English Minstrelsie

A Monument of English Song.

Edited by

S. Baring-Gould, M.A.

ENGLISH MINSTRELSIE

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A National Monument of English Song

COLLATED AND EDITED, WITH NOTES AND
HISTORICAL INTRODUCTIONS, BY

S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

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IN EIGHT VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIFTH

Edinburgh
T. C. & E. C. JACK, GRANGE PUBLISHING WORKS
1896

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & CO.
At the Ballantyne Press

THE CONCERT HALLS, GARDENS, AND SINGERS

Britton, the Musical Small-Coals Man—His Concerts—Academy of Ancient Concerts—The Madrigal Society—The Catch and Glee Club—The Concerts at Drury Lane—Hanover Square Music Hall—Sir John Gallini—Cuper's Gardens—Vauxhall Gardens—Ranelagh—Venetian Entertainment—Marylebone Gardens—The Singers—Mrs. Bracegirdle—Miss Rafter—Afterwards Mrs. Clive—Mrs. Arne—Mrs. Cibber—John Beard—Lowe—Miss Pope—Anne Catley—Mrs. Mattocks—Miss Brent—Joe Vernon—Charles Bannister—Mrs. Abingdon—Eliza Farren—Mrs. Billington—Braham—Dignum—Incledon—Mrs. Bland—Mrs. Crouch—Mrs. Jordan—Royalties.

T the close of the seventeenth century there was to be seen, daily perambulating the streets of London, a man with a sack over his shoulders and a measure in his hand, crying "Small coals!" Whenever he came to a bookstall he forgot his business, to stand and turn over the volumes exposed for sale. The booksellers were not afraid lest he should soil the leaves with his black fingers, for they knew that he was a good customer, and that he loved books too well to disfigure them.

This man was Thomas Britton, who had been born at either Higham Ferrers, or Wellingborough, in Northamptonshire, and apprenticed as a boy to a vendor of small coals in St. John's Street, Clerkenwell, for seven years.

At the end of his apprenticeship Britton set up for himself in a house at the north-east corner of Jerusalem Passage, on the site now occupied by the Bull's Head Inn. The house was small, but it was provided with a stable or outhouse, convenient for his purpose. It was divided into two stories; the lower he appropriated as his coal-shop, the upper was approached by a ladder-like staircase from the outside, and consisted of a long low room, for which at first he had no use. But Britton, obliged for his maintenance to dispense small sea-coal by the bushel, had a soul for something above trade. He was an enthusiastic lover of music, and it became his custom to assemble other devotees of harmony and sweet melody, to associate in his loft, and there spend pleasant hours in music. "His hut wherein he dwells," says Edward Ward,* who was Britton's neighbour, "which has long been honoured with such good company, looks without side as if some of his ancestors had happened to be executors to old snarling Diogenes, and that they had carefully transplanted the Athenian Tub into Clerkenwell; for his house is not much higher than a canary pipe, and the window of his state room but very little bigger than the bunghole of a cask."

In these unpromising quarters the small-coal dealer established, in 1678, his celebrated Musical Club, from which all our concerts have sprung. Here, on every Thursday for nearly forty years, were held remarkable performances of vocal and instrumental music, which were a novelty at the time, awoke much interest, and drew to them eminent patronage.

Britton's club, Ward tells us, was first patronised by Sir Roger l'Estrange, who was himself a performer on the violoncello. "The attachment of this person and of other gentlemen to Britton," he says, "arose from the profound regard which they had in general for all manner of literature. The prudence of Britton's deportment to his superiors procured him great respect; and men of the best wit, as well as some of the best quality, honoured his musical society with their company. He was even so much distinguished that, when passing the streets in his blue linen frock, and with his sack of small-coal on his back, he was frequently accosted with such expressions as, 'There goes the famous small-coal man, a lover of learning, a performer of music, and a companion for gentlemen.' At its first institution, the concert was held in Britton's own house." Then he goes on to describe the music-room over the shop.

The following lines were written by Ned Ward on these gatherings:—

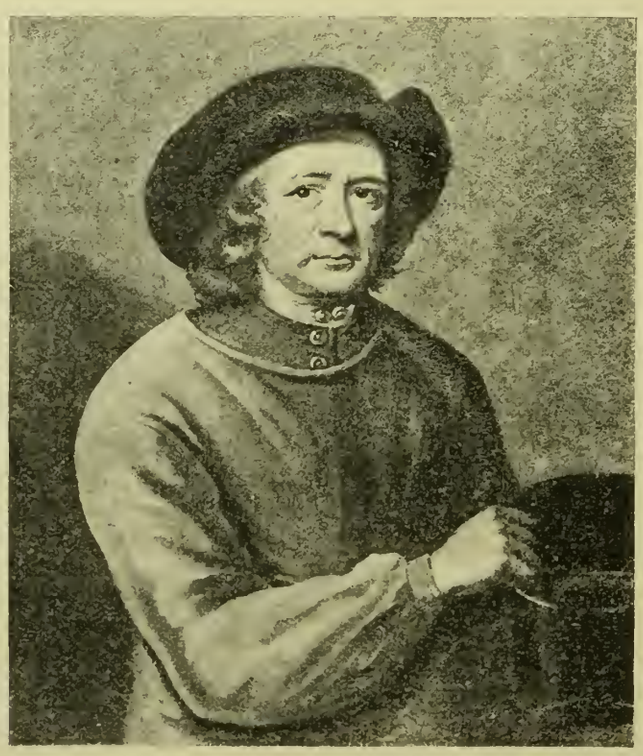
"Upon Thursdays repair
To my palace, and there
Hobble up stair by stair;
But I pray ye take care
That you break not your shins by a stumble;
And without e'er a souse
Paid to me or my spouse,
Sit as still as a mouse
At the top of my house,
And there you shall hear how we jumble."

* Editor of *The London Spy*.

Admission to these concerts was gratis. Walpole, indeed, says that a yearly subscription to this club of ten shillings was demanded, after it had continued several years, and that coffee was supplied at a penny a dish; but Walpole wrote long subsequent, and Thorsby in his diary under June 5, 1712, seems to contradict this. He says, "In our way home we called at Mr. Britton's, the noted small-coal man, where we heard a noble concert of music, vocal and instrumental, the best in the town, which for many years past he has had weekly for his own entertainment, and of the gentry, &c., gratis, to which most foreigners of distinction, for the fancy of it, occasionally resort."

Handel played the organ there, Pepusch the harpsichord, and Banister the first violin. At one time Britton removed to larger quarters, but this not being successful, he returned to his old "hut," where, as Ward expresses it somewhat coarsely but graphically, "any body that is willing to take a hearty sweat, may have the pleasure of hearing many notable performances in the charming science of musick."

Among his many distinguished visitors was the Duchess of Queensberry.



T. BRITTON.

Hughes the poet thus wrote of him, under the portrait painted by his friend Woolaston, and engraved by J. Simon :—

"Though mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell
Did gentle peace and arts unpurchased dwell,
Well pleased Apollo thither led his train,
And Music warbled in her sweetest strain—
Cylenius so, as fables tell, and Jove
Came willing guests to poor Philemon's grove.
Let useless pomp behold, and blush to find
So low a station—such a liberal mind."

This portrait is in the National Portrait Gallery. Woolaston's second picture cannot be traced, but a mezzotint engraving from it was made by Thomas Johnson, under which are verses attributed to Prior. It was from this latter portrait that the medallion was copied for Hawkins' "History of Music."

The death of poor Britton was peculiarly sad, and was due in a measure to his hospitality. Among the guests freely admitted to his concerts was Justice Robe, who introduced, as a frolic, a blacksmith gifted with ventriloquistic powers, named Honeyman. During the performance, this fellow made his voice sound as though descending from

on high, and summon Britton to quit this world immediately, and prepare for death by at once reciting the Lord's Prayer. The musical small-coals man immediately fell panic-stricken on his knees, and died within a few days. He was buried on October 1, 1714, at St. James's, Clerkenwell.

His influence did not die with him. It was due to his concerts that Dr. Pepusch and other enthusiasts combined to found the Academy of Ancient Concerts, which was dissolved in 1791.

The meetings were held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, opposite St. Clement's Church, in the Strand. With the assistance of the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal and the choir of St. Paul's, together with the boys belonging to each, the Academy commenced its performances. It also collected music, both printed and MS., for its library.

A Madrigal Society, under Pepusch, met at the Twelve Bells in Bride Lane, in 1741, and members of it were Arne, Sir J. Hawkins, Cooke, and Callcott. A Catch Club was founded in 1762 by the Earls of Eglintoun and March.

The Catch and Glee Club met at the Thatched House, St. James' Street. It happened once that the last of the late sitters consisted of a few peers, of whom Lord Sandwich, better known as "Jemmy Twitcher," was one, and of Drs. Boyce, Arne, Arnold, and Miller. Poor Boyce was then stone deaf; the other old musicians had voices like crows. The earl stood up, and, determined to poke his fun at the musical doctors, said, "Thanks be to Apollo, my lords! that though he has drawn away inferior votaries, he has left us four musical geniuses to give us a quartet of exquisite harmony."

Thereupon up got Arne, and answered, "Thanks be to Bacchus, gentlemen! that though he has stupefied and carried off many of his noble devotees, he has left the First Lord of the Admiralty sufficiently in possession of his faculties as to be able to *twitch* us old men with our natural infirmities."

In 1750, a Morning Concert was established by Lacy, at Drury Lane Theatre; but as the performances drew away clerks and apprentices from their offices and shops, the time of commencement was changed to the evening. Festing conducted. Originally, oratorio choruses were the chief pieces performed; but the example set by Vauxhall, of solo singing, was too attractive not to be followed. Beard, and other favourite vocalists, were engaged.

In 1722 was introduced the new species of entertainment, called the *Ridotto*, which consisted of select songs performed on the stage, after which the company passed over a bridge connecting the pit with the stage, and the entertainment resolved itself into a ball.

In 1763 Abel, pupil of Sebastian Bach and J. Christopher Bach, commenced weekly subscription concerts in London, where the former played on a little six-stringed viol-di-gamba. According to Wolcott's story, he was dining one day at Lord Sandwich's, when a discussion sprang up relative to the merits of various instruments. No one mentioned the viol-di-gamba. This was too much for Abel. He leaped to his feet in a towering rage, and swung out of the room, screaming—"O dere be brute in de vorld! Dere be dose who no love de king of all de instruments."

The Hanover Square music-rooms were built by "Sir" John Gallini, the Italian dancer, who captivated and married Lady Elizabeth Bertie, and separated from her when she treated him as the dancing-master to the children she had by him. He married her because he had an idea that by so doing he would become a Lord. When he was undeceived, he bought a title of Cavaliére from the Pope, and styled himself in England, Sir John Gallini, knight. When he built the Hanover Square Concert Rooms, he reserved a corner of the house for himself, and in 1770 let the rest to Abel and Bach for their Subscription Concerts. Part of the decorations were transparent figures, painted by Cipriani, representing Apollo and the Muses. The lights were placed behind these; but the rays of blue, crimson and yellow from the draperies, falling on the ladies' faces in the audience, gave them complexions not the most beautiful. As they went to the concerts quite as much to be seen as to hear, they loudly protested against Apollo and the Muses, and it was found necessary to remove these translucent pictures.

"What, Apollo and the Muses gone!" exclaimed a lady of fashion on entering after the change.

"Madam," answered Bach, "they have quitted their station only in appearance. When the performance begins, your ladyship will have them all."

"Sir" John Gallini died in his cabinet in the music-house at Hanover Square, leaving a fortune, the memory of some eccentricities, and a good name and example to his children.

The Concerts of Ancient Music were established in 1776 in Hanover Square Rooms. But the large room at York Buildings was also often used for concerts. These buildings stood on the site of the Archbishop of York's house near Hungerford Market. The place came to George, Duke of Buckingham, who disposed of it to builders.

The "Castle Society" was founded in 1724. It was so called because at first established at the Castle Tavern, Paternoster Row. Both auditors and performers subscribed for its support. The subscription, at first two guineas, was raised to five. These concerts, though afterwards removed to Haberdashers' Hall, and thence to the King's Arms, Cornhill, retained their name of "The Castle Concerts." But the real homes of vocal and instrumental music

were the gardens. Of these the earliest was Cuper's. Dr. Rimbault gives the following account of Cuper's in "Fly Leaves":—"They derived their name from Boydell Cuper, a gardener in the family of Thomas, Earl of Arundel, who, when Arundel House in the Strand was taken down, had interest enough to procure many of the mutilated marbles, which he removed to the gardens he was then forming as a place of popular amusement." They were opened in 1678, and Aubrey, in his "Account of Surrey," thus speaks of them:—"Near the bank side lies a very pleasant garden, in which are fine walks, known by the name of Cupid's (*i.e.*, Cuper's) Gardens. They are the estate of Jesus College, in Oxford, and erected by one who keeps a public-house; which, with the conveniency of its arbours, walks, and several remains of Greek and Roman antiquities, have made this place much frequented."

Here about 1736 were erected an orchestra and an organ, and subsequently the place became famous for its displays of fireworks.

Cuper's Garden kept up its celebrity for many seasons, but at length yielded to its formidable rival Vauxhall, and was finally closed in 1753. A print of Cuper's Garden is in existence, showing the groves, alcoves, and statues with which it was adorned. Some of the plane-trees belonging to the gardens are still green and flourishing in the grounds behind St. John's Church, Waterloo Road.

The Spring Gardens, Vauxhall, were part of the property of Jane, widow of John Vaux, one of whose daughters married Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln. This was in 1615. The exact date when the grounds became a place of public entertainment is not known, but it must have been shortly after the Restoration. Pepys in his "Diary," under the date May 28, 1667, mentions them:—"Went by water to Fox Hall, and then walked in the Spring Gardens. A great deal of company; the weather and gardens pleasant, and cheap going thither; for a man may go to spend what he will, or nothing at all—all is one. But to hear the nightingale and other birds, and here fiddles and there a harp, and here a Jew's harp, and there laughing, and there fine people walking, is very diverting."

In 1732 the place came into the possession of one Jonathan Tyers, who opened it with an advertisement of a "ridotto al fresco," and as the gardens were much frequented, he was encouraged to establish musical entertainments on a superior scale to the "fiddles here and there a harp," which furnished the music in Pepys's time. To this end he established a permanent band of musicians in connection with the gardens, built an orchestra, and adorned the supper recesses with paintings.

In March 1738, the following notice was issued by the master of the gardens:—"The entertainment will be opened at the end of April, or the beginning of May, as the weather permits, and continue three months, or longer, with the usual illuminations and bands of music, and several considerable additions and improvements to the organ. A thousand tickets only will be delivered out at 24s. each; the silver of every ticket to be worth 3d. to 6d., and to admit two persons every evening, Sundays excepted, during the season. Every person coming without a ticket to pay 1s. each time for admittance. No servant in livery to walk in the gardens. All subscribers are warned not to permit their tickets to get into the hands of persons of bad repute, there being an absolute necessity to exclude all such."

A letter in the *Champion* of August 5, 1742, gives a graphic account of Vauxhall at that time. The writer had previously visited Ranelagh, and in reference to it says:—"I was now (at Vauxhall) introduced to a place of a very different kind from that I had visited the night before—vistas, woods, tents, buildings, and company I had a glimpse of, but could discover none of them distinctly, for which reason I began to rejoice that we had not arrived sooner; when all in a moment, as if by magic, every object was made visible—I should rather say, illustrious—by a thousand lights finely disposed, which were kindled at one and the same signal, and my ears and my eyes, head and heart, were captivated at once. Right before extended a long and regular vista. On my right hand I stepped into a delightful grove, wild, as if planted by the hand of Nature, under the foliage of which, at equal distances, I found two similar tents, of such a contrivance and form as a painter of genius and judgment would choose to adorn his landscape with. Further on, still on my right, through a noble triumphal arch with a grand curtain, still in the picturesque style, artificially thrown over it, an excellent statue of Handel appears in the action of playing upon the lyre, which is finely set off by various greens which form in miniature a sort of woody theatre. The grove itself is bounded on three sides, except at intervals made by the two vistas which lead to and from it, with a plain but handsome colonnade, divided into different departments to receive different companies, and distinguished and adorned with paintings which, though slight, are well fancied, and have a very good effect. In the middle centre of the grove, fronting a handsome banqueting-room, the very portico of which is adorned and illuminated with curious lustres of crystal glass, stands the orchestra (for music likewise here is the soul of the entertainment); and at some distance behind it a pavilion that beggars all description—I do not mean for the richness of the materials of which it is composed, but for the nobleness of the design, and the elegance of the decorations with which it is adorned." Goldsmith, describing a visit to Vauxhall about the year 1760, having

praised the singers and the very excellent band, continues:—"The satisfaction which I received the first night (of the season) I went there, was greater than my expectations; I went in company of several friends of both sexes, whose virtues I regard and judgments I esteem. The music, the entertainments, but particularly the singing, diffused that good-humour among us which constitutes the true happiness of society."

In 1737 James Worgan was appointed organist and musical composer at Vauxhall. At that time no vocal music was performed there. It was in the summer of 1745 that Tyers, the proprietor, engaged eminent singers—Lowe, Reinhold, Mrs. Arne. The band was led by Richard Collet; Hebden played the first bassoon, Valentine Snow the trumpet, and Vincent the hautboy. James Worgan resigned the conduct of the music at Vauxhall in 1751, when he was succeeded by his brother John, who continued in office there till 1761. In 1770 he was reappointed, and remained at the head of the music at Vauxhall till 1774. He was the author of a series of songs, composed for the gardens and issued annually. They have little merit, no pure melody, and not one has lived.

When James Worgan resigned, at once James Hook was engaged as organist and composer, and held these appointments until 1820. He produced an enormous number of pretended Scottish songs and airs, all of his own composition, some of which have been readily enough adopted.

Then came a very superior melodist, Horn, with Blewitt and T. Cooke. In 1828, Blewitt, T. Cooke, and R. Hughes were the composers. In 1830 Bishop was placed at the head of the musical department, and continued so for three years.

The singers shall be mentioned later on.

Before passing on to an account of Ranelagh, I will quote an account of the gardens from the pen of W. J. Parke, who himself composed songs for Vauxhall. He says: "The concert at first was purely instrumental, but in the year 1745 singing was introduced, and the singers first employed were Messrs. Lowe, Reinhold, sen., and Mrs. Arne (wife to Dr. Arne), who was a great favourite with the public. The organ was played by Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Worgan, who composed many of the songs, and the band was led by the eccentric Tom Collet. Collet was lame in his left leg, and the waterman who carried his fiddle-case for him from the barge to the gardens, limped with his right leg. The waterman, encouraged by the good-nature of Collet, assumed a kind of familiarity with him, and used to say to the leader (both limping along), 'Ah! Master Collet, you and I have seen many *ups* and *downs* in life.' Westminster Bridge not being finished till 1750, Mr. Tyers built a bandsman's barge, which from Palace Yard Old Stairs conveyed his performers to Vauxhall, and back again when the performances were ended. Mr. Tyers, by his spirited management, soon brought the gardens to an uncommon degree of popularity; though his temper was so extremely irritable that, when bad weather kept the public away, he would thump his hat, and swear that if he had been a hatter, men would have been made without heads! That he possessed a large portion of obstinacy also the following fact will prove. His eldest son, Jonathan Tyers, jun., wishing to be united in marriage to an accomplished young lady who had no fortune, his father, on being consulted on the subject, swore that if he married her he would turn his back on him for ever. The son, to conquer his passion, went to the East Indies. On his return home, after suffering shipwreck, he learnt that the object of his attachment had been married during his absence, and had become a widow, with a jointure of eight hundred pounds a year. The intimacy was renewed, and conceiving that his father's objection was now removed, he informed him that it was his intention to make the widow his wife, on which the old gentleman exclaimed with great warmth—'As I refused my consent when the lady had not a shilling, if you marry her now she has got a fortune, I'll disinherit you!' The son, however, married the lady, and the father kept his word, for at his death he cut Mr. J. Tyers, jun., off with a shilling. At the death of Mr. Tyers the gardens devolved on his son, Mr. Thomas Tyers (a councillor), and his two daughters, who, in order to induce their disinherited brother to take on himself the entire management of the gardens, divided the property into four equal parts, one of which they presented to him as a remuneration for his services. This gentleman was of a different disposition to his father—the one being irritable and obstinate, the other mild and forgiving. On the anniversary of his father's death (which took place during the Vauxhall season), Mr. Tyers invariably caused to be performed in the concerts Handel's 'Dead March in Saul,' and it was his custom, as I have often witnessed, to steal behind a tree, unobserved, to listen to that impressive composition, and drop a tear to the memory of a revered though unkind parent."

The next garden with orchestra in importance was Ranelagh.

Ranelagh House and Gardens were situated on the bank of the Thames, east of Chelsea Hospital. They were erected and laid out about 1690 by Richard Jones, Viscount (afterwards Earl of) Ranelagh, who resided there until his death in 1712. In 1733 the property was sold in lots, and eventually the house and part of the gardens came into the hands of Lacy, the joint-patentee of Drury Lane Theatre with Garrick, in the year 1742. The performances were given

in the morning, but were afterwards changed to the evening. The gardens, which were beautiful, extended down to the Thames, where a handsome landing-place had been constructed for those parties who came by water. The rotunda, the most conspicuous object in the gardens, had been erected in 1740. The external diameter was 185 feet, the internal 150. In the centre was a remarkable structure forming a heating apparatus, which spread in a fan to the roof. There is a beautiful painting, representing the interior of the rotunda, by Canaletti, in the National Gallery.

The entertainments given at Ranelagh consisted of music, instrumental and vocal, and upon particular occasions fire-works were discharged. The price of admittance in the evening was half-a-crown, and this included tea and coffee; during the day it was a shilling. Walpole, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann in 1742, says: "There is a vast amphitheatre finely gilt, painted, and illuminated, into which everybody that lives, eating, drinking, staring, or crowding, is admitted for twelvepence. The building and disposition of the gardens cost sixteen thousand pounds. . . . I was there last night, but did not find the joy of it." Two years later he writes: "Every night constantly I go to Ranelagh, which has totally beat Vauxhall. Nobody goes anywhere else, everybody goes there. My Lord Chesterfield is so fond of it that he says

THE ROTUNDA, RANELAGH.

From the painting by Canaletti in the National Gallery.)

he has ordered all his letters to be directed thither." And again, some four years afterwards, he tells us: "Ranelagh is so crowded, that in going there t'other night in a string of coaches, we had a stop of six-and-thirty minutes."

In 1749, in honour of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, a Venetian masquerade was given at Ranelagh, of which Walpole, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, gives a lively description.

"It has nothing Venetian about it, but was by far the best understood and the prettiest spectacle I ever saw; nothing in a fairy tale ever surpassed it. . . . It began at three o'clock, and about five people of fashion began to go. When you entered you found the whole garden filled with masks and spread with tents, which remained all night very commodely. In one quarter was a Maypole dressed with garlands, and people dancing round it to a tabor and pipe and rustic music, all masked, as were all the various bands of music that were dispersed in different parts of the garden, some like huntsmen with French horns, some like peasants, and a troop of harlequins and scaramouches in the little new temple on the mount. On the canal was a sort of gondola adorned with flags and streamers, and filled with music, rowing about. All round the outside of the amphitheatre were shops, filled with Dresden china, Japan, &c., and all the shopkeepers in masks. The amphitheatre was illuminated; and in the middle was a circular bower, composed of all kinds

of fish in tubs, from twenty to thirty feet high; under them orange-trees with small lamps in each orange, and below them all sorts of the finest auriculas in pots; and festoons of natural flowers hanging from tree to tree. Between the arches, too, were firs, and smaller ones in the balconies above. There were booths for tea and wine, gaming-tables, and dancing, and about two thousand persons. In short, it pleased me better than anything I ever saw. It is to be once more, and probably finer as to dresses, as there has been a subscription masquerade, and the people will go in their rich habits."

In 1751, morning concerts were given twice a week, Signora Frasi and John Beard being the singers.

In 1755, a pastoral, the music by Dr. Arne, was produced; Beard and Miss Young were the singers. Handel's "L'Allegro ed il Penseroso" was introduced on Beard's benefit night.

Again, another place of resort for music and general entertainment was the Marylebone Gardens. These were formed towards the end of the seventeenth century, and for many years there was no charge for admission. But as they became fashionable a shilling was demanded as entrance-money, for which also viands were supplied. In 1738, Daniel Gough, the proprietor, erected an orchestra, and engaged a band of music "from the opera and both theatres," which performed from six to ten o'clock. In 1740 an organ was erected there. In 1747 Miss Falkner appeared as principal singer, and for many years retained the favour of the public frequenting the gardens. In 1748 Defesch was engaged as first violin, and fireworks were introduced. In 1751 John Trussler became proprietor, and Miss Trussler made cakes. Indeed her cakes seem to have been famous. In the *Daily Advertiser* for May 6, 1759, appears the following announcement:—"Mr. Trussler's daughter begs leave to inform the nobility and gentry that she intends to make fruit-tarts during the fruit season, and hopes to give equal satisfaction as with the rich cakes and almond cheese-cakes. The fruit will always be fresh gathered, having great quantities in the garden, and none but loaf-sugar used, and the finest Epping butter. Tarts of a twelvepenny size will be made every day from one to three o'clock. New and rich seed and plum cakes," too, we are informed, "are sent to any part of the town."

In 1761 was published an engraving, after a drawing by J. Donowell, representing the gardens, probably in their fullest splendour. "The centre of this view exhibits the longest walk, with regular rows of young trees on either side, the stems of which received the irons for the lamps at about the height of seven feet from the ground. On either side of this walk were latticed alcoves; on the right hand of the walk, according to this view, stood the bow-pointed orchestra, with balustrades supported by columns. The roof was extended considerably over the erection, to keep the musicians and singers free from the rain. On the left hand of the walk was a room possibly for balls and suppers."

In 1763 the place passed into the hands of Lowe, the popular tenor singer, and Miss Catley was one of the singers engaged. In 1769 Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Arnold became proprietor. He had already published two sets of Vauxhall songs, now he worked hard to produce burlettas and fresh songs. At first his management proved successful, but this was for a time only, and he retired at the expiration of his lease in 1771, a poorer man than when he had taken the gardens. His pecuniary loss, however, was well counterbalanced by the happy acquisition of an excellent wife. It was whilst engaged with Marylebone Gardens that he made acquaintance with Miss Napier, whom he married.

In 1770 Barthelmon became leader, and Mrs. Barthelmon, Bannister, and Reinhold were among the singers. A burletta by Barthelmon, called "The Noble Pedlar," was very successful. In 1771 Miss Harper (afterwards Mrs. John Bannister) appeared; the impudent Ann Catley, always popular, was re-engaged.

In 1773, "Acis and Galatea" was performed, in which Bannister, Reinhold, and Miss Wilde were singers. In 1778 the gardens were closed, and the site soon after disposed of in building lots.

The gardens were opened usually in May, occasionally earlier, and the singers, who had appeared in ballad-operas during the winter, migrated from the theatre to one or other of the gardens. Only the Haymarket was kept open as a summer theatre. Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and Marylebone performed a good work in the maintenance and popularisation of English song. When first Jonathan Tyers proposed the introduction of vocal music at Vauxhall, and made a handsome offer to Lowe, Beard, and other first-rate vocalists of that day, they were disposed to refuse, so uncouth and strange did the proposal of singing in the open air appear to them, and it was some time before they could be prevailed upon to venture on this experiment. It was precisely singing in the open air, and singing before a moving crowd, that drove the performers to be simple in their style. What execution was possible and popular in the theatre was impracticable, and would be ridiculous, at Vauxhall. I have already, in my first article, said something on the value of pure melody. I will venture to quote here the witty words of a French writer on music: "Believe me, it was not with counterpoint that David dissipated the madness of Saul; that Apollo charmed the God of Thunder; or that Arion induced the dolphin to carry him on his back to Cape Tenarus. None of these had aught but a simple lyre, and all confined themselves to song. The fact is—had they had at command the orchestra of our serious opera, or that of

the *Opera Buffa*, Saul would have died in a fit of epilepsy, Jupiter would have knit his awful brows, and all the fish of the sea would have deserted that part of Neptune's domains where Arion was."

We will now take some of the principal singers at both places—theatre and gardens:

We will begin with a charming and good woman, Mrs. Bracegirdle, who sang between 1680 and 1707. Her first appearance was as page to the famous Mrs. Barry in Otway's tragedy of "The Orphan," which was produced in 1680. She was then but six years old; the great actress saw her early promise and encouraged her. Mr. and Mrs. Betterton brought her up in their own house, and trained her for the stage. In a licentious age, she was sneered at because of her blameless life. Colley Cibber says that whole audiences were in love with her, because of her youth, her cheerfulness, her musical voice, and her happy grace of manner, and yet none could say that she had any predilection for any individual among them. Her form was perfect; without being absolutely beautiful, she was attractive. She was surrounded by lovers and admirers. Among these was a Captain Hill, a man of a profligate and brutal character, who had long persecuted her with addresses which she contemptuously rejected. Hill ascribed his rejection, not to his own unworthiness, but to her preference for Mountford, a handsome actor, with whom and his wife she was on terms of friendship. Inflamed with passion, he induced a noble ruffian, Lord Mohun, to assist him in carrying off Mrs. Bracegirdle by violence, but she escaped him. Then, these two scoundrels waylaid and murdered poor Mountford. Hill immediately fled the country—Lord Mohun was tried and acquitted.

"Mrs. Bracegirdle," says Tony Ashton, a contemporary writer, "that Diana of the stage, had many assailants of her virtue, as Lord Lovelace and Mr. Congreve, the last of whom had her company most. But she ever resisted his vicious attacks, and yet was always uneasy at his leaving her. She was very shy of Lord Lovelace's company, as being an engaging man, who dressed well; and as every day his servant came to her to ask her how she did, she always returned answer in the most obeisant words and behaviour, that she was indifferent well, she humbly thanked his lordship. She was of a lovely height, with dark brown hair and eyebrows, black sparkling eyes, and a fresh blushy complexion; and, whenever she excited herself, had an involuntary flushing in her breast, neck, and face, having continually a cheerful aspect, and a fine set of even white teeth, never making an exit but that she left the audience in an imitation of her pleasing countenance. Her virtue had its reward, both in applause and specie; for it happened that as the Dukes of Dorset and Devonshire, Lord Halifax, and other nobles, over a bottle, were extolling Mrs. Bracegirdle's virtuous behaviour, 'Come,' says Lord Halifax, 'you all commend her virtue, but why do we not present this incomparable woman with something worthy of her acceptance?' His lordship deposited two hundred guineas, which the rest made up to eight hundred, and sent to her with encomiums on her virtue. She was, when on the stage, diurnally charitable, going often into Clare Market and giving money to the poor unemployed basket-women, insomuch that she could not pass that neighbourhood without the thankful acclamations of people of all degrees; so that if any person had affronted her they would have been in danger of being killed directly; and yet this good woman was an actress."

"One day," says Walpole, "Lord Burlington (who had long loved her in vain) sent her a present of some fine old china. She told the servant he had made a mistake; that it was true the letter was for her, but the china for his lady, to whom he must carry it. Lord! the countess was so full of gratitude when her husband came home to dinner."

Although always called Mrs., it must be remembered that this was at the time a common designation of unmarried as well as married women. It does not seem that "Bracey," as Cibber called her, was ever married. She retired from the stage in 1707, and in the latter part of her life resided in the family of Francis Chute, Esq., one of the King's Counsel, at his house in Norfolk Street, in the Strand, where she died, in 1748, in the eighty-fifth year of her age.

If we look through Eccles' collection of songs, we find that several of these, with all their florid divisions, were written for Mrs. Bracegirdle. Henry Purcell was so charmed with her singing in "Don Quixote," that he composed and dedicated to her his song:—

"Whilst I with grief did on you look
When grief had turned your brain,
From you I the contagion took,
And for you bore the pain."

From Mrs. Bracegirdle we pass to Miss Rafter. This engaging singer and actress appeared in 1729, at the age of seventeen, in the character of a boy, and sang a song that provoked loud applause. She next appeared in Cibber's very poor ballad-opera of "Love in a Riddle," in which she performed the part of a shepherdess. On the second performance, the unfavourable impression produced at the first was intensified, and the play was hooted.

Whilst Miss Rafter was singing, the riot ceased. A person in the boxes called out to his companion, "Zounds,

Tom, take care, or that charming little devil will save all." The piece was afterwards much altered, and performed with success, under the title of "Damon and Phillida."

Miss Rafter had a facetious turn of humour and infinite spirits, with a voice and manner, in singing songs of pleasantry, that were peculiar to herself. She was recommended to Colley Cibber, who, the moment he heard her sing, put her down in the list of performers at 20s. per week. Her first appearance was in boy's clothes as Ismenes, page to Ziphares, in "Mithridates"; the character had a song suited to the circumstances of the scene, which she performed with vast applause. This was in 1728, when she was seventeen, and, says Chetwood, never did any person of her age fly to perfection with such rapidity.

Catherine Rafter was an Irish girl, born in 1711, and belonged to a good but impoverished family. In 1732 she married Mr. Clive, the brother of Mr. Baron Clive. In the following year Fielding, in his introduction to "The Intriguing Chambermaid," thus writes of her, or rather to her: "As great a favourite as you are at present with the audience, you would be much more so were they acquainted with your private character; could they see you laying out great part of the profits which arise to you from entertaining them so well, in the support of an aged father; did they see you, who can charm them on the stage with personating the foolish and vicious characters of your sex, acting in real life the part of the best wife, the best daughter, the best sister, and the best friend."

That she and Mr. Clive should disagree is perhaps not wonderful, for she had a temper and a wit that made even Garrick afraid of her. Tate Wilkinson says: "She was the terror of poets, managers, actors, actresses, and musicians—oh, rare Kitty!"

"Madam," said Garrick to her one day, "I have heard of tartar and brimstone, but you are the cream of one, and the flower of the other."

One evening Garrick entered the Green Room dressed for Barbarossa, in a glittering silver tissue shape, whereupon she called out: "Make room for the royal lamplighter"—a jest that disconcerted him for the remainder of the night; and she knew it would do so when she made it.

As she and her husband did not manage to agree, they parted by mutual consent. "Yet," says the *Biographia Dramatica*, "notwithstanding the temptations to which a theatre is sometimes apt to expose young persons of the female sex, and the too great readiness of the public to give way to unkind suppositions in regard to them, calumny itself has never seemed to aim the slightest arrow at her fame."

She had a correct ear, and a pleasing voice. "Her singing," says Burney, "which was intolerable when she meant it to be fine, in ballad-farces and songs of humour was, like her comic acting, everything it should be."

Victor is loud in her praise. He says that she was unequalled in her walk by any succeeding actress, always inimitable, whenever she appeared in strongly marked characters in middle or low life. The spirit, roguery, and speaking looks of her chambermaids, together with an expressive voice, made her the idol of the time. She had an inimitable talent in ridiculing the extravagant actions and consequential air of an opera singer, and of this she gave an excellent specimen in "Lethe"; her mirth was so genuine, that whether restrained to the arch sneer and suppressed half-laugh, or extended to the downright honest burst of loud laughter, the audience was sure to accompany her.

Garrick was the most rigid disciplinarian on the stage, but a sly joke, whispered by Mrs. Clive in her good-humour, put him off his guard one evening whilst acting with her in "The Way to Keep Him," and he could not finish what he had to say, and was obliged, after two or three efforts, to make his bow amidst a roar of laughter. She felt a sovereign contempt for the Italian signoras of the foreign opera at the King's Theatre, and called them bad names.

"She was herself inimitable," says Dr. Doran. "She wrung from Johnson the rarest and most unqualified praise; and over her audiences she ruled supremely; they felt with her, smiled with her, sneered with her, giggled, tossed their heads, and laughed aloud with her. She was the one true comic genius, and none could withstand her. She had that power of identification which belongs only to the great intellectual players." After forty years' service Mrs. Clive took leave of the stage, and retired to a house near Strawberry Hill, which Walpole playfully called "Clive-den." He saw much of the charming old lady, always merry, with sunshine in her heart, never eclipsed, kindly, hospitable, clever.

In 1784 she was persuaded to come up to town to see *the* Siddons act. Mrs. Clive watched, listened to her without a muscle moving. At the conclusion of the performance, she was asked what she thought of the great actress. "Think!" she exclaimed, "I think it is all truth and daylight."

Walpole tells of her death in the December of 1785. "I had played cards with her, at Mrs. Gostling's, three nights before I came to town, and found her extremely confused, and not knowing what she did; indeed I had seen something of that sort before, and had found her much broken this autumn. It seems that, the day after I saw her, she

went to General Lister's burial, and had got cold, and had been ill for two or three days. On the Wednesday morning, she rose to have her bed made, and while sitting on the bed, with her maid by her, sank down at once, and died without a pang or a groan."

This delightful singer was as vast a favourite at the gardens as at the theatres.

Dr. Arne composed many of his Vauxhall songs for Cecilia Young, who became his wife. She was a pupil of Geminiani, the celebrated composer and violinist, and made her first appearance at Drury Lane in 1730. "With a good natural voice and firm shake," says Dr. Burney, "she had been so well taught, that her style of singing was infinitely superior to that of any other Englishwoman of her time." She sang in Italian operas as well as English ballads at Vauxhall. She had two sisters, Isabella and Esther, both favourite vocalists. Isabella became the wife of Lampe, a Saxon, who arrived in England about the year 1725, and wrote songs for Vauxhall and composed some dramatic music. His songs are to be found in the "Musical Miscellany" of Watts, 1730, but have neither merit nor freshness, and none have lived, though in his time he was much esteemed.

Mrs. Arne is said to have died about the year 1795, when she must have been upwards of eighty. More noted was her sister-in-law, Miss Arne, the wife of the infamous Theophilus Cibber, a satyr in mind as in body. This repulsive creature cared for his gifted, refined, and beautiful wife, only as a means of acquiring money to supply his extravagance. He quarrelled with his worthy father, Colley Cibber, who was ashamed of him. One day as he strutted before Colley in lace and velvet, the father said sadly, "I pity you!" "Pity rather my tailor," retorted the graceless son. Susanna Maria Arne, sister of the famous composer, first appeared as an actress in Lampe's opera "Amelia," written in imitation of the Italian operas. She was then about twenty years of age, with a symmetry of figure and a sweetness of expression which never left her. There were a purity and pathos about her appearance and singing which thrilled all who saw and heard her. In her early days her Venus was a beautiful impersonation, and in Psyche she was as timid, touching, and inquiring as in the lovely creation of Appulæus.

Davis says of Mrs. Cibber: "Her great excellence consisted in that simplicity which needed no ornament, in that sensibility which despised all art. There was in her person little or no elegance, in her countenance a small share of beauty, but nature had given her such symmetry of form, and fine expression of feature, that she preserved all the appearance of youth long after she had reached to middle life. The harmony of her voice was as powerful as the animation of her look. In grief and tenderness her eyes looked as if they swam in tears—in rage and despair they seemed to dart flashes of fire. In spite of the unimportance of her figure, she maintained a dignity in her action, and a grace in her step; she was a perfect judge of music, and though she was not mistress of a voice requisite to a capital singer, yet her fine taste was sure to gain her the applause and approbation of the best judges."

She never cared for applause, the yearning of her heart was for quiet and domestic happiness; her nature was instinctively shrinking, modest, sensitive. The part of Ophelia was that in which she excelled; tears were in her voice, and if in her was not the grace exhibited by Miss Ellen Terry in modern times, she surpassed that actress in having a marvellous voice with which she could warble the snatches of old ballads.

In January 1736 she played Zara, and for fourteen nights drowned houses in tears, and stirred the very depths of men's hearts. Her next appearance was in comedy, as Indiana in the "Conscious Lovers," when the simplicity of her manners, and the grace which she shed over ordinary situations and even commonplace expressions, formed a strange contrast to the dignity of her tragedy queens. In Ophelia, her voice, her slim and flexible figure, and her inexpressibly sweet expression, made her unapproachable. Tate Wilkinson says that no eloquence could paint her distressed and distraught look when she said—"Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be."

Poor Susanna Cibber! Indeed her future was sad, inexpressibly sad for one of her nature. Grossly maltreated, neglected, insulted by her worthless husband, she took refuge with a "protector," to whom she was introduced, and on whom she was even thrust, by the scoundrel Theophilus.

Wilkinson was powerless when attempting to mimic the voice and expression of Mrs. Cibber. The tone, manner, and method of George Anne Bellamy, of Mrs. Crawford, even the very face of Peg Woffington, he could reproduce with singular fidelity; but Mrs. Cibber's excellence baffled him. She was to him an unapproachable memory, too beautiful to be imitated or burlesqued. "It is all in my mind's eye," he would say, with a sigh at his incapacity.

Towards the end of her stage career, she suffered from an internal disorder that the physicians were not able to understand, and with which they were powerless to cope. She suffered anguish whilst performing before the public.

Handel wrote the soprano songs in the "Messiah" for her. Dr. Delany once sat enraptured, listening to her singing "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" and when she ceased, he murmured, "Woman, thy sins be forgiven thee."

Poor Susanna Cibber! she was more sinned against than sinning. Dr. Doran says: "From Scotland Yard, where she died 1760, the way was not long to Westminster Abbey cloister. With what rites she was committed to the earth, I cannot say; but a paper on the door of the Roman Catholic Chapel, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, that day requested you 'of your charity' to 'pray for the soul of Mrs. Susanna Maria Cibber!'"

John Beard, the celebrated tenor singer, born in 1717, made his first appearance on the stage in 1736. He had been one of the choristers of the Chapel-Royal, and then one of the singers in the Duke of Chandos's chapel at Cannons, during the time that Handel resided with that munificent patron of music. He became an immense favourite with the public, and for many years held a pre-eminent place among English vocalists. In January 1739, Beard married Lady Henrietta Herbert, only daughter of James, Earl of Waldegrave, and widow of Lord Edward Herbert, second son of the Marquis of Powis.

Beard was an excellent man, of pleasing manner, good principles, and respectable conduct. The union with Lady Harriet Herbert was a happy one. She died in 1753, and he erected to her memory a monument in St. Pancras

MRS. CIBBER.
From the picture by Hudson.

Churchyard, whereon he testified to the happiness of their married life, which lasted fourteen years. In 1759 he married a daughter of Rich, manager of Covent Garden Theatre. He retired from the stage in 1768, and died in 1791. He spent his latter years in ease, and in the society of the many friends his worth had won to him.

As a rival he had but Lowe, who enjoyed a considerable share of public favour.

Thomas Lowe made his first appearance at Drury Lane in 1740. Soon after he was engaged for Vauxhall, where he continued upwards of twenty seasons. Lowe, originally a Spitalfields weaver, and ignorant of music, had little to recommend him beyond an uncommonly fine voice, whereas Beard had been carefully trained. Each, however, had his own admirers. In summer, Beard attracted the genteeler part of the musical world to Ranelagh, while Lowe drew the other portion to Vauxhall. In winter, Beard gratified the boxes in Covent Garden, and Lowe charmed the gallery at Drury Lane. The managers of each theatre, by way of securing two crowded audiences between them, agreed that these singers should perform one night together at each house, and that, between the acts, both should execute some one song chosen by themselves. They began at Drury Lane, where they sang, successively, Galliard's

fine hunting song, "The Echoing Horn," in which Beard's neatness of execution carried the palm. The air selected for Covent Garden was Arne's noble composition, "Rise, Glory, rise!" a melody that offered more scope for the clear, open tones of Lowe, and procured him, in turn, the honour of a victory. On each of these occasions the people began to assemble at the doors three hours before they were opened, and the theatre was crowded to suffocation.

Lowe was permanently engaged for Covent Garden, and sang there for twenty years; but when, on the death of Rich, Beard became manager, he quitted it for Drury Lane, where he was shortly after supplanted by Vernon. He then took Marylebone Gardens. The first season was very successful, but a wet ensuing summer washed away all his good fortune, and he was reduced to bankruptcy. He afterwards took an engagement at Sadler's Wells. He died in great poverty in 1783. "With the finest tenor voice I ever heard in my life," says Burney, "for want of diligence and cultivation, Lowe could never be safely trusted with anything better than a ballad, which he learned by his ear; whereas Mr. Beard, with an inferior voice, constantly possessed the favour of the public by his superior conduct, knowledge of music, and intelligence as an actor."

But to return to the ladies.

Miss Pope, when young, acted girlish parts with great success—she was always excellent as chambermaids. She left the stage as soon as she became aware that her memory was fading, and had saved enough to live independently.

Churchill, in 1761, mentioned her as likely to be an able successor to Mrs. Clive, and so she proved. The author of "Theatrical Biography," in 1772, says: "As an actress, we think her a first-rate acquisition to the stage, particularly in low comedy,—the features of her face, the freedom of her laugh, and above all, what the painters call *manner*, conspire to give her this excellence." By low comedy, the writer of the criticism probably meant nothing more than chambermaids' parts, for Miss Pope was never vulgar. The author of "The Green Room," in 1790, observes of Miss Pope: "She was born with every talent for the stage, and was gifted with every requisite to adorn it; so that the question has long lain with critics, not where she is deficient, but where she does most excel."

Miss Ann Catley made her first appearance at Covent Garden in 1762, on October 8, as the Pastoral Nymph in "Comus." She soon became a great favourite both in England and Ireland; she acted some of her songs admirably, particularly "Push about the jorum," in "The Golden Pippin." She possessed much stage impudence, not to say insolence, but she managed somehow never to put the audience out of humour with her.

For her intimacy with Sir Francis Delaval, and the trial which took place in consequence of it, see Kirkman's "Life of Macklin," p. 448. O'Keefe says: "She was one of the most beautiful women I ever saw—the expression of her eyes, and the smiles and dimples that played round her lips and cheeks, were enchanting; she was eccentric, but had an excellent heart. She wore her hair plain over her forehead, in an even line almost to her eyebrows; this set the fashion in Dublin, and the word was with all the ladies to have their hair *Catley-fied*. See the print of her in 'Euphrosyne,' in Bell's edition of 'Comus,' 1777."

"O'Keefe adds: "The first time of my venturing into a theatre, after the ill success of my 'Banditti,' Miss Catley accosted me from the front row of the lower boxes, loud enough, as I was many rows back, to be heard by all and everybody, 'So, O'Keefe, you had a piece damned the other night. I am glad of it; the devil mend you for risking an opera without bringing me into it.' A few minutes after she had thus accosted me, Leoni entered the box with a lady leaning on his arm. Miss Catley, catching his eye, called out, 'How do you do, Leoni? I hear you're married. Is that your wife? Bid her stand up till I see her.' Leoni, abashed, whispered to his lady, who with good-humoured compliance stood up. Catley, after surveying her a little, said, 'Ha! very well indeed! I like your choice.' The audience seemed more diverted with this scene in the boxes than that on the stage, as Miss Catley and her oddities were well known to all." She retired in 1784.

Mrs. Isabella Mattocks, in her younger days, played a great variety of parts in tragedy, comedy, and opera; but her forte lay in comedy, to which she latterly confined herself. Her first appearance at Covent Garden was in 1752. She was then Miss Hallam, and she took a male part, as Duke of York in "Richard III."

She acted the child in "Coriolanus," in 1754–5; Falstaff's boy, Robin, in "Merry Wives of Windsor," in 1757–8. She made her first appearance as a woman in "Juliet," in 1760–1, at Barrington's benefit; he had married her aunt.

The "Secret History of the Green Room," 1793, says: "Having an exceedingly good, natural voice, improved by a knowledge of music, her first onset was in singing characters, in which she acquired for some time the reputation of a good second singer. The delicacy of her person, the vivacity of her temper, with a distinguishing judgment, all showed themselves to advantage in the sprightly parts of low comedy, and she was in a short time considered by the town as a very universal and useful performer."

The writer goes on to describe her in no very flattering terms: "The broad stare, the formal deportment, the coarse voice, incapacitate her from portraying the lady; but in low comedy, her high colouring is generally pleasing, particularly to the galleries. She has long since declined all vocal characters." This, it must be understood, was written when she was advanced in age; for some time she was a regular singer at the gardens, where she was in vast favour.

When she was quite a little girl, of only four years and a half, she performed the part of the Parish Girl in "What d'ye call it?" when she was so diminutive that a gentleman in the pit observed, "I can *hear* her very well, but I can't *see* her without a glass." She was the niece of the unfortunate actor Hallam, accidentally killed by Macklin, who, in a quarrel, ran the end of his cane into his opponent's eye, and this entering the brain, made Hallam go raving mad, and die.

Mr. Mattocks was at one time manager in Liverpool, but failed. This was in 1786.

Mrs. Mattocks survived her husband many years; she bestowed a good marriage portion on her daughter, and besides invested her savings, £6000, in the stocks. She lived in Kensington, and gave a power of attorney to her son-in-law to draw the dividends for her; but when he died somewhat suddenly, it was discovered that he had sold out her stock, and had made away with the money. Consequently, she and her widowed daughter were left in great distress.

In consequence of this misfortune a benefit was given her at the Opera House on May 24, 1813, at which Catalani sang "Rule Britannia." The performers acted, sang, and danced gratis, the expenses were small, and Mrs. Mattocks obtained £1092, with which she purchased an annuity for herself, with reversion to her daughter. She died in June 1826.

A favourite pupil of Dr. Arne was Miss Brent, who had a deliciously pure and flexible voice. The doctor spoke of her to Garrick, who expressed a wish to hear her. Arne gave him the opportunity, and Garrick admitted that she had merit, but at the same time he told the musician that "all his geese were swans." Then he added, "Tommy, you must consider that, after all, music is at best but pickle to my roast beef." "By heaven! Davie," answered Arne, "I'll pickle your roast beef well for you before I have done."

Accordingly he got Miss Brent an engagement at the rival theatre of Covent Garden, where she sang as Polly in the "Beggar's Opera," and where she was so successful that Drury Lane was deserted except on the nights when Garrick himself performed. Beard acted Macheath to Miss Brent's Polly. To counteract the attraction Garrick engaged Miss Wright, who afterwards became Mrs. Michael Arne, but without success, "to gratify the public taste by pickling his roast beef after Dr. Arne's method," as the *Biographia Dramatica* tells us.

Miss Brent married Thomas Pinto, a distinguished violinist, and, as Mrs. Pinto, long retained the favour of the public. Dibdin, in his "History of the Stage," thus describes her as a performer: "Mrs. Pinto, possessing an exquisite voice, and being under a master, the great characteristics of whose musical abilities were natural ease and unaffected simplicity, was a most valuable singer. Her power was resistless, her neatness was truly interesting, and her variety was incessant. Though she owed a great deal to nature, she owed a great deal to Arne, without whose careful hand her singing might perhaps have been too luxuriant."

Joseph Vernon was for long a favourite at Vauxhall and on the stage. His principal character was Autolychus in the adaptation of "The Winter's Tale," which Garrick produced in 1756 as "Florizel and Perdita." He sang the part of Cymon in Garrick's drama in 1767, and was Leander in the "Padlock"; and he played with Charles Dibdin in the musical piece of the latter, "The Deserter," produced in 1773. At the reopening of Drury Lane in 1775, he sang as Mercury in "The Theatrical Candidates"; and in the same year sang in Garrick's musical farce of "May Day; or, The Little Gipsy."

During a remarkably wet summer, Joe Vernon, who was not quite as true a timist in money matters as in music, met an acquaintance who had the misfortune to hold some of his dishonoured bills. This man asked Vernon, not uninterestedly, how the Vauxhall Gardens were going on. "Oh, swingingly!" answered Joe jocosely. "Glad to hear it," answered the creditor, "for then there is some chance of the singers being able to *liquidate* their *notes*." Vernon had taken advantage of the opportunities, at that time so easily got, of being married by an irregular practitioner at the Savoy, and then he took a further and base advantage of this irregularity to discard and disown his wife. But this became generally known, and the attendants at Vauxhall made such an uproar, and expressed their indignation so vehemently, that Vernon was forced to go down on his knees in the orchestra, and swear that he would take back his wife, and treat her properly for the future. This Savoy marriage was the occasion of the curate who performed the ceremony being tried and sentenced to transportation for fourteen years. The Marriage Act of 1755 had regulated the

performance of marriages, so as to stop the scandals of Fleet and other runaway weddings. Dr. Wilkinson, chaplain of the Savoy, refused to believe the Act applied to his chapel. The case of his curate marrying Vernon, and being transported for it, did not discourage him, and next year, 1756, he also received a like sentence. As to Vernon, he was a dissolute rascal, and Miss Poitier, whom he married at the Savoy, bore an equally bad character. Five years later he married a Miss Macartney, who sobered him, and they lived happily together till his death.

Charles Bannister, the father of John the noted comedian, was a great and popular singer, not only on the staff with Foote at the Haymarket, but at Ranelagh and Marylebone Gardens. He was engaged by Garrick, and sang as Cymon at Drury Lane. Thence he migrated to Covent Garden in 1782, but returned to Drury Lane in 1785, which he deserted for the Royalty Theatre in 1787–8. He sang in "The Agreeable Surprise," in 1781; in Shield's favourite opera, "The Woodman," in 1791; and in the same year in Storace's "Siege of Belgrade." He died in 1804.

"Several of his songs," says Adolphus, "have never since his time been nearly so well executed. Among them may be named 'Her mouth which a smile,' in *Rosina;* 'While happy in my native land,' in the *Election;* 'Brave Admiral Benbow,' 'To Anacreon in Heaven,' 'When Bibo went down to the regions below,' and above all, and never to be equalled or forgotten, 'Stand to your guns, my hearts of oak.' In this song, his diminuendo whilst giving the command 'Reserve your fire,'—and 'Not yet, not yet,' followed by the tremendous burst of his powerful voice in the word 'Fire!' produced an electrifying and appalling effect."

One night when Bannister was at the Haymarket, Wrighten, husband of Mrs. Wrighten, the celebrated singer, was stage manager, and entrusted with the illumination of the stage. Unhappily something went wrong with the foot-lights, and Wrighten again and again attempted to turn them up and failed. Bannister rushed off to Colman the manager, in great consternation, and found him in the Green Room. "Good heavens, sir! what is to be done? Poor Wrighten is in a bad situation." "What is the matter with him?" asked Colman. "Matter, sir—matter! he's troubled with the *rising of the lights!*"

Bannister's voice was a strong and clear bass, with one of the most extensive falsettos ever heard; these were finely contrasted in a pantomime, performed at the Haymarket in 1785, in which he was dressed one half like a huntsman, and the other half like a beau; and he sang a duet, one part in the deep, rough tones of a sportsman, and the other in the tones of feminine shrillness of the fop.

We must pass over several, such as Edwin, Suett, and Munden, who are to be considered as actors, not as singers.

Mrs. Abingdon was a very charming woman. She was beautifully formed, her address was graceful, her look animated and expressive. She was indebted to these and to her refined taste for the power she exercised over the audience. Her voice was not naturally good, but she had incomparable skill in modulation, which disguised its natural want of calibre. Her articulation was so distinct that not a syllable she uttered was missed. She was unaffected in her manner, and with great natural ease.

Her taste for dress was so exquisite, that she was often consulted by her female friends about this important matter. She was received at the houses of ladies of high rank, which was the more remarkable, as though her conduct in later years was correct, yet it had not always been so. This connection with persons of quality made Mrs. Abingdon a little elated. Frances Abingdon made her first appearance on the stage August 21, 1755; she died in the spring of 1815.

We come now to Miss Farren, who succeeded to the parts of Mrs. Abingdon.

Miss Eliza Farren was a musician of good quality as well as a superior actress. Her story is pretty well known —how she rose to be Countess of Derby from being the daughter of a poor strolling manager, always in debt and sometimes in prison. She was a woman of noble parts, beautiful in face, dignified in carriage, and with a character that imposed respect on all who were brought into association with her. She was born in 1759, and made her first appearance as Rosetta at the early age of fourteen. She came to London in 1777, and in 1778 divided the principal parts at Drury Lane with Miss Walpole, "Perdita" Robinson, and Miss P. Hopkins, who afterwards became Mrs. J. P. Kemble.

She received marked attention from Charles James Fox, and at one time it was believed that he would marry her; but he gradually withdrew, and left the field open for the Earl of Derby. "He introduced her," says Mrs. C. Mathews, "to his family, and to many ladies of rank and character, who were thenceforth to be seen amongst her most strenuous supporters both in her public and her private life. They received and visited her upon the most familiar terms of friendship, and daily extended the circle of her distinguished friends."

She was very particular never to receive the visits of any of her admirers save in the presence of her mother, and her general life was such as to leave open no loophole for slander.

In 1784 Purcell's glorious "King Arthur" was produced, under the title of "Arthur and Emmeline." The two principal characters were supported by Kemble and Miss Farren. It must have been a treat to have heard such music sung by such a singer as Eliza Farren.

On the 7th April 1797 she bade farewell to the public, and was married to the Earl of Derby on May 8 following.

We come now to the very popular Mrs. Billington, whose maiden name was Weichsell. She was the daughter of a German, married to an English woman, he a musician, and she a public singer of some merit, at Vauxhall. Her first introduction to the public was at the Haymarket Theatre, in a concert for the benefit of her mother. She had rather a bad time at home with her hot-tempered father. Parke says: "Mr. Weichsell, a clarionet player of eminence at the King's Theatre, possessed an extremely irritable temper, and was a great epicure. He would

MRS. BILLINGTON.
From a miniature.

occasionally supersede the labours of his cook, and pass a whole day in preparing his favourite dish, rumpsteaks, for the stewing-pan; and after the delicious viand had been placed on the dinner-table, together with early green peas of high price, if it happened that the sauce was not exactly to his liking, he has been known to throw rumpsteaks and green peas and all out of the window, whilst his wife and children thought themselves fortunate in not being thrown after them."

About 1782, rather to escape the tyranny of her father than out of affection, the daughter of old Weichsell married Mr. Billington, a double-bass player of Drury Lane Theatre. She made her début in Dublin, and in 1786 came to England, but soon left for Italy, where she was well received, and where she lost her husband, who died not without suspicions of poison. She then married a Mr. Floressant, who was whipped out of the French army. He settled on an estate near Venice bought by Mrs. Billington, and there the cowardly brute treated her with such cruelty that she was forced to leave him and return to England, where she reappeared as Mandane in "Artaxerxes," in 1801.

As she advanced in life she became very stout, and was a subject of caricature. She was well paid, and if we may trust the caricaturists, was as voracious after "refreshers" as a modern Queen's Counsel. She was, however, a most amiable and kind-hearted woman.

Of Mrs. Billington Lord Mount Edgecumbe says, in his "Musical Reminiscences": "This justly famous singer was born of a musical family; her mother, an Englishwoman, having been a vocal performer of some eminence in her line. When Miss Weichsell, she distinguished herself early in life as a pianoforte player. She also soon gave promise of vocal excellence. When I heard her first, in 1783, she was very young and pretty, had a delightful fresh voice of very high compass, and sang with great neatness several songs composed for Allegranti, whom she closely imitated. She was still young when she first appeared at Covent Garden as Mrs. Billington. Her voice, though sweet and flexible, was not of that full nature which formed the charm of Banti's, but was rather a *voce di tésta*, and in its very high tones resembled a flute or flageolet. Its agility was very great, and everything she sang was executed in the neatest manner and with the utmost precision. With all these great and undisputed excellences, something was yet wanting; for she possessed not the feeling to give touching compassion, even when she sang with the utmost delicacy and consummate skill. Her face was handsome and her countenance full of good-humour, but it was incapable of change, and she was no actress.

"Grassini was engaged for the next season to sing alternately with Mrs. Billington. This very handsome woman was in every way the direct contrary of her rival. With a beautiful form and a grace peculiarly her own, she was an excellent actress, and her style of singing was exclusively the cantabile. She had entirely lost all her upper tones, and possessed little more than one octave of good natural notes; if she attempted to go higher, she produced only a shriek. On her first appearance, so equivocal was her reception that when her benefit was to take place she did not dare encounter it alone, but called Mrs. Billington to her aid, and she, ever willing to oblige, readily consented to appear with her. The opera, composed for the occasion by Winter, was 'Il Ratto di Proserpina,' in which Mrs. Billington acted Ceres, and Grassini Proserpine. And now the tide of favour suddenly turned; the performances of the latter carried all the applause, and her graceful figure, her fine expression of face, together with the sweet manner in which she sang several easy simple airs, stamped her at once the reigning favourite. Her deep tones were undoubtedly fine, and had a peculiarly good effect when joined with the brilliant voice of Mrs. Billington. Grassini having attained the summit of the ladder, kicked down the steps by which she had risen, and henceforth stood alone. It was the comparison of these two performers that discovered to me the great superiority of Mrs. Billington as a musician, and as a singer. But as every one has eyes, and but few musical ears, the superior beauty was the most generally admired."

Michael Kelly, in his "Reminiscences," speaks of her as "An angel in beauty and the St. Cecilia of song."

In Winter's "Castore e Polluce," Braham performed along with Mrs. Billington. He had appeared already on the Italian stage in the year 1796, when he was only nineteen. He had previously made his début on the stage and in oratorios, and at an early age had given proof of his transcendent talent, by the unrivalled expression with which he had delivered the famous soliloquy of Jephtha, "Deeper and deeper still," which always remained one of his greatest efforts. Determined on perfecting himself, he set out for Italy, where he remained during four years studying his art. He returned to England in 1801, and devoted himself to the English stage. His only appearances in the Italian Opera were during the seasons of 1804, 1805, and 1806; and for a short time in the season of 1816.

Braham's real name was Abraham; he was a Jew, left an orphan at an early age, and brought up by Leoni, of Covent Garden Theatre. His daughter became Countess Waldegrave.

Of Braham Lord Mount Edgecumbe remarks, in his "Musical Reminiscences": "All must acknowledge that his voice is of the finest quality, of great power, and occasionally sweetness. It is equally certain that he has great knowledge of music, and *can* sing extremely well. It is therefore the more to be regretted that he should ever do otherwise; that he should ever quit the natural register of his voice by raising it to an unpleasant falsetto, or force it by too violent exertion; that he should depart from a good style, and correct taste, which he knows and can follow as well as any man, to admit at times, the over-florid and frittered Italian manner; at others, to fall into the coarseness and vulgarity of the English. The fact is, that he can be two distinct singers according to the audience before whom he performs, and that to gain applause he condescends to sing as ill at the play-house as he has done well at the opera. His compositions have the same variety, and he can equally write a popular noisy song for the one, or its very opposite for the other. . . . Braham has done material injury to English singing by producing a host of imitators. What is in itself not good, but may be endured from a fine performer, becomes insufferable in bad imitators."

Parke, in his "Musical Memoirs," gives an amusing instance in illustration of the proverb, "What is born in the bone comes out in the flesh." When Braham's little boy, only five years old, was asked by a gentleman dining at

the house to sing him a song, the child at once responded, that if paid to do so he would sing. "Well, my little dear," said the gentleman, "how much do you ask for one?" "Sixpence," replied the child promptly. "Oh!" said the other, "can't you sing for less?" "No," replied the urchin, "I can't take less for one; but I'll sing you three for a shilling."

Dignum was a popular singer at the close of last century and the beginning of this, at the theatre, and especially at Vauxhall. He was the son of a tailor in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and was brought up a Roman Catholic. At the age of six he became one of the choir in the King of Sardinia's chapel, Duke Street. His first vocal effort was in the *Adeste fideles*, in which he showed great powers of execution. He was apprenticed by his father to a carver and gilder in Aldersgate Street, but after six months his father took him away and employed him in his own shop. Then he became a pupil of Linley, to whom he owed his training as a singer. At the age of eighteen, in 1784, he made his first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre, as young Meadows in "Love in a Village"; the same evening Holman made his début at Covent Garden, whereupon Charles Bannister observed, "There is a Hol-man at one theatre, and a button-hole-man at the other."

After the retirement of Bannister, Dignum took his parts. He married a daughter of Charles Kennett, an attorney of the Temple, by whom he had a daughter. Parke, in his "Musical Memoirs," tells a good story of Dignum. "I dined with a large party of ladies and gentlemen at the villa of Mrs. Barrett in Surrey, on the Saturday in Passion Week (Easter Eve). Among the company were Dignum, the well-known vocalist, and his daughter, who were both Roman Catholics. Whilst the rest of the party were partaking of a dinner which consisted of all the delicacies of the season, it was observed that Miss Dignum partook of nothing, though her father was eating with as much appetite as if he had just returned from a fox chase. Sitting opposite to Dignum, I said to him, 'How comes it that you can enjoy the good things of the table, while your daughter is not permitted to taste of them?' 'Oh!' said he, smiling, 'I have got a dispensation.' 'Why,' added I, 'did you not procure for your daughter a similar indulgence to that you procured for yourself?' 'Oh, my dear boy,' replied he, 'that would never have done; it would have cost me another half-crown.' He died worth thirty thousand pounds."

Dignum was a poor actor, but a good singer. In the "Authentic Memoirs of the Green Room," 1796, the author says: "His voice is a soft, agreeable tenor, but by proceeding too much from the throat is in some tones very unpleasant. As an actor he is horrid; he mouths his speeches in such a manner as not only to provoke the audience to laughter, but the very performers on the stage with him; his good-humour, however, is such, that he always joins in the laugh, though against himself. The most descriptive couplet that we can give of this gentleman shall be a quotation from the 'Children of Apollo'—

> 'Dignum is *dignum*, when he comes to sing,
> To speak, *indignum*,—an unworthy thing.'"

After Braham and Dignum we come to Incledon, perhaps the grandest tenor England has produced.

His Christian names were Charles Benjamin, and he was the son of a medical practitioner at S. Kevern in Cornwall, where he was born in 1763. At the age of eight he was placed in the choir of Exeter Cathedral, and he received his musical training from William Jackson. In 1786 he made his first appearance in London at Vauxhall Gardens with great success, and during the next three years he was engaged there in the summer, and at Bath in the winter. In 1790 he made his first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre as Dermot in Shield's "Poor Soldier," and from that time, for upwards of thirty years, held a high position in public favour. He died in 1826.

His favourite characters were those of sailors, soldiers, highwaymen, and he excelled as a singer of English ballads. As he had spent a considerable part of his youth at sea, he was almost uneducated, and on the stage his action was clumsy and awkward, and his elocution coarse and vulgar: but in singing, the effect produced by his voice, energy, and the feeling he threw into his songs, proved irresistible.

Incledon's vanity laid him open to many jests. He was a great boaster. Once he said that the quality of his voice had been improved by swallowing, in mistake, a quantity of train oil. Charles Bannister at once, in allusion to his ungraceful walk, said, "It would have been better for Incledon had he swallowed a dancing-master."

One day at rehearsal he boasted that he had at home such Madeira as could be found nowhere else; and, on some expression of doubt being uttered, despatched a messenger to his house, with the key of the cellar, desiring Mrs. Incledon to send a bottle from such and such a bin. The wine was brought and duly approved of; but Munden observing where Incledon deposited the key, picked his pocket, and told the messenger to return with Mr. Incledon's love to his wife, for a second bottle, directing that it should be deposited in his own dressing-room. When apprised that all was ready, he said, "Charles, your Madeira is very good, but I think I have some upstairs that will match it." Other

actors were invited as umpires, and declared *nem. con.* that Munden's was the best, whereas Incledon protested in favour of the former bottle, and called the second sad rubbish.* When Incledon was at Plymouth, he was invited to dine with the Port Admiral. In the course of the evening he was missing, and on search being made, was found below, surrounded by a group of common sailors, with whom he was drinking grog, and singing "The Storm," "The Bay of Biscay," and "Black-eyed Susan."

In 1803 Incledon was in Dublin. On returning to England the vessel was wrecked. Several of the passengers were lost. But Incledon, who had been a sailor, saved himself by climbing to the round-top, with his wife lashed to him. They were for many hours in this perilous condition, and were at length picked up by some fishermen.

The same year he was summoned to Frogmore to a morning fête given by King George III., in the open air, at which some of the London performers were required to attend and sing. His Majesty was so pleased with some songs of Incledon's and Munden's, that he begged to have them repeated. But time was speeding on, and they were obliged respectfully to intimate to the king, that they had to perform at Covent Garden in the evening, and that the time was approaching.

"Then pray," said the good old king, "go at once. I will not have my people disappointed." Then turning to the Prince of Wales, "George," said he, "oblige me by seeing Mr. Munden and Mr. Incledon to their carriage." The prince thereupon took each of the actors by the arm, and conducted them to their post-chaise, and shook hands at parting.

In 1817, Munden says in his "Memoirs": "Mr. Incledon, who had long been the most popular singer on the English stage, becoming advanced in years, and on the wane, was at length unable to procure an engagement at the London theatres. He was advised to try his fortune in America, and previously, to take a benefit, bidding adieu to the English public. Under these affecting circumstances, his theatrical brethren flocked around him, and the Italian Opera-house, which was offered him for the night, was crowded by his admirers to witness the performance of 'Love in a Village,' and 'Three weeks after Marriage.' The writer of these pages had the gratification of contributing an address in verse, which was spoken with great feeling by Mr. Dowton, holding the 'wandering melodist' by the hand, and encircled by the performers of both theatres. Mr. Incledon, in his prime, was perhaps the most successful ballad singer ever heard in this country, and in nautical songs altogether unrivalled: he had also the good fortune to have Shield for a composer. But, as the taste for Italian music became prevalent, those who had formerly dwelt with rapture on his accents, affected to consider his style of singing vulgar. He returned to England, and died in 1826." Some amusing anecdotes of Incledon are reserved for the notes to his songs. We may here note that he strenuously opposed the denationalisation of English song music. Braham was a sinner in this respect. Incledon loving and admiring pure robust English melody, could not away with the Italian school of composers, such as Kelly, and he bitterly complained that English music was leaving its traditional grooves to run in others that did not suit the national character.

