Joys of the Country

Charles Dibdin

Let__bucks and let bloods to praise  London agree, Oh the joys of the country my__
Joys of the Country

jewel for me Where sweet is the flow'r that the may bush a-dorns and how char-ming to ga-ther it

but for the thorns where we walk o'er the mountains with health our cheeks glowing, As warm as a toast honey

when it ent snowing, where nature to smile when she joyful inlines, and the sun charms us all the year
Joys of the Country

when it shines. Oh the mountains and vallies and bushes the pigs and the screech owls and thrushes, let bucks and let bloods to praise London a-gree, Oh the joys of the country my jewel for me, the joys of the country my jewel for me.
2.
There twelve hours on a stretch we in angling delight,
As patient as Job tho' we ne'er get a bite.
There we pop at the wild ducks and frighten the crows,
While so lovely the icicles hang from our cloathes.
There wid Aunts and wid Cousins & Grandmothers talking
We are caught in the rain as we're all out a-walking
While the muslins and gauzes cling round each fair she
That they look all like Venuses sprung from the sea.
Oh! the mountains ...

3.
Then how sweet in the dogdays to take the fresh air
Where to save you expence the dust powders your hair.
There pleasures like snowballs encrease as they roll
And tire you to death - not forgetting the Bowl,
Where in mirth and good fellowship always delighting
We agree, that is when we're not squabbling and fighting
Then wid toasts and pint bumpers we boddler the head
Just to see who most gracefully staggers to bed.
Oh! the mountains ...

Transcribed and arranged by G. Dooley from a facsimile copy obtained from Jane Austen's House Museum from manuscript book JAHM 3:05. Original MS contains obbligato part for an unspecified instrument. Transcription of the original score plus separate obbligato part (for violin or flute) also available.