

No 3841



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BALLAD I.

SARTI.

From OVID.

*Con
Affetto.*

heal, On - - ly you have pow'r to wound me SYL - VIA on - - ly you can

Mez: for. *Mez: for.* *Con Esp:*

Mez: for.

heal. Sym for. pia. for. pia.

8. 8.

Hear my love Oh! do not fly me,
 SYLVIA, I will still pursue,
 One soft Kifs, — do not deny me,
 With thy Lips thy Love renew.
 One soft Kifs, — do not deny me,
 With thy Lips thy Love renew.

BALLAD II.

PAESIELLO

The Words from CHARLOTTE
SMITH'S Sonnets.*Andante.**Sotto voce*

On thy grey bark in wit - nefs of my flame, I carve MIRAN - DA'S cy - - pher

beau - - teous tree, Grac'd with the love - - ly let - ters of her name, Hence-forth be

fa - - cred to my love and me, to my love and me. Sym

Tho' the . . tall elm, the oak and dark-er pine, With broad-er arms may noon's fierce

ar - dors break, To shel - ter me and her I love be thine, And thine to fee her

Fingerings: 6 4, 5 4, 2, 5, 6, 6, 4, 3

Mez. for. **Con Esp:** smile - and hear her - speak, and - hear her - speak. Sym

Fingerings: 6, 6, 7, 6, 6 5

No bird ill o - men'd round thy grace - ful head, Shall cla - mour harsh, or weave - his

Fingerings: 2, 5, 6, 6 5

hea - vy wing, But fern and flow'rs a - rise beneath thy shade, Where the wild bees - their

Mez. for. **Con Esp:**

Fingerings: 6 4, 5 4, 2, 6, 6, 4, 3, 6

dro - ny fongs shall sing, their dro - ny fongs shall sing. Sym

Fingerings: 6, 7, 6, 6 5

BALLAD III.

KOZELUCH.

The Words by CUNNINGHAM.

Andante
Pastorale.

Let the de-clining da-mask rose, With
envious grief look wan and pale, The summer bloom more freely glows, In love-ly **LAURA** of the Vale,
love-ly **LAURA**, love-ly **LAURA**, love-ly **LAURA** of the Vale. Sym
Is there a sweet that decks the field, Or scents the ro-sy morning gale, Can such a ver-nal fragrance yield, As
love-ly **LAURA** of the Vale, love-ly **LAUA**, love-ly **LAURA**, love-ly **LAURA** of the Vale. Sym

3^d

The Wil - lows bind PAS - TORA'S brows, Her fond ad - van - ces al - ways fail, For

DA - MON pays his warmest vows, To love - ly LAURA of the Vale, love - ly LAURA, love - ly LAURA,

Con Esp:

love - ly LAURA of the Vale. Sym

4th

Might ho - nest truth at last suc - ceed, And

DAMON'S art - lefs love prevail, Thrice hap - py would he tune his reed, With love - ly LAURA of the Vale,

love - ly LAURA, love - ly LAURA, love - ly LAURA of the Vale.

BALLAD IV.

SACCHINI

Alluding to a Story recorded of **QUEEN ELIZABETH**
 when She was a Prisoner at Woodstock 1554.
 Words by **SHENSTONE.**

Moderato.

Will you hear how once re - pi - ning, Great E - LI - ZA cap - tive lay, Each an -

- bi - tious thought re - - fign - - ing, Foe to rich - es, pomp and fway, Foe to rich - es, pomp and

fway. "Hark to yon - - der Milk - maid

ing - ing, Cheerly o'er the brim - ming pail, Cow - flips all a - round her spring - ing, Sweet - ly

paint the gold - en vale, Sweet - ly paint the gold - en vale.

3^d

Would in - dul - - gent Heav'n had gran - ted, Me some ru - ral Dam - sel's part, All the

em - pire I had want - ed Then had been my Shepherd's heart, Then had been my Shep - herd's

heart. *Sym* *pp* 4th Then with him o'er hills and moun - tains, Free from

fet - ters might I rove, Fear - less taste the chryf - tal foun - tains, Peace - ful sleep be - neath the

grove, Peace - ful sleep be - neath the grove. *Sym* *pp*

BALLAD V.

STERKEL.

Words by SHENSTONE.

Andante
un Poco
Allegro.

Mez: for. *6 5* *7 4 2* *5 3*

Mez: for. *6 5* *6 4* *5 3* So dear MA - RI - A is to me, A -

Con Esp: *Mez: for.* like our minds and tem - pers move, That sea - sons may for e - ver flee, But ne'er di - vide our

Con Esp: *Mez: for.* love But ne'er di - vide our love. Sym To - ge - ther

Con Esp: *Mez: for.*

we from ear - ly youth Have trod The flow' - ry Groves a - long, To - ge - ther pledg'd our faith and

4 3 7 4 3 7 4 3 7

truth, Or blest the mo - ments with a song, So dear MA - RI - A is to me, A -

6

- like our minds and tem - pers move, That sea - sons may for e - ver flee, But ne'er di - vide our

6 5 7 4 2 5 3 6 5 6 4 5 3

Con Efp: Mez: for.

love, But ne'er di - vide our love.

