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1840

Elssler Quadrilles

Charles Jarvis

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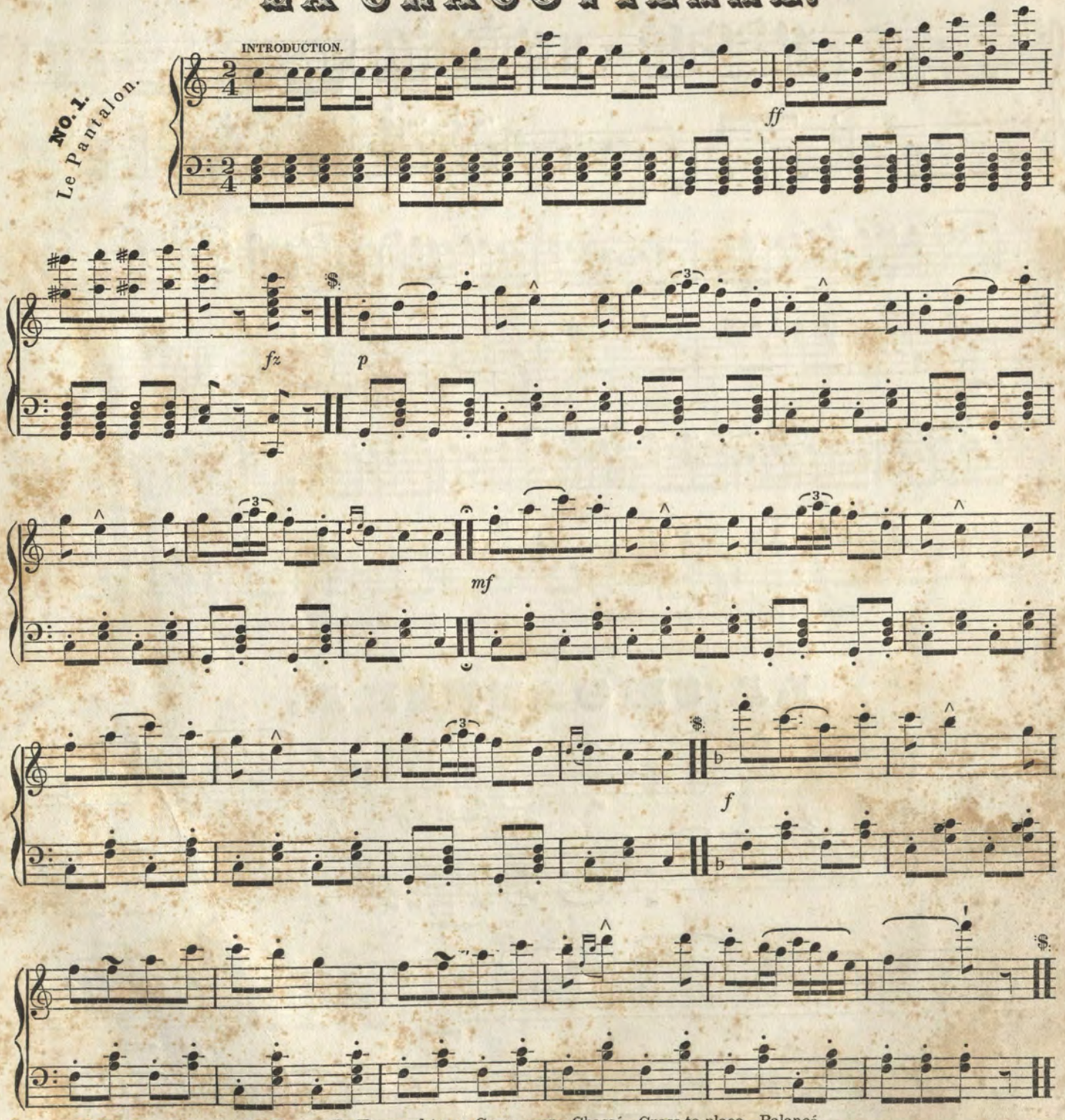
THE ELSSLER QUADRILLES.

ARRANGED BY CHARLES JARVIS,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS HELEN M. COLTON.

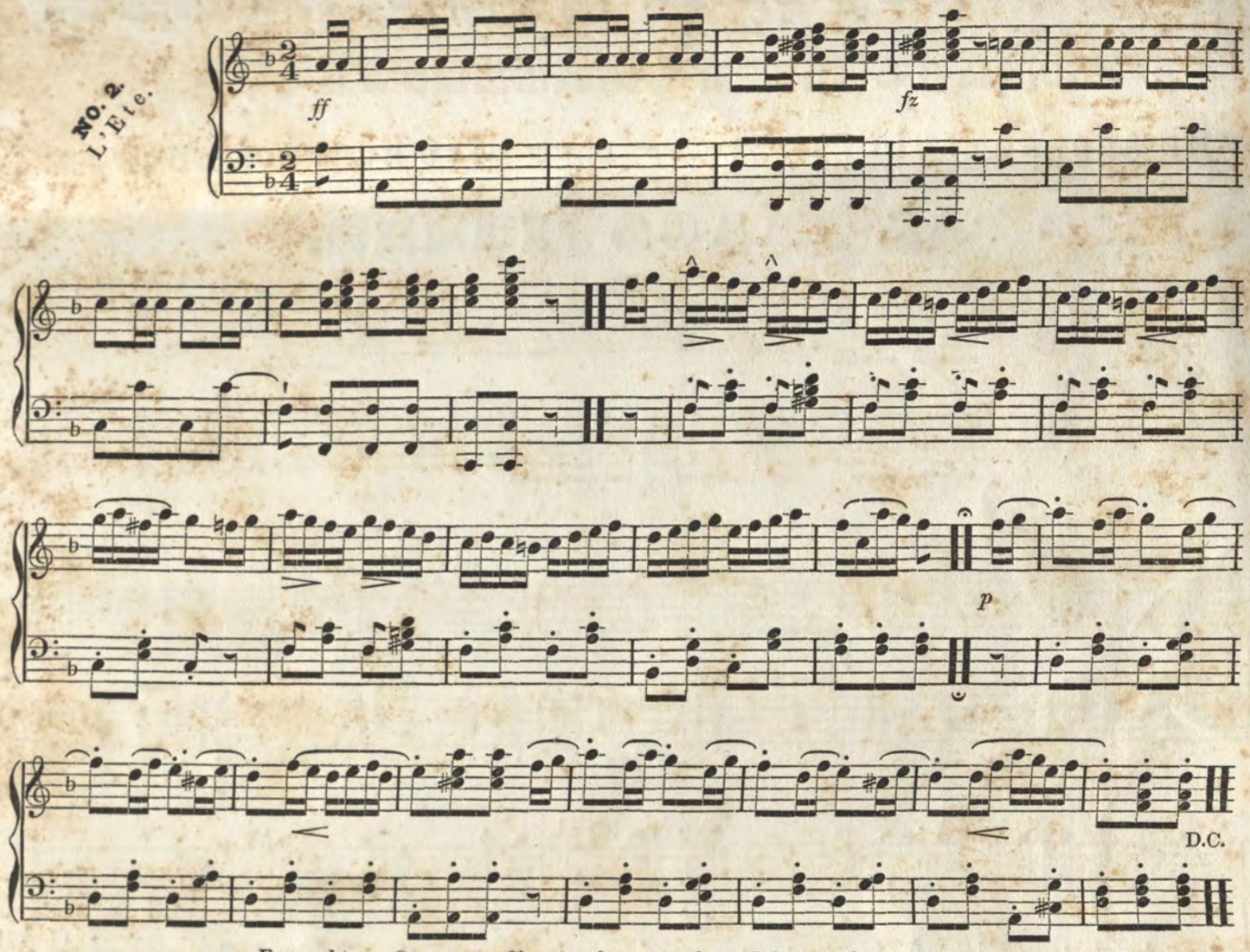
LA CRACOVIENNE.



Chassé all—Forward two—Cross over—Chassé—Cross to place—Balancé.

LA TARENTULE.

