, Hearts with plea - sure bound - -

I. { mus? No - bi - le can - ti - cum, dul - ce . . me - los, Do - - mum,
ing, Sing we the no - ble lay, Sweet song of ho - li - day, Joys of

CHORUS.

I. { do - mum . . re - so - ne - mus. Do - mum, do - mum, dul - ce
home, sweet . . home re - sound - ing. Home, sweet home! with ev - 'ry

f

Tradition says of the above song that it originated through a Wykehamist being confined to his rooms at Winchester, during a vacation, on account of some misdemeanour committed. Thus deprived of home and holiday, he composed the above song, and during his confinement sang it perpetually, until in despair and grief of heart he pined away, sickened and died. History points to John Reading as the author of the music, composed in all probability during his occupation of the organistship of Winchester, between the years 1681-1695. Winchester still keeps up the custom of singing "Dulce Domum" as a breaking-up song. Beginning in the school-room, with a band, the collegians also sing it at intervals during the evening, before the assembled visitors, in the college mead or play-ground, and first and last it is the one parting song for all.

(SOLO.)

I. { do - mum, Dul - ce do - mum re - - so - ne - mus, Do - mum
plea - sure! Home with ev - 'ry bles - - sing crown'd, Home, our

(CHORUS.)

I. { do - mum, dul - ce do - mum, Dul - ce do - mum . . re - - so - ne - mus.
best de - light and trea - sure! Home, the wel - come . . song, re - sound.

Dal S.

2.

Appropinquat, ecce felix!
Hora gaudiorum;
Post grave tedium,
Advenit omnium
Meta petita laborum.
Domum, domum, &c.

See, the wish'd-for day approaches,
Day with joys attended;
School's heavy course is run,
Safely the goal is won,
Happy goal, where toils are ended.
Home, sweet home! &c.

3.

Musa, libros mitte, fessa,
Mitte pensa dura;
Mitte negotium,
Jam datur otium;
Me mea mittito cura.
Domum, domum, &c.

Quit, my weary muse, your labours,
Quit your books and learning;
Banish all cares away,
Welcome the holiday,
Hearts for home and freedom yearning.
Home, sweet home! &c.

4.

Ridet annus, prate rident;
Nosque rideamus.
Jam repetit domum,
Daulias advena;
Nosque domum repetamus.
Domum, domum, &c.

Smiles the season, smile the meadows,
Let us too be smiling;
Now the sweet guest is come,
Philomel, to her home,
Homeward, too, our steps beguiling.
Home, sweet home! &c.

5.

Heus; Rogere! fer caballos;
Eja, nunc eamus;
Limen amabile,
Matris et oscula,
Suaviter et repetamus.
Domum, domum, &c.

Roger, ho! 'tis time for starting,
Haste with horse and traces;
Seek we the scene of bliss,
Where a fond mother's kiss
Longing waits her boys' embraces.
Home, sweet home! &c.

6.

Concinamus ad Penates;
Vox et audiat;
Phosphore! quid jubar
Segnius emicans,
Gaudia nostra moratur?
Domum, domum, &c.

Sing once more, the gates surrounding,
Loud the joyous measure,
Lo, the bright morning star,
Slow rising from afar,
Still retards our dawn of pleasure.
Home, sweet home! &c.

Where the bee sucks.

Words by SHAKESPEARE.

Music by Dr. ARNE (1710-1772).

Lightly, and not too fast.

PIANO.

p *p* *cresc.* *p* *cresc.*

Ped. *

Where the

bee sucks, there suck I; In a cow-slip's bell I lie: There I

p *cresc.* *p*

Ped. * Ped. *

couch when owls do cry, when owls do cry, when owls do cry. On the

p

bat's back I . . do . . fly, Af - ter

p

sum-mer, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Af-ter sum-mer mer-ri-ly.

mf

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly shall I live now, Un-der the blos-som that hangs on the

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

bough, Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly shall I live now, Un-der the

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

blos-som that hangs on the bough, Un-der the blos-som that hangs on the

rall.

rall.

bough.

mf

rit.

The Lass of Richmond Hill.*

Words by LEONARD McNALLY (1765-1820).

Music by JAMES HOOK (1746-1827).

Cheerfully.
 PIANO. *p*

S.

1. On Rich - mond Hill there lives a lass, More bright than May - day
 2. Ye ze - phyr's gay that fan the air, And wan - ton thro' the
 3. How hap - py will that shep - herd be Who calls this nymph his

pp
 Ped.

