

# THE CAMP MEDLEY

Moderately quick

The Lark was up the Morn was grey, the Drummers beat Re--veil--ly the jol-ly

Soldiers on the Ground in peace-ful Camp slept safe and sound On--ly one poor

Sol-dier who nought but Love could e'er--sub-due wandring thro' the si-lent

Grove, there to vent his plain--tive love. For Wo-men are whimsical changeable

Things, their Sweets like the Bees they are mingled with Stings, they're not to be got with out

Toil Care and Cost, they're hard to be won and are Ea-si-ly lost. In seek-ing a

fair one I found to my smart, I know not the way but I lost my own Heart.

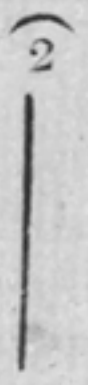
Moderately Slow

Ah hapless hapless Day when first I saw fair Bid-dy my Heart she stole a - -

- way - my Head she turn'd quite gid - dy the World may laugh and say - - tis

won-drous new to see a Lo-ver so fin--cere-- - a Swain ad-mire like me.

She's comely tall and slender,  
 She's brighter than the Sun,  
 Her Looks are kind and tender,  
 But ah her Heart's like Stone,



Too lovely still I found her,  
 And every method tried,  
 In hope to win and wound her,  
 Yet I was still deny'd.

But now my Hopes are o-ver, what Scheme then can I try, but like a hap - less

Lover, now lay me down and die As on the Ground he lay Mi - ner - va came that

way, in Ar-mor bright and gay and thus to him did say rise Sol-dier- rise I'll

take you by the Hand, and I'll lead you thro' the Land I'll give you the com-mand of a

Moderato

well cho-sen Band rise Sol-dier rise. Dont be fur-pid drive a-way Cu-pid fol-low Mi-

With Spirit

-ner-va's wife command. Sol-dier go Home go Home ne're mind your Mistres scorn, flight,

flight her a-gain, flight, flight her a-gain, for fligh-ted Love shou'd flight re-turn, flight, flight her a-

Quick

-gain, flight flight her a--gain, for fligh-ted Love shou'd flight re-turn. The Sol-die then

routed from his amourous Sloth, haf-ted a-way to his Du-ty swore to Mi-ner-va a ter-ri-ble oath, he

ne-ver wou'd think of her Beau-ty, Bache-lor Bluff, Bache-lor Bluff, heigh for a Heart that is tougher than

Bluff, Bachelor Bluff, Bachelor Bluff, heigh for a Heart that is tougher than Bluff.

(2)

He that is single can never wear Horns,  
 He that is single is happy,  
 He that is Married lays upon Thorns,  
 And always is ragged and shabby,  
 Bachelor Bluff.

(3)

He that is single he fears not the Rout,  
 Nothing to him can be sweeter,  
 Having no Wife that can whimper and pout,  
 And cry can you leave me dear Creatures,  
 Bachelor Bluff.

Lively

Ye Belles & Flirts so smart & Fair  
 Gye are not Sol-diers form'd for love I'm

sure you'll find them all sin-cere  
 wou'd you but kind and con-stant prove

But if you flight their Paffion still,  
 And tyrannize their Wills to prove,  
 Depend upon't they'll all rebel,  
 And will not give a thought to Love.

Quick  
 Hold your prating Idle tongue, lit-tle laughing

Cupid said have you ne-ver heard it sung  
 Constan-cy must win the Maid. Then ground your

Arms ye Sons of War who thine thro' Brittain's hap-py Isle,  
 who thine who

thine thro' Brittain's happy Isle nor e-ver quarrel  
 with the Fair, but pa-tient try to

win their smile, Rule ye fair ye fair of Brit-tains Isle,  
 we'll

pa-tient try to win your Smile.