

A SECOND SET of
HINDOO AIRS

with English Words

adapted to them

by *M^{rs} Opie.*

AND HARMONIZED, FOR

One, Two, Three, and Four Voices,

(or for a Single Voice.)

with an ACCOMPANIMENT for the

PIANO FORTE

or

Harp,

by

MR. BIGGS.

Ent.^d at Stat.^s Hall.

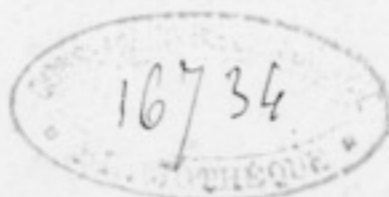
Price 6^s/₂

LONDON

Printed by R^d Birchall at his Musical circulating Library 133, N. Bond Street.

Where may be had, The first Set of Twelve Hindoo Airs..... Pr. 10^s/₆

and Six Welsh Airs Harmonized in the same manner, with English Words
 adapted to them, with an Accomp^t for the Piano Forte or Harp. Pr. 7^s/₆.



Res. V. S. 1353

THE GHUT.

Stella! thou false one,

Air I.

Andante

Soprano 1^{mo}
Soprano 2^{do}
Tenore
Basso
Piano Forte

Stella! thou false one, for e-ver a-dieu, no
Stella! thou false one, for e-ver a-dieu, no
Stella! thou false one, for e-ver a-dieu, no
Stella! thou false one, for e-ver a-dieu, no

Andante

longer thy captive for mer-cy I'll sue
longer thy captive for mer-cy I'll sue
longer thy captive for mer-cy I'll sue
longer thy captive for mer-cy I'll sue

B. 142.

N. B. The Music of Hindostan, being generally of the same class, the Editor has judged it expedient to depart from his original intention, of publishing a second set of "Twelve Hindoo Airs" The selection he has made, he hopes will be found to contain the most interesting Airs, from the music of that country.

Allegro

I'll for artless beauties sigh, and Coquettes like thee, I'll fly,

I'll for artless beauties sigh, and Coquettes like thee, I'll fly,

I'll for artless beauties sigh, and Coquettes like thee, I'll fly,

I'll for artless beauties sigh, and Coquettes like thee, I'll fly,

Allegro

I'll that voice ad_mire no more, nor that matchless form a_dore,

I'll that voice ad_mire no more, nor that matchless form a_dore,

I'll that voice ad_mire no more, nor that matchless form a_dore,

I with un - con - cern will meet,

And that glance so arch and sweet, I with un - con - cern will meet,

And that glance so arch and sweet, I with un - con - cern will meet,

And that glance so arch and sweet, I with un - con - cern will meet,

Detailed description: This system contains four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. Dynamics include piano (p) and forte (f). The lyrics are: "I with un - con - cern will meet," "And that glance so arch and sweet, I with un - con - cern will meet," "And that glance so arch and sweet, I with un - con - cern will meet," and "And that glance so arch and sweet, I with un - con - cern will meet,".

Shall my cheek with blushes glow

Touch me and no longer now, Shall my cheek with blushes glow

Touch me and no longer now, Shall my cheek with blushes glow

Touch me and no longer now, Shall my cheek with blushes glow

Detailed description: This system contains four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. Dynamics include piano (p) and forte (f). The lyrics are: "Shall my cheek with blushes glow", "Touch me and no longer now, Shall my cheek with blushes glow", "Touch me and no longer now, Shall my cheek with blushes glow", and "Touch me and no longer now, Shall my cheek with blushes glow".

Andante

Stella! O chide not, thy pardon I crave, my

Stella! O chide not, thy pardon I crave, my

Stella! O chide not, thy pardon I crave, my

Stella! O chide not, thy pardon I crave, my

Andante

vaunting my freedom, but proves me thy slave.

vaunting my freedom, but proves me thy slave.

vaunting my freedom, but proves me thy slave.

vaunting my freedom, but proves me thy slave.

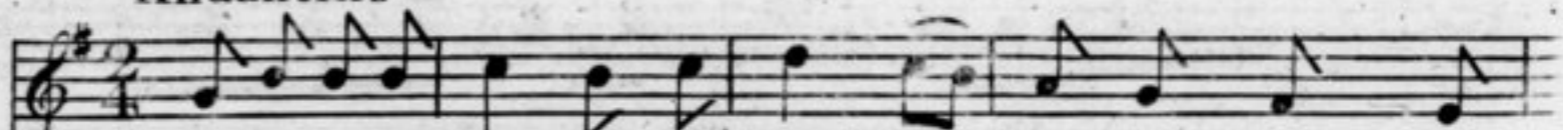
REKHTAH.

