

115

8^o Mus. Pr.

BALLS'

MUSICAL CABINET,

OR

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for the

FLUTE, FLAEOLET, VIOLIN &c.

Vol: 1.

O LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF LOVE

Andantino



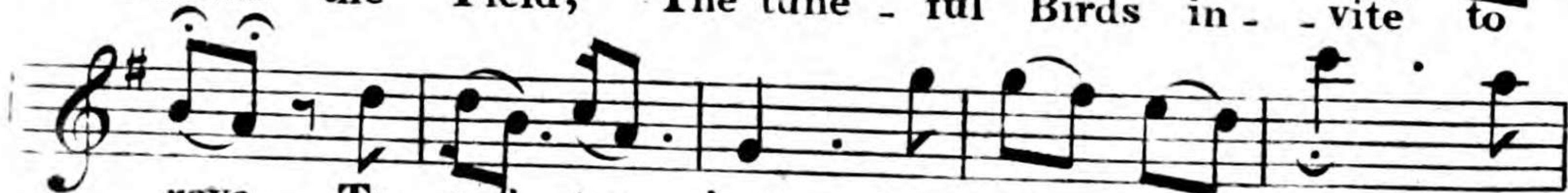
O listen listen to the voice of Love, He calls my



Daph - ne to the Grove, The Prim - rose sweet, be -



- decks the Field, The tune - ful Birds in - vite to



rove, To sof - ter joys let splen - dor yield, O



listen listen to the voice of love.

2

Where Flowers their blooming sweets exhale,
My Daphne let us fondly stray,
Where whispring love breathes forth his tale,
And Shepherds sing their artless Lay
O listen to the voice of Love,
He calls my Daphne to the Grove.

3

Come share with me the sweets of spring,
And leave the Town's tumultuous noise,
The happy Swains all chearful sing,
And echo still repeats their joys,
Then listen to the voice of Love,
He calls my Daphne to the Grove.

WE'LL BE MARRY'D THIS YEAR.

Andantino

Says I to dear Lau-ra come sit down by me, And
 let us discourse on sweet ma-tri-mo-ny, Nay, ne-ver look
 grave but smile on me my dear, And say if you smile we'll be
 marry'd this year, yes, yes we'll be marry'd,
 yes yes yes yes we'll be marry'd.

The musical score is written on five staves in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Andantino'. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words like 'Lau-ra' and 'ma-tri-mo-ny' hyphenated. The piece concludes with a double bar line on the fifth staff.

2

Then Laura look'd grave, and her Lover look'd blue,
She said if we have Children pray what shall we do,
The merrier the more I said with a leer,
And the fewer you know Love, the better the cheer.

Yes, yes &c.

3

My Laura consented, and soon named the Day,
When a Villain stepp'd in and snatch'd Laura away,
But, if you have courage dear Girl never fear,
For in spite of the wretch we'll be marry'd this year,

Yes yes &c.

JULIA TO THE WOOD ROBIN

Pastorale

Stay sweet Enchanter of the Grove, Leave not so soon thy
 na-tive Tree, O warble still those notes of love, While my fond heart re-
 sponds to thee, O warble still those notes of love, While
 my fond heart responds to thee.

2

Rest thy soft bosom on the spray,
 Till chilly Autumn frowns severe,
 Then charm me with thy parting lay,
 And I will answer with a tear.

3

But soon as Spring enwreath'd with Flowers,
 Comes dancing o'er the new drest Plain,
 Return and cheer thy natal bowers,
 Me Robin with these Notes again.

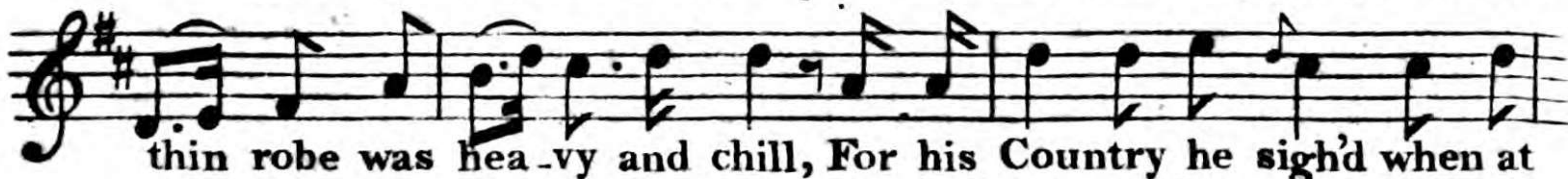
EXILE OF ERIN

7

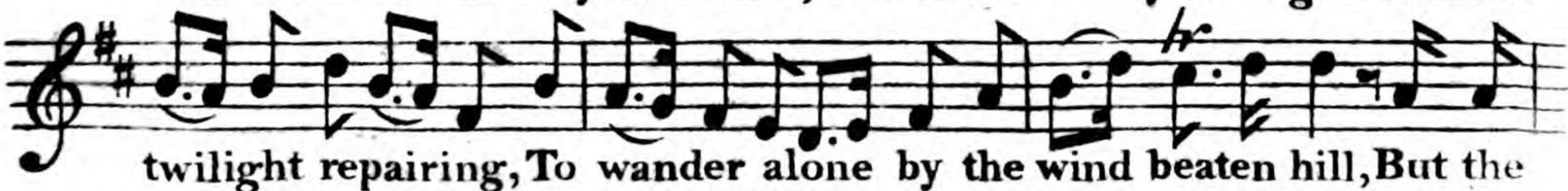
Andante



There came to the beach a poor Ex-ile of E-rin, The dew on his



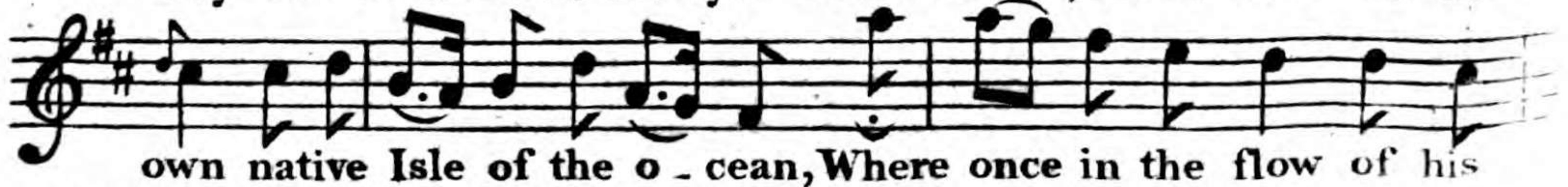
thin robe was hea-vy and chill, For his Country he sigh'd when at



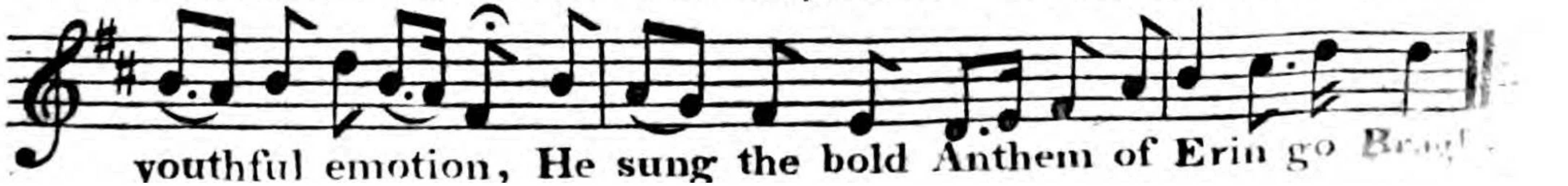
twilight repairing, To wander alone by the wind beaten hill, But the



Day-star at-tract-ed his eyes sad devotion, For it rose on his



own native Isle of the o - cean, Where once in the flow of his



youthful emotion, He sung the bold Anthem of Erin go Bragh

Oh! sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild Deer and Wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a Country remain not for me:
Ah, never again in the green shady bowers,
Where my fore-fathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my Harp, with the wild woven Flowers,
And strike the sweet numbers of Erin go Bragh.

