

15
Miss Simpson

'THE YOUNGERSON',

BY

Miss Smith,

K—

(OF THE DOWN HOUSE)

Inscribed to

The Right Honorable

THE

VISCOUNTESS TORRINGTON.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Pr. 2/-

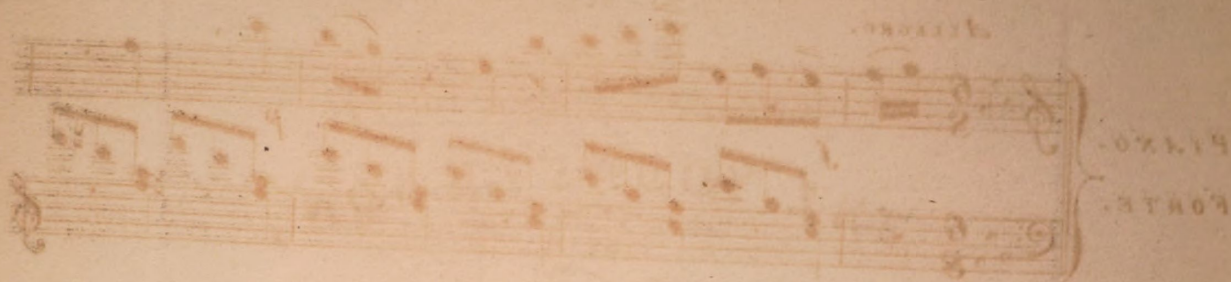
LONDON, J. DEAN, 148, NEW BOND ST.

Just Published

The Charming Woman..... by M^{rs} P. Blackwood.
Oh 'give me New Partners..... Miss L. Sheridan.
I knew him not..... D^c
The Rival Suitors..... Miss Smith.

J. Dean

THE FOREIGNER 207



THE YOUNGER SON.

ALLEGRO.

PIANO-
FORTE.

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the right hand with accents and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano).

This system continues the piano introduction, maintaining the 6/8 time and B-flat major key. It includes a repeat sign at the end of the system.

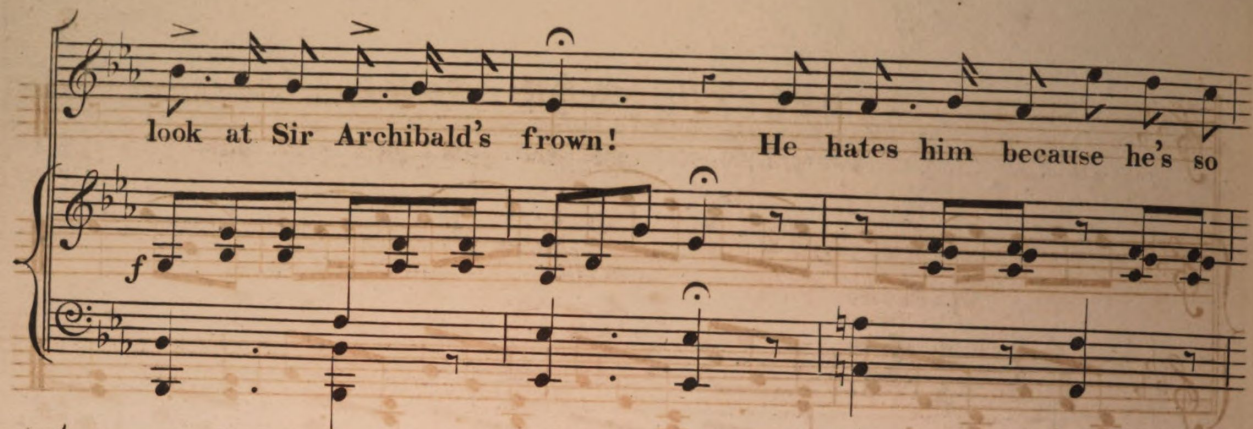
Yes! I own Lady Jane he's de-lightful! The handsomest man a-bout

The vocal entry begins with the lyrics "Yes! I own Lady Jane he's de-lightful! The handsomest man a-bout". The piano accompaniment continues in the left hand, with a *p* (piano) dynamic marking.