Bengal. *Laura, I for Bacchus,* Dandies.

Air II.

Andantino

Soprano 1^{mo}



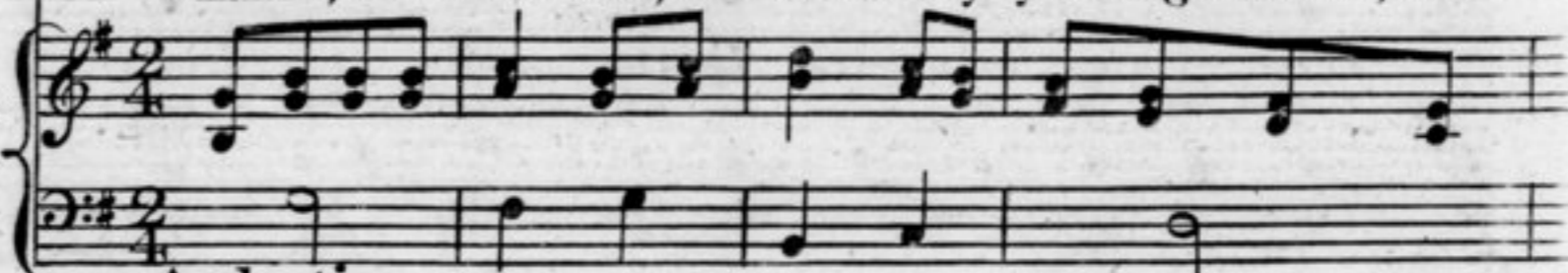
Laura, I for Bacchus, dis-dain'd thy yielding charms, and

Soprano 2^{do}



Laura, I for Bacchus, dis-dain'd thy yielding charms, and

Piano Forte
or
Harp



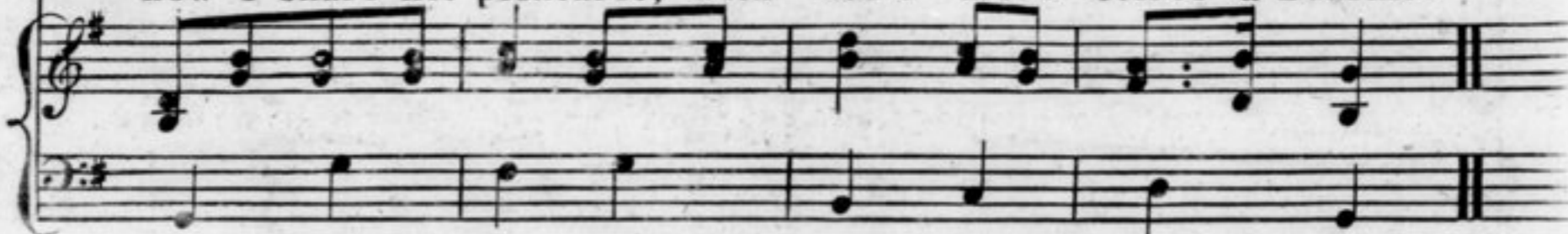
Andantino



now I share his pleasures, with war's more fierce a-larms.



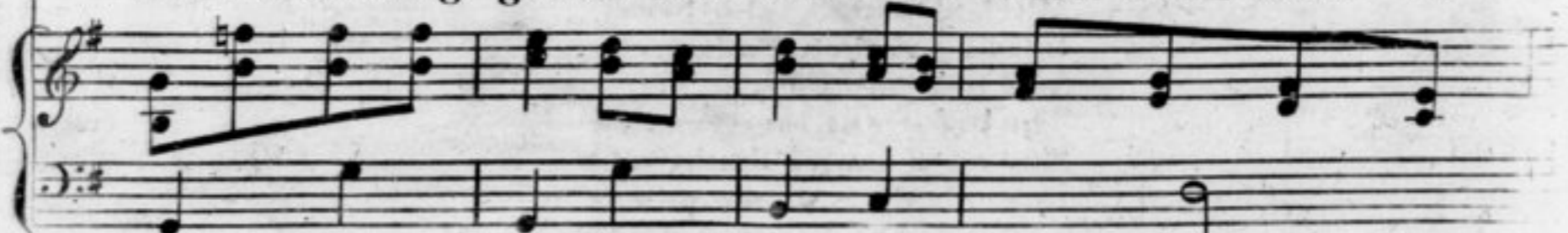
now I share his pleasures, with war's more fierce a-larms.



