The Music of

PIZARRO,

A PLAY,

As now Performing at the

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

with unbounded Applause,

The Music Composed & Selected

by

MICHAEL KELLY.

Rent at St. George’s Hall.   Pr. 6d.

Published for M’KELLY, No. 9,
New noble Sheet, to be had at
all the Music Shops.
GRAND MARCH

Allegro

con

Spirito

in the Temple of the Sun.

Kelly
M A R C H
Of Priests and Priestesses in the Temple of the Sun.

Maestoso

Gluck
4. **Solo & Semi-Chorus.** Sung by Mf. Sedgwick, Kelly, Dignum, Mrs. Crouch, Miss Decamp, Stephens, Dufour & Leal. Kelly

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Music notation and lyrics follow, including:

- **Piano Forte**
- **Largo**

Music text is partially obscured due to image quality.
Oh pow'r Supreme in mercy smile with favor on thy Servants toil our hearts from guileful passions free which here we render unto thee which here we render unto thee which here we render unto thee

Trombone
Timpani
Chorus of Priests and Priestesses in the Temple of the Sun.

Sacchini

Piano Forte
Largo

Thou Parent Light! but deign to hear but deign to

Thou Parent Light! but deign to hear but deign to

Thou Parent Light! but deign to hear but deign to

hast...
and this our sacrifice our sacrifice of fear confute with fire.

and this our sacrifice our sacrifice of fear confute with fire.

and this our sacrifice our sacrifice of fear confute with fire.

and this our sacrifice our sacrifice of fear confute with fire.

and this our sacrifice our sacrifice of fear confute with fire.

and this our sacrifice our sacrifice of fear confute with fire.

and this our sacrifice our sacrifice of fear confute with fire.

and this our sacrifice our sacrifice of fear confute with fire.
ly rever'd The Altar his own flames en-
ly rever'd The Altar his own flames en-
ly rever'd The Altar his own flames en-

wresth'd Then be the conquering Sword un-sheath'd then
wresth'd Then be the conquering Sword un-sheath'd then
wresth'd Then be the conquering Sword un-sheath'd then

be the conquering Sword un-sheath'd and
be the conquering Sword un-sheath'd and
be the conquering Sword un-sheath'd and
Victory fit on Rolla's Brow our

Foes to crush to overthrow Give

Praise give praise The God has heard Give
MARCH

Allegro
con
Spirito
GLEE  FLY AWAY TIME
Sung by Mrs. Crouch, Mrs. Decamp, Stephens, Dufour, & Leak. (Kelly

Andante con moto

MRS. CROUCH

Fly away fly away fly away time nor be the Anxious hour delay'd

MRS. LEAK

Fly away fly away fly away time that soothes the heart by grief dismay

MRS. DECAMP

Fly away fly away fly away time nor be the Anxious hour delay'd
fly away fly away fly away time that soothes the heart by
fly away fly away fly away time that soothes the heart by
fly away fly away fly away time that soothes the heart by

grief dif-may'd shoud gast-lely Death

A - pear in view we can dare it

A - pear in view we can dare it
with friends we love
So brave fo

with friends we love
So brave fo

Oh -

true we will share it fly away fly away fly away time

true we will share it fly away fly away fly away time

true

Fly away fly away fly away time

nor be the Anxious hour de...lay'd fly away fly away fly away

nor be the Anxious hour de...lay'd fly away fly away fly away

nor be the Anxious hour de...lay'd fly away fly away fly away
Distant Military March and Chorus
Of Peruvians.

Kelly

Hush    hush    don't you

Victory now has made us free we haste our friends to see
Hark louder fill from yon-der Hill en-creasing loud with terror fill with terror
made us free has made us made us free we haste we
now has made us free has made us free we haste we

fill with terror fill
haste our friends to fee Victory
haste our friends to fee Victory now has made us free

Hark louder fill
now has made us free we haste we
we haste we haste our friends to fee
from yon-der Hill

haste our friends to fee

we haste we haste our friends to fee

Growing sounds with terror fill with

now has made us free we haste we haste our friends to fee we haste we

Victory now has made Victory now has made us free we haste we

terror fill with terror fill

haste our friends to fee our friends to fee

haste our friends to fee we haste we haste our friends to fee
Cherubini

Allegro

To thee be praise o Glorious Sun beneath whose beams the field was won.

Chorus

Piano Forte

To thee be praise o Glorious Sun beneath whose beams the field was won.

To thee be praise o Glorious Sun beneath whose beams the field was won.

To thee be praise o Glorious Sun beneath whose beams the field was won.
To thee be praise, o glorious Sun, beneath whose beams

the field was won, beneath whose beams the field was won

To thee be praise, o glorious Sun, beneath whose beams

the field was won, beneath whose beams the field was won

won—beneath whose beams the field was won

won—beneath whose beams the field was won
beneath whose beams the field was won
raise high the voice
beneath whose beams the field was won
raise high the voice
beneath whose beams the field was won
raise high the voice
beneath whose beams the field was won
raise high the voice
raise high the voice with Shouts rejoice with Shouts re-
raise high the voice with Shouts rejoice with Shouts re-
raise high the voice with Shouts rejoice with Shouts re-
raise high the voice with Shouts rejoice with Shouts re-
Yes be mercifuls thou Tempest dire,
Sung by M. Jordan.
Written by R.B. Sheridan, Esq.
kiss his clay-cold lips and perish there. But thou wilt wake a

gain my Boy again thou'lt rise to life and joy. Thy Father never

thy Father never thy laughing eyes will meet the light un-

conscious that eternal night veil his for ever veil his for

Ad lib.
ever on yon green bed of moss there lies my Child. O
safer lies from these child's arms appar he

sleeps sweet Lamb nor heeds the Tempest wild O sweeter

sleeps than near this breaking heart A las! A las! my

Babe if thou wouldst peaceful rest thy
Cradle must not be thy mother's breast—But thou wilt wake a

again my boy again thou'lt rise to life and joy thy father never

thy father ne'er thy laughing eyes will meet the light unconscious that e-

ternal night veils his for ever veils his for ever
DEAD MARCH

Flebite

[Music notation]

Trum

[Music notation]

Drum

[Music notation]
Let tears of Gratitude and woe for the brave Rolla ever flow.

for the brave Rolla ever flow.

for ever flow.

Trombone
ROSA & HENRY,

The much admired Song in the new Comedy of the

SECRET,
as Sung by Mrs. Jordan.

Properly disposed of for the PIANO FORTE or HARPS.

the Music by a

Lady of Fashion,

Printed by Longman, Clementi & Comp. No. 26, Cheapside.

