

SONGS
 DUETTS, CHORUSES, &c.
 IN
 A NEW AND APPROPRIATE ENTERTAINMENT,
 CALLED THE
Glorious First of June.

PERFORMED, FOR THE FIRST TIME,

BY

HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS,

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE,

On WEDNESDAY, JULY 2nd. 1794

For the BENEFIT of the

WIDOWS and ORPHANS

of the brave Men who fell in the late Engagements under

EARL HOWE.



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Persons Represented.

Comodore Broadside,		Mr. PALMER.
Endless,	— —	Mr. SUETT,
Old Cottager,	—	Mr. MADDOCKS,
Robin,	—	Mr. BARRYMORE,
William,	—	Mr. C. KEMBLE,
Tom Oakum,	—	Mr. BANNISTER,
Ben,	— —	Mr. SEDGWICK,
Splicem,	—,	Mr. KELLY;
Boy,	— —	Master WELSH,
Dick,	—	Mr. HOLLINGSWORTH,
Buffy,	—	Mr. BENSON.
Cottager's Wife,	—	Mrs. BOOTH,
Mary,	—	Mifs DE CAMP,
Sufan,	— —	Mifs LEAK,
Girl,	— —	Mifs MENAGE,
Cicely,	— —	Mifs CHATTERLEY,
Margaretta,	—	Signora STORACE,

Sailors, Countrymen, Country Lasses, &c. &c.



SONGS, CHORUSES, &c.

IN THE

GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE.

G L E E.

Mary, Susan, Boy, and Country Men.

ADIEU to the village delights
Which lately my fancy enjoy'd,
No longer the country invites,
To me all its pleasures are void.

Adieu to the health-breathing hill,
Thou canst not my comfort restore,
For ever adieu my dear Will,
My Henry, alas! is no more.

SONG

SONG. *Boy.*

When 'tis night, and the mid watch is come,
 And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd main,
 Then sailors think of their far-distant home,
 And of those friends they ne'er may see again;
 But when the fight's begun,
 Each serving at his gun,
 Should any thought of them come o'er our mind;
 We think that should the day be won;
 How 'twill cheer
 Their hearts to hear
 That their old companion he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind,
 Have left on shore, some pretty girl and true,
 Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
 And sighs to think how it may fare with you.
 O! when the fight's begun
 Each serving at his gun,
 Should any thought of her come o'er your mind;
 Think only should the day be won:
 How 'twill cheer
 Her heart to hear
 That her own true sailor he was one.

SONG. *Susan.*

Oh stay, my love, my William dear,
 Ah! whither art thou flying?
 Nor thinkst thou of my parents here
 Nor heed'st thy Susan sighing;
 Thy country's cause and honour call,
 Are words that but deceive thee,
 Thou seest my tears, how fast they fall
 Thou must not, William leave me.

Who'll o'er them watch, if thus we part,
 In sickness or in sorrow,
 In some cold shed, with breaking heart,
 Where will thy comfort borrow?
 Neglected left, no William nigh,
 To cheer, protect, relieve them;
 I, helpless, thrown aside to die,
 Thou must not, William leave them.

Ah me! and think a summers flown,
 Perhaps we part for ever;
 The fondest hearts that e'er were known,
 Unpitying death will sever!
 Then why e'er waste or throw away?
 ('Twill pass too soon, believe me)
 Our day of love, our little day,
 Thou must not William leave me.

SONG. *Splicem.*

When in war on the ocean, we meet the proud foe,
 With ardour for conquest our bosoms do glow,
 Shou'd they see on our vessels Old England's flag
 wave,

'Tis worthy of Britons, who conquer to save.

Their tri-colour'd ensigns we view from afar,
 With three cheers they're welcom'd by each Bri-
 tish tar;

Whilst the Genius of Britain still bids us advance,
 Our great guns like thunder bid defiance to France.

But mark our last broadside; she sinks, down she
 goes;

Quickly man all our boats, they no longer are foes,
 To snatch a brave fellow from a wat'ry grave,
 Is worthy a Briton, who conquers to save.

Happy land, thou hast now in defence of thy rights,
 Brave Howe, who the man and the hero unites;
 The friend to the wretched, the boast of the brave,
 He lives still to conquer, and conquers to save.

