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Songs, Duets, Chorusses,
&c.

IN THE
NEW OPERA,
IN THREE ACTS,

CALLED
THE UNKNOWN GUEST;

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE
Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane,
ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1815.

—
THE MUSICK BY MR. KELLY AND MR. BRAHAM.
THE OVERTURE BY MR. KELLY.

=====
LONDON:

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THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

AS KEPT IN THE MUSEUM OF THE SOCIETY

BY JOHN DE LA BECHE

ESQ. F.R.S. &c.

LONDON

Printed by R. Taylor, Stationer, in Pall Mall

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<i>The Baron of Gabolto,</i>	Mr. Bellamy.
<i>Frederick, his Son, disguised as a Zigdun, or Gypsey,</i>	} Mr. Pyne.
<i>Rodolf,</i>	Mr. Braham.
<i>Charles, Count D' Holberg,</i>	Mr. Philipps.
<i>Walter,</i>	Mr. Knight.
<i>Nicodemus,</i>	Mr. Munden.
<i>Wolf,</i>	Mr. Gattie.
<i>Fritz,</i>	Mr. Crooke.
<i>Paul,</i>	Master Barnet.
<i>Soldier,</i>	Mr. Chatterley.
<i>Celestina,</i>	Mrs. Dickons.
<i>Clarice,</i>	Miss Kelly.
<i>Amelia,</i>	Miss Poole.
<i>Lisbeth,</i>	Mrs. Bland.

Zigduns, Villagers, Peasants, Soldiers, &c.

The SCENE lies in and near the Castle of Gabolto, in Hungary, near the Carpathian Mountains, on the borders of Poland.

Songs, Duets, Chorusses, &c.

Act I.

SONG—CLARICE. [*KELLY.*]

(*Miss Kelly*).

I.

When fickle man for woman sighs,
And finds her heart consenting;
Too soon he scorns the easy prize,
And leaves her to repenting:
Then, vain are all her arts to please;
You feel no pity—Do you?
But cry—“ Good woman, cease to teaze,
“ And, here’s my service to you.”

II.

Then while my hand and choice are free,
To man I’ll make resistance;
I’ll teach you men my slaves to be,
And keep your proper distance;
For while I lead you in my chain
You feel no triumph—Do you?
Just now, good Sir, you plead in vain,
And so,—my service to you!

SONG—AMELIA. [KELLY.]

(Miss Poole).

'Tho' gaily smiles the opening spring,
 And bright the beam of summer glows,
 Tho' autumn golden fruits may bring,
 Yet all are chill'd by winter snows.

And thus blooms Love it's little day,
 Thus ripening will it's charms impart—
 Awhile it smiles—awhile is gay,
 'Till woe, like winter, blights the heart.

But Nature soon reviv'd appears,
 In summer's beam, and autumn's store—
 Not so the heart—that mourns in tears
 A Lover who returns no more.

SONG—LISBETH. [KELLY.]

(Mrs. Bland).

I.

A Youth sat sighing all the day,
 Heigh ho! heigh ho! said he.
 He lov'd a Maid, but dared not say
 "Will you marry me."
 While she, with many a gallant swain,
 Was dancing, flirting on the plain,
 She never dreamt that all his pain
 For her could be.

II.

Cupid met him in the grove—
 Heigh ho! heigh ho! said he;
 Then the Youth he told his love—
 "She will not marry me,"
 Said Cupid, he who is afraid
 To tell his passion to a Maid,
 Must never hope for Cupid's aid.
 Then away flew he.

SONG—D'HOLBERG. [*KELLY.*]*(Mr. Philipps).*

In vain may that bosom lost quiet deplore,
 Which Hope has forsaken, to visit no more!
 For me no bright visions their sunshine impart,
 The dark gloom to lighten, and cheer the sad heart:
 Tho' Hope for a moment a meteor may glare,
 The brighter the flash, the more dark the despair.
 Yet Fame in the battle my deeds may record,
 When the trumpet to Glory the brave shall invite;
 When the bright star of Vict'ry shall beam on my
 sword,
 And illumine the banner that waves in the fight.
 The cannons flash! the squadrons meet!
 The vanquish'd foe is at my feet—
 Then Mercy bids me spare!
 Charge, charge! we cry; in broken ranks they fly,
 While shouts of triumph rend the air!
 Sweet Peace, succeeding now to War's alarms,
 With laurel crowns the soldier's deeds in arms:
 The trumpet sounds, the Warriors come,
 While shouts proclaim their welcome home,
 To Peace, and Beauty's arms!