Where may be had the favorite Song of Abraham Newland.
Ma-jes-tic rose the God of day, In yon' bright burnish'd Sky, Old Ocean
kindled at the ray, And heav'd himself on high, On the deck Hen-ry
stood, To view the swelling tide, Ah! no Hen-ry no! He thought not of the
flood, 'Twas Rosa by his side.
2nd Verse

Now softly sunk the setting Sun, Beneath his wat'ry bed, The Ev'n'ing

Watch was hush'd and done, The Pilot hung his head On the deck Rosa staid To

ad lib:

watch the Waters glide Ah! no Rosa no! Such thought ne'er touch'd the

Maid, 'Twas Henry by her side.
"Flood, 'Twas Rosa by his side."

Now softly sunk the setting Sun
Beneath his wat'ry bed
The Ev'ning Watch was hush'd & done
The Pilot hung his head;

**FLUTE**

Jestic rose the God of day
In yon bright burnish'd Sky
Old Ocean kindled at the ray,
And heav'd himself on high,
On the deck Henry stood, To view the swelling tide
Ah! no, Henry no! He thought not of the flood, 'Twas Rosa by his side.

2

On the deck Rosa staid
To watch the waters glide,
Ah! no, Rosa no!
Such thought ne'er touch'd the Maid
'Twas Henry by her side.

**GUILL TAR**

Jestic rose the God of day
In yon bright burnish'd Sky, Old Ocean
Kindled at the ray And heav'd himself on high
On the deck Henry stood to view the swelling tide
Ah! no, Henry no! He thought not of the flood, 'Twas Rosa by her side.
THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL
written & composed by
Mr. Libelin
and Sung by him
in His
new entertainment called
WILL OF THE WISP.

P. 1:
London Printed & Sold by the Author at his Music Warehouse
Leicester Place, Leicester-square.

Andantino
\(\text{\textcopyright{} \[\text{music notation}\]}\)
"Twos morta- tion half-past four, By signal from Nancy parted At six she linger'd on the shore With uplift hands and broken hearted, At seven while taughtening the fare, I sot her faint or else was Nancy At eight we all got under weigh And bid a long adieu to Nancy.
Night came and, now eight bells had rung,
While careless Sailors, ever cheery,
On the mid watch so jovial rung,
With tempests labour cannot weary;

I, little to their mirth inclined,
While tender thoughts rushed on my fancy,
And my warm sighs increased the wind,
Looked on the moon, and thought of Nancy.

And now arrived that jovial night
When every true bard for carousals,
When, o'er the grog, all hands delight
To tost their sweethearts and their toutous:

Round went the can, the jest the gleam,
While tender wishes filled each fancy
And when, in turn, it came to me,
I heard a sigh, and toasted Nancy.

Next morn a storm came on at four,
At six, the elements in motion
Plunged me and three poor Sailors more
Headlong within the foaming ocean;

Poor wretches! they soon found their graves,
For me, it may be only fancy,
But love seemed to forbid the waves
To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarcely the foul hurricane was cleared,
Scarcely winds and waves had ceased to rattle,
When a bold Enemy appeared,
And, dauntless, we prepared for battle:

And now, while some loved friend or wife,
Like lightning, rushed on every fancy
To providence I trusted life,
Put up a prayer, and thought on Nancy.

At last twas in the month of May,
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three, A. M., discovered day
And England's chalky cliffs together:

At seven up channel how we bore
While hopes and fears rushed on my fancy,
At twelve I gaily jumped ashore
And to my throbbing heart pressed Nancy.

For two Flutes.
GRATITUDE.
Sung by
Mr. Hill,
in the Opera of
RAMAH DROOG,
Composed by
WILLIAM REEVE.

Price 1s.

London: Printed by Goulding & Co. Music-sellers to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, 15 Pall Mall.

Andante

How lost the mind which cold and dark, from Gratitude celestal

fire, in vain receives the hallowed spark, falling at last, but to ex
Honour abhors the darksome Cell
Unbless'd by Gratitude's bright flame
There pale distrust and treachry dwell
There fraud asserts her wily claim
Oft be my fervent vows renew'd
At the shrine of Gratitude.
Andante

How lost the mind which cold and dark from Gratitude's celestial fire, invain receives the hallowed spark, falling last but to expire, oft be my fervent vows renew'd oft be my fervent vows renew'd, at the shrine of Gratitude,
of Gratitude of Gratitude, oft be my fervent vows renew'd at the shrine of Gratitude.

FLUTE

Andante

ad lib a tempo

ad lib a tempo
THE FRIEND OF MY HEART.

A Favorite Song.

The Words by M. P. Andrews, Esq.

And Set to Music with an Accompaniment for the

Harp or Piano Forte.

By Miss Abrams.

Pr. 1s
Had Fate from its bounty propitiously lent,
Enough but to furnish the Cot of content,
The dictates of Love in that Cot I'd pursue,
For the Friend of my heart would partake of it too.

But Nancy with nought but her truth, to endear,
With nothing to give to distress, but a tear,
Can ne'er look for comfort with ruin in view,
And the Friend of her heart to partake of it too.
A CATALOGUE of the
FAVORITE OPERAS
with the OVERTURES & SONGS, &c. edited, as
Composed & Selected
by
STEPHEN STORACE.

London: Printed for & Sold by Hall, at Stationer's Hall, in the City of London, &c.

THE CHEROKEE. 3rd Edition

My GRANDMOTHER. 7th Edition

MEMLYN the IRON CHEST

THE PRIZE or 2.5.7.8.9.

THE SIEGE of BELGRADE. 10th Edition

THE PIRATES

LODOISKA. 8th Edition

THE THREE SISTERS

THE DULL MAN.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES

BY STORACE

THE OPERAS adapted for the FLUTE

FOR THE GUITAR

The following Works are the only Copies of [HALL, &c.], and are respectfully entreated to be sold as such. These Works, with the following SONGS &c. are the only legal copies of the Works referred to, as many of the foregoing Songs &c. are not legal copies of any of the Works referred to above.
THE CARPET WEAVER
A Favorite Song Sung by
Sig'm. Forrest

MAHMOUD,
Composed by
Stephen Storace

LONDON.
Price 1s.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.
Printed for Sold by, Dale, & Co., Chandhill, at the corner of Bishop's, Oxford-street.

Andante

Don't you remem ber a Carpet

weaver, whose Daughter lov'd a youth so true, He

promis'd one day he ne ver would leave her, ah down in the

vale where violets grew, He flatter'd and
vow'd where the fat beside him, soft tales telling of loves long ago.

He vow'd to her, but can you tell, if the her love denied him, ah down in the vale where violets grow.

