

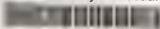






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THE  
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REVIEW  
FOR  
1851

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# ROSINA;

A COMIC OPERA.

BY MRS BROOKE.

WITH REMARKS.

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EDINBURGH:

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1828.





## REMARKS.

This two act Opera, which is generally performed as an afterpiece, is the production of the late Mrs Brooke, authoress of *Julia Mandeville*, and other novels, also of two tragedies, named *Virginia* and *the Siege of Sinope*. It was first brought out at Drury Lane in 1783, and since then no modern opera has kept firmer possession of the stage. It is founded, like Thomson's beautiful tale of *Palemon and Lavinia*, upon the very affecting history of *Ruth* in the sacred Scriptures; and monotony is avoided by the introduction of a rakish Captain, whose designs upon the heroine are defeated, and himself brought to repentance. The sentiment of the piece is flowing, natural, and lively; and the dialect simple, yet concise, and not without point. In these respects both dialect and sentiment come up to the standard of excellence established for this species of composition. There is a graceful and unaffected rusticity about the whole piece which never fails to captivate both in the closet and on the stage. *Rosina* is sentimental, without being in the least mawkish; and her history, circumstances, and conduct, inspire a strong interest in her fate. There is a pretty delicacy in the circumstance of her indulging her love for *Mr Belville* by screening him from the sun when he is asleep upon a bank. *Mr Belville* forms a perfect example of manly and pure benevolence. The loves, and quarrels, and reconciliations of *William* and *Phœbe*, constitute an under-plot, which is managed with uncommon spirit and truth. Where *Phœbe*, in the first scene, sobs while she sings,

“Of all the gay wrestlers that sport on the green,  
Young Harry's the lad for me;”

the whole woman “stands confessed;” and a finer operatic incident cannot be selected or even imagined. What follows in that scene is nature itself, truly comic, and highly characteristic. The authoress has succeeded in attaching a solemn but pleasing interest to the part of *Dorcas*. The two Irishmen not only serve to agreeably diversify the surface of the piece—a great point with the audience—but are made useful instruments in bringing about the catastrophe. They are not the ordinary vulgar Irishmen of the stage, “full of strange oaths” and stupid blunders, but simple, warm-hearted fellows, who make one in love with themselves and their country. The songs, in general, are exquisite specimens of composition, and the music of

Shield is as fine as any the English opera has to boast of. It possesses that main essential to opera of being a faithful vehicle of its sentiment, or rather a more lively and impressive exponent of it than the dialect and the acting. It is distressing to consider how very much the nature of opera—the necessary connection which subsists between the music and the dialect, is overlooked by many modern singers, who often suppress the finest songs in a piece—which is like sealing away its soul—and volunteer others absolutely foreign to the sentiment which ought to be sustained, and also to the characters personated by the singers. It is difficult to say whether this is most owing to the bad taste of the singers or that of the audience.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	Covent Garden. 1826.	Edinburgh, 1826.
<i>Mr Belville</i> .....	Mr Duruset.....	Mr Thorne.
<i>Captain Belville</i> .....	Mr Pearman .....	Mr Collier.
<i>William</i> .....	Miss Halland .....	Mr Stanley.
<i>Rustic</i> .....	Mr Isaacs .....	Mr Miller.
<i>First Irishman</i> .....	Mr Connor .....	Mr Lynch.
<i>Second Irishman</i> .....	Mr Louis .....	Mr Anderson. :
<i>Rosina</i> .....	Miss M. Tree .....	Miss Stephens.
<i>Phoebe</i> .....	Miss Love.....	Miss Dyer.
<i>Dorcas</i> .....	Mrs Pearce .....	Mrs Nicol.

# ROSINA.

## ACT I.

### Scene I.—*A Cottage.*

DORCAS, seated on a bench, is spinning; ROSINA and PHEBE are measuring corn; WILLIAM enters, and they sing the following

with PHEBE.

*Ros.* See, my dear Dorcas, what we gleaned yesterday in Mr Belville's field.

*Dor.* Lord love thee! but take care of thyself; thou art but tender.

*Ros.* Indeed, it does not hurt me. Shall I put out the lamp?

*Dor.* Do, dear; the poor must be sparing.