1. morn; . . . Whose charms all o - ther maids sur - pass, A rose with - out a
 2. grove, . . . Oh, whis - per to the charm - ing fair I die for her I
 3. own, . . . Oh, may her choice be fix'd on me; Mine's fix'd on her a

1. thorn. This lass so neat, with
 2. love. This lass so neat, with
 3. lone. This lass so neat, with

p
 Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

* Written in 1790.

1. smiles so sweet, Has won my right good - will, . . I'd crowns re - sign to call her mine, Sweet
 2. smiles so sweet, Has won my right good - will, . . I'd crowns re - sign to call her mine, Sweet
 3. smiles so sweet, Has won my right good - will, . . I'd crowns re - sign to call her mine, Sweet

p

1. lass of Rich-mond Hill, Sweet lass of Rich-mond Hill, Sweet lass of Rich-mond
 2. lass of Rich-mond Hill, Sweet lass of Rich-mond Hill, Sweet lass of Rich-mond
 3. lass of Rich-mond Hill, Sweet lass of Rich-mond Hill, Sweet lass of Rich-mond

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

1. Hill, I'd crowns re-sign to call thee mine, Sweet lass of Rich-mond
 2. Hill, I'd crowns re-sign to call thee mine, Sweet lass of Rich-mond
 3. Hill, I'd crowns re-sign to call thee mine, Sweet lass of Rich-mond

p

1. Hill.
 2. Hill.
 3. Hill.

Dal G.

Last time.

Dal G.

The British Grenadiers.

Briskly.

PIANO. *mf* *cresc.*

8.

1. Some talk of A - lex - an - der, and some of Her - cu - les; Of
 2. Those he - roes of an - ti - qui - ty ne'er saw a can - non ball, Or
 3. When - e'er we are com - mand - ed to storm the pal - is - ades, Our
 4. And when the siege is o - - ver, we to the town re - pair, The
 5. Then let us fill a bum - - per, and drink a health to those Who

8.

1. Hec - tor and Ly - san - der, and such great names as these; But of all the world's brave
 2. knew the force of pow - der to slay their foes with - al; But our brave boys do
 3. lea - ders march with fu - sees, and we with hand gre - nades; We throw them from the
 4. towns-men cry hur - rah, boys, here comes a Gre - na - dier! Here come the Gre - na -
 5. car - ry caps and pou - ches, and wear the loup - ed clothes; May they and their com -

1. he - roes, there's none that can com - pare, . . . With a tow row row row row row, to the
 2. know it, and ba - nish all their fears, . . . Sing tow row row row row row, for the
 3. gla - cis a - bout the en - e - mies' ears, . . . Sing tow row row row row row, for the
 4. diers, my boys, who know no doubts or fears, . . . Then sing tow row row row row row, for the
 5. man - ders, live hap - py all their years, . . . With a tow row row row row row, for the

Repeat Eight Bars in Chorus. *Dal 8.*

1. Bri - tish Gre - na - diers.
 2. Bri - tish Gre - na - diers.
 3. Bri - tish Gre - na - diers.
 4. Bri - tish Gre - na - diers.
 5. Bri - tish Gre - na - diers.

f *Dal 8.*

Little accurate information has come down to us respecting the history of the above song. The regiment which lends it its name was formed in 1678, the words are therefore not older. Several airs resemble the tune to which "The British Grenadiers" is sung. The principle are "Nancie" and "The London Prentice." (See our Appendix.)

Cease rude Boreas.

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Not too slowly.

(THE STORM).

Words and Music by G. A. STEVENS.

PIANO.

mp

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

*

- | | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|------------|
| 1. Cease rude Bo - re - as, blust'ring rail - er! | List ye lands - men all, to me; | Mess-mates |
| 2. Hark, the Bo - 'sun hoarse-ly bawl-ing | By top-sheets and hal-yards stand, | Down top- |
| 3. Now the aw - ful thun-der's roll - ing, | Peal on peal con - ten-ding clash; | On our |
| 4. O'er the lee - beam is the land, boys, | Let the guns o'er - board be thrown; | To the |

Ped.

