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 Turmoil, 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 Mafler, of the Arts can furnish. I am neither a prof'd Poet, nor a prof'd Musician; and yet venture to appear in those characters united; for which, I confess, the cenfure of Tenuity 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.
Come fair rose, 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 we'll seek the wild woods shade
And o'er the paths of verdure rove,
Over a mossy fountain laid,
Attend the music of the grove:
At eve, the slope of morn 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

Seashore! 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 his before, my heart was his, my heart was his before.

Two little months were past And who so blest as we? The summons came at last And Jemmy must to sea. I saw his ship go gay Swiftly the wave-worn shore, I hid my tears away And saw his ship no more. When clouds shut in the sky And storms around me howl, When lightning's fly And threatening thunders roll, All hopes of rest are lost, No flammers visit me; My anxious thoughts are lost with Jemmy on the sea.
SONG III.

Beneath a weeping willow's shade, she sat and sang alone, Beneath a weeping willow's shade, she sat and sang alone;

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.

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.

Ad

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 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.

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;
Their 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 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 heaven refined,
Awhile with trembling lustre glows,
Is gone, and leaves no stain behind.
SONG VI.

Andante

Pian for.

Over 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.

I hear the full Tone of the sweet sounding Horn.

The Sportsman with Shouting all hail the new Day the Sportsman with Shouting all hail the new Day and Swift run the Hound o'er the Hills far away.
Across the deep valley their course they pursue, and rush thro' the thickets yet silver'd with dew and
rush thro' the thickets yet silver'd with dew, nor fences nor ditches their speed can delay, still sounds the sweet horn o'er the hills far away,
still sounds the sweet horn o'er the hills far away. The hills far away, far away,
The hills far away, far away, nor fences nor ditches their speed can delay, still
sounds the sweet horn o'er the hills far away.
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.
precious frown sink my noble spirits down, shall a face of white and red make me drop 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 traveler benighted and lost, 

Over the mountain path he goes, his way,

The stream is all candied with frost, and the leek

Hangs on the spray; he wanders in hope some kind

Shelter to find, whilst thro' the sharp hawthorn still

Bows 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 Wren's flowers have cease'd;
See! Nature, in her belt array,
Invites us to her rural feast:
The season shall her features spread,
Her mellow fruits and harvests crown,
Her flowers their richest colours shed,
And every breeze pour fragrance down.

At noon we'll seek the wild wood's shade,
And o'er the pathless verdure rove;
Or, near a mellow fountain laid,
Attend the music of the grove:
At eve, the flapping maid invites
Midst loving hearts and flocks to stray;
Each hour shall furnish new delights,
And Love and Joy shall crown the day.

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 strains reply'd,
The winds her bowers forebore;
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.

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

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 enchain'd, are lost in delight
When Love and soft Muse their praises unite.

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 heaven to me.

SONG V.

SEE down Maria's blushing cheek
The tears of soft compassion flow;
Those tears a yielding heart bepeak—
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 fatter voice of Love.

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

SONG VI.

OVER the hills far away, at the birth of the morn,
I hear the full tone of the sweet-bounding horn;
The sportsmen with thosings 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 fiver'd with dew;
Nor hedges nor ditches their speed can delay—
Still founds the sweet Horn o'er 'the hills far away.

SONG VII.

MY gen'reous heart disdain's
The flame of Love to be,
I form his fervid chains
And bind my liberty.

Whirling
Pining
And waiting with care
Are not to my tale, be the ever to 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 let me down and fly
For an eye-brow or an eye?
For a brided lock of hair
Curse my fortune and defpair?
My gen'reous heart disdain's,

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

SONG VIII.

THE Trav'l'r benighted and lost,
O'er the mountain 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
"Whil't thro' the sharp Hawthorn Hill blows the cold wind."

2.

The tempest howls dreary around
And rends the tall oak in its flight;
Fast falls the cold frost on the ground,
And dark is the gloom of the night.
Lone wanders the Trav'l'r a shelter to find
"Whil't thro' the sharp Hawthorn Hill blows the cold wind."

SONG IX.

ALL because a cruel maid
Hath not Love with Love repay'd,
My gen'reous heart disdain's,
"Whil't thro' the sharp Hawthorn Hill blows the cold wind."

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