[ROSINA going to put out the lamp; DORCAS looks after her and sighs; she returns hastily.]

*Ros.* Why do you sigh, Dorcas?

*Dor.* I cannot bear it: it's nothing to Phœbe and labour.

Heaven, which depriv-

ed me of my parents, and my fortune, left me health, content, and innocence. Nor is it certain that riches lead to happiness. Do you think the nightingale sings the sweeter for being in a gilded cage?

*Dor.* Sweeter, I'll maintain it, than the poor little linnet that thou pick'dst up half starved under the hedge yesterday, after its mother had been shot, and brought'st to life in thy bosom. Let me speak to his honour; he's main kind to the poor.

*Ros.* Not for the world, Dorcas, I want nothing; you have been a mother to me.

*Dor.* Would I could! Would I could! I ha' worked hard and 'arn'd moneys in my time; but now I am old and feeble, and am pushed about by every body. More's the pity, I say; it was not so in my young time; but the world grows wickeder every day.

*Ros.* Your age, my good Dorcas, requires rest; go into the cottage, whilst Phœbe and I join the gleaners; who are assembling from every part of the village.

*Dor.* Many a time have I carried thy dear mother, an infant, in these arms; little did I think a child of hers would live to share my poor pittance. But I won't grieve thee. [DORCAS enters the cottage.]

*Phœ.* What makes you so melancholy, Rosina? Mayhap it's because you have not a sweetheart? But you are so proud, you wont let our young men come a-near you. You may live to repent being so scornful.

[ROSINA retires.]

AIR.

When William at eve meets me down at the stile,  
How sweet is the nightingale's song!  
Of the day I forget all the labour and toil,  
Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.

By her beams, without blushing, I hear him complain,  
And believe every word of her song:  
You know not how sweet 'tis to love the dear swain  
Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.

[During the last stanza, WILLIAM appears, and makes signs to PHŒBE who steals softly to him, and they disappear.]

*Ros.* How small a part of my evils is poverty! And how little does Phœbe know the heart she thinks insensible!—the heart which nourishes a hopeless passion.

I blest, like others, Belville's gentle virtues, and knew not that 'twas love. Unhappy, lost Rosina!

## AIR.

The morn returns, in saffron drest,  
But not to sad Rosina rest.  
The blushing morn awakes the strain,  
Awakes the tuneful choir;  
But sad Rosina ne'er again  
Shall strike the sprightly lyre.

*Rus.* (*Without.*) To work my heart of oaks, to work: here the sun is half an hour high, and not a stroke struck yet.

*Enter RUSTIC singing, followed by REAPERS.*

## AIR.

*Rust.* See, ye swains, yon streaks of red  
Call you from your slothful bed;  
Late you till'd the fruitful soil;  
See! where harvest crowns your toil!  
*Cho.* Late you till'd the fruitful soil;  
See! where harvest crowns your toil!  
*Rus.* As we reap the golden corn,  
Laughing plenty fills her horn:  
What would gilded pomp avail  
Should the peasant's labour fail?  
*Cho.* What would gilded pomp avail  
Should the peasant's labour fail?  
*Rust.* Ripen'd fields your cares repay;  
Sons of labour, haste away;  
Bending, see the waving grain  
Crown the year and cheer the swain.  
*Cho.* Bending, see the waving grain  
Crown the year and cheer the swain.

*Rust.* Hist! there's his honour. Where are all the lazy Irishmen, hired yesterday at market?

*Enter BELVILLE, followed by TWO IRISHMEN.*

*1 Irish.* Is it us he's talking of, Paddy? Then the devil may thank him for his good commendations.

*Bel.* You are too severe, Rustic; the poor fellows came three miles this morning; therefore I made them stop at the manor-house to take a little refreshment.

*1 Irish.* Bless your sweet face, my jewel, and all those who take your part. Bad luck to myself, if I would not, with all the veins of my heart, split the dew before your feet in a morning.

*Rus.* If I do speak a little cross, it's for your honour's good.

[*The Reapers cut the corn, and make it into sheaves.*  
*ROSINA follows, and gleans.*

*Rust.* What a-dickens does this girl do here? Keep back; wait till the reapers are off the field; do like the other gleaners.

