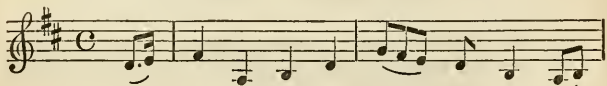


TO MRS A. H.,

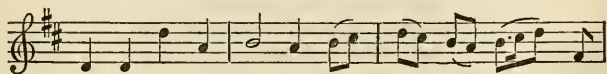
ON SEEING HER AT A CONCERT.

This little occasional canzonet of Crawford's is a fair specimen of his amatory verses, and a characteristic production. A general admirer of the fair, he sees a young lady at a concert, deems her the prettiest creature extant, and immediately throws off two stanzas in her praise, to the appropriate tune of *The Bonniest Lass in a' the World*. It appears that the lady in question was Miss Anne Hamilton (as we should now entitle her), a relative of William Hamilton of Bangour, and subsequently married to 'Professor M——, in the university of Edinburgh.'

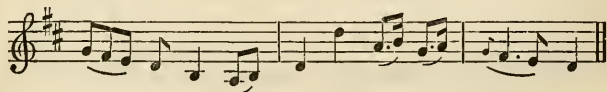
The modern reader, who only *reads* the verses, will perhaps set little store by them; but if he be so fortunate as hear them well sung to their proper melody, he will probably own that they possess a certain charm.



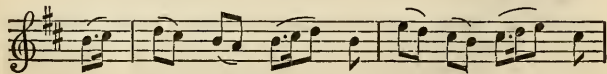
Look where my dear Ha - mil - la smiles, Ha-



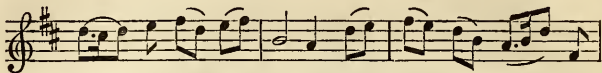
mil - la, love - ly charm - er! See how with all their



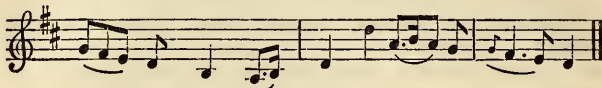
arts and wiles The Loves and Gra - ces arm her!



A blush dwells glow - ing on her cheeks, Fair



seats of youth-ful pleasures; There Love in smil - ing



lan - guage speaks, There spreads his ros - y trea - sures.

Look where my dear Hamilla smiles,
 Hamilla, lovely charmer !
 See how with all their arts and wiles
 The Loves and Graces arm her !
 A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks,
 Fair seats of youthful pleasures ;
 There Love in smiling language speaks,
 There spreads his rosy treasures.

O fairest maid, I own thy power,
 I gaze, I sigh, I languish ;
 Yet ever, ever will adore,
 And triumph in my anguish.
 But ease, dear charmer, ease my care,
 And let my torments move thee :
 As thou art fairest of the fair,
 So I the dearest love thee.