Six Songs

FOR THE

Harpsichord

OR

Piano Forte

COMPOSED BY

Mrs Pownall and J. Hewitt

To Which Are Added and Selected

Rossetti's Celebrated La Chasse

AND A

DUET FOR TWO VOICES

Price Two Dollars

New York

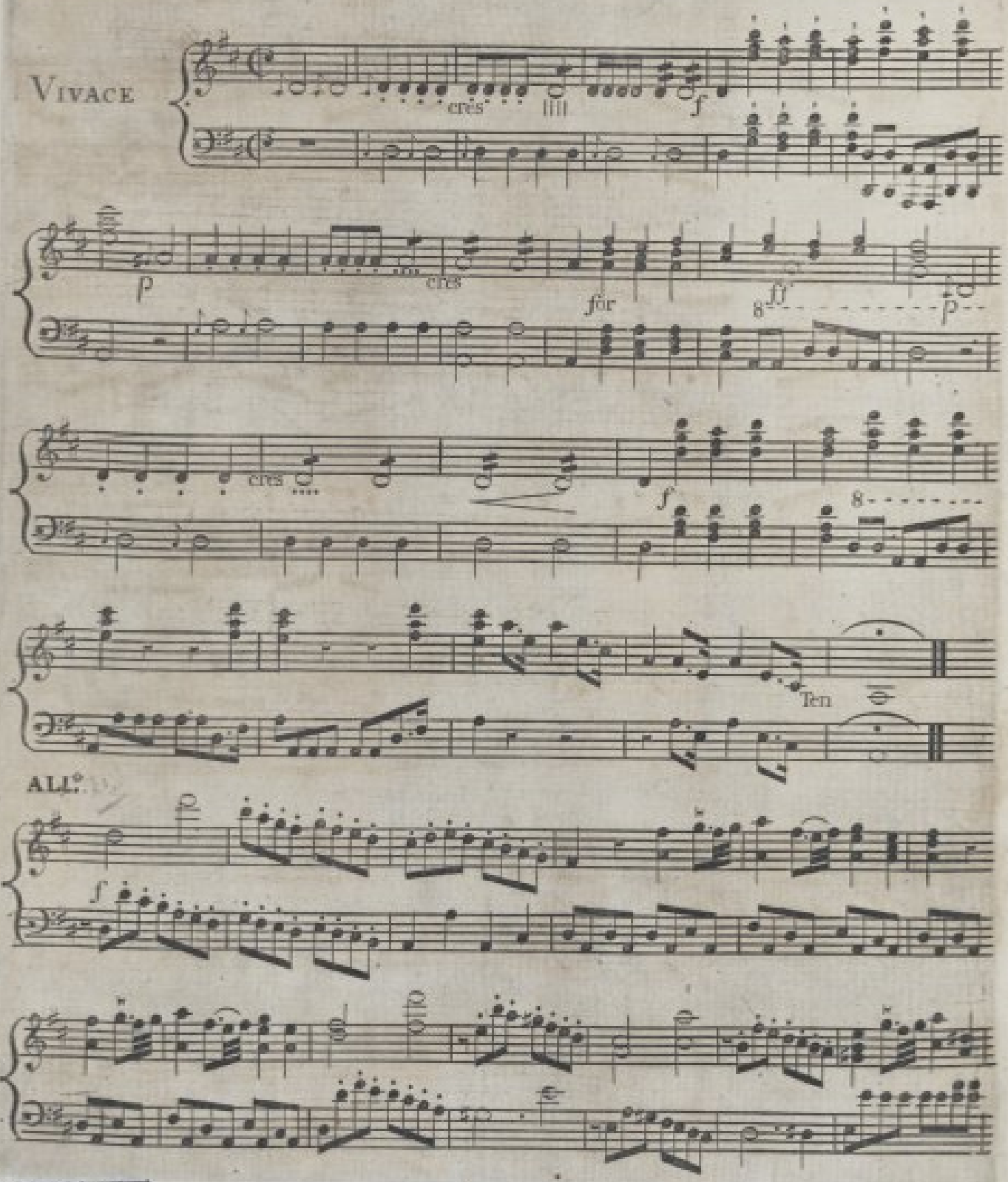
Printed for Mrs POWNALL and J. HEWITT and

Appointed to be Sold at Mr Mathew Carey's Store

№ 118 High Street PHILADELPHIA.

LA CHASSE, ROSSETTE.

ADAPTED BY J. HEWITT.