*Ros.* If I have done wrong, sir, I will put what I have gleaned down again. [*She lets fall the ears.*]

*Bel.* How can you be so unfeeling, Rustie? She is lovely, virtuous, and in want. Let fall some ears, that she may glean the more.

*Rust.* Your honour is too good by half.

*Bel.* No more; gather up the corn she has let fall. Do as I command you.

*Rust.* There; take the whole field, since his honour chooses it. (*Putting the corn into her apron.*) [*Exit.*]

*Ros.* I will not abuse his goodness. [*Retires, gleaning.*]

*2 Irish.* Upon my soul, now, his honour's no churl of the wheat, whatever he may be of the barley.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Bel.* (*Looking after ROSINA.*) What bewitching softness! There is a blushing, bashful gentleness, an almost infantine innocence in that lovely countenance, which it is impossible to behold without emotion. She turns this way: what bloom on that cheek! 'Tis the blushing down of the peach.

AIR.

Her mouth, which a smile,  
Devoid of all guile,  
Half opens to view,  
Is the bud of the rose,  
In the morning that blows,  
Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath  
Than the flow'r-scented heath,  
At the dawning of day;  
The hawthorn in bloom,  
The lily's perfume,  
Or the blossoms of May.

*Enter* CAPTAIN BELVILLE, *in a riding dress.*

*Cap. B.* Good morrow, brother; you are early abroad.

*Bel.* My dear Charles, I am happy to see you. True, I find, to the first of September.

*Cap. B.* I meant to have been here last night, but one of my wheels broke, and I was obliged to sleep at a village six miles distant, where I left my chaise, and

took a boat down the river at day-break. But your corn is not off the ground ?

*Bel.* You know our harvest is late in the north ; but you will find all the lands cleared on the other side of the mountain.

*Cap. B.* And pray, brother, how are the partridges this season ?

*Bel.* There are twenty coveys within sight of my house, and the dogs are in fine order.

*Cap. B.* The game-keeper is this moment leading them round. I am fired at the sight. But where is my little rustic charmer ? O ! there she is : I am transported.—(*Aside.*)—Pray, brother, is not that the little girl, whose dawning beauty we admired so much last year ?

*Bel.* It is, and more lovely than ever. I shall dine in the field with my reapers to-day, brother : will you share our rural repast, or have a dinner prepared at the manor-house.

*Cap. B.* By no means : pray let me be of your party : your plan is an admirable one, especially if your girls are handsome. I'll walk round the field, and meet you at dinner-time.

[*Exit BELVILLE.*

AIR.

*Enter RUSTIC and PHŒBE.*

*Rust.* That's a good girl! do as I bid you, and you sha'n't want encouragement.

*[He goes up to the Reapers, and WILLIAM comes forward.]*

*Will.* O no, I dare say she won't. So Mrs Phœbe?

*Phœ.* And so, Mr William, if you go to that——

*Will.* A new sweetheart, I'll be sworn; and a pretty comely lad he is: but he's rich, and that's enough to win a woman.

*Phœ.* I don't deserve this of you, William; but I'm rightly served, for being such an easy fool. You think, mayhap, I'm at my last prayers; but you may find yourself mistaken.

*Will.* You do right to cry out first; you think, belike, that I did not see you take that posy from Harry?

*Phœ.* And you, belike, that I did not catch you tying up one of cornflowers and wild roses for the miller's maid? But I'll be fooled no longer; I have done with you, Mr William.

*Will.* I sha'n't break my heart, Mrs Phœbe. The miller's maid loves the ground I walk on.

DUET.

*Will.* I've kiss'd and I've prattled with fifty fair maids,  
And chang'd them as oft, d'ye see!  
But of all the fair maidens that dance on the green,  
The maid of the mill for me,

*Phœ.* There's fifty young men, who have told me fine tales,  
And call'd me the fairest she:  
But of all the gay wrestlers that sport on the green,  
Young Harry's the lad for me.

*Will.* Her eyes are as black as a sloe in a hedge,  
Her face like the blossoms in May,  
Her teeth are as white as the new-shorn sock,  
Her breath like the new-made hay.