But tho' clinking glasses and mar-tial sounds sur-round me



But tho' clinking glasses and mar-tial sounds sur-round me



know, they cannot make me, as hap-py as they found me

know, they cannot make me, as hap-py as they found me

Then, if thou wilt give me the smile I scorn'd be-fore, Ah!

Then, if thou wilt give me the smile I scorn'd be-fore, Ah!

nought but Love, and Lau-ra, shall e-ver charm me more.

nought but Love, and Lau-ra, shall e-ver charm me more.

2

I the foaming goblet,
 No more shall wish to sip;
 If I may taste the nectar,
 That dwells on Laura's lip.
 Martial sounds let others
 Less blest than I admire;
 So I hear my Laura
 The breath of love respire:
 Nor need Laura doubt me,
 Experience bids me own;
 The joys the heart most prizes,
 O Love! are thine alone.

A HINDUSTANI GIRL'S SONG,

'Tis thy will, and I must leave thee.

ADAPTED by MR. BIGGS.

Air III

Int.^d at Stat.^s Hall.

Printed for R. Birchall 133. New Bond Street.

Price 1.^s

Con Espressione

Canto

'Tis thy will, and I must leave thee, O then best belov'd farewell!

Harp
or
Piano Forte

I forbear lest I should grieve thee, half my heart felt pangs to tell.

N.B. The Melody of this plaintive Air, is but little known, among the Hindoos, and is said to have originated very lately from the following circumstance:

An European, previous to his departure for England, being desirous of restoring to her Parents, an Hindoo Girl, who had lived for some years in his family; sent her to them, in a Palanquin, some days journey up the Country. The Girl, was extremely attached to her Master, and was so affected at parting with him, that, according to the relation of the bearers of the Palanquin, she could not be prevailed on, to receive any sustenance during the journey, and was incessantly singing this melody, (which they were able to retain) to words expressive of her attachment; which are here, so well imitated by M^{rs} OPIE.

Soon a british fair will charm thee, thou, alas! her smiles must woo,
 but tho' she to rapture warm thee, don't forget thy poor HINDOO.

2

Well I know this happy beauty,
 Soon thy envied bride will shine;
 But will she by anxious duty,
 Prove a passion warm as mine.
 If to rule be her ambition,
 And her own desires pursue;
 Thou'lt recall my fond submission,
 And regret thy poor HINDOO!

3

Born perhaps to rank and splendour,
 Will she deign to wait on thee;
 And those soft attentions render,
 Thou so oft hast prais'd in me.
 Yet, why doubt her care to please thee.
 Thou must every heart subdue;
 I am sure each nymph that sees thee,
 Loves thee, like thy poor HINDOO!

4

No — ah! — no! — tho' from thee parted,
 Other nymphs would peace obtain;
 But thy LOLA, broken hearted,
 Ne'er, O ne'er will smile again:
 O! how fast, from thee they bear me,
 Faster still, shall death pursue;
 But 'tis well — death will endear me,
 And thou'lt mourn thy poor HINDOO!

REKHTAH.

Mutru be khoosh nuwa bego. —

Chanam.

O do not ask whence springs my sadness.

Air IV.

Andante

Soprano 1^{mo}
O do not ask whence springs my sadness, but let me still the

Soprano 2^{do}
O do not ask whence springs my sadness, but let me still the

Basso
O do not ask whence springs my sadness, but let me still the

Piano Forte

Andante

secret keep, Nor ask why I in restless madness, pass the long hours once

secret keep, Nor ask why I in restless madness, pass the long hours once

secret keep, Nor ask why I in restless madness, pass the long hours once

spent in sleep, Nor bid my looks the tale ex-plain,

spent in sleep, Nor bid my looks the tale ex-plain,

spent in sleep, Nor bid my looks the tale ex-plain,

nor words nor looks must tell my pain, for that which makes me

nor words nor looks must tell my pain, for that which makes me

nor words nor looks must tell my pain, for that which makes me

rove for-lorn, if known, would on-ly move thy scorn,

rove for-lorn, if known, would on-ly move thy scorn,

rove for-lorn, if known, would on-ly move thy scorn,

and ah! if told, those tort'ring fears that fill my languid eyes with tears,
 and ah! if told, those tort'ring fears that fill my languid eyes with tears,
 and ah! if told, those tort'ring fears that fill my languid eyes with tears,

would make with anger's lightnings shine those now soft smiling eyes of thine.
 would make with anger's lightnings shine those now soft smiling eyes of thine.
 would make with anger's lightnings shine those now soft smiling eyes of thine.