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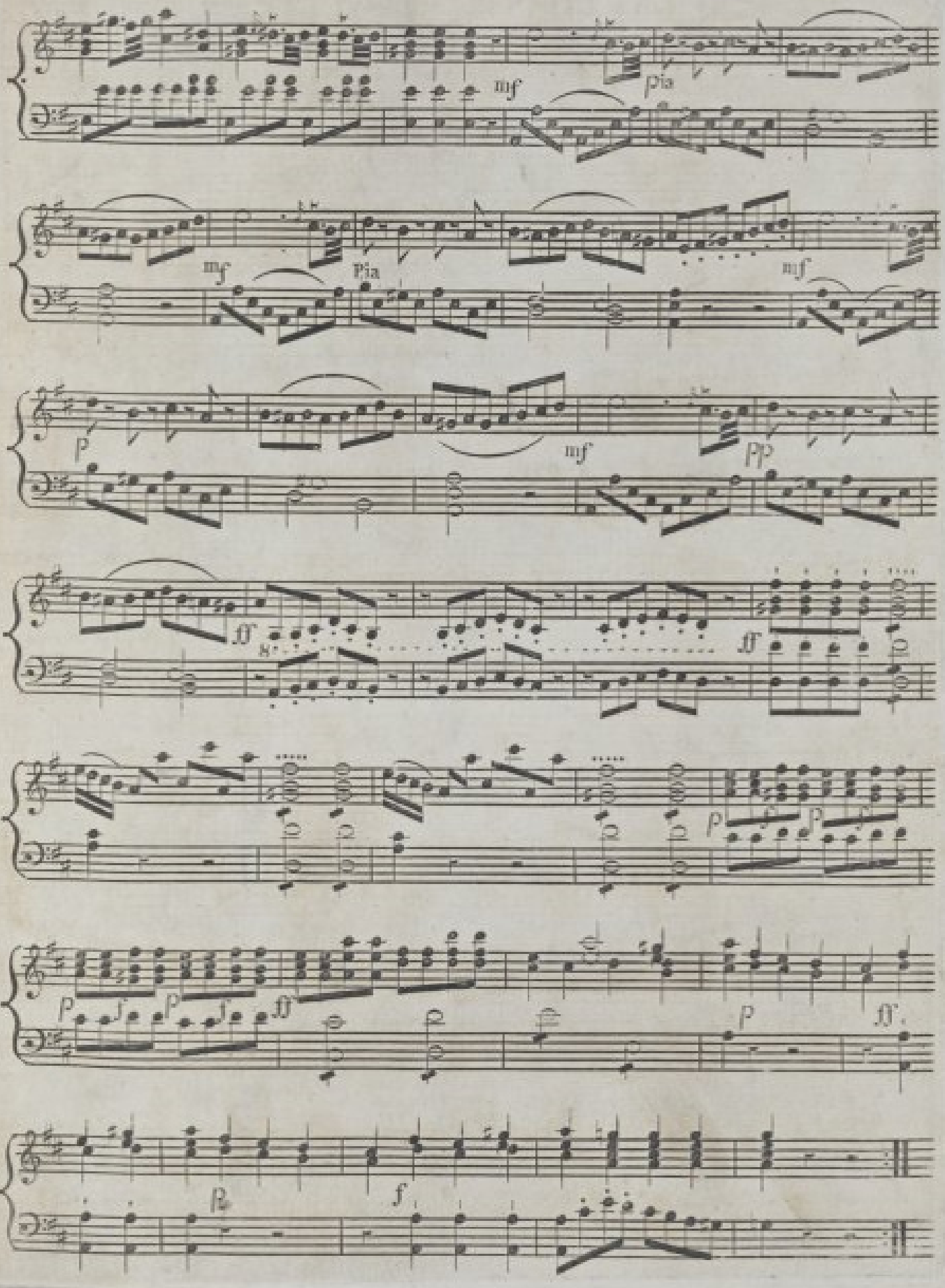
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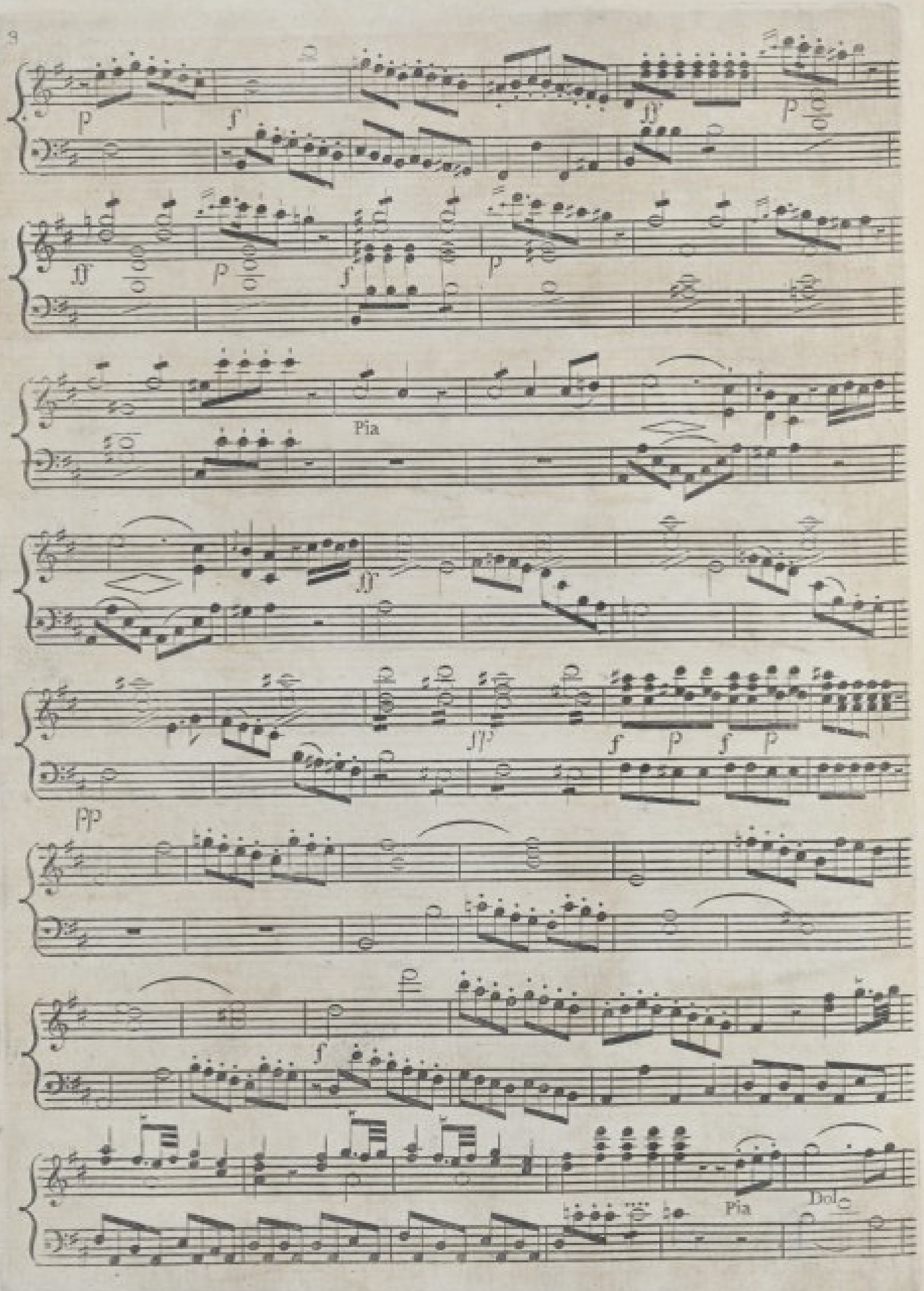
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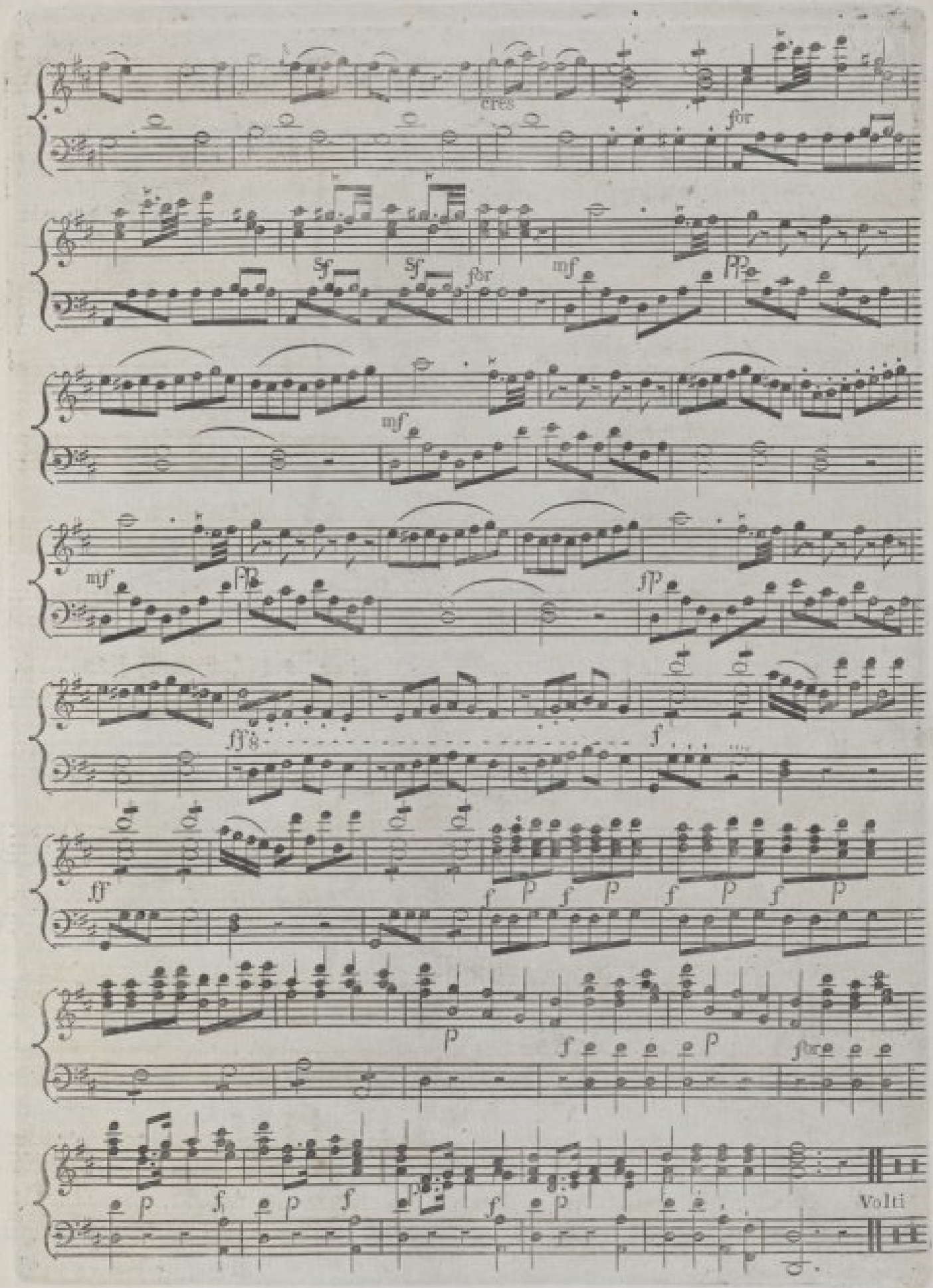
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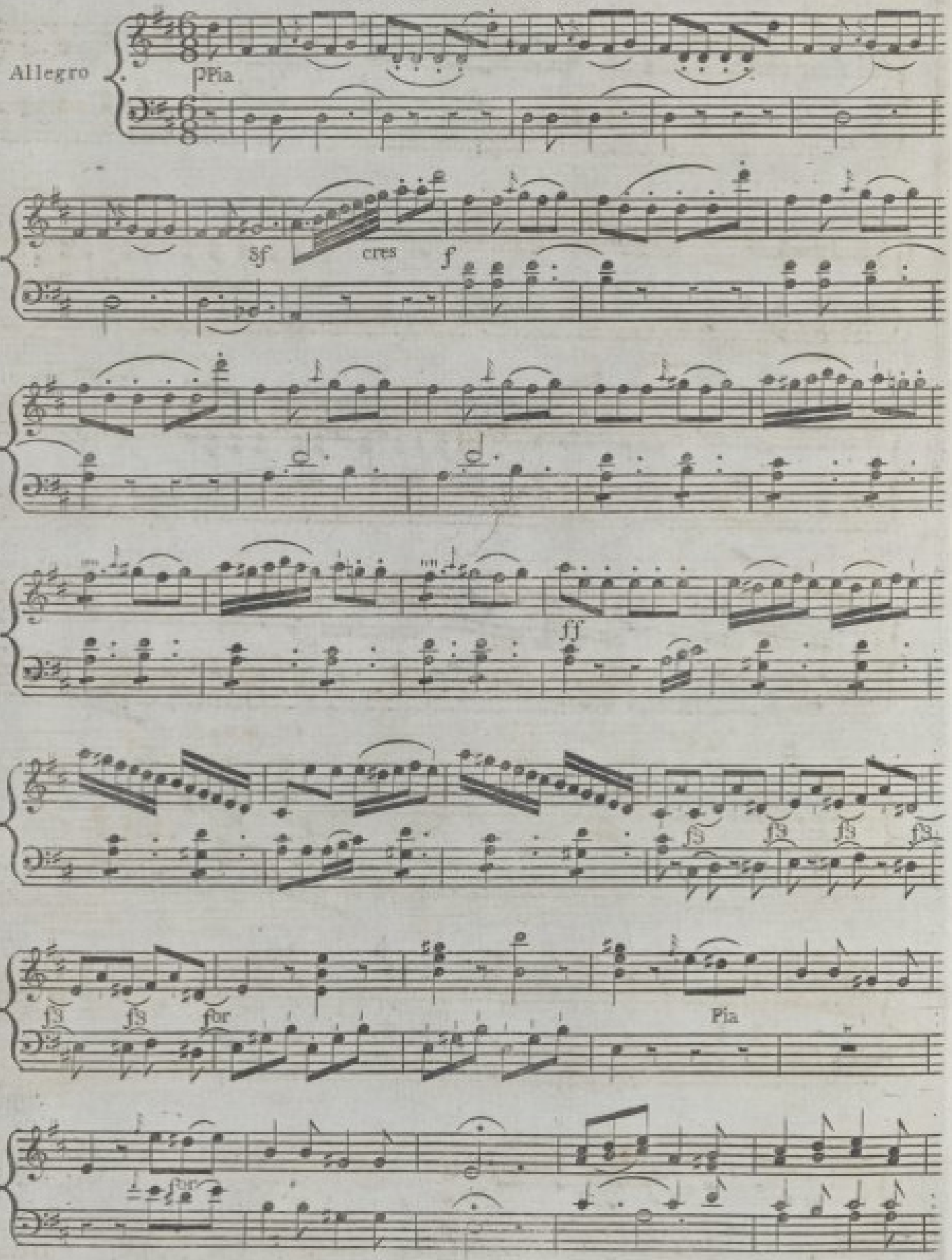

