

112
X
AIRS, RECITATIVE,

CHORUSSES, &c.

IN A

NEW PANTOMIME,

CALLED

HARLEQUIN and OBERON,

OR

THE CHACE TO GRETNA:

Now performing at the THEATRE-ROYAL
COVENT-GARDEN.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1796.

[PRICE 6d.]

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 309

LECTURE NOTES

BY J. J. THORNTON

LECTURE 1

STATISTICAL MECHANICS

1.1. Introduction

1.2. The Microcanonical Ensemble

1.3. The Canonical Ensemble

1.4. The Grand Canonical Ensemble

1.5. The Partition Function

1.6. The Thermodynamic Limit

1.7. The Central Limit Theorem

1.8. The Law of Large Numbers

1.9. The Ergodic Hypothesis

CHARACTERS.

Harlequin,	-	-	<i>Mr. Simpson.</i>
Father,	-	-	<i>Mr. Hawtin.</i>
Lover,	-	-	<i>Mr. Delpini.</i>
Clown,	-	-	<i>Mr. Follet.</i>
Lover's Servant,			<i>Mr. Simmonds.</i>
Lieutenant,	-	-	<i>Mr. Linton.</i>
Sportsman,	-	-	<i>Mr. Inledon.</i>
Postman,	-		<i>Mr. Townsend.</i>
Gypseys,	-		<i>Mess. Gray, Street, &c.</i>
Oberon,	-	-	<i>Miss Gray.</i>
Columbine,	-		<i>Mad. St. Amand.</i>
Old Gypsey,	-		<i>Mrs. Henley.</i>

CHARACTERS.



The King	—	—	
The Queen	—	—	
The Duke	—	—	
The Duchess	—	—	
The Earl	—	—	
The Countess	—	—	
The Baron	—	—	
The Knight	—	—	
The Gentleman	—	—	
The Lady	—	—	
The Gentlewoman	—	—	
The Servant	—	—	



AIRS, RECITATIVE, &c.

IN

HARLEQUIN AND OBERON.

RECITATIVE—OBERON.

LO! here I come, fairies' king,
Who, encircled in this splendid ring,
Bid for a time the groves farewell,
The heath, the meadow, steep and dell,
To reveal in dream, as charg'd by fate,
The chief events that Columbine await;
'Till, after various cunning feats are try'd,
Her mottled lover win her as his bride.

AIR

AIR—**OBERON.**

TO Scotland's realm then post away,
 That Paphos of the present day,
 Where Vulcan, at his smithy, black as jet,
 For many a pair of lovers spreads his net;
 And well must he perform the marriage rite,
 Who makes the hardest iron to unite.

RECITATIVE—**OBERON.**

RISE, Harlequin! in thee shall dwell
 The trick of many a magic spell!
 The skill—to many a form to change,
 Go forth—the world is thine to range;
 This sceptre of the magic world receive,
 By this unnumber'd frolics thou'lt atchieve.

SONG

RIA

SONG—POSTMAN.

MOST extraordinary, most extraordinary
 news
 Arrived just from London! Good people
 come and choose.
 You may read of prodigious events far and
 near,
 Here's the Herald, Post, Chronicle, Times,
 Gazetteer;
 The True Briton, Telegraph, Oracle, Sun,
 The Star, and the World! Thro' the circle
 to run
 Wou'd weary you quite; so, no longer to
 teize you,
 Come buy, there's in every one something
 to please you.
 Most extraordinary, &c:

II.

Here you'll find the births, marriages, deaths,
 and debates,
 How stocks rise and fall, and the welfare of
 states;

Of

Of Richery's squadron, and that of Langaro,
Of highwaymen, duellists, bankrupts, and
faro ;

Of ladies turn'd black-legs, and what's most
a wonder,

They scruple not stripping a man to get
plunder.

Most extraordinary, &c.

III.

Here you'll trace with delight what the Au-
strians have done,

What glory atchiev'd, by the Arch Duke
led on!

His valour the enemy never dare stand
When he leads his brave troops, and attacks
sword in hand.

When lately he fought so, the boldest were
shaken,

And but for the *Rhine* he'd have pepper'd
their *bacon*.

Most extraordinary! Most extraordinary
bloody news!

Most extraordinary! Most extraordinary!
Come buy and peruse.

CATCH

CATCH—GYPSEYS.

O! who has seen the millar's wife?
 I, and kindled up new strife;
 A shilling from her palm I took,
 'Ere on the cross lines I cou'd look.
 Who the tanner's daughter seen?
 I, in quest of her have been;
 But as the tanner was within,
 'Twas hard to 'scape him in whole skin.

