

Seven Songs

for the

HARP SICHORD

Forte OR *Piano.*

THE WORDS AND MUSIC

Composed by

Francis Hopkinson.

Philadelphia published & sold by *J. Dobson*
L. AITKEN * *Sculp.*

606388
Dq 40

M I

AI H.

T O H I S E X C E L L E N C Y

G E O R G E W A S H I N G T O N, E S Q U I R E.

S I R,

I E M B R A C E, with heart-felt satisfaction, every opportunity that offers of recognizing the personal Friendship that hath so long subsisted between us. The present Occasion allows me to do this in a manner most flattering to my Vanity ; and I have accordingly taken advantage of it, by presenting this Work to your Patronage, and honouring it with your Name.

It cannot be thought an unwarrantable anticipation to look up to you as seated in the most dignified situation that a grateful People can offer. The universally avowed Wish of America, and the Nearness of the Period in which that Wish will be accomplished, sufficiently justify such an Anticipation ; from which arises a confident Hope, that the same Wisdom and Virtue which has so successfully conducted the Arms of the United States in Times of Invasion, War, and Tumult, will prove also the successful Patron of Arts and Sciences in Times of national Peace and Prosperity ; and that the Glory of America will rise conspicuous under a Government designated by the *Will*, and an Administration founded in the *Hearts* of THE PEOPLE.

With respect to the little Work, which I have now the honour to present to your notice, I can only say that it is such as a Lover, not a Master, of the Arts can furnish. I am neither a profess'd Poet, nor a profess'd Musician ; and yet venture to appear in those characters united ; for which, I confess, the censure of Temerity may justly be brought against me.

If these Songs should not be so fortunate as to please the *young* Performers, for whom they are intended, they will at least not occasion much Trouble in learning to perform them ; and this will, I hope, be some Alleviation of their Disappointment.

However small the Reputation may be that I shall derive from this Work, I cannot, I believe, be refused the Credit of being the first Native of the United States who has produced a Musical Composition. If this attempt should not be too severely treated, others may be encouraged to venture on a path, yet untrodden in America, and the Arts in succession will take root and flourish amongst us.

I hope for your favourable Acceptance of this Mark of my Affection and Respect, and have the Honour to be

Your Excellency's most obedient, and

Most humble Servant,

F. HOPKINSON.

PHILADELPHIA,
Nov. 20th, 1788.

I

SONG I.

Largo

Come fair Kofina, come away, long

since stern Winter's Storms have ceas'd, see na - ture in her best Array in - vites us to her rural Feast,

The Season shall her Treasures spread, her mellow fruits, her mellow fruits and Harvest brown, her flows their freshest odours

shed, and ev'ry Breeze pour Fragrance down, Her flows their freshest Odours shed, and ev'ry Breeze pour fragrance down

At noon we'll seek the wild wood's shade
And o'er the pathless verdure rove,
Or near a mossy fountain laid,
Attend the music of the grove;
At eve, the sloping mead invites
With lowing herds and flocks to stray;
Each hour shall furnish new delights,
And love and joy shall crown the day.

SONG II.

SLOW

My Love is gone to

Seayhillt I his absence mourn, no Joy shall smile on me, un til my Lovere - turn; He askd me for his Bride, and many Vows he

I swore, I blush'd and soon com-ply'd, I blush'd and soon com-ply'd, my heart was his be - fore, my heart was his, my

Heart was his be - fore.

One little month was past
 And who so blest as we ;
 The summons came at last
 2. And Jemmy must to sea.
 I saw his ship so gay
 swift fly the wave-worn shore,
 I wip'd my tears away -
 And saw his ship no more .

When clouds shut in the sky
 And storms around me howl,
 When livid lightnings fly
 3. And threaten'g thunders roll,
 All hopes of rest are lost,
 No slumbers visit me ;
 My anxious thoughts are lost
 with Jemmy on the sea.

2 Verse

no more, no more, and

3 Verse

my Thoughts are lost with

SONG III.

First system of musical notation for 'SONG III.'. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The tempo is marked 'SLOW'. The music features a melodic line with several trills (tr) and a final fermata (S). The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff contains the vocal line with lyrics: "neath a weeping Willow's shade, the fat and fang a - lone, Be - neath a weeping Willow's shade, the fat and fang a". The bass staff continues the accompaniment. A trill (tr) is marked above the first measure of the vocal line.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff contains the vocal line with lyrics: "lone; Her Hand upon her Heart she laid and plaintive was her moan, and plaintive was her moan. The". The bass staff continues the accompaniment. Dynamics markings 'pp' (pianissimo) are present above the vocal line.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff contains the vocal line with lyrics: "mock-bird sat u - pon a Bough, The mock-bird sat u - pon a Bough and listend to her". The bass staff continues the accompaniment. Trills (tr) are marked above the vocal line.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff contains the vocal line with lyrics: "Lay; then to the distant Hills he bore the dulcet notes a - way; Then to the distant Hills he bore the". The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

dulcet notes a - wa - - - y, the dulcet notes a - wa - - - y, the dulcet notes a - - way.

