SONGS, &c

IN THE

ROPHET;

COMIC OPERA

Price SIX-PENCE.



THE

IRS, DUETTS, TRIOS AND CHORUSSES, &c.

IN THE

R O P H E T;

COMICOPERA,

A

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

HEATRE-ROYAL,

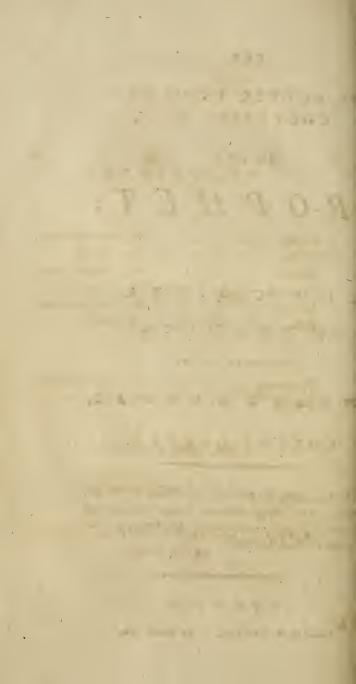
COVENT-GARDEN.

The Mufick partly felected from the Works of Hard'n, Purcell, Pleyel, Anfoffi, Cimarofo, Greery, Giordani and Sacebini, and partly composed by Mr. SHIELD; with a grand Overture by Salieri,

LQNDON:

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand. 2789.

3079841



CHARACTERS,

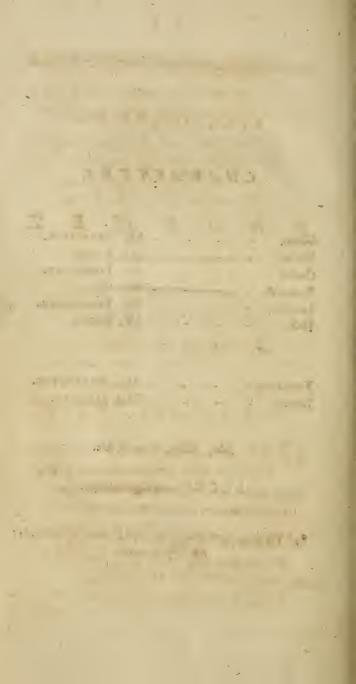
Sultan,	-	-	-	-	Mr.	BANNISTER,
Vizier,	Ξ	-	=		Mr,	Ryder.
Carlos,	-	-	-	-	Mr.	JOHNSTONE.
Rathmud,	-	-	-	-	Mr.	QUICK,
Lazarus,	-	-	-	-	Mr.	BLANCHARD.
Heli,	Ţ.	Ŧ	7		Mr,	Воотн.

Farruknaz, -	-	÷	.	Mrs.	BILLINGTON,
Ismene, -	-	-	-	Mrs.	MARTYR.

Mob, Mutes, Guards, Ec.

SCENE, Constantinople.

The lines marked with inverted Commas are omitted in the Reprefentation.



AIRS, DUETS, Gr.

IN THE

PROPHET.

ACT I.

AIR I.-FARRUKNAZ.

DEAR native fcenes, fair Seville's Towers, That rear your antique fpires fo high, Your awful groves and fragrant bowers Fond memory traces with reverted eye:

And Hope, of all that train remaining
Which once gay youth and pleafure led,
At every caufe of my complaining,
Points to your vales belov'd, and facred fhade.
"Haply

Haply beneath fome crumbling ruin,
Some dripping arch, or rifted tree,
My Carlos lingers, yet renewing
Vows of angelic love, and waits for me !¹³

There yet a while, fweet fpirit hover !--I come, my only vow to keep,
I come to join my fainted lover ;--And joy to die, who only live to weep.³

AIR II.-ISMENE.

THE heart which love has wounded, By fear and death furrounded,

One only thought alarms ; It mocks the raging ocean, The ftormy winds commotion, Or din of hoftile arms :

Its wonted cares are banish'd, Its early terrors vanish'd,

It pants with fear unknown; Throbs with too fierce pulfation, To mark the dull vibration, That trembles with its own.

AIR

(8)

(9)

AIR III.-FARRUKNAŻ.

** FROM Carmel's fpicy groves, or where
** Stain'd with many a martyr's blood,
** Old Kedron rolls his holy flood,
** To Sion Wall, the tomb of God,
** Pilgrims who precious reliques bear ;--** If fudden on the fcorching fand
** The prowling Arab's felon band
** Round the fainting Camels ftand,
** Some portion feel of my defpair !

Who, by the fraud-avenging fea,
Are dafh'd upon fome verdant iffe;
And worn with care and fpent with toil,
In fleep from thought efcape awhile,
By fome clear ftream, or perfum'd tree;--But wake to favage fongs, and view
The feather'd chief, and fable crew,
And kindling fires on mountains blue,
May weep, and rage, and rave, like me!

AIR

AIR IV.---SULTAN.

(10)

THE God who form'd our wretched race, In pity clos'd the book of Fate, Forbad with impious fearch to trace The ills---that all alike await.

Ah wherefore burk the friendly fhade,Which fhuts the future from our fight;And tear the veil, by mercy fpread,To fhield us from a painful light!

Full foon fhall Time, fo feeming flow, With noifelefs fteps his courfe fulfil, And call to birth each deftin'd woe, Each embrio grief, and ripen'd ill.

TRIO---AIR V.---FARRUKNAZ; ISMENE and SULTAN.

