

Lieder mit Begleitung des Pianoforte, gesungen von Miss Stabbach.

1) May Dow, componirt von W. Sterndale-Bennett.

O'er the woodlands, o'er the meadow,
When the dawning shies are gray,
Soft from heav'n descends a shower
Lightly falling dews of May.
All the holy charms that hover
Round the joy diffusing spring,
Fragrant buds and leaves enamell'd
May dews ever with them bring.

With the dew from harebells shaken,
Virgin cheeks out vie the rose.
When she bathes her golden tresses,
Heav'nly bright the maiden glows.
E'en the eye that's red with weeping,
Loves the cooling drops of dew,
'Till with their sweet rain besprinkled,
Starlike beams that orb anew.

Gently then descend upon me
Sweetest cure for ev'ry ill,
O refresh my wearied eyelids,
And my thirsty heart springs fill.
Pour upon me Youth's enchantment,
Gilded with a heavenly ray,
Let me gaze upon the sunlight
Lorely daughter of the May.

2) Schottische Ballade.

Tak' back the ring, dear Jamie,
The ring ye gae to me,
An' a' the wows ye made yestreen
Beneath the birken tree.
But gie me back my heart again,
Its a' I hae to gie;
Sin' ye'd no wait a fittin' time,
Ye canna marry me.
I promised to my daddie,
Afore he slipp'd awa',
I ne'er wad leave my dear old minnie,
Whate'er su'd her befa';
I'll faith fu' keep my promise,
For a' that ye can gie;
Sae Jamie, gif ye winna wait,
Ye ne'er can marry me.

I canna leave my minnie,
She's been sae kind to me:
Sin' e'en I was a bairnie,
A wee thing on her knee;
Nae mair she'll caim my gowden hair,
Nor busk me snood sae braw;
She's auld an' frail, her e'en are dim,
An' soon will close on a'.
I maunna leave my minnie;
Her journey is nae lang',
Her head is bendin' to the mools,
Where it maun shortly gang.
I'll faith fu' keep my promise,
For a' that ye can gie;
Sae Jamie, gif ye winna wait,
Ye ne'er can marry me.

3) Canzonette, componirt von Joseph Haydn.

My mother bids me bind my hair,
With bands of rosy hue,
Tye up my sleeves with ribbands rare,
And lace my boddice blue,
For why, she cries, sit still and weep,
While others dance and play?
Alas! I scarce can go or creep,
While Lubin is away.

'Tis sad to think the days are gone,
When those we love are near;
I sit upon this mossy stone,
And sigh when none can hear.
And while I spin my flaxen thread,
And sing my simple lay;
The village seems asleep or dead,
Now Lubin is away.