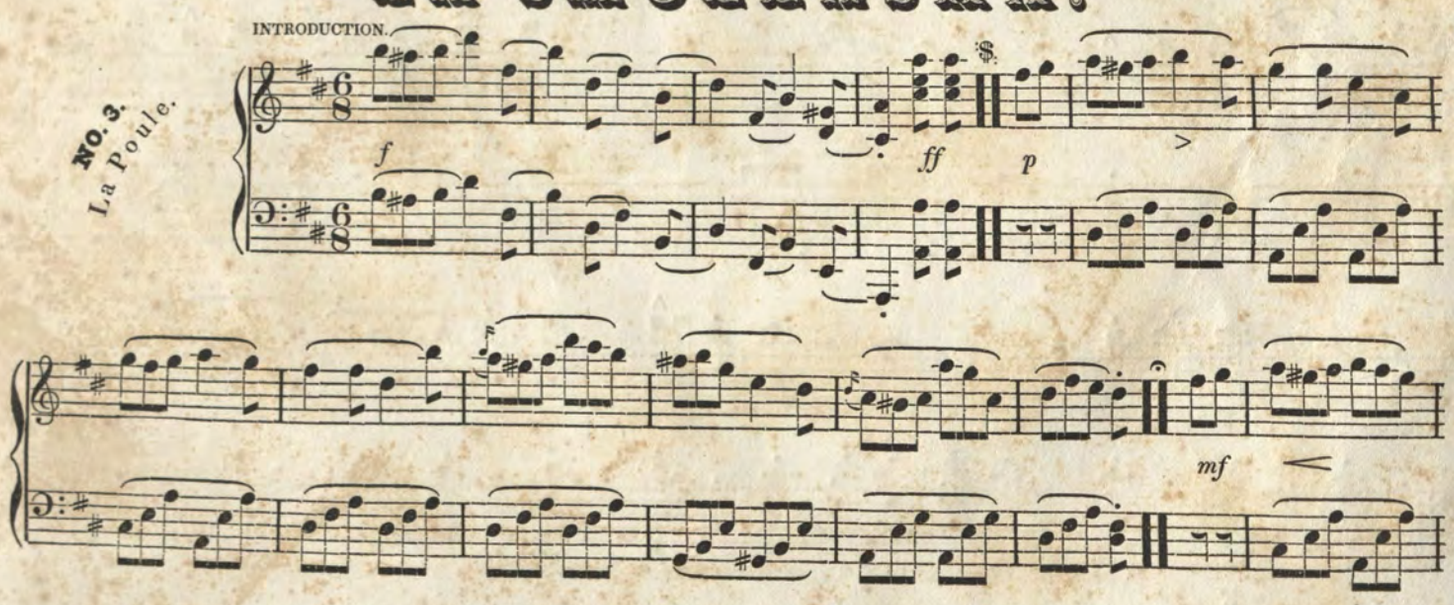
NO. 2.
L'Eté.

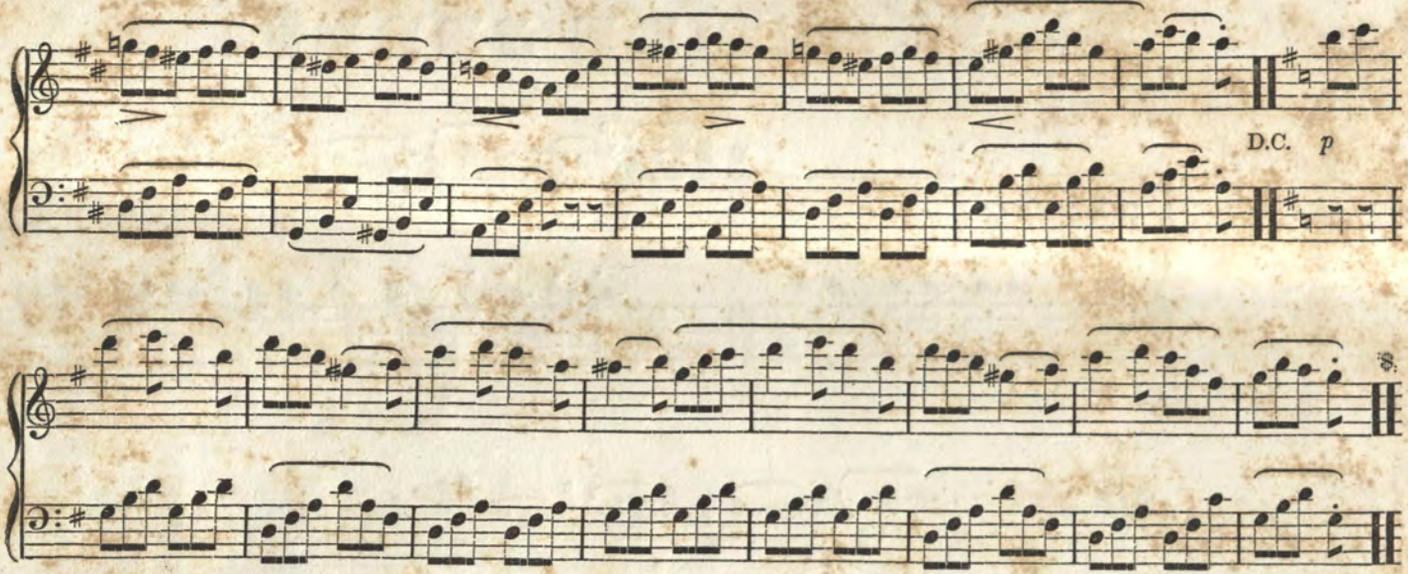


Forward two—Cross over—Chassé and cross to place—Balancé and turn partners.

LA SMOLENSKA.

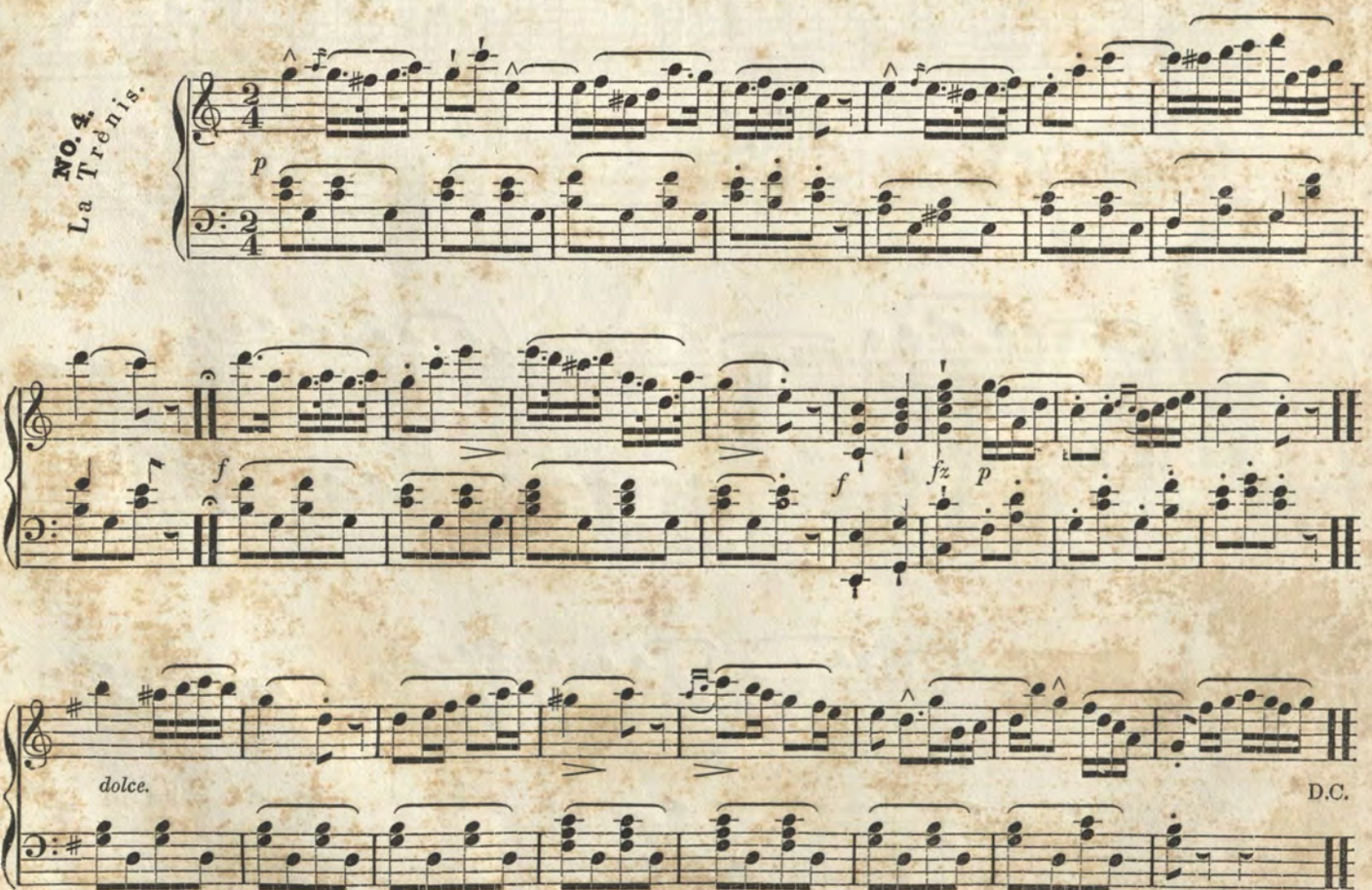
NO. 3.
La Poule.





