

110. 38 x 13
SONGS, DUETS, TRIOS, AND
CHORUSSES,

IN
THE HAUNTED TOWER.

A COMIC OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

L O N D O N :

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INN-FIELDS.

1790.

3091455

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord William,	<i>Mr. Kelly.</i>
Baron of Oakland,	<i>Mr. Baddeley.</i>
Hugo, -	<i>Mr. Moody.</i>
Lewis, -	<i>Mr. Suett.</i>
De Courcy,	<i>Mr. Whitfield.</i>
Robert, -	<i>Mr. Dignum.</i>
Martin, -	<i>Mr. Williames.</i>
Charles, -	<i>Mr. Sedgwick.</i>
Hubert, -	<i>Mr. Webb.</i>
Servant, -	<i>Mr. Lyons.</i>
And Edward, -	<i>Mr. Bannister, jun.</i>
Lady Elinor,	<i>Mrs. Crouch.</i>
Cicely, -	<i>Miss Romanzini.</i>
Maud, -	<i>Mrs. Booth.</i>
And Adela, -	<i>Signora Storace.</i>

Chorus of Peasants, Huntsmen, Soldiers, &c.

** THE MUSIC OF THIS OPERA
* MAY BE HAD AT THE THEATRE.

S O N G S, &c.

A C T I.

CHORUS.

Fishermen, Peasants, and Attendants on Lady Elinor,

TO Albion's Genius raise the strain,
Whose power has aw'd the angry main,
And gives us shelter on the coast
Of this blest isle ; old Ocean's boast.
See, retiring o'er the deep
Distant lightnings harmless sweep ;
The storm condemn'd to lose its prey,
In hollow murmurs dies away,

AIR. *Lord William.*

From Hope's fond dream tho' Reason wake,
 In vain she points with warning hand ;
 I dread advice I cannot take,
 Love's powerful spells my steps command,

The bird, thus fascination binds,
 When darting from the serpent's eyes,
 The fatal charm too late he finds,
 He struggles, and admiring dies.

AIR. *Lady Elinor.*

Tho' pity I can not deny,
 Ah ! what will that avail you ?
 Alas ! I dare not hope supply,
 For hope too sure wou'd fail you.
 Think when the flatterer shall deceive,
 In vain you will repent you ;
 Yet should you hope without my leave,
 'Tis true I can't prevent you.

My hand directed to bestow,
 In England here I'm landed ;
 And daughters always act, you know,
 Just as they are commanded.
 Then let not flattering hope deceive,
 Or else you will repent you ;
 Yet shou'd you hope without my leave,
 'Tis true I can't prevent you.

AIR.

AIR. *Cicely.*

Nature to woman still so kind,
 Among her best boons bestowing ;
 What every female sure must find,
 A wond'rous desire to be knowing.

Man, the proud and envious elf,
 So jealous of our discerning ;
 Decries in us, what he prides in himself,
 The wish, for whatever's worth learning.

AIR. *Robert, and Chorus.*

Hark ! the sweet horn proclaims afar,
 Against the stag the mimic war ;
 While future heros' hearts rebound,
 And pant to hear the trumpet sound,
 The warlike genius of our isle,
 Who on the hunter deigns to smile,
 In echoes gives the chace applause,
 Which strings the nerve for Glory's cause :
 Where e'er the devious chace may bend,
 Still freedom shall our steps attend ;
 And bid us, as her pleasures rise,
 Defend the blessings which we prize.

AIR.

AIR. *Adela.*

Whither my love! ah! whither art thou gone!
 Let not thy absence cloud this happy dawn.
 Say—by thy heart, can falsehood e'er be known?
 Ah! no, no, I judge it by my own.
 The heart he gave with so much care,
 Which treasur'd in my breast I wear;
 Still for its master beats alone,
 I'm sure the selfish thing's his own.

DUET. *Adela.*

Will great lords and ladies,
 Drest up on gay days,
 Come to visit you and I?

