Eight Canzonettts
with an Accompaniment
for a Piano Forte or Harp,
Composed by
Stephen Storace
Price 6d.

Canzonet I

Andantino

Mezzo Voce

Mezzo Voce

The midnight Moon serenely smiles over

nature's forest, no lowering cloud obscure the sky nor ruffling tempest

blows nor ruffling tempest blows, every passion sinks to rest, the throbbing heart lies still, she

Volti Subito
Morley Harps.com

Mez: Voc:

Varying schemes of life no more distract the lab'ring will -
diff -

Mez: Voc:

tract the lab'ring will the midnight moon serene ly ptiles o'er

Mez: f

natures foi - sponse no lowering cloud obscures the sky nor

Mez: f

ruffling tempest blows nor ruffling tempest blows in silence hushed to reason. Voice at -
Canzonet II

Larghetto

Shepherds so cheerful and gay, whose flocks never carelessly roam, should Corydon's happen to stray, oh call the poor wanderers home, allow me to muse and to sigh, nor talk of the change that you find, nor
But why do I languish in vain?
Why wander thus pensively here?
Oh! why did I come from the Plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me my favorite Maid,
The Pride of that Valley, is flown
Alas! where with her I have stray'd
I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forc'd the fair Nymph to fore-go,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought — but it might not be so
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart
She gaz'd as I fiesly withdrew
My path I could hardly discern
So sweetly she bade me Adieu
I thought that she bade me return.
Canzonet III.

Andantino

How sweet the calm of this sequester'd shore, where

ebbing waters musically roll,

And Solitude sweet, Solitude and silent eye restore, the

Sophic temper of the Soul. The sighing gale whose murmurs lull to
rest the busy tumults of declining day to sympathy.

Theetic quiet soothes the breast, and every wild emotion dies away.

Mezza voce

Away and every wild emotion dies away.

Mezza voce

Dies away.
8 Canzonet IV.

Largo

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting Day, the

Lying Herb wind slowly o'er the lea, the Plowman homeward plods his weary way, and leaves the World to
darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering

landscape on the flight, and all the Air a solemn stillness holds, save where the Beetle wheels his drony

flight, and drowsy tinklings lull, and drowsy tinklings lull, and lull the distant Fold, The
Canzonet V.

Allegretto

If wine and mulick have the power, to

ease the sickness of the soul, let Phoebus every string explore, and

Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl. Let Phoebus every string explore and

Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl. Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.

Volli Subito
Let them their friendly aid employ to make my Chloe's absence light and seek for pleasure to destroy the sorrows of this live long night, but she to morrow will return. Venus be thou to morrow great, but she to morrow will return. Venus be thou to morrow great, thy Myrtles fresh, thy odours burn and meet thy favourite Nymph in state, and meet thy favourite Nymph in state, kind Godes to no other power, let us to morrow's blessings
own, thy darling love shall guide the hours, and all the day be thine alone, and all the

Day be thine alone but the to-morrow will re-turn Venus be thou to-morrow

great, but the to-morrow will re-turn, Venus be thou to-morrow great, thy Myrtles

fires thy odours turn and meet thy fav’rite Nymph in state, and meet thy fav’rite Nymph in

state, and meet thy fav’rite Nymph in state.
Canzonet VI

Andante

Fervid on the glittering flood
now the noon tide radiance glows
now the noon tide

Radiance glows drooping o'er its
Infant bud
Not a dew drop has left the rose
drooping o'er its

Infant bud
Not a dew drop has left the rose
By the hook the

Shepherd dines from the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd by the branching pines
Pendant o'er his
Canzonet VII

Larghetto
Con
Effrescivo

Unles with my Amanda blest in

Sempre p

In vain I twine the woodbine bow,

In vain I twine the woodbine bow,

In vain I twine the woodbine bow,

In vain I twine the woodbine bow,

In vain I twine the woodbine bow.

In vain I twine the woodbine bow,

In vain I twine the woodbine bow,

In vain I twine the woodbine bow.
flow'r, 

Awaken'd by the genial year,

The genial year, in vain the birds around me sing in vain the frolicking fields appear without my love there is no spring without my love there is no spring
Canzonett VIII

Siciliana

My Banks they are cover'd with Bees, whose murmur invites one to Sleep,

My Grottos are shaded with Trees, and my Hills are white o'er with Sheep, and my

Hills are white o'er with Sheep. I seldom have met with a Lofs, such

Health do my Mountain's Bestow, my Fountain's all border'd with Mosses, where the

Health do my Mountain's Bestow, My Fountain's all border'd with
Hare-bells and Violets grow,
where the Hare-bells and Violets grow,
the Violets grow,
my Fountain's all bord'rd with Mofs, where the Hare-bells and Violets grow,
But where does my Phyllida stray, and where are her Grots and her Bowrs,
are the Groves and the Valleys so gay, are the Shepherds as gentle as ours, the Shepherds as gentle as ours.

Allegro

Mezza voce

Voltri Subito
Groves may perhaps be as fair, and the face of the Valleys as fine,
are the Groves and the Valleys as gay, and the Shepherds as gentle as ours,
But where does my Phyllida stray, and where are her Grots and her Bows'?