SONG—RODOLF. [*BRAHAM.*]*(Mr. Braham).*

I.

The Knight was brave, the Maid was fair,
 Who roam'd the thicket wild—
 Her life, his arm had rescu'd there,
 Tho' she his foe-man's child.
 He dar'd not own that fatal name
 Which might her hatred move,
 But urg'd in borrow'd guise his flame,
 And won that lady's love.

II.

In vain she sooth'd the secret strife
 His tortur'd bosom bore ;
 He lov'd that Lady dear as life ;
 But he lov'd Honour more.
 He left her, and in battle sought
 His plighted truth to prove ;
 There, to redeem his name he fought,
 Or die for her and love.

TRIO—CELESTINA, RODOLF, CLARICE.

[BRAHAM.]

(Mrs. Dickons, Mr. Braham, Miss Kelly).

Celes. And canst thou leave a faithful heart,
 To mourn thee when away ?

Rodolf. Ah me, my Love, 'tis death to part,
 Alike 'tis death to stay.

Clarice. Thus sentimental lovers sigh,
 And weep their woes together ;
 For me, I'd rather laugh than cry—
 I love not rainy weather.

Celes. Yet, why so soon ? Ah ! tell me why
 You scorn this falling tear ?

Rodolf. 'Tis cruel fate that bids me fly,
 While love detains me here.

Clarice. If love, as all the wise agree,
 Is nothing more than folly,
 A merry heart in love for me,
 And hence with melancholy !

Celestina and Rodolf.

Why, cruel destiny, divide
 Two faithful hearts by truth allied ?

Clarice. Heigho !

TUTTI.

Still in his fading wreath, fond love
 One blooming flow'r displays ;
 'Tis smiling hope which bids us prove
 Bright thoughts of happier days.

AIR—CELESTINA. [*KELLY.*]*(Mrs. Dickons).*

Ah me! Why should I heave a fond sigh?
 Ah me! Why should a tear fill my eye?
 Never will you bid this bosom to bleed;
 Never in vain to your heart did I plead.
 Hear me, then, hear me in sorrow implore,
 Tell me you pardon, and urge me no more.

FINALE—CHORUS. [*KELLY and BOIELDIEU.*]

To arms! to the battle away!
 To arms! not a moment delay!
 Since the foe's in the field,
 We'll die ere we yield!

Enough in every warrior's eyes,
 That Celestina is the prize!

D'Holb. But how find him amid the battle?
 Rodolf, unknown, our rage may dare.
 Should he escape.

Rodolf. Thy doubt forbear!
 Rodolf—where loudest cannons rattle,
 Where thickest heaps of slain appear,
 Be sure is found—for Rodolf is there!

CHORUS.

To arms, &c.

END OF ACT I.

*Act II.*SONG—FREDERICK. [*KELLY.*]*(Mr. Pyne).*

I.

Dear to my heart my native hill,
 Where once I lov'd to stray ;
 Dear each remember'd wood and rill,
 Each scene of childhood's day !
 So dear, that when compell'd to part,
 No time can wean them from the heart.

II.

But, when some object of our truth,
 Some maid belov'd, is there,
 Then, doubly priz'd each scene of youth,
 Each object, doubly dear.
 Tho' space divide, and absence part,
 Time closer binds them to the heart.

SONG—CLARICE. [*HAYDN.*]*(Miss Kelly).*

The man I love, must neither be
 Too foolish nor too wise ;
 Must know just when he ought to see—
 Just when to shut his eyes.
 He must not be too grave, too gay,
 Too aged or too young ;
 Must know just what he ought to say—
 Just when to hold his tongue.

And none but him whom courage guides,
 Shall e'er my husband be—
 One, who can conquer all besides,
 Or he ne'er conquers me.
 He must be firm, tho' soft and kind;
 'Tho' modest, not afraid—
 If such a man I cannot find,
 I'll live and die a maid.