Edward.

All smiling, bowing,
 Great friendship vowing,
 While we hold our heads so high,

Adela.

But shou'd the fine gentry smoke us,
 Lud! how they'll joke us;
 How they'll laugh at silly me.

Edward.

Pshaw, we shall be ever
 Reckon'd vastly clever,
 While our pocket's full, d'ye see,

Adela.

Adela.

Then every day

Edward.

New joy shall bring,

Adela.

And ever gay

Edward.

We'll dance and sing.

Both.

Fall lall de rall,

How merry shall we be.

Adela.

Of great fortune vaunting,

Low people taunting,

Dignity we must support.

Edward.

'Mong high barons bouncing,

Fine ladies flouncing,

We may chance to go to court.

Adela.

Well, fegs, I care not,

Court, tho' we share not,

If at home we happy be.

Edward.

Edward.

Soon I may be bold
To hope that I shall hold
A little baron on my knee.

Adela.

Then every day

Edward.

New joy shall bring,

Adela.

And ever gay

Edward.

We'll dance and sing.

Both.

Fall lall de rall,
How merry shall we be.

AIR. *Charles.*

My native land I bade adieu,
And calmly Friendship's joys resign'd ;
But ah ! how keen my sorrows grew,
When my love I left behind.

Yet

Yet should her truth feel no decay,
 Should absence prove my charmer kind,
 Then shall I not lament the day,
 When my love I left behind.

TRIO. *Lord William, Cicely, and Lady Elinor.*

Against the shaft of cruel fate,
 Why cannot virtue prove a charm,
 And of her blind misguided hate,
 Capricious Destiny disarm?

Yet who engag'd in Virtue's cause,
 To tread her paths wou'd fear confess,
 And on the road reluctant pause,
 Because it leads not to success.

END OF ACT I.

A C T II.

AIR. *Adela.*

BE mine, tender passion, soother of care,
 Life's choicest blessing, shield from despair;
 Do not deceive me, ah! never leave me,
 Still may my bosom thy power declare.
 In vain thy influence fools may revile,
 Constancy ever gains thy smile.
 And of their destiny can those complain;
 Whose falsehood dares thy laws profane?
 Resolv'd I brave all danger, to every fear a stranger;
 Thy sweet rewards, oh, Love to gain.
 Then let me combat not in vain;
 But in my triumph share,
 Thy smiles, for which I bravely dare.

AIR. *Lady Elinor.*

Hush, hush; such counsels do not give,
 A lover's name profaning;
 And can her heart deceit advise,
 Where mighty Love is reigning?
Diffimulation's

Diffumulation's path you've trod
Too oft to go astray,
And whilst to me, you point the road,
Your footsteps mark the way.

AIR. *Lord William.*

Tho' time has from your Lordship's face
Made free to steal each youthful grace,
Yet why should you despair?
Old bufts oft please the connoisseurs,
So folks of taste, perhaps like yours,
And that removes your care,

'Tis true that silly girls believe
In joys that youth alone can give,
But why shou'd you despair?
'Tis folly governs youth, you know,
And so far young you soon may grow,
So that removes your care.

Whate'er your faults, in person, mind,
(However gross) you chance to find,
Yet why should you despair?
Of flattery you must buy advice,
You're rich enough to pay the price,
So that removes your care.

AIR. *Cicely.*

What blest hours, untainted by sorrow,
Does the maiden prove,
Who knows not love,
So merrily she sings thro' the day;
“ Dull sorrow shall threaten in vain,
“ The delight of her heart to restrain,
While from Cupid free,
Blest in Liberty,
“ Not a sigh she blends with the strain.”
As she gaily carols along,
Let me join sweet Freedom's song,
Oh! may my heart
Ever bear a part,
In the envied jocund lay,
While merrily the happy maid,
So blithely sings thro' the day.