A favourite female singer, at the close of last century, was Mrs. Bland. She was the daughter of an Italian Jewess of the name of Romanzini, and was introduced into public life by Mr. Cady, hairdresser of the Royal Circus, who heard and approved of her voice, when she was quite a child, and by the consent of her mother she was engaged at a small salary. She soon distinguished herself by her wit and pleasing manner of singing, and rapidly advanced in the good opinion of the audiences before which she sang. She soon aspired to the regular stage, and was engaged for the Dublin Theatre. The public were greatly pleased with her performance of the page, in Gretry's "Richard Cœur de Lion."

In the summer of 1789 she went to Liverpool, and became a favourite with the inhabitants of that town, both as an actress and as a concert singer. About this period she married Mr. Bland, the brother of Mrs. Jordan, and by him became the mother of several children. A sad story is connected with her retirement from the stage. Owing to an accident she caused the death of one of her children, and this so preyed on her mind that she became deranged, and never recovered her reason.

Another very charming and delightful singer and actress of this period was Mrs. Crouch. She was the daughter of Peregrine Phillips, and belonged to a respectable and ancient Welsh family, the elder branch of which had a baronetcy, and the last baronet was created a peer of Ireland in 1776. Mr. Phillips was an attorney, and was the father of six children. Anna Maud, through whose talent the family became known, was born in 1763. Her father being the professional adviser of Sir Watkin Lewes, the child was introduced to Lady Lewes, who paid great attention to the beautiful girl with such a lovely voice. But little Nancy was wont to carry home all the cakes, lollipops, and toys, given her, to share them with her brothers and sisters.

* The story is told differently by Munden, and by Mrs. C. Mathews.

She was instructed in music by Wafer, organist of Berwick Street Chapel, and at the age of ten was able to sing that difficult song, "The Soldier tired of War's Alarm," and accompany herself on the pianoforte. Nancy Phillips was articled to Mr. Linley, the joint-patentee of Drury Lane Theatre, in 1779. At the end of a year she appeared in Arne's opera of "Artaxerxes," as Mandane.

"I remember distinctly the surprise her beauty excited," says Boaden, in his "Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons." "She was always timid upon the stage, and really needed all the indulgence which she experienced; but she was infinitely promising of musical excellence, and as to countenance and figure, she realised the visions of even poetical imagination. He who came from the study of Spencer's 'Una' beheld the seeming original of such a portrait in Miss Phillips."

Her next part was one which remained a favourite with her, Clarissa, in that at one time very popular ballad opera, "Lionel and Clarissa," by Bickerstaffe, for which Charles Dibdin wrote or adapted the music.

MRS. CROUCH.

From a portrait by G. Romney.

She also appeared as Venus in Purcell's "King Arthur," on its revival at Drury Lane.

In 1783 she was engaged for the Theatre Royal, Dublin, where her beauty and her charming voice brought about her a number of admirers. Among these was a young Irish nobleman, who induced her to elope with him. They fled, but as the young lord was a minor, no priest could be prevailed on to perform the marriage ceremony. Meanwhile both the father of the nobleman and Mr. Phillips united in pursuit, and caught the lovers just as they were about to embark for Scotland. Nancy Phillips' first appearance after the adventure was as Emily in the "Double Disguise," in which Mrs. Wrighton had, as an Irish chambermaid, to address her in a song, and a verse ran: —

"Each pretty young miss, with a long heavy purse,
Is courted, and flattered, and easily had;
She longs to be taken, for better, for worse,
And quickly *elopes with an Irish lad.*"

This verse was at once applied by the audience, and with cheers and laughter it was encored vociferously. A few months later she married a navy lieutenant of the name of Crouch.

The union was not a happy one; the husband's inclinations wandered, so did those of his wife. For a while she caught and held the wandering affections of the Prince Regent; and he lavished on her immense sums, and finally agreed to pay her an annuity of £1200, but, as in the instance of Perdita Robinson, refused to fulfil his agreement. Finally Mrs. Crouch fixed her affections so decidedly on Kelly, that after a few years she and Crouch separated (1791), and thenceforth she and Kelly resided together, travelled and acted together. There exists a curious portrait of Mrs. Crouch, when somewhat advanced in life, that so closely resembles Kelly, that one is led to suspect that it is really the likeness of that gentleman dressed up in the lady's clothes.

In 1788, as Mrs. Crouch was going to a rehearsal in a hackney-coach, the vehicle was upset and her face was severely cut by the broken glass; for, having her sister's little boy in her arms, she flung herself between him and the window. It was long before she was sufficiently recovered to present herself again on the stage; and slight scars always remained, materially injuring the delicacy of her face. Some years after she was again upset, in a carriage, when her dressing-case fell on her throat and severely impaired her voice.

Thenceforth she was obliged to take songs in a lower pitch, and found her voice in speaking materially weakened. Nor did this misfortune come alone; her father was at the time confined to his bed with gout; her aunt was in a lunatic asylum, and her eldest sister died, leaving a son and daughter to Mrs. Crouch's care, and she adopted them. Michael Kelly, who had come to England with very foreign ways, and had almost forgotten his native tongue, had been kindly corrected and instructed by Mrs. Crouch, whom he adored almost to idolatry; and indeed she deserved his admiration, for she was a most cheerful, kindly, and unselfish person. In his "Reminiscences" he says, when first seeing her: "I was struck with admiration of her wonderful beauty; she seemed to me to aggregate in herself, like the Venus of Apelles, all that was exquisite and charming."

In 1789, Mrs. Crouch, Nancy Storace, and Madame Mara, with Kelly, were taken by Dr. Arnold to Cannons, the seat at one time of the Duke of Chandos, but recently purchased by Colonel O'Kelly. A concert of sacred music was to be given on behalf of the poor of Stanmore. "When Mrs. Crouch and myself were at breakfast, Colonel O'Kelly called upon us, and said to me, 'Arrah, my jewel of a namesake, tell me what tunes are we going to hear this morning.'

"I showed him the bill of the performance, part of which he read, and made his comments on it. In part the first was to be sung 'Lord, what is man?' by Madame Mara. 'Upon my honour and conscience,' said he, 'I am mightily mistaken if Madame Mara doesn't pretty well know without asking,'"—an allusion to that famous singer's continual shifting of husbands and lovers.

In the "Memoirs of George F. Cooke," by Dunlop, 1813, is a notice of Mrs. Crouch. Cook played Lord Ainsworth to her Patty, in "The Maid of the Mill," in 1794. "At that period this lady was the heroine of the English opera in one of its branches, and the most perfect beauty on the stage. As Miss Phillips, in the character of Miranda in the 'Tempest,' she was the personification of innocent loveliness."

In 1801 Mrs. Crouch withdrew from the stage, and occupied herself with the education of her sister's children, one of whom, Harry Hornebow, appeared with credit on the boards. Her charms were now almost entirely faded; she smilingly said, "I am not one of those who need a looking-glass to assure me I am getting on in years."

She died on October 2, 1805, in the forty-second year of her age. Of her husband she said, "I sincerely forgive his conduct. He is older now, and I hope sufficiently sensible of his errors to abjure them, and render the present object of his desire far happier than he did me."

She was buried at Brighton, where she died, and Kelly erected a handsome monument to her memory.

A few words are due to Mrs. Jordan, to whom we owe "The Blue Bells of Scotland," one of the rare instances in which a woman has composed a melody that has become established without prospect of its ever being forgotten.

Her real name was Dorothy Bland, and she was born at Waterford in 1762. At an early age she made her way to Dublin, and, under the name of Miss Francis, played everything from sprightly girls to tragedy queens. When she resolved on coming to England the manager laughingly exclaimed, "What! going to cross *Jordan?*" and in England she assumed the name with the matronly prefix. Her life has been written by Boaden, in two volumes, and it is not necessary to give it here.

As an actress Mrs. Jordan played admirably such parts as the Country Girl, the Romp, the Hoyden, and the Chambermaid. In so-called "breeches parts," no actress could be put in competition with her but Mrs. Woffington, and to her she was as superior in point of voice, as Mrs. Woffington was superior to her in beauty. Mrs. Jordan's voice was not only sweet, but distinct. She articulated her words particularly well, and although she was not a professed

singer, yet the little songs which she frequently introduced were much admired. She was sometimes called on to sing a song the third time. She was never handsome, but she was peculiarly pleasing. In later years she grew too fat for the breeches characters, but this was her misfortune, not her fault; and when at Miss Farren's retirement she threw herself into genteel comedy, she betrayed a lamentable lack of judgment. She was so consummate an actress that she could do nothing badly, but she did herself no credit. When her personal appearance disqualified her for such parts, she could not be brought to perceive it, and would listen to no advice to take up the elderly characters.

Very different from this was the conduct of Mademoiselle Guimard, the famous French opera-dancer. When the conviction was forced on her that her facial glories had departed, she accepted the knowledge frankly. Yet her figure was still perfectly symmetrical, her grace and agility were unimpaired.

She was sixty-four, when, yielding to the urgent entreaties of her friends, she consented to give a last exhibition of her art. But she insisted that the performance should be carried out under her direction. The curtain was so far lowered as to conceal completely the head and shoulders of the dancer. "Il fût impossible aux spectateurs," writes her biographer, "de voir autre que le travail de ses jambes dont le temps avait respecté l'agilitè et les formes pures et délicates."

Mrs. Jordan acquired a good deal of money by her profession, and she was not an extravagant person; she had a large family, and was a good mother. She last appeared on the stage in the season 1813–14. A person who had married one of her daughters involved her in a debt for £2000, and this so preyed on her spirits that it shortened her days. She withdrew from England and settled at St. Cloud, near Paris, in November 1815, where she called herself Mrs. James. On her death the police seized on her little effects and put all up to auction. She died July 5, 1816, aged fifty, and is buried at St. Cloud.

I have dwelt at some length on the great singers of the past, for it was they, by their charm of manner and splendid voices, who gave to so many songs, that otherwise might have perished, that popularity which carried them as on wings throughout England, and made them become part and parcel of our musical inheritance. Nowadays our public singers are paid a royalty on such songs as are new, and which the authors and publishers desire them to produce before the public. It is a mischievous system. It brings to the front sad rubbish, and we lose the gratification of hearing the great vocalists in some of the old English songs that delighted our grandsires, but for which no royalty is now paid. The remedy is in the hands of the people. Let them insist on having good music. Let them not good-humouredly tolerate the trash so often palmed off upon them.

But to judge between good and bad, the popular taste requires bracing, and for that nothing is better than a dip into the old yet ever fresh well-springs of genuine English melody.

S. B. G.

Lew Trenchard, North Devon,
June 1896.

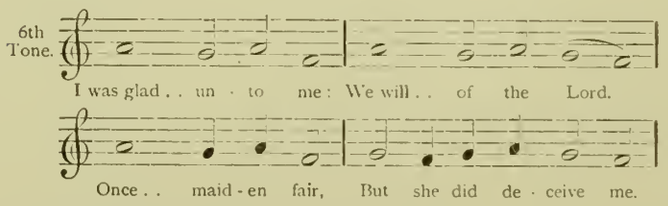
NOTES TO SONGS

VOL. V.

Care Flies from the Lad that is Merry (p. 1).—A song in "Cymon," by David Garrick, the music to which was arranged by Michael Arne, 1767. Johnstone was singing the part of Linco in this play at Dublin. He was very fond of billiards, and had quarrelled with the marker at a table about ten shillings and a penny, which the latter said he owed for games; but Johnstone, not recollecting the circumstance, refused to pay it, though often solicited. Whilst performing in "Cymon," he came on singing this song, which has the refrain, "Sing hey, derry derry! Sing hey, derry, derry!" To his great astonishment he was greeted by an echo from the gallery, "Pay me, Jack Johnstone, my ten and a penny, my ten and a penny!" This was taken up by the audience, and in the next verse pit and gallery roared out, "Pay me, Jack Johnstone, my ten and a penny, my ten and a penny!" This forced the singer at once to discharge his debt.

Once I Loved a Maiden Fair (p. 4).—This charming, delicate old air was considered by the late Mr. Wm. Chappell to date back to the reign of James I., or Charles I. The tune is found in all the editions of the "The Dancing-Master" from 1650 to 1698; in Playford's "Introduction," 1664; in "Musick's Delight on the Cithern," 1666; and in other later collections.

The ballad itself is found in black-letter, in the Roxburghe Collection (ed. Chappell and Ebsworth, ii. 404). It was printed for the assigns of Thomas Symcock—the date about 1620. The Roxburghe copy is the sole one extant. The original consists of twelve stanzas. Chappell reproduced the song in his "Old English Ditties." It will be noticed that the melody is that of the 6th Gregorian Tone.



Peaceful Slumb'ring on the Ocean (p. 6).—From the opera of "The Pirates," the libretto by James Cobb. It was performed at Drury Lane Theatre in 1792. Signora Storace, by her delightful singing, popularised this song.

Stephen Storace, the composer of the music, was born in London in 1763. Of him Michael Kelly writes in his "Reminiscences": "All love and honour to your memories, Stephen and Nancy Storace. He was well known afterwards as one of the best of English composers, and she was at that time, when I first met them, though only fifteen, the prima donna of the Comic Opera at Leghorn. They were Londoners, and their real name wanted the *t*, which they introduced into it. Their father was a Neapolitan, and a good performer on the double bass, which he played for many years at the Opera House, when the band was led by the celebrated Giardini. He married one of the Misses Trusler, of Bath, celebrated for making a peculiar sort of cake, and sister to Dr. Trusler, well known in the literary world as a chronologist.

"The elder Storace, Dr. Arnold, and Lowe, the singer, opened Mary-le-bone Gardens for the performance of burlettas, &c. Owing to the attractions of the music, and Miss Trusler's plum-cakes, the Gardens were successful for a time, but, disagreeing among themselves, the proprietors closed them, I believe, with loss.

"When Mr. Sheridan married Miss Linley, and brought her from Bath, their first lodging in London was at Mr. Storace's house, in Mary-le-bone, and from that time a strong friendship existed between the families. Nancy, the only daughter, could play and sing at sight as early as eight years old. She owned an extraordinary genius for music, and Stephen, the son, for everything. He was the most gifted creature I ever met with. I have often heard Mr. Sheridan say, that, if he had been bred to the law, he thought he would have been Lord Chancellor."

In 1788, Stephen Storace produced, at Drury Lane, a slight musical farce, and the following year brought out his opera, "The Haunted Tower," the success of which was unbounded. In this Nancy Storace made her first appearance on the English stage.

"The success of this opera," says Kelly, "was never surpassed; it was a lasting favourite for many years; the first season it was played fifty nights. Nancy Storace was favourably received, both as a singer and an actress. Bannister and Baddely were excellent in the comic parts; Mrs. Crouch, as Lady Elinor, was in the full bloom of beauty, and in richest voice. I had two fine songs allotted to me, 'From Hope's Fond Dream,' and 'Spirit of my Sainted Sire,' one of the most difficult songs ever composed for a tenor voice. Indeed, all the music was beautiful: the admiration of the audience for the sestetto, 'By Mutual Love Delighted,' I can never forget."

On April 10th, 1790, Storace produced his charming little opera, "No Song no Supper," but it was not wholly original, as he worked into it much of the music of "Gli Equivoci." This was a mistake of Storace throughout. On the 2nd July 1794 was produced his "Glorious First of June," the words by Cobb, for the benefit of the widows of those who fell in the victory achieved by Lord Howe. Kelly, in his "Reminiscences," says: "The piece was well suited to the purpose, and was a sequel to 'No Song no Supper.' It was all got up in three days. Storace and myself gave it some new songs, but the music was chiefly old. I begged Mr. Sheridan, who wrote a good many speeches for it, to make as short a part for me, with as little speaking in it as possible.

"In the scene in which I came on to sing a song, written by Cobb, 'When in War on the Ocean we meet the Proud Foe!' there was a cottage in the distance, at which (the stage direction said) I was to look earnestly; and the line which I then had to speak was this—

'There stands Louisa's cottage! She must be either in it or out of it.'

The song followed immediately, and not another word was there in the whole part. This sublime and solitary speech produced a loud laugh from the audience."

In 1796, Colman's "Iron Chest," with Storace's music, was performed for the first time. The composer at the time was recovering from a severe attack of gout and fever; yet urged by sense of duty, he insisted, against the advice of his friends, on attending the first

rehearsal. The consequence was fatal; he took cold, the gout attacked his stomach, and seven days after the performance of the play he died, at the early age of thirty-three years.

Mr. Husk says of his music, in Groves' "Dictionary of Music and Musicians": "Storace's melodies are thoroughly English in character, whilst in his instrumentation the influence of Mozart and the Italian composers is evident. He was almost the first English composer who introduced into his works the modern finale, in which the business of the scene is carried on by concerted music."

When Orpheus Went Down (p. 8).—Perhaps owing to the satirical nature of this song it obtained a considerable measure of popularity, and found its way into many song-books. The words were the composition of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Lisle, from a Spanish original. The music was by Dr. Boyce. It first appeared in the musical piece of "Orpheus and Eurydice," acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, 1740. Ritson includes this piece in his "English Songs," 1813. It was composed about 1746. To name only a few of the collections in which this song may be found: "The Masque," London, 1761; "The Bullfinch," London, 1763; "Apollo," Dublin, 1763; "The Syren," London, 1764; "Calliope," London, 1788; "The Banquet of Thalia," York, 1790; "The Edinburgh Musical Miscellany," 1808; and the "British Orpheus," about 1817. This shows that the song retained its popularity for over fifty years.

There are, however, four songs on the subject; in three the point of the satire is levelled against the wife, but in one it touches the husband. All four are given in "The Apollo," 1763. Dr. Lisle, rector of Burclere, Hants, died in 1767.

Of Boyce himself I shall give some account when introducing his noble song, "Softly Rise, O Southern Breeze."

Jonathan (p. 10).—A song from that lively little ballad-opera, "Turk or no Turk." The author of the play was George Colman, and it was performed at the Haymarket Theatre in 1785. We have already given "The Cheshire Chambermaid" from it. Dr. Arnold composed the music.

The Hindustani Girl's Lament (p. 14).—This is one of the make-believe Hindustani airs, composed by Edward Biggs, to words by Mrs. Opie, and published about 1820. Biggs issued a whole series, at a time previous to Ethiopian serenades, and if he could have had performers with dyed faces, dressed up like Hindus, might have set a fashion. It is almost needless to say that the genuine music of the Hindus, like all Oriental music, is unmelodious to European ears. The origin of this song was as follows: An Englishman who was leaving India desired to restore to her parents a Hindu girl, who had lived for some years in his family. He sent her to them, in a palanquin, some days' journey up the country. She was so extremely attached to her master, and so broken-hearted at parting with him, that she absolutely refused all nourishment.

On this incident Mrs. Opie based her verses, and Biggs set them. He was a somewhat celebrated composer of songs between 1790 and 1820, when he went abroad.

Sweet Kitty Clover (p. 16).—By Edmund Kean, the words by Edward Knight, who also probably arranged the music. Kean composed one or two airs that took with the public. Another was, "Where is my Lover?" which was arranged for him by E. Knight, junior. The date of the song "Kitty Clover" is 1819. The song was introduced into the ballad-opera of "The Lord of the Manor" in 1823.

Time has not Thinned my Flowing Hair (p. 18).—A composition of William Jackson, of Exeter, of whom a good deal has already been said.

Shells of Ocean (p. 22).—A song, the words by J. W. Lake, and the music by John William Cherry. It was published in 1847, and speedily acquired popularity. It even took with the class that derives its songs from broadsides. I have not been able to learn the exact date of Cherry's death, but believe it was about 1890.

Sally Sweetbread (p. 24).—One of poor Henry Carey's songs. It occurs in his "Musical Century," published in 1740.

Behold, I am a Village Lass (p. 27).—A song in the opera of "The Three and the Deuce," a comic drama by Prince Hoare, from the French. It was performed at the Haymarket in 1795. The plot turns on the strong resemblance in person, features, and voice, between three brothers, who are, however, of very different dispositions. The music to the piece was contributed by Stephen Storace. In the original there are but two verses. A third has been added.

Tell me, my Heart (p. 30).—Words by T. Morton, and the music by Sir H. R. Bishop. Thomas Morton was a native of Durham. His father died when he was very young, and the care of his education devolved on his uncle, a stockbroker named Maddison, who sent him to the Soho Square Academy. He became a member of Lincoln's Inn, and wrote a good many plays. He wrote the "Children in the Wood" with Dr. Arnold, who composed the music. "Zorinski" was also a joint work of this author and Arnold. Perhaps his best play is "A Cure for a Heart-ache," a comedy, 1797, yet as a play it is poor stuff.

The Cabin Boy (p. 36).—Sung in "Harlequin and Mother Goose," a pantomime by Thomas Dibdin. It was first performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on December 29, 1806. The music was by W. H. Ware.

Dibdin, in his Autobiography, says: "During the eight years I had been at Covent Garden, the pantomime usually took five or six months in preparation; and I now observed with wonder, during my usual summer visits to the theatre, no note of preparation, and was still more surprised, nay, astonished, and not a little vexed into the bargain, when, not more than six weeks before Christmas, Mr. Harris knocked at my door, and returned the compliments of the day with, 'Well, we cannot do without a pantomime from you, after all.' I was thunderstruck—I might write one, but how get the scenery painted? What time for machinery, practice, composing music, &c.? 'Well, have you not some sketches by you?' 'Yes, sir; I have shown them to you often, and strongly recommended one in particular which you have for years refused.' 'Oh, what? that d——d Mother Goose? Let me look at her again. She has one recommendation, there is no finery about her, and the scenery is too commonplace to take up much time. So let's set everybody to work: I need not see the manuscript.'"

Tom and Charles Dibdin had just failed in a speculation of taking Astley's Amphitheatre to Dublin. Grimaldi had been engaged for them; he was now at liberty, and was secured for "Mother Goose," as clown, at a salary of one pound per week. Dibdin continues: "Our last three pantomimes had suffered much for want of a good clown. The acquisition of Grimaldi gave us a little more spirit. Strange to say, Mr. Harris never came but to one

rehearsal. He who was heretofore never absent a moment from a favourite pantomime, had so little hope of the one now preparing, that on the Sunday night only previous to its production, our good master, accompanied only by Mr. John Kemble, with whom he had dined, honoured us with his presence for nearly an hour."

Yet "Mother Goose" proved to be a vast success, and put something like twenty thousand pounds into Harris's pocket.

It was formerly the custom to exhibit a scrap of Latin over the curtain. Thus at Drury Lane in 1699 there was "Vivitur ingenio." It appears from the *Spectator* of May 5, 1712, that the motto then was "Totus Mundus agit Histrionem." Foote put up "De te fabula narratur," which Colman changed to "Stet fortuna domûs." It was suggested to Harris that he should put up at Covent Garden the line from Juvenal:—

". . . Lucri bonus est odor ex re qualibet."

Ware, the composer, was, I believe, the son of F. Ware, for many years first tenor at Covent Garden, and also leader of the concerts at Vauxhall. He afterwards became first tenor at the Haymarket. I have added two stanzas. In the original there are but two. Rimbault arranged this song as a round.

Harvest Home (p. 38).—A song in "Mago and Dago," a pantomime by M. Lonsdale, that was performed at Covent Garden Theatre in 1794. The music of the songs was contributed by Aylward, Atterbury, Spofforth, Shield, &c., and the compiler was T. Goodman. This song is by Luffman Atterbury. Luffman Atterbury was one of the musicians-in-ordinary to George III. He composed an oratorio called "Goliath," which was performed at the Haymarket Theatre in 1773. It was again performed in West Wycombe Church in 1775, on the occasion of the depositing of the heart of Paul Whitehead, enclosed in a marble urn, in the mausoleum of the Despenser family. He is chiefly known as a glee writer. His glee, "Come, let us all a Maying Go," is still popular. He died in 1796. I have taken some liberty with the words. The third verse actually runs—

"Down Life's sloping hill while old Square Toes joggs on,
And sums up the treasure in store for his son,
Young Hopeful thinks long till Fate winds up the chains,
That give him possession of acres and gains.
Old Time never fails to bring harvest home."

There is also in the original a fourth verse beginning—

"When Brunswick's fair princes arriv'd in our land."

I thought that it would be best to close the song with a new third verse. In the original there is no proper conclusion.

Atterbury's pretty quartette, "Come, let us all be Merry," published in 1790, was republished in 1879.

The Precautioned Nymph (p. 41).—A pretty song by Lewis Ramondon, a singer in several of the Italian operas in London. He composed a number of pleasing airs to songs which were published in "The Merry Musician; or, A Cure for the Spleen," in 1715. The song is also found on half-sheet engraved music. A copy is in the British Museum, under the head of English Songs, vol. iii., G—H. (G. 308). Three of his songs are in Watt's "Musical Miscellany," 1729. A very favourite song of his, "As Amoret and Phillis Sat," published in 1703, long maintained its hold on English taste. The date of this song is about 1715.

Down among the Banks of Roses (p. 44).—A folk-song still heard among our peasantry, but it is to be found as an engraved half-sheet of about 1780, in a collection of Vauxhall and other songs, originally published separately, but now bound together in volumes in the British Museum, G. 306, vol. i. It is also found in "The Vocal Magazine," Edinburgh, 1798, vol. ii., song 1.

Fill Me a Bowl (p. 46).—An English version of a song by Anacreon, made by Oldham, of whom Dryden said—

"Our souls were near allied, and thine
Cast in the same poetic mould with mine."

The music is by James, not Joseph Corfe. It was written in 1730. James Corfe is passed over in most Dictionaries of Musicians, as well as by Sir George Groves' "Dictionary of Music," which takes notice of the principal English composers only of former days. Nevertheless, James Corfe composed some glees, and the songs, "The Sun was Hastening down the Sky," 1740, and "Pretty Wanton, Come Away," 1750.

Burton Ale (p. 49).—A song set by John Barrett, pupil of Dr. Blow; he was music-master at Christ's Hospital, and organist of the Church of St. Mary-at-Hill, about 1710. Many of his settings are found in collections of songs of that period; and there are some in D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy." Among these is the fine melody, "Ianthe the Lovely," which we hope to give in this collection later on. The allusion to the Duke of Anjou in "Burton Ale" fixes the date of the song as between 1710 and 1715. There are two curious rhymes in the piece, *malt* is pronounced *mote*, and *know* is made to rhyme with *Anjou*. Barrett wrote the air to the famous sheep-shearing song of C. Johnson, in "The Custom of the Manor," 1715.

The Invincible Armado (p. 52).—This spirited song is by John O'Keefe. It occurs in the comic opera of "The Siege of Curzola," the music by Dr. Arnold. It was acted at the Haymarket in 1786, but did not give satisfaction, and was performed on six nights only. The songs, however, were published with the music, and were sung at the gardens. The melody is not quite equal in merit to the words.

In connection with the Armada a curious circumstance may be mentioned. The harbour dues of Saltash, that has rights over a large portion of Plymouth waters, are one shilling from every English vessel that enters, and two from every foreign keel that anchors in the Hamoaze, and *seven* from every Spanish ship. The sum was raised from two to seven shillings by the corporation after the Armada; and that sum is still exacted from a Spanish vessel by Trinity House. In Saltash church is preserved a magnificent silver cup, which is traditionally said to have come from one of the vessels of the Armada, but it is actually of English Tudor workmanship.

Smile again, my Bonnie Lassie (p. 56).—By John Parry. "John Parry, senr., was," says Mrs. Byrne, "*intùs et in cute*, a musician. He could command any instrument he took into his hands, and once there, could make it discourse most excellent music. The fertility of his musical imagination was astonishing, and the countless number of pieces he composed found the highest favour with his contemporaries. There are fashions in melodies as in all else that addresses itself to the human taste, and this must account for the fact that Parry's once popular compositions are little known to the present generation. He seemed to have music intuitively in his nature, and while excelling on the piano and the organ, manipulated, with equal facility and effect, the fife, clarinet, flute, flageolet, 'cello, violin, harp, and guitar; he could manage the stops

of any wind instrument, and played them with consummate skill, taste, and feeling. . . . He was a delightful old fellow, and when I first knew him, in 1842, his conversation was always lively and interesting."

"Smile again, my Bonnie Lassie," was first published in 1824.

When other Lips (p. 58).—Fitz Ball says of the favourite opera of "The Bohemian Girl," in which is this song: "It was with unqualified success that Mr. Bunn produced his famous 'Bohemian Girl,' with Balfe's music. And, if we are to judge by its attractions and long run, the very best criterion, it was the most popular English opera ever yet produced. Miss Romer, Arline; Mr. William Harrison, the splendid tenor, Thaddeus, her Bohemian lover; Miss Betts, the Gipsy Queen; Stretton, Devil's Hoof. It was a capital cast, and with such sweet melodies, so suited, more particularly at that time, to the English taste. Indeed to all time, for I must think that the Trovatores and Traviatas are a little out of our grasp, however lustily we climb the pole towards them. For real old English taste there is still a greater charm in a little bit of pure melody, administered by the hand of Bishop, Balfe, Barnet, Laurent, Alexander Lee, or Wallace. The drum of your ear, Johnny Bull, is not exactly an Italian instrument, however much you submit, for pride's sake, to have it bored with chromatic passages. Mr. Bunn was excessively ill during all the rehearsals of this opera. It was amazing to see with what endurance he submitted to his bodily sufferings, and directed the operations on the stage. Mr. Bunn, both as manager and author, had one great good quality, seldom to be met with; his ear was never closed to an opinion. Great was the triumph of 'The Siege of Rochelle,' but far greater of 'The Bohemian Girl,' which the public needs not to be told. Miss Romer surpassed her former self in 'I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls;' and Harrison became immortal by his singing 'When other Lips.'"

When Daffodils begin to Peer (p. 60).—This is the song of Autolycus in "The Winter's Tale." The music is given by Ritson in his "English Songs," 1783. He says: "This tune is not known to have been ever printed before, and was not obtained without some difficulty." In 1754 an excerpt from "The Winter's Tale," with additional dialogue and songs, was produced, first in Dublin and then at Covent Garden. The adapter was Macnamara Morgan, and the piece formed "a farce" in two acts. The same was further doctored by David Garrick for Drury Lane. The title by which this play was called was "The Sheep-shearing; or, Florizel and Perdita." Garrick got Dr. Boyce to arrange the music for it, and this was in 1756. The piece held its own, and was played repeatedly till May 12, 1798, which was the date of its last performance at Covent Garden.

Ritson no doubt obtained the air from Covent Garden or Drury Lane. Boyce's arrangement was never published. The question arises—Is "When Daffodils," &c., by Boyce? The air is quite unlike his composition, and smacks of Arne. The trio, "Get thee hence," is undoubtedly by Boyce. W. Linley, in his "Dramatic Songs of Shakespeare," 1816, says of "The Winter's Tale": "This play was revived at Drury Lane Theatre many years ago, under the musical management of the late learned and ingenious Dr. Boyce, and principally to introduce the celebrated Mrs. Baddeley in the character of Perdita. On this occasion two little pastoral airs of Autolycus were introduced, and the charming trio, 'Get thee hence,' which is beyond dispute the doctor's composition. Whether the rest of the music be his, the author has not been able positively to ascertain, but from the style of it he has not the slightest doubt about the matter. The only copies of the songs he could meet with were procured from the theatre. These were in a very incorrect state, and very meagre in point of harmony. No name is affixed to that, and the song, 'Lawn as White as Driven Snow,' he could not find among them, nor was it probably set, or it would surely have been preserved with the rest of the airs."

Of What is the Old Man Thinking? (p. 64).—A ballad by Haynes Bayly, with the eminently appropriate music by J. Philip Knight. It originally appeared in 1848, but was republished in 1854, and again freshly arranged by Loder in 1875.

Far, Far from me My Lover Flies (p 68).—Sung by Miss Decamp in the "Weathercock," a farce by John Till Allingham, son of a London wine merchant. It was performed at Drury Lane Theatre in 1806. The composer was Matthew Peter King, born in 1773, a pupil of Horn. A song from his oratorio, "The Intercession," known as Eve's Lamentation, acquired great popularity in 1817, and long continued to be a stock piece in concerts of sacred music. He composed a good many ballad operas, partly alone, partly in conjunction with Braham, or Davy and Kelly. He died in 1823.

Bentime (p. 70).—The words and music by Montem Smith, son of Edward Woodly Smith, lay vicar of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Montem derived his name from having been born on a Whit-Tuesday during the performance of the now abolished Eton College ceremony of "Montem." He was educated in the choir of St. George's, Windsor, and afterwards became a lay vicar of Westminster Abbey, and a gentleman of the Chapel Royal (1858). He died in 1891.

Eulalie (p. 73).—This very fine song, by John William Hobbs (the words by W. H. Bellamy), was sung with great effect by Lockey. It was published in 1844, republished in 1852 and 1872.

O, for those Old Familiar Friends (p. 77).—One of John Barnett's compositions. The words by J. E. Carpenter. The air, without having much freshness in it, suits the character of the words, and together make this a pleasing song.

Dearest Kitty (p. 82).—A song sung at the public gardens by Lowe. It was published on engraved half-sheet music, and appears in "Vocal Music; or, The Songster's Companion," vol. iii., 1775; but also in the first volume, the date of which is about 1768. It is in "The Muses' Holiday," *circ.* 1757; also in "The Bullfinch" (between 1746 and 1761); also in "The Masque," 1760; in "The Wreath," Dublin, 1764; in "The Syren," of the same date (London: Bladon & Blyth). We may therefore safely fix the date of this song as about 1750, perhaps a little earlier, as the name of composer is never given. This is a song that in the mouth of a good singer may be very effective; it is one that owes effect mainly to the way in which it is sung.

To Meet her Mars (p. 84).—A composition by Eccles. In his collection of songs it is published without more than one verse. The date is October 1702, and is a composition in honour of the return of the Earl of Marlborough from the campaign in the Netherlands, when he reduced Venloo, Ruremonde,

and the citadel of Liége; and was created a Duke, and had a pension of £5000 a year settled on him. It occurs in Eccles' book just before a song from "The Fickle Shepherdess," the date of which is 1703, and a New Year's Day Ode for 1702–3.

Fly aWay, Pretty Moth (p. 86).—Composed by T. Haynes Bayly, of whom a good deal has already been said. The words as well as the music were by him. The song was sung by Mrs. Waylett, and obtained considerable popularity.

By those Eyes (p. 88).—A duet by Henry Leander. A slight liberty has been taken in altering two notes to "By those Lips," and the final two to "discretion," which seemed advisable. There were two brothers Leander, performers on the French horn, who resided in London at the close of the last century up to 1805. They were engaged in the orchestra of the King's Theatre, Haymarket, and at most of the public concerts. This duet was published about 1800.

The Ploughman's Ditty (p. 90).—Appears in the first volume of "Clio and Euterpe," 1758; also in the "Universal Magazine" for April 1757. No indication in either is given that it was sung in the public gardens, or by any famous singer of the day, and it is also without name of author of words or composer of the music. It is therefore probably a considerably earlier song.

Alas, for the Days that are Gone! (p. 92).—John Percy, who composed this air, was also the author of the better remembered melody of "Wapping Old Stairs," but this, in my opinion, is superior. Other songs of his were "Soft as yon Silver Ray," "Sweet smells the Briar," and "The Song of the Spirit." Percy flourished at the close of last century; his airs have considerable merit, but as he published them at his own house, and they were not in the trade, they did not obtain all the circulation that they deserved. He died in 1797.

The song now given was called "Charlotte's Lament," and turned on the "Sorrows of Werther"—that mawkish and morbid work of Gœthe, which appeared in 1774, created a fever in Germany, and induced some hysterical idiots to commit suicide. I have written fresh words.

Could a Man be Secure? (p. 95).—A duet by Starling Goodwin, a composer for Ranelagh Gardens, about 1770, in or near which date he published a collection of his songs. His duet, "Could a Man be Secure?" was republished in London in 1860.

Joan's Placket is Torn (p. 100).—Pepys in his Diary speaks, under the date of 22nd June 1667, of hearing a trumpeter on board the *Royal Charles* sounding the tune of "Joan's Placket is Torn."

Among the Roxburghe Ballads is one, "The Plot Rent and Torn," to this air. It begins thus:—

"Have you not heard of Knaves, that ne'er will be forgot,
Who, for to make us slaves, did hatch a Pagan Plot;
But now 'tis rent, the Parliament hath rent the Plot in twain,
For the Plot is rent and torn, and will never be mended again!
'Tis rent and torn, and torn and rent, 'tis rent and torn in twain,
The Plot is rent and torn, and will never be mended again."

The date of this is July 1685.

Another ballad sung to the same air was "The Plot Cramm'd into Joan's Placket," 1681.

The tune is given in "The Dancing-Master," 7th edition, 1686, and was employed in several ballad operas, as in "Achilles," 1733, where the song set to it is:—

"Reputations hack'd and hew'd
Can never be mended again.
Yet nothing stints the rattling Prude,
Who joys in another's Pain.
Thus while she rends
Both Foes and Friends,
By both she's torn in twain.
Reputations hack'd and hew'd
Can never be mended again."

In "Momus turn'd Fabulist," 1729, it is used for a duet between Jupiter and Juno. Colley Cibber's song, "When I followed a Lass that was forward and shy," was written to this air for "Love in a Riddle," 1762.

It will be seen that the air has gone through much modification and alteration to make it suit songs of very different metres. The original words have not been recovered, and probably are no loss. I have composed fresh words for the song. Mr. Chappell gives the tune without words in his "Popular Music of Olden Time."

The Rev. G. R. Gleig, in his "Family History of England," 1834, printed a piece of music which he asserts is traditionally said to have been "the air played by the band at Fotheringay Castle, while Mary, Queen of Scots, was proceeding to execution." The tune is "Joan's Placket." This story is virtually adopted by Miss Strickland; but it is incorrect. Mr. Ebsworth writes me that the tune ordered by the persecutors of the queen, was "*Jumping Joan stays long at Home*," and not "*Joan's Placket is Torn.*" But the soldiers defeated the plan to insult the poor queen, by playing it slowly, with cathedral solemnity, and not as a jig. Mr. Ebsworth adds, "I give the evidence in one of my own additional notes to the current part (of the Roxburghe Ballads)."

The Reproach ("*Send back my Long-strayed Eyes*") (p. 102).—There are at least two settings of these lines of Dr. Donne, but that here given, by Anthony Young, is the most original and characteristic.

Ritson, in his "English Songs," prints the other. Anthony Young's setting was printed as a half sheet, copperplate, about 1725. The other is by Richard Leveridge, and much resembles "Black-eyed Susan." Henry Carey also set the words to music. In Leveridge's tune, like "Black-eyed Susan," the composer, as Chappell says, "seems to have drawn more on memory than imagination.

Daughter, you're too Young to Marry (p. 104).—A song by Henry Carey, from his English opera of "Nancy," produced in 1739 at Drury Lane. The play was founded on a real episode. "At the beginning of the late impress," says Carey, "the author saw a young fellow hurried away by a pressgang, and followed by his sweetheart, a very pretty wench, and perfectly neat, though very plain in her dress. Her tears, her distress, and moving softness drew attention and compassion from all who beheld her."

The simple little play, with its charming, quaint melodies, long retained its hold on the public, and was revived at the beginning of every war, usually with success.

But perhaps the most remarkable testimony to its power, as appealing to the popular taste, is the fact that the song we here give is still sung by the English peasantry—has held its own, therefore, for a hundred and fifty years. It has, it must be admitted, been much corrupted through oral tradition, and it is therefore given here as written by Carey.

Another of his songs, a duet, has met with the same fate: "And can'st thou leave thy Nancy?" is still popular. It was sung at Covent Garden by two performers in the characters of True Blue and of Nancy, in "The Pressgang," 1755, which was merely an enlargement of "Nancy." This is still sung. We published the folk-version of it in "Songs of the West," and it is instructive to see how the popular musical faculty works upon an old air, and gradually transforms it into something very different.

Child of Earth With the Golden Hair (p. 106).—By Horn, of whom we have given an account, and several examples.

Abroad We must Wander (p. 109).—This charming melody is probably by Dr. Arne. It is found in "The Ladies' Frolic," 1770, an adaptation by James Lowe, from "The Jovial Crew," by Brome. This latter was acted in 1641, and met with vast success. It was altered into a comic opera by the addition of several songs, and produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1731, and then at Covent Garden. It was published the same year, along with the airs. Of these there are fifty-three, and all of them, with one exception, are old English melodies. The play is disfigured by grossnesses, but is amusing; and it was so popular that Arne took it in hand again in 1770, and added to it a few melodies, and gave it another name; but it did not please the public on reproduction. In the opera there is but a single verse to the song here given; two have been added.

Drink to Me Only (p. 112).—The words by Ben Jonson. Mr. W. Chappell says: "All attempts to discover the author of this simple and beautiful air have hitherto proved unavailing, and, in all probability, will now remain so. Among those who essayed was Dr. Burney."

Jonson (born 1574, died 1637) drew his idea for this charming song from Philostratus. "Drink to me with thine eyes only—Or, if thou wilt, putting the cup to thy lips, fill it with kisses, and so bestow it upon me." Ep. xxiv. "I sent thee a rosy wreath, not so much honouring thee—as bestowing favour upon the roses, that so they might not be withered." Ep. xxx. "If thou wouldst do a kindness to thy lover, send back the relics of the roses I gave thee, no longer smelling of themselves only, but of thee." Ep. xxxi.

The song is not found in the song-books with music of the early half of last century. It is very generally given as a trio, but we have here inserted it as a song.

INDEX TO SONGS—Vol. V.

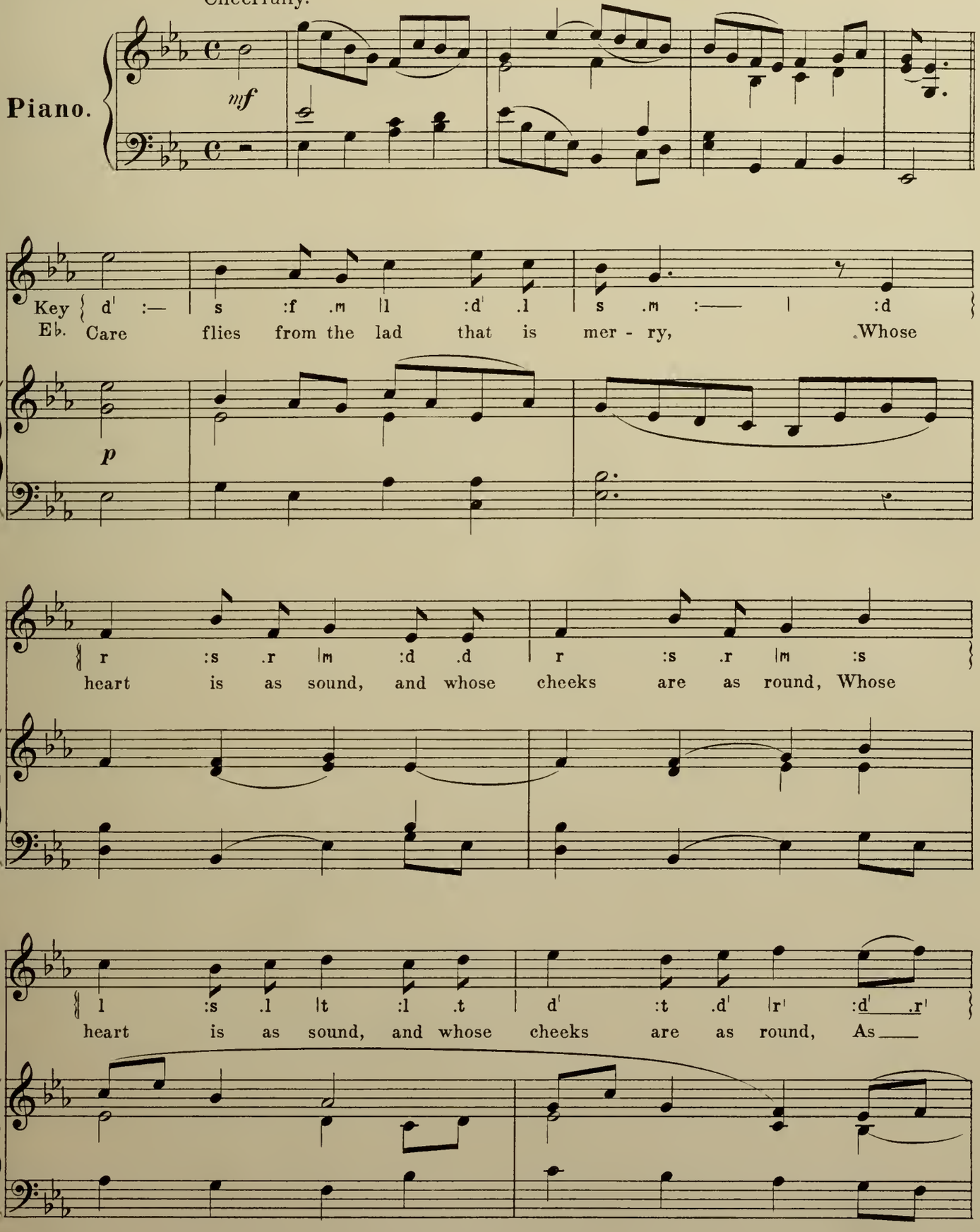
*** In cases where the First Line differs from the Title, the former is also given (in italics). The figures in parentheses refer to the page at which the Note will be found.

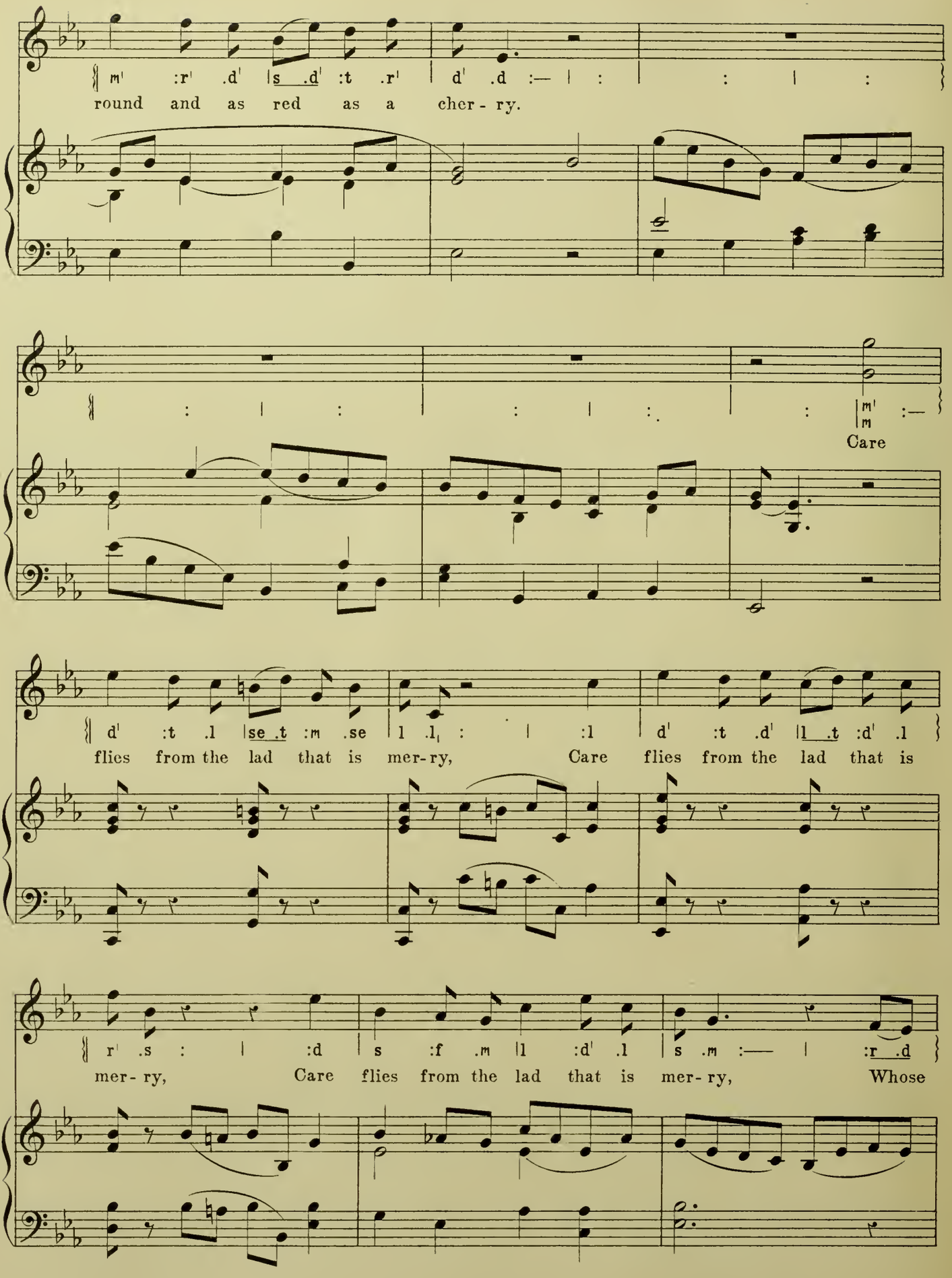
CARE FLIES FROM THE LAD THAT IS MERRY.

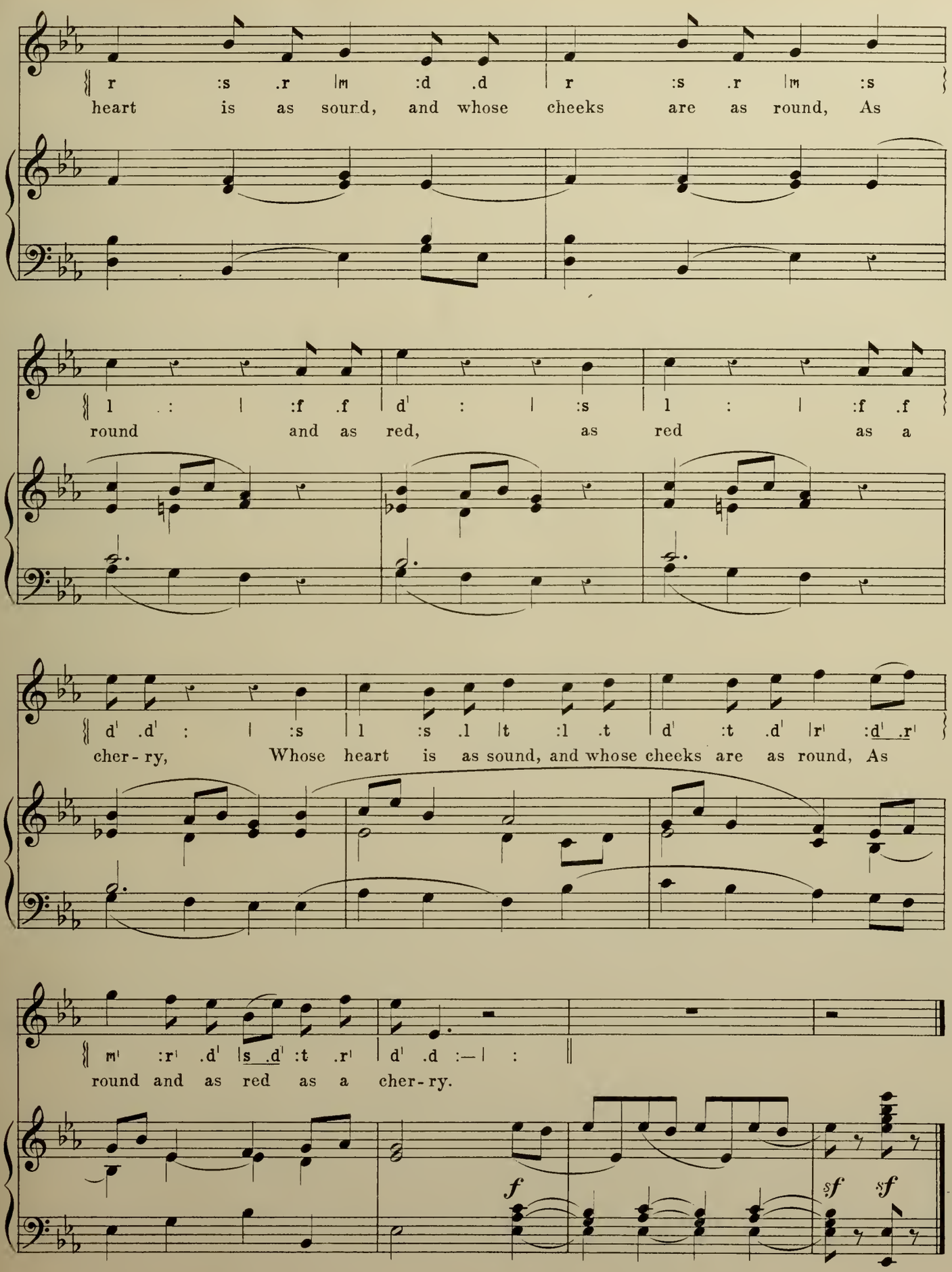
Words by DAVID GARRICK.

Music by M. ARNE. (W. H. H.)

Cheerfully.




m' :r' .d' |s .d' :t .r' | d' .d :— | : | : | :
round and as red as a cher - ry.
: | : | : | : | : m' :—
m
Care
d' :t .l |se .t :m .se | l .l, : | :l | d' :t .d' |l .t :d' .l
flies from the lad that is mer-ry, Care flies from the lad that is
r' .s : | :d | s :f .m |l :d' .l | s .m :— | :r .d
mer - ry, Care flies from the lad that is mer-ry, Whose


r :s .r |m :d .d | r :s .r |m :s
heart is as sound, and whose cheeks are as round, As
l : | :f .f | d' : | :s | l : | :f .f
round and as red, as red as a
d' .d' : | :s | l :s .l |t :l .t | d' :t .d' |r' :d' .r'
cher - ry, Whose heart is as sound, and whose cheeks are as round, As
m' :r' .d' |s .d' :t .r' | d' .d :— | :
round and as red as a cher - ry.
f
sf sf

Once I loved a Maiden fair.

Old English (H. F. S.)

With expression.

Voice.

Piano.

Key G. | m :m | m :m | r :m | d :—

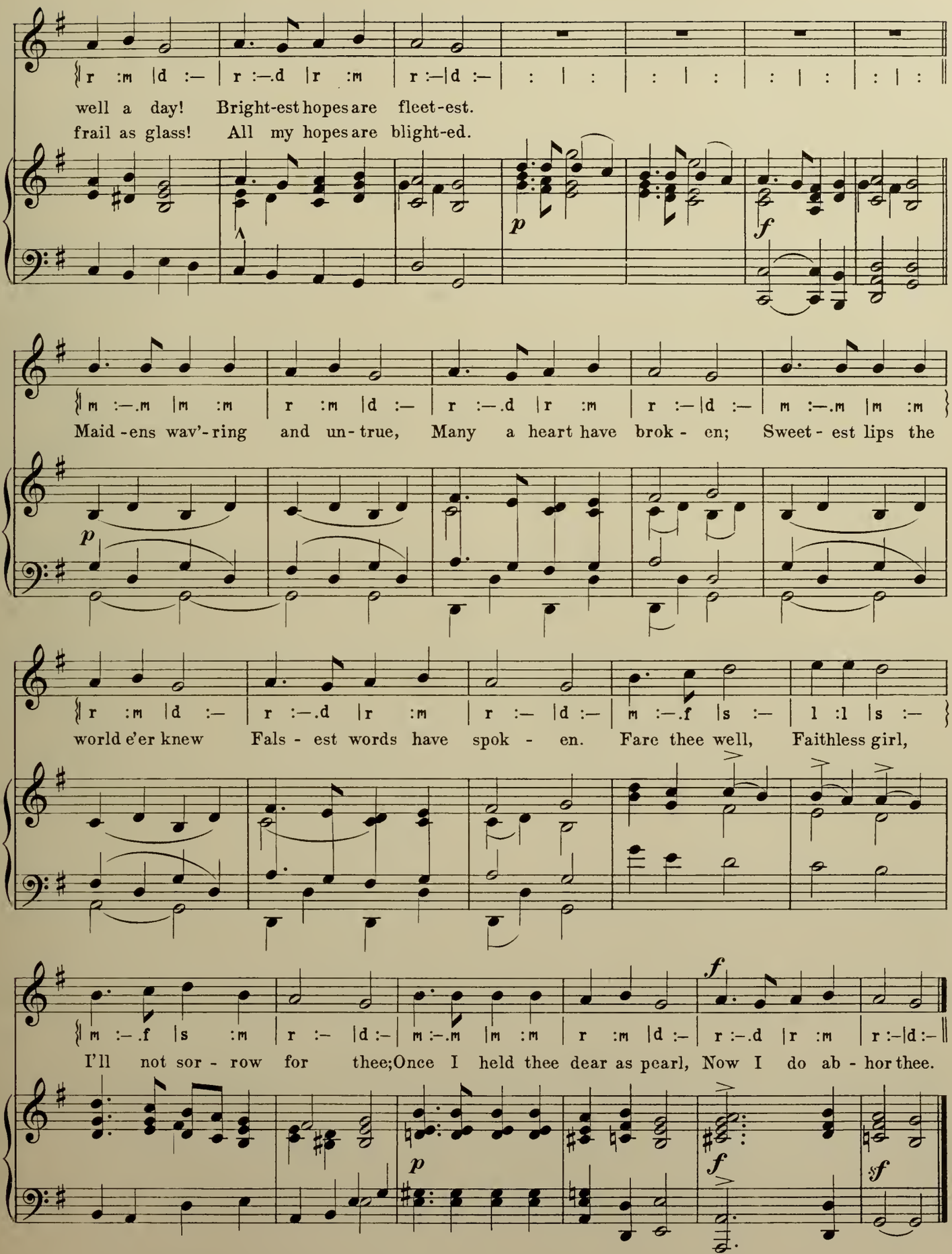
Once I loved a maid-en fair;
I the wed-ding ring had got,

| r :—.d | r :m | r :— | d :— | m :m | m :m | r :m | d :— | r :—.d | r :m |

But she did de - ceive me; She with Ven - us might com-pare, If you will be-
Wed - ding clothes pro - vid - ed, Sure the church would bind a knot, Ne'er to be di-

| r :— | d :— | m :f | s :— | l :l | s :— | m :—.f | s :m | r :— | d :— | m :—.m | m :m |

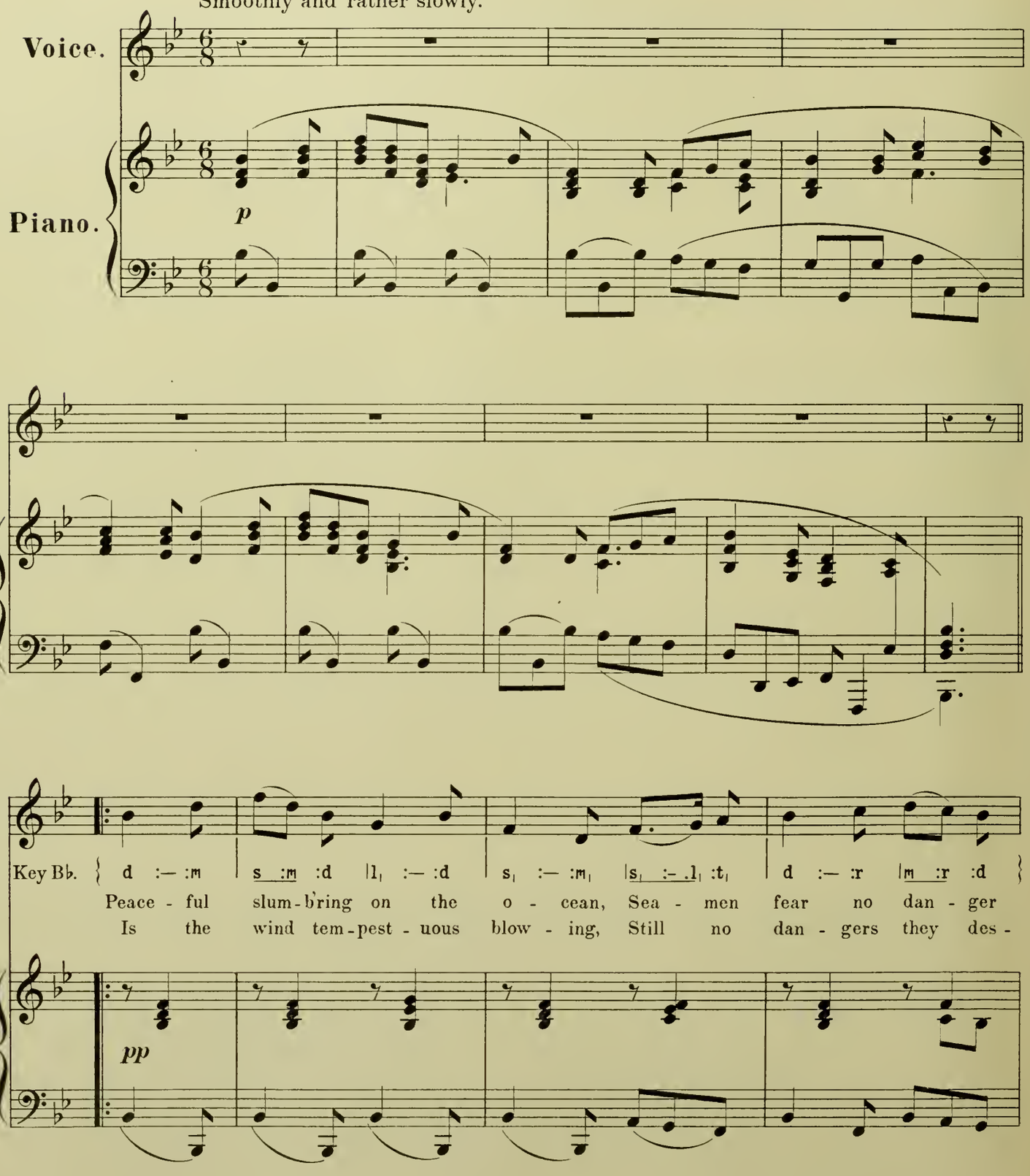
lieve me. She was young, And a - mong All our maids the sweet - est, Now I say, Ah!
vid - ed, Mar-ried we Straight must be She her vows had plight - ed, Vows, a - las, As

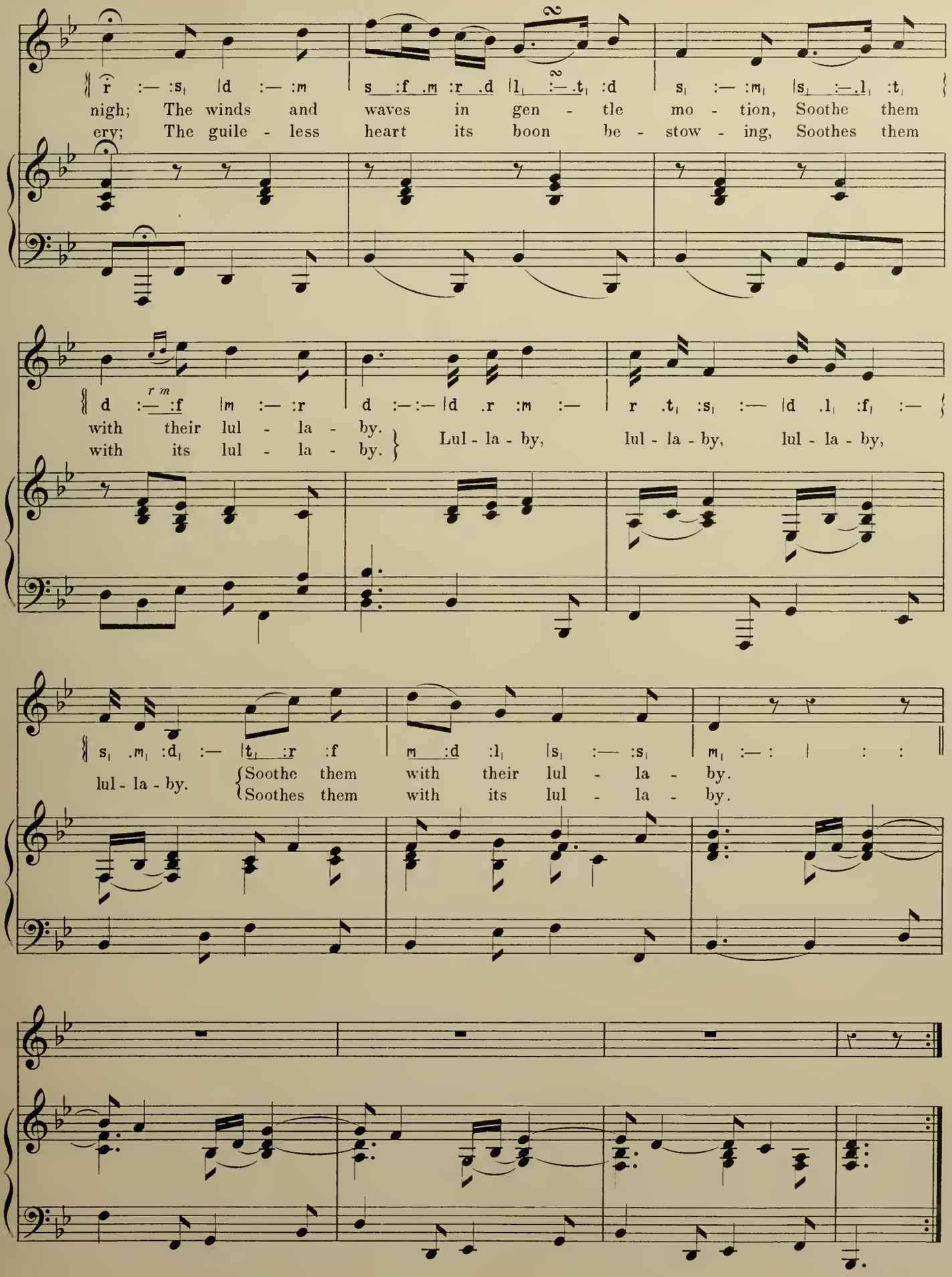

r :m |d :— | r :—.d |r :m | r :—|d :— | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | :
well a day! Bright-est hopes are fleet-est.
frail as glass! All my hopes are blight-ed.
p
f
m :—.m |m :m | r :m |d :— | r :—.d |r :m | r :—|d :— | m :—.m |m :m
Maid-ens wav'-ring and un-true, Many a heart have brok-en; Sweet-est lips the
p
r :m |d :— | r :—.d |r :m | r :— |d :— | m :—.f |s :— | l :l |s :—
world e'er knew Fals-est words have spok-en. Fare thee well, Faithless girl,
m :—.f |s :m | r :— |d :— | m :—.m |m :m | r :m |d :— | r :—.d |r :m | r :—|d :—
I'll not sor-row for thee; Once I held thee dear as pearl, Now I do ab-hor thee.
f
p
f
sf

PEACEFUL SLUMB'RING ON THE OCEAN.

Music by STORACE.
(W. H.H.)

Smoothly and rather slowly.