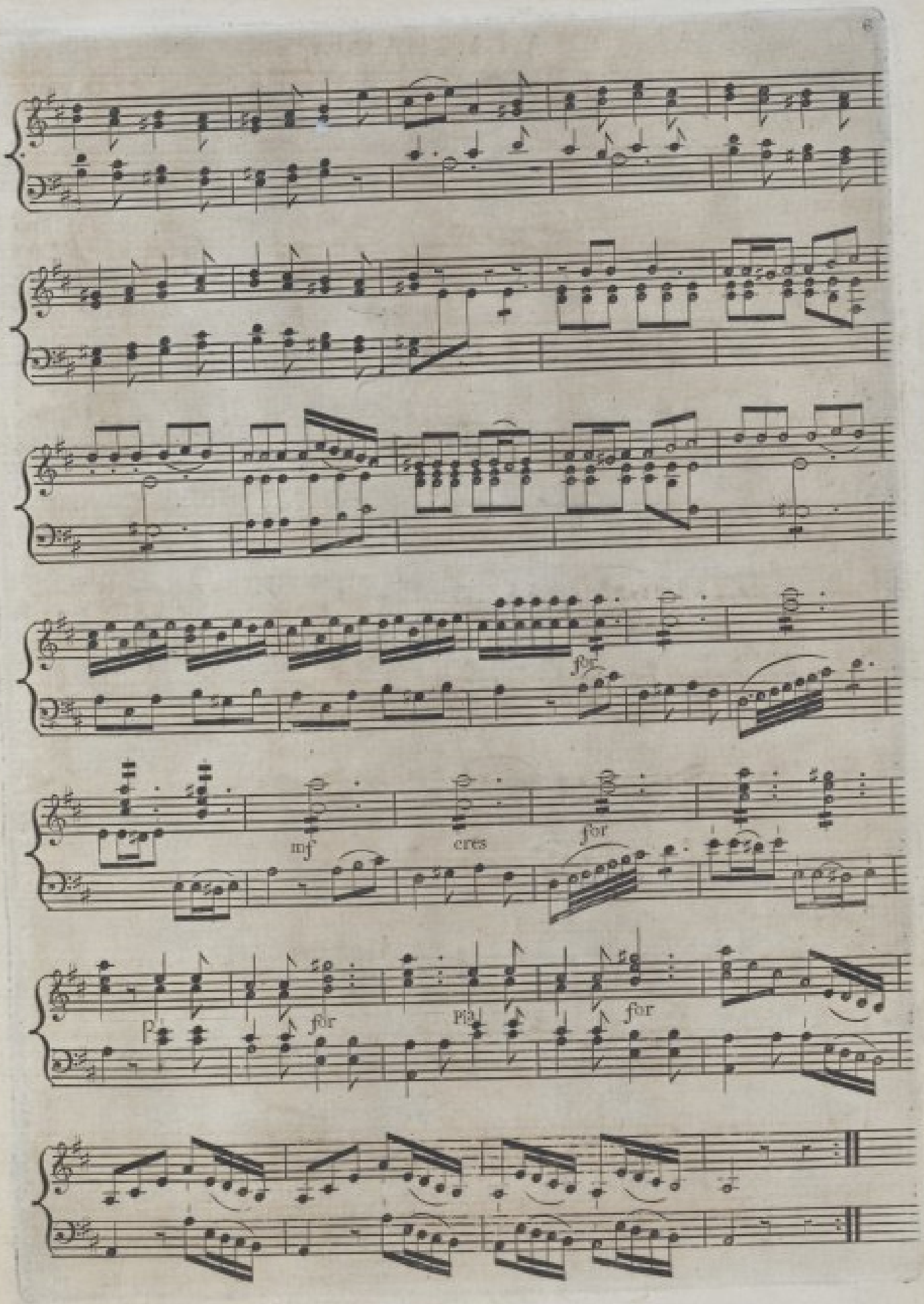
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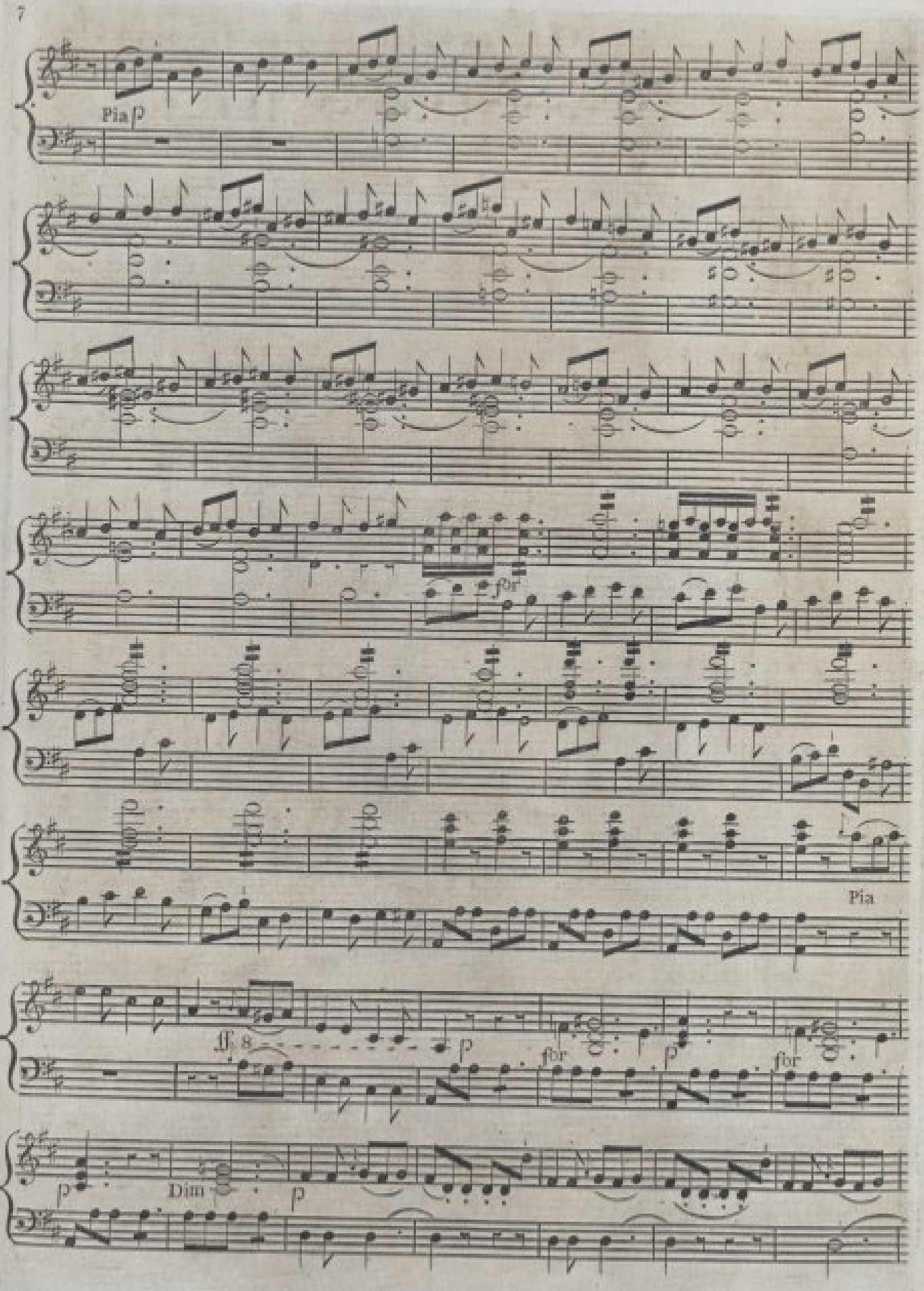
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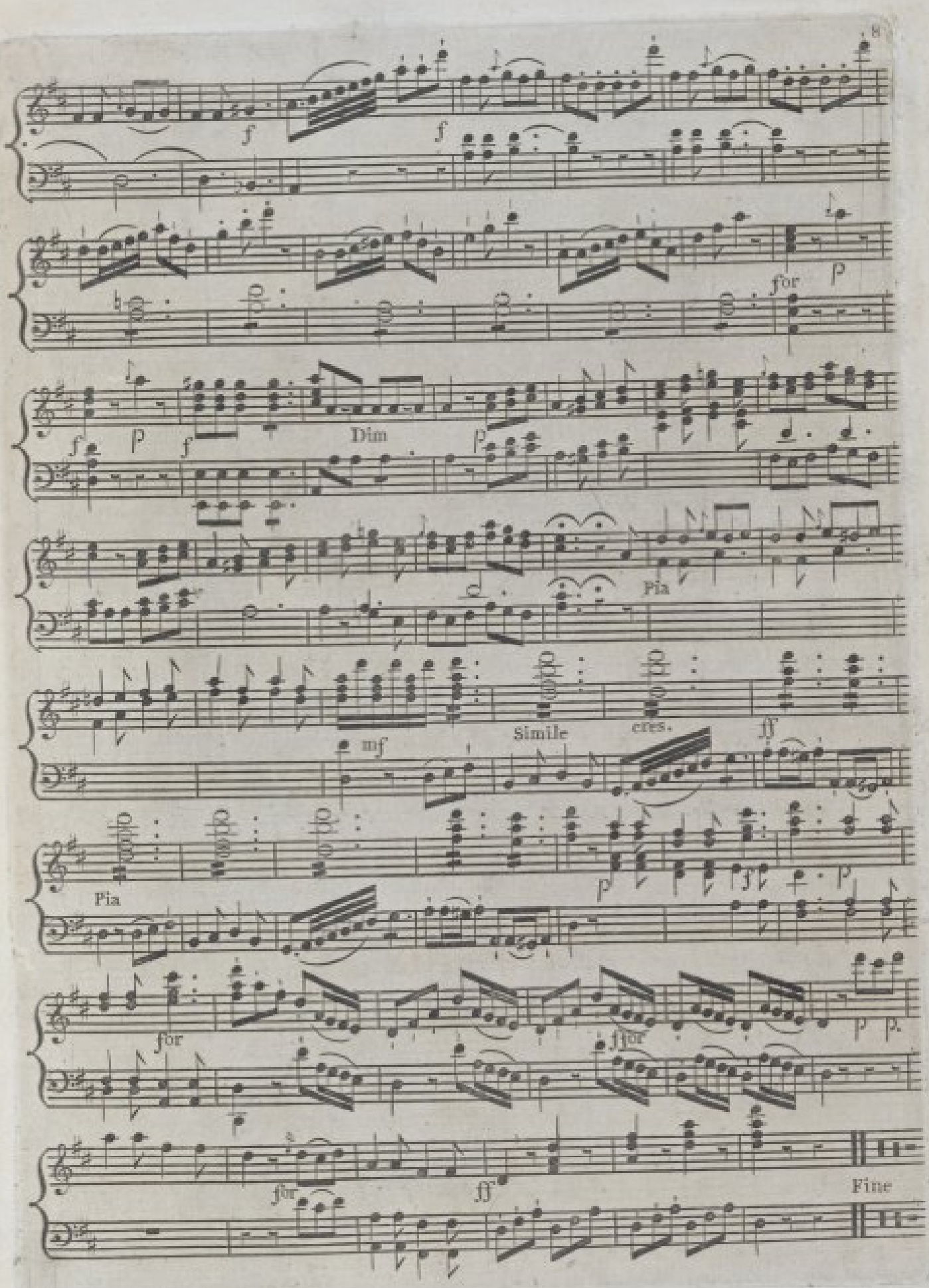
