The Joys of the Country

Charles Dibdin

Violin

Piano

Vln.

Pno.

Vln.

Pno.

Let _bucks and let bloods to praise London a_gree, Oh the joys of the country my_
The Joys of the Country

When it is snowing, where nature to smile when she joyful inclines, and the sun charms us all the year

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

jewel for me Where sweet is the flow'r that the may bush a-dorns and how charming to gather it
round when it shines. Oh the mountains and valleys and bushes, the pigs and the screech owls and thrushes, let bucks and let bloods to praise London agree, 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 bodder the head
Just to see who most gracefully staggers to bed.
Oh! the mountains ...

Transcribed by G. Dooley from a facsimile copy obtained from Jane Austen's House Museum from manuscript book JAHM 3:05. Obbligato part is for unspecified treble instrument in manuscript.

Separate obbligato part and version arranged for voice and piano also available.