Never, he told her, he would be a rover;
She fondly thought he told her true
But how shall the Maid his truth discover
Ah will he plight his vows anew.

If never, never her voice deceiv'd him,
Now while telling of loves long ago
Can he forget the girl, who believ'd him,
Down in the vale where violets grow.

For the Ger: Flute.

Andante

Song

Sym

So

Sym
"He found the Inhabitants of the Village either averse, or afraid, to give him lodging, or entertainment; and having turned his horse loose, he sought shelter, from a storm of thunder & rain, under a tree. At length, as night approached, that kindness & humanity inherent in the female sex, to which he had often been indebted on former occasions, came to his relief on the present. A poor Negro Woman, returning from the labours of the field, observed that he was wet, weary & destitute; and taking up his Saddle & Bridle, told him to follow her. She led him to her Cottage, lighted up a lamp, prepared him an excellent supper of rice, & plenty of corn for his horse; after which, she spread a Mat upon the floor, and said he might remain there for the night. For this well timed bounty, our traveller presented her with two of the four brass buttons which remained on his Waistcoat."
Ad Lib.

The winds roard, and the rain fell, The

Larghetto.

poor white man faint and weary, Came and fat

under our tree, Came and fat under our tree,

He has no mother to bring him milk, No wife to

grind his corn, No wife to grind his corn.
Andante.

Let us pity the poor white man — Who

Let us pity the poor white man — Who

Andante.

Let us pity the poor white man, Who

came and sat under our tree,

came and sat under our tree, Let us pity

came and sat under our tree, the poor white

Who came and sat under our tree; He has no mother

Who came and sat under our tree; He has no mother

man, Who came and sat under our tree;
to bring him milk, No wife, no wife to grind his corn—

Let us pity the poor white man—Who came and sat under our tree, Who came and sat under our tree.

No wife, no wife to grind his corn. Let us pity the poor white man—Who came and sat under our tree.
Rise with the Morn!
a Favorite BALLAD as sung by
M. Jordan,
with the greatest applause
in the New Comedy of
INDISCRETION.

Theatre Royal Drury Lane,
the Music by a
Lady of Fashion.

LONDON.

Printed by John Longman Clementi & Comp, 28, Cheapside.
When & as had just Published the Lute Bell of Scotland by M. Jordan. Price 1s.
I rise with the Morn I contemplate the Sun Aurora's bright
luster I see I sigh with regret when the daylight is gone for
Night brings no solace to me I wander in Groves whilst the
Nightingales sing I traverse the sands of the Sea they
hear not my Sighs so no comfort they bring for what can bring
comfort to me.
2d VERSE.

A - las! my poor heart once so sprightly and gay no more can I

boast to be free Love's fever consumes it Ah! fatal the day that

brought such a torment to me At Night my sad Pillow's be

dew'd with my tears Sleep flies till en-tomb'd I shall be In the

Grave there's an end to troubles and fears And that's con-so-

l-a-tion for me.
rise with the Morn I con-template the Sun Au-ro-ra's bright lus-tre I
see I sigh with re-gret when the day-light is gone for
Night brings no So-lace to me I wan-der in Groves whilst the
Nightingale's sing I traverse the sands of the Sea they
hear not my sighs so no com-fort they bring for what can bring
com-fort to me.

Alas! my poor heart, once so sprightly and gay
At Night my sad Pillow's bedew'd with my tears
No more can I boast to be free Sleep flies till entomb'd I shall be
Love's fever consumes it — Ah! fatal the day In the Grave there's an end to troubles and
That brought such a torment to me! And that's consolation for me.

FLUTE
A prey to tender anguish
A favorite Song
with an Accompaniment
for the
Piano Forte
Composed by
Dr. Haydn.

Entered at Stationer's Hall.

London
Printed by Longman, Clementi & Co. 26 Cheapside.

Price 1s.

Larghetto

A prey to tender anguish, of
every joy bereav'd. How oft I sigh and languish, How
And love and fame betraying,
And friends no longer true;
No smiles my face arraying,
No heart so fraught with woe!
So pafs'd my life's sad morning:
Young joys no more returning!
Alas, now all around,
Is dark and cheerless found!

Ah, why did nature give
A heart so soft and
A heart to pain
At ills?
At other
And

Erelong perchance my sorrow
Shall find its welcome close,
Nor distant far the morrow
That brings the wish'd repose:
When death with kind embracing,
Each bitter anguish chasing,
Shall mark my peaceful doom,
Beneath the silent tomb.
For two Guitars.

Larghetto

A prey to tender anguish, ev'ry joy bereav'd, How oft I sigh and languish, How

off by hope deceiv'd! Still wishing, still desiring, To

bliss in vain aspiring. A thousand tears I shed, In nightly tribute
The Confession.

A Favorite CANZONET

with an Accompaniment for a

HARP or PIANO FORTE,

the Music by

An AMATEUR.

Pr. 1s

LONDON.

Printed & Sold at Bland & Wellers, Music Warehouse, 23 Oxford Street.

Lento

With sorrow and repentance true Father I

trembling come to you Father I trembling come to you I
know I've too indulgent been to one but ah forgive the sin to

one whom still I love tho he un grateful

prove, and false to me; Then let me on my

knees confess how I've been tempted to trans-
You would not Holy Sir refuse, So slight a weakness to excuse, He swore he'd never love me, Oh Father must I then confess,

He swore he'd never love me, Oh Father must I then confess, Yes 'tis that name that name alone Which bends me now before thy throne

Oh rev'rend Father if you knew, The charms of him alas untrue, Oh had you heard the false one, I swear, I was the fairest of the Fair, You would not Holy Sir refuse, So slight a weakness to excuse,

Oh tell him should he come to you, And thus like me for mercy sue, Tell him of all the crimes accurst, Tell him inconstancy the worst, Tell him that he's false in love, Can ne'er hope Pity from above, Tell him that I alone can blest, And send him to me to confess.

GERMAN FLUTE
When pensive I thought of my Love

SUNG BY MRS. CROUCH

In the Opera of

JULIUS CAESAR

Composed by Michael Kelly

Printed for Corri Ducre & Co. Music Sellers to their Majesties No. 28 Haymarket, 67 Dean, 83 Soho, London.

Allegro

Vivace

Piano Forte

When pensive I thought of my Love
the Moon on the Mountains was bright and
Philomel down in the Grove
broke sweetly the silence of

Night

O I wish that the tear drop would flow
but

till warm with the weight of my

woe

I funk on my pillow to sleep
to

Poco f
Me thoughts that my Love, as I lay,
His ringlets all clotted with gore,
In the paleness of Death, seemed to say,
Alas! we must never meet more!
Yes, yes, my beloved we must part,
The feel of my Rival was true;
The Afsafin has struck on that heart,
Which beat with such fervour for you.
THE BLUE BELL OF SCOTLAND.