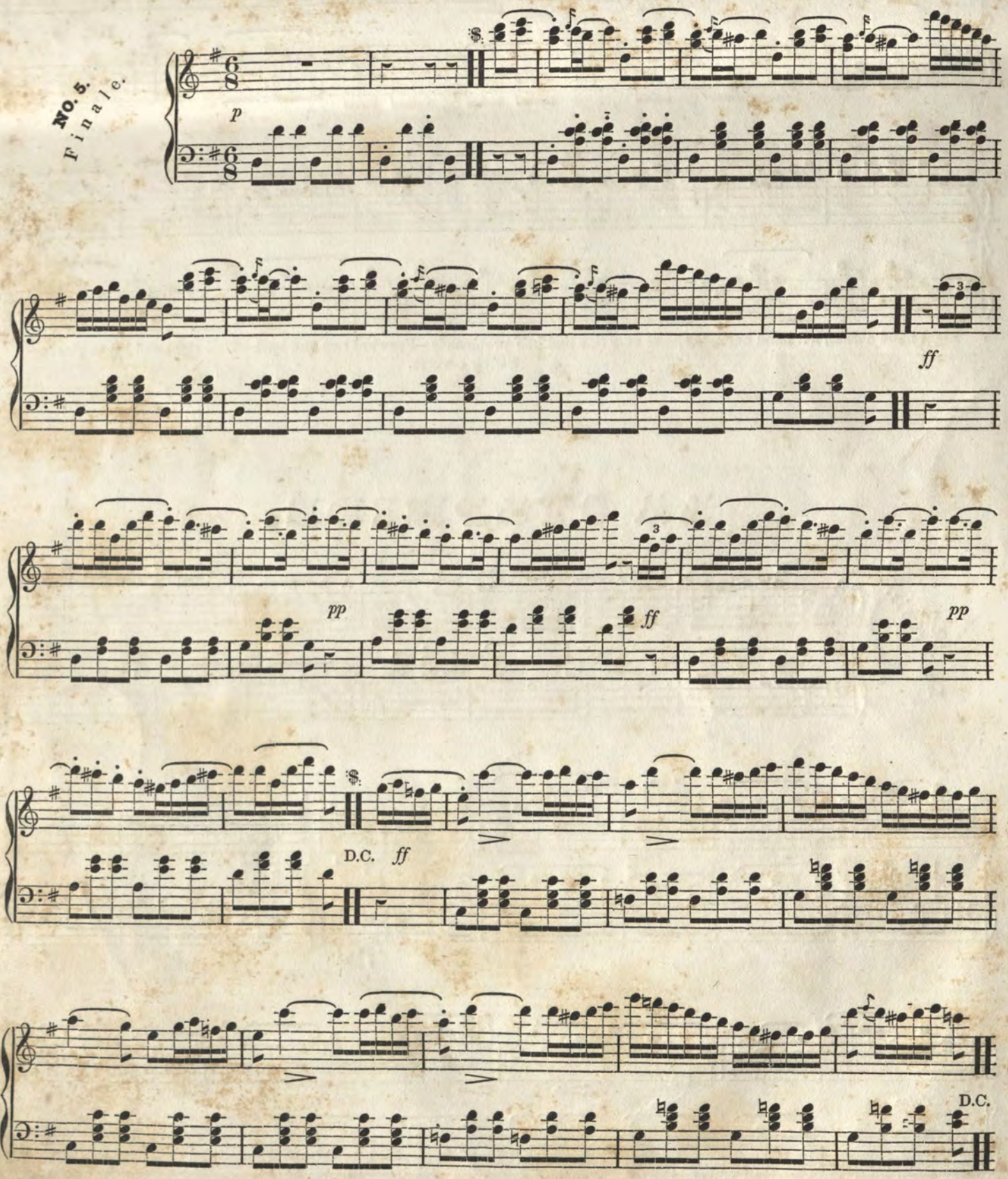
Right hand across, left hand back—Balancé on a line and half promenade—Forward two and back—Half right and left to places—Swing corners.

LA SYLPHIDE.



Forward two—Cross over—Chassé—Cross to places—Balancé and turn partner—Ladies chain—Promenade half round and half right and left to places.

EL JALEO DE JEREZ.

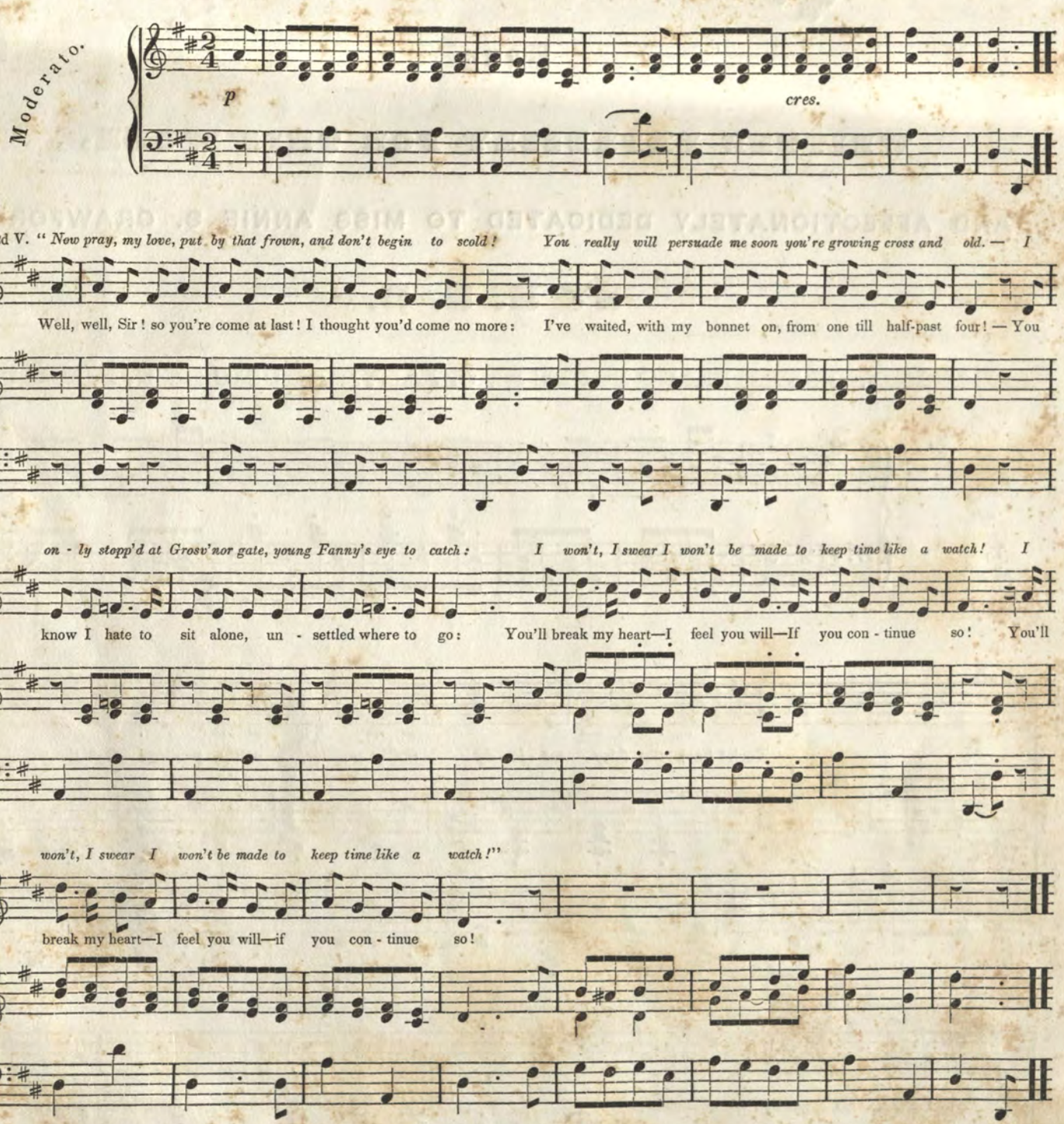


Forward four and back—Half right and left—Side couples the same—Chassé all and change partners—Promenade half round—Repeat till partners meet.

FANNY GREY.

A BALLAD OF REAL LIFE.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.



3d Verse.

It took you, then, two hours to bow? Two hours!—Take off your hat;
I wish you'd bow that way to me;—and apropos of that,—
I saw you making love to her—(You see I know it all!)
‖: I saw you making love to her, at Lady Glossop's ball!" :‖

4th Verse.

"Now really, Jane, your temper is so very odd to-day!
You jealous,—and of such a girl as little Fanny Grey!
Make love to her! Indeed, my dear, you could see no such thing:
‖: I sat a minute by her side, to see a turquoise ring!" :‖

5th Verse.

"I tell you that I saw it all, the whisp'ring and grimace,
The flirting and coquetting, in her little foolish face,
Oh! Charles, I wonder that the earth don't open, where you stand—
‖: By the heav'n that is above us both, I saw you kiss her hand!":‖

6th Verse.

"I didn't love! Or if I did,—allowing that 'tis true,—
When a pretty woman shows her rings, what can a poor man do?
My life, my soul, my darling Jane! I love but you alone,
‖: I never thought of Fanny Grey—(How tiresome she's grown)!" :‖

7th Verse.

"Put down your hat,—don't take your stick!—Now prithee, Charles, do stay!
You never come to see me now, but you long to run away;
There was a time, there was a time, you never wish'd to go,—
‖: What have I done, what have I done, dear Charles, to change you so?" :‖

8th Verse.

"Pooh, pooh, my love! I am not changed—but dinner is at eight;
And my father's so particular, he never likes to wait:
Good bye!" "Good bye! You'll come again?" "Yes, one of these fine days!"
‖: "He's turn'd the street—I knew he would—He's gone to Fanny Grey's!" :‖

THE MOONLIT DELL.