Oh! Erin, my Country, tho' sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more:
And thou, cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me,
In a mansion of peace, where no sorrow can chase me,
Ah, never again, shall my Brothers embrace me,
They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

Where now is my Cabin-door, so fast by the wild-wood,
 Sisters and Sire, how ye wept for its fall!
 Where is the Mother that look'd on my childhood,
 And where is my bosom friend dearer than all.
 Ah! my sad soul, long abandon'd by pleasure,
 Why did it doat on a fast fading treasure,
 Tears, like the Rain may fall without measure,
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recal.

But yet all its fond recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw,
 Erin, an Exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
 Land of my fore-fathers, Erin go Bragh:
 Bury'd and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
 Green be thy Fields, sweetest Isle in the Ocean,
 And thy harp-striking Bards, sing aloud with devotion,
 Erin ma vourneen, sweet Erin go Bragh.

SANDY and JENNY*Affettuoso*

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody consists of several lines of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: "Come come bonny Lassie cry'd Sandy a - wa, While Mither is spinning and Father's a - far, The Folk are at work and the Bairns are at play, And we will be marry'd dear Jenny to Day, And we will be marry'd dear Jenny to Day." The piece ends with a double bar line.

Come come bonny Lassie cry'd Sandy a - wa, While Mither is
 spinning and Father's a - far, The Folk are at work and the
 Bairns are at play, And we will be marry'd dear Jenny to
 Day, And we will be marry'd dear Jenny to Day.

2

Stay, stay bonny Laddie, I answer'd with speed,
 I winna, I munna go with you indeed,
 Besides, shoud' I do so, what wou'd the Folk say?
 O, we canna marry dear Sandy to day.

3

"List list cry'd he Lassie," and mind what you do,
Baith Peggy and Patty, I give up for you,
Beside a full twelvemonth we've trifled away,
And one or the other I'll marry to Day.

4

Fie! fie! bonny Laddie reply'd I again,
When Peggy you kiss'd 'tother Day on the Plain!
Beside a new Ribbon does Patty display,
So we canna marry dear Sandy to Day.

5

Then, then a good by bonny Lassie says he,
For Peggy and Patty are waiting for me,
The Kirk is hard by, and the Bells call away,
And Peggy or Patty I'll marry to Day.

6

Stop! stop! bonny Laddie, says I with a smile,
For know I was joking, indeed, all the while,
Let Peggy go spin, and send Patty away,
And we will be marry'd dear Sandy to Day.

COTTAGE on the MOOR

Innocente



My Mam is no more, and my Dad in his grave, Little



Orphans are Sis - ters and I sad - ly poor, In - dus - try our



wealth and no dwelling we have, But yon neat little Cottage that



stands on the Moor, yon neat little Cottage, yon neat little



Cottage, yon neat little Cottage that stands on the Moor.

The Lark's early Song does to labor invite,
Contented we just keep the Wolf from the door,
And Phœbus retiring, trips home with delight,
To our neat little Cottage that stands on the Moor.

3

Our meals are but homely, mirth sweetens the cheer,
Affection's our inmate, the Guest we adore,
And heart-ease and health makes a Palace appear,
Of our neat little Cottage that stands on the Moor.

Mrs M^c LEOD

KITTY of COLERAINE



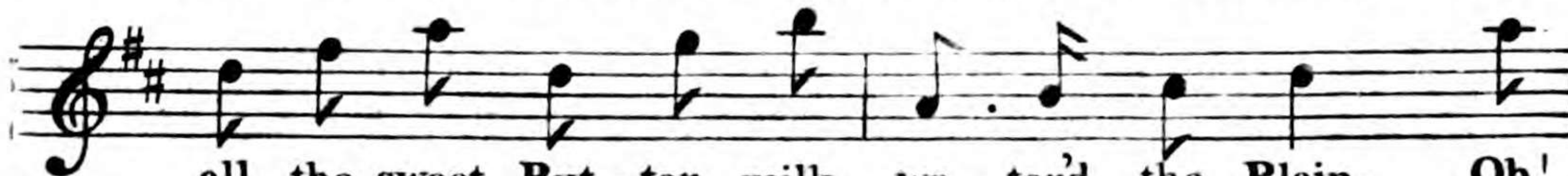
As beau - ti - ful Kitty one morning was tripping, With a



Pit - cher of Milk from the Fair of Cole - raine, When she



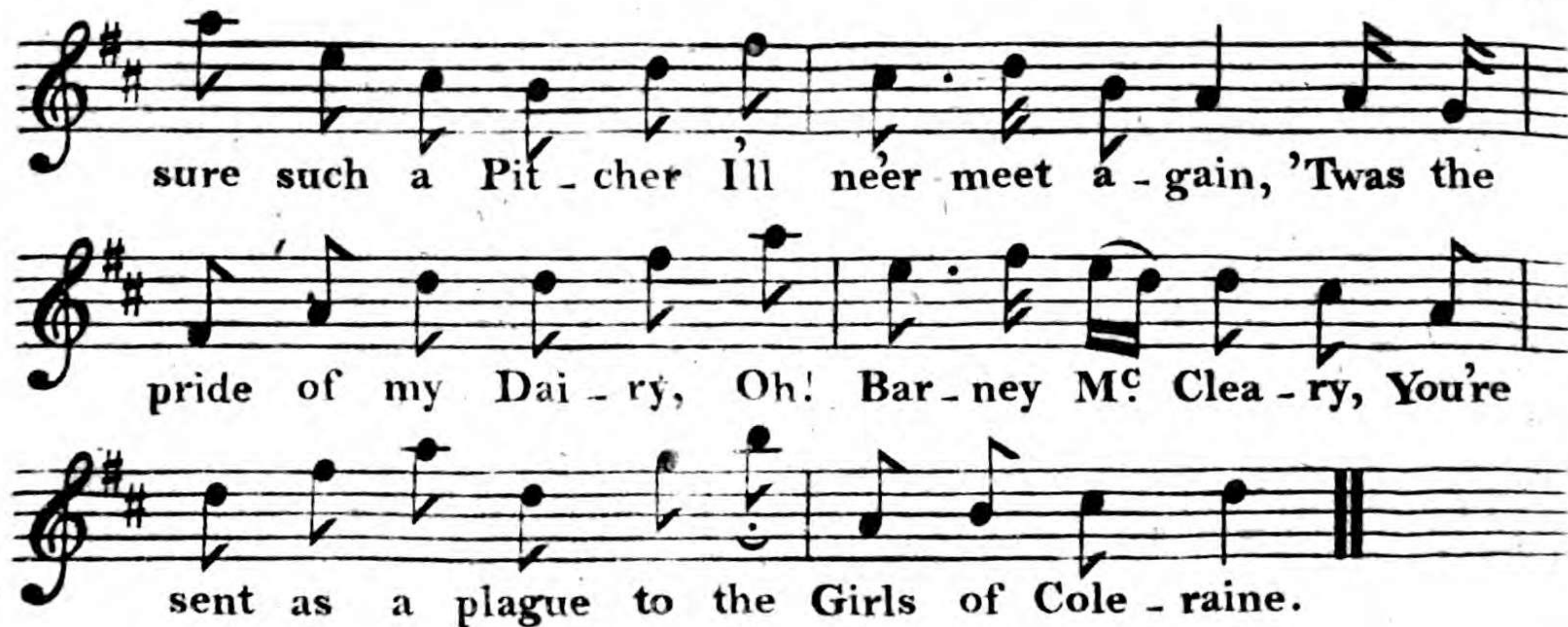
saw me she stumbled, the Pit - cher it tum - bled, And