2

But oh! when I no more behold thee,
 And to distant scenes remove;
 Should e'er a mournful tale be told thee,
 Of a Youth undone by love.
 Who tho' unknown to rank, and fame,
 Dar'd to admire a high born dame;
 But who averse to wound her pride,
 Sad silence kept, and pined,—and died:
 If memory then recall these sighs,
 And fancy paint these languid eyes;
 My likeness in that youth thou'lt see,
 And pitying him, wilt pity me.

REKHTAH.

Soon re mashookan! be wufa!

Chanam.

O why are my accents so broken & weak.

Air V.

Larghetto Amoroſo

Voce

Piano Forte
or
Harp

O why are my accents so broken and weak, what

Larghetto Amoroſo

means this e-motion that flushes my cheek, when ever with Delia I

rove? ah! whence is this change. whence symptoms so strange? spring they from

Love? Yes they're signs of passion, and Love's despotic reign, and

14

every new sen - sa - tion, be - trays my ten - der pain

'Tis Love prompts the anguish which forces the tear, when praise of a

- nother from De - lia I hear, and dare not his merit disprove, yes

fond, jealous fears, sighs, blushes and tears yes I love.

REKHTAH.

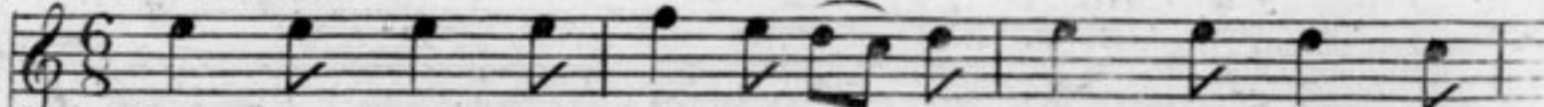
Dill ne danne leea re


Patan

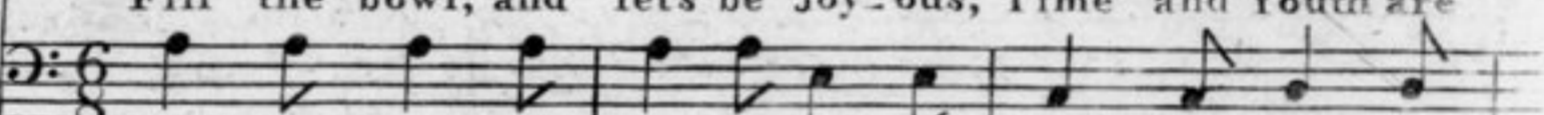
Fill the Bowl, and let's be joyous,

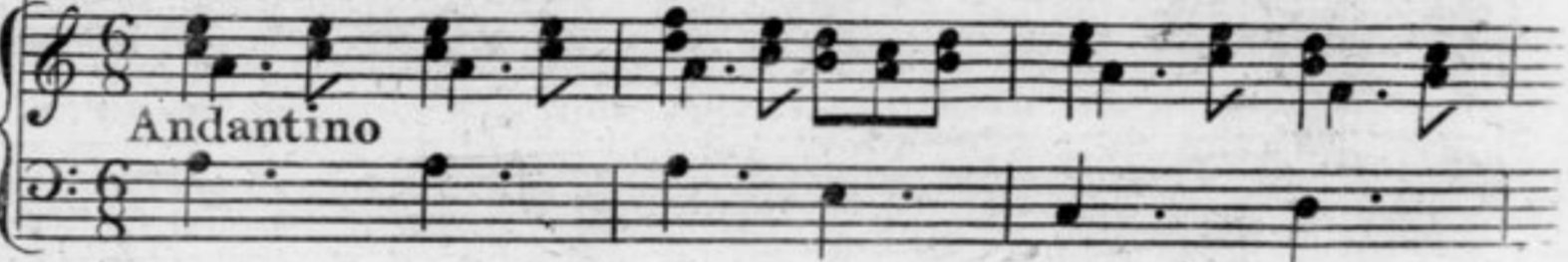
Air VI.


