

THE

# SONGS & CHORUSSES

IN THE

DRAMATIC ROMANCE,

INTITLED,

## Joanna of Montfaucon,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden,

On Thursday January 16, 1800.

THE MUSIC ENTIRELY NEW;

And Composed for the Occasion, by Mr. BUSBY.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Albert, <i>Lord of Thurn</i>	- - -	Mr. Pope.
Lazarra, <i>A Knight</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Holman.
Darbony, <i>Leader of a Band of armed</i>	} Mr. Inledon.	
<i>Soldiers</i>		
Wensel, <i>Castellan of Belmont</i>	- -	Mr. Waddy.
Philip, <i>his Son</i>	- - - - -	Mr. H. Johnstone.
Guntram,	- - - - -	Mr. Emery.
Hermit,	- - - - -	Mr. Murray.
Wolf, <i>a Servant to Albert</i>	- - -	Mr. Munden.
Romuald, <i>a Servant to Lazarra</i>	-	Mr. Rees.
Reinhard, <i>belonging to Wensel</i>	-	Mr. King.
Henry, <i>Son to Albert and Joanna,</i>	-	
<i>Servant to Lazarra</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Curties.
1st Soldier,	- - - - -	M. Klanert.
2d Soldier,	- - - - -	Mr. Atkins.
3d Soldier,	- - - - -	Mr. Thompson.
Old Man,	- - - - -	Mr. Davenport.
Shepherd,	- - - - -	Mr. Gardner.
Mountaineer,	- - - - -	Mr. Claremont.
Joanna, <i>Wife to Albert,</i>	- - - - -	Mrs. Pope.
Eloifa, <i>supposed Daughter to Guntram</i>	-	Mrs. H. Johnstone.
Girl,	- - - - -	Miss Cox.
Old Woman,	- - - - -	Mrs. Whitmore.

*Guards, Officers, &c.*

Joanna *of* Montfaucon.

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A NEW OVERTURE.—Mr. BUSEY.

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A C T I.

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CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

**L**ADY, great and good and fair,  
Pure as faints and angels are,  
Flow'rets bath'd in morning dew,  
Nature's boon, we bring to you.

Bounteous Lady! we implore  
Heav'n to grant you plenteous store,  
Store of honours, store of wealth,  
Crown'd with long, long years of health.

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 A MARCH.
 

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SONG—*with Chorus.* Mr. INCLEDON, &c.

To arms! to arms! our Leader cries,  
 Lo, from the cavern'd earth we rise  
     In terrible array;  
 Where'er we march a crimson flood  
 Around us rolls of human blood,  
     And ruin marks our way.

Now tremble, Albert!—Fortune veers,  
 Fate opens wide her ghastly sheers,  
     Your life's last thread is spun;  
 Impending o'er you hangs the sword,  
 Death only waits Lazarra's word  
     To strike!—and it is done.

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*Symphony at the conclusion of the first Act.*

— MR. BUSBY.



ACT II.

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Mr. INCLEDON.

SOLDIER, Soldier, wave your sword,  
Give the sign and pass the word.

Mr. HILL.

Order, order! Comrades all,  
Rise and answer to the call!

CHORUS.

We come, we come, we come,  
We need no beat of drum;  
Watchful ever day and night,  
Ever ready for the fight,  
We never never fly,  
We conquer or we die.

Mr. INCLEDON.

Athwart the forest dark and drear,  
With march that caution cannot hear,  
Slowly, slowly wind your way;  
No one lag, and no one stray;  
Silent all in close array;  
Slowly, slowly wind your way.

CHORUS.

Captain, Captain, stout and bold,  
Soldiers need not to be told.  
Only lead us to the booty,  
We are those that know our duty:  
Huzza, huzza! we never fly,  
Huzza! we conquer or we die!

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*Symphony at the conclusion of the second Act.*

— MR. BUSBY.

## A C T III.

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SONG.—Mr. INCLEDON.

In spring's sweet prime the opening flower  
 Allures the roving bee,  
 And is not beauty's vernal hour  
 The hour for love and thee?

For like the bee love's archer leaves  
 His honey with the dart,  
 And she, who feels the wound, receives  
 A sweet, that heals the smart.

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*Symphony at the conclusion of the third Act.*

—Mr. BUSBY.



## A C T IV.

SONG.—Mr. TOWNSEND.

Come on, my hearts, come on!  
 The work will soon be done;  
 Let all be staunch and none be shy,  
 Let all men fight, and no man fly,  
 The victory must be won;  
 Come on my hearts! come on.

When the battle is o'er, we'll be jolly,  
 For to fight is but madness and folly;  
 Old stingo shall swim  
 In black Jack to the brim,  
 And we'll drink away dull melancholy.

Hark, hark, the thundering drum  
 Roars out 'tis time to come;  
 For all that die, the priest shall pray,  
 While those, that live, keep holiday;  
 Hark, hark, the thundering drum!  
 Come on, my heroes, come!

When the battle is o'er we'll be jolly,  
 For to fight is but madness and folly;  
 Old stingo shall swim  
 In black Jack to the brim,  
 And we'll drink away dull melancholy.

*Symphony at the conclusion of the fourth Act.*

—MR. BUSBY.



## ACT V.

*FINALE.*

Joy, Joy, Joy!

Roaring War is gone to sleep,  
 Drums and trumpets silence keep,  
 Squeaking fifes with accents shrill,  
 Clattering cymbals now are still;  
 No more thumping, no more thundering,  
 No more burning, no more plundering,  
 Soldiers smuggling,  
 Damsels straggling,  
 Parents flying,  
 Children crying,

Such the sorrows we have known;  
 Sorrow now is past and gone.

Joy, Joy, Joy!

Merry groupes shall now be seen,  
 Sporting on the village green,  
 Dancing round in jovial ring,  
 While the minstrel smites the string;  
 All hands clapping, all heels clattering,  
 Grandfires chirping, grandams chattering;  
 Looks inviting,  
 Hearts uniting,  
 Smiles inspiring;  
 Kisses firing;

Such the joys that Peace displays,  
 Hail, bright dawn of Golden Days!

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F I N I S.

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