all the sweet But - ter - milk wa - ter'd the Plain, Oh!



what shall I do now, 'twas look - ing at you now, Sure



sure such a Pit - cher I'll ne'er meet a - gain, 'Twas the
 pride of my Dai - ry, Oh! Bar - ney M^c Clea - ry, You're
 sent as a plague to the Girls of Cole - raine.

2

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
 That such a misfortune should give her such pain;
 A kiss then I gave her, and before I did leave her,
 She vow'd for such pleasure she'd break it again:
 'Twas Hay making season, I can't tell the reason,
 Misfortune will never come single 'tis plain,
 For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
 The devil a Pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

SONG on PEACE

Tell me, on what ho - ly ground May do -
 - mes - tic peace be found, Hal - cyon daugh - ter of the
 skies, Far on fearful wing she flies, From the Tyrants' scepter'd
 state, From the Re - bels' noi - sy hate.
 AIR In a cot - tag'd Vale she dwells, List'ning to the sabbath
 bells, In a cot - tag'd Vale she dwells List' -

- - ning to the sabbath bells, While all a - round her steps are
 seen, Spot - less ho - nors meek - er mien, While all a -
 round her steps are seen, Spotless honors meeker mien.

2

Love the Sire of pleasing fears,
 Sorrow smiling thro' her tears;
 And mindful of the past employ,
 Mem'ry, bosom spring of joy.

BONJA SONG

Allegretto Innocente

What are the joys of white Man here, What
 are his plea - sures, say? Me want no joys, no
 ills me fear, But on my Bon - ja play: Me
 want no joys, no ills me fear, But on my Bon - ja
 play: Me sing all day, me sleep all night, Me
 hab no care, my heart is light, Me tink not what to -



But white Man's joys are not like mine,
 Dho he look smart and gay,
 He great, he proud, he haughty, fine,
 While I my Bonja play.
 He sleep all day, he wake all night,
 He full of care, his heart no light,
 He great deal want, he little get,
 He sorry, so he fret.

Me envy not dhe white Man dhen,
 Me poor, but me is gay,
 Me glad at heart, me happy when
 Me on my Bonja play.
 Me sing all day, me sleep at night,
 Me hab no care, my heart is light,
 Me tink not what tomorrow bring,
 Me happy, so me sing.

CRAZY JANE ✓

Andante



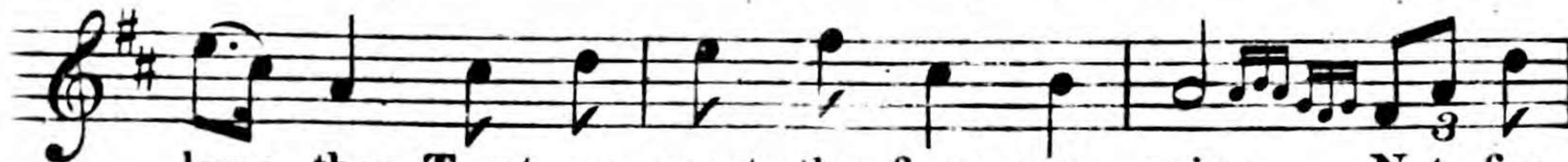
Why fair Maid in ev'ry feature, Are such signs of fear ex-



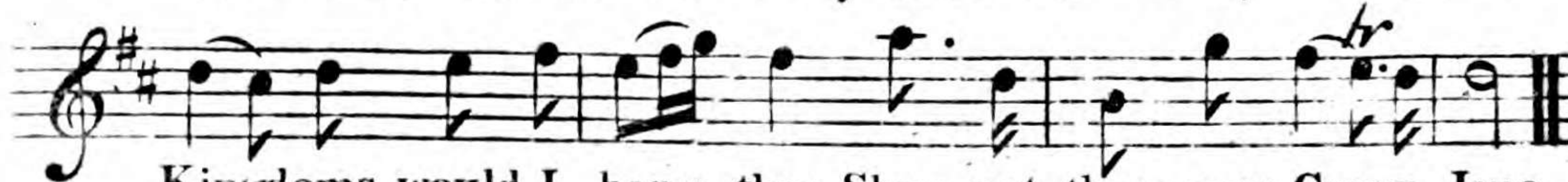
-press'd, Can a wand'ring wret-ched Crea-ture, With such



ter-rors fill thy breast: Do my fren-zied looks a-



-larm thee, Trust me sweet thy fears are vain, 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 lov'd, O! so sincerely,
 None could ever love again,
 But the youth I lov'd so dearly,
 Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

3

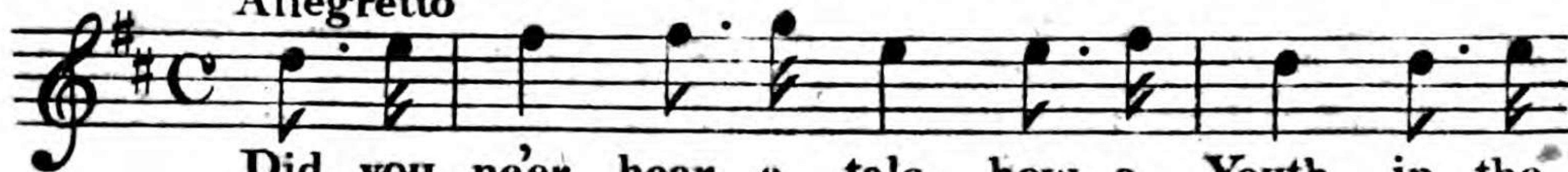
Fondly my young heart received him,
 Which was doom'd to love but one,
 He sigh'd, he vow'd, and I believ'd him,
 He was false, and I undone:
 From that hour has reason never
 Held her empire o'er my brain;
 Henry fled! with him for ever
 Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

4

Now, forlorn, and broken hearted,
 And with frenzied thoughts beset,
 On that spot where last we parted,
 On that spot where first we met:
 Still I sing my lovelorn ditty,
 Still I slowly pace the Plain,
 Whilst each passer by, in pity,
 Cries, God help thee, Crazy Jane.

