

The Thorn

William Shield (1748-1829)

From the white-blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requested
A sprig her fair breast to adorn.
No, by Heav'ns, I exclaimed, may I perish
If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn!

Then I showed her a ring and implor'd her to marry,
She blush'd like the dawning of morn.
When I showed her the ring and implor'd her to marry,
She blush'd like the dawning of morn.
Yes, I'll consent, she reply'd, if you promise
That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.
No, by Heav'ns, I exclaimed, may I perish
If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn!

(Printed music in Austen family collection)

Here's the Bower

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

Here's the bower she loved so much,
And the tree she planted.
Here's the harp she used to touch,
Oh, how that touch enchanted!
Roses now unheeded sigh,
Where's the hand to wreath them?
Songs around neglected lie,
Where's the lip to breathe them?

Here's the bower she loved so much,
And the tree she planted,
Here's the harp she used to touch,
Oh, how that touch enchanted!

Spring may bloom, but she we loved
Ne'er shall feel its sweetness.
Time that once so fleetly moved
Now hath lost its fleetness.
Years were days when here she strayed,
Days were moments near her.
Heav'n ne'er formed a brighter maid,
Nor pity wept a dearer.
Here's the bower ...

(Manuscript in Jane Austen's handwriting)

Ask if Yon Damask Rose Be Sweet

George Frederick Handel (1685-1759) from *Susanna* (1748)

Ask if yon damask rose be sweet
That scents the ambient air,
Then ask each shepherd that you meet
If dear Susanna's fair.

The spoils of war let heroes share
Let pride in splendour shine,
Let bards unenvied laurels wear,
Be fair Susanna mine.

(Manuscript in Austen music book not in Jane Austen's hand)

La Rose (Cotillon)

Anon, for solo keyboard.

(Manuscript in Jane Austen's handwriting)

*Sweet Smells the Brier: Ancient Sonnet by
Spencer*

Thomas Percy (1729-1811), Bishop of Dromore,

Sweet smells the brier, but touch'd avows its scorn,
Sweet is the cypress, but attir'd in woe,
Sweet is the rose, but arm'd with many a thorn,
And sweet is the vine but phrensies with it flow.

So ev'ry sweet is temper'd with its sour,
And sour still ev'ry sweet the more the more commends.
For could we careless enter pleasure's bow'r,
Then pleasure would resign her noblest ends.

Why then should I think much of trifling pain
Which endless pleasure shall unto me gain?

(Printed music in Austen family collection)

Hush-aby Baby

Anon.

Hush-aby baby, upon the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock.
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall
Down tumbles cradle and baby and all.

(Manuscript in Jane Austen's handwriting)

The Sapling Oak (from The Siege of Belgrade)

Stephen Storace (1762-96)

The Sapling oak lost in the dell, where tangled breaks its
beauties spoil,
And ev'ry infant shoot repel, droops hopeless o'er the
exhausted soil.

At length the woodman clears around, where'er the
noxious thickets spread,
And high reviving o'er the ground, the forest's monarch
lifts his head.

(Manuscript in Jane Austen's handwriting)

Bouquet de Flore no. 2: A Favorite Polonaise

*arranged as a Rondo for the Piano Forte with an
Accompaniment Ad libitum for the German Flute*

Joseph Woelfl (1772-1812)

Arrangement for piano and violin

(Printed music in Austen family collection)

Nymphs and Shepherds

Thomas Arne (1710-78)

Nymphs and shepherds, come away,
Wanton in the sweets of May.
Trip it o'er the flow'ry lawn,
Lighter than the bounding fawn.
Frolic buxom, blyth and gay.
Nymphs and shepherds, come away.

(Printed music in Austen family collection)

Laisse la sur l'herbette

Anon.

Laisse la sur l'herbette
ton chien et ta houlette
Viens avec moi dans ce bosquet.

A l'ombre du mistère
Je veux jeune bergere
Je veux te prendre ton bouquet
non non, je ne veux pas.
Non, laisse moi Lucas, non non je ne veux pas
Non, laisse moi lucas, non non non non.....
Je ne veux pas

Lucas laisse de grace
Mon bouquet a sa place
Que ferais tu de ce Larcin?
Eh bien point de Colère
Je cede è ta prière,
Mais laisse moi baiser ta main
Non non &&

Bien je te vois sourire
Je sens que tu souffies
Dans tes yeux je lis mon Bonheur.
Tu cede à ma tendresse
A quelle douce ivresse
Je suis heureux je tiens ton Coeur
Non non cela n'est pas
Tu te trompes Lucas
Non non &&

*He: Leave your dog and your crook there on that little
lawn, and come with me into this copse. In the mysterious
shadows, young shepherdess, I wish to take your nosegay
from you.*

She: No no, I don't want that, no, leave me alone, Lucas!