*

- | | | |
|--|---|----------------|
| 1. hear a . . bro - ther sai - lor | Sing the dan - gers of the sea. | From bound-ing |
| 2. gal - lants quick be haul - ing, | Down your stay - sails, hand, boys, hand. | It fresh - ens |
| 3. heads fierce rain falls pour - ing, | In our eyes blue light-'nings flash: | With one wide |
| 4. pump, come, ev - 'ry hand, boys! | See our miz - zen - mast is gone. | The leak we've |

mf

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. bil - lows first in mo - tion, | When the dis - tant whirl-winds rise, | To the tem - pest trou-bled |
| 2. now, so set the bra - ces, | Quick the top - sail-sheets let go; | Luff, boys, luff, the storm she |
| 3. wa - ter, all a - round us, | All a - bove us one black sky; | Danger's men - a - ces sur - |
| 4. found it can-not pour fast, | Light-en'd by a foot or more; | Up and rig a ju - ry |

cresc. sf

Ped.

*

Dal S

- | |
|---|
| 1. o - cean, Where the seas con-tend with skies. |
| 2. fa - ces, Up your top - sails nim - bly clew. |
| 3. round us, Hark, what means that dread-ful cry. |
| 4. fore - mast, Now she rights, boys, wear off shore. |

p Dal S

Ped.

*

The words of the above song are by George Alexander Stevens, who is also the adapter of the air. The song was introduced into a Marine melody "The Muses' Delight" (1754). It was afterwards reprinted, in somewhat extended form, in Stevens' *Choice Spirit's Chaplet* (1771). The original version of the air is given in "The British Musical Miscellany" vol. iv., 1790 (Walsh). Included popularised the song, which was considered his finest effort.

Black-eyed Susan.

Words by JOHN GAY (1688-1732).

Music by RICHARD LEVERIDGE (1668-1758).

VOICE.

In moderate time.

1. All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The streamers
 2. Then Wil-iam, high up - on the yard, Rock'd with the
 3. O, Su - san, Su san, love-ly dear! My vows shall
 4. The boatswain gave the dread-ful word, The sails their

PIANO.

1. wa - ving in the wind, When black-eyed Su - san came a-board, "O, where shall I my true-love
 2. bil - lows to and fro, Soon as her well-known voice he heard, He sigh'd and cast his eyes be -
 3. e - ver true re - main; I'll kiss a - way that fall-ing tear: We on - ly part to meet a -
 4. swell - ing bo-som spread; No lon-ger must she stay on board: They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his

1. find? Then tell me ye jo - vial sai - lers, tell me true, If my sweet Wil-iam, if my sweet
 2. low: The cord slides swift - ly through his glowing hands, And quick as light-ning, and quick as
 3. gain. Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be The faith-ful com- pass, the faith-ful
 4. head. Her less-'ning boat un - will - ing rows to land; "A-dieu," she cries, . . "A-dieu," she

cresc.

1. Wil - liam sails a - mong your crew? "
 2. light - ning, on the deck he stands.
 3. com - pass that still points to thee.
 4. cries, and wav'd her li - ly hand.

p *Dal' S.*

Gay's song was set to music by several different hands, notably by Henry Carey, Signor Sendoni and J. F. Lampe; the air by the last-named being in *The Muses Delight* (1754). Leveridge's tune speedily banished all competitors; though in the lapse of time it has become much changed. An earlier form is given in our Appendix. Gay's words were written circa 1723, and set by Leveridge some two years later.

Air: "Smiling Polly."

VOICE. *Simply.*

1. As I . . came thro' Sandgate, thro'
 2. O, who's like my John - ny, so
 3. He wears a blue bon - net, blue

PIANO. *mp* *p*

1. Sand - gate, thro' Sand - gate, As I . . came thro' Sand - gate I heard a las - sie sing; O,
 2. lithe, so blithe, so bon - ny? He's fore-most 'mong the mon - y Keel lads of coal - y Tyne; He'll
 3. bon - net, blue bon - net, He wears a blue bon - net, A dim - ple in his chin; And

cresc.

1. weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row, O, weel may the keel row, That
 2. sit and row so tight - ly, or dance, O so spright - ly, He'll cut and shuf - fle sight - ly, 'Tis
 3. weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row, And weel may the keel row, That

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Dal *S.*

1. my lad - die's in.
 2. true, were he not mine.
 3. my lad - die's in.

Dal *S.* *f* *sf*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

This popular song is from Ritson's *Northumberland Garland* (1793), while the music is contained in *Thompson's 200 Country Dances* (1765).

The girl I've left behind me.

In moderate time.

Air: "Brighton Camp."