*Phœ.* ~~Her eyes are as black as a sloe in a hedge,~~ Her tree,

*WILL.* I've kiss'd and I've prattled with fifty fair maids,

*Phœ.* There's fifty young men, who have told me fine tales,

*[Exit PHŒBE and WILLIAM.]*

*ROSINA runs across the stage, CAPTAIN BELVILLE following her.*

*Cap. B.* Stay and hear me, Rosina. Why will you



fatigue yourself thus? Only homely girls are born to work. Your obstinacy is vain; you shall hear me.

*Ros.* Why do you stop me, sir? My time is precious. When the gleaming season is over, will you make up my loss.

*Cap. B.* Yes.

*Ros.* Will it be any advantage to you to make me lose my day's work?

*Cap. B.* Yes.

*Ros.* Would it give you pleasure to see me pass all my days in idleness?

*Cap. B.* Yes.

*Ros.* We differ greatly then, sir. I only wish for so much leisure as makes me return to my work with fresh spirit. We labour all the week, 'tis true; but then how sweet is our rest on Sunday!

## AIR.

Whilst with village maids I stray,  
Sweetly wears the joyous day;  
Cheerful glows my artless breast,  
Mild content the constant guest.

*Cap. B.* Mere prejudice, child; you will know better. I pity you, and will make your fortune.

*Ros.* Let me call my mother, sir; I am young, and can support myself by my labour: but she is old and helpless, and your charity will be well bestowed. Please to transfer to her the bounty you intended for me.

*Cap. B.* Why—as to that—

*Ros.* I understand you, sir; your compassion does not extend to old women.

*Cap. B.* Really—I believe not.

*Enter DORCAS, from the Cottage.*

*Ros.* You are just come in time, mother. I have met with a generous gentleman, whose charity inclines him to succour youth.

*Dor.* 'Tis very kind. And old age—

*Ros.* He'll tell you that himself. [Exit.

*Dor.* I thought so. Sure, sure, 'tis no sin to be old.

*Cap. B.* You must not judge of me by others, honest Dorcas. I am sorry for your misfortunes, and wish to serve you.

*Dor.* And to what, your honour, may I owe this kindness?

*Cap. B.* You have a charming daughter—

*Dor.* I thought as much. A vile wicked man!  
[*Aside.*

*Cap. B.* Beauty like hers might find a thousand resources in London; the moment she appears there, she will turn every head.

*Dor.* And is your honour sure her own won't turn at the same time?

*Cap. B.* She shall live in affluence, and take care of you too, Dorcas.

*Dor.* I guess your honour's meaning; but you are mistaken, sir. If I must be a trouble to the dear child, I had rather owe my bread to her labour than her shame. [Goes into the Cottage, and shuts the door.

*Cap. B.* These women astonish me; but I won't give it up so.

*Enter RUSTIC, crossing the stage.*

A word with you, Rustic.

*Rust.* I am in a great hurry, your honour; I am going to hasten dinner.

*Cap. B.* I sha'n't keep you a minute. Take these five guineas.

*Rust.* For whom, sir?

*Cap. B.* For yourself. And this purse.

*Rust.* For whom, sir?

*Cap. B.* For Rosina; they say she is in distress, and wants assistance.

*Rust.* What pleasure it gives me to see you so charitable! But why give me the money?

*Cap. B.* Only to—tell Rosina there is a person who is very much interested in her happiness.

*Rust.* How much you will please his honour by this! He takes mightily to Rosina, and prefers her to all the young women in the parish.

*Cap. B.* Prefers her! Ah! you sly rogue!

*Rust.* Your honour's a wag; but I'm sure I meant no harm.

*Cap. B.* Give her the money, and tell her she shall never want a friend; but not a word to my brother.

*Rust.* All's safe, your honour. [Exit CAPTAIN BELVILLE.] I don't vastly like this business. At the Cap-

tain's age, this violent charity is a little duberous. I am his honour's servant, and it's my duty to hide nothing from him. I'll go seek his honour; O, here he come.

*Enter BELVILLE.*

*Bel.* Well, Rustic, have you any intelligence to communicate?

*Rust.* A vast deal, sir. Your brother begins to make good use of his money; he has given me these five guineas for myself, and this purse for Rosina.