DUET—WALTER *and* CLARICE. [*KELLY.*]

(*Mr. Knight, Miss Kelly.*)

Clar. Would you gain by art
 Woman's tender heart,
 'Tis courage graces men.

Walt. When a man lies dead,
 Having lost his head,
 What good does love do then?

Both. No, no, no,—'tis courage graces men,
 What good does love do then?

Clar. To the fight he should fly.

Walt. I fear! Oh dear!

Clar. When Honour calls away.

Walt. Pray why? not I.

Both. But at home { you'd } rather stay.
 { I'd }

Walt. Yet you must not think that I
 Was e'er afraid of danger;
 Tho' I'd rather live than die,
 My heart's to fear a stranger.

Clar. Never can you hope my constant love to know,
 'Till the wreath of victory shall grace your brow.
 And sure no death, the brave can meet,
 Like his who conquering bled!

Walt. And sure no death is half so sweet,
 (*Aside*) As dying in one's bed!

Together.

Clar. Oh think what glory his, who dies,
 When once the battle's won!

Walt. To fight when needs you must, is wise,
 (*Aside*) But wiser still to run.

BALLAD—RODOLF. [BRAHAM.]

(Mr. Braham).

I.

The moon in silence sail'd above,
 And silver'd o'er the glade ;
 Where Henry sat, and told his love
 Beside the blooming maid :
 And while his chaste embraces press,
 Their lips in purest kisses meet,
 Then is each tender word
 In murmur'd whisper heard !
 " Oh tell me, do'st thou love me, sweet?"
 " Oh yes, my Henry, yes,
 " And will for ever !"

II.

But hark ! th' intruding step alarms—
 Her Sire in rage appears !
 He tears the maiden from his arms,
 Nor heeds her struggling tears !
 In vain she strives his hand to press,
 Once more his tender kiss to meet.
 Ah then the parting word
 In wild despair is heard—
 " Oh tell me, dost thou love me, sweet ?
 " Oh yes, my love, Oh yes,
 " And will for ever !"

DUET—D'HOLBERG and RODOLF. [BRAHAM.]

(Mr. Philipps, Mr. Braham).

I.

D' Holb. When day is sunk behind the hill,
Rod. When silence reigns, and all is still ;
Both. While scarce a star with feeble ray,
 Is seen to guide our lonely way,

Thro' woods we'll take our cautious flight.
Rod. Say, what the hour?
D' Holb. At deepest night,
 When the bell tolls One!
Both. When the bell, &c.

II.

Rod. And when the night-breeze round us flies,
D' Holb. Our hearts shall breathe responsive sighs.
Both. To think amid that tranquil scene,
 On one lov'd maid who sleeps serene—
 Bid guardian angels round her dwell
D' Holb. At that calm hour—
Rod. Then bid farewell,
 When the bell tolls One.

BALLAD—PAUL. [*KELLY.*]

(Master Barnet).

I.

The Woodman's life, tho' doom'd to toil,
 Is blest beyond what wealth can give;
 And dear to him his native soil,
 'That bids him independent live!
 And if a care the morning knows,
 That frowns upon his humble lot,
 How sweet at eve the calm repose
 That smiles upon the Woodman's cot!

II.

At early day he loves to hear
 The cheerful song that swells around;
 The sweetest music to his ear,
 'To list the falling axe around;
 And tho' some care his labour knows,
 Yet health and freedom are his lot;
 And sweet at eve the calm repose
 That smiles upon the Woodman's cot!

SONG—NICODEMUS. [KELLY.]

(Mr. Munden).

I.

Some tell us that wives
 Are the plague of our lives—
 And I've no inclination to doubt 'em ;
 For it must be confest,
 They are torments at best—
 Yet somehow, we can't do without 'em.

II.

A boy, just from school,
 Falls in love—plays the fool—
 Takes a wife—calls her darling and treasure !
 In a month he's at strife—
 Curses wedlock and wife !
 And repents all his life at his leisure.

III.

Old bachelors stay
 Till their hairs are grown grey,
 Then wed, when there's no time to faulter !
 But a young wife's a bore
 To a man of three-score—
 So he soon ends his cares with a halter.

SONG—LISBETH. [KELLY.]

(Mrs. Bland).

