

I CANNOT GET A KISS.

COMIC SONG,

ARRANGED FOR THE

PIANO FORTE OR GUITAR,

BY

MATTHIAS JUNG,

AUTHOR OF

RICHELIEU WALTZ,
ROSEATA POLKA,
NEW EDINBURG MARCH,
&c., &c., &c.

BYTOWN R. R. GALOP,
SUSSEX WALTZ,
LES ÉCHOS DU MONT St. LOUIS,
&c., &c., &c.

MONTREAL

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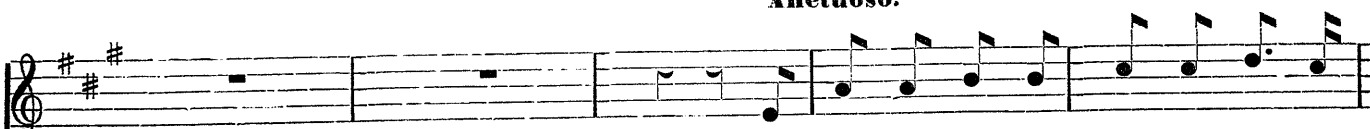
Moderato.

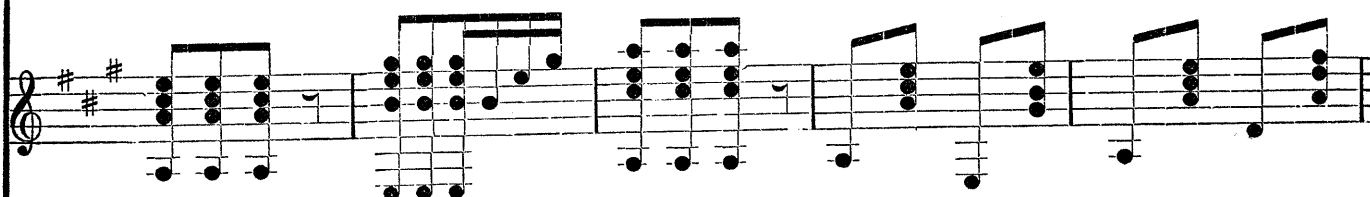
VOICE. 

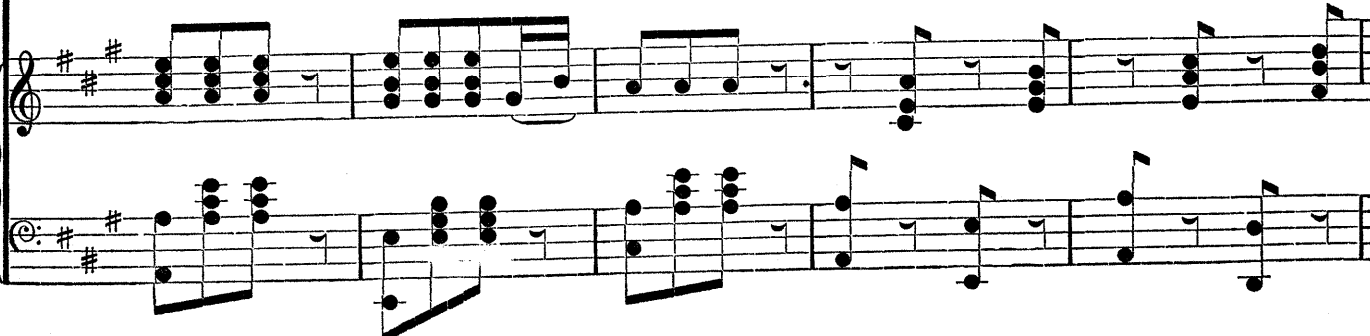
GUITAR. 

PIANO. 

Affetuoso.


I love a mai-den young and gay My





heart is all her own ;..... For one sweet kiss a world I'd pay, But

p *mf.*

This system contains the first two lines of the musical score. The vocal line is in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with chords and a left-hand part with a simple bass line. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and mezzo-forte (*mf.*).

ne'er that bliss have known..... Yet 'tis not that my love is coy,.....

p *f*

This system contains the second two lines of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features more complex chordal textures. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and forte (*f*).

But for - tu - ne always mars my joy..... For all my ef - forts

This system contains the final two lines of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic support. The key signature remains D major.



One morning in the field I spied
 My Lucy all alone,
 One moment I am at her side
 My arm around her thrown.
 But when I thought my prize was gained,
 By chance her shawl pin pierced my hand,
 I ran off home the blood to stay,
 And so I lost my kiss that day.

When lately by the stream I passed
 I chanced my love to meet,
 I throw my arm about her waist,
 And for a kiss entreat.
 But as she raised her pouting lips,
 Her surly dog behind me slips
 And seized my leg, I roared with pain
 And thus I lost my kiss again.

And ever thus unfortunate
 My dearest hopes I miss,
 And baffled by a cruel fate
 I cannot get a kiss.
 Shall I be ever thus cast down
 By Fortune's dark and sombre frown,
 Or will some fair one pitty take
 And kiss me for compassion's sake ?...

One evening in her bower a part
 We sat, my love and I ;
 I took her hand, and to my heart
 I pressed it with a sigh ;—
 Her father, who behind the door
 Had watched us half an hour and more
 Came just in time to spoil my bliss
 I started, blushed, and lost my kiss.

The last time that I passed her door
 She beakoned, and I heard,
 " My window in the second floor
 " Looks down into the yard ;
 " I'll wait for you."—Like wind I fly
 A ladder find and mountain high.
 But ah ! misfortune still attends
 It breaks, I fall, and so it ends.