6 6 4 5 3 6 4 5 3

Con Efp: Sym

BALLAD VI.

PLEYEL.

The Words by SHENSTONE.

*Grazioso.**Dolce*

Tran - - quil plea - - fures ne - - - ver cloy - -

Ba - - nish each tu - - - mul - - - tuous joy. Sym

All but love - for love in - - - fpires



2

Let not riches let not pride,
 Draw thee from such charms aside,
 Love demands a happy sphere,
 Gentler passions triumph here,
 Love demands a happy sphere,
 Gentler passions triumph here.

Twice

3

Love will sweeten thy repose,
 While the murmur'ing fountain flows,
 And to crown the healthful board,
 Innocence will peace afford.
 And to crown the healthful board,
 Innocence will peace afford.

Twice

4

Seek no more — the rest is vain,
 Pleasures ending soon in pain,
 Anguish lightly gilded o'er,
 Close thy wish and seek no more.
 Anguish lightly gilded o'er,
 Close thy wish and seek no more.

Twice

BALLAD VII.

SARTI.

The Words by CUNNINGHAM.

*Andante
con
Espressione*

Peace has ex - plor'd this syl - van scene, She
courts your calm and blest re - treat, Ye Groves of va - ria - ga - ted green, That
grace a - round my ge - nial seat, Here in the lap of health - ease Re -

- mote from fol - ly strife and noife, With LAU - RA'S love I'll crown the days, In

dear do - mestic's ru - ral joys, With LAU - RA'S love I'll crown the days, In

dear do - mestic's ru - ral joys. Sym

2
Long may the parent queen of flow'rs,
Her sweetest fragrance here display,
Long may the paint my mant'ling bow'rs
And make my smiling Portals gay;
Nor you my yellow gardens fail,
To swell Pomona's Autumn hoard,
So shall the plenteous rich regale,
Replenish long my friendly board.
So shall the plenteous rich regale,
Replenish long my friendly board.

3
Pour thro' the Groves your carols dear,
Ye warbling Birds nor bondage dread,
If any toils entangle here,
'Tis those which rural love hath spread;
Where the green Hill so gradual slants,
Or op'ning flow'ry gale extends,
Long may these fair these fav'rite haunts,
Prove ever social to my friends.
Long may these fair these fav'rite haunts,
Prove ever social to my friends.

The Words by CHARLOTTE SMITH

From the Sorrows of WERTER.

BALLAD VIII. HAYDN.

*Larghetto**Affettuoso.*

Oh! SO - LI - TUDE, to thy fe - quef - ter'd vale, I come to

hide my for - row and my tears, Sym And to thy e - - - choes

tell my mourn - ful tale - - Which scarce I trust to pi - - - - - tying friend - - ships

ears, And to thy e - - - choes tell my mourn - ful tale, Which scarce I

4 3 6 6 2 6 2 6

truff - to - pitying friend - ship's ears. Sym.

6 6 4 5 3 6 6 4 5 3

2

Amidst thy wild woods and untrodden glades,
 No sounds but those of melancholy move;
 And low the winds that die among thy shades,
 Seem like soft pity's sighs, for hopeless love
 And low the winds that die among thy shades,
 Seem like soft pity's sighs for hopeless love!

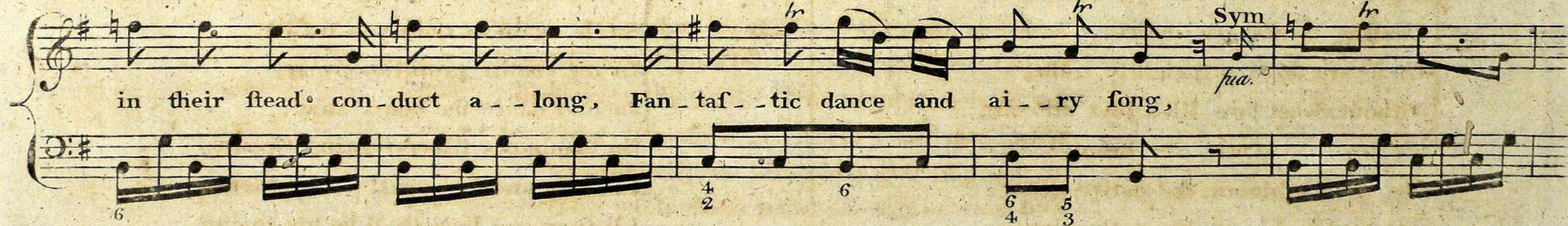
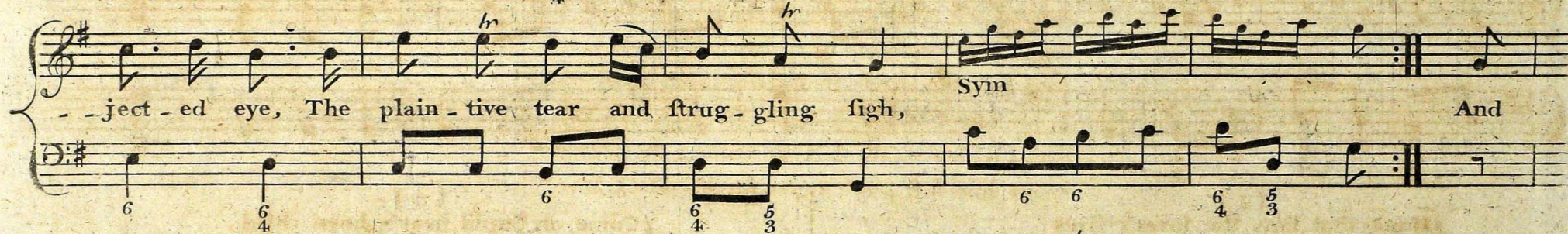
3