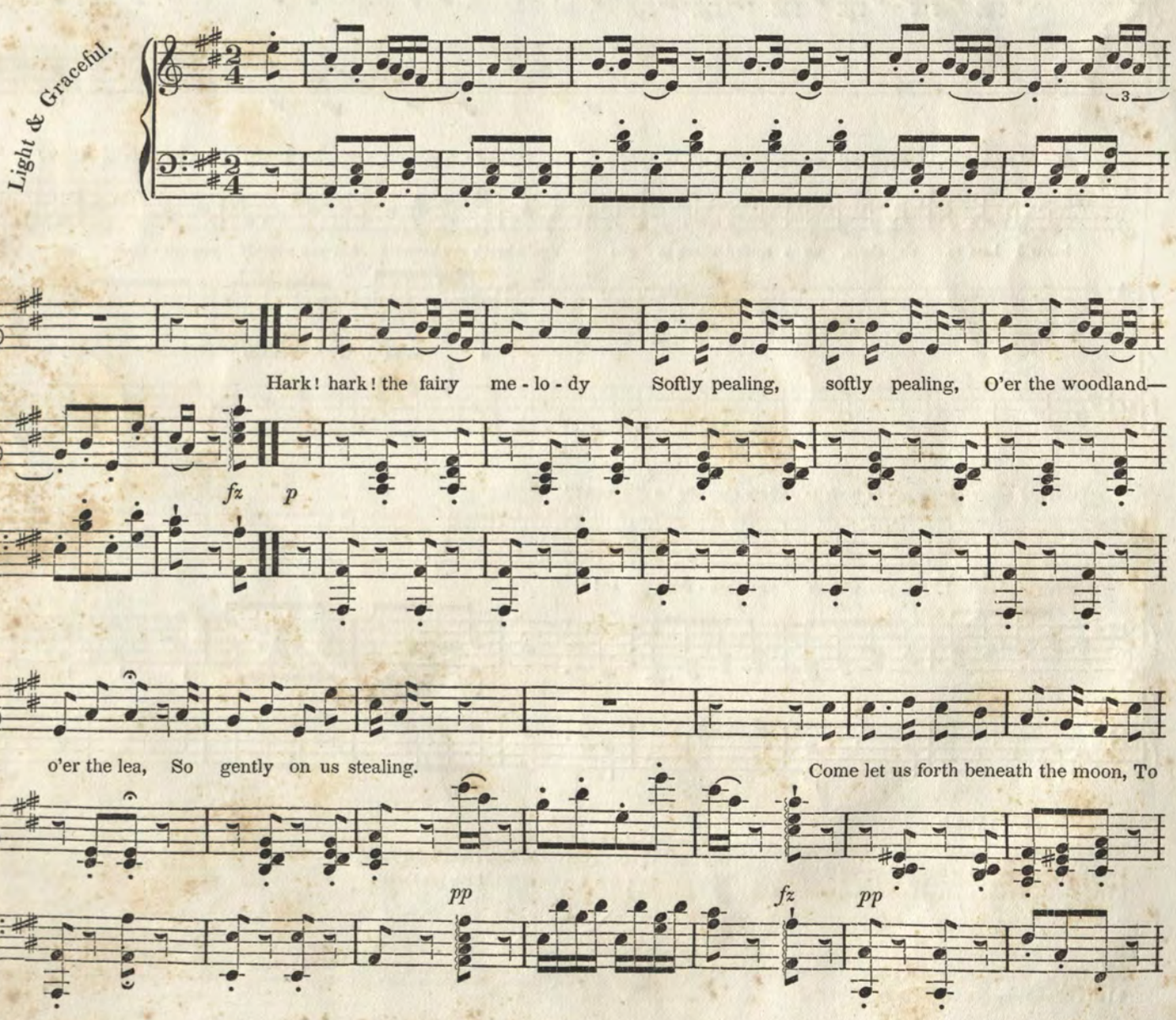
Song

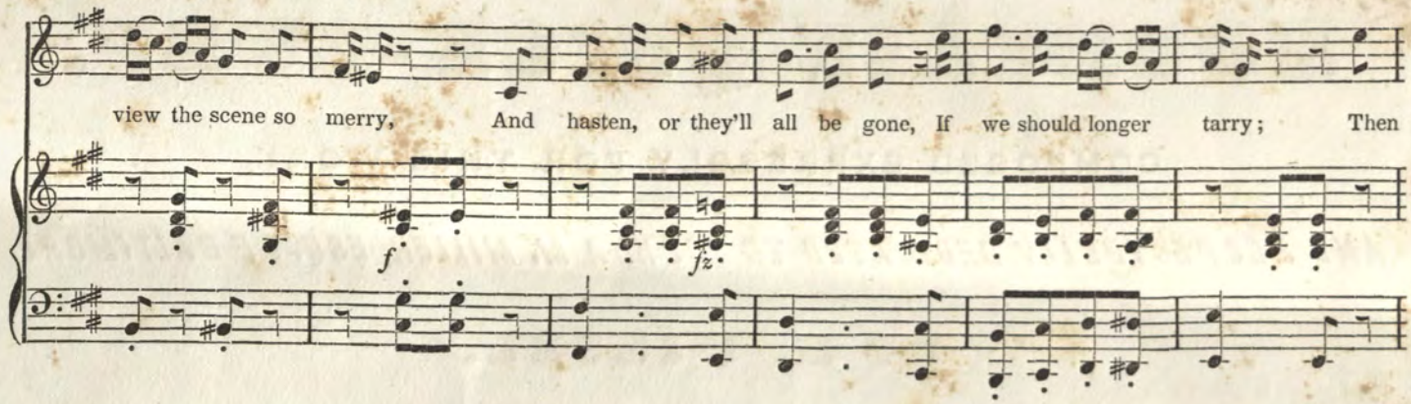
WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

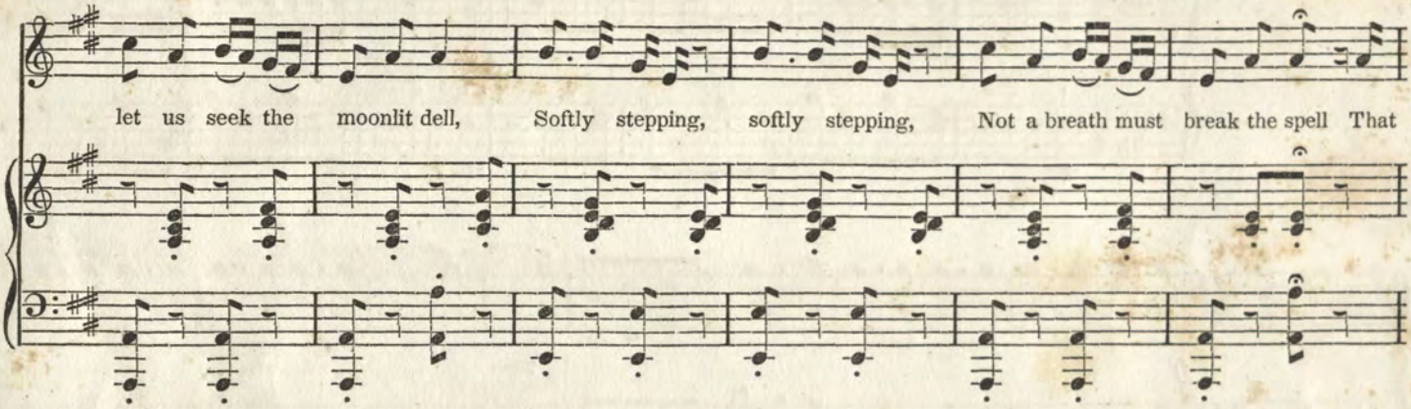
AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO MISS ANNIE S. CRAWFORD,

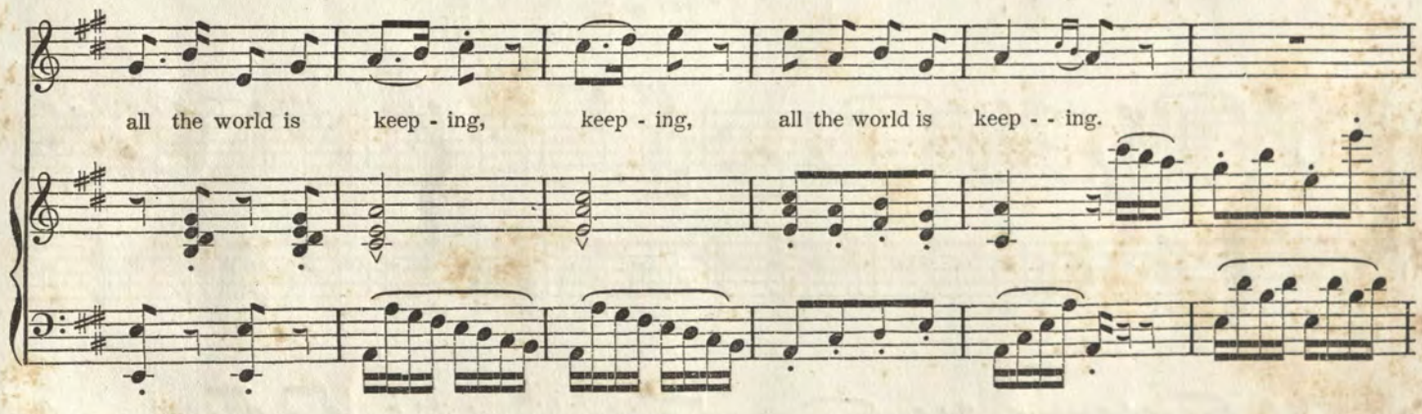
BY M. H. R.

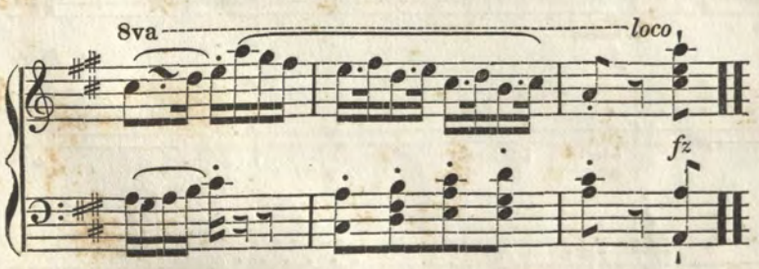
ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE BY C. JARVIS.—MUSIC BY G. RIMBAULT.











