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PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF THE "COMIC ALMANACK"

"COUNTRY COMMISSIONERS"
THE WORDS WRITTEN
BY

George Wright Esq.

THE MUSIC

Composed and Sung by

JOHN PARRY

JUNR

"COMPOSER OF WANTED A GOVERNESS!"
"A WIFE WANTED!"
&c. &c. &c. &c.

ENTERED STATIONERS HALL.



TWO SHILLINGS & SIXPENCE.

London.

CRAMER, ADDISON AND BEALE, 201 REGENT STRT

—“COUNTRY COMMISSIONS.”—

FROM
LAURA MAY.

PIANO-FORTE.

MODERATO.

p *crescendo.* *ff* *pp* (*Arrival of the Mail.*) *mf*

HORN. (ad lib.)

cresc. *Animato.*

ff *con spirito.* *ff* *a tempo*

ALLEGRO. *leggiere.*

ff *p.* *pp* *f* *decrescendo.*

p *p* *ff* *p* *ff*

JULIA.

How nice to have a dear young Friend, Like dar-ling LAURA MAY— So

pp

kind! she rare-ly fails to send A Let-ter ev'-ry day, — A Let-ter ev'-ry

day — But now since LAU - RA wrote to me, I'm sure four days are

past! — I wish I could the Post-man see! — Oh! here he comes at

last! — And what a dear long let-ter from my e-ver constant Friend — But

what is here; I sad-ly fear, "COMMISSIONS" with-out end! —

— "THE LETTER!" —

— JULIA reads.

"Twenty times have I ta-ken my pen, And be-gun my dear JULIA's name, Twenty

times have I dropp'd it a - gain — For I'm burning all o-ver with shame, I am burning all o-ver with

shame! — (*With ad lib^m shyness.*) How lucky I am to pos - sess — A kind Friend to re-ly on like

you — And 'tis shocking, I'm bound to con - - fess — That my Billets are all billets - DO — But to

come to the point, dearest dear — Your af - fect-ion will pardon it all, You're a - ware, the long thread of our

pp (*With a shy expression!*)

ppp *colla voce*

ritard^o

a tempo.

cres.

5

Year is wound up in an An-nu-al Ball, And the Of-fi-cers come to that

pp parlante.

pp colla voce.

Ball!

ALLEGRO VIVACE.

("The Lancers")

ff

2

So I want a few trifles in haste
 'Tis too bad, for you've plenty to do,
 But I know you've such exquisite taste
 That I'll leave it entirely to you. (Bis.)
 Of Gloves, will you send me six pair
 Some embroider'd— if any you see—
 Now some Roses I want for my hair
 You know what's becoming to me!
 And get me from Waterloo Place,
 (What you pay I shall never regard.)
 Twenty yards of the best Brussels lace
 At exactly Two Guineas a yard!— (Bis.)
 {Part of "Kracovienne" as Sym:}

3

From *Harding's* twelve yards of French Satin,
 That beautiful pearly white hue,
 'Tis a matter I know that you're pat in,
 So I'll leave it entirely to you. (Bis.)
 Of course there can be no objection
 To make it a bargain quite plain
 That if it dont suit my Complexion
 You'll trouble them with it again!
 There is but *one man* in the town
 Who can make me a white satin shoe,
 Do find him and send me some down,
 I rely, dear, entirely on you.— (Bis.)
 {Part of "Les Danois." N^o 5. as Sym:}

4

But I'll thank you to buy for Miss Green
 A nice little stone and a muller,
 And just paper enough for a screen,
 Every sheet of a different colour. (Bis.)
 Here's a note for Miss White at the *Tower*,
 You must take it some day before two,
 For she always goes out at that hour,
 And you know how she doats, dear, on you.
 If its all in your way coming back
 Just call at the Grove, Kentish town,
 And look in at the school of young Black
 His Mama wants to know if he's grown!— (Bis.)
 {Part of "La Cachucha" as Sym:}

5th Verse & CODA.

Minor.

I have still a few trifles to name— And I know you don't mind rainy weather— For you

Minor.

al-ways go out just the same— So I'll scribble them down al-to-gether... I shall

pp tremolo.

parlante.

want a su-perb In-dia shawl:— A nice Se-raphine for my Cou-sin;— (Oh! a

Fan, I must have for the Ball:—) And of "Envelopes" fif-ty three do-zen!— Some

Mouseline de-laine for a dress,— I hav'nt had one such an age! My

Slower. *parlante.*

next wish I don't think you'll guess;— ('Tis for MA;) a young Squirrel and cage! (Just i-

Slower. *ritard.* *tempo primo.*

agine!) a Squirrel and cage! And next summer when PA comes to town— He shall

p *tempo primo*

pay you what_e-ver is due— If you'll send the par-ticu-lars down, Tho' we

ad lib:

leave that en-tire-ly' to you!— Tho' we leave that en-tire-ly to

colla voce.

CODA.— PIÙ ALLEGRO.

you! A--dieu— dearest JULIA— Excuse this scrawl— I've got such a pen, I

ppp

a tempo.

cant write at all! Ah! speaking of Pens, our Friend MISS GIBBS would feel so thankful for a

little "Box of Nibs!" And you'll fur-ther oblige me if you'll contrive, To see ev'ry thing pack'd, To-

Più All^o
 morrow by Five!- A-DIEU! ADIEU dear JU-LIA! A-DIEU, ADIEU sweet JU-LIA! I've a

lento.
 thou-sand o-ther things to say, But have no time, Yours, LAURA MAY.-

ff *Ped*