

40 X 15
Songs, Recitatives, &c.

IN THE

V O L U C A N O,

OR, THE

Rival Harlequins.

F. J. Dibdin
A SERIO-COMIC PANTOMIME,

Performed at the Theatre-Royal, COVENT-GARDEN.

*With entire new Music, Scenery, Machinery, Dresses,
and Decorations.*



LONDON:

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1799.

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3091970

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Harlequin Whitesword	MR. BOLOGNA, Jun.
Harlequin Blacksword	MR. KING.
Clown - - -	MR. BOLOGNA.
Infernal Spirit - -	MR. DELPINI.
Columbine's Father	MR. WHITMORE, Jun.
Columbine . -	MRS. PARKER.

The other Pantomime Characters by

Messrs Wilde, Blurton, Platt, Lee, Abbot, T. Cranfield, Powers, Vials, Howell, L. Bologna, Klanert, Atkins, Mills, Wilkins, Webb, Letteney, Griffiths.—Mrs. Watts, Mrs. Follett, Mrs. Bologna, Mrs. Degville, Miss Cox, Miss Coombs.

VOCAL CHARACTERS.

Cratero, (Dæmon of the Mountain)	MR. DENMAN.
Ballad Singers - : . -	MR. EMERY & MR. SIMMONS
Principal Dæmon - - -	MR. LINTON.
Second Dæmon - - -	MR. STREET.
Floridel (Spirit of the Air) -	MISS WHEATLEY.
Attendants on Floridel—	Mesdames Sims, Iliff, Gilbert, Leferve, Norton, Masters, Sydney, Blurton, Castelle, &c.

To conclude with an Allegorical Procession of the Seasons, Months and Hours, to the TEMPLE OF DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

The Overture and Music composed by Mr. MOOREHEAD.

The Pantomime invented by Mr. T. DIBDIN—and produced under the Direction of Mr. FARLEY.

The Dances by Mr. BOLOGNA, Jun.

The Scenery by Mess. Phillips, Lupino, Hollogan, Wilkins, Bromley, the two Whitmores, and Mr. Powell.

The Machinery by Mess. Cresswell, Sloper, Goostree, C. Dibdin, Jun. &c.

The Dresses by Mr. Dick and Mrs. Egan.

The Lines marked thus “ are omitted since the first
Representation.

Songs, Recitatives, &c.

I N T H E

V O L C A N O,

Or, the Rival Harlequins.

Recitative. (Floridel.)

REJOICE! rejoice! a genius owes to thee
O'er yon fell fiend a glorious victory.
For, mortal know, when in that current thrown,
This form becomes as feeble as your own.
Your kind assistance snatch'd me from the deep,
Where, even power like mine, when plung'd, must
sleep;
For this one deed, by active virtue wrought,
I claim thy reward, but claim what virtue ought.

Song.

Song. (Floridel.)

This form receive, yon hut forsake,
 But first, this magic weapon take,
 'Twill aid thee when distrest ;
 Thy fair one seek, be generous still,
 Go prove thy love, then fear no ill,
 My power shall do the rest.

II.

Yet prize the gift ; for, mortal, know,
 Of all the blessings here below,
 Deriv'd from power above,
 That help to soften human woe,
 No charms such happiness bestow,
 As those of virtuous love.

Recitative. (Cratero.)

Curst be yon stripling ! may infernal woe
 Light on the wretch who dar'd assist my foe !
 Releas'd by Lucifer in lucky hour,
 Revenge I seek and thus essay my power.

Invocation.

Invocation. (Cratero.)

“ Dæmons! Spirits! Fiends! attend me,
“ Burst your bonds, assistance lend me;
 “ Let the fiery torrent roll!
“ Hither on its glowing tide,
“ By storms conducted, swiftly ride,
 “ Tho’ nature shake from pole to pole.

Recitative. (Cratero.)

“ Hail motley mischief! form’d by subtle sprites,
 “ Be thine the task to circumvent yon Elf—
“ Confound his wishes, cross his best delights,
 “ Till, Scorpion-like, the Caitiff end himself;
“ This fable Talisman the symbol be,
“ Of his destruction, and revenge to me.”

Song. (Cratero.)

 Elfin, away!
Thy master’s foe annoy,
 Go, frolic, trip it, sport and play,
Yet still his hopes destroy!

And

And to reward thy zeal, I swear,
(Witness, ye fiends, the oath ye hear)
That freedom pays your toil.

Hear !

*Grand Chorus of Dæmons from within
the Mountain.*

We hear thee, and the bond record,
For thee he wields the fable sword,
And freedom pays his toil !

Song. (Irish Ship-Builder.)

“ In the model I’m bringing before ye,
“ If here you’ll be taking a trip ;
“ I’ll just shew you Britain’s own glory
“ Made out in the shape of a ship.
“ ’Tis the thing that preserves all our treasure,
“ Makes all our opposers afraid,
“ Brings riches, and honour, and pleasure,
“ And swimmingly carries on trade.
“ Wid my smalliloo, &c.

II.

- “ The lad who first set them a going
“ Deserv’d all the world for his pains,
“ His stomach wid fense it was flowing,
“ His hat cover’d plenty of brains.
“ For before these same ships were invented,
“ The water was all at a stand,
“ And islands at sea were contented,
“ To visit each other by land.

“ Wid my, &c.

III.

- “ When England began to be building,
“ And likewise dear Ireland also,
“ Such pitching and painting, and gilding,
“ No mortal fure never did know.
“ By my soul it made great alteration,
“ To see the folks how they did sail
“ Upon ships between each of the nations,
“ I’m told it quite knock’d up the mail.

“ Wid my, &c.

IV. Then

IV.

“ Then the Frenchmen, the devil receive ’em,
“ Built ships, rafts and flat-bottom’d boats,
“ And swore, tho’ no foul wou’d believe ’em,
“ They’d come, and be cutting our throats.
“ Howe, Duncan, St. Vincent and Nelson
“ Went over to quiet the fufs,
“ And convinc’d the Monnseers pretty well soon,
“ They only were building for us.

“ Wid my, &c.”

Duet. (Ballad-Singers.)

1st Of all the sweet spots that in London there be,
2nd Covent Garden’s the place for my money,
1st Ev’ry body runs there just as brisk as a bee,
2nd Or like flies to a large pot of honey.
1st For its throng’d with fine folks all the whole of
the day,
2nd And when night makes it look rather thinnish,
1st O then, how delightful it is for to stray,
2nd From the Go and the Jump to the Finish !

Both. Oh then how delightful, &c.

II. 1st Here’s

II.

1st Here's all that can charm both the eye and the
ear,

2nd Here's all that can pleasure your noses ;

1st Singing birds and Welch ladies to see and to
hear,

2nd Potatoes, green peas, and mofs roses.

1st Then under the *Pee Aches* there's such kind souls,

2nd And lads to oblige you so willing,

1st That with them you may travel between the
poles,

2nd And all for the price of a shilling.

Both. That with them, &c.

III.

1st. There's the Hummums so grand, where as gen-
tlefolks say,

2nd They doesn't admit of no ladies.

1st And then there's the playhouse so handsome and
gay,

2nd Where no one to go e'er afraid is.

B

1st Then

1st Then the folks do so laugh and fall clapping of
hands,

2nd There's something so very kind in it,

1st That if this was the Playhouse where you and I
stand,

2nd I shou'd like for to hear 'em this minute.

Both. That if this, &c.

Recitative. (Old Man.)

'Tis well, my son, no longer poor and old,

In me thy Patron, Floridel, behold!

Thy virtue once more tried, thy sword restore,

This potent wand a rich exchange shall prove,

Thy foe 'twill overcome, then droop no more;

But seek the Maid who waits to crown thy love.

Recitative

Recitative. (Cratero.)

Thus ever be Cratero's wiles believ'd,
Short-sighted fool! too easily deceiv'd—
That wand is useless—thou behold'st in me
The foe of virtue! Floridel and thee.

Recitative. (Floridel.)

My son, forbear; no wicked means pursue,
Deep in the cavern's gloom with me descend;
From false Cratero boldly claim thy due,
Nor fear his rage, for virtue is thy friend.

Chorus of Fiends.

Welcome, sons of mischief, welcome!
Here, where gloom and horrors prowl,
Where angry fiends with terror howl,
Here, where all the vices throng,
Be this the chorus to each song,
Welcome, sons of mischief, welcome!

Grand

Grand accompanied Recitative.

1st. FIEND.

- “ From hated light I’ve wing’d my way,
“ On earth I’ve been, each art essay’d ;
“ First led a murderer to his prey,
“ And then the guilty wretch betray’d.

CHORUS.

- “ Welcome, sons of mischief, welcome !

Recitative.

2d. FIEND.

- “ With gamesters leagu’d my skill I try’d,
“ A spendthrift youth my power owns ;
“ In his own blood the steel he dy’d,
“ And now with us he counts his groans.

CHORUS.

- “ Welcome, &c.”

Recitative. (3d. Fiend.)

- A Father lov’d an only child,
I swore to plant a dagger there ;
With pois’nous breath seduction smil’d,
Betray’d, then left her to despair.

Recitative.

Recitative. (Cratero.)

Colleagues, behold! from Virtue wrung,
Her power of doing good I bring,
Here be the glorious trophy hung,
While fiends triumphant round it sing.

CHORUS.

Welcome, sons of mischief, welcome.

Recitative. (Floridel.)

Agent of Tartarus, who dar'd presume,
To thwart my will, now tremble at thy doom!
Deep in Vesuvius' burning entrails hurl'd,
Thee and thy spells no more shall plague the world.
But first, thou shalt behold that couple blest,
Whose virtuous love thy malice has distress'd,
And thou, (*To Blacksword*) his slave, thy frolicks here
must end,
Hence! instant to thy native shades descend!

Recitative.

Recitative. (Floridel.)

“ You wish’d for riches, take them—In this youth,
“ Thy daughter weds with honour, love and truth.
“ Their wealth thou shalt behold, and from this hour
“ Acknowledge virtue as the noblest dower.”

FINALE.

Solo. (Floridel.)

Let the hours led by pleasure,
Lightly trip a jocund measure,
While our choral strains resound,
Honest love by virtue crown’d,

CHORUS.

Let the hours, &c.

Duet.

Duet.

Happy they, by virtue plighted,
Still delighting, and delighted,
Happy union, may it prove,
Blest as George and Charlotte's love.

CHORUS.

Happy they, &c.

SOL. and CHORUS.

Let the hours, &c.

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