GLEE—GYPSEYS.

FROM every place condemn'd to roam,
In every place we seek a home;
Thése branches form our summer's roof,
By thick-grown leaves made weather-proof;
In shelt'ring nooks and hollow ways,
We cheerly pass our winter-days.
Come circle round the gypsies' fire,
Our songs, our stories never tire,
Come stain your cheeks with nut or berry,
You'll find the gypsies' life is merry.

SONG

(Here a HUNTING SONG by
Mr. INCLEDON.)

SONG

SONG—LIEUTENANT.

SINCE our foes to invade us have long been
preparing,
'Tis clear they consider we've something
worth sharing,
And for that mean to visit our shore;
It behoves us, however, with spirit to
meet 'em,
And, tho' 'twill be nothing uncommon to
beat 'em,
We must try how they'll take it once
more.

Chorus.

So fill, fill your glasses, and be this toast given,
Here's England for ever! the land, boys,
we live in.

II.

Here's a health to our tars, on the wild ocean
ranging,
Perhaps, even now, some broadsides are ex-
changing,
We'll on shipboard, and join in the fight;
And

And when with the foe we are firmly engaging
'Till the fire of our guns lulls the sea in its
raging,
On our country we'll think with delight.

Chorus.

So fill, fill your glasses, and be this toast
given,
Here's England for ever! the land, boys, we
live in.

III.

On that throne where once Alfred in glory
was seated,
Long, long may our KING by his people be
greeted!
O, to guard him we'll be of one mind!
May religion, law, order, be strictly defended,
And continue the blessings they first were
intended,
In union the nation to bind.

Chorus.

So fill, fill your glasses, and be this toast given,
Here's England for ever! the land, boys,
we live in!

RECI-

RECITATIVE—OBERON.

OF power and Columbine bereft,
 What other blessings hast thou left?
 None, thoughtless being—thy hapless state
 to view

Excites compassion in my breast,
 Suppose thy art I shou'd renew,
 Wou'd it with prudence be possess'd?
 Well, since a promise in thy looks I read,
 Receive, once more, a friendly fairy's need.

SONG.

COME, boys and girls, men and maids,
widows and wives!

The best penny lay out you e'er spent in
your lives;

Here's my whirligig lottery, a penny a spell,
No blanks, but all prizes, and that's pretty
well;

Don't stand humming and haking with *ifs*
and with *buts*,

Try your luck for my round and sound
gingerbread nuts;

And then here's my glorious spice ginger-
bread too,

Hot enough to thaw even the heart of a Jew.

Hot spice gingerbread! hot!

Come, buy my spice gingerbread, smok-
ing hot!

II.

I'm a gingerbread merchant, but what of
that there,

All the world, take my word, deal in ginger-
bread ware;

Your

Your fine beaux and your belles, and your
rattlepate rakes,
One half are *game-nuts*, the rest *gingerbread*
cakes;
Then in gingerbread coaches we've ginger-
bread lords,
And gingerbread soldiers with gingerbread
swords;
And what are your patriots? 'tis easy to tell,
By their constantly crying they've—some-
thing to sell,
And what harm is there in selling—hem!
Hot spice gingerbread, hot! &c.

III.

My gingerbread lottery is just like the world,
For its index of chances for ever is twirl'd;
But some difference between 'em exists with-
out doubt,
The world's lottery has blanks, while mine's
wholly without.
There no matter how often you shuffle and cut,
It an't once in ten games you can get a game
nut.
So I laugh at the world like an impudent elf,
And, just like my betters, take *caré* of myself.
Hot spice gingerbread! &c.

RE-

RECITATIVE—OBERON.

HENCE, thou sulphur-blowing wight !
That altar forge prophanes our fight,
Domestic strife, be far away,
Let both command, and both obey.

FINALE.

OBERON.

HITHER, ye Elphin crew, repair,
Nip and trip, and skip that are
To Oberon, your king, so dear,
Come light as downy feather:
Fib and Tib, and Pinch and Pin,
Tit and Nit, and Wap and Win,
Come, Pigmies, altogether:

D

Chorus.

Chorus.

'Ere the gay dawn with early light,
Peeps up to watch retiring night,
We'll hence to forests, hills, and lakes,
Just as the wanton fancy takes.
So now good night, and to your pillows
creep,
Sweet be your dreams, and tranquil be your
sleep.

THE END.

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