

1748

S O N G S

I N T H E

SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

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X

SONGS, DUETS, TRIOS,
CHORUSSES, &c.

IN THE

SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

A N O P E R A,

IN THREE ACTS,

J. Cobb
NOW PERFORMING AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE

L O N D O N:

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS, NO. 7, WILD-COURT, LINCOLN'S
INN-FIELDS.

1791.

587225

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Seraskier,	<i>Mr. Kelly.</i>
Colonel Cohenberg,	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
Krohnfeldt, - -	<i>Mr. R. Palmer.</i>
Ismael -	<i>Mr. Fox.</i>
Yuseph, -	<i>Mr. Suett.</i>
Leopold, - -	<i>Mr. Bannister, jun.</i>
Peter, -	<i>Mr. Dignum.</i>
Anselm, -	<i>Mr. Cook.</i>
(Being his first Appearance on any Stage.)	
Michael, - -	<i>Mr. Hollingsworth.</i>
Soldier, -	<i>Mr. Dubois.</i>
Catherine,	<i>Mrs. Crouch.</i>
Fatima, -	<i>Miss Hagley.</i>
Lilla, - -	<i>Signora Storace.</i>
Ghita, -	<i>Mrs. Bland.</i>

SONGS, CHORUSSES, &c.

A C T I.

SCENE. An out Post of the Turkish Army lodged near Gipoys, a Village in the Province of Servia.—At a distance the Town and Citadel of Belgrade, situated at the Conflux of the Danube and Save.—On the farther Bank of the River Save lies the Austrian Camp, near Semlin; and beyond the Danube, the Scene stretches into the low Country of the Bannat.

CHORUS. *Of Turkish Soldiers.*

WAVE our Prophet's fam'd standard of
glory on high,
Till the envious moon die away in the sky;
And, like the pale Christians, leave Danube's
fair stream,
To reflect our victorious crescent's bright beam.

B

AIR.

AIR. *Lilla.*

LOST, distressed, thus driven from home,
 Whither shall poor Lilla go !
 Wherefoe'er my steps may roam,
 Tyrant Power will prove my foe.

TRIO.

Serafkier. Speak ; I command thee—tell thy grief.
 Say, can my power afford relief ;
 For my trembling heart must yield belief.

[*Aside.*]

Lilla. Ah ! may I dare to tell my grief,
 And, humbly thus, implore relief ;
 To my fault'ring tongue—Oh ! yield belief.

Ismael. Beauty may boldly tell her grief,
 Such fine eyes command relief ;
 And his trembling heart must yield relief.

AIR. *Serafkier.*

THE rose and the lilly their beauties combining,
 Delight in adorning a form so divine ;
 Such charms to a peasant consigning,
 Ah !—must I resign !

Forbid it ye powers ! to Love 'tis a treason ;
 Yet Ambition assuming the semblance of Reason,
 Commands me with scorn the mean thought to decline.

Wealth

Wealth and Power, what are you worth,
To Pleasure, if you give not birth !
Rich in Ambition's gilded toys,
I barter them for real joys !

SCENE. The Cottage of a Servian Peasant.

DUET. *Ghita and Peter.*

Ghita. HOW the deuce I came to like you,
I am sure I cannot tell ;
Had my face not chanc'd to strike you,
I'd been pleas'd, Sir, just as well.

Peter. Faith, as you say, I too wonder,
Why to like you I'm inclin'd ;
Tho' in love we're apt to blunder,
Love, you know, they say is blind.

Ghita. You're ogling all the lasses.

Peter. You're simp'ring at each lad.

Ghita. Each hour in falsehood passes.

Peter. You flirt it quite as bad.

Both. You had better not provoke me,
Tho' you think as you've bespoke me,
I shall let you break my heart,
But I'm ready now to part.

Peter. Then, suppose I take my leave ?

Ghita. Do—I'm fure I shall not grieve.

Will you stay—or will you go ?

Peter. Shall I stay—or shall I go ?

Both. As you please—say yes, or no.