PIANO.

mp *dim.*

1. I'm lone-some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and val - ley; Such
 2. Oh, ne'er shall I for - get the night, The stars were bright a - bove me, And
 3. The bee shall ho - ney taste no more, The dove be - come a ran - ger, The

S. p

1. hea - vy thoughts my heart do fill, Since part-ing with my Sal - ly. I seek no more the
 2. gen - tly lent their sil - v'ry light, When first she vow'd to love me. But now I'm bound to
 3. fall - ing waves shall cease to roar, Ere I shall seek to change her. The vows we reg - is -

1. fine and gay, For each does but re - mind me, How swift the hours did pass a - way, With the
 2. Bright-on camp, Kind hea - ven, then pray guide me, And send me safe - ly back a - gain, To the
 3. ter'd a - bove Shall e - ver cheer and bind me, In con - stan - cy to her I love The

Dal S

1. girl I've left be - hind me.
 2. girl I've left be - hind me.
 3. girl I've left be - hind me.

p *mp* *Dal S*

An early copy in MS. was in the possession of Dr. Rimbault, giving the air of "The Girl I left behind me, or Brighton Camp" (1770). The words are attributable to 1758 when there are known to have been large encampments along the coast what time Hawke and Rodney were watching the French fleet. A year later Boscawen laid all fears. (See our note on p. 82.) Moore included this air in his *Irish Melodies*. (See *Minstrelsy of Ireland* p. 14.) It has been used for over a century as a loth-to-depart or *chant du départ* by our soldiers and sailors, on land and on sea.

How should I your true love know?

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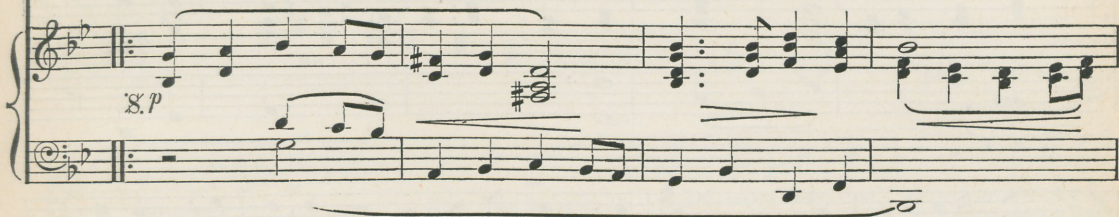
Words from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.

Slowly.

PIANO.



1. How should I your true love know, From an - o - ther one?
 2. He is dead, and gone, la - dy, He is dead and gone!
 3. White his shroud as the moun - tain snow, Lard - ed with sweet flow'rs,



1. By his co - ckle hat and staff, And his san - dal shoon.
 2. At his head a . . grass - green turf, At his heels a stone.
 3. Which be - wept to the grave did not go, With true - love . . . show'rs.



The above is one of the traditional airs sung by Ophelia in *Hamlet*. W. Linley and Dr. Arnold did useful work as collectors of these old melodies. That quoted found its way into the *Beggars' Opera* (1728).

On the banks of Allan Water.

Words by M. G. LEWIS.

Music by Lady C. S.

VOICE.

Expressively.

PIANO.

1. On the banks of Al-lan
 2. On the banks of Al-lan
 3. On the banks of Al-lan

1. wa - ter, When the Spring-time sweet did fall, . . . Was the Mil - ler's love - ly daugh - ter,
 2. wa - ter, When brown Au-tumn spread its store, . . . There I saw the Mil-ler's daugh - ter,
 3. wa - ter, When the Win - ter snow fell fast, . . . Still was seen the Mil-ler's daugh - ter,

1. Fair - est of them all; For his bride a sol-dier sought her, And a win - ning tongue had
 2. But she smiled no more— For the Sum - mer, grief had brought her, And the sol - dier false was
 3. Chill-ing blew the blast; But the Mil - ler's love-ly daugh-ter, Both from cold and care was

1. he, . . . On the banks of Al-lan wa - ter, None so gay as she.
 2. he, . . . On the banks of Al-lan wa - ter, None so sad as she.
 3. free, . . . On the banks of Al-lan wa - ter, There a corse lay she.

Dal *S.*

Written in 1806 and published about 1815, this little ballad refers to the Allan water near Stirling, where the site of "My lad's mill" is still shown as the scene which inspired it. The lady-composer's initials have not yet been the means of establishing her identity. Do they refer to Catherine Stephens (1791-1882), the famous ballad-singer—afterwards Countess of Essex?