*Bel.* For Rosina! 'Tis plain he loves her. (*Aside.*) Obey him exactly; but as distress renders the mind haughty, and Rosina's situation requires the utmost delicacy, contrive to execute your commission in such a manner that she may not even suspect from whence the money comes.

*Rust.* I understand your honour.

*Bel.* Have you gained any intelligence in respect to Rosina?

*Rust.* I endeavoured to get all I could from the old woman's grand-daughter; but all she knew was, that she was no kin to Dorcas, and that she had had a good bringing up; but here come the reapers.

*Enter CAPTAIN BELVILLE, followed by the REAPERS.*

FINALE.

*Bel.* By this fountain's flow'ry side,

Pride and cruel scorn away,

This is Nature's holiday.

*Rust.* Now we'll quaff the nut-brown ale,  
Then we'll tell the sportive tale;  
All is jest, and all is glee,  
All is youthful jollity.

*Cho.* Taste our pleasures ye who may,  
This is Nature's holiday.

*Phœ.* Lads and lasses all advance,  
Carol blithe, and form the dance;  
Trip it lightly while you may,  
This is Nature's holiday.

*Cho.* Trip it lightly while you may,  
This is Nature's holiday.

[Dance.

## ACT II.

Scene I.—*The same.*

*Enter RUSTIC.*

*Rust.* This purse is the plague of my life; I hate money when it is not my own. I'll e'en put in the five guineas he gave me for myself; I don't want it, and they do. They certainly must find it there. But I hear the cottage-door open. (*Puts the purse on the bench, and retires.*)

*Enter DORCAS and ROSINA, from the Cottage, DORCAS with a great basket on her arm, filled with skeins of thread.*

*Dor.* I am just going, Rosina, to carry this thread to the weaver's.

*Ros.* This basket is too heavy for you; pray, let me carry it. [*Sets the basket on the bench.*

*Dor.* No, no. [*Peevishly.*

*Ros.* If you love me, only take one half; this evening, or to-morrow morning, I will carry the rest. (*Takes part of the skeins out of the basket.*) There, be angry with me if you please.

*Dor.* No, my sweet lamb, I am not angry; but beware of men.

*Ros.* Have you any doubts of my conduct, Dorcas?

*Dor.* Indeed I have not, love; and, yet, I am uneasy.

*Enter CAPTAIN BELVILLE unperceived.*

Go back to the reapers, whilst I carry this thread.

*Ros.* I'll go this moment.

*Dor.* But as I walk but slow, and 'tis a good way, you may chance to be at home before me; so take the key.

*Ros.* I will.

*Cap. B. (Aside.)* Rosina to be at home before Dorcas! How lucky! I'll slip into the house, and wait her coming, if 'tis till midnight. [Exit.

*Dor.* Let nobody go into the house.

*Ros.* I'll take care.

*Dor.* But first I'll double lock the door. (*Locks the door, and going to take up the basket, sees the purse.*) Good luck! What is here? A purse, as I live!

*Ros.* How!

*Dor.* Come, and see; 'tis a purse, indeed.

*Ros.* Heavens! 'tis full of gold.

*Dor.* We must put up a bill at the church-gate, and restore it to the owner. The best way is to carry the money to his honour, and get him to keep it till the owner is found. You shall go with it, love.

*Ros.* Pray excuse me, I always blush so.

*Dor.* 'Tis nothing but childishness; but his honour will like your bashfulness better than too much courage. [Exit.

*Ros.* I cannot support his presence, my embarrassment—my confusion—a stronger sensation than that of gratitude agitates my heart. Yet, hope, in my situation, were madness.

AIR.

Sweet transports, gentle wishes, go!  
In vain his charms have gain'd my heart:  
Since fortune, still to love a foe,  
And cruel duty, bid us part.  
Ah! why does duty chain the mind,  
And part those souls which love has join'd?

*Enter WILLIAM.*

Pray, William, do you know of anybody that has lost a purse?

*Will.* I knows nothing about it.

*Ros.* Dorcas, however, has found one.

*Will.* So much the better for she.

*Ros.* You will oblige me very much, if you will carry it to Mr Belville, and beg him to keep it till the owner is found.

*Will.* Since you desire it, I'll go: it shan't be the lighter for my carrying.

