

The MINSTREL'S SONG.

Sung by Mrs. CLENDINING.

Largo
Moderato



Where is that Tow'ring Spirit fled, which Zeal He_ro-ic fird



Zeal He_ro-ic fird

Is that Cre_a_tive



Genius dead which ev_ry

which ev_ry

which ev_ry ev_ry



Muse in--spird.

Is it in Griefs overwhelming tide
That Ardent Eye was lost?
Or have those Senses turn'd aside
In Love severely cross'd?

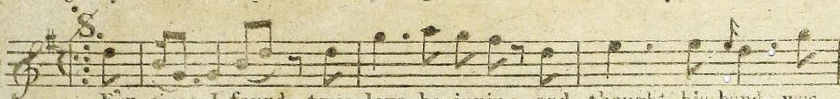
Come then sweet sounds, for you alone
Can bid the Tumult cease;
Restore his Reason to its Throne,
His Bosom to its Peace.

The turbid Passions shall retire
Before the Minstrel's Art,
And the same hand that sweeps the Lyre,
Shall heal the stricken Heart.

FANNY WILL YOU MARRY ME.

Sung by Mrs. MARTYR in the Opera of the Lock & Key.

Allegretto



Ever since I found true love beginning, and thought his hand was



worth the winning, I call'd each little little art-ful aid in, to spare the question



from a Maiden; To Wake or show when ask'd to go I still denied all

lads beside, and pray'd of Ralph to carry me, carry me, It seem'd so pat in
Express
tender chat to whisper to whisper Fanny will you marry me, Fanny will you marry me
seem'd so pat in tender chat in tender chat to whisper, Fanny will you marry me,
Fanny will you marry me, Fanny Fanny will you marry me.

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In Ev'ning fine and Summer weather,
 When o'er the fields we walk'd together,
 Tho' I can trip it like a Fairy,
 I've oft pretended to be weary;
 Then leaning on his Arm awhile,
 I slyly ask him with a smile,
 Im tired, pray will you carry me?
 But on the way he ne'er would stay
 To whisper Fanny will you marry me?