AIR. *Ghita.*

ALL will hail the joyous day,
 When Love his triumph shall display ;
 The dance shall mingle old and young,
 The rustic pipe assist the song ;
 The sprightly bells, with welcome sound,
 Shall spread the happy news around,
 And give a hint to maidens coy,
 That youth they should not misemploy.

II.

Yuseph will, with fullen pride,
 Envy joys to wealth denied ;
 And as we trip with merry glee,
 With himself as poor as we.

The sprightly bells, &c.

SCENE. The outside of a Servian Cottage.

TRIO and CHORUS.

Yuseph and Peter.

Yuseph. SEIZE him ! seize him, I say !

Peter. Seize him ! seize him—why pray ?

Leopold.

Leopold. Let me come at him, pray.

Chorus. Haste, let us bear him away.

Yuseph. Don't fear, I'll protect you.

Leopold. You're a rogue—I suspect you,

Yuseph. Knock him down, I command it.

Chorus. Knock him down, he commands it,

Peter. How can justice demand it?

Hear me.

Chorus. ————— Hear me!

Leopold. ————— No, hear me!

Yuseph. We are none of us safe

Chorus. While that fellow is free.

SCENE. Anselm's House.

AIR.

Anselm.

THE sapling oak lost in the dell

Where tangled brakes its beauties spoil,

And every infant shoot repel,

Droops hopeless o'er the exhausted soil.

At length the woodman clears around

Where e'er the noxious thickets spread;

And high from the reviving ground,

The forest's monarch lifts his head.

SCENE.

SCENE. The Tent of the Seraskier.

AIR.

Lilla.

BLITHE as the hours of May,
Were those I now deplore,
When first I own'd Love's gentle sway ;
They will return no more !
Every fond hope is lost !
No comfort can they bring ;
Winter's untimely chilling frost,
Destroy'd the infant spring,
Blythe as the hours, &c.

TRIO.

Seraskier.

WHEN justice claims the victim due,
Her dictates I obey.

Lilla and Gbita.

Yet should distress for pity sue,
You'll own the gentle sway.

Seraskier.

Law must prevail,

Lilla.

Lilla.

And so it may,
Except when love is in the way.

Seraskier.

Your arts forbear,
No more I'll hear,

Lilla and Ghita.

When justice { ^{she} / I } attended.

Let { her / me } not find a foe.

In what { has she / have I } offended.

Alas! I do not know.

Seraskier.

In what you have offended,
Dissembler well you know.

Lilla and Ghita.

On what will he resolve!

Lilla, Ghita, and Seraskier.

My troubled bosom vexing,
In varied form perplexing,
A thousand doubts revolve.

Lilla.

Lilla and Gbita.

Compassion thus intreating,
In vain shall we implore?

Seraskier.

In vain shall they implore.

Lilla and Gbita.

May pity sorrow greeting,
Our happiness restore.

Lilla, Gbita, and Seraskier.

In what have I offended, &c.

FINALE.

Lilla. SO kindly condescending,
To our complaints attending,
Your highness us befriending,
No more shall wrongs assail.

Chorus. So kindly, &c.

Leopold. Your highness please to hear me.

Lilla. Be silent, I beseech.

Leopold. Zounds—I'll be cool, don't fear me.

Peter. Oh, let us hear his speech.

[*Gbita to Seraskier.*] We're bound to you for ever.

Seraskier.

Seraskier. No silly compliments, I pray.

Lilla. To thank you I'd endeavour.

Seraskier. [To *Lilla.*] You soon methinks might
learn the way.

Chorus. So kindly, &c.

Seraskier. Seemingly condescending,
To their complaints attending,
Tho' love my bosom's rending,
Yet shall my scheme prevail.

CHORUS.

May Fate our prayers befriending,
No disappointment sending,
Let love and truth prevail.
Securely blifs enjoying,
All fears of power annoying,
Your clemency destroying,
Now justice shall prevail.

END OF ACT I.

A C T II.

SCENE. The Ruins of a Convent.

Catherine.

AIR.

MY plaint in no one pity moves
Save Echo, who in plaints replies :
Like me, depriv'd of him she loves,
With sympathy she counts my sighs.