*Ros.* That I am sure of, William.

[Exit.

Enter PHŒBE.

*Phæ.* There's William ; but I'll pretend not to see him.

AIR.

Henry eull'd the flow'ret's bloom,  
Marian lov'd the soft perfume,  
Had playful kiss'd, but prudence near  
Whisper'd timely in her ear,  
Simple Marian, ah! beware ;  
Touch them not, for love is there.

(*Throws away her nosegay. While she is singing WILLIAM turns, looks at her, whistles, and plays with his stick.*)

*Will.* That's Harry's posy ; the slut likes me still.

[*Aside.*

*Phæ.* That's a copy of his countenance, I am sartin ; he can no more help following me nor he can be hanged. (*Aside. WILLIAM crosses again, singing.*)

*Will.* Of all the fair maidens that dance on the green,  
The maid of the mill for me.

*Phæ.* I'm ready to choke wi' madness ; but I'll not speak first, an I die for't. (*WILLIAM sings, throwing up his stick and catching it.*)

*Will.* Her eyes are as black as the sloe on the hedge,  
Her face like the blossoms in May.

*Phæ.* I can't bear it no longer ; you vile, ungrateful, perfidious—but it's no matter. I can't think what I could see in you. Harry loves me, and is a thousand times more handsomer. (*Sings, sobbing at every word.*)

Of all the gay wretches that sport on the green,  
Young Harry's the lad for me.

*Will.* He's yonder a-reaping : shall I call him ?

[*Offers to go.*

*Phæ.* My grandmother leads me the life of a dog ; and it's all along of you.

*Will.* Well, then she'll be better temper'd now.

*Phæ.* I did not value her scolding of a brass farthing, when I thought as how you were true to me.

*Will.* Wasn't I true to you ! Look in my face, and say that.

AIR.

When bidden to the wake or fair,  
The joy of each free-hearted swain,  
Till Phœbe promis'd to be there  
I loiter'd, last of all the train.

If chance some fairing caught her eye,  
The riband gay, or silken glove,  
With eager haste I ran to buy ;  
For what is gold compar'd to love?

My posy on her bosom plac'd,  
Could Harry's sweeter scents exhale !  
Her auburn locks my riband grac'd,  
And flutter'd in the wanton gale.

With scorn she hears me now complain,  
Nor can my rustic presents move :  
Her heart prefers a richer swain,  
And gold, alas ! has banish'd love.

[ *Going*

*Will.* (*Returns.*) Let's part friendly howsomever.  
Bye, Phœbe : I shall always wish you well.

*Phœ.* Bye, William. [ *Cries.*

My heart begins to melt a little. (*Aside.*) I  
very well once, Phœbe : but you are grown  
and have such vagaries.

'm sure I never had no vagaries with you,  
But go ; mayhap Kate may be angry.

And who cares for she ? I never minded her  
her coaxing neither, till you were cross to

O the father ! I cross to you, William ?

Did you not tell me, this very morning, as how  
one wi' me ?

One word's as good as a thousand. Do you love  
am ?

Do I love thee ? Do I love dancing on the  
ter than threshing in a barn ? Do I love a  
a harvest-home ?

Then I'll never speak to Harry again the long-  
have to live.

I'll turn my back o' the miller's maid the first  
et her.

Will you, indeed and indeed ?

Harry will I ; and more nor that, I'll go speak  
son this moment : I'm happier—Zooks ! I'm  
or a lord or a squire of five hundred a-year.

DUFF.—PHŒBE *and* WILLIAM.

*Phœ.* In gaudy courts, with aching hearts,  
The great at fortune rail ;  
The lulls may higher honours claim,  
But peace is in the vale.

*Will.* See high-born dames in rooms of states  
 With midnight revels pale;  
 No youth admires their fading charms,  
 For beauty's in the vale.

*Both.* Amid the shades the virgin's sighs  
 Add fragrance to the gale;  
 So they that will may take the hill,  
 Since love is in the vale.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter BELVILLE.*

*Bel.* I tremble at the impression this lovely girl has made on my heart. My cheerfulness has left me, and I am grown insensible even to the delicious pleasure of making those happy who depend on my protection.

AIR.