AIR. *Edward.*

Now all in preparation,
For the nuptial celebration,
Each maiden on th' occasion,
Feels her heart in palpitation;
Now a blush, and now a sigh,
Trembling too, she knows not why,

While

While every lad with expectation,
Finds his heart beats high.

[Here Edward speaks.

While swords and shields are clashing,
Archers aiming, cudgels thrashing,
The ale to none denying,
Flaggons far and wide supplying,
With tilters fencing, wrestlers boasting,

[speaks.

Bonfires blazing, oxen roasting ;

[speaks here.

And all the vassals flock around,
What pleasures now abound !

[Here Edward speaks.

Now all in preparation,
For the nuptial celebration.

SESTETTO.

Lord William, Cicely, and Lady Elinor,
By mutual love delighted,
Here Fortune's fav'rites see,
In Hymen's bonds united,
How happy must they be.

Adela.

Whom can they mean ?—not me.

Edward.

Nor me.

Ladies and gentlemen I thank you for me.

Charles.

Charles.

What grace!—what an air!

Lord William.

A face so fair,

Cicely and Charles.

Born to command!—the happy pair.

Lord William, Cicely, and Lady Elinor.

By mutual love delighted,

Here Fortune's fav'rites see, &c.

In Hymen's bonds united,

How happy must they be.

Edward.

Egad the joke we'll humour;

Adela.

With all my heart, say I.

Edward.

Who for success can do more,

Than every chance to try.

Charles.

Charles.

Her courage falters—mark her eyes;
See from her cheek the colour flies.

Cicely.

Poor girl—I pity her distress,
Yet mischief says we can't do less.

Robert to Adela.

You tremble—courage—come, go on.

Adela.

Ah mè! my boasted spirit's gone;
Alas! why didst thou, hapless maid,
By silly vanity betray'd,
Expose thy peace of mind to gain
A prize, thou never canst obtain?

*Lord William, Cicely, Lady Elinor, Charles, and
Robert.*

Alas! behold the silly maid,
By pride, by vanity betray'd;
Expose her peace of mind to gain
A prize she never can obtain.

AIR. *Robert.*

Now mighty roast beef is the Englishman's food,
It ennobles our veins, and enriches our blood,
Our

Our foldiers are brave, and our barons are good,
Oh! the roast beef of Old England, and Old
English roast beef.

Our barons, my boys, are robust, stout and strong,
And keep open house with good cheer all day long,
Which makes their plump tenants rejoice in this
song,
Oh! the roast beef, &c.

Lady Elinor and Cicely.

Love's sweet voice to Hymen speaking
Breathing thro' the dulcet flute ;
Lift'ning joy the accents seeking,
Bids complaining Care be mute.

CHORUS.

High above dull Sorrow's level,
Now the tide of joy display ;
Love and Hymen bid us revel,
Bid us hail this happy day.

Lord William.

Let the vine's enlivening treasure
Rising kiss the goblet's brim.
Till we see exulting Pleasure,
On the smiling surface swim.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

High above dull Sorrow's level,
Now the generous tide display ;
'Tis gay Bacchus bids us revel,
Bids us hail this happy day.

Cicely.

While the merry bells refounding,
Shall in Pleasure's chorus chime,
From the trembling floor rebounding,
Let the varied dance beat time.

CHORUS.

High above dull Sorrow's level,
Now the tide of joy display,
Love and Hymen bid us revel,
Bid us hail this happy day.

END OF ACT II.

A C T III.

AIR. *Charles.*

WHERE'ER true valour can its power display,
There meek-ey'd Pity, anxious still to bless,
With jealous honour holds divided sway,
And from avenging anger shields distress.
Ne'er shall the sword of Honour dare invade
The spell bound spot, where Pity drops a tear ;
For where Misfortune casts her sacred shade,
There deepest injury must disappear.

AIR. *Adela.*

Love from the heart, all its danger concealing,
Reason they say, the fond spell can remove ;
But bliss kindly stealing,
Still the delusion so sweet may I prove.
For should you betray me, your falsehood perceiving,
Too well do I love you, the peril to shun :
So if you must cheat me, still further deceiving ;
Oh ! blinded by hope, to the last leads me on.