DID YOU NE'ER HEAR A TALE ✓

Allegretto



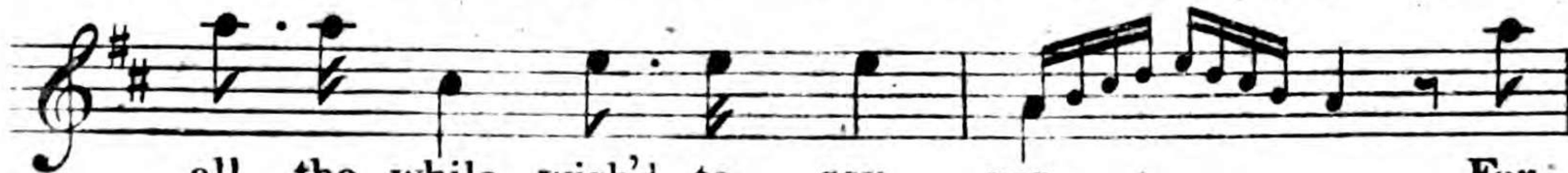
Did you ne'er hear a tale, how a Youth in the



Vale, Askd a Dam - sel to grant him a kiss, When this



pret - ty Maid cry'd, no it must be de - ny'd, Yet



all the while wish'd to say yes, For



when on her Pillow, she sigh'd for the Willow, Where

Ed-ward first saw pret-ty Sally, Or ra-ther in

truth, she sigh'd for the Youth, A-down adown adown in the

Valley, in the Valley, in the Valley, Or

ra-ther in truth, she sigh'd for the Youth, A-

-down a-down a-down in the Valley.

Did you ne'er hear it said, when he ask'd her to wed,
And told her true love prompted so,
How this silly Maid spoke, to be sure 'twas in joke,
For she answer'd him, "Shepherd, no, no,"
Yet when on her Pillow, she sigh'd for the Willow,
Where Edward first saw pretty Sally;
Or, rather in truth, she sigh'd for the Youth,
Adown adown down in the Valley.

But, ah, now you shall find, how this Maid chang'd her mind,
When a twelvemonth had pass'd after this;
For when he next press'd, at the Church to be blest,
O, she answer'd dear "Shepherd, yes, yes!"
Nor when on her Pillow, more sigh'd for the Willow,
Where Edward first saw pretty Sally,
But bless'd the fond Day, they to Church flew away,
Adown adown down in the Valley.

BATH WALTZ ✓



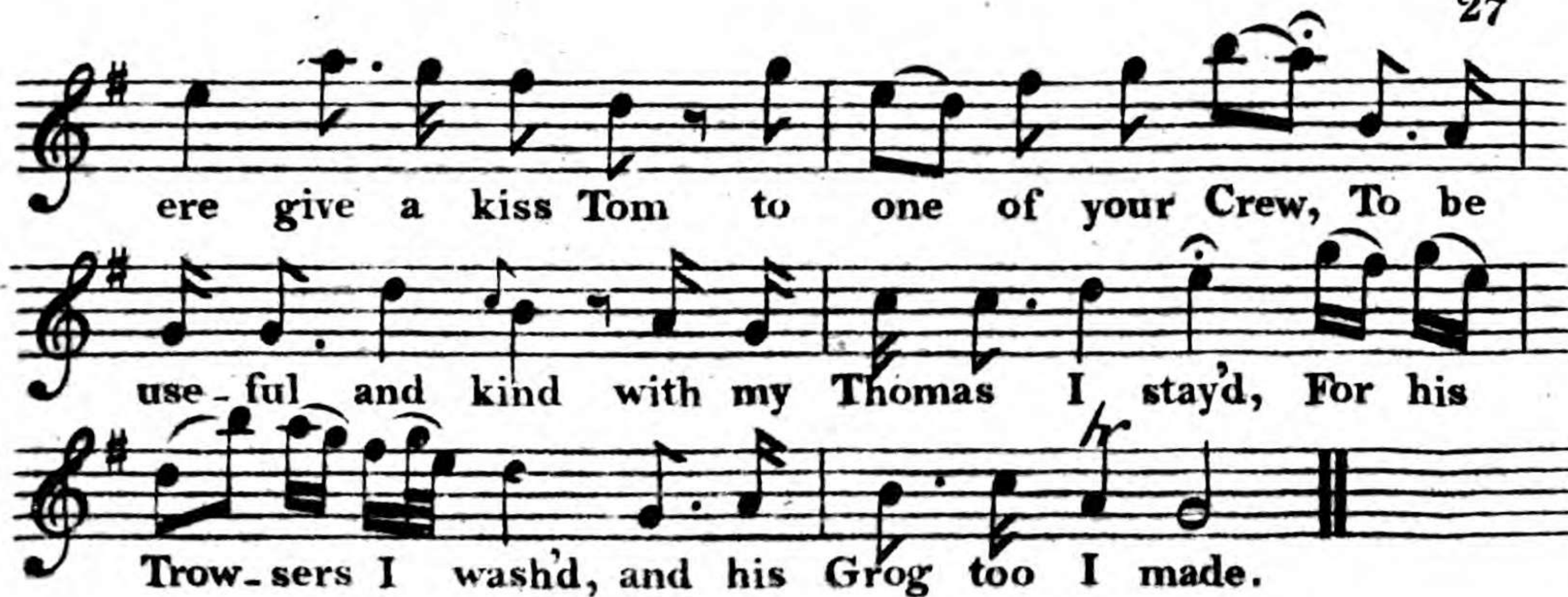
MOTHER GOOSE



WAPPING OLD STAIRS

Andante

Your Molly has ne-ver been false she de-clares, Since
last time we parted at Wap-ping Old Stairs, When I
swore that I still would con-ti-nue the same, And
gave you the Bac-co Box mark'd with my name, And
gave you the Bac-co Box mark'd with my name, When I
pass'd a whole fortnight be-tween decks with you, Did I



ere give a kiss Tom to one of your Crew, To be
 use-ful and kind with my Thomas I stay'd, For his
 Trow-sers I wash'd, and his Grog too I made.

2

Tho' you promis'd last Sunday to walk in the Mall,
 With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sal,
 In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,
 And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.
 Why should Sal, or should Susan, than me be more priz'd,
 For the heart that is true, it should ne'er be despis'd,
 Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake,
 Still your Trowsers I'll wash, and your Grog too I'll make.

THE WELCH HARPER ✓

O-ver the sun-ny hills I stray, Tun-ing ma-ny a rus-tic
 lay, And sometimes in the shad'-wy 'Vales, I sing of
 love and bat-tle tales, Mer-ri-ly thus I spend my
 life, Tho' poor, my breast is free from strife, The blithe old
 Har-per call'd am I, In the welch Vales 'mid mountains
 high, In the welch Vales 'mid moun-tains high.