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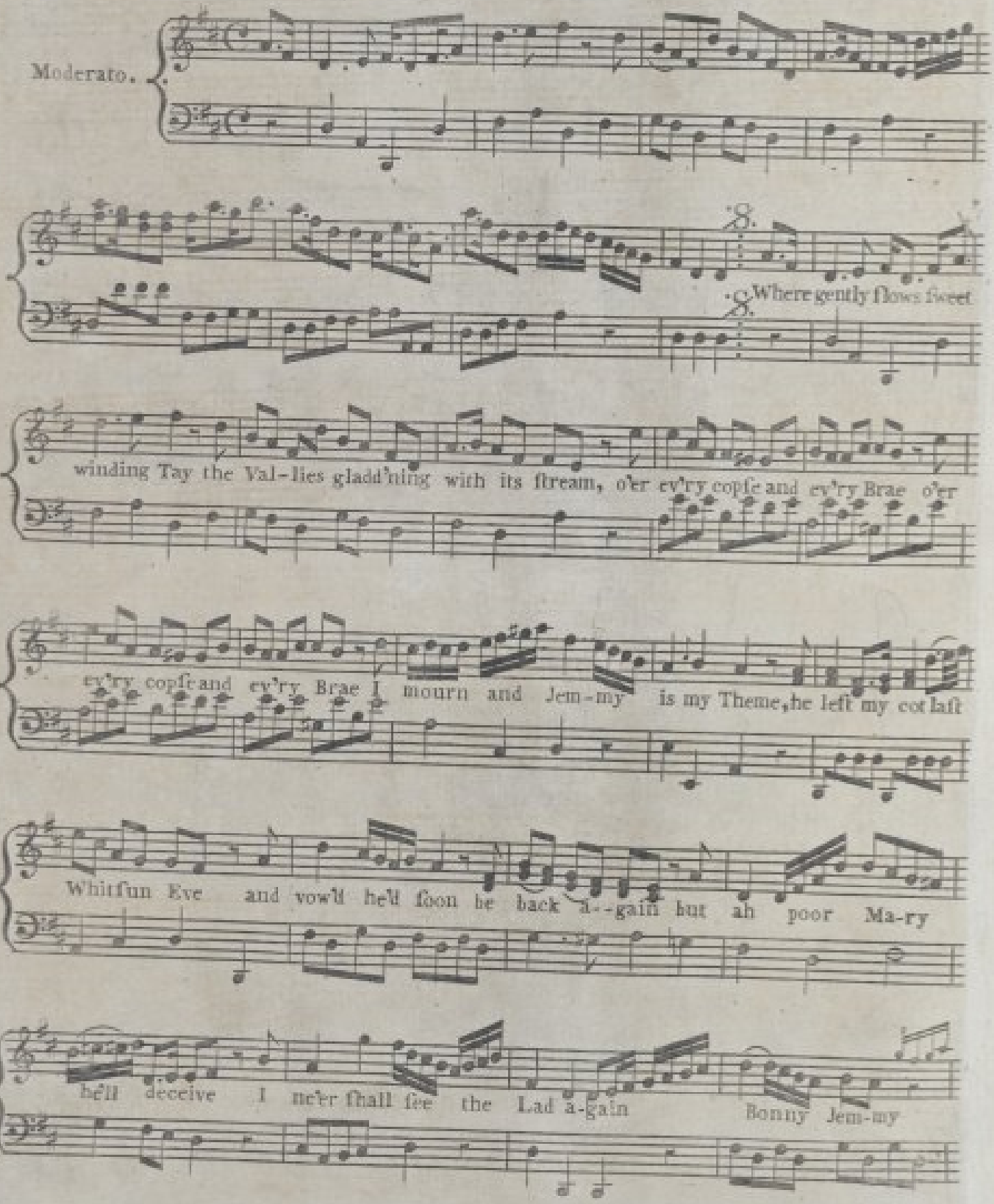
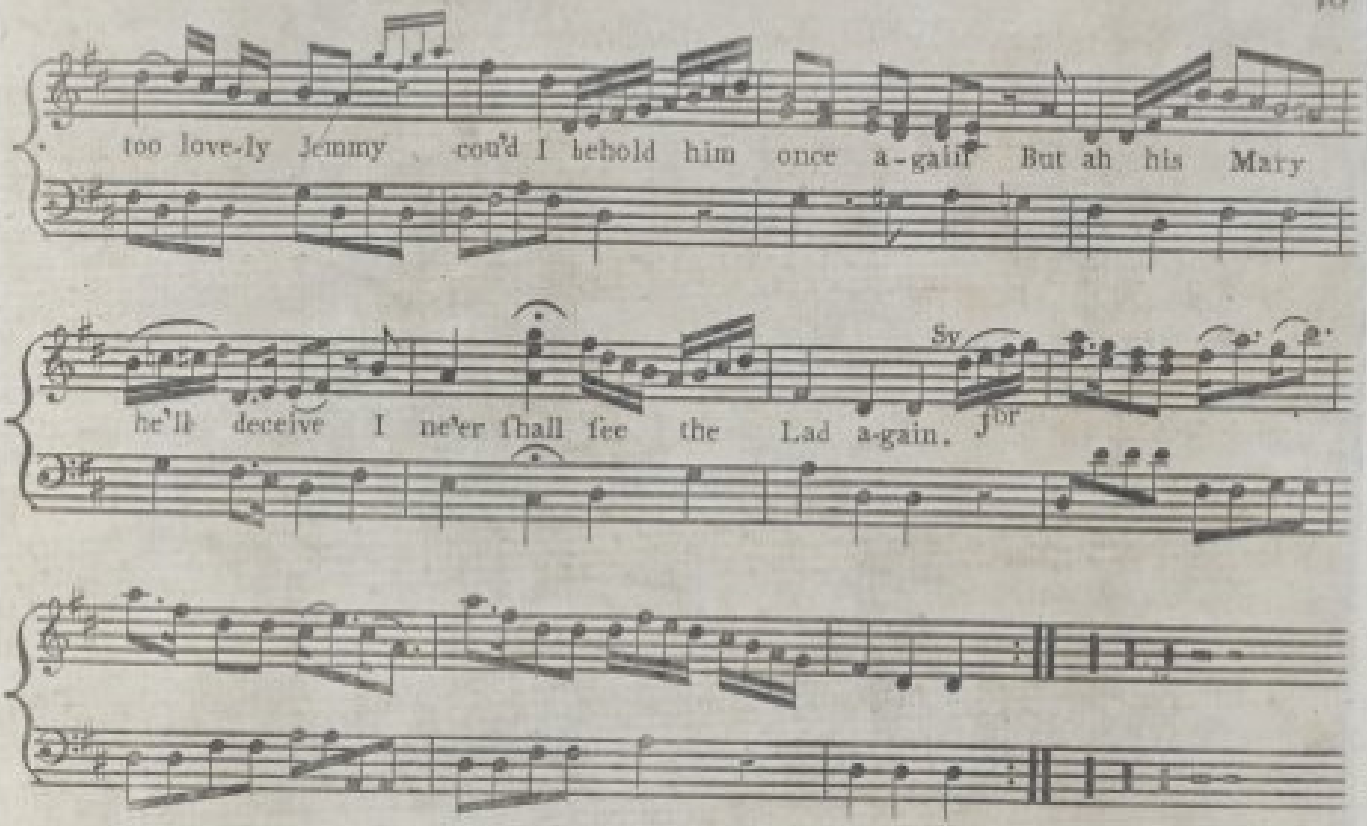
JEMMY OF THE GLEN.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY Mrs POWNALL.





