

# The Lass of Richmond Hill

Poem by Leonard MacNally

James Hook

**Moderato**

Voice



On Rich-mond Hill there lives a lass, More bright than May-day  
Ye ze - phyr's gay that fan the air, And wan--ton thro' the

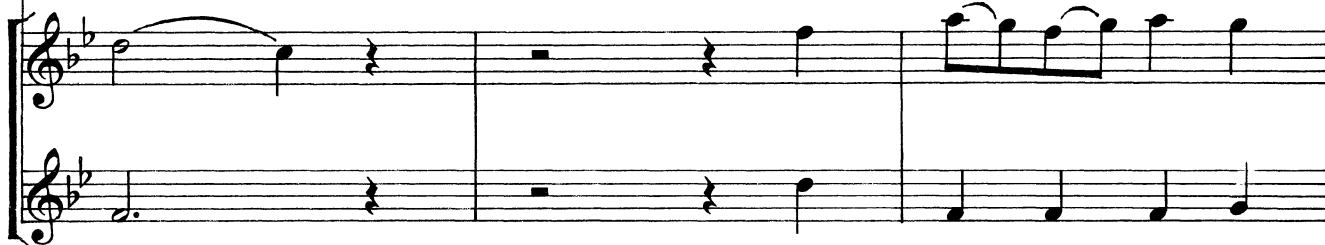
Treble Recorder



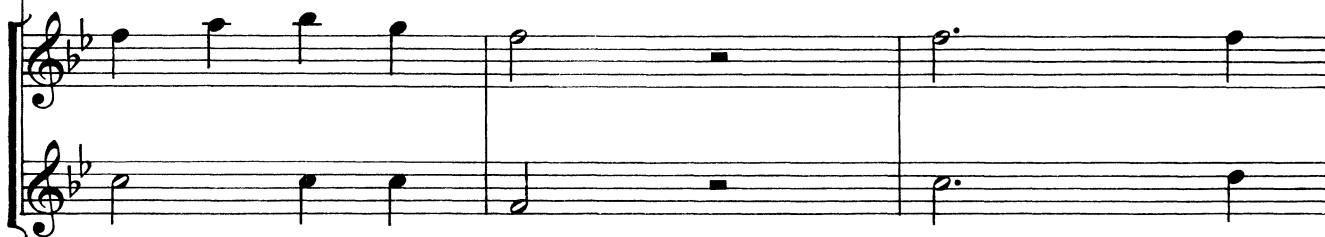
Treble Recorder



morn, Whose charms all o - -ther maids' sur - pass A  
grove, O whis - per to my charm - ing fair, "I



rose with-- out a thorn. } This lass so neat, with  
die for her I love". }



smiles so sweet, Has won my right good will, ——— I'd

crowns re--sign to call thee mine, Sweet Lass of Rich-mond Hill, Sweet

lass of Rich-mond Hill, Sweet Lass of Rich-mond Hill, I'd

crowns re-sign to call thee mine, Sweet Lass of Rich-mond Hill.

# Golden Slumbers

17th Century

Gold - - en slum - bers kiss your eyes, Smiles a -  
 Care \_\_\_\_\_ you know not, there - fore sleep, While I

- wake you when you rise; Sleep, pret-ty maid - - en,  
 o'er you watch do keep; Sleep, pret-ty darl - - ing,

do \_\_\_\_\_ not cry, - And I will sing a lul- la - - by.  
 do \_\_\_\_\_ not cry, -

Traditional Ballad

## Barbara Allen

Old English

1. In Scarlet town, where I was born, There was a fair maid dwellin',— Made

ev' ry youth cry "Well-a -day," Her name was Bar - b'ra Al - len.

2. All in the merry month of May,  
When green buds they are swellin';  
Young Jemmy Grove on his death bed lay,  
For love of Barb'ra Allen.
3. And death is printed on his face,  
And o'er his heart is stealin';  
Then haste away to comfort him,  
Oh! lovely Barb'ra Allen.
4. So slowly, slowly she came up,  
And slowly she came nigh him;  
And all she said when, there she came,  
"Young man, I think you're dying."
5. When he was dead and laid in grave,  
Her heart was struck with sorrow;  
Oh! Mother, Mother, make my bed,  
For I shall die tomorrow.
6. "Farewell!" she said, "ye maidens all,  
And shun the fault I fell in;  
Henceforth take warning by the fall  
Of cruel Barb'ra Allen."

# Drink to me only

Poem by Ben Jonson

English, c. 1770

1

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I\_ will pledge mine, \_  
Or leave a kiss with-in\_ the cup, And I'll not ask for

2

wine;\_ The thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di-

-vine,\_ But might I of love's nec - tar sip,\_ I would not change for thine.

2. I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honouring thee,  
As giving it a hope that there  
It could not withered be;  
But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And sent it back to me,  
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee.