

SONGS, &c.

IN THE

PROPHET;

A

COMIC OPERA.

Price SIX-PENCE.

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PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

CHICAGO, ILL.

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THE

MRS, DUETTS, TRIOS AND
CHORUSES, &c.

IN THE

PROPHET;

A

COMIC OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

COVENT-GARDEN.

The Musick partly selected from the Works of *Haydn*,
Purcell, *Pleyel*, *Anfossi*, *Cimarosa*, *Cyetry*, *Giordani* and
Sacchini, and partly composed by Mr. SHIELD; with
a grand Overture by *Salieri*,

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand, 1789.

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C H A R A C T E R S,

Sultan,	-	-	-	-	Mr. BANNISTER.
Vizier,	=	-	=	=	Mr. RYDER.
Carlos,	-	-	-	-	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Rathmud,	-	-	-	-	Mr. QUICK,
Lazarus,	-	=	-	-	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Heli,	=	=	=	=	Mr. BOOTH.

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

Mob, Mutes, Guards, &c.

S C E N E, — *Constantinople.*

* * * *The lines marked with inverted Commas are omitted in the Representation.*

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

MEMORANDUM

TO : [Illegible]

FROM : [Illegible]

SUBJECT : [Illegible]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

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[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

AIRS, DUETS, &c.

I N T H E

P R O P H E T.

A C T I.

AIR I.—*FARRUKNAZ.*

DEAR native scenes, fair Seville's Towers,
That rear your antique spires so 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 pleasure led,
At every cause of my complaining,
Points to your vales belov'd, and sacred shade.

“ Haply

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

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

AIR II.—*ISMENE.*

THE heart which love has wounded,
 By fear and death furrounded,
 One only thought alarms ;
 It mocks the raging ocean,
 The stormy winds commotion,
 Or din of hostile arms :

 Its wonted cares are banish'd,
 Its early terrors vanish'd,
 It pants with fear unknown ;
 Throbs with too fierce pulsation,
 To mark the dull vibration,
 That trembles with its own.

AIR

A I R III.—*F A R R U K N A Z*.

“ FROM Carmel’s spicy 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 sudden on the scorching sand
 “ The prowling Arab’s felon band
 “ Round the fainting Camels stand,
 “ Some portion feel of my despair !

Who, by the fraud-avenging sea,
 Are dash’d upon some verdant isle ;
 And worn with care and spent with toil,
 In sleep from thought escape awhile,
 By some clear stream, or perfum’d tree ;---
 But wake to savage songs, and view
 The feather’d chief, and sable crew,
 And kindling fires on mountains blue,
 May weep, and rage, and rave, like me !

A I R IV.---*SULTAN*.

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

Ah wherefore burst the friendly shade,
 Which shuts the future from our sight;
 And tear the veil, by mercy spread,
 To shield us from a painful light!

Full soon shall Time, so seeming slow,
 With noiseless steps his course fulfil,
 And call to birth each destin'd woe,
 Each embrio grief, and ripen'd ill.

TRIO---A I R V.---*FARRUKNAZ,*
ISMENE and *SULTAN*.

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

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

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

Laz. THO' Womansh and Wine be de blefsh-
ings of Laife,
Yet monish ish moche more delighting---
For, Dese are de caushes of quarrellsh
and shtraife,
But for dis we can cheat vedout faighting.

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

Rath. To love and to drink are the blessings
of life,

When your wine than your mistress is
older---

But so new is my wine, and so antique
my wife,

My sole pleasure in drink, is to scold
her.

Rath. } The joys of the rosy-cheek'd { *thine*
and } Bacchus be { *mine*
Heli. }

Rath. } And we'll part the money between us.
and }
Laz. }

Heli. And do you take the pleasure of Venus.

AIR VII.—L A Z A R U S.

WHEN I wash a mighty little boy,

Heart-cakes I made, and pepper-mint drops,
Wafers and sweet-chalk I us'd for to cry,
Alicompain, and nice Lollipops.