Ere bright Rosina met my eyes,  
 How peaceful pass'd the joyous day!  
 In rural sports I gain'd the prize,  
 Each virgin listen'd to my lay.

But now no more I touch the lyre,  
 No more the rustic sport can please;  
 I live the slave of fond desire,  
 Lost to myself, to mirth, and ease.

The tree, that in a happier hour,  
 Its boughs extended o'er the plain,  
 When blasted by the lightning's power,  
 Nor charms the eye nor shades the swain.

Since the sun rose, I have been in continual exercise;  
 I feel exhausted, and will try to rest a quarter of an  
 hour on the bank.)

*Enter ROSINA.*

how my heart beats!  
 waked him. (*She runs to the door of the Cottage.*)

*Bel.* What noise was that? This riband I have seen



before, and on the lovely Rosina's bosom. *(Goes towards the Cottage.)*

*Ros.* I will hide myself in the house. *(ROSINA, opening the door, sees CAPTAIN BELVILLE, and starts back.)* Heavens! a man in the house!

*Cap. B.* Now, love assist me! *(Comes out and seizes ROSINA; she breaks from him, and runs affrighted across the stage; BELVILLE follows; CAPTAIN BELVILLE, who comes out to pursue her, sees his brother and steals off at the other side. BELVILLE leads ROSINA back.)*

*Bel.* Why do you fly thus, Rosina?

*Ros.* Where is he? A gentleman pursued me.

*Bel.* Don't be alarmed, 'twas my brother; he could not mean to offend you.

*Ros.* Your brother! why then does he not imitate your virtues? why was he here?

*Bel.* Forget this; you are safe. But tell me, Rosina, for the question is to me of importance, have I not

disturbed you?

I did not mean to disturb you.

attention?

: you?

over my misfortunes.

*Bel.* They are at an end.

*Ros.* Dorcas approaches, sir; she can best relate my melancholy story.

*Enter DORCAS.*

*Dor.* His honour here? Good lack!

*Bel.* Will you let me speak with you a moment alone, Dorcas?

*Dor.* Rosina, take this basket.

*[Exit ROSINA with the basket.]*

*Bel.* Rosina has referred me to you, Dorcas, for an account of her birth, which I have long suspected to be above her present situation.

*Dor.* To be sure, your honour, since the dear child gives me leave to speak, she's of as good a family as any in England. Her mother, sweet lady, was my bountiful old master's daughter, 'Squire Welford, of Lincolnshire. His estate was seized for a mortgage of not half its value, just after young madam was married, and she ne'er got a penny of her portion.

*Bel.* And her father?

*Dor.* Was a brave gentleman too, a Colonel. His honour went to the Eastern Indies, to better his fortune, and madam would go with him. The ship was lost, and they with all the little means they had, went to the bottom. Young madam Rosina was their only child; they left her at school; but when this sad news came, the mistress did not care for keeping her, so the dear child has shared my poor morsel.

*Bel.* But her father's name?

*Dor.* Martin; Colonel Martin.

*Bel.* I am too happy; he was the friend of my father's heart; a thousand times have I heard him lament his fate. Rosina's virtues shall not go unrewarded.

*Dor.* Yes, I know'd it would be so. Heaven never forsakes the good man's children.

*Bel.* I have another question to ask you, Dorcas, and answer me sincerely; is her heart free?

*Dor.* To be sure, she never would let any of our young men come a-near her; and yet—

*Bel.* Speak; I am on the rack.

*Dor.* I'm afraid, she mopes and she pines. But

your honour would be angry; I'm afraid the Captain—

*Bel.* Then my foreboding heart was right. [*Aside.*  
*Enter RUSTIC.*

*Rust.* Help, for heaven's sake, sir! Rosina's lost; she is carried away.

*Bel.* Rosina!

*Enter CAPTAIN BELVILLE.*

*Cap. B.* Don't be alarm'd; let me go; I'll fly to save her.

*Bel.* With me, sir; I will not lose sight of you. Rustic hasten instantly with our reapers. Dorcas, you will be our guide.

*Rust.* Don't be frightened, sir; the Irishmen have rescued her; she is just here. [*Exit.*

*Enter TWO IRISHMEN.*

*1 Irish.* Dry your tears, my jewel; we have done for them.