The musical score consists of seven staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is written in a treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line on the seventh staff.

2

Somtimes before a Castle gate,
 In Song a battle I relate,
 Or how a Lord in Shepherds' guise,
 Sought favor in a Virgin's eyes,
 With rich and poor a welcome guest,
 No cares intrude upon my breast,
 The blithe old Harper &c.

3

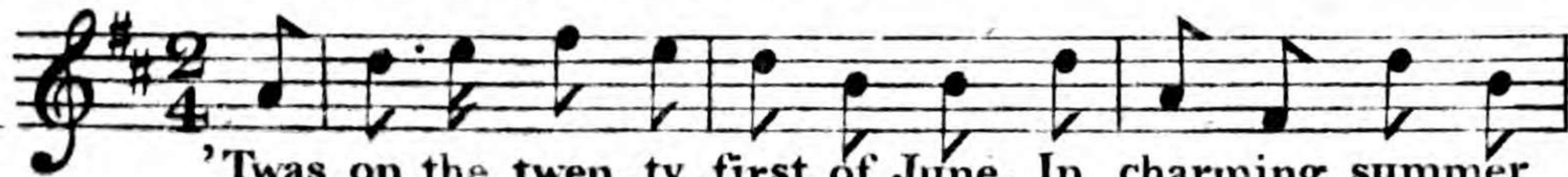
29

When Sol illumes the western sky,
 And evening Zephyrs softly sigh,
 Oft times on Village green I play,
 While round me dance the Rustics gay,
 And oft when veild by sable night,
 The wond'ring Shepherds I delight,
 The blithe old Harper &c.

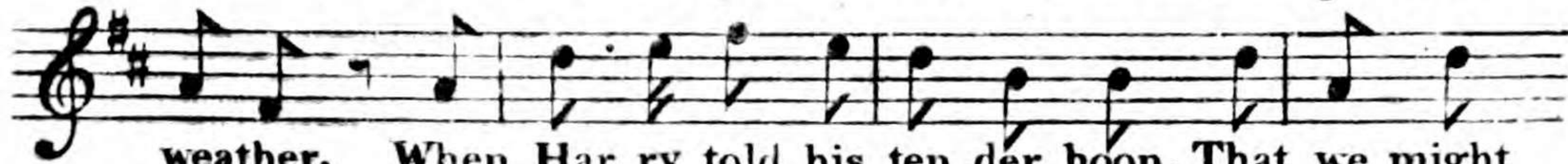
COPENHAGEN WALTZ ✓



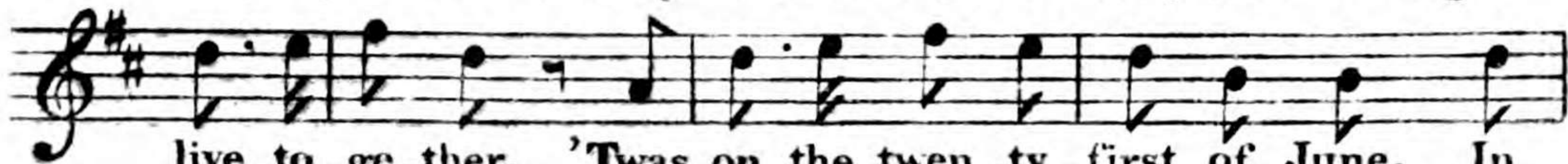
THE MARRIAGE DAY



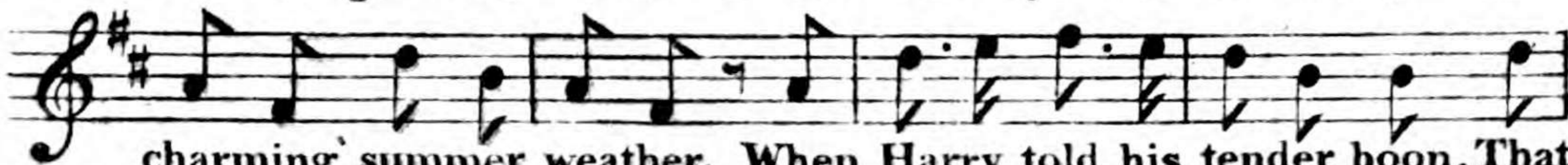
'Twas on the twen-ty-first of June, In charming summer



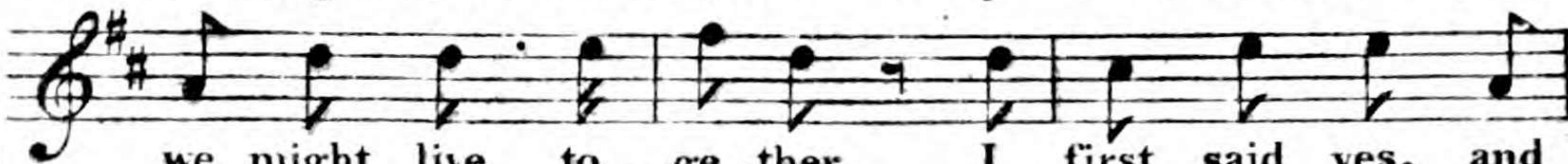
weather, When Har-ry told his ten-der boon, That we might



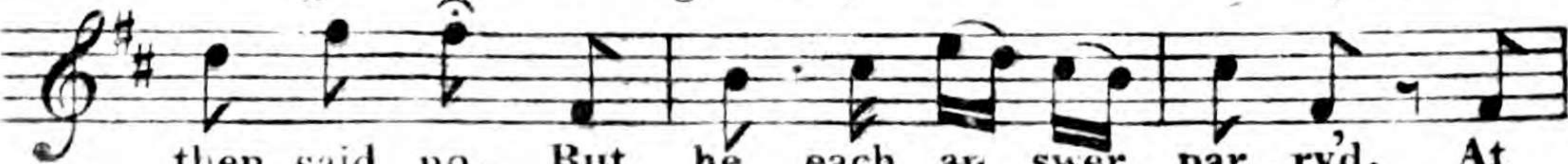
live to-ge-ther, 'Twas on the twen-ty-first of June, In



charming' summer weather, When Harry told his tender boon, That



we might live to-ge-ther, I first said yes, and



then said no, But he each an-swer par-ry'd, At

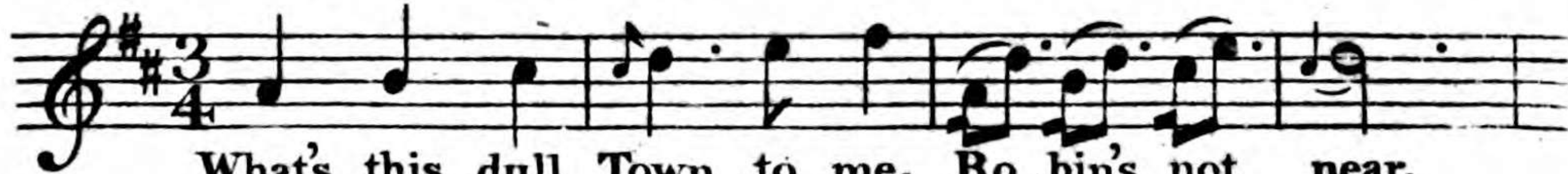
length a twelvemonth prov'd it so, The Day that we were
 mar-ry'd, O sweet-est Day in all the Year, The
 Day that we were mar-ry'd, O sweet-est Day in
 all the Year, The Day that we were mar-ry'd, The
 Day that we were marry'd, O sweet-est Day in
 all the Year, The Day that we were marry'd.