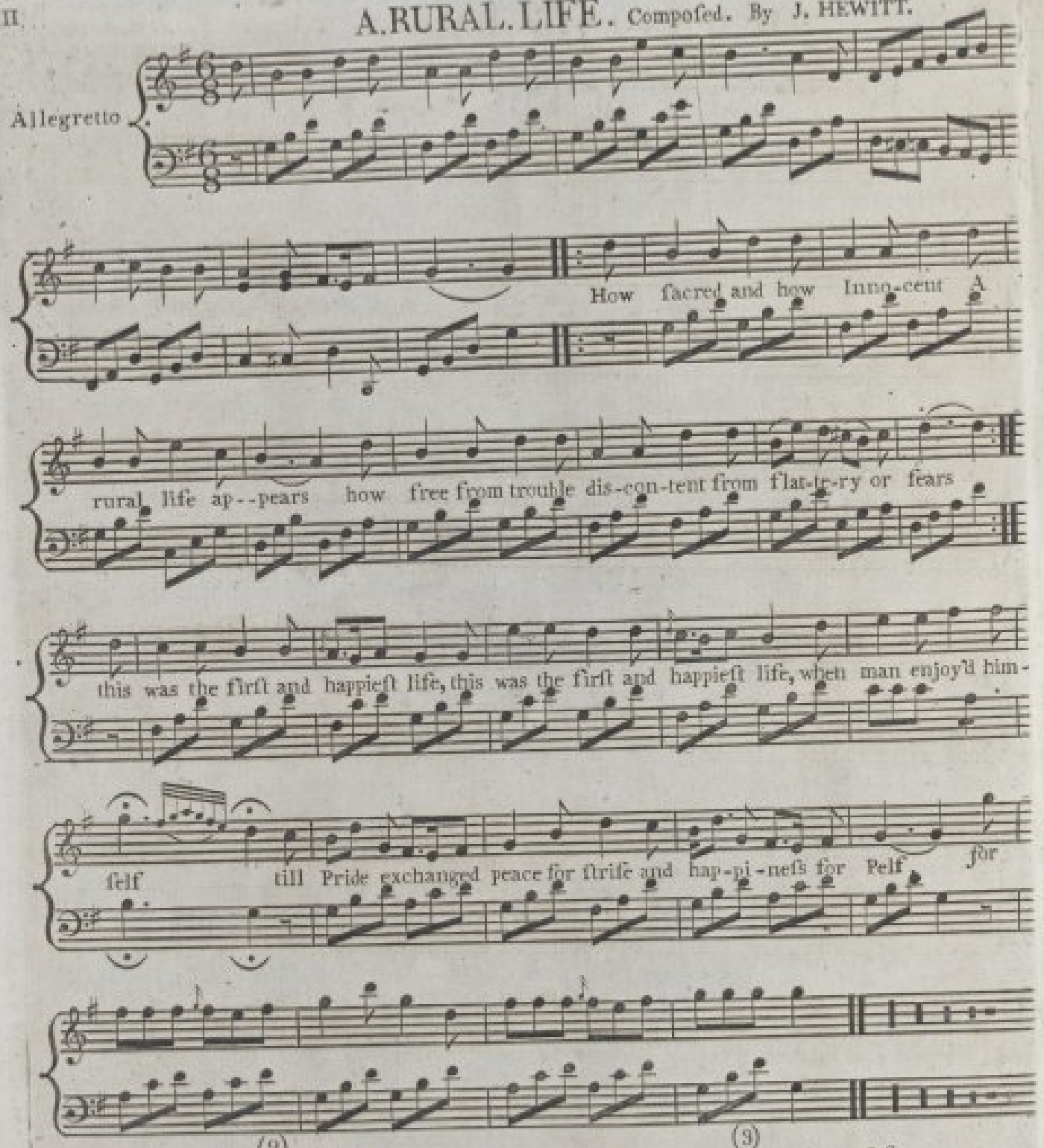
2

The Laſſes all when I complain
Wi ſcornfull ſaunts my miſ'ries ſhun
But ah had they beheld my Swain
Too ſure, like me they'd been undone
Then do not blame an artleſs Maid
But pray ye ne'er my Jemmy ken
Or hear thoſe Vows my heart betray'd
To ſigh for Jemmy of the Glen.
Bonny Jemmy &c.

3

If Fame he ſeek, 'mid hoſtile ſtrife
Or Goyly gangs, fair Glaſgows Pride
Some fatal Ball may end his life
Or City Dame become his wife
Or if on Tays green bourn he tread
Some Lord-ling's Child his heart may win
And far from me my Shepherd wed
I ne'er ſhall ſee the Lad again.
Bonny Jemmy &c.

A. RURAL. LIFE. Compoſed. By J. HEWITT.



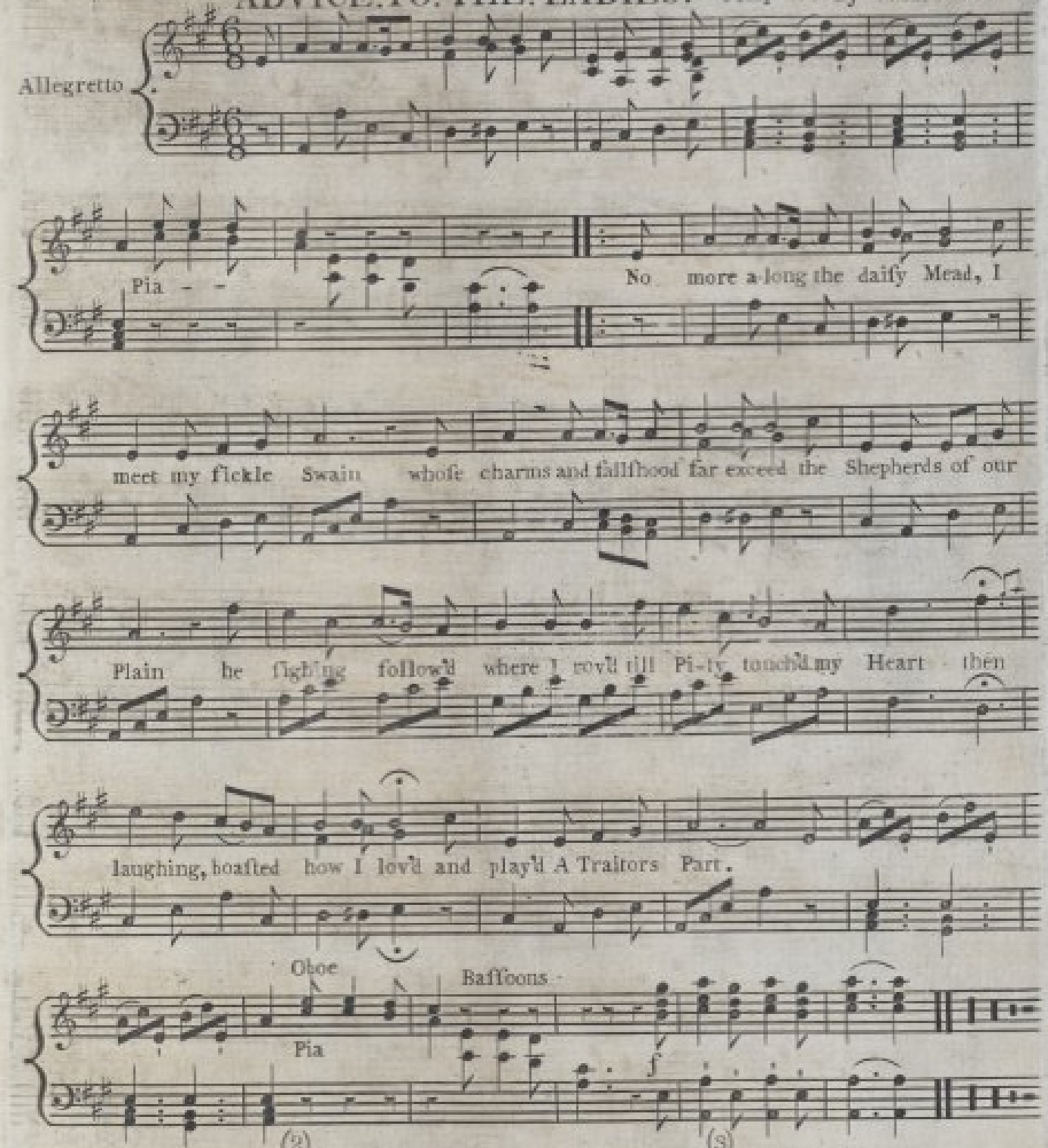
(2)

'Twas here the Poets were inſpir'd
Here taught the Multitude
The Brave they were with honor fir'd
And civiliz'd the rude
That Golden age did entertain
No Paſſion but of Love
The thoughts of ruling and of gain
Did ne'er their fancies move.

(3)

Silence and Innocence are ſafe
A heart that's nobly true
At all theſe little arts can laugh
That lo the World ſubdue
While others revel it in ſtate
Here I'll contented ſit
And think I have as good a fate
As wealth and pomp admit.

ADVICE. TO. THE. LADIES. Compoſed By J. Hewitt.



