SEVEN SONGS
FOR
HARP AND
VOICE

Hope told a faltering tale - J. Mazzinghi
(Harp, Voice, Basso, Flutes)

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(Harp and Voice)

O! Merry row the bonnie bark - John Parry

The Harpers Lamentation - Wm Horsley, Mus. Bac. Oxon

The Maid of Lodi - Mr Shield

The Soldiers Tear - Alexander Lee

The Spirit Song - Dr Haydn

Who boasts the brightest eye - Charles E Horn

The Clive Morley Collection

CLIVE MORLEY HARPS LTD
GOODFELLOWS, FILKINS,
LECHLade, Glos. GL7 3JG, ENGLAND
Hope told a flattering tale,
Sung by
Madame Mara,
and
Mrs. Billington,
in
Artaxerxes,
With the Harp Accompaniments
Composed by
J. Mazzinghi.

LONDON


Flutes.

Basso.

Voice.

Harp.

Andantino.
Hope told a flattering tale, that
joy would soon return; Ah! 'nought my sighs a vail For Love is doomed to mourn, Ah!
where's the flatterer gone? From me for ever flown, From
Hope told
For ever flown. For Love is doom'd to mourn. Ah! nought my sighs a-
vail. For Love is doom'd to mourn.
O! MERRY ROW THE BONNIE BARK.

A BALLAD.

Founded on an Ancient Northumbrian Melody.

Sung by

MISS STEPHENS.

The Words chiefly written; the Music partly composed

and most respectfully dedicated to

Her Grace the Duchess of Northumbeland,

by

JOHN PARKE.

Price 1/6

London, printed by Cawding & Dilman, 26 St. John Street, and of all Music Sellers in the United Kingdom.

ALLEGRETTO.

VOICE.

HARP or

PIANO FORTE.

[THIRD EDITION.]
O! merry row, O! merry row the bonnie bonnie Bark, Bring back my Love to calm my woe, Before the night grows dark.

Staccato.

My Donald wears a bonnet blue, a bonnet blue a bonnet blue, A snow-white rose upon it too, A Highland Lad is he! Then

O! merry row the Bark.
merry row, O! merry row, the bonnie bonnie Bark

merry row, O! merry merry row and bring him safe to me.

2d VERSE.

As on the pebbly beach I stray'd, Where rocks and shoals prevail,

thus o'er heard a Lowland maid, Her absent love bewail. A

O! merry row the Bark.
Agitated.

Storm arose the waves ran high, the waves ran high, the waves ran high. And dark and murky was the sky. The wind did heedly roar. But merry rowd! merry rowd! the bonnie, bonnie bark, O!

Energetic.

merry rowd! the bonnie, bonnie Bark and brought her Love on shore! O!
(THE)
Harper's Lamentation
A Ballad
Sung by W. Bellamy
Accompanied on the
Harp by Miss Sharp
The Poetry by Mr. R. Plumptree;
The Music Composed & Engraved to

BY


LONDON Printed & Sold by CHAPPELL & CO. Music & Musical Instrument Sellers 121 New Bond S. of whom may be had, Composed by the same Author;
The Tempest, Recitative & Air sung by Mr. Barlow; the Poetry by Mr. Drury;
Moder's Song, from the Corsair

Ballad, 'There is a Calm for those who weep'

A Lapland Song, for Three Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano Forte

Bear is my little native Vale; a TUNE for Four Voices

May Day, a Round for Three Voices, with an Accompanied Air for the Piano Forte or Harp &c.
The Harper's Lamentation.

Andante
Con Moto

When this Accompaniment is played on the Piano-Forte the small notes may be omitted.
When the wind rocks the trees and the sea fiercely roars
And the swelling billows with surge dash the shores,
Oh! it soothes my torn heart the storm's fury to brave
While it waves the long grass that grows o'er my child's
grave
While it waves the long grass that grows o'er my child's
From the
clouds when in torrents descend the chill rains And the
streams from the mountains pour down on the plains How I
love my parched limbs in the waters to lave.

As they wet the cold sods that lie o'er my child's grave.

