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N° 1 of the Musical Journal

for the PIANO FORTE. SECTION

The Musical Journal is published in two Sections, viz: One of Vocal Music every 1st. Monday & One of Instrumental Music every 2d & 4th Monday of each Month throughout the Year.

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Selected & Arranged by Benjamin Carr.

Who from extensive materials in his possession, a regular supply of new Music from Europe and the assistance of Men of Genius in this Country hopes he shall present the Public with a work that for novelty & elegance will be fully worthy their patronage.

VOCAL SECTION

N° 1 contains the Song to the Secret & Muriel's Song

N° 2 Poem Lina & Cupid

N° 3 Death & Burial of Poor Cock Robin

N° 4 Courteous Stranger in Zorilsky

N° 5 Poor Mary, Little Boy Blew & Shrink I Fear I'll Willow

N° 6 The Wood Robin

INSTRUMENTAL SECTION

N° 2 contains an air with variations

N° 3 a Sonata by Pleyel

N° 4 ditto concluded

N° 5 Andantino by Boccherini

N° 6 Scotch Rondo by Schetky

N° 7 Two Minuets by Pleyel

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A WANDRING GIPSEY

Composed by I: Percy
Words by P: Pindar

1st Verse
A wandering Gipsy Sir am I from Norwood where we
off complain with many a tear and many a sigh
with many a tear and many a sigh of buffring winds and
ruffling rain

2nd Verse
No room for fine or gay attire
Amid our humble huts appear
Nor beds of down nor blazing fire
At night our shivering limbs to cheer
3d Verse Andante

A - las no friends come near our cot the redbreasts only

find the way who give their all a simple note at

peep of dawn and parting day at peep of dawn or par - ting day

4th Verse But Fortune here I come to tell

same Music as Then yield me gentle Sir your hand

the first Amid these lines what thousands dwell

And bless me what a heap of land

5th Verse tempo primo

This surely Sir must pleasing be to hold such wealth in

every line now try good Sir if you can see a little treasure lost in mine a little

treasure lost in mine now try good Sir if you can see a little
The Angler. From the German of Goethe. Composed by Reichardt.

Con tenuto tempo e voce.

In gurgling eddies rolled the tide, the wily angler,

fat its verdant willow bank beside, and spread the treacherous

bait reclined he sits in rarefied mood, the floating quill he

eyes when rising from the opening flood a humid maid he spies.

She sweetly sung, she sweetly said:

As gaz'd the wondering swain,

"Why thus with maddening arts invade

"My placid harm'st reigns,

"Ah! didst thou know how blest, how free

"The finny myriads stray

"Thou'dst long to dive the liquid sea

"And live as blest as they."}

"The sun the lovely queen of light,

"Beneath the deep repair

"And thence in streamy light the bright

"Returns more refreshing and fair

"Nor tempts thee von seethes in space

"Bathing with liquid blue

"Nor tempts thee not thy picture'd face

"To bathe in worlds of dew."

The tide in gurgling eddies rose,

It reached his trembling feet

His heart with fond impatience grows,

The promised joys to meet

So sung he to the winning fair,

Alas! ill fated swain

Half drugged half pleas'd he sinks with her

And never was seen again.