Pleas'd with the strain the hapless maid
Repeats the unavailing moan ;
And while she lends her soothing aid,
Laments my sorrows and her own.

DUET.

Seraskier and Catherine.

OF plighted faith so truly kept,
Of all Love dictates tell ;
Of restless thought that never slept,
Since when she bade farewell.

The rising sigh, the frequent tear,
 The flush of hope, the chilling fear :
 So may the sympathetic soul,
 Direct kind Fancy's wing
 Where future hours in transport roll,
 And love's rewards shall bring.

AIR. *Seraskier.*

CONFUSION ! thus defeated !
 With bitter scorn thus treated !
 Whatever thought pursuing,
 Where e'er I turn my eyes,
 Surrounding mists of ruin
 In darkening circles rise :
 In frost, on fire, by turns,
 My bosom freezes—burns—
 'Tis fixt—my rival finds a grave. }
 Yet honour bids me save }
 From death the captive brave. }
 Confusion ! thus defeated !
 With bitter scorn thus treated !
 Whatever thought pursuing,
 Where e'er I turn my eyes,
 Surrounding mists of ruin
 In darkening circles rise.

SCENE. A Village.

DUET.

Lilla and Gbita.

HASTE gentle Zephyr o'er the glade,
 If there my love discerning,
 Kindly with flutt'ring pinions aid
 His weary steps returning.
 So may thy wings (their wanton play
 No scorching sun oppressing)
 Still gladly fan the sultry day,
 And prove the summer's blessing.

AIR. *Gbita.*

LOVE they call a gentle passion,
 Boast its power to calm the breast;
 I prefer the jealous fashion;
 Sweets when dash'd with sour are best.
 While the ever-cooing doves
 In fond nonsense tell their loves;
 Scarce existing, nought desiring;
 Cloy'd with bliss, as well they may,
 They with languor half expiring
 Doze their stupid lives away.

Lilla.

Peter. Ghita.

Leopold. Lilla.

Lilla and Ghita. Our husbands near us.
My love, I'm here.

Leopold and Peter. You're here! then who is this
so near?

Lilla and Ghita. Honest peasants homeward going
From their labour, I suppose.

Leopold and Peter. How I pray, are you so
knowing,

Whether they are friends or foes?

Jealous fears perplexing

Like whelming billows roll;

And wreck my tortur'd soul.

To Lilla and Ghita. Be gone! 'tis thy falsehood
Distracts my tortur'd soul.

Lilla and Ghita. Ah! can my dear suspect me!
My truth he cannot fear.

ALL.

Suspence in clouds shuts in the day.

Hope, cheering star, afford thy ray

Of silver light, and to our eyes

Oh! bid thy bright creation rise.

SCENE.

SCENE. The Cottage.

AIR. *Peter.*

HOW few know how to value life
And taste it's real joys,
Unmix'd with jealousy and strife,
With anger, pride, and noise.
Let riches, power, and pomp surpass,
And scorn me if they please ;
Let me love, laugh, and take my glass,
And lead a life of ease.

Limpid and pure life's current seems,
Till Passion's wild mistake ;
In madness, troubles all the streams
Of which he must partake.
Let riches, power, and pomp surpass,
And scorn me if they please ;
Let me love, laugh, and take my glass,
And lead a life of ease.

AIR. *Lilla.*

WHAT can mean that thoughtful frown?
Why those eyes to earth cast down?
Tell me what amiss they see :
Let them kindly look on me.

La ra lal la !

What

What then would my dearest have?
Come indeed I will be grave,
And with melancholy face
Calmly hear the piteous case.
La ra lal la!

Serenade—Seraskier.

TO mighty love the trembling strings as pres-
sing
Sacred to him they praise their sweet employ;
Ah! the fond heart whose passion they're ex-
pressing
Vibratès like them to love, but not to joy:

SCENE. A Turkish Fort.

CHORUS.