DUET.

DUET. *Lord William and Lady Elinor.*

Lady Elinor.

Dangers unknown impending,
Doubt multiplies my fears,

Lord William.

Laurels my steps attending,
Shall spring from beauty's tears.

Lady Elinor.

Thus in suspense to leave thee,

Lord William.

Think'st thou, I can deceive thee?

Lady Elinor.

—————To leave thee,

Lord William.

—————To leave thee !

Both.

Say, wilt thou still prove true ?
Yes, I will still prove true.
And must we bid adieu ?

AIR. *Lady Elinor.*

Dread parent of despair,
Thou tyrant of my mind,
Who ling'ring seem'ft to spare,
To point the worst behind.
At once compleat my woe,
Display thy ills in store,
Ah! quickly strike the blow!
'Tis all that I implore.

AIR. *Cicely.*

From high birth and all its fetters,
My kind stars my lot remove;
I shall envy not my betters,
Give me but the youth I love.
Love's the riches of the poor,
A prize that wealth can ne'er procure;
My rich mistress fain wou'd be
Just as poor as Cicely,
From high birth, &c.

DUET. *Elinor and Adela.*

Adela.

Begone! I discharge you! away from my sight!
In my presence appear never after this night.

Lady

Lady Elinor.

Your ladyship's orders with grief I obey ;
Yet, e're I depart, a few words may I say ?

Adela.

I'll try to keep my passion under,
And treat the flirt with silent scorn.

Lady Elinor.

You're too poor to move my rage.

Adela.

Prithee now this wrath assuage.

Lady Elinor.

How the faucy creature stares.

Adela.

Tell me, Madam, why these airs.

Both.

Tho' pride and folly should intrude,
They can't good breeding pain ;
Their silly jests, so bold and rude,
Raise laughter and disdain.
Of rank and education,
What wretched imitation ;

Contempt

Contempt must sure befall you,
 You vain—what shall I call you?
 Tho' at scolding so alert,
 I fancy now she's really hurt.

AIR. *Lord William.*

Spirit of my fainted fire,
 With success my soul inspire,
 Deeds of glory done by thee
 In mem'ry's mirror now I see.
 Let the great examples raise
 Valour's purest, brightest blaze,
 Till the prowess of my arm
 The eye of fickle Conquest charm,
 And Fame shall, when the battle's won,
 Declare that I am all thy son.
 Spirit of my fainted fire,
 With success my soul inspire.
 The inspiration now I feel,
 The ardent glow of patriot zeal,
 Brighter prospects now arise,
 The voice of Conquest rends the skies.

CATCH. *Robert, &c. &c.*

As now we're met, a jolly set,
 A fig for sack or sherry ;

Our ale we'll drink,
And our cans we'll clink,
And we'll be wondrous merry.
Merry, my hearts—merry, my boys,
We'll sing with a hey down derry,
The baron himself knows no such joys,
We are so wondrous merry.

FINALE.

The banish'd ills of heretofore
At happy distance viewing ;
Of the past we'll think no more,
While future blifs pursuing.
When engaged in Pleasure's chace,
Never look behind you ;
Back if you shou'd turn your face,
Misfortune's dust may blind you.

Lord William and Lady Elinor.

Here let the titled wedded pair,
A lesson take from humble life ;
Nor in the lady and the lord,
Forget the husband and the wife.
Ne'er shall th' example us reprove,
Whose proudest boast shall be our love.

SESTETTO.

The present hour is ever ready,
To assume a smiling face ;
If to Wisdom's counsels steady,
Pleasure's precepts you embrace.

Edward.

Tho' no more I am a lord,
Give my love but this reward,
Rank and title I forego.

Adela.

No, my Edward, say not so.

C H O R U S.

The banish'd ills, &c.

F I N I S.