THINK not forrow made for you ! The flaves of love are tortur'd too ! Ever cruel, ever finiling, Still detected, ftill beguiling, Cupid wreaths his chains with flowers, And hides his rack in perfum'd bowers ! Chorus. Think not forrow, &c.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

TRIO---AIR VI.-LAZARUS, HELI, RATHMUD.

Laz. THO' Womansh and Wine be de blefshings of Laife,
Yet monish is moche more delighting---For, Defe are de causses of quarrelshand shtraife,
But for dis we can cheat vedout faighting.

Heli. If the bleffings of life be but women, and wine !
Ne'er quarrel, but part them between us :
The joys of the rofy-cheek'd Bacchus be mine;
And do you take the pleafures of Venus.

Rath.

(12)

- Rath. To love and to drink are the bleffings of life,
 - When your wine than your miftrefs is older---
 - But fo new is my wine, and fo antique my wife,

My fole pleafure in drink, is to fcold her.

Rath. and Heli. Rath. and Laz. Heli. And do you take the pleafure of Venus.

AIR VII.-LAZARUS.

WHEN I wash a mighty little boy,

Heart-cakes I made, and pepper-mint drops, Wafers and fweet-chalk I us'd for to cry,

Alicompain, and nice Lollipops.

" Slippers

(13)

" Slippers for Inns I next learnt to flitch,

" Quickfilver balls I made, to make Brafs-" Buckles white,

" Then a fnug box I took very near Houndf-" ditch,

" And, Oh, how I us'd to melt plate every " night !

Of their Commiffions, Officers I choufe,
Tradefinen I fwindle of every dimensions;
I cheat every foul that come to my houfe,
Parsons of their Livings, Widows of their
Pensions."

Then to try my luck in de Alley I went, But of dat I foon grew tir'd, or wifer---Monifh I lent at fifty per cent, And wafh I. H. in de Public Advertifer.

De nexsht thing I did, wash a spirited prank, Which at a stroke my fortune made,

For I happen'd to write fo like de Cafhiers of de Bank,

De Clerks didn't know de difference, and de monish was paid.

So

(14)

So having fheated the Gentiles, as Mofes commanded,

I began to tremble at every Gibbet I faw, So I got on board a fhip, and here I am landed, In fpite of Judges, Counfellors, Attorneys and Law.

AIR VIII.---CARLOS.

I N each new fcene of varied woes My long-loft fair I find;
No picture of diftrefs but fhews Her image to my mind---No heart but Her's appears to thrill, No bofom heaves but Her's,
And with Her form my terrors fill, Each drefs affiiction wears.

AIR IX. SULTAN.

WHAT cares furround a Monarch's brow, And weigh the fplendid fufferer down; Known victim of each public woe---A filent martyr of his own.

(15)

With the bright circle of a crown, Around our temples, grief we bind; And prefs beneath the royal gown The vulture, that devours the mind.

For Us no focial bofom heaves, No fympathetic forrows roll;
But faith, profcrib'd with friendship, leaves A dreary folitude of foul--The ills of life alone we taste, Thus infulated from our race !
Preside with Famine at the feast, With Misery have the power to bles.

AIR X .--- LAZARUS.

Tho' bearded black my chin is, And at the point a pico,
I was by Mifs at Venice Preferr'd to Magnifico.
At Rome, the Pope's fine fifter, A monftrous grand Signora,
At op'ra when I kifs'd her, She languifh'd out "Encora !"

As

(16)

As golden ore is yellow When ripen'd to perfection; That I'm a finifh'd fellow You fee by my complexion---Then, take your little Jew, ma'am, And let no doubt derange you; A piece of gold were you, ma'm, I'd never wifh to change you.

By love I'm here entangled, I kifs Sultana's fhoe-fhoe-ftring,
By cruel mutes if ftrangled The cord is Cupid's bow-ftring.
As no one's by, embrace me, To coy it now is filly;
Sweet, in your bofom place me, Your lovely Orange Lily.

AIR XI---FARRUKNAZ.

THE finiling years, that pleafure leads, Unmark'd, their placid tenor keep, Ere yet the wounded bofom bleeds,

Or knows to wake and weep.

"But flow the ling'ring moments creep, "And flow the flagging hour recedes; "When taught by love, to wake and weep, "The wounded bofom bleeds."

AIR

(17)

AIR XII.---FARRUKNAZ.

SOMETIMES, 'tis faid, the fpirits of the bleft

Float on the buoyant bofom of the air;
And watch with aid divine, the maid diffreft.
The Hermit's wand'ring ftep, or midnight pray'r !
With penfile minftrelfy the heaven they fill----With harps unfeen the ftarry roofs refound;

While from their facred extafies diffill

Peace to each care, and balm to every wound.

AIR XIII---FARRUKNAZ.

WHAT are the boafted joys of love! By danger won, in fear poffeft, There fcarce is leifure in the breaft, Its wifh'd-for ftate to prove!

How fhort the hours of blifs we know ! By toil forerun, by terror preft ! The heart was never truly bleft, That did not tremble too !

FINALE

(18)

FINALE ---- AIR XIV. -- FARRUKNAZ.

IF glory charm the hero's foul By godlike virtue won ! Spread wide his high renown As winds can waft, or waters roll !

CHORUS.

Long, happy, great and wife, Rule o'er mankind, and late attain the fkies I

A nation's vows, bleft incenfe, rife Before the heavenly throne---By wafting ages blown Their curling volume to the fkies.

CHORUS.

Long, happy, &c.

Deaf to the prieft, or tyrant's pray'rs, Heav'n, when a people kneels, By mighty works reveals, It has no favorite but theirs.

CHORUS.

Long, happy, &c.

THE END.