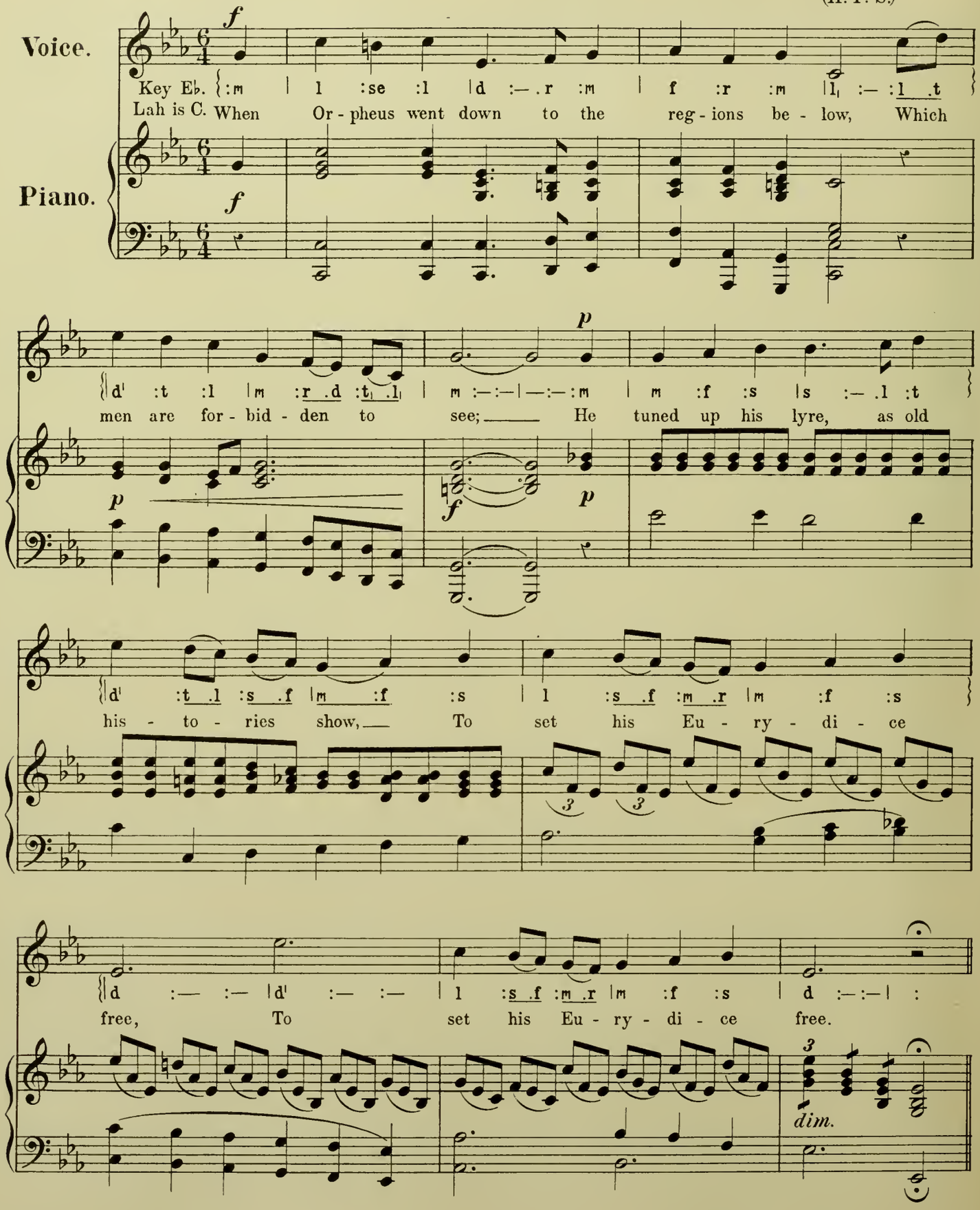


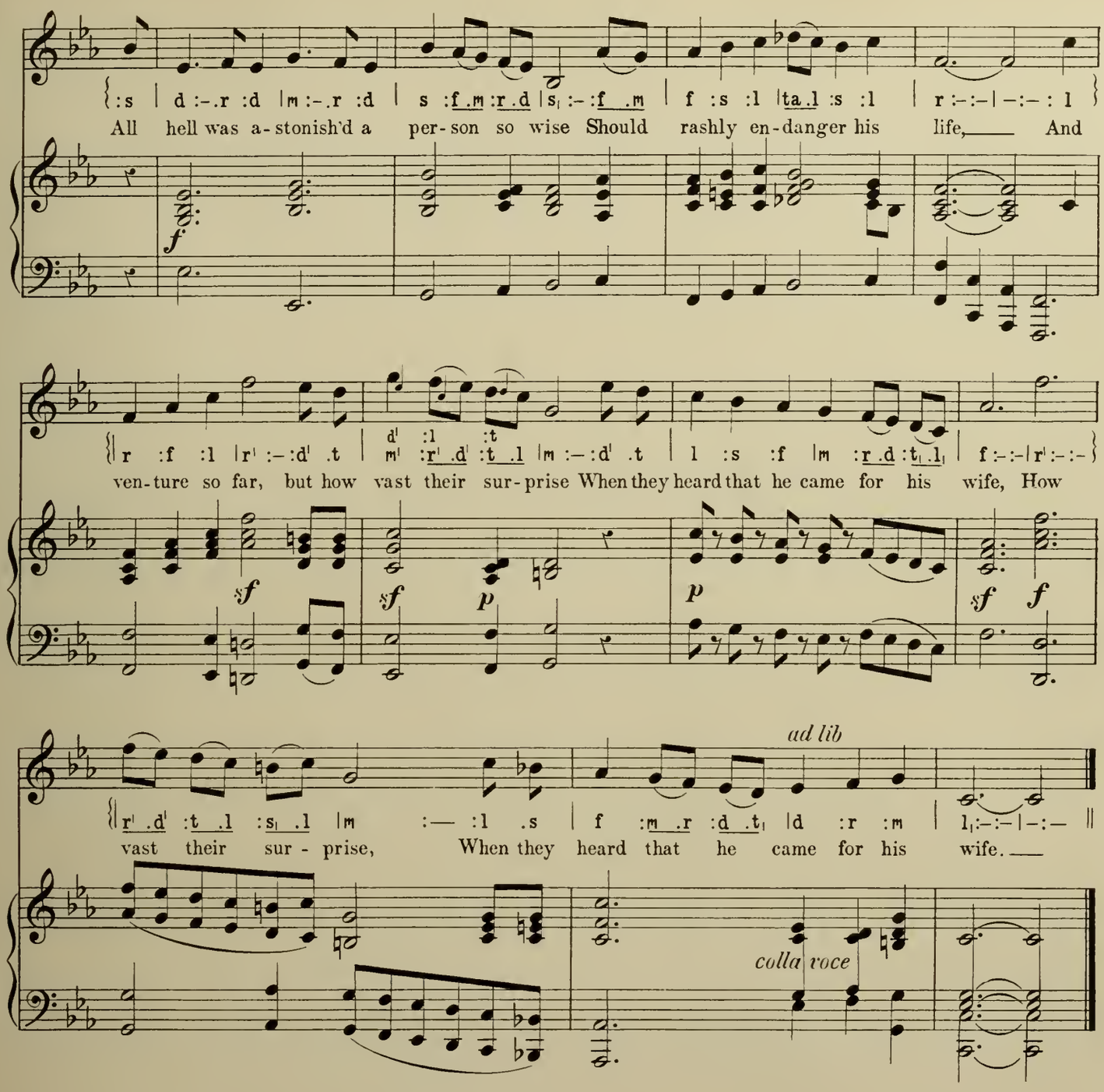

r :— :s, |d :— :m | s :f .m :r .d |l, :— .t, :d | s, :— :m, |s, :— .l, :t,
nigh; The winds and waves in gen - tle mo - tion, Soothe them
ery; The guile - less heart its boon be - stow - ing, Soothes them
d :— :f |m :— :r | d :— :d .r :m :— | r .t, :s, :— |d .l, :f, :—
with their lul - la - by.
with its lul - la - by.
Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by,
s, .m, :d, :— |t, :r :f | m :d :l, |s, :— :s, | m, :— : | : :
lul - la - by.
Soothe them with their lul - la - by.
Soothes them with its lul - la - by.

When Orpheus went down.

Words by Dr LISLE.

Music by Dr BOYCE, 1743.
(H. F. S.)





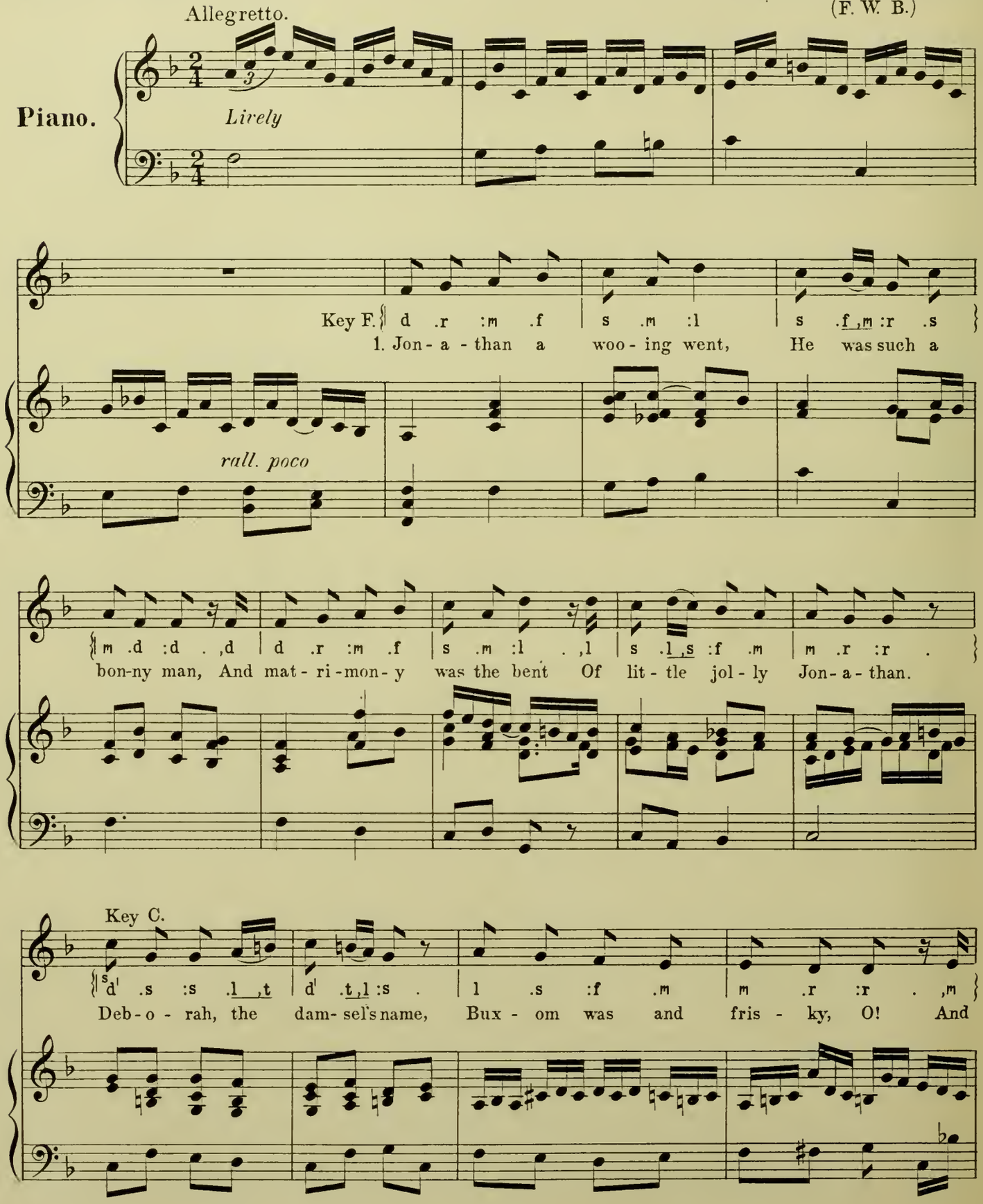
2.

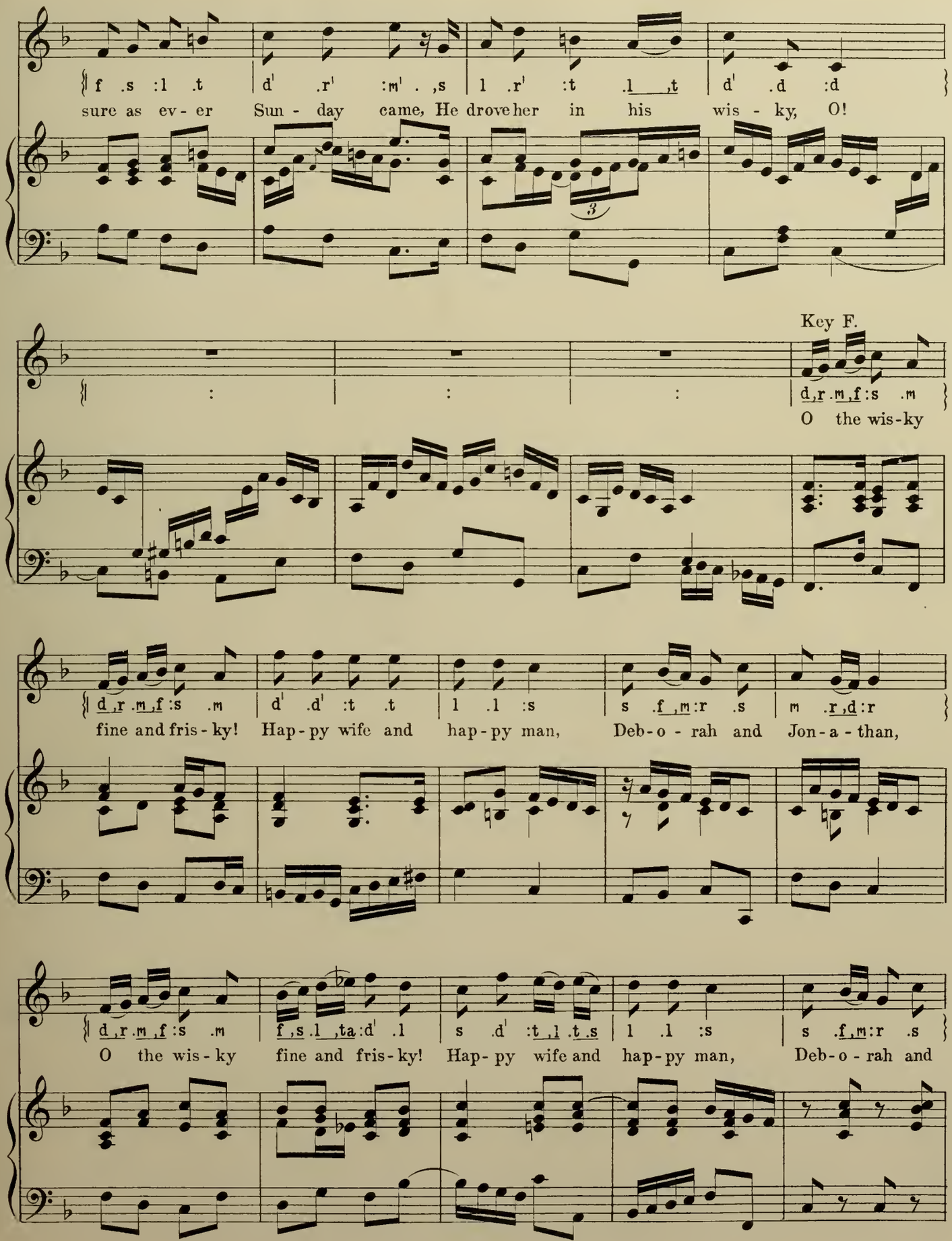
To find out a punishment due to the fault,
Old Pluto had puzzled his brain;
But hell had not torments sufficient, he thought,
So gave him his wife back again;
So gave him his wife back again.
But pity succeeding, soon vanquished his heart;
And, pleased with his playing so well,
He took her again, in reward of his art;
Such power had music in hell,
Such power had music in hell.

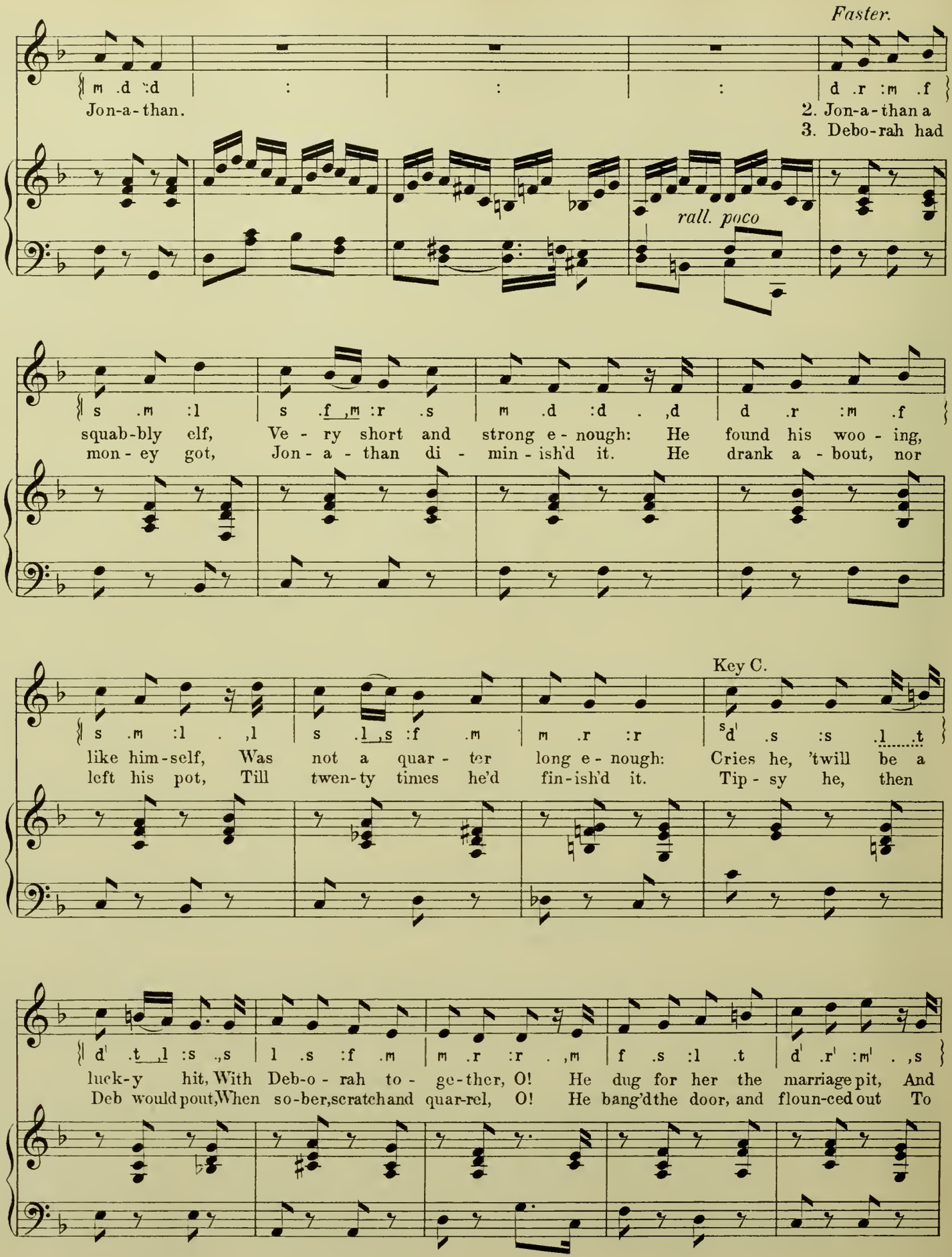
JONATHAN.

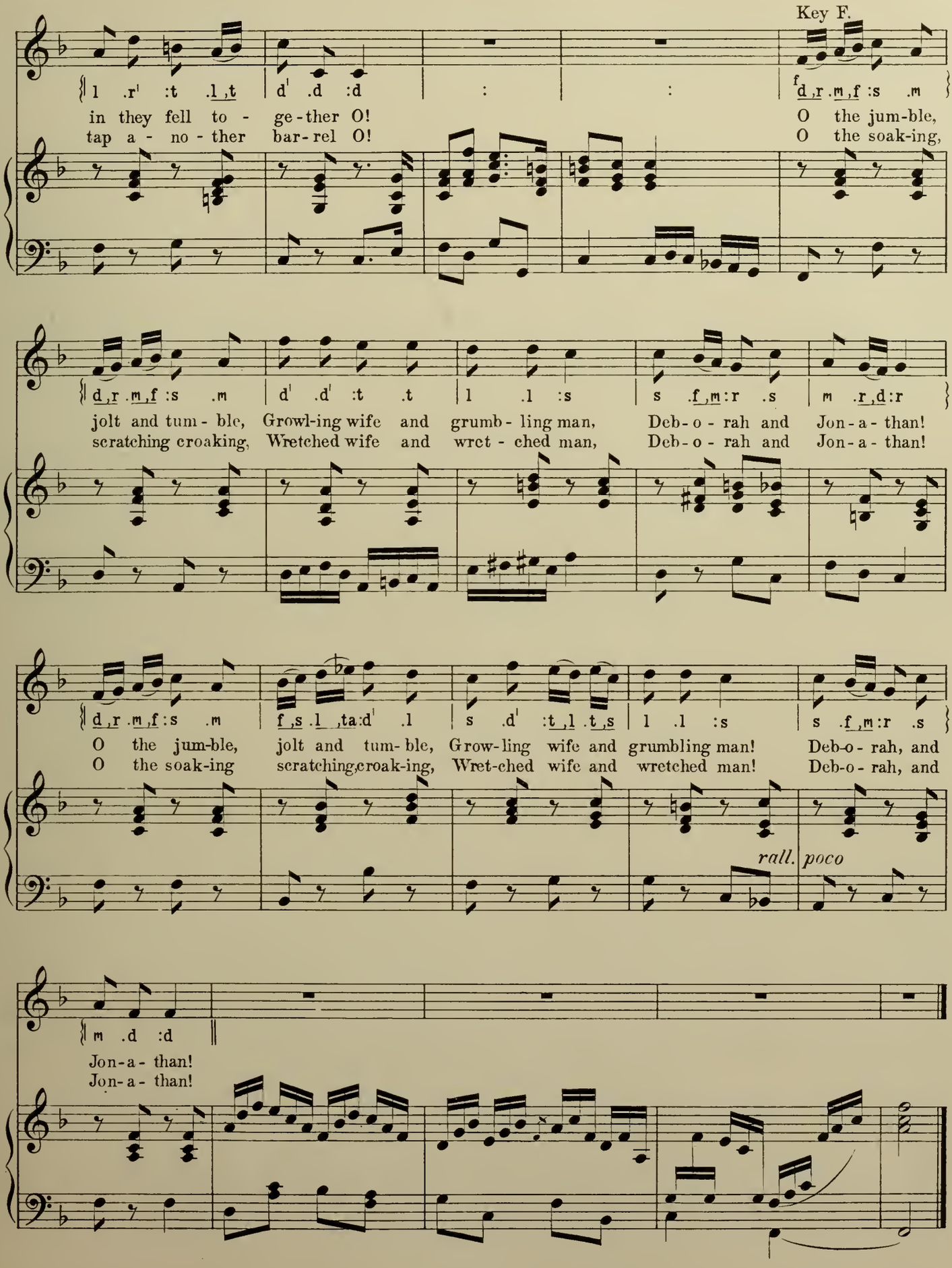
Words by GEORGE COLMAN.

Music by Dr. ARNOLD.
(F. W. B.)




f .s :l .t | d' .r' :m' . ,s | l .r' :t .l ,t | d' .d :d
sure as ev - er Sun - day came, He drove her in his wis - ky, O!
Key F.
d ,r .m ,f :s .m
O the wis-ky
d ,r .m ,f :s .m | d' .d' :t .t | l .l :s | s .f ,m :r .s | m .r ,d :r
fine and fris - ky! Hap - py wife and hap - py man, Deb - o - rah and Jon - a - than,
d ,r .m ,f :s .m | f ,s .l ,ta :d' .l | s .d' :t ,l .t ,s | l .l :s | s .f ,m :r .s
O the wis - ky fine and fris - ky! Hap - py wife and hap - py man, Deb - o - rah and


Faster.
m .d :d | : | : | : | d .r :m .f
Jon-a-than.
2. Jon-a-than a
3. Debo-rah had
rall. poco
s .m :l | s .f ,m :r .s | m .d :d . ,d | d .r :m .f
squab-bly elf, Ve - ry short and strong e - nough: He found his woo - ing,
mon - ey got, Jon - a - than di - min - ish'd it. He drank a - bout, nor
Key C.
s .m :l . ,l | s .l ,s :f .m | m .r :r | s,d' .s :s .l .t
like him-self, Was not a quar - ter long e - nough: Cries he, 'twill be a
left his pot, Till twen-ty times he'd fin-ish'd it. Tip - sy he, then
d' .t ,l :s .,s | l .s :f .m | m .r :r . ,m | f .s :l .t | d' .r' :m' . ,s
luck-y hit, With Deb-o - rah to - ge-ther, O! He dug for her the marriage pit, And
Deb would pout, When so-ber, scratch and quar-rel, O! He bang'd the door, and floun-ced out To


Key F.
l .r' :t .l ,t | d' .d :d | : | : | f d ,r .m ,f :s .m
in they fell to - ge-ther O!
tap a - no - ther bar-rel O!
O the jum-ble,
O the soak-ing,
d ,r .m ,f :s .m | d' .d' :t .t | l .l :s | s .f ,m :r .s | m .r ,d :r
jolt and tum - ble, Growl-ing wife and grumb - ling man, Deb-o - rah and Jon-a - than!
scratching croaking, Wretched wife and wret - ched man, Deb-o - rah and Jon-a - than!
d ,r .m ,f :s .m | f ,s .l ,ta :d' .l | s .d' :t ,l .t ,s | l .l :s | s .f ,m :r .s
O the jum-ble, jolt and tum- ble, Grow-ling wife and grumbling man! Deb-o - rah, and
O the soak-ing scratching,croak-ing, Wret-ched wife and wretched man! Deb-o - rah, and
rall. poco
m .d :d ‖
Jon-a - than!
Jon-a - than!

THE HINDUSTANI GIRL'S LAMENT.

Words by Mrs OPIE.

Music by BRIGGS.
(W. H. H.)

Plaintively.

Voice.

Piano.

p

Key Ab.

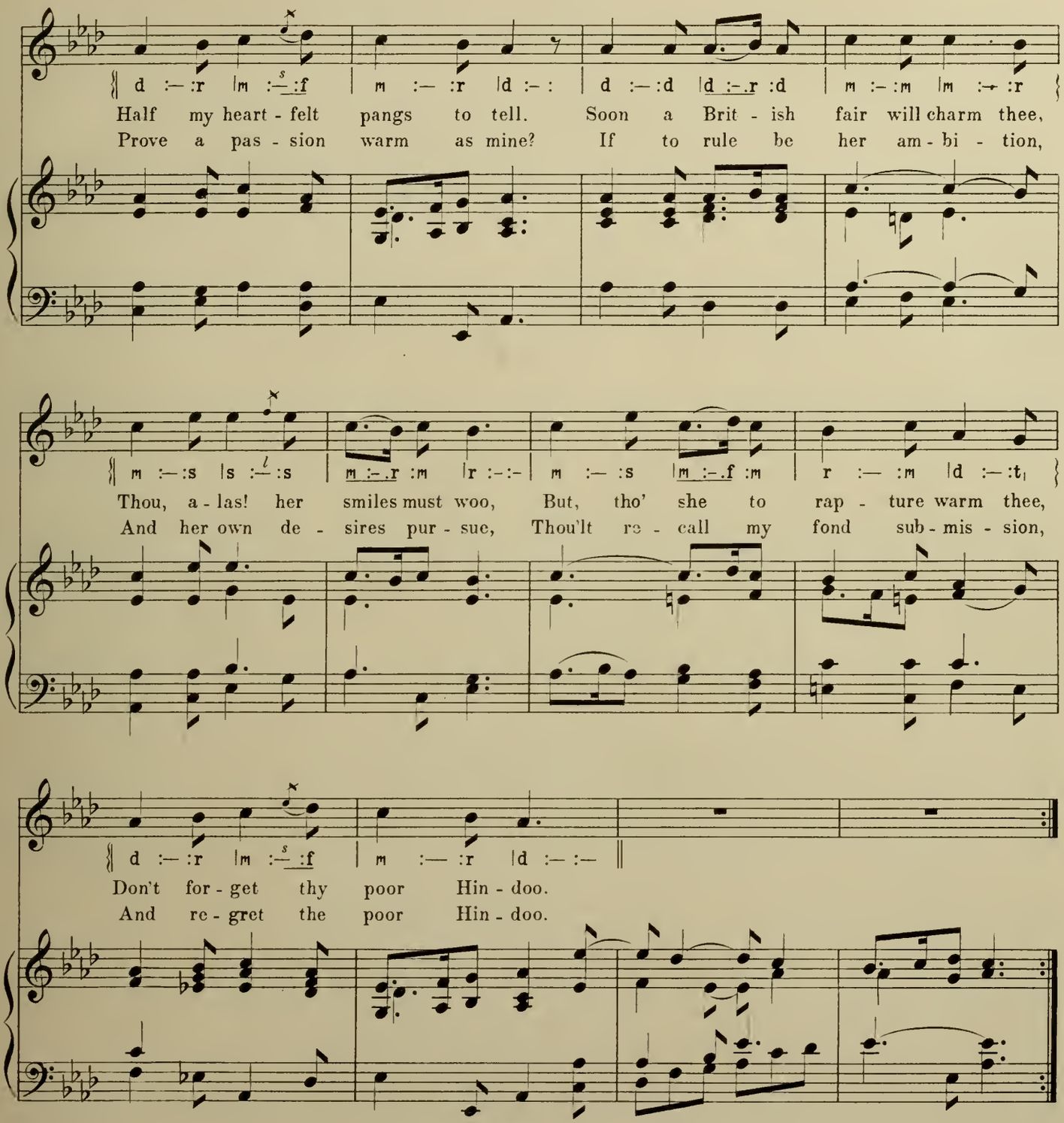
m :— :s |m :—.f :m | r :— :m |d :— :t, | d :— :r |m :— :f

'Tis thy will, and I must leave thee, O then, best be -
Well I know this hap - py beau - ty Soon thy en - vied

p

m :— :r |d :— : | m :— :s |m :—.f :m | r :— :m |d :— :t,

lov'd, fare - well. I for - bear lest I should grieve thee,
bride will shine, But will she by anx - ious du - ty



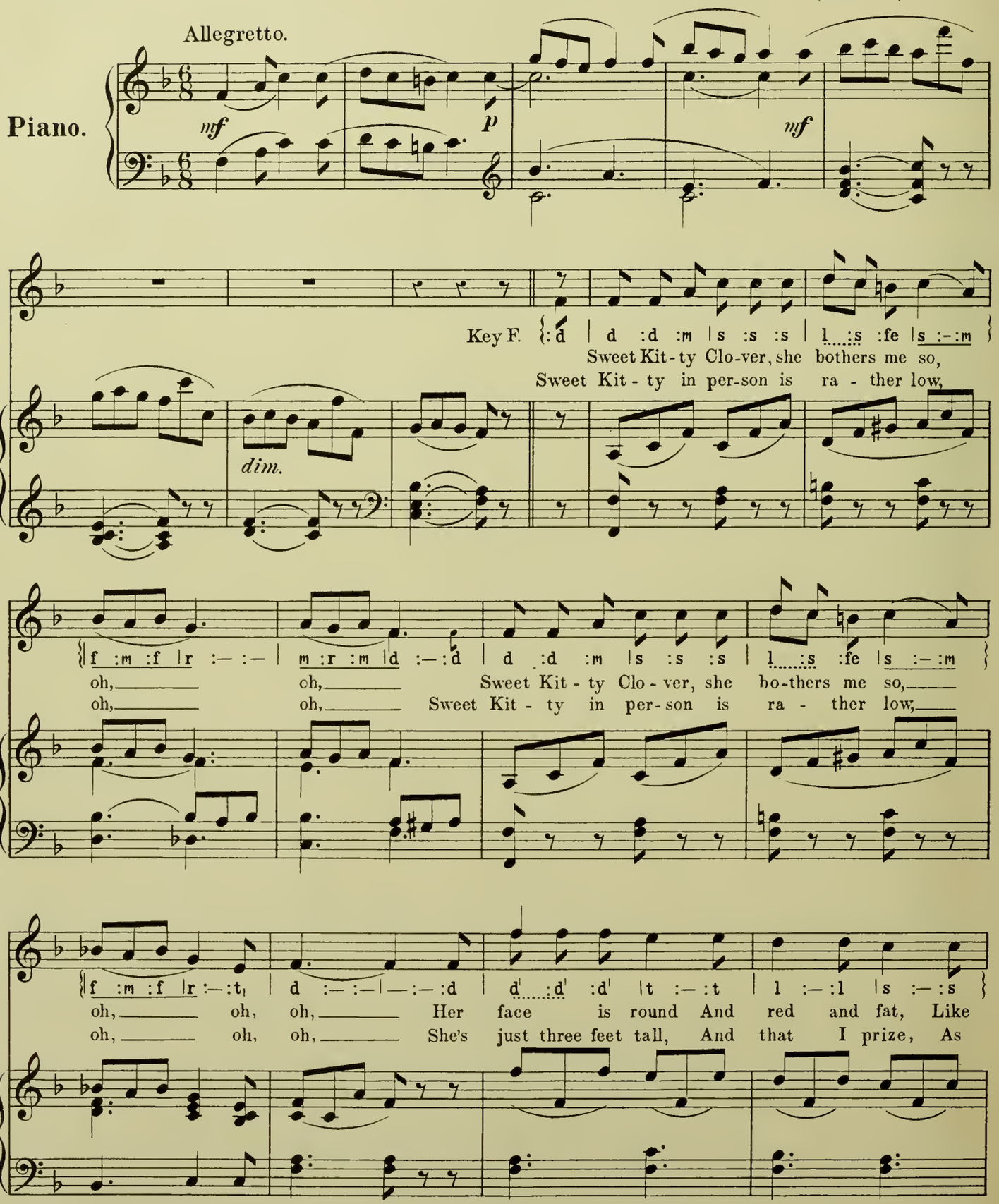
3.

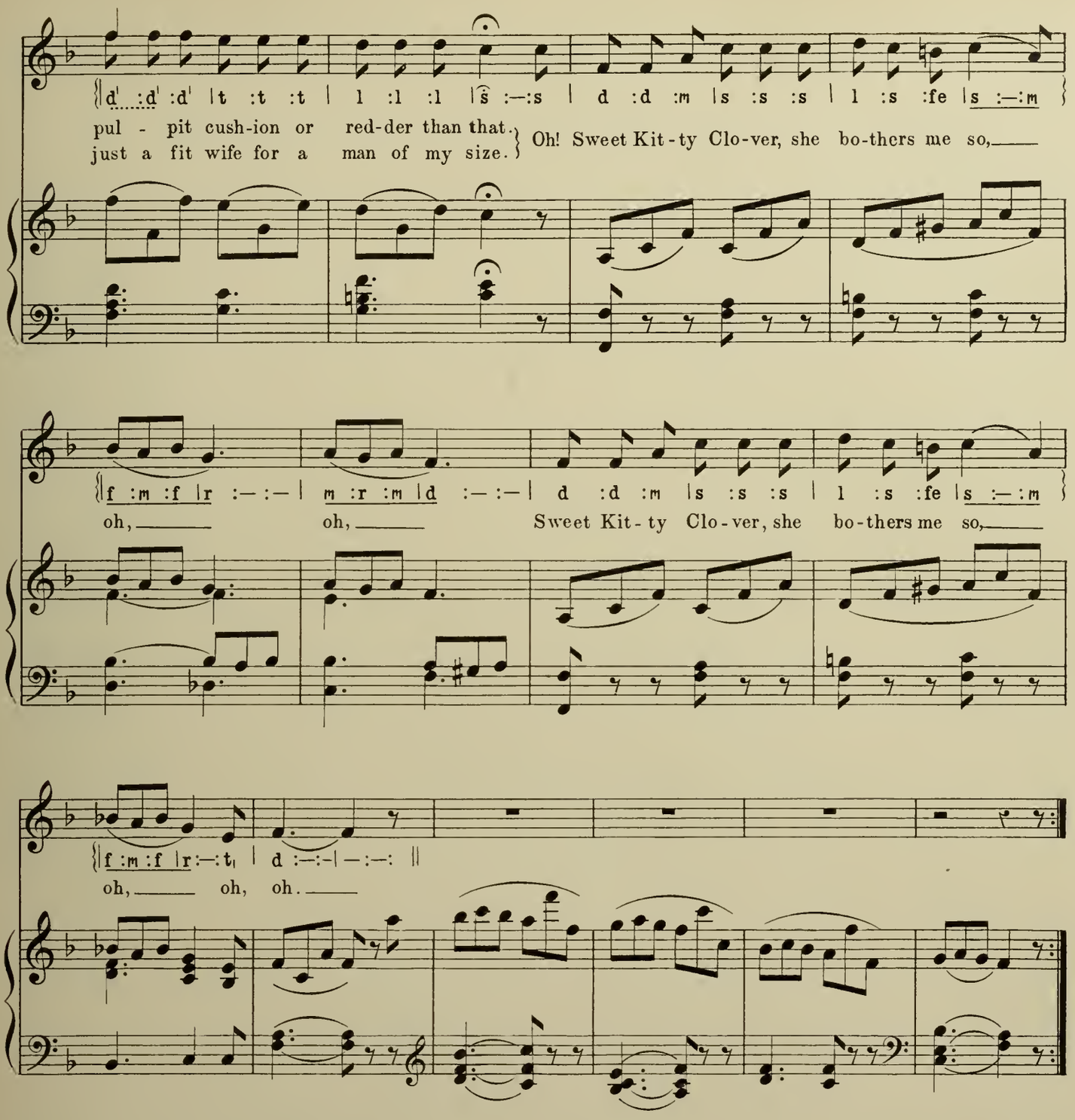
Born perhaps to rank and splendour,
Will she deign to wait on thee?
And those soft attentions render,
Thou so often praised in me?
O how fast from thee they bear me!
Faster still shall death pursue;
But 'tis well, _ death will endear me,
And thou'lt mourn the poor Hindoo.

SWEET KITTY CLOVER.

Words by KNIGHT.

Music by EDMUND KEAN.
(W. H. H.)





3.

Where Kitty resides I'm sure to go, oh, oh,
Where Kitty resides I'm sure to go, oh, oh, oh,
One moon-light night;
Ah, me! what bliss,
Thro' a hole in the window
I gave her a kiss!
Oh! sweet Kitty Clover, you bother me so, oh, oh,
Sweet Kitty Clover, you bother me so, oh, oh, oh,

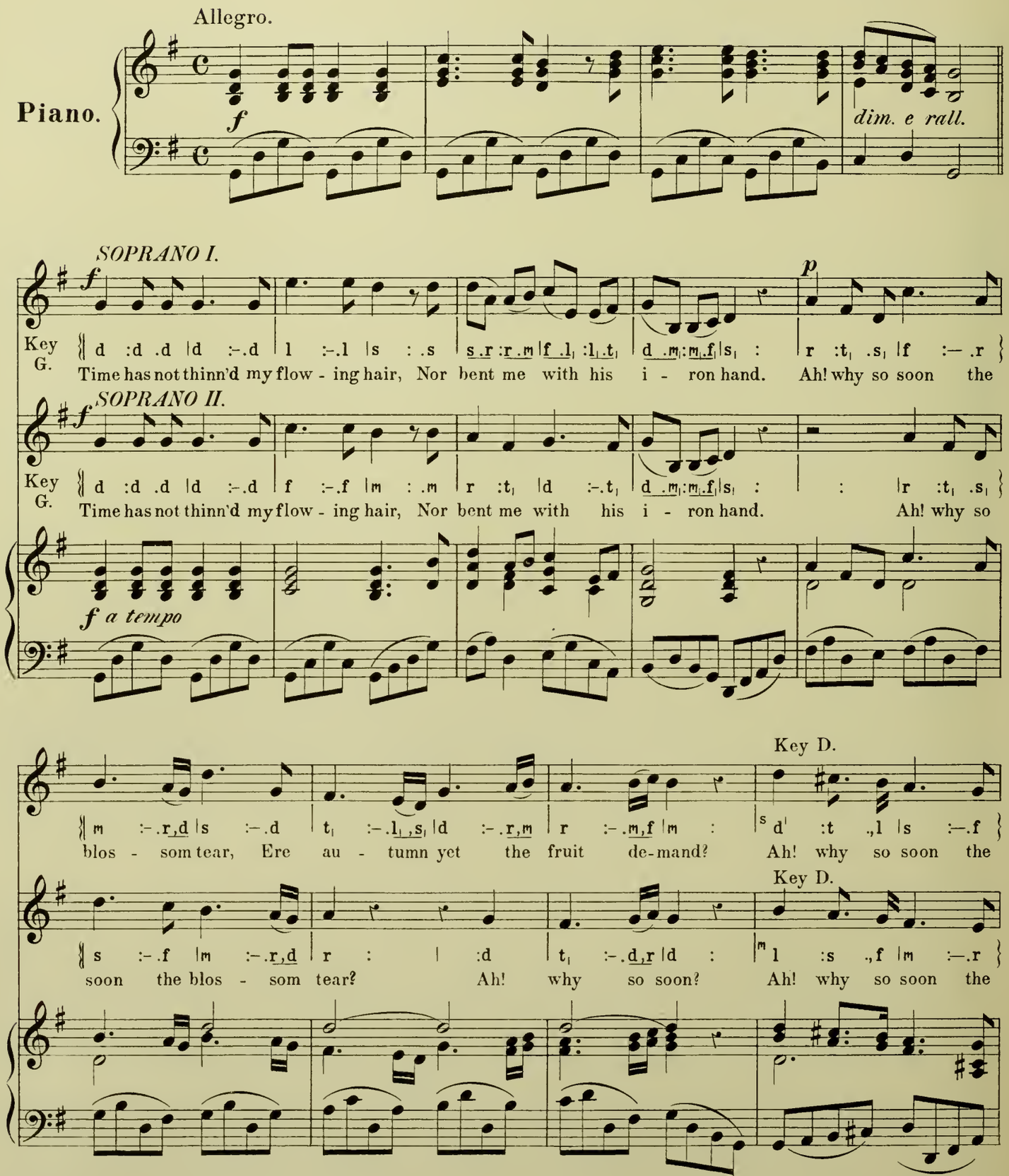
4.

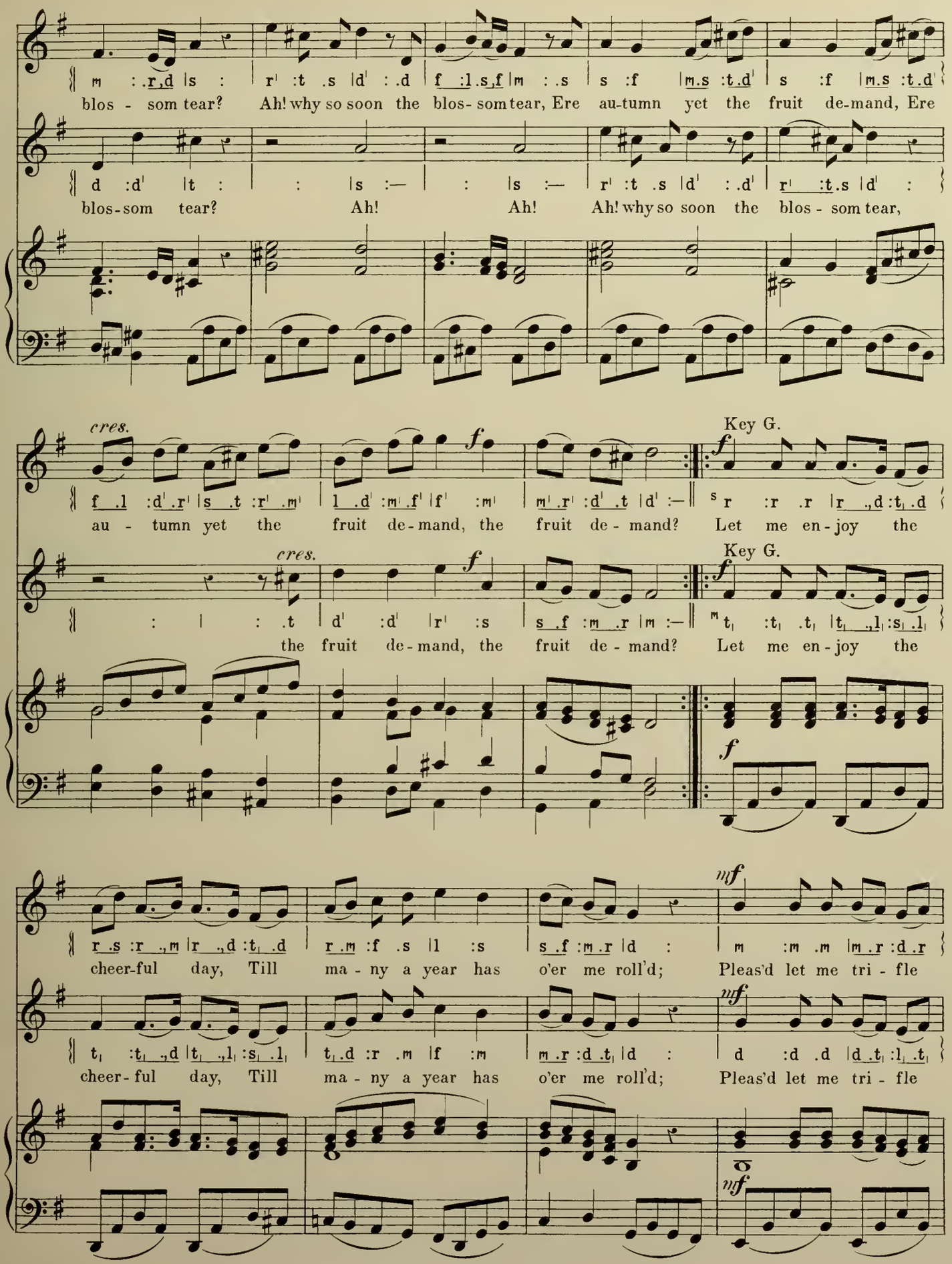
If Kitty to Kirk with me would go, oh, oh,
If Kitty to Kirk with me would go, oh, oh, oh,
I think I should never
Be wretched again
If after the parson
She'd say, Amen.
Then Kitty would ne'er again bother me so, oh, oh,
Kitty, would ne'er again bother me so, oh, oh, oh,

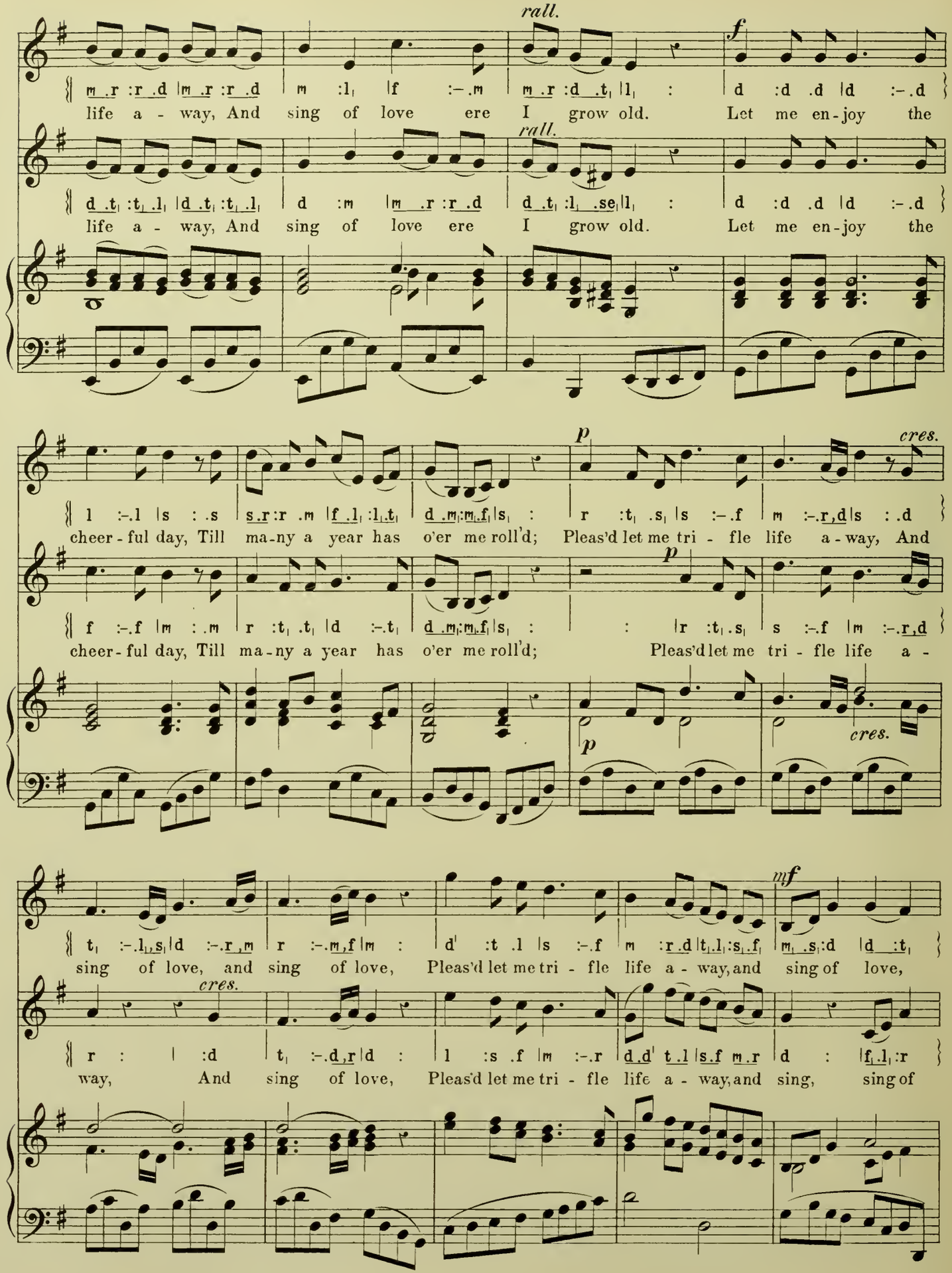
TIME HAS NOT THINN'D MY FLOWING HAIR.

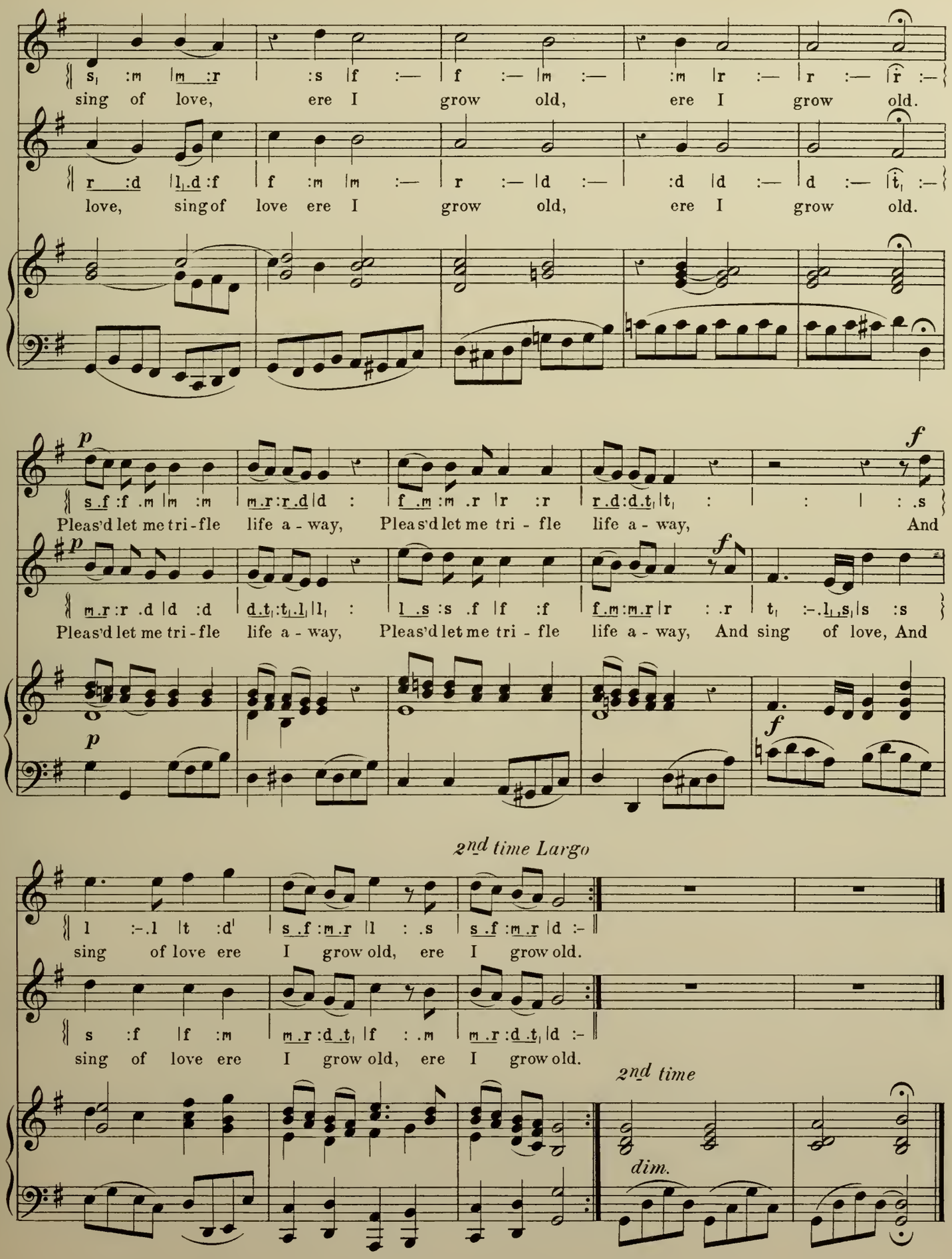
DUET.

Music by W. JACKSON. (Exeter.)
(W. H. H.)




blos - som tear? Ah! why so soon the blos- som tear, Ere au-tumn yet the fruit de-mand, Ere
blos-som tear? Ah! Ah! Ah! why so soon the blos - som tear,
cres.
f
au - tumn yet the fruit de - mand, the fruit de - mand? Let me en-joy the
Key G.
cres.
f
the fruit de - mand, the fruit de - mand? Let me en - joy the
Key G.
mf
cheer-ful day, Till ma - ny a year has o'er me roll'd; Pleas'd let me tri - fle
cheer - ful day, Till ma - ny a year has o'er me roll'd; Pleas'd let me tri - fle
mf

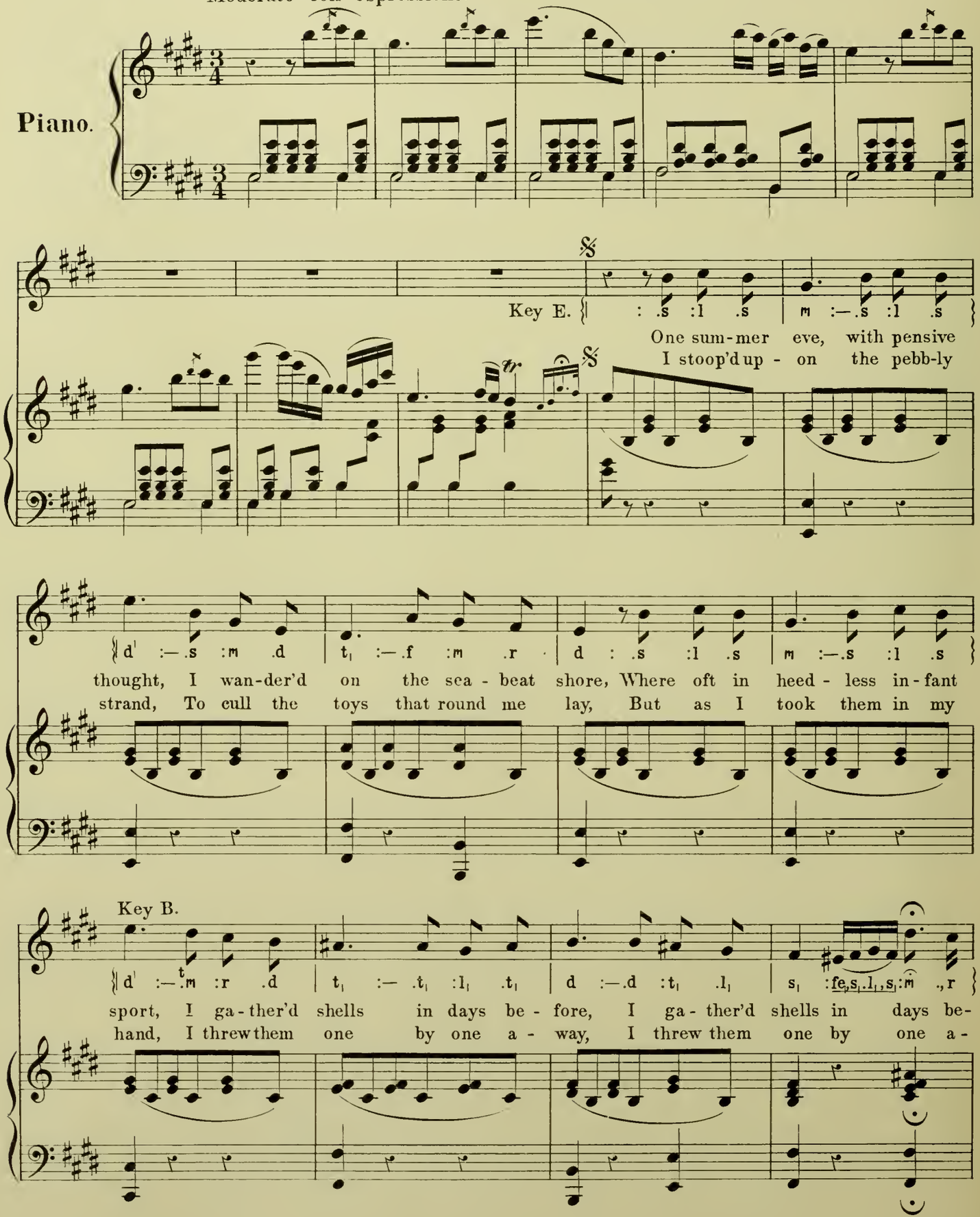

rall.
f
life a - way, And sing of love ere I grow old. Let me en-joy the
rall.
life a - way, And sing of love ere I grow old. Let me en-joy the
p
cres.
cheer-ful day, Till ma-ny a year has o'er me roll'd; Pleas'd let me tri - fle life a-way, And
p
cheer-ful day, Till ma-ny a year has o'er me roll'd; Pleas'd let me tri - fle life a -
p
cres.
mf
sing of love, and sing of love, Pleas'd let me tri - fle life a - way, and sing of love,
cres.
way, And sing of love, Pleas'd let me tri - fle life a - way, and sing, sing of

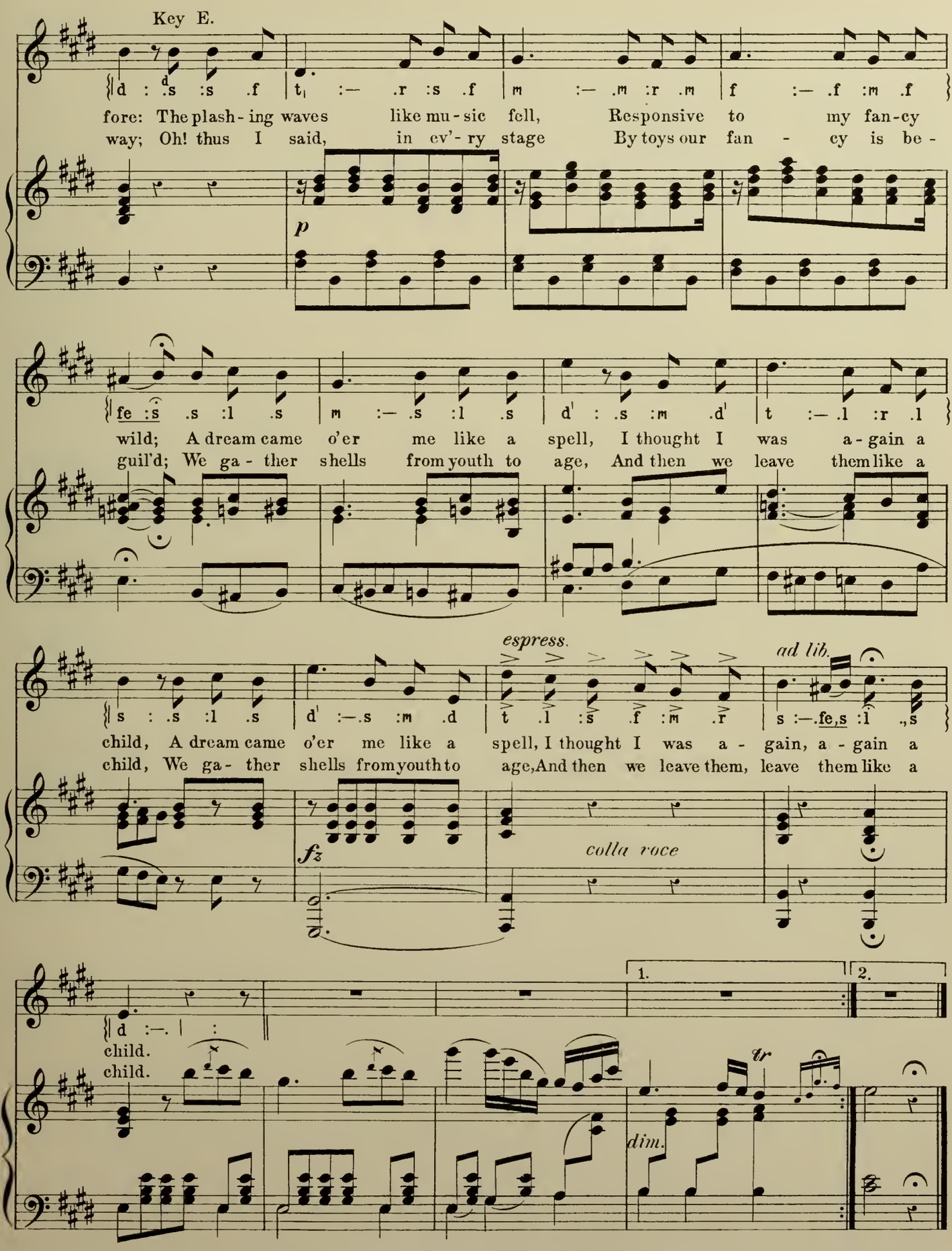

sing of love, ere I grow old, ere I grow old.
love, sing of love ere I grow old, ere I grow old.
p
f
Pleas'd let me tri-fle life a - way, Pleas'd let me tri - fle life a - way, And
Pleas'd let me tri-fle life a - way, Pleas'd let me tri - fle life a - way, And sing of love, And
2nd time Largo
sing of love ere I grow old, ere I grow old.
sing of love ere I grow old, ere I grow old.
2nd time
dim.

SHELLS OF OCEAN.

Words by J. W. LAKE. Music by J. W. CHERRY (W. H. H.)

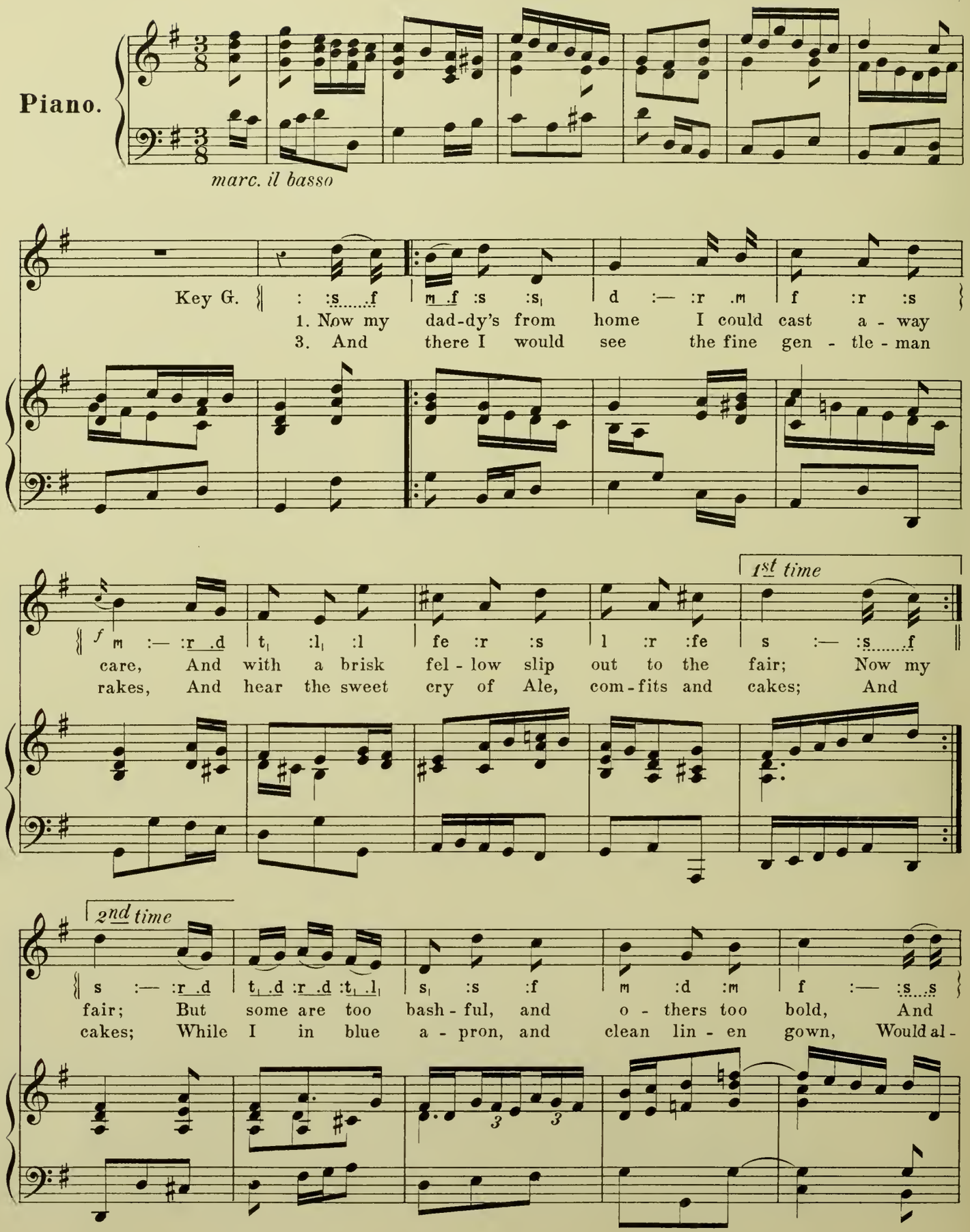
Moderato con espressione.

