

LOUISA

a favorite Ballad

written by M^r Ofwald

set to Music by

John Moulds *late pupil to* M^r Linley

and

THE BRITISH SAILOR,

a favorite Song

set to Music by

Dominico Corri.

Price 1^s

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LOUISA

The words by the Author of Edwin's Ghost.

Flute

Andante

Affett.^{so}

Flute

Andante

Affett.^{so}

p *cres* *f*

p

O ye Groves where so oft with Loui--fa I stray'd Then love-ly thy

cres *f*

Sy

Grottos and grateful thy Shade A--

f

--lifs with Lou-i-fa no longer I stray But lonely I wander and woeful my

Pi. Softenuto

Iay But lonely I wander and woeful my Iay For my love I la--ment in the

2.6

duft low-ly, laid And thy Grotts are un-love-ly and sad is thy

2

But why silent ye Sirens whose sweet warbled song
 Glad Echo was wont, from each grot to prolong?
 Save sad Philomela lamenting her fate
 And the Dove lonely mourner! bemoaning her mate.
 Oh! unfeeling the Sportsman that aim'd the fell blow!
 And cruel O Death thus to lay my love low!

3

But where O ye Groves are the gay Myrtle bowers
 Where blest with Louisa I pass'd the brief hours?
 Sad the scene I survey and no myrtle I see
 But each murmuring shade seems a Cypress to me.
 For my love I lament in the duff lowly laid;
 And sad are the songsters, funereal the shade.

For the Guittar

O ye Groves where so oft with Lou-i-fa I stray'd Then lovely thy Grottos and
 grateful thy shade A-las with Lou-i-fa no longer I stray But lonely I wander and
 woeful my lay but lonely I wander and woeful my lay For my love I lament in the
 duff lowly laid And thy Grotts are unlovely and sad is thy shade.

The British Sailor

Flute

Harpichord and Voice

When

migh-ty War up- on the deep, His country's injur'd cause de- mand; He

leaves his dear lov'd maid to weep and joins the gal- lant bri- tish

Flag, and joins the gal- lant british Flag.

2

Now Vengeance all his Soul posses,
His Foes his power must quickly feel;
And soon are glad to give redress,
To his all conquering Arm of Steel.

3

Now homeward steering o'er the Deep,
His native Soil, once more to view;
No more to leave his Love to weep,
But bid to Toil and War, adieu.