Seven Songs for the Harpsichord or Forte Piano.
The Words and Music Composed by Francis Hopkinson.

Philadelphia. Published & Sold by J. Dobson Laitken, Sculp.
TO HIS EXCELLENCY

GEORGE WASHINGTON, ESQUIRE.

SIR,

I EMBRACE, 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 fame, 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 professor'd poet, nor a professor'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 untried 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.
SONG I... Largo

Come fairest in, come away, long

since stern Winter's storms have ceased, see nature in her best Array invites us to her rural Feast,

The season shall her treasures spread, her mellow fruits, her mellow fruits and Harvest brown, her flowers their freshest odours shed, and every Breeze pour fragrance down, Her flowers their freshest odours shed, and every Breeze pour fragrance down

At noon well seek the wild woods' 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

Seabird! His absence mourn, no joy shall smile on me, until my love return; He asked me for his bride, and many vows he swore, I blushed and soon complied, my heart was before, my heart was his, my heart was his before.

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

When clouds shut in the sky
And storms around me howl,
When livid lightnings fly
And threatening thunders roll,
All hopes of rest are lost,
No clammers visit me;
My anxious thoughts are tossed
With Jeomy on the sea.

Verse

no more, no more, and ye.
SONG III.

SLOW

Be-neath a weeping willow's shade she sat and sang alone. Beneath a weeping willow's shade, she sat and sang alone. Her hand upon her heart she laid and plaintive was her moan, and plaintive was her moan. The mock-bird sat upon a bough, the mock-bird sat upon a bough and listened to her. Lay, then, to the distant hills he bore the dulcet notes away; then to the distant hills he bore the
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.

2.
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.

Ado.

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

feel the soft Passion pervade every Part, and Pleasures usual play round my fond Heart.

I hear her sweet Voice and am charmed 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.

Beyond all Expression my Delia I love;

My Heart is so fixed that it never can rove;

When I see her I think 'tis an Angel I see,

And the Charms of her mind are a Heaven 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 pro-pitious prove; The
Heart that acts at Pity's Call, will own the softer Voice of Love, will own the softer Voice of

Earth ne'er produced 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 rote
The crystal drop of heav'n refined,
Aw hile with trembling lustre glows,
Is gone, and leaves no stain behind.
SONG VI.

Andante

Ger the Hills far away, at the Birth of the morn, I hear the full Tone, I hear the full Tone of the sweet sounding

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

Sportsman with Shouting all hail the new Day the Sportsman with Shouting all hail the new Day and Swiftrun the Hound o'er the Hills far away

The Sportsman with Shouting all hail the new Day and Swiftrun the Hounds o'er the Hills far away
Across the deep valley their course they pursue, and rush thro' the thickets yet silverd with Drew, nor Fences nor Ditches their speed can delay, still sounds the sweet horn o'er the Hills far away.
SONG VII.

Rondo

My generous heart disdains the Slave of love to be, I scorn his servile chains and boast my liberty. This whining and pining and waiting with care are not to my taste, be she ever so fair. Shall a girl so...
precious 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 barded lock of hair, curse my Fortune curse my Fortune and despair; curse my Fortune and despair, My 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, Hath not Love with Love repaid.
SONG VIII.

ANDANTE

The Traveller benighted and lost, Over the mountain pure

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

Slielt to find, whilst thro' the Sharp Hawthorn still blows the cold wind; He wanders in hope some kind

For the remaining Verses, see the printed Songs
**The Songs.**

**SONG I.**
Come, fair Rosina, come away,
Long since Winter’s flowers have ceased;
See! Nature, in her best array,
Invites us to her rural feast.
The season shall her treasures spread,
Her mellow fruits, her harvests crown,
Her flowers their richest odours shed,
And every breezepour fragrance down.

1. At noon we’ll seek the wild woods’ shade,
And o’er the pathless verdure rove;
Or, near a mazy fountain laid,
Attend the music of the grove.
At eve, the floating maid invites
Midst loving herbs and flowers to stray;
Each hour shall furnish new delights,
And Love and Joy shall crown the day.

**SONG II.**
My Love is gone to sea,
Whilest his absence mourns;
No joy shall finite on me
Until my Love return.
He bade me for his bride,
And many vows he swore;
I blushed—and soon comply’d,
My heart was his before.

2. One little month was past,
And who at first as we;
The summons came at last,
And Jemmy must to sea.
I faw his flip to gay
Swiftly the wave-worn shore;
I wip’d my tears away—
And faw his ship no more.

3. When clouds that in the sky
And streams around me howl;
When lightning and thunder roll;
All hopes of rest are lost,
No numbers visit me,
My anxious thoughts are loft
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 tone.
The mock-bird sat upon a bough
And lifted to her lay,
Then to the distant hills he bore
The dulcet notes away.

Fond Echo to her train’s reply’d,
The winds her bowers bore;
Adieu! dear youth,—adieu! the cry’d,
I ne’er shall see thee more.
The mock-bird sat upon a bough
And lifted to her lay,
Then to the distant hills he bore
The dulcet notes away.

**SONG IV.**
Enraptured I gaze when my Delia is by,
And drink the sweet potion of Love from her eye;
I feel the soft passion pervade every part
And pleasure untold plays round my fond heart.

1. I hear her sweet voice, and am charm’d with her song;
I think I could hear her sweet voice all day long;
My feelings enchancted, are lost in delight
When Love and soft Music their ravines unite.

2. Beyond all expression my Delia I love,
My heart is 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 heap to me.

**SONG V.**
See down Maria’s blooming cheek
The tears of soft compassion flow;
Those tears a yielding heart bepeak
A heart that feels for others’ woes.
May not these drops, that frequent fall
To my fond hope propitious prove,
The heart that melts at Pet’s call
Will own the softer voice of love.

2. Earth ne’er produc’d a gem so fair,
Nor wealthy ocean’s ample space
So rich a pearl—so bright as that
That linger on Maria’s face.
So hangs upon the morning roe
The chrysalis drop of heart’s refin’d,
Awhile with trembling lucent lights—
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-bounding horn;
The sportmen with hunting all hail the new day
And swing the hounds o'er the hills far away.
Across the deep valley their course they pursue
And rush thro’ the thickets yet flied with dew;
Nor hedges not slight, their speed may delay—
Still follows the sweet Horn o'er the hills far away.

**SONG VII.**
My gen’rous heart disdain’s,
The flame of Love to be,
I form his fervile chains
And hold my liberty.
This whining
And pining
And waiting with care
Are not to my taste, be the ever so fair.

1. 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 let me down and fight
For an eye-brow or an eye?
For a brayed lock of hair
Curse my fortune and deepair?
My gen’rous heart disdain’s,

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

*SONG VIII.*
The Trav’ler benighted and lost,
O'er the mountains pursues his lone way;
The stream is all candy'd with froth
And the icicle hangs on the spray.
He wanders in hope some kind shelter to find
"Whilcum thro' the sharp Hawthorn still blows the cold
*wind.*"

2. The tempest howls达到了 around
And rends the tall oak in its flight;
Fait fills the cold frost on the ground,
And dark is the gloom of the night.
Lone wanders the Trav'ler a shelter to find
"Whilcum 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 wills be.
His heart’s cheerless blaze does engage his mind
"Whilcum thro’ the sharp Hawthorn keen blows the cold
*wind.*"