An early British manuscript book
containing, among other things, "Hansy Doodle"
on p. 31

Ca. 1795
Lady Charlotte Temple.

March

The Grand Turkish March.

The Banks of Julian water.

And unto
My ain Kind Dearie, see Page 22

For the sake of gold the loft has

Cameron has got his wife again

Roy's wife
Fawoomee Delight

There's Nothing True but Heaven

This world is all a fleeting show, for man's illusion given,

The smiles of joy, The tears of woe,

Descend to woe, Successful now things nothing true

but Heaven, There, nothing true but Heaven, there's

nothing true but Heaven

Peace, wondres of a happy land And hope and peace, beauty, home

From earth to heaven, the vision of the earth and the sound of the tinsel bright and the heavens

Solve but to light, the clouded way

There's nothing salut but heaven, etc
I'll Remember the

The Blarney

Oh! did you never hear of the Blarney, That sound near the bank

Of the Blarney, believe it from me no girl's heart is free once the hear

The sweet sound of the Blarney. The Blarney is so great a receiver

That a girl thinks, you're there, you, you leave her, and never

finds but all the trick, you're about till she quite

gone herself with your Blarney.
The word a wreath of roses

The word a wreath of roses

She wore a wreath of roses.

The wreath of roses, for her lovely face was smiling, Beneath her curl of jet; Her footstep had the light swing, Her voice the joyous note.

The last one of a youthful heart where sorrow is unknown; I saw her but a moment yet she thought of me, Her mind, with the wreath of roses.

Flowers, upon her snowy brow.

A wreath of orange blossoms when soft was moist;

The orange blossoms, for her face was more thoughtful than before; And standing by her side was one who strove and yet in vain;

The orange blossoms, for her face was more thoughtful than before; And standing by her side was one who strove and yet in vain.

The wreath of orange blossoms, for her face was more thoughtful than before; And standing by her side was one who strove and yet in vain.

The wreath of orange blossoms, for her face was more thoughtful than before; And standing by her side was one who strove and yet in vain.

And now again, As that bloom, the bridal wreath is view; The violet crowned cup, conceals her other lingering love: The wreath of roses.
The word a breathed of Rosa—continued.

The circle and there is no one near To draw her hand with in her own and wise away the tears I see her broken hearted. Yet methinks I see her now in the pride of youth and beauty with a garland on her brow.

Wilt thou meet me there, my love?

Wilt thou meet me there, my love? Wilt thou meet me there, my love? Wilt thou meet me there, my love? Wilt thou meet me there, my love? Wilt thou meet me there, my love? Wilt thou meet me there, my love?
The Flet O’Arrantoonie,

Come o’er the stream Charlie,

Hurrah for the Donnelly o’Bluie

The Dragon Guards march
A Favourite March

The Roman Girl Song

Rome Rome how art so more as thou had been on the seven hills of Rome,

Then sat as Queen, then hast thy triumphant shore Purseling the foot

Prince and sceptre to thine hand at my feet Rome Rome thou

art no more as thou had been. Ye! Ye! Ye! O Rome how hast been

Och. McGregor of Allan

From the Gown on the Mountain as I now returning by the side of a fountain

In my mind but mourning. To the wind that loud Whither she told her sad story

That to William the child. Och. McGregor Allan you
The Last Rose of Summer

See the Conquering Hero comes

Bithleen O' Moore

My native Highland Home

The Rose of Allendale

Alice Gray