A Favorite Ballad.

As Composed and Sung by

Mr. Jordan,

at the

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.


Andante

Oh! where and oh where is your Highland Laddie gone, Oh! where and oh where is your Highland Laddie gone,
Oh where and oh where did your Highland Laddie dwell
He dwelt in merry Scotland at the sign of the Blue bell
And its oh in my heart I love my Laddie well.

In what Cloaths in what Cloaths is your Highland Laddie clad
His Bonnet of the Saxon green and his Waistcoat of the Plaid
And its oh in my heart I love my Highland Lad.

Suppose and suppose that your Highland Lad should die
The Bagpipes should play over him and I'd sit me down and cry
And its oh in my heart I wish he may not die.
ANDANTE.

O where, and O where is your Highland Laddie gone. Oh where, and O where is your Highland Laddie gone. He's gone to fight the French for King George upon the Throne And its O in my heart I wish him safe at home he's gone to fight the French for King George upon the Throne and its O in my heart I wish him safe at home. Sym.

N.B. The Guitar to be play'd as it stands, but to be sung an Octave lower.
Away with Melancholy
Favorite Air or Duet.
Composed by
M. Mozart.

London.
Printed by Longman, Clementi & Co. 26 Cheapside.

Piano Forte
Andante

Away with melancholy, Nor doleful changes

Away with melancholy, Nor doleful changes
Ring, on life and human folly but merrily merrily ring, on life and human folly but merrily merrily

Fing fal la, come on ye rosy hours gay smiling moments fing fal la, come on ye rosy hours gay smiling moments

Bring, we'll strew the way with flow'rs and merrily merrily bring, we'll strew the way with flow'rs and merrily merrily
For what's the use of fighting, when time is on the wing, Can we prevent his flying, then merrily merrily merrily

Fine
SOFT MUSIC LET MY HUMBLE LAY,
Sung by Miss Farren,
in the
New Comedy of False Colours,
Composed by
Mr. Suett.

Price 1s.

LONDON.
Printed & Sold by Preston & Son, at their Wholesale Warehouses 97. Strand.

Soft Music, let my humble lay, Thy sweetest
accents move,
That when to court the willing Strain
She tunes her graceful Art,
Each trembling Tone may breathe again
The Sigh that rends my Heart.

And should thy plaintive murmurs steal
A sympathetic Tear,
In fond emotion then reveal
Antonio sent thee here.
So.../\\A
So.../\\

Soft Music, let my humble lay, Thy sweetest Accents move,

Soft Music, let my humble lay, Thy sweetest Accents move:

While in delusive Hope I stray, To Julia, and to Love:

While in delusive Hope I stray, To Julia and to Love, To Julia and to

Love, To Julia and to Love.

Flute.
The Three Sighs—Sorrow, Hope & Blifs,
A favorite Song,
The Words by a Gentleman.
And set to Music with an Accompaniment for the
Harp or Piano Forte by
Miss Abrams.

Larghetto

The Words by a Gentleman.
And set to Music with an Accompaniment for the
Harp or Piano Forte by
Miss Abrams.

Pr. 1° 6

London, Printed & Sold by L. LAVENU, Music Seller to His
Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, No. 29, New Bond Str.

Pr. 1° 6
Anna sigh'd with Edwards' presence blest to day but sad will be to-morrow. Adieu! adieu! She scarce could say and heav'd the sigh of sorrow.

Months had past in silent grief till reasons voice re-
— sum'd its sway, She knew complaint ne'er gave relief so grew resign'd from day to day. oft from the cliff she'd sudden cry He may return to morrow, While thus She sang, Hopes rising sigh reliev'd the Sigh of sorrow.

And

V.S.
I. now the vessel homeward steer'd She saw the well known token
wave the faithful sight her bosom cheer'd, the token she at
parting gave, fond Edward cried with ardent kisses, thou shalt be
mine to morrow, while thus he spake the sigh of bliss diss-
peld the sigh of sorrow.
The GHOST of Crazy Jane
Written & Composed by A LADY.

Price 7s.

London, Printed by Goulding & C. Music sellers to their Royal Highnesses the Prince & Princess of Wales, 45 Pall Mall.

Andante

Affetuoso

The evening of a summers day with out a thought to cheer - a love ly dams el

seemd to say why is not Hen ry here
For love deserted, broken vows,
Of false and perjur’d Man;
She did the fickle God accuse,
Which could her heart trepan:
The dusky night began to draw
It’s influence o’er the main;
She starts, she looks, she surely saw,
The Ghost of CRAZY JANE.

Now trembling at the aweful scene,
She saw the Spectre move;
And gently gliding o’er the green,
Soon lost it in the grove;
There wand’ring ’midst the lonely wood,
With sadness in her train;
Is often seen in direful mood,
The Ghost of CRAZY JANE.
Little Taffline

a favorite Song

Sung by M. Bland, in the

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT

of the

Three and the Deuce

as performed at the

Theatres Royal Haymarket, & Drury Lane,

Composed by

Stephen Storace

Entered at Stationers Hall.

London: Printed for B. D'aley, No. 19, Soho-Square, near the corner of Holles Street.
Should her fortune be my lot, to be made a wealthy bride; I'll

glad my parents lowly cot, all their pleasure and their pride; And when I'm
drest all in my best I'll trip a way like Lady gay I'll trip I'll trip a
way. And the Lads will say dear heart what a flash look at little Taffline with a
Oh! then what pleasure to be seen,
When the lads at evening meet!
With silken sash of pink or green,
Silken roses on my feet!

How folks will stare,
As 'hir goes by,
"See see they'll cry,
Her flinty air!"

And the lads will say "Dear heart what a flash!"
Look at little Taffline with a silken sash!
A CATALOGUE of the FAVORITE OPERAS with the OVERTURES & SONGS &c. Extracted as Composed & Selected by STEPHEN STORACE.

London. Printed for & sold by J. D'Alce, Music Seller, at Newcorn & Bell, & the corner of Holles Street, Oxford Street.