3d Verse.

The morning dawns—but ere the light
Gently breaking—gently breaking,
Through the darkling shades of night,
The woodland songsters waking,
The dance is o'er—the elves have fled,
Yet still afar are stealing
Sweet strains from every mossy bed,
Their hiding-place revealing;
Then let us quit the lonely dell,
They are sleeping—they are sleeping,
Morn hath broke the magic spell
That all the earth was keeping.

2d Verse.

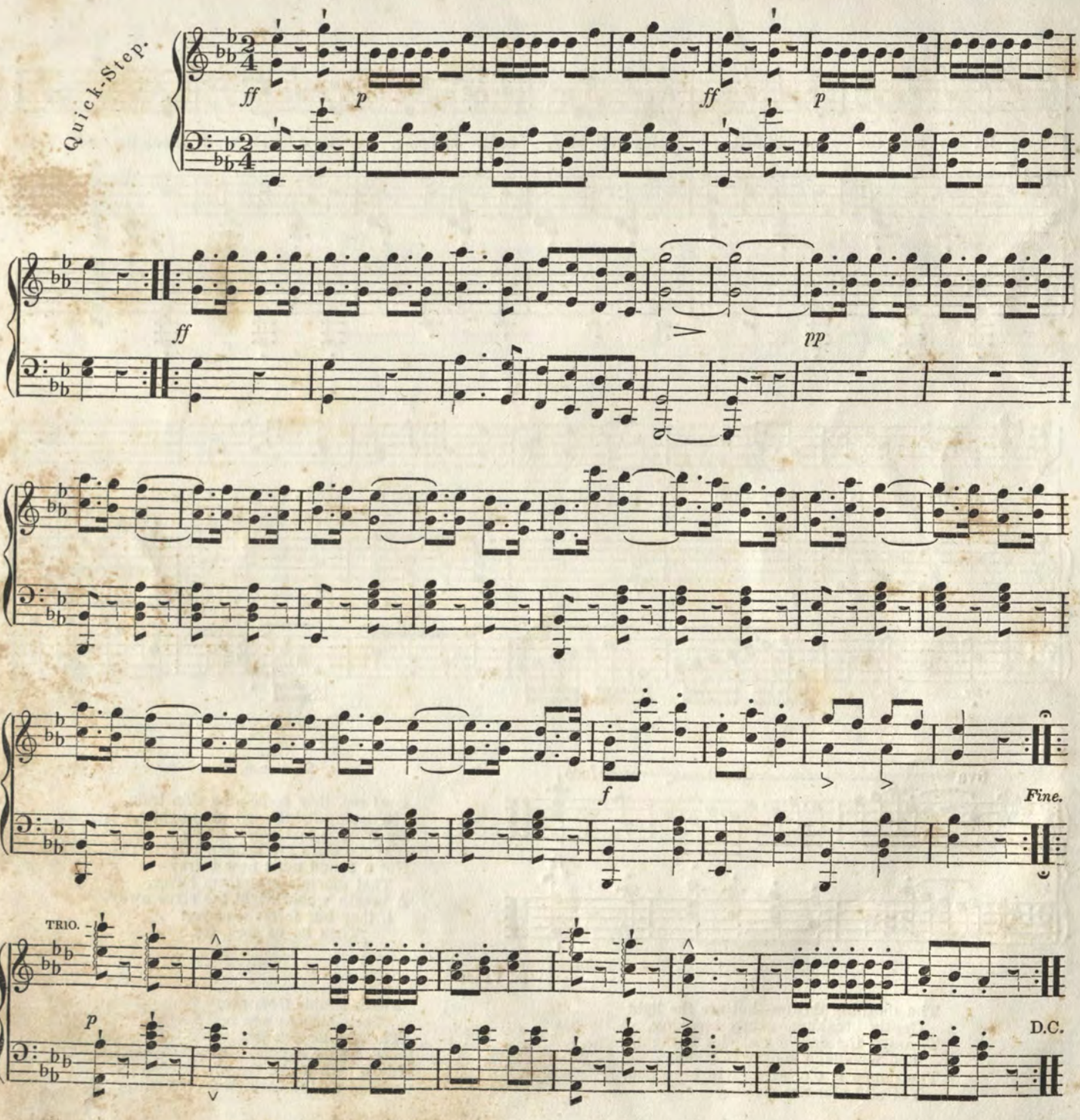
See! see, they come—the elfin train,
Tripping lightly—tripping lightly,
On the soft and velvet green,
While stars are shining brightly;
Not a sound must now betray
That mortals near them hover,
A breath would fright the elves away,
If they our forms discover.
Then let us seek, &c.

MOUNTAIN QUICK-STEP.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO JOSHUA M. MILLER, ESQ. OF BALTIMORE.

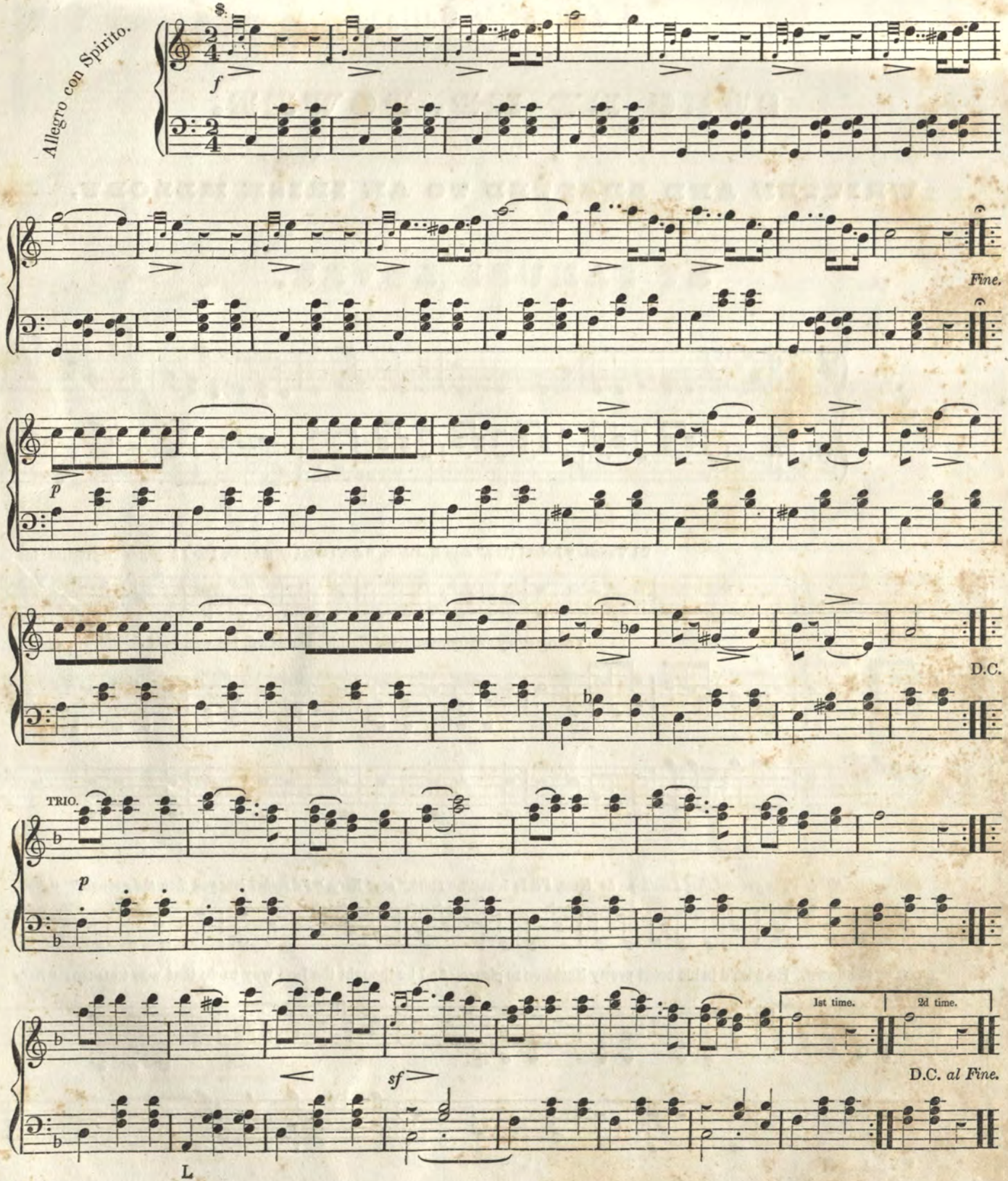
BY M. WIESEL.



LADY WALTZ.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

BY LA PLUME.