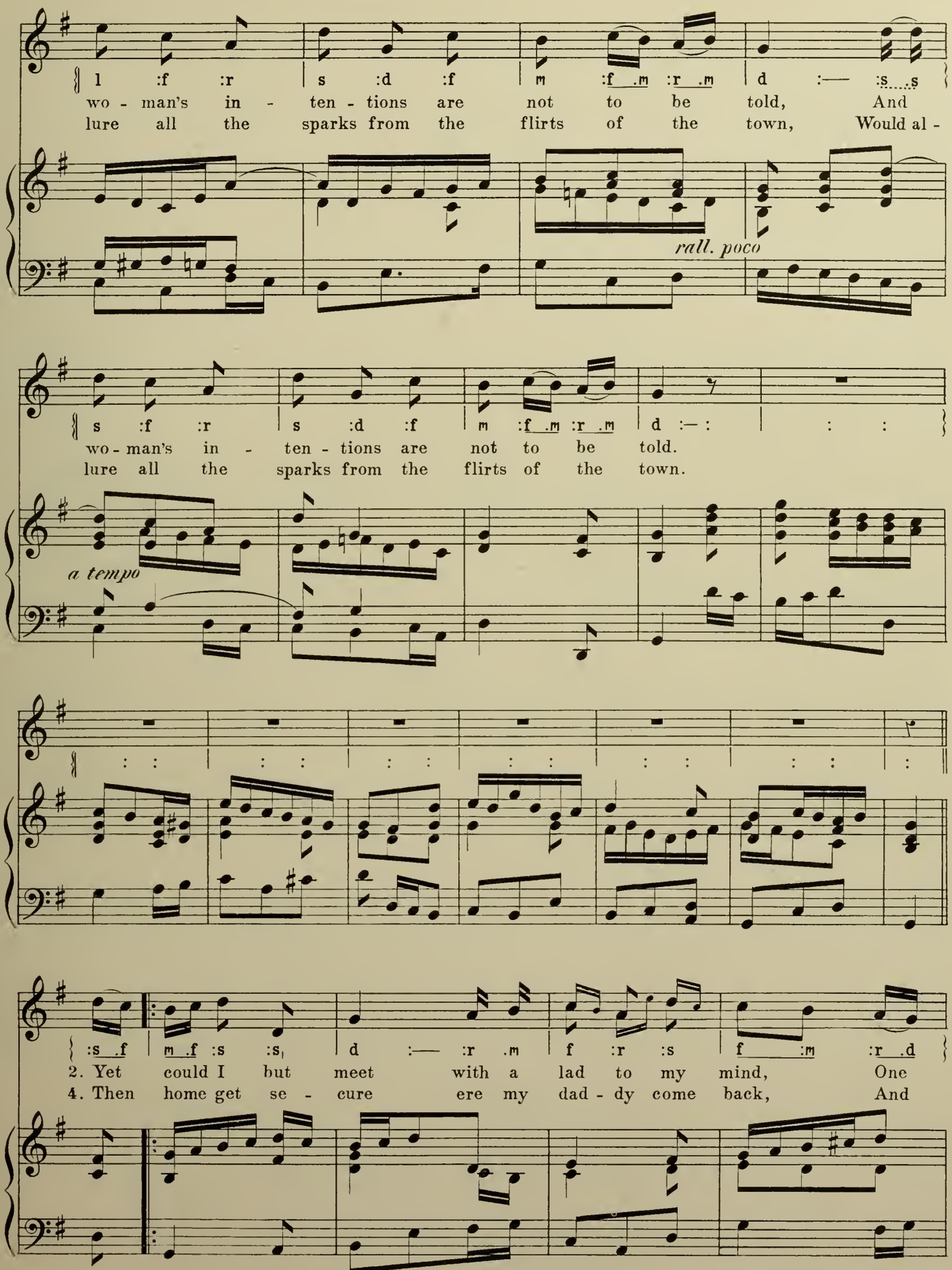


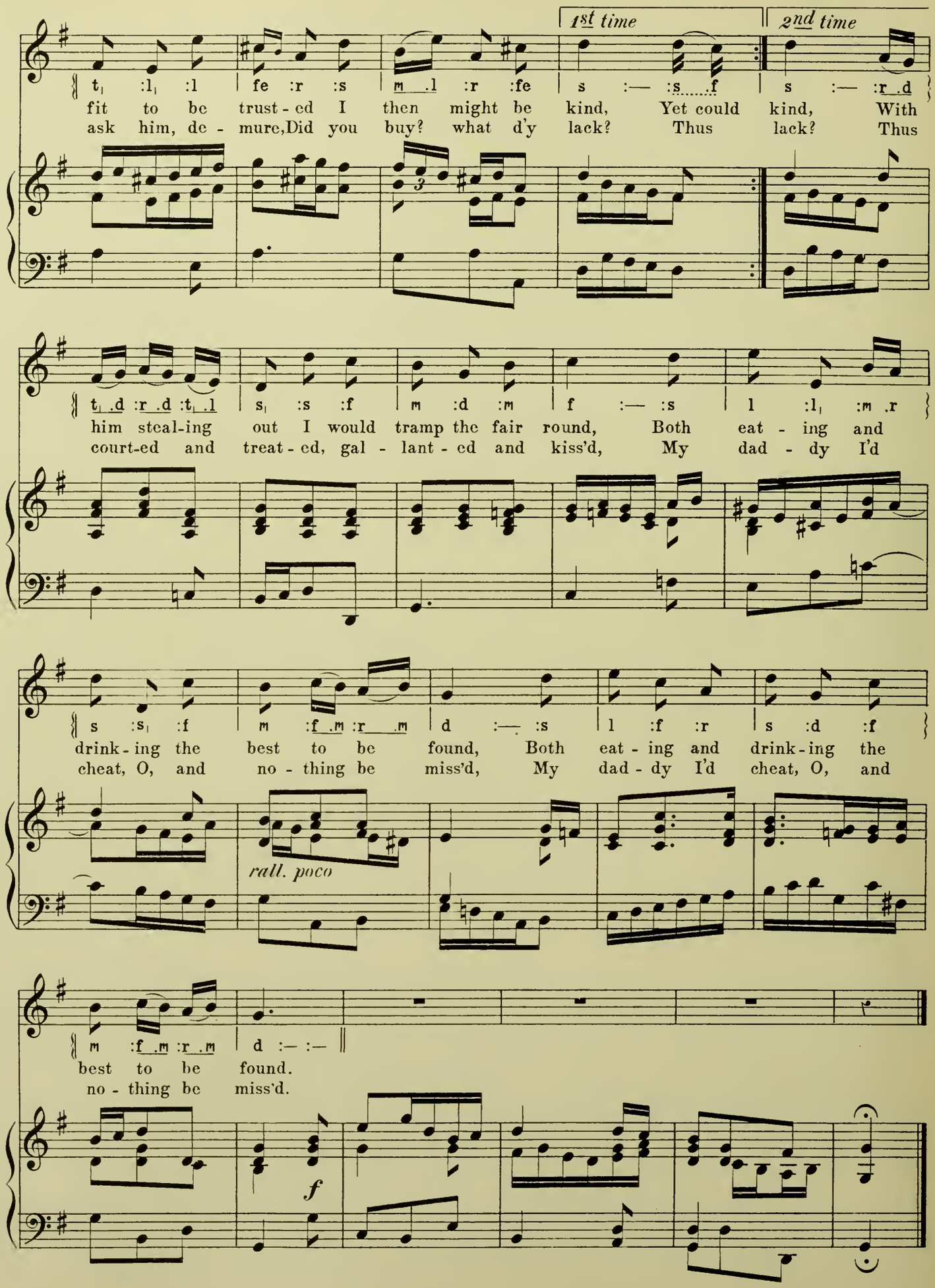

Key E.
d : d:s :s .f | t, :— .r :s .f | m :— .m :r .m | f :— .f :m .f
fore: The plash-ing waves like mu-sic fell, Responsive to my fan-cy
way; Oh! thus I said, in ev'-ry stage By toys our fan - cy is be-
p
fe :s .s :l .s | m :— .s :l .s | d' : .s :m .d' | t :— .l :r .l
wild; A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a-gain a
guil'd; We ga-ther shells from youth to age, And then we leave them like a
espress.
ad lib.
s : .s :l .s | d' :—.s :m .d | t .l :s .f :m .r | s :—.fe,s :l .,s
child, A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a - gain, a - gain a
child, We ga- ther shells from youth to age, And then we leave them, leave them like a
fz
colla voce
1.
2.
d :—. | :
child.
child.
tr
dim.

SALLY SWEETBREAD.

H. CAREY. (F. W. B.)

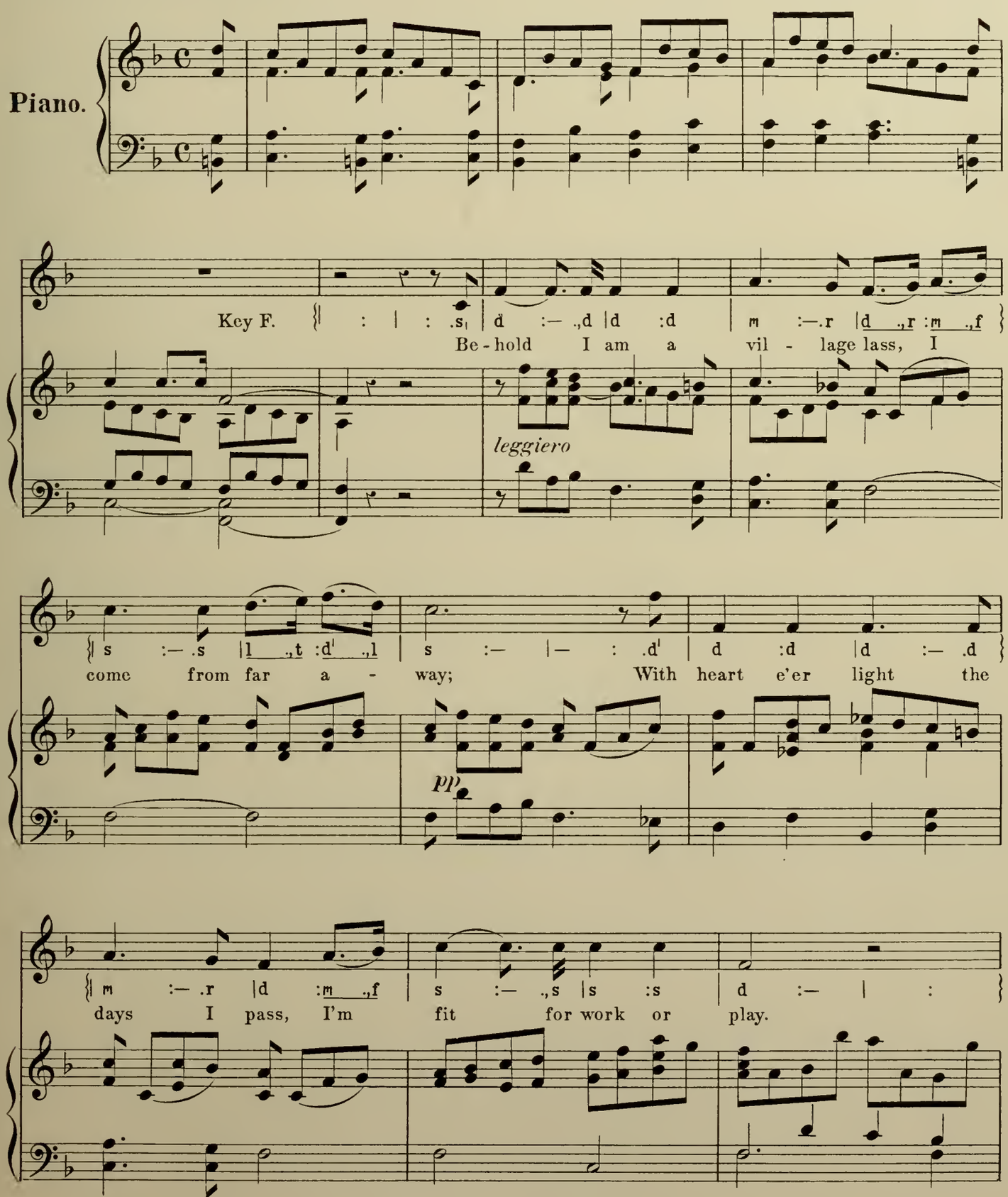


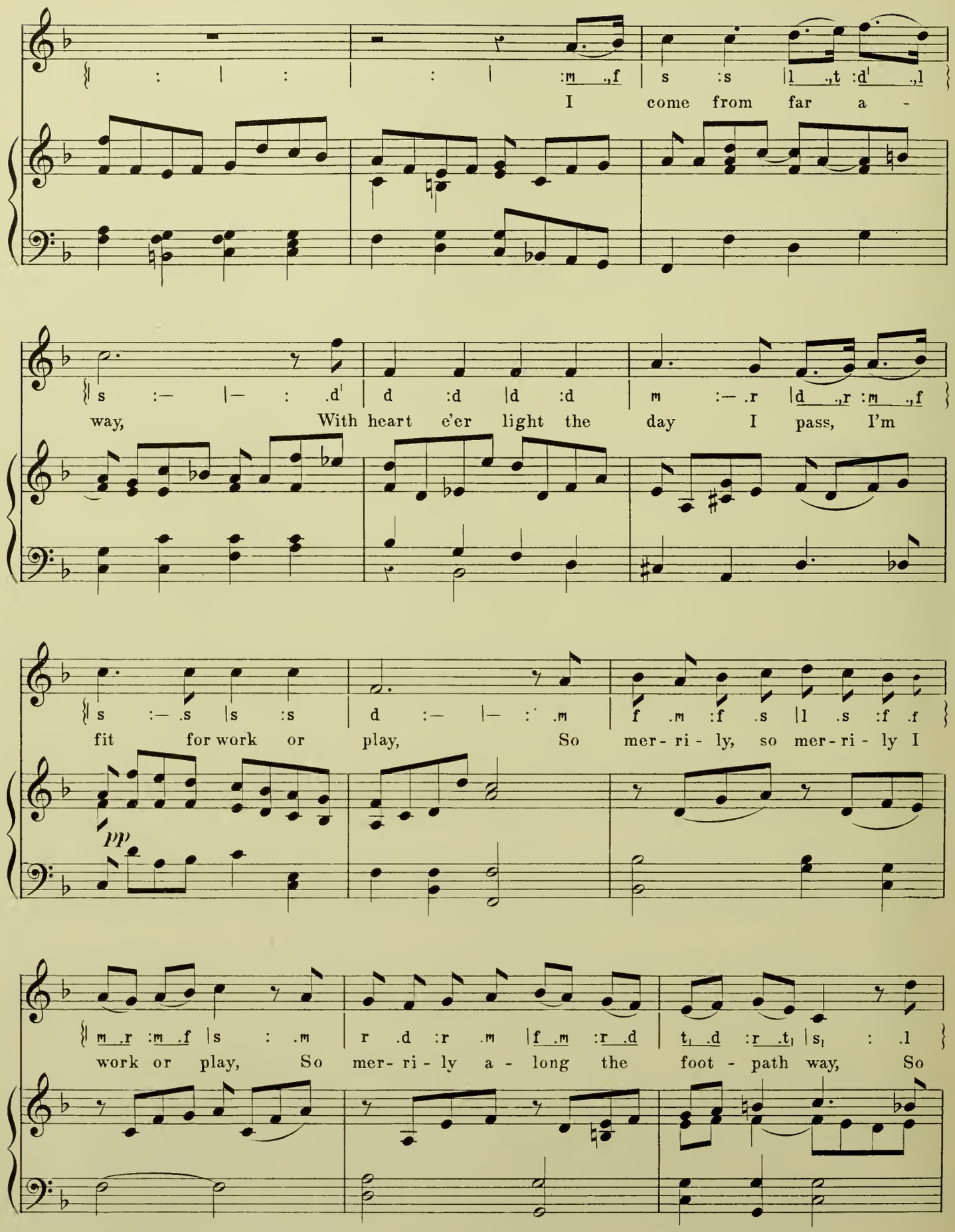

l :f :r | s :d :f | m :f .m :r .m | d :— :s .s
wo - man's in - ten - tions are not to be told, And
lure all the sparks from the flirts of the town, Would al -
rall. poco
s :f :r | s :d :f | m :f .m :r .m | d :— : | : :
wo - man's in - ten - tions are not to be told.
lure all the sparks from the flirts of the town.
a tempo
: : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : :
:s .f | m .f :s :s, | d :— :r .m | f :r :s | f :m :r .d
2. Yet could I but meet with a lad to my mind, One
4. Then home get se - cure ere my dad - dy come back, And

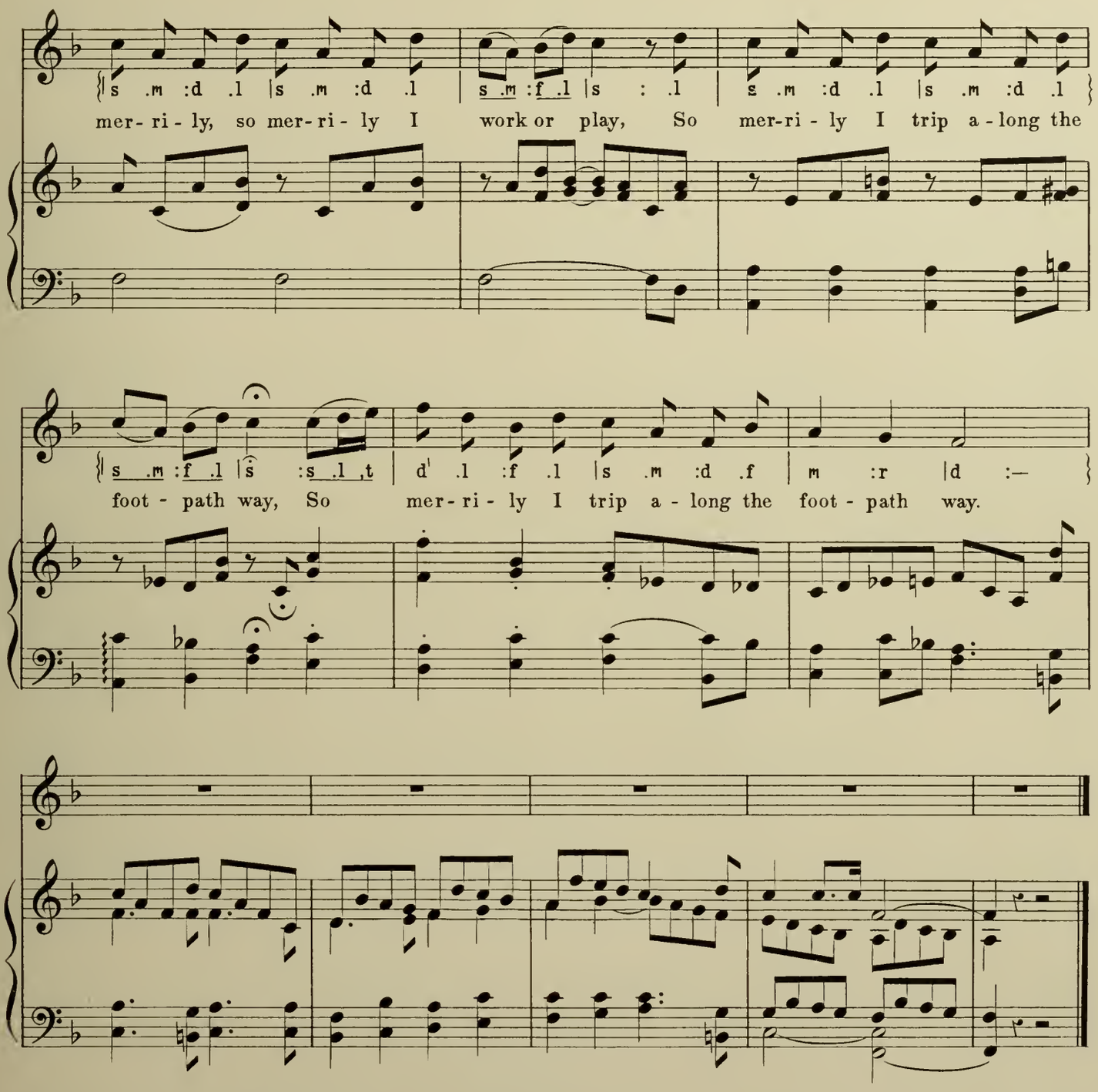

1st time
2nd time
t, :l, :l | fe :r :s | m .l :r :fe | s :— :s .f | s :— :r .d
fit to be trust-ed I then might be kind, Yet could kind, With
ask him, de-mure,Did you buy? what d'y lack? Thus lack? Thus
t, .d :r .d :t, .l | s, :s :f | m :d :m | f :— :s | l :l, :m .r
him steal-ing out I would tramp the fair round, Both eat-ing and
court-ed and treat-ed, gal-lant-ed and kiss'd, My dad-dy I'd
s :s, :f | m :f .m :r .m | d :— :s | l :f :r | s :d :f
drink-ing the best to be found, Both eat-ing and drink-ing the
cheat, O, and no-thing be miss'd, My dad-dy I'd cheat, O, and
rall. poco
m :f .m :r .m | d :— :— ‖
best to be found.
no-thing be miss'd.
f

BEHOLD I AM A VILLAGE LASS.

Words by PRINCE HOARE. Music by S. STORACE (F. W. B.)




I come from far a -
way, With heart e'er light the day I pass, I'm
fit for work or play, So mer- ri - ly, so mer- ri - ly I
pp
work or play, So mer- ri - ly a - long the foot - path way, So



2

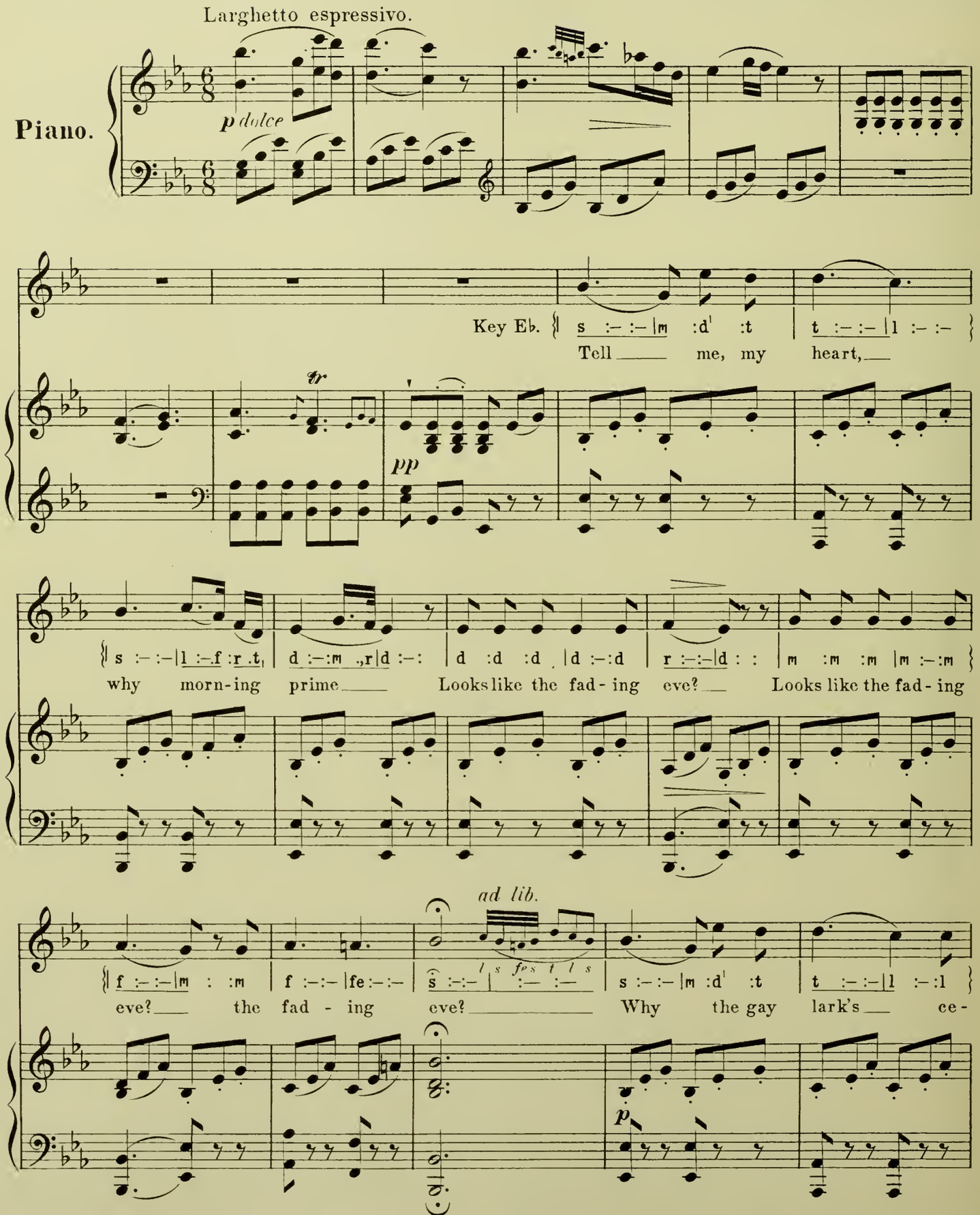
I left my friends and family
With fortune for my guide;
Like other girls my chance to try,
They say the world is wide.
I come from far, &c.

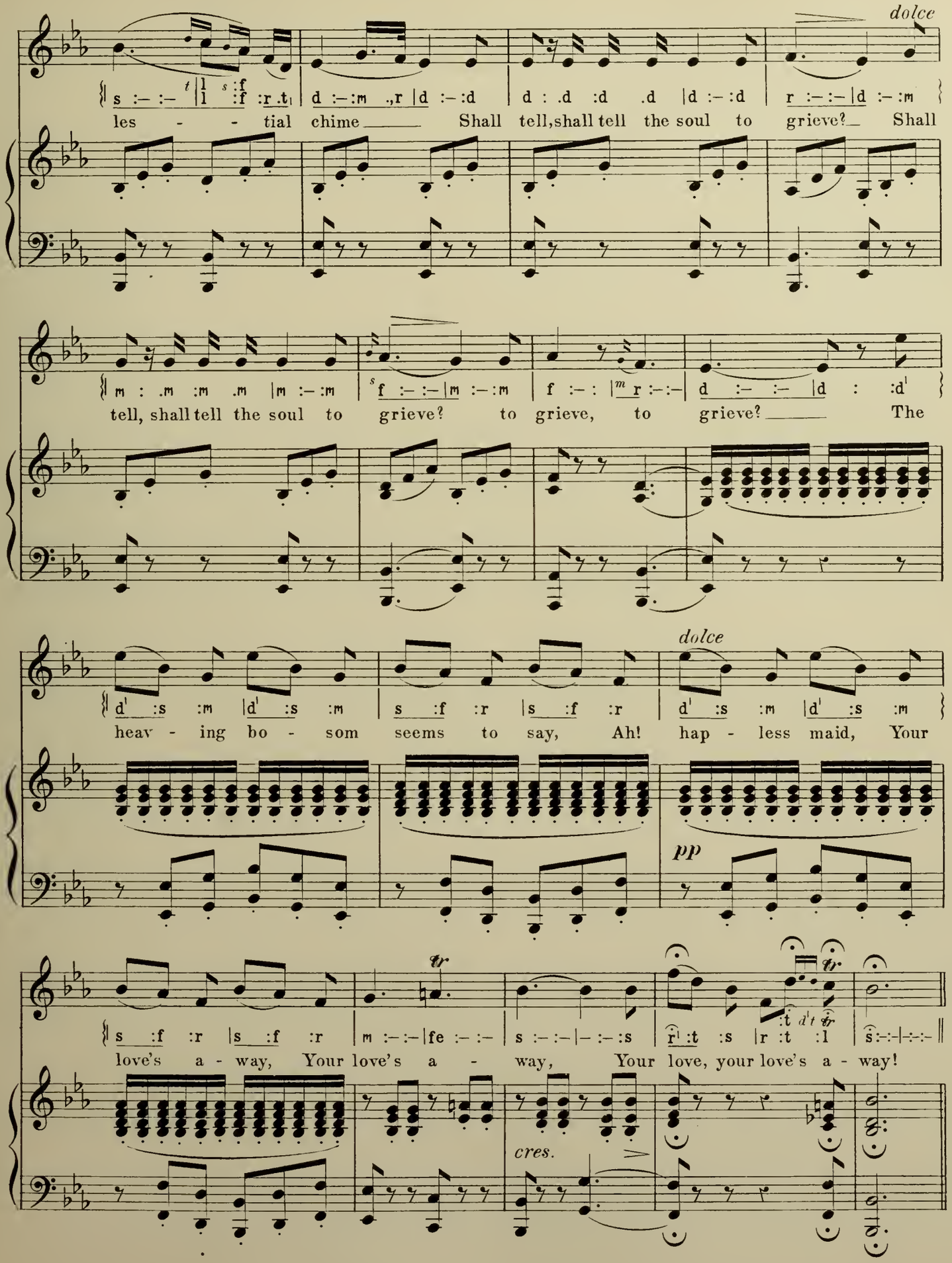
3

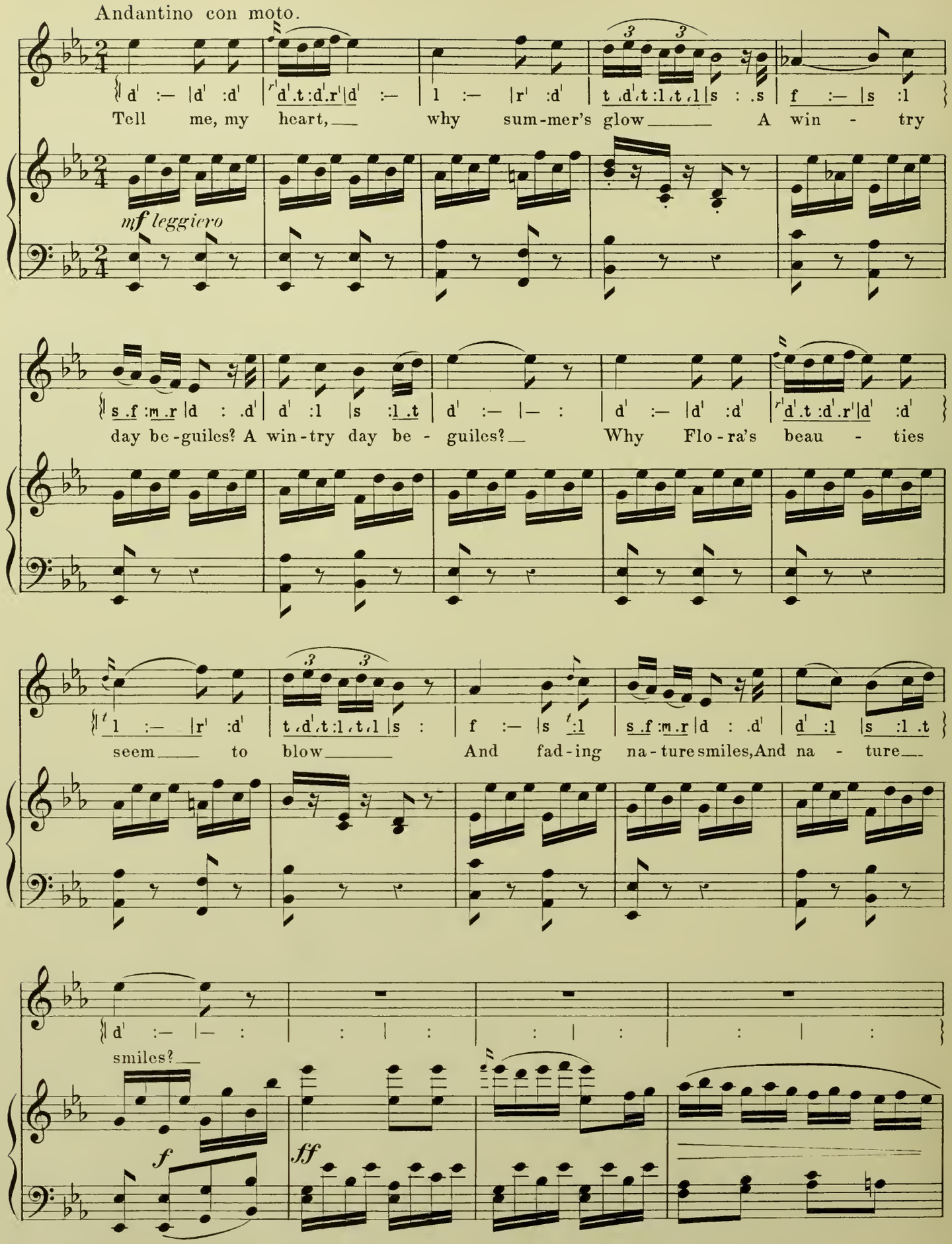
And if a lad should fancy me
And he be to my mind;
Together then our road shall be;
And all forgot behind.
I come from far, &c.

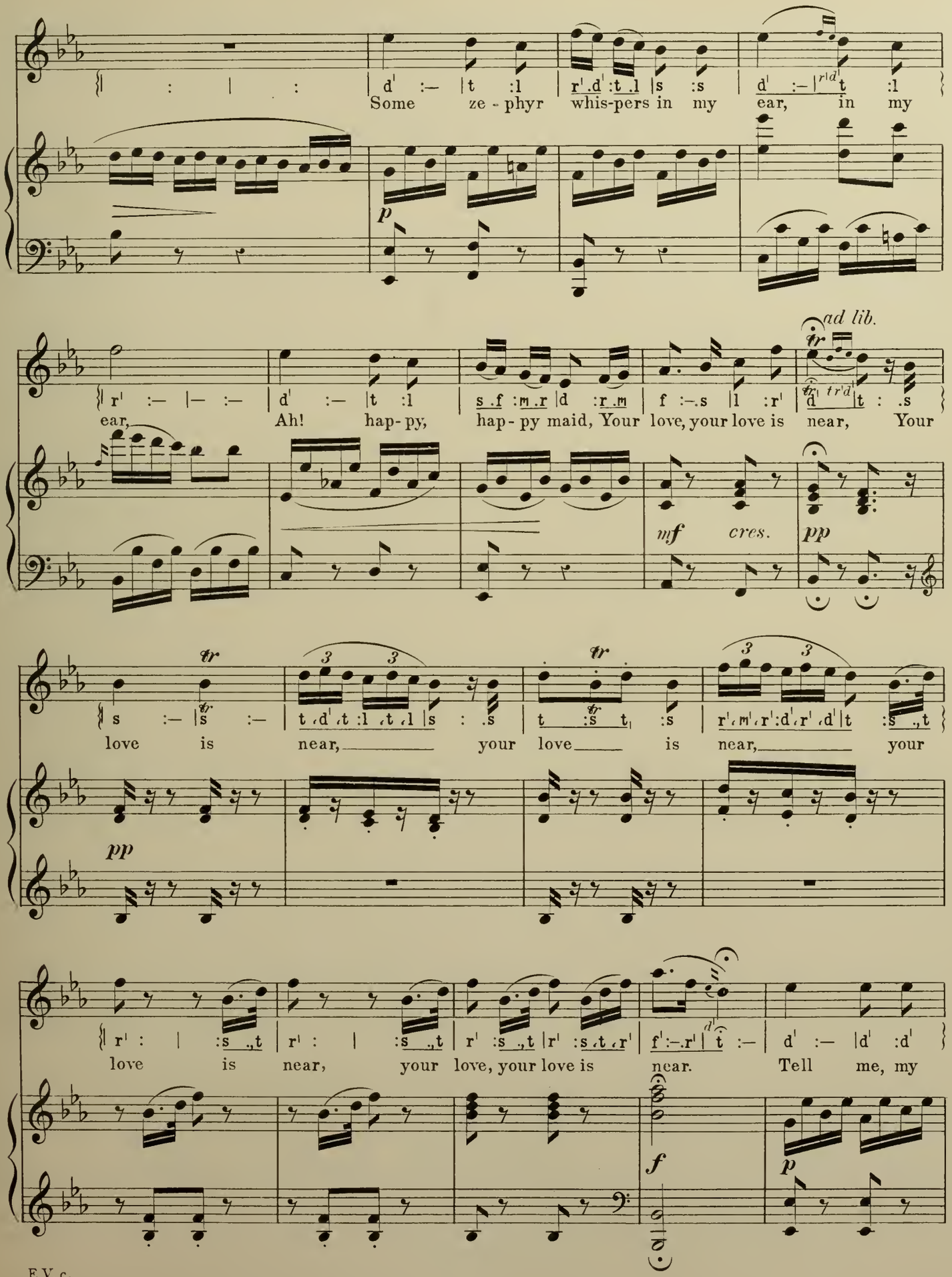
TELL ME, MY HEART.

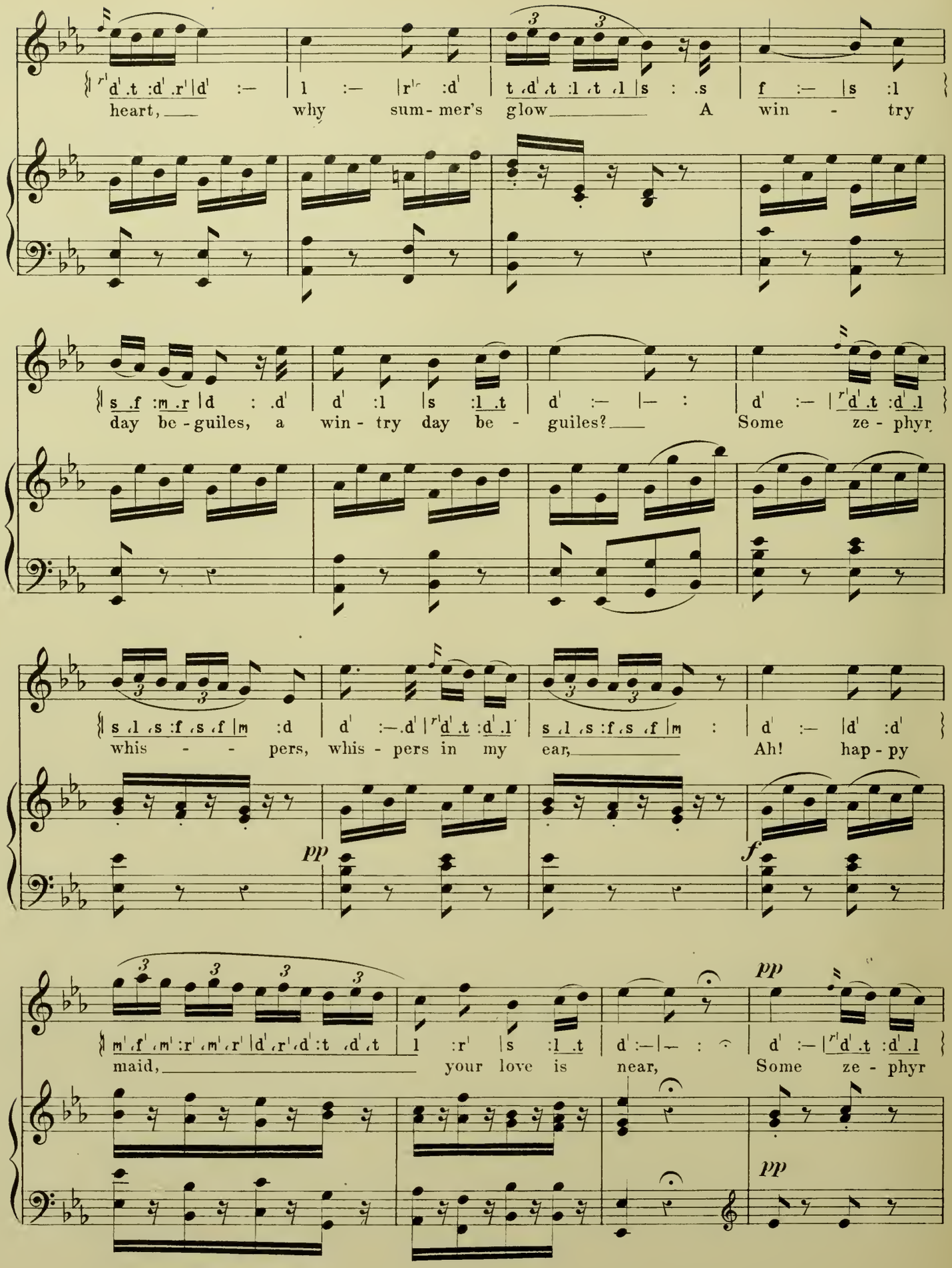
Words by T. MORTON. Sir H. R. BISHOP. (W. H. H.)

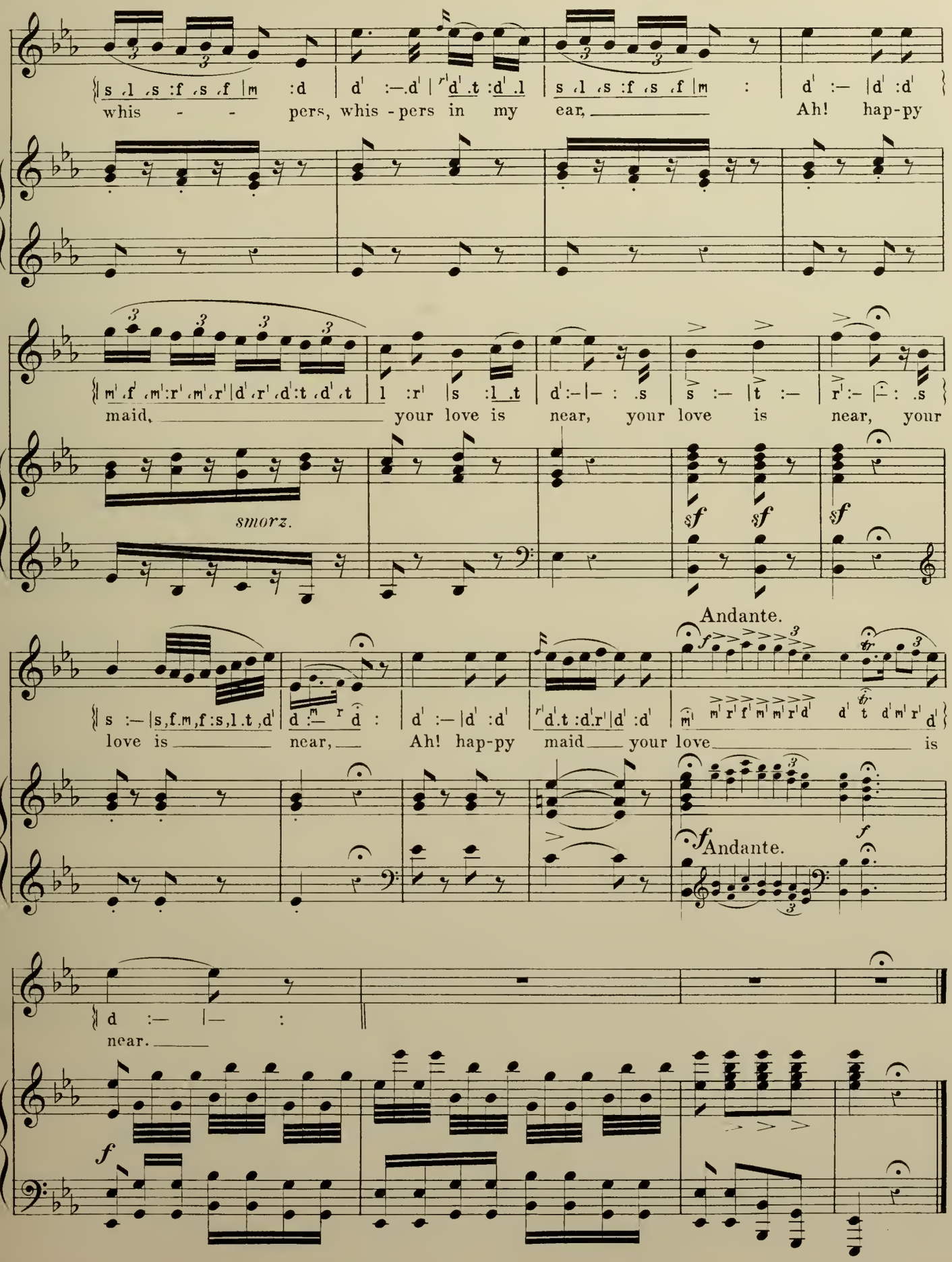



dolce
les - - tial chime Shall tell, shall tell the soul to grieve? Shall
tell, shall tell the soul to grieve? to grieve, to grieve? The
dolce
heav - ing bo - som seems to say, Ah! hap - less maid, Your
pp
love's a - way, Your love's a - way, Your love, your love's a - way!
cres.


Andantino con moto.
mf leggiero
Tell me, my heart, why sum-mer's glow A win - try
day be-guiles? A win-try day be - guiles? Why Flo-ra's beau - ties
seem to blow And fad-ing na-ture smiles, And na - ture
smiles?
f
ff


Some ze - phyr whis-pers in my ear, in my
p
ear, Ah! hap-py, hap-py maid, Your love, your love is near, Your
ad lib.
mf cres.
pp
love is near, your love is near, your
pp
love is near, your love, your love is near. Tell me, my
f
p

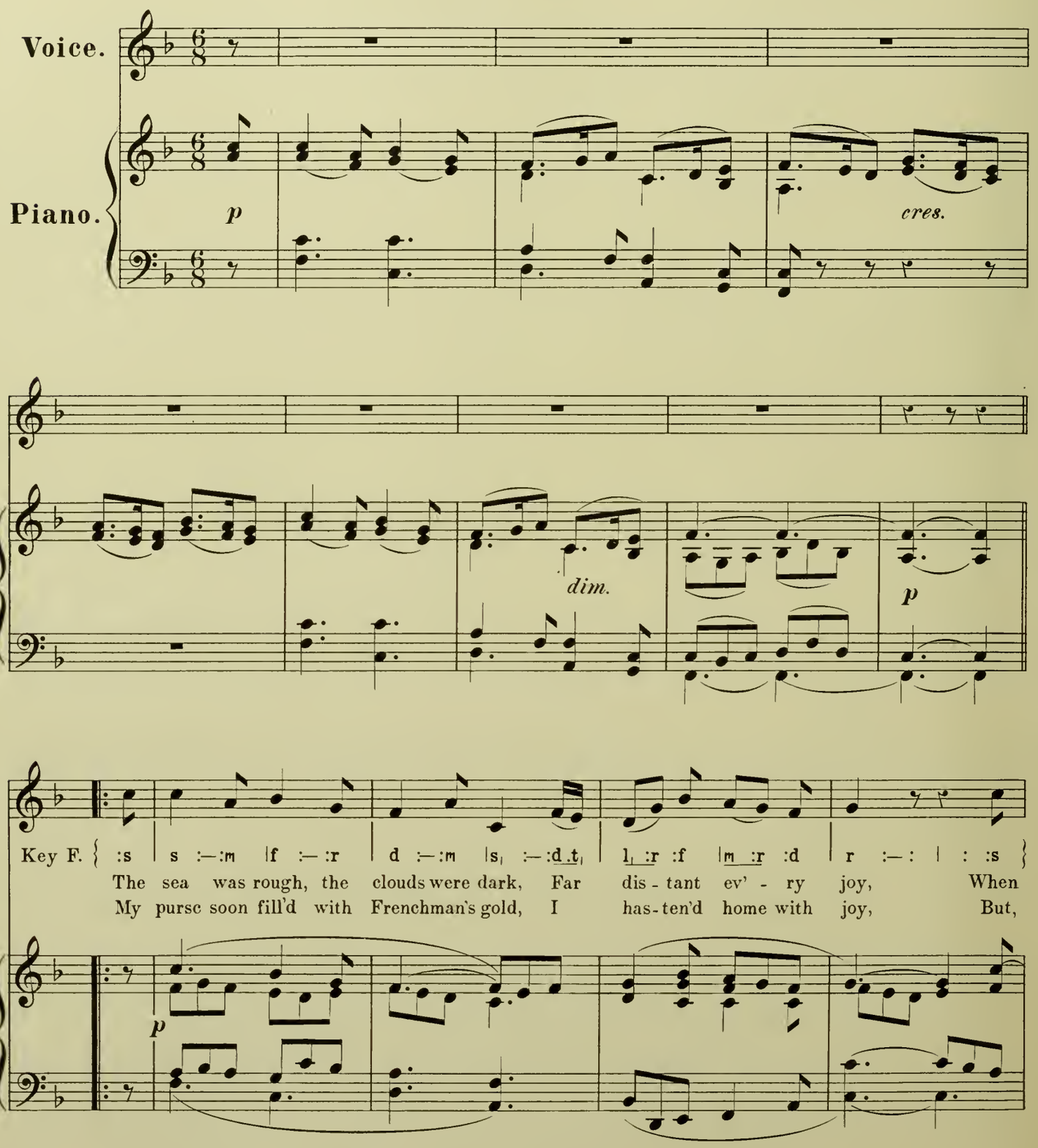

heart, — why sum - mer's glow — A win - try
day be - guiles, a win - try day be - guiles? — Some ze - phyr
whis - - - pers, whis - pers in my ear, — Ah! hap - py
pp
f
maid, — your love is near, Some ze - phyr
pp
pp

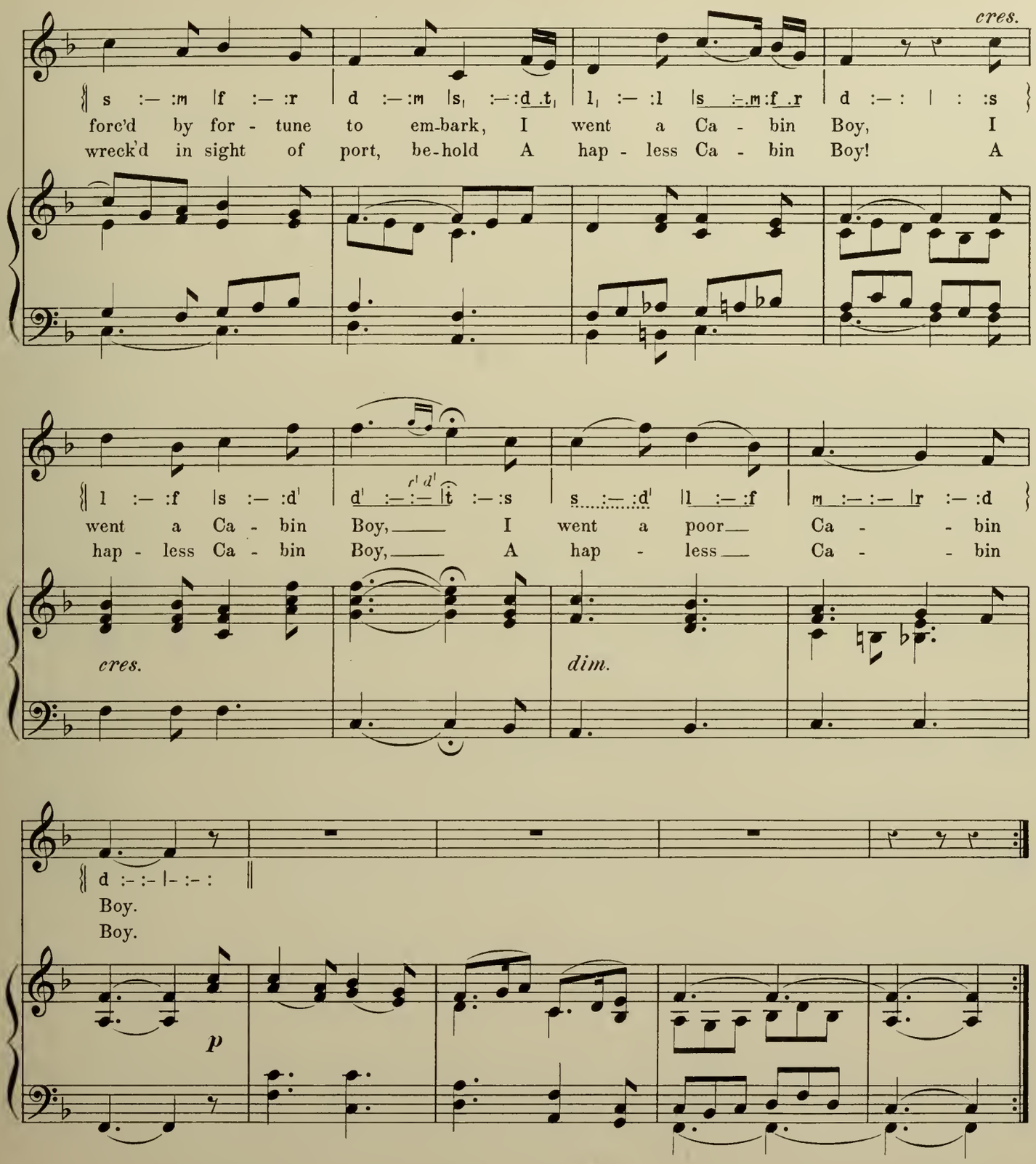

whis - - pers, whis - pers in my ear, Ah! hap-py
maid, your love is near, your love is near, your
smorz.
Andante.
love is near, Ah! hap-py maid your love is
Andante.
near.

THE CABIN BOY.

Words by T DIBDIN.

Music by W. H. WARE.
(W. H. H.)





3.

Ye gentle ladies all on land,
Whose lives without alloy,
Whose days are sunny,—stretch a hand
To me, poor Cabin Boy.

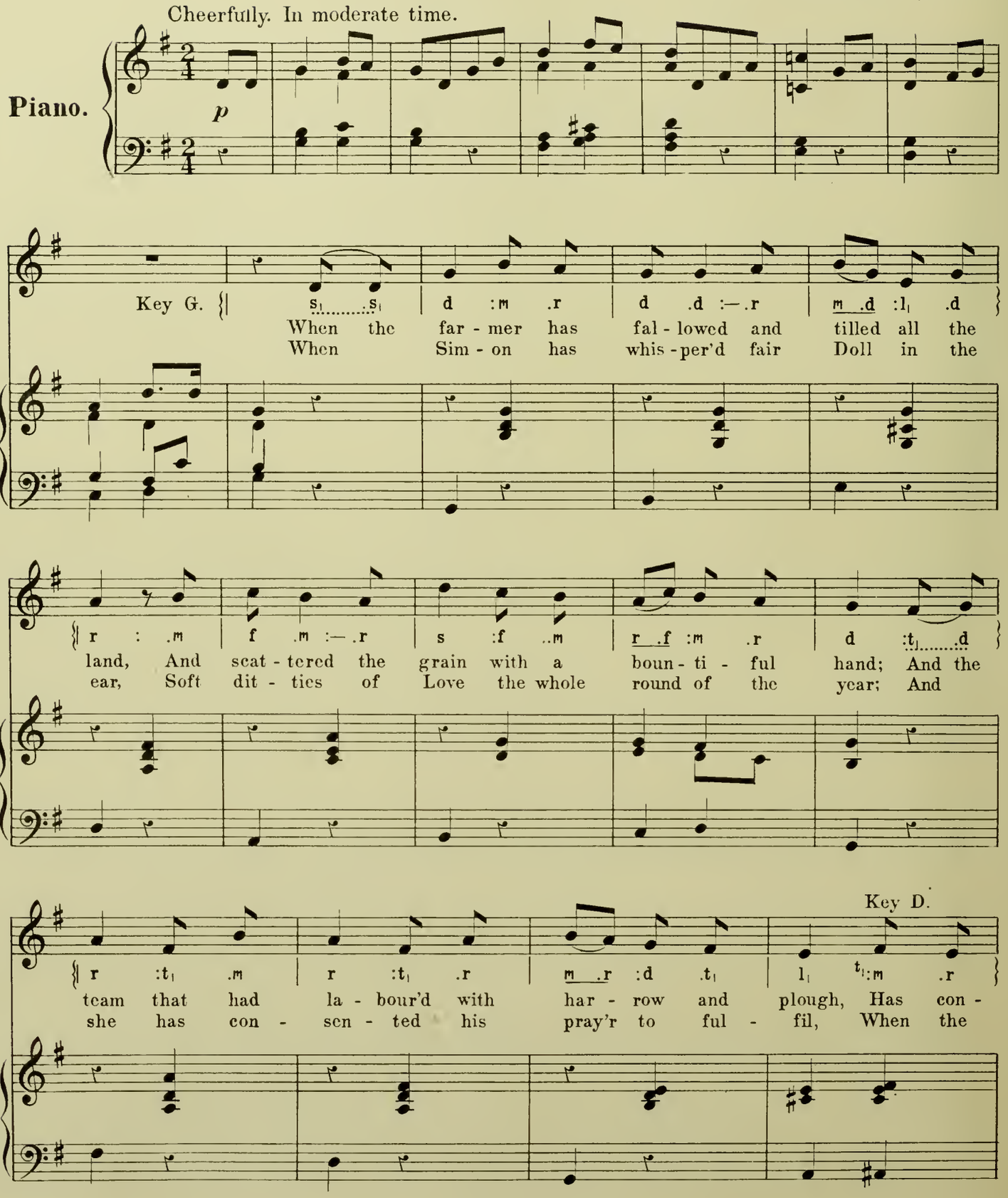
4.

Ye gentlemen that live at ease,
No storms your peace destroy,
Be also kind and gracious, please,
To me, poor Cabin Boy.

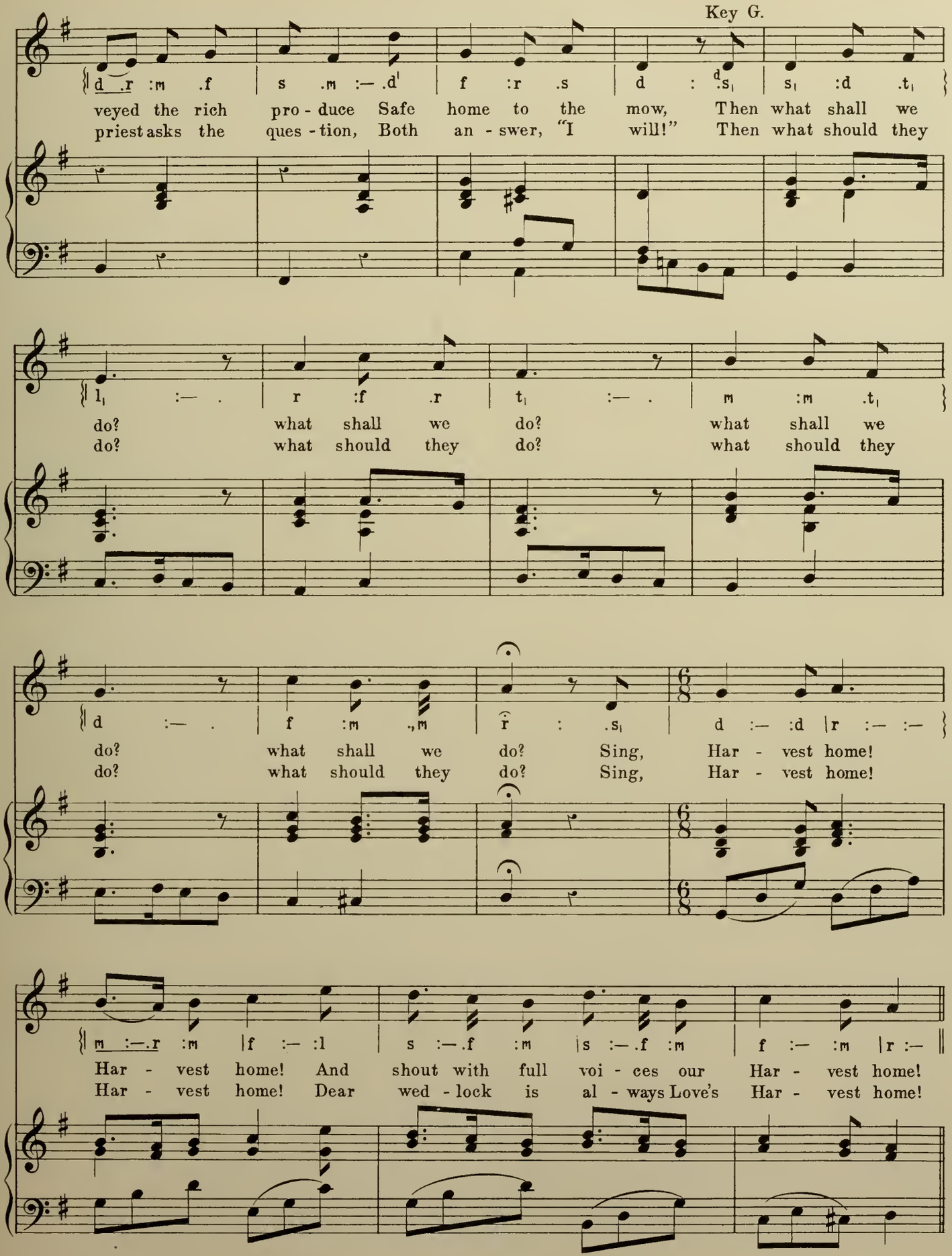
HARVEST HOME.

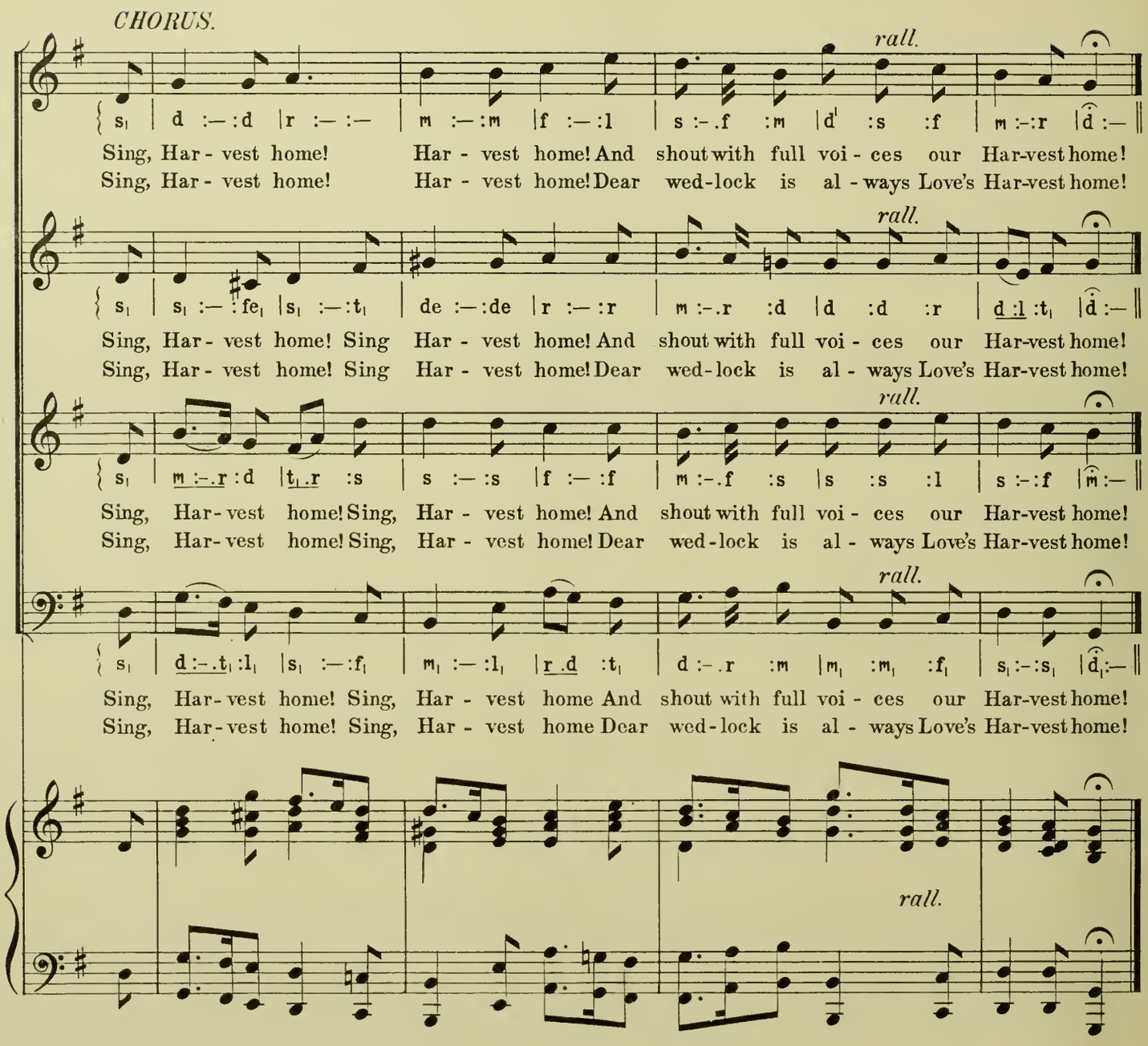
L. ATTERBURY. (H. F. S.)

Cheerfully. In moderate time.



Key G.


d .r :m .f | s .m :— .d' | f :r .s | d : d s, | s, :d .t,
veyed the rich pro - duce Safe home to the mow, Then what shall we
priest asks the ques - tion, Both an - swer, "I will!" Then what should they
l, :— . | r :f .r | t, :— . | m :m .t,
do? what shall we do? what shall we
do? what should they do? what should they
d :— . | f :m .m | r : .s, | d :— :d | r :— :—
do? what shall we do? Sing, Har - vest home!
do? what should they do? Sing, Har - vest home!
m :—.r :m | f :— :l | s :—.f :m | s :—.f :m | f :— :m | r :—
Har - vest home! And shout with full voi - ces our Har - vest home!
Har - vest home! Dear wed - lock is al - ways Love's Har - vest home!

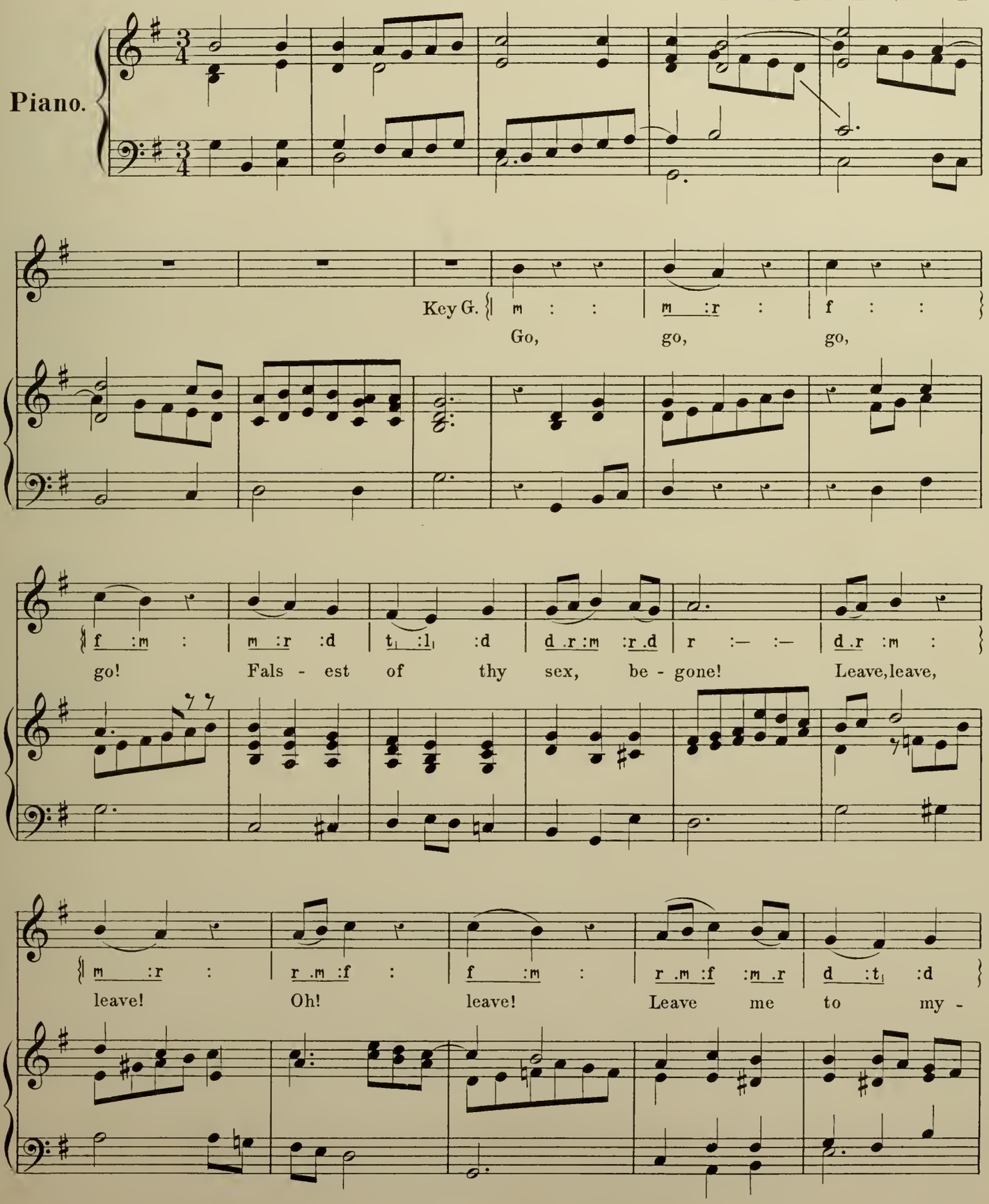


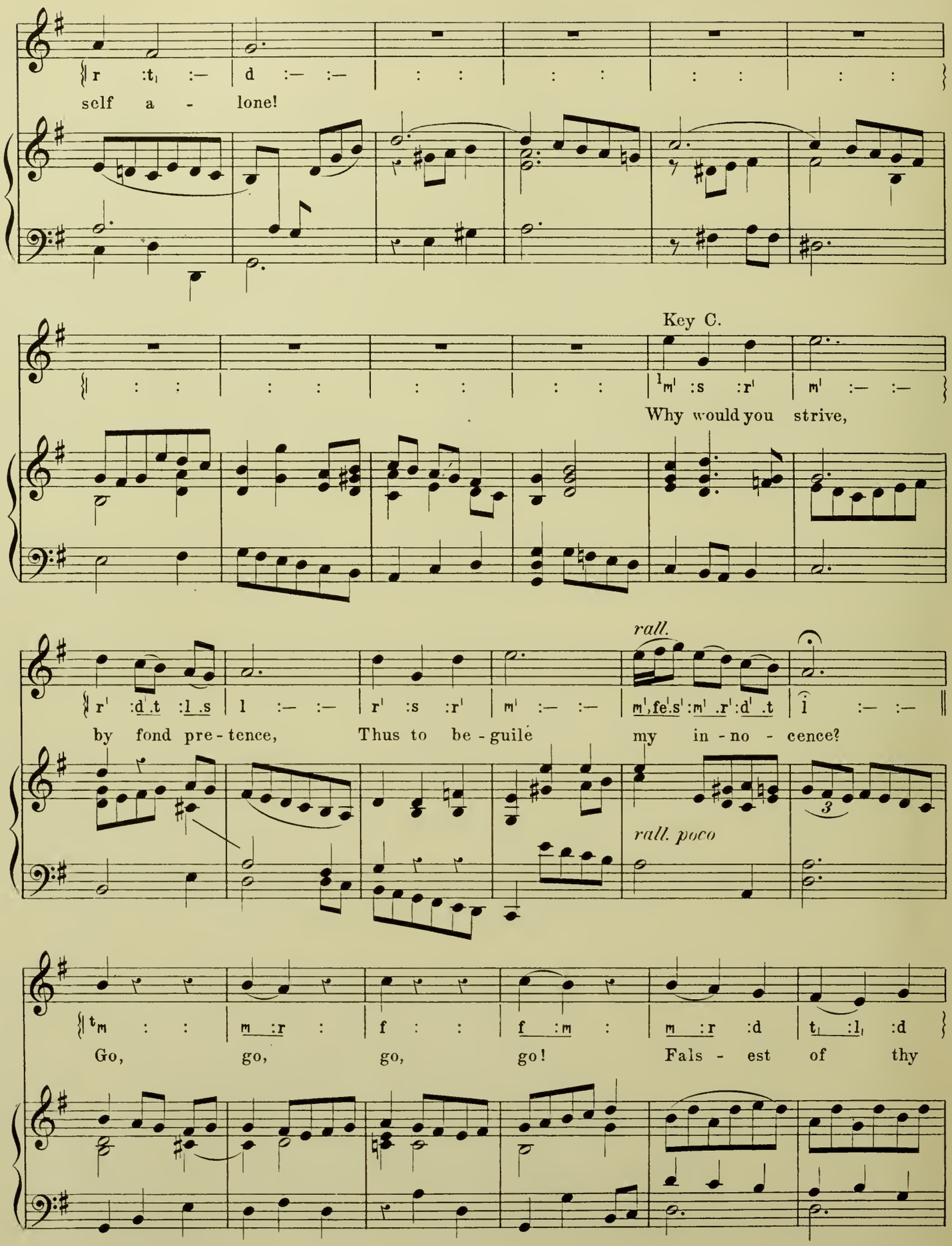
3

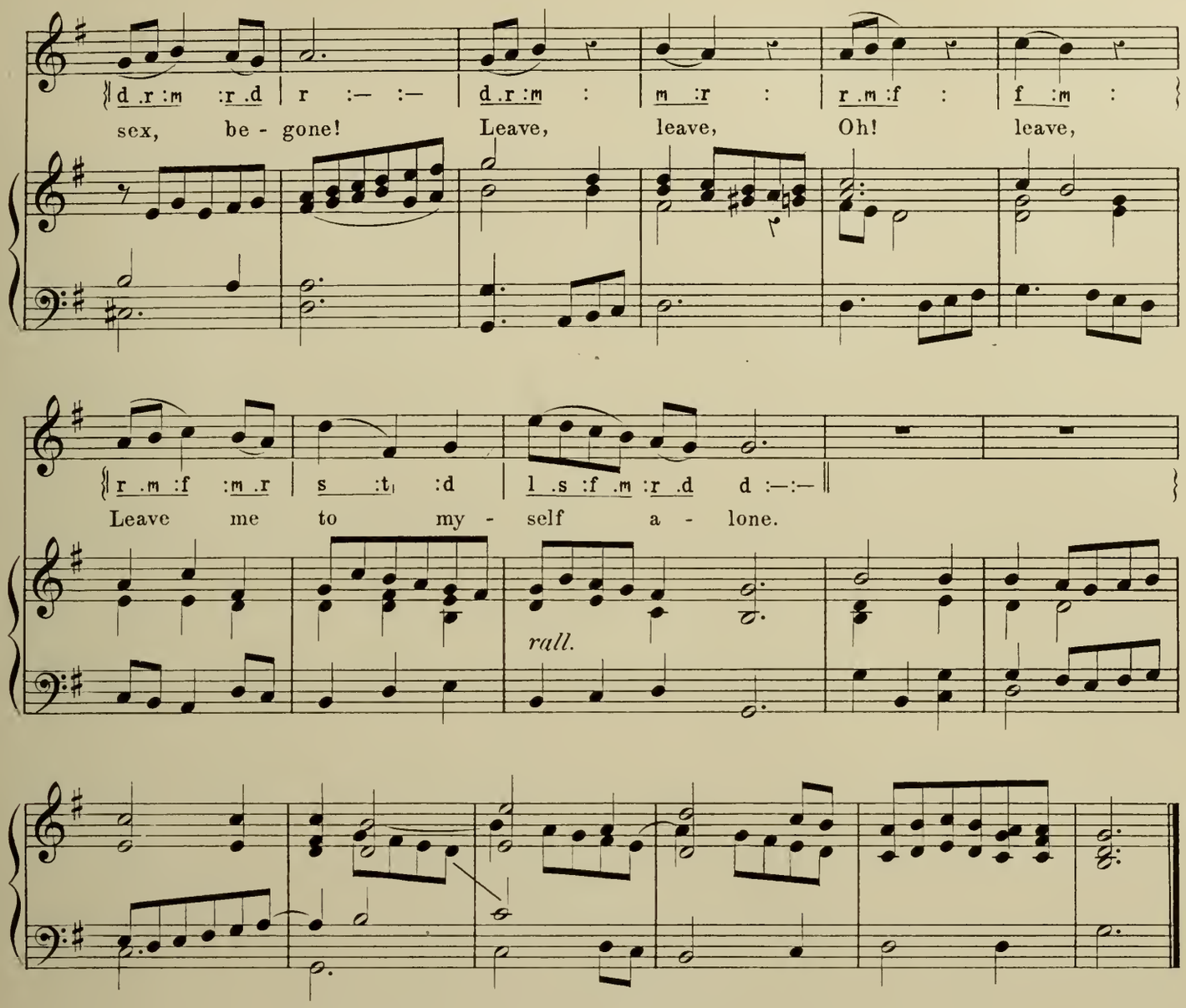
Down life's rugged hill I go jogging along;
Old wife at my side, still a humming this song,
Before us is shining a new harvest field,
To all our long labour a plentiful yield.
Then what shall we do? what shall we do?
Sing, Harvest Home! Harvest Home!
Eternity will be true Harvest-home!