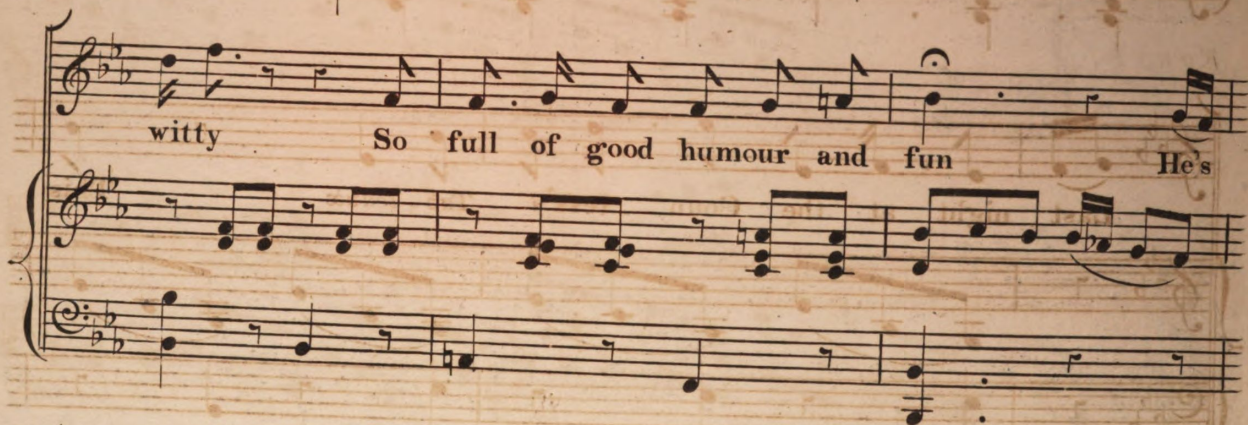
town! No won-der the men are so spiteful! Do

The vocal entry continues with the lyrics "town! No won-der the men are so spiteful! Do". The piano accompaniment continues in the left hand.

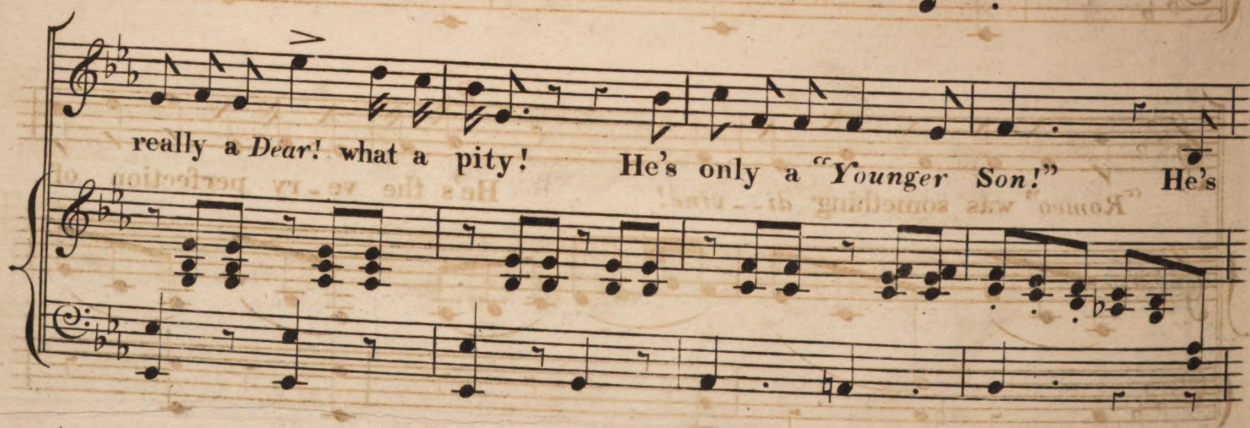
look at Sir Archibald's frown! He hates him because he's so



witty So full of good humour and fun He's



really a Dear! what a pity! He's only a "Younger Son!" He's



really a Dear! what a pity! He's only a "Younger Son!"