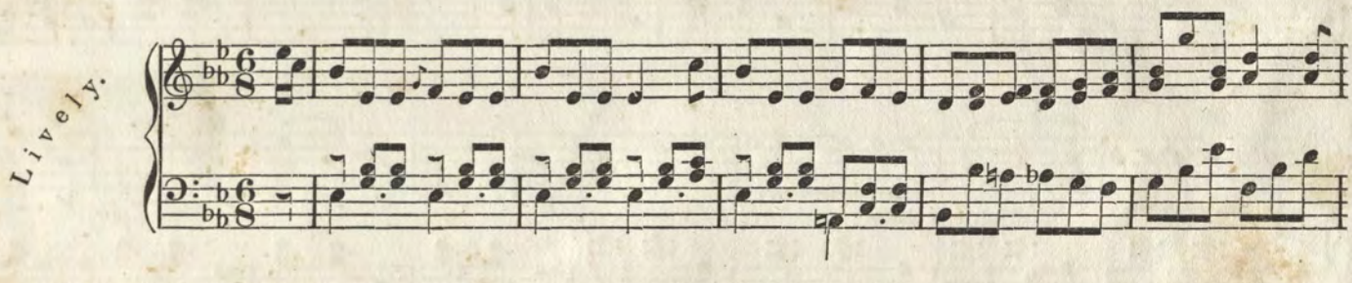
RORY O'MOORE.

A Favourite Ballad.

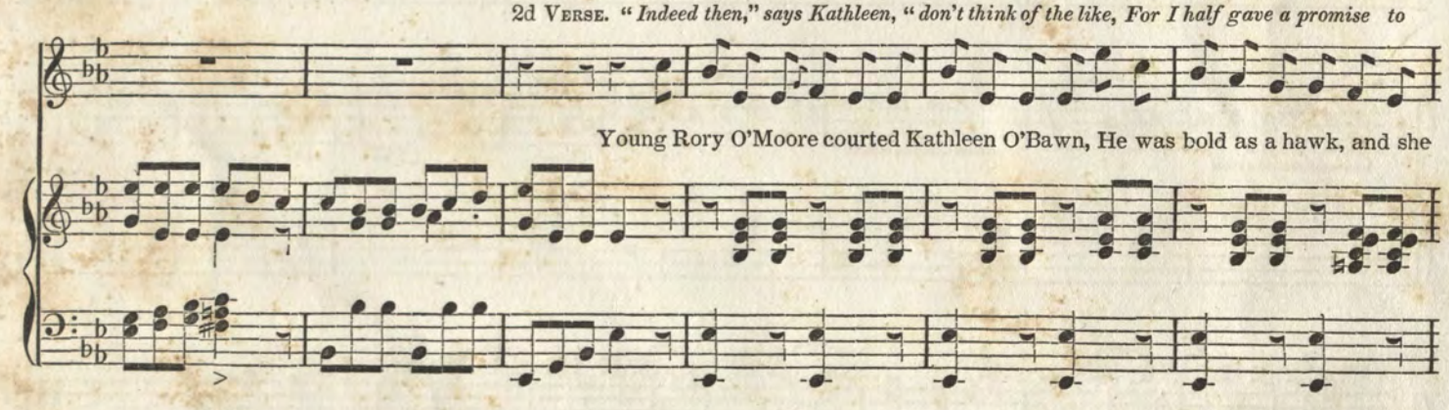
SUNG BY MR. POWER.

WRITTEN AND ADAPTED TO AN IRISH MELODY,

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

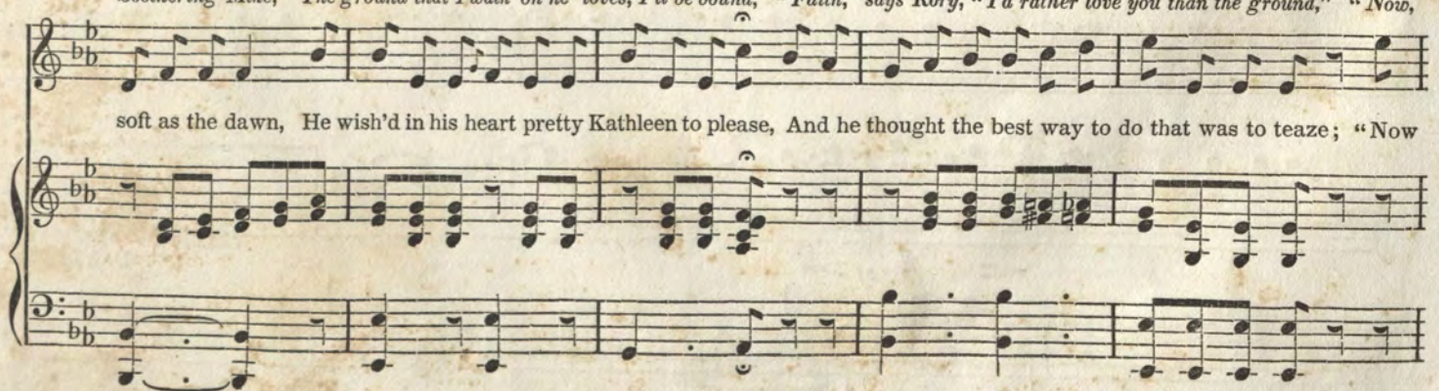


2d Verse. *"Indeed then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like, For I half gave a promise to*



Young Rory O'Moore courted Kathleen O'Bawn, He was bold as a hawk, and she

Soothering Mike, The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound," "Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground," "Now,



soft as the dawn, He wish'd in his heart pretty Kathleen to please, And he thought the best way to do that was to teaze; "Now

Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go, Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so!" "Oh!" says Rory, "that same I'm de-

Rory be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry, Re - - proof on her lip, but a smile in her eye, "With your tricks I don't know, in troth,

ad lib.

colla voce.

lighted to hear, For dhrames always go by conthrairies my dear; Oh! Jewel, keep dreaming that same till you die, And bright

what I'm about, Faith you've teazed till I've put on my cloak inside out." "Oh! Jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way You've

espress.

colla voce. *colla voce.*

morning will give dirty night the black lie, And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not to be sure? Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold

thrated my heart for this many a day, And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not to be sure? For 'tis all for good luck," says bold

Rory O'Moore.

Rory O'Moore.

3d Verse.

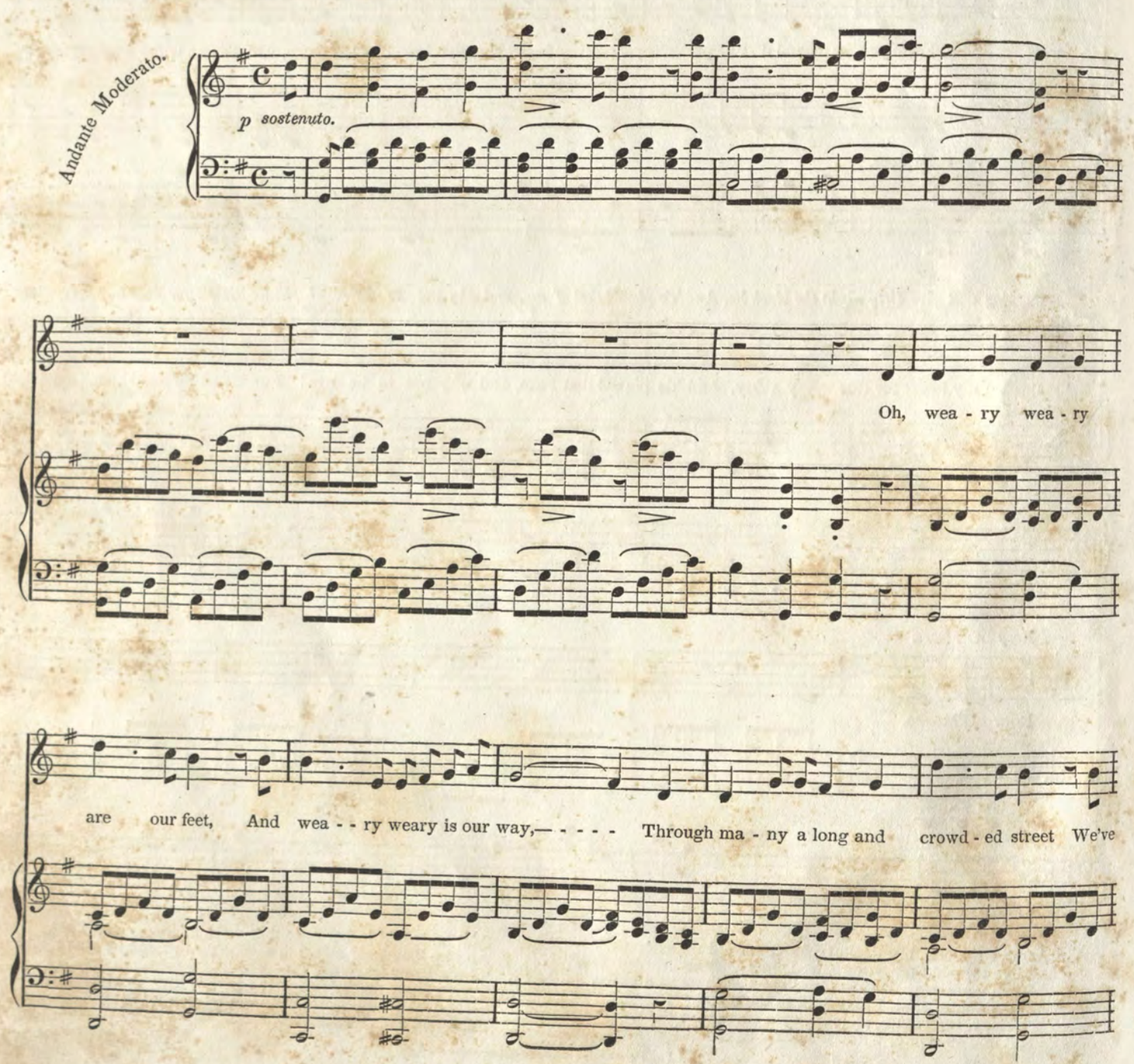
"Arrah Kathleen, my darlint you've teazed me enough,
And I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff,
And I've made myself drinking your health quite a baste,
So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest:"*
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,
And he look'd in her eyes that were beaming with light,
And he kiss'd her sweet lips—don't you think he was right?
"Now Rory leave off, Sir—you'll hug me no more,
That's eight times to-day that you've kiss'd me before;"
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'Moore.