THE PRECAUTIONED NYMPH.

L. RAYMONDEN. (F. W. B.)




r :t, :— | d :— :— | : : | : : | : : | : :
self a - lone!
Key C.
1m' :s :r' | m' :— :—
Why would you strive,
rall.
r' :d'.t :l .s | l :— :— | r' :s :r' | m' :— :— | m',fe'.s' :m' .r' :d' .t | 1̂ :— :—
by fond pre - tence, Thus to be - guile my in - no - cence?
rall. poco
3
t,m : : | m :r : | f : : | f :m : | m :r :d | t, :l, :d
Go, go, go, go! Fals - est of thy



2.

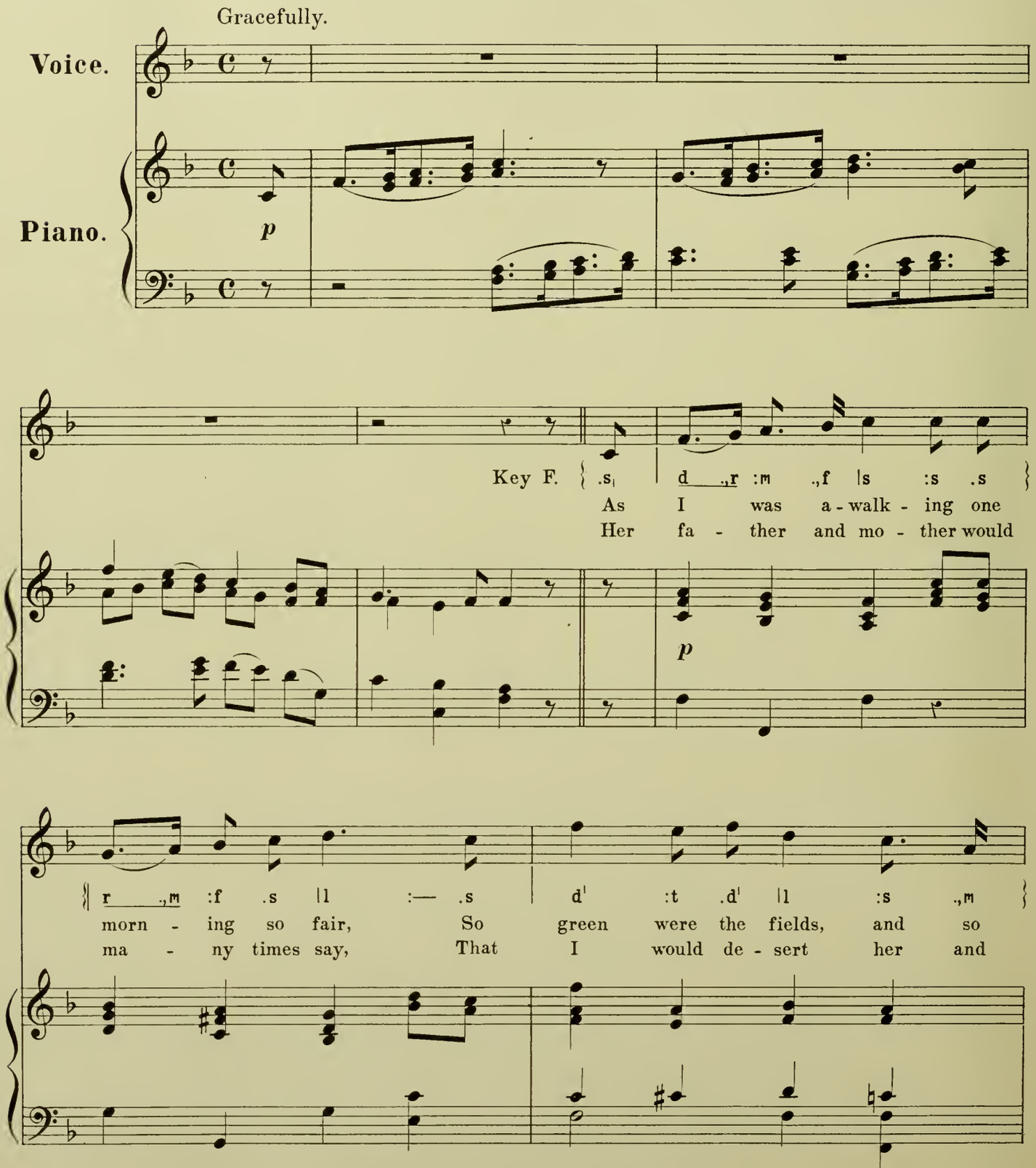
Go, go, go, go!
Falsest of thy sex, begone!
Leave, leave, O leave!
Leave me to myself alone.
Love like a dream, usher'd by night,
Flies the approch of morning light.
Go, go, go, go!

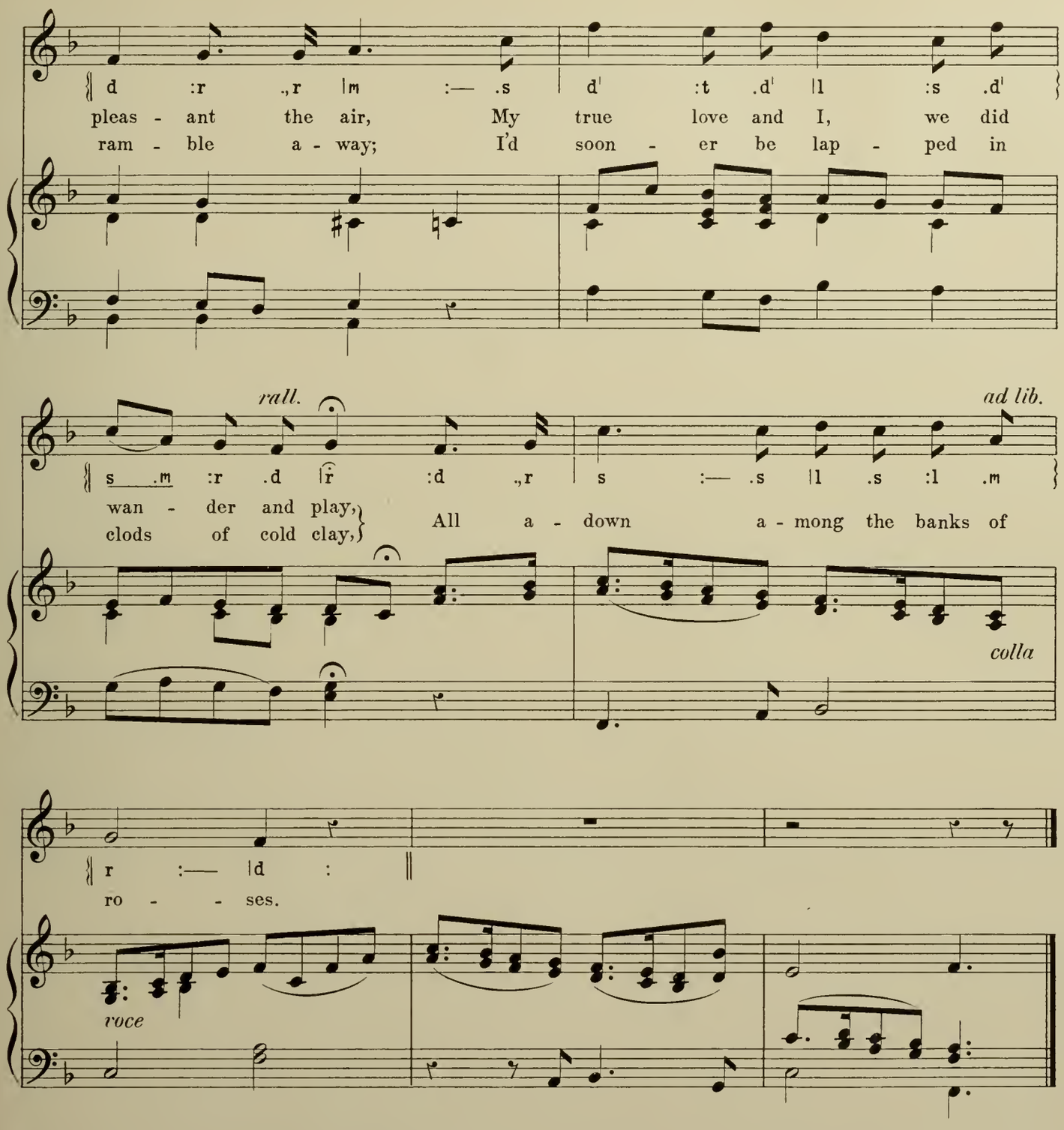
3

Go, go, go, go!
Falsest of thy sex begone!
Leave, leave, O leave!
Leave me to myself alone.
Lo! from my mind thee have I cast,
And against thieves lock'd my heart fast.
Go, go, go, go!

Down among the banks of Roses.

Folk Song. (H. F. S.)





3.

My pretty brown maiden, wherever I be,
Or tossed on the ocean, or over the sea,
There is none I can find is so dear unto me_
All adown among the banks of roses.

4.

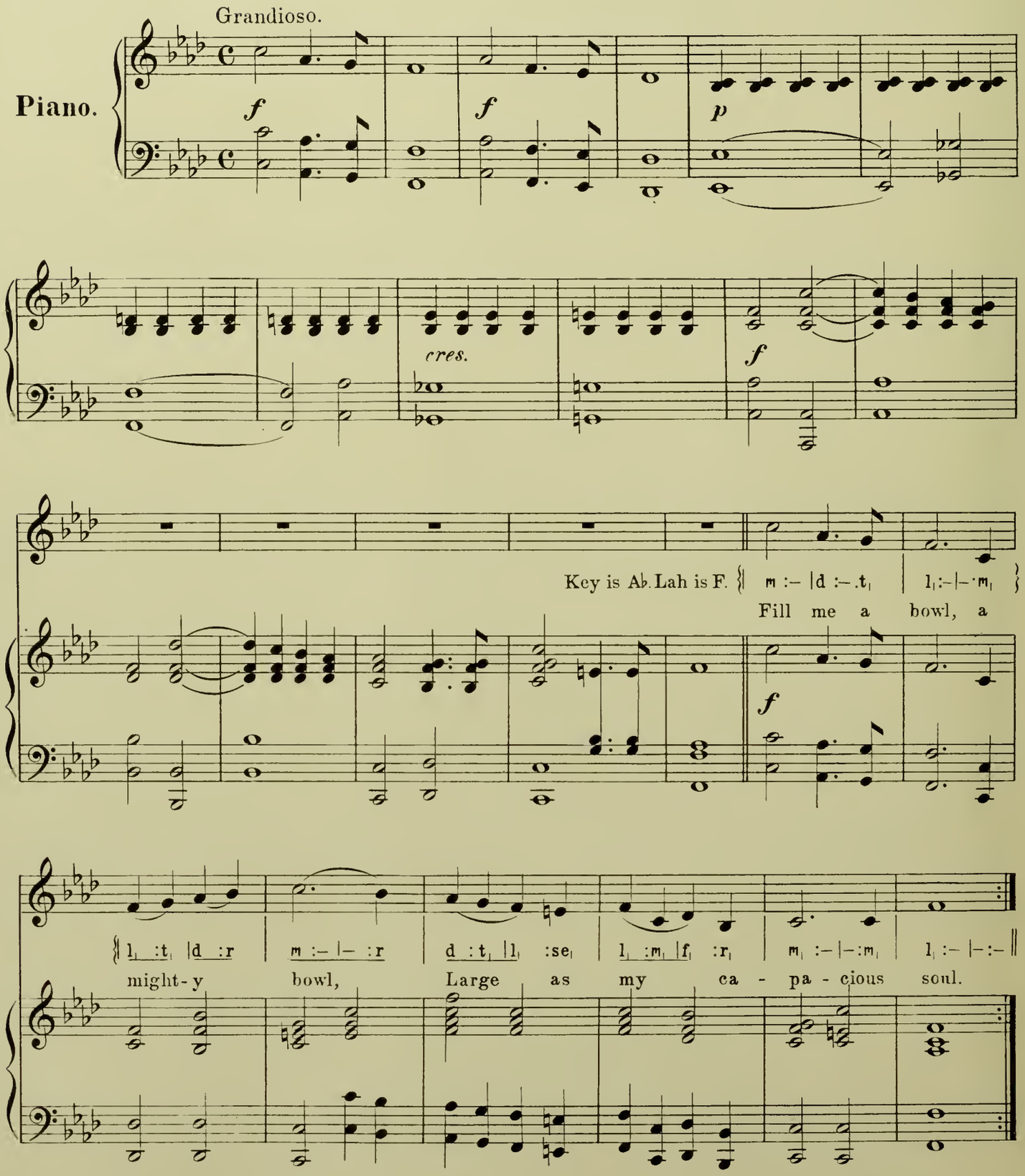
If I had but gold and had silver in store,
The wealth of the Indies, and treasure galore,
I'd part with it all_but to meet thee once more_
All adown among the banks of roses.

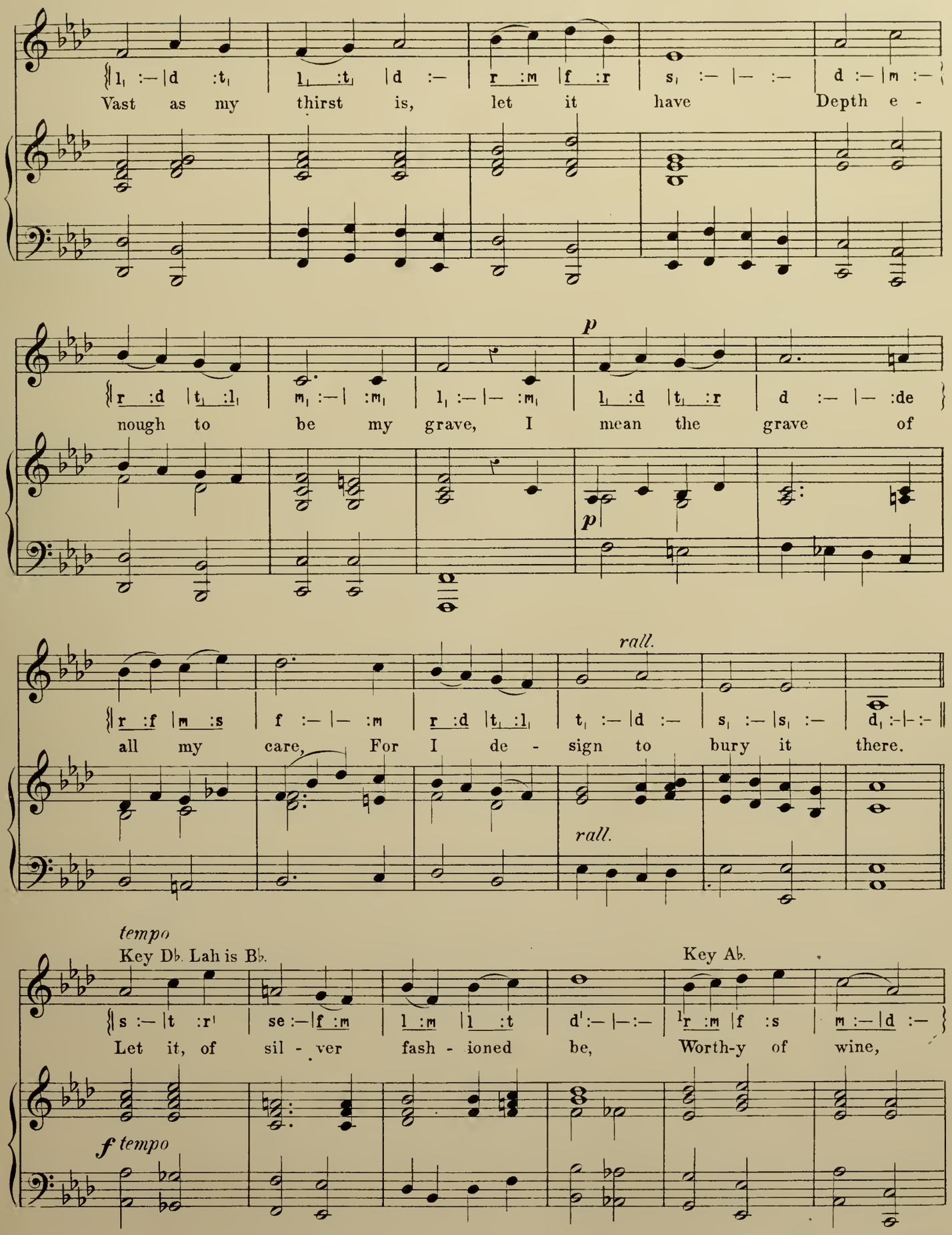
5.

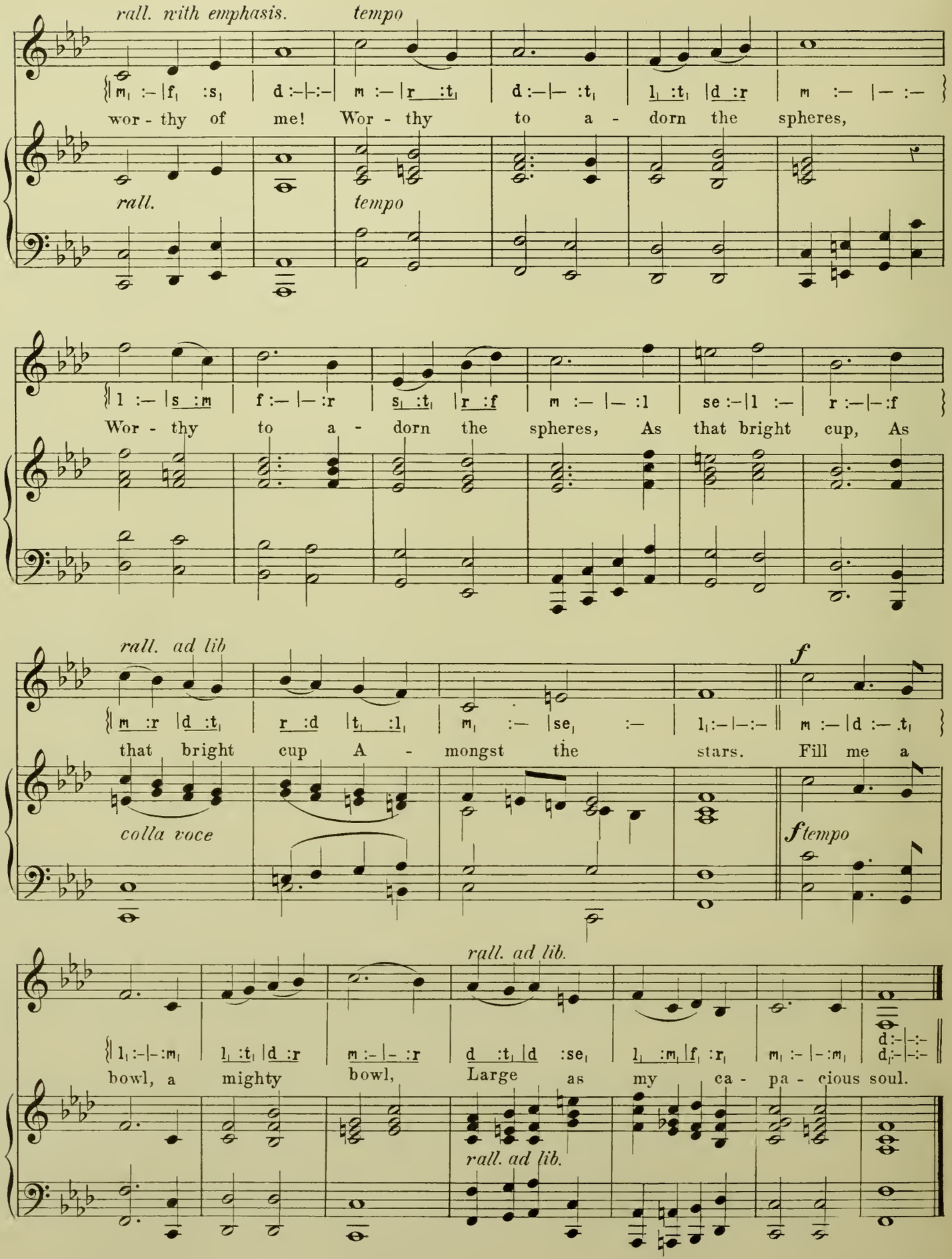
The moments of happiness often we miss,
Yet oh! heaven opens in flashes of bliss,
When the lips of my maiden I'm suffered to kiss,
All adown among the banks of roses.

Fill me a Bowl.

Words by OLDHAM. Music by JAS. CORFE. (H. F. S.)

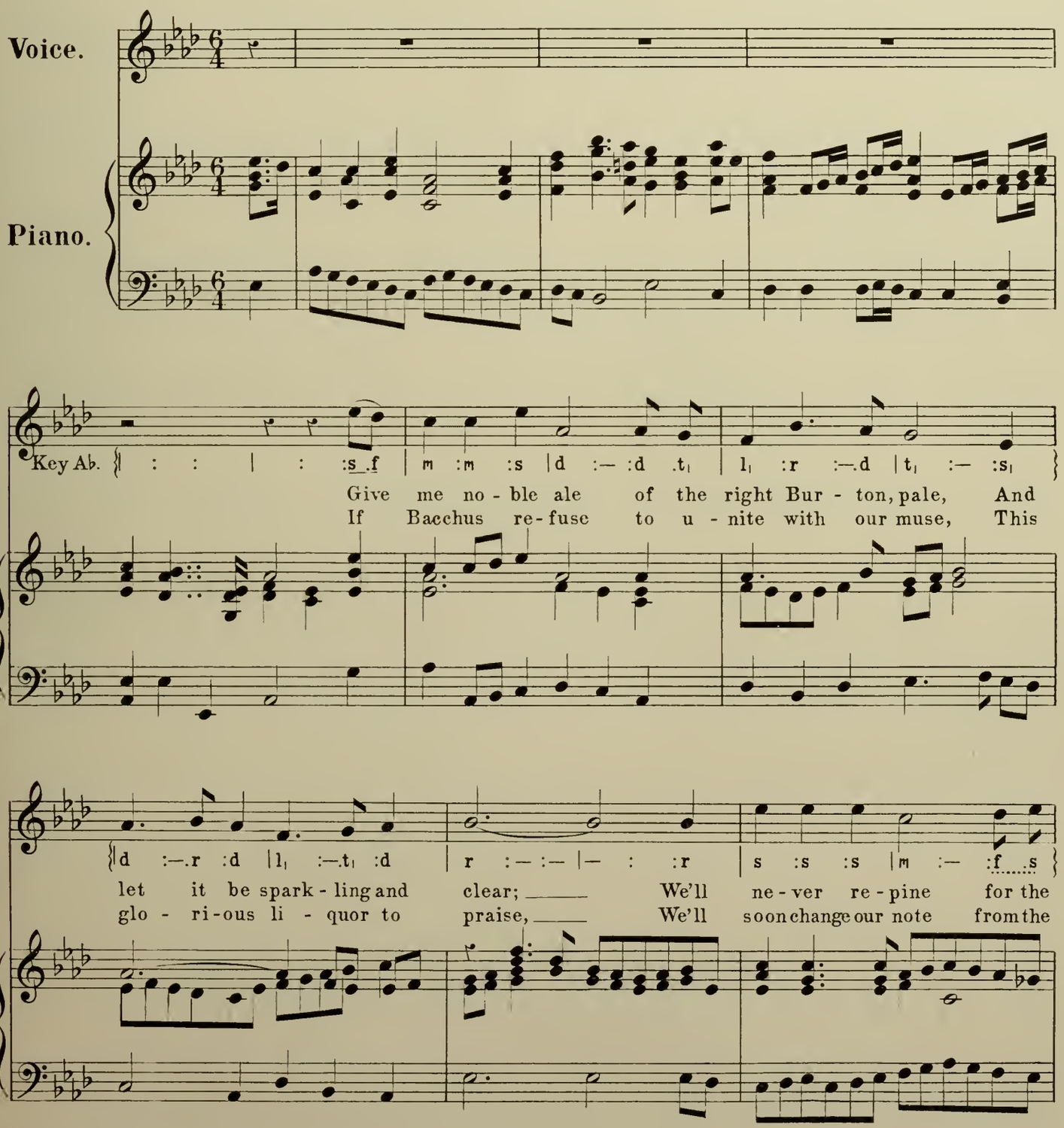



Vast as my thirst is, let it have Depth e -
nough to be my grave, I mean the grave of
all my care, For I de - sign to bury it there.
rall.
rall.
tempo
Key Db. Lah is Bb.
Key Ab.
Let it, of sil - ver fash - ioned be, Worth-y of wine,
f tempo

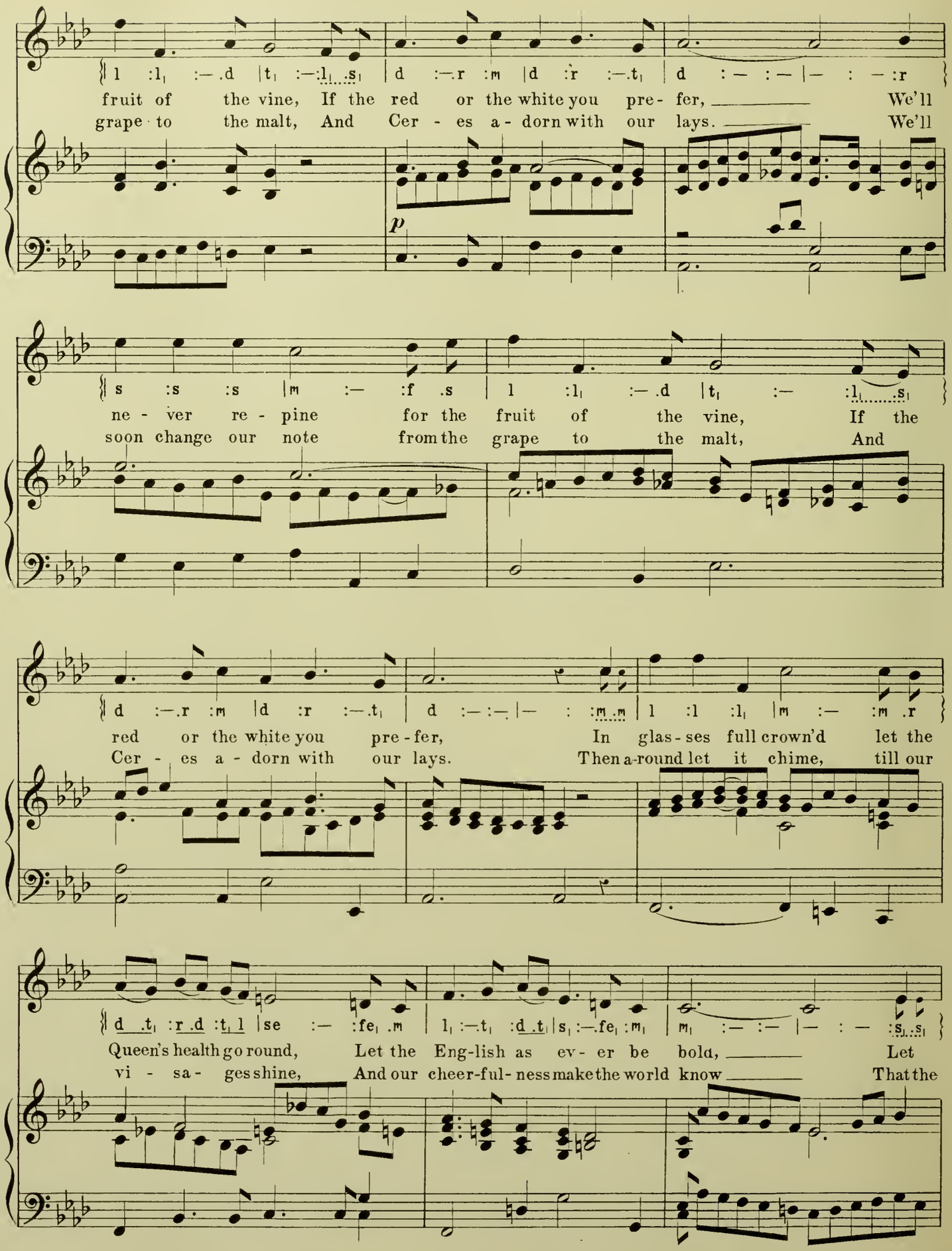

rall. with emphasis.
tempo
wor - thy of me! Wor - thy to a - dorn the spheres,
rall.
tempo
Wor - thy to a - dorn the spheres, As that bright cup, As
rall. ad lib
that bright cup A - mongst the stars. Fill me a
colla voce
f
ftempo
rall. ad lib.
bowl, a mighty bowl, Large as my ca - pa - cious soul.
rall. ad lib.

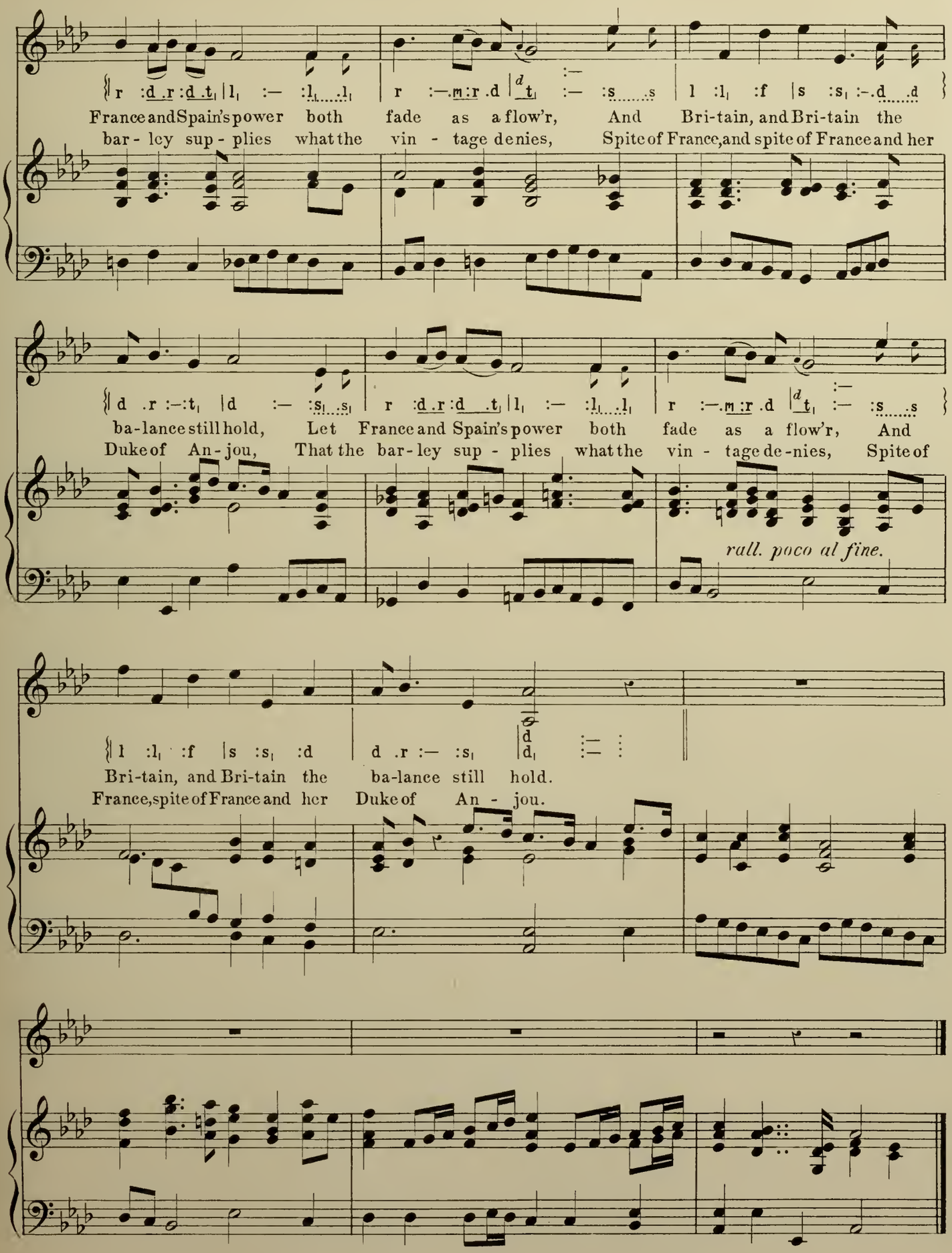
BURTON ALE.

JOHN BARRETT. (F. W. B.)
(1710.)



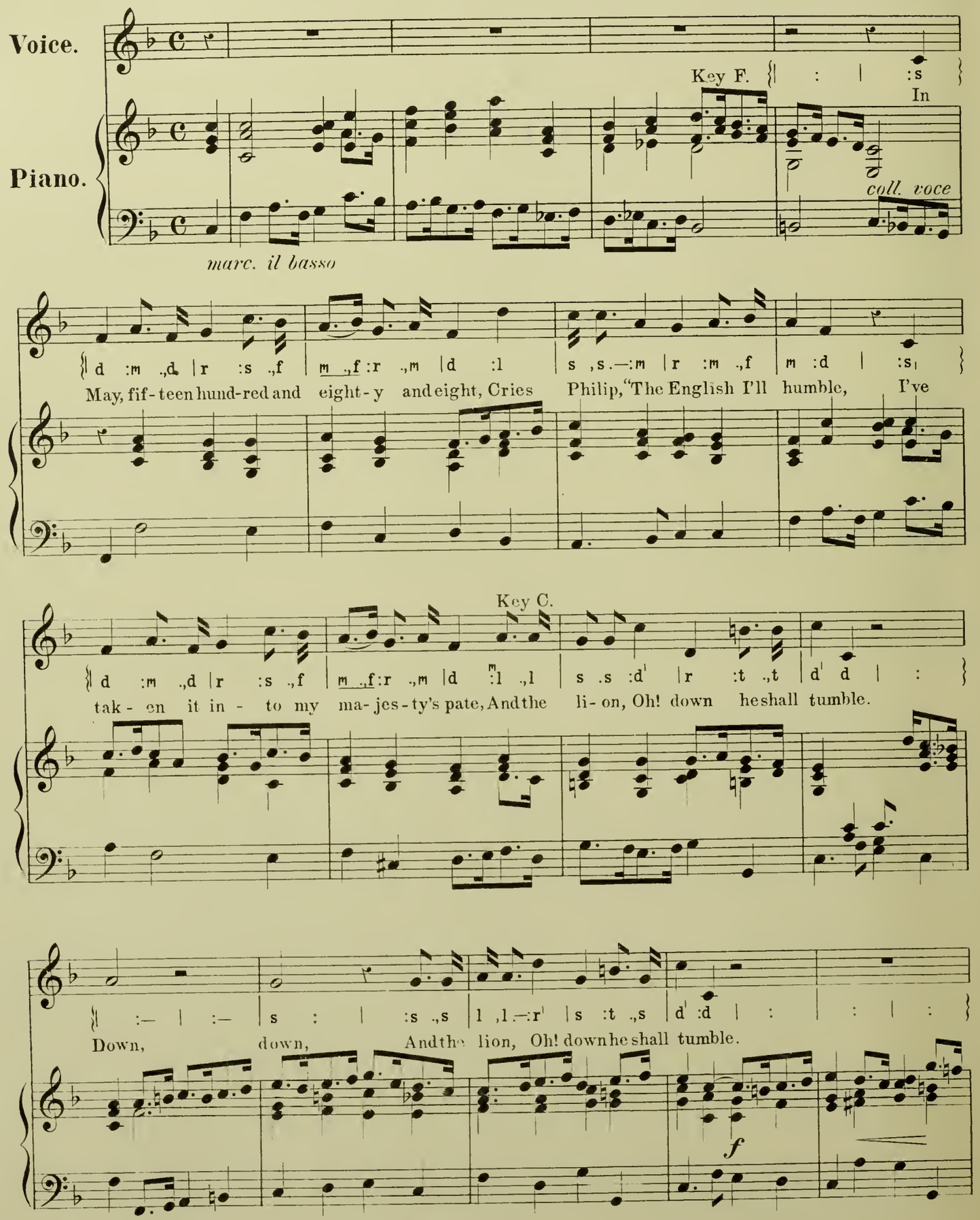
E.V.d


fruit of the vine, If the red or the white you pre- fer, We'll
grape to the malt, And Cer - es a- dorn with our lays. We'll
p
ne - ver re - pine for the fruit of the vine, If the
soon change our note from the grape to the malt, And
red or the white you pre - fer, In glas - ses full crown'd let the
Cer - es a - dorn with our lays. Then a-round let it chime, till our
Queen's health go round, Let the Eng-lish as ev- er be bold, Let
vi - sa- ges shine, And our cheer-ful- ness make the world know That the

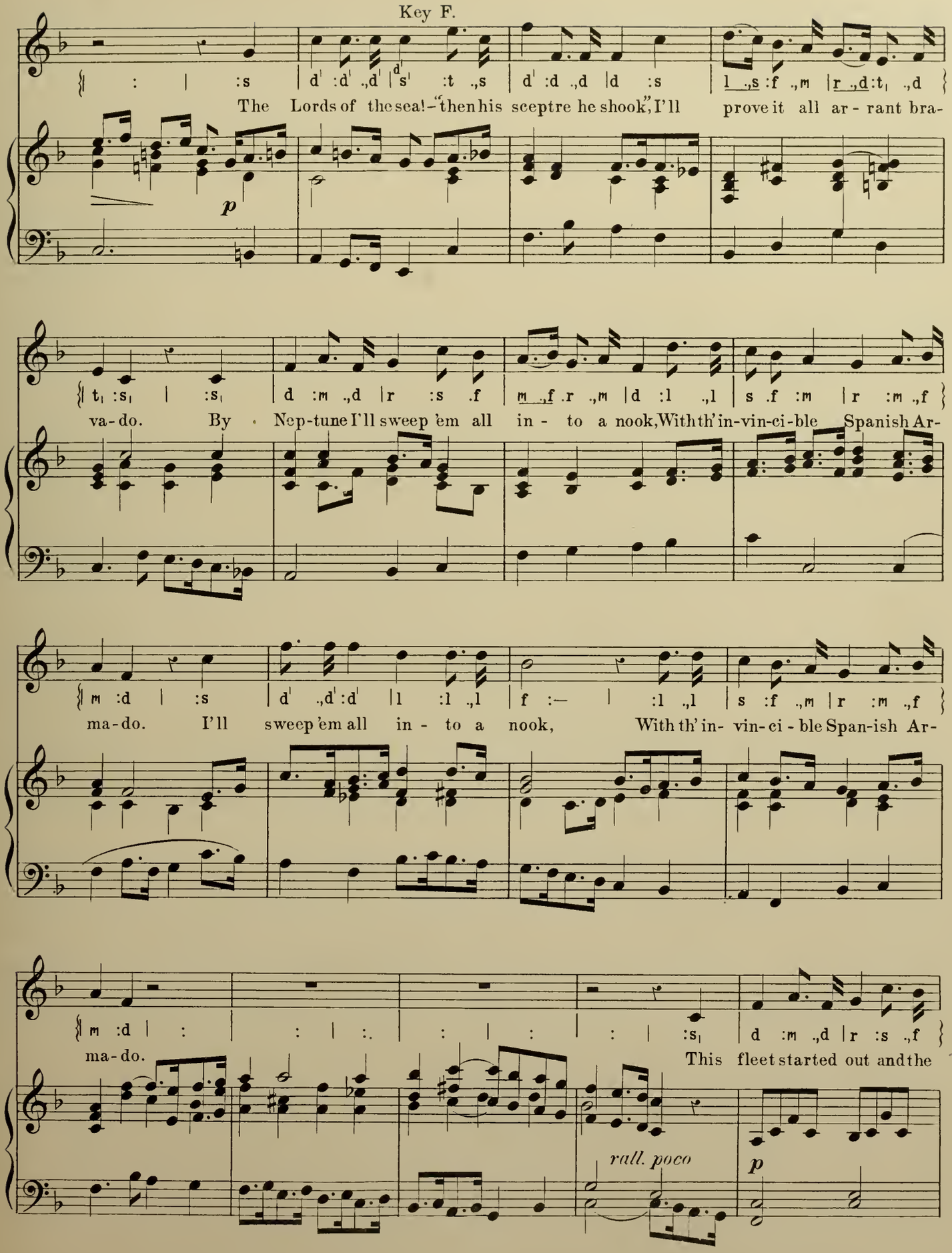

r :d .r :d .t, | l, :— :l, .l, | r :—.m :r .d | d t, :— :s .s | l :l, :f | s :s, :—.d .d
France and Spain's power both fade as a flow'r, And Bri-tain, and Bri-tain the
bar - ley sup - plies what the vin - tage denies, Spite of France, and spite of France and her
d .r :—:t, | d :— :s, .s, | r :d .r :d .t, | l, :— :l, .l, | r :—.m :r .d | d t, :— :s .s
ba-lance still hold, Let France and Spain's power both fade as a flow'r, And
Duke of An - jou, That the bar - ley sup - plies what the vin - tage de - nies, Spite of
rall. poco al fine.
l :l, :f | s :s, :d | d .r :— :s, | d d, :—
Bri-tain, and Bri-tain the ba-lance still hold.
France, spite of France and her Duke of An - jou.

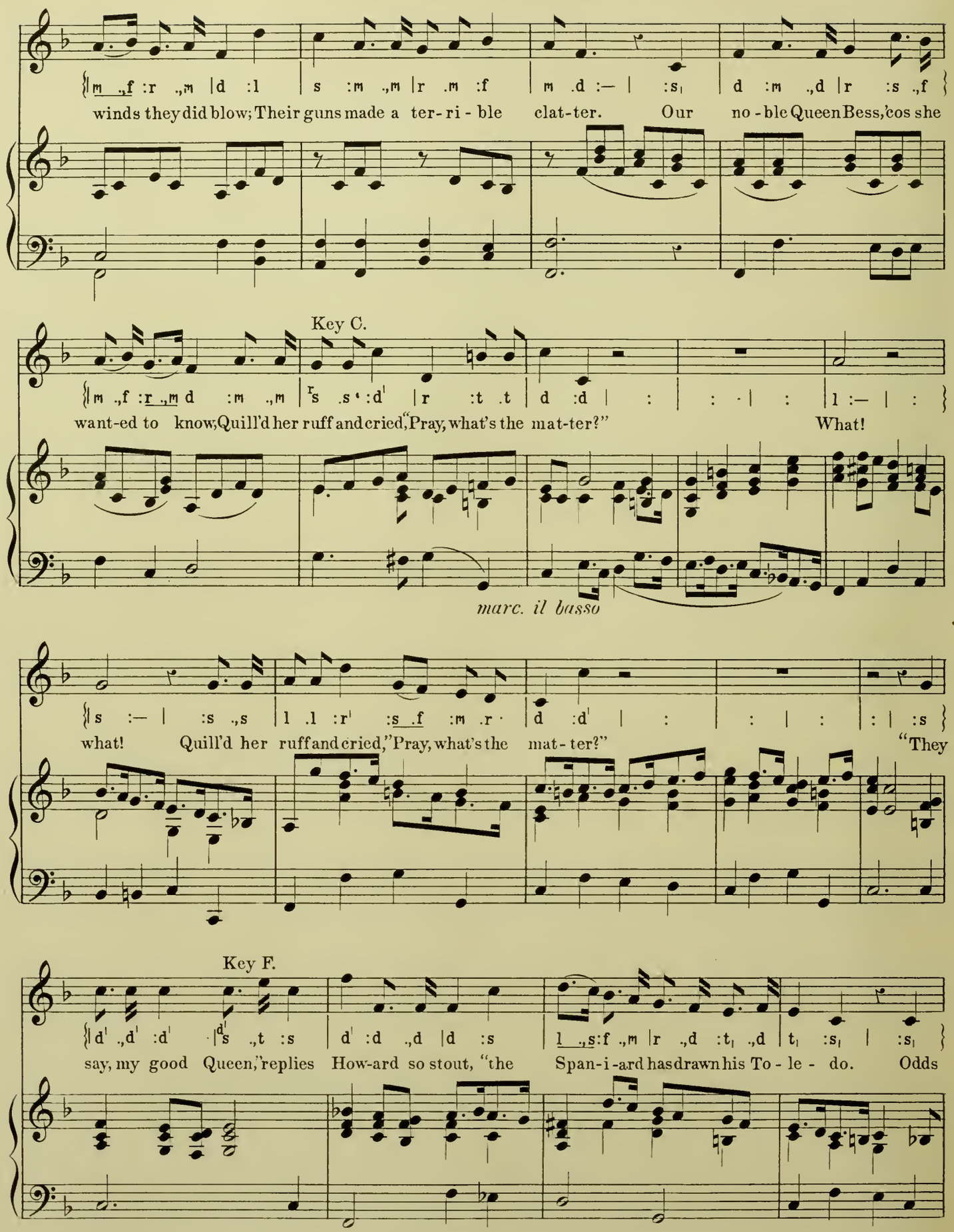
THE INVINCIBLE ARMADO.

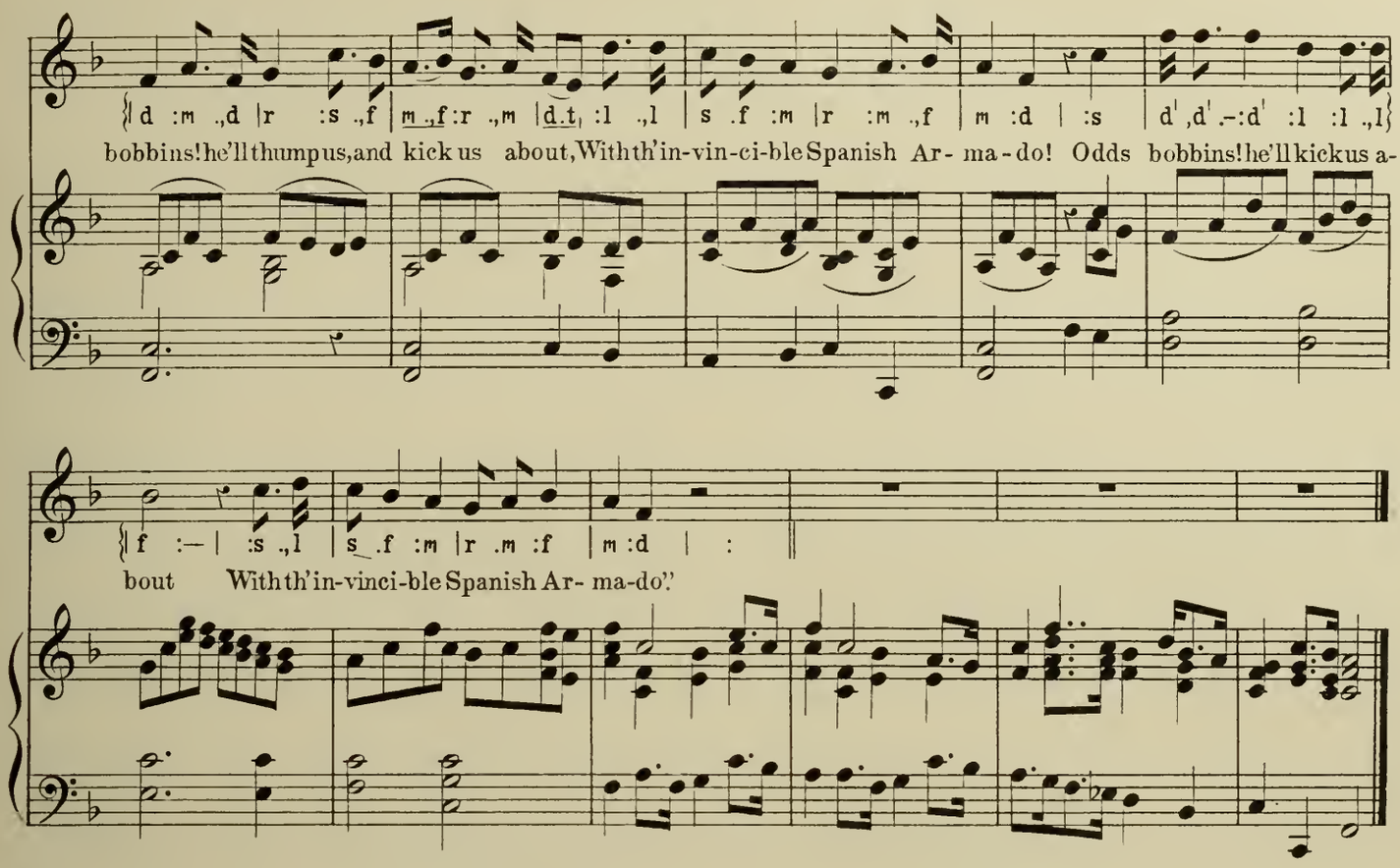
Words by JOHN O'KEEFE. Dr. ARNOLD. (F. W. B.)



Key F.


The Lords of the sea!–"then his sceptre he shook", I'll prove it all ar - rant bra-
p
va - do. By Nep-tune I'll sweep 'em all in - to a nook, With th' in-vin-ci-ble Spanish Ar-
ma - do. I'll sweep 'em all in - to a nook, With th' in- vin-ci - ble Span-ish Ar-
ma - do. This fleet started out and the
rall. poco
p


winds they did blow; Their guns made a ter-ri-ble clat-ter. Our no-ble Queen Bess, 'cos she
Key C.
want-ed to know; Quill'd her ruff and cried, "Pray, what's the mat-ter?" What!
marc. il basso
what! Quill'd her ruff and cried, "Pray, what's the mat-ter?" "They
Key F.
say, my good Queen," replies How-ard so stout, "the Span-i-ard has drawn his To-le-do. Odds



3

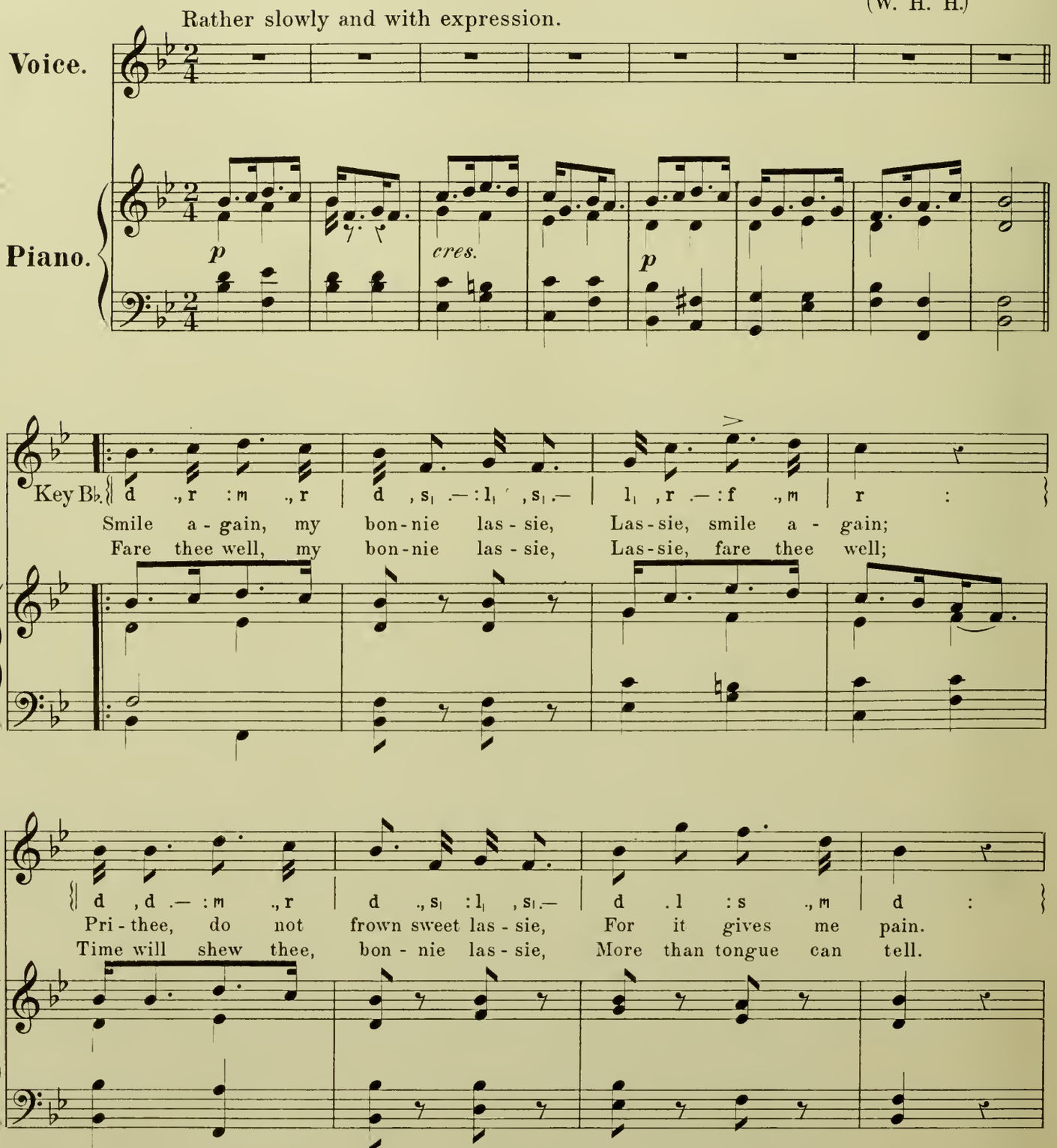
The Lord Mayor of London, a very wise man,
What to do in the case, vastly wondered.
Says the Queen, "Send in fifty good ships, if you can,"
Says my Lord May'r, "I'll send you a hundred."
Our fine ships soon struck ev'ry cannon all dumb,
For the Dons ran to Ave and Credo.
Don Medina roars out, "Sure, the foul fiend is come
For th' Invincible Spanish Armado."
Roars out, "Sure, the foul fiend is come
For th' Invincible Spanish Armado."

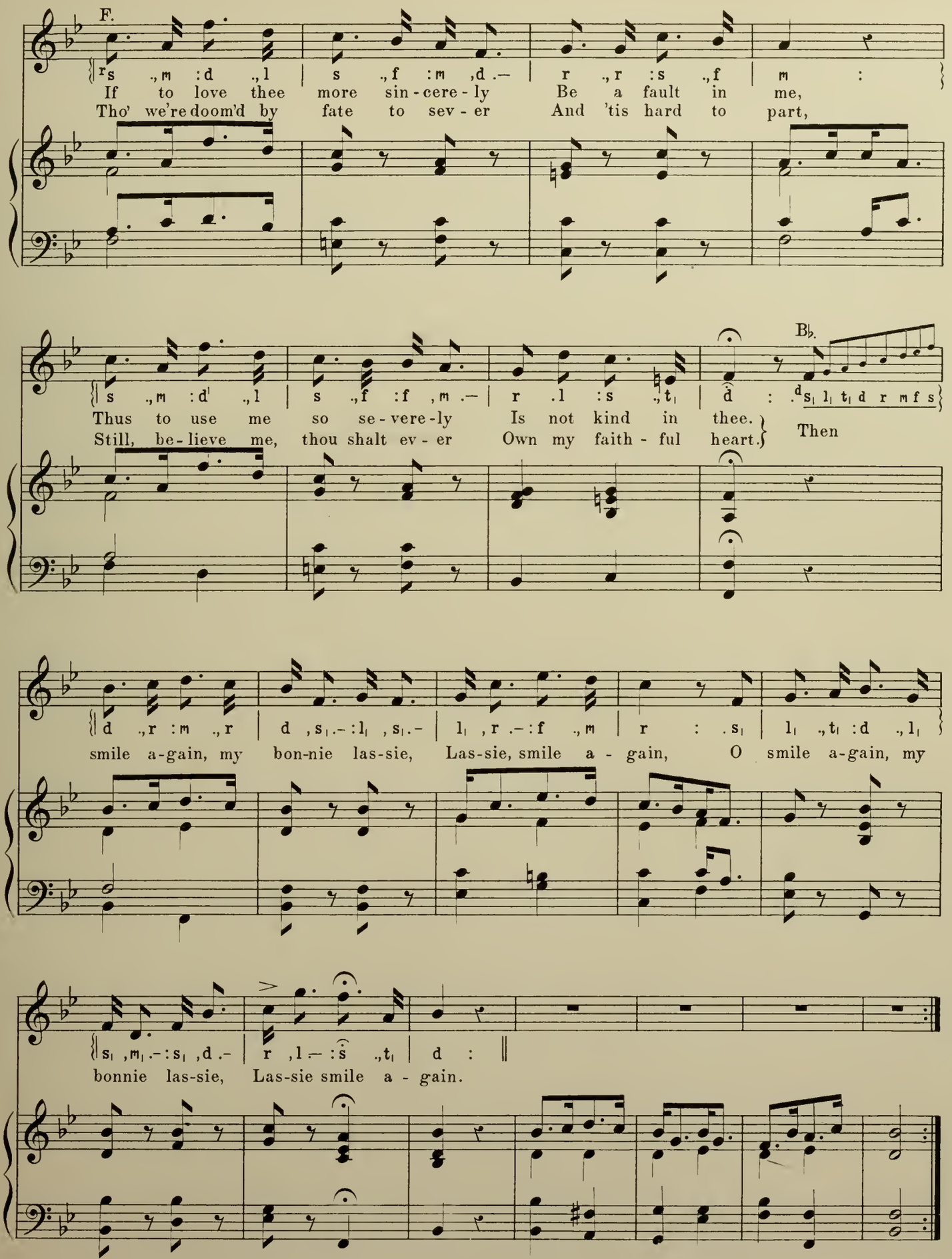
4

On Effingham's squadron, tho' all in a breast,
Like open-mouth'd curs they came bowling.
His sugar-plums finding they could not digest,
Away they ran _away_ away_ yelping, and howling.
Whene'er Briton's foe shall, with envy agog,
In our channel make such a tornado
Huzza! my brave boys! we're still lusty to flog
An Invincible Spanish Armado.
Huzza! we're still lusty to flog
An Invincible Spanish Armado.

SMILE AGAIN, MY BONNIE LASSIE.

Words and Music by
JOHN PARRY (Date 1824.)
(W. H. H.)



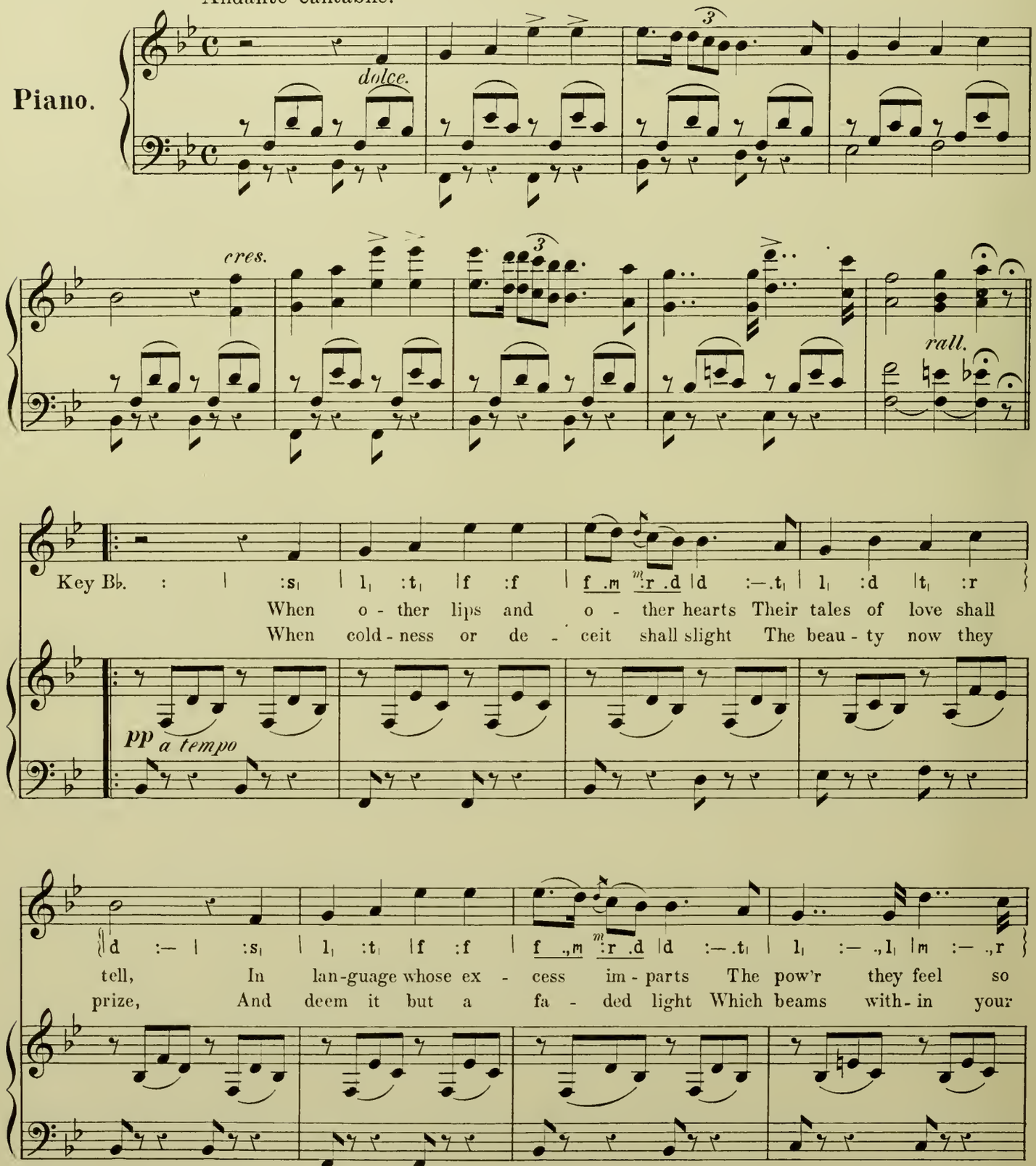

F.
If to love thee more sin-cere-ly Be a fault in me,
Tho' we're doom'd by fate to sev-er And 'tis hard to part,
Thus to use me so se-vere-ly Is not kind in thee.
Still, be-lieve me, thou shalt ev-er Own my faith-ful heart.
B♭.
Then
smile a-gain, my bon-nie las-sie, Las-sie, smile a-gain, O smile a-gain, my
bonnie las-sie, Las-sie smile a-gain.

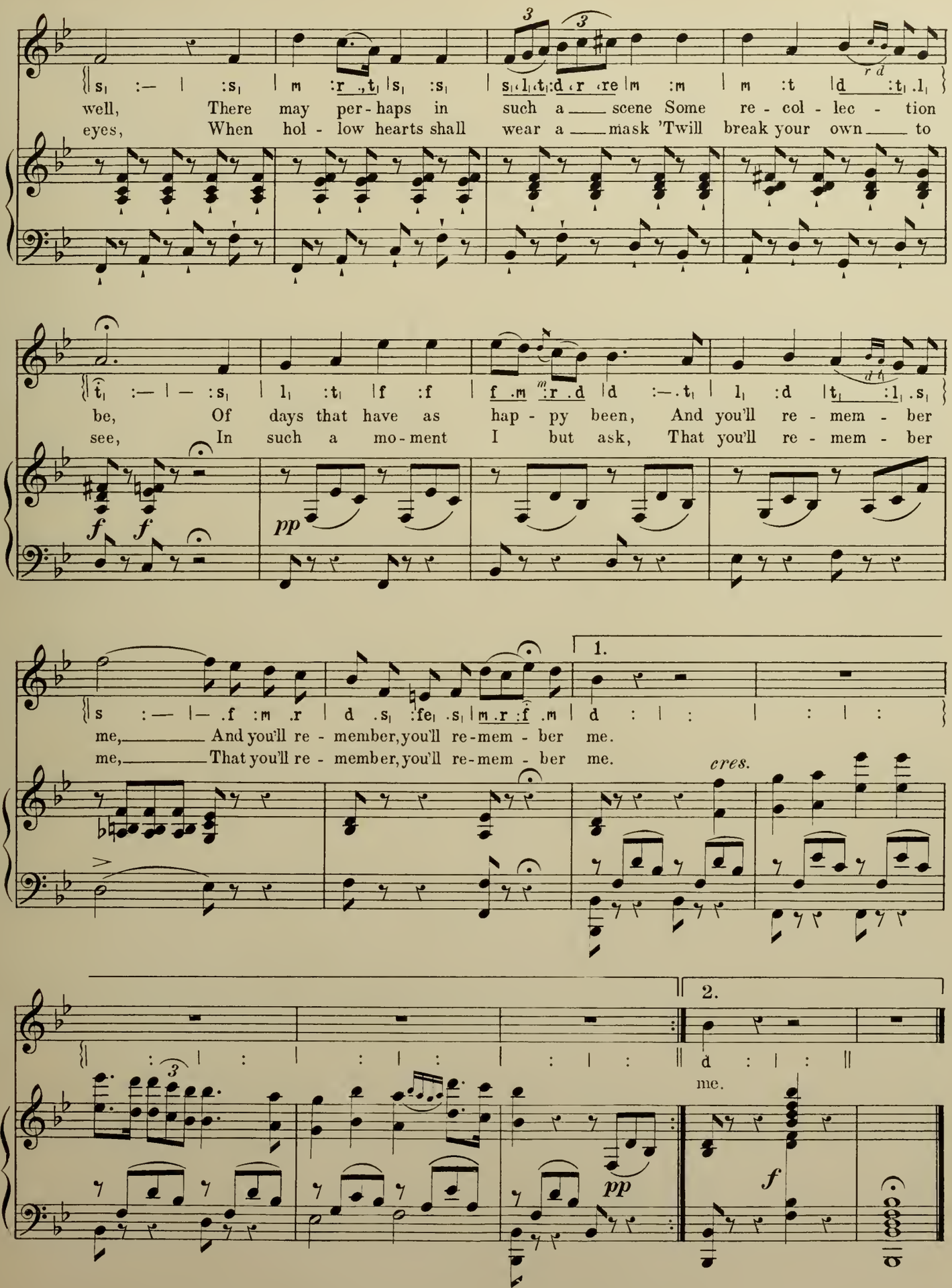
When other lips.