Three Merry Men of Kent.

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(HE THAT WILL NOT MERRY, MERRY BE).

VOICE.

Jovially.

PIANO.

f *p* *mf*

1. He that will not
2. He that will not
3. He that will not

1. merry, merry be, With a gen-rous bowl and toast, May he in Bride-well be shut up, And
2. merry, merry be, And take his glass in course, May he be o-blig'd to drink small beer, Ne'er a
3. merry, merry be, With a troop of jol-ly boys, May he be plagued with a scold-ing wife, To con-

1. fast bound to a post. Let him be mer-ry, merry, merry there, And we will be merry, merry
2. pen-ny in his purse. Let him be mer-ry, merry, merry there, And we will be merry, merry
3. found him with her noise. Let him be mer-ry, merry, merry there, And we will be merry, merry

1. here; For who can know where we may go To be mer-ry an-o-ther year, Brave
2. here; For who can know where we may go To be mer-ry an-o-ther year, Brave
3. here; For who can know where we may go To be mer-ry an-o-ther year, Brave

Dal' S.

1. boys, To be mer-ry an-o-ther year.
2. boys, To be mer-ry an-o-ther year.
3. boys, To be mer-ry an-o-ther year.

f *p* *Dal' S.*

The air with the words are found in *The Jovial Crew* (1731). Both are probably much older. The words alone are contained in *Songs of the Peasantry of England* (Dixon), and in *The Merry Companion or Universal Songster* (1742) from which our copy is taken.

The Leather Bottel.

17th Century.

VOICE.

In moderate time.

PIANO.

*mp**mp*

1. When I sur-vey the
2. Now what say you to these
3. Then what say you to these
4. And when the bot-tle at

1. world around; The wondrous things that do abound, The ships that on the sea do swim, To keep out foes that
2. cans of wood? Oh, no, in faith they cannot be good, For if the bear-er fall by the way, Why on the ground your
3. glasses fine? Oh, they shall have no praise of mine, For if you chance to touch the brim, Down falls the liquor and
4. last grows old, And will good liquor no lon-ger hold, Out of the sides you may make a clout, To mend your shoes when

1. none come in; Well, let them all say what they can, 'Twas for one end the use of man, So I
2. li-quer doth lay; But had it been in a lea-ther bot-tel, Al-though he had fal-len all had been well, So I
3. all there-in; But had it been in a lea-ther bot-tel, With stop-per in, then all had been well, So I
4. they're worn out; Or take and hang it up on a pin, 'Twill serve to put hinges and odd things in, So I

wish him joy wher-e'er he dwell, That first found out, . . . the

lea-ther bot-tel.

*Dal S.**dim.**Dal S.*

Ped.

*

Ped.

The air of this song appears to have been handed down by tradition. There are no early printed copies known. It was given in Chappell's *Ancient English Melodies* (1838-40). The words exist in a black-letter copy in the British Museum (1638 circa), and in *Wit and Drollery* (1692) and *New Academy of Complements* (1694). They are also in Durfey's *Wit and Mirth*, vol. III, 246 (1719), as well as in the earlier edition, with a doleful minor melody, quite distinct from the above.

Expressively.

PIANO. *p*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes in a descending pattern, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Expressively' and the dynamics are 'p' (piano).

1. Love me lit - tle, love me long, Is the bur - den of my song, Love that is too
2. Win - ter's cold, or sum - mer's heat, Au - tumn's tem - pest on it beat, It can ne - ver

S. p

Ped. *

The first system of the song features two vocal parts (Soprano and Alto) and piano accompaniment. The vocal parts enter with the melody, and the piano provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: '1. Love me lit - tle, love me long, Is the bur - den of my song, Love that is too' and '2. Win - ter's cold, or sum - mer's heat, Au - tumn's tem - pest on it beat, It can ne - ver'. The piano part includes a pedal point marked with an asterisk.

1. hot and strong, Burn - eth soon to waste. Still I would not have thee cold, Nor too
2. know de - feat, Ne - ver can re - bel. Such the love that I would gain, Such

Ped. *

The second system continues the song. The vocal parts sing: '1. hot and strong, Burn - eth soon to waste. Still I would not have thee cold, Nor too' and '2. know de - feat, Ne - ver can re - bel. Such the love that I would gain, Such'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment. A pedal point is marked with an asterisk.