She: Lucas, if you please, leave my nosegay in its place.

What would you do with such a theft?

He: Very well, don't be angry, I'll agree to your plea, but let me kiss your hand.

She: No no, I don't want that, no, leave me alone, Lucas!

He: Well, I see you're smiling, I sense that you're submitting. I see my happiness in your eyes. You're succumbing to my affections, to that sweet ecstasy. I am happy, I have captured your heart.

She: No no, that is not so, you are fooling yourself, Lucas!

(Manuscript in Jane Austen's handwriting)

Oh Nancy

Thomas Carter (1769-1800)

Oh Nancy, wilt thou fly with me, nor sigh to leave the
charming town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee, the lowly cot and
russet gown?
No longer drest in silken sheen, no longer deck'd with
jewels rare?
Say, canst thou quit the busy scene where thou wert
fairest of the fair?

Oh Nancy when thou'rt far awa' wilt thou not cast a wish
behind?

Say, can'st thou face the flaky snaw, nor shrink before the
warping wind?

O can that soft and gentlest miss severest hardships learn
to bear?

Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene where thou wert
fairest of the fair?

*(Manuscript in Jane Austen's handwriting -- titled changed from
'Oh Nanny')*

Hither Love Thy Beauties Bring

Anne-Marie Krumpholtz (1755-1824)

Hither love thy beauties bring, sweeter than the blossom'd
spring.

Vernal beauties deck the plain, bring thy smiles again.

Come in all thy bloom of charms, come and bless thy
shepherd's arms.

Gentle virgin, come and dwell, happy in our native vale,
Brightest joys I then shall prove, blessed with thee and
love.

Gentle Laura thou art fair, as the snowy blossoms are
Opening on the dewy thorn or the clouds of morn.

Thus the lilly still appears fairest thro' Aurora's tears.

Gentle Virgin ...

(Manuscript in Jane Austen's handwriting)

Lotharia

Thomas Arne (1710-78)

(Manuscript in Austen music book not in Jane Austen's hand.)

The words of this song are not included in the music book and it is performed today by solo piano. The words of Arne's song are

*Vainly now you strive to charm me,
All ye sweets of blooming May!
How should empty sunshine warm me
While Lotharia keeps away.*

*Go, ye warbling birds, go leave me!
Shade, ye clouds, the smiling sky.
Sweeter notes her voice can give me,
Softer sunshine fills her eye.'*

The Joys of the Country

Charles Dibdin (1745-1814)

Let bucks and let bloods to praise London agree,
The joys of the country my jewel for me!
Where sweet is the flower that the maybush adorns,
And how charming to gather 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 inclines,

And the sun charms us all the year round, 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 agree,
The joys of the country my jewel for me!

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 ...

(Manuscript in Jane Austen's handwriting)

Song from Burns

Anon, words by Robert Burns (1759-96)

Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon
Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume
Far dearer to me yon lone glen of green breckan,
with the burn stealing under the long yellow broom
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bow'rs
Where the gowan and bluebell lurk lowly unseen
For here lightly tripping among the wild flow'rs
alist'ning the linnet oft wanders my Jane.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny vallies
And cold caledonia's blast on the wave
Their sweet scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace
What are they? The haunts of the tyrant and slave.
The slave's spicy forests and gold bubbling fountains
The brave Caledonian views with disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds on the mountains
Save love's willing fetters, the charms of his Jane.

(Manuscript in Jane Austen's handwriting)

Dear is my little Native Vale

James Hook (1746-1827)

Dear is my little native vale!
The ring dove builds and warbles there.
Close to my cot she tells her tale to every passing villager.

The squirrel leaps from tree to tree
And shells his nuts at liberty.
In orange groves and myrtle bowers
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
To charm the fairy-footed hours
With my lov'd lute's romantic sound,
And crowns of living laurel weave
For those who win the race at eve.

Dear is my little ...

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The mimic dance in twilight glade,
The rustic glee, the roundelay
Sung in the silent woodland's shade,
These simple joys which never, never fail
Shall bind me to my native vale.

Dear is my little ...

(Manuscript in the handwriting of Elizabeth Austen, née Bridges)