Andantino

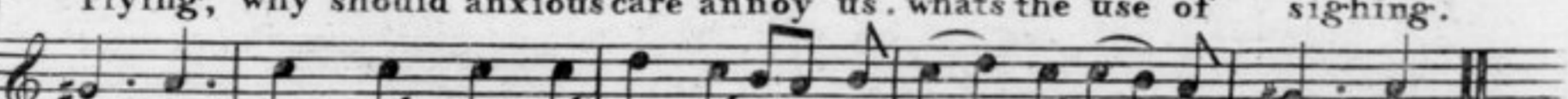
Soprano 1^{mo}  Fill the bowl, and let's be joy-ous, Time and Youth are

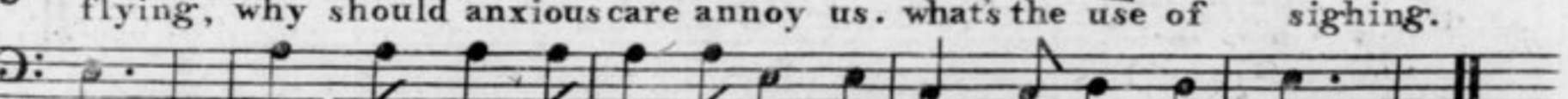
Soprano 2^{do}  Fill the bowl, and let's be joy-ous, Time and Youth are

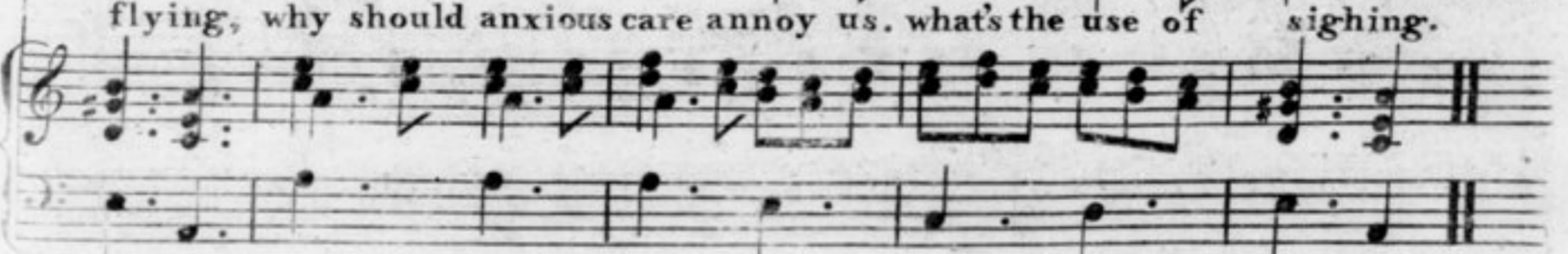
Basso  Fill the bowl, and let's be joy-ous, Time and Youth are

Piano Forte  Andantino

 flying, why should anxious care annoy us. what's the use of sighing.

 flying, why should anxious care annoy us. what's the use of sighing.

 flying, why should anxious care annoy us. what's the use of sighing.



N.B. The Music in the Major Key, has been added to this Air.

I'll heave no sighs but those, caus'd by the blush of beau - ty,
I'll heave no sighs but those, caus'd by the blush of beau - ty,
I'll heave no sighs but those, caus'd by the blush of beau - ty,

and when we gaze on beau - ty's rose, to sigh is du - ty.
and when we gaze on beau - ty's rose, to sigh is du - ty.
and when we gaze on beau - ty's rose, to sigh is du - ty.

Fill the bowl then fill it high - er, and all care de - fy - ing,
Fill the bowl then fill it high - er, and all care de - fy - ing,
Fill the bowl then fill it high - er, and all care de - fy - ing,

Repeat in Chorus

save the sigh of soft de_sire Here's farewell to sighing. Fine

save the sigh of soft de_sire Here's farewell to sighing. Fine

save the sigh of soft de_sire Here's farewell to sighing. Fine

Repeat in Chorus

Hence hence the pale cheek, the wrinkled brow, come ye whose

Hence hence the pale cheek, the wrinkled brow, come ye whose

Hence hence the pale cheek, the wrinkled brow, come ye whose

cheeks with crimson glow, let Mu_sic wake the quivering

cheeks with crimson glow, let Mu_sic wake the quivering

cheeks with crimson glow, let Mu_sic wake the quivering

string, let Cu - pid wave his downy wing; and give us

string, let Cu - pid wave his downy wing; and give us

string, let Cu - pid wave his downy wing; and give us

kind in - dul - gent boy, none of his grief, none of his

kind in - dul - gent boy, none of his grief, none of his

kind in - dul - gent boy, none of his grief, none of his

grief, none of his grief, but all his joy. Da Capo

grief, none of his grief, but all his joy. Da Capo

grief, none of his grief, but all his joy. Da Capo