Tho' oft our friends have frowning said,
 And call'd it sense and reason,
 'Twas time enough as yet to wed,
 At any future season:
 But Harry vow'd it should be soon,
 And own'd too long we'd tarry'd,
 Then fix'd the twentyfirst of June,
 The Day that we were marry'd,
 O, sweetest &c.

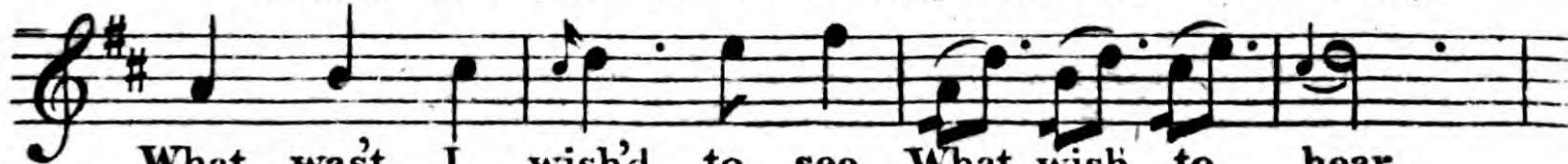
Three years have pass'd in mutual bliss,
 So Maidens do not tarry,
 A single life is sure amiss,
 So I advise to marry:
 For was the time to come again,
 To Church I'd soon be carry'd,
 And truly bless, nor think it sin,
 The Day that we were marry'd,
 O, sweetest &c.

ROBIN ADAIR ✓

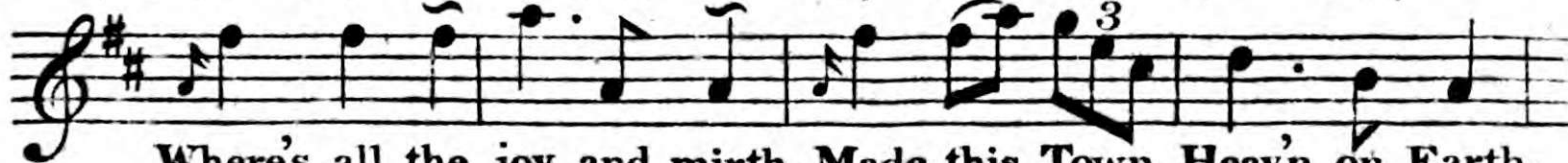
33



What's this dull Town to me, Ro-bin's not near,



What wast' I wish'd to see, What wish to hear,



Where's all the joy and mirth, Made this Town Heav'n on Earth,



Oh! they're all fled from thee, Ro-bin A-dair.

2

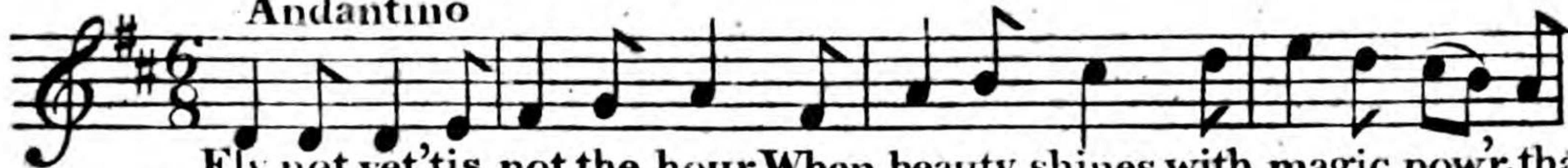
What made th' Assembly shine?
Robin Adair,
What made the Ball so fine?
Robin was there,
What when the play was o'er
What made my heart so sore?
Oh! it was parting with
Robin Adair.

3

Now he's gone far from me,
Robin Adair,
And I no more shall see,
Robin Adair,
Yet him I love so well,
Still in my heart shall dwell,
Oh! I shall ne'er forget
Robin Adair.

FLY NOT YET ✓

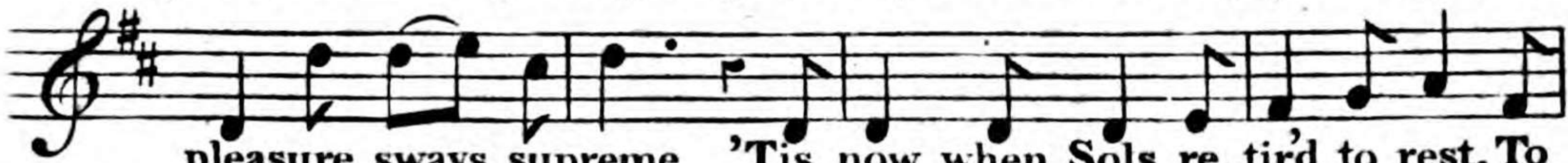
Andantino



Fly not yet 'tis not the hour, When beauty shines with magic pow'r, that



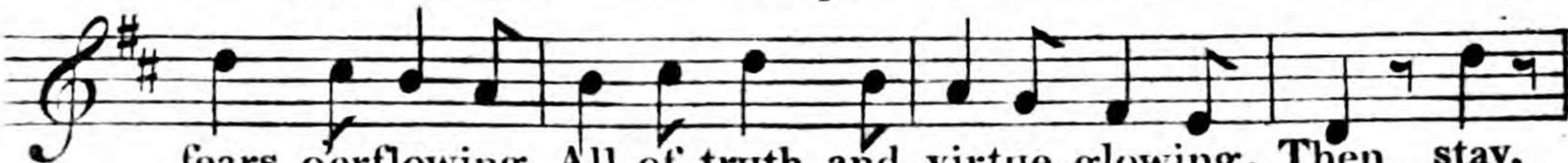
youth inflam'd by fancy bright, Im-pels each son of joy to flight, And



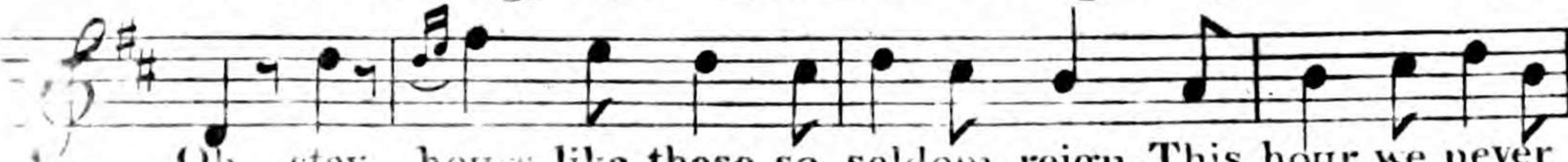
pleasure sways supreme 'Tis now when Sols re-tird to rest, To



her fond Lo-vers heart soft prest, Each Maid with hopes and



fears overflowing, All of truth and virtue glowing, Then stay,



Oh stay, hours like these so seldom reign, This hour we never

can re-gain, Oh where-fore go we hence, Then stay,
 Oh stay, hours like these so seldom réign, This hour we never
 can re-gain, Oh where-fore go we hence.