.S.

Fond Echo to her Strains reply'd,
 The Winds her Sorrows bore,
 Adieu dear youth, Adieu, she cry'd,
 2. I ne'er shall see thee more .
 The mock bird sat upon a Bough
 And listen'd to her Lay,
 Then to the distant Hills he bore
 The dulcet notes away .

SONG IV.

- raptur'd I gaze, when my Delia is by, and drink the sweet Poifon of Love from her Eye; I

feel the soft Paffion pervade every Part, and Pleasures un-u-fual play round my fond Heart.

2
I hear her sweet Voice and am charm'd with her Song,
I think I could hear her sweet Voice all Day long;
My Senses enchanted are lost in Delight,
When Love and soft Musick their Raptures unite.

3
Beyond all Expression my Delia I love;
My Heart is so fix'd that it never can rove;
When I see her I think 'tis an Angel I see,
And the Charms of her mind are a Heav'n to me.

SONG V.

Andante

See, down Maria's blushing Cheek, the

Tears of soft Compassion flow; Those Tears a yielding Heart bespeak, a Heart that feels for

other's Woe. May not those Drops that frequent fall to my fond Hope propitious prove; The

Heart that melts at Pity's Call, will own the softer Voice of Love, will own the softer Voice of

Love.

2

Earth ne'er produc'd a gem so rare,
 Nor wealthy oceans ample space
 So rich a pearl, as that bright tear
 That lingers on maria's face;
 So hangs upon the morning rose
 The chrysal drop of heav'n refin'd,
 A while with trembling lustre glows,
 Is gone, and leaves no stain behind.

SONG VI.

Andante Pia. for.

O'er the Hills far away, at the Birth of the morn, I hear the full Tone, I hear the full Tone of the sweet founding

Horn of the sweet sounding Horn. I hear the full Tone of the sweet sounding Horn. The

Sportman with Shouting all hail the new Day the Sportman with Shouting all hail the new Day and swift run the Hound o'er the Hills far away

The Sportman with Shouting all hail the new Day and swift run the Hounds o'er the Hills far away

A cros the deep valley their course they pursue, and rush thro' the Thickets yet silverd with Dew, and

rush thro' the Thickets yet silverd with Dew, nor Fences nor Ditches their Speed can delay, still sounds the sweet horn o're the Hills far away,

still sounds the sweet horn o'er the Hills far awa --- y, The Hills far away, far awa ---

--- y, The Hill far awa --- y, nor Fences nor Ditches their speed can delay, still

sounds the swet Horn o'er the Hills far away. Ad.^a P.P.

9
SONG VII.

All^o

RONDO

pricious frown sink my noble spirits down; shall a face of white and red make me droop my silly Head;

shall I set me down and fight for an Eye brow or an Eye; For a braided Lock of

Hair, curse my Fortune curse my Fortune and despair; curse my Fortune and despair; My Still un-certain is To

morrow, not quite certain is to Day, Shall I waste my Time in Sorrow; Shall I languish life away; All because a

cruel maid hath not Love with Love repaid, Hath not Love with Love repaid. My

SONG VIII.

ANDANTE P. *lr* *lr* *S*
 The Trav'ler benighted and lost, O'er the mountain pur -

-sues his lone way, The Stream is all candy'd with Frost, and the Icicle hangs on the Spray; He wanders in hope some kind

Pia. *for.*
 Shelter to find, whilst thro' the Sharp Hawthorn still blows the cold wind; He wanders in hope some kind

Pia. *for.* *3* *lr*
 Shelter to find, whilst thro' the Sharp Hawthorn still blows the cold wind.

Pia. *P P.* *S*

For the remaining Verses, See the printed Songs

THE SONGS.

SONG I.

COME, fair Rosina, come away,
Long since stern Winter's storms have ceas'd ;
See ! Nature, in her best array,
Invites us to her rural Feast :
The Season shall her treasures spread,
Her mellow fruits and harvests brown,
Her flowers their richest odours shed,
And ev'ry breeze pour fragrance down.