Last night at the Coun - - tess's Tab - leaux This
 "Romeo" was something di - - vine! He's the ve - ry perfection of
 all Beaux And of course, a great fav'rite of mine! I should

like ve-ry much to in-vite him When the toils of the Season are
done I'm real-ly quite sor-ry to slight him! But you
know he's a "Youn--ger Son!" I'm real-ly quite sor-ry to
slight him But you know he's a "Youn--ger Son!"

p *f* *f* *p* *f*

3

And though he's *so charming*, I've reasons
For keeping him out of *our Set* —
There's Letitia been out these five Seasons
Such offers! — and not married yet
Now Sir George has been lately quite pointed —
(He's the dullest man under the Sun!)
But this time I'll not be disappointed
For the sake of a "*Younger Son!*"

4

Poor Sir George! do you think he seems jealous?
He's *rather ill temper'd* I fear —
But he's Heir to a Peerage they tell us
With *full Twenty thousand* a year!! —
What better can all her friends wish her?
And 'tis plain that *his heart* is half won —
Good gracious! — *do look at Letitia!* —
Arm in arm with that "*Younger Son!*"

5

It is really *too bad* in my daughter —
Spite of all I can do, or can say
She's continually throwing cold water
On the finest "*Partis*" of the day!
'Twas the same with Lord Dash — and Young Bother —
(Splendid matches for her *ev'ry one* —
'Tis a chance if she got such another)
She *shan't* marry a "*Younger Son!*"

6

They are growing I fear sentimental
'Tis high time this nonsense should end —
Such assurance in a "*detrimental!*"
He's *too handsome* to be a safe friend!
In Letitia 'tis very provoking —
Of "*the needful*" I'm sure he has none! —
I declare, Lady Jane, without joking
I've a *dread* of a "*Younger Son!*"

7

They are all so vexatiously clever!
So vastly too winning and gay —
I have found it, believe me, for ever
"*Younger Sons*" are always in the way!
If they happen to be in the fashion
One can neither quite *cut* them, nor shun;
'Tis enough to put Job in a passion
To be foil'd by a "*Younger Son!*"

SONGS &c. — Composed by *MISS SMITH,*
OF THE *DOWN HOUSE.*

<i>A place in thy memory, dearest!...</i>	Poetry by <i>The AUTHOR of the COLLEGLANS.</i>
<i>Drink from the fount.....</i>	<i>The Rev. W. M. S. MARRIOTT.</i>
<i>We shall meet no more.....</i>	<i>The Hon. MRS. NORTON.</i>
<i>Oh! say not that Hope ever dies.....</i>	<i>MISS REYNETT.</i>
<i>The Praises of Tears.....</i>	<i>LORD MORPETH.</i>
<i>The Cavalier.....</i>	<i>SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart.</i>
<i>Nicé.....</i>	<i>J. B. S. MORRITT, Esq.</i>
<i>The Crusader's Return.....</i>	<i>SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart.</i>
<i>Good bye.....</i>	<i>MISS REYNETT.</i>
<i>The Spells of the Midnight Hour..</i>	<i>MISS SMITH.</i>
<i>'Twas but a Dream.....</i>	<i>MISS SMITH.</i>
<i>The Water Sprite.....</i>	<i>MISS SMITH.</i>
<i>The Joys of Home.....</i>	<i>MISS SMITH.</i>
<i>The light farewell.....</i>	<i>MISS SMITH.</i>
<i>I love to be alone.....</i>	<i>MISS SMITH.</i>
<i>Fairy Hopes.....</i>	<i>MISS SMITH.</i>
<i>I'll tell thee where I love thee best..</i>	<i>The Rev. W. M. S. MARRIOTT.</i>
<i>The Gypsy Girl.....</i>	<i>MISS SMITH.</i>
<i>The Choice.....</i>	<i>MISS L. E. LONDON.</i>
<i>The Fairies Home.....</i>	<i>MISS SMITH.</i>
<i>Childhood's Years.....</i>	<i>MISS SMITH.</i>
<i>The Italian Girl's Hymn to the Virgin..</i>	<i>MRS. HEMANS.</i>
<i>What is that Sound?.....</i>	<i>MISS SMITH.</i>
<i>I know thou'lt remember me....</i>	<i>MISS SMITH.</i>
<i>A weariness is on me.....</i>	<i>MISS SMITH.</i>
<i>The Faded Flower.....</i>	<i>MISS SMITH. Air Weber.</i>
<i>Set of Waltzes & Galoppe, dedicated to</i>	
<i>The Hon. RICHARD QUIN.</i>	<i>by MISS SMITH.</i>

