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MODERN BALLADS.

A SELECTION OF

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FAVOURITE SONGS AND BALLADS

BY THE

MOST EMINENT COMPOSERS.



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Wait till you come to forty year.

Words by W. M. THACKERAY.

Music by THEO. MARZIALS.

PIANO-
FORTE.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords in a 3/8 time signature, starting with a forte (*ff*) dynamic. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment with eighth notes.

1. Ho! pret-ty page, with the dim-pled chin, That nev-er has known the
2. Cur-ly gold locks cov-er fool-ish brains; 'Tis bill-ing and coo-ing is

The first two lines of the song are shown with vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked *fp* (piano-forte). The lyrics are: "1. Ho! pret-ty page, with the dim-pled chin, That nev-er has known the / 2. Cur-ly gold locks cov-er fool-ish brains; 'Tis bill-ing and coo-ing is".

bar-ber's shear; all.... your aim.... is wo-man to win; This is the
all your cheer: Sigh-ing and sing-ing of mid-night strains, Un-der

The third and fourth lines of the song are shown with vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked *fp*. The lyrics are: "bar-ber's shear; all.... your aim.... is wo-man to win; This is the / all your cheer: Sigh-ing and sing-ing of mid-night strains, Un-der".

way that boys be-gin; Wait till you come to for-ty year,
Bo-ny-bell's win-dow-panes, Wait till you come to for-ty year,

The fifth and sixth lines of the song are shown with vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked *fp*. The lyrics are: "way that boys be-gin; Wait till you come to for-ty year, / Bo-ny-bell's win-dow-panes, Wait till you come to for-ty year,".

calando.

Wait till you come to for - ty year! For - ty years let Mi-chael-mas
 Wait till you come to for - ty year! Pledge me round, I bid ye de -

calando. *f*

pass, Griz - zling hair the brain doth clear; Then you will know that a -
 - clare, All good fel-lows whose beards are grey: Did not the fair - est

boy is an ass, Then you will know the worth of a lass, Once you have
 of.... the fair Com - mon grow and wea - ri-some, ere Ev - er a

come to for - ty year, Once you have come to for - ty year.
 month had past a - way, Ev - er a month had past a - way.

colla voce.

WAIT TILL YOU COME TO FORTY YEAR.

ff

3. The red - dest lips.... that ev - er have kiss'd, The bright - est eyes that

ev - er have shone, May pray.... and whis - per and we not list,

Or look a - way and ne'er be miss'd, Ere.... yet ev - er a month be

gone. *calando.* Ere.... yet ev - er a month be gone. *f* Gil - lian's

calando. *f*

p

dead, Heav'n rest her bier, O how I lov'd... her twen - ty years

colla voce.

syne! Ma - ri - an's mar - ried, but I..... sit here, A - lone.... and

mer - ry at for - ty year, Dip - ping my nose in the Gas - con

wine, Dip - ping my nose in the Gas - con wine.....

f *colla voce.* *rall.*