And sure some story of despair and pain,
 In yon deep copse thy murm'ring doves relate;
 And hark! methinks in that long plaintive strain,
 Thine own sweet songstresses weeps my wayward fate;
 Ah! Nymph! that fate assist me to endure,
 And bear awhile — what death alone can cure.

BALLAD IX.

DAVAUX.

Words from PETRARCH.

Allegro.

Fan - taf - - tic dance and ai - - ry fong. Sym

Twice — (2)
 Hope that fans the lover's fires,
 Pleasing follies, gay desires,
 These are thine a sprightly train,
 Without sweet love, life's joys are vain,
 'Tis love who pours o'er beauty's face,
 The artless bloom, the native grace.
 The artless bloom, the native grace.

Twice — (3)
 Come, oh Cupid, heav'n-born child,
 Smile again as once you smil'd,
 In my youth's propitious may,
 Jocund dance the hours away,
 On Shannon's silver-flowing stream,
 I'll sing, and love shall be my theme.
 I'll sing, and love shall be my theme.

BALLAD X.

PLEYEL.

The Words from CHARLOTTE SMITH'S Sonnets.
Suppos'd to be Written by WERTER.*Grazioso**Espressivo*

Go, ty - - - rant of - - - the

hu - - - man breast, To o - - - ther hearts thy ar - - - rows 'bear, Go,

where fond hopes il - - - lu - - - sions rest, Ah! why - should love - join

with - - - def - - - pair, Ah! why should love Ah! why should love - join

Mez. for.

Mez. for.

with - def - pair, - - Still seek for flow'rs - - where thorns all lie, - - And

drink sweet poi - - son from her eye. Sym

The Gulph now o - pens on my - - fight, I hur - - ry for - - ward

pas - - sion's slave, And scorn - - ing rea - - son's fo - - ber light, Pur - -

fue the path that points the grave. Da Capo al segno

BALLAD XI.

STERKEL.

Words by SHENSTONE.

*Poco**Allegretto.*

O'er plains and rush - y meers, - - And

wi - - ther'd heaths I rove, - - - Where tree nor cot ap - - pears, - - I pass to meet my

love, - - - If fields were da - mask'd o'er, With beau - ties e'er fo'

Sym

fine, With beau-ties e'er fo fine, With beau-ties e'er fo fine, - My thoughts would fly be -

- fore - - To fix a - lone on thine - - - My thoughts would fly be - fore - - - To

fix a - lone on thine. Sym

In

2

Nor hills could give delight,
 Nor palace please my eye,
 Nor Temples lofty height,
 Where mould'ring monarchs lie,
 Unmov'd should kings advance,
 Could I the pageant see,

3 Times — { Splendor might catch one glance,
 Twice — { Not steal one thought from thee.

BALLAD XII.

ANFOSSI.

The Words from CHARLOTTE
SMITH'S Sonnets.

Piano Forte
Andante
Espressivo.
Voce e
Cembalo

A mezza voce
sf pia. sf pia.
Oh! place me
sf pia. sf pia. for. pia.

where the burn-ing noon For-bids the wi-ther'd flow'r to blow Or place me in the fri-gid
Mez. for. pia.
zone On moun-tains of e-ter-nal snow Sym- Let me pur-sue the
for. pia. for.

N.B. The full Accompaniments for Concerts to this celebrated Song may be had of the Publisher Price 2^s.

steps, the steps of fame, Or po - ver - ty's more tran - quil road, Let youth's warm tide my

Mez. for.

veins in flame, Or fu - ture win - ters chill my blood, Or fu - ture win - ters chill my

Mez. for.

blood, Tho' my fond soul to heav'n were flown, Or tho' on earth 'tis doom'd to pine,

Volte

Mez. for. *a mezza voce*

Pris'ner or free, ob-scure or known, My heart oh! LAU-RA still is thine, My heart oh! LAURA is

thine, is thine What-e'er my def-ti-ny may be, That faith-ful heart still burns for thee, That

f *Pia* *f* *Pia* *For*

faith-ful heart still burns for thee. *Sym*

f *Pia* *f* *For*