1. back - ward, nor too bold; . . Love that last - eth till 'tis old, Fa - deth not in
2. love, I tell thee plain, . . Thou must give, or woo in vain, So, to thee, fare -

The third system continues the song. The vocal parts sing: '1. back - ward, nor too bold; . . Love that last - eth till 'tis old, Fa - deth not in' and '2. love, I tell thee plain, . . Thou must give, or woo in vain, So, to thee, fare -'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment.

1. haste.
2. well.

Dal S.

Dal S.

The fourth system concludes the song. The vocal parts sing: '1. haste.' and '2. well.'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment. The system is marked 'Dal S.' (Da Capo) at the beginning and end.

The air under the title "Mad Robin" is in the *Dancing Master* of 1686 (given on an extra sheet). Chappell associated it with the present words which he mentions having found in a MS. (temp. James I.) belonging (in 1859) to Payne Collier.

The Mermaid.

Vigorously.

PIANO.

*p**f dim.*

1. One Fri - day morn when we . . set . . sail, Not ve - ry far from the
 2. Then up starts the Cap - tain of our gal-lant ship, And a brave young man was . .
 3. Then up starts the Mate of our gal - lant ship, And a bold young man was . .
 4. Then up starts the Cook of our gal - lant ship, And a gruff old soul was . .

S. mp

1. land, We there did es - py . . a . . fair pret - ty maid With a comb and a glass in her
 2. he; I've a wife and a child in . . fair Bris - tol town, But a wi - dow I fear she will
 3. he; Oh! I have a wife in . . fair Portsmouth town, But a wi - dow I fear she will
 4. he; Oh! I have a wife in . . fair Plymouth town, But a wi - dow I fear she will

CHORUS.

1. hand, her hand, her hand, With a comb and a glass in her hand.
 2. be, will be, will be, But a wi - dow I fear she will be.
 3. be, will be, will be, But a wi - dow I fear she will be.
 4. be, will be, will be, But a wi - dow I fear she will be.

For the ra - ging seas did

Or—

roar, . . . And the
roar, And the storm - y winds did . . blow; While

we jol - ly sai - lor boys were up un - to the top, And the land - lub - bers ly - ing down be -

- low, be - low, be - low, And the land - lub - bers ly - ing down be - low.

mf *cresc.*

f *Dal S.*

5. And then up spoke the little cabin-boy,
And a pretty little boy was he!
Oh, I am more grieved for my daddy and my mammy,
Than you for your wives all three, &c.
For the raging seas, &c.

6. Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she;
For the want of a life-boat they all went down,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea, &c.
For the raging seas, &c.

Tradition has preserved the old chanty (or sea-song) given above. The words are, in all probability, much older than the air, the present version of which was copied down by Charles Sloman, in 1840. (Compare "We be three poor mariners," p. 126).

Mary of Argyle.

Words by C. JEFFERYS (1807-1865).

Music by SIDNEY NELSON (1806-1862).

VOICE.

In leisurely time.

PIANO.

p

Ped.

1. I have
2. Though thy

1. heard the ma - vis sing - ing His love - song to the
2. voice may lose its sweet-ness, And thine eye its bright - ness

pp

1. morn; I have seen the dew - drop cling-ing To the rose just new - ly
2. too, Though thy step may lack its fleet-ness, And thy hair its sun - ny

1. born; But a sweet - er song has cheer'd me At the ev'-ning's gen - tle
2. hue, Still to me wilt thou be dear - er Than all the world shall

1. close, And I've seen an eye still bright-er, Than the dew-drop on the
2. own, I have lov'd thee for thy beau-ty, But . . not for that a -

1. rose, 'Twas thy voice my gen - tle Ma - ry, And thine
2. lone, I have watch'd thy heart, dear Ma - ry, And its

1. art - less win - ning smile, That . . made this world an E - - den, Bon-nie
2. good-ness was the wile, That has made thee mine for ev - - er, Bon-nie

1. Ma-ry of Ar - gyle.
2. Ma-ry of Ar - gyle.

Dal S.

Jack met his mother.

Words from a ballad in the Roxburghe Collection.

Air from Durfey's *Wit and Mirth*, v. 29 (1719).

VOICE.

Briskly.