2.
At noon we'll seek the wild wood's shade,
And o'er the pathless verdure rove ;
Or, near a mossy fountain laid,
Attend the music of the grove ;
At eve, the sloping mead invites
Midst lowing herds and flocks to stray ;
Each hour shall furnish new delights,
And Love and Joy shall crown the day.

SONG II.

MY Love is gone to sea,
Whilst I his absence mourn,
No joy shall smile on me
Until my Love return.
He ask'd me for his bride,
And many vows he swore ;
I blusht—and soon comply'd,
My heart was his before.

2.
One little month was past,
And who so blest as we ?
The summons came at last,
And Jemmy must to sea.
I saw his ship so gay
Swift fly the wave-worn shore ;
I wip'd my tears away—
And saw his ship no more.

3.
When clouds shut in the sky
And storms around me howl ;
When livid lightnings fly
And threaten'g thunders roll ;
All hopes of rest are lost,
No slumbers visit me,
My anxious thoughts are tost
With Jemmy on the sea.

SONG III.

BENEATH a weeping willow's shade
She sat and sang alone ;
Her hand upon her heart she laid
And plaintive was her moan.
The mock-bird sat upon a bough
And list'ned to her lay,
Then to the distant hills he bore
The dulcet notes away.

2.
Fond Echo to her strains reply'd,
The winds her sorrows bore ;
Adieu ! dear youth—adieu ! she cry'd,
I ne'er shall see thee more.
The mock-bird sat upon a bough
And list'ned to her lay,
Then to the distant hills he bore
The dulcet notes away.

SONG IV.

ENRAPTUR'D I gaze when my Delia is by,
And drink the sweet poison of Love from her eye ;
I feel the soft passion pervade ev'ry part
And pleasure unusual plays round my fond heart.

2.
I hear her sweet voice, and am charm'd with her song—
I think I could hear her sweet voice all day long ;
My senses enchanted, are lost in delight
When Love and soft Music their raptures unite.

3.
Beyond all expression my Delia I love,
My heart is so fix'd that it never can rove ;
When I see her I think 'tis an angel I see,
And the charms of her mind are a heav'n to me.

SONG V.

SEE down Maria's blushing cheek
The tears of soft compassion flow ;
Those tears a yielding heart bespeak—
A heart that feels for others' woe.
May not those drops, that frequent fall,
To my fond hope propitious prove,
The heart that melts at Pity's call
Will own the softer voice of Love.

2.
Earth ne'er produc'd a gem so rare,
Nor wealthy ocean's ample space
So rich a pearl—as that bright tear
That lingers on Maria's face.
So hangs upon the morning rose
The chrystal drop of heav'n refin'd,
Awhile with trembling lustre glows—
Is gone—and leaves no stain behind.

SONG VI.

O'ER the hills far away, at the birth of the morn,
I hear the full tone of the sweet-sounding horn ;
The sportsmen with shoutings all hail the new day
And swift run the hounds o'er the hills far away.
Across the deep valley their course they pursue
And rush thro' the thickets yet silver'd with dew ;
Nor hedges nor ditches their speed can delay—
Still sounds the sweet Horn o'er the hills far away.

SONG VII.

MY gen'rous heart disdains
The slave of Love to be,
I scorn his servile chains
And boast my liberty.
This whining
And pining
And wailing with care
Are not to my taste, be she ever so fair.

2.
Shall a girl's capricious frown
Sink my noble spirits down ?
Shall a face of white and red
Make me droop my silly head ?
Shall I set me down and sigh
For an eye-brow or an eye ?
For a braided lock of hair
Curse my fortune and despair ?
My gen'rous heart disdains, &c.

3.
Still uncertain is to-morrow,
Not quite certain is to-day—
Shall I waste my time in sorrow ?
Shall I languish life away ?

All because a cruel maid
Hath not Love with Love repaid.
My gen'rous heart disdains, &c.

* SONG VIII.

THE Trav'ler benighted and lost,
O'er the mountain pursues his lone way ;
The stream is all candy'd with frost
And the icicle hangs on the spray,
He wanders in hope some kind shelter to find
" Whilst thro' the sharp hawthorn still blows the cold
[wind.]"

2.
The tempest howls dreary around
And rends the tall oak in its flight ;
Fast falls the cold snow on the ground,
And dark is the gloom of the night.
Lone wanders the Trav'ler a shelter to find
" Whilst thro' the sharp hawthorn still blows the cold
[wind.]"

3.
No comfort the wild woods afford,
No shelter the Trav'ler can see—
Far off are his bed and his board
And his home, where he wishes to be.
His hearth's cheerful blaze still engages his mind
" Whilst thro' the sharp hawthorn keen blows the cold
[wind.]"

* N. B. This Eighth Song was added after the Title Page was engraved.