NOW victory has, like a mistress kind,
Put an end to all our quarrels;
In the brimming cup our joys we'll find,
From the vine we'll pluck our laurels.
Let us drink as we fight; with loud huzzas,
We'll charge and scorn all shrinking.
Till our wine like the foe retreats apace,
And we shew our valour in drinking.

ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE. The Seraskier's Seraglio Tent.

CHORUS *of Women.*

ON the warlike plains descending,
 Night in pity casts her veil ;
 Hostile strife a while suspending,
 Short liv'd peace and rest prevail.

AIR. *Catherine.*

No more I heave the heart-felt sigh ;
 No more I drop the briny tear.
 Hope's promis'd hour of bliss is near.
 Yet dangers furrounding,
 My reason confounding.
 Ah ! whither shall I fly !

SONG. *Leopold.*

How provoking your doubts ! do you think I'm
 a fool ?

In the heat of the battle you know I was cool ;

D

While

While ourselves and our neighbours
 With guns, pistols, sabres,
 Were cutting and flashing,
 Mahomedans hashing.

But need I care for that—since time's on the wing
 You see I am merry—you hear how I sing ;
 Tol de rol, &c.

You see I am merry—you hear how I sing.

II.

That jade; Madam Lilla—that gipsy, afar,
 Is jigging away to the Turkish guittar ;

While great smooth-chin'd fribbles,
 With vile squeaking trebles,
 Chaunt her praises, to cheer
 That curst Seraskier !

'Till the handkerchief's thrown—but then what's
 that to me,

It can't make me uneasy—I'm happy, you see.
 Tol de rol, &c.

It can't make me uneasy—I'm happy, you see.

SCENE. Yuseph's House.

AIR. *Lilla.*

Domestic peace, my soul's desire,
 The dearest bliss Fate could bestow,
 At length to thee I may aspire ;
 Misfortune's storms no longer blow :

Escap'd

Escap'd their ire, now safe on shore
I listen to the tempest's roar ;
And while the billows idly foam,
They but endear my long lost home.

SCENE. The outside of Yuseph's House.

AIR. *Yuseph.*

Some time ago I married a wife,
And she, poor soul, was the plague of my life ;
I thought, when I lost her, my troubles were
done,
But i'faith I find they're just begun.
Tho' she's gone,
Still 'tis all one.
My troubles, alas ! are just begun.

II.

A magistrate I next became ;
To be impartial was my aim.
No distinction I made between great and small :
Plaintiffs, defendants—I fleec'd them all.
Great and small, fleec'd 'em all.
Turks and Christians, I cheated 'em all.

III.

In praise of honesty, I've heard
 As policy 'tis much preferr'd,
 Then if 'tis best in life's repast,
 The daintiest dish, I'll taste the last.
 Honest at last,
 Tir'd of the past,
 Perhaps as a change I may try it at last,

SCENE. Yuseph's House.

DUETT.

Lilla. Tho' you think by this to vex me,
 Love no more can give me pain.

Leopold. Vainly strive not to perplex me,
 You shall dupe me ne'er again.

Lilla. Now your falsehood is requited,
 I'll enjoy a single life.

Leopold. Hark! to glory I'm invited,
 By the cheerful drum and fife.

Lilla. By consent then now we sever.

Leopold. Love's all nonsense—freedom's sweet;

Lilla. And we take our leave for ever,

Leopold. Never more again to meet.

Lilla. Never more.

Leopold. Never more.

Lilla.

Lilla. I don't want, Sir, to allure you.

I don't wish your stay, not I.

Leopold. I'm quite happy, I assure you.

Gladly I pronounce good bye!

Lilla. You have chang'd your mind, believe me.

Leopold. No—I told you so before.

Lilla. Can you have the heart to leave?

Leopold. Yes; I'll never see you more.

Lilla. Never more?

Leopold. ——Never more.

Both. Never more my love shall leave me;

Never part---no, never more.

SCENE. A Wood.