2

Fly not yet the glass with scorn,
 Or lovely Woman's Angel form,
 Such beauteous forms as erst of old,
 Fam'd Erin's Sons did oft behold,
 Oh wherefore go we hence.
 While other Minstrels seek the glade,
 And pine in some dark Sylvan shade,
 Here Woman reigns, young Cupid smiling,
 Ev'ry roseate hour beguiling,
 Then stay &c.

LITTLE TAFFLINE.

Andante



Should e'er the for - tune be my lot, To be made a wealthy



Bride, I'll glad my Parents low - ly Cot, All their pleasure and their



pride, And when I'm drest all in my best, I'll trip a - way like



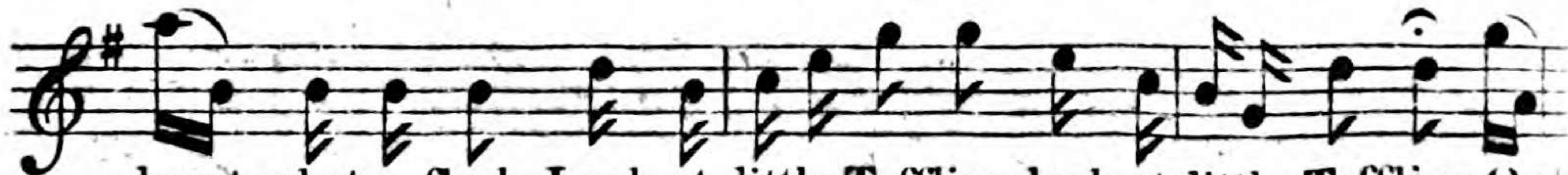
La - dy gay, I'll trip I'll trip a - way, And the Lads will say dear



heart what a flash, Look at little Taffline with a silken Sash, And the



Lads will say dear heart what a flash, And the Lads will say dear



heart what a flash, Look at little Taffline, look at little Taffline, Oh!



look at little Taffline with a silken Sash.

2

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 her goes, by,
 "See, see they'll cry,
 Her flanty air,"
 And the Lads will say, "dear heart what a flash"!
 Look at little Taffline with a silken Sash.

I HAVE A SILENT SORROW HERE

Andante con esp^e

I have a si-lent sorrow here, A grief I'll ne'er im-part, It



breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear, But it consumes my heart.



This cherish'd woe, this lov'd despair, My lot for e-ver be, So



my souls Lord the pangs I bear, Be never ne-ver known by thee.

2

And when pale characters of death,
 Shall mark this alter'd cheek;
 When my poor wasted trembling breath,
 My life's last hope would speak.

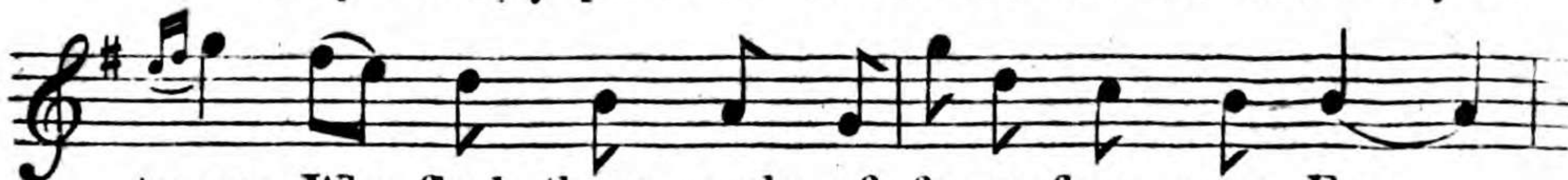
I shall not raise my Eyes to Heav'n,
 Nor mercy ask for me,
 My Soul despairs to be forgiv'n,
 Unpardon'd, Love, by thee.

PRAY GOODY ✓

39



Pray Good - y please to mo - de - rate the ran - cour of your



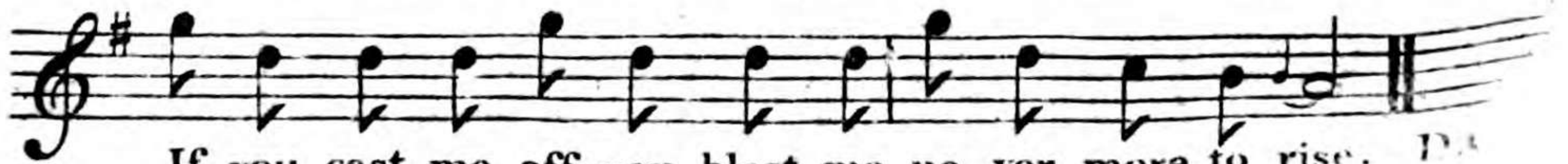
tongue, Why flash those sparks of fu - ry from your Eyes,



Re - member when the judgment's weak, the prejudice is strong, A stran -



why will you dispise Ply me, try me, prove eer you de - ny me,



If you cast me off you blast me ne - ver more to rise. Da

ACROSS THE DOWNS

Andantino

A - cross the downs this morning, As betimes I chanc'd to
 go, A Shepherd led his flock a - broad, All white as dri - ven
 Snow, But one was most the Shepherd's care, A Lamb so sleek, so
 plump, so fair, It's won - drous beau - ties in a word, To
 let you fair - ly know, 'Twas such as Fan - ny from the

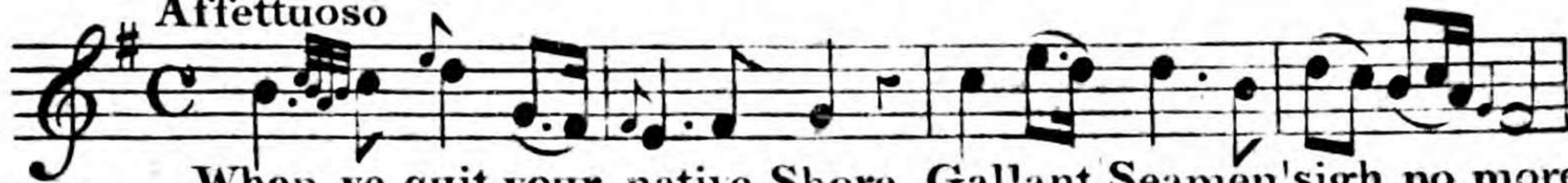
Fin. Tutti Et not to be a...

This Lamb so blithe as midsummer,
His frolic gambols play'd,
And now of all the flock a head,
The pretty wanton stray'd;
A Wolf that watch'd with greedy Eyes,
Rush'd forth and seiz'd the tender prize,
The Shepherd saw and rais'd a stone,
So round, so large I vow,
'Twas like the Cake that Nelly laid
Upon the shelf just now.