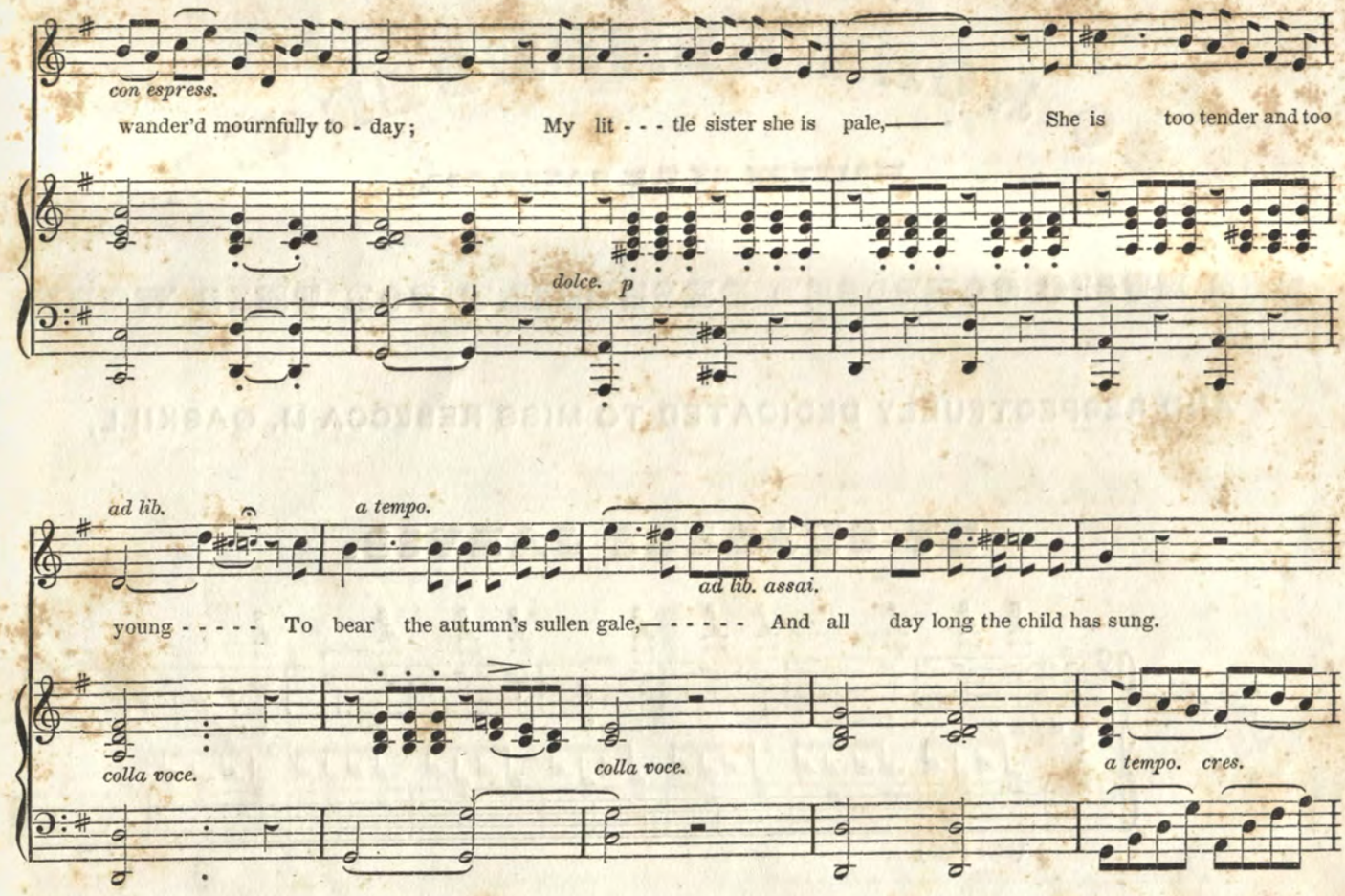
* Paddy's mode of asking a girl to name the day.

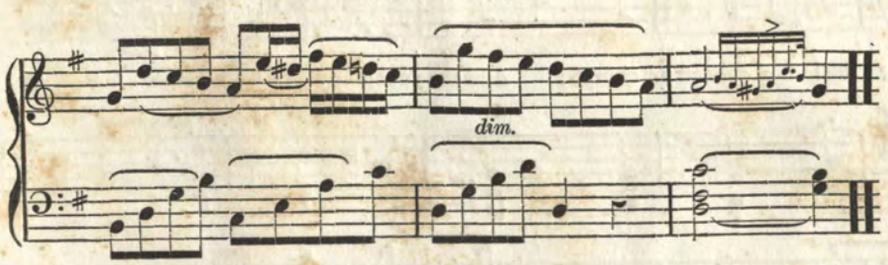
THE ORPHAN BALLAD-SINGER.

A Ballad.

COMPOSED BY HENRY RUSSELL.







2d Verse.

She was our mother's favourite child,
  Who loved her for her eyes of blue,
And she is delicate and mild,
  She cannot do what I can do.
She never met her father's eyes,
  Although they were so like her own;
In some far distant sea he lies,
  A father to his child unknown.

3d Verse.

The first time that she lisp'd his name,
  A little playful thing was she:
How proud we were—yet that night came
  The tale how he had sunk at sea.
My mother never raised her head;
  How strange, how white, how cold she grew!
It was a broken heart they said—
  I wish our hearts were broken too.

4th Verse.

We have no home—we have no friends,
  They said our home no more was ours,
Our cottage where the ash-tree bends,
  The garden we had fil'd with flowers.

The sounding shells our father brought,
  That we might hear the sea at home;
Our bees, that in the summer wrought
  The winter's golden honeycomb.

5th Verse.

We wander'd forth mid wind and rain,
  No shelter from the open sky;
I only wish to see again
  My mother's grave, and rest, and die.
Alas, it is a weary thing
  To sing our ballads o'er and o'er;
The songs we used at home to sing—
  Alas! we have a home no more!

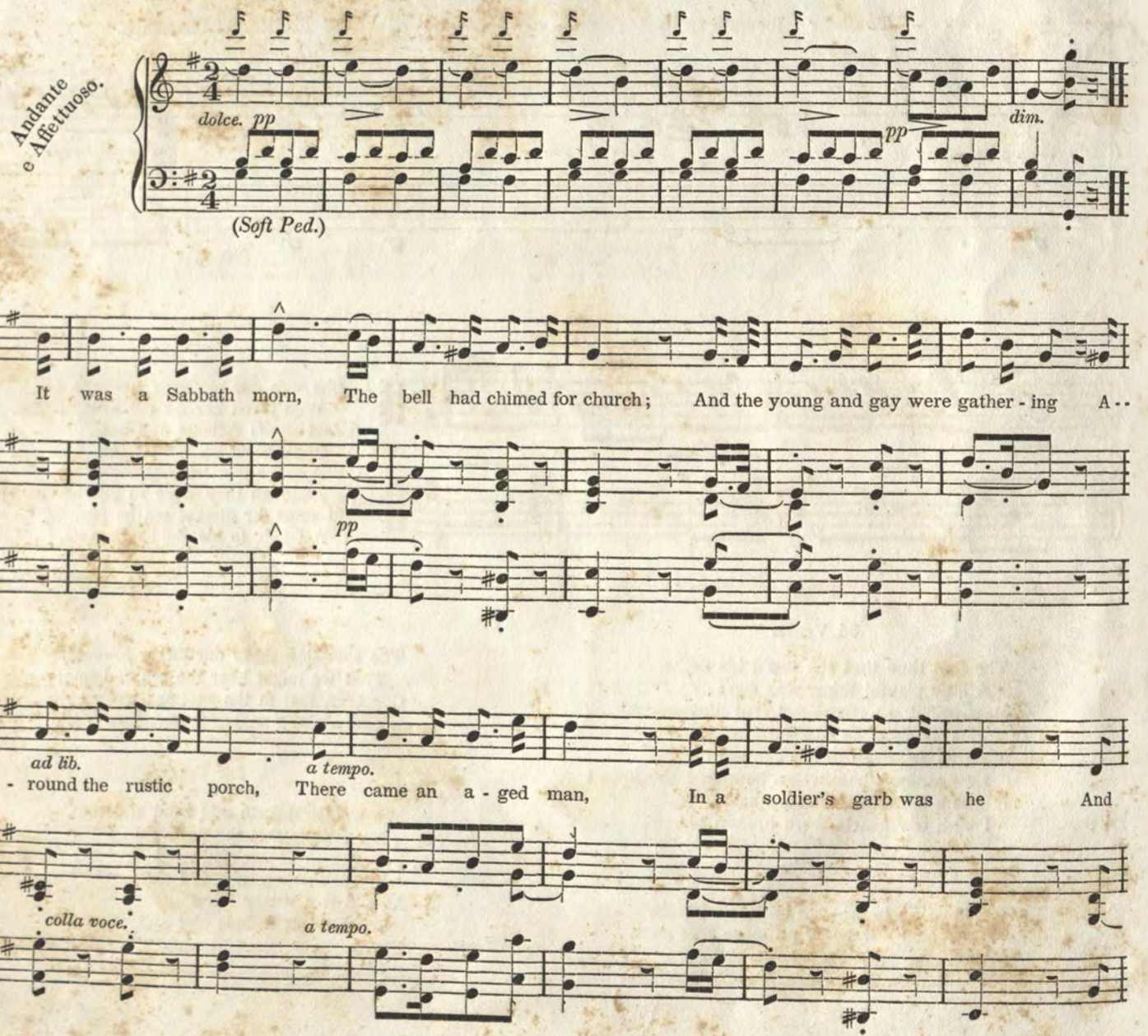
DO NONE REMEMBER ME.