AIR. *Seraskier.*

Love and honour now conspire
 To rouse my soul with martial fire.
 Holy prophet, hear my prayer,
 Give me once more the charming fair.
 The Austrian trumpet's bold alarms
 Breathe defiance to our arms.
 Fir'd with ardour to engage,
 Give me to dare the battle's rage,
 When groans that shall be heard no more,
 Echo! to the canons roar.
 Death stalks triumphant o'er the field;
 On every side the Christians yield.

Still

Still conquest doubly bleffes
The lover-soldier's arms;
In prospect he possesses
Complying beauties' charms.

SCENE. A Mahomedan Burying-ground.

DUET *and* CHORUS.

Lilla.

Hollow and dreary,
The fullen winds complain.
Trembling and weary,
My love I seek in vain.

CHORUS. *Of Austrian Soldiers in the Tomb.*

Our valour an artifice aiding;
Like the lion his hunters evading,
From his den as he hears them incautiously stray,
So we wait for the moment to rush on our prey.

Catharine in the Tomb.

Ah! fatal error!
Again I am betray'd!
Night's gloomy terror
Involves me in its shade.

CHORUS.

CHORUS. *In the Tomb.*

Now for the battle! while preparing,
We listen not to sounds ensnaring.

Catharine.

For honour's sake,
Compassion take.

Lilla.

Hark! from the tomb the voice of Sorrow calls,
Prepar'd to meet whatever ill befalls,
Here I'll abide: I can no peril prove;
No misery so great, as losing him I love.

CHORUS. *In the Tomb,*

Our valour an artifice aiding,
Like the lion his hunters evading;
From his den as he hears them incautiously stray,
So we wait for the moment to rush on our prey.

SCENE. The Storming of Belgrade.—The View of the
Town, Fortifications, and Citadel, taken upon the Spot.

FINALE.

CHORUS. *Of Austrians.*

Loud let the song of Triumph rise,
Blest Triumph, o'er Oppression's sway;
Valour has gain'd the brightest prize,
For Freedom's voice shall join the lay.

Catharine.

Catharine.

Fortune relenting from her stores,
 Her richest treasures lavish pours ;
 The blifs for which fo long we ftruve,
 The joys of victory and love!

Seraskier.

Vanquish'd I boast my victor brave,
 Light were the chains which Valour gave ;
 More potent fetters now I find,
 Kindnefs fubdues his captive's mind.

CHORUS.

Loud let the fong of Triumph rife,
 Bleft Triumph o'er Oppreffion's fway ;
 Valour has gain'd the brighteft prize,
 For Freedom's voice fhall join the lay.

DUET. *Lilla and Gbita.*

Now while Mufic her ftrains moft inviting,
 Shall in fweet Gratitude's caufe difplay ;
 Tho' untutor'd in fkill fo delighting,
 Our heart-felt thanks let us humbly pay ;
 Strains fo artlefs tho' we proffer,
 Hearts o'erflowing zeft the offer.
 Now while Mufic, &c.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Now while Music, &c.

Leopold.

All ill humour thus vented in fighting,
We are, as usual, good humour'd and gay.

Lilla.

Happy Liberty's blessings regaining,
They inspiring our simple lays,

Gbita.

Freedom's glorious cause sustaining,
The theme our humble song will raise.

Lilla,

Strains so artless.

Gbita.

Tho' we proffer.

Lilla.

Hearts o'erflowing,

E

Gbita.

Ghita.

Zest the offer.

CHORUS.

Freedom's glorious cause sustaining,
The theme our humble song will raise.

DUET. *Lilla and Ghita.*

Now while Music, &c.

Catharine.

From companions in danger, this greeting
Of friendship how can we requite ;

TRIO.

A reception so gracious when meeting,
Our duty becomes our delight.

DUET. *Lilla and Ghita.*

Bright the laurel of victory gracing
The manly brow merit marks it to wear.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Doubly dear is that laurel while placing
By the lov'd hand of the favorite Fair.

Toils forgetting, pleasure courting,
Beauty beaming, smiles transporting.

Bright the laurel of victory gracing
The manly, &c.

F I N I S.

1873

CHRONIC

Chronic disease is that which is
of long duration and is usually
of a slow and insidious character,
and is usually attended by
intermittent or irregular
fever.

1873