QUINETTO.

QUINETTO.

Splicem, Countrymen, Mary, and Susan.

Th' eventful hour is near at hand,
 That must my destiny command :
 Ah ! could I purchase fortune's smile,
 Whole years of future pain and toil
 I'd yield to her capricious power,
 And bribe her for that single hour.

SONG. *Tom Oakum.*

O'er the vast surface of the deep
 Britain shall still her empire keep ;
 Her heav'n-descended charter long,
 The fav'rite theme of Glory's song,
 Shall still proclaim the blest decree,
 That Britons ever shall be free.

“ Though hostile bands, in fierce array,
 “ Dare to dispute her sov'reign sway ;
 “ Though savage fury, nurs'd in gore,
 “ Boast to despoil her silver shore ;
 “ Heaven still supports her best decree,
 “ That Britons ever shall be free.

“ 'Twas thus with HOWE, illustrious name!
“ Still adding to a life of fame,
“ Through Gallia's proud Armada broke—
“ And Albion's wrath in thunder spoke
“ While Vict'ry sanction'd the decree—
“ That Britons ever shall be free.

Hail happy Britain, favour'd isle,
Where freedom, arts, and commerce shine;
Long may thy George in glory prove,
The transports of a nation's love;
Long reign to guard the blest decree,
That Britons ever shall be free.

D U E T.

Mary and Susan.

Our hearts with joy expanding,
Your voice our fate commanding,
Most grateful thanks demanding,
Accept the tribute due :
Whatever good befalling,
We still shall think of you;
Adieu!—
Whatever good befalling,
Our gratitude recalling,
We still shall think of you.

ACT II.

Margaretta.

Never, never, when you 've won us
Can we trust in faithless man?
For our constant love you shun us
And we 're dup'd do all we can.

Soon the passion you pretended,
Like a magic charm is ended,
While we're grieving, sobbing, crying;
You're to others kneeling, sighing,
Wheedling, vowing, weeping dying,
To betray where'er you can
Never, never, &c.

Silly maidens, here take warning,
Vows of love, with prudence scorning.
Never, never, &c.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE DUET.

Margaretta and Susan.

Marg. Of lover's you'll have plenty,
 Be married ere you're twenty,
 The youth whom most you favour
 Is gone hence afar ;
 An honest farmer woos you,
 A lawyer too pursues you ;
 But ah! your heart's enslaver
 Is a British Tar.
 His country's cause espousing,
 The trump of glory rousing
 His valour's best emotion,
 He'll a conq'ror prove.
 But ah! the fatal story !
 That heart which pants for glory.
 Inconstant as the ocean.

Susan. And is he false in love ?

Marg. This morning I espied you,
 By magic art descried you
 The Sailor's gift receiving,
 He gave a purse of gold.

Susan

Susan. I'll pay it where 'tis owing
 A keepfake too bestowing,
 My Kindred's wants relieving,

Marg. Your gratitude thus raising
 His noble bounty praising,
 Your heart so fond believing,

Susan. I to my William true.

Marg. The traitor's love disdain
 That keepfake, why retain,

Both. In trust this pledge receiving,
 Is Margareta's due.

SONG. - *Ben.*

Our line was form'd, the French lay too,
 One sigh I gave to Poll on shore,
 Too cold I thought our last adieu,
 Our parting kisses seem'd too few!
 If we should meet no more.

But love avast! my heart is oak!
 Howe's daring signal floats on high,
 I see through roaring cannon's smoke
 Their awful line subdued and broke,
 They strike!—they sink!—they fly!

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Now (danger past) we'll drink and joke,
Sing "Rule Britannia! hearts of oak!"
And toast before each martial tune,
Howe and the Glorious first of June.

Farewell to every sea delight,
The cruize with eager watchful days
The skilfull chase by glimring night:
The well work'd ship, the gallant fight:
The lov'd commander's praise.

Yet Polly's love and constancy
With prattling babes, more joy shall bring,
Proud whom my boys shall first at sea,
Follow great Howe and victory,
And serve our noble King.

C H O R U S.

Then, &c.

FINALE.

FINALE.

RULE BRITANNIA.

Verse and Chorus.

1841

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FIRST
VOLUME