(2)

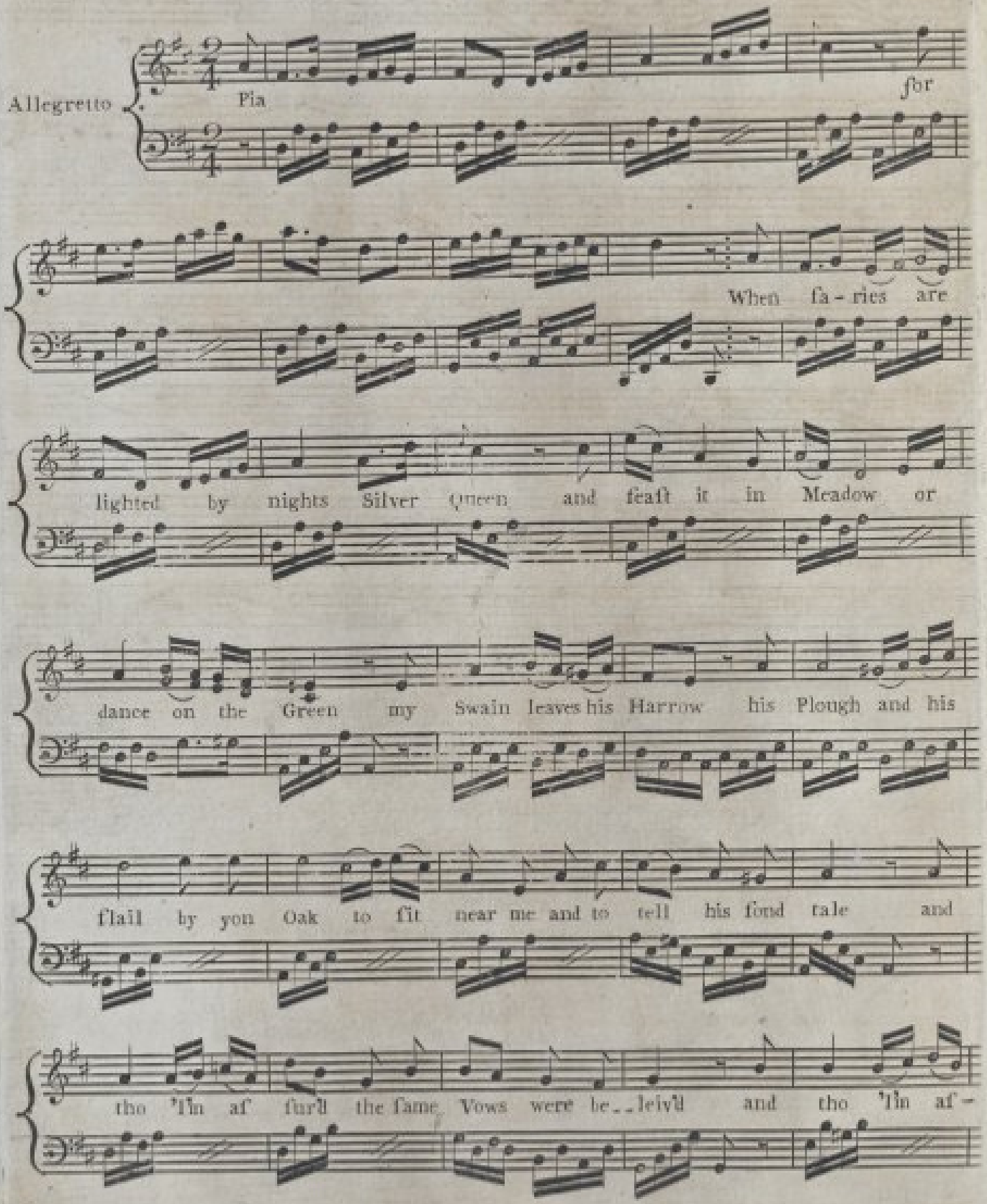
Provok'd, with treatment like to this
To ſee my fondneſs Paid
When next he try'd to ſnatch a kiſs
I turn'd away my head
With other Lads I ſeem'd to flirt
Nor were my arts in vain
His love was rouz'd his Pride was hurt
He knelt and ſighd again.

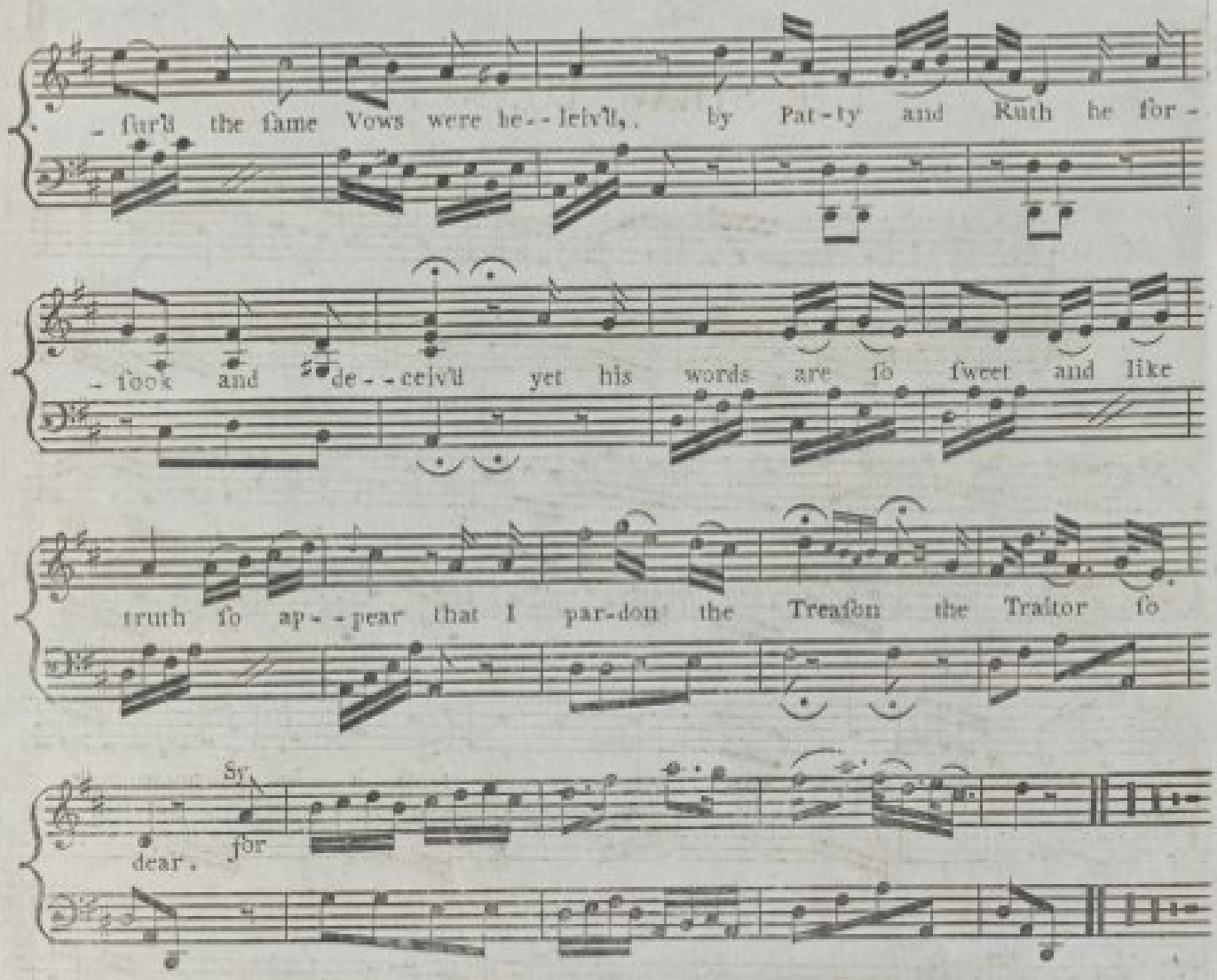
(3)

Ladies Ladies while you fly
The men will ſtill purſue
But if you pity when they ſigh
Alas they'll fly from you
They Practiſe and they muſt approve
An Innocent Deceit
Affect Indifference where you love
Or you'll Indiff'rence meet.

THE. STRAW. BONNET

COMPOSED. BY. Mr. POWNALL.