Nexst I made rollers for de Macs,

To curl deir hair, 'twash very good—
Rosin I painted for shealing-wax,

And forg'd upon't *Wel brand en vast boud.*

“ Slippers

- “ Slippers for Inns I next learnt to stich,
“ Quicksilver balls I made, to make Brass-
“ Buckles white,
“ Then a snug box I took very near Houndf-
“ ditch,
“ And, Oh, how I us'd to melt plate every
“ night !
- “ Of their Commissions, Officers I chouse,
“ Tradesmen I swindle of every dimensions ;
“ I cheat every soul that come to my house,
“ Parsons of their Livings, Widows of their
“ Pensions.”

Then to try my luck in de Alley I went,
But of dat I soon grew tir'd, or wiser---
Monish I lent at fifty per cent,
And wash I. H. in de Public Advertiser.

De nexst thing I did, wash a spirited prank,
Which at a stroke my fortune made,
For I happen'd to write so like de Cashiers of
de Bank,
De Clerks didn't know de difference, and de
monish was paid.

So having sheated the Gentiles, as Moses com-
manded,

I began to tremble at every Gibbet I saw,
So I got on board a ship, and here I am landed,
In spite of Judges, Counsellors, Attorneys
and Law.

A I R VIII.---CARLOS.

I N each new scene of varied woes
My long-lost fair I find ;
No picture of distress but shews
Her image to my mind---
No heart but *Her's* appears to thrill,
No bosom heaves but *Her's*,
And with *Her* form my terrors fill,
Each dress affliction wears.

A I R IX. SULTAN.

WHAT cares surround a Monarch's brow,
And weigh the splendid sufferer down ;
Known victim of each public woe---
A silent martyr of his own.

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

For Us no social bosom heaves,
No sympathetic sorrows roll ;
But faith, proscrib'd with friendship, leaves
A dreary solitude of soul---
The ills of life alone we taste,
Thus insulated from our race !
Preside with *Famine* at the *feast*,
With *Misery* have the power to *blefs*.

A I R X.---L A Z A R U S.

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 sister,
A monstrous grand Signora,
At op'ra when I kiss'd her,
She languish'd out " Encora !"

As golden ore is yellow
 When ripen'd to perfection ;
 That I'm a finish'd fellow
 You see 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 wish to change you.

By love I'm here entangled,
 I kiss Sultana's shoe-shoe-string,
 By cruel mutes if strangled
 The cord is Cupid's bow-string.
 As no one's by, embrace me,
 To coy it now is silly ;
 Sweet, in your bosom place me,
 Your lovely Orange Lily.

AIR XI---*FARRUKNAZ.*

THE smiling years, that pleasure leads,
 Unmark'd, their placid tenor keep,
 Ere yet the wounded bosom bleeds,
 Or knows to wake and weep.

“ But slow the ling'ring moments creep,
 “ And slow the flagging hour recedes ;
 “ When taught by love, to wake and weep,
 “ The wounded bosom bleeds.”

AIR

AIR XII.---*FARRUKNAZ.*

SOMETIMES, 'tis said, the spirits of the
blest

Float on the buoyant bosom of the air;
And watch with aid divine, the maid distressed.

The Hermit's wand'ring step, or midnight
pray'r!

With pensile minstrelsy the heaven they fill---

With harps unseen the starry roofs resound;
While from their sacred extasies distill

Peace to each care, and balm to every wound.

AIR XIII.---*FARRUKNAZ.*

WHAT are the boasted joys of love!

By danger won, in fear possess'd,

There scarce is leisure in the breast,

Its wish'd-for state to prove!

How short the hours of bliss we know!

By toil forerun, by terror prest!

The heart was never truly blest,

That did not tremble too!

FINALE---AIR XIV.—*FARRUKNAZ.*

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

C H O R U S.

Long, happy, great and wise,
Rule o'er mankind, and late attain the skies!

A nation's vows, blest incense, rise
Before the heavenly throne---
By wafting ages blown
Their curling volume to the skies.

C H O R U S.

Long, happy, &c.

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

C H O R U S.

Long, happy, &c.

T H E E N D.