Words by ALFRED BUNN.

Music by M. W. BALFE.
(W. H.H.)

Andante cantabile.

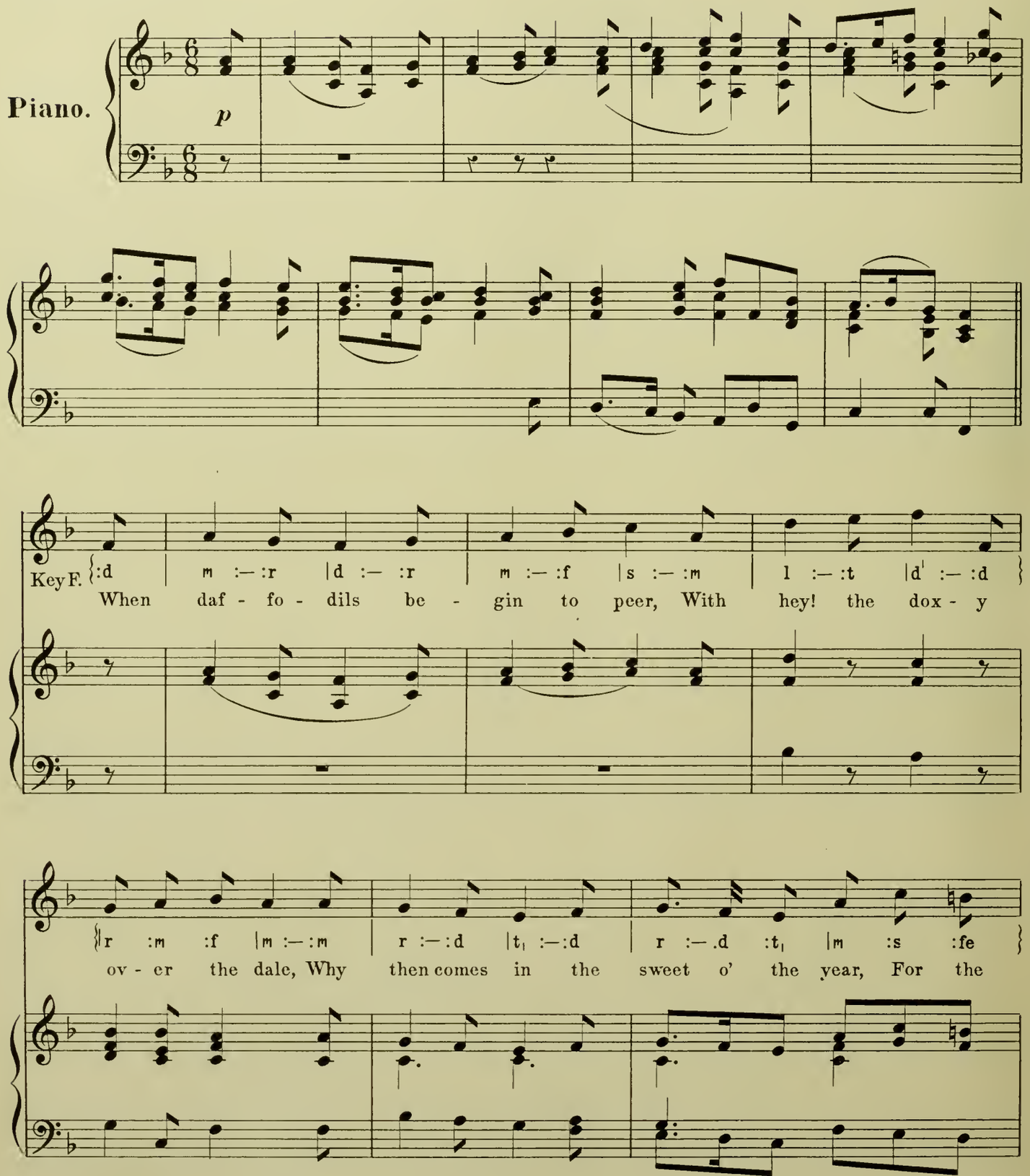


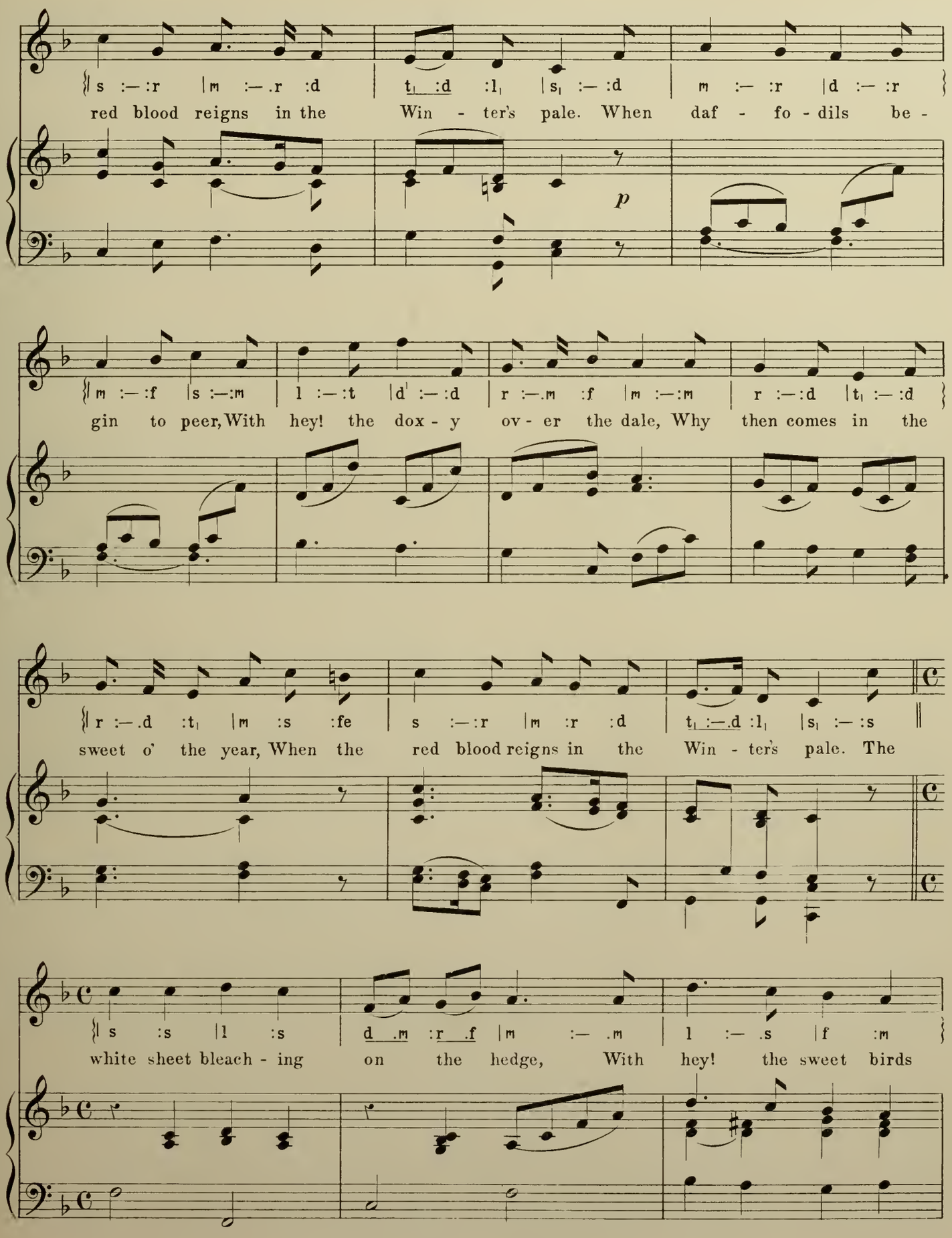

well, There may per-haps in such a scene Some re-col-lec-tion
eyes, When hol-low hearts shall wear a mask 'Twill break your own to
be, Of days that have as hap-py been, And you'll re-mem-ber
see, In such a mo-ment I but ask, That you'll re-mem-ber
me, And you'll re-member, you'll re-mem-ber me.
me, That you'll re-member, you'll re-mem-ber me.
1.
2.
cres.
pp
f
me.

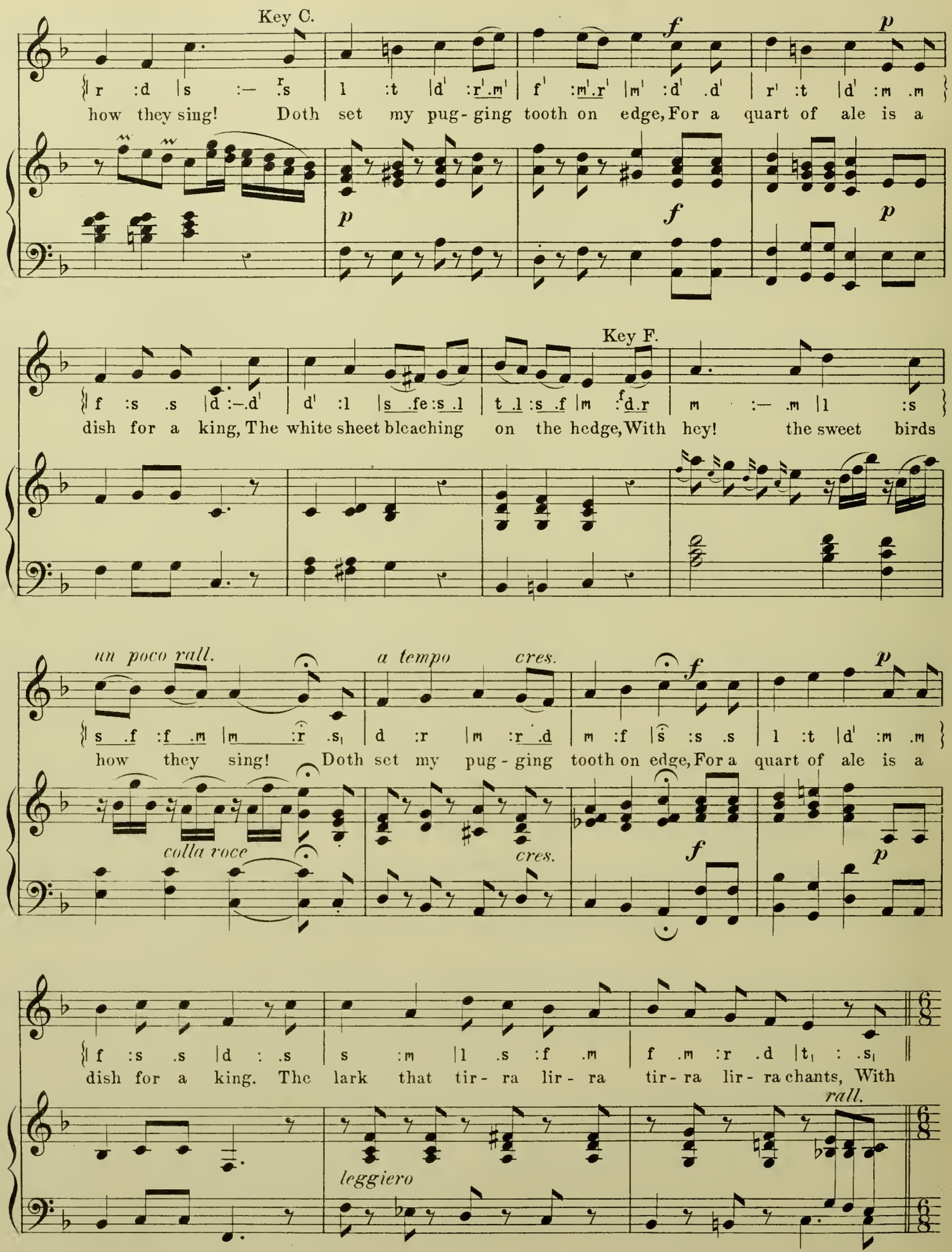
When daffodils begin to peer.

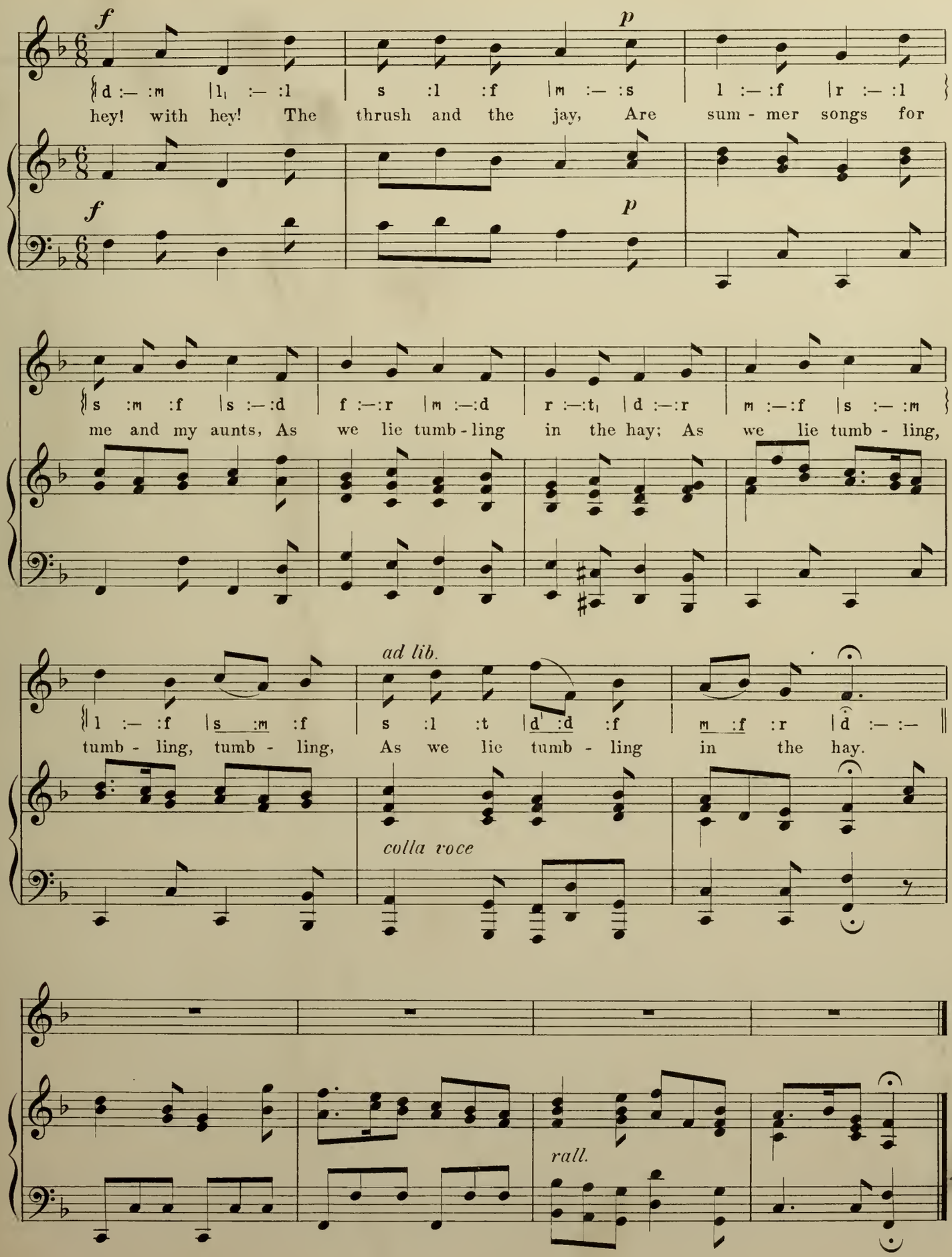
Words by
SHAKESPEARE.

Music- Composer unknown.
Published in 1783.
(H. F. S.)




s :—:r |m :—.r :d | t1 :d :l1 | s1 :— :d | m :— :r |d :— :r
red blood reigns in the Win - ter's pale. When daf - fo - dils be -
p
m :—:f |s :—:m | l :—:t |d' :—:d | r :—.m :f |m :—:m | r :—:d |t1 :—:d
gin to peer, With hey! the dox - y ov - er the dale, Why then comes in the
r :—.d :t1 |m :s :fe | s :—:r |m :r :d | t1 :—.d :l1 |s1 :—:s
sweet o' the year, When the red blood reigns in the Win - ter's pale. The
s :s |l :s | d .m :r .f |m :— .m | l :— .s |f :m
white sheet bleach - ing on the hedge, With hey! the sweet birds

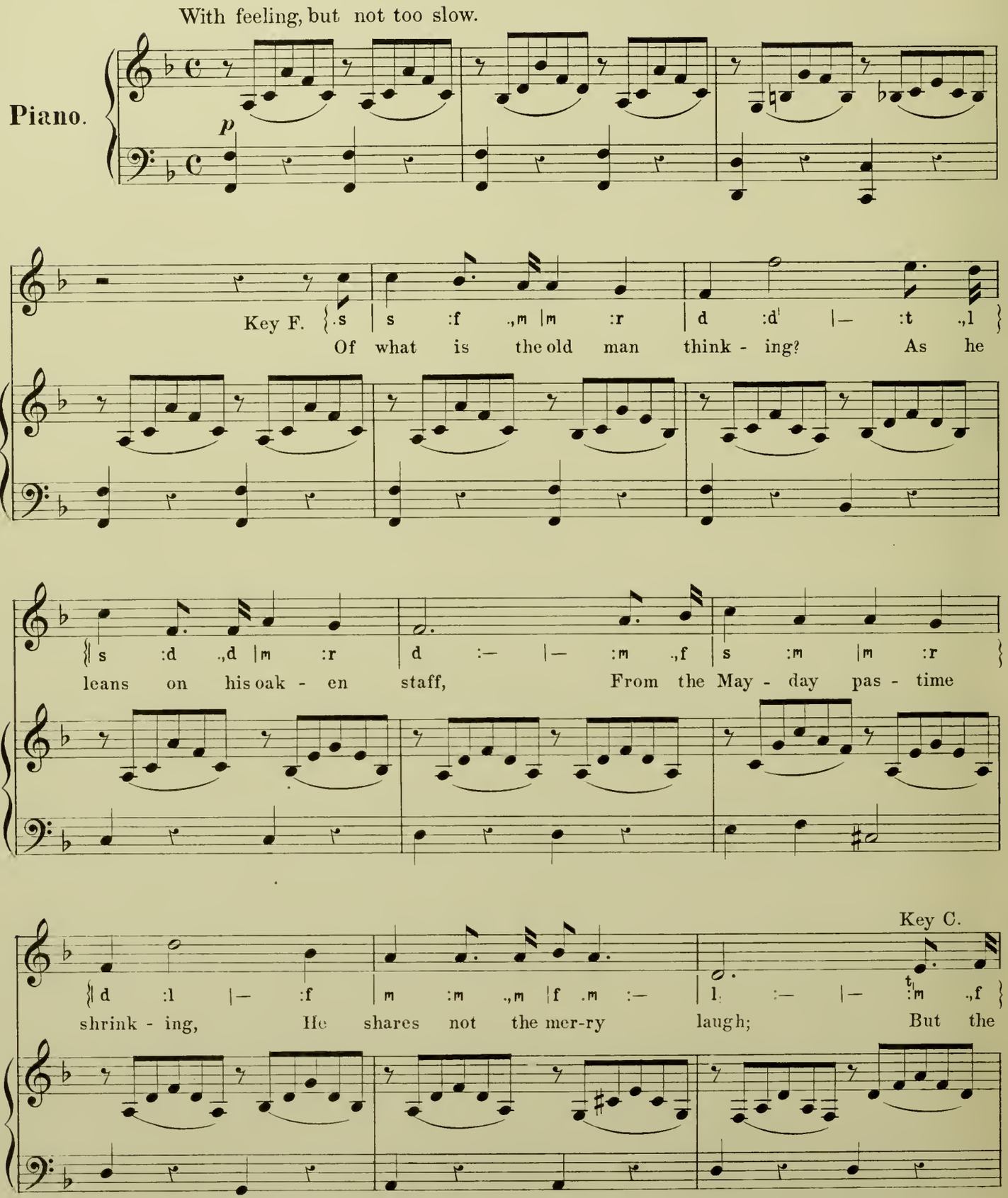

Key C.
r :d |s :— r:s | l :t |d' :r'.m' | f' :m'.r' |m' :d' .d' | r' :t |d' :m .m
how they sing! Doth set my pug-ging tooth on edge, For a quart of ale is a
f
p
Key F.
f :s .s |d :—.d' | d' :l |s .fe:s .l | t .l :s .f |m :f d.r | m :— .m |l :s
dish for a king, The white sheet bleaching on the hedge, With hey! the sweet birds
un poco rall.
a tempo
cres.
s .f :f .m |m :r .s, | d :r |m :r .d | m :f |s :s .s | l :t |d' :m .m
how they sing! Doth set my pug-ging tooth on edge, For a quart of ale is a
colla voce
cres.
f :s .s |d : .s | s :m |l .s :f .m | f .m :r .d |t, : .s, ‖
dish for a king. The lark that tir-ra lir-ra tir-ra lir-ra chants, With
leggiero
rall.

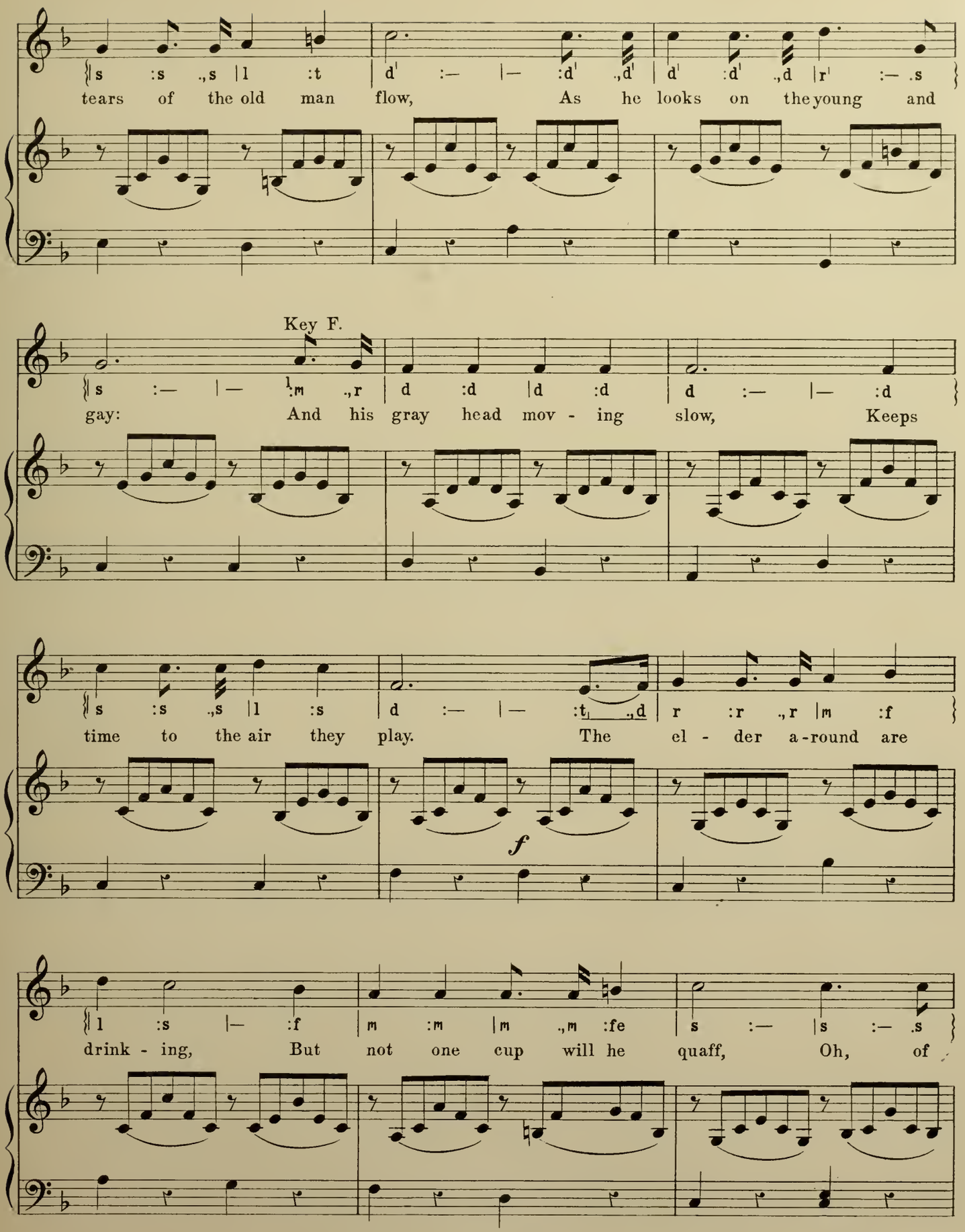

f
p
d :— :m |l, :— :l | s :l :f |m :— :s | l :— :f |r :— :l
hey! with hey! The thrush and the jay, Are sum - mer songs for
f
p
s :m :f |s :— :d | f :—:r |m :—:d | r :—:t, |d :—:r | m :—:f |s :— :m
me and my aunts, As we lie tumb - ling in the hay; As we lie tumb - ling,
ad lib.
l :— :f |s :m :f | s :l :t |d :d :f | m :f :r |d :— :—
tumb - ling, tumb - ling, As we lie tumb - ling in the hay.
colla voce
rall.

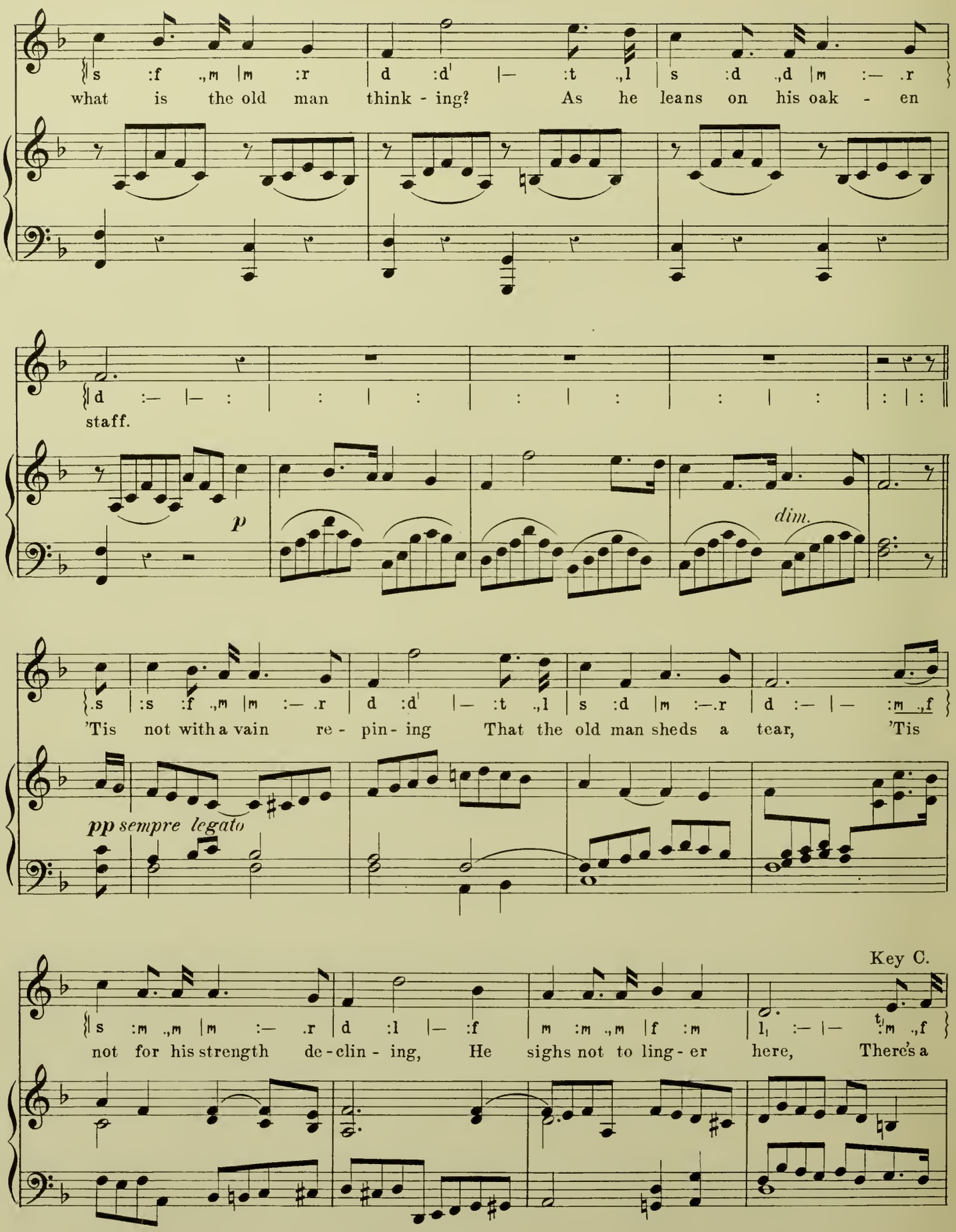
OF WHAT IS THE OLD MAN THINKING?

Words by T. H. BAYLY. Music by J. P. KNIGHT.

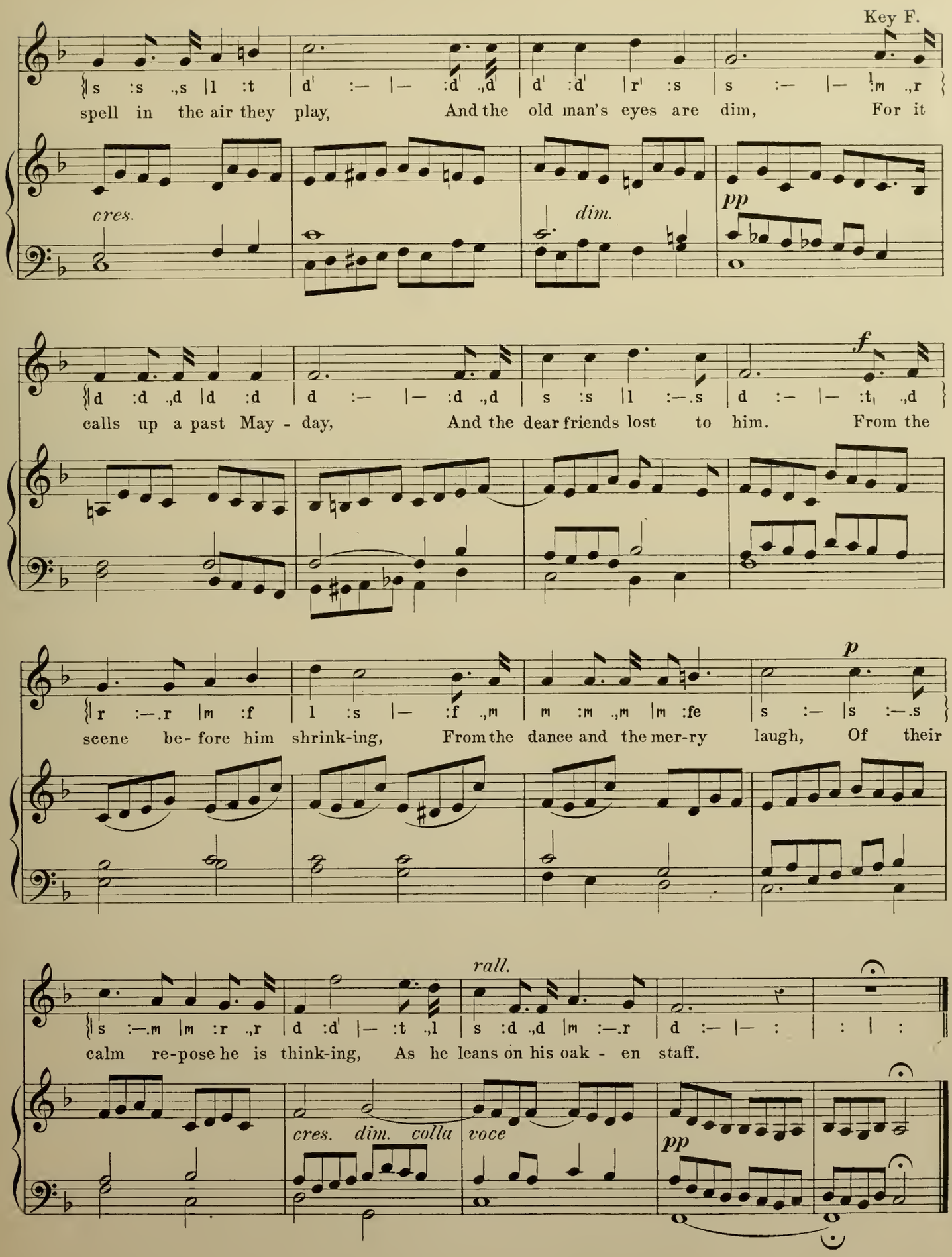
With feeling, but not too slow.




tears of the old man flow, As he looks on the young and
Key F.
gay: And his gray head mov - ing slow, Keeps
time to the air they play. The el - der a-round are
f
drink - ing, But not one cup will he quaff, Oh, of


s :f .,m |m :r | d :d' |— :t .,l | s :d .,d |m :— .r
what is the old man think - ing? As he leans on his oak - en
d :— |— : | : | : | : | : | : | : | :
staff.
p
dim.
.s | :s :f .,m |m :— .r | d :d' |— :t .,l | s :d |m :—.r | d :— |— :m .,f
'Tis not with a vain re - pin - ing That the old man sheds a tear, 'Tis
pp sempre legato
Key C.
s :m .,m |m :— .r | d :l |— :f | m :m .,m |f :m | l, :— |— :m .,f
not for his strength de - clin - ing, He sighs not to ling - er here, There's a

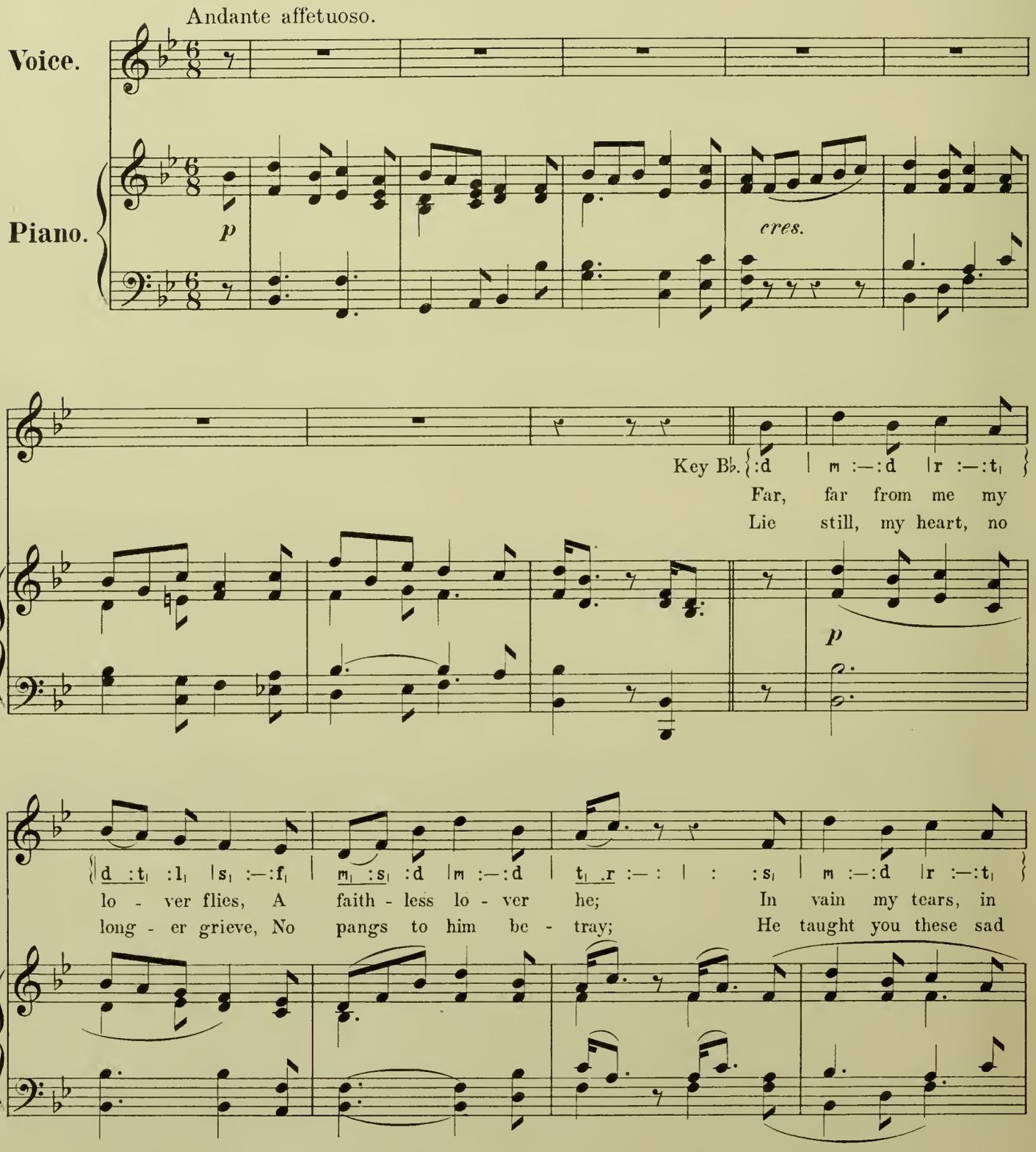
Key F.

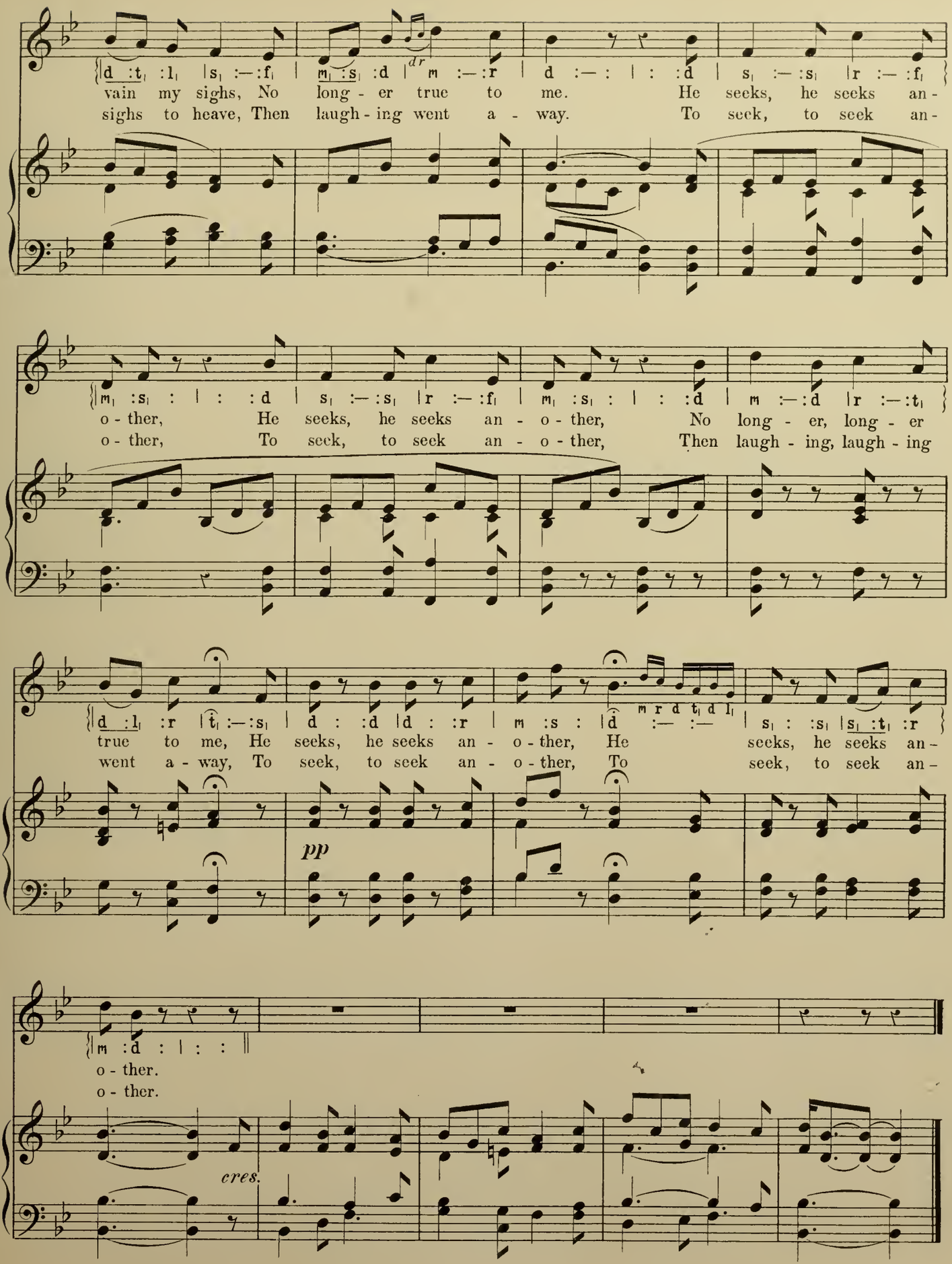

spell in the air they play, And the old man's eyes are dim, For it
cres.
dim.
pp
calls up a past May - day, And the dear friends lost to him. From the
f
scene be- fore him shrink-ing, From the dance and the mer-ry laugh, Of their
p
calm re-pose he is think-ing, As he leans on his oak - en staff.
rall.
cres. dim. colla voce
pp

FAR, FAR FROM ME MY LOVER FLIES.

Words by J. T. ALLINGHAM.

Music by M. P. KING.
(W. H. H.)




vain my sighs, No long - er true to me. He seeks, he seeks an -
sighs to heave, Then laugh - ing went a - way. To seek, to seek an -
o - ther, He seeks, he seeks an - o - ther, No long - er, long - er
o - ther, To seek, to seek an - o - ther, Then laugh - ing, laugh - ing
true to me, He seeks, he seeks an - o - ther, He seeks, he seeks an -
went a - way, To seek, to seek an - o - ther, To seek, to seek an -
pp
o - ther.
o - ther.
cres.

EVENTIME.

Words and Music by
MONTEM SMITH.
(W. H. H.)

Moderato con espressione.

Piano.

p *e legato* *pp*

Key F. {:s | m :— .r | d :s | t :— .l | s :— .m | r :— .r | l :— .r }

Dear E - ven-time! when on the trees, The fa - ding sun - beams

The ro - ses close their silk - en leaves, With pear - ly dew - drops

{ r :— . | :s | m :s | d' :— .m | f :d' | t :— .l }

play, And stars peep out from dark - 'ning skies, On

press'd, The rip - pling brook's soft lul - la - by In -

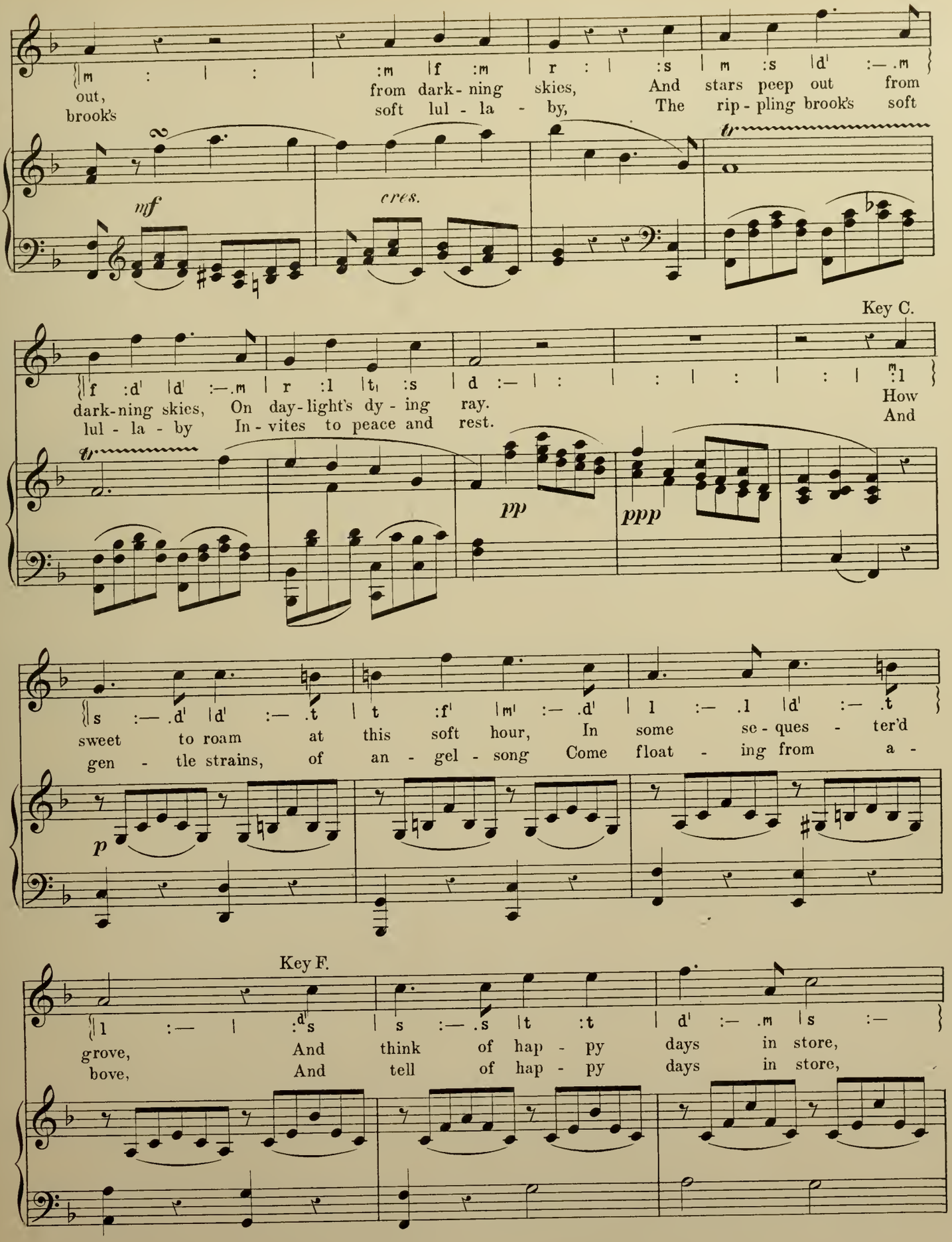
pp

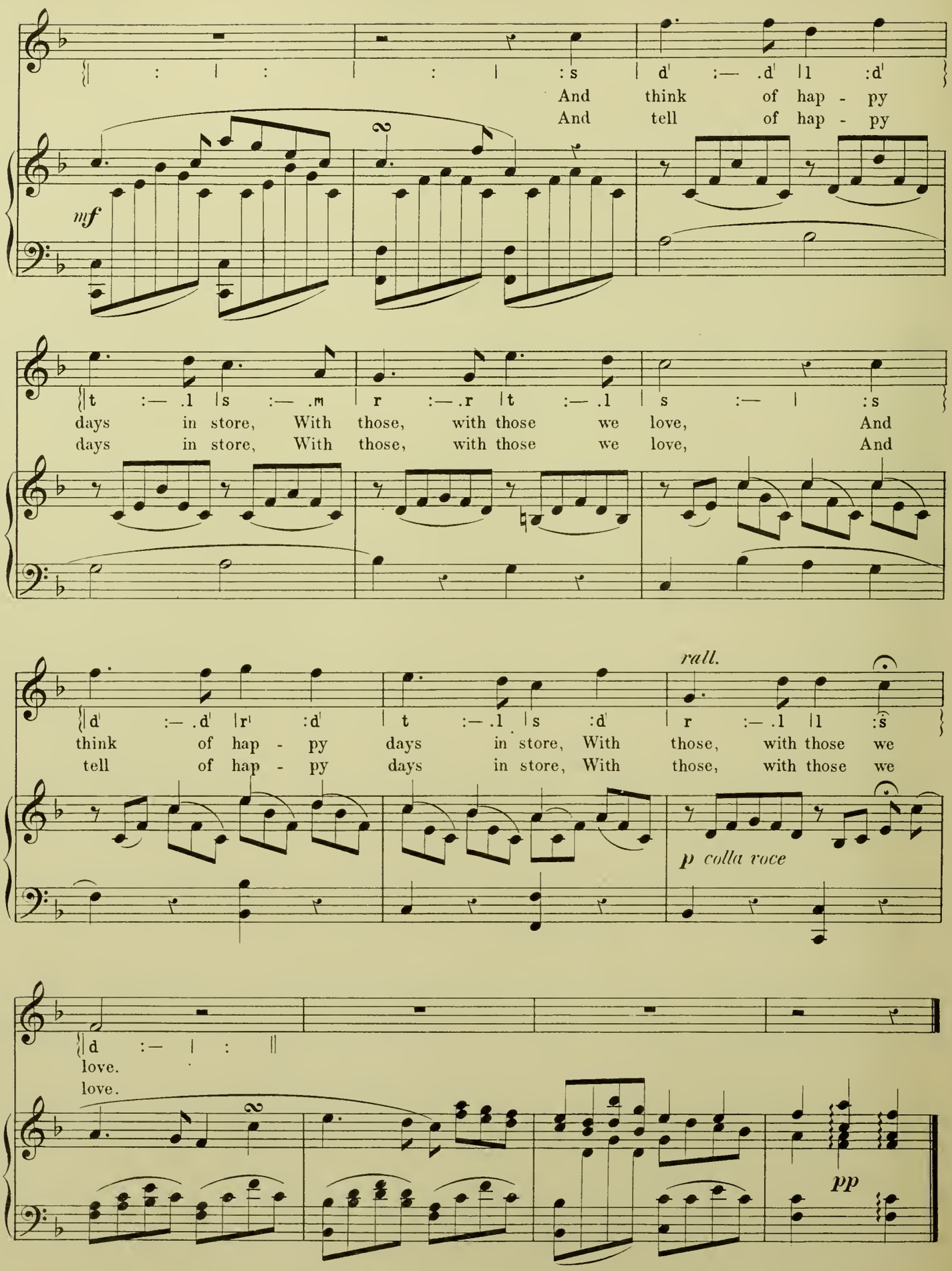
{ s :d | r :m | d :— | : | :m | s :— .f }

day - light's dy - ing ray. And stars peep

vites to peace and rest. The rip - pling

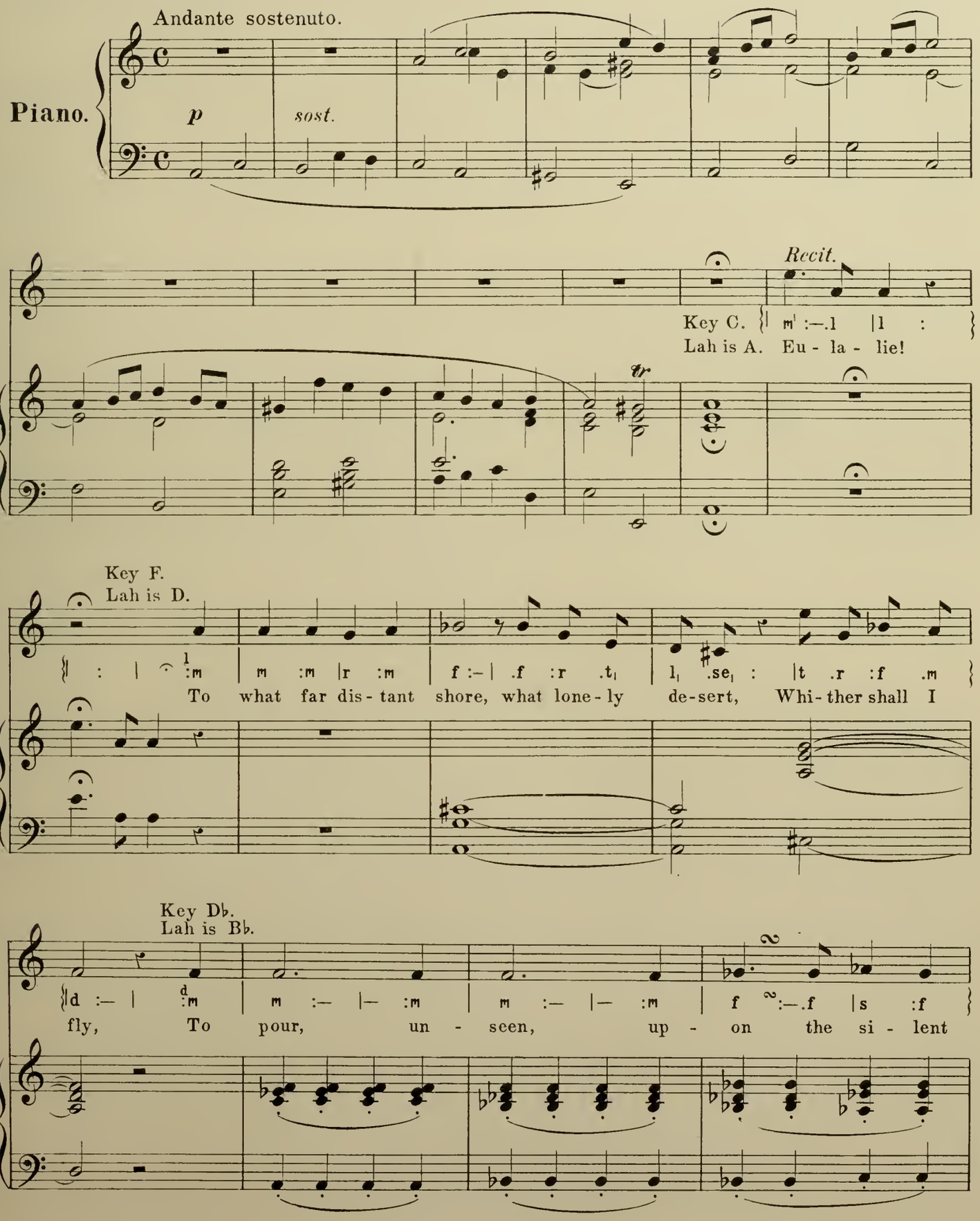
mf *p*

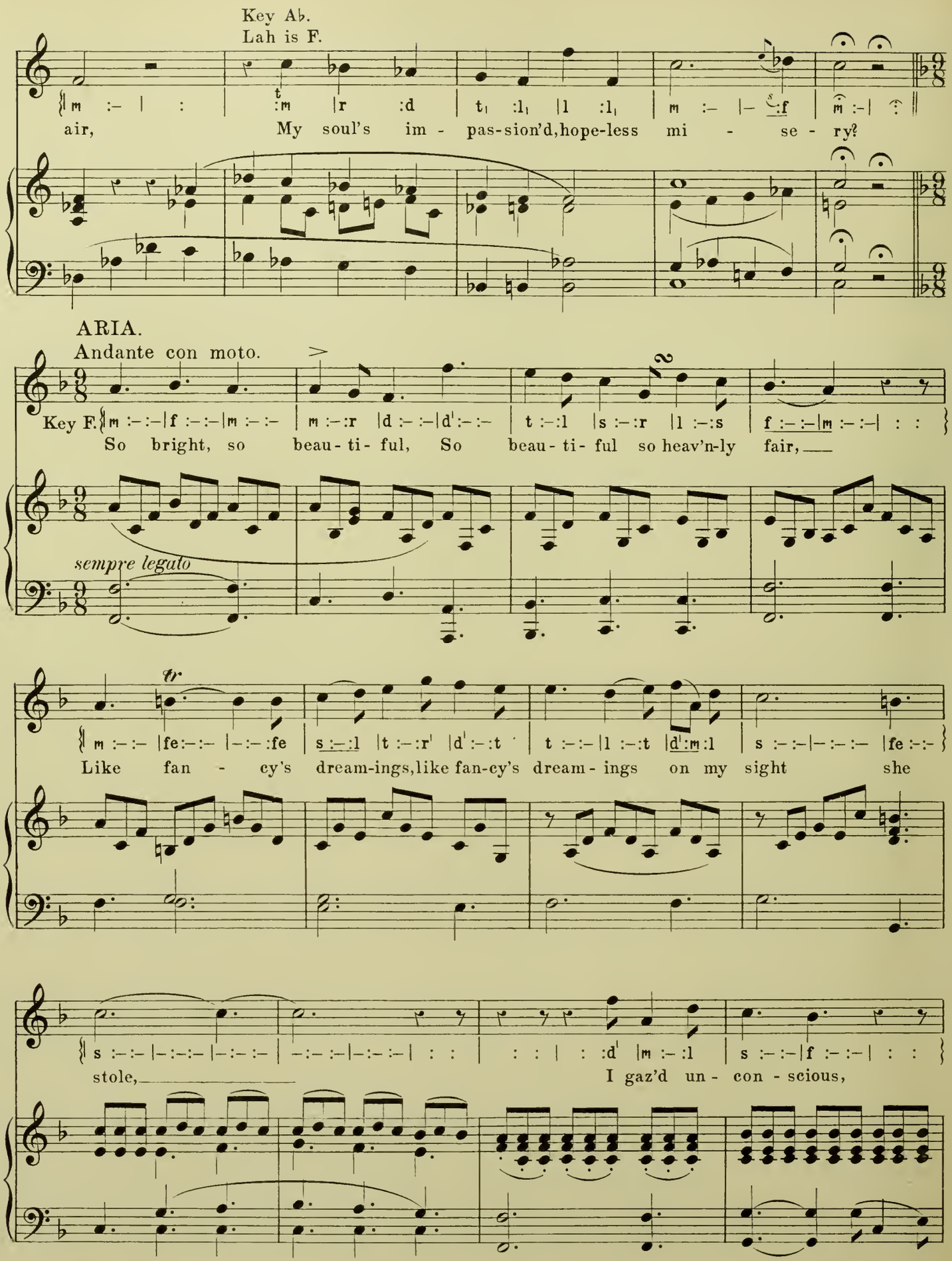

out, from dark-ning skies, And stars peep out from
brook's soft lul - la - by, The rip-pling brook's soft
mf
cres.
Key C.
dark-ning skies, On day-light's dy - ing ray. How
lul - la - by In-vites to peace and rest. And
pp
ppp
sweet to roam at this soft hour, In some se-ques - ter'd
gen - tle strains, of an - gel - song Come float - ing from a -
p
Key F.
grove, And think of hap - py days in store,
bove, And tell of hap - py days in store,

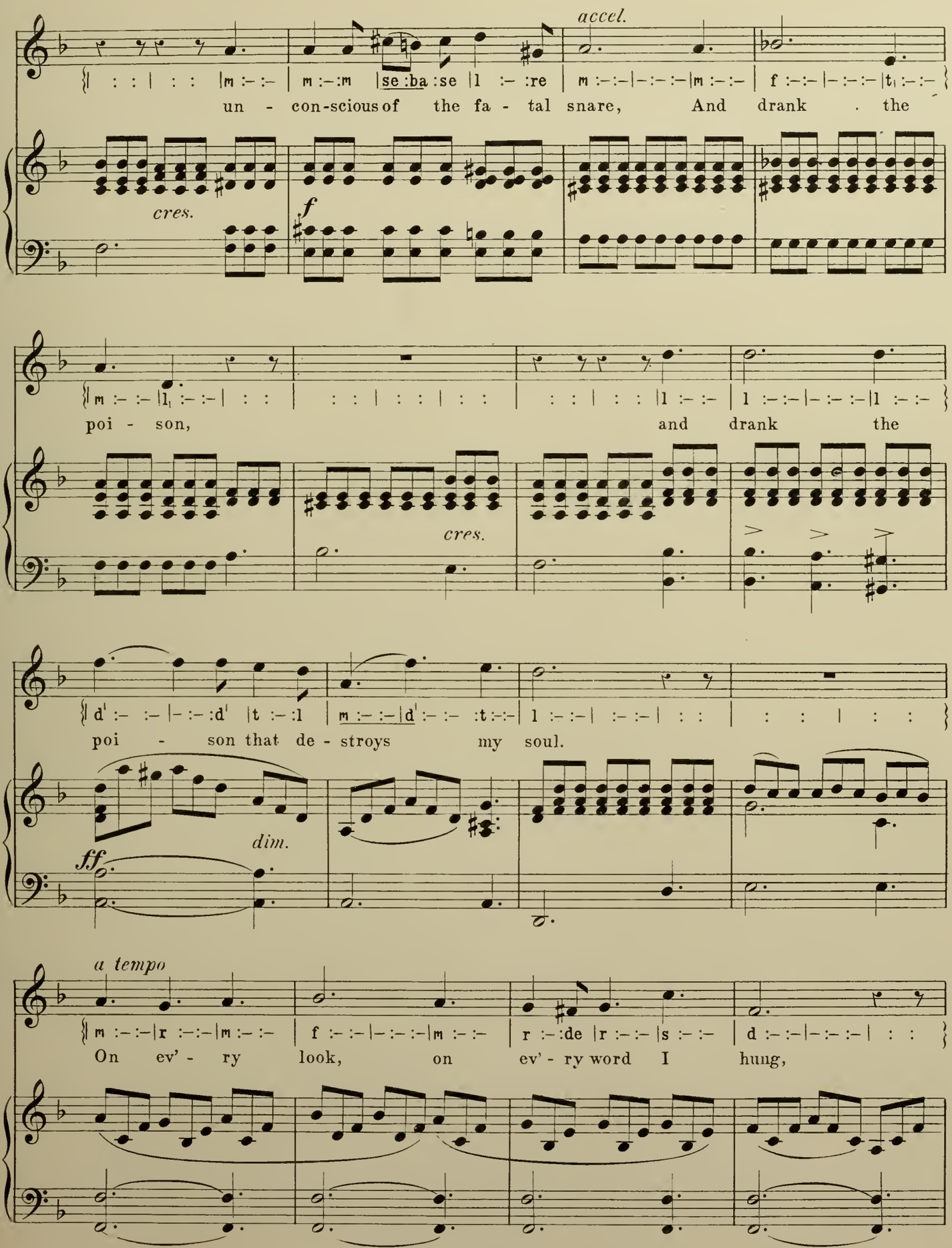

: | : | : | :s | d' :— .d' |l :d'
And think of hap - py
And tell of hap - py
mf
t :— .l |s :— .m | r :— .r |t :— .l | s :— | :s
days in store, With those, with those we love, And
days in store, With those, with those we love, And
rall.
d' :— .d' |r' :d' | t :— .l |s :d' | r :— .l |l :s
think of hap - py days in store, With those, with those we
tell of hap - py days in store, With those, with those we
p colla voce
d :— | : ||
love.
love.
pp

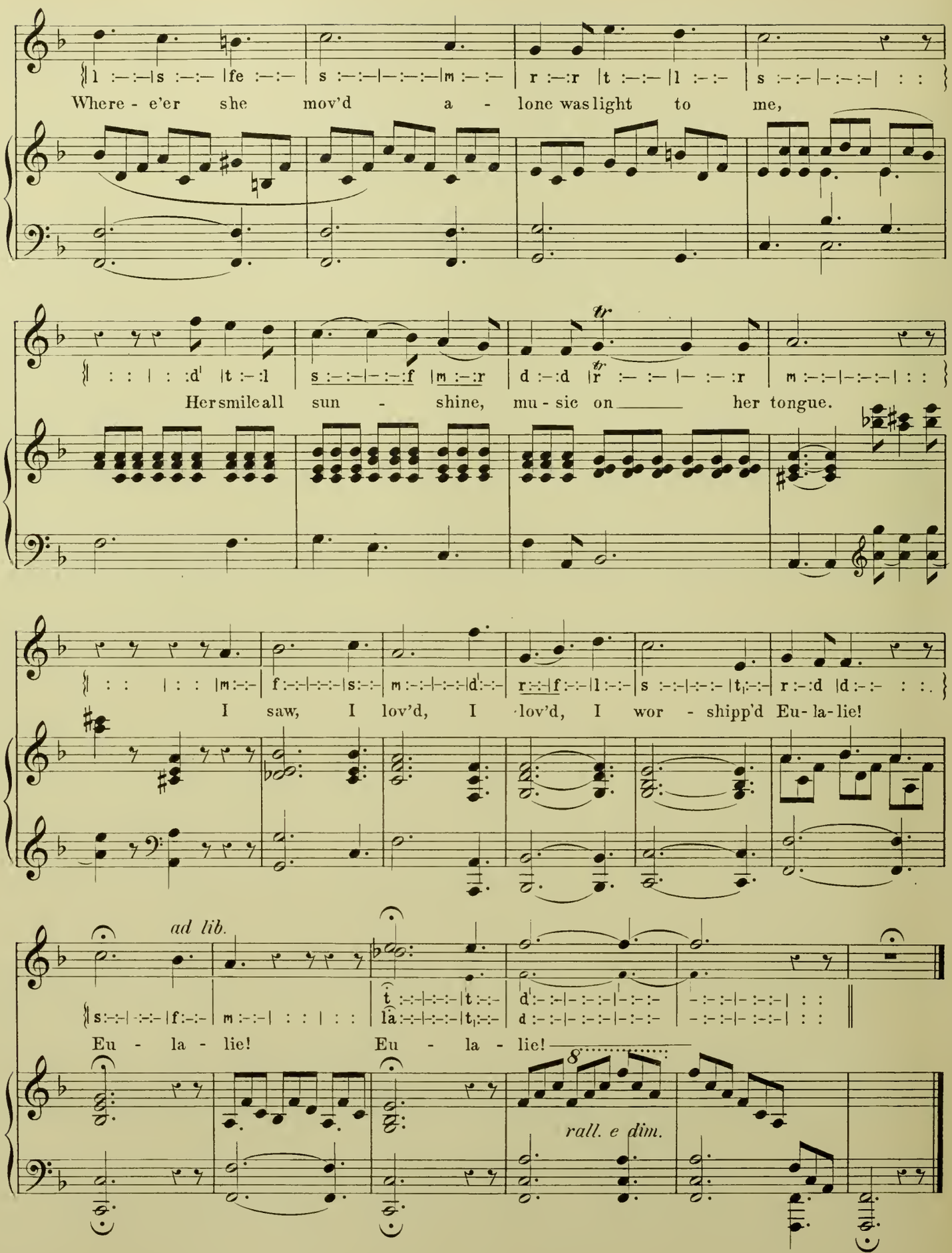
EULALIE.

Words by W. H. BELLAMY. J. W. HOBBS. (W. H. H.)