*Dor.* Have you saved her? I owe you more than life.

*1 Irish.* Faith, good woman, you owe me nothing at all. I'll tell your honour how it was. My comrades and I were crossing the meadow, going home, when we saw them first; and hearing a woman cry, I look'd up, and saw them putting her into a skiff against her will. Says I, "Paddy, is not that the clever little crater that was glaning in the field with us this morning?" "'Tis so, sure enough," says he. "By St Patrick," says I, "there's enough of us to rescute her." With that we ran for the bare life, waded up to the knees, laid about us bravely with our shillaleys, knock'd them out of the skiff, and brought her back safe; and here she comes, my jewel.

*Re-enter RUSTIC, leading ROSINA, who throws herself into DORCAS'S arms.*

*Dor.* I canno' speak; art thou safe?

*Bel.* I dread to find the criminal.

*Rust.* Your honour need not go far a-field, I believe; it must have been some friend of the Captain's, for his French valet commanded the party.

*Cap. B.* I confess the crime; my passion for Rosina hurried me out of myself.

*Bel.* You have dishonoured me, dishonoured the glorious profession you have embraced. But begone; I renounce you as my brother, and resume my ill-placed friendship.

*Cap. B.* Your indignation is just; I have offended almost past forgiveness. Will the offer of my hand repair the injury?

*Bel.* If Rosina accepts it, I am satisfied.

*Ros.* (To BELVILLE.) Will you, sir, suffer—This, sir, is a second insult. Whoever offends the object of his love is unworthy of obtaining her.

*Bel.* This noble refusal paints your character. I know another, Rosina, who loves you with as strong, though purer ardour;—but if allowed to hope—

*Ros.* Do not, sir, envy me the calm delight of passing my independent days with Dorcas, in whom I have found a mother's tenderness.

*Bel.* Do you refuse me too, then, Rosina?

*Dor.* You sir? You?

*Ros.* My confusion, my blushes,—

*Bel.* Then I am happy! My life! my Rosina!

*Phœ.* Do you speak to his honour, William.

*Will.* No; do you speak, Phœbe.

*Phœ.* I am ashamed; William and I, your honour—William prayed me to let him keep me company; so he gained my good will to have him, if so be my grandmother consents.

*Will.* If your honour would be so good to speak to Dorcas.

*Bel.* Dorcas, you must not refuse me any thing to-day. I'll give William a farm.

*Dor.* Your honour is too kind; take her, William, and make her a good husband.

*Will.* That, I will dame. (BELVILLE joins their hands; they bow and curtsey.)

*Will. and Phœ.* Thank your honour.

*Will.* What must I do with the purse, your honour? Dorcas would not take it.

*Bel.* I believe my brother has the best right.

*Cap. B.* 'Tis yours, William; dispose of it as you please.

*Will.* Then I'll give it to our honest Irishmen, who fought so bravely for Rosina. [*Exeunt Irishmen.*]

*Bel.* You have made good use of it, William; nor shall my gratitude stop here.

*Cap. B.* Allow me to retire, brother. When I am worthy of your esteem, I will return, and demand my rights in your affection.

*Bel.* You must not leave us, brother. Resume the race of honour; be indeed a soldier, and be more than my brother; be my friend.

*Cap. B.* Yet those who taste her bounty less,  
The sigh malevolent repress,  
And loud the feeling bosom bless,  
Which something leaves for want to glean.

*Ros.* How blest am I, supremely blest!  
Since Belville all his soul express,  
And fondly clasp'd me to his breast;  
I now may reap—how chang'd the scene!  
But ne'er can I forget the day,  
When all to want and woe a prey,  
Soft pity taught his soul to say,  
"Unfeeling rustic, let her glean!"

*Ros.* { The hearts you glad your own display,  
The heavens such goodness must repay;  
And blest through many a summer's day,  
*Dor.* { Full crops you'll reap in this rich scene;  
*Will.* { And O! when summer's joys are o'er,  
*Phœ.* { And autumn yields its fruits no more,  
New blessings be there yet in store,  
For winter's sober hours to glean.

*Cho.* And O! when summer's joys are o'er, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE END.

LEITH:

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