**The CHEROKEE** 160

- Overture to De... 1.6
- False Hope Assembling... 1.6
- Scene or Friendly Night... 1.6
- Sweet Sympathy... 1.6
- A Shepherd's Lull... 1.6
- Describe Creature... 1.6
- One Country is our Ship &c. See... 1.6
- All what awaits the busy Care... 1.6
- We do a joint Emotion (Duet)... 1.6
- Perform Times the silent Briton... 1.6
- The Cherokee is British... 1.6

**The PRIZE or 2,5,3,8, 4.0**

- The Box Black Man... 1.6
- I'll tell you &c. (Duet)... 1.6
- From my heart is this... 1.6
- I have delightful skill... 1.6

**The GLORIOUS 1° of JUNE 80**

- Overture to De... 1.6
- A day my Love... 1.6
- Be true but to Cooper & Gagnier &c... 1.6
- When in War on the Ocean... 1.6
- The Line was formed... 1.6
- On the swift surface of the Deep... 1.6
- The Night of the Mid Watch... 1.6
- Allow all the Village Delights... 1.6
- For a Voice Adopted by Storms... 1.6

**LODOISKA 8.0**

- The Overture to which is added the March... 1.6
- Symphony to the 25th July... 1.6
- The Overture to March when Adopted by Storms... 1.6
- Of Lodoiska... 1.6
- Ye stream that turned my Drummer Camp... 1.6
- When the bloody Midnight... 1.6
- A Time my Harlot... 1.6
- Sweet Day that Theerd... 1.6
- I heard the Harque... 1.6
- Defend some Warming Angel... 1.6
- Forget to her Voice... 1.6

**The THREE & the DEUCE 8.0**

- Overture to De... 1.6
- Can I not love... 1.6
- Little Lolling... 1.6
- Help! Tis a watch! When... 1.6
- I'll let my Troubling Heart... 1.6
- Wherein that grew in Estdemp... 1.6
- Around the Old Door... 1.6
- Full many a lad to Ducta Vol... 1.6

**MAHMOUD or the IRONCHEST**

- Overture to De... 1.6
- The Favorite March from De... 1.6
- The Crib... 1.6
- All will be the famous Day... 1.6
- Blows at the Flowers in May... 1.6
- No more I'll have the tender Night... 1.6
- Some time ago I learned a Wife... 1.6
- How few have how to value Life... 1.6
- The Bow is the Lily... 1.6
- The Sailing Oak... 1.6
- Of Blighted Smith (Duet)... 1.6
- The most... 1.6
- How the Venus I came to like you... 1.6

**THE SIEGE of BELGRADE 10.0**

- Overture to De... 1.6
- The Favorite March from De... 1.6
- The Crib... 1.6
- All will be the famous Day... 1.6
- Blows at the Flowers in May... 1.6
- No more I'll have the tender Night... 1.6
- Some time ago I learned a Wife... 1.6
- How few have how to value Life... 1.6
- The Bow is the Lily... 1.6
- The Sailing Oak... 1.6
- Of Blighted Smith (Duet)... 1.6
- The most... 1.6
- How the Venus I came to like you... 1.6

**THE PIRATES 12.0**

- Overture to De... 1.6
- The Favorite March from De... 1.6
- The Crib... 1.6
- All will be the famous Day... 1.6
- Blows at the Flowers in May... 1.6
- No more I'll have the tender Night... 1.6
- Some time ago I learned a Wife... 1.6
- How few have how to value Life... 1.6
- The Bow is the Lily... 1.6
- The Sailing Oak... 1.6
- Of Blighted Smith (Duet)... 1.6
- The most... 1.6
- How the Venus I came to like you... 1.6

**MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES by STORACE**

- Ovations to the March... 1.6
- Every Inch in the Dance... 1.6
- For our Two, or Three Years... 1.6
- Captivations in the Dance... 1.6
- Lamentations of the Queen in France... 1.6
- Our Dance in Rhadaman... 1.6
- To our own... 1.6
- Six Sentences for the Piano Forte... 1.6
- with Exercises for Beginners... 1.6

**OPERAS adapted for the Flute**

- The Cid... 1.6
- The Bravo... 1.6
- The Spanish Bard... 1.6
- The Spanish Bard... 1.6
- The Cid... 1.6
- The Bravo... 1.6
- The Three 4th Dance... 1.6
- The Iron Chest... 1.6

**FOR THE GUITAR**

- The Sieg of Belgrade... 1.6
- The Favorite... 1.6
- The Favorite... 1.6

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The Billet-Doux

A FAVOURITE BALLAD.
Sung by M. Harrison, at
MESSRS. HARRISON & KNHYVETT'S VOCAL CONCERTS.
Written by J.C. "Heecf, Esq." COMPOSED BY M'r SHIELD.

Price 1.

LONDON:
Printed for Harrison's 178, Fleet Street.
Billet-doux oh! didst thou hear To my Loren-za lovely maid! I

see how look'd the modest fair I hear the gen-tle things she said. The

mantling blood her cheek for-fakes But quick returns the ro-ly hue With

trembling haste the seal the breaks, And reads my ten-der Billet-doux.
The Billet-doux when I receive,
I press it to my throbbing heart;
Sweet words! I cry, such joys you give,
Oh! never, never thence depart.
And now it to my Lips is press'd;
But when the magic name I view,
Again I clasp it to my breast,
My fond, my tender Billet-doux.

For the Flute

Grazioso

Song
THE ORPHANS PRAYER,
A Pathetic Ballad,
THE WORDS BY
M. J. Lewis, Esq.
and Set to Music
with an Accompaniment for the
Harp or Piano Forte,
by
MISS ABRAMS.

N.B. in Order that no Printer or Publisher may plead Ignorance they are
desired to take Notice, that the Words & Music of this Song is Properly.
Andante

The frozen streets in Moonshine glitter, the midnight hour has long been

past, ah me the wind blows keen and bitter, I sink beneath the piercing

blast in every vein seems life to languish their weight my limbs no more can

bear. But no one soothes the Orphan's anguish and no one heeds the Orphan's prayer.
4.

3d Verse

Perhaps you think my lips dissembling of virtuous sorrows feign a tale, then mark my frame with anguish trembling, my hollow eyes, and features pale, E'en should my story prove ideal too well these wasted limbs declare my wants at least are not unreal then stranger grant the Orphan's prayer.
2d. Verse a little faster

Hark, hark, for surely footsteps near me advancing press the drifted

a tempo

Snow! I die for food oh Stranger hear me, I die for food some alms be-

=stow, you see no guilty wretch implore you no wanton pleads in feign'd des-

=pair a famish'd Orphan kneels before you oh grant the famish'd Orphan's prayer.
He's gone! no mercy man will show me in prayers no more I'll waste my

breath, here on the frozen Earth I'll throw me and wait in mute despair for

death farewell, thou cruel world tomorrow no more thy scorn my heart will

tear, the grave will shield the Child of sorrow and Heaven will hear the Orphan's prayer.
5th Verse

But thou proud Man the Beggar scorning unmoved who sawst me kneel for bread, thy heart shall ache to hear at morning that morning found the Beggar dead and when the room resounds with laughter my famish'd cry thy mirth shall scare and often shalt thou wish hereafter thou hadst not scorned the Orphans prayer.
THE MODEL,
A Favorite Song:
Sung with Universal Applause by M. Dignum,
at Juxhall Gardens.
Written by
Miles Peter Andrews Esq.
Composed by M. Hook.