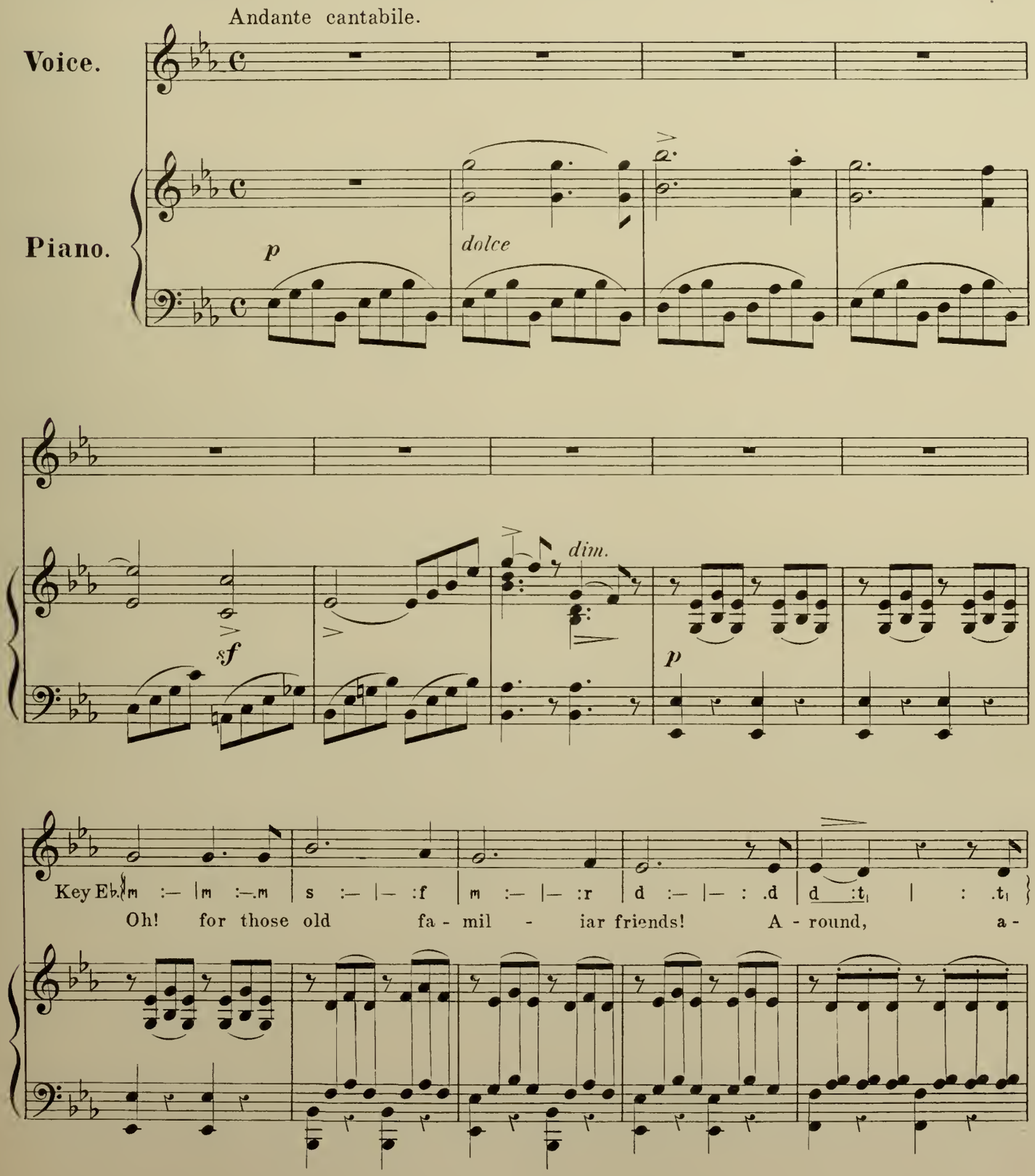

Key Ab.
Lah is F.
air, My soul's im - pas-sion'd, hope-less mi - se - ry?
ARIA.
Andante con moto.
Key F.
So bright, so beau - ti - ful, So beau - ti - ful so heav'n-ly fair,
sempre legato
tr
Like fan - cy's dream-ings, like fan-cy's dream - ings on my sight she
stole,
I gaz'd un - con - scious,

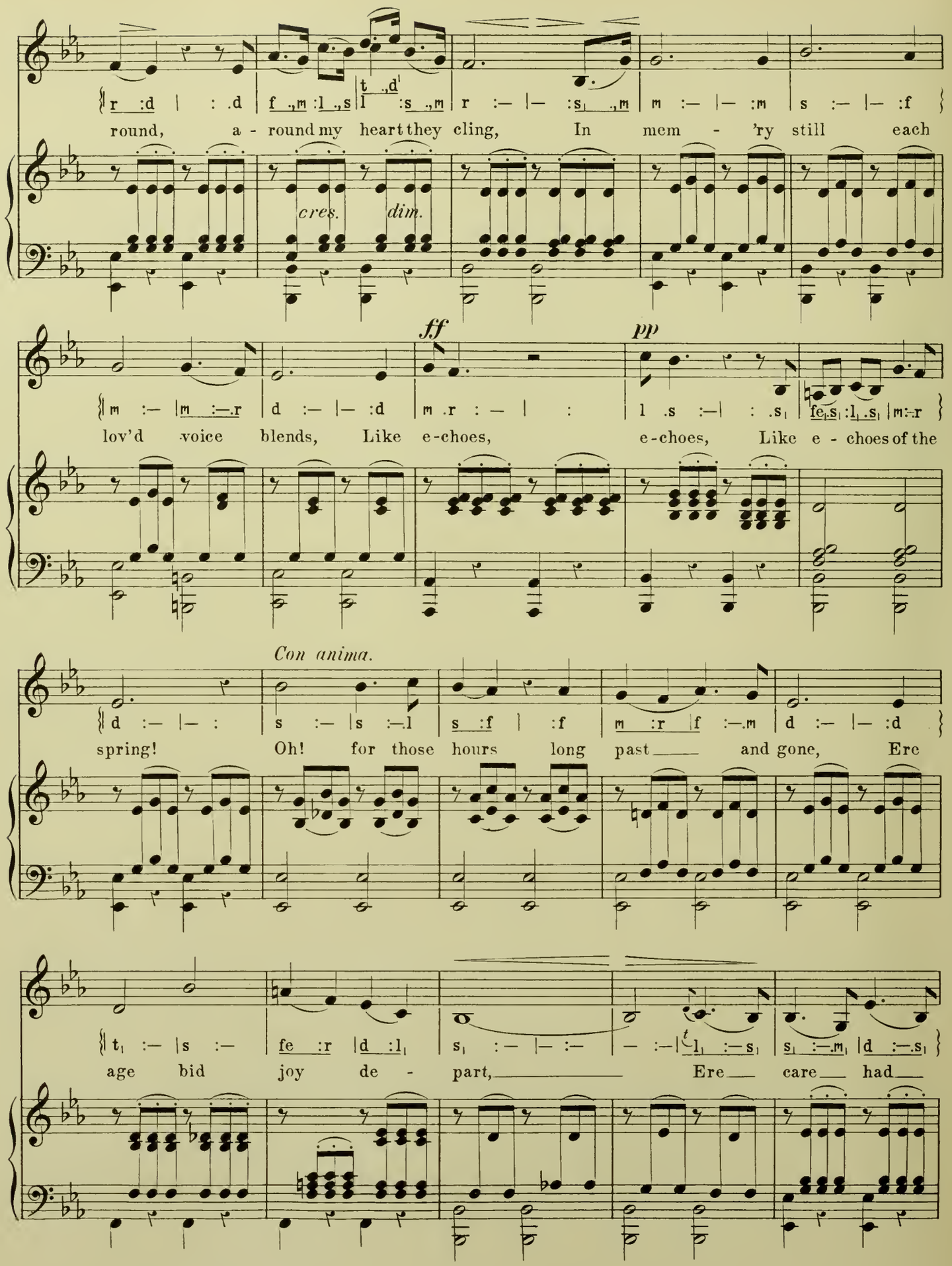

accel.
cres.
f
un - con-scious of the fa - tal snare, And drank . the
poi - son, and drank the
cres.
d' :- :- |- :- :d' |t :- :l | m :- :-|d' :- :- :t :-|
poi - son that de - stroys my soul.
dim.
ff
a tempo
m :- :-|r :- :-|m :- :- | f :- :-|- :- :-|m :- :- | r :- :de |r :- :- |s :- :- | d :- :-|- :- :-| : :
On ev' - ry look, on ev' - ry word I hung,

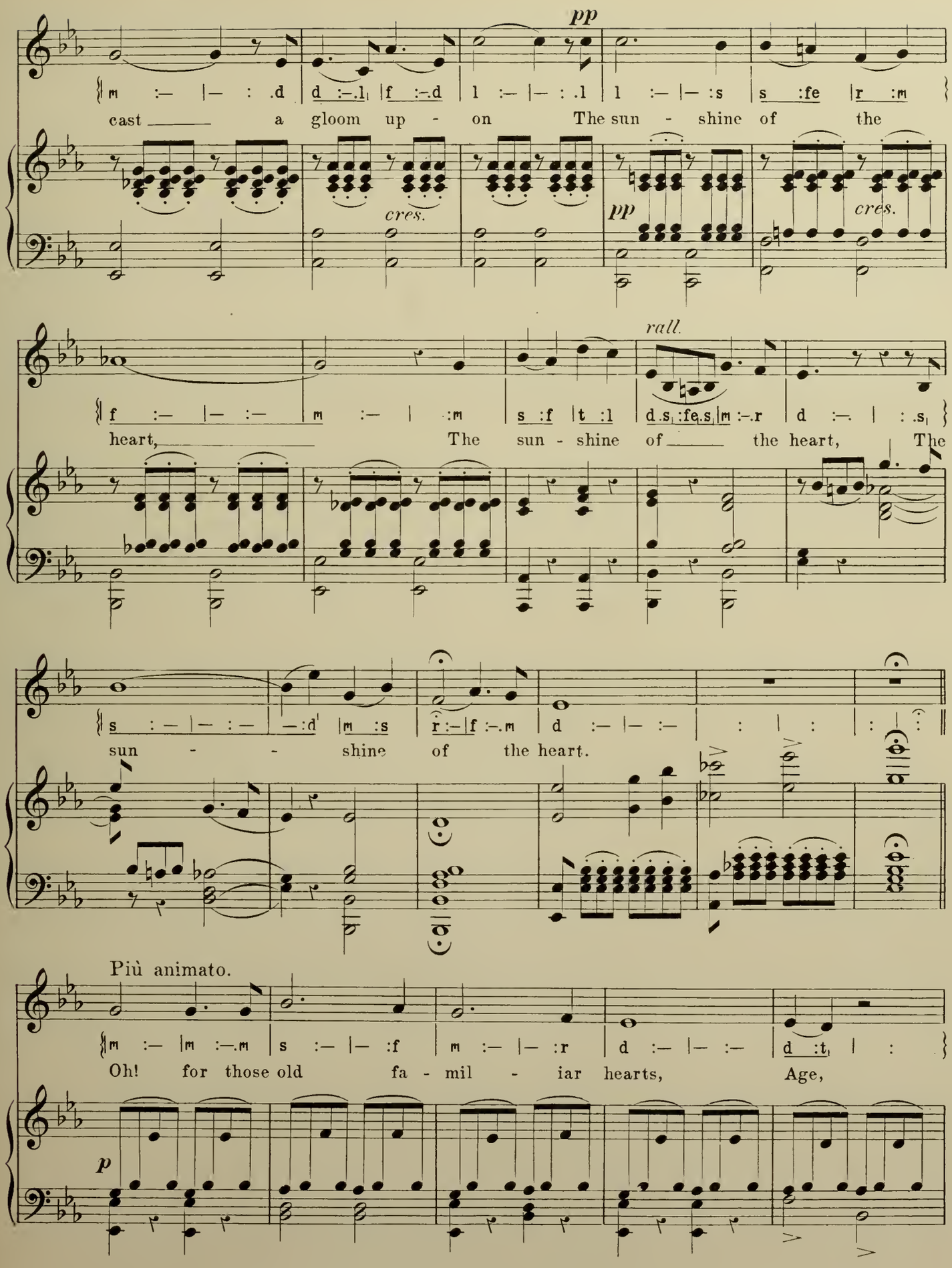

Where - e'er she mov'd a - lone was light to me,
Her smile all sun - shine, mu - sic on her tongue.
I saw, I lov'd, I lov'd, I wor - shipp'd Eu - la - lie!
ad lib.
Eu - la - lie! Eu - la - lie!
rall. e dim.

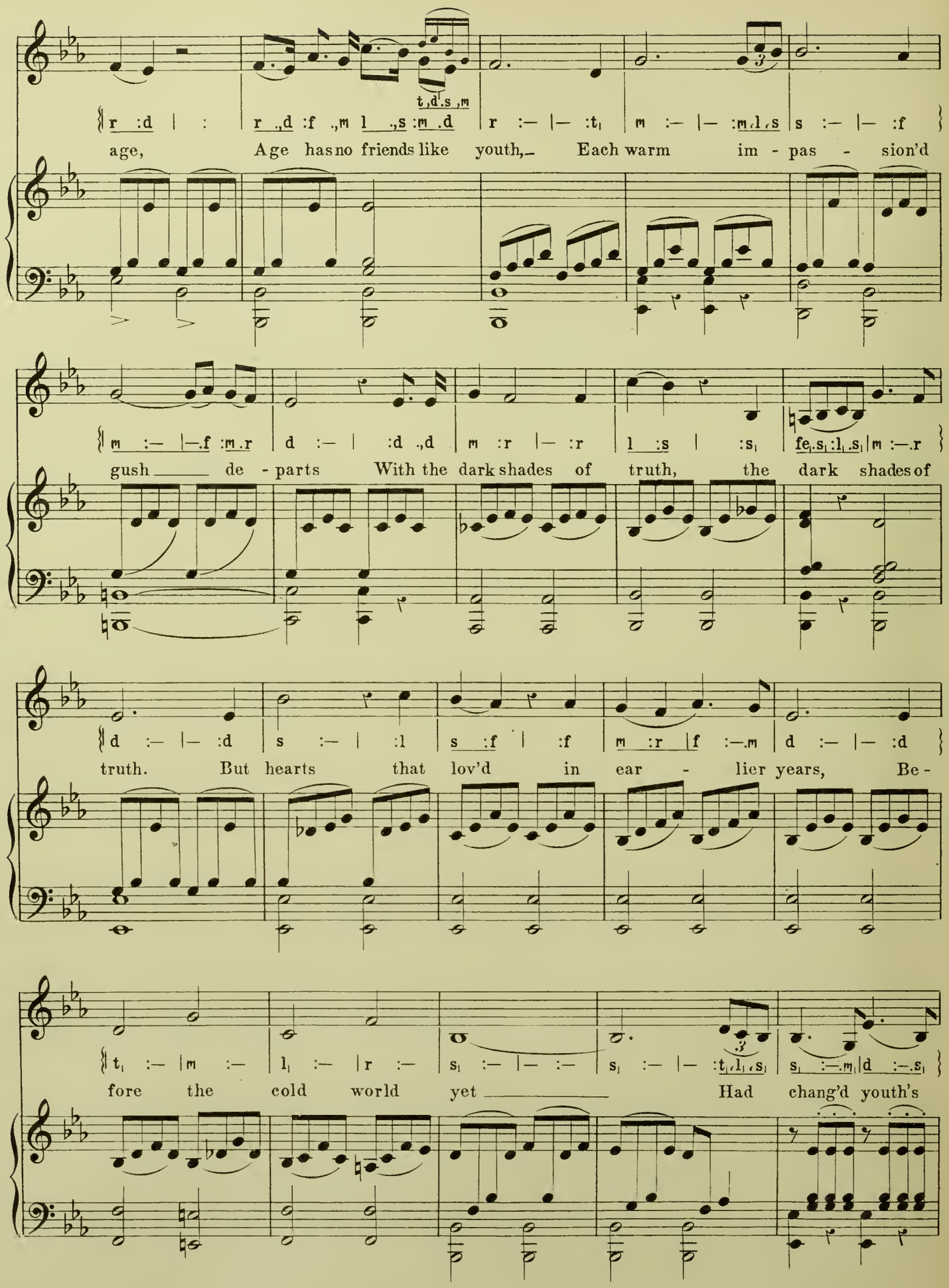
OH! FOR THOSE OLD FAMILIAR FRIENDS!

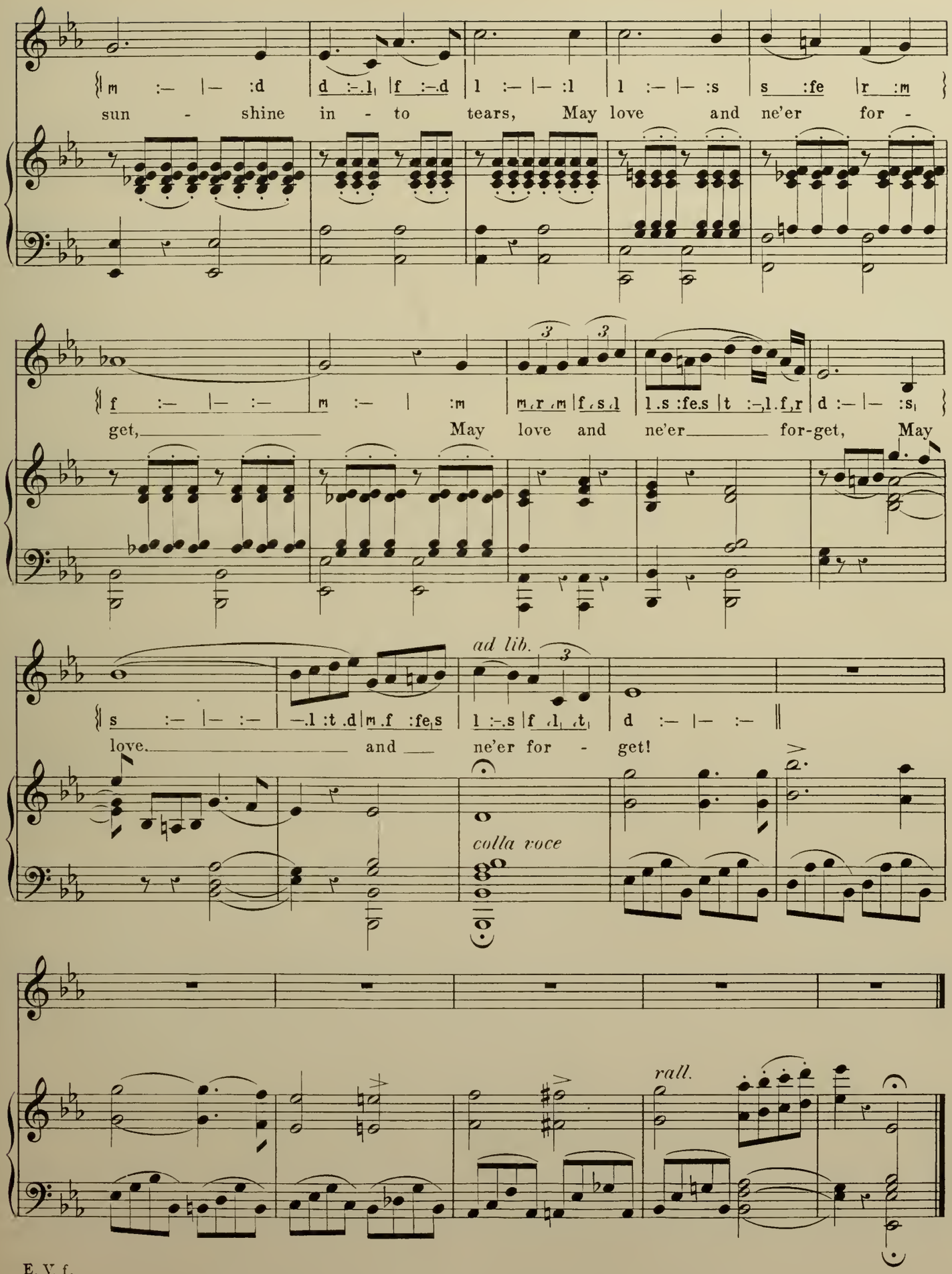
Words by J. E. CARPENTER. JOHN BARNETT. (W. H. H.)




round, a - round my heart they cling, In mem - 'ry still each
cres.
dim.
ff
pp
lov'd voice blends, Like e-choes, e-choes, Like e - choes of the
Con anima.
spring! Oh! for those hours long past and gone, Ere
age bid joy de - part, Ere care had


pp
cast a gloom up - on The sun - shine of the
cres.
pp
cres.
rall.
heart, The sun - shine of the heart, The
sun - shine of the heart.
Più animato.
Oh! for those old fa - mil - iar hearts, Age,
p


r :d | : r .,d :f .,m l .,s :m .d r :— |— :t, m :— |— :m,.l,.s s :— |— :f
age, Age has no friends like youth,— Each warm im - pas - sion'd
m :— |—.f :m.r d :— | :d .,d m :r |— :r l :s | :s, fe,.s,:l,.s,|m :—.r
gush de - parts With the dark shades of truth, the dark shades of
d :— |— :d s :— | :l s :f | :f m :r |f :—.m d :— |— :d
truth. But hearts that lov'd in ear - lier years, Be -
t, :— |m :— l, :— |r :— s, :— |— :— s, :— |— :t,.l,.s, s, :—.m,|d :—.s,
fore the cold world yet Had chang'd youth's


m :— |— :d | d :-.l, | f :-.d | l :— |— :l | l :— |— :s | s :fe | r :m
sun - shine in - to tears, May love and ne'er for -
f :— |— :— | m :— | :m | m .r .m | f .s .l | l .s :fe.s | t :-.l.f,r | d :— |— :s,
get, May love and ne'er for-get, May
ad lib.
s :— |— :— | —.l :t .d | m .f :fe,s | l :-.s | f .l, .t, | d :— |— :— ‖
love. and ne'er for - get!
colla voce
rall.

E. V. f.

DEAREST KITTY.

Old English. (H. F. S.)

Gracefully.

Piano.

dolce

Key F.

d :-.r :d | s :m :- | r :-.m :r | f :l :-

Dear-est Kit-ty, kind and fair,
Dear-est Kit-ty, but be true!

s :m :d | t₁ :r :f | m :r :d | s :-:- | : : | : : | : : | : : | d :-.t :l | t :-:s

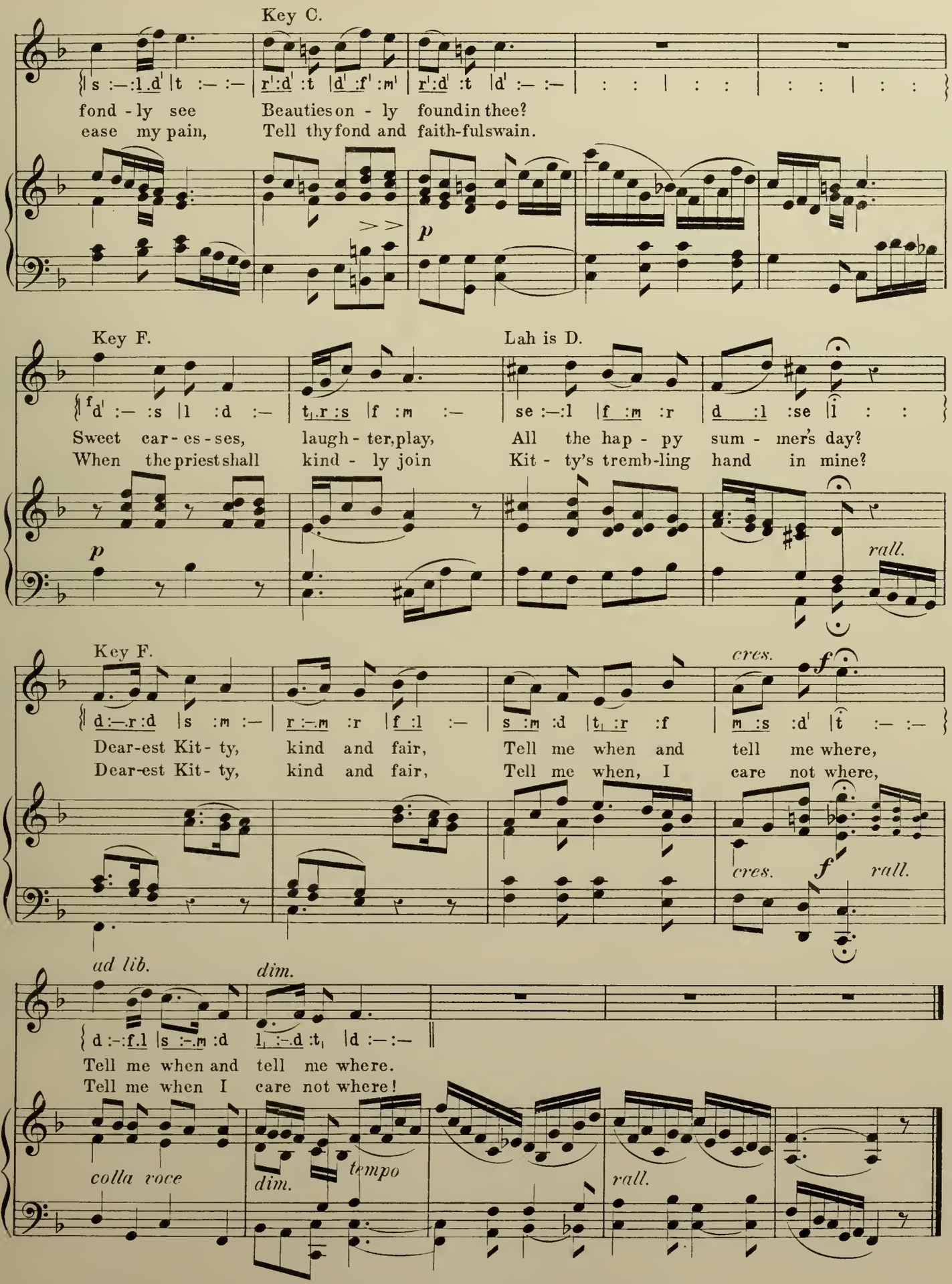
Tell me when and tell me where; Tell thy fond thy
Blest I can be but with you. Ache and sor - row

rall. *tempo*

l .t :d' .l :s .fe | s :- :- | f :-.s :f | m :s :d' | r :-.m :d | t₁ :-:- | d :-:r .f | m :-:f .l

faith - ful swain When we thus shall meet a - gain. When shall Stre - phon
cease a - lone When that Hy - men makes us one. Tell me then to

rall. *tempo*


Key C.
fond - ly see Beauties on - ly found in thee?
ease my pain, Tell thy fond and faith-ful swain.
Key F.
Lah is D.
Sweet car - es - ses, laugh - ter, play, All the hap - py sum - mer's day?
When the priest shall kind - ly join Kit - ty's tremb-ling hand in mine?
rall.
Key F.
cres.
Dear-est Kit - ty, kind and fair, Tell me when and tell me where,
Dear-est Kit - ty, kind and fair, Tell me when, I care not where,
cres.
rall.
ad lib.
dim.
Tell me when and tell me where.
Tell me when I care not where!
colla voce
dim.
tempo
rall.

TO MEET HER MARS.

J. ECCLES, 1710.
(H. F. S.)

In steady time.

Piano.

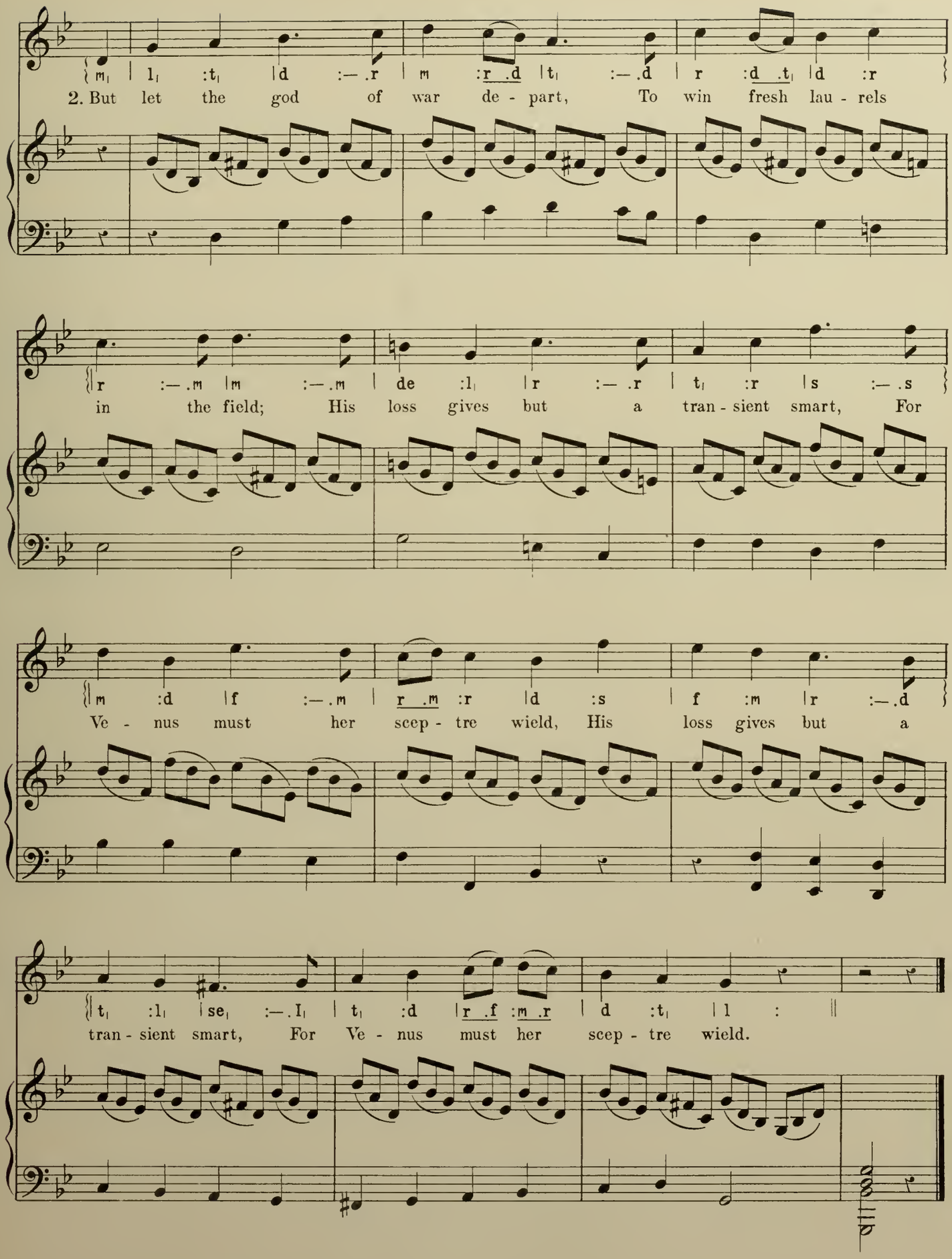
p *f* *p* *f*

Key B♭. Lah is G.

1. To meet her Mars, the Queen of Love, Comes here adorned in all her charms;
3. In heav'n no god es-teems her worth, And mor-tals to her love are snow;

The war-rior best the fair can move, And crowns his toils in beau-ty's arms, The
Then looks she straight be-neath the earth, And Vul-can clasps in hell be-low, Then

war-rior best the fair can move, And crowns his toils in beau-ty's arms.
looks she straight be-neath the earth, And Vul-can clasps in hell be-low.


2. But let the god of war de - part, To win fresh lau - rels
in the field; His loss gives but a tran - sient smart, For
Ve - nus must her scep - tre wield, His loss gives but a
tran - sient smart, For Ve - nus must her scep - tre wield.

Fly away, pretty Moth.

Words and Music by T. H. BAYLY.
(W. H. H.)

Allegretto.

Piano.

p

Key F. d ,d | m .m ,m :s .s ,s | d' :— .d ,d | r .l ,l :s .f ,f

Fly a - way, pret-ty Moth, to the shade, Of the leaf where you slum - ber'd all
I have seen, pret-ty Moth, in the world, Some as wild as your-self, and as

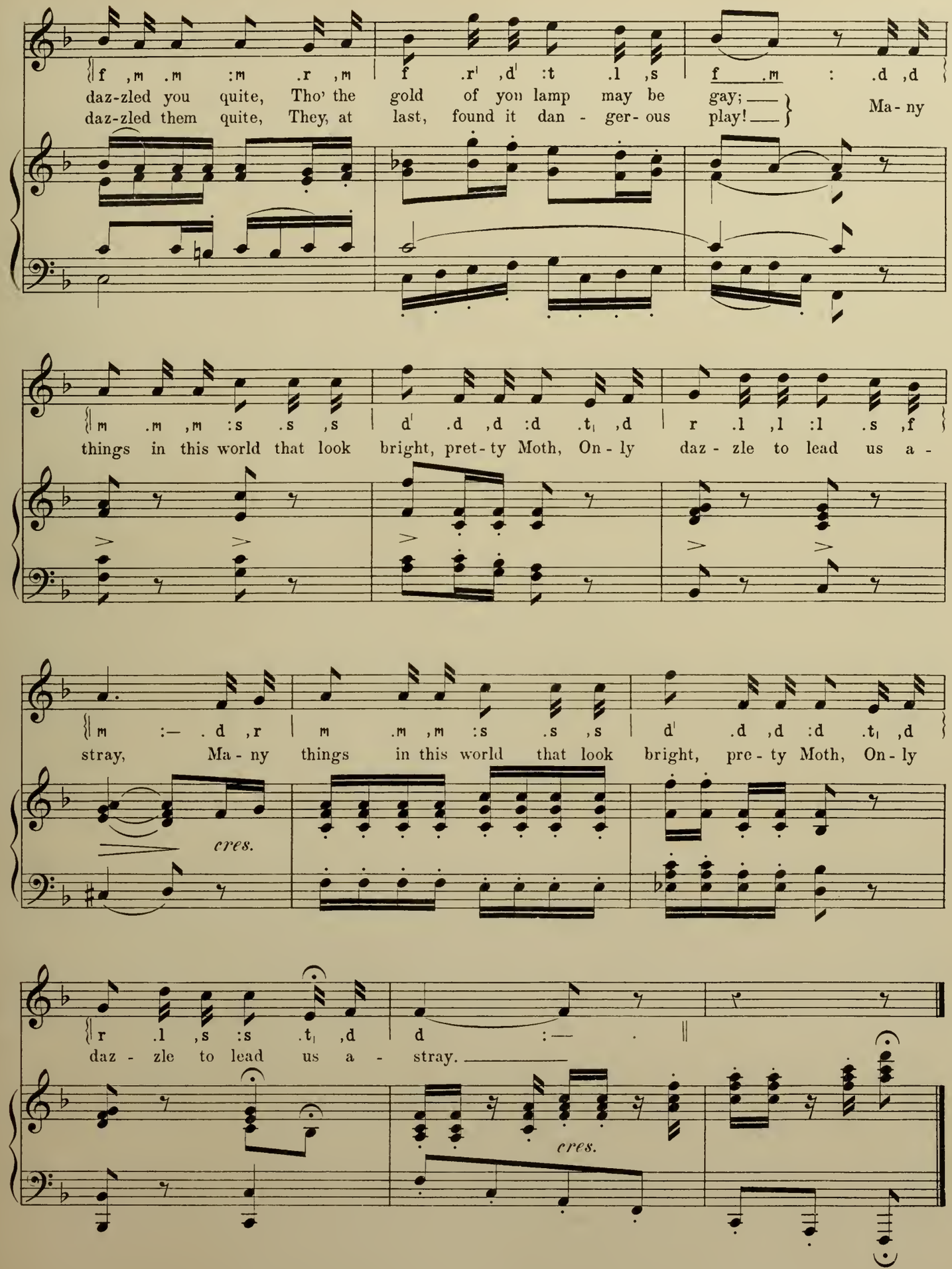
pp

m :— .d ,d | m .m ,m :s .s ,s | d' .d ,d :d .t_1 ,d

day; Be con - tent with the moon and the stars, pret-ty Moth, And make
gay, Who, be - witch'd by the sweet fas - ci - na - tion of eyes, Flit-ted

r .l ,l :s .f ,r | d :— t_1 ,d | r .r ,r :r .d ,d

use of your wings while you may. Tho' yon glit - ter-ing light may have
round them by night and by day. But tho' dreams of de-light may have


f ,m .m :m .r ,m | f .r' ,d' :t .l ,s | f .m : .d ,d
daz-zled you quite, Tho' the gold of yon lamp may be gay; —
daz-zled them quite, They, at last, found it dan - ger- ous play! —
Ma- ny
m .m ,m :s .s ,s | d' .d ,d :d .t, ,d | r .l ,l :l .s ,f
things in this world that look bright, pret- ty Moth, On - ly daz - zle to lead us a -
m :— . d ,r | m .m ,m :s .s ,s | d' .d ,d :d .t, ,d
stray, Ma - ny things in this world that look bright, pre - ty Moth, On - ly
cres.
r .l ,s :s .t, ,d | d :— .
daz - zle to lead us a - stray. —
cres.

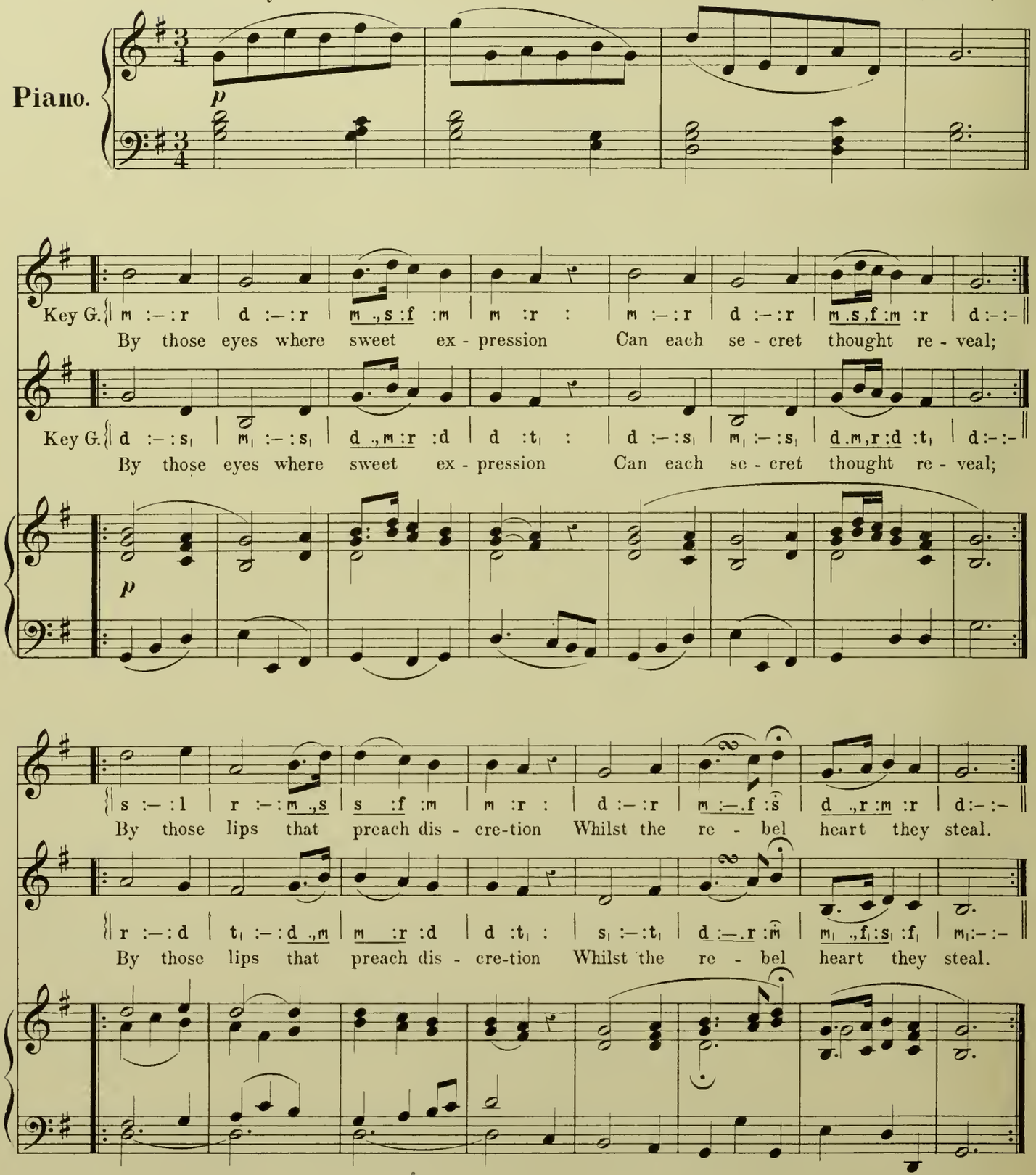
By those eyes.

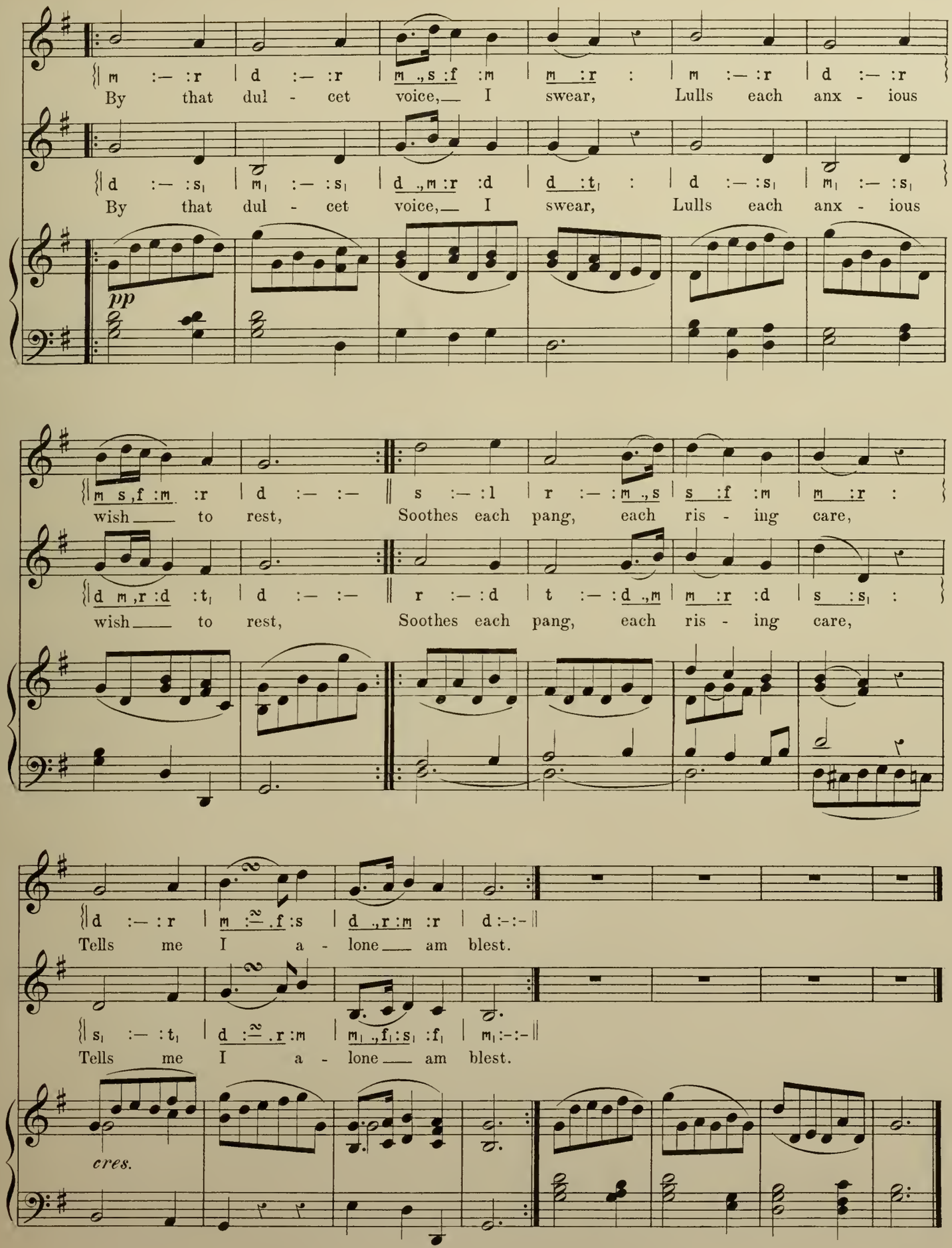
Duet.

H. LEANDER.
(W. H. H.)

Gracefully.

Piano.




m :— :r | d :— :r | m .,s :f :m | m :r : | m :— :r | d :— :r
By that dul - cet voice,— I swear, Lulls each anx - ious
d :— :s, | m, :— :s, | d .,m :r :d | d :t, : | d :— :s, | m, :— :s,
By that dul - cet voice,— I swear, Lulls each anx - ious
pp
m s,f :m :r | d :— :— || s :— :l | r :— :m .,s | s :f :m | m :r :
wish— to rest, Soothes each pang, each ris - ing care,
d m,r :d :t, | d :— :— || r :— :d | t :— :d .,m | m :r :d | s :s, :
wish— to rest, Soothes each pang, each ris - ing care,
d :— :r | m :~ .f :s | d .,r :m :r | d :-:-||
Tells me I a - lone— am blest.
s, :— :t, | d :~ .r :m | m, .,f, :s, :f, | m, :-:-||
Tells me I a - lone— am blest.
cres.

THE PLOUGHMAN'S DITTY.

Old English
(H. F. S.)

Cheerfully.

Voice.

Piano.

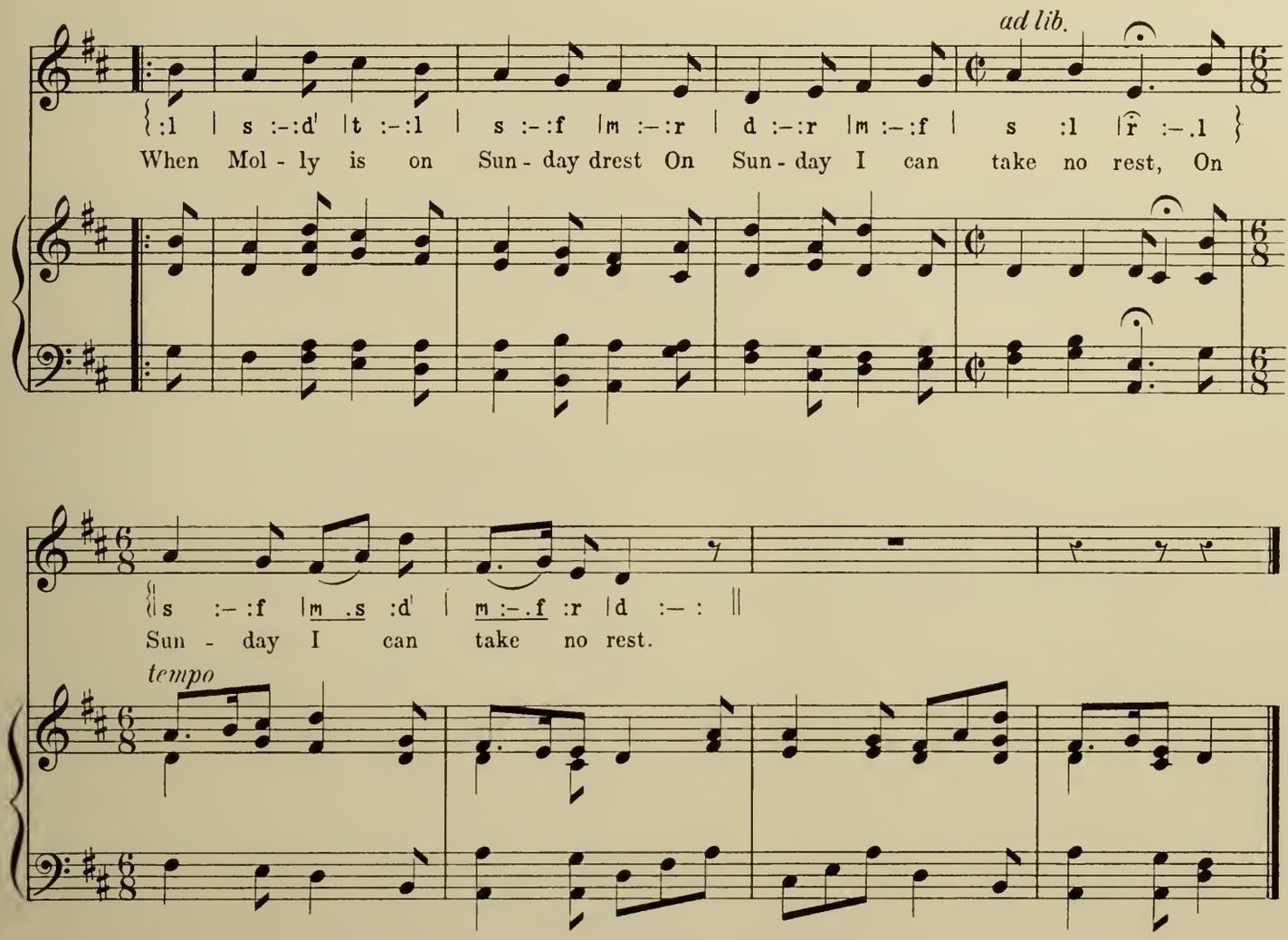
Key D. {:d | m :— :f | s :m :d | l :t :d' | t :— :d' | r' :— :f | m :— :m | m' :— :s | fe :— :r }

When Mol - ly smiles be - neath her cow I feel my heart, I can't tell how, I

f *p* *f* *p*

{s :— :l | t :— :d' | t :d' :l | s :— : | : : | : : | : : | : : ‖

feel my heart, I can't tell how,



2.

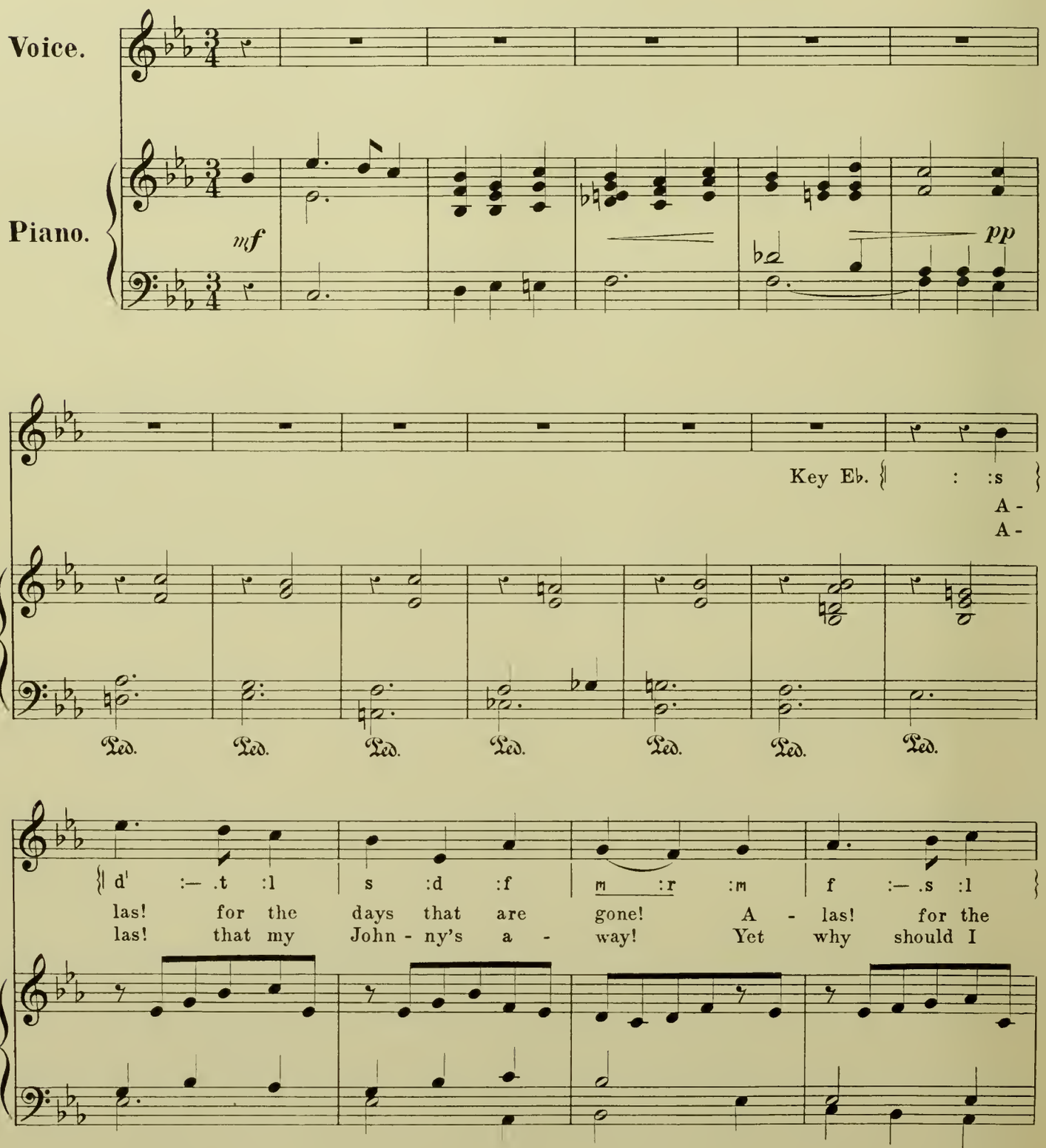
What can I do? on working days
I leave my work on her to gaze:
What shall I say? at sermon I
Forget the text when Molly's by.

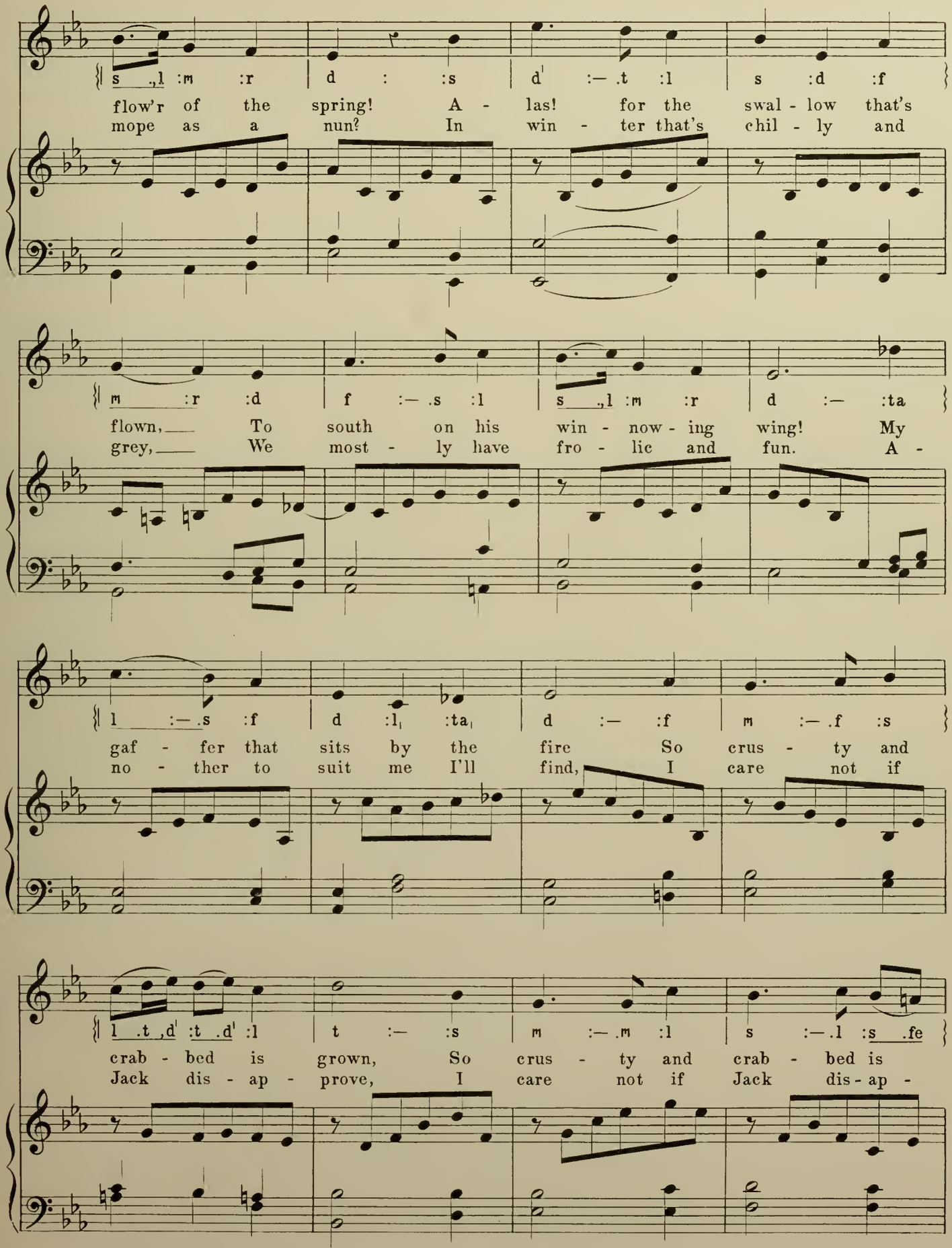
3.

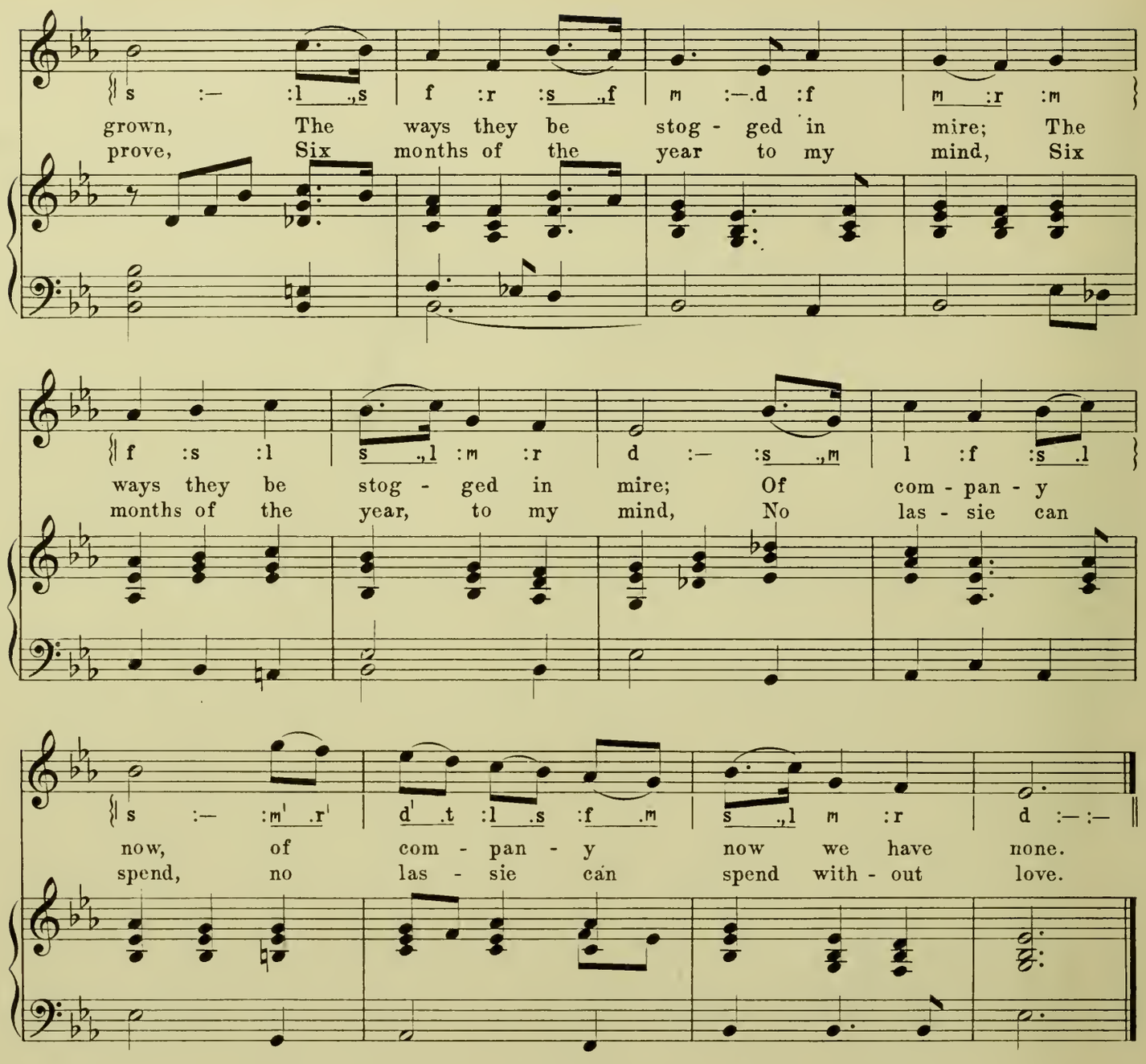
Good Master Curate, teach me how
To mind your preaching, and my plough.
And if for this you'll raise a spell,
A good fat goose shall thank you well.

ALAS! FOR THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE!

J. PERCY (F. W. B.)




s ,l :m :r | d : :s | d' :— .t :l | s :d :f
flow'r of the spring! A - las! for the swal - low that's
mope as a nun? In win - ter that's chil - ly and
m :r :d | f :— .s :l | s ,l :m :r | d :— :ta
flown, To south on his win - now - ing wing! My
grey, We most - ly have fro - lic and fun. A -
l :— .s :f | d :l, :ta, | d :— :f | m :— .f :s
gaf - fer that sits by the fire So crus - ty and
no - ther to suit me I'll find, I care not if
l .t ,d' :t .d' :l | t :— :s | m :— .m :l | s :— .l :s .fe
crab - bed is grown, So crus - ty and crab - bed is
Jack dis - ap - prove, I care not if Jack dis - ap -



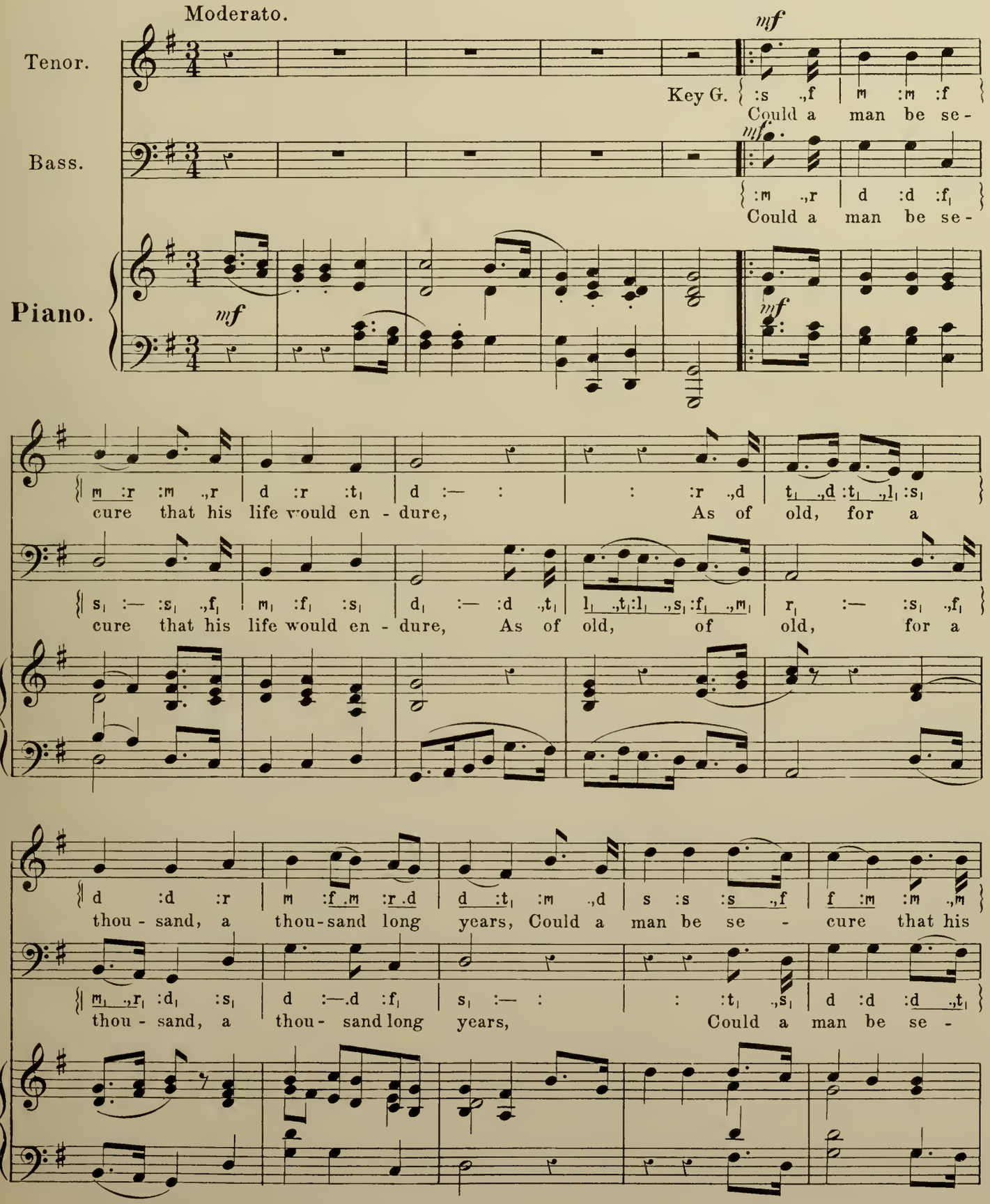
3

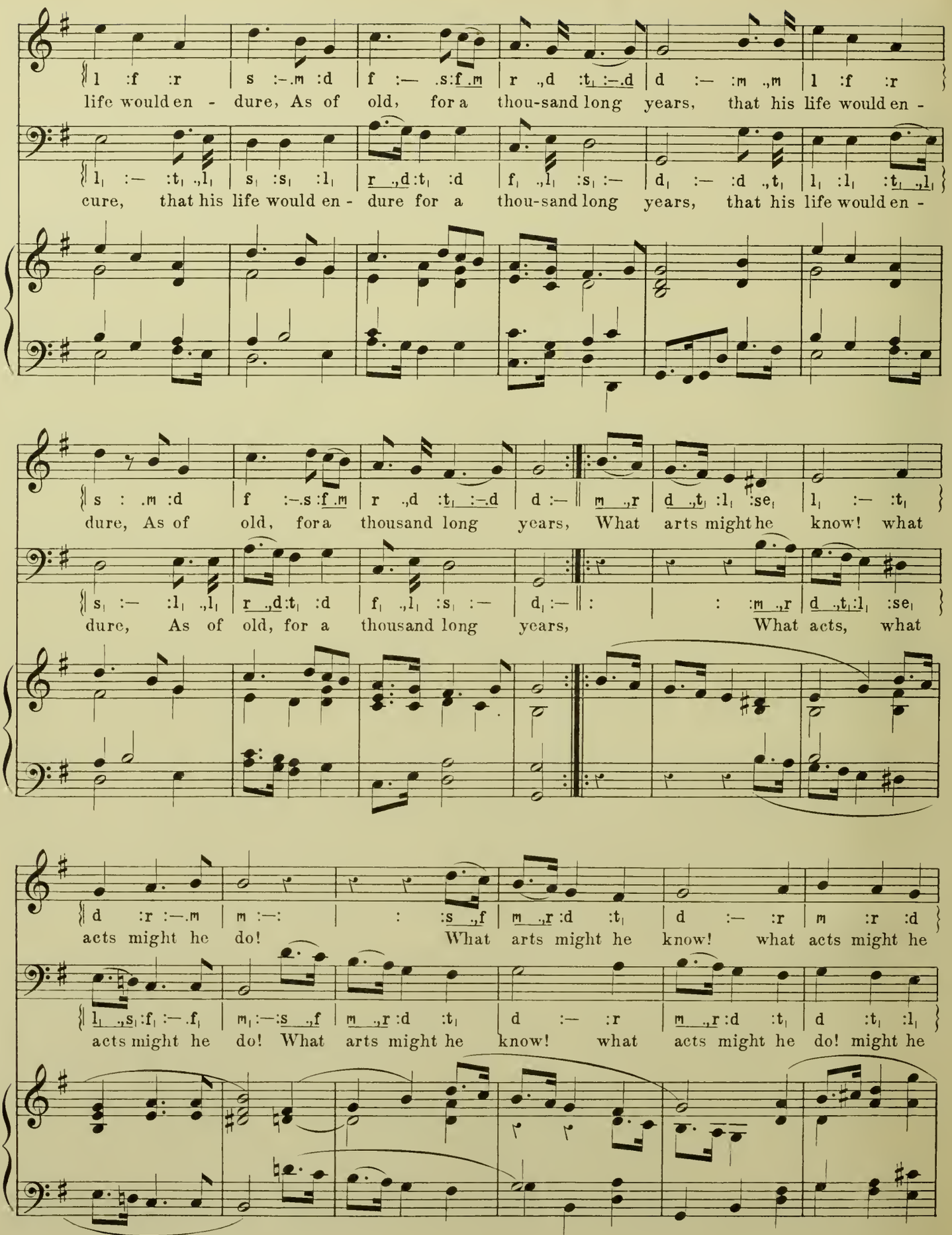
The winter is dreary, alack!
So, Willy, make haste to my side
With summer's return you may pack,
Then Johnny will make me his bride.
You will fail with the vanishing snow,
He comes with the break of the spring,
Some folk have two strings to their bow,
But I'll have two beaux to my string.

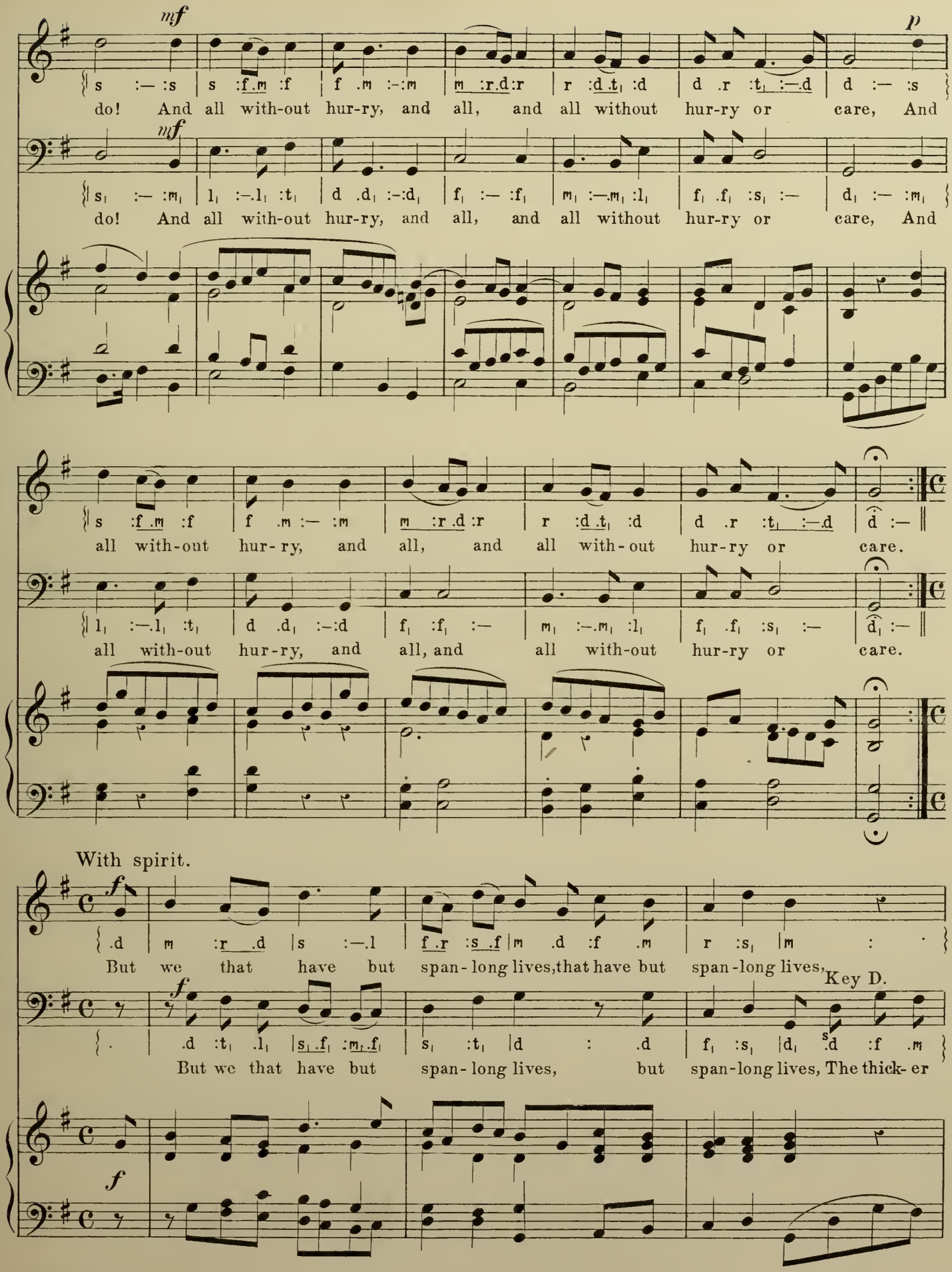
COULD A MAN BE SECURE.