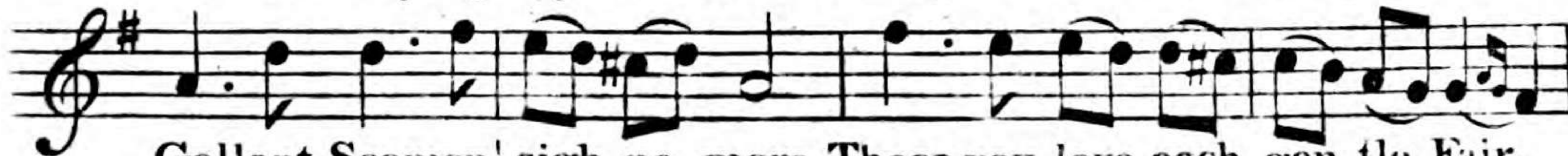
This monstrous stone the Shepherd flung,
And well his aim he took,
Yet scarce the savage creature deign'd
Around to cast a look.
But fled as swift with footstep light,
As he who brought the wine to night,
I try'd to stop the thief, but he
Turn'd round in rage good lack,
So mad the Lawyer scarce can be,
That's hid in yonder sack.

THE SEAMAN'S DEPARTURE

Affettuoso



When ye quit your native Shore, Gallant Seamen! sigh no more,



Gallant Seamen! sigh no more, Those you love, each gen-tle Fair,



Breathes for you the fervent pray'r, And their anxious bo-soms



burn, With wish-es for your safe return, When ye quit your



native Shore, Gallant Seamen sigh no more, When ye quit your



native Shore, Gallant Seamen sigh no more, sigh no more,

Esp^o



2

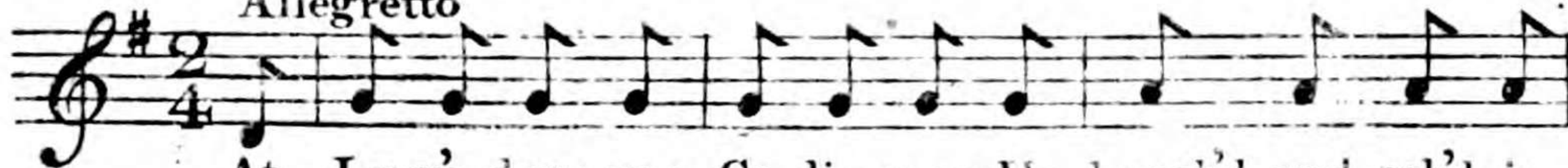
When the threatening billows rise,
 Think, O think a thousand sighs,
 Waiting pray'rs to Heav'n ascend,
 For each Husband, Father, Friend:
 Pray'rs to lull the rising storm,
 And guard each bosom's Lord from harm,
 When ye quit &c.

LAURETTE



AT LUCY'S DOOR

Allegretto



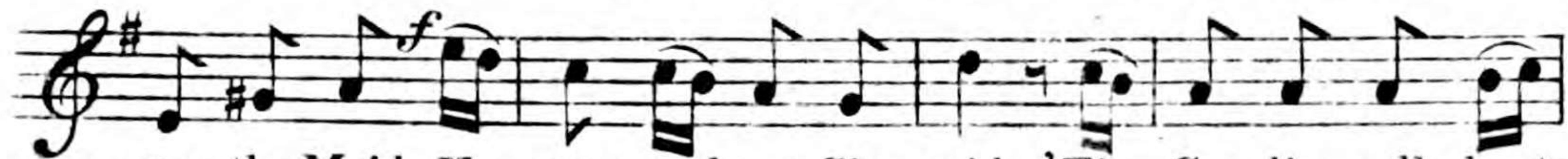
At Lucy's door was Co-lin seen, He knock'd and ask'd, is



none with - in? He knock'd and ask'd is none with - in, is



none with - in, is none with - in, 'Tis Co - lin calls haste



gen - tle Maid, He came and no She said, 'Tis Co - lin calls haste



gen - tle Maid, He came and no She said,

2

He sigh'd, he sued in piteous plight,
 No, no She cries, I die with fright,
 Tis late, 'tis dark, I'm all alone,
 It must not be, begone.

3

4-5

O'erwhelm'd with grief he moves away,
 Now lists, now hears her turn the key,
 And softly cry, a moment come,
 One word, then speed thee home.

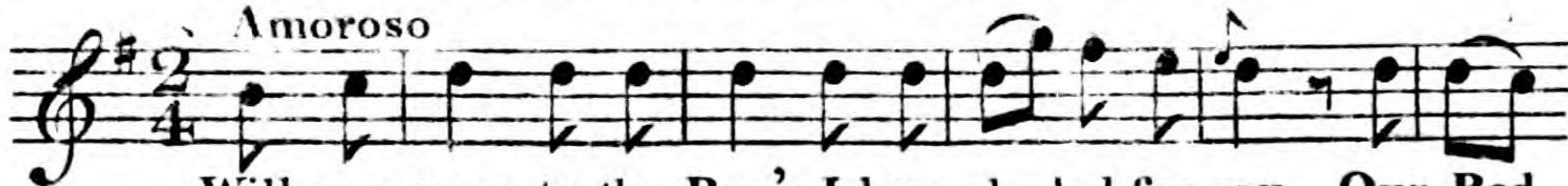
With prying wish the Neighbours burn,
 And watch, and wait the Youth's return,
 And, true he came, but not till day,
 They laugh'd, he slunk away.

THE LEGACY

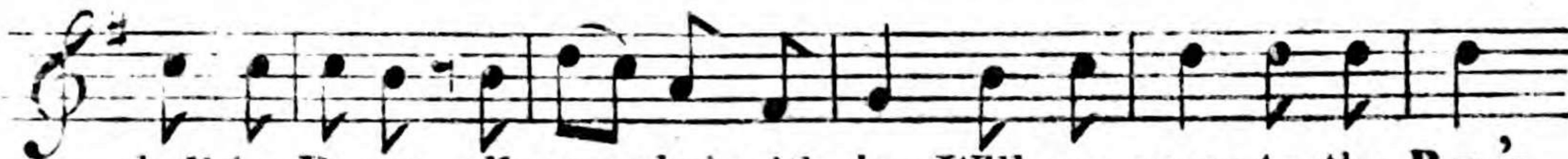
The musical score for 'THE LEGACY' consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. It features a melodic line with a first ending (1st) and a second ending (2^d). The bottom staff is also in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a bass line with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER.

Amoroso



Will you come to the Bow'r I have shaded for you, Our Bed



shall be Roses all spangled with dew, Will you come to the Bow'r



I have shaded for you, Our Bed shall be Roses all spangled with



dew, Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the Bow'r,



Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the Bow'r.

2
There under the Bow'r on Roses you'll lie,
With a blush on your Cheek, but a smile in your Eye,
Will you &c.
Smile my belov'd.

47

3
But the Roses we press, shall not rival your Lip,
Nor the Dew be so sweet as the kisses we'll sip,
Will you &c.
Kiss me my Love.

4
And Oh! for the joys that are sweeter than Dew,
From languishing Roses, or kisses from you,
Will you &c.
Won't you my Love.

ROKEBY



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