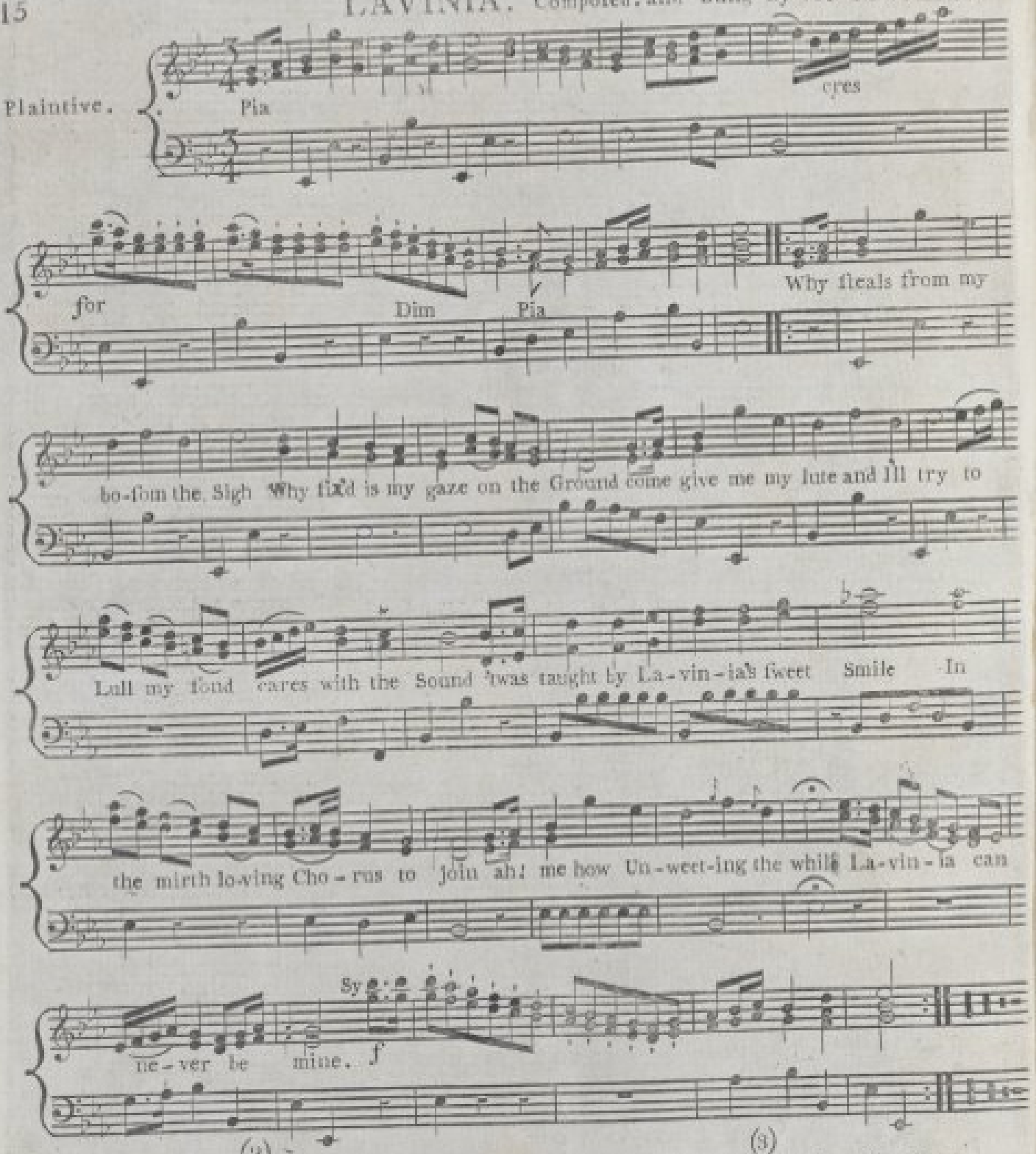




2

I ſaw the ſtraw Bonnet he bought at the Fair
With Roſe colour'd Ribbons, to deck Sally's Hair
The ſhoe ties of Bridget, and more then all this
The Gloves he gave Peggy for granting A Kiſs
All theſe Did I ſee and with Heart rending Pain
Swore to part, yet I know when I ſee him again
That his words and his looks will like Truth ſo appear
I ſhall Pardon the Treaſon the Traitor ſo dear.

LAVINIA. Compoſed and Sung By Mr POWNALL.



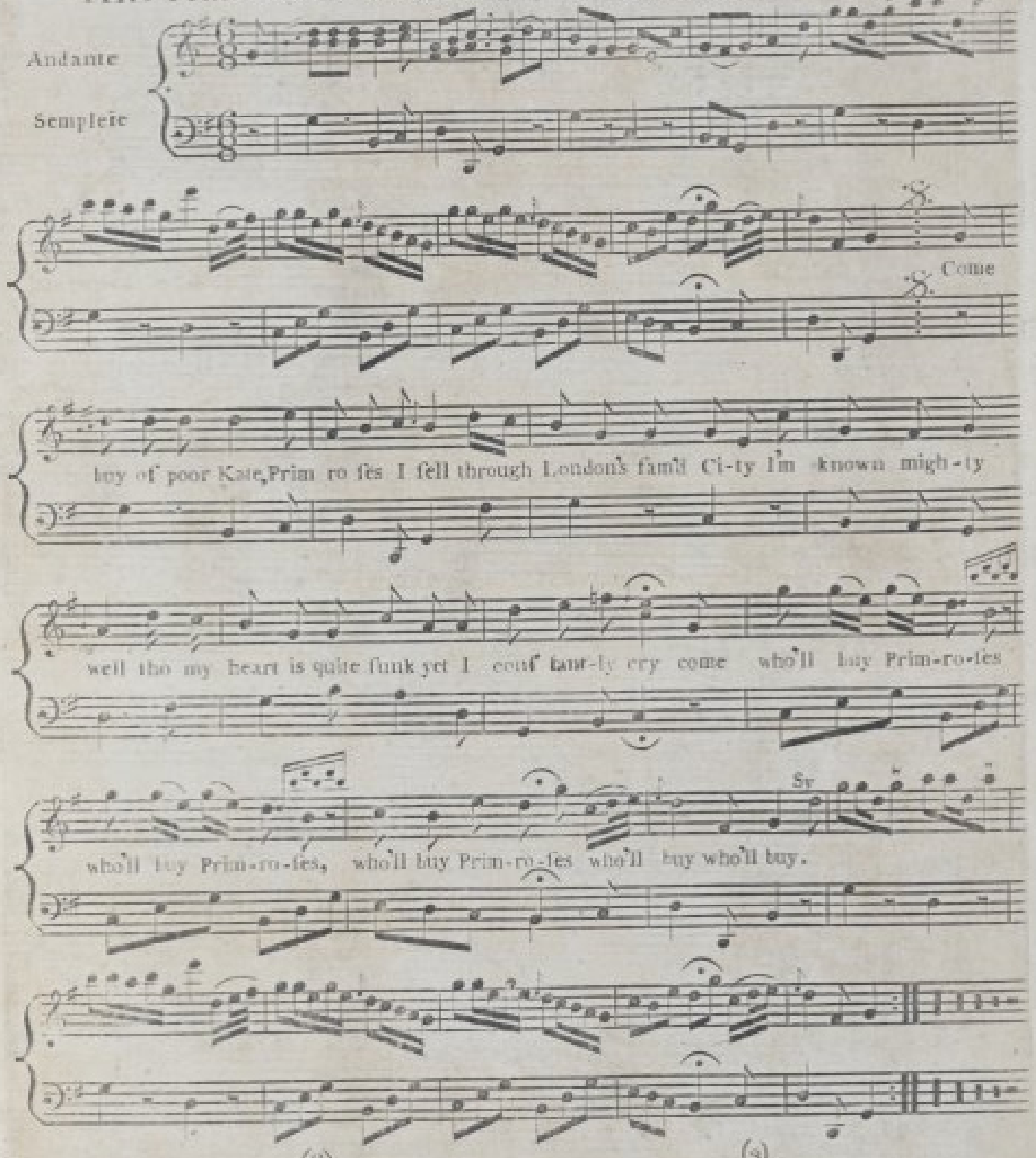
(2)

Ye Souls of more delicate kind,
Who feaſt not on Pleaſures alone
Who wear the ſoft ſence of the mind
To the the Sons of the World yet unknown
Ye know, tho I cannot expreſs
Why I fooliſhly doat on my pain
Nor will ye beleive it the leſs
That I have not the ſkill to complain.

(3)

Let me walk where the flowriſing Wave
Has pictur'd the morn on its Breaſt
Let me walk where the new cover'd Grave
Allows the pale lover to reſt
When ſhall I in its peaceable womb
Be laid, with my ſorrows aſleep
Would Lavinia but chance on my Tomb
I could die if I thought ſhe could weep

THE PRIMROSE GIRL. Sung by Mrs POWNALL. Composed By J. HEWITT



(2)

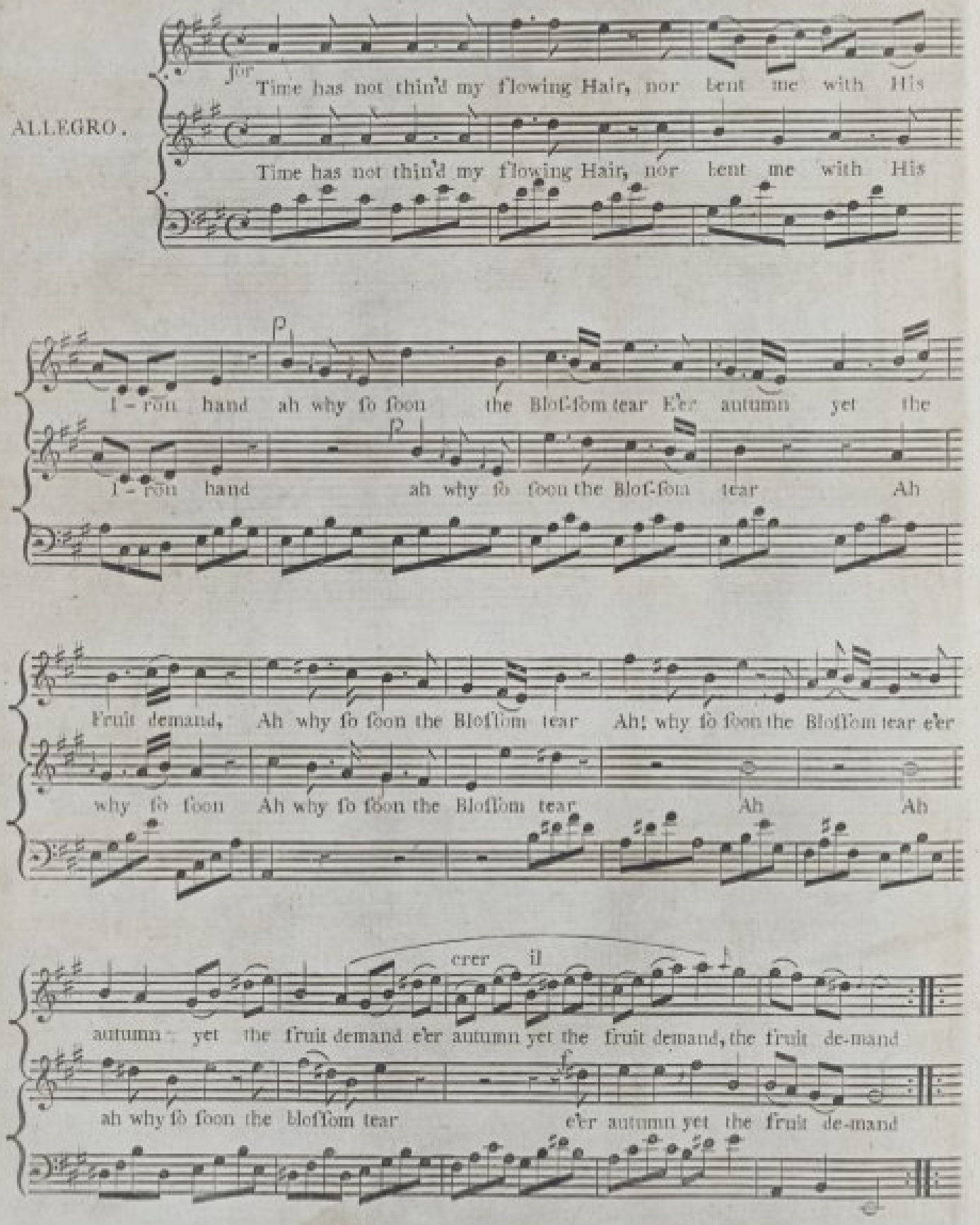
Friends and Parents I've none I am look'd on with scorn
Ah! better for me that I ne'er had been born
Tho' poor I am honest and oft heave a sigh
While crying Primroses, who'll buy, Primroses &c.

