

YEO, YEO,

Sung by M.^{rs} Jordan in the Spoil'd Child.

Printed for H. ANDREWS, N^o. 11, Little Canterbury Place, Lambeth Walk.

Presto



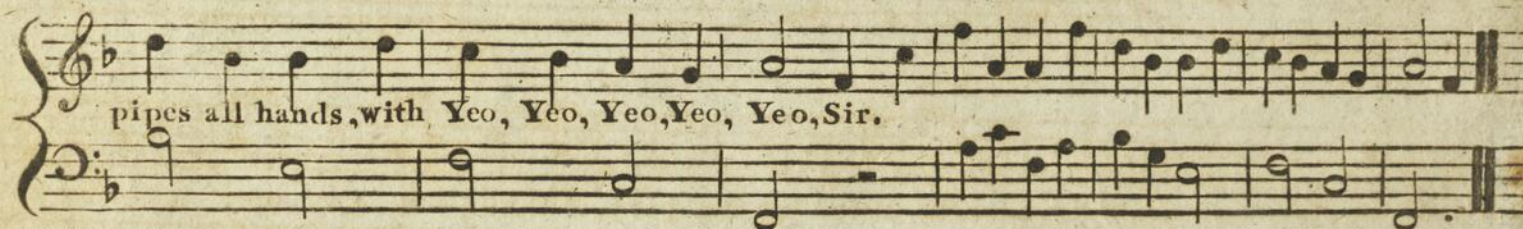
I am a brisk and sprightly



Lad, but just come home from Sea, Sir, Of all the Lives I ever led, A Sailor's Life for



me, Sir, Yeo, Yeo, Yeo, Yeo, Yeo, Yeo, Yeo; Whilst the Boat-swain



pipes all hands, with Yeo, Yeo, Yeo, Yeo, Yeo, Sir.

2

What Girl but loves the merry Tar,
We o'er the Ocean roam, Sir,
In ev'ry Clime we find a Port,
In ev'ry Port a Home Sir.
Yeo, Yeo, &c.

3

But when our Country's Foes are nigh,
Each hastens to his Gun, Sir,
We make the boasting Frenchmen fly,
An' bang the haughty Don Sir.
Yeo, Yeo, &c.

4

Our Foes subdued, once more on Shore,
We spend our Cash with glee, Sir,
And when all's gone, we drown our Care,
And out again to Sea, Sir.
Yeo Yeo &c.

For the German Flute.

Presto



Sy

So

Sy

SINCE THEN I'M DOOM'D,

3

Sung by M.^{rs} Jordan in the Spoild Child.

Allegretto

Since then I'm doom'd this
 sad reverse to prove, To quit each ob - ject of my in - fant care, Torn from an
 ho - nour'd Pa - rent's tender Love, And driv'n the keenest, keenest storms of Fate to
 bear, Ah! but for - give me, pitied let me part, Ah! but for - give me, pitied let me
 part, Your Frowns, too sure, would break my sinking heart, your Frowns, too sure, would
 break my sinking, sink ing heart. *f*

2
 Where e'er I go, what e'er my lowly state,
 Yet grateful mem'ry, still shall linger here,
 And when, perhaps you're musing o'er my Fate,
 You still may greet me with a tender Tear;
 Ah! then forgive me, pitied let me part,
 Your Frowns, too sure, would break my sinking heart.