PIANO.

sf mf

Ped. * Ped. *

1. Jack
2. So
3. Then
4. Then

1. met his mo - ther all a - lone, To whom he did smi - ling say, . . . "I'll go and vi - sit
2. soon as his dis - course was done, With - out an - y more dis - pute, . . . Jack to his cham - ber
3. he a - way to Joan did ride, And when he came there, did say, . . . "Sweet jew - el, wilt thou
4. Joan in mer - ry hu - mour smil'd, And ta - king him round the waist, . . . Said "Pri - thee John be

mp

1. bux - om Joan, Be - cause 'tis ho - li - day; . . . And in my Sun - day clothes . . . I
2. straight did run, And donn'd his lea - thern suit; . . . His hat, and rib - bon red, . . . As
3. be my bride, My ho - ney say not nay." . . . But Joan be - gan to frown, . . . As
4. re - con - cil'd, 'Twas but a word in haste, . . . A vir - tuous wife I'll prove, . . . O -

mf

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

1. hopes she'll like me well: . . . If Joan be kind, my heart and mind To her I will free - ly
2. he was thus ar - ray'd, . . . Him - self he view'd and did con - clude That he was a brisk young
3. he was much too free; . . . She would not such a home - bred clown Her husband should e - ver
4. bey and love thee too." . . . "Why then," quoth he, "I here a - gree To mar - ry with none but

cresc. f p

Dal *S*

1. tell. . . .
2. blade. . . .
3. be. . . .
4. you." . . .

sf mf

Dal *S*

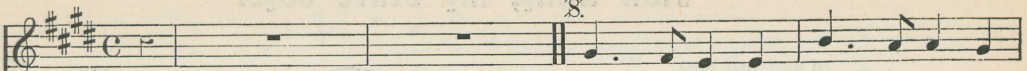
Isle of Beauty.

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Words by T. H. BAYLY (1797-1839).

Music by Major C. S. WHITMORE (1805-1877).

VOICE.



Expressively.

1. Shades of ev-'ning close not o'er us,
2. 'Tis the hour when hap-py fa-ces
3. When the waves are round me break-ing,

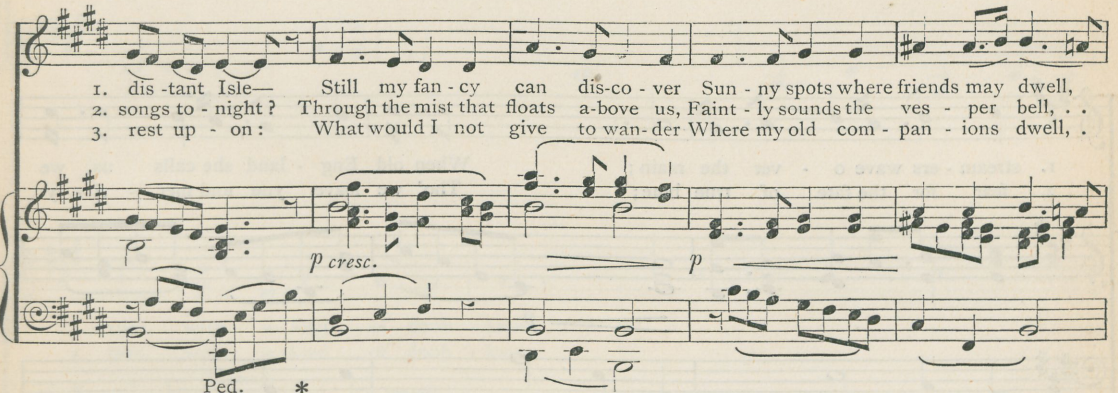
PIANO.



1. Leave our lone-ly barque a-while; Morn, a-las! will not re-store us Yon-der dim and
2. Smile a-round the ta-per's light; Who will fill our va-cant places, Who will sing our
3. As I pace the deck a-lone, And my eye in vain is seek-ing, Some green leaf to



1. dis-tant Isle— Still my fan-cy can dis-co-ver Sun-ny spots where friends may dwell,
2. songs to - night? Through the mist that floats a-bove us, Faint-ly sounds the ves-per bell, . .
3. rest up - on: What would I not give to wan-der Where my old com-pan-ions dwell, .



1. Dark-er sha-dows round us ho-ver, Isle of Beau-ty, fare-thee-well!
2. Like a voice from those who love us, Breath-ing fond-ly, fare-thee-well!
3. Ab-sence makes the heart grow fond-er, Isle of Beau-ty, fare-thee-well!



Last time.