Entered at Stationers Hall. Price 1s.

London, Printed & Sold at A. Bland & Weller's Manufactory House, No. 25 Lydia Street, where may be had, just published.

I never loved my Dear Mary but You, Sung by M. Dignum. Price 1s.

I sigh for the Girl I adore, Sung by Master Phelps. Price 1s.

Violin 2nd
Violin 1st
Voco Allegretto
Basso
My Friend is the Man, I would Copy thro' life, He harbours no Envy, he causes no Strife, No murmurs escape him, Tho' fortune bears hard, Content is his portion, And peace his reward, Still happy in his station, he minds his occupation, Nor needs the snares, nor know the cares, Which Vice and folly bring, daily working wearily, nightly singing cheerily, Dear to him, his Wife, his home, his Country.
and his King, daily working wearily, nightly singing cheerily, dear to
him, his Wife, his home, his Country and his King.

His Heart is Enlarg’d, tho’ his Income is Scant,
He lessens his little for others that want,
Tho’ his Children’s dear claims on his Industry press,
He has something to spare for the Child of distress,
He seeks no Idle squabble,
He joins no thoughtless rabble,
To clear his way,
From day to day,
His honest views extend,
When he speaks ‘tis verily,
When he smiles ‘tis merrily,
Dear to him, his sport, his Toll, his Honour and his Friend.

How charming to find in his humble retreat,
That bliss so much sought, so unknown to the great,
The Wife only anxious her fondness to prove,
The playfull Endearments of infantine love.
Relaxing from his labours,
Amid his welcome Neighbours,
With plain regale,
With jest and tale,
The happy Hero, fee,
No vain schemes confounding him,
All his joys surrounding him,
Dear he holds, his Native land, its Laws, and Liberty.
THE CUCKOO

a favorite Song

with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte or Pedal Harp

Written & Composed by

Miss Margaret Casson.

Price 1s.

LONDON

Printed for G. Goulding & C. by S. & R. Hall, at Stationers Hall.

Andante

 Volti
Now the Sun is in the West, Sinking slow behind the trees,

And the Cuckoo welcome guest, Gently woo's the evening breeze,

Cuckoo, Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Gently woo's the evening breeze,

Sportive now the Swallows play,

Lightly skimming o'er the brook, Darting swift they wing their way,
Chearful see yon Shepherd Boy
Climbing up the craggy rocks,
As he views the dappled Sky,
Pleased the Cuckoo's note he mocks;
    Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Pleased the Cuckoo's note he mocks.

Evening's dusky shades appear,
And the Cuckoo's voice again,
Softly steals upon mine ear,
While retiring from the view,
Thus she bids the Day adieu;
    Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Thus she bids the Day adieu.
For the Guitar.

Andante

Now the Sun is in the west, Sinking slow behind the trees, And the Cuckoo welcome guest. Gently woos the evening breeze. Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo.

Andante

Gently woos the evening breeze, Sportive now the Swallows play. Lightly skimming o’er the brook, Darting swift they wing their way,

Homeward to their peaceful nook, Whilst the Cuckoo Bird of Spring, Still amidst the trees doth sing. Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo. Still amidst the trees doth sing.

For the German Flute.

Andante

Sportive now the Swallows play. Lightly skimming o’er the brook, Darting swift they wing their way,

Homeward to their peaceful nook, Whilst the Cuckoo Bird of Spring, Still amidst the trees doth sing. Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo. Still amidst the trees doth sing.
ELLEN.
The Richmond Primrose Girl,
As Sung by Mr. Incledon,
with universal applause
At the Public Reading, Free Mason's Hall,
Written by W. Pearce Esq.
The Music by Reginald Spefferth.

Affettuoso

Near bowry Richmond Thames's pride dwelt EL - LEN when her Fa - ther

died one flowy Night he loft his way and ne - ver more be - held the Day

Two In - fant Boys around her Mother clung and
kindred grief the heart of ELLEN wrung two Infant Boys around her Mother clung and

2d Verses

Upon the Earth her Eyes she threw the Flow'rets wild before her grew those gifts by

bounteous nature spread the father'd to procure them bread,

and thro' the hollow sounding streets by few relief'd but jeer'd by

many her cry each Morning she repeats Primroses Primroses Primroses Two Bunches a

No Chords

Penny Two Bunches a Penny Primroses Two Bunches a Penny.
3d Verse

Her penfive way I've seen her keep with anxious step from
door to door and oft I've turned aside to weep and mourn'd that
fortune made me poor.

Ere ear-ly light adorns the sky she roves the Heath and Val-le\l

fenny and towards proud London hastes to Cry Primroses Prim-

roses Primroses Two Bunches a Penny Two Bunches a Penny Prim-

roses Two Bunches a Penny.
Crazy Jane,

A Favorite Song

The Words by M. Lewis, Esq.

And Set to Music, with an Accompaniment for the

Harp or Piano Forte.

By Miss Abrams.

Pr. 1s. 6d
not for Kingdoms would I harm thee shun not then poor Crazy

Jane. Dost thou weep to see my anguish, mark me and avoid my

woe when men flatter sigh and languish think them

false I found them so for I loved, oh so sincerely none could

ever love again but the Youth I loved so dearly stole the
i, s. of cr—m—

he is doomed to love but one who

deep he has reason never held her empire o'er—my brain, Henry.

he was false and I undone from that.

a little faster

A
down to love but one signal, he who
and I be, wits of Cra—e—

Jane. Fondly my young heart receiv'd him which was
a tempo

Now for lorn and broken hearted and with frenzied thoughts be

set on that spot where last we parted on that

spot where first we met still I sing my "love lorn"

ditty still I slowly pace the plain whilst each

passer by in pity cries God help thee Crazy Jane.
The Devil among the Taylor's.
A Favorite Dance.
Arranged as a Rondo for the Piano Forte.

London, Printed by John Longman, Clementi & Co. 26, Cheapside
Pr 1. 6

Moderato
THE JEALOUS DON,
An hideous DUETT, Sung by
Mr. Bannister & Fig. Storace,
IN THE
PIRATES,
composed by
STEPHEN STORACE.