As they wet the cold sods that lie o'er my child's grave.
When the winter's hoar blasts ravage nature around,
And with one whitened surface the snow spreads the ground,
From the snow or the blast no shelter I crave,
For I wish but to rest on my hapless child's grave.
She was once the delight and the pride of the green,
But she's gone, and there's nothing in life's vacant scene
Can her Father's gray hairs from distraction now save,
But they'll sorrowing descend to his only child's grave.
The Maid of Lodi,
A favorite Ballad,
with an Accompaniment for the
Harp or Piano Forte,
The Music Collected by
Mr. Shield,
When in Italy,

I sing a Maid of Lodi, whose kindness once to me, was proof when storms so cloudy, o'er hung the troubled Sea; within a Cottage healthy, no care had her o'er press; contentment proved her wealthy, and I her welcome guest.
From out the wa-try ocean, This Maid in said my Crew, She saw and at her
motion, To aid as numbers flew; Then to her Cot she brought me, And

with the sweetest smile, True friendship there she taught me, De-void of every
guile.

Then to reward I sought her, I found an empty home, Where strays my lovely Daughter, Ah wither does she roam, Not long in vain I tarried, When singing hand in hand, She, and the youth she'd married, Came tripping o'er the sand.
"THE SOLDIER'S TEAR"

a Ballad.

From a Collection of ballads.

the Poetry by

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, Esq.

the Music composed by

ALEXANDER LEE.

Compositor of the Music to the Thames Royal Co. Garden & Haymarket.

Ent. Sta. Hall

Price


36, Regent's Quadrant.
THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

The Poetry by T. H. Eayly Esq.

The Music composed by A. Lee.

Up... on the hill he stood To take a last fond look of the

valley and the village church And the cottage by the brook, He
Listen to the sounds so familiar to his ear, And the

Soldier leant upon his sword And wiped away a tear.

Beside that Cottage Porch, A

girl was on her knees She held aloft a snowy scarf Which
Flutter'd in the breeze; she breathed a pray'r for him, A

pray'r he could not hear, but he paused to bless her as she knelt, And

wiped away a tear He

turn'd and left the spot, Oft do not deem him weak, For
dauntless was the soldier's heart, Th' tears were on his cheek; Go

With Energy

watch the foremost ranks In dangers dark career, Be

sure the hand most strong that Has wiped away a tear.
The Spirit Song
Composed by
DR HAYDN.

London, Printed by the Royal Harmonic Institution.

ADAGIO

Hark! Hark! what I tell to thee,

Nor sorrow o'er the tomb, nor sorrow o'er the tomb,
My Spirit wanders free, my Spirit wanders free, and waits, and waits till thine shall come.

All pensive and alone, I see thee sit and weep, Thy head upon the stone.
Where my cold Ashes sleep, Where my cold Ashes sleep.

I watch thy speaking eyes, And mark each falling tear,

catch thy passing sighs I catch thy passing sighs Ere they are lost in air.

Hark! Hark! what I tell to
thee, Nor sorrow, nor sorrow o'er the tomb, My Spirit wanders free, my

Spirit wanders free, And waits 'till thine shall come, My Spirit wanders free And waits, and waits 'till thine shall come, 'till thine shall come.
WHO BOASTS, I PRAY THE BRIGHTEST EYE

C'EST VOUS MA CHÈRE

Bagatelle,

Sung by

MADAME VESTRIS.

WRITTEN BY ARMSTRONG & CO.

Inscribed to

The Ladies Margaret & Louisa Cagot.

Composed by

CHARLES E. HORN.

Ent.Sha.Pkt.

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Bavarian Girls Song "Buy a Dream,"

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A Wreath of Roses, Miss Lov. J. Barnett.

When you're missing In, Answer to

I've been Roaming Mad. Vestrès, C.E. Horn.

Lilies Fair. In, Answer to Cherry Ripe.

Sung by Madame Vestrès — C.E. Horn.

The Merry pipes are sounding, J. Hart. 2d.
boasts I pray, the brightest Eye That pours its beam on thee?... Who

steals from ev'ry heart a sigh, I pri...thée tell to me? Say

C'est vous ma chère... E. Berni.

who? vous, C'est vous, c'est vous ma chère.

2nd VERSE.

Who best I pray, with gentle skill Can woo the Harp for thee? Whose lip the sweetest song can thrill, I pri... thee tell to

C'est vous ma chère. C. E. Brent.
who is One, ey'd beauty's Queen, I pray, thee tell to me? Say


who? vous. C'est vous, c'est vous ma chère.

4th VERSE.

And last I pray, who claims the boon, Of fondly tempting
thee... To share a blissful Honeymoon, I pri...thee tell to

me? Say who? C'est vous, Say who once more de....

d'claré? Say who? vous, who? vous, C'est vous, c'est vous ma

Chère.

C'est vous ma Chère. (C. E. Horn)