<i>The War Song.....</i>	Poetry by <i>SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart.</i>
<i>The Boquet.....</i>	<i>L. S.</i>
<i>The Faithless Knight.....</i>	<i>The Hon. MRS. NORTON.</i>
<i>The Sunny World.....</i>	<i>The Hon. MRS. NORTON.</i>
<i>The Deserted Home.....</i>	<i>MISS SMITH.</i>
<i>The Songs of past days.....</i>	<i>MISS SMITH.</i>
<i>The Name.....</i>	<i>MISS SMITH.</i>
<i>I know not why!.....</i>	<i>MISS SMITH.</i>
<i>Norman Battle Song.....</i>	<i>MISS SMITH.</i>
<i>The Rival Suitors.....</i>	<i>MISS SMITH.</i>
<i>The Younger Son.....</i>	<i>MISS SMITH.</i>
<i>Listen to the Convent Bell.....</i>	<i>MISS SMITH.</i>

<i>Ah! riconosci, (Arietta).....</i>	<i>MISS SMITH.</i>
<i>Esperance — (Romance).....</i>	<i>MISS SMITH.</i>

SONGS Composed by *MR A. D. ROCHE.*

<i>Dirna turn awa' Love.....</i>	Poetry by <i>The LADY M^c —</i>
<i>When first the Sun.....</i>	<i>HON. G. F. BERKELEY.</i>
<i>Sweet is the morn's first beaming.....</i>	<i>EUGENIUS ROCHE Esq.</i>
<i>'Twas once upon a time.....</i>	<i>W. BALL.</i>
<i>The Minstrel's returned from the war.....</i>	<i>The Hon^{ble} —</i>
<i>Home of my Father's, farewell!.....</i>	<i>W. BALL.</i>
<i>My gentle Child.....</i>	<i>MRS. HEMANS.</i>
<i>Nobody knows, nobody knows.....</i>	<i>MISS EDWARDS.</i>
<i>How many loved & honored thee, stanzas writⁿ</i>	<i>MISS LONDON.</i>
<i>on the death of M^{rs} Hemans, with portrait of D^c</i>	
<i>Meet me at Eve.....</i>	<i>F. CLARK Esq.</i>
<i>The Strain I breathe to thee }</i>	<i>W. BALL.</i>
<i>Duet, two Sopranos.. }</i>	

SONGS Composed by *MISS LIGHTFOOT.*

<i>We are sisters, beautiful flowers.....</i>	Poetry by
<i>Now I come to my peaceful home.....</i>	<i>MISS HAYWOOD.</i>
<i>The Fisherman's Song.....</i>	<i>MISS COSTELLO.</i>
<i>And art thou, love, come back again?.....</i>	<i>MISS MITFORD.</i>
<i>For the absent we may weep!.....</i>	
<i>See! who is she, with eyes of brightness.....</i>	
<i>Oh! turn those Eyes away Love.....</i>	<i>MISS F. KEMBLE.</i>