Andante

The jealous Don want you to name when we marry And want you torown,

Grazioso

mutter, and plague me with doubts, And want you when ever your point you would carry, Have

fits, fret and whimper and be in the pouts. No bouncing, but sounds misapramphy alter your

plan. No whining and crying, You barbarous man! But you'll love me. Yes, yes, And be

constant No, no, What not constant Yes, yes, Did you mean No, not fo
Im sure we're agreed no more words let us marry. Love's meaning no aid wants from language I know.

Im sure we're agreed no more words let us marry. Love's meaning no aid wants from language I know.

Yet aid wants from language we know.

wont you be fore folks be fond coax and flat ter, while turning, be hind to a lover your hand. And wont you, when I'm in a humour to chatter, Cry oh I'm so sleepy. I can't understand. No
smirking and squeezing down dear, and all that. No yawning and

gaping, when I want to chat, But you'll love me, yes, yes, And be

constant, No, no. What not constant Yes, yes. Did you mean, No not fo.

I'm sure we're agreed no more words let us marry. Love's meaning no aid wants from

language we know without yes or no, his meaning we know without yes or

no we his meaning may know.

no we her meaning may know.
**A Catalogue of the Favorite Operas with the Overtures, Songs, &c. Conducted as Composed and Selected by Stephen Storace.**

London, Printed for Sold by William Ballard, at his shop, in St. Martin's Lane, near the corner of the Hat, in Pall Mall. 1786.

**The Cherokee.**

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**My Grandmother.**

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**The Prize.**

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**The IRON CHEST.**

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**The GLORIOUS 1st of June.**

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**The Pirates.**

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**Lodoiska.**

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**The Three and the Deuce.**

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**Operas adapted for the Flute.**

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**For the Guitar.**

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1 **OVERTURE to JAMIE and BESS or The Laird in Disguise**

Composed and adapted as a Lefson for the

**HARPSICHORD or PIANO FORTE**

by

Andrew Shirreff F.A.M.
Since first he fled,
The life I've led,
Has been a life of pain;
Some jeered me fair,
A' cried me mair
Will he return again.

M\textsuperscript{r} Sutherland.

Ne'er mind their crack,
Now, I'm come back,
Let inward pining cease;
My folly past
May be the last,
That e'er will break your peace.
Duett

Sung By Mrs. Sutherland and Mr. Newbound.

In the Scots Pastoral Jamie and Bess or The Laird in Disguise.

Mr. Newbound.

Were't not for Kate's too pow'rful charms, I
lik'd the plaid and highland dress; But ev'ry thought of war and arms I gladly quit for

Mrs. Sutherland.

her embrace. O honey'd accents far too sweet. They like enchantment to me seem; My
happiness is too complete Ah! Simon fure I only dream! Sy

To what shall I my bliss compare?
In Simon I have ev'ry wish with -

Mr. Newbound.

Then, in your bliss let Simon share,
And make him happy with a kiss.

Mrs. Sutherland.

If kisses gie' him such relief,
I have a treasure for his sake,
And never need he taste of grief,
Since, at discretion, he may take.

Mr. Newbound.

Far hence be ilk intruding care,
While, thus, I pref thee to my breast;
Ten thousand sweets ye have to spare,
And one to me, my Kate's a feast.

Mrs. Sutherland.

Such kisses as I thus bestow,
I only to my Simon len;
When sweeter on his lips they grow,
He'll, kindly, pay them back again.

Mr. Newbound.

O never can those sweets increase,
Bestow'd like Nature's on the flow'rs;
For what ye think my lips posses,
My Katty, only flows frae your's.

Mrs. Sutherland.

If freely gien, with loving heart,
They sweeter be, then, such are mine;
But never can my lips impart
A sweet not far exceed'd by thine.

Both.

Soon may the happy day appear,
When we may kifs, nor care who ken't;
When greater bliss our hearts will share,
And we embrace without restraint.
Song Sung by Mrs. TINGFY.
In the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and BESS or The Laird in Disguise.

It's my part to flight her, and his, sincere, to right her,
And, as he best can, he may do it himself;
I'd kae my throat nick'et, ere I were sic tricket,
On the world, on me, gat sic stories to tell.

Had the constant prov'd, I still would have lov'd,
But, that it is otherwise, I'm nae to blame;
I k'ern the Beauty, who kenfu her duty,
And wishes to play me so cunning a game.
Song sung by Mr. Sutherland.

In the Scots Pastoral Jamie and Bess or The Laird in Disguise.

Beggar's garb and doublet mean The gentleman will still be seen; Whilst

Princely robes are void of art, To hide a mean and forbid heart. Dif-

cerning eyes will soon perceive The man of honour from the

knave However much disguised they seem, They still emit some

native beam.
Song Sung By MRS SUTHERLAND.
In the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and BESS, or The Laird in Disguise.

I've now, delighted, I view the green fields.
And taste 'a the sweets which kind Nature still yields;
Nae longer sic beauties are irksome to me,
Altho' they remind me, dear Simon, of thee.

Flow on then, sweet river, your murmurs now please me.
Nae longer, in vain, will ye strive, now, to eafe me;
Tho' late on your banks I fat fighting and mourning,
Nae mair now, I figh for my Simon's returning.

Tho' late, in his absence, I pined and lamented,
Now, he's safe return'd, my heart is contented;
The pleasure, I have in this day's happy meeting,
Repays me for a' my past sobbing and greeting.

Anes mair now, delighted, I view the green fields,
And taste 'a the sweets which kind Nature still yields;
Nae longer sic beauties are irksome to me,
Altho' they remind me, dear Simon, of thee.

Flow on then, sweet river, your murmurs now please me.
Nae longer, in vain, will ye strive, now, to eafe me;
Tho' late on your banks I sat fighting and mourning,
Nae mair now, I figh for my Simon's returning.
Song Sung by Mrs. Hamilton.

In the Scots Pastoral Jamie and Bess or The Laird in Disguise.

So warmly he pref'd, that ere I was aware,
He flyly had flown a kiss;
Yet, I faw my heart could not blame him so far,
As allow me to take it amifs.

His love, with such sweetness endearing, he told,
I heard his kind tale with content;
And thought it but vain to appear longer cold,
When I found my heart beating content.

In his arms I fell, and with look of regard,
For I could be no longer unkind;
To Jamie my feelings I freely declar'd,
And honestly open'd my mind.

With rapture he heard the confession I made,
And swore he would love me thro' life; (glad,
And, with the sweet hope, my fond heart now is
That to Jamie I'll sooon be a wife.)
Song Sung By M'r Biggs.

In the Scots Pastoral Jamie and Bess or The Laird in Disguise.

To flight fae sweet a prize,
O what an a'is is he!
I wad be far mair wise,
Cud the but think o' me.