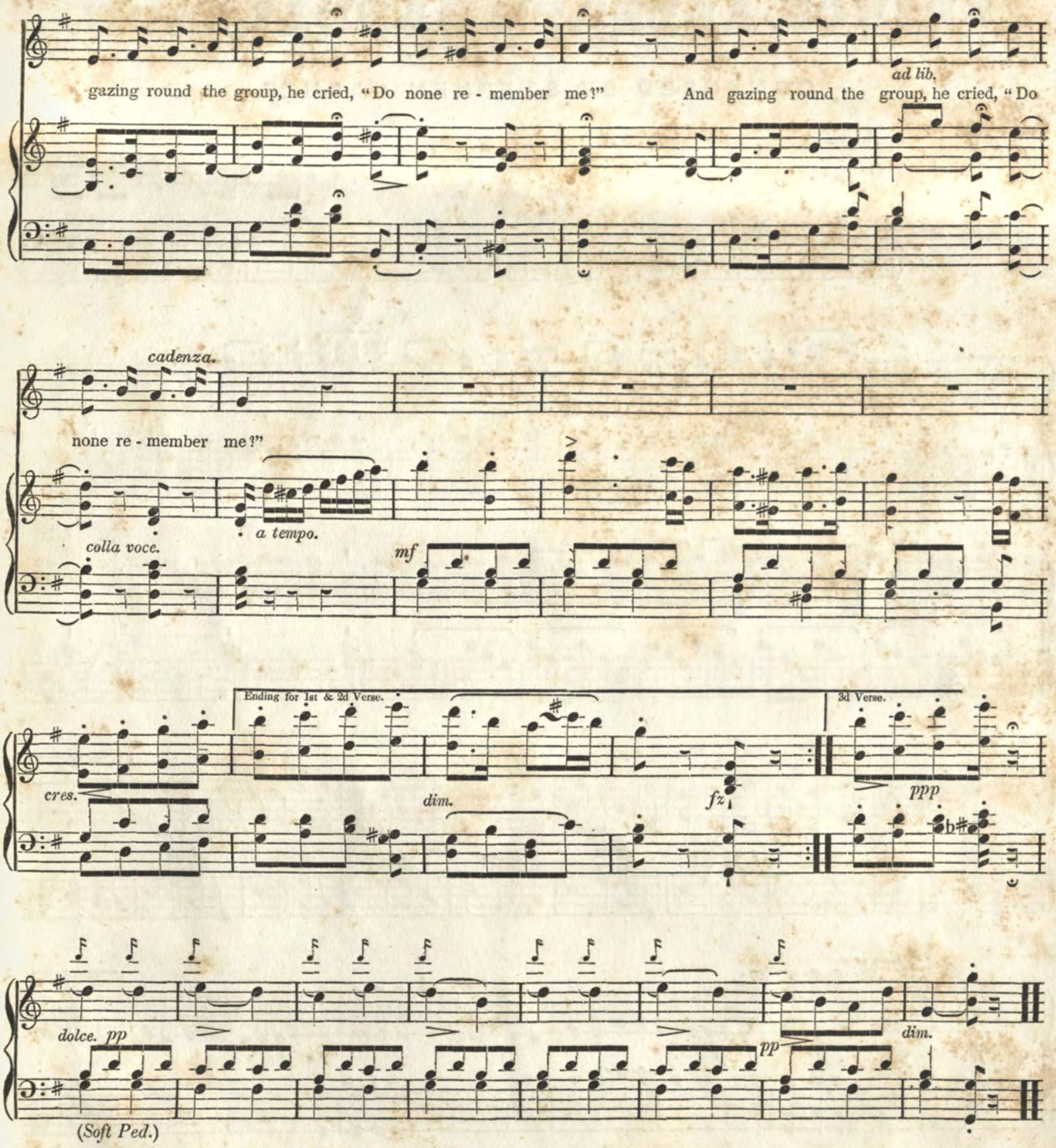
WRITTEN BY T. H. BAYLY, ESQ.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS REBECCA M. GASKILL,

BY CHARLES JARVIS.



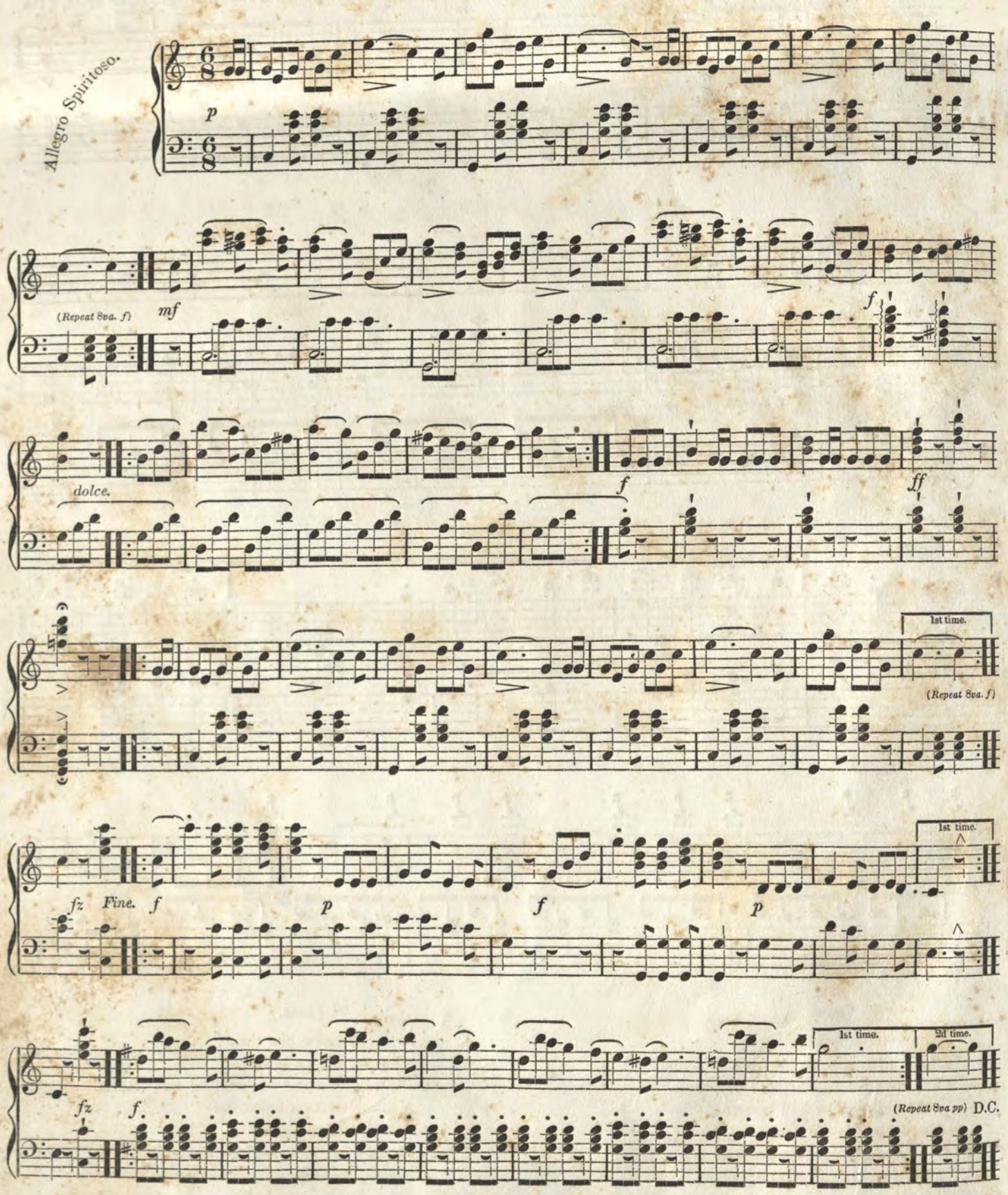


2d Verse.

The veteran forgot
His friends were changed or gone,
The manly forms around him there
As children he had known.
He pointed to the spot
Where his dwelling used to be,
Then told his name, and smiling said,
"You now remember me."

3d Verse.

Alas! none knew him there;
He pointed to a stone
On which the name he breathed was traced,
A name to them unknown.
And then the old man wept,
"I am friendless now," cried he,
"Where I had many friends in youth,
Not one remembers me."

PRINCE ALBERT'S BAND MARCH.

COMPOSED BY STEPHEN GLOVER.