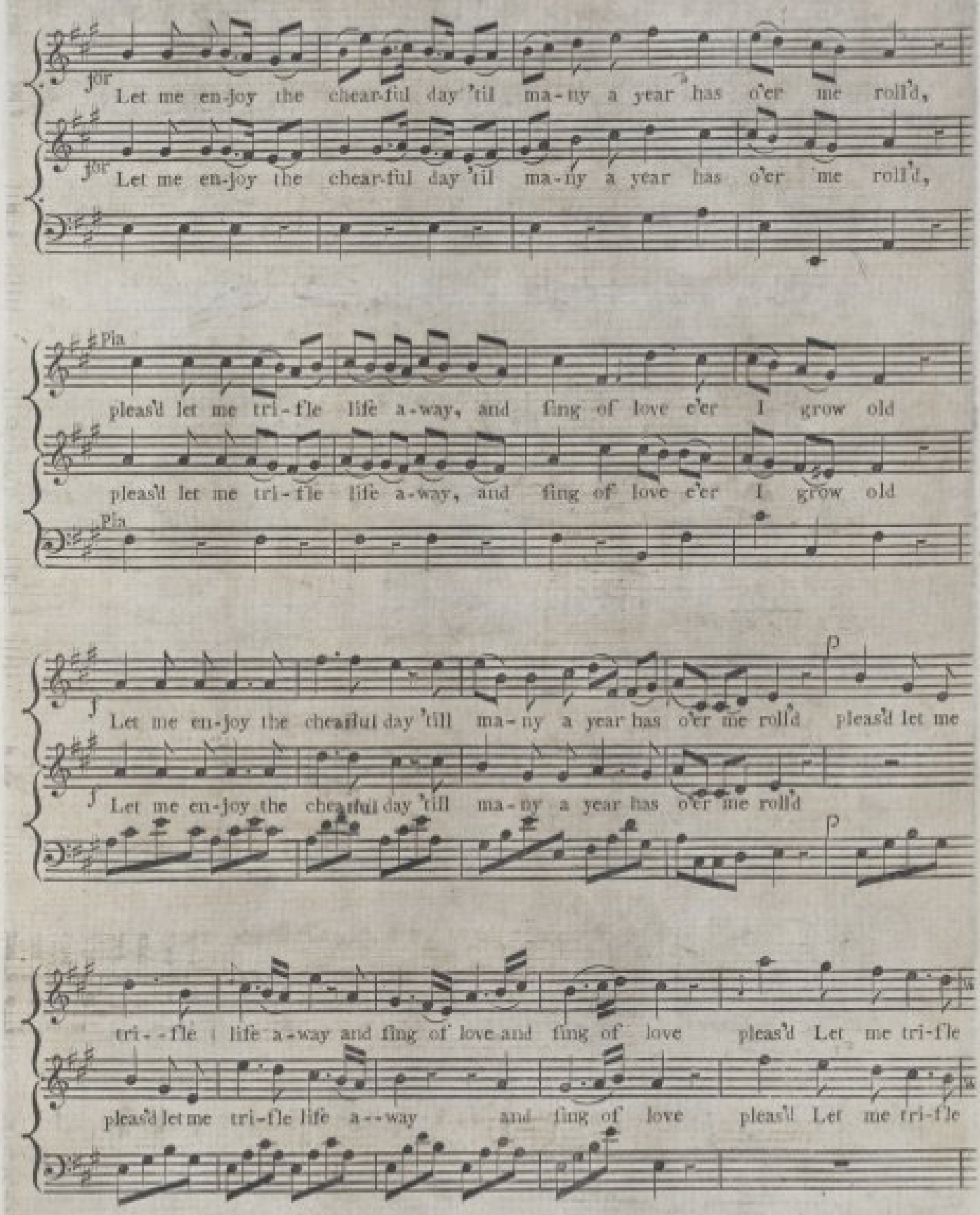
(3)

If pity to Virtue was ever allied,
The tear of Compassion ne'er yet was denied,
Then pity poor Kate who plaintively cries,
who buys Primroses, who buys, Primroses &c.

CANZONET.

Jackſon




for
Let me en-joy the chear-ful day 'til ma-ny a year has o'er me roll'd,
for
Let me en-joy the chear-ful day 'til ma-ny a year has o'er me roll'd,
Pia
pleas'd let me tri-fle life a-way, and sing of love e'er I grow old
pleas'd let me tri-fle life a-way, and sing of love e'er I grow old
Pia
f
Let me en-joy the cheaiful day 'till ma-ny a year has o'er me roll'd pleas'd let me
p
f
Let me en-joy the cheaiful day 'till ma-ny a year has o'er me roll'd
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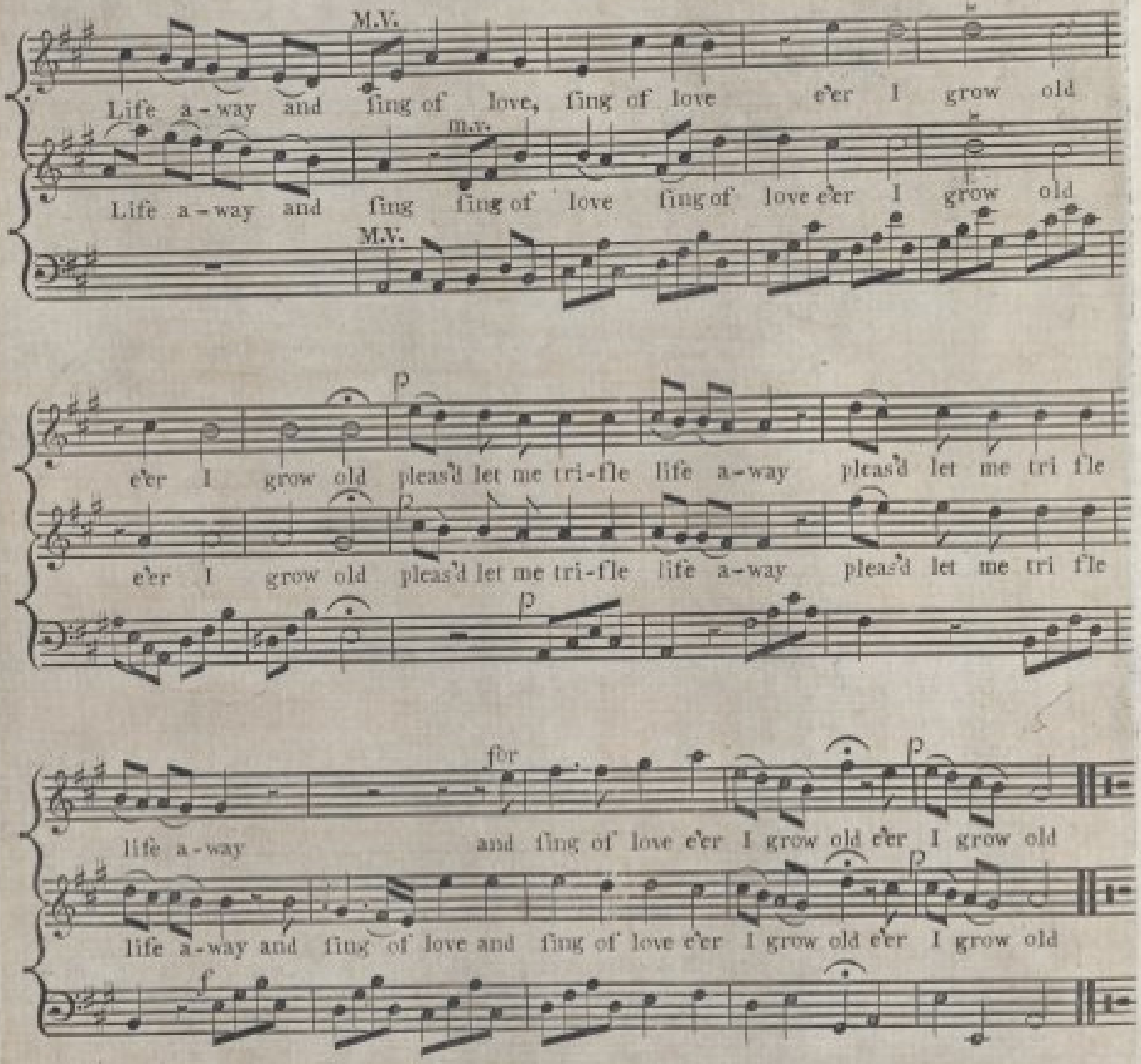
pleas'd let me tri-fle life a--way and sing of love pleas'd Let me tri-fle



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