'Twas on a wild and lonely moor,
 The night was dark and drear ;
 A stranger knock'd at a cottage door,
 And pray'd for shelter there.
 But there the aged parents dwell,
 Whose son his hand had slain :
 He saw, and groan'd ! to earth he fell—
 And never rose again.

BALLAD—RODOLF. [BRAHAM.]

(Mr. Braham).

I.

Doom'd from the maid we love, to part,
 What can relieve the bursting heart?

Love's tender letter.

What, when in absence lovers sigh,
 Can dry the tears that dims the eye?

Love's tender letter!

II.

Or, when the pang our lips conceal,
 What can the secret thought reveal?

Love's tender letter!

Bear the soft sigh which fondly pleads,
 And bid her answer when she reads

Love's tender letter!

SONG—CELESTINA. [KELLY.]

(Mrs. Dickons).

Tarry, ye moments so rapidly fleeting;

Why should ye vanish when Love bids you stay?

Slowly ye linger ere love gives the meeting,

Then swift on light pinions you flutter away.

Tarry, oh tarry, while joy still shall guide us,

Parting too soon bids our joys to decline;

Fly with light footsteps, if absence divide us,

But lengthen your stay, when his presence is mine.

FINALE.

[KELLY.]

*(Mr. Bellamy, Mrs. Dickons, Mr. Braham).**Baron.* Bear him away! for death prepare.

CHORUS REPEATS.

Celes. } Oh hear me! hear a daughter's prayer.
(to Baron.) }*(To Rodolf.)* Oh plead, and end this fatal strife.*Rodolf.* Rodolf disdains to ask his life!
Let guilty souls for mercy sigh,
The Hero will prefer to die!*Baron & Chorus.* Bear him away!

	{	The suppliant prayer at Mercy's throne
		preferr'd,
<i>Celes. &</i>		By gentle pity is indulgent heard:
<i>Rodolf.</i>		There man, who hears unmov'd affliction's
		sighs,
		Expects the mercy which himself denies.

Chorus. Bear him away!

END OF ACT II.

Act III.

SONG—D'HOLBERG. [SELECTED.]

(Mr. Philipps).

I.

When from thy sight, Love,
 Tho' day be bright, Love,
 All seems as night, Love,
 Darkness to me!
 Joy for a while, Love,
 Round me may smile, Love,
 Yet ne'er beguile, Love,
 One thought from thee!
 Since cold despair
 This fond bosom must bear,
 Joy for a while, Love, &c.

II.

Should no prayer move thee,
 Yet will I love thee,
 Nor e'er reprove thee
 With accent rude!
 'Tis not by sighing!
 'Tis not by flying!
 'Tis but by dying!
 Love is subdued.
 And since despair
 This fond heart must bear,
 'Tis not by sighing, &c.

SONG—RODOLF. [*BRAHAM.*]*(Mr. Braham).*

The lion, to the toils pursu'd,
 In generous spirit unsubdu'd,
 At length will struggling die.
 So, tho' my heart insulted bleed,
 Indignant pride disdains to plead,
 And honour scorns reply.
 O'erpower'd, oppress'd, with branded name,
 My cheek may bear the blush of shame,
 My tortur'd heart may sigh ;
 But even 'till death shall end my pain,
 My lips shall close in proud disdain,
 And honour scorn reply.

DUET—RODOLF and CELESTINA. [*BRAHAM.*]*(Mrs. Dickons, Mr. Braham).*

Celes. From thee, dear youth, condemn'd to part,
 No time shall wean this constant heart,
 Which fondly beats for thee, Love!

Rodolf. Tho' on the rack, or 'mid the flame,
 My last sad sigh shall breathe thy name,
 My last word be of thee, Love!

Celes. But, oh, amid the throbs of pain,
 What thought thy firmness shall sustain?

Rodolf. The tender thought of thee, Love.

Celes. What hope, when thou shall struggling die,
 Shall beam upon thy closing eye?

Rodolf. The hope of heaven and thee, Love!

Both. Farewell, best beloved! Kind angels direct
 thee,
 May courage sustain, and may heaven pro-
 tect thee!
 My lips' latest prayer for thy safety shall be,
 Love!
 My last sigh of life, shall be sacred to thee,
 Love!

THE END.

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