Were the o' me as fain,
I'd ne'er be cauld nor fly;
He ne'er cud shaw disdain,
Gin he had lov'd as I.

O I like bonny Bess, But
ah, a la! wae's me! Oh I like bonny Bess, But Betsy like'en me.

First, when I taul' my mind, She laugh at a' my care; But now her Jo's unkind, And
laughs at her as fair. First, when I taul' my mind, She laugh at a' my care; But
now her Jo's unkind, And laughs at her as fair.
Song Sung By M. H. BIGGS.
In the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and BESS or The Laird in Disguise.

Bon-ny lafs-ie, low-land lafs, Nor find my reft with day re-thru, My

Bon-ny low-land lafs-ie. It brings fresh marks of your dis-dain,

Bon-ny lafs-ie, low-land lafs, Which fair but to in-crea my pain, My

Bon-ny low-land lafs-ie.

But, gin ye dinna deign to smile,
Bonny laffie, &c.
There's nought, in life, that's worth my while;
My bonny lowland laffie!

In Death's embrace, then only kind,
Bonny laffie, &c.
1. my reft and peace maun find;
My bonny lowland laffie!

Whene'er I speak of love, ye frown,
Bonny laffie, &c.
And that pits a' my courage down;
My bonny lowland laffie.

Gin ye ze kindly look wad wear,
Bonny laffie, &c.
A' this gloom wad disappear;
My bonny lowland laffie.

O A' the night I figh and mourn,
All description it baffles, no words can impart
One half of the bliss, which he feels in his heart;
Her consent obtain'd, such emotions arise;
He would burst, if they found not a vent at his eyes!
Song Sung by Mr. TINGEY.

In the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and BESS or The Laird in Disguise.

Nor will I e'er think it below me to wed,
When a lass of true merit I find:
Nor care I farthing how humble the maid,
If she is but loving and kind.

Tho' proud-hearted Coxcombs may say it is mean,
To marry beneath my degree:
I care not, by such, how my conduct is seen,
It is of no moment to me.

In choosing a darling companion for life,
For myself, I'm determined to judge;
And if I am pleas'd to make Betsy my wife,
Who else has a title to grudge?
Song Sung by Mrs. Newbound.

In the Scots Pastoral Jamie and Bess or The Laird in Disguise.

Tho' Bores lang may rudely blow, And

bill and dale be clad wi' frae, Yaw gloomy winter wears a - wa, And joyfu' Spring appears.


Tho' lang the's bow'd 'neath Fortune's blast,
My Beffy will won up, at laft,
My Beffy, now, wins up, at laft,
And happier days appear.

Soon, shall I see her smiling,
A' my paff fears beguiling,
The thought repays my toiling
For her, this moen day.

This night, I'll tell a story,
Will make them blyth and sorry,
Will make them blyth and sorry,
At the strange turns of Fate!

While hearing, they shall wonder,
And 'tis a wylie blunder,
But, kint for truth, like thunder,
Will strike them wi' amaze.

It, then, will be nae spring of wo!
'Caufe he has wedded ane o'er low,
'Caufe he has wedded ane o'er low,
And far beneath his rank.

Her, soon, his equal he shall see,
And, wi' the tale, delighted he
His heart and hand, content, shall gie,
And bliss his happy fate.

And, when, in wedlock they are joint,
May they ilk comfort in it find,
May they ilk comfort in it find,
Which e'er that state could yield.

Love, wi' their days, increasing,
Lang may they live, posseffing,
Ilk joy, and earthly blissing,
Kind Heav'n can beftow.

O Providence! now, hear me,
And, in the evening, cheer me,
And, in the evening, cheer me,
Of my declining age.

Thy Goodness, then, admiring,
To greater joys afpiring,
I'll pleas'd, free life, retiring,
Ly down among the Dead!
**FINALE to the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and Bess or the Laird in Disguise.**

**MRS NEWBOUND.**

May no remembrance of the past, The rising buds of pleasure blast; But purest bliss attend the pair. Un-

**MRS TINGEY.**

bitter'd with the gall of care. Soon as the nuptial knot is ty'd, Let ev'ry

**MRS HAMILTON.**

pain ful thought sub side: May this blyth night our for rows end, And

Fortune henceforth, prove our friend. Sym.

**MRS SUTHERLAND.**

May ev'ry gen'rous lover find His darling fair, like Bessy, kind; And ever meet the due reward Of an unfeign'd and pure regard.

First all the Female Voices, Piano — Then Da. Cap: Male and Female Voices, Forte.
What heart but will, with rapture, join To supplicate the Power Divine, Which lends such blessings from above, As the reward of gen'rous love.
The Poor Little Gipsy;  
A Favorite Song; 
Sung by Mr. Bland, at the Theatre Royal Haymarket; Mr. Crouch, Liverpool; 
& Miss Lack at the Academy of Ancient Music,  
COMPOSED by DR. ARNOLD.

To be had at Mr. John Board's, and at all the Music Shops where now to be had,  
also the new Songs of Green and Hop, sung by Miss Lack. Price 1d. each.

\[\text{Oboe} \]

\[\text{Viol: I} \]

\[\text{Viol: II} \]

\[\text{Voice} \]

\[\text{Bass} \]
A poor little Gypsy I wander forlorn. My fortune was told long before I was born. So fortunes I tell as forlorn I stray. And in search of my love I am loft on my way. Spare a halfpenny, spare a halfpenny, spare a poor little.
I fear from this line you have been a bad man,
And to harm us poor girls, have form'd many a plan;
But beware, left repentance too late cause you pain,
And attend to the lesson I give in my strain.
Spare a halfpenny &c.

Through woods and through wilds oft' aweary I roam,
Long absent from parents, from friends and from home;
Though sad is my heart, and tho' sore are my feet,
Yet I sing on my way thus to all that I meet.
Spare a halfpenny &c.
For the German Flute.

Andante

A poor little Gypsy I wander forlorn, My fortune was told long before I was born, So fortunes I tell, as forsaken I stray. And in search of my love, I am lost on my way:

Spare a halfpenny, Spare a halfpenny, Spare a poor little Gypsy a Gypsy a halfpenny, Spare a poor little Gypsy a halfpenny.

I fear from this line you have been a bad man,
And to harm us poor girls, have formed many a plan;
But beware left repentance too late cause you pain,
And attend to the lesson I give in my strain.
Spare a halfpenny &c.

Through woods and through wilds oft' aweary I roam,
Long absent from parents, from friends and from home;
Though sad is my heart, and th'o' sore are my feet,
Yet I sing on my way thus to all that I meet.
Spare a halfpenny &c.