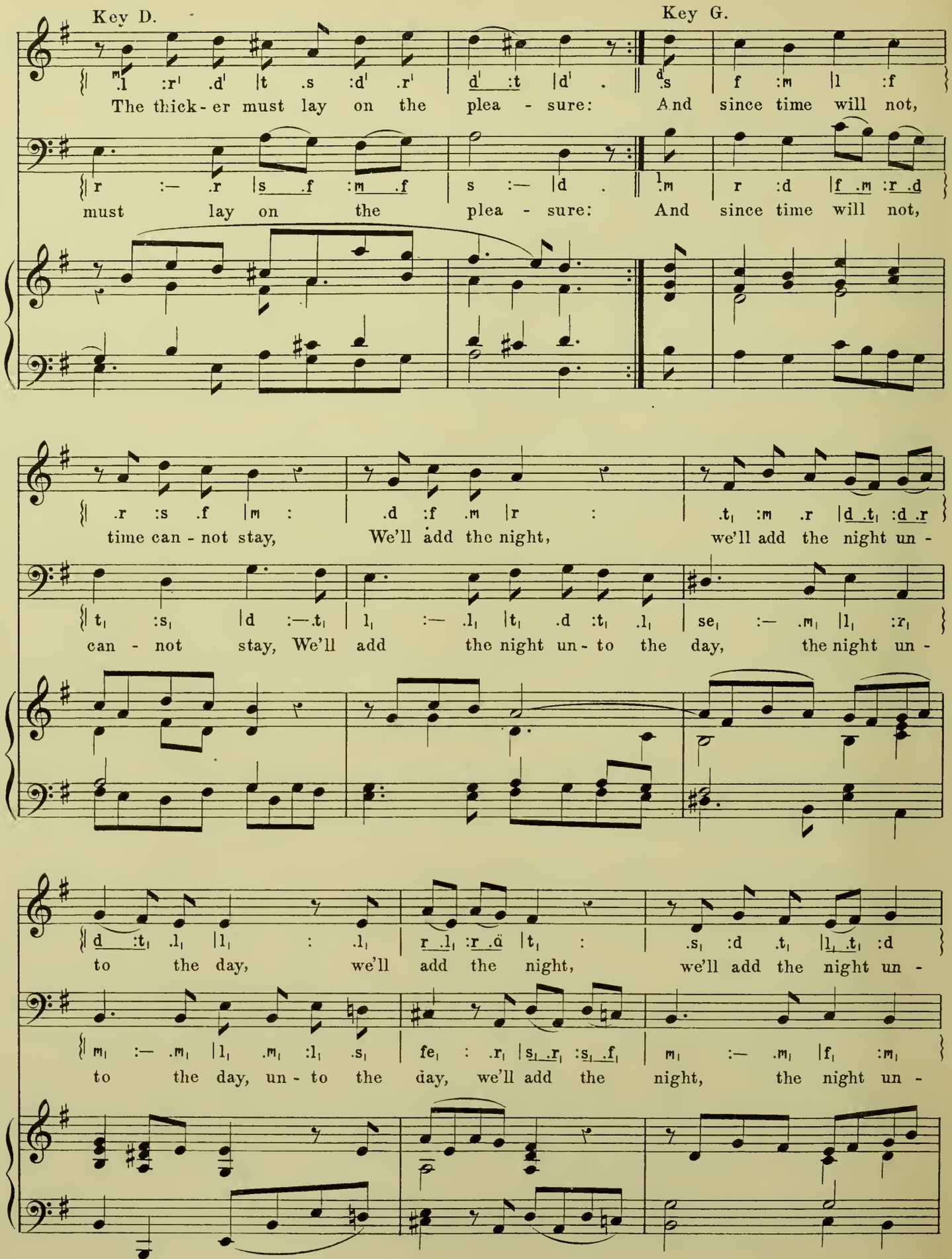
DUET.

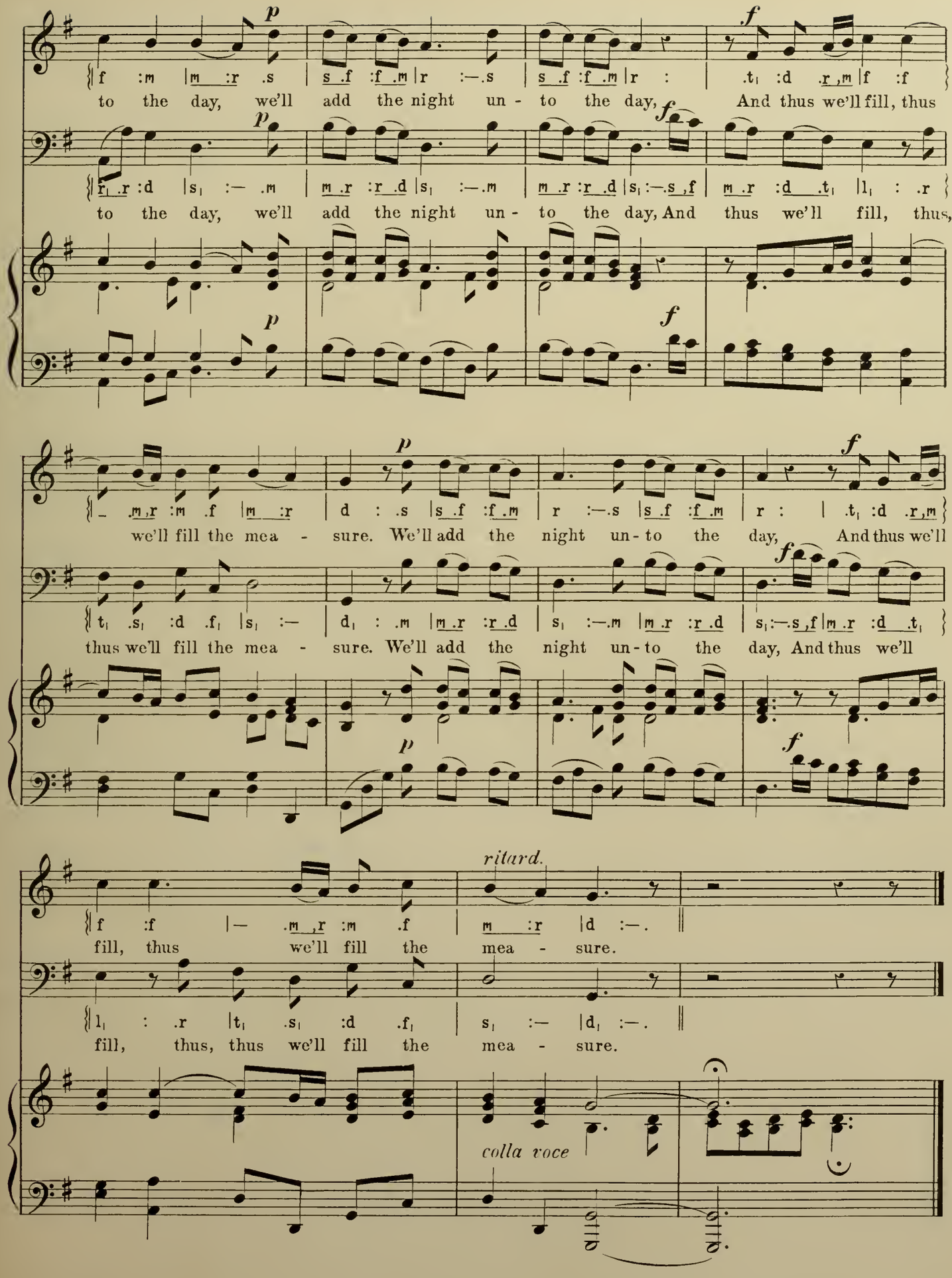
Music by
STARLING GOODWIN. (W. H. H.)




l :f :r | s :-.m :d | f :— .s:f .m | r .,d :t, :-.d | d :— :m .,m | l :f :r
life would en - dure, As of old, for a thou-sand long years, that his life would en -
l, :— :t, .,l, | s, :s, :l, | r .,d :t, :d | f, .,l, :s, :— | d, :— :d .,t, | l, :l, :t, .,l,
cure, that his life would en - dure for a thou-sand long years, that his life would en -
s :.m :d | f :-.s :f .m | r .,d :t, :-.d | d :— | m .,r | d .,t, :l, :se, | l, :— :t,
dure, As of old, for a thousand long years, What arts might he know! what
s, :— :l, .,l, | r .,d :t, :d | f, .,l, :s, :— | d, :— | : | : :m .,r | d .,t, :l, :se,
dure, As of old, for a thousand long years, What acts, what
d :r :-.m | m :-: | : :s .,f | m .,r :d :t, | d :— :r | m :r :d
acts might he do! What arts might he know! what acts might he
l, .,s, :f, :— .f, | m, :—:s .,f | m .,r :d :t, | d :— :r | m .,r :d :t, | d :t, :l,
acts might he do! What arts might he know! what acts might he do! might he

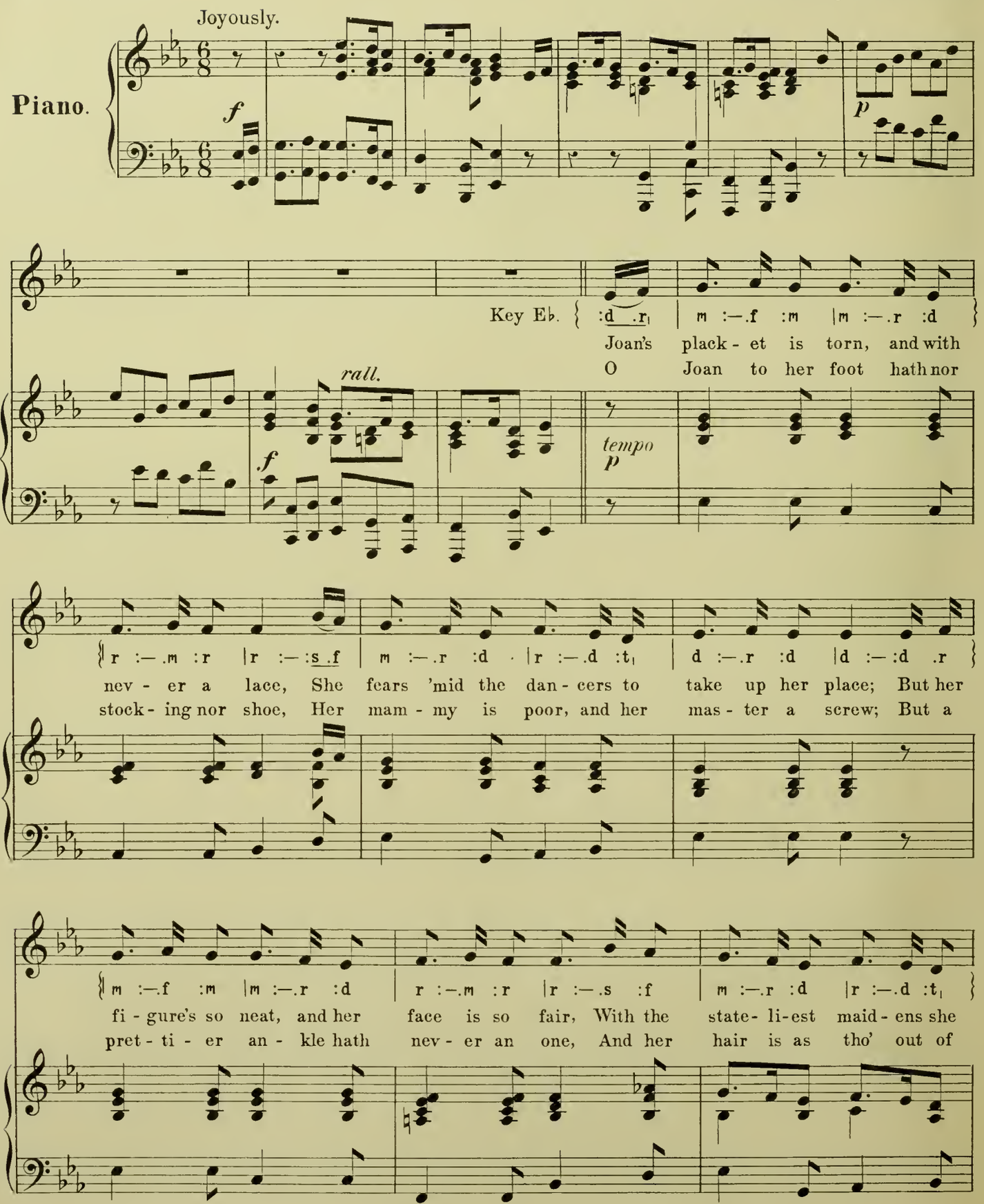

mf
p
s :— :s | s :f .m :f | f .m :—:m | m :r .d :r | r :d .t, :d | d .r :t, :—.d | d :— :s
do! And all with-out hur-ry, and all, and all without hur-ry or care, And
mf
s, :— :m, | l, :—.l, :t, | d .d, :—:d, | f, :— :f, | m, :—.m, :l, | f, .f, :s, :— | d, :— :m,
do! And all with-out hur-ry, and all, and all without hur-ry or care, And
s :f .m :f | f .m :— :m | m :r .d :r | r :d .t, :d | d .r :t, :—.d | d :—
all with-out hur-ry, and all, and all with-out hur-ry or care.
l, :—.l, :t, | d .d, :—:d | f, :f, :— | m, :—.m, :l, | f, .f, :s, :— | d, :—
all with-out hur-ry, and all, and all with-out hur-ry or care.
With spirit.
f
.d | m :r .d | s :—.l | f .r :s .f | m .d :f .m | r :s, | m :
But we that have but span-long lives, that have but span-long lives,
Key D.
f
. | .d :t, .l, | s, .f, :m, .f, | s, :t, | d : .d | f, :s, | d, :d :f .m
But we that have but span-long lives, but span-long lives, The thick-er
f

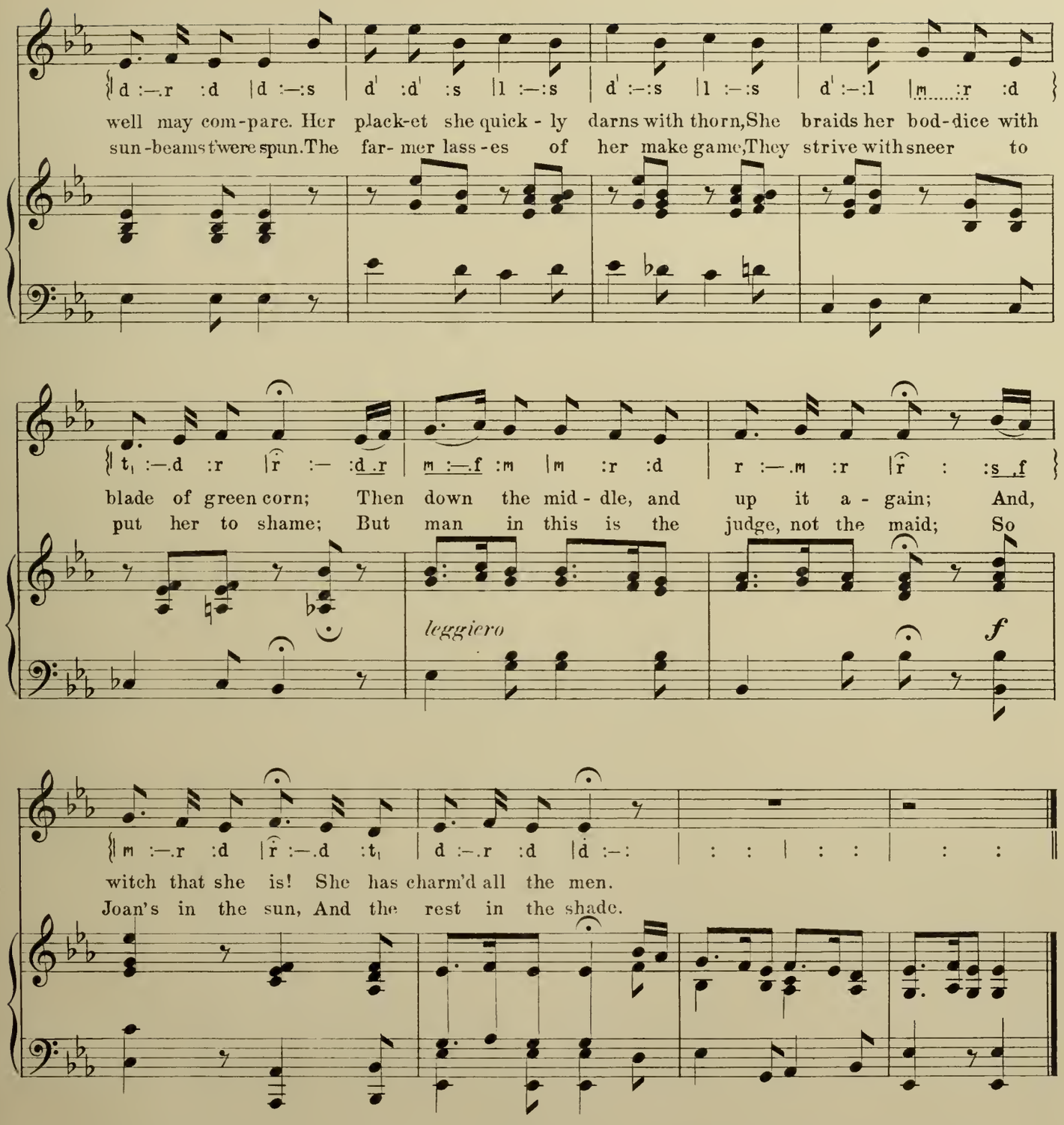

Key D.
Key G.
The thick-er must lay on the plea - sure: And since time will not,
must lay on the plea - sure: And since time will not,
time can - not stay, We'll add the night, we'll add the night un -
can - not stay, We'll add the night un - to the day, the night un -
to the day, we'll add the night, we'll add the night un -
to the day, un - to the day, we'll add the night, the night un -


p
f
to the day, we'll add the night un - to the day, And thus we'll fill, thus
to the day, we'll add the night un - to the day, And thus we'll fill, thus,
we'll fill the mea - sure. We'll add the night un-to the day, And thus we'll
thus we'll fill the mea - sure. We'll add the night un-to the day, And thus we'll
ritard.
fill, thus we'll fill the mea - sure.
fill, thus, thus we'll fill the mea - sure.
colla voce

JOAN'S PLACKET IS TORN.

Words by S. B. G. Old English (H. F. S.)





2

Joan's hair it is towzled and tangled to-day,
She comes to the dance from a making of hay;
With a laugh in her eye and the mirthfullest air.
O and what if her bonnie brown arm be bare?
Regardless of angry and envious glance,
The lads she leads in the country dance,
As wall-fruit tarry the maidens so fine.
By heav'n! tho' ragged and poor she is mine!

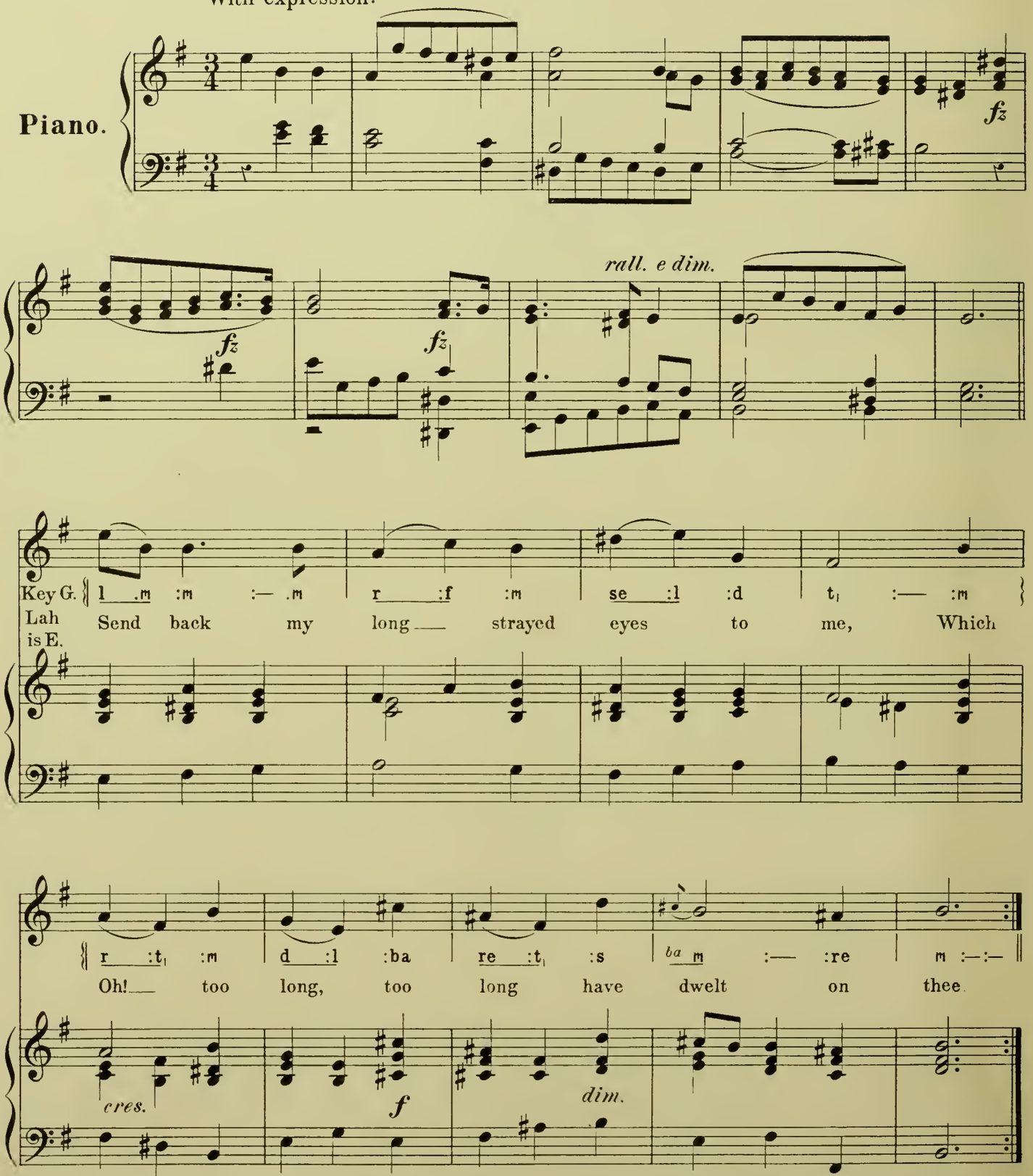
THE REPROACH.

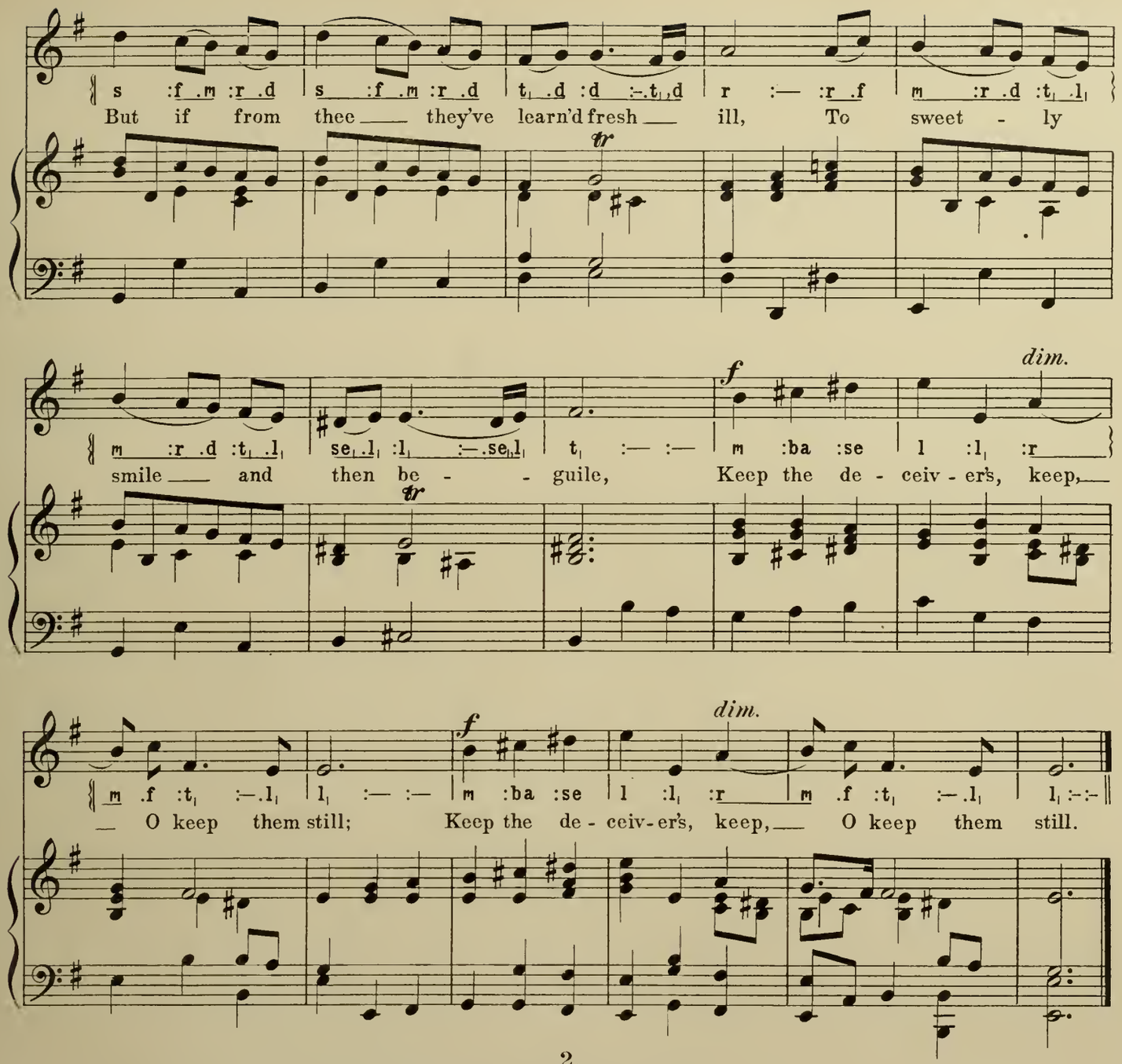
(Send back my long strayed eyes.)

Words by Dr DONNE.

ANT. YOUNG.
(H. F. S.)

With expression.





2.

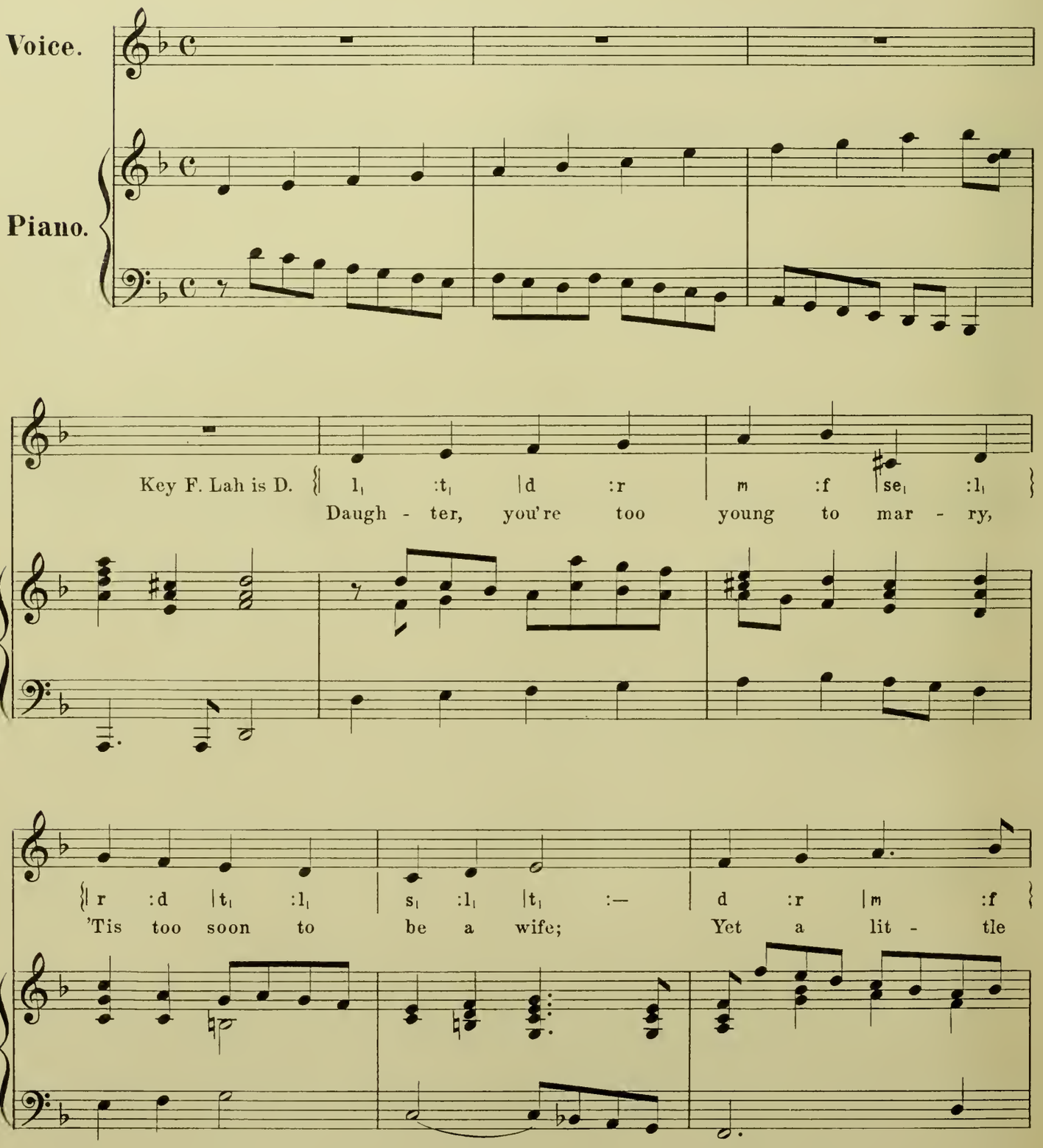
Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain;
But if it has been taught by thine
To forfeit both
Its word and oath,
Keep it then, keep it, for 'tis none of mine.

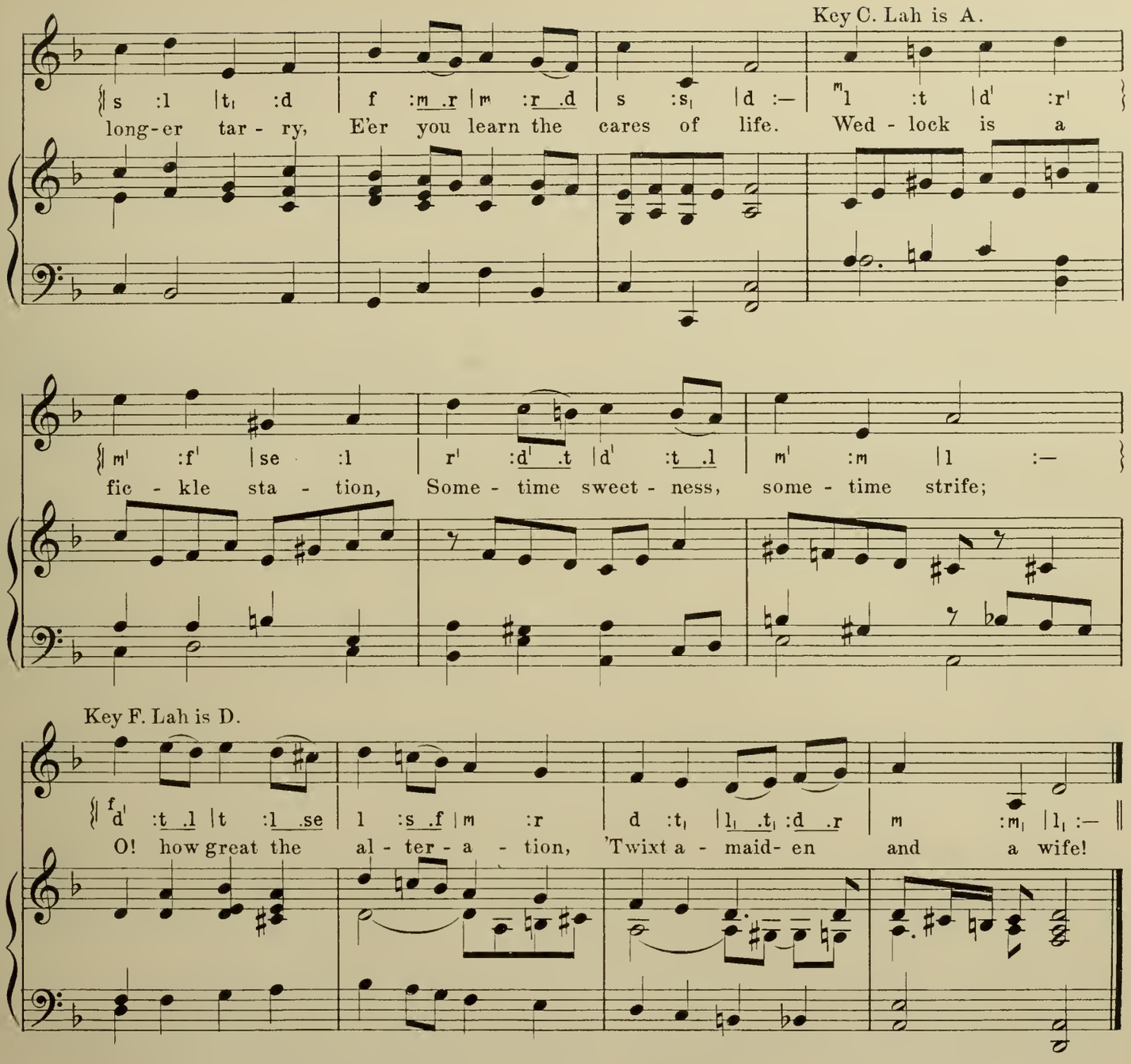
3.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
For I'll know all thy falsities;
That I one day may laugh, when thou
Shalt grieve and mourn,
Then one will scorn,
And prove as false as false as thou art now.

DAUGHTER, YOU'RE TOO YOUNG.

H. CAREY. (F. W. B.)





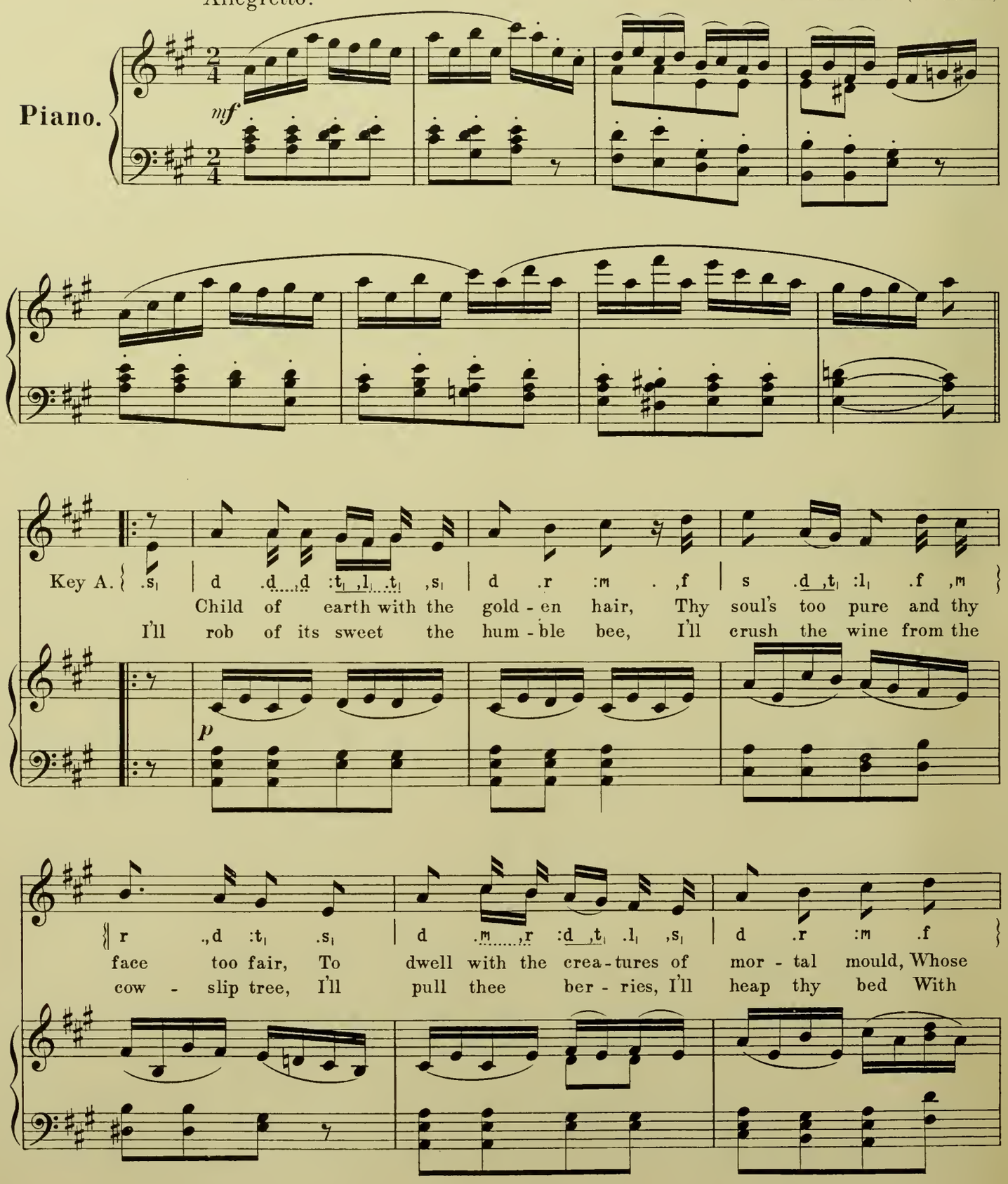
2

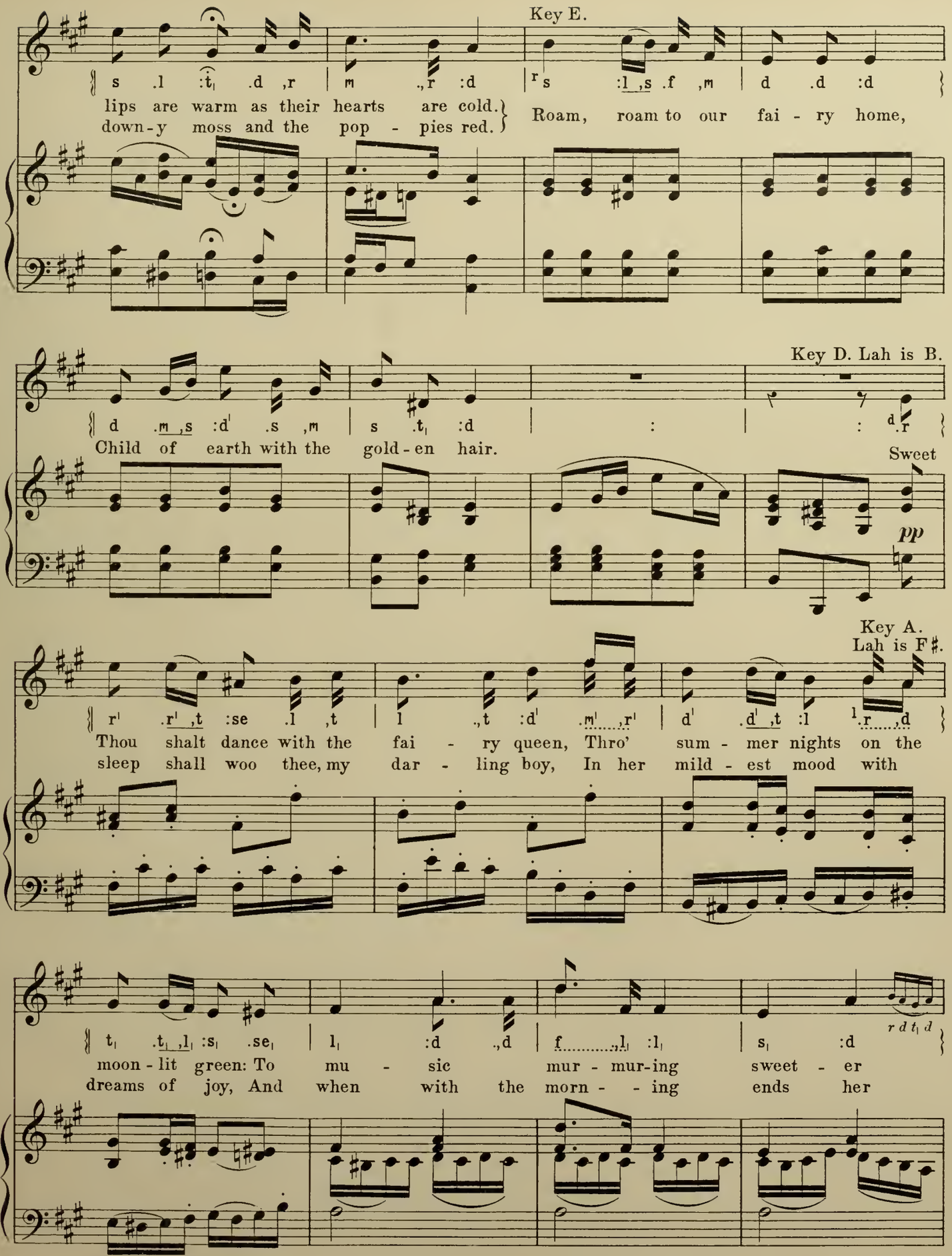
Love and courtship are but stupid,
Glory has superior charms.
Mars should triumph over Cupid,
When Bellona calls to arms.
As for you, sir! do your duty,
O! were I but young again,
I'd not linger after beauty.
Go! and play your part in Spain.

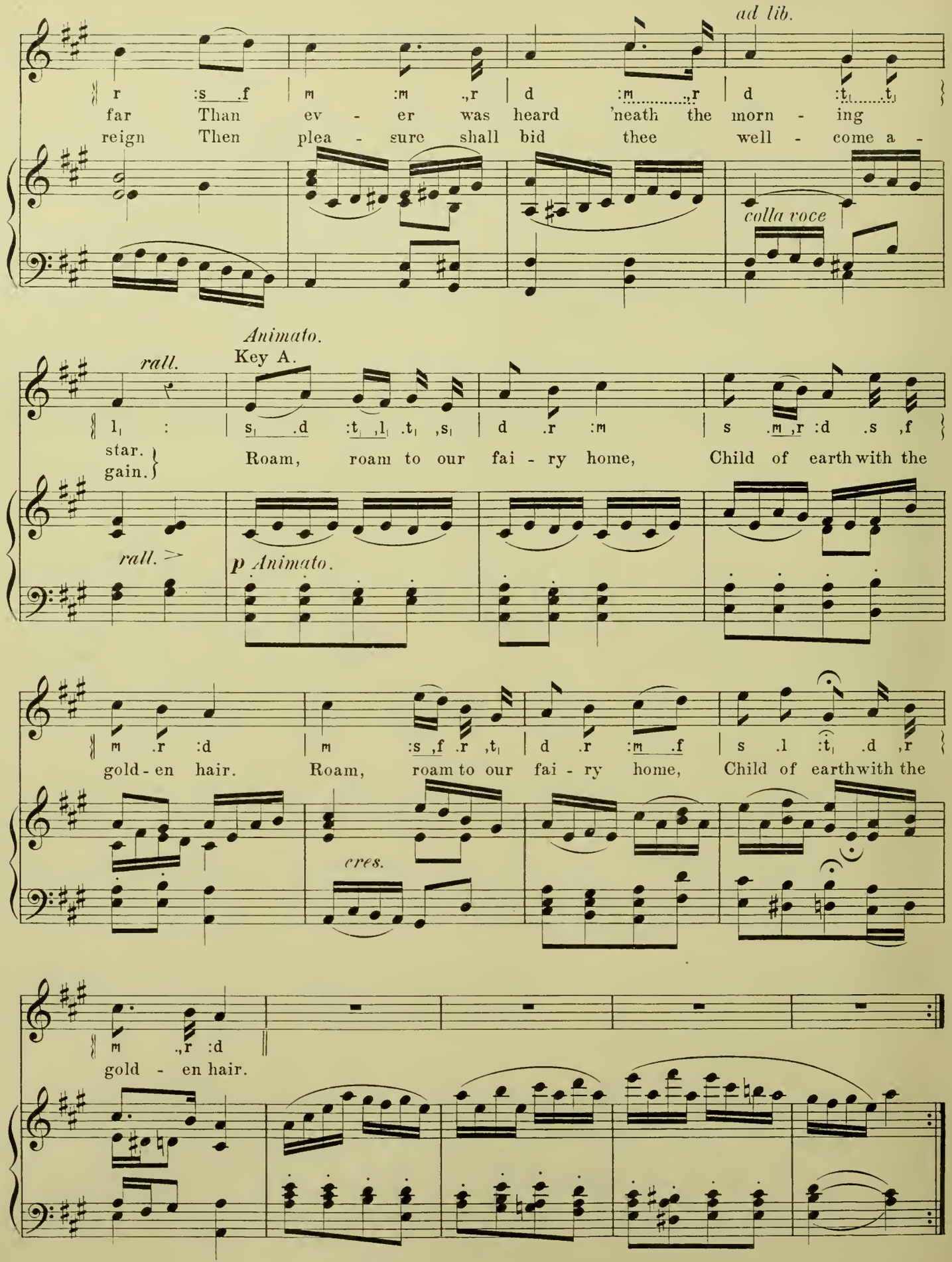
CHILD OF EARTH WITH THE GOLDEN HAIR.

Allegretto.

C. E. HORN. (W. H. H.)

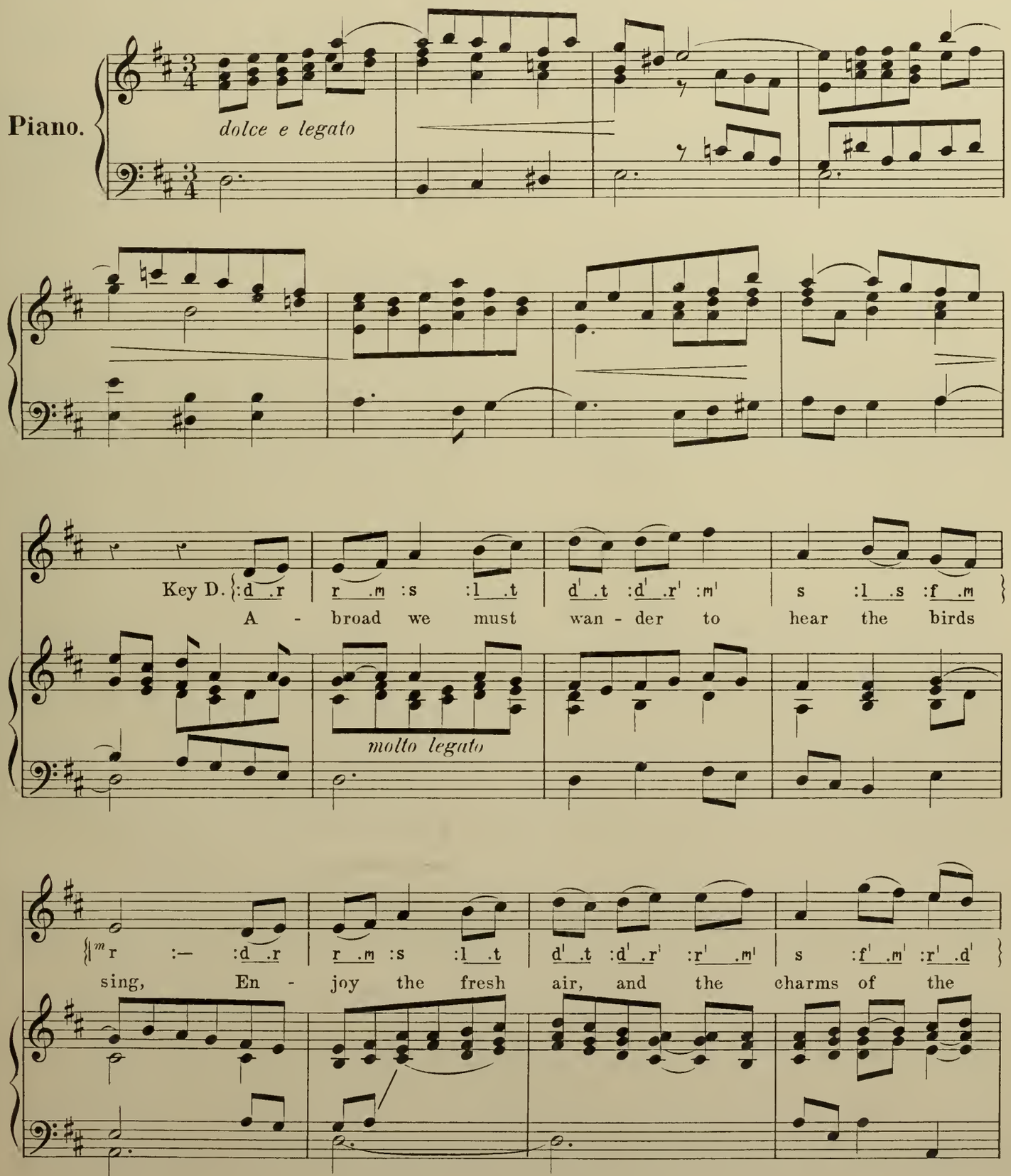


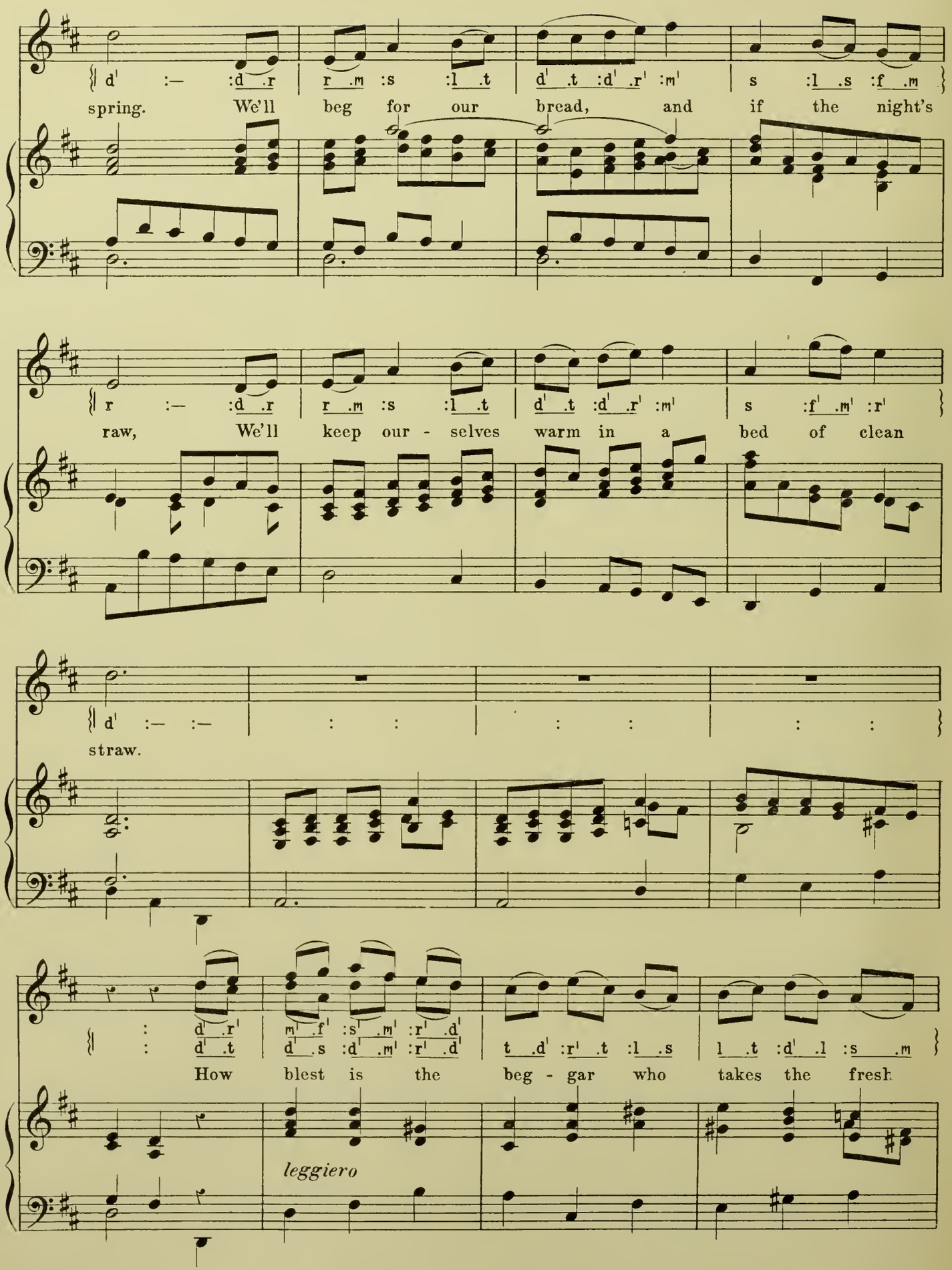

Key E.
s .l :t, .d ,r | m .,r :d | r s :l ,s .f ,m | d .d :d
lips are warm as their hearts are cold.
down-y moss and the pop - pies red.
Roam, roam to our fai - ry home,
Key D. Lah is B.
d .m ,s :d' .s ,m | s .t, :d | : | : d.r
Child of earth with the gold-en hair.
Sweet
pp
Key A.
Lah is F♯.
r' .r' ,t :se .l ,t | l .,t :d' .m' ,r' | d' .d' ,t :l l.r ,d
Thou shalt dance with the fai - ry queen, Thro' sum - mer nights on the
sleep shall woo thee, my dar - ling boy, In her mild - est mood with
t, .t, ,l, :s, .se, | l, :d .,d | f .,l, :l, | s, :d
r d t, d
moon-lit green: To mu - sic mur - mur-ing sweet - er
dreams of joy, And when with the morn - - ing ends her

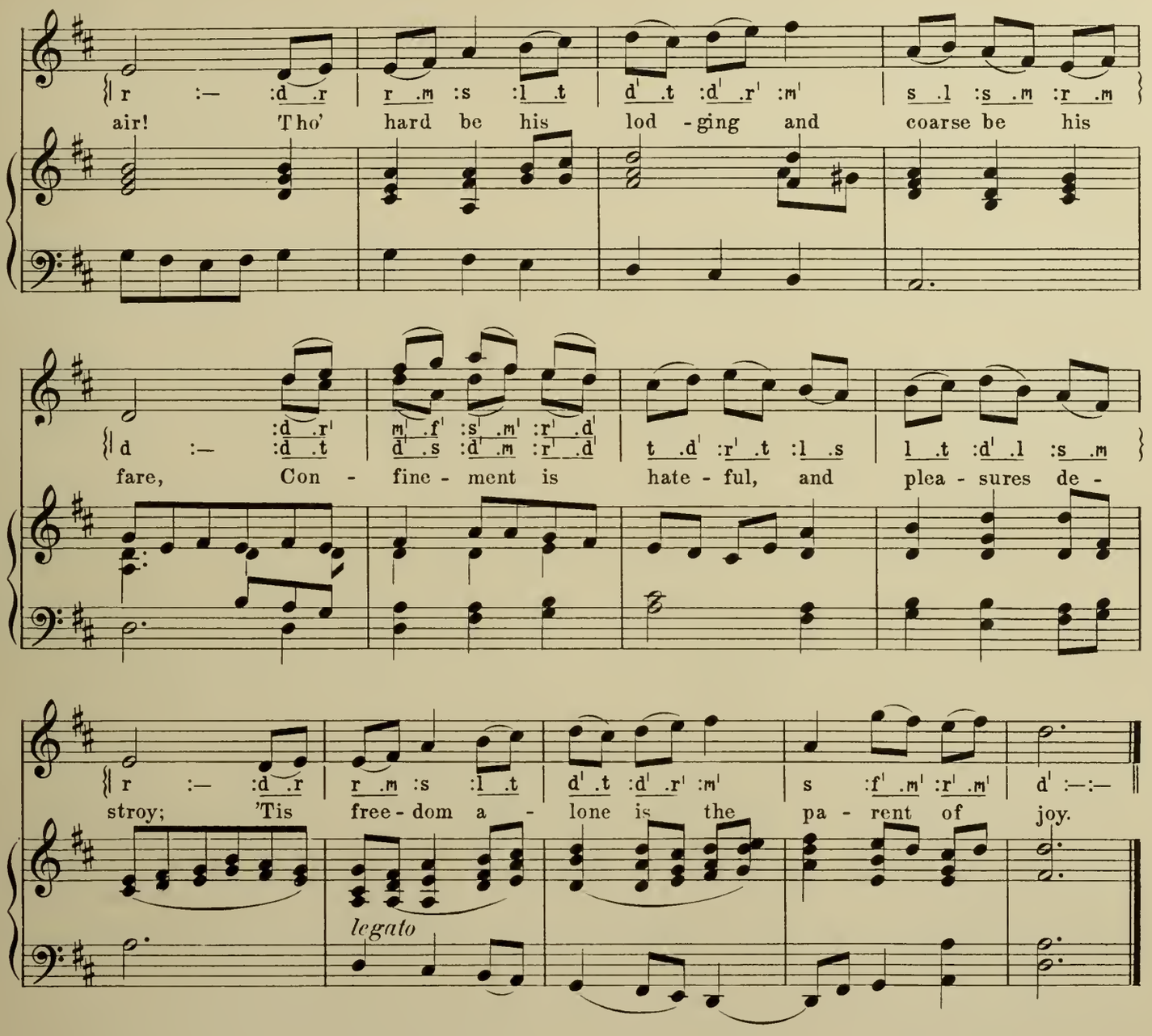

ad lib.
r :s .f | m :m .,r | d :m .,r | d :t, .t,
far Than ev - er was heard 'neath the morn - ing
reign Then plea - sure shall bid thee well - come a -
colla voce
Animato.
Key A.
rall.
l, : | s, .d :t, ,l, .t, ,s, | d .r :m | s .m ,r :d .s ,f
star.
gain.
Roam, roam to our fai - ry home, Child of earth with the
rall.
p Animato.
m .r :d | m :s ,f .r ,t, | d .r :m .f | s .l :t, .d ,r
gold - en hair. Roam, roam to our fai - ry home, Child of earth with the
cres.
m .,r :d
gold - en hair.

ABROAD WE MUST WANDER.

Words by JAMES LOVE. Music by Dr ARNE. (F. W. B.)




d' :— :d .r | r .m :s :l .t | d' .t :d' .r' :m' | s :l .s :f .m
spring. We'll beg for our bread, and if the night's
r :— :d .r | r .m :s :l .t | d' .t :d' .r' :m' | s :f' .m' :r'
raw, We'll keep our - selves warm in a bed of clean
d' :— :— | : : | : : | : :
straw.
: d' .r' | m' .f' :s' .m' :r' .d' |
: d' .t | d' .s :d' .m' :r' .d' | t .d' :r' .t :l .s | l .t :d' .l :s .m
How blest is the beg - gar who takes the fresh
leggiero



2

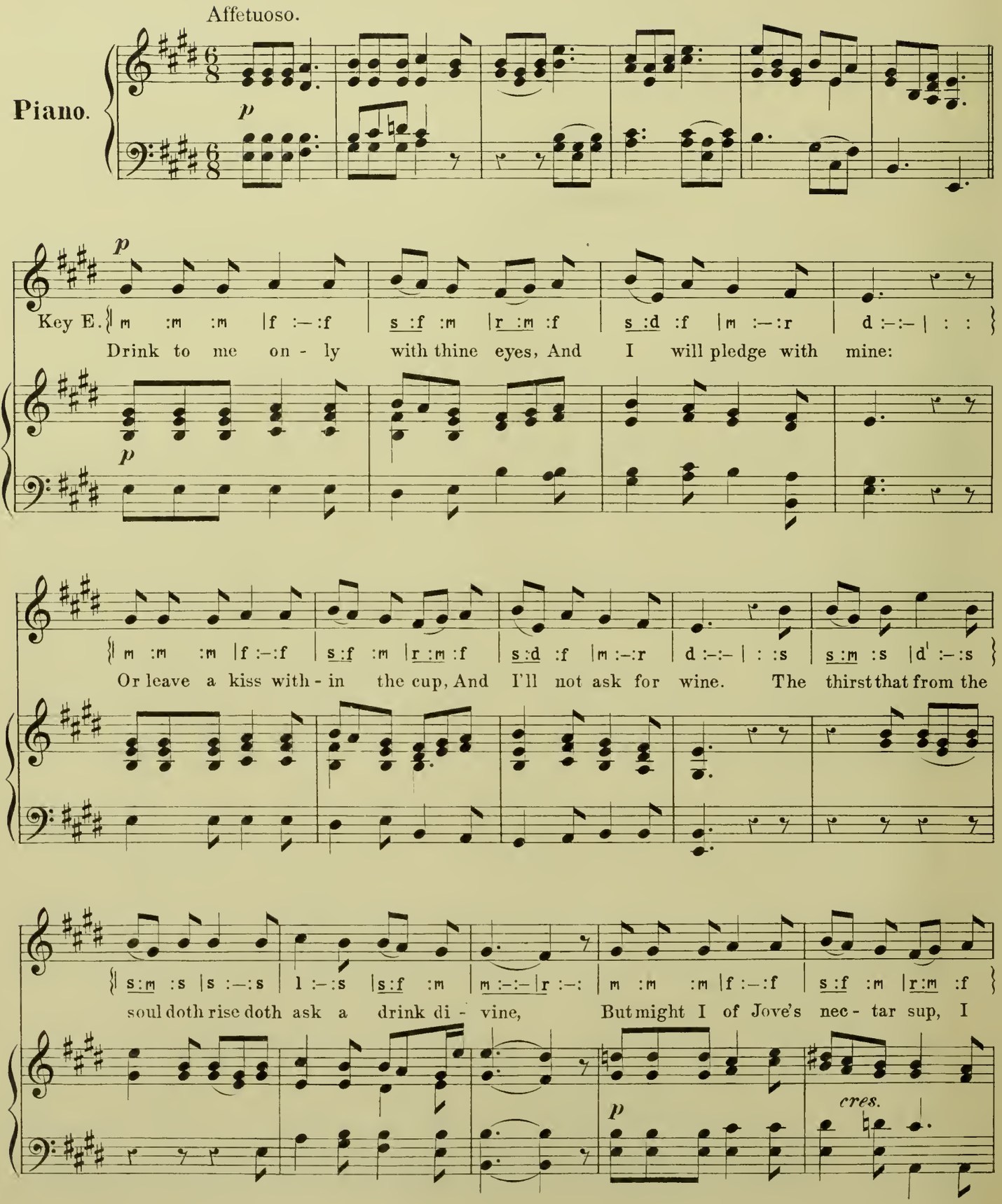
Abroad we must wander, cast trouble behind,
Sweep over the land as th' undisciplined wind.
In cities we're laced in habits demure,
Restraint of all kinds we are call'd to endure.
How blest is the beggar, &c.

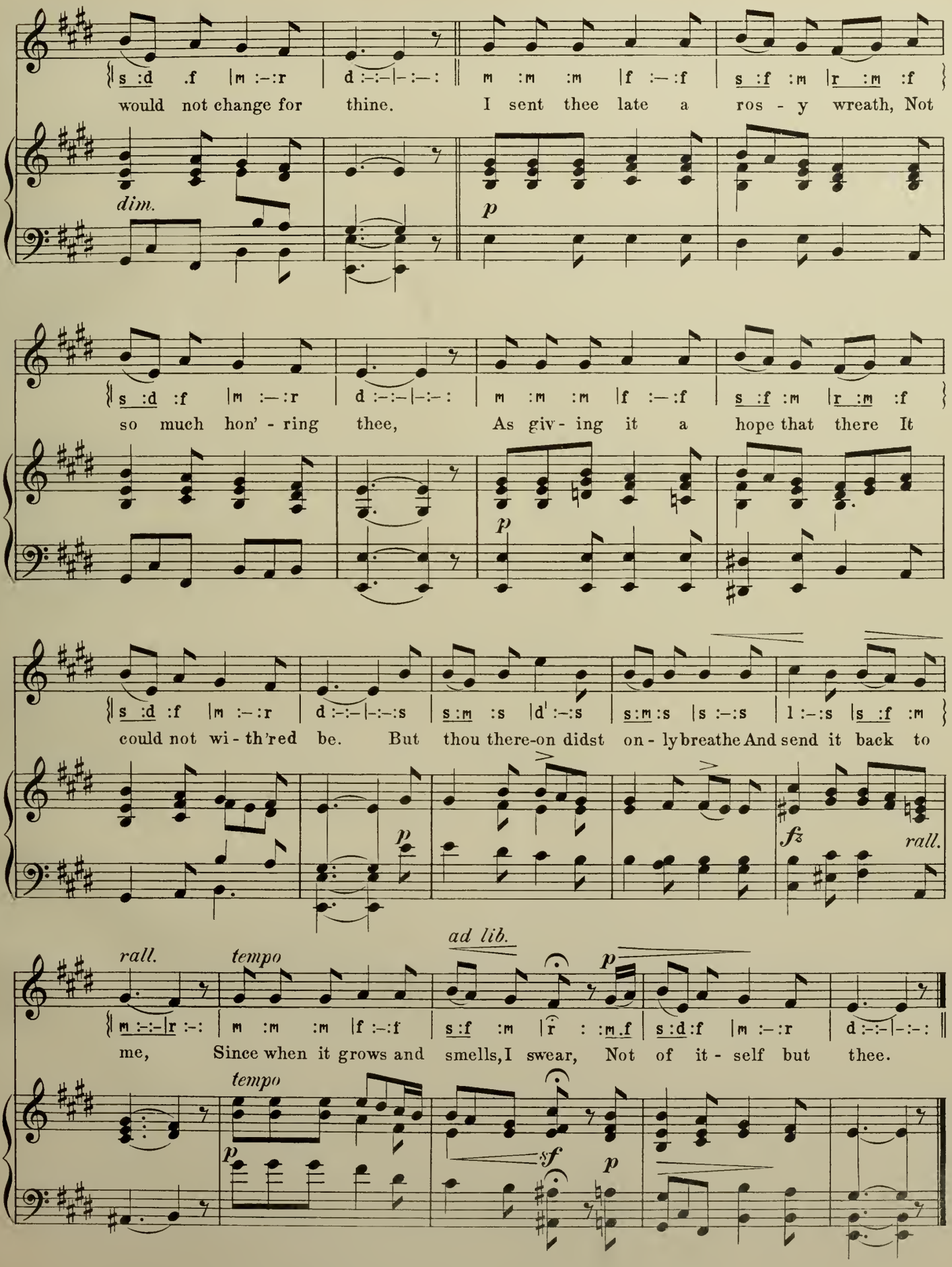
3

Then off with our bonds, away canker and cark!
We're fresh as the buttercup, free as the lark!
No house shall contain us, no limits confine,
Sweet freedom is better than Portugal wine!
How blest is the beggar, &c.

DRINK TO ME ONLY.

BEN JONSON. Old English (H. F. S.)




would not change for thine. I sent thee late a ros - y wreath, Not
dim.
p
so much hon' - ring thee, As giv - ing it a hope that there It
p
could not wi - th'red be. But thou there-on didst on - ly breathe And send it back to
p
fz
rall.
rall.
tempo
ad lib.
p